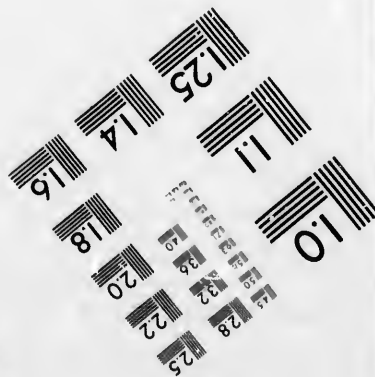
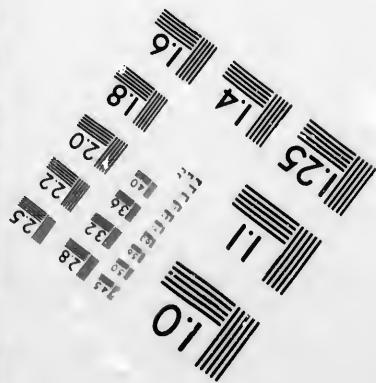
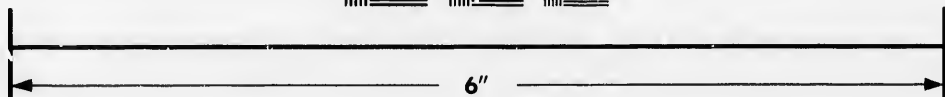
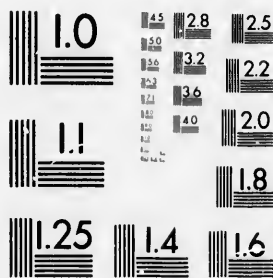


