

"Love, thou art mine, thou art mine,"
Softly she uttered a spell ;
"Under the froth is the wine,
Under the ocean is hell,
Over the ocean stars shine."

"Lull him ye winds of the south,
Charm him ye rivers that sing,
Flowers be the kiss on his mouth,
Let his heart be the heart of the spring,
And his passion the hot summer drouth."

Swiftly extending her hands,
She made a gold dome of her hair ;
Dumb with amazement he stands,
Till down without noise in the air,
The moon-car descends to the sands.

He taketh her fingers in his,
Shorn of his strength and his will ;
His brave heart trembles with bliss—
Trembles and will not be still,
Mad with the wine of her kiss.

They mount in the car and its beams
Shoot over the sea and the earth,
And clothe in a net-work of dreams
The mountains where rivers have birth,
And the lakes that are fed by the streams.

Swiftly ascending the car,
Kindles the clouds in its flight,
Piercing the ether afar
Up to a bridge out of sight
That skirteth the path of a star.

One end of the bridge lay on land,
The other hung over the deep ;
It was fashioned of ropes of grey sand,
And cemented together with sleep,
With its undergirths formed like a hand.

Pleasant the land to the sight,
Laden with blossoms and trees,
And the grasses to left and to right
Waved in the winds like the seas
When the blue day is high in the height.

Under the breezy bowers
Cushions of moss were laid,
And ever thro' sultry hours
Fairylike fountains played
Cooling the earth with their showers.

The horizon was crowned with blue hills
And woodland and meadowland lay,
Lit with the glory which thrills
Souls in some dreamland way,
Where the nightingales sing to the rills.

Deer and the white kine feed
On the foam-fretted shores of the lake
And thro' many a flowery mead,
And from many a forest and brake
The gold birds of paradise speed.

The lissome moonlady led on
Up to a bower on a hill
With the flowers at its door rained upon
By a fountain as constant and still
As the bow in the rain that has gone.

"O love, thou art weary," she said,
"Who erst wast so valiant and strong,
And here will I make thee a bed,
And here will I sing thee a song
To the tune of the leaves overhead."

"And here will thy great strength flow,
Melted away in the sweet
Soft touch of ineffable woe,
Which is heart of the joy made complete
And the taste of the pleasure we know."

When the mosses were piled in a heap,
He laid his giant form down,
And she charmed all his senses to sleep,
With her hands on his head like a crown
Till the sound of his breathing was deep.

With a noise like a serpent's hiss
The moonlady bent her head,
And she sucked out his breath with a kiss—
A kiss that was subtle and dread,
Like the sorrow which lurks in a bliss.

Then she rose and waved her hands
In circles over the sod,
And her gold hair fell in strands
On the limbs of the sleeping God
With the strength of adamant bands.

She opened the great clenched fist
And softly the lady withdrew,
Was it only a serpent that hissed ?
For her face is transparent as dew
And her garments are thin as the mist.

Spell-bound on the dreamland floor,
Chained with the golden hair,
Weak as a babe lay Thor,
While the fountains played soft in the air
And the nightingales sang evermore.

Like a babe in its cradle curled,
He was chained with his chain of desires,
Tho' they needed his arm in the world,
For the battle-strife raged and its fires
And the flags of the gods were unfurled.

Then Odin, the Father of Heaven,
Called a council of gods on high,
To each was a white cloud given
At the foot of his throne in the sky,
And the steps of his throne were seven.

"Children," the Father cried,
"Lost is the great god Thor,
Lost is the sword at his side,
Lost is his arm in the war,
And the fury which all things defied."

"In the heart of a dreamland bower
Sleepeth he under a spell,
For he yielded his strength for an hour,
And under the meshes of Hell
He is chained by invincible power."

"None may the meshes unbind ;
Strength must return to his will,
And himself must unshackle his mind
From the dreams he is dreaming still
In the moonlady's tresses entwined."

"Over the mountains the road,
Dismal and drear to return ;
Face it he must with his load,
Tho' the underbrakes crackle and burn,
Tho' the serpent-bites blister and goad."

"Not a mere shadow is in,
Clinging like wine to the lip,
To be wiped from the mouth and the chin
After man taketh a sip,
But a poison that lurketh within."

"The forces that hold back the sea,
That grapple the earth from beneath,
Are not older than those which decree
The marriage of sin unto death
In the sinner whoever he be."

"Who of our numbers will go
Up to the death-tainted land,
Braving the dangers and so
Reaching the heart and the hand
And the form of the god lying low ?"

"Sire," answered Balder the fair,
"Rugged the journey and long,
Manifold dangers are there,
But my heart and my arms are strong
And my soul is as pure as the air."

"I will go, for we need him in war,
And without him we struggle and die ;
I will put on the armour he bore
And gird on his sword to my thigh ;
I will sit by and say, 'I am Thor.'"

