

their own. No precocious sappy growth is theirs, but steady and sound, a growth that will give us in the future what it has given in the past, a breed of men of whose blood are born leaders and teachers for all the land."

"And don't forget," said Florence, "what is on the other side of the sea. We've never been there, but some day we shall go and see it for ourselves. How often has my mother talked to me of her native place—for, you know, she had a native place, even though she was the daughter of a Methodist minister. She loves Canada and would never leave it, but, back of all, is her fondness for what she still speaks of as home."

"I don't wonder," replied her husband; "I am myself of the second generation of Canadians, but I am conscious of some mysterious instinct that links me with the land of my forefathers. I have the feeling that if I were to walk the streets of Edinburgh, or climb the steepes of Ben Lomond, all would seem familiar, as if I had been there before."

Once again they change their point of view. Out of the departing light of the sun the stars begin to gleam, and, most steadfast of all the host, the North Star hangs like a lustrous jewel above the city. With a kind of answer and challenge to shadow and starlight the long lines of electric lamps flash out on busy street and by flowing river. In this mingled radiance of earth and sky the outline of the city is clearly seen. At regular intervals the spire, the column or the tower proclaims the place of worship. They gaze for a while in silence. Faintly from a distant square