

from which opposing enemies would recoil, terror-stricken and dismayed. Circumstance was the master we obeyed. And it is thus with the genius that slumbers amongst us, and whose existence is unsuspected. Nothing is wanting but a motive of sufficient power to kindle the electric flame. And surely this need not be wanting. These countries must become great and enlightened, and rich in the adornments of civilized worlds. Their march is onward. When

"Peace, which late affrighted fled,  
Smiles round our homesteads,"

the perils which have encircled us, will be forgotten, or remembered only as the themes of tale and song, the lays of our minstrels will learn to perpetuate the happiness that reigns around the hearths of our

"Fearless peasantry, their country's pride,"

who so well know how to defend their homes, amid the perils of war, and to advance the prosperity and wealth of their country in peace.

We love to indulge in hopes of a brilliant future for these Colonies—the vigour of youth is in their veins—we know not why its enthusiasm should be unknown!

"Their sun is but rising, when others are set,"

The day will come, when they will occupy the position which their magnitude and importance claim. Let this be the aim of all—to advance the general prosperity of the country—to place it in a prominent position in the empire of which it is justly proud to form a portion—forgetting not our own ultimate dignity and interest, in a superabundant and unnecessary zeal for the Parent State, whose weal is jealously guarded by thousands who bestow scarcely a thought upon our existence. Nevertheless, we have no interests with which the glory of the ocean isles is not associated; and our proudest retrospections are of her queenly greatness. Her flag is our flag—her glory ours—and the heart among us, that can forget how much we owe to that magnificent country, is unworthy to bear a part in the certainly approaching greatness of his own.

We here take the liberty of submitting to our readers, the following

### CANADIAN MELODIES.

#### THE WOODMAN'S SONG.

Oh! here let my home be, where dark woods are wreathing

Their giant like arms with the cloud and the breeze,

Where flowers around sweetest odours are breathing,  
And liberty smiles on my cot 'mongst the trees;

And mine be the life of the fleet-footed rover,

Unquestioned my course over mountain and flood—  
With bold heart to follow the wolf to his cover

And wing the fleet shaft on its errand of blood.

I have heard of far lands, where the sun lingers sadly,  
And turns with regret to the scenes that it leaves,  
As a lover at parting, will gaze—oh! how madly,  
When rest from the shrine where his heart fondly cleaves:

But I ask not—I care not—what clime may be fairer  
Than this—there is none that more truly is dear,  
And though scenes there may be, to the eye that are rarer,

Could I choose from them all—still my home should be here.

'Tis the heart gives its hue to the "land that we dwell in,"

And bright though the sky of the stranger may be,  
While the warm tide of life in my bosom is swelling,  
My country—mine own—shall be fairest to me!  
Then, here let my home be, where dark woods are wreathing,

Their giant like arms on the wing of the breeze,  
Where flowers around sweetest odours are breathing,  
And liberty smiles on my cot 'mongst the trees.

#### THE WARRIOR'S FAREWELL TO HIS LADY LOVE.

I ask but a moment to bid thee farewell,

One fond kiss, and then, love, to horse and away!  
Oh! hark to the notes which triumphantly swell,

While a thousand hearts leap the proud call to obey:

Nay, cling not around me—for, though in thine arms,

Thus to linger forever, were Eden to me,  
I know thou wouldst spurn me, if e'en for thy charms,  
In an hour such as this, I a laggard should be.

I've oft dream'd of battle-won wreaths, but I ne'er,  
Felt hopes such as those which now throng in my breast,

And if heaven but smile, by thy beauty I swear  
To win my first leaf e'er the day goes to rest!

With thy love for my beacon, and glory my star,  
With honour to guide me—in liberty's name,  
With a flag that has swept o'er the nations afar,  
Its red-cross through ages the symbol of fame—

With comrades as true as the blades which they wield—

With a spirit whose yearnings have been for the fray—

With truth for mine armour, and justice my shield,  
Proud conquest must perch on our banners today.

Yet, dear as my hopes are, sweet girl, to my heart,  
And bright as the gay dream of glory may be,  
Did a thought of thee, weeping, come over my heart,  
My soul would turn recreant and fly back to thee!