

CANADA'S FUTURE.

Canada is a young giant,
Has not yet acquired its strength,
On the arts of peace reliant,
Throughout its vast breadth and length.

Though 'tis not famed for orange bowers
Nor for the products of its vines,
Though other lands have fairer flowers,
Yet it to nobler gifts inclines,

It doth produce the golden grain
And few lands can with it compete,
They often try but all in vain
To produce such splendid wheat.

Our geologists divine,
That ere long we will behold
Many a rich glittering mine
Of copper, silver and of gold.

But we sing more glorious theme,
It is our verdant pasture land,
Where cows produce a flood of cream,
Doth make cheese of the finest brand.

And great thoughts oftentimes awakes
When we reflect on this wondrous land,
With vast rivers and mighty lakes,
All nature here's on scale so grand.

Young Dominion so gigantic,
Where rail cars run at speed terrific,
Thousands of miles from the Atlantic,
Till in the West you reach Pacific.