

"They say they have no surety for their lives,
When winters bring hard nights and heatless suns,
Nor bread, nor raiment have they for their wives
And little ones." 30

Then said the king: "It is not well that I
Should eat from gold, when many are so poor,
For he that guards his greatness guards a lie;
Of t. 't be sure." 35

And so he bade collect the golden plate,
And all the tankards, and break up, and bear,
And gave them to the folk that thronged the gate,
To each his share. 40

And the great councillors in cold surprise
Locked on and murmured; but unmindfully
The king sat dreaming with far-fixèd eyes,
And it may be

He saw some vision of that Holy One
Who knew no rest or shelter for His head,
When self was scorned and brotherhood begun.
" 'Tis just," he said: 45

"Henceforward wood shall serve me for my plate,
And earthen cups suffice me for my mead;
With them that joy or travail at my gate
I laugh or bleed." 50

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

THE SANDS OF DEE

"O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee;"