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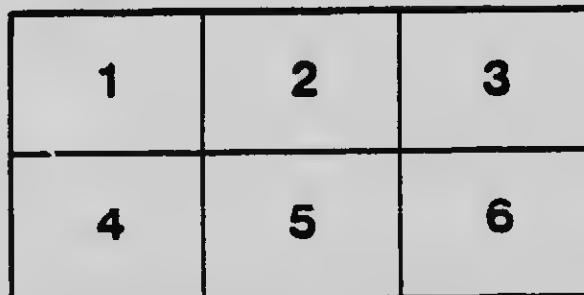
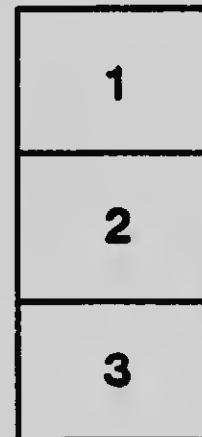
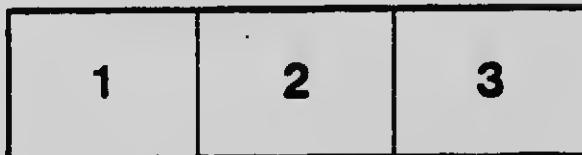
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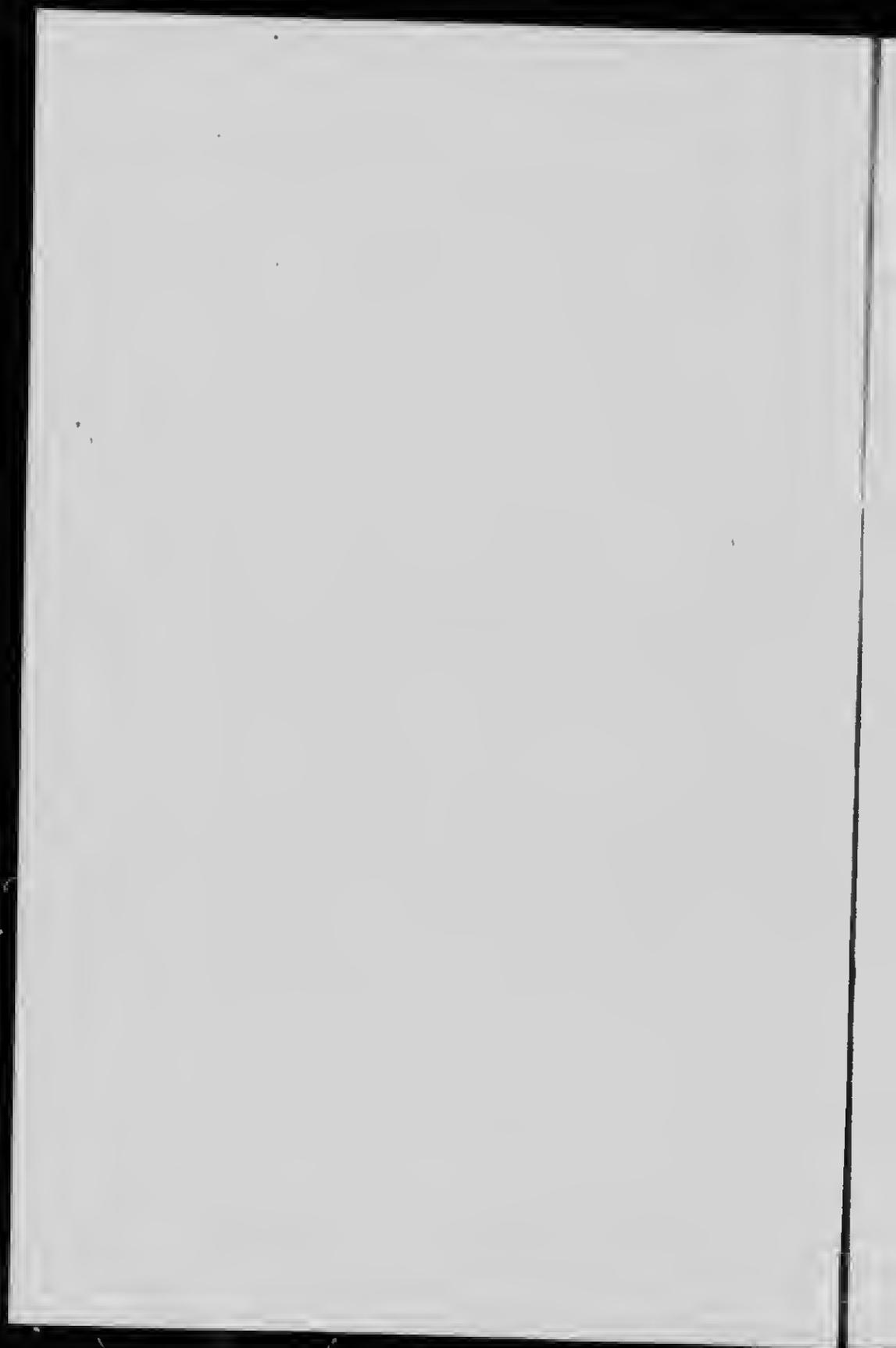
