

The Rockwood Review.

CANADIAN PIONEERS.

As the sudden thrill of the trumpet's sound,
Or the steady march of a thousand men,
That shakes the air and throbs in the ground,
And makes the blood in the pulses bound
Are the tales of history told again.

Tales of the buried and vanished years,
Of the men who wrought in the desert place,—
Hunters, and soldiers, and pioneers
Who built, cemented with blood and tears,
A home for the free Canadian race.

Who that treads on the sacred soil,
Where towns and cities and commerce thrive,
Secure from native or foreign broil,
Bethinks himself of the infinite toil
To keep the infant state alive;—

Of the midnight raid, and the dread alarm,
Of the Indian war-whoop in his ears,
Of the flight through the wintry night and storm,
And the scalping knife, and the savage form
With scorn for pity, and torture for tears.

When the harrassed settler sowed and reapt
With his trusty musket at his back,
Unknowing for all the watch he kept
That the scanty harvest might not be swept
To ashes and dust in fire and wrack.

"Battle and murder and sudden death,"
The fate which any hour might see,
And yet for us they kept the faith,
And well for us that they drew the breath,
And loved the name of liberty.

Green grows the grain on the battle plain,
Fair in the sunshine field and town,
But the dust of a hundred years hath lain
On the dauntless hearts whose toil and pain
Shaped out our country's young renown.

Canada, Canada, Queen of the North,
And the Eastern and Western and inland seas,
Whose ships to the uttermost iles go forth—
Forget not thou the names and the worth
Of hero ancestors like these!

K. S. McL.