

CANADIAN SERIES : OF : BOOKLETS

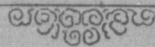
CANADIANA

.. CANADA ..

BY

F. S. SEENCE

Toronto



THE COPP, CLARK COMPANY, Limited, TORONTO





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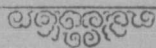
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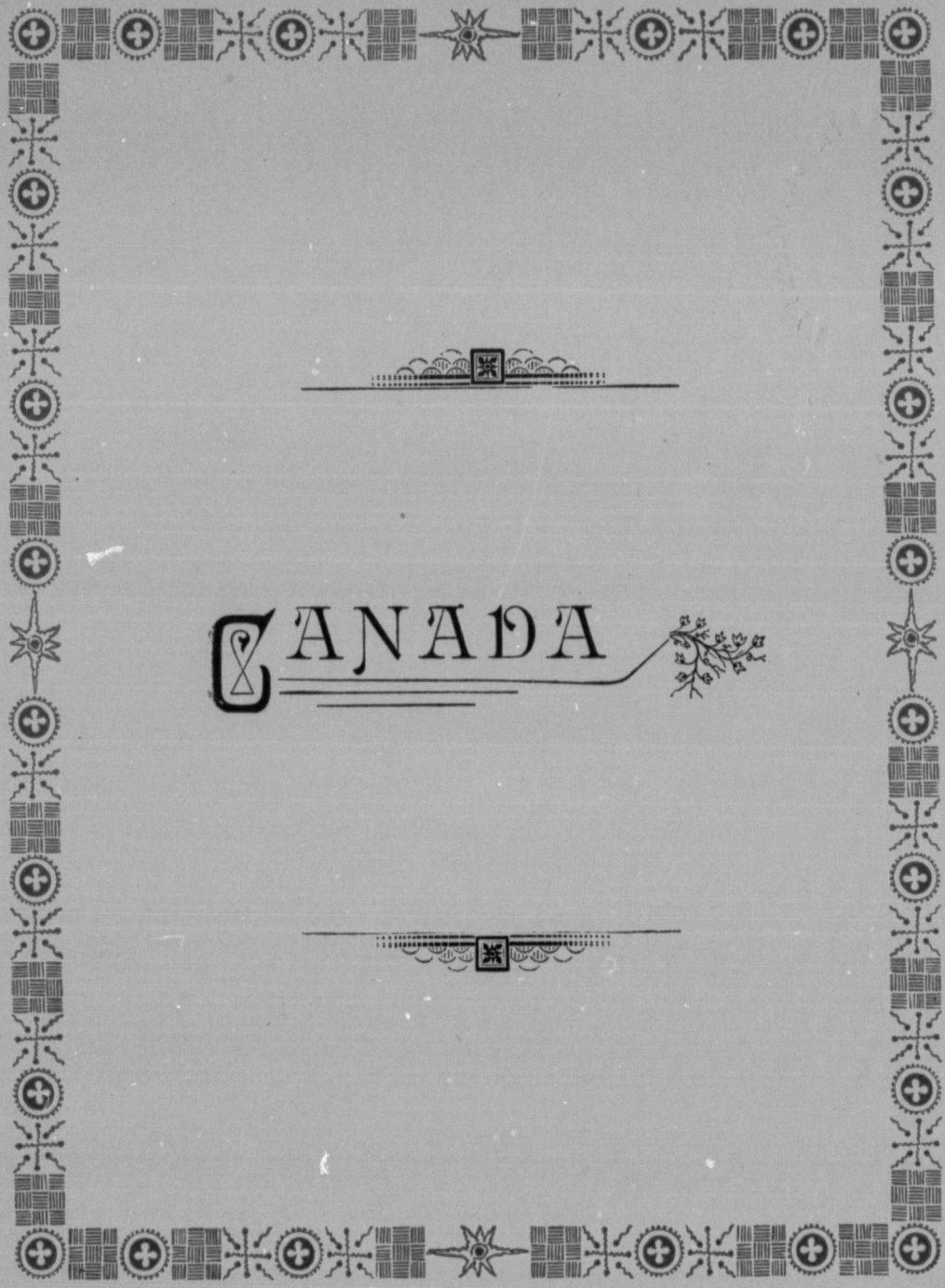
With the Compliments of the Season

From .....

To .....





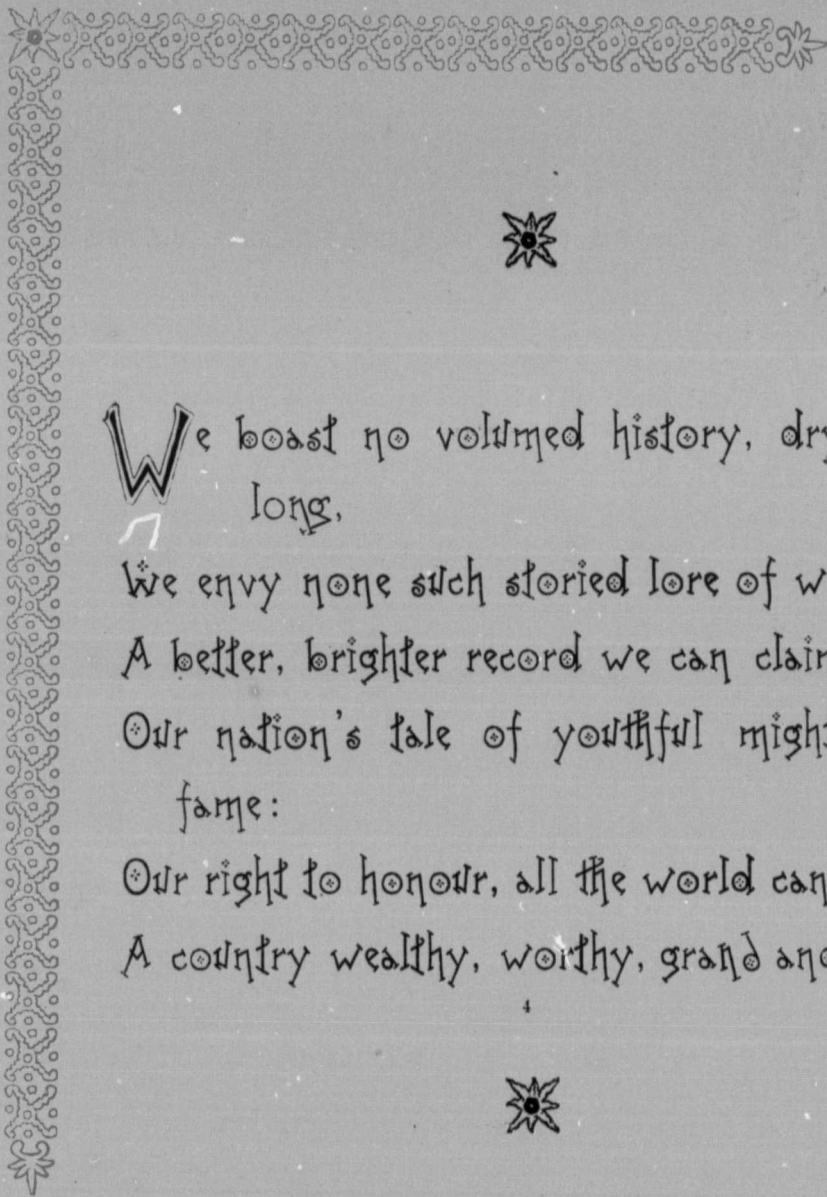


CANADA 









We boast no volumed history, dry and  
long,

We envy none such storied lore of wrong;

