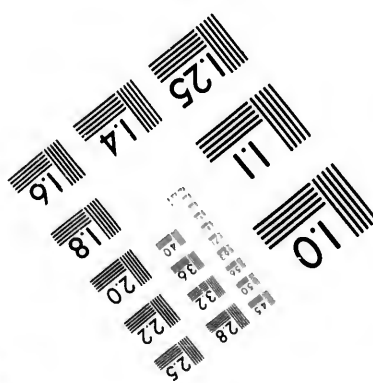
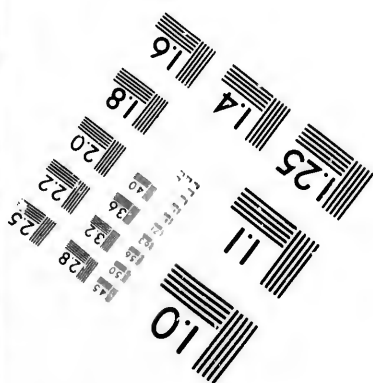
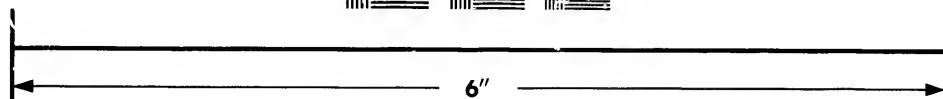
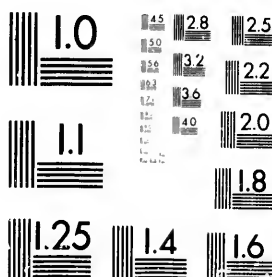


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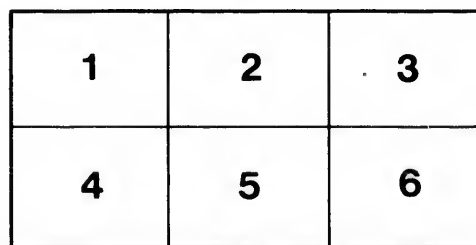
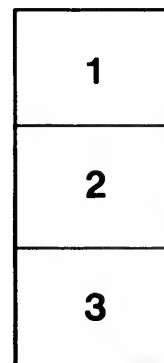
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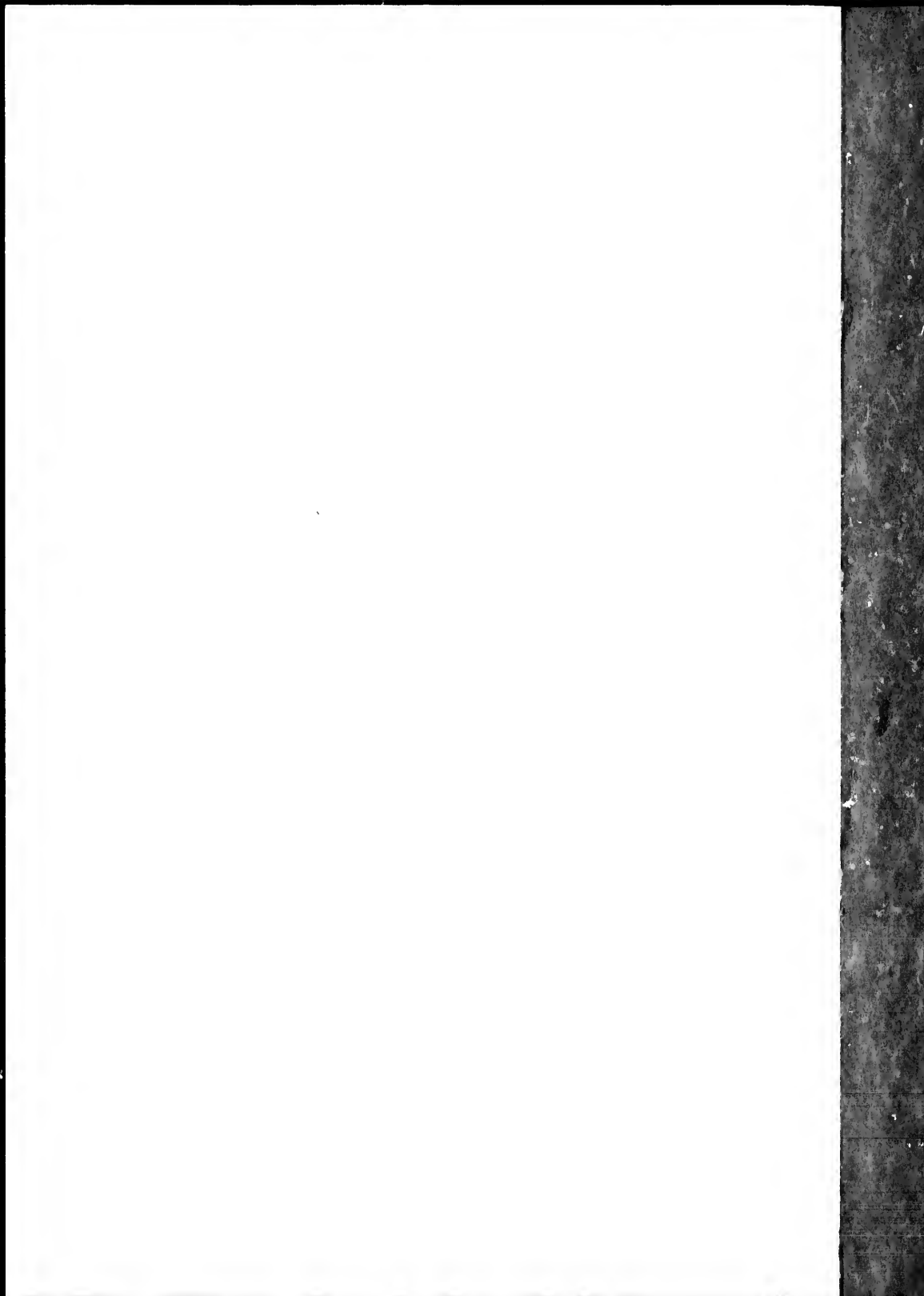
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Manitoulin Echoes

From Cliff, Gale, Lake and
Stream

In Verse

by

William Munro



Being a statement of Scenes, Historical Facts,
Conditions, etc., relating to the
Manitoulin Island



Manitoulin Echoes

From Bluff, Dale, Lake and
Stream

In Verse

by

William Munro

Through Summer sunshine, Winter Snows,
Are scenes both rare and charming;
Here rock-bluffs tower, there lakes repose.
And vales proclaim good farming—
If good health fail and strength forsake,
Here rest by copse, bluff, stream or lake.

The Recorder Press

Gore Bay, Ont.

MD

A detailed map of Manitoulin Island, showing its coastline, major lakes (Cochichewick, Keweenaw, Michipicoten, Kaministiquia, and Manitoulin), and surrounding water bodies (Lake Huron, Lake Superior). The map includes numerous place names and geographical features.

Dedicated to
The Pioneers
of Manitoulin
and to their
Sons and
Daughters.

Parted were they from friends at home,
By Huron's broad expanses,
Dense Woods, high bluffs and rapid's foam—
Much handicapped their chances !

For months at times without the mail,
When Borea's blast blew wildly
Across the long, deep, lonesome trail,
Where seldom snows came mildly.

But Pluck and Perseverance won,
And smoothed the course they had to run;
And Industry brought her reward,
From circumstances truly hard.

Foreword

The object of publishing these lines is to try to help a need. Their circulation may also convey information to some who are not acquainted with our Island. They will also, with the illustrations in connection with them, serve as a little souvenir, we trust, to all. For some time money has been collected to build a new church at Providence Bay. This work has been begun, and it is to help it along that these lines are published.

The mission church will be of the newly united (Presbyterian and Methodists) class, but will be open for services in connection with all evangelical bodies. Your assistance is, therefore, humbly solicited. Kindly purchase a copy for yourself and another for a friend.

We are indebted to Mr. F. W. Major of "The Recorder," Gore Bay, Messrs Wismer and Runnalls, photographers, and to post cards by various photographic experts and also the "Presbyterian and Westminster" and "Everywoman's World," Toronto, for cuts, all of whom we sincerely thank,

Yours sincerely,

W. M.

Missionary

A REQUEST

Dear Friend:—As you the following lines survey,
Scan not their form with stern, cold critic's eye,
But kindly think upon their aim, I pray,
And to their call as kindly make reply.

They picture forth, just in a simple way,
Some facts relating to this noted Isle—
Facts that its progeny should cherish aye,
And not consign to the Lethean file.

Our Island an unique, historic place
Holds among island homes, the wide world o'er,
Closely identified with that famed race
That has become diminished on its shore.

Long scene of strange religious thought and view,
Blind Superstition, followed as a guide,
Men vacillating as the winds that blew,
And stirred the waves on their loved Huron's tide.

This Island's name describes religions stamp,
Such as impressed the dark, untutored mind,
Where lofty bluff, deep valley, lake or swamp
Was fraught with things uncanny in their kind.

The inhabitant of long since bygone days
Has passed, and his posterity has learned
To make advance in husbandry, in ways
His forefathers most strongly would have spurned.

From being uncivilized, a hunter wild,
Engaged in war and sanguinary strife,
Unsettled, Nature's rude and roaming child,
He has assumed the peaceful modes of life.

The White Man's many experiences, his joy,
His sorrow, progress, disappointment, care,
His penury and plenty we employ
As themes our interest should strongly share.

These, with this Isle's conditions, sights and powers,
At sundry times in verses have come forth,
Through storms and rain, in Nature's sleeping hours,
Cold days and moments of little worth.

Therefore, please, kindly answer this request,
And help along a needed, worthy cause—
And may your days be long and amply blest,
Your soul be guided by God's perfect laws.

Introductory

—:O:—

Isle of the rocky height ! Isle of the streamlet bright,
Which like a silver thread winds on its way,
Clear is each sun-kissed lake, loved for its beauty's sake,
Sparkling in gold at the sun's evening ray !

See those high rock-plateaus, where stormy winter blows,
And in the summer days healthful and cool;
Breezes from Huron's sea, bring joy and health to thee,
Blest so supremely by Nature's kind rule.

List to the cry of gulls, when the loud tempest lulls,
As o'er the lake they fly, powerful of wing;
List in the forest glen, as o'er and o'er again,
Light-hearted warblers so cheeri'y sing.

Isle of the limestone rock, and of the billow's shock !
Isle of the fertile vales rarely surpassed !
Home of the healthy clime, rugged age and robust prime,
Sweet summer paradise, cold winter blast.

Home of the fisherman, whose eyes the heavens scan,
At morning's dawn, to learn signs for the day !
Isle of the tourists' joy as they the hours employ,
Angling for beauties rare, through the long day.

Here hospitality reigns sans formality,
Like to thy fertile soil by rugged rock;
Here are true gentlemen, some plain and blunt, but then
Kind and obliging whenever need knocks.

This preamble now we close, trusting that some will choose,
These lines to buy for the sake of our need;
Truly they lack the flame that gives poetic name,—
Such talent we disclaim but—HELP THEM SPEED.



SCENES ON THE ALGOMA EASTERN RAILWAY.

THE PIONEERS

They're quickly passing, one by one.
Who from experience tell the tale
Of trials met, or work begun,
And efforts made sometimes to fail.

For land that promised fair reward,
And harvests rich as first returned,
Oft proved but sterile, bare and hard,
Even limestone rock, when 'twas o'erburned.

In other places, shallow lands
Caused some to leave the homes they chose,
With no resource, save able hands
And will, to overcome their woes.

While fortune favored others more,
And gave them soil both rich and deep,
Which brought forth an abundant store
That cheered their hopeful hearts to reap.

Their cheerless hours of winter dragged,
With mails a month late many a time;
How drear it was when dog-trains lagged,
No man can tell in prose or rhyme.

What eagerness to read the news,
Or letters got from friends at home!
The heartening word none would refuse
To pass around to all who'd come.

Those "settlers" nigh have passed away;
Their labors hard have brought reward;
A well-tilled isle we claim today,
Whose founders claim our best regard.

They did an arduous work and good!
All honor to their toil and care!
They fought and felled the forest rude,
Achieving comforts that we share.

Picturesque Manitoulin

NATURAL CHARMS

Hail ! Queen of all islands in fresh water found,
And gem of Lake Huron whose rich scenes abound
On many an island around its long shore,
Where three times ten thousand isles gladden the oar,—
Of these and their beauty our pen cannot tell,
But will write of the island we all love so well.

Some thirty leagues long from extreme east to west,
With width from three miles to ten leagues at the best;
Thus insect-like vast, in the waters it lies,
Cut off, some may think, from the world's enterprise,—
Early home of the Red Man, his triumphs and trials,
The glory of Huron, the pride of her isles.

O, Isle of the summer breeze, bracing and cool,
Where Nature her charms measures not by the rule !
On all sides alike thy rare beauties appear,
Whether tree laden bluff, rippling stream, cool and clear
Fine lakes, where the sportsman rejoices to hie,
Or the fertile expanses around them that lie.

Monotony lays not her spell on thy brow,
For Nature was careful on thee to endow
Rich scenes ever-changing with features thine own;
Variety here holds her sceptre and throne,—
Thy rock-plateau, rising with shelf upon shelf,
Show characteristics confined to thyself.

The pine tree in beauty here raised high its head;
The oak tree majestic its wide branches spread;
But the lumberman eager, these monarchs has slain;
And their strong, striking features no longer remain;
Instead of these giants their offspring appear,
Increasing in beauty and strength year by year.

Fair home of the birches that stand by the lakes,
Like sentinels tall ! as calm morning awakes,
Their uniforms white are reflected in these,
Or with wind, their leaf banners respond to the breeze,
While over the stony hill's crest they hold sway,
And up through the rock crevice, push their bold way.

