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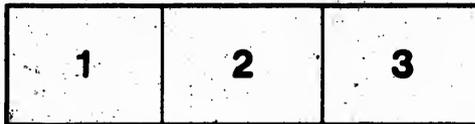
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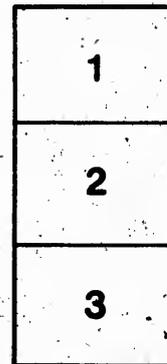
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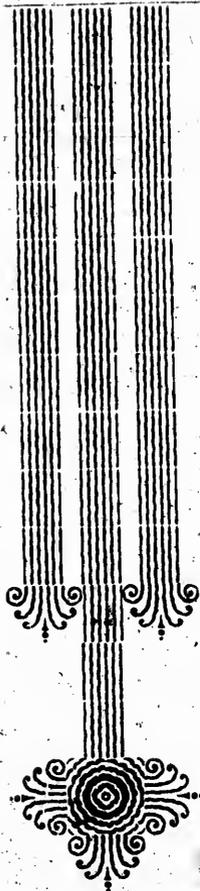
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Poems...

CANADIANA



By H. Tolcher.



Poems.

By W. Tolcher.

1896

THE GIBSON PRINTING CO.
CALGARY, ALTA.

CANADIANS

Drink and Poverty.

Drink! The curse to God and man,
Made and sold by Satan's hand;
Precious grain God's food to man,
Is now abused throughout the land.

Where's our youth that makes the nation?
Blighted! debauched! by hell's damnation;
Men who once held highest station
Are now reduced to pauperation.

Millions there are, who toil and slave
To satisfy that demon's crave,
While their hard earnings, others save,
Then hurl them to a drunkard's grave.

Children are left to starve and die,
In Prison-cells their parents lie;
God sees their want, hears their cry,
Gives them a mansion in the sky,

Rum to heathen lands is sold,
Nations cursed for love of gold;
The fate of drink is daily told
Where'er the funeral bells are toll'd.

Throughout the world, strong drink is sown
And its evil fruits have grown;
All good gifts; God's people own,
Millions, through drink, have never known.

Drink brings sorrow crime and vice,
And leads mankind to sacrifice
A loving home, ambitious life
For a life of woe and strife.

If citizens, would stop and think,
 The misery, caused by 'cruel drink;
 They'd stop the tide, before too late,
 Save mankind from such 'a fate.

God never tempted any man
 To live in crime, die of starvation,
 Or sacrifice the souls of men
 To revenue a Christian nation.

Woe to him! is God's command—
 Who cause his brother's soul to strand;
 Those who lead weak minds to stray,
 Shall give account at judgement day.

The Gambler.

All seated, 'round the brilliant hall
 Were men of wealth and fame;
 Upon the table lay the stake
 The object of their game.

The brussels, and electric glare
 Polished that infernal den;
 Those cynic looks, and daring stare
 Were demons, not like men.

The bottle flushed with rosy wine
 They had their glasses spread;
 A pistol on the table lay
 The first man cheat—shot dead.

They played, and shuffled every one
 And sipped the rosy wine

Mid hours of night, had nearly gone
Without one thought of time.

Another game! the final close;
Stake whate'er you choose;
I'll have a piler if I win,
Or be a beggar if I lose.

With eager eye, he watched the game
Another move said he— I'm done!
He cursed and swore with bitter shame
For the other fellow won.

He hastened out, without a word,
With a mood, sad to relate;
His maddened brain, with fiery rage
Caused that untimely fate.

Along the bank, he hastened
For hell had won the goal;
He lost his money; lost his mind
Lost at last his soul.

The Miser.

In a dismal, filthy court
A worn out cottage stood;
The inmate on his pallet lay,
No carpet, fire, or food.

Not a spark was in the grate,
No light, or chattels 'round;
All his goods were in a chest
Beneath the cellar ground.

His hair was long, his form was thin,
His limbs and features pale;
Those sunken eyes, and haggard look
Told a sad, sad bitter tale.

Each night he visited that chest
To see and count the coin;
When he laid his head to rest,
Gold! gold! was on his mind.

Hark! says he, what's that a, mouse?
He through the darkness looked;
Something had stired about the house,
With fear the old man shook.