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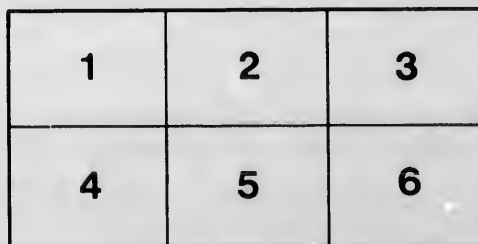
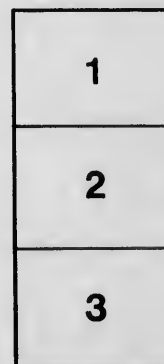
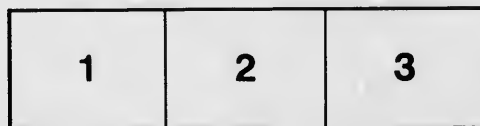
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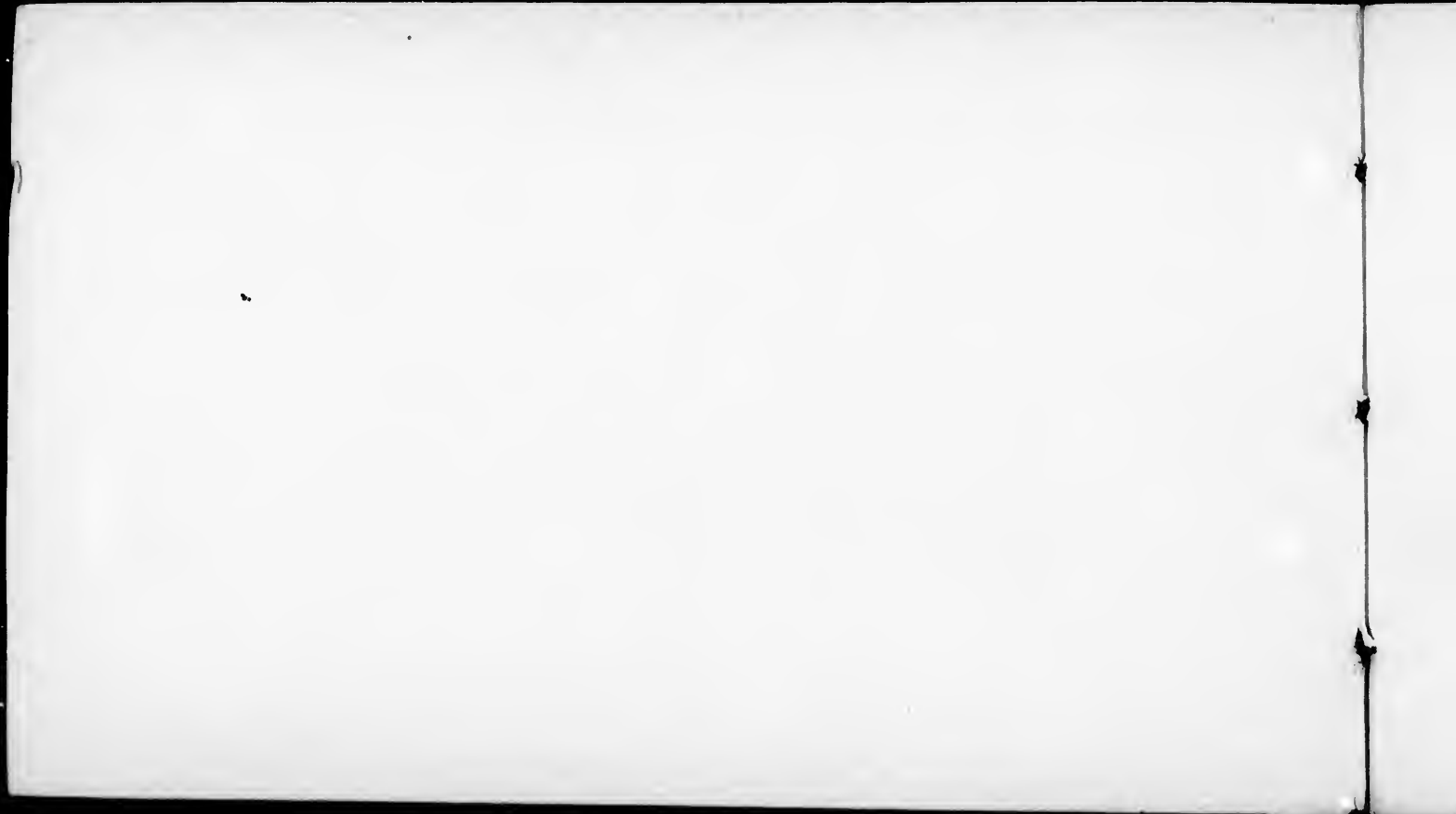
The Castle
on
the Hill...



BY _____

...James Ernest Caldwell...





THE
CASTLE ON THE HILL

BY

JAMES ERNEST CALDWELL.

OTTAWA: C. H. THORBURN.


1899.

*To Rev. S. B. Blaine
with best wishes
J. E. C.*


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The Castle on the Hill.



In a City by a River a mighty Castle stands,
You ne'er might see its equal though you travell'd many lands ;
Broad and fair the vale it guardeth which leadeth to the west,
At its feet there sweep the waters from the far-off mountains' crest.

Year by year there gather to it the mighty men of war,
Whose tongues are their dread weapons and O how dread they are!
In skirmish, feint, or sortie, or subtle ambuscade,
They peal in heavy thunder or in crackling fusilade.

They have many points of conflict which will not let them rest,
That have brought to earth the wearers of many a haughty crest ;
But what heats the fearful combat to its most tremendous pitch
Is the question — Which of us it is has made the country rich ?

Year by year the farmer tramps it, for a thousand miles or more,
In the wake of plough and harrow, in hay mow or threshing floor;
He milks the cows at early dawn to fill the factory can,
And the agricultural exports show he's a very busy man.

In the woods, through fall and winter, the shanty crews are spread,
The mighty pine before their strokes comes crashing to its bed;
All summer long the singing saws make music through the deals,
And a myriad hands are busy kept among the factory wheels.

The miner deeper drives his shaft beneath the mountain's side,
The sailor takes his steady course across the waters wide;
The railway magnate lays his plans to catch the tide of freight,
And day and night in storm and shine his car is at the gate.

