

GOLDEN—OF THE SELKIRKS

And April dawned, with its suns aflame,
And the eagles wheeled and the vultures came
And poised o'er the town of Golden.

God of the white eternal peaks,
Guard the dead while the vulture seeks!—
God of the days so olden.

For only God in His greatness knows
Where the mountain holly above her grows
On the trail that leads from Golden.