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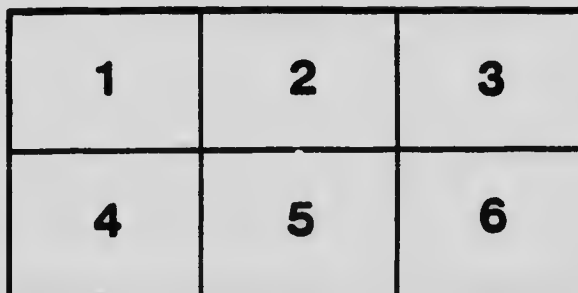
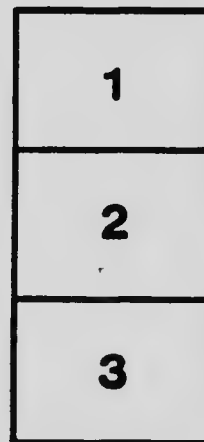
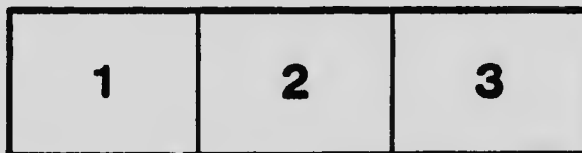
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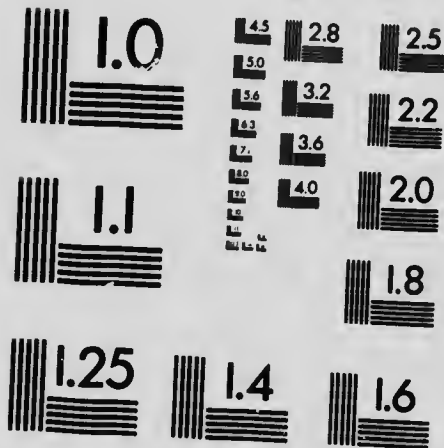
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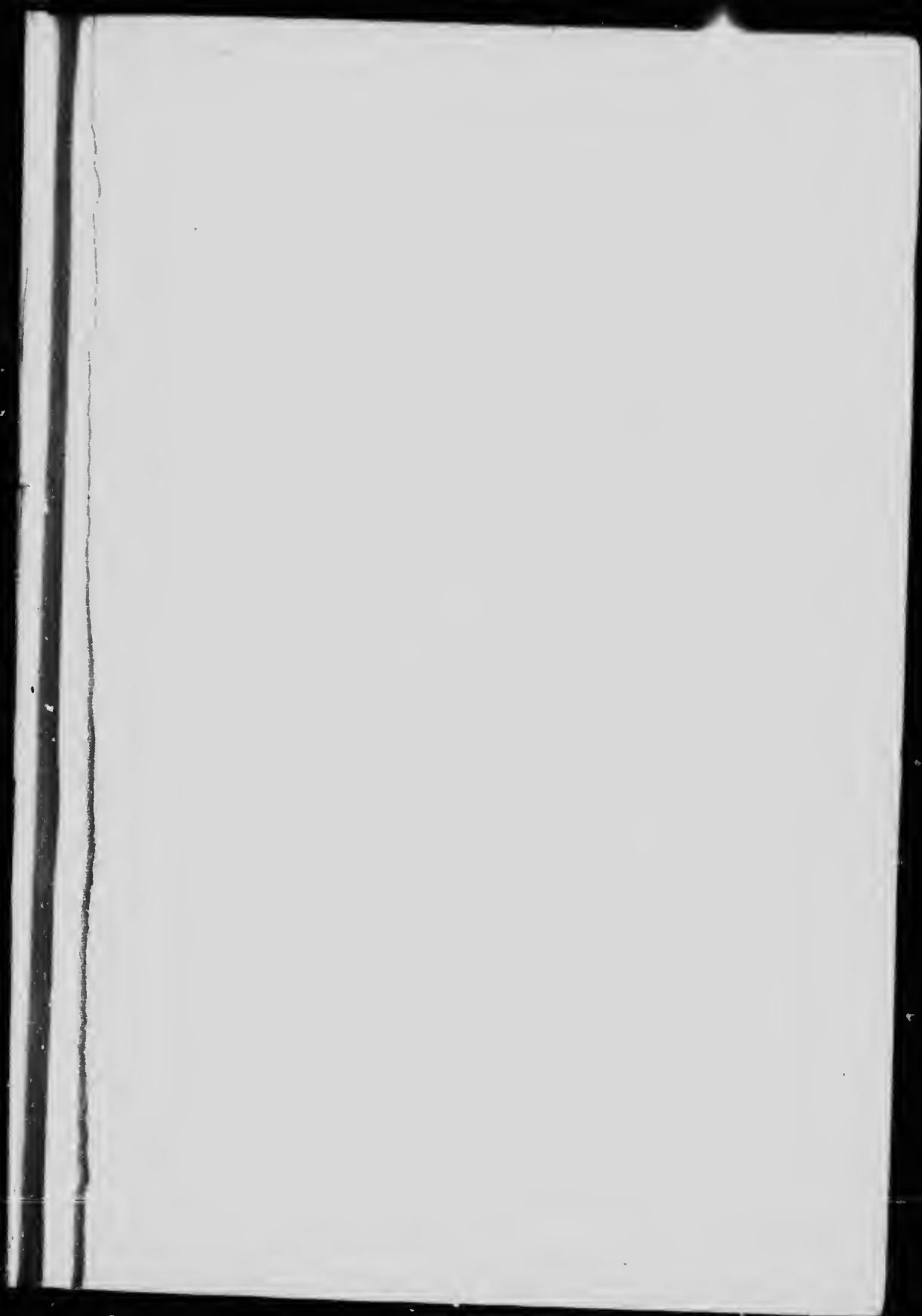
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“ Take the wood that liest nearest—
Shape from that thy highest art.”

—*Longfellow.*

“ A scene of which the low voiced praise
Tells more than clamorous essays ;
A scene, of colors rich and bright,
Dark shades with ruby tints, and white ;
As if our Shakespere's Oberon
With palette of the setting sun
The picture drew to let us see
Something of fairy imagery.”

—*T. H. Bird.*





KING EDWARD VII.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA.



PS
K4165
-461
1925
1906

**Nova
Scotia**



Warblings
of the
Wildwood



M. E. Jeffernan,
Springhill, N. S.



Published by The Jones Publishing Co.
Springhill, Nova Scotia, Canada
1906.





“Dear Old Halifax.”

(From Truro Daily News)

**W. E. Heffernan, Springhill, sends a Poem
to King Edward.**

WE have frequently referred to the poetic genius of Mr. W. E. Heffernan, Springhill, and have published a number of pieces from his pen.

He lately sent a pianoforte copy—music by H. Laubert, Bandmaster, 93rd Regiment, Canada Militia—of his song, “DEAR OLD HALIFAX,” and received from Lord Knollys, the King’s Private Secretary, the following reply :

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Dec. 16th, 1903.


SIR:—

I have had the honor of submitting your letter, and the enclosures which accompanied it, to His Majesty the King. I am,
Sir,

Your obedient servant,

KNOLLYS.

To W. E. HEFFERNAN, Esq.,
Town of Springhill,
Nova Scotia, Canada.



1870

1871

1872

1873

1874

1875

1876

1877

1878

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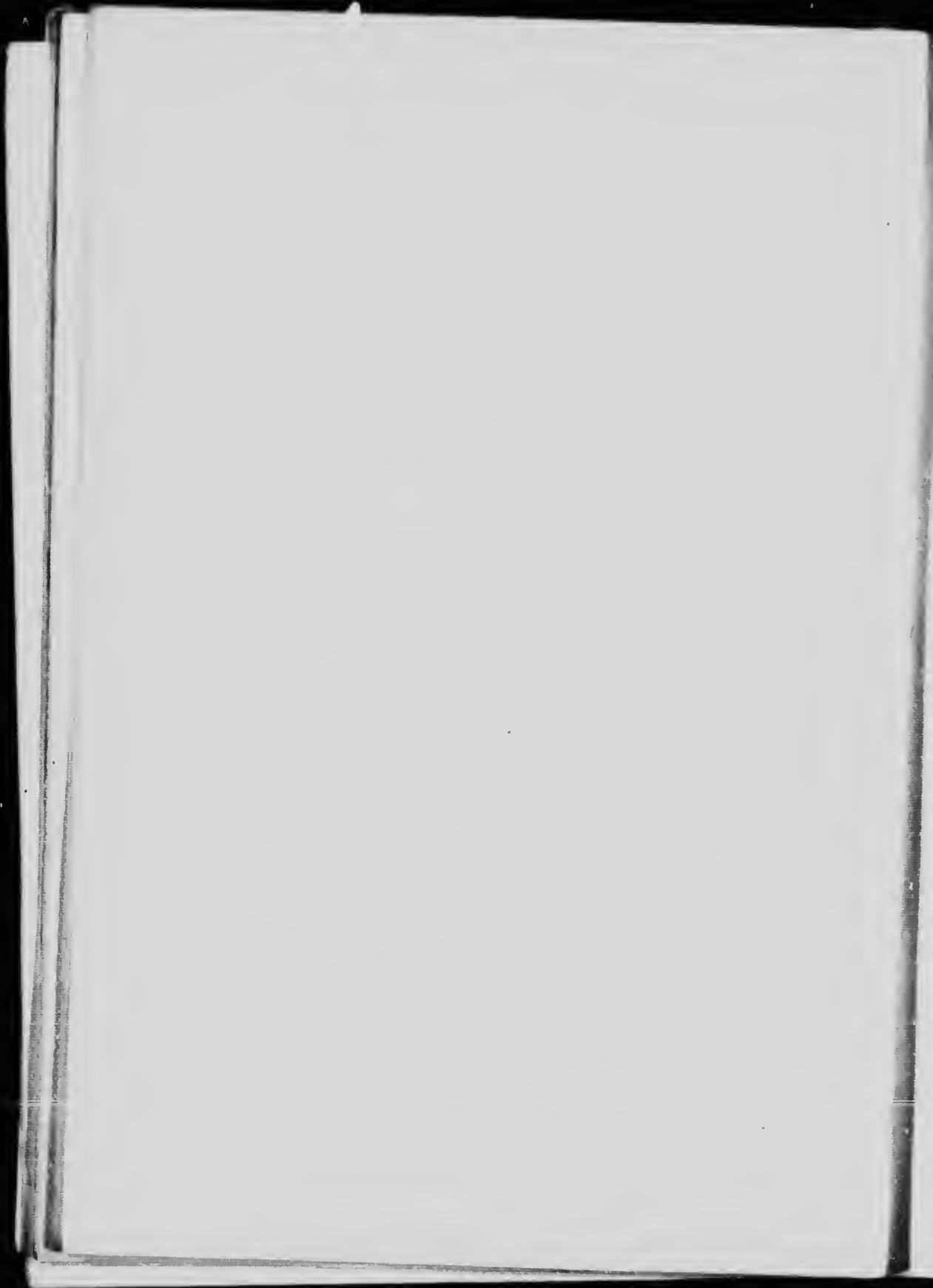
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W. E. HEFFERNAN.

Warblings
of the
Wildwood





Nova Scotia.

Fair Scotia, the lords of thy woodlands and forests ;
How proudly their lofty boughs wave to the breeze.
Thy birches and elms so graceful and stately,
Harmoniously blend with the evergreen trees.

Delightful the journey away to the mountains
The glens and the valleys and glades to explore
And trace the bright streams winding down to the
river
That tide the broad billows that surge on thy shore.

There Fundy's front foams and its tidal wave
sweepeth,

Enriching thy shores with the ocean bed sands ;
And crowning with freshness thy millions of acres,
And changeless for ever it cultures thy lands.

Where dykelands unfolding their vast coursing
waters,

Thy marshes exhaustless for ages remain,
Like silent prairies spread far to thy borders
Where herded flocks gather and nature sustain.

Refulgent in summer the soft fanning breezes
That waft midst thy hills whilst the bright sunbeam
smiles

Caressing the folds of the wide-waving maples
Illuming with splendor thy green woodland aisles.—

When first frost of autumn transformeth thy foliage
And tinteth with lustre thy forests and glades ;
What can be compared to the leaves in their
grandeur

They glitter so brightly, they shine neath the shades.

When winter with crystalized chains welds its fetters,
A fringing of ice midst the silvan lords run
Like an enchanted grotto glistens with beauty,
Thy woods neath the rays of a bright wintry sun.

Budding from their cradle beds leafy and fragrant
Comes Spring with its treasures spread far o'er the
fields,

And mingle the breathings of sweet balms and
blossoms

Among the rich verdure the forest growth yields.

With harvests abundant, a climate salubrious ;
The fruit of their labors thy sons do possess ;
And nobly their efforts with beauty expanding
Around happy homes they there linger to bless—

Our thoughts flowing backward to those gone before
us,

A pleasure is traced thro' the mists of the past ;
They felled the huge oaks as they traversed the forest ;
Their memory we'll cherish while time with us last.—

Then twine memory's garland with nature's true
emblems ;

The roses of England and Shamrock pure green,
They blossom and bloom near the moss-blown
Thistle ;

And all interwove round our Mayflower Queen.

Our Old Homestead.

The home where life's-light dawned on mine
Art still to memory dear,
And while my gathering thoughts entwine
They'd weave a garland there.

Beyond a century recalls
Our generations three,
Who first drew breath within its walls
A kindred constancy.

That ancient structure's well preserved,
Tho' not the same as when
Its German type was undisturbed,
The arms "Saxe-Mieningen,"

Adorned each arch with ornate bands,
But no trace now appears ;
Each emblem of the Fatherlands
Passed with the lapse of years.

Near by, there stands a house divine
Unique and round and rare,
You cannot easily define
Another to compare.

For long, long years they side by side
Are keeping company,
While suns shine on and storms do tide
The city by the sea.

Halifax, N. S., July 1, 1893.

A Summer Day at Truro's Park.

A glorious sheen,
O'er a mantle of green
Gilds the crest of thy maple-clad hill,
And illumes, midst the willows,
The lady-birch queen,
That garland the vales glistening rill.

Down the vales winding way,
The soft breezes play,
'Mongst the cliffs in thy quiet confine,
And skim o'er the haze
In the sunless steel gray,
Where the dewy-vined coronets twine.

'Mongst thy silent steeps
Where serenity sleeps
Like a babe in a calm cradled repose ;
The downy clouds drawn
When the golden shoot peeps,
Then the vapours that kissed it arose.

Wreaths of cloud wing their flight
To the broad courts of light ;
Where the waters reflectingly shine—
Midst a glory of fragrance
Till the calm eve of night
Invites them again to their shrine.

Where the waterfalls pour
With a murmurous roar,

In wild chasing gushes descend
And trip o'er the brooks ;
And the streams in their tour
Their tones to the echo they lend.

Like gems of the land
May their beauty expand,
Admiration thy pathway hath paved
The noble response
From the opulent hand,
Then thy banner in triumph is waved.



Hillside Cemetery, Springhill, N. S.
—

In quietude's unbroken calm
Beside the hidden rills,
A place where sacred dust's inurned
Among the sloping hills.

Like sentinels the forest lords,
In verdant columns stand ;
How picturesque their curved arch,
Forms like the rainbow band.

And o'er these distant mountain tops
With just as bright a ray,
As shone on Eden's garden home
The same sun shines to-day.

Enshrined upon the hallowed tombs,

Loved memories are read ;

'Midst echoes while the woodbirds chant

Their anthems o'er the dead.

And as their tones like nature's breath

Float o'er these resting there.

How every chirp and rustling leaf

Denotes that God is near.

Our Childhood's Garden.
—

How swift the scenes go fleeting past,
As memories backward throw
Their shadows on the disc of time.
A fair and comely show
Of pictured Childhood's sunny paths
All set in golden glow,
Like twined garlands sweetly wove
With flowers of long ago.

