

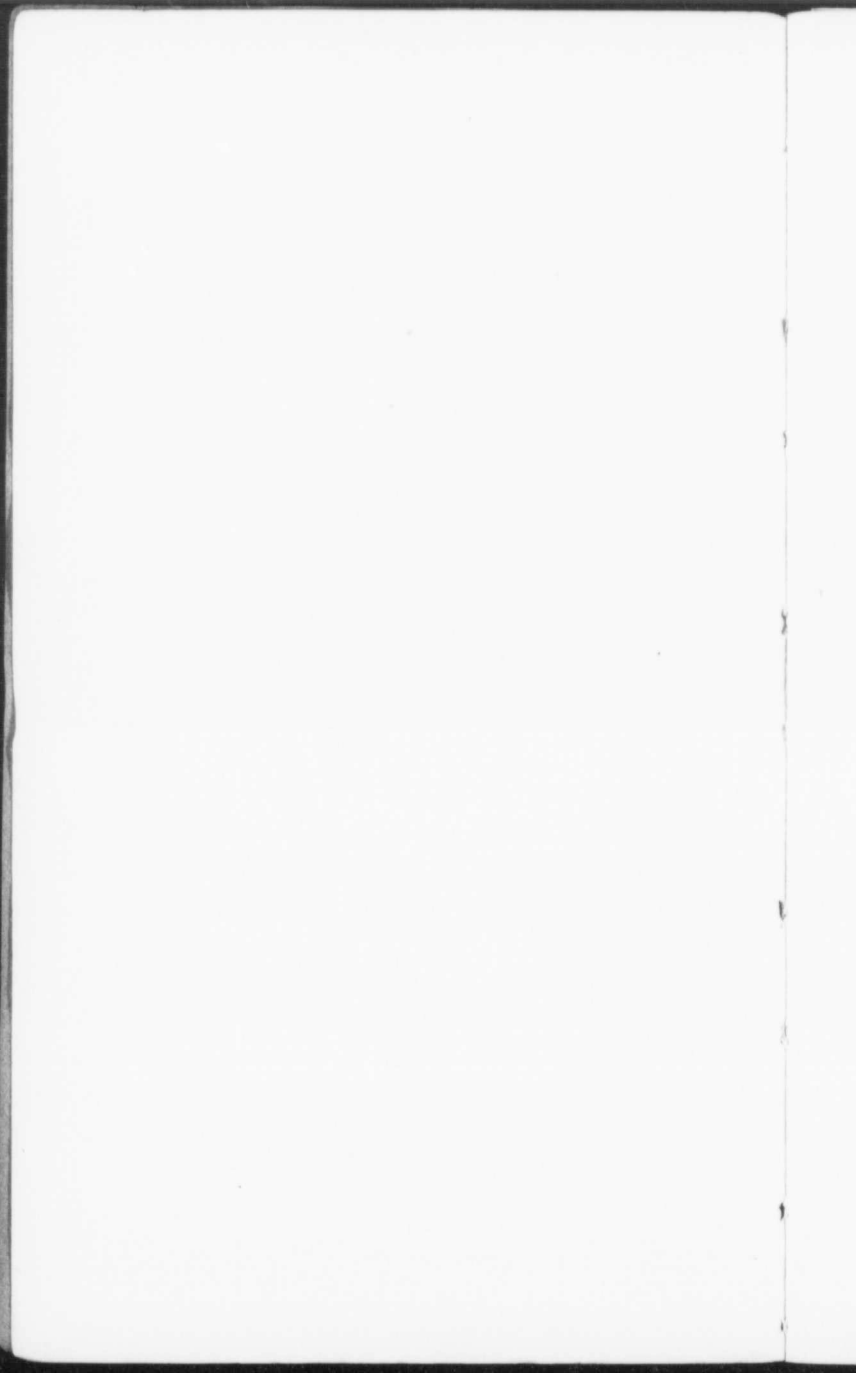


# LAYS OF THE FIRESIDE



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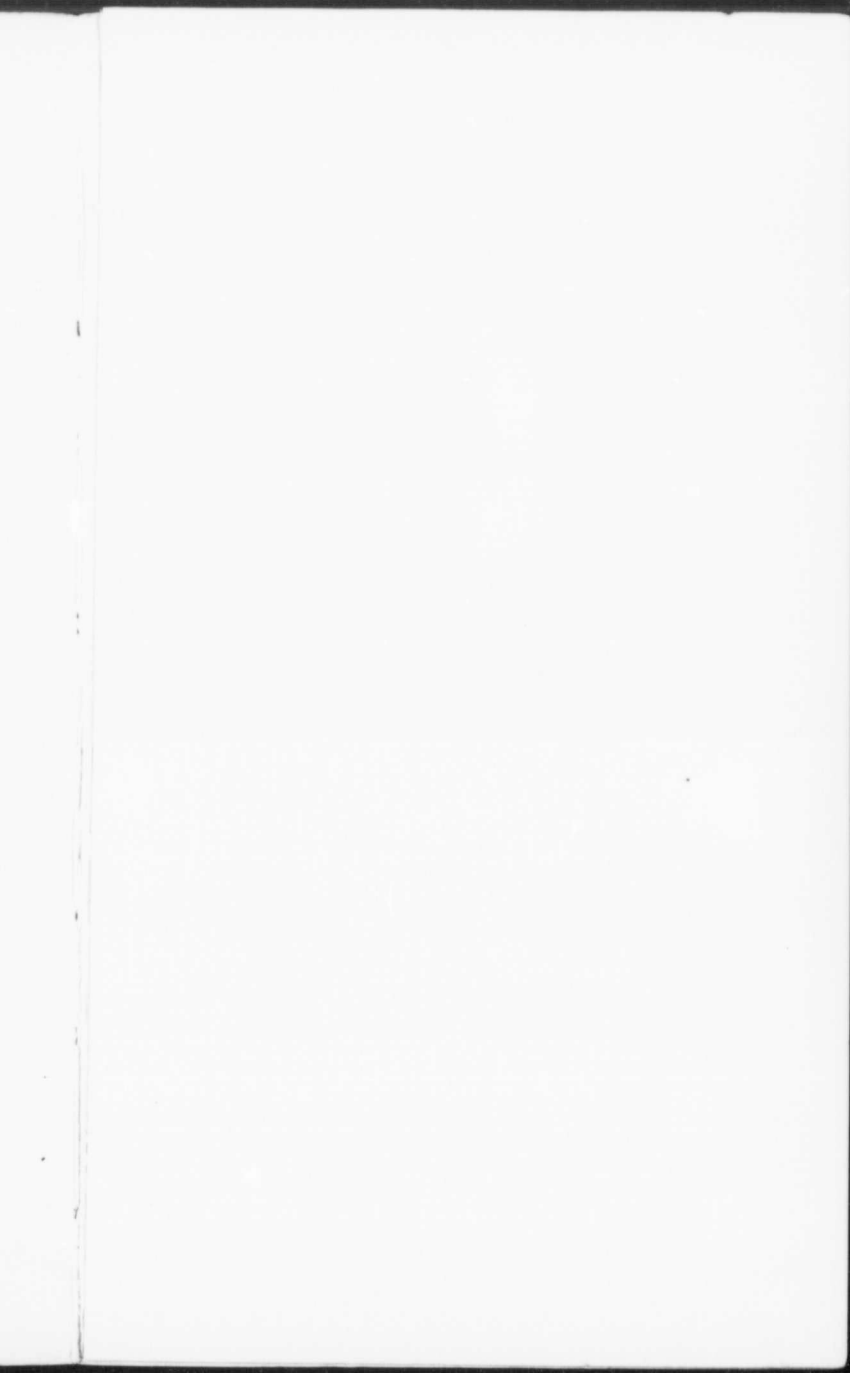
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# Lays of the Fireside



Press of The Hunter-Rose Co., Limited  
Toronto





Sincerely yours  
Angusta F. Hershaw.

# Lays of the Fireside

*A Collection of Poems*

BY

AUGUSTA F. HARSHAW



1905

THE MUSSON BOOK CO.  
Limited



Sincerely yours  
Augusta F. Hershaw.

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# Lays of the Fireside

By AUGUSTA F. HARSHAW

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# Lays of the Fireside



## A LEGEND OF BALLYGAWLEY CASTLE

*(The Author's Birthplace)*



Y tale I in your ear would pour,  
It might beguile an idle hour;  
It happened far across the sea  
And was in childhood told to me—

A legend of that isle so green,  
Where fairy forms 'tis said are seen  
To hold beneath the lonely thorn  
Their revels gay from eve till morn;  
Where the sad Banshee makes her moan  
For those the grave claims for its own.  
Within the castle's haunted room,  
Where in December's wintry gloom,  
Mid storms that shook its turrets grey,  
My eyes first saw the light of day;  
The tryst, though strange for lady's bower,  
Took place at midnight's silent hour.  
Within its halls, in days gone by,  
A maiden lived of lineage high;  
A youth, a cousin too, was there,  
And nurtured by her parents' care,  
Each to the other did appear  
As brother and as sister dear;  
They grew from infancy to youth  
Familiar with the Book of Truth.  
The Lady Fanny and Lord John  
Oft talked of friends deceased and gone;  
And wondered if they could return  
To comfort those who for them mourn.  
They made a compact with each other,  
As sister would with a dear brother,  
Whoe'er died first would straight appear

## Lays of the Fireside

A being from another sphere;  
To tell of future weal or woe  
For those left on this earth below,  
If such permission would be given  
By Him who rules the courts of Heaven.  
A year or two or three had gone,  
And to the army went Lord John;  
And with his regiment had passed o'er  
From Britain to a foreign shore.  
And suitors came, a goodly band,  
To win fair Lady Fanny's hand;  
And one of them, blue-eyed and tall,  
Remained within her castle's hall;  
And sanctioned by her father's word,  
She wedded with the Beresford.  
And many happy years rolled on,  
Almost forgotten was Lord John.  
It is the hour when mortals dream,  
And Luna sheds her silver beam;  
And sleeping by her husband dear,  
She recks not of a presence near.  
Sudden she starts and mid the gloom  
She sees within the lonely room,  
Beside her bed with features wan,  
The well-known form of cousin John.  
Amazed, she said, "Can this be you?"  
The hour is late, 'tis strange if true.  
He spoke in solemn tones and low,  
"The promises we made, you know;  
Permitted by our Maker's will,  
I come that promise to fulfil."  
"Shall I awake my husband now,  
To know how you have kept your vow?"  
"All earthly power while I remain  
To wake him would be urged in vain."  
"Then how shall I, my cousin dear,  
Be certain of your presence here;  
By morning light, it will but seem

## Lays of the Fireside

The phantom of a troubled dream."  
"I'll on your toilet tablets write,  
And in the morn 'twill meet your sight."  
"But I your hand could copy well,  
And during slumber's magic spell,  
I from my midnight couch might creep  
And imitate it in my sleep."  
The spirit said, "Then bare your arm,  
And let me clasp its life-blood warm;  
But ne'er let mortal eyes behold  
The print left by my fingers cold.  
My time is short, but ere I go  
Some of your future you shall know:  
Your husband, by a violent fall  
From off his horse, shall meet death's call.  
And you will wed a younger mate;  
(Nay chide not 'tis decreed by Fate)  
And he will act the ingrate's part,  
And ill repay the faithful heart  
That from a lowly station brought  
To share with you a brighter lot;  
At forty-seven a summons dread  
Shall make you numbered with the dead;  
Your son shall with my daughter wed."  
The clock struck twelve, the shadow fled,  
Or vanished into empty space,  
And of its presence left no trace.  
The lady from her couch arose,  
Nor waked her husband from repose;  
And took a ribbon which she bound,  
Of sable hue her arm around.  
And though she passed through many a scene,  
With presence grand and stately mien,  
None saw beneath the silken band  
The impress of the phantom hand.  
Again another year has flown,  
And Lady Fanny lives alone;  
At noon, her husband rode away

## Lays of the Fireside

With horse and hounds and bugle gay;  
At evening to the castle door  
His steed an empty saddle bore.  
The prophecy in part fulfilled,  
Her lonely heart with terror thrilled;  
And fearful of her future fate,  
She left (determined to frustrate  
The ghost's predictions yet to come)  
To solitude her stately home.  
And o'er the sea, with favoring gales,  
She sought the mountain land of Wales,  
And dwelt in close seclusion there,  
And gave herself to alms and prayer.  
The only friends she went to see,  
A poor Welsh curate's family;  
A pious man with silver hair,  
His little flock his daily care;  
Two daughters fair, a stripling tall,  
Depended on his income small;  
And his good wife who did her share,  
By great economy and care,  
As many a wife has done before  
To keep the grim wolf from the door;  
The lady often in her walk  
Would rest and have a quiet talk;  
And more than words would give and plan  
Assistance for the good old man.  
One day she said, "You have a son,  
Can nothing now for him be done?"  
"Dear lady, what you say is true,  
And yet I know not what to do;  
To place him I have taken pains,  
All but the army he disdains.  
My circumstances are too poor  
Him a commission to procure."  
The Lady Fanny said no more,  
But mused alone the subject o'er.  
Her influence and wealth she bent,