Through the shutter, and the blind
A glimmering light drew near;
So lurking to the window went
And bent his listening ear.

Robbers! they were on the spot,
His treasure they would share,
Whate'er it cost, it must be got
Or nothing would they spare

Thieves, broke in the house that night
And stole his idol—gold;
That glittering dust, which he trust'd,
His health, and cumfort sold,

What a life, to look upon,
That selfish craving mind;
Hope is lost, bright future gone,
And treasure left behind.

Riches is a fiend or friend,

7

A boon mankind adore,
God's blessing to the noody one;
A Curse to them that hoar.

The Cat Came Back.

Upon the lofty house top,
Under the moon light glare,
Pussy and companions
Were singing their sweet air;
The house was all in darkness,
But inmates couldn't sleep
For those harmonious quavering strains,
So melodious, oh so sweet.

The governor woke up in a fright,
A missile at them sent,
Pussy in his anxious flight,
Down the chimney went.
The alarmed wife was soon astir—
She through the sky-light peeped,
The silver moon shone on the roof,
In the room the night air creped.

Hurry up there John! there's burglars.
Hurry up! quick! bring the light; dear,
I've got the broom, don't be 'fraid
I'm with thee in the fight.
The cat then on the table flew
And o'er the tea tray went,
Those costly crocks and china new
Were in all directions sent.

Murder! Fire! John? what's that,
 I'm shot! get back! get back!
 Down went the broom, out went the cat,
 Those rickety stairs went crack,
 When the day began to break,
 They both in laughter broke,
 Pussy's foot prints in the grate
 Explained all, clearly spoke.

That iron tongue, with nerve so strong
 How soon it passed away,
 A mouse will hurry some along
 A mid-night cat at play.
 A butcher lived at the corner street
 None the worse for that,
 Untill the guest ate sausage meat
 And swore it was that cat.

In Slumber.

There's solice often in a dream
 Oh so real, sometimes they seem
 What daring deeds we often do
 Really sometimes, we wish them true.
 Oh! what treasure, we do behold
 In caves, and catacombs paved with gold
 Beneath the ocean, down in a mine
 Climing a mountain, rolling o' er some steep incline.
 Sometimes in dreams, we often find
 Our little sphere left far behind
 And as we sail on wings of time

We hear the morning 'larm bell chime
 We then awake, to find it day
 All golden visions, flown away.

The General Hospital.

Where'er the love of God abounds
 Some institution will be found
 For the sick and dying.
 Riches cannot life prolong,
 Soon the robust, healthy, strong,
 With sickness will be lying.

Daily rooms are filled with poor,
 Filed outside the doctor's door,
 Awaiting consultation.
 He gives advice for each disease,
 Their worried minds are then at ease,
 Advice brings consolation.

Should an urgent case appear,
 The best assistance soon is near.
 For that unfortunate creature.
 Soon the case is clearly known,
 And kindness of the best is shown
 With love, pity, and pleasure.

Doctors walk the wards at night.
 But their visitation many slight,
 For fear of operation.
 Should any patients see a light,
 That heart and pulse, will beat with might
 Brought on by fear—sensation.

Some are asleep, some in slumber,
Still there are a certain number
Awake with aching pain;
Longing to view the morning sun,
To see its radiant beams upon
That little window pane.

The nurse appears in robes of white,
With words and smile, angelic, like
Bright rays of heavenly light.
When twilight through the window glare,
Their presence fills the lonely air,
Makes the patient's heart delight.

Some for months have got to stay
In their bed through night and day,
They soon get weak and weary.
Surrounded in on every side
With mighty walls, the world to hide,
Oh how sad, how dreary.

On visiting days at certain hours
Kind ladies bring them fragrant flowers
And read a pleasant book.
Those inside that lonely wall
All appreciate the loving call,
And their heavenly look.

Some patients love to read or sing,
Let their feeble voices ring,
It comforts one another.
To see or smell a fragrant flower
Brings solace to a passing hour
And cheers a lonely brother.

The Sabbath day they most adore,
 It 'minds them of bright things in store
 For all who trust in God.
 Many perhaps a week before
 Were near that never parting shore
 Where other saints have trod.

