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Where the rake of her gunwale dipped
As the spent black waves ran aft,
In a hand for helm there was gripped
The sheen of a haft,
Which sang in the furrows it ripped.

Then I knew and was glad, for what
foam
Could the rush of her speed o'er-
whelm
If Louis and his Whitehaulm
Were Steersman and helm,
When the long Red Swan drave home,
When the long Red Swan drave home?

Yet ever the sweeping mist
Was a veil to his face from me,
Though yearning I well half wist
What his look might be
From the carven bend of his wrist.

Then a break, and the cloud was gone,
And there was his set keen face
Afire with smouldring dawn
In the joy of her race,
In the flight of the long Red Swan,
In the flight of the long Red Swan;

Though drenched in the spray-drift
hoar,
As of old it was ruddy and warm
Through the black hair, grizzled and
frore,
Whipped out on the storm;
Then "Louis!" I launched on the roar.

O'er night and the brawl of the stream
The hail of my cry flew on;
He turned with a smile supreme,
And the long Red Swan
Grew dim as the wraith of a dream,
As the blown white wraith of a dream.

Look! Burnished and blue, what a
sweep
Of river outwinds in the sun;
What miles of shimmering deep
Where the hills grow one
With their shadow of summer and
sleep!

I gase from the cedar shade
Day long, high over the beach,
And never a ripple is laid
To the long blue reach,
Where faded the gleam of that blade,
The far gold flash of his blade.

I follow and dream and recall,
Forget and remember and dream;
When the interval grass waves tall,
I move in the gleam
Where his blade-beats glitter and fall.

Yet never my dream gets clear
Of the whispering bodeful spell
The aspen shudders to hear,
Yet hurries to tell—
How the long Red Swan draws near,
How the long Red Swan draws near.

IN LYRIC SEASON.

The lyric April time is forth
With lyric mornings, frost and sun;
From leaguers vast of night undone
Auroral mild new stars are born.

And ever at the year's return,
Along the valleys gray with rime,
Thou leadest as of old, where time
Can nought but follow to thy way.

The trail is far through leagues of Spring
And long the quest to the white core
Of harvest quiet, yet once more
I gird me to the old unrest.

I know I shall not ever meet
Thy calm regard across the year,
And yet I know thou wilt draw near,
Nor stir the hour asleep on guard

Beside the orchard, when sthwart
The dusk, a meteor's gleam unbars
God's lyric of the April stars
Above the autumn hills of dream.

IN APPLE TIME.

Regathers as rapids together,
Outfleeing the traces of flight.

In the valley of morrow for shelter,
It beats at the goal of the sun;
Almost the veil of remembrance
As a weaving of shade is undone.

Often and often at evening
The woodland curtain swings;
I call you, then—it has fallen!
Only the wood thrush sings.

Over the floor of midnight
Wanders a matchless rhyme,
Blown of the wind asunder—
Out from the echo of time.

SHELLEY.

One heart of all the hearts of men,
Tameless nor free,
Plunged for a moment in the fire
Of old regret and young desire,
A meteor rushed through air, and then—
What eyes can see?

O rebel captive, fallen soul,
Self-strong and proud,
Throbbing to lift against the stars
An angel voice—whose frenay mars
And frats the song which thou wouldst
roll
aloft aloud!

To thee was given half to mould
That heart of thine
(Knowing all passion and the pain
Of man's imperious disdain)
Into a song whose splendor told
The dawn divine.

It heid the rapture of the hills
Deep in its core;
The purple shadows of the ocean
Moved it to supreme emotion,
The harvest of those barren rills
Was in its store.

Thine was a love that strives and calls,
Outcast from home,
Burning to free the soul of man
With some new life: how strange, a ban
Should set thy sleep beneath the walls
Of changeless Rome!

More soft, I deem, from spring to spring,
Thy sleep would be,
Where this far western headland lies
Beneath these matchless azure skies,
Under thee hearing beat and swing,
The eternal sea.

A bay so beauteous islanded—
A sea so stilled—
You well might dream the world were
new;
And some fair day's Italian blue,
Unsoiled of all the ages dead,
Should be fulfilled.

Where all the livelong day and night
A music stirs,
The summer wind should find thy home,
And fall in lulls and cease to roam:
A covert resting, warm and bright,
Among the firs.

An ageless forest dell, which knows
Nor grief nor fear,
Across whose green red-berried floor
Fresh spring shall come and winter hoar,
With keen delight and rapt repose
Each year by year.

And there the thrushes, calm, supreme,
Forever reign,
Whose glorious kingly golden throats
Hold but a few remembered notes;
Yet in their song is blent no dream
Or tinge of pain!

Frye's Island, N. B.

FIRST CROAK.

Northward, crow,
Croak and fly!
Tell her I
Long to go,—

mark the forest,

God's lyric of the April stars

FIRST CROAK