

It was indeed a glorious view:—
A lake unruffled by a storm,
So still it was at early morn,
That hills and skies of sapphire hue

Repos'd, reflected in its deeps
Placid as glass by wind unbroke;
Nor lashed to fury by the stroke
Of sudden storm that downward leaps.

And eerie sounds would oft arise
At night, so solemn, still and lone,
When in the hills the gusts would moan,
And mingle with the weird cries,

Of wild fowl fleeing through the gloom;
Of swans—which make this haunt their
home,
Whose notes were like a trumpet tone,
And woke the challenge of the loon.

It was in truth a grand asile
Displaying pristine loveliness;
Where nature in her liveliest dress
Shone with creation's radiant smile.

LINES ON LAKE OKANAGAN, B. C.

Fair Okanagan! In beauty reposing
Can e'er a lake's bosom be clearer than thine—
Or prospect more pleasing for mortal to muse on,—
The mountains inclosing, thy wave crystalline?

Grand Okanagan! How placid thy face is;
When morning's calm splendor presides o'er the scene;
Ere the rippling zephyr of summer expands o'er
Thy mirror-like surface, with silvery sheen.

If Okanagan, the full moon resplendent
In all her enchantment, transfiguring shine—
'Tis then, Okanagan, with blissful contentment
Thy prospect we gaze on, and think thee sublime!