

WAITING.

From the French of Albert Lozeau.

As a door open wide, my heart it is free,
 It awaits thee, Beloved, wilt thou not come?
 What matter to-morrow or later it be?
 The hour far or near, my heart shall be home.

Not idle it is that for love we should stay,
 For by waiting desire the stronger shall grow,
 The joy unexpected too soon speeds away
 Before we have time its fullness to know.

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An hour shall suffice, and life shall be full
 As a river where widest its waters appear,
 An hour shall requite for days drear and dull
 An hour of the essence of year upon year.

As a door open wide, my heart it is free,
 It awaits thee, Beloved, wilt thou not come?
 What matter to-morrow or later we see?
 The love that awaits finds a far fairer home,
 The joy long-delayed the richer shall be.

Albert Lozeau of Montreal has by the sheer force of genius achieved a distinguished place in literature. "L'Âme Solitaire," the first volume of poems from his pen, attracted wide attention not only in Canada but in France, and his work has received the highest praise from critics. A second volume "Le Miroir des Jours"—maintains the same high level as the first volume.