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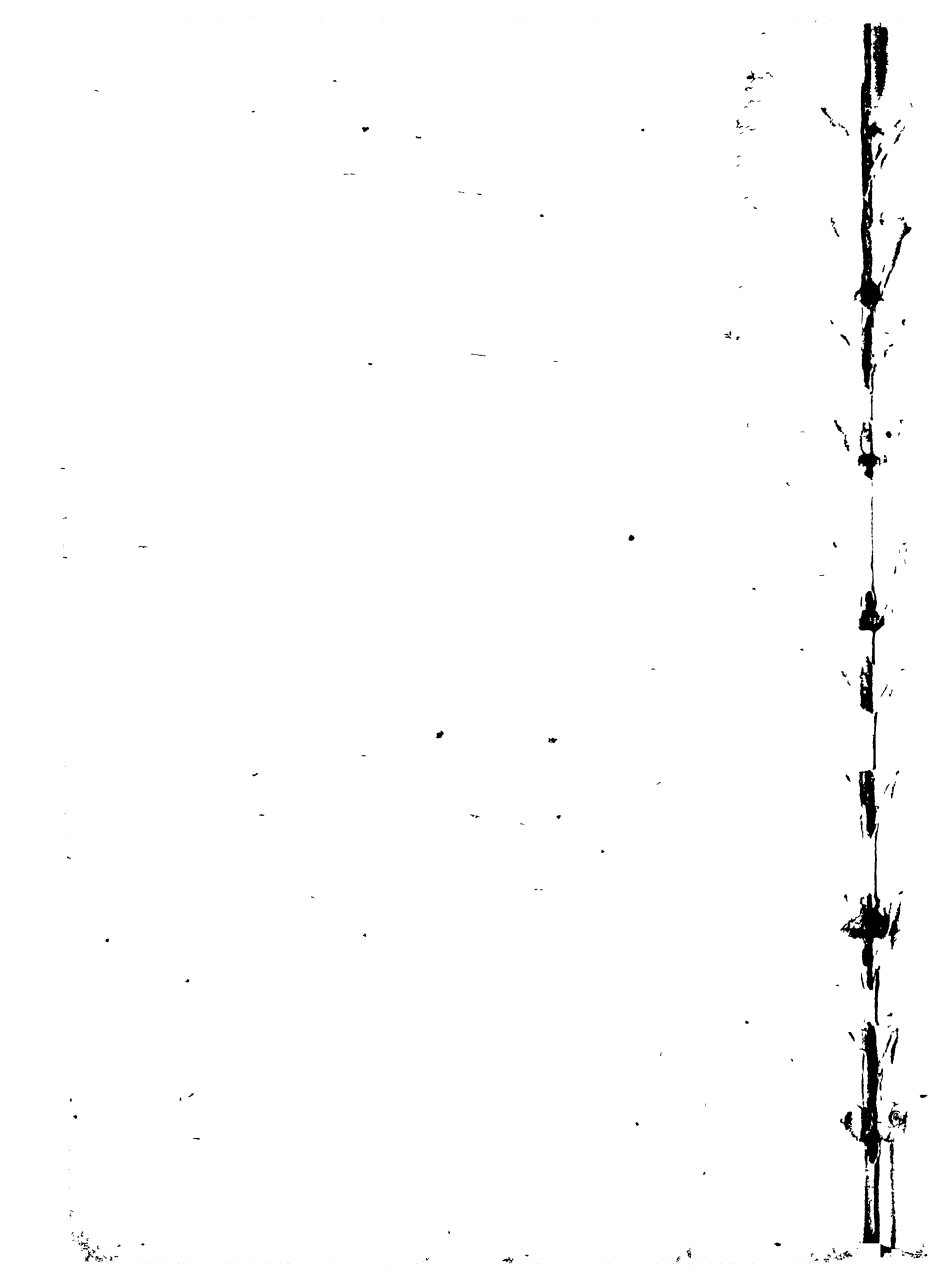
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THE
VISION OF THE SEASONS
AND OTHER VERSES

BY
DOROTHY W. KNIGHT.

* * *

"FANCY FLIES BEFORE."

MONTREAL
THE WILLIAM DRYSDALE COMPANY
1898

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1898, by
Dorothea Wolters Knight, in the office of the Minister of Agriculture.

PREFACE.

The writer of these verses began to rhyme early, two booklets of hers having been printed before, the first in 1892, when she was eleven years old. One of these booklets was exhibited by an American lady at the World's Fair in Chicago, and gained a Diploma of Honorable Mention. The verses were also approved by good literary authorities who examined them.

Dorothy is of Scotch-German-English blood, and was born close to the banks of Bryant's "Green River," a poetic neighbourhood. Her parents, who were British subjects, shortly after came to Canada, and have lived in the land of the maple since that time. She has never been sent to any school, and to this is owing, probably, the quality of her first verses. As one literary man remarked, "had she been sent to any of the ordinary public schools on this continent, she could never by any possibility have written the verses that are in her first booklets." In her case, the fact that she did not seem robust enough to go to school, was doubtless a gain, so far as her mental development was concerned. Limitation of environment is, under some conditions, a positive advantage.

It is worthy of note that the only high-class literature that has appeared on this continent is the production of

a little clique of Unitarians, whose style of education separated them from the influence of the common school. Take Longfellow, Emerson and Holmes as instances, and note that this last is almost the only choice and tasteful American prose-writer who has been able to secure the attention of the American public. He has not been obliged to adopt the style of Artemus Ward, Josh Billings *et hoc genus omne*. One might fancy that Eugene Field might have written better with a better environment.

In Canada our conditions are very much the same, and we may fairly say that our common schools, useful though they be, are not necessarily the only gateways to purely literary work. It is therefore permissible, to say the least of it, to acquire knowledge without going to school, if a person can do so.

No apology should be needed for the publication of these verses. They are published in the hope that they may give pleasure to the few who are interested in Canadian poetry. It is recognized that the field of readers in Canada is necessarily restricted. People are occupied with the practical side of life, and newspaper literature is the only kind that has a ready and extensive sale. It is not supposed or expected, therefore, that this booklet will attain any great publicity.

R. S. K.

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THE VISION OF THE SEASONS.

One peaceful eve I fell asleep and slept ;
I slept and saw strange visions ; and in one
That I remember better than the rest,
The seasons four appeared in human shape.

I heard the rushing of a mighty blast,
Then entered Winter, like unto the Night ;
Her chariot was all of white snow-clouds,
And drawn by the cold North wind, and made soft
With fleecy, snow-flake cushions. As she came,
The great trees groaned and trembled ; and the brooks
And rivers froze beneath her icy breath.
Hers was a stately and majestic form :
Her limbs were shapely and her features clear
As chiselled marble, and as cold and white.
Yet on her lips there played a fiery hue,
Like to the Northern Lights ; and this strange red
Was half reflected in her still, white cheek,
As when those lights cast colour on the snow.
Her eyes were keen, sharp blue ; alike the depths
Of bluest ice ; her locks were scant and pale,
Like sunlight shining through the dim snow-clouds.
Her smile was stern and cruel ; yet, at times,
She quieted down her rough and boisterous mood,
And looked up placidly at the great sun,

E'en as a child at play that, tired of noise,
 Leans wearily upon a parent's knee,
 But in a moment more resumes its pranks
 And merry doings.

