

THE OUTSTRETCHED HAND.

MUST Finland fall as Poland fell
And all the world look coldly on,
Shall Russian breath, like blasts from hell,
Blight every flower it blows upon?

The champions of freedom stand
With sword-arm busily engaged,
Is there no power to raise a hand,
Though hearts are crushed and rights outraged?

The grasping greed of heartless men
Defeats its ends by tyranny;
"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,"
And Finnish patriots shall be free.

But travellers, groping midst the storm,
See not the wealth that lines its hem.
And we, whose fire-sides glow warm,
Should open up our homes to them.

Here lie broad fields of virgin soil
That bask beneath the sun's warm gleam;
Where plenty blesses honest toil,
And freedom reigns,—all but supreme.

Then come to our Canadian home,
You true and tried of Finnish race;
A million exiles cease to roam,
Enamoured of this happy place.

