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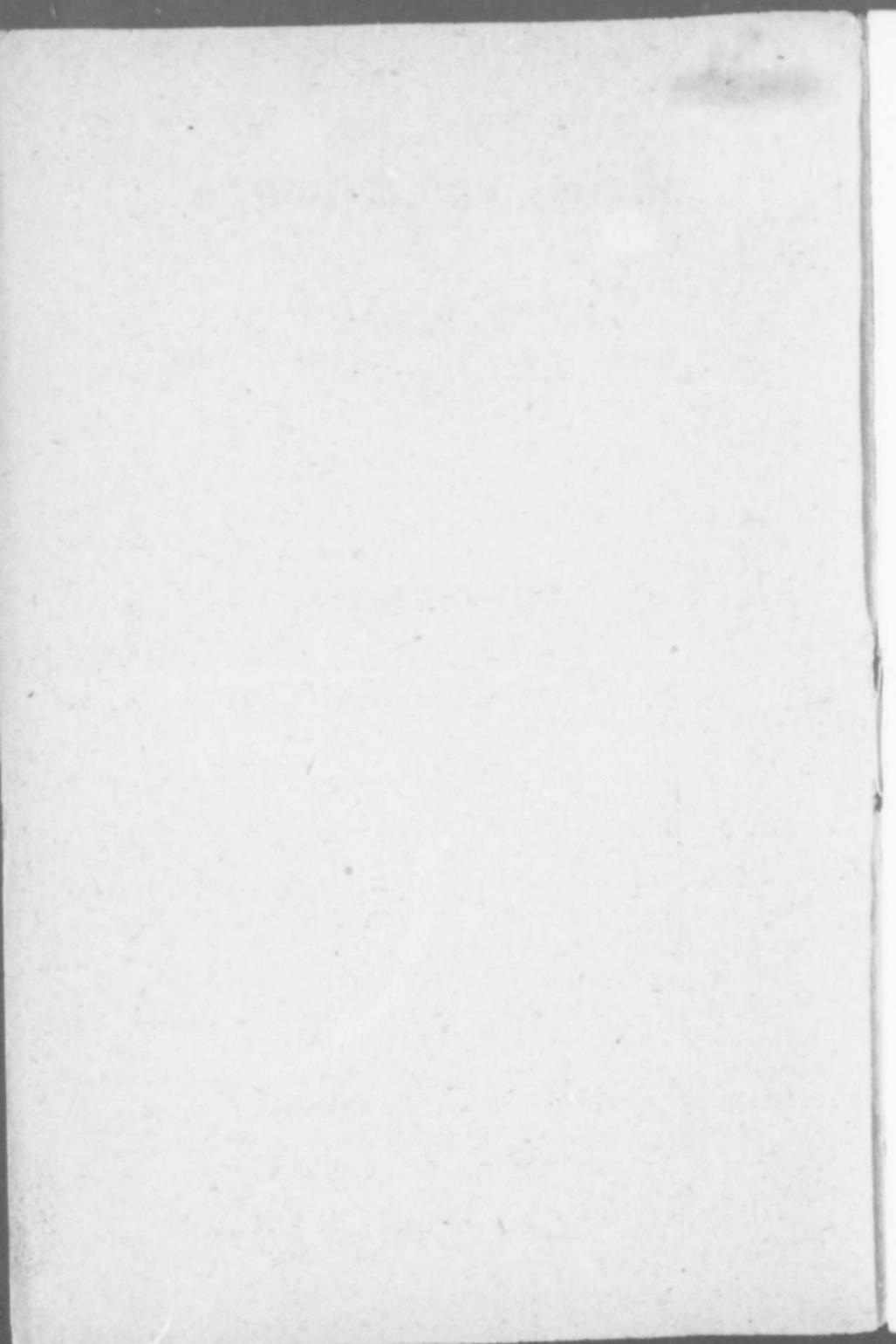
Multum-in-Parvo



Dedicated to
Kingston Old Boys

by
W. H. Stevens.

Toronto,
July 1904.



*Presented at time of Kingston Old Boys'
Excursion.*

Moods and Seasons

*Happy thoughts are hovering round us
In the air,
And how often they have found us
In despair.
As Evengels they are passing
To and fro,
On mission work far surpassing
What we know.*

Multum-in-parvo.

