

Again she listened—called her maids,
They heard the woeful sound,
And there, among the sedge and reeds,
A wondrous thing they found:—

A tiny barque of woven rush,
Within it, flushed and fair,
Still rosy from his balmy sleep,
A tearful babe lay there:

She took him in her tender arms,
Compassion filled her heart;
"I'll save thee, sweet one," whispered she,
"So shall I heal my smart:

"Thy Mother knows my piteous mood,
She trusts thee to me, dear,
Her silent supplication pleads
For the babe she may not rear."

"I'll call thee by a name that means
Drawn up from out the water—
No slave, a prince, dear boy, thou'lt be—
The son of Pharaoh's Daughter."

QUAMICHAN LAKE

January 4th, 1910.

Deep and loud the ice is booming on the frozen mere;
Sweet and sharp the skates are ringing, ringing blithe and clear;
Down below the banks of bracken, beyond the frozen reeds,
No more laps the laughing water where the mallard breeds.

Nor do its untroubled waters mirror the blue sky,
With soft floating, fleecy cloudlets; pine trees dark and high
Show no more, their spires inverted; maples cast no gold,
In great sheaves of burnished splendour within its deep
stronghold.

Now the lake is locked in silence, but the hills, pine-clad,
Echo back the skaters' laughter as if they, too, were glad;
And like blazing eye of Cyclops, as the daylight wanes,
Glowes the log-pile where the woodsman, chopping, toils
and strains.

For the land is his possession, which he must subdue,

Turn the forest into furrow—get a wider view
Of the further snow-clad mountains, bath'd in mellow light
By the sun, who'll kiss them rosy ere he bids good-night.