

e'd much of entertaining lore
or my amusement ; I was found
side him oft, and loit'ring round
e sunny threshold of his door.
s oft in twilight hours we'd sit
dst gath'ring vision of romance,
watch the shadow of his glance
ow livid with the spark of wit.
e was a man of such a type
figured in colonial days ;
ith features strong and noble ways,
fearless speech, and judgment ripe.
ith scope of reason broad and clear,
ith heart to grand traditions loyal,
ad time not bound him to the soil,
e might have fill'd a larger sphere.

THE SEA BIRD.

A MORNING SONG IN MAY.

Yes, yes, yes, to-day, to-day,
My love shall meet me on the spray :
Love and sunshine, love and lay !

How sweet, how sweet,
For hearts to meet,
In the tender light of May !

Yes, yes, yes, to-day, to-day,
To my love's love I'll say, I'll say,
My voice shall sing a double lay,

And guard I'll keep
Whilst thou art deep
In the nest, if I may, if I may !

I know what my love will say to-day—
It will not be nay—not nay—not nay.
It will be yea—for aye—for aye !

How sweet is morn
When hope is born
Out of the misty gray !