

cease. We are proud of our parentage. Proud of the Celtic and Saxon blood that courses through our veins.

As our country expands, and as we continue to build, may our love of country widen, and the light of patriotism that brightened and cheered the hearts of our ancestors as they toiled on, brighter and deeper burn in all our hearts, and one grand illumination throw its rays upon the surface of two oceans.

A neighbouring nation may envy our progress and seek our union, but this will only stimulate our energy and strengthen the bonds that bind British Americans together.

Our fathers left us a few disunited provinces, our children will inherit a vast dominion, bounded east and west by the world's two great seas.

In even less time than it took our ancestors a century ago to travel from Halifax to the mouth of the St. John, we can plant our feet on the shore of the Pacific.

The stars and stripes may wave along our Southern boundary, and there shall their proud waves be stayed.

The Eagle may be lord below,
But the young Lion lord above.

We rest firm in the belief that the decree has gone forth out of the court of heaven, that the flag which was wrapped in its folds around the "Young Lion of the Woods" in his last sleep, shall wave triumphantly over Canada till peoples and nations cease to exist on earth.

The provinces in which the heroic events related in the foregoing chapters occurred, now partake of the fortunes