## Lays of the Fireside

And soon was able to present  
A document which made him there  
Ranked as a British Officer.  
And now an outfit to prepare  
Employs each day his sister's care;  
And Lady Fanny did her part,  
For well she knew the needle's art.  
The summer day its course had run,  
Escorted by the Curate's son,  
Through field and wood and flowery glade,  
The Lady's footsteps homeward strayed.  
The young man said he did not grieve  
To parents, home and sisters leave;  
But one was there he held more dear,  
To part from her he could not bear.  
She understood, with crimson cheek  
Forbade him evermore to speak  
On such a theme; yet, strange to say,  
He pressed his suit from day to day;  
And was accepted as her mate,  
For grief or joy, for love or hate.  
But e'er the honeymoon was o'er,  
She felt that joy was her's no more  
With such a mate, for to his shame,  
A reckless spendthrift he became;  
By cruelty and language rude,  
And foul and base ingratitude,  
The noble lady he repaid  
Who gave to him her friendly aid;  
A separation was arranged,  
And matters for the better changed.  
A few brief months of trouble o'er,  
Again she seeks her native shore;  
And as she nears her ancient seat,  
A fairy band approaching greet.  
"Lady Hail! to thee once more,  
"Welcome back to Erin's shore—  
"Gifts we bring, and gold unseen,

## Lays of the Fireside

"Favours from our Fairy Queen.  
"Power to win thy people's heart,  
"Wealth to happiness impart;  
"Feed the hungry, clothe the poor,  
"Nor spurn the beggar from thy door;  
"Fairies all, good people we,  
"Love thy race, and still love thee."  
Once more she meets her darling boy,  
And who can paint a mother's joy;  
He went, his father's death before,  
Through Europe on a foreign tour;  
And now of age the castle's heir,  
Once more they meet, a goodly pair.  
Now music, mirth, and song abound,  
And the old castle's walls resound  
With dancing and with revelry;  
And valued friends their visits pay.  
And for a while they bid depart  
All sorrow from her gentle heart;  
But ah! no rose but has its thorn,  
And fleeting as the dews of morn  
All earthly pleasures pass away,  
Or like the sunset's fading ray,  
That leaves us for the twilight's gloom,  
Surged through her mind the words of doom.  
And now the fatal year comes on  
Predicted by her cousin John,  
When, at the age of forty-seven,  
Her wearied spirit must be given  
To Him who rules the earth and sky,  
Who gave the mandate "Thou must die!"  
The dreaded birthday came at last,  
Throughout observed as solemn fast;  
Or Sabbath day with praise and prayer,  
As all should for their death prepare.  
The evening came and all was well;  
At nine, rang out the castle bell;  
The lady to her couch retired,

## Lays of the Fireside

And as she laid her down expired.  
Her son, the time of mourning o'er  
For her, his parent now no more,  
Wedded the daughter of Lord John,  
A maiden fair to look upon.  
And gossips tell, though many a year  
Has passed since then, you still may hear  
Strange footsteps passing to and fro,  
And whispering voices, soft and low,  
And spectres seen by dim moonlight,  
Within that castle's walls at night.  
My story's done, though strange it be,  
'Twas often told as true to me;  
A moral we at least may learn;  
Don't seek the future to discern;  
If you would happiness know here,  
The mysteries of another sphere  
Don't try to pierce for good or ill,  
But rest contented with God's will.  
July 6th, 1899.



## LINES TO IRELAND

They bid me tell of thee, my own dear Island of  
the sea;  
Though many a league of ocean rolls, dividing  
me from thee;  
And many a year has passed and gone since  
I, a joyous girl,  
A last adieu bid to thy shores, and sailed on  
board the *Earl*.  
Though happy mid the western woods of fair  
Ontario,



## Lays of the Fireside

For thee, my dear, my native land, my warmest  
feelings glow,  
And Memory's pictures of the past stand out in  
bold relief,  
'Mong thy green hills in childhood's hours,  
though there my stay was brief.

I see thy fields with daisies white, thy humble  
peasant's cot,  
And nestling in the hedgerow's shade the blue  
forget-me-not;  
The purple violet, and the bright red foxglove's  
fairy bells;  
The lark's clear music echoing forth from out  
thy verdant dells;  
The hawthorn's snowy blossoms white, just  
tinted with a blush;  
Rocked on a spray by summer winds, how  
sweetly sings the thrush!

I see thy beauteous lake of blue, no toad or rep-  
tile there,  
And friendly voices bid me come their frugal  
meal to share.  
Thy sons are honest, brave, and true, warm-  
hearted Irishmen;  
Thy daughters fair and virtuous, on hillside and  
in glen;  
And by the turf fire's blazing light the silken  
flax they spin,  
While for an hour of pleasant chat the neighbors  
gather in.

And round the ring, while shadows flit, the fairy  
tales they tell  
Of Ghost, and Banshee, and the ills laid on by  
Witches' spell;  
And on the page of history, illustrious and re-  
nowned,

## Lays of the Fireside

Thy Poets, Statesmen, Orators, and Warriors  
there are found;  
Thy Moore, and Burke, and Sheridan, and fear-  
less Wellington,  
Whose starlike fame shall brightly burn un-  
dimmed while ages run.

But sadly comes to me the tale of famine, and  
of blight,  
Of heavy rents, and scanty fare, and poverty's  
dark night.  
Thy children rich and affluent in other lands  
who dwell,  
Should give a helping hand to help the Isle they  
love so well;  
With willing hearts should kindly tide the hour  
of sorrow o'er,  
Till plenty and prosperity revisit Erin's shore.

[Sept. 12, 1890].



## THE PROPHECY

*From the Romance of History*

In a chamber weirdly furnished  
With Cabalistic lore,  
An aged man, with a snowy beard,  
Traversed the oaken floor.

Hark! a knocking at the portal,  
An attendant comes to say  
That a stranger craves an audience  
With the learned sage that day.

"Welcome, young Tudor, enter!  
"The stars foretold of thee;  
"And they heralded thy coming  
"From an island of the sea.

## Lays of the Fireside

"Thou art Henry, Earl of Richmond,

"And a wondrous destiny,

"If three perils thou escapest,

'They have prophesied for thee.

"Though in France thou art an exile,

"Banished, friendless, and alone,

"Thou shalt yet be England's Monarch,

"And shall mount the English throne—

"Thou shalt wed proud Edward's daughter,

"Fair Elizabeth shall be thine;

"From the rival roses blended

"Springs a long and regal line.

"From that union, Kings and Princes

"Wield the sceptre o'er the world,

"Wheresoe'er the Christian Banner

"Of the Cross shall be unfurled.

"To unknown dominions sailing,

"Wave her ensigns in the breeze;

"In the future England's title

"Shall be Mistress of the Seas.

"A *fair wind*, a *heart deceitful*,

"Are two perils thou must shun;

"Of a *wild boar's tusks* beware thou,

"And the goal may yet be won.

"Farewell, Richmond—I have told thee

"All the planets show of thee;

"May success attend thy fortunes,

"Shape thy future destiny!"

In the court of Royal Louis

Richmond whiles the hours away;

Sometimes hoping, now despairing,

Through the long and weary day.

## Lays of the Fireside

But a picture in a chamber,  
From the canvas smiling down,  
Of a young and lovely maiden  
In a low cut, velvet gown,

Caught his fancy, and he questioned  
Of the portrait hanging there;  
And he found that England's Princess,  
Edward's daughter, was the fair.

And he sent a loving message  
By a true and trusty friend,  
Asking would she share his fortunes,  
And an answer kindly send?

But King Edward heard the rumor,  
And he studied from that hour,  
By pretended friendly offers,  
To get Richmond in his power.

With a cordial invitation  
Came an English vessel o'er,  
And the Royal Standard floating,  
To convey him to that shore.

And elated by the summons,  
Henry started to embark;  
But the winds were loud and stormy,  
And the clouds hung low and dark.

When he questioned of the seamen,  
Why they make so long delay?  
They replied, we wait *a fair wind*,  
And may sail at break of day.

Then the learned sage's warning,  
Like a flash came through his mind;  
And he felt his only safety  
Was in being left behind.

## Lays of the Fireside

Hark! the vesper hymn is pealing  
From the grand cathedral near;  
And the notes, like heavenly music,  
Fall upon the exile's ear.

And he fled within its precincts,  
Where he knew a refuge sure  
From the messengers of Edward,  
He would find safe and secure.

So, they had to sail without him,  
And the news to London bear,  
That young Richmond had escaped them  
Like a wild bird from the snare.

Then King Edward sent a letter,  
And the King of France it told,  
He would fill his empty coffers  
To the brim with English gold,

If the banished Earl of Richmond,  
As a prisoner for the tower,  
Were delivered by his order,  
And secure in Edward's power.

And King Louis hesitated,  
But his council urged him on  
To secure the golden treasure,  
Though by treachery it was won.

Henry had a faithful esquire,  
Edward Seymour was his name;  
One who through his gloomy fortunes  
Served and loved him still the same.

And he heard the plotters plotting,  
And he saw the warrant signed,  
To arrest the Earl of Richmond  
Whereso'er he might him find.

## Lays of the Fireside

And he told his loved young master  
Of the danger moving near;  
And again the sage's warning  
Of a false heart to beware.

He remembered, and determined  
From his enemies to flee;  
And with Seymour seek a refuge  
On the soil of Brittany.

For the Duke was rich and powerful,  
And they dared not him offend;  
Neither Edward, nor King Louis,  
For the Duke was Richmond's friend.

Once in Brittany's dominions,  
Where the giant oak trees' shade  
Marked the boundary line between them,  
Richmond need not be afraid.

Swiftly from their foes escaping,  
Rode Earl Richmond and his squire;  
But the way was long and weary,  
And the steeds began to tire.

And they hear the tramp of horsemen  
Far behind them on the plain;  
And they spur their panting horses,  
But their efforts are in vain.

And Earl Richmond knew, once taken,  
And delivered o'er the sea,  
As a captive to King Edward,  
Farewell life and liberty.

Then said Henry unto Seymour:  
"To avert misfortune dire,  
"Thou must act the Earl of Richmond,  
"While I play the humble squire.

## Lays of the Fireside

"Let us change our clothing quickly,  
"Ere the soldiers come in view;  
"Should I fail, may heaven reward thee,  
"Seymour faithful, tried and true!"

"Ha! that's he the foremost rider,  
With the plume of fiery red;  
Quick! secure him," cried the leader,  
"Bring him back, alive or dead."

Then he rudely spoke to Richmond:  
"Answer, fellow, who art thou?"  
"I am Seymour, Richmond's servant,"  
Said the Tudor with a bow.

"Go, begone! and quickly foot it,  
Take the varlet's horse away;"  
Then they turned and left poor Richmond  
To pursue his weary way.

All that day and night he travelled,  
Troubled, footsore, and afraid;  
And again he heard his captors,  
As he reached the oak trees' shade.

Once beyond the peaceful haven,  
On the turf he threw him down;  
Safe again, he foiled the plotters,  
And defied proud Edward's frown.

And the good Duke gave him welcome,  
And some time in peace was passed,  
But great changes came in England  
When King Edward breathed his last.

Then his little sons were murdered—  
"Hunchback Gloucester" seized the throne;  
And by lavish gifts of money  
Gained a faction of his own.

## Lays of the Fireside

But great numbers called on Henry,  
As a claimant for the Crown,  
To defeat the cruel usurper,  
And to mount the English throne.

On the battle field of Bosworth,  
Strewn with dead, and red with gore,  
Henry, face to face with Gloucester,  
Saw the tusks of the wild boar.

'Twas the standard of King Richard,  
Much he feared but would not yield;  
And a thrust from his good broadsword  
Left him master of the field.

And the shout, "Long live King Henry!"  
Was re-echoed o'er the dead,  
And they took the Crown from Richard,  
Placed it on the victor's head.

And he wedded England's Princess;  
From the roses red and white,  
Blending peacefully together,  
Shone a beacon, clear and bright.

Showing gleams of future greatness,  
And the dawn of better days;  
And prophetic of the future,  
Dimly seen as through a haze.

[*Locust Lodge, Oct., 1892.*]



## Lays of the Fireside

### DESMOND'S REVENGE

Away in the west of Ireland,  
'Twas many a year ago,  
A cottage stood on a green hillside,  
With walls as white as snow.

Embowered with climbing roses,  
In summer fair to see;  
Beneath the hill a river  
Flowed onward to the sea.

'Twas the home of blue-eyed Nora,  
The "Rose of Innismore";  
Far-famed for peerless beauty  
On Galway's distant shore.

And blithely at her spinning wheel  
She sang the whole day long;  
While her voice rang out in melody  
That mocked the wild birds' song.

And lovers came to woo her,  
With wealth of gold and land;  
But O'Connor's son, young Desmond,  
Won Irish Nora's hand.

The wedding guests assembled,  
And each one wished them well  
Save a dark-browed man, a stranger,  
Of whom dark deeds they tell.

For Nora had refused him,  
And with curses low and deep,  
He swore to make those lovely eyes  
Sad tears of sorrow weep.

He disappeared soon after,  
And for years was never seen;

## Lays of the Fireside

And "Black Dermot" was forgotten,  
As if he ne'er had been.

And a little son was born,  
His father's pride and joy;  
With eyes like blue-eyed Nora,  
A pretty, fair-haired boy.

But one day Frank was missing,  
And neighbors searched around;  
In the dark and gloomy river  
His little corpse was found.

And a mournful dirge is sounding  
On Galway's distant shore;  
And funeral bells are ringing  
For the "Rose of Innismore."

The shock was all too sudden,  
And a withered flower was she;  
And Desmond's hearth was desolate,  
And sad and lone was he.

"Black Dermot" had returned,  
And was living near the place;  
And his threats seemed all forgotten,  
He wore a placid face.

The day the child was missing,  
He was seen to talk to Frank  
By the turbid, troubled river,  
With waters deep and dank.

