

satisfaction. To say which of these executive officers has the greatest power is impossible. Each office rests on a different theory of government, and each has its own peculiar powers and restrictions. Each is the greatest political honor in the gift of the nation. The Premiership is won by distinguished services in the Dominion Legislature, while the Presidency is not so attained, but is given on account of greatness exhibited in some sphere other than that of Congressional service.

## THE VOLUNTEERS OF '85.

Wide are the plains to the north and the westward,  
Drear are the skies to the west and the north :  
Little they cared as they snatched up their rifles,  
And shoulder to shoulder marched gallantly forth.  
Cold are the plains to the north and the westward,  
Stretching out far to the grey of the sky :  
Little they cared as they marched from the barrack room,  
Willing and eager if need be to die.

Bright was the gleam of the sun on their bayonets ;  
Firm and erect was each man in his place ;  
Steadily, evenly, marched they like veterans ;  
Smiling and fearless was every face !  
Never a dread of the foe that was waiting them ;  
Never a fear of war's terrible scenes ;  
" Brave as the bravest, " was stamped on each face of them—  
Half of them boys not yet out of their teens.

Many a woman gazed down at them longingly,  
Scanning each rank for her boy as it passed ;  
Trying through tears just to catch a last glimpse of him,  
Knowing that glimpse might for aye be the last.  
Many a maiden's cheek paled as she looked at them,  
Seeing the lover from whom she must part,  
Striving to smile and be brave for the sake of him,  
Stifling the dread that was breaking her heart.

Every heart of us, wild at the sight of them,  
Beat as it never had beaten before ;  
Every voice of us choked though it may have been  
Broke from huzza to a deafening roar !  
Proud—were we proud of them ? God ! they were part of us,  
Sons of us, brothers, all marching to fight ;  
Swift at their country's call, ready each man and all,  
Eager to battle for her and the right,

Wide are the plains to the north and the westward,  
Stretching out far to the grey of the sky ;  
Little they cared as they filed from the barrack room  
Shoulder to shoulder, if need be to die.  
Was there one flinched ? Not a boy, not a boy of them ;  
Straight on they marched to the dread battle's brunt :  
Fill up your glasses, and drink to them, all of them—  
Canada's call found them all to the front.

STUART LIVINGSTON.