

## A WOMAN'S EXILE.

The winter's dull unfathomed gray,  
So near and wide against my door,  
Reats in lull of hollow day;  
There breaks not here across my floor  
One home-bird shadow, through the door  
There stirs no call, there leads no way.

Once more in exile ere I die,  
O Spirit-Mother, Acadie,  
Stretch hands and take me back to thee,  
When April comes and night goes by,  
When snows melt down in Acadie  
To swift blue runnels filled with sky.

There bring me home though years be  
long,  
When some still hour, unheard, at dawn,  
The sparrows come, and joy has gone  
Across the morning, far along  
My river reaches in the dawn,  
To pierce the golden Spring with song!

I do remember how the sun  
In that north land when May was there,  
Would drench the noon with leisure,  
where  
The great calm river-floods did run,  
Strown by the golden willows there  
With subtle germs of Spring begun.

And I remember how we came  
All day along the stream with calls  
Of shy new-comers, till sunfall's  
Untroubled quiet heard my name,  
Under the low glad swallow-calls,  
Divide the gradual dusk with flame.

I weary homeward far o'er sea;  
For there a little I would dream  
Beside my quiet willow stream,—  
Once more at evening, it may be,  
To hear his voice across my dream  
Unbar the golden Spring for me.

## THROUGH THE TWILIGHT.

The red vines bar my window way;  
The Autumn sleeps beside his fire,  
For he has sent this fleet-foot day  
A year's march back to bring to me  
One face whose smile is my desire,—  
Its light my star.

Surely you will come near and speak,  
This calm of death from the day to  
sever!  
And so I shall draw down your cheek  
Close to my face—So close!—and know  
God's hand between our hands forever  
Will set no bar.

Before the dusk falls—even now  
I know your step along the gravel,  
And catch your quiet poise of brow,  
And wait so long till you turn the latch!  
Is the way so hard you had to travel?  
Is the land so far?

The dark has shut your eyes from mine,  
But in this hush of brooding weather  
A gleam on twilight's gathering line  
Has riven the barriers of dream:  
Soul of my soul, we are together  
As the angels are!

## LOW TIDE ON GRAND-PRE.

The sun goes down, and over all  
These barren reaches by the tide  
Such unelusive glories fall,  
I almost dream they yet will bide  
Until the coming of the tide.

And yet I know that not for us,  
By any ecstasy of dream,  
He lingers to keep luminous  
A little while the grievous stream,  
Which frets, uncomfited of dream,—

A grievous stream, that to and fro  
Athrough the fields of Acadie  
Goes wandering, as if to know  
Why one beloved face should be  
So long from home and Acadie!

Was it a year or lives ago

In a childish whim,  
He spilled the wine  
Upon the floor,—  
In beads on the brim  
Was glitter of brine,—  
Then, out at the door  
In a childish whim!

Out of the storm,  
In the flickering light,  
A broken glass  
Lies on our warm  
Hearthstone to-night,  
While shadows pass  
Out of the storm.

Friends, let him rest  
In midnight now.  
Desire has gone  
On the weary quest  
With aching brow:  
Until the dawn,  
Friends, let him rest.

In sorrow and shame  
For the craven heart  
In manhood's breast  
With valor's name,  
Let him depart  
Unto his rest  
In sorrow and shame.

In after years  
God, who bestows  
Or withholds the valor,  
Shall wipe all tears—  
Haply, who knows?—  
From his face's pallor  
In after years.

He could not learn  
To fight with his peers  
In sturdier fashion;  
Let him return  
Through the night with tears,  
Stung with the passion  
He could not learn.

All bountiful, calm,  
Where the great stars burn,  
And Spring bloom smothers  
The night with balm,  
Let him return  
To the silent Mother's  
All bountiful calm.

Friends, let him rest  
In midnight now.  
Desire has gone  
On the weary quest  
With aching brow:  
Until the dawn  
Friends, let him rest.

## THE WRAITH OF THE RED SWAN.

Why tarries the flash of his blade?  
At morning he sailed from me,  
From the depth of our high beech glade,  
To the surge and the sea;  
I followed the gleam of his blade.

The cherries were flowering white,  
And the Nashwaak Islands flooded,  
When the long Red Swan took flight;  
On a wind she scudded  
With her gunwale buried from sight,  
Till her sail drew down out of sight.

He shouted "A northward track,  
Before the swallows have flown!"  
And now the cherries are black,  
And the clover is brown,  
And the Red Swan comes not back.

The stream-bends, hidden and shy,  
With their harvest of lilies are  
strewn;  
The gravel bars are all dry  
And warm in the noon,  
Where the rapids go swirling by,—  
Go singing and rippling by.

Through many an evening gone,  
Where the roses drank the breeze,  
When the pale slow moon outshone  
Through the slanting trees,  
I dreamed of the long Red Swan.

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