

Canoeing on English Bay.



'ER the dreaming golden tide,
Where the laughing sunbeams
hide,
Now we softly smoothly glide.

Gold the sea and gold the sky ;
Scented breezes wanton nigh ;
Rosy cloud-wings hover high ;

From the shore Love's sweet refrain,
Laden with a subtle pain,
Stirs the dreaming heart again.

Fades the sunset's molten glow ;
Shines the young moon's silver bow ;
Ghostly sails glide to and fro.

As the evening shadows brood ;
O'er the bronze and pulsing flood,
Drift we past the frowning wood ;