

Men granted that his speech was wise,
 But, when a glance they caught
 Of his slim grace and woman's eyes, 35
 They laughed, and called him good-for-naught.

Yet after he was dead and gone,
 And e'en his memory dim,
 Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
 More full of love, because of him. 40

And day by day more holy grew
 Each spot where he had trod,
 Till after-poets only knew
 Their first-born brother as a god.

HEAT

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

- Canadian

From plains that reel to southward, dim,
 The road runs by me white and bare;
 Up the steep hill it seems to swim
 Beyond, and melt into the glare.
 Upward half-way, or it may be
 Nearer the summit, slowly steals
 A hay-cart, moving dustily
 With idly clacking wheels.

By his cart's side the wagoner
 Is slouching slowly at his ease,
 Half-hidden in the windless blur
 Of white dust puffing to his knees.

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