

III.

I am the hush of calm,
I am the speed,
The flood-tide's triumphing psalm,
The marsh-pool's heed ;
I work in the rocking roar
Where cataracts fall ;
I flash in the prisms fire that dances o'er
The dew's ephemeral ball.

IV.

I am the voice of wind
And wave and tree,
Of stern desires and blind,
Of strength to be ;
I am the cry by night
At point of dawn,
The summoning bugle from the unseen height,
In cloud and doubt withdrawn.

V

I am the strife that shapes
The stature of man,
The pang no hero escapes,
The blessing, the ban ;
I am the hammer that moulds
The iron of our race,
The omen of God in our blood that a people beholds,
The foreknowledge veiled in our face.

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*Kingscroft, Windsor, N. S.,
December, 1889.*