

the tribunes of the English people) to their celebration at Lexington, and in his reply Mr. Bright, wrote:—

"I would rather not think of an occasion when Englishmen shed blood, and English blood, on your continent, and I would prefer to celebrate the freedom and grandeur of your country on some other day. But I can rejoice with you in that freedom and grandeur, and wish with you that they may be perpetual."

So we would rather recall the glories of 1875, when England and the United States of America have clasped their hands in friendship and have shown to the world how national disputes may be settled without an appeal to the sword; and so may it ever be, may they ever stand side by side in the world's march to the victories of freedom, civilization and humanity.

This little magazine numbers amongst its subscribers many good friends in the United States, they will, we are confident, endorse the following sentiments, and appreciate the love of the "Dear Old Land," which is not yet wholly extinguished even in their own favored country:—

"The warrior's fame has stains of blood;
And it comes with the widow's wail;
Look *we* on the glory whose milder rays
Will bring no tears to the eyes that gaze,
Whose trophies of triumph, whose songs of praise
The tenderest heart may hail.

Then hail! all hail! thou 'Dear Old Land'
Where our fathers ashes lie;
There are sunbeams bright on this far-off shore;
There are starlit skies when the day is o'er,
And we never may tread thy greensward more;
But we'll love thee till we die."

H. M.