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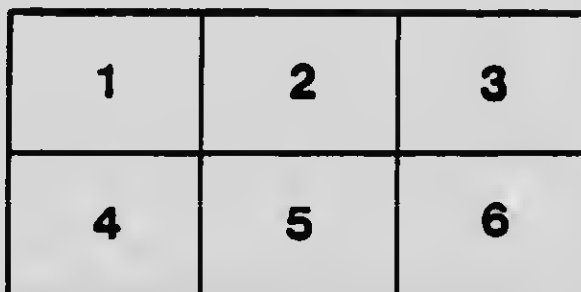
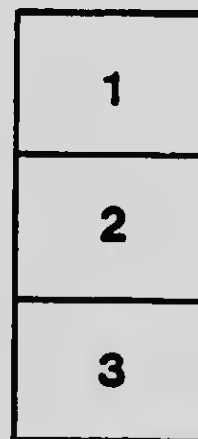
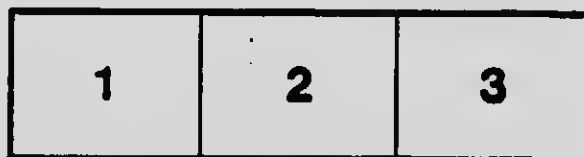
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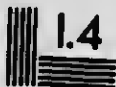
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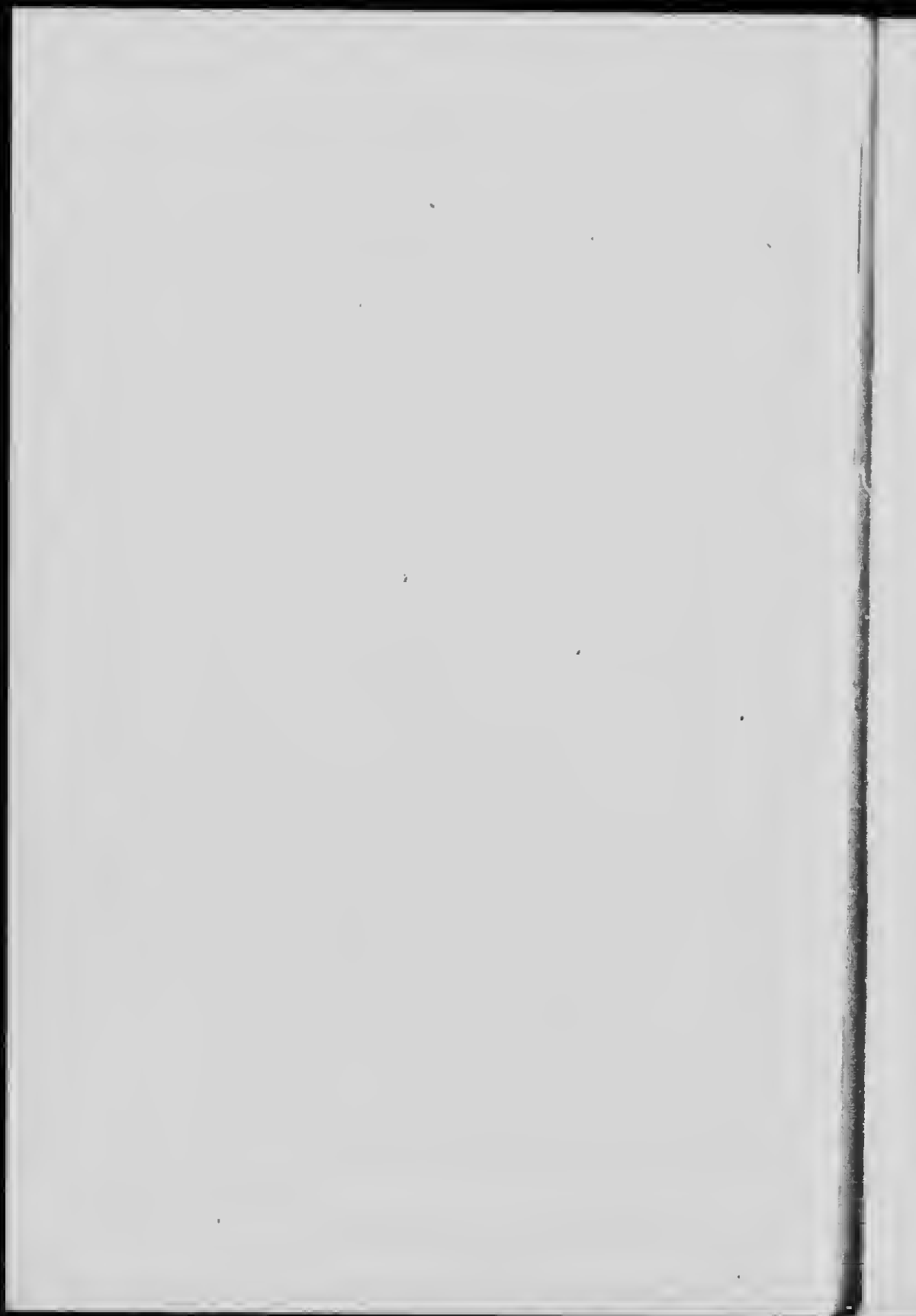


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To  
H. J. Henderson, my friend  
with the author's good wishes  
Xmas. 1917

SONGS FROM  
A YOUNG MAN'S LAND





# Songs from a Young Man's Land

By

**CLIVE PHILLIPPS-WOLLEY**

*Author of "One of the Broken Brigade," "The Chicamon Stone,"  
"Gold, Goid in Cariboo," etc.*

TORONTO:  
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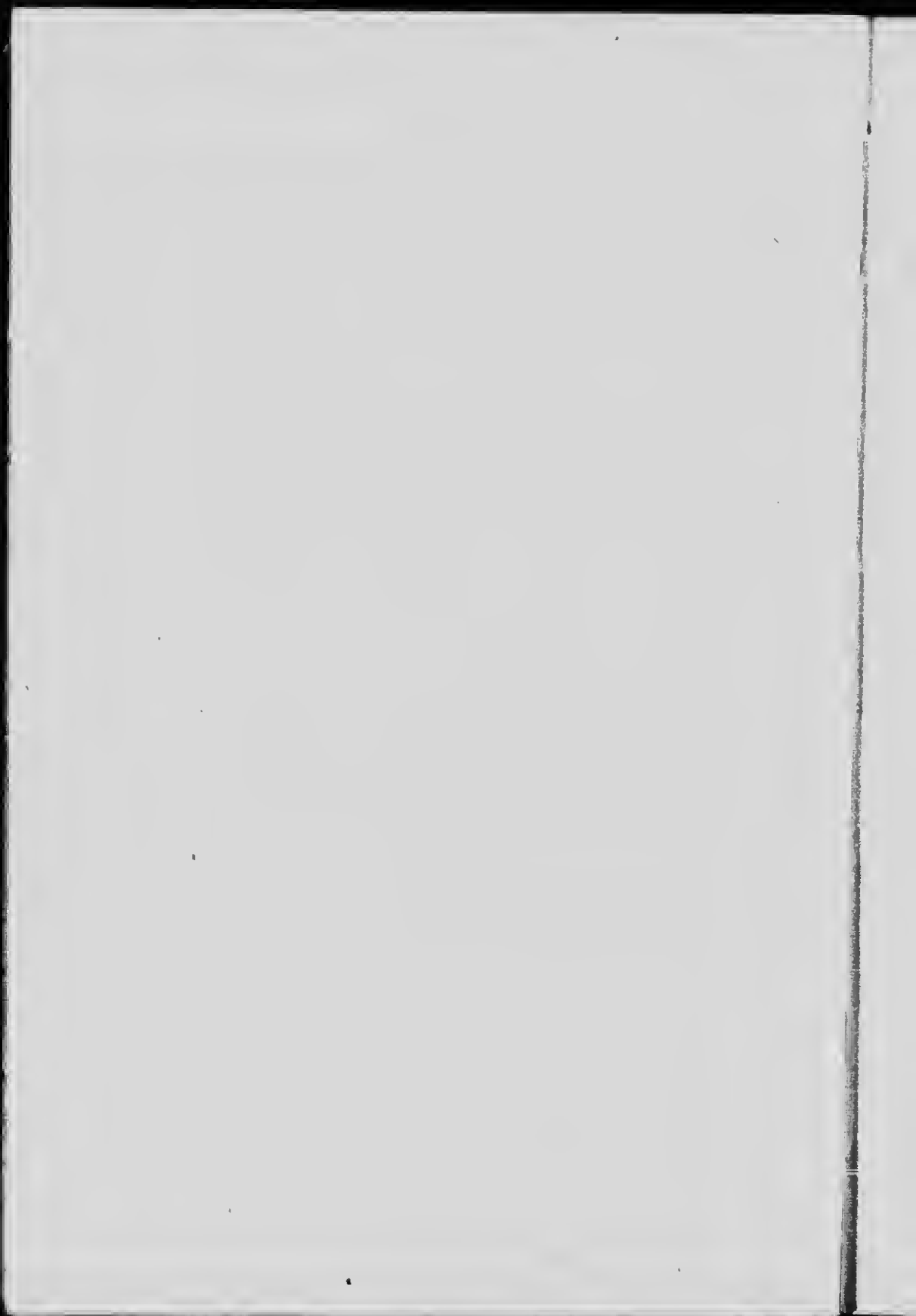
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## DEDICATION

To the memory of Lieutenant-Commander Clive Phillipps-Wolley, R.N., and those others from Canada, who like him have given their lives for their country in this war, this volume is humbly dedicated by one who when the war came was found to be too old and too crippled to be of any use in the only place where a man should be.

Perhaps to some who have fought and survived, these verses may bring back some of the local colour of the homes they fought for.

CLIVE PHILLIPPS-WOLLEY.

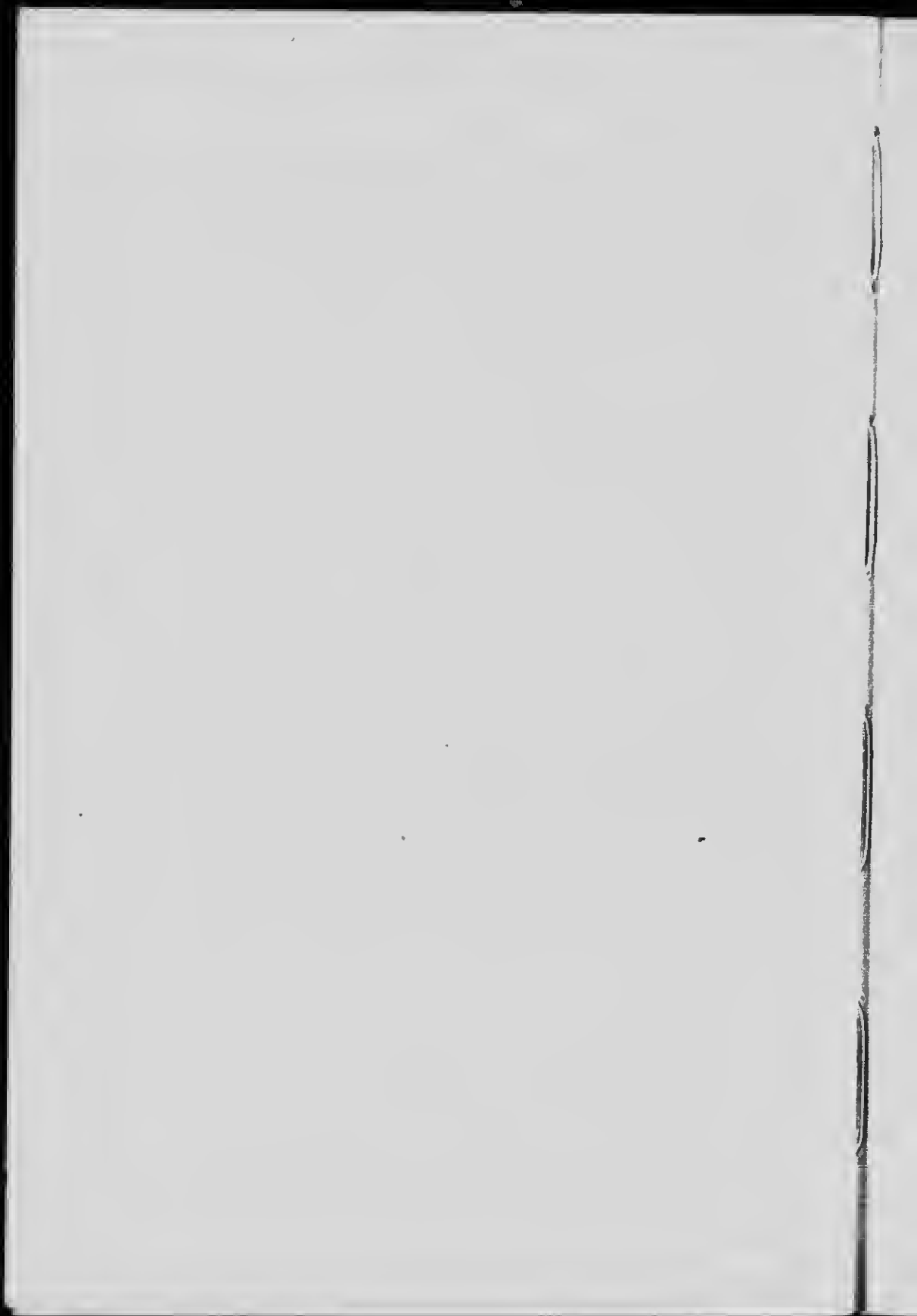


## PREFACE

This volume contains a re-issue of my "SONGS OF AN ENGLISH ESAU" which had gone out of print, and was unobtainable either in Canada or England. The kind prejudice of my Western neighbors is to be blamed for the pressure brought to bear on the publisher for its reproduction. The other half of the volume consists of my later verse most of which has had the honour to appear from time to time in such publications as the *Spectator*, the *Navy*, my old friend *The Week*, and other local papers to which I tender my thanks for allowing it to reappear here.

In extenuation, I can only plead that it was the generous recognition of one of these that ever made me write verse at all.

CLIVE PHILLIPPS-WOLLEY.



## FOREWORD

"Hast thou no other blessing, O my father,  
For me, thine hunter?" It was Esau's cry,  
Who left his brother, all the gear to gather,  
To tramp the hills and sleep beneath the sky,

And Isaac answered, "Esau, all is given—  
The right to rule; the gold and easy days;  
Thine the wild lands, made rich by dews of heaven;  
The sword to keep, free feet to break new ways.

"No gilded cage to cramp thy splendid muscle,  
No ceaseless striving for an empty gain,  
But strength to throw a new world in the tussle  
That makes Man master and rough places plain.