Then I marked,
 That Winter was not poor nor meanly dressed ;
 But clad in garments fitting for a queen.
 A diadem of ice adorned her brow,
 And beads of ice, like very diamonds,
 Sparkled upon her neck and on her breast.
 Cased in a spotless bodice made of snow ;
 With a long mantle of thin sheeted ice,
 Chill Winter sat there, ruling her domain ;
 But not for long. I saw her sigh and lean
 Her head against her snowflake cushions soft,
 As she were weary, and at last she said :
 " Farewell, I hear the footsteps of the Spring."
 Then she passed on, and then she sighed again,
 And vanished, by a storm-wind borne away.

I paused and waited, and a breath of air,
 Fresh and delightful, chased away the chill
 That Winter left. And then I looked, and lo !
 I saw sweet Spring, as lovely as the dawn.
 Her chariot was formed of willow twigs,
 With greenest cushions of the velvet grass,
 And drawn by the young East wind. Spring was fair ;
 Her form was slim, and delicate, and small,
 Her skin was like white violets ; and her eyes
 Were like the blue ones ; while her flowing locks
 Were dark and softer than the softest silk ;
 Her lips and cheeks were rosy with the red

Of wild azaleas, and her silver voice
 Filled my whole heart with wonder and delight.
 Around her brow Spring wore a garland fair,
 Of dainty ferns and sweet hepaticas ;
 While, blossoming upon her snowy breast,
 Spring-beauties waved their pinky fairy bells.
 And all her robe was made of tender leaves,
 Reddish or green, and well embroidered o'er
 With columbines, culled in the forest shades,
 And raindrops shone around her neck like beads.
 Sweet Spring had golden slippers on her feet,
 The yellow lady's slipper she did wear.
 Fair season ! ne'er can I declare her joys,
 Her joys which were too bright by far to last ;
 For soon her violet eyes ran o'er with tears,
 And her swift steed did carry her away.

A moment's pause, and then the South wind came
 With Summer in a sunbeam chariot.
 Her eyes were blue, warm, kindly, gracious blue ;
 And brighter than her chariot even shone
 The golden hair that crowned her comely head.
 Daisies and buttercups together wreathed
 With blue-eyed grass and clover scented sweet,
 Made a gay garland 'mid her shining hair ;
 While on her bosom, which did fall and rise,
 E'en as the lappings of some peaceful lake,
 Ripe strawberries in bunches rich and red
 As Summer's lips and cheeks, were trimly grouped
 In tempting clusters. Summer was arrayed
 In golden robes spun from the yellow wheat ;
 And round her neck a necklace made of dew

Did sparkle clearly. She was very fair,
So like an angel, that I almost thought
That she had left some bright Elysian fields
And entered here into this darkened earth,
That she might shed her brightness over all.
But soon a sadness on her countenance
Betrayed the secret that she too must go.
She raised her lovely head and tearful eyes
And said : " I now must go, farewell ! farewell !
Autumn is coming and I feel her near.
Oh fare ye well ! I cannot longer stay."
With that she gathered some red roses up
And then set out to reach her tropic home.

I watched fair Summer till she disappeared,
And then there came a chilly breath of air.
I looked and lo ! 'twas Autumn wild and sad.
She sat within her car of withered leaves ;
Her eyes were darkest brown and so her hair.
Her face was small and flushed with hectic red,
The red of crimson leaves ; and she was clad
Most gaily all in yellow beech leaves fair,
And bravely trimmed with scarlet, flaring bright,
Ta'en from the maple ; and upon her breast
Asters and goldenrod were shining gay ;
And in her hair, a wreath of crimson leaves
Did make her look more beautiful and sweet.
But swift and soon sere Autumn went away,
And then my dream was o'er, and I awoke.

And now whene'er I see
The snow so cold and white that covers all,

And hear the tall trees groaning in the blast,
 I think upon that Vision. When I see
 The green of spring-time spreading through the fields,
 And when I gather violets in the woods,
 Or strawberries and daisies by the path,
 When leaves grow crimson and the sun is warm,
 Then that sweet Vision doth return to me.

THE MONTHS.



JANUARY.

January now is here, the sky is as blue as a sapphire,
 Dazzling white is the snow, the sun is shining in
 splendour,
 Gleaming down from above, from the great blue dome
 that is cloudless.
 Fresh and cold is the air, and from ledges and roofs
 and verandas
 Hang in glittering rows the icicles clear and trans-
 parent.
 All the evergreen trees, the spruces and pines and
 the hemlocks,
 All are laden with snow and the cedar hedges are
 laden,

Covered thickly with white and mantled all in the
snowflakes,
Burdened and loaded down with the sky's great
generous tribute.
Bare are the maple trees, but they are not shorn of
their beauty,
No, for on every twig an icicle or an ice-bead
Sends out a silver spark, and so when the branches
are tossing
To and fro in the wind, the trees all sparkle and
glitter,
Sparkle, glitter and gleam, as though they were
covered with diamonds.
All the lower branches are ridged with the white of
the snowflakes,
All the upper twigs are bright, nay brighter than
diamonds,
All the roofs of the houses are partly mantled and
folded
In purest, whitest cloaks, and decked with icicle
fringes,
Shining, twinkling brightly, gleaming, glittering,
sparkling,
Glassy, clear, transparent, crystalline, pure and pel-
lucid.
Are they not fair to see, these icicles, are they not
lovely?
Now observe the windows and look at the delicate
frostwork.
Thick on the larger panes, but thinner and lighter on
small ones,

Sometimes 'tis traced like leaves, and sometimes as
stars or as landscapes,

Now you see high mountains, and now a field or a
footpath,

Drawn and outlined entire in the beautiful, wonderful
frostwork.

This is a winter song, a picture of January's glory,
This describes the splendour of the beautiful January
weather.

FEBRUARY.

Stern January has gone unto her home,
Far in the frozen North where Winter reigns,
'Mid endless ice, and February has come
And spread the sky with purest, clearest blue.
Keen is the air without, and fresh and sharp,
And all the snow is new and clean and white,
But yet the great sun with increasing heat
Has partly warmed the air ; an hour ago,
Atoms of snow still floated back and forth,
So light were they that when the breeze brushed by,
It scattered them about like thistledown,
Among the maple trees, which were decked out,
No more with diamonds but with milky pearls,
White pearly frost most lovely to behold.
Few icicles, if any, can be seen,
And little ice, for the last fall of snow
Covered it close and hid it from the view.
For three good months the river has not flowed,
But has remained all passive and chained tight,

No birds are seen, yet all is fair and cold,
Cold, cold and bright, and in the hemlock woods
Silence, except for the swift shiver of wind,
Among the branches of the evergreens,
And on the river one wide plain of white,
And in the hamlets, villages and towns,
The silver shower of sleigh bells tinkling sweet,
And the new-kindling sunshine over all.

MARCH.

Now March has come in with a merry blue sky,
Where light clouds like long streaks of snowy mist lie,
While the loud wind a strain of wild music is playing,
With a thousand brown maple twigs dancing and
swaying.

The snow is like marble clean carved in the sun,
Yet the bare roofs can tell how his beams have begun
To gather more strength, and that Spring-time must
follow,
With bud and with blossom, with robin and swallow.

There is hard frozen crust on the snow, and it seems
Like a motionless lake with white ripples and gleams,
There are patches of agate gray ice on the ditches,
And these, with steep drifts, are the little ones' riches.

The thick lower boughs of the maples so tall,
Show the colour of cobwebs against a house wall,

Of brick, which the bright sun to pink has been
 turning,
 And red painted roofs next the blue sky are burning.

The maples stand there as that sunlight pours down,
 In their gray and their drab and their bare boughs of
 brown,
 Sun-gilded and wind-tossed, but evening's bright
 fingers,
 Will turn them to coral and flame, while he lingers.

