

The Rockwood Review.

A SYLVAN TRAGEDY.

In dew and rain, in shadow and sun,
Heat that shrivels, and frost that sears,
Turning the green to russet and dun,
Winter and summer one by one—
It grew for a hundred years.

Broad and deep was its billowy shade,
Rock and wood at its sturdy back,
When dusky warriors peopled the glade,
And children under its shadow played,
Ere the coming of Frontenac.

The forest behind and the lake before,
And the wild bird's carols of joy
In its pendulous branches shadowing o'er
The Indian wigwams along the shore,
And the homes of the Iroquois.

Gone is the race of the dusky braves,
And the stately tree is gone,
But at night from its multitudinous caves,
I hear the murmur and moan of waves,
As the mighty stream sweeps on.

Aye, mourn proud river the vanished race,
And mourn for the fallen ancestral tree,
For the sylvan beauty and stately grace,
That the savage and vandal may still deface—
He binds no chains on thee.

K. S. McL.