Suspicion fell upon him,  
And "Arrest him" was the cry;  
And the jury found him guilty,  
And sentenced him to die.

But friends signed a petition,  
As the day of doom drew near,

## Lays of the Fireside

To commute the prisoner's sentence;  
It was counted too severe.  
And the sheriff had neglected  
A headsman to secure;  
Though the time was quickly passing,  
Still he thought reprieve sure.  
But a stranger called upon him,  
With a mask upon his face;  
Asked him if he would allow him  
To supply the hangman's place.  
'Twas the night before "Black Dermot"  
What he sowed was bound to reap;  
And the sheriff hired the stranger,  
Showed him where he was to sleep.  
But the unknown stoutly answered,  
That he would not sleep in gaol;  
If his services were wanted,  
He would be there without fail.  
'Twas the hour of execution,  
And the crowd were gathered round;  
And the headsman and the prisoner,  
With his arms firmly bound,  
Stood upon the dreadful scaffold  
While his clergy made a prayer;  
Swiftly comes a horse and rider,  
And "reprieved" rang through the air.  
But the headsman shouted "Never ;  
Murderer of my child, and wife,  
Thus a father wreaks his vengeance,  
Thus I take thy worthless life !"  
And the crowd stood still in horror  
As the stranger crossed the green;  
In that place, though often sought for,  
Never more was Desmond seen.  
[Sept. 7th, 1892.]

## Lays of the Fireside

### A TALE OF HALLOWE'EN

Old Hallowe'en is come again, with all its ghosts  
and witches;  
Wait till I cast my stocking on, and count the  
even stitches;  
And, Katie, wash the tea things up, and, Jessy,  
sweep the floor;  
Pile up fresh logs upon the hearth, and close  
the storm door;  
And while "Old Nick" and all his imps ride  
broomsticks through the air,  
I'll tell a tale of auld lang syne, and Scotia's  
island fair.

Once on a time an ancient dame, Auld Maggie  
was her name,  
(A decent widow body she, though all unknown  
to fame),  
Lived on a river's bank, beside where grew a  
hazel wood;  
She and her children gathered nuts to sell for  
daily food;  
And though their fare was often scant, their  
clothing thin, and bare,  
Still in the nutting season each had aye a bet-  
ter share.  
But lack a day! there came a time when Mag-  
gie's race was run,  
For on a Hallowe'en she died, at setting of the  
sun;  
And to her children round her bed a last re-  
quest she gave,  
That every year a bag of nuts be left upon her  
grave.  
And neighbors said, at midnight hour on every  
Hallowe'en,

## Lays of the Fireside

Auld Maggie's ghost, a spectral form, might on  
that grave be seen.

'Twas said she sat and cracked her nuts, an  
awful sound to hear;

And on that night, scarce any one would pass  
the graveyard near.

A field or two from it there stood a farmer's  
snug abode,

And from it to the churchyard led a smooth  
and level road;

And in its kitchen warm and bright, by cloth-  
ing partly made,

A tailor and his journeymen sat working at  
their trade.

'Twas "Hallowe'en," the night was dark, the  
moon was dimly seen,

They talked of ancient Maggie's ghost seen sit-  
ting on the green.

The old man laughed their fears to scorn: though  
paralytic he,

Yet could he use his limbs like them that grave-  
yard he would see.

One said to get upon his back, and he would  
take him there;

The tailor could not well refuse the challenge  
fair and square;

So carried on the laddie's back, with loudly  
beating heart,

The skeptic went the scene to view where Mag-  
gie played a part.

Two men went out on that same night to steal  
a sheep, and kill;

While one kept watch on Maggie's grave, the  
other went down hill

To bring the sheep, for on that night few neigh-  
bors were abroad,

## Lays of the Fireside

When "Cloutie" and his fiendish crew kept  
revel on the road.  
The tailors to the grave drew near, the watcher  
left the sack,  
He thought his comrade had returned, the  
wether on his back;  
He caught the old man by the leg, and whis-  
pered "Is he fat?"  
The young man threw the veteran down, and  
fled without his hat.  
And "fat or lean, he's there for you," he shout-  
ed as he ran;  
While at his heels, his hair on end, fast fol-  
lowed the old man.  
And from that night his limbs were sound, and  
he could walk and run,  
But never on a Hallowe'en, from setting o  
the sun,  
Would he the shelter of the house, and cheer-  
ful fire forsake,  
To roam where ghosts uncanny sit, or witches  
dances take.

[*Hallowe'en*, 1890.]



## TO THE PEONY ROSE

Thrice welcome regal flower.  
That com'st to grace my lawn in early spring  
With thy rich crimson buds and dark green  
leaves.  
Thy beauty charmed me e'en in childhood's hour.  
  
Thou com'st when flowers are few.  
Companion of the pale, sweet lily fair;

## Lays of the Fireside

The pansy, and the fragrant violet;  
That nestles in the shade, with blossoms blue.

And though thy stay is brief,  
Reminding us of Life's fast fleeting hours;  
Yet while it last thou reign'st a very queen  
Among spring's flowers, of which thou art the  
chief.

[1890].



### WEDDING BELLS\*

Have you heard the glad tidings the newsboy has  
carried,  
That last week, down in Texas, the Doctor got  
married?

When a prince of the blood to a princess is wed  
The poet laureate writes an ode, it is said,  
To record the event, and in musical rhyme  
To tell of their virtues, their praises to chime;  
To wish them all happiness, glory, success,  
That the fickle jade Fortune their future may  
bless.

And a prince of good fellows our Doctor was  
here—

As a friend he was true, as a lover sincere;  
In attainments a scholar, benevolent, kind,  
Devoted to learning and gifted with mind.  
May he and his lady all happiness know  
That is granted by Heaven to mortals below;  
May their future be bright with no sorrows to dim;  
May he live but for her, and she live but for him;  
May their home be for both an Arcadia of love;  
May they part but to meet in the portals above!

[June 15th, 1903.]

\*Written on the marriage of Dr. Perfect, Toronto  
Junction, to Miss Holmes, of St. Paul.

## Lays of the Fireside

### THE MOORLAND INN

*(From a Story read in Childhood).*

A TALE.

The shades of night were falling fast  
On a lonely Scottish moor  
When a pedlar boy, with a heavy pack,  
Tired, weary, and footsore,

Sought shelter at an old grey inn,  
With a sign above the door;  
'Twas the only habitation there  
For twelve long miles or more.

A widow, and three stalwart sons,  
Gave entertainment there;  
And often loudly made complaint  
Of fortunes hard and bare.

And pinching poverty that chained  
Them to that barren moor;  
Depending on the travellers' pence,  
That rested at their door.

The youth had passed a year before  
With trusted friends and gay—  
A lot of happy Scottish lads,  
To cross the border way,

And try their luck on English soil,  
And trade their wares for gold;  
While Hope's bright star lit up their path,  
And future wealth foretold.

They rested for the night within  
That ancient hostlery;  
And well and kindly entertained,  
At morn pursued their way.



## Lays of the Fireside

They scattered each to different parts,  
And when a year had gone  
Our hero sought his native land,  
Tired, friendless, and alone.

A light from out the tavern gray  
Lit up the moorland road;  
A pleasant beacon to his sight,  
That lightened half his load.

He to the unblinded window stepped,  
In mood for pleasant jest;  
And saw the men some heavy load  
Enclose within a chest.

He lightly on the window tapped.  
When starting with affright,  
They rushed and opened wide the door,  
And looked out on the night.

They saw and knew the pedlar boy,  
And said, "Are you alone?"  
The question sadly made him think  
Of parents dead and gone.

He answered, "Yes, no friend to cheer";  
In sorrow's mournful tone,  
"My mates dispersed, my kindred dead,  
In this wide world alone."

They welcomed him, and brought him in,  
And supper did prepare;  
And with an hour of pleasant talk  
The shadows fled of Care.

They showed him to a chamber rude,  
And bid him safely rest;  
But something in that dreary room  
With terror filled his breast.

## Lays of the Fireside

The curtains from the bed were torn,  
No lock was on the door;  
The boarding ripped up here and there  
Left bare the earthen floor.

The youth undressed, and laid him down,  
But sleep for him was o'er;  
An hour or two he turned and tossed,  
When a light shone through the door.

And by its rays a stream of blood  
He saw run down the floor;  
He noiselessly on tiptoe sped  
In terror to that door.

But looking through the chinks he saw  
What did him reassure;  
'Twas but a goat they killed for food,  
That pastured on the moor.

And feeling safe he turned away  
To seek repose in sleep;  
When a conversation reached his ear  
That caused his flesh to creep.

"How little noise this creature made,  
"By him we killed last night!  
"What will you with the stripling do  
"Who gave us such a fright?"

"Why! Dump him in the murder hole,  
"His pack will pay us well;  
"There cannot be a better place,  
"For it no tales will tell.

"The crystal water to the top  
"Seems sparkling, bright and pure;  
"The long grass closes overhead,  
"And makes it safe and sure.

## Lays of the Fireside

"'T has held our victims many a day,  
" And we their wealth have gained;  
" While none can tell how many sleep  
" Whose blood our hands have stained."

The lad rushed to the window small,  
And the rusty fastening broke;  
And away on the cold, dark midnight,  
While a voice like thunder spoke:

"The boy has fled, loose the bloodhound,  
" We must not let him go;  
" Our lives will pay the forfeit  
" If he reaches the town, you know."

The boy ran on in the darkness,  
Though he saw not where to go;  
His shirt his only clothing,  
And his progress seemed but slow.

He stumbled and fell on a heap of stones,  
As he ran in his blind career;  
But torn and bleeding, he rose and fled,  
As the men and the dog drew near.

The hound came up where the hunted fled,  
Where the blood from his wounds did flow;  
They beat and threatened, and cursed in vain,  
But it would no further go.

The boy fled on and reached the town  
As the dawn of morning broke;  
And pale and bleeding he told his tale  
To a crowd of wondering folk.

And a load of armed constables  
Were sent at the break of day  
To arrest the hag, and her wicked sons,  
Who lived in the tavern gray.

## Lays of the Fireside

They opened up the murder hole  
In the cool, fresh morning air;  
'Twas an awful sight of the last remains  
Of the travellers murdered there.

And the bundle stuffed within the chest,  
As seen through the window pane,  
Was a man who lodged there the night before,  
Who had by these fiends been slain.

If a load of strangers came that way,  
They travelled safely on;  
But woe betide the traveller  
Who rested there alone.

They all were tried and owned their guilt,  
And four gibbets there and then  
Were raised that day, on which they hanged  
The hag and those wicked men.

[April 19th, 1890.]



## THE BLIND MAN'S BLESSING

The god of day his course had well nigh run,  
And from a cloudless sunset in the west  
Threw rays of golden light o'er a green lane in  
Erin,  
Where a low farm house stood—a home of  
peace and rest.  
A poor, blind beggar man approached the door  
With faltering steps, led by a little maid;  
He questioned if the master were within,  
And being answered "Yes," his steps he staid.  
The master came, a man with snow-white hair;  
Tall, of majestic mien, and eyes that looked

## Lays of the Fireside

With pity on the wanderers standing there,  
Youth and old age, so lone and desolate.  
The blind man asked for help, the master  
turned

And, calling an attendant, bid them fill  
With food the blind man's wallet to the brim.

The beggar turned to go, but lingered still.  
He then took off his hat with reverend air,  
And thus addressed the master standing  
there:

"Great-hearted Oliver of noble mind,  
"Well known for charity, and actions kind;  
"Who never turned the stranger from thy door,  
"Nor grudged a shelter to the wandering poor.  
"On that eternal morning near at hand,  
"When round the judgment throne we all shall  
stand,  
"The Lord of Life shall bid thee take thy seat,  
"An hungered was *I*, and ye gave *Me* meat."



## NAPOLEON TO EUGENIE

Yes, 'tis true I am a pris'ner,  
Conquered by the Prussian king;  
From my native France an exile,  
And a poor forsaken thing.

Had I led them on to vict'ry,  
I might gain a welcome there;  
And I yet might wield the sceptre,  
And with thee the Empire share.

And the diadem imperial  
To thy noble boy bequeath,  
Could I only have entwined it  
With the conqueror's laurel wreath.

## Lays of the Fireside

But bereft of fame and glory,  
Power and rank and empire gone;  
There is one thing dearer left me,  
'Tis thy love, my beauteous one.

Yes, Eugenie, loveliest lady  
In a court of beauty rare,  
Thou wilt not forsake the exile,  
But his altered fortunes share.

And a happier fate awaits me  
Than the turmoil of a throne;  
I will have thy smiles to cheer me,  
Though ambition's dreams are gone.

We will leave the robes of purple,  
And the flatterers of the throne;  
And in peaceful, calm retirement,  
We can smile at fortunes frown.



## IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of Charles Harwood Murray Harshaw, who left us January 29th, aged three months and ten days.

Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."—St. Matt. 19: 14.

Sleep, darling baby, sleep—  
Thy little life is o'er;  
Thy fairy form, so dearly loved,  
Will greet our sight no more.

I heard thy father sigh,  
I saw thy mother weep,  
When baby's eyes that smiled on them  
Were closed in death's long sleep.

## Lays of the Fireside

For three brief months with them,  
Bright hopes were in their home  
Of baby's laugh and baby's glee  
In future days to come.

But Jesus called thee home,  
Safe on His gentle breast;  
From pain and suffering set thee free,  
Safe in His arms to rest.

[*Jan. 30th, 1905*].



