

This tribute I pour for thy sake,
I'll not, while I've powers of reflection,
Forget the sweet shores of Head Lake.

And I hope e'er I'm given the order
To pass o'er eternity's strand,
Once more I may stand by thy border
And gaze o'er the water and land ;
Despite all times changes I'll know thee,
Of that there can be no mistake.
For nothing which earth has to show me
Will I take for thee, lovely Head Lake.

McLAUGHLIN'S MILL.

I oft think of the Village of Norland,
Where in my youth I did dwell ;
'Twas but a small backwoods hamlet
A postoffice, store and hotel,
A blacksmith shop, some score of houses
Would about it's inventory fill,
With the exception of the crowning glory—
The famous McLaughlin's Mill.

How plain to the mind by reflections
The village and river does show,
With the sad and the sweet recollections
Of the days in the years long ago.
The village was built by the river
Which flowed there so broad and so still,
But began to ripple and quiver
Near the falls at McLaughlin's Mill.

And the flight of old time is unmeasured,
'Tis but yesterday now it would seem
We trod o'er those pathways so treasured
By the side of that beautiful stream ;
The road by the river we followed
Till we came to the brow of the hill,
Where the banks had by waters been hollowed
And there stood McLaughlin's Mill.

How often we stood on the flooring,
Watching the great sawlogs glide,
As the water came pouring and roaring
Going over the government slide,
Bumping and thumping and crashing.
The air with spray they would fill,
As end over end they went dashing
Through the chute at McLaughlin's Mill.