

I entertain of the beneficial results which will accrue from that action. When our young volunteers sailed from our shores to join the British Army in South Africa, great were our expectations that they would display on those distant battlefields the same courage which had been displayed by their fathers when fighting against one another in the last century. Again, in many breasts there was a fugitive sense of uneasiness at the thought that the first facing of musketry and cannon by raw recruits is always a severe trial. But when the telegraph brought us the news that such was the good impression made by our volunteers that the Commander-in-Chief had placed them in the post of honor, in the first rank, to share the danger with that famous corps, the Gordon Highlanders; when we heard that they had justified fully the confidence placed in them, that they had charged like veterans, that their conduct was heroic and had won for them the encomiums of the Commander-in-Chief and the unstinted admiration of their comrades, who had faced death upon a hundred battle-fields in all parts of the world, is there a man whose bosom did not swell with pride, that noblest of all pride, that pride of pure patriotism, the pride of the consciousness of our rising strength, the pride of the consciousness that on that day it has been revealed to the world that a new power had arisen in the west? (Loud and prolonged cheers from both sides.)

**A New Bond** Nor is that all. The work of union and harmony between the chief races of this country is not yet complete. We know by the unfortunate occurrences that took place only last week that there is much to do in that way. But there is no bond of union so strong as the bond created by common dangers faced in common. (Hear, hear.) To-day there are men in South Africa representing the two branches of the Canadian family, fighting side by side for the honor of Canada. Already some of them have fallen, giving to the country the last full measure of devotion. Their remains have been laid in the same grave, there to remain to the end of time in that last fraternal embrace. Can we not hope, I ask my hon. friend himself, that in that grave shall be buried the last vestiges of our former antagonism. If such shall be the result, if we can indulge that hope, if we can believe that in that grave shall be buried contentions, the sending of the contingent would be the greatest service ever