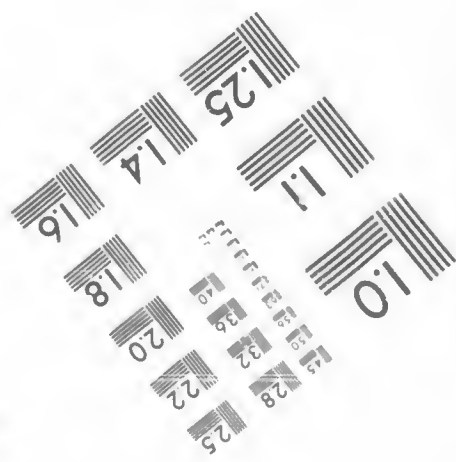
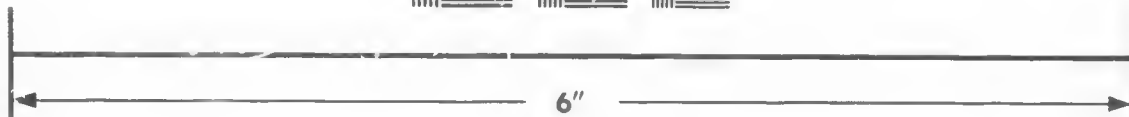
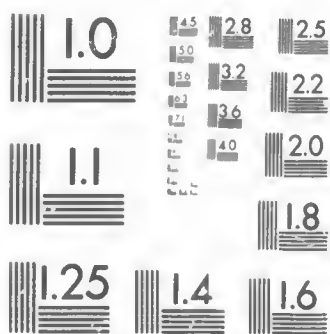


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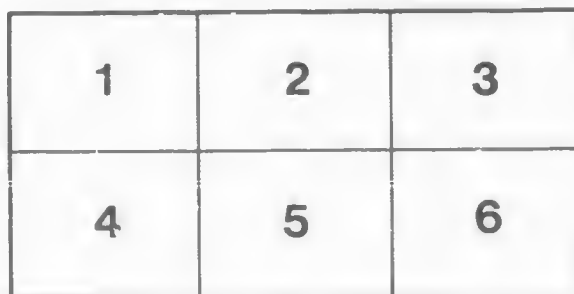
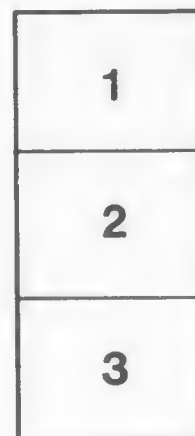
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THE  
WATER LILY.

A POEM.

~~~~~  
By "ALBYN." pseud

~~~~~  
Shiels, Andrew  
=

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,  
Whose accents flow with artless ease,  
Like Orient pearls at random strung:  
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say;  
But oh! far sweeter, if they please  
The one for whom these notes are sung.—HAFIZ.

-----  
HALIFAX:  
PRINTED BY JAMES BOWES & SON.  
1852.

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AS  
A MARK  
OF  
THE AUTHOR'S HIGH ESTEEM,  
THIS POEM  
IS INSCRIBED TO  
THE HONOURABLE WILLIAM YOUNG,  
Speaker of the House of Assembly of Nova Scotia,  
BY  
HIS HUMBLE SERVANT,  
"ALBYN."

January 13th, 1851.

2010



## ANALYSIS OF THE POEM.



The subject proposed—apostrophe to the Mayflower—inscribed to the Speaker—difficulty to treat an original subject—beauties of the sacred oracles—natural tendency of events in this life to call attention to another scene of existence—some symbols of Heaven found in nature—the flower-mania in different ages—the water-lily selected as the subject of the poem, its aspects and influence—a practical illustration of Divine Grace apparent in its analogy to man—poetical description of it—effects on the imagination produced by it—a monitor to the poet—an useful study to the preachers of the Gospel—enthusiastic effects of it upon the Indians—the Micmac Chief—its influence upon the tribe—on the belle—on the peer and the peasant—contrary effects exemplified on a little orphan—fate of a disobedient son—the dying infant—influence of flowers exerted through life—their special uses—description of the water-lilies in full bloom—their poetical inspiration—the poet's longings to be like them—concludes by adverting to the time when they may be his only memorial.



