

In sovereign scorn I tread the races down,
As each its puny destiny fulfils,
On plain and island, or where huge cliffs frown,
Wrapt in the deep thought of the ancient hills.

The wild sea searches vainly round the land
For those proud fleets my arm has swept away ;
Vainly the wind along the desert sand
Calls the great names of kings who once held sway.

Yea Nineveh and Babylon the great
Are fallen—like ripe ears at harvest-tide,
I set my heel upon their pomp and state
The people's serfdom and the monarch's pride.

One doom waits all—art, speech, law, gods and men,
Forests and mountains, stars and shining sun,
The hand that made them shall unmake again,
I curse them and they wither one by one.

Waste altars, tombs, dead cities where men trod
Shall roll through space upon the darkened globe,
Till I myself be overthrown and God
Cast off creation like an outworn robe.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

Quebec, 1898.