

But soon returning peace brought round
More prosperous, happy, golden days,
And from the shipyard came the sound
Of hammers beating songs of praise.
Those days are gone ; gone, too, we fear,
The busy mart the live-long day,
Nor sound of vulgar trade is here,
And " Lotos Town " they sneering say.

But no- thy life's a shorter span ;
Thou canst not all the secrets tell
Of brave, or rash, or erring man,
O lonely, lonely sentinel.
Where once the pagan rite was seen,
Or French or Indian warlike bands,
Where fratricidal strife had been,
Two Christian nations now clasp hands.

Long mayst thou stand, O stately tree,
Outlined as boldly 'gainst the sky ;
As thou hast often gladdened me,
Cheer other hearts as years pass by.
As from my window now I gaze,
Thinking of many a ramble wild,
With friends of other, earlier days,
Far past thy fort with walls earth-piled,

I send a wish and prayer that thou
Mayst live to see and live to tell
Of brighter days than even now,
O solitary sentinel.
May other school girls love thee well,
They surely cannot love thee more,
And be thou long their sentinel,
O lonely, lonely sycamore.

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