

Restore my name to honest fame,
Restore to me my land—
For I'm the Lord of Elverly,
You marked with felon's brand !"
It was, I ween, a pleasing sight
The good King nothing loth,
Gave Maud's fair hand to that bold knight
And warmly blessed them both.

JOHN CAVEN.

My Sweetheart.

LOVELY, laughing, smiling, sweet,
Fairy face and flying feet,
Sparkling eyes of bluest blue.
Tangled curls of flaxen hue;

Witching ways and merry air,
Quick and cute and debonnair;
Ruling, with unquestioned sway,
Eld and youth and grave and gay.

Is she young, or is she old,
What the tale her years have told—
Thirty? Twenty? Sweet sixteen?—
She's my little daughter Jean.

J. M.

On the North Shore.

HERE by the North Shore on the drifted sands
That reach for miles in wind-blown dune and bar,
The great sea-tides come thundering from afar;
Bearing rich tribute in their stormy hands
Of shells, and dank sea-growth, and broken spar

Here fresher blows the sea-breeze, bearing on
To inland fields the salt breath of the deep;
The waves that break in tumult at our feet,
Come rushing from the portals of the dawn
With nought for leagues to break their onward sweep,