

there was some growling in regard to Canada, when the feeling was not as friendly as it is today, I stood in the later autumn on the citadel at Quebec and looked down on our great St. Lawrence, stretching her mighty arms to the sea. I looked up and saw the star of the evening, and I felt that whatever planet might shine there, that for all Canada, and I will say even for the French-Canadian who has a true conception of what he owes to the empire, the real star that will always for the patriotic heart shine over Quebec is Wolfe's glory and Wolfe's victory. As I thus reflected, the evening gun was fired, as the evening gun is fired on Pacific waters and at Halifax, and it seemed as if the august mother put her arms around her Canadian child and said: 'Sleep on in peace, my invincible arms are around you.' It is because those arms are around us that we have that sense of security, that confidence in the present and in the future that belongs to us today."

---

"What a world of hope may be buried in a single grave!"—Lord Lytton.

---