

IN ACADIE

A Song of Acadie

1

Come sing a song of Acadie,
A song of joy and love,
A song of faith and gallantry,
A song that will men move.

2

The music of thy flowing streams
Is with me day by day;
Thy lakes and groves they haunt my dreams
With visions fresh and gay.

3

The sons of France and Britain too
Saw thee and held their breath,
And all enamoured of the view
Chose thee for life or death.

4

They saw thee breast Atlantic's wave
Along thy rock worn shore,
And in an ecstasy did rave
Thy harbours to explore.

5

They braved the Fundy's mighty tide.
Through Digby Gut they rushed.
They rounded Blomidon in pride;
And ever onward pushed.

6

They came to where the fair St. John
Leaps swiftly to the sea.
They gazed its, dancing waves upon
And sang for very glee.

7

The Gulf likewise they did explore
And marked each sea girt isle;
They traced the windings of the shore
For all the land did smile.

8

With steadfast faith the men of France
Sought out each fertile spot
And strove unaided to advance
The hope for which they fought.

9

And though to Britain fell the prize
Of Acadie the fair,
France blazed the paths where honour lies
And both the land do share.

10

O Acadie, loved Acadie!
Why should we further roam?
Thy countless charms have captured me.
Here will I make my home.

IN ACADIE

Medoctec's Bell

1
A sound is on the air to day
Melodious and clear,
O'er hill and vale it makes its way
Proclaiming peace and cheer;
And Jean, the priest, doth proudly tell,
Our king's own gift, Medoctec's Bell!

2
The great blue heron by the stream
Intent on finny prey
Stands like an image in a dream
As motionless alway.
He hears the bell and flying low
On heavy wing away doth go.

3
The bittern hid among the reeds
Heareth and groweth still.
His safety, first of all his needs,
He seeketh thus to fill.
With great bill lifted to the sky
He waits For danger to pass by.

4
The caribou upon a hill
Look o'er the joyful vale,
The trees themselves are not more still,
Untouched by storm or gale.
With straining ear and watchful eye
They hear the strange new sounds float by

5
The red deer at the first clear note
Leaps up from where he lies
And trembles as note follows note,
Nor hideth his surprise.
What is it? all his motions say,
Ought I to flee? or may I stay?

6
The royal moose uplifts his head
In wonder at the sound,
And slowly moves with silent tread
To seek more sheltered ground;
For ne'er before his ear hath heard
A sound like this from beast or bird,

7
The black bear in an ancient tree
Feasts on the wild bee's store.
Its sweetness fills his heart with glee.
He seeketh more and more.
Disdainful of that peaceful bell
His thoughts upon the honey dwell.

8
Of bird and beast there lacks not one
That halteth not to hear,
Nor questions, Shall we fly or run?
And is there joy or fear?
But one and all full quickly find
There is no threat of any kind.

9
And Jean, the priest, doth know full well
The glory of the hour;
And with each stroke he seeks to tell
Of Christ and his great power,
His love and utter winsomeness
That claimeth e'en the wilderness.

10
Before his eyes the fields of France
Rise up in plain review.
Her chapels rest within his glance,
Her bells ring out anew,
And he himself, a little child,
Sore yearns to seek these forests wild.

11
The faces of his dark skinned flock
Are filled with wonder strong.
Jean's courage, steadfast as a rock,
Would shield them from all wrong,
And this New France would own the sway
Of Jesus Christ, and France, alway.

12
O Jean, I love you for your faith,
And your devotion fine
I would not worry you with wraith,
Nor match your creed with mine.
The bell you ring is not in vain
And o'er this land the Lord shall reign.

IN ACADIE

The New England Captive

1
For our sins it came upon us.
We who bore the Christian name
Should have shown our Lord is righteous
Should have scorned the sword and flame,

2
Dealing with he simple savage,
Walking in his heathen creed,
Ravage could not save from ravage.
Love alone could meet our need.

3
But in wrath our men were active;
Seized a band by treachery.
Some they hanged, and all made captive.
Some they sold to slavery.

4
'Twas for this that we have suffered.
They but did the thing they knew.
Had we good for evil proffered,
Faithful had they been and true.

5
I, their captive, tell you truly,
We ourselves were most to blame.
Six sad years I served them duly,
Seeing much I may not name.

6
Ask me not to tell the story
Of the night when Dover fell;
Or when Pemaquid, all gory,
Yielded to the savage yell.

7
When the homes about were smitten
As when lightning rives the oak,
As the fields, by keen frost bitten
When each running stream doth smoke.

8
Herded closely were the living
Fiercely thrust into the night,
Only by their breathing giving
Proof they had survived the fight.

9
My poor brother for his error
Suffered everything and died;
And the nights were Full of terror
E'er we reached St. John's clear tide.

10
There the women, madly reeling,
In their dances wild, and grim,
Void of pity, void of feeling,
Would have torn us limb from limb.

