

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

THE FROGS.*

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

BREATHERS of wisdom won without a quest,
Quaint, uncouth dreamers, voices high and strange,
Flutist of lands, where beauty hath no change,
And wintery grief is a forgotten guest;
Sweet murmurers of everlasting rest,
For whom glad days have ever yet to run,
And moments are as æons, and the sun
But ever half-way sunken toward the west.

Often to me who heard you in your day,
With close-wrapped ears, it could not choose but
seem

That earth, our mother, searching in what way
Men's hearts might know her spirit's inmost dream,
Ever at rest beneath life's change and stir,
Made you her soul, and bade you pipe for her.

In those mute days, when spring was in her glee,
And hope was strong, we know not why or how,
And earth, the mother, dreamed with brooding brow,

* The orchestras of frogs are a notable feature of settlement life. Their singing, in the distances of forest rivers, is really very musical.