

of government, has succeeded in uniting 'progress with stability, the energy of youth with the majesty of immemorial antiquity,' and that while the sovereign represents on the one hand the stability of the throne, and the centre of an Empire's devotion, he stands also as the representative of that constitutional government of the people, by the people, and for the people, which is the glory of a free and liberty-loving nation.

We are not bound to Great Britain by the bonds of compulsion. We are not as the conquered subjects of Darius, and Alexander, and Caesar of old. We are free. We smile at the idea that across yon border men breathe the breath of liberty, while British subjects as poor 'Albion's helots toil till death.' We are free! And it is because we are free that we are lovers of our monarchy. Intelligently, calmly, practically, we have considered the various forms of possible government, republican, oligarchical, and monarchical, and we have deliberately as an educated nation selected constitutional monarchy as that form of government under which the highest form of real and personal liberty, fraternity, and security, is attainable. We firmly believe that 'the political system of the British Empire is more frankly democratic than that of any republic. In other words, the will of the people, the popular verdict of the constituencies is much more rapidly carried into effect and transmitted into legislative enactments than even in the United States.'

It is our firm conviction also, that while we possess, as citizens of the Empire, all those rights and privileges which the most advanced, most civilized sons of liberty could desire, we have also in the person of the Sovereign and the institution of the throne a guarantee of stability and impartiality and dignity and unity that never can be secured in a non-monarchical nationality. England is not an aristocratic despotism, nor is the British throne one that is based, like that of Napoleon Bonaparte, on despotic power, or guaranteed or perpetuated as that of the Emperor Augustus, by the might of militarism. It is a throne that is guarded by an innumerable and unconquerable standing army; but it is the standing army not of soldiers, but of subjects: the hearts and loves and lives of the men and women and children of the Empire through the world:

'A throne unshaken still,
Broad based upon the people's will,
And compassed by the inviolate sea.'

The power of the British throne lies in influence, not interference; in conciliation, not in dictation. Its glory is not the enjoyment of its dignities so much as the discharge of its duties. Therein lies its glamor. There is the secret of its mystic charm.

For the King represents the constitution. He is the first subject of God, and the highest servant of the law. He is the nation's leader in loyalty to justice, order, and constitutional government. As the primary obligation of a free state is self government, the King as the head of our state is the trustee of all its rights, the guardian of all its liberties, the representative of our national responsibilities, the safeguard of our international reputation. As the leader, therefore, of a nation distinguished for its love of law, and liberty, the rights of conscience, and the fear of God, he must declare himself conscientiously and professedly as the champion of the great principle of constitutional liberty, and the advocate of a limited as opposed to an unlimited monarchy. He must govern, not capriciously, but according to the constitution. But he is also

the head of a nation that as a nation is God-fearing, Christian, and Protestant. He must, therefore, as the leader and governor of that nation, not only do all in his power to promote the greatest possible happiness of the greatest possible number of his subjects in all things pertaining to their temporal interests in the augmentation of their material wealth by the promotion of their individual rights, he must on solemn oath declare that he will 'to the utmost of his power maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, the Protestant Reformed Religion established by Law.'

It was in this spirit, in devotion to this ideal that our late beloved Queen, Victoria the Great and Good, consecrated her womanly and noble Christian life.

'She wrought her people lasting good;
'Her court was pure; her life serene;
God gave her peace; her land reposed;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife and Queen;
'And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the season, when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bonds of freedom wider yet.'

Now she is gone. But she has left us rulers of her blood; and this day her son is on her throne, trained by that peerless and that praying mother in respect for the ideals and the principles of the British constitution; inheriting in no small measure that consummate tact of which his royal mother seemed so wonderful a mistress; sympathizing along with his noble wife in the joys and sorrows, the pursuits and ambitions of his people both at home and beyond the seas, and already bound to the great masses of the Empire by his touching and sincere resolve; the Magna Charta of his life's ambition.

'My constant endeavor will be always to walk in the footsteps of my beloved mother. In undertaking the heavy load which now devolves upon me, I am fully determined to be a Constitutional Sovereign in the strictest sense of the word, and as long as there is breath in my body to work for the good and amelioration of my people.'

These are some of the reasons why Canadians are so loyal to the throne. We have indeed a noble heritage as a nation. To us Canada is of all lands the first and best. It is a land of plenty, and a land of promise. But what has in large measure made it great, and what will make it greater is the spontaneous loyalty of her free and intelligent sons to those splendid ideals of freedom, righteousness and justice; of home, and truth, and law and order, which are the imperishable birth-right of every Briton, and find their perpetual guarantee in the safeguards of the constitution, the person of the Sovereign, and the traditions of our imperial throne.

Dominion Day.

(By 'Fidelis'.)

With 'feu-de-jo!' and merry bells, and cannon's thundering peal,
And pennons fluttering on the breeze, and serried rows of steel,
We greet, again, the birthday morn of our young giant's land,
From the Atlantic stretching wide to far Pacific strand;
With flashing rivers, ocean lakes, and prairies wide and free,
And waterfalls, and forests dim, and mountains by the sea;
A country on whose birth-hour smiled the genius of romance,

Above whose cradle brave hands waved the lily-cross of France;
Whose infancy was grimly nursed in peril, pain, and woe;
Whose gallant hearts found early graves beneath Canadian snow;
When savage raid and ambuscade and famine's sore distress,
Combined their strength, in vain, to crush the dauntless French 'noblesse';
When her dim, trackless forest lured, again and yet again,
From silken courts of sunny France, her flower, the brave Champlain.
And now, her proud traditions boast four blazoned rolls of fame,—
Crecy's and Flodden's deadly foes our ancestors we claim;
Past feud and battle buried far behind the peaceful years,
While Gaul and Celt and Briton turn to pruning-hooks their spears;
Four nations welded into one,—with long historic past,
Have found, in these our western wilds, one common life, at last;
Through the young giant's mighty limbs, that stretch from sea to sea,
There runs a throb of conscious life—of waking energy.
From Nova Scotia's misty coast to far Columbia's shore,
She wakes,—a band of scattered homes and colonies no more,
But a young nation, with her life full beating in her breast,
A noble future in her eyes—the Britain of the West.
Hers be the noble task to fill the yet untrodden plains
With fruitful, many-sided life that courses through her veins;
The English honor, nerve, and pluck,—the Scotsman's love of right,—
The grace and courtesy of France,—the Irish fancy bright,—
The Saxon's faithful love of home, and home's affections blest;
And, chief of all, our holy faith,—of all our treasures best.
A people poor in pomp and state, but rich in noble deeds,
Holding that righteousness exalts the people that it leads;
As yet the waxen mould is soft, the opening page is fair;
It rests with those who rule us now, to leave their impress there,—
The stamp of true nobility, high honor, stainless truth;
The earnest quest of noble ends; the generous heart of youth;
The love of country, soaring far above dull party strife;
The love of learning, art, and song—the crowning grace of life;
The love of Science, soaring far through Nature's hidden ways;
The love and fear of Nature's God—a nation's highest praise.
So, in the long hereafter, this Canada shall be
The worthy heir of British power and British liberty;
Spreading the blessings of her sway to her remotest bounds,
While, with the fame of her fair name, a continent resounds.
True to her high traditions, to Britain's ancient glory
Of patient saint and martyr, alive in deathless story;
Strong, in their liberty and truth, to shed from shore to shore
A light among the nations, till nations are no more.