The old familiar garden home,
With all its planted beds,
How gay the graceful marigold
Each brilliant petal spreads,
And with the blushing marjoram

A branch of hazel weds,
And from the cowslip's ruby leaves
A fragrant shower sheds.

While here the currants, black and red,
And gooseberries big and bright,
Are flashing in the noonday sun,
An Eden of delight.

A little throng with gleeful song
Amidst the paths unite,
With joyous face and laughing eyes
A future Dame or Knight.

They gathered neath the old fruit trees
Their grand-dad planted there,
The heavy laden branches drop
The ripe and mellow pear.

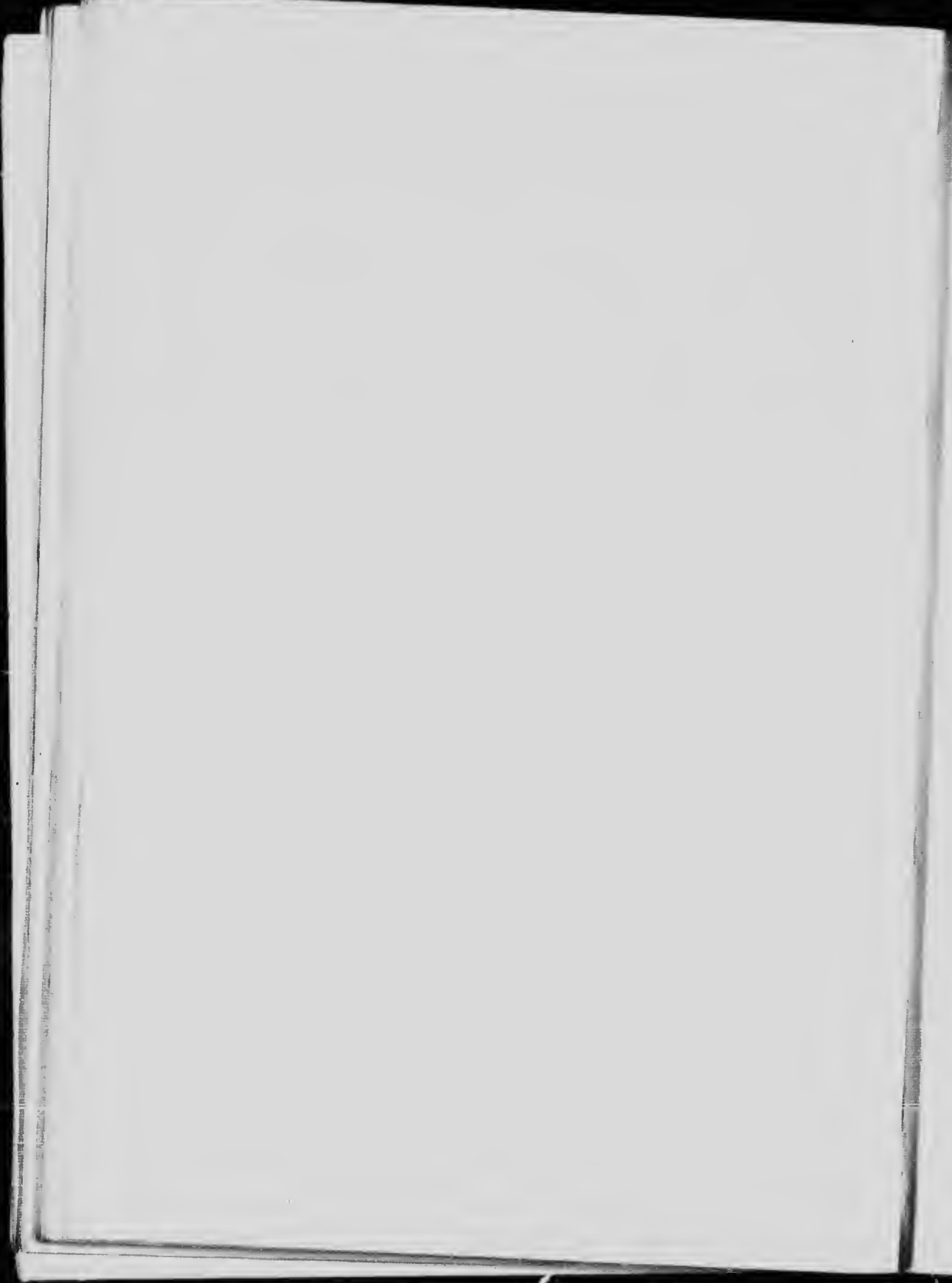
O how the dainty banquet feast
They plenteously all share,
Then all around when homeward bound
Their chorus fills the air.

Now at the slanting cellar door
That lowers with a bang,
And leading to the ancient well
Where iron dippers hang ;
'Tis here the noisy prancers stop,
—A wee but thirsty gang—
And drinking from the fountain pure,
Again their chorus rang.

'Tis sweet to trace the dear old face
That met them at the door,



IN VICTORIA PARK, TRURO, N. S.



O that we often could repeat
Those same scenes o'er and o'er,
Tho' with the past they're fleeting fast.
But we will see once more
That honored face adorned with grace
Upon the other shore.



Old England Brave.
—

Fear not your foes, Old England Brave !

Stir lively on a pace ;

Your battle-field is all the world

You've won the foremost place.

Then hold it firm, your cause is just,

Let foemen have their say,

Your glorious past, your archives fill

Recorded there to stay.

Fear not your foes, Old England Brave !

They all will tremble when

The neutral nations listening hear

The Lion's roar again ;

Resounding o'er the Afric Lands,

Re-echoing cross the seas ;
The sailing of your Battleships
The hostile arms to seize.

Jan. 1st, 1900.



The Origin of the For-Get-Me-Not's Name.

They walked on the banks by the fast flowing stream,
A knight and his lady love fair :
Besides its bright surface with beauty did gleam
The tiny blue flowerets rare.

"Sir Knight ;" said the lady, *"Do pluck a few stems."*

At once to her wish he essayed,
And eagerly reaching the coveted gems,
His heavy clad armor out weighed.

Overwhelmed thereby on the slippery bank
Sloping quick at the spot where he stood,
Down into the waters of Danube he sank,
And left her a love's widowhood.

He sighed an adieu ere his last breath he drew,
The words wrung her heart like a knell ;
The flowers he culled to the lady he threw :
“ FORGET-ME-NOT ” was his farewell.



The Restaurant Beef-Steak.
—

When I think of the beef-steak,
The restaurant beef-steak,
That's served up so solid
For twenty-five cents,
On a greasy-edged platter,
I think it looks flatter
As I gaze with distrust
On the sorry contents.

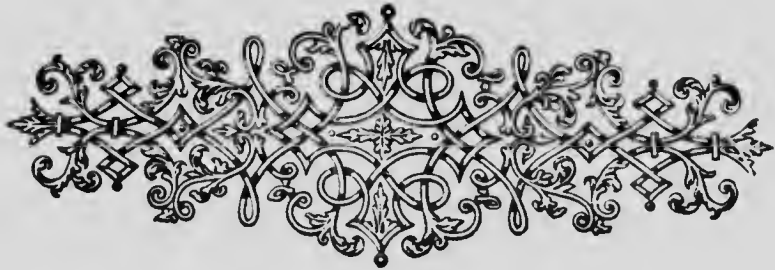
Turn it over and under,
In amazement I wonder
Is't a piece of old rubber
From a bicycle wheel ;

By rolling pin pounded
Till battered and rounded
And flaps on the plate
Like a sliver of steel.

I managed to tackle it,
With knife and fork hackle it
And in the encounter
I made a faint lunge.
Growing weaker, not stronger,
Could hold out no longer,
A victim of hunger
I foamed like a sponge.

Then I called to the waiter,
With a voice like a grater,
To take the stuff hence

Or his head I would dent !
He replied, " I can't do it,
For no one can chew it ;
And now *you can see*
It is crooked and bent. "



Twilight on the Glen.—
A SONNET.

Now o'er the steepy slope a flaming cloud
Like shining silver lights the tall trees top—
Down in the dell the mists of evening stop,
The songster's ringing notes are not so loud,
Their vesper hour too soon now overshroud
With dark intent the curtains slow'y drop,
While shadowy gloom now brooks no helping prop,
The woodland dims, and settling night has bowed.

Then one by one, more silent the refrain
The whistling blackbird sounds a clear shrill note
The thrush now pipes with rivalry a strain
And like Cathedral tones that tuneful float
Around some sacred roof, but still more plain,
Descends a treble from the robin's throat.

The Angler's Sunset.

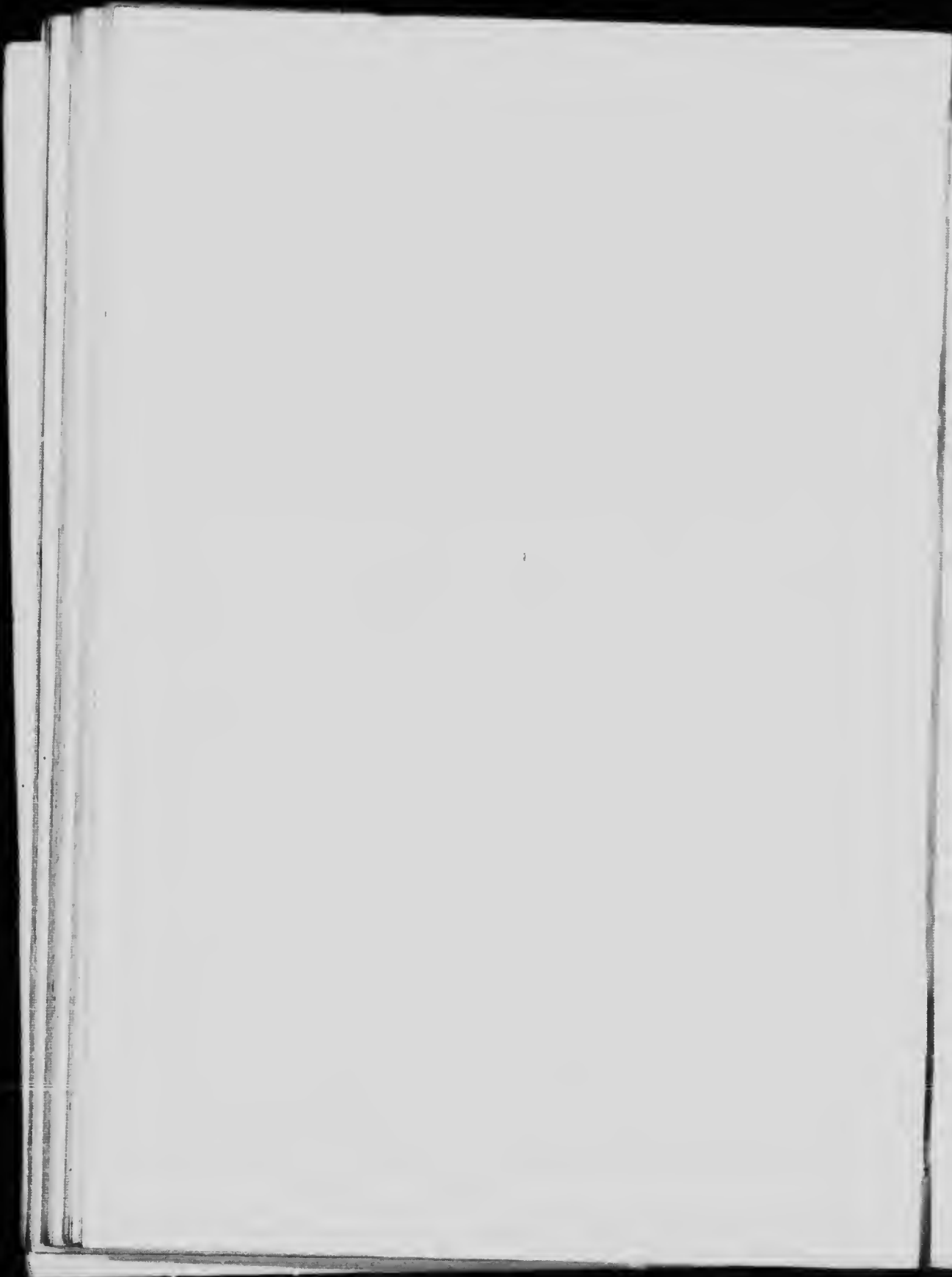
A SONNET.

Over the silent lake a purple light
Is settling fast among the breathless air,
No stir is heard nor whispering sounds are near,
The distant mountains show that frowning night
Is slowly shading up their lofty height,
And leave their outlines in the water clear
With plain distinctness there their forms appear
Like worlds inverted traced in endless sight.

Now from the depths of the unruffled tide
Voracious giants leave their lily pad
And break the surface for the banquet's side—
But harken ! there's the whip-poor-will's voice sad ;
And through the gloaming see the wood thrush glide,
Then twilight ends, and drowsy nature's glad.



"JOE HOWE FALLS," VICTORIA PARK, TRURO, N. S.



Wentworth, Cumberland Co., N. S.

(As seen by the writer from the I. C. R. Train.)

Far o'er the mountain's rugged brow
The crystal streams divide,
Then tracing where the Wallace flows,
They join its rushing tide.

And as they sparkle thro' the glen
Down Cobequid's broad grade,
Go filt'ring past its wooded hills
Glide 'neath the beachen shade
That margins the lawn bedded floor
Of Wentworth's rural dale,
Where many rustic pathways stretch
Athwart the smiling vale.

And happy homesteads as of yore
Midst nature's pure repast,
Are guarded by the upland peaks
Like relics of the past.

Here circling vapors reach the clouds
From balmy branches high,
And mountain shrubs regale the air—
Their perfumes reach the sky.

And o'er the plains their lightest breath
Inwreathes the early dew ;
The rising splendor of the day
Here sheds his brightest hue.

Where ferny banks with beauty swell
And daisied fields full blown,

And all the mossy mounds and groves
With wild flowers are strown.

If thou in greatness e'er would shine,
Dull solitude forsake ;
Let thy full orb expand its light,
For golden stars to wake.

Then waken from thy cornfield blades,
As did the lonely lark ;
Soaring afar bring new-born fame
Around thy rich stored ark.

Ther · itful will thy realms abound
More beauteous to behold,
And multitudes from far and near
Thy banner to unfold.

The Waves and the Lobster.
—

Oh, help me off this lonesome rock,
Is the stranded lobster's cry,
For tho' the seas are rolling near
It fears it's left to die

"I am high and dry" again it pleads
But still the waves roll on—
If it would only help itself
'T would reach its goal anon.

The busy waves at last reply,
Get a move on and get,
We're working hard ourselves all day
While you loaf there and fret ;

Your place is "tight" but energy
Is all that you do need,
Do stir yourself and look alive
'Tis useless there to plead ;

We're close by now, just hustle some
The slightest effort make,
While we do toss and tumble near
This timely warning take ;

The last chance now, we soon shall ebb,
And you are looking blue
So don't be foolish and expect
That we will go to you.

The restless billows never stop
Nor have they kin with these

That dwell in slothful indolence
Or mope in idle ease.

So if the waves should dump you on
The stranded lobster's place.
Just make a leap and fearlessly
Life's troubled ocean face.



(Dedicated to the memory of John Boyle O'Reilly).

Exiled

A SONNET.

Genius in chains, exiled, tho' thou may'st be,
Out from the rocky cavern's depths wilt fly
Among the iron hills uplifted high,
Where freedom reigns in realms of liberty,
With brow more tranquil than a waveless sea—
Tho' learning's source may cease the vast supply,
The useful hours will build and multiply ;
For Solitude oft-time nurtures the tree,
And opes the budded flower of the mind
To ripened bloom, perfection's counterpart,
Then proudly in the silent moments find
A crowned nature that surmounts all art ;
There in the storehouse safely sealed and shrined
Inventions rare, yet map the world's broad chart.

Little Ones in Heaven.
—

Within the garden gate,
All fragrant, fresh and fair ;
The little ones we'll meet
When we're admitted there.

