

INDIANA

QUEEN
... OF THE ...
NORTH

And Forty Other Songs and
Sonnets by *Michael Whelan* of
Rerous River, New Brunswick



1914

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ERRATA

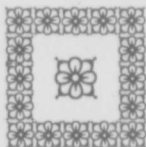
- Page 7 read "meed" not "need"
- " 9 " "clear" not "dear"
- Line 11 should follow line 15
- " 12 read "grotto" not "grottle"
- " 13 " "spirit's" not "spirits"
- " " "foeman" not "foemea"
- " 15 " "Indian maiden"
- " 16 " "those" not "these"
- " " "Divide" not "Divine"
- " 17 " Transpose lines 1 and 3
- " 20 " "afar" after "fate"
- " " "valleys" not "villages"
- " 21 " "sunlit" not "sunlet"
- " " "lonely" not "long"
- " 22 " "south" not "couth"
- " " "lonely" not "lovely"
- " " "throbs" not "trobs"
- " " "thrills" not "trills"
- " 23 " "one" not "our"
- " " "history's" not "historic"
- " 26 " "scene" not "scent"
- " 31 " "sprang" not "spring"
- " 35 " "hurra" not "harra"
- " " "wandered" not "wondered"

150

QUEEN OF THE NORTH

And Other Songs and Sonnets

BY MICHAEL WHELAN



To Mrs. Chas. Murphy
with the Compliment
of Michael Whelan
Nov 7/14.

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OCT 13 1950

Canada, Queen of the North

BY MICHAEL WHALEN

There's a star in the North that shall never grow dim
Till the heavens themselves shall decay,
But shall shine with the beauty and brightness of Him
Whose Kingdom shall ne'er pass away;
'Tis the Star that shines over the Land that we love,
The land of the lion, the deer and the dove,
Around which three oceans in majesty move,
The beautiful Star of the North.

The land that Columbus discovered, undreamed,
That gallant Jacques Cartier explored
Where the Cross of Champlain o'er the shrine ever
gleamed
In the House of the God he adored;
Where the Martyrs of Christ in their majesty stood
And poured for the Faith the full tide of their blood,
The land of the mountain, the forest and flood,
The beautiful Queen of the North.

The land where the contest raged fiercely and long
Between Roses and Lillies so fair,
Where the race to the swift and the fight to the strong
Was exemplified gloriously there
Where historic Quebec from its fortified frown
On the shining St. Lawrence looks splendidly down.
Where Wolfe gave to England the Gem of her Crown,
The beautiful Queen of the North.

The land where the Loyalist Fathers first came
When the struggle for freedom was o'er,
And gave to the country a glory and fame
That shall live in the land evermore;
Where brave Isaac Brock on the battlefield, fell,
Where every Canadian fought bravely and well
For the land he loved dearer than language can tell,
The beautiful Queen of the North.

The land where Mackenzie and Papineau led
In the struggle for Freedom denied,
Where our common ancestors most gallantly bled
For the Rights they demanded, and died;
The land that our forefathers fondly adored,
For whose freedom flashed fiercely the pen and the
sword,
For which noble Lord Durham his eloquence poured,
The beautiful Queen of the North.

The land that Macdonald united as one,
For which died Thomas D'Arcy McGee,
Where the struggle for Union and Freedom was won
And where man is in freedom most free.

The land of a Thompson, a Laurier, a Blake,
Who proudly their place with the foremost may take,
The land no Canadian could ever forsake,
The beautiful Queen of the North.

Where the Flag of our freedom floats proudly and high,
The beautiful Red, White and Blue,
Canadians have proved for that Flag they can die,
To their trust and their country most true;
The Cross of St. Andrew, St. Patrick, St. George,
That foremost for Freedom forever shall forge,
And force the far tyrant his prey to disgorge,
The Flag for the men of the North.

Then here's to the Land of the fair Maple Leaf,
Of the fir and the spruce and the pine,
Of the flower and the fruit and the fair golden sheaf,
Dear land of our dreamings divine;
Whose marvellous riches are greater than gold,
Whose wonderful story is scarcely half told,
Whose Charter of Freedom lies grandly outrolled,
The Star and the Queen of the North.

Woman—The Rose

Who will say that fair women are wanting
In tenderness, talent or truth?
With suffragette tendencies taunting
The splendid ambition of youth!
Go look at the list of the standing
In all our important exams.
Behold that bright army, expanding
Of beautiful, brilliant schoolma'ams,
In that high holy cause, Education
Most earnest in thought, word and deed,
Meeting many and vicious vexations
In the strenuous strife to succeed,
And blush while you blame the dear creatures
Whose heads and whose hearts ache for you,
The flush fading fast from their features,
Life's drudgery trying to do!
And if she succeeds as a teacher
And in most other callings of note,
Altho she is barred as a preacher
Why in thunder not give her the vote?
Then away with this foolish distinction,
"Shall women have this or do that"
Break the barriers down to extinction
And buy her a new beaver hat.
She's the crown of God's gracious creation,
Her love is more precious than pearls,
The far better half of the Nation,
This Rose of the Garden of Girls.

The World War—1914

Air: "Scots Wha Hae."

Britain brave beyond the sea,
 Fighting that man may be free,
 Greeting do we give to thee
 O'er the swelling wave.
 France and Belgium's brave sons
 Standing sternly by their guns,
 Where the blood in rivers runs,
 Bravest of the brave.

Where the banners brightly glance
 On the fertile fields of France,
 See the mighty host advance
 To turn the Teuton tide.
 Russia to the rescue runs,
 Crushes Austrians and Huns,
 Servia's heroic sons
 Fighting at her side.

Canada, dear native land,
 Thy brave sons beside them stand
 In that great and gallant band
 Who for freedom die.
 Hail to all the heroes, hail,
 May the Allied arms avail,
 May the patriot's prayer prevail,
 Hear it, God most high.

The Maid of the Main

When the far reaching Fire had swept o'er the land
 And burned all the forest away,
 And grim Desolation on every hand
 Stood forth on that terrible day,
 They tell of a maiden and mother who died
 Who perished in sorrow and pain,
 Whose sister became her brave rescuer's bride,
 The beautiful Maid of the Main.

When the Fire burst forth on the forest and farm
 These women were far in the wood,
 The plowman in panic was seized with alarm
 But rendered what rescue he could.
 With young Mary Weston, the only one left
 He fled to the shore of the stream,
 His soul full of sorrow, his sad heart bereft
 And ruined his "love's young dream."

They sped down the stream in a common canoe,
Thru the depths of the darkest despair,
On o'er the black waters, once brilliant and blue,
To the long, lonely Isle of Beaubair.
He hurried on down to old Chatham's fair town,
And left the young girl with his friends
While the fate of the maid in the forest alone
His heart with its deep anguish rends.

