

little good land left this side of Lake Superior, let us open up this country which, I say, the North West Company *never could have owned, for when they obtained their charter it belonged to France*. I say our only hope of having great cities here like Montreal, of being great ship owners and carriers of goods, of being a commercial and maritime power, is to unite the country from sea to sea, settle the valleys I have named, and hoist the banner of *Peace and Free Trade* with the world. We have water power in Canada worth more than the coal fields we lack, for the great quantity of coal needed is to drive machinery. I may just say that I hold in my hands letters from British Columbia shewing that they are ripe and anxious for Federation, Free Trade, and Reciprocity, as any party in Canada. But the clock admonishes me that I must close.

But my young friends, sound Christian education, self-reliance, self-help, mutual improvement, and a determination to work, with sober temperate habits are the main requirements, the real working capital necessary to bring out the vast natural resources God has given us—that God without whom nothing is good, great, or successful. You have avowed yourselves Christian, you have pledged yourselves to improvement,—go on impressed with a sense of your responsibility for the future of this great country—your impress for good or evil will be left upon it. Your habits of thought and action will make the character of your children; if you be sober, industrious, wise, and God-fearing, Canada will be prosperous, noble, and free, and stand as high for virtue and moral worth as she does for beauty and strength.

I said at the outset that I am not scientific, neither am I a poet, but I crave your permission to close in the language of one who is both a scholar and a poet:—

Tell me not in mournful numbers
 Life is but an empty dream,
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real, life is earnest,
 And the grave is not its goal—