

## Our Contributors.

### UNA IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY THOMAS C. ROBSON.

FROM no city, famous for aged, piled stones  
Yet reeking with its sin, came my Una. She  
Was of the woods, woodland, light stepping, easy, free.  
Fawnlike, and sweet as incense, from the dusky cones  
Of pines, whose home, by axe, was all unbroken. Still  
Her subjects they, and she their Maiden Queen, and Caro.  
As the rose ruddy and strong, yet as the lily fair;  
With soul of fire to do full well her Master's will.  
All armed was she, as well became her chivalry;  
Her feet with buskins shod, agility and strength.  
Her hair of wavy, golden brown of ample length;  
O'er all her crown, the heaver's crest, brave Industry  
With clenched hand she grasped the fabled triple spear  
Minerva first did wield, e'en Virtue, Knowledge, Truth;  
The goddess had, methinks, in her, renewed her youth,  
Tired out with McEher Ida's many faints and fears.

And, thus arrayed, did she the demon Ignorance pursue,  
If haply she might slay, by piercing thro' and thro'.  
With hasty step she comes, and blue bewildering eyes,  
Their timid glances asking what of this or that?  
Why this untidy hair? that rude and ragged hat,  
Those boots ungainly odd, out of all numbered size,  
This rude log cabin, with its crazy, creaking door;  
Its roof is all askew, its windows all askant.  
Is this the dome of Fame for which my soul did pant;  
And my poor doom, to pace its all bepatched floor?  
Thus the fair maiden sighed, and glanced athwart the waste  
Of dead trees, whose bleached trunks, like spectres taking root,  
Foretold the doom of all who venture here in haste,  
To teach the forest child "his ideas how to shoot".

Fair Una with her lion ne'er ventured so afield,  
As this fair young school ma'am with certificated shield.  
Fair Una and her lion! She of Spencer's rout,  
Ere Julia sighed, or Romeo climbed his giddy path,  
Or the fair Nun did wend, with merry Wife of Bath,  
And Knights, for ladies' eyes, did scatter plumes about.  
Oh for the good old times, when dragons drinking deep—  
In this great dismal swamp a dragon might have place,  
And welcome he, would he but bless our fallen race,  
Rousing good King Arthur from his thousand years of sleep.  
Then Una and her lion might walk the earth once more,  
Helmets gleam, spear points glance, from sheaths good swords  
fly out,

Loud o'ers fat barons swear, and grim hobgoblins shout,  
Elaine, with frail maid Vivien, a frailer queen deplore.  
Oh for the good old times, with all their nightly dumps!  
Away ye spectral pine, ye grimy blackened stumps!

Fair Una and her lion with age have grown so dim,  
From palaces of "pine trees" come ye, now at rest,  
Whose bleached bones do lie, by Kush-i-Kongs calm breast;  
Huron and Algonquin, or fierce Mohegan grim,  
Who Atlas-like have borne the earth's great weighty rim;  
Uncus return, young brave of sad, unhappy lot,  
And bring thy bride whose fate was Montcalm's greatest blot;  
Victor and victim he of savage Indian whim.

But all are gone, save these dismal, bleak and fire-baked  
swamps,

On whose sterile bosoms stand but dead and blackened pine.  
What place is this for maid, to elevate, refine,  
The children of her people in her remotest camps?  
'Tis so uncouthly dismal, place but a dragon here,  
And howling he would fly to his unholy frere.

Fair maid! Here doth a dragon dwell in form full bold,  
Black Ignorance is he, his hounds Profanity  
And Vice. No close time doth he own. No victims free  
From his fiendish cruel coursing. Yet prophets have foretold  
That broken shall he be, by maiden strong and fair,  
Who Una-like shall ride to earth's remotest pale,  
Chaste and pure as he of old, who sought the Holy Grail  
So shall she hunt this demon to his blood stained lair.

Go forth, my Una then, with bright and burnished shield;  
Don thy best of helmets; see that every rivet's tight;  
Thy spear the very best thine armory can yield.  
Seek out this dragon Ignorance and dare him to the fight,  
And let thy cry for ever be, as onward thou dost plod,  
Not Honour, nor yet Glory, but, my Country and my God.

*Minden, Ont.*

### THE HEART ON THE SLEEVE.

PASTOR FELIX.

"Reader, who is Elias?"  
—Lamb, (of course).

HE who adopts "The Heart on the Sleeve" for his coat  
of arms may be occasion of undue mirth or despise,  
without being "the meanest of mankind." While  
we yield our respect to the Shakespeares and Brownings,  
who are chary of their confidences, and put not their personal  
affairs into the scandal market; and while we are not  
devoid of sympathy with him who laments because

"Now the poet cannot die  
And leave his music,"

but the mongers must barter his fireside secrets for shameful  
money; yet we love some who have not so deeply drunk of  
this "tonic of a wholesome pride" which leads one to keep  
himself to himself,—namely, the Brown's and the Lamb's,  
not to mention the Byron's and the Rousseau's. Boswell is  
not so hateful in my eyes as he appears to Macaulay's; and  
I can love Wordsworth, and still forgive DeQuincy, whose  
misfortune it was to blab about his best friends. It is  
natural for me to confide; and, though the wiser mind will  
reproach an undue familiarity with a stranger, who is  
suddenly surprised into the relation of an intimate; and,  
after Burns has cautioned me to

"Still keep something to yourself'  
Ye'll scarcely tell to any;"

and the Arabian prophet has told me to "beware a speedy  
friend"; my reserve suddenly breaks its ice, and, before I  
am aware, I am likely to have unbosomed everything.

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