"Game of a thousand hills for herded cattle;  
Sweet-scented hemlock for thy weary head;  
The wind for harper; for thy pastime, battle;  
And for thy record, 'In all lands he led.'

"And at the last, when Jacob's yoke is breaking,  
When all thy hard-won empires call him 'lord,'  
A startled world, its greedy dreams forsaking,  
Shall see thy brother leaning on thy sword!"

. . . . .

Colonial Esau, wouldst thou change thy pottage  
For Jacob's birthright? morning air for smoke?  
Take Jacob's palace, for thy backwoods cottage?  
His fettered feet, for thine which know no yoke?

His victories won, for thy delight in winning?  
His wedded fortunes, for the fate you woo?  
His work well ended, for thy work beginning—  
Memories of deeds for deeds still left to do?

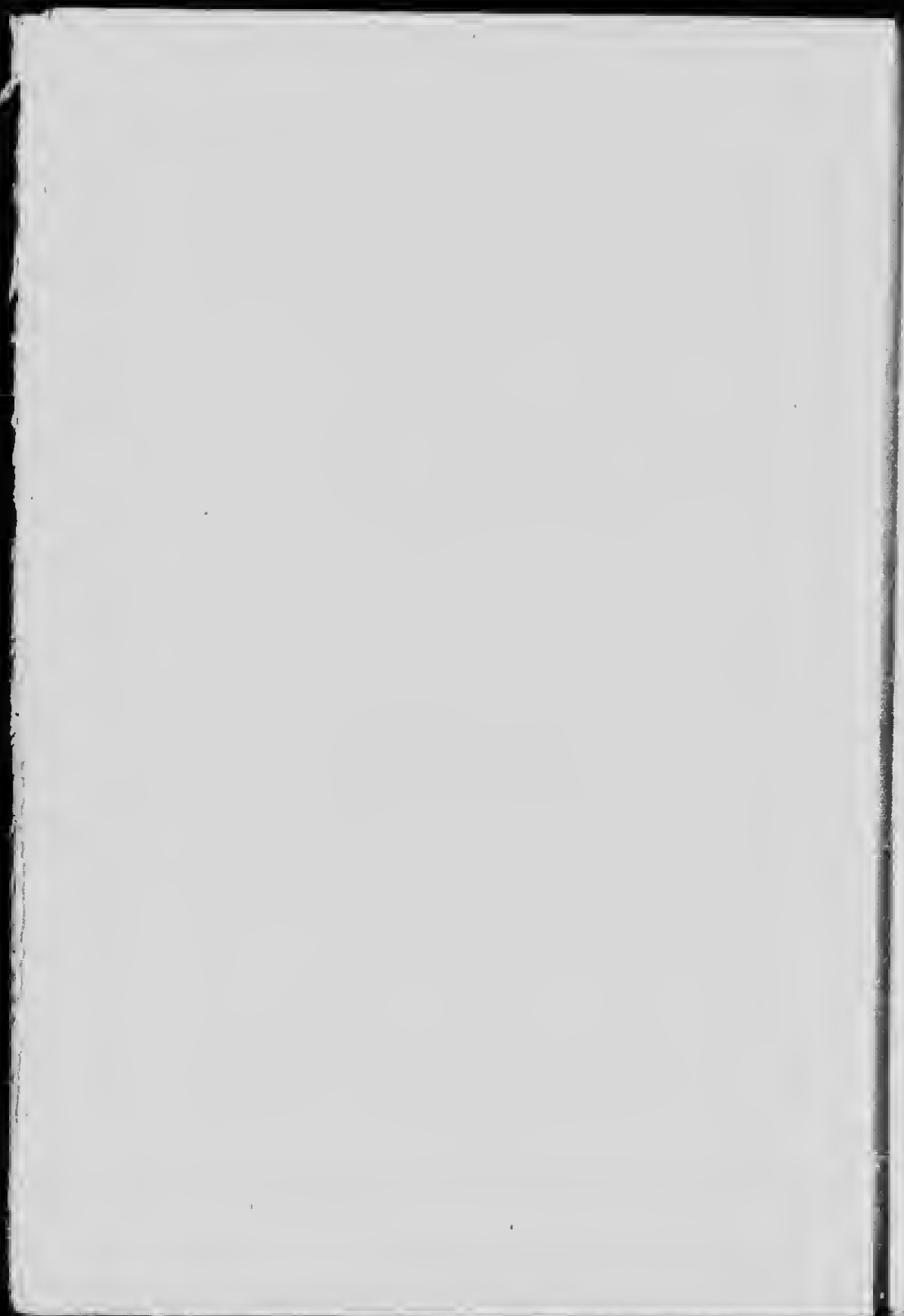


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**SONGS FROM  
A YOUNG MAN'S LAND**



## TO MY WIFE

On a mist-hidden ridge of the mountain,  
Where the chamois and tûr live alone,  
Lies a hunter who watches the fountain,  
And the stars watch the hunter, mine own.  
There's just room for his rifle beside him,  
Just room for his guide at his feet;  
Some two dozen inches divide him  
From death and eternity sweet.  
The mountain with gray hoary fingers  
Points up to the heaven above—  
He kneels to his God first, then lingers,  
And wistfully dreams of his love.

The torrent that rages beneath him  
Just makes itself heard in a moan;  
The thunder-clouds, stooping, enwreath him  
And curtain his pillow of stone.  
The lightning that gleams on his face, girl,  
Finds a smile born of thinking of thee,  
And the storm-wind that swept o'er the place, girl,  
Took a love message over the sea—  
For soft grows the pillow of stone, dear,  
If Love be the lodestar of life;  
There is nothing for him to bemoan, dear,  
Who can trust in his God and his wife.

## A SONG OF THE AXE

When winter winds storm, and the snow-flakes swann,  
And the forest is soft to our tread;  
When the women folk sit by their fires fresh lit,  
Oh, ho, for the tuque of red!  
With our strong arms bare, it's little we care  
For politics, rates, or tax;  
Let the good steel ring on the forest king—  
Oh, ho, for the swing of the axe!

Your diamonds may glitter, your rubies flame,  
*Our* gems are but frozen dew;  
Yet yours grow tame, being always the same,  
Ours every night will renew.  
Let the world rip, tighten your grip,  
Make the blades glitter and shine;  
At it you go, swing to the blow,  
And down with the pride of the pine!

For the-trees, I ween, which have long grown green  
In the light of the sun and the stars,  
Must bend their backs to the lumberer's axe,  
Mere timber and planks and spars.  
Then oh, ho, ho, for the carpet of snow!  
Oh, ho, for the forest of pine!  
Wealth shall be yours, with its business and bores,  
Health and hard labour be mine!

## TO BURNABY AND THE CORRESPONDENTS

Poets, a verse where tears shall somewhat soften  
The pride a soldier nation can but feel,  
That he who sought and vanquished death so often,  
Should die as he would wish to die, by steel.

Soldiers, a wreath, a wreath of laurels gory,  
For those who shared your lives, your dangers  
shared,  
To set your fame in their immortal story  
Daring themselves whatever you have dared.

First in the fight, heralds of fame in battle,  
Comrades in death, their pens with life-blood wet,  
No wonder if war's music and war's rattle  
Ring in the lines of their despatches yet.

A handful to ten thousand, in your keeping  
The army's safety—more, your country's fame—  
You stood, the desert's knighthood o'er you sweeping,  
A rock of valour islanded in flame.

Has Arthur's spirit fled? Nay! *Statesmen* blunder,  
But knights and troubadours are with us still;  
We vacillate at home—the battle's thunder  
Finds us still lords of an unshaken will

## IS CANADA LOYAL?

Is Canada loyal? Who dares to ask? Are your colon-  
ists' veins

Ducts for some colourless fluid, or red with the blood  
that stains

The bosom of all the earth, from Plassy to Abraham's  
Plains?

Blood that is hot from the north, fresh with the salt of  
the sea;

Strong with the strength of sires who have never been  
aught but free;

True wit, the truth of those whose creed has been  
loyalty.

We, who have won you a world, from the Pole to the  
Boundary Line,

Through the Land of the Lakes in the east, to the  
Land of the Douglas Pine,

Hewing our road with the axe, winning our wealth in  
the mine—

Have we seemed to forget? Here, where our further-  
most fleet

Rides on the selfsame wave that rolls to the Russian's  
feet,

Named in the name of the Queen, is the town where  
our parliaments meet.



God! how we love you still! Do you think in the hours  
of gloom  
There comes no whisper of home? Look, where our  
dead find room,  
Are those *native* flowers you find, heather and rose and  
broom?

Those who have stayed may not hear the beat of their  
hearts in the crowd:  
We of the prairies hear, and are not to be bought  
or cowed—  
British in Britain's van, have we no right to be proud?  
War? We would rather peace; but, mother, if fight  
you must,  
There be none of your sons on whom you can lean  
with a surer trust;  
Bone of your bone are we, and in death would be dust  
of your dust!

## ODE FOR THE DIAMOND JUBLIEE

With throats unsteady, eyes by love made dim,  
O Queen, the people of your last vedette  
Turn towards their home and lift their hearts to Him—  
Hearts that cannot forget.

We who have known no master—who were hurled  
By the old Wander Spirit of your seas  
Into wild space to found another world—  
We, Mother, bend our knees

Not for ourselves. We scarce find time to pray,  
Breaking new lands where feebler folk may glean—  
Prayers for the night, deeds for our waking day,  
Only, "God save the Queen!"

God save the Queen! Our dimpled children sing  
The same grand anthem with dear baby breath  
That rang to heaven when Allan Wilson's ring  
Taught men the pride of death.

God save the Queen! From formless isles where wind  
Storm-shadowed pathways of the homing seal,  
Through driven spume, through fog banks murk and  
blind,  
God hears the same appeal.

Thy workers' voices, many millions strong,  
Bear to God's throne the prayer of sixty years;  
From wan white lips—through nights by pain made  
long,—  
A deeper note He hears.

O Queen, thou knowest we have lived and died  
To set thy name all royal names above;  
Sweet-hearted woman, more than Britain's pride  
Thou countest Britain's love!

Therefore, to-morrow, sons who stand apart  
In every realm within the Almighty's ken,  
Hearing the throb that shakes a nation's heart,  
Shall swell our Great Amen!

## THE KOOTENAY PROSPECTOR

Lay that there in the shadow—for God's sake don't call  
it him;  
That bundle of frozen clothing we found in the drift  
aint Jim;  
Not Jim as I knew, my partner, Jim fit and strong as  
an ox,  
That thing without muscle or movement, and limp as  
my sodden socks!  
Leave that alone in the shadow, and pile a log on the  
fire—  
Jim's gone, I guess, where the sparks go a-climbin'  
higher and higher;  
Not that they gets there neither. That log sucked sun-  
light and dew  
In bygone springs when it budded, where the yellow  
snowdrops grew;  
And now it's goin' to nothin' but ash and a feeble  
spark,  
That wavers away towards heaven and goes out, of  
course, in the dark.

Climbin'! Is that all we're made for, like the armies of  
silent pine  
Which climb and climb on for ever from the gulch to  
the timber line?  
Not one in a million get there. When they do they  
wither and die.  
See them! white, withered, wind-twisted, corpse trees  
in a winter sky!

Prospectin'! that's what they call it. Hard labour an'  
hunger an' cold—  
That's what prospectin' is, mates: a hunt for a devil,  
gold—  
Gold as buys women and whiskey, hands shaky and  
eyesight dim;  
A lot of bummers to suck you dry, but never a pal like  
Jim.

That wasn't the way as Jim talked. That wasn't the  
way Jim thought.  
He worked 'cause he loved the labour; he was born  
to fight, so he fought.  
He loved the danger, the hardship, black canyon and  
shifting slide—  
I seed him laugh in the face o' death right there where  
you say he died.

An' it was a game worth playin', alone at the heart of  
the world,  
Where mighty snowslides thundered an' long gray  
vapours curled—  
When we, mere pigmies, ventured to storm Creation's  
hold;  
Staked our lives on the blindest bluff, an' played the  
world for her gold;  
Climbed to the Throne of Mornin'; sunk shafts to the  
roof of Hell,  
Till the hot air scorched our faces, an' water hissed as  
it fell:  
Worked like men in the daytime, slept neath the sweet-  
breathed trees,  
Lulled by the drone of the foaming crik an' songs of  
the chickadees.

We had great things then for our comrades, the Forces  
of Earth for foes—

There's one of us down, and another don't care a  
curse when he goes.

They laughed in our face in the cities—the fat smug  
cities back east—

Thought we were both of us loony, somethin' half man,  
half beast.

Cities! my God, we build 'em. Do you mind how Ross-  
land rose?

Do you mind the first log shanty we built among the  
snows?

Do you mind how two years later their iron horses  
raced

From north and south "the Boundary" to the goal that  
we had placed?

An' now there are twice three thousand where then  
there were none but three,

An' devil a-one in Rossland town has heered of Jim or  
me.

Do you mind the fire at Kaslo, or the storm that  
drowned her out?

We warmed our hands at the blazing shacks and rebuilt  
in a waterspout.

Do you mind—Ay, ay, you mind it, and *that*, my God,  
is the end—

Nerveless, speechless, sightless, and deaf to the voice of  
his friend!

No! No! It is not in reason. I know that the heavens  
are far,

But I don't believe that the sparks go out: I know that  
they reach the Star.

## THE WESTERN PIONEER

I can hear the willows whisperin', way down the Arctic  
Slope—

Every shiverin' little leaflet gray with fear—  
There's no colour in the heavens, and on earth there  
seems no hope,  
And the shadow of the winter's on the year.

An' it's lonesome, lonesome, lonesome, when the russet  
gold is shed,

An' the naked world stands waitin' for the Doom;  
With the northern witch-fires dancin' in the silence  
overhead,

An' my camp fire just an island in the gloom.

When the very bears are hidin' from the Terror that's  
to come,

An' the unseen wings above me whistle south,  
When, except the groanin' pine trees and the willows,  
nature's dumb,

And the river roadway freezes to its mouth.

But I cannot strike the home trail—I would not if I  
could—

An' I want no other's smoke across my sky;  
When I drop I'll drop alone, as alone I've allus stood;  
On the frontier, as a leader, let me die.

I wouldn't know men's language, I couldn't think their  
thought;

I couldn't bear the hurry of mankind,  
Where every acre's built on, where all God made is  
bought,

And the; 'd almost make a hireling of the wind.

I've been allus in the lead since I grew grass high,  
Since my father's prairie schooner left the Known  
For a port beyond the sky-line, never seen by human  
eye,  
Where God and God's creation dwell alone.

'Way back I heard men callin'- one woman's voice  
was fond—  
An' the rich lands towards harvest murmured  
"Rest";  
But a sweeter voice kept callin', from the Unexplored  
Beyond,  
A wild voice in the mountains callin' "West."

