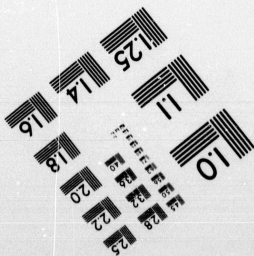
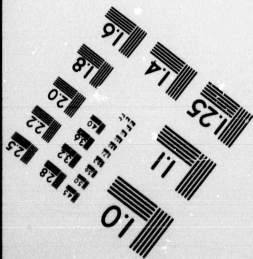
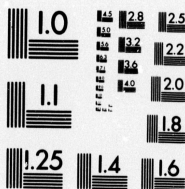


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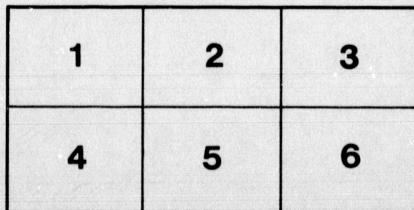
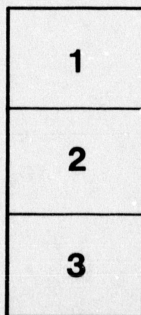
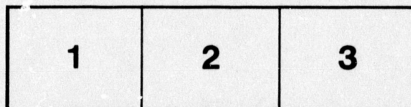
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SONGS OF THE PINES

BY

JAMES ERNEST CALDWELL.

*" Pleads for itself the fact
As unrepenting Nature leaves
Her every act."*

TORONTO — WILLIAM BRIGGS.

MONTREAL—C. W. COATES,

HALIFAX—S. F. HUESTIS.

1895

PS 8455

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ENTERED ACCORDING TO
ACT OF THE PARLIAMENT OF CANADA
IN THE YEAR 1895,
BY JAMES ERNEST CALDWELL,
AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.



THOBURN & CO., PRINTERS, OTTAWA.

To Rt. Hon. Sir Walter Laurin
with sincerest appreciation
and good will.

PRELUDE.

Hast heard the pines upon a day
When summer skies were gloomed and gray,
And from the west there rolled along
A windy torrent filled with song?

That were a chorus fit to rouse
The mourner of past broken vows—
To fill the heart with valorous trust
In harmony and all things just.

Such be the influence benign
Of these poor murmurings of mine,
Borne from a long past summer day
When all the skies were gloomed and gray.