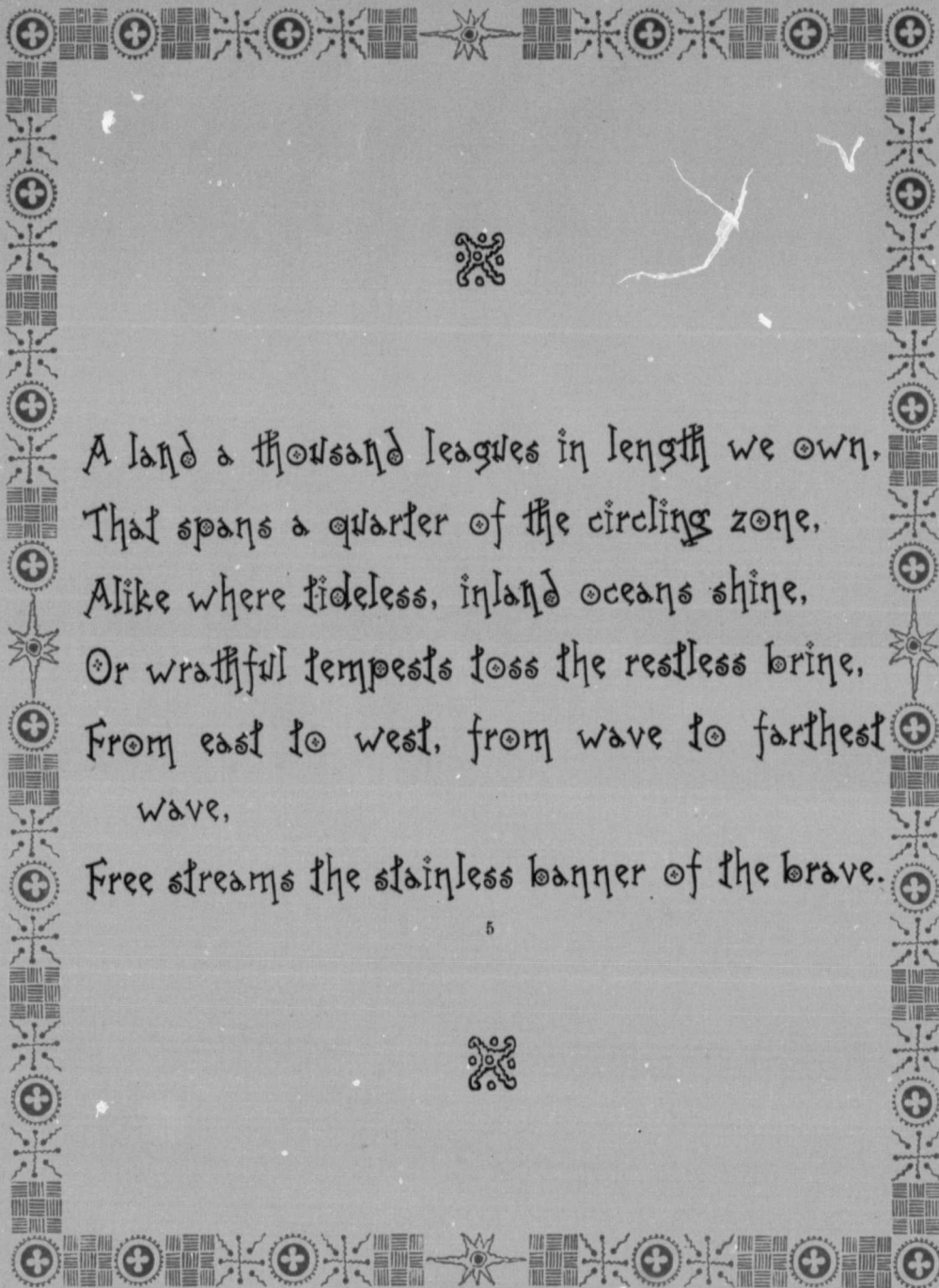
A better, brighter record we can claim,

Our nation's tale of youthful might and  
fame:

Our right to honour, all the world can see—

A country wealthy, worthy, grand and free.





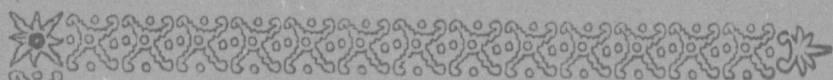
A land a thousand leagues in length we own,  
That spans a quarter of the circling zone,  
Alike where tideless, inland oceans shine,  
Or wrathful tempests toss the restless brine,  
From east to west, from wave to farthest

wave,

Free streams the stainless banner of the brave.







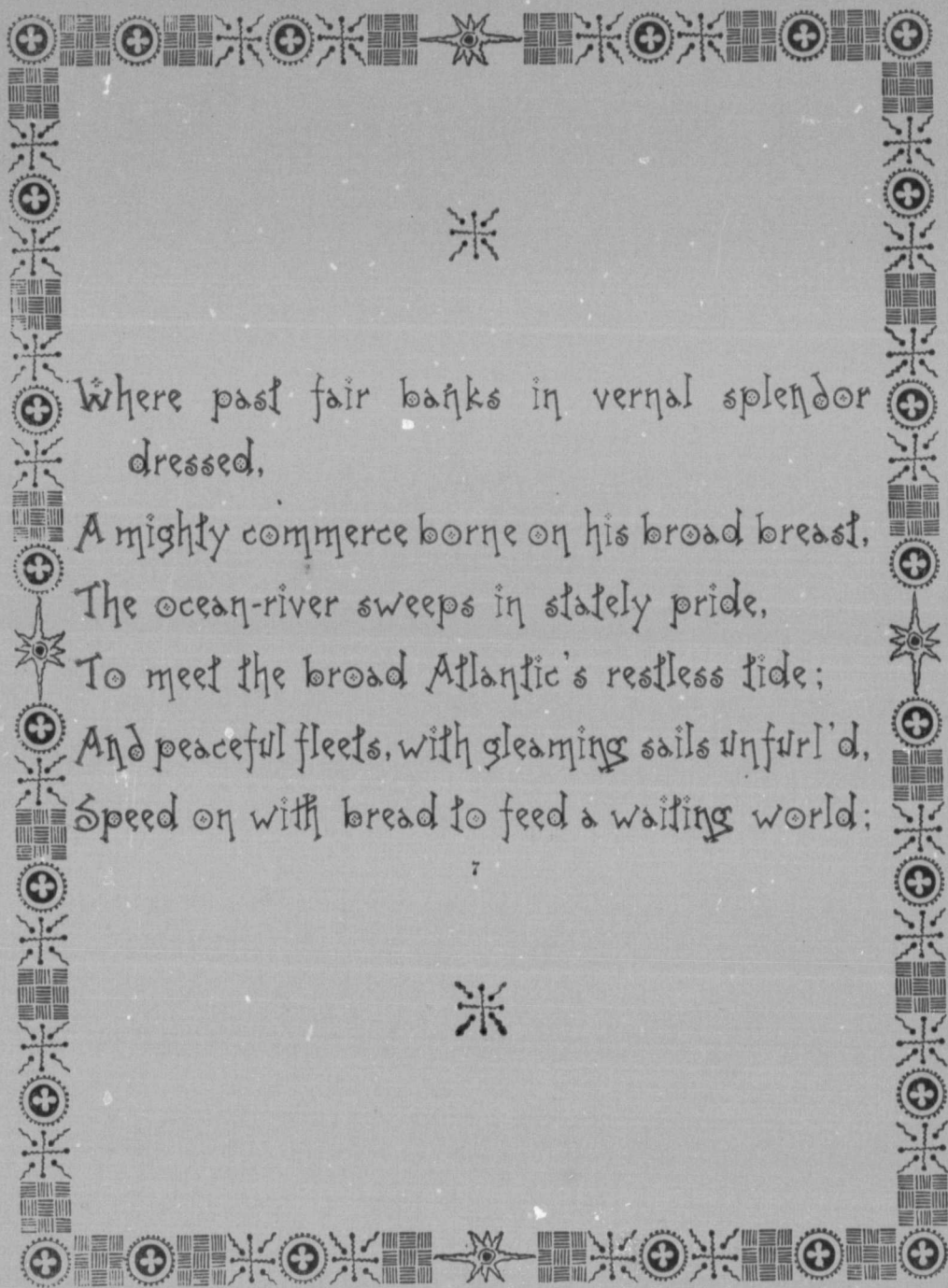
It floats o'er all New Brunswick's pine-clad  
coast—

The store-house of far nations' naval boast;  
Prince Edward's wealthy wooded hills and  
dales,

And fair Acadia's fertile plains and vales;







Where past fair banks in vernal splendor  
dressed,

A mighty commerce borne on his broad breast,

The ocean-river sweeps in stately pride,

To meet the broad Atlantic's restless tide;

And peaceful fleets, with gleaming sails unfurl'd,

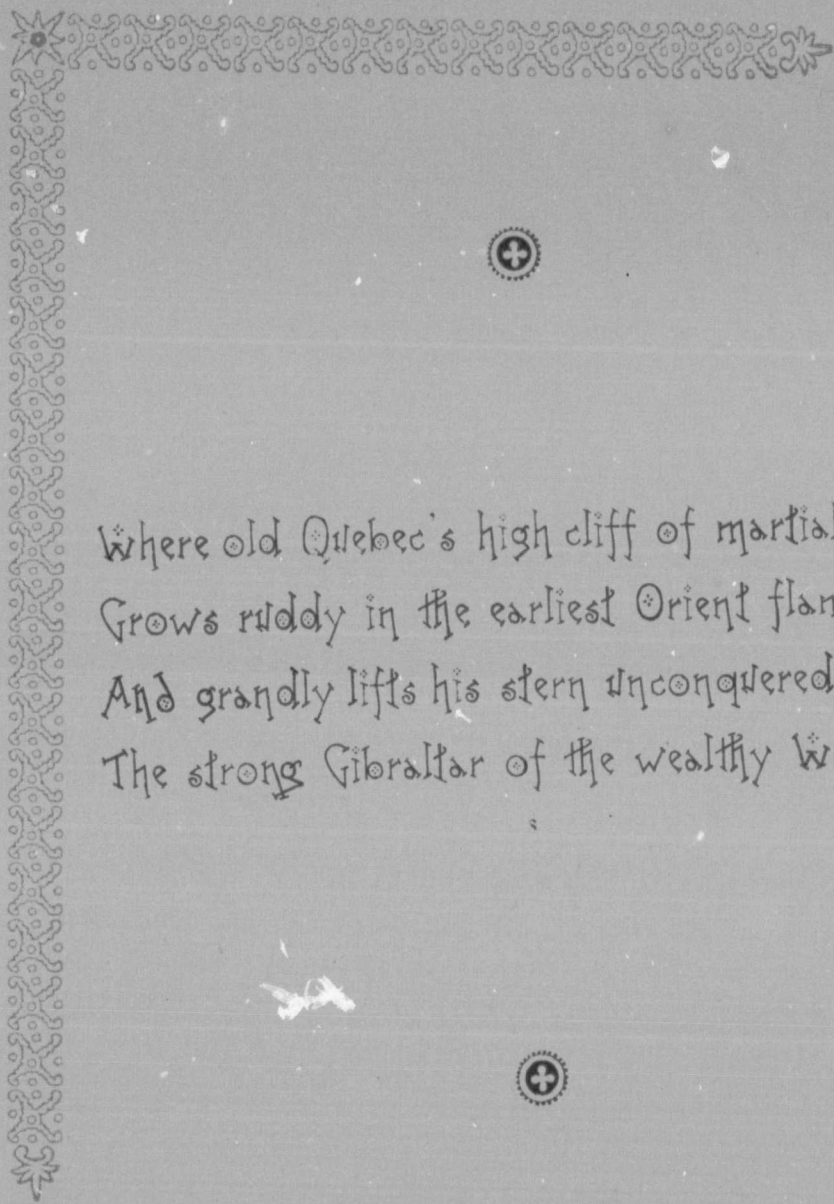
Speed on with bread to feed a waiting world;