Affliction comes to one and all,
 When least expected man does fall,
 Still all things work for best.
 When the cares of life are past
 Our feeble hope will tell at last
 In that sweet land of rest.

Health is wealth, all joys contain,
 Keep it pure from every stain,
 Weak mortal soon detects it,
 Those who once did health obtain
 Are now a wreck in sin and shame,
 They little did expect it.

Reading.

There's many a book, we often see
 But it's title never heed;
 If it but pass a leisure hour,
 It's proved a friend indeed.

There's many a book we often see,
 And it's title suits the taste;
 O'er fictitious deeds one little need
 Life's precious time to waste.

There's many a book we often see,
 But generally let it lie;
 For biography and history
 Are too wearisome and dry.

There's many a book we often see,
 Engraved therein we find
 Lives of great men that's gone before,
 By life works they left behind

There's many a book we often see,
 That blessed book of old;
 Where "bread of life" grows never stale,
 Where love grows never cold.

That sacred book we often see,
 And prize it when too late:
 That heavenly book will always be
 In season, time and date.

The Prairie Fire.

Along the southern dim horizon
 A cloud of smoke was seen arising;
 As it approached the wind blew higher,
 Then there came the smell of fire.

Along the plains the fire did spread,
 The sky lit up with a crimson red;
 Then came the crackling, rumbling sound
 Of barns and houses burning down.

Onward rushed the smoke and heat,
 O'er stacks and barns the flames would leap;

Then man and beast made haste to flee
From home across the country.

Cattle stampede across the plains,
Through swamp and ditch, o'er fields of grain;
The rolling flames came fierce and strong,
Everything before them whirled along.

The train was speeding 'long the line,
The trestle bridge just crossed in time;
For miles around was the country black,
And tiers were burning on the track.

The whirring flames had got the lead,
So the engineer increased the speed;
The heat and flames were gaining fast,
And another bridge was yet to pass.

With link and throttle open wide,
Through smoke and fire the engine fled;
The iron steed just 'rived on time,
The howling flames left far behind.

That flood of fire went miles around,
And creeping onward till it found
Everything was burned to the ground,
Then came the conqueror—the stream.

A Mouse.

In a lonely humble cot
There lived an old dame maid;
To see a beetle,—'lone a mouse,
Oh my! she was afraid.

One night a little creature sweet
Paid a visit to the dame;
So in the cupboard took a seat
And waited 'till she came.

She just arrived at supper time,
Expected to dine at ease;
And to the cupboard, went to find
A morsel of toast and cheese.

One hand upon the stale bread lay,
And the other upon the cheese;
The little mouse was in the way,
He therefore got a squeeze.

She heard the squeak, but could not speak,
But fainted right away,
The doctors say, she'll remember it
Untill her dying day.

The visitor still came nightly 'round
With things got well acquainted.
Yet things sometimes, are not so sound
Or as genuine, as they're painted.

That harmless mouse had come to stop,
Not to scare or ill use her
The old dame says I'll set a trap
And catch that vile intruder.

That tempting piece of toasted cheese
It did the mouse beguile;
It looked too nice for him to leave,
So he entered for the spoil.

The mouse was in, the lid went down,
Oh my! here is a treat;
To his surprise, he looked around,
But no way could retreat.

He squealed and bit the iron wire,
But all efforts were in vain,
So in the corner did retreat
Again to wait the dame.

In the morning, 'round she came
And was in a dreadful rage;
She saw the horrid little mouse
A prisoner in the cage.

A pail of water then she got,
Oh! let me out he cried;
Too late, he'd got the fatal drop,
And there the prisoner died.

That night the brotherhood held a wake
O'er their poor little friend;
Since that time they've never ceased
Coming to memorize their friend.

Every week fresh mourners come,
Their sympathy to lend,
Ever since the bewildered dame
Prays for the plague to end.

A Western Blizzard.

Large snow flakes fell upon the ground,
Dark clouds had hid the sky
The rushing wind with mournful cry
Soon whirled the snow flakes high.

The piercing wind came from the north
And o'er the mountain's steep;
Through the valleys, hills, and plains,
The snow was drifting deep.

The gopher, badger, and weasel kind
That skip so boldly 'round;
Quarter in a warmer clime,
Far beneath the frozen ground.

The cattle out in snow and frost,
Away from barn and stable;
Cannot front a blinding storm,
For 'tis more than life is able.

Through the doors and sash by night
The fierce wind whistles, wheezes,—by jove!
The pipes are warm, the fire is bright,
The wood crackles in the stove

Against the barn and cottage door
The snow had drifted deep;
Everything was mantled o'er
While the good folks were asleep.

Along the track no light was seen,
No shrill whistle or engine bell
When the cars were coming in
Only time could tell.

Posts were down along the line,
 Telegraph wires were broke,
 The night express was long behind
 Panting with steam and smoke.

When the wind had settled down,
 And snow had ceased to play;
 Natives wrapped in winter fur
 Go driving in the sleigh:

After the winter snow is gone,
 Bright summer months are come;
 There's often bones of some lost one
 Lying bleaching in the sun.

When overtaken by a storm,
 There's many rent the veil;
 B. numbed with cold they fall asleep,
 On the homeward trail.

Banished.

The youth was taken from his home,
 His friends no more would see;
 To cold Siberia's barren land,
 An exile bound was he.

He once was bright as sun-shine,
 His parents joy and pride;
 By company was led astray,
 And Russian laws defied.

Chains were fastened to his wrists,
 His pleading they would not heed,

For he was captured with the rest
That did the cruel deed.

They banished him to that far land,
Where north winds ever blow;
Where the mountain prison stands,
And dark deep mines below.

Time soon rolled, long years went by
In that cold barren spot;
Though health and strength had almost gone
Till death was bound to stop.

During those weary, dreary years
Great changes filled his cot,
And many a mother's prayer was spent
For her son she n'er forgot.

Good news at last, came o'er the line,
It was the Czar was dead;
His eldest son was Emperor now
And reigning in his stead.

It was the custom at this time
To hold a feast, for celebration,
And convicts of a minor crime
To have their life vacation,

At the frontier could be seen
A powder at full speed,
With a despatch from the governor
For the prisoners to be free'd

At first it was not realized
Their freedom ! was it true ?
And many were somewhat surprised
When numbered with the few.

The youth was parted with the rest,
 Again was free to roam;
 Alas! the Czar had done his best,
 But where was that bright home?

His home that once contained his joy,
 Was sad to look upon;
 For those he loved, and yearned to see,
 Their days were past and gone.

Could he but hear that mother's voice,
 Once more that sweet smile see;
 It would be dearer far to him
 Than all life's liberty.

Opportunity.

Solace comes from little deeds,
 Mighty oaks from little seeds;
 Time is swiftly passing on
 Soon good intentions will be gone,
 Things we should have done to-day
 Like time and tide have pass'd away.

It is a rule for boys at school
 To despise their dearest friend,
 For riches will not buy them time
 Or will pleasure, knowledge send.
 Every youth should love the truth, Satans host defy,
 The greatest heroes ever lived were boys who would
 not lie

Children.

The world is full of incidents—
Men more or less defiled;
And nothing does revive the world
More than a sweet bright child.

Nothing on earth is there so pure,
Nothing so sweet and mild;
Than to behold a smiling look
On the face of a little child.

It's thoughts so pure and simple,
True love from heaven is shown;
Like Cherubims they sweetly sing,
Like Angels from the throne.

With golden hair and sparkling eyes,
And teeth as white as snow.
The love of God stamp'd on the brow,
Bright ruby cheeks a-glow.

With words so meek and gentle,
A heart so pure and mild;
Ho! for a faith so simple,
The faith of a little child.

Eternity

Man's frame is but a target,
The heart is but the mark,
Death the skilful archer,
Speeds the fatal dart,

The Orphan.

In the cold and dreary street,
The lad was cast upon,
Famished and cold, with aching feet,
His courage almost gone.

To sell his papers he did his best,
But the people passed him by;
He on the step went to sleep,
His canopy—the sky.

His head upon that pillow lay,
His hands clasped to his breast;
Through that cold and bitter night
That stone bed found him rest.

His parents, when at tender age,
Had both been called away;
So on the world's existing stage,
He had to make his way.

Once he had a loving home,
A mother's voice, so sweet,
Awaiting by the fire side,
His home-ward steps to greet.

