

CANADIAN POEMS AND LAYS. 7

No time nor distance can divide
What gentlest bonds have firmest tied ;
And this we fain would have thee know,
The which let none gainsay.
Nay rather, let the wide world hear
That we so far are yet so near,
That, come what may, in weal or woe,
Our hearts are one this day.

Thus late, when death's cold wings were spread,
And when the nation's eyes were dim,
We also bowed the stricken head,
We too the eloquent teardrops shed
In heartfelt grief for *him*.

When recent danger threatened near,
We nerved our hearts to play our part;
Not making boast, nor feeling fear ;
But as the news of insult spread
Were none to dally or to lag ;
For all the grand old Island spirit
Which Britain's chivalrous sons inherit
Was roused, and as one heart, one head,
We rallied round our flag.

And now as then unchanged, the same
Though filling each our separate spheres;
Thy joys, thy griefs, and thy good name
Are ours, and or in good or ill ;
Our pride of race we have not lost,
And aye it is our loftiest boast
That we are Britons still !
And in the gradual lapse of years