

To the mills, for they were two in number,
The settlers came from miles around
To get their logs sawn into lumber
And their grain into flour to have ground ;
And often the settlers' boys waited
While the miller their grists he would fill,
And with spirits so highly elated
We played round McLaughlin's Mill.

To the south of the chute was a landing,
And from there we would oft take a boat,
By the east bank so high and commanding
Adown the broad river we would float ;
But we always came home e'er the gloaming,
While our hearts with earth's beauty would thrill,
For the great rendezvous of our roaming
Was found at McLaughlin's Mill.

We travelled all over the sluice-way
And out on the broad river boom,
From the upper mill down to the race-way
And from end unto end of the flume ;
I oft think I could paint the picture
If I had the artistical skill,
So familiar was I with each fixture
Which pertained to McLaughlin's Mill.

But scattered are playmates of childhood
O'er different parts of the earth,
Who roamed with me oft through the wildwood,
Their spirits o'erflowing with mirth ;
And some have passed o'er the dark river
In the churchyard they're lying so still,
Whose shouts and whose laughter did quiver
Through the air at McLaughlin's Mill.

I dedicate this to the living,
To whose memory those scenes are so dear,
Who like me to dead comrades are giving
The tribute of sigh and of tear ;
Those scenes of my boyhood I cherish
And fancy depicts them at will ;
Until all trace of memory perish
I'll remember McLaughlin's Mill.