

## THIS NEWFOUNDLAND OF OURS.

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I have undertaken to speak to you, for a little, this evening, regarding "THIS NEWFOUNDLAND OF OURS." The subject, at all events comes home to our own bosoms, and is thoroughly practical in its bearings. The land we live in—with nearly all of us, either the land of our birth or of our adoption—can never cease to be an object of paramount interest. It may not be very lovely or picturesque in its scenery; it may not possess a soil so fertile that it has "only to be tickled to laugh into a harvest;" great prosperity may not have crowned the labours of its people; and their place among the nations may not be very exalted, but still it is *ours*—the spot of earth on which God has placed us and said "go work," and we love it as fondly as if it were a part of classic Greece or Italy, or held within its bosom the vale of Cashmere, "with its roses the brightest that earth ever gave." I can quite understand how many who hear me regard this NEWFOUNDLAND OF OURS with something of the same tenderness that all good children feel towards the mother who bore them, and "looked on their childhood." Here they drew the first breath of life; here, perhaps, "love's young dream" first cast its halos around their youthful imaginations. With its scenes, all that is brightest and best in their lives is entwined. Toils, sorrows, joys, gains, losses—all have endeared to them this spot of earth; and its rugged rocks, to them are encircled with a glory manifold. They have learned to love its very storms and ice-fields, its frost and snows which give vigour to the frame, and send the healthful blood tingling through the veins; and a mystic beauty, born of the best instincts of the heart, spreads over its valleys, and lights up the very waves that leap around their own sea-girt isle. Such a feeling is to be honoured; it is one of the deepest and purest in our nature; and he who has never experienced one throb of love for his country—poor though it may be,—is unworthy of the name of man. It is the same feeling which, in its highest form, has nerved the patriot's arm in freedom's battle.