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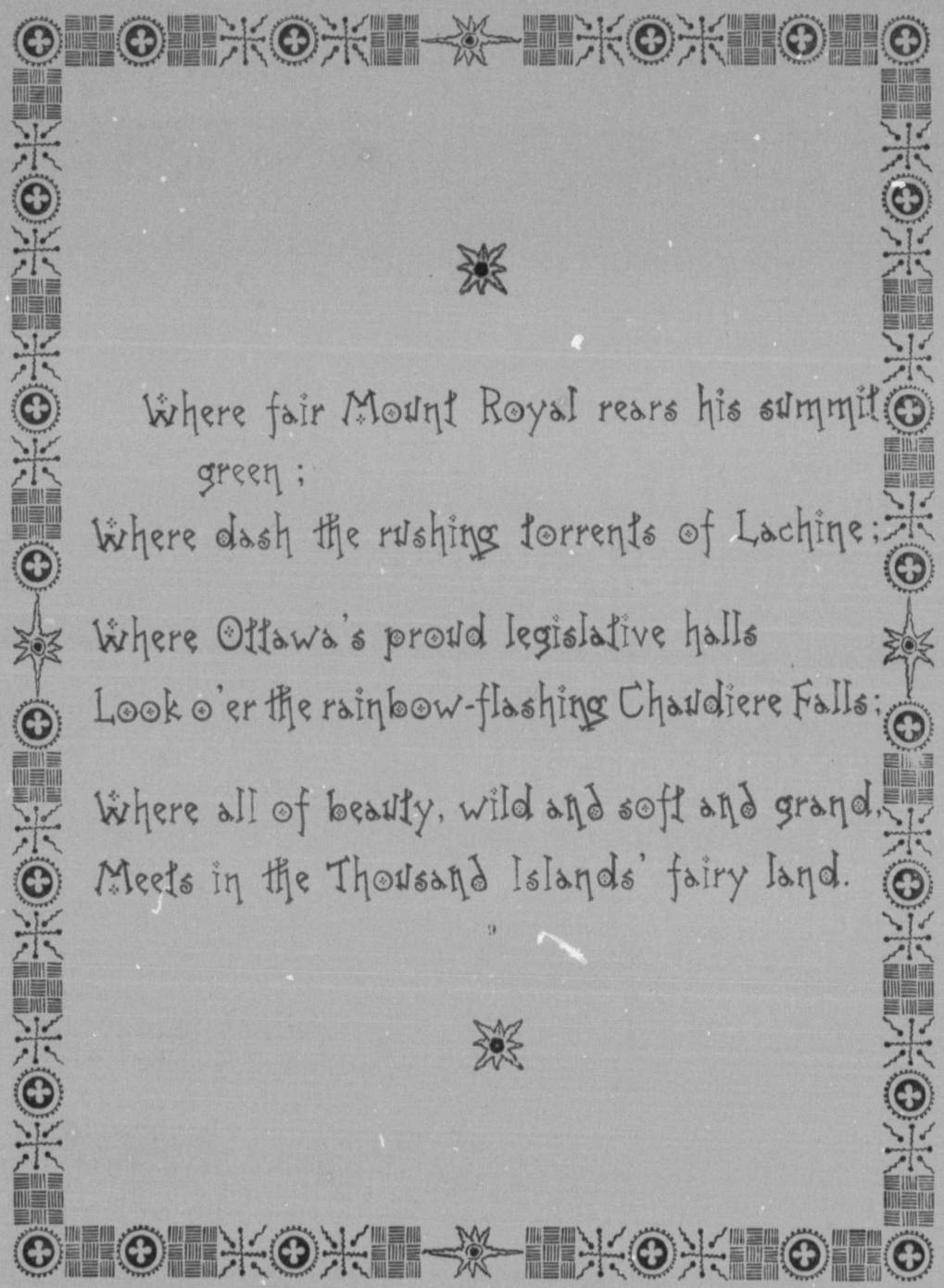






Where old Quebec's high cliff of martial fame  
Grows ruddy in the earliest Orient flame,  
And grandly lifts his stern unconquered crest,  
The strong Gibraltar of the wealthy West:





Where fair Mount Royal rears his summit  
green ;

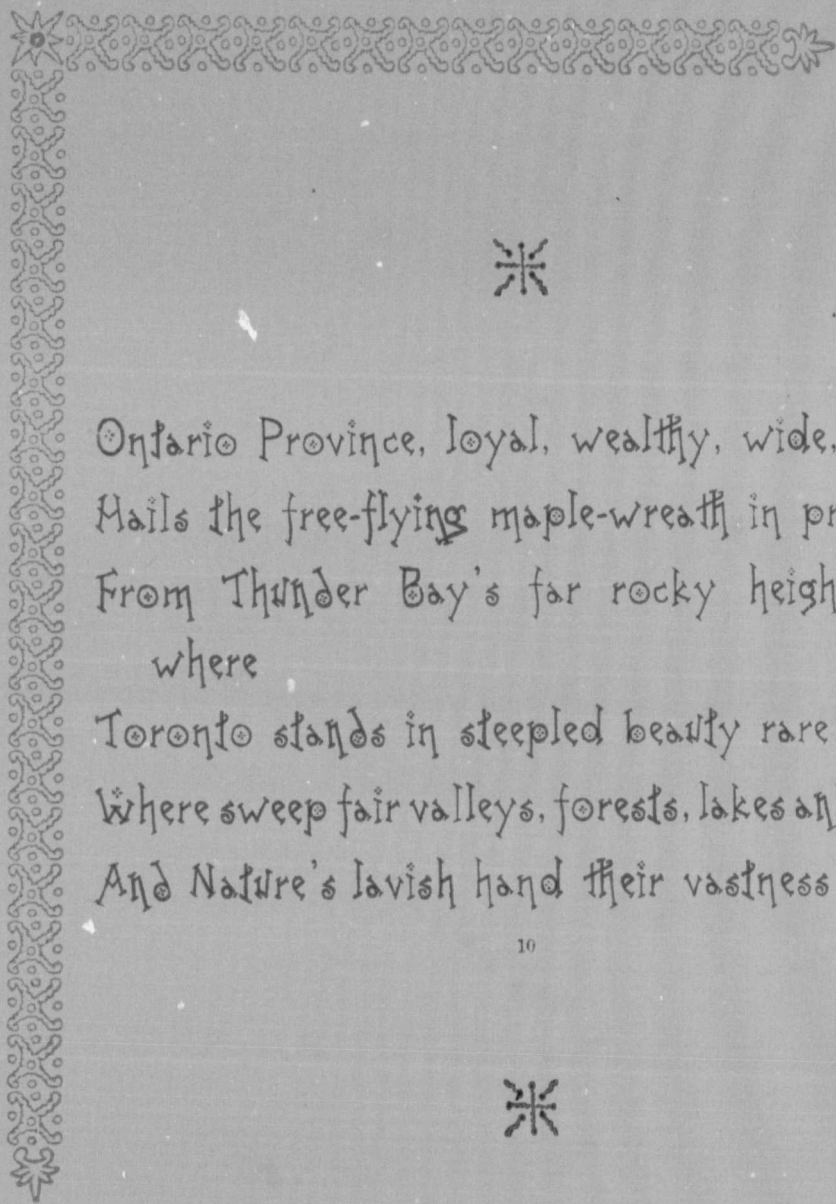
Where dash the rushing torrents of Lachine ;

Where Ottawa's proud legislative halls  
Look o'er the rainbow-flashing Chaudiere Falls ;

Where all of beauty, wild and soft and grand,  
Meets in the Thousand Islands' fairy land.







