

grandeur of her spacious waterways and woodlands, the romantic charms of her hills and dales, and the sweet comeliness of her farmland homes, have all come to receive attention from our poets and *litterateurs*; and the story of her greatness *in esse* has become so far the foundation of the story of her greatness *in posse* that for me to expand on it here would be somewhat out of place in view of the special message I have been called to utter in your presence. And yet you will have to forgive me if I awaken, for the emphasis of my theme, that echo from the past which I have referred to as coming from this same old city of Halifax,—an echo that, as a prophecy, being fulfilled, must, I am assured, be all the more pleasant to your ears. With the thirty years' experience we have had of Confederation, it is perhaps easy enough for us to prophesy after the event, but, long before the Confederation agitation, there came to the various provinces a message uttered in words of fire by the greatest of Nova Scotian orators,—a message that has lost none of its charm as the veritable voice of fate itself, that would not be stayed, though the prophet who uttered it fought for a time against its fulfilment. From the vantage-ground of his marvelous influence, old Joseph Howe was believed then, as he is credited now, when he said: "You feel at every step that Canada must become a great nation, and at every step you pray most devoutly for the descent upon the country of that wisdom and foresight and energy which shall make it the great treasury of British institutions upon this continent, and an honor to the British name. All the lakes of Scotland thrown together would not make one of these great inland seas, which form, as it were, a chain of Mediterraneans; all the rivers of England, old Father Thames included, would scarcely fill the channel

of the St. Lawrence. There is a grandeur in the mountain ranges, and a voice in the noble cataracts which elevate the spirit above the ignorance and the passions of the past and the perplexities of the present, and make us feel that the great Creator of the Universe never meant such a country to be the scene of discord, but will yet inspire the people with the union, the virtue and the true patriotism, by which alone its political and social condition shall be made to take, more nearly than it does now, the impress of its natural features. Canada is a country to be proud of; to inspire high thoughts; to cherish a love for the sublime and the beautiful; and to take its stand among the nations of the earth in spite of all circumstances which oppose the growth and progress of a young country."

And, as a further emphasis to this fulfilling prophecy, is there one of us that cannot stand at his own doorstep and feel the *amen* of it, soothing as a patriotic song? Under my own verandah, in old Quebec yonder, right on the ground where the destiny of Canada was pledged in the death of James Wolfe (for I live on the Plains of Abraham), the *amen* of such a song sounds as frequently as elsewhere from Halifax to Vancouver. There, of a summer's day, "Nature hums its olden song, and plays with history's fingers to assure the tune," in presence of the "velvet charms" of St. Charles' Plain shut in by the old Laurentides, in presence of the holm-enclosing windings of Cartier's St. Croix in front, with an unwritten song in its every ripple, and in the hearing of the hum of the crowding streets of old Stadacona to the right, with a tale to tell in each of its landmarks. There, in presence of the best that Canada has to give of scenery and history, of the present and the past, there are few that would not fain to join in the anthem: