

With its sweet faith in coming good,
Its fearless eye and ready hand,
Its locks agleam with golden sand.
God bless Canadian maidenhood!

When the wide margins of the soul
Are taking form and color on,
When men are heroes true and strong,
And right knows never wrong's control;

When purple summits, glory-crowned!
Await the pressure of their feet,
When all things true and gracious meet
Upon the hills that stretch around.

For white ranks forming year by year
The spaces in your country wait,
Your truth shall help to make her great
And fill her homes with happy cheer.

Be sure no higher mission calls,
Although the laurel and the bays
Are held aloft in open ways,
Than ministry within home walls,—

To touch with bright artistic grace
The common lot and daily way,
To be the eye and ear and stay,
Of those who falter in the race.

For highest culture never should
Disturb from its appointed sphere,
From the creation, showing clear
God's gracious plan of womanhood,—