

ada. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Pacific across to the Arctic, there stretches an international boundary line of 4,000 miles, where territory touches territory, where sovereignty meets sovereignty, where nation salutes nation, but for a hundred years the international waters of those Great Lakes have been unfretted by any ship of war, those rolling prairies have been unmarked by any hostile fort, those majestic mountains have never echoed to the roar of any alien gun.

Four thousand miles! For one hundred years! Tell me, you men from other continents, where in all the world is there a match for this that North America has done? Where is there a civilisation so undishonoured? Where is there a boundary so free? Where is there a history so worthy of record? Let Europe answer.

Europe! from whom we inherited our civilisation, whose two thousand years is our background, whose achievements were our inspiration. Europe! whose Christianity is in our creeds, whose culture is in our colleges, whose heart's blood is in our veins! Europe! bristling with guns from the Hebrides to the Dardanelles, bleeding at every boundary with death-wounds none can stanch—O Europe! how often would America have come to you with the gospel of international good-will, teaching you the secret