He sought out a ship and he sailed off to sea,
He scoured the far-reaching Main,
Till a vision he saw saying "Come back to me,
Return to your country again."
He thought 'twas the ghost of the girl who was burned
In the Fire far up the Northwest,
But the Voice he obeyed and to home he returned,
For the Vision would give him no rest.

And when he came back to the old seaport town
And called on his sister again,
A beautiful maiden before him he found
The maiden he met on the Main.
The beautiful girl he had borne in his arms
From the flames on that far distant day,
His dead darling's image, her equal in charms,
So wedded they were right away.

NOTE:—This song is founded on a story of the great
Miramichi Fire of 1825, written by the man who met
"The Maid of the Main."

Senator Adams

Just as the old year died did he depart,
Our Michael Adams, of the generous heart.
His life is ended—Death has closed the book,
Upon the title take a last fond look.
Closed the last chapter of his bright career
On the sealed volume shed the silent tear;
Done the last labor of his busy life,
No more he girds him for the stormy strife,
No more we see him in the splendid fray,
No more we meet him in the dear old way,
Nor on the hustings that clear voice we hear,
That rose responsive to the ringing cheer
Whose tones to tenderness or humor thrilled
To tears or laughter, as the speaker willed,

No more we see him on the city street,
No more he sitteth in the Senate seat,
No more they hear him in the Commons Hall,
This much respected, well-belov'd of all.

New Brunswick mourneth her distinguished son,
 Whose days are ended and his labors done.
 How much we miss him where the Miramichi
 Sweeps on in splendor to the sounding sea,
 And friends shall mourn him where "Ottawa's" tide
 Pours its black waters to St. Lawrence side,
 Where great Niagara its vast volume pours,
 And the earth trembles as the current roars.

Who had not seen him, had not heard his voice
 This People's Champion and the poor man's choice?
 Who has not loved him, this large hearted man
 Whose life has ended where it first began?
 Think you I flatter in my need of fame?
 "The youthful Johnson" was his early name,
 His fame with Johnson's shall survive the fray
 When meaner memories shall have pass'd away.
 Ah, large soul'd Adams! they have laid you down
 To silent slumber in a country town
 Whose varied genius, whose poetic mind
 In some Westminster should have been enshrined.
 We may not murmur, he has filled his part
 And God shall judge him by his great, warm heart.

Braddock

Where beautiful Ohio in splendor sweeps along
 And pours its murmuring waters in ecstasy of song,
 Before the mighty Conquest, ere yet the conflict closed,
 They buried Edward Braddock where Monongahela flows.

The French claimed all the country within the mighty V,
 And left their British brothers the borders by the sea,
 While from the forest fortress the smoke of foemen rose
 Within the lovely Valley where Monongahela flows.

Then came brave Edward Braddock with force two
 thousand strong,
 To sound of drum and trumpet he proudly marched along,
 The dark defile he entered amid his fearful foes,
 Self-satisfied, self-centred, where Monongahela flows.

That foe within the forest, they cannot make them run,
 While they themselves are targets for French and Indian
 gun,
 Like grain before the reaper when swift and strong it
 mows
 Fast fell the British soldiers where Monongahela flows.

Then Braddock saw his blunder and sounded the retreat
 Forth from that fearful slaughter they come with flying
 feet;

A bullet reached his bosom, his great career was closed,
 He finished all his fighting where Monongahela flows.

8 QUEEN OF THE NORTH AND OTHER SONGS

George Washington's brave Rangers the foemen intercept
While headstrong Edward Braddock in death serenely
slept,

Beneath the rude rough roadway, to save it from his foes,
They buried Braddock's body where Monongahela flows.

A town grew up around it and Braddock is its name,
And thus was made undying the headstrong hero's
fame;

And thus before the Conquest and ere the conflict's close
Was buried Edward Braddock where Monongahela* flows.

* The accent on second and fourth syllables.

The Hills of Northumberland

(Hunting Song)

Boatmen, awake! for the breezes are blowing,

Bright is the dawn of the beautiful day,

Sportsmen, arise! for the forests are glowing

Gold, green and red, in their glorious array.

Hunters, away to the beautiful wonderland

Sweet to your souls are the sights you shall see,

Hunting the deer on the hills of Northumberland,

Far in the forest of Miramichi.

Here is the food for which sportsmen are starting,

High on the hills of the dusky Dungarvon,

Deep in the glens of the rushing Renous,

Here is the health that their manhood renews:

Swiftly the deer thro' the forest are sweeping,

That monarch, the moose, in his majesty free

See! in the sunlight the salmon are leaping,

Shout! by the streams of the Miramichi.

High on the hollow tree, loudly resounding,

Hear the red woodcock awaken the hill,

Wildly the blood thro' each bosom is bounding,

The hearts of the hunters with ecstasy thrill;

God with His glory the hills is adorning,

Sing the sweet birds on each beautiful tree,

Breathe in the balm of the beautiful morning,

Shout! by the shores of the Miramichi.

Sept. 1905.

The Dungarvon Whooper

Far within the forest scene, where the trees forever green

Form a contrast to the beech and birches gray,

Where the snow lies white and deep, where the song-

birds seem to sleep

And cease their sweetest singing all the day;

Where the mighty monster moose, of limbs large and long

and loose

Thru the forest sweep with stride both swift and
 strong;
 Where the caribou and deer leap the brooks so crystal
 dear,
 Where the dark and deep Dungarvon sweeps along.

Where the black bear has his den far beyond the haunts
 of men,
 Where the muskrat, mink and marten swim the
 streams,
 Where the squirrel light and free swiftly springs from
 tree to tree,
 And the little snow-white rabbit sleeps and dreams;
 Where the sounds of toil resound far across the frozen
 ground,
 With the thousand things that to the woods belong,
 Where the saws and axes ring and the woodmen wildly
 sing
 When the young cook swiftly passed to the unknown;
 Where the dark and deep Dungarvon sweeps along.

In a lumber camp one day, while the crew were far away
 And the boss and cook were in that camp alone,
 A sad tragedy took place and Death won another race
 From that day of long ago comes this weird tale of woe,
 The sad and solemn subject of my song,
 When this young man drooped and died in his youth and
 manhood's pride
 Where the dark and deep Dungarvon sweeps along.

When the crew returned at night what a sad scene met
 their sight
 There lay the young cook silent, cold and dead;
 Death was in his clustering hair, in his young face, pale
 and fair,
 While his knapsack formed a pillow for his head;
 From the belt about his waist all his money was mis-
 placed,
 Which made the men suspect some serious wrong.
 Was it murder cold and dread that befel the fair young
 dead
 Where the dark and deep Dungarvon sweeps along.

