

A SONG OF CANADA.

Columbia growls.
We care not, we,
We are young and strong and free.
The storm-defying oak's great sap
Swells in the twig.
A breath of power stirs round us from each
sea,
And, big with future greatness,
Our hearts beat high and bold
Like growing seas that smite the cliffs to
dust.
You cannot make us blench,
The sons of freemen we, we must be free.
Heroic milk is white upon our gums
Where lion's teeth will grow.
You cannot make us fear,
With rhythmic step we move on to the goal.

A nation's destiny is bright
Within our eyes,
Deep-mirror'd in heroic will;
The future years like Banquo's issue pass,
A crown is there,
No tinsel crown of Kings, no battle,
A people's sovereign will,
The crown of manhood in its noblest use,
Freedom, men worthy of her great reward.

Let the wolf growl,
The lion's whelp is undismayed.
A better part the child of Washington
Might play to-day,
To shun the jealousies and shame the greed
Which deluged earth with blood;
To reach a sister's hand,
To hold the faith which yet will rule
That nations may be great and near,
Live side by side and yet
Keep adamant muzzles on the beagles of
the grave,
And with the glance of Justice strike
Fell Slaughter dead.

Let the wolf howl.
Look to the West
And note the giant's strides,
Then turn from feasts of hell,
From mumbling bones of faction,
And sweep back to obscure night
The bat-like lives
Whose wings are made in dark corruption's
loom,

Bestial mediocrities,
Whose eyes blear at the light
And through the sacred edifice of our hopes,
Wherein they snugly build,
Hold erring flight,
And mock the spirit of the mighty fane,
And stain with ordure
The altar-cloth of Liberty.

O Canada! My country!
What is there thou might'st not do
If genius leagued with truth could give her
care to thee?
Arise! To-day thy need is men!
Not crawling grubs and musty antique
wares,
But men full of all lore,
But master of this too,
Men of brain and heart and will,
Men of such breed, where are they?
Factions which keep thy pocket lean
And torture fact
And blind thine eyes to truth,
Repress the wise.
But many a one true as the great of old
Is thine.
Awake! Thou drowsing child of destiny
Awake! Escape from clinging phantasms,
Soar free from shams and shibboleths
To find thy kingly men—thy greatest need.

Thy first of duties
To hear and hearken to the voice of truth.
Columbia, crying out like Rome
And echoing Cato,
Touch with the present must forego,
Losing to-day she'll lose to-morrow too.
But thou—draw into all thy life
The genius of the time;
Of Justice, Truth; Court Honours smile;
Then mayest thou laugh at threats
And win a happier, greater fate
Than owned the empires of the past
In palmist days of power.
Awake! The dawn is tripping on the hills,
The day's at hand;
I see a nation young, mature, and free,
Step down the mountain side,
To take her proud place in the fields of time,
And thou art she!

CANADIAN.

A DAY IN WINCHESTER.

TWENTY-FIVE hours spent in the old Saxon and Norman capital do much to embody for one certain grand shadowy historical characters—Swithin, the saintly Bishop; William of Wykeham, prelate, architect, statesman; the sinister Gardiner; the great Canute; Emma, the slandered Saxon Queen; the gloomy Mary Tudor—all these seem to take a fresh reality to one as one lounges in the grand old minster scene of their triumphs or sorrows. It was in a steady dispiriting September drizzle that we sallied forth from that most clerical of inns, the "George," which is certainly old and fusty enough to have been, as tradition says, the principal inn of the town for the last four hundred years. How Dickens would have delighted in the archbishop of a head waiter, in the sanded floor and old oak chairs of the smoking room.

The general view of the High Street cannot compare for quaint interest with that of Guildford or many other country towns, but turning off by the old city cross with its sculptured William of Wykeham and other old time worthies, we reach, with a few steps, a stately elm avenue that leads to the great west front of the cathedral. Grand and simple early English it is, but how sorry one feels that the low massive tower has no spire to soar up, a centre and climax of the great pile.

Entering, one draws a deep breath at the solemnity of the interior. It is a shocking confession, but used to the human interest given by the touch of homely tawdriness that is always evident in foreign cathedrals, the artificial flowers, the humble tallow dips burning before a shrine, the old peasant women kneeling in side chapels, one is almost chilled by the grand stateliness and simpleness of an English cathedral. It gives one the sensation of a room that is never lived in. One feels that the Dean's or Canon's wives in fine apparel would seem more suitable figures in such a background, than the shabby old women telling their beads. This may be one's first fancy, but after a few moments, the space and the simplicity affect one with a pleasure that is almost awe. This is the longest cathedral in England, and the clustering pillars of the nave are of the purest early English, overlaying the original Norman which, with its massiveness and bulk, still holds its own in the transept. It was William of Wykeham who made this transformation, but where can one turn in Winchester without coming on traces of the life work of that grand old bishop? Presently there bears down upon us a little deaf old man with his head on one side like a canary bird, and taking us in tow, he trots ahead, and shews us all the architectural and historical splendours of the place.

The choir, with the marvellous stone tracery of its rood screen where the empty niches and central space tell of the images and great cross of silver carried off by Henry VIII.; with its oaken roof of Charles I.'s time, painted with a white ground, and blazoned in gay colours with heraldic emblems—with the carving of its twelfth century pulpit and stalls, and wooden chests, perched high at intervals above the side screens, into which, at some early medieval date, were bundled the bones, good, bad and indifferent, of the Saxon and Danish kings buried in the Minster, not even the mighty Canute being spared from this miscellaneous elevation.

