

CANADA WHEN I WAS A GIRL.

My mother at the spinning-wheel,
 With graceful form and handsome face aglow,
 Transforming lamb's wool into yarn,
 Then knit to warm our toe.

Two pence and three pence for a small loaf of bread,
 Sweet sap from the old maple tree,
 Three miles to walk for muffins and cakes,
 And wild honey from the old bumble bee.

Sago for babies and cradles with rockers,
 And sister their burdens to bear ;
 Sweet-scented clover and the cow-bells ringing,
 Goldfinches soaring in the air.

We whitewashed our houses not with lime,
 But with a substance we called blue clay,
 And the silly hens, not in the barn,
 But in the thistles their eggs did lay.

Churning butter in a bottle sometimes, sometimes in
 the round oak churn,
 But the cream was rich yellow, out of sight,
 As the dasher went up the children would sing,
 Come butter, come Jesse, the professor wants
 some for his supper to night.

The faithful Spanish dog, Bebsho by name,
 Who kept sentinel from doorstep to stye,
 And laughs with his tail at his master's return,
 In the long happy days gone by.

The old pine tree that spanned the creek,
 That our little bare feet pattered o'er,
 To gather oak bark to bake our bread,
 Which was good for the rich and the poor.