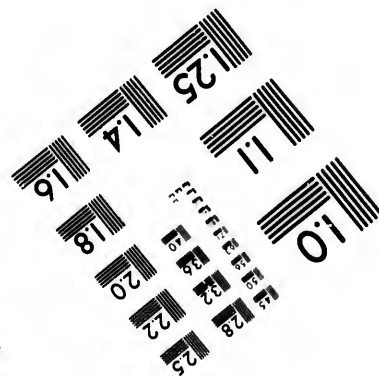
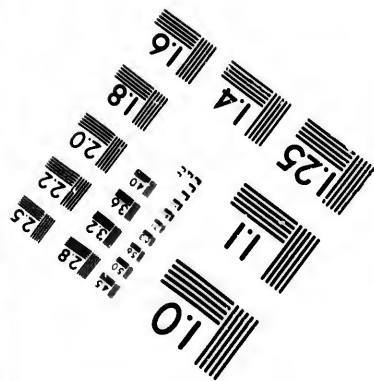
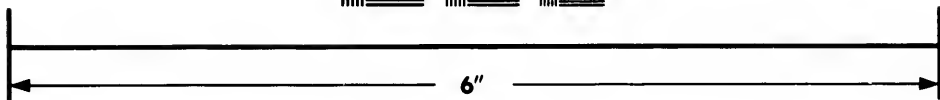
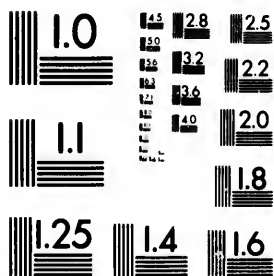


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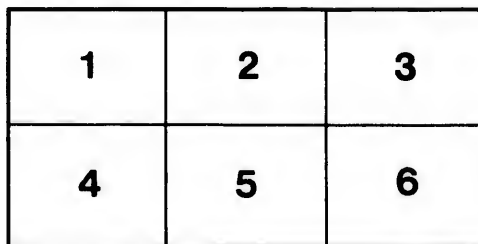
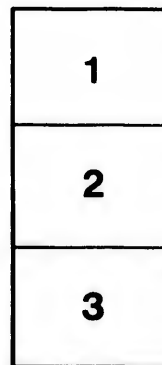
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Lockhartville, N. S.



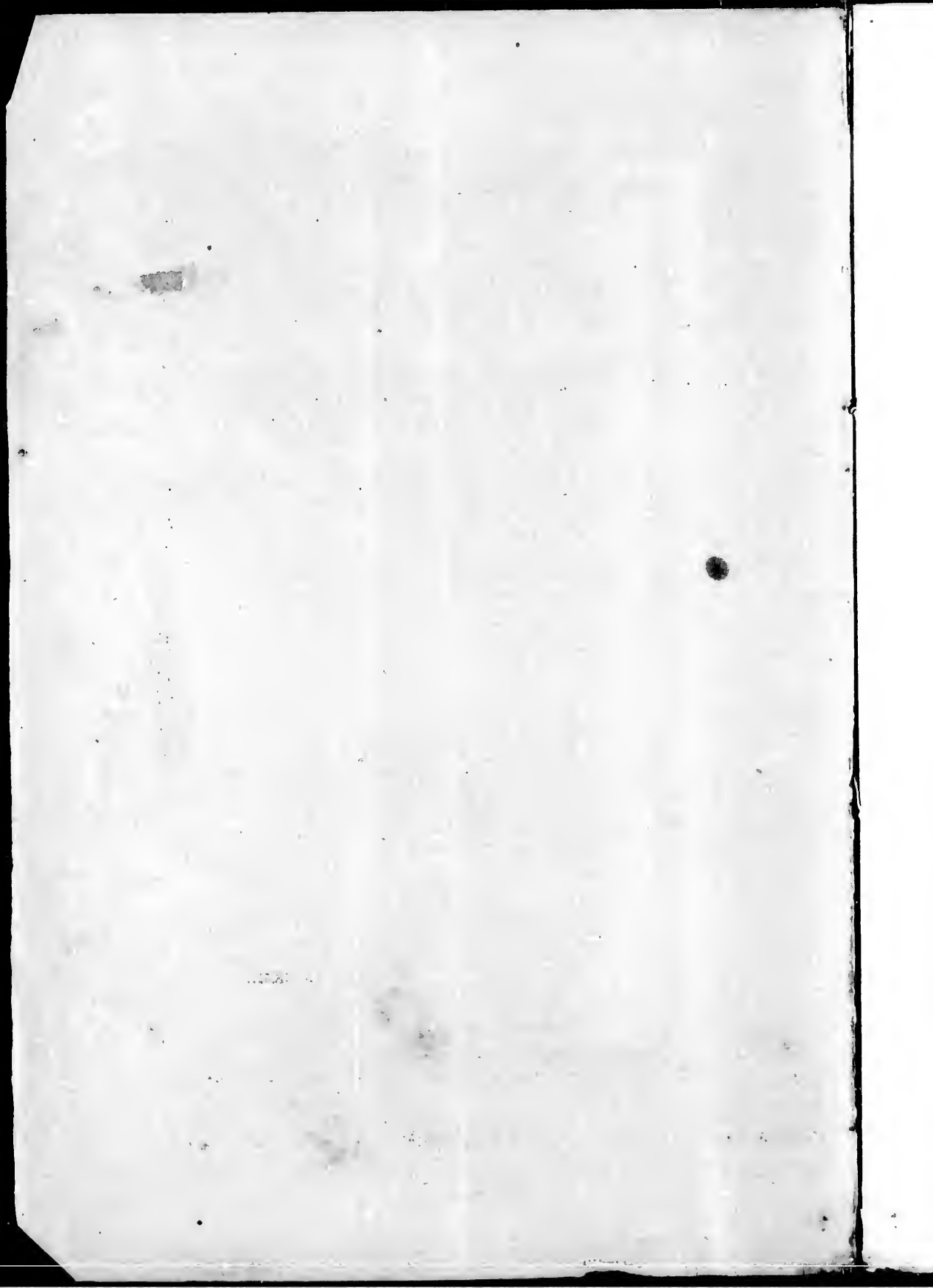
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Archibald
Memorial



'MORS ET VITA.

I watch as nature breaks and builds again,
And mark destruction mocked before my eyes,
For e'en the remnants of decay retain
"The germs from which some forms of life arise."

That which is once begun no end shall know,
No link's been severed from life's welded chain;
But in the realm of Him who formed it so,
The life and death were not ordained as twain.

Nay—says the skeptic, who would feign believe
That this which loves, and joys, and grieves, and
thinks,
Will, in some yawning vacuum rest receive,
And waste to nothing as it deeper sinks.

Ah! go, deluded one, in nature see
"The signature and stamp of power divine;"
Nor weigh the swayer of immensity
Upon those human balances of thine.

Can ye not see a Deity in all?
"His presence is the sweetest charms they bear,"
From naught they spring, obedient to His call,
And ever live memorials of His care.

'Tis true they fade, yet naught in nature dies;
The leaves that fall in Autumn to the earth
When spring, revived from winter's death shall
rise,
Will mingle with the buds that gave them birth.

He taught this law, who fed the hungry host;
And yet supplies the bread that's free of cost;
E'en He; who had of all that is the most,
Said: "Gather the fragments, that there be none
lost."

Mary Mellish
Archibald
Memorial

19229

Where is the life, says one, of forests great,
Long years ago in earth's deep bosom cast ?
The miner finds it in a rock-like state,
As stored up sunshine of the centuries past.

Then why should man of all that is on earth
So violate the great Creator's plan ?
Springs there not from his death another birth ?
If not—did God create the genius man ?

If so—then he can never cease to be,
For naught is lost of what God e'er has done,
His shortest time is great eternity,
And *mors et vita* if his works are one.

W. M. LOCKHART,

Lockhartville.

POETRY.

The stillness of a spring-time night,
The glow-worm on illumined wings,
The moonlight on the mountain's height,
The song the storm-swept forest sings,
The glories that the twilight brings,
The spring-birds' song, the crickets' glee,
"All earth—that lyre of myriad strings,"—
Breathes forth its song in poetry.

