

Northern Messenger

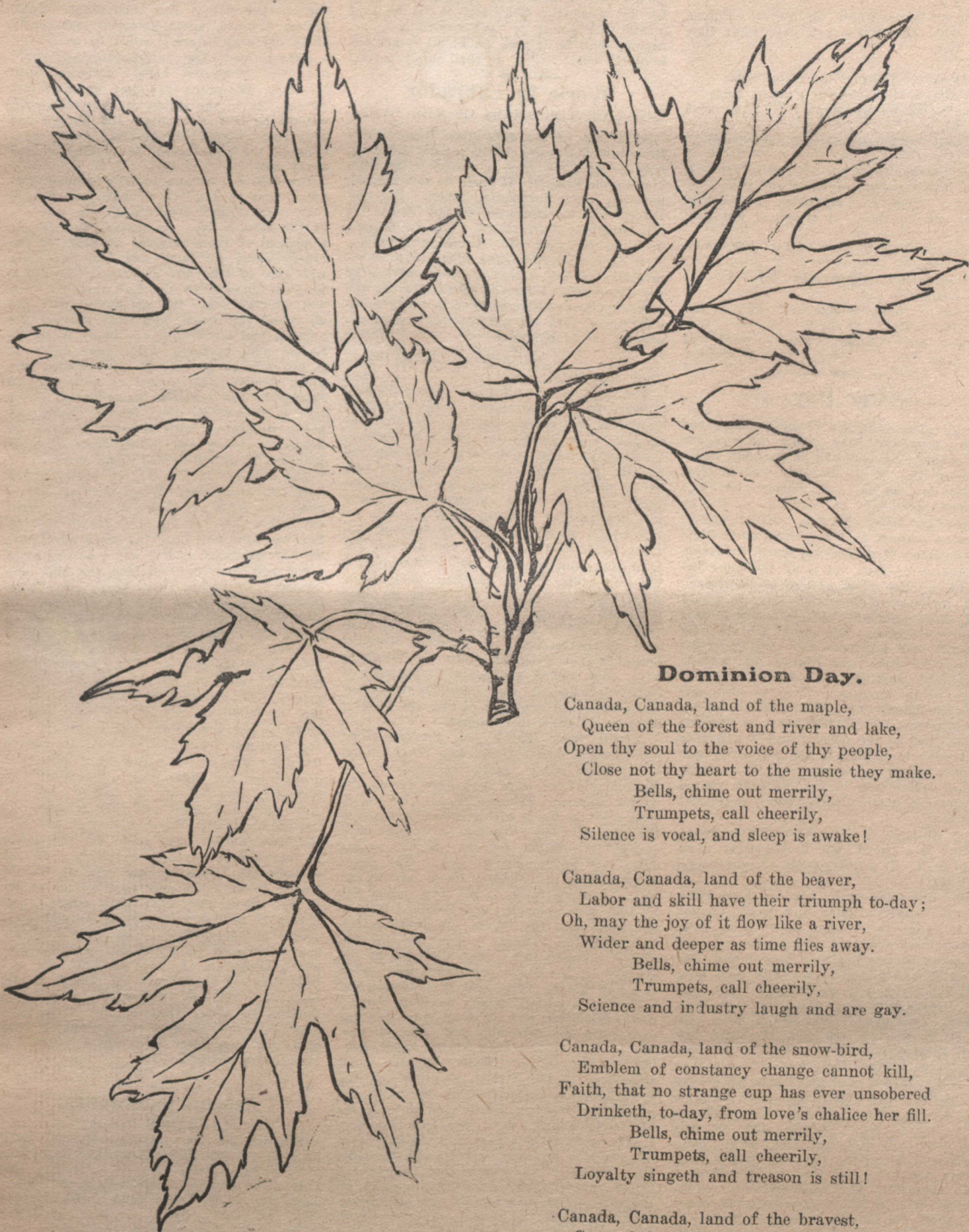
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'The "Northern Messenger" is a marvel for the price.'—Archibald Lee, Grenville, Que.



Dominion Day.

Canada, Canada, land of the maple,
Queen of the forest and river and lake,
Open thy soul to the voice of thy people,
Close not thy heart to the music they make.
Bells, chime out merrily,
Trumpets, call cheerily,
Silence is vocal, and sleep is awake!

Canada, Canada, land of the beaver,
Labor and skill have their triumph to-day;
Oh, may the joy of it flow like a river,
Wider and deeper as time flies away.
Bells, chime out merrily,
Trumpets, call cheerily,
Science and industry laugh and are gay.

Canada, Canada, land of the snow-bird,
Emblem of constancy change cannot kill,
Faith, that no strange cup has ever unsobered
Drinketh, to-day, from love's chalice her fill.
Bells, chime out merrily,
Trumpets, call cheerily,
Loyalty singeth and treason is still!

Canada, Canada, land of the bravest,
Sons of the war-path, and sons of the sea,
Land of no slave lash, to-day thou enslaveth
Millions of hearts with affection for thee.
Bells, chime out merrily,
Trumpets, call cheerily,
Let the sky ring with the shouts of the free.

—John Reade.