

But still they battled bravely on with persevering hand,
Till brighter prospects cheered the hearts of that brave little band.
Long, long, that little early band fought with an adverse tide ;
Privations, troubles, sometimes want, loomed in on every side.
Each day brought round its train of ills, of hardships, toils and trials ;
It seemed on them hard fortune poured its cruelest, bitterest phials.
Dark clouds disperse, days brighter dawn, with better times in view,
From other lands new settlers came, as helpmates to the few ;
Some purchased blocks of wild wood lands, others received them free ;
They little thought in those dark days what Canada would be.
Lands were surveyed, and roads likewise, and sites for towns were cleared,—
Where lately fed the bounding deer, house after house was reared ;
Instead of Indian's war-like whoop, rang the mechanic's voice,
As he the axe or hammer plied on sleeper, beam or joist.
Houses as if by magic rose, stores, churches, schools and mills ;
Old settlers smiled, those changes would help to reduce their ills.
Roads, too, were made, although not good, better than the old track,
Where Buck and Bright could draw the load and ease their master's back.
They now could purchase nearer home the goods which they required ;
Cash market for their produce, too, a system long desired.
Long night would be without a morn, or day without a close ;
Dark life would be with no bright spot to aid man's crushing woes.
Such would have been those settlers' lives amongst those forests wild,
But progress wrought a marvellous change, and fortune on them smiled.
Yes, they would smile, both old and young, with better times at last,—
With numerous comforts to enjoy, denied them in the past ;
They need not travel forty miles as they oft did before,

In easy access to their homes, good market, mill, and store.
Prosperity appears in view, improvement goes apace,—
The old log shanties disappear, fine houses take their place.
Old Buck and Bright are turned to grass—once useful, now too slow,—
The noble horse now takes their place, much swifter, and more show.
Brave heroes of the woods and soil, your wild-bush trials are past ;
The days for which you earnest hoped, to you have come at last.
For self, for friends, and Canada, in truth you much have done,—
Long may you wear those laurels bright which you so bravely won.
Where are all those old settlers now ? My friend, I cannot tell,
A few retain their old homestead, and there in comfort dwell.
Many now live in wealth and ease, while some have gone abroad :—
Alas ! the greatest number lie, asleep beneath the sod.

A Word of Advice to the Sons of Those Early Pioneers.

Young noble sons, of noble sires, just one short word to you :—
But don't arise in frantic rage, if I speak plain and true ;
With all life's comforts, wealth and lands, did you e'er think, my boy,
How your old father toiled and scratched for what you now enjoy ?
Your stately house of brick or stone, shade trees to keep it dark,
Your father's first—a low, log hut—covered with basswood bark ;
Your pleasant home affords you much both eye and taste to charm,
But don't forget the brave old man that bought and cleared the farm.
Fast horses, with your shining rig, you drive so stylish smart,
Your father—just as good a man—rode in his old ox cart ;
And when he tells you how he lived, or rode long years ago,