

and with persuasive eloquence drew us closer together as a people, pointing out to each what was good in the other, wreathing our sympathies and blending our hopes;—yes! one who breathed into our new Dominion the spirit of a proud self-reliance, and first taught Canadians to respect themselves. Was it a wonder that the cry of agony rang throughout the land when murder, foul and most unnatural, drank the life-blood of Thomas D'Arcy McGee?

There are times when the sluggish pulse is quickened into activity; when the heart throbs with sympathy the most intense; when all that is human within us asserts unwonted supremacy. The sense of a loss shared in by each, of a danger encountered by all, brings before us with startling vividness how much we have in common. *Such a time it was* when the flower of our youth went forth to repel a wanton and unprovoked invasion. Tears sprang to the eyes of many fond fathers and loving mothers, but affection itself was strengthened by the strain to which it became subject, and hallowed by the shrine of its self-immolation. *Such a time it was* when the lifeless bodies of those who fell in the conflict were brought home. Though a load of grief pressed on every heart, we felt proud that the post of danger had not been left to strangers; that bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh had been the first to meet the foe; that our own breasts had been bared to the storm. *Such a time it was* when the assassin's hand struck down the gifted, the genial, the patriotic McGee. Our country reeled with the blow. *Such a time it was* when the news of the butchery of young Scott at Fort Garry fell upon our ears, thrilling every nerve, and crowding the hot blood into our hearts. Humble though his position was—yet he was a Canadian; his mental gifts may have been few—yet he died for us. "*Spectet, inquit, patriam; in conspectu legum libertatisque moriatur. Non tu hoc loco Gavium, non unum hominem, nescio*