

city, and has a permanent garrison. Its commercial interests are large, and its exports include fish, lumber, and coals. The weather proved no better on our way from Halifax to Portland until we came near the excellent harbour of Portland, Maine. The evening was bright and clear, with pink hues in the sky, as, with much interest and wonderment, I first gazed on the States. I had arranged with friends at home that I should send a cablegram from Portland on my arrival there, the single word "good," "better," or "best," as I might happen to be after the voyage. So I wired the word "best," as I was feeling very "fit." The magic word brought comfort to hearts at home by breakfast time next morning. From Portland I went on to Kingston, some five hundred miles, without break. To that I shall return. I was glad to think of myself as in Canada and still a subject of the Queen. One may forget his loyalty at home, but never in Canada. The thing is there impossible; the people will not let you. Speaking of this one day to Mr. Justice Sedgewick, of Ottawa, he said in reply to my remarks, "Loyalty is a passion with us here." To which I said, "Yes, Mr. Justice, and a worthy and beautiful passion too." His remark exactly hits the truth. Everywhere in Canada the Queen is the symbol, expressive and fit, of the unity of the Empire. Her rare sympathies, radiant purity of character, and superb moral influence, have drawn to her throne the touching and beautiful attachment of every part