

territory extending westward to the base of the Rocky Mountains and northward to the Peace River, as large as all the older provinces put together. In traversing what has been called "the great lone land" our tread is not over an "empire's dust" but "the tread of pioneers of nations yet to be." Last but not least British Columbia rises before us. In the bosom of her valley, winter can scarcely be said to penetrate, and there too the soil is rich almost to a fault, while the undeveloped wealth of forest and mine is great beyond description. We have also immense wealth in the Yukon gold fields. We have a right to place no mean value on these territories where even now

"The hunter's fair-haired children
Find a faithful home, where countless lakes are sparkling
And nameless rivers roam."

Is not a glance over our vast and beautiful Dominion calculated to inspire every Canadian with a love of country; and when he calls to mind that Canada is the home of freedom, he is impelled to exclaim with Fitz-Eustace when surveying the plains of Flodden: "Where's the coward who would not dare to fight for such a land."

Can it be that the tread of pioneers is to be no more heard in the plains of our mighty west; can it be that the beautiful rivers of Assiniboia and Saskatchewan are to be forever monopolized by the canoe of the savage or can it be that the children of the men who "quelled the savage and spared the tree" are unequal to the task of carrying forward, in the days of peace and plenty, the work which has had its foundation firmly laid in the midst of toil, danger and privation. No! above the hoarse, uncertain growl of political disputation may be heard the clear, confident ringing voice of enterprise inviting the men of Canada to go up and possess the magnificent heritage which God has given them. Can there be a man amongst us, who has no faith in the future of Canada, who has no