

CANADIAN RIVERS AND LAKES.

We have here a sight as fair
 As bonnie Doon or banks of Ayr,
 Like modest worth meandering slow
 The quiet waters gently flow,
 Rose, thistle, shamrock, all combine,
 Around the maple leaf to twine,
 Whose outstretched arms so gigantic
 Clasp Pacific and Atlantic,
 Embracing lakes like burnished gold,
 With joy a Shakespeare might behold,
 For either Poet Burns or Moore*
 Such scenery they would adore.

*Tom Moore paddled his own canoc along the Canadian shore of Lake Erie and was enraptured with the view. He landed and remained over night at a farm house. His Canadian Boat Song is immortal.

NIAGARA DRY.

It happened once in early spring,
 While there did float great thick ice cakes,
 That then a gale did quickly bring
 Them all down from the upper lakes.

And from Buffalo to Lake Erie,
 Across the entrance to river,
 It was a scene of icebergs dreary,
 Those who saw will remember ever.

Then gale blew up lake and river,
 And left Niagara almost dry,
 This a lady did discover
 As above the Falls she cast her eye.