The merchant, man of many tasks, is ever on the move;
The lawyer and his client law's uncertainties still prove;
By night and day the editor with indigestion groans,
As he strives to catch the meaning of the world's discordant tones.

These, and a thousand more, keep on in their appointed way,
And the world's great Overseer gives to every man his pay ;
From the highest to the lowest there's a perfect time-*o'* kept,
Every moment one has loitered or in sloth has overslept.

But the yearly strife still wages in the Castle on the Hill,
Yes, the wordy strife still widens, as such strivings ever will ;
And still what heats the conflict to its most tremendous pitch
Is the question —Which of us has made our darling country rich?



. John Bull and Sons .

Have you seen the quaint old sign
That hangs in London town,
Where the golden web of Commerce
Lets its closest meshes down?
Though it's but a trifle rusty
It has hung a thousand years,
And in faded gilt upon it
A single name appears.

JOHN BULL.

He's a kindly old man, is John ;
With an eye of honest blue,
The whole world knows right well
That he knows a thing or two ;
His head is full of Traffic
But his heart remembers Love ;
His purse is full of gold,—his hand
Fills a gigantic glove.

What a strapping lot of boys
He's reared the long years through !
The eldest's in America
(They had just a word or two)
Another's out in India
And dealing on the square ;
And as for him of Africa
His motto is "Get there."

Another's in Australia,
With flocks and herds and gold:
And one is out in Canada—
A chap that c'n't be sold.
All doing well—now don't you think
When that old sign comes down,
That's hung for a long thousand years
In good old London town,
That in its place should glisten
A plate of deathless brass,
Graved deep with a new legend
Till another age shall pass.
Yea, doubtless, it will bear these words
Right gallantly on view,
To show that as the world still grows
The old firm's growing too.

JOHN BULL & SONS.



... Quinlan's Race ...



Quinlan is a farmer—on the tenth line lives
Of a township somewhere to the south of Here ;
Many a boiling day, in mid-July he gives
To the hay field, working—sweating like a steer.
So he says himself, and he ought to know,
Though you may not like the phrase it has got to go.

Quinlan's of a thrifty turn likewise somewhat gay :
And the two he sometimes joins as will appear,
Not a man who drives the road can outwit him any way,
He could buy a Jew out cheap and sell him dear.
So he says himself, and he ought to know,
If you don't believe it, still it has to go.

Quinlan lives on hay or (lest that should mystify),
As the land is low it's his most paying crop ;
When you see a load go by, piled half way to the sky,
You may know the price and Quinlan's on the top.
So he says himself and he ought to know,
Though you don't believe it, on this tale will go.

Quinlan to the city took a load last fall
(Everybody else was sticking to the plough)
So to sell it well was no special trick at all ;
Twenty dollars by the ton, fresh from the mow.
So he says himself and he ought to know ;
Never stick at trifles—best to let it go.

Quinlan took his dinner, feeling mighty well ;
For his load had fetched a pretty wad ;
What he sampled after suits me not to tell—
Riding home he later on began to nod.
So he says himself, and he ought to know,
On a point like this don't quiz, but let it go.

Quinlan heard the whistle of a coming train—

Like a trumpet blast every nerve it sent a-thrill !

To his snorting horses Quinlan gave the rein.

They settled to their maddest gallop with a will.

So he says himself, and he ought to know ;

'Twas a sight and a fright to see that wagon go !

Quinlan standing up with his knees a-bend,

Yelling—shoving on the lines with might and main ;

Every bound the wagon gave seemed like to be its end,

While racing for the crossing with the train.

So he says himself and he ought to know—

Racing for such deadly stakes wouldn't Quinlan go !

Quinlan beat the train, he did, by just half a length ;
But the front wheels barely crossed the track when—crash!
Like a thunderbolt of quite unusual strength,
The engine gave the hinder wheels a smash !
So he says himself, and he ought to know—
Flying down the rail-track, see those hind wheels go !