When they asked the skipper why he had made no wild
 outcry
 He turned away and hid his haughty head,
 "Wall, the youngster took so sick and he died so mighty
 quick
 That I hadn't time to think" was all he said;
 Each heart heaved a heavy sigh and a tear was in each
 eye
 While thru each breast the strangest feelings throng;
 And each reverent head was bared as the funeral they
 prepared
 Where the dark and deep Dungarvon sweeps along.

While the wildest winds did blow fast fell down the
driven snow

Till four feet deep it lay upon the ground,
So that on the burial day, to the settlement away
To bear the corpse impossible was found.
But a forest grave was made and in it the cook was laid
While the woodmen and the song-birds ceased their
song,
There the last farewells were said o'er the young and
lonely dead

When the crew to camp returned their dear comrade still
they mourned,

While the shades of night were falling o'er the hill,
All that long and fearful night all the camp were in af-
fright,

Such fearful whoops and yells the forest fill.
Pale and ghastly was each face, "We will leave this fear-
ful place

"For this camp unto the devil does belong,"
"At the dawning of the day we will hasten far away"
"From where dark and deep Dunganarvon sweeps
along."

Since that day, so goes the word, fearful sounds have
long been heard

Far around the scene where lies the woodman's grave
Whoops the warmest blood to chill, yells the stoutest
heart to thrill

And strike terror to the bravest of the brave;
Till beside that grave did stand God's good man with
lifted hand

And prayed that He this scene would not prolong;
That these fearful sounds should cease, that this soul
might rest in peace
Where the dark and deep Dunganarvon sweeps along.

Since that day the sounds have ceased and the region is
released

From those most unearthly whoops and screams and
yells,
All around the Whooper's Spring there is heard no-evil
thing

And above the Whooper's Grave deep silence dwells;
Be the story false or true, I have told it unto you
As I heard it from the folklore all life long,
And I hope all strife shall cease and our people dwell in
peace,

Where the dark and deep Dunganarvon sweeps along,
January, 1912.

Macdonald's Dream

Beside the broad St. Lawrence stood
 A lawyer long ago,
 The fire of genius in his blood,
 Upon his cheek its glow.
 He dreamed he saw a nation rise
 Beside the splendid stream,
 Who lo! there flashed before his eyes
 The Genius of his dream.

"I am the Genius of the North,
 You shall my servant be,
 Go, call my teeming millions forth
 From sounding sea to sea."
 "From north to south, from east to west,
 Where golden waters gleam,
 Go, bind this motto to your breast
 And realize your dream."

A Union based on equal rights,
 As clear as wish could claim,
 On the old lines, in the old lights,
 Fair "Canada" its name.
 Thru Britain's Parliament was passed
 The famous "Quebec Scheme,"
 And thus was realized at last
 Sir John Macdonald's Dream.

Pope Pius X

(Sonnet)

The great and good are going one by one,
 The Reaper Death is busy everywhere,
 While War's wild wail is ringing thro the air,
 This grand old man goes home, his duty done.
 His crown of glory in the heavens won
 "All things in Christ" his parting word of prayer.
 God called him from his heavy load of care
 Just as the fearful conflict has begun,
 His great heart broke within him at the sight
 Of warring nations at each others' throats.
 O'er Europe darkly falls the dismal night,
 The blood-stained banner o'er each warfield floats.
 When shall the conflict and its clamor cease?
 When shall the world behold the dawn of Peace?
 Aug. 31, 1914.

The Rose of Sharon

The night has lowered clear and cold
Above Judea's hills,
The time has come, so long foretold,
The Harp of Heaven thrills;
Within a grotto dark and drear,
By breath of kine perfumed,
The Child Divine descended here,
The Rose of Sharon bloomed.

His lovely Mother laid Him low
Within a manger bare,
While all around the heavens glow
And angels worship there;
Tho human eyes could only see
The dreary dark around,
Such light ne'er shone on land or sea,
For this is holy ground.

Far in the East a Star arose
And glided to the West,
In sacred splendor now it glows
Above His place of rest;
The Magi followed where it led,
By heavenly light illumed,
And knelt beside His lowly bed,
The Rose of Sharon bloomed.

Xmas, 1907

Lady La Tour

You know that noble river,
Broad, beautiful Saint John,
Whose stream flows on forever
As in the ages gone.

From Maine's majestic mountains
To Fundy's boistrous Bay,
It pours its flashing fountains
Of waters, night and day.

Beside its murmuring waters
In peace our people dwell,
New Brunswick's sons and daughters.
Who all remember well

The many scenes of sorrow
In days of long ago
Wrought by the ax and arrow
Of savage Indian foe.

But in surpassing splendor
For pathos sweet and pure,
That tale so true and tender
Of Lady de La Tour.

Within the lonely forest,
Her foemen held at bay,
In straits the saddest, sorest,
Her husband far away.

With her brave friends around her,
The lady knelt and prayed.
And thus her foemen found her,
By treachery betrayed.

Deceived, she soon surrendered,
Each man a martyr dies,
Her fifty brave defenders,
Are hanged before her eyes.

Her noble heart is broken,
And crushed her spirits pride,
Her last farewell is spoken,
The lady drooped and died.

Her foemen died by drowning,
Within those waters wild,
The water-spirit frowning,
His dastard deed reviled.

Long as those waters flowing
Her memory shall endure,
On history's pages glowing,
Brave Lady de La Tour!

Storm Song

The white lightning flashed as the loud thunder roared
While the rain in swift torrents fell down,
And over the hillsides in rivulets poured,
While fear filled the country and town.
The storm in its splendor swept on thro' the night
And wrought out its weird, mighty will,
Till the thunderbolt fell in its terrible flight
And struck the old church on the hill.

Then down fell the cross from its station on high
With the tower that held it in air,
That had reached out its arms to the beautiful sky
From that dear little temple of prayer.
And down crashed the building itself to the ground.
A wreck and a sad ruin laid,

Its timbers and tenements scattered around,
Its part in the great drama played.

Its staunch frame had stood the stern test sixty years,
The summer's and winter's strong blast,
Beneath its dear roof-tree the prayers and the tears
Of our fathers to heaven had passed.
With the Will of the Sovereign Who rules from the skies,
And whatever the cold critic's views,
A far grander temple to God shall arise
By the beautiful Vale of Renous.
Aug., 1912.

Grainfield (Abridged)

There's a lovely little Valley where the waters meet in
glory

At the mouth of dark Dungarvon where it meets the
fair Renous,

Those dear rivers named from persons and from places
famed in story,

Where the dreamer loves to linger or the poet loves
to muse,

Where the stately trees are standing on the lovely, sun-
lit meadows,

Or upon the sloping hillsides of this fair, enchanting
vale,

Where the fir and spruce and hemlock form its setting in
the shadows

From the forests far a fragrance floats upon the
gentle gale.

Where the sun shone best and brightest on those glor-
ious summer mornings,

And the moon in silver splendor crowned the brood-
ing summer night,

Where the heaven bending o'er us the dear valley seemed
adorning,

This fair Eden of my boyhood, with its dreamy, dear
delight.

