

character and of the most eminent ability, capable of conducting affairs of the greatest importance.

And what is there to prevent this race, in no wise deteriorated by the infusion of fresh blood from the old world, and planted in this northern land, where its inherent strength shall be established by the rigour of our climate, and quite within the parallels of latitude beyond which the capital of no great power has ever been, from making our Dominion a powerful state, if the passions and prejudices of men do not place insurmountable obstacles in our way?

In the estimation of some, it is one of the saddest features of our country, in that of others, one of our highest distinctions, that we have no aristocracy of blood. We have something better than that—an aristocracy of worth. And if some dainty lady or perfumed exquisite sweep haughtily by us, the workers of the land, because we fail to trace our lineage back to some titled aristocrat or feudal lord, be it ours to say:—

“Believe us, noble Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heavens above us bent,
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent;
Howe’er it be, it seems to me,
’Tis only noble to be good,
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.”

Besides, most noble Vere de Vere, your life and ours have come from the same primal fount—the English character and nation of the past, whose life was then as now in her industry, temperance, fortitude, faith in eternal righteousness, the love of country, home, and God. *In the language of a distinguished Canadian poet:—*

“Our fathers fought on gory plains,
To vanquish British foes,
And though between us ocean reigns
We are no aliens—in our veins,
A kindred current flows.”

It was our fathers who, on foundations of Roman law, by the gradual accretions of the Acts of the Saxon Witenagemote, the laws of Alfred and the Confessor, the great charter of Runnymede, and the many great reforms in Church and State which have since