

Our Trust.

Those lines were suggested by the movement in the United States some time ago to strike from their coinage the motto, "In God We Trust," but are intended to refer to Canada as well.

When first put forth from Palos' shore
Columbia's pioneer caravel,
What was the sign that proud she bore
To solve deep Thule's mystic spell?
In accents clear, of Faith!
The sign?—What need to tell?
The voive flag of Ferdinand
The cross of Ysabel!
The sign than from San Salvador
Shed radiance from the first
As awed in soul, each savage learned
To lisp,
"In God We Trust."

When first New England's virgin coast
Responded the wearied Pilgrim's prayer,
How rose the anthems of that host
As waked primeval echoes there?
Once more the fact recall—
What crest they steadfast bear
Whilst toilers earnest builded well,
A Nation to uprear.
The primal paeon of Liberty
Upon that New World burst
As hearts, pent up, poured forth with joy
Full deep
"In God We Trust."

When first by Gaspé's lordly hills
The Breton's barque greets welcoming land,
What thought each grateful soul deep thrills,
As Nature's vistas wide expand?
The cross—and Fleur-de-Lis :

Not first e'en royal command,
 As France's noblest chivalry
 Possess a new-known strand,
 Nor more serene St. Lawrence' flow,
 Nor stronger northern gust,
 Nor firmer roots the towering pine,—
 One thought,
 "In God We Trust."

So Faith and Freedom, hand in hand,
 By Joshua's light—secure begun—
 To sponsor true a foundling land,
 March tireless onward with the Sun.
 Need more the tale unfold?
 A task sublime well done;
 Fraternal bonds knit close in peace—
 A deathless victory won.
 Dissension's shrivelling thunder
 Aims now no shaft accurst:
 Her sister nations, bone and blood,
 Portray
 "In God We Trust."

Guard well, Columbia fair, thy gift;
 Exemplar stand of Christian State:
 Thy light—far-flung—high, higher lift;
 A myriad host thy guidance wait.
 Each teeming port guard well:
 Thine, Earth's last western gate:
 Proud haven of humanity;
 Grim Niobe of Fate?
 So shall thy glorious legend
 Transcend sepulchral dust,
 And utmost Chaos' fineless bounds
 Still chant,
 "In God We Trust."

A. J. MCADAM.