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Men at work on Maitland's Island



Public Package McGeorge Bay near Little Current, Manitoba Island
Among the gun towers of George's Bay Islands



Bringing in the mail, Killarney



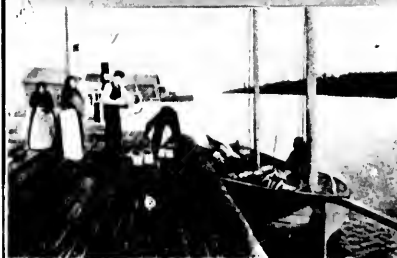
In McGeorge Bay, near Little Current, Manitoba Island
Among the gun towers of George's Bay Islands



Wharves Bay, Killarney



7



10



1. Scene in the Woods
2. Indian Sail Boats, Little Current
3. Water Street, Little Current
4. Pothole Portage, McGregor Bay
5. Buying Indian Curios at Killarney, Georgian Bay
6. View in McGregor Bay
7. Covert, Portage Bay, Killarney
8. Glimpse of Fraser Bay, near Killarney
9. Indian Berry Pickers at Little Current
10. Killarney Channel



They adorn the rude face of the precipice tall,
In summer, and robe the bare rocks. Nature's call
Makes the drear rocky ridges give life to the scene,
And paints the dull landscape with beautiful green;
And the rocks looking through, give a background of gray,
Enriching the charms where the birches give way.

The pine and the spruce in their robes all the year,
With the cedar and balsam, make winter less drear;
For there's beauty and joy from the snow white and clean,
Adorned here and there with a setting of green,—
Yes, the "beautiful snow" is more beautiful still,
Where the dark green appears from white valley or hill.

In the midst of our rambles, we must not forget
The maple so grand, that remains with us yet,
Though fire after fire has o'erswept hill and vale,
Conveying destruction and death in its trail;
For the primeval forest has suffered full sore,
From the Fire King's dominion upon our loved shore.

But all are not gone, for their sceptre has spared
Full many a woodland that yet has not heard
The crack of his whip, or felt his hot breath,
The former in warning, the latter in death.
And maples upspringing in beauty appear,
Transcendent, while summer and autumn are here.

O Isle of enchantment ! O Fairy Land fair !
When the autumn wind lullabies breathe through the air,
Soothing Nature, so mother-like, back to her nest;
Then before her long sleep she attires in her best;
Oak, maple, pine, sumach, cedar, balsam and spruce
Make a scene such as painter can never produce.

But the rocks yield their fragrance when June's passing
days
Lead into July and all Nature is praise;
For the wild-flowers which made their bright advent in May,
Then have passed for the rare charms of others less gay;
The wild-rose and June flowers on rock and in dell,
Cheer the sense with chaste beauty and fragrance as well.

Fair Isle of the rugged coast ! Isle of the bay !
Grand Isle of the lake and fine rock-lined highway !
Thy bays are an index thy nature that tell !
Their strange sinuosities oft-times compel
Thy roads to run courses that have not a name;
And thy lake interceptions accomplish the same.

ECONOMIC ADVANTAGES

But yet thou are dear to thy people, yes dear !
"The Island" is a term that one often may hear,
As if there was no island under the skies,
But the largest one north of Lake Huron that lies,—
Not a few have removed from thy loved scenes away,
But returned to thy kind shores, determined to stay.

No cyclone affrights with its ravaging course;
Miasmatical ills are all banished per force,
For the free, fresh lake breezes with ozonic wealth,
Drive hence exhalations pernicious to health;
And the tempest o'er powering with ice, hail and snow,
As destroyers of harvests, we do not yet know.

The poor man came here; and indeed thou wast kind,
When thy soil disappointed, he never repined,
For thy timber resources as true friends indeed,
Soon gave him a start in the hour of his need;
And thus tided over and saved from alarm,
He in time could lay claim to an excellent farm.

Thus many a true man and woman to-day,
Can testify well to the blessings that they
Have received when discouraged in settlement here,
In the days of their doubtings, misgivings and fear,
When for effort expended they gained a fair price,—
Rocky Isle ! Yet indeed "The poor man's Paradise !"

Few lands 'neath the sun had in cedar such wealth,
And few lands indeed, such resources of health;—
Elsewhere wood was wasted in acres untold,
While the Islander turned his good timber to gold.
Those days now are past, and those scenes are no more
For the age for good timber has gone from thy shore.

SOCIAL EQUALITY

But rocks do not make all the heritage here;
Large stretches productive the husbandman cheer;
Where homes and home comforts are truly enjoyed,
And kind hospitality reigns unalloyed;
And here is a great charm, grand Isle of the North,
Pride does not here rob a good man of his worth.

The baneful distinctions that, nurtured by pride,
Are drawn in society, cannot abide
Where neighbour and neighbour the same level take,
And the heart's tender sympathies, ever awake,
Go out unto all, whether stranger or known,
As free as thy fresh air by lake breezes blown.

A strange law exists (but let others explain)
A law that we've noticed again and again;
'Tis the fact that where Nature withholds her supplies,
Kind, true Hospitality's soul will arise;
And the warm heart will grow, where a less favored soil,
Increases man's needs, and intensifies toil.

So here is the secret why some love this land,
Esteem it the best, for it faithfully stand,
And praise it abroad as they praise it at home,
Entertain few temptations to cause them to roam,
Every man is a man if his conduct is true,
And neighbours are neighbours that proud ways eschew.

SOME TRIALS, COMFORTS AND DRAWBACKS

To return to the soil, it is broken 'tis true,
But many a homestead arises to view,
Where honest endeavour has earned its reward,
And comfort now springs from the efforts so hard;
Yes, many a farmer, has plenty to-day,
Who came here with little to start on the way.

Rich harvest he's reaped from the timber and soil;
The honest reward of brave, diligent toil;
And as backward he looks to the changes so great,
On all he beholds, and his own happy fate,
On the trials now past, and the victory won,
He should truly thank God for all thou hast done.

There are strong ties that bind us to scenes of the past;
Even trials bring often their comforts at last;
And a kind compensation still follows the way.
That is laden with sorrow, and gloomed by dismay;
Still the fierce fiery furnace will fail in its power,
If Christ lead His own, as of old, in that hour.

Thy rocky plateaus are the barriers bold
That have hindered thy progress, and hampered the fold
Of the Master, from taking strong grip of the soil;
For thy fair, sylvan beauty was wont to beguile
The pioneer settlers, and bring to his mind,
Pleasing thoughts of rich pastures and grain fields so kind.

But fire with its fierce irresistible broom,
Swept over thy ridges and left them a gloom,
Abandoned of trees and denuded of soil,
From which the much cherished, vain hope did recoil,—
Yet much still remains to possess and admire,
For thou'rt tested by water and tested by fire.

BEAUTIFUL STREAMS AND LAKES

Thy streams are like crystal, so sparkling, so clear,
As onward through fields they pursue their career
Or down in dark tree shadows quietly dream,
Or in rapids and cascades in bright sunshine gleam,
Or wind on their way under willow-fringed side,
'Neath which shining beauties are wont to abide.

Thy streams are enchanting, thy lakes like the sky;
They scintillate back to the sunbeams on high,
Like rare constellations that sparkle with light,
These surpassing in splendor, as day excels night.
Other charms of thy lakes to the tourist are known,
In the fine finny tribes there, that Nature has strown.

O fair Manitou, with bright leagues of expanse !
The men of the South do not hail thee by chance.
Peculiar in shape and peculiarly thine,
Are trophies secured by the rod and the line;
While thy view beyond Green Bay in beauty is seen,
The rock-plateau rising in vesture of green.

And Kagawong lies like a dinted dust pan,
Extending a call to the keen fisherman,
Odd also in shape, and so strange in its name—
The wide world contains not another the same;—
From its river to Perivale, and to Long Bay,
Diversified beauty extends all the way.

Then there's bright Mindemoya, the "Old Woman Lake"
With its cave at whose history strange thoughts awake,
And its Island that rises, a rock towering high,
Like sentinel silent, Old Time to defy.
Tree-crowned in its beauty, as watching the shore,
On which the Old Woman will stand never more.

Lake Wolsey we have just a moment to view;
It divides the great Island almost in two;
Here a roadway is saved by a long, sunken ridge,
Along which there passes the Indian Point Bridge,—
While Lake Silver Water, the gem of the West,
Is esteemed by West people of all lakes the best.

There are Ice Lake, Tobacco, Rock, Big, Windfall, White,
And others, whose features will charm and delight;
But one more, whose beauty we cannot let pass,
Is fair Shegulandah's most beautiful Bass;
The lake and the village are charming to see,
When summer bedecks every garden and tree.

On the South, Huron raises her mountain waves high,
Or is calm and reposeful, without even a sigh,
Or murmurs so softly, as gently she moves,
Her clear waters kissing the rocks in her coves,
Or in wild, dashing fury they rush in the bay,
And beating the rocky shore break into spray.

PROVIDENCE BAY

We have seen her reposing, have seen her at play,
And seen her in anger at Providence Bay,
Where the waters roll far on the smooth, sandy beach,
As if vainly attempting still farther to reach,
While the call of the gulls, winging near to the shore,
Seems to mock the wild waves in fierce madness that roar.

The white surf is seen at the "Points" of the bay,
And the fishboats in danger press hard on their way,
To get to their shelter; and passing the shoals,
They soon rest securely within their own goals;
While the lighthouse on "East Point", as fearless of harm,
Sends its light, clear and bright, through the night's dread
alarm.

A place once of note for its lumbering trade;
But as pines disappeared, that business decayed;
Here South Manitoulin, her farm stock exports,
And receives in return ample stores of all sorts;
A clear stream flows past from fair Mindemoya Lake,
With beauty spots rare in its tortuous wake.

To all who desire for the summer's cool breeze,
The lure of the sands and the charm of the trees,
The pure bracing air and reposeful night's rest,
This health-giving site will compete with the best,
With Mindemoya Lake but just a short space,
Lake Kagawong also not far from this place.

GORE BAY

But leaving the sand dunes of Providence Bay,
And its beautiful sunsets, we pass on our way,
To where the sun's setting can never be seen,
For sunrise and sunset, majestic bluffs screen,—
A place fraught with beauty that has not a peer,
In phase of environment, far off or near.

A high bluff arises abrupt from the shore,
On the east, as if built by some giant of yore,
While the beauty of verdure upsprings from its face,
Given back in its waters, enriching its grace.
On the west, farther landward, a sister bluff towers,
In strength, grace and grandeur, o'erlooking fair bowers.

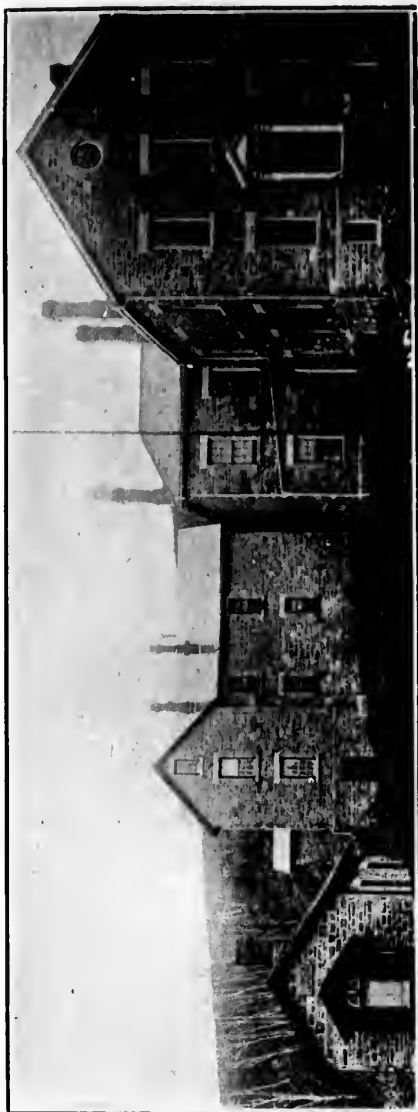
Between these strong guardians, as narrows the way,
Lies the pride of its people, attractive Gore Bay,
In a valley most lovely, twice guarded so well,
With lengthy streets southward, 'tis pleasant to dwell;
Here Law has her seat, here her offices stand,
And her handmaiden, Learning as well holds command.

What spot more inviting? So charming the dell,
With heights east and west, and with bay nonperell
For beauty and boating. Many a sylvan retreat,
And lighthouse as guard, a fine picture complete,
With Northerly outlook, isles and shore far away;—
For a good summer outing just think of Gore Bay.

A boat leaves the harbor for the north every day;
Here the views on the channel are seen on the way;
Or the hours of the morning one well may beguile,
Either driving or boating to famed Barrie Isle;
Tobacco Lake's charms you must see while you stay,
And Kagawong's only a few miles away.

LITTLE CURRENT

Now sailing to eastward, winding roads thus to shun,
We reach Little Current by a short pleasant run,
A town that has long for its lumber held fame,
And now, too, in railway pursuits has a name,
And looking ahead, has a mind to aspire,
Being joined to the mainland by rail and by wire.



REGISTRAR'S OFFICE DISTRICT GAOL THE COURT HOUSE
HEADQUARTERS OF THE PROVISIONAL JUDICIAL DISTRICT OF MANITOULIN AT GORE BAY.

'Tis here the North Channel with beauties most rare,
Its wide rolling waters, with islands so fair,
Contracts to a short span, and meets human need,
And is bolted and bridged for the wild iron steed;
For just as the ox yields the harness to wear,
So the neck here is yoked heavy burdens to bear.

And here is the base to embark on the way,
To view the rich scenes of McGregor's famed Bay,
And Whitefish, with channels and islands galore,
And the many fine features along the North Shore;
There are fish in abundance, and camping grounds there,
A Fairyland grand, unexcelled anywhere !

But "Current" we leave, though alluring thy mien,
And thy outlook to northward where the mountains are
seen.

There huge quartzite rocks lift their bold heads on high,
And the evergreen forests give rest to the eye;
Thy footprints progressive are not in the sand;
Thou art building upon a foundation to stand.

SHEGUIANDAH

There is bright Sheguindah, a name with a swing
That bounds from the lips as a stone from a sling;
We find here a mart for the Island's prime wool,
Good places of business, good churches and school;
And here are attractions in the fishing line sport,
With views, lakes and bay for a summer resort.

