

been at the birththroes of a nation, can fail to hear that story cried aloud, as it were, by every block, store or private residence that he passes. Therefore, my heart goes out to the city of your love and your pride, because I know what lies behind the mere houses in the streets that one sees. I know the passion and the sacrifice that went to the upbuilding of each, and that will continue to go to its existence, and to all that its existence implies.

But I find cause for a deeper appeal in other things than those which you were good enough to show me to-day. I have realized here the existence of an assured nationhood. The spirit of a people contented not to be another people or the imitators of any other people—contented to be themselves. This spirit, of course, existed fifteen years ago, but that spirit, as I remember—and I have not forgotten some of my walks and talks in the city—then doubted a little. It found it necessary to explain. It stated its position, and, perhaps, it waited a little to see what other people thought of its position. Thank God I find no echo of that mood here to-day. I can feel by the men on the streets, and see by a thousand signs, that here is a people in their own land, whose heart springs go down deep into the fabric, and who will be trustees for a