

“L’Ame solitaire” is not only a valuable contribution to our literature, but it gives promise of finer work when a deeper experience of life shall enable M. Lozeau to write what he thinks and knows instead of what he dreams and imagines. To quote once more M. ab der Halden: “Très intelligent et très averti, il lui manque quelque chose, et le jour où M. Lozeau, renonçant à sa joliesse un peu mièvre ou à sa fantaisie un peu conventionnelle, exprimera de vraies émotions et de vraies pensées, il sera l’artiste le plus complet de son pays.”

MUSICAL ROUNDEL

Sweet music softly cradles grief,
And lulls it to a moment’s rest,
As on the gentle mother’s breast
The cradled babe finds oft relief.

All yields to her enchantment blest,
Love, hate, remorse, despair are brief. . .
Sweet music softly cradles grief
And lulls it to a moment’s rest.

Soft Lethe wind that stirs the leaf
On happy meadows of the sky,
Oblivion-bringing harmony,
The human spirit’s poppy-sheaf. . .
Sweet music softly cradles grief.

ROUNDEL ON THE SNOW

The snow is falling fine, so fine,
From skies so lately blue and deep,
And on the road in feathery heap
Lies soft on each projecting line.

The snow falls fine, it floats in hue
Like flakes of down that dove’s breast line;
The snow is falling fine, so fine,
From skies so lately deep and blue.

The beggar’s hue is leaden quite:
’Tis freezing. Let us fan the flame
And shelter in the good God’s name
The outcast, lest he die this night:
The snow is falling light, so light.

K. CAMPBELL