A brother's smile or sister's look,
Will make one's heart aglow;
A kindly word from those we love
Is more than all below.

Riches will not make a home
Of things however fair;
There must be love, joy, and peace,
True hearts can only share:

If all forlorn, employment gone,
The world cares not for thee;
If clothed in rags, you're tramped upon,
By friends,—community.

Those who're rich or well to do
Have friends on every side;
Should misfortune chance to come,
They'll let you swim the tide.

Actions will speak louder than words,
For actions prove us true;
Words are merely sentiments,
That say but seldom do.

Poverty is no disgrace,
Why class it as a crime?
Whether rich or whether poor,
It's only for a time.

There is a time in every life
That puts us to the test;
What we think is for the worst,
Turns out after for the best.

Religion

Religion is not a duty of
Good morals and formality
It is the love of God within
A contrite heart's sincerity;
Not an impulsive or compulsion,
But an honest, earnest, true devotion.

The Better Land.

We live in hopes to see a land
Brighter by far than this;
Where saints immortal ever stand,
In love—eternal bliss.

Dark clouds may come and storms may rise,
And no harbour for to steer;
But while the Master holds the helm
There is no need to fear.

In Christ there's hope, peace, and joy,
And life for evermore;
And when we reach that heavenly land
We'll meet to part no more.

The Bible.

The Bible is the only book
That puzzles young and old,
Yet simple are the truths within
When we by faith behold.

It is our dearest, silent friend,
Like our memory speaks of old,
Brings reflections of the past
And our future does unfold.

Immigration.

Their luggage laid along the piers
The steamer in the dock;
Soon the hawsers would be clear,
Down the gang-way people flocked.

The crew was busy taking on
The cargo for the ship,
And passengers selecting berths
For their sea-bound trip.

Down the hold the luggage went
Their cargo all aboard,
The captain rang the bell on deck,
And again the whistle roared.

Friends were gathered on the stage
It was their parting day;
Soon that powerful endless screw
Would speed them far away.

Hats were waving in the air,
It showed a friendly token;
"Good-bye," they cried, "God's speed,"
Their last farewell was spoken.

The bar and light-house soon were past,
Blue waters still asleep;
The gallant ship was speeding fast
Upon the ocean deep.

When far away from native shore,
It is one's prayer—devotion,
Our friends of yore to meet once more,
Across the brimny ocean.

When landed on a foreign shore,
 No home or friends to see;
 We trust in God, whose just as near,
 In any land and sea.

Though far away from those we love,
 We hold them ever dear;
 Distance may bedim the sight,
 But memory draws them near.

If but a letter they should send,
 With words simple and few,
 It will joy and comfort them,
 Bring hope and peace to you.

A silent word from those afar,
 With love and care for thee;
 Will brighten, like the morning star
 In some far lone country.

There is a land, above all rest
 We prize that spot on earth;
 Our native land we love the best,
 The place that gave us birth.

Boyhood.

The boy who has an heart sincere,
 Loves his home and parents dear,
 And nothing but the truth will hear—
 Letting God his young life steer—
 Need not worry, need not fear;
 His path will lead a bright career.

A Friend.

He is a friend, who is sincere
 When storms and trials come;
 An act of kindness never sheer
 Until his race is won.

When the way is dark and dreary,
 And others all have gone;
 He'll n'er forsake, never leave thee,
 You may depend upon.

How one feels the bitter sting
 When friends we love must part;
 But to be slighted by a friend,
 Leaves a more bitter smart.

Friends on earth however fair,
 From us some day will sever;
 Oh for a friend that changes not
 The same each day for ever.

There is a friend, a faithful friend,
 That far exceeds all other,
 That friend is God, who'll ever stick
 Far closer than a brother.

Pride.

Pride! is safe within its bounds,
 But never let it run;
 For it is swifter than the wind,
 Or any man's income.

Blindness.

The worst affliction heir to man
Is the loss of precious sight;
It takes the joy off earthly things
That makes the heart delight.

What horror! to be prisoned in
A room deprived of light;
What must it be to live within
A world, perpetual night?

The golden sun, that brightly shines,
Gives warmth and light by day,
Revives and cheers life's busy time,
And worldly cares away.

Along the lanes and country roads,
There strolled a poor blind man;
His faithful dog close by his side,
Led by a sweet girl's hand.

