

Provinces which the fortune of war decided they could not control. But it may be said we have been divided by two wars. What then? The noble St. Lawrence is split in two places—by Goat Island and by Anticosti—but it comes to us from the same springs in the same mountain sides; its waters sweep together past the Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior, and encircle in their loving embrace the shores of Huron and Michigan. They are divided at Niagara Falls, as we were at the revolutionary war, but they come together again on the peaceful bosom of Ontario. Again they are divided on their passage to the sea; but who thinks of divisions when they lift the keels of commerce, or when drawn up to heaven they form the rainbow or the cloud? It is true that in eighty-five years we have had two wars—but what then? Since the last we have had fifty years of peace, and there have been more people killed in a single campaign in the late civil war, than there were in the two national wars between this country and Great Britain. You hope to draw together the two conflicting elements and make them one people. And in that task I wish you God speed! [Cheers.] And in the same way I feel that we ought to rule out everything disagreeable in the recollection of our old wars, and unite together as one people for all time to come. [Cheers.] I see around the door the fags of the two countries. United as they are