

Do we love  
fidelity, "still  
firm" which  
goodly land  
and plenty,  
Scotland to  
ting that in-  
made every  
of heroism?  
of domestic  
respect for  
ant's cottage  
than stand-  
not, then in  
e of freedom.  
ttles or Wal-  
as martyr or  
be free.  
ings? Look  
to west, and  
green, shel-  
mists of the

Atlantic, and laved by waters which no tyrant hand  
has yet subdued, mark the fair form of the young-  
est province of our great Dominion. Westward  
follow the march of empire, and whether it be where  
the Bay of Fundy breaks with incessant roar on  
two Provinces; or where the St. Lawrence sweeps  
with imperial majesty past the frowning bastions of  
Quebec; or where four lakes woo like jealous  
lovers the fair Province of Ontario; or where, bow-  
ing beneath the luxuriance of nodding corn-fields,  
Manitoba invites the halting emigrant; or where,  
looking towards the Orient, Columbia smiles amid  
her golden sands; is this not a land of wealth and  
beauty and glorious fruition? Has Scotland its syl-  
van lochs that shimmer in the sunshine and mirror  
the richness of heather and gorse and fir tree? And  
have we not lakes as beautiful as artist ever painted,  
or poet longed to see? Have Scotland's sons made  
their native land glorious by their heroic deeds?  
Then why should not we, who are the heirs to all  
the ages, and with Scottish blood in our veins to  
boot, make this land the home of independence, the