

Now Night has terror, as her ebon hand
Lest drop her dusky robe o'er spacious earth
And shuts from sight the charms of all the land ;
For few will gain new birth,
But die unsung ; since thought cannot renew
At will day's myriad things, and regnant gold,
The flocks admire, the streams and valleys view—
The limner's hand lies cold !

Aye, dull the ear which Nature loved to fill
With secrets for whose gift she asked no toll,
Deeming their fittest place 'mongst men is still
A Druid's reverent soul :
Throughout he justified the trust, his words
With music wedded won our thoughts to praise
Nature's free art, to note the skill of birds,
And muse in woodland ways.

Our poet 's dead ! It seemed so brief a while
His clear, caressing thrush-hymn hid us hark,
And all our lives were mellowed by his toil,
And we were wont to mark
His harmonies outpouring till the air
Shook with soft echoing song, and hearts beat high
To think dear Canada such sons can rear—
Alas, that he should die !

MAURICE W. CASEY.

Ottawa, April 25th, 1899.