His wrinkled brow showed honest toil,
His heart was full of grace;
Beneath those matted silver locks
There beamed a comely face.

In days of youth he loved the truth,
And loved his fellow men;
Strength failed at last, for he was past
His three score years and ten.

Canada.

Canada! the promised land,
 For toil peace and wealth;
 As rich a soil earth can produce,
 No clime for better health.

For ailments of the lungs and chest
 A climate dry is far the best,
 If any clime will stand the test,
 It's fair Alberta in the west.

When our ancestors took the land,
 There dwelt a wild race;
 Through lack of might, they lost their right,
 Lost their hunting place.

All Indians now have their reserves
 And chiefs in every tribe;
 In their original teepee tent,
 They squatter side by side.

Now through the bush and prairie land
 Lies endless miles of steel;
 O'er swamp and hill, through mountain range,
 Now rolls the iron wheel.

The mountains with their lofty peaks
 Are capped with winter snow;
 And down the rivers and the creeks
 The mighty waters flow.

The prairies in the western clime;
 Are filled with flowers in bloom
 In the golden summer time,
 The twilight fills the gloom.

It's acres spread from sea to sea,
 It's fresh lakes largest known;
 With mountains stored with precious gems
 To bless our future home.

It's trees are every kind and hue
 With seasons sure to call,
 The people are not pressed for room,
 There's room enough for all.

Spring soon dawns the coming year,
 The sun smiles on the soil;
 The snow and frost will disappear
 Bright seasons for a while.

Throughout the summer in the twilight
 Mosquitoes swarm and bite;
 And like the stars that twinkle, twinkle,
 The fire-fly darts at night.

When haying's done and harvest past,
 Bright summer days are gone;
 There comes at last that cooling blast
 And the winter rushes on.

Vanity.

The fair sex love to hide their face
 With powder, veil, and cream,
 As if their features they could hide,
 Their age could not be seen.

Gossiping wher'er they meet,
 Each with their tales of woe,

For secrets they cannot keep,
They each other's business know.

Homesteading.

To Edmonton the farmer goes,
And pays the normal fee;
Claims a section of the land,
His future home to be.

In the bush he has to go,
Midst snow or stormy weather;
There to chop the stately pines,
To erect four walls together.

When the bitter night comes on,
Moon and stars do peep;
A little brush soon forms a bed,
His eyes soon closed in sleep.

He rises with the early dawn,
Chilled with the western clime,
Prepares an hasty frugal meal,
Avoiding comfort for the time.

Soon the house of logs is built,
And clattles all in order;
Then numerous stakes and endless wire
Surround the section border.

All scattered o'er Canadian soil
Like silver sails at sea
Lies the farmer's humble cot,
His home of liberty.

As Seasons roll, and years go by,
 His virgin soil will yield
 Abundant crop of golden grain,
 Instead of barren field.

The little crop and little stock
 Increase yearly by degree;
 Whos'e not contented with their lot,
 Proud of their new country?

Tilling the soil is no disgrace,
 For work all men must find;
 Besides there's fresh air to embrace,
 And honest cash behind.—

His work is done with will and skill.
 And he lives in hopes to see
 Himself and family doing well
 In Canada's land the free.

Nature.

There is a rope for every life—
 Unseen that rope does sway;
 Man pulls that rope to suit himself,
 God pulls the other way.

Man does his best to break that rope,
 But that can never be;
 The more we pull the stronger is
 Life's rope, for eternity.

The Canmore Accident,

A widow in that mountain town
Kept an house for borders,
And workmen from the shops around,
Were the regular comers.

Her little boys, age seven and ten,
Were bright and full of glee.
Both had the making of good men
But that was not to be.

An accident took place one day
While all the boys were playing;
From off a tank the eldest fell,
When taken home, was dying.

What sad news it was to state
To that mother, about her boy,
Who never dreamed of such a fate
For her son, her hope and joy.

His great delight a day before,
Was to have a kite;
To see its movements in the air,
Till distance dim'd the sight.

Little did the poor boy think
He too would take his flight,
And be another link in heaven,
Before next coming night.

How oft' the choicest flowers are cut—
Sometimes the brightest gem;
One by one in turn they're took,
Just as the Lord needs them.

