

OUR CANADIAN POETS.

MORNING ON THE BEACH.

(Lake Huron, June.)

See, the night is beginning to fail,
The stars have lost half of their glow;
As though all the flowers in a garden did pale,
When a rose is beginning to blow.

And the breezes that herald the dawn
Blow round from the caverns of day;
Lift the film of dark from the heaven's bare
lawn,
Cool and sweet as they come up this way.

And this mighty swayed bough of the lake
Rocks cool where the morning hath smiled;
While the dim misty dome of the world scarce
awake

Blushes rose, like the cheek of a child.

—W. W. Campbell.

SUNSET BY HURON.

The clouds are lingering far on the blue,
Tinged from the fading west,
While here below on the placid deep,
Where the weary winds have sunk to sleep,
Is silence, calm and rest.

And the quite eve steals into my heart
As it stole o'er the sky and lake,
And I watch the gulls skim over the bay,
And the sails on the dim line far away,
Half dreaming, half awake.

And the sun sinks down on the crimson'd
deep,
Grandly and solemn and slow;
And a holy peace seems over all
As the silvery shades of evening fall
To the silent world below.

And the ceaseless sob on the pebbled shore
Is the only sound I hear,
With a dreamy lisp as the wavelets roll—
A whispered music that floods my soul—
So soft, so lone and drear.

And my thoughts go out o'er the distant past,
As I list to the murmuring sea,
And, echoing up from the vale of tears,
Comes a melody faint of those far off years,
So sad and so pleasing to me.

Strathroy, May 30. —Jas. T. Shotwell.

HAYING.

From the soft dyke-road, crooked and wagon-
worn,
Comes the great load of rustling, scented
hay,
Slow drawn, with heavy swing and creaky
sway,
Through the cool freshness of the windless
morn.

The oxen, yoked and sturdy, horn to horn,
Sharing the rest and toil of night and day,
Bend head and neck to the long, hilly way,
By many a season's labour marked and torn.

On the broad sea of dyke the gathering heat
Waves upward from the grass, where road
on road

Is swept before the tramping of the teams.
And while the oxen rest beside the sweet
New hay, the loft receives the early load,
With hissing stir, among the dusty beams.

—J. F. Herbin in *Independent*.

Wolfville, N. S.

THE COMFORT OF THE FIELDS.

What would'st thou have for easement after
grief,
When the rude world hath used thee with de-
spite,

And care sits at thy elbow day and night,
Filching thy pleasures like a subtle thief!
To me, when life besets me in such wise,
'Tis sweetest to break forth, to drop the chain,
And grasp the freedom of this pleasant earth,
To roam in idleness and sober mirth
Through summer airs and summer lands, and
drain

The comfort of wide fields unto tired eyes.
By hills and waters, farms and solitudes,
To wander by the way with wilful feet
Through fielded vall-ys wide with yellowing
wheat,

Along grey roads that run between deep
woods,
Murmurous and cool; through hallowed slopes
of pine,

Where the long daylight dreams unpierced,
unstirred,

And only the rich-throated thrush is heard;
By lonely forest brooks that froth and shine
In bowlder'd crannies, buried in the hills,
By broken beaches tangled with wild vine
And log-strewn rivers murmurous with mills.

In upland pastures, sown with gold, and sweet
With the keen perfume of the ripening grass,
Where wings of birds and filmy shadows pass,
Spread thick as stars with shining marguerite;
To haunt old fences overgrown with briar,
Muffled in vines and hawthornes and wild
cherries,

Rank poisonous ivies, red-bunched alder-
berries,

And wild blossoms to the heart's desire,
Gray mullein lowering into yellow bloom,
Pink tasselled milk weed breathing dense
perfume

And swarthy vervain, tipped with violet fire.

To feast on summer sound; the jolted wains,
The thrasher humming from the farm near by,
The prattling cricket's intermittent cry,
The locust's rattle from the sultry lanes;
Or in the shadow of some oaken spray
To watch as through a mist of light and dreams
The far off bay fields, where the dusty teams
Drive round and round the lessening squares
of hay,

And hear upon the wind, now loud, now low,
With drowsy cadence, half a summer's day,
The clatter of the reapers come and go.