

PROGRESSION

A POEM ON

CONDITIONS AND PROSPECTS

OF THE

VILLAGE OF WESTON

BY

Alfred Harvey,

LATE SEAMAN GUNNER ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ IN HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL NAVY.



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In appreciation of untiring and useful services to
the Village as its Reeve during the past three years,
this little poem is respectfully dedicated to

W. J. CHARLTON, M.D.

by the Author,
A. HARVEY



PROGRESSION.

I HAVE a humble dwelling
On Canada's fair shores,
In the pretty town of Weston,
Through which the Humber pours;
Whose banks are very beautiful
With birds in all its bowers,
And many a pleasant resting-place
With trees and shrubs and flowers.

I loved to watch its winding course,
The rain had passed away,
The river higher than before
Rushed swiftly on its way,
The old mill by the river side
Where hundreds toiled to gain
An honest living day by day
In quietitude remain.

Once, years ago in that old mill
Since I remember well,
Thousands of wheels revolving round
Made music in the dell;
The cards which softened all the wool
The mules which spun the yarn
The looms which wove it into piece
Before the cloth was worn.

But changing years steal onward
Like rivers to the sea,
And things are making progress
As all may plainly see;
Electric cars are running
To convey us up and down,
Which adds to the convenience
Of many in our town.

We also have steam railways here,
Which brings us near our door,
The Grand Trunk and the C. P. R.,
Which runs from shore to shore ;
Their freight trains bring us from afar
Both wood and coal and grain,
And when the cars are emptied all
They shunt them out again.

They bring the pigs of iron here
And all the best of sand,
Together with some cars of coke
Where Moffatt's Foundry stands ;
For making Pearl ranges
And stoves of every form,
And all are very useful things
To keep our dwellings warm.

The Humber stream sometimes runs low
Its banks with grass o'er grown
And men with teams just then work hard
To haul out building stones ;
But Cruickshank's wheel it seems to run
With power to saw ont lumber,
For making carts and wagons too
Not few, but great in number.

He also makes the finest rigs
The best in our town,
For sleighs and carriages and cutters,
No better can be found ;
And so progression moves along
Tho' very slow 'tis sure,
But may he have an order soon
For fifty wagons more.

Then further up the river stream
Where the Humber widens still,
And the water power is better far,
Strands Weeks' flour mill
With shutts and bins and boxes
And bags all tied around,
With flour and grain for customers
Who live within our town.

There's wheat and oats and barley
Brought there both clean and sound,
By farmers such as grow the best,
And some that want it ground ;
And as the wheel goes round and round
To grind the golden grain,
Around that mill things seem to hum
Because they're business men.

Our town is very famous
For churches and for schools,
And everything is up-to-date
To suit both young and old ;
Its teachers are the very best,
Who toil with might and main,
And many who have passed our schools
Are clever business men.

We have a public reading room,
It's open every night,
It's always kept both clean and warm,
And well supplied with light ;
The books and papers all are free,
Supplied by generous men,
And all who wish are welcome quite
To come and read till ten.

There's William Keys, and Robert Bull,
Who run the hardware store,
Two better men could not be found
For a hundred miles or more ;
Both Keys and Bull know how to buy,
And for small gains to sell,
God bless the labour of their hands,
May their business prosper well. . .

Then, next comes Rowntree's trading store,
And I'm glad that I can say,
There's quite a lot of customers
Come pouring in all day ;
Three pairs of hands are needed,
So many come to buy,
Outstanding debts are sometimes paid,
Thus God helps from on high.

There is Robinson and Lyons,
Who keep their general stores,
Both diligent, honest, business men—
What could we look for more—
If we ever make advancement,
In whatever way you please,
To make it prove successful,
We must have more men like these.

I won't forget the pump works,
Tho' it almost slipped my mind,
How water is brought up to light
Which keeps us all from dying ;
There's pumps by hand and pumps by wind
Of different shapes and forms,
All made right here by Longstaff,
In the place where he was born.

He also makes air motors too,
And mills turned by the wind,
And cisterns bound both tight and firm
To hold the water in ;
And should you need pure water
For the home in which you dwell,
Just make it known to Longstaff,
And he'll do the business well.

Then, right facing the charmed Humber,
And right upon the hill,
Stands our handsome little post office,
With vines and roses still ;
And many an anxious soul, comes there
Cast down from time to time,
Who is cheered by some kind, loving, word,
Which seems almost divine.

We also have a printing office,
Which keeps us right in line,
And men with skill and intellect,
Who print the *Weston Times*,
Which gives us all the local news,
And much more, if he can,
And Keefer's name, goes far and wide
As a pushing business man.

He also prints the bye-laws
Which our worthy council pass,
And public notices and cards
Which cannot be surpassed ;
And if you wish some printing,
Then do not let it run,
But call at Keefer's office
And the work will soon be done.

There's quite a few more worthy men
Whose names I need not tell,
Still living in our little town,
For indeed I know them well ;
And some who do not see with me,
Tho' as blithe as any lark,
They did not want the bye-law passed,
But linger in the dark.

But onward is our motto still
Like heros in the fight,
To banish darkness from our town
And have electric light ;
I need it in my dwelling,
Where I've lived for many years,
Contented with my lot in life,
My cross of pain to bear.

But Jesus knows about it,
His blessed will, be done,
Till earthly shadows flee away,
And Eden is begun ;
Then all my trials will be o'er,
And all my sufferings past,
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Forever gone at last.

I need not stay in loneliness
With such a friend as Him,
Who brings me words of comfort,
As no earthly friend can bring,
With angel guards around me,
In the darkness, or the light,
I'm safe from every danger,
In His most holy sight.

I need not tell Thee where I am,
Upon the sea, or on the land,
Thou knowest every place I've been,
Tho' I travelled many lands ;
In different climes, on stormy seas,
Through wintry snow and sleet,
And often I've been strengthened,
As I've waited at Thy feet.

I need not stay in poverty,
With such a bounteous store,
My Father owns the universe,
And the gold, from shore to shore ;
The pearls in the ocean's depths,
The diamonds on the land,
The silver and the coral reefs,
Are all at His command.

The sun and moon, with all the stars
That stud the midnight sky,
The winds which toss the ocean wave,
And all the birds that fly ;
The lion of the forest strong,
The beasts both great and small,
The fragrant flower, my Father's hand,
In wisdom made them all.

He feeds them all, just when they cry,
And, shall I ask in vain ?
Oh, no ! His promise cannot fail,
His word is very plain ;
Ask only, I shall surely have,
If I seek, I'm sure to find,
The Saviour bids, He knows full well,
My Father's heart is kind.

I need not doubt His promise,
Although I'm full of sin,
His precious blood can cleanse me,
And keep me pure within ;
Yet, how often I distrust Him,
Tho' I long to serve Him more,
Every day and every hour,
Till I reach the blissful shore.

There, pain and sickness never comes,
To mar that happy home,
Where saints and angels sweetly sing,
Before yon dazzling throne ;
I think I hear the music
Of the strains that never tire,
And I long to join the chorus,
As they tune their golden lyres.

I long to breathe the fragrance
Of these celestial bowers,
Where heavenly breezes fresh with love,
Grow rainbow tinted flowers ;
I long to see my Saviour,
And the streets of shining gold,
Those realms of light and endless life,
And pearly gates behold.

But I must wait with patience
Till my work on earth is done,
And nobly battle hard each day,
Until the victory's won ;
And when the Master calls me,
And I lay my armour down,
Having conquered in the battle,
I then shall wear the crown.

ALFRED HARVEY,
Caretaker, Main Street,
WESTON.

