

in the world. For ages they have been the abode of the wandering savage—solitudes almost untrodden by the foot of civilised man—but we who are now taking part in the activities consequent on the settlement of a new province may hope, if spared for a very few years, to see the whole of the vast region stretching from this to the Pacific Ocean teeming with busy and prosperous settlers. Villages and towns and cities will spring up—the trade of India, China and Japan will be carried by our Canada Pacific Railway through the fertile valley of the Saskatchewan onward to the Atlantic seaboard for shipment to Europe, while the glorious old flag that for a thousand years has braved the battle and the breeze will wave as the symbol of liberty over a free, a happy and a loyal people.

We desire to see our countrymen go forth to the work of colonization firmly wedded to those principles of civil and religious liberty that we have brought as an heritage from the island home of our fathers—principles that have come down to us as a precious possession from generations of patriots who have toiled “and in their country’s cause bled nobly.”

We prize these British institutions because they con-

fer upon us the blessing of equal laws—the blessings of free thought and free speech,—a free platform—a free press—a free pulpit—and best of all, a free and open English Bible.

While we rejoice at the prospect of seeing our country’s flag waving over millions of prosperous settlers, let us be earnest in the effort to plant the banner of the Church in the midst of every new community. Remember that without religion there will be no true freedom. “He is a freeman whom the truth makes free, and all are slaves besides.”

The Church in her ministrations proclaims the work of Christ in all its fulness as the sinner’s only hope. Her ministers go forth to tell perishing sinners that “other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ”—that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin, and to men of every race and of every clime—of every degree of intelligence, and every shade of guilt their language is the gracious invitation of the Saviour:—

“Look unto me and be ye saved all ye ends of the world.”