

A Lay of Canada.

DOMINION DAY IDYLL.

Time was when man to man we stood in strife;
Sword clashed on sword, crimsoned with ghastly gore,—
And orphans mourned, and widows wailed their dead,
While weeping earth strewed leaves her slaughtered
children o'er.

And old men joyed to tell where foe met foe;
Where death or glory claimed the dauntless brave;
And boyhood loved to list the stirring tale,
Or seek the grassy mound that marked the soldier's
grave.

Long years have passed, and smoothed those furrows down
That rugged hands once raised to hide the slain;
But now we battle on a bloodless field,
And strive to build one mighty land from main to main.

Our fathers built those monuments of stone,
To tell what France had lost and England won;
Their children we—let us a nobler raise,
Founded on land and sea,—the fairest 'neath the sun.

From Labrador to fair Vancouver's Isle,
From Erie's shore, far as the Arctic seas,
One banner's folds wave o'er Canadian homes,
One arm defends our rights and guards our liberties.

No broader streams than ours—no purer skies,—
No richer soil, to yield the yellow grain,—
No statelier trees, to crown the mountain's brow,—
No richer golden robes, to clothe the furrowed plain.

The snarling wolf that prowls around the door,
Where squalid hunger dwells, we know not here;
Our ready fields await but willing hands,
And he that toils in spring shall reap rich autumn's
cheer.

Our seas—our boundless lakes—our crystal streams,
Each yields the ransom of a mighty king;
And countless argosies bear wealth away,
The luxuries of distant lands to homeward bring.

Strong hands have we to sow our fertile plains,—
Strong arms to reap the grain, or delve the mine,—
To draw forth treasures from the yielding deep,
Or midst the forest shades to fell the costly pine.

Who till and reap the glebe can also fight;
The hand that guides the plough may train the gun;
And arms that swing the axe shall wield the sword,
To guard and keep our sacred gifts from sire to son.

'Tis sweet, in springtide hours, to sow the seed
That hope assures shall yield a hundred fold;
'Tis sweet to drive your loving herds afield,
Or glean the valued treasures of your bleating fold.

'Tis sweet, on summer morn, e'er dews have fled,
To pluck the luscious fruit from bush or tree;
To breathe the fragrance of the opening flowers,
And list the "wood-notes-wild" of bird-life melody.

When Autumn paints the land with living gold;
When gorgeous hues adorn the maple leaves,
Our harvest songs resound from hill to dale,
Our ample barns groan with the weight of teeming
sheaves.

Has sport its charms? A thousand streams invite
To ply the rod and line with "Walton" skill;
The soft winds sigh—fast leap the speckled Trout,
With glitt'ring gems, the Angler's heart and creel to fill.

Hide in the slimy depths of sedgy pool,
Watching his prey, the Maskilongé lies;
While Lake St. John's broad waters woo us there,
With lure of far-famed Quinlaniche, a lordly prize.

Would'st thou meet foe more worthy of thy steel?
Go where the Cascapedia frets and boils;
Some "Salmo Salar," fresh from briny waves,
That missed a Princess' barb, may swell thy princely
spoils.

'Tis Spring! Sweet Spring! and weary hearts are glad,
Once more the fragrance of the woods to greet;
Age, joyous at the change, the sunbeam seeks,
And by the hawthorn tree the youthful lovers meet.

Hark! the masked waterfall now bursts its chains,
As lower sink the fields of melting snow;
All nature wakes from winter's icy sleep,
And where swept biting hail, the south winds gently
blow.

And land and sea, alive with new-born life,
Their absent welcome back with open arms;
The fields are clothed anew with glorious green,
And budding flower and tree display their rival charms.

And if swift-whirling wings your fancy please,
A Sportsman's Paradise awaits you here;
Who gleams our game, regrets not Scottish hills,
Nor longs his skill, once more, to try on English mere.

Ah! list the music of the whistling wings,
As westward sweeps the long-extended corps;
Our own Outarde revisits well known haunts,
And the loud quack rings out anew from sea to shore.

The canvas-back a double zest affords,
And yields a dish to "set before a king;"
And where the north-shore streams rush to the sea,
Here the rare Harlequin shoots past on rapid wing.

To Grondine's flats the Ibis yet returns;
The snowy Goose loves well the sedgy shore;
Loud booms the Bittern 'midst the clust'ring reeds,
And the famed Heron nests on pine top as of yore.

