

only would additional troops be a means of aggravating the evils of the dearth which has too long afflicted the colony"—wrote the French Minister—"but the chances are great that if sent thither, they would be captured on their way to you, by the British." Though thus basely deserted; though exhausted by continual marching and incessant fighting; though their dwellings were falling to ruin and their fields lay waste; though their wives and children were crying for bread; the despised and forsaken French Canadians neither flung aside their allegiance nor forgot their honour, but plunged into the final struggle with a devotion which excites our wonder and admiration. It was of no avail. On the 13th September, 1759, Quebec was taken. One year afterwards the French flag was hauled down and Canada became a part of the British Empire. Great was the joy manifested in England over the conquest of Louis XIV.'s "acres of snow." Addresses were presented to the King, congratulating him on this much-coveted addition to the Imperial possessions; a statue in Westminster Abbey was accorded to Wolfe; public thanks were decreed to each of the chief officers who had taken part in the Quebec expedition; and it was ordered that prayers of thanksgiving should be offered to Heaven throughout the whole Empire.

But change of rulers did not bring permanent peace to the harassed colonists. Sixteen years after Wolfe took Quebec, Canada again became the scene of war. The American Revolution broke out, and Canada, with a population of about 70,000 was called upon to meet the attack of a people numbering 3,000,000. Every art of persuasion was tried in vain by the Revolutionists to win the Canadians to their side; due provision was made in the Federal Constitution for the admission of Canada into the new confederacy, but without the anticipated