

Bidding us rise for country and for King !
 No vain appeal ! For, like a forest fire
 That makes its fuel as it rages on,
 It seized all hearts—made each Canadian ten,
 In strength and valour to resist the foe,
 And guard from spoil their homes and native land.

The sun ascending the clear heights of May
 Flooded the sky with silvery splendour, while
 The earth stirred warm beneath the vital heat,
 And woke to life the flowers, to joy the birds—
 The birds that come in flocks like happy thoughts
 To happy hearts—singing from tree to tree,
 Mate answering mate, or fluttering two and two
 In shady bowers secluded build their nests.

The tinkling cow-bells far within the woods,
 With hum of insects many, caught the ear,
 Beneath the young-leaved trees, all pale as yet
 With pure and virgin freshness. The lush grass
 In every glade and meadow, ankle deep,
 Sprang up spontaneously—the gift of God
 To His clean creatures made for use of man,
 Besides great things and small, in varied forms
 All for our sake created and called good.

Where Lake Ontario lays his stately head
 In the broad lap of hills, that stretch away
 To the long slopes of Flamboro', forest clad
 With oak and beech, and many a spiry pine
 Fast rooted on the crags, in high survey,
 There stood a country mansion, broad and low ;
 Its walls, hewn from the forest, were well seen,
 In neatness, purity and taste, to be
 The home refined of some true gentleman.
 Amid the broad surroundings of a farm,
 Cleared from the wilderness in bygone years,
 Were marks of culture and of woman's hand
 Outside and in, that pleased the passer by.
 Its trellised roses, clumps and shaven lawn,
 With bowls to play the good old-fashioned game
 Played by our ancestors, denoted ease,
 Good humour, and good neighbourhood. And more :
 A fair girl's face, so lovely and refined,
 Canadian of an English stock—you knew
 It was no other—from the lattice looked
 Down the long sloping meadows, where a brook
 Brawled loudly 'mid the stones that checked its course ;
 A cold, clear stream, where oft at early dawn
 The lightfoot does would stop and slake their thirst,