

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### THE OLD MULBERRY TREE.

(Kingscote)

(BY RACEY SCHLANK).

In solitude it waits alone,  
The sentinel of a sea-girt strand,  
A lonely tree—forn to stand  
A monument upon the land.

The hand that placed it in the soil,  
The eyes that saw each shoot appear,  
And held, maybe, its first fruits dear,  
Have vanished in a long past year.

And yet, methinks, no carved stone,  
Or tablets writ in letters bold,  
Can such a tale of truth unfold  
As this tree tells, guarded and old.

The bleak winds whistle through the  
boughs,  
Their ancient tales of land and sea,  
This island's wondrous mystery  
What was—and yet may prove to be.

The pioneers from other lands  
Whose axes broke the brushwood still,  
Who built their fires by stream and rill  
Their proudest dreams are with us still.

For their's the faith of heart and brain  
To plant new seed within the soil,  
And where no foot of man had trod  
To will the wheat past away and nod.

Ay! their's the faith of heart and brain,  
That left in record by the sea,  
Still standing in tranquility,  
The staunch old mulberry tree!

No experts sent by man can tell,  
As this old tree remains to show  
The treasure that the land can grow,  
The wealth 'twill learn to know.

In solitude it waits alone,  
The sentinel of the sea-girt strand,  
A lonely tree, forlorn, to stand  
A monument upon the land.