

SEA TO SEA.

The liner left her British port,
For the fair lands far away;
Embarked—nationalities of all sorts,
Many aboard, their wives had they.

Children gambled on the deck,
Others watched the foam and swell,
To see a whale, or iceberg speck,
What questions ask, what tales would tell.

Lurking by the vessel's side
Skulking sharks would watch and wait,
With monstrous jaws, opened wide,
Awaiting food, some refuse bait.

Skipping the waves, or soaring high
Were sea gulls, hovering along the track,
On the decks sometimes would fly,
Following the steamers, across and back.

Gliding by Newfoundland's shore
A dreadful fog sweeps o'er the main—
Approaching near fair Canada's coast
The sparrows twitter and chirp again.

Sailing up the St. Lawrence River
Where the fortress stands; on Quebec heights,
Midst vernal isles, white cots and spires
Are landscape scenes, grand, glorious sights.

And, as the emerald river narrows,
Peeps many an island's craggy ridge,
Where the rapids roar, the water shallows,
Below the stone built Victoria bridge.