

have much reason for self-gratulation and hopefulness. They can point with pride to the work already achieved, and to the promise which the future seems to hold out to themselves and their children. They are proud of their country, of its noble scenery, of its varied resources, and its bright prospects. All of them are imbued with an honest love for the country of their birth or of their adoption. In that beautiful poem of Longfellow's, which must always awake the tenderest emotions while men and women can be touched by the story of human love and human devotion, we are told of a little flower that is said to grow on the meadows that skirt the base of the Ozark Hills:—

‘See how its leaves all point to the north, as true as the magnet;
It is the compass flower, that the finger of God has suspended
Here on its fragile stalk, to direct the traveller's journey
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.’

So it must be with all Canadians: their hearts, differ as men may on political, or social, or religious questions, are true to their North-Land—a land of great rivers and inland seas, of illimitable prairies and lofty mountains, of rich sea pastures and luxuriant corn-fields—a land of free government and free speech—a goodly heritage with which they can never part to a foreign Power.
