

AT THE GRAVE OF McPHERSON.

(An early Nova Scotian poet.)

A silent lane with barrèd gates across,
—Thin vestige of a great road from the sea—
Holding, as by a thread, the memory
Of a brief dream of life and love and loss
And utter need, which to and fro did toss
A wan and feverish soul that yearned to be
An echo of some forest melody,
Or song of flowers budding beneath the moss.

And here, within this cattle-browsing ground,
The poet's grave of withered weeds is seen ;
A wayside stone carved by the hand of love,
—All nameless else—clings to the trodden mound ;
Yet, from the crushèd earth, an evergreen
Hath lately sprung to light and joy above.