

London, where his remains were placed amidst the mourning of the whole metropolis. You will even see in a corner there, most sacred of memory, Boston harbour depicted with the sun setting behind the western world.

But as there is a pleasure which Americans feel in visiting their old home, there is a pleasure which an Englishman feels when, after long waiting and long desiring, he visits for the first time the shores of this new home of his old race. You can hardly imagine the intense curiosity with which, as he enters Boston harbour, he sees the natural features opening upon his view, of which he has so long read in books, and when he sees pointed out to him name after name familiar in his own country. And when I come to this celebration, cold and hard must be the heart of that Englishman who would not feel drawn to a place hallowed by the recollection of those Puritan fathers whose ancestors were as valuable an element in our society as they can have been in yours. Long, long ago, before I had formed the design of coming to America, I had been drawn to the city of Salem as the birthplace of one whom I may call my friend, the gifted sculptor, whose vigorous and vivid poem we all heard with so much pleasure to-day, and