

interest attaching to the dignity of a high office sustained with honour, and to the reverence for the tender ties of hearth and home sacred though these be, for Canadians and Americans have each a common aim and a common ideal. Though belonging to very different political schools and preferring to advance by very different paths, we both desire to live only in a land of perfect liberty. When the order which ensures freedom is desecrated by the cowardly rancour of the murderer, or by the tyranny of faction, the blow touches more than one life, and strikes over a wider circle than that where its nearer and immediate consequences are apparent. The people of the United States have been directed into one political organisation, and we are cherishing and developing another; but they will find no men with whom a closer and more living sympathy with their triumphs or with their trouble abides, than their Canadian cousins in the Dominion. Let this be so in the days of unborn generations, and may we never have again to express our horror at such a deed of infamy as that which has lately called forth in so striking a manner the proofs of international respect and affection. To pass to other themes awaking no unhappy recollections, you will expect me to mention a few of the impressions made upon us by what we have seen during the last few weeks. Beautiful as are the numberless lakes and illimitable forests of Keewatin—the land of the north wind, to the east of you—yet it was pleasant to “get behind the north wind,” and to reach your open plains. The contrast is great between the utterly silent and shadowy solitudes of the pine and fir forests, and the sunlit, and breezy ocean of