In the side chapels are the chantries of the bishops of Winchester. Cardinal Beaufort's recumbent figure, gorgeous in his red gown, though the touching inscription, "I should be in anguish did I not know Thy mercies," is gone. Fox, and grim Gardiner, with the weird representation of their dead, nude bodies below the stately piles, though the popular rage against the latter had wreaked itself on this pitiful image of mortality and severed the head from the body. But the chapel of the great St. Swithin lies directly behind the rood screen, and this, too, suffered from the same despoiler, Henry VIII., and lost its magnificent silver shrine. Here the remains of the sainted bishop lie in peace after their forty days' conflict with the weather which has made his such a familiar household name to us.

We pass the plain stone which marks the supposed tomb of William Rufus, and come to the Lady Chapel, where took place the gloomy marriage of Mary Tudor to Philip of Spain—there still stands the arm chair where she sat during the ceremony. What fascinate one here are the quaint, hardly decipherable frescoes of the miracles of The Virgin. Delightfully medieval in execution, some of them are slightly shaky in morals, such as that of the robber knight, who remained safe from the devil as long as he never forgot his daily prayer to The Virgin. One feels overwhelmed when one tries to realise the place which this mighty pile holds in English history. A church was first built here in 169, but during Diocletian's persecutions in 266, it was destroyed and the priests martyred. In Constantine's reign, a second was erected, his son being a monk in the monastery hard by, but again in 515 were the priests slaughtered by the fierce Saxon, Herdic, King of Wessex, who turned the church into a temple of Dagon, where he was both crowned and buried. In 635, his great grandson, Kynegils, converted by Saint Birinus, the first Saxon bishop, began a third church, finished by his son, and enlarged in 860 by St. Swithin, King Alfred's tutor. This church was almost ruined by the Danes, and restored by Alfred. Here, in 800, Egbert was the first king crowned of all England—here Canute placed his crown over the crucified figure above the altar—here Queen Emma, Edward the Confessor's mother, who, falsely accused of intimacy with Alwyn, Bishop of Winchester, her property taken from her, and having fled to a convent, on appealing to the ordeal by fire, after spending the night in fasting and prayer, walked barefoot over nine red hot ploughshares without suffering harm. Here, in the chapter house, Archbishop Langton absolved King John and his kingdom from the solemn interdict placed upon them, and subsequently said, at the high altar, the first mass performed for six years. Here Mary Tudor's marriage was celebrated with great pomp—and here, in 1644, Waller's army, after defeating Charles I., wrought devastation, Cromwell's soldiers being said to have used the cathedral as a stable, and the church lands being seized for Government purposes.

On leaving the cathedral, Winchester great hall was the next bourne of our pilgrimage, a place which strikes nearly as echoing a key note in English history as the cathedral itself. We climbed the High Street to where the heavy old west gate overhangs it, and turned up to the buildings which Charles II. began for a palace, and where the great hall is the only remnant of the Palace of the Norman Kings. A noble place it is, with its clustering pillars and windows of early English, and its carved oak roof. Tastefully and simply restored, every window glows with the arms of the mighty ones who have ruled here—a goodly array, beginning with the arms of King Arthur, the raven of Canute, and, following English history through the leopards of the Plantagenets, on to the Tudors and Stuarts. A heap of crumbling masonry at one end of the hall is said to be the remains of the Saxon dais, and above it, a curious slit in the wall marks the place where the king sat in his chamber above to listen unseen to the debates of his parliament. For four hundred years this was the meeting place of the English parliament, the pulse of English life. Many a strange scene have these old walls witnessed since the day when the mighty Earl Godwin feasting here at Easter with Edward the Confessor, spoke in jest, as he watched an attendant slip on one foot and recover himself on the other—"Thus doth one brother help another"—and the king, remembering his own suspicion that Godwin had caused his brother's death, made answer darkly, "So might I now be helped by my brother Alfred, if Godwin had not prevented it." Then Godwin, calling on Heaven to choke him with the bread he held if he were guilty, put it in his mouth, and choking, fell down dead, and the king said, "Carry away that dog and bury him in the highway." Here William and the other Norman kings lived—here was held Mary Tudor's wedding feast—here was played the shameful farce of Sir Walter Raleigh's trial. Oliver Cromwell does not fail to here play his usual grim rôle, for it was he who blew up all the rest of the Castle, besides destroying the Bishop's Palace, at the other end of the town. But Charles II., with true Stuart sense of beauty, was so charmed with the old hillside perch of the Norman kings, that he began to rebuild the palace, though his death left it unfinished; and what there is of it, is now used as law courts. Opening from the old hall, and edging the brow of the hill, these rooms have a noble outlook over the city and the surrounding hills, between which flows the slow and sleepy Itchin.

It was nearing evening, and the rain having stopped, a watery yellow light shone out low in the western sky, when we took a carriage and drove out for a mile or so, through the suburbs, to the Hospital of Saint Cross. It stands among the fringed meadows in the valley of the Itchin, and the first glimpse of the courtyard, and of the stately gateway, Cardinal Beaufort's tower, as it is called, prepares us for the treat inside. What perfection it is, that quiet quadrangle, with its grey buildings around, warmed here and there with a touch of red brickwork, its vivid patches of flower garden, and clambering creepers, its stretch of smoothest lawn, with sundial—no need to say old, for all is old here—which separates us from the low, massive church, beyond which we see the flat meadows. In the grey evening light, the whole scene is a perfect type of the care and skill with