

The country ever has a lagging spring,
Waiting for May to call its violets forth.—*Bryant.*

A power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and her military posts, whose morning drum-beat following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.

—*Daniel Webster.*

I wandered lonely where the pine trees made
Against the bitter east their barricade,
And guided by its sweet
Perfume, I found, within a narrow dell,
The trailing spring flower tinted like a shell
Amid dry leaves and mosses at my feet.
From under dead boughs, for whose loss the pines
Moaned ceaseless overhead, the blossoming vines
Lifted their glad surprise,
While yet the bluebird smoothed in leafless trees
His feathers ruffled by the chill sea-breeze,
And snow-drifts lingered under April skies.

—*THE MAYFLOWER: J. G. Whittier.*

Here in Canadian hearth, and home, and name,—
This name which yet shall grow
Till all the nations know
Us for a patriot people, heart and hand
Loyal to our native earth, our own Canadian land!

—*Chas. G. D. Roberts.*

A pure large flower of simple mold,
And touched with soft peculiar bloom,
Its petals faint with strange perfume,
And in their midst a disk of gold.

—*BLOODROOT: Elaine Goodale.*

Thou cam'st not to thy place by accident;
It is the very place God meant for thee.

—*Trench.*

Now about the rugged places
And along the ruined way,
Light and free in sudden graces
Comes the careless tread of May—
Born of tempest, wrought in power,
Stirred by sudden hope and fear,
You may find a mystic flower
In the spring-time of the year!

—*TRILLIUM: Dora Read Goodale.*

Happy is he who has learned this one thing—to do the plain duty of the moment quickly and cheerfully, whatever it may be.

Dear common flower, that growest beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth—thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer blooms may be.

—*THE DANDELION: James R. Lowell.*

Britannia's Hymn.

Thou who rulest Earth and Heaven,
Bidding kingdoms fall or rise,
Of Thy grace direct my footsteps.
Be as light unto mine eyes,
Of Thy bounty smile in blessing,
Of Thy mercy spare the frown,
At Thy feet, O Wondrous Spirit!
Lay I shield and trident down.

Countless as the stars at midnight
Or the pebbles by the sea,
Are the children Thou has given
Of Thy favor, Lord, to me.
Where the palms afford them shadow,
Where the pines afford them fire,
For my cause they fashion armor,
In my praise they sound the lyre
Like the murmur of the forest
When the winds of autumn sweep,
Or the endless solemn thunder
Of a never-resting deep—
Yea, more wondrous and o'erwhelming,
Infinitely more sublime
Are the sound waves of their voices
Pealing on the sands of time.

I behold a wondrous vision
Going ever on before,
And its promises and blessings
Broaden, brighten more and more.
There the sun forever riseth
While it ever goeth down,
Justice lifteth righteous balance,
Mercy weareth laurel crown.

"Hail to Justice! Hail to Mercy!"
Sing my songs with one accord,
"Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia! praise the Lord."

Touch, with flame from off Thine altar,
Patriot tongues and bid them say,
"Wake to wisdom, O ye people!
Lest the vision fade away."

—*Frederick J. Johnston-Smith, in Portsmouth News.*

Mottoes for Blackboard Decoration.

Fear God; honour the King.

The country is greater than party.

May the silken cord of love bind our Empire closer together

One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
One nation, evermore!

Glorious flag—red, white and blue,
Bright emblem of the pure and true.

Such is the patriot's boast where'er he roam,
His first best country ever is his home.

"The Maple Leaf Forever" entwined in a wreath of red maple leaves.

The Dominion and Provincial coats of arms in colour.