

CANADA'S RESOURCES.

Small Scotland nobly held its own
Against the might of England's throne,
And shall this land with its vast bounds
Shrink with fear ere the trumpet sounds.

While British blood doth course each vein,
Proudly this heritage maintain,
With fertile acres by the billions,
Future homes for two hundred millions.

Each son could have a fertile farm,
Brave men who ne'er will feel alarm,
And they have both the nerve and skill
To work land with a right good will.

And she has got within her shores
Renowned mines of many ores,
While her furnaces and forges
Iron in useful shape disgorges.

Her mighty forests they do yield
Lumber, her cities for to build,
But her wealth is not in these alone,
She has great quarries too of stone.

Industry it here doth bloom,
And skilful wels come from each loom,
One of great nations under sun,
A mightier race it yet will run.

For with the Anglo-Saxon race
No other people can keep pace,
Here they have room for to expand
Into a nation mighty grand.