The sight is most charming, approached by a road
Where the fine wayside maples bear each a full load
Of rich summer foliage, o'erhanging the scene;
And the lake is a gem in its setting of green;
While beauty upsprings from each quick-turning street,
And the river with mills makes the picture complete.

There's the neat Indian Village within a short mile,
With its church, school and homes in the true Indian style;
Here with earnest endeavour the training is given
For the business of life and enjoyment of heaven,
And the worthy position the Red Man should hold,
Through the increase of knowledge, more precious than
gold.

MANITOWANING

But who has not heard the historic old name
Of Manitowaning, of early day fame ?
When the Red Man here roamed at full freedom of will,
These haunts were most dear, and are dear to him still;
For here, as the voice of the legend can tell,
The Great Manitou of these Isles chose to dwell.

The old scenes have passed, and conditions have changed,
And a new mode of life for the Indian arranged.
No longer he dwells on this old sacred spot;
The hunter has turned from his wandering lot,
To a more settled calling, in tilling the land,
And now can the comforts of home life command.

Wikwemikong shows the good progress he's made;
And Manitowaning is helped by his trade;
Sheguiandah and Sucker Creek, pretty West Bay,
With its neat church and school house, these all display
Both comfort and progress; and west, Sheshigwaning
Tells also the tale, a new era is dawning.

KAGAWONG

But Manitowaning can boast of its lake,
And haunts which the tourist will never forsake,
Its beautiful bay and the fine distant view
Are scenes that one often will wish to renew;
And the same may be stated of Kagawong fair,
So romantic and charming the scenes that are there.

The natural terraces, views of the bay,
"The Falls" and the river, pursuing its way
Down through the ravine, decked by trees on its course,
With the lake and good fishing, afford a resource
Of beauty and sport, which the tourists enjoy,
Their minds freed from business and cares that annoy.

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UNITED CHURCH, CARNARVON.



UNITED CHURCH, BARRIE ISLAND.



UNITED CHURCH, SILVER WATER.

WEST END PEOPLE AND CONDITIONS

Now as we go westward, though brief be our stay,
We must tour Barrie Island, and see Meldrum Bay;
And at bright Silver Water, too, take a good view;
The West has rare charms and its people have too;
They do well what they do, and kind is their smile;
There are none better hearted upon this grand Isle.

They are up-to-date farmers, and friends good and true,
Aye ready to help, if there's something to do;
Though somewhat removed from the main market town,
They read and digest, and have gained high renown,
For aiming at progress, enterprising and strong,
They deserve a good railway and that before long.

The Barrie Isle people have features their own,
For progress and kindness, like the West End, they're one.
The straitlet that separates them from this shore,
Anyone without effort at times could step o'er;
Yet loyal are they to their own Island sphere;
They have good homes, church, school and native good cheer.

A railway's the need of Manitoulin throughout,
As anyone coming may see, without doubt ;
At only one point does the railway now touch;
This prevents isolation, and truly means much;
But the West End located some eighty long miles,
From the iron steed's call, has its drawbacks and toils.

The boat calls in summer. This answers us well.
They give an advantage to buy and to sell;
But in winter when long drives are hardest to bear,
'Tis a journey that's tollsome and cold, anywhere
O'er vast Manitoulin. An electric railway
Will surely be built, and at no distant day.

Other Places and Scenes

COCKBURN ISLAND

For a moment permit us just here to digress
Beyond our own limits, and briefly address
A reference to one or two places that make
A part of our district, and also partake
In common with great Manitoulin, its name,
And first Cockburn Isle to the West, has a claim.

Shut off in a measure, it seems all alone,
Yet here the world's happenings quickly are known.
The mall o'er the Channel comes mile upon mile,
The strait bears the 'phone too, to this pretty Isle,
With its fishing, its lumbering and village so fair;
Just look on the map, and you'll see that 'tis square.

The village we visit, school, beech woods and bay,
Then up to the heights in the inland away;
How glorious the view to the Michigan shore,
As the bright sun illumines it, ten leagues off or more!
While many large steam boats, as specks seem to be,
And make such a picture as seldom we see.

SOUTH BAY MOUTH

Now passing "The Ducks" with their fish, at the South,
We again touch our Island at the port, South Bay Mouth,
Here rich scenes bewilder, and Nature has play;
Amid such conditions, we scarce find our way,
With trees, rocks, boats, boulders and guessing the street,
'Tis fine, yet perplexing, this fishing retreat.

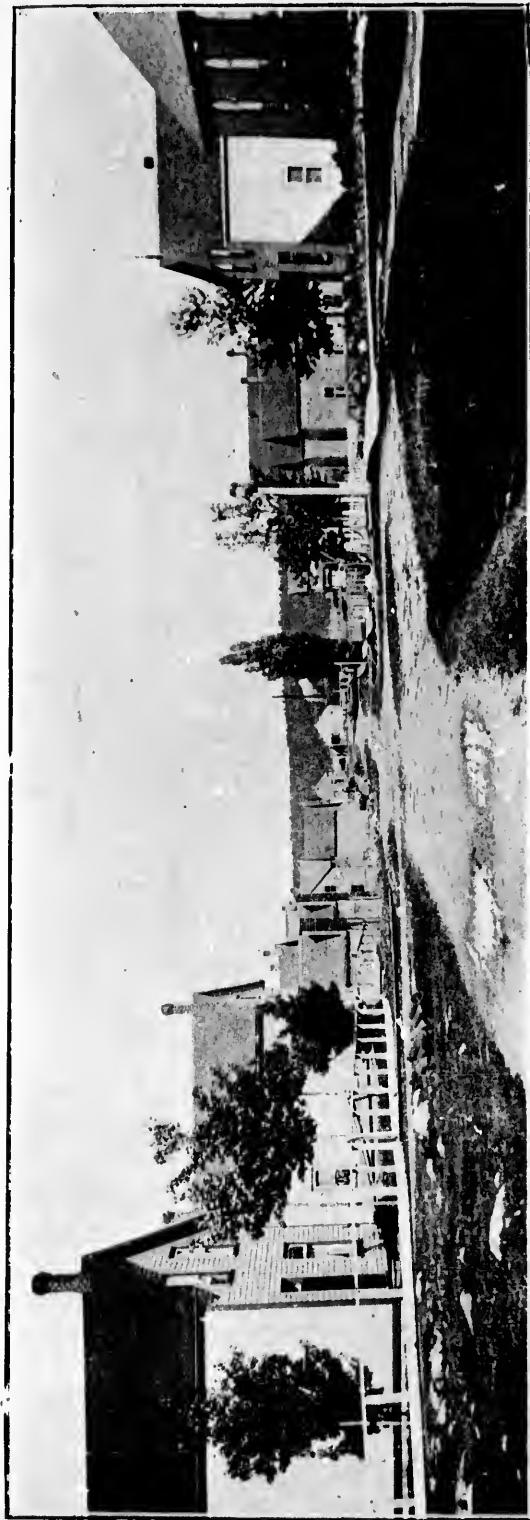
Now eastward and northward our course we pursue,
Till lovely Killarney's homes break on our view;
Here scenery abounding is seen on each side,
On mainland, strait, island-woods, mountain and tide.
Here tourists delight in the summer to stay,
In boating and fishing to pass the long day.

MINDEMOYA—"THE HUB"

We scan Collin's Inlet with its fish, then away
To the heart of this Island, to grain fields and hay;
At fair Mindemoya we'll more than but glance,
A place that is year by year making advance;
This fine rural centre ranks not as a port,
Yet well is adapted to be a resort.

Its rural environment with lakes at each side,
Its bluffs, towering island and forests so wide,
With these rare attractions it should have a call
For disciples of Walton, and Nature's friends all;—
For Conventions 'tis noted, as central its site;
The "Hub" of this Island must surely be right.

Both Snowville and Sandfield have river and lake;
At both the calm, slumbering waters awake;
At Cape Horn "The Narrows" and Sandfield we view
The haunts where the tourists their nerve force renew,
Or visit for pleasure the Manitou's shore,—
For all such "The Island" wide opens its door.



VIEW OF THE VILLAGE OF COCKBURN ISLAND, THE EXTREME WESTERN PORTION OF THE DISTRICT OF MANITOULIN

OTHER ATTRACTIONS

We sing of cool evenings and long pleasant days
Of the fine summer season; and autumn we praise;
Its balmy days linger as loath to depart,
And its vestments of beauty appeal to the heart;
The winter has pastimes, is not too severe;
The springtime is cool, yet the leaves soon appear.

The birds love this Island, some tarry all year;
Even the crow leaves some outposts to keep the coast clear,
While the brave summer warblers, rejoicing return
O'er long leagues of water, for Love's strong fires burn.
In second-growth copses their snug nests they hide,
Or down in the meadows their nestlings abide.

Their songs cheer the heart, and their forms please the eye
They drink at Life's fountain. Well may we apply
The lessons they teach us, those lessons of life;
For all is not worry, care, struggle and strife,—
O' friends cease not warbling your sweet cheering lay,
And help us with you to rejoice all the day.

INDIAN AND WHITE MAN

This Island, the largest in fresh water found,
By Indian and White Man alike was renowned;
Its lakes favored both in supplies of good food,
And its game was a rare treat, both healthful and good;
But yet after all, would it not have been well,
Had the Indian continued possessor to dwell?

'Twill ever remain only settled in part;
Handicapped thus in progress, and far from the mart
Where commerce pulsates and activities blend,
On which the advance of the world must depend;
The rocks, sands and boulders will never afford,
With the White Man's ideals a faultless accord.

This plan once was tried, but a failure it proved,
For the Red Man still clung to the habits he loved;
And when the authorities gave him this home,
He chose in his own native freedom to roam;
Thus what might have been all "Reserve" till this day,
He refused to possess, for the "trails" far away.

So in part dwells the White Man, in others the Red;
And thus through environment the latter is led
To drink at the fount of intelligent toil,
And glean his returns from the fruits of the soil;
A bond of true friendship then ought to unite
The races, thus neighbors in Life's common fight.

PASTURE LANDS

Though grouped are the homes, with rock-stretches
between,

Many excellent pasture runs oft intervene,
And here the good farmer who strives to succeed,
For his stock may secure an abundance of feed;
And if he is handicapped somewhat to-day
He can make disadvantages even to pay.

One advantage he has on the rough grassy steep,
Is pasture for cattle and runways for sheep,
While plenty of horses are found on this shore,
For every requirement and even twice more;
So dairying and stock-raising here are pursued,
For which the conditions are indeed very good.

The price of good land is exceedingly low,
As values in Older Ontario show,
Though tax rates are high on account of waste land
That cannot a large population command;—
But in only few cases a hardship is found
In reaching school houses, this Island around.

Here farms may be found to compete with the best,
While others are not worth their being possessed,
But are clung to by owners as though a rich prize;
For a home has attractions to home-loving eyes;
Some townships contain large extent of good land,
While others but little of such can command.

But the rough broken stretches are fraught with much
good;

There the stock of the farmer finds plenty of food,
From the early spring months until late in the fall;
While the lakes and the streams furnish water for all;
And he sometimes sees naught of young stock from the
spring,

Till the cold nights of autumn the leaves earthward fling.

Thus he yearly commands an abundance of stock,
And finds rare rich blessings in the wilds on the rock;
There kind nature feeds them, and waters with care,
And grants them permission to roam anywhere,
Good lands yet remain, here and there, to be sold,
That yet will rewards of good harvests unfold.

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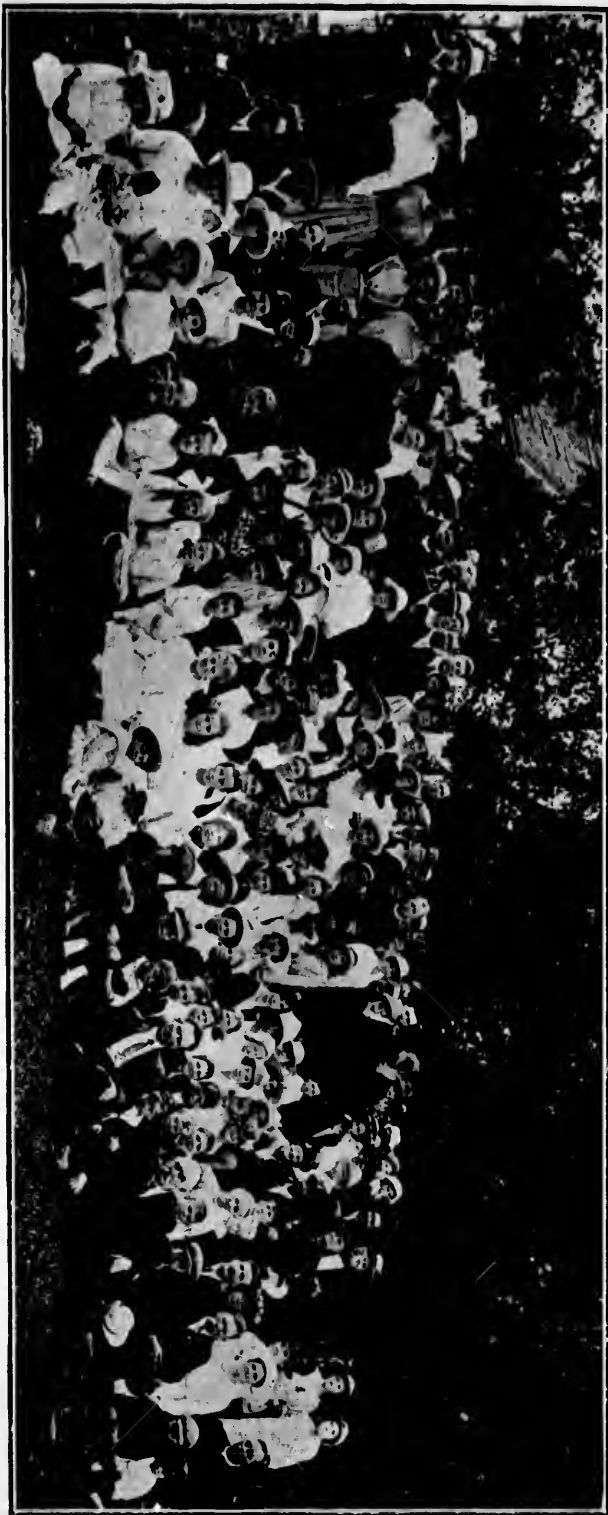
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A SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION AT KAGAWONG
NANTOULIN ISLAND.
1917

SCHOOLS

Then those whose locations are farthest from school,
Are prompt as the nearest at hand, as a rule.
The schools through the townships are furnished and neat,
And largely in every department complete;
While the town schools in turn splendid features present,
With High School Departments, where time is well spent.

