

"Show the way, England!
Forward to justice,
Freedom and right,
Onward to glory and
Wisdom increase,
We will follow you,
Sons of the might of you,
Smokeward to battle
Or sunward to peace."

The relations of the colonies to the empire are not yet solved. In "Briton to Briton" he makes an appeal for their solution:

"We have come to the ways, O Brothers,
To the grim considering place;
And is it to be together,
Or chaos, and the end of the race?"

In a spirit of dignified shame and indignation he gives a prophet-like rebuke to the peace hunters and mercenaries who degrade the name of Canada. Recent revelations show us that craft and graft and guile are the greatest evils that menace our land:

"Must this cursed trade go on,
Franchise but a bartered pawn,
Freedom, thought and honor gone?
Heaven strike or send a holier dawn
To Canada, my own, my own."

The jubilee ode to Queen Victoria has a majesty like an organ's peal. The siege

and relief of Mafeking are sung in words that stir one's pulses like Tennyson's "Relief of Lucknow":

"Weeks, long weeks of waiting, watching for
succor to come;
To burrow in earth like rabbits, to wake to
the thunder of drum;
Through months, long months, life-eating
nights of fever and pain,
Days of watching and hunger borne with a
brave disdain;
Where gaunt-eyed sorrow in woman's guise
went patiently up and down,
While near in the woman's laager the chil-
dren's graveyard grew.
These by thy soldiers, O England! Care for
them, honor them, thine!
Greater than bulwarks of granite or iron,
thy bulwarks from brine to brine!"

The songs on the departure of the Canadian contingent and on their return stir the blood like a bugle call. We quote a stanza of each:

"They have gone with a people's hopes and
prayers,
Out over the eastern brine,
To strike for the might of Britain's right,
This bit of 'the thin red line.'"

"Canadian heroes hailing home,
War-worn and tempest smitten,
Who circled leagues of rolling foam
To hold the earth for Britain."

THE NEW YEAR.

An age too great for thought of ours to scan,
A wave upon the sleepless sea of time,
That sinks and sleeps for ever, ere the chime
Pass that salutes with blessing, not with ban,
The dark year dead, the bright year born for man,
Dies; all its days that watched man cower and climb,
Frail as the foam, and as the sun sublime,
Sleep sound as they that slept ere these began.
Our mother earth, whose ages none can tell,
Puts on no change; time bids not her wax pale
Or kindle, quenched or quickened, when the knell
Sounds, and we cry across the veering gale
Farewell—and midnight answers us, Farewell;
Hail—and the heaven of morning answers, Hail.

!—*Algeron Charles Swinburne.*