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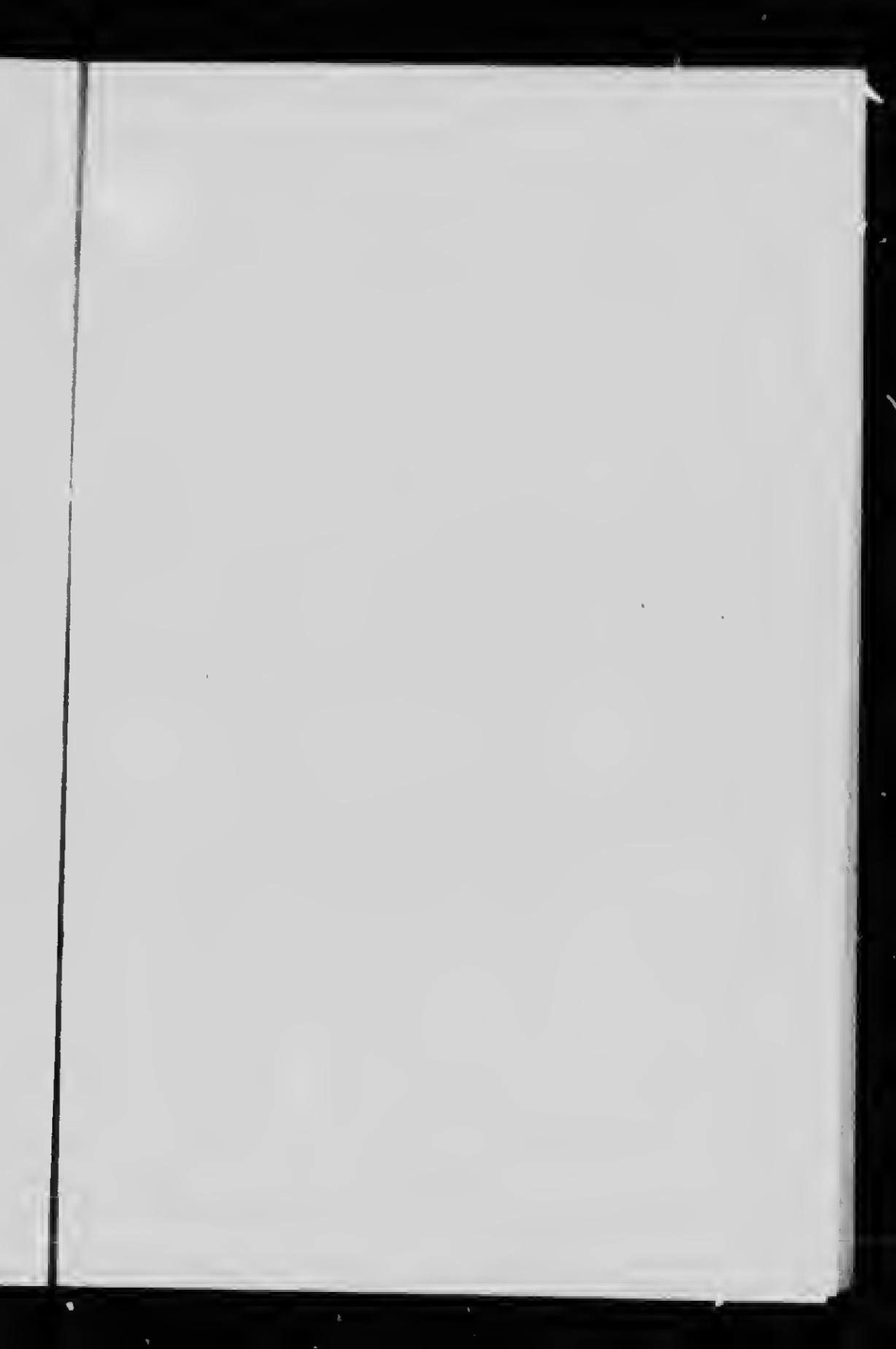
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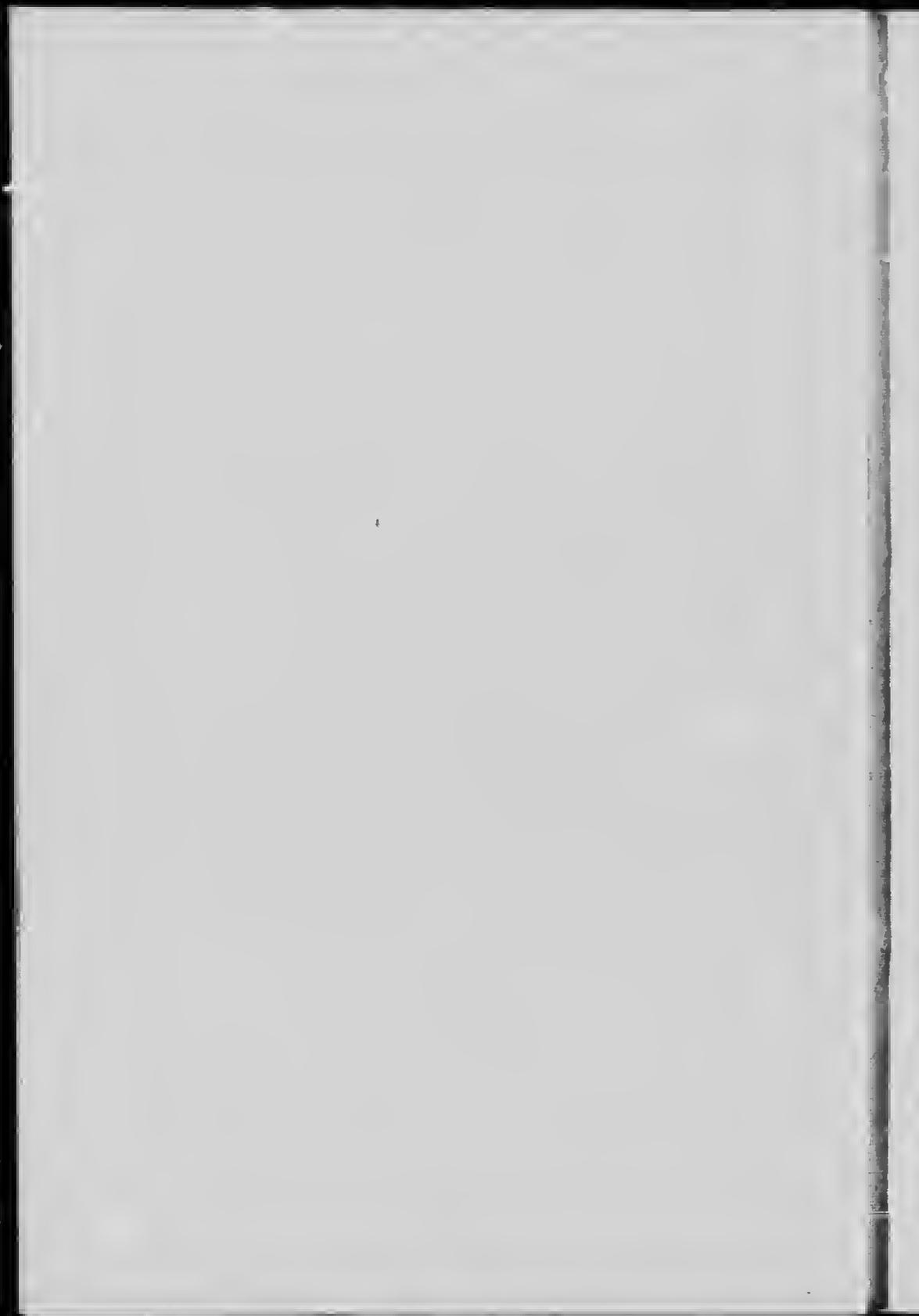
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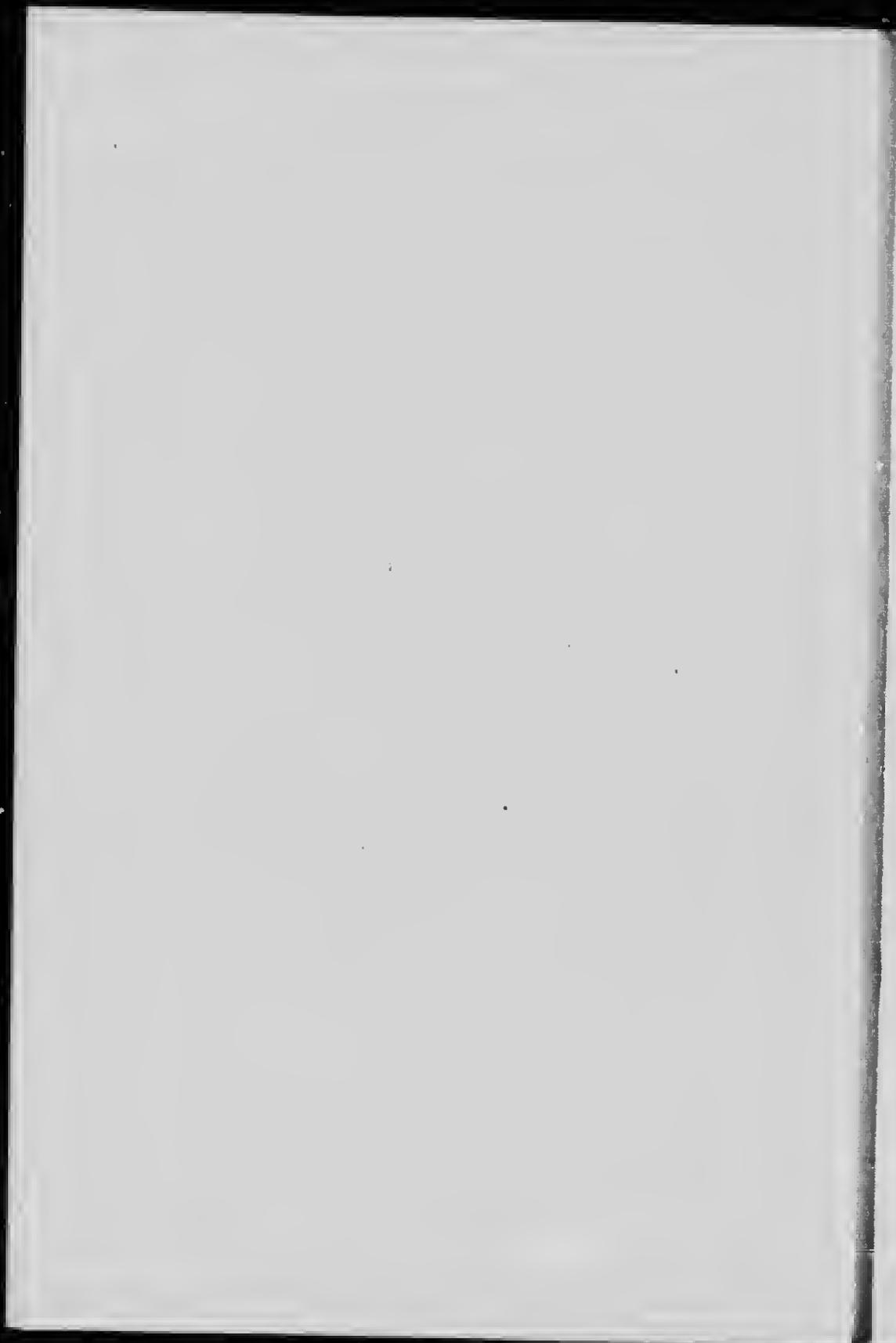
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Day Dreams of a Pioneer

