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THE CONFUSED DAWN.

YOUNG MAN.

WHAT are the Vision and the Cry
That haunt the young Canadian soul?
Dim grandeur spreads, we know not why,
O'er mountain, forest, tree, and knoll,
And murmurs indistinctly fly.
Some magic moment sure is nigh!
O Seer, the curtain roll!

SEER.

The Vision, mortal, it is this—
Dead mountain, forest, knoll, and tree
Awaken all endued with bliss,
A native land—O think!—to be—
Thy native land!—and, ne'er amiss,
Its smile a sympathising kiss
Shall henceforth seem to thee.

The Cry thou couldst not understand,
Which runs through that new realm of light,
To Breton's and Vancouver's strand,
From many a lovely landscape bright,
It is their waking utterance grand,
The one refrain 'A native land!'
Thine be the ear, the sight.