

CANADA, BE GLAD

(The opening of the King Edward Sanatorium for Consumptives, near Weston, Aug. 28, 1907.)

O CANADA, be glad, be glad !

Behold yon light—

A radiance tender draweth nigh,

A glory stealeth o'er the sky,

Dispelling night.

Dark, dark and long hath been the night,

O'er all the land,

To many daughters dear to thee,

Pale-veiled in wasting mystery

None understand.

A sweet girl graces yonder home,

Her cheek health-red ;

The pale king comes and silent stoops,

He breathes on her, the fair rose droops,

And she is dead.