

any work of nation-building are permanence and progress. We should also recognize and claim that we are citizens of no mean country. Let me call your attention for a moment to some of the traits of the physical greatness of Canada. We have inland seas of vast extent, easy means of transit and of carrying our produce between countries which lie around them; we have mineral wealth beyond the power of fancy even to compute; we have rivers down which the navies of the world might move in columns; we have plains upon which the sacrilegious tramp of war has left no footprint, and which are yet to be the home of contented and prosperous millions. These are the jewels of our country. With how much proud remembrance, with what reverential awe, do we view the battlefields of our young country and walk above the graves of those who fell at Queenston Heights and Carillon. There is more in a nation's hills and vales than mineral quartz and bottom grass. Associated with the deeds of patriots, the good and true, they are standing philippics against invasion, homilies on heroic perseverance, sermons illustrating the grandest virtues of mankind. What, then, you ask me, is the patriot's task in Canada? The fusing and moulding of the descendants of the greatest races the world has ever seen. In many a smiling valley dwell side by side the peasant who sacredly treasures the legends of Normandy and Bretagne and the yeoman who stores his mind with the rich remembrances of Runnymede. Beneath the crumbling walls of Annapolis and Beausejour dwell in peace and comfort and security the sons of the loyalists and the descendants of the exiles of Grand Pre. On the banks of the St. Lawrence, the Ottawa and the St. John, within sound of the misty Atlantic, on our western prairies and the Pacific slopes, the rose, the lily, the shamrock and the thistle spring from the same sod, draw their sustenance from the same soil. The races they represent have more than once united to beat back the tide of war. Waterloo, Bannockburn and Aghrim were forgotten when the spirits of Alma, Inkerman and Balaklava joined in fight for the same cause on the wooded slopes of the colony. Not French enthusiasm, English discipline, Celtic ardour or highland daring alone smote and humbled the mistaken valour of Montgomery. The united strength of all fired the same spirit, pulsed in the same heart, nerved the one arm, struck the one blow. In peace, as well as in war, we should appreciate the saving truth of the maxim that union is strength. But, as there are various races, there are also various creeds in Canada, and one of our greatest social dangers is bigotry—"the common cry of curs, whose breath I hate like reek of the rotten fen." It is the duty of every sensible man to manacle class contentions and to put gyves on the spirit of intolerance. Men of strong convictions will no doubt continue to

differ, religiously, on principle, but there are others who deem themselves embassies from the Almighty, sent to rally in opposing lines the worst passions of men. Their letters patent, however, bear not the sign-manual of Him who bade the angry apostle put up his sword on that night of sorrow when the sacrifice was accepted in Gethsemane. Let us then, Sir, beyond that, inculcate a national sentiment, so that when the time comes for the change from the colonial to the national situation, the transition may be as noiseless and natural as the rich blossoming in spring. Purge politics of corruption, so that when parties in the struggle for or the maintenance of power, endanger the public weal, purity, bearing aloft the destiny of the country, may roll like a mighty wave across the land, followed by the brave and true, as the victorious forces at Ivry followed the white plume of Navarre. Finally, build the edifice of the country's laws in wisdom—

Build that these walls, to coming generations,

Your skill, your strength, your faithfulness shall tell,

That all may say, as storms and centuries test them,
The men of old built well.

Mr. LECLAIR (Translation). Mr. Speaker, prior to entering into the fulfilment of the honourable task which I have accepted, that of seconding the resolutions of the Address in answer to His Excellency's speech, I beg that I may be allowed to inform you with the circumstances which have led to my occupying a seat in this House. During twenty-five years, the county of Terrebonne, which I have now the honour to represent here, had for its member a man with whom I have been closely connected, a man whom I have known to esteem, and who, I trust, knew how to command the esteem of the members of this House: I refer to the Hon. Mr. Chapleau. The battles which that man fought for his party, the work he taxed himself with in order to defend the interests of his county and those of his country, almost ruined his health, and he had to renounce political life after surrendering to his electors the mandate he had so well filled during the quarter of a century. The electors of Terrebonne asked me to accept his succession. I long hesitated before doing so. I then appreciated, as I appreciate more fully at this time of speaking, the great responsibility I was assuming by coming in this House and succeeding to the man who was one of the most distinguished statesmen of this country. If these electors selected me as their representative, it is because they knew that while I had neither the eloquence nor the talents of my predecessor, I had, nevertheless, enough patriotism and devotedness to come here and work for my country and my county. I now see, Mr. Speaker, that His Excellency congratulates, in the course of his speech, the government and the country at large upon the progress which characterized the history of the Dominion during last year. These con-