

A CENTENARY ODE.

1792—16TH JULY—1892.

HAIL, Upper Canada! Ontario, hail!
Sweet Province of the lakes, all hail to thee!
Thy children make a holiday to-day
To celebrate thy birth. See thy flags wave!
And list the magic sound of people shouting!
Hear the loud trumpets! And the booming guns
That proud salute thee on this happy morn.
And hear the bells! the merry, chiming bells
That from St. Mark's tingle all their music forth,
An offering dear at once to Heaven and thee.
So in Glengarry fly thy flags to-day,
So peal the merry bells in jocund Kent:
So ring the shouts of joy from Pelee's vines
To Sault Ste. Marie's wild and rock-bound shore.

Lo, to thy pleasant plains Niagara,
Where first wise Simcoe came, Kirkpatrick comes
—Our welcome governor!—welcome as he!
And knighted Mowat, premier well approved;
Of many sessions past, Ontario's choice:
And their surrounding, men of name and note
Far, far beyond thy borders, Canada;
Sons of thy raising, fair Ontario,
Good men and true, thee homage due to pay,
And shew thee honour before all the world.

Conceived of loyalty and born of faith,
Nurtured of piety, and schooled of law,
Wert thou, O Province, whose fair natal day
We do commemorate with psalms high,
And hopes made buoyant by thy brilliant past.
Firm stands thy throne within thy people's hearts,
Thy throne set broad upon the silver seas
Of inland waters, lustrous, pure, and deep,
Yet not more pure, more deep, more full of light,
Than thy glad people's love.

A rustic cot
Within a forest dense thy cradling was:
To-day thou hast thy many palaces,
And broad demesnes teeming with corn and gold.
Then were thy lakes unrippled save by sweep
Of light canoe propelled by dusky braves;
Now thy stout navies ride on every wave,
Plough the high seas, and fly thy loyal flag
In every port where commerce owns a keel.
Then thy kind mother from her island chest
Sent thee large presents to enrich thy store;
Now doth she count thy gifts among her wealth,
And loud applauds thy enterprise robust.

O thou hast known brave times, Ontario,
Since noble Simcoe in his fleet of bark
From Frontenac came on the gladdening tide
A century ago, and made thee great
In the world's eye by giving thee a name—
A name of worth and merit, on the which
We proudly boast no blot or stain has come.
Thou hast known hunger, fire, and sword, but naught
Has daunted thee, thy sons were true and brave,
Thy daughters staunch and patient; to the core
A people loyal to their king and thee.
O for those times we offer praise to-day!
Ne'er shall thy groves and plains send to high Heaven
Thy holy incense on the wings of morn
And Johnson's name and Butler's the malign'd,
Fail as its subtle essence; and those else,
The dusky warriors of a noble race,
Brant and Tecumseh; men with statesmen's brains,
Who nobly prove humanity is one.
Who took their place within a greater heart
E'en than their own, their friend and leader, Brock.
Brock, pride of the province! whose rich dust
Bears richer fruit as Time his riches heaps.
Brock! whose great name is aye thy talisman.

And thou hast trod sad ways in law's defence.
Can we forget—O woe the day and need!—
Fitch and young Moor, thy sons, who won death's meed
On far-off prairies, where those others fell,
Children of Canada who loved thee well?
Or Acheson's brave deed at Cut-Knife; or that one
Who at Batoche the cross of fame had won
Had soldier-citizens the rights the service owns.
Nor Canada alone hath praise for thee:
Thy sons have served on other fields than thine
And brought thee back their laurels; on thy shrine
Have laid their glorious wreaths with loving pride—
Their loyalty and honour interwove;
Glad that they were thy sons to make thy name
Respected, loved, and feared, a badge of fame.

Proud may'st thou be, Ontario, with an honest pride
As thine eye gazes on an honest past.
But dwell not there, fair Province, there is more—
Ay, how much more!—in the far time to come.
The age is pregnant with the things to be
Of Human Right, the which shall change the world.
E'en now thy hand is on the lever set;
Be thine hand firm, nor let the lightning force
That should in gentle distribution give
Life to the land, deal devastation fierce.
For thou art charged with many messages
To teach humanity; the older lands
Bound close with chains of worn-out service, look
To thee for succour;—shall they look in vain?
Or rising to the height of thy best self
Wilt thou the great example of a monarch set
Who reigns to prove his brother's welfare his;
That Law is Right, and Right is purely Law.
Addressing thee to truth and not expediency,
Give honest statesmen room, and fear thy God;
Nor let the leprous horde that like Him not
Have place within thy legislative halls.
Hold thy fair youth—none fairer—thine high trust
From God, to be returned to God intact.
Cherish thy lowly ones, nor let the poor

Cry with that great exceeding bitter cry
That calls down fury on the oppressor's head.
'Tis thine to solve their problems by *The Book*:
The Book alone gives man the fitted key.

