

First issue

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FIRST QUARTER

AUTOCHTHON

*I am the spirit astir
To swell the grain,
When fruitful suns confer
With labouring rain.
I am the life that thrills
In branch and bloom;
I am the patience of abiding hills,
The promise masked in doom.*

*When the sombre lands are wrung,
And storms are out,
And giant woods give tongue,
I am the shout;
And when the earth would sleep
Wrapt in her snows,
I am the infinite gleam of eyes that keep
The post of her repose.*