11
Dragged the days at first full slowly,
Every moment full of fear.
Sunk to their condition lowly,
All my life was void of cheer.

12
Forests whispered all about me,
And the birds were doily heard;
And at first they seemed to flout me,
Yet I knew such thought absurd.

13
Over head the swallows darted,
Chattering in merry glee,
And I sighed when they departed,
Winging Southward to the sea.

14
Crimson ran the St. John river,
Gleaming in the setting sun,
And the shadows ceased to quiver
Only when the day was done.

15
Daily o'er the waters sailing,
Daily questing after food,
Hunting moose, the red deer trailing,
Life was hard, and yet was good.

16
Thus I learned to know the savage
Well as man his neighbour can.
Learned to understand his ravage,
Wild, untutored child, and man,

IN ACADIE

Marguerite

1
Red and gold the leaves are falling
Everywhere about my feet;
And I hear a sweet voice calling.
'Tis the voice of Marguerite.

2
Little English! Little English!
I must have a word with you.
'Tis for me a day of anguish,
And I know not what to do.

3
When you first appeared among us
We had pity on your state;
Bought you from your savage foe; thus
Saved you from a hopeless fate.

4
Little English, will you help me?
Cruel Church is drawing nigh
Burning, slaying, without mercy.
Fear I all we have must die.

5
Little English, take my writing,
Nail it high upon our door.
When the English find no fighting
They will pause to read it o'er.

6
Little English, will you help me
In my time of bitter need?
Ah, I knew you would not fail me,
Grateful ever for good deed.

7
My poor babes! We must be moving
Up the Gemseg, o'er the lake.
It is awful to be roving
When the Frost begins to make

8
God will bless you, Little English,
For your Faith this day to me;
And my man will grant your great wish.
Know From henceforth, you are free.

9
Long ago that voice was speaking.
I but hear it when I dream,
And when Memory is seeking
Converse by New Brunswick's stream.

10
All around the leaves are Flying,
For October groweth old;
And I see the day is dying,
And the evening will be cold.

11
Thus it was when Church rough routed
Marguerite from out her nest.
Had he her petition flouted,
Who would care to tell the rest?

12
Matron worthy: Story nobles
France and Britain share your fame.
From the days of toil and trouble
We recall you without shame.

IN ACADIE

The Expulsion

1
In Fundy Bay the strong tides rush
Forward and backward day by day.
Ever they shew the same strong push,
Mighty, resistless, making way.
The rocks before become as clay,
The fields draw back and disappear,
The waves all red above them play.
O Fundy tides are things to fear:
But those who know them hold them dear.

2
The Frenchmen came in days of yore,
And wondered at the things he saw.
He nosed along thy winding shore,
Through Digby Gut he looked with awe
And saw a port without a flaw.
A Royal Port for France, said he,
Now let us to this headline draw
For here, my men, our camp shall be,
And we shall see what we shall see.

3
Along by Blomidon his way
Led where the Minas Basin flows.
He saw Percaux, Canard, Grand Pre,
The Cobequid, and all it shews.
He came to where the Isthmus rose
Above the swelling waters brim.
He travelled far and ever chose,
As prize for France, and prize
For him, All Acadie, from rim to rim.

4
For many years this happy land
Was his, a well of deep delight.
He won the Indian's strong band;
He sought to lead him to the light,
To love Old France, and eke to fight
Old England, and New England too.
And when to England passed the right
To Acadie, he kept in view
Old France, and to her cause was true.

5
Fair Acadie! From hand to hand
Thy lot was cast. And who could say
Which in the end should thee command?
England might ask thee to obey
Yet marvelled not at thy stout, Nay.
Thy friend she was through all the years.
Oppressed thy sons? Not for a day!
She knew full well thy hopes and fears
And grace in all her work appears.

6
O cruel war! What carest thou
For peace, and love, and home, and right?
On treachery and broken vow
Is reared the fabric of thy might.
Thou castest man in woeful plight
And mocketh at his misery.
Thy deeds are ever of the night!
And restless as the heaving sea
Thy purpose and thy motives be.

7
O Foolish people! blindly led
By cunning priest who would not heed
The counsels of his chosen head.
'Twas naught to him if thou didst bleed;
He had ambition's pangs to feed.
With gold and treachery he sought
To bind all to his Christless creed.
The Indian with gold was bought
But thy warm heart with words was caught.

8
He broke thy growing love of peace,
Thy gratitude for kindness shewn.
Though neutrals from all war should cease,
Such thought he taught thee to disown.
His every deed For France was sown,
Naught cared he for the cross he bore,
Nor that he made the wise to moan.
He drew thy youth to Beausejour,
And burned a church his point to score.

IN ACADIE

9

Rose Louisburg, a mighty pile,
All Acadie to overawe.
What wonder if she won thy smile,
And wish for her familiar law?
Might not Old England soon withdraw?
But vain such hope! Loved Acadie
Was lost to France, for England saw
She must assert her sovereignty
Or soon no sovereign would she be.

