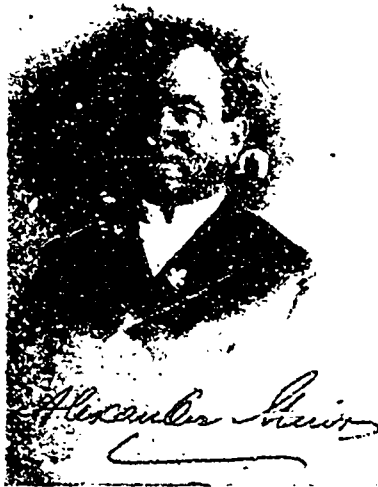




## Alexander Muir.

By Faith Fenton.



SOME day his voice will be silent and the genial face will be missing from our midst; his place shall know him no more—then, as is the way of all men, we shall rightly estimate the measure of his work.

Nay, hardly so soon. Twenty, forty, fifty years to come, when Canada stands in the foremost rank of the nations, and the strains of "The Maple Leaf Forever" shall ring out from the jubilant voices of millions of fresh young sons

and daughters—then there will be a few white-haired and bowed mayhap, who, searching back through the years, shall proudly relate their personal memories of the author of Canada's national song.

To-day he is a familiar figure in our city streets, and we pass him with careless if kindly recognition, to-morrow, mayhap, we shall treasure his lightest remembered word; while in a jubilee of years we shall leave his portrait or autograph as a valued heirloom to our children. Is it not so?

Let us talk in a homely way about him, giving just a brief pen picture of the man who has a right to be prouder than a premier, since he has written Canada's song of songs—the song of the nation.

It is the afternoon of a clear January day, as we mount the steps of Gladstone Avenue School—one of the large public schools of Toronto—and opening a door find ourselves in a room full of young people of both sexes. They are accustomed to visitors evidently, for they continue busy at work, and take little notice of our intrusion. At the top of the room stands a tall sturdy and most genial old gentleman, who smiles at us benevolently, and as he extends his hands in hearty English greeting, we realize that we are face to face with the author of "The Maple Leaf."

'Old,' we have said, yet the word is restricted. The genial face is old only as Mr. Pickwick's might have been. The head is large and round. The lightly silvered hair curls in whimsical little rings, which roll well back from a benevolent forehead—time has compelled their retreat but they mean to be merry over it. The blue eyes and bushy brows, the ruddy, plump, jolly, clean-shaven face, the merry smile about the mouth, and a pair of spectacles that are frequently pushed half way up the forehead, all go to make a jovial Pickwickian ensemble. Only—a big "only" this—Mr. Muir is Scotch by birth, Canadian by adoption, and English alone in big-heartedness and intense Imperial sentiment.

As for age in years, he tells us presently, in the course of our chat, that he was brought to Canada "a baby in arms," in 1834. But the sonorous voice, sturdy physique and ruddy visage declare a most hale sixty-two.

It is four o'clock and the pupils are ready to go home, but they remain a little to sing a few songs for us. "The Maple Leaf Forever" first, then "Canada Forever," Mr. Muir's latest production, and "Canada, Land of the Maple Tree," a spirited and melodious patriotic song, which is, perhaps, not as well-known as it should be. This last song is markedly Imperial in sentiment, and is in marked harmony with the present trend of Canadian feeling.

The chorus runs thus:

We're Britons born, are Britons still,  
And Britons aye shall be,  
The Union Jack, the flag we love,  
Shall guard our Maple tree.

And herein lies a pretty association. A first copy of the song was sent to Sir John A. Macdonald, who replied in his kindly way that the refrain should become his life motto.

A few months afterwards the great statesman died; but not until, in that last election campaign, he had made the words suggested by Mr. Muir's second song forever memorable in Canada's history.

## The Maple Leaf, Our Emblem Dear.

A CANADIAN NATIONAL SONG.

DEDICATED TO THE VOLUNTEERS OF CANADA.

Words and Music by ALEX. MUIR, J.A.

*Con spirito.*

1. In days of yore, the  
2. On many a hard fought

he-ro Wolfe, Bri-tain's glo-ry did main-tain, And planted firm old England's flag, On  
bat-tle fields, Our brave fathers side by side, For freedom, hon-our, and lov'd ones dear, Firm-

Can-a-da's fair do-main, Here may it wave, our boast, our pride, And join'd in love to-  
ly stood, and no-bly died; And those dear rights which they maintained, We swear to yield them

goth-er, 'Tis this-ble, Shamrock, Rose on-twine The Ma-ple Leaf for-ev-er.  
nev-er! We'll ral-l'y 'round the Un-ion Jack, The Ma-ple Leaf for-ev-er.