Quinlan journeyed homeward, Roman-chariot-wise,
Wearing all the while a look of gravity profound—
Though a thousand times in future occasion should arise,
Never racing with a train will he be downed !
So he says himself and he ought to know —
Racing for the crossing, who but fools would go ?

.. To Our ladies ..



March 21st, 1899.

Our Lady of the Sunshine, how fares it with you now ?
Be careful lest yon snowdrift block your way,
Or lest a flying icicle should light upon your brow
O, it's awful sad to see you out on such a day !

Our Lady of the Flowers, beware, your posies will get nipt !
No good can come of facing such a blast !
Your violets and daisies and rosebuds crimson lipp'd,
Are flying from your frozen fingers far and fast !

Our Lady of the Roses, your hardships are too sad !
O that some friend a sealskin sacque could give,
Likewise a pair of snowshoes, or skees the latest fad—
With these, doubt not, you still might hope to live !

But hark ! Amid the tempest a merry note sounds clear,
A well-known form the whirling drifts disclose,
With glowing cheeks and dancing eyes and spirits void of fear—
A thousand healths to you to-day, Dear Lady of the Snows !



• Put up Thy Sword •

In thy dread gloom, Gethsemane,
When traitorous Judas kissed his Lord,
And roaring like the angry sea
Around him thronged the ruffian horde,
Then Peter ere he yet did flee
For love, in wrath, unsheathed his sword.

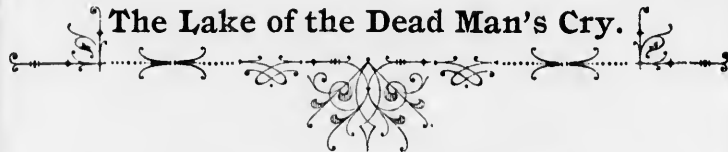
But He, the Christ, unswept by fear,
Unawed by that insensate band ;
In tones commanding, tender, clear,
Rebuked His rash disciple's hand—
“Put up thy sword,”—O, nations, hear!
O hear, and heed your Lord's command.

Ye nations hot with fiery blood
To smite for Truth and Righteousness,
Who deem the Gospel understood
And daily Christ's pure name confess—
O Brothers, evil yields not good—
Put up the sword—curse not but bless!

Bless each the other in the thought
That Love alone hath living power ;
Let devilish envy die and rot—
The loathing of an evil hour :
Then shall a ray from Heaven be caught—
God reigns unchanged though clouds may lower.

Jan. 27, 1896.

The Lake of the Dead Man's Cry.



Dawn in the woods, up rose the red March sun,
Laving the pines all in a golden bath;
Silence lay over hill and gorge, deep, dun,
Up which there led the lumberer's beaten path.

Now comes with crunching hoof, and clanking chain,
And tinkling bells the jovial shouting crew ;
To the vast rollways, piled with mighty slain,
Each in his turn his sledges quickly drew.

Down rolled the logs, with sullen, thunderous sound,
Canthook and handspike both were stoutly plied ;
Heaped high the loaded sleigh swings slowly round,
Through echoing roadway, sinuously they glide.

Proudly each teamster guides with care his team,
And many a time in days to come will tell
What mighty loads he drew and scorned to scheme,
On the Coulonge with honest Dick and Nell.
High o'er the lake the shores abruptly stand—
Thither the teams have hauled through wintry days,
Thousands of logs, each with its owner's brand,
Rolling them headlong down their thundering ways.
Hence, when the sun shall warm the lakelet's breast,
On their long voyage shall they gaily start,
Down gushing creeks all widening from the west,
And foaming rapids to the far off mart.
High on the log-dump works the stalwart Pierre,
From Buckingham in early fall he came ;
Cyrille Larocque, his chum of oathful cheer,
Has learned right well to ply the rolling game.
Nimble the logs are from the sledges tossed ;
Down the steep incline towards the lake they bound;
O'er the sheer edge they suddenly are lost,
Their course marked well by deeply booming sound.

