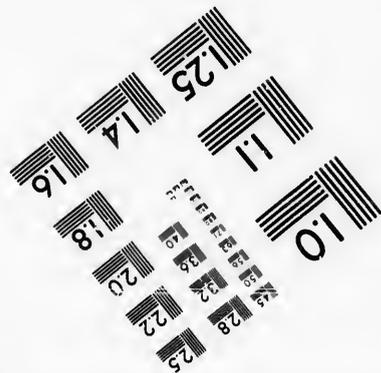
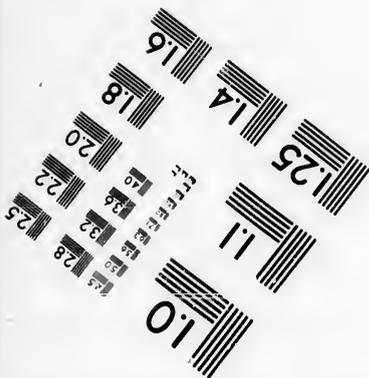
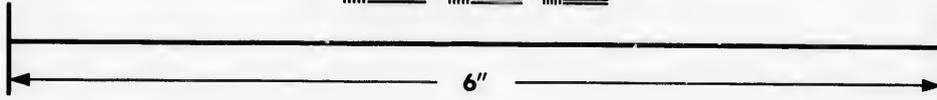
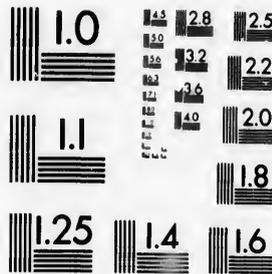


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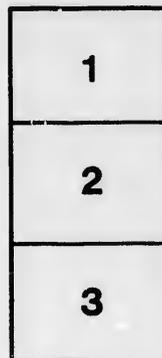
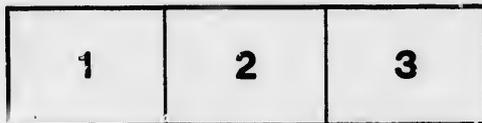
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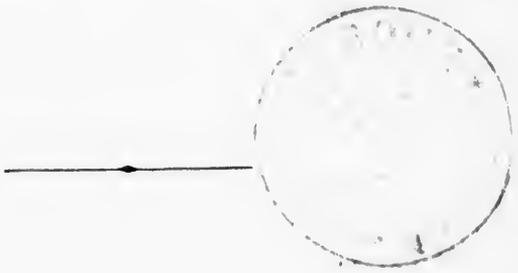
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OEMS

BY

WILLIAM T. URQUHART.



MONTREAL :

PRINTED BY JOHN LOVELL, ST. NICHOLAS STREET.

1868.

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# P O E M S.



## THE SONG OF THE SEA KINGS.

May 24th 1867.

Over the waters sounding right lustily,  
Borne on a breeze from the Northern Sea,  
Down from the voes and the wicks of Norland  
Where the Storm King reigns, mighty monarch is he ;  
    Where ships are stranding,  
    And tempests are banding  
    Together, to w          'd behest ;  
    From the Stor  
    Comes the sea,

To us sons of Old Norland out he

There is revelry and feasting in Valhalla's hall to-night,  
Each Viking bold, with crown of gold, hath donned his armour bright,  
And a thousand arms are lifted, and a thousand beakers shine,  
As to Ocean's Queen, VICTORIA, they quaff the good mead wine.

Stern "Beowulf of the Iron Hand," in mailed hauberk is there,  
And Hengist, stalwart warrior, with the tawny tangled hair ;  
And Torquil and Halco who (as legends say) of old  
Upheld the fight off Stormborough Height like Rovers staunch and  
    bold.

"Hurrah," they cry while yet more high the wild carousal grows,  
 And the waves above them roar and shout as a strong Nor' Easter blows,  
 "Though we are dead yet on ~~her~~ her head the Norseman's glories shine,  
 "And as her slaves she rules the waves, this Princess of our line."

"Far o'er the Northern Ocean a thousand years ago,  
 "We sailed in our 'Sea Dragons' nor feared a mortal foe,  
 "But our sons to-day surpass us, for their meteor flag unfurled,  
 "Like a ray of light, it flashes bright, in triumph round the world."

Then from the Past and Present the Vikings turn their eyes,  
 And gaze into the Future with triumph and surprisè;  
 Once more their joyous laughter shakes the Valhalla's hall—  
 Once more the waves are roaring, responsive to their call.

"Hurrah," they cry, and round the board cluster the weird band;  
 "Hurrah," once more, and high aloft is raised each shadowy hand;  
 "Down through long future ages, Bri'annia's sons we see,  
 "Still hold against all comers the Empire of the Sea!"

"Worthy are they to bear the flag that once their fathers bore—  
 Worthy are they the Ocean realm they won in days of yore,  
 When o'er the crested waters the praise of Odin rang,  
 And peans wild of Victory the Scandinavians sang!"

\* \* \* \* \*

A sweeter and a purer song sing the Sea Kings of to-day,  
 Which speaks of Peace and Fellowship to the nations far away;  
 And Britain's Queen, the "Peacemaker," from her fair Island throne,  
 Bids lawless Might succumb to Right, and the world her power own!

