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CANADA, THE LAND WE LOVE.

(The following lines were written by a graduate of Victoria University some years ago, but have never before been published. No wathier tribute to our beloved country has ever been penned.)

LAND of our birth! Land of our proudest hopes!
Fair Canada, we love thee well. And were
It ours to weave a brighter wreath than queen
Or victor ever wore, that garland should
Be thine. The roseate tints of dawn are on
Thy cheeks; and in thy floating robes are caught
The beams of early morn! Behind thee, lies
The darkness of the night! Before thee, opes
The growing brightness of a cloudless day!

Our land is young. Its wave-washed shores are clad
In primal freshness still. We wander not
'Mid ruined fanes, and ivy-crested towers,
And storied castles gray with dust of years;
We tread not on a soil whereon we trace
The steps of heroes of the olden time;
Nor seek we in the dead and buried past
For deeds to shed o'er us the light of fame—
There is a greatness truer than the meed
Of poor renown we borrow from the dead;
A being nobler than the aimless life
That feeds itself on glory not its own—
And the fair genius of our youthful land
With look of hope and open joyous brow,
Is bending towards the glory-laden fane
That beckon onward to undying fame.

We dwell not in a clime where summer flowers
Bloom fadeless through the live-long year, and where
From spicy groves a breathing fragrance fills
The soft voluptuous air. And, yet, we love
The changing seasons of our sterner North:
We love our Winter, with its greeting wild,
Its haughty step, and reign of kingly pride;
There's beauty in its sparkling robe of snow;
And rarest splendor in its midnight stars,
And in the Aurora's crimson flags that wave
And flutter in the wond'ring sky. And when
From their long sleep the violets wake, they lift
Their heads, and look on us with brighter eyes,
And earth puts on a fresher green, and birds
Break forth in sweeter song, to welcome back
The advent of the smiling Spring. And though
Our summer days be few, their golden gleams
Are caught by purpling fruit, and flower, and fields
Of waving grain, and treasured as an offering
Unto Autumn—the Summer's votive gift
Of sun and shower, bound in ripened sheaves.
Rare beauties, too, are ours, and emblems proud
Of our young country's greatness and her strength.
How joyously the glancing sunbeams fall
On our bright lakes, that glitter 'mid the green,
Embow'ring hills, as if, in wanton mood,
Nature had flung her jewelled mirror down,
And left its shining fragments scattered where

They fell! How grandly toward the arching sky
Our rugged mountains rear their fearless heads!
How free our giant forests lift to winds
And tempests their unshackled arms! How deep
And full of solemn mystery the thoughts
That roll their inspiration o'er us while
We gaze upon the dark, unfathomed waves
Of inland seas! or listen to the grand,
Majestic flow of our broad rivers, as
They sweep in eager haste to greet their sisters
In their childhood's early home! How the bowed soul
Grows hushed and rev'rent, while we stand upon
The awful chasm, where, through the countless years,
Niagara's thund'rous anthem rolls to Heaven
Our country's ceaseless litany of praise!
And other eyes than ours have seen how fair
And full of promise is our land; and from
Far realms beyond the sea, brave, struggling hearts,
That wearied of their ill-requited toil
And hopeless, burdened life, have come, self exiled,
To our shores, and found new friends, a freer home,
And happier lot. Not bonded serfs, but men
And brothers here we bid them "Hail!" and on
The sloping hill-side leading up to wealth
And fame, we make them room. Here, e'en the sons
Of toil may rise and stand up proudly 'mong
Their fellow-men, owing no master save
The God in Heaven, no law except the law
Which bids them live as worthy of their freedom.

O youthful land, we look on thee with pride!
Our love, our loyalty are thine! And till
The hour shall come to render by our deeds
A service nobler than our words can pay,
This wreath, too poor to deck thy brow, we fling
In grateful tribute at thy feet; and yield
Our glad allegiance in these parting words:
Fair Empress of a broad domain, bright is
The bow of hope that o'er thy pathway bends,
And beautiful the flushing beams of light
That gild thy future with their glorious hues!
Above thee, in the clear blue depths of Heaven
Behold thy star of empire rise and burn,
Far splendoring the darkened world below,
And heralding thine own swift course to fame.
Arise, bright Queen, and in the mighty march
Of time assume thy foremost place. Fling forth
Upon the tossing winds thy red cross flag!
Gird on the sword by which to triumph o'er
The dark and serried ranks of wrong! Maintain
Thy freedom and thy faith; and in the road
Where Truth and Love and Honor lead the way,
Press fearless on! So shall thy path be won
To heights of far renown! And where upon
The nations' scroll are traced the brightest names,
Thy name, O Canada, shall shine in light!