

The Cry thou couldst not understand,  
 Which runs through that new realm of light,  
 From Breton's to Vancouver's strand  
 O'er many a lovely landscape bright,  
 It is their waking utterance grand,  
 The great refrain "A NATIVE LAND!"—  
 Thine be the ear, the sight.

We have preferred to let our Canadian poets speak for themselves, rather than to spend time in mousing for faults. That they are perfect we do not claim; but we trust that Canadian readers will give them such generous recognition, that Canadian literature may receive that encouragement at home that it has in large degree heretofore had to seek abroad.

#### THE DIVINE CALL.

TO-DAY, to-morrow, evermore,  
 Through cheerless nights without a star,  
 Not asking whither or how far,  
 Rejoicing though the way be sore,  
     Take up thy cross  
     And follow Me!

Though some there be who scorn thy choice,  
 And tempting voices bid thee stay—  
 To day while it is called to-day,  
 If thou wilt hearken to My voice,  
     Take up thy cross  
     And follow Me!

I cannot promise wealth or ease,  
 Fame, pleasure, length of days, esteem;  
 These things are vainer than they seem.  
 If thou canst turn from all of these,  
     Take up thy cross  
     And follow Me!

I promise only perfect peace,  
 Sweet peace that lives through years of strife,  
 Immortal hope, immortal life,  
 And rest when all these wanderings cease:  
     Take up thy cross  
     And follow Me!

My yoke is easy; put it on!  
 My burden very light to bear.  
 Who shareth this my crown shall share—  
 On earth the cross, in heaven the crown:  
     Take up thy cross  
     And follow Me!

—*The Quiver.*