

Of hearts that beat with national pride,
On what field they fought, on which side
They fell, by what eventual chain
They built Toronto on the main.

Continued in volume ii.

Here we see the City of old,
The streets just ready to unfold,
The grand old trees, the wigwams too,
And overhead the opening blue,
The axeman strikes, the woods come down,
And thus begins the slumbering town.

Crashing, crashing! the wild woods fall;
In comes the sun to gladden all;
Westward the wigwam takes its flight;
The rainbow dips her wings in light;
No more the forest hides the sun,
The magic city is begun.

And now Toronto grandly shines,
With Railroads blessed, and Street Car lines.
With School and College, Pen and Press,
With Parks whose monuments caress.
The public walks where lovers meet,
In shady bowers and sweet retreat.

Continued in volume ii.