

Oh, Okanagan, Peace is thy Guardian!
Frequenting with freedom thy picturesque shores,
Where denizens wild come, on swift rushing pinions,
When summer thy transient beauty restores.

Farewell Okanagan! Thy vista so smiling,
Is sweetly idyllic to friendship and love,
Disclosing a beauty which charms whilst beguiling
Our steps to the mountains, high crested above.

THE LAST OF THE BUFFALOES.

The last of the buffaloes are we,
That peopled the prairies wide,
In freedom we roam'd, rejoicing in strength,
And glorious in our pride.

Those limitless regions were our home,
Our herds were myriads strong,
We swept through measureless prairies and lone,
Irresistible thundering on.

From the Rockies which rise to meet the Blue
Like living billows swept we,
Peerless were we, in our freedom which knew
Nor restraint, nor boundary.

Nor prowling wolf nor bear feared we,
Nor the redman in his lair;
A few fell 'neath his arrows and spears,
As he hung on our flanks and rear.

We feared nought but the prairie-fires
That swept in billowy flame,
Through wastes fed by the tall dry grass
And the withered, reedy cane.

But we scented the smoke afar and fled
In a frenzy of mortal fear,
The murk rolled up like thunder clouds,
With crackling flames in rear.

The river we sought—some lake or marsh
Which cooled each lolling tongue,
We wallow'd in mire, when heat oppress'd
And the galling gadfly stung.