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than by the side of the mighty St. Lawrence as it flows past the Citadel of Quebec.

But, ^{while} ~~where~~ the mind is inspired as memory recalls the story of Quebec from the days of Champlain to our own day, even more deeply is the heart of every Liberal moved as he remembers that this was the city of Laurier, that it was here, as a member of the Legislature of which Mr. Taschereau has now the honour to be the head, that Sir Wilfrid Laurier began his great public career, that it was as the representative of Quebec that for 40 years ^{Sir Wilfrid} ~~he~~ represented this city in the parliament of Canada. Deeply moving as that must be to every man who calls himself a Liberal, what it must mean to those who knew Sir Wilfrid, who shared his friendship, who fought with him the battles of Liberalism, and who loved him with the devotion which only ^{true} nobility of soul can inspire, is something which can be known only to the degree that these high privileges ^{have been} ~~were~~ experienced. What it must mean to one who comes to you as Sir Wilfrid's successor in the leadership of the Liberal party; one who comes to you from the house in which he and Lady Laurier lived for so many years, and who lives in that house today, I shall have to leave you to endeavour to picture to yourselves. Its meaning cannot be expressed in words. One thing, however, it does imply