

# Waiting's Wedding

Other  
Poems

AMY REDPATH RODDICK



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WAITING'S WEDDING

AND

OTHER POEMS

*OTHER BOOKS BY THE SAME  
AUTHOR*

- "The Flag and Other Poems."  
"The Armistice and Other Poems."  
"The Seekers, An Indian Mystery Play."  
"The Birth of Montreal, A Chronicle Play,  
and Other Poems."  
"The Romance of a Princess, a Play,  
and Other Poems."  
"In a Venetian Garden, and St. Ursula,  
Two Plays."  
"From Montreal Elsewhere."  
"I Travel to the Poets' Mart."  
"Tharbis, a Poetic Drama."  
"The Tomahawk, a Play, and Other Poems."  
"The Iroquois Enjoy a Perfect Day,  
A Chance Meeting  
and Other Poems."

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Lady Roddick, Princess Kawennaroroks, with a few of her friends  
at the Longhouse Village, Caughnawaga, October 14th, 1941.

# **Waiting's Wedding**

**and**

## **Other Poems**

*by*

LADY RODDICK  
PRINCESS KAWENNAROROKS,  
OF THE IROQUOIS

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# Waiting's Wedding

[ARMISTICE DAY, 1939]

Waiting sent a most alluring message,  
Said the bridal feast would wait my coming,  
That his name had been with foresight chosen;  
None would seat themselves until my presence  
Gave permission—I, the guest of honour.  
With alacrity I then responded:  
I would rise before the sun's pink streamers  
Flagged the dark on that auspicious morning;  
Neither drowse nor idle dreams could stay me,  
I would gladly too attend the service  
In their ancient church of Caughnawaga,  
Saturday, eleventh of November.  
As the date was uttered, thought went flashing  
Down time's avenues; for twenty autumns,  
Full of change and full of solemn warning,  
Had been born and died since that eleventh  
Printed its full context on our heartstrings.  
Had it though or had it not?—I wondered.  
Peace—unsettled peace—gave little answer;  
Tigrish war has now exposed its talons,  
Ripping all our fondest hopes and fancies.

## WAITING'S WEDDING

Armistice—a truce—by cannon blasted—  
Well, next break should have a fairer dawning.  
Saturday I visit Caughnawaga.

\* \* \* \* \*

What a gracious morning, not yet seven,  
And the moisture of the night dispersing.  
Hark! The bell is pealing.—I am ready—  
Voices, gayly pitched, announce the Princess,  
Her whose name was given me, her husband,  
Talented Chief Poking Fire, both welcome  
As the brightening daylight to my household,  
Now rejoiced with their warm-hearted greetings.  
Soon they spirit me away. How lovely  
Motoring through streets that breathe a freshness,  
Undistressed by din of later traffic.  
Then we cross the bridge. Here is a vista  
Whose magnificent enchantment changes  
With the times and seasons. Our Saint Lawrence,  
Capturer of songs—today no homage  
Is enough for your ethereal beauty,  
Rolled with winds to almost ocean vigour,  
Softened by the blush of matin raying.  
Silently we journey on, communing  
With the waters and the deepening azure  
Of celestial space.—Delicious freedom!  
We have reached where lily ponds give fragrance  
In the summer, where the tax collector  
Is unknown—we are in Caughnawaga.  
Here I somehow like unpainted houses:  
Friendly hearts there are that beat within them.

## WAITING'S WEDDING

Indians enjoy this epic haven,  
This reserve of theirs, this quaint, old village;  
Yet a brooding sense of lost adventure,  
Of an open closed to them—wild nature  
In its fulgence, lead at times to ruing.  
Not today: the sun smiles its rejoinder  
As we step within the church; whose altar  
Is aglow with majesty, whose Pastor  
Is resplendent in his festal vestments:  
White and gold and glory all around him.  
Quietly we take our places, heedful  
Of the nuptial mass that is proceeding.  
Most unique this church of Caughnawaga:  
Iroquois and Latin intermingle  
In the sacred choring. Rome's established  
Utterance calls forth responsive language  
Rooted in the dim of Hochelaga.  
No where else is mass thus celebrated,  
No where else has it a like appealing.  
When with Indians I feel transplanted  
To an ageless past, one that the Paleface  
Seldom sees—or seeing, cares to fathom.

Now we are without: I join a grouplet,  
Centred by the bridal pair, first fighting  
Buoyant, teasing blasts, to be imprisoned  
By a camera. Then soon our motors  
Race the winds as we, with quick, precessive  
Noise from tooting horns, worked under pressure  
Of the news that Waiting waits no longer,  
He is married, tear about the village  
Waking lie-abeds, lulled by November

## WAITING'S WEDDING

And its holiday. The emblematic,  
Quaint creations lined atop our Longhouse  
Waken too and join in secret conclave:  
What they whisper we can but conjecture.  
My totemic bear throws downward glances,  
Recognizing me. Sharp gusts have turned them,  
Mortal hands have carved them, yet a mystic  
Vigilance is theirs. Are they not keepers  
Of those vents whence telling smoke arises  
From the fires we light on grand occasions,  
Tribal fires that I myself have kindled  
With the birchen torch. A sudden scraping  
Jolts me from my museful thought, announces  
Our joy-ride has ended where a welcome  
From Chief Flying Clan, the groom's good uncle,  
Now a councillor; but once the mayor,  
Bids us within as eager guests assemble.  
All are pressing round the youthful couple,  
Her, so coyly sweet in clinging velvet,  
Him, a Brave, though clad in modern fashion,  
As, in fact, the company. Soft voices,  
Iroquois of gentle modulation,  
Give the accent to the day's proceeding.  
Outward garb may yield to time's tuition;  
Still the inner man accepts few changes;  
He is Indian in the abundance  
Of the festal fare that is provided  
In adjoining rooms, festooned with ribbons.  
On the walls are hung the presents: blankets,  
Counterpanes and shawls of divers colours,  
Skilfully handwrought and put together.

Such a pleasant home! And such a showing!

## WAITING'S WEDDING

Eighteen at each table, I presiding,  
Charmed to sit beside the newly married;  
Their attendants; and that Doctor Jacob  
Who, like many of his race, has tarried  
Where the Whiteman dwells, has been diploma'd  
By McGill; though loving still old customs.  
He is highly privileged—two cultures  
At his beck.—Religion hovers near us,  
For Chief Poking Fire has made a gesture:  
We humbly proffer thanks, request God's blessing;  
That is amply verified by bounty  
Spread before us. Surely London's Buzzard  
Never made a more imposing structure  
Than the wedding cake that tempts our vision.  
Storied high, it centres fine confections,  
Pasties of all sorts, delicious titbits  
Cooked and shaped with clever, Indian cunning.  
Succulent, thin steak, the usual breakfast  
When discordant times weigh not too harshly,  
Takes a second place: corn-fed squab-chickens  
With a toothful forcemeat, riced potatoes,  
Peas and condiments hold our attention.  
Eighteen at each table—when we finish  
Eighteen more are seated. If in summer,  
Fragrant out-of-doors at our disposal,  
Twice the counting, twice again would surely  
Add complexity to skilful servers,  
As it is, weighed down with nuptial presents,  
Frequent guests arrive; and each is offered  
All the courses of our own regalement.  
Here are two, white-peppered from a stormlet  
Of bombarding crystals; just a flurry,  
Just enough to heighten our well-being,

## WAITING'S WEDDING

To intensify the hearth's glad welcome:  
Snow and mild conviving cling together.

When conversing, promptive sense directs us,  
Free from nervous chatter that the Paleface  
Sometimes feels is best for his expression:  
Giggly chaff that's feminine, or noisy  
Holding forth of an exploiting venture;  
Faith in one's own self and faults in others.  
No, the Indian has milder diction,  
Void of awkwardness to mar enjoyment.  
Silence falls or speech takes up the motto;  
All is natural, no trace of staging.  
Sunk in easy chairs, pulled close together,  
As might be on Longhouse mats reclining,  
Some of us now rake and fan the embers  
Of a past that I, on one occasion,  
Had the bliss of sharing. Caughnawaga,  
Meaning At-the-Rapids, gives direction  
To our thought; and I with pride uncover  
That I too, in youthy days, had rafted  
Down the swirling, most subliminal waters;  
Almost losing this unusual hazard  
Through an urgent telegram's delayment.  
Seemingly the rapid's rush was in me  
As I hastened to Lachine, was lifted,  
Tossed into the six-oared tender, loosened  
From its mooring, hopeless of my coming,  
Hurried by the tug's impatient tooting.  
The mighty raft had now in parts divided,  
Four great drams or cribs had been uncoupled;  
Evenly the water spaced between them:  
They were left to its propelling power.