Ontario Province, loyal, wealthy, wide,  
Hails the free-flying maple-wreath in pride,  
From Thunder Bay's far rocky heights, to  
where  
Toronto stands in steeped beauty rare;  
Where sweep fair valleys, forests, lakes and hills,  
And Nature's lavish hand their vastness fills—





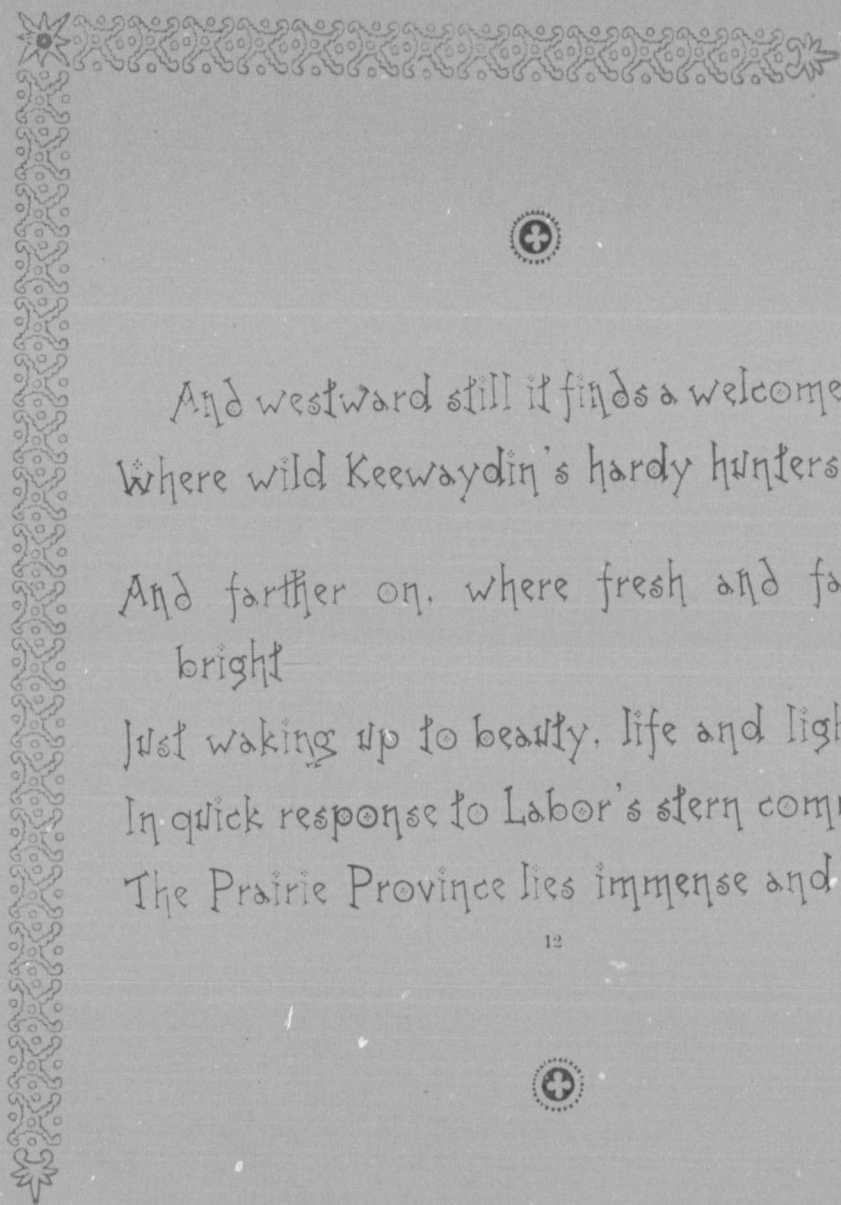


From where Niagara's mighty thunders roar  
To far Superior's shining silver shore—  
With all that can enrich, befriend or please,  
Girt by that glorious chain of inland seas,  
Where smiling peace, and joy and plenty bless  
The fairest, freest land that men possess.









And westward still it finds a welcome home,  
Where wild Keewaydin's hardy hunters roam.

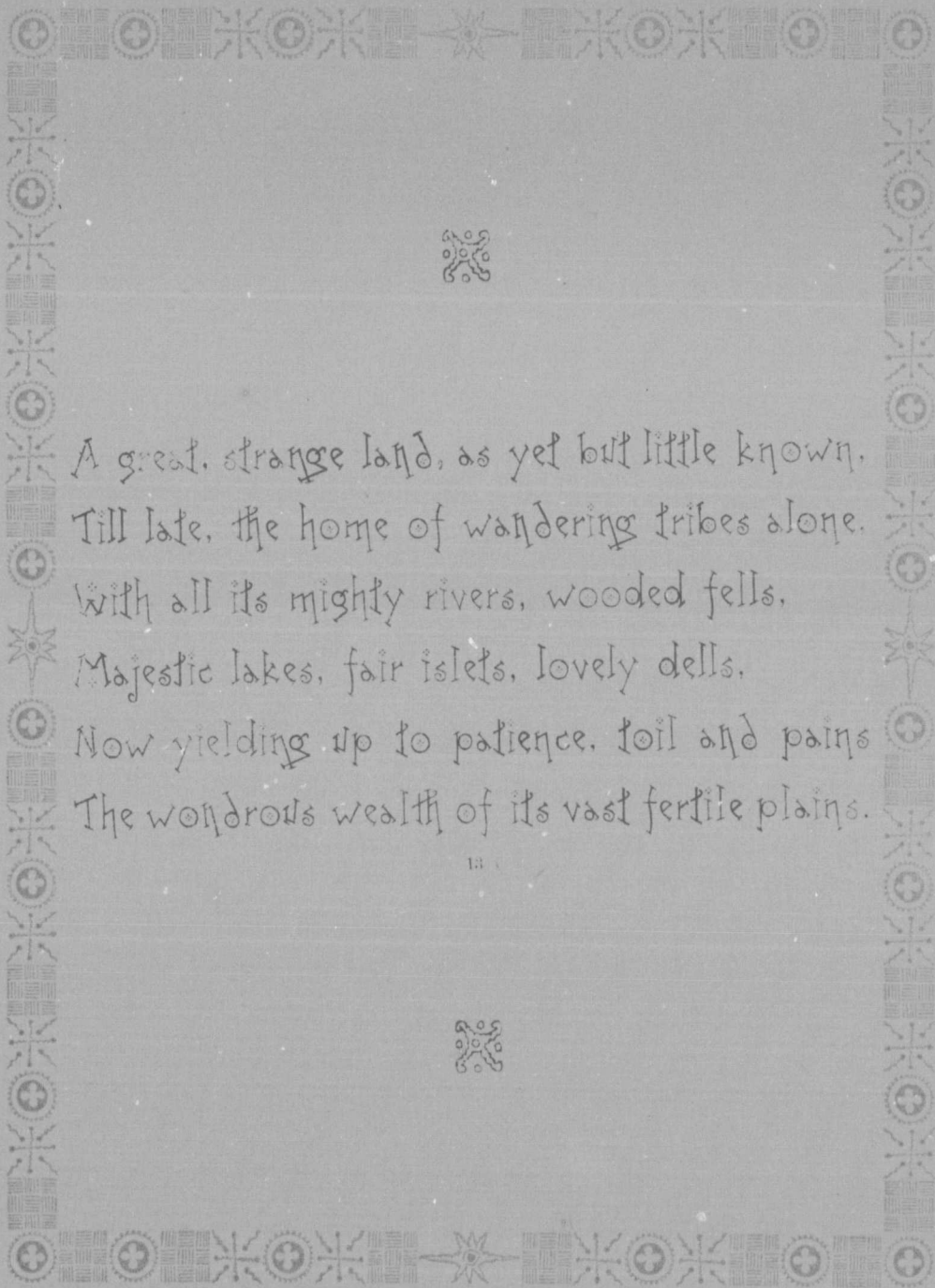
And farther on, where fresh and fair and  
bright

Just waking up to beauty, life and light,

In quick response to Labor's stern command

The Prairie Province lies immense and grand:

