

Never behind I look, but on!  
 On! and toward the sea!  
 'Mid the mighty glow of life, O youth,  
 Who would not happy be?

Far o'er the mighty hills I go  
 With many a gladsome song;  
 My heart is free, my hope is high  
 Aglow I haste along.

A friend am I to those I meet  
 For life has made me free."  
 "O brooklet! brooklet! rush along,  
 My heart now sings with thee."

—E. L. S.

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## *Winter's Night.*

The air is piercing keen,—the frost-king's reign  
 Holds fast the midnight in its chilling sway;  
 The naked trees feel not the warmth of day,  
 And shake and quiver like a child in pain.  
 Aloft, the stars like flashing spear-points shine,  
 Sparkle and dance in pitiless array;  
 Back glitters elfin light from snow-drifts—nay,  
 The heaving heaps, methinks, are surging brine,  
 The white foam-billows of a winter-sea.  
 Thus minions of the Winter-King do make  
 Chill exultation, while the ice-bound lake  
 Booms hoarsely, in salute, a greeting free.  
 While man, that puny sprite in Godlike form,  
 Cowers in self-built shelters to be warm.

*T. W. Kirkconnell.*