

All that they gained at length,
To us, their heirs, remains;
The fullness of their strength,
Will in their children's veins.
Theirs was the buried past,
With all its wasted powers;
We hold their memory fast;
The future days are ours.

Ours are the hopes which rise
To welcome better days;
Ours are the brighter skies,
Through which the sun's bright rays
Shine, with unclouded might,
Over fair land and sea;
Ours is the ungarnered light,
The light that is to be.

JAMES HANNAY.

OUR COUNTRY.



Ah, feet that tread the rounds of life,
Ah, thoughts that wander far and wide,
Ah, hearts wherein are e'er at strife
An hundred passions,—turn aside
From vain pursuits, from phantom dreams,
The prize ye seek is near at hand;—
Though beautiful the distance seems,
The present is supremely grand.

Oh, land we proudly call our own,
How fondly cling our hearts to thee,—
Though better we have never known,
A better thou in time shalt be.
A child, we boast thy native worth;
A youth, we see thee strong and good;
A man, a monarch of the earth,
Chief of a noble brotherhood.

H. L. SPENCER.