

APPENDIX

MY FOSTER-MOTHER

Her maiden name was Page. She lost her husband (a sea-captain) and her son by the same shipwreck, in 1849, and thus was left all alone. In later years, she lived with me and died at my home in Bridgewater, and was buried in Trinity churchyard. A modest stone marks the grave of this woman whose mother-love for me was wondrous, and whom I loved with the love of a son.

The words, "my mother," in "THE HEART'S CALL" refer to my foster-mother.

NOTE ON THE SONNET GIVEN BELOW

I print this beautiful fancy in verse, because the authoress seemed pleased that it delighted me, notwithstanding my unworthiness. Being only an occasional writer (as a glance over this volume will show) and my flights being seldom far above the hills of life, I am not a bard. The spirit in which the sonnet was written is, however, as sincere as if the fancies were true; hence I am proud to recognize this, to me, unprecedented honour.

TO WM. E. MARSHALL

Marshall ! Thou purest bard with heart serene,
'Tis not a height thy spirit is contending,
For poised, thy soul dost view great love unending,
As 'mong the stars thy hallowed dreams convene
Thy fellow bards. With silvern voice terrene
Thou hail'st our love, as earthward thou art bending.
To farther joy, as heavenward we are wending;
From sorrow's chill, thy tenderness would wean.
Religio grammatici is thine,
O, classic bard, steeped in Hymettic dew;
"Gold dusty" thou, but jewelled dust divine
Illumes thy gentle progress 'mid the ~~store~~,
And through thy useful pilgrimage on earth
Is 'twined the song that Love Divine is ours.

GRACE N. MOORE.

Charleston, Nova Scotia,
May 6, 1919.