

And here beneath a tent we'll set,
 Where I compose this puerile lay.
 The scene is chang'd; while I regret
 The happy times in Thunder Bay.

C A N T O . .

Though 'neath these far Canadian skies,
 Old England's well known banner flies,
 So Manitoba soon shall see
 It waving, where was wont to be
 A flag dishonored by its cause,
 The disrespect to human laws—
 The base abuse of which, if true,
 Were worthy of the parvenu,
 Who sought by show, or transient might,
 To lead the darkened to the light,
 Though his own soul, if justly view'd,
 Could never be so misconstrued,
 As to suppose a lying part
 Could homage win of loyal hearts.
 There never was a place I've seen,
 Never a clime or country been,
 'Midst nations, languages or tongue,
 That I have chanc'd to mix among,
 But He who made yon setting light
 Has ever sided with the right.
 So 'twill be here, I plainly feel it,
 While the result of time will seal it.
 The week-days pass so quickly here,
 A gen'rous wholesome atmosphere,
 The road is clear'd with soldiers' aid,
 And lofty trees are lowly laid.
 Rafts too are tow'd from creeks, to where
 An armed guard keeps sentry, there.
 Varied, and changing is the scene,