

Literary Department.

Lakes of the North !

(Written for the Review.)

LAKES of the North, flash out in sheen
Of silver and engirdling green!
White birch and fragrant tamarack,
Your lavish beauties vainly screen!

Lakes of the North, how quaintly ring
Those native sounds:— Temiskaming,
Temagami of jeweled sands,
And deeply-mirrored Couchiching!

Blue spaces of the happy sky
Reflected in your waters lie;
When in the hush of cloudless day.
The fretful loon makes eldritch cry.

The brush of Nature, free as air,
Shall touch your shore lines here and there,
Till deep with gold and rubies set,
The pure wave gleams a crystal rare!

Lakes of the North, tho' winter close
Your death-cold lips in mute repose,
Not all his icy blasts can chill
That glow your lover's bosom knows.

REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD.

