

L'HIVER CANADIEN.

Le bonhomme Hiver a mis ses parures,
Souples mocassins et casque bien clos,
Et, tout habillé de chaudes fourrures,
Au loin fait sonner gaîment ses grolots.

A ses cheveux blancs le givre étincelle ;
Son large manteau fait des plis bouffants ;
Il a des jouets plein son escarcelle
Pour mettre au chevet des petits enfants.

Quand le soleil luit, la neige est coquette ;
Moi et lumineux, son tapis attend
Le groupe rieur qui sur la raquette
Au flanc des coteaux chemine en chantant.

Dans les soirs sereins, l'astre noctambule
Plaque vaguement d'un reflet d'acier
La clochette d'or qui tintinnabule
Au harnais d'argent du fringant coursier.

Au feu du soleil ou des girandoles,
Emportée au vol de son patin clair,
Mainte patineuse, en ses courses folles,
Sylphe gracieux, fuit comme un éclair.

Un rayon, là-bas, aux vitres rougeoie ;
On entend des sons d'orchestre lointain ;
Ce sont ces deux sœurs, la danse et la joie,
Qui vont s'amuser jusques au matin.

Et, dans l'azur vif baigné de lumière,
Spectacle charmant, aspect sans rival,
Aux toits de la ville et sur la chaumière
Flotte le drapeau du gai Carnaval.

Louis Fréchette

ANADYOMENE.

Once have I beheld her, rising from the sea, dazzling and pure, as erst off the delicious isle of Paphos.

It was a bright July day on the English Channel. The sails of all nations thronged the wide expanse of blue water. We could see the land of white cliffs, so long famous in song and story. Our ship was forcing her way along with difficulty ; for the wind was still contrary and a heavy sea running from the gale of yesterday. The great iron thing seemed instinct with life and will, as it drove its ponderous bulk against the double obstacle—wind like a wall and the barrier of hurling wave. Progress, though checked, was never stopped, but the billows heaved the ship up and down like a huge see-saw. On the lofty upper deck, I leaned

over the rail and watched the waves break against the sharp, black bows : but not alone, the beloved lady was at my side ; or if she really was a thousand leagues away, the thought of her seemed almost tangible (the lover's doctrine of a Real Presence). Certain it is that the love she taught me so unsealed my eyes that I saw what I saw.

A smooth, olive-coloured hillock of water would be sheared through by the massive iron in a shattering crash and roar. It parted this way and that with unimaginable hissings and seethings. Tons of water struck the ship's side with heavy sound and the spray flew aloft in showers of finest mist, through which the perfect arch of the rainbow shone. The churned foam, transfigured by the strong sunlight, and flooding in ever-widening layers, overspread the sea with fold upon fold of milkiest whiteness. Beneath, millions of rising bubbles transformed the dull-hued ocean into solid deeps of glassy green, suffused with trembling light : and before the changing wonder had been effaced, lo ! another wave, a second crash of sound and again the miracle of the sunlight on the foam.

The continuous roar and hiss deadened the ear to all else and the eye was willingly enchanted to this apparition of whiteness. What can there be so softly white as this, so even in texture and so fine ? What except woman's breast ? I look till the outside world vanishes, and in my dream, if it were a dream, the sea-born, laughter-loving queen arises. The green sea is a milk-veined step of malachite, worthy the station of her snow-flake foot. Iris, the messenger of the gods, flies before her. But mortal eyes might not bear the sight of her irresistible, naked loveliness : the goddess appears shrouded in gauze of mist and fine-twined veil of orange and purple. Through this partial screen she gleams like lilies, not the colour of marble death, but of living purity. Thus she arises upon my eyes, between sea and sky, white-armed and love-compelling.

But the glistening shape takes on the lips and eyes of the lady whose name lies hid in my heart. She smiles—and in the light flashing from that sweet, kissing mouth and the mystery-coloured eyes, I read why Beauty came with whiteness as of new milk poured in the sun, and Love sprang from the cold purity of the sea.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

RONDEAU.

Far from the worthless world with thee,
Star of my life, I fain would be,
That we in solitude might drain
Love's cup, and dreamless all of pain,
Change, sorrow, parting, death, might see

The charmed hours vanish, and disdain
At Mammon's shrine to bend again,
Ah, then who were more blessed than we !
Far from the worthless world.

But long leagues lie 'tween thee and me,
And the three sisters weird agree
To keep us parted e'er. In vain
Is hope our hearts' desire to gain.
We may not break the bonds and flee
Far from the worthless world.

JUDSON FRANCE.