

And if a foe should e'er invade
 Our land in future years,
 His dying word will guide us
 "Push on, brave volunteer. *Anon.*



HEROES OF CANADA.

Our land is dower'd with glory
 From the east unto the west,
 With rays of ripen'd splendor
 That cluster on her breast.
 But the stars that beam the brightest
 And shall burn to the last,
 Are the deeds that light our father's graves,
 The heroes of the past.

When through the land a psalm of grief
 Smote every heart and door,
 With tidings from each battle field
 Rock'd by dread Cannon's roar,
 And mothers prayed and sisters wept
 With love and faith divine,
 Beseeching God to guard our hosts
 Along the frontier line.

From Lundy's Lane and Queenston Heights
 The message quickly came
 That filled each heart and home with joy,
 And tired the wings of fame.
 At Chateaugay brave sons of France
 Drove back the stubborn foe
 With loyal heart and weapon strong,
 Just eighty years ago.

But not alone in battle-field
 Did heroes staunch and brave,
 Yield up their lives in honor's cause
 Our country's flag to save.
 In savage forests deep and dread,
 Beset with hardships fell;
 Our fathers toiled, then sank to sleep
 Within each lonely dell.

Their memory lives upon our streams
 Their deeds upon our plains,
 They need nor shaft nor monument
 Nor gold-emblazon'd fanes.