

sibilities, and a desire for a closer union of the parts of the British Empire are his favorite themes; and it is from his addresses on these subjects that a few extracts have been chosen for another page.

Hon. Mr. Foster's career is well fitted to stimulate the youth of this country to exertion. He has risen by his native force and ambition from one position to another, overcoming obstacles that lay in his way by patient industry and steady persistency.

Born in Carleton County, September 3, 1847, his parents removed to Studholm, Kings County, where he received his early education. At eighteen years of age he entered the University of New Brunswick, matriculating at the head of his class and winning the Kings County scholarship. The writer remembers with what enthusiasm his course at school and college was watched by the youth of the county, and what a stimulus his zeal and push gave to others.

He graduated from the university at the age of twenty-one, taking the degree of B. A. and winning the Douglas gold medal for the best essay in English. He taught for several years—at Grand Falls, at Fredericton Junction, and afterwards in the Baptist Seminary and girls' high school, Fredericton. In 1871 he became professor of classics in the University of New Brunswick, and spent a large portion of the following two years in studies at the University of Edinburgh and Heidelberg. Later his *alma mater* conferred on him the degree of LL. D., and Acadia University honored him with the degree of D. C. L. In 1882 he was elected to the House of Commons, and his first speech commanded the earnest attention of that body, in which his ability, force of character, and power as an orator exerted for the eighteen years following a conspicuous influence.

Extracts from Addresses by Hon. G. E. Foster,

PERORATION OF AN ADDRESS ON PATRIOTISM.

Delivered at Lindsay, Ontario, 1899.

Yonder looking out from the wide threshold of the future stands a form, wonderful in beauty, excellent in strength and radiant with cheerful hope. The maple leaf wreathes her brow, at either side crouch the bear and the beaver, and from her shining shoulders falls in graceful folds the flag that for a thousand years has braved the battle and the breeze. She waves her wand, and straightway the keen bladed axe gleams in the sunlight, tall pines and giant hemlocks crash to the earth, and deep-keeled ships glide out from safe moorings to plow the billowy seas.

She gives the word, and pick and shovel, drill and compressor are piled with ceaseless energy, till, from the yawning pits, coal and iron and precious metals leap to the surface, and ask to be transmuted into force and wealth.

She speaks, and lo! plow and harrow, sickle and reaper, mellow the deep soil and shear the rich increase, till the creaking wains draw the harvests home, and the well-filled barns laugh with golden plenty.

She gives the sign, and lightnings flash along a thousand wires,—winged messengers to bear her slightest wish, mammoth engines whirl her bounteous produce over ten thousand miles of double shining steels,—winds blow and water flow to turn her vast machinery.

Again she speaks, and, in every hamlet, every city, every hillside and every valley, school doors open wide, and merry trooping children with eager feet mount the steps of the temples of knowledge, serve therein, and bear in noisy happy groups the precious garnering home again. And yet once more on quiet Sabbath morns, when traffic's swirling tide retires before the holy calm, and clear toned notes from echoing belfries chime,—see! she drops on bended knee, and with uplifted face and reverent closed eyes, whispers to heaven her faith:

"Our Fathers' God, in Thee we trust."

Who is this, and what is her name? and I answer, she who gave you birth. Who cradled your infancy, and now claims the devotion of your manhood, Canada,—lady of the shining snows and gleaming sunshine, daughter in her mother's house and mistress in her own.

FROM A SPEECH GIVEN AT A BANQUET TO GOVERNOR-GENERAL LORD ABERDEEN ON HIS DEPARTURE FROM OTTAWA.

It has been often said, not so often now as some years ago, that Britain was growing decrepit and infirm, that her power was waning, and that the time was rapidly approaching when Macaulay's New Zealander should take his seat on London bridge and survey the ruins of an empire greater than Rome had ever been. I deny the assumption, and I protest with all my heart against the inference. The expansive, the assimilative, the cohesive power of Britain is neither dead nor stagnant. The plastic crust from which in centuries past has burst forth that splendid energy that has ever and anon vivified the world has not stiffened to adamant. The typical vigor, the eruptive enterprise, the steady overflow of the higher life and potency are there still, and the march of empire is ever forward. To-day her drum beat sounds on the far distant Pamirs, we hear the boom of her guns and see the flash of her steel in the rock passes of the Afridis. Her banners gleam at Hong Kong and Wei-Hai-Wei, and her flag floats over the vast insular continents of the Southern Pacific. In the whilom Dark Continent bugle calls to bugle from Bulawayo in the south to Omdurman in the north, imperial outposts sentinel the Nile and the Niger, while cannon at Halifax and cannon at Esquimaux, backed by 5,000,000 loyal subjects, stand guard and sponsor for the foremost and best of her possessions. Who dares