He will go ; they will change then to ash hues and
 black,
 And the stars will step out in their silent, cold track,
 And the wind, with its rushes of music so cheery,
 Will perhaps fall asleep like a child that is weary.

APRIL.

The April days have come back again,
 And the skies of April are wondrous blue,
 Bright, soft and clear, without speck or stain,
 Ethereal, melting, a lovely hue.

The snow is going, the ground is bare,
 And brown and yellow the grass is seen,
 Though soiled, wet drifts linger here and there,
 To mark where huge piles of white have been.

The trees are leafless, yet catkins swell,
 And on the little horse-chestnut tree,
 Large gummy leaf-buds can plainly tell,
 Where gay green leaves will so shortly be.

The crows flap slow through the sunny sky,
 The robins scold at the lagging snow,
 The sparrows' boisterous hilarity
 At morn and eve sounds the louder now.

And calls and whistles and chirps and chirrs
 And songs and bird-notes sound all day long,
 The crystal blood of the maple stirs,
 In the heat of the sun, new-born and strong.

Though nightly chilled by the frost it stops,
 It flows the freer throughout the day,
 And sap-cans fill with the sparkling drops,
 And tempt the youngsters to leave their play.

Caressing breezes, with touches sweet,
 Like spirit fingers brush everything,
 And wander down through the village street,
 To tell us tales of the gentle Spring.

A MAY SONG.

O cool May morning,
 The earth adorning,
 With bud and blossom
 And sunshine rare ;
 Blue skies unclouded,
 The trees green-shrouded
 With young leaves tender
 And fresh and fair.

Just newly budded,
With sunbeams studded,
They like strange jewels
Green-golden shine.
To dance they waken,
By fresh winds shaken,
Pure winds more potent,
Than strongest wine.

The grass springs quickly,
And deeply, thickly,
It carpets roadside
And field and lawn,
Gets long and tangled,
And dew-bespangled,
Appears all silvered
And bright at dawn.

The birds are singing,
Their sweet calls ringing
From morn till even,
Through grove and wood,
The robin voicing
His own rejoicing,
The swallows telling
That life is good.

The purple grackle,
With croak and cackle,
On slim bough swinging,
Or settled low,
His black coat glinting,
With blue-green tinting,

Outshines his cousin
The solemn crow.

From sunrise early,
When mists are pearly,
Till peaceful twilight,
The oriole,
His dear mate greeting,
Keeps on repeating
His joyous love notes,
With heart and soul.

And soft but thrilling,
Is heard the trilling
Of chipping sparrows
So small and gay,
The trees surrounding
The house are sounding,
With mingled bird-cries
That speak of May.

White blossoms showy
Make orchards snowy,
And load the breezes
With odors sweet.
And varied flowers
Fill woodland bowers,
Or deck the pathways
Beneath our feet.

The trilliums stately,
They stand sedately.

Like queens white vested
 Or clothed in red,
 Or young princesses
 In pink streaked dresses,
 Each lifting proudly
 Her lovely head.

Just perfumed faintly,
 And frail and saintly,
 In waxen beauty,
 The squirrel-corn,
 In brush deep hiding,
 Low down abiding,
 Is well protected
 By branch and thorn.

Like garments airy
 For elf or fairy,
 The Dutchman's breeches
 Bright-tipped with gold,
 Spring up together
 In sunny weather,
 Near dogtooth violets
 Alert and bold.

Star-flowers milky
 And gold threads silky,
 Fields violet-sprinkled
 With blue and white,
 And widely spattered,
 Like money scattered,
 The dandelions
 Do please our sight.

O cool May morning !
 The earth adorning,
 With bud and blossom
 And sunshine rare,
 We count thy treasures,
 We taste thy pleasures,
 They soothe all worry
 And calm all care.

JUNE.

O blue is the June sky above me bending,
 And blue the river in its free, fresh flow,
 All things to this fair day their charms are lending,
 And joy is everywhere, above, below.

The birch-trees gleam and glitter, moving lightly,
 The pine-trees wave their dark green velvet plumes,
 And O the sun, the sun shines on so brightly,
 And the cool shadows make their little glooms.

And Waterniche, with gables high and pointed,
 Painted red-brown, behind the hemlock stands,
 And with this lovely sunshine well anointed,
 The birch leaves wave to me and clap their hands.

Can I describe the beauty spread before me,
 Could pen or brush its loveliness impart ?
 find a gentle spell of joy come o'er me,
 And peace and happiness fill up my heart.

IN JUNE.

In June,
The skies are blue and sunny overhead,
The bashful strawberries are ripe and red,
And children hunt them through the hot dry noon;
These sights you see in June.

In June,
The busy birds are ever on the wing,
Yet in the evening you may hear them sing,
And to some brook their silver voices tune;
These sounds you hear in June.

NOVEMBER.

November has come with its frost and rain,
And the wind has a wintry sound,
And the last leaves fly past the window pane,
And the dry ones strew the ground.

The last of the asters are sheltering now,
'Neath the scrub oak's red-leaved screen,
And the rock ferns crown the cliff's gray brow
With a sombre wreath of green.

The wintergreen in the pine wood shows
Its berries of scarlet hue;
But gone is the time when goldenrod blows,
And gone are the gentians blue.

The river beats on its steep-rock walls,
With a hoarse and muffled roar,

And the pelting raindrop falls and falls,
 And the shells lie high on shore.

November is here ; let our hearts be light,
 Though the skies are gloomy gray,
 Let our hearts be light and our faces bright,
 Who cares for a rainy day ?

THERE IS GLADNESS ALL AROUND US.

There is gladness all around us,
 Gladness in the sun,
 When he rises in the morning,
 When his course is run.

There is gladness all around us,
 Gladness in the woods,
 Where the tall trees nod so queenly,
 Where the wild bird broods.

There is gladness all around us,
 Gladness in the hills,
 Gladness in the brooks and rivers,
 Gladness in the rills.

There is gladness all around us,
 Gladness in the grass,

Gladness in the lowly daisies
And the flowers we pass.

There is gladness all around us,
In each tiny bird,
For their little songs are sweeter
Than were ever heard.

There is gladness all around us,
Gladness in the heart,
Sometimes gladness, sometimes sorrow,
With its pang and smart.

He who readeth Nature's glories,
Though he may be sad,
Though his heart be crushed with sorrow,
Still he feeleth glad.

THE COUNTRY MAID.

I am a simple country maid,
Nor charms nor beauty e'er had I,
I sit and spin beside the door,
And let the world go by.

Our cottage it is snug and warm,
Its hearth in winter blazes bright,
To weary travellers long delayed,
It is a welcome light.

In spring 'tis like some blooming bower,
With honeysuckles close entwined,
And looks more fair than mansions gay,
Unto my humble mind.

The primrose grows beneath the hedge,
My little sisters pluck it there,
And in the woods we go to find
The bluebell sweet and rare.

On summer eves I sit and spin,
And sing and list for Colin's voice,
Until I hear the well-known sound
Which makes my heart rejoice.

And when the nuts are growing ripe,
And cold and chilly are the days,
We sit beside the fire again,
And watch its cheerful blaze.

But summer is the gayest time,
And then to find my cows I go,
I see the gold of buttercups,
And pass where daisies grow.

I love my little sisters twain,
I love my little brother too,
With them I hunt for daffodils,
Or violets meek and blue.

Nor gold nor gain is aught to me,
I care not for the busy town,
With clouds of smoke and dust and noise
And houses tall and brown.

I am a simple country maid,
 Nor charms nor beauty e'er had I,
 I sit beside the door and spin,
 And let the world go by.

THE FOREST ELF.