10

Wouldst thou her own? Not for an hour!
Thy voice was firm. Thy purpose plain.
The clouds of war o'er all did lower.
To thee it seemed a chance to gain
For France again the right to reign.
Old England saw and understood,
By pain she must escape from pain.
To lessen slaughter if she could
Her duty was her present good.

11

Ah, then by Fundy's rushing tide
Was wailing heard, and tears were shed.
Those who a century did bide
By foaming creek, and sightly head,
Were torn from home, and farm, and dead.
Transported into distant lands
Were all except the ones who fled.
Harsh are the least of war's demands;
Her victims many as the sands.

12

The strong tides rush through Digby Gut,
They wash the shores about Grand Pre,
They daily fill each gleaming rut
As on the isthmus still they play.
They tell us nothing of a day
When Acadie a people lost;
But fruitful field and teeming bay
Await the sunshine and the frost
And no one asks what war will cost.

IN ACADIE

The Abbe La Loutre

1
An Abbe fled from Acadie
In France was wearing out his life.
He came to live in secrecy
Within an old monastery
Far from his former field of strife.

2
None knew him in his last retreat;
But many marked his gloomy face,
The listless motions of his feet,
His raiment now no longer neat,
Conspicuous in any place.

3
But now his day of strife was o'er.
The burdened mind was giving way.
Anon he wept with anguish sore,
Anon he smote upon the floor
As one impatient of delay.

4
And Father John stood by his bed,
A kindly, gentle man was he;
He sought to ease the tossing head
And listened to the things he said,
This dying man of mystery.

5
Good Father John, my day is done;
And I must tell to you my tale.
Before the rising of the sun
I needst must have absolution.
Refuse not thou thy brother frail.

6
Know that I am a son of France,
A Jesuit by vow and choice,
And much I thought I might advance
The cause of Christ, and eke of France
With consecrated heart and voice.

7
To Acadie in haste I came,
My heart inflamed with zeal and pride.
I thought the savage heart to tame
And make myself a lasting name
Where Fundy pours its ceaseless tide.

8
The English heretic was there.
I hated him with all my soul.
By treachery, and deadly snare,
And every art my mind could dare
I fought with Acadie the goal.

9
Quebec frowned down my burning zeal
And bade me moderate my ways.
I knew with whom I had to deal,
And thought I Acadie could steal,
And this would bring full weed of praise

10
With gold I won the savage heart,
Bright gold from France around I spread.
We made the heretic to smart
With sudden blow, and savage art,
And freely English blood was shed.

11
I hoped to make the land too hot
For English trade, and English law.
The ears of our own sons I caught,
To keep them true to France I sought
To save them from the English paw.

12
I led them to the Isle St. John;
Fort Beausejour I built, and there
To fight for France I drew them on.
Stout Louisburg I dwelt upon,
And I drew many pictures fair.

13
'Twas I who kept them from the oath
When Mascarene made his appeal.
His kindness made them nothing loath;
But I had wit and spirit both
To steal their hearts and stir their zeal.

14
O how the English hated me!
They sought to seize me, and I know
Cornwallis of a certainty
Meant death and not captivity;
For this his eager orders show.

IN ACADIE

15

Strongly the Abbe's voice rang out.
His strength revived, his eyes flashed fire.
Again he put his foe to rout;
Again all meekness he did flout,
And France seemed all of his desire.

16

Poor Father John saw with dismay
That here appeared no penitent
But boaster flaunting to the day
A heart where love of earth held sway,
A mind on earthly pride all bent.

17

Something he knew of what he heard;
But till that day, and till that hour
The New World was but whispered word;
And France's struggle had not stirred
His soul with its seductive power.

18

His life had been a life of prayer,
Of struggle to escape from sin;
To banish every earthly care,
To pluck a sinner from the snare,
The prizes were he sought to win.

19

He sighed aloud; and with the sigh
A change passed o'er the sick man's face.
All clouded grew the flashing eye;
The lips sent forth a moaning cry
That troubled all that quiet place.

20

Once more he spoke. The voice was low,
And John bent down the words to hear,
They came in mournful measures slow,
O Acadie, I love you so!
The Christ himself was not so dear.

21

You hate me now. O cruel change!
You forced me from the land to flee.
Quebec turned on me visage strange,
My way to France they did arrange,
Regardless of my misery.

22

'Twas fate that gave our vessel up
To England's ever moving fleet.
To me it was a bitter cup
That eight long years I needst must sup
A prisoner at England's feet.

23

Released at length, to France I came
With steps grown old, and strength decayed.
The war had seared my hopes like flame
And naught was left to me save shame.
I stood alone, a man betrayed.

24

Good Father John, at last you know.
Men call me, Man of mystery;
This is my secret; and I go
Full gladly from these scenes of woe.
Only to me God's pity skew.