If shapely form and splendour charm the eye,
The graceful Wood Duck claims fair beauty's prize;
No gorgeous plumes like his adorn the crest;
No lovelier shades could feathers yield or sparkling eyes.

The shady copse the wary Woodcock haunts;
From Château Richer's swamps the Snipe upstrings;
Ontario's fields know well the scurrying Quail,
And o'er the glassy lake the Loon's weird laughter rings.

Afar 'midst forest glades, where Red Men lie,
On mossy log the Ruffed Grouse strut and drum;
The plump Tetrao courts the spruce tree's shade;
And spotless Ptarmigan with boreal tempests come.

Resplendent thro' the grove the Turkey roams,
And lends a deeper grace to Christmas cheer;
Our silvery lakes still claim the graceful Swan;
And o'er the uplands shrill the Plover's pipe we hear.

Or come, where far on rolling Western plains
Beneath the brushwood Sagefowl snugly lie;
And Prairie Hens rush boldly at the foe,
Their caw'ring brood to shield, as swoops the Falcon by.

A hunter thou! The grim Bear courts thy skill,
And fearless roams ere yet he seeks his den;
His glossy robes might grace triumphal car,—
His pearly spoils proclaim the rank of dusky men.

The Wolf, still tireless tracks his victim's trail;
The prowling Lynx, like sleuth-hound wends his way;
And by the well-worn path the Carcajou
Drops, from his hidden perch, upon th' unwary prey.

Sly Reynard follows where the startled Hare
Darts thro' the matted elders like a gleam;
And the sleek Otter on his titbits dines,
Nor dreads the Hound's loud bark upon his lonely
stream.

Far from men's haunts the Beaver builds his dam
And pond'rous mound, to keep him safe from harm;
His larder filled with choicest winter stores,—
Cold winds may bite and blow, his lair is soft and warm.

Thro' rushing chute and pool the Fisher swims;
And Mink and Martin sport right merrily;
While overhead the angry Squirrel chides,
And warns the rude intruder from his nut-stored tree.

And when the maple trees are stripped and bare,—
When land and stream with snow are mantled o'er,—
When light toboggans down the mountains sweep,
And the bold skater skims the lake from shore to shore.

Then don thy snowshoes, grasp thy rifle true;
The timid Red Deer thro' the forest bounds,—
The wary Caribou rests on the frozen lake,
And browse the mighty Moose upon their endless rounds.

These all and more await the hunter's skill;
Such trophies well our antlered halls adorn;
Their shining coats may win a golden prize,
Or keep us snug and warm amid the winter storm.

But yet, possessed of aught that hands could win,
Or all that pleasure puts within our ken,
We joy to know a nobler gift is ours,—
We own the heaven-sent heritage of freeborn men.

No tyrant will shall filch one right away,
Or break one tie that makes our land "Sweet Home;"
No nobler flag than ours floats o'er the free;
No happier spot we greet, where'er our footsteps roam.

Prepared to guard those rights, we fear no foe;
True patriot arms are freedom's strongest shields;
No rebel hordes we brook within our bounds,
No hostile foot shall touch unscathed our peaceful fields.

Curs'd be the hand would sow rude discord here!
Curs'd be the heart would kindle hostile fires!
One Queen—one home—one kindred tie we own,
And we will guard these well, as did our noble sires.

Joy ever be to him who lives to pour
On troubled, angry waves, the peaceful oil!
Joy to that man who loves to foster peace,
And deep the hatchet buries in the kindly soil!

Then, on this day, as brothers brethren meet,—
As mothers wish God-speed to gallant boy,—
Our fair Dominion we with gladness greet,
Till Halifax's cheer awakes Vancouver's joy!
Chaudière Basin, Que. DUNCAN ANDERSON, M.A.

Arab Horses as Hunters.

The Hon. Etheldred Dillon has addressed a letter to the editor of the *Field*, in which she insists strongly on the value of Arab blood in hunters. By quoting the size of various Arab horses used as hunters, Miss Dillon disposes of the contention that such horses might fairly be classed as ponies. She continues:—"As regards their suitability as hunters, I must first ask, what is a hunter? If the answer is, 'A horse that will carry you anywhere and over everything, through deep plough, over rough ground, and at the end of the day come in bright and cheerful, and eat up his corn and look fit to do as much again next day,' then I answer that the Arab is essentially a hunter. I

