

of society, a more enlarged feeling, and expands into the noble passion of patriotism. The love of country, the love of the town, village or district where we were born, of the field or street which we first pressed with our tender footsteps, of the hillock which we first climbed, are the same affection, only the latter belongs to each of us separately; the first can be known but by men united into masses. It is founded upon every advantage which a nation is supposed to possess, and is increased by every improvement which it is supposed to receive. Love of country is next to love of God, and the two are indivisible.

Our country—there is a creed in those two words—contains all that is required for the building up of a great nation. We have great mineral wealth; coal, gold, silver, copper, nickel, lead, petroleum, asbestos, iron, phosphates, salt, graphite, etc., abound. Our soil is generally fertile, growing all the products of the temperate zone. Our territory is nearly as large as Europe, and is estimated to contain a total area of 3,315,647 square miles, exclusive of the great lakes and rivers. Our population, as shown by the census of 1901, is perhaps not so large as we could wish, or as we expected it to prove, but it is better as it is than that we should be torn by dissensions, or be the victims of such a chastening as befell our neighbors forty years ago. That our people are energetic and pushing is proven by the progress made in trade in recent years. We quote some comprehensive figures, showing that the increase in our entire body of trade in ten years has been no less in value than \$163,132,302.