

And so bright sister-spirits sent of heaven,  
Fond hover as they whisper mystic words  
Of wonder-regions where no earth doth clog  
Nor pain the soul encumber,—but in power  
She soars her destined heights, resplendent all!  
'And truths stupendous—ere'whiles mysteries  
Embraces facile—steeped in living joy,  
Near Him the Source of all Beatitude!

### *LAKES OF THE NORTH.*

Lakes of the North, flash out in sheen,  
Of silver and engirdling green,  
White birch and fragrant tamarac,  
Your myriad beauties vainly screen.

Lakes of the North, how quaintly ring  
Those native sounds—Temiskaming,  
Temagami of jewelled sands,  
And deeply mirrored Couchiching!

Blue spaces of the happy sky,  
Reflected in your waters lie,  
When in the hush of cloudless day,  
The fretful loon makes eldritch cry!

God's artist free—the autumn air,  
The shore-line touches here and there,  
Till deep with gold and rubies set,  
The bright wave burns—a crystal rare.

Lakes of the North, though winter close  
Your death-cold lips in mute repose,  
Not all his icy breath can chill,  
The glow your lover's bosom knows.