J. E. Caldwell

City-Via Nov. 14th 1908

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SONGS OF THE PINES.

~~~~~ EVENING AT CHAUDIERE.

Here, where across the ever-surgings flood
Hangs the frail passage-way of wire and wood,
We'll rest awhile, as daylight dies away,
And all the northern hills grow darkly gray.

The slow-paced teams and lumber-laden wains,
The teamsters, bronzed with sun and wind and rains,
Have made their final trip and homeward gone
For labour's sweeter half—rest till the dawn.
Out from the mill-yards swarthy labourers swarm,
With emptied can in hand and coat on arm ;
While inward turn the bands who nightly keep
The great saws throbbing, while their owners sleep.
Now comes the gig—the pleasure waggon light,
With steed high stepping and a girl in white;
Off for a spin up Aylmer's pleasant road
The dashing driver takes his precious load.

Less frequent now the trembling structure feels
The stroke of hoof, the roll of passing wheels;
By twos and threes the stragglers homeward hie
To where their homes 'mid Hull's dark shadow's lie.
Down in the gloom, upon a rock wave-wet,
A bare-legged fisher stands and casts his net.
A lonely tourist westward turns his eyes
To where the vapour columns ceaseless rise;
And what a revelation of the might
Of Nature is the torrent's downward flight !
A tithing of its energy unseals
The pent-up voices of a thousand wheels—
Yields to a host of willing hands the spoil
That crowns the honest vanquisher of toil.

See how the frothing cauldron swells and rolls
As though it boiled o'er the infernal coals !
With what volcanic force the depths embrace;

Wave follows wave, and billows billows chase,
Laden with foamy argosies they sweep
Down the broad channel to the far-off deep.

Yet all in vain round yon majestic height,
Whose spires have caught the latest gleam of light,
Frets the dark flood. Though green its hue,
With not a crag austere to mar the view,
To subtle influence, to scathing shock,
Is turned alike th' eternal heart of rock.
Such the foundation of our country's halls,
And firm as it the basement of her walls.
Invisible—yet none the less they hold
Hearts which the test shall brighten into gold !

Grandly those walls are rising, safe and sure,
Broad the design and fashioned to endure.

Here to our home of generous plenty, we
Welcome the stranger with a friendship free.
Here will be freedom of the purest kind,
Freedom of speech, of conscience and of mind.
Yet not the liberty, the withering blight,
Which leaves the Wrong untrammelled as the Right.
Work waits on all, for hand and heart and brain,
Still there are foes to fight and hydras to be slain.
Ours not the time of palsy and decay,
The sated fulness of a later day;
Rather the blood of youth—a rising sun,—
A glorious task,—and gloriously begun !

Now comes the hush of night; the mighty fall
In its colossal murmur shroudeth all,
As it would lull to rest and slumber sweet
The hearts that all day long tumultuous beat;
And with its music mystifying still,
We turn away—the air is damp and chill.

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DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

Oft in childhood's days I wandered
 O'er the fields of Hazledean,
 Or on lovely summer mornings
 Scampered up the pasture green ;
 By my side my little sister,
 Nought of care upon our brows,
 And the only task we thought of,
 Simply driving home the cows !

CHORUS :
 Driving home the cows ! Driving home the cows !
 What happier task could childhood ask
 Than driving home the cows !

Many a merry prank and caper
 Drew aside our roving feet;
 Now to chase a robin red-breast,
 Or to pull the wild-flowers sweet;
 Many a time our rosy fingers,
 Or the stains on lip and blouse,
 Told that we had gone a-berrying,
 'Stead of driving home the cows !

CHORUS :
 Driving home the cows ! Driving home the cows !
 They all might tell by the jingling bell,
 We were driving home the cows !

Years have passed and we are parted,
 Sundered wide our homes now lie;
 Yet I trust she still remembers,
 'Neath the far off western sky,
 All the happy dream-like mornings,
 Memory faintly still allows,
 How we plann'd and played together,
 Just while driving home the cows !

CHORUS :
 Driving home the cows ! Driving home the cows !
 O, joy complete, with a comrade sweet,
 Driving home the cows !

SYMPATHY.

Within the heart are hidden springs
That never see the light;
But from them gentle currents flow,
How gladdening to the sight !

The eye that beams with kindness true
Spreads sunshine all around,
And turns a spot of mother earth
To happy Eden's ground.

And many a poor misguided one,
On Error's slippery steeps,
Has been upheld, directed, saved,
By love that works and weeps.

A love that passes kindred's bounds,
Nor knoweth rank nor race,
But sees in every fellow-man
A glimpse of God's own face.

LOVE AND DUTY.

My lady at the window sits,
Just where the sun in-streaming
Amid her golden tresses flits,
And sets them all a-gleaming.

In through the window streams my love
And brightens all her beauty ;
I work beneath; she sits above ;
True type of Love and Duty.

BURNING THE LETTERS.

He stood alone at the midnight hour
By the hearth fast growing cold,
And he held in his hand what had been more dear
Than their weight in yellow gold.

Messages they had been to him
Of love from a loved one dear;
How his heart beat fast as he opened them
Where none could see or hear.

How he read them over when sadness came,
Or a doubt of her truth drew near,
Like a silent spectre, gaunt and grim,
To fill his heart with fear.

How soon it vanished, that spectre grim,
As he turned the pages fair !
And he joyed to know that a truthful hand
Had penn'd each sentence there.

How he saw in every word and line
A touch of her character ;
Till his heart grew glad with a wordless joy
That the world held such as her.

And a dream slid into his brain that night
Of an Indian summer day,
When over all the sleeping earth
God's blessed sunshine lay.

And they walked together, hand in hand,
Where the yellow leaves dropped down ;
Silent celestial witnesses,
Yet never a one did frown.

For they were pure as the skies above
Or the earth beneath their feet ;
For the touch of time had cleared the wine
Of their love, and made it sweet.

And the morning came but the dream did run
Like a golden thread all day,
Through the heavy web of toil he spun
To brighten its hue of gray.

Did she prove false then, or did some blight
Fall out of the frosty skies ?
Or were they sundered by cruel words
Of people so worldly wise ?

Far other—'tis not in anger he stands
By the hearth fast growing cold ;
Yet 'tis with sadness he glances down,
On the letter's dainty fold.

But 'tis her wish and he deems it best
That they pass away from sight,
As the guiding star long seen afar,
Melts in the morning light.

A little flame, a moment's glow,
And they are gone forever,
O ! had he them now I read on his brow,
He'd burn them never, no, never !

GOING TO SCHOOL.

See the children going to school;—
It's just exactly ten minutes to nine;
An autumn morning so clear and cool
That cheeks are touched with the glow of wine.

Hand clasped in hand they hurry along,
Arm in arm some are loitering slow;
Out in the yard, what a noisy throng
Are playing at leap frog, heads bending low.

Still they are coming, tiny wee tots;
Bravely they step, with a business-like air;
Though troublesome tasks fall perchance to their lots,
Not a face among all shows the cloud of a care.

Maidens there are, well on in their teens,
Comely and fair as a morning in June;
Slowly they walk, while head to head leans,
And mingling tresses their shoulders have strewn.

TRAGIC.

Break, my heart ! O, break and pour
Thy torrent grief—then all is o'er.

Sin is sin and ruleth thee;
Break, O, heart, and thou art free.

Bliss is bliss and cometh not;
Break, O, heart—"Twill be forgot.

Vain remorse doth breed despair;
Break, O heart—Earth claim thy share.

THE MONUMENT.

'Twas a green and verdurous churchyard,
Far from the city's stir,
Where the dead lay quietly sleeping,
O'ershadowed by ash and fir.

Green were the mounds, and thickly spread,
Which covered the longtime-coffined dead,
And polished marble so cold and white
Bore record of those who had passed from sight.

And there in the glow of the setting sun,
After the labour of day was done,
By a stately pillar, upraised that day,
Stood one whose dark locks were just touched with
gray.

Still silent he stood and viewed the shaft—
Peerless product of sculptor's craft !
Read the inscription, the date, prayer,
But he thought not of her who was buried there.

She who had given her girlish hand
And all the love at her heart's command
Into his keeping, for weal or for woe,
With trusting gladness, long years ago.

Years of coldness and dull neglect
Had quenched not her love and deep respect,
Though it withered her cheek and youthful bloom,
And darken'd her mind with a piteous gloom.

Till at length when her body, in calm repose,
Enjoyed the sleep which no waking knows,
Her brow was marked with deep lines of care,
And sorrow had whitened her once dark hair.

And now by her grave the husband stands,
Inspecting the work of the sculptor's hands,
In memory raised of the sainted dead;
Think you 'twas truth that inscription said ?

Or was it a monument of the pride
And wealth of him who stood by its side ;
A tear, methinks, or a sigh or groan,
Were a fitter one than that polished stone.

JUNE.

How do the gentle days of June
Set all dissonances in tune !
Beneath the shade of shrub-clad steeps
The broad and chastened river sweeps,
Unmurmuring and resignedly,
To the inevitable sea.
No longer bare and whistling trees
Tell of the swelling of the breeze,
But myriad-mingling murmurs drowse
The loungee under summer boughs.
Soft stretcheth off the pasture green,
Where smooth-skinned herds with restful mien
Are couched on shaded breezy knolls
Around the maples' rugged boles:
O'er all the lately-furrowed fields
The tender blade dark verdance yields,
And rich wit' i honey and perfume
The luscious clover bursts in bloom.

IN THE ASYLUM.

Within those gloomy walls where sounds
The maniac's midnight shriek;
Where lunacy is kept in thrall,
I saw one worn and weak,
Haggard as mortals e'er can be
While life still warms the cheek.
Deep sunken eyes and palsied frame
Showed he in times gone by
Was racked by toil, or grief or sin,
The while he might not die.
Restless, he paced his prison floor,
With downcast troubled air,
At times forth breaking into speech
Of bitter fierce despair.
Once while I watched him o'er him came
A change of brief respite,
The look of settled madness tamed,
By Reason's heavenly light.
In answer to my question, he
Made audible his woe,
With eloquence begot of tears
Which ceased not to flow.
Where speeds the wide St. Lawrence on
I dwelt long, long ago;
How long ago I cannot tell,
An age—an age of woe.
I had a farm—I had a home
Beside the river clear;
O, 'twas a lovely spot that held
My wife, my child so dear.
I see it now, its white walls shine
Amid the maples green,
Around the porch the creepers twine
And golden sunflowers lean;
And in the garden blooms the rose
And homely marigold;

And pansies, meek and prim and chaste,
And scarlet poppies bold:
My wife—my child, I see them, too,
O, what is life or death ?
A dream, a fearful nightmare dream
That stifles every breath !
I was of nervous temperament,
The sport of joy or woe,
Well formed to drink of pleasure deep,
Or throb with grievous throes.
I drank--all drank in those past days,
Drank till in wrath I swore
God helping me for time to come
I'd touch nor taste no more.
What need to tell how oft I failed ?
My friends conspired to force
The cursed spirit to my lips
To pave my hell-ward course !
I felt there was no hope for me
While hemmed on every side
By tempters, glorying in my shame,
My grief—my broken pride.
Back from the river forty miles
Were uncleared free grant lands;
There seemed a haven where I might
Escape the tempter's hands.
There, with hard work, we made a home,
Humble, but happy still;
No tavern tempted every hour
My vacillating will.
Two years passed by—again my wife
Forgot her husband's shame,
And bringing sunshine to her life
Hope for the future came.
O, those were happy years ! No slave
From scourge and chain set free
E'er joyed in freedom as I then !
Life then was life to me !
An illness came—one winter night

I for the doctor went;
'Twas morning when I reached the place
Where I my youth had spent.
A friend was in the tavern door,
He dragged me to the bar,
For I was chilled and shivering
From journeying so far.
One drink—farewell to wife and child—
The doctor is forgot.
My nerves, my blood, my brain went wild,
I drank—I raved—I fought;
That time seemed like a blast of hell,
Its fire was in my soul;
Even now, whene'er I think of it
My brain begins to roll !
Two days went by—again I woke
To reason and to life;
Knew where I was—remembered all—
My child—my dying wife !
Back—fiercely back I lashed my horse,
Till down it sank and died;
Then on I sped on foot again,
My blood with horror dried !
I reached my home—my wife lay dead,
My child a frozen corse—
Dead—dead—both dead—a murderer !
Remorse ! Remorse ! Remorse !

Again rang forth the maniac cry,
Again his reason fled,
While Pity dropt the curtain down,
Upon the vision dread.

THE SHIPWRECK.

'Twas winter, and the frosty seas
Chafed on the ice-bound shores;
And the steady volume of the breeze
Was laden with wintry stores.

All night the black and heaving deep
Sucked down the melting snow,
That drifted high in many a heap
Where the billows could not go.

The ships that cleft the crests of foam
Held many hearts of fear,
That sighed for loved ones far at home,
Enjoying Christmas cheer.

In the blackness that precedes the dawn,
While the tempest round them whirled,
The Silver Crescent dashed upon
The rocks where the white waves curled.

Ah ! Dreamers, how did ye awake,
When the gushing flood in-rolled
And made a deep and treacherous lake
Of the vessel's gorgeous hold !

How fared ye when the flinging spray
Drenched your pale cheek and brow,
And the wind bore prayers and shrieks away,
And the vessel foundered low !

When tardy morning's struggling light
Revealed the dreadful scene,
No earthly help appeared in sight,
And the cruel waves did glean.

The tender and the frail and young,
 And hid them in their arms;
 The loud winds o'er them hoarsely rung
 A knell for their passing charms.

But brave men saw their dire distress,
 And forth with succor flew,
 To save from that wide wilderness
 Of waves, a long-tried few.

Poor stiffened forms that still did hold
 The spark that ne'er returns;
 Oh venture quickly seamen bold!
 Yea, each one danger spurns.

And thus a few—alas, how few!
 Are snatched from death's wide jaws,
 But the many are gone—a long adieu
 The beautiful that was!

MY COUNTRY.

My Country, my Country,
 I'm jealous for thy fame;
 O, that my hands might lustre add
 Unto thy cherished name.

My Country, my Country,
 If thine own sons prove true,
 There's not a land in all the earth
 Shall triumph over you.

My Country, my Country,
 Thou'st been baptized in blood
 By sprinkling, but 'tis just as well
 As plunging 'neath a flood.

My Country, my Country,
 Thy life line readeth true—
 There's not a land in all the earth
 Shall triumph over you.

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'TIS NOT WHEN JOY SPARKLES.

'Tis not when joy sparkles within thy bright eyes,
And mirth adds fresh music to each silver tone,
That my heart for thy love and companionship sighs,
And I mourn the decree which still bids me be lone.

'Tis not when in halls where the gay mingle free,
And soft music calls for the sinuous dance,
That thoughts of the past come in sadness to me—
The time when for me there was bliss in thy glance.

But, oh, when the first shade of sorrow hath passed
And shed o'er each feature a hallowed repose;
When the light of thine eyes hath grown calmer and chaste,
And thy voice hath grown sweet as the breath of the rose.

O, 'tis then that thyself of the past re-appears,
In a flash all the coldness hath fled from my heart,
And I gladly would mingle my own with thy tears,
And sooth thee till sorrow and pain should depart.

But another must sooth thee, another must share
The raptures of love and the sorrows of earth;
May his heart be as true, and as tender his care
As was mine, whatsoever that wish may be worth.

Farewell, and forever, thou loved one, farewell;
'Tis a word I once thought to ne'er say unto thee
Until death should have parted, and not the joy bell;
But farewell—joy be with thee as sorrow with me.

SCIENCE.

How cold the days ! How long the stiffening nights,
While the stars glitter through the frozen blue !
And waving round the pole, the northern lights
Fade and retire and spread again to view ;
The moon rides high, of purest silver cast,
Scarce seen the shades that tell of mount and plain ;
And from the snow a wide pale light and chaste
Arises till no darkness can remain ;
Yet all is cold, so cold, and so much light,
And sparkling brilliancy by day and night ;
And Nature pulseless, all her blood congealed ;
Man shrinks into himself in chilly gloom,
Mourning the summer and its vanished bloom,
The shady, restful grove and verdant field.

Evil the time if Reason, cold and clear,
And Science with unsympathetic hand
Should reign in wintry majesty severe
And nip the heart-bred beauties of the land.
Better the darkness of the summer night,
That draws the sweet, refreshing dews of heaven,
Leaving the world in freshened beauty bright,
When the gray clouds the crimson morn hath riven ;
Than all the ghost-revealing beams that shine
From every source but one which is divine !
O, that the sun of Righteousness and Truth
May melt the icy fetters off our hearts,
And bathe us with the light that e'er imparts
Unto the soul pure and unfading youth !

HARVEST.

August the tenth—a cloudless sky—
Eight o'clock, and the sun high, high.

Vanished the dew of early morn,
Save the big drops hid in the broad-leaved corn.

Wide and far, like a silver sheet,
Stretcheth the field of ripened wheat,

Down the lane and into the field
Cometh the binder, ponderous wheeled.

Three dark horses, a stalwart band,
Move at the touch of the driver's hand—

Halt ere a sickle hath touched the wheat—
The driver climbs from his lofty seat.

His twine-ball takes and the cord unwinds,
And threadeth the needle of steel that binds.

Now doth the reel revolve amain,
And the knives shear closely the bended grain.

Fingers of force clasp tight the sheaves,
Dropping thick as the autumn leaves.

But stop, strong horses and ponderous wheels,
A glance some vital error reveals.

Loose 'mong the stubbles falls each sheaf,
All in vain the driver seeks relief.

His cord is mixed in a tangled maze,
That never will yield to his wrathful ways.

Till he finds the clue of the tangled skein
Lies just in this—unwind from within.

'Tis thus we stand on Life's boundless plain,
White with the gleam of the ripened grain.

But ever our toil hath been withstood,
As we seek to bind and secure the good.

Till we learn the secret as old as sin,
For weal or for woe we must look within.

A WHITE SAIL ON A ROCKING SEA.

A white sail on a rocking sea,
A breeze that never dies,
A cloud that saileth, fast and free,
Across the sunny skies.

A maiden fair upon the beach,
A robe around her thrown;
Two melting eyes that soft beseech—
A prayer of sweetest tone.

O, Ruler of the mighty deep,
To whom we bend the knee !
In thine own hand my lover keep
And bring him back to me.

The cloud melts from the sunny skies,
The sail sinks out of view ;
The maiden dries her dewy eyes,
Farewell, thou lover true.

DISCONTENT.

I was in gloom, though knowing naught of grief;
I was in sorrow, doubt and unbelief.

I knew not God, nor worshipped Him in truth,
Though His commandments I had known from youth.

I loved not riches, but I cursed the fate
That left me serving at another's gate.

I saw the looks the proud upon me cast,
While in their dried-up dignity they passed.

Their glances were like arrows, sharp and swift,
That deep into my angry spirit cleft.

WHEN IN THE OLD CATHEDRAL.

When in the old cathedral
We listen to the swell
Of the organ, pealing softly
A faint funereal knell,
A thought of holy sadness,
A shade steals o'er my mind,
"The saint who enters heaven
Must leave this world behind."

Though the world at times seems worthless,
A fountain deep of tears,
Where the weight of sorrows gather
With the heavy growth of years,
Yet a power it still hath o'er us,
We cannot well o'ercome,
And the faintly sounding chorus
In sorrow leaves us dumb.

A PRAYER.

Oh Lord, thou givest rest
To those that weary are ;
Weary am I Thou knowest,
Fretted with worldly care.

Fain would I turn to Thee,
But lack the strength of will
To witness faithfully—
My duties well fulfil.

Too oft has Satan's snare
Involved my yielding frame ;
I paused beside his lair—
With me remains the blame.

Did I but use the strength
Thou givest unto all,
Victory might at length
Repay my trials all.

Oh ! shall I ever learn
To shun the breath of wrong ?
Experience though stern,
In teaching takes too long.

Give me a conscience clear,
A will devout and strong,
To turn with godly fear
Me from the path of wrong.

THE KNIGHT-ERRANT.

There isn't a breath on the lake, love,
There isn't a breeze on the plain ;
I'm going afar for your sake, love,
And not for the gold I may gain.

The west is the haven of gold, love,
The ranch and the white wheaten sea ;
Whatever the future may hold, love,
I'll carry its honey to thee.

For thee shall the furrow be turned, love,
The furrow that's black as a coal ;
'Toil and trouble for thee shall be spurned, love,
And patience shall bear up my soul.

All day on the prairies alone, love,
The hum of the bees in the flowers,
Shall mingle in sweet undertone, love,
With music of vanished hours.

At night I'll remember thy face, love,
The darkness shall never be dark ;
To divide, more is needed than space, love,
And miles multiplied miss their mark.

For thee the herd shall increase, love,
The herbage be cropt in its prime ;
All night they shall slumber in peace, love,
And to gold they shall turn in due time.

And so while the land is all calm, love,
I leave thee but I shall return ;
" You love me just as I am," love,
But love might poverty spurn.

And if our loving be true, love,
'Twill keep for a year and a day ;
Then I'll surely be back to you, love,
" So be it," then dearest one, say.

FAREWELL.

Farewell to thee, my dearest !
Farewell, a long farewell !
In its best sense—sincerest,
May good with thee still dwell.

How could I wish thee other ?
How could I wish thee less ?
Thy life blent with another
Still needeth happiness.

Thy heart was formed for gladness,
And drank from every spring ;
And turned from gloom and sadness,
As from some loathesome thing.

But oft-times fall the fountains
Beneath the summer's heat ;
And oft the barren mountains
Tire out the weary feet.

Then may the grace of patience
Unto thy heart be given ;
The fruit of supplications
Poured out to listening Heaven.

O may misfortune never
O'erwhelm thee as it might !
May all good angels ever
Preserve thee spotless, white.

Then let the dream I cherished
Deep in oblivion dwell ;
And while I mourn and grieve
I say to thee farewell.

AMONG THE CEDARS.

My love lives among the cedars,
Cedars pleasant to the eye ;
Where the wide and moonlit river
Rolls in solemn beauty by.

O the fragrance of those cedars !
O their sweetly pungent balm
At the hour of evening twilight
When Creation's pulse is calm !

O the hushed voice of the river
Sweeping stilly to the deep !
O the silent starry heavens
Whence the mellow dewdrops creep !

These together fill my bosom