"The dear old home, that saving ark,"
Whose shades with pleasant scenes are fraught,
The warbling music of the lark
Whose home above the earth is wrought,
The marvels that the mind has wrought
In regions of philosophy,
The blow and scent of speech and thought,—
All have the voice of poetry.

It is not always told in rhyme,
In beauty oft 'tis found in prose,
Methinks a parentage divine
Begot such balm for mortal woes,
Which like an antidotal flows
Through channels of soliloquy;
'Tis not the pen alone that shows
The beauty sweet of poetry.

W. M. LOCKHART.

Lockhartville.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF REV. J. A. MCLEAN.

“When on thy face I looked my last”,
And heard thy voice to faith give force,
It never through my mind had passed
That death so soon would end thy course.

“E'en then the shaft was on the way
Thy spotless soul from earth to sever,”
To rend the veil of short survey
And usher thee to bliss forever.

A loving, strong, yet gentle hand
Has led thee to thy home above,
And parted from his little band
The one whom all had learned to love.

No more we have at evening hour
His counsel good, his words of cheer;
Yet still there comes with sov'reign power
The silent sermon from the bier—

Which solemn lesson tells to man
That “time must conquer” things of earth,
That life's sojourn is but a span,
That man begins to die at birth.

That life—as like the beach-bound wave—
Goes headlong rushing towards the shore,
Man towards the shelter of the grave
Spends on to reach those gone before.

W. M. LOCKHART.

Lockhartville.

LINES

Written on a number of graves found in a pasture now owned by M. Solomon Lawrence, at Horton Bluff.

'Twas here that the rustics found their rest,
In this shady dell where the wild flowers spring;
Where the golden beams that come from the west,
Oft smile through the trees where the wild
birds sing,
No marble slab is erected here,
And over their couch the shy hare treads;
And naught save a mound that rises near,
Points out the place of the resting dead.

But these were the scenes they loved in life,
'Twas here they played in their childish glee,
Apart from the world and its busy strife,
In these wooded vales near the bounding sea.
The church from their door was miles away,
So they laid them not 'neath the churchyard
sod;
In their own little lot they placed their clay,
And their spirits returned to their father's God.

What sweeter rest 'neath the heap of stones
In the Abbey grand where the great dead rest.
Though honored be their royal bones,
Methinks this bed is likewise blest;
For nature honors the lowly grave,
The moss bespeaks its tender grief,
And sighing faintly the blossoms wave,
And minstrelsy's borne on the sleeping leaf.

'Tis here the zephyr softly sings
At midnight to the fir trees nigh,
Plays harp-like on their drooping strings,
The wild woods soothing lullaby.
And notes of wild birds sweet and rare
That gladness brings to other dells,
Seem changed to tones of sadness here,
Though borne on silvery syllables.

Here let them rest, till the wakening day,
Where a common bar doth mankind await;
When we stand devoid of dust and decay,
Where the poor are rich and the lowly great.
Let them rest in the spot that they loved so dear,
Beneath the shades that the wild woods spread,
'Tis such haunts as these where God is near,
And He, too, honors the humble dead.

W. M. LOCKHART.

Lockhartville.

BLOMIDON.

Thou lofty throne, where sat Acadia's God;
That sacred place where never Micmac trod
Till white man came and landed on thy shore,
Then Glooscap vanished to return no more;
Upon thy cliffs no ancient castles rise,
No domes and towers reaching to the skies;
More gorgeous far, upon thy rugged sides,
The varegated trees the surface hides.

And when the wind sweeps through thy woods
with sighs
Blends more in beauty nature's varied dyes.
The trembling leaves, the birds, the sea, the gale,
Accord in tune, though varied in their tale.
And when the sun's descending all serene,
Creates the landscape of a pleasant dream:
Scenes of such peace, from public rage apart,
How grand, how soothing to the human heart.

The "eye descending from the hill surveys"
Where Minas 'mid its various channels strays.
That placid pond in which the fishes hid,
And honoring Goosecap did as they were bid
By us, "most loved of all the ocean's sons,
True to his sire," to his embrace runs,
"Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity."