While here the flowers of earth
To us are freely given ;
But His, when we're bereft,
Unfold their leaves in Heaven.

Oh ! What would this world be
Without the flowerets' bloom ?
Only a dismal void
With sunshine veiled in gloom.

And what would this life be
Without the fruits of love?
A tideless, stagnant sea,
An Ark without a Dove.

But many a bud of life,
Ere spring has touched its brow,
Is culled to blossom where
GOD'S choicest flowers do grow.

O! tis a blessed thought
Dwells in our bosoms here,
That all the little ones
We'll meet when we get THERE.

The Drummer.
—

On railway train he reigns supreme,
Can talk you blind on any theme ;
He's well up to the latest fad ;
Is always jolly, never sad.

Tho' booked no orders for a week,
Will square the average with his cheek,
Or camp out just to save the rent—
With his umbrella for a tent.

He dresses fine—in fashion's best,
Does in the newest "tile" invest ,
With linen white, well polished boots ;
His trunks well packed with stuff that suits,

Are Iron bound, two storeys high,
All opposition he'll defy ;
When two or more together meet,
Valise is drawn close to the seat,

And then they place it firm on end,
The time in playing euchre spend
Or other sinful games awhile,
The dreary waiting hours beguile.

Then to the " smoker " they adjourn,
Tell stories true—false ones they spurn :
(For love of truth is their strong point,
Tho' *excess baggage* strains a joint.)

About big bills each one has sold,
Double the rest *his* story told ;
He travels for the largest house,
From the far west to Gabarouse.

(But here a modest smile comes in
Thinking his story is too thin.)
Each with the other holds his joke,
And tumbles to his usual smoke.

Regaled with pipe or cigarette
His *pose* would make *Von Masher* fret.

But now 'tis time to have a whack,
So from the depths of his gripsack
He draws his covert Islay Blend,
A "gift" from his most cherished friend.

His pocket knife with corkscrew mixed
Is to the muzzle easily fixed,
And the auspicious pistol drawn
Is of its patent wrapper shorn.

Only to test the quality ?

O ! who would not a drummer be ?

Of course there're drummers who don't " smile "

But they're not of the latest style.

Good of their kind, they capture trade,

Of sometimes just as high a grade ;

But genial " smiles " and fragrant weeds

Sow wonderful commercial seeds.

And on the train are not in vain,

A well punched " banner " to retain :

He at the junction, comes to grief,

Five hours to wait, and no relief.

But then he gives officials fits,

While he upon his grip sack sits ;

And on all hands he casts a frown,

From president to brakeman down.

The air he fills with words profuse,
All tipped with scorn and sound abuse,
On each employee throws the blame
But does the waiting just the same.

He is a model in his way—
Tho' noisy, yet enjoys the stay,
At the hotel he claims a right,
Often arrives at dead of night.

Tho' others 'rive by the same train,
Gets 'head of all his choice to gain
The best room that the house can boast—
And has a "pleasant" with the host.

The clerk thinks him a "jovial cuss,"
Books orders for an early 'bus ;
Rouses the neighbors eight miles round
Thumping his door—*he can* sleep sound.

Wake up ! This is 4.40 call,
Down falls the plaster from the wall :—
He grabs his satchel, comb and brush,
For early breakfast makes a rush,

O'er tough beefsteak he grows profane,
And then is driven to the train ;
At the hotel dull peace doth reign—
Until the " drummer " calls again.



Circumstantial Evidence.

A STORY OF THE LAND.

He was a worthy farmer and
An honest man was he,
His barns well-filled and everything
Was right as right could be.

The many helpers round his farm,
Deserving of much praise :
But it so happened that one did
An hostile arm upraise.

And that against his master's life
A weapon he did use,
All goodly faith and confidence
Thus boldly did abuse.

Then from a deadly offered blow,
The *farmer* wounded stood ;
'Twas now to grapple in defence
If here he only could.

The instrument aimed at his life
By fairest means possess,
But in the struggle's awful force
His man lay motionless.

Hearing a footstep, then unseen
The *farmer* turned away ;
A brother helper now did try
The crimson flood to stay.

But useless all his efforts were,
The man by death was claimed ;
And now a murderous deed upon
The guiltless servant blamed.

For there he stood on guilty ground,
The proofs and stains he bore ;
His name marked on the fatal fork,
His garments spots of gore.

At once arrested for the deed ;
Protesting was in vain ;
His day of trial to await,
In prison to remain.

The Law's tribunal reached at last
With judge and jury there,
The *farmer* as a juryman
Did in the box appear.

The judge unto the jury spake
And unto them did say :
I'd have you name your foreman,
And that without delay.

Eleven of these worthy men
Together did consent,
And named the *farmer* for their head
To this he gave assent.

The trial ended in due course,
The evidence all heard ;
The judge then fully read his charge ;
Digesting word for word.

Clearly established is his guilt
Your finding thus must be,
Conviction sure uncompromised,
Doubtless you'll all agree.

Thus spoke the judge unto the court
He's guilty I'm full sure,
And for your verdict I await
Stern justice to secure.

With strong deliberation used
The *foreman* hard did plead,
And into court they soon returned
“Not Guilty” all agreed.

The prisoner his freedom got,
Still mystery involved ;
At least the court would effort make
To have the secret solved.

For with the puzzled justice
His mind not satisfied ;
Amongst officials of the court,
His questions strongly plied.

Then to the *foreman's* actions strong,
He pointed to the fact ;
That the acquital was brought with
That leader's special act.

* * * * *

Then spoke the *foreman* to the judge,

Your secrecy I'll ask—

Then to condemn the guilty one

I'll undertake the task.

Then they together and aside

In private interview,—

“ T’was I that caused my servant’s death !

The words I speak are true !

But it was done in self-defence,

I did not fear the end ;

But harvest time was near at hand

All on me did depend.

Thus matters they did take their course,
Then horrified was I
To find my workman thrown in jail
For trial there to lie.

His wife and babes I comforted,
And bade them have no fear ;
With goodly needs on them bestowed,
I filled their home with cheer.

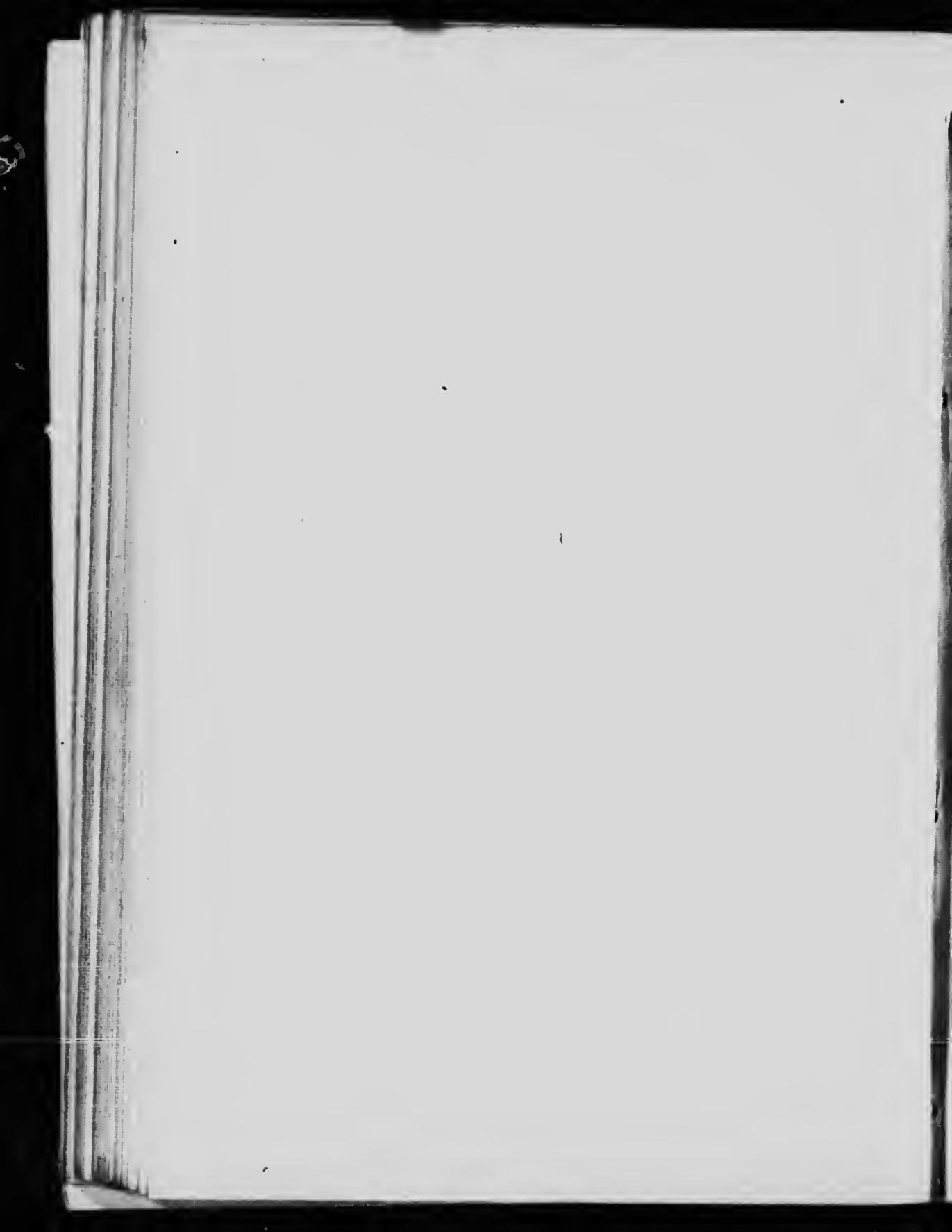
But as the trial day approached,
I every effort made ;
And in the jury box was drawn,
The innocent to aid.

The trial ends, the panel called
Each one " Guilty " pronounced
What *has* the *foreman* got to say ?
Their ballots I denounced.



OUR OLD HOMESTEAD.

(The house represented in this photo is in the City of Halifax, N. S., and is situated on the west side of Brunswick street, the third house from the Round (St. George, English) Church, and directly opposite St. Patrick's Church. It was built by, and was the home of Mr. Malisch, my great-grandfather. He was an officer in the Hessian (German) Regiment of Loyalists, and was master carpenter in the King's works, and built the Prince's Lodge for H. R. II. the Duke of Kent. My grandmother was born in this house in the year 1780. My father was born in it on 28th May, 1806, and I was born in the same room on 21st July, 1835. It is the subject of a poem written by myself entitled, "Our Old Homestead." This property is still well preserved, A. D. 1905.—W. E. HEFFERNAN.)



'Would you condemn your friend to death ?

No one the deed did see !

At least so far as you do know,

If so pray tell to me. '

All now were silent at my words,

And without more delay

Not guilty let our verdict stand,

Await the judgment day,—

Again your lordship I do ask

The secret to retain,

For had I failed the man to save

Confession would been plain."

The judge his story entertained

And unto him did say,

You did your part right worthily

In peace now go thy way.—

The secret near a score of years
He reverently kept ;
Until at last the *farmer* died ;
And with the millions slept.

The judge survived him and was free
The story to explain,
And all who read this curious tale
May tell it o'er again.



Dartmouth Lakes.

There is not a more beautiful spot on the earth
Than the three sister Lakes of fair Scotian birth
In the midst of bright foliage resplendant they glide,
From the far away north till they reach their home
 tide,
Where the green crown'd embankments invitingly
 smile
As the purest of water flows on through their isle.
And their cone-pointed hills like great pyramids
 stand
In picturesque beauty on Scotia's fair land.
You may rest near the Como and glance o'er its
 stream
And view the wild flowers that by its side gleam ;
And listen enraptured to the songs of the Rhine,

You hear of its waters how the white foam doth shine ;
Then turn to your own native streams ever fair
And you find them more beautiful, ever more dear,
You'll find in your own that the charm is more
grand ;

They are waters that flow over Scotia's fair land,

These Lakes of rare beauty though unknown to song,
Have a symphony wave-winged unheard in the
throng ;

Like the murmur on Babylon's fair waters arise
When the echo'ing cadence descends from the skies,
And is heard when the redbreast and linnet on high
Interchange their sweet notes with the soft zephyrs'
sigh ;

When those songsters of air like an æolian band
Chant their anthems full caroled o'er Scotia's fair
land.

There's a magic in nature that breathes o'er the scene
And melts with the mist on the mount's rugged green;
There's a grace in the wildings this glory awakes,
While a peaceful seclusion encircles the lakes
And pictures a landscape in cultureless bloom
O'er a mirror of waters that sparkling illumine
Thy tranquil recesses to the verge of their strand,
And sheds golden lustre o'er Scotia's fair land.



Dartmouth Lake Scenery Noon and Night.

Various are the scenes
That with the many chapters of the day
Where shadows on the tinted verdure dwell,
Midst hills and valleys and soft leafy bowers,
With here a bright and there a darksome hue ;
And now they rest upon a paler green.
Now ever as the lengthened shadows stretch,
And as the never ceasing King of day
Pursues so proudly his well-chosen course,
And o'er the landscape sheds a beauteous gleam,
Illumes the Lakes and charms the dazzled eye,
Delights the stranger by yon shaded grove
Who wrapt doth gaze upon the pebbly tide ;
And wandering searches for the tribe that once



OUR BROWNIE.

Faint, illegible text visible along the left edge of the page, likely bleed-through from the reverse side.

By these fair waters held their weird camp,
Who midst these woodlands made the forests ring
With their wild cry and with their hunter's shout
—But he must trace his steps to broader ground ;
Throughout the vast and multitudinous waste,
Distant Alaska and Columbia wilds,
Where echoes of Niagara's thunders wake
The names thro' once these forest sons engraved.
Then hie thee hence ! and seek that scattered
band—

Along the shore the evening shadows creep
And o'er the emerald casts a deeper hue
Until the summit of day's journey reached,—
Doth pause at the descending verge of eve.—
With the reflecting blue the lakes are tinged
And now is seen the shooting silvery dart

That like a quiver dance with gay delight
Athwart the glassy surface of the stream—
Illumined now or head.

The verdant roof
Assumes its burnished armor for the night,—
No sound of music in the feathered world
Each to their nests and leave the busy streams,
And gentle winds to soothe the slumbering day ;
But as the echoes linger on the air
A vivid messenger from o'er the sea,
Threatening awhile thy peaceful courts of space—
The distant rumblings of its angry breath
Denote a dark and heavy shrouded mass
That like some huge-winged monster soaring near
Floating aloft conceals the luminous orb,
Then bursting from its gloomy hooded folds
It opens fire with drench and flash and roar ;

The hills and mountains in its presence shake,
And shivering branches tremble in the blast
Then forging onward dwindle in its flight !

Now night is o'er
Uplifts the rising Sun ;
No gloomy vapors drape thy gilded front !
Nor screening mists in sullen dimness dwell,
To shield the joy that mirthful nature plays
When thou dost fill the valley with thy smiles.



Tennyson and Carlyle.
—

The fragrant weed in smoky wreaths
Disdains all consequence ;
While each in quiet comfort breathes
A silent eloquence.

And as the happy hours sped
By the hearth's flickering light,
Thus Carlyle unto Alfred said
“ We've had how grand a night.”

And now at parting one word more,
In friendship's soft commune ;
The invitation at the door,
“ Call 'gain man Alfred soon.”

Lines to the Memory of His Holiness, Leo XIII.

Great Friend of Justice, Love and Peace on Earth,
Upholding truth, thou cherished friendship's
worth ;

Of conscious right, thy throne in steadfast Rome
Thou dwelt content within thy hallowed home,—
Yet, when unhappy feuds and warlike strife
And thunders of commotion threatened life,
Thy word, O ! Leo, borne across the seas,
Unnerved the monarch, didst his wrath appease ;
Invoked the Star of Peace, bade nations pause
Ere rude rebellion stained a people's cause.

