

Yea, there by crag and moor she stands,
This Mother of half a world's great men,
And out of the heart of her haunted lands
She calls her children home again.

And over the glens and the wild sea floors
She peers so still as she counts her cost,
With the whaups low calling over the moors,
"Woe, woe, for the great ones she hath lost."
Ottawa, Canada.

WILFRED CAMPBELL.

THE CANADIAN

A thousand leagues from Plymouth shore,
In broader lands I saw the light.
I never heard the cannon roar
Or saw a mark of England's might;
Save that my people lived in peace,
Bronzed in the harvest sun,
And thought that tyranny would cease,
That battle-days were done.

*And still the flag of England
Streamed on a friendly breeze,
And twice two hundred ships of war
Went surging through the seas.*

I heard Polonius declaim
About the new, the golden age,
When Force would be the mark of shame
And men would curb their murderous rage.
"Beat out your swords to pruning hooks,"
He shouted to the folk.
But I—i read my history books
And marvelled as he spoke.

*For it was glorious England,
The mother of the Free,
Who loosed that foolish tongue, but sent
Her Admirals to sea.*

And liberty and love were ours,
Home, and a brood of lusty sons,
The long, North sunlight and the flow'rs.
How could we think about the guns,
The searchlights on a wintry cloud,
The seamen, stern and bold,
Since we were hurrying with the crowd
To rake the hills for gold?

*But it was glorious England
Who scanned the threatening morn.
To me the very name of her
Is like a bugle-horn.*

Toronto, Ont.

J. E. MIDDLETON.

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