

Yet oft within my soul his form shall rise,—
The mien erect, the grave yet kindly eye—
The features high, that spoke of bold emprise,
And strength the will to do and fear deny ;

Nor less the ingenuous soul that sought not gain
In paths where oft ambition stoops to go,
Or where the narrowing path doth each constrain
To hurl his rival to the depths below.

Such did I know him, when in manhood's prime
He sought Canadian wilds a home to make,
For wife and little ones, while scarce had time,
Or war's distress availed his strength to shake.

And as 'gainst Nature now, not man, he waged
The toilsome war, and forest giants slew,
With hope renewed he still the foe engaged,
And victory still his effort crowned anew.

And mindful oft the whilst of by-gone years,
He cradled a lay that far off memories brought,
Or, 'round the evening fire amid his peers,
He told of venturous deeds and battles fought.

At times the thunder's roll or Huron's roar
Would wake the chords, long-stilled within his soul,
By war's loud music vibrant made of yore,
Till stern resolve o'er all his features stole,

And soaring high above his wonted mood
Again he felt the thrill of battle born,
As thro' the Vale of Death again he rode,
Or braved the slope on Inkerman's fierce morn.

Such fancies mingling with more homely joys
Beguiled the passing years, while round him grew,
Like wildflowers sweet, fair girls and glad some boys,
And axe-won fields still broadened to his view.

But deep the mystery of our being here,
Which fraught with use oft seems, yet quickly flies !
And what to Omniscience needful may appear
Seems cruel chance to our bedimmed eyes.

He passed ; who oft had 'scaped the shafts of Fate,
When thick on either hand his comrades lay,
On Duty's path—but why the tale relate ?—
Again the conqueror met—and owned his sway.

'Twas June ; the hawthorn bloomed beside the spring,
The wild-rose nodded on the cottage wall,
The birds in woods and meads rejoiced to sing,
The river o'er its stones did babbling fall.

Within, o'er all a lonely stillness lay,
The grief-wrung wife moved silent to and fro.
Her half-fledged brood forbore their wonted play
Awe-struck, tho' all their loss they scarce could know.

'Tis o'er !—The measured tread—the music slow—
The volleyed peals from out the rifle throats—
Have quavered forth the strains of public woe,
Which use hath set to these accordant notes.

And past for her whose hope lies buried there
The sense of joy and calm his presence brought ;
Her orphan'd brood—sweet solace fraught with care ;—
To rear and guide must task each power and thought.

Thus as I mused the grass-grown knolls among,
Toward which my pilgrim feet had bent their way,
While memory's scenes successive seemed to throng
From out their windowed chambers toward the day,

Came, science-whispered, to my questioning soul
The thought—that, as the echo seems to pass,
Yet lives, diffused in air to either pole,
So each survives amid the conscious mass

That throbs with borrowed impulses since the prime,
(As mind from mind the infection fine hath caught)
And souls, or near or far in place or time,
In gain or loss shall feel each deed and thought ;

So nature, trustless of Fame's erring pen,
Doth of each human life the record keep,
On mystic scroll, the living souls of men,
By thought's sharp, vibrant point imprinted deep ;

And somewhat of the Past he there may trace
Who scans its lines with philosophic ken—
The fire Promethean smouldering in our race
When flaming found has needs been fann'd by men

Hail then, ye valiant ones that lead the van
In thought or deed, to truth or duty true !
While Nature's scroll shall hold her vital plan
Oblivion ne'er shall hide ye from the view.

And thou, whose modest worth have e'en inspired
My artless pen these mutterings to essay
Of fancies dim, in mistier phrase attired,
Which yet some useful meaning may convey !

As erst for Britain's weal and Britain's power—
Best pledge o'er all the earth of Freedom's reign !
Thou firmly stood'st, while all around did lower
Death-dealing clouds of war, and want, and pain ;

Nor—martyr zeal and loyalty sublime !—
Refused'st obedience to that false command,
Lest Britain's shield, untarnished from its prime,
The stain might take that rust-like doth expand :

And so, thro' constancy and valorous deeds,
Didst aid the triumph of her cause to bring,
And good, far-seen, from these blood-steeped seeds,
To her and all the world which e'er shall spring :

Even so thro' future years with quickened glow
Shall burn in British hearts the world around
The hero-fire—still lit by sparks that flow
From iron wills 'mid hard conditions bound—

For deeds of thine ; and youths by Severn's wave,
And lone Assiniboine, and Tasman's shore,
With those whom Afric's suns shall urge to lave
Where broad Leeambye calls with plaintive roar,

Shall own the impulse which thy valor gave
To patriot zeal, when Duty's stern behest
Shall call each loyal son his land to save,
From foreign foe, or Faction's fierce unrest ;

And in an age when Pleasure's vot'ries bend
From Truth and Right, some sensuous good to gain,
The story of thy Spartan band may lend
Its aid to hearts which fain would these maintain.

PORT BURWELL, ONT.

H. BONIS.

March 4th, 1899.

ST. HILDA'S DANCE.

On May 25th a dance was held in Convocation Hall under the auspices of St. Hilda's. Owing to the warm weather the attendance was not large, but all present enjoyed themselves very much, as the small numbers made the Hall all the more comfortable for dancing.