

OUTREMONT.

Far stretched the landscape, fair, without a flaw,
 Down to one silver sheet, some stream or cloud,
 Through glamorous mists; midway, an engine ploughed
 Across the scene with silent-throbbing awe.
 I stood and gazed, absorbed in what I saw,
 Till sweet-breathed Evening waked, the pensive-browed,
 And, creeping from the City, spread her shroud
 Over the sunlit slopes of Outremont.

Soon the mild Indian Summer will be past,
 November's mists soon flee December's snows;
 The trees may perish and the winter's blast
 Wreck the tall windmills; these weak eyes may close;
 But ever will that scene continue fast,
 Fixed in my soul where richer still it grows.

HOTEL DIEU.

What an expanse of radiance floods the view,
 From where upon the heaven's rim it foams
 In panting clouds of light, to where the homes
 Of wearied housewives claim their little due!
 But gaze we where it rests its hallowing hue
 Upon yon sainted cross,—once-sovrán Rome's
 Unburied sceptre,—the dun-rusted domes,
 And time-enblazoned walls of Hotel Dieu,
 Within whose antique cloisters contrite nuns
 In silent sweet tranquility attend
 The injured and diseased,—youth, beauty, shuns
 The kiss of lover and the clasp of friend
 For His dear sake. But they too feel this sun's
 Soft splendour; and to them it lights the end.