

Our Canadian Poets.

THE MAPLE.

*A*LL hail to the broad leaved maple
 With its fair and changeful dress—
 A type of our youthful country
 In its pride and loveliness :
 Whether in the Spring or Summer,
 Or in the dreary Fall,
 'Mid Nature's forest children.
 She's fairest of them all.

Down sunny slopes and valleys
 Her graceful form is seen,
 Her wide umbrageous branches
 The sun-burnt reapers screen.
 'Mid dark-browed firs and cedars,
 Her livelier colours shine,
 Like the dawn of a brighter future
 On the settlers hut of pine.

She crowns the pleasant hill-top,
 Whispers on breezy downs,
 And casts refreshing shadows
 O'er the streets of our busy towns ;
 She gladdens the aching eye-ball,
 Shelters the weary head,
 And scatters her crimson glories
 On the graves of the silent dead.

When the winter frosts are yielding
 To the sun's returning sway,
 And merry groups are speeding
 To sugar-woods away,
 The sweet and welling juices
 Which form their welcome spoil,
 Tell of the teeming plenty
 Which here waits harvest toil.

When sweet-voiced Spring, soft breathing;
 Breaks Nature's icy sleep.
 And the forest boughs are swaying
 Like the green waves of the deep ;
 In her fair and budding beauty,
 A fitting emblem she
 Of this our land of promise,
 Of hope, of liberty.

And when her leaves, all crimson,
 Droop silently and fall,
 Like drops of life-blood welling
 From a warrior brave and tall,
 They tell how fast and freely
 Would her children's blood be shed
 'Ere the soil of our faith and freedom
 Should echo a foe's tread.

—H. F. DARNELL.