O Province set amid the silver seas
For ever blest be thy centenary years!
May each outshine the last, and age to age
Thy children praise thy name by gallant deeds
And good.

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S. A. C.

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TWO KNAPSACKS:

A NOVEL OF CANADIAN SUMMER LIFE.

BY J. CAWDOER BELL.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued).

THERE were some loudly beating hearts at that moment, for the enemy was in force, and partly armed with guns of some sort. Instead of advancing across the fields, as the defenders had hoped, they descended to the creek, in order to find cover from the bushes on its bank, until they reached the piece of wood. The veteran, telling his command to preserve its formation, wheeled it to the right, and ordered perfect silence. Leaving his rifle at his post, he slipped from tree to tree like a cat, having thrown off his shoes for the purpose. When he returned, the enemy, moving almost as silently, had entered the bush, but, anticipating no sentry at that point, had sought no cover. "Shtiddy, now min," whispered the sargeint-major; "take good aim, Front Rank, Riddy!" Five guns rolled out a challenge to the invaders, and, before they had time to seek cover, came, "Rare Rank, Riddy," and his own rifle led the other four weapons of the second line. "Are yeez loaded, front an' rare?" asked the ancient warrior; and, satisfied that all were, he put himself in the front and ordered a charge to outflank the enemy and hinder them getting away among the bushes. All perceived his intentions, except, perhaps, the two Pilgrims and Toner, who, however, were borne along by the rest. Dashing through the creek, part of the force volleyed the miscreants from there, and drove them into the open, while the remaining part kept them from seeking refuge in the bush. The Squire's men had the shelter of the brook alders and willows, now, and, led by Mr. Terry, in single file, at a rate almost as rapid as that of Rawdon's retreat, faced now and again to the left to fire, and loaded as they ran. At last the shelter ceased, and all were in the open, both pursued and pursuers. "Kape it up," cried the indomitable veteran; "don't give the murderin' blagyard a minit's resht!" Up, up the hill, they chased the said blackguards, until they reached the road. Within the skirting rail fences the Squire kept his men, faint but pursuing, and firing an occasional shot to lend the speed of terror to the miscreants' heels. In an hour from the beginning of the pursuit, the hunted Rawdonites were at the wild lands on the lakes, and prepared to enter the forest and make a stand or hide; when Carruthers cried: "Down flat on your faces every man," and five reports from in front rang through the air. The Richards were on guard, but either Perrowne had forgotten to tell them about blank cartridge, or they did not think proper to obey the order. "Come on a bit farther, lads, till we find where these villains turn in," cried the Squire. In another minute the victors combined with the Richards' party, and chased the thoroughly demoralized Rawdonites, whose guns and pouches strewed the ground, to a desolate rocky spot beside a swamp, where felled trees lay in indescribable confusion, over which the fugitives scrambled in desperate haste for home. The lawyer caught sight of a figure that he knew, far up the rocky slope, preparing to leap down from a prostrate trunk resting on three or four others, and aimed his rifle at it. The Squire threw up the weapon just in the nick of time. "It's ower gude a death for the likes o' him, Coristine. Gie him time to repent, an' let the law tak' its course. The cunning scoundrel! Even at the risk o' s life he wadna let us ken whaur his waggon road is, but I've a thocht, man, that it's yonner whaur the rock rises oot o' the swamp." Then the good Squire took off his hat, and thanked God for the defeat of the evil doers.

Light though the night was, to continue the pursuit would have been the height of folly. The force was mustered and inspected by the so-called Colonel Carruthers, and the Sergeant-Major Terry. Including themselves, it was found to consist of no fewer than seventeen persons, one of whom was a woman, and the other a lad of about fifteen years of age, Matilda Nagle and her boy Monty. "I will show you where the road is," she said to the Squire; "it is hard to find, but I know it. When Stevy tried to find it, Harding and he put him to sleep, so that I couldn't wake him up. Harding is asleep now too; I put him, and Monty helped, didn't you, Monty?"

Carruthers looked, and saw that the woman's right hand and that of the idiot boy were alike stained with blood. All his own men were safe and sound, not a scratch on any one of them. The veteran's rapid tactics had given the enemy hardly an opportunity to return the fire, and had destroyed their aim from the very beginning. All honour to the sergeant-major! All had behaved well. Father Hill and his friend Hislop felt like boys; and while the Sesayder took a fatherly interest in Rufus, the parent of Tryphena and Tryphosa was pleased with the bearing of the Pilgrims. Ben Toner's conscience was a little

troubled about his treatment of old man Newcome, but he also had a feeling that he was getting nearer to Serlizer. The veteran and Mr. Perrowne were filled with mutual admiration; and Coristine felt that that night's work had brought to his suit, as an ordinary year's acquaintance could not have done, the vote and influence of the Squire. The victors gathered up the spoils of the vanquished, and, by a unanimous vote, handed them over to the grateful Richards, whom Carruthers and Perrowne warmly thanked for their timely aid. "It's about time, Squire, we crushed them fellows out," said father Richards, to which the Squire replied: "If you and your sons are ready, we'll do it to-morrow as soon as the inquest is over."

