

of the finest transatlantic steamers. As she neared the old custom-house, the gun was fired, and as the echo died away over the distant hills, I felt the curtain of the past roll up before me and the panorama of former days came out before my vision. No longer was I seated in the modern *Keosk* but the elms were waving their branches above my head. The crowd had disappeared and I could see, here and there, a wary Indian dart through the primeval wood. The Citadel was no more; in its place stood Stadacona's lofty rock. I saw no longer the steam-ship; but a mariners barque came round the island, and with a lily flag at its prow, it steared for the bay where the St. Charles meets the St. Lawrence. The passengers were no emigrants, they were pilgrims of other days, with the cross in one hand and the sword in the other, coming to plant the seeds of civilization upon the soil and to light the torch of christianity amongst the inhabitants. And I asked myself, whence come those seeds, and where sprung that light? There effects can be seen clearly in the contrast I have made—but yet, we ask what were their origins? The seeds of civilization were planted in the infant days of the world. They sprang up in many forms, whether amongst the chosen people of God in their white tents of the desert, or upon the shores of that sea that wash the golden clime where Athens once was mistress of the world, or again by the banks of the yellow stream, that rushes through the seven hills where the greatest empire of the world flourished, or still later by the bay that reflects the spires of Constantinople, or advancing further towards the banks of the Seine where Paris "the city of the world" has flourished—or, in fine, by the Thames that rolls 'neath the towers of London. By this time the west of Europe was reached, but a grand world, a new continent lay beyond the Atlantic, and in the hands of those passengers came the germs of that great civilization to be planted, and nourished, and protected upon the Easternmost point of this land. What a mighty progress it has since made. Has it not, in two hundred years, grown as powerful on this side, as it did in two thousand years on the other side of the vast ocean? Whence came that light of Christianity which since its dawn has ever illumined the path of civilization? It flashed, through the clouds of paganism, upon the summit of Golgotha nearly twenty centuries ago. It gleamed, and in the redeeming miracle of its crimson hue, the gates, forever closed, flew open, and in a white robe the Angel of Resurrection pointed to an empty tomb and to a new life for mankind.