

Not bays or broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-bred baseness wafts perfume to pride:
No, men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued,
In forest, brake or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the well-aimed blow;
And crush the tyrant as they rend the chain,—
These constitute a state,
And sovereign law that states collected will.
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits Empress crowning good, repressing ill."

It is independence and independence alone that will ever enable Canada to fulfil her destiny, to be the asylum for the oppressed and downtrodden-peoples of Europe—an asylum where, under their own vine and fig tree, they can live in the enjoyment of happiness and liberty, perpetuating British institutions down to the most remote generations.