At Gore Bay each year is a Summer School held,
A boon to the teachers, with work unexcelled.
Throughout the whole Island, a stranger will find
Due interest is taken in training the mind;
And we trust that the lessons on morals unfold
Example with precept, for there lies the gold.

Then there is the training of childhood and youth,
In the high, indispensable pathway of Truth.
An army with heart in the work, good and true,
Is found represented and ready to do;
For the District has Sunday Schools tended with care;
And on Sunday these earnest hearts may be found there.

SUNDAY SCHOOL AND OTHER GATHERINGS

Their Conventions indeed are well worthy their place,
There they meet and discuss the grave problems they face;
And none who attends these can fail to realize,
That the earnest and true, the sincere, good and wise
Have the grand inspiration that the best training given
Is that which will lead the young heart toward Heaven.

The ladies their Institutes well patronize,
Where they meet and read essays, and also devise
The plans for the handling of every-day cares,
The training that childhood for life-work prepares,
And all incidentals within woman's sphere,
With helpful hints, gathered from means far and near.

Among other gatherings are those of the men,
Who meet in the Clubs, to learn how, where and when
To dispose of their products and purchase their stores,
And discuss other schemes for the good of these shores,
As also to speak on the fruits of the soil,
And the best ways and means of intelligent toll.

And the strong men of Temperance rallied their force,
"From the bar-room" they said, "we demand a divorce".
In this fair banner Province, they led in the van,
And stamped as illegal this great foe of man;
The open bar cannot unfurl its gay flag,
Our youth to decoy, and to deep ruin drag.

MANITOWANING BAY AND THE GREAT SPIRIT

Here the Great Spirit ruled in the cold waters deep !
Near the head of the bay, where the shore rises steep,
Was the home of his Den; dark, mysterious his course,
And his power to accomplish, and wondrous resource.
None have found yet his pathway, and how he went forth,
To the bay at the south from the bay at the north.

But the legend old states he proceeded at will,
In a path subterranean through dark waters chill,
Or moved the clear waters of Manitou Lake,
To help the poor Indian its treasures to take,
Success gave the huntsmen, and after death found
A place for his joy in "The Happy Hunting Ground."

THE INDIAN

Though the Indian has turned from his visions and
dreams

Yet far from exalted as yet are his themes;
For vague superstition still touches the helm,
Uncanny forebodings at times overwhelm;
And the true sense of conscience needs quickening here,
To bring to the Red Man a loftier sphere.

From the Christ he professes to love and obey,
To worship and follow, he's oft far away,
Like disciples of old, and the many even now,
Who draw nigh with lip, and with knee truly bow,
Yet their hearts are far from Him, their souls in the dark,
And their lives therefore strangers to the high Gospel
mark.

Is there no palliation for the Indian in this,
If he may the right pathway at times sadly miss,
Or if at all times he but follows afar
His true royal Captain, in life's constant war ?
In the Great Day of Judgment, before the White Throne,
He will stand with us all, when the facts will be shown.

Not one generation, but many may prove,
To erase Nature's power, or her strong traits remove,
Or change from the fickle, the idle, depraved,
To the saint on whose heart God's high laws are en-
graved;

In the untutored nature there's much to condone
For which unfair treatment will tend to atone.

Instead of being helped as a brother indeed,
We oft pass him by, and but pay little heed;
His lands we inhabit, and take not a thought,
At how small a price his wide acres were bought;
We fail to remember in Heaven's clear light
That he's peer with the king in his splendor and might.

A time too there was in the annals gone by,
Our fathers adored what appealed to the eye;
Not even the Great Spirit sought they to trace,
But bowed to the sun, moon and stars in their place;
When centuries now have long centuries chased,
Can we say pagan influence is fully erased?

We taught the poor Indian the story so old,
That the Saviour of man came to die for the fold;
We told him that all are alike in His love,
Yet how we've been false to him history will prove;
For mere tinsel charms we secured valued wealth,
And defrauded him sadly through avarice and stealth.

The "White Brother" came and proclaimed Jesus' love
And the way of salvation so free from above;
In Christ-like affection he led him to prayer;
The other white fiend taught the Red Man to swear,
To steal and speak falsely, "fire water" to drink,
And carouse in his madness at hell's very brink.

Too true are the facts as they face us to-day,
That in some ways from heathen we're not far away,
That in some things although there is cause to rejoice,
In others the need is to lift up the voice,
In weeping and prayer for the mercy of God,
That we may be saved from His wrath and His rod.

Peru is a witness of how he was used,
And Mexico shows how his rights were refused;
Such bloodshed and treachery fell to his lot,
As demands for the White Man a hell sevenfold hot,—
True, beneath Freedom's banner great good he has found,
And 'tis now his own fault if no blessings abound.

RELIGION

One finds in the realm of religion at large,
A fact overburdening many a charge,
Congestion of denomination lines,
With numerical weakness. This sadly combines,
With a spirit of careless indifference found,
To make the work strenuous and backward the ground.

The case calls for Union ! Yes, Union we need,
A Union from narrow entanglements freed;
Can the Lord's work succeed, can His army remain,
If the ranks watch each other advantage to gain ?
If the spirit of unity here is not known,
Is it God's son, or Satan that sits on the throne ?

What is true of this Island is too true elsewhere,
The need of the churches calls loudly for prayer
That all may imbibe the desire of our Lord,
And work for the Master in loving accord;
Then mission fields few on all hands would appear,
Where causes are weak, and need help year by year.

Where good Christian workers have taken a stand,
And begun earnest labors, there lies no demand,
To cause sending others to occupy space,
Where from well-known conditions there is not a place;
For Mission Boards help where there should be no need,
While the poor heathen nations in dense darkness plead.

EARLY MISSIONARIES

Long since, in the time when the Indian held sway,
And the White Man came hither to show him the way
From dark superstition and pagan control,
To receive Heaven's happy light into his soul.
Prave Poncet so faithful, right earnestly strove
To teach the benighted race Jesus to love.

Great hardships he endured, through the cold wintry
clime,
As if one being punished for some heinous crime,—
Like his Master he counted his life not as dear,
Without home and hungry, that some might draw near
To Him who had nowhere that home He could call,
But suffered privations and hardships for all.

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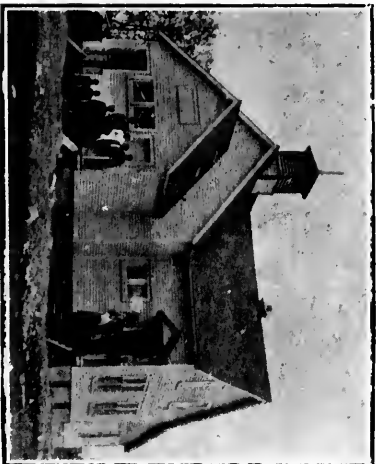
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The Protestant School and Teacher's Residence on the Sheshegwaning Indian Reserve, Manitoulin Island. This School is conducted by the Church of England.



The Late Hon. Wm. McDougall who negotiated "The Manitoulin Island Treaty" with the Indians in October, 1862, whereby the Manitoulin Island was opened for white settlers.



The late Rev. Dr. O'Meara, the first Resident Church of England Missionary to the Indians on the Manitoulin Island. He translated the Church of England Prayer Book and The New Testament into the Ojibway language.

And kind Father Andre with holy zeal fired,
And by the true spirit of devotion inspired,
Came nigh unto death, for the sake of those men
Who treated him harshly and starved him again,
Till even his mocassins served him as food,
And his book-binding 'tween him and utter want stood.

Such were the first heroes who came to the North,
And poured of their life-tide and energies forth,
Yea, even death in some cases, alone,
Thrust through by the wild foes of those they had gone
To deliver from even an enemy far,
Far greater than Iroquois, fearful in war.

Great honor is due to all those faithful men
Who went forth to die and endure every pain,
"For the G'ory of God." In brave calmness they bore
Such treatment as few had e'er suffered before—
Love conquered at last, kind self-sacrifice won,
And the Hurons left idols to worship God's Son.

But fiercely the blood-thirsty Iroquois fought,
And slaughtered the Hurons. Those spared quickly sought
A place of security; some even did flee
As far as Quebec and Orleans near the sea.
The work thus begun was forsaken outright,
And those who'd received light, lapsed back into night.

Whatever our faith or whatever our name,
Such heroes we'll place on the high roll of fame;
Imbued by the spirit of the Master so dear,
They faced hardship, danger and death without fear,
Others came long years after, who faced the stern fight,
Resolved to be faithful to Christ and His right.

At Manitowaning a mission began,
A church was erected to help the Red Man,
Which stands as a monument unto this day,
Of the zeal of the Anglican Church to convey
To the Indian the truths that are found in God's Word,
Of which heretofore he so little had heard.

Other churches with zeal and at great sacrifice,
Came telling the story that has not a price
But the precious life blood of a Saviour given,
To lift mankind up from despair, into heaven,
And as white men came here, came the messengers too,
To hold up the banner of Christ into view.

They called at the shanty, and preached in the home;
They waded the streams, through the wet swamp did come,
Or, over the rocky tracts led by the "blaze",
For roads were unknown in the earlier days—
They planned and they labored new churches to build,
They preached on and prayed on that souls might be
filled.

We've heard of their efforts, by water and land,
Persuading the people for Christ's name to stand;
In the woods all the night, being lost on their way,
But again passing on in their labors next day
Or preaching with water in streams from their feet,
But ne'er from the battle-ground beating retreat.

Yes, strong was the faith and aggressive the zeal
That dwelt with O'Meara, McKay, James and Steele,
And other such men who with hearts big and true,
In labors abounding, still thirsted to do,—
Men fired with the spirit to do and to dare,
Who faced the stern battle, through faith, love and prayer.

All honor again to the rugged, true men
Who laid the foundations, and forward went when
The less brave, less earnest would trembling have fled,
Or simply marked time, by their own weak faith led
To fail in the great fight, with souls being lost,
Whose redemption was bought at such infinite cost.

SUNSET AT PROVIDENCE BAY

Huron lies calm beneath the eventide spell;
The softly lapping waters lave the shore
Within the bay, and gently to us tell
Of angry tossing waves that are no more.

Above the trees on yonder western side,
The sun magnificent in glory glows,
As bending in love toward the crystal tide,
To kiss its cheek before he seeks repose.

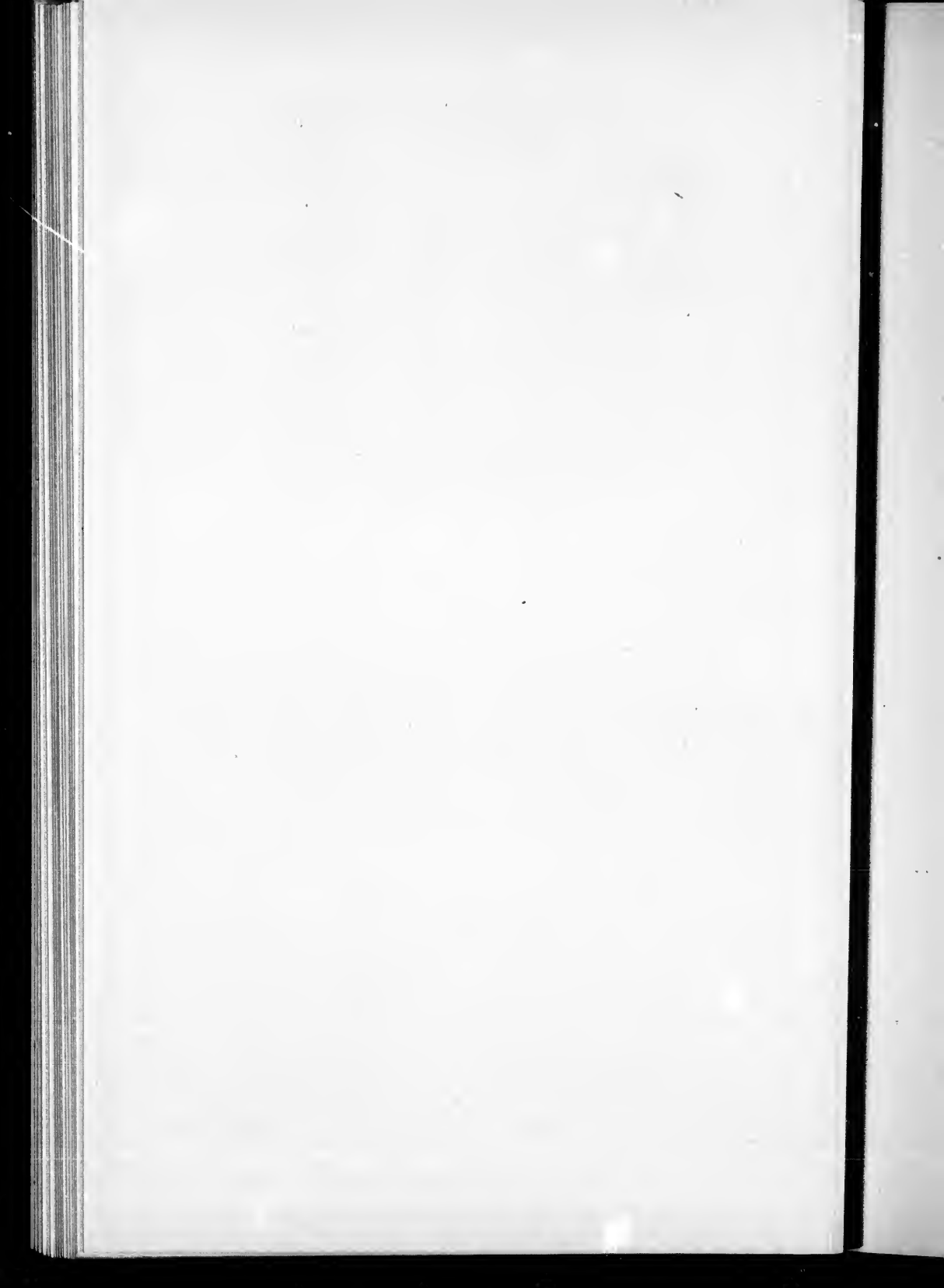
And blushing as a bride, the waters clear,
With charming grace, return their lambent ray
Of bright illumination, as if to cheer
The source of light at the departing day.



