

Canada.

Thou of the sinewy North,
Standing alert in the dawn,
What will thy day issue forth
Ere it shall fade and be gone?

Aye, thou art stalwart and strong,
Yet, for the light of thy day,
Folksome the labor and long,
Countless the graves, by the way.

Nations whose glory hath fled,
Empires, now but a name
Traced in the dust of the dead,
Once were as proud of their fame.

They in the noon of their pride
Scaled the lone heights of renown,
Had their brief hour—and died—
Reaped not the fields they had sown.

Yet, not in vain was their toil,
Fruitless no seed hath been sown,
Pregnant it springs from the soil,
Ripens and scatters its own.

Thine are the limitless fields,
Golden with fruitage of time—
Thine be the wisdom that yields
Faith for a mission sublime.

Grant, when thy story be told,
Truly the pen may record,
Thine was the glory to hold
Steadfast the trust of the Lord.