

seems all the elements of a vigorous, healthy national life, with noble possibilities before her, and rich resources at her command. She has in the past been overshadowed and disparaged by her big and ambitious neighbour to the south, but those who watch closely the course of events recognize that she is now rapidly advancing herself to a position of consideration in the family of nations. Her political developments are becoming events of importance in the world's history. A much stronger light reflects upon the men who are at the head of her affairs, and they and their measures are subjected every year to a wider circle of criticism. It behooves her to watch zealously against any element that would lower the tone of her national character, and vitiate the atmosphere in which the young life of the country is growing up. Is the Barnardo Boys' vote one of those elements in which there lies the possibility of danger? We hesitate not to give a very decided negative to this question, and for ourselves we hope and anticipate the best and the brightest of our lads as citizens of the Dominion. In the first place, they are Englishmen of the genuine "John Bull" stock. The animal is short and stiff in general "make up"; deep in the chest, wide in the girth, heavy in the loins, and broad in the back. He may lead fairly well, but he will never drive. In politics there is no chasing him to the polls like sheep in a drove, to the crack of the whip of some reverend "father" or energetic ward-heeler. He may start, but he has an awkward habit of stopping short to ask where he is going, and shows just at the most inconvenient moment that he has a will of his own, and an idea of exercising it. His mind may move a little slowly, but when it is made up he is not to be bent and seldom bought. He puts his back against the wall, and when once he has got into his head, in his slow, dogged way, that a thing is right, he will fight for it to the bitter end.

In the second place, very few of our

our lads are a genuine working man. Not a political "working man," who from the security of some fat Government berth foments disputes between employers and employees, and preaches eloquently upon the wrongs of the down-trodden masses, and the iniquities of the "bloated capitalist," while taking excellent care that his own "pull" with the Government, as a leader of organized labour, is judiciously applied for the uplifting of the "down-trodden" in the persons of himself and family connections. This is a species that we do not breed, and hope never even to cross with. We regard it with contempt and detestation, and when any one of our boys becomes a "labour organizer," and highly paid strike agitator, we hope he will promptly disavow all connection with us. Our lads are honest workers, supporting themselves and providing for their future, not by their wits or their cheek, or by their "gift of the gab," but by their own industry and persevering efforts. They have learned by experience the lesson of self-dependence, and that of itself is no mean qualification for useful citizenship.

Thirdly, they are farmers and farmers' men, members of the community that is worthily entitled to be called the backbone of the country, and which as a class has most to gain by the stability of political institutions, and by the maintenance of good order and honest government. The farmer is seldom a socialist, a communist or an anarchist, and he is slow to lend himself to any of the crazy fads and theories for the reorganization of society that haunt the imaginations and waste the energies of people whose brains are more shallow and quick to froth over. He has generally a shrewd idea of what he wants from the Government, and he thinks that what is good for himself and the class to which he belongs is good for the country at large. The smart, glibly-tongued gentleman from the city may talk very smoothly, and run away thinking that he has got