

these undying memories, all this sublime poetry, all these enchantments of nature did not take the place in my heart of Canada, my Fatherland, which I have never ceased to regard with enthusiasm and admiration.

What nation can boast of a purer or more glorious origin? May the future of Canada be worthy of its noble past. May charity, true charity, reign among all our citizens as among the children of the same mother. Let us have none of those intestine divisions which enfeeble us,—none of those unhappy jealousies capable of compromising the most sacred interests.”

Our fathers' battle-cries are hushed,  
The ancient feuds are gone ;  
Canadians now and brothers,  
With God we're marching on.  
With spears to ploughshares beaten,  
The furrowed land is won.  
Through bannered fields of waving corn  
In peace we're marching on.  
The North wind through the pine woods  
Swells out our pæan song,