

Their woody pictures in my tide;  
 When hanging beech and spreading elm  
 Shaded my stream sac clear and cool;  
 And stately oaks their twisted arms  
 Threw broad and dark across the pool;  
 When, glinting thro' the trees, appear'd  
 The wee white cot aboon the mill,  
 And peaceful rose its ingle reek,  
 That slowly curling, clamb the hill,  
 But now the cot is bare and cauld,  
 Its leafy bield for ever gane,  
 And scarce a stinted birk is left  
 To shiver in the blast alane.  
 'Alas!' quoth I, 'what ruefu' chance  
 Has twin'd ye of your stately trees?  
 Has laid your rocky bosom bare?  
 Has stripp'd the cleeding aff your braes?  
 Was it the bitter eastern blast,  
 That scatters blight in early spring?  
 Or was't the wil'fire scorch'd their boughs  
 Or canker-worm wi' secret sting?'  
 'Nae eastlin blast,' the sprite replied -  
 It blows na here sae fierce and fell,  
 And on my dry and halesome banks  
 Nae canker-worms get leave to dwell:  
 Man! cruel man! the genius sigh'd,  
 As through the cliffs he sank him down:  
 The worm that gnaw'd my bonie trees,  
 That reptile weirs a Ducal Crown.

The above lines, applied by the Genius of the stream to the  
 destroyer of the trees may be too forcible for application to our  
 Canadian lumber barons or other forest enemies, so that the milder  
 words, "Woodman, spare that tree!" may be repeated.

RAY.

