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TROS TYRIUSQUE MIHI NULLO DISCRIMINE AGETUR.

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[At the coal mines in Stellarton, N. S., a terrible explosion occurred on the 12th of November, 1880, by which fifty miners lost their lives.]

## A RAY OUT OF THE SHADOWS,

[An incident of the late disaster at Albion Mines.]

It was not a scene for a poem,  
Or one to wake romance,  
There was scarce enough of beauty  
To win a second glance.

No grandeur of hill or forest,  
No shining stream or sea,  
No pride of human genius  
In pillared masonry.

But streets all bare and squalid,  
And houses old and small,  
With dingy-curtained windows,  
Where curtains hung at all.

And little to break the landscape,  
Or catch the stranger's eye,  
But the great smoke stacks of the coal mines,  
Black shafts against the sky.

Pillars of smoke in the day-time,  
But at the fall of night  
The ruddy glare from the coke-works  
Shone like a pillar of light.

Dingy and dark and dusty,  
Smoking against the sun,  
Such was the Albion village,  
On the borders of Stellarton.

\* \* \* \* \*

The women must drudge in the cottage,  
The men must drudge in the mine,  
And life seems prosaic and dreary,  
With more of cloud than shine;

And I've pitied the miner's children,  
Trooping, laughing, to school,  
For their life must follow their fathers'  
When childhood's years are full.

But hearts of men and women  
With all life's hope and fear,  
And love and joy and sorrow  
Are throbbing there and here.

And mothers there as fondly  
Upon their babes look down,  
As any jewelled lady  
In all of Boston Town.

\* \* \* \* \*

Side by side in the village,  
In one of its dusty rows,  
Stood the homes of Roland Fraser,  
And his cousin, Harry Montrose.

Side by side in the Foord Pit,  
Where comes no joy of the sun;  
A thousand feet under the daisies,  
Their coal picks rang as one.

As children, like twin brothers  
They played about the door,  
As boys, at the same dingy desk,  
They gained their scanty lore.

Alike in age and stature,  
Alike in form and face,  
They always went for brothers  
With strangers in the place.

And their hearts were knit like brothers'  
hearts,  
Till, as the proverb ran,  
They lived again the Bible tale  
Of David and Jonathan.

And tho' their hands were hard with toil,  
They bore their manhood's crown  
As bravely as the kingliest youth  
Who walks in Boston Town.

\* \* \* \* \*

The fairest thing in the village,  
As all the miners say,  
Is the foreman's daughter Lucy,  
As winsome as the May.

How often at the lowliest door  
The stranger checks his pace  
For spray of sweet-breathed mignonette,  
Or rose-bud's opening grace:

So, in the Albion Village,  
Men linger as they pass,  
For a glimpse of the budding beauty  
Of Lucy, the foreman's lass.