I heard it in the foot hills—then I climbed the Great  
Divide  
In the canyon—and I faced the rapids' roar;  
In the little breeze at dawnin', in the dusk at eventide,  
The voice that kept a callin' went before.

My crooked hands are empty; my six-foot frame is  
bent;  
There ain't nothin' but my trail to leave behind;  
An' the voice that I have followed has not told me what  
it meant,  
An' the eyes that sought a sign are nearly blind;

But I hear it callin' still, as I lay me down to rest,  
An' I dream the voice I love has never lied,  
That I hear a People comin', the Great People of the  
West,  
An' 'twas His voice maybe callin' me to guide.



## OUR WESTERN GIRL

Where the sage brush rolls in an infinite flood  
As far as the eye can see,  
Where the strong air works like wine in the blood  
As you ride through flowers to the knee;

Where the width of a world, unfenced, unwon,  
Waits always the men who dare,  
And the galloping hoofs of your unshod dun  
Ring the knell of that old knave Care:

There's a girl to be wooed if your hand be strong,  
To be won if your heart be true—  
A girl with a laugh like a lavrock's song,  
And eyes of the viking blue.

When the hounds run mute and the best men *ride*,  
And the wolf's life hangs on his speed,  
There's never a man in the country-side  
Can live with that girl in the lead.

Her brown hair, kissed by the morning sun,  
Blows wild in the prairie breeze;  
Her eyes are French in their wayward fun,  
But deep as the English seas;

Her dear little hands are as brown as a nut,  
Not baby things merely for show,  
But light on the bridle and firm on the butt,  
And tender—as sufferers know.

A girl she is when the skies are bright,  
A woman when life goes wrong;  
Sweetness in sunshine, in darkness light,  
Saucy and straight and strong.

## A CHRISTMAS GREETING

Shake! cries a voice from the mountain;  
Shake! shouts a voice from the mine;  
Shake! let the hands of brothers  
Meet over the Boundary Line—

Hands that as hands of children  
Clasped round one mother's knee;  
That old, old love they look back to—  
That country over the sea;

Hands that as hands of workers  
Have twisted the world to their will—  
Have caught the angel of thunder  
And set him to drive a drill.

The wealth of the world's in their pocket,  
The trade of the world is theirs,  
Their ships can unloose it or lock it,  
The Powers may grumble. Who cares?

Shake! Let the hand of England  
Go out to the hand of the States;  
Let the hands which rule the nations  
Meet in one grip—as mates.

Why should *we* stand asunder—  
We! men of one speech, one birth?  
Shake! and God only under,  
Be absolute Lords of the Earth!

## CRAWLING OUT

Green-gray is the sea of sage brush, gray-green as the  
waves of the sea;  
Grey-green are the hemlock and cedar; and gray is  
the heart in me.

The forests are armies of giants, dumb giants; here  
no birds sing,  
Here dance no lights with the shadows, no ivy or  
clematis cling.

The mountains are haunted, silent; words die on the  
lips unsaid;  
The wolf is howling with hunger; hunger wheels on  
wide wings overhead.

I crawl towards the far horizon, an atom drifting  
through Space,  
Past the bones and the buffalo wallows, by the trails of  
a vanished race,

And I long for the choir of skylarks, for the coo of the  
mating dove,  
For the liquid note of the throstle's throat, for the  
songs of the land I love.

For the hum of the mighty cities, for the faces which  
come and pass,  
For the voices of spring when streamlets sing, and  
the murmur of life in the grass.

For the sweet, sweet breath of the beanfields, the scent  
of the fresh-turned sod,  
For arms which wait by my cottage gate, and the  
bells which cry to God.

I am man, and the world is mighty. Should I die thus  
a lone outcast,  
Could I find the goal where that other soul will be one  
with mine at last?

## THE CHAIN OF EMPIRE

*(Ross Bay Cemetery, British Columbia)*

Through gray salt grass the April breezes creep;  
To your still feet the long blue rollers swing;  
The drowsy sea fowl mutter in their sleep;  
Above your headstones honeysuckles cling,  
Flowers of your eastern home, your English Spring.

Silent your camp! The last camp on that trail  
Worn between oceans by your tireless feet;  
Yet where a new sea spreads, where dry lands fail,  
Where East and West, where old and new worlds  
meet,  
Your gray nurse welcomes you, your work complete.

Wayfaring children, gathered round her breast,  
Your sea nurse murmurs in your slumbering ears  
The same brave song that stirred or lulled to rest  
The stormy hearts of those, your sires and peers,  
Vikings, and Conquerors, and Pioneers,

Whose oaken keels ploughed roads through seas un-  
known,  
To shores unnamed, till English swords had writ  
Some word of Empire on them. Far and lone  
Like fledgling eagles, England's outposts sit.  
'Twas theirs to win—it has been yours to knit.

Through black battalions, whence the Wood Lords  
creep,  
Whitening with age, towards the peaks of God;  
O'er dizzy fields, where snowslides plough and reap;  
Through those lone lands, where Time and Death  
abode  
With Nature brooding, till your brave feet trod,

Ye drave your way. Now red from main to main  
Your camp fires smoulder still. Around them grow  
The home fires of your people, one long chain  
Through apple bloom, and gold of corn, and snow,  
The chain of love—the only chain they know.

. . . . .

Where were you when the Spirit called you forth?  
Dreaming, in old world gardens sweet with stocks,  
Or, 'mid the purple heather of the North,  
Watching the wanderings of your half-wild flocks,  
Till some white gull's wing glistened o'er the rocks

And took your eyes out seaward, where the wind  
Filled the strong sails, and mocked your idle rest?  
How could you, Viking-bred, have stayed behind,  
You who had sucked at that old mother's breast,  
Whose children win the world, from East to West?

How could you go? Whilst Spring with cuckoo calls,  
With all the music in which wood-birds woo,  
With hymning larks, and hedgerow madrigals  
Girlish with sunshine, sweet with cushats' coo,  
Bade you to dream; how did you dare to do?

Nay rather, could you stay? Through warm red loam  
Ran the sea rover's path. A wild salt scent  
Blown over seas, pierced through the apple bloom;  
The dove's soft voice with Ocean's call was blent.  
You could not stay; you could not be content.

How could you rest? Whilst thick on every hand  
The air grew foul with smoke, men cried for bread;  
With half a world untrod, they prayed for land,  
For room to breathe, for leave to work and wed.  
They needed leaders. God be praised, you led!

What was it that ye slew? An old world's gloom.  
What won? A staunching of sweet woman's tears;  
Bread for the children; for the strong men, room;  
Empire for Britain; for your failing years  
Rest, in the front rank of Her pioneers.

O seed of Empire! sown as Britain sows  
With lavish hand, broadcast from East to West,  
Sleep! whilst the harvest of your effort grows;  
Sleep! knowing that your mother England knows;  
Sleep! knowing that She sows but of Her best!

## A WESTERN YACHTING SONG

Oh, my dainty coquette has her white sails set,  
She curtsies and bends to the Breeze.  
Come along! come along! is this wild lover's song,  
But the kiss that she takes is the Sea's.

Coquette to the core, she mocks at the shore,  
As she sees its green knolls go by;  
Though she lies there at rest when the savage south-  
west  
Makes the spume and the black clouds fly.

But the shore is too safe for my white-winged waif,  
The voice of the breeze too sweet;  
She is filled with the pain of the restless main  
In the month when the seasons meet.

'Tis an April breeze treads the April seas;  
April! sings bird to mate;  
So she longs to go, and she longs to know;  
She is woman, and will not wait.

She yearns to be kist by the violet mist  
That coils round the mountain's feet;  
She must race till she rest in the dream-loving west  
Where the blue and the deep blue meet.

So I give her her will, and her strong sails fill  
With innocent sweet desire,  
While the Lord of the Day strikes the gun-barrel gray  
Of the waves with his shafts of fire,



Till the fields of the sea glow a mystery  
Of sapphire and golden green,  
Threaded and lined by that artist the wind  
In a dazzle of damascene.

All the merry day long the the Sea gives her song,  
And she drinks of his strong sweet brine;  
While her lover the Breeze brings her odour of trees,  
But the heart of coquette is mine.

## THE SEA QUEEN WAKES

The flying squadron, which together with the existing available squadrons with which it is proposed to join it, will form the most powerful fleet of war vessels ever put afloat.—*Excerpt from the "Colonist," January 11, 1896.*

She wakes! in the furthest West the murmur has  
reached our ears.

She wakes! in the furthest East the Russian listens and  
fears.

She wakes! the ravens clamour, the winds cry over-  
head;

The wandering waves take up the cry, "She wakes,  
whom Nations dread!"

At last ye have roused the Sea Queen; at last, when the  
World unites,

She stirs from her scornful silence, and wakes to Her  
last of fights.

Alone, with a World against Her, She has turned on  
the snarling crew,

No longer the Peaceful Trader, but the Viking North  
Seas knew.

She calls, and Her ships of battle—dragons Her seas  
have bred—

Glide into Plymouth harbour, and gather round Beachy  
Head.

She wakes! and the clang of arming echoes through all  
the Earth,

The ring of warriors' weapons, stern music of soldiers'  
mirth.

In the world there be many nations, and there gathers  
round every Throne  
The strength of earth-born armies, but the sea is Eng-  
land's own.

As She ruled, She still shall rule it, from Plymouth to  
Esquimalt,

As long as the winds are tameless—as long as the  
waves are salt.

This may be our Armageddon; seas may purple with  
blood and flame

As we go to our rest for ever, leaving the world a name.

What matter? There have been none like us, nor any  
to tame our pride;

If we fall, we shall fall as they fell, die as our Fathers  
died—

What better? The seas that bred us shall rock us to  
rest at last,

If we sink with the Jack still flying, nailed to the  
Nation's mast.

## THE U. E. LOYALISTS

There is a voice in the markets—the voice of the Little  
Men,  
Whose pulses beat in their pockets, whose black blood  
flows in the pen;  
Men they be of the Present, who had no share in our  
Then.

These whisper of annexation, and a shudder creeps  
over the sod  
Wherever our best blood dyed it, wherever a Loyalist  
trod,  
Lest the land they won for England should at last take  
Greed for its god.

But the pines which have lived for ever sing a song of  
the elder years,  
Strong with the strength of manhood, liquid with  
woman's tears—  
A song they learned in the old time from Virginia's  
Cavaliers.

The waves which know the English still shout that  
song round Maine,  
Of love revealed in sacrifice, of courage proved by  
pain,  
Of the burden borne for England, and the strength  
that stood the strain.

. . . . .

It was autumn: the swamps were crimson where the  
maples died in flame,  
Crimson the fields with slaughter, and crimson men's  
brows with shame;  
A cloud hung over the pine woods, and a cloud on the  
English name—

For she who had held her eyry at the gates of the  
Inner Main,  
Whilst Elliott mocked the Frenchman and laughed in  
the beard of Spain,  
Who lit the seas with her foemen's fleets and glutted  
hell with their slain—

She who alone, unaided, had brought the East to its  
knee,  
Whose merchants builded empires, whose Vikings  
swept the sea,  
Had sold her soul for a trader's toll, forgetting her  
sons were free;

Had hardened her heart to her children; was deaf to  
the voice of Pitt,  
Who had led her in love from her ashes to the throne  
where sea-gods sit,  
Till the swords which rebuilt her Empire were drawn  
to dismember it—

Till those who would not betray her, who loathed the  
deed of Lee,  
Had to choose between their England and death on the  
gallows tree—  
It was "Loyalist lands for the rebels; short shrift for  
the refugee."

There were thirty thousand loyal, there were thirty  
thousand tried;  
And a man may face starvation, but not with a wife at  
his side,  
And this way pleaded Prudence, and that way pleaded  
Pride.

But our ladies' lips were loyal, our ladies' hearts were  
high,  
And their song was a call to battle, though it closed  
in a woman's sigh,  
This song first sung in a homestead as Butler's men  
went by:

. . . . .  
SONG OF THE WIFE

It's hard to leave the land we love, the land your fathers won;  
It's hard to think the dear old days, our sweetheart days, are  
done;  
It's hard to think the men you ruled will never know our son.

I know the field where corn-sheaves stand with Robin's blood is  
wet;  
I mind a thousand childish things that you, old man, forget;  
But, Dick, if we be old and gray, our hearts are English yet!

Do you mind the lanes, the bonny lanes? How sweet the haw-  
thorn smelt!

Do you mind the church, the dear old church, where you and I  
once knelt?

Do you mind the name you gave me, Dick, and the honour that  
it spelt?

Do you mind the vows we plighted when these dim eyes were  
blue?

Do you mind a time in all these years that you've had cause to  
rue?

If not, Dick, be the man you are—as I've been true be true.

. . . . .

They left the home of their fathers, by sorrow and love  
made sweet—

Halls that had rung a hundred years to the tread of  
their people's feet;

The farms they had carved from the forest where the  
maple and pine trees meet.

He left his years of manhood, he left his place of pride;  
And she, she left the little room where her first baby  
died.

Ah, God! how each familiar thing to that fond mother  
cried!

The rebels held our homesteads; "Ours" laid them  
down in the moss.

The world was loud with their triumph; the woods  
were dumb with our loss.

They sat on the throne as victors; the throne of our  
love was a cross.

'Mid slow, soft-footed things that creep, at the edge of  
the eve and dawn,

The women went with their young ones as a doe goes  
by with her fawn,

While the men they loved went on before, guns ready  
and sabres drawn.

They passed down the silent rivers which flow to the  
mighty lake;  
They left what they'd made for England (but those  
who have made can make),  
And founded a new dominion for God and their coun-  
try's sake.

. . . . .

Ay, talk of annexation, and our men may lend their  
ears  
When your land has matched the courage of Brock's  
baby volunteers—\*  
When your land has writ its story in men's blood and  
woman's tears;

But whilst the Jack is waving, and the land we love  
replies  
In the red and white of orchards, in our blue Cana-  
dian skies,  
If a man dare call us "traitors"—by the God of  
Heaven, he lies!

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\*There were volunteers only ten years old in Brock's regi-  
ment.



## HISTORICAL NOTE

Looking back from the peace of Versailles (1763) a man of that day would have been reminded of the depth of England's humiliation before Pitt, her "idol and the terror of France, had raised his country to the height of glory"—would have heard in fancy the canon of the Tower and the bells of the Abbey proclaiming the victories of Clive in India; of those great sea captains, Rodney, Anson, and Howe; or of gallant Sir George Elliott, who kept the Rock three years against the power of France and Spain.

In the period upon which he looked back there would be much to make an English heart swell with pride; but the deed done his own day was finer than any done in the days of Pitt, as an example of what men of our blood will do and suffer for England.

