

CANADA.*

BY THE
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KNOW a land toward the West,
A land I love, the first and best ;
A land of genial clime and air,
With bread for all and bread to spare ;
A land of health and wealth and peace,
Of noble toil and toil's increase ;
A land of broad and fertile fields,
Where tillers' care bright harvests yields ;
A land of milk and corn and oil
Where fatness tinges rock and soil ;
A land of quarry, pit and mine,
Of spouting well and flowing brine ;
A land of fountain, river, flood,
A land of mountain, meadow, wood ;

* I wrote these lines about thirty years ago, when I had more hope, but not more love, of Canada, the land of my birth, the land of my sires, the land of my pride and joy, than I have to-day. Party strife—which has since well-nigh been our ruin—was then bitter enough to be sure ; but we had not been yet flooded with political corruption in the high places of the State, nor in the lower grounds of the electorate submerged and soaked in the sediment of public debauchery.

Were I to undertake such a task now, the wounded wing would make heavy flight, and possibly lose its way in the stenchful mists of the common bog. Would that a kind Providence would vouchsafe a great deliverance to this