But while one drop of old Norse blood still courses through our veins—  
 Long as the Norseman's proud "Hurrah," our battle cry remains—  
 On land or sea, where'er it be, shall Britain's sons be seen,  
 Ready at need to fight and bleed, or die for Britain's Queen.

Over the waters sounding right lustily,  
 Is echoed the clamor of cannon and cheers,  
 Greeting HER loudly, loyally and proudly,  
 Our QUEEN, who grows dearer as pass the years ;  
     Sing to her, winds of May,  
     On this, her natal day ;  
 Sing her the songs of the Kings of the Sea ;  
     Hope and joy bring to her,  
     Shout for her, sing for her,  
 Hail her VICTORIA, QUEEN OF THE FREE !

---

### THE CHAMPIONS OF OLD.

In my little parlor sitting  
 By the fireside warm and bright,  
 While the clock's incessant ticking  
 Marks the watches of the night ;

Legendary tales and fancies  
 Tales of knightly deeds of yore,  
 Learned in early childhood's hour  
 In wild mingled vision pour.

Ho ! Sir Lanceolet the fearless,  
 Tarry with me for a space,  
 Royal and golden haired Guinevere,  
 Show awhile your peerless face.

Ho ! Sir Galahad "the stainless"  
 Sound your proud old battle cry,  
 Which once in Avilion's valley  
 Like a trumpet rose on high.

Knights heroic, champions regal  
 Of Britannia's matchless line,  
 Through the shadow of the centuries  
 Let your glittering hauberks shine.

Oh ! ye Bards whose plaintive harpings  
 Echoed once through Mona's glade,  
 Let me hear the murmured music  
 Of the patriot airs ye played.

Stern old Vikings, sons of Beowulf  
 Ye who ruled the northern sea,  
 Ye who Empire Oceanic  
 Gave to your posterity,

Leave awhile your grim carousing  
 In the dim Valhalla's hall,  
 O'er the wild Atlantic surges,  
 Let me hear the "Raven's Call."

Royal Arthur the true hearted,  
 Wake from thy enchanted rest,  
 Now that England needs thee sorely  
 Rear aloft the dragon's crest.

Red Cross Knight, St. George of England,  
 Raise your glorious battle cry,  
 Teach your sons to live as freemen  
 Teach them how brave men should die ;

Breathe your free and generous spirit,  
 'Mong your progeny again,  
 Let the Legend of the Empire  
 Be "For Honour" not "For Gain."

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Let not all your deeds of valour  
By your children be forgot,  
Let a ray of light chivalric  
Shine from grand old Camelot !

Though ye rise not at my bidding,  
Sounding like a trumpet call  
Lives the story of your valour,  
Kings and knights true heroes all ;

Echoed down through all the ages ;  
Long as Britain's name is heard,  
We will fight for " Merrie England"  
We will shout your banner word !

---

### RETROSPECTION.

Toward the road that's so far travelled through the valley of the years,  
I turn with ling'ring glances though half blinded by my tears ;  
Turn from the darkened shadows that o'er cloud my future way  
To the swift-fading sunshine of a brighter happier day.

Turn from the Present's toil and strife to catch a glimpse of dawn,  
From the quickly passing flowers of noon to the opening buds of morn ;  
From the burning Pride and Passion which blight all that's good and  
fair,  
To breathe, for one short fleeting moment, the early April air.

From the falsehood and deceit, from the empty dreams of good,  
From vain strivings after better things, unknown, misunderstood ;  
From the graves of broken promises that line each side the way—  
I turn in bitter anguish to childhood's calm and peaceful day.

And gazing backward tenderly where Hope's sunshine brightest fell,  
 Upon the still and dreamy air, rings Memory's silver bell,  
 And like a "Benedictus" sounding through the clouds of woe  
 Comes the sweet and muffled music of the happy "long ago."

Bright promises of youth, all in sadness passed away,  
 Oh, sunlight of the morning now fading to decay,  
 Upon my heart sprung tears once more in rainbow glory fall,  
 And with the flowers of Love and Hope deck Disappointment's pall.

Love, Friendship, all are fleeting, but one thing sure remains,  
 One ray of sunshine gleaming through the Future's cares and pains,  
 One changeless aureola lighting up the twilight grey  
 With purer, softer glory than shone on my earlier way.

And by that light which beams afar from the hills of light and truth,  
 From the realm of everlasting spring, and never-ending youth,  
 I'll strive to pierce the shadows which round my pathway fall,  
 And wait in tranquil peace until I hear Death's Angel call.

---

### THE LOVED AND LOST.

Lit by the fairy torches which Memory lends to guide us,  
 Through all the various turnings of life's dark and devious ways,  
 Cheered by the draughts ambrosial, Hope gives what'er betide us,  
 To soothe our nights of sadness, and illumine our lonely days,

I muse; and sombre twilight all the pleasant scene surrounding,  
 Floats on its misty chariot through the still and perfumed air,  
 And mingled with the waterfall, and the birds' soft vespers sounding,  
 I almost fancy that I hear, the fairy bugles blare:

Half sleep, half waking, phantom like, past joys and present sorrows,  
The varying lights and shadows, on life's everchanging stream,  
The smiles of buried yesterdays, the gloom of coming morrows,  
Before my spirit's vision mingle, like a shadowy dream.

