

NORTHERN LAKES.

Written for THE REVIEW.

I sing not of our inland seas,
 Their mighty torrents that discharges,
 With thunder thr' Niagara's gorge,—
Far less sublime my theme than these.

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

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

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

God's artist free,—the Autumn 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,
The glow your lover's bosom knows !

REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD.