

Our Canadian Poets.

[We intend occupying part of a page each month, with short specimens of Canadian poetry—original and selected. This may not be strictly *hygienic*, but if it serves to make our readers more familiar with our own poets, or helps to make the JOURNAL more interesting, we shall willingly bear the censure of the hypercritical.]

THE SNOWS—UPPER OTTAWA.

OVER the snows, bouyantly goes
 The lumberer's bark canoe;
 Lightly they sweep, wilder each leap,
 Rending the white caps through.
 Away! away! with the speed of a startled deer,

While the steersman true,
 With his laughing crew,
 Sing of their wild career.

“Mariners glide far o'er the tide,
 In ships that are staunch and strong;
 Safely as they speed we away,
 Waking the woods with song.”
 Away! away! with the flight of a startled deer.

While the laughing crew
 Of the swift canoe,
 Sing of the raftsmen's cheer.

“Through forest and brako, o'er rapid and lake,
 We're sport for the sun and rain;
 Free as the child of the Arab wild,
 Hardened to toil and pain.

Away! away! with the speed of a startled deer,
 While our bouyant flight,
 And the rapid's might,
 Heighten our swift career.”

Over the snows bouyantly goes
 The lumberer's bark canoe;
 Lightly they sweep, wilder each leap,
 Tearing the white caps through.
 Away! away! with the speed of a startled deer;
 There's a fearless crew
 In each light canoe,
 To sing of the raftsmen's cheer.

—CHARLES SANGSTER.

Our First Number.

WE think we have no reason to be ashamed of the appearance of the first number of the JOURNAL. Almost every line has been written expressly for us; and we hope the future numbers will be all of the same character. We have the promise of articles from several emin-