said to have no homes? They had a home once, beyond the Lakes and the St. Lawrence; and the *beneficent* government there, it is true, will now permit them to return. But to return to what? Do they want to see the drunken hounds of the faction in possession of their substance, and themselves the objects of scorn, as the acceptors of an insolent pardon? Not they.

They hope to see their own firesides again, to be sure; but not by means of John Prince's Amnesty Bill. They hope better things than that; "and for this hope's sake" they are willing still longer to endure. "They bide their time." They know that

> "God moves in a mysterious way
> His wonders to perform."

and that "in proportion to the magnitude of events, does He give them the greater circle to move in."

One word to my fellow Exiles—

> "Poor wanderers o'er life's stormy sea,
> How from wave to wave you're driven."

Yet "cheer up awhile."

> "What though the field be lost?
> All is not lost."

Let us look at our affairs for a moment. Three years ago, Sir George Arthur wrote to his lord and master, the Secretary for the Colonies, that "Order reigned in the Province;" just as the Czar announced over the smoking ruins of Poland, that "Order reigned in Warsaw." He had driven us all out; and had made our homes desolate; our companions were in his jails; and he was laying the "flattering unction" to his soul, and crying, Peace, Peace. But where is it? Since then Colborne has gone home, with the blood of St. Eustache upon his soul. Bond Head, the major of the wagon train—where is he? Durham went home disgraced, and died, a broken-hearted man. Sydenham, after being delivered of that abortion, the "Union Bill," died also. And Arthur himself, the ci-devant goaler; the Col. Arthur of Van Dieman's Land, that "hell upon earth," whom Lord Glenlg sent to rule over us—where is he? Gone also. He began his career with dabbling in the