

TO FREDERICTON IN MAY TIME.

This morning full of breezes and perfume—
 Brimful of promise of midsummer weather—
 When bees, and birds, and I are glad together,
 Breathes of the full-leaved season, when soft gloom
 Chequers thy streets, and thy close elms assume
 Round roof and spire the semblance of green billows ;
 Yet now thy glory is the yellow willows—
 The yellow willows full of bees and bloom.

Under their mealy blossoms black-birds meet,
 And robins pipe amid the cedars nigher ;
 Through the still elms I hear the ferry's beat ;
 The swallows chirp about the towering spire ;
 The whole air pulses with its weight of sweet,
 Yet not quite satisfied is my desire.

F'ron. May 24th, 1881.

THE SLAVE WOMAN.

Shedding cool drops upon the sun-baked clay,
 The dripping jar, brimfull, she rests a space
 On the well's dry white brink, and leans her face,
 Heavy with tears and many a heartsick day,
 Down to the water's lip, whence slips away
 A rivulet through the hot bright square apaco ;
 And lo ! her brow hath lost each servile trace—
~~the water's cool breath hath won her thoughts as~~

Ah desolate one ! Thy fate thou hast forgot
 A moment ; the dull pain hath left those eyes
 Whose yearning pierces time, and space, and tears ;
 Thou seest what was once, but now is not,—
 By Niger thy bright home, thy Paradise,
 Unscathed of flame, and foe, and hostile spears.

June, 1881.

Charles W. Roberts.