## LINES ON THE SABBATH

Thank God for the blessed Sabbath,  
The day of sacred rest,  
When the good man doffs his working suit  
And dons his Sunday best.  
When the Sabbath bells are ringing  
In the balmy summer air,  
And friends and neighbors hasten fast  
To the dear old church for prayer;  
To hear their much loved pastor  
Expound the sacred page,  
And point the Christian's upward faith  
And war with Satan wage.  
He tells them of the patriarchs,  
And youthful Joseph brave;  
Of his sojourn in a foreign land,  
A captive and a slave.  
He tells of Israel's leader,  
The brave, heroic, grand;  
The poet, warrior, law-giver,  
Who led to Canaan's land.  
And they sing the glorious psalms of old,  
By Israel's shepherd king,

## Lays of the Fireside

Whose hand to soothe the monarch's mind  
Oft swept the trembling string.  
But chief, he tells of Jesus,  
The meek and lowly One,  
Who calmed the troubled waters,  
And raised the widow's son—  
Who gave his life on Calvary  
To save our fallen race,  
And pleads our cause in Heaven  
While lasts the day of grace.  
And on the Sabbath evenings,  
When winter fires are bright,  
And "Father" takes his glasses  
To help his failing sight,  
He reads the deeds of "Greatheart"  
From Bunyan's gifted pen;  
Or of those who sealed their faith with blood—  
The sainted martyr men.  
To the toilers in the city,  
The Sabbath day now blest,  
When the weary clerk and artisan  
May from their labors rest.  
To the convict in the prison,  
Whose star of Hope is dim,  
How sweet the day of peaceful rest  
From endless toil for him  
With crime and guilt soul-burdened,  
No friend to mourn his loss,  
He hears of him who pardoned  
The thief upon the cross !  
For the patient beasts of burden  
This law was God's decree;  
That they should have one day in seven  
From toil and labor free.  
Then, praise him for the Sabbath  
And the blessings with it given;  
Let us try to keep it, as we ought,  
The holy day of seven.



## Lays of the Fireside

### THOUGHTS ON THE OLD YEAR

I'm sitting alone by the firelight's glow,  
And I hear a distant bell  
Peal forth in the solemn midnight hour—  
'Tis the old year's dying knell.

And what did the old year bring us?  
It brought us the ice and snow,  
And the chilly breath of the Arctic seas,  
Where the stormy north winds blow.

It brought us the sleigh bells' music,  
As we watched the skaters glide,  
And the icebound stream and the children's song,  
As we sat round the ingleside.

It brought us the spring and its mantle green,  
It brought us the summer flowers,  
And the wild bird's song, and the sunlight  
bright,  
And the pleasant twilight hours.

It has brought us the autumn's golden grain;  
It has brought us the berries red;  
And the fruit that hangs from the apple boughs,  
And the feast where the nuts are spread.

It has brought to us the Christian cheer  
That tells of the Saviour's birth—  
With greetings and gifts from loving friends,  
Showing "peace and good will" on earth.

It has brought the maid her lover  
From the distant lands afar,  
Who went to fight for England's cause  
'Mid the din and the strife of war.

And to the fair young mother  
It has brought the baby dear,

## Lays of the Fireside

With the laughing eyes, and the cooing words,  
So sweet to a parent's ears.

It has brought its griefs to the hearts of some,  
But it brought its blessings too;  
Farewell, old year, may the new one prove  
As peaceful and good as you.



## DREAMLAND

The day is past, and the moon's pale light  
Falls soft on tree and flower,  
And the lights are out, and sounds are hushed—  
'Tis the solemn midnight hour.

Let the body rest and the eyelids close,  
And the busy hands be still,  
And away to the mystical land of dreams  
For visions of good or ill.

The spirit reviews the scenes once more,  
Unseen since our childhood's days,  
And the friends who have passed to the far-off  
shore  
Come back to the sleeper's gaze.

In a magic glass, those shadows pass,  
And speak as they spoke of yore,  
And they wear the old familiar garb,  
As we knew them in days before.

And away in the tropical lands afar,  
How sweet is the sleeper's dream!  
'Mid the burning sands of the desert drear  
He drinks of the cooling stream.

## Lays of the Fireside

To the poor lone traveller on land and sea  
Sweet visions of loved ones come:  
Of his wife and babes at the cottage door,  
And the dear ones' welcome home.

And the mother clasps to her breast once more  
Her beautiful baby boy,  
And forgot for a while on the green hill side  
Is the grave of her pride and joy.

The miser dreams of a golden store  
To add to his future wealth;  
And the dying sufferer feels once more  
The vigor and flush of health.

There are dreams that appal the murderer's soul,  
As he sees his victim bleed,  
And feels the clutch of the phantom hand,  
The fruits of his awful deed.

To the fugitive slave who sleeps by day,  
And stealthily walks by night,  
Come dreams of the sound of his captor's tread  
To arrest him in his flight.

And does not sleep resemble death  
In its peaceful and calm repose—  
When the wearied head on the pillow rests,  
Unconscious of friends or foes?

As the spirit wanders to other scenes  
And oft to a far off shore,  
So the soul immortal shall pass away  
When life in this world is o'er—

Must pass to a realm of weal or woe,  
As the great Creator wills;  
Shall live while endless ages roll,  
Rewarded for good or ill.

## Lays of the Fireside

And vain is the skeptic's unbelief  
That the soul with the body dies,  
Who scoffs at the blessed promise given  
Of a home beyond the skies.



### TO GEORGIE ON HER BIRTHDAY

*An Acrostic.*

**G**arlands of bright evergreen, and scarlet berries gay,  
**E**mblems of eternal spring, I fain would weave to-day  
**O**n thy young head, dear Georgie; may many happy years,  
**R**ichly fraught with gladness, pass undimmed by sorrow's tears.  
**G**old or fine gems I do not own, else would I with thee share,  
**I** only for thy sake can breathe a mother's earnest prayer;  
**N**ow may the Blessed Holy Book, to earth-born wanderers given,  
**A** lamp and guide be to thy feet to point the way to Heaven.

**E**ven from thy childhood thou hast been contented, kind and true,  
**L**ively and willing still to help with all there was to do;  
**I**ever found thee diligent, attentive to thy book,  
**S**till seeking to improve thy mind within some quiet nook;  
**A**nd with some song or fairy tale the children's hearts would charm:  
**B**old Jack the Giant Killer's deeds, or Bluebeard's Wife's alarm,  
**E**vangeline and Uncle Tom, or Castles in the Air,  
**T**he little ones delighted hear, and crowd around thy chair.  
**H**ow deep a love was ever thine for spring and wildwood flowers!

**V**iolets and lilies where they grew to thee were fairy bowers;  
**I**t seems to me a spirit dwells within each scented bell;  
**C**learly intelligent to all who watch these flowerets well,  
**T**o thee these children of the woods were ever welcome friends,  
**O**r knights and nymphs from fairy land some sylvan queen attends.  
**R**eturning laden with thy spoils, as eventide drew near,  
**I**magination formed a tale for childhood's listening ear;  
**A**gain the wild bird's song was aye a source of joy to thee,

**H**ear'd in the early summer morn, careering bold and free.  
**A**nd now this blessed Sabbath dawn we hail thy natal day;  
**R**ejoiced to see, my muse awakes, and tunes her happiest lay;  
**S**incere the words, though rude the rhyme; 'tis love attunes the string.  
**H**erewith we hope thy future years their choicest gifts may bring,  
**A** peaceful home, and loving friends whose truth shall fail thee never;  
**W**ith an inheritance divine forever and forever.

[Feb. 12th, 1888.]

## Lays of the Fireside

### THANKSGIVING

'Tis Thanksgiving morn, and a song of praise  
Should from every heart ascend  
To the bountiful Giver of all our good,  
As on lowly knee we bend.

For the happy hours and loving friends,  
And each gift in its season given;  
For the summer's bloom and the winter's snow,  
And the glorious vault of Heaven.

For the verdant spring and its flowerets sweet,  
Like stars in the woodland shade;  
For the wild bird's song, and the brook's glad  
leap,  
And all things that God hath made.

For our health and strength and our daily  
bread,  
And our children's voices, all  
Making music sweet round the fireside ring,  
When the evening shadows fall.

For the orchard's fruit, and the golden grain,  
And the bounteous harvest hoard;  
When the sheaves are bound and the cider foams,  
And fair plenty crowns our board.

But chief for the great and glorious One,  
The Saviour, who came to save;  
Who has taken away the sting from death,  
And the victory from the grave.

## Lays of the Fireside

### PEACE

[Written on hearing a sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Grant, April 26: "Peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth give I unto you." John xiv, 27.]

Peace. 'Twas the gift of the Master,  
Ere he passed to the awful scene—  
To the agony and the sorrow  
In Gethsemane's garden green.  
For the meek and lowly Saviour,  
Who died that they might live;  
To those who worshipped and loved Him  
Had no worldly wealth to give.

The coin which He gave for tribute,  
Oh, wondrous mystery!  
From a fish's mouth was taken  
In the depths of the dark blue sea;  
Foxes have holes for shelter,  
Secure from the blinding storm;  
And the wild birds nest where their young ones  
May sleep serene and warm.

But the Glorious One who came to save  
Had no home on the earth's broad breast;  
And no place to lay down His weary head  
From toil, at the hour of rest.  
And far beyond gold or treasure  
Was that gift of perfect peace,  
Bequeathed to those who love Him,  
When their earthly cares increase.

See the cattle quietly resting  
At noon by the shady grove;  
You would say 'twas a peaceful picture,  
That an artist's eye might love.

## Lays of the Fireside

But a dog comes barking fiercely,  
And they fly in wild dismay;  
And the picture of peace is broken,  
By the grove, on that summer day.

See the lake in the calm, fair evening,  
Reflecting the setting sun;  
And the fisher's boat on its waters  
Goes peacefully gliding on.  
But, ah! black clouds are looming,  
And the winds are rising fast;  
And the waves in wild confusion  
Are tossed by the stormy blast.

And the fisher's boat is sinking,  
And can scarcely reach the shore;  
While fearfully peals the thunder,  
And peace on the lake is o'er.  
This is earthly peace—'tis fleeting,  
And flies at the first alarm;  
But the gift bequeathed by Jesus  
Will all worldly fears disarm.

'Twas the peace that crowned the martyr's  
brow  
When bound to the burning stake;  
'Tis the peace of the Christian's deathbed  
Which no sorrow or pain can shake.  
Dear Saviour, grant that perfect peace  
In the times of trouble nigh,  
When we part from those we love on earth,  
And we bid this world good-bye.

## Lays of the Fireside

### THE DEATH OF LITTLE GEORGIE

*(The Writer's Sister.)*

'Twas a lovely day in summer,  
The month when the roses bloom,  
And the new mown hay and clover  
Filled the air with their sweet perfume.

Two little girls were playing  
In the garden beside their home,  
For nurse had gone with a message,  
And she warned them not to roam.

Their mother had died and left them,  
And their father was far away,  
And only Grandma and the children  
Were left in the house that day.

One was only a babe of two years old  
And the other was but four;  
A vision of childish beauty,  
As she raced to the open door.

Her long bright hair in the sunshine  
Fell down like a golden veil;  
Ah! little 'twas thought her life's ending  
Would be such a mournful tale.

Her eyes were blue as the summer skies,  
And her brow was broad and fair.  
With cheeks like the hue of the wild rose;  
She was lovely, sweet, and rare.

And Grandma had gone to the hilltop  
To see if her calves were there,  
And she left some milk on heating  
To give them their daily fare.



## Lays of the Fireside

And the red turf was blazing brightly  
In the open fireplace wide,  
And the children came chasing each other  
And stood near it, side by side.

And Georgie, the elder, reached her hand  
To see if the milk was warm;  
Ah! little she knew, poor darling,  
Of danger, or death, or harm.

And the fire below caught her little dress  
And blazed with a cruel flame;  
And out, through the open doorway,  
With a scream and a bound, she came.

She thought where the wind was blowing  
Would put out the fearful light  
Like the breath on the flame of a candle,  
Ere she went to sleep at night.

And Grandma saw her running  
As hastening home she came,  
And she wrapped her great apron round her  
And put out the scorching flame.

And they bore the sufferer homewards  
And gently laid her down,  
And swiftly went for doctors  
Away to the nearest town.

But, alas! their skill was useless;  
She lingered some weeks in bed;  
And "God bless little Georgie"  
Were the last dying words she said.

And she sleeps in old Clontibret,  
Where the grass and wild flowers wave,  
And the Irish shamrock and daisy  
Adorn our darling's grave.

## Lays of the Fireside

And purest notes of melody  
Float o'er her lowly bed  
From the lark in the morning rising  
To the azures overhead.

[April 24th, 1890.]



### LINES ON THE DEATH OF A LITTLE BOY

Who was killed, crushed by the falling of a  
ball from a windmill pump at the age of five  
years.

"And tell us what wild woodland name  
They unto thee have given?  
'They called me Willie,' said he, 'on earth,  
They call me so in heaven.'"

—MARY HOWITT.

Sleep darling Willie, sleep  
The sleep that knows no waking;  
Thou hast left fond mourners here to weep,  
And a mother's heart is breaking.

'Twas the time for leaves to fall  
And fairest flowers to wither,  
When the angel of Death threw the fatal ball,  
And the Spirit said "Come hither!"

But the flowers will bloom anew,  
Of the gentle spring time born;  
And darling Willie will rise again  
At the resurrection morn.

For the Lord when He walked this earth,  
As a boon to mortals given,

## Lays of the Fireside

Bade the little children "Come to Him,"  
For of such were the blest in Heaven.

