

## NATIONAL SONG.

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R. G. S. ANDERSON, ('CERES'), WRONETER, ONT.

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Hail to the Northland that cradles a nation,  
Lusty and strong as the masts of her pines,  
Queen of her own, she reigns in her station,  
Mother of freemen she sits in her lines.  
God save the land we love,  
Make her forever prove  
Mother of men, and a home of the free.  
Let every patriot son  
Sing, while the ages run:  
'Canada, Motherland! Our heart beats for thee.'

Honor the land where the knightliest races  
Battled as fcemen to win her as prize,  
Sons of these bold men we sit in their places.  
Brothers forever by surest of ties.  
God guard the land we hold,  
Firm as our sires of old,  
Jealous of honor, and fearless, and free,  
Standing with arms at rest,  
Call we from east to west:  
'Canada, Motherland! Our heart beats for thee.'

Blest be our land that has written in story,  
Names that are worthy, and deeds that inspire;  
Long may her place in the roll-call of glory  
Wake a true pride with the patriot's fire.  
God ring the Empire round;  
But let our sons be found  
Marching breast forward, the first of the free.  
True to the larger house,  
Still shall we give the rouse:  
'Canada, Motherland! Our heart beats for thee.'