

Dominion Presbyterian

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BALLADE OF THE CANTERBURY ROAD.

Through woods in shimmering mist of green,
By streams where rushes rustling sway,
O'er swelling down and dale between
Through festival and holiday,
And all the mirth of wakening May,
With hedges wrapped in hawthorn snow.
Rings out the chime of chaunting gay;
Sweet pilgrims' songs of long ago.

Ah! joyous group! right little teen,
I warrant had ye by the way;
Small cause for heart-ache, wrath or spleen,
Mid ballad, round, and sweet virelai
That echoed through the lanes all day
And rang through sunset's fading glow,
Or woke the lark when dawn was gray;
Sweet pilgrims' songs of long ago.

And though long since ye all have been
Thrust in the loveless dust away,
Though earth five hundred springs hath seen
And all their pageanted array,
Since rhymed your merriment and play
To chiming bits of palfreys slow,
Your songs still hold grim Time at bay,
Sweet pilgrims' songs of long ago.

ENVOI.

Prince, and all ye who rhyme essay,
Fashions in verse must ebb and flow,
But these stand fast, nor dread decay,
Sweet pilgrims' songs of long ago.

—ARTHUR F. BELL.