

*For the CANADIAN HORTICULTURIST.*

## MY COUNTRY'S TREE.

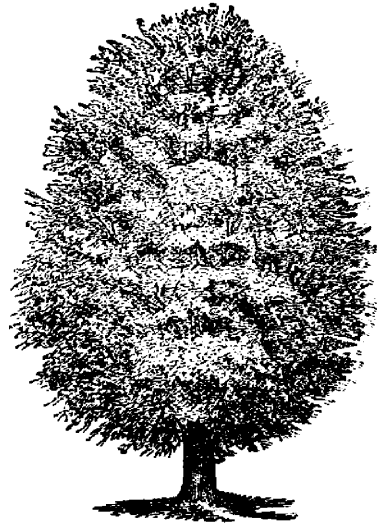
BY GRANDMA GOWAN, MOUNT ROYAL VALE, MONTREAL.

SEE how my Maple waves her arms,  
 So graceful, high in air!  
 With diamond bracelet! glittering charms!  
 And coronal so fair.

She is a beauty, and a queen,  
 In her angelic robe,—  
 A radiant garb like hers, I ween,  
 Came from the hand of God!

She's lovely in her white attire,  
 And in her emerald green,  
 In the garden of our primal sire  
 Our Maple was the queen.

England claims her royal oaks,  
 With stately spreading boughs,  
 And roots as firm as castle rocks,  
 Staunch as feudal vows!



I'd rather claim our Maple Belle  
 With her locks of ruddy glow,  
 "Trees have tongues," they own her spell  
 In sylvan language low.

The cypress, and the dusky pine,  
 Reminds me I am clay;  
 And makes me look on "Father Time"  
 And fret my hour away!

But the golden gleam of my country's tree  
 Wafts my soul on high,  
 To the Eden prepared for "even me"  
 In the eternal by and by.