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Lightly Weave The Wheaten Garland.

Lightly weave the wheaten garland for the brow of one we love,
With it twine the gracious maple touch'd with light from Heaven above,
Crown Our Lady all resplendent with those symbols of her power,
Wheat and maple softly blending, as her own and rightful dower!
Canada reveals new visions, but there's none of all more sweet
Than the plainsmen busy gleaning 'mid her boundless fields of wheat.

Fair and stately shone the pageant when King Solomon, array'd
In his glory, welcomed Sheba's queen with all her cavalcade;
New and dazzling was the splendor when those feudal kings of old,
Brilliant human suns of glory, lit that field—"the cloth of gold!"
Yet our tired eyes turn gladly now a fairer scene to greet,
'Tis the plainsmen busy gleaning 'mid the boundless fields of wheat.

Ah! the better day is breaking!—now the earth a shadow flings
Like the phantom of old Sorrow on those revels of her kings,
For their diamonds and pearls sought in desert, pit and flood,
Speak of tears of bitter agony, bear yet the trace of blood;
While 'tis ours to sing of freedom, never slave with fetter'd feet,
Pining, breath'd a sigh to Heaven from our boundless fields of wheat.

Wealth appears in forms protean, wearing still a new disguise,
Flying far when need is sorest, bringing oft a glad surprise,
Stealing now in shape alluring from the wood, the sea, the mine,
Yet if ever out of Eden she has worn a form divine,
'Twas when sprang in Manitoba, all with magic power replete,
Blessed earnest of our future, that first ripen'd stalk of wheat.

All its need was loving nurture: finding that the harvest grew
'Neath the sunny smile of morning, 'neath the touch of starry dew,
Till young Canada, enraptur'd at the radiance of the gleam,
Mused amid the golden glory of the promise of her dream;
If 'tis thus so bright and early while the night and morning meet,
Noon shall see the nations feasting on the gleanings of our wheat!

Scarce uplifted is the curtain to display the rolling plains
Conquer'd by a stalwart people having freedom in their veins,
Having freedom in their veins as the peaceful scene unrolls,
Having freedom in their veins which inspireth mighty souls,
Mighty souls that, high and holy, as Time's throbbing pulses beat,
Praise their God, the Lord Almighty, for the blessings of the wheat.

Lightly weave the wheaten garland for the brow of one we love,
With it twine the gracious maple, touch'd with light from Heaven above,
Crown Our Lady all resplendent with those symbols of her power,
Wheat and maple softly blending, as her own and rightful dower;
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ROBERT ELLIOTT. faith.

The Land of Promise and Fulfilment.

Canada has suddenly swung out into the world's great current on one of those tidal waves of progress that come betimes to nations. In a measure overshadowed by the magnitude and splendid development of the United States during the couple of hundred years just passed away (though last year her total trade was about double that of the Republic per head of population), it remained for the dawn of the 20th century to disclose to the world the greatness of her natural resources and to realize within herself as she has never done before the birth-throbs of national life and activity. With an area greater than that of the United States, and but little less than that of all Europe, with vast stretches of fertile land yet unoccupied, with a healthful climate, with waterways capable of carrying the commerce of the world, with great lakes and streams teeming with fish, with practically illimitable timber and mineral wealth, with a moral, intelligent and self-reliant people, forty-five per cent. of whom are engaged in agriculture, Canada is destined to become one of the chief food-producing and industrial centers of the world. Every enterprise is making marvellous strides. Since Confederation our total trade has increased from \$131,000,000 to nearly \$424,000,000, and the volume, according to the latest trade and navigation returns, is still rapidly increasing. For the last fiscal year, out of a total of \$211,640,286 exports, over \$107,000,000 was from the farms, going chiefly to Great Britain. The "great trek" Canadaward of population and capital will cause this development to continue. To their touch nature will yield up her resources. All that is needed is facilities to bear them to the world on terms that leave the toiler a fair return for his skill and industry. The genius of a nation-building seer flung one railway across the Dominion and more are coming to discover wheat, cattle, timber and ore beyond the dreams of avarice. Since 1881 our railway mileage has increased from 7,260 to 18,139, while passengers, freight and earnings have tripled. Another fleet of steamers will plow the Western Ocean, and we shall see an adequate Atlantic service from Canada to Great Britain, and the eastern termini of our railways at Canadian ports. Canada is British, and vital to the Empire's being. We are on the great highway to the unnumbered millions of China and Japan now quickening into life, and the new British Australian Commonwealth. Cy Warman, the popular American author, who makes his home under the honest blue of Canadian skies, contributing for our colored frontispiece, with poetic vision discerns in our golden sunsets the bright augury of a golden day now dawning, and sees "the maiden Empire making the mother Empire's bread." Let us be true to our traditions, true to Canada, and true to the motherland of liberty, intelligence and