

## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

men. He has ever taken a deep interest in the Mechanics Institute Library, and Elora possesses a collection of books for public benefit which puts to shamescores of larger places in Ontario. The School Museum too, a fine educational factor, owes a good deal to his enthusiasm in its early beginnings. In politics, he was a strong Liberal, and although staunch and true, he was never an offensive partisan, and his return to Parliament was always with either a heavy majority or by acclamation. The fact that he was Speaker for the Legislative Assembly for a double term, testifies to his being fair-minded and honorable to both sides of the House. He succeeded the late Col. Gilmour as Clerk of the Ontario Legislative Assembly, a well merited position which he now occupies. As a man, his kindliness of manner, great love for all humanity and breadth of mind, make him a favorite with all who come in contact with him, and his varied tastes make him one of the most agreeable of companions. He is well read, able to appreciate the best in literature, and is abreast of the times, in touch with the writers of the day, he enjoys good music although not a musician,—he knows a good painting although not an artist, and is quick to perceive artistic points and effects. His love for the beauties of nature is unbounded, and in the romantic Village of Elora, which is still his home, there is not one that knows more of the charming scenery of its rocks and rivers, not one better acquainted with its ravines, its caves and its waterfalls,—he knows the likeliest spot to look for wild flowers, and the most probable time for the coming of the birds, and he knows their songs, their nests and their habits. He is known and beloved by all the children of the place, and as he goes

along the streets bright and cheery are the greetings exchanged. We might continue very much further in eulogy of his broad sympathies, but will sum up his character in the words of his eldest son in speaking to the writer last summer: "He is the best man I know." May he long continue to contribute to this paper in the future as in the past, the articles in "Grandfather's Corner."

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### THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN.

Out of the windy dark  
A gleam like a rosy stain,  
Shines out through the mist and  
the rain,—  
In the distance a growing spark,  
The lights of the midnight train.  
Hark, through the night the roll of  
the train.  
The roar and the thunder of wheels,  
And the snort of the iron steed as  
he feels  
The curb of his chain.  
From the darkness and tempest  
and rain,  
A force elemental as they,—  
Swift as a thought in the brain,  
Or a falling star on its luminous  
way,  
Comes the rush of the midnight  
train.  
A pause for a moment—the struggle  
and strain  
At his strong and invisible tether,  
And the iron horse tosses his cloudy  
mane,  
And plunges straight into the dark-  
ness again,  
Through wind and through weather:  
But we who were sundered and  
twain—  
Thou and I—we are once more  
together,  
Thanks to the vanishing midnight  
train.

K. S. McL.