

THE RIDEAU RIVER.

RIDEAU, stream that runneth ever,
 Dainty, tidy little river,
 Gleaming like Apollo's quiver,
 Mimic flood ;
 Tripping lightly through the meadows,
 In and out amid the shadows,
 Of the wood.

Laughter-loving little rover,
 Edging gaily fields of clover ;
 Of the plaintive plover, lover
 Ever true ;
 Poet mournful of the twilight,
 Fill with tears the tender eye might
 Hearing you.

Rideau, like thy tiny river,
 Thus our life is running ever ;
 Never ceasing, resting never
 From its source ;
 Now it hails the happy meadows,
 Now it feels the growing shadows
 Of its course.

J. H. SMITH.

Rideau Park, Ottawa.