Oh, could I flow, like thee, and make my stream
My great example, as it is my theme;
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not
dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing, full.
The stream is so transparent, pure and clear,
That had the self-enamored youth gazed here,
So fatally deceived he had not been,
While he the bottom, not his face had seen.

But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds, his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle clothes; his curl'd brows
Frown on the gentle streams, which calmly flows,
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat,
The common fate of all that's high or great.
And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest endears.

W. M. LOCKHART.

Lockhartville.

LINES ON LIFE.

Life, mortal life, this short and fleeting span
Gives grief and joy alike to every man;
The captive chained within the prison cell
Has oft a gleam of hope, a gladsome spell;
The lonely widow dwelling by the shore,
Who gazes on the self-same stream that bore
Her loving partner to his fate unknown,

Yet tears of joy accompany oft her groan;
Her life's devoted to her children's fate,
And thus forgetting self, her griefs abate.
The soldier hastening toward the fatal guns,
While from his wounded hand the warm blood
runs,

Yet rapture fills his soul; and when he feels,
His head swim round as to the ground he reels,
And knows that life is ebbing fast away,
But as we listen when we hear him pray,
He says, "We thank thee Lord who us did show,
Though many slain to overcome the foe."
Thus life is painted, strange we cannot know
By outward signs what bliss is hid below;
Some seem forever smiles of mirth to wear,
With others pleasure is but varied care.
Some find sweet rapture gazing on the skies,
With others, toil alone their bliss supplies.
Lo! as the sailor tired and wet, he comes
Upon the unplanned boards to rest his bones;
While in the room where art adorns the wall,
And servants eager run at slightest call,
Reclines the captain, fills his meerschaum bowl
To watch the clouds of smoke that upward roll;
He hears the bell that tells the watch is past,
The howling wind that bends the gallant mast
But yet that bell is not a voice that calls
Him to his post just as asleep he falls;
Nor that loud wind that roars among the shrouds:
Attuned with thunder from the distant clouds,
Does not bid him to climb the groaning mast,
Nor clue the topsail down, nor make it fast,
And as we gaze, how prone are we to say,
Is not the captain's life a pleasant day:
Those hands are soft, no signs of labor's wear;
But ah! His face is furrowed deep with care:
That bell that calls the deck hand from his bed,
Does it unnoticed pass the skipper's head?
The hour it's telling by its solemn ring
He planned his vessel at its port would bring

And now he learns that yet he's leagues away,
And storms prevent, as chains keep dogs at bay.
Tell me, I ask thee, tell me ye who can,
Which of the two ye term the happier man?
Alike the wise, the rich, the blind, the poor,
Must have some joy, some pain, too, must endure:
Each mortal has an equal share below,
For "every joy is balanced by its woe."

W. M. LOCKHART.

Lockhartville.

MONODY,

ON THE DEATH OF WM. MORTIMER LOCKHART, WHO
DIED AT MT. ALLISON, N.B., DEC. 7TH, 1889.

Was *thy* life brief? Then so, dear soul is *ours*.
Who draw the breath, which thou did'st soon forego
For purer, sweeter, Thou forsak'st these bowers
For the unfading,—this shade, for the glow
That the eternal morn doth round thee throw;
These russet fields for the unwithering flowers.

Was thy life *brief*? 'Twas long enough for love,
For tears, for virtue, and for beauty, too;
To feel th' poetic heart within thee move;
Too brief, for ills and sorrows, not a few,
Which they must bear, who linger 'yond the dew,
To greet the frost, here in grief's wintry grove.

Was thy *life* brief? Thou livest?—did'st but pass
From Learning's porch to her supreme degree;—
From out "life's dome of many colored glass,"
To "the white radiance of eternity,"
Our lives are brief; but long *thy* life shall be,
Where song dies not, nor Misery cries, "alas!"

Was thy life brief? 'Tis well, since it was true;
Here, brief our portion, as the wise have sung:
Thou dwellest constant in the memory's view,—
We look upon thee ever, bright and young;
The lay of Hope dies not from off thy tongue,
Fraught with Love's generous fire. Dear Soul, adieu!

ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

Mary Mellich
Archibald
Memorial

