

command respect; and only thus shall it be possible for the widely differing components of a land so favored to join hand-in-hand and together work out the "glorious destiny" in store for their common country.

What that destiny shall be, and what the future has in store for us belong to the unknown, and the now unwritten history is the task that we of to-day have set for us. Do we seek inspiration for it? Then read that written in the sweat and tears and blood of those who made it on the soil they won and left to us as our inheritance; and back of that, turn to the scroll of Europe, and read the by-gone deeds of our fathers—of English and French, Scotch, Irish, and German blood—as they toiled and fought and died in moulding the individual and national characteristics that are now being woven into the fibre of our national life. Drink inspiration from what well you deem sweetest. Widen and broaden your view to include the vistas on which your neighbor loves to gaze. Open your heart and hands to receive from him that of which he may have to spare, and you may lack of those qualities that go to build up an ideal character—a MAN, a CANADIAN.

Do you complain of aggression on the part of a section of the community? Meet it calmly, reasonably, firmly, not with bluster and brag and counter threatenings—he may have some reason on his side, and misunderstanding and jealousy are the cause of more than lover's quarrels.

Do you fear his ascendancy from overwhelming growth? This is but the result of a natural law, the effect of which he may have perceived with greater force than you, to your disadvantage: the remedy is obvious.

Do you object to his use of his own language? Learn it, and you are not only equipped to meet him on more than equal terms, but you may discover and appropriate riches hitherto undreamed of.

Does his creed jar on your senses trained in a different way of thinking? Study it, and you may be surprised to find refreshing resting-places and guide-posts on the road to heaven, the chart to which you may have fondly imagined yourself to be the sole depository.

The machinery of the body politic when fed by the fires of party rancour and passion jars, is quickly thrown out of gear unless lubricated with the oil of cool, common sense: store up the oil, study the parts and how to apply it most effectually, and he who most surely and swiftly arrives at the full knowledge is he to whose hand is committed the great responsibility of guiding the vast machine of State. The "mistakes of Moses" have been held up as responsible for much of the misfortune of the race: the mistakes of yesterday more nearly concern us of to-day, and are pregnant with warning, but it is the mistakes of to-morrow for which we shall be held responsible.

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Father Lebeau is long since dead and gone to his reward, but his type survives in hundreds of villages scattered through the country: simple and pious souls, untaught in the ways of the intriguing cleric, who strive to bring up their flocks in the paths of virtue and religion as it is given them to expound. Denied the joys of home and family, their lives are passed in helping others to solve in a measure the problems of life, never to be fully revealed, perhaps, till death shall open the eyes now blinded by the glare and bewilderment of earthly things.

AND EVELYN! WHAT OF HER?

In one of the farthest and missionary stations of the Roman Catholic Church, in the almost unknown district of the MacKenzie Basin, in the burying-place attached to the little chapel, may be seen a newly-made grave, and at its head a simple little wooden cross, painted white, on which kind hands have roughly scrawled in black letters:—

SISTER
ST. AGNES,
BORN
1820,
DIED
1889.
R. I. P.

On enquiring the meaning of these words and the history of one who closed a life so full of years in such a lonely spot, the stray visitor might be told of "a young lamb who came into the fold seeking peace and rest, and relief from many sorrows; whose long life had been spent in going about doing good. In the older settlements, seeking ever to be sent where trouble and sorrow called for succour, and again begging that she might be given the hardships and trials incident to the march of the missions as they gradually reached out into the wild and unknown regions North and West. Many a poor Indian, lumber-man, or frontier settler, blessed with his dying breath the hand of the Sister who seemed to come to him as a ministering angel in his time of need. She



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