

MEMORIES.

O, dear ! what detestable weather,
And how the wind whistles and plains,
As though all the demons together
Had burst their undignified chains !
Just look at that flood in the gutters !
Just mark the wild rain how it pours !
Come, Mary, let's close up the shutters
And make ourselves cosy indoors.

I'll pile up the maple and cedar ;
They'll surely some comfort impart—
Then you to your novel by Ouida,
And I to the rhythmical art ;
For, what brighter scene could inspire
The flight of a poet than this ?
Such a wife, such a chair, such a fire,
Would make even poverty bliss !

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How cosy the room ! and the embers —
How gaily they flicker and gleam !
Bringing visions of vanished Decembers,
When life was a murmurous dream,
And I roamed through the depths of the wildwood,
Or war dance or paper-chase led—
Ye bright, happy days of my childhood,
How quickly, how quickly ye fled !

Close at hand I've a bundle of letters
I've treasured for many a year—
Sound links in life's lengthening fetters,
Though blotted with many a tear ;
For the fingers which fashioned the phrases
Dear lips have so often expressed,
Long since cleared the wildering mazes,
To pass to eternity's rest.

Here's a line from a chum who died fighting
In Africa ages ago ;
Ever ready when war was inviting,
He fell with his face to the foe—
Grand, brave-hearted hero, and simple,—
Aye, Scotland has many a man
Made of stuff like the gallant Dalrymple,
The pride of his warrior clan !

Here's one from poor Anthony Freeland.
I wonder what's come to him now,
Since he fled to the wilds of New Zealand
To handle the sickle and plough ;