## THE WATER LILY.

---

Awed by the numbers of the martyr host  
Once crown'd with bays, now in oblivion lost—  
By adverse fate a niche in fame denied,  
Nor epitaph—but that they sung and died ;—  
And oft admonish'd, by the distance still  
That is between me and the forked hill,  
(Where waves the laurel, with unfading leaves,  
'That half the theft of hoary time retrieves)  
How faint the hope, that e'er the sacred vine,  
May in its foliage wreath a verse of mine—  
I pause to mark some wilding in the West,  
Whereon my mem'ry may hereafter rest ;  
Not *those* by genius from Parnassus torn—  
But *these* the persevering may adorn—  
Some simple blossom, native and unsung,  
Of Nova Scotia's fragrant lineage sprung,  
Such as the woodman's hand may not deflow'r,  
Nor Micmac banish from his rustic bow'r ;  
And could I choose—how apposite appears  
That spotless plume the water lily bears.

Nurs'ling of Nature! Keepsake of the past!  
 Born in the storm, and cherish'd in the blast;  
 Record of lovers! whether to thy name  
 April or May paternity lay claim,  
 A transcript of the Nova-Scotian's mind  
 Is with the story of thy life entwined;  
 What time the school-boy finds thee in the shade,  
 The deep foundations of his joy, are laid,  
 The pure emotions that ambition gives,  
 Within his bosom then awakes and lives.  
 Thy home, the wild, the frost thy swaddl'ng band,  
 Thy beauty brightens by the tempest fann'd,  
 A placid smile for ever on thy face,  
 Tho' clasped firm in winter's rude embrace;  
 Thy purple blushes lavish'd on the snow,  
 Rich in perfume and captivating glow.

Unfading still, as by the minstrel breathed, (1)  
 Abide the virtues upon thee enwreathed;  
 The mirror, where Acadia's daughters see  
 Their charms reflected, may be found in thee:  
 Our statesmen's ardour, and our patriot's fire,  
 Thy sybil leaves can hush, or can inspire;  
 Those aspirations, in the breast of Howe,  
 Their first beginnings to thy beauties owe,—  
 The very manner, and the very mien,  
 Brought "Ornus" homage, upon thee are seen. (2)  
 Sweetness like thine can tyranny restrain,  
 Nor such a jewel despots dare profane:

And unpretending tho' thy form appear,  
 No craven eye beholds it without fear;  
 O! ever sacred unto freedom, be  
 The happy land that is embalmed by thee!

Legend of plighted troth—and broken vow  
 Forgotten—but for thee forgotten now;  
 'Those promises, that unperform'd remain,  
 Are in thy presence whisper'd o'er again,  
 (Alas for these that wantonly impart  
 A secret wound to a confiding heart)  
 Hopes that have been, and happiness to be,  
 Smiles—tears—and sighs, are register'd on thee:  
 Pathos and pleasure from thine odours rise,  
 And pity's tale hid in thy blossom lies.  
 Flow'r of the forest, by the muse controll'd,  
 My numbers *now* may not thy lore unfold,  
 But ev'n when kneeling at thy rival's shrine,  
 The yearnings of the poet's heart are thine.

'Tis not because that in the modern time  
 A high regard seems higher set in rhyme,  
 Nor, that the letter'd and the learn'd may see  
 How unforgotten friendship is by me,  
 Nor eulogise your cultivated mind,  
 Distinguish'd justly by a taste refined,  
 Young—that the muse, auspiciously with me,  
 Commends the labours of our love to thee,—  
 But that my own, may, with the Speaker's name,  
 Become associate in the rolls of fame.

And the effusions that from nature spring  
Be shelter'd under erudition's wing.

What is there left, when poets come to glean,  
In Earth or Heaven, that prophets have not seen ;  
What unemploy'd similitude, that still  
Some sacred purpose is not called to fill ?  
What might a living majesty diffuse  
Upon the sculpture fashion'd by the muse.  
Is set apart, and syllables in rhyme,  
With pigmy fingers point to the sublime.

Unto the lively oracles belong  
The colours blended in the bow of song ;  
John's Revelation, and Isaiah's verse,  
Extend as far as human thought can pierce ;  
Various and vast in beams of glory shine,  
Their images of Deity's design ;  
Nor less the bold conception that appears  
In what has tingled thro' Ezekiel's ears,—  
No stroke is wanting, tho' the strokes be few,  
In that appalling profile Nahum drew ;  
And in the Epic, Job has pencill'd, lives  
A grandeur only inspiration gives ;—  
Emblems of Love, the flow'rs around us rise,  
And pow'r in symbols sparkles from the skies ;  
Nor have the elements a type that's free  
Or unprofaned, if borrow'd now by me.  
Look we beneath, where torment never ends,  
And all that's terrible with us descends :

God's wrath pour'd out; th' inhabitants that dwell  
 In quenchless fire, prepared for them in hell.  
 And if above, among salvation's heirs,  
 Whate'er gives joy is consecrated theirs;  
 Nor is the sea of mingled glass and gold,  
 And mighty angels, half that we behold.  
 But, in the glow of metaphor, we seem  
 To see the souls Messiah did redeem,  
 And almost lift our voices to begin  
 The songs of them that have been wash'd from sin.