25

He ceased to speak. His form grew still.
The watcher thought the soul had fled.
He marvelled at the stubborn will
Of Abbe using all his skill
Through years for that which is not bread.

26

He too loved France, but more her poor;
His thought had been for them to care.
Fame and the world did not allure.
If righteousness he could secure
For rich and poor, all would he dare.

27

The racing tides of Acadie
That foamed far up her pulsing streams,
And spread themselves o'er wide spread lea
Were sights his eye would never see;
But now he saw them in his dreams.

28

An Indian in swift canoe
Appeared, borne on some memory,
One, many, saw he come in view;
They quickly passed in dark review
And vanished on the misty sea.

IN ACADIE

29

And in his ears there came the cry
Of women, and of children too,
Smitten beneath the star-lit sky,
Or spared for worse things by and by,
The prey of that same savage crew,

30

An Abbe's work! the weak to slay,
War to foment, and peace destroy!
He saw it now with deep dismay,
Denial of the Christian way,
And enemy of all true joy.

31

While Father John pursued such thought
The fainting man returned to life.
He sighed. He breathed. At length he caught
The power of speech, but all was fraught
With memories of bitter strife.

32

Alas, for me: What shall I say?
I am to blame for what befell
To Acadie in that dark day
When England carried all away,
Lest hostile ranks our sons should swell.

33

The fault is mine. Yes, wholly mine.
A word from me had given peace.
I worshipped at an earthly shrine
And to promote war gave my time.
For France I strove and did not cease.

34

I heard her little children cry,
The mother coiling For her flock;
No longer is her husband nigh!
And I- O gladly would I die;
But death my misery doth mock.

35

Seven thousand people knew distress
Their homes and churches are no more.
No words my shame can well express,
It seems but mockery to confess
In view of that deserted shore.

36

Then Father John by pity pressed
The last rites gave the stricken one;
For who is he by sin oppressed
Dare help refuse to soul distressed
Though such be worst beneath the sun?

IN ACADIE

The Church of the Pioneers

1

Lift now the curtain from that sacred day
When Acadie became the chosen home
Of our stout fathers, and the feeble sway.
Of France, ill governed, and the slave of Rome,
Had ceased to hurt. Across the snowy foam
Of ocean's billows came no hostile sails
To harry hands which sought to till a loam
Made rich with silt from many hills and dales
Brought through long centuries in floods and gales.

2

All fear had ceased. The land was not unknown
To those who fought New England to preserve
Against the force of France, fought and made moan,
Lest having won, Old England whom they serve,
Should yield the land to her who had the nerve
To ask it in exchange for distant lands.
New England had no wish thus to conserve
The power of France to fling her savage bands
On fields and hamlets won by English hands.

3

Rose Lawrence, Governor of high renown,
And said, Against my will, but for the good
Of all who fain would dwell beneath the crown
In peace, have I removed those who withstood
Our right to Acadie. And now I would
Their lands were occupied by men of might,
Men fit to match with men in every mood,
Lest trouble follow, and our dear bought right
Be flouted, lost as object in the night.

4

Therefore do I proclaim these lands shall be
For those who from our colony dare go and occupy.
Fair are these lands to see,
As all who in our army served do know,
And rich as fair this gift we would bestow.
In answer came strong men to the St. John,
And women brave as men, with hearts aglow,
Afraid of nothing, venturing upon
The quest with joy, as men approach the down.

5

Then by the St. John river, day by day,
The keen axe flashed; and clearings grew apace;
And buildings rose. All hearts were light and gay;
And joy shone brightly on each happy face.
It was a land of beauty and of grace
Beyond their dreams, a land to breed content;
And hardy toil for gratitude made place.
To God above their songs of praise were sent,
And to his service all their life was bent.

6

Then up rose Burpee, Jonathan his name,
Friends, said he, hearken now to what I say,
Lest in the years to come we blush with shame.
Ye know to whom our thanks are due this day
For these brave lands. unused for long lay they,
Which we call ours, lands fair-as any dream.
Yea fairer: lands where men may work and play
Beside a never Failing crystal stream
Where Fish and wild fowl by the thousand teem.

7

Ye know how France beheld with jealous eye
This goodly land and called it Acadie.
For eight score years the Frenchmen dare to die
For its possession. What they did not see
Was this, That God would have the land to be
A place for homes, and not a place for game.
To day the land has come to you and me,
That we the untamed wilderness may tame
And give the land a worthy use and fame.

8

France failed because of greed, and bigot zeal.
Her rulers have no heart, for Rome is proud.
She thinketh not of Christ but of the weal
Of her too vast domain, which like a cloud
Hangs darkly o'er the world, with thunders loud.
But God will not permit her to excel.
'Tis he hath humbled France, the keen and proud,
Rome's silly servant. But I need not dwell
With feeble words on things ye know full well

9

This Friends, I fain would urge, That you and I,
 Servants of Christ, as all who know us know,
 Honour him now as in the days gone by
 With solemn covenant, and with fearless shew
 Of faith, Now, e'er another day shall go
 The Church of the Pioneers
 Into the hopeless past; Let us arise
 And be a Congregation. Why so slow
 When time is precious? Let no man disguise
 His hope to win the everlasting prize.

