

FINALE.

The cedar trees have sung their vesper hymn,
And now the music sleeps—
Its benediction falling where the dim
Dusk of the forest creeps,
Mute grows the great concerto—and the light
Of day is darkening, Goodnight, Goodnight.
But through the night time I shall hear within
The murmur of these trees,
The calling of your distant violin
Sobbing across the seas,
And waking wind, and star reflected light
Shall voice my answering. Goodnight, Goodnight.

The Trail to Lillooet

Sob of fall, and song of forest, come you here on haunting
quest,
Calling through the seas and silence, from God's country
of the west.
Where the mountain pass is narrow, and the torrent white
and strong,
Down its rocky-throated canon, sings its golden-throated
song.

You are singing there together through the God-begotten
nights,
And the leaning stars are listening above the distant
heights
That lift like points of opal in the crescent coronet
About whose golden setting sweeps the trail to Lillooet.

Trail that winds and trail that wanders, like a cobweb
hanging high,
Just a hazy thread out-lining mid-way of the stream and
sky,
Where the Fraser River Canon yawns its pathway to the
sea,
But half the world has shouldered up between its song
and me.

Here, the placid English August, and the sea-encircled
miles,
There—God's copper-coloured sunshine beating through
the lonely aisles
Where the water fall and forest voice forever their duet,
And call across the canon on the trail to Lillooet.

Canada

Crown of her, young Vancouver; crest of her, old Quebec;
Atlantic and far Pacific sweeping her, keel to deck.
North of her, ice and arctics; southward a rival's stealth;
Aloft, her Empire's pennant; below, her nation's wealth.
Daughter of men and markets, bearing within her hold,
Appraised at highest value, cargoes of grain and gold.