

*I am the hush of calm,
 I am the speed,
 The flood-tide's triumphing psalm,
 The marsh-pool's heed.
 I work in the rocking roar
 Where cataracts fall;
 I flash in the prismy fire that dances o'er
 The dew's ephemeral ball.*

*I am the voice of wind
 And wave and tree,
 Of stern desires and blind,
 Of strength to be;
 I am the cry by night,
 At point of dawn;
 The summoning bugle from the unseen height,
 In clouds and doubt withdrawn.*

*I am the strife that shapes
 The stature of man,
 The pang no hero escapes,
 The blessing, the ban;
 I am the hammer that moulds
 The iron of our race;
 The omen of God in our blood that a people beholds,
 The foreknowledge veiled in our face.*

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