

come forth in gay attire, for the voice of the national sorrow has not been "heard in our lands." This people are paying a million a week to uphold the national honour, yet we call ourselves the common inheritors of that priceless treasure, for the preservation of which we do not vote a sixpence. From the bosom of our mother country, as we call it, have gone forth thousands of stalwarth men to carry our national flag—to die around it—to perish in the trench or in the hospital, and the boys of England, Ireland and Scotland (my heart bleeds when I look into their young faces) are preparing to follow them. Now, let me ask you, have the outlying portions of this Empire sent a man? Where are the regiments that should pour in here, that would, if the 100,000,000 of people, now unrepresented and indifferent, were made to participate in the ennobling privileges and great duties of Empire? Tell me that the question that I have raised is a Colonial question only, intruded at an inopportune moment. No, it is a British question in every sense of the word, the weight and paramount importance of which our hearts confess, for events daily supply us with painful illustrations. Prince Albert spoke good sense when he declared that our free institutions, balanced against the secrecy and the unity of despotism, were on their trial. His Royal Highness might have added, that our Imperial organization was on its trial too. Nay, he might have