Perhaps as some bright star  
His gentle spirit, near us,  
From the sordid, gloomy cares of life  
With a glimmering light may cheer us.

Farewell to thee, fair boy!  
Let the happy thought steal o'er us:  
Thou hast left for a better land than this,  
"Not lost, but gone before us."



## TO A YOUNG FRIEND

*On receiving some original poetry from her*

And is it true you yet may wear  
The laurel crown upon your hair—  
A poet's gift, and at your will  
Sing songs your hearers' breasts to thrill?  
Say, will you court the tragic muse,  
And grief and passion there infuse?  
Or shall thy page the soldier arm  
To save his land in war's alarm,  
And in the front of battle's roar  
Drive the invader from its shore?  
Sometimes, perhaps, the comic muse,  
With wit and humour's tale amuse;  
Provoke to mirth and laughter wild  
The veteran old and little child.  
Or dearer still, the minstrel's theme  
Of bygone days, a lover's dream;  
Sweet songs to win the dear one's heart,  
And to each grace a charm impart

## Lays of the Fireside

In music's sweet, melodious tone,  
Intended for one ear alone.  
Perhaps as years pass o'er thy head,  
In other lands thy feet may tread;  
Old lands on history's page renowned  
Where many a king and queen were crowned.  
And then thy book in measured rhyme  
May yet record that earlier time—  
Descriptive tell of castles old,  
And strongholds built by barons bold;  
Of plumed knights and ladies gay,  
Who left their couch at dawn of day,  
And through the greenwood rode at morn  
To chase the deer with hounds and horn.  
The age of chivalry present,  
Of jest, and joust, and tournament,  
Where many a knight was wounded sore  
Ere he the victor's trophy bore;  
And chosen then by Beauty's Queen  
Her own true knight upon the green.  
Or wilt thou with the sailor roam,  
And fearless skim the blue seas' foam;  
Who sleeps where stormy tempests rave,  
Rocked in his cradle o'er the wave?  
Haply a lighter theme thy pen  
May tell of how in a wood and glen  
The brownies, sprites and fairies bright,  
Their revels hold by dim moonlight.  
Farewell, young singer, spread thy wings,  
And soar in search of loftier things,  
That those who read may by thine art  
Be won to choose the better part.

[*November 11th, 1893.*]

## Lays of the Fireside

### THE CANARY'S DEATH

My little grandson, though not two years old, when he saw the canary dead, could not be consoled, but kept on crying "Poor Dick's Dead."

Only a child's first grief—no tale of fairy  
These lines contain:

Dick was a household pet, a small canary,  
And tears from baby eyes came down like  
rain.

Poor little captive Dick drew his last breath,  
And Harold wept—  
He saw the dear wee birdie limp in death,  
How could he know the last long sleep it slept!

God bless the gentle-hearted, kindly boy!  
Though young thy life;  
For scarce two years of baby grief and joy  
Thou sawest, what knew'st thou of death or  
earthly strife?

Another pet he had, a dog who loved him,  
One day it left;  
And in the crowded city lost, impounded  
By stranger hands—of home and friends bereft.

Set on by other dogs, his friend lay dying,  
And mangled sore;  
While the sweet babe for "Harley's doggie"  
crying,  
Though sought for many a day ne'er saw  
him more.

And now his only pet, his wee canary,  
Poor Dicky's dead!

## Lays of the Fireside

In the cold snow was laid his household fairy,  
(Leaving an empty cage), in its last bed.

And it is ever so with us poor mortals,  
The young and fair  
We cling to like ourselves, till through death's  
portals  
They vanish from our view, leaving a world  
of care.

Ambition's dreams, a life of ease and pleasure,  
Or future wealth—  
For such we plot and plan, and Heavenly treasures  
We lay not up, while young and blessed with  
health.  
[Jan. 3rd, 1893].



## A MOTHER'S STORY

"They grew in beauty, side by side,  
They filled our house with glee."

—HEMANS.

Welcome! old neighbor, back again, it's long  
since I saw your face,  
'Tis seven years next spring, or more, since you  
sold the dear old place;  
And you and Nancy went away to look for a  
place out West,  
For times were bad, and prices low, and the  
crops were not the best.  
You say I'm changed since you saw me last,  
that my hair is streaked with grey,  
Once glossy and black as the raven's wing; not  
age could do it you say;

## Lays of the Fireside

That my eyes are dim, and my step is slow, and  
my brow is furrowed with care;  
You tell me you hardly knew me, once so lively,  
gay and fair.  
Had I trouble! Well, yes, I should say I had;  
enough to break my heart,  
For death was a frequent visitor, and it's hard  
for friends to part.  
First Grandfather died and left us at ninety  
years or more,  
But we know he's waiting to welcome us on  
the blessed far-off shore;  
Then little Bessie of five years old, our young-  
est pet and pride,  
And we thought it hard to lay her down by her  
dear old Grandpa's side;  
I see her yet as I saw her then, with her curls  
of golden hue,  
And the loving smile for mother, that looked  
from her eyes so blue;  
I hear her childish prattle through all the sum-  
mer hours,  
As she called the chicks to feed them, or played  
with the sweet wild flowers.  
If she saw me looking thoughtful, she would  
say "Mamma, don't fret,  
I hear dear Father coming"—sweet, darling,  
innocent pet.  
Then the next to go was Laura, her age was  
scarce eighteen,  
With eyes as dark as midnight, and a face like  
a Southern queen;  
Her hair was long and silken fine, and black  
as the ebony,  
She got a wetting and had a cough, and I saw  
she was leaving me.  
She read her Bible daily, and I hear her sweet  
young voice,

## Lays of the Fireside

As she played and sang at the organ the  
hymns of her father's choice;  
And dying she said, "Bright angels were want-  
ing to bear her home,"  
And a sweet voice seemed to murmur, "Come,  
little sister, come!"  
Then fair and gentle Lena was the next for the  
spoil's share,  
With cheeks like the dawn of the morning, blue  
eyes and chestnut hair;  
Like a tall and beauteous lily, cut down in its  
bloom and pride,  
The victim of consumption, at twenty-one she  
died—  
She was mother's right hand daughter, for  
never an answer rude  
Was heard from the lips of Lena, and she hun-  
gered for what was good.  
The night before she left us, she prayed for her  
brothers three,  
She bade them be kind to mother, and still to  
her comfort see;  
She spoke of her poor and needy, and bade  
them give them bread,  
And never deny a shelter to the wanderer's  
weary head.  
She trusted in Christ her Saviour, that her sins  
were all forgiven,  
And she hoped to meet us all once more in the  
blessed courts of Heaven.  
Then the next to go was poor Father, the prop  
of our household tree,  
But trouble and sorrow broke him down, and  
his sufferings were hard to see.  
But he bore his pains with a patient heart, said  
his Saviour suffered more,  
And he hoped to meet his darlings that had  
passed to the tomb before.



## Lays of the Fireside

Yes, neighbor, I've had my troubles, no wonder  
I'm broken down,  
But you know if I do not accept the cross I  
never can wear the crown;  
And I still have many comforts, my home and  
the children dear,  
And I know that my Father will keep me for the  
sake of my Saviour dear.

[Oct. 1st, 1890]



## EARLY RECOLLECTIONS

Would ye ken whaur I spent my early days  
Ere I crossed the briny sea,  
In a bonnie hame in auld Scotland,  
Beside the banks o' Dee.

In a bonnie hame whaur the hawthorn blooms,  
Wi' the birk and the rowan tree;  
Where the laverock sings i' the early morn,  
'Twas the Manse o' Balmaghie.

I was its pastor's only bairn,  
And my life was free frae care;  
An' weel I lo'ed the fragrant fflow'ers  
That grew in its gardens fair.

And the auld kirkyard upon the hill,  
Whaur sleep her martyrs three,  
Who gave their lives for the cause of Christ,  
And rest beside the Dee.

And oft on the mossgrown monuments  
I've read the verses there,  
To the memory of those holy men  
Wha led in the hoose o' prayer.

## Lays of the Fireside

And weel I ken whaur the boatie rows  
Across to the ither shore,  
Upon the Dee with its waters black,  
And its waves like snowwreaths hoar.

And o'er the hills to Laurieston,  
Three lang Scots mile or mair;  
Whaur the heather bell and the scented broom  
Wi' fragrance filled the air.

And these scenes come back, like pictures bright,  
As I sit by the ingleside,  
In the gloaming mirk in my forest hame,  
Across the ocean wide.

[1890].



## GRANDPA'S ANSWER

(On his sending some Christmas Cards for the children).

Old "Father Time" is on the wing,  
And cheerfully the children sing  
With youthful voices as they go  
Careering o'er the clear white snow.

Papa had put the horses on,  
And for the Christmas good things gone;  
He said they all must ride that day,  
And packed them warmly in the sleigh.

They're three hours gone, 'tis almost dark;  
They're home; I hear old Carlo's bark.  
And pouring in with noisy glee,  
Their rosy faces now I see.

## Lays of the Fireside

Georgina's hands with sweets are stored,  
And Albert's pockets hold a hoard,  
But Victor said with serious air,  
"Mamma there was a letter there

Addressed to me, I brought it you  
To open, and to read it too.  
I wonder who the letter wrote,  
It is the first I ever got.  
Dear Grandpapa, I do believe,  
Has thought of us on Christmas Eve."

I opened it and out there came  
Three cards marked with the owner's name  
Upon the back; and on the face  
The Christmas greeting kind I trace.

A robin first with bosom red  
Stepped in to say "Good morning!"  
A snowbird pecked the scarlet fruit  
A holly branch adorning.

The third, a snowy card embossed,  
And in a handsome framing,  
Was welcomed by my eldest boy,  
The same kind wishes naming.

"You know, mamma, we cannot write,  
But if you do, we will indite,  
We thank dear Grandpapa for this,  
And send him each a Christmas kiss;  
And may he live for many a year  
Beloved by us his children dear."

[Xmas, 1874].

## Lays of the Fireside

### LINES ON THE DEATH OF BENWELL

So the trial is over, the verdict is given,  
And the prisoner is sentenced to die  
For the murder of Benwell, found dead in the  
swamp,  
Frozen stiff, by some stray passers by.

Yet, none saw the shots fired that ended his life  
In that lonely and desolate place;  
Nor could swear who committed the murderous  
deed,  
As they gazed on the death-stricken face.

The son of a Colonel, from England he came  
As a pupil to learn to farm,  
Little thinking, poor boy, as he crossed o'er the  
sea,  
Of any one's doing him harm.

And Birchall and he took a ride on the train,  
But the prisoner returned alone;  
And none saw poor Benwell alive from that day,  
Nor knew to what place he had gone.

And Birchall, arrested, denied the foul deed,  
And pleaded "Not guilty" in vain;  
And eloquent Blackstock did all that he could  
His client's release to obtain.

Perhaps he was innocent; whether or not  
To the "Searcher of Hearts" is best known;  
But our sympathies go with the victim who bled  
And lay in the death swamp alone.

And God help the mother who kissed him good-  
bye,  
And watched for a letter from "Fred,"

## Lays of the Fireside

When the dreadful intelligence flashed from the  
wires  
Of her darling the wanderer dead.

And haunted by demons that soul must have  
been  
That could plot such a murderous deed;  
From sin and temptation, protect us, dear Lord,  
And shield in the hour of our need.

[Feb., 1891.]



## BOSSY'S PETITION FOR HER LIFE

(*A Favorite Cow.*)

Kind master, yet a little spare  
Your humble friend, though pasture's bare;  
Though turnips scarce, and hay is dear,  
And icy winter's time is near.

At your straw stack I will not fast,  
But sheltered from the northern blast,  
Your stable beds I'll count a feast,  
And water's near for every beast.

If till next spring my life is lent,  
A handsome calf I may present;  
Perhaps a noble ox to clear  
Your land from logs or stumps each year.

Or else a heifer, that may make  
Rich butter the first prize to take;  
At least of milk a large increase  
And lots of wholesome new milk cheese.

## Lays of the Fireside

When summer comes with pastures fair,  
And sweet wild flowers to scent the air,  
No clover fields I will profane,  
Nor fences break to steal the grain.

But I will range the wildwood through,  
And gather food in plenty too;  
Your children then the bush might roam,  
And joy to bring poor Bossy home.

There Victor comes his cow to see,  
And little Albert shouts with glee;  
Or call "Co Bossy" from your door,  
I'll answer with a friendly roar.

At eve to come I will not fail,  
And give my tribute to your pail;  
I will not kick in angry mood,  
But gently stand and chew my cud—  
Yes gently stand and always try  
To swift the snowy stream supply.

If my poor life were taken now,  
And you had lost your Bossy cow,  
My carcass might some dollars gain  
If I were numbered with the slain.

But quickly spent would soon be done,  
And Bossy's life forever gone—  
Not e'en a calf of kindly breed  
Like her around your door to feed.

In hopes this may successful prove,  
And your kind heart to pity move,  
I will your presence leave; and now  
I sign myself, your Bossy Cow.

[*Mono*, 1869].

## Lays of the Fireside

### Lines Addressed to George Harshaw on his Ninetieth Birthday

Dear Uncle, Hail! another year  
Is added to thy life;  
O! may it be from sorrow free,  
From worldly care and strife.

Thy bark, o'er peaceful billows borne,  
Still nears the brighter shore;  
To reach the blessed rest prepared  
When Time shall be no more.

A pleasant, happy home was thine,  
Of peace and plenty, where  
The wanderer, and the desolate,  
Might of thy bounty share.

And for the hungry traveller  
An ample board was spread,  
And a welcome to a peaceful couch  
To rest his weary head.

