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CANADA'S SUPREME MOMENT

DECEMBER, 1912.



DEDICATED BY PERMISSION
TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

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THOS. J. PARKES, SHERBROOKE, QUE.

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CANADA'S SUPREME MOMENT, December, 1912.

I dreamed and in my dream the vision passed
Of Canada in wealth and progress vast,
Of Canada, grown great—in actions strong,—
Of Canada to whom the rights belong
Of ruling well at home the men she's reared,
Of blending in her veins the rich, red blood
Of thousands, foreign-born, whom GOD has steered
To these rich lands to seek their home and food.

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I dreamed, and yet it was not all a dream,—
For up she rose in all her virile strength,
From coast to coast, throughout her far-flung length,—
She rose and shook herself—moment supreme,—
A sense sublime of what she owed, she felt.—
In Island tight, our island home, there dwelt
A matchless Mother grand, in thoughtful pose,
While round her gathered thick, the Empire's foes.
No suppliant beggar asking alms was this,
No weak-kneed tyrant, cringeing to us, knelt,
No claim was made that we had been remiss,—
Silent—waiting—the mother of us all
Sat on her sea-girt throne, fearing no fall.
Silent—from her firm lips no plea shall come.
Waiting—she knew that those who'd left her home
Carried within their hearts the same stern pride
Which in the past made her the Sea-king's bride,
Which in the past had quelled internal strife
When foreign foes did threat the nation's life;
That pride adopting self-sustaining role,
"Mistress in her own house," as Kipling sang,
Yet "Daughter in her mother's" thrilled her soul.
"Freely we have received"—deep, loud it rang,
"And freely will we give nor feel a pang."

In splendid isolation Britain stood.
Sprang forth at once from Canada her brood.
The wounded lion with his bleeding side
Stood watchful, bristling mane with wrathful pride.
"Alone?"—No, not alone, for at the sight
His lusty cubs spring forth, demand the right
To stand in the forefront, join in the fight.
Their bleaching bones on Afric's burning sand,
Their nameless graves on yonder foreign strand
Attest the fact that Britain's sons afield
Are BRITISH still at heart, the Empire's shield.



MOMENT SUPREME—Emergent, Britain's need—
MOMENT SUPREME—Sink thoughts of self and greed.
Rise to the heights of noble thought and deed
Where patriot love and gratitude profound
Hold converse deep with pride of race, renowned.
Hark to the voice which speaks with thund'rous notes
From Rocky Mountains' cliffs and Scotians' throats,
And freely send to serve our Empire's need
The gifts, unsought, from every race and creed.



MOMENT SUPREME—Shall Canada hold back
When GOD has given her of wealth no lack,
When rolling prairies rich with grain are blest,
When forests dark yield gladly of their best,
When rocks, auriferous rich, shake out their spoil,
And mines with metals rare repay our toil,
While every shore is laved with waters fraught
With wealth untold, nor hands nor brains have wrought?
Moment supreme—a CRISIS GOD has sent
To test in us the talents HE has lent.

THOS. J. PARKES,
SHERBROOKE, QUE.
9th December, 1912.