

THE SONNETS

Your pipe now stopt these threescore lustres gone,
Whose note yet sounds in growth of riper days,
And unbesmeared by sluttish time, your stone,
Swept by the love you greeted with your lays,
Where swells the proud, full sail of your great verse,
Holding in your eternal lines its way,
Let alien pens, having got your use, disperse
Their poesy under what muse they may,—
These painful feet grope at your jealous heart
That vaunts the marble of your monument,
As fit to dull time's tooth, in scope and art,
Yet shares, withal, the Arch-poet's discontent,
Who sought to ease His heart when He reviewed
His powerful rhyme, and saw that it was good.

FOR THE END OF A ROAD

A. K. K.

The works you hewed in wood and carved in stone
And smote in steel shall long bear forth your name,
Yet you have earned a meed more sweet than fame,
For that you stamped on keen young hearts your own
Fair sense of right, and love for work well done,
Bred, as you were, and trained, to play the game,
Strong in your praise, and faint but in your blame,
The roads you marked for them strike on and on.

Your own road ends just o'er the steep up grade,
Whence you might fare long years with feet light shod;
And at its end, where heaves a mound of sod,
This block, graved with a score of words, I laid:
He held to those plain truths which shall not fade,
His friend, his hearth, his king, and to his God.

ALEXANDER MACPHAIL