Oh spirits of the loved and lost, on all the past attending,  
Ye who were too pure and holy, for this world of sin and tears,  
Still let your unseen presence, with my joys and sorrows blending,  
Surround me and support me, 'neath the burthen of the years.

And as the chastened sunlight, through a painted window streaming,  
Upon the sculptured sepulchre, of saint or martyr old,  
Among the grave's dull garniture with rainbow glory gleaming,  
Decks out the cold grey marble, in purple and in gold.

So shall your love and goodness, like Heav'n born rays descending,  
Through the funereal darkness of Time's o'erclouding pall,  
With many a sweet remembrance, half sad, half joyous blending,  
Upon the tomb of buried hopes, in golden sunshine fall.

---

### WANDERINGS OF THE NIGHT.

'Mid the blue mountains, where the sunshine lingers,  
Far in the West, though lowering shades decline  
In the wild forest, fresh from Nature's fingers,  
Sweet with the perfume of a breath divine ;  
Or on the lake, whose waters, all unruffled,  
Shine like a mirror 'neath the setting sun,  
The low soft winds have ceased their sweet complaining,  
And whisper gently that the Day is done.

O'er all the scene Night comes with dusky shadows,  
 And wraps all nature in its sombre pall,  
 While o'er us too its magic influence stealing,  
 We sink to silence and to slumber all ;  
 Then our freed spirits leave their earthly dwelling,  
 Soaring aloft thro' the dark vault of night,  
 And mingling with the scenes and friends of childhood,  
 With well-loved spirits once again unite.

And thus it chanced from home and dear ones parted,  
 I stood one night upon a foreign strand,  
 And ere I slept, as taught me in my childhood,  
 I knelt to Him who holds us in His hand ;  
 Then guardian angels spread their wings around me,  
 (Sweet is the sleep His peace alone can give),  
 And turning back a space upon life's pathway,  
 Amid the scenes of vanished years I live.

\* \* \* \* \*

How well I know the old remembered garden,  
 Where in my childhood I was wont to play,  
 The sparkling river and the weeping willows,  
 Where oft I've gambolled on a summer day.  
 I hear the ripple of the tiny cascade,  
 The merry clicking of the distant mill,  
 I see the cherry bloom drift in the moonlight,  
 And the old beech wood on the neighb'ring hill.

I stand beneath the green verandah's shadow,  
 Mid the moss roses and the jasmine's bloom,  
 And the cool midnight air around seems fragrant  
 And bathed in sweetness with their rich perfume ;  
 Slowly I see the well known house-door open,  
 And my lost mother's dear loved form appears,—  
 Thus through the portals of the days departed,  
 Rise the blest memories of distant years.

Sweet as the ray of evening's starlight tender,  
 Is the kind smile my mother bends on me,  
 And the glad words of love and cheer she utters,  
 Like music echo'd o'er a tranquil sea.  
 Happy the moments, blest beyond comparing,  
 When with loved ones departed we unite—  
 Blissful the hours, fadeless and pure the flow'rs  
 Which deck the chaplet of the magic Night.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Mid the far mountains, where the sun is rising,  
 See the red roses of the coming day,  
 And hear the birds the grand old woods surprising,  
 Singing their matin songs so blithe and gay :  
 See the wide forest stands forth bright and shining,  
 In its regalia of dew-drop pearls,  
 While a fresh breeze the early mists dispelling,  
 The purple banner of the morn unfurls.

---

### MAUD STANLEY.

Maud Stanley was belle of our village,  
 Maud Stanley was queen of the May ;  
 Born men's bosoms to rifle and pillage,  
 Many a heart she had stolen away !

Oh ! how I loved her ! young then and simple,  
 Easily lured by the smiles of the girls,  
 Spell-bound I gazed on her cheek's pretty dimple,  
 And raved with delight o'er her sunny brown curls.

Well I remember, in the copse by the river,  
 As twilight was fading we stood side by side,  
 Wildly I swore to adore her forever ;  
 Lightly she promised to be my bride.

Maud to be mine ! the belle of our village,  
 She who had set all our beaux by the ears :  
 She who was born men's bosoms to pillage,  
 To scorn their entreaties, and laugh at their tears ;

All save mine ; me she loved truly,  
 She said so at least more than once that night,  
 As I pressed her soft cheek close up unto me,  
 And saw her hair gleam in the golden light.

Golden light that shone like a glory,  
 On the sweet head of my promised bride ;  
 Golden light that illumed love's story,  
 Told 'mong the trees by the river side.

\* \* \* \* \*

Still in these days of life's September,  
 Comes back like a dream, our spring day prime,  
 Still 'mong the shadows we sadly remember,  
 The cloudless light of youth's golden time.

Maud ! e'en now my pale lips quiver,  
 As I breathe the name that was once so dear,  
 Over the waves of Time's swift flowing river,  
 Love's echo is sounding sweet and clear.