Thus true thou labored for HIS will divine
And Gifts of peace from many lands were thine.
Zealous thou sought thy Master's Sacred Good

To make the world one Holy Brotherhood.
O! God of All! Within Thine Home so bright
Thy servant's soul enshrine, Shine Blessed Light

July 25, 1903.



As You Make it.

— — —
SELECTED.

“ To the preacher life’s a sermon,

To the joker it’s a jest ;

To the miser life is money,

To the loafer life is rest.

To the Lawyer life’s a trial,

To the poet life’s a song ;

To the doctor life’s a patient

That needs treatment right along.

To the soldier life’s a battle,

To the teacher life’s a school ;

Life’s a “ good thing ” to the grafter,

It’s a failure to the fool.

To the man upon the engine
Life's a long and heavy grade ;
It's a gamble to the gambler,
To the merchant life is trade.

Life's a picture to the artist,
To the rascal life's a fraud ;
Life, perhaps is but a burden
To the man beneath the hod.

Life is lovely to the lover,
To the player life's a play ;
Life may be a load of trouble
To the man upon the dray.

To the Nightingale's Return.

Thou didst leave the fair groves where cowslips do
bloom,

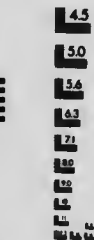
And returning again thou dispel'st the night's gloom,
In silence we greet thy rich voice soft and clear,
Though no new song is added to thy repertoire !





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House Cleaning.
—

I dread it, I dread it
The house cleaning time.
I've said it, I've said it,
I'll keep up the rhyme

Everywhere, everywhere
The house cleaning time,
With all the best furniture
Splattered with lime,

It's fearful, it's fearful,
The house cleaning time,
It's fearful, it's fearful
And bitter with grime,

With sorrow, with sorrow
The house cleaning time,
From Satan does borrow
Its quota of slime.

Joseph Howe.

"The world pronounced him grand."

His monument unveiled at Halifax, N. S., on the hundredth anniversary of his birth—13th Dec., 1904.

He spoke the praises of great men
With rhetorical command,
At Shakespeare's tri-centennial
The world pronounced him grand.

His monument today the same
A hundred years from now,
Some then will eulogize the name
Of noble Joseph Howe.

December 13, 1904.

A Legend of the Poplar Tree.

The Rainbow
Of its wealth
Bereft,
Was anxious to unfold,
And
Trace the
Treasure right and left
Would search
The
Poplar bold.
An aged
Oak did
Point
Its limbs

Unto the
Upraised hold,
The Poplar's
Cone-like form
Carressed
The Gold. The Gold. The Gold.
The Poplar questioned " How
Could I
The missing treasure know,
Call up the winds
Anon they'll try
As onward
They did blow. "
The whistling messengers
Called out !
The Elm staunch and old

Thus to the Poplar

Did shout,

The Gold. The Gold. The Gold.

Go try thou

Pine

It may be thine

The hidden

Gems to know,

For at the bend

Just near the end,

T'was placed

With the rainbow,

And then the Pine

Sought to define

Its tall boughs

Windward rolled

Directed to
The haughty vine,
The Gold. The Gold. The Gold.
Unyielding still the
Poplar stood
With arms uplifted
High
And waving
Plume-like
To and fro
Did fan the
Distant sky ;
Just t' en a
Light most
Brilliant shone
Within the

Poplar's fold

And there was

Seen

With glittering sheen,

The Gold ! The Gold ! The Gold !



To W. E. Heffernan.
—

A Merry Christmas ! Friend long out of sight,
In decasyllabic long verse I write,
The good old wish, for you, my dear old friend
In rondo form, if its rhymes will lend
The needful jingle, as I thus indite.

The world goes round—The saying's rather trite ;
And you will think, of very little might,
But I do hope that, in your path 'twill trend
A Merry Christmas.

And may the coming year to you be bright,
And with all good things you and yours bedight ;
Peace and goodwill be with you to its end,
And heavenly powers from evil you defend ;

Once more, old friend, 'twill make the rondo
right—

A Merry Christmas.

T. H. BIRD.

Joggins Mines, Dec. 22, 1899.

To T. H. Bird.

Believe me if all the good wishes you wrote,
In your sweet little rhyme should pass true ;
When the century's trumpet shall sound its last
note,
I'll still be in friendship with you.

And so may it be, let us hope for the best,
Our time for vain-glory has passed ;
Let those more ambitious, keep up their unrest,
We'll remain constant friends to the last.

W. E. HEFFERNAN

Springhill, Dec. 23rd, 1899.



SIR JOHN THOMPSON.



The Bride's Handkerchief.

—
Selected.

A silken trifle richly worked,
It breathes a faint perfume
Like incense from a temple door
Or miles of tropic bloom ;
A fragrance borrowed from the folds
Of robes on which it lay
Deep in some sweetly smelling chest
With brass and lacquer gay.

Pale tints of azure, gold and rose,
The springtime's tender green,
The gray that on the wood dove's breast
Displays its silver sheen,

The brown that beads the waving fern,
Are blent with skill divine
In delicate embroidery
Of flowers and leaf and vine.

Wrought by a bride of far Japan
Who died ere she was wed,
Her dream of love is woven in
With every shining thread.
Sweet record of a sad romance,
The tale is ended here,
Where on this bud a heart bereaved
Has signed it with a tear.

Munsey's Magazine, January 1903,

In Memory of Dr. Byers.

Thy work is done, the midnight call is hushed—
Who'd rouse the slumber from thy soul's repose?
Good Doctor rest ! and let the tedious world
Roll on !—thou wouldst not now exchange and give
Thy present home, for its uneven path.
But few with sympathy more true than thine
To smooth affliction's rough and painful couch ;
And cheering with thy ever helpful hand
The needy, who in the untiring round
Of each day's journey happened in the way
Whereon thy lot was cast. Such noble work
Will leave its laurels on the sacred tomb
To live eternal in the time to come.—
One silent mourner drops the parting tear
And thousands with respectful tribute bear
The Cross and Crown adorned in floral grace,
True friendship's tokens to thy resting place.

Springhill, 7th May, 1895.

The Golden Medium.

No use have I for poverty,

For wealth I have no greed ;

My simple wishes only be

Sufficient for my need.

This world is full of pomp and show,

These have no charms for me ;

Their fascinations only go

To feed our vanity.

The greatest splendors here possessed

Go fleeting fast away ;

They dazzle, flicker, and at best,

Live only for a day.

True pleasure gleaned from Heaven's crest
For us is always free ;
By this possessed we're ever blessed
Through all eternity.

Seek not for worth of earthly lore
It's worthless and will rust,
And thieves will break the bolted door
And seize the mundane trust.

But seek for wealth with Him that said
" Leave all and follow Me "
Your door of wealth all thieves will dread
Till they converted be.

Then bow the heart to that Decree,
Rest sure what's right will come ;
Instead of wealth or poverty
The Golden Medium.

Two Spiritual Messengers.
—

In the midnight dark hours by labor oppressed,
Then mortals enjoy the sweet blessings of rest ;
'Twas a knock in the midst of such darkness profound,
One night at his door did awake with its sound.

A Reverend pastor who from his couch rose
And inquired the cause that disturbed his repose
The answer came firmly yet gentle and mild
T'was the voice of a poorly clad shivering child.

“ Do come ! to my father I'll show you the way,
He's dying ; we know you will make no delay.”
The Priest from the window looked down but to find
A boy and a girl in the cold piercing wind.

Then quickly he robed and was soon by their side,
Thence onward they went and he followed their
guide,

Not a word was now spoken, the priest followed close
Till the boy at last showed where a faint glimmer
glows ;

“ Our father’s door sir ; is the first at the top,”
And midst solemn stillness, at that he did stop,
Not a sound save his footfall, in the silence around,
For nowhere again could the children be found.

He entered the bare, ragged, dim lighted room,
Its feeble rayed shadows appeared like a tomb ;
A low voice now questione “ pray sir who art
thou ?”

“ I’m the priest whom you sent for, I’m here with
you now.”

“ You’re mistaken, tho’ dying, no one have I known
To take you the message—I’m dying alone : ”

The priest in amazement to the man then did say

“ Your children called for me and showed me the
way. ”

“ My children, ” he gasped and then sprang near
upright.

“ Explain what they looked like I long for the
sight.— ”

The priest soon described them, then the man hid
his face ;

“ My own dear dead children, thro’ His loving grace,
They brought you to see me do pray now remain ;
Though tears and sobs blind me, the light shines
again. ”

To My Grandson

Wendham Edward Heffernan, of Boston, on the First Anniversary of his Birth
December 13th, 1895.

Thou joyous resemblance of mine and of me,
Sweet pilgrim of love, thou art third Winnie Wee.
How softly thy kisses as the coo of a dove,
And pure as an angels-winged breeze from above.
To-day thy first springtime is passed without strife
Thus smoothly thy journeys may be throughout life.
May long years to thee be a constant sunshine ;
With thy grandfather's name thou hast and is thine.

Our Brownie.
—EDWARD DICK HEFFERNAN.
—

(BY GRANDPA.)

Frank's baby, our brownie, got into my room,
Alas! what sad havoc he made ;
He managed to capture the long handled broom
And brushed down the fire grenade.

The cloth on the table he jerked up and down
And dumped the contents on the floor ;
From Victoria's statute he twisted the crown,
And fractured the bust of Tom Moore.

He piled up Macaulay, Charles Dickens, Mellvill,
As on a crematory pyre,



SPRINGHILL MONUMENT.

(Erected in Memory of the victims of the great Coal Mine Disaster,
February 21st, 1891).

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But the broken grenade o'er the ruin did spill
And spoiled the slim chance of a fire.

The "Lays of the poets" lay scattered around,
"Burns' Daisy" is in a dazed state,
And "Paradise Lost" in the coal vase was found,
"Poe's Raven" reposed in the grate.

Then as I approached him, that sweet roguish boy,
Like Mercury new-lighted he stands,
His two little arms they were waving with joy,
And clapping his pat-a-cake hands.

I held out my hands and he jumped with a spring
And into my arms he did bound ;
Then he hugged round my neck a perpetual ring
Worth more than the Muses profound.

One year old to-day, 13th February, 1896, Springhill, N. S.

The Village School.
—

The stately chanticleer proclaims the morn,
The rising sun resplendent scans the sea,
The silvery dew like spangles decks the thorn,
And here a day of gladness comes to me.

And comes alike where youthful subjects tread
The paths beneath the maple's leafy shade,
To where their little tasks are daily read ;
So from the plough to reach a higher grade.

Here clattering sons of science search their books ;
A coming Dickens learns to read and write ;
Some " ploughman poet " from his parchment looks
When future " Shakespeare " does his friends invite.
To these the world is all aglow with light ;

For learning's guide is all the boon they ask.
Each day is gladdened by some new delight ;
They on the morrow know no irksome task.

Soon shall new busy scenes to them arise
To trace out paths through strange and distant lands,
And future ages mark some Ruler wise—
When carved in stone the silent statesman stands.

But those who dwell outside of learning's fold,
Oft find a struggling, winding course to wend,
In youth to stumble and when worn and old
To grope their way in darkness to the end,

Tho' prejudice oft mars the master's zeal,
And lingers in such minds when misinformed.
Who on instruction's bond refuse the seal—
But still the work is worthily performed.

An army cultured and each comrade may
With banner true and honorably unfurled
March on to victory, and from day to day
Unclose the portals of some hidden world.

Great minds have started from the rustic's goal,
Went forth as many a Henry Clay could tell,
Gave oratory and Statesmanship a soul,
Likewise a Webster helped the world to spell.

Turn not away from the preceptor's fee,
But honor give to those whose genius weld
The link, when merit joined success and thee ;
Thus link in link was wrought where thou excelled.

Those who would seek enlightenment through him
With wisdom's help a firm foundation lays ;

The structure then is built with strength, not slim,
And rises lofty and is worthy praise.

The ocean "greyhound" may eclipse the sail,
The "iron horse" remove the stage in turn :
But steadfastness alone will now prevail ;
Persistent toil the midnight lamp must burn.

No slumbering while the earth's revolving mill
Uplifts each gem alike for human gain,
But watchful strive and work with sturdy skill,
And life will yield an overflowing train.

When nature's hand-maid, art, is crowned by truth
And all the notes of life do harmonize,
And when refinement moves the mind of youth,
Then art and genius will ennobled rise.

Beware, lest life, its brilliant morn o'er-cast,
And gloomy night controls some chosen name
Which all alone realize now at the last
The torch of knowledge lights the road to fame.



“Endless Space.”

Across the Rocky Mountain verge
The steel shod monarch found
Its serpentine and winding way
Where rugged cliffs abound.

Anon it takes a circling sweep ;
Now through the tunnel's core ;
Then dashes o'er a torrent swift
Nor heeds its sullen roar.

Just when the great suspension bridge
The “ Iron Horse ” did gain
And slowly, trembling, o'er the span
Drew on its ponderous train ;

An ancient lady passenger's
Investigating gaze
Beheld below a yawning gulf
With wondering amaze.

And overhead eternal blue ;
With fear around she looked
Alas ! she thought—" *We one and all*
To endless space are booked."

And on the friendly faces round
She cast a wistful glance—
For to her dazed and troubled mind
The future seemed mere chance.

The iron steed still bounding on
Soon terra firma hit,
Then she, exulting, with relief
Exclaimed " THANK GOD WE'VE LIT. "

A Story of the Sea.

Far away in lands of beauty,
Refinement's light doth shine ;
Where oriental splendor does
With luxury combine.

From out its classic portals,
With bannerets unfurled,
Came two brothers who might honored
Their contact with the world.

They had manners light and polished ;
Still in their youthful prime,
They choose the dark and downward track
Leading from crime to crime.

Far o'er the south and sunny seas
A darksome plot they laid,
Combined for deadly consequence
A pirate's part they played.

On the kingdom of Tahite,
Near California's state
They conjured up an enterprise,
Merchants on them did wait.

Who trusting them like honest men
Did lend a helping hand,
Nor did they think these brothers fair
Composed a murderous band.

For merchandise they bartered ;
Good men joined in the trade ;

And King Tahite's schooner yacht

A pirate's ship was made.

A worthy man the captain was

Who did the ship command,

With first and second officers

And seven sailors manned.

But ere a week had come and gone

The Tahitian cook Maloi

Was ordered by the brothers bold

The crew for to destroy.

A bottle filled with powder white

Was given to be used,

As portion of the meal he cooked ;

At first he this refused.

But when they offered him a share
Of the ill-gotten spoils,
He then agreed to do the deed
Humanity recoils.

The captain and the officers
And seven sailors then,
Did of the horrid meal partake
And never spoke again.

Writhing in agony on the deck,
Captain and crew did lay ;
The brothers then their pistols drew
The officers they did slay.

A school of sharks did follow fast,
Behind the vessel's keel

And overboard the bodies thrown

The fishes ghastly meal.

The brother pirates now caroused ;

And headed for the land,

And on the Potomian Island's shore

The vessel they did strand.

Some natives here did join with them ;

Again they put to sea,

And at the Port of Manilla,

To land they did agree.

The cook he now asked for his share

Of plunder that they held ;

At his demand the brothers scoffed

And then the cook rebelled.

The brothers threatened him with death ;
If ship to leave he dared,
While they ashore did take the goods,
In rioting they shared.

A cutter in the harbor lay
With Spain's colonial mail ;
To this the cook secretly rowed
And told the dreadful tale.

Six mariners were then detailed
The capture for to make ;
While carousing in high carnival
The pirates they did take.

When in irons safely guarded,
The cook they did contemn ;

Then in revengeful eagerness

Himself he did condemn.

They were given a fair trial,

Tho' brief it may appear,

The guilty men their sentence got,

The cook their fate to share.

Then followed the death penalty :

Beheaded by the sword ;

The headsman as their custom is

Marked the spot at the word.

At early morn the public square

In Manilla's fair town :

The rising sun did bright contrast,

The headsman's gloomy frown.

Guarded by troops in double line
A hollow wall was made,
Which held in check a crowding throng,
That by the scene had strayed.

