THE HUNGRY YEAR.

That gloomed o'er lake and stream; till higher rose The northern star above the broad domain Of half a continent, still theirs to hold, Defend, and keep forever as their own; Their own and England's, to the end of time.

The virgin forests, carpeted with leaves Of many autumns fallen, crisp and sear, Put on their woodland state; while overhead Green s: a+ of foliage roared a welcome home To the proud exiles, who for empire fought, And kept, though losing much, this northern land A refuge and defence for all who love The broader freedom of a commonwealth, Which wears upon its head a kingly crown.

Our great Canadian woods of mighty trees, Proud oaks and pines, that grew for centuries— King's gifts upon the exiles were bestowed. Ten thousand homes were planted ; and each one, With axe, and fire, and mutual help, made war Against the wilderness, and smote it down. Into the opened glades, unlit before, Since forests grew or rivers ran, there leaped The sun's bright rays, creative heat and light, Waking to life the buried seeds that slept Since Time's beginning, in the earth's dark wonb.

The tender grass sprang up, no man knew how; The dajcies' eyes unclosed; wild strawberries by white as hoar-frost on the slopes—and sweet The violets perfumed the evening air; The nodding clover grew up everywhere,— The trailing rasp, the trefoil's yellow cup Sparkled with dew drops; while the humming bees And birds and butterflies, unseen before, Found out the sunny spots and came in throngs.

But earth is man's own shadow, say the wise, As wisdom's secrets are two-fold; and each Responds to other, both in good and ill— A crescent thought will one day orb to full. The ground, uncovered by the woodman's axe, Burst into bloom; but with the tender grass And pretty violets, came up the dock, The thistle, fennel, mullen, and a crowd Of noisome weeds, that with the gentle flowers Struggled' for mastery, till the ploughman trod Them down beneath his feet, and sowed the ground With seed of corn for daily use and food.

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