

recollet many a brief campaign in China, in the Soudan, in Southern Africa, on the borders of Her Majesty's Indian possessions; and, ever and anon, some tale of heroic daring while "facing fearful odds," of frightful risks run to save a comrade's life, of splendid devotion to the British flag even unto death, has reached us, telling us that British "*pluck*" still characterizes Britain's sons, that the race of British heroes is not extinct, and that the British regular of to-day is, as his forefathers were, 'a first-class fighting man," and a worthy descendant of "the deathless ones who shine afar in arms," whose gallant deeds are recorded on the pages of the Empire's pre-Victorian history.

What is true of the British regular of to-day is true also, I believe, of the Canadian volunteers. The fact that a man is a native-born Canadian does not weaken, nay rather it seems to intensify his loyalty to the British throne. We, Canadians, are true and firm in our allegiance to our sovereign, to the Empire of which our country forms an integral part, and to the dear old world-honoured red cross flag of England. We realize that Canada's future welfare, prosperity and progress depend on the maintenance of the British connection, and can conceive of no more terrible national calamity than that any other banner should ever float over our country. That is the feeling which animates the breast of every Canadian volunteer, and he is ready to lay down his life, if need be, to save his native land from such a fate. Canadian volunteers have done noble service in the past, and are ready, if called on, to do so again. The same spirit of ardent patriotism and unswerving devotion to sovereign, Empire, and country, which animated the brave men who fought under General Brock, "the hero of Upper Canada," at Queenston Heights, and wept over this great leader fallen in the fight, and who battled with the enemy at Lundy's Lane; who went forth at duty's summons in 1837 and 1838; who responded to their country's call to arms in 1846; who went on the Red River expedition and up the Nile with Woseley; who cheerfully and heroically endured the hardships, difficulties and exposure of the passage of the "gaps" in the uncompleted railway along Lake Superior's northern shores, of the long forced marches and prairie bivouacs; who charged at "Batoche," and routed the foe at "Cut Knife Creek." The same spirit, I say, still dwells in the bosoms of Canadian volunteers, and renders them not unworthy descendants of the heroes of 1812, not unworthy brothers of the men who crushed out the North-West Rebellion in 1885; and should fair Canada, in her sore need, stretch out to her volunteers her appealing hands, and cry, "My sons, will ye fight for me?" they are prepared to give a practical answer to her question—an answer given not with the lips only, but with lead and steel.

Now, among Canadian volunteers, I am sure that the members of the Queen's Own Rifles are second to none in their loyalty to the throne.