

The United Empire Loyalists.

BY REV. DE ROY HOOKER.

In the brave old Revolution days,
So by our sires 'tis told,
King-men and rebels, all ablaze,
With wrath and wrong,
Strove hard and long;
And, fearsome to behold,
O'er town and wilderness afar,
O'er quaking land and sea and air,
All dark and stern the clouds of war
In bursting thunders rolled.
Men of one blood—of British blood,
Rushed to the mortal strife;
Men brothers born,
In hate and scorn,
Shed each and other's life.
Which had the right and which the
wrong
It boots not now to say;
But when at last
The war-clouds passed
Cornwallis sailed away;
He sailed away and left the field
To those who knew right well to wield
The powers of war, but not to yield,
Though Britons fought the day.
Cornwallis sailed away, but left
Full many a loyal man,
Who wore the red,
And fought and bled
Till Royal George's banner fled
Not to return again.
What did they then, those loyal men,
When Britain's cause was lost?
Did they consent,
And dwell content
Where crown and law and parliament
Were trampled in the dust?
Drear were their homes where they were
born;
Where slept their honoured dead;
And rich and wide
On every side
The fruitful acres spread;
But dearer to their faithful hearts,
Than home or gold or lands,
Were Britain's laws, and Britain's crown,
And Britain's flag of long renown,
And grip of British hands.
They would not spurn the glorious old
To grasp the gaudy new;
Of yesterday's rebellion born
They held the upstart-power in scorn—
To Britain they stood true,
With high resolve they looked their last
On home and native land;
And sore they wept
O'er those that slept,
In honoured graves they must be kept
By grace of stranger's hand.
They looked their last and got them out
Into the wilderness,
The stern old wilderness!
All dark and rude
And unsubdued;
The savage wilderness!
Where wild beasts howled
And Indians prowled;
The lonely wilderness!
Where social joys must be forgot,
And budding childhood grow untaught;
Where hopeless hunger might assail
Should autumn's promised fruitage fail;
Where sickness, unrestrained by skill,
Might slay their dear ones at their will;
Where they must lay
Their dead away
Without the man of God to say
The sad, sweet words, how dear to men,
Of resurrection hope; but then
'Twas British wilderness!
Where they might sing
God save the King,
And live protected by his laws,
And loyally uphold his cause;
'Twas welcome wilderness!
Though dark and rude
And unsubdued;
Though wild beasts howled
And Indians prowled;
For there, their sturdy hands
By hated treason undefiled,
Might win, from the Canadian wild,
A home on British lands.
These be thy heroes, Canada!
These men of proof, whose test
Was in the fevered pulse of strife
When foeman thrusts at foeman's life;
And in the stern behest
When right must toll for scanty bread,
And wrong on sumptuous fare is fed,
And men must choose between;
When right must shelter 'neath the skies
While wrong is lordly mansion lies,
And men must choose between;

When right is cursed and crucified,
While wrong is cheered and glorified,
And men must choose between.
Stern was the test,
And sorely pressed,
That proved their blood best of the best;
And when for Canada you pray,
Implore kind Heaven
That like a leaven,
The hero-blood which then was given
May quicken in her veins always;
That from those worthy sires may spring,
In numbers as the stars,
Strong-hearted sons, whose glorying
Shall be in right,
Though recreant Might,
Be strong against her in the fight,
And many be her scars;
So, like the sun, her honoured name
Shall shine to latest years the same.

THE CANADIAN RIVER DRIVERS.

BY EDWARD A. FOND.

"Oh, grandpa, they are driving the logs down our-river. The men came from Canada, and there's a j-jam at the bridge," cried Charlie Haven excitedly, as he stood at a window overlooking a river in Maine. "Come, grandpa! Don't you want to see them?" Grandpa Haven responded to this invitation, and coming to the window, looked across a sloping field down to the river and the bridge spanning it. The logs that had drifted down the river to the saw mills waiting for them, had caught at the stone piers of the bridge

That Grandfather Haven might not joke any more, Charlie did what older folks do when annoyed by disagreeable talk; he changed the subject. "Didn't you say Uncle Jonas wore a red shirt like those river drivers, when he went hunting?" asked Charlie, adding to himself, "now I've got grandpa!" Ah, grandpa liked to talk about his absent Jonas. "Oh, yes, yes, and how Jonas did like to hunt! He liked to do other things, too, and he was fond of saying what he would do when he came home for good. He would begin with the barn. Then he would tackle the house, and so on and on. Poor Jonas! He don't seem to get on at all." Here grandpa dropped further remarks about the beloved Jonas and wiped his eyes.

Charlie had heard about his uncle, and he knew what the trouble was with the warm-hearted, generous, but sorely tempted Jonas; he loved the bottle. "Where is he now, grandpa? Does he go hunting, now?" asked Charlie. "Dunno! He don't stick long in one place." The old gentleman's tone indicated that he did not wish to talk any more to-day about Jonas, and Charlie said nothing more. He gazed at the barn that sorely needed a work of repairs. Every year its walls spread out farther and farther, like a man who is straddling, and the straddle widens and he threatens to fall any moment.