Here worked Cyrille and Pierre, day after day—
Each did his best, and each one's best was more
Than you or I would do for their day's pay,
Or could do were it multiplied a score.
To-day, says Pierre, in merry, mocking style,
“How would you like, Cyrille, to dine in hell?
After a winter spent on this bleak pile,
A little heat would suit a fellow well!”
Scarce had the words escaped his laughing lips,
When the vast pile began to forward heave;
Back each man bounds, but Pierre—poor Pierre! he slips—
The grinding logs their huge bulk o'er him weave!
Down, down they swept a grinding avalanche,
Watched from the bank by teamsters filled with fear;
Well might their cheeks with terror quickly blanch,
To see the fate of lately laughing Pierre!
Silence at last, a silence deep as death;
Then to their task the men all grimly bent,
From morning till the evening darkeneth,
They search for that poor form so deeply pent.

Then, at the close of that ill-fated day,
The last log raised that his poor throat compressed ;
Each man though dying would make oath and say—
A cry most dread rushed from that stifled breast.

A cry that smote each toiler to the bone ;
That never might by them forgotten be ;
Most weird and awful, anguish burdened tone,
Sweeping the silent shores so ghostly !

So to the lake a sombre name is bound,
Long as its face shall mirror back the sky ;
In weird remembrance of that fearful sound,
They call it yet Lake of the Dead Man's Cry.





... Wasted Pity ...

Miss Iridescent Gladys Smythe,
First Vice of the Y. C. M. A.'s,
And Mister Fernandino Frith,
Convener of the Senior Jays,
One morning somewhere in mid-May,
Both wheeled along the Queen's highway.

The day was fine as May-days are
When spring comes fairly in on time ;
The road stretched smooth and likewise far—
There were no tiresome hills to climb.
They nimbly trod their spinning wheels,
But no yarn floated at their heels.

Miss Iridescent Gladys wheel'd

Along the footpath, near the fence ;
The breeze that came from far afield
Seemed very grateful to the sense ;
"Fern" pedalled gravely on behind,
His tall form forwardly inclined.

The fields, dry, warm and sun be-kissed,
Like hot-beds waited for the seed ;
From the fresh plough land curled a mist,
Spirit of plenty, summer freed,
And from the ploughman's lusty jaw
Came the loud call " Haw ! Haw ! boys, Haw ! "

Now from the roadside spreads a field
For turnips being fertilized ;
Huge piles of compost, stables yield,
By farmers very highly prized,
With noisesome vapors filled the air ;
Men, horses, carts were also there.

"Whew," said Miss Iridescent, ("Fern "
With nose averted likewise sniffed)
"I wish those horrid men would learn
From such vile tasks their eyes to lift;"
She upward glanced with soulful eye
Lest she the "horrid" men might spy.

Just then a stone, right in the track,
Stuck up its spiteful, gnarled head ;—
Miss Iridescent's wheel, alack !
Against the fence, misguided sped—
The fence was wire, be-barbed so sadly,
Rider and wheel were punctured badly.

"Fern," with averted nose and eyes
Joined headlong in his leader's woe ;
And lamentable were his cries ;
Miss Iridescent groaned below ;
In fact a worse catastrophe
In cycling annals scarce could be !

Quick from their task now run the men,
With grave and sympathizing looks ;
With hurried hands they labor then,
To disengage the cruel hooks,
Which jag the tender skin and tear it,
So that it's very hard to bear it.

Soon freed "Fern" gains his feet the first,
Miss Iridescent scarce can moan ;
With fit and chosen words he curst
The poor misguided culprit stone ;—
Miss Iridescent, truer mettle,
Bade him his ruffled temper settle.

With punctured tires and spokes awry,
Their wheels are past all present cure ;
Their passage back they now must buy—
To walk they never could endure—
Back to the city soon they roll
For coachman honest Farmer Cole.

Said Mister Fernandino Frith,
 " When next I face the Senior Jays
Our meeting shall be favored with
 A paper on Our Country Ways ;—
Impressions of two bicyclists,
Among the Agriculturists."

