



XXVI.

The Lilies of Old France are just as fair ;
Though lost to sight, their fragrance still is there—
The Red Cross beckons ever in the van,
The hope of earth, the steadfast friend of man.
Beneath its folds a serried people stand
In true and pure allegiance, heart and hand ;
One, from stern Fundy's deep arterial tide
To where the Great Lakes spread their waters wide ;
One where the Rocky Mountains proudly soar ;
One still upon the far Pacific shore ;
One people,—to be sundered nevermore !

