

TO THE NORTH-WEST

To view again the spectral West,

Thy virgin look in speech is crowned,
Foretelling soon the change, the best,

These wind-blown meadowed plains redound;
Majestic herds shall on thee trample,
As they of yore, as great, as ample.

Further, in circuit of the West,

Thy plains shall be yet more renowned,
When thou art put to further test,

With countless homes upon thy mound;
And all about shall grow and flourish,—
In this new age the old shall perish.

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Thou great North-West! Thou vast North-West!

Again the music slinks around;
But now, beneath thy flaming crest,

Thy fair new age dawns shining crowned,
In pleasant home, ranch, town and station,—
The sample of a new young Nation.