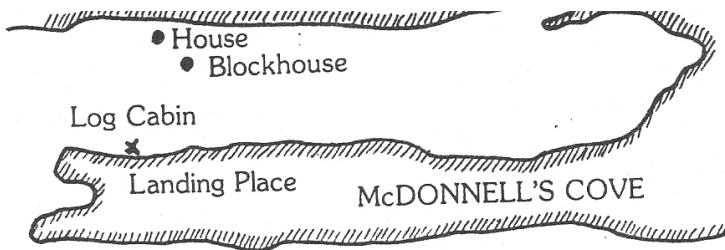


First House - Cont'd from page 9

true faithfulness of fair and tender women, the hopes, the fears, the joys and sorrows both. The sounds of revelry by night when the military were hospitably entertained by its genial host after the fashion and manner of his times—



the exultant joy of the proud bridegroom, the shy happiness of the bride, the boast of the country—as he led her away from the home of her childhood to new scenes and fresh pleasures— the feeling of new pride and manliness of the young father, the tender newly awakened love of the mother as they gazed together at their first born, their joy in the present, hope in the future and prop in the old age— the solemn bite of death when a beloved one lay still and cold in the sleep which knows no awakening except to the glories of Eternity. Truly it would require a more eloquent pen than mine to depict the manifold thoughts and emotion which fit through their most prosaic mind while gazing on one those storied homesteads of ye olden times”.

“ The houses were few in number, there being only about twenty within a distance of five miles on both sides of the peninsula. They were generally built by the help of their neighbours –

The barns were also built of logs with straw thatched roofs. Corn, wheat, oats, rye and peas were the principle grains then grown..... The grain was worked into the new land among the stumps with a harrow of the crotch of a tree with wooden teeth and drawn by oxen, but as far back as his father's time, the fall wheat was put in with hoes when the land was first broken up.

What would our modern young farmers with all his speedy agricultural implements think of that process?”

**Continued in next month's
issue of the Mirror**

Portrait of Remembrance

They sit together for the last
the happiness soon in the past.
On her lap the baby lies
too young to even say goodbye.
His hand is laid upon her shoulder.
While in the trenches he wished he'd told her
how much he loved her soft, brown hair,
her blue eyes shone and her face so fair.
Their child grows older with each passing day.
She grows up hearing of a father far away.
A letter is sent to his blue eyed bride
asking, "Wait for me on freedom's side
Through gum shots fired and cannon roar.
I hope to see your face once more."
The war has ended!
The country bravely defended
The mourning songs play throughout
Mixed with the rejoicing shout.
A train pulls up in the square
Should she look? She doesn't dare.
A boot appears and then a face
She starts to run and now embrace.
They sit together for not the last
The emptiness is in the past.

- Miranda Miller

Miranda is a Grade 8 student at Athol school and wrote this poem for Remembrance Day in 2006. She is the daughter of Trevor and Andrea Miller.



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