

A land of busy, earnest men  
That guide the plough or wield the pen ;  
That crowd the tracks and marts of trade  
To make their wares or sell them made ;  
A land of daughters sweet and fair,  
That brighten home and lighten care ;  
A land of churches, courts and schools,  
Of learned men, some learned fools.  
A land of parliaments and laws  
Where rich and poor have equal cause ;  
A land of liberty and right  
Where manhood feels true manhood's might ;  
Where virtue's shield protects the chaste,  
And rising arts develop taste ;  
Where pleasures fill the frugal home,  
And plenty more bids millions come ;  
Where commerce gladdens sea and lake,  
And freighted trains the forests shake ;  
Where towns spring up and cities rise—  
Swift proof of wealth and enterprise ;  
Where every man has even chance,  
And cringes not to lordly lance ;  
Where every man, a king and free,  
May hold his land in simple fee ;  
Where every man by work may thrive,  
The strong grow rich, the weak may live ;  
Where men their honest gains enjoy,  
And gains on gains their powers employ ;

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great and noble Dominion, committed to our care even by blood ! Then might be realized under the spirit and constitution of the United Empire **Loyalists** the dream of my youth, the strong desire of my manhood, and the lingering picture of coming strength, righteousness and integrity ; of public fidelity and national prosperity, that, somehow or other, even yet haunts my convictions, my prayers, and my hopes.

The heathen Roman, Cicero, almost in anguish, cried, "Never despair of the Republic." Yet by Catilines and corruption his beloved Republic was broken and has gone down the abyss. Possibly, however, the moral government of the world is so changed, that despite Catilines and corruption, a Christian Canadian may cherish patriotism, courage and faith. Hence, on request, I furnish these lines for the **METHODIST MAGAZINE**. A. C.