

other route. A ceaseless stream of traffic already throbs along this iron artery of commerce, enriching with its life-blood all the land. Great cities, famed as marts of trade throughout the world, shall stand thick along this highway of the nations; and the names of their merchant-princes shall be "familiar as household words" in the bazaars of Yokohama and Hong Kong, Calcutta and Bombay. A new England, built up by British enterprise and industry—a worthy offspring of that great mother of nations, whose colonies girdle the globe—shall hold the keys of the Pacific Sea, and rejuvenate the effete old nations of China and Japan. And across the broad continent a great, free and happy people shall dwell beneath the broad banner of Britain, perpetuating Christian institutions and British laws and liberties, let us hope, to the end of time.

I find no more fitting close of these pages than the following patriotic aspiration by a Canadian poet, who hides his identity under the initials "A. C." :—

Canada! Maple-land! Land of great mountains!
 Lake-land and river-land! Land 'twixt the seas!
 Grant us, God, hearts that are large as our heritage,
 Spirits as free as the breeze!

Grant us Thy fear that we walk in humility,—
 Fear that is rev'rent—not fear that is base;—
 Grant to us righteousness, wisdom, prosperity,
 Peace—if unstained by disgrace.

Grant us Thy love and the love of our country;
 Grant us Thy strength, for our strength's in Thy name;
 Shield us from danger, from every adversity,
 Shield us, oh Father, from shame!

Last born of nations! The offspring of freedom!
 Heir to wide prairies, thick forests, red gold!
 God grant us wisdom to value our birthright,
 Courage to guard what we hold!

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