In 1776 an attempt to levy a certain tax drove the American Colonists into revolt. In 1782 that revolt ended in the separation of the United States from England. From the first, the Colonists were unanimous in resenting the imposition of the tax, but were divided as to the means for obtaining redress of their grievances. Some relied upon the influence of such men at home as Pitt, Burke, and Fox, and upon constitutional measures; others, loud-tongued and more loyal perhaps to their own interests than to any sentiment, clamoured for separation.

Through the long years of the war the Loyalists fought, against their neighbours and against their own interests, for a country many of them had never seen, and at the end of the war they had their reward. The Liberty men prevailed.

Before the war, the Loyalists were for the most part leading men in their several colonies, rich in lands and in repute. At the end of the war it is recorded that the New York Legislature enacted that "all Loyalists found within the States should be adjudged guilty of misprison of high treason, and that all such were for ever ineligible as voters and disqualified from enjoying any legislative, judicial, or executive office"; that Massachusetts denounced death against 380 of her people without judge, jury, opportunity of defence, or benefit of clergy, because they were reported to be Loyalists; that such men as the Doanes, Sewalls, Robinsons, and others were tarred and feath-

ered; and that, generally, Loyalists were driven out, their homes confiscated, and Indians even set upon their track to hound them down, because they had loved England more than they had loathed oppression. And yet, in spite of all this, marvellous as it may seem, very few flinched. These men who had fought for England were ready to suffer for her. To the number of 30,000 they set their faces to the North, and, wandering down rivers and through forests, settled round Lake Ontario and founded Upper Canada. England showed her appreciation of their devotion by voting £10,000,000 to repair their losses: Canada showed the quality of her love by the fact that not one in ten of the United Empire Loyalists either asked for this aid or took it.

But they took the badge which the Mother Country gave, and wear it with pride to-day; and it is well that those who talk of annexation should know what the letters U. E. L. mean, and that not only in Ontario (Canada's heart) but all through the Dominion, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the spirit of the United Empire Loyalists still lives and has to be counted with.

## FOOLED

Night in the pines, in the black bull-pines,  
On the height of the bleak divide,  
Where the year-long gloom of the sullen north  
And the snows of the last fall bide;

Tracks in the snow of the wandering bear,  
The hoot of a questing owl,  
Sobbing of winds that have lost their way—  
From the lake, a gray wolf's howl;

Flakes that hiss in my dying fire,  
Thoughts that burn in my brain:  
"Have I bartered my soul for the world's desire  
To get me a bond slave's chain?"

I see the fires of a thousand camps,  
From the Randt to the Arctic Slope,  
Strung over the world like a line of lamps  
On the endless road of Hope.

I hear the song of a thousand creeks,  
Washing coarse gold from the hill,  
The day-long beat of the pack train's feet,  
The monotonous ring of the drill.

The mist rolled off from the red-brown fern  
As I rose with the dew in my hair;  
Sodden and stiff with a long day's toil,  
I crept half dead to my lair;

My body stained with the rust-red drip  
Which dropped from my master's hold,  
My soul dyed red with a deeper stain,  
The stain of that devil—Gold.

My loins grew bent, my hands grew crooked,  
My eyes grew blear and dim,  
Away from the light of the blessed day  
In the holes where I followed Him.

Toiling for millions I could not use,  
While the life I might use went by,  
What wonder the Devil laughs loud to-night  
As he watches his bond slave die!

When I climbed from the hot lush cedar woods  
To the snows of the mountain goat,  
Nature was with me in many moods—  
I had only eyes for "float."\*

I heard no sigh in the stately trees,  
No voice from the God above;  
I asked no pleasure, I sought no ease;  
I laughed at the dear word "love."

*That* was for fools in the world below,  
The world I would have and hold,  
With all that it knew or I cared to know,  
When I'd won me the key to it—Gold.

"Ho! Ho!" Is that only the questing owl?  
Or is it the Thing I sought?  
The Thing that promised "the world fenced in"—  
That, promising all, gave nought—

\*Float is the prospector's term for detached fragments of a reef—or quartz vein.

The Thing that blinks in the river sand,  
That glares from the night-black shaft?  
Was it the call of a hunting owl,  
Or was it a devil laughed?

There were brave days too, when my birch canoe  
Shot down along streams unknown,  
Where the alders budded, a rose gray fringe,  
And the great fish flashed and shone.

Hog-like I rooted where wild flowers cling;  
I drilled the Earth to her core;  
I found her sweet as a maid in spring,  
I left her a brazen whore.

Lurid and loud the smelter rose  
In the place where the Douglas grew,  
From the scented silence of forest moss,  
Till it rocked and dreamed in the blue.

Then the men swarmed in, the wild things went,  
And the voices of birds grew still,  
And the ring of the builder's tool was blent  
With the miner's blast in the hill.

Men felled God's forests; His rocks they scarred;  
The silence of God they broke;  
His temple they changed to a builder's yard,  
His sun they veiled with their smoke.

From the heart of the place came a roaring sound  
Of engines men build and weld—  
A throb and a beat and a liquid heat,  
And the scream of a power hard held.

The upward leap of ravenous flames,  
The ceaseless whir of the wheels,  
The livid hues of the molten rock  
That writhes like a thing that feels.

'Twas red, warm red, gold red all day;  
'Twas red, blood red, all night;  
No pale priest's prayer could fright men there,  
No God's sword reach to smite.

Let me crawl back to the world I know,  
Where the brute men strove and bled;  
Give me fires of hell for your fields of snow;  
It is silence and sight I dread.

Thy skies, Lord Christ, are cruel clear,  
Thy snows too saintly white;  
I cannot bide on the mountain side,  
I dare not die in the night.

The Great Assayer will rack my soul  
From crucible to cupel;  
I have learned the value of gold on earth—

“Ho! ho! you shall learn it in hell!”

## FEBRUARY 22nd

The Sou'-West harps and the great pines sway;  
It is winter and the young Spring waits;  
The sun is blind with the freezing spray,  
The snowstorms drive and the woods grow gray,  
And the gray seas roar through the Straits.

The wolf-winds harry the wrecks by night;  
It is winter and the young Spring waits;  
The snow peaks frown and the wolds grow white,  
The sun has no warmth and the day no light,  
And the sea bird screams to its mates.

In the shifting gloom life's shadows crowd;  
It is winter and the young Spring waits;  
Lost loves go by in the flying cloud,  
Earth is a tomb and the sky its shroud,  
And the mourners stay at the gates.

But the gray fog breaks, the strong sun shines;  
It was winter, but the young Spring came  
With sheen of grass and scent in the pines,  
With baby leaves for the eglantines,  
And a thought of a sweetheart's name.

Buds for the oak and life in the rain,  
For purpling brakes where mad birds sing;  
An elfin glamour on mead and main,  
The clang and cry of the wild fowls' skein  
Beating north on passionate wing.

The freed streams flow, the peaks are aglow,  
In the sunlight the little waves sing;  
There's a God above and a girl below,  
The world is glad, for her children know  
It is Spring, it is Spring, it is Spring!

## A CONTRAST

Vancouver, May, 1787

Sun and a dreamy breeze; the sweet strong scent of the  
brine;  
The song of a world that waits, crooned by the swaying  
pine;  
Or rain that was heavy and soft, and maddened the  
Earth like wine.

Feet that stole through the moss; sun-warmed shadows  
that crept  
Over the sleeping hills, over the trees that slept;  
Or an idle Indian's sail that gleamed where the salmon  
leapt.

A land of uncounted time, of careless, infinite rest,  
Where the stir, if stir there was, was the stir of a  
dreamer's breast,  
That rose with the rise and fall of the golden heart of  
the West.

By a measureless unsailed sea, whose ways were tra-  
velled and known,  
By the migrant herds of the whale and the seals of the  
Arctic zone—  
A world as its Maker made it—unpeopled, unspoiled,  
alone.



Vancouver, May, 1887

Scent of the new-sawn cedar, scars on the bosom of  
Earth,  
The fretful song of the saw as it grinds through the  
giant's girth—  
Ruin and waste of woodland, the throes of a town at  
its birth.

Growths that thrust through the sidewalk, growths  
forced back by the fence,  
The rankness of virgin forest, deep-rooted, prodigal,  
dense;  
The clamour of man, and Nature, silent, inert, im-  
mense.

Feet on the sidewalk eager, noisy, confident, quick,  
Where the deer stole by in the moonlight, and the  
wapiti used to pick  
Their dainty steps on the carpet, moss-woven, sound-  
less and thick.

The voice of Nature silenced, save for the frogs in the  
fen,  
Claiming their ancient holdings, monotonous, mani-  
fold—then  
The scream of the locomotive, the voices and homes of  
men.

## THE COLONISTS' PRAYER

(February, 1901)

We be rude men, O Lord, who in lone woods,  
Having learned the lessons that Thy mountains  
teach,  
Hold silence worthier, in our earnest moods,  
Than easy-flowing speech.

Nay, more, O Lord! The stricken of our race  
Are taught to close the lips and lift the head;  
Only the sea keens round our burial-place,  
Dry-eyed we face our dead.

As men who burst, unthinking, on the sea,  
Or climb the crags from which the mornings glide,  
Blinded and dumb, we bend a nation's knee  
By Her who was Our Pride.

There be no words to Nature's greatest songs;  
There be no words for Britain's greatest woe;  
But Thou, to Whom the secret heart belongs,  
Thou, Britain's God, must know

How Britain loved Her! how our heads went higher  
When, in strange lands, the singing of Her name,  
In that old song which breathed our hearts' desire,  
Set every cheek aflame!

And Thou, who countest Nature more than Art,  
Who seest what is not patent to the crowd,  
Thou know'st the unuttered sorrow of the heart  
Is truer than the loud

Sweet Minster music. Therefore, Father, heed  
The motherless children of the northern sea,  
Who cry to Thee in this their bitterest need,  
Asking no gift of Thee

For their own profit chiefly, but Her sake  
Who, being the very spirit of Britain, willed  
Her scattered Empire ore sound whole to make,  
With every discord stilled.

Weld us in one, with Thee, O Lord, for Head;  
Call in Her children from all seas, all lands,  
And, in Her memory, round their Mother's bed  
For ever join their hands.

## STRATHCONA'S CAVALIERS

Do you hear the spurs a-ringing through the wide  
nor'-west,  
Where our prairie cattle scrape away the snow?  
Do you hear the hearts a-beating of our bravest and  
our best,  
Though fahrenheit marks forty-five below?

Do you hear the crisp snow crunching on twilit north-  
ern trails?  
Do you see the homing shadows cross the white?  
Jewel bright the Arctic moonlight, but it's death to  
him who fails  
To keep his tired feet moving through the night.

These have heard the Voice a-calling, the Voice they've  
known for years,  
The Voice that stirs the heart of such as these;  
And they're coming from the Lone Lands, Strathcona's  
Cavaliers,  
To the aid of Her who bred them over-seas.

They be wardens of our marches, the pilgrims of our  
plains,  
The woodsmen from waste places in the West,  
With the blood of Rupert's riders running redly  
through their veins,  
And the only thing the devils dread is rest.

Take and tire them if you're able, lose or lick them if  
you can;

Find something they won't venture or can't ride;  
Let the bronco buck its skin off, we're prepared to bet  
our man

Will be found securely sitting on its hide.

They have held uncounted cattle when the nights were  
dark as doom,

They have played with Arctic rapids for their lives,  
They have known the pinch of hunger, and the chill  
of forest gloom,

And the struggle where the strong alone survives.

From the blood that you have lent us take the best that  
we have bred,

Taught and tempered where men have to stand  
alone;

As Strathcona's heart their hearts are; if you count  
them with your dead,

You shall count them in the front rank of your own.

## AN INVITATION

We have broken the trail from East to West,  
We have clambered the Great Divide,  
We have cut our road through the mountain's crest,  
And the gates lie open wide.

We have won our way to the Young Man's Land,  
From the haunts of creeping greed,  
Where they reckon a man by his gold in hand,  
And not by the worth of his deed.

We have ploughed our deserts, reaped our snow,  
We have stormed the New World's hold,  
We have staked our lives on a gambler's throw,  
And the least we have won is gold.

Now, if ye dream as your Rupert dreamed,  
If ye dare as our Douglas did,  
When our world an ocean of mountains seemed,  
When her golden heart lay hid ;

If ye need space for your crowded race,  
We have won you lands to spare,  
And the greatest ocean on all Earth's face  
Waits for ships with your British ware.

If ye cry for bread, lo, our prairie land  
Brimms over with golden grain ;  
If ye yearn for the help of a brother's hand,  
Ye'll not yearn here in vain.

We bid you welcome to enter in,  
To work as your fathers wrought,  
If ye keep the faiths of your Saxon kin,  
And the laws our Begbie taught.

## TO BRITAIN'S "GRAND ROUNDS"

You have heard your sentries challenge  
From every seaward head;  
You have found young nations growing  
Wherever we sowed our dead.

You have felt the Heart of Empire  
In the far lands, throb and stir;  
You have seen eyes flash a welcome  
That but late grew dim for Her.

You have learned how men forgotten  
In the time of need forget;  
You have seen Your Builders building—  
Their lives are the stones they set.

You have tried the Chain that binds us—  
Have you found its links unworn?  
The Chain that binds Earth's wand'ring race  
To the Home where it was born;

The Chain that the Children fashioned,  
From the love of early years,  
Love inborn, tempered, tested,  
By distance, and time, and tears.

You heard—can You read the meaning  
Of the voiceless cry, the throe  
That shakes our camps from Earth's red heart  
To plains of the sunless snow?

If so, take the Children's message:  
"By deeds we do and have done,  
By the love we bear for England,  
By our oath to the Great Queen's Son;

"By the fame we share in common,  
By blood we were proud to shed,  
By our folk in God's safe keeping,  
Our own, and our Royal Dead—

"Hear now our hearts' cry and help us,  
Great Son of Her Royal Son,  
Pray your Father gather His people,  
And make of His Nations, One.

"And if he needs soldiers, send us  
Seed corn from Home we may sow;  
Since love comes of knowing, blend us  
Only with Britons who know."

So pass, Grand Rounds, with this password  
While the World's Way rocks and rings,  
And your sea beasts bay a welcome  
To the Son of our Sea-throned Kings.

The links in the Chain of Empire—  
Love, law, mother-tongue, our fame—  
Are clasped here and clinched for ever,  
By us with His Mother's name!



## THE TROUBADOUR OF SPRING

One moment, from black-purple cloud,  
Shrills through the wood of bone-white limbs,  
The bitter East: then sweet and loud  
And full of faith, and fearless, swims  
The wildest of the thrush's hymns.

High on the summit of the larch,  
He mocks the storms that round him beat;  
Breasts all the bitterness of March,  
Because behind the driving sleet  
He hears young April's dancing feet.

He sees, beyond the present gloom,  
The hawthorn in white broidery drest,  
Primrose and daffodil in bloom,  
And, lit by sunlight from the West,  
The blue eggs in his lady's nest.