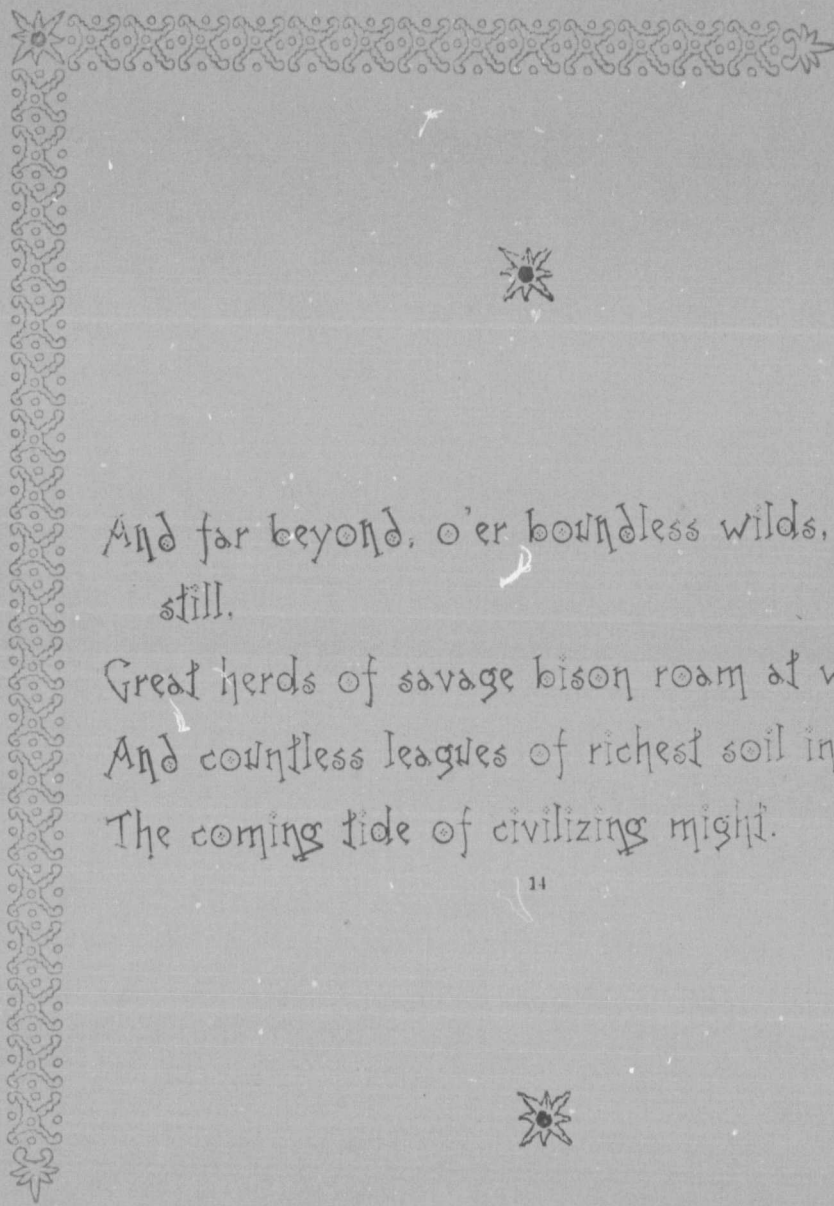




A great, strange land, as yet but little known,  
Till late, the home of wandering tribes alone.  
With all its mighty rivers, wooded fells,  
Majestic lakes, fair islets, lovely dells,  
Now yielding up to patience, toil and pains  
The wondrous wealth of its vast fertile plains.






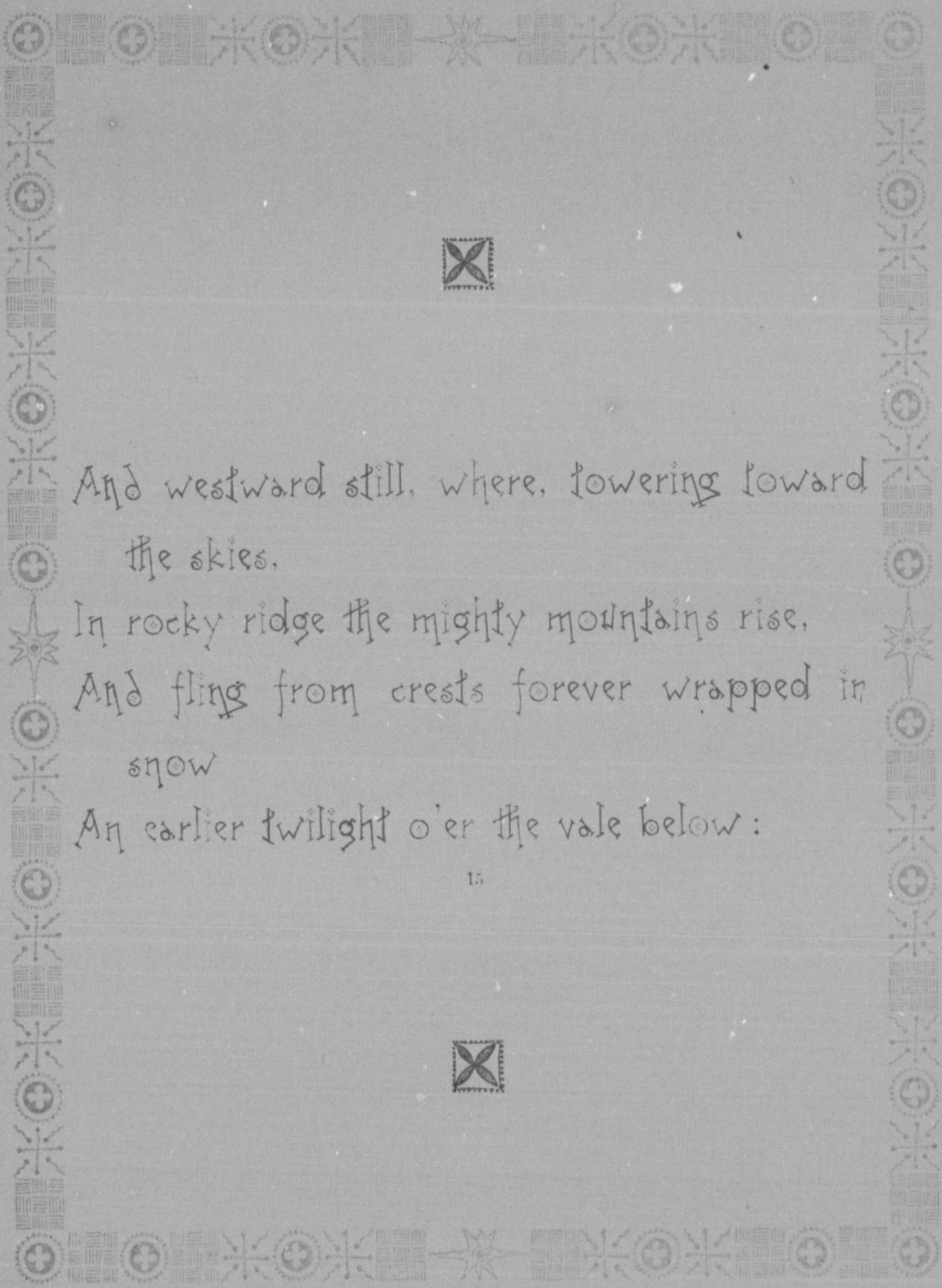


And far beyond, o'er boundless wilds, where  
still.

Great herds of savage bison roam at will.  
And countless leagues of richest soil invite  
The coming tide of civilizing might.

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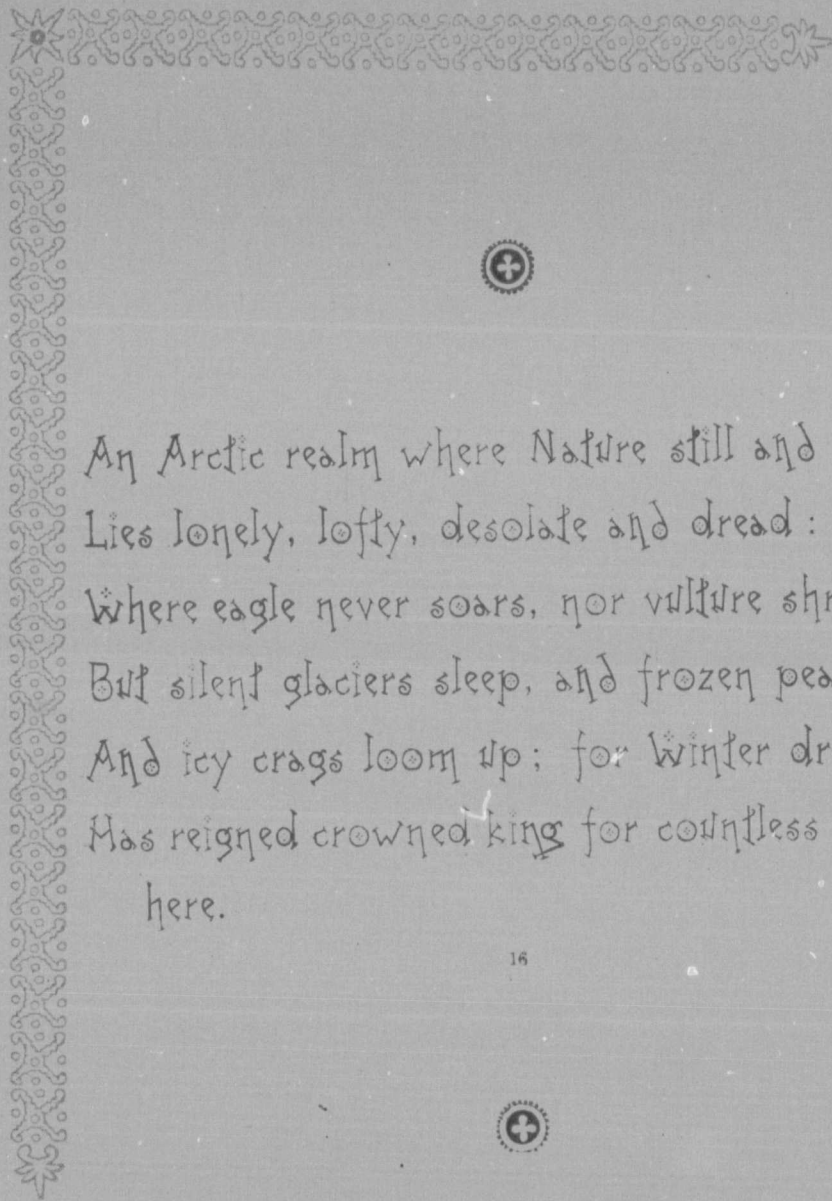
And westward still, where, towering toward  
the skies.

