

The St. Lawrence Wedded to Lake Ontario.

The outward may not indicate
The depth of rage there is within ;
A single word may be the fate,
A thought may rouse a tragic sin.

A tinge of wild blood in the veins
May arouse the devil in a saint ;
A passionate devil at the reins,
Heeds not the loving one's complaint.

Ottawa's wild Indian blood
Mingled with the blood of him
Whom we called saint, from cradlehood,
Whom we revere with prayer and hymn.

The boy becomes a mighty man,
The wooer once, with love intense,
Is husband now, to love and plan,
And rule his home with common sense.

But love is blind—the love intense,
St. Lawrence in his love forgets ;
He has lost all his common sense ;
The fair one now but cries and frets.