

RY.''  
"HOW A FOREST BECAME A CITY."

A Song of Opportunity.

We sing a golden land where the rose's laden bough  
Tosses crimson petals by a silver sea,  
But there grows a grander flower in this sunny land of Now—  
'Tis the glorious flower of Opportunity!

CHORUS

How it grows, how it grows, how it blows . . .  
Never grew a flower so fresh, so free.  
Time may bring his plough,  
In this happy land of Now  
We grasp the golden flower of liberty,

'Tis the very flower of freedom for it blossoms free for all,  
On the lonely mountains, round the loggers' camp,  
On the barren, stony reaches where the glittering minerals fall  
To the clamour of the miners' crushing stamps.

Where the hidden coalfields lurk, where the giant timber towers,  
Where the torrent through the mighty canyon leaps;  
Where the jewelled humming bird flits through green Arcadian bowers,  
And the quarry of the crafty hunter sleeps.

Floating on the shimmering waters of the blue Pacific seas,  
Where the mountain and the ocean surges meet;  
Where the sun-enamelled produce bows the groaning orchard trees,  
In the busy work-shop, store and crowded street.

In the settler's thriving patch, in the teeming fields of grain  
'Midst the harbour's dusty din and busy swing,  
Opportunity still blossoms—to its glory once again,  
To its everlasting glory let us sing.

But a moment let us pause, let us pray that all the fruit  
May be worthy of our country and our men,  
That the harvest may be honour, pure and bright beyond dispute,  
So the flower may not have blossomed once in vain.

Be it so! may we grow, be it so!  
Fruits of honor, truth, integrity,  
Let us make a solemn vow  
In this happy, happy Now,  
We will win a happier future for the free.

A. C. DALTON.