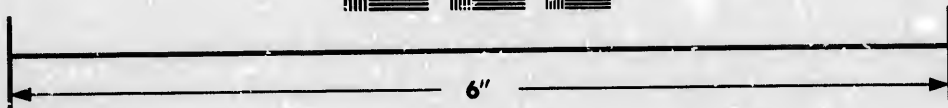
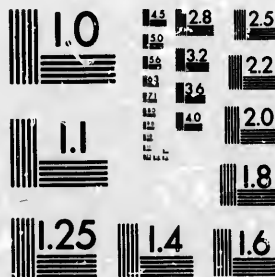
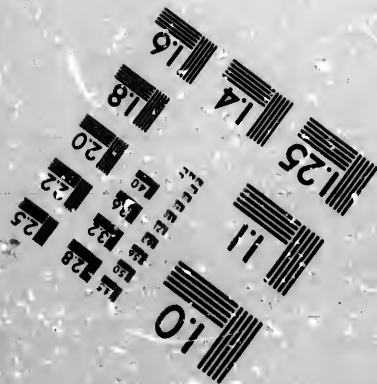


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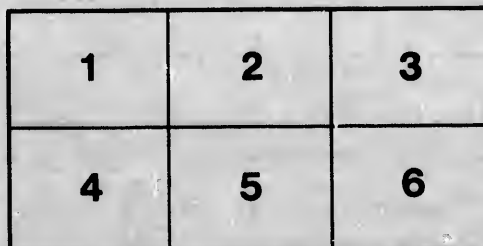
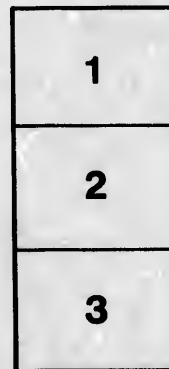
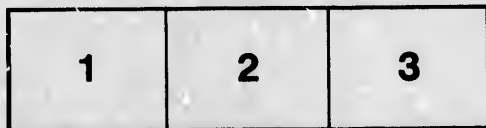
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Par
PK.9
S. 2
CANADIANA

THE LOGS' LAMENT.

BURNS'
HOME.





To
Mr James
with the compliments
of
the Author.

Dorset - Devon
Nov^r 23rd
1898

Mrs Spencer



THE OLD LOG HOUSE.—ERECTED 1834.

The Lament

— of the —

Logs of the Old House.

Our hearts are sad, and you will kindly with us
bear!

Could you give credence to what we will now
relate?

Our owner, whom we know is considerate and
gentle,

Has made it known that we be razed to earth,
To help to form a shelter for the sheep and kine.
With our high aspirations, how can we this
endure?

And yet,—we think he half regrets
The doom he has decreed us:
His face looked grave. We half believe
We saw a tear steal down his cheek
As he walked slowly round and round
To take a long last look.

We're not mistaken! No; we heard him say,
"Poor old house! Poor old house!
"You've stood the battle and the breeze
"Of well nigh seventy years, of storm and gale;
"You've served your day and generation well.
"Within thy walls my eyes beheld
"The first grey streak of morning light.
"My infant and my childhood days
"Were cared for by the best of mothers.
"My mother dear! We hope to meet thee
"In a bright home of purest bliss."
And then he turned himself away,
As if the emotion were too strong.

Do you yet remember, fellows,
How we grew in pride and beauty,
And the limpid waters of the brook
Moistened our tiny rootlets,
Round which the little speckled beauties flecked
and darted?
We stood erect and stately, strong,
Tall, and straight as arrows;
We saw our graceful branches
Reflected in its sparkling waters.

And how the birds sang merrily
Among our whispering leaves !
The Red Man sought a refuge
From the storm and gale
And the sun's scorching rays,
Beneath our sheltering shade.
Fanned by the north wind's breeze,
Our whispering leaves made music ;
And the plaintive solo of the brook,
Together with the warbling of the birds in spring,
Made ever pleasant concert.
Oft we've seen the Red Man list,
Then join us in the wild, weird music of his race:
We all were nature's children,—happy and free.
We've seen the timid deer
Approach by stealth, and drink,—
Fit study for an artist.
He could detect the lightest footfall
Of the playful squirrel,
Which he mistook for his arch-enemy, the Red
Man,
Then off he'd bound, in graceful, peerless beauty,
Into the forest's deepest glades.