Many a flower in bud of life,
 In a moment, wastes away;
 And many a flower that blooms to day,
 Tomorrow will decay.

Trials perhaps he would have had
 Now no more will be;
 He's now at rest, for God knows
 He all things can foresee.

Canmore Cemetery.

Upon a wild and lonely plain
 The village grave-yard stands,
 Surrounded by mountainous heights,
 Thick wood, and bushy lands.

Mountain pines, all charred with fire,
 Lie scattered all around;
 Fine epitaphs, grand monuments—
 Are no where to be found.

Not a flower, blooms on the soil,
 For nothing there will grow;
 In winter time, when days are wild,
 All's mantled o'er with snow.

Around those tombs, the piercing winds
 Ne'er cease their mournful tone;
 Still memory and hearts are warm,
 For loved ones that are gone.

The Steam Engine.

It's steam that makes the piston move
The connecting rod, the crank,
And governors regulate the speed,
The fly wheel helps the crank.

Eccentrics work the sliding valve
And the throttle gives the speed;
A little oil to lubricate
Our famous modern steed.

Cleanliness and skilfulness
Will keep the wheel in motion;
Give her steam, and she will rip
O'er the continent and ocean.

The boiler too, must do her part—
Keep up her contribution—
And like the driver does require
A good sound constitution.

A Storm at Sea.

The night was dark, no shelter nigh,
Nothing was seen but water and sky,
The vessel rolled, the wind blew high.

A storm arose, as ne'er before
That boisterous sea did foam and roar,
Across the decks it swept and tore.

The rain poured down, the lightening flashed,

The thunder pealed like cannons—crashed
Around the vessel fierce waves dashed.

Full steam ahead, that liner went,
That mighty sea would heave and rent,
And mountain waves before her bent.

Those on board were hatched below
What could they do? Where could they go?
So with the ship tossed to and fro.

The women screamed, the children cried,
Some in berths with sickness lied
An hurricane without,—bedlem inside

The storm now o'er, the sky now clear,
All was bright no longer fear,
The longed for land was drawing near.

Soon lights were seen along the shore,
The gallant ship came safely o'er—
All safely landed home once more.

Great perils on the deep blue sea,
Many a tar has lived to see,
But their safe return is a mystery.

A Collision at Sea.

The "Elbe" sailed on her regular trip,
Just as usual steamed away;
No one dreamed on board that ship
That death before them lay.

flashed,

No sooner had she bound for sea
Than a mist before her rose;
The danger caused by fog at sea
A mariner only knows.

The sun had settled in the west,
The night was dark and cold,
The passengers had gone to rest—
Some never woke, we'er told.

Sailors watched on deck by night
While all below were sleeping;
They kept the head-lights shining bright,
Strict watch and care were keeping.

What was that strange light they saw
Through the thick fog beaming?
It was the steamer "Craithic,"
Across her bow was steering.

What could any captain do?
No time for thought or decision,
No sooner had they seen the light,
There came the sad collision.

Her bow had struck the starboard side,
Just as the day was dawning.
The sinking ship, and those inside,
Had not the slightest warning.

"Man the boats," the captain cried.
They were not filled too soon.
The captain and his faithful crew
All shared the fatal doom

Man never knows how soon will be
 His time for separation;
 Now is the time, while it is day,
 To obtain God's free salvation.

A Fire at Sea.

In the silent hours of night
 A cry! a scream! there came,
 Through the smoke and fainting light
 Curst forth a crimson flame.
 Many on board, not quite awake,
 At first thought it delusion;
 But soon discovered their mistake
 By the rushing, mad confusion.

Onward came the blinding smoke,
 Nearer the flame and heat;
 Soon the planks on which they stood
 Would burn beneath their feet.

Their only safety was to flee
 From off that burning wreck;
 So in the raging, foaming sea,
 All jumped from off the deck.

Though the waves came dashing o'er
 The fire would dash and leap;—
 The crew was washed upon the shore,
 The ship sunk in the deep.

That gallant ship once left her port,
 Full manned by valiant men;

Like many a ship, that sails the sea
Was never seen again.

Could the sea, bring forth her loss,
What tales of woe, would tell;
How those gallant ships went down,
How those brave seamen fell.

