

### ABOVE SAINT IRÉNÉE.

I climbed the lofty road between  
The river and the northern hills,  
And rested leisurely,  
To watch the mighty river flow,  
With all its miles of shade and sheen  
Down to the mighty sea,  
And far beneath me resting low  
The village of Saint Irénée.

The supple hills on either hand  
Broke down upon the silvery tide,  
The river ran in streams,  
In streams of mingled azure-grey  
With here a broken purple band,  
And whorls of drab, and beams  
Of shattered silver light astray  
Where far away the south shore gleams.

I walked a mile along the height  
Between the towers upon the road,  
Asters and golden rod ;  
And in the gardens plinks and stocks,  
And gaudy poppies shaking light,  
And daisies blooming near the sod,  
And lowly pansies set in docks  
With purple monkshood overawed.

And there I saw a little child  
Upon the summit of a hill  
Coming along to me,  
She was a tender little thing,  
So fragile-sweet, so Mary-mild,  
I thought her name Marie ;  
No other name methought could cling  
To anything so fair as she.

And when we came at last to meet,  
I spoke a simple word to her,  
" Where are you going Marie ? "  
She answered and she did not smile,  
But oh, her voice,—her voice so sweet,  
" Down to Saint Irénée, "  
And so passed on to walk a r. mile,  
And left the lonely road to me.

And as the night came on apace  
With stars above the darkened hills,  
I heard perpetually,  
Chiming along the falling hours,  
On the deep dink that mellow phrase,  
" Down to Saint Irénée ! "  
It seemed as if the stars and flowers  
Should all go there with me.

### FROM LES EBOULEMENTS.

A glamour on the phantom shore  
Of golden pallid green,  
Grey purple in the dats before,  
The river streams between.  
From hazy hamlets, one by one,  
Beyond the island bars,  
The enclosures in the setting sun  
Flash back in violet stars.  
A brig is straining out for sea,  
To Norway or to France she goes,  
And all her happy flags are free,  
Her sails are dished with rose.

### TO HELEN DOUGLAS MACCOUN.

Goodness gracious ! little girl,  
You are going to cry ;  
Why, your under lip's acurl !  
What's that in your eye ?  
Keep the naughty tears tight  
Back behind the blue,  
You know we can't have sunlight  
And rainy weather too.  
If you let the tears come,  
With their ugly stains,  
You will be an llundrum  
Beaten by the rains.  
But if you let the smiles get  
A chance to breathe and run,  
You will be a violet,  
Underneath the sun.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

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