

TO CANADA.

(Written for The University Review.)

N scenes so fair that few flaws mar
I often gazed in climes afar,
But from the view, or lawn or foam,
I turned away to think of home.

No land's proud worth
Can equal thine,
Queen of the North,
Sweet home of mine.

Thy fruitful sward and blue above,
Like rival eyes, divide my love,
Dear Canada ! Straight to my heart
These music sounds in rapture dart.

Loved Canada !
These winning words
Melt on my ear
Like song of birds.

Good men and true in hut and hall
Thee brightest, best and happiest call,
Since smiling round thy seat they see
Peace, wealth and joy, boons of the free.

Dear Canada !
Long as I live
To thee shall I
Heart homage give.

MAURICE CASEY.

Ottawa, Ont.