

One charming midsummer's day, a few years ago, we witnessed some exceptional military drill evolutions on the historic ground of Niagara. From an elevated spot we saw the troops of prancing, restless cavalry, and long lines of artillery, the brilliant sunlight bearing down upon the sleek, shining coats of the horses, and dazzling coruscations glist from the burnished arms and accoutrements of their riders. Converging from several quarters, various regiments—some clad in bright, scarlet tunics, others in dark green or black uniforms—were moving towards the brigade ground to participate in their morning evolutions. At the distance of our view, and without seriously thinking upon the subject, it was difficult to decide which most to admire—the sombre-garbed, ominous and practical looking "Rifles," or the gay and spirited-looking Infantry. Borne on the wings of a delightful breeze the strains of more than half a score of carefully trained bands reach the ear, producing sensations "felt in the blood and all along the heart"—imparting to all not totally inert and pulseless a sense of new and invigorated life. Only the fewest in this country can have been privileged to listen to the terrific and heart-arousing music, with full orchestral chorus, of Handel's "Gird on thy sword," but feelings probably not much inferior to those inspired by the recital of this mighty composition arose even then within the breasts of the assembled thousands, announcing once again, that stern defiance, that indomitable pluck, that pith and valor, within the British heart, to which history bears indubitable testimony through all ages. Every wise man yearns that the day when the grim contests of war must be enacted, may be long, long delayed; but while the fervent Christian prayer of "Give peace in our time, O, Lord," should be the guiding principle of action, it is certain that no country is wisely governed that allows itself to repose in fancied security, without the means of repelling invasion by a foreigner, or promptly stamping out rebellion. The completest victory is not that which entirely avoids a contest, but that which