

The Maple.

TUNE—"The Red, White and Blue.

Long flourish the stout, sturdy maple !
 Its leaves ever welcome and green,
 An emblem, I trow, that's no fable
 To loyal Canadians, I ween.
 The rose may claim culture and beauty,
 The shamrock, wit, fancy and glee,
 The thistle may boast of stern duty,
 The maple proclaims liberty !

Though young be the nation that claims thee,
 There throbs in its life-blood no blight ;
 Long life to the people who names thee—
 The emblem of freedom and right.
 Thy root in the soil deeply planted,
 Thy head peering up to the sky,
 Betoken the people undaunted,
 Who've sworn to protect thee or die.

Then here's to the land of the maple !
 The home of the brave and the free ;
 And here's to the love that's the cable !
 That binds all thy children to thee.
 Thy sons are all brave and true-hearted,
 Thy maidens are faithful and fair,
 The sires to the sons have imparted
 This motto for freedom " We dare."

It may be that some lands are blander,
 Their vales have a lovelier glow,
 Thy mountains and valleys look grander
 To thy sons and thy daughters, I trow.
 There's grandeur from hill-top to river,
 There's beauty in each inland sea ;
 Then Canada flourish for ever !
 As grand as thine own maple tree.

Sir John.

"There have been few statesmen in any country that could boast of a longer period of popularity than our veteran premier, while neither in this nor any foreign country is there a statesman who can boast that his popularity has been founded on more substantial or more enduring service to his countrymen."

KINGSTON NEWS, Dec. 28, 1888.