## WAITING'S WEDDING

Now the fifth, the leading one, was restive,  
Straining like a racehorse that is ready  
For intensity's mad gallop, straining  
For whate'er befall; and not a moment  
To be lost: hands were reached to aid me,  
Hands that were my brother's and my cousin's  
Who embarked at Coteau, this the biggest  
Venture—mine as well by just a hairbreadth.  
Welcomed by the Captain, I felt rescued  
From a wreck of broken hope so nearly  
Mine to ponder. Chief Big John, the pilot,  
Signalled, as the fussy tug departed.  
We slid lightly off, with seven rowers  
Fore and seven aft, all Caughnawagans.  
Knives protruded from their belts, their faces  
Were most firmly set for they must battle  
With the raging current; each stroke telling,  
They must put their hearts and all their vigour  
In their steering sweeps. I sighed excitement  
As I clung to the caboose, my brother's  
Arm around me. I was to feel the rapids,  
Their full force beneath the wooden flooring.  
On a steamboat's deck one is aloofer.  
Waters toused and pushed—the pilot's gestures  
Were impelling in their quick decision.  
Certain victory was ours, I knew it;  
Yet the gurgling river might outride us,  
Pound us down to where tradition's monster  
Gobbled prey and lorded over mankind,  
Chased the Iroquois from their old cabins.  
Fearful are the rapids' tumbling waters.  
Still our raft unveeringly approached them  
As each brave pursued his hefty stroking.

## WAITING'S WEDDING

Voices rose; in native tongue the singing:  
Or was it but a word or two they uttered?  
Blind to what it meant, I felt its pressure.

We are rafting fast and faster:  
Slacken not, wild winds rage after;  
Seething eddies rise to clutch us;  
Slacken not, no child's play serves us.  
Now the whirlpool spits defiance.  
Pull—pull—beware the rock's allurements:  
Pull—pull—Life's Master, how we pray thee!  
Thought is garnered in the moment.  
Ah! The fearsome rock is rounded,  
And the plunging drop recorded;  
Smoother riding gives assurance:  
We are safe; but still excitement—  
Still the thrill and still the wonder.—

So I stop from what was partly uttered,  
Partly pulsed through mental effort only;  
And I ask what were those rowers tuning?  
What exactly were the words? Their meaning?  
Fell a hush for all the braves were silent;  
Then a chief with sparkling eyes leaned forward,  
He had hummed it as a boy while watching  
From the shore. Alas! When he was older,  
Rafts like bark canoes, much else had vanished.  
Not this burden; for, with happy cadence,  
Come the strains in Iroquois quite loudly.  
Our good host, Chief Flying Clan, has joined us.  
Feelingly, he sings now. He had often  
In his youthtime battled with the rapids.

Te io hon wa ka. Nak kon we ia.

Tiot kon ka ta kes



## WAITING'S WEDDING

Ka nien ta ra ke son.

Ka ion ha kon son.

Skat ne ti te wa ti hent to.

Sen ha, ten io ka ta neh, nak kon we ia.

Thus I jot it down, translating roughly:

My canoe is the swiftest,

It is always running

On the waters,

In the rivers.

Let all pull together.

My canoe must swifter glide.

Sung, though, when the fury has abated:

All are tense while danger craves attention;

Just Aho! Ahè! That's hushed to silence.

Soon a love-song follows, full of changes,

Full of dulcet meaning. I but capture

The refrain, with others now partaking:

Kits kwa he re. A te kwa ra tse rak ta,

Nok i se ko ia non ton nion.

Ske snon sak. Ke wi sen ha we.

Nok oni ko ia non ton nion.

I am resting by the table

With thoughts that dwell on you.

Holding my bowl between my two fingers

My mind drifts back to you.

A lull ensues.—Another song would please me.

Hearken now! The son of one quite famous,

Chief American Horse who is remembered

For his travels, is not loath to try one;

While a matron writes it for me thuswise:

## WAITING'S WEDDING

Ia we ro ha tien, tsi wa ka ra ken ne, na ke non kwis wa ka tia ti sa. On ha tie, ke ni tio ion ha, se kon, se na kwe ri, sa ta hon sa tat, na ho ten, ka ton, on wa na a, ten se sa sen to. se ie iah ranh nen te se wen te ron, nok ie tsi ien okon a.

Sa se we iah ranh, na hon ten tia ko ta ti, ie ti nis sten ha, ie Kwen Victoria, to sa a ion ki ia ten ni non se, ra ti na ken ra, nen ia ko non wa ra ton ta.

Onens ste, ion tion ne kwen, en te wen he ie, to ka iah ta ion kwa ien ta ke.

To sa se wa ten ni non, ka ti ra tik sa kon a. en ho ti ten ton. Ia ko non wa ra ton ta, en wa ta so ko. nok ni se en sa ton ka ria ke.

Ta kwa ta honh sa tat, ia se so tsi. te wak kek sten ha.

Do not sell Corn for Firewater.

Even if my hair be greying, if I  
be growing old, my heart remains young.  
Take heed of my warning else you will shed  
many a tear, think of your wives, the little children.

Remember what our Mother, Queen Victoria,  
said: the Paleface is not to sell us firewater.

Corn is our life; without it we perish.

Should you barter corn, your children will weaken.  
Firewater withers you away, and you will go hungry.

Listen to me, I am not so old.

Of a sudden comes a slight derangement  
Through a chilly air that whips about us;  
As the front door gapes a special welcome  
To a second charming bride, her bridegroom

## WAITING'S WEDDING

And a host of boisterous attendants;  
Fain to join with us in happy doings,  
Let twain joys unite, augmenting either.  
Most un-Indian the talk that follows:  
Such a gabblement; and all in English.  
Princess Precious Words has wed a Paleface,  
She has lost her rights and her tradition:  
She must leave this day her natal village,  
All the songs and dances of her childhood.  
She may be a visitor; but never,  
Never more at home, I sigh to think it.  
Then I note her beaming face, the message  
Full of confidence and true devotion  
Flitting from her eyes to him she follows:  
He will be her lodestone, her director.  
When the heart is pleased, what does it matter  
Where the lodgment is? Romance will gild it,  
Till a paradise evolve, a foretaste,  
One might say, of hunting grounds hereafter.  
Barring, though, this jazz that breaks my musing,  
So discordant after Indian singing.  
Jitterbug, Big Apple, some such folly.  
Still the cheer continues, ever growing.  
Then, on leaving, they request my presence  
At their midday feasting. I am tempted  
And responsive. I will see them later.

Reminiscence helps to while our moments.  
What hard work it was to fell the graceful,  
Huge white elm, my childhood friend that shaded  
Just behind our house, that held me raptured,  
As the seasons changed: its reddish budding,

## WAITING'S WEDDING

Then the soft, green leaves that autumn yellowed  
With a vivid clarity; till winter,  
Rustling them away, disclosed bare beauty.  
From the vase-shaped trunk six drooping branches  
Curved afar to catch the snowy flakelets  
Or just etch themselves against the heaven.  
They would live forever, so I fancied,  
Needing not as man an after culture.  
Surely trees extend our thought; yet lately  
I had noticed quite a thinning leafage,  
Boughs that creaked like old men's knees attempting  
Mild adventure. Even playful zephyrs,  
Urging gentle movement, were unwelcome;  
For, alas! Despotism was creeping;  
I must search for Indian consultants.

