



**1812-14.**

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# **OUR NATIONAL MONUMENTS.**

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**A Paper Read Before the Lundy's Lane Historical  
Society at its Last Annual Celebration of the  
Battle of Lundy's Lane, July 25, 1890.**

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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—When at the summons of our highly esteemed president, the Rev. Canon Bull, I called upon the muse to help in making the proceedings of to-day as notable as our enthusiastic and patriotic feelings would desire, she was coy, the call was too informal, she left me to my own inventions ; and, in dismay, I fell back upon the every-day assistance of Poetry's young sister—as some say—whom we prosaically have named Prose. Whether poetry will deign to look in upon us this morning from under her sister's mantle is not for me to promise ; but that she is here somewhere hidden, the blue sky above us, the warm sunshine around, the white clouds floating in the pure ether, the majestic trees that cast their shadows upon the holy sod beneath our feet, nay, that soil itself, earth's last mantle for the brave and the loyal, are all witnesses if we give heed to their gentle leadings.

But it is in very simple prose that I must tell you how glad I am to greet my fellow-members of the Lundy's Lane Historical Society, by whose courtesy and warm feeling I have the honor to be one of their number. I am glad also to know that under our able and energetic president our society is not only doing work of a lasting and valuable nature itself, but is inspiring other centres to follow our good example.