He sings, and over all the earth,  
On waters wild, and forests drear,  
The men who share his English birth  
See, through a sun-lit April tear,  
All that once was, still is, most dear.

Softer the stock dove's drone may be,  
The bard of eve more sweetly sing,  
The lark's be Heaven's own minstrelsy;  
From England's Heart *his* brave songs spring,  
She hails him Troubadour of Spring!

Take all the songs for aching ears,  
For wearied brains and hearts that long,  
But leave me in my waning years  
The voice I loved when I was strong,  
The challenge of the thrush's song.

## THE WORTH OF THE PRIZE

An American publication seriously debated the value in dollars and cents of a discoverer's success to him, should he succeed in reaching the North Pole.

Shame on this pitiful cry, "How much will the prize  
be worth  
In dollars and cents to the seaman who wins to the  
Furthest North?"  
Sea, that was nurse to our nation, that cradled us,  
buried our dead,  
Are the men that we breed to-day such men as our best  
days bred?  
Do our hearts grow cold with age, as the heart of  
earth grows cold,  
That we put a price on the priceless, and sell what men  
never sold  
When the song they loved was the humming of un-  
known seas at their keel,  
When travel was no mere drumming, when the noblest  
metal was steel,  
When the peers of Earth's northern races were clean  
from the market's mud,  
And the price of a nation's honour was paid not in coin  
but blood?

Not for a hireling's wages were the triumphs of Bri-  
tain won,  
More She cared for the Doing, than the gain of the  
Deed when done;  
Those who first made us a nation, when man was no  
mere machine  
(With a Stock Exchange quotation) to gather with  
hands unclean

The profits of scheming and lying, believed to their  
hearts' last throb  
A man's life was better than dying a multi-millioned  
snob.

The strength that is ours, O Seal we drew from your  
generous breast.

True lover who asks no fee, companion who knows no  
rest,

Sing us our nursery song to draw us as then you drew  
When your ways were yet to find, and the ravens of  
Norway flew

In the wake of our wandering ships, when our heroes'  
eyes were bright

Not with the greed of gold, but with varying deep sea  
light,

When the cheeks of our men were red, not with the  
strong wine's flame

But the kisses of her they loved, that sea they could  
never tame.

Nothing they knew of markets or the miser's sordid  
joys;

When their beards grew white with weather, they died  
with hearts like boys'.

What will the prize be worth? Did the men of the  
"Mayflower" dream

Of your seventy million men, and your blatant eagle's  
scream?

They scattered what they had gathered to follow a  
Holy Grail,

Leaving the things that perish for the faith in which  
none fail.

They steered for the Great Unknown, for the sake of a  
simple creed  
Which taught that their God would find, all things that  
a man should need.  
They were bred so free, your fathers, that they would  
not serve their sire;  
And ye, will ye only venture when ye weigh and count  
your hire?  
When the god we served was Odin, the prize we asked  
was fame,  
But we learned of a higher courage and bent to a  
Nobler Name;  
Learned that to perfect manhood fame smacked too  
much of price  
That the crown of the Anglo-Saxon was mute self-sac-  
rifice.

Surely ye lay up treasure where the mean man may  
break in!  
Surely ye choose a contest in which mongrel folk must  
win!  
Back! from the feet of Mammon to the knees of your  
fathers' God;  
Back! from the market byways to the trails your kins-  
men trod.  
The world's map is your ledger; write there as your  
fathers wrote,  
Wherever a man could clamber, wherever a ship could  
float.  
Is it better, think ye, to grovel, to gather The Thing  
Accurst,  
Or die in touch of the World's last goal, beggared,  
forlorn, but *first*?

## SEED CORN

"It's but for a year or two, sweetheart; a year, at the  
utmost twain,  
And then, rich with the gold of our getting, we'll sail  
back home again.  
It's six days over the ocean, and six over mountain  
and plain,  
And who that had courage to venture, ever adventured  
in vain?  
The may will be sweet in the meadows, and welcoming  
hands will wait  
To cling to our hands, my darling, when we drive to  
the old white gate.  
It is only a twelve days' journey; it's only a twelve-  
months' play;  
It's May, and the hope time, Mary! It will surely  
be always May!"

. . . . .

The waves sang them, "Westward to fortune"; but  
somewhere a seamew cried,  
"Farewell to you, seed corn of England." Closer she  
clung to his side  
Through gloom of forests gigantic, by the wan gray  
waves of the lake,  
She answered their "Never, never" with "Only a year  
for his sake."  
With a laugh for long years she laboured, making pre-  
tence to play  
At the "chores" that withered her beauty and wore her  
young heart away,  
Until Hope crept into the forest, and one who lurked  
at the door  
Heard a wife to a husband whisper, "Only a year or  
two more." 63

The years stole past while they laboured unnoticed on  
moccasined feet,  
And one by one to the silence passed the comrades they  
longed to meet,  
Till the lad and the lass who started with a cheer from  
the old white gate  
Had they come home crowned as victors would have  
won their crowns too late.  
The lines came into his forehead, and the spring went  
out of his stride ;  
The blue was washed from a woman's eyes, the laugh  
of a young heart died.  
If you fix your eyes on the sky line, you see not the  
road you roam :  
These saw but the fields of England, they heard but  
the songs of home.

There's a farm where the buffaloes pastured, a patch  
from the forest torn,  
Where the flag of his mother country waves over the  
rip'ning corn ;  
There's a piece of the world's mosaic, a thought in a  
new world's brain,  
A haunting presence of England in city and forest and  
plain ;  
There are trails that his feet have trodden—though  
she lies under the sod—  
The love that she bore for her mother-land, her faith  
in that land's God,  
These linger. The seed corn sees not the wealth of the  
waving field :  
The Sower alone at His harvest shall measure the  
cost and yield.

## TO DOCTOR GEORGE

Gray and ghostly alder thickets flame to crimson at  
the tips

Where a sun that has some heart in't through the wak-  
ing forest slips.

High above us, on Mount Sicker, I can hear the blue  
grouse hoot—

Birds are calling, rivers glitter, buds are bursting,  
grasses shoot.

On the pine stump by our shanty, Dawson's tattered  
map lies spread,

And my partner with his finger marks the footsteps  
of the dead.

"Spring," he says, "mate! time to quit it, for the barren  
lands and hoar

Where the earth's heart freezes solid and the mighty  
bull moose roar;

"Where through endless silent spaces reckless bands of  
hardfists plod

By this map and by the compass to the gold they make  
their god."

With a laughing curse for danger if across the Arctic  
Slope

Lead the two our fellows follow, he who made this  
here, and Hope—

Hope who fools them, whom they follow heark'ning  
to her spring-call yet,

And the Doctor on whose say-so lives like theirs are  
lightly set.

Down the Dease and lonely Liard, northward from the  
grim Stickine,  
There's a way for such as they be where the little  
Doctor's been,

Who made nothing of his learning. Lord! the things  
he didn't know,  
Would assay no more than mica, are not worth their  
weight in snow!

Still I think if they'd have let him, he'd have quit the  
noise and fuss  
Of their scientists and cities to chuck in his lot with  
us,

For he'd crept so close to Nature, he could hear the  
Big Things speak,  
Hear the hymn of Arctic midnights, of the stars about  
the peak.

Aye, and yet he loved his workmates, took the hard-  
fist's heart for wage,  
While his tired feet wrote his record on the north  
land's newest page.

And although the trails ain't charted away up where he  
has gone  
I should guess its even betting he won't travel far alone,  
But that One as knows will meet him, One he served  
will act as Guide  
To the camp of honest workers, men as never shirked  
or lied;

And we'd like to put on record if so be mere miners can  
That in lands which try men hardest, Doc. was tried  
and proved a man!



## A BARBARIAN'S LITANY

"From battle and murder and sudden death,  
Save us, good Lord," the preacher saith,  
And the people pray "Amen."

From the long slow rot of a coward's peace  
When knaves run riot and sins increase;  
From the breed of deceitful men;

From a church whose priesthood is too polite  
To damn the wrong and uphold the right,  
Or give men a clean-cut creed—

Not a murmurous muddle which choirs intone,  
But the words of the Thunder written on stone,  
Plain laws for plain men to read;

From a world where the lowest come uppermost,  
Where the voice of Wisdom is drowned and lost  
In the howl from the slums and gaol;

Where ignorance guides; where told-by-the-head  
Majorities lead, and the world is led  
And the dog is wagged by its tail;

Where Science scoffs at the Creed of Christ;  
Where Virtue is vulgar, and Beauty priced,  
And some moneyed cad is the buyer;

Where damages cover a husband's shame;  
Where the oldest title and noblest name  
Is for sale to the Company liar;

Where the London market's the final court  
To which the kings of the world resort,  
Whilst tolerance and compromise

Blur the Commandments and blend the breed  
With every rabble whose god is greed  
Whose weapons are fraud and lies.

At the price of battle and sudden death,  
Save us, good Lord, here is one man saith :  
Give us back the bloodthirsty man !

Take their arbitrations and cozening words,  
Give us back our faith and our fathers' swords,  
And let those of us keep who can !

## NIGHT ON THE FRONTIER

Night closes in. The thousand lights that played  
Gem-bright and warm upon the daylight sea  
Are dead. Ghost clouds with mantles frayed,  
Laden with tears, stoop earthwards wearily,  
And I, Lord, am afraid.

The pines that were sun-filled, and tuneful swayed  
To the dance music of the merry morn,  
Stand stark as men beside a grave new made  
Pointing lean fingers from a world forlorn,  
Bidding Man be afraid.

The Sun lied to me. All seemed known and near,  
Earth, Sky, and Sea for me their gifts displayed;  
*Me* the World's centre, all things held me dear,  
They bade me laugh, who should have knelt and  
prayed.  
How could I be afraid?

And now! My lonely littleness! That cry,  
Some homing seabird's, on wan waves delayed  
Just at the shadow's edge, is a reply  
To my heart's terror. Wherefore have I strayed  
Who am so sore afraid?

I dare not think. The darkness hems me round;  
The things I dreamed were lifeless leave their place,  
Speak without voices, move without a sound;  
Crowds that I know not fill all-circling space,  
I almost see Thy Face.

Curtained by Life, *they* could not enter in,  
The World's narcotics drugged the victim laid  
On the World's altar. The great city's din  
Deafened his ears. A glittering veil was made  
For eyes that sight affrayed.

There was one heart that was my own heart's twin,  
No stronger and no greater than my own;  
If I must leave the Known and strive to win,  
So weak a thing, to such a vast unknown,  
Bid me not come alone;

But if Thou canst, for feeble feet that err,  
Find through the maze of worlds that Thou hast  
made  
A trail to lead me back again to her  
Who strove to make me love Thee whilst she stayed,  
I *might* not be afraid!

## FAILED?

"Fight!" When the spring sun shone—and, after hail,  
The whole world, braced, felt all the blood of youth  
Surge towards the sun—you fought. Truth could not  
fail,  
And you relied on Truth.

Silent you fought, when summer sapped your cheek,  
Dried all the dew, and made the song birds still.  
Victory were worthless if the foe were weak,  
And you were strong of will.

Wearied you fought in autumn's failing light,  
The losing fight man is not meant to win.  
It may be God will elsewhere requite—  
Is Truth as strong as Sin?

Still fighting blinded on your loosened knees,  
With swordless hands scarce strong enough to pray,  
Whilst Darkness gathered, and through groaning trees  
A man's soul passed away.

. . . . .

Failed? Ay! You could not win, yet bore the stress—  
Turned not the flood, but stayed awhile the tide—  
Failed where to fail was God-like. Is success  
Worth that for which you died?

"Men did not mark you." Do men mark the coal  
Piled in the furnace? It begets the steam  
That drives the roaring world towards its goal—  
To be, man need not seem.

"You did not win." Did England ever yet  
Win the first round? Were you not English-bred?  
Time! Back to your Great Second's knees, and set  
Your eyes beyond the Dead.

"One man against a thousand!" Glorious odds!  
Think you the gods who watch are less than men?  
If men love stubborn courage, shall the gods  
Give you cold welcome, when,

Beaten and broken in a hopeless fight,  
Wounds all your winnings, all your boast "I tried,"  
You stagger from Earth's darkness to that light  
For which you fought and died?

You were not meant to win. God chose to pay  
Your life the price of some position won.  
What is it to the soldier, if the day  
Sets on his duty done?

And if there be no crown, is that you lost  
So priceless, now you see it from your goal?  
Is that they won, worth half the work it cost?  
You may have won your soul!

## ENGLAND'S DAY.

When every sea is sounded,  
When every land is sown,  
Each furthest headland rounded,  
Each soaring summit known;

When the forces of Creation  
And the Elements pay toll,  
And the stars sing salutation  
To the Jack at either Pole;

When every human burden  
Finds an Englishman to bear,  
Each quest that gives no guerdon  
An Englishman to dare;

When all men's laws are stable,  
And no man's withers wrung,  
When the thousand sons of Babel  
Praise God in Shakespeare's tongue;

When the broken hearts are mended,  
And the hungry mouths are fed,  
The world's last labour ended,  
And woman's last tear shed;

When we've broken every fetter,  
When the world is filled with light,  
When there's nothing left to better,  
And there's no one left to fight;

When we've drained the cup of sadness,  
Touched the topmost rung of fame;  
Taught the world to throb with gladness  
At the whisper of our name;

When all the trails are broken,  
And all the wrongs set right,  
And all God's message spoken,  
Then, Englishmen, Goodnight!



## THEIR TESTAMENT

(Feb. 21st, 1900)

Why is it that ye grieve, O weak in faith,  
Who turn towards High Heaven upbraiding eyes?  
Think ye that God will count your children's death  
Vain sacrifice?

Half-mast your flags? Nay! fly them at the head.  
We reap the harvest where we sowed the corn.  
See, from the red graves of your gallant dead  
An Empire born!

Do ye not know ye cannot cure a flaw  
Unless the steel run molten-red again?  
That men's mere words could not together draw  
Those who were twain?

Do ye not see the Anglo-Saxon breed  
Grew less than kin, on every continent;  
That brothers had forgotten in their greed  
What "brother" meant?

Do ye not hear from all the humming wires  
Which bind the mother to each colony,  
How He works surely for our best desires  
To weld the free,

With blood of freemen, into one Grand Whole,  
To open all the gates of all the Earth?  
Do ye not see, your Greater Britain's soul  
Has come to birth?

Do ye not hear above the sighs, the song  
From all those outland hearts, which peace kept  
dumb:  
There is no fight too fierce, no trail too long,  
When Love cries "Come!"

Can ye beat steel from iron, in the sun?  
Or crown Earth's master on a bloodless field?  
As Abram offered to his God his son,  
Our best *we* yield,

And God gives answer. In the battle smoke  
Tried in war's crucible, washed white in tears  
The Saxon heart of Greater Britain woke,  
One for all years.

