

DUFFERIN TERRACE AT MIDNIGHT

Above me looms the fortress, scarp and walls,
Dim, undefined in gloom of murky light.
No glare of gun or trumpet wakes the night,
In vain I hark to catch the sentry calls.
No camp fires glow at Montmorenci Falls,
No foe lurks now on yonder Levis Height.
The city sleeps at peace, no war's affright
Shadows its dreams or timid heart appals.
Yet hero in monuments of bronze and stone,
The sieges fierce, the many battles fought,
Heroic deeds, and hero's names, record.
The victor and the vanquished we enthrone.
Time's cycle has its subtle changes wrought
Two races dwell together in accord.

FAIRVIEWS AISLES

In Fairviews aisles at close of summer day
A wanton breeze from the blushing rose stole kiss,
And sinking with a whispered—only this
For nothing sweeter hangs on trembling spray.

I saw and heard and plucked the blushing rose
And to dear Fairviews mistress quickly went
"Ah me!" she said, "how dear its touch, and scent.
Love makes it still the sweetest thing that grows."

