

POETRY.

"FAINT AND FAR,"

I listened in a rapture and I heard
 Much sweeter than Æolian harp or bird
 Of paradise, that sings both night and day,
 A lover's song, so sweet my soul was stirred.
 A lover's song, that trembling through the air
 Came broken-ranked and missing here and there ;
 The gentlest notes had died upon the way,
 And e'en the others lingered fraught with care.
 But in my heart I heard another song,
 Whose echoes shall resound my whole life long,
 Whose echoes shall not die though in the tomb
 My body lies in cell and fetters strong.
 For in my heart the Over-soul of love
 Revealed Himself in music from above,
 So sweet, the meaning of its gladness and its gloom
 Is only by the angels whispered of.
 And what although the melody be tost
 Upon the deep unknown and sometimes lost ?
 Within a narrow soul there is not room
 For all, or for the pain which all would cost !

COLIN A. SCOTT.

GEORGE F. CAMERON.

Cor Cordium.

I.

O Heart of hearts ! The tender, true,
 The loving and the faithful friend,
 The only brother that I knew,
 Is this thine end ?
 Struck down, when life just touched the flood,—
 We thought thy work was but begun,
 Begun;—and yet the only Good
 Hath writ—" 'Tis done !"
 Done, when the down was on thy face ;
 Done,—while the dawn yet bathed thy brow ;
 Done,—with thine own and matchless grace,
 Well done,—and now !

II.

A lock of hair,—the only thing
 O brother, left to me of thee,—
 By right of Mind my soul's sole king,—
 The kingliest heart of all that be,
 Or beat, beneath the broad sun's rays :
 'Neath any sun, in any sphere,
 Through any nights, or any days,
 In any month or year !
 The tender lip !—The lovely eye,
 The godlike breadth of brow above,
 That voiced, beyond the wild world's cry,
 A brother's deathless love !

The only thing ! No, I am wrong.
 The memory of thee still will hold
 And show thee living in thy song,
 With life that grows not old.

III.

The poet !—ah, that tells it all,
 Thou, being this, could'st not be less
 Than dear to me, and dear to all
 Who love true loveliness.
 Yea, when my work and I are gone,
 And done with Time,—its themes and things,
 The eternal thoughts shall still live on
 That echoed from thy strings.
 And men will own the imperial mind
 That spake imperial truths, and gave
 Earth hopes which despots shall not bind
 With edict, gyve, or grave !

CHARLES J. CAMERON.

VARNO THE BRAVE :
 A TALE OF THE
 PICTS AND SCOTS.

BY THE LATE D. M. PERTH, N. B.

A hundred bards were in the halls of Brudus to welcome the return of the warriors, and a hundred harps were strung to the praise of those who fought the best or fell in the battle-field. But their songs, though loud and exultant, received no firm response. The king, since he left the capital, had lost his daughter, an only child, and none could tell aught of her fate, except that she had not been seen from the day they had mustered their country's strength to repel the foe. The bards soon perceived that the general feeling was in sympathy with the royal grief, and quickly attuned their harps to sounds of sorrow. But scarcely had they struck a softer key than Brudus, waving his hand and demanding silence, thus addressed them :

"Let your song be of joy unmixed. Private ills must not claim attention when thousands should quaff the cup of gladness."

Again the harps were raised, and again war's wild melody shook the halls. The dun deer on the distant Lomonds caught the sound, and bounded away to deeper solitudes. The song was of the mighty deeds of the chiefs of old, who beat the Britons upon their own fields and compelled the haughty Roman to sink his crest before the Pictish spear. Brudus and his chiefs bent forward and listened with pride to the gallant deeds of their sires, and, when the music ceased, rapturous plaudits bespoke the general satisfaction of all. Again the king waved his arm, and addressing one who stood nearest the royal seat, said, "Come now, Eric ; has my aged bard nothing new with which to greet the return of his lord ?"

The old man started, threw back his grey locks and