

His mother's father was born in Ireland, his mother's mother was born in England, her father being English and her mother Scottish. His father's father also was born in Ontario, of Irish and Welsh ancestry. His father's mother was the daughter of a man born in the United States of French Huguenot ancestry, and on his mother's side she was of U. E. Loyalist origin, in part German Palatine. Here we find a mingling of English, Irish, Scottish, Welsh, French and German blood—and yet a Canadian. This fusion of blood is going on and you have only to make careful enquiry into the ancestry of the rising generation of this province to be convinced that the future citizens of Ontario will be of a composite character. Let us hope that the best elements of all the contributing nationalities will produce a Canadian type that will be worthy of the land in which we live.

I shall not take time to repeat the story of the aborigines of this province and the wonderful records of the Jesuit Fathers who lived and labored and suffered and died for the conversion of the Indians. You have in this exhibition an opportunity that may never come to you again, to see the original letters and records of some of these early heroes and to hear from Father Jones the story of their lives.

Then comes the story of the voyageurs and the fur traders. Last summer I had the pleasure of taking a boat at the old departing place for the great northwest, Lachine. We turned the western end of Montreal Island and headed up the rapids of Ste Anne. I had by good fortune picked up a day or two before a copy of Harmon's Journal beginning thus "April 1800, Tuesday 20, Lachine." We were following Harmon's canoes laden with goods for the great prairies of the west. We were in the great highway of the early Jesuit Missionaries and the Voyageurs. That alone made the trip to Carillon on the Ottawa of great interest to one who knew even a little of the early history of Canada. As we moved through the canal the captain, at our request, pointed out Tom Moore's cottage, where he lived and where he wrote The Canadian Boat Song.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time;
Soon as the woods on the shore look dim
We'll sing at St. Anne's our parting hymn,
Row brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue waves to curl;
But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar,
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Utawa's tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers;
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favouring airs,
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.