

ST. HELEN'S ISLAND, MONTREAL.

Ah, bring me to those sun-lit waves
Where Death's still river flows not by,
But where the smiling sun-god paves
The waters like his radiant sky.

Trifling may seem the frail canoe,
And low the slender islets green,
And wide the foaming waters blue
May glide their verdant banks between.

For aye they flow, forever run,
Forever thus fall on the ear;
For aye the foam-flakes greet the sun,
In seasons of the green or sere.

When June bedecks yon elmy bournes
Then too the river fairest flows;
Then as it breaks, the water mourns,
And chimingly along it goes.