So today our idle talk now hovers  
On last month's delicious week of sunshine.  
Some of those about me were the fellers  
Of the poor, doomed tree—no aid could help it—  
It was rotten through and through. We waked it  
With our noon-hour dinners, with the stories  
That came uppermost: graveyard horrors,  
Humorous recitals and the versions  
Of that strange, most mystical of beings,  
Quite unearthy in his childhood beauty;  
Only glimpsed at unexpected moments  
By fond Indian eyes, that pierce concealment,  
Where engulfing forests hide the daylight  
With a swathing tenderness and rapture.  
Those so privileged foretell a future  
When the grasping Paleface will have vanished;  
Weeds announce the tale of his lost lordship:

## WAITING'S WEDDING

Nature then will recognize her children.  
She will feed them with her luscious bounty,  
Whisper once again her stored-up secrets.  
Charming as a dream; but still, I wonder.  
Would old ways appeal with fuller knowledge?  
Hark! The tortured tree gave angry quivers.  
With a strident, ripping sound it warned us.  
As we fled from danger, down it tumbled,  
Made a thud that dented earth, that echoed  
And re-echoed till the leaves subsided  
From their fluttery disarray; and sighing  
Too had ceased. A city's lawn was covered  
With a verdant artistry that hedged us  
Round about; and there our gathered household  
Watched deft-handed Indians make firewood  
Of a century's creative effort.  
Well, the spreading tree had gone; but nothing  
Could dispel its memory nor that of  
This idyllic week; when our seclusion  
Might indeed belong to days a couple  
Of such elm-lives back, we then newcomers;  
The Indians of heritage more boastful.

Somehow now we talk of last year's powwow  
When, with pride, I walked between the Grand Chiefs  
Of the Iroquois and of the Micmacs  
Bound by friendship ties of longest standing.  
This recalls today my childhood visits  
To Cacouna where nomadic Micmacs  
Had a market-village, sloping beachward,  
Ever redolent of sweet hay baskets  
And the added whiffs of seaweed reaches.

## WAITING'S WEDDING

With what eagerness we purchased wisely,  
Stared most solemnly at solemn children.  
Then to our intense delight, one summer,  
My Father's Louis, noted for his guidecraft,  
Spent some months with us as outdoor helper.  
Dull for him who knew the Mingan rivers  
As the salmon silvered through the eddies;  
But eventful for ourselves—for often  
On calm days, in his canoe, we children  
Hugged the piny shores in dear contentment,  
Learning to be still, observe and listen  
Where the slightest fidgeting might scuttle  
Such a light-poised craft. True Indian teaching  
Has much value. I owe thanks to Louis.  
Gently lapping wavelets, cliffy shore-lines,  
Wooded points and curving, bouldered margins:  
These are mine again on which to ponder.  
There I learnt to paddle, tried to copy  
Those assertive strokes of our preceptor;  
Also we were taught to strip the birch tree,  
Shape toy models of his own proud vessel.  
How we loved to watch him tip our arrows,  
Cheered when he commended straight-shot missiles.  
Sometime later, in a peddler's wigwam  
Trespassing perhaps, I was instructed  
By a kindly squaw in the enticing  
Niceties of basketry, and, learning  
With much zest, my many Christmas presents  
Were so made that year. Long seasons after,  
At Lake George, an ancient Mohawk matron  
Showed me where to find the herbs of healing:  
She imparted knowledge of their use  
As we trod those haunting forest byways.

## WAITING'S WEDDING

My dear Doctor husband liked my jaunting,  
Stressed how much the Whiteman was indebted  
To the Red for his deep nature probing.

If a sigh escapes, I am indulging  
In old memories with those about me,  
Eager to acknowledge my accordance  
With their race. — And then a sudden stirring  
Draws attention as Chief White Swan beckons;  
For that other bridal banquet waits us.  
Quick adieus are uttered: we are leaving,  
Soon the motor turns a sharpish corner.  
Our destination reached; but what has happened?  
What broomstick-force has wafted White Swan upward?  
What illusion! We had left him strolling;  
Now he stands before us on the housetop,  
Heading a brigade of bucket-bearers,  
That ladder up the wall intent to follow  
His commands.—A fire!—Some easy cross-cut  
Must have aided him; but still I marvel,  
Feel perplexed. Chief Poking Fire leans forward  
With an anxious look; his wife deserts us,  
Flits within the house, returning shortly.  
Water is cascading from the chimney.  
Though alarming sparks have been extinguished,  
Pooling rivers deluge round the table  
Where expectant feasters should be seated.  
Tears add moisture to that scene of dolour.  
All will help; yet none can tell when dinner  
Shall have superseded this disorder.  
Greetings are replaced by my condolence—  
Only for the moment; skies will brighten:

## WAITING'S WEDDING

Just a transient muddle, spoiling rapture.

Back again, our former hosts invite us,  
In good time, it seems, for chairs are moving.  
Indian politeness leaves three empty;  
There we seat ourselves and face refreshments  
Even more delectable and luscious  
Than were those so lately since provided.  
Early rising with the frosty tantrums  
Of near winter, added to temptation,  
Make quite possible a full enjoyment  
Of repasts thus closely served together.  
"In Ottawa they frown on over feasting,"  
One contends, "would have our lives less checkered.  
Spending orgies lead to dull tomorrows.  
They would end the potlatch, its rash gifting."  
"That is Western, not at all our fashion,"  
Claims another. "We are almost frugal.  
One glad sun is not enough to circle  
Round their revels. They demand the many."  
"So did we when times were more expansive.  
Weddings were prolonged as I remember,"  
Says Chief Poking Fire, "from early Sunday  
To the Tuesday night—yawns ending laughter.  
Well, we have our moment, let abundance  
Link itself with pleasure, thus increase it."  
"We are not too prodigal," a matron  
Later on asserts, "for all these dishes  
Are the products of our farm, and nothing  
But some stalks of celery were purchased  
With the groceries." What enticements  
Though are proffered us! Comfits, fruit cups,  
Chicken pottage with ethereal dumplings,



## WAITING'S WEDDING

Salad Macedoine, pork pies that might be  
Fatted quail so delicate their texture.  
Quite impossible to count the viands.  
Yet awhile; and then I smile refusal,  
Shake my head with grateful thanks, foregoing  
All but sips of tea. Now speaks the Doctor:  
"In the States there are some White Men banded,  
Friends of Indians; who well interpret  
Their Red Brethren, form a link between them  
And the Government. Distinguished figures  
I might mention: President Taft and others  
Were so interested; and, if only  
Something of the kind could be established  
In our country, it would bring us cheering."  
"Scarcely needful," I reply, "if glances,  
Not to speak of taste, give an assurance.  
Still this loaded board, I must admit it,  
Is unusual. Penury is often  
Burdensome, especially in winter.  
Hunting trips entail expensive travels.  
Indians now make and spend in summer.  
Saving—well the few may grasp its import;  
For the many, dearth.—Besides," I venture,  
"Spirit understanding should be fostered."  
Then a thought assails me: "This is even  
What we have created: we are knitting  
Friendship ties; and bit by bit they'll measure  
To our wishes. Be not over anxious.  
Have we not again a Mohawk village,  
Where we are at home, attracting tourists?  
And our Longhouse, staunchly built of cedar,  
Western cedar that will last forever.

## WAITING'S WEDDING

Is this not our effort? First the village  
Started by Chief Poking Fire, enlarging  
With the seasons. Then the lovely Longhouse  
Whose tribal fires I lately lit; the cedar  
From some freight-cars placed at our disposal  
By the Grand Chief of the storied Railway  
That made Canada—the Iroquoian  
Name for village—spread from Hochelaga  
To the ocean of the West. Quite fitting  
That the framework of our House of Meeting  
Should be brought to us from such a distance.  
Thanks are due the C.P.R. How nicely  
Have the squares of white birch bark that cover  
Been secured. How oddly decorative  
Are the sketchy drawings. Then our totems,  
Those delightful bears, that give amusement.  
Still we need more animals, more planting.  
Having thus progressed, can we not further?  
Why be like the Paleface, ever begging  
From the Government with growing taxes  
For his folly? Emulate his noble,  
Forceful ancestors, your own great fathers.  
You can boast the gift that he is losing:  
Treasure it, the centuries have taught it,  
The power to use your hands, the brain instructing.  
Keep your language, keep your proud avowal  
Of the past.” — But now a quick dispersal,  
As once more we leave a lavish table;  
Others are awaiting. Doctor Jacobs  
Must attend a patient. Off he hastens.  
Women occupy themselves with service,  
Their eternal duty, washing dishes,  
Changing this and that with wistful ardour.

