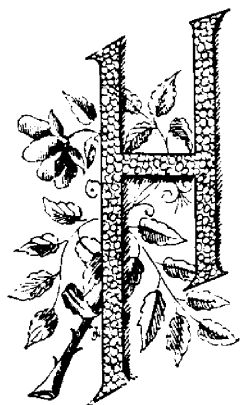


## THE MERRY MAPLE.



ALL to the merry maple,  
 And the hills where the maple grows !  
 The hills that hold no tyrants,  
 And the hills that fear no foes !  
 Where the green grain grows, and the sun foretells  
 The harvest soon to be ;  
 O, I would not give that maple land,  
 For all the lands I see !

Hail to the merry maple,  
 And the feast and the fireside chair !  
 Where hearts were warm as embers,  
 And the stranger welcomed there !  
 Where the white-winged waft of the feathery snow  
 Made all seem bright within ;  
 O, I would not give that maple fire,  
 For all cold wealth could win !

Hail to the merry maple,  
 And the flag where the maple flies !  
 And still unstained and glorious,  
 May it bless Canadian eyes !  
 And the march men make, with that flag above,  
 Be such as heroes show ;  
 O, I would not give that maple flag,  
 For all the flags I know !

—From Poems by W. WYE SMITH, St Catharines, Ont.