

THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

Borne by a fine breeze,
Past waving pine trees,
Merrily mirror the skies' azure hue.

Glorious river !
Dash on forever !
Swept by the wild winds so mirthful and free ;
Ripple forever !
Glorious river !
Flow to thy home in the billowy sea.

THE SEPTEMBER DAYS.

Oh how warm and fair the September days,
When the world is filled with light,
When the sunbeams lie on the field path ways,
And the skies are blue and bright.

Oh give me a breath of September air,
And one sunbeam's parting ray,
But alas ! no more come those days so rare,
Sweet September's fled away !