

No less he worships where some Western throng
 Of pioneers moves sturdily along
 The hurrying, half-built streets of plains he knew
 When buffalo ranged round all the circling blue.

There every face declares some inward tune
 Of Hope and Happiness at plenilune,
 The eyes shine keen, on Enterprise intent,
 As if that every west-Canadian meant
 To realise some visionary State
 Surpassing good, and glorious, and great.
 So strode, be sure, the Viking race of old,
 Elate though arduous, kind and shrewd and bold,
 Scanning the future, as they faced the gale,
 With no misgivings lest their strength should fail,
 Assured the World was made for them who DO,
 And God would see his active children through.

He did, by Heaven, and still our kin fare forth
 Beneath all galaxies of South and North,
 Degenerate only where, by vested Wrong,
 The money-mongers crowd, and rot, the throng.
 Give them but land and air, then not the best
 Of all the broods that flew the ancient nest
 More pleased the Allfather by their works and ways
 Than His adventurers of the latter days.

In treble ribbons see the prairie run
 Black from their plowshares in the westering sun,
 Whose shine the yearning sod-hut settler sees
 Gild children's wealthy roofs through future trees,
 And, patient joyful, deems the vision fair,
 Which his own eyes may never witness there.

Behold rude hamlets, every one with School,
 With Church, with Council-hall for lawful rule,
 The wind-bronzed, hard-hand Fathers giving free