

ing French Canadian knows right well what his race and church owe to the magnanimity and justice of the British Crown. A century at least of British history appeals to them, for they are the living evidences of the freedom and liberality its pages record.

Men of every opinion find their way to a free country. In Canada all are not Imperialists, in the strict sense, or even Monarchists as the doctrine is ex-

pounded by its advocates. But the best members of the community love order and respect authority. They have not yet discarded as servile the injunction to "Fear God and honour the King." The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York embody legitimate sovereignty, free government, sound principles, and lofty traditions. To all, or to some of these, every Canadian will doff his hat.



A SONG IN OCTOBER.

COME home, Tired Heart, with the closing day,
The swallows depart, and the woods are grey.

And the last gold falls down into the West,
And the night wind calls, Home, Home is best !

You have longed to roam, and you had your way ;
Wild Heart, come home with the closing day.

To-night the rime is on the hill,
But your roses climb and await you still.

Yes, withered they climb at your window-pane,
And await the time you shall come again.

And about the eaves the wind grows cold,
And whines and grieves that the year is old.

But come, once more, come home to rest,
As the sail to the shore, and the bird to the nest.

Arthur Stringer.