

**The City  
Toronto Week.**

Canst thou not rest, oh city,  
That liest so wide and fair;  
Shall never an hour bring pity,  
Nor end be found for care?

Thy walls are high in heaven,  
Thy streets are gay and wide,  
Beneath thy towers at even  
The dreamy waters glide.

Thou art fair as the earth at morning,  
And the sunshine loveth thee,  
But its light is a gloom of warning  
On a soul no longer free.

The curses of gold are about thee,  
And thy sorrow-deepeneth still;  
One madness within and without thee,  
One battle blind and shrill.

I see the crowds forever  
Go by with hurrying feet;  
Through doors that darken never  
I hear the engines beat.

Through days and nights that follow  
The hidden mill-wheel strains;  
In the midnight's windy hollow  
I hear the roar of trains.

No sound of lute or tabor,  
Where singing lips are dumb  
And life is one long labour,  
Till death or freedom come.

Ah! the crowds that forever are flowing—  
They neither laugh nor weep—  
I see them coming and going,  
Like things that move in sleep.

Grey sires and burdened brothers,  
The old, the young, the fair,  
Wan cheeks of pallid mothers,  
And the girls with golden hair.

Care sits in many a fashion,  
Grown grey on many a head,  
And lips are turned to ashen,  
Whose years have right to red.

Canst thou not rest, oh city,  
That liest so wide and fair;  
Shall never an hour bring pity,  
Nor end be found for care?

Ottawa.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

**A May Song.**

The elm trees in the field are waiting,  
Smiling and ready for the leaves.  
The spiders on the pools are skating,  
The little sparrow builds and weaves.

The bluebird in his glory hovers  
About the meadow all day long,  
And, tenderest of plumed lovers,  
Beguiles his merry mate with song.

The grass in all the world is springing,  
The air is full of wind and sun,  
I hear a thousand waters singing,  
The fortress of the year is won.

And yonder in the blue, past noting,  
Where thoughts and phantasies go free,  
The little careless clouds are floating,  
Like ships upon a windless sea.

Blue heaven and brown earth compel me,  
I wander as a child at play,  
What was it, little sparrow, tell me,  
That made me grieve so yesterday?  
--Archibald Lampman, in Scribner's Magazine.