

CANADIAN ROMANCE.

And the chief glory of old days
 Broad fire place where big logs did blaze,
 As much as four strong men could handle,
 They served alike for heat and candle ;
 He his young oxen did adorn
 With fine gay ribbons on each horn,
 And to his home with joy and pride
 He did bring sweet blooming bride,
 Such happiness is seldom seen,
 Happier far than king or queen ;
 She helped him in the fields to reap,
 And spun the wool from off the sheep,
 All they required they had for both,
 Of her own weaving of good cloth,
 And she was a good tailoress,
 Did make his coat and her own dress :
 The golden butter that she made
 Was of the very finest grade,
 Each grace and virtue she possess'd,
 Where'er she was, that spot was blessed,
 And though they did not have stove then,
 Neither did they own an oven ;
 She filled large pot with well knead dough
 And baked fine bread 'mong embers glow :
 He each winter the forest trees
 Did quickly hew them down with ease,
 For he to work had a desire
 And the skill did soon acquire,
 But round great giants hewed a ring
 Then storms would soon them prostrate bring,
 For many a time the furious breeze
 Would quick o'erthrow the girdled trees,
 And sometimes they would kill the cows
 When they did feed on grass or browse,