Can it be strange that in a state like ours,  
 Where day by day we lose life's cherish'd flow'rs;  
 Where oftentimes the heart is rent in twain,  
 And only closes to be cleft again.  
 If in the visions of a world to come,  
 And the frail tenure of our earthly home,  
 O! is it strange, if what may this succeed,  
 Be sometimes forced upon our "earnest heed:"  
 Or in reflecting where reflections yield,  
 No information of the unreveal'd.  
 If yet of Heav'n the poet's plastic eye,  
 One figure more should labour to supply;  
 Or that the harp interpreting his mind  
 Should bid it live with melody enshrined.

Need I exhaust, what may exhausted seem.  
 'Tho' still to poets an exhaustless theme;  
 The attributes that to the Rose belong,  
 Its very names lends sweetness unto song.

Or bring the diamond from the distant mine,  
And bid it in celestial splendour shine;  
Or with the stars of morning for my guide,  
The dew-drops gather from the mountain side;  
Or make the pearls that strew the mighty deep,  
Unfold the secrets they are charged to keep.  
No—all to me are tokens from above,  
And bear the impress of Almighty love,  
But more illustrious to poetic eyes—  
The glorious Lily on the water lies.

The time has been—nor distant is the age,  
When Roses were with amateurs the rage;  
The mania changed, and tulips next became  
The incarnation of undying fame;  
Then rose an era when the Dahlia tribe  
Had all the virtues they to flow'rs ascribe,  
And now surpassing those that erst have been.  
Camellias and Japonica's are seen;  
What bold usurper's destined to efface  
This dynasty, it is not mine to trace;  
Or what exotic, with ephem'ral pride,  
May o'er the hot-house multitude preside.  
As fancy dictates, or caprice inclines,  
Shall be the household Deity that shines,  
But water-lilies to my verse can give  
An annual verdure and a name to live.

When from repose these peerless gems awake,  
As the soft zephyrs kiss the tranquil lake,



And blushing wavelets to the shores confess,  
To them how pleasing felt the fond caress ;  
In strange astonishment the mind beholds  
A living type of Heav'n beneath their folds ;  
Meekness and peace and innocence and joy,  
At once the senses and the soul employ ;  
'They seem exempted from the awful doom  
'That robb'd the earth of its primeval bloom,  
And in the incense that they breathe around,  
An atmosphere of holiness is found.  
Could spirits dwelling in the realms of bliss,  
Pass the fixed gulf and be our guests in this,  
How meet it were their communing with ours,  
Should be the speechless rhetoric of flow'rs,  
And what immortals would to mortals say—  
The water-lilies could to them convey.

Another end—and more important still,  
(To us the most important they fulfil)  
Is to the senses evidence address,  
Of what the souls that's sanctified possess,  
And aid perceptions that we entertain,  
Of what they are that have been born again ;  
'There Nicodemus might behold them stand,  
An illustration of the Lord's command ;  
Nor faith be stagger'd where the eye perceives  
His doctrine symbol'd on their snowy leaves,  
And the transforming influence of grace  
In "operation" on our fallen race ;

Upon their structure vividly pourtray'd  
Without—beyond imagination's aid.  
Alike to the wayfaring and the wise,  
'The pleasing paraphrase that meets our eyes ;  
In their transition from the vile of things,  
And soaring sunward with rejoicing wings,  
Are we not taught regenerating power  
And bliss begun by this enchanting flower.

Ah ! had that emblem never bless'd the sight  
Nor bared its bosom to the beams of light ;  
Could fancy picture—or could hope disclose,  
What such a mirror to the sceptic shows ;  
'Tis not by chance analogy became  
So closely copied from the human frame,  
Nor that a fabric that in filth began,  
Should evidence affinity to man,  
And without trenching upon hallow'd ground  
Still stronger might the simile be found.

Pre-eminent in attributes and grace,  
Above its fellows of the floral race ;  
A purer element than earth is given  
To this imposing messenger of Heaven,  
In attestation of the higher pow'rs,  
It manifests among the elect flow'rs ;  
Nor would ev'n reason daringly persuade,  
It bloom'd for nothing but that it might fade,  
Or count the musings that it may inspire,  
The empty flourish of a frenzied lyre.

