

ing the resources of a kingdom. Sail on lakes great enough to be called seas, along rugged Laurentian coasts, or take the new North-west passage by land, that the Canadian Pacific has opened up from the upper Ottawa, through a thousand miles once declared impracticable for railways, and now yielding treasures of wood, and copper and silver, till you come to that great prairie ocean, that sea of green and gold in this month of May, whose billows extend for nigh another thousand miles to the Rocky Mountains, out of which great provinces like Minnesota and Dakota will be carved in the immediate future. And when you have reached the Pacific, and look back over all the panorama that unrolls itself before your mental vision, you will not doubt that the country is destined to have a future. You will thank God that you belong to a generation to whom the duty has been assigned of laying its foundations; and knowing that the solidity of any construction is in proportion to the faith, the virtue and the self-sacrifice that have been wrought into the foundation, you will pray that you, for one, may not be found wanting.

REV. G. M. GRANT, D.D.

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### A COUNTRY TO BE PROUD OF.

Above all, remember, things are not with you as they were a few short years ago. British North America is no longer a *congeries* of disconnected Provinces, destitute of any strong bond of sympathy or mutual attachment. You are no longer Colonists or Provincials—you are the owners, the defenders and guardians of half a continent—of a land of unbounded promise and predestinated renown. That thought alone should make men and soldiers of you all. Life would scarcely be worth living, unless it gave us something for whose sake it was worth while to die. Outside our domestic circle there are not many things that come up to that standard of value. But one at least you possess—a country you can be proud of; and never should a Canadian forget, no matter what his station in life, what his origin or special environments, that in this broad Dominion he has that, which it is worth while both to live for and to die for.

LORD DUFFERIN.

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When men unto their noblest rise,  
Alike for ever see their eyes;  
Trust us, Grand England, we are true,  
And, in your noblest, one with you.