I know a bank where the violet grows,
 The violet fair to see,
 I know a vale that is red with rose,
 And lulled by hum of bee ;
 I know the place where a clear rill flows,
 Flows on so pure and free ;
 I know the hill where the zephyr blows,
 And wild birds chirp and flee,
 And the changing sunbeam comes and goes
 Beneath the green birch tree,
 And flecks my face as I lie and doze,
 And brings sweet dreams to me ;
 And the evening shadows softly close,
 Till the stars peep down in glee.

I wander out in the starry night,
 The moon is in the sky,
 She bathes the earth in her pearly light,
 And swift the rill goes by.
 And the stars they laugh from their airy height,
 And owls do call and cry.
 And the birches nod—'tis a merry sight—
 And lift themselves on high.

They want to reach at the moon so bright,
But they cannot, though they try,
For daisies open their petals white,
And the moon she says "goodbye."
The city people they snarl and fight,
So be it—what care I?

For gold I have buttercups instead,
I drink of the rill each day,
With yellow violets crown my head,
And with the fawn I play.
With nuts and blackberries I am fed,
My robe is broom and may,
On banks of moss do I make my bed,
Till pink lights break the gray.
Then I watch the dapples of morning red,
Until they fade away,
And over the sky the blue is spread,
And all the flowers are gay.
Oh, fare ye well, for the day is sped,
Here in the vale I stay.

TO A SWALLOW.

Little swallow thy flight is true,
Winging thy way into heaven's blue.
Far above in the pearly sky,
Higher and higher, sweet swallow, fly.

Go still higher and tell to me,
Little swallow, what thou dost see:
Boundless regions of light and air,
Glimmering cloudy networks fair,
And far below, all the pine-tops green,
And the peaceful, beautiful river seen.
Could'st thou ascend but one mile higher,
Methinks that heaven might be drawing nigher ;
Hadst thou the wings of the eagle strong,
Or the speckled lark with his far-famed song,
Could'st thou rise on the shining clouds,
Could'st thou rest on their vaporous shrouds,
Heaven still would be far away,
Thou could'st not reach it in any way.
But still, sweet swallow, the breeze blows fair,
And cool and pure is the upper air,
But come thou down to thy clay-built nest,
And I will also retire to rest.

THE SEA-NYMPHS.

Suggested by a picture by a Parisian artist.

I wandered once by ocean's shore,
With all its ceaseless dirge and roar,
When, from some spacious coral caves,
Five sea-nymphs came to greet the waves.
The first was young, almost a child,
She sang in silver tones so wild.
They called her Coral ; she did wear
A branch of coral in her hair.
Her lips were red as coral bright,
Her large gray eyes were full of light,
Her hair was dark, her footstep free,
And swift she hastened toward the sea.
And next, with locks that flowed behind,
Twin sisters ran with arms entwined.
Their eyes of ocean's faintest blue,
Their flying curls of pearly hue,
Pearlita and Pearlina they,
And quick they bounded towards the bay
With pearls upon their necks of snow,
Pearls from the hidden depths below.
Behind, another child did run,
Her azure eyes were bright with fun,
Amber she wore in amber hair,
Her name was Amber, she was fair,
But not as lovely as the last,
Who from the cave of coral passed.
Her hair was like the brown sea-moss,
It hung in ringlets soft as floss,

Her eyes were clear, dark blue—her form
Was beautiful with shell-tints warm.
This nymph, Anemone, did wear
Her rosy namesakes in her hair.
The sisters twain looked back and smiled
Upon the golden headed child.
And now, as Coral's clear voice rang,
I hearkened ; this is what she sang :

“ Oh how fast, how fast I run,
Full of merriment and fun.
On I fly through spray and foam,
'Mid the great blue waves I roam.
Swift I rush away, away,
With the white-caps leap and play ;
On the dolphin's back I ride
Through the cool refreshing tide.
Or on rocks I take my stand,
There to view the distant land.
Yesterday I lay so still,
Ne'er a sea-breeze could I feel.
In our coral home confined,
For the waves I longed and pined.
Yet 'tis beautiful down there,
All the roof is amber fair,
All the floor is coral red,
Soft sea-mosses make our bed,
Pearly walls around us shine,
Shells are ornaments so fine.
'Twas to-day, I said at last,
'Ah ! how many days have passed,
Since we heard the billows roar,
Since we bounded on the shore ! ”

So I told my heart's desire
To the great sea-king, our sire,
Pleading long and bending low,
Till he gave us leave to go.
So we climbed the coral stairs,
So we breathe the fresh salt airs,
So we come to greet the spray,
That we longed for every day."

This was young Coral's happy strain,
And now I heard the sisters twain :

"From whence we come, do you want to know?
We come from palaces down below,
With amber ceilings and pearly walls,
And coral floors where the dim light falls.
The windows, translucent tortoise-shell,
With bars of coral to guard them well.
On sea-moss beds do we there recline,
And we have our jewelry fair and fine—
Carnelian necklets and agate rings,
And shining pearls that we string in strings.
Then out we go in the water there,
(For we breathe the water or breathe the air).
The depths are still and they do not move,
And we rest awhile in a rocky cove,
A cave or cove all beneath the sea,
A lovely place where we love to be.
Then we have our pets, and they all are tame,
And each one comes when we call its name.
And one of these is a dolphin strong,
That carries us swift as the tide along,
And many journeys with him we go,
And make our pleasure trips to and fro.

Yet love we better the upper air,
 The breezes cool and the sunlight fair,
 The undimmed sunlight that lights the day,
 And the bounding billows that toss and play,
 And the silver moonlight and heaving swell,
 And the buoys with whistle or ringing bell,
 Left there by men—we delight in these,
 And we love our freedom and open seas.
 But yet our father, the sea-king old,
 Who sits on a throne of pearl and gold,
 Rarely, so rarely, allows us here.
 We are strong and nimble, he need not fear,
 At last, to-day, did he grant this boon,
 But he will not grant it again too soon.”

Thus those two nymphs did end their song,
 And Amber sang, as she ran along :

“ See the waves at play,
 Flashing in the bay,
 Follow, follow on,
 Till the race be won.
 Who the first shall leap,
 In those waters deep,
 Who with footstep light,
 Reach the foam wreaths white,
 With them crown her hair,
 Shroud her shoulders bare?
 Who will be the best,
 Who will beat the rest,
 Playing hide-and-peek,
 In wave-hollows sleek?
 Then another time,

Who will highest climb
On some crest of foam,
Who can farthest roam,
Just from crest to crest,
Who can beat the rest,
Can it well be done?
Follow, follow on,
Till the race be won."

So she ceased, and the next began,
In a sweet, sweet voice as she fleetly ran :
"The wind blows fresh and the sky is clear,
So let us hasten, my sisters dear,
Hasten away to the darling sea,
Hasten away to the white-caps free,
Play in the spray and ride on the waves,
Far from the shore where the wild wind raves,
Laugh at the gulls as they scream and play,
Frolic as careless and swift as they.
And when we tire we may then recline
On some tossing, wavering, heap of brine,
Lightly balanced, to drift and float,
Aimlessly, like an empty boat,
Watching the glint of a fisher's sail,
Fluttering out in the distance pale.
But when the evening, with burning ire,
Shall set the tops of the waves on fire,
We shall shriek with joy at the fairy sight,
While our faces glow with the rosy light.
And when the sweet moon shall rise once more,
And the sands shall glitter like gold on shore,
And the sea shall gleam, and the tide go down,
And leave great tangles of sea-weed brown,

We will sing sweet songs to the peaceful skies,
 Which slow and clear through the air shall rise.
 Then, diving down, we shall gaily go,
 To our dim snug home in the depths below."
 With that they vanished from my sight,
 Among the wild waves capped with white.

