



ONE CENTURY AGO.

Go back in thought one hundred years,
And view the land of which we write—
What it was then : the hopes and fears
That dwelt in hearts not always light ;
Where now the busy cities stand,
With towers and domes of priceless worth ;
The forest dense and trackless strand
Were claimed by Indians from their birth .
Where are the men who bravely stood
In answer to their Country's call ?
From homes wide scattered through the
wood
They came and nobly risked their all.
Their forest homes themselves they framed,
Nor feared the wilds around them spread ;
Mount, stream and lake they called by name,
And o'er their surface fearless sped.
The sound of conflict met their ear,
The red flag waved o'er hill and dale ;
The rights that all men hold as dear,
Must now be held by leaden hail ;
For near eight years the strife raged on
'Mid want, and poverty, and death,
The star of hope had nearly gone
When victory twined the crowning wreath.