

We can, and do, as loyal Canadian Nationalists, sincerely and conscientiously join with Tennyson in patriotic harmony, and say,

"To all the loyal hearts who long
To keep our English Empire whole,
To all our noble Sons, the strong
New England of the Southern Pole;
To England under Indian Skies,
To those dark millions of her realm,
To Canada, whom we love and prize,
Whatever statesmen hold the helm.
Hands all around,
God, the traitors' hope confound,
To this great name of England, drink, my friends,
And all her glorious Empire, round and round."