Scrupulous exactness dictated our selection
To form a dwelling, for a home for future generations:

We were proud to be thus highly honored !
Our hearts felt strangely sad
For our less favored fellows
We saw ascend in fluffy clouds,
And end their days in nothingness.
A busy time was that ! With axe and adze and square

They measured, hewed and finished us,
That we should stand erect and true,
And be no object of reproach
In this new neighborhood.
With pride the workmen view'd the finished house.

Their long apprenticeship had fitted them
To rear this, the first edifice,
In perfectness becoming this fair land.

The neighbors came from far and near
To celebrate the great event
And join in the rejoicing.
The night was spent in tales

And songs of older lands
And dear ones left behind,
And tender whisperings,
Which ripened into friendships
Never, never more to die.
Sweet music was discoursed,
To which was "tripped the light, fantastic toe."
The mirth and jollity went on,
The hours flew by on golden wings,
Until the morning's rosy light
Reminded them the time to part had come.
But they were not to blame,—
The tall and handsome clock
That ticked for many years in George's reign,
Upon her face there stood a goddess fair,
Holding a scale of Justice in her hand,
She yet, that night, refused to count the fleet-
ing hours
Beyond the first wee one of morn.
That the Glen Asket went the round
We never once denied;
But that was neither here nor there.
Of all the gatherings within our walls,
This was the crowning one.

Ah, well do we remember
When he brought his Margaret home :
This was the proudest moment of his life.
And well he might exult !
A worthy woman she was, and proved
A helpmeet in the truest sense.
They took no costly wedding tour ;
Like Ruth of old, she went
Into the harvest field next day,
And they together raked and bound
The sheaves of golden grain.

Ere many years a group of happy bairns
Our walls did cheer with laughter.
They were a boisterous lot ;
But one stamp of their father's foot
A temporary silence gained.
Soon they forgot—the laugh would then be heard—
Sometimes they disagreed,—
To their discredit be it told,
But we must tell the truth.
To settle this, no methods new

Or lengthy reasonings,
In shorter time than we can tell
Justice was meted out—
But how you need not ask.

Alas! there fell upon that happy home
A dark and gloomy shadow.
Death, with his cold and icy hand,
Snatched ruthlessly the little household pet—
A cherub boy, with bright, blue eye,
A gift of radiant June.
His stay was short; just long enough
To twine around the family hearts
The little tendrils of his winning ways,
Then leave them sad and desolate.
In low and plaintive tones
His name was always whispered, as,
“The little boy that died,”
Which wrung the salt tear from its briny bed,
Nature’s sad tribute to the loved and lost.
We wondered such a little one
Should wield such influence
And cast a gloom and sadness over all.
But Time—grief’s healer—wipes away all tears.

That mother was a noble woman
(A Graham, but not of Claverhouse),
And ne'er complained because of irksome duties.
Principle and right her motto was,
From which she never swerved.
To orphan boys a friend in need ;
The beggar from her door unfed she never turned.
Oft we've heard her make remark,
"They maun be some bit
A've bairns o' ma ain."
It was not hers to know not life's stern duties.
We've seen her sore perplexed in various ways,
With things that will go wrong
In spite of the best care.
She ne'er complained to strangers
Their sympathy to enlist,
But did her best ;
And when affliction crossed her door,
And sickness hard upon her husband fell,
She never saw "the lion in the way";
With her the evil was sufficient for the day.

When tired and weary with their toils,
God's heralds of the truth a refuge found,
A home, a welcome, and a rest,
That cheered, refreshed, and fitted them
To face their pressing duties.
Ours was a cozy little parlor,
With cheerful, blazing fire upon the hearth,
Where all a royal welcome knew.
There we've heard grave themes discussed,
By men of able minds, whose arguments were
weighty.