Oh, God bless thee, gentle Grainfield, may you merit
your cognomen,

May your forests ever flourish and your grainfields
ever grow,

May the name some stranger gave you be a sign of sweet-
est omen

For the lovely little Valley where the murmuring
waters flow.

The Maid of the Mist

A fair maiden was stricken in love
 In the land where the dusky men dwell,
 Her sorrowful story to pity must move,
 For this is the sad tale they tell:
 She had learned that her lover unfaithful had proved
 And turned from his Red Wing away,
 She would rather be dead than to live on unloved,
 So she died in this wonderful way.

She turned her light skiff to the terrible Falls
 And sped down the swift flowing stream,
 The deep, awful Voice to her sad spirit calls:
 "Come, rest in this bosom and dream."
 Fast fell the swift shades of the gathering night,
 The darkness was deepening around,
 The maiden's dark face than the foam was more white,
 Yet she uttered no cry or no sound.

The pain in her heart was too pointed for speech,
 Her soul by deep sorrow was stung,
 Her thoughts were too sad for poor language to reach
 And terror had stilled her sweet tongue.
 But, see! she has swept to the crest of the Falls,
 Her light skiff is spinning in air,
 The sight the spectator with horror appals,
 She has dropped to the depth of despair!

Chorus:

O sad was the fate of this fair Indian maid
 By the sun and the summer winds kist,
 The bold, balmy breeze with her dark hair had played,
 Dear Red Wing the Maid of the Mist.

Kilgour Shives

New Brunswick sons were ever famed
 For energy and skill,
 Whatever work they find to do
 They did it with a will
 Whether upon the dear old farm
 Or in the forest fair,
 They bravely bared the strong right arm
 And took the toiler's share;
 A ringing cheer, an answer clear
 To Duty's clarion call
 Up from the lowly, lovely cot
 To Legislative Hall;
 No better man was ever born
 Amid her tolling hives
 Than he for whom today we mourn,
 Lamented Kilgour Shives.

A man he was to Friendship dear,
Respected by all these
Who closely watched his high career
And mourn its early close
Who did not have a selfish plan
But strove for higher things,
With diligence that makes a man
To stand before the kings;
How vain the earthly things that fade,
How fleeting all is fame,
Far greater than the million made
Is ay an honest name;
A man is measured by his mind,
By that for which he strives,
And in the foremost files we find
Lamented Kilgour Shives.

Amid the forests of the North
The summons swiftly came,
Fierce flashed Death's fearful fiat forth
In rifle smoke and flame,
The strong man fell, a sad farewell
To all that he held dear,
And there, within that woodland dell
Was closed his high career;
Alas! for all of human hope,
Man's Life is but a breath,
And in the human horoscope
The distant view is Death;
His day is done, his race is run,
His Memory still survives,
While by the beautiful St. John
They buried Kilgour Shives.

The Fair New Brunswick Hills

(Hunting Song)

The sports have come again to shoot the monster,
To capture a few caribou and deer
To sing and shout and dance and play the punster,
To join in every jollity and cheer.
The hunters and their guides are going, calling
The moose at early dawn, in morning chills,
Some standing, peering, others floundering falling
Amid the far and fair New Brunswick Hills.

And some have come to far away Cain's River,
Which wits have named the modern Land of Nod,
(Whose dear old people, passed away forever,
Have crossed the Great Divine and gone to God.)
On every hill you hear the rifles ringing,
Each good gun never fails, but always kills,
They've got the game and now they're going singing
"Good-by, God bless the fair New Brunswick hills!"

Then here's a health in clear, cold sparkling water
 To Uncle Sam and brave old Johnny Bull,
 And all America's dear sons and daughters,
 With three times three and hearts of friendship full,
 And if they come again, dear friends and brothers,
 Or send some friends their place to take and fill,
 We'll welcome them, or for their sake, the others,
 Amid the far and fair New Brunswick hills.

Alexander Gibson, Sr.

The grand old Gibson's gone
 Who once was Nashwaak's king,
 His great works still live on,
 His praise the people sing,
 Where Labor's voices call
 About the mighty mill,
 While he who built it all
 Lies cold and calm and still,
 Where evening's shadows fall
 Upon yon sunny hill.

"Behold, this is my own,
 I have not lived in vain,
 And yet I am alone
 My heart is full of pain."
 Such was the great man's cry
 For years before he died,
 For such a soul a sigh,
 Alas for human pride!
 He was a friend of art
 Whose memory should remain,
 Great generous was his heart,
 Gigantic was his brain.
 A man to play his part
 We shall not see again.

Nelson, Miramichi

What cause you have to bless the giver
 The broad, majestic Miramichi,
 Dear Nelson, nestling by the river,
 For gracious gifts to thee.

Sweet village resting by the river ..
 That flows forever to the sea,
 While shadows on thy bosom quiver,
 I sing this song to thee.

One day I passed, the wind was blowing
 All fiercely from the far Nor'west,

Thy stream was moaning, tossing, flowing
In wild and deep unrest.

A nameless charm is flung around thee,
Far more of nature than of art,
A scenic beauty still surrounds thee,
Dear to the dreamer's heart.

And yet the highest art is in thee,
The fairest forms that nature knows,
A smile from heaven seems to win thee
To sweet and soft repose.

Thy happy homes that fondly nestle
Amid thy lawns and shading trees
Far from the noise of business bustle
Woo the wild, wayward breeze.

Thy noble church its spire raises
To heaven's blue and blessed dome,
Pointing all persons to His praises
And their last, happy home.

Each tomb recalls some friend departed,
Who once walked on thy single street,
Those faithful friends, the happy-hearted
Whom now no more we meet.

They're gone to God. His holy Heaven
Now holds the hearts you once held dear,
They thankful that the bonds are riven
That bound and held them here.

One in their midst has long been sleeping,
My sainted sister fair and sweet
I leave unto your kindly keeping
My gentle Marguerite.

The Titanic

Over the breast of the bounding Atlantic
Where the great Icebergs gleam glancing and cold
Comes the sad news of this shipwreck gigantic
Terriblest ocean tale ever yet told.

That mighty steamer, well named "The Titanic,"
Splitting the waves with magnificent sweep,
Speeding along to a slaughter satanic,
Murder most foul on the desolate deep.

Under the stars clear and cold in the midnight,
While the great ocean lay calm in the gloom,
Dreading no danger and bearing bad searchlights
Still she swept on to her last dreadful doom.

On her great decks there were singing and dancing,
 While she sped on in her splendor and pride
 Soon from the iceberg the great ship is glancing,
 Driven to death with a wound in her side.

"Be British, brave boys" was the captain's last order,
 Bravely obeyed, and full sore was the need,
 And he might add in that fearful disorder:
 "This is the penalty paid for "Full Speed."

