

ISLE OF LAURENTIA.

Isle of Laurentia! through the mists of time
Thee I behold, thou self-illumined land!
The rays are bright and pierce the darkness
through

With gleaming light! Thou wast the first to
rise

Above the Earth-encompassed flood; and thou
Art still, though ancient! Thou showest the
toil of time:

The marks of many ages rest upon
Thee! Thou'rt a wilderness, a "Great Lone
Land,"

Where rocks eternal lift their shining crowns
Above the gloom of thy dim solitude!

A land of desolation, wild and drear,

Where silence reigns supreme, inspiring awe.

No minstrel song to herald forth the day,

No low sweet murmur from a mid-day bower,

No evening carol issuing from the grove