

people, the descendants of those Canadians of old, the last to give up the fight in that last battle, who with souls anguished by defeat, escorted the Marquis of Montcalm from the gates of Old Quebec to the Chateau Saint-Louis, on the night following the battle on the Plains of Abraham. We thank you for having lifted them up to you and invited them to share your glory.

"We say Farewell and we thank you. We thank you for the shining memento which you bequeathed to the historian at large. Its brilliancy will not fade. It will be a guiding light which the tempest-beaten mariner will look to. It will be a column of fire which will guide, on their march towards the promised land of a better Dominion, all sections of the Canadian people, reconciled at last to one another and linked together by the bonds of an 'Union sacrée.'

"Farewell. Close to your resting place, amid maples and poplars, adorned by the coming spring with luxuriant foliage, we shall, many of us, congregate to pray in the tongue of your ancestors. The field wherein you lie, whose tender embrace you received, will be light to you. For it is part of that native land whose history is three centuries old and whose motherly womb will some day cover our meanness with its vastness and shroud our nothingness with its perennity. Adieu."