

"One morning, in the summer of 1941, Roosevelt rang me up over the long distance 'phone; what was I doing? would I have time to meet him somewhere along our common border and share a weekend with him in his private car? " In these words King began to narrate another story. The next day he crossed the St. Lawrence river at Prescott to meet the President in his car at Ogdensburg. There, <sup>at</sup> Prescott, stood what remains of the windmill on which, a hundred years ago, his paternal grandfather, John King, had ordered a cannon to be trained, believing that his mother's father, Mackenzie, with some of his rebel following, were concealed ~~there~~. It turned out later that Mackenzie was in New York at the time and had had nothing to do with this border raid. Now his grandson, as Prime Minister of his country, was sitting with the President of the land that had given Mackenzie refuge, working out with <sup>him</sup> ~~its~~ President plans previously discussed between them for the permanent joint defence of their two countries. This was the agreement of Ogdensburg, well known as the foundation of Canada's and the United States' co-operation in war.

Coincidences such as these impress him greatly.

[King's religious convictions are akin to those of his ancestors.

*insert ->* "God of our fathers ~~is~~ the God of ~~their succeeding race~~". These  
*Of their succeeding race"*