Beauty is there—but is not there alone,  
The sister graces cluster round that throne;  
Quiescent some—some more with pomp appear,  
And the insignia of their order wear.  
There modesty still bashful to be seen,  
Altho' at home—on loveliness doth lean,  
Whilst loveliness shows a confiding air,  
And lovelier seems to see her fav'rite there.  
Untouch'd by nature's pencil is the hue  
Of innocence—yet naked to the view,  
Her tresses are not braided up beneath,  
Such circlet as her fellow-virgins wreath;  
But in uncropt luxuriance at her feet,  
Unclasping thence the volumed ringlets meet;  
Nor are the charms that sweetness call her own  
There undistinguished or their power unknown;  
In vain her mantle's amplitude—and vain  
The measured distance that she would maintain.  
When thro' the blush of mingled "gold and green,"  
The magic bracelets of the nymph are seen,  
And in her smile an amulet is found,  
Disarms the envious of the power to wound.

Can it be fancy, or does pleasure's voice  
Bid the faint pulses of the heart rejoice,  
I hear a tone ascending from the lake,  
More exquisite than ev'n the harp can make;  
Ineffable thro' ev'ry nerve it thrills,  
And the rapt soul with deep emotion fills;

'Tis the celestial visitants begun  
 Their salutations to the rising sun;  
 Whilst from the liquid temple every eye,  
 Instinctive opens to the orient sky;  
 Their leaves are vocal with the hymn of praise,  
 That ev'n the flow'rs to their creator raise.

Woe to Bethsaida—to Chorazin woe,  
 Exalted high—their doom is to be low;  
 If Sodom and Gommorha against them  
 Be made the evidence that shall condemn,  
 Pause not, O! Albyn, to record the shame  
 Of infidels that bear the christian name;  
 But tremble lest the water-lilies be  
 In the last judgment found accusing thee.

How oft distracted—and distracting flow  
 The preacher's periods to an answering blow;  
 How oft the emphasis of deep alarm,  
 To trembling souls he seconds with his arm;  
 Attesting stamps the awful message seal,  
 The text tho' tortured scarcely will reveal,  
 And illustrations turn'd to ev'ry shape,  
 Let not a shadow of the truth escape.  
 Were it not christian tho' the pious storm,  
 Should from the lilies take a milder form,  
 And learn from these ambassadors to move  
 The harden'd sinner with a voice of love,  
 Not less efficient what they do unfold,  
 Tho' with the meekness of a cherub told.

Mark yonder student in a reverie,  
 On what has been—or what is yet to be ;  
 Some subtle thesis that he must explore,  
 'To gauge his depth in Academic lore,  
 Perchance the plague the seventh angel pours  
 On this devoted atmosphere of ours ;  
 Or what is more mysteriously sublime,  
 Prophetic Time and Times—and half a Time ;  
 Or if the last interpretation given,  
 Of the eighth beast that cometh of the seven,  
 Ev'n it that was and is not—shall be found  
 In the Imperial President *when crown'd* ;  
 Or whether reprobation or free will,  
 Require the mission that he must fulfil ;  
 All fruitful themes unto a student's mind,  
 'The more if either be to him assign'd.

Not now the subject that demands my song,  
 What exercises unto him belong ;  
 But mark him yonder in the noon-day heat,  
 Beside lake Manor seek a cool retreat ;     [there,  
 How changed the footsteps that have brought him  
 To quiet study and refreshing air ;  
 'The task delay'd that he retired to con—  
 And ev'ry trace of gravity is gone ;  
 The full-blown lilies on the waters brim.  
 A more congenial sermon seem to him ;  
 Feeling and frame that thoughts profound benumb  
 At once elastic and intense become.

O'er fence and field he speeds with lighter pace,  
 Than the fleet moose tho' quicken'd by the chase :  
 Howe'er forbidding at another time,  
 The hostile briars—nor less appalling slime,  
 Impervious barriers in a leisure stroll,  
 Now goad their victim more than they controul :  
 Each tortur'd term that tells the owner's ire,  
 Adds to the frenzy that the flowers inspire ;  
 Woe to the grassy margin yet unmow'd,  
 Woe to the cluster'd berries dash'd abroad,  
 Woe to the rose leaves that around him fly,  
 Like flakes of snow descending from the sky,  
 And woe is his—the source of so much woe—  
 Plung'd in the lake amongst the ooze below.  
 Ah ! what advantage might not ardour gain,  
 If zeal and prudence were no longer twain ;  
 Not then—not then unto the swift and strong,  
 The race and battle henceforth would belong,  
 Nor enterprize less frequently obtain  
 What ill-directed energy makes vain,  
 Whether the aim might be ephem'ral gems  
 Or palms imperial—earthly diadems.

