The Tragedy

Come listen to me, all ye that passeth
By,
And hear my story, dark with care
and gloom.
Basil Dullmen and foul law to
slave,
Youth Dryden of Glengarry meets
his doom.

Beneath a little lake whose waters
were
A calm, serene, and undisturbed
place,
And many seeking rest and free-
dom from care
Have found their quiet, thus granted
at this place.

Nestling among the hills, removed
from all
The noise, the strife, and wrangling
of other things,
Save for a passing load, whose
lonely call
Is heard as it comes on mid
silent slumberings.

Here lived the aged recluse, all
alone,
And knew not that a foe had mark-
ed his life
A humble tenement, which he call-
ed home,
Was fled from everything which
renders strife.

But in the silence of the night
there came
A friend, a coward for to slay and
rob,
Regarding not the ruthlessness and
shame
Of the foul deed nor sin against
his God.

Now see him creeping stealthily
With falsed hand to deal the fatal
blow,
Sending a soul into eternity
His recompense home but God can
know.

Stay, ear to fall, all ye that pass
Beware of sin's seductive, slimy
path,
Lest force, mention to death then
Hell's last cry
Hell's woe God in stay His awful
wrath.

Ask good alone, and good will
come to thee
Seek ye Him who is the Life, the
Truth, the Way
Then in my dooms sun sweet
peace shall be
Thy with overflowing from day to
day.

— E. Fraser.

The East River Valley

There's a pattern Pictou County,
That is much beloved by me
And I would that every body
Might be privileged to see
Such delightful scenery on view
Your will rest the troubled mind
In the East River Valley
Where e'en may life measure find.

Come then to East River Valley
Your be charmed when you have
seen
This entrancing work of nature
Marring earth, such perfect
green.

Stately hillsides lined its borders
Scenic beauty gives with pride
Silver streams, hills, meadows
Form the river winding spreading
Such a view, pleasure so complete
Making life a happy dream
Here long to live, love to wander
Hear the streams murmuring
gleam.

[illegible] Fields

Big guns are spewing out shot
and shell,
On the battlefields of Spain
And it seems as if the hordes
of hell
Were loose, causing fear and
shame.

Also in the Orient lands afar,
In China's vast domain,
There thousands fall by a ruth-
less war
That stamps such a blackened
stain.
Does not the cry of the dying
rise,
Re-echoing the whole world
o'er,
Ascending up to the very skies
While the cannons belch and
roar.

Poor innocent children foully
slain,
And torn from their mothers'
embrace,
As a pitiless grief imposes a
pain
That leaves such a saddened
face.

Now the god of war exults with
glee,
In the slaughter of precious
lives,
Resulting a grim reality
Of sorrowing anxious wives.

Oh God how long must this
scourge go on,
That ruins and blights with
shame,
Do thou arise and o'erthrow the
wrong
To the honor of Thy name.

Let peace descend like a mighty
flood,
That sweeps o'er the billowy
waves,
And check the drainage of hu-
man blood,
Now stretch out thine arm
and save.

— Evan R. Fraser.

LIFE'S WAY

I have travelled far to the crest of
life's hill
O'er a long well beaten track,
But I must not stay for I can't be
still
Nor can I e'er go back.

And I scan the way o'er which I
came
Which was sometimes rough and
steep,
And I hate to close some dreams
with pain
That were muddy, dark and deep.

But true there were times when the
way was bright
With beautiful flowers in bloom,
And the sun through the rifted
clouds gave light
Dispelling all fear and gloom.

And now as I tread on the other side
Looking down the great decline,
I know God will still be my guard
and guide
For His hand is laid on mine.

For naught can I do without His aid
I will cast on Him every care
Willing to Him and not be afraid
For my trials all He'll share.

I pray when the precious prize is
won
And life's struggles all are o'er
May hear the Master say "Well
Done"
Come Cross to the Heavenly
shore.

When Royalty Comes

Royalty is coming, won't that
be grand,
Coming from over the sea,
From England's beautiful,
pleasant land,
Will that not eventful be?

Royalty is coming our way, our
ourway,
Royalty is coming our way,
So let us be glad and not look
sad
When Royalty comes our
way.

Let everyone then put on their
best,
And everybody look gay,
For sure it will be a time of
test,
When Royalty comes our
way.

Now children dear, you must
all be good,
And don't you forget that
day,
Be pleasant and show a happy
mood
When Royalty comes our
way.

— EVAN R. FRASER.

A BLESSING

'Tis true the ground was
parched and dry,
And some would say the crop
will die,
All will be lost, our labor gone
There surely must be some-
thing wrong.

But some were busy making
hay,
Now just imagine hear them
say
Why it would be a mighty
shame,
While we are haying to have
rain.

And so betwixt the good and
bad
For some were sad and some
were glad
They scarcely knew not what
to do
Because so many seemed so
blue.

One morn the south wind
blew so strong,
Soon clouds were strewn the
sky along
Then lightning flashed and
thunder rolled
'Twas plainly seen what they
foretold

Large drops of rain fell here
and there
Then more that all might
have a share
Their torrents fell the earth
was blest
And grateful souls their
thanks confessed.

Upon the evil and the good
God sends the rain to give us
food,
Although we often do com-
plain,
He'll not withhold the sun
and rain.

— Evan R. Fraser.

Written about murder of Dryden Lake