

nations. It is rather an alliance of hearts, an era of good will and affection between these two countries. We simply want a solidarity of sentiment, a partnership of the English-speaking race which shall be for the good of civilization and humanity, the enthronement of justice, civilization and freedom throughout the world, and be the dawn of a new day in the world's history.

Poets have sung of the "parliament of man, the federation of the world." This Anglo-American union is the beginning of the reign

of universal peace, the preparing of the way for the coming of the King, when the clouds shall roll away and this planet shall like a garment wear the beauty of the morning. Then with Tennyson let us sing :

"Gigantic daughter of the West,
We drink to thee across the flood,
We know thee most, we love thee best
For art thou not of British blood?
Should war's mad blast again be blown,
Permit not thou the tyrant powers
To fight thy mother here alone,
But let thy broadsides roar with ours.
Hands all round!
God the tyrant's cause confound."

OF THE POET.

BY WILLIAM R. WOOD.

Who singeth in this modern age should know
What air he breathes, what spirit he is of,
What sounds, upon the myriad-pulsed air,
He welcomes to his lyre and weaves anew.
Our time demands no stunted heart, no mind
That follows but because one says: "I lead."
A man with soul-step firm and steadfast life
That dares to stand alone amid the fray,
And 'mid the sophist's triumph, and the shriek
Of men despairing, still his Lord's behest
Remembers, and to brace his soul repeats:
"This know to-day, consider in thy heart,
That God is Lord within the heavens above,
And on the earth beneath." Sublimest thought
For man's consideration! 'Tis enough,
When lowers the tempest, all the soul to calm;
When sinks the spirit, hope inspire and peace;
When death approaches all its dread to quell.
A man our time demands, who not alone
The majesty of ancient themes has seen,
The glory of the sunset, and the spell
Of ebon night, the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead,
The dim and awful splendour of the woods,
The still enchantment of mid-desert calm,
And Ocean's changeful, changeless, boundlessness;
Yea, and a thousand such, for ages sung,
And all the charm of chivalry and eld:
But who, likewise, beside his path beholds
A glory all new-born, and all unsung;
The thrill of hidden power that all the soul
Electrifies, when from the trackless blue
The ocean racers forge ahead and pause;
The tremor of the earth that awes the heart,
When from the vast the fire-fed Iron Steed
Rolls like a harnessed thunderbolt and stops.
One must he be, whose far-extending soul
Has pierced the roar of commerce, and the jar
Of mighty wheels that grind the lives of men,
And, deep amid the tumult and the crash,
Has heard, serene, and musical, and clear,
The anthems of the Universe of God.

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