## WAITING'S WEDDING

Chiefs and braves assemble, I among them.  
Not so long ago they owned an engine,  
One of latest date whose trick vagaries  
Were not such to its most able Captain,  
Chief White Swan, extinguisher of blazes.  
All ran smoothly till a busybody  
Deputised for him and blew it skyward.  
Since, as I had witnessed, brawn and buckets  
And good will sufficed where drum-called helpers  
Were not few. Old habits are effective,  
Should not be disprized. If fires must happen  
Is there not more true excitement battling  
With the smoke and flames than simply watching  
From afar? Are muscles not for usage?  
What a world! If forests could draw closer  
And our present regulations vanish  
Were it fairer! There is need for changes.  
"How we hate the niggard dole," one breaks in.  
"We would have our people independent;  
As we mostly are; yet some are backward  
Through complexities of modern living."

Again that harping note—I try to stave it.  
"Who has no complaints?—and no uplifting?  
Has the great White Spirit not previsioned?  
When tree branches brushed the listening Heaven  
Did they not ingather future changements?  
Of a truth the answer to your problem  
Had its birth within a pagan Longhouse;  
And a pagan name has given virtue,  
Meaning: she who moveth all before her.  
Tekakwitha blossomed for your healing,

## WAITING'S WEDDING

She, irradiate with holy wonder,  
Hugging the great mystery of penance,  
She, enraptured, turned from earthy spousal  
To become the bride of higher guidance.  
Will the Lily of the Mohawk valley  
Not be kind to her adopted village?  
Soon her growing fame, in adoration,  
Will be flashed. Rapt pilgrims then will journey  
To establish merit from her nearness.  
You, who are her nearest, should be happy."  
"Yes," some murmur, "she may be our answer."  
Through a still we see her shrinal grotto.  
When the robins build, it will be started:  
Then a larger edifice—years passing;  
Ever a magnetic spirit bidding,  
Drawing throngs till Caughnawaga triumphs:  
Goodness overflowing, wealth aplenty.

So the future glitters—but the present—  
Startlingly a clear voice comes, yet gasping,  
Almost lost at times; this much we gather:  
England's Queen is joining in our party.  
While serene herself, the winds play havoc  
With her message. She is wishful women  
Should still carry on, each in her orbit,  
Faithful to old tasks, though war, eruptive  
In its fury, adds perplexing burdens.  
Then the radio dies down with sputters.  
Such advice will linger, will be treasured.  
Of a truth we act on it already,  
If eyes give evidence, and ears attention.



Baughnawaga Reservo P. O.

Dec. 8. 1938

Remembrance of this Day.

We have made an Honorary Affiliation in the Tribe  
of our Distinguished friend Lady Rodick.

We have named her

Ka wemna no roko, meaning "Gathering words".

Bear  E. Lan  
Aug. 24, 1939.

Ka wen no ro ro ko, was received into the  
Bear Clan, she is now, Princess of Hand Motion.

Signet

Grand Chief.

O. J. Delisle.

Chief of the Pipe of Pean Clan.

Chief Poking Stone.

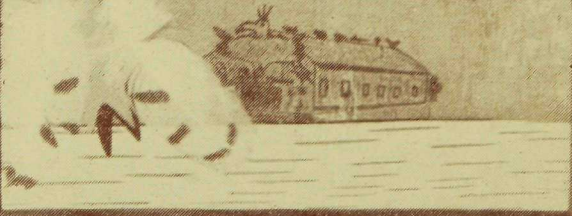
Prince Kawmawaroko.

Kawmawaroko

Na so ten na.



his  
mark



## WAITING'S WEDDING

War, destruction and man's errant folly;  
And, alas! Our armistice distriumphed.  
Chiding laughter interrupts; for marriage,  
Songful marriage, reigns in Caughnawaga.  
Let the morrow speak—today suffices.

\* \* \* \* \*

Reaching home ten hours or more since leaving,  
Hours of innocent and true enjoyment,  
I retail their happenings to hearers  
Made expectant by my lengthy absence—  
Thus I add to memory's enchantment.

(The Iroquois spelling for Canada is *Kah na ta*, with the accent on the second syllable, "a" pronounced as in French. See Page 24.)

\* \* \* \* \*

On December 8th, 1938, Lady Roddick was given the name of Kawennaroroks and became an honorary member of the Tribe.

On August 24th, 1940, at the opening of the Longhouse, Kawennaroroks was received into the Bear Clan and was made Princess or Head Matron.

Both ceremonies were elaborate and full of interesting detail.

The proclamation of these events is on the facing page.

*LETTER FROM THE COUSIN WHO WAS  
ON THE RAFT*

Office of  
JOHN DOUGALL & SON  
*Publishers*  
Frederick E. Dougall

WITNESS PRESS  
MONTREAL

October 23, 1941.

Dear Amy,

Here are the first trial proofs, to see if we are on the right tack. I was thrilled with the raft story. The experience does not seem so long ago. Would it not interest the reader to know that the sweeps were used only as multiple helms to swing the heavy raft into a different direction? Each section of the raft, composed of huge logs chained together, was, I imagine, some 60 ft. long by 30 wide and perhaps about 6 ft. deep, a great heavy mass wallowing in the water and which no single rudder could steer.

I was greatly struck by the contrasting traits of the Canadien and Indian voyageurs. It was still quite dark when the tugs pulled the raft from its moorings into midstream and consigned it to the quickening current of the mighty St. Lawrence above the upper rapids. It was grey dawn as we approached the first rapids. Just above them a tiny chapel raised its steeple and tolled its bell. And every one of those Canadien Voyageurs kneeled and committed his life and his venture to his patron saint. It was a very beautiful expression of reverent faith. Then they sprang to their task of guiding the raft down the tumultuous waters. The Canadien pilot shouted and gesticulated wildly to his crew.

After passing down the Coteau, Cedar, Split Rock and Cascade Rapids, a tug again took us in tow through Lake St. Louis. We neared Lachine anxiously wondering if you would arrive in time. And you remember, as we shot the Lachine Rapids, how the Indian Pilot stood in the center of the raft almost like a statue, signalling quietly to his men. But there was a flurry of excitement when one of the sweeps levered by a wave threw a man down and nearly over board.

I like to rethink through that adventure and was always grateful that Peter arranged it and included me in the party. It was about the end of rafting logs down the St. Lawrence. After that time they were sawn into timbers or boards and carried down in barges through the canals or by rail to the head of ocean navigation.

(See page 12.)

FREDERICK.



OTHER POEMS

## A WINTER-GROWN JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT

OQUAROTHA

Who but an Indian would bring a song  
    Of luscious woods to temper ice-bound days?  
Jack-in-the-pulpit preaching May among  
    Green leaves and moss while pallid winter flays.  
What bought receptacle could prove more fit  
    To hold such sculptured calm than this elm-bole  
Of slender growth, so trimly scooped and split,  
    So reminiscent of its forest role?  
I gaze and gaze—a conjured scene unfolds  
    Where petaled nurslings of seductive spring  
Glance upward sprightfully through dampish wolds:  
    A robin's lilt and trillo faintly ring.  
My lids close gently now on eyes that see  
    With greater clarity fond loves ago;  
A foaming stream obeys the sun's decree  
    In rompish wantonness it splatters on.  
Its plash gives evidence in childhood dreams,  
    Its music, snow-released, wakes life about;  
And there this very Jack, it surely seems,  
    Keeps vigilance—so still and so devout.

