

long, by the affinities and sympathies of race, language, literature, faith, interest and rule." If so, then Britain is our country and all her glory is ours. But what is that glory? Not her victories, conquests, vast dominion, immense power and prestige; but her healthy, intellectual, social and religious life; that she is the mother of many nations, reflecting her civilization, perhaps destined to surpass it, and that after eighteen centuries of history she never before filled so large a place in the world's eye, never was so worthy to fill it, never gave fewer signs of decay or so many promises of a grander, nobler future. What that future may be none can predict. But let it be ours to live, think and labor, to build up here a nation, worthy not only of the England of the past, but of the England of the future.

As the earth revolves in space the beams of morning call the men of each successive longitude, from East to West, to rise and go forth to their days' work,—and as the world's history has rolled on, Providence has called each generation to labor for human progress. This is our day—may we know its meaning, feel its obligations, and do its work, for verily "The night cometh."

Gentlemen, I have spoken to but little purpose to night, what I have said has been sadly wanting in clearness and conclusiveness if you do not see the fitness of my closing with the words of the apostle, "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."