

The North-Land.

GREAT northern land, man's work in sculptured stone
Into oblivion fades,
When we have stood beneath thy verdant domes,
Or viewed thy colonnades.

When the sun sets behind a graceful screen
Of autumn-tinted trees,
There's no cathedral window could compare
With colours such as these.

I've seen more graceful forms in smoke and flame
Than man has thought or dreamed
When the camp-fires' inspiring, cheering light
Into the darkness gleamed.

Oft, when the Night Chief o'er the darkening earth
Cast evening's mystic shades,
I've listened to the music of the spheres
That floated o'er thy glades.

Temagami, gem of this wild North-Land,
Pearl on a sparkling chain
Of limpid lakes, fain would my wand'ring steps
Revisit thee again.

Temagami, the nymphs of music dwell
Where thy pure water laves ;
Their instruments, the streams and swaying trees,
The rapids and the waves.