

'The Colonials and the Flag*.'

(By Mrs. Keane.)

Approved by His Majesty the King.

Under the patronage of the Earl of Minto, former Governor-General, and of Earl Grey, present Governor-General of Canada.

(Recommended by the Superintendents and Ministers of Education for use in the Public Schools and other Educational Institutions of the Dominion.)

I.

Not the least were they of the Empire's hosts
When her need called her sons to fight
To maintain the freedom the old flag boasts—
The flag that has waved o'er chill Northlands
And plains 'neath the Southern Cross
That has glory won on desert sands
And isles 'round which oceans toss.
For the Empire's defenders, hurrah!
They have shown us once more how her heroes
fight
When the Old Flag unfurls, for honor and
right.

CHORUS.

And hurrah for the dear old Union Jack!
The flag of the brave and free,
May it never bulwarks or true hearts lack
To defend it by land or sea;
May it never be left to the weakling's hand
Who counsels surrender and ease,
But be guarded with honor on the land
And reign glorious on the seas.

II.

The flag that has taught through blood and
tears.
The lessons freedom decrees,
The flag 'that has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze.'
The flag that tyrants and wrongs defied
That with precious blood is stained,
Men who bravely dared and nobly died
For the rights that that flag maintained.
For the Empire's defenders, hurrah!
They have shown us once more how her heroes
fight
When the Old Flag unfurls, for honor and
right.

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'Dominion Day.'

(The Rev. W. T. Gunn, in Speech made to
Congregational Union, June, 1904.)

Awed by the greatness of the Motherland
of mighty history and empire, surpassed by
the greater growth of our older sister, the
United States, we Canadians have taken our
joy in our National Birthday in somewhat
shamefaced fashion.

We do well to love the Motherland,

'For we have British hearts and British blood,
That leap up, eager, when the danger calls!
Once and again, our sons have sprung to arms
To fight in Britain's quarrel. . .

Nor do we ask but for the right to keep
Unbroken, still, the cherished filial tie
That binds us to the distant sea-girt isle
Our fathers loved and taught their sons to
love,

As the dear home of free men, brave and true.

Yet there awakes in the joyous young life
of the Dominion the consciousness that Can-
ada

'Though daughter in her mother's house,
Is mistress in her own.'

and in the dawning knowledge of our land
and ourselves find something to be gladly proud

of even in comparison with the United States,
and see

'Here, in Canadian hearth and home and name
The name which yet shall grow
Till all the nations know
Us for a patriot people, heart and hand
Loyal to our native earth, our own Canadian
land.'

But to love our land we must know it. One
of the grandest figures in history is that of
Abraham the 'seer,' to whom God promised a
country, who left his old homeland and by
faith looked for the land as it was, and saw
it as it was to be, the place of the King of
Kings, and a blessing to all nations. We, too,
need in these young days of our land to be
'seers,' men and women who can see the great-
ness of the land God has given us and the
greatness of his plans for it, and who by
faith can give themselves to the realization of
his mighty purposes.

Take out your map,—a world map! Then
lift up your eyes and look! See that the
Kingdom—Empire—Republic of France could
be set down in our Province of Quebec and
still leave room. See that Germany could be
placed within our Province of Ontario and
not fill it. See that Russia, European Russia,
could be put in our North-West, and even then
be bolstered in with all sorts of petty king-
doms. See that the other kingdoms could be
put in our other provinces east and west, and
still there would be room, for Turkey could
be put in the waters of our great lakes and
be brought up again with a purer administra-
tion. Now, do you see that in that strange
world-wide word 'Dominion,' with its pro-
vinces, we have a Continent of Kingdoms.
For Canada is as large as all Europe, and our
Provinces are as their proudest kingdoms.

And such a land! Watered by the Lord
our God with gloriously clear and strong riv-
ers, whose mountains are gold and iron, and
whose hills are copper. Whose boundaries are
the oceans and from the river to the ends
of the earth. Rich with the fisheries of both
coasts, with vast forests waving to the wind,
praisies golden with the finest of wheat.
What does it all mean? Look again! See
that we have land enough capable when un-
der cultivation of supplying Great Britain
with grain sixty times over. See the great
inland valleys hardly yet touched, that of the
Saskatchewan alone having been estimated as
capable of supporting a population of over two
hundred million.

