

Though a load of grief pressed on every heart, we felt proud that the post of danger had not been left to strangers; that bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh had been the first to meet the foe; that our own breasts had been bared to the storm. *Such a time it was* when the assassin's hand struck down the gifted, the genial, the patriotic McGee. Our country reeled with the blow. *Such a time it was* when the news of the butchery of young Scott at Fort Garry fell upon our ears, thrilling every nerve, and crowding the hot blood into our hearts. Humble though his position was—yet he was a Canadian; his mental gifts may have been few—yet he died for us. “*Spectet, inquit, patriam; in conspectu legum libertatisque moriatur. Non tu hoc loco Gavium, non unum hominem, nescio quem, civem Romanum, sed communem libertatis et civitatis causam in illum cruciatum et crucem egisti.*” Let calumny do its worst—it shall not be said that the great statesman with brilliant talents and high place shall receive more abundant honour in his death, than the poor, friendless youth, who, away from kindred and home, cast all the attractions of life behind, and marched to his fate with a courage and devotion that fill us with awe. As we plant the cypress on the tenantless grave of one unknown to fame save in his death, and wreath with *immortelles* the head-stone of an unpretending and almost friendless Canadian youth, we allow no inequality of mental gifts, no difference in position to separate in our memory the orator and statesman who dared to live for his country, and the brave yeoman who dared to die for it. Were he the most obscure in the land, were he without a friend in the wide world, the cause he died in was ours, and the consciousness of that sacrifice should make every Canadian his friend. There are those among us, God help them for cold-hearted sycophants! who