

CANADA:

A Monthly Magazine for Canadians at Home and Abroad.

"Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people."

Vol. II.—No. 4.

APRIL, 1892.

One Dollar a Year.

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(FOR CANADA)

THE SPIRIT OF THE RIVER.

FROM the din of the town I wandered,
Till I reached a daisy-starred lea,
And stood watching the mighty river
Rolling on to the distant sea;

Where afar from Lachine's wild rapid
Comes softened its ceaseless roar,
And the crest of the last white breaker
Droops in foam on the pebbly shore;

Where the rest of the troubled waters
In the curve of Laprairie's bay
Seems the sleep of a giant wrestler
Stretched at ease after some fierce fray.

Queen Stream of broad lakes and wild rapids
And a thousand green fairy isles!
I have seen thy face dark in anger,
But to-day it is wreathed in smiles.

Make vocal the deeps of thy current,
Give a voice to thy splashing waves,
Let a ripple tell me its story
As some soft sandy curve it laves.

And this is the story it told me
As, in shade of a spreading tree,
I lay watching our grand St. Lawrence
Sweeping on to the distant sea.

In the depths of "the big sea water"
I, a shy forest stream, was lost,
Till, emerged from its shining vastness,
Through the Sault I was rudely tossed.

But a calm brooded o'er my spirit;
I was hushed in an awe profound,
And moved forward with gentler motion
Towards a spot that seemed Holy Ground.

And why should we not deem it holy?
The great Manitou's island home,
When the child of the forest worshipped
'Neath the Spirit's blue temple dome.

With a curve round Nottawassaga,
I was swept into Huron's tide,
But St. Clair, with its narrow limits,
Gave a check to my growing pride.

The swift winds of the low, gusty Erie
Had nigh ended my ocean quest;
But I leaped for life at Niagara,
And was caught on Ontario's breast.

There, quiv'ring, I lay on her bosom,
Till she soothed away all my fear,
And the whispering winds sang: "Courage,
Now the goal of thy hope draws near."

Give me skill more than earth-born artist,
Give me colour not earthly bright,
Ere I picture the 'wildering beauty
That then broke on my dazzled sight.

In the glow of the sun's first splendour
A thousand fair isles met my gaze;
Till the last pink flush of the sunset
Did I thread their silvery maze;

But, while floating dreamily seaward
'Neath the light of the moon's soft beam,
A stern foe rudely barred the pathway
And challenged the right to midstream.

Then closed the lithe knight of the waters
With the knight of the rigid rocks,
While the blows in that dreadful tourney
Resounded like earthquake shocks;

But the victor in that wild combat
Was my knight of the foam-white crest,
And we now are hast'ning to ocean
With the spoils of the distant West.

We shall creep through St. Peter's shallows,
Round in shadow Cape Diamond's height,
Meet the gloom of the Saguenay's waters
Pouring into a flood more bright;

Through a channel that ever widens,
'Twixt blue hills and receding ranks,
Till we're lost on the Ocean's borders
In the mists of Newfoundland's banks.
Montreal, Que. ERIE.

If you have not renewed your subscription, remember that the success of CANADA depends largely upon the promptness of its subscribers in this respect.

AN OLD FUNERAL SERMON, AND ITS HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES.

"A gracious woman retaineth honour."—Prov 11c.16c.
A SERMON preached in the Methodist Chapel at the funeral of the late Mrs. Abigail Newton, wife of Joshua Newton, Esquire, of Liverpool, Nova Scotia, eldest daughter of the late Colonel Perkins. Delivered on the 12th September, 1819, by Jas. Knowlan, Wesleyan Methodist Missionary. Halifax: Printed by Edmund Ward, at his office, No. 4 Cheapside, near the Province Building. 1819.

ALL the names mentioned on the title-page of this old pamphlet are woven with the early history of Queens County, Nova Scotia. Colonel Simeon Perkins was one of the proprietors in the confirmation grant of Liverpool township in that county, and settled there as early as 1764, and the same year was appointed one of his majesty's justices of the peace, by Governor Wilmot, and also one of the judges of the court of common pleas for Queens County. In 1772 Colonel Perkins was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the Queens County militia, and in 1773 he had the appointment of colonel commandant. In that station he conducted himself with great ability, zeal and loyalty, and during the American revolutionary war distinguished himself highly in defending the town of Liverpool several times from the attacks of an enemy of a very superior force, which had surprised the regular troops stationed there. Colonel Perkins re-took the garrison from the enemy by his intrepidity, and on that occasion was highly applauded, and his battalion received the appellation of the "Queen's Buffs," in token of the approbation of the commander-in-chief of the provinces. He remained at the head of his regiment until 1807, when he resigned. During the whole of the revolutionary war the coast of Nova Scotia was scourged by American privateers, and nearly all the small independent towns and settlements pillaged by these lawless marauders, who are now called patriots in Yankee history.