

must have neither heart nor conscience. I have heard half-a-dozen wealthy men give utterance to such sentiments.

" 'Tis true, 'tis pity ; and pity 'tis, 'tis true."

OUR YOUNG MEN.

But why go on in this somewhat doleful strain? The answer is another question, Why does the bird sing? It is given to certain men to preach the gospel of regeneration to their fellow-men, when inclination meets opportunity. Canada would not be wholly had if all the preachers and teachers and writers were banished. But she is the better of those she possesses—most of them. To write something which would give one young man a broader view of citizenship is a reward sufficient for any would-be teacher. To make a dozen young men THINK would be glory and honor.

For, after all, it is the young men in whom lies the hope of Canada's future greatness. There is always hope because there are always young men. Many of these will follow precedent, but a few will not. If the few are too few, our politics and our social life will become no better; but they will not degenerate greatly.

The young man who studies nothing but John Bunyan and the Bible may go to Heaven, but he certainly will not make the world much better for his having sojourned here. This is a day when citizens are required—citizens with a broad, understanding knowledge of what Canada was, is, and might be; citizens who will inquire as to what Canada requires of her sons; citizens who will study the history, the institutions, the literature, the political conditions of their native land. The man who exclusively pursues his own ends, his own purposes, and the almighty dollar is not a citizen. A citizen is a man of a higher, a nobler, a more un-

selfish type. To the citizen our poet Kernigan cries:

"Shall the mothers that love us, bow the head,
And blush for degenerate sons?
Are the patriot fires gone out and dead?
Oh, brothers, stand to your guns!"

And Roberts also:

"Awake, my country, the hour of dreams
is done!
Doubt not, nor dread the greatness of thy
fate.
Tho' faint souls fear the keen, confronting
sun,
And fain would bid the morn of splendor
wait;
Tho' dreamers, rapt in starry visions, cry,
'Lo, yon thy future, yon thy faith, thy
fame!
And stretch vain hands to stars; thy fame is
nigh,
Here in Canadian hearth and home, and
name."

We may have telephones and electric railways, Pacific cables, fast Atlantic steamboats, miles of canals, hundreds of cabinet ministers, scores of companions, knights and baronets; but if we have not a patriotic citizenship we shall not last. Commerce alone never made a nation great.

THE DIM FUTURE.

It is becoming clearer that if Great Britain is to maintain her supremacy among the nations she will have to be regenerated from the fresher blood of the colonies. If this is the destiny of Canada's greater sons, we should be prepared for it. If we are to become a part of the greater Anglo-Saxon unity, the northmen will be needed to reorganize and purify the body politic of the south. If this is the destiny of Canada's greater sons we should be prepared for it. If we are to build up on the northern half of this continent a new Britain, with the maple leaf flag proudly floating above it, we must breed and bring forth citizens whose excellence cannot be measured in dollars. If this is the destiny of Canada's sons, let them anoint themselves with wisdom.—*The Canadian Magazine.*