In rocky ridge the mighty mountains rise,  
And fling from crests forever wrapped in  
snow

An earlier twilight o'er the vale below:


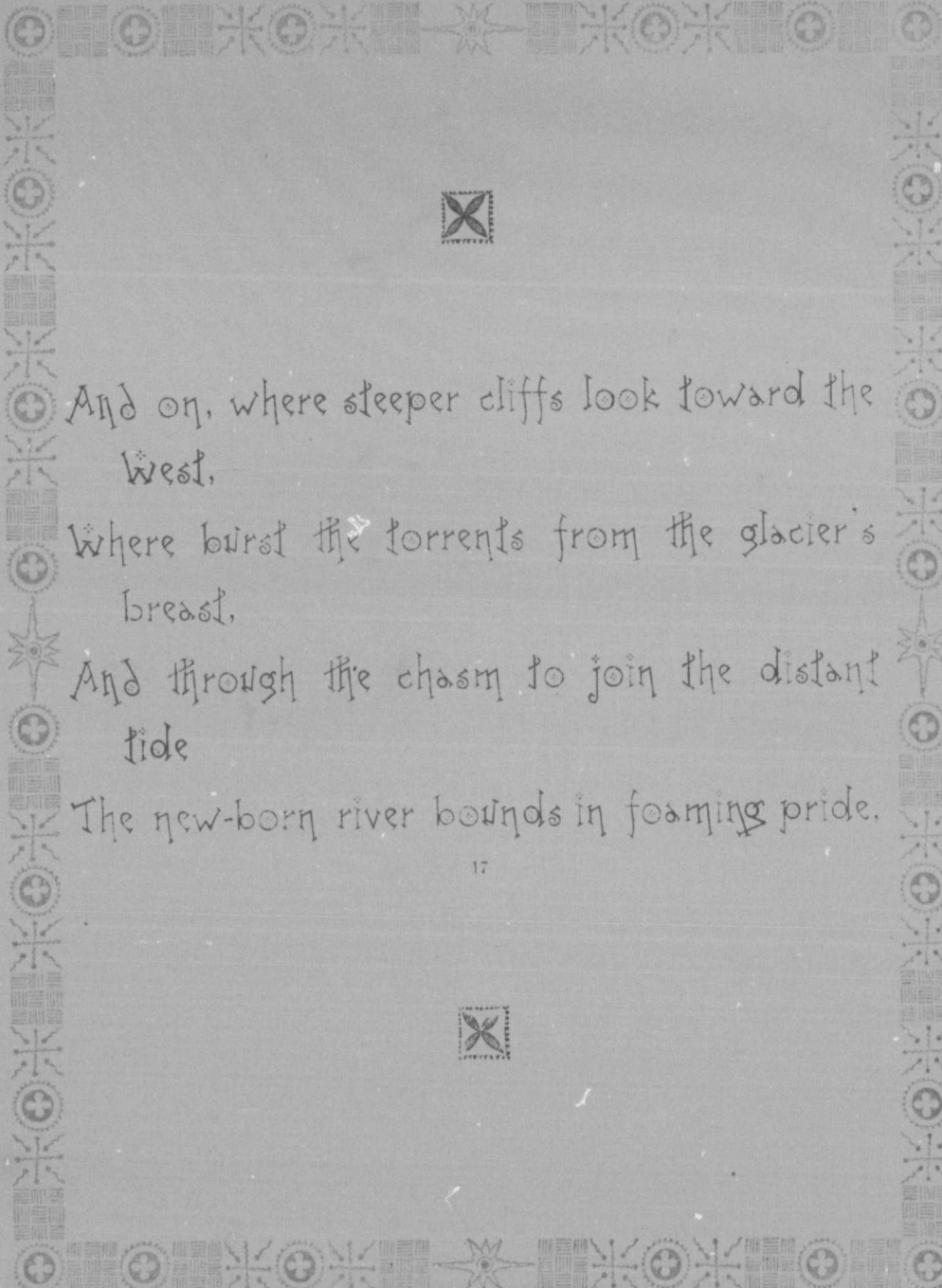






An Arctic realm where Nature still and dead,  
Lies lonely, lofty, desolate and dread:  
Where eagle never soars, nor vulture shrieks,  
But silent glaciers sleep, and frozen peaks  
And icy crags loom up; for winter drear  
Has reigned crowned king for countless cycles  
here.






And on, where steeper cliffs look toward the  
West,

Where burst the torrents from the glacier's  
breast,

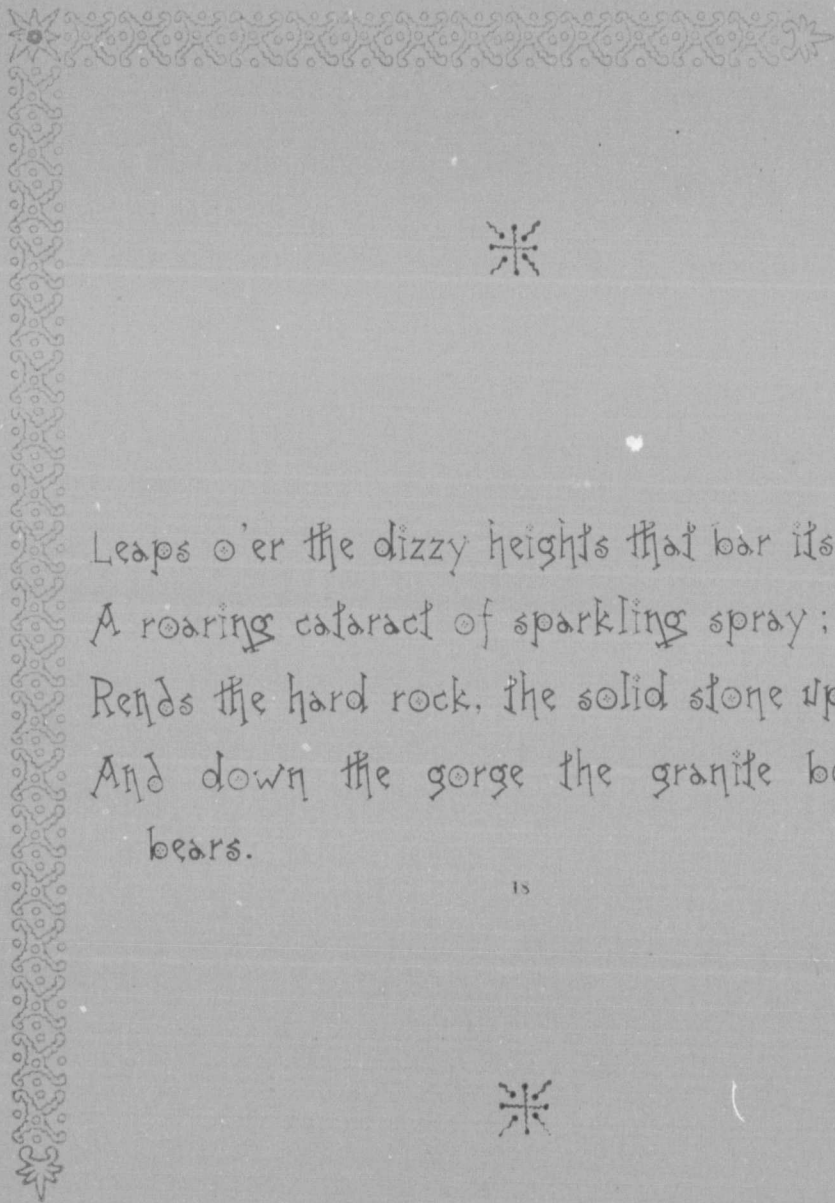
And through the chasm to join the distant  
tide

The new-born river bounds in foaming pride.

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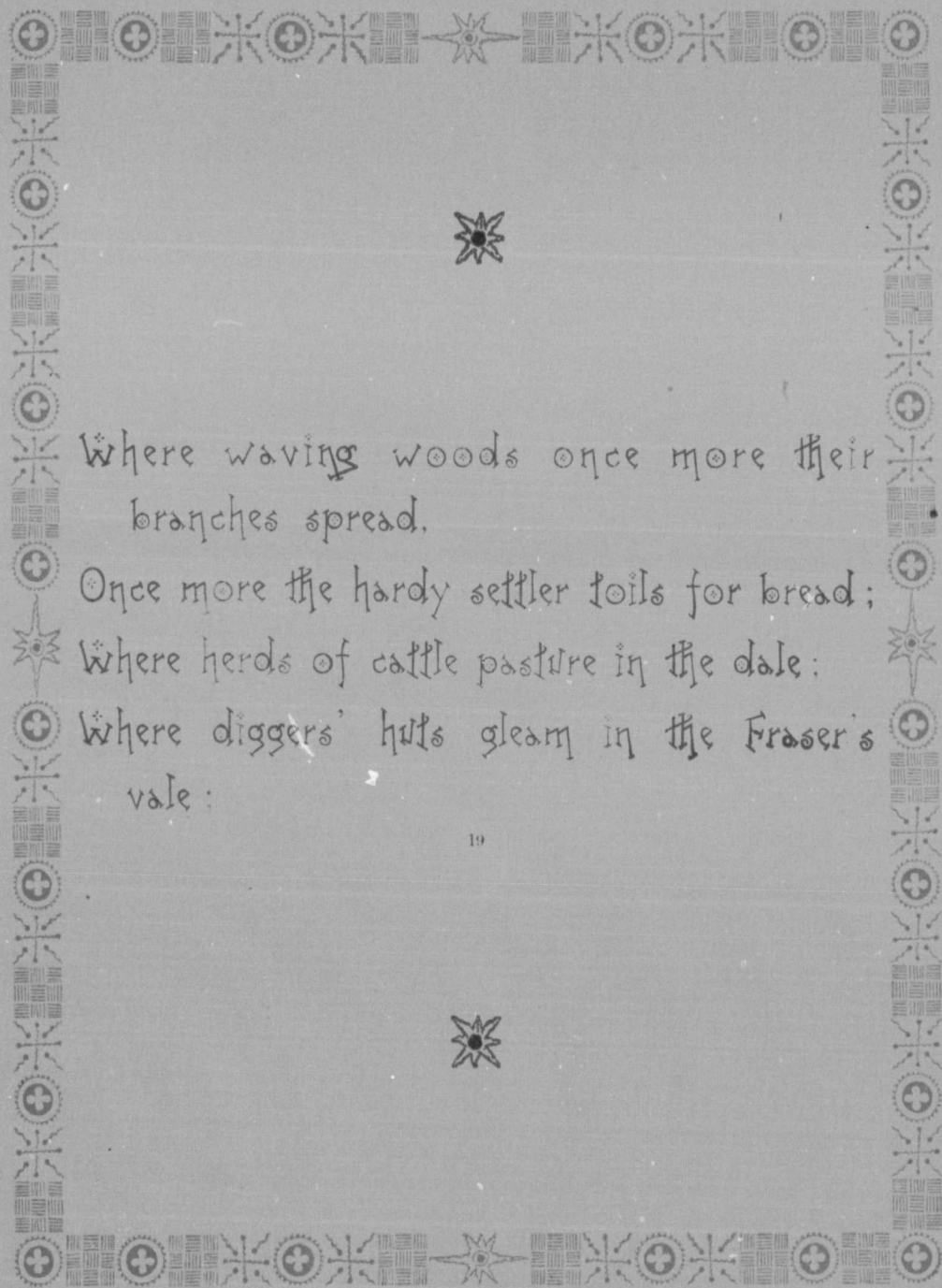




