



THE Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine.

REGISTERED IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE COPYRIGHT ACT OF 1875.

LONDON, ONT., AND WINNIPEG, MAN., DECEMBER 15, 1903.

VOL. XXXVIII. NO. 588.

An Ode for the Canadian Confederacy.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

*Awake, my country, the hour is great with change!
*Under this gloom which yet obscures the land,
From ice-blue strait and stern Laurentian range
To where giant peaks our western bounds command,
A deep voice stirs, vibrating in men's ears
As if their own hearts throbbed that thunder forth,
A sound wherein who hearkens wisely hears
The voice of the desire of this strong North,—
This North whose heart of fire
Yet knows not its desire
Clearly, but dreams, and murmurs in the dream.
The hour of dreams is done. Lo, on the hills the gleam!*

*Awake, my country, the hour of dreams is done!
Doubt not, nor dread the greatness of thy fate.
Tho' faint souls fear the keen, confronting sun,
And fain would bid the morn of splendor wait;
Tho' dreamers, rapt in starry visions, cry,
"Lo, yon thy future, yon thy faith, thy fame!"
And stretch vain hands to stars, thy fame is nigh,
Here in Canadian hearth, and home, and name;—
This 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!*

*O strong hearts, guarding the birthright of our glory,
Worth your best blood this heritage that ye guard!
Those mighty streams resplendent with our story,
These iron coasts by rage of seas unjarred,—
What fields of peace these bulwarks well secure!
What vales of plenty those calm floods supply!
Shall not our love this rough, sweet land make sure,
Her bounds preserve inviolate, though we die?
O strong hearts of the North,
Let flame your loyalty forth,
And put the craven and base to an open shame,
Till earth shall know the Child of Nations by her name!*

Canada.

*But thou, my Country, dream not thou!
Wake, and behold how night is done,—
How on thy breast, and o'er thy brow,
Bursts the uprising sun!*

*NOTE.—Mr. Roberts, who ranks easily among the foremost Canadian authors of the present day, in a recent letter to the "Farmer's Advocate," in reply to an enquiry regarding the second line of the above poem, which was written some time ago, says: "I used to feel that a speedy change was needed—that our colonial position was not tolerable! And I was harassed, not only by a dread of annexation, but by my own doubts as to whether we should look to independence or imperial federation. Now I am so convinced that federation is our destiny that I hardly understand the 'gloom'." Following the ode we give the concluding stanza of another poem, entitled "Canada," by Mr. Roberts, which is singularly appropriate to the design of our colored front cover.—EDITOR.