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A Suggestion of Outing Days

## AT THE FERRY

By E. PAULINE JOHNSON

WE are waiting in the nightfall by the river's  
placid rim,  
Summer silence all about us, save where  
swallow's plumes skim  
The still grey waters sharply, and the widening  
circles reach  
With faintest, stillest music, the white gravel on  
the beach.  
The sun has set long, long ago. Against the pearly  
sky  
Elm branches lift their etching up in arches slight  
and high.  
Behind us stands the forest, with its black and  
lonely pines;  
Before us, like a silver thread, the old Grand River  
stands;  
Far down its banks the village lights are creeping  
one by one;  
Far up above, with holy torch, the evening star  
looks down.

And the listening stillness, you and I have silent  
grown,  
Waiting for the river ferry waiting in the dusk  
alone;  
At last we hear a velvet step, sweet silence reigns  
no more;  
Tis a barefoot, sun burnt little boy upon the other  
shore,  
Far thro' the waning twilight we can see him  
quickly kneel  
To lift the heavy chain, then turn the rusty old  
cog-wheel;  
And the water logged old ferryboat moves slowly  
from the brink.  
Breaking all the star's reflections with the waves  
that rise and sink;  
While the water dripping gently from the rising,  
falling chains,  
Is the only interruptor to the quiet that remains  
To lull us into golden dreams, to charm our cares  
away  
With its Letho... waters flowing neath the bridge  
of yesterday.  
Oh, the day was calm and tender, but the night is  
calmer still,  
As we go aboard the ferry, where we stand and  
dream, until  
We cross the sleeping river, with its restful  
whisperings,  
And peace falls, like a feather from some passing  
angel's wings.