Leaps o'er the dizzy heights that bar its way.  
A roaring cataract of sparkling spray;  
Rends the hard rock, the solid stone uphears,  
And down the gorge the granite boulder  
bears.







Where waving woods once more their  
branches spread.

Once more the hardy settler toils for bread;

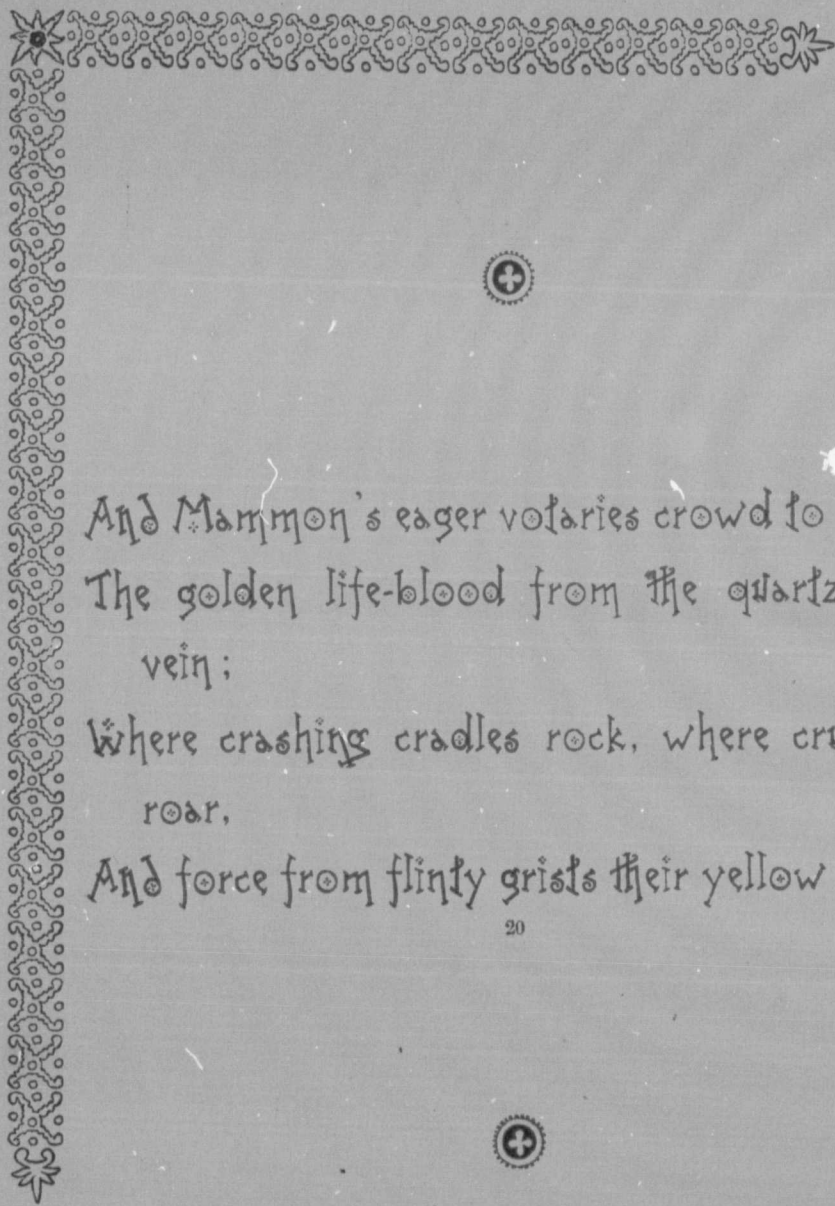
Where herds of cattle pasture in the dale;

Where diggers' huts gleam in the Fraser's  
vale:









And Mammon's eager votaries crowd to drain  
The golden life-blood from the quartz-rock  
vein;

Where crashing cradles rock, where crushers  
roar,

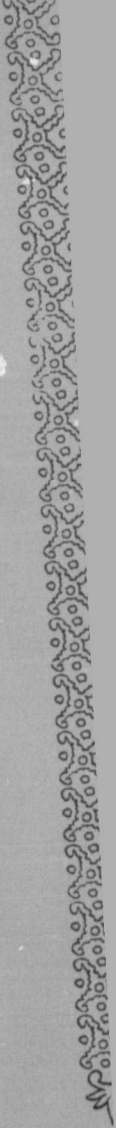
And force from flinty grists their yellow store.

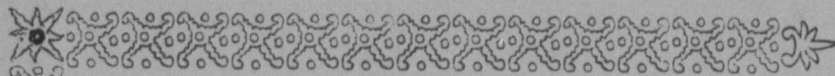
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And farther still, where restless, rolling wide,  
The proud Pacific heaves his hoary tide;  
And flings the flashing surge his billows boast,  
Along that wealthy, wild, Columbian coast;  
While wanton waves, that sport and shout  
the while,  
Sweep through the Sound and round  
Vancouver's Isle.







All ours! The verdant vales, the fertile farms,  
Or snow-clad mountains more majestic  
charms!

Alike o'er prairie plains and spreading seas  
Fair floats the Beaver Banner to the breeze.







And falsehood foul is Slander's whispered tale,  
That dares our Nation's noble name assail;  
For they who this great heritage command,  
Have ever proved a people just as grand.  
No slave can tread our soil. No tyrant's frown  
Can crush a yearning cry for pity down.