Lift up your eyes. Your glory is revealed.  
See, through war's clouds, the rising of your sun!  
Hear ye God's voice. Your testament is sealed,  
And ye be one!

## IN MEMORIAM

(*A.S.L. (Rector of Fairford)* )

Down the dim aisle through Dürer's window floats  
The laughing sunshine of the early spring,  
In floods of colour; while the throstles sing  
As if their very souls were in their throats.

Fair Colne laughs by, and yet the bells swing slow,  
In mourning measure; every head is bent;  
Blinded with tears is every eye; our Lent  
Lingers through Easter; God, why is it so?

Year after year, our Easter offerings lay,  
Lord, at Thine Altar; music, flower, and song,  
White lilly wreaths, the organ's thunder strong  
To swell Thy praise, O Christ, on Easter Day.

Year after year, the music of his voice  
Told the old story with a poet's fire,  
Clothed the old truths with colour, led the choir,  
Taught us "to worship was but to rejoice."

As men who gaze into spring's azure sky,  
Where some sweet skylark sings far out of sight,  
So stand we gazing, if perchance we might  
Hear, though far off, our brother's last "Good bye"

O sweet dumb lips, which once were gates of song,  
Sing to us still, the while our path is trod  
Leading through trouble (it may be) to God!  
Where thou art gone before, we pray to be ere long.

## RUSSIAN SONG

Ye rippling waves of golden corn, full ears,  
And reapers singing merry 'mid the grain,  
Be still, nor move these heavy eyes to tears;  
What once brought joy, now brings me only pain.

Whilst she still lived, sweet soul, now shrined in heav'n,  
Labour was sweet—alas! 'tis bitter now;  
Wealth worthless if to her it is not given;  
Then rest, ye reapers—labourers, leave the plough.

Ah me! there is no light upon the sheaves,  
The music of the summer breeze has fled;  
In summer's place are winter and dead leaves—  
Why *should* I labour still, while love lies dead?

## LONELY I WANDER

*(Translation from Lermontof)*

Lonley I wander, while the white road glistens  
In flinty brilliance through the mists afar;  
Still is the night; the very Desert listens  
For some god's voice—star whispering to star.

In royal calm Night sweeps along the sky,  
In silver clouds the dreaming Earth is set;  
Peace reigns supreme; mine is Earth's only sigh.  
What do I wait for? What do I regret?

I wait for nothing. Having drained Life's lees,  
I hope for nothing; nothing I regret.  
I only ask to lie beneath the trees,  
To pass through dreams to lands where men forget.

I ask for Sleep— for Sleep, but not for Death;  
Not that chill silence which is this Earth's doom,  
But Slumber, warm with life, stirred by sweet breath,  
A summer slumber in the greenwood's gloom.

Where some girl's voice sings to the drowsy ear  
Songs of young love—low songs whose slow refrain  
The green leaves murmur through the endless year—  
"Dreams without waking! Love without love's  
pain!"

## THREE TABLEAUX

### ISOLATION

Dreaming she sat, while every tide that turned  
Bore to her feet rich wares from over seas;  
But though her hearth fires ever brighter burned,  
Her strong sons wandered from the Mother's knees,  
Until, with half a world beneath her throne,  
The Mother stood or seemed to stand alone.

### THE GATHERING

'Twas Envy's chance, and the red sword of War  
Threatened the Throne. A jealous world grew dumb,  
Waiting the blood-red setting of our star;  
But ere her proud lips deigned to whisper "Come,"  
From all earth's quarters—north, south, east, and  
west—  
The Eaglets gathered round the Eagle's nest.

### IMPERIAL FEDERATION

Ay! Fly the dear old flag—let trumpets sound!  
Those who would crush the rose, have clasped its thorn;  
They came to break; and but more surely bound—  
To slay, and saw a Greater Britain born,  
Whose boast is this—all ancient boasts above—  
Stronger than swords of steel are bonds of love

## TABLEAU

*(Girl dreaming in picture gallery—Sleeps—Ancestors  
step out of frames and dance minuet)*

I wonder if it's really true that you are only paint,  
That every beau's an angel now, and every flirt a saint?  
The river sings its old song; the moon begins to set;  
The night is seweet, as nights were then, with rose  
and mignonette,

The very floor beneath my foot once knew your flying  
feet,

When you were all a man should be, and you, dear, all  
that's sweet.

I wonder if I really am, and if you only seem?  
Or if it's really you who wake, and really I who dream?  
And if when all the house is dumb, and men in sleep  
forget,

You dance your stately dances still, gavotte and  
minuet?

## THE BLOOMING OF THE ROSE

I heard a voice that babbled round the world,  
Saying that England's rose would bloom no more;  
That England's Union Jack was furled,  
And England's manhood rotten to the core;  
That if She called, Her children would not come.  
I heard no answer—English lips were dumb.

I heard a voice that cried from over sea  
Of English Esaus, outlanders who make  
New worlds, saying, "We would be free:  
Will you not answer, Mother, for our sake?"  
And still no voice, but the dumb lion stirred,  
And watching nations whispered, "She has heard."

Aye, She *had* heard, and all Her lion brood  
Moved in their lairs, and there were hurrying feet  
On the long trails that run throughout the wood,  
While from Earth's edges to the Judgment Seat  
Came voices crying, "We who rule the sea  
And teach all lands, shall not our sons be free?"

And then the Red Rose bloomed, and the world woke  
To see the thorns in which our Rose is set;  
The patient silence of our Britain broke  
And blossomed into flame—the bayonet  
Drove up the heights, as drives a northern sea,  
Strong as our people, as our people free.



We seek not fame. Earth has no higher rung  
For English feet to climb to. O'er our Dead  
Waves and the winds of all the world have sung  
The master songs of triumph—all is said  
When on the headstone of her noblest son  
England has written these two words, "Well done."

They cannot see the wind that moves our ships  
The blood of Earth that makes our roses red,  
The pride beyond all speech that seals our lips,  
The height beyond men's hope of England's Dead;  
And can they measure, they outside our gate,  
The love of Britons that makes Britain great?

## SPRING IN HIDING

Are you hiding from us, Springtime, hiding in the  
slashing?

Coming from the mountain, I saw your tracks go  
down

In among the willow swamps, I heard your young feet  
splashing,

Saw—among the alder stems—the glitter of your  
gown:

Found—upon a snow drift—toys you dropped in run-  
ning,

Cups of pale anemone, full of fairy fire:

On the mossy benches, where the deer were sunning,

Almost caught a glimpse of you, clad in green attire:

All but caught you peeping; caught the corner lifted

Of that dainty veil you weave, of cedar lace and  
mist;

The shadow of your flying robe across the plough land  
drifted,

The ridges blushed to purple which your little feet  
had kist.

The catkin told your secret. He was bursting, dear, to  
tell it,

And the dimpled baby brooklet just chuckled it  
aloud,

All the fog grew opal-tinted and a miracle befel it—

Was it just a common rainbow, or your smile behind  
the cloud?

Ah, then, won't you come, coquette? Must we weary  
for you yet?

Won't you teach the world a quickstep, put a rose  
behind its ear?

Won't you sing us all the silly songs that coax us to  
forget?

Sow a hope in every bosom and a rainbow in each  
tear?

## THE MORTGAGED FARM

The orchards have come to bearing. In billows of rosy  
bloom  
Nestles the Settler's homestead. The fringes of gorse  
and broom  
Glow golden against the sapphire. The meadows that  
seaward sweep,  
Tuneful with bells and drowsy with bleatings of full-  
fed sheep,  
Are sweet with the clover's incense—roses climb to the  
eaves—  
Drunken with sweets, the sea winds sleep in the maple  
leaves.

And you have bought up the mortgage? Man, but that  
was not dear!  
A dollar we'll say per acre, and twenty for ever year  
It took those two to clear it. That matters but little  
now,  
She has the peace she prayed for, and he has rest from  
the plough.  
And you? Being free from a mortgage, you'll make  
the old farm pay,  
Managed by modern methods, worked in a business  
way.

Let us go back to the slashing where you heard the  
pheasant crow,  
Where under the fallen giants the dog-tooth-violets  
grow,  
Deer's-foot and ladies slippers, the only flowers which  
grew

To deck my lady's parlour when that old house was  
new:

When he was digging "borders," and she, with  
mother's care,

Tending her "slips" from England, the planting of each  
a prayer

For a home like that home she came from—There is  
the fight he won:

Here is the field he died on, the work that he left half  
done.

Can you not see them bending over the crosscut saw,  
Love their only possession, labour their daily law—

The Douglas leaning slowly, its topmost limbs asway,  
To rush to earth a ruin, in clouds of woodland spray—

See them, close together, their own lives on the wane,  
Counting the years her roses will take to her window  
pane—

See the dreams that they lived for, the pictures fancy  
drew

Of fields they never finished, of folds they never knew?

Aye, you have bought a bargain with human lives  
thrown in,

Their fields to bear the harvests your reaper folk shall  
win,

But *the dream* which those folk fashioned has not been  
bought or sold!

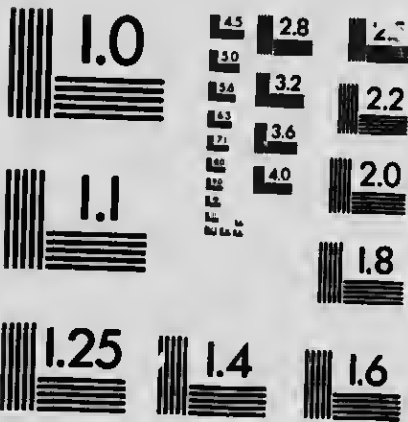
When Spring is most impassioned, when gorse is virgin  
gold,

When grass is living emerald and evening seas afire,  
When pines are full of music as youth with love's de-  
sire,



# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



**APPLIED IMAGE Inc**

1653 E 1st Main Street 14609 USA  
Rochester, New York  
(716) 482-0300 - Phone  
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You shall feel an unseen presence, shall hear a heart  
in tune  
With the glory of *her* roses, with the peace of early  
June—  
You shall balance fact with fiction, their dream against  
your dross  
The profits of your purchase, the requitals for their  
loss!



## DAWN AT PIER ISLAND

The thresher pack went roaring through the night  
Chasing the salmon shoal. The ghostly moon  
Gleamed on lean fins, that stood a fathom's height  
Above the flood, and in Night's dark mid-noon  
I heard the sea things move, seals bark and owlets  
croon.

Then came white dawn, baptizing branch and bole  
With an unearthly splendour. Dark forms crept  
On velvet feet to covert. Slowly stole  
A smile o'er Earth's dear face, as if she kept  
Her lids a moment closed, tho' she no longer slept.

From restless ripples which had cradled him  
A romping zephyr sprang, and, laughing, set  
My baby orchard moving to his whim—  
Each dryad curtsied, every coronet  
Bowed as it danced its morning minuet.

From the deep clover, one strong challenge note  
Woke all God's choristers. On every spray  
Some sweet bird-angel swelled its tiny throat.  
Nature arose and bent herself to pray—  
Amongst His flowers God walked and blest His  
breaking day.

Then rose a sound of lowing from the byres;  
The hearth smokes mounted heavenward, coil on  
coil;  
Then came the clink of cans, the creak of tyres;  
The crows sedately sought their morning spoil,  
And even laggard man went whistling to his toil.

## A SOU'-WEST STORM

From the brooding gloom of the wild Sou'-West  
The scuttering black duck come,  
While the wheeling mallards drop in to rest  
In the whisp'ring sedge where they had their nest,  
And our loosened shingles hum.

There's a threat in the tops of the swaying trees,  
And the sea's skin seems to crawl,  
The sheep and the cattle are ill at ease,  
A blind swell travels before the breeze  
And tosses my anchored yawl.

Oh, how the drops on the barn roof ring,  
Stars spatter on ev'ry pane,  
Across the mist goes a found'ring wing  
Blown out of the sky—the salt sprays sting  
And the lights begin to wane.

On the sodden pastures the splashes spread,  
Wide stretches of cheerless gray;  
In the hollow tree the coon is a'bed,  
The murdering mink to his cave has fled,  
And the fish have fled the bay.

Then the wind that is wet with an old world's tears,  
That mourns for millions dead,  
Grown mad with the woe of a thousand years,  
Burdened with prayers that no kind God hears,  
Shrieks like a soul in its dread!

All Life cowers dumb while the dead trees cry,  
The long dead kings who have stood  
Through countless years with their crowns in the sky,  
They totter and fall and the wind sweeps by  
And Hell is loose in the wood.

But the trees may crash and the house walls throb  
And the loosened shingles hum;  
The Heavens may rave, and the wet winds sob,  
For faith has a cache that no winds may rob—  
She knows that Spring will come!

## AUTUMN SALMON RUN

Vague space, and in the hush, Dawn's pencil drew  
On the damp clouds of darkness, line by line,  
Peaks and vast headlands, while a fresh wind blew  
Sharp with the stinging kisses of the brine  
Pungent with perfume of the sun-burnt pine—

Through drifting veils of filmy forest smoke  
Filtered the rose-pink promise of the day,  
The sea plains heaved, the tide rip laughing woke—  
Beyond the sun-limned shallows of the bay  
Ocean, a palpitating opal, lay—

Misty, mysterious. Throbbing fairy fire  
Coursed through its veins and all the madcap throng  
Which cradles in the tide rip, Ocean's choir  
In stoles of roughened silver, deep-voiced, strong,  
Danced as it sang the young tide's meeting song—

Working the sea to madness. Sudden waves  
Roared by the cliffs, fretted the canopies  
Written with runes, and echoed in the caves.  
There was no wind to swing the slender trees,  
And yet, through fields of calm, ran racing seas.

Strange eddies came and went—the black-toothed rocks  
Were whelmed in waters piled upon an heap—  
Louder and wilder grew the thunder shocks  
Of the tempestuous rip. Beyond—the Deep  
Lay calm and smiling, mother-like asleep.

Then fell a miracle. The waters knew  
Some deep sea call, and their swift tides became  
Incarnate, and sudden incarnate grew  
Their shifting lights—argent and azure flame  
Drave through the deep. The salmon pilgrims came.

A pilgrimage foredoomed, from depths profound  
To grey Alaskan waters, turgid, pent  
Mid mildewed vines, where never sun nor sound  
Of ocean's song can reach—the last event,  
To rot or aacial mud, frayed, leprous, spent.

*Note.*—The salmon pass East Point on Saturna Island in the early autumn season of forest fires, on their way to grim Alaskan waters, where most (all?) of them die.