The Village Tavern.

In every little country town
Stands the village tavern,
Where men like ships are anchored fast,
Harbored in the haven.

All gathered 'round the parlor stove
Each one must take a spell;
At fictitious tales, for who can prove
One half the yarns they tell?

What they did and where they went
Would make one's blood run cold;
What a life in youth they spent
When by-gone days were bold.

In storms and ship-wrecks, fights and war,
They've roamed the wide world over
Such deeds they done, as none before,
Now they sit and smoke' warming their shins
—in clover.

Christmas Eve.

It was a bleak, cold Christmas eve
The snow had fallen all day;
Meadows green were mantled o'er
With nature's grand display.

It was a general holiday,
And children longed to see
Their faithful friend old "Santa Claus"
To share the Christmas tree.

The day had been a busy day,
A time for preparation;
And every one was busy with
Their Christmas decoration.

The opera, theatre, music-hall
Were open in full swing;
People went to see the play
And hear the talent sing.

Many to the bar-room went,
Caring little for the morrow,
Their little money must be spent,
Whether for joy or sorrow.

As the night began to close,
Crowds to their home were going;
From concerts, dance, and gay saloons,
The greater class, were flowing.

From a dive some rowdies came,
Where their time was spent in drinking;
With brawl and song they stroll'd along
The streets with arms alinking.

One by one they tumbled home,
Each one the other led;
Soon the last was left alone
To find his needed bed.

Being over flush with wine
His foot found many a stone,
Tho' the stars were over head,
And bright the crescent shone.

His home was on a wild spot,
And stood there all alone
Wind came through the cracks at night
With a mournful cry and groan.

The embers in the little grate
Formed many a curious face;
The dying fire and dusky room
Left him a dismal place.

Trees were shaking with the wind,
Their shadows were on the wall;
With trembling nerve, and drink within,
He into his bed did crawl.

All was still, all was dark,
Clothes were rolled o'er his head;
After a nap he heard a rap—
Someone beside the bed.

The party and the whisky had
Somewhat deranged his mind;
For on peeping o'er the counterpane,
How strange, no one could he find.

Dark shadows still played on the wall,
 And looked so tall and slim;
 Was it some departed friend,
 Or some devil's imp within?
 Soon the hideous, moving form
 Was making for the door;
 Springing from his demon bed,
 He felled him to the floor.

Grasping the villan by the throat,
 He did scuffle, fight and scream;
 On waking up he found his man
 A shadow in his dream.

Home.

The pride of man—his loving home,
 Bright children by his side;
 A charming wife his comforts share
 And through troubles will abide.

They gather round the fireside,
 So merry, bright and snug;
 The kettle sings upon the stove,
 The cat stretched on the rug.

The bird sings sweetly in the cage,
 The children play and leap;
 Upon the parlor window ledge
 The flowers bloom and sleep.

Contentment makes the home of bliss
 Man's highest earthly aim;

It is the source of peacefulness,
All worldly joys contain.

Devotion.

To sacred spots we often dread,
Are at times mysteriously led
By a voice divine.
An evening prayer will comfort bring,
And hymns of praise to memory cling,
Renews the heart and mind.

The preacher reads the holy law,
His text, so suitable to all,
The Cross and Crucifixion.
His words are plain, the way is clear,
Heaven's gates are brought so near,
None can escape conviction.

How oft' a sermon we dislike,
When touching words the conscience smite,
Maps out the hidden future.
All more or less have inward light,
But stray away from what is right,
How weak man is alone, poor mortal creature.

Sunrise.

Arise! the sun's behind the hill,
Another day's begun:
All nature seemed as though asleep
Since last night's setting sun.

Through streaks across the eastern sky
The rising sun is seen;
The atmosphere and things around,
So tranquil, pure, and serene.

Then a cloud of smoke begins
Ascending from the town;
The morning fires are starting up,
The tenants coming down.—

Not a sound for miles around—
Barring the rooster's call;
The cattle resting in the field,
The horses in the stall.

Ho! how sweet the wild rose,
Before the heat of noon,
The fragrant sage and camphor weed,
With abundant rich perfume.

Could city folks but realize
The country bright and fair;
The golden sun, the mid-night dew,
And pure, sweet balmy air.