AND OTHER POEMS



BY

John Mortimer

*"On Erie's banks, where tigers steal along,
And the dread Indian chants a dismal song,
Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,
And bathe in brains the murderous tomahawk:
There shall the flocks on thymy pasture stray,
And shepherds dance at summer's opening day."
—Pleasures of Hope.*

TORONTO
WILLIAM BRIGGS

1911

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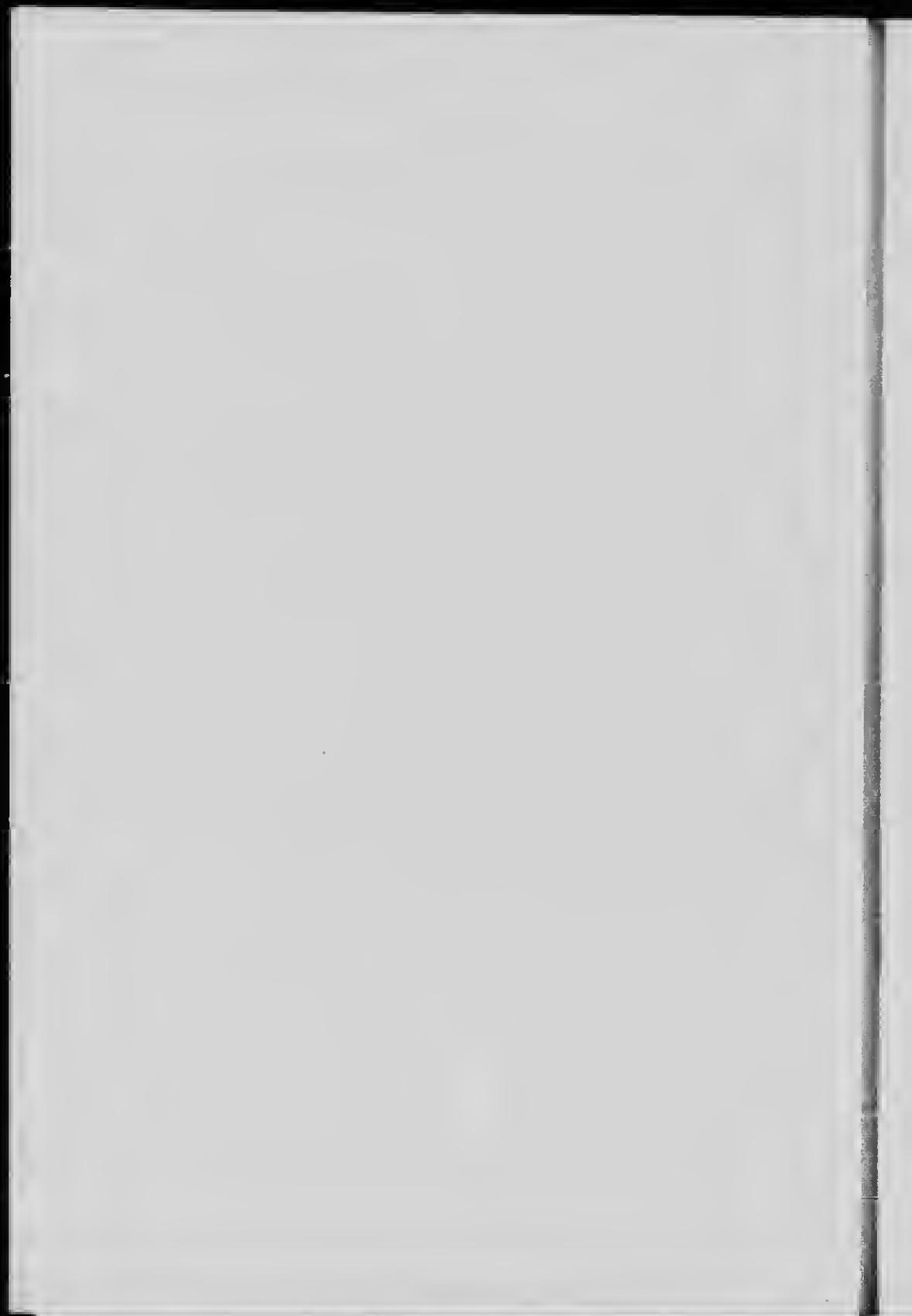
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JOHN MORTIMER

PREFACE.

THIS little book is published with the hope that it may aid, to its humble extent, in preserving the memory of the pioneers—the first heroes of our country.

JOHN MORTIMER.

