

Poetry.

MUSIC.

Life has such longings, bitter-sweet,
And yet so few it satisfies,
That man fain dreams life is complete
Only beyond the skies.

And, like the mystic cloud of fire,
That guided Israel's way by night,
Every unsatisfied desire
Leads man towards the right.

Around him, mingled with the dust,
Youth's pure ideals, shattered, lie;
Hope, virtue, charity and trust,
Amid life's deserts die.

Fade aspirations, fades each dream
Of goodness, honor and renown;
Man floats on a polluted stream,
Which fain would drag him down

But Music, like the nightingale
That sweetly sings in wayside brakes,
When hope and trust and virtue fail,
Man's nobler nature wakes.

Only in Music doth man find
An echo of the dreams of youth,
When he saw gods among mankind,
In woman only truth.

Montreal.

ARTHUR WEIR.