All its mild, melodious murmur; Drowning all the bitter wailing Of the bruised and bleeding children; Drowning every cry of anguish Wrung from hearts o'er heavy laden.

Or perchance he hears the sighing, Hears the sobbing, hears the shricking, For a moment stays his chanting, Tells the burdened that Jehovah Chastens every soul he loveth; Bids the empty cease to hunger; Bids the cold forget to shiver; Bids them kneel with him in meekness, Morn and eve submissive murmur, "I have learned to be contented."

Numbing nightmare, damning dogma, Foulest falsehood, selfish slander, Tooth of tiger, strength of spoilers, Food of folly, pride of priestcraft, With the schemers who have formed thee Thou shalt vanish in the morning.

Night has wept; each blade and blossom As she passed them caught her tear-drops; From his purple path before us Darts the sun his shining arrows. And the tear-drops catch and hold them, Parting all their fairy fibres, Till the vi'lets and the daisies, Jewel-crowned, return his greeting, Bathing in that rosy radiance, Soothed by tuneful lute and lyre Of a thousand thousand players Htdden in the forest's temple; Hidden in their grassy fastness. Highland, lowland, moor and meadow Laugh aloud the laugh of freedom. Dreary night, with woe and weeping, Deep has sunk beneath the ocean, And the slave, with fanes and fetters, With his selfish uncomplaining, Child of Night, his weeping mother, Went the way the night departed, Sunk to rise no more forever.

Brothers, brothers! cease from slumber! Day is dawning on the mountains. Rise and eat, behold 'tis morning.

Listowel, Ont., March, 1898.

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