Elora, Feb. 15, 1911.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
DAY DREAMS OF A PIONEER - - - - -	7
<i>Ye woods of Canada! once forests vast</i>	
TO THE GRAND RIVER - - - - -	16
<i>Sweet marvel of my earliest years</i>	
THE AMPHIBIOUS CHOIR - - - - -	18
<i>We know where lies a marshy pool</i>	
THE BROOK'S REPLY - - - - -	20
<i>Little stream, without a name</i>	
SOMEBODY'S CHILD - - - - -	22
<i>How swiftly for her do the years glide away</i>	
THE FLIRT - - - - -	25
<i>With gifte magnetic and no heart at all</i>	
PRESS YE ON, BRITONS BRAVE - - - - -	26
<i>There are sounds of fiercest conflict far away in Africa</i>	
TO A SOLITARY ELM - - - - -	28
<i>Aged elm, so stout and hoary</i>	
ONE YEAR AGO - - - - -	31
<i>One year ago, and we did walk together side by side</i>	
FEELING AND DOING - - - - -	32
<i>Oh, maiden with the glad, sweet smile</i>	
AFTER A HUNDRED YEARS - - - - -	33
<i>Sweet bard of Ayr, whose honest hand</i>	

CONTENTS

	PAGE
A WOODLAND VISION - - - - -	35
<i>Oh, glad, sweet days departed</i>	
MOTHER - - - - -	37
<i>Farewell, dear mother, kindest friend and best</i>	
IN CHILDHOOD'S CLIME - - - - -	39
<i>Thronged are the fields of Joy</i>	
TO E. M. YEOMAN - - - - -	40
<i>The dreamlight and the daylight</i>	
ANNIE - - - - -	41
<i>In those loved years that oft I trace</i>	
LOVE'S REMEMBERING - - - - -	42
<i>With saddest partings human hearts are torn</i>	
A DREAM - - - - -	43
<i>Through the shades of mem'ry stealing</i>	
SYMPATHY - - - - -	47
<i>Some seem to think our mission here</i>	
QUEEN MORNING - - - - -	49
<i>Far down the Western slopes glides Night away</i>	
A SENTIMENT - - - - -	50
<i>Be richer for thy thoughts; think not in vain</i>	
A TRIBUTE TO THE TOADS - - - - -	51
<i>The spring has reached our northern clime</i>	
NELLY AND MARY - - - - -	53
<i>Why, Nelly Jones! Come in, my dear</i>	

DAY DREAMS OF A PIONEER,

AND OTHER POEMS.

DAY DREAMS OF A PIONEER.

Ye woods of Canada! once forests vast!
To me sweet relics of a vanished past!
I love to linger 'neath your shades to-day
And dream of scenes and friends long passed away,
Yet unforgotten still; as soldiers tried,
Who fought in many a battle, side by side,
And camped on many a field in stranger lands
Formed friendships that the gay world understands
But dimly, nor hath further wish to know;
So we who in thick forests, years ago,
Toiled side by side, formed friendships just as true
That memory loves to dwell on and renew
For us who still remain. We backward gaze
And fondly dwell on those loved forest days
With joy the present cannot give nor take;
For age and mem'ry fond companions make,
By present joys untempted—this is meet.
Here in this quiet shade, this still retreat,

DAY DREAMS OF A PIONEER

While joyous youth and sturdy manhood share
The present's mirth and gladness, toil and care,
Come back to me the scenes of long ago,
When youth was mine, and all the world aglow
With hope and promise—friends long dear to me
Do throng the world of fancy; I can see
Each honest face and grasp each friendly hand;
I dwell enchanted in this forest land
Revealed to mem'ry's gaze. Once more I swing
The glittering axe, and hear its echoes ring
Through the deep solitude; with toil once more
Is reared the rude hut by the river's shore,
On soil whose claim with honest pride we hold.
And thus with those around us, brave and bold
And full of life are they, as needs must be—
Came they not here from o'er the boundless sea,
Knowing what toils and hardships lay before,
With sorrowing friends behind them! Never more
To meet on this side Heaven might be their lot!
All this they knew full well, and yielded not.
But there came loved ones with us, and to rear
Homes for those brave, those hopeful ones and dear,
Was a beloved ambition; thus inspired
We labored on, undaunted and untired,
Save for that weariness which night's repose
Chased with her magic wand, and we arose
Refreshed and glad, the fragrant morn to greet,
Alive with uncaged music, wild and sweet.

DAY DREAMS OF A PIONEER

But slowly did the work advance; to tell
How, thrown with skill, the forest monarchs fell,
To me were pleasant—prone and parallel;
This way and that, their huge boughs interlaced,
Tier o'er tier, for giant bonfires placed,
With terrible descent; but fearless all
We laid them low and climbed each swaying wall
To cut the higher trunks and boughs, and lay
Compact for burning, at some future day.—
And listening; now I hear those bonfires roar,
And see great sheets of flame that skyward soar,
Triumphant beacons of thy future great.
O Canada! our dearly loved estate!

Now do those raging bonfires fade and die,
And half-burnt trunks and blackened fragments lie
Thickly along the clearing. Once again
Assembled there are groups of stalwart men,
With grimy faces, blackened arms and bare,
Toiling like Trojans in the heated air.
Loud echoes 'round a boisterous mirth and din;
Strong oxen drag the coal-black timbers in,
With many a loud "Yo-heave" high piled once more;
Again the hissing fire-fiends round them roar!
And ever as the flames sink faint and low,
Inward the smoking brands the toilers throw
Till at the dawn of morn there lie revealed
Great beds of ashes on a stumpy field,

DAY DREAMS OF A PIONEER

With some few piles still burning into day,
That lit those laborers on their homeward way;
For oft was heard the brown owl's midnight call
Ere sought their several homes those jovial woodmen all.

Thus fared the noblest of our forest trees,
Whose branches mingled, bending in the breeze
For broad, unmeasured leagues on every side,
All green and glorious in their summer pride!
The home of rustling wings and nimble feet,
The Red Man's shelter, and the deer's retreat.

Once more a busy scene doth greet mine eye,
Where in thick rows those round, green timbers lie.
And in the centre riseth speedily
A goodly storehouse for the years to be.
Upward the heavy timbers roll, and soon,
Caught on stout poles topped like the crescent moon,
"Yo-heave, yo-heave!" up the long "skids" they glide
While mirth and cheer prevail on every side.
A skilful woodsman at each corner stands,
Swinging the keen axe in his dexterous hands,
To square the timber's ends and lay secure
Tier above tier, a work that shall endure
Through half a hundred years of storm and shine,
Built of the hardy elm, the cedar and the pine—
Oh, happy then the farmer's heart was made,
When over all the sheltering roof was laid,

DAY DREAMS OF A PIONEER

With shingles shaped by mallet, axe and frow
In the lone Winters of the long ago.

Well doth the patient bushman urge his toil,
Guiding the plow through rough, root-matted soil.
His smock and vest on the rough fence are hung,
And ox-team language floweth from his tongue.
And, glowing with the strenuous exercise,
His voice still rises as the morning flies,
Till, sorely tempted now at times to swear,
With perspiration filtering through his hair,
His hat at length aside I see him lay,
And hear his lusty voice a mile away—
Now doth he scatter with a careful hand
The precious seed on still more precious land,
And now, with brushwood harrow and ox-team,
Winds through the stumpy bushland in my dream.

