

**MILESTONE MOODS
AND MEMORIES:
POEMS AND SONGS**

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Milestone Moods and Memories: Poems and Songs by Donald McCaig

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DONALD MCCAIG

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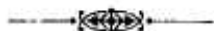
Poems and Songs.



BY

DONALD McCAIG,

Author of Reply to John Stuart Mill, on the Subjection of Women.



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PREFACE.

5-11-27. EHW

DEAR reader, some of the trifles found on the following pages have lain in my desk for nearly forty years; others of them for over twenty. I am not certain that I can now offer any adequate excuse for the folly of publishing them, but the saddest feeling, and the darkest word written or spoken in any language, is "annihilation." Even to be forgotten amid earthly surroundings is not a pleasant contemplation.

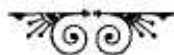
When I sleep, I think I would prefer doing so on some gentle hill, with the maples and pines waving over me, to resting beneath the proudest monument; but in any case I pray that neither warmest friend nor worst enemy will do me the dishonor of placing over me in iron, marble, or brass, "Born May 15th, 1832, died ——." If this be all, not this, for mercy's sake.

Perhaps it is this egotism or vanity, which had haunted me through all the old pioneer days, and has followed me ever since, through all the changes the years have brought, which is now responsible for what, I am aware, can bring me but little fame, and less fortune. All I

have ever hoped for in my most sanguine moments has been, that when Canada has outgrown her novitiate, when she has a literature of her own, and a standing among the nations of the earth, I might be recognized as one who had in her then, long ago, seen some beauty in Nature, some grandeur in country and home, some greatness in God, and something of heaven in the face of woman, and had, in some sort worth remembering, recorded his convictions.

Dear reader, this is an open confession. The rest I leave with you.

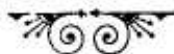
DONALD McCAIG.



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MILESTONE MOODS AND MEMORIES.

— — — — —
IN MEMORIAM.

THE shadows lengthen, and the sinking sun
Gilds the far mountain with a golden crest ;
The Autumn clouds stretch motionless and dun,
Like cold grey ocean in the distant West.
With sixty years of life gone o'er my head,
I sit and dream of all those years have seen,—
Of the strange paths by which my steps were led,
Up to this hour by hill and valley green,
With varying aims and hopes that erst had been.

The moments vanish, hours unflagging pass,
The days roll on, that measure off our lives ;
Youth's pictures tarnish, and the years, alas !
Leave us but little for which manhood strives,—
For all the dreams whereon Ambition fed,
For all the flowers Hope scatter'd by the way,
For all the loves, forgotten, false or dead,
For all the promised fruitage of our May,
How little garner'd at the close of day.