

"MEMORIES"

O, how I longed for the grand old woods,
With their leaves of living green
As I stood on the prairies' boundless waste
Where never a tree was seen.

I longed for a rest on a mossy log
In the cool Canadian shade;
I longed for a drink from the sparkling
brook,
And the murmuring sound it made.

The gravelly brook where the cresses
grew,
Under the green woods pendant boughs
With each favorite spot my childhood
knew,
Where slyly I watched the wild deer
browse.

The gravelly brook where I used to wade,
In the heat of the summer day,
Where fearless around me the minnows
played,
While the trout swam swiftly away.

Memory comes to me now like a dream,
Like a dream it comes to me now,
And just for a moment a child I seem,
Forgetting the lines on my brow.

I am watching the green leaves overhead
Moving and sifting the sunshine down,
Birch, maple and beech their branches
spread,

Basswood and ash the white and brown.
I see the young summer with rich perfume
Softly she comes through the green-
wood now,

Tufting the dogwood with snow white
bloom,

Binding the roses around her brow.
Now memory fails—the vision has fled
And leaves me alone with my fears,
And time is flinging its snow on my head
And loading me down with its years

And a shadow stands in my room tonight,
And its presence strikes me dumb
For I know I must follow its airy flight
Whenever it whispers "Come"

Following up the fortunes of the Burk family there were three sons and three daughters of the former. John and William continuously resided here. The first named after a short residence in Oshawa entered into partnership in a general store, milling and distilling business with Mr John Simpson which they carried on for some time. After the dissolution of the firm he assumed the business and had a successful mercantile career. No one in the town or county was more popular. There was an attractive cordiality about the man, an evenness of temper and kindness of heart that endeared him to those who knew

him at all well. Strictly upright in all his transactions, considerate for others, he could not but have an influential position among his fellow men. As an instance of his urbanity, I remember a little old shack of a building in which the post office was situated, had a lock on the door which was out of gear making it hard to open and shut. He called my attention to it several times and with youthful carelessness I kept forgetting to get it repaired. One day he smilingly said to me, "Look here, I am going to bring you up a new lock," which he did. This I neglected having put on, so after a few days had elapsed, he brought a screw driver himself being determined to have the difficulty removed. However, as the climax was reached I got some one to do the work. He made a large fortune but by an inscrutable Providence he died comparatively a young man. With all his prosperity he never had a swelled head and continued to the end of his career to enjoy the esteem of the community. His death created widespread sorrow all through the country where he was extensively known.

Mr. Wm K. Burk owned and sailed a schooner on the lake. After running it for some years it was wrecked, I think near Oakville. He then gave up that business and settled down on the old homestead. He was for a long time quite a public man, was elected again and again to municipal office, a member of the Town Council and also of the County Council. He gave many years of service in those positions. He was a great friend and colleague of the late John McLeod M. P. They were fast political and personal friends. He had a keen sense of humor and was always full of fun. Some of the older citizens may remember the last old fashioned sugar-making in the limits of the corporation was on his farm. He got it up especially so as to have a good time and asked a great many down to enjoy the sugaring off. I was among the crowd. He too was only about 60 years of age when he passed away.

David Burk, the younger, after farming a short time in Darlington, moved to Oshawa where he permanently took up his abode. In this country families do not remain long in one place. Among all the numerous descendants of the Burk connection on the male side of the family there are only three remaining among us. Mr Marvin Burk, our energetic townsman the venerable Harvey W. Burk, ex-M. P., and Mr Erastus