When no fair cities by our lakes were seen,
And swelling rivers, but 'mid seas of green
Our rustie barns and dwellings scattered rose,
Nestling amidst the forest's calm repose;
What to those years, my country, dost thou owe,
To those I rave hands and hearts that could not know
Their labor's full nobility, and spent
Their busy days free, hopeful and content?
What hardships then were borne, what dangers braved,
Where timbers crashed and unbridged torrents raved;

DAY DREAMS OF A PIONEER

When Spring's warm breathing made each streamlet
pour
With rushing tide, and angry rivers roar.
What toilsome journeys to the distant mill,
Though many a miry stream, o'er many a hill
Steep and uncut the patient oxen toiled,
Through many a reach of forest lone and wild,
Yet cheered with bird-song and the squirrel's noise
That told of freedom's bliss and wildwood joys
By nature's bounty crowned. Long was the way,
But, pressing homeward at the close of day,
With his few household needs securely stowed,
With thoughts of home the husband's heart o'erflowed.
And loved ones watching there with anxious eyes
While fell the night and darker grew the skies,
And cry of distant wolves fell on the ear,
Telling those throbbing hearts how very dear
The absent one, till as the long hours passed
The clacking wheels drew near and, home at last,
How warm a welcome his! These humble walls
Rich with transforming love as palace halls—
Named not for stately tower and spacious dome,
But in the wilderness entitled Home.

And many a simple joy, for old and young,
Was daily found those pleasant wilds among.
Its wealth of game the teeming forest lent,
And fishes thronged the liquid element,

DAY DREAMS OF A PIONEER

In every pond and little streamlet pent;
While native fruits and berries ripe and red
Were all around in rich profusion spread.
When melting breezes over hill and dell
Sang: "Winter's reign is o'er and all is well";
Then was a time of joy: the maples then
Yielded their sweets, and busy boys and men
"Tapped," and did place the ashen troughs to hold
The crystal drops soon to be turned to gold.
They bore in brimming pails the nectar home,
Fed the huge fire and made the cauldrons foam.
The happy children wandering where the sound
 dripping sap made music all around;
The happy mother singing at her toil
The foaming kettles must not overboil.
Oh, happy scene which only to review
Doth half the joy of bygone days renew!—

Along a highway now and through a wood
I pass to where a useful building stood;
A small log schoolhouse, foursquare built, and low,
With cottage roof to shed the rain and snow.
The long, high desks were quaint and strongly made;
Blocks set on end and boards above them laid
Did furnish seating for the smaller fry,
Whereon to mind their tasks—and watch the master's
 eye.

DAY DREAMS OF A PIONEER

There children of all ages could be seen,
From six or eight to twenty or eighteen,
The last in winter, when home tasks did cease,
Eager their fund of knowledge to increase.

Now through the misty past a lowly fane
Unto my eager eyes returns again,
To which our earnest zeal did long aspire,
The sacred object of our heart's desire;
A place of worship where our souls could feed
On simple Truth, to meet our simple need.
And thus when sickness came and young or old
Bade all farewell, and in earth's bosom cold
Was sadly laid, sweet faith looked up on high
To an eternal meeting bye-and-bye.

On such foundation laid, that thou shouldst be
A noble land no marvel is to me.
On such foundation laid still! dost thou rise,
A growing marvel in all nations' eyes,
Fair Canada! my country! kind and blest!
Sweet home of industry and haven of rest!
Now as my closing years glide calmly by,
And forward gazing with prophetic eye,
I see my chosen country take the lead
In all that ministers to human need;

DAY DREAMS OF A PIONEER

And with a heartfelt wish and earnest prayer,
Leaving our country in our children's care,
With bounteous Heaven to bless, well do I know
That oft to us their gratitude shall flow.
None shall be better loved nor honored more
Than those who reared their homes first on this
Heaven-blest shore.

TO THE GRAND RIVER.

SWEET marvel of my earliest years,
Fair river, dearer still to-day,
Thy smiles and laughter, sighs and tears
In thee a kindred heart betray.

I ask not why they named thee "Grand,"
Loved stream, but I have felt thy charms;
The power to thrill at thy command,
Midst peaceful woods and pleasant farms.

And many a toil-worn pioneer
Around whose bed now hums the bee,
Could he but dream while slumbering near
In his long sleep would dream of thee.

And I have known an aged friend
With book and staff and locks of gray,
Oh, many a happy hour to spend
By thee each pleasant summer day.

He heard thee whisper of the time
When first he came to fell the trees
And clear the "stubborn" fields and climb
Life's hill whilst other days, like these,

TO THE GRAND RIVER

Flew swiftly by; he heard thee sing
Of one fair river that makes glad
The city of our Heavenly King,
And smiled and was no longer sad.

For he had friends and kindred there
And said to thee: "Old friend and true
That soothest oft my hours of care,
I will not say to thee adieu,

"But when I sleep on yonder hill
Where way-worn pilgrims rest in peace,
Think that my spirit hears thee still,
And would not have thy songs to cease.

"Flow on, and soulful music make
For all thy old friends and thy new,
To where thy tribute greets the lake
And blends with Erie's waves of blue."

THE AMPHIBIOUS CHOIR.

We know where lies a marshy pool,
Down in a meadow low ;
To-day 'tis coated o'er with green
And rushes round it grow.

And there upon its surface floats
A loud and mirthful choir,
With swelling throats and limbs outspread
They sing and never tire,

The whole day through, while softer notes
With their loud numbers blend,
Nor doth the mirthful music cease
When evening shades descend ;

But they with zeal that never flags
Their wondrous throats retune,
And sing their anthems all night long
Unto the listening moon.

We asked those noisy minstrels why
They sing both night and day
Unwearied by the endless task,
And fancy heard them say :

THE AMPHIBIOUS CHOIR

“ How do you know, presumptuous sir,
That we are never tired?
May we not sing so loud and long
Because we are inspired?

“ May we not know our time is brief
As well as thou, O man,
And thus, within that little space,
Make all the noise we can?

“ We think this world would better be,
Nor would the thought conceal,
If ye performed your duties, too,
With only half our zeal!”

THE BROOK'S REPLY.

“LITTLE stream, without a name,
In the woods, unknown to fame,
To the busy world unknown,
Who doth cheer thy journey lone?
Tell me if thou hadst thy choice
Who would hear thy whispering voice?
Through what cities wouldst thou flow,
To what dazzling lake below?”
“Stranger from the world of strife,
From the busy haunts of life,
Com'st thou here to question me?
Let me wisdom teach to thee.
Tell me from a truthful breast,
Know'st thou aught of peace and rest?
Lov'st thou best to dwell within
Cities with their dust and din?
And dost thou know it not nor care,
There are want and hunger there?
Thoughtless stranger, at this hour
Many a grateful plant and flower
Doth fondly o'er my margin lean,
Human hands shall never glean.
Little birds on downy wing
At my fountain sip and sing.

THE BROOK'S REPLY

And squirrel, hart and gentle hare
Come my liquid gifts to share.
With vain wishes I ne'er pause;
Flowing on in duty's cause,
There's no loneliness for me,
Servant of sweet Charity.
I to thee this counsel give:
If thou wilt for others live
Happiness shall light thy face,
Make thy heart her dwelling-place
And something kindle in thine eye
Needy souls shall know thee by.
Stranger kind, who'er thou art,
Hear my secret ere we part;
All is vain that doth not rise
From where Love's true fountain lies.
This bear in mind and thou shalt bless
A streamlet of the wilderness."

SOMEBODY'S CHILD.