In memory of "Old Kingston" I present this little booklet to each Kingston "Old Boy."

This little booklet is built from the rough rock work of Nature in the vicinity of Kingston. Though "rough and scant of Beauty's softer green" old Kingston has breathed into those who have lived within her precincts for some years a softness of heart that causes them to think of her though absent in the flesh.

If there is any merit in the verse contained in this booklet I am indebted for some unseen quality in old Kingston's air, and especially am I indebted to the late Rev. K. M. Fenwick, who was my pastor, for teaching me the rudiments of grammar, and also I am indebted to his impressionable readings in private, in his study, sometimes, of some of Tennyson's poems. When that beautiful and impressionable poem "The Old, Old Story" came out in Canada he read it to me as I have never heard it since read.

ANDERSON-KEW PRINTING CO.
18 Victoria Street
TORONTO

To the New Bridge

Moods and Seasons

N. A.
By *G. M.* Stevens

St. George Ave

The St. Lawrence Wooing Lake Ontario.

St. Lawrence! Canada's mighty son!
With brawny arms uplifted wide
To grasp his dearest, fairest one,
To make her his beloved bride.

He bids Ontario, from her home,
To drift adown the stream of life
With him, in all the years to come,
As his worthy beloved wife.

Though lithe of limb, though strong of arms,
Though winsome he in all his ways,
Though delectable his many charms,
Be cautious of his freakish plays.

He is unstable at times, fair maid,
He breaketh out in playful rage,
No love dare then him to upbraid,
'Tis the woebirth of his heritage.

The St. Lawrence Wedded to Lake Ontario.

The outward may not indicate
The depth of rage there is within ;
A single word may be the fate,
A thought may rouse a tragic sin.

A tinge of wild blood in the veins
May arouse the devil in a saint ;
A passionate devil at the reins,
Heeds not the loving one's complaint.

Ottawa's wild Indian blood
Mingled with the blood of him
Whom we called saint, from cradlehood,
Whom we revere with prayer and hymn.

The boy becomes a mighty man,
The wooer once, with love intense,
Is husband now, to love and plan,
And rule his home with common sense.

But love is blind—the love intense,
St. Lawrence in his love forgets ;
He has lost all his common sense ;
The fair one now but cries and frets.

Instead of husband and a man,
He is lost in a wild, mad freak,
Of a wild love that has no plan,
'Til on the "rapids" all must break.

But love is strong, and death cannot
Break that grip of his so strong,
He bears her on—she knows it not,
For she is dead, she's lost among—

She is lost among the river's flood ;
She is lost among the "Rapids" roar ;
St. Lawrence mingles with the blood
Of Ottawa ; Ontario is no more.

Like a wild, fond boy, her dead form,
He holds within his tightened clasp,
And bears it on through shine and storm,
Into the ocean's mightier grasp.

Now dead and gone ! one once so fair,
Ontario ! whom we loved so well,
Lost and buried in the ocean there ;
It was thy fate ! It to thee befell.

Our Autumn Song.

'Twas late one afternoon in Autumn time,
As Sol was far down the western slope,
When Autumn's tinted leaves were in their prime,
I was the bidden guest of Buoyant Hope.

For scenic pictures round her home I sought,
As I sought them in pensive silence there,
The young loves came into my heart and taught
Me that all around me were passing fair.

It is true old Frontenack's rock-ribbed shore
Was rough and scant of beauty's softer green,
But oft, in the rough exterior, love is more
Deep, than in some proud, beauteous queen.

The young loves were the children of Buoyant Hope,
She bade me follow them to where they led,
I followed them unto a mossy slope,
That ran down to Ontario's pebbly bed.

And they sang to me as I set me down
On a mossy cushion, that overgrew
And made homely, those rocks of green and brown,
As they brought all around me in review.

They sang to me their song in cadence low,
At times a plaintive, yet sweet strains would rise,
That made my heart's warm feelings to overflow,
And suffused them with newer sympathies.

The burden of their song I will repeat,
'Tis in language simple and of homely birth,
It made the moss look beautiful round my feet,
And the trees above me more than golden worth.

It makes me love Ontario, as her saintly one
Embraces her within his rocky arms,
And bears her onward from the setting sun,
By many homely cultivated farms.



