

George, would have impeded later hard-won rights which have made it impossible that an English minister shall ever again dare to do what Lord North then did. But Canada has no inheritance in the memories of New England grievances: unless it be those recollections which she loves to cherish of Loyalist forefathers, whose fidelity to the Empire overbore all consciousness of personal wrongs. The geographical and political characteristics of Canada alike shape out for it an autonomy of its own; and it were well that the statesmen of this continent should lay to heart all that is involved in the wise foresight with which Montcalm forecast its future.

France unquestionably had her revenge for the defeat at Quebec, in the revolution of 1783; and reaped revenge's fitting harvest in her own Reign of Terror, and all the endless revolutions that have followed, to prove her incapacity for self-government. For whether America forget it or not, England had trained her children to deal even with revolution, as freemen, and not as slaves broke loose. A grand experiment in the science of self-government has been entrusted to us; and the American Republic, with its Washington, beurocracy, and the quadrennial throes of its Presidential elections, has not so solved the problem that we must need cast in our lot among its still partially United States, as though that were the sole avenue to a political millenium.

A problem of singular interest is being solved here. Two races, the foremost in the ranks of humanity, long rivals in arts and arms:—the stolid, slow, but long-enduring Saxon; the lively, impressible, gallant Frank,—are here invited to share a common destiny, and work out a future of their own. The Norman and Saxon of elder centuries have united with the Celt to make England what she is. Saxon, Norman, and Celt meet here anew, under other fortunes, to make of our common Dominion what future generations will know how to prize. Men of

the old French monarchy, before the era of revolutions, have been succeeded by those who here, under the ægis of England, have been admitted and trained to all the rights and privileges of a free people. *L'Etat, c'est moi*, was the maxim of Louis le Grand; and his descendant, Louis XVI., reaped the ample harvest of such a seed-time. Happy, indeed, would be the Paris of to-day, if it could borrow the art of self-government from Quebec; and strangely constituted must his mind be, who, amid the absolute freedom of self-government which we enjoy, can dream of casting in his lot either with the sturdy Republic on our own borders, or its Gallic sister beyond the sea.

It is a privilege not to be lightly thrown away, that we share the destinies of an Empire where the Rajah of a British Province on the Indian ocean—beyond the farthest foot-print of the Macedonian Alexander,—sends as his loyal gift to the Olympian Games of our common nationality, the prize-cup which victors from our young Dominion recently brought in triumph to our shores. The generation has not yet wholly passed away which stood undaunted against the banded powers of Europe; and should the necessity for it recur, it will be seen that England to herself can still be true.

Our living present, as well as the sacred memories which we inherit, as a member of that great British Confederacy which embraces in one united Empire, India and Canada; New Zealand and Newfoundland; the Bahamas; the Antilles; Australia and the Cape; are too precious to be lightly cast away. But if the time is ever to come—

“Far on in summers that we shall not see,”

—when this young Dominion shall stretch across the Continent, a free nation, with duties and with interests all its own; it will be for its interest as well as its honour that it can then look back only with loving memories on the common mother of the Anglo-Saxon race; while it emulates her example, and aspires to her worth.