

OMNE IGNOTUM PRO MAGNIFICO

(OR UNTRODDEN WAYS).

BY 'FIDELIS,' KINGSTON.

WHERE close the curving mountains drew
 To clasp the stream in their embrace,
 With every outline, curve and hue,
 Reflected in its placid face ;—

The ploughman stopped his team, to watch
 The train—as swift it thundered by ;
 Some distant glimpse of life to catch
 He strains his eager, wistful eye.

His glossy horses mildly stand
 With wonder in their patient eyes,
 As, through the tranquil mountain land,
 The snorting monster onward flies.

The morning freshness is on him,
 Just wakened from his balmy dreams,—
 The wayfarers,—all soiled and dim,
 Think longingly of mountain streams.

Oh for the joyous mountain air,—
 The long delightful Autumn day
 Among the hills ;—the ploughman there
 Must have perpetual holiday !

And he, as all day long he guides
 His steady plough with patient hand,
 Thinks of the flying train that glides
 Into some fair enchanted land,

Where—day by day—no plodding round
 Wearies the frame and dulls the mind ;—
 Where life thrills keen to sight and sound,
 With plough and furrows left behind.

Even so, to each, the untrod ways
 Of life are touched by fancy's glow,
 That ever sheds its brightest rays
 Upon the *page we do not know* !