

Were heaped the dainties of housewifely hands ;
 White bread and brown, tarts and superfluous pies,
 And yellow butter, the good housewife's pride,—
 The product of "Cow-cow" the Alderney,—
 With maple syrup and hot buckwheat-cakes,—
 A luxury as yet, alas ! unknown
 To European *menus*,—with much more
 Than I can chronicle, and beverages
 Made toothsome with the richness of the cream
 And pleasant from the china, blue and gold,
 That came from England in the time long bye,
 And had a value more than money's worth.
 Full justice done, the company spread about
 The pleasant parlor and its branching rooms.

The while the girls were chattering, who knows what ?
 The young men told improbabilities
 Of feats they had performed with red and gun,
 Of deer shot in the bush and salmon slain
 In the lone Moisie or the Saguenay ;
 And one, a visitor from Acadie,
 Eclipsed them all with tales of shooting moose
 In provinces they call the Maritime,
 Till Sam (from the back lots) took the parole
 With thrilling story of a sheep and bear,—
 When said the hostess : "Now we've had enough
 On sporting themes, the girls shall give us music."

At this young Freddy sprang, and forthwith blew
 That household nuisance, his accordion,—
 On which he perpetrated fantasies,
 With wild gyrations, pumping up and down,
 As copied from some negro minstrel troupe,
 And would have played a lame accompaniment
 But that the lady checked him, and with hand
 That told of culture touched the piano keys,
 With which the maids' and young men's voices chimed
 To an old breezy air the lumberers sing
 On the head waters of the Ottawa :

O stream and lake and forest land !
 Though other lands may be as fair,
 In this our land no willing hand
 But plenty hath, with some to spare,
 And health breathes in our native air ;
 Her heritage a people free,
 Content and peace and strength her dowers,
 Then where can we a rival see
 To this free, forest land of ours ?
 Canada ! Canada !
 This free, this forest land of ours.

What though 'tis not a red-rose land,
 Nor bears the myrtle or the vine,
 From strand to strand, on every hand,
 The maple, birch and beech entwine
 With giant pillars of the pine ;
 And though no myrtle blooms have we,
 Nor glare of gaudy tropic flowers,
 Content are we a-field to see
 The mayflower in this land of ours,—
 Canada ! Canada !
 This loved, this mayflower land of ours.