And in the house of sickness  
Thy presence still was near,  
To chase away its sorrows  
With words of kindly cheer.

And by the bed of wasting pain  
Thy ready arm still came  
To raise the drooping form,  
And fan life's feeble flame.

The little children love thee,  
For thou art good and kind,  
And thy silver hair is beautiful,  
For it crowns a noble mind.

## Lays of the Fireside

A mind of sterling virtue,  
That actions mean would scorn;  
And a heart still young and buoyant,  
Fresh as the dews of morn.

To sunset of a summer day  
Thy life may well compare;  
The rosy calm of evening hours,  
That pass serene and fair.

And may the Blessed Father,  
Who has thee in His care,  
To many friends who love thee well  
A little longer spare.



## LOCUST LODGE, THE WRITER'S HOME

'Tis a dear little home, and it stands in a hollow,  
And out from its eaves flies the twittering  
swallow;

It angles the railway and faces the gravel,  
A road that is famous for traffic and travel.  
Two windows in front and a door in the centre,  
A welcome for all that are friendly to enter;  
A stone walk leads up through its trees and its  
flowers,

Retired, and delightful through long summer  
hours.

'Tis a structure of brick, that is bright red and  
rosy,

Within it is carpeted, warm, snug and cozy.  
Its garden is scented with old-fashioned posies,  
Sweet peas, pinks, and southernwood, lilacs and  
roses.



## Lays of the Fireside

There are pear trees and apples, and hedges of  
cedar,

A shelter at noon for the student or reader.

With the scent of the hawthorn, the bloom of  
the chestnut,

And many sweet flowers that would form a  
nice breast knot.

A creeper its roof and its walls are entwining,  
While geraniums and fuschias its windows are  
lining.

Within it is spacious, commodious and tidy,  
'Tis dusted and swept and made neat every  
Friday.

Nice books and an instrument, pictures and  
bracket,

Sometimes games and dancing that make quite  
a racket.

With a chair that to slumber is rather encour-  
aging,

And our table, though simple, is healthy and  
nourishing.

Our income is small, but our wants are not  
many,

And we feel it is needful to waste not a penny.  
On the hill blooms our orchard, with a view of  
the village,

Surrounded by fields, showing care and good  
tillage.

A dear little "Bossy," that makes such sweet  
butter,

Two pigs that are fond of a roll in the gutter.  
By description, I think if you pass you will  
know it,

If not, 'tis the fault of the rhymers and poet.

[Oct. 3rd, 1890.]

## Lays of the Fireside

### THEIR FATE, A TRUE BUT MOURNFUL STORY

Going berry picking, neighbor? get your pail,  
and come along;  
See the cooling shower is over, and the birds  
begin their song;  
We will cross the sunny meadows, o'er the hill  
and by the brook,  
Through the sheltered patch of woodland, to  
our quiet shady nook,  
Where the berries grow the biggest, and no  
strangers dare intrude;  
There I'll tell my mournful story, and what  
changed my cheerful mood.  
I was glad to hear from Father you were com-  
ing soon to stay  
With the friends you loved in girlhood, from  
your city home away.  
I was one among the number, and I know your  
kindly heart,  
Filled with sympathetic feeling, when my tale  
I would impart,  
Would be sorry for my trouble and the deso-  
lation sore,  
Caused by sickness and misfortune's frequent  
knocking at my door.  
You remember little "Sophy," every neighbor  
loved her so,  
With her soft brown, glossy ringlets, and her  
skin like mountain snow;  
As the bloom of summer roses was the hue upon  
her cheek,  
And she grew up like a lily, gentle, modest,  
kind and meek.  
Many came to see our darling, but a stranger  
won her hand,

## Lays of the Fireside

And a kinder mate than Robert was not found  
throughout the land.  
Rob was driver of an engine on a railway pass-  
ing near,  
And his pride were all the comforts he could  
purchase for his dear.  
(And there seemed a sunny future for them  
both to be in store,  
Ere the tide of dark misfortune deep engulfed  
them on the shore).  
Then a lovely child was born, "Baby Harry"  
was his name;  
They had two short years of happiness, and  
life went on the same;  
Then the next came little Ellis, and poor Sophy  
lost her health,  
And consumption with its wasting breath  
came on them both by stealth.  
Poor wee baby, how it suffered, how its breath  
came short and thick,  
How its cries would wake poor Sophy as she  
lay beside it sick!  
But a mournful sight to witness, was when baby  
came to die,  
And poor Sophy rose to see it in its little coffin  
lie—  
For she knew her death was coming—nearing  
slowly week by week,  
And the fell Destroyer's fever left its flush upon  
her cheek.  
And poor Rob sought clever doctors, and spent  
money all in vain,  
Fondly hoping he could gain us back our dar-  
ling's health again.  
Ere she crossed death's gloomy river, she called  
Father to her side,  
Bid him care for little Harry and a home for  
him provide.

## Lays of the Fireside

Said she trusted in her Saviour, hoped we soon  
should meet again  
In the blessed land of Heaven, free from care  
and earthly pain.  
Then she softly whispered, "Mother, I am  
happy, do not weep,"  
And she closed her eyes and left us like a wear-  
ied child asleep.  
Then we laid her by her baby in the graveyard  
on the hill,  
And though sorrowful and lonely, we had Rob  
and Harry still.  
How Rob loved the little fellow, took him out  
for many a walk,  
Nothing was too good to buy him, and of mam-  
ma they would talk.  
When he heard his father's footstep, he would  
meet him at the door,  
Well he knew that papa's pocket had some  
sweets for him in store.  
But, alas! poor Robert left us, kissed his boy  
and went away,  
Little thinking of the awful fate before him  
on that day.  
By him driven on its journey, sped the engine  
with a will,  
Through the forests, over bridges, till it came  
to Brampton hill.  
Down the grade it thundered swiftly, where a  
cow lay on the track,  
On the crossing, where she struck it, threw the  
engine on its back.  
Then the dying fireman whispered, "Help me,  
Rob," with his last breath,  
But the whisper was not answered—for poor  
Rob was still in death—  
Crushed and mangled, scalded, bleeding, still  
he grasped the lever fast,

## Lays of the Fireside

Ever faithful to his duty, thus our Robert  
breathed his last.

Now he rests beside his Sophy—we have orphan  
Harry still;

Is it not a mournful story of the graveyard on  
the hill?

May the loving Father ever be the orphan's  
guard, and God!

"May we meet beyond the river, where bright  
angel feet have trod!"

[*May 4th*, 1893].



## ROBIN'S ADVENTURE

Old Robin was a farmer  
Who tilled a little farm;  
'Twas a sheltered nook in Erin's Isle,  
With a cabin snug and warm.

And there for many a happy year  
His good old wife and he,  
A simple-hearted, honest pair,  
Lived 'neath their household tree.

The lane that led to Robin's home  
Had many a winding turn,  
Arched over head with sycamore,  
And hedged with milk-white thorn.

'Twas shady in the noonday sun;  
'Twas gloomier still at eve;  
And a lonelier spot at the midnight hour  
You could not well conceive.

But Robin feared neither ghost nor ghoul  
From town, though the road was long;

## Lays of the Fireside

For his heart was warmed with "Mountain dew,"  
And he carried a blackthorn strong.

He wanted a horse to plough the soil  
And for seed the ground prepare,  
To pay the rent and fill the barn,  
And provide for future care.

A friend of Rob's, and a crony dear,  
Lived near the public road  
At the end of the long and winding lane  
That led to his abode.

And they both agreed next market day  
They would to the town repair;  
And Robin in his neighbor's cart  
Would journey to the fair.

And, getting there, the old man went  
Where the horses were for sale,  
And a handsome, fiery, coal black steed,  
With flowing mane and tail,

Took Robin's eye, and much he wished  
He could afford to buy.  
He asked the owner of his price,  
And thought that he would try

A jockey tall, with a rolling eye,  
And a rakish, careless air,  
Who said, "My friend, I'll sell to you  
Less than any in the fair."

He paid him thirty pounds in gold  
And led the horse away;  
You would not meet a happier man  
In the market town that day.

Then Robin and his neighbor went  
To the public house for lunch;

## Lays of the Fireside

Which getting through, they washed it down  
With a jorum of Irish punch.

The day was drawing to a close  
When they left the tavern door;  
Rob's horse had a rope to his bridle tied  
Some three yards long or more.

And in the cart they jogged along,  
And talked, and smoked amain;  
Four Irish miles just brought them to  
The end of Robin's lane.

And up the path with thoughtful pace  
He led the horse along;  
He walked ahead between the two,  
The rope line staunch and strong.

He led him to the door to show  
His purchase at the fair,  
And when he turned about to look,  
Bridle and rope were there.

But, alas! the coal black steed had gone;  
Slipped the headgear off his head.  
Poor Robin, starting, looked around,  
"Why, where's the horse?" he said.

His wife and he a lantern brought  
And searched the lane in vain,  
And through the fields, and down the road,  
And then came home again—

And waited for the morning light,  
When to his great surprise,  
He found his thirty pounds in gold—  
Could he believe his eyes?

Yes, safe within his stocking purse,  
No coin was missing there.

## Lays of the Fireside

Was ever mortal so befooled  
With wizard at the fair?  
  
And then they searched the lane once more,  
And saw the hoofs' deep track;  
And wheresoe'er the print was seen  
The grass was scorched and black.  
  
And now to pass that lane at night  
Would make a stout heart quail—  
At the midnight hour the coal black steed  
With flowing mane and tail,  
  
And a jockey rider of giant size,  
So gay and debonair,  
Is seen to dash, by a lurid flash  
Of lightning, through the air.  
  
But Robin smiles, and smokes his pipe,  
When they tell the story o'er,  
For his gold was safe, though the steed was gone  
From him for evermore.  
[Nov. 18th, 1889].



### LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF MRS. E. J. CARTER (BOND HEAD)

"And She is dead, to him, to all;  
Her lute hangs silent in the hall;  
And on the stairs, or at the door,  
Her fairy step is heard no more."  
  
'Twas swift as touch of an angel's wing  
Her call to the land of eternal spring;  
But those she left had a weight of care,  
For the friend they loved was no longer there.



## Lays of the Fireside

And the stars grew pale in the morning grey,  
As the fair young mother passed away.  
And Hope seemed quenched by the dear one's  
bier,  
And darkness and gloom filled the chamber  
drear.

But light will come with the bright New Year,  
For the spirit of "Sadie" will hover near—  
A guard and guide till, life's journey o'er,  
They meet her again on the far-off shore.

Faithful in duty, kind and true,  
Loving and gentle to those she knew;  
We think of our darling hushed in death  
With memories sweet as the violet's breath.

[Dec. 3rd, 1894].



## COBBLER BEN

In the far townland of Shanmullagh,  
In Ulster's broad domain,  
I think of the old familiar scenes,  
'Mid the patter of the rain.

Of a white-walled cot, with a brown-thatched  
roof,  
And the twitter of the wren;  
With a shady seat by the cottage door,  
'Twas the home of Cobbler Ben.

Of the silver stream that went purling by,  
The thrush on the hawthorn bough,  
The ash, and the broad-leaved sycamore;  
Would I could see them now

As then I saw with childhood's eyes,  
In the sunny morn of life;

## Lays of the Fireside

Away from the world and its sordid cares,  
And the city's din and strife.

When I sat beside the old man's bench,  
And he told of fairy gold;  
Of the fairies' fort in the dim moonlight,  
And the fairy knights of old.

Of Jack who left his cabin home,  
And travelled many a day,  
To reach the "Enchanted Castle's" ground,  
Where the "Sleeping Beauty" lay.

To break the spell, and do for her  
What none had dared before—  
To win her hand, her lands, her love,  
And the Castle, and gold galore.

Of the "Phenix's Feather," and "Will o' the  
Wisp"  
And the "Giant of Westmoreland,"  
Of "Jack and the Beanstalk," and "Snowflake"  
fair,  
Who carried the silver wand.

And on Sabbath days, by the cottage door,  
He read from his Bible old  
Of Moses, and David, and Samson strong,  
And Joseph so cruelly sold.

But those days are past and the old man sleeps,  
And the lark sings overhead,  
And the daisies white, and the shamrock green  
Adorn his lowly bed.

And he sleeps in distant Shanmullagh,  
Far over the dark blue sea;  
And the cuckoo sings, as it sang to me,  
'Neath the shade of the rowan tree.

[August, 1900].

# Lays of the Fireside

## UNCLE HUGH

*(A Sketch.)*

Dear old Uncle Hugh. How well I remember him! He was my grandmother's brother, a bachelor, and one of the kindest old men I ever knew, especially to children. He was brought up from early boyhood by a wealthy old uncle and aunt—a childless couple. His aunt lived to an old age. While she lived he never ventured to marry, and at her death he was too old. He was wealthy, being left heir to the greater part of their possessions. And of him it might be truly said, in the language of the poet Goldsmith:

"His house was known to all the vagrant train;  
He chid their wanderings but relieved their pain."