The pirates three in company :
Knelt on the stafford board ;
The cook did first receive his fate
" Beheaded by the Sword. "

The two able brawny brothers ;
One blow each marked the act ;
Thus ended the tragic career
Of those who pity lacked.

The Old Valentine.

The Sun's rays were gladdening the Eastern hills,
While I sat 'neath my cot's mossy eaves,
I heard the dull tone of perpetual rills
And the Robin's wings rustling the leaves.

Near by was a window unfolding its bands,
Now to welcome the pure morning air,
Within its recesses my love's busy hands
Were preparing a spread of good cheer.

Secluded I mused while each movement to me
Was as sounds of sweet melody played,
But changing all sudden the charm seemed to be
Wrapt in stillness profound and delayed.

A long time I listened, no sound could I hear,
Then I ventured the cause to define ;
When there as spell-bound all alone and sincere
She was reading the Old Valentine.

'Twas sent to her forty long years now or more,
Round its page is love's garland entwined ;
The magic of time so exquisitely wore—
Could her thoughts thus entranced, be divined ?

Feb. 1898.





SHAKESPERE.

[Faint, illegible text visible through the paper from the reverse side of the page.]

In Memoriam.

(On the late C. F. Loasby, Esq., who died at Springhills,
Jan. 3rd., 1893.)

Dear Brother ! can it be that we shall see
Thy face, and form, with us no more on earth.
To life eternal thou art gone ; and now
Thy passport, with its signet—Calvary's Blood—
Conveys thee safe within the Golden Dome—
Why are we sad ? There's consolation sweet
In blissful hope. As we do mourn with her
Who for his coming, all expectant, waits
The echoing music of his homeward tread,
Heard yesterday, but now forever hushed.
O rude December blast from Fundy's shore
Why did'st thou smite our friend, and lay him low,
And carve his bed within that snow-wreathed vault?—

Oh! how the drifting wintry hills contrast
The floral gems which kindly hands have strewn ;
And music soft its solemn strains doth blend
With Benediction. The sacred Rite
So beautiful ! So lov'd ! O faith divine !
There's blessedness in death.

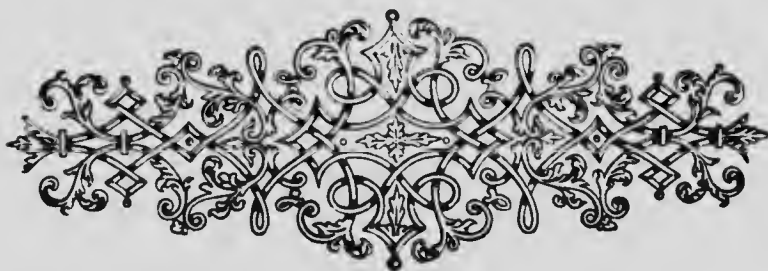
Jan. 7, 1893.



The Silent Chapel.

Thy ever open doors in silence,
Whisper sweet hope to all who enter ;
Rapturous to the soul the silence
Radiant around the urns lit taper.
In the suave atmosphere the breathing,
Enwreathing fumes of incense fragrant,
With lingering echoes of the music
Murmuring through the silent chapel,
Uplifts the mind to love maternal
And bows the soul in calm devotion ;
O, how the hearts drawn near and nearer
To that divine celestial Mother,
Would in her presence dwell eternal
Immersed in filial love consoling ;

Holy thoughts flowing on and onward
Reaching the very throne of Heaven.
Side by side with the Redeemer—
Within her open doors ; Her Altars,
Luminous as the stars of evening :
In solemn dignity abiding ;
Perpetual forever shining,
From the sun's rising ; onward, endless,
Like boundless skies, sublime forever.



Two Brave Boys.
—

The winds blew fierce
The rain fell fast ;
A thousand torrents roared,
Down from the banks
And rugged cliffs
The furious waters poured ;

And in their rush
The iron ways
Burst with that violent flow—
The bridge then sank
Amidst the storm
Into the gulf below.

A train of cars
An hour before
Sped safe there on its road,
But if another
Follows soon
To death must take its load.

Helpless the fate
Of one and all,
No signal there to wave ;
The sudden curve
Turns short upon
That chaos for a grave.

Two boys now passing
On their way
The danger did behold ;

They watch and ward
Three hours kept
In the bitter piercing cold.

And as the night
Its shadows flung
Athwart that awful brink,
They said we'll warn
The coming train ;
Our task we will not shrink.

" Ah ! hear that train,
Its roaring sounds !"
The headlight's flashing glare ;
They took their stand
These noble boys
With frantic efforts there.

They waved their hats,
And cried aloud !
They caught the driver's glance,
Just ten yards more
That train would dashed
Beyond deliverance.



A Tempest Tost Farm.

Tho' oft he plowed the briny deep,
He never ploughed a field :
But when the farmer asked his help
He readily did yield.

Then to the old farm near the hill
The skipper wends his way,
His schooner quiet in the stream
Did at her moorings lay.

With " rheumatiz " the farmer laid,
But work had to be done ;
So with a plough and " krittters " three
The ploughing soon begun.

Two oxen hitched up to the team ;

The old mare on ahead.—

At the command to “ anchor weigh , ”

A boy “ the helm ” led.

“ All hands on deck ” the work commenced

“ Whip a-hoy ” went the lash :

Then o'er the fields they “ cut adrift , ”

And ended in a clash !

Then “ hard aport ” the captain shouts !

The buckwheat boy did smile ;

Then all “ among the breakers ” fell

In a disordered pile.

The oxen tangled with the chains

And made the stubbles fly,

Then kicked the boss "abaft the shaft,"
And sent him ten miles high.

A prostrate ox in terror drove
"The mainbrace" up a tree:
Sent "starboard" ox on "larboard side,"
While struggling to get free.

The old mare went "stern foremost down"
With "riggings all aboard,"
Then "jibs and booms" were cut away
And calm once more restored.

The "sea-dog" a good lesson got;
And finally did explain,
Sooner than plough upon the land
He'll plow the raging main.

The Charge of the Gordon Highlanders.

(The Victory of Dargai Ridge, October 20th, 1897.)

The tribesmen poured their deadly shot down Dargai
Pass like rain,
Still upward speeds our allied force but only to be
slain,
For there, a deadly fusilade, like fiends among the
hills,
With streaming fire from their guns our dead the
valley fills :
The foeman there, eight thousand strong, did
strengthen every bridge
To keep their hold with bitter rage on famous Dargai
Ridge.
But soon the British re-inforced, and faced these
mountain troops,

Again repulsed, again reformed, for their heart never
 droops :

The narrow path again was filled with wounded
 there to stay,

For o'er the field each one who stirred was finished
 where he lay.

With many a corpse the hill was strewn a ghastly
 sacrilege,

The tribesmen's horrid, deadly work at famous Dargai
 Ridge.

A shout went forth, " The Highlanders ! of Gordon
 fame renown !

Will undertake the fearful task to fight the rebels
 down. "

Tho' safe entrenched o'er topping all these mountain
 soldiers stand,

The solid rocks protecting them just like a granite
band.

These Highlanders in battles past have known no
loosened hitch.

With courage bold they will to-day make "famous"
Dargai Ridge!

"Go storm that fort," the general said, "brave men,
cost what it may."

Then onward went the Highlanders, loud echoed the
"hurray!"

Their Colonel thundered the command and fearless
led them there.

"Song o' the North" the bagpipes rang, resounding
thro the air.

It was an awful rush to death the demons to dislodge,
But steel on steel pressed in so fast they then were
seen to dodge.

Still upward went these heroes true, and soon the
slope was scaled,

The tribesmen to the mountains fled or neath the
bayonets quailed.

Brave Highlanders, the day is yours, the grandest
day of all !

The hundred battles you have won before this one
will pall !

The odds against you were so great and yet you did
not flinch,

This victory surpassing all, you won it inch by inch.

Brave sons of Scot' and Erin's land, you nobly did
defeat

A foe of many times your strength, and routed them
complete.

The Highland piper in your ranks a victor's cross
will wear,

For maimed and bleeding by your side the battle's
brunt did bear.

Brave Gordon Highlanders, how grand you raised
that bloody bridge.

Your triumph won the victor's wreath at famous
Dargai Ridge.

November, 1897.



Victoria's Diamond Jubilee.

With science grand ! Commerce the Empire's Gem !
Great England's Sovereign Queen while guiding them
The World's vast progress shares Thy Diadem !
Search back through all the years of History's page,
No record there like our Victorian age.
A lexicon of Arts useful have grown
With noblest works the world has ever known ;
And thou has urged such trade as best revealed ;
Then mayest thou reign to see perfection sealed.
With Queenly grace thou won thy subject's love
And waved proud Britain's regal flag above
The many million hearts that round our sphere
Joined on thy Diamond Day with joys sincere ;
And like one voice, the ne'er forgotten scene
In endless circles sang, " God save our Queen. "

Skating Carnival.
—

A brilliant night ! Within the frozen brink
Are seen the ' living pictures ' of the rink,
A glassy field presented to the view,
Await the comers tinged to every hue.
With rushing triumph ! Ope the portals wide !
Like marshalled armies pacing side by side.
Midst clash of music, skaters sway and swing,
The clamor blending as they crowd the ring.
A thousand youths resplendently arrayed
In all the colors of a masquerade.
Now here, now there, the never ceasing throng
Now right, now left, like stars they shoot along—
What clinking music here our ears do greet
As o'er the surface fly the steel shod feet,



LORD ALFRED TENNYSON.



They wheel, they whirl, now backward, now before,
And carve devices on the shining floor,
'Tis here you view the shades from many lands
The son of Afric' from the burning sands,
The round faced Mandarin from his flowery home ;
A demon loosened, or a red gnome ;
A 'Zera Semon' plies his magic art,
A sighing Romeo pleads for Juliet's heart.
The Italian Banditte from across the way
With Marks the lawyer the same game does play.
And lightly circles with the gipsy queen
Her serenader with his Mandolin,
Pass from the gaudy and bewitching train,
In dazzled solace the delights remain.

The Bankhead, Springhill Mines.

Full high the towering smoke stacks gloomy stand,
Divest the air of all its fragrance grand,
Like vultures preying in the sunlight's gleam ;
Their nostrils foaming with the breath of steam.
For all around see the unhappy trees
Shorn of their foliage by the sulphurous breeze ;
The grass and leaves appear like victim's choked
Beside the bankhead with its furnace yoked.
The coal mine in the depths beneath all this
We venture down, but not in search of bliss,
Though blissful times may come to those who toil
Right here below, for them the boilers boil,
And wire ropes round cylinders are rolled,
Uplifts the coal and turns it into gold—

Before descending we gaze north and south :
Tho' we are standing by the slope's wide mouth,
We wish to look upon the landscape gray
Ere for the dark we change the light of day.
Just here a rush of cars are rolling round
The loaded upward, empties downward bound,
All working, whirling in a flash and roar.
And dumping coals down the vast structure pour,
Each like a monster grasping with its paws,
And munching diamonds in its ponderous jaws.
There on their journey through the yawning chutes
In blackened clouds the coal dust upward shoots—

To T. H. Bird and Family.
—

Though "there's 'twixt the cup and the
lip,"

Sure the "Century's" last trump is quite near ;
At that time 'twixt us two a long bumper I'll sip,
Of a nectar that's sparkling and clear
Then a health to yourself and to yours and close kin,
I will drink from a fountain that's pure,
To you all I do wish as the century rolls in,
That its treasures be yours more and more.
Tho' its only my shadow accompanies this,
Let your charity yield me a grace,
I'd prefer to be with you and double the bliss
That would friendships dear presence embrace.

A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.
1900 1901.

To the Memory of T. H. Bird.

His name recalls the friendship sweet,
We had in days gone by ;
And though on earth no more we meet,
I feel he still is nigh.

His merits I will ever praise
In muse he loved so dear,
The genius of his rhyming phrase,
Had cadence soft and clear.

But still the tide will turn at last,
That bears us all away :
When all the storms of life are past
To fairer realms of day.

Springhill, 28th May, 1904.

To W. E. Heffernan.

When nineteen centuries have gone,
Comes nineteen hundred years and one ;
Naught is erased,
Naught is effaced,
By nineteen hundred years and one.

Still friendship mocks the fleeting years ;
Its sorrows, laughter, smiles and tears
—Are not because
Time knows no pause—
These are but marks of hopes and fears.

What tho' the withering frost of time
Wind round our heads its wreaths of rime ;

Yet friendships smile
Life's ills beguile,
Like the sweet love of youthful prime.

Tho' nineteen hundred years have gone,
Dear friend, we're passing rich with one ;
A toast ! Good health,
With modest wealth,
To you and yours life's journey on.

Joggins Mines, 1901.

T. H. BIRD.

The Church.
—

A SONNET.

Thou classic type of proud Athenian halls!—
But sacred here in worshipful array
Thy Mission moves to realms of blissful day.
And faith its golden office here installs
With praise exalted as our time recalls
The Mountain Temple where to watch and pray.
When dawns the Orient with its peerless ray ;
And gilds the turret of thy eastern walls.
O ever changeless Word ! O Power Divine !
Infinite Trust ! Firm on thy rockpledged base,
And from thy dome eternal gems doth shine
As guiding stars that span the distant space,
Extending in a grand unceasing line ;
Like countless worlds, illumine the path to grace.

DEAR OLD HALIFAX.

HIS MAJESTY ACKNOWLEDGES W. E. HEFFERNAN'S SONG ON HALIFAX.

(From the Halifax Herald.)

In a note dated at Buckingham Palace, December 16, 1903, W. E. Heffernan, of Springhill, has received from Knollys, private secretary to King Edward, an official acknowledgment of the King receiving a copy of his popular song "Dear Old Halifax." The secretary submitted the song and music to His Majesty, who will, without doubt, order it to be played and sung, as Halifax was at one time the residence of his grandfather, the Duke of Kent, and when as Prince of Wales in 1861, His Majesty received such a delightful welcome from hundreds of Halifax children, assembled on the Grand Parade.

W. E. HEFFERNAN, SPRINGHILL, SENDS A POEM
TO KING EDWARD.

(From Truro Daily News.)

We have frequently referred to the poetic genius of Mr. W. E. Heffernan, Springhill, and have published a number of pieces from his pen.

He lately sent a pianoforte copy, music by H. Lambert, Bandmaster, 93rd Regt., Canada Militia, of his song, "Dear Old Halifax," and received from Lord Knollys, the King's Private Secretary, the following reply :

BUCKINGHAM PALACE,
Dec. 16th, 1903.

SIR :—

I have had the honor of submitting your letter, and the enclosures which accompanied it, to His Majesty the King. I am Sir,

Your obedient servant,

KNOLLYS.

To W. HEFFERNAN, ESQ.,
Town of Springhill,
Nova Scotia, Canada.

Dear Old Halifax.
— — —

In the good old days of childhood, our young hearts
used to thrill,
When the fifers and the drummers paraded down the
town clock hill,
Where the troops in white and scarlet wore plumes
like flowing flax,
O! The City that I love the best is Dear Old Halifax.
When the frozen ponds were busy
With the skating crowds at night,
The moon high in the zenith
To the boys' and girls' delight,
And the muffled watchman shouting
While his ancient rattle cracks,—
O! The City that I love the best
Is Dear Old Halifax.

When the summer sun is shining on the city bright
as gold

And the palace ships arriving with a throng for joy
enrolled,

There is pleasure in its banquet, its charm it never
lacks,

O! The City that I love the best is Dear Old Halifax.

With your streets all decked out gaily,

The Exposition brings

Many thousands crowding daily,

And a golden harvest flings,

To the merchant, to the craftsman,

To the lumberman's broad axe ;

O! The City that I love the best

Is Dear Old Halifax.

In the parks the merry children enjoy the sportive
games,

Their faces framed in golden curls, proud semblance
of their dames ;

For they trace a noble lineage from the monarchs and
the macks.

