

At three points, each a most important collecting station for the annals of Canada, namely, Hamilton, Ormstown and Winnipeg, sister societies to our own, emulous of our labours, have organized, and now we may confidently look forward to the spread of such societies, and the gathering up of material that shall inform the future historian with fact, instead of leaving him at the mercy of tradition.

"Facts are stubborn things," says the old saw, and I desire to call your attention to the stubborn fact of our present gathering to-day. It is that we want a national monument erected here, upon this hill, where the most stubborn and decisive engagement of the war of 1812 was fought, and that we desire that monument to be worthy of us, our liberties and our cultivation.

Not a mere funereal stone. No! We are surrounded by these dear memorials of the dead; those brave, those heroic, those loyal men and women to whom patriotism meant more than self, and duty more than danger. Here they lie not unhonored of their children or their neighbors, but as yet unmarked of their country, unhonored of the land they loved and for whose life they died.

Feeling more strongly than, perhaps, we have done in the past—the recent past at least—that we are a part of that Greater Britain whose magnificent future is yet before her, we realize more strongly than ever that we are of that Greater Britain, indeed, whose flag—our own dear flag—"flies in every breeze"; of that Greater Britain which, like a great triangle, trisects the globe; that Greater Britain which stands before the world its acknowledged hero and leader. And what more glorious future can we ask, what less inspiring thought shall content us than that we are of the nation that rules the world, and what lower shall be our aim in commemorating our heroes—Britain's heroes—than that the monuments of a great nation ought to be worthy of that nation.

This is what we ask. This is what we must have. The best efforts of the sculptor must be ours to commemorate the field of Lundy's Lane; the best efforts of the artist to depict the story the monument shall tell. By our firesides the story has oft been told. Our bards have not forgotten to tune their harps to heroic strains and to sing our heroes' gallant deeds. Nor will they ever forget. But we ask also the aid of the sculptor's hand. The monuments of Egypt, Assyria, Greece, have instructed and shall instruct ages yet unborn. May not ours do so, too?

Standing on this hill, rich with heroic dust, our hearts swell with pride and gratitude as we look around. Turn our eyes in whatever direction we may, to the river, to the heights yonder, or to the valley between, the spirits of patriots and heroes rise on every hand like the chariots and horsemen in the mount upon the enlightened vision of the servant of the prophet. Not a point from which cannot be distinguished the scene of some heroic and some fierce struggle for the protection of human rights, some high-souled sacrifice for King and country.

Where, then, is a fitter place for that monument in the interest of which we all feel so deeply to-day? The proper site is not wanting, but the proper monument is, and what constitutes a proper monument it becomes us carefully to consider. The Government has promised us its aid in so holy and pious a work, and that Government is not wanting in members whose fore-