How swiftly for her do the years glide away!
And light is the heart in her bosom that swells,
As she sports with young friends in the gardens so gay,
Of those time-honored mansions where luxury dwells.
In high, massive halls she is shielded from harm,
And laughs at the storm when his raging is wild,
With never a feeling of doubt or alarm—
Protected and loved, she is somebody's child.

When through the gay streets of the city she rides,
A fairy-like creature in splendid attire,
Poor motherless waifs, as before them she glides,
Forgetting to envy, can only admire;
Till her snowy-white raiment they sadly compare
With their own wretched garments, so tattered and
soiled,
So free from all trace of a fond mother's care—
Ah! well do they know she is somebody's child!

SOMEBODY'S CHILD

They must herd with the vulgar, the vile, and profane,
While the dark things of earth have not entered her
mind.

There is science to aid her in sickness or pain;
There are soft, downy pillows, and nurses most kind,
With soothing, sweet music; but better than this
Is a fond mother's voice, ever gentle and mild;
Her soft, loving touch and affectionate kiss
More precious than grandeur to somebody's child.

She may read in rich volumes the "story of old,"
The words of the wise and the lives of the brave;
Where earth doth its beauties most grandly unfold,
She may roam for her pleasure o'er mountain and
wave;
As the beauties of nature unfold to her sight,
On whose path all the blessings of freedom have
smiled,
She dreams that this world is a place of delight,
And its fountains are flowing for somebody's child.

Apart from the turmoil, the toil, and the strife
Of those who must live by the sweat of their brow,
More graceful she grows, every pulse of her life,
As kindred and friends ever fondly avow.

SOMEBODY'S CHILD

But the day hurries by her and eve cometh on—
The evening of age, from yon wilderness wild;
And youth hath departed and beauty is gone—
They wait not forever on somebody's child.

Oh, beauty that fades not, and youth that abides!
Ye gladden this earth with its frailty and care!
Companions of faith o'er the darkest of tides
To those beckoning shores that are sinless and fair.
For the ransomed of earth, be they high, be they low,
From the green shores of Eden shall not be exiled;
How blest those who labor that earth's waifs may know
And share Heaven's welcome with somebody's child!

THE FLIRT.

With gifts magnetic and no heart at all
Thou art a thing to fear,
Who for thy pastime only dost enthrall
The simple and sincere!

Leaving a heart that sang with glad affection
More mute than Tara's harp,
Because it found thee at a close inspection
A less than "Becky Sharpe."

He looked on life with earnest contemplation,
Through other eyes than thine,
That right and left flash out their invitation:
"Come, worship at my shrine."

And all the homage that we owe creation
And God upon His throne,
Thou, like an idol in a heathen nation,
Wouldst claim it for thine own!

Forgetful of each pure and high ideal,
Forgetful of the soul;
Oh, it is naught to thee that "life is real,"
And death "is not its goal!"

PRESS YE ON, BRITONS BRAVE!

THERE are sounds of fiercest conflict far away in Africa,
And the hosts of Britain speed across the wave.
While the sons of Australia and loyal Canada
Have gone forth to join the banners of the brave.
There were plaints of dire oppression heard upon that
distant shore,
But the Anglo-Saxon cry is liberty!
And once more their cannons echo and their hands are
stained with gore,
That the world may share the blessings of the free.

CHORUS:

Press ye on, Britons brave! Press ye on, Britons true!
Though a strong and fearless foeman bars the way;
There are future peace and blessing for that land across
the blue
In the triumph of your banners, men, to-day.

Fight on, ye men of British blood, who never fought in
vain,
When the sacred cause of freedom claimed your aid!

PRESS YE ON, BRITONS BRAVE

Remember Queen and Country now, and break oppres-
sion's chain!

Of the hero's death ye never were afraid;
But your country shall remember, and the heart of
Britain bleeds

For the brave who shall return to her no more,
While their trust is in His blessing who the cause of
freedom speeds,

And she knows that cause shall triumph as of yore.

TO A SOLITARY ELM.

AGED elm, so stout and hoary!
Canst thou find a tongue?
We would hear this region's record
Since thy days were young.

When the wild deer roamed at leisure
Greenwood shades below,
O'er these cultured hills and valleys
Where our harvests grow.

When the Red Man's hut stood near thee,
And the Indian child
Scaled thy slender trunk and shouted
To his playmates wild.

Ah, with words thou dost not answer!
Thou dost only sigh;
Backward, forward, sadly swaying
When the winds are high.

Yonder hoary branch is broken,
Where the hungry owl
Raised his midnight voice, the terror
Of the barn-perched fowl.

TO A SOLITARY ERM

And the barn itself hath van shed—
Wooden walls decay;
Nor his works alone shall perish,
Man must pass away.

He who for his harvests reared it
Sleeps beneath the soil;
Here his "homely joys" are ended,
And his "useful toil."

Warmth of heart and genial kindness
Did his life commend;
Memory still reveres the neighbor,
Husband, father, friend.

There was one who called him father
With that father died.
He, my childhood's dear companion,
Slumbers at his side.

All his early friends forgotten,
All his pleasures o'er;
Must we own that from this slumber
He shall wake no more,

While above his head triumphant,
Time, the victor, rides,
And thy stately form, proud monarch,
Strong in health abides?

TO A SOLITARY ELM

Oh, it were a sad reflection,
If this life were all,
That the very trees outlive us
And behold our fall!

But when from this world of sorrows
Kindred dear depart,
Comes this grateful consolation
To the trusting heart,

O'er its deepest griefs prevailing,
When the Christian dies
Though his form to dust returneth,
Yet that dust shall rise

Through Eternity to triumph,
But, thou, ancient tree,
Though thy roots were strong as iron,
Time shall conquer thee!

ONE YEAR AGO.

ONE year ago,
And we did walk together side by side
By a clear stream that cheered our home below
With the sweet murmur of its rippling tide;
Our happy lives as peaceful as its flow,
One year ago,

Within the gate
Where crystal streams glide through meadows green
Thou wait'st my coming with a heart elate,
And all my hope lies in that land unseen.
Sweet faith, support me while I work and wait
Outside the gate.

Ah, could there be
No Heaven, no meeting-place, no waking more,
What were this hope-reft wilderness to me?
Close by thy side, in silence evermore,
In damp earth, darling, I would rather be,
Asleep with thee.

FEELING AND DOING.

OH, maiden with the glad, sweet smile
And cheeks like springtime flowers!
Seest thou through bright, transforming eyes
A happier world than ours?

Or fail the sorrows of our race
To move thy heart so cheery,
Whilst mine, alas, for others' woes
Is aching, grieved and weary?

Thus once my heart did ask of thee
Through wondering eyes, unknowing,
Till I had learned from whence and where
Thy coming and thy going.

Then was I blest, beholding thee
Thy deeds of love pursuing—
Alas, the feeling for mankind,
Sweet friend, without the doing!

AFTER A HUNDRED YEARS.

SWEET bard of Ayr, whose honest hand
On "Mossgiel" held the humble plough!
Loved bard of Ayr, all Scotland wide
With throbbing breast doth own thee now!

'Twas grief that led thy faithful Jean
At yon sad hour to doubt thy fame—
The hundred years are past, and now
The earth is girdled with thy name!