O! The City that I love the best is Dear Old Halifax.

'Mongst the flowers in their splendor,

Like a fairy Eden dream,

Comes the sound of classic music

Near the garden's fountain stream.

And the silvery shower dancing

O'er the white swan's downy backs.

O! The City that I love the best

Is Dear Old Halifax.

You have merchant princes slowly who surely pave
the way

To future fame with wealth and strength your sons
will hold the sway ;

For your prowess have journeyed seaward o'er fortune's
favored tracks,

O! The City that I love the best is Dear Old Halifax,

You are with the great King Edward,

You loved the mother Queen,

You have stood the test of ages,

Though your rampart sward is green.

You are strong in Britain's honor

And her claims you'll ne'er relax,

O! The City that I love the best is dear old Halifax.

Words by W. E. Heffernan, Springhill, N. S.

Music by H. Lambert, Bandmaster 93rd Reg't, Canada Militia.

Georgie's Funeral.
—

The May-day's sun
Shone bright upon
Our pathway to the grave ;
Still it seemed drear
To leave him where
The unmown grasses wave.

We passed the spot
We tarried not
Where oft his footsteps trod
—In youthful joy
Our darling boy—
Upon the soft, green sod.

Tho' slow, yet fast,
The lines are passed ;
So day draws near the night.
Let the sun's beam
Now lend its gleam
And cast one look of light.

A solemn band
His classmates stand
In open order shaped,
As train divine,
Passes the line,
A funeral cortege, draped.

Then let him rest
Among the blessed ;

None can the seal undo,
Nor here awake,
Alas! we take
A lingering long adieu.

May 1, 1890.



The Queen's Funeral To-Day.

(From memory.)

It was a mournful pageant
Despite the proud array,
As they bore away our beloved Queen
To her long last home to-day.

See how the long procession
In stately phalanx go ;
It has the outward semblage
Mixed with the sound of woe.

There was glory in the music
As it floated on the air ;
The white and scarlet uniforms
The plumes waved proudly there.



ROBERT BURNS.

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1900

But there came a narrow coffin
With its heavy pall beneath,
Though by quick life surrounded
Lay the wasted spoil of death.

That once to her was martial life
The pride and pomp that gleamed,
To the pale shrouded sleeper
A hollow mockery seemed.

Then hush the pealing music,
And let the trappings rust,
And hide the court comparisons,
The wearer now is dust.

The minute guns were booming,
From the distant citadel,
A requiem for our beloved Queen
Who loved her subjects well.

Feb. 22, 1901.

The Golden Gates.

The golden Gates were open, I heard the gladsome
song,

A thousand voices singing, I joined the happy throng;
And dreamlike while a-sleeping, the passing to and
fro ;

The great Eternal city, much like the world below.

Divine all seemed and sacred, for near two thousand
years ;

All beautiful, all youthful, no sorrow, grief or tears.

All else were dearth and stubble, the universe was
night,

Alone the Bread of Heaven, the great Eternal light.

The great celestial city, adorned by Him who
said,

“ I'll raise him up the last day, ” “ I am the
living Bread. ”

Then from the hills and valleys, from the briny
ocean's shore

Uprose the mighty millions all blest forever-
more.

The Golden Gates were open. Out through the
portals seen

A brightly glowing vision, a world in brilliant sheen.

To be a purification, of earth's tumultous race

Ten thousand years of bondage, resplendantly efface,

Then as the brightness lessened, a growth of beauty
shown,

A garden world of flowers, before was never known ;

It was a heavenly vision, this blissful Paradise,

Great gladness and sweet music, the only sacrifice.

The great celestial city, adorned by Him who
said,

“I’ll raise him up the last day,” “I am the
living Bread.”

Then from the hills and valleys, from the briny
ocean’s shore

Uprose the mighty millions, all blest forever-
more.

April, 1904.



Man's Lot on Earth.

A LEGEND.

Mankind has ever in the lapse of time
Found life unequal over every clime ;
From the first hour until the present day,
His lot is mixed and knows no even way.
The human race of three was first composed
The Spirit of the Wilds then interposed,
They all were fairest nature's blonds complete,
Light of complexion and of stature neat.
So thus the history of their legend tells
And hereby show how such division dwells.
Here the great one of the unknown, t'is said,
The three unto the fabled waters led,
Their bidding each in turn a plunge to make,

That for all future time one part to take.
The first obeyed, went in the water down,
Then from its depths arose with whiter crown.
Then came the second to the task essayed,
Prompt to the calling by no act delayed,
Descends the depths but it was evident
His color changed in the experiment :
For somewhat brown or of a coppered hue
Was his appearance when again in view—
The waters of the pool it now would seem,
With a disturbed sediment did teem ;
And now the third and last to make the plunge
That from the legend nothing to expunge,
Then when he to the surface did arise
A blackened form then met the gazer's eyes.
Behold the three, one lighter than before,

The second brown, the third a black amoor—
Then there appeared the Spirit of the time,
With well stored caskets from a foreign clime,
These to decide so each his fate may see
And seal for them their future destiny.
They scanned the prizes and with purpose firm,
For competition asked no further term.
The Spirit bowed and his command did wave,
The packets three unto the trio gave,
To choose from these and from these alone,
The future station of each here thus shown.
The black, the heaviest parcel did uphold
And from the arena soon his treasure rolled,
But found it naught of any value great
But anvils, sledges, for work's laborious state.
So him and his forever on the land

Were doomed to labor with a hard-wrought hand.
And the next weighty did the brown man take,
The guiding compass, and the farmers rake.
The white man last the lighter package drew,
And held it forth that all the world might view.
To him the brain was made to show the way,
For all to follow who with mind could sway—
The sheet of parchment and a pen alone.
This placed the white man nearest to the throne
'Twas pen and paper all the chest contained
To have and hold here while the race remained
And thus superior would the white man be
While two divided by the same decree
Might beat the anvil and hew down the tree
Or guide the helm across the troubled sea—
For coming ages thus their lot was cast
And so 'twill be while this fair world doth last.



CHARLES DICKENS.

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The Southern Laurel.

I lightly touched the Southern flower
And changed its snow white hue,
Then on its brown trans-coloured leaves
I carved love's message true.

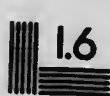
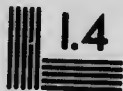
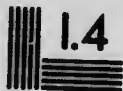
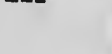
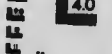
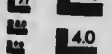
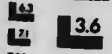
No mark nor sign could there be seen,
By mystery self-concealed ;
Soon to its destination sped :
And thus the charm revealed.

Love dropped the Laurel in a vase,
With water flowing free :
And there the mystic hidden trace
My lady love did see.



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“The Forgotten Dead.”

—

Oh ! Ocean Grave !—Thou boundless tomb

Of “The forgotten dead.”—

Who?—O'er the open sea shall sing

A requiem o'er their head.

The surging waves roll on and on

'Way to Algeria's shore,

And against a towering Catafalque

The breaking billows roar.

Above the cliffs a Cross upraised

In tomb-like symbol high,

The service for the Dead intoned

Re-echoes to the sky.

The special prayers, the requiem sang
O'er that deep murmurous grave—
A Sepulchre engulfed beneath
The censers odorous wave.



On a Boston Street.

All panic stricken stood the crowd,
Each one helpless with fear,
As horses, coach and ladies three
Dashed past in wild career.

The coachman on the pavement thrown
Unconscious there he lay,
Still onward sped the flying steeds,
None dared their fury stay.

Until a youth with fearless eye,
Though not of stalwart mien,
Sprang forth to stop their headlong flight,
Grabbed at the bridle rein.

Failing in this tho' dauntless still,
And quick as lightning's flash
He vaulted on the foaming beasts,
To stay the fearful clash.

He soon controlled and checked their speed,
The helpless ones did save,
And then continued on his way.
A noble youth and brave.



In Memoriam.

The following lines were read by the Right Honorable Sir John Thompson, Premier of Canada, at the unveiling of the Springhill Monument, Sept. 11th, 1894, erected in memory of the victims of the great coal mine disaster at Springhill, N. S., February 21st., 1891.

The brave who battle in their country's cause
Are lauded high ; they have the world's applause ;
Their sword, thus drawn, perchance leads not to fame
And many perish ere they sheathe the same.

But far more glorious ever, those who toil,
And those who labor 'neath the mother soil ;
For blessed peace doth in their heart of hearts
Bring sweet contentment, this true peace imparts.

This gift, to-day—a worthy one indeed—
A lasting record from each class and creed,
To those who on that sad eventful day
Were from our midst untimely torn away.

Not here my pen need trace and thus enrol,
And memorize each name as on a scroll ;
For sacred there upon that paneled plane
Are carved the emblems and will long remain.

The names of these, now wrapt in silent dust
Are there inscribed with reverential trust,
And read in light, and not to darkness drawn ;
Their stainless merit marks this hallowed lawn.

From this life gone to where the garnered souls,
Rest in an Eden while time onward rolls ;
And here our tribute from a brother's love
Unveiled ; is landscaped by fair courts above.

And with this shaft, our hands and hearts we raise
To God the Father in eternal praise,

We offer this to parent, brother, son ;
Our duty ends—but still not all is done.

To us their memory is as fresh to-day
As when the deadly, writhing foe did slay ;
Our brother workmen who fell side by side
In that dread hour by that sulphurous tide.

True cords of sympathy will ever blend
In sweetest harmony, until life's end.
As toilers ; worthy of a noble craft,
While struggling with the waves on life's rude raft,
Do know that ONE, whose lamp serenely bright
Shall shine to guide us to the realms of light.

January.

Now safe the floral earth-gems sleep
Nor to the surface dare they creep :
Tho' wakened oft by thaws unfurled,
They brave the snowy crested world ;
The dreary north their growth beguiles,
Yet through the gloom the future smiles ;
From southern glow there shines to bring
The cradled buds to greet the spring.
Although the silvery freezing sleet
Around the trees like corals meet,
And makes the pines and evergreens
Real luminous: white-robed, woodland queens ;
Disrobed again, their odors rare
Spread fragrance on the frosty air.

February.

Through the open the snow flower wendeth
Its way from recesses so deep,
While the wild winds and frosty air blendeth
The snow-drifts their mad frolic keep.

All the while there's an under-world working,
Where seed-buds do germ ere their birth,
'Neath the sheltering frosts of the moss fen,
Till snow fades away o'er the earth.

Though the outlook as yet is most dreary,
How cheeringly nature doth play
With its wand in the hands of a fairy,
Is waving the bright clouds this way.

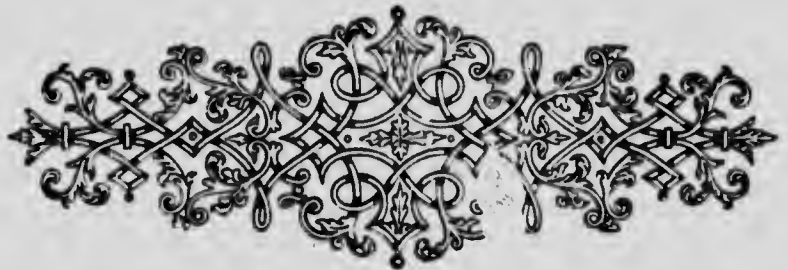
March.

List to the sound ! the wild winds drive
 Against the window panes,
Glad morn of spring is now alive,
 Washed by the rippling rains.

The winter frost-tied boughs unbind,
 The snow drifts to reduce,
The tender buds the sun to find,
 The snow-drop to unloose ;

 The new-born woodflowers bashful glance,
 Amongst the leafless boughs,
As though the limbs the whirlwinds dance,
 To thrill and to arouse

The welcome noon of gentle spring,
Now naid with merry view ;
While spreads the green, new life to bring,
And flush the fields anew.



April.

—THE TRIUMPH OF SPRING—
A SONNET.

A golden light comes peering o'er the lea,
And gleaming on a fragment's last despair,
Then smiling in its fullness, fresh and fair
Didst say "Thy days are ended, thou art free,
Depart! and I will gladden land and sea."
But still the dreary remnant filled the air,
And firmly held its grasp, nor would forbear;
'Twas thus the twain didst ever disagree,
Until at last, the struggling two, did hold
High court, within the realms of boundless space:
Enlarged, the shimmering ray did fast unfold,
And o'er great Nature's fields now held a place.
Old Winter falling back all lank and cold;
New Spring in triumph bares her smiling face.

May.
—

Fair face of nature ! what a change appears !
Each verdent pasture its new mantle wears ;
And blossoming shrubs in quiet garlands blush ;
'Midst scarlet hawthorns tinged with rosy flush—
Old winter's darkness past—a radiant light,
Bursts forth and melts the northern clouds of night—
The redbreast's voice ! Oh what a lovely strain !
Blends with the streams and make one sweet refrain.



June.
—

Arise sparkling crystals—Oh silvery dew !
Here's June in new vestments for summer review,
With aerial songsters that herald along ;
The sweet joyous tones of the grey Linnet's song,
The streamlet is dimpling its white foamy crest,
And lilies recline on the lake's quiet breast ;
The busy bee's working its honey-celled sphere,
And gaily the velvet-leaved foliage appear,
The pink, and the myrtle, the jessamine too,
Beneath a crowned covert of eternal blue.



July.
—

Wake up, wake up, if you but sleep,
Now life is on the wing,
The drowsy drones aloof may keep,
The busy queen shall sing ;
And with the warblers now proclaim
With joy both day and night,
July's the month that all shall name
The centre of delight.

The splendor of its sunset skies
Impart divinest hues,
The rainbow too, beauteous arise
Amidst the vaporious dews ;
Though dash the vivid lightning from
The thunder's thrilling roar,

'Tis then the welcome showers come,

With a refreshing pour.

Then soon the sunbeam's dancing through

The grass in tangle lines,

And where the dew, the leaves bestrew,

Like pearly lustre shines.

And then how grand the blinking moon,

In healthy laughter beams ;

The night is short, it courses soon,

O'er brief midsummer dreams.

