

It cannot be otherwise for I prepared it out of my larder exhausted of any substantial stuff it ever contained by six previous presidential addresses.

"Laws are not our life, only the house wherein our life is led, nay, they are but the bare walls of the house; all whose essential furniture, the inventions and traditions and daily habits that regulate and support our existence are not the work of Dracos and Hampdens but . . . of philosophers, alchemists, prophets, and the long forgotten train of artists and artisans, who from the first have been jointly teaching us how to think and how to act, how to rule over spiritual and physical nature.

To each nation its believed history is its Bible, (so saith Carlyle.)

"Law, man's sole guardian ever since the day when the old brazen age in sadness saw love fly the world."

"Law teaches us to know when we commit injury and when we suffer it."

Consideration of such quoted thoughts helps one to understand such proverbs and phrases as "Like law, like people." (Port) The Laws of a nation give an outline of its history. Law is a record of the progress of civilization. May I for a little while lead you in some reflective wanderings among those well weathered and well architected ideas. The steps which usually lead up to the house wherein our life is led are the peoples common thought and acts—daily habits approved customs laws. It has been said "If a man were to make all the ballads he need not care who should make the laws of a nation."

This may be interpreted as meaning that the familiar songs of a people express and also mould their thought, manners, usage traditions, faiths and glories, out of which spring National Spirit and National Laws. What inspiration, sympathy and unity were created in England by the popular ballads and songs of the passing centuries; what in Scotland by the vocal music of its bards (My Lord Shaw I said vocal music though perhaps the skirl of the bagpipes may be traced in the spirit and the laws of the Scot) and by the poetry of Burns and Scott. What in Ireland by its early minstrelsy, and by the lyrics of Tom Moore. The heart of the people of the British Empire and the United States is made sorrowful, because