

## OUR OWN COUNTRY.

"Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtle to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point that human capacity can soar to.

"Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unscaling her sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance."—Milton's "*Areopagitica*."

O NATION, young and fair, and strong! arise  
To the full stature of thy greatness now!  
Thy glorious destiny doth thee endow  
With high prerogative. Before thee lies  
A future full of promise. Oh! be wise!  
Be great in all things good, and haste to sow  
The Present with rich germs from which may grow  
Sublime results and noble, high emprise.  
Oh! be it hence thy mission to advance  
The destinies of man, exalt the race,  
And teach down-trodden nations through the expanse  
Of the round earth to rise above their base  
And low estate, love Freedom's holy cause,  
And give to all men just and equal laws.

Oh! let us plant in the fresh virgin earth  
Of this New World, a scion of that tree  
Beneath whose shades our fathers dwelt, a free  
And noble nation—of heroic birth.  
Let the Penates of our fathers' hearth  
Be hither borne; and let us bow the knee  
Still at our fathers' altars. O'er the sea  
Our hearts yearn fondly and revere their worth.  
And though forth-faring from our father's house,  
Not forth in anger, but in love we go;  
It lessens not our reverence, but doth rouse  
To deeper love than ever we did know.  
Not alien and estranged, but sons are we  
Of that great Fatherland beyond the sea.

—*Withrow.*