

Methodist Magazine and Review.

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CANADA: ITS HISTORY AND DESTINY.*

A METRICAL STORY.

BY CHARLES CAMPBELL.



Free from all ancient wrongs, this un-
stained land
Falls first, O France! into thy fostering
hand,
While yet thy faith is pure, thy courage
high,
Ere coming ills have dwarfed thy destiny.
Deal wisely, kindly, with thy fair estate;
Send noblest sons to guide its infant fate;
Let Law and Virtue rule thy spirits bold.
And sink not justice in the greed for gold!
So, when thine ancient foe shall take thy
place,

* We have pleasure in presenting here-
with somewhat copious extracts from a
noble poem, on Canada and its History, by
Charles Campbell, of St. John, N.B. Mr.
Campbell entitles his poem: "Canada, A
Metrical Story." It takes a survey of our
country from the earliest times down to the
integration of the seven provinces in the
new Dominion. The sustained eloquence,
the noble ideals, the felicitous phrasing and
poetical spirit of this "story" will be ap-
parent to all our readers from the quota-
tions which we make. This poem has been
very daintily printed by our Publishing
House, in a white and gold-bound booklet,
which is sold for the nominal price of twenty-
five cents. We can conceive of few more
beautiful souvenirs of the natal day of our
Dominion than this dainty booklet.—Ed.

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Thine olden blood may blend, by God's
good grace,
With hers to glorify the future race!

Saxon and Gaul their mighty task pursue,
To conquer Nature with a chosen few;
O'er unknown hills, by unknown streams
to press

Their puny might against the wilderness!
Wild beast and wilder man their wand'-
rings haunt;

Death journeys, side by side, their souls
to daunt;

The unseen death,—or else the dreadful
stake:

No horror can their steadfast courage
shake:

Unknown and unnamed heroes of the past!
What guerdon did ye look for at the last,—
What hope induced so stern a venture cast?

These deal, in fitful blow and swift retreat,
With France entrenched within her north-
ern seat;

And lend their aid with sword and torch
to scar

The forest-girdled hamlets, near and far.
Behind they leave the widow's deep dis-
tress

And helpless sorrows of the fatherless,
While stern reprisal gilds the gathering
gloom

And lights with triumph e'en their vic-
tims' tomb!

So ebbs and flows, through full a century's
flight,

The bloody current of the doubtful fight,
Till England wakes to prove her sternest
might!

Yet seems it hopeless mortal might can
win

The lofty keep that shuts thy bravest in;
Sheer to the wave, at awful depth below,
The trusted rock confronts the dreaded
foe!

Well may a new-born hope thy spirit cheer
As moon succeeds to moon with nought
to fear