

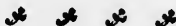
BADDECK, CAPE BRETON

A PICTURE.

BEFORE, a beauteous bay of fair Bras d'Or,
With Spectacle Isle and high Beinn Breagh's point
Thrust boldly out to meet the incoming boat.

BEHIND, the mountains stretch, from out whose
depths
Far-sounding waterfalls pour out the heart's blood of
the wooded hills
Into green intervals, all river-veined.

BETWEEN, the narrow strip of quaint old town.



MISTS.

Light fogs shifting, drifting down the glen.
Settling, showing hilltops now and then ;
Slowly rising, spreading, hovering there,
Stealing soft o'er head in morning air ;
Coming ghostly, as memories, thought would grasp
Haunt me sometimes, creeping from the past ;
Fading, as realities Love would keep,
Leave us full of longing vague and deep.