I MET YOU IN A DREAM AT NIGHT.

I met you in a dream at night,
 Before the morn's awakening light
 Had come to rouse me from my sleep,
 When shadows still were thick and deep,
 While swift the minutes winged their flight,
 I met you in a dream at night.

I met you in a dream at night,
 I saw your brow so smooth and white,
 I saw the darkness of your hair,
 I met your eyes so quiet and fair,
 A few sweet moments brief and bright,
 I met you in a dream at night.

Yet oftener than in dreams at night,
 You come before my inner sight,
 My fancy brings you here at will,
 My memory clings around you still,
 And little snatches of delight
 I spend with you by day or night.

A MEMORY.

A slope of snow and a mild March day,
Some bare plum trees 'gainst a sky of gray,
And a happy child with her sled at play.

A wee brown bird on a dripping bough,
A song both simple and sweet, I trow,
And the child has stopped—she is listening now.

So clear, so plaintive, that little strain,
She longs and listens—it comes again,
She is thrilled with pleasure through every vein.

Now three years gone is that March sky's gray,
The wee brown birdie has flown away,
But the child's heart rings with the song to-day.

EVENING.

Evening is here, and in the western sky
The quiet hues of twilight gently lie.

The pines are black against that brightness seen,
The breeze is still, the grass is soft and green.

The simple music of a wild wood bird,
From branchy solitudes is faintly heard.

Upon the dusty road no form is found,
And peace and restfulness are all around.

THE STRAINS SHE PLAYED.

Oh! the sweet little strains she played,
 Sweet little strains of the days gone by ;
 Their simple music will never fade,
 The notes from my fingers will never die.

Rippling melody, clear and bold,
 That I listened to with a loving pride,
 Gay, pretty things she played of old,
 As I stood quiet there at her side.

Two merry girls, child friends were we,
 In the happy days not long gone by,
 Just three years past, only three,
 And there scarce was a cloud to dim our sky.

She has played the same strains over again,
 And I from listening can play a few,
 And their echoes stay with me and remain,
 And they seem familiar and yet are new.

And they take me back to the sunny past,
 And I live again in the olden days,
 For memories throng up thick and fast,
 Just from the sweet little strains she plays.

WHEN THE ROBINS COME.

When the robins come it is cold and bright,
 No flowers cheer us with scent and bloom,
 No sweet hepaticas blue and white,
 When the robins come.

But they sing of raindrops and bursting buds,
 Spring beauties, trilliums and star-flowers fair,
 And airy nests in the cool green woods,
 And the songs heard there.

And the blue, blue sky, and the floating cloud,
 And the pretty bowers in the beech-trees' maze,
 We think of these when their songs are loud,
 In the bright spring days.

We begin to feel that the Spring is near,
 When the crows fly back to their Northern home,
 But we know indeed she is really here,
 When the robins come.

TO RIVERSCLIFF.

On the St. Lawrence.

Wave on, ye dark green pine-trees !
 Against the clear blue sky,
 O may ye wave a thousand years,
 Before ye fall and die .
 A thousand years of human tears,
 Ye will not stand so long,
 But may ye stay for many a day,
 And flourish tall and strong.

Flow on thou broad, deep river,
 Flow past the scenes I love,

Dash wildly like a lion fierce,
 Or pass like some meek dove,
 That home to nest, with peaceful breast,
 Unruffled takes its way,
 Flow calmly thus, thou river fair,
 Just as thou dost to-day.

Stand there, ye cliffs so rugged !
 Ye monuments of time,
 While up and down your cold gray sides,
 The ferns and mosses climb,
 And lichens pale and flowers frail
 Adorn ye all around,
 And with the green and waving grass
 Your hoary brows are crowned.

May never the rude city
 With buildings mar this place,
 No dust and grime of streets pollute,
 Nor wharves these shores deface.
 May children still with frolic fill
 This sweet and happy spot,
 When we by all but these same cliffs
 And river are forgot.

THE CLOUDLANDS.

I travelled one eve to fairyland,
 With somebody that I love,
 And we sailed away on a fairy lake,
 In the shining skies above,

We only sat on an old gray stone,
And gazed at the sunset fair,
But we gazed so long, that our souls were gone
Afar to those realms of air.

We wandered off to a cloudland dim,
A flat land soft and blue,
With a distant town and some waving trees,
Just peeping, half hid from view.

We went to a land of peaceful lakes,
Made bright by the rosy skies,
As we travelled through they were ever new,
And changed 'neath our wondering eyes.

How sad I felt when I found just then,
That the dim blue land was gone,
And the far off town that I loved so much,
But the lakeland still stayed on.

The lakes o'erflowed and were joined in one,
With a steep and wooded shore,
And we glided slow, on its silent breast,
Through regions unseen before.

It changed again to a river calm,
A river in sunset light,
With shores reflected—we glided down,
And out on an ocean bright.

It faded slowly, and back we came,
Down there to our old gray stone,
And we homeward turned, and our fairyland
Dissolved in the twilight lone.

THE TUG AND ITS TOW.

Slowly, lazily, up the motionless river,
Throwing long reflections, a tug boat creeps,
Trailing a heavy tow of schooners and barges,
Through the heat, while the shore on each side sleeps.

I see it there, far off from the sun-steeped village,
Gliding silently, soft as any dream ;
I love it, my thoughts pursue it when it is hidden
By thick trees, through which the bright waters gleam.

I know its shape, so darkly dear and familiar,
Would that I were on it to ride away,
From this heat to a little of life and action,
Coolness too, for there little breezes play.

Little breezes just barely ruffling the water,
Just enough to blur those reflections long,
Scarce dispelling the molten heat that is falling,
From the pale sky, unceasing, fierce and strong.

Slowly, lazily, up the motionless river,
Like a dream with a string of regrets behind,
Goes the tug, while I stare at the trees that hide it,
One more glimpse of its dear dark shape to find.

AN HOUR BEFORE DAWN.

The crescent moon is shining like a lamp,
With diamond clearness, in the steel blue sky,
Shedding a lustre white and marvellous,
Around her, crystalline in purity.

The stars and planets scattered widely round
Do seem like quiet eyes, calm, fair and strange,
That look on this world's trouble and unrest,
Serenely, pityingly and never change.

Below the night wind rustles through the trees,
Uttering that mystic speech we cannot learn,
But understand a fragment now and then,
Which we can show each other in our turn.

It is that wondrous hour before the dawn,
When night is reigning yet so keen and chill,
And when the fret and worry of the day
And jar and noise are dead, and all is still.

A LITTLE PICTURE.

A row of maples,
A cloudy sky,
A road all dusty
That stretches by.

An old plank sidewalk
With green grass patched,
An old gray farm house
With gate unlatched.

A row of willows
The farm yard screens,
And cheers the roadside,
With cool, fresh greens.

Above the sidewalk
Their young boughs bend,
Do you remember
That time, dear friend?

THE LANGUAGE OF THE MAPLES.

Along the street stand the maples, a waving, whispering row,
They speak if breezes but stir them, in murmurs gentle and low.
Their voices rise with the storm winds, and swell and turn to a cry,
But sink again into silence when all the wind has gone by.

They soothe me when I am weary, give comfort when I am sad,
They hush my inward complainings, they laugh, too, when I am glad,
Or will, if only I listen, it is not often I do,
But rather gaze at them, tossing their branches next to the blue.

They bring me many a message from far off trees that I love,
When, brisk and freshening, the West winds along the row are amove.

At night, in rainfall and darkness, when other voices
are still,
Around the house I can hear them, with speech the
silence they fill.