Echo that floats on for ever and ever,  
 Tho' the love is dead and its songs are done,  
 Through the mists of years still it ceaseth never  
 Tho' the music that woke it is past and gone.

Maud is a matron with children around her,  
 Her daughter was queen on last May day,  
 The beauty has fled with which love had crowned her,  
 In the days when she stole my young heart away.

## ELEANOR BRAND.

Oh! the fisherman's cottage was down by the sea,  
'Neath the shade of the cliff so rugged and brown,  
And the waves sang their anthems wild and free,  
And tossed their white locks as the sun went down.

Day's lingering light fell on the crisp sands  
And deck'd each wave with a golden crest,  
And it shone on the cliffs and the bleak moorlands,  
'Till it dreamily faded out in the west.

Then I watched the fisherman hoist his sail  
And steer out to sea with his nets by his side,  
'Till 'mong the mists of the evening pale  
He floated from sight on the ebbing tide.

Then slowly across the damp white sand  
Which lovingly clung to her tiny feet,  
Came the fisherman's daughter, fair Eleanor Brand,  
And (as often before) we chanced to meet.

Her eyes were as blue and as clear as the skies  
Of a softly fading September day;  
And they shone with the chastened light that lies  
On the sea, as it smiles 'neath the sunny ray.

And her hair fell in waves like ruddy gold,  
Rippling about her shoulders fair,  
And brightly glanced each silken fold  
As it rose and fell 'neath the soft night air.

And though she was poor, and lowly her birth,  
And though all unknown was her pedigree,  
Yet dearer than all high born maidens on earth  
Was blue-eyed Eleanor Brand to me.

Oh, winds may blow, tides may ebb and flow,  
The skies may be clear or with clouds o'ercast,  
But this one thing I know, that come weal or come woe.,  
My love for her long as life shall last.

---

### MARGERY KEENE.

I passed by the door of the smithy,  
And, heard the hollow clang,  
As on the glowing bars of iron,  
The mighty hammers rang ;

And as I paused for a moment,  
To listen to the roar,  
Hal Keene, the master blacksmith,  
Stood by the open door.

A stalwart man was the blacksmith,  
With a sinewy arm and hand,  
At wrestling or at quarter-staff,  
You'd scarce match him in the land.

His shoulders were broad and massive,  
His eyes were bright and blue,  
His hair was crisp and curly  
Of the light brown Saxon hue.

“ Good morrow, Master Blacksmith,  
And how is your daughter fair ?”  
And, as I spoke, I blushed crimson,  
To the very roots of my hair.

And the brow of the smith grew cloudy,  
 "And what is my daughter to thee!  
 "What seekest thou, her dishonor?  
 "And shame and ruin for me."

"Nay, mock not, I've seen your capers,  
 "Your treacherous looks and smiles,  
 "And this day I've removed my daughter  
 "From the reach of your dangerous wiles."

Then the glow of the golden sunshine  
 Grew dim before my sight,  
 And the pleasant English valley  
 Grew dark as the darkest night.

For the blacksmith's blue-eyed daughter,  
 (Her name was Margery)  
 Of all the girls in our country,  
 Was dearest far to me.

Love had welded our hearts together,  
 And 'neath its glowing fire,  
 While fanned by the breath of beauty,  
 The flame leaped higher and higher,

She had linked a chain around me,  
 'Twas stronger than steel bands,  
 Though soft as the breath of evening,  
 And light as the maid's white hands.

Oh, a mighty man is the blacksmith,  
 But stalwart though he be,  
 His blue-eyed, cherry-lipped daughter  
 Makes stronger chains than he!

## A REVERIE.

It was in the golden Autumn, and among the ruddy branches  
 The night winds sung a requiem for the fast departing day,  
 And in a sea of glory, like the shield of warrior hoary  
 Behind the western hill-tops the sun had hidden away.

'Then a gentle breeze came sweeping, like the breath of maiden sleeping  
 With her head upon your shoulder as you bend down for a kiss ;  
 I heard the sheep bells tinkle, and I saw the bright stars twinkle,  
 And 'mong the woods the turtle sang the ballad of her bliss.

'Twas a fair and pleasant scene ; just below me swept the river  
 Laughing and shouting wildly as it leap'd to kiss the breeze,  
 O'er the granite boulders brawling, on the echoes loudly calling  
 Little recking of its home afar within the deep blue seas.

Then I thought how like the river in its reckless onward striving  
 Is the wayward course of man, from the cradle to the grave,  
 In childhood gay and sparkling, in manhood rough and darkling,  
 'Till life's vain strife is ended in Eternity's vast wave.

We strive to catch Earth's praises, they are empty as the breezes  
 And all our fond ambitions as bubbles pass away,  
 But Faith, Hope, and earnest Duty like sister stars of beauty  
 Shine upon Life's troubled waters and gild them with their ray.

Thus as I sat and pondered, my thoughts afar had wandered  
 To those days of early happiness, alas ! for ever flown,  
 I saw the purple heather and the mild September weather,  
 And I heard a low voice whisper softly " I am all thine own."

\* \* \* \* \*

Ah, dear one, tears cannot recall those hours of joy and blessing,  
 Sweet flowers that once have faded cannot bloom or bourgeon more,  
 But through the darkness gleaming, Memory's softened starlight streaming  
 For a few short fleeting moments brings back the days of yore.

## THE LURLEYS.

The old German legend of the Lurleys is pretty generally known. They were supposed to frequent the waters of the Rhine, and by their exquisite singing and beauty they were in the habit of luring unfortunate voyagers out of the safe course into the shoals and eddies which surrounded the Lurley's home.

'Neath the crimson glow of twilight  
A strange and weirdlike air,  
The Lurley sings 'mong the shadows  
As she combs her golden hair.

And as the boatmen hear it,  
Sailing upon the Rhine,  
When half-veiled as if in sadness,  
The young stars dimly shine,

A love all strange and resistless,  
Throughout their being springs,  
And they ply their oars faster and faster  
Toward the rock where the Lurley sings ;

And she stretches her white arms towards them,  
And she smiles with unearthly grace,  
While the glow of the coming triumph  
Lights up her peerless face ;

Till heedless, and gazing only  
On her soul entrancing charms,  
They strike on the rocks, and the Lurley  
Enfolds them in her arms !

• • • • •

Not only where twilight shadows  
Fall softly on the Rhine,  
Do the Lurleys sing and their witch'ries  
Around men's spirits twine ;

But wherever Life's swift flowing river  
 Through the valley of ages rolls,  
 While human pride and passion  
 Hold sway o'er human souls,

The Lurleys sit and they lure us  
 By the magic of form and face,  
 While heedlessly we drift onward  
 To ruin and disgrace.

• • • • •

I had written thus far as a warning,  
 But within my soul arise  
 Fond visions of golden tresses,  
 And dreams of violet eyes.

And methinks perchance 'twere better,  
 Ere Love's romances fly,  
 To yield to the charms of the Lurleys,  
 And 'neath their spells to die.

—

#### BOYHOOD'S DAYS.

Departed days, that through long years of sadness,  
 Like moonlight shining through the mist of night,  
 Have, by the memory of your joy and gladness,  
 Woke in my soul a manifold delight!—  
 Days that are linked with all that's pure and holy!—  
 Your echoes ring down Life's fast dark'ning way;  
 And, like old church bells, solemnly and slowly,  
 Chime *benedictus* from the far away,—  
 Oh, pleasant echoes of my Boyhood's day!

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Some strains there are of wild untutored measure,  
 And some sound jangled, and all out of tune ;  
 But others, filled with love and sinless pleasure,  
 Sweet as the music of our woods in June !  
 Some muffled notes whisper of friends departed—  
 Dear friends, and loved ones, who have passed away,—  
 Yet e'en these say " Oh, be not broken hearted,  
 "Thou soon shalt meet, where joy knows no decay,  
 "The dearly loved ones of thy Boyhood's day !"

And still your music, sounding sweetly ever,  
 Rings through the shadows and the storms of life,  
 And, though the way is rough, still ceases never  
 To nerve my spirit for the toil and strife !  
 Through the dark night it whispers of the dawning ;  
 It tells of sunshine 'mid the twilight gray,  
 And breathes the perfume of Life's May-day morning,  
 Though grief's siroccos cross my desert way,  
 Oh, pleasant music of my Boyhood's day !

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### SPRING.

Mountains and valleys with the chorus ringing,—  
 Fountain and river echo the refrain,—  
 All nature's minstrels in the forest singing  
 Welcome the gentle bright-eyed Spring again.  
 Loving, pure, and kind, and tender,  
 All fairest things attend her,  
 The hushed winds sleep, and storms depart as soon as she has smiled ;  
 The flowers bloom before her,  
 The opening woods adore her,  
 And old Time smoothes his furrowed brow to greet his favourite child.

And thus to thee, oh radiant merry maiden,  
 Our joyous welcome like the flowers we tend,  
 And hail thee as thou comest with love beladen  
 Our angel visitant, our cherished friend.  
 And as we greet thee duly,  
 We'll use thee well and truly,  
 And garner up the treasures rare that from thy white hands fall,  
 And sing our Spring songs merrily,  
 And bid thee welcome cheerily,  
 The first born of the Seasons and the sweetest of them all.

Oh white-browed Spring, among thy golden tresses  
 Lingers the perfume of the Angel Land,  
 Where He who all things beautifies and blesses  
 Formed thee, the fairest of the Season's band,  
 Dear memories round thee twining,  
 Within our hearts enshrining,  
 Hopes, loves and pleasant fancies from the tomb of buried years,  
 At thy coming upward springing,  
 Set the chords of Life a-ringing,  
 And fill our souls with gladness that is all akin to tears.

---

“ BROADWAY.”

Some months have past since on thy pavement,  
 I stood to watch the changing tide  
 Of human forms and human faces,  
 That flows on the “two shilling side.”  
 Yet still at times I seem to wander,  
 (Led on by Memory's magic ray,  
 Once more among the lights and shadows,  
 That fall upon thy stream, Broadway !

Ye damsels fair whose perfumed tresses  
 Are flirting with the enamoured wind,  
 Ye in the rich and rustling dresses  
 With trains that sweep for yards behind ;  
 Oh, golden and dark chignoned beauties,  
 The tall, petite, the grave, the gay,  
 The sparkling crest on Life's dark billow  
 That ebbs and flows along Broadway,

How oft I've seen as daylight faded  
 The silken wave of Fashion gleam,  
 As homeward toward your brown stone mansions  
 Ye hastened, belles of New York's "cream."  
 How oft among your beauteous billows  
 I have myself been sadly toss'd,  
 Among the whirlpools and the eddies  
 Where hopes are wrecked and hearts are lost.

(Ah, one there is whose form still haunts me,  
 Whose face through all the dullness beams,  
 Who o'er Life's ocean cast a radiance  
 That comes no more except in dreams.  
 Where art thou now, oh *cara mia* ?  
 As falls the twilight silvery grey,  
 Still dost thou float li'te a white lily  
 Upon the stream in fair Broadway ?).

Rich merchants hurrying to their dinners,  
 Poor girls with not a meal to eat,  
 And saints in rags, and well clad sinners,  
 Elbow each other in the street ;  
 Maidens with grace and virtue beaming,  
 Fresh as the morn and fair as May,  
 Trip on, and with their ringing laughter  
 Make merry music on Broadway.

Young beaux and antiquated dandies  
 Are seen there simpering side by side,  
 And Charles Augustus Avenoodle  
 Jostles old Skinflint in the tide ;  
 And there is Smith, the "speculator,"  
 Not worth a single dime, they say,  
 And yet he puffs his "mild Havanah,"  
 And "cuts a swell" upon Broadway.

Here cross olds maids and crossing sweepers  
 Mingle together in the press,  
 And newsboys yelling like young demons  
 "The third edition of the *Express*."  
 Pickpockets, gamblers, politicians,  
 Brokers and bankers, "bulls and bears,"  
 And thoughtless Youth, and Old Age bendin'  
 Beneath a weight of years and cares.

Some wrecks there are floating incessant  
 Upon the changeful human tide,  
 Which once in calm domestic havens  
 Were anchored safe, a household's pride—  
 Wrecks which still hoisting gaudy colors,  
 Seeking in vain to hide decay,  
 With silken streamers flaunting gaily,  
 Drift up and down upon Broadway.

Be careful, stern, phlegmatic "Christian,"  
 With upturned nose and scornful eye,  
 Lest such as these, your garment's hem  
 Should haply touch as they pass by !  
 Though waifs like these, on Life's dark seas,  
 Sink down to ruin every day,  
 'Twould never do for man like you,  
 Pilot to be upon Broadway !

I see it all, the lights and shadows,  
 The gloss, the glitter, and the glare ;  
 The sea of human form and faces,  
 From Fulton street to Union Square.  
 There ev'ry phase of life is present—  
 All shapes of joy and grief are seen ;  
 Some dreaming of a golden future—  
 Some mourning o'er the " might have been."

But, on them all God's sun is shining,  
 Whate'er their state, whate'er their dress,  
 There's not a wretch that farms the gutter  
 But has some cause for thankfulness.  
 And many a flower of Love and Beauty,  
 And many a Hope inspiring ray,  
 Sparkle among the sombre shadows  
 That lie upon thy stream, Broadway !

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### AUTUMN.

Pleasant autumn, golden autumn,  
 With thy leaves all ruby red,  
 Flashing in the mellow sunshine,  
 Like a crown above thy head ;

Pleasant autumn, golden autumn,  
 Though thy winds are oftentimes chill,  
 Though thy shadows grimly, darkly,  
 Fall alike o'er vale and hill ;

As I tread the forest valleys,  
 And the leaves fall thickly round,  
 Like a host of crimson banners  
 Sadly furling on the ground ;

Linger pleasant recollections,  
Of the autumn days of old,  
Magic drops in memory's crystal,  
Sweet as nectar, pure as gold.

Then with eyes turned toward the heavens,  
Quivering lips and upstretched hand,  
As beneath the mighty shadow  
Of these giant woods I stand."

"Grant, oh pure and ruling spirit,"  
Thus I make my fervent call,  
"Now the autumn days are fleeting,  
While the red leaves fade and fall,"

"On each weak yet loving spirit,  
By the world's dark clouds opprest,  
Smile, and with thy quenchless sunshine,  
Give, oh give them, peace and rest."

"Breathe a lasting blessing o'er us,  
Guide us with a Father's hand,  
And scatter fadeless blossoms round us,  
From out the Spirit's summer land."

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### ALL THE WORLD TO ME.

The Autumn leaves have fallen  
All withered to the ground,  
The summer's golden light has past  
And all seems dark around ;  
Yet though the sunshine's faded  
And seasons swiftly flee,  
I'll not forget the smile of her  
Who is all the world to me.

And like a lovely poem  
 That we long to hear once more,  
 Like the sound of moonlit waters  
 Rippling upon the shore ;  
 Though past and gone those happy hours  
 I never more shall see,  
 Fond memory still her voice recalls  
 Who is all the world to me.

Though worldly forms divide us,  
 Though time and distance part,  
 I'll hold her well loved image  
 Deep treasured in my heart ;  
 And wheresoe'er I wander,  
 Still thought and fancy free,  
 I'll pray that Heaven may guide her steps  
 Who is all the world to me.