With a feeling scarce of love ;
Till my soul goes forth in longing
To be lifted far above

Earth and all its cares and trials,
And still more its sin and shame,
And the burning of ambition,
And the hungering for fame.

But my love in radiant beauty
Comes to meet me,—O what bliss
In a moment is concentrated
In the rapture of a kiss !

As I press her to my bosom
Life again grows wildly sweet,
Caring not for past or future
In the present joy complete !

AT A CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL.

Once more to cheer earth's gloom and sadness
Hath beamed a day of joy and gladness,
A day from which rings out again
The song of, "Peace, good will to men."
The frosty air hath borne the chime
Of Christmas bells in joyous rhyme.
Again have Christmas songs been sung
In many a land by many a tongue.
In many a home, by many a hearth,
O'er all the wide and boundless earth.
Have gathered in from far and near
Friend parted oft for many a year.
Sons, daughters, and their children too,
About the old home circle drew.
Sad hearts and lonely have renewed
Youth's pleasures fair and rosy-hued,
And cast off care and felt the power
Of that good will which rules the hour.
The poor have felt the generous glow
Which Christmas brings amid the snow ;
And many a table scant and bare
Full oft ; to-night hath bounteous fare.

The boys and girls are free from schools
And all their tedious rounds and rules,
And now around the Christmas tree
They join in happy Christmas glee.
And all must feel that Christmas cheer
Comes in to crown the closing year.

And looking back o'er eighteen years,
A Christmas night again appears,
Still green in memory as the tree
Which seemed so wonderful to me !
The old stone church upon the hill
So lonely now, but stalwart still,

Was fill'd with light and mirth and song,
And held a gay and joyous throng.
High in the midst appeared the tree
Laden with gifts so bounteously !
Fruit that it never held before ;
Books, toys and candies, now it bore.
From every bough the candles gleamed
And tiny banners downward streamed.
Kind, willing hands had busy been
And formed a marvel to be seen.
Those busy hands,—where are they now ?
O'er some the weeping willows bow.
Some far are gone yet leave behind
A memory spotless, pure and kind,
Some still are here grown older now
With silver locks around their brow.

Boys, girls, and ye of older years
Remember why 'tis Christmas cheers !
It tell us that through Christ is given
A hope for earth, a hope of Heaven !
And looking back o'er times like this
We see how much of happiness
The world hath gained since that first morn
When angels told the Christ was born !

THE SNOW STORM.

No sky, no earth ; the gathering night
Doth onward glide
Like silent ghost in robes of white
O'er landscape wide,
And bringeth gloom and lonely shade
Upon her brow ;
The leafless treetops slowly fade,
'Tis darkness now .

And night hath sunk to silent ~~downy~~ rest,
A lonely bride ;
Cold, cold the couch beneath her breast,
By snows supplied .
No twinkling stars pierce through the gloom ;
The leaden sky
Seems but to canopy a tomb,
Where spirits fly .

Athwart the upturned features brush
The fairy flakes,
And melt like coldness in the blush
When love awakes ;
And from above a murmur flows,
Soft—indistinct,
As breath of summertide that blows
With slumber link'd .

A sifting, silent winter night,
That ever throws,
Upon the earth a burden white
Of lifeless snows .
Ah, cheerless often seems my heart
As is this night,
No gladdening ray doth hope impart,
No welcome light .

Thicker do fall the snows of Fate
 Around my path,
 And press on me with dreary weight,
 Though not in wrath ;
 The flowers that bloomed in early youth
 Are hid from sight ;
 Buried without remorse or ruth,
 My hopes so bright.

The warmth of all my love is gone,
 I dwell in gloom ;
 Scarce hoping for a rosier dawn
 Till in the tomb ;
 Fain would I hope that then at last
 I might find peace ;
 And in that heaven my lot be cast,
 Where sorrows cease.

So wrote the misanthrope, aged twenty-two ;
 A restful tomb just rising to his view,
 While as he wrote, beneath his own rooftree,
 A dread disease had come insidiously.
 Diphtheria had touched a little alien boy,
 Far from his home which erst was not of joy.
 Now by his couch our misanthrope doth stand
 Taking his life, his earth life, in his hand ;
 And for a week by day and night doth dress
 The little waif's throat's putrid filthiness.
 Here let him learn to turn aside from self ;
 Nor live for pride or power or place or pelf.

Disunion rife, of provinces and creeds ;
Rebellion—whatsoe'er its cause and blood,—
These mingle, blurring, on the page which reads
Of thy young womanhood.

Now, fifty years of thy benignant sway—
What have they done ? See our Dominion span
This continent ; while hatred dies away,
And every man's a man.

How hath the world gone ? Surely onward too
In every land swift flies the iron steed ;
The ship of steel cleaves the old waters blue,
With fierce enduring speed.

Around the earth thrill the electric lines ;
Dark Afric's heart warms 'neath another sun ;
No more the slave in hopeless thralldom pines ;
War's race is nearly run.

Mankind grows closer in its brotherhood—
A Beecher dies and many millions mourn—
Wrong fights a losing battle with the good,
And right is onward borne.

Then, Sovereign lady, may we not assign
To thee a share of honor for this good ?
A place of high and mighty trust was thine,
And nobly hast thou stood ;

While Melbourne, Russell, Peel and Palmerston,
Gladstone and D'Israeli the hosts have led,
And passed from active doings one by one,
Or, joined the mighty dead.

Serene and steadily has shone thy light ;
To purity and every virtue fair
An inspiration ;—to the deeds of night
Nemesis and despair.

Then let the year be marked by joyful mien,
And deep thanksgiving for the blessings past,
And earnest prayer for thee, beloved Queen,
O'er all thy empire vast.

Patriotism.

There is a grandeur in the words
 "I love my native land ;"
 The lips that speak them cannot brook
 The tyrant's harsh command.

A true and upright soul is that
 Which wings the patriot's breath,—
 A soul that dreads far more the yoke
 Of bondage base than death.

Yet is this world a common ground,
 Where man may meet with man,
 A bounteous heritage where all
 May win such as they can.

Away with those dim eyes that see
 No good beyond their land ;
 Away with that cold boor who spurns
 The stranger's proffered hand.

Welcome each guest from foreign clime,
 Who comes in peaceful mood ;
 Dwell thou with us in unity,
 And we will do thee good.

IN SPRING.

Sweet buds and flowers that burst in spring,
 From every leafy plant that grows,
 Their mingling share of perfume fling
 Upon the breeze that freshly blows,
 Till as it fans th' invalid cheek
 And laves the fevered brow again,
 It doth a benison bespeak
 From all the gladdened hearts of men.
 Thus each time-dweller his small share
 Of good unostentatious yields,
 To the eternal currents' care
 Wide wafting o'er the heavenly fields.

PESSIMISM.

A child upon its mother's knee
Knows nought of sorrow or of care,
But in its prattling gaiety,
Counts every object passing fair.
And if it weep at some mishap,
Or sorrows o'er a broken toy,
Finds an asylum in her lap,
And soon another cause for joy.

Could we but rest alike secure,
In faith on Him who rules us all,
We might the ills of life endure,
Nor murmur at each grievous fall.
But Fate compels each man to face
The world as though he were alone,
And fall, still struggling, in his place,
His monument—a dying groan!

HATRED.

Hatred is a fearful thing,—
See it enter not thy heart.
Like a serpent, coil'd to spring,
Ready forth with death to dart,
Doth it lie in evil breasts ;
Till the tender flowers that spring—
Charity and kind behests,—
Love prepared its sweets to fling,—
All are crushed around its lair,
All are poisoned by its breath ;
Venom laden is the air,
Every thought portendeth death.

THE VOLUNTEER.

Gloomy is the day out by,
Nature's brow is drooping,
And across the threatening sky
Sombre clouds are trooping.

But the gloom that hangs around,
Fills me not with sorrow,
'Tis the thought that I am bound
For the war to-morrow.

For my country I would fight
Earnestly and truly,
Feeling that our cause was right,
And would triumph duly.

But the heart can not put down
Sorrow at the parting,
Though the face may smile or frown,
Still the tear is starting.

Should a bullet find my breast,
Who will comfort Mary,
When far off in the North-west
I lie cold and dreary?

Not a friend has she besides,
But the God of heaven,
May His peace whate'er betides,
Unto her be given!

CECILIA.

A TALE OF THE OTTAWA VALLEY.

CANTO I.

The sky was all a crimson glow
Where the August sun hung rich and low ;
The air was still, and the dying day
Like a spent, ensanguined warrior lay
Breathing out its latest hour,
Conscious of its spirit's power.

Now, Ottawa, thy busy shore
Lists gladly to the hollow roar
Which, from the engine's iron throat
Bursting like a giant's note,
Bids the weary toilers cease,
Hushes noisy mills to peace ;
Fills the sidewalks soon with feet,
Marching to a quick "Retreat ;"
Lights the housewife's face with joy,
Stirs to life the father's boy,
While the evening table fair,
Stands with ready welcome there.

Fair placed upon that rock-built shore,
Which all its pristine wildness wore,
A life's short span ago, and yet
Hath tokens few that years beget,
The Parliamentary Halls returned
From every windowed niche and spire
The sunset glow that in them burned,
Till their vast sides seemed clothed with fire !
A peerless coronet—they crowned
The noble prospect spreading round.

Down 'neath the cliff the river rolled
With all the turbulence of old ;
Writhing like a thing of fear
From the gulf of the Chaudiere ;
Whence the sounds of conflict float
Mingling in a drowsy note.
Far and near in ample files
Stretch the ruddy lumber piles ;
Streets between them, up and down,
Like a still, deserted town.
Bright with evening's yellow fires,
To the right the sister spires
Of old Notre Dame appear,
Shining forth distinct and clear.

And upon its rocky crest
See the landmark of the west,
Christ Church—while between the two,
Pointing upward to the blue,
In a fair and stately band,
Consecrated temples stand.
Up and down the busy streets
Still the pulse of traffic beats;

Robbed of Labor's heavy measure,
Thrilling now with rest and pleasure,
Up the Rideau's pleasant waters
Glide gay freights of sons and daughters
Others wander at sweet will
In the park erst Major's Hill,
Or far down the shrub clad rock
Revel in the Lovers' Walk;
Never fairer spot than this
Since man turned from Eden's bliss,
And stretching off to distant skies
The rich and lovely landscape lies,
Like some arena wide and fair;
A mighty amphitheatre ;

There, had been waged, through vanished years,
A strife which shed no blood nor tears;
Nor ravaged peaceful hearts and homes
To fill with dead unnumbered tombs.
But from it peaceful homes did rise;
The glad earth opened to the skies,
As the old forests, mossed and gray,
Rank after rank were hewn away,
Till all the wide and verdant land
Bore trace of man's improving hand;
And Life's resistless steady heat
Proclaims his victory complete.

Far up where smooth the river roll'd,
A broad expanse, 'mid islets green,
A skiff that cleft the mirrored gold
Gave living interest to the scene.
Not often are those depths bestirred
By pleasure-seekers' venturesous oars;
Not oft the silvery tones are heard
Of woman's voice between these shores.
As nears the boat the island strand,
Which midway lies 'twixt land and land,
The rower gladly rests his arms,
And lays the oars like wings to rest,
Which long the wearied air have pressed,
And silent views his comrade's charms.

Well might he look ! such lot is given
To few by time and tempest driven !
Like a tranced vision stealing
Over every thought and feeling,
Deadening with delicious slumber
All the worldly cares that cumber,
Came to him, all glorified
In the sunset's golden tide,
The face of tenderness and trust,
Such as was ne'er by sculptor shown,
As fair as e'er was formed of dust
O'er which the charm of life is thrown;

Cecilia blushing 'neath his glance
Awoke him from his blissful trance;

“ Forgive me, fairest; if I erred
Thou wert the cause; be thine the word
Which shall prescribe meet penance now;—
What'er the fate to thee I bow !”
Again she blushed; Leander's tone
Bore not the trace of jest alone;
And that she blushed, seem more confused
As though she had his words misused;
And took for truth, at least for half,
What only earned coquettish laugh.
Leander, heeding not her mien,
Still on his oars did lightly lean;
And spoke in eager tones again:—
“ How, think you, doth it fare with men
Who toil for more than half the year
In distant woods so lone and drear;
Far from the usual haunts of men,
Where woman's charms are never seen;
And naught but memory yields the mind
Aught that is pure or good or kind ?
How shall the heart withstand the stress
Of avarice and worldliness ?
How fare the spirit in the hour
Of strong temptation's subtle power ?
When toil absorbs the week around,
Encroaching ev'n on sacred ground ?
Oft have I grieved that e'er my lot
Should fall in such unhallowed spot.
Yet hours of loneliness prepare
Zest to enjoy a happier share.
Paint, then, if thou canst, the bliss
Of such an evening as this !
And, O, Cecilia, I could pray
My life might all be like to-day !
With thy companionship so sweet
Time's cares would pass with winged feet ;

Or strengthen but the pure affection,
Love's best foundation and protection."
He stopped, while faded from his face
The look of hope writ there,
While came as quickly in its place
A shadow like despair.
Cecilia raised her down-cast eyes,
In what seemed like half-pained surprise.

Sooner for this Leander spoke :
"Tell me, I pray, have I just cause
For thinking I have rashly broke
Through Friendship's honourable laws ?
Leroy McKeown has told me you
Have pledged him your affection true,
When spring again spreads o'er the land,
That he will then possess your hand."
"O, base, ungenerous Leroy !
How long wilt thou such tales enjoy ?
Think me not rude if now I say
Such is untrue in every way.
When sickness filled his couch with pain,
And rest came not in evening's train,
I watched beside him night and day,
Till death at last was driven away ;
An orphan he and friendless here,
I tried to comfort him and cheer ;
For kindred blood is in our veins,
Though little friendship now remains ;
Heaven knows, of love I ne'er had thought,
But he for mine has vainly sought,
With passion fierce and uncontrolled,
Such as doth fill me oft with fear,
For he is dark and stern and bold,
And nothing sacred doth revere."
Swift through Leander thrilled delight—
Fled the last cloud of chilling night,
While living words his lips o'erflowed
Of love that long in secret glowed ;

How through long years her name had been
An anchor to withhold from sin—
A talisman to cheer and bless
When in the silent wilderness,
Brightening with hope the darkest hour
That ever tried its baleful power.
How much the more he might have said
Was never known, for right ahead
The fierce Chaudiere was heard, and lo !
The stream began to swiftly flow !

God help us, was Leander's prayer ;
While paled Cecilia's cheek so fair,
But though the blackening waters tossed
Like demons dancing round the lost;
While from the gulf below there broke
The thunderous roar—the misty smoke—
No indecision faltered there.
But energy as of despair
Gave to the rower triple force
To turn them from their fearful course.
Can they but reach yon islet green,
Oasis like, that decks the scene,
They need no more the torrent fear,
Though still their fate will be severe.
Now all thy skill in strong endeavor,
Leander, or farewell forever !

They're near the islet's border now !
They've gained it ! No, the very prow
Hath grazed it ! Now the current bears
Them swiftly down ! Accept their prayers,
O God ! Record the heartfelt vow
Which each in agony makes now,
That if deliverance Thou give
Henceforward they for Thee will live !

But see another hope remains—
Where man hath built with needful pains

A pier to guide the impetuous wave,
So that he may its powers enslave,
May yet be reached aslant the stream—
Now is the moment all supreme ;
They're saved—Leanders arms have found
A death-like grasp yon beam around,
And nimbly up the log-built pier,
Nerved with the stimulus of fear,
Cecilia climbs, and, freed, the skiff
Shoots o'er the fearful surge-swept cliff—
Nerveless and faint, Cecilia's charms
Rest thankful in her lover's arms.

Now do the twain to homeward turn,
What more of bliss have they to learn ?
The blest relief from awful fear—
The lovely land of promise near:
Sweet visions of its bowers of bliss
Raise them above a world like this !

Slowly together on they walk,
Too happy even to wish to talk,
Till by an unfrequented way
They reached the cliff 'neath which there lay
The dark and eddying river—there
Leander paused and said—"compare
Where we are now with where we might
Have been on this calm summer night !"
Cecilia raised her tear-dimmed eyes,
And whispered, "God doth right and wise."
Then to Cecilia's home they turned,
Where then the night lamp dimly burned.
Within that home, long spent with pain,
Cecilia's mother lies,
Who strove to say not all in vain
That God doth right and wise,
When, dripping from the cold, cold wave,
Home was her life's love borne,
And she beside a new made grave
Learnt what it was to mourn.

With thankfulness to-night she hears
The story of their vanished fears;
And tenderly consent is given
To vows pure as the light of heaven,

Now must Leander say farewell,
And sadly from his lips it fell;
To-morrow will two hundred men
Start for the distant woods again,
With them once more his lot must be
Till Spring spreads forth her greenery.

'Tis when the parting moment comes
And separation shows the heart,
'Mid sighs and tears, its bitter part,
That cold formality succumbs,
And bursting free from all restraint
The inmost heart assumes the sway,
And makes its tender, sad complaint
In tones that melt—with lips that pray !
Oh, what a strangely mingled share
Of bitterness and bliss was there
In that last loved embrace !
The saddest—sweetest moment flies,
The heart beats fast, the tear-drops rise
To dim that lovely face;
And he who forth must sadly go
Can only say to sooth her fear,
In accents tender, and full low,
“Dearest ! farewell ! be of good cheer,
We yet shall meet in joy again;
Good-bye ! God shield thee from all pain !”
And with the lover's parting seal
He left her there for woe or weal.

CANTO II.

Bright was the day at summer's close
When in his pride the sun arose,
Resolved his sovereign sway should be
Acknowledged still from sea to sea.
The harvest fields slow ripening still
The clustered vine beside the rill,
The maize with silken tassels crowned,
The apples growing smooth and round—
All court his glance with ample care,
And rich largesse is each one's share.

The clock is pointing round towards four,
The buss is at each tavern door
In Murray street, where flock together,
To spend their hours of summer weather
The hardy reapers of the woods—
The nimble riders of the floods ;
Now many a farewell glass is taken,
And many a farewell hand is shaken;
And many a bag and box is stored
Within the 'buss, then, "all aboard !"
Joe, Jacques, Baptiste, Francois, Xavier,
Dave, Peter, George; yes, all are there.
Fresh from the barber's unctuous hands,
Fingers bedecked with jewelled bands;
A massive chain hangs from each vest.
A soft slouch hat with care compressed,
Poised far and deftly on one side;
Shoes of the calf's soft, supple hide,
High heeled and neat for merry dance,
A legacy from far-off France—
So step they forth, their play-time o'er,
Gay as the cavaliers of yore.
Now rattling up the street they go
With all the speed their horses know;
O'er Dufferin bridge they smoothly bowl,

And past "the Buildings" swiftly roll;
Now on down grade they swiftly speed,
'Tis nearly four, and great the need;
Now Pooley's bridge is reached and past—
They're at the C. P. R. at last.
Bold, reckless hearts that know not home
Joy in a life that bids them roam,
And love the freedom of the woods,
And all the perils of the floods.
But some were here of kindlier mould,
Who felt more than their faces told.
Perchance the youth who now essayed
To test his strength in forest glade,
Who for three-quarters of a year
No dear familiar face would cheer;
Or he who left a life behind,
That slowly wasted—who will find
Naught but a grave to weep beside
On coming home at summertime.

Now loud and clear the warning bell
Cuts short each lengthened out farewell.
The train glides out in wondrous power,
Like army in the fateful hour,
To seek fair fields for mighty deeds—
Now faster, faster on it speeds
Through shrub-clad hills, o'er level plain,
Past smiling farms and waving grain,
Past nervous horses, mad with fear,
Now sweeping by the river clear,
With warning scream and panting breath,
Swift as the messenger of death.

Within the hindmost car there rode
Two passengers, whose features showed
But little trace of deeper thought
Than what in other faces wrought.
The one was built of medium height,
Stout, compact, every feature right;

Youth's freshness scarce had left his cheek,
Though lingered nothing soft or weak;
Bred from his youth to toil and care,
Well can he now sustain his share;
The threads that in some hands had been
Soon nothing but a tangled skein,
Beneath his touch ran smoothly on,
A multitude—yet as but one.
Yet now, though much might call for thought,
The claims of business are forgot;
His thoughts dwell on a softer theme,
And memory feeds his sweet day-dream.

Behind him, lounging all at ease,
A fellow traveller wooed the breeze
That eddy'd through the open pane,
Rich with the fragrance of the plain;
Strength to excess was in his frame,
Which more than passing glance would claim;
While looking closely in his face
You might discern a certain grace
Of lion-like repose and strength,
Which awed and chilled you with a dread,
Lest the fierce nature hid beneath
Should pour its fury on thy head!
His eyes seem softening in repose,
Yet fire within them smouldering glows,
That oft in anger blazing forth
Hath many a strong heart filled with fear—
Each deem'd it all his life were worth
To give defiant word or sneer!

As agent doth the younger go,
To range the woods through shine and snow,
And order wisely as he may
Upon the distant Keppewa,
The doings of three hundred men,
Parted by mountain, stream and glen.
And he it is who leaves behind,

In sorrow and distress of mind,
Cecilia, lovely, good and kind,
The other fills the foreman's *role*,
He of the strong and fearless soul,
And every man need dread the tone
Of anger from Leroy McKeown.

Now from behind its curtains red
The sun cast forth a lingering glance,
Then sank upon its roseate bed,
And shadow gloomed the wide expanse,
Where mellow twilight ruled serene,
Bright day and cloudless night between.
Still the untiring train sped on
With pauses brief till early dawn;
When, bright beneath the wakening day,
The roofs of Mattawa cheer the way.
Then wearied from its midnight race,
The engine slowly slacked its pace,
And as it paused for leisure brief
Heaved a great sigh of glad relief.
The "stopping place" forewarned can boast
Full tables for a hungry host;
Yet softened by the ways of town,
That soon the strong physique let down,
And drowsy from their midnight ride,
The men pushed many a dish aside.
Not such light fare will satisfy
When one short week has wandered by !

'Tis nearly noon—their boats are mann'd
And ranged in order on the strand,
And each impatient oarsman waits
To try the endurance of his mates.