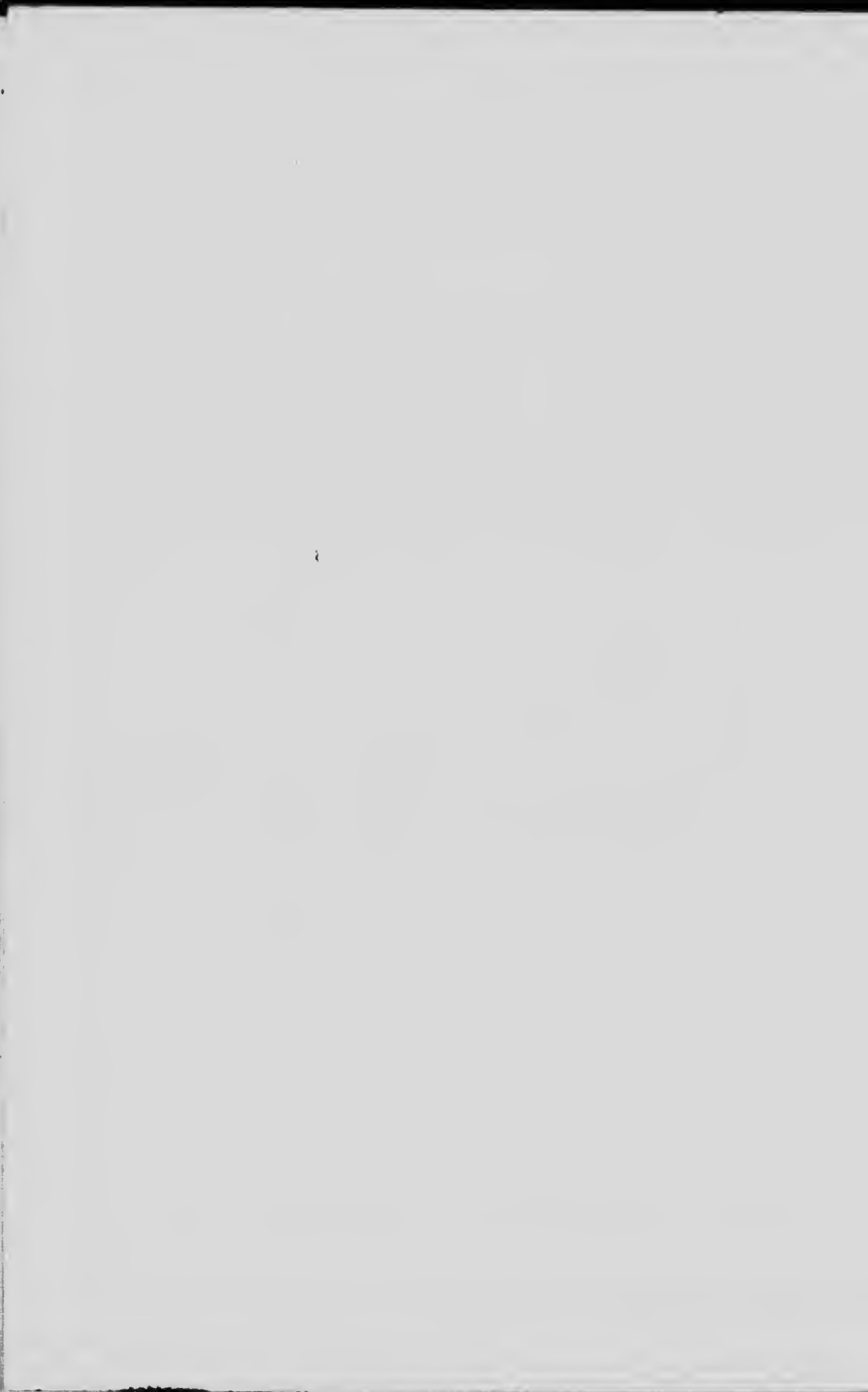
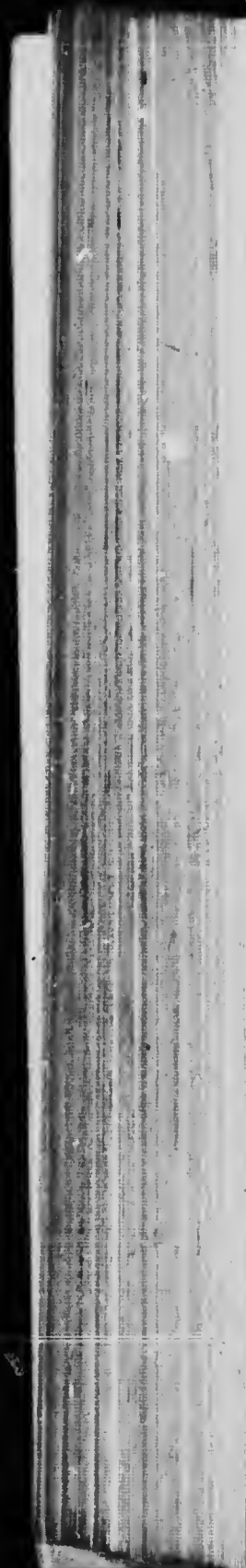


August.
—

The sabbath of the year, calm and serene---
With softened ray the sunlight's silvery sheen
Breaks through the forest's wide o'er hanging shades
Illumes the aisle of nature's great arcades—
While fragrant incense on the air ascend,
The green and silent hills a praise doth lend ;
And chorister's from the horizon's brink—
From dewy cups their matins peaceful drink—
How soft the winds! No move among the trees ;
No restless twitter from the tranquil breeze ;
Though tiny boughs are fluttering like a thread,
The haug. sunflower bows her golden head:



QUEEN VICTORIA.



September.

Hark ! that voice of the woods, 'tis summer leaves
sighing :

Their comforter's left them, the summer has past.

Ah ! why should they sigh ?---'tis because they are
dying,—

Another will come just as good as the last.

Pale grows the green herbage, now mellow and fading,
Though plenty with ripeness falls fast at our doors ;
The scythe and the reaper through vast fields are
wading,

And vines twine their burden o'er roof to the floors.

The red harvest moon o'er her starry course gliding,
Along the rich valleys all laden with stores.

The husbandman husbands while faithful abiding,

Through fairyland's fruitful from shores unto shores.

October.
—

Bright leafings all the woods now wear,
Like gardens flowering wide ;
Pink, Yellow, Scarlet, flushing fair
'Way up the mountain side.

The beauties of the crimson leaf
The painter's art defy,
As through the green in gay relief
It charms the dazzled eye ;

But soon alas ! the little wings
Their golden race must fly.
And to the bough no longer clings,
But drops to earth to die.

And o'er the floor of earth beneath,
October's mellow moon,
The footstep times among the heath,
The dead leaves crispy tune.



November.
—

The year's approaching end
As lingering sunsets blend
And shed their parting rays
O'er dull November days,
And soon is drawing near
The sunset of the year—
One full-throat warbler calls,
Silent the echo falls
His mates have fled betimes
To search out fairer climes.
The lonely one's last note
Still lingers from his throat
No longer here to dwell
And pipes his last farewell—

The year now soon will close
And soon the drifting snows
Like mountains, white arise
'Neath leaden colored skies
Now day is sad dull, and serene
The sun of the year.



December.

Farewell old year, thy festive curtain falls—
The ice-clad mountain's white enameled walls,
With beauty new, now deck the frozen throne,
While zero's reign controls the frigid zone :—
There's winter grandeur neath the winter's sun,
The royal thorn's dark-green has victory won,
With mountain ash and never changing pines,
'Midst snows and frosts their regal foliage shines.
Imperial winter's garb hath won more grace,
Than gorgeous summer's ever perfect face.
Transformed, majestic from the autumn brown,
The brow of winter wears December's crown !

Don't Kill the Birds.

Oh ! pretty bird, they kill thee,
Because 'tis fashion's folly
 To use thee for
 An ornament or show ;
And thus cut off from nature
A fair and useful creature
 That guards the nursling
 Flowers as they grow.

For as each germ ascendeth,
The deadly insects wendeth
 Their way from out
 The hidden caves of death ;
And feast upon the seed plant,
Nor stop they ere to recant,

Until the birds

Destroy their wanton breath.

But you kill the feathered beauties

Ere they discharge the duties

That nature's world

Intended should be theirs ;

Thus fields of vegetation

That cover half the nation

Are left a prey

To fashion's gaudy airs.

Ah ! fie upon such fashion,

'Tis a reproachful passion,

To toss the lifeless forms

About your head,

Fair lady, you don't need it
Oh spare the birds, do heed it !
And let them live
Their usefulness to spread.



The Dead Premier.
—

A thrill came o' the air ;
Dead, Deau , it cannot be !
Oh ! such a lightning bolt
From 'cross so fair a sea !

Swoop now the great abyss,
Alas ! again the spark ;
Our statesman lay in death,
Confirmed it sealed the mark.

Five million hearts burst forth,
With grief they mourn as one ;
Oh ! Canada alas !
Has lost her noblest son.

December 14th, 1894.

Evening at the Old Mill.—
A SONNET.

The rumbling mill has hushed its loud refrain,
That once did wake the village farmer hands
And ground the wheat that grew upon the lands ;
Now let it rest (it had a busy reign)
Nor stir the silent water from its lane—
That once revolving wheel now quiet stands
The moss has grown around its circling bands,
Then like a sentinel let it remain.

Now o'er the misty stream the grey drawn line
Grows deeper in the shady vapors gloom,
And through the tall rich grass the lowing kine
At milking call their homeward march resume,
And thro' the latticed branches of the pine
The sun has sunk behind the fringed plume.

To a Water Lily.—
A SONNET.

Thou speck upon the shiny river's breast,
Thy pearly cup would'st grace a feast divine,
How doth thou on the limpid streams thus shine :
With calm contentment on the waters rest ?
So delicately pure in whiteness drest,
Art thou from realms of some bright spotless
shrine ?
A star that dropped to dwell upon a vine,
Oft by the current's rippling foam caressed !
Thou cam'st indeed, tho' not from place so fair,
Thy furrowed bed was mossed, and pebbly deep ;
Then slowly from that low and darksome lair
Thy slender stem didst to the surface creep.
From dreary birth thou reached the sun-touched air,
And kissed the breeze that o'er thy temples sweep !

Our Georgie.

—

Dear boy, thy life was short,
T'was like a passing day,
When gloomy eve falls fast,
Clouds dim the glowing ray.

Thy babyhood was bright,
In cradled sweetness fair,
Pure white thy lovely face
Angels watched closely there.

In childhood's banquet life,
Among thy compeers mild :
In thy pure garb of white
Looked not like this world's child.

But only for a time
Within our home to shine,
Thou'rt in Heavenly light
An Angel's guest divine.



Daniel O'Connell.
—

His name is dear to Erin's sons,
Like a bright star he rose ;
In days of dreadful wars and crime
Combined were Erin's foes.

That patriot found his own loved Isle
A prey to vicious spleen,
That bathed the shamrock's leaves in red
Which nature nurtured green.

But who has been at any time
More worthy of the meed
That's due to him who nobly did
In Erin's cause succeed.

To him is due the victor's wreath,
The fearful struggle through ;
He warred with passion long inflamed
And did the rage subdue.

Then cull a wreath for memory's sake
O Erin's comely fair !
Let virtues daughters twine that wreath
Around his memory dear.

And let his name always remain
A cherished constancy,
Who for his country lived and died
A foe to slavery.

Sept. 9, 1902.

Loss of H. M. S. "Victoria."

22ND JUNE, 1893.

No hostile gun with thunderous roar, no enemy was
near,

The armour plated Battle-ships, as they manœuvred
there,

Nor any black and sulphurous clouds, to mask the
leader's view :

Nor vivid lightning's startling flash, to awe the
gallant crew.

O'er Syria's calm blue waters, the pride of England's
Queen,

Did lead that stately floating band, truly a brilliant
scene.

Aloft the signal heralded an evolution grand ;
Yet full of danger to the fleet, should doubt mar that
command.

Ah ! doubt was there ! the " Camperdown " pierced
the " Victoria's " side.

And swift into the yawning breach, rushed the
relentless tide,

Vain were the efforts of the crew, the noble ship to
save,

Down with her twice two hundred men, here sank
beneath the wave.

Vain were the swift and sharp commands ; vain
swift obedience too.

Down, down full eighty fathoms sank, the ship and
gallant crew.

"Tryon," their brave commander, did to death go
with the rest,
The battle's scar, his sheathed sword, the emblems
on his breast.



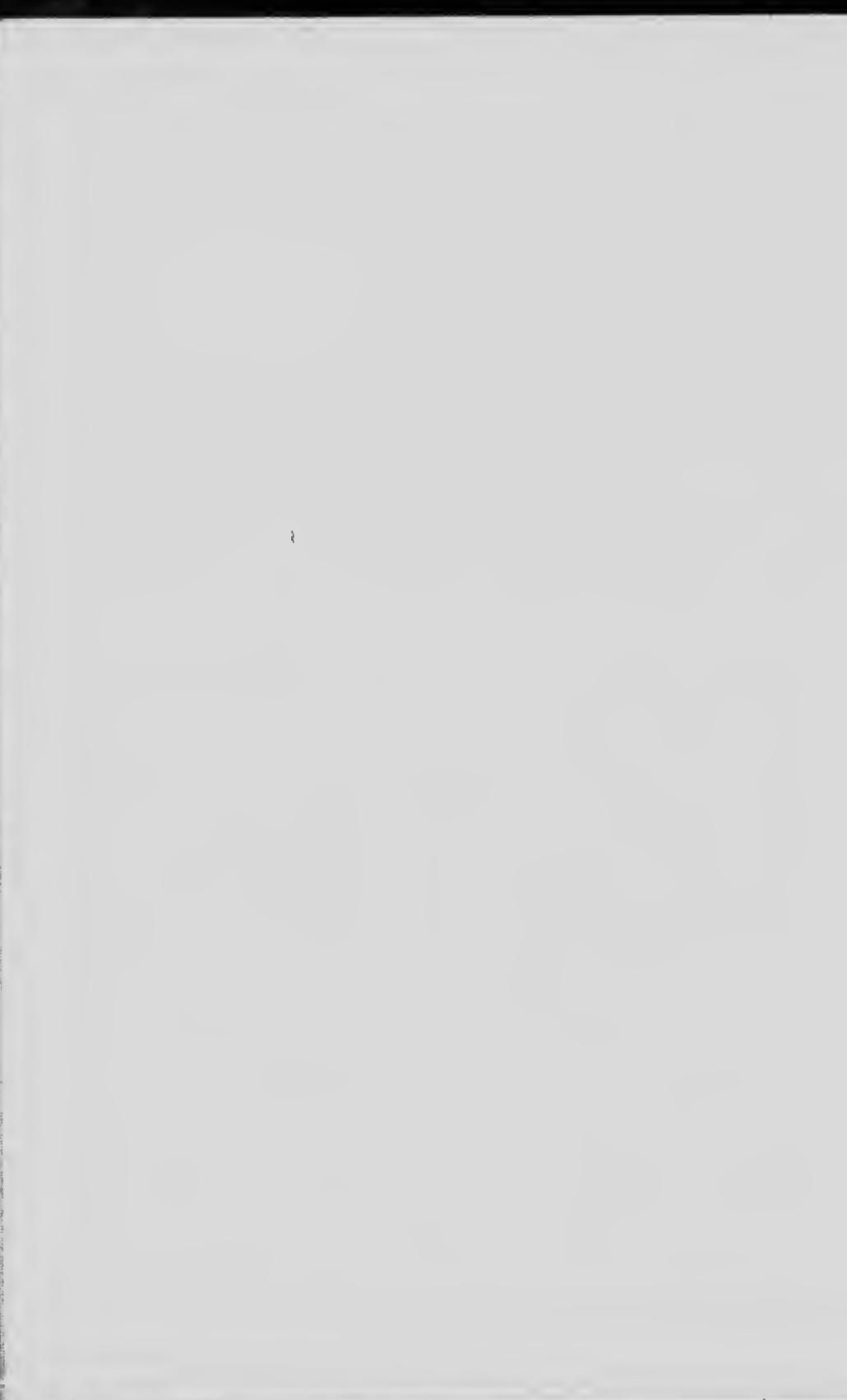
The Two Bears and the Hat.

Up on the terrace of the Zoo
At London's Garden, you can view
Two fat and jolly rounded bears ;
And in¹ their pit, 'midst joys and fears,
Are dropped what please the bears to take—
And some things drop there by mistake.
One day a tall and shiny hat
Did get down there, but what of that !
It was not sent the bears to feed,
But left a head so much in need.
Its owner started off to find
The keeper, who would be so kind
The truant head-gear to replace ;
This gave our friend no little chase.
One bear contemptuously did sniff



POPE LEO XIII.

[The text in this section is extremely faint and illegible, appearing as a vertical strip of bleed-through or ghosting from the reverse side of the page.]



And overturn with puff and whiff,
And, doubtful, raised it by the brim,
But still it did much worry him.
He paws it round in various ways,
And then stops short with puzzled gaze
As to a welcome bun he turns
And biscuit that he never spurns.—
All kinds of stuff did pour down thick,
Unlike the hat, they vanish quick.
Then for a change, cigar butt-ends
Cast in by some fast smoky friends ;
For these they have but little use,
Unless to help the gastric juice,
To aid digestion, or atone
For swallowing a pen-knife or stone ;
But that new-fangled shiny thing !

Perhaps a dark design to sting !

A canister shell to bang him up !

A dynamite !

A poison cup !

A sniff—

Ay what !

Ah there !

Do please,

It smells—

Why yes !

Of pure bear's grease !

Just here his feelings full aroused,

His better nature all espoused

In respect to one that's gone to dust,

He drops that hat in sheer disgust—

The owner did not yet appear ;

But now comes on the other bear,
And soon begins to nose about
And push things with his sniffy snout ;
But little here he finds to eat,
He looks about to get a seat,
Expects a bun thrown down the pit,
Raised on hind legs and down did sit
Upon that hat, and twists around—
Never again for twenty pound
Could that hat's shape be ever found,
'Twas flattened worse than trampled ground.