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### THE RED CROSS BANNER.

AN IMPROMPTU.

Written on first seeing the British Flag at Niagara, after some years  
 absence in a foreign land.

Heaven bless thee, Red Cross Banner,  
 Waving welcome as of old !  
 Let this Northern breeze caress thee,  
 Let it kiss each crimson fold.  
 Oh ! what memories round thee gather,  
 Linking British hearts together,  
 Banner that through stormy weather,  
 Led our fathers' steps of old.

Wave for ever, Red Cross Banner !  
 Banner of the Truth and Right,  
 Type of Britain's Faith and Honour,  
 Symbol of her power and might.  
 Glories of the Past shall guide thee,  
 Britain's sons shall stand beside thee,  
 Constant still, whate'er betide thee,  
 They will keep thee pure and bright.

'Tis no hireling bard that singeth,  
 But one who with filial love,  
 Prizeth Britain's fame and honour,  
 Every earthly thing above.  
 Who o'er foreign land and ocean,  
 'Mid each strife or wild commotion,  
 Faithful to the heart's devotion.  
*Could not from his fealty rove.*

---

### AUTUMN.

Cold the autumn winds blow round us,  
 Thick and fast the red leaves fall ;  
 Sombre mists and cold grey shadows  
 Wrap us like a funeral pall ;

While the night winds peal forth requiems  
 For the season's swift decay,  
 And, like bands of shadowy mourners,  
 Slowly pass the days away.

Thus the hopes of Life are fading ;  
 All its bright dreams proved untrue,  
 And its skies once all unclouded,  
 Changed to Autumn's sombre hue.

Loving eyes, whose tender glances  
 Made the sunshine of life's Spring ;  
 Pleasant tones, whose plaintive echoes  
 Through the aisles of Memory ring,

All are gone ;—the withered relics  
 Of those days alone are left ;  
 Faded visions of past gladness,  
 Of their light and life bereft.

God of Autumn's dying shadows,  
 As of Summer's golden day,—  
 While the darkness gathers round us,  
 While the seasons pass away,

Guide us all as life is fading,  
 Cheer us as our joys depart,  
 And fold within Thy wings of mercy  
 Each fainting soul, each stricken heart.

---

### ABSENT.

Mournfully, wearily, sadly and drearily  
 Over me bend the wintry skies,  
 Hope, joy and mirth are dead,  
 Summer, with thee, is fled—  
 Fled with the light of thy starry eyes.

Sunshine to me is darkness without thee ;  
 Summer is winter if thou'rt not near—  
 Come like a bud of May,  
 On this December day,  
 Light of my life and flower of the year.

Fortune may frown and days grow more dreary ;  
     Hope's sunshine fade 'mong the clouds in the west,  
 Friends may grow strange and cold,  
 All life's joys dull and old,  
     As wearied I journey towards Silence and Rest ;

Still I will think of thee, *mia carissima*,  
     Pure as the starlight thy mem'ry shall be ;  
 Heav'n grant whate'er betide,  
 Angels thy way may guide  
     Safe o'er the billows of Life's troubled sea.

---

### IN THE WOODS.

Away with care and sadness,  
 Let us fill our hearts with gladness,  
 Let us go into the woodlands where the ruddy leaves do fall ;  
 And 'mid the golden glory  
 Of the maples old and hoary,  
 Lulled by the pleasant murmurs of the distant waterfall,

We will linger till the gloaming,  
 And amid our forest roaming  
 We will muse upon the memories of the autumns gone before ;  
 Of the well-beloved faces  
 And the well-remembered places  
 To which our hearts are loyal in their love for evermore.

Thus pleasant memories blending,  
 While twilight's soft descending  
 Like the shadow of a seraph's wing upon a world of care ;  
 With a joy all calm and holy  
 Shall fill us as we slowly  
 Wander homeward from the woodlands 'neath the calm October air.

## WASTED FLOWERS.

I cast the roses into the river,  
 As the twilight glimmers cold and grey,  
 And the stream flows on as swiftly as ever,  
 And bears on its breast the roses away.

They float along beneath the shadow,  
 Of the chestnut branches bending low,  
 Shedding their perfume over the river,  
 And decking its ripples with smiles as they go.

Thus floating on o'er Life's dark river,  
 Fade the loves of many an earlier day,  
 Though in my soul their fragrance lingers,  
 'Mong the mists of Time their forms decay.

Memory's starlight kind and tender,  
 Shine, oh shine, on the stream once more,  
 Show me a glimpse of Life's blossoms wasted,  
 Bring back for a moment the days of yore!

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**In Memoriam.**

## THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE,

BORN APRIL 13, 1825. MURDERED APRIL 7, 1868.

How shall we mourn thee, patriot, poet, statesman ;  
 How shall we yield fit homage to thy name,  
 Which 'mong the foremost in the "New Dominion,"  
 Was blended closely with its rising fame?

