

and cease to depend so much upon foreigners for our mental food.

Poetry sometimes tells in few words that which prose finds it hard to relate, and it would be difficult to find a more graphic description of the U. E. Loyalists than in the following lines by Rev. LeRoy Hooker :

Dear were the homes where they were born,
Where slept their honoured dead ;
And rich and wide on every side,
Their fruitful acres spread ;
But dearer to their faithful hearts,
Than home and gold and lands,
Were Britain's laws, and Britain's crown,
And Britain's flag of long renown,
And grip of British hands.

With high resolve they looked their last
On home and native land,
And sore they wept o'er those that slept
In honoured graves that must be kept
By grace of stranger's hand.
They looked their last and got them out
Into the wilderness ;
The stern old wilderness.

All dark, and rude, and unsubdued ;
The savage wilderness,
Where wild beasts howled, and Indians prowled ;
The lonely wilderness,
Where social joys must be forgot,
And budding childhood grow untaught ;
Where hopeless hunger might assail
Should autumn's promised fruitage fail ;
Where sickness, unrestrained by skill,
Might slay some dear one at its will ;
Where they might lay their dead away
Without a man of God to say
The solemn words that Christian men
Have learned to love so well ;—but then,
'Twas British wilderness !
Where they might sing " God save the King,"
And live protected by his laws,
And loyally uphold his cause ;
O, welcome wilderness !

These be thy heroes, Canada !
These men who stood when pressed,
Not in the fevered pulse of strife
When foeman thrusts at foeman's life,
But in that sterner test
When wrong on sumptuous fare is fed,
And right must toil for daily bread,
And men must choose between ;
When wrong in lordly mansion lies,
And right must shelter 'neath the skies,
And men must choose between.
When wrong is cheered on every side,
And right is cursed and crucified,
And men must choose between.