

for religious, benevolent or educational purposes, he does so at the risk, if this legislation be sustained, of seeing it set aside in his lifetime, or of feeling that after his death his most cherished desires, however praiseworthy, may be defeated on the most flimsy pretext. The constitutionality of the Acts by which such gross injustice has been perpetrated will be fully discussed in the Courts of Law, and, if necessary, the whole question will be carried to the highest Court of Appeal in the British Empire. Much as the "wretched minority" have been sneered at, they have shown, and will continue to show, that they are prepared to defend their civil and religious liberty and their constitutional rights, as God-fearing and peaceable members of society.

DOUGLAS BRYMNER.

CANADA.

The prize poem to which was awarded the Chancellor's Medal, Cambridge University, (Eng.), 1878.

BY ALFRED WILLIAM WINTERSLOW DALE OF TRINITY HALL.

Hail, sons of Britain scattered through the world
In every land! For where have ye not come,
And coming conquered wheresoever day
Follows the darkness, and the sun the stars?
Amid the ruins of great empires fallen,
With temples standing though the gods be dead;
Among new nations struggling into birth,
With the first wonder still fresh in their eyes;
From the vast ice plains of the barren Pole
To the rich palm-groves of Pacific seas;
From desolation to earth's loveliest lands
We wander, and we make them all our own,
And give our flag to float on every breeze,
And leave our graves in every shore and sea.

But now from echoes of a lingering strife,
From mountain-ranges wreathed in cannon-mist,
Wide plains left desolate, and spread o'er all,—
Like a fierce storm-cloud darkening sunny skies,—
The shadow of an awful agony,
Let us turn westward, till the voice of war
Dies in the booming surges of the deep.
To thee we come; to thee, the latest left
And loveliest of our daughters—Canada!
Now ours, and ours alone. The power of France
That held thee once is vanished all away;
And the fierce strifes are over, and the claims
Of angry nations balanced in the beam
Of Destiny, and ours is the award.

Long months the tide of battle ebbed and flowed
Upon the plains and in the pathless woods,
The midnight gloom still blossoming into fire,
The midnight silence broken by the crash
Of cannon or the Indian's savage cry.
Till the steep crags above the city walls
Our soldiers scaled, and in the dead of night
Heard the deep river murmuring far below,
And saw the watchfires of the foe before,
Islanded in by death on either side.
But now upon the heights in loneliness
Stands a gray pillar, telling all the world
That:—"Here died Wolfe victorious"—nothing more;
A hero's simple tribute; for the words
Ring like a trumpet down the vale of years,
And echo into ages far away.
And thus we won the land, and year by year
The nations grew together into one;
While the charred ruins mouldered into dust,
And trampled corn forgot the soldier's heel;
And the sad memories of the bygone strife
Faded, as fades a foam-streak in the sea,
Or as a star-trail in the midnight sky.

Then all the tides from the wide Northern world
Set towards those happy shores: from every clime
Men flocked o'er seas to find themselves a home,
Rest after suffering, after peril peace.
They came from that drear isle where Fire and Frost
Swear lasting truce and band their powers in one
To make the land no home for men,—fierce flame
In heaven, and underfoot the barren snow.
Some came from Muscovy, when stern decrees
Had made life there no life for nobler souls,
That would not set a mortal on Heaven's throne
Or bow in fetters at the feet of God.
Some came from Britain, when the world went ill
And drove them far o'er seas to seek a home
Where the past sins and sorrows all should fade,
Where Fortune might prove kind, and cloud and storm
Sink from their sight into the silent sea.
And there are some who dwell alone amid
The woodland wilderness and earn their bread
In solitude, but when the night comes down
Look up to heaven and see the selfsame stars
They watched in childhood on another shore.
And sometimes when the wind is wailing shrill
Among the canopy of pines, their life

Ebbs back again, and they are lads once more,
Some Sabbath-day within the little kirk
Built of gray stone half hidden in the mist,
Father and mother and the childish crew
About them, while without the ocean spray
Blown from the sea patters upon the panes,
And mingles with the music of the psalm.
But year by year these memories fade away:
They have no children in the far-off land,
And home for them lies where their dearest are.
Here they have kith and kin and wife and child,
And graves of loved ones in Canadian soil.

And who but needs must love a land like this,
Where every passing hour hath its own charm,
And every season its own loveliness?
In winter the pure veil of feathery snow
Down floating from the sky in noiseless folds;
In spring the waking music of the air,
And the world wavering through a mist of green;
Then in the heat of summer the full leaves
And the deep coolness of the woodland dell:
And last the forest all ablaze with pomp
And glory of all hues, till cold winds come
And strew the gold about the autumn fields.

Here as we mount and leave the coast below,
Lake leads to lake, sea opens into sea,
Great waters hidden in the land and linked
Together in a sounding labyrinth,
One river-chain still running through them all.
From Northern ice-crag spired and pinnacled,
With gable and gargoyle arch and oriel
And subtlest maze of frosted tracery,
Rock-based, rock-roofed, like some fantastic fane
Hewn by rough craftsmen in the days of old,
And buttressed firm against the Northern gales,—
From that cold clime they stretch into the south
By plain and forest under kindlier skies.
There rise the masses of the gloomy pines
Marshalled together to a solid front
Against the fury of all winds that blow.
League after league the stately line goes on,
With now and then a hollow overhead
Through which the light steals trembling, now and then
Some sound amid the solitude,—the crash
Of falling branch or cry of frightened bird,—
Westwards and westwards ever till the day
Breaks dim before us, and we stand at last
Upon the prairie rippled by the breeze
To waves and breaking in a foam of flowers:
Vast hazy reaches sloping far away
To western mountains where a thousand peaks
Flush to the crimson of the dawn's first beam,
Or sparkle silver splendours to the moon.

There rolls the great St. Lawrence to the sea,
Sweeping by rapids and by cataract
Whose thunder never hushes, and the gleam
Of falling waters lightens night and day;
By islands thickly sown as stars in heaven,
Lying like lilies on the river-bed,
With clear-cut petals lifted from the wave,
A cluster of unnumbered loveliness.

There do they dwell and labour; there the axe
Wakes with the warbling lark, and cheerily rings
The livelong day, while the pines shake and fall
And float into the stream to make their way
By lake and river to the distant sea.
And there they plough the plain and sow their seed
Till the swift seasons make them rich return,
While the wide acres glow with golden grain
To feed the multitudes of other lands.
Thrice happy souls! To whom the passing years
Bring little sorrow and light clouds of ill.
Far from the troublous tumult and the storm,
Far from the suffering nations ye abide,
Tearless and passionless, and there in peace
Watch the long days go down into their grave,
And catch the dying whisper of the world.
Ofttimes we long amid this jarring life
And cruel conflict of our eager age
To pass from tumult into calm like yours,
And steep our souls in silence once again.
For the very air we breathe is rank and foul,
Thrice moulded into words of shame, and loud
With sobs of children trampled in the press
Of men that rush to clutch the glittering gold.
We toil in vain, and our vast wilderness
For all our labour thickens hour by hour;
And what we fell by day the night restores,
Stouter and stronger rising from its fall.
And all our seed is scattered on the wind
Idly to drift about the sandy sky.
Or if some scattered grains have reached the soil,
The harvest lingers long, and centuries
Are seasons: others reap what we have sown.