

have passed the sentries, and really appeared, as she likely did every morning, in search of her cow."

But Mrs. Harriet Smith, the third child of Laura Secord, and who is still living, said to the writer: "I remember seeing my mother leave the house on that fateful morning, but neither I nor my sisters knew exactly on what errand she was bent. She had on house slippers and a flowered print gown; I think it was brown, with orange flowers; at least a yellow tint is connected in my mind with that particular morning."

Mrs. Edgar, whose fine book, "Ten Years of Peace and War," forms so valuable an addition to our historical records, in telling Mrs. Secord's story, says: "As to Laura Secord's reward, it has come to her in the fame that rests on her name whenever the story of 1812 is told.

"The heroine lived until the year 1868, and sleeps now in that old cemetery at Drummondville, where lie so many of our brave soldiers. There is no 'Decoration Day' in Canada; but if there were, surely this woman is entitled to the laurel wreath."

And in writing on a matter less directly dealing with the story of woman's heroism, Mrs. Herbert says: "It gave Gen. Herbert and myself the greatest pleasure and interest, last week, to visit Niagara and its ever-memorable surroundings, especially the field of Lundy's Lane. I trust the spot where Laura Secord rests will be marked by a monument worthy of the brave and noble spirit we all must honor."

As sings Charles Sangster:—

"The hero deed can not expire,
The dead still play their part.

Raise high the monumental stone!
A nation's fealty is theirs,
And we are the rejoicing heirs,
The honored sons of sires whose cares
We take upon us unawares,
As freely as our own."

S. A. C.