

We are then made acquainted with what the lofty pines say in their wild song.  
The whistling wind carries over the earth the strain :

“ We nod to the sun ere the glimmering morn  
Prints her sandals on the mere :  
We part with the sun when the stars are borne  
By the silv’ry waters clear.  
And when lovers are breathing a thousand vows,  
With their hearts and cheeks aglow,  
We chant a love-strain ’mid our breezy boughs,  
Of a thousand years ago.

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Cold winter, who filches the flying leaf,  
And steals the floweret’s sheen,  
Can injure us not, or work us grief,  
Or make our tops less green :  
And spring, who awakens her sleeping train,  
By meadow and hill and lea,  
Brings no new life to our old domain,  
Unfading, stern and free.

Sublime is our solitude, changeless, vast.  
While men build, work and save,  
We mock : for their years glide away to the past,  
And we grimly look on their grave.  
Our voice is eternal, our song sublime,  
For its theme is the days of yore :  
Back thousands of years of misty time,  
When we first grew old and hoar.”

The *North Wind’s Tale* is another fine poem. What a natural picture is drawn in these verses :

“ Men shrink aghast while I draw nigh,  
And quake as seized with sudden dread ;  
Then quickly to their cov’rings fly—  
To mansion, cottage, or to shed.

The parents gather round the fire,  
The youngsters perch upon each knee,  
And all are still, while higher, higher  
My tingling tongue shrieks mournfully.

All night I hunt with snow and storm  
The wretched mother, wandering, lost ;  
And shake with sleet her tender form,  
And bind her tears with links of frost.

And when the infant, mute-mouthed, slips,  
Dead, from the sighing mother’s teat,  
I freeze the milk which slowly drips  
A down, and steal her besom’s heat.

And chiller, fiercer in my glee  
I blow along the paths of night ;  
Till o’er them sweeps the winter free,  
And buries them from mortal sight.”

Mr. Mair is very happy in his description of *Summer*: It is another purely Canadian poem, and had we the space we would gladly quote from it.  
There are many other pieces of good matter, of easy flowing versification,