

wilderness of a century since, to let in light and heat, and although their descendant, after so many decades, may find that "wilderness blossoming as the rose," it is scarcely a stretch of the imagination to conceive that a representative of loyal races hears in the hospitable words that greet him the echoes of their axes and feels, in the welcome extended to him, the genial warmth of their camp-fires after the travail of the journey.

GOD SAVE THE PRESIDENT—GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

One hundred years are fled ;
Victors and vanquished dead,
They sleep serene ;
Kim, once asunder rent,
Lift now our banners blent ;
God save the President !
God save the Queen !

One heritage of blood,
Speech, liberty, and God—
With conscience clean—
Rule of the world is meant !
Lift then our banners blent ;
God save the President !
God save the Queen !

When wounded lay its chief,
And prostrate in its grief
This land was seen—
What love on lightning sent !
Lift then our banners blent !
God save the President !
God save the Queen !

New bind the severed chain,
Let love forever reign,
These lands between,
Each with his fame content,
Lift high our banners blent ;
GOD SAVE THE PRESIDENT !
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN !

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