

LAKE-SCENES IN WESTERN CANADA.

PICTURES FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

I. AN EVENING SCENE IN SUMMER.

THE night has come with all its thousand stars
And its deep calm that soothes the weary jars
Wrought in the restless day-world. The broad moon
Floats through the wild rice on the lake, and soon,
High mounting, mirrors in the outspread blue
Its orbèd beauty. And then comes, anew,
A little stirring of the low soft wind
That lingers on its way, and leaves behind
The fragrance of the pink-lipp'd locust flowers,
Hanging in thousands in their island-bowers
Away in the blue lake : and on the shore
Where the red-wooded juniper leans o'er
The glimmering waters, and the tall dark pines
Shut out the moon, in curved and gleaming lines
The fire-flies pass and pass ; whilst through the trees
Old forest-hymns and summer melodies,
Fill'd with a mystic poesy, creep on,
Low-breathed from leaf to leaf, in unison
With the soft splash of waters, heard beyond—