

DEAR CANADA !



O rose that decks Italian soil,
 French vine, or British lea,
 Can my Canadian heart beguile,
 My own dear land for me !
 In yonder vale, a child, I played,
 Hard by, a man, I wrought ;
 These leafy maples lent me shade
 When noontide rest I sought.

Let Southern folk their bright climes toast
 Where balmy seasons roll,
 We of the North may better boast
 Our sunshine of the soul :
 While Nations laud their progress rare
 We, too, can proudly cheer ;—
 Our maids are true ; our women fair ;
 No foe our freemen fear.

It fires the soul to think, some day
 Our Canada shall stand,
 A forceful spirit gravely gay
 Among the Nations grand ;
 And that her progeny will grow
 More numerous than the leaves
 A wind that shakes the forest row
 Bernfiles and upheaves.

Dear Motherland ! wisely and well,
 While lasts my earthly stay,
 May I thee love, and pride to tell
 Thy worth from day to day :
 Thee may I leave, when Death draws near,
 A Patriot's best bequest ;—
 The memory of a just career,
 A life no crimes infest !

MAURICE W. CASEY.