

CANADA, WOODED BY THE SEASONS.

BY FLEURANGE.

SHE stands amidst the forests old and hoary
Looking with steadfast eyes across the sea,
A fair and haughty maiden, with the glory
Of buoyant hope and stainless majesty ;
Pure as the bridal robes around her thrown,
Since Winter proudly claim'd her as his own.

In vain the bright young Spring in accents tender
Whisper'd low words of sweet and dawning love,
Shower'd around her gleams of fitful splendor,
And bade a clearer azure shine above,
Hung sparkling dewdrops on her tresses bright,
And fring'd her robe with globes of liquid light ;

In vain he wove sweet wreaths of beauty peerless,
Of rare pale blossoms ting'd with faintest flush ;
Her radiant eyes still shone undimm'd and fearless
Not all his gifts could wake one fleeting blush.
A tender smile she gave his sad farewell,—
He whom she loves must weave a stronger spell !

Then Summer came with wealth of glowing treasure,
And flung his crimson flowers at her feet,
In thrilling music breath'd of joy and pleasure,
And steeped the dreamy air in languor sweet,—
Came with soft sunset shades and purple bloom,
With radiance, roses, rapture, and perfume.

But as she listened to her lover's pleading,
In murmurs like the sighing of the wind,
The calm pure eyes gazed on serene, unheeding,
Like stars above the tumult of the mind,—
Far above passion's storms that darken o'er,
He whom she loves must dwell for evermore !