

occurred between about 200 of them and a company of police, in which Canadian blood had been shed ; that the call to arms had sounded, and that the men of Toronto were ordered to prepare. They were ready—the last notes of the warning bugle had not ceased to sound before a thousand volunteers had begun to don their uniforms, and when the hour arrived were ready to fall in. Men of the scarlet and the rifle green ; men of all degrees, coming forth from aristocratic mansions and lowly cottages ; men of the study, the counting-house and workshop, all were there. When it was made known that only 250 men from each regiment, the Grenadiers and the Queen's Own, would be required, there sprang up at once a rivalry as to who should be the chosen ones. Passing quickly up and down the ranks the officers were not long in making their selection, and the men who were to go had orders given them to make their preparations at once, as the word to move might come at any moment.

During the remainder of Saturday the men were under arms, and a portion of Sunday was also devoted to necessary matters pertaining to equipment, clothing, &c., it being now understood that they were to start on Monday for the seat of rebellion. The scenes on the streets and particularly in the vicinity of the drill-shed during those two days, are worthy of more than passing notice ; but they have already been detailed in the daily papers, and their description need not here be repeated. Excitement ran high, and the soldier boys were the heroes of the hour, but not until Monday morning did it reach its full flood-tide. Among all the rumors with which the air was filled, sober-minded people still cherished a hope that at the last moment a peaceful solution of the difficulty might be arrived at, so that the trappings of war might be laid aside. But as the hours of Sunday wore on, and the order to move still remained uncancelled, the most hopeful began to take a gloomy view of the situation—gloomy, because amid all the enthusiasm of the people and the soldiers, all the parade, the pomp and circumstance of war there was ever present to their minds the dark side of the picture. And when, at last, the men being dismissed, they saw the city streets dotted here and there with groups of soldiers, knapsack on shoulders and bayonet in belt, returning home to prepare for the morrow, they deluded themselves no longer with the hope of peace, but nerved themselves to accept the inevitable. There were many sad homes in Toronto that

peaceful Sabbath evening. Five hundred of her sons were to go forth to-morrow, some perhaps never to return. Wives, mothers, sisters, sweethearts, children, how tearfully they looked upon the faces they loved, and thought of them perhaps upturned in ghastly death upon the distant prairie. How fondly they caressed the hands which soon might stiffen and grow cold about sword hilt or rifle, lying beneath the pale light of the Western stars ! And the morning ! how sad and grey it broke, as if in sympathy with the thousands of hearts, which, before the day closed, should feel the pangs of separation. The dull reluctant light, stealing timidly in through silken drapery and muslin curtains alike, seemed loth to wake the sleepers. But they must awake. Mothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives, children, the broadening day creeps on, touches lashes wet with the dew of dreams, and bids them open to reality ; falls on faces pale and strangely wearing, even in sleep, expectancy of coming sorrow ; arouses to quick returning consciousness, gentle bosoms soon to throb with all the bitterness of parting from their loved ones. They must all awake—the dreaded day has come ; the hour will soon be here which must tear from them, perhaps forever, their gallant soldiers. With what tender care was served the morning meal ; no hireling hands must prepare it, for it may be the last ! Manly bosoms, too, were wrung. Manly voices grew husky around family altars as they invoked Divine protection for their sons going forth at the call of duty. And yet, amid all the grief of parting, through every tear that fell, there shone the old historic light never to be quenched in British hearts. The same chivalric spirit that, for a thousand years has been the heritage of British matrons and maidens ; the spirit, which times without number in the days bygone, has made them strong to send forth husbands, brothers, sons and lovers, to danger and to death if need be at the call of their country. The daughters of Canada are not unworthy of their lineage, else how could hands so tender and so trembling yet nerve themselves as they did on that sad morning, to gird on the sword or the bayonet, to button the epaulet, to adjust the knapsack, “to bind upon their cherished ones the panoply of war !” Shall not the touch of those hands go with the soldier to the field of battle ? Shall there not be inspiration for him in the thought that while those at home are mourning for his absence, they are, at the same time, praying that he may be strong and brave in the hour of danger ?