

BROOKFIELD

*I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
Whence cometh help! My help is in the Lord!*
Behold, O man, what is it that He wills
Of thee! But to do justice in accord,
And to love mercy better than the sword,
And to walk humbly in the sight of Him:
Thus, is the olden vision still outpoured
Upon the hills, for all whose eyes are dim
With seeking in the places where the bale-fires swim.

Thus, am I in the spirit with my friend,
Here in the village which he glorified;
And unto which his heart would always wend,—
Impatient of the world of human tide—
When Spring began to call him to her side
With robin's song and the arbutus trail,
And all the lure of freedom undenied,
And all the wistful life of hill and dale,
And river, lake, and stream, and love that would not fail.