HERRIMAN'S FALLS, NEAR HONORA,
Manitoulin Island.



Rev. Hugh McKay, the first ordained Presbyterian minister on Manitoulin, with his brother, Rev. Angus McKay (standing), who was also a student missionary on the Island. Rev. Dr. H. McKay in those early times traveled on foot, guided by the "blaze" on the trees, and preached in the shanties, the old log schools, and out of doors, at one time being the only Protestant missionary on the Island.



The pines and cedars on yon western shore,
Are silhouetted 'neath the western light,
Black Rock, as if the parting to deplore,
Seems hiding in recesses of the night.

But eastward all the cedars are aglow;
The landscape smiles with beauty, as intent
To cheer the parting ray, and thanks bestow
To Phoebus that to all has beauty lent.

But see above the trees the gate ajar
In golden lines, as typical of heaven;
The clouds roll back; at either side afar,
The veil above in twain seems quickly riven.

Lo, yonder lies the far extending street;—
The clouds now stationary seem to say,
"View this, and ever think of Death's defeat,
And Him who won for you eternal day."

We stand and gaze, for there within the veil,
We seem to see Heaven's glory from afar,
While changing views successively detail
A panorama that man cannot mar.

Such glory fills the scene! The earth replies!
Our hearts in unison drink in the view.
O graudeur of the dying day! O skies
That teach these wandering wayward hearts anew!

We three stood there and wondered at the sight.
We're scattered now. One lies in peaceful rest.
Across the wave on Erin's shore so bright;
There sleeps the sleep earth's sounds can ne'er molest.

I know not where the other is to-night,
Upon Time's shores I'm left to obey God's call,
To work awhile, but in Heaven's brighter light,
May all in adoration to Him fall.

The richer glory there to share for aye,
Where blessings charm the sight, expand the breast,
Where sunsets come not, but Joy's endless day
Knows no departing glory in the west.

LAKE MANITOU

The largest fresh water island lake in the world.

Of all lakes that are scattered this wide world over,
Unique's thy position peculiar they name,
Though many, indeed, more extensive tracts cover,
In some points thou holdest the climax of fame.

Thou'rt set in the largest of fresh-water islands,
For with grand Manitoulin none else can compare;
And thus, in this rare sense, no moor, plain or highlands,
Or island elsewhere, such distinction can share.

Again thou dost hold, too, the leading position
Of all lakes in fresh water isles anywhere,
As largest in size, whilst with rare competition,
The angler to please, thou wilt highly compare.

What a boon to the settler in early days, trying
To clear his new home in an untracked domain!
A mart he could reach soon, for selling and buying,
By boat, and much labor and precious time gain.

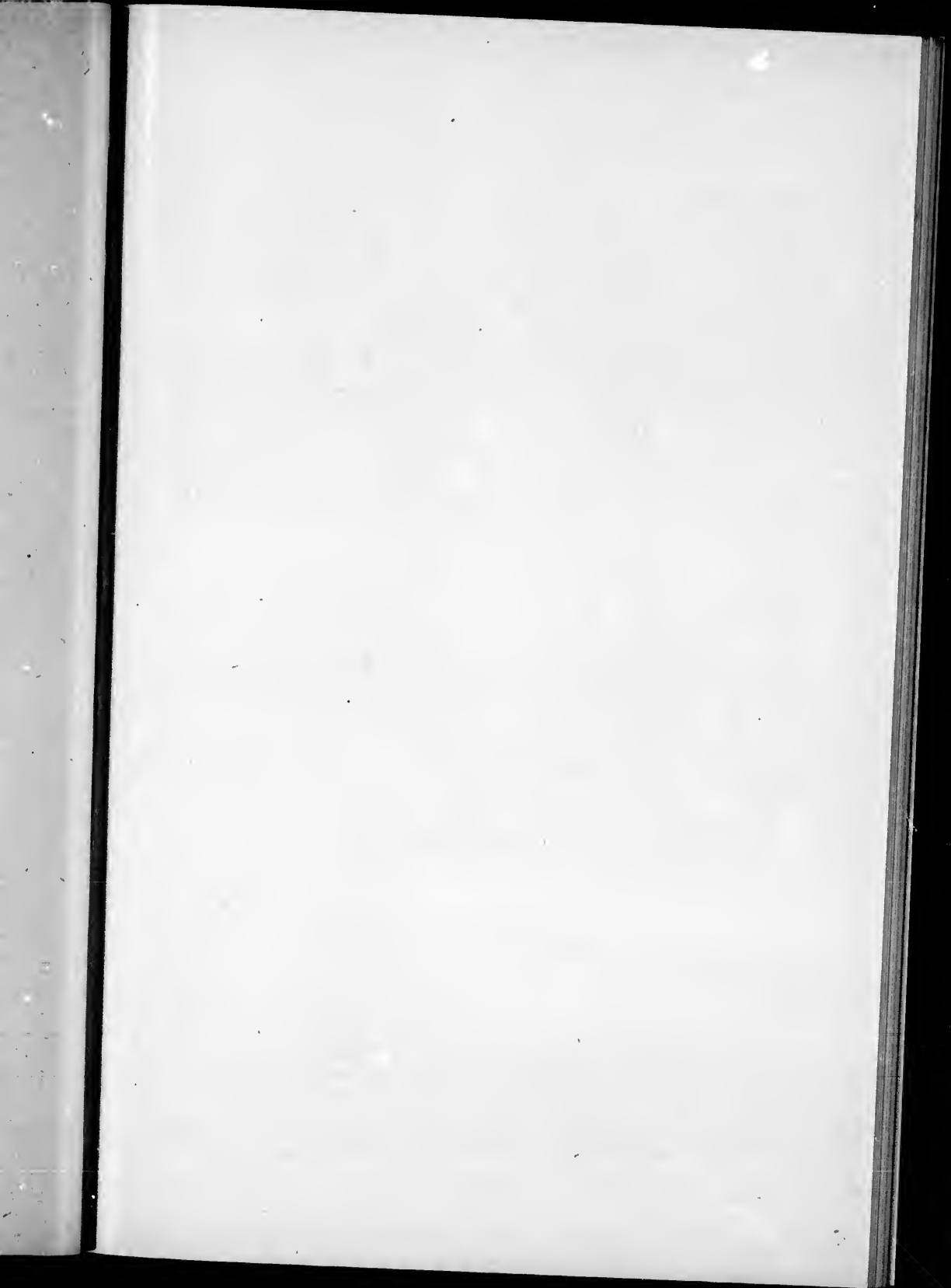
To interior points thou didst furnish a highway;
Direct was the course where thy water path lay,
Without stone or crossway, log, bluff, stream or by-way,
From Van Zant's to Lehman's, Sandfield and Green Bay.

And also for food thou didst do him a favor,
Supplying abundance of fresh, toothsome fish;—
Meat or fish, bread, potatoes, and salt as a flavor,
The pioneer served with a good wholesome dish.

A boon to the Red Man thou wert in thine offering.
And helped at the same time his burdens to bear;
And sacred thy name was, to help him in suffering,
A balm for his wounds and a solace for care.

And now the glad tourists delight to sail o'er thee,
Pursuing their pastime with hook, rod and line,
Or coursing thy shores to more fully explore thee,
Or resting in shades while the warm sunbeams shine.

Far away from their homes in the South they're found
roaming,
When the heat of July is oppressive to bear,
Refreshing it is, in the cool summer gloaming,
To sit near thy banks and thy benefits share.



Or gaze before sunset upon thy breast heaving,
 And see the light lambent reflect from thy wave,
 The eastward expanse of dark waters relieving,—
 These are joys which the heart of the city must crave.
 While west from thy waters the lone bluff seems slumb-
 ing,
 Its east side now dark'ning, quite hid from the sun;
 For the hours of the daylight their moments are number-
 ing,
 And soon their swift course for the day will be run.
 Like a round shield of fire, hangs the sun over yonder,
 Just seeming to dip 'mong the trees on the bluff,
 As we gaze thus upon 't, the glad heart grows fonder !
 Heaven, with Christ and such scenes, would be surely
 enough !
 But oh, this is naught to that undying splendor,
 Where the sun ne'er doth set, nor the chilly night
 reign;
 And a mighty wall stands, an eternal defender,
 Golden streets, echo songs to the Lamb that was slain.

MINDEMOYA'S ISLE

McPherson Island

Mindemoya's Isle, where the rocks up-pile,
 Stands high above the tide,
 As to say "I'm king, so a song to me sing,
 As I reign here in my pride."
 From south looking north it seems little worth,
 But to defy the storm;
 But as viewed east or west, it stretches at rest,
 Peculiar in its form.
 O'er the waters nigh, with shoulder so high,
 Like a prone form fast asleep
 Reposing at length, in her rocky strength,
 The †"Old Woman" slumbers deep.
 Is it from this sight that the Indians o'er night
 Will not stay upon its shore ?
 For with sunken head it looks like the dead,
 Reposing from days of yore.

Some say it is true that another view
 Reveals a woman old,
 Sitting there intent, o'er a moccasin bent,
 Busy mending, through heat and cold ?

Does the name refer, as Indians aver,
To a Chief's unhappy wife
Who was banished here from all she held dear,
The rest of her lone, sad life ?

As her work she plied, how she wept and sighed,
Till death to her release,
Came to take her away on a longed-for day,
When the aching heart had peace !

And do her remains, from heart-aches and pains
Free, here find quiet rest,
On this lonely Isle where the rocks up-pile,
And naught offers to molest ?

Whatever may be your strange history,
A landmark you remain
Tree-uniformed, hard, like a soldier on guard,
Which storms assail in vain.

‡ Mindemoya is Indian for old woman.

THE CAVE AND CAVE DWELLERS

The Cave is situated on the West side of Lake Mindemoya, seven miles from Providence Bay.

A few years since a sportsman's alm,
Attracted hither by some game
That lodged beside the lake,
Thus chanced upon the ancient cave,
Which seemed none other than a grave,
Hid here among the brake.

Strange history thou couldst relate
Of warrior's triumph, warrior's fate
Within the blackened door—
When huntsman's eye discovered thee,
A ghastly sight it was to see
Skulls scattered o'er thy floor.

Who can the deadly strife describe,
When fourteen warriors of some tribe,
Fell dead before thy walls ?
Did these within thy door in death,
While fighting yield their latest breath,
And fall as hero falls ?

Did the invaders, cruel, bold,
Come stealthily upon thy hold,
Thy inmates to surprise ?
Or did fear-driven men to thee,
For safety from the invaders flee,
'Mid war-whoops and fierce cries ?

No man doth know, or e'er will know
The tragedy that laid them low,
The cruel, hateful strife
Between the tribes of wild Red Men,
That burst in fury in this den,
With sacrifice of life.

One skull a ball was shown to pierce,
Which marks that in the struggle fierce,
Fire arms had played a share—
The victors had all weapons seized,
And everything their wish that pleased—
Naught left they anywhere.

No tale elaborate or succinct,
Speaks of the fallen, as though extinct,
Became the little band—
Why were their bodies left to rot ?
For like a charnel-house the spot
Seemed, in a wooded land.

With limbs unusually long,
And frames bespeaking bodies strong,
The dry bones lay around—
After that fierce and bloody fight,
The vanquished must have fled outright,
In haste to distant ground.

For, if remaining near the place,
The scene would prompt even savage grace
The bodies to remove;
It scarce could be all were destroyed !
Were there, indeed, no scouts deployed
The adjoining woods to rove ?

But strange, in truth, the Indian mind,
Where superstitious fears oft blind
The eyes of common sense !
It may be, after that dread day,
No Red Man ventured near that way,
To cause the Spirit offence.

I seem to see them shrinking round,
In fear of such unhallowed ground,
Where Evil Spirits trod;
And keeping far from where the scene
Of one-time happiness had been
Enjoyed with bow and rod.

For in the lake at large, no doubt,
The Indians fished, and round about
In winter, in the bay;
And in the evening had repast,
Safe sheltered from the stormy blast.
Cheered by the Cave fire's ray.

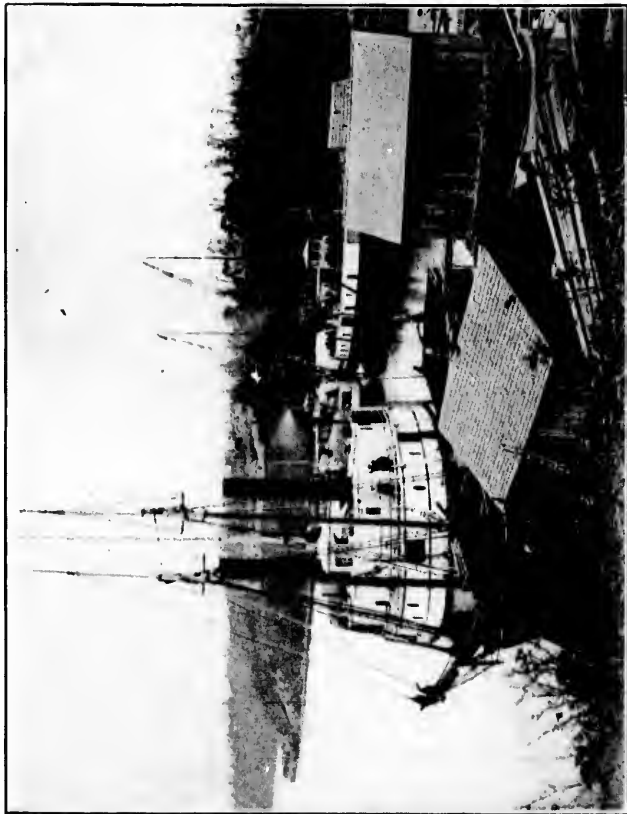
Let the real facts be what they may,
The Indian since has kept away
From this sequestered place,
Where once he found a winter home,
Beneath the Cave's o'erarching dome,
As shown by many a trace.