"Boys," asked Richards, "are you fit for a man hunt to-morrow?"

"Fitter'n a fiddle," answered the boys; "then we can go fishin' where we durn please."

They bade their allies good bye, carrying their spoil with them, and twelve persons set out for a six-mile tramp home.

"Yeez can march at aise, march aisy, boys," ordered the veteran; and the party broke up into groups. The woman clung to the Squire, and the boy to Sylvanus, who had made whittled trifles to amuse him. Mr. Hill cultivated Timotheus, and formed a high opinion of him. Rufus, of course, addicted himself to his future father-in-law, the Sesayder. Mr. Terry thought it his duty to hold out high hopes to Ben in regard to the rescue of Serlizer; and Perrowne and the lawyer journeyed along like brothers. There was a light in the post office, and the post-mistress at the door asked if the doctor had gone home yet, for two wounded men had sought shelter with her, and told her that one named Harding was lying down the hill near by. The Squire promised to bring the doctor to the wounded, and asked his father-in-law and Coristine, as if they were his nearest friends, to go down and see if they could find the wounded Harding. They went down and found him, but he was dead, with two of the Bridesdale kitchen-knives planted in his heart. In part, at least, the murder of Nash was avenged. They picked the slain assassin up and carried him to the road, where the post office stood, and deposited the body in an outbuilding to await the verdict of the morning.

Meanwhile, the dominie was happy; his rival, the parson, his tormentor, the lawyer, were away, and even that well-meaning Goth, the tired Captain, was asleep in the guard-room, opposite a half-empty glass of the beverage in which he indulged so rarely, but which he must have good. The doctor's lively daughter had left Mrs. Du Plessis to guard the front of the house, and was talking to her father on his beat, and he had a suspicion that Mrs. Carmichael was wrapping that cloud again round the minister's neck. When the battle commenced below, the colonel was everywhere, directing Magullin, inspecting the posts, guarding on all sides against the possibility of the enemy's attack being a mere feint. All unknown to the rest of the company, Miss Carmichael was up in the glass-enclosed observatory at the top of the house, without a light, watching the movements of the hostile ranks beyond the bush, and inwardly praying for the success of the righteous cause and for the safety of those she loved. Of course her uncle John was among them, and the simple-hearted old grandfather of her young cousins, and even, in a way, Mr. Perrowne, who had behaved bravely, but there was a tall, unclerical form, which Mr. Terry and the Squire had difficulty in keeping up with, that her eye followed more closely. Every report of the lawyer's rifle seemed to press a warm spot on her maiden cheek, and then make the quick blood suffuse her face, as she thought of the morning and Mr. Wilkinson. That gentleman was happy on guard at the top of the hill meadow, for a tall female figure, muffled up slightly as a preventive to chill from the night dews, came down the path towards his post, eager for news from the seat of war.

"Be careful, Miss Du Plessis, I beg of you!" implored the dominie; "heavy firing is going on not far off, and a stray bullet might easily find its way hither. Permit me to conduct you to a place of safety." So he led her with grave courtesy within the gate, and placed her on a garden seat in front of two trees large of bole, and interceptive of possible missiles. Of course, his own safety was a matter of no moment; he went out of the gate and to the utmost limit of his watch to gain, by eye and ear, tidings of the progress of the skirmish, which he returned every minute or two to report to the anxious young lady. Thus it was that, when the colonel came to inspect the posts, he found two sentinels at each, pertaining to different sexes. Returning to his sister-in-law on the verandah, he explained to that lady the peculiar difficulty of his position.

"You see, my deah sistah, that this is altogetheh contyahy to militahy discipline, and I ought to ordeh all undeuh ahbest, but, were I to do so, madam, where would my sentinels come from?" Miss Du Plessis perceived the difficulty, as she handled the colonel's silver-mounted revolver, with an air of old practice; and proceeded to ask what her brother-in-law knew of the young gentleman who was furnishing Cecile with information of the fight. Thereupon the colonel launched out into a panegyric of the dominie's noble qualities, imputing to him all that Coristine had done on his behalf, and a chivalrous Southern exaggeration of the school-master's learning and expressions of sympathy. "Marjorie appears to think more highly of the other pedestrian," remarked Mrs. Du Plessis, to which Colonel Morton replied that Mr. Coristine was indeed a