

Canada.

CYCLES of years recorded before me in letters enduring,
Paged in the archives of earth, related a wonderful story ;
The growth of an infant world, till Life and Death were created ;
Nations unknown, and cities, unnamed in the legends of men,
Marked by the finger of ages alone where language has died
Spoken in love and war by people ambitious and human.
Tombs were the earth ; and years with the forests, enshrouded and
buried,

Told how perished the peoples before us ; a continent waiting
God's generation, awarded to toil that will name them forever.
Cycles of years recorded before me on pages enduring
Drew me to question the past and forget the passing of time.

Eager, the centuries backward I turned on the pages, till History
Lost in Tradition, the pencil is guided by fancy and dreams ;
And thought like a captive enters to muse in the regions of Silence ;
Regions of Silence, and secret dominions ruled by the Past.
My curious eyes marvel fondly, charming the soul's quicker pulses,
For power is given my vision to gaze on the youth of the world.
I linger on mystical pages, and fancy their secrets are solving,
Declaring the end of the labors that builded through centuries
silent.

The World, like a crystal afloat, was awlirl on the ocean of sun-
light,
Fallen like a drop from space when heaven was sprinkled with stars.
I looked on a shoreless sea, unbroken, unmeasured, and drear,
Surging and sweeping unhindered. Haply, the world yet unborn
Gave warning of birth ; and the curve and calm of the pregnant sea,
Like a mother's bosom, arose and throbbbed with a newer life.