10

He ceased, and for a moment no one spoke.
 Then up rose Nevers, saying, It is good
 That we should stand together For the sake
 Of him who tasted death on cross of wood
 That we might live. And for myself, I would
 That I might sign such Covenant, yea, today.
 In this new land, let it be understood
 We honour Christ in such ways as we may,
 And yield our lives to his benignant sway.

11

Then Esty rose and said, Full glad am I
 To hear such words. Our fathers crossed the wave,
 And brought with them their faith, Who would deny
 The hope they counted life, himself to save?
 If now the Master's blessing we would have
 'Tis meet that, as suggested, we should do.
 At all times must the child of God be brave.
 Make haste, then, Jonathan, Elisha too,
 And know that Richard gladly stands with you.

12

Next Daniel Palmer spoke with thoughtful voice,
 I too am with you; and of those found here,
 Not one, I know, will make a diverse choice.
 Have we, my Friends, a written Covenant near?
 If not, prepare it, Jonathan. Make clear
 The substance of our common Faith. Make bold
 The letters, Eye and heart will Find good cheer
 In what you write, e'en when we have grown old;
 And God Forbid our thoughts should e'er grow cold.

13

Then Gervas Say stood up, and Edward Coy,
 And Smith, hight Joanathan, to signify
 Agreement, whilst each heart beat high for joy.
 And Burpee, greatly moved, made this reply,
 Even as you suggest that do will I;
 But let us from each church our letters seek
 In order due; and bringing these draw nigh,
 In fashion serious, in aspect meek,
 That thus by wisdom we may help the weak.

14

Then Jacob Barker rose and said, I move
 We form ourselves in a Society,
 After the fashion which we all approve,
 And I suggest our earnest leader be
 Our Chairman, and for Clerk, it seems to me
 That Humphry Pickard is the man we need.
 He spake and all approved. And you may see
 These nine names on the Cairn, if you heed
 That which In Sheffield shouts that all may read,

15

The Covenant scarce was signed when cruel doubt
 Assailed the Pioneers. The Lords of Trade,
 Themselves safe seated, rose to order out
 The settlers, who, they claimed, had rashly made this
 Intrusion, thus upsetting counsels staid
 For settlement of the Acadian Lands
 On soldiers, who of war profession made.
 All unexpected came these harsh demands
 To try the settlers hearts, and stay their hands.

16

But not without a struggle would they yield
 To orders which they knew to be unfair,
 Born of mistake by those who power wield
 From distant office, and who have no share
 In labours they have never learned to bear.
 All who as soldiers for the land had fought
 Had good claim surely in the land to fare.
 With strong petition for their rights they sought;
 Maugher twas, who saved each man his lot.

IN ACADIE

17

The years sped by and faithfully these few
Observed their Covenant; and from week to week
They met in diverse homes. Their numbers grew
Until at length, they felt compelled to seek
A minister. They chose a man not weak,
Seth Noble, Full of Force and passion strong,
Well had it been for them had he been meek!
All needed then, to lift a loyal song,
For days were threatenng, and big with wrong.

18

Two things perceived these hardy pioneers.
First they must have a church; then, house for him
Who chose, henceforth, to share their hopes and fears.
They built them both in one, with psalm and hymn,
Working from early morn till day grew dim,
Until there looked out o'er the river pole
A church well built, expressing no man's whim
But the resolve of men who would not fall
To worship him who sends both calm and gale.

19

Glad was the day when in that house they met,
Pastor and people bent on praise and prayer,
Laying aside the daily toil and fret,
Costing on him who doth man's burdens share
The life destroying load of doily care.
To God above their cheerful songs arose,
And in that moment all to serve him dare.
Washed by the word each Face with ardour glows
And Spirit filled each heart with love o'er flows.

20

But life grew hard in those distressful years
When friend from friend was parted in fierce hate,
And love seemed nothing but a fount of tears.
New England sought and found another State,
And free from England, gloried In her fate.
Some one had blundered as the world doth know.
Had Wisdom ruled all life had higher rate,
And earth new joy. Life doth with Wisdom go!
A babe in morals may perceive it so.

21

Along the St, John river hearts did break
And strong men trembled In an agony.
The time had come when each his choice must make-
For from a choice no single man was free-
New England or Old England it must be;
And when at length, Old England won the day,
In these fair lands of ancient Acadie,
And many loyal men had come this way
The heave of mighty passions still Found play.

22

The Pioneers had chosen Lot Fifteen
To be their Glebe; and there they laid their dead;
But five miles further up, as may be seen
According to the Grant, the fountain head
Of every claim, they built their church on stood
Reserved for first residing minister.
The right was theirs; but this to trouble led.
Seth Noble proved no loyal Pioneer,
And his deflection cost his people dear.

