

TO THE DAUGHTER OF THE AUTHOR OF
"VIOLET KEITH."

I never looked upon thy face ;
I never saw thy dwelling-place ;
My home is by Lake Erie's shore,
Beyond Niagara's distant roar ;
And thine where ships at anchor ride,
By fair St. Lawrence's rolling tide,
With half a continent between
Its seas of blue, and isles of green,
And many a mountain's nodding crest,
And many a valley's jewelled breast.
Thou in the east, I in the west ;
Yet in this book thou hast to me
An individuality ;
Something more tangible and fair
Than any dream or shape of air,
With more than an ideal grace,
And sweeter than a pictured face :
For in this book my thought recalls
The garden quaint, the convent walls,
And thou beneath their shadow set,
A blue-eyed fragrant violet.