The fish-scales heaped and long-decayed,
Tell of the preparations made
To cook his staple food;
The walls are dingy with the smoke
That crept in when the fires awoke,
Which at the entrance stood.

Here ancient ashes deep appeared,
That spoke of fires that warmed and cheered,
And cooked the simple meal.
These seem to hint how long the race
Of Red Men dwelt in this strange place,
This cavern's warmth to feel.

A stump where Indian's axe had shorn
The tree for fire, was wrenched and torn
From the entrance to this place,
By White Men, when the cave was found;
Yet underneath this stump the ground
Showed ashes at its base.

What story does this feature tell?
There was a time when Indians well
Did patronize this spot;
But that band must have thence removed
From roaming in those haunts they loved;
And others sought it not.



A scene at Little Current in 1874. The Steamers Algoma, Wabine and Chicora. Lord Dufferin was on board one of these boats when the photo was taken.



Mr. Humphrey May, of Little Current, who is said to be the first white man born on the Manitoulin.

The trees grew round the entrance door,
And generations passed before
Its warmth was sought again ;
Then other Indians cleared the way,
And through long years these made their stay
Through winter, in this den.

And thus it was till conflict raged,
In which the Cave-Dwellers engaged;
But, vanquished by the foe,
The remnant fled; and ghastly fear
Kept either foe from coming near
A place of death and woe.

But does that stone-arched dome o'er head,
Carved in thy ceilings rocky bed,
Not tell an earlier tale,
Than that which ever Red Man knew ?
To explain that strange contour we view,
All history must fail.

'Twas water carved those circles prone,
Upon a bed of plastic stone,
While yet the world was young,
Did surging waters rush in here,
Swirling and boiling, cycles drear ?
Speak (but thou hast no tongue).

Did constant drip from surface mold,
Show the results which we behold,
Eroding year by year ?
No ! For effects as here are seen,
A whirling motion must have been;
At least, such would appear.

Or, was this dark cave looking south,
A subterranean river's mouth,
That came down from the north ?
And did the waters in their flow,
Here gyrate as they passed below,
Prior to rushing forth ?

Here, as we view this Island o'er,
On rock-crowned bluff or rock-bound shore,
The evidence is the same;
Submerged beneath the rolling tide,
For ages long it did abide,
While God this sphere did frame.

And on the sedimentary plan,
The upbuilding processes began,
And ages long held course;
Then by disturbance of earth's crust,
These rocky islands were upthrust
By underlying force.

Or by degrees, as settlement
In one place slowly onward went,
Another point arose.
The waters washed; they changed the face;
And creatures died and left their trace,
And fossilized repose.

Thus evidence speaks well to show
That changes great this Isle passed through,
In days of auld lang syne ,
But how its striking features strange
Originated, needs the range
Of wiser heads than mine.

LAKE KAGAWONG

The sun shines in glory upon the fair scene,
Revealing in color many shades of rich green,
Around thy fine shore line, as gently along
We move o'er thy waters, loved Lake Kagawong.

Some lakes more renowned may in history dwell,
Whose beauty admirers have wont been to tell,
And made them the subject of story and song,
But they lack some fine features of Lake Kagawong.

When first I beheld thee from Perivale Hill,
The sight, less appreciative natures might thrill;
I stopped there to gaze on thy waters for long,
And drink in the charming view, Lake Kagawong.

Some distance to north lay an island so bright;
The Red Rocks stood holdly across to the right,
While, farther receding, thy north limits hung
In a dim, dreamy background, fair Lake Kagawong.

Thou approachest the highway at Patterson cove;
At splendid Long Bay thou hast many a grove;
Along thy west shore many beauty spots throng,
So dear to the tourist of Lake Kagawong.

At some points around thee the rugged rocks rise;
At others fine farming land on the shore lies;
But the woods with, at times, their cow bells ding-dong,
Have scenes most familiar to Lake Kagawong.

The tourists to thee through the "Pan-handle" go,
From which down thy cascade the bright waters flow—
Now list what they're saying—and they are not wrong—
"There are fine fish abounding in Lake Kagawong."

Thy shape is a feature, as all will declare,
Like a dust-pan become rather worse for its wear;
But thou'rt not depleted; thou'rt fruitful and strong,
As the fishermen know who have proved Kagawong.

LAKE MINDEMOKA

Green are thy banks, Mindemoka,
And pleasant thy shores to behold,
With farms left and right, so peaceful and bright,
That home cheer and comfort unfold.

Fair are thy woods, Mindemoka,
When summer throws charms o'er the trees,
Where maples abound for syrup renowned,
That daintiest palates will please.

Charming's thy Isle, Mindemoka !
High, tree-crowned and rocky it stands;
Its fine height is worth the effort put forth,
To feast on the view it commands.

Great are thy charms, Mindemoka !
The duck, crane and gull to thee hie;
Sand piper and crow thy sandy shores know,
At the south where the shallow-pools lie.

Thy Cave is a sight, Mindemoka,
With a history none knows to-day;
O'er thy west rocky shore it opens its door,
On the borders of pretty Spring Bay.

Thy waters are fair, Mindemoka,
Deep, and cool, and thy fishing is fine;
It will well repay to spare thee a day,
Blithe, care-free with hook, rod and line.

The tourist thee will find, Mindemoka,
A quiet and pleasant retreat,
With woods north and west, good fishing and rest,
And a Village the charm to complete.

THE PIONEER'S HOME

It was homely and plain, rude and small;
The dearest of homes 'twas to me,
Though the trees standing round were so tall
That not very far could we see.

On the outside the round logs projected,
With spaces all well chinked between,
And plastered, with mud oft protected,
That no opening there might be seen.

The joists overhead marked the ceiling,
And rude and unplanned was the floor,
On the walls stretched the logs, just revealing
A trace of the strong axe-man's score.

Encrusted, the white-wash clung to them
And the plastered chinks, layer on layer;
Each spring brought the time to renew them,
And freshen by labor and care.

A rude stair was built in the corner
By which we could get to the loft,
Or a short ladder stood—an adorning—
Which we climbed when our boots we had doffed.

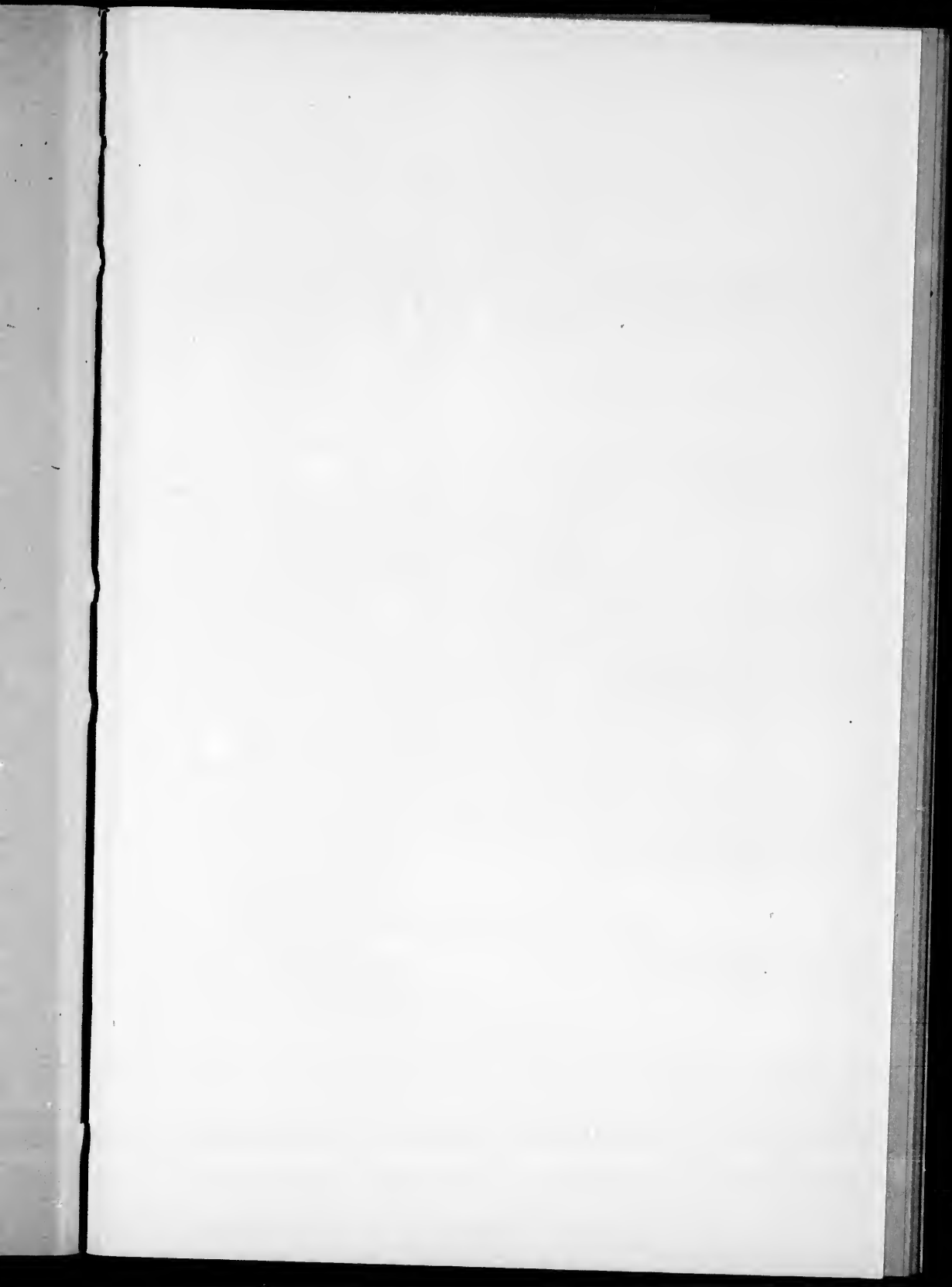
Or, haply, a shanty 'twas proper,
With windows and doors rude and few,
The palace of many a chopper,
His arduous life-work in view.

But there was a charm felt about it,
We never can quite find elsewhere,
For home could not home be without it,
The bright loadstar shone always there.

There we planned, hard we worked and we spared,
The little we had at command;
At the table but plainly we fared;
No luxuries had we at hand.

But there we assembled together,
No break in the family ring,
No blight of disease dread, to wither,
And sad, anxious watchings to bring.

The air seemed so bouyant and healthy;
Pure oxygen breathed from the trees,—
We'd no wish to envy the wealthy,
No craving to loll at our ease.





The Mennonite Church and Parsonage at Spring Bay in Campbell Township.



The Baptist Church and Parsonage at Spring Bay in Campbell Township.

Each morning found arms full of vigor,
And bodies refreshed by repose,
While even the long winter's rigor
Our energy helped to disclose.

Then the student held services there,
That early historical day;
And though scant was the room, we could spare
A place where o'er night he might stay.

For he travelled and labored so hard,
On foot, through the whole long day;
And with little financial reward,
He faithfully labored away.

Yes, he travelled, made visits and preached
Throughout the whole week on his route,
Sore of foot, tired of limb, till he reached
Each pioneer's dwelling remote.

There was many a snug little shack,
Where the chorus of song did arise;
And the woods the sweet echoes sent back
But the sentiment sought out the skies.

There were also the Book and the prayer,
And looking to God as a Guide,
And the first seeds of Grace planted there,
Whose fruits no conditions could hide.

But the family circle's now gone;
And links have been snatched from the chain;
From earth they have passed one by one;
But few of the dear ones remain.

The times of joy, laughter and jest,
And of sportive games we enjoyed
With our loved ones who've gone to their rest,
Can never again be employed!

So the old shanty brings recollections
That no other home can provide,
Brings most tender thoughts and reflections
Which till death shall with us abide.

Oh, oft in the plain old log dwelling,
The virtue, truth, vigor and brain,
Of this nation, in progress excelling
Have been moulded to bear Life's strain.

The Blue Jay

A large spring creek in Tehkummah.

THE ANGLER'S SONG

O come with me! O come and see
The sights along the way,
Till waning light proclaims the night,
Before we reach Blue Jay.

Though late at night we reach the site
Of the old mill dull and gray,
At early morn we'll slumber scorn,
To fish in the Blue Jay.

'Tis a delight in the morning bright,
To think of the grand day,
When with a will we'll have our fill
Of fishing in Blue Jay.

With hook and line the sport is fine,
And profitable pay,
To slacken the reel and fill our creel,
On the banks of fair Blue Jay.

In the stream brook trout dart in and out,
From morn till sunset's ray,
When home we lie, and bid good-bye
To Tehkummah's Blue Jay.

Though we conclude from
This business is no play,
Yet we would go to-morrow, know,
To try it in Blue Jay.

CLOSE

The oldest pioneers now have well nigh passed away;
They, too, their battles well fought, fine courage did
display.

Their memory dear still lingers, their labors, too, are still
Fruit bearing rich on all sides, by valley, plain and hill,—
And may their sons and daughters be loyal to their charge,
And many passing years see their progress still enlarge.

Manitoulin, now we leave you, so far as goes our song;
May naught occur to grieve you, aye may your joy prolong;
Still may the spirit move you, of kindness and of truth;
Still may your people love you,—age, middle-age and
youth;

And may our loving Saviour, here many harvests find,
True Christians in behavior, because they're such in mind.