He had a host of poor dependents, and no one, however wretched, was denied a meal or shelter. His house was a long, low farmhouse, past which ran a narrow green lane, or "boreen," hedged with hawthorn. In May when in blossom it was a walk of surpassing beauty; at least I thought so—the sweet fragrance of its snowy flowers, and underneath its shade in the grassy sides of the lane the violets and prim-roses grew in floral beauty. The house was partly a thatched one, but one end having been added to it in modern times, was roofed with slate. At the rear and side was the garden, with its rows of beehives and old-fashioned flowers. There was a rock at one side, from which on the hottest day in summer bubbled a stream of ice-cold water, to which the good housewives round were wont to send when making up their butter for market. And how beautiful were the tall rose trees, crowned with crimson

## Lays of the Fireside

blossoms and buds, that grew beside it! And then sitting in his arm-chair was the dear, kindly old man, in his low-crowned beaver, knee breeches, home-knitted stockings, and broad-skirted frock coat. He always called me "the little dear." I was a little creature of from three to four years of age, and my earliest recollections were my visits to Uncle Hugh's, through the lane from my grandmother's. I used to climb on his knee and was always treated to a large slice of bread and honey. And it was a proud day for me when he took me for a ride before him on his large black horse. I left Ireland and went away to our home in the south of Scotland; and the only other remembrance I have of Uncle Hugh was when making a visit to Ireland some years after. Papa had gone to town, and as the day was wet, had forbidden my going out. Dear old grandmother seldom or never interfered with anything her "pet" chose to do, so I set off for Uncle Hugh's, and stayed there till I saw Father coming home. Of course, I was terrified, as he was very strict, so I coaxed uncle to come home with me, and the dear old man took me by the hand and came.

I sat between him and my grandmother, and felt myself secure for the rest of the evening, and did not get even a scolding.

On my next visit to Ireland, Uncle Hugh had gone away to the spirit land.

Farewell, dear Uncle Hugh! His kindness made one of the bright spots of my childish days, and no gentler being ever ascended to the bosom of the Creator.

# Lays of the Fireside

## ADDRESS TO TORONTO

(On Leaving that City for Philadelphia).

Farewell to thee, fair city of the west!  
Where dwell the cherished friends I love the best;  
Though many miles of forest intervene,  
My thoughts still fondly dwell on each fair scene.  
Thy noble park adorned with lofty trees  
That gently bend before the passing breeze—  
The lofty pine, the stately elm are there,  
And form a scene well worth the painter's care.  
And there arrayed in Spring's bright garb of  
green,  
In modest beauty waves the forest queen,  
The maple tree—the emblem of that soil  
That welcome's Erin's hardy sons of toil,  
When forced to leave their own dear native isle  
And westward turn their eyes for Fortune's smile.  
The lonely exile breasts the wild sea's foam  
And finds beneath Canadian skies a home.  
Or, change the scene, 'tis winter, and the trees  
No longer clad in verdant hues to please,  
But decked with snowy crystals glittering  
bright,  
Resplendent in the wintry sunshine's light.  
Thy "Alma Mater's" halls of learning where  
A student band surrounds each Doctor's chair.  
The poet, sage, historian mingle there,  
And hope their country's future fame to share.  
There Architecture's utmost care is shown  
To form a structure proudly all thy own.  
Thy grand cathedral where the Sabbath bell  
Invites to worship, and the organ's swell  
Floats on the breeze, while youthful voices ring  
In anthems loud praise to our Heavenly King.  
Thy Osgoode Hall, where learned lawyers plead,  
And stern-eyed Justice gives to each their meed.

## Lays of the Fireside

But space would fail me, and my humble muse  
Could ill depict, and would its aid refuse  
To point thy numerous beauties, buildings tall;  
Thy churches, colleges, cathedrals, all.  
But one more feature ere I bid adieu  
I fain would mention, 'tis thy lake of blue,  
Whose peaceful waves reflect the clearest skies,  
And gayly bear away the friends we prize,  
When on some holiday excursion bent,  
With lively music and gay colors blent,  
They steer their bark across its wave serene  
To spend the day in some sweet rural scene.  
Farewell Toronto! Many a weary day  
Must pass ere I shall anchor in thy bay.  
Adieu, kind friends, forget me not I pray;  
Accept these lines, nor scorn my humble lay.

[1863].



## A VOYAGE

Say! Where shall we go to-night, dear friends?  
Shall we cross the ocean blue,  
And sail in a fairy ship, called Thought?  
'Tis a trusty bark and true.

And the pilot Memory at the helm  
Will steer our boat to shore,  
And we'll hail the isle that gave us birth,  
With its wealth of fairy lore.

And we'll cross the Ulster hills of green  
Till the old home comes in view,  
With the ash, and the oak, and the sycamore,  
And its "six mile loch" so blue.

And the golden rays of the setting sun  
Are blended with crimson light;

## Lays of the Fireside

And the green old lane like a bridal robe  
With the hawthorn blooms is white.

And the shades of night, as they fall around,  
By Memory's lamp will show  
The faces of those we loved and lost  
In the far-off long ago.

Never, alas! shall we meet again  
To sit by the turf-fire's light,  
While the song and the jest, and the tale went  
round  
Through the hours of the winter night.

Some have passed away to distant lands;  
Some sleep beneath the wave;  
And some in Ontario's forests green  
Lie deep in a lonely grave.

Some rest in the isle that gave them birth,  
With neighbors and kinsfolk near;  
Where is heard in spring the cuckoo's voice,  
And the blackbird's whistle clear.

And their graves are green where the daisy blooms  
In the shade of the House of God;  
And the Irish rain, like friendship's tears,  
Falls soft on the verdant sod.

And we leave them there with the blessed hope,  
When the call to us is given,  
If we love the Lord we shall meet again  
In the beautiful land of Heaven.

[Jan. 28th, 1904].

## Lays of the Fireside

### THE VISION

*(Founded on Fact.)*

At the base of of a green hill o'ershaded  
By ash and the tall sycamore,  
Brown thatched, and low-eaved, stood a cottage,  
With a watchdog asleep at the door.

Bright roses and flowers of the woodbine  
Round the windows peeped lovingly in;  
They whispered and nodded like fairies  
About the good people within.

And bathed in the silvery moonlight,  
It seemed as if trouble and care,  
That falls to the lot of most mortals,  
Could ne'er find an entrance there.

The father and children were sleeping,  
And all save the mother had gone,  
Who sat by the fire, sadly weeping  
For her darling, her well-beloved son—

Her Joseph, her eldest, her treasure,  
So good and so manly and brave,  
Cut down like a flower that is blighted,  
And borne out and laid in the grave.

She had mourned for weeks for her lost one,  
And life seemed bereft of all joy,  
And vainly the rest strove to cheer her;  
Still hopeless she wept for her boy.

As she mourned a light filled the chamber,  
And a beautiful form drew near—  
So glorious, so lovely, and peaceful,  
And she knew it was Joseph, her dear.

In accents soft, gentle and loving,  
He questioned her, why did she mourn?  
I'm happy, so happy, dear mother,  
Then why should you wish my return?



## Lays of the Fireside

Could you see but the heavenly city,  
The peace and the happiness there,  
You never would sorrow with pity,  
But wish soon to be with me there.

As he spoke the bright vision then faded,  
But softly the light filled the room,  
And a touch, like the wing of an angel,  
From her brow swept the darkness and gloom

And a heavenly peace filled her bosom,  
And for Joseph she mourned no more,  
For she hoped soon to meet him in glory,  
When life and its troubles were o'er.

The foregoing little poem was written on an incident told me as true:

An aunt of mine, who lost a son who was very dear to her, saw or imagined she saw him appear to her after death, telling her not to mourn, as he was happy.

[*April 24th*, 1895].



## THE OLIVERS

The Olivers, the Olivers!  
Right stalwart men were they;  
Descended from some Spanish Don  
In the days of chivalry.

In the cause of truth and honor  
Their footsteps led the way;  
With lion front undaunted  
They were ready for the fray.

To protect the weak and helpless;  
To feed the hungry poor;  
To give shelter to the wanderer  
Who sought it at their door.

## Lays of the Fireside

To frown upon oppression,  
And cruelty and wrong;  
To lighten Age's burdens,  
And make the weary strong.

They were Protestants of Ulster,  
They were loyal to their Crown;  
They were staunch old Presbyterians  
From the days of Cromwell down.

If a neighbor's rent were lacking,  
They were ready for to lend;  
And he ne'er might want a counsellor  
Who had them for a friend.

I well could tell the features  
Of a true-born Oliver—  
The speaker's mouth, the nostrils large,  
The forehead broad and square.

Hair pliant, soft and glossy,  
In hue like ebon dye;  
But the beauty of those features  
Was the large, dark, earnest eye.

It was soul-lit, it was glorious,  
It was honest, brave and kind;  
It showed the soul of honor,  
It showed a noble mind.

And well might their descendants  
Feel proud of the old name;  
Not for pedigree, or riches,  
Not for honors or for fame.

But for sterling truth and honesty,  
For character unstained,  
For goodness to their followmen,  
And piety attained.

# Lays of the Fireside

## A FAIRY TALE

"Tell us a tale," the children cried,  
As they sat in the firelight's glow;  
A fairy tale of the distant land  
Of your childhood long ago.

Then I summoned a fairy ship called "Thought,"  
And sailed o'er the ocean blue;  
And the green old hills of the land I loved  
In their beauty rose to view.

And I saw the rath of the little men,  
The fairy folk of yore;  
And the bushes lone of the hawthorn tree  
With their blooms like snow wreaths hoar.

And I thought of the farmer who ploughed the  
rath,  
And tore up the bushes lone;  
And planted seed on the fairies' ground  
Where none ever before was sown.

Who defied the wrath of the fairy king,  
And heard as an idle tale  
That those who meddled with fairy ground  
In sorrow should weep and wail.

As the grain grew green, the farmer soon  
Got sick and short of breath;  
And with wasting pain, and sleepless nights,  
Drew near to the gates of death.

Then his daughter Nell, a colleen fair,  
With cheeks like the morning dawn,  
Whose chestnut hair had a golden sheen,  
Tripped over the grassy lawn.

And there she met an aged man  
With long silver beard and hair,

## Lays of the Fireside

Who questioned her of her downcast looks  
And her sad and pensive air.

"My father is sick and like to die,  
And no hope do the doctors give;  
Some say that he angered the fairy king,  
And if so, that he could not live."

Then the aged wight to the maiden said,  
"Take thy choice of wishes two;  
For the sake of thine own sweet looks," he said,  
"And the tears in thine eyes so blue.

"Would'st thou wish thy father should rise and  
live  
And be as he was before;  
Or that he should die, and thy wealth increase  
Of cattle and grain in store?

"Thy cattle shall die, and thy crops shall fail,  
If thou his life would save,  
And poor and needy thy lot must be  
To rescue him from the grave."

"Misfortune may come, but my father's life  
Is the wish of his daughter true."  
"So be it," the fairy wight replied,  
As he passed from the maiden's view.

Her father recovered, the crops they failed,  
And cattle and horses died;  
And famine, and want, were neighbors near,  
Ere the fairies were satisfied.

But green as an emerald grew the rath,  
And they planted the bushes lone;  
And misfortune passed, and they throve again,  
For the farm was still their own.

## Lays of the Fireside

And the fairy band hold their revels still,  
And dance in the pale moonlight  
By the hawthorn trees, so the wise ones say  
That are gifted with fairy sight.

[*April 25th, 1894.*]



### TO MY FATHER ON HIS BIRTHDAY

"As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the  
storm;  
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are  
spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

—GOLDSMITH.

My parent, hail! on this thy natal day,  
Accept the simple tribute which I pay  
To thee, the teacher of my earliest youth,  
Along the good, and peaceful ways of truth.  
Glorious the task which was to thee assigned,  
To teach poor sinners, and to lead their mind  
To Him who shed on Calvary's Mount his blood,  
The Great Redeemer, and our Father, God.  
The brilliant talents which to thee he gave  
Have been employed our guilty souls to save;  
To point the way where Bethlehem's star above  
Emits such gracious rays of Heavenly love;  
And thy reward, how rich, when on that day  
(A Crown of Glory, fading not away)  
The Shepherd comes, His sheep to gather in  
To the bright mansions, free from earthly sin.  
On Scotia's mountains, crowned with heather  
bright,  
'Mid Erin's dells of verdure and delight,

## Lays of the Fireside

I still have felt Thy kind, protecting arm  
To shield me from whate'er might come to harm.  
When on the dark Atlantic's stormy wave  
We all were threatened with a watery grave,  
Thy gentle, calm demeanor was the same  
As if no danger near our vessel came;  
Thy faith was strong in His all-saving arm  
Who spans the sea and rides upon the storm;  
Who said unto the billows, "Peace be still,"  
Thou knew'st could save us if it were His will.  
In Canada, our fair adopted land,  
Thou still obey'st thy Maker's great command,  
To preach the Gospel, and devoid of fear,  
Invite to Christ, while mercy still is near.  
May many happy years return to shed  
Their choicest blessings down upon thy head!  
Then, parent, hail! on this thy natal day  
Accept the simple tribute which I pay.

[*Nov. 25th, 1860.*]



### LINES ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND ON HIS BIRTHDAY

'Tis March the tenth, a Sabbath dawn; may  
joy and peace essay  
To join my greetings with their gifts, to crown  
thy natal day;  
While gently fall the snowflakes white, like  
blessings sent from heaven,  
To all unsightly objects here a mantle pure is  
given.  
And as thy future circles round on life's tem-  
pestuous sea,  
Deal gently with thy fellow man—his errors  
fail to see.  
Stoop down to lift a fallen friend, when others  
pass him by;

## Lays of the Fireside

And like the snow, a mantle throw of Christian  
charity.  
And by thy teachings to the young, and bright  
example given,  
Prepare the way in their young hearts to win  
the Crown in Heaven.  
In that green isle across the sea where fairies  
love to dwell,  
And maidens saw their lover's face within the  
fairy's well,  
The fairy men of wood and glen, so fairy legends  
tell,  
Would sometimes wishes freely give to those  
who used them well.  
And if my wishes aught availed, this boon  
should be my prayer—  
Of plenty, and prosperity, to thee a double share.  
Blessed with thy gentle partner's love, a good  
old age be thine,  
Success, and happiness, and health, enriched by  
love divine;  
True friends to pass a pleasant hour, with con-  
verse social, kind;  
A wealth of books from authors great to educate  
the mind.  
Thy baby's prattle round thy knee, sweet to  
parent's ear,  
And all his little childish ways, so winning, bright  
and dear;  
And when he sleeps, to sit and think, and for his  
future plan;  
And train, and teach him to become a noble,  
Christian man.  
And leaving you with joys like these, kind friend  
I'll bid adieu,  
And may you many birthdays see with those  
who love you true.

