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CANADA:
PRESENT AND FUTURE

A PATRIOTIC POEM

—BY—

ROBERT AWDE,

TORONTO.

To the Pioneer of the Cattle Export Trade of Canada

✻ GARRETT P. FRANKLAND, ESQ., ✻

*Alderman of the City of Toronto, and
Chairman of the Committee on Markets and Health*

THIS POEM IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED
BY THE AUTHOR.

Canada—Present and Future.

Fair Canada, thou Queen of Lands, a vision comes to me,
A dream of future glory of thy greatness yet to be,
When thou within thy amplitudes of Forest, Prairie, Plain,
Shalt hold a hundred millions of our Anglo-Saxon strain ;
Thy Mineral Lands in precious ores are rich beyond compare,
Thy matchless Lakes with Islands gemmed yield scenes surpassing fair,
Thy Forests vast of wealth untold exceed man's fondest dream,
And all thy Lakes and Streams and Shores with Fish abundant team.

Sleek Cattle graze in Pastures Green, or rest beneath the shade
Of lovely Trees who's sheltering arms form bowers by nature made ;
Rich Fruits of almost every kind mature beneath thy Sky,
And graceful Flora lends her charms to please the cultured eye ;
Rich fields of Golden Grain now wave, where erst was Prairie Land,
And grateful Nature freely yields her wealth on every hand,
Eager to show how she enjoys the stirring of the soil
She fills the barns of him who gives the needed care and toil.

I see vast trains of Emigrants, with keen and anxious gaze,
Look on thy thriving Husbandmen and hope for happier days
When they, like thousands they behold, shall own Fair, Fertile Farms,
And multiply by skill and care the Landscape's thousand charms ;
Here Trees shall fall, there others grow, now strangers to the clime,
There Mills and Factories shall yield their Fabrics in due time,
A thousand busy Industries shall flourish in thy vales
And Goods from these to Foreign Lands shall go in ponderous bales.

Thou hast for these and kindred Arts resources yet untold,
Thousands of miles of Anthracite as precious e'en as gold ;
Blest Country, blessed People, thine with such vast mines of wealth,
A climate too that gives thy sons a manhood crowned with health ;
Wise men and great shall boast of thee and bless thee for their birth ;
I see their names enrolled among the highest of the earth.
Proud Nations that have heard thy fame shall send their Sons to thee—
Thou Land of Britain's noblest sons, fair Canada the free.

I see thee with one language, from east to western sea,
Thy Citizens united all, in love and loyalty;
All Race distinctions blended in a grand harmonious whole,—
A self-dependent people that rejects outside control;
That does their own deep thinking. And seeks the common good;
That holds the patriotic tie, as dear as that of blood;
That guards and keeps the heritage our Fathers won, e'en these
Freedom of Worship, Speech, and Vote, our British liberties.

I see vast Halls of Commerce rise, and Art her temples rear;
Thine hand-maid Education win her noblest trophies here,—
Great Colleges of Learning shine with lustre all their own.
And thou as now still lovingly attached to England's throne.
I see thee in the coming years, no timid maiden thou,
Enriched by Art and Science with their chaplet on thy brow,
Amongst the Nations shining like a bright and Northern Star,
Attracting millions to thy Shores who see thy light afar.

There's naught in Federation to impede thy onward course,
But much to help the promptings of a mighty inward force,
Inspiring and uniting all the best traits of our Race,
And bringing in the golden age, the crowning year of grace.
I see thy mighty Cities, and I fancy I can hear
The music of the millions in an anthem loud and clear,
As it fills thy Sacred Temples, as its echoes roll and rise
To the ear of the Eternal in the Temple of the Skies.

In rich and deep thanksgiving for our fair and fruitful fields,
For the blessings out of number that this fair Dominion yields,
For the Christ and His salvation! Heaven's greatest, richest boon.
For our glorious British Empire having reached its golden noon.
I see thee with majestic mien thy Southern brother greet,
As one in heart ye lay the palm of victory at the feet
Of Him who's right it is to reign, and this I hear you say,
"In His name, Federation with Great Britain, hail the day!"

ROBERT AWDE,
General Inspector of Licenses and Food.

APRIL 17th, 1889.