

AT VALOIS

Long leafy headlands stretch into the green
Of mighty Saint Laurent, while on the mead,
Dark Ottawa's tawny waters rush and recede ;
Dorval floats, shimmering ; turbulent Lachine
Sparkles in dipping silver crests between
Rich shores of elm, fringed with glistening reed ;
That dim red web is the bridge ; around us speed
The brown canoes, for sunset port grown keen.

Ah ! It is summer sweet ; it is fair, it is fair !
That tapering spire to the right is little Pointe Claire.
Afar in the sun-flushed fields a woman stands
Motionless, resting, behind her antique plough,
Shading from too much glare a beautiful brow
With sunburnt, resolute, hard and horny hands.

THAW

Shower-spotted panes that let in too much light,
A dull white glare, lasting the livelong day.
The roof drips and the trees ; on soaking clay
The snow slides stealthily, or drops at night,
Loosened by rain, with sudden thuds that fright
The watch-dog wearying in enforced sleep
For play with children who at home must keep.
Silently steals over house and lawn a blight
Welcomed by only one within my ken,
The quick red squirrel of the neighbouring glen.
With keen eye glancing sharp in hungry mood
He quits the tree, drops swiftly to the ground,
And finding the precious morsels that abound,
Praises the weather that has brought him—food.