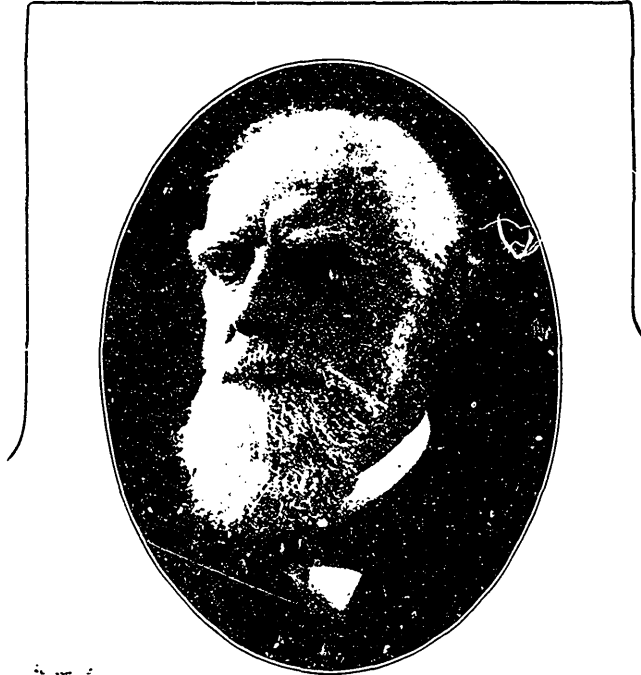


IN THE GOLDEN GLOW.

BY AGNES GROTE COPELAND.



LORD STRATHCONA.

Safely over the billowed crest
Our barque glides calm and free,
Into the glow of the crimson west,
Nearing the boundless sea.

Glide on, glide on, my love and I shall sleep and dream
While the rippling waters flow ;
And thro' the purple mist behold the spring-tide gleam,
While we wait in the golden glow.

Backward, luring us up the stream,
The meadow-bird sings again ;
But "Onward!" the Pilot's call, we deem
An echo of sweeter strain.

Our Pilot waits, and loved ones past the fading light
Are whispering, "Come away, away ;"
Thus we shall sail beyond the golden glow of night
To the land of eternal day.

A copy of the above poem was presented by the author as a Canadian souvenir to celebrate the eighty-fifth anniversary of Lord Strathcona's birthday.