O thou unerring Counsellor ! who still  
 Delights in good, and frowns on what is ill,  
 Vicegerent given in mercy unto man !  
 Attend my footsteps thro' life's less'ning span ;  
 Whilst others tread on honor's dizzy steep,  
 Or up the glaciers of ambition creep,

Bid me contented walk the lowly vale  
Where fame ne'er stoops—nor envy can assail ;  
Far from temptations that the rich' ensnare,  
Nor agonized with over-anxious care,  
Where seeds of discord never yet have sprung  
Nor feeling hearts with misery are wrung ;  
In faith unwav'ring—to my Country true,  
Nor grudge my neighbours ev'ry one his due—  
Such the example that a parent gave,  
Such the probation meet for me to crave,  
And if within my bosom there arise  
Another wish the muse may not baptize,  
Let kindred spirits read the sacred thought  
Which Heav'ns own pen upon the Lilies wrote.

Not to the ken of connoisseurs consign'd  
'The Lily's language—there the Indians find  
(Tho' native unto them) what never tires  
The eagerness of unrestrain'd desires ;  
With eyes dilated, statue-like they stand,  
As if a sorc'rer stayed them with his wand ;  
Lost in a whirlpool of delight and awe,  
Seem the old warrior and his wither'd squaw,—  
Whate'er is blazon'd on the beauteous gem,  
More must be present in the mind to them.  
The bow neglected lies upon the beach,  
The frail canoe is floating from their reach,  
Their wigwam distant—hunger's pressing claim—  
Uncertain always where to find the game,

Forgotten these—and with the setting sun  
 'Their pleasure seems but only new begun.

Here comes the chief—a man of many years<sup>(3)</sup>  
 Beyond the scripture term his age appears—  
 Firm and erect he treads the new-mown field—  
 But in his eye, a tear is ill conceal'd ;  
 In courteous bearing his advance is made  
 To pray a favour not to be gainsay'd,  
 Brief is the parlance Indian audience needs,  
 And thus at once the embassy proceeds :

“ I say, goodman—this land that now is yours,  
 When PAUL was young was woods, and it was ours,  
 This naked hill was then a hunting ground,  
 Where caraboo the Indians always found,  
 Here too the moose—but moose do never roam  
 Where the white man destroys their shady home ;  
 Nor are the nurs'lings of the forest seen  
 Where corn is planted, or the scythe has been.  
*Our game are gone*—but I remember when  
 Beside this spring the bear did make his den,  
 And on that lake (the only thing I see  
 That shows a friendly countenance to me,)  
 Upon that lake in numbers without name,  
 Prey'd ducks and otters, or a prey became.  
 On that lean barren where no bush now grows,  
 The pines and hemlocks in their might arose,  
 And on their branches basking in the sun,



'The eagles rested when their flight was done.  
Here on this spot—can Paul this spot forget,  
Where the first wigwam that he made was set?  
Can Paul forget when Aa-pa-tes became  
The children's mother who have borne his name?  
No—here each summer since she went away,  
I come for lilies on her grave to lay;  
And *here* goodman, I come to ask of thee,  
'That my last wigwam on this spot may be.'

“ I know the winter is approaching nigh  
When the red leaves drop from the boughs and die,  
I know the tempest will be talking soon,  
When the broad belt is gather'd round the moon,  
And when my people and my home are gone,  
(Ev'n to a dog companion, I have none)  
I know the arrow must have left the bow,  
'That the Great Spirit shoots to bid me go,  
And in the shade of these remaining trees,  
'That look defiance at the northern breeze,  
With bush—and lake—and lilies in my view,  
Goodman—I long to bid this world adieu.”

When scatter'd tufts of Summer's blissful green  
Amidst the wreck of Winter's reign are seen,  
From the recesses of the distant brake,  
The hunter brings his bow'r beside the lake,  
And the first leaves that on the waters rise  
Are unto him the highest earthly prize.  
How little latitude to me appears

Between the bouquet that the red man bears,  
 And those his brother counted more refined,  
 With labour culls to gratify his mind,  
 Or still more vain—in sceptre shapen toys,  
 Ambition's dream precariously enjoys.  
 Give Queen Victoria's state, it would not bribe  
 Yon dark eyed maiden of the dusky tribe,  
 To yield the lily that her lover wove  
 Amongst her tresses in the leafy grove.

