

Canada.

The lands of our fair Dominion
 Are stretched out far and wide,
 From where the wide Atlantic rolls
 To the calm Pacific side.
 And the sons of all the cities,
 And the sons of all the plains
 Are doing their best
 From East to West
 To further the Country's gains.
 Thousands are coming across the sea
 To prairie, ranch and town,
 Making us look away ahead
 To a country of great renown.
 They are people of every nation,
 And have energy, never to lag,
 They have come to stay
 And to pave the way
 For the power of the dear old Flag.
 There is work for the masses of unemployed
 That come from other lands,
 There are none out of work in Canada
 If they choose to use their hands.
 This is the Land of the Future,
 And every tongue shall sing
 Of "The Golden Sheaf, and the Maple Leaf,"
 And Loyalty to the King!
 There are people of every nation—
 English and Scot and Jew,
 Irish and Welsh and Doukhobor,
 German and Austrian, too.
 But this is a nation all its own,
 And one day will change the score;
 They all will claim
 The same good name,
 Canadian ! ! evermore.

—Nina A. Flower, in *Canada Monthly*

Surely Canada, after five and forty years, has enough gumption to fly a flag of her own that, without ceasing to be British, will be distinctively Canadian. Why can't we do what Australia has long since done? I ask nothing elaborate, boys—just something Canadian. Take the Union Jack. Add to it the red ensign. Dynamite out of the lower, right hand corner of the ensign that curious zoo-menagerie we call our coat of arms. Rivet into the vacant space, so tightly that no power can ever remove it, a big, green maple leaf. And let that flag fly to all the four winds of heaven, wherever Canadians are gathered, wherever Canadian homes are built upon Canadian soil, and wherever Canadian keels cut the waters of the seven seas.—*The Canuck*.

And let the curvings of the rock maple leaf be conventionalized, not the sharper outlines of the red maple.

Canadian Streams.

O rivers rolling to the sea
 From lands that bear the maple tree,
 How swell your voices with the strain,
 O loyalty and liberty!

O holy music heard in vain
 By coward heart and sordid brain,
 To whom this strenuous being seems
 Naught but a greedy race for gain.

O unsung streams—not splendid themes
 Ye lack to fire your patriot dreams!
 Annals of glory gild your waves,
 Hope freights your tides, Canadian streams!

St. Lawrence, whose wide water laves
 The shores that ne'er have nourished slaves!
 Swift Richelieu of lilies fame!
 Niagara of glorious graves!

Thy rapids, Ottawa, proclaim
 Where Daulac and his heroes came!
 Thy tides, St. John, declare LaTour
 And, later, many a loyal name!

Thou inland stream whose vales, secure
 From storm, Tecumseh's death made poor;
 And thou small water, red with war,
 'Twixt Beaubasin and Beausejour!

Dread Saguenay, where eagles soar,
 What voice shall from the bastioned shore
 The tale of Roberval reveal,
 Or his mysterious fate deplore!

Annapolis, do thy floods yet feel
 Faint memories of Champlain's keel;
 Thy pulses yet the deeds repeat
 Of Poutrincourt and D'Iberville?

And thou, far tide, whose plains now beat
 With march of myriad westering feet,
 Saskatchewan, whose virgin sod
 So late Canadian blood made sweet.

Your bulwark hills, your valleys broad,
 Streams where De Saifaberry trod,
 Where Wolfe achieved, where Brock was slain—
 Their voices are the voice of God!

O sacred waters! not in vain
 Across Canadian height and plain
 Ye sound as in triumphant tone
 The summons of your high refrain.

—Charles G. D. Roberts.

Dr. Thos. O'Hagan, editor of the *New World*, of Chicago, in a recent Dickens centenary address in Toronto, paid this tribute to Canada: He believed that in it was to be found the sweetest and most wholesome life in the world. To preserve this is worth our supreme efforts.