

Nieghbors from many a land,
On Canadian soil, equal stand,
Scots and Swedes and more perchance,
Many a one from sunny France,
All under one governmental head,
Oft by crafty statesmen led.

Noted politicians, we've no doubt a few,
Some are rouge, some are bleu,
Each anxious for their Country's good
And for office prate as good men should,
Each promise well ther's not a doubt ;
But when one is in, the other's out.
Doctors and lawyers, count we by the score,
And old McGill is yearly making more.
To Canadians, 'Bob' gives a meed of praise,
For the sterling men Our Country raise,
Soldiers valiant, none better seen
On Africa's soil, fighting for their Queen.

In architecture, art and skill,
From a cottage, to a church or mill,
Iron Bridges built to stay,
Like Montreal's grand Victoria,
Now remodeled you'll see,
And renamed a—JUBILEE.
Steel clad steamers, large and fine,
Of home and foreign line,
O'er ocean's wave, rise and fall,
And often wharfed at Montreal.

Canada, with all her faults, ~
Is ne'er a blot, on the world's broad stage,
Her mountains, lakes and rivers,
True to nature, as a pictured page.