

MEMORIES OF CHARLOTTETOWN

When in the gathering dusk I sit
To see the day end drearily,
And watch the night hawks as they flit,
And hear the wind moan eerily
With tones that throbbing intermit,
Old days return, ah verily !

Old days, old doings, dear old friends,
My little town beside the sea !
How many forms its memory sends
Returning to abide with me;
It in the deepening shadows blends
Dear visions to confide to me.

How they return ! the tides which flowed
Past old grey wharves where lazily
The schooners floated, heavy bowed,
While at flat sterns so crazily
Drifted the little boats they towed;
I see them rolling hazily.

When, in one, by some skipper lent,
Our venturesome course across the bay
We took, on bold discovery bent,
No seekers after gold, Cathay
More earnest saw, than boys who went
Forth on such summer holiday.

And oft by moonlight in the shade
Cast in the streets by cottage walls,
What mimic feasts and fights we made,
Companions in our carnivals;
Far sundered now, some lowly laid,
All, all return, when fancy calls.

From darkening plain and sombre grove
Their spirits come so eerily,
And beckon me with them to rove;
I cannot forth, but drearily
Turn back again to life and love
And firelight glowing cheerily.

—R. H.