

The only hope of our country, looking along these lines, is centred in the young men. I see in them the ultimate stamping out of narrow sectionalism, racial antipathies, and sectarian intolerance. Hence I would plead with our young men to cultivate that spirit of unswerving loyalty that will manifest itself in national righteousness. If there is anything that would create in my own heart a desire to be just emerging into manhood, it would be that I might have a larger share in the up-building of my country.

I love my country. I love her with a love that strengthens with the years. I love her because I believe that in the economy of Jehovah she is destined to occupy a prominent place in the republic of nations. I love her because she is mainly peopled with the grandest combination of nationalities the world has ever seen. I love her because in her air is the ozone of freedom, and in her inexhaustible resources the stimulus to emulation. I love her because I have a faith in her future, and a hope in her prosperity that no amount of political jugglery and corruption has ever been able to shake.

I love her green fields and her azure skies. I love her rolling prairies, her mighty rivers, and her majestic lakes. I

love the glory of the leaves of her maple trees as kissed by the lips of the frost they blush in the face of the sun. I love her stalwart men with the clear brain, the warm heart, and the open hand. I love her noble women with the rosy cheeks, the graceful forms—the fairest and the best of all the daughters of Eve:

"I love the land that gave me birth
Tho' cold her north-wind blows,
I love her ice-bound winter lakes,
I claim a kingship to the flakes
That form her virgin snows.

"I have lain beneath the myrtle shade,
Beside the waving palm,
Amid the oleander groves
Where summer perfume ever roves,
With many a fragrant balm.

"But ever turns my heart to thee,
My bright Canadian home!
And dearer grow thy broad, blue lakes,
Thy silver streams, thy woodland brakes,
With every step I roam."

Barrington, N.S.

WHAT land more beautiful
than ours,
What other land more blest!
—HELEN M. JOHNSON.

"The Most Important Province"

By the Editor

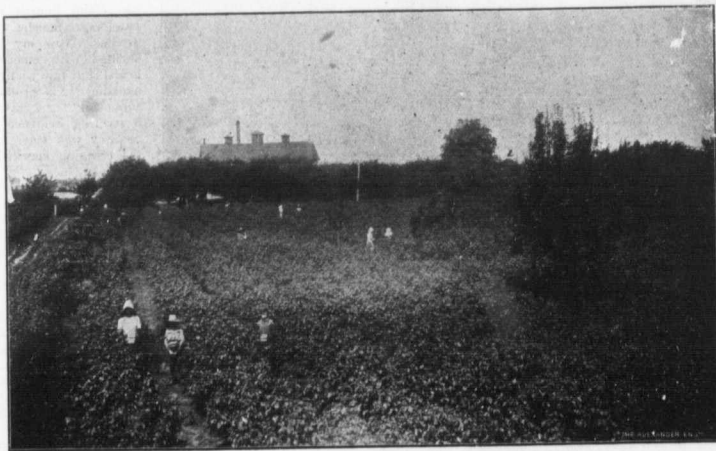
THE destiny of a country
depends not on its material
resources but on the
character of its people.
—PRINCIPAL GRANT.

IN his recent book on "Canada in the Twentieth Century," Mr. A. G. Bradley makes the statement that "Ontario is by far the most important Province of Canada. It contains two-fifths of the population of the entire Dominion—is entirely British, with trifling settlements of French or aliens; and is the heart and parent of Canada, as Englishmen usually understand the term."

There will probably be few to dispute the opinion. Other Provinces have their attractions; one is noted for its agricultural possibilities, another for its fishing industries, another for its rich mines, but for greatness and variety of resources,

themselves from the virgin forests with wonderful industry and heroism. Those were the days of hardships, but their children have come into a goodly heritage. Most of the farms in Ontario comprise one hundred acres, which of course seems small to the Western farmer, but on a well tilled farm of this size a fairly large family can make a comfortable living. Almost all kinds of grain are raised, but few depend on grain growing, as live stock, cheese, butter, and fruit are profitable sources of income.

An English writer thus contrasts Ontario with England. "Let me repeat for the benefit of the English readers who



AN ONTARIO RASPBERRY FIELD

diversity of country, agreeable climate, and pleasant conditions for comfortable living, even the residents of other sections will agree that Ontario is the Premier Province of the Confederation.

The Central portion of Ontario has been populated for many years. The pioneers hewed out homes and farms for

may yet persist in picturing Canada as a half civilized waste that humanity makes even a greater show upon the soil than in an average rural district in England. There are as many railroads to be crossed in driving, as many churches and schools to be met with by the roadside, and even more farmhouses for the excellent reason that the farms themselves are

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