

Magnificent in all their parts,  
 The Architect's and Sculptor's arts,  
 Our people's taste and generous will  
 Glorious display, as on to fill  
 Their high career, they eager speed  
 By honor's path, more pleased the meed  
 Of industry to win, than fame  
 Of hero bold, whose laurelled name  
 In fields of blood that lustrous shone,  
 Survives,—a shadow, bright, but lone."

We must find place for this glowing tribute to a Canadian autumn:—

"And lo! this Autumn feast to grace,  
 Their beauteous leaves the woods apace  
 With loveliest tints endless adorn,  
 These ever-changing hues each morn  
 Rapt you descry in aspect new  
 Of many colored robe, the view  
 So rich and cheering, varied, grand,  
 That annual decks this Western land,  
 The forests vast in their array,  
 The glories of our autumn day  
 With fields and flowers conspire to raise,  
 And waft to distant shores its praise."

The book closes with the following fervent thoughts and aspirations:—

"Deign, gentle PEACE, thine aid to lend,  
 Thy yoke beneath, willing to bend,  
 Let all incline. This favored soil  
 Ever to bless, the sons of toil,  
 Aye happy speed in the grand way  
 This better age hath traced. E'er grow  
 With time their growth. Bounteous bestow  
 The progress meed. With garlands new  
 Thy votaries enwreath. Their view  
 Guide onward, till thy crowns of gold  
 Their brows encircle, wealth untold,  
 And all thy treasures, Peace, abound,  
 And Happiness each hearth surround."

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