

Left Behind Me." At regular intervals the great iron bull-dogs, keeping watch on the citadel, barked forth the salute.

As the sun sinks to the horizon, and the beloved heights of Quebec, crowded with anxious friends waving white farewells, become dim with dusk and distance, one by one our companions leave us, until with a God-bewith-you farewell the last steamer departs, and we are sent forth, the representatives of a nation—a gift from daughter to mother—to prove to the world that truly we came of the blood; and that insult to England—Our England—meant an affront to every Briton, no matter by what name he be known or under what sky he be reared.

(But my! it's sorrowful work, this parting, isn't it, Albert? I had to sing or shout all the time to keep from crying. What! are you crying? Well, I'm with you.)