Miscellaneous Poems

THE BOY WHO ALWAYS SMILED

I knew a boy, a fine bright lad,
"A sunshine lad" he might be styled,
Whose cheerful face aye made me glad;
He was the boy who always smiled.

He'd kindly ways and cheery words,
So unlike boys that are termed "wild",
His heart seemed lightsome as a bird's,
The pleasant boy who always smiled.

He was an open-hearted boy,
So trustful, generous and mild
Nor knew deception's false alloy,
The happy boy who always smiled.

And in the burdens of each day,
And labors oft, though but a child,
He seemed to take the load away,
And lighten life, the boy who smiled.

And whether at his task or play,
My cares and worries he beguiled,
For gladdening face, like sunbeams ray,
Possessed the boy who always smiled.

But oh, came death, so sudden, soon,
'Twas hard, hard to be reconciled !
It stripped me of Heaven's blessed boon,
The bright-faced boy who always smiled.

But though I've missed him, oh, so much,
I know he's with the Undeified,
And knows naught now of earth's rude touch,
The blessed boy who always smiled.

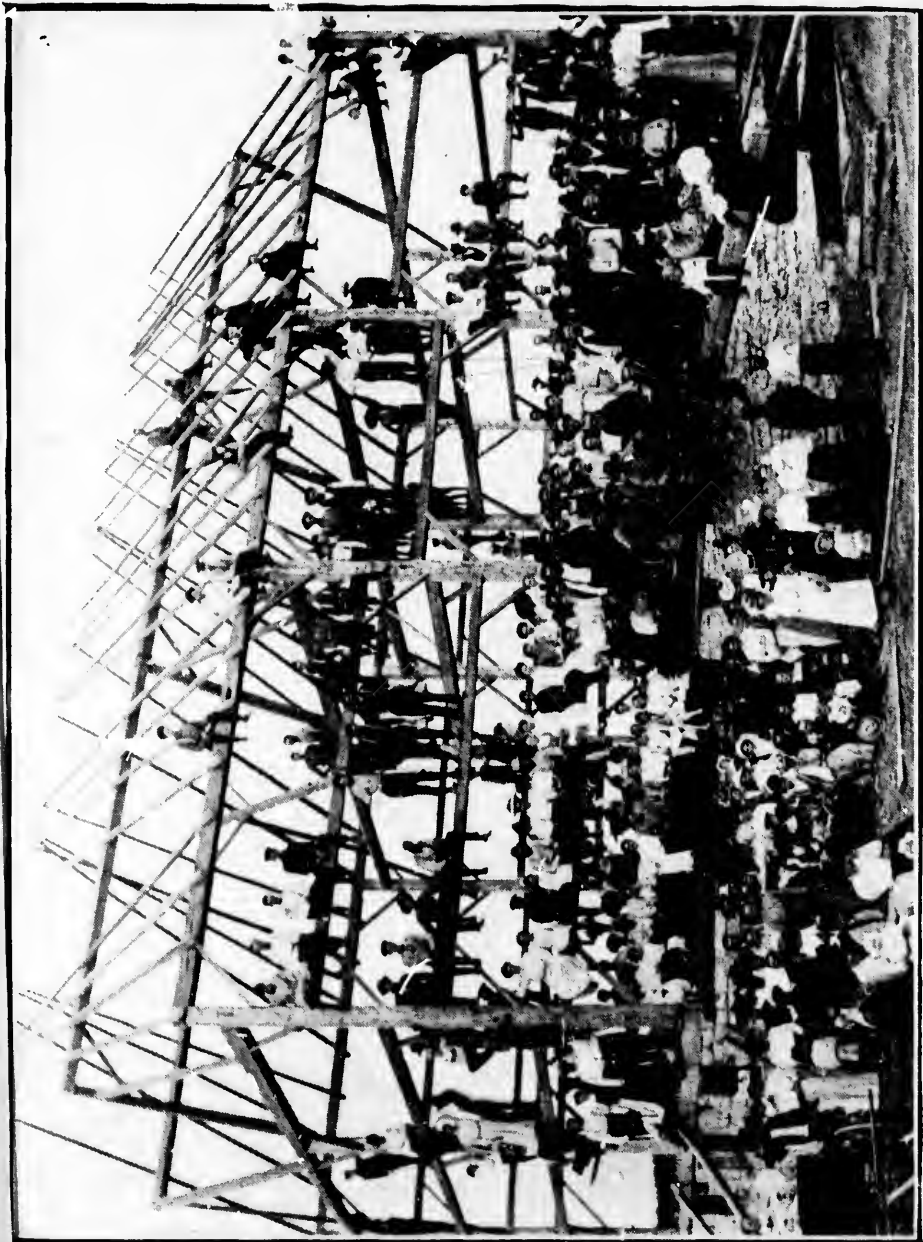
This, too, I know--Throughout the years,
As week on week is fast up-piled,
The memory of that sweet life cheers
And helps me, for he always smiled.

THERE'S A WAY

There's a way that is certainly wrong;
And surely it is very sad
That in this way there is a vast throng
Of evil-disposed, vile and bad;
And some in it seemed to delight;
Its atmosphere is their life breath,
Though its pathway descends through the night
Of moral obliquity, death.

There's a way that may seem to be right;
And the road may seem smooth and good,
With its prospects alluringly bright,
And our hearts in a cheerful mood
Let's be sure how it stands to the end,
Before we begin on its course,
Lest we lose the right pathway, and wend
To the bog of regret and remorse.

There's a way that may seem to invite;
To fortune it may seem to lead;
And the goal may seem so near in sight,
That we haste to increase our speed.
Alas ! When we get there, 'tis gone,
Like the rainbow and cup of gold;
'Twas but a mirage we looked on !
There's not even the image to hold !



TYPICAL GATHERING AT BARN-RAISING, MANITOULIN ISLAND.



There's a way o'er the soft lawns of ease,
In the chariot of Indolence,
Where the scenes and experiences please,
Though there's oft lack of pluck and sense;
There's naught there to kindle the fires
Of an aspiration sublime,
Unfertile its soil for noble desires,
No incentive to rise and climb.

There's a way—'tis an underground route—
That leads from the crypt of deceit;
Into this let us not set our foot,
But keep from this cavern retreat;
For its pathway is laden with mire;
Its dark walls exude fetid slime,
And it quenches each lofty desire,
'Tis laden with falsehood and crime.

There's a way that is sometimes so hard
That we'd much rather not pursue;
'Tis a way that brings splendid reward,
Whatever we may have to do.
'Tis the pathway of Duty, so straight,
Where Grace, Truth and Honor reside,
And leads to the highest estate,
Where Heaven's richest blessings abide.

Let us then take the very best way,
Whate'er circumstances may be;
And we'll find that it always will pay,
Both for time and eternity.
'Tis the way where the conscience is clear;
And man winces not 'neath its rod,
But with purposes noble, sincere,
Loves his fellowman and his God.

THE CALL OF THE HOUR

Here's to the boys in khaki!
Here's to the noble men
Who are serving king and country,
By river, hill and fen!
Our thoughts go oft out to them;
Our hearts are with them too;
They'll do their share to onward bear
The loved "Red, White and Blue."

They fight for Truth and Freedom;
They war against leagued Wrong,—
To stand for the weak and helpless
Makes every warrior strong.

The Tyrant of Oppression,
Must cease the powers to sway,
When men with might fight for the Right,
As men are doing to-day.

If Barbarism should triumph,
And disregard of vow,
The banner of Truth be trampled,
And freedom in bondage bow,
Woe then to our fair country,
And to the world at large;
Then let us pray for our men away,--
How sacred is their charge!

Enlist although we cannot,
Yet something we can do
To assist in this great struggle,
The vallant, strong and true.
Then let us do our duty
Toward those who bear the brunt,
And for our cause and righteous laws,
Are fighting at the front!

That those who caused this conflict
Had Canada in view,
Now seems quite as apparent
As one and one make two;
Why all that preparation?
Why fill the world with spies?
Like Babel's Tower a vast world power
Was certainly the prize.

A nation cruel, committing
Such perpetrations great,
Has no right of remaining
A powerful, leading state.
In the grand march of progress,
Humanity must sway;
Rights for the weak must the nations seek,
Royal Justice and Fair Play.

For day by day discloses
Some underhanded scheme
Which Infamy exposes,
Beyond the power of dream;
Hypocrisy, Dishonor
And Cruelty have planned
The Right to thwart, and break the heart,
That Might may hold command.

Here's to the splendid women
Who in so many ways,
By unwearied, faithful labors,
Are worthy of all praise !
They do their part right royally !
Their heart impels their hand !
The world shall read their noble deed,
While history shall stand

Then here's to the men in khaki !
But let us find our purse,
Lest we to help refusing,
Bring to ourselves a curse;
For, "God is in His Heaven,"
And maketh wars to cease,
And will regard and all reward
Who help the world to peace.

THE CRUCIAL HOUR

"The Hagarites were delivered into their hand, and all that were with them; for they cried to God in battle, and He was intreated of them; because they put their trust in Him."—I Chron. 5 ; 20.

"With him (Sennacherib) is an arm of flesh; but with us is the Lord our God to help us and to fight our battles."
—King Hezekiah.

"The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid ?" "The God of Israel is He that giveth strength and power to his people."—King David.

Dark, lowering and depressing is the scene !
No room for jovial mirth and boastful mien !
O God, we pray thou'lt by Thy sovereign power,
Cut short this dread and agonizing hour !

We leave the work with Thee—Thou knowest best—
And humbly bow before Thy wise behest;
Thou knowest that the time is fully ripe,
Grave, giant evils from this earth to wipe.

But save us, Father, from the impious thought,
That we in innocence our part have wrought,
Our hands are in a measure fettered here,
Because we've followed Thee afar, not near.

Enormous wrongs there truly are, to right;
But Victory on our banner cannot light,
Until we nearer get to Thee, and pray,
And trust as David in Goliath's day.

We're trusting too much to the strength of men,
To War's munitions, military ken,
Resourceful, earthly, instrumental means;
On these too much our expectation leans.

We need to call for mercy, and confess
Our sinful habits and unrighteousness,
And pray to Thee, great Helper of the Right,
To give us vict'ry in this dreadful fight.

We know our cause is just; and Right must win;
But help us, Lord, to farther get from sin,
And trust Thee more, and know Thy power to save
From human foes, and acts, too, that enslave.

Give men the courage that comes forth from Thee,
And leaves life in Thy hands resignedly,
That bravely battles, by Thy power controlled,
The cause of Truth and Justice to uphold.

And with the mind of Christ in full accord,
Forth goes to fight the battles of the Lord—
The nations all are 'neath Thy chastening rod!
Grant us Thy mercy! Help the Right, O God!

And help us, Heavenly Father, like Thy Son,
To banish hate for those who wrongs have done,
Though the word "hate", but partially conveys
Our feelings for vile, ultra-barbarous ways.

And while our wrath for infamy, fierce burns,
Grant that we make not similar returns;
But honorably strike for Truth and Right;
The War is Thine! O wisdom grant and might.

Grant us the will to fully look to Thee,
For Thou dost will that all men should be free;
No harsh oppressor long can hold the field;
The earth is for the meek! The Lord's their shield!

Then help us, Lord, with will to rally forth,
Who know what Freedom's boon is really worth,
For weak and helpless nations firm to stand,
And by Thy power o'erthrow the Tyrant's hand.

The Sailors' Grave

The storm had spent its force
Upon the rocky shore ;
The waves yet murmured hoarse,
Receding more and more.
An Indian reached the pretty bay,
Where waves rolled wildly yesterday.

What made him stand and gaze
With nervous, startled mien ?
The sight aroused amaze ;
Two bodies there were seen
Near to some wreckage, stiff and stark,
Sailors of some ill-fated barque.

White men — then rare to see —
Drowned, battered by the storms !
Did he but glance and flee
From these bruised, lifeless forms ?
The sad sight touched the savage heart,
And made the streams of love out-start.

A mighty rock stood high,
Projecting o'er its base,
Within the woods near by,
A quiet, sheltered place ;
Beneath the huge, o'erhanging side,
He could those shipwrecked bodies hide.

He carried them with care,
Although the task was hard ;
And laid the dead men there,
Not looking for reward ;
But conscience brought him thanks that day,
For kindness always has its pay.

He then upheaped logs, stones
And brush to cover o'er —
Kindness for much atones ;
This old world needs some more —
By savage hand this act might be —
Christ said "This deed is done to Me."

The White Man came in time—
Proceeding to explore,
He found among the grime
The bones there placed before ;
He carried them as souvenirs thence,
In sacrilegious diffidence.

We need not here enlarge,
Or lessons from this draw,
With bitter, lengthy charge
To say who revered law,
Or who the human part displayed,
And who the savage mind betrayed.

Sunshine

When the clouds hang heavily, cheerless,
And oft gloomily threaten to fall,
We may always be hopeful and fearless,
There's a land where no storm can appall.
'Tis the land of the beautiful sunshine,
Where no storms ever come to destroy ;
Let us think of the beautiful sunshine
In the land of perpetual joy.

Oh, the burdens are weighty at times here,
And the road's hard to journey along ;
But we always can find on our path cheer,
And there always is room for a song ;
For the land of the beautiful sunshine,
Sends its radiance bright all the way ;
Yes, the land of beautiful sunshine,
Can soon turn darkest night into day.

O kind brother, then don't let us worry,
And collapse 'neath a burden of care,
And so end this brief life in a hurry,
On account of the troubles we bear.
Let us seek for the beautiful sunshine
That may glow on our pathway while here,
And bask in the beautiful sunshine ;
'Tis so soothing, so cheering and near.

It is better to wrinkle our features
With bright smiles than with many a frown ;
For the All-Wise desires human creatures
E'er to upward look rather than down,
That they may see the beautiful sunshine,
And be thankful to God for all good,
And so realize that the bright sunshine
E'er will many an evil exclude.

