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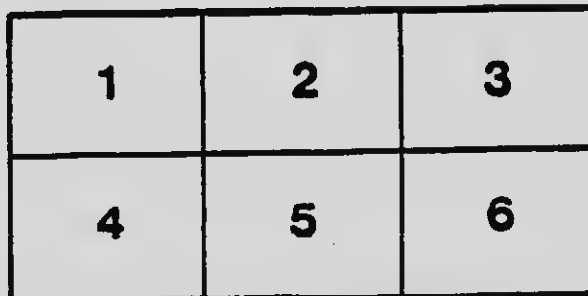
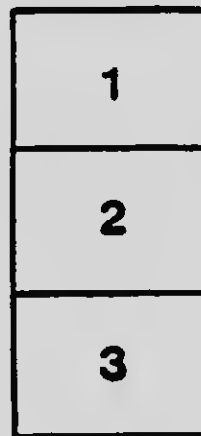
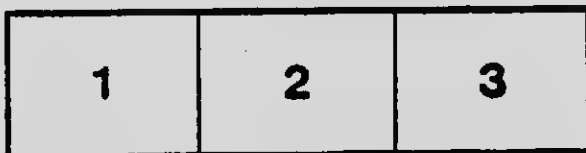
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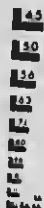
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# Scraps of Song

FROM

## La Rivière aux Brochets.

S. A. C. MORGAN

---



PS 8476  
066853

# Scraps of Song

FROM



La Rivière aux Brochets.

---

S. A. C. MORGAN

PS2476  
066883

### TO THE READER

---

These "Scraps of Song" have been written off-hand from time to time, and not intended for publication.

They portray a few of the scenes and emotions that have clung to the writer, like barnacles to a ship, during a long and memorable voyage through the sun-lit depths of the Pike River *Fallen Valley*.

They are now tenderly inscribed to the memory of Lucy A. M. Maynard, the cousin and beloved companion of my youth.

S. A. C. M.



*MRS. S. A. C. MORGAN.*



PS 2475  
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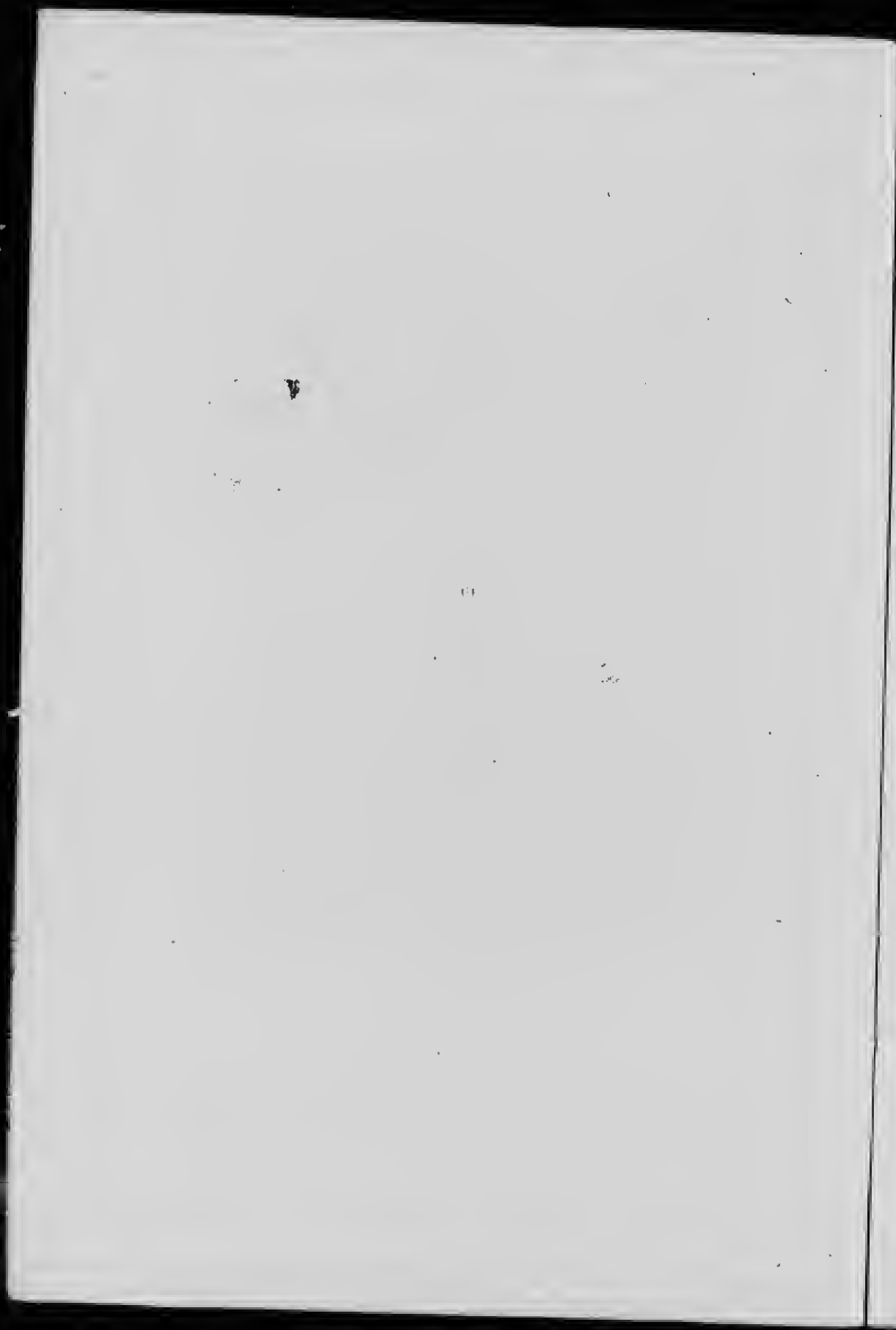
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S. A. C. M.



*MRS. S. A. C. MORGAN.*





## FOREWORD

### OFF TO THE DELECTABLE HILLS.

---

Ho! for the Delectable Hills!  
Like birds in the fall for sunnier climes  
We're leaving the earth and its ills,  
Some day we'll return and tell you in rhymes  
About those wonderful hills,

Ho! for those Delectable Hills!  
Our trusty familiar domoplanes\*  
Are cleaving the air—but no thrilla  
Forebode a collapse, with terrible pains,  
Among those ever-green hills.

Ho! for those Receding Hills!  
We'll never despair if we never get there.  
There'll be no travelers' bills,  
No charges for poets that ride in the air  
In search of those mythical hills.

\*Written before aero-planes were built.

Some one has said:—"Experience, like the stern-lights of a ship, only illumines the path over which we have passed."



“THE RIVER”

Rivers, like other features of the landscape, leave their own impress upon the conceptions of the people associated with them; imparting to them either an ideal of circumscribed and playful domesticity or of adventure and broad and far-reaching gravity, as the case may be, shallow and contracted, or deep and expansive.

A small stream issues from ‘Silver Lake’, a placid sheet of water in Franklin, Northern Vermont; and with a proclivity entirely its own, comes stealing across ‘the line’, winding between the hills, as if to elude pursuers. Then it makes a dash for the fertile lands of Missisquoi in the Richelieu Valley.

The Pinnacle, a modest peak of the Green Mountains, stands astride the boundary line as sentinel. She sent a little brook tumbling down from her southern side to follow the water of Silver Lake and bring it home—but it never went back.

It hunted around through Berkshire, Vt., and finally found the truant and joined him in his joyous excursion, as young things are wont to do.

Lake Brook hurries down from the hills of Dunham to meet them. They embrace and calmly and reflectively saunter along as one.

By the avarice of man the river is soon captured, however, and set to work. With the blunt directness of our English speech it is named “Pike River”, presumably from the pike that abound in its lower course, where it is more gracefully named by the French Canadians “La Rivière aux Brochets”, which fittingly gives the river the foremost place in the imagination.

After it has attained some importance in industrial circles, two other little country cousins, North Branch and Groat's Creek, from the north and south respectively, join "the swim", each in days gone by, bearing its contribution of flood wood, saw-dust and tan-bark, evidence of toil.

Even to this day do the bull-frogs up Groat's Creek croak "More rum, More rum"—beredity—transmitted from the days of the old distillery. If they utter that after they reach Bedford, they are shot!

From head to foot, Pike River would measure less than twenty miles, as the crow flies. Yet, by its wanderings around cornfields and through thickets and meadows, it seems to be playing truant, or trying to prove the truth of the old adage "The longest way around, the safest way home". Or, perhaps to increase its usefulness, it winds in and out, forming peninsulas, islands, capes and promontories, worthy of Nature's kindergarten, until it attains a length of twenty-five miles, or thereabouts, before it leaves off its "hide and seek" play and prattle and assumes a gravity befitting the end of its course, where it silently merges into Lake Champlain on the Canadian Frontier.

Surely, among the dwellers in the villages and hamlets strung along this little stream, like precious beads on a chaplet, there must be affinity. In their infancy they were soothed by the same lullaby; in their childhood they bathed and sported in the same waters; in the dreams of youth its mighty serenade has been to them a song of far-off oceans of bliss to which they are hastening. And in the end they desire to slumber within range of the familiar sound of its tranquilizing voice.

Besides, our milk has been watered with it till we are bubbling today with diluted human kindness—the international "alf and alf". This water ought to be bottled before the river runs dry.



**THE VOICE OF THE RIVER**

---

There's a voice that comes to me  
 In the pauses of the day—  
 With the morning's early gleam,  
 With the twilight's dusky dream,  
 And it always seems to say:—  
 "Free-e-free."

Yes, you're free to do as we—  
 Run our race where bounds are set,  
 Well hedged in on every side,  
 Tho' we each have our spring-tide—  
 "Lest the people should forget,"  
 We're "free-free."

You were free to carry me  
 On your bosom long ago,  
 With the comrades who now rest  
 Nestled close beside your breast,  
 Soothed by your tones that flow  
 "Free-free."

You're descended from the "Free"  
 Tho' you whisper it today  
 Shying round among the hills,  
 Yet, you're caught to run the mills,  
 Vainly now you seem to say;—  
 "Free-free."

For it always seems to me  
 That your nature is to play—  
 That your voice is one of pain  
 While you grind the farmers grain.  
 Only at the close of day  
 Are you "free-free."

Droll! how mighty you can be  
 In the spring when nature's gush  
 All comes pouring in your path!  
 Swollen with rage and foaming wrath,  
 Then you rise and make a rush  
 Too "free-free."



Anxiously we run to see  
You attack the opposing dam,  
Kick the bridge and knock the mill;  
Roaring then, you snatch a sill,  
Plunging on with reckless jam,  
To be "free-free."

Chiefly though, we're wont to see  
Rippling beauty where you glide  
Round the hills and through the plain,  
In and out among the grain,  
Till you're dancing with lake-tide,  
And "free-free."

Half your charm men do not see  
'Twas reserved for such as we,  
In the pools below the rocks,  
There we played in nature's frocks,  
And were all so glad to be  
"Free-free."

Every overhanging tree  
Bends a bough to snatch a kiss,  
And in every sunny place  
Bull-frog comes with blooming face;  
By his smile we see 'tis bliss  
To be "free-free."

'Tis a joy indeed to see  
Feathered flocks and finny schools,  
All within so small embrace.  
Tell me, will you? where the place—  
Where so many in the pools,  
And yet, so "free-free!"

You graver grow—and so do we—  
As we draw nearer to the sea,  
Our mirth is scattered far behind.  
The echoes floating on the wind,  
Retain a part of you and me  
That's ever free-free.

**THE RIVER BY MOONLIGHT.**

---

We wandered forth—my love and I,  
 When all was atill, and hanging high,  
 The full moon silvered bank and stream;  
 She sifted on us flecks of light  
 'Twixt leaves that shivered in the night,  
 As restless infants stir in dream.

But ah! there were in that soft scene  
 Bright memories, the shades between.  
 Beloved forms had leaned where we  
 Then stood—upon the bridge that spanned  
 The atream. Intent with toil they'd planned  
 For time, that glideth to the sea.

Jut here the store and there the mill,  
 Though passing, yet a mission fill.  
 And still the stream goes glinting by,  
 Unfailing in its ceaseless flow  
 To broader scenes and brighter glow,  
 And even so, my love and I.



**TO A GOLDEN-HAIRED FRIEND**

(from the West)

---

A glinting ray from the "Golden West" appears  
 Within my chamber door—my spirit cheers  
 A moment, then—'tis gone But even so,  
 I'm gladdened still by the lingering after-glow,  
Dear Lily.

We cannot stay the sun's departing beam  
 It passes on, o'er mountain, vale and stream,  
 The glow that atill enchains our wistful eyes,  
 Shall dawn on others' view—a glad sun-rise!  
Dear Lily.

### THAT SMILE ON MARIE'S FACE.

Floating, floating, down the stream,  
 In the sunlight's glinting beam.  
 The lightaome way the sunshine dances  
 Suits the rhythm of my fancies,  
 Hopes are springing in my breast  
 While we drift in blissful rest.  
 In the mirror of the race  
 There's a smile on Marie's face.  
 Oh! that smile on Marie's face!

When the drooping, trembling bushes  
 Touch her cheek, her crimson blushes,  
 Like the eastern bright Aurora,  
 Fill the soul of her adorer  
 With a thrill of admiration.  
 Mystery of love's creation!  
 Tell me, Willows, is there bliss  
 In your silent, tender kiss?  
 Why that smile on Marie's face?

Now, we're grounded on a sballow.  
 What a boy to be so callow!  
 My timid glances in the water  
 Shyly, fondly, surely caught her—  
 Minding me? ah, no! a song,  
 On the breeze 'twas borne along  
 From a robber drawing nigh,  
 A light was kindled in her eye.  
 The love-light flasbed o'er Marie's face.

There we sat and fondly dallied  
 Watching leaves that by us sallied,  
 Till the sun was nearly set.  
 Till he came—I see him yet.  
 He drew us off.—Ah! yes, drew Marie  
 And the heart I'd hoped to carry.  
 This was in a bright September,  
 Ever since, 'tis drear November.  
 No more smiles—no more Marie.

**ROWING HOME.****(Boat Song)**

Afloat, afloat, upon the tide.  
See now, the dripping oars shall rest,  
While down the stream we gently glide.  
The woodland voices long suppressed,  
At times exchange an answering call.  
The silver mist now hangs a veil;  
And there where twilight shadows fall,  
Our oars shall break the moon-light trail.

There we will dream and we will sing  
To the rhythmic dripping of the oar  
While evening breezes 'round us fling  
The fragrance from the wooded shore.  
The twinkling stars are guiding lights  
That shine above us lest we roam  
Too far and late on summer nights.  
Now, let's be rowing, rowing home.

**REITERATION.**

The polar current from the north  
in hidden flow  
Beneath the genial stream that melts  
the ice and snow.  
Deep fathoms down its secret course  
doth ever keep.  
It breaks at last on peaceful isles  
where hreezes sleep.  
With anguished moan it circles 'round  
the silent shore,  
Then mingles with the whole—returning  
as before.

### THE SUN-BURST.

The cottage, the elms and the stream are all clad  
 In gloomiest garb—in the dull sombre hue  
 Of rainy-day vesture, depressingly sad.  
 Behold! as I gaze, what so bursts on my view?

Where now the grey cot and the blue moaning stream?  
 Ah! there are they yet—tho' now rob'd in the light  
 That's shed from the sun in an out-bursting gleam,  
 So lovingly smiling a kindly "Good Night".

The radiance beams on each twig and each bough,  
 Enchanting the sense like a glorious dream,  
 Illuming the cottage that's now all aglow,  
 The creek is transformed by the heavenly beam.

