

CANADA TO THE LAUREATE.

BY "FIDELIS."

"And that true North, whereof we lately heard
 A strain to shame us! Keep you to yourselves,
 So loyal is too costly! Friends, your love
 Is but a burden; loose the bond and go!
 Is this the tone of Empire?"

TENNYSON'S *Ode to the Queen.*

We thank thee, "Laureate," for thy kindly words
 Spoken for us to her to whom we look
 With loyal love, across the misty sea;
 Thy noble words whose generous tone may shame
 The cold and heartless strain that said "Begone,
 We want your love no longer; all our aim
 Is riches—*That* your love can *not* increase."
 Fain would we tell them that we do not seek
 To hang dependent, like a helpless brood
 That, selfish, drag a weary mother down;
 For we have British hearts and British blood
 That leaps up, eager, when the danger calls!
 Once, and again, our sons have sprung to arms
 To fight in Britain's quarrel—*not our own*—
 And drive the covetous invader back,
 Who would have let us, peaceful, keep our own,
 So we had cast the British name away.
 Canadian blood has dyed Canadian soil
 For Britain's honour, that we deemed our own;
 Nor do we ask but for the right to keep,
 Unbroken still, the cherished filial tie
 That binds us to the distant sea-girt isle
 Our fathers loved, and taught their sons to love,
 As the dear home of freemen brave and true,
 And loving *honour* more than ease or gold!