

happy, and they look forward to the brilliant future of expansion and development which will dawn upon the sight of their children.

Friend Jonathan, shut your ears to the false and insidious utterances of the few interested traitors who are amongst us. They do not count. Their names are not on our muster roll. We do not depend upon them. "In the day and hour of danger" you could not see them with a telescope, or find them with a search warrant. Turn your back upon the specious and venal demagogues of your own land. They are leading you astray. They are fond of notoriety. They would rather be seen stealing a horse, or setting fire to a church, than not be seen at all. Demagogues, like critics, are ready-made. It takes a little mental cogitation to make a traitor. Sometimes a woman is in the case. The fair Livingstone made a traitor of the gallant Montgomery, whose life met with a fatal collapse upon the field which witnessed the rise of his young glory as a brother soldier of Wolfe.

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

What about *beamless* Sol and Uncle Rastus? It is said that one of them is a descendant of the old U. E. Loyalists and was born in Canada. If this be true, he is a degenerate and rotten branch of a noble tree—a reproach to the memory of his gallant ancestors—they who left their houses and lands, their flocks and herds behind them, and bearing with them only the *lares* and *penates* of their conscientiously preserved heritage of loyalty, steered for the North Star, which guided them to the land where the old Red Cross was waving! They gathered loyally around it—they fought for it, they lived and died beneath its honoured folds. They were true patriots—brave and worthy sires of the men who form to-day a strong and sturdy race, alive to Canadian interests and devoted to British connection. Brave, disinterested patriots, they did not count the cost. They were not the sort of mercenary travesties "who would stop the stream of the Helicon to turn a mill, and fell the cedars of Lebanon to make a pig-pen."

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said—
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart has ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he has turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand.
If such there breathe—go, mark him well!
For him no minstrel raptures swell—
Though high his titles, proud his name,
His wealth all that his wish can claim—
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch concentrated all in self—