

"Well you seem to have a pretty fair country," half admitted the Yankee, "but why don't you join with the United States?"

"Ah," replied the lecturer, "we think too much of our country to do that. We are Canadians, and loyal to our flag. We prize that flag and honor it. 'Canada for the Canadians,' is not merely a party cry to us. It means every thing to every son of Canada. We have a country of lakes and rivers, of woods and forests, mountains and valleys, fields and mines. There is wealth for the farmer, and the miner, the hunter and the fisherman, the woodsman and the mechanic. We have beautiful cities containing great institutions. Our legislation is administered by men who have the good of the country at heart. Our schools are located everywhere. They are taught by teachers who are qualified for the most thorough work. Ours is a land where men may worship as they will, where any attempt to interfere with a man's religion is frowned and hissed upon, a country where God is worshipped as the Giver of all. What more could a nation desire? If every Canadian is true to himself, his inheritance and his flag, we shall be a great nation."

"You said you were a lecturer, did you not?" enquired the Yankee.

"Yes."

"Well, isn't that a part of the lecture you couldn't deliver to-night?"

The humming wires and the howling wind finally had their effect. Somnus has power even under such conditions. This was all I heard of the conversation. At all events, just as the sky was getting grey I awoke with a jerk. The snow-plow had got through to us, and soon we were enjoying ourselves in a country hotel of the old type. Our Yankee friend in his own style was having "something hot." I do not know whether it was this latter or the conversation that called forth the remark, but between sips he was heard to say, "Well, this isn't a bad country, after all."

WALLACE P. COHOE, '96.