

and though her moods were full of song and
care-free laughter

“She had the lonely calm and poise
Of life that waits and wills.”

As the years passed and the burdens of life began to press, I lost the intimate touch with the spirit of my country. But always I was conscious that back of the turmoil she was working her will and shaping the destiny of a free people. Though I might be stunned and disheartened by the greed of commerce and the clamor of politics, I could still see dimly that the spirit that companioned my youth was at work wherever men and women labored. And her love was not only for those who could claim it as a birthright, but to all who came to Canada in quest of freedom. Creeds and nationalities and old hatreds were nothing to her. No matter what wrongs or abuse of power there might be in high places, the spirit of Canada was nourishing the weak, teaching them the lesson of freedom, and moving to her place among the nations.