Hurrah ! 'mid parting cheers they go,
With stroke no unskilled arms can show.
To the far west each prow is turned—
In foam the sparkling waves are spurned.

They leave behind the peopled shore,
The settler's home appears no more,
And silence o'er the desert reigns,
Unbroke save by the woodsman's strains :

SONG.

Farewell to all our hours of ease,
And all the charms that more than please;
Farewell to hearts we love so dear,
But now's no time to drop a tear.

Pull, boys, pull, leave home and friends behind;
Pull, boys, pull, this life is to our mind;
 In the pine woods deep
 Our camp we'll keep,
Where never a care will find.

To-night we'll feast beneath the sky;
To-night we'll on the green sward lie;
To-night the murmuring pines shall steep
Our dreams in music while we sleep.

Our camp in winter may be bare,
But then 'twill never lack fresh air;
Our fare may seem a trifle rough,
But, don't forget, we'll have enough.

Like brothers will we toil till Spring,
And make the woods with music ring,
And when on perilous times we fall,
The saints protect and save us all !

—

Here leave we them with oar and song
To waft the pleasant hours along;
And pass at once six weeks of time,
Which brings us on to autumn's prime.

Cool nights were come, while all the days
Seem'd fit for sweet and solemn praise;
A drowsy restfulness did lie
O'er all the earth and all the sky ;
A Sabbath time to sooth the powers
After the summer's strenuous hours.
The woods had lost by touch of stealth
Their vernal hues, their leafy wealth;
Awhile they blushed in rosy shame,
And lit the vales with golden flame,
Now through their branches bare and thin
The hazy sun looks softly in.
O'er the lone woods of Keppewa
The solitude of night had sunk—
And darkly gloomed the forest way,
Till indistinct each mossy trunk
Closed o'er the narrow trail which showed
The weary woodman's homeward road.

The shanty brightly glows within,
Their evening meal the men begin;
Bread, pork and beans for brawn and bone,
And tea in native strength and tone
Supply the boards, where each his best
Performs with an unbounded zest.
Then pipe and tale and jest and song
Pass merrily the hours along.
Leroy McKeown was ruler there—
Well fit the office he to bear—
Strong of limb and bold of heart,
A stern discipline did impart;
Thoug' if their work were fitly done
At night their course the men might run.

To-night the agent chanced to be
A sharer in their gaiety;
His manly form and pleasant face
Lent to their circle kindly grace.
Leroy his friendship seemed to claim,

And who could well the foreman blame ?
Leander's manner had a charm
That might the direst foe disarm.
And much they plann'd and held debate
On work that pressed and what could wait;
Of streams that might improvement need,
That in the spring the work might speed;
Of roads to cut and stores to bring,
And many another needful thing.

And as they talked Leander said
(A spear was over the foreman's bed)—
That years had passed since he spent a night
In spearing by the torches' light.
'Such need you not much longer say—
To-night, if willing, yet we may
Search out the haunts of trout and bass
In waters clear and bright as glass.
What say you then ? Fat pine have we
Hewn from the cleft of a gummy tree;
A bark lies on the lake below—
What say you ?' "I'm willing." "Then let us go."

No moon nor stars, the darkness lay
In sombre silence o'er the bay,
Which made the rapids' meaning drear
Sound weird and lonesome to the ear.
Thither their course they did pursue
By shores where overhanging grew
The silent forest, dark and still,
Pierced here and there by tinkling rill.
Now doth the ruddy torch illumine
The depths so lately wrapped in gloom,
Their finny denizens display
No terror at the startling ray,
But like the moth (man, if you will)
Sport in the glow that's sure to kill.
And many a victim witness bore
Leander learnt the art of yore,

As magnet draws the needle near,
So did the fish attract the spear;
Till round him was a goodly store—
Enough for one good meal or more.
Then said he to Leroy,—“My share
Of sport I’ve had, ’tis only fair
That you now try your hand and skill
While I do your position fill.”
They changed, and also changed their luck ;
Though fierce and oft Leroy forth struck,
Till with the force of blows he gave
Their bark drank almost of the wave.
No more was added to their store—
With a fierce oath Leroy gave o’er.
And by the torch’s waning light
 Leander saw not that a gloom
Black as the shrouding ebon night
 Over his comrade’s face did loom !
And through that gloom like shining stars
 His eyes shot forth a boding ray,
Fierce as the pard’s when iron bars
 Restrain him from his longed-for prey !
In tones that trembled with pent wrath
 He spoke—“And hast thou gained the prize
For which thou long has dogged my path
 With envy in thy jealous eyes ?
Think not thy plans and hopes unknown
Which lately have to action grown !
Though skilfully the snare be drawn
’Twill rouse more than the timid fawn !
If thou dost for thy welfare care
Remember this one word—beware !”

“Beware of whom ? Am I thy ward ?
Art thou Cecilia’s liege and lord ?
Must I move at thy touch and tone,
Or hide aught lest it should be known ?
Yet surely now no good can come
From strife, let all the past be dumb.

Her lips declared thy suit denied—
She now is my affianced bride.”

Swift through the foreman's veins then shot
A fiery thrill of hell begot;
And murderous wrath to check untaught,
That ever up its way had fought,
Blazed in his eye and clenched his hand,
That swept like fallen angel's brand
The spear in deadly circle round,
So swift, the air gave forth a sound—
Leander from the boat was sent
Like rock hurled from a battlement !
Once he appeared above the wave,
Then vanished, for the torch now gave
A dim, uncertain, flickering light
That feebly struggled with the night.
With needed skill and care, Leroy
Poised the canoe, that like a buoy
In restless waters, rocked and swayed,
As though at that dark deed dismayed.
Then to the nearest shore he bent;
His passion cooled, his anger spent,
Yet never softening to relent.
Once on the pebbly beach, the bark
He turned adrift, and in the dark
Waded neck-deep into the flood—
Then homeward turned, through tangled wood,
O'er deep ravine and noisy brook,
With hasty strides his way he took.
Nor wonder that, though bold and strong,
As thus he darkly crashed along,
The leaves that rustle 'neath his feet—
The partridge startled from her seat—
The rabbit hiding from his path,
Or bear low growling in his wrath,
Fill him with an unwonted dread,
More nervous haste add to his tread,
Till fear o'ercoming courage quite,

He rushes on in headlong fright;
And when the shanty ends his race,
'Tis honest terror fills his face.

And then a dismal tale he told,
Still shivering with the wet and cold,
Of how their frail canoe had burst,
And how Leander perished first;
He meanwhile struggling to maintain
A saving grasp, but all in vain;
All round, the men, with sorrowing faces,
Recalled the agent's many graces;
And fain they would have gone to seek
For him, but that the foreman's cheek
Grew pale—he swooned as from exhaustion,
And none knew where to seek the lost one.

Morn came; with hooks and grappling irons
They searched the lake and its environs;
But neither trace nor track was found
Of him so treacherously drowned.

And who may bear this dreadful tale
To her whose very heart will fail
At the first mention of the name,
Which shall to her remain the same—
The embodiment of manly beauty,
Of purity and filial duty?
Small matter;—hear we oft of news
Told gently—still must sorrow's dues
Remain the same, and grief its sway
Maintain for many a long, long day.

CANTO III.

The winter king hath lost his throne,
The glad earth spurns his icy chains ;
The glittering snow that lately shone,
Hath faded from the verdant plains.
Again the sun hath power to warm,
And proudly sweeps his path of blue;
The west wind that erst sped the storm
Hath trained his tones to softly woo
The backward flowers, that glimmering peep
With eyes half opened from their sleep;
The brimming floods with bearing bold
Speed on, with voices manifold
Swelling the chorus of the free,
The glorious song of liberty.

Through budding woods the lumberman
His perilous homeward course began,
Down myriad creeks, through rocky ways,
Journeying on through long spring days,
At night fall, by the torrent's side
The camp fire cast its radiance wide,
While tired and weary men around
Enjoyed the toiler's sleep profound.

Ere all had reached their homes again
Young summer tented on the plain.

Birth of a Nation ! Shall the day
By it made sacred, ere decay ?
Nay, let it on our calendar
Shine like a bright, unwavering star ;
The morning promise of a time
Rendered by noble deeds sublime !

The city where vice-regal state
Is held—with joyance was elate;

In festive garb did all appear;
The merriest time of all the year.
Each spot where interest belonged
With crowds of pleasure-seekers thronged.
Farmers had left the blooming clover
Untouched until the day was over;
Hushed were the sounds of busy mill,
'The merchant's shop was closed and still;
The man of thought forgot his gloom,
And Beauty showed her lovely bloom.

But one home holds a weary heart,
That may not in the joy take part;
Smitten with a grievous pain,
Owning sorrow's cheerless reign.
Wildly doth the Chaudiere pour
Its torrent down in endless store,
Wafting far the dewy spray,
Rain-bowed in the morning ray.
Spring floods have come—are on the wane
Leander comes not in their train;
And ever in Cecilia's mind

His words ring like a knell of pain,
Borne by a lonely desert wind,
From some forgotten, mouldering fane.
Her happy dreams of life have fled;
As mystic beauty moonbeams shed
Fades at the cold grey light of dawn,
So all her ideal hopes are gone,
And leave a dull and cheerless sky,
Ruled by a stern reality!
"O, Heavenly Father, ever kind,
Though to Thy ways our eyes be blind,
Grant me true patience to sustain
This weary heaviness of pain"
Such is her prayer this bright spring day,
Around, all brilliant seems and gay;
Pleasure and joy ascendant seem,
And sorrow the shadow of a dream.

But hark ! a knocking at the door—
She who had ope'd it off before
In joyous mood, now trembling, weak,
Turned from it with almost a shriek.
The past o'erwhelmed as with a flood—
Leroy McKeown before her stood.
Yet gentle courtesy declared
Its broken laws must be repaired;
She led the way into a room
Where flowers sweet-smelling were in bloom;
And from the windows summer airs
Came gently in to banish cares,
Yet neither felt the soothing power
That ruled the spirit of the hour.

Leroy was surely ill at ease,
And at the best would scarcely please;
Cecilia thought of but one scene
And there Leroy alone had been,
And he alone to her might tell
Of how her lover's fate befell.
And faintly came the tones which said,
"And thou wert by Leander's side,
When, every hope of rescue fled,
He sank beneath the midnight tide?"
"Aye, such was my unhappy lot !
We long with death in darkness fought ;
And struggled hard to reach the shore,
Till strength was spent and hope was o'er.
Thrice in despair, with fearful grasp,
And fingers that may not unclasp,
He seized on me—in like despair
I rent myself free from him there !
How I unto the shore did come
I know not—memory there is dumb."
He ceased, for his fair hearer's woes
Touched ev'n his heart—O, cold thy breast
Where woman's tears may not disclose
Some spot by pity still possess.

Again she spoke—"And did he leave
No word for me—no message dear—
Assurance that he did receive
Sure comfort from the strong One near?"
"No word I heard—death swift and fast
O'er took him ! Quickly all was past.
But these are dismal thoughts for you—
Forget the past and sadness, too;
Turn to the future, and behold
A path where fairer scenes unfold !
And love stands waiting to fulfill
The sacred mandate of thy will !
Think not this heart so cold and rude
That in it dwelleth nothing good !
Heaven may have formed me ill to please,
Yet thou hast brought me to my knees !
If aught can still my inward strife--
Can reconcile me unto life—
Can yield a sweetness to my cup
Which bitterness now filleth up—
It is thy love—thy heart—thy hand,
My all is left at thy command !"

"O, grieve me not"—Cecilia cried,
"I never now will be a bride !
The heart which once was mine to give
No more can love, nor care to live.
The things of earth no more can bless,
Or light the future wilderness,
Through which my weary feet must stray,
Till falleth evening shadows gray.
Speak not of love, then, but remain
A friend—for more thou'lt seek in vain."
"Say not in vain, for love hath laws
Which follow an abiding cause;
Though from the oak the vine be torn,
And hang dejected and forlorn,
It yet may thrive in shine and storm
While twined around another form;

And thou hadst better school thy heart
To yield thee—me—a happier part;
Than turn away in scorn and dread
To feed thy thoughts upon the dead !
Forgive me, for within me burns
The fire that love to madness turns !
Farewell ! may happiness be thine
As wrath and bitterness are mine !”

Outward he passed, to sunlight fair,
And left Cecilia silent there.
Nor did this visit seem to him
A failure, though success were slim.
Not his the quick discerning eye
Which reads defeat in time to fly,
Ere unconcern, perchance distrust,
Be turned to loathing and disgust.
To an hotel his steps were bent,
Where woodsmen's city hours are spent,
And idle days and nights of revel
Help many onward to the devil.
Here thronged his mates, in jovial mood,
In truth they were a lively brood,
Spending in their peculiar way
Their brief and hard-earned holiday.

Leroy of welcome had the best,
In truth he was an honored guest,
For every one was glad to make
Friendship with him for safety's sake;
And most had his companions been
For many a jovial night, and in
The woods for months had been together,
In fall and spring and winter weather.
And now the bar is seldom clear—
Gin, brandy, whisky, ale and beer,
A fiery vintage, are in favor,
Till some weak legs begin to waver;
And tongues grow thick and eyeballs wear
The inebriate's glassy, vacant stare.

Grand is the sight on battle day,
When in their glorious proud array
Two armies stand in fateful form
Deep breathing for the coming storm.
The glitter and the gleam of steel
Make to the eye a strong appeal!—
The rhythmic step of thousands calls
The sluggish spirit from its halls;
The roar of battle hath a power
To rule and deaden for the hour.
But ah, when the fearful day is done—
The weak have failed and the strong have won,
And the setting sun looks o'er the plain
Where the dead lie thickly as sheaves of grain—
And the air is burdened with strong men's groans—
And the hospital grates with the sawing of bones—
When the rush and tumult of strife is o'er
And the living are weary and faint and sore—
Then, then is the time to answer if war
Should ride in her proud triumphal car;
Crushing myriads beneath her wheel
That never can pity or tenderness feel;—
So is it when the goblet bright
Shines like a beacon of delight,
So is it when the life blood bounds
Quicker though all its varied rounds
At the first draught which surely seems
The nectar of the god of dreams!
But widely different is the sight
When the wine-fiend hath tried his might;
And reason hath been overturned
And lust and passion both have burned
Till spent, and stupid slumber holds
Its victim in disgusting folds!

The stars of evening 'gan to peep,
The skies their silent tear-drops weep;
Far in the east the red moon burned,
The pleasure-seekers homeward turned;

The multitudinous tramp of man,—
Was hushed as ere the day began,
The drunkard with bewildered head
In shame sought out his joyless bed ;
Such was Leroy's—though strong o'ercome
Was he, by that great spoiler—rum.
In heavy sleep he passed the night,
But stirred not with the morning light,
As was his wont, when with his men
His camp was pitched in mountain glen.
And when he woke his temples throbbed,
His mind was still of clearness robbed,
Moody and sullen was his tone ;
He seemed best pleased to be alone.

And shall this man of passions loose,
Who with his conscience makes a truce,
And scruples not at deathly deeds,
When that to such his purpose leads,—
Approach Cecilia, whom we know,
Is pure and spotless as the snow,
And with success? What need to tell !
O'er such the peal of marriage bell
Were but a mockery and a scorn,
For love hides weeping and forlorn.

CANTO IV.

'Twas night and darkness held the sway ;
The day was past—a summer day ;
The air was sultry and oppressed
With a vague feeling of unrest
Oft from the black northwest there came
The lightning's fitful ghastly flame,
And threateningly was heard afar
The boding sounds of coming war.
Such war as stirs the heavens above
When on the cloud battalions move :—
And the electric current's track
Is seen athwart the tempest black ;
And loud the booming thunder comes—
Louder than all earth's martial drums
Rolled in one note—until the hills,
Quake with the terror it instills :
And man with trembling upward glance
Declares his insignificance !

Now shrilly piping through the pines,
The wind led on its phantom lines.
A mighty roar of conflict rose
As when an army meets its foes,
And many a veteran's towering form
Went headlong down amid the storm ;
Shattered and wrecked—to mark the path
Of the fierce messenger of wrath.

Within a glen a cottage stood,—
By where a torrent roll'd its flood
Southward in reckless haste along,
While floated far its murmured song,
Of logs the hut, and covered o'er
In the peculiar style of yore ;
While feebly through the gloom of night
Shone out its solitary light.

Inside the hut a man of age
Sat listening to the tempest's rage
His face was seared by passion's fire ;
His eyes were the abode of ire ;
His stubborn will dwelt in a frame
Which nought but time alone could tame ;
And even that relentless foe
Must more than wonted prowess show,
Ere he would meekly bow his head,
To be a hoary captive led.—
Before him lay an unop'd book
In which none but the ungodly look.
Its leathern cover, old and torn,
Showed that by many a hand 'twas worn ;
For many a long year in the past
Had taught to charm, to blight, to blast ;
To heal the sick, or wring from fate
Secrets for which men would not wait.
A book of strange, weird, curious lore
Unknown to half the world or more,
Wherein were all the mystic rites,
Which conjure up unlawful sights ;
All the dark plans which men have tried
To feed their lust, revenge or pride.
Yet had its motto been obeyed,
No one had been through it betrayed ;
For clear upon its foremost leaf
Were these two lines distinct but brief,
"Read me thou mayest, but prove me not,
Or hell will surely be thy lot,"
But as in ever-verdant Eden,
No tree charmed as the one forbidden ;
Until a rash unlawful hand
Defied the strict, unchanged command ;
So, curious fascination turned
The leaves that with strange import burned ;
Till by degrees inured to sin,
The reader paused not to begin.

Then wondrous were the thoughts that ran
Like lightning through his brain,
When he beheld how over man
He could triumphant reign !
Could touch the secret springs of thought
O'ercome the stubborn will ;
Joy in revenge he long had sought—
Give avarice its fill.
Strange were the tales told of him soon—
Few cared to earn his wrath ;
Twas said no shade he cast at noon
Upon the sun-bright path.
'Twas his to wield the broad-axe keen,
To smooth the shaggy trunk,
'Twas said his axe worked all unseen
When the dark night had sunk.
And oft of late strange fear had gloomed
His brow upon their homeward way,
When the fierce *chutes* before them foamed,
Unknown to him in earlier day.
And, as he sat alone this night,
While in its fury raged the storm,
Strange objects seemed to meet his sight—
Of mournful sad, phantasmal form.
Pale shadows from among the dead
They filled him with a fearful dread,

Twice did he ope the bolted door—
'Twas black as the Plutonian shore,
Save when the blinding flash laid bare
The rugged landscape to his glare.
Again he turned to seek within
Relief from haunting fears of sin,
And pored with dark and troubled look,
O'er the weird pages of his book.

Again he starts with mind unstrung,
And muttered curses on his tongue,
Pacing his narrow floor like one
To whom death cometh at the dawn.

"Away, ye fears," 'twas thus he spake,
Too late ye come the die is cast ;—
For me awaits the fiery lake—
Not penance, scourge or lengthened fast
Can wipe away the stains of crime
That deepen with the touch of time !
Tell me, ye fiends, what have I gained
Since I have run your paths unreined !
Revenge—the poisoned bait which seems
The sweetest bribe of all our dreams—
How it doth canker all the rest
Of him who warms it in his breast !
O, that the past could be denied
From which a shadow haunts my side ;
O thou who perished in thy youth
In pride of purity and truth,
Pity the soul that wrought the ill,
That lived to suffer—suffers still !
Thou could'st not joy to see the pain—
Of even thy murderer ; but in vain
I seek forgiveness—never more
Thou'lt greet me from the silent shore !
Again I melt—O God, the tears
Spring from the parched fount of years !
Enough ! no more the dews of sorrow
May damp my cheek--the dawn of morrow
Shines on a man by hope forsaken—
A heart no touch of love shall waken !"
Scarce had he settled down again
When dashed to earth the loosened rain ;
For now the thunder pealed o'er head
E'er the quick lightning-flash had fled.

Suddenly at the bolted door
A loud-voiced stranger fumed and swore—
Oped from within it yielded now,
And in he came with scowling brow—
"Why, Westerman, why lock the door ?
Did'st think that thieves might reach thy store ?
No fear, for by my life I swear

'Twould take a treasure rich and rare
 To tempt me out on such a night,
 Were I but safely housed aright !"
 "Who's voice before had heard that tone
 Could not forget Leroy McKeown.

The foreman said, "I come to see
 Fulfilment of your pledge to me,
 No art, entreaty, feint or scheme
 Can in her eyes my fame redeem—
 Were I the devil fresh from hell
 I might have fared perhaps as well !"
 The old man turned him to his book,
 And becked the foreman from the door,—
 And traced with gnarled hand that shook

The lines of dark mysterious lore :
 "Think thou upon the dreadful rite
 Which thou would'st have performed to-night ;
 And read the awful malediction,
 On him who bids that spell's infliction !
 No evil ever can be wrought
 But that the doer shares a part ;
 Yea, every shaft by venom fraught
 Rebounding smites the sender's heart !

"Think not that I came here to rue
 And tremble at what thou canst do !
 If my eyes serve to read aright
 'Tis you doth dread the task to-night !"
 "Nay" cried the man of magic skill,
 "Such thoughts did once my bosom fill,
 But they are past—I think of her
 On whom this night shall sure confer
 A burden and a joyless life,
 For love is more than silenced strife.
 Fain would I save you both from ill,
 But if thou wilt, then have thy will !"

Fixed and unyielding seemed the mood
 In which Leroy the ordeal stood ;

Yet o'er his face and lips the hue
Of ashen pallor slowly spread;
And on his brow the gathering dew
Like tears his soul unconscious shed.
And then perchance was lurking near—
Fear—grim involuntary fear—
That gave strange import to the storm—
The thunder's loud resounding call,
As 'twould the universe alarm
Before Jehovah's wrath should fall !

'Twas thus they stood, while every nerve
Like a shrill cord was stretched and tense,
From which a touch would surely serve
To bring the echo of suspense ;
When lo ! as with a gust of wind,
The door burst in, and plain defined,
Leroy beheld Leander's form,
All drenched and dripping from the storm !
Transfixed he stood—the haggard face