An Everlasting Gong.
—

The foundered wreck was fast impaled
Beneath the harbor's wave,
And workmen had engaged the job
The wreckage for to save.

A whale hard by did nose about—
He had a feast in view—
And soon explored the sunken ship
In hopes to find the crew.

Already had the workmen set
A ton of dynamite ;
Prepared to make the timbers fly—
Then bang ! Oh, what a sight !

The whale did to the surface spring—

He had no time to *blow*—

The unexpected messenger

Had caused his overthrow.

How he did plunge and twirl about

But did not much avail

Got tangled with the harbor boy—

The bell swung at his tail.

Then in his efforts to get free

He made a fearful spread,

The chains that held the signal bell

Snapped like a silken thread.

Away he went with buoy and bell,

Ding-donging out to sea :

Oh ! Mariner, beware that knell ;

Until that whale is free !

'Tis said that o'er the pathless waste
Still bangs that same ding dong,
The phantom of a whale and bell
An everlasting gong.



Triumph of Calvary.

A SONNET.

Not for an earthly Crown
To thee we cling.
Oh! Gem Divine!
Triumph of Calvary.

The Mount's bright Star that shone with
brilliancy,

And around the world on fleetest angels wing
Proclaimed the victory of a Giant King—
True Monument of love's pronounced decree
Consoling joy; yet mournful altar-tree,
Around thee ever shall sweet praises ring—

Emblem of Faith; with
Thee no high-strung pride
Doth puff the sense
With haughty vain conceit
These would detract
Whereon our hopes relied;
And all the grandeur
Of thy cause defeat.
Our conquests won—Thy
Outstretched arms awide;
Advancing armies
Pledged to glory meet.

The Sixty Years Past.
—

With pride we look back to the sixty years past,
And wish its influence forever may last—
It will, through all time, if the memory's kept green
Of England our mother, Victoria our queen.

We greet the years past as an emblem of joy,
With hopes for the future that none can destroy.
Our Standard entwines us with royalty's sheen
Of England our mother, Victoria our queen.

We've lived all these years with no tyrant to dread,
We honor the living and mourn for the dead ;
For no reign of terror with us has been seen
Of England our mother, Victoria our queen.

Then long may the fortress so nobly complete,
With battlements crowned and the glorious fleet—
Our Nation's true greatness,—prosperity glean
Of England our mother, Victoria our queen.



Immortality.

—
A Sonnet.

Ethereal hope ; like gems within our heart,
With birth unknown, with early love a dream,
And all that's dear in life upholds the theme
From which our inward soul would ne'er depart.
A garden culturing for the endless mart,
With no weeds there, for all with glory gleam
When safe conveyed within the goal supreme ;
For which the germs expectantly did start.
And onward then the everlasting time,
That with futurity will ever roll,
Age cannot dim, forever youthful prime
Illuminates the faith upon its scroll—
Tho' worlds may crumble in collapse sublime,
'Twere but a fraction in the vast control.

Christmas Day.
—

O sweet babe of Bethlehem
To-day we adore Thee !
And why should we not
When the angels on high,
In white robes of glory,
With silvery trumpets,
Are singing thy praises,
And why should not I.

The shepherds are watching,
While loud hallelujahs
From Gallilee's hills
Do the wide world entwine.

With Heavenly music,
Glad tidings proclaiming,
Re-echoed triumphant,
Again round Thy shrine.

O sweet babe of Bethlehem !
To-day we adore Thee—
And why should we not
When the angels on High,
In white robes of glory,
With silvery trumpets,
Are singing thy praises.
And why should not I.

Whole nations to Zion
Devotedly marching

Where once the three wise men
Did course the lone way—
As brilliant as ever
“The star” brightly shineth
The Lord, Prince of Heaven,
For ever and aye !



White Flowers.
—

Once at eve all alone I watched the pure flowers ;
White flowers that festooned the vine-trellised eaves ;
For I knew that the buds entwining their arbor,
Each evening at sunset unfolded their leaves.

With balmy air fragrant the gentle dew mingled,
While faithful my vigils, serenely I kept,
Till the blossoms shone forth like night-gems new-
lighted,
And gleamed from their spheres where they patiently
slept.

How true in their order these nurslings of nature,
Do leaf after leaf from their circling stems ope—
Will the Power that guides them supreme in its
rulings,

Not lead to the summit where rests human hope?
And still whilst around in bright circlets they
 clustered,
The awakening was beauteous ; the lesson was grand ;
A feeling of love and devotion triumphed ;
How wondrous the works of a never seen Hand !

Divinity's touch reaches ways we can't fathom,
Like sunshine unnoticed it oft-times impart ;
The same ripe unfolding bestowed on the blossoms,
Unclosing the cloud-folded mists from the heart.
Thus deeply impressed were my thoughts with the
 flowers ;
And also of Him whom their beauties sustain ;
Till lost in the wonders of nature's true mysteries,
And linked in the circuit of hopes golden chain.

[JUVENILE.]

The Concert Troop.
—

It was a wandering donkey that
All lonely and forlorn,
Did graze along the barren flat
And woefully did mourn

The loss of each and every friend
For they did him forsake ;
But now his future hopes depend,
If new ones he can make.

A tom cat on a fence hard by
Did catch the donkey's gaze,
And with a piteous pleading cry
Would soothe the donkey's brays.

To the forlorn thus spoke the cat,

“ Ah ! Whither would you roam,

Suppose we stay and have a chat,

Or sing of each old home. ”

“ Sure, what a beauteous voice is thine, ”

The donkey did reply ;

“ If it was tuned to chime with mine

We'd make the quavers fly. ”

“ You flatter me, but we'll explore,

And plod our way along ;

And add, before we cross the moor

Another to our song.

And there a concert we will hold,

When we a village reach ;

Because more strength will make us bold,

And then how we will screech.

See there's a lively chanticleer.

That struts in merry pin ;

Oh, what a voice ; both loud and clear,

So let us take him in. ”

He joined the troop as number three,

All fine musicianers,

As ever tramped in company ;

The rooster had on spurs.

They travelled on towards the town,

And practised as they went,

With hopes of merit and renown,

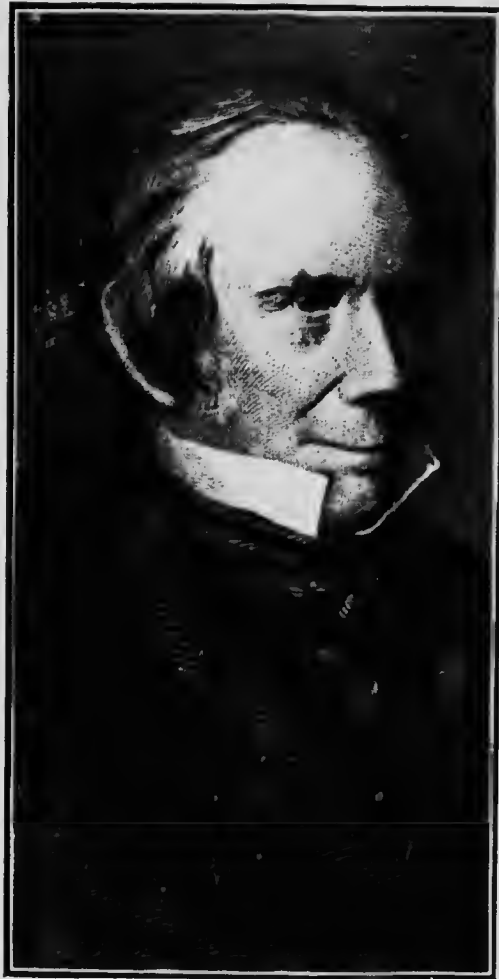
When they would pitch their tent.

The eve was closing its dark shade

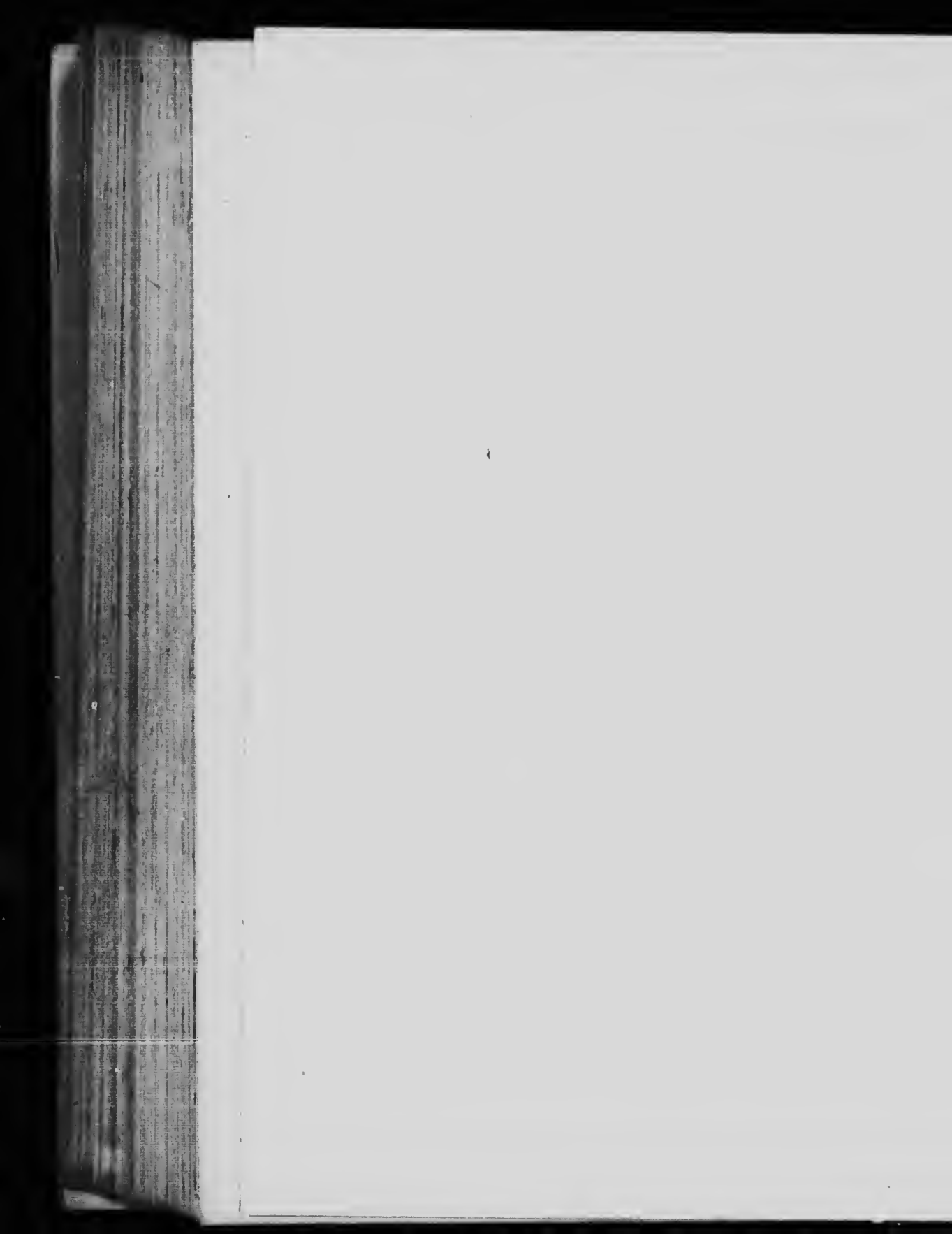
And dreary looked the night,

But in the distance 'cross the glade

They spied a welcome light.



HENRY CLAY.



It was a mansion elegant,
All lighted to a blaze ;
A goodly chance to start a chant
At least some food they'll raise.
For in that house a feast was spread
Which made their eyes bung out,
" Here we will stand," the donkey said,
" And make our opening shout."
Up to the window pane he led,
With glaring eyes looked in ;
The cat jumped on the donkey's head,
The concert to begin.
The rooster flew above the cat
And gave an awful crow,
The donkey brayed both sharp and flat,
The cat-er waul did blow.

The opening chorus now began,

And fearful t'was to find,

The inmates from the house did run

And never looked behind.

The concert troop did entrance make,

Then marching round the floor,

And eating all the pies and cake,

Till they could eat no more.

The rooster flew to the door top,

The cat lay in the ashes ;

The folks returning from their stop,

Were peeping through the sashes,

And seeing all things safe and sound,

Except the pies and cakes,

They thought they'd venture in and round,

But they made some mistakes.

The sleeping donkey at the door,
Near blocked the entrance way ;
His hideous look and roaring snore,
Were fearful as he lay.

While all was darkness now around,
One of the folks was told
To strike a light and make a sound,
But he got badly sold.

What seemed a bright and shiny spark
Gleamed from the hearth close by ;
He touched it with the brimstone, mark,
It was the tom cat's eye.

This turned the tom into a fiend
Which from the ashes raised,
It squirmed and spluttered and it spleened,
Just like a demon crazed.

The man to save his life did run
And leave the horrid beast,
But by the time he brought his gun,
They all had left the feast.

Daylight^d did start the rooster's crow,
The donkey's time to bray,
The cat thought it a high toned show,
As they marched far away.



Dimity D and Calico C.—
JUVENILE RECITATION.

A dimity dog and a calico cat
Both sat at the window to have a nice chat.
Says calico C, "Oh! who can that be
That's walking along there and winking at me?"
"Why, he's that dull dude that I chased up a tree,
"He's saucy, I'll cuff him" says Dimity D.
"Oh! what are you saying," says Calico C,
"Why surely you're not getting jealous of me?"
"I don't say I am but I'll risk being slain,
Revenge I will have if he winks here again."
"I'm calico C," and she spoke with a pout,
"He can hit very hard, mind what you're about ;
If he strikes you, he will all your stuffings knock out."

Waiting For Santa Claus.
—

Within a week of Christmas
The small boy's very good,
He carries in his mother's coal
And chops the kindling wood,

And runs the errands every day
And does all sorts of chores ;
He is the best boy in the town
And waits for Santa Claus.

Will read no more of Jesse James
Nor any wooley song,
At early morn he's out of bed,
Helps mamma all day long ;

Nor does he any bad words say ;

Obeys all mamma's laws,

He is the best boy in the town

And waits for Santa Claus.

He rocks the cradle for his ma,

And soothes the babe to sleep,

Shovels the pathway clear of snow

Although the snow is deep ;

Nor will he use his sled to coast—

But mamma's wants he draws—

He is the best boy in the town

And waits for Santa Claus

He only wants a railway train,

A rocking horse and ball,

A circus and a regiment,

Also a Chinese wall ;

And also wants a tool chest
With hammer, plane and saws,—
He is the best boy in the town
And waits for Santa Claus.

But Christmas morn the quiet house
Is changed to loudest noise,
For now to see the Christmas tree
Come lots of girls and boys.

With shooting fun the candy gun
Explodes 'midst loud applause!
And then for near another year
Good-by to Santa Claus!

A Swiss Devotion.

O! Beautiful Alps! Ere the sun's ray descendeth,
How timely the herdsman's horn rings o'er thy hills,
And each, with his brother, his trumpet sound
blendeth

Before the last glimmer depart from thy rills.

Each trumpeter peals forth, in solemn succession,
"Praise God" o'er the mountains in loftiest tone;
Till echoed resonant with grateful expression,
It passes thy summits and reaches the Throne.

Then 'midst solemn stillness their secret prayer
endeth,

"To God, praise the Lord," as the darkness falls
fast,


While yet on knees bended, their vesper extendeth,
Repeating their homage till twilight has past.

“Good Night,” from the loftiest summit is sounded,
Each herdsman then trumpets the sacred “Amen” ;
Until from each cliff to the rocks it rebounded,
Then all is a solemn soft silence again.



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