O, but to think of these hundreds heroic
 One thousand six hundred sad, desolate souls.
 Facing their fate with a fortitude stoic,
 While all around them the great Ocean rolls.

Waiting their doom with a courage surprising,
 Death in the depths of the desolate sea!
 Hear that grand Hymn sadly Heavenward rising:
 "Nearer, My God, ever Nearer to Thee."

See those brave priests and the multitude kneeling
 Their hands ever lifted in blessing and prayer,
 To Him in high Heaven for mercy appealing
 In this their dark hour of Death and Despair.

Soon the great steamship is certainly sinking,
 Fast going down with a gurgle and groan,
 From their dread fate human nature is shrinking,
 Hear their last cry in that maddening moan!

Over their deep grave the sad waves are sweeping,
 While the wild winds their last Requiem sigh,
 In the two Hemispheres thousands are weeping,
 Bidding their loved ones a lingering Good-Bye.

Long shall this terrible tale of the ocean
 Be told thro the flight of the incoming years,
 The dark, dreadful deep and the deathless devotion
 Thrilling to terror or melting to tears.

Long shall the lesson they learned be remembered
 By those who go down in great ships to the sea,
 And long shall they mourn who thus sadly were Sundered,
 Their sorrow shall bring them still Nearer to Thee.

May, 1912.

War Song

Europe's battle flags again unfurl'd,
 Slav, Saxon, Celt and Teuton clash in hate
 The mighty contest stirs a waiting world,
 Boding but ill to future human fate.
 The mightiest conflict that the world has seen

Since great Napoleon followed fate
The bloodiest battles that have even been
May mark the course of this unhappy war.

Millions of men were massing under arms,
Waiting the word to let the war-dogs loose,
The world was filled with wild and weird alarms,
Not knowing what an hour might produce.
But now has dawned the dark and dreadful day
Whose close the wisest man may not divine,
Fair Peace and Prudence cannot hold at bay
The mighty force around the mystic Rhine.

Germania, solid for the Fatherland,
Britannia, boasted mistress of the sea,
All hearts that love the dear old Motherland
Both hope and pray that she shall victor be
The flag that flies above our native land
Bears Britain's beauteous, brave Red White and Blue,
All Canada shall firm and faithful stand,
To God, to country and the old home true.
Aug., 1914.

Glen Gowan (Renous River)

On the hills of Glen Gowan, one fine summer morning
By the Valley of Grainfield that slumbers below,
While the bright sun with beauty the scene was adorning,
By the banks of Renous, where its bright waters flow.
From the hills that look down on the beautiful river,
I dreamed of the dear ones who dwelt here of yore,
But, Alas! they have gone from its precincts forever,
The hills of Glen Gowan shall know them no more.

In the dear days of old, when the great, fearful Fire
Had burned a black mark by the Miramichi,
Came the brave Sons of Erin, filled high with desire
To live and die freemen, crossed over the sea.
They left the dear Land of the Shamrock forever,
To settle them down by this sweet, sunny shore,
But the dark hand of Death those dear home ties did sever
The hills of Glen Gowan shall know them no more.

'Tis the same all around—of those heroes true-hearted
Each valley and hill has the same tale to tell,
Those brave pioneers from the place have departed,
The faithful and fond have said final farewell.
Some sleep by the banks of the beautiful river,
Some rest in the west by a far, foreign shore,
They have left the fair hills and the villages forever,
The hills of Glen Gowan shall know them no more.
June, 1905.

The Blackbird

Where the river swift and strong
In its splendor sweeps along
And the sun his brilliant light
 On its broad breast flings,
Where the trees are tall and green
All around the sylvan scene,
There a bonnie bough is seen
 Where the blackbird sings.

Where the hills are high and steep
And the sunlet meadows sleep
And the bonnie, blushing Rose
 All her bright bloom brings,
Where the grass is tall and rank
By the bending river bank
Is the bonnie, bonnie bough
 Where the blackbird sings.

Where the fish are in the pool
In the shadows dim and cool
And the butterflies and bees
 Flit about in busy rings,
Where the insects in the hay
Chirp and croon the summer day
And the boughs and branches sway
 Where the blackbird sings.

To that lovely little nook
You may often bring your book
And take a loving look
 At God's glorious things,
While the balmy breezes blow
Thro' the branches high and low
And the bough swings to and fro
 As the blackbird sings.

At the blue and brilliant sky,
All earth's beauties blooming nigh,
All the work of One Most High,
 The great King of Kings,
At the bright light on the bar
From the lady moon afar,
Or some long, twinkling star
 Where the blackbird sings.

But the autumn days are here,
Soon that song no more we hear
And the bonnie bough is drear
 When the sharp frost stings,
When the winter's wreath of snow
Has laid bloom and blossom low
And has made a scene of woe
 Where the blackbird sings.

Now the crickets in the grass
Make wild music as we pass,
But the bonnie bird, alas!
 To the bough no longer clings,
He has left the sylvan scene,
Those high hills and meadows green,
On the bough no more is seen
 Where the blackbird sings.

To the soft and sunny couth
He has turned his tiny mouth
And fled far from the north
 On his bright, black wings,
While the bonnie, bonnie bough
That has brushed some dreamer's brow,
Looks so sad and lovely now
 Where the blackbird sings!

But when the winter day
From the north shall pass away
And the genial heat holds sway
 O'er the ice-bound springs,
With the welcome of the Spring,
On his bright and bonnie wing,
We shall hear the sweet bird sing
 Where the broad bough swings.

When the fruit-tree blossom blows
With the whiteness of the snows
And the heat of Summer glows
 Like a rich harp's strings,
We shall hear his sweet song then
In the busy haunts of men,
 Where the blackbird sings.

Montcalm and Wolfe

Ah, Montcalm, tried and true, your hour has come
And at your gates is Wolfe's alarum drum!
With sixty ships he stem'd the splendid stream,
 To take Quebec his daring, darling dream!
Behold that mighty Rock, those rugged hills,
His hero heart within him throbs and trills,
But when the fever racked his burning brow
 He moaned "Alas! I dreamed a dream but now!"
Still hope sustains the hero's ardent soul,
His heart beats high, but held in stern control,
A path is found, the fortress keys it gave
 The path that led to glory and the grave.

Down the great stream, one still September night
Wolfe's troops were rowed, all eager for the fight,

Under the brooding of the silent stars,
 Brave sons of Britain and the war god Mars,
 Securely slept each sentry at his post
 Up the stern steep struggled that mighty host,
 And stood in battle's strong and stern array
 As o'er the boulders broke the dawn of day.
 "Reserve your fire till you have seen their eyes!"
 Each man obeys and sternly silent dies.
 Then one united volley greets the foe,
 Like grain before the reaper, down they go.

