

HAMILTON.

In free and fair Ontario the summer sun looks down
On many a goodly city and many a thriving town ;
But in our wide Dominion there is not a single one
That has a better claim to fame than that of Hamilton.

Her white-winged messengers of trade sail over lake and sea,
And north and south and east and west their flags are flying free ;
While thro' her midst with fiery-breath, like lightning in its course,
And bearing commerce in its train, there speeds the iron horse.

The busy hum of industry upon her streets is heard,
And science vies with art, and toil brings home a rich reward ;
Her artisans have earned a place upon the scroll of fame,
And Europe's sons have learned to pay respect unto their name.

Her merchants in their dealings have a reputation won
For honor and integrity that is excelled by none ;
At home, abroad, their enterprise and energy we trace ;
Wherever sterling worth ranks high, they hold an honor'd place.

We have no gorgeous palaces, no airy cloud-capp'd tow'rs,
No halls of regal state within this " Hamilton of ours ;"
But we have homes where virtue reigns, and peace and comfort dwell,
And churches filled with worshippers, when peals the Sabbath bell.

No fairer maids tread God's green earth than Hamilton can boast—
But it is not their beauteous forms for which we prize them most ;
It is their loveliness of mind wherein their merit lies,
And modest, unassuming worth finds homage in our eyes.

And should our homes endanger'd be, our maidens need not fear,
In their defence we well can trust each gallant volunteer ;
The trust we have reposed in them is sacred to them all—
"Aye ready" are they when they hear the bugle's stirring call.

Thy sons and daughters, Hamilton, may well feel proud of thee,
Thy record in the past is good—great will the future be ;
Within this glorious land of ours (and there's no land more blest),
There's many a goodly city, but I love our own the best.

A. H. W.