

OUR DOMINION.

Canada is not merely a string of Provinces, fortuitously strung together, but a single nationality; young, but with a life of its own; a colony in name, but with a national spirit, which though weak, is growing stronger daily; a country with a future, and worthy of the loyalty of its sons. It means in the next place the settled conviction that the honor of Canada must always be maintained, no matter what the cost, and that Canadian interests are of first importance. Any man who is animated by these convictions is a true Canadian, no matter what his views may be as to the political form that the Dominion is ultimately to assume.

It is a wide and goodly land, with manifold beauties of its own, with boundless resources, that are only beginning to be developed, and with room and verge for empire. Each province has attractions for its children. * * * It has been my lot to live for a time in almost every one of our provinces, and to cross the whole Dominion, again and again, from ocean to ocean, by steamer or canoe, by rail and buck-board, on horse-back and on foot, and I have found, in the remotest settlements, a remarkable acquaintance with public questions and much soundness of judgment and feeling with regard to them; a high average purity of individual and family life, and a steady growth of national sentiment.

I have sat with the blackened toilers in the coal mines of Pictou and Cape Breton, the darkness made visible by the little lamps hanging from their sooty foreheads, have worshipped with pious Highlanders in log-huts, in fertile glens and on hill sides, where the forest gives place slowly to the plough, and preached to assembled thousands, seated on grassy hillocks and prostrate trees; have fished and sailed with the hardy mariners, who find "every harbour, from Sable to Causeau, a home;" have ridden under the willows of Evangeline's country, and gazed from north and south mountain on a sea of apple-blossoms; have talked with gold miners, fishermen, farmers, merchants, students, and have learned to respect my fellow countrymen and to sympathize with their Provincial life, and to see that it was not antagonistic, but intended to be the hand-maid to a true national life.

Pass from Annapolis Royal into the Bay of Fundy, and then canoe up the rivers, shaded by the great trees of New Brunswick. Live a while with the *habitants* of Quebec, admire their industry, frugality and courtesy; hear their carols and songs, that blend the forgotten music of Normandy and Brittany with the music of Canadian words; music and song, as well as language and religion, rooting in them devotion to "Our Language, our Laws, our Institutions." Live in historic Quebec, and experience the hospitality of Montreal. Pass through the Province of Ontario, itself possess-