## CANADA'S EMBLEM

When the white frost lies on the topmost rail  
Which fences the fold where the sheep are fed,  
When the stems of the purple fire-weed fail,  
And the bracken losing its russet red  
Takes the livid hue of the clouds o'er head,  
When the fear of the Ghost from the White North  
grows  
In sullen pines where the wolves are bred,—  
In Gold and in Crimson the maple glows!

When under the stars on an unseen trail,  
The hosts of the clamorous fowl have sped;  
When the old folk die and the young folk ail,  
And the homing cattle by instinct led  
Come wandering down to the rancher's stead;  
When the old year draws to a dreary close,  
And the hearts of men are oppressed by dread,—  
In Gold and in Crimson the maple glows!

When the rain storms thresh with pitiless flail  
The last faint flowers in the garden bed,  
And the sloops drive home under shortened sail;  
When the songs are over and song birds fled,  
And the last farewell of the Autumn said;  
When the bleak world shudders because it knows  
That the feet of its dying are round its dead—  
In Gold and in Crimson the maple glows!

*L'Emvoi.*

Even so should a brave man's sunset shed  
From the heights of pain, through the mist of woes,  
A flame on the path which we all must tread.  
In Gold and in Crimson the maple glows!

## CHRISTMAS GREETING

Back! we are back from the frontier lands,  
Where the greatest game of the world is played,  
Where men take their lives in their reckless hands,  
Play hazard with Death and are undismayed.  
We are back from the mine and the railway grade  
To our island home mid the orchard trees,  
Each to his merry Canadian maid—  
Peace and goodwill to you over the seas!

We have seen the surf upon Arctic strands,  
Have tickled Earth's ribs with a miner's spade;  
Washed gold at Nome from the frozen sands  
Where mammoth and aurochs lie undecayed;  
Back in our overalls tattered and frayed  
To kneel with our girls on our bended knees,  
Praying the prayer that the angels prayed—  
Peace and goodwill to you over the seas!

We have done the work which the Race demands,  
Have worked for a wage which cannot be paid,  
Contented, if only She understands  
That 'twas not for a dole of fame or trade  
Alone that we cleared, that the rails were laid,  
But just for Her folk, who such labour frees,  
Giving room to breathe in the homes we made—  
Peace and goodwill to you over the seas!

### *L'envoi.*

Sire! if political critics upbraid,  
As if we forsooth had not paid our fees  
To share in the Empire our fathers swayed—  
Point to the world you rule over the seas.



## BOATMAN'S SONG

*(Gulf o' Georgia, B.C.)*

It is sun-soaked peace that the land folk crave,  
And the drowsy voice of their sheep  
Give me the roar of the rising wave  
When the Sou' West harries the Deep.

When the salt o' the sea gets into your b'ood,  
And the throb of its heart to your brain;  
When the live boat lifts to the living flood,  
And you flush to the kiss of the rain;

When the great tides fill and the sea bowl tips,  
And the waters run on an heap,  
And out of the womb of the swirling "rips"  
The lean white sea wolves leap;

When down the valleys of gloomy grey,  
And over the slant sea walls,  
The black squalls race, the white caps play,  
And the shrieking sea bird calls—

Then my spirit stirs, and my pulses beat,  
And the long gone years come back,  
'Thank God, to be free from the man-filled street,  
And out on the Viking's track!

## HEARD AT THE CLUB

*Surgeon*—"The mere existence of pain disproves the existence of a beneficent Almighty."

*Athlete*—"If you look on your body as your soul's arm-chair, perhaps, but if you look on it as a gymnasium? What do you say, Hayseed?"

*Farmer*—Under my window I planted a rose,  
Made it a nest with my own two hands,  
Where all that is sweet in springtime grows,  
Brought from the dearest of all dear lands  
Where sunbeams nestle till evening's close,  
I planted and tended my rose, my rose!

At the call of spring, through my diamond panes,  
Daffodils, violets, all sweet eyes  
That laughed with the lad in his English lanes  
Pitying smiled at the old man's sighs,  
While the secret which only my garden knows  
Was whispered me thus by my rose, my rose!

She climbed, sweet fool, where none may attain—  
Love led her upwards, Love was her life,  
Till reaching at last to my window pane,  
Her arms were lopped by the Gardener's knife—  
Arms which would fain round my window close  
Were cruelly lopped, yet He knows, He knows!

Unbeaten still, though her body bled,  
Not to be crushed in a first emprise,  
Her blind roots sought for a broader bed,  
Lowlier room for her energies—  
Sought but to find that all ways were barred,  
Narrowed and cramped by the Gardener's shard.

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She might not climb, and she could not creep,  
There seemed no way she might reach her goal,  
Till the strength and sweetness that would not sleep,  
Surged to her centre and formed her soul—  
Now the nightingales sing, as her bud uncloses,  
"It was pain made perfect your rose of roses!"

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## CANADA'S SPRING

The fresh-sawn cedar scents the morning breeze,  
There is a new-born light upon the lea,  
There is a stir of young life in the trees,  
There is a Voice far out at open sea  
Which calls to Hope and mocks old Memory.

Calls, "They were green, the leaves of yester-year,"  
Calls, "Those who bred us bravest were and best,  
But if their deed be done—those leaves grow sear,  
The Sap still lives, and for a greater quest  
Her children bouned them. Spring is in the West!"

Through mountain barriers clang our iron wheels,  
Wastes infinite drink up our broadcast wheat,  
Through cumbering forests our axe chorus peals,  
Our trails are all athrob with coming feet.  
Earth's mightiest ocean rocks our infant fleet.

It is a time of swarming. From the Hive  
Where half the honey of the world is stored  
Come the World's Bees, strong with youth's strength,  
to strive  
Against a wilderness their kin explored,  
A wilderness which hides earth's richest hoard.

Oh, Britain, trust the Builders thou hast bred!  
Grow in thy mother pride, Draw closer still,  
Adventurers worthy of thy peerless dead.  
Thou wert the Founder; by the Almighty's will  
And in His name, thy task thy sons fulfil.

## JUBILEE HOSPITAL

Beyond the city's fever and the cries  
Of man's delirium, where the shamed streets run  
To hide them in the grass, when April skies  
Dapple the purple plough lands we have won  
And all the Cloth of Gold round Camosun,

We built an altar—not as conquerors, vain  
Of some achievement of the ensanguin'd sword,  
But having known all heights and depths of pain,  
And bound men only by the white man's word,  
We built to Thee, the Pitiful, oh, Lord!

Here be no triumphs; no blood-drunken kings:  
No glories gathered from another's shame.  
In lieu of censors, see the wall-flower swings  
Her cups of incense! Meadow larks acclaim  
Our quest accomplished, and the wild broom's flame

Burns round our altar! Dreams of laden men  
Staggering far spent along our endless trails  
Find here fulfilment, ere Life's last amen—  
The dreams which come, when all the body fails,  
Of rest and cottage flowers, lush grass and glancing  
sails.

These be our gauds, and for our minister  
That Sister to the Sunbeam—she who slips  
Bare-armed and smiling, where they moan and stir  
Until like Dawn with cool sweet finger tips  
She soothes the fevered brow or slakes the shrivelled  
lips.

We bring no sacrifice of gold or myrrh,  
No offering bought nor any stained of blood,  
Only, dear God, in memory of Her  
Who was the Pride of Britain's womanhood.  
One flower that blossomed first on Holy Rood,

Man's pity for his brother. Through our gate  
Comes woman from the home she must leave bare,  
And white-lipped man, hard-handed, desperate,  
To face at last a fate he does not dare,  
Maddened by pain God will not let him share—

These be our masters. We who conquered, serve  
The weak ones of the Earth. For hearts that ache  
All that man has of knowledge, brain, or nerve,  
With sweetness wrung from woman's heart, we take  
To be our sacrifice for Love's dear sake.

Our trail is trod. Lo, here we dedicate  
To Him on whom we leaned, the all we won.  
His day is dawning. At our western gate  
He knocks, oh Mother, and thy youngest son  
Waits at His altar here in Camosun.

## THE COLONIST'S CRY

It's cruel of you, Springtime, when folks are growing  
old,  
To set their hearts a-longing for banks of primrose  
gold,  
Green willows by the river, gold kingcups by the Colne  
Where every breath is perfume, a jewel every stone.

Lambs call about the meadows, the rooks are on the  
plough,  
The thrush is singing anthems, buds gem the apple  
bough;  
The dreamy shadows nestle in streets of sunlit grey,  
Whilst we're away from England, six thousand miles  
away.

I see Mount Baker's summit, a cone of rosy snow—  
Where waves broke, bloom the lilies: the fields of ocean  
glow  
As God's sign gleams in heaven: the rocks are pink  
with foam  
Of ribes and of stonecrop—our hearts cry out for  
Home!

For the narrow lanes of England, where may meets  
overhead;  
Where living hamlets cluster round dreamlands of their  
dead;  
Where Hope has met fulfilment, Ambition reached its  
goal,  
Each acre had its story, each homestead found its soul.

Where all the earth is mellowed, and Nature's wood  
lyre strung  
To loves our maidens whispered, the songs our people  
sung;  
Where some girls' face is smiling in ev'ry op'ning rose,  
Some heart of England speaking in ev'ry wind that  
blows.

O England, Songland, Springland! we wander whilst  
we live:  
To broaden Britain's Empire, the best we have we give:  
Surely they sleep the soundest in Mother's lap who lie,  
We have worked, our strength is ended: ah! call us  
home to die.



## SUGGESTION

Were the whole gamut ours,  
Had we perfected powers  
Were there no beauty still unseen to see,  
Then might we ask for more  
From those who seeking shore  
Catch but the odour of some fragrant tree;

From those who, swimming low,  
Fancy faint outlines—know  
For one brief moment from some billow's crest  
Vague glories—indistinct,  
Through rainbow spray a hint  
Of some fair land that lies beyond the west;

Or, utterly alone,  
At midnight from the throne  
Snow-draped that waits the coming of the dawn,  
Feel in the dizzy void  
Barriers of flesh destroyed,  
And shuddering know the Curtain half withdrawn—

Shuddering lest mortal ear  
Immortal sounds should hear,  
Hear voices which the silence hardly veils,  
Yet dreading, swooning, pray  
For strength to know—till day  
Draws to the curtain and their effort fails.

Can you express in prose  
The essence of the rose?  
In song the message of the singing deep?  
Or, waking, paint your dream  
Such that its beauties seem  
The supernatural splendours of your sleep?

Always articulate  
A poet scarce were great.  
Only the known has symbols in our speech,  
Yet may man's falt'ring tongue,  
Striving for songs unsung,  
Suggest the mysteries he cannot reach.

## TU QUOQUE

(1905. "Morning Post")

They are asking in England whether loyalty is inculcated in the schools of Canada. Lord Minto has recently answered for us.

Brother, you ask too often. We have heard,  
Aye, and have answered, as became our breed—  
Not easily with empty word,  
But by assurances of costly deed.  
Are we not loyal? When your first-born went  
Did we lose less than you? Beggared, were our necks  
bent?

We do not pay our share to guard the State?  
You gave us—what? Free leave to find and found  
An Empire for you. You were great;  
Your waste ones made you greater. The world  
round  
Flies England's flag, the law of England runs;  
The lands are held in trust by England's younger sons,

Having no voice in Council. Even now  
Tott'ring beneath the load which makes you great,  
You call us to a puppet show,  
Afraid hot Youth should venture, in debate,  
To blurt the truth you fear, the truth we know,  
That you must shrink and die, or, with us, live and  
grow.

Nay, are *you* loyal? Brook the impertinence;  
'Tis but your coin returned, if we speak free.  
Is there no tax except in pence?  
In lives and labour have we paid no fee?  
Loyal? Nay, you forget. You are but part.  
There is an Empire now. Your isle should be its heart.

The truest loyalty to Britons known  
Is to the Mighty Empire which is built  
World-wide though centred round the Throne.  
Disloyalty to Kin and That is guilt.  
Your sea-schooled sires who ruled in ham and tun  
Taught each to share with all, taught all to bear for  
one.

England, awake! Stir from your moneyed ease;  
There is no backward way. If you do cower  
Before a fate too mighty, seas  
May murmur in the future of a Power  
Which ruled them once, but Britain's day is done.  
United we rule all, divided we rule none.

There is a voice now crying in your streets  
Which if you hear will save the nation's soul,  
Ope' the Pacific to your fleets,  
Give you World-Empire, make your hungry whole,  
Raise beyond reach the Flag you would have furled.  
You bid us pay our share—unite and share The  
World!

## RONDEAU

*(To Miss S. T. on her marriage, 1908)*

If you should ask this gift of mine  
For something hid behind the sign—  
    A marriage moral wholly meet  
    When Love makes loveliness complete—  
Look closer, Lady, and divine  
The message writ in loop and line:  
    "This is the work," your lips repeat,  
    "Of woman's hands."

Aye! Looms may work for common wear,  
    For lives lived mostly in the mart,  
    But that which lies against the heart  
Which hides the patch, conceals the tear,  
Life's "real lace work" is the care  
    Of woman's hands.

## CORONATION HYMN

Oh God, to Whom our Saxon Thing\*  
Bowed free born heads and stubborn knees,  
To-day we crown Thy servant king  
Supreme on all the seven seas.  
Hear us, Thy people, whilst we pray,  
Crown him Thyself, oh God, to-day.

Let him our English rule preserve,  
Teach him the lesson of his race,  
That only they who humbly serve  
Are worthy of the highest place.  
Teach us true hearts, trained hands, to bring,  
To serve our God and serve our king.

Crown him with courage to endure,  
Crown him with wisdom to unite,  
To keep his court and people pure,  
To crush the evil, crown the right.  
Speak, through his lips, the Master's will  
To warring nations, "Peace, be still."

Give him our Alfred's love of law,  
Give him our Edward's love of peace,  
Give him that love the great queen saw  
Close round her person, and increase—  
Until, before his reign be done,  
In faith his scattered lands are one.

\*The "Thing" was the earliest form of Parliament in England.

## IN MEMORIAM

(From "The Week," April 27th, 1912)

Nay, toll no bells! For the dead march in Saul  
Chant we a pæan! See, Pride conquers Pain!  
The clouds have broken! Through our Titan's pall  
The sun of April lights our world again;  
Death has been mocked, be i mocked, by men of  
British strain.

Aye! Thou hast slain, O Sea, hast slain once more:  
Wrenched with rude hands thine uttermost of toll  
From those who rule thine highways. Every shore  
Is white with bones where'er thy breakers roll;  
Man thou canst slay—thou canst not tame man's  
soul.

Write on thy rocks and let they surges croon  
Yet one more legend of the wand'ring folk  
Whose bit is in thy jaws; who crave no boon  
Save to serve others; whose enduring yoke  
Not all thy storms or bergs or furies ever broke.

