

How I regretted it afterwards! How often have the tears of repentance sprung to my eyes since in remembering how unjust I was to her.

It was now February. The snowdrops were up, and the birds began to look lively. At the Farm we had the plan of the sowing pretty much all laid out, and ploughing was being proceeded with on every fine day. I kept torturing myself with the thought that at this rate all the summer work would be done before I should reach Canada, and nothing but winter work and low wages would be my "luck", as I angrily called it. The following Sunday afternoon, while father was asleep, and the children mostly at Sunday school, my mother called me into the garret and told me she thought we could manage it.

(To be Continued.)

Red Pencil and Scissors.

CANADA FOR CANADIANS.

To the "Old Party".

OUT from our bounds they're going, scores, hundred, day by day,
O'er country roads and city streets they take their lingering way;

They choke down tears and smile "good-bye", our gallant boys and true—

The lads that love the dear "old flag" at least as well as you.

Yet must they seek an alien shore, to live as exiles there,
For lack of place to earn their bread, though that might be to spare;

For lack of room for honest toil their feet afar must roam,
The lads that ought to be the stay of their "old folks at home".

Ye send our best and brightest forth, our nation's hope and pride—

More precious to our country's weal than all her wealth beside—
To be the strength of alien States, of empire not our own,
And all to "build the nation up" without its corner-stone!

Then, from the dregs of other lands, the wretched and the weak,
Unfit for what before them lies, new suffering come to seek.
Will they give back to Canada the strength she casts away?
Will they replace the gallant lads that leave our shores to-day?

Drag not the generous, brave "old flag" into a party cry—
Its folds have waved for freedom oft on many a day gone by;
Claim not its name, its grand old fame, for tyranny disguised,
To hide the need of selfish greed, or power and place misprised—

The motherland we hold so dear, across the stormy main,
Seeks not to fetter freeborn sons for sake of petty gain;
The mother liveth for the child, a mother sure is she;
Our gain is hers; her truest good a prosperous child to see.

Look at our ruined toilers driven from their fathers' fields!
See what a mournful harvest a selfish sowing yields!
Hear the "Starvation Army's" mournful cry for work or bread!
Will ye stop the tide of plenty from whence they might be fed?

Let the old free trade banner wave to the freshening breeze!
Let Britain's lead be followed by her sons across the seas!

Break down restrictive barriers that dam the waters back,
That in a thousand streams might flow with blessings in their track!

God gave this mighty continent to this our fathers' race;
The North and South He made for all, and crowned them with His grace,

That each might fill the other's lack, and love and plenty reign;
What he hath joined together, let no man cleave in twain!

Good doth but grow by using, and mutual help begun
Shall grow and spread to other lands till all earth's trade be one!
Awake from prejudice and hate, and falsehood's baleful spell,
And save a suffering people, and the land we love so well.

Kingston, Ont.

FIDELIS.

AT THE BAR OF THE LORDS.

WE have explained quite recently the case of Newfoundland, and have described the uncomfortable situation in which it finds itself by reason of the rights secured to the French by treaty, and of the restrictions imposed upon its own people by the same treaty.

The peculiar position of the colony, suffering under what it regards as an intolerable grievance, and yet wholly unable to help itself, was the occasion of a highly picturesque scene in the British House of Lords one day in April. The colony had sent to London a delegation of its most prominent public men to endeavor to dissuade Parliament from passing a bill introduced by Lord Knutsford, the Colonial Secretary, which the colonists of both parties regarded as highly injurious to their interests.

These delegates were permitted to appear at the bar of the House of Peers while that body was in session, and to speak to the House and the country in the name of the colony. There was a very distinguished company in attendance, including the Prince of Wales, and the scene was significant and impressive. The delegates spoke, one by one; they were heard attentively, and the impression they made was a good one.

It cannot be said, at the time we write, whether or not their protest will be effectual; but the event itself is interesting from two points of view.

The appearance of the delegates before one of the Houses of Parliament is a striking illustration of what is known as the right of petition in its most remarkable form. It is a form not unknown to the parliamentary procedure of this country, although the similar right as exercised in the United States may not be generally recognized as corresponding to it.

Delegates from Territories are allowed free access to the floor of the House of Representatives, although they are not members of it, and have no vote, but they are permitted at any time, when they can get the floor, to discuss matters before the House, even when those matters do not concern directly the people of the Territories they represent.