

Yet, if from the circling heaven
Mystic voices call thee hence;
Call, and whisper, morn and even,
Captivating soul and sense,
Harken gladly, hark and trust,
To thy higher self be just;
See thou offer no offence
To the linked harmonic powers
That pervade this world of ours,
Rhythmic, passionate intense.

Phillips Stewart paints the poet's sorrow and loneliness, and puts in his plea for him, thus :

Mock not the poet's dreams ; the poet sings
The Golden Age. It is his hapless lot
To suffer scorn in youth ; mock not his dreams,
Lest in clear depths thou dost but mock thy shadow.
Our highest thoughts are but poetic dreams,
Therefore the poet hath his brothers' love,
Flushed gleaners in the yellow fields of hope,
Beside the hell-sweet waves of memory,
That ever chime.

The larger vision hath unrest,
And Resignation is the only path
To death for poets and philosophers,
The consolation of a generous heart,
The noble freedom of a faithful mind.

Frederick George Scott regards him as a monarch, and speaks with strength and sweetness of "The Poetic Empire".

What power can break the inner harmonies,
The rich imaginings heard like distant sea
O'er purple meadow-lands at eve, while we
Look starwards mute? Hopes that like mountains rise
Into mid-heaven, and to entranced eyes
Horizon-glories of what is to be,—
All these and more lie round us infinitely,
Beyond all language fair in cloudless skies.

This is the poet's empire. Here may he
Reign king-like; throned in splendor and in power
No power can shake, so he indeed be king.
Free as the wind, untamed as the sea,
When earth weighs heavily, most in that hour
He cleaves the heavens in scorn on eagle-wing.

John Reade suggests the heavenly origin of the poet's inspiration in this exquisite little lyric :

Apollo dropt a seed of song
Into my heart one day,
And, smiling godlike, passed along
Upon his heavenly way.

I saw him make his golden arc,
For many a weary day,
But still the little seedling, dark
Lay hid beneath the clay.

But gentle eyes, one joyous hour,
Shone where my seedling lay,—
O love, tend well thy little flower,
And let it not decay !

The restlessness of the poet, ever seeing some bright illusion beckon, is the subject of a good sonnet by Arthur Wentworth Eaton :

O restless poet soul that know'st no bounds,
A world of unspent song lies back of thee ;
Thou livest in a land of melody,
For thee earth hath no common sights or sounds.
With wool the people bid thee stuff thine ears ;
"Be satisfied" they cry, "with what we teach;"
Then laugh, and say : "what is it that he hears ?
Song is but song, truth loves staid forms of speech."

But thou with music melting thee to tears,
Bring'st nobler strains through their fond, fragile creeds,
Like one who gives sweet songs on simple reeds ;
And thou art deaf to all their frets and fears.
Sing then thy strains however poor they be,
A world of unspent song lies back of thee.

That Love is one chiefest impulse to song is the burden of the lyric with which this dissertation closes. Indeed Love in some of its forms is the ever living motive of all singing ; and without the experience of Love how shall we sing of Love ?

Love sayeth : "Sing of me ;
What else is worth a song ?"
I had refrained
Lest I should do love wrong.

"Clean hands and a pure heart,"
I prayed, "and I will sing."
But all I gained
Brought to my word no wing.

Stars, sunshine, seas and skies,
Earth's graves, the holy hills
Were all in vain,—
No breath the dumb pipe fills.

I dreamed of splendid praise,—
And Beauty watching by
Grey shores of Pain ;
My song turned to a sigh.

No song ! In vain to sight
Life's clear arch heavenward sprang ;
Heart still, or sick !
—I loved ! Ah, then I sang !

AT GASPÉREAU.

BY J. F. HERBIN.

BELOW me winds the river to the sea,
On whose brown slope stood wailing homeless maids ;
Stood exiled sons ; unsheltered hoary heads ;
Pale sires and mothers dumb in agony.
The awful glare of burning homes, where free
And happy late they dwelt, breaks on the shades
Encompassing the sailing fleet, then fades
With tumbling roof. Deep as the night-bound sea
And black, are sunken hope and sorrow. Harsh,
The stranger voice ; and loud, the homeless wail.
Then silence came to dwell ; the tide fell low ;
The embers died. On the deserted marsh,
Where grain and grass stirred only to the gale,
The moose unchased dare cross the Gaspereau.
Wolfville, N. S.

AN ISLAND.

BY G. E. THEODÔRE ROBERTS.

An island, friends ; a cool green land,
Neither with bustle nor heat of the town :
In misty air the great trees stand,
Shading the grasses that wave on the strand,
Laughing with dewdrops golden and brown.

ON the smooth surface of the river, with the morning sun
looking through the tall trees as through prison bars
and with the first rays stealing among the green leaves
and over the tops of the still white tents, lies an island. It
is early morning, and the sky herons stand sleepily beside
our two canoes, gazing now at the tall wet grasses and now
at the water, as the surface is ruffled by the passing of some
fish, or it may be a water-baby. From a bank willow near
by a noisy kingfisher takes his departure, and his loud rattle
is heard far down the stream, while the soft branches of the