

And make the desert blossom as the rose ;
From north to south, from east to west
to be

Offspring of England's Law and Liberty !
Behold the task our fathers had begun,
Through toil and strife and dangers nobly
run,

Behold ! the task, the glorious task is
done !

The Lilies of Old France are just as fair :
Though lost to sight, their fragrance still
is there—

The Red Cross beckons ever in the van,

The hope of earth, the steadfast friend
of man.

Beneath its folds a serried people stand
In true and pure allegiance, heart and
hand ;

One, from stern Fundy's deep arterial
tide

To where the Great Lakes spread their
waters wide ;

One where the Rocky Mountains proudly
soar ;

One still upon the far Pacific shore ;
One people,—to be sundered nevermore !

OUR COUNTRY.

O beautiful, our country !
Be thine a nobler care
Than all thy wealth of commerce,
Thy harvests waving fair ;
Be it thy pride to lift up
The manhood of the poor ;
Be thou to the oppressed
Fair Freedom's open door !

For thee our fathers suffered,
For thee they toiled and prayed ;
Upon thy holy altar
Their willing lives they laid.

Thou hast no common birthright,
Grand memories on thee shine ;
The blood of pilgrim nations
Commingling flows in thine.

O beautiful, our country !
Round thee in love we draw ;
Thine be the grace of Freedom,
The majesty of Law.
Be Righteousness thy sceptre,
Justice thy diadem ;
And on thy shining forehead
Be Peace the crowning gem.

AFRICA.

BY M. ANNIE FOSKETT.

O Africa beloved, for thy sake
Our England wakes to-day to travail sore,
Her regal brow white with her anguished pain,
While enemies aglow with hate and ire
All breathless watch, eager to see her die.

O Africa, land of the stream and palm,
Our country gives her manhood's strength for thee,
Pours forth for thee the life-blood of her sons,
Even that thou mayst rise—thou who so long
Hast lain sore bleeding 'neath the tyrant's heel ;
Thy swarthy sons, heirs of thy golden soil,
Treading their own fair hills as aliens tread,
Till each green mound becomes their Calvary.

But lift thy head, for Liberty draws near ;
The Angel of thy years that are to be,
O Africa, thy shackles soon shall fall,
And thou shalt breathe God's air and feel His sun,
As children glad, or spirits God-beloved ;
While for the land that gave her heart's rich life
That thy yoke might be broken, there shall be
The rising of a Sun which shall not set,
For clash of arms—joy songs of victory,
For while at Afric's side brave England stands,
Lo ! behind thee, dear Land, there stands the Christ.