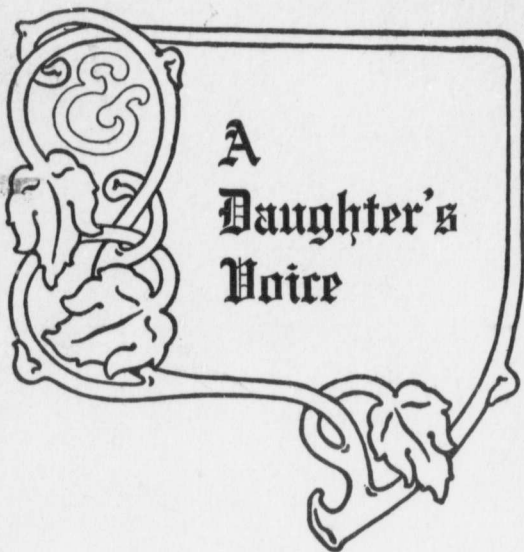


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**A
Daughter's
Voice**

By . . .

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A Daughter's Voice

High within thy Council Chamber, compassed by the cares of State,
Canst thou hear our voices calling, Mother England, at thy gate?
Far across the world we sought thee, swift to gather round thy Throne,
We who may not pass the portal thou hast closed against thine own.
Not as beggars empty-handed wait we by thy palace wall,
Craving crumbs of kindly phrases flung from out thy banquet-hall;
Not as children lightly heeded, but as Queens who seek thy grace,
Robed with Freedom, crowned with Empire, Daughter Nations of thy race.

Hear me, Mother! I have led them, these my sisters, from afar.
Royal are the gifts we bring thee, fruits of peace and spoils of war;
Bounteous harvests, golden treasure, wealth of forest, mine and sea,
Power and fame and wide dominion, we have won them all for thee.
Love and loyalty unswerving—hast thou learned to know their worth?
Aye, for these have brought thee glory from the ends of all the earth;
"Who shall aid thee?" mocked the nations, but their jeering lips were dumb
When around the world in thunder rolled the answering cheer, "We come!"

'Neath Canadian skies, my Mother, in the land I call mine own,
Waits for thee a daughter's welcome, grace and favour thine alone.
Proudly rise the stately ramparts I have built by land and sea,
Strong to guard my craftsmen's labours and to keep my marts for me.
Wouldst thou enter? Lo, they crumble as the mists before the sun!
They shall vanish in the noontide of the glorious day begun,
When the Queens shall trace together the vast bounds of Loyal Kin,
Giving friendship to the stranger, giving love to all within.

O'er the famous Road of story Caesar's legions, outward hurled,
Swept in triumph home returning with the spoils of half the world,—
Youth was mine and strong endeavour and a vow was mine to keep,
I would build a nobler Highway, it should stretch from deep to deep!
Sullen foes have watched the footsteps of thy sons who come and go,
Alien banners flaunted o'er them, snares and pitfalls spread below,—
I have hewed the path of Empire, I have linked the East and West,
And thy children pass rejoicing, 'neath the flag they love the best.

Fairer than the paths Elysian trod by poets in their dreams
Winds the Way that they shall follow down the clear Canadian streams,
Past the sea of amber cornfields where my prairie flowers bloom,
O'er the mountain's snowy rampart and the canyon's purple gloom,
By the verge of foaming torrents, by the gleam of golden sands,
Down the slope of flushing orchards, through the peaceful meadow lands,
Till a magic City rises from the blue Pacific's shore
Where the Lions of Vancouver guard my Gate for evermore.

We who forged the links of Empire, shall our hands not weld the chain?
We who wide the seed have scattered, shall we gather not the grain?
Can'st thou still deny our birthright who but ask thy toil to share,
Who would bring our love to lighten all the burdens thou must bear?
Must we stand without, unheeded, while thy rulers guide thy fate?
We have met the foe beside thee—shall we linger at thy gate?
May we know not of thy danger till our swords must make reply?
Shall we live not for thy glory, we who for thy sake can die?

Empire? We have held it for thee. Freedom? It is ours and thine.
Britain's honour? We have borne it through the shot-swept battle line.
Wisdom, Knowledge? We have won them from the heart of many lands.
Strength and Union? Shall we take them, Queen of Nations, from thy
hands?

Are we of thy race, oh Mother? Call thy Daughters to thy side!
Answer! Have we proved us worthy? Throw thy Council Chamber wide!
Let us rule the world together through the centuries to be.
Love to aid us, God to guide us, each for each, and all for thee!

L. A. LEFEVRE