

Tribute From A Traveller.

Last week according to the Evening Journal, Dr. B. F. De Costa of New York, was in Ottawa, a guest at the Precious Blood Convent. He visited all the leading Catholic authorities and was the recipient of much hospitality. He was particularly pleased with the Parliament Buildings; and has left behind him the following pleasing and encouraging verses.

OTTAWA.

No cannon-throated, frowning walls
Are thine, oft waked by bugle calls :
Peace garrisons thy splendid halls,
Ottawa !

Thy cloud-capped towers with blue skies blent.
Soar where sits throned in high content
A loyal people's Parliament.
Ottawa !

From Newfoundland to Behring Sea,
Ruled by a common, mild decree,
The vast Dominion bows to thee.
Ottawa !

Religion, learning, commerce, kiss
Each other's hands, in naught remiss,
Grouped round thy grand Acropolis;
Ottawa !

Thy future triumphs who shall tell,
Since genius e'er with thee must dwell,
And dangers to the State dispel ?
Ottawa !

Yon splendid Fall, broad Chaudière,
Whose Carillon chimés in thine ear.
Sings of new greatness drawing near,
Ottawa !

A noble goal before thee lies :
Endowed with civic virtue, rise
And win the Crown of grand Empire,
Ottawa !