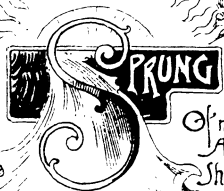
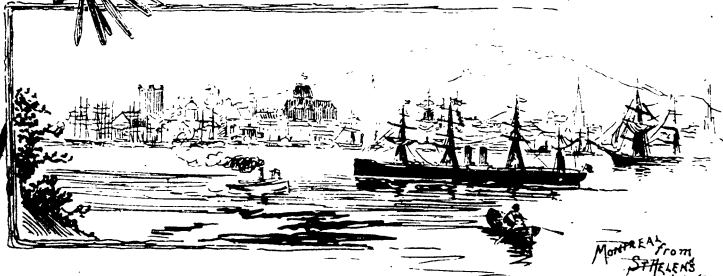


MONTREAL.



from the hope of noble hearts,
Brought into being through sacrifice
Of men and women who played their parts
And counted not their lives as the price.
She has grown in her strength like a Northern Queen
With her crown of light and her robe of snow,
And stands in her beauty fair, between
The Royal Mount and the River below

Changing its hue with the changing skies
The river flows in its beauty rare,
While across the plain eternal, rise
Boucherville, Rougemont and St. Hilaire.
Far to the Westward lies Lachine,
Gate of the Orient long ago,
When the virgin forest swept between
The Royal Mount and the River below.



MONTREAL from
ST. HILAIRE
1844