

“CANADA.”

This Canada is ours !

From Columbia's rock bound shore,
List we to Pacific's ocean roar.
By steam and rail, eastward go,
Bounding o'er hills, of frost and snow ;
Or through canyons deep, away,
To the golden fields of Kootenay.
Or perchance, to the north we'll hie,
Where golden Dust, in frozen gullies lie,
'Tis not the land of sun and song ;
But the far far famed Yukon !
The Rockies, with their lofty crest,
In snowy white, are always drest,
Some peaks, are marked for fame,
And distinguished, by a name ;
One rugged cliff, not highest even,
We hail as Lord Mount Stephen.
Not far away, Banff, gushing spring,
Waters hot, to the surface bring ;
To her cosy mountain nest,
Come, bathe and take a rest !
She a healthy note doth sing,
Inviting to her healing spring.
Here recuperate on nature's plan,
Sick or weary, as best you can,
Travelers, weary or depressed,
Where air is pure, can surely rest.