A name that's loved in every land,
Whose magic all true hearts doth thrill
The "gold" and not the "guinea's stamp"
Preserves that name unfading still.

Sweet are thy songs "for Scotland's sake,"
Brave heart, tho' sung 'midst want and care!
Time or misfortune ne'er shall blight
Nor their unfading charms impair.

"To Mary" and "Sweet Afton" still,
After a hundred summers, wave,
And yield their fragrance pure and sweet
As flowers fresh-planted o'er thy grave.

AFTER A HUNDRED YEARS

To-day we heave a sigh, great heart,
That thy stout bark was tempest-tossed
And mourn the darkness of thy days—
Yet we have gained where thou hast lost.

For many a soul-ennobling thought,
And many a maxim deep and sage,
Thou in the furnace of thy grief
Hast coined to bless each future age.

And they shall bless thee in return,
And hold thine honored memory dear,
For thy great human heart, and all
That claims the tribute and the tear!

Then vainly do I laud thy name!
Forgive, great minstrel, one whose pride
In thee did prompt this artless strain,
And I will lay my harp aside.

For many an abler bard thy praise
In nobler strains hath sung before,
Yet none who prized thy honest worth
And manly independence more.

A WOODLAND VISION.

OH, glad, sweet days departed!
How fair the vision lies!
Returned with fourfold beauty
Unto my aged eyes!

A little spot of clearing,
Green-walled on every side;
A barn and humble dwelling,
A river's winding tide.

Oh! dear, secluded homestead,
Where kind hearts simply dwell!
And down the wooded hillside
I hear a tinkling bell;

Where peaceful kine are feeding
Midst fragrant flower and leek;
Where strawberries grow, and children
Their red, ripe clusters seek.

The fields, rough-fenced and stumpy,
Are green with springing grain,
Thriving amidst the sunshine
And early summer rain—

A WOODLAND VISION

Oh! brick and stone and turmoil
Oh! wealth and pomp and pride!
Give me my little kingdom
By yon calm river's side!

Give me that little kingdom
Where long-loved voices call,
And place and name and wealth and fame,
Oh! ye may take them all!

MOTHER.

FAREWELL, dear mother, kindest friend and best !
Thou hast but gone to thine eternal rest.
Thy spirit's home,—why should we grieve for thee?
Whate'er our future earthly lot may be,
We know that thou art blest, that naught shall e'er
Fill thy fond heart again with grief or care !
No sorrow hid beneath a smiling face
Shall e'er disturb thee in that sacred place !
Oh ! sweet reflection ! howsoe'er we mourn
Joys shared with thee that never shall return,
More blissful far thy portion is to-day—
Those heavenly joys that ne'er shall fade away !
And yet we miss thee sadly, and we will ;
Thy vacant chair shall seem but vacant still,
Whoe'er may sit therein ; but we will dwell,
Not on the parting scene, the sad farewell ;
Not on our loneliness, for well we know,
Dearest of friends, thou wouldst not have it so ;
But we will linger o'er the happy past ;
O'er childhood years that flew away so fast,
When all was artless mirth and thoughtless glee
And love of play, dear mother, and of thee ;

MOTHER

Whilst all the gladsome years that intervene
Shall laden come with many a pleasant scene
And fond remembrance of thy counsels wise,
And bright example which we e'er shall prize.
It was not thine to leave a deathless name
To be remembered in the scroll of fame.
Thou didst but act within thy sacred sphere
A mother's part, yet there's no nobler here!
And those who knew thee best will ever bless
Thy tender love and sweet unselfishness;
Thy patient, cheerful spirit that could see
Through every cloud that hid the sun from thee;
And they shall ne'er forget thee! May they tread
That homeward path that hath thy footsteps led
Unto the heavenly shores! May they while here
All sacred things delight in and revere!
And strive to be through every changeful scene
As happy and as good as thou hast been.

IN CHILDHOOD'S CLIME.

THROGGED are the fields of Joy
And hills of Hope sublime,
And fair the smiling sky
In Childhood's blissful clime!

Oh, dreamland left behind,
For which our fond hearts sigh!
No backward path we find
To where those joy-fields lie!

But o'er yon barrier sea
Forward a haven beams
For thee, dear friend, and me,
More sweet than childhood's dreams.

TO E. M. YEOMAN.

THE dreamlight and the daylight
Break not thy slumbers now,
Where the pure white "Rose of Canada"
Blooms o'er thy gentle brow.

No more, thou'lt wield a glowing pen
Here in our clayey guise.
Thou'rt gone to prove thy timid hope
Of "mansions in the skies."

But who shall fill thy vacant place?
Oh, whom shall Genius find
To bear thy marvellous torch aloft
And bid us be resigned?

ANNIE.

IN those loved years that oft I trace,
Where dwells the sweetness of thy face,
Methinks that thou in kindly wise
Didst hold a soft veil o'er mine eyes;
I saw not as I see to-day
The roughness of the world's highway.

We called thee Annie: it was sweet
Thee once by that dear name to greet;
But where Heaven's soft airs fan thy brow
It is not thus they name thee now.
And heavenly voices whisper me
That thy new name is Sympathy.

LOVE'S REMEMBERING.

WITH saddest partings human hearts are torn!
We may not here abide!
And didst thou think, dear one, that few would mourn
When thou shouldst cross the tide?

None from a loved one e'er hath tearless turned
By Death's unsounded sea;
Yet few in voiceless sorrow e'er have mourned
As we have mourned for thee.

Since thou hast crossed that dark and trackless main,
What is there left behind?
Oh, I might search this whole wide world in vain
For one so true and kind!

Oft doth my heart, when friends glad voices raise
Here where we used to meet,
Ache with an echo of those vanished days
Thy presence made so sweet.

If I must tarry 'neath these darkened skies
And long in patience wait,
With thy same gentle heart and tender eyes
Meet me at Heaven's gate.

A DREAM.

THROUGH the shades of mem'ry stealing,
Oft to me returns the sight
Which I once beheld with terror,
In a vision of the night!

On that eve I had been reading
In the wondrous Book Divine—
Reading of the judgment meted
Unto those of Adam's line

Who for many years had traversed
All sin's dark, unholy ways,
Hedless of their great Creator,
In this green earth's early days!

I beheld outstretched beneath me
All earth's hills and vales and plains;
Years have passed and yet that vision
Fixed in mem'ry still remains!

A DREAM

For the scene was wild and dismal—
 Leaden clouds and pouring rain,
Torrents down the mountains dashing,
 Rivers roaring to the main!

Night and day the rain descended,
 Till I saw with rising fear,
All the lower vales o'erflooded,
 And their tree-tops disappear!

Saw the drenched and awe-struck people
 From the rising waves retire;
All their voiceless fears increasing
 As their tents were shifted higher!

Night and day the rain descended
 From those clouds that would not break—
Every hill a sinking island,
 Every vale a rising lake!

Up the slopes I saw the people
 From the rising waves retire;
All their voiceless fears increasing
 As their tents were shifted higher!

A DREAM

Scattered flocks around them bleated,
Wild beasts in the forests roared ;
From those leaden clouds unbroken
Down the rain in torrents poured !

One by one I saw the hilltops
Sink into the awful deep—
Heard the cries of drowning creatures
With a heart too full to weep !

