

## THE OTTAWA.

Far in the wind-swept north where winter's snow  
 Lies deepest, and a dull, grey-clouded sky  
 O'erhangs the pine-girt hills the deep sea's cry  
 Has reached thee ; and thy sombre waters flow  
 Through their rough, eager channel toward the sea.  
 Up from thy shores the unkept meadows rise  
 And shadow thee, where dreaming with dull eyes,  
 Thy swift floods pause a while, nor wish to flee.

Strong is thy strength, great river where for thee  
 The sharp rocks bar the passage ; wild and free  
 Thy hoarse roar hurls defiance, but thy deep,  
 Cool waters ripple peacefully below,  
 The city's sun-dazed streets, and thus still keep  
 A peaceful memor, of last year's snow.

—Ex.

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