

Possessing this great northern heritage is a northern race, ruled by a northern Queen. Our national characteristics are northern, and the country we are so proud of is the Norland of this continent; to the northern races of the old world whence we sprang we look for our national characteristics; and although we form part of an empire so vast as to dwarf, with its population of over three hundred millions, our six or seven, yet it is these northern characteristics which, serving us so well in the past, will place us with the foremost in the time which is to come.

Who then is this Queen, whose people in this American Northland so tenderly love and deeply reverence her? Celtic she is by her descent from Arthur, Norman by her descent from William of France, Saxon from Alfred, and from her old Norse ancestry deriving her right to sway the sceptre of the sea. As she is Celt and Saxon, Norman and Dane, so are we; for we have in this Dominion more Celts than had Brien when he placed his heel upon the neck of Odin, more Saxons than had Alfred when he founded his kingdom, more Normans than had William when he drew from them the armed host with which he invaded England, more of Norse blood than there were Norsemen when their kings ruled Britain and their galleys swept the sea. We are the descendants of all the northern kingdom-founders of Western Europe. We have the laws of Edward, of Louis, Magna Charta and the Roman Code; we have copied the constitution which English statesmen, legislators, patriots and martyrs lived or died to secure or save. We have territory, resources by sea and land, civil and religious liberty; we are heirs, equally with those who live in the British Isles, of the glory and traditions of the British Empire. The Canadian has fought side by side with the Englishman, Irishman and Scot on the burning sands of India and Africa, on the bleak battle fields of the Crimean Peninsula, fought as well, died as bravely, as any of them all; and if a degree of valor may be estimated by a single instance, it should be remembered that, by general consent of his surviving comrades, Captain Dunn, born near Toronto, received the Victoria Cross as the "bravest of the brave" in the charge of the Light Brigade; and, indeed, we need go no further than our own history to determine the military qualities of our people; for the odds and the result tell their own story, when we remember, amongst many others, Queenston and Chateauguay; and it is an historical fact that ours is one of the few countries where no foe held a long, much less a permanent footing.

But enough of war. While with just pride we remember the deeds of our ancestors for the past thousand years, and know that when necessary the blood of the sea-kings, the sturdy Saxon, the