

the rights and guards to which we are entitled: for, depend upon it, the nearer we approach the mother country, the more we shall admire its excellent Constitution, and the more intense will be the sorrow and disgust with which we must turn to contemplate our own."

A continuance of the narrative of Mr. Howe's career must be reserved for another number.

## QUEENSTON HEIGHTS - 1812-1894.

On Queenston Heights the sun is low,  
 The hush of evening in the air,  
 Only the torrent, far below,  
 Disturbs the echoes slumbering there.  
 The shadows swiftly climb the hill,  
 The sky unveils its starry lights,  
 And all is peaceful, calm and still  
 On Queenston Heights.

Yet the last rays of sunlight fall  
 On gleaming steel and scarlet coats,  
 And shines the latest beam of all  
 Where Britain's banner proudly floats.  
 Along the hill the soldiers stand  
 In ordered lines, and, through the night's  
 Long hours, await their chief's command  
 On Queenston Heights.

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Hark! 'tis the sentry's warning cry,  
 Hark! hark! the ring of clashing steel;  
 From slope to slope, the musketry  
 Awakes the echoes, peal on peal  
 Stand fast, O Britons, as of old  
 Your sires have stood for Britain's rights,  
 And still your place unwavering hold  
 On Queenston Heights.

Above them rolls the battle smoke;  
 The roar of conflict grows more deep;  
 Hurrah! the foeman's line is broke,  
 He reels, defeated, down the steep.