

## 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!