

When lo ! from a sun-dried Southland
Came tidings of bitter war,
Of a slow and stubborn people
Who cling to the things that are,
With them of my children's kindred,
Their clansmen beyond the sea,
Who watch by their signal beacons
And reach for the things to be.

And then when the call was sounded,
Their spirit was stirred at length ;
As a lion springs from slumber
And wakening, finds his strength.

They came from the quiet farm-house
Where life hath an even beat,
They gathered from forge and workshop,
They massed in the bustling street.

From West, where the cloudless twilight
Sinks out on the prairie's rim,
And West, where the walled, white waters
Dash down in the shadows dim.

To the help of an ardent people,
A people who may not sleep ;
For they who were born to conquer
Must ever be trained to keep.

Oh ! fair were my deep love's offerings
Nor blemish nor blight had they,
But eager and strong and clean-limbed
They, wondering, went away.

I sent them in hope and trembling,
But never a dread of shame ;
I blessed them and cheered them outward
And watched for the news that came.