23

Though law be Law it may not yield men right:
The Pioneers beheld themselves swept bare,
Their church torn from them, all their work a blight;
But who can say what such men will not dare,
And what they cannot do, when each doth share
The labour asked? Eight hundred men might sit
Within that church; Must they, then, leave it there?
No; said the Pioneers, It is not fit.
To Lot Fifteen we'll move if God give wit.

24

Then chose they five to organize the task,
Sylvanous Plumer, Nathan Smith, Dingee,
Whose name Elijah earnest faith doth ask,
One Ebenezer Briggs, as you may see,
And Jacob Barker. Good men all, worthy
Of trust, and skilful to devise and plan.
Quickly they wrought and asked not praise nor fee,
Save that which conscience gives to every man
Who faithfully the public weal doth scan.

IN ACADIE

25

A sight it was to make a country stare.
The settlement assembled, horses, men,
More than two hundred oxen, bold to bare
That mighty structure over field and fen,
O'er snow and ice till it should rest again
On firm foundations. First by mighty screws
They raised it up. On shoes they placed it.
Then They made it firm, Nor did an ox refuse
When God to bless his servants' task did choose.

26

God gave them Frost, till as a pavement lay
The great St. John, smooth as a polished floor,
And strong enough to make an easy way
For those who sought his help. It was a door
Of hope through which they passed. They glided o'er
Its surface till they came with song and shout
To Lot Fifteen. A gently sleeping shore
Invited them to land. They swung about
And soon from chosen spot the church looked out.

27

Great was the joy of those stout hearted folk
To see the church undamaged, standing there
No longer faced with fear's distressing yoke,
A monument to faith, and courage rare,
And toil in which each man had borne a share.
They turned their faces to the glowing sky
With one accord in fervent praise and prayer.
Then to his home each pioneer did fly
And with relief the Settlement did sigh.

28

Long years have passed, and where the old church
stood
A fairy structure lifts its stately tower,
Dreamlike, yet boasting in its fibre wood
From that old church whose story to this hour
To thrill the hearts of men hath ample power.
And from her sons and daughters streams afar,
E'en to this day the blessing of her dower,
True love, high hope, rich faith, which like a star
Shines o'er the earth to bless and not to mar.

IN ACADIE

Jemseg

- 1
What mean ye by this cairn
That stands by Jemseg stream?
Well may you ask, my bairn,
Here men recall a dream.
- 2
For here Sir Thomas Temple
Did found a post for trade.
His choice was good, and ample
The Fort which here he made.
- 3
Eight years the labour flourished
Beneath a British hand;
But Acadie France cherished.
A treaty won the land..
- 4
Then came the gallant Perrie
And made this spot his home,
Nor did his bride grow weary
When wee Louise did come.
- 5
But here the Dutchmen's thunder
Disturbed their dream of peace,
And robbers bent on plunder
Refused the man release.
- 6
At length came Louis D'Amours
With gentle Marguerite.
He was the first of farmers
Who here grew corn and wheat.
- 7
And for a time they flourished
In comfort and good heart;
But France was badly nourished
And failed to do her part.
- 8
Then all the land grew quiet;
And France and England fought;
And when war ceased her riot
The French domain was naught.
- 9
And we who have our dwelling
Beside this ancient stream
Believe these things worth telling.
Pray tell us what you deem.

IN ACADIE

Anna and Gervas

1
To Acadie in days of old
Came one hight Gervas Say,
For war hod loosed the Frenchman's hold,
And he was young and he was bold,
And none might say him, Nay.

2
He saw the St. John river gleam
A polished mirror bright;
And marked the wonder of the stream,
Surpassing for his fondest dream
A source of deep delight.

3
And Anna, fairest of the fair,
Was eke a pioneer.
'Twas little that she did not dare,
'Twas little that she would not share
With those she lived to cheer.

4
Small wonder then, that Gervas Say
Beheld the maid with joy;
But fear for once his soul did sway,
The whilst he wooed her day by day,
That maiden sweet and coy.

5
In pain and pleasure Winter sped;
But with the month of May
The maiden raised her shapely head,
To Gervas gave her word to wed,
And all the world grew gay.

6
Now Minister or Magistrate
The country could not claim:
What could the lovers do but wait
Submissive to a cruel fate?
It was a crying shame!

7
But Gervas Say was not the man
To weakly yield his right.
If wed we must, then wed we can,
Now listen, Anna, to my plan,
Said he, one Winter night.

8
Before the Congregation we
Together soon will stand,
And God himself with us will be.
We'll take our vows with all to see.
The Church will give her hand.

9
Thus was it done: and all were glad
To bless the happy pair.
And no one thought such doings mad;
And never wedding was less sad,
And never one more fair.

IN ACADIE

The Lost Child

1
Above the hills of Douglas green,
The sun rose clear and bright,
And earth was happy and serene
Beneath the glowing light.