Though the clouds, darkly frowning, portend ill,
We'll remember it is not for aye,
But the zenith is radiant and pure still,
In the realm that is farther away.
So we'll look, brother, oft to the sunshine;
And if experiences point to dismay,
We'll dilute them a little with sunshine;
And we'll find this to be the best way.

God Save Our Men

Good bless our valiant men ;
Protect our splendid men;
God save our men.
In War's most dread array
May they ne'er know dismay,
Victors for Right each day ;
God save our men.

Lord, do Thou each inspire
With loyal hero-fire --
His Country's pride--
And 'mid the battle's woe,
True kindness may he show
Each wounded, captured foe,
Nor friendship hide.

Watch, guide and guard them, Lord ;
Their path light by Thy word;
Preserve our men.
Amid temptations rife,
Amid the battle's strife
May Honor mark their life,
Till home again.

Or, if they never come
To greet loved friends at home,
But hill or fen
Their burial place shall prove.
Be with them in Thy love,
To bear their souls above;
God save our men.

God bless those women and men
Who nobly acted when
Hearing the call.
They bravely forward went,
On work of mercy bent,
Tending the wounded, spent,
God save them all.

THE END

A Tribute

I am silently thinking to-night
Of those I shall ne'er see on earth ;
They have passed from my physical sight ;
From their late homes no more they come forth ;
But to memory's sight they stand in the light,
And shine undiminished in worth.

In my labour I found them so true !
When depressed they gave cheer to my heart ;
They revived oft my courage anew,
And were sure to accomplish their part ;
On these to the end one could safely depend,
For they moved not by fit and by start.

There are friends good and true that remain ;
Yet I long for old faces, as when
All unbroken remained friendship's chain
Of tested, true women and men ;
In Life's earnest race they honored their place—
How I wish we could meet so, again !

How I miss the warm clasp of the hand,
The kind and ingenuous smile,
And the counsel and help of the band
That has ceased earthly labors meanwhile !
God grant that I may at the end of the day,
Meet them yonder, where naught can defile.

Our Dead Heroes

Many thoughts speed over the ocean,
To Langemarch, Ypres, and Lens,
To steep Vimy Ridge and to Courcellette,
And Passchendaele's mud craters, won.

Canadians there tested their mettle,
Proved true to the name that they bore ;
Some are sleeping to-day, with a crosslet
To tell that they could do no more.

It ne'er has been said that they faltered,
Though often the odds might be great ;
They have won a name for their country,
That their country will proudly relate.

Though some will no more see their homeland,
Nor here meet their loved ones again,
It will ever be said to their honor,
That they fought for the issue like men.

And though many a sigh will be burdened,
And many a tear will be shed ;
When these, soothed by Time, will have lessened,
The brave faithful deeds will be read.

And the thought oft will come to the sorrowing,
And comfort will bring day and night,
That their loved ones were brave and faithful,
And gave their lives for the Right.

Yes, these stand in a nation's honor,
For they fell in loved Freedom's cause;
For this they gave their young life-blood,
Nor courted a nation's applause.

All honor, all honor we give them,
The husbands and sons so brave,
Who sleep in France and in Flanders,
In a soldier's royal grave.

Ypres (eepr) ; Lens (lon).

To the Dissembler

You may present a smiling face,
And seem to look so fair,
Be gifted with such charming grace,
One longs your ways to share.

And yet beneath a winning way,
Behind a pleasant smile,
There lurk conditions that betray
Hypocrisy and guile.

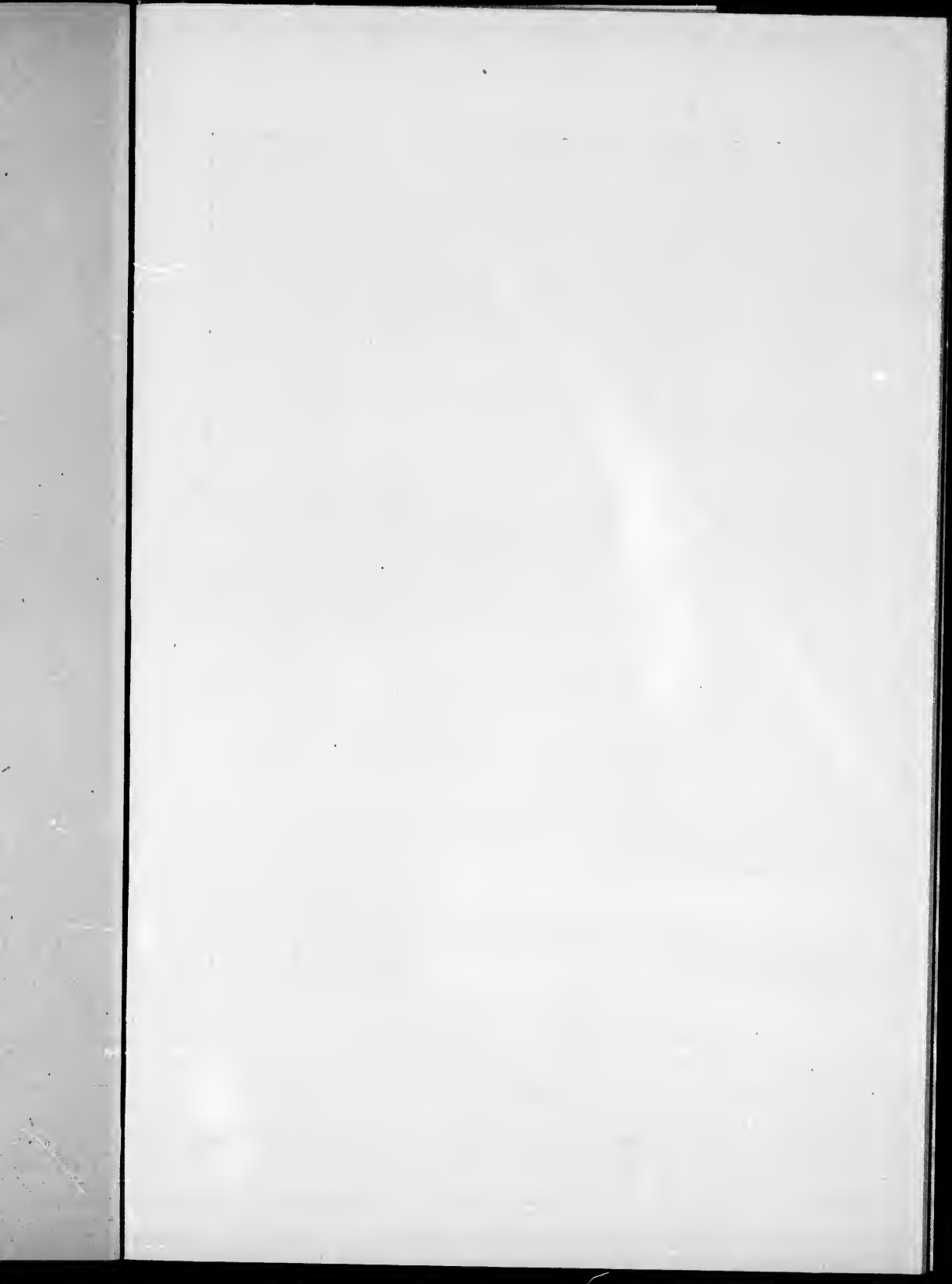
One little would suspect your thought,
For fair your face to view;
One ne'er would dream deceitful plot,
In such fair realm could brew.

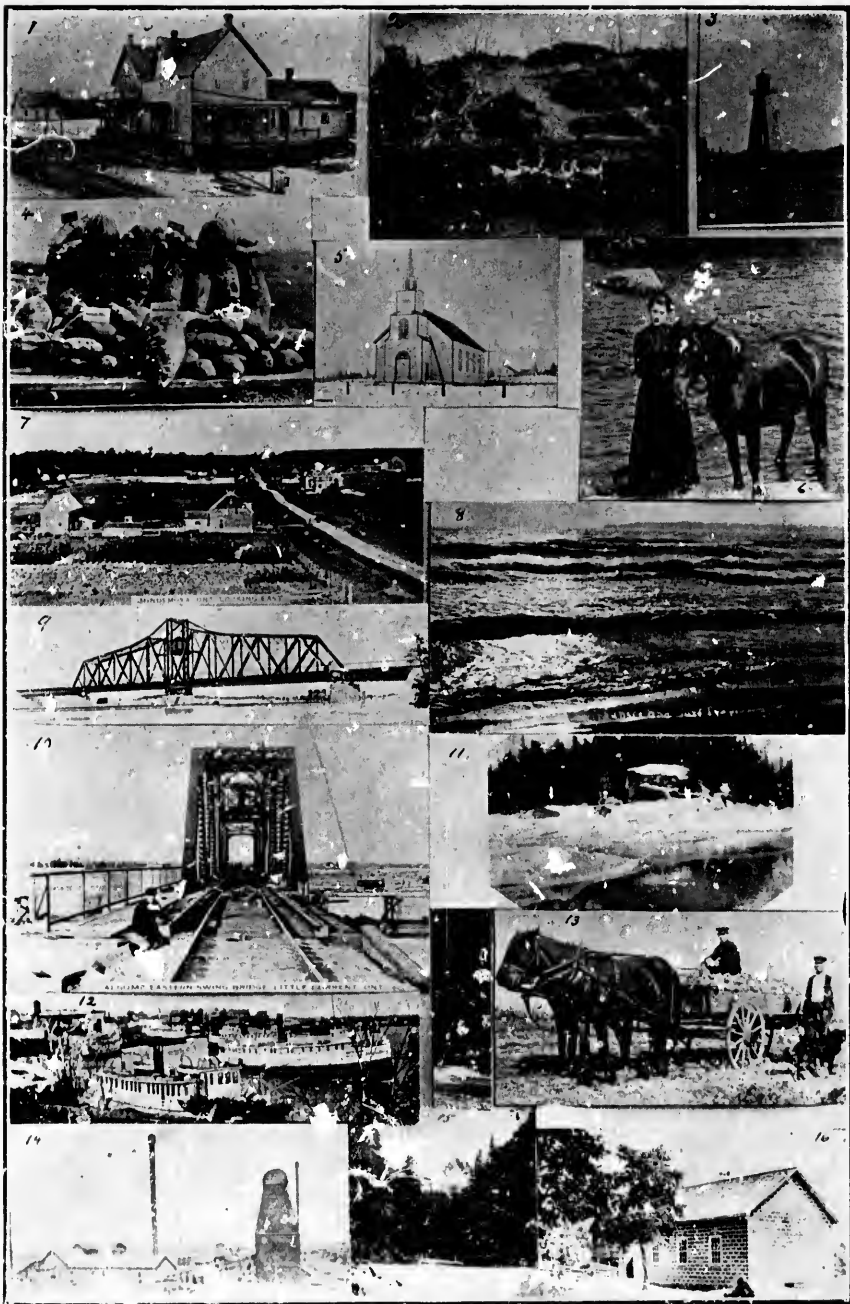
But after all the outspoken friend,
Who does not always please,
Is one on whom we may depend,
When sailing stormy seas.

You're truly sweet: You'll not offend;
Too sweet you are to last;
You're ready to agree and bend,
In any mould be cast.

Your words and deeds may seem so fair,
So honest and well meant;
But in the pretty garb you wear,
Is hid an ugly rent.

The copy of your deeds away then,
Not with the proof accord;
Thus you deceive your fellowmen;
You'll not deceive the Lord.







1. Mr. A. J. Wagg's Store and Dwelling, Mindemoya
2. View on the Mill Pond, Providence Bay
3. Lighthouse, Providence Bay
4. Prize Roots, Mindemoya
5. Roman Catholic Church at the Indian Village of West Bay
6. View on the Manitou River, Snowville
7. A view of Mindemoya
8. Surf on Providence Bay, near sunset
9. A. E. R. Bridge, Little Current, side view
10. A. E. R. Bridge, Little Current, end view
11. Black Rock, Providence Bay, in Winter
12. Little Current Harbour
13. Harvesting Root Crop, Mindemoya
14. Red Mill, Little Current
15. View near Providence Bay
16. Mindemoya United Church, now being replaced by a new structure



Soldiers of the Soil

If we cannot war with weapons,
In the field against the foe,
Where the roar of battle rages,
Yet to battle we can go;
In the peaceful field of labour
There is work for us to do.

Who can stem the onward progress
Of the enemies of Right,
If there are not patriotic
Food-producers in the fight,
Men and women, robust children,
All at work with will and might?

Brave men had to leave the farm home,
Leave the factory, leave the store,
Leave the office and all labour,
For a war we all deplore,
The fruit of blind Ambition's pride,
A Tyrant's whim and nothing more.

Men both able and courageous
Are arrayed in Justice' cause;
And the home support must answer,
True as Nature to her laws;
Men will never gain the victory,
With no helpers but applause!

So at home are soldiers valiant.
Wrestling with the stubborn soil,
Needful in those strenuous duties,
Faithful in their daily toil,
That our warrior men may battle
The proud Enslavers' schemes to foil.

Far away are peoples starving,
Women, men and children there,
The innocent to the despoiler
A prey, while rises many a prayer;
While we pray we'll also labour
Needed succor to prepare.

Young and old will join the standard
Of the food producing corps,
And home soldiers show their valour,
With goodwill their strength outpour
Freely, in a righteous conflict,
Soldiers at home from shore to shore.

Fill the ranks then men and women,
Boys and girls, all take a hand,
That there may a full production
Be secured throughout the land,
And a record harvest gathered,
Such as plenty will command!

ERRATA

Page	Verse			
5	9	"moments of"	should be	moments thought of
9	5	"nest"	" "	rest
12	1	"settlers"	" "	settler
15	4	"Sheguindah"	" "	Sheguiandah
17	5	"boat calls"	" "	boats call
25	2	"even death"	" "	even to death
26	1	"swamp"	" "	swamp.
29	1	"slumbering"	" "	slumbering
35	1	"bells"	" "	bells'
39	7	"sunbeams	" "	sunbeam's