Brought back the ne'er forgotten place
Where he upon the midnight flood
Was guilty of his comrade's blood—
One step the form takes to Leroy—
A shriek—a scream—but not for joy—
Above the tempest 'oudly rang,
As from the door the foreman sprang
Into the black tempestuous night,
Like guilty spirit from the light ;
Too wild with fear to pause—to think,
He nears the torrent's treacherous brink—
Too late he hears its tones of wrath
Come from the blackness of his path.
A fearful and unearthly cry,
Such as doth haunt the memory,
Peals through the air; it is the last,
Repentance for Leroy is past !

Leander, for it e'en was he,
And Westerman, no more could see

A trace of him so quickly lost;
The waters still in trouble tost,
But ne'er to mortal eye disclosed
The burden which that night imposed.

Now had the storm its fury spent,
But still the lightning backward sent
Defiant glances, like a child
But from its anger half beguiled.
"What did Leroy so awful see
In a drenched traveller like thee ?
Methought no human being could
Have changed so quick his daring mood."
Thus did Leander's host enquire,
His eyes bright with triumphant fire.
"No mortal being could, but I
Seemed to him from eternity,
A messenger returned to time
To haunt him for his hidden crime !
His fate was dreadful, though his deed
To me as hard an one decreed,
But sorrow must be felt for one
Who to eternity hath gone,
Without a moment to prepare
For all that may await him there."

"Sorrow ! Nay—joy the word should be !
No pity filled his breast for me !
Though hard all unprepared to go
Out from this world and all its woe,
'Tis harder still to see before,
Long ere we come to Death's dark door,
Nought but the blackness of despair !
Well might I curse and rend my hair,
That when 'neath crushing tree I lay
He of all others came my way !
Ere this had I upon a path
Entered, which leads to certain wrath.
Believe not thou the men who say

Witchcraft hath been explained away.
Man hath a soul ; there is a God ;
 And evil reigns whatever its cause ;
And every path which I have trod
 Hath been amid mysterious laws.
The book which thou beholdeth there
Had led me surely down to where
I might retreat, but one step more
Would cross the fatal limit o'er !
'Twas thus, when in the woods alone
Pinioned to earth, he heard my groan.
He came—I thought relief was near—
Good God ! What are the sounds I hear !
He viewed my state—with heartless voice
He gave of life or death the choice—
The price of life a pledge must be
Which bade farewell to hope for me.
Refuse him that—he left me there
Food for the wolf or hungry bear !
In vain I plead in every name
For unbought succour—'twere the same
As though I to the trunk had spoken
That crushed me till my heart was broken !
In torturing pain and almost dead,
Scarce knowing all the words I said,
The fatal pledge I gave to him,
Then mind and sense and soul grew dim ;
When consciousness returned again
I deem'd repentance were in vain.
And marvel not with me no pain
Nor pity for him do remain—
This night had seen his purpose wrought
But that for shelter here you sought."

His story ended, and the night
 Being far spent, the old man pressed
 Food and refreshment on his guest ,
Begged him to wait till morning's light
Should rid of peril all the way—

Thus pressed, Leander thought to stay.
Soon did he share the humble bed
Of Westerman, from whom had fled
All trace of anger and remorse ;
For soon his breathing loud and hoarse
Through the small room did strangely sound,
Where utter silence reigned around.

But sleep seals not Leander's eyes—
Before them many a memory flies
In mingling tumult, till they seem
Chaotic fragments of a dream.
And as with open eyes he lay
His comrade might have heard him say—
“What use to lie in such a plight,
Sleep will I not the live long night;
I oft have travelled night and day
O'er many a more uncertain way;
The moon is out, and by its beam
I'll follow onward down the stream.”

CANTO V.

Now to the past turn for brief space,
While we Leander's wanderings trace;
For surely for so long his home
Hath not been 'neath the fountain's foam !
And he would ne'er have silence kept,
While friends beloved in sorrow wept,
But that some cause beyond control
Bound up the currents of his soul.

When from the bark Leander fell
Into the lake, insensible;
Once he rose ; then the outward flow
Of water carried him swift below.

Unknown the outlet thus he passed,
Borne onward fearfully and fast
Nearer to waters dark and still,
Whose very gloom might the living chill.

O, then, Leander, Death was near thee
And ready watched to grasp his prey !
No human ear was there to hear thee ;
No star shone on thy fearful way !

Perchance in her dim chamber kneeling,
Some vague shadow o'er her stealing,
At this moment pleads a maider
For her lover, sorrow-laden ?

Chilled-shivering-gasping-struggling-sinking;
Life, death and madness interlinking;
The past, a moment gone, an age
In distance; the tempestuous rage
Of waters murmuring in his ears;
Darkness filled with the ghosts of fears—
So was he when unconquered life
Again awoke his limbs to strife;
And they for long in water skilled
Almost unbid their part fulfilled.
Had reason guided as before
Ere long would he have reached the shore;
But like a bark unhelmed at sea,
Of winds and waves the mockery,
His aimless efforts failed to reach
Or long, the never-distant beach.
Once there, his limbs relaxed, he fell
Among the reeds, insensible.

Weak and fatigued and numb with cold,
A troubled slumber o'er him rolled.
Wild and delirious fancies crossed
His mind, while restless limbs he tossed;

At times in tones devoid of fear,
As though menaced, he cried, "forbear !"
Or warding off some struggling foe
Convulsive tossed him to and fro,
And wildly stared his blood-shot eyes,
While "mercy !" "mercy !" were his cries !
Back then to fall in weariness,
Which did his piteous state confess:
And so the night passed, and the day
Came smiling o'er the wood and bay;
High rose the mist to upper air—
Cool blew the breeze—the sky was fair;
But in the shade of lofty pines
Leander knew not morning's signs.

Two hours the sun had upward climbed,
While huskily the sere leaves chimed,
When gliding o'er that sheltered bay
A birch canoe shot on its way;
'Twas guided by an aged man,
Shrivelled and wrinkled, bent and wan;
Skin of the hue that parchment wears
After long damp and mouldering years ;
Thin locks uncut, that far behind
Were wafted faintly on the wind.
No beard lent patriarchal grace
To the sharp outlines of that face;
His dress was a strange cross between
What now is worn, and what hath been,
When his fierce untamed ancestors
Rushed to their never-ending wars.

The last of all his tribe that bore
The unmixed Indian blood of yore
Was he, and oft he fiercely viewed
The breakers of his solitude,
As ever farther on they pressed
Towards the wild, wealth-yielding west.

Rage seized him oft while pondering o'er
The trials that his kinsmen bore;
Filled with the white man's lust and crimes,
That rendered worse the hopeless times.

His daughter sat before him there;
Dark color dyed her cheek and hair,
Each fearless eye from deep recess
Scann'd stream and sky and wilderness
Proudly, as though she were the queen
Of all that wide and varying scene.
And deftly still the oar she plied,
And swiftly on the bark did glide,
Like a cloud that crosses the summer sky
When the sun is bright and the breeze is high.
Saw he then with his mental sight ?
Was it a spirit of darkness or light,
Or a flash of sunlight from paddles bright,
That caused Leander to lift his head
From his cold and damp reed-guarded bed ?
Tell he who can—the Indian gazed
A moment—then his rifle blazed—
Too late his daughter's hand depressed—
The weapon had obeyed behest !
Loud rang the forest with alarm,
Shrieked echoes at the deed of harm ;
The wild duck strains its glossy wing,
To their far haunts the wild deer spring;
Dull bruin stops with startled ear,
And turns dismayed that sound to hear;
The wood-bird's tap is heard no more,
And silence reigns along the shore.

In deep chagrin the Indian cried,
"A mete reward for hunters' pride !
Alas, my eyes grow dim; I thought
A bear was target for my shot !"
Fain would he then have fled the scene,
"Nay," cried his daughter, "we between

Two evils now must surely choose;
Leave him—and he his life must lose;
Then we are murderers indeed,
And worthy of the murderer's meed.
Bear him to where we late have past
And make for vengeance one repast;
For sure with wrath and scorn and hate
These men will strive to avenge their mate."
"And but last night," the old man said,
"I threatened vengeance on the head
Of him who dared to haunt thy path—
They'll swear he suffered from my wrath."

How lags dull Time when anguish wears
Deep in the heart that lives and bears !
As though to watch with gloating eye
Its writhing in its agony !
And all creation's face appears
Unmoved by all its griefs and fears !
The shining sun hides not his face,
No cloud stops in aerial race,
The wind hath no new gentleness
To waft its comfort or caress;
The notes of gladness from each bird
Are by no depths of feeling stirred;
Though he the round of nature scan,
Man hath no friend so true as—man !

So felt the twain that clear bright morn;
Their faces that so late had worn
The look of freedom untouched by care
Now saddened and darkened by despair.
Suddenly brightened the old man's brow—
Surely relief hath come to him now—
"Not far from here there still doth stand
The lodge built by our hunting band,
Ere we removed to lonelier shades,
Before the white man, who ever invades.
Thither we'll bear this stranger—tend

Him till his strength doth some amend;
His wound once healed, his friendship gained
By kindness free and unrestrained,
Then we can bear him, where he may
Return himself, and haste away."
Again they started on their way,
And left behind the fateful bay;
And paddled swiftly down the stream
Till cast the sun his mid-day beam—
Ascended then a tribute tide
Two furlongs up the forest wide.
There on the low grass-mantled shore,
That marks of habitation bore,
Stood a small lodge of poles and bark,
On which decay had placed its mark;
There did they gladly stay their hand
And pushed their laden bark to land.

Food, fire and shelter furnished then
Soon brought Leander strength again.
The Indian's skill in healing, too,
Gave nature aid, her part to do;
And large the breach she will repair,
Where man hath not abused his frame,
With sins that on his face declare
Their sovereign power, their victim's shame !
Ere long Leander strong had grown,
Yet reason trembled on her throne.

All memory of the past was gone—
The present seemed of life the dawn.
A strange, weird spell was round him cast,
That left in mystery all the past,
And pressed him back, as 'twere, in years
To when the hope of youth appears;
Yet not a child—disconsolate,
Though realizing not his state;
He loved the sunshine, bright and clear;
He loved the river's voice to hear,

And oft would wander by the shore,
As studying deep its mystic lore;
Or viewing pictured scenes, where deep
It flowed on with resistless sweep.

Kind were the Indians to him then,
And asked him o'er and o'er again,
Whence he had come, and where he willed
To go, but still his answer filled
Them both with trouble, for he prayed
But for their company and aid,
And begged them not to leave him there,
But let him in their journey share.
Up stream, o'er lake and portage wide,
And water-shed, whence eastward glide
The streams that swell the Gatineau
In its romantic southward flow ;
Off to a region wild and lone,
Unsettled and almost unknown;
There finds the moose congenial home,
And through the wilds the shy deer roam;
And hungry wolves in nightly race,
With horrid yells maintain the chase.
On noiseless pinions, soft and wide,
At eve the snowy owl doth glide ;
While from the dusky birch-clad hill
Calls forth the mournful whip-poor-will.
When night hath sunk o'er stream and wood
How gloomy is the solitude !
The shrill bark of the prowling fox—
The fishes plunging in the stream—
The bull-frog's bellowing, that mocks
The roar of Afric's king supreme—
These break the stillness but to show
How great the silence earth may know !
The Indians for this place were bound
When they Leander strangely found.
Ten days the lodge they tenanted,
Till the last summer's birds were fled;

Then warned that winter came apace
They started for their destined place,
Where did their kin in wildwood dwell—
Thither Leander went as well.

Long time their journey did require,
And welcome was the nightly fire
Ere they with joy did it complete ;
For rain and snow and colder sleet,
And cloudy days, that joyless seemed,
Were scarce by some all bright redeemed.

So winter came and winter passed,
And genial spring came round at last.
And spring was merged in "leafy June,"
And June was lost in summer's noon.

Then was it on a sultry day
Leander by the stream did stray;
The fisher's rod was in his hand,
Though cast he not its slender strand.
Ere long he reached a spreading tree,
Which might a restful arbor be;
Its drooping bows o'erhung the stream,
While through them shot no scorching beam.
The old year's leaves, that 'neath it lay,
Seemed a fit couch for such a day;
And there Leander laid him down—
The fly's light buzzing wing might drown
All sounds that nature murmured there—
No zephyr stirred the hazy air;
The stream, tired of the rapid's sport,
A drowsy motion seemed to court,
That scarcely showed a stranger's eye
Which way its volume wandered by.
Hushed were the warblers of the morn,
Their restless wings were drooping borne;
Deep in the shade they sought retreat
From the fierce, scorching noontide heat.

Soon o'er Leander's senses crept
Oblivion sweet, at length he slept.

Again he saw his home of yore,
Beside the Rideau's pleasant shore;
Again youth's gladness, wild and sweet,
Urged on his never-wearying feet
O'er many a path, while pleasure led
And hope's bright landscape round him spread;
Then shadows, darkened with their gloom,
From which there dimly shone a tomb—
That passed, and in a wildering train,
Strange phantasies swept through his brain;
Perilous moments he had known
In vividness again were shown !
While fancy framed unique designs
From her unfathomable mines.

In distant climes his pathway lay,
Where burning heats consume the day;
Far as the eye in distance reached
A bare, unverdured desert stretched.
No fount to cool the traveller's tongue
From out its fiery surface sprung.
No palm, bespeaking future rest,
Broke the monotony of its breast.
Around his feet amid the sands
Lurked the fell serpent's dusky bands.
And as he gazed, in mute despair,
Swept on the desert's poisonous air;
Whirling the sand in sleetv hail,
That filled the suffocating gale.
Gasping for breath amid the storm
That surged around his prostrate form,
He feebly prayed for help; it came,
And tender accents breathed his name;
An angel form beside him knelt;
His brow the cooling presence felt;
A gentle hand was in his placed;

The storm was o'er and calmed the waste.
He turned to view his heavenly friend,
And saw Cecilia o'er him bend,
In joyous transport clasped the form—
Alas, it vanished with the storm ;
Such grief and anguish o'er him came
He woke with on his lips her name;
While from his mind was cast the thrall
Which had o'erhung it like a pall;
Quickly as vanishes the gloom
Of some long-closed, deserted room
Before the beam of noonday bright,
Fled the black clouds of mental night;
And all the lovely things of thought,
So long unseen, so long forgot,
Again returned, and from his eyes
Looked out with wonder and surprise !

Long did Leander, wonderingly,
Gaze round on mount and stream and tree,
As though he ne'er before had seen
Those granite rocks, those boughs of green.
But soon the past, in dread detail,
Which well nigh caused his heart to fail,
Was understood—he breathed a prayer
For help and guidance and all care.
Then by a sinuous path that wound
By marge of stream and woodland ground,
He reached the spot where he had spent
Nine months in what seemed like content.

The old man sat within the tent :
His daughter o'er a basket bent,
Which she with skilful fingers wove
From spoils ta'en from the mountain grove.
Leander entered ; both amazed
In wonderment upon him gazed ;
And seemed embarrassed by his mien,
As though he had a stranger been.

* * * * *

The summer sun was sinking low,
And shadows had begun to grow,
When by the shore Leander stood.
His bark kissed by the limpid flood.
His Indian friends around him drew
And filled with gifts the light canoe.
Think you Leander well could leave
Those dusky foresters nor grieve?
Or that no sadness fill'd his mind
At leaving friends so true behind?
Farewells are said and from the shore
The fragile craft is turned once more
Adown the sun-besparkled stream,
Fair as the river of a dream,
The Indians watched it slowly pass
Till calmness did the waters glass.

CANTO VI.

A darkened room—a watcher pale—
A form life hasteneth to leave ;
Daylight is fading, soon will fail ;
The lamp renewal must receive.
The sick-room knoweth no lonelier hour
Than twilight, in the twenty-four.
The gathering gloom of night appears
To suit the silent growth of fears ;
What shall the midnight watches bring
The rustling of Death's shadowy wing ?
The ebbing breath—shall it remain
Till the grey morning break again ?
Or shall its light the awful seal
That quells each lingering hope reveal ?

“Mother, how is it with thee now ?
A brightness seems upon thy brow ;
The lines that pain too long have traced
Seem fading ;—O that I might taste
The bitter cup for thee and save
Thee from the anguish of the grave !,

“O speak not thus, my daughter dear !
The grave hath neither dread nor fear.
The path ahead is bright and clear ;
The path the Holy One of God,
In earthly pain and sorrow trod,
And smoothed the way for weary feet ;
And Him ere long my eyes shall greet.
Yes, when I look ahead my heart
With joy, no earthly hopes impart,
Is filled ; I long to stand with those,
Where not a tear of sorrow flows,
Who have in triumph passed the vale
Of shadows,—why so quail my dearest ?
'Tis not death that thou only fearest ;
The separation—Oh 'tis pain,
But hope—We yet shall meet again.
To thy young heart such promise bears
A dreary comfort from thy fears,
But to the ear of long-tried faith
It bringeth peace 'mid shades of death.”

“We yet shall meet, but O the woe
Which I in loneliness must know !
O that I might now with thee fly
And breathe out life in one long sigh !”

“Nay, daughter do not thus repine ;
Great happiness may yet be thine.
Last night when slumber seemed to rest
Upon my eyes, in dreams I saw
Thee happy and supremely blest,
And still from this my heart doth draw
Much comfort ; for I oft before

Have found truth in such mystic signs,
Wafted from some mysterious shore,
Along unseen connecting lines.
Her voice grew fainter and her eye,
With weakness and infirmity.
Clouded and closed, and unsought slumber
Filled up her hours that few did number.

Slowly and sadly doth the gloom
Of sadness round Cecilia close ;
Her mother passing to the tomb
The bitter cup o'er flows ;
Her lover—since that happy eve
How well hath she been taught to grieve !
Ah me, rebellious thoughts will rise
Scarce thinks she now that God doth wise ;
Though no such thought her lips expressed
She could not drive it from her breast.

Scarce had she left her mother's side
When in a messenger did glide ;
And placed a letter in her care ;
Unthinking what its page may bear
She breaks the seal—Alas for me
How can I paint the mystery—
The 'wilder sense of unbelief—
The beam of joy intensely brief—
The rush of thoughts that stun the brain
And dim the eyes that read in vain
Till faint she sinks into a chair
Weak, giddy ; yet not in despair ?
Hearts that have borne through anguish long
And stood the strain of grief when strong,
After long vigils, sad and lone,
That rob the mind of strength and tone,
Oft sink beneath the sudden weight
Of joy ; as when the feeble fire
In the long-unreplenished grate
Beneath fresh fuel doth expire.

And when upon that hasty page
Cecilia saw the words which told—
She yet might know the joys of old—
That still Leander lived—the age
Of sorrow she had known had been
The bitter fruit of others sin ;—
The thronging thoughts did crowding come
 So sudden that they seem'd to press
 The life from out her heart, which less
With joy than wonderment was dumb.

Few moments passed, though long it seemed
While thus she indistinctly dreamed,
When a quick step approaching o'er
The noiseless softly-covered floor,
Awoke her from her trance-like mood ;
And glancing up, before her stood
Leander—O how quickly fled
The doubt, the torment and the dread,
Which waited but the proof that brings
Conviction—sight assures all things.
Again she saw the same dear face
Where pain had left perchance a trace—
The same dear eyes that seem'd to her
Filled with a new love tenderer !
She rose—she sprang to find relief
Upon his breast from joy, from grief ;
And o'er both hearts a softening came
Which is not joy—which hath no name—
A tenderness, which joy and peace,
And of long sorrow sweet surcease,
Shed o'er the heart till it would fain
For such reward endure again !

* * * * *

Once more amid the shadow land
Which stretches round on every hand,
Invisible to daily eyes,
That never scan the distant skies,

They stood beside the bed of death
Where a pure soul resigned her breath.

“No pang is left—no cause for pain
For thou wilt soothe Cecilia’s woe :
Till peace and comfort come again
After I forth forever go.

* * * * *

I trusted in the Lord and He
Hath not forgotten mine nor me.

* * * * *

No fear appals my heart, for One
Is with me, even God’s Holy Son.

* * * * *

He lights the way – the heaven of light
Is beaming on my raptured sight.

* * * * *

O God, thy help in this last trial
Is worth an age of pain—denial !
The waves of Jordon round me swell—
Farewell—ye weeping ones—Farewell !”

—

Pain, grief and woe, all have their gloomy day,
Yet like the clouds that check the heavenly ray
They pass; and once again the earth appears
In radiant beauty, though bedew’d with tears.
The hearts are not, that all their lives must pine,
And every hope and every joy resign;
Shivering at every blast, so cold and rude,
That sweeps about them in their solitude,
Until toward the entire universe
Each glance is blasphemy—each thought a curse !
Wearing themselves away in bootless strife
With unsought burdens and the greatest, life.
No, no—the world was never framed for this !
All must know sorrow, but all may know bliss.

The snows of Winter may pile cold and high,
But they must melt beneath Spring's sunny eye;
The stream beneath its icy burden groans,
But it shall yet rejoice in happy tones;
The night may thicken till the stars are hid,
But light shall come from morning's lifted lid.
And though death come—friends go—or slander speak,
Or wrong triumphant should oppress the weak;
The wind untempered nip the opening flower,
Or sin o'ercome thee in unguarded hour;
Despair not—falter not—speak no rash word,
Thy thoughts are open, and thy speech o'erheard.
And trust—just recompense shall yet repay
Thy every trial at no distant day.
What though that portion of thy course should lie,
Which bringeth it within eternity?
'Tis not so distant yet—we all shall tread
Ere long the Court of Justice of the dead.

Yea, mourner, thou dost well to shed the tear,
And bend in anguish by the loved one's bier.
'Tis better for the heart that grief's excess
Be lost in tears, than work in bitterness.
And thou dost well to dry thy tears and take
The burden up of life for love's own sake.
Then shall thy days in bright succession run—
All is not vanity beneath the sun.

End of Cecilia.

THE STAR.

In the cold heavens, before the dawn,