"Perchance when he opens his eyes,
Shorn of his own armour plate ;
Smitten with rage and surprise,
Burning with anger and hate,
He will burst from the bed where he lies."

"Swift as the kiss of the fire,
Knowledge shall flash to his brain,
And the thought of his past self inspire
His spirit with valour again,
Till he shatter the bonds of desire."

So Balder, the fairest of all
And purest of gods by the throne,
Went from the heavenly hall
Into the darkness alone
To loosen the God from his thrall.

Black was the charger he rode,
Winged and its eye-balls of fire ;
From mountain to mountain it trode,
Spurning the valleys as mire,
Till it sprang into air with its load.

Then swift, with its neck side-curved,
Half hid in the smoke of its breath ;
Upward it bounded and hurled
Volleys and splinters of death
From the fire of its hoofs on the world.

The moonlady leaned from her car
And beheld the fierce course of the God,
For as tho' with the birth of a star,
A fire track as straight as a rod
Burnt in the heavens afar.

Then she trembled and sickened with fear,
Till her face grew as white as the mist,
While the love-laden eyes disappear,
And her body did coil and untwist
Like a serpent's folds caught in a weir.

Her heart was a fire that was spent,
And her lips could not utter a charm,
And she cowered from his sight as he went,
While Balder flew by without harm
'Neath the shield of a pure intent.

He came to the moonlady's bower
And girded the sword to his thigh,
And put on the cincture of power,
Unbound from the God lying by,
Nor waited a day nor an hour ;

For quickly the sleeper awoke,
And he lifed his head with surprise ;
But Balder sat upright, nor spoke
Till the flames darted out of Thor's eyes,
And the passionate silence he broke.

"Who is it, when dreaming is o'er,
Mocks me with helm like to mine,
Ungirding the armour I bore
From the sweet silken nets that entwine ?"
Quoth Balder "Behold ! I am Thor."

"I am he that was 'Thunderer' called,
And my fame is as wide as the world ;
At my anger the rocks were appalled,
And the waves of the sea were up-curved,
But now I am weak and enthralled."

"The battle is fierce on the earth,
While I sit here idle and still ;
Unfulfilled are the hopes of my birth,
For the strength of the mind is the will,
And the will is far stronger than girth."

"The foes of the gods wax bold,
And they mock at the armies of heaven ;
At their banquets the story is told—
'A weak woman's heart hath been given
To Thor, the avenger of old.'"

"And the wives as they sit by the cot,
Sing, 'Sleep, for the God cannot come ;
Sleep, the avenger is not ;
Hush, let his praises be dumb ;
Hush, let his name be forgot.'"

Then the God, smitten with pain,
Shamed and stung to the heart,
Knowing a god's voice again,
Rending his fetters apart,
Sprang from the moonlady's chain.

Instantly vanished in night
Fountains and meadows and streams,
Never a glimmer of light
Lit up the palace of dreams,
As the God made his way without sight,

Back to the heavenly shore,
Over mountain and wild ravine,
Morasses, and seas that roar,
Till the portals of heaven were seen
And he stood in Valhalla once more.

Drummondville, Q.

FRED. GEORGE SCOTT.

LINES.

Amidst the worry and the strife
Of a toilsome city life
My tired eyes with gladness view
The wondrous dome of azure hue,
Which hovers o'er me, like a sea
Whose waves are cloudlets, floating free.

Ah ! If I could float away
On these fleecy waves, till day
Darkened into night—and then,
With the stars, look down on men,
'Twould be bliss ; yes, bliss divine.
But that bliss can ne'er be mine,
For I'm but of mortal birth
And am pinioned to the earth.

Yet, the radiant skies of dawn
Will not let me hopeless mourn.
And in late noon's rosy mist,
Which the sun has gently kissed,
In the aerial forms which rise,
Find I many a sweet surprise.

Is aught below so vast, so grand,
Unspoiled by art, untouched by hand ?
Is aught below so fair and free
As yon blue sky which smiles on me ?

But, 'tis night—'tis night I love ;
Soft, caressing, like a dove.
Then doth shine the mystic moon,
Then the stars peer through night's noon.
'Tis then I feel in tender mood,
'Tis then I am, if ever, good.
My sad soul seems more pure and free
Under its solemn canopy,
'Tis then my wild and struggling mind
Doth burst the bonds which fain would bind ;
'Tis then deep, serious thoughts arise
Thoughts of a world beyond the skies.

Then let them sing of trees and flowers,
Singing birds and leafy bowers ;
I—I raise my song more high,
And sing the ever glorious sky.
Be it dark or be it bright
It is e'er my chief delight,
For its beauty cannot fade
Till Death wraps me in its shade.

EDITH EATON.