

## TROUT LAKE

Far, far away from the city's strife  
From its bustle and noise, and its busy life,  
In the northern part of the Empire State  
Where winter comes early and lingers late  
Is a beautiful lake, and its water blue  
Seems ever to whisper a story new  
Enclosed in a Forest whose holy calm  
Is equalled alone by its healing balm

And now, if you please, I will try to  
trace

Some scenes from the lives of a vanished race  
Tho' they sail no more these waters blue  
Nor moor to these shores the birch canoe  
Here an Indian lad with heart as true  
As the sun that shines from the vaulted blue  
Told a winsome maid a sweet love tale  
By the campfires' side or in moonlight pale  
Placed his tall teepee by Trout Lake's side  
As a furtive home for his dark-faced bride  
Oft Indian hunters this way would take  
In quest of deer or to fish in the lake  
Still the forest stood in its wonderful pride  
So beautiful, so rich, so grand and wide  
And the red man came, and the red man went  
Knowing no fear, with his life content  
Till the white man came, tis a story old  
At least one like it - has oft been told.  
Then people came from cities far  
They must ~~of~~ have been led by a wondrous star,  
And they saw our beautiful lakelet here  
With evergreens growing far and near  
Inhaled the fragrance of fir and pine  
And took deep draughts of nature's wine

And when they were back in the towns again  
They'd a homesick feeling akin to pain  
And they said when another year rolls 'round  
I'll go back to Trout Lake Camping Grounds.  
And they did come back as they prophesied  
And builded their cabins side by side.

In the near by hills rich with shining ore  
The rocks they blasted, and rent, and tore,  
And the farms and the places where people trade  
Are signs of the progress the white man has made  
And signs are being fulfilled each day  
As old scenes change or pass away.

And the years roll on and the lakelet here  
Is known to people far and near  
And more of them come each year to rest  
And enjoy its primitive loveliness.  
For now the people are fully awake  
And long for a camp at Old Trout Lake  
If nervous and weary by life depressed  
Tis a beautiful place to come and rest  
And it seems to welcome one and all

Who will listen to its inviting call  
Should you find life's burdens hard to bear  
Or you feel bowed down by the weight of care  
Come to Trout Lake, this sparkling gem  
Seems ever a balm for the spirits of men.

Mrs. MacLeod

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