Not with lowered banners, nor with death-bells only,  
 Not with Woe's outward panoply alone  
 Shall Canada mourn thee—her pride and glory—  
 The stay alike of people and of Throne ;

But with a love, that in our hearts deep centred,  
 Thy memory shall embalm for coming years ;  
 And with a sorrow, that e'en Pride can quench not,  
 Though like a sunbeam falling on our tears ;

Thus will we grieve. And every patriot father  
 Will teach the children clustering round his knee,  
 As they count o'er the nation's Roll of Honour,  
 To lisp thy name, oh, loved and lost McGee !

Britannia, bending from her island stronghold,  
 Shall add the tribute of her tears to ours,  
 While Freedom, mourning for her murdered Champion,  
 Shall o'er his tomb strew Fame's immortal flowers.

And though forever mute in Death he lieth,  
 Still from his grave a thousand voices rise,  
 Bidding us tread the patriot path he followed  
 And win like him a name that never dies !

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### THE CHIVALRY OF THE NORTH.

As in those days when from the Paynim's power,  
 The Red Cross Knight his beauteous Una bore,  
 And brave and fearless e'en in darkest hour,  
 Waved his bright pennon hill and valley o'er,  
 Until his fame was known from shore to shore.  
 So mid the gloom of this our later day,  
 With hearts as gallant as the Knights of yore,  
 When foes to trample on our rights essay,  
 We couch our lance and rush into the fray !

"Laissez-allez," "upon them," is the cry  
 Firm be each heart and strong each manly blow,  
 Sworn 'neath the banner of our sires to die—  
 Do aught but yield unto a traitor foe.  
 Teach them the weight of Norseman's steel to know  
 Truth is our breast plate and the Right our shield.  
 And swift as Ottawa's bright waters flow,  
 Will march our heroes to the crimson field—  
 Ready to die, but never, never yield !

Champions of Canada ! Freedom's Chevaliers  
 Children of old Britannia's lion race,  
 The light of battie in each eye appears,  
 And patriotic fire illumines each face ;  
 Though by no spoils of war your march we trace,  
 No golden crests, nor burnished hauberks shine,  
 In the world's history bright shall be your place,  
 Fame, round your brows, her fairest wreaths shall twine,  
 Ye who stand foremost in the *thin red line*.

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### OLD NEIGHBOURS.

Come in and sit thee down, old neighbour,  
 The sun sinks 'neath yon western hill,  
 The hours have passed for busy labour,  
 The evening wind blows keen and chill.  
 Fill up your pipe, and fill your flagon,  
 With a good draught of home brewed beer,  
 And let us sit at ease and talk o'er  
 The scenes of many a bygone year.

Ah me, old memories rise up quickly,  
 Of days when we were in our prime,  
 Though age's shadows gather thickly,  
 How fresh comes back the dear old time  
 When we were stalwart men together,  
 And each one wooed his early love,  
 Who crowned our noontide life with beauty,  
 And now,—watch o'er us from above.

To part from them, 'twas bitter sorrow,  
 All joy seemed with them to depart,  
 And for a while each added morrow  
 Brought darker shadows to each heart.  
 But still we knew life had its duties,  
 And Hope, with accents calm and sweet,  
 Bids us look ever onward, upward,  
 To that blest home where all shall meet.

And pledges fond they have left behind them,  
 My stalwart John, your bonny Kate,  
 And round our hearts Love has entwined them,  
 Nor left us bare and desolate.  
 Talking of them, my boy's a liking  
 For Kate, and she, he says, loves him,  
 And when I look at them, old memories  
 Rise up so thick my eyes grow dim

I suppose you've no objection, neighbour?  
 Well, well, then let us drink their health,  
 My John has been brought up to labour,  
 And a good wife is more than wealth.  
 So let them blend their lives together,  
 And hand in hand float down Time's stream,  
 And come what may, 'twill not be gloomy,  
 If o'er it Love's sweet starlight beam.

And as for us—our God will guide us  
 In life or death, we bide his will,  
 We'll humbly hope, whate'er betide us  
 We may be friends and neighbours still.  
 The time for toil has well nigh ended,  
 The time for rest draws on apace,  
 And He who has our life defended,  
 He will provide a resting place.

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### A SONG FOR AUTUMN.

The maple leaves are crimson,  
 The air is fresh and clear,  
 The Autumn days are coming,  
 The fairest of the year ;  
 While 'mong the forest branches  
 Soft breezes seem to sigh,  
 "The summer days are fleeting,  
 And Winter draweth nigh."

Oh days of spring time pleasance,  
 And summer's golden prime,  
 Long be your music sounded,  
 On Memory's vesper chime.  
 Still may we all remember  
 As your echo floateth by,  
 That summer days are fleeting,  
 And Winter draweth nigh.

And when with fortune gliding  
 Down Time's swift-flowing stream,  
 When Hope's bright rays unclouded,  
 O'er the tranquil waters beam,  
 Let's remember in our gladness,  
 With a smile and not a sigh,  
 Life's summer days are fleeting,  
 And Winter draweth nigh.

For Winter is the season  
When within her kindly breast,  
The germs of future spring time  
The Earth enfolds to rest ;  
And we'll look with trusting confidence,  
As Life's fond visions fly,  
Toward the lasting Spring which cometh,  
When Winter has passed by.