## *A WINTER GROWN JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT*

Is it then wrong to pluck that mentor flower,  
    To leave maturing buds without advice?  
Why so? When raying skies remain their dower,  
    I ask some preachments too, and in a thrice  
Wee hands have grasped it, frailer blooms as well:  
    Forthwith at home a vase becomes a shrine.  
A certain dominance appears to dwell  
    In this magnetic Jack I claim as mine.  
Quite other than the blossom audience,  
    Unlike sweet posies found in English lanes,  
It has a quality that is intense  
    And serves to jolt the heart when fancy wanes.  
Itself can whisper what the winds have blown  
    From Longhouse fires, the bloodroots catch its drift.  
In neighbour circumstance have they not grown?  
    They too can vaunt a powerful healing gift.  
Back, back of memoried hours these flowers renew  
    Old courtesies; and still a doughty chief,  
In gathering Oquarotha, will pursue  
    Those whilom rites of an august belief.  
Jack-in-the-pulpit turns to a papoose  
    Strapped to his board and truly looks the same.  
A child must grow—one need not be obtuse  
    If Oquarotha as a witch gains fame.  
For now a Medicine-man is bending low,  
    While he uproots our plant with a request,  
Addressing it in tuneful native flow  
    That's weighed with reverence most deeply stressed.  
“Pray, Grandfather, give your children smoke to aid  
    Them make the medicine that heals the sick.”  
Past ages and today now seem to braid  
    Themselves into a scroll from which I pick

## *A WINTER GROWN JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT*

Rejoicement and desire that is fulfilled:  
    Jack-in-the-pulpit, Oquarotha, known  
Through many centuries that fields were tilled  
    By Indian Braves, accept me as your own.  
I too go back to those archaic times  
    Where even legend fails to penetrate.  
I am a part of tragedies and mimes,  
    Of elemental powers that still create.  
For rhythm, circling in the brain of man,  
    Drives him to emulate in some degree  
The universal push of godly plan,  
    Subjoin himself in patterns of tuned glee.  
That rhythm is the Poet's—poetship  
    Uniting him with makers of all sorts:  
He understands and he alone can sip  
    Immortal vintage from celestial courts.

Wise Oquarotha, we have journeyed far;  
    But now, in February, here you stand  
House-grown by friends for me, an avatar  
    Of wish come true, of spring in our fair land.

February, 1940.

## WE MOURN OUR GRAND CHIEF

MARCH 13TH, 1941.

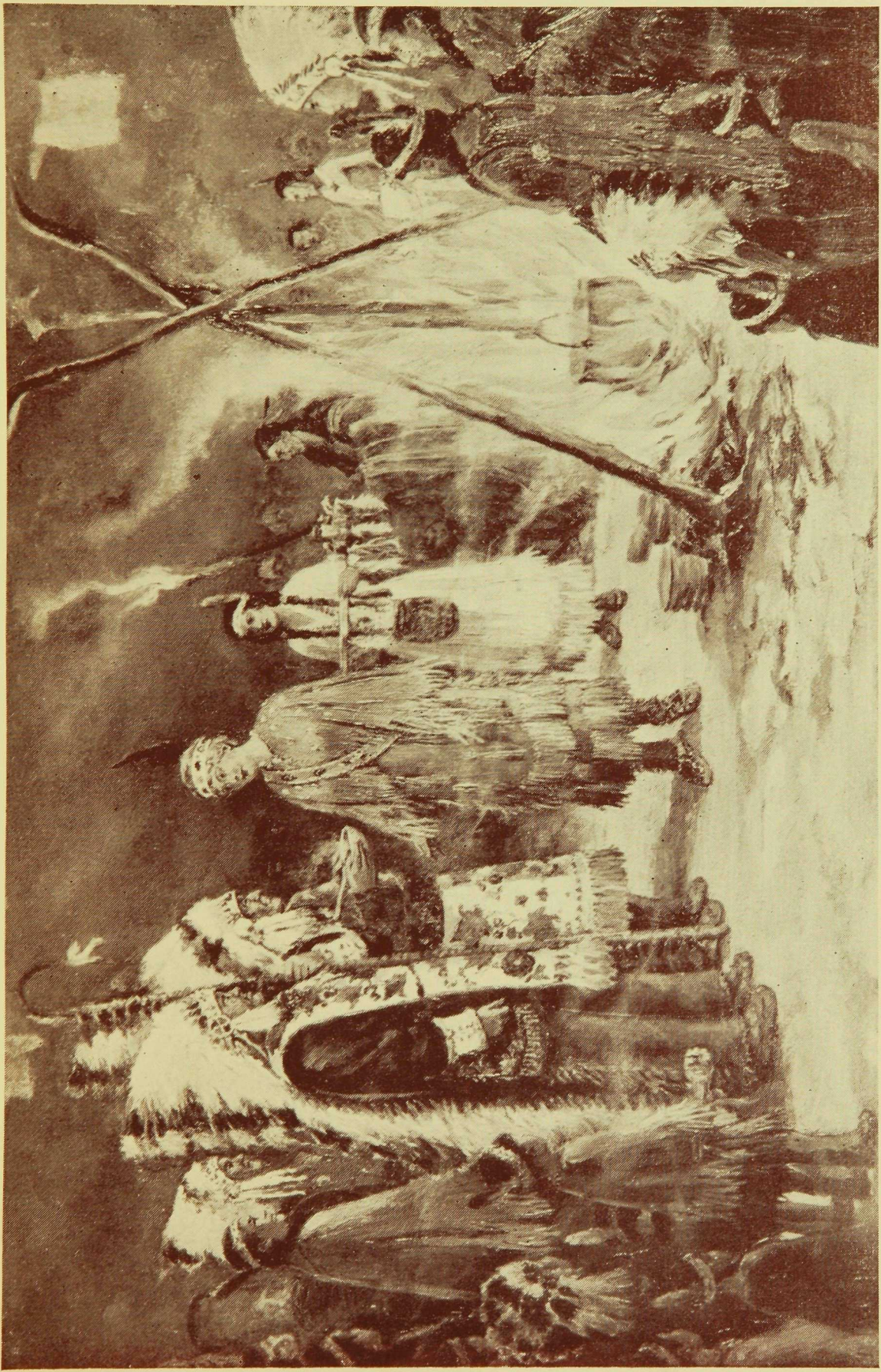
From New York and from the bush they flock,  
Chiefs and warriors and I among.  
Caughnawaga is enmeshed in woe:  
Black-shawled matrons fighting back their tears,  
Pensive children pondering on death,  
Here a sleigh with seeming mirthless horse,  
Here a dog that rates her rompish pup.  
Grief has cast its gloom; though sunlight glares,  
Diamonding earth, white-carpeted.  
We, the people of the solar praise,  
We, who reckoned time by padding snows,  
We are bowed in still for he has gone;  
We are leaderless, our Grand Chief dead.

I am ushered in the house he loved,  
Spacious in its welcome as of yore.  
See, he lies in state in his last sleep—  
Once vivacious, duteous and kind.  
Crowding near are tristful Indians;  
Some Palefaces too condole with them.  
On mortality I sadly gaze,  
Sunk in thought that measures to a bourne  
Whose escapement we but ill discern.

## WE MOURN OUR GRAND CHIEF

Then, on looking up, the known obtrudes;  
For I view above the confined form  
Him, as I saw him last, in powwow garb.  
Hanging on the wall the picture shows  
Our Longhouse just built, old fires relit.  
He accepts the ceremonial soup,  
Soup that I have stirred and offered him;  
Symbolizing thus my right to serve,  
I, a Princess of the Iroquois.  
As the chiefs wear theirs has he not placed  
That insignia of highest rank,  
That proud wampum belt that tells of much  
Round my shoulder?—And today I mourn.  
Now a further glance brings me more near  
These who gather round—his family,  
His friends. Close by the callas that I sent  
As a recognition of the maid,  
Whose sweet lily fame has blown to Rome,  
Is another scene of dear recall.  
Indians in graceful poise are grouped  
Most expectantly upon our lawn.  
Montreal is all agog, the King,  
His attractive Queen are visiting.  
What a day! With peace and pleasure linked.  
Long ago it seems when war clouds hung,  
Halted for the while; but soon to break  
With torrential force, unknown before.  
Still this hour at least belongs to us,  
Sorrow screens us from an outer moil.

As the great bell tolls the soon approach  
Of the sad cortege, we reach the church.



PICTURE BY PAUL CARON

OPENING OF THE LONG HOUSE

Lady Roddick, Princess Kawennaroroks, has lit the six clan fires. She has just offered the Grand Chief the ceremonial corn soup.





