

foster a national spirit, it may become not only a decaying but an almost extinct sentiment, though it will probably take that length of time to eradicate the hereditary strain from our blood. The nation's life resembles the animal's by its likeness to that on which it feeds. Unless we train our people to love this land, we will not have a patriotic people. The best of parents will not be respected by their children, unless the children are taught this respect. We think it too egotistical to eulogize our country. But do not let us forget that this silence gives a wrong impression, not only to other nations, but to our own fellow-citizens on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Annexation has been discussed in some of our counties, and some of our public men have uttered sentiments (thinly veiled) in favour of it. . . . In some of our eastern provinces we have read and heard sentiments far more repellant, but a hundred times less probable, than annexation. These are some of the forces which are trying to undermine our faith in Canada, and we must put ourselves in touch with our surroundings, using our strongest weapon, which is a patriotic spirit. It is time Canada said to persons of this stamp, "If you cannot show us a form of government in your pet scheme superior to our own, then pass from our country's stage and give place to better men." It is time our youth were taught to love the land we live in, and admire the constitution that protects us. In the future looms up some change in our form of government. Canadian Independence, Colonial Union, and Imperial Confederation, each has its advocates. The discussion of any of these lies not within my limit. I shall therefore speak of some other plans mapped out for Canada's future, at first considering them solely from a Canadian standpoint, without reference to the

great nation to whom we owe allegiance. . . . There are some of our fellow-countrymen who plot and dream of a future when the Tri-Colour shall float from the Citadel at Quebec, and the beautiful French language be the mother tongue of Canada; but it is only a dream. The morning sun that flashed on the British red-coats, massed on the Heights of Abraham, forever dispelled that dream. This hope is only a mirage which will vanish, and leave all who cherish it sadder, but wiser, men. . . . English is destined to be the language of this continent, and whatever flag may shelter us, the Tri-Colour can have no part or lot in this country's government. . . . The French enjoy greater freedom under our flag than they ever could under the Tri-Colour, and the more sensible among them realize this. And those persons who stir the hearts of our French people with such a vain hope, in sowing the wind will reap the whirlwind. . . . In 1776, thirteen stars rose suddenly on the horizon of the nations. They have since made a name of which they are justly proud, being loved at home and respected abroad. This young giant, casting his keen eyes northward, sees the beautiful face, and admires the broad lands of his cousin Canada. To see is to desire. Stretching both hands across the boundary fence, he calls to the maiden,

Come under me plaidie, the night's gang to fa;
Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift and
the snaw;

Come under me plaidie, and sit doon beside
me,

On this continent, lassie, there's na room
for twa.

And then he proceeds to exhibit the plaidie among the folds of which he invites her to nestle. A lovely and artistic fabric — forty-two stars and thirteen stripes on a ground of blue.