

gazed upon the land in all its pristine beauty, and leaving a few of his followers to sustain and bring fuel to the flame of Christian civilization amongst the barbaric warriors of the soil, he returned to France to tell the great king the story of his success, and to lay before his fellow-countrymen the plan and resources of the vast forest tract, that extending from ocean to ocean was theirs, by all the rights and laws of nations.

For half-a-century was this land, to the people of Europe, like some far-off, snow-bound region, wild and uninhabitable. Now and then a ship sailed from the old world to the new. By degrees the savage became friendly towards his Trans-Atlantic brethren, and by degrees did he accept the lights and truths of the Gospel. Already had the wooden structures of the white man been intermingled with the bark wigwams of the Indians. No longer the simple native feared the *fire-devil* that boomed from the vessel. Civilization was succeeding.

Canada is at this stage of her progress, when on the 3rd of July, 1608, Samuel de Champlain founded the City of Quebec. Seeing the lofty height and grand position, the mind of Champlain at once contemplated the scenes of future strife, and judging from the surroundings and situation, he resolved to lay the foundation of a fortress city that would be powerful enough to withstand the efforts of all invaders. He then planted, on its summit, the *fleur de lis*, where for a century and a half it was fanned by the breezes of heaven. Canada's conquest and civilization was a mighty undertaking, and both time and means were required for its accomplishment.

Quebec grew apace, and the village at the foot of Mount Royal progressed in proportion. Further up was not well known. A small church stood at the mouth of the Saguenay, where now is the village of Tadousac. Hundreds of the Indians had been converted; thousands still adored the Great Manitou. Although, at times, the chant of the vesper-hymn or the sweet sound of the Angelus might be heard, still the echoes were awakened by the wild war-whoop and battle-cry. Although success had attended the greater number of the envoys of God, still a simple cross, or solitary mound marked at irregular inter-

vals, the last resting-place of many who expired at the stake, or fell beneath the savage scalping-knife or tomahawk.

Thus half-a-century passed away since the foundation of Quebec. St. Louis fort was built; Quebec had already surrendered to Admiral Kirk, and returned again to the French; Champlain had gone to his long home, leaving behind him a name immortal in the annals of our history; Sillery had been settled; Montreal was progressing; villages along the banks of the St. Lawrence were peeping up; the explorer, the missionary and adventurer had ascended the Ottawa; a Royal Government had been founded at Quebec; Governor de Frontenac had fulfilled his mission, and with it had closed his useful, eventful and glorious life in 1698; Quebec had been vainly besieged by Phipps; Montreal had been fortified, and France had claimed Canada as her bright possession.

Half-a-century rolled away, and England, not contented with her possessions on the Eastern coast of America, cast her eye upon this beautiful region. In September, 1759, two hundred years after Cartier first set foot upon the banks of the St. Charles; one hundred and fifty years after Champlain had conceived the idea of building Quebec, England's troops, under their immortal leader, Wolfe, advanced upon that stronghold, the key of the Canadian country. It would be too lengthy and too superfluous to enter into a description of the siege of Quebec, and the victory of Wolfe. We will go on in our rapid march, leaving the details to the historian or chronicler of particular events. Shortly after the fall of Quebec, the French gained the battle of St. Foy. In 1763, by treaty, Canada was given over to England—and the sons of England, Ireland, Scotland and France united hand-in-hand, forgetting past enmities, forgiving past injuries, becoming a common people upon a new soil. Twelve years had scarcely passed away, when, upon the very field where the sons of France and England contended for the possession of the land, they stood side by side to repel the invasion of Arnold and Montgomery.

On the 10th of November, 1775, these two generals blockaded Quebec. For a time a dark cloud hung over the Colony.