

Seeds of Pine

the race. All hands around ! We will pledge
homeland of Britain !

And who will sing this song of the No
Sit you here till we talk of this thing. I pray
prompt my pen as it forgets.

They have come hither to sing it from Ott
which is the Place of Councils, and the sove
city in this fair house of Canada.

Hither have they come from the tobacco pla
tions of Essex; the yellow cornfields of Lamb
the luscious peach groves of Kent, and the v
yards of Welland. These are lusty fellows an
fine fibre.

Here are men of consideration from the th
leaved apple orchards of Nova Scotia and f
the dairy steadings of Oxford. Have you no
heard concerning the round towers of Oxi
which are stacks of grain, and of the herds
black bulls which feed fatly on her mead
lands? Then it is small knowledge you have
this Dominion and the bright fortunes of t
people.

Others have joined our chorus who are fr
mailed Quebec, which is the eye of Canada; fr
Montreal, whose traffickers are among the hono
able of the earth, and from Niagara, where, w
subtle cur'ring, men have bridled Neptune, t
Lord of Waters, and have made his trident in
one of fire.

These courtly and free-handed fellows ha
hailed from Toronto. Beautiful Toronto ! t
city of work and play. I like well its state
homes and its women with honey-throated voice