Nor are the bosoms of the younger groupe  
 Untouch'd with joy, tho' blended with the whoop;  
 There savageness in miniature is seen,  
 Thro' eyes that might be envied by a queen;  
 Ev'n to the least amongst them all are known;  
 The pagan altars that their patriarchs own,  
 Mysterious gestures 'scaping unaware,  
 The spirit of their fallen faith declare,  
 And tho' they can some ritual fulfil,  
 The water lilies are their idols still.

Nor has the belle an amulet of pow'r,  
 To guard her from that fascinating flow'r;  
 Those eyes that leave confusion in their wake,  
 Unquestion'd rivals find upon the lake,  
 And in the tear-drops that disturb their gaze,  
 Is seen the sceptre admiration sways.

For once at least the peasant and the peer  
 (Perchance unconscious that they are so near,

*That* born to labour—*this* with honors crown'd)  
 Rapt in the lab'rinth of delight are found,  
 And in the speech that is not utter'd—tell  
 What ecstasies within their bosoms dwell;  
 The spell-bound fingers that spontaneous rise,  
 From each forget their office in surprise,  
 And only by their attitude is told  
 It is the lilies that they both behold.

Yet joy-inspiring as they do appear,  
 'To many a heart they painful mem'ries bear,  
 Fountains of grief that time can ill restrain,  
 How oft by them are open'd up again,  
 And in their season incidents arise  
 Of deeper *caste* than fancy can devise.

One morning early, as the July sun  
 His journey thro' a cloudless sky begun,  
 Beside the channel where the lake comprest  
 Into a streamlet wanders to the west,  
 A little orphan stood among the grass  
 And wrung her hands in pitiful distress.  
 To ev'ry question that the Bard could frame,  
 She only answered Martha was her name.  
 "Who art thou, Martha? Tell me whence ye  
     came?  
 Why do you weep?" The answer was the same.  
 "What is it, child, that causes you such woe?  
 Where is your home or whither would you go?"

Have you a mother? Are you lost, or ill?"  
 But—Martha—Martha—was the response still.  
 "Then Martha hush"—in sympathetic tone  
 Said Albyn, touch'd with sorrows not his own;  
 "Be hush'd, nor weep, and your reward shall be  
 The prettiest Lily in the lake you see."  
 "Oh! no, no, no," the wailing one replied,  
 "They are too like my mother when she died."

'Twas noon at Preston on a sultry day,  
 And husbandmen were harvesting their hay.  
 When young Loraine (an aged mother's pride  
 And she a widow) threw his scythe aside,  
 And went to swim in a delightful pond,  
 That lies embosom'd in the vale beyond;  
 It was a scene where nature's simple smiles  
 The fretted spirit to repose beguiles;  
 A moss pavilion by the musquash rear'd  
 Amongst the sedges on the shore appear'd,  
 Some scatter'd fowl upon the surface play'd,  
 Nor of their new companion seem'd afraid,  
 And Flora's stars around the crystal throne  
 In all their splendour prodigally shone,  
 Whilst on a pine, the patriarch of a few  
 Remaining still where once the forest grew,  
 A clam'rous raven with ill-omen'd note  
 Made half the sense of solitude forgot;  
 Not more inviting 'neath a burning sky  
 Is an oasis to the trav'ler's eye,

'Than to the youth was such a calm retreat,  
When overpower'd with Summer's fervent heat.

Impatient, reckless, almost uncontroll'd,  
Indulged, until indulgence made him bold,  
What virtues in obedience are embraced,  
Were early from his filial creed effaced,  
And the beseechings of maternal tears  
Made faint impressions in maturer years ;  
It was a crime—an insult, to persuade,  
And to advise (with him) was to degrade ;  
'Thus plung'd amidst a paradise of joy,  
No dream of danger there restrain'd the boy,  
But as in heedless happiness he threw  
The foambells 'round him where the Lilies grew.  
Ere yet his fingers touch'd the tempting spoil  
He counted certain to reward his toil,  
The tangled roots his pliant limbs ensnar'd,  
And he was drown'd—alas ! how unprepared !  
Vain was his conflict with the mighty foe,  
And vain his shrieks of agonizing woe ;  
Oft in those moments when I would rejoice,  
I seem to hear that terrifying voice  
Screeching—" My brother, O my brother, oh !  
*I'm lost for ever,*" as he sank below.