Look again! See that from west to east
our land is in the temperate zone, where the
climate helps most to breed strong races, and
forever keeps from us the great problem of a
mixed people and a colored population.

Look again, and be glad that you can say
this is a law-abiding land and that since our
flag has floated upon it there has never been
an Indian war and never the stain of a 'lynch-
ing.' Let us keep it so.

It is a land that freemen till,
That sober suited Freedom chose;
The land where, girt with friends or foes,
A man may speak the thing he will.'

Look once more upon the map, and this time
listen to the trampling of many feet. Last
year there came into our land 130,000 people,
and of these 30,000 were the pick of the far-
mers of the North-Western States. Do you
see what that means? The tide has turned
our way. Last century the United States be-
gan with 5,000,000, and ended with 90,000,000.
We begin this century with 5,000,000. Where
shall we end? For they come quicker now
than they did then. Where our grandfathers

took from six weeks to three months to cross
the ocean, they come in six days. The tide
flows faster than it did a century ago. Hail
to them all! There is room as they bring each
their contribution to our national life:

'The English honor, nerve and pluck, the
Scotman's love of right;
The grace and courtesy of France, the Irish
fancy bright.
The Saxon's faithful love of Home, and Home's
affections blest;
And, chief of all, our holy faith, of all our
treasures best,
A people poor in pomp and state, but rich in
noble deeds,
Holding that righteousness exalts the people
that it leads.'

And when this coming people shall have fill-
ed this land, what shall our Dominion be
among the nations? As Sir Wilfrid Laurier
says: 'I have faith in my country.'

But there is more to come. This time look
upon your map with history in hand, and,
as Tennyson said:

'Love thou thy land with love far brought
From out the storied past and used
Within the present but transfused
Thro' future time by power of thought.'

Follow with beating heart those dauntless
French explorers, Marquette, De la Salle,
Champlain, as they ascend rivers and open
the continent. Hear the ice crashing as the
Saxon stock flings itself upon the North and
Hudson, Baffin, Frobisher and Franklin leave
their lives and names with our land.

See those brave Jesuit Fathers, Brebeuf,
Lallemand and Daniel, as they suffer martyr-
dom rather than desert their flocks. Time
would fail to tell of Madeline de Verchères,
Madame de la Tour, Daulac des Ormeaux and
the heroes of the 'old régime.' Pass on
with Montcalm, Wolfe and Brock to newer
days, and remember that while it becomes us
to rejoice that in the War of Independence the
United States, led by men of British birth
and descent, fought for liberty, and won it
gloriously for England and for us as for them-
selves, that when having forgotten this, they
in turn strove to conquer us in Canada, to
take from us the liberty they sought for them-
selves, they were most gloriously beaten. As
was indeed well both for them and for us; and
Lundy's Lane, and Queenston Heights, and
Chateauguay have a story to tell that we and
all true lovers of freedom may rejoice in.
Yes, look at the map and see that the only
nation in the world that ever came out on
top of the United States was our Canada, a
distinction that is, we hope, to be our's alone
for centuries to come.

So there you see what lies hidden in the
words 'Dominion Day,' and what forces and
possibilities sprang into national life on July
1, 1867.

God is building here a nation upon a glor-
ious foundation, the ground plan larger than
any of the Empires of old, a continent in it-
self. The tide of people flows in faster and
faster. What shall the nation so builded be?

'The strength of a nation is the character
of the average citizen.' In all love and loy-
alty, in all pride and brotherhood, with all
courage and patience, we under God must
see to that. A great land with a greater fu-
ture worthy of a great love and greater sacri-
fice.

'Long may Canadians bear thy name
In unity and pride.
Their progress, like thy rushing streams,
Roll a resistless tide;
Their heart be tender as the flowers