

## AN OLD TOTE-ROAD

Far inland under northern skies  
A lonely forest roadway lies,  
Abandoned to the sun and rain,  
Where echoes plaintively again  
The wilding whitethroat's tender song  
And summer loiters. All along  
By woodland shadows golden brown,  
The old tote-road winds slowly down.

Set close by boles of balm and spruce,  
By crimson-veined low boughs of moose  
And olive mosses' misty veils,  
The corduroy its grey length trails.  
Across the azure stream of sky  
No idle summer cloud sails by;  
Where arching alder branches meet  
At the road's bend, a blur of heat.

In fervid noonday's fragrant hour,  
Incense sunblent of tree and flower  
Fills every leafy wayside bower.  
From whitewood branches bluebirds call;  
Along the sunny forest hall  
The scarlet, wild raspberries fall,  
Loosed by a zephyr's light caress  
Or weight of their own lusciousness.

Where drowsy goldlight filters through  
The green boughs dripping honey-dew,  
The pink *Linnæa's* flowers fair,  
Star-fire and dryads' cups are there,  
And lovelier than opal gleaming,  
Along the trail on low wind streaming,  
Enkindled by the lambent sun,  
The violet flames of fireweed run.

Amid ambrosial leaf and bloom,  
In aisles of immemorial gloom,  
The dusky Quisheatchan is crying;  
Where shadow-sifted winds are sighing,  
I hear a wood god singing low,  
His censer swinging to and fro,  
As round and round the ancient trees  
He chants his mystic melodies.

A flood of copper sunlight falls  
Aslant its glowing greenwood walls,  
And in the glooming forest deeps  
In amber pools of fire sleeps.—  
Then in an ecstasy is heard  
The carol of the vesper bird,  
And lonely stars creep out to fold  
The earth in silence grey and cold

## THE CANADA WIND

Whence bloweth the Canada wind?  
Not out of the west, though the west winds  
bear

Lightsome hours and the joy of spring  
And the heavenly blue of a wild bird's  
wing;

For the heart of the violet scents the air,  
And the scent of the violet is all too fair  
Its flowers in my hair to bind—

The west wind is of the sea,  
And palls on the soul of me.

Whence bloweth the Canada wind?  
Oh, not from the south, for the south wind  
brings

Summer and dim, sweet forest deeps,  
And a bird in the wild wood hidden keeps  
And mellow songs in the green light sings;  
And flower, and song, and mystical things  
My soul with dreamings blind—

The south wind is of the sun,  
My soul is for a day undone.

Whence bloweth the Canada wind?  
Not out of the east, for the east wind chills  
With its dank, grey mists, and its  
storms of rain,

And dawn is foredooming again and  
again;

Noon's dripping sky with greyness fills,  
And night is black on the sodden hills,  
And never a star I find—

The east wind is of the sea,  
And drives to the heart of me.

Whence bloweth the Canada wind?  
Its path is the way to the world's white  
rim,

The strange white tracts of the barren  
zone,

Immutable, luminous, wild and lone;  
Spaces enduring through æons dim.

Veiling the sea and the blue sea's brim,  
Striving for ever, yet never free,  
Fetters which ever bind—

The Canada wind is the keen north wind,  
The wind of the secret sea.

And quickens the soul of me.



## THE GOLD GIRL

When a spirit's in the aspen  
And the gusty evening breezes  
Through the moonlit branches shiver,  
Comes again a dream illumined