

are skilled in the art of government, and that in much of what science and art have done for the world, America has been surpassed. In proof of this, go if you will, to the Universities and Academies where the leading citizens have been trained. There you will find as keen and friendly an interest in the study of laws, language, literature and achievements of other nations as in many of the historic schools of Germany. Or turn again to the legislative halls, where you will no doubt find jingoes, cranks, and fire-eaters, but where you will more often find men who have studied the institutions of other countries, who are willing to learn from the experience of others, and whose intellectual horizon is not confined to the tops of their public chambers. So in every walk of life, you may depend upon it, the great beating heart of the American Republic is not inspired with boasting and conceit. There is, however, a buoyancy of public opinion which is as striking to the average observer as it is powerful. I do not refer to scare-headed journals, or political assemblies, but to that strong and healthy patriotism, which, considering the size of the nation, exhibits the most wonderful love of country that modern history can show. This is the product of American independence, and a union cemented at gigantic cost and with fratricidal blood. Since the Civil War there has been but one country, one flag, and one people. I wish it were so in Canada. It is no ambition of mine to decry or belittle the colonial policy of England during the past eighty years. She has planted free communities all over the globe and stood by them for all time. Without one cent of taxation she gives them naval protection, and freely tenders the services of her diplomats in all international disputes. Generous, generous though it be, I cannot refrain from expressing my belief that no country, no colony in a position which Canada is fast approaching to-day, can ever have a sound, healthy, vigorous national existence. It may be a delusion, though surely a most singular one, for I conceive it to be founded on the strongest instincts of men.

(To be Continued.)

SIR JOHN S. D. THOMPSON.

DIED AT WINNIBOSSETT CASTLE, 12TH DECEMBER, 1894.

"Whither away, so swift to-day,
Thy pale horse flecked with foam?"
"I haste"—said Death, with bated breath,
"To yonder Royal Home.
Behold this key! I bear with me,
As lightning, shall make way.
O Father Time! in every clime,
Thy children own my sway.