2
Each isle and stream of fair St. John
Spake but of hope and peace,
As in its course the sun sped on
To give the day increase.

3
The birds were flitting everywhere,
For this was Summer time,
And earth and sky were fresh and fair
In all our Northern clime.

4
The fear of war had left the land.
None but the elders knew
The midnight summons and command
To all men staunch and true,

5
To fight the Savage and the French,
To fight New England too,
Or see the foe their loved land drench
With blood like morning dew.

6
The children knew not any fear,
E'er had they lived in peace.
To them the land was safe and dear
With promise of increase.

7
It was the happy berry time,
And Mary said to May,
Let us pick berries this day fine,
While father cuts the hay.

8
And soon the two with baskets trim;
Made for the maple grove
That held upon its further rim
The fruit for which they strove.

9
Wee Bennie spied them as they went,
Their faces all aglow,
And followed them on pleasure bent,
Intent their joy to know.

10
The wood was reached. The sisters saw
Their little brother nigh.
Go back, dear Bennie, to mama.
You can't come. Now, don't cry.

11
They pled with him. They sent him back
With pledge and promise fine.
They watched him take the backward track
Till hidden by the lime.

12
They hurried on to gather fruit
Beneath the burning sun,
Returning, laden with their loot,
Before the day was done.

13
The mother met them as they came,
Is Bennie not with you?
Where is he girls? For fear like flame
Her heart shot through and through.

14
He followed us. We sent him back,
The girls in anguish cried.
He could not miss the beaten track
The tree from us did hide.

15
He surely must be somewhere near,
We saw him come this way.
O we must find our brother dear
Before the close of day.

16
They searched for Bennie everywhere,
But never was he found.
The neighbours in the search did share
They covered every ground

17

But not a trace was ever seen-
 No track of man or beast-
 It was as if he had not been.
 Strange chance, to say the least.

18

A living sorrow Filled that home
 Where peace had reigned so long,
 For with that child their thoughts did roam,
 None could explain the wrong,

19

The years flew by. The children grew,
 And soon the parent nest
 Was left deserted for homes new
 As each pursued his quest.

20

O mother, there is Uncle Ned!
 And he has gone away.
 The mother looked, Why, yes, she said,
 What did he have to say?

21

You ask for Ned? He was not here,
 The father did report;
 There came a savage, Paul Rapere,
 The shrewdest of his sort.

22

Is he our Bennie? thought the dame.
 It surely cannot be
 But deep conviction slowly came.
 She knew that it was he.

1

Said May to Lou, Let's have some Fun.
 Let's call the doctor in.
 That chick, you know, the speckled one
 That always looked so thin, Has broken its left leg,
 and Ma
 She says to kill the thing,
 But I, well I agree with Pa,
 Why not call Doctor King?
 For he is young, you know, and green;
 Too innocent to think us mean.

2

The doctor got a hurried call,
 A broken bone to set.
 He rushed his weary horse from stall,
 His own meal, waiting let;
 And wondered when two giggling girls
 Did greet him at the door,
 All flushed and fair, with hair in curls,
 With mischief brimming o'er;
 For him it was no time to flirt.
 Said he, I'm here. Now who is hurt?

3

They laughed and brought the chicken out,
 Here is your patient, Doc.
 Poor thing, he said, We must not flout,
 Nor at such real pain mock.
 With skilful hands he dressed the leg,
 And said, Now that should do,
 Just keep him by himself, I beg,
 The bone will soon be new.
 He took his hat and went his way
 All smiles as he bid them, Good day.

4

Some weeks went past, and in the mail
 The girls a letter got-
 A doctor's bill that left them pale
 As they its import caught
 For services on such a day,
 The setting of a bone,
 The doctor hoped they soon might pay,
 He had to meet a loan.
 They thought then of their little jest,
 But somehow it had lost its zest.

IN ACADIE

Peter Lola

1
The coach was bound for Woodstock town
From Fredericton the fair.
It carried mail, men of renown,
And maids of beauty rare.

2
John Turner held the driver's seat,
And blythe he was and gay,
For by his side a maiden nest
Would journey all the way.

3
It was a day in early June.
Men said, It will be hot
Before the day has grown to noon.
A breath of air is not.

4
They halted by the office stair.
John quickly seized the mail,
But Peter Lola waited there,
And he the coach did hail.

5
Say John, he cried, I too will go
To Woodstock to day.
John shook his head, Not if I know.
Who goes to day must pay.

6
The Indian held forth his hand,
And smiling said to John,
See here is more than you demand.
Now where shall I get on?

7
John viewed the men of high renown,
And eke the maiden fair,
And marked how spotless was the gown
The driver's seat would share.

8
Peter, he said, the coach is full;
You cannot ride to day.
But Peter smiled, Your horses pull
Far more along this way.

9
Now will I ride along with you,
And if the maiden mind,
Then she can get as fair a view
From any seat behind.

10
At this the maid began to pout,
The others looked annoyed,
And John was plainly quite put out,
As with the lines he toyed.