But is it speaking or music? now one, now other it
seems,
It is so strange and so fitful, like one that talks in his
dreams,
That I can scarce understand it, sometimes I think it
is plain,
And then a meaningless rustle, that drops to nothing
again.

O green they stand in their beauty, those trees—in
summertime pride,
But lose nor beauty nor speech, when the leaves have
faded and died.
O fair indeed are the wreaths, that they wear in
emerald May,
But lovely too, is the frost work, the crystal, glitter-
ing spray.

In bold relief do the branches stand out, so brown
and so bare,
Against the pale skies of Winter, when snows are
harboring there.
Or turned to pearl by the hoar frost, near cloudless
blue are they seen,
A blue far bluer than bright skies of June or August
have been.

The North wind rushes among them, but firm and
dauntless they stand,
They know not pining nor drooping, that storm-tried,
tempest-tossed band.
They tell the news that he brings them, from regions
ice-locked and cold,
They speak good cheer from the North lands and
words courageous and bold.

The East wind comes with his snow-clouds and
driving, scattering sleet,
And brings them tales from the ocean, of surf with
thundering feet,
Of fog banks blinding and chilly, and wails for boats
that are lost,
Or tells of favoring weather and vessels safe that
have crossed.

Then sweeping swift from the prairies, o'er many
snow-covered miles,
And down the frozen St. Lawrence, among the num-
berless isles,
It comes, the wandering West wind, I love it better
than all,
And down it peals through the branches, with sound-
ing musical call.

Then comes the South wind, and with it the sunny
days of the Spring,
The boughs are loaded with catkins, and robins mer-
rily sing,

And May comes in, and the green leaves all fresh
and crumpled peep out,
And gently whisper the maples, when South winds
sway them about.

Sometimes the maples are silent, when frost falls
heavy as lead,
And no wind blows in the night-time and warmth
and motion seem dead,
And house walls crack, like a vessel at sea that strains
in a gale ;
'Tis then the maples are quiet and stand there rigid
and pale.

And so in hot days of Summer, when breezes faint
ere they come,
And in still days of the Autumn or Spring they
always are dumb.
At other times they are speaking, when other friends
are not near,
Are speaking and telling secrets, and those who listen
may hear.

THE STOVE IN CAMP.

O'er all the unfamiliar scene,
The night had dropt a curtain damp ;
The day had hard and toilsome been,
And now we gathered into camp.

Among us rose discouragement,
For we were tired and wet and cold,
Some were beginning to lament
Their coming here to look for gold.

Others, more sanguine, still declared
Our difficulties soon would melt,
But all one common feeling shared,
The utter strangeness each one felt.

The utter strangeness of the place,
The thought that we were here alone,
And not a single friendly face,
Or friendly voice, except our own.

But one accustomed thing we had,
A little stove that brightly blazed ;
It cheered us all, and we were glad,
And each its heat and comfort praised.

And as we grouped around it there,
It seemed to speak to us of home ;
The crackle and the ruddy glare
Dispelled our discontent and gloom.

And each of us, in that small light,
Could see some room he knew before ;
Where he, on many a winter's night,
Had heard his own stove burn and roar.

And in the chimney, too, the wind,
Would weirdly wail or gently croon,
And what a comfort he would find,
In that well-known and plaintive tune.

The logs would snap, the wailing blast
Would shake the house almost, the snow
Would choke the windows, all made fast,
With curtains drawn and blinds pulled low.

And well loved faces he could see,
And kindly voices he could hear,
Oh happy times that used to be,
When those he loved the best were near!

Such memories had every one,
And from complaints our tongues were turned ;
A talk of home was now begun,
Around the stove that gaily burned.

And fresh resolves and plans were made,
Fresh hopes sprung up, and laugh and jest,
The ghost of discontent was laid,
Before we all had gone to rest.

THE FLOWER FACES.

O the little flower faces!
How they greet me everywhere!
Loving faces, as of children,
Fresh and dainty, pure and fair.

Peeping at me from the roadsides,
Smiling from the woodlands green,
Underneath the shifting shadows,
Blooming where the snow has been.

They are nearly all familiar,
That is why I love them so,
I remember well loved places,
Where I plucked them long ago.

At the red-brown, gabled cottage,
Where the lawn was dewy wet,
Grew the little snow-white violets
That I never can forget.

And when I inhale the fragrance,
Of the ones I gather here,
Then a memory comes before me,
That I ever hold as dear.

I and someone else are playing,
On that green lawn in the spring,
Someone who is tender-hearted,
She can pity everything.

I would have a bunch of violets,
But my ruthless hand she stays ;
"Do not pick the little flowers,
Let the poor things live," she says.

She protects them, letting no one
Tread them down with heedless feet.
Now they blossom every springtime,
Just as fresh and just as sweet.

Sometimes I am very tired,
Vexed or troubled at the heart,
Then I wish that I were lying
On that lawn, alone, apart.

With my face down in the violets,
Underneath the open sky,
Then all troubles and vexations
Far away would quickly fly.

Not far distant from that cottage,
Where the pines were dark and tall,
There the airy foam-flowers rested,
And the star-flowers shy and small.

And the lilies-of-the-valley,
Odorous and creamy white,
Decked the little winding footpath,
Making dark recesses bright.

And in June there came another,
In its own large leaves embowered,
Raspberry the wise ones call it,
And they say 'tis purple flowered.

But to me it is as lovely,
As the richest flower that blows,
With its blossoms just resembling
Some delightful hedge-row rose.

There were wild bush-honeysuckles,
And herb-Roberts pinky-red,
And the pretty blue ground-ivy
Like a thick, soft carpet spread.

The hepaticas, in April,
Clustered on that self-same steep,
Milky-white and blue and purple,
Smiling as they waked from sleep.

I remember, too, a meadow,
Where the railroad used to pass,
There anemones were growing,
Whitening all the knee-deep grass.

Then again, there are some others,
I can call into my mind,
That I miss in woods and roadways,
That I seek and never find.

Saxifrages ; how I loved them,
Like white sheep they grew in flocks,
Where the soil was thin and shallow,
Overlying flat gray rocks.

Slender columbines so graceful,
Nodding from the granite cliff,
Corydals all pink and golden,
Wintergreens erect and stiff.

These are memory's fadeless flowers,
They will always bloom for me,
I could tell of many others,
But my song too long would be.

O the little flower faces !
How they greet me everywhere !
Loving faces, as of children,
Fresh and dainty, pure and fair.

A MOTHER'S SONG.

Hush, hush, my darling, do not cry,
A little bed so soft and dry,
I'll make for baby bye-and-bye,
'Neath pines that seem to touch the sky,
Where summer breezes wander nigh,
And stir the flowers frail and shy,
And there the bee shall come and pry,
And after him the butterfly,
And birds shall sing thee lullaby,
And there I'll lay my baby.

The whole long morning I shall sit,
Beside thy moss-built bed, and knit
Some hood or sock for baby fit,
In winter days, or scarf or mitt,
And thou shalt watch me fashion it,
And see my needles flash and flit,
By rambling woodland sunbeams smit ;
Then shall thy tiny face be lit,
With smiles to praise the mother's wit,
Who works for thee, my baby.

The gentle winds that come and go,
Shall tell thee things I may not know,
And rock the pine boughs to and fro,
And they will speak in voices low,
And all the flowers that round us blow,
With brightest hues for thee shall glow,
All Nature shall sweet secrets show,
The pines their shadows deep shall throw,
And sleep fall on thine eyelids slow,
And thou shalt rest, my baby.

THE AUTUMN RAMBLE.

