

These be the lark's song. What is love worth
That cannot crowd, in the time that's given
To two like us on this gray old earth,
Such bliss as will last till we reach heaven?

Dear one, think oft of the full, glad years,
And, thinking of them, forget to weep,
Whisper: "Remembrance holds no tears!"
And kiss my mouth when I fall on sleep.

It is interesting to note Mrs. Blewett's hearty appreciation of the poems which we considered last month, and with an extract from her verses on Archibald Lampman we will close this brief review of her work:

You sing of winter gray and chill,
Of silent stream and frozen lake,
Of naked woods, and winds that wake
To shriek and sob o'er vale and hill.

And straight we breathe the bracing air,
And see stretched out before our eyes
A white world spanned by brooding skies,
And snowflakes drifting everywhere.

You sing of tender things and sweet,
Of field, of brook, of flower, of bush,
The lilt of bird, the sunset flush,
The scarlet poppies in the wheat.

Until we feel the gleam and glow
Of summer pulsing through our veins,
And hear the patter of the rains,
And watch the green things sprout and grow.

You sing of joy, and we do mark
How glad a thing is life, and dear;
Of snow, and we seem to hear
The sound of sobbing in the dark.

Canada's Call.

Loud as the voice of her deep booming waters,
Clear as the lilt of her song birds in May,
Canada calls to her sons and her daughters:
Lift high your standard of manhood to-day.

Here in the dawn of a great nation's morning,
Rings the clear voice of our country's appeal,
Calling for heroes whose self-interest scorning,
Do what they know and dare what they feel.

Canada calls! Then let the response be
One that shall honour our glorious land;
Let us be all we would pray that our sons be,
All that our hopes and traditions demand.

Not in the wealth of her prairies so peerless,
Not in her output of silver and gold,
But in a people, free, righteous and fearless,
Lies her supremest of treasures untold.

Pure as the gold in the heart of her mountains,
Strong as her torrents that leap to the sea,
Straight as the pine tree and clear as her fountains,
Honest and fearless, face—forward and free.

—Selected.

The Native Born.

There's a thing we love to think of when the summer days
are long,

And the summer winds are blowing, and the summer sun
is strong,

When the orchards and the meadows throw their frag-
rance on the air,

When the grain-fields flaunt their riches, and the glow is
everywhere.

Something sings it all the day,
Canada, fair Canada,

And the pride thrills through and through us,
'Tis our birthplace, Canada!

There's a thing we love to think of when the frost and ice
and snow

Hold high carnival together, and the biting north winds
blow.

There's a thing we love to think of through the bitter
winter hours,

For it stirs a warmth within us—'tis this fair young land
of ours.

Something sings it all the day,
Canada, fair Canada,

And the pride thrills through and through us,
'Tis our birthplace, Canada!

Ours with all her youth and promise, ours with all her
strength and might,

Ours with all her mighty waters and her forests deep as
night.

Other lands may far outshine her, boast more charms than
she can claim,

But this young land is our own land, and we love her very
name.

Something sings it all the day,
Canada, fair Canada,

And the pride thrills through and through us,
'Tis our birthplace, Canada!

Let the man born in old England love the dear old land
the most,

For what spot a man is born in, of that spot he's fain to
boast;

Let the Scot look back towards Scotland with a longing in
his eyes,

And the exile from old Erin think her green shores
paradise.

Native born are we, are we,
Canada, fair Canada,

And the pride thrills through and through us,
'Tis our birthplace, Canada!

Well we love that sea-girt island, and we strive to under-
stand

All the greatness, all the grandeur, of the glorious Mother
Land;

And we cheer her to the skies, cheer her till the echoes
start,

For the old land holds our homage, but the new land holds
our heart!

Native born are we, are we,
Canada, fair Canada,

And the pride thrills through and through us,
'Tis our birthplace, Canada! —Jean Blewett.