have, for the last three years, been hunting in a back country (the Portman and Blackmoor Vale), and never passed a place any other horse could jump too stiff for my Arabs. This year I find them equally clever in the Heythrop country over walls and flying fences. The little horse El Emir on one occasion was required to give a jumping lesson to a mare who was about to compete for a jumping prize. A jump had been constructed measuring 18 feet from take-off to landing, and this little horse cleared it in cold blood three times running without the slightest hesitation. Two years ago, on February 14, there was a long and a very severe run from Motcombe with the Portman hounds, over a very deep country with big fencing. Only eight horses were up at last, one of them being *Maidan*, a well-known Arab, carrying nearly 13 stone, and being then nineteen years old. The other day he carried the same weight in a long run in Suffolk, and I hear that he had the legs of everything in the plough. He is now twenty-one years old. Surely such horses are hunters if these are any meaning in the word. Then of the English-bred Arabs my mare Raschida is a bright example. She is 15.2 in height, and has a long shoulder, great bone, and powerful quarters; she is up to a good weight, and she can simply jump anything, and is a very fast galloper. She is at present the only pure-bred Arab mare in the Hunters' Stud Book. To try her jumping powers two hurdles were tied together, and she and two other Arabs were jumped over them. The others cleared all right; but when Raschida's turn came she went over with a foot to spare. Then look at the endurance and constitution of the Arab. Barring accidents you can hunt on them day after day. My three-year old colt has carried my groom for several long days this year, and has come in as cheerful as possible. On one occasion he was out for ten hours, and showed no signs of fatigue; and they are nearly always docile, affectionate, and, above all, most intelligent, never losing their heads if anything goes wrong. Twice I should have been crushed to death but for my horse minding my voice and remaining motionless till I could disengage myself. On another occasion a friend got hung by her habit. Her horse stood like a statue till she was righted."

The Wrongs of Savage Races.

It has taken a good many generations for the European races to discover that men of a different colour have an equal right to be treated with justice. We have improved off the face of the earth the aboriginal inhabitants of Australia and New Zealand. The red man is disappearing from the forest and the prairie like the bison, the Hottentots and Caffres of the Cape have been decimated by imported small pox and cheap alcohol. If the Otaheitan have gained in civilization, they have paid heavily for it at the expense of their vitality, which "a new band of fevers" brought from Europe has steadily lowered. Wherever civilized man has come into contact with savage races the latter have gone to the wall. There are forces working behind progress that must be understood and obeyed, or else woe to those who ignore and disregard them, for ignorance is death. Even some diseases that civilized man treats as trifling become dangerous and often deadly when conveyed amongst a barbarous and primitive people. We have, therefore, if we are candid, to confess to the infliction of innumerable wrongs on the savage nations and tribes whom we have met in our colonising efforts. The expansion of England has meant the destruction of the weak races unable to bear inoculation with the blessings of civilization. Missionaries may have often acted as an anodyne, but it is at least questionable whether their teachings have always compensated for the evils of poisonous spirits and cheap firearms that everywhere have followed the pioneers of new colonies. But we are at last beginning to recognize the truth, and a dormant conscience is awakening. African aces in the heart of the Dark Continent—in number, many millions—will soon be brought into close contact with the evils civilization has already spread all round the coast, and we are debating what sort of protection we must offer them against ourselves. Now the negro is not, like the red man of America or the fragile Polynesian, easily destroyed. But he can be degraded and brutalized with drink, for it will, we think, be admitted that a drunken savage—even if he be on occasion a devourer of his enemies—is more repulsive than a sober one. A taste for alcohol is acquired with lightning speed, and the dull brain of the African is unable to see any evil in the widest divergence from the paths of sobriety. The English South African Company has undertaken to regulate the traffic in intoxicating liquors within the territories under their influence, and to prevent their sale to the natives. We are sure the obligation required by the charter licensing them will be strictly adhered to, though we fear that slowly but surely, in spite of strenuous efforts, a taste for the excitement produced by alcohol will follow our footsteps. The Mohammedan slave-hunters, whatever their cruelties may be, eschew spirits themselves, and never import them amongst the few bales of goods in which they traffic with those negro tribes too powerful to be exploited for the slave marts. The Soudanese are devout followers of Islam, and in fermented liquors they see perdition. Wherever the Arab blood is found, the Mussulman is sober, at all events. But it is different with the negro. For many years the African native has been "between the devil and the deep sea." On one side the Christian trader has offered cheap and poisonous spirits, on the other he has been kidnapped by well-armed African man-hunters.—*Notts Daily Express*.