

he says, « with a mild surprise, that kinsmen who count their ecclesiastical history by nearly a score of centuries, look on at a new people who make so much of the completion of a hundred years.»

He goes on to point out that a church or a nation — or let us say a cathedral—which is only a hundred years old, might possibly seem to many citizens of old England to be too new to have a history, or if it have, to have any that is worth remembering. It is with characteristic courtesy and even chivalry that a citizen of the United States thus makes allowance for what would indeed have been, if it existed (and in the mind of one who really thinks I doubt whether it ever does exist) a narrow, an ignorant and a churlish thought. But if there be anywhere occasions on which such a notion might spring unbidden, at least it cannot come in connection with your historic Quebec or with its Cathedral Church.

These actual walls set apart as a consecrated house of God for the Services of our own Church, may be but a century old. But you who know, far better than I, the varied story of Quebec are recalling to-day the earlier memories which—in a larger than any technical sense—gave imperishable consecration to this place, which link it back along a chain of quite peculiar pathos and interest to the work done centuries ago by members of the Fraternity of St. Francis of Assisi and along with them—for a little while at least—to the devoted men who, in a very different « Society »—a Society whose very name became a catchword for a policy and a behavior which we condemn—did yet show the whole world an example of missionary enthusiasm and a steadiness of persevering faith in face of persecution and suffering which, while the world standeth, will encircle with a halo of glory, the memory of the Jesuit Missionaries of two hundred and fifty years ago.

In the words of the foremost historian of the colonial church—a historian of whose staunch Protestantism none can ever question — « at every season and in every place the unwearied French missionary was seen winning his way to the red man's home. Sometimes lost amid the trackless snow or forests, at