

## A CENTENNIAL POEM.

Early in the present year the proprietors of the *St. John Globe* offered a prize for a Poem commemorative of the hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the City of St. John. Thirty-seven poems were sent in, and the judges — Rev. D. Macrae, D. D., B. Lester Peters, Esq., and Geo. J. Chubb, Esq. — decided in favor of the following :

ODE FOR 15TH MAY, A. D. 1883.

BY W. P. DOLE.

**O**UT from the lovely land that gave them birth,  
From pleasant homes that generous charas displayed,  
From sacred altars, and the hallowed earth  
Where their forefathers slept, in honour laid,  
Our grandfathers passed, — a brave, determined band,  
Driven by hard Fate, —  
As men were driven of old,  
Whose story hath been told  
In lofty epic strain, —  
To plant, with toil and pain,  
Upon a distant shore, and in a strange, wild land  
A new and glorious State.

Now, on this festal day,  
Wake the proud spirit they  
Gave to their sons;  
Still warm within our veins,  
Pure still from falsehood's stains,  
Their true blood runs.

Though on their way no cloudy column of fire  
Shielded from harm, and lit the gloomy night,  
Led by the light which noble thoughts inspire,  
With calm resolve to firmly do the right,  
They left the rest to Him whose will doth reign  
In Earth and Heaven: —  
In all whose works they saw  
The Order, Truth and Law  
They sought to keep  
Fixed as foundations deep,  
That should their Faith and State and Liberty sustain,  
Where'er new homes were given.

Nor were their labors vain:  
Here shall their Faith remain  
Spotless and free;  
Here wise and equal laws  
Still shall uphold the cause  
Of Truth and Liberty.

'Mid savage scenes, and in the forests wild  
Our fathers toiled with patient, manly hearts,  
Till stubborn rocks and gloomy wild-woods smiled  
With golden harvest fruits, and happy arts  
Of Peace and Industry enriched the land

With bounteous store:  
Brave wives and daughters cheered  
All that was dark, nor feared  
With ready hands, to bear  
In each sore task a share,

'Till large, and bright and fair, —  
A goodly heritage — they saw their country stand,  
Far along hill and dale and sounding shore.

Nor want, nor climate cold  
Chilled the breasts strong and bold,  
Loyal and true,  
Which pain and weariness, —  
All forms of dire distress, —  
Failed to subdue.

Where once unbroken, pathless forests stood,  
Where savage men and beasts alone heed sway,  
While shadowy streams flowed on their silent way,  
Now Commerce spreads her fertilizing flood,  
And crowds with busy life each river, port and bay,

Cities and towns and temples fair,  
Thousands of happy homes stand where,  
Driven by the stern decree of Fate,  
And by the burth'g hate  
Of brothers armed in an unnatural war,  
Our Loyalists, an hundred years ago,  
Led by the pale North Star,  
Founded the free young State,  
We as our own New Brunswick know.

And now, forgetting all the fratricidal strife,  
Forgiving all the wrongs their sires endured,  
The Sons of Loyalists, enjoying the large life  
By Toil and Hope and Faith and Love secured,  
Welcome with open hand and heart,  
Welcome with Friendship leal and true,  
Each man who bears his honest part,  
And does what Duty bids him do,  
No matter what his nation's name,  
No matter whence or when he came  
Welcome give all, for their dear sake  
Who fortunes, hopes, lives put at stake,  
That all mankind might know  
From what a mighty race they sprang,  
Our sires, who here to Duty clung  
An hundred years ago.

Wide over hill and plain  
Sound the triumphant strain  
That hymns their praise:  
High in the free, glad air,  
The grand old banner bear,  
They loved to raise,  
Still as its ample folds,  
When'er unfurled,  
Float in the sky,  
These sacred Freedom holds,  
In front of all the world,  
Her standard high!

## A WISH.

God bless you, fair St. John! and may you see  
The glorious close of many a century!  
May God so prosper you, with years of Peace,  
That strife shall be unknown, and "wars shall cease,"  
And all your Fields and Flocks shall yield increase  
As long as Time shall last, or seas shall roar  
In restless roll along thy Rock-bound shore!

J. E. U. N.

Long ere the dawn can claim the sky,  
The tempest rolls subservient by;  
While bells on all sides ring and say  
How Christ the Child was born to-day.

Some butterflies of snow may float  
Down slowly, glistening in the moon,  
But crystal-leaved and fruited trees  
Scarce lose a jewel in the breeze.

Frost diamonds twinkle on the grass,  
Transformed from pearly dew,  
And silver flowers enrust the glass  
Which gardens never knew.

Oh, such a wee white stocking  
As Clare by the fireside hung,  
When the Christmas Eve fire was waning,  
And the Christmas Eve hymn was sung.

Oh, such a wee, wee stocking,  
So dainty, so snowily white,  
That she hung on a branch of green holly,  
Ere bidding us all good-night!