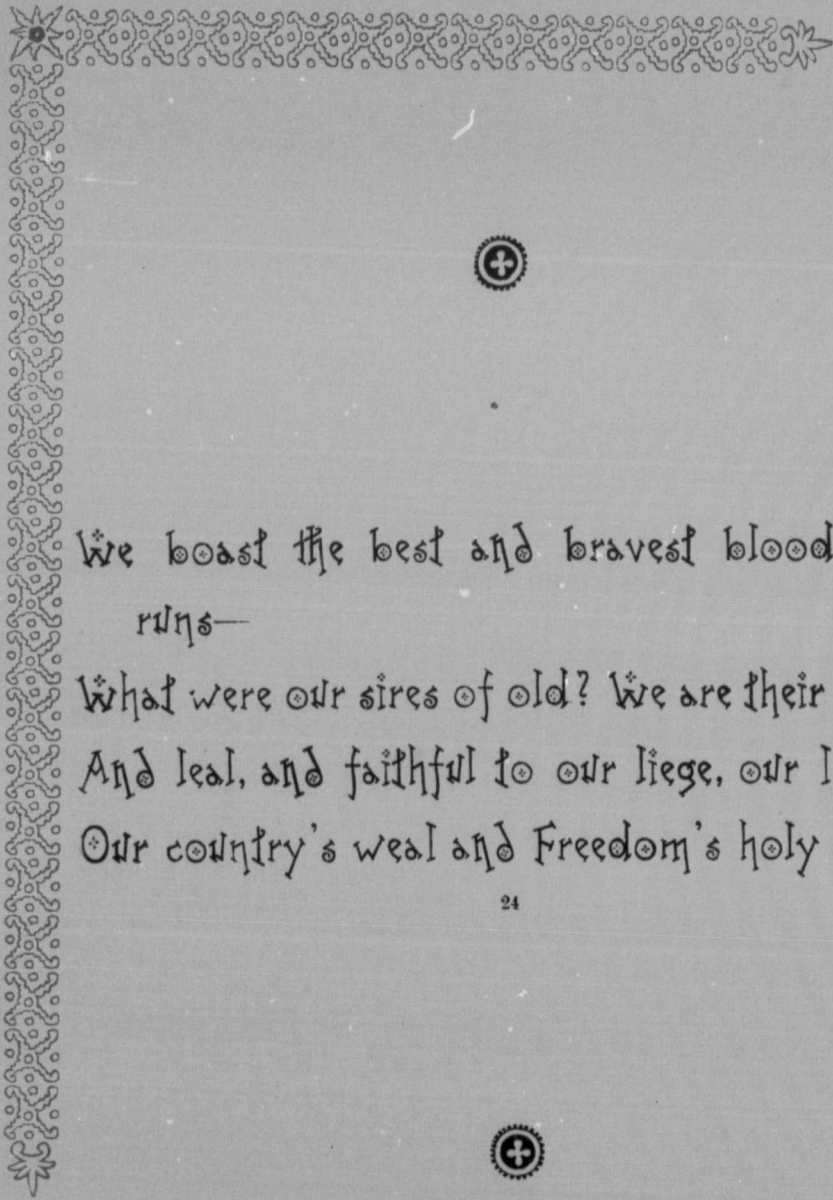


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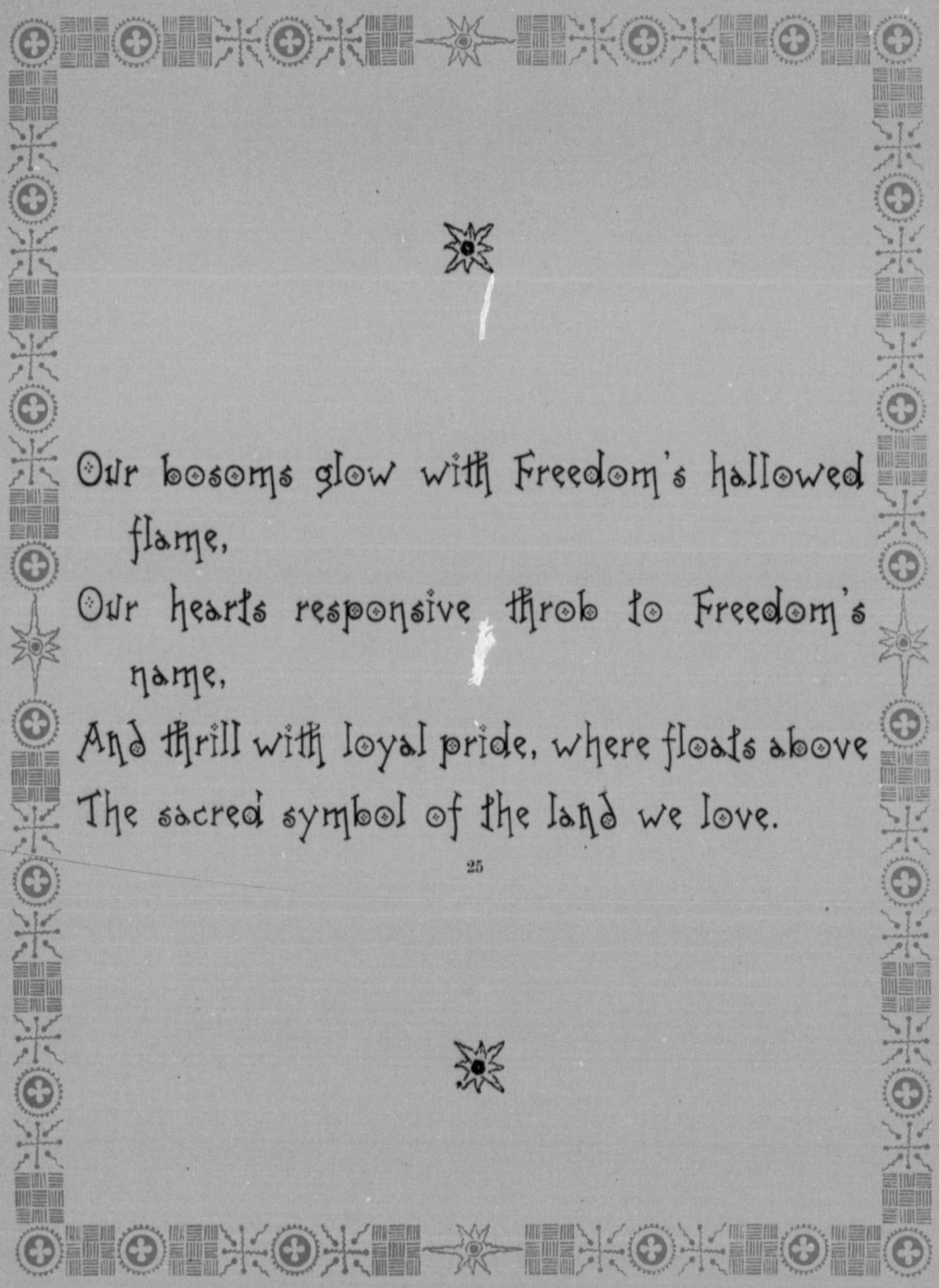




We boast the best and bravest blood that  
runs—

What were our sires of old? We are their sons,  
And leal, and faithful to our liege, our laws,  
Our country's weal and Freedom's holy cause.



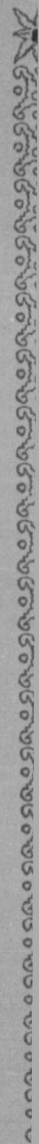


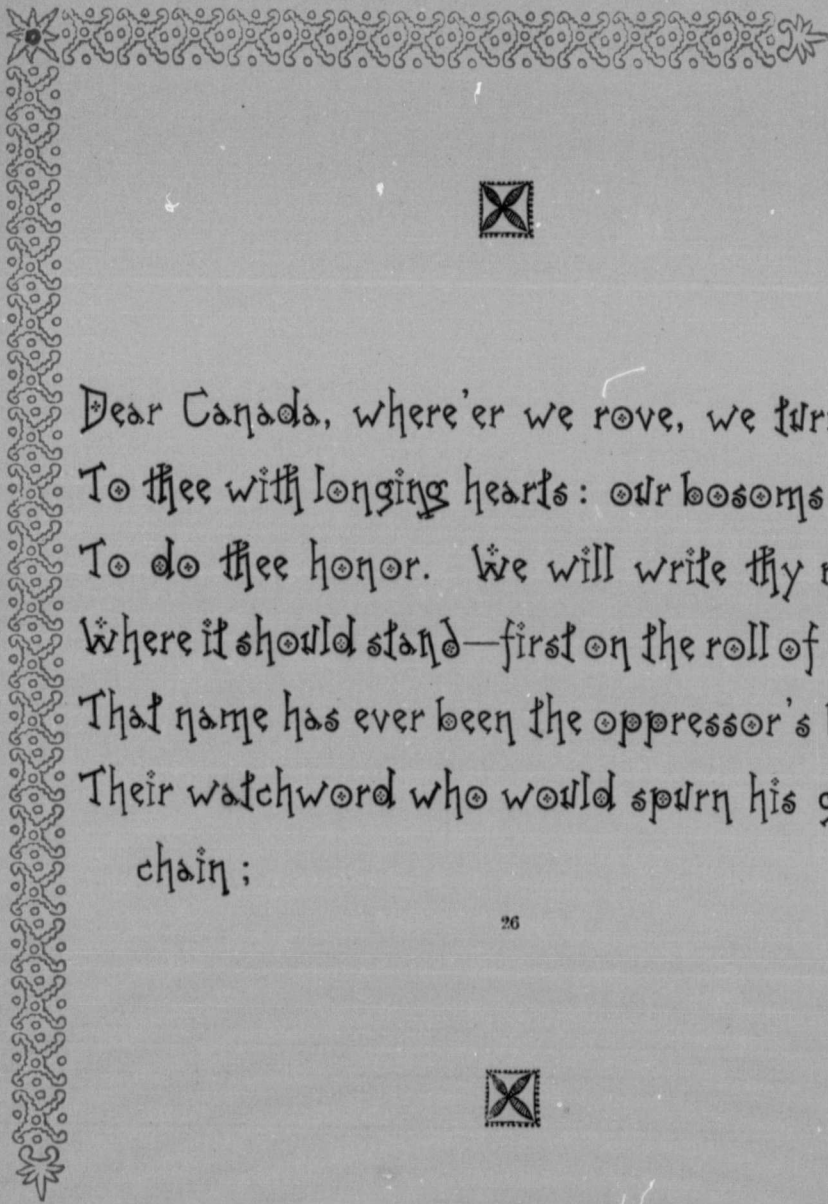
Our bosoms glow with Freedom's hallowed  
flame,

Our hearts responsive throb to Freedom's  
name,

And thrill with loyal pride, where floats above  
The sacred symbol of the land we love.







Dear Canada, where'er we rove, we turn  
To thee with longing hearts: our bosoms burn  
To do thee honor. We will write thy name  
Where it should stand—first on the roll of Fame.  
That name has ever been the oppressor's bane,  
Their watchword who would spurn his galling  
chain;







And we for aye, by God's great grace and  
might,

Will jealous keep it still unstained and bright,

And fervent pray, wherever we may roam,

"God bless our own fair, free, Canadian  
home!"