O'er his pale infant, on the bed of death.  
'That gasps and struggles for another breath.  
Alive to every charm a partial eye

Feign'd and unfeign'd, in children can espy,  
 'The father bends—o'erwhelmed in mute despair,  
 ('The sainted mother's miniature is there);  
 Lo! as he watches for the parting throe,  
 'That tells the triumph of our mortal foe,  
 'The mandate seems suspended for a while,  
 And hope rekindles with a kindling smile  
 As the fond suff'rer stretches out her hands  
 To reach the vase that on her toilet stands,  
 And with a sweetness death could not disguise  
 Lips out—"Papa, one Lily now"—and dies.

How little more the hero and the sage—  
 'Those proudest names in the historian's page—  
 How little more than what a baby craves,  
 Is all at last they carry to their graves;  
 What happiness to know, when they must die,  
 If but a Lily man their wants supply.

Shall then the Rose a cast-away be made,  
 And all the honours perish, to it paid;  
 Shall ev'ry flow'ret hence a mute become,  
 And the companions of the *Boudoir* dumb;  
 Must the first playmates of our early years—  
 'That shared our smiles and saw us shed our tears,  
 By mem'ry cherish'd with maternal care,  
 And 'Time itself almost consents to spare,  
 All the "familiar faces" that are still  
 Welcome, thrice welcome guests at Manorhill,

Be unremember'd and no place be found  
For what has made our homes like holy ground :  
Give the halo that around them plays  
To the herald of millennial days ?

Forbid it love—your empire still maintain :  
Forbid it hope—nor earthly bliss profane ;  
Forbid it gratitude—thou spark divine ;  
'To guard affection's treasury be thine ;  
Let ev'ry star (for stars to me they bloom)  
Retain its splendour and its sweet perfume,  
Each has its virtues—and tho' various—each  
A mode of converse that the heart can reach,  
Their mission brief but opportune.—to bless  
A present world and aid our happiness,  
And if devoid of faculties to know  
What adulations we on them bestow,  
'They have a glory—but no glory theirs  
Compared with that the water-lily shares.

'Tis not unlicensed thus the thought pursues  
A devious tract in fancy's avenues,  
Thus too returns—delighted to return  
And make life's taper more auspicious burn.  
Still pleased to find, however far it roam,  
The sweetest perfumes are the nearest home.

When has the wildest of enthusiasts known  
Or dream'd of banquets equal to our own ;

Not banquets blent with bacchanalian rites,  
But these the soul to ecstasy invites ;  
When the bright rainbow o'er the landscape cast  
In beauty stands magnificently vast,  
And soften'd sunlight mingling with its rays,  
In ev'ry tint imaginable plays  
On the blue mirror of the vestal host  
That shone in paradise ere it was lost,  
Another sun there and another bow  
Look upward from the azure vault below,  
And other Lilies to another sky  
Display the glories that upon them lie.  
The diamond's lustre and the ruby's gleam,  
With gold and beryl involved and sep'rate seem,  
Onyx and Opal—and the various hues  
That em'ralds yield and living pearls infuse,  
Now one from one by discipline unseen  
Dividing spread and leave a space between,  
Now swept together like an ensign torn  
From the irradiant mantle of the morn,  
Or wove in bracelets clasping in the sky  
Stamp'd with the autograph of the Most High.  
Ah ! vain alike the poet's airy thought,  
And the achievements by the pencil wrought,  
To bind in verse or bid the canvas show,  
Millenial omens of a brighter glow.

Touch'd by those transports that the trav'ler  
When lost Assyria rose before his view, [knew, †



Nor less imperious these the pilgrim feels,  
 When at his prophet's sepulchre he kneels.<sup>5</sup>  
 Here in the forest—the antipodes  
 Of antiquarians and of devotees.  
 Where pagan rites nor heathen mythics mar  
 'The light'ning rays that shine from reason's star.  
 In idle hours I wake the harp to tell  
 What kindred feelings in my bosom dwell,  
 A stranger to the knowledge that is hid  
 In marble manuscript and pyramid,  
 Yet on these Lilies undiscypher'd still,  
 I see God's finger, and I read his will—  
 Old as creation—yet for ever new,  
 Year after year they open to my view,  
 Nor can the critic's or the linguist's eye  
 Find error there—nor expletive espy.