Song.

Fair Lake Ontario ! thou art dear !
I owe thee much, I love thee now,
As Sol beams o'er thy face with cheer,
And decks with Autumn gems thy brow.

I love the snowy-whitness of thy crest,
The dreamy chattering of thy tides,
The heaving of thy throbbing breast,
As softly down a frail boat glides.

Though oft thy banks look gloomy cold,
And raised up high with drifted snows,
Though many a tale of suffering told,
My love for thee intenser grows.

I would love to wind along thy shore,
To watch the gorgeous sun go down,
And throwing back o'er a golden shower
Of jewels to deck with Autumn's crown.

The wish is mine, but the time is not,
So here content I must remain,
And ingle out my wonted lot,
And drink up Pleasure's cup of rain.

And thou Ontario, Land of Hope !
Thy grim cold looks to me are smiles,
The land that gives my vision scope,
And chases away those falser guiles.

I gaze on Autumn's tinted flowers,
Which hang in clusters upon the trees ;
I watch the brown and golden showers
Playing fantasies upon the breeze.

~~Near~~ ^{Close} by a tree's near indigio,
And there's a row of evergreen,
But see ! the cruel north winds blow
Some saffron leaflets down between.

The firs, whose towering minerets,
Reach up to kiss the evening sky,
Contrast in their different jets,
Their illustrious neighbours by.

These sturdy oaks with dappled plumes
Of purple-green and russet-brown,
That graceful maple which assumes
To wave aloft her scarlet crown.

I love them all ! see those which stand
Yonder, smiling in their graceful pride,
In varied tints, profusely grand,
They deck with glory Autumn's bride.

Yonder, stands a giant, full of hope,
Crowned with a thickly purple wreath,
While its puny neighbours drop
Their faded garlands underneath.

Down yonder, in seclusion's dell,
A basswood in its coat of mail
Of yellow green, stands sentinel
O'er some berchlings lank and frail.

Exquisite shadings everywhere,
More than the poet's pen can tell,
Or even canvas can declare,
On which the painter loves to dwell.

APOTHEOSIS.

We'll crown loved Autumn as our king !
He is worthy in our hearts the place ;
We will to him our tribute bring,
Because he bears us no disgrace.

FINALE.

With easy grace great Nature's mind
Is softening shade into shade,
With exquisite colours, designed
To guide the artist to a higher grade
Of art beauty.



Among the Thousand Islands.

Sol comes up in sylvan haze,
Then suddenly a golden blaze
Lighteth up a Thousand Islands,
Big and little, low and highlands ;
One of bold and rugged stature,
Naked as from Mother Nature ;
Some are tiny, craggy creatures,
A graceful sharpness lines their features ;
Some are robed in Greena's dainty,

Delicate embroidered tresses ;
Others sweet as Blooming Twenty,
Winning in their summer dresses,
And wafting with delight intense
The delicious summer incense ;
Wafting zepherous thoughts bewitching
 With a beautiful—serene ;
Wedded Thought to Thought, enriching
 The Summer Morning's festal scene ;
 Some are looking grandly gay
In their summer majesty,
Festooned all o'er with plant and tree ;
 It is there festal holiday ;
It seems so like a summer dream,
A thousand beauties flit and gleam,
 A thousand little eddies are
Playing through Greena's tangled hair,
 Shimmering out a silver star,
In the Dewy Morning's care,
Making music for the Queen,
Reigning on her Throne serene
In her Island palace Home ;
Above the breakers and the foam
 Of the sunglint Triplet Isles
Linked together, hand in hand,
Like a little fairy band,
Wierdly strange, yet beautiful,

Bewitching with their luscious smiles ;
Sending love bits from their glances
Into my weather-beaten soul—
Forsaken by the coldly rude,
Proud and cruel giddy prude—
Softening down its lamentations,
Filling it with exclamations

Of joy, and which the soul entrances
With sweet moments, and there arises
From out the joy-mood of surprises
This song good Old Motherhood,
Nature sings in her pleasant mood.
Thus I on that summer morn
With Fancy Free am onward borne,
Through the Labyrinthic Isles,
And to be greeted with luscious smiles
Of a little Fairy Band
Linked together, hand in hand.