## W E M O U R N O U R G R A N D C H I E F

My white lilies, boxed against the chill,  
Are conveyed within, deposited  
In their glory by the pillaret  
Carrying the image of the Spouse  
Who, protector of the Christ-child once,  
Asks our adoration as his meed.  
Joseph, patron saint of Canada,  
Joseph, patron saint of happy death,  
May these lilies breathe of one just gone,  
May they breathe of Tekakwitha's cause.  
Scintillating lights melt in a glow  
That invades the heart with reverence,  
Purple drapes add their solemnity.  
Iroquois and Latin mingle now  
In ecstatic sounds that soar above.  
Here the grandeur and sublimity  
Of the Roman cult appeal to those  
Who, from primal times, used ritual,  
Felt beyond the raying of the sun,  
Its beneficence, its mystery,  
The great Spirit Force that moves all things.

## TEKAKWITHA

SHE WHO MOVETH ALL BEFORE HER.

Tekakwitha, hallowed Maiden,  
Heal our wounds and draw us skyward:  
We, your Sisters; we, your Brothers,  
Are in need of exaltation.  
Let our factions be cemented  
In the glory of your presence.  
You, who frowned on pagan vices,  
You, who throve on pagan virtues  
Till the mantle of the Christhood  
Draped you in a dear embracement;  
Till earth's lure fell from your vision,  
And the mystic Church upheld you:  
Be our guidance, be our beacon.  
We would emulate your passion.  
Let the Paleface then acknowledge  
We have gathered fragrant fruitage  
From the Great White Spirit's planting:  
It will lessen tribulation,  
It will bind the ties of friendship.  
We have striven, we are striving;  
Tekakwitha, give your blessing.  
May your cause thereby be strengthened:  
You so saintly—we desiring.

## JÉROME LE ROYER DE LA DAUVERSIÈRE

*[Written at the request of the Hôtel Dieu;  
whose new pavilion is to be called after  
the saintly founder of Montreal.]*

What humbleness was his? What pride?  
He heard God's voice, obeyed its call:  
The only gift he craved was faith,  
And from that faith sprang Montreal.

A city of a million souls  
Was then a forest solitude:  
He peopled it with his own thought  
Until a mission fort ensued.

In deference to holy plan  
His nursing nuns would spread a light  
To show the Redskins more beyond,  
Felicity through death's dark night.

All that he visioned came to pass—  
Across the seas a city's birth;  
For high emprise attracted friends,  
Some showered their gold, some faced grim dearth.

Despite a body racked with pain,  
The stabs of life, assaulting fear,  
He struggled on; and Montreal,  
With reverence, now holds him dear.

## NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1941.

The New Year almost winks with nature's cheer,  
The sun sends messages; but what of man,  
His too audacious dreams, his power to plan,  
To view at times beyond this earthy sphere?  
Disruptive war has brought its meed of fear;  
Yet bravery has lifted wings that span  
Horizons broad as hope young airmen van:  
High, high and higher must they steer.

The future is bemisted, damped with woe;  
So be—a lamp is lit that stars the dark,  
An amity has flamed, a votive sense,  
More than a herding urge to face the foe:  
A comradeship is forming like an ark,  
A refuge from the pricks of sad suspense.

## OR MAY IT SERVE OUR USE?

Is there vengeance in thy voice, O Lord,  
That thunders from the clouds like cannon's ball,  
That drones with air-planes till there fall  
The bombs of death and lightning's fiery sword?

Has mercy fled? Or may it serve our use  
This torturous assault on all we love,  
On homes and holy fanes that torch above,  
On bodies of young gods mowed down through ruse?

Why should such grievances affront our earth  
Deranging myriads called from their tasks?  
The sun is haloed still, the lizard basks;  
Yet man, improvident, has lost his mirth.

## VICTORIA DAY, 1941.

Our battle-ship has gone—the Hood—  
In Greenland's waters too:  
What war is this? What ill intent  
That turns heart's ease to rue?

Great London has wide gaps where once  
Historic buildings pleased;  
Poor streets are leveled to the dust,  
By arrogance thus teased.

And sorrow spreads a dreary trail:  
How many mourn their dead!  
Yet paeans rise for stern resolve  
With victory is wed.

## TOO GREAT TO LAST

In Lovers' Lane they often walked,  
His arm around her waist,  
And of their future home they talked  
As up and down they paced.

Her cheeks were blushed with love's allure,  
Her eyes were speedwell blue,  
Her step was light and very sure;  
It seemed her spirit's clue.

Her presence was his every thought;  
Or working for their bliss.  
The summer air with fragrance caught  
The music of a kiss.

That such things are, that such can be,  
And then war's clamour sounds;  
Adieus have stolen through their glee,  
Her heart with sorrow pounds.

Her nights are spent with sad dismay,  
Her days but tutor mirth  
For smiles evoked are far away,  
They fail to compass earth.

But when she walks in Lover's Lane  
The trees repeat the past,  
Each gentle breeze extols again  
A joy too great to last.

## HOW CAME A LITTLE SONG

How egotistical are childhood dreams  
Or such mine were with their astounding gleams  
Of what might be, what substance might be wrought  
From such a fragile thing as budding thought.  
Card houses fashioned by wee hands in play  
Fall easily; yet one may dure some day.  
In building now I picked a royal spouse;  
That night saw her in flesh with arching brows  
And all the regnant grace that tugs the heart  
With beauty's true attachment as its part.  
Her dove-grey dress hung by me: I was placed  
Beside a dais where some royalties faced  
A circus of repute well known to me  
As almost daily fare; for I could see  
When pennies lacked through gaps and liked that best.  
Such stolen peeps but added to one's zest  
And showed unprompted scenes denied to those  
Who primly sat in regulated rows,  
The way our nurse enjoined—sixpenny seats,  
To-night ours were a guinea—special treats  
Were programmed with a King and Queen to boot.  
As visitors from Greece they seemed to suit  
The six-horse chariots that soon would race  
In classic semblance at a frenzied pace.



## HOW CAME A LITTLE SONG

The Princess, close above, suggested too  
Those fairy tales, Hans Andersen's, that woo  
The fancy with a mist-born lovely light  
Appealing in herself, her Danish right.  
The Prince of Wales, her husband, further sat:  
The King and Queen between them, full of chat.  
Trapeze stunts caught their gaze, they were entranced.  
The Princess raised her hand, it almost danced  
In harmony with those who glid through air  
Like splashful salmon in a watery where.  
A danger act drew Ohs and Ahs; and she  
Let fall some lace that fluttered to her knee.  
Unnoticed there it lay, so frail a thing  
Beside the crystal roof, the circus ring  
And all the gay effulgence round about,  
So frail a thing to keep my eyes in doubt;  
But hesitant they searched that handkerchief.  
Might it then further drop or not and if?—  
Though elephants performed, I cared no whit;  
Imagination stirred and I would knit  
Myself within a tale of elfish deed.  
If—if—an end to ifs—I must succeed.  
As pictured in my mind a scene unrolled:  
That piece of daintiness forsook its hold,  
Sailed lightly to the ground and there it lay,  
Temptation to a clown who showed dismay  
When I with tightened breath, raised up the charm  
And lifted it on high with outstretched arm,  
One knee to earth like gallant of old days  
Who makes an offering in hope of praise.  
For lace restored, she handed me a purse,  
With smiling words to further reimburse.

## HOW CAME A LITTLE SONG

The purse held gold that never could be spent,  
Replenishing itself when money went.  
All things are possible when years are six;  
Pretence more true perhaps than circus tricks.

But yet that handkerchief had never moved;  
I sat on thorns with fancy still disproved.  
What could be done? Why I at least could pray.  
I closed my eyes, then opened them, no ray  
Of comfort came—unless—I ceased to sigh:  
Could I not help myself?—A tug—I'd try.  
A little, timid tug with no result,  
A sharpish pull; and now I must exult,  
The dress was jerked, the handkerchief had slipped;  
Excitement rose, I sprang and almost tripped.  
With triumph near I felt myself perplexed,  
The hoped-for prey escaped, the Princess vexed.  
Herself had caught it, I just faced her frown:  
My hand forewent its hold upon her gown.  
I shrank in size, abjectly looked askance,  
None else had noticed—not a single glance.  
My Grandmother turned, remarked that I looked tired.  
How dull an end when I had so aspired;  
Yet life asserts itself, perhaps defeat  
Was just a card house fallen, incomplete,  
Forgotten when one builds again; and now  
A figure pirouetting made a bow.  
One quite unknown to me, a treasure brought  
For this high gala night, a vision caught  
From dreamy parts, a spark of the divine:  
So perfect were her movements waking mine;  
Until I almost swayed as ever when  
Delicious rhythm answered to my ken.

