

property, but cheerfully to expose their lives for the defence of this His Majesty's province."

We cannot doubt the sincerity or the depth of the feelings that inspired this loyal and patriotic declaration. Opinions may well differ as to the character of the men whom these resolutions denounce as conspirators and traitors, and as to the import and bearing of the momentous enterprise in which they were engaged. Even in the larger and wiser light of impartial history, it is open to us to think, with Seelye, that their undertaking was a tremendous calamity for themselves and the civilized world, or, on the other hand, with Professor Fiske we may be inclined to think that the men of Lexington were in the true line of succession to the Barons at Runnimead and the men of Marston Moor. To the prophetic vision of the United Empire Loyalist, the destinies of the great republic may seem to draw it hopelessly and forever apart, in sympathies, interests and aspirations, from the parent country and its

vast dependencies in every quarter of the world; while to the kindling eye of many a true lover of his race and nation, it may seem within the bounds of reasonable hope that the triumph of federalism which has been witnessed in the experiment of the forty-four sovereign commonwealths, may yet be extended to embrace in a world-wide federation of sovereign powers all the great branches of the English-speaking people of the globe. Such a conception is no more apparently hopeless to-day than the conception of a federal republic was "in the times that tried men's souls" a hundred years ago. But whatever views we may have as to the events of those stirring and pregnant years, whatever political destiny the future may have in store for our country, it will be a day of evil omen for us if ever the time shall come when we can read without the deepest and truest emotions the loyal and patriotic declaration of our fathers in the Assembly of 1775.

OH, ERIE CAN FLOW TO ONTARIO.

Oh, yellow the water and gray the sky;
And none but the gulls that are circling by
Can hear me, who hear their own plaintive cry.

And shallow they call thee, O! Erie lake,
But deep enough, thou, for the storm to shake,
And shallow my heart, but it, too, can break.

And whither go ye when the storm-winds blow,
White gulls, that are fluttering to and fro?
And whither, my soul, can it flee in its woe?

And what do ye then, little waves that heave,
When shore after shore ye are forced to leave?
And unto what more have I now to cleave?

Oh, Erie can flow to Ontario,
And I to my love can as surely go,
Yet, both of us mourn, for we both do know

We cannot remain, but must haste on still,
With surges that sigh, and with eyes that fill,
Pursuing the channel of God's own will.

—EVELYN DURAND.