Said Mister Cole, " I've often thought,
 Where is the fun you people find
In racing back and forth for naught ;
 I sometimes think you've lost your mind ;
But custom often makes things pleasant,
We can't appreciate at present."

Miss Iridescent answered " Sir,
 An hour ago I pitied you,
Don't think, I pray, I mean a slur—
 It merely shows how much I knew !
Since this experience I've tasted
I'm sure there's lots of pity wasted."



• • Canadian Hymn • •

Hail to thee Canada! Land of our father's toil,
High would we raise thy fame—spotlessly pure!
Justice and Liberty sown in thy virgin soil,
'Neath thy sun's ardent flame, ripen secure
Harvests whose bounty the world shall assure!

Strength to thee Canada! Tasks wide and limitless
Loom from thy mountain sides—gleam on thy plains;
Faith feed thy heart alway—may thy lips ever bless
When the day's glory hides—fall the fierce rains.
Falter not—fear not—God's truth still remains!

Peace to thee Canada—founded on Righteousness!
Pruning hooks prize thou more—swords value not.
Wage war on Poverty—make all Injustice less;
Beauty, from shore to shore, spread without spot;
Firm till the end of days, stand in thy lot.



.. The Veteran ..

Come with me—meet a VETERAN,
Of many a valiant fight ;
Though now he sits in feebleness,
With dim and failing sight ;
And ever in his ear, grown dull,
To speak is small delight.

Few scars he bears, nor powder marks ;
No pension draweth he ;
No medal hangs upon his breast
For all the world to see,
But a glorious memory fills him yet
Of days that far off be.

Now dwells he nigh to Rideau's shore,
Where you in spring may hear
The murmur of the tumbling waves,
On cloudy days and drear,
And the farmer takes it as a sign
That rain is surely near.

Broad fields spread fairly round his home
Where ample herds are seen ;
And springs in lusty vigor forth
The clover's early green,
And later in long, leafy lines
The maize of graceful mien.

No hovel rude of logs and bark—
Stone walls and iron roof,
Hot water coils and well-hedged lawn,
Untrod by roving hoof ;
Fish, flesh and fowl ; fine flour, fair fruit,
Keep want far, far aloof.

Dim seem the days when Ireland's sod
He pressed with boyish feet,
Or warmed his fingers at the hearth
Where glowed the odorous peat,
And the loaded carts rolled slowly by
To Cavan's market seat.

Like the weird hiatus of a dream
The ocean voyage slips,
A shimmering maze of tossing waves,
A crowd of wide-sailed ships,
And yawning from the river's side
The forest's gloomy lips.

The lonely life in the leafy woods,
Where the queenly maples rose ;
And monarchs of the lowland flats,
The giant elm trees pose
In gloomy shadow o'er the day,
Soon darkening to its close.

Brave hearts were those from Erin's warm
And genial clime to dare
The furrowed face of famine, while
Athwart the wintry air,
The fearful wraith of frost and snow
Waved threateningly "Beware!"

So was the battle joined, and man
Weak—yet invincible,
With axe and lever, chain and torch,
Upon the forest fell;
And the forest faded from his face.
As a fire unquenchable!

Through the long days and long, long years,
The ceaseless fight went on;
The ring of sturdy blows awoke
The wintry woods at dawn;
And the glowing log-pile lit the gloom
When the summer day was gone.

And through it all our VETERAN toiled
With earnestness of soul ;
Gave to the work the best he had,
No clock-timed, eight-hour dole ;
For well he knew the task was great,
And half ne'er won the whole.

Then yield with me the homage due
To him and to his peers,
The toil-bent heroes of the past,
Stern warriors through long years ;
Their ranks grow thin—with bended head
Salute we them with tears !



Songs of the Pines--By James Ernest Caldwell

(TORONTO: WM. BRIGGS.)

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"John Bull and Sons."—Song. Words, James Ernest Caldwell. Music Cecil J. A. Birkett. Ottawa: C. H. Thorburn.

" John Bull ! John Bull !
All the world knows him well,
For solid worth
The whole round earth
Has only one John Bull !"

