

Through the mists of Acadie  
Goes wandering, as if to know  
Why one beloved face should be  
So long from home an' Acadie!

Was it a year or lives ago  
We took the grasses in our hands,  
And caught the summer flying low  
Over the waving meadow lands,  
And held it there between our hands?

The while the river at our feet—  
A drowsy inland meadow stream—  
At set of sun the after-beat  
Made running gold, and in the gleam  
We freed our birch upon the stream.

There down along the elms at dusk  
We lifted dripping blade to drift,  
Through twilight scented fine like musk,  
Where night and gloom awhile uplit,  
Nor sunder soul and soul adrift.

And that we took into our hands—  
Spirit of life or subtler thing—  
Breathed on us there, and loosed the  
bands  
Of death, and taught us, whispering,  
The secret of some wonder-thing.

Then all your face grew light, and seemed  
To hold the shadow of the sun;  
The evening faltered, and I deemed  
That time was ripe, and years had done  
Their wheeling underneath the sun.

So all desire and all regret,  
And fear and memory, were naught;  
One to remember or forget  
The keen delight our hands had caught;  
Tomorrow and yesterday were naught!

The night has fallen, and the tide . . .  
Now and again comes drifting home,  
Across these aching barrens wide,  
A sigh like driven wind or foam:  
In grief the flood is bursting home!

### CARNATIONS IN WINTER.

Your carmine flakes of bloom to-night  
The fire of wintry sunsets hold;  
Again in dreams you burn to light  
A far Canadian garden old.

The blue north summer over it  
Is bland with long ethereal days;  
The gleaming martins wheel and lit  
Where breaks your sun down orient  
ways.

There, when the gradual twilight falls,  
Through quietudes of dusk afar,  
Hermit antiphonal hermit calls  
From hills below the first pale star.

Then in your passionate love's foredoom  
Once more your spirit stirs the air,  
And you are lifted through the gloom  
To warm the coils of her dark hair!

### ILICET.

Friends, let him rest  
In midnight now.  
Desire has gone  
On the weary quest  
With aching brow:  
Until the dawn,  
Friends, let him rest.

With a boy's desire  
He set the cup  
To his lips to drink;  
The ruddy fire  
Was lifted up  
At day's cool brink,  
With a boy's desire.

The heart of a boy!  
He tasted life,  
And the bitter sting  
Of sorrow in joy,  
Failure in strife,  
Was pain to wring  
The heart of a boy.

Where the roses drink the breeze,  
When the pale slow moon outhone  
Through the slanting trees,  
I dreamed of the long Red Swan.

How I should know that one  
Great stroke and the time of the  
swing  
Urging her on and on,  
Spring after spring,  
Lifting the long Red Swan,  
Lifting the long Red Swan!

How I should drink the foam—  
The far white lines from her swift  
Keen bow when, hurrying to come,  
With lift upon lift  
The long Red Swan came home!

Here would I crouch down low,  
And watch the Red Swan from far,  
A speck in the evening, grow  
To a flaming star  
In the dusk as of ages ago,  
In the dusk of ages ago.

I would lean and with lips apart  
See the streak of the Red Swan's  
fire  
Glow dim at the twilight's heart,—  
Feel the core of desire  
From the slumber of years upstart.

How soon should the day grow wan,  
And a wind from the south unfold,  
Like the low beginning of dawn,—  
Grow steady and hold  
In the race of the long Red Swan,  
In the race of the long Red Swan!

How glad of their river once more  
Would the crimson wings unfurl,  
And the long Red Swan, on the road  
Of a whitecap swirl,  
Steer in to the arms of her shore!

But the wind is the voice of a dirge.  
What wonder allures him, what  
care,  
So far on the world's bleak verge?  
Why lingers he there,  
By the sea and the desolate surge,  
In the sound of the moan of the surge?

Last midnight the thunder rode  
With the lightning astride of the  
storm  
Low down in the east, where glowed  
The fright of his form  
On the ocean-wild rack he betwode.

The hills were his ocean wan,  
And the white tree-tops foamed  
high,  
Lashed out of the night, whereon  
In a gust fled by  
A wraith of the long Red Swan,  
A wraith of the long Red Swan.

Her crimson bellying sail  
Was flecked with brine and  
spume;  
Its taught wet clew, through the veil  
Of the driving fume,  
Was sheeted home on the gale.

The shoal of the fury of night  
Was a bank in the fog, where-  
through  
Hissed the Red Swan in her flight;  
She shrilled as she flew,  
A shriek from the seething white,  
In the face of the world grown white.

She labored not in the sea,  
Careened but a handbreadth over,  
And, the gleam of her side laid free  
For the drift to cover,  
Sped on to the dark in her lee.

Through crests of the hoarse tide swing  
Clove sheer the sweep of her bow;  
There was loosed the ice-roaring of  
Spring  
From the jaws of her prow,—  
Of the long Red Swan full-wing,  
The long Red Swan full wing

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