For waving so gently its mellowest tints,  
 A mirror 'tia now of the rose-tinted clouds,  
 And kissed by the ray, 'tis ethereal since  
 Its vapors ascend in their thin, airy shrouds.

E'en so doth the Son who gladdeneth all,  
 Send down the bright beams of His Most Holy Spirit  
 To illumine the hearts that respond to His call,  
 His light shineth ever—the more to endear it.

Behold how the gifts of beneficent Nature  
 From plain moral virtnes to Christian-like grace  
 Are changed by that Light in the penitent creature  
 In whom we may now the Divine image trace.

### WHICH ONE?

Dear little birdling, thou didst tumble;  
 Weak little fledgling fell from the nest  
 All the little wee ones in the same bundle,  
 Who can tell which one God loves best?

## RIVER-VIEW CEMETERY.

Beloved River View,  
With all our kindred tenants gathered here,  
The Master loveth you.  
No man need bless a portion of the sphere  
That God called 'very good'.  
So rest in peace and trust his Fatherhood.

Lo! tender Spring, in passing, pauses here,  
And smiles and breathes of love;  
She wakes the sleeping flowers ere they appear,  
And bids them watch above  
The sleepers who themselves shall rise again  
To join the risen train.

Then radiant Summer comes, laden with blooms,  
And here she drops her tears—  
Her dewy crystal tears—upon the tombs,  
And then she disappears,  
Leaving a fragrance in the atmosphere  
That tells that she's been here.

And Autumn, weary with her gilded wealth  
Profusely scatters leaves  
That she has gathered from the trees by stealth—  
Atonement. She receives  
Her meed of praise—as empty as our own  
That's graven on a stone.

Then slowly, white rob'd Winter, like a priest  
With silent solemn tread,  
Along the snowy aisles, towards the east,  
Pauses and bows his head;—  
"Ye weary ones, and worn with life's vain quest,  
Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

**GOD IS LORD OF ALL.****(Thanksgiving Song.)**

The land in all its beauty lies,  
 With feast outspread 'neath autumn skies,  
 The crowning glory of the year,  
 We gladly own that God is here.

Come let us sing  
 Let praises ring  
 For He is Lord of all.

See golden grain and fruit are spread,  
 And waters flow in silver thread,  
 That from the mountains laughing stray,  
 Till in great lakes they lose their way.

Come let us sing  
 Let praises ring  
 For God is Lord of all.

The guests are man and beast and bird,  
 All things created by His word  
 In Nature's bounty have a share,  
 For each receives the Father's care.

Come let us sing  
 Let praisea ring  
 For God is Lord of all.

**THE BABY AT AUCTION.**

See, here's a baby—Who will buy?  
 His eyes are mirrors of blue sky,  
 His cheeks the tints of rosy morn,  
 His pink two-lips, like flowers in fall,  
 Open just before a squall.  
 Going! going! Who will buy?  
 Going! going! Bid him high!

## THE GRAVURE ON MY HEART.

A sun beam glinted through my earlier day,  
It could not last—for when does heavenly ray  
Delay for our embrace? But this took guise  
Of angel form, just lowered from the skies  
To bind our grov'ling hearts with cords of love,  
And lift us so to purer scenes above.

A lovely fair-haired child—I see her yet—  
Whom to have known, one never could forget.  
Her form and features were of rarest mold.  
Too pale, alas!—not long could they enfold  
Th' expanding beauty of that lily-soul,  
That early bloomed, despite the broken bowl.

The severed petal trembling fell to earth—  
The parent flower wind-swept to higher birth.  
Thro' nights of pain, and days shut out from day  
Her spirit shone—a gem of purest ray.  
The deepened shades intensified the light,  
Tho' dim my day, yet where she was 'twas bright.

With birds and bees she loved to steal away,  
The winged things—of kindred nature they,  
With them she strayed among the trees and flowers  
Or, with choice books she spent the quiet hours,  
With treasured thought she filled my ear each day  
But laughed with glee at other children's play.

With loving grand-dame's care she grew too sage,  
As hand in hand they walked—Youth and Age.  
Till budding woman-hood revealed the world  
With all its deeper pain to her unfurled.  
Her trust fulfilled, the elder passed away.  
The dark'ning cloud now shut out all the day.

An envoy came one lovely day in June—  
The air refreshed by showers, the birds in tune.  
A gorgeous gateway opened in the west  
Our dear one lay among the flowers at rest.  
The angels chose the fairest one to see,  
But left engraven on my heart—Lucie.



### THREE LITTLE BOYS OVER THE WAY.

Three little boys over the way  
 With paper caps and sticks for gun,  
 With martial step and roundelay  
 Of song and shout, cry—"War's begun!"\*  
 "And we are soldiers of the king.  
 "And we are going to win the day."  
 The do and dare today they bring,  
 Those brave little boys over the way.

Sons of the Empire, well begun!  
 Here's Britannia's bone and flesh,  
 The mother's blood still flows in the son  
 Of ancient line, yet always fresh.  
 Not far in the future I descry  
 A gallant band just such as they,  
 Our country's flag see borne on high  
 By those brave boys over the way.

No pains too great, no love too strong  
 To guard and guide these warrior men  
 To whom our land will soon belong,  
 They'll proud then be seen again  
 As leaders bravely heading the throng  
 And marching on to victory.  
 "God save the King"! will be their song,  
 Their deeds inscribed in history.

\*South African War. These little boys are now engaged  
 in the greater World's War, one in the navy, two in the  
 army.

### MY CLIMBING ROSE.

Roses pale and roses red  
 Some are climbing overhead  
 But none so sweet as my wild Rose  
 That blooms with joy and daily grows.  
 Sometimes the dew-drops from her eyes  
 Shower like rain from April skies.  
 When sunny smiles a beaming start  
 She twines herself around my heart.

**THE SPROUT.**

'Twas but a shoot that caught the eye,  
When spring began to call her young  
And bid them speed—nor ask they why,  
But they make haste.

Summer found a fine young sprout.  
Well pleased, she cast upon him part  
Of her own vesture, wrapped about  
His slender waist.

In fond embrace of tender vine,  
He stalwart grows with sturdy heart,  
Extending limbs, with air benign,  
Says—"Cling to me."

When rough gales shake his slender form  
He sways and yields his pliant will.  
All undismayed he braves the storm.  
Young, glad and free.

Like young athlete grown strong with use,  
He daily shows his growing might,  
Lifts high his head and scorns abuse  
From wintry blast.

So year by year, still high and higher  
He mounts aloft, his limbs extend,  
His roots strike deep. His chief desire  
To be steadfast.

**MY SISTER.**

A big sun-bonnet and a gown,  
Two little feet both bare and brown,  
But every day my sister grows  
And grows, and grows.

And now she's grown her bonnet off  
As bursting flowers their calyx doff  
And she is blooming on the street,  
O, My! so sweet!

**THE ACADEMY BELL.**  
(Mounted, 1854. Stanbridge, P.Q.)

O, glad the day thy voice was heard  
Resounding through the land!  
The very leaves on trees were stirred,  
All nature seemed to expand.

The chit'ring swallows circled 'round  
The belfry whence thy peal.  
With peal on peal—melodious sound—  
To distant hills did reel.

Now, back—woods' days were left behind,  
A brighter day had broke.  
In thine appeal to young mankind—  
'Twas Evolution spoke.

Untutor'd youths allured by thee  
Approached with rev'rent fear—  
The next decade, were bold and free—  
And bade the nation hear.

Ring, ring, sweet Bell, ring evermore,  
While time and youth shall last,  
So ring us glad to the other shore  
When life's school-days are past.



**THE CHILDREN'S "GOOD NIGHT".**

**Song.**

The happy day is done—Good Night!  
Oh, may another dawn as bright!  
With song from grove and way-side tree.  
Till evening shadows hush the glee,  
When dozing birds forget to sing—  
Each tiny head beneath a wing;  
When drowsy lids shut out the light  
And children kiss and say "Good Night!"  
Good Night!

Good Night!

To all Good Night!

## THE CLOCK SONG.

(An Encore.)

Tick—tock  
Tick—tock  
Eve had no need of a clock,  
Too sleepy to rise,  
She opened her eyes,  
But waited the crow of the cock.  
Tick—tock,  
Tick—tock,  
She waited the crow of the cock.

Tick—tock,  
Tick—tock,  
Eve had no need of a clock,  
She looked at the sun  
When the day was half-done,  
Then looked for the shade of a rock.  
Tick—tock,  
Tick—tock,  
She looked for the shade of a rock.

Tick—tock,  
Tick—tock,  
Eve had no need of a clock,  
When the children were fed,  
She put them to bed,  
And covered them with a burdock.  
Tick—tock,  
Tick—tock,  
She covered them with a burdock.

Tick—tock,  
Tick—tock,  
Eve had no need of a clock.  
When the sun had gone down  
She doffed her crown  
And Adam went after his flock.  
Tick—tock,  
Tick—tock,  
And Adam went after his flock.

### THE VIOLET'S BIRTH.

There's a rift in the sky and a song in the air,  
 A thrill in the ferns and the mosses down there,  
 The bumble-bees waking, are rubbing their eyes,  
 And wondering crickets are mute with surprise,  
 The birds are now trilling a song for the day  
 Young Robin sings: "Cheer-up!"—'tis all he can say.  
 "Cheer-up! Cheer-up! Cheer-up!"  
 Tra-la-la-la. Tra-la-la-la. Tra-la.

The morning is smiling with roseate glow  
 And ripples the brook in the sedges below.  
 From clover to clover the honey-bee whirls  
 Where meadows are sprinkled with glistening pearls  
 The blue-bells are ringing at break of the morn  
 For lo! and behold! A violet's born!  
 "Cheer-up! Cheer-up! Cheer-up!"  
 Tra-la-la-la. Tra-la-la-la. Tra-la.

### MISSISQUOI BAY.

(Tributary to Lake Champlain.)

Serenely bright from dark primeval days,  
 When silence brooded o'er thy wooded shores,  
 And stealthy warriors, veiled by evening haze,  
 Advanced upon the foe with muffled oars,  
 Or with swift arrow pierced the wild duck's breast,  
 Or slew the buck that stooped to quench his thirst,  
 And mirrored here with pride his kingly crest,  
 Unmoved, thou saw'st the Red Men hence dispersed.

And no reminder left save thy dear name.  
 We tokens seek along thy gravelly shores  
 Of braves who roamed here with undoubted claim,  
 Until the white man came—threw wide the doors—  
 And proudly bade his men to enter in,  
 'Tis Heaven's law—the buried talent shall  
 Be given to them who other talents win.  
 And brave Champlain responded to the call.



**MRS. W.'s HOLLYHOCKS.**

Proud Hollyhocks, that overlook  
The village street,  
Yours is no cosy nook  
Where lovers meet.

Like queenly maidens, there you stand  
And seem to say;—  
“If you've an eye for what is grand,  
Just look this way.”

Gay Hollyhocks, pride o' the mallows,  
You're come by chance.  
How you've risen 'bove your fellows—  
The immigrants!

You have sprung from humble birth,  
I've often heard.  
But one would think you own the earth—  
Upon my word!

**IN THE EMBERS.**

In listless mood I musing sat,  
I thought of this, and then of that,  
What time the fire had burned quite low,  
A form appeared in the ember's glow  
She waved her arms above her head,  
And crumbling, fell on a dying bed.

Was she a Hindoo crazed with grief?  
Was this the way she sought relief—  
To perish on the funeral pyre?  
Still wondering, I poked the fire.

There was a sudden scene of war,  
With bursting, flaming shells from far,  
And crackling sounds of musketry,  
In cloud of crimsoned mystery  
The scene flared up and—all expired.  
I yawned, “O-o-hum!” and then retired.





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**THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN.**


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Trudge, trudge, trudge  
 Little old woman in a brown cloak,  
 Pray, where do you budge  
 You busy old body with heart of an oak?  
 Inured to toil,  
 Your feet have long trod the ways of this life  
 In the midst of turmoil,  
 Your furrowed old face has the impress of strife.

Basket, bundle and pack,  
 Little old woman in a brown cloak  
 Every day down street and back,  
 Do you wait on the rich? or every-day folk?  
 Pray, where is your home?  
 Is it a-far and on a back street  
 Where chilly blasts come?  
 Is it where want and misery meet?

Rainy day, sunny day, storm  
 Little brave woman in a brown cloak  
 What keeps your heart warm,  
 Tho' your hands are benumbed and your feet are  
 Young ones to feed? [a-soak?  
 Eager ones waiting for crumbs of the town?  
 For their daily need,  
 Like an old bird you roam up and down.

A glance, a nod or a smile,  
 Little quaint woman in a brown coat,  
 These are your arts to beguile  
 Unhappy worldlings idly afloat  
 Like barks on the tide.  
 The light in your soul that shines through your eye  
 Shows where a ray doth abide  
 Of love's overflow from the Fountain on high.

**PERFECT DAY.**

Dear Lord, reveal Thyself to me  
That I may feel Thy presence near  
When joys have fled and the world is drear  
Open mine eyes that I may see  
That Thou, dear Lord, art more than all  
Beside. Thy silent tenderness  
Soothes more than ought that words express—  
A sweet response where'er we call.

In heaven we hope to be with Thee,  
Heaven, dear Lord, is where Thou art,  
Be it beyond, or in my heart,  
If Thou art there—enough for me,  
The world's illusions fade away  
Before Thy wondrous Light divine  
That sheers and brightens life's decline,  
For where Thou art 'tis perfect day.

**THE OLD CHURCH SPIRE.**

Across the meadow and over the hill  
Where once we ran, my thoughts run still,  
To the village church whose slender spire  
Bestirred my soul with vague desire  
For fellowship with the pure and high  
Meseemed were indexed in the sky.

For there it stood in mute appeal;  
No brazen tongue aroused our zeal.  
A sermon 'twas in pantomime.  
By lofty silence we may climb  
To greater heights than we attain  
By noisy tone and worldly strain.

No bell proclaimed our humble Lord;  
No courtly throng received His word.  
That leavens us in silence till  
Our hearts expand that He may fill  
Them to the brim, and running o'er  
With floods of light in sweet downpour.

**TO A FRIEND.**

On his eighty-third birth-day.

A good man's days  
Shed golden rays  
Whose beauty appears  
With declining years.

The noon-day sun,  
His course, half done,  
Bedims our sight  
With effulgent light.

When the eve draws on,  
Then a milder tone,  
Ere he sinks from view  
A roseate hue  
Illumes our sky  
While he is nigh.

While yet he stays  
To cheer the days  
The angels wait  
At the pearly gate.

In heaven they,  
We on earth,  
Bless the day  
That gave thee birth!

◆

**MARGERY.**

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Amid the vines so still she sat,  
The ruddy glow beneath her hat  
So blent its beauty with the scene,  
She seemed a blossom 'mid the green  
Ah! Here indeed is something new.  
Now guess what met my 'stonish view  
When I began to botanize?—  
'Twas Margery's two laughing eyes!

**DAILY LIFE.**

O, dearest Lord, grant me to see  
The wealth that lies so close to me—  
The precious thought, the golden deed,  
So thickly scattered o'er the mead  
Of daily life.

The weary toiler is too spent  
To see the charma that Thou hast lent  
To cheer his heart and lift his soul;  
He blindly spurns the golden bowl  
Of daily life.

Grant me to quaff it deep and long,  
With ear attuned to homely song,  
O, fill my heart with love like Thine  
Till it shall glow as bright aun-shine  
On daily life.

**THE SNOW-STORM.**

The feathery flakes are falling fast  
On meadows bare that seen at last  
Are clothed in robes of ailvery sheen;  
Beneath their folds the grasses lean,  
So forming many a snowy tent,  
For here is Fancy's encampment,  
The white cap'd weeds are sentinels  
That nod in ailence 'cross the dells,  
Across the downy dells.

The shiv'ring firs have felt a breeze  
The snow-flakes scurry 'mong the trees;  
He shakes the boughs and drives them out  
And so begins a playful rout.  
He catches them, gives all a toss,  
And there they sit in fleecy moss,  
Now all unharmed upon the trees,  
They flung their crytals to the breeze.  
To the wild and wanton breeze.

## THE LITTLE CHURCH IN THE VALLEY.

(White Mountains, N.H.)

Little Church in the Valley,  
 In the vale of Bethlehem,  
 The humble name  
 Of royal fame  
 Doth kindle thought  
 Of love that brought  
 Shepherds, Kings,  
 With precious things  
 In homage felt  
 For Him who dwelt  
 In Bethlehem of Judea.

Little Church in the Valley,  
 In the vale of Bethlehem.  
 The radiant star  
 Still beams afar  
 Shining in  
 The haunts of sin.  
 It finds the heart  
 In crowded mart,  
 It lightens men  
 Now, as then,  
 In Bethlehem of Judea.

Little Church in the Valley,  
 In the vale of Bethlehem,  
 The Angel's song  
 Still rolls along  
 The vaults of time,  
 In every clime.  
 "Peace on Earth"  
 Has given birth  
 To love for man  
 Which first began  
 In Bethlehem of Judea.

Little Church in the Valley,  
 In the vale of Bethlehem,  
 Send forth the word  
 Till it is heard

By deaf and dumb,  
Bid them come  
While they may—  
While yet 'tis day.  
Christ is near,  
Even here,  
In the vale of Bethlehem.

### GOOD MORNING!

Aurora hurls the pearly grey  
In clouds before her rosy car;  
The way is lighted from afar  
By the coming orb of day.  
We drowsily hear with dreamy scorning,  
Old Chanticleer's loud shrill "Good Morning!"

Triumphant Sol in glory comes,  
His glowing beams fire all the skies.  
Where thither now soft prayers arise  
From humble hearths and sacred domes,  
The early bird with timely warning,  
Now tunes herself and sings "Good Morning!"

He's coming, coming,—all a-blaze!  
See what a pageant!—What a show!  
'Tis so familiar—yet we know  
So little, still we stand a-gaze.  
While he the landscape is adorning,  
We clasp a hand and say, "Good Morning!"

And now he's come, 'tis fairly day.  
The bells are ringing, cattle low;  
The farmer now begins to mow,  
And boys are whistling midst the hay.  
In Nature's smile there is no scorning  
When youths to maidens shout "Good Morning!"



Circling, circling, about your head,  
She slyly sprinkles happy thought,  
As nightly dews are finely shed—  
Gracious gifts from heaven brought.  
(Alas! they come to nought!)

Tripping, tripping, down the lane,  
At sight of her a youth has sped.  
She overtakes the bashful swain,  
And brings him back, by Fancy led  
(But all his wits have fled)

Whisp'ring, whisp'ring, now we see  
She has fairly turned his head,  
A poet now he'll surely be.  
She's brought him back, and they'll be wed.  
(He'll never earn his bread)

#### TID-BITS.

Little bits of color—little bits of gold  
How they brighten up grey Nature  
And prevent her growing old.  
They lend a charm to every feature  
That before had seemèd bare.  
Nature loves such décoration,  
See her touches everywhere  
Throughout the beautiful creation.

Little bits of humor—little bits of song  
How they brighten up the day  
And prevent its seeming long.  
How they smoothe the weary way  
And make the saddened heart forget  
For the moment all its pain,  
If Nature didn't love it, would she let  
The sun come laughing at the rain?



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**ALL WE OUGHT TO BE.**


---

O, dearest Lord, on Thee we call  
 To make us thankful, wake us all  
     We ought to be.  
 But to be grateful, we must know  
 The source from which our mercies flow.  
     Make us to see

The length and breadth, the depth and height  
 Of all the glorious love and light  
     Upon us shed.  
 How can we see unless we look?  
 Here plain before us is Thy Book—  
     'Tis all outspread.

It has been said:—"Who runs may read."  
 Me thinks we run with too great speed—  
     We blindly leap.  
 Call back our hearts from this mad race,  
 And make us pause to seek Thy face  
     Before we sleep.

Our busy day is nearly spent,  
 The passing life that Thou hast lent,  
     Shall we return  
 Impure?—unfitt for offering?  
 Ah! surely, so misused a thing  
     Thou would'st spurn.

Through fires that burn, and floods of grief  
 We here must pass to find relief  
     From stain of sin.  
 Not till we're cleansèd, dare we fall  
 Before Thy feet, with trustful call,  
     Thy smile to win.

**A LITTLE BOAT UPON THE SEA.****(Slumber Song)**

A little boat upon the sea  
That carries two—just you and me.  
Rocking, rocking, light and free.  
Bye oh! Baby. Bye oh! bye.  
Rest the paddles by your side,  
Duck your head—Mamma will guide,  
She is watching while you ride.  
Baby Bye oh! Baby bye.

Rock-a-by. Oh Baby bye.  
Cease the twinkle of your eye.  
The drowsy shore is drawing nigh.  
Bye oh! Baby, Bye oh! bye,  
Give me a dimpled baby hand  
And parting kiss before you strand  
On happy, dreamy, sleepy—Land  
Baby mine, oh! Baby bye.

**DAY-DREAMING.****(Becalmed at Sea)**

Lazily, drifting, softly we sing,  
Song up-welling from the heart o'erflows  
With a rippling such as rivulets bring,  
From the hills in spring with the melting of snows.

Careless and free as the clouds overhead,  
We're gently rocked and fanned by the breeze,  
Nothing before us but the sea outspread,  
We, drowsily dreaming in indolent ease.

Dreaming? dreaming? 'Tis only a seeming  
Of sweet repose from life's unrest  
The silence that covers mysteries teeming  
With vital force in Nature's breast.

## A BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

(from California)

A bunch of violets—and nothing more,  
 And yet, they speak to me a message clear  
 From loving friends on far Pacific's shore.  
 Their happy tones I almost seem to hear.

I seem to see the whole bright land of flowers,  
 With vari-colored mountains that enfold  
 The lingering sunshine in vales where hours  
 And days and weeks pass by—a dream untold.

Where ocean-breezes fan the vine-clad slopes,  
 And mingled perfumes lade the odorous air  
 From lilies, violets and heliotropes,  
 Carnation-blooms and roses everywhere.

The yellow-banded bee and butterfly  
 Are in the secrets of the land and know  
 The place where Mother's honeyed treasures lie,  
 And all the brighter blossoms made for show.

Where fleecy flocks and sleepy birds repose  
 Well satisfied with plentiful repast.  
 And vulture tribes exultingly disclose  
 Where some unhappy beast has breathed his last.

In the long ago Pan laid his flute aside  
 To take the miner's pick and fraternize  
 With men of every race the whole world wide.  
 The music lingers still in thin disguise.

'Tis softly heard in the heart of growing things,  
 And in the whisperings of beckoning trees.  
 'Tis heard in liquid notes when the wild bird sings  
 Finale—~~ball~~ rolling waves from over-seas.

A few pressed violets—and what a train  
 Of reminiscent thoughts they do suggest!  
 To write them all I'd need to try again.  
 Wher'er our lot is cast, that place is best.

## TO THE PINNACLE.

(Missisquoi County, P.Q.)

The days may dawn and suns may set,  
Till years creep on and we forget  
The changeful scenes of life's spring time  
But, modest Mount, you stand sublime—  
A monument of steadfastness.  
The wanderer can scarce suppress  
A fond desire to kiss your brow;  
His own lights up with fervent glow,  
When you advance upon his view.  
As if old love you would renew.

In childhood's days we studied you—  
Your varied shades from grey to blue.  
When you were blue, then we were rose.  
When you were blue, then we were rose.  
If 'neath a cloud you sought repose,  
We watched till you unveiled, to trace  
The signs of pleasure on your face.  
Wore you a white cap through the day,  
We were consoled with in-door play.

You bear a bald spot on your head—  
In merry band by adventure led,  
We climbed until we found the place;  
And there with glass we still may trace  
St. Lawrence's broad majestic flow,  
Mount Royal's spires in sunlight glow.

And little Pike whose waters gleam  
Among the trees with glinting beam—  
Like the smile of childhood when 'tis seen  
In glimpses through a tangled screen—  
A wilderness of golden curls.  
Through woods and meads the river purls,  
Past happy homes and blooming farms,  
The land's a parterre full of charms.  
The roads are foot paths seen from here;  
The clumps are home-steads far and near,  
And you, dear Mount, the sentinel  
That stands to see that "All is well."

## THE BABES IN THE BUSH.

Within a grot beside the stream,  
We sat one day in idle dream,  
A charming spot—a sylvan bower.  
'Twas deftly wrought with woodland flower  
And clematis all intertwined  
With leafy branches close combined.  
A moss-grown log there offered seat.  
The rustling leaves beneath our feet,  
Were whisperings of unseen things.  
We heard the flit of elfin wings  
Where e'er the breezes 'round us played.  
Sometimes the dog-wood blossoms swayed  
And shed their blooms on spots left bare.  
The Spirit o' the woodland claimed a share  
In her display that gave us joy;  
She lent her charms that never cloy.  
The beech and birch with arms outspread  
Upheld a canopy overhead.  
'Twas there the oriole hung her nest,  
And rocked her brood in their unrest  
At sound of laughter rising high  
To frighten dwellers in the sky.  
The curious crow and fisher-bird  
Then told their mates of what they'd heard.  
The crows in dozens came to see,  
They perched upon a neighb'ring tree,  
And there discoursed in caw-caw-cus.  
The squirrels wondered at the fuss,  
And chattered parts of the sylvan song  
That varied voices bore along,  
Accented by the frog's bass note,  
Adown the stream we seemed to float,  
While Nature sang and breezes played,  
Till lost in dream our spirits strayed,  
To fairer scenes than even these,  
Where idle children are at ease  
And no discordant notes e're fall.

**THE CROSS ON GASPE'S SHORE.**

The morning mist enwraps the land,  
Stiff breezes strike the lab'ring sail  
And fling cold spray on the lonely strand,  
The wooded cliffs by frequent gale  
Dismantled, still afford retreat  
To ancient line of beast and bird—  
Fit complement of Nature's seat  
In the wind and wave they hear her word.

Outlying fair on headland bold,  
Was Cartier's cross—a signet set  
To seal the race in Faith's stronghold.  
Almost primeval stillness yet  
Broods o'er the spot—this altar raised  
In holy patriarchal zeal.  
The God whom grateful sailors praised  
Hath guarded well our country's weal.

Brave men have come—have toiled and died,  
Barbarian tribes have given place  
To onward march of power and pride;  
For with the cross came conqueror's mace,  
And mad ambition's fiery sword.  
With prayers and blows most strangely blent  
Did Faith advance the Holy Word.  
By violence the clouds were rent.

“La petite guerre” and noisy war  
Were painful signs of a nation's birth.  
Contending empires from afar  
Claimed parentage. The troubled earth  
Soon saw her child emerge from strife,  
And smiling now at early loss  
Of hope—renewed by vigorous life,  
She hails the triumph of the cross.

## DEW-DROPS.

Hail! dew-drops pure, ye dew-drops bright  
 And sparkling in the early light.  
 What fairy's passed and lost her gems?  
 Or are you fallen from diadems  
 Of angela going home?

Ah, gleaming beads of liquid light,  
 Can you be pearls of queenly Night?  
 And lost by her in flying o'er?  
 In truth such gems were ne'er before  
 In careless flight let fall.

O! joy to you! ye dew-drops bright,  
 Soon you will take your airy flight  
 Before the warmer breath of day.  
 The sun will kiss you with his ray.  
 He'll kiss you out of sight!

## AN M-PASSIONED MISSIVE.

Miss-ive it is—a missive in rhyme,  
 Meerrily mingled in medley for I'm  
 Miss-miscellaneously-ty years old,  
 Miss-unmis-takably (?) not miss-controlled,  
 Miss-allied neither to man nor to gold,  
 Miss-doubting ever, was never so sold,  
 Mirth-loving mistress of mono-life's charms,  
 Miss-judged oft by green-eyed alarms;  
 Miss-apprehended by many a bach,  
 Miscalculating himself quite a "catch".

Mischievous maidens misconstrue my  
 Miscomputation of the years as they fly,  
 Measuring my motive—allow me to guess—  
 More than they know, by their love of *jeunesse*  
 Misemployed matrons misrepresent  
 Me of mono-mane mind npon marriage intent.  
 Motive! a motive! whatever I do,  
 Mirabile visu! 'Tis held up to view.

Mystery is it I'm sick at the heart,  
 Mercy's denied and all healing art,  
 Medical men I trust not employ—  
 Maybe they're aingle—'twould be to decoy—  
 Minister Caelebs must bring me no cure—  
 Murderous matrons! They'll finish me aure!  
 Match-makers mourn, and sigh with an air,  
 Much as to say:—"We've tried—I declare."  
 Melody-minglers, sing "requiescat"  
 Martyr to maidenhood—evermore S.C.A.T.\*

\* The author's earlier initials.

### ASH-WEDNESDAY.

This day my heart is sealed within  
 And crape upon the door,  
 Lest worldly Care should enter in  
 With claims as heretofore.

O, Memories that haunt my brain.  
 Is't thus we expiate  
 Our vagrancies from youth to age  
 While yet we're animate?

In passing, still ye would enaure  
 Abasement more complete,  
 As traced upon a blotted page  
 My faults you e'er repeat.

In the vaunted light of other days  
 That heeds not suffering,  
 In Truth's all-seeing, piercing raya  
 That burn the offering.

Now, 'dust to dust', resolved I lie  
 Upon the smould'ring pyre—  
 My only plaint, a heart-drawn sigh  
 As worldly hopes expire.



### THE SONG OF THE WHITE THROAT.

On a bright and sunny morning  
 When good Nature was adorning  
 The happy land that I was in,  
 I set out with violin  
 To spend the day upon the stream;  
 There to play and float and dream,  
 Soon I thought some one was coming  
 To join me in my idle thrumming,  
 I surely heard some toiler say;—  
 "What! All d-a-y  
 "Fiddlin', fiddlin', fiddlin'?"

Yes, all day fiddling, fiddling,  
 Tho' the music be hut middling,  
 It may perchance, my thoughts benign,  
 And make the scornful list'ner smile.  
 A little waif then chanced to stray  
 Along the same cool, flowery way,  
 So hand in hand, we trudged along  
 Whistling anatches of old song.  
 Do you hear the wild bird say;—  
 "What! All d-a-y  
 "Fiddlin', fiddlin', fiddlin'?"

"Yes, my boy, hut let him quiddle,  
 You and I will sing and fiddle"  
 A little laugh then rang out there  
 From the lips that used to swear.  
 The little visage hlurred with sin,  
 Brightened with the joy within,  
 And the music in his aoul  
 O'er the echoing rocks did roll,  
 And I was gladdened by the play.  
 Sing—"All d-a-y,  
 "Fiddlin', fiddlin', fiddlin'."

So we spent the day to-gether,  
 In merriment, not caring whether  
 We had dined or we had fasted,  
 While the happy day had lasted,  
 The little hird was quite astonished  
 To see us play whom he'd admonished.

Then we the little warbler toasted,  
Till his flut'ring wings were hoisted,  
Singing still the same old lay:—  
"What! All d-a-y  
"Fiddlin', fiddling', fiddlin'!"

### THE ECSTASY OF SPRING.

Deep hidden in the grass and sedges,  
When Winter'a cold has ceased,  
We humble frogs on the outer edges,  
'Mong guests at the vernal feast.

Trill forth our innate sweet devotion  
To Nature and to kin  
In joyous silvery commotion—  
A tintinab'lous din.

Our mingled notes from throats unnumbered  
Along the brooklets ring  
Awak'ning life that long has slumbered  
With the ecstasy of spring.

### UNDER-CURRENTS.

Words can not from each to each express  
The underlying veins of soul that flow  
Beneath the common-place.  
May we the wizzard-wand of soul possess  
To find the flowing under-tow  
Where heart and heart embrace.

The unsuspected hidden springs of thought  
Evading search, respond to Nature's charm—  
The subtleness of kin.  
A single ray of light from heaven brought,  
Illumes the day, and makes it bright and warm  
Where all was dark within.

### TO THE OLD ELM TREE.

Majestic Elm, alas! how short the time  
 Since first we met! A slender sapling then,  
 You bowed your head when boys essayed to climb,  
 But firmly stood to guard the ways of men  
 Where two roads meet—men sometimes go astray.  
 With head reared high you look the village o'er;  
 Your trembling fingers pointing every way  
 Evoke a sigh for those we saw of yore.

Succeeding generations 'neath your shade  
 Have found a trysting-place at close of day;  
 Marks on your rind record the vows they made—  
 Some have been broken—but the records stay.  
 You offer shelter to the weary ones,  
 With falt'ring steps, who often pass this way  
 And nod approvingly to joyous tones  
 Of romping children laughing in their play.

With arms outstretched you beckon all to come.  
 Returning birds in spring to you repair,  
 Within your ample breast they find a home;  
 Their gaping young you rock with tend'rest care.  
 The waning harvest o'er, your leaves are cast,  
 Not dead—but soon resolved to life renewed—  
 Life still your own, excelling all the past,  
 With grandeur and simplicity endued.

What happiness to be like you—content  
 To thrive 'neath native skies—sweet heritage  
 Through all the winds that blow, atill heavenward bent.  
 'Tis yours to show the aim of vigorous age,  
 Brave sentinel in late King William's time,  
 Though young, none dared dispute your graceful way.  
 In Good Victoria's reign you reached your prime;  
 Long may you wave in our own George's day.

"Poems are made by fools like me,  
 But only God can make a tree."

—Joyce Kilmer.

**LIFE.**

The yearning of a tender heart,  
A cup withdrawn from eager lip.  
A dream that rivals scenic art  
Of flowery ways where dancers trip.

The sparkling cup is mixed with ills,  
In effervescence to the last:  
The while we quaff it swiftly fills,  
The flavor palls when noon is past.

And what are all our brightest dreams  
But bubbles floating in the air,  
Beguiling with their lucent gleams  
That light us up the rugged stair?

Still groping, stumbling up the height,  
We backward glance—retreat has fled,  
But safe at last in morning light,  
What sign that feet and heart have bled?

**EVENING.****At San Francisco.**

We climbed where a hill o'erlooked the city and the Bay  
With guardian isles that watch'd the coast where Eldorado lay,  
It was moon-light and all the constellations on parade.  
They seemed to have drawn more near—and in mid-air were stayed,  
A foot-hold on the shore. From farthest lands beyond the sea,  
From hearths in every clime, here side by side, they bend the knee,  
And sigh for 'home sweet home'. Among them many a shining light  
Is there to show the way, beyond the day, beyond the night,  
Beyond the stars—a home.

Extending on and far astray,  
The streets like spiders' web displayed their lamps to show the way  
The city's constellation. Then I took a fancied roam  
Among the peoples of the earth that here have sought a home  
A foot-hold on the shore. From farthest lands beyond the sea,  
From hearths in every clime, here side by side, they bend the knee,  
And sigh for 'home sweet home'. Among them many a shining light  
Is there to show the way, beyond the day, beyond the night,  
Beyond the stars—a home.

## THE LEGEND OF SAN ISMAIL.

When day had pierced the eastern sky,  
A mounted horseman passing by  
The tepees of an Indian town,  
But dimly seen in grayish brown,  
Gave rein to the best that knew the trail  
Over the plain to San Ismail.  
So many paths the prairie crossed  
A stranger there might well be lost.

At first he took a shambling gait,  
Not caring much if he did await  
The rising of the sun to show  
The unknown land he was passing thro',  
He heard the chirp of the 'early bird.  
And then the low of the waking herd.  
All distant sounds there came to him  
With weirdness through vistas dim.

He felt himself to be but a speck  
Beneath the heavens soon a-fleck  
With crimson fires that crept aloft  
Behind and underneath the soft  
White clouds until they were a-blaze.  
They lit his soul. In all his days  
He'd scarcely seen the grand display—  
The pagentry of opening day.

But when at length 'twas fairly day,  
And cow-boys started on their way  
To drive their herds just from corral  
With lash and language sans morale,  
A "tender-foot" they now espied,  
Whom 'tis their pleasure to deride.  
With bantering jest they went their way,  
And left the stranger in dismay.

He moralized on all around—  
The hungry herds and thirsty ground,  
And o'er and o'er he racked his brain  
To know how men who scour the plain  
Can leave their homes and scenes that please  
To live like roving Shoshones,  
Men who, like thistles, grow most rank  
Where cultivation is a blank.

Then striking spur to the horse's side  
Now onward faster he would ride.  
The distant mountains in the west  
Confined the vastness and unrest  
Of roving beast and heastly bird,  
That followed close the wand'ring herd.  
Their dismal screams now pierced the air,  
And pierced the heart of the rider there.

At length he saw a moving sight—  
A something dancing in the light.  
"Ah! who are these thus making merry?  
See! there is feasting—let us hurry."  
And on he went at lively canter  
Until he reached the very center  
Of jovial banquet, where a heast  
To hungry buzzards gave a feast.

Then moving on for quite a space,  
But at a somewhat moderate pace;  
"Although their feast was an outrage,  
We must our hunger now assuage.  
Close in the shade of cow-hoy's shack  
Here you and I will take a snack."  
To which the heast did not object,  
Nor proffered food did she reject.

In web of sleep almost enmeshed,  
With cooling drink they're quite refreshed,  
The steed now bore him on his way  
South-east. Meanwhile, she heard him say,—  
"The shadows now before us lie,  
"And length'ning ever till we die,  
"And so it is—Meridian's past.  
The mid-day sun-shine cannot last."

His listening ear soon caught a sound,  
And turning then he glanced around,  
He nothing saw—no more he heard,  
Uneasy thought his bosom stirred.  
He'd all day long a boding fear  
Of unknown evil drawing near,  
Of threat'ning cloud impending o'er—  
A sense he never felt before.

To calm his thoughts he counted stones,  
 Sometimes he counted bleaching bones  
 Of some poor creature fallen prey  
 To mountain lion on the way.  
 A distant rumble struck his ear,  
 And then another still more near.  
 Turning again, he searched the sky,  
 A heavy cloud was rising high.

The open day now soon grew dark,  
 The wild coyote's nightly bark,  
 The dismal scream of vagrant bird  
 Now interspersed with sounds he heard,  
 Like cannon's boom and rumbling drum.  
 A flash!—he cried, "The worst has come!"  
 It seemed the worst that e'er befell.  
 Each hoof-beat sounded like a knell.

With lurid glare the lightning flashed,  
 With awful din the heavens crashed,  
 "Forgive me—guide me—judgement day—"  
 In incoherent words like these,  
 His anxious spirit found some ease.  
 They showed, at least, his soul was wrought  
 With awe and deep unwonted thought.

A deluge came in rapid torrents,  
 As if the Lord in great abhorrence,  
 Would wash the land from all its stain,  
 And darkness sent to aid the rain.  
 For night came on—a swift ally—  
 And threw her mantle o'er the sky.  
 Confused thought itself did mix—  
 "Now, can this be the river Styx"

"That's given way at fountain head?  
 Be swept away!—swept from the sod  
 He swept away!—swept from the sod  
 To answer at the throne of God?"  
 The heavens and earth had seemed to meet,  
 And nothing offered safe retreat  
 To beast or blinded man. A flash!  
 Succeeded by a thunder crash.

