

and we have not space for liberal quotation, but must give a few lines :

" Ah, my rivers, Olaf Hjärdar  
Leaves me here a vacant world !  
I must hear the roar of cities  
And the jargon of the schools,  
With no word of that one spirit  
Who was steadfast as the stars ;

Nowhere, nowhere the blue eyes,  
With their swift and grave regard,  
Falling on me with God's look."

Soon the large mild stars of Spring-time  
Will resume the ancient twilight  
And restore the heart of earth  
To unweary eternal poise ;  
For the great Will, calm and lonely,  
Can no mortal grief derange,  
No lost memories perturb ;  
And the sluices of the morning  
Will be opened, and the daybreak  
Well with bird-calls and with brook notes,  
Till there be no more despair  
In the gold dream of the world."

At Hantsport, N. S., resides a lady, whose pseudonym "Owen Simpson" is familiar to some, and who by reason of several fine lyrics, is entitled to a meed of praise. The name of Mrs. Jean Trenholm is oftener before the public, but in connexion with philanthropic and church enterprise. This little lyric, tinctured with Doric, is one of her best. It is entitled "Gowans."

" Last month I walked this pathway through  
the fields,  
My heart in' sair an' heavy, little knowin'  
That down among the withered grass an'  
leaves  
I trod upon, the gowans sweet were growin'.  
But Maytime has the glad some green restored,  
I see na mair these wracks o' lang syne  
splendour ;  
But here, e'en where the dour some brun was  
strown,  
The gowans sweet are springin' fresh an'  
tender.

O Sages ! wi' sweet lips o' bonnie bloom.  
Surpassin' in the perfectness o' beauty  
The grandest wark the han' o' man e'er  
wrought,—  
Ye preach me sarnius wise on trust an'  
duty.

' Life's mickle burdens thole,' I hear ye say,  
Still faithful an' still cheerie, ever knowin',  
That where our een see withered leaves an'  
grass,  
Our heavenly Father sees the gowans  
growin'."

In the Connecticut River Valley there lives one who was in his youth familiar with Minas and the Gaspereaux, nor has he forgotten them in his rhymes.\* He writes in verse but sparingly, and generally as briefly as in that which follows. His fancy concerns the birth of Music :

" When and where was music born ?  
When the strong gods one great man  
Made for man a heart of fire,—  
Love, with infinite desire,—  
Ages long Love wandered dumb,  
Dreaming on the things to come,  
Till the strong gods, quit of wrong,  
Crowned her loveliness with Song."

\*Rev. B. W. Lockhart.

Besides the names above mentioned, there are those of Arthur Wentworth Eaton, Sophie Almon Hensley, Elizabeth G. Roberts, Irene Elder Morton, Mrs. Stearns (" Vivien,") M. J. Patriman Lawson, and others,—guarantee that whatever appears under them is worthy the public attention. The little jewel at the commencement of our article, requires this lucid pendent to gather the light and sparkle at its close. It is worthy "The Lily of the Valley."

" Did winter, letting fall in vain regret  
A tear among the tender leaves of May,  
Embalms the tribute, lest she might forget  
This perfumed and imperishable way ?

" Or did the virgin Spring sweet vigil keep  
In the white radiance of the midnight hour,  
And whisper to the unwondering ear of sleep  
Some shy desire that turned into a flower."

It was contributed by Prof. Roberts to *Harper's Magazine*.

## Our Own Poets.

### SLEEP.

Behold ! I lay in prison like St. Paul,  
Chained to two guards that both were grim  
and stout,  
All day they sat by me and held me thrall ;  
The one was named Regret, the other Doubt.  
And through the twilight of that hopeless  
close

There came an angel shining suddenly  
That took me by the hand, and, as I rose,  
The chains grew soft and slipped away  
from me.

The doors gave back and swung without a  
sound,

Like petals of some magic flower unfurled.  
I followed, treading o'er enchanted ground,  
Into another and a kindlier world.

The master of that black and bolted keep  
Thou knowest is Life ; the angel's name is  
Sleep.

—A. LANFMAN in *Harper's Magazine*.

### FREEDOM FROM CARE.

And tossed in glee his ragged cap,  
With laughter, to the sky ;  
Oblivious, in the glow of youth,  
How the mad world went by ;

Nor cared in realms of summer time ;  
By haunts of bow and vine,  
If Nicholas lost the Volga,  
Or Bismarck held the Rhine.

—W. W. CAMPBELL in "Lake Lyrics."

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