

is about five millions. Her valley of the Saskatchewan alone, it has been scientifically computed, will support eight hundred million souls.

That such a land has great possibilities before her, is unquestionable, it is an axiom. Her future greatness rests now with her people, and they, if anything more than this favored land provides were needed, have sufficient tradition and history as their legacy, to beget a nation of patriots and enthusiasts.

"We hold amongst our best possessions still
 Eden here, in new and northern lands—a past,
 We have not many ruins, it is true—
 But what we have we cling to, we would keep
 All dear tradition."

If we look back to the Canada of the 15th century, we find it peopled only by a race of savages, called afterwards Indians, a painted and feathered race, wearing to the kilt among themselves; wielding, in place of the plough, the tomahawk, and but occasionally smoking the peace pipe. It was to this country that there came out, a little later, as explorers, hunters, traders and missionaries, many of the noblest and best of old France. These, the ancestors of our own fellow countrymen explored, claimed and conquered this "New World," from the St. Lawrence to the gulf of Mexico. They it was by whom was discovered the source of "La Belle Rivière," and by whom were first sung the praises of the beautiful and fertile Ohio valley. It was they also, who left as a heritage to their children the memory of such men as Brebeuf, Lallement, and Dollard, and who first brought to the savages the knowledge of God. Following close in their wake came our own forefathers, and then commenced that war of the races, which unfortunately has not yet died out. This war was however at that time an open war, until the memorable 1760, when Canada became a British possession. Then followed a time of comparative peace, when men were able for a moment to lay down the sword for the spade and axe, and to tax Mother Earth to her utmost. There is something inspiring in the thought of our forefathers literally hewing out homes for themselves in this "land of the forest and the lake, land of the rushing river," enduring cold, fatigue, and hunger with Spartan courage and determination, in order to leave to their children, if not luxury, at least comfort; of their guarding their homes against traitorous friends and open foes, and cleaving, through thick and thin, to the Mother Country. Surely love for our own country and loyalty to England ought to be begotten in us, when we remember the United Empire Loyalists, who, rather than be faithless to the mother who had nourished them when children, left homes of comfort, and even of luxury and elegance, and trudged many weary miles,—fathers, mothers, children, with the few goods and chattels they could carry,—to the wild forest lands of Canada, there to build up their homesteads under the beloved Union Jack.

The story of these men alone ought to rouse us to greater zeal for our country, for patriotic we must be if any national greatness is to be attained. Not only must there be no Themistocles among us, ready to sell

his country for talents of silver, but there must be individual effort for the universal good. Each must be:

"Waiting to strive a happy strife,
 To war with falsehood to the knife,
 And not to lose the goal of life—
 In some good cause, not in their own
 To perish, wept for, honored, known,
 And like a warrior overthrown;
 Whose eyes are dim with glorious tears
 When, soiled with noble dust, he hears
 His country's war-song thrill his ears."

The present is an earnest of the picture, we are to-day sowing the great "To Be," and therefore we must bestir ourselves first individually and then nationally.

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As a nation too, we have the peculiar advantage (for whatever the disadvantages may be there is a peculiar advantage) of being one people in Government, yet two nations, originally different, not only in language and religion but in thought, action, and mode of life; the one cherishes the traditions of merry England as her very own, the other has

"Strange visions of a land beyond the sea
 The quaint old towers and farms of Normandy."

The result of this vision and intermingling of two nations, is that the resulting one nation had doubled her resources in her people; she must continue in herself the best genius and talents of both, just as we English proudly note the richness of our language, because it is derived from two distinct sources, so ought we to rejoice in the richness of our nation, since she can gather within herself the best of two.

Now having, both on account of her land and of her people, the best possibilities within her, how is Canada going to carry out these? As regards form of government, there seem to be three from which to choose—Imperial Federation, Independence, and Annexation. The last is not to be thought of for more than a moment, as we "love honor more than ease or gold." Surely our dead would rise up against us, they would tell us that "Canadian blood has dyed Canadian soil for Britain's honor that they deemed their own." When we recall our admiration for the U. E. Loyalists, and our scorn for their faithless brethren, we drop the subject of Annexation:—

"Should we break the plight of youth,
 And pledge us to an alien love?
 No! we hold our faith and truth,
 Trusting to the God above.
 Britain bore us in her flank,
 Britain nursed us at our birth,
 Britain reared us to our rank,
 'Mid the nations of the earth,
 Stand, Canadians, bravely stand,
 Round the flag of fatherland!"

Independence we would also discuss. We glory in our double privilege of being British subjects, and yet Canadians; in being part and parcel of, despite all Republics, the freest Empire of the earth.

Imperial Federation is the only scheme to be advocated. It is, in the first place, and looking at it from the highest point of view, would be one step towards "that one far-off divine event—one God, one