

## EPITAPH ON AN EARLY SETTLER.

Pause pilgrim footsteps! rev'rently draw near.  
The vanguard of a nation slumbers here.

Mayhap he wander'd once by Yarrow's side,  
Or dream'd where Severn rolls in volumed tide.

Perchance his infant gaze first saw the light  
High lordly Snowdon's heaven-ambitioned height.

Or thrilled his boyish heart, in bygone days,  
At sound of stricken Erin's mournful lays.

Amid the crowded marts of Old World strife,  
He yearned to breathe a purer, fresher life.

Brave heart! Beyond Atlantic's sullen roar  
He sought a home on this wild western shore.

His stalwart might and keen, unerring aim,  
Taught lurking savages to dread his name.

In peril's midst he raised his cabin rude,  
And liv'd, his one companion—solitude.

Yet not his only one—Where'er he trod  
In simple child-like faith he walk'd with God.

With quenchless courage and unflinching toil  
Redeemed he day by day the unwilling soil.

Primeval gloom, beneath his sturdy blows  
Beam'd forth in glebes that blossomed as the rose.

And years rolled by—Europe her exiles sent—  
Around him grew a thriving settl' ment.

Yet, it is not good for man to live alone,  
He wooed and won a maiden for his own.

The flowers of June smiled on his marriage kiss,  
And thrice ten years he tasted wedded bliss.

His children—born 'neath Freedom's own roof-tree—  
Were cradled in the arms of Liberty.

They liv'd to bless the author of their birth,  
And by their deeds renew'd his honest worth.

His neighbors loved the kindly, upright way  
Of one whose yea was Yea, whose nay was Nay.

And, did dispute arise, his word alone,  
Was jury, judge and verdict blent in one.

Dark day which saw, and gloomier hearts which said,  
"The Father of the settlement is dead."

When full of years, beloved on ev'ry hand,  
His spirit left them for the Better Land.

Tread softly stranger! Rev'rently draw near.  
The vanguard of a nation slumbers here.

HEREWARD K. COCKIN

## A SCENE AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

During the Christmas vacation, the writer with some others wended his way down the slope of the St. Lawrence to enjoy the skating and ice-boating which its frozen surface afforded. The scene viewed from the shore was an animated one, and one which would have tempted any lover of these sports. Over the ice were scattered groups of persons, individuals of both sexes, small sleighs and dogs. At one place could be seen a lively crowd playing the game of Kangeo, a fine game, and one peculiar to the locality; in it speed and dodging powers are the requisites of success. At another spot a number of boys were tormenting a dog, which they knew could not catch them on account of the smoothness of the ice and their facilities for describing circles. In a more retired spot a portly old gentleman and other

novices were learning to skate, they were surrounded by a crowd of sympathisers who would give them hints and furtively watch to see their heels go up. Here and there, too, were ice-boats racing along with their complement of persons on board.

Scattered around were the islands which gradually sloping from their centres towards their shores, and snow-capped, resembled large white bossy shields of a whiteness undimmed by the soot and grime of urban smoke. From the chimneys of the small cottages on the islands a blue-white smoke slowly and lazily ascended, indicating the coldness and clearness of the air.

We quickly clasped on our skates and were soon gliding over the ice, not without some misgivings at first about our equilibrium which had not been disturbed to such an extent for a full year. However, a few minutes brought confidence and a more perpendicular position and we entered into the sport with zest. We proceeded to explore among the islands, noting what changes the frost had wrought on and about them since the summer. As we skated along we followed a labyrinth-like course among the islands in which the scene changed every minute. Wherever the water shallowed we could see through the transparent ice, the bottom of the river covered with shells, weeds and stones with a stray fish or two. Between two islands we saw a large net, beneath the ice stretching for a length of fifty feet and reaching to the bottom. In its meshes were fish of all sorts, some dead, some still struggling. The net was an illegal one, and had we been so disposed we might have taken the fish in it. Passing near the head of another island, we skated upon an area of ice arranged in a most remarkable manner. The ice had been broken up into small blocks by the wind and had frozen again in small squares alternately white and black, forming a number of perfect chess or draught boards. After further explorations which were rendered exciting by the fact that we did not know when we might pop into an air-hole in the ice on account of the treacherous currents, we returned to the more open sheet of ice whereon the ice-boats were manœuvring. We hailed one of these boats which luffed up in the wind and took us on board and then shot off again like the wind over a clear stretch of two miles.

These ice-boats are very simple in construction and not nearly so pretentious as their neighbors of the Hudson. They are wooden triangles with the mast at the middle of the base line and with iron runners at each of the three points. The runner at the apex also serves as a rudder, and is rigidly joined by means of a bolt to a tiller which the helmsman grasps. On approaching an island the helmsman cries, "ready about," and with a twist of the tiller he brings the boat on the next tack. But some of our party were not accustomed to such quick transition or transposition, for when we turned they did not remain with us. In fact they kept on in a course diametrically opposite to ours. For a complete