

Last Night on Lake of Bays.

Night birds are calling from hill to hill,
Whip-poor-will, hawk and crane;
Spirit o' northland, out o' the memory-land,
Give me the summer again!
O sweet is the wine of spruce and pine,
Golden the flowers that gleam;
And the long, still days in the wild north ways
Drift by like a childhood's dream.

Shadows are flitting from hill to hill,
Loon birds are crying mid-bay;
Spirit o' northland, out o' the memory-land,
Give me but one summer's day.
O strong is the wine of the northern pine,
Purple the flowers that gleam;
But the wondrous days in the wild north ways
Are gone like a girlhood's dream.

Quiet the starlight on hill and hill,
Ghostly the mists on the bay;
Spirit o' northland, into the memory-land,
Gone is my last summer's day.
O rare is the wine of the sweeping pine,
Cold as a hill-born stream;
And the fragrant days of the wild north ways
Are only an ended dream.

—*Edith Florence Robson.*