

## From Current Periodicals.

### THE MOTHER.

#### I.

It was April blossoming spring,  
They buried me, when the birds did sing;

Earth, in clammy wedging earth,  
They banked my bed with black, damp girth.

Under the damp and under the mould,  
I kenned my breasts were clammy and cold.

Out from the red beams, slanting and bright,  
I kenned my cheeks were sunken and white.

I was a dream, and the world was a dream,  
And yet I kenned all things that seem.

I was a dream, and the world was a dream,  
But you cannot bury a red sunbeam.

For though in the under-grave's doom-night  
I lay all silent and stark and white;

Yet over my head I seemed to know  
The murmurous moods of wind and snow;

The snows that wasted, the winds that blew,  
The rays that slanted, the clouds that drew

The water-ghosts up from the lakes below,  
And the little flower souls in earth that grow.

Under the earth, in the grave's stark night,  
I felt the stars and the moon's pale light.

I felt the winds of ocean and land  
That whispered the blossoms soft and bland.

Though they had buried me dark and low,  
My soul with the seasons seemed to grow.

#### II.

I was a bride in my sickness sore,  
I was a bride nine months and more;

From throes of pain they buried me low,  
For death had finished a mother's woe.

But under the sod, in the grave's dread doom,  
I dreamed of my baby in glimmer and gloom.

I dreamed of my babe and I kenned that his rest  
Was broken in wailings on my dead breast.

I dreamed that a rose-leaf hand did cling;  
Oh, you cannot bury a mother in spring.

When the winds are soft and the blossoms are red  
She could not sleep in her cold earth-bed.

I dreamed of my babe for a day and a night,  
And then I rose in my grave-clothes white.

I rose like a flower from my damp earth-bed  
To the world of sorrowing overhead.

Men would have called me a thing of harm,  
But dreams of my babe made me rosy and warm.

I felt my breasts swell under my shroud:  
No stars shone white, no winds were loud;

But I stole me past the graveyard wall,  
For the voice of my baby seemed to call;

And I kenned me a voice, though my lips were dumb:  
Hush, baby, hush! for mother is come.

I passed the streets to my husband's home;  
The chamber stairs in a dream I clomb;

I heard the sound of each sleeper's breath,  
Light waves that break on the shores of death,

I listened a space at my chamber door,  
Then stole like a moon-ray over its floor.

My babe was asleep on a stranger's arm:  
"O baby, my baby, the grave is so warm,

"Though dark and so deep, for mother is there!  
O come with me from the pain and care!

"O come with me from the anguish of earth,  
Where the bed is banked with a blossoming girth,

"Where the pillow is soft and the rest is long  
And mother will croon you a slumber song,

"A slumber song that will charm your eyes  
To a sleep that never in earth song lies!

"The loves of earth your being can spare,  
But never the grave, for mother is there."

I nestled him soft to my throbbing breast,  
And stole me back to my long, long rest.

And here I lie with him under the stars,  
Dead to earth, its peace and its wars;

Dead to its hates, its hope, and its harms,  
So long as he cradles up soft in my arms.

And heaven may open its shimmering doors,  
And saints make music on pearly floors,

And hell may yawn to its infinite sea,  
But they never can take my baby from me.

For so much a part of my soul he hath grown  
That God doth know of it high on his throne.

And here I lie with him under the flowers  
That sun-winds rock through the billowy hours,

With the night-airs that steal from the murmuring sea,  
Bringing sweet peace to my baby and me.

—By W. W. Campbell, in *Harper's Magazine*.

### WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

THE Canadian public may be relied upon to recognise the merits of its greatest men after their praises have been sounded so loudly in the United States that only the wilfully deaf could fail to hear them. It was not until after the charms of "Among the Millet" had been pointed out at length in the critical department and by the very critical reviewer of *Harper's Magazine*, that Mr. Archibald Lampman began to take his rightful place in the estimation of Canadian readers. The same degree of sleepy-headedness is being exemplified in the case of Rev. William Wilfred Campbell. Perhaps never before has the dry skep-