Night and day the rain descended,
Slowly did the waters rise
Towards the last high mountain's summit—
I could ne'er withdraw mine eyes.

Till into the depths it vanished,
Vanished as the rest had done ;
Earth a liquid ball was sailing
On her journey round the sun !

Then the thiek clouds broke and scattered
And I saw a lonely bark
In the sunlight calmly floating
On a boundless ocean dark.

A DREAM

And I thought of those within it.
And their fate I did deplore—
Helplessly alone, and sailing
On a sea without a shore!

Till a voice of heavenly sweetness
Softly whispered in mine ear:
“For yon ark and for its inmates,
Anxious one, thou needst not fear!

“That same earth, by ocean covered,
Their inheritance shall be;
And through them be thickly peopled—
Glorious in their destiny!

“Death their vessel ne'er shall enter,
Billows shall not overwhelm;
Lo! the Omnipotent is with them,
And His hand is on the helm!”

SYMPATHY.

Some seem to think our mission here
Is only to be glad;
And the way to bless the sons of men
Is bid them ne'er be sad.
I claim not mirth should rule the earth—
No prejudice have I—
Nor reckon those but friends or foes
Who make me laugh or cry.
He who would share my joy or care
Is still the friend for me,
For the heart, you know, where'er you go,
Is won by sympathy.
Is won by sympathy,
Is won by sympathy;
The heart, you know, where'er you go,
Is won by sympathy.

When sounds of mirth and gladness fall
In vain on Sorrow's ear,
Then strive to comfort those who weep
And give them cause for cheer;

SYMPATHY

We may impart to every heart
Some sunshine if we try;
'Twill hasten on the joyous dawn
We hope for bye-and-bye,
Till comes to stay that happy day
When all shall brothers be;
For the heart, you know, where'er you go,
Is won by sympathy.
Is won by sympathy,
Is won by sympathy;
The heart, you know, where'er you go,
Is won by sympathy.

QUEEN MORNING.

Far down the Western slopes glides Night away,
And drowsy eyes at his approach find rest;
Now, modest 'midst her beauty, sweet and gay,
Stands blushing Morn upon yon eastern crest.
The dew doth sparkle on the fair green sward;
Each spray hath crystal gems without a stain,
And all the feathered choir in sweet accord
Sing heartfelt praises to her maiden reign.
The fields are grateful for the sun's warm rays;
The air is moist and fragrant—it is bliss
To walk and breathe, and with a full heart praise
Our kind Creator on a morn like this—
How blest to dwell with Thee, O gracious King,
Whose Heaven is fairer than a morn in spring!

A SENTIMENT.

**BE richer for thy thoughts; think not in vain
For fleeting honor nor for golden gain;
Nor fame nor wealth alone can truly bless;
The soul ennobled is the best success.**

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A TRIBUTE TO THE TOADS.

(A Spring Poem.)

The spring has reached our northern clime;
Crows in the air abound;
The snow is melting, and the time
For toads will soon be round.

I'm glad the spring will turn them out;
I love so much to see
Those sober creatures hop about
Upon the grassy lea.

Around the door they watch for flies,
In coats of wrinkled brown;
They sit and wink their bulging eyes;
Their throats move up and down.

They are so lowly in their ways;
With warts all dotted o'er;
I'll write these lines to sound their praise,
Though I should write no more!

A TRIBUTE TO THE TOADS

Oh! may their sober faces long
Be in our gardens seen!
And may they still be hale and strong
While fields and grubs are green!

NELLY AND MARY.

“Why, Nelly Jones! Come in, my dear!
Sit down and let us talk together!
It seems an age since you’ve been here!
We’ll waste no words upon the weather!

“How are they all at home, to-night?
How is your father since he fell?
Was it his left arm or his right?
And, tell me, is it getting well?”

“Why, Mary! you’ve so much to say—
So much to ask me to explain,
And I’ve so little time to stay,
I think I’ll have to call again!”

“To call again? Yes, certainly!
A hundred times, and welcome, too!
But here you are, and here you’ll be
Till morning, if my word be true!”

NELLY AND MARY

In language of less sense than sound
A while they gaily chattered on,
Until they brought the subject round
That girls most love to dwell upon.

“And were you at the ball last night?”
Said Mary, with expectant air.
“Say, who was dressed in fashion’s height?
And tell me whom you fancied there?”

Those hateful balls! Oh dear! oh dear!
So tedious with their heat and din!
I think the absent ones must fear
Far more the torture than the sin!

“Yes, I was there! Well you may smile,
But who such asking would refuse?
Come, even for a little while;
You needn’t stay unless you choose!”

“And tell you whom I fancied there?
Well, really, Miss Impertinence!
You seem disposed, I must declare,
To try my friendly confidence!”

NELLY AND MARY

"But there was one young traveller there,
Dear Mary, whom they all did view
Admiringly, and 'tis but fair
To own that I admired him too.

"The finest girls within the room,
The gay, the wealthy, and the grand,
Their sweetest airs did then assume,
His kind attentions to command.

"And yet he came and sat with me
Awhile, and tried to entertain;
The reason why I cannot see—
I looked so homely and so plain!"

"Ah, Nelly, dear! it may be true
You were not then just grandly dressed,
And yet this youth may think of you
More kindly than of all the rest."

"Me! Think of me! when half the town
Besieged him, like some port of war?
He think of me! Why, Mary Brown!
I wonder what you take me for!"

NELLY AND MARY

"I do not take you for a queen!
You were not meant o'er realms to reign!
But just a lass that, once they've seen,
The lads will wish to see again.

"Those exquisites, devoid of brains,
Who strut our streets in foppish pride,
And—proof of what the head contains—
Do wear the hat set on one side,

"Who by such antics day by day
To all the wise themselves condemn;
It gives but small regret to say
My Nelly has no charms for them.

"The man of sense who lives above
Such follies is the man for me;
Who knows the worth of woman's love
And help and hope and sympathy.

"And 'tis for such you were designed,
And such your worth fall soon discern.
He wants a helpmate, true and kind,
Who would life's lessons wisely learn!"

NELLY AND MARY

The stream of words has now begun
To slacken and more gravely flow,
And Nelly's thoughts revert to one
From whom she parted long ago.

"Ah! Mary! 'tis so sweet a task
To sit and talk with one another!
I almost had forgot to ask—
When did you hear last from your brother?"

"Why, Nelly! he was at this hall
Last night, the only stranger there!
And one young maid amongst them all
He liked the best, he did declare.

"And then the picture which he drew
Of her, I am compelled to say,
So very much resembled you—
Why, what's the matter now, I pray?"

For Nelly's cheeks were rosy red;
But here their chattering found a stop,
And as the swift-winged moments fled
You might have heard a needle drop.

NELLY AND MARY

When, hark! he comes! this wondrous youth!
His distant footstep Nelly hears;
And in his eyes are mirth and truth,
And wintry winds are in his ears.

And Nelly's eyes are sparkling o'er—
Shall he prove her long-absent Bob?
But now his foot is at the door,
And now his hand is on the knob.

Thinks Mary: "I shall watch and see,"
And their first glance explained it all.
But, see! they meet! they—seems to me
'Tis time to let the curtain fall!