## HOW CAME A LITTLE SONG

I would ballet like her in tarlatan,  
Short-skirted, pink-petalled, and with a fan.  
Much practice would be needed, I felt sure:  
Reward must be for work not chance allure.  
A lesson shortly learnt—no magic more;  
But magic was in rhythm, was its core.  
My Grandmother felt that I was too indulged;  
So after once my future was not divulged;  
But dancing was my laughter and my song.  
Some day, some day repute would come along.

How many hours there are; and yet how few  
Can melodize themselves and form some clue  
To life's embellishment that lifts the soul  
Above the daily round, its finite goal.  
Another night and this in Montreal:  
No Crystal Palace now; but snows enthrall.  
A night of transport, first a wondrous drive;  
For drama was in that, I felt alive  
With sorrow and with joy, the day was fair,  
Transparency was in the tingling air.  
We crossed the great Saint Lawrence, stilled with ice,  
Green fir trees marked the way with curved device.  
My Father drove, my Mother sitting by:  
It was the dog-cart sleigh and I could spy,  
As I was facing cityward, a place  
Of sad detention. At each pane a face  
Looked languidly between iron bars,  
Men caged like animals. Alas! The stars  
That glittered in the snow must pale for them.  
Tears damped my cheeks, what fate could so condemn

## HOW CAME A LITTLE SONG

Who should be wise to such a sorry plight?  
I closed my eyes, I could not stand the sight.  
When opened I looked sideways and not back:  
Hay-sledges passed, each one with brimming stack,  
Sleighs too with singing drivers sashed and tuqued.  
Was life not pleasant thus? So unrebuked:  
Still freer than the Habitants those flocks  
Of wee snow-birds unknowing keys and locks.  
We lunched in an old Manor House and then—  
Forgetfulness engulfed the rest till when  
I viewed a famous actress in the part  
Of Rosalind—her beauty and her art  
Soon entered into my own heritage,  
In turning as they did another page  
Of true, ecstatic moments, leading where?  
Not lolling dumbly thus in my loge chair;  
But taking Shakespeare's words and using them  
In strange dilemmas, hanging gem on gem;  
Till shackles fell unloosed; and forest trees  
Became a magic setting to caprice.  
At eight years old love ditties had no sense:  
A father lost and found that was pretence  
Worth adding to one's dreams of dear recall.  
Orlando sank to nought, the Duke was all  
And handsome as my Father who sat by—  
If only he were Duke and banished, I  
Would be his Rosalind and search for him,  
Ill times, good times according to my whim.  
Of such odd figments do we build upon.  
An actress dwelt in fairy haunts: to con  
Proud plays and dare the parts that would entail  
A joyous effort; and I would not fail.

## HOW CAME A LITTLE SONG

Reality held prisons, guerdons too:  
In acting one could choose a sad debut  
And triumph in the end with gates ajar  
That widened to expose a new-made Star.

Time passed; and now, two numbers to my count,  
I entered school; but somehow as a fount  
Of learning I first found it tiresome work.  
I liked the study, that would never irk;  
Yet four long hours with girls I did not know  
And sitting still—for once life was too slow.  
It lagged so long my thoughts went wandering:  
If only I were teacher, I would fling  
The window wide, and have some fun between  
The varied tasks to make the mind more keen.  
Why not have school within a grottoed nook,  
In summer may be by a ripply brook,  
In winter, cased in furs, one could exist;  
But now a scratchy slate told what I missed.  
Yet as the months went on I grew to find  
That youth spent thus perhaps was well designed  
To give the groundwork to an edifice;  
That should be purposeful and crowned with bliss.  
In sticking closely thus to rote and rule  
I might, in time, be mistress of a school  
With charming girls who fluttered to my call,  
A bevy of fair learners, witching all,  
Intent to vision what impressed each most;  
How many minds there are—how few can boast.  
Long vistas open out but one must choose  
Or else, with contacts broken, one might lose

## HOW CAME A LITTLE SONG

The rightful path and flounder in a maze:  
Too much, too little light, conflicting ways.

Perhaps it might be well to walk alone:  
My sixteenth birthday reached, I felt full grown.  
With school days ending, one must plan ahead;  
Which study won my heart, which furthest led?  
If mathematics held me most enthralled  
With problems that I played with, seldom stalled;  
Yet seemed it more amusement than a task;  
What was its ultimate, I could just ask.  
Astronomy of course, what higher goal?  
To search the universe, its inner soul.  
Far calculations might please me still;  
Star-gazing, though, I found impossible.  
My eyes grew tired with such an upward strain;  
Another card house tumbled, one quite vain.

If skies escaped me, what about the earth?  
Its regnant charm, its quiet, sylvan mirth.  
I set my palette now and tried to catch  
Some hidden message that I could detach  
From nature's art to my poor canvas block;  
Some pure delight that later might unlock  
The looker's heart, so much it seemed to ray  
With pleasure's universal touch and sway.  
However not; for once in Southern lands  
The blazing flash of noonday sun on sands  
Refused my eager brush its copying:  
Quite out of reach for paint like light to sing  
On such a vivid scale, at least through me:  
No more card houses did I wish to see.

## HOW CAME A LITTLE SONG

Life had its boundaries, I did not care;  
With people I had much to do and share.

Years later, in a train, I held a pen;  
Who gave it me was close beside; and then  
Eight lines I wrote without a thought at all,—  
Just viewed dull fields and felt an inner call.  
Was it a poem that I truly wrote?  
A little song so dear and yet remote;  
And if it were how came it smoothly thus  
Without ado, no slightest trace of fuss?  
I did not know; my mind went slowly back  
To childhood days that felt expression's lack.  
The Crystal Palace circus where I dreamt  
A purse of gold was mine through small attempt.  
A magic purse—but now unwittingly  
A golden pen evoked more lasting glee.  
Card houses—did I build anew? No, no,  
What seeds and roots itself will surely grow.  
Card houses—did they indicate a way  
To something that was more than passing play?  
My first—a ballerina, was it not?  
Whose curvetting would form a silent plot,  
The rhythm of the body searching words.  
No tanglement ensues if one but girds  
The lyrics that may hap with its true force;  
For rhythm is the guider of their course.  
An actress was the next—a Shakespeare part:  
What better means to stir a poet's heart?  
Then stopt the school teacher, more sedate:  
If she holds forth that is her ardent fate;

## HOW CAME A LITTLE SONG

And poems rival her when they grow long,  
When utterance dictates, and visions throng.  
Yet mathematics was my choice delight,  
It occupied the mind till else seemed trite.  
True numbers form poetic metres too,  
Short flights to star land where new wonders brew.  
Card houses have their use, it surely seems,  
Sweet songcraft is the fruit of early dreams.  
None had an ending, each linked with each  
Until impictured now their furthest reach.  
My last obtruded when a poem caught  
The sunshine that a brush once vainly sought.  
Eight paltry lines and yet most dear to me  
For rhythm I inferred to be life's key;  
As near as one attains to sights beyond  
By an attuning gift and lessons conned.  
So comes the Voice that whispers in the night,  
So comes the glory of the Day-star's light.



## IN A TRAIN

A lonesome landscape, brown and grey,  
And chilled with flakes of smutchy snow,  
So grimly dull that every ray  
Of setting sun forgets its glow.

But in a train I sit with one  
Who turns my thoughts from wintry gloom,  
He smiles; and now a beamful sun  
Is coaxing summer flowers to bloom.

## COULEUR DE ROSE

There's music in the sunshine  
That glints upon the lawn,  
There's colour in the bird's note  
That signals early dawn.

The music of the sunshine  
Is dancing through my heart,  
The colour of the bird's note  
Is rose that dreams impart.

## WHEN A BIRTHDAY COMES IN MAY

Why should one shed tears of dolour  
When a birthday comes in May?  
Mid the tumult of the thrushes,  
When the fairies have their say,  
Pulsing rhythm through the meadows,  
And young Eros hunts his prey  
With a quiverful of arrows  
That are gold in May.