Poet of Flora—how I long to be  
 Cleansed from defilement and made like to thee,  
 Where such commanding influence besides  
 A fair and faultless symmetry abides.  
 'Tis not enough that blamelessness belong  
 To the remembrance of a child of song;  
 I would some principle of nobler claim,  
 Should give an odour unto Albyn's name.  
 If covetous—I covet without sin,  
 'The best of gifts—a holiness within.  
 Studious—but studious with no vain desire  
 To emulate the Lily's pure attire;

THE WATER LILY.

'That when my pilgrim years have pass'd away,  
I may rejoice in everlasting day.

Who knows but when the closing scene is o'er,  
When mute the harp, and Albyn is no more,  
When the grey stone grown weary of its trust,  
Sinks down with age and crumbles into dust,  
When e'en the friends that sympathies endear,  
No longer deem rememb'rance worth a tear,  
And the last relique Manorhill forgoes,  
That now the spirit of the poet shows,  
Ah! then, who knows but each returning Spring  
A living mirror of the Bard may bring,  
And this unchisell'd epitaph of mine,  
In hieroglyphics on the lake recline;  
E'en human frailties that create surprize,  
Seen thro' the telescope of human eyes,  
When filter'd through the purifier—Time—  
May flow out virtues faultlessly sublime,  
And the dishonor that attends the tomb,  
Lost in the beauty of the Lily's bloom.

FINIS.

## NOTES.

### NOTE 1.—Page 8.

“Unfading still as by the minstrel breathed,  
Abide the virtues upon thee unwreathed.”

The following Lyric was written by Albyn, at the time of Queen Victoria's Coronation:—

“The red Rose of England—the Shamrock of Erin,  
And Scotia's proud Thistle, are symbols of power;  
But the emblem Fidelity loves to appear in,  
Is Beauty's own blossom—Acadia's Mayflower.

How dear to our hearts when with dew-drops empearl'd,  
It peers through the snow-wreath that mantled it o'er;  
O! never has summer sent forth such a herald  
As Beauty's own blossom—Acadia's Mayflower.

At home in the forest our forefathers found it,  
Wherever the Micmac had planted his bow'r;  
Their children have blazon'd their friendship around it,  
The blossom of Beauty—Acadia's Mayflower.

Sweet gem of the West, with what rapture we view it  
Bloom 'round us in peace—and if battle should low'r,  
The blood of ten thousand brave hearts would bedew it,  
Ere tyrants might tread on 't—Acadia's Mayflower.

O! green be thy leaf, lovely flow'ret for ever,  
And distant—far-distant—thy scent-fading hour;  
May the last step of Time be the signal to sever  
The shrine from its idol—Acadia's Mayflower.

The red Rose of England—the Shamrock of Erin,  
And Scotia's proud Thistle, are symbols of power;  
But the emblem Fidelity loves to appear in,  
Is Beauty's own blossom—Acadia's Mayflower.

### NOTE 2.—Page 8.

“The very manner and the very mien,  
Brought “Ornus” homage, upon thee are seen.”

“ORNUS” was the poetical signature of Mr. Archibald, the late Master of the Rolls in Nova Scotia.

## NOTE 3.—Page 20.

“Here comes the Chief, a man of many years.  
Beyond the Scripture term his age appears.”

A few years ago, one of the Micmacs, by the name of Paul, apparently of great age, remarkably strong built for an Indian, and well proportioned (though not so tall and prepossessing as some of them), called upon me in the fields one day, and requested permission to set his camp on the edge of Lake Manor. as (he said) he believed “death was near.” Under such circumstances the favour could not be refused; but I discovered that he built the *wigwam* first, and came to seek “a local habitation” afterwards.

In the latter end of harvest, I understood he was sick, and sought a way through the woods to visit him; it was a dark evening, and after some difficulty I found him, sitting upon his legs by the fire in the middle of the camp, completely naked from the waist upwards, and according to my ideas suffering great pain, but he made no complaint; upon asking how he did, he replied—“I am waiting till death come.” Although half suffocated with smoke, it was sometime before I could drag myself away from a scene so original. This was our last interview, as in a few days subsequently the “arrow” found him.

## NOTE 4.—Page 28.

“Touch’d by those transports that the trav’ller knew.  
When lost Assyria ’rose before his view.”

The allusion in this couplet, is to “Layard’s remains of Nineveh.”

## NOTE 5.—Page 29.

“Nor less imperious those the pilgrim feels.  
When at his prophet’s sepulchre he kneels.”

The excitement of Mahometan pilgrims, is said to be extraordinary as they approach the city of their prophet.

