

Bury the past; let its shade not affright us;
 Bid all its sadness and darkness adieu;
 Once more let hope be the star of life's journey,
 Once more a prospect be held up to view.
 Erred have we? That we have—times without number;
 Failed, do they tell us? Ay, so it hath seemed:
 Who hath not failed? Be past failures forgotten;
 Who hath not erred? Be past errors redeemed.

Forth we go now with the sword of the Spirit,
 Warriors whose feet with the Gospel are shod,
 Heralds of righteousness, angels of mercy,
 Priests of the people, and prophets of God;
 Not for the praise of men, fame of the future,
 World gain or glory that is to be won,
 Saving our own souls, or crown everlasting;
 But for the work that awaits to be done.

Broad by Assiniboine's sides are the meadows,
 Fertile the plains where Saskatchewan flows;
 Green are Alberta's luxuriant pastures,
 Fair the wide fields where the wheat harvest grows;
 Stalwart the farmer stalks, fearless the rancher
 Pens the hot herd in the crowded corral,—
 Daring and loyal, and framed for devotion:
 Hear they of Christ? Doth none say that they shall?

Lofty the mountains with snow-crested summits,—
 Gorgeous the hues on each sun-burnished spur,—
 Rugged and bulwarked with tow'ring majestic
 Stately gray giants of spruce, larch, and fir.
 Beautiful ye would be there on the mountains,
 Ye which go forth for the captive's release,
 Feet of the runner who bringeth good tidings,
 Bringeth good tidings and publisheth peace.