## Lays of the Fireside

### FAIR MARY BY THE WATER

Behind yon hills, where Miawa  
Its silver stream is wending;  
And summer's greens, with autumn's reds,  
In graceful tints are blending.

And through the gorge it makes its way,  
With moss and lichens growing;  
And down the cliffs in crystal spray,  
A foaming cascade flowing.

A cabin stood upon the banks,  
Of unhewn logs constructed;  
My story tells how from its walls  
A daughter was abducted.

Fair Mary was that daughter's name,  
A maiden bright and loving;  
Who often through the summer woods  
In by-gone days went roving.

And playful as the wild deer's fawn,  
Within those sylvan bowers  
She listened to the blue bird's song,  
Or plucked the summer flowers.

Or weaving wreaths, with fingers deft,  
From blossoms bright selected,  
To bind her hair, and in the stream  
To see herself reflected.

An Indian youth in search of game  
Met Mary by the water;  
And though his father was the chief,  
He loved the pale-face daughter.

In flowery language, like the braves,  
To be his wife, he sought her;  
For him she left her kith and kin,  
Her home beside the water.



## Lays of the Fireside

The pioneer, her father old,  
Mourned for his household fairy;  
With wrathful mien, the mother cried:  
"Go, find the erring Mary!"

Obedient to her iron will,  
For months and months they sought her;  
Brought Mary from the red man's lodge  
Back to the falling water.

Kept there a prisoner in a room,  
Cast off by all but Heaven—  
To sooth poor Mary, desolate,  
A little girl was given.

And when some years had passed away  
They of the child bereft her,  
Unmindful of her sighs and tears,  
No consolation left her.

Adopted in another land  
She never saw her after,  
Nor watched her smile, nor heard again  
The music of her laughter.

And when that Spartan mother went  
To cross the deep dark river,  
Those that were left behind agreed  
Her liberty to give her.

I saw her once, with silver hair,  
A happy being blighted;  
A lamp whose ray of hope was gone,  
No more to be relighted.

And he who took the maid away  
No more came to the water;  
Perhaps he feared the white man's wrath,  
Who stole away their daughter.

[*Sept. 10th, 1899.*]

## Lays of the Fireside

### THE POLAND HEN

*(A poem on the building of the Toronto, Grey and  
Bruce Railway)*

'Twas in the merry month of May,  
And flowers and fields and woods were gay,  
Aurora in her rosy car  
Succeeds the brilliant morning star.  
The sun's clear rays appear in sight  
And kiss the diamond dewdrops bright,  
When from a cheerful barnyard near  
A rooster and his hens appear,  
And to a new ploughed field make way  
To scratch for worms, their lawful prey.  
But ere they through the gateway go  
They stop, and seem surprised, for lo!  
A stranger hen amid the flock  
Is seen, now added to the stock.  
As Alpine snow her plumage white;  
A lofty topknot aids her height,  
Proclaims from Poland's land she came,  
Once famed by Kosciusko's name.  
And as they wonder much to see  
How such a hen came there as she,  
And gathering round, amazed they pressed,  
Her new-found friends she thus addressed:  
"No doubt you wonder much to see  
A foreign stranger here like me;  
But though of Polish blood I come,  
I claim this country for my home.  
A steamer bore my parents o'er  
To fair Ontario's fertile shore;  
And I was reared by friendly hand  
In this our lovely forest land.  
From Erin's Isle, a blooming bride,  
A loving husband by her side,  
My Mistress crossed the ocean's foam  
To make Canadian soil her home.  
They settled here with prospects bright,

## Lays of the Fireside

And loving children blessed their sight;  
But fever chills and ague came  
And quenched poor Kathleen's household  
flame—

Left her alone in tears to mourn,  
A widow, childless and forlorn.  
Left in her utter loneliness,  
Sad poverty began to press;  
She sold her little household store  
To gather means to take her o'er  
To that loved isle that gave her birth,  
The dearest spot to her on earth;  
To meet her aged parents dear,  
That they her aching heart would cheer;  
To those fond friends relate her grief  
And in their kindness find relief—  
More lone than was Naomi sad,  
No gentle Ruth to make her glad.  
But me, her pet, she would not sell,  
She liked me far for that too well;  
I was her own "Wee Willie's" hen  
Out of a flock of chickens ten.  
She could not take me o'er the sea,  
Else she would ne'er have parted me;  
She gave me to a farmer's wife  
Who promised still to spare my life,  
Nor sell her darling's Poland pet;  
Her vows the dame did soon forget.  
To dress up for a country ball  
She sold me at a butcher's stall,  
Along with half a dozen more,  
All helpless victims bound and sore.  
Your kind good master saw me there  
And seemed to think me passing fair,  
From cruel bonds relieved my legs,  
And brought me here to lay my eggs;  
No fear but I shall happy be  
In the good company I see.  
Our master and a friend last night

## Lays of the Fireside

Rode homeward in the moonlight bright,  
Spoke of a railway and its use,  
Its name, Toronto, Grey and Bruce,  
To open up our country side  
And show its beauties far and wide;  
To raise the price of lands and gain  
A ready market for their grain.  
What piles of cordwood they can sell!  
The railway will reward them well.  
'Twill fill the farmer's purse with gold,  
And benefits confer untold;  
The poor hard-working laborer's day  
With wages good it will repay;  
'Twill educate their children dear,  
For colleges will then be near;  
Three hours of railway speed at best  
To the Queen City of the West.  
The faint and weary team may rest,  
No more with journeys long oppressed;  
O'er hills with spring and fall's bad roads  
The iron horse will take the loads.  
With barrels of cheese and eggs fresh laid,  
And tubs of golden butter made,  
Their lovely daughters may excel  
In costly dress the city belle.  
The railway laid it will be grand;  
What fine excursions may be planned,  
Where happy youths and maidens gay  
May meet and hold their holiday!  
And we must do our little share  
To pay our master for his care;  
Must lay to sell when eggs are high,  
And still his table well supply."  
The fowls all seemed of "Chucky's" mind,  
For they, too, loved their master kind,  
And showed their pretty friend the way  
To pleasant fields to spend the day.

[*July 13th, 1869*].

# Lays of the Fireside

## A KIND ACT

He came to this land a stranger  
From his distant English home;  
He braved the ocean's danger,  
And crossed o'er its stormy foam.

Our bright Canadian landscape,  
With its far-away fields of green,  
Its tracks of virgin forests,  
And its rivers and lakes serene.

Perhaps 'twas the dream of his boyhood  
To work for a home out here;  
And if Fortune smiled upon him,  
To send for his kinsfolk dear.

His kind and loving mother,  
And his father old and grey,  
And the gentle, blue-eyed sister,  
Who wept when he went away.

'Twas little he knew of danger,  
As he boarded the passing train;  
But he stumbled and fell between the cars,  
And to save him was in vain.

And bleeding, and crushed, and mangled,  
In a hospital ward he lay;  
With no friend at the wanderer's bedside  
To weep when he passed away.

None came to claim the body,  
Or pay for the loss incurred;  
As a subject for dissection,  
It was taken from the ward.

But a gentle, Christian lady,  
Who heard of the friendless waif,

## Lays of the Fireside

Rescued the poor boy's body,  
And gave it a peaceful grave.

'Twas a deed that was rare, and noble,  
And worthy an angel's pen;  
For the sake of her, who ne'er on earth  
Would her lost one see again.

### WANTED TO BURY THE BODY

*Remarkable Sequel to the Death of a Friendless  
Young Englishman.*

TORONTO, Sept. 9.—There is a strange circumstance in connection with the death of George Bullock, a young Englishman, who was run over while stealing a ride on a freight train at Little York on Aug. 27th last. Bullock was removed to the hospital and died after two hours of suffering. He had no friends in this country and his body was handed over to the demonstrator of anatomy for the Trinity Medical College. A Mrs. Baird, through Undertaker Jolliffe, applied for the body, wishing to bury it, but she was refused by Dr. Wishart, who claimed that notice had not been given within the time required by law.

Mrs. Baird consulted Nicholas Murphy, Q.C., who wrote Dr. Wishart, and he offered to deliver the body to her on payment of certain charges.

The reason why Mrs. Baird should wish to bury the body of a young man who was neither a relative nor a close friend is a strange one. The engineer of the train which ran over poor Bullock was Mrs. Baird's husband. A desire to pay the last tribute of respect to the man of whose death he unwittingly was the cause, actuated him in his effort to secure the body.

## Lays of the Fireside

### LINES ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG AMERICAN LADY

Who visited us in our home in Ireland, and  
who died of consumption shortly after her re-  
turn to her native city, Philadelphia.

She came like a star o'er the bright waters  
gleaming,  
To gladden our home with her own native  
grace;  
'Twas the thrilling of music, the magic of dream-  
ing,  
To list to her accents and gaze on her face.

But she left us, our own sweet Eliza, she left us  
To go to her home in the land of the West;  
Yet we hoped we might hear her; once more  
might behold her—  
The voice we loved dearly, the friend we loved  
best.

And we crossed to these shores o'er the dark  
stormy ocean,  
In hopes we might see our Eliza once more;  
But ere we could reach her, fell death was her  
portion,  
And fatal the arrow that pierced her heart's  
core.

And in her cold grave our sweet darling is  
sleeping,  
No more those bright eyes will illumine our  
way;  
And the friends she has left here behind her are  
weeping  
To think that no longer on earth she can stay.

But if the bright angels, that sometimes be-  
friend us,

## Lays of the Fireside

Are spirits of those whom on earth we hold  
dear,  
May Eliza's sweet spirit still come and attend us,  
While short is the way on our pilgrimage here.

And oh! when we die, may our spirits then  
mingle  
With her's who has gone to the land of the  
blest;  
And robed in the light of Emanuel's glory,  
Find peace in the land where the weary shall  
rest!

[1859].



## Lines on the Death of a Friend

"All blessings guard the motherless;  
They want that soothing rest,  
That earnest love so wearyless,  
That home—a mother's breast."

Dear friend, a mournful task is mine;  
A requiem sad and low,  
For her who has passed to another sphere  
From our world of care and woe.

We little know of the home beyond,  
Where the true believers sing  
In spotless robes that are washed so bright  
In the blood of the Saviour King.

But the Holy One who came to earth,  
And the form of a servant bore,  
Who knew each grief of the human heart—  
Has passed through the tomb before.

He has taken away the sting from death,  
And the victory from the grave,



## Lays of the Fireside

For those who believed in his blessed word—  
The chosen He came to save.

And we know that her's was the Christian's faith,  
And the Christian's life of love,  
Spent in doing good ere she went from us  
To the beautiful land above.

Does the homestead now seem lone and dark,  
And the day seem dull and drear,  
Since the light of her presence hath passed away,  
With her smile no more to cheer?

Do the children watch for the mother's step,  
And the last good-night embrace;  
And the gentle hand that would softly smooth  
Each little sleeper's place?

For the busy one that was wont to make  
Each garment neat with care;  
Who clothed the little pattering feet,  
And combed their golden hair.

Yet weep not now, for our loss was gain  
For her who has gone from here,  
And we trust that around her children's home  
Her spirit may hover near.

An angel guard with her wings of light,  
To shield the loved from harm;  
To watch o'er their couch through the shades of  
night,  
And their childish fears disarm.

Let us try to lead a life like her's,  
Ere the Messenger be nigh,  
That when He does, we may hope to meet  
In the realms beyond the sky.

[Dec., 1874].

## Lays of the Fireside

### LINES ON THE DEATH OF A LITTLE CHILD

Who got her arm torn off in some gas works  
in England, but recovered, and afterwards died  
of scarlet fever in Canada.

Weep not, oh tender mother,  
For Winny lost and gone;  
The tender shepherd loved her—  
The young, the helpless one.

He took her to His bosom,  
A lamb within his fold;  
That in the glorious Book of Life  
Her name might be enrolled.

You miss her in the morning  
When flowers are springing rare,  
The little English daisy,  
So young, so good and fair.

You miss her in the twilight,  
No Winny's voice is there,  
When children gather round you  
To say their evening prayer.

No pet to welcome "Father,"  
And jump up on his knee,  
And tell her childish story,  
And laugh with fairy glee.

Perhaps you have some relics—  
The shoe she used to wear,  
The little scarlet stocking,  
The lock of golden hair?

You gaze on them with sorrow,  
A sacred treasure dear;

## Lays of the Fireside

While down your cheek unbidden  
Will roll the silent tear.

Oh, mourn not for your darling!  
She sleeps where flowers are springing;  
And her gentle spirit soared aloft  
Where angel harps are ringing.

Methinks she seems to beckon  
From yonder heavenly shore,  
And bids you seek the Saviour  
And serve Him more and more.

Believe the great Redeemer,  
The one who came to save,  
And you yet may meet sweet Winny  
In the home beyond the grave.

[*July*, 1876].