A star of wondrous beauty shone.
Earth still slept on; the winds were still;
No murmur from the frozen rill.
The starry throng o'erspread the sky,
An innumerable company.
But, brightest far of all the host,
This star of promise charmed me most.
It told the night was nearly done ;
It heralded the coming sun.
It held my gaze; I watched it long,
As listening for the angels' song.
The song that still with sweetness fills
The memory of Judea's hills.
I thought of those wise men of old,
Whose lives are wrapped in mystery's fold ;
And of the star that guided them
To the dear Child of Bethlehem ;
Whose life had taught to every clime
That lowly paths may be sublime.
Again returns to glad the earth,
The day made sacred by His birth.
Again from out the ages dim
Comes echoing sweet the angel's hymn ;
Joy-bringing now, with promise bright
To cheer the watches of the night;
Though marred are its seraphic tones
By clamor of discordant thrones,
Yet nearer now the time than then
Of peace and good will unto men.

THE MONITOR.

I have a monitor, to wit,
A clock of curious gear,
That in the morn, at moment fit,
Peals forth a warning clear.

“Get up ! Get up !” it seems to say,
“Your daily task begin;
No longer linger or delay,
Sloth surely breedeth sin.”

If to its call I quick respond,
All goeth smooth and well,
But if, of slumber being fond,
I linger, then farewell !

Again to dreamland I am off,
Till the bright sun looks in.
And seems to say, with laughing scoff,
“What shall this sluggard win ?”

If this few times I do repeat,
My monitor may call
In vain; amid my slumber sweet
I hear it not at all.

Another monitor have I—
A conscience God has given,
To warn me when to sin I'm nigh,
To rouse me up for heaven.

Oh ! may I ever give good heed
Unto its feeblest call,
Lest, from its voice of warning freed,
I into error fall !

LIFE.

"Life's a failure," mourns the woman
Reft of charms that once enthralled,
"Yest're'en looking in the mirror,
I was troubled and appalled."

"Life's a failure," cries the statesman,
Pierced by poisoned darts, malign;
"Such the recompense now given
For a life spent as was mine."

"Life's a failure," groans the merchant,
Crushed and broken, without hope;
Difficulties gather round him,
With them scarce he dares to cope.

"Life's a failure," sighs the farmer,
Bent with toil and white with years;
Sowed he oft in pain and sorrow,
Reaps he now the harvest tears.

"Life's a failure," writes the poet,
"Fame no happiness can bring;
Only when we care not for it,
Loudly will the plaudits ring."

"Life's a failure," weeps the mourner,
Standing by the loved one's bier,
"We must live alone, unfriended,
Nought we love remaineth here."

"Life's a triumph," joys the Christian,
Who hath learnt that storm and flood
Harm not him who only trusteth
In the Universal Good.

THE BIRTH OF SPRING.

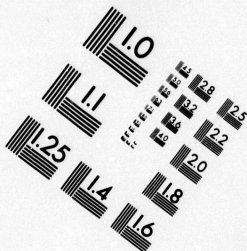
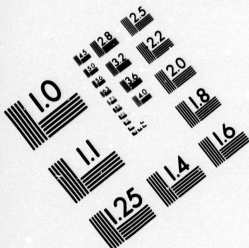
Cold winter stubbornly gives up his sway,
With many a struggle of declining power;
And oft regains the mastery for a day,
And rules with former grandeur for the hour;
Then all his emissaries sportive play;
The snow skips frantic o'er the shuddering earth,
And furious winds, bred in the cloudlands gray,
Whistle and shriek in wild and frantic mirth,
Like evil spirits that rejoice o'er dark and dreary dearth.

And so the strife goes on from day to day,
But milder influence more ascendant grows,
Till from the north dark winter's driven away,
While o'er the land the balm of summer flows;
And, resurrected from her deathlike sleep,
Nature puts on her fresh and fair attire,
Bright sunbeams lighten up the forests deep,
The trees, enraptured, urge their branches higher,
Where gentle breezes sound the murmuring lyre.

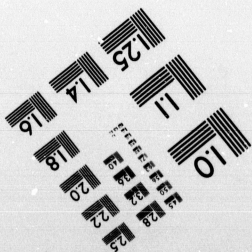
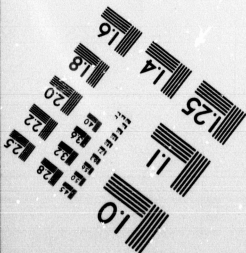
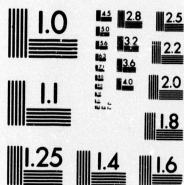
Then man goes forth with glad and thankful heart
Into the fields that wait his quick'ning hand,
Which, under Providence, shall give the start
To all that grows, to feed and clothe the land;
And from the marts the sounds of commerce rise,
With fresh renewed vigor they are filled;
Man feels again the strength of tender ties
That bind him to this earth, where none may build
Their hopes, which oft by most unkindly blasts are spill'd.

Bright summer ! thou art doubly welcome here,
And all the splendors of thy gorgeous train,
Where winter reigns for nearly half the year,
And sweeps with chilling winds the open plain,
So from all pleasures half the enjoyment springs
By reason of the troubles we have pass'd,
For pleasures that hath not alloy soon brings
A fulness to the soul, that dulls the taste,
And makes this world, so beautiful and fair, appear a waste.





**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



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 THE DAY IS DAMP AND WET AND COLD.

The day is damp and wet and cold,
 The sky hath her veil of cloud unroll'd,
 The sun shines not from his throne of gold,
 The nerveless raindrops fall.
 The earth is muddy and smears the foot,
 A teardrop hangs from each bended shoot,
 The trees bedraggled, the winds all mute,
 And sorrow, like a pall.
 Seemeth to rest on Nature's breast,
 And on the hearts of all.

Why might not ever the warm sun shine,
 And the soft breeze rustle the purpling vine,
 And the birds pour forth in songs divine,
 God-given prayer and praise?
 And the grass be green for roving feet,
 The flowers fling forth their perfume sweet,
 The trees sigh over a cool retreat
 Through ever pleasant days ;
 Pointing each thought to God, who wrought
 The pattern of our ways ?

Oh, heedless heart ! Did yon sun shine
 Undimmed upon the corn—the vine,
 And did the clouds their task resign
 And weep o'er us no more
 And drying breeze play o'er th earth—
 Oh ! bitter were thy day of birth !
 Soon desert void and hopeless dearth
 Would reign from shore to shore ;
 And solitude, all unsubdued,
 Mantle in silence o'er.

And thus, oh heart ! when sorrow pours
 Its floods around thy bursting doors,

And dark thy heaven around thee lowers,
Thou pinest wrongfully.
Grief and affliction richness give,
And teach thy tenderness to live
And keep thee pure and sensitive—
A garden fair to see;
Where bloom the flowers bred by the showers
Of dark adversity.

THRONES.

O, dearest, would you rather share
A throne with some grandee ;
Or on a dear old sofa fare,
And just with,—me ?

Or would you wed a Vanderbilt
With millions at his hand ?
I have no palace richly gilt—
No miles of land,

But I have got a heart, and he
At best has little more ;
And all the universe will be
Our boundless store.

And from it we will draw the best,
As day succeeds to day;
And by all deeds the kindest
The debt repay.

And so I trust you need not fear
To share a seat with me;
And if it should too small appear
Just try—my knee !

THE CANADIAN FARMER.

A happy man, I wot, is he
Who tills his five good score
Of acres, rich and fair and free,
Between the lakes—the mighty three—
Or by St. Laurent's shore.

He knows not of his ancestry—
Their deeds were never sung—
He knows his parents crossed the sea
In 'thirty-two or thirty-three,'
When he was very young.

He can remember very well
How through the wood-bound way
They came, and on a gentle swell,
By where a creek ran through the dell,
They pitched their tent to stay.

The hardwood forest thickly grew,
But soon the sun looked in,
And smiling from the clearing drew
The blades of richly verdant hue—
No sickly braird nor thin.

Days—years of honest, manly toil,
Passed all too quickly o'er;
Naught was there that could fright or foil—
The mastered genii of the soul
Unlocked their treasure store.

The church—the school soon came to stay,
The weekly paper, too;
The train rolled by a mile away;
Elections, fairs filled many a day
Weddings and christenings, too.

And there were days when tears were shed,
As some brave pioneer,
Gone to his rest among the dead,
A long and sad procession led,
Borne high upon his bier.

Gone are they all, save some lone few,
Who came in manhood's prime
To lay, far deeper than they knew,
A broad foundation, tried and true,
To stand the shocks of time.

Brave souls, your memory shall inspire
Our weaker hearts to dare
The trial—be it as by fire,
And fill us with a fierce desire
To nobly do our share.

Ye toiled not for yourselves alone,
The faculty divine
Was yours—ye sought not all your own;
We reap the harvests that were sown
With unpropitious sign.

Hardships ye knew are known no more ;
The axe and sickle rust,
The stony fields turn faultless score,
The stumps that oft your patience wore
Have vanished into dust.

Now, year by year, rich autumn showers
Her horn of plenty forth;
Wealth oozes from a thousand pores,
While spreads between gigantic shores
The nation of the north.

Unfelt, unseen, the pride of power
True reverence abounds,
And Faith—a bulwark and a tower
Against the evil day and hour,
Her admonition sounds.

Then surely he should happy be,
Who tills his five good score
Of acres, rich and fair and free,
Between the lakes—the mighty three—
Or by St. Laurent's shore.

A SONG OF THE BRAVE.

Oh ! hearken, Canadians, to this little song,
Which to our country alone doth belong ;
Its theme should awaken response in each breast—
The heroes who fought in the distant Northwest !

Our fair land was threatened with dark civil strife,
The red man had taken up musket and knife,
But when the call came they did nobly reply,
And each went forth ready to conquer or die.

Oh ! who but a traitor can think of their rush
On the grim hidden foe at the back of Batoche ;
Or of Otter's bold march into Poundmaker's den,
And love not the land that could nourish such men !

Sons of Canada ! none may your courage revile—
On Saskatchewan's borders, in ambushed defile,
Ye have shown forth the spirit that danger doth dare—
Won the praise of the brave and the smile of the fair.

Though proudly we tell of the deeds of the brave,
Yet the honest tear flows when we stand by the grave,
And think of the treasures deep hid in its breast—
Those who died for their land in the distant Northwest.

We'll remember them ! Yea, while our land hath a name,
While 'tis honor to die on the field of bright fame ;
While self-sacrifice casts o'er its victims a charm,
Will our sorrow be deep and our gratitude warm.

May the spirit that nerved them immortal remain,
To call forth fresh heroes if need be again ;
May their deeds give fresh hope to the weak and dis-
tress'd—
The deeds that brought peace to the distant Northwest !

CANADA TO NEWFOUNDLAND.

Respected Miss Newfoundland,
Do you think 'twas in good taste
To reject my late proposal
In such unbecoming haste ?

I pray you don't imagine
I had selfish ends in view,
Or that I was fortune-hunting
When I set my cap for you.

I have got a fair-sized holding ;
I can scarcely wish for more,
And I envy not your cottage
Down beside the ocean shore.

No—I've honest admiration
For your independent mind,
And I know, though somewhat frigid,
That your heart is very kind.

And I know it must be lonely
For you dwelling there alone,
While waves around are making
Their everlasting moan.

And, dearest Miss Newfoundland,
Don't think me rude or bold.
If I should drop a hint that you
Are getting rather—old.

You're the eldest of the family,
I should judge, by some few years,
And you shouldn't keep your mamma
In such distressing fears.

No doubt a little coquetry
 At times does very well,
 But sometimes it develops quite
 An antiquated belle.

Now pray don't be affronted
 At what I've writ above,
 For you know that we are cousins,
 And I've written it in love.

So if you'll reconsider
 What you've said, and what I say,
 I think at our next meeting
 You will surely name the day.

Ottawa, April 12, 1888.

IN MEMORIAM.

(AT THE UNVEILING OF THE MONUMENT TO THE OTTAWA SHARP-
 SHOOTERS WHO FELL IN THE NORTHWEST REBELLION).

Sons of Canada ! to-day
 Turn from party strife away,
 Backward let a glance be cast
 To the bright deeds of the past ;
 Still they shine undimmed by years,
 Mute rebuke of craven fears ;
 Bright the pathway that they mark
 Leading from the ages dark
 Out into the brighter glow
 Of the happier time we know.
 Cartier, Champlain, Frontenac
 Blazing out the forest track;
 D'Iberville and Dollard bold
 Guarding well the trembling fold;

Wolfe, Montcalm ;—chivalrous pair,
Rivals generous and fair;
Gallant Brock, the soldiers' pride—
These, how gloriously they died !

Not in vain such blood is spilt,
Be it grievous, if thou wilt ;
Not in vain did perish THIÉY
In whose memory to-day
Raise we high the sculptured stone,
While abroad the folds are thrown
Of the glorious flag which still
Millions love and millions will !
Then beneath its folds to-day
Let base passions die away ;
Let the blood of heroes spilled—
Let the thought of brave hearts stilled—
Let the nearness of the tomb,
Glory robs not of its gloom,
Banish coldness and distrust,
Thoughts unkind and deeds unjust.

Let us glory not that we
Dominate from sea to sea ;
Nor that our young nation's veins
Blood of bravest sires contains—
That our sons have learnt to know
Duty's tones or high or low,
Not for these put joyance on—
Let us glory—we are one !

Ottawa, November 1, 1888.

THE WEDDING AT THE MILL.

There's a breeze amid the branches
Of the the poplars old and tall,
There's a gleam of morning glories
In the vines against the wall,
There is music in the meadows,
Where the bobolink's astir,
Trilling out the joyous measure
With a most delicious slur ;
The willows sweep the bosom
Of the millpond deep and still,
But the miller's wheel is idle—
There's a wedding at the mill.

Fair as an untarnished lily
Gentle Annie stands to-day
At the altar, where the preacher
Tells the twain what they shall say ;
Soft and low the murmured answer
Down the hushed and quiet aisle,
Like the breath of early summer,
Lingers lovingly awhile.
Soon the final word is spoken,
And the final seal impressed,
And the bride is held a moment
To a loving father's breast.
Then the church is still and quiet,
And the bridegroom with a will
Leads the carriages, joy-laden,
To the cottage by the mill.

There the tables in profusion
With the choicest are arrayed,
And the cake of snowy whiteness
At the topmost is displayed;
And a piece for each to dream on
By the bride is duly given—

For such kindly divination
 May each happy soul be shriven !
Soon the parlor and piazza
 Mirth and music overflow,
While some Cupid-stricken couples
 Wander by the quiet mill.
Soon the time for parting cometh,
 When the bride must leave for aye
The dear home where thoughts will wander
 As the long years drift away ;
And the miller's voice is husky,
 And his eyes betray their tears,
And his thoughts have borne him swiftly
 Back amid the vanished years,
To the day in early manhood
 Which hath precious memories still,
When he brought a bride of beauty
 To his cottage by the mill.

Low she lieth now. There waveth
 O'er her bed the green grass long—
Hush, sad, sacred memories, hush ye !
 'Tis the day for joy and song .
Swiftly southward rolls the carriage,
 While good wishes follow fast,
And good luck in mirthful symbol
 Fair hands lavishly have cast.
One by one, the guests departing
 Leave the cottage hushed and still,
And a dream for memory only
 Is the wedding at the mill.

THE YOUNG DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION.

Young Mr. Frederick Jones has been three years at college studying for a doctor's degree. His father is a farmer, not much richer or poorer than thousands of others. Young Mr. Frederick never felt much of the hardships of the farm, having attended school pretty regularly till his entrance at college. There, among many richer than himself, he got into ways of spending money rather freely, although he might have known, had he thought, that his father earned it hard enough. One night, as he was going out for some "fun," he received a letter, not very gracefully directed, with the stamp on the wrong corner. "From home, I guess," he muttered, and thrust it quickly in his pocket.

That night when he came back to his room he thought of his letter, and taking it from his pocket, and smoothing it out, he read something very nearly like the following :—

Dear Freddy, I'm thinkin' of writin'
A few lines to you to-night,
To tell you we're all still livin',
And things is mostly all right.
Only mother's ailin' a little,
And often I feel afraid,
For though she's not givin' to complain',
'Twas only last night she said,
"If I only could see my Freddy
Away from that godless set,
And safely started somewhere,
I wouldn't half so fret,
But I often think h 'll get harden'd,
And maybe wild and bad,
And I know that I'll soon be goin',"
I tell you I did feel sad !
And help is so scare and uncertain,
And wages a regular fright,
That she and poor Kitty are nearly kill'd,
A slavin' from morn till night.

Poor Kitty last night was a cryin'
 And sayin' 'twas nothin' but work,
 And not a minute for anything else—
 Might as well be a slave or a Turk.
 But I told her we mightn't expect much
 Of pleasure this side the grave ;—
 If we only can earn some beyond it,
 It'll cheer us up to be brave.
 But I mustn't be writin' so mournful,
 For likely you're lonely enough ;
 Though they do say you fellows are jolly,
 But likely that's only stuff.
 The grain didn't turn out extra,
 (I think 'twas the rust or the fly)
 The wheat was shrunken and shrivell'd, —
 A chance if it sells by and by.
 They may say that we farmers are stingy,
 And work twice as hard as we need,
 But I tell you when crops are a failure,
 And don't yield more than the seed,
 That you've got to be savin' and careful,
 And bend your own back to the work ;
 Or you'll find yourself safe in a mortgage,
 Which isn't so easy to shirk.
 And that colt that I promised to give you
 When you got to be M. D.,
 Kicked over just in the pasture
 For no reason I could see ;
 But never you mind the fellar—
 There's plenty more to be got—
 If I don't have another waitin',
 You may give it to me hot.
 I think I must close this letter,—
 My fingers are cramped and sore ;
 They can hold a pitchfork better,
 As I think I've said afore.
 But there's one thing I might mention,—
 I've a pain in my breast of nights,
 Kind of around my heart, it seems—

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You might say next time you write
If you know of what'll help it
(You're learning about all such)
I would have been to a doctor,
But goodness, they charge so much !
So if you'd please to remember.
I'd give your med'cine a try.
Mother and Kitty they send best love
And join in sayin' Good-Bye.

I'm afraid if Freddy's chum hadn't been snoring in bed before that young man was through reading this simple epistle, he would have noticed a very unusual amount of moisture in "Freddy's" eyes. For Frederick Jones really wasn't a bad boy at heart. And after the tears had dried in his eyes, he set to work on an answer; then going to his trunk he took out fifty dollars from a pretty comfortable store and enclosed it with the following :—

Dear father, I've read your kind letter,
I'm so sorry that mother's not well,
But tell her I'm bound to do better—
I'm quite through with acting the swell.
I really can't tell what gets in one
When left in this hangnable place,
But if in the past you've not been one,
You're apt to turn out a scapegrace.
And money don't seem the same metal
That's so hard to be got on the farm,
When your old father's ready to settle
The bills that come round to a charm.
I tell you my eyes were a swimming,
Why, I should be ashamed to say,
When I thought of you and the women
A toiling from day to day ;
And how I was spending so freely
The money you earn'd hard and slow—
When I thought it all over, I really
Felt meaner than you can know.

I send you enclosed in this letter
 What I think will ease your breast ;
 I'm sure that I'll be better
 Just doing with the rest.
 Just take those fifty dollars
 And put a man in your place,
 And begin and wear white collars,
 And get a smile on your face,
 And cheer up mother and Kitty,
 And tell them I'll soon be home ;
 That I'll leave behind the city
 And its ways when I come.
 So try your son's prescription,
 If it won't cure give me the lie—
 With love of every description,
 For the present I say, Good-Bye.

THE LABYRINTH.

It was a day of heat and sultriness ;
 The cool breeze languished, and the open plain
 Shone glimmering in the hazy noontide light,
 Shed by a sun unclouded, but which seem'd
 Shrouded in a thin smoke, as though the air
 Were ready to inflame and scorch the earth.
 Feebly and faint the swain moved in his fields ;
 The powdered dust raised 'mid the stubbles brown,
 At his slow tread, and bending at his toil,
 The sweat-drops fell from off his wearied brow.
 On such a day the body seems a clog—
 A burden pressing heavy on the soul,
 That fain would shake it off and range the air
 Free as th' electric spark or mountain wind.
 On such a day I wandered where the hills
 Arose in massive bastions clad with green,
 Far o'er my head the silent pines arose,
 Unmoved and still : and not a note was heard

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Of woodland bird to break the deathlike calm,
Wearied with travel, and oppressed with heat,
Perceived I then a darksome grove of trees
That stretched far up the perpendicular wall
That rose behind ; thick mossy trunks beneath,
And dense, umbrageous mass of leaves above,
Seem'd to invite to their cool arbor'd walks ;—
Thither I went with quickened steps, and pleased,
There, on the gnarled and fantastic root
Of a huge pine, that reared its giant form
Above the heads of all its fellows tall,
I sat me down. Cool was the air and sweet
With the rich odour of the fragrant grove ;
All round the earth was carpeted and brown
With fallen tresses from the boughs above.
There, with uncovered head I sate, as in
A temple, pillared, vast and high, but void
Of worshippers and silent as the grave,
Slowly my eyes searched through its gloomy aisles
To where, in sombre gloom, the rock arose
Like a steep prison wall to bar the path.
There on its craggy face appeared, methought,
The semblance of an arch'd cavern's mouth,
That only showed in the dim shade o'erspread
By its more utter blackness, strangely drawn
Towards it, I surveyed the vast vault's gloom
That stretched, impenetrably black, within
The very bowels of the mighty dome.
With slow and hesitating step I entered, then,
Scarce knowing why, or what I did,
Till darkness closed about me ; the last ray
Of daylight was extinguished in the gloom.
Onward I groped and downward led the path—
'Twas smooth and even to my cautious tread—
Till with involuntary fear I stopped,
While in my ears the beating blood throbbed hard
And each pulsation of my heart was heard
With bated breath ; e'en as I listening stood,
From far beneath arose the gentle ebb

Of water lapsing o'er its sullen bed,
 Whither I dared not think. Slowly I felt
 My footing firm give crumb'ingly away,
 But in my limbs there was no motion swift
 To drag me from the dead abyss beneath—
 Dizzy, I fell down, down chaotic depths
 Till the cold waters closed above my head,
 Then thought I, can this chilly stream be Death?
 The gloomy waters that all men must pass
 And struggle with alone as I am now!
 But soon, from out the suffocating depths,
 I gasping came—felt I was borne along
 With the strong current of the silent stream,
 To some unknown and mystic reservoir,
 Yet did I feel no fear—no shuddering dread.

* * * * *

Slowly appeared, through that sepulchral gloom,
 The faint, far glimmer of a distant dawn;
 Like the first low-spread arch that lights the east;
 Forerunner of the glorious light of day.
 Brighter it grew:—the welcome rays did gild
