

**Memory Gems for Empire Day.**

Kindness is the golden chain by which society is built together.

To-day let us arise and go to our work; to-morrow we may rise and go to our reward.

All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye also unto them.

The mighty West shall bless the East,  
And sea shall answer sea,  
And mountain unto mountain call  
Praise God, for we are free!  
And thou, O Empire of the free!  
Beloved land, God compass thee!  
Still keep and guard thee in thy ways,  
Still prosper thee in coming days!  
And ye, O People brave and blest  
Love still your country's cause the best;  
Uphold her faith, maintain her powers,  
Defend her ramparts and her towers.

The true test of civilization is not the census nor the size of cities nor the crops—but the kind of men the country turns out.

Do the duty which lies nearest thee, which thou knowest to be a duty. Thy second duty will already have become clearer.

The strength of a nation is in the intelligent and well-ordered homes of the people.

The true glory of a nation is in the living temple of a loyal, industrious and upright people.

Canada wants men—not walking effigies,  
Who smirk and smile with art polite, and sport  
The borrowed vesture of their richer friends;  
But men of souls capacious who can plant  
The standard of their worth on noble deeds  
And dare respect their conscience and their God.

**HERE'S TO THE LAND.**

Here's to the land of the rock and the pine;  
Here's to the land of the raft and the river!  
Here's to the land where the sunbeams shine,  
And the night that is bright with the North-light's quiver!

Here's to the land of the axe and the hoe!  
Here's to the stalwarts that gave them their glory;—  
With stroke upon stroke, and with blow upon blow,  
The might of the forest has passed into story!

Here's to the land with its blanket of snow;—  
To the hero and hunter the welcomest pillow!  
Here's to the land where the stormy winds blow  
Three days, ere the mountains can talk to the billow!

Here's to the buckwheats that smoke on her board!  
Here's to the maple that sweetens their story;  
Here's to the scythe that we swing like a sword,  
And here's to the fields where we gather our glory!

Here's to her hills of the moose and the deer;  
Here's to her forests, her fields and her flowers!  
Here's to her homes of unchangeable cheer,  
And the maid 'neath the shade of her own native bowers.

And the maid 'neath the shade of her own native bowers.  
—William Wye Smith.

**MY CANADA.**

O Canada! My Canada!  
My heart is all with thee,  
Thy hills and valleys glorious,  
Thy fields and forests free.  
I love the light that leaps across  
Thy landscapes and thy skies,  
The hope that heaves thy strong young soul,  
And sparkles in thine eyes.  
O Canada! My Canada!  
Land of the maple tree!  
No sun like thine, no stars that shine,  
Can be so dear to me.

I love thy lakes like oceans vast,  
Their magic vapors thin,  
The sandy beach and rocky cliffs  
Where white caps thunder in.  
I love thy gold-green prairies broad,  
Thy mountains, cloud impearled,  
Thy springtime with its sudden flash,  
Thy autumn flags unfurled.  
O Canada! My Canada! etc.

I love thy blythe and bracing air,  
Thy children fair and free,  
Thy full sweet joy of home and hall,  
Thy songs of liberty.  
I love thy manly sense of right,  
Ideals high and broad,  
Thy shrines of truth where clear bright eyes  
Look out and up to God.  
O Canada! My Canada! etc.

I love thy flag that far and wide  
Floats o'er thy fertile plains,  
So will we by the help of God  
Preserve it free from stains.  
I glory in our Empire vast,  
For all are Britons we;  
Our boast shall of our heritage,  
Our King and Country be.  
O Canada! My Canada! etc.

—R. Walter Wright.

Were half the power that fills the earth with terror,  
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,  
Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
There were no need of arsenals and forts.

Then none were for the party, and all were for the state;  
The great man helped the poor man, and the poor man  
loved the great.

Love thou thy land, with love far brought  
From out the storied past, and used  
Within the present, but transfused  
Thro' future time by power of thought.  
It is the land that freemen till,  
That sober-minded freedom chose,  
The land, where girt with friends or foes,  
A man may speak the thing he will.

Knowledge will ever govern ignorance, and a people  
who mean to be their own governors must arm themselves  
with the powers which knowledge gives,