

Forty-Fifth Annual Report of the Baptist Home Mission Board.

The writer of this Report wishes, at the outset, to express the disappointment and regret of the Home Mission Board, and we believe also of every member of this Convention that the one who has been for six and a-half years the honored and successful leader of our Home Mission work, has been hindered because of illness from appearing in our midst to-day, and therefore this Report has to be read by one who is but slightly acquainted with the work which Superintendent McEwen has mastered by six and a-half years of constant and faithful service to the cause of Baptist Home Missions in Ontario and Quebec.

Imagination and history, written or traditional, are the two great forces by which the generations of the present link themselves with those of the past. Therefore, in coming to this now historic and somewhat famous City of Montreal, imagination carries us back on the stream of time to a point on the shore marked A.D. 1535. It was in that year that the famous mariner, the discoverer of Canada, Jacques Cartier, first entered what was then called Dunnaconna's country. The name sounds somewhat Irish, and might easily be mistaken for Dan O'Connell's country. But Dunnaconna had the Indian instead of the Irish blood in his veins; nevertheless he manifested the warm hospitality for which the Irish are noted, and invited the brave Frenchman to sail up the great river and visit his town. It is a matter of history how the brave Frenchman, taking the smallest of his vessels, made his way up the river until he reached Hochelaga, Dunnaconna's chief town. Before leaving it is written that he ascended the mountain to the north-west, and looking away to the westward over the blue glistening waters of the St. Lawrence and the dense forests, like a billowy ocean interminable at his feet, he in the ecstasy of his soul exclaimed "Mount Royal," now shortened and combined into the beautiful and euphonious one word "Montreal."

We have looked up the records of history that we might trace the finger of God writing on the sands of time. What great emotions of a glorious empire yet to be must have filled

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