Disraeli's zeal for Britain's weal
Received our owner's praises ;
But "Home Rule" for the Land of Green
He ne'er could give his yea ;
Oft we've heard him make remark,
"Erin will have a sorry day
When Gladstone 'Home Rule' gives her."
A Scotchman to the core was he,
A loyal son of Britain.
He never lauded to the skies
Another nation's government ;
He was justly proud of Britain's Queen,
And Britain's rule likewise.

The mountains in his own beloved land were
bluest,

And murmuring streams the sweetest ;

And Canada, the dearest and best land in his
affections.

On the evening of the hallowed day,

He called his children round,

Each with the sacred volume,

Reading in turn a verse therefrom.

We've heard him read Isaiah's lofty strains

In tones that thrilled our very being.

As June comes round we then recall

The first fair bridal day.

Great was the preparation !

We were almost immaculate ;

And tins, whose brilliancy cast silver in the
shade,

Were carefully arranged along our lines.

No costly palms or orchids graced the scene,

But green and wholesome cedar from the nearest
swamp

The decoration finished.

Other bridals followed this :

One, then another, left their old rooftree.

'Twas right and proper ; still, the blank was felt.
In time, the little grandchildren
Came tripping round their grandma's knee.
She seldom chided them for youthful imperfec-
tions,
But gave them all a welcome sweet :
"The bonnie, bonnie bairns."

In time a change came o'er the scene.
Beyond the master of the house
Was called unto a better home.
We well remember as he lay
On his last couch, in cold and silent death,
Authority and dignity upon his face remained,
As like an able general, who ne'er commanded
But to be obeyed.
Our walls had echoed back
That awful cough, for years a score.
We scarce the silence could endure,
It was oppressive as the grave.

Soon another change came o'er.
It was considered wise and best,
That she who bore the burden of the day

Was soon to have a better home
Than we could now afford.
At thought of losing her our hearts were sad ;
We did not like to contemplate
Another home that honest step would hear,
And share that patient smile.
She quite enjoyed the comfort
And the well-earned rest
Her new home blessed her with.
A quiet, simple fireside, of peace and sweet
content,
Where all her friends a hearty welcome knew.
Her old home she did not forget,
And lingering visits paid us ;
We've seen the teardrop glisten in her eye,
As tender recollections crowded fast.

In time her new home our experience knew :
In sad procession was she borne
To her long home by stalwart sons,
Loved and respected by her own ;
Her real worth none knew as did they.
Her life's eve was so calm and peaceful,
Her sunset sky had scarce a cloud.

Her youngest born :— O, how he idolized his
mother !

He's gone to foreign lands, we hear,
In search of wealth and fame.

May God watch o'er him in his journeyings.

Once more the children's laugh
Resounded in our halls ;
They romped, and played, and disagreed,
Much like the former ones.

In lonely silence we for years have stood.
A word we have not heard discussed
About the doings of the world ;
Whether Sir John still holds the helm
Of this advancing nation ;
Or if the good old Queen still reigns,
Or Britain has become republic,—
A day our builder hoped would never come.

Can you wonder we are sad ?
Our feelings have been wounded,
And wounded pride is hard to bear.

A hope we'd cherished earnestly :—
That this, for antiquarians, a resort might be,
Who would compare the present with the past,
The advances of the age discuss,
The rise and fall of nations ;
When right would triumph over wrong,
A time we've long looked forward to,
Our name would then be handed down—
An honor we have richly earned.
We've waited patiently and long,
Desiring with an earnestness
Our fondest day dream soon would come.
Empires rise and fall we know,
And crumble into ruin and decay,—
But what is that to us?

And must our high and lofty aspirations
With one fell stroke be dashed to earth?
Must we submit to this indignity?
We must. But we will ne'er be reconciled.

Agnes Spencer.

Dorset Farm,
September 5th,
1898.



