

not here dwell. Wolfe's Cove, Cape Diamond, and the Plain of Abraham, with all their historic memories, are indelibly imprinted on every Canadian mind. With the morning's sun the flag of England floated over the heights of Quebec, marking an era in the world's history. This continent, thenceforth, under whatever form of government, was to be English, not French. Wolfe's work was done, and he and Montcalm lay there peaceful in the brotherhood of death.

For Wolfe, it was the close of a life that might well be envied. Tender and true as Nelson himself, and with a nobler moral self-command; he had fallen in the arms of victory, the youngest of England's generals since the old heroic days of the Black Prince. He was only in his thirty-third year. At home, the old general, his father, lay dying—died indeed before the news of mingled pride and sorrow could reach his ear. But besides the widowed mourner who survived, there was another to weep in that hour of England's triumph. His affianced bride was then vainly watching with longing eyes, for her young soldier's return. She was a rich heiress, and he an only son. They had everything that heart could desire; and she had urged his stay with all the eloquence of love. But duty called him, and, however reluctantly, he obeyed. The verses have been preserved which he addressed, on the eve of his departure, to the bride he was never to wed. They will not compare with Gray's "Elegy," but they have an interest of their own, as where he urges:

"Two passions vainly pleading,
My beating heart divide;
Lo! there my country bleeding,
And here my weeping bride."

And while thus pleading for that inevitable separation, he reminds her that—

"No distance hearts can sunder
Whom mutual truth has joined."

Thus fresh in all the passionate tenderness

and fervour of youth was that heart which sacrificed love to duty on the field of death. He gave his bride, as a lover's token, at that last parting, a locket containing some of his own hair. She lived to become Countess of Bolton; but to the day of her death she wore on her bosom Wolfe's last gift, covered with crape.

England failed not to render what honours could be lavished on him who had thus found in the path of duty the way to glory and to death. The difficulties which Wolfe had to contend with had seemed insuperable. No one dreamt of success. Horace Walpole—a good specimen of the croakers of that day as of our own—is found writing to his friend, Sir Horace Mann, while tardy winds were wafting across the ocean news of the victory already won:—"We have failed at Quebec, as we certainly shall!"

Fancy the revulsion of feeling on the falsifying of such predictions—the exulting pride, the national outburst of tearful joy. The poet Cowper recalls the time, as one when it was—

"Praise enough

To fill the ambition of a private man,
That Chatham's language was his mother tongue,
And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own."

Yet, also, it is well to realize to our own minds that which is so true a picture of what never fails as the attendant on war's triumphal car: the mother, just widowed; the bride unwed; answering to the nation's joybells with their tears.

All that the unavailing honours of this world can bestow waited on the victor's bier. West made his death the subject of his finest painting; Wilton, in Westminster Abbey, embodied the nation's gratitude in the sculptured marble of his tomb; and in the Senate, with more than wonted effort, Chatham strove to give expression to the universal sorrow. The feelings which thus found utterance in the fresh consciousness of his loss, remain associated with his memory to this hour. He lives on the historic page,