The Lily drooped, the Rose in beauty bloomed,
 Above the land where Montcalm lay entombed,
 Heroic Wolfe in far Westminster sleeps,
 Their graves divided by the mystic deeps.
 God bless the memory of the buried brave,
 The friends and foes that fill our common grave,
 Whose names adorn our historic brightest page
 And fill the volume of that bygone age.
 O Canada, my country, fair young queen,
 The last and loveliest of the lands yet seen,
 Bridging the racial and religious gulf,
 Behold the tomb of Montcalm and of Wolfe.
 Feb. 1914.

Sir Donald Smith

His long life ended, Lord Strathcona sleeps,
 The British Empire his great memory keeps
 As something sacred, in a shrine apart,
 In the deep recess of her great, warm heart
 A Scotch-Canadian, Scotland's splendid son,
 In our broad country was his battle won,
 Around the region of the Hudson Bay
 He toiled and suffered on his upward way.
 Till fortune crowned him and the fairest fame
 Where others stumbled or sank down to shame
 He counselled prudence and the paths of peace,
 In the sad struggle with the poor Metis.

An upright conscience and an honest cause,
 The brave defender of impartial laws,
 He left his leader in the darksome day
 When Duty bade him to the better way.
 His great heart glowing with its honest love,
 For God and country, for all good he strove,
 A humble servant of the Prince of Peace,
 Whose great example bids our bickering cease.
 His native country may indeed be proud
 Of good Sir Donald, whose grand head is bowed,
 His mother's forecast we should not forget:
 "They'll all be proud of my dear Donald yet."

This grand old hero his proud place may take
With John Macdonald and brave Edward Blake,
John Denman Thompson and the great McGee
Or these stern statesmen from the sounding sea.
With Peter Mitchell and the peerless Howe
And all our heroes at whose shrines we bow,
Our country's fathers who have passed away
The gallant Tupper still survives the fray.
Canadians mourn him, this great, gifted one
Who sleeps in silence, with his work well done,
Our grateful country twines the Maple Leaf
With Rose and Thistle, for this grand old chief.
Feb. 1914.

The Empress of Ireland

"Empress of Ireland" sunk in the mighty river
That sweeps in its splendor on to the sounding sea,
Many the souls that in sorrow shall shudder and shiver,
For the fate of the thousand lives gone down in the
darkness with thee.

Again the "Titanic's" grim ghost rises up from the ocean,
Again the wild wall of the drowning and dying we hear,
The story of selfishness, sacrifice, deepest devotion,
Thrilling the heart with a haunting horror and fear.

Who is to blame for this far-reaching, fearful, disaster?
Was it the will of God or the work of His creature, man?
No one shall say but the infinite, merciful Master
Who guides the great world on His vast, eternal plan.

Michael Welsh and Wife of Bristol, N. B.

My dear old friend forever gone
Beyond this bourne of time and place,
Thy friends no more shall see thy face
Beside the beautiful St. John.

Alas! for human hope and fame,
Alas! for all that makes life dear,
A tender thought, a trembling tear,
And then the world goes on the same.

But O the void that surely lies
About the home wherein he dwelt,
Where friendship's kindly glow was felt,
What memories from the past arise!

His great heart grieved and yet was glad,
With busy projects bubbling o'er;

And now to think he is no more,
How swift the change and O how sad!

They went together to their rest,
Two partners in a busy life,
They sleep together, man and wife,
Upon that summit's sunny crest.

By Chik-te-hauk's dark, wooded stream,
Beside the splendid, swift St. John,
Whose sylvan scenes I've looked upon,
An Artist's dear, delicious dream.

But O my soul with sorrow thrills,
Upon this theme I dare not dwell,
My faithful friends, a last farewell,
Farewell to Bristol's bonnie hills.

Peter Mitchell

Ah, he is dead, the grand old man
Beyond the three score years and ten,
Who in the old time led the van,
The foremost mid the foremost then.

And who shall count his contests o'er
Or who shall tell his battles won,
And who does not his death deplore
New Brunswick's great and gifted son?

To read his history great and good,
The story of that struggle grand,
When Peter Mitchell sternly stood
The bulwark of his native land.

How in that dark and stormy day
His voice rang out in splendid strife,
When, old abuses swept away,
New Brunswick rose to larger life.

When in Confederation's cause
He lent heroic, helping hand
To formulate the liberal laws
That govern now our native land.

When Minister of our Marine
He lit our coasts with warning Lights,
That far upon the sea are seen,
His monuments, on dark, dense nights.

And in the Behring Sea award
Gigantic work had Mitchell done,

But others reaped the rich reward
And wove the laurels he had won.

When in the Senate, too, he sat
Where he at last might hope to rest,
At Duty's call he tendered that
And left it at his Chief's request.

And now at last he lies in death
Just as the Transvaal trumpet blows
When, summoned from his native heath,
Each boy to battle bravely goes.

Peace to the gallant Mitchell's soul,
He would have been in battle too,
So tho the Transvaal thunders roll,
Remember him, the tried and true.
Oct. 1899.

My Queen

Ah well do I remember
In the sweet, serene September,
When sad summer to the years had said good-bye,
While the balmy breeze was blowing
And the golden grain was glowing,
That we wandered in the meadows, you and I.
Far across those dark green meadows
Fell the slowly slanting shadows,
While the sun in brilliant beauty bathed the scent
As we walked along together
Thro the splendid autumn weather
There I crowned my best beloved, my fair young
queen.
Then she heard the old sweet story
As she gazed upon the glory
Of the meadow and the woodland and the stream,
Heaven's blessed bells were ringing,
All our souls were sweetly singing
As we wandered in that dear, delicious dream!
Sept. 21st, 1913.

The Great Canadian Wheatfields

Our brave boys are gaily going
Where the golden grain is growing
And the golden sunshine glowing
Thro' the glorious western day,
Where the western winds are blowing
And the western waters flowing
Thro the great Canadian Wheatfields far away

They are going to the reaping
Of those splendid wheatfields sweeping
Like the ocean billows leaping
 When the winds the waters sway,
May God have them in His keeping
In their toiling and their sleeping
 In the great Canadian Wheatfields far away.

They are going to the threshing,
To the roaring and the rushing
Of those mighty engines gushing
 All the happy harvest day,
To the ever onward pushing
From gray dawn till eve is flushing
O'er the great Canadian Wheatfields far away.

God be with the splendid fellows
From the workshop or the bellows,
From the farmlands and the forests
 Of the countries by the Bay,
Where our maple trees and willows
Are not seen among the billows
 Of the great Canadian Wheatfields far away.

And when home again returning,
Every toil and danger spurring,
Every heart with hope high, burning,
 Eager for the future fray,
To the glory of the morning
Their dear native hills adorning,
 From the great Canadian Wheatfields far away.

We shall hear some splendid spouting,
Some fine stories past the doubting,
Of the rioting and routing
 And the dangers by the way;
O, the singing and the shouting
Of the splendid summer's outing
In the great Canadian Wheatfields far away!