11
Peter, he said, you must stay here,
The reason why I'll tell,
Your presence robs us of our cheer,
We cannot bide your smell.

12
The pride of a proud Malliceet
Flashed in the keen dark eye,
But still he spoke with accents sweet
And made this calm reply.

13
Well John, to Woodstock I will go;
And you have said your worst.
An Indian can run, you know,
And I will be there first.

14
All laughed. John chirruped to his team;
Straight up Queen Street they sped,
And Peter with his face abeam,
Was running just ahead.

15
Upon the side walk men stood still,
Each wondered what it meant,
Concluded, there was nothing ill,
Then to his own task bent.

16
Out of the town the runner ran,
And never looked behind.
John Turner soon forgot the man,
For much was on his mind,

IN ACADIE

- 17
The river its enchantment threw
O'er men and maidens fair.
The Keswick Isles, each fabled Shoe,
Were eloquent and rare.
- 18
Came noon; the coach sought change and food
As it was wont to do;
And as they entered Peter stood
Expectant, in full view.
- 19
With dinner o'er, and horses changed,
The coach again made start,
And by their side the runner ranged;
Then swiftly forth did dart.
- 20
Come on! Come on! he gaily cried,
Your horses are too slow.
You brag to quickly, John replied,
We've thirty miles to go.
- 21
And does he really mean to race?
The maiden asked of John.
Said John, He'll shew another face
Before the day is gone.
- 22
O'er hill and dale did Peter fly,
The coach was just behinds
But when they thought to pass him by,
He spurted like the wind.
- 23
The men and maidens laughed with glee;
Excitement filled each face;
All wondered what the end would be
In such unequal racer
- 24
For Peter Lola just ahead,
Ran on with flying feet;
And close behind the horses sped
Determined him to beat.
- 25
Four times that day with horses fresh
The four-in-hand rushed forth;
John did not spare his horses flesh,
And well he proved their worth.
- 26
And when to Woodstock they drew nigh
The race increased in speed,
While Peter shouted, leaped on high,
And shewed no sign of need.
- 27
Come on Come on! he loudly cried,
Why dont you pass me by?
The maiden looked at John, and sighed,
But John made no reply.
- 28
Across the bridge with savage yell
Came Peter with a bound;
Behind him came the coach, pell mell.
They made a frightful sound.
- 29
The children ran, Men left their work.
The whole place was agog.
Behind clean curtains maidens lurked,
Their minds were all a fog.
- 30
Said Peter, then, as John drew near,
You see I win the race.
I little thought to see you here,
Said John, with crimson face.
- 31
In loud excitement buzzed the crowd,
Men seized the victor's hand,
Congratulations! We are proud.
The race was simply grand

IN ACADIE

Mehitable

1
Mehitable was big and strong,
Six feet and more she stood.
Her face was fair, her arm was long,
And speak? Indeed she could.

2
There was no man in all the town
Of equal height and weight;
Upon them all did she look down,
And no where saw a mate.

3
For she looked down, and they looked up,
And though her face was fair,
None offered her the marriage cup,
Because they did not dare..

4
They feared her tongue, they feared her length
They feared her bright blue eye.
Poor scrawny things, to match her strength,
They knew they need not try.

5
Mehitable as you may see,
Was in an evil case.
It was no fault of hers that she
Was biggest of the race.

6
But brave she was and went her way
As one who did not care.
She used her strength, and had her say,
And none did better fare.

7
And this is why it came to pass,
Si Short, ambitious lad,
Was sure she was the only lass
Could ever make him glad.

8
Si loved her for her wondrous strength;
He loved her for her size;
He loved her tongue, he loved her length,
He counted her a prize.

9
Mehitable loved Si, forsooth,
Because he was so small;
And was he not a worthy youth?
And she was much to tall.

10
So they were wed and settled well
Within a cosy cot;
And in the course of years it fell
Three little ones they got.

11
And how they loved the little folk,
As only parents know!
The care of them was quite a yoke;
But neither thought it so.

12
In fact it was the children three
That kept the two from grief.
Mehitable was strong, you see,
And arguments were brief.

13
Mehitable thought Si a child
And treated him as one;
And be it said, She was as mild
With him as with a son.

14
Si came to do as he was told
No matter what he thought;
For if at times he was too bold
Sure punishment he caught.

15
And if at first he was full sad,
For he had spirit too,
The children came to make him glad,
And shew him what to do.

16
The neighbours gazed upon the pair,
Not one did understand,
That Si was blessed above all there
Throughout the whole wide land.

IN ACADIE

17

They pitied Si all needlessly;
They feared Mehitable.
How Si endures her none can see,
Each would his neighbour tell.

18

Si loved her for her wondrous strength;
He loved her for her size.
He loved her tongue, he loved her length,
He counted her a prize.