

With best wishes from the Author.

CANADA

Out of the clouds on Time's horizon, dawneth the new Day, spacious
and fair:

White-winged over the world it shineth; wide-winged over the land
and sea.

Spectres and ghosts of battles and hatred flee at the touch of the morning
air:

Throned on the ocean, the new Sun ariseth; Darkness is over, we
wake, and are free.

Ages of ages guarded and tended mountain and water-fall, river and
plain,

Forests, that sighed with the sorrows of God in the infinite night
when the stars looked down,—

Guarded and tended with winter and summer, sword of lightning and food
of rain,

This, our Land, where the twin-born peoples, youngest of Nations,
await their crown.

Now, in the dawn of a Nation's glory, now, in the passionate youth of
Time,

Wide-thrown portals, infinite visions, splendours of knowledge,
dreams from afar,

Seas that toss in their limitless fury, thunder of cataracts, heights sub-
lime,

Mock us, and dare us, to do and inherit, to mount up as eagles and
grasp at the star.