And so, whether "Whig" or "Tory,"
Of the "peaceful" days or "gory,"
May God bless the Statesmen hoary
 Who have nobly paved the way
For the grandeur and the glory
Of the yet unfinished story
 Of the great Canadian Wheatfields far away.

1904.

The Rose of Renous

In a sweet rural vale in the long, long ago,
A beautiful Rose bloomed, as pure as the snow,

Like gold in the sun was the gleam of her hair,
And her face as an angel's was faultless and fair,
But the dark hand of Death this fair flower did bruise,
So she faded and died, this fair Rose of Renous.

In a dear little town for its beauty well known,
Where the spire springs straight from its temple of stone,
Where the Cross gleams in glory and grandeur on high,
'Mid the white marble slabs o'er the dead resting nigh,
By the broad, noble River of beautiful views
She sleeps her last sleep, this fair Rose of Renous.

So sweetly she sleeps from her home far away,
Where the Miramichi broadens out like a bay,
With the great Father Egan, the tried and the true
And the friends of his life that he trusted and knew,
Where the soft Summer wind the bright water still woos
Sleeps sweet Marguerite, the fair Rose of Renous.
May, 1905.

Timothy Lynch

Life's swift stream is ever flowing,
Bearing onward one and all,
One by one the great are going,
One by one the leaders fall

Few there are who reach the gloaming,
Fewer still who say "good-night,"
And the harbor bar is moaning,
Tho the sun be shining bright.

Anxious days and years of tolling,
Planning, striving to succeed,
Blundering, building, shaping, spilling
O what hearts in business bleed!

Every man, his star pursuing,
Strives for some gigantic goal,
Honor all who, up and doing,
Work for welfare of the whole.

Whom we mourn, he is the latest,
To his rest forever passed,
And tho not among the greatest,
With the great he may be classed.

Born amid the poor and lowly,
Broke his birth's invidious bar,"
Rose from ranks of labor holy,
"Grappling with his evil star."

"Rising up from high to higher,"
"Reached his fortune's crowning slope,"
Where men struggling, still aspire,
Filled with high, heroic hope.

And, according to his calling,
Made himself an honor'd name,
Where, in Commerce, rising, falling,
There are thousands—this his fame.

God to each a gift has given,
Each must toil as he deems best,
Hoping for a home in Heaven,
After labor follows rest.

The Star

The sun has set behind the hills,
Serenely shines the evening star,
Above the mountains, streams and rills,
Bright Venus, beautiful and far.

I think upon that lovely light
That led the wise men on their way.
Throughout the darkness of the night
To find the cave where Christus lay.

Its brilliant beauty bade them on
To find the world's Redeeming Light,
And in surpassing splendor shone
Above the cave, His satellite.

Within that grotto damp and dim
Emmanuel in slumber lies,
The hosts of Heaven worship Him,
The light of His dear Mother's eyes.

And while the kings their Lord adored,
Sweet harps with mystic music rang.
High heaven its hosts of angels poured,
Who in surpassing sweetness sang:

All glory be to God on high,
Upon this most auspicious morn,
The day has dawned, the hour is nigh,
And Jesus, Prince of Peace, is born.
Epiphany, 1913.

The Woods of Miramichi

In the lovely autumn weather
When the leaves are turning brown,
And in myriads altogether
From the trees are tumbling down;
When the green and golden glory
From the forest far we see
O, the splendor of the story
Of the Woods of Miramichi.

When the lovely colors blended
Crown the forest far and wide,
And the golden sunshine splendid
Falls upon the gleaming tide;
When the sweet song-birds are giving
Sweetest notes from tree to tree,
O, the ecstasy of living
In the Woods of Miramichi!

When the hunter goes a shooting
The great moose and caribou,
And the guide his horn is tooting
The deep glades and forests thro';
When the sportsmen all are singing
In the forest fair and free
O, the melody a-ringing
Thro the woods of Miramichi.

When within the large log shanty
Gather all the lumbermen,
With a joyous air and jaunty,
What a murmur rises then;
While as fast as he is able
Captain cook pours out the tea
All around the great long table
In the woods of Miramichi.

When at last, the supper ended,
Every man is in his berth,
What a babel there is blended
Of sweet music and wild mirth;
With a song the camp is filling.
"O, Come Listen Unto Me,"
While the woodman's heart is thrilling
In the woods of Miramichi.

Soon the camp is wrapped in slumber,
"In a dear, delicious dream,"
While without the tall straight lumber
Stands beside the sounding stream.
Sweeping on in mystic splendor
From the hillsides to the sea,
With a music sweet and tender
Thro the woods of Miramichi,

Oct. 1904.

 England and Edward VII

"Fear God and honor the King"—Bible

Dear Island Mother o'er the sea,
 The seat and centre of the Throne,
 The greatest names the world has known
 Are linked with thy long line and thee .

Great Caesar, conqueror of Rome
 And thee, dear Island of the West,
 Upon whose radiant, royal breast
 Ten thousand tribes have found a home.

The great and glorious Constantine,
 Crowned champion of the Church of God,
 Spring from thy ancient, Celtic sod,
 Who conquered by the Sacred Sign.

Thy Arthur, noble, knightly King
 Whom Tennyson has grandly sung,
 Whose memory has fondly clung,
 To British hearts and still doth cling.

Thy Alfred, Richard, Edward brave
 The last,—not least—who nobly wears
 Thy crown, and the great sceptre bears,
 That reaches far o'er land and wave.

This latest sovereign of thy line
 Descended from a hundred kings,
 For whom our acclamation rings,
 Who reigns indeed by "right divine."

By right divine of loyal love
 With which the ardent bosom glows,
 By which "Our Lady of the Snows"
 Her loyalty to thee doth prove.

Recalling our lamented queen
 Whose memory is forever blest,
 Who in her sacred shrine shall rest,
 The noblest England e'er hath seen.

Why should we not salute her son?
 Our Edward has his mother's heart,
 In Erin's wrongs he has no part
 But all her loyal love has won.

His bonnie bride, the beauteous Dane,
 The loveliest England e'er has seen,
 To be our dear, anointed queen,
 Well worthy on her throne to reign.

And those dear children of her heart,
Who lately left our sounding shore,
Dwell in our hearts forevermore,
As something sacred and apart.

Let loudest acclamations ring
Upon that day in queenly June,
Three hundred million hearts, attune,
Shall cry: "God save our gracious King!"

May, 1902.

Sweet Mary of Miramichi

A dear little cot on a fair, sunny hillside,
Its roof of dark green and its gables of gold,
Its walls white as marble or snow in the sunlight,
But O what a jewel that casket did hold.
It stood by the bank of a beautiful river,
That swept in its splendor right on to the sea,
And sang in the sunshine forever and ever;
"Sweet Mary, the Maid of the Miramichi!"