And there revealed by the light  
There walked a man—or heavenly wight—  
And just before the horse's head.  
No backward glance—and nothing said,  
Although the horseman did enquire,—  
“Are you, good sir, some country squire?  
“Or stranger here—an English baron?  
“Are you the ferry-man named Charon?”

Still every flash revealed him there,  
But quite untouched—not even a hair  
Was moistened by the rain that fell,  
No sign gave he—no word to tell  
From whence he came, or whither went,  
Or what his aim, or his intent.  
The horse-man tried to overtake,  
But no less distance could he make;

For fast or slow the horse's pace  
There still remained an equal space  
Betwixt the horse and leading wraith.  
Although he lacked a martyr's faith  
He felt himself an instrument  
Led onward with some deep intent.  
And thus he rode, not knowing where,  
Unmindful even of the lightning's glare.

Unmindful both of time and place,  
And now too scared to quit the race,  
He followed blindly in the dark.  
But gladly would have been the mark  
For Jupiter with lightning's shaft.  
So crazed was he, sometimes he laughed.  
The lurid glare still showed the guide  
Whom follow he must, whate'er betide.

Another flash—The guide was gone.  
Now, friendly helper there was none.  
The horse had stopped—nor would go on.  
Then he, dismounting, came upon  
A hut—a human dwelling place,  
May this afford us sheltering space!  
He searched—at last he found a door.  
Now, here we'll rest till the storm be o'er.”



At first he felt almost repelled;  
His horse within, made sure it held,  
He then went fumbling as before,  
And here again another door,  
An infant's sobbing met his ear.  
He said,—“Pray tell me, who is here?”  
For midnight darkness filled the room,  
And silence added to the gloom.

He searched about and found a shelf,  
Thereon a lamp amid some delf.  
The lighted lamp revealed a child  
With fear and hunger driven wild.  
“O, good man! me hung'y he.  
“Me want some bread. Will 'ou feed me?”  
He searched for food—it was not there,  
The home was chilly, damp and bare.

“Good egg,” she whispered, “in the shed.”  
Soon this was found and she was fed.  
“Papa,” she said, “e will not speak.”  
And pointing where he lay, a shriek  
Escaped her, then a plaintive wail,  
The stranger's cheer of no avail.  
Approaching now, he saw the form  
Of him who'd guided through the storm.

The same grey suit of English tweed,  
He'd already given heed  
To small details ev'n such as that  
He even recognized the hat.  
Quite overcome, he bent his head  
Over the form that here lay dead,  
And thus had lain through all the day,  
The while his spectre showed the way.

He clasped the infant to his breast  
Till, spent with grief, she sank to rest,  
The deadened embers, now relit,  
Their warmth and light did soon emit,  
Then with the dead he vigil kept,  
And pondered much while baby slept,  
To know what guiding power had brought  
Him here, his anxious spirit sought.

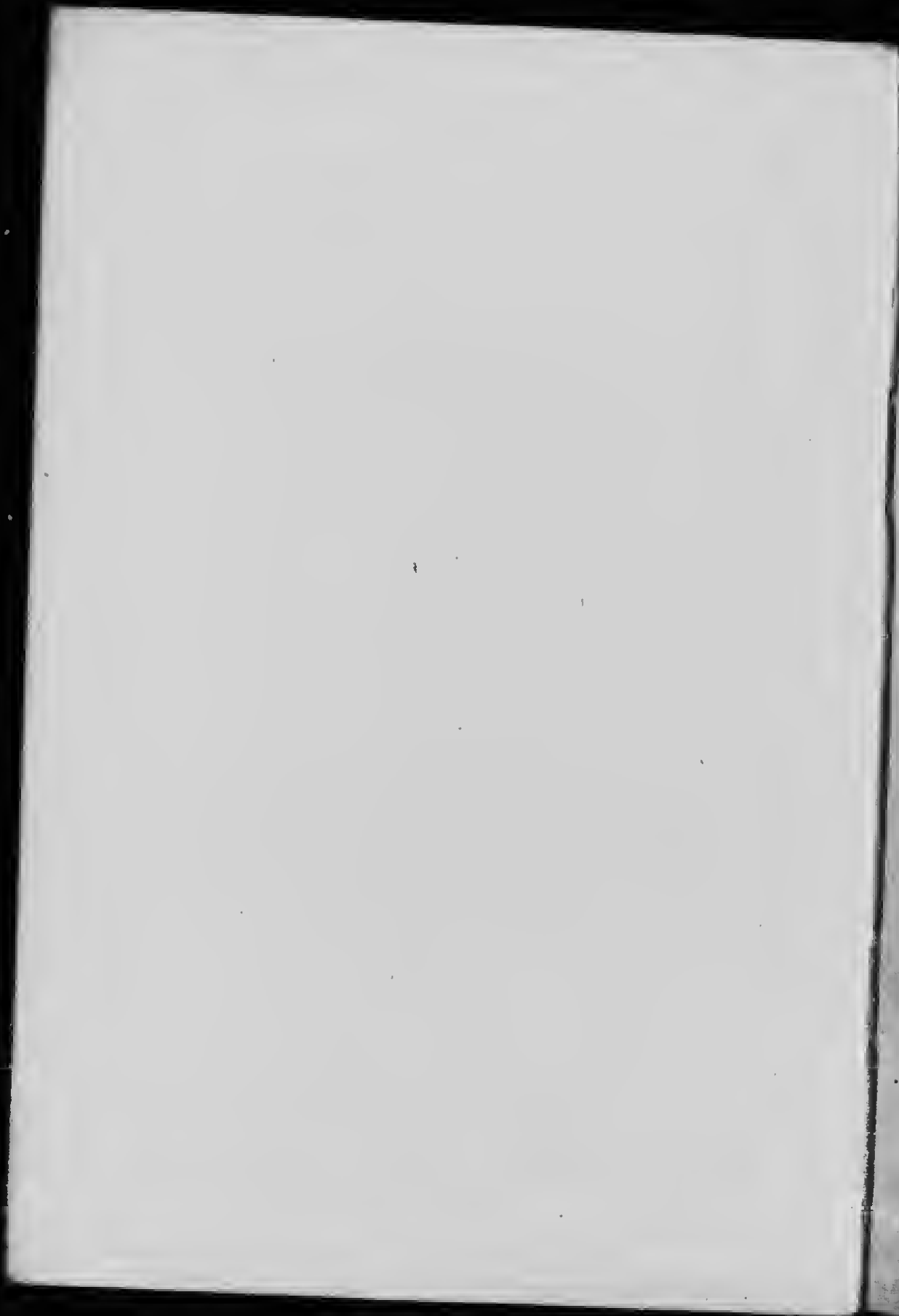
Who was this man whose earthly form  
Had led him safely through the storm?  
Had he descended from the skies  
To open thus his blinded eyes,  
And rescue him so like a friend,  
That he an infant might attend—  
The orphan—God's especial charge?  
So love o'erflowing doth enlarge.

His lips though still unused to prayer,  
Then uttered one sincerely there:—  
"Though hitherto I've wakened slow,  
"Now, grant me Lord, Thyself to know.  
"And when the storms of life are past,  
"O, lead me safely home at last."  
He thus expressed in prayer or hymn  
The light of faith that awoke in him.

His head inclining low upon  
His breast as if in benison,  
He seemed to be in other land,  
Reclining on a peaceful strand—  
The restful sand of a summer sea:  
He saw the Lord in majesty  
With winged host go floating by  
With chant that zephyrs wafted high.

Among the singers, one he knew,  
If timid glance now served him true.  
There, one he saw, who years before  
Had left their home and native shore  
From youthful impulses or unrest,  
Whom here he found among the blest,  
With recognition in his eye,  
Who smiled and beckoned, passing by.

The song of matins, floated high,  
A heavenly flame now lit the sky  
With crimson, golden, blent in one,  
He woke—to see the rising sun  
With full effulgence flood the room,  
The smile of God dispelled the gloom,  
And with a halo crowned the brow  
Of him now bathed in the heavenly glow.





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