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MORE than three centuries and a half ago, Jacques Cartier, looking for the Indies, discov-

ered the St. Lawrence, the glorious, crystal stream which has ever since been the sacred river of Canada. and here, in 1864, thirty-three statesmen, representing British North America from Newfoundland to Lake Winnipeg, met together to weld their provinces into a great Dominion, whose boundaries on three sides are three oceans, and on the fourth, mainly the watershed of North America. A greater statesman than any of the thirty-three—Joseph Howe,—who should have been with them, but was not, had always maintained that Quebec should be the capital of the United Provinces. Montreal has, perhaps, even stronger claims; but the necessity for compromise, which prevented New York from becoming the capital of the United States, decided that Ottawa should be our seat of government. Possibly, a hundred years hence, men may admit that the decision was not wholly wrong.

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The Indian village of Stadaconé, hard by the beetling red cliff of Quebec, gave the strange mariner a welcome better than he deserved. In 1608, gallant and pious Champlain, the hero whose picture is still graven on the national heart, founded Quebec, on a site which is now the Market Place of the Lower Town. Above it rose the Fort, one of the strongest natural fortresses in the world, well guarded gates defending all approaches, by the St. Charles River, the suburbs, and the open country in the rear. Here, from Champlain's time, for a century and a half, was the centre of French life and influence in America;

During the long conflict, on the final issue of which hung the destinies of the New World, Quebec represented autocratic and priestly government. Bishop and Governor contended for the mastery;