

thus by two most notable incidents Mr. Muir stands our chief of patriot poets.

It is worth while to sit for a little season in the school room, and watch the boys and girls in their early teens singing heartily and proudly the songs written by their master and teacher. He leads them himself, with tuning fork and a few sonorous opening notes, and as they sing he keeps time with his hand, sometimes accentuating with a beat of the foot.

The entire absence of pomposity, the simple straightforwardness of manner, the frank delight and pleasure in his songs and their success, the absence of a false pride, the presence of a very true and delightful one, the pleasedness, the cheerful con-

tent, the jollity and a great soft-heartedness, which we of harder natures cannot understand, and for which he is constantly apologizing in half shame-faced way—make the author of Canada's national song a man to be both smiled at and loved.

For it is a great thing to have written a nation's one song, something to be proud of beyond words. Yet this dear author is only pleased and full of wonder that his country should thus have accepted it.

He has made no profit out of its enormous sale, indeed, he was beguiled into paying thirty dollars for a first publication, and he has received no return beyond a trifle.

It seems—it is—an absurd fact, but Canada's national song has cost its author exactly twenty-six dollars, chiefly, perhaps, because he has been poet, patriot, philanthropist—what you will—but not a keen business man.

Probably though, in the years to come, Canadians will hold him in higher reverence because of it. He is not the first singer of a nation's songs who has gone unrewarded in material ways.

The young people were dismissed presently, and passed out with courteous adieux. Mr. Muir's pupils are noticeably well trained in courtesy, and in the larger factor in good citizen ship, patriotism;

then, while the twilight gathered, we sat chatting in the vacant school room.

The genial poet-patriot spoke of his visit to Halifax in ninety-five, and of his surprise at his warm welcome there, of a later visit, made last August to Quebec, and his vivid impressions of the dear old city.

"I had never seen Quebec before," he said, "and we stood, a party of French and English-Canadians, about Wolfe's Monument and sang the national anthem, and then 'The Maple Leaf.' They made me make a speech, and I shall remember always how thrilling that scene and moment were to me. It had been one of my life dreams to some day stand upon the Plains of Abraham, and at last it was fulfilled."

Mr. Muir is especially pleased with the knowledge that our French confreres have accepted the song, and that it has been translated into their language. Only a few months ago, a party of French gentlemen from Quebec, coming up to Toronto on business, sang 'The Maple Leaf,' when by chance they met Mr. Muir, while one, Mr. Eric Dorion, fastened a tiny maple leaf in enamel a gold, upon the lapel of the author's coat.

He wears that little gift always and values it beyond words, because it came from our French brethren.

He told us also how the song came to be written, a familiar tale to many, yet worth repeating.

In October, 1867, Mr. Muir was walking with a friend in Leslie's nursery, Toronto. The crimson maple leaves were fluttering earthward in the gentle wind of a golden autumn day. One little leaf lodged upon his coat sleeve. He shook it lightly off, as he imagined, but presently found it still clinging to the cloth. Mr. Muir, smiling, drew his friend's attention to the little leaf's tenacity, and as he lifted it from his sleeve the latter said: "Why not write a song about the maple leaf?"

In less than two hours the poem was completed.

On the following day, when playing with his children he repeated to them the verses he had written. His wife suggested that he should set them to music, and he did so.

Nearly thirty years have elapsed since that October day when those two men walked beneath the maples, and to-day Mr. Muir is famous, while his song voices the united patriotic impulse of the Canadian people.

On mountain heights, over rolling prairies and down by the sea, in English, French and German tongue, from ocean to ocean of Canadian soil, and heart to heart of Canada's birth-children, the song is lifted. Nay, further: in foreign lands, great cities and places of lonely exile, in far-off Hong Kong, in dusty Johannesburg, in the midway Pacific Isles, wherever and whenever Canadians gather together, that song swells up, sometimes with sobs, sometimes with happy smile, but always with heartsome cry, "The Maple Leaf Forever!"

The twilight deepened, the genial face of the famous author shone through the gloom, and talk and sentiment were abruptly routed by the whisk of the janitor's brushes.

FAITH FENTON.

1ST TENOR.

The Ma - ple Leaf, our em - blem dear, The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er! God

2ND TENOR.

The Ma - ple Leaf, our em - blem dear, The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er! God

BASS.

save our Queen, and hea - ven bless The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er!

save our Queen, and hea - ven bless The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er!

3.

In Autumn time our emblem dear
Dons its tints of crimson hue;
Our blood would dye it deeper red,
Shed, dear Canada, for you!
Ere sacred rights our fathers won,
To freedom we deliver,
We'll fighting die, our battle cry,
"The Maple Leaf for ever!"

CHORUS.

4.

God bless our loved Canadian homes,
Our Dominion's vast domain;
May plenty ever be our lot,
And peace hold an endless reign;
Our Union bound by ties of love,
That discord cannot sever,
And flourish green o'er Freedom's home,
The Maple Leaf forever!

CHORUS.

5.

On Merry England's far famed land;
May kind Heaven sweetly smile;
God bless old Scotland overmore,
And Ireland's Emerald Isle!
Then swell the song, both loud and long,
Till rocks and forests quiver;
God save our Queen, and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf for ever!