

Stone Breaking.

MARCH wind rough
Clashed the trees,
Flung the snow ;
Breaking stones,
In the cold,
Germans slow,
Toiled and toiled ;
Arrowy sun
Glanced and sprang,
One right blithe
German sang
Songs of home,
Father-land :
Syenite hard,
Weary lot,
Callous hand,
All forgot :
Hammers pound,
Ringing round ;
Rise the heaps,
To his voice,
Bounds and leaps,
Toise on toise :
Toil is long,
But dear God
Gives us song,
At the end,
Gives us -rest :
Toil is best.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

Department of Indian Affairs,
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