

THE GRAVE-TREE.*

Let me have a scarlet maple
 For the grave-tree at my head,
 With the quiet sun behind it,
 In the years when I am dead.

Let me have it for a signal,
 Where the long winds stream and stream,
 Clear across the dim blue distance,
 Like a horn blown in a dream.

Scarlet when the April vanguard
 Bugles up the laggard Spring,
 Scarlet when the bannered Autumn
 Marches by unwavering.

It will comfort me with honey
 When the shining rifts and showers
 Sweep across the purple valley
 And bring back the forest flowers.

It will be my leafy cabin,
 Large enough when June returns,
 And I hear the golden thrushes
 Flute and hesitate by turns.

And in fall, some yellow morning,
 When the stealthy frost has come,
 Leaf by leaf it will befriend me
 As with comrades going home.

Let me have the Silent Valley
 And the hill that fronts the east,
 So that I can watch the morning
 Redden and the stars released.

Leave me in the Great Lone Country,
 For I shall not be afraid
 With the shy moose and the beaver
 There within my scarlet shade.

I would sleep, but not too soundly,
 Where the sunning partridge drums,

Till the crickets hush before him
 When the Scarlet Hunter comes.

That will be in warm September,
 In the stillness of the year,
 When the river-blue is deepest,
 And the other world is near.

When the apples burn their reddest
 And the corn is in the sheaves,
 I shall stir and waken lightly
 At a footfall in the leaves.

It will be the Scarlet Hunter
 Come to tell me time is done;
 On the idle hills forever
 There will stand the idle sun.

There the wind will stay to whisper
 Many wonders to the reeds:
 But I shall not fear to follow
 Where my Scarlet Hunter leads.

I shall know him in the darkling
 Murmur of the river bars,
 While his feet are on the mountains
 Treading out the smouldering stars.

I shall know him in the sunshine
 Sleeping in my scarlet tree,
 Long before he halts beside it
 Stooping down to summon me.

Then fear not, my friends, to leave me
 In the boding autumn vast;
 There are many things to think of
 When the roving days are past.

Leave me by the scarlet maple,
 When the journeying shadows fail,
 Waiting till the Scarlet Hunter
 Pass upon the endless trail.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Deliver not the tasks of might
 To weakness, neither hide the ray
 From those, not blind, who wait for day,
 Tho' sitting girt with doubtful light.

"That from Discussion's lips may fall
 With Life, that, working strongly, binds—
 Set in all lights by many minds,
 So close the interests of all."

The people of New Brunswick will be pleased to learn that the Freshman Class entering this year is the largest that has ever entered the University of New Brunswick.

The report is current that after the sub-examiners had finished their work of reading the answers of candidates in the arithmetic paper this year, at the mid-summer examination of the Edu-

*From "By the Aurelian Wall and Other Elegies." By Bliss Carman. Lamson, Wolfe & Co., Publishers. Price \$1.