

Upon a runt of low
 French willows near the forge
 Where Basil wrought his fate
 a crow ;
 His voice a mean
 of care, and croke and cackle,
 Sure the Devil in Hell would
 Laugh that way
 As loath a bird like that
 To tackle
 In a lift of song
 Sunburst and fogbreak ;
 And Blomidon frowns
 A blue black bastioned fort
 With sheer pitch of
 a thousand feet
 Into a foss of the eternal sea.

And the light of thee
 O primal peak of Sinai
 Olives and Olympian sky
 Shone faint in that
 Old tender *Ronde de Nuit* ;
 "A light that never was
 On land or sea,"
 The consecration and the
 Poet's dream.
 O punny pen puissant art
 O magic man !
 Thou art
 In every age
 The world's Evangel seer,
 And Saint and Sage
 Thy day adorning, and
 Thy first awake.

The gathering broke up at a late hour being a very successful
 ending to a successful meeting of the Association.

MAIN

A paper
 1892

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