

THE FEDERATION SPIDER'S WEB.

" Will you walk into my parlor?
" Said a spider to a fly;
" 'Tis the prettiest little parlor
" That ever you did spy.

" The way into my parlor
" Is up a *winding stair*,
" And I have many pretty things
" To show when you are there."

" Oh! no! no!" said the little fly,
" To ask me is in vain;
" For who goes up your winding stair,
" Can ne'er come down again!

—MARY HOWITT.

I.

There is a little scattered place
In Canada the West,
'Tis called in Indian, "*Ottawa*,"
And't has been greatly blest.

II.

Nature has been most bountiful
In everything that's grand,
And art is now contributing
With no unsparing hand.

III.*

Oh! little "*Bytown*!" favored spot!
Why seek'st thou to combine
These happy Colonies in one,
To worship at thy shrine?