

"We together have spent delightful summers in England and charming winters in Southern France and Italy; have visited the Coliseum, in the grand old City of Rome, in the bright moonlight and the broad daylight. On the way we stopped over at Florence, where a strong impulse took us first to the grave of Mrs. Browning; then we looked around for 'Casa Guido' windows, from which many a golden thought came that has sweetened our lives, the River Arno, and the picture galleries; then to Venice, where we saw and stood on the Rialto, and other wonderful bridges."

And now I, Jonathan M. Thompson, close the story of my forebears. I would say here that *It* stands for Mephithosheth, which is the name both of my father and grandfather (in private life), in memory of "the boy that dreamed" nearly one hundred years ago. But before I close I would make mention of the many viands spread out before us at the "King's table" in this great country of Canada:

In her open Bibles and numerous churches; in her well-equipped schools and universities; in her loyalty and kinship to the foremost people on the surface of the globe, the sons and daughters of the best knights of King Arthur's Round Table; in the equal partnership with the sons of France to fellow-citizenship throughout King Edward's vast Canadian empire; in her luxuriant fields of grain, in her forests, fisheries and mines, in her free and unfettered trade, in her bright skies and glorious sunshine, in her rivers and lakes and railways, in her quiet Sabbaths and lovely homes, in her immense prairies and pasture fields, in those magnificent "rockies" of the west, which for sublimity and grandeur lifts the soul heavenward and Godward; also in that strong democratic feeling that is in the air all over this wide continent; that there is no distinctive class among her people, but that one man is as good as another if he only behaves himself.