

"The Cliff" to "The Islands."

PAST the "Rocks in Deep Water," winding its way
to the sea,
Sweeps our mighty St. Lawrence, grand, majestic and free ;
Yet, methinks he tarries, as glad to linger awhile
Amid the mazy channels, where the happy islands smile.
Fair they seem as Eden, when Eden was newly made,
To the wearied city dwellers, who seek their rest and shade ;
Far from the hurry and clamor, far from the bustle and din
Seem their cool and shady recesses, that beckon the
wanderers in !

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