The giant trees grew on the rich spreading meadows
That bordered the banks of the beautiful stream,
The sheep and kine grazed in the sunshine and shadow,
Or lay down to rest in a long, quiet dream.
The fair flowers bloomed by the beautiful dwelling,
The sweet birds sang loud in each tall, leafy tree,
But fairer by far, in bright beauty excelling,
Was Mary, the Maid of the Miramichi.

Her long golden hair fell in glory about her
Her broad, open brow was as white as the snow,
Her dear, dark blue eyes,—O no lover could doubt her—
Her cheeks as the rose and her red lips aglow,
Her fine, faultless figure was tall, straight and slender,
A grand gentle girl in her glory was she,
Sweet soul of the sunshine, sweet heart true and tender,
Sweet Mary, the Maid of the Miramichi.

Bishop Dollard

I would speak of the pioneer Pastor
Who traversed these western wilds,
With a heart full of love for the Master,
Yet humble and chaste as a child's.

A saint and a student and scholar
A priest and a poet was he,
That pioneer priest of the Mission
By the beautiful Miramichi.

And he was a lover of Nature,
That leads up to Nature's great God,
He loved every one of His creatures
And the ways of the lowly he trod.

He traversed the track of the forest,
He breathed in its pure, balmy air,
He knelt by the lonely camp fire
And sighed forth his spirit in prayer.

He sailed o'er our beautiful rivers
That sang him their sweet, Sabbath songs,
Those dear "Laus Deos" forever,
As they rippled and murmured along.

These murmuring streams are still singing
The same songs they sang to his ear,
And the beautiful forests are ringing
With the songbird's sweet anthems so clear.

Do you hear them now, dear Father Dollard,
In the heaven to which you have gone?
Do you hear the sweet birds and the rivers
Still singing, still murmuring on?

Ah, the glory of God there is greater,
The music there man never heard,
And the songs of the angels far sweeter
Than the songs of our beautiful birds.

But blessed be God Who has given
This beautiful world here below,
And the hope of that glorious heaven
That passes all beauty we know.

O, loved of the poor and the lowly
Whose mem'ry shall ever endure,
Dear hope of the hopeless, most holy,
The priest now so perfect, so pure.

Look down from thy station in heaven
On the Pastors and People to-day,
The shepherds who ceaselessly struggle
To keep the dark demons at bay.

The grim wolves of Want, Sin and Sorrow,
Foul Sin far the worst of the three,
That seek for the souls of His children
Who died on the cruciform tree.

Look down on the cottage and wigwam,
Where alike you were loved and revered
Look down on the white man and Indian
To whom you were ever endeared.

And pray for "poor Loui's" successors,
 And pray for his white brothers too,
 Who still roam the forest and wildwood
 And sail in the light birch canoe.

O'er the breast of the beautiful waters
 That sang their sweet songs unto thee
 And bless the brave sons and bright daughters
 Of our dear Province down by the sea.

August, 1897.

The Boer War

To the Canadian Volunteers.

O'er old ocean's flying foam
 Our brave boys are coming home,
 Weary of their war-wild roam,
 Our brave soldier boys!
 Home the conquering heroes come,
 Shall a single soul be dumb?
 Shall a single soul beshrdlu etaoin shetaeashet
 Blow the trumpet, beat the drum,
 Shout a song of joy!

From that fatal foreign land,
 From that southern, sunny strand,
 From the scorching sun and sand
 Of the battle plain.
 From the long protracted war,
 On that continent afar,
 To the land of the north star
 Welcome them again.

Thousands left our sounding shore,
 Hundreds shall return no more,
 They are lying in their gore,
 Brave but fallen few.
 In their glorious manhood's pride,
 Poured the patriot heart's full tide,
 Bravely fought and greatly died,
 To their country true.

While for those brave boys we weep
 Lying dead beyond the deep,
 In the soldier's sacred sleep,
 Our undying dead,
 Welcome we the living ones,
 Canada's heroic sons
 Who escaped the Boer guns,
 But who fought and bled.

While we breathe a last farewell
 To the hero-hearts who fell,
 And while kindred bosoms swell
 With the sad, sad sigh
 Welcome with a loud harra
 These brave sons of Canada,
 For whose liberty and law
 They will do or die!

Deathless Dead! they are assigned
 Deathless fame in heart and mind,
 And their memories are enshrined
 In our prayers and tears:
 Living Heroes! from the plain
 Welcome o'er the mighty main,
 Welcome to your homes again
 Our brave Volunteers!

Oct. 1900.

The New Hampshire Hills

How swiftly come the days of sweet September,
 The time draws near when you shall say farewell,
 And all we ask is that you will remember
 The folk who by the winding river dwell;
 When far from home with foreign skies above you,
 And that strange scene your heart with rapture thrills
 Remember, O, remember those who love you,
 When far amid the fair New Hampshire Hills.

Remember that dear lovely winding river
 That sweeps along beside your native home,
 The dearest spot on earth to one forever,
 No matter where the wanderer may roam;
 At morn, at noon, and in the sunset's splendor,
 When heaven the heart with rarest rapture fills,
 Turn back to them with feelings fond and tender,
 When far amid the fair New Hampshire Hills.

Of by that winding river you have wondered,
 When you were but a child, in bygone day,
 And on the future far and fair you pondered,
 Of places, persons, cities far away;
 And now, since you have seen the world so clever
 And studied well the wisdom it instils,
 You'll hold the dear old home more dear than ever
 When far amid the fair New Hampshire Hills.

The Burial of Brock

Americans declared a war
 Against the motherland
 And sought to carry conquest far

On our Canadian strand,
By dark Detroit, Niagara Falls,
And by the Lake Champlain,
Our country to her heroes calls,
Her summons not in vain.

This land where Christian martyrs preached,
Where saints and heroes died,
For noblest cause that man has reached,
That of the Crucified.
The land where French and English fought
For stern Supremacy
With blood our heritage was bought
From sounding sea to sea.

And where the brave Sir Isaac Brock
The foreign foe defied,
And rushing to the battle shock,
At Queenston greatly died.
Where great Niagara's thunder call
Shall chant his battle hymn,
Until the stars from heaven fall
And the great sun grows dim.

Majestic Miramichi

To-night the moon rose in her greatest glory,
The splendid stream swept swiftly to the sea,
I thought upon the martyrs' mournful story,
Beside thy banks, majestic Miramichi.

Of those who perished in the fearful fire,
Or sleep the last sad sleep afar from thee,
Their dying dream to be, their dear desire,
Beside thy banks, majestic Miramichi.

The blue Rhine revels in romantic splendor,
The dark blue Danube brings strange dreams to
me,
But dearer far, more sadly sweet and tender,
Thy banks of bloom, majestic Miramichi.

Sept. 1913.

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