 The wavelets far ahead upon my course;
 And the damp dripping walls o'erarched above,
 'Gan distinctly to appear; and soon
 From the dark, noisome gorge did I emerge:
 Then did my eyes survey a wondrous sight!
 Large prospect of a country wondrous fair!
 Through meadows, flower-gemm'd, wide and richly clad,
 With a soft herbage, succulent and sweet,
 Wound smoothly on the dark-begotten stream;
 Clear and pellucid now, while in its depths
 The sportive fishes played like sunbeams bright.
 Soft and mild-tempered was the air that moved
 In gentle currents through that favored clime:—
 No rude wind swept with fell destroying force—
 No withering gales—nor yet the stagnant calm.
 But light-winged zephyrs served to waft along
 The balmy odors of the clustered grove.

Nor was that clime unpeopled, lonely, void ;—
 Each gently-swelling hill was crowned with
 The habitations of a gentle race ;
 That dwelt in happy unity and peace.
 No jarring strife arose where all were just ;—
 No war was known where each one loved his friend ;
 And Envy's poisoned fangs their potency lost.
 Cold Avarice was unknown—each had enough,
 And Wealth seemed not the goal of each one's hopes.
 Ah ! lovely seemed that land at eventide
 When the sun's mellow rays did gild the scene !
 Then was the sound of silvery music heard ;
 The joyful hymn of thanksgiving and praise
 Arose in all the land, like the sweet strains
 Of heavenly choirs.

Entranced I stood, until

A voice beside me asked, in mellow tones,
 "Stranger—what wouldst thou here ?"—I turned to view
 The being or whate'er it was that spoke.
 Beside me was a form, thin and ethereal,
 Like to the mist that floats at early dawn
 Over the dewy vale : while as I gazed
 With concentrated look, it was defined
 More plainly, and grew bright and clear.
 Beautiful was it as the angels are,
 Or sainted spirits in the land of light.
 Again with questioning aspect did it speak,
 "What is thy wish, or wherefore art thou here !"
 "Oh ! Spirit bright ! a mortal—I have passed
 A darksome way from mine own land, and view
 This scene with rapture and delight, unknown
 To me in my most happy hours before !
 I know not if this land be Paradise.
 Or some such favored spot, where man hath dwelt
 In innocence and peace since Eden's days,
 Yet here would I most glad remain for aye ;
 Secure from all the ills which render life
 A doubtful boon ; O say then if I may
 The state of citizen attain." "Stranger,"—

The Spirit said,—“hast thou discovered all,
 And viewed the entire state and workings of
 The land which thou dost so admire and love ?
 Follow my steps, and for thyself be judge.”
 Swift through the pictured fields I followed on,
 Led by my luminous guide ; till on my view
 Appeared a vast and high built wall of stone.
 Solid the blocks of granite lay, unpierced
 By aught of window that might light within.
 But in the centre did appear a breach,
 Yet little wider than a door it seem'd,
 Where the high walls abruptly stopp'd, as though
 The builders, weary grown, had ceased their toil.
 Within 'twas seamed with deep ravines ; and high
 Between arose o'er towering rugged cliffs
 So steep that not the foot of man might climb.
 Along the narrow vales which lay between
 Were clustered trees of rich and varied forms :
 And from their greenness glinted forth the bright
 And golden hue of luscious fruit. Methought
 A fragrant odor came, with subtle charm,
 Bespeaking pleasures ravishingly rare.
 There too I saw, near to the entrance place,
 Fair beings from the happy lands around ;
 And seem'd they of a heightened beauty, too,
 If such were possible :—upon their cheeks
 There glow'd the roseate hue of youthful joy
 And mirth and gladness—happy tones
 Were backward borne as on they roved,
 Plucking the yielding fruit, and culling gems
 Of beauty from the bright-hued walks around.
 Soon faintly came the murmur of their words,
 As farther on they passed along the paths,
 That wound about till they were lost to view.
 Then turned I to my spirit guide, who view'd
 The tempting scene with sadness which seem'd strange.
 “Is this the heaven of this happy place ?
 Do those who walk in the Elysian paths
 Enter them as a place of rest and peace—

A fit reward for lives in wisdom spent ?"
"Be thine own judge, O man, and for thyself
See if this place be Heaven." Again was I
Borne onward in his wake, with quickened speed.
Through the wide fields of air we silent moved,
Above the labyrinthine walks, to where
The utter limit of that place appeared.
There in the walls, and there alone, was seen
An opening wide and free for all to pass.
And many paths to it did there converge ;—
Dark gloomy gorges, from 'mid barren rocks,
Where no green tender plant did glad the eye ;
But mighty rocks were poised upon those cliffs
Like ready thunderbolts, to crush the soul
That clambered up their sides in grim despair !
And tattered rags waved in the troubled wind,
From thorny shrubs—in briery tangles deep ;—
The desperate course of some poor wanderer.
Upon the splintered rocks that strewed the path
Were blood marks of sore-pierced and weary feet
And gliding reptiles filled the soul with fear
That trod those paths in horror, and forlorn ;
Then thought I,—what a glad relief to those
Who have, way-worn. at length come to this pass,
When once again they may, 'mid verdant fields,
Rest wearied limbs and drink of cooling stream.
I turned to view the pass. O God ! what sight
Appeared ! Where I had thought to see the same
Fair land as the entrance stretched, was darkness
And impenetrably deep an awful gulf !
E'en as I gazed, a sickening horror ran
Through all my veins ; and reel'd my brain with fear.
"And this then is the end, the fearful goal
To which those seeming pleasant paths converge !
The haven which awaits the weary one,
Longing to pass again from those dread walls,
And bask in happy freedom once again !"
"Even so,"—my guide made answer,—"if they find
Not the same path by which they entered first ;

And that is hard, for still a subtle power
Which reigns within, doth ever wildly urge
Them to explore its grim tortuous course,
And many that do once escape, return,
And linger fascinated by the gate,
To plunge again into its fatal maze."
Even as he spoke, appeared from out the gorge
A being terrible to look upon,
With tattered raiment and dishevelled locks,
And features haggard with an agony—
A wild despair ! Pursued he seem'd to be,
By some unseen and direful haunting foes ;
For ever as he sped upon his cruel path
His blood-shot eyes were backward turned in dread,
And trembling, gnarled hands convulsive fought
To rid him of his unseen foes in vain.
Soon to the end—the dreadful end he came ;
He saw the precipice—the dark abyss ;
He paused transfixed—a moment gazed
With strange far-reaching look down—down below ;
A moment only—one convulsive leap—
He sank, with streaming locks—dilated eyes,
And darkness swallowed up his ghastly form !
Motionless I stood—benumbed with awe,
Gazing upon that final scene of woe,
Till from the spell of fear my spirit broke,
And soul-aborrence of that dreadful place
Gave to my tongue a freedom not its own :—
I turned unto my guide and fiercely asked,
"Why is this suffered to remain a snare—
A living grave, to swallow up the fair,
The helpless and the strong ; the young, the old ;
Who wander here in misery untold ?
Why is yon tempting side alone display'd—
This hidden till the victims are betray'd ?
Why do those walls, so nearly joined, still stand
A monument of weakness to the land ?
Rather block up yon breach with human souls
And stop the tide that ever through it rolls.

Than that it should, for ever, thus enslave
Its victims in a thrall worse than the grave !
Foul blot of blots ! and curse of deepest dye !
From thee, and from thy land, I now must fly !
Not all the charms I viewed, entranced at first,
Can gild the land by thee forever curst !
Back to mine own hot barren clime I go --
Though death await in that black cave of woe,
Still would I dare it rather than to dwell
Where on the living waits yon tempting hell !”
I turned to go ;—My spirit guardian said,
In tones of sadness, as I onward sped,
“Is there no curse like this in thine own land ?”
I heeded not, nor did I understand—
How that dark-flowing tide I stemm'd again
I know not ; for a fire was in my brain.
Like a dark, troubled dream all seem'd, when I
Again stood 'neath the quiet evening sky
In my own land, with thankful, wondering heart ;
Till came a thought that would not soon depart ;—
“Is thine own country free from such a curse—
Or hath it one, if possible, still worse ?”
I pondered as I walked, and from this drew
A moral and a lesson—so may you.

MY EXPERIENCE.

A slave was I long to the taskmaster sin,
And burdens most grievous I bore,
While I thought by my labors salvation to win,
And a home on the evergreen shore.

No rest could I know, though oft weary and worn ;
No comfort on earth could I find ;
In sorrow and sadness my heart did oft mourn,
And a tempest of doubt was my mind.

Till the night of despair had nigh darkened my soul,
And love had withdrawn her pure rays ;
And the funeral bell was beginning to toll
O'er the dead hopes of vanishing days.

'Twas then in his brightness and beauty I saw
The Star of Redemption appear ;
And the thunderous clouds of Mount Sinai's law
Grew brighter and silvery clear.

My burden was lifted by pierced hands, divine ;
My steps were made very secure ;
And a hope was imparted, and still it is mine,
That I to the end should endure.

The Star of Redemption still lights up my way,
And I still his goodness make known ;
For that he hath led me from darkness to day,
From the pathway of sin to his own.

ON WINE.

“Fill the goblet again”—said Lord Byron, in mirth,
When he deeply had quaffed of the pleasures of earth—
“Let us drown in its depths the dark cares that annoy,
’Tis the only true fountain of pleasure and joy !”

Was he right? all allow that it oft causeth mirth,—
To revels, loud, long and protracted, gives birth ;—
In the bright flush of youth it may gladden the soul,
But,—is wisdom e’er found in the depths of the bowl?

Wine can do much, ’tis true. It can rob us of health,
It will help the young spendthrift to squander his wealth ;
It can wean us from home—to that home can bring pain;—
It has oft broken hearts. Can it heal them again ?

With the clear, ruddy glow which health paints on the
cheek,
And a frame which knows not what it is to be weak,
We may dare the false spirit which dwelleth in wine—
Will such daring bring credit to your name or mine ?

When the fire brightly burns and the lights are aglow,
When the mind is impatient and time moves too slow,
When pleasure’s proud minions come forth at her call,—
Then wine—rosy wine—may be fairest of all.

But when o’er the frame comes the cold chill of age,
And the soul flutters hard in its poor fleshly cage,
When, with labor, comes hardly the quick-failing breath
Wine may deaden the sense.—Will it cheer us in death ?

Far better, ere comes the last hour of great need,
To rely on a Friend who a friend is indeed ;
Trust not in false wine, for the courage to brave
The cold shades of death, and the gloom of the grave.

A STORY OF THE WAR.

'Twas after the battle of Shiloh,
'Way down on the Tennessee ;
I saw the saddest sight, sir,
I ever expect to see.

We were all of us green young fellows,
Not knowing a thing of war,
Just fresh from our homes up country,
Half wond'ring what 'twas for.

We had some qualms and quailings ;
There's no denying that ;
But we only thought the war then
A sort of friendly spat.

There had been some sharp fighting,
And many a man had died ;
But we little expected the conflict
That soon raged far and wide.

And when men in tens of thousands
Are passing to the front,
One's apt to think that maybe
He'll escape the hardest brunt.

But 'twasn't that way with us, sir ;
We lit right down to fight ;
And bullets were singing 'round before
We could load our muskets right.

'Twas a blamed poor time for cowards ;
You'll agree with me on that ;
And some big calculations
Soon simmered down quite flat.

There's only one way in a battle—
Don't count your life your own—
But hold it payable on demand,
Like any other loan.

If you once get dodging and watching,
And thinking every shot
May tear you into atoms
You might as well die on the spot.

For if you don't sneak, shaking,
Away from the ranks to hide,
You'll have stood as much pure torture
As would served you to have died !

I somehow got into the spirit
Of the battle right away ;
Felt no more fear, 'tis true, sir,
Than if I had been at play.

We had it hot and heavy
All through that Sunday long ;
For prayer the groan of anguish,
And the roar of guns for song.

That day the rebels beat us,
And slowly drove us back,
Till night came down upon us ;
And that was the night was black !

And rain came down in torrents
And drenched us to the skin ;
Ah ! that was the dreariest plight, sir,
That ever I was in !

Hard fighting is nothing to brag of ;
And hungry marching is sad ;
But after all that a wet bivouac
Makes things look ten times as bad.

And after so much confusion,
And horrible sights and sounds,
One's dreams are apt to be mingled
With visions of terrible wounds.

And groans not to be forgotten
Keep wandering through the head,
That would make your rest unpleasant,
Though you slept on a downy bed.

Next morning, we "up and at them" ;
'Twas always Grant's way when vext—
You might beat him hollow one day ;
He'd straighten you up the next.

We sent the rebels backward,
Far faster than they had come ;
And at 2 p. m. they were sounding
The mournful retreating drum.

Then we turned to the dead and dying—
Oh ! heavens, what a sight !
While the battle raged we hardly
Took time to see them right.

Some places they lay so thickly
You could walk a furlong good
And step all the time on corpses ;
And the grass black-red with blood !

We got our orders that evening
To bury them—friend and foe ;
In graves dug wide and deeply
We buried them row on row.

Carried them in on stretchers,
Like sheaves, till the field was clear ;
Carried them in by hundreds,
And never dropped a tear.

Till we found a dead lieutenant,
(A rebel) shot through the heart,
With a smile upon his features,
And his eyelids wide apart.

And somehow we both felt curious
(My chum and me were alone)
And we searched in coat breast-pocket
To see if he could be known.

And what do you think we found there
In a thin book, bound with calf ?
Nothing strange, you will be saying,
When I say, a photograph.

Of whom, we might never be certain,
For the bullet that laid him dead,
As it went to his heart, had carried
Away the picture's head.

'Twas a woman ;—we knew his mother
By the dress so plain and grave :
Who would soon in some distant homestead
Weep over her darling, brave.

I tell you I've seen some sad sights,
As ever a mortal well can ;
But I never cried like a child till then,
Since I grew to be a man.

It opened our eyes, that did, sir,
To the bitter side of war,
That sets men to slay their fellows—
The darlings of homes afar.

And my chum just felt the same as I,
And we both did feel afraid
To touch that corpse like a common thing
So a separate grave we made.

Under a tree, on a grassy bank,
We buried him, Jim and I,
And though the funeral wasn't large,
There wasn't one dry eye.

LITTLE RIDEAU.

When evening shades sink calmly down
Upon the Switzer's peaceful glen,
The setting sun doth seem to crown
The mountains with a diadem.

And fair and lovely is the mount,
'Neath which the peasant village lies,
Where, from each home, as from a fount,
The evening smoke-wreaths slowly rise.

And in a hundred happy homes
The evening table stands arrayed ;
And each, as slow the evening gloams,
In genial cheer joins undismayed.

While on that mountain's haughty brow
Some woful agent is at work,
But, till at morn the cock shall crow,
Unseen doth in its malice lurk.

Then gathering all its strength, it rolls
Its fierce destruction on the plain—
The village, with its slumbering souls,
Wakes but to sink to sleep again.

Sleep that on earth no waking knows ;
The homesteads wreck'd and buried lie,
And when the morning breeze fresh blows,
Few are left there to hear it sigh.

So, o'er a home within our land,
Hath swept an avalanche of woe ;
The murderer with his blood-red hand
Hath laid its cherished loved ones low.

Weep though we may, and mingle tears
With those whose lot is to survive,
We cannot soothe the grief of years,
Give aught whence they may balm derive.

And he, whose brain devised—whose arm
Unparalyzed its purpose wrought,
Shall he who did the grievous harm
By a just vengeance be forgot?

Nay,—let his life, far as it may,
The more than fourfold debt atone,
A warning prove to those who stray
From righteous paths to tread their own.

And if one arm such ravage makes,
How is it when vast armies go
With fire and sword, when wildly wakes
Destruction from its bed of woe?

Though it more glorious be to die
By bayonet than by woodman's axe,
Alike in death the corpses lie—
Death grants no discount on his tax.

And as this New Year happy dawn'd
Upon a family, broken soon,
So we hold neither deed nor bond
For happiness, or lasting boon.

THE MARKETING.

PART I.

The morn was breaking, dull and drear,
In that cold month which ends the year ;
Deep, soft and pure the fresh snow lay
In woods and fields and broad highway ;
No wind had yet disturbed its rest,
Or marred the smoothness of its breast.
Last eve the sleigh bells' merry peals
Rang out the knell of lumbering wheels ;
To-day o'er all the country wide
The runner gracefully shall glide.

At this time of our northern year
The farmer deems his harvest near :—
Though through long days of heat and toil
He cheerfully hath tilled the soil,
And filled his hungry barns again
With tons of hay and sheaves of grain ;
And from the thresher's dust and roar
Replenished well the granary's store ;
Yet, dwelling oftentimes afar
From where the seats of commerce are,
And busied with autumnal care,
Or speeding on the shining share,
His purse neglected shrinks and pines,
Betraying true consumptive signs.
So when sharp frosts and snow have made
For him a road of smoothest grade,
And when the plow hath been retired
And all the cattle have been byred ;
Potatoes in the cellar stored,
The threshing mill, which long hath roared
At every neighbor's in succession
Along the whole of the concession,
Hath vanished ; then the time is come,

He deems his richest harvest home.
The sun, late rising, slowly drove
The lurking shadows from the grove,
Which stretched in sombre silence still
Across the brow of Harding's Hill ;
And tardily the pale light falls
Upon the dusky cottage walls,
And through the frost-enamelled pane
Seeks a faint entrance to attain.
Within the cottage all was bright,
The lamp had long abridged the night,
While briskly round the housewife flew,
For there was much that day to do.
And plans both deep and dark were laid
That had a weaker heart dismay'd.
To-day will death on stall and coop
Descend with desolating swoop !

Now down the stairs the children run,
Expectant of what must be done ;
And ready each to do a share,
And each was ruddy, bright and fair.
While Susie set the breakfast table,
And Minnie did what she was able,
And Johnnie o'er his laces wrought,
The warm cow-byre the mother sought.
There four sleek bossies feeding stood :—
Old Blossom, patient, kind and good ;
Her, Jessie's father gave when Will
Brought his young bride to Harding's Hill.
She was a blossom then indeed,
Spotless as fair Priscilla's steed,
And gentle, tractable and kind,
Above the common herd refined,
And many a flowing pail she filled,
But now, alas ! she must be killed.
Ten summers hot, ten winters cold,
Have done their work and left her old.
Jessie would fain have given her free

And unrestricted liberty
To live as long—well—as she could,
And let her milk just as she would ;
But Will was colder, and declared
For butchers' meat she'd be prepared.
So Blossom got a roomy stall
And wasn't asked to milk at all,
Revelled in turnips thrice a day,
And plenty of the sweetest hay ;
Not mentioning the provender,
Which was a dainty dish to her,
Till now she stood with glossy side
And ribs that searching hands defied.
The other three were from her bred,
Rosie, Spider and Cherry Red ;
Rosie was Blossom's counterpart.
So kind, who'd doubt she had a heart ?
On summer evenings, like her mother,
She'd be milked first or give some bother.
Spider was not so nice, in fact
Her bearing would not soon attract ;
And, strange enough, her heels as well
Had often shown she could repel.
This morning Jessie's task was small,
To just milk Cherry, that was all.

Soon ready was the breakfast table,
And Will was called in from the stable ;
With faces clean and tidy hair,
From Sue to baby in his chair,
They all sit quietly in place,
While Will, in reverent tones, says grace.
And when the simple meal is o'er,
A chapter from the good Book's store
Is read, and earnest prayer ascends,
While each in suppliance lowly bends,
Then all arise, prepared to blend
Love with the hours in toil they spend.

Now for the day's peculiar care

The husband and the wife prepare.
Jessie must see the eggs well packed
In bran, so that they be not cracked ;
The butter prints so deftly made
In snowy napkined baskets laid
The turkeys oft indulgent fed
Must pay the price now with their head.
Tired fingers there will be 'ere they
Are ready for the market day.

Now coming up the lane appears
The rural butcher for long years,
John Ramsay, who ne'er learnt the trade,
But native shrewdness this outweighed ;
And he could wield the deadly axe
So that few victims left their tracks,
And to a shade the weight could tell
And handled knife and steel right well,
And knew who'd fed the heaviest steer,
The fattest hog, for many a year ;
And now he view'd his latest case
With grave and calculating face,
And felt her brisket, ribs and flank,
And then pronounced her "good" point blank.

The children, with awe-stricken look,
Peered out from mournful hiding nook,
And watched with dread the two prepare
The rope, the knife, with cruel care.
But ah, they couldn't stand to see
Their poor old favorite's agony ;
Fast fled they to the barns retreat,
And while their hearts in terror beat,
With hands hard pressed upon their ears
And eyes fast brimming up with tears,
Old Blossom calmly met her fate,
Nor scented treason till too late.
Fast plied their knives the murd'rous pair,
Soon swung the carcase up in air ;—

When Jessie from the kitchen door
Waved welcome sign, their task was o'er.
After the midday meal is past
The reign of terror thickens fast ;
The block—the guillotine is nigh ;
The Communistic turkeys die !
No more they'll strut with pompous air
Through stubble fields in summer fair,
Or in the barnyard strive to drown
All argument with noise alone ;
A plan which people sometimes find
The most congenial to their mind.

And there were busy fingers soon,
That flagg'd not all the afternoon,
While featherless the victims grew,
Till at the last the task was through.

The early evening shadows lay
Across the landscape snowy white,
And the blue canopy of day
Became the starry crown of night,
And restful hours the days denied
Came with the blessed eventide.

Ten years before, Will Wright had brought
His young wife to their half-cleared lot.
Their home was plain and humble, too,
But there was work enough to do,
And hope enough in each young heart
That bade anxiety depart ;
And love that made the prospect dull
Look pleasing, yea, and beautiful !

So they were not a bit in dread,
Though small the house and barn and shed,
And few the fields and rough withal,
And thick the forest grim and tall.

And worse than these, a trifling debt,
'Twould scarce be felt by some, and yet
To them it proved a fearful thing,
