

One scarcely knows which to admire most in this letter—the sympathetic care for the welfare and enjoyment of the people—a high pitched humanity that is evident in all Brock's letters, even though he be dealing with the delinquent and the mutinous—or the large-souled trust he evinces in the popular appreciation of a hero—"An immortal man" as he styles Nelson. In this valuable contribution to our historical literature, for such the letter has become, we see plainly expressed Sir Isaac Brock's just conclusion as to the value of public monuments as an incentive to patriotism, and it is with satisfaction arising from our sense of justice that we look across to where he himself stands, a monument for ever dear and honored by all true and noble hearts. We remember also and it should be an admonition to us, that Great Britain herself did not need to be urged to honor the brave and loyal servant, but that "A public monument was decreed by the Imperial Government." It was voted in the House of Commons, 20th July, 1813, and was erected in St. Paul's Cathedral, the last resting place of Nelson, Wellington and other worthies, at a cost of £1,575 sterling. It is in the Western Ambulatory of the South Transept, and was executed by Westmacott; a military monument on which are placed the sword and helmet of the deceased, a votive record supposed to have been raised by his companions in-arms to their lamented commander. His corpse reclines in the arms of a British soldier whilst an Indian pays the tribute of regret his bravery and humanity elicited. Well do we remember, says the writer, how the crowds returning from the Cathedral service lingered around in admiration of this beautiful monument. The inscription is:—

"Erected at the Public Expense
To the Memory of
Major-General Sir Isaac Brock,
Who gloriously fell on the 13th of October
MDCCCXII
In resisting an Attack on Queenston
In Upper Canada."

This monument is represented in bas-relief, as we all shall recollect, as an entablature on the monument at Queenston.

Ladies and gentlemen, there was another who gloriously fell that day in avenging his leader's death:—Colonel James Macdonell also lies beside his General at Queenston Heights, let us not forget that. Moreover, that hill, like this, is rich with heroic blood, and as it now stands is little better than deserted, a state of things that ought not to be.

If further testimony than I have already adduced be needed to the value of Art in nourishing the patriotic instinct, we may hear with advantage the words of that deep and sound student of truth and human nature, John Ruskin, who in his lecture on Political Economy of Art, under the head Distulention, speaks of the value to a nation of the historical picture in words which will apply with equal force to such a monument as the Lundy's Lane Historical Society contemplates as the crown of their labours, and the satisfaction of a grateful and patriotic people, who, while looking forward to its future, preserves in sacred coffer its past. "How," says Ruskin, "can we sufficiently estimate the effect on the mind of a noble youth, at the time when the world opens to him, of having faithful and touching representations put before him