

On our Canadian strand,
By dark Detroit, Niagara Falls,
And by the Lake Champlain,
Our country to her heroes calls,
Her summons not in vain.

This land where Christian martyrs preached,
Where saints and heroes died,
For noblest cause that man has reached,
That of the Crucified.
The land where French and English fought
For stern Supremacy
With blood our heritage was bought
From sounding sea to sea.

And where the brave Sir Isaac Brock
The foreign foe defied,
And rushing to the battle shock,
At Queenston greatly died.
Where great Niagara's thunder call
Shall chant his battle hymn,
Until the stars from heaven fall
And the great sun grows dim.

Majestic Miramichi

To-night the moon rose in her greatest glory,
The splendid stream swept swiftly to the sea,
I thought upon the martyrs' mournful story,
Beside thy banks, majestic Miramichi.

Of those who perished in the fearful fire,
Or sleep the last sad sleep afar from thee,
Their dying dream to be, their dear desire,
Beside thy banks, majestic Miramichi.

The blue Rhine revels in romantic splendor,
The dark blue Danube brings strange dreams to
me,
But dearer far, more sadly sweet and tender,
Thy banks of bloom, majestic Miramichi.

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