

Light is her step in the cottage,  
And sweet is her voice, like a bird;  
And oft in the pauses of labor  
Her flute-like song is heard.

Her eyes were like pools of the mountains,  
And 'neath her homely gown  
Her heart beats true and tender,  
As any in Boston Town.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have told of the flush of manhood  
And girlhood's winning grace,  
You need no higher calculus  
To help you solve the case.

For the golden wand that scatters love,  
May let its blessing fall,  
As well beside the hovel door,  
As in the marble hall.

And the hearts of the loyal cousins  
Who had shared in childhood's joys,  
Who bent above the same torn book  
In the old school room as boys.

Awoke to a stronger throbbing,  
And a new pleasure came  
When they caught her glance by the wayside  
Or heard her speak their name.

Her words were sweet and tender;  
To her girlish nature true,  
She was kind to Roland Fraser,  
Yet smiled on Harry, too.

Till the new love, warm and glowing,  
And beating deep and strong,  
Cast out the quiet friendship  
That held their hearts so long.

And the flaming breath of passion  
Had scorched each memory green—  
You know how bitter friends may grow  
When a girl's love comes between.

Side by side in the cutting  
Their picks ring out as one,  
But the thoughts of their hearts are bitter,  
All the old days are done.

\* \* \* \* \*

You weep, ye wives and mothers,  
You weep, ye sisters true,  
You wring your hands, ye damsels fair,  
For those who cherished you.

And thro' year's tears cry strong to God,  
If you have learned to pray,  
A heavier woe can never come.  
Than smites your souls this day.

A thousand hearts are still with dread,  
A thousand cheeks are white,  
The sound that miners know too well  
Has told its message right.

And all the villages beyond,  
From Drummond to the sea,  
Know well that voice, it wakes again  
The blast of 'seventy-three.

To all the cities of the land  
Have passed the awful lines,  
That fifty men are lying dead,  
Deep down in Albion Mines.

\* \* \* \* \*

The first wild flood of grief has ebbed,  
The first great horror fled,  
The broken hearted mourners,  
Go down to seek their dead.

Lying there, where they labored  
Side by side to the close,  
Lay the bodies of Roland Fraser,  
And his cousin, Harry Montrose.

With their arms about each other  
In a brother's close embrace,  
And a calm and a quiet beauty,  
On each dead, pallid face.

For when the death-blast shook the mine,  
And they knew that never more  
Their eyes should hail the light of day,  
Save on the golden shore;

Then woke again their childhood's love,  
Their boyhood's friendship strong,  
The warm heart currents leaped to life  
That had been bound so long,

And from that common love they bore  
To her, whose face no more  
Should bid them, in the eventide;  
A welcome at her door.

There sprang a holy tenderness,—  
There rose before their eyes,  
The land that knows no wooing,  
No lover's tender ties:

And for her days of mourning,  
There rose the common prayer,  
That God would let his comfort fall,  
Into the shadow there.

And hand in hand like brothers,  
They passed to the light above,  
Walking the closer together  
Bound by the common love.

But Lucy sits in the shadow,  
To her girlish nature true,  
She grieves for her lover Roland,  
Yet weeps for Harry, too,

Yes, the streets are poor and dingy,  
And the houses low and brown,  
But love and grief may tarry there,  
As well as in Boston Town.

HANC,

Newton Centre, Dec. 30, 1880.