We walked abroad one Sunday afternoon,
We left the village, struck across the fields,
And came to where a little river wound,
Between low banks, with many a curve and bend ;
But on the further side rose higher ground,
And autumn woods, with hosts of leafless trees,
Enmixed with pines and hemlocks, velvet dark.
No matter how much of the week's unrest
Was harbored in our breasts, we left it there ;
For there, in utter peace and quietness
Was Nature, keeping Sabbath all alone.
O very gray and calm that river was,
For little ripples scarcely altered it,
And all those ripples spoke in music tones,
" Stay, rest, sit down and soothe thy tired eyes
By gazing on this small expanse of gray ;
Forget the petty strifes and puny cares
That ever keep thee from thy better self,
And think on something holier and higher."
Then, from the clouds, a yellow sunbeam broke,
Bright as a kindly smile ; and that same hue
Appeared upon the water underneath.
And further on that river bank we went,
Then left it, turning off into a road
That ran along the border of a field,
And now was fallen almost to disuse ;
We followed it until we reached the gate.
Thither the cows that pastured in the field
Were going ; slowly some and some in haste,
Some grouped in twos and threes, and some alone ;
And in a crowd they gathered round the gate,

Dumbly expectant, waiting patiently,
Each till the boy should come to drive her home.
Then back we turned and strayed about the field,
So dry and tawny now, that once was green,
And scrambled on the hummocks, that were crowned
With withered rushes. Near the river shore
We sought the traces of another road,
More ancient than the one we just had left.
We found it quite disused and overgrown,
And traced the line of logs that had been laid
To carry it across the bit of marsh,
By brawny hands that long had ceased to toil.
There was a pine, that grew on what had been
The roadside once. Beneath it I sat down,
But for a moment ; had I lingered long,
How much it could have told me of the days,
When it and those who made the road were young ;
Who travelled on the road, who plied the oar,
Upon the river, who first cleared the woods,
Who built his log house nearest to the spot,
In those brave hardy times so long ago.
But while I sat and watched the soft green boughs,
And heard the hushing whisper of the wind
That stirred in them, the pine tree seemed to say,
" Where are they now who travelled on this road
In summer days and sunshine long ago ?
Or passed through storms of winter long ago ?
Some here, but many gone, and where are they ?
Laid low and hid and covered with the grass,
Like these same logs that lie beneath thy feet,
Forgotten almost, soon forgotten quite,
As thou shalt be ere long. O it were sad,

If there were nothing else beyond the grave,
But to lie down, forgotten and disused,
Forgotten and disused, and covered up !
But there is something else ; think thou on that,
And fit thyself to tread another path,
Another path that never knows decay.”
I left the pine, although I fain had stayed,
And on the river bank we all sat down,
And there the sun broke through the clouds again,
As if it, likewise, bade us look above.
And then we saw clear sky of purest blue,
And little fleecy clouds, all rosy white.
And the gray shallow river at our feet
Showed fathoms deep, and all transparent blue ;
And at the bottom, all those little clouds
Like pearly paving stones too fine to tread.
It seemed that one in jumping from the bank,
Might fall a mile or more before he reached,
The azure flooring, shining far below.
O what a change that sunshine made for us !
It showed a sweep of blue and smiling sky,
And shining clouds ; it decked the autumn woods,
It warmed the velvet pines to golden green ;
It turned the dry and tawny grass to gold ;
It took the little bank on which we sat,
The little bank at best a few feet high,
And turned it to a great and mighty cliff,
From which we gazed into a calm blue sea.
And there, high up, we sat and looked beneath,
And never looked enough ; and then, at last,
Unwillingly we left the peaceful spot,
And wandered home again across the fields,
And carried back a little bit of heaven.

MOONSET.

The sky is very calm and clear,
The stars are large and fair and bright,
But morning now is drawing near,
It is the last hour of the night.

O strange and pure that moonlight seems,
Like nothing that we see by day,
It slants across the snow and streams
Upon the maples bare and gray.

The shadows that those maples cast,
Are dark and lengthened, stretching far,
While wrapped in peace too good to last,
The silent, sleeping houses are.

But now the cocks begin to crow,
With cheerful voices round about,
The sinking moon burns mild and low,
And one by one the stars go out.

A pearly light, a steel gray sky,
A yellow glow, an orange streak,
Proclaim that night too soon must go,
And now the day begins to break.

AN INVITATION TO THE WOODS.

Come with me, and we will wander,
In this wood so dark and deep ;
Come with me, and I will show you
Where the small spring flowers peep.

Do you know the wild wood flowers ?
 They are little friends of mine.
 Come with me, and I will show you
 Where their starry faces shine.

Starry faces have the star-flowers,
 And the tiny gold-threads too ;
 Well I know their hiding places,
 I will show them all to you.

I will show you hosts of bell-flowers,
 In a little fairy glade,
 On the borders of the woodland,
 Where the sunshine meets the shade.

Do you love sweet-scented flowers ?
 I know where the sweetest bloom ;
 Fair wild lilies-of-the-valley
 Hide beneath the hemlock's gloom.

Where pine-needles lie the thickest,
 Little dainty ferns upspring,
 And on old and fallen tree trunks,
 Soft green-golden mosses cling.

It is very still and peaceful,
 We will sit down there and rest,
 We will let our mother Nature
 Soothe us on her kind old breast.

There the breeze shall cool your forehead,
 With a light, caressing touch,
 And the trees will whisper to you,
 That will rest you, O so much.

You shall hear the wild birds singing
Many a clear and simple lay,
Hear them calling to each other,
From some thicket far away.

You will feel your little worries
Fly away and leave you free,
You may find perhaps new pleasures,
New and strange, so come with me.

THE VILLAGE BY THE ST. LAWRENCE.

(Old Lancaster.)

Down on the shore of the river the village in quiet-
ness lies,
Down on the shore of the river, that mirrors the
beautiful skies,
Mirrors the spaces of azure and shows us the white
clouds that change,
Swiftly and silently ever, to forms that are wondrous
and strange.


All of the streets in the village are bordered with
turf that is green,
Some are grown over and covered, and only the
wheel-tracks are seen.

Green is that turf in the spring, when the fruit trees
are all dressed in white ;
Green is that turf in the fall, when the maples are
crimson and bright.

Sleepy and still is the village, with little of bustle or
stir,
Saving the sound of a couple of mills with their throb
and their whirr,
One on each side of the bridge, near a small winding
river they stand,
Just where it meets with the great one and leaves the
embrace of the land.

Peaceful and calm is the great one, on many a warm
afternoon,
Then you may stop on the bridge, where you hear
the monotonous tune
Hummed by the two busy mills, and may look at the
pine logs beneath,
Drifting so lazily down, to be torn by the saw's
gleaming teeth.

Then you may gaze at the water, or else at the
distance afar,
Off behind Monument Island, and see where the blue
mountains are,
Lovely, yet how unsubstantial, how fine and how airy
they seem,
Stretching along the horizon, as hazy and dim as a
dream.



When you have idled enough, and have basked in
the sun, you may stray,
All through the streets and examine the houses you
pass on your way,
Many are low-built and dingy, and all of them nearly
are old,
Some are entirely deserted and left to the moss and
the mould.

Peeping through clustering trees you may notice a
different kind,
Neat little places with gardens and apple trees grow-
ing behind,
Then there are poor people's dwellings, each one with
its own patch of ground,
Planted with Indian corn and tobacco and well fenced
around.

Now you may go to the place where the old Scottish
kirk stands alone ;
Sunlight is gilding its steeple and flooding its bare
walls of stone,
Breezes are wandering round it, and over the grave-
yard they pass,
Stirring the little acacias that shadow the shimmer-
ing grass.