Leaden arrows ply in autumn  
Crinkling blossoms to decay,  
Arrows dimmed with earthy sorrow,  
Grimed with passion's gruesome sway,  
From whose wounding grows aversion  
Never known in May.

Golden arrows are for springtime,  
Flashing thoughts that dreams portray,  
Lightly pricking hearts responsive  
To the ecstasy of May.  
Arrows dipped in honeyed potions,  
Quickened with expectant play  
Of the riper joys of summer  
Priding after May.

## WHEN A BIRTHDAY COMES IN MAY

Yet the blooms however perfect,  
Lulled by August's ambient lay,  
Fail to show the same elation  
As the buds demurely gay,  
Redolent of hopes and wonder,  
That unfold in May.

Flowers that Aphrodite's footsteps  
Leave to trace her airy way,  
Filching beauty from the goddess  
When atrysting she would stray.  
Pink from cheeks divinely molded,  
Pansy-blue her eyes purvey,  
Snowy white from hands are stolen  
By the flowers of May.

If with dew a babe be sprinkled  
On a birth that's hymned in May,  
Never will the heart grow older  
Though the hair be streaked with grey.  
Years, revolving, leave their furrows;  
Still the soul is May.

Raise the pole, entwine the ribbons,  
Dance around in fair array.  
Choose the King and Queen of Maying  
Wreathed with mystic hawthorn spray;  
Laugh and sing for nature also  
Celebrates her festal day.  
Happy vision, faith and glamour,  
All are born in May.

\* \* \* \* \*

## WHEN A BIRTHDAY COMES IN MAY

How did I forget  
The dog-tooth violet,  
The marsh-grown marigolds,  
The daffodil that holds  
A poet's thought of glee  
And tosses it to me,  
The primrose tufted low  
Where English cowslips grow,  
The yellow colouring  
That gladdens in the spring?

Yellow from the burnished ringlets,  
Crowning her winged loves obey;  
Pale when Artemis goes roving,  
Brightening with Apollo's ray.  
Yellow, bluish, white and rosy  
Are the flowers of May.

\*Only yellow have we taken  
For our garden bed's display,  
Saffron like Athena's peplos  
Woven with immortal fray.  
As the goddess won her battle  
Women gain new rights today.  
With the stilling of war trumpets  
Heed the tunes of May.

\*These verses were first written in 1919. Yellow was the colour adopted by the suffragist party of that time.

## FULFILMENT

I search for unaccomplished deeds  
Among the days that once were mine;  
And here and there I gather seeds  
That failed their part in life's design.

And now I feel my days are few,  
Much trammelled with what comes along;  
But still those seeds I'll watch anew  
Until they blossom into song.

Until they blossom into deed:  
What is a song that leads to naught?  
A wilted stalk, a broken reed  
But sprung from seed of useless thought.

## WHAT IS CANADA'S FLAG?

Canada; where is thy flag,  
Welding race and race together?  
Union Jack, that wondrous rag,  
Dear to those who've trod the heather,  
Dear to those who love the rose,  
Blending Irish cross and nation  
With the crosses of old foes  
In a just and fair relation,  
Has no emblem of the men;  
First to cross the stormy ocean,  
Bringing faith with plough and pen;  
First to know with deep emotion,  
Canada; thy name, as home.  
True, provincial arms commingle  
On thy flag o'er ships that roam;  
In their stead a figure single,  
Maple leaf of golden hue,  
Would announce to all more loudly  
Whence those ships their anchors drew,  
Would announce to all more proudly,  
Canada, fulfilling life.  
Thus, on land, when bells are ringing  
To acclaim the end of strife;  
When with joy each heart is singing;  
Canada, is this thy flag  
Linking with a gallant story?  
Waving from each roof and crag,  
East to West—a nation's glory.

When this poem was first written in 1918, shortly before the end of the last Great War, our Merchant Marine Flag was the British one with the combined arms of Quebec, Ontario, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick on its fly. Since then the question has come up at least four times in parliament; and the arms have been replaced by the crest of Canada. The Maple Leaf, however, is a simpler design and more readily discernible. It was first advocated by Mr. John R. Dougall in 1889; and Lord Strathcona on several occasions spoke of it as the future flag of Canada.

## ENGLAND'S OLDEST COLONY

\*Newfoundland is proud to be  
England's oldest colony;  
Keeping faith with eager heart  
At war's call she takes her part.  
Devon, Scotch and Irish stock  
Sturdy as their wave-girt rock  
Leave their flakes and leave their boats,  
Don the sober service coats.  
Newfoundland holds valour high,  
In far graves her heroes lie:  
Newfoundland is proud to be  
England's oldest colony.

Nine fair sisters in their home  
With the north pole on its dome,  
Ocean-served both east and west  
And the friendly States abreast,  
Smile upon the lonely one:  
They have done what she has done,  
Fought and bled in freedom's cause,  
Won like her the world's applause.  
Will she not form closer ties?  
"No," is all that she replies.  
Newfoundland is proud to be  
England's oldest colony.



## ENGLAND'S OLDEST COLONY

But that offer is not vain,  
It should surely come again.  
Newfoundland may change her mind  
And in time she too may find  
Burdens helped are shorn of fear,  
Triumph shared is doubly dear.  
She may gladly join the sheaf  
Banded by the maple leaf,  
Knowing well she still can boast  
Grateful for her Sisters' toast:  
"Newfoundland is proud to be  
England's oldest colony."

\* \* \* \* \*

The bringing of his native Island into the Canadian Federation, thus rounding out our Dominion, was one of the planks in my Husband's<sup>†</sup> platform when he ran for parliament in 1896. However, owing to the defeat of his party, instead of being given the promised cabinet position he found himself one of a small minority in opposition and was unable to do anything in the matter. Then, too, his great work which culminated in the formation of the Medical Council in Canada, suffered from the same cause so much delay that it left no time in an overfull life for another big project.

He had hoped at a later date to find a seat in the Newfoundland House with this union in view. He especially emphasized its desirability in the event of war.

A. R. R.

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\*The name of "Newfoundland" is never pronounced by its inhabitants or their neighbors of the Maritime Provinces with the accent on the middle syllable, as is the usage elsewhere. It is pronounced as though written "Newf'n'land," with the principal stress on the last syllable.

†Sir Thomas George Roddick, M.D., LL.D., F.R.C.S.

## BECAUSE HE LIVED

*P. W. R.*

Though laughter lurked in his blue eyes,  
Their sweetness linked the soul with God.  
A Spirit walked in earthly guise,  
And sacred where his feet have trod.

No broken pillar marks his grave—  
The shortest songs beguile the heart—  
A splendrous youth was what he gave,  
The morn's fulfilment was his part.

Because he lived this earth seems good  
Enshrining such dear memory.  
Though young, he suffered, understood;  
Because he lived I hold Life's key.

## PERFECT IN THY PROMISE

To J. C. R.

Perfect in thy promise as the bud unfolding—  
Perfect in thyself as rose fresh blown.  
Ever gracious, all that's pure and good upholding,  
Perfect Spirit, hast thou really flown?

Must I dwell alone the many dismal morrows  
Far from blissful hope together spanned;  
Hope of service through assuaging dearth and sorrows,  
Hope of golden deeds together planned?

No, the heavy, mourning weeds I tear asunder,  
Struggle from the clouds that blacken round,  
Close my ears to their unholy, woesome thunder,  
Rise anew to life from grief unbound.

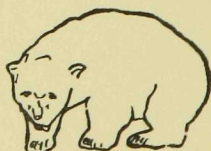
Perfect Spirit, now I know that thou art near me:  
In thy prescient calm I rest content;  
Trusting in thy love to guard and help and steer me  
Till I too have reached life's high ascent.

## ARMAGEDDON

The Armageddon of all ages  
In pent up wrath and fury rages,  
    And little souls like children cry  
    And little souls are asking why.

The Armageddon of all ages  
The Lord of Hosts, permitting, stages  
    That little souls may grow in grace,  
    That little souls may know his face.

The Armageddon of all ages  
Foretold by holy men and sages,  
    The last and greatest fight of all  
    When good shall win and evil fall,  
When nation shall keep watch with nation  
In war-discarding federation.









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