
"MOTHER ENGLAND"

"That day will never come when scattered nations
of the British race, looking with loyal love from every
compass, to the little mother isles—

'Girt by the dim strait sea,
And multitudinous v. of wandering wave,'

and reposing safe and glorious in that sapphire em-
brace, shall turn round to call on Canada to add her
voice to swell the peal of filial gratulation, of proud
assurance of co-operation, and, if need be, of help—
and will turn in vain."

—(Nicholas Flood Davin, in Shaftsbury Hall
speech, Toronto, 1873.)

We love thee, Mother England!

There is no other word

Our hearts can feel, our lips can breathe,

Our ears have ever heard—

That thrills like "Mother England!

("Step-mother," if you will—,

That word but proves her mother-love

Diviner, deeper still!)

We love thee, Mother England,

Whose arms still open wide

To welcome those who fain would fly

For shelter to thy side.

Who loves not Mother England

Must worse than bastard be!

For bended twigs take root and grow

About the mother-tree.