

No grief or loneliness, or wrapped delight,
Or weight of silence, ever brought to you
Slumber or rest; only your voices grew
More high and solemn. Slowly with hushed flight

Ye saw the echoing hours go by, long drawn,
Nor ever stirred, watching with fathomless eyes,
And with your countless clear antiphonies
Filling the earth and heaven, even till dawn,
Hast risen, found you with its first pale gleam,
Still with soft throats unaltered in your dream.

And slowly, as we heard you day by day,
The stillness of enchanted reveries
Bound brain and spirit and half-closed eyes
In some divine sweet wonder dream astray;
To us no sorrow or upreared dismay,
Nor any discord came; but ever more,
The voices of mankind, the outer roar,
Grew strange and murmurous, faint and far away;

Morning and noon and midnight exquisitely,
Wrapped with your voices, this alone we knew,
Cities might change and fall, and men might die,
Secure were we, content to dream with you,
That change and pain are shadows faint and fleet,
And dreams are real, and life is only sweet.

THE CANADIAN SONG-SPARROW.

J. D. EDGAR.

FROM the leafy maple ridges,
From the thickets of the cedar,
From the alders by the river,