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## TWO SONNETS OF WINTER.

I.

Nay, but I loved thee in the days that were,  
Or ever the leaf had fallen, and the tree  
Withered, and all the grass grown grey to see,  
Or the great world was naked and cold and bare;  
In those fair days of summer, when the air  
Was soft and hot and heavy with melody  
And murmuring of the mighty archèd sea,  
When all the hours were long with love and care.

The stretched white throat, the coiled heavy hair,  
The exquisite small head, poised light and free,  
The carven curvèd lips, a chalice of rare  
Sweet poison, for whomsoever should dare love thee,  
The long half-lifted lashes of eyes so fair—  
Thoughtest thou I was blind, and did not see?

### MARIE.

**M**ARIE was in an ill-humour. This was evident to the most casual observer of Marie's idiosyncrasies. The rolling-pin came down on the bakeboard with sharp, vindictive thumps and there was no merry trilling to be heard of "*Vole, mon cœur, vole,*" in the shrill, French-Canadian tones which from sunrise to sunset were wont to be echoed back from the rose-bushes which grew so luxuriantly around Mère Martineau's little white house.

Jacques felt its absence as he walked slowly up the green road towards the little white cot. At first he could not think what was lacking in the bright August day. The sun shone warmly; the trees by the roadside were cool and green; the birds sang as gaily as ever, and the great St. Lawrence sparkled beneath, a stream of liquid silver set with diamonds.

Yet Jacques felt a vague sense of incompleteness, of something accustomed, gone. Suddenly as he came near enough to distinguish the little white house peeping coquettishly through the roses which embowered it, he knew what was missing. "Where is my little Marie?" he mused, and he stepped more quickly, at the same time breaking out into a strong, though somewhat shaky, refrain of "*Vole, mon cœur, vole.*" But no answer came to him and he began to feel quite uneasy as he stepped up to the low kitchen door.

"I hope she has not gone to town," he thought as he entered. Ah no, there she was as sweet and pretty as ever, except that instead of her usual merry smile there was just the least trace of a frown and little pout. Jacques, however, was too much relieved at seeing her at all to notice her expression.

"Ah, Marie, petit chou," he cried gaily; "where is thy song this morning? I missed it coming up the road."

Marie pounded the dough on the bakeboard in silence. Jacques looked at her a moment; and being puzzled at this unusual phase in his beloved, whom he—good-hearted,

II.

O love, my love, wherefore were these things so?  
Dost thou remember all the days of old  
Dear days of summer and red sunlight and gold,  
And music of many voices, singing low,  
And all the night the white moon, trailing slow  
In gorgeous silver raiment, fold on fold,  
Across the soft white clouds the winds uprolled,  
Across the circling stars that wane and grow?

Dost thou remember those days of long ago?  
For all the tale of them is long since told,  
And cold and white the night, above, below,  
And ever the desolate day is white and cold;  
And I, looking out across the desert snow,  
Dream thou didst love me in those days of old.

BERNARD K. SANDWELL.

simple soul—thought he understood so well, stood twirling his hat in his hand not knowing exactly what to say next. Then, not being versed in dissimulation, he came promptly to the point like a sensible man.

"What aileth thee, little Marie, this morning? Has the mother vexed thee? Or is the work too hard for thee with those two young boarders? Perhaps their city ways fret thee?"

"Fret me, oaf!" cried Marie sharply, "Fret me! If all the other men I know had their city ways—ma foi!—I should sing then from morning till night."

"Then what is the matter?" cried Jacques in despair. Never before had he seen his merry, gentle Marie in such a humour. Marie wheeled round sharply "I don't believe you care for me at all. You are just like a stupid cow. Mon Dieu would either of those gay messieurs stand gaping in the middle of the floor like that! Do for pity's sake, lean up against the window or sit on the edge of the table, or do something besides standing there like a clothespin!" And Marie flounced round to her board again. Jacques gazed bewildered.

"Why should I lean against anything when I am not tired? And as for sitting on the table, why not a chair which is made to sit on! But," he continued after a moment, as he received no answer to his questions, "If it pleases thee, Marie." And he perched himself awkwardly on one end of the long, white table, with a suddenness and force which made it hop up on two legs, and almost overturned a large bowl of dainty white water-lilies, thereby setting their yellow hearts all a-tremble. "Stupid! Have a care," cried Marie running quickly to the rescue. "If you don't know enough to bring them, you might at least leave them alone."

Jacques stood in silent contrition as Marie rearranged the flowers and wiped up the water which had splashed over the table.

"How pretty they are," he ventured, at last, "Where didst thou get them, Marie?"

"Where should I get them? Not from you! It is just