To check and clog and climb and cling.

Like all beginners, they had found
'Twas toilsome laboring on new ground,
And at the best oft poorly paid
For all the efforts they had made ;
Yet slowly larger grew their fields,
And gave them larger, surer yields ;
And there was increase from the stall
That gave the best return of all ;
This season things had promised well,
Good rates for all they had to sell ;
And Will, while others ploughed at home,
Preparing for the time to come,
Had many a trip made to the town,
Ere prices should come tumbling down,
Their little hoard had faster grown
Than ever they before had known ;
And now they thought to gather all
They could, from sources great and small,
And roll it up till it would cover
The grim old debt forever over.

The cocks crowed in the chilly morning,
Giving the slothful ample warning,
Long, long before the first red ray
Bespoke the coming of the day.

Ah, three o'clock's a woful hour
To face the west wind blowing sour !
Yet even then on distant roads
Are moving slowly townward, loads
Of beef and pork or grain and hay
To feed the city for a day.

And Will was up—a day begun
Long, long before the tardy sun,

And Jessie, too, was there to see
That all was right—the toast, the tea,
The ham and eggs—a bill of fare
Most appetizing, though not rare.
Soon at the door the loaded sleigh
Stood ready quick to glide away,
And Jessie's wants were well rehearsed,
With explanations interspersed :
The boots for little tireless feet—
She liked to see the children neat—
The making of a suit of blue
For Johnnie, braid to match it, too ;
Then raisins, currants, likewise rice,
Tea, fruit and several kinds of spice—
Father and mother had sent to say
They were coming up on Christmas Day—
And then the organ long expected,
And long for sorer needs neglected—
Minnie could learn so quick to play,
'Twas wrong to keep her back a day—
And Will resolved that, come what might,
It should come home that very night.
Now on the seat, well happ'd with care
Against the frosty, piercing air,
He takes his seat, the old robe throws
About his knees, and off he goes.

PART II.

See now the market—since the dawn
Load after load has crowded on,
Each road convergent to the town
Has borne a heavy tribute down ;
Russell has sent a goodly share,
But Carleton far outnumbered there ;
Though Grenville, Lanark and Dundas
Have not let this occasion pass ;

And distant Renfrew from Arnprior
Sends something in to tempt the buyer,
While from Laurentian vales has come
The thrifty *habitant*—Bonhomme.

The squares are filled, they overflow—
Far up the street extends the row,
Sleighs single, double, old and mean,
Some shining new in gold and green ;
Horses to every breed allied
From fiery "blood" to strong-limbed Clyde ;
Wealthy old squires in buffalo coats,
With loads of pork or beef or oats ;
Housewives prudent and serene
With poultry dressed might there be seen,
Or bashful youths in suit of grey
Trying their first market day.
And round in throngs the buyers came—
Hotelmen looking out for game—
Butchers for beef or lamb or veal—
Hide buyers with vehement zeal—
Grocers potatoes bought with care,
Lest they had felt the frosty air ;
Butter and cheese and eggs changed hands,
And careful matrons came in bands
To be at earliest cost supplied
With turkeys for the Christmastide.

Will found himself among the rest
A little nervous, 'tis confess ;
He was not of the kind whose forte
Is banter, jest or sharp retort ;
Who deem that as in love or war
All means are fair—or nearly are ;
To whom to barter and to trade
Seems just for what the world was made.
Yet he for this could claim no praise—
'Twas not his nature all his days ;
In fact he often wished he could

Hold out as hard as others would ;
But for the rest no profit huge
Could tempt him to a subterfuge,
And often, though one word had sped
A doubtful bargain, 'twas unsaid ;
When others loudly told their tales
Of wonderfully clever sales,
He held his peace, abashed to know
That they should thus outshine him so.

To-day the rush from far and near
Had put the market out of gear.
What Will had counted little on
Were dear, and ere he knew were gone.
What he had deemed his chief mainstay
Was heaped in piles on every sleigh
And when, at nearly noon, he stood
Chilled, hungry, by his half-sold load,
And thought of Jessie far away,
Waiting in hope the long, long day,
His heart grew bitter, and a mood
Came o'er him which was far from good.

He thought of all his years of toil,
To wring wealth from the stubborn soil—
The warm moist days of spring, when he
From morn to eve turned o'er the lea—
Or in the forest's blackened edge
Labored with handspike, axe and wedge :
Of summer days in fields or mow,
The salt sweat dripping from his brow ;
And how he'd slowly hauled his loads
To town, o'er wintry, drifting roads.
True, he forgot that all this time
Hope sang a silvery song sublime,
And love's soft glances made the road
Seem smooth, and lightened all the load ;
That he had never for a day
Heard what the tones of sorrow say,

For every day the bread was sure,
Health to enjoy—strength to endure ;
At night oblivion sweet was given,
And blessed rest one day in seven.
And he forgot success abides
Far, far up rugged mountain sides,
Where none but treach'rous pathways lead,
Where hand must cling and foot must bleed,
And eye be fixed with changeless glance
On the cold summits in advance.

These he forgot—shall we forget
He had not had his dinner yet ?
That hunger makes one think things far,
Far darker than they really are ?

So when Will, having sold his load,
Or rather, as he said, bestow'd,
Had dined in the accustomed place,
A brighter look was in his face,
Which still remained when he had found,
The mortgage paid, he was aground,
Or nearly so ; enough there was
To satisfy kind Santa Claus ;
To furnish generous Christmas cheer,
Or celebrate the glad New Year ;
But for the organ it was plain
To think of it was only vain.

That night the children kept awake
Till ten o'clock, for papa's sake,
And still he came not ; then they said
Their sleepy prayers and went to bed

Another hour passed slowly by,
And then the sleigh bells sounded nigh ;
Their chiming ceasing at the door
Marked that a long day's toil was o'er ;
For Will was there, right glad to feel
Shelter from air as keen as steel.

And Jessie met him at the door
With the bright look she always wore.
Kind hands had spread the tempting fare,
Kind words made sweetest music there,
Such as was never heavenward sent
By any earthly instrument !
Sad if such harmony were broken
By words expressed or thoughts unspoken ;
So Jessie thought, and so no word
Of murmuring that night was heard ;
No tone of petulance repaid
The efforts Will that day had made,
Though the results had scarcely been
What both expected to have seen.
But in her eyes love's true light shone
And sympathy, as Will went on
To tell, while sitting by the fire,
How things had balked his heart's desire,
And how his sales that day had been
The worst that he for years had seen,
Till Jessie interposed to say
That they would n'er forget that day,
"For it has brought one blessing yet,
Thank God for it—we're out of debt !"
And thankful were their prayers that night,
Sweet was their sleep, their dreams were bright,
And brightly shone the morrow's sun
Ere in that household it waked one.

IN CARLETON COUNTY.

WHY I VOTED FOR THE SCOTT ACT (AS TOLD BY BENJAMIN BARTONE, YEOMAN).

1885

Well, John, the whiskey's voted out
By nigh a thousand strong,
And likely lots'll think the world
Won't stand such doings long ;
And likely you will think it strange
That I should turn my coat,
And after fighting for the grog,
Drop in a Scott Act vote.
And if you do, I won't complain—
It does seem mighty queer
That after forty tippling years
I should go back on beer.

I never liked those temperance folks,
Their pledges or their rules ;
And often I have called them all
A set of jumped up fools !
I went for doin' as you please,
The grog did me no harm,
And many a cold and stormy day
I'm sure it kept me warm .
And Jim, that oldest chap of mine,
Could take his glass of beer ;
Though when I saw him at the bar
I sometimes did feel queer,
But surely he can drink, says I,
Without agoin' too far.
And so with some excuse like that,
I managed not to care.

So when, last June, they came to get
Their old petition signed,

I puckered up a bit, you bet,
And let them have my mind.
I didn't go behind their backs
To tell them what I thought,
And mind, I coax you, they weren't long
A-gettin' off the lot !
So all the fall I toughed it out,
I didn't want to hear
No argument about the curse
That comes from rum and beer.

Says I, if others wish to drink,
And make themselves like swine,
They've only got themselves to blame,
It's no concern of mine.

And I was mighty thick all fall
With all the tipplers round ;
Though sometimes I began to stare
To see where I was found ;
For from the first the people seemed
To make a clean divide,
And I could see with half an eye
Mine was the scaly side !
I didn't like it much, but still
Says I we must endure,
And though my backers ain't the best,
I'm right, that's certain sure !

Well, just the day before the vote,
Jim took a load of hay
To town, 'twas selling well, they said,
(It's down, I heard, to-day).
Thinking near night he should be home,
I walked down to the gate,
A-wondering to myself the while
What could have kept him late.
I hadn't been a minute there
When Jim came tearing home,

A-whooping like a proper fiend,
His horses in a foam.
I didn't quite know what was up,
And hadn't long to think,
For they were nearly on to me
As quick as you could wink !
Although the lines were trailin' loose,
The horses kne v the gate ;
They tried their best to turn in, but
They didn't do it straight.
They smashed against the gate post like
A ship against a rock :
I thought they were all ruined, John,
I tell you 'twas a shock !
Jim tumbled headway in a drift,
Whereby he saved his neck,
And though the horses came off safe,
The sleigh was all a wreck.

Well, anyway, I set to work
And got things straightened up ;
And Jim began to tell me how
He'd only had a "sup"—
I didn't talk much then, you bet,
I got him home to bed ;
I tell you, John, I feit that mean
I couldn't lift my head !
I couldn't blame the boy so much
For getting on ahead
Upon the road that I had tramped,
Well knowing where it led.

I did some solid thinking, John,
That night, as you may think ;
'Twas all of twelve o'clock before
I slept a single wink.
I wondered how I could have been
So blind, and selfish, too,

For when the whiskey touched my home
I soon knew what to do.

I didn't stand on taxes then,
Or barley or hotels ;
I got a glimpse of what makes some
Call drinkin' houses "hells."
It kind of chill'd me when I thought
Of how I would have felt
If Jim had been killed outright then ;
It made my old heart melt.

I tried to picture to myself
How drunken rascals' wives,
Or boys with drinking parents,
Put in their battered lives.
I saw some sides to temperance,
Or intemperance, you will say,
That put me in a mood that night
The opposite of gay .
Next morning I was up betimes
And first to poll my vote,
And now I think you ought to know
What made me turn my coat.

1889.

Well, John, the Scott Act 's in the air,
The day will soon be here
When by our ballots we'll decide
The fate of licensed beer.
You ask me how I think I'll vote—
I tell you plank and plain.
I voted for the Act before,
And mean to now again.

I've gripped the plough with both my hands,
I'm looking straight before,
And just as far as in me lies
I'll turn a steady score.

I had some reasons at the first
For voting for the Act ;
These reasons still hold good and are
By several others backed.
I didn't like much then to see
Some neighbors nearly broke
By having half their trade wiped out
With one tremendous stroke !
Their trade was bad, I don't deny,
But many a bad thing will
Touch in your heart a tender chord
When you're about to kill.
But that is past—the question now
Seems easier far indeed—
Shall we, instead of hoeing up,
Begin and sow fresh seed !

It's good to sow, and I for one
Have tramped o'er lots of fields ;
But when we scatter seed we should
Think what the harvest yields.
We don't sow mustard or wild peas
Or "scutch grass" if we know,
Though after all our care we still
Have any amount to hoe.
And don't you think that every time
We open up a bar
Some bitter harvests will be reaped—
You know there always are.

That bar will always draw some in
That wouldn't go elsewhere,
A neighbor or a neighbor's son,
Perhaps your own—don't stare !

The like has happened times enough ;
The place we don't expect
Is very often just the spot
Our happiness gets wrecked.

You say they're selling just as much,
A likely story, too,
And somewhat overdone of late,
But even if they do—
Our hands are clean, our conscience clear,
The blood of souls, if shed,
Will never call *us* to account,
'Twill be upon their head !

There's many a change has taken place
Within the last three years,
But whiskey when it has the chance
About the same appears.
We won't say if it causes crime,
Or merely is crime's tool ;
But that they both go hand in hand
Is certainly the rule.

And as a man may be judged by
The friends he most admires,
So whiskey's villainous allies
Of lust and base desires,
Of murders and of midnight brawls,
Should cause each decent man
To keep it just as far away
As ever he well can.
And on this line I mean to go,
I tell you plank and plain,
I voted for the Act before,
I'll do the same again.

O, SING ME A SONG, SWEET SISTER.

O, sing me a song, sweet sister,
A song of the olden time,
When hearts were full of music,
And lips were full of rhyme.
And a song shall bear me backward
To happier times than these,
When flowers were in the pastures
And birds were in the trees ;
And the robin's song at morning
Awoke from happy dreams,
As into the attic window
Came the sun's first ruddy beams.

Gone now are the happy songsters,
And gone from the fields the flowers;
And few the trees that sigh for
The gentle summer showers ;
And never a juicy berry
To color the finger tips,
And dust in hillside fountains,
Where we drank with eager lips.
Now never from out the greenwood,
In the days of blooming spring,
Like the roll of distant thunder,
Comes the throb of the partridge wing.

Over the world the shadow
Of Mammon slowly rolls,
And a sacreligious humor
Hath seared uncounted souls ;
Nothing too pure and holy,
Nothing too fair and sweet,
To earn the scornful gibing
That comes from the jester's seat !

Then sing me a song, sweet sister,
A song of the olden time,
When hearts were full of music,
And lips were full of rhyme.

O, how can I sing, my brother,
A song, if such be true ?
'Twould fill my heart with anguish
If time dealt so with you.
For I know the world grows better
As the years roll swiftly by ;
And the time of happy promise
Is surely drawing nigh.
Though the wild birds' notes be scarcer,
Yet the song of Peace, Goodwill,
On other tongues t'han angels',
Doth a wider measure fill.
And wider o'er the regions
Of sin and cloudy night
Is shed the wondrous radiance
Of the one eternal Light.
And fewer hearts are smitten
With cruel want and pain,
And the cry of the weak oppresséd
Is seldom heard in vain.
And, O, my brother, remember
It is ourselves that make
The world seem growing darker,
If we live for our own sake ;
But if like One, our Master,
We wash each other's feet,
The path will still grow brighter,
And the days will be more sweet.

TOBOGGANING.

Oh, love, do you remember
That night in cold December,
 When down the chute,
 In transport mute,
Our swift toboggan glided !
As we the steps ascended
My doubts were far from ended ;
 To love or not—
 Tormenting thought—
O, pray, be not offended.

The guests had all departed,
With joyous song, light-hearted,
 Save one lone friend,
 Whom heaven defend,
Who our toboggan started.
Then downward, lightly speeding,
All thoughts of care unheeding,
 Into the night
 We sank from sight,
Like comet swift receding.

Some fault in gravitation
O'ercame our calculation.
 O dire upset !
 You can't forget
Our swift disembarkation !

'Twas then my doubt all ended,
My soul with thine was blended,
 Ah, doubly blest
 Was love confessed
As we once more ascended !

All in that wintry weather
We climbed the hill together ;
 I can avow
 That until now
We've ceased our journey never !

PUGI-LIST-IC.

Seen some fightin' ? yes, you bet—
Some I'd just as lief forget !
Seen what's called by men o' sense
Noble art o' self-defence.
Sullivan I've seen, and Jake :
Made some money on that stake ;
Talked enough 'bout fights to fill
The stomach of a paper mill !

Train you ? give you points ? Not quite !
You're born to better things than fight.
No doubt, my boy, you're squarely built ;
Some school-boy blood, perhaps, you've spilt ;
And with six months of training might
Be tough enough to lose a fight.
I tell you what, it's not all talk ;
You've got to learn to stand a knock,
A stunner—make you reel, and feel
As if you'd met a horse's heel ;
And see more stars and curious sights
Than in a couple o' months of nights !

You needn't laugh, my boy, it's true—
Outside the ropes and inside, too,
I've been, and know it like a book ;
Moreover, something in your look,
Half reckless like, and half refined,
Brings up another to my mind,—
Tom Collins, just about your size,
Same complexion, same black eyes,
Good scholar, too—great friend of mine—
Temperate—never tasted wine.
And smart he was, as a steel trap,
But rather a hot-tempered chap.
Got the pugilistic craz.—
Punched the bag for days and days,

Got to think the world a thing
Where people stood and watched the ring.
Had some bouts—did fairly well,
Felt himself begin to swell.
He liked me and I liked him ;
Truth told, he was a lively limb.
Backed him, I did, to a finish
With the mid-weight, Mick McGinnis.
Fight came off—a big crowd there,
Lots of money in the air ;
Tom was favorite, three to two,
Looked a champion through and through.

Fought like tigers—Tom was there
Till the sixth round, fair and square,
Then he weakened by degrees
Till he dwibled at the knees ;
Can't tell how it happened quite—
Sudden as a flash of light
Mick had reached him—Tom went down
'Mid the yells of half the town,
Stiff and rigid, all a-quiver,
With a look that made me shiver.
Never whispered, never stirred,
Time was called, Tom never heard ;
Home we bore him, cold and dying,
Left him on the sofa lying.
Widow'd mother's darling he—
Sisters sweet as you could see.
Knew 'twas ghastly mean to go
And leave them that way, don't you know,
But I couldn't stand to see
The way these women looked at me !

He died next day ; the hue and cry
Was raised and I was forced to fly.
Mick got hard labor for a year,
After a spell of sickening fear.
We were all as bad as he,
Not a difference I could see.

That did me—the manly art
Had stilled for once a brave boy's heart,
And left three women nearly wild
With grief and shame unreconciled.
So call me coward if you will,
Or any name will fill the bill ;
I've learnt the truth I once thought weak—
The bravest turn the other cheek ;
And best defence for old and young
Is just a civil, truthful tongue.

ADVICE (?)

Never, never say "I'm sorry;"
'Tis a phrase you should detest,
For if you've been acting truly
You should know all's for the best,

And if you've been acting meanly,
It were best to stop and say,
"From the very present moment
I will walk the higher way."

If you never grieve the spirit,
Ever near, of truth and love,
Then all things will touch you lightly
As a lady's silken glove.

Thus the world will miss your mourning
And I doubt if it will care,
For of people that are "sorry"
It has always some to spare !

CONFESSION.

Once I loved him ; he a friend
In need had been to me :
Before him oft my secret foes
Ingloriously did flee.

But praised and pampered to his hurt
How soon he changed became !
Quenched—utterly by selfishness
Was Duty's dying flame.

And soon amid the sensual tide
All honesty was lost ;
He lived to feed his appetite,
He cared not at what cost.

The widow and the orphans' crumbs,
The rich man's lordly hall,
Alike to him were goodly spoil ;
He plundered one and all.

To eat and drink and spend in sloth
The fruitful hours of day ;
To speed in revels fierce the night,
At last became his way.

Patience which long with me had plead
At length confused retired,
And to a dreadful recompense
My soul at last was fired.

One morning as the dawn did break,
Fresh from his guilty joys,
I met him—knew my time had come
Justice to counterpoise.

What murderer ever lacked a tool
Made ready to his hand ?
Before a knobbed and iron bar
Brief time had he to stand.

I would have dared the dawn of day,
The press, the public eye ;
Well knowing that the deed I did
They each would justify.

But he, alas, had but one friend,
A little maiden fair,
Of tender heart and hazel eyes,
And long and yellow hair.

She loved him and forgave each fault,
I knew 'twould grieve her sore,
So far away ere dawn did break
His corpse I quickly bore.

Upon a lone hillside I found
A cairn both high and wide ;
I hid him while the waning moon
Blanched at the felicide !

~~LENTIL~~

~~The cat came back ? I tell you nay,
Under the heap of stones he lay ;
So deep in a lonely, loveless grave
Must be buried self if our lives we'd save.~~

DRIVING.

Alone, alone, my love and I,
Far, far from man's abode ;
Alone, alone, my love and I,
Behind our good steed rode.

The snow was white, the snow was cold :
Was ever different snow ?
My love was fair, my love was kind,
Was ever like her ? No !

We talked of themes both grave and gay,
As lovers mostly will ;
And whether they were grave or gay
Her words were music still.

And ever from the west did blow
The wind that beareth cold,
And ever in the west did glow
The dim, grey sun of old.

And I bethought me, "Though my love
Doth bear a heart so warm,
Perchance the little hand is cold
That rests beside my arm."

I asked her, and she suddenly
Dropped off her gauntlet sleek,
And glancing gaily up at me,
Her warm hand pressed my cheek.

Her warm hand pressed my cheek, and then
She, blushing, let it fall,
For right ahead appeared a man,
Most grim and grey and tall.

He gazed at us—we glanced at him ;
Although our steed was fleet,
I doubt not that he'll know us both
The next time that we meet !

UNDER THE LIMES.

Glide on, sweet hours of summertime !
Glide on while dims the western sky,
And from the silent river's side
The sounds of traffic faint and die ;
While from the distant tower there swings
The sluggish note of vesper chimes ;
Each passing moment nearer brings
Glad greeting 'mid the broad-leaved limes.

There 'mid her halls, so wide and fair,
I see young Isabel—Ah, me,
She surely hath more than her share
Of youth's bewitching gaiety !
The youngest of the family ring
And pertest pirate of the times,
Each at her glance contributing
A benison beneath the limes.

I see her lily fingers strike
The tense piano's ivory keys,
Now deep, percussive, thunder-like,
Now soft as hum of summer bees,
She flings the reckless notes abroad,
As poet prodigal of rhymes,
While we, entranced, forget to laud
The fair musician of the limes.

And now beside her Arthur stands ;
A noble youth, I ween, is he,
Who hath a pair of helpful hands,
An honest face as one could see ;
Life's mystery ne'er hath lined his brow,
Nor sorer problem of the times,
Content that for the present now
'Tis pleasant 'mid the broad-leaved limes.

Thrice blessed hours of guileless youth,
Thrice happy Arthur in thy dreams ;
I would my heart like thine in truth
Could slake its thirst at such sweet streams !
But see ! far up the southern sky
The crystal-faced full moon climbs,
I must away—Good-bye—Good-bye !
God bless the home amid the limes !



s!

