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“The Cliff”

—TO—

“The Islands.”

To Pearl's Eames Davis
From Miss Carolyn M. Castle

The EDITH and LORNE PIERCE
COLLECTION of CANADIANA



Queen's University at Kingston

1750

"The Cliff" to "The Islands"

BY

AGNES MAULE MACHAR

(Fidelis.)

LP

PS 8525.H35C57

"The Cliff" to "The Islands."

PAST the "Rocks in Deep Water," winding its way
to the sea,
Sweeps our mighty St. Lawrence, grand, majestic and free ;
Yet, methinks he tarries, as glad to linger awhile
Amid the mazy channels, where the happy islands smile.
Fair they seem as Eden, when Eden was newly made,
To the wearied city dwellers, who seek their rest and shade ;
Far from the hurry and clamor, far from the bustle and din
Seem their cool and shady recesses, that beckon the
wanderers in !

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Soft in the haze of morning, their shadowy masses seem
To rest on the calm blue water, like the phantasm of a dream,
Dark in the glare of noon-day, their bowers of foliage stand,
Spreading their deep, cool shadow like rocks in a weary
land!

But when, at close of his journey, the sun rides down the
west,

Trailing his crimson and purple o'er the water's opal
breast,

Then, like isles of the blessed, bathed in celestial light,
They float between earth and heaven, like a mystic vision
bright!

Happy the island dwellers, who steer the light canoe
O'er the mingling ruby and topaz—the purple shadows thro',
While the stroke of the ashen paddle, beneath the accus-
tomed arm,

Scarce troubles the magic mirror, or breaks the wondrous
charm.

And when the mystic moonlight, with its white, unearthly
spell,

Like a vision of enchantment, clothes river, and rock and
dell,

How the lights and shadows tremble with a hidden mystery,
And the silhouettes of the islands stand out on the silver sea!

Like a garland of beauty about us, the island homes appear,
As we look from the cliff and trace them from the crags so
grey and sheer,

As one by one we count them, and each has a charm—its
own,

And each to each adds a charm that were gone if it stood
alone!

First and nearest us nestles, serene in its shady vale,

Under its spreading elm trees, green, peaceful *Dorasdale*,

Whose door stands ever open, to offer the weary rest,

Where there's ever a hail for the coming and speed to the
parting guest!

Out beyond it to southward, where the cool lake breezes
blow,

Kalaria sits on her rugged rocks, where the waters come
and go

O'er the jagged boulders of granite, and shower them with
their spray,

When the wind blows wild, from lakeward, and the white-
topped breakers play,

And the voices of little children blend sweet with the
surges' roar,

And we seem to see the face of *one* who is gone to "the
other shore !"

Then we pass by the "mystic channel," to the "Home of
sunshine bright,"

To the happy *Sagastaweke*, perched on her wooded height,
Soft on her pines and birches the summer sunlight falls,
And the music of happy voices sounds through the echoing
walls ;

Close by the glade of the *lillies*, that wave in the breeze of
May,

Like an army of snowy pennons fluttering in glad array.
Long may *Sagastaweke* keep its sunshine clear and free,
And gather its loving circle from "both sides of the sea!"

A little farther to westward, on Bostick's rock-girt isle,
Roseneath and *Channel Vista*, with happy faces smile ;

Swift through the island mazes the light canoe and skiff
Dart in their playful races, past lichen-crested cliff,
Waking the sleeping echoes with merry laugh and shout,
Or singing the evening song, as the evening stars shine out ;
Or, in the depths of its "lonely bay," in the Sabbath sunset
fair,

Still holier notes ascending, bear the voice of praise and
prayer.

Thence to our cliff returning, we halt in a sheltered bay,
Where *Riverview* from its sunny slope, looks towards the
opening day ;

Cool is the shade of its pine trees, fair are the isles around,
And soft on the beach laps the water, with dreamy and
gentle sound.

Fair is the garland of islands that from the cliff we view,
Around the "Rocks in Deep Water" that once the red man
knew,

Who has yielded his savage reign to the sons of a nobler race ;
And the hunting ground of the Indian is the white man's
resting place.

And now, to the *island* dwellers, the *cliff* dwellers bid God-
speed,

Crown you with richest blessings and guard each word
and deed,

And, when again the breezes woo you to summer rest,
May they bear you safe to the islands, the Islands of the
blest.

FERNCLIFE, GANANOQUE,

August, 1891.

NOTE.—The Indian name *Gananoque* means "*Rocks in Deep Water.*"