BREAKING A LOG JAM.

and were slowly piling up in a confused mass. Hopping over these piles, trying to disengage what logs they could, were half a dozen men, river drivers. They wore red shirts as a rule, and looked like a flock of flamingoes that with their red bodies and long legs had lighted on the logs to see what they could do for the saw mills patiently waiting for these perverse logs. "Those river drivers work hard, grandpa," remarked Charlie. "Who pays them?" "Oh, the men owning the logs." "One of the men I know quite well. I guess he likes boys." "That is good." "But—he drinks." "He does?" "I saw him pull a bottle from his pocket and he put it to his mouth and smacked his lips." "Sorry! Somebody ought to speak to him." "I dare say." "Why don't you speak to him, Charlie?" "What, me?" "Why, yes. You are good at speaking." "Me?" "Yes, you speak to fifty at once." "What, me?" "I heard you advise fifty people at least, not to drink anything stronger than water." "Why, when?" "Didn't I hear you say that in school?" "Oh, when I spoke a piece?" "Of course, and the boy who can speak to fifty can certainly speak to one." Charlie was silent. "Well, if somebody don't speak to the river driver, he will go on." "Grandpa thinks he's funny; I don't see any fun in it," thought Charlie.

Soon Charlie left for a walk to the river. "Ah," he said, "There's the river driver I like." The voice of the man had first attracted Charlie, a cheery, hearty voice, and the two at once became friends. "Well, Bub, and how are ye to-day?" said the man, heartily holding out a hand of welcome. "I am very well; how are you?" "Oh, well, but I hope to feel better very soon—ha-ha!—thank ye!" Here the man pulled a liquor flask out of his pocket. "Bub, I will drink to your health!" Into Charlie's mind flashed the memory of his grandfather's words about saying something to the man, and though the old grandfather loved to joke, Charlie had taken the words in earnest. Would he speak to the river driver, the thirsty flamingo? He thought the matter over quickly. Of course, somebody ought to speak to the tempted. A word might work wonders. Was not he the somebody to speak to the river driver. And if he could speak to fifty—to fifty, mind—could he not speak to one? These arguments did not go through his boyish brain so deliberately as that, for he was obliged to think fast. His thoughts flew past him somewhat like the cars of an express train. However, he made up his mind to try. "Sir!" said Charlie solemnly. "Well, Bub, what is it?" "Sir!" began Charlie again. Then it seemed as if all power of speech failed him. "S—" he whispered. He began again. "Sir—" "Why, Bub!" said the astonished flamingo, "what is the matter?" "Sir—"

He hesitated, then tried again, "Don't!" He had got it out at last. "Don't want me to drink? Ha-ha! Now, Bub!" The river driver's tones were not at all angry. They were just as kind as they could be, for he pitied this boy in his perplexity. "Lemme think!" he said pleasantly. "Why, Bub, I can't stop." Charlie's words were coming now. "Yes, you can, if you try hard." "But I don't believe in stopping all at once. I believe in tapering off." "Tapering off?" "Why, in coming to it gradually, drinking less and less. That is what I aim at." "Oh, I see. How long have you been tapering off?" The river driver laughed; "Oh, fifteen years! But I can't stop." Should Charlie say the next thing? Yes, he was brave. "Ask God to stop you?" "See here, Bub! Now I've got ye. I'll make you an offer. If you will pray—right here—I'll stop. Ha-ha, I got ye!" Charlie looked around. "You come behind that waggon and I'll try to." "You will, Bub! Come on!" That was a touching prayer a boy made by the battered old waggon. If he had opened his eyes, he would have seen the river driver's hand still holding the untouched flask, shaking like a blade of grass in the wind. What Charlie said he never could recall. It was a very poor sort of a prayer in Charlie's opinion. It had an effect, though. "Bub," said the river driver, solemnly. "you have me! I never felt so in my life. I have been paid off, and I have \$15 in my pocket. I did expect to go to a dance in a hall down stream to-night. If I go, I shall spend the whole of it on drink, and so forth. If I go—" "Oh, stay here! You—you can come to my house." "Where do you live?" "Up in that house on the hill." "You don't say! My!" The river driver thought in silence. He soon began again: "Bub, I do feel interested, but how do I know I can stop?" "You can stop for to-day." "So I can." "You only have to stop a day at a time." "Why, I never thought of it in that way." "Well, here goes for to-day." Down went the flask. "Lemme think! I want to see my boss. I want to see Simon Chadbourne. You stay right here. I'll be back soon." While he was gone, Simon Chadbourne came out of the depths of the lumber yard accompanied by one of his hands, and they began to load the waggon with joists and boards. Then they harnessed into the waggon a span of horses. "All right, is it?" said the river driver, suddenly appearing. "All right!" answered the lumber dealer. "I told you, Simon, I wanted to drive myself." "Jump up with me, Bub!" called out the river driver. "Wonder what he is up to!" thought Charlie, climbing up beside the river driver. "Git up there, Nancy! Git up, Polly!" shouted the new waggoner. "Bub," he said to Charlie, as the heavy wheels turned round, "I put my fifteen dollars into this lumber. Guess I can dispose of it. Wasn't that wise?" "Oh, yes! You going to sell it?" "Well, see." To Charlie's surprise, the river driver guided his team to Grandpa Haven's door, and throwing down the reins, jumped to the ground, and then accosted the old gentleman who was sitting in his ancient armchair, mournfully contemplating that drooping barn: "Father, I said I was coming home some day to fix up and begin with the barn, but I couldn't come till I had stopped drinking, and had something to begin on. I've just told my boss to let another man who wants my place to take it and—" "Why, Jonas!" exclaimed the old father.—Ran's Horn.