

THE GLORIES OF CANADA.

The grand old woods of Canada !
How cool and dim below
The shade of their sweet rustling leaves !
Swift-changing webs the sunlight weaves
Where ferns and mosses grow.

The giant trees of Canada !
Dark pine and birch drooped low ;
The stately elm, the maple tall,
The sturdy beech, I love them all
And well their forms I know.

The forest wealth of Canada !
The choppers' blows resound
Thro' the crisp air, while cold and still
The snow's deep cloak o'er vale and hill,
Lies white upon the ground.

The sparkling streams of Canada !
That 'neath cold shadows pass,
That wind, where sleek-fed cattle sleep,
Thro' verdant meadows, ankle-deep
In clover bloom and grass.

The crystal streams of Canada !
Deep in whose murmuring tide,
From pebbly caverns, dimly seen
'Neath leafy shades of living green,
Grey trout and salmon glide.

The beauteous lakes of Canada !
With loveliest eyes I see
Their waters, stretched in endless chain
By fair St. Lawrence to the main,
As ocean, wild and free.

Where white sails gleam o'er Huron's wake,
Or fade with dying day,
Fond memories in my heart awake,
Of home's dear dwelling by the lake,
Like sunshine passed away.

The prairies vast of Canada !
Where sun sinks to the earth,
In setting, whispering warm good-night
To myriad flowers, whose blushes bright
Will hail the morrow's birth.

The prairie wealth of Canada !
Whose dark, abundant soil,
Unfurrowed yet, awaits the plow :
Who sows shall have true promise now
Of rich reward for toil.

What tho' the winter wind blows keen
When daylight darkly wanes !
A strong, true heart is hard to chill ;
When seen afar, the home light still,
Shines bright across the pines.

The robust life of Canada
In cheery homes I see !
Tho' gold nor jewels fill the hand,
'Tis Nature's self has blessed the land,
Abundant, fair and free.