O but that grave yard is sunny ! no darkness or
gloominess there,
Soapworts are blossoming in it, and roses so dainty
and fair ;

Many a year they have opened their buds to the soft
summer rain,
Many years yet they will open, as long as the graves
shall remain.

Now you may go back again by the streets you have
passed through before,
Down to the murmuring river, and sit for a while on
the shore,
Watching the quivering ripples, that hardly disturb
its broad breast,
Hearing them talk to the stones, in small voices that
hush you to rest.

Down on the shore of the river the village in quiet-
ness lies,
Down on the shore of the river, that mirrors the
beautiful skies,
Mirrors them all the day long, till the dark like a
mantle is spread,
Over its silent gray face, and the stars glimmer out
overhead.

A MESSAGE FOR THE MOONBEAMS.

Moonbeams! moonbeams! piercing the dusk and
gloom,
Streaming across the bedstead here in my little room

Shedding a kindly radiance, mellow and rich and
bright,
Carry away a message to those that I love, to-night.

Go to them all, no matter if they should be far or
near ;
Visit the absent loved ones and those that are with
me here,
Shine on the roofs above them, soft on the house
walls shine,
Enter their windows, moonbeams, just as you enter
mine.

Bring to them light and peace and thoughts that will
make them smile,
Banish all care and sorrow just for a little while.
Beautiful, airy moonbeams, pearly and silver white
Carry my message with you to those that I love,
to-night.

GATHERING BLACKBERRIES.

Three of us gathering blackberries, up there by the
roadside high,
Up on the slope of some steep brown rocks, where
blackberry brambles lie,

Near to the tumble-down old rail fence, where the
fruit is best to eat,
Readily into our eager hands fall clusters so ripe and
sweet.

One of us there is a tall young girl, she has seen but
sixteen years,
Gray are her eyes and her hair is brown, and health
in her cheek appears ;
One is a boy with a sun-tanned face, and he has dark
eyes and hair,
Dark eyes, like the shining blackberries he is gather-
ing gaily there.

He is the age of the gray-eyed girl, like her he is
somewhat tall,
He is full merry and light of heart, and merry indeed
are all.
Next comes the last and the youngest one, a child of
fourteen years old,
Blue eyed is she and has ruddy cheeks, and hair with
a gleam of gold.

Three of us gathering blackberries, and luscious and
large are they,
Juicy and pleasant to youthful taste, so we pluck
them while we may.
Soon shall the icicles hang in rows where blackberries
hung before ;
Soon shall the years of our youth be past, when we
may come here no more,

Yes, it was only a dream that came to me in the
silent night,
Only a dream! and it flew away like mist with the
morning light.
Why did I dream they were both so young? I should
have been younger too,
Merely a toddler to follow them, as once I was used'
to do.

Yet they were both of an age with me, I think it was
very strange!
Both of them just as they used to be, untroubled by
time or change.
That is the pleasantest part of dreams, and that was
a pleasant dream,
But oh, it vanished too soon, too soon, it fled with the
morning's gleam.

Three of us gathering blackberries, and I was among
the three,
I was the girl with the eyes of gray, and happy I was
and free ;
Brother and sister were with me there, although in a
dream, I know,
But one came back from the silent world, and both
from the long ago.

THE LITTLE BROWN HOUSE ON THE HILL.

Dear little brown house, up on the hill !
Brightly the sunshine falls on you still,
Flowers are blooming close to your door,
Tangled and wild, a garden no more.
Hop-vines are climbing up on your wall,
Haws from the thorn trees rustle and fall.
Up on your roof, like velvety gold,
Mosses have hid the shingles so old,
Rose bushes grow right up to your eave,
On their green sprays the small spiders weave
Silvery webs from silken thread spun.
Panes of your window flash in the sun ;
Tall grass is growing high as the sill,
Dear little brown house, up on the hill !

Dear little brown house, up on the hill !
You have been racked by East winds so chill,
Oft have you felt the pitiless sleet,
You have been dried and shrunk by the heat,
Burdening snows upon you have lain,
You have withstood the frost and the rain,
Bravely and well, for many a year,
Just as when I dwelt happily here.
Then I lay down contented at night,
Finding each morn some different delight.
All those glad days have vanished ! but yet,
Kind little house, I cannot forget.
Memories sweet my idle hours fill,
Dear little brown house, up on the hill !

A PLEASANT PLACE.

There is a pleasant place I know,
Where many flowers bloom and blow.
It is a road that passes down
A hill not quite outside the town ;
And it is rough and steep and wide,
But grass grows up on either side.
The dogbane hangs its pink bells there,
And bindweeds, delicately fair,
Hold up their cups to catch the dew,
While bugloss, rough and tall and blue,
And daisies with their golden eyes,
Are mingled in fantastic wise.
There is one spot, just near the top,
Where water trickles drop by drop,
Escaping from a garden green,
And here forget-me-nots are seen
Among the damp grass, running wild,
Blue-eyed and dainty as a child.
Across the road from these wee things,
Just half way down, an elder springs ;
Erect and strong, it rears its head
And shows its berries gay and red.
And near the bottom may be found
Small groups of ferns all scattered round.

A bramble lifts its prickly height,
And shows its wreaths of blossom white.
Then coming last, to end the year,
The yellow golden-rods appear.
This is the pleasant place I know,
Where many flowers bloom and blow.

A NOVEMBER DAY.

We say November is a month of rain,
With dreary, leaden skies and sleet and frost ;
A chill month, when the year is on the wane,
And we lament the summer we have lost.

And so it often is, but, see, to-day !
A sky as blue as any sky can be,
A sky all full of light, where cloud-mists stray,
With sunshine pouring down continually.

And there is scarcely breeze enough to stir
The few dead leaves that to the maples cling,
Or make the outlines of the fine twigs blur,
Or move the idle boughs to sway and swing.

And so they stand there silent in the sun,
Bedecked with many a strange, uncertain hue.
The trunks are dusky gray, the branches dun,
The twigs show purple up against the blue.

And up into that blue, from chimney-tops,
White smoke arises through the air so keen.
A little way it rises, then it stops,
And then disperses, and no more is seen.

And underfoot, the frozen ground is cold,
Yet warm it looks, because it is so dry.
The sunshine paints the faded grass with gold,
And tints the few green streaks with deeper dye.

How quiet the village street is, and how still !
How beautiful the sky is, and the trees !
So beautiful that I must gaze my fill,
We have but few November days like these . .

THE RAIN UPON THE ROOF.

Oh, I love to hear the rain upon the iron roof at night !
And I lie awake and listen, with a feeling of delight,
To the wild and mystic murmur, to the rushing,
rustling sound,
That is like a mighty flood where every other noise
is drowned.

I can hardly hear the time-piece tick, so loud it
sometimes seems,
Yet so soft it hushes me to sleep, and mingles with
my dreams.
It is like a strain of music with its jars and discords
gone,
While the grandest part, the harmony, is speaking
out alone.

And I know I have an inner power that rises up in
me,
That shall silence all my discords, that shall some
time set me free
From the little, evil impulses, and coward thoughts
that cling,
And the puny, mean annoyances, that daily bite and
sting.

Slowly, slowly, very slowly, shall the better nature
rise
Over all the flaws and weaknesses and faults that I
despise ;
Many things shall cease to trouble me that vexed me
oft before,
And the frets and jars shall lessen, I shall hear the
music more.

Like the music of the raindrops shall that music
swell and grow,
And it will not stop or falter, in its progress calm and
slow,
And this short life shall be ended, while the discords
still decrease,
But some time they all will die away and I shall be
at peace.