Hadst thou to hear our Nelson's voice again?  
Hadst thou to learn what danger meant to Drake?  
Hadst thou to prove that bribes and threats are vain,  
When from the bridge our merchant captain spake  
His word, "Be British men"; and for that proud  
name's sake,

For manhood's pride, foregoing life and love  
With smiling lips, strong man and millionaire  
Stood by to look their last on skies above,  
Content thy gloomy depths and death to dare  
An unknown woman's life, another's child to spare?

"Nearer my God to Thee." Right well ye played,  
Heroic bandsmen. Never since her birth  
Have troubadours or pipers less afraid  
Led Britain's heroes, with such selfless mirth,  
Through the grim gates of Death to Heaven's dear  
rest from Earth.

Oh, British brothers! Gallant son of France!  
And ye, our cousins, who in hours of need  
Make great our pride of kinship—Cruel Chance  
Has whelmed our Titan, but confirmed our creed—  
Man's soul survives supreme: Death only sows the  
seed.



TO SIR HENRI JOLY DE LOTBINIÈRE

on retiring from the post of Lieut.-Governor of  
British Columbia.

Goodbye! That word rings hollow when we part—  
The prayer has vanished from the threadbare  
phrase.

Clipped by the hurry of discourteous days—  
Born of the lips, unfathered by the heart,

But "God be with you" is our people's prayer,  
A people loath to let a loved one go,  
A people conscious of a debt they owe,  
A people losing one they cannot spare.

You taught us all the lesson of your race;  
That strength may dwell in utter gentleness,  
That courtesy is born of kindness  
And perfect courage, sheathed in perfect grace.

Two races warring till the time grew ripe,  
Alternately the whetstone and the blade,  
A Nation! in our Canada have made  
Of which, Hope whispers, you are the true type.

God grant it! And for work in His name done  
A mellow Autumn, and a people's thanks,  
'Till, dreaming by your mighty river's banks,  
Long hence, you pass to rest which you have won.

TO SIR WILFRID

(*March, 1910*)

Sir, we have heard you speak. You told this land  
That England's war touched not the Daughter  
State—

That if at bay She stand  
Your parliament will patiently debate  
To fight or not to fight. Is this indeed,  
Is this Ruth's vow to help her Mother in Her need?

You have forgotten. We have many a guest;  
Wide stand our portals and our lands are free;  
But to our utmost West

She is our Queen, the Queen of ev'ry sea—  
These lands we hold in trust for those who own  
One flag, one fleet, and one imperial throne.

British are we. The feet of Britons trod  
The long lone trails that knit the world in one  
Prayer to our country's God—

Men's, women's graves—the deeds that these have  
done,  
The long years spent from home, the bitter toil,  
Have made this British land and sanctified its soil.

It may be well, in what concerns the whole,  
That those who find the men and build the fleet  
Should share in their control

In time of Peace—when Britain's foemen meet  
We will not question if She's wrong or right,  
At the first flap of that old flag—we fight!

TO HAROLD BEGBIE

(*A reply to his "Tongue of the English"*)

Brother, take back across the trail we broke  
This message from the Younglings of Her nest—  
"The free-necked men who scarcely brook love's yoke  
Still hold Thee nearest, dearest, noblest, best."

We who fly out of the north-sea nests, as young-  
fledged eagles go,  
Over the black ribbed ocean's floor, across God's walls  
of snow,  
Would you have us baulk at a sky line, would you have  
us wait for a chart,  
Stay with our wings untested, draw life from a  
mother's Heart?

Nay, but we sought a sweetheart, such Mother as thou  
of old,  
Sea-girt, wild-hearted, deed-loving, beautiful, terrible,  
bold;  
Not to be won by a weakling, not to be bought in the  
mart—  
Death in her frown, oh Mother, pure woman's gold at  
her heart.

Deaf! she was deaf to our pleading; dumb! she was  
dumb to our needs,  
Till we caught her manlike and clasped her, wooed not  
by words but deeds;  
Her ice we thawed with our life blood, we tore her  
mountains apart,  
From the whisp'ring lips of our dying, she guessed at  
the English heart.

We have taught her the law of the English; we have  
taught her Shakespeare's speech;  
And we bring her to Thee, old Mother, for all that is  
left to teach—  
None other may dare to chide her, none other has  
power to part  
Thy boy and the bride he brings Thee, to lay on Thy  
mighty Heart.

Look through her eyes, oh Mother, to the clear young  
soul within—  
Give her comfort and strength, Thou Greatest, to work  
as she must for her kin,  
Till the old world's wounds be healed, till tears no  
longer start,  
Till we play in the Kingdom of Heaven, to the beat of  
the British Heart!

## INDIAN'S MONOLOGUE

I heard a stick crack where the trail is blind—  
A grouse, that, flustered from her early sleep,  
Cheeped in the growing dark—Unseen they creep  
Up through the foothills, where the North Forks wind

From the deep snows above the Timber Line—  
There go the young strong men, whose climbing feet  
Are tireless as the wolf's—Aye! strong and fleet,  
As are the fleetest of them, long ago were mine,

Whose trail is ended here. The whispering brush  
Nods and crowds closer in the firelit ring  
That makes a Heart of Darkness. In the spring  
To be a place of ashes—weeds more lush

For that the roots beneath these feet have fed  
Upon this thinking brain, this seeing eye.  
Will the snows go again, the wild geese fly,  
And all the clamorous spring-tide call me dead?

Will all the life which cradles in the South  
Surge through the seas and winnow through the  
air—

\*Khelowna wake again and leave his lair  
And salmon silver all the river's mouth?

Will the woods listen breathless where I stole—  
I, the Woods' Lord—knee-deep in ruby wine  
Of dying fire-weed? Every life was mine  
Slipping as sun-light slips from bole to bole—

\*The grizzly.

Was I not Master? When my rifle spoke  
The mighty moose fell still; the ravens cried;  
The forest shuddered. On the mountain side  
The gray starved pensioners of my hunting woke.

. . . . .

Day gone and light! The myraid pine trees close,  
Watching and dumb, about the Thing that dies;  
The hungry feet creep near; an hundred eyes  
Glare from the gloom. Save me, swift death, from  
those!

NOTE.—When an old Indian was worn out his comrades got  
him wood and water: made his camp for him: left him food for  
a few days and left him to die—

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for

1914

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## TO THE FRENCH CANADIANS

Whenever a daring deed was done or a chivalrous  
quest achieved,  
When the odds against were ten to one, and the laurels  
bloodiest leaved;  
Whenever the fight was fiercest and honour alone not  
lost,  
Steel to steel in the forefront, your swords and our  
own were crost.

Whenever the charge was swiftest, 'twas a laughing  
Frenchman led;  
Whenever the charge was broken, it broke on our line  
of red;  
The gayest hearts in battle, the stoutest hearts at sea,  
Followed the Leopards of England, or fought for the  
Fleur de Lis.

Now this is the Law of England, and Hers is the law  
of the West:  
The foes who fight us fairly, make the friends we love  
the best;  
The only peers of our people are such as have dared  
and died,  
With steady eyes on our bay'net points or cheering lips  
at our side.

We have buried our dead together, Wolfe and your  
own Montcalm;  
We have sung with you songs of battle, we have taught  
the seas our psalm,  
"Peace and be still," and always we have used our  
blended might  
To give to the people freedom and to every man his  
right.

This is no time to bicker. We who have tried your  
worth  
Bid you stand shoulder to shoulder, for the peace of  
all God's earth.  
We have shared this land in common, you have proved  
the Old Land's word,  
Now let us keep together, the homes we have won by  
the sword.

Let us build, to protect our people, a Fleet that the  
World may see,  
The Ways of Peace kept open by the Leopards and  
Fleur de Lis,  
And the Land we love grown glorious, secure from  
hurt or loss,  
By Ocean moated, and guarded by the soldiers of  
Holy Cross.

## CANADA, COME!

Canada, come! When Her need is the sorest  
Shall we alone hear her summons in vain?  
Tell them, oh Sons of the prairie and forest,  
While there's blood in our bodies our Mother shall  
reign!

### *Chorus*

Reign as the fearless one, reign as the peerless one!  
Queen of a fetterless, free-for-all sea;  
Mother, the lives of us, wealth of us, strength of us,  
Take them and use them to keep the world free!

Gallant old France, and the dearest of islands,  
The pastures of England, the mountains of Wales,  
Bred Canada's people, and mostly, the Highlands,  
Where faith never falters and blood never fails.

Canada, come! Teach the old world a story,  
The story of brothers no oceans divide;  
The Sea's but a road for us, Earth not a load for us,  
If the flags of our Sisterhood float side by side.

Britain our Mother is, Mistress no other is  
Of seas which are ways between us and our kin;  
If any threaten us, Mother, you bet on us,  
We will be with you and help you to win!

## TO THE DAUGHTERS OF THE EMPIRE

It was not yours to throw the Amalekite  
When that world's Enemy laid waste all lands;  
But when the Mother pleaded from the height  
It was your strength that stayed Her failing hands.  
'Twas you who led your lovers to Her fight,  
With your heart's blood they quenched the burning  
brands;  
Your dear eyes beckoned through the North sea night,  
You gave the battle to their brave young hands.  
And, when at last Love's sacrifice be paid,  
A woman's broken heart will there be laid.

## MAPLE LEAVES

(October, 1915)

There's a wooden church in our furthest west—  
A little lone frontier fold—  
Round it the dead of our New World rest,  
On it's door are the names of our boys, our best,  
For God and their King enrolled.

We miss the fall of their swift young feet;  
Our fields and our homes lie dumb,  
Though we go to the gate, there are none to meet,  
And sad is the prayer that our folk repeat:  
Will they come, Lord? *When* will they come?

The fold is full of its fallen leaves,  
It's trees stand naked and bare,  
The mother's heart for her dead boy grieves,  
None come back, though the last one leaves—  
But God HAS answered our prayer!

For the leaves which were green in the spring that's  
dead,  
Blood-red when the year grew old,  
Now flutter down round the old man's head,  
Not splashed with scarlet or stained with red,  
But gold of the dawn—pure gold!

SIR CHARLES TUPPER, K.C.M.G.

*(In Memoriam, 1821-1915)*

Where thou wert born, the Breton rocks unshaken,  
Breast through the stormy day the Atlantic's roll,  
Keeping the orchards where the young buds waken  
And hard won acres of thy people whole—  
Like them thy stubborn strength, thy steadfast soul.

Second in place, since only one can lead,  
And he who led seemed worthy to be served  
By the most loyal—in the crowning deed,  
When at the Titan's task men stood unnerved  
It was thy will that won, thy faith deserved.

The Triumph of the West—that mighty line,  
The link that bound two oceans, East and West,  
The backbone of your country, his and thine,  
Shall be thy monument. To honoured rest  
Thy title, midst our strongest, ablest—best.

## TO THE PAPERS AND POLITICIANS

Will ye hear a cry from the Scrap Heap, ye who have  
seen your men,  
March bright-eyed to the battle, who may not come  
thence again?  
Know ye the spirit that sent them, heads high, a swing  
in their stride  
To fight as they fought at Ypres, to die as McGregor  
died,  
To stand tight-lipped in the trenches, in a blizzard of  
shot and shell—  
Or, for Canada, charge light-hearted into the vortex of  
Hell?

'Twas the spirit of national honour, that must fight  
for right and truth,  
'Twas the call of the Mighty Mother to her proud  
Canadian youth  
Who have laid your flag on His altar, who wreathes  
your brows with fame  
Whilst ye still bicker and backbite to blazon the nation's  
shame.

A curse on your vile commissions, that suggest and  
advertise theft,  
While young men fight for your honour as the best of  
the old things left.  
Will You take the crown the boys won with their  
sacrificial blood  
And to gain a party triumph, drag your country's  
name through the mud?

Can ye not pull together to lift your Canada's head,  
Whose pride alone consoles her as she kneels by her  
gallant dead?

She is hurt beyond hoping or healing, yet she has not  
flinched nor cried;

She is proud of the boys her Mother took, will ye not  
spare her pride?



“SCRAPPED”

In the last dull flat of a river,  
That has all but reached the Sea,  
Where it pauses, half dead, to shiver  
Ere it plunge in Eternity,  
On the mud it has purged ere it passes  
Lies a warship of England's Fleet,  
Fouled by the slime and the grasses  
Impotent—obsolete.

. . . . .

Outside is the sound of the surges  
As they toll at the river's bar,  
Above them, triumphant, emerges  
The thunder of Britain's war—  
Her mates are living the story  
For which she was laid and built,  
They are fighting or sinking in glory—  
She rots alone on the silt.

. . . . .

Was it a breeze made her shiver,  
By the envious years entrapped,  
In the fog at the mouth of the river,  
Unused, obsolete, scrapped?



## A RUSSIAN RAKE

This rough translation appeared some years ago in the Proceedings of the  
Anglo-Russian Literary Society.—C.P.-W.



## "A RUSSIAN RAKE."

Being a paraphrase of the first book of Pushkin's "Eugène Onégin," in something like the metre of the original.

1883.

### I.

A perfect life without a flaw,  
Till sickness laid him on his bed,  
My grandsire lived: himself a law  
By which our lesser lives were led.  
Respect from all (or high or low),  
The best he knew, or cared to know!  
Yet, oh, my God! how slow to spread  
The pillows for the sick man's head:  
What prostitution of one's wit  
To raise a smile on lips half cold,  
With downcast eyes his medicine hold.  
All day, all night, beside him sit,  
And sighing to oneself still muse—  
"When will the Devil take his dues?"

### II.

So thought the Scamp, by Jove's decree,  
To all his kinsmens' acres heir,  
As through the dust post horses three  
Pursued their journey "ventre-a-terre."  
Friends, then, of Ruslan and Liudmiel,  
More preface were too much I feel,  
Behold the hero of my song,  
Onégin, born where roll along  
Dark Neva's waters: there, maybe,

You, reader, passed your early days  
Or, later, set the town ablaze.  
I lived there once. Alas! for me,  
Just now I find the Northern air  
More bitter than I well can bear.\*

### III.

His father, after a career  
Of honour, lived on other folk,  
Gave just three dances every year;  
And then, as such men will, "went broke."  
Fate kept my hero out of harm,  
Whilst Madame led him by the arm;  
Until a tutor took her place,  
Who, seeing that the Scamp had grace,  
And being himself a needy Frank,  
Fearing to bore him, deemed it best  
To teach him lessons half in jest;  
To mildly chide each childish prank,  
Be slow to lecture, swift to pardon,  
But constant to the Summer Garden.†

### IV.

At length to wilful manhood grown  
He bade the tutor too, depart,  
To lover's hopes and lover's moan  
Abandoning his youthful heart.  
Pray you behold him, free as air,  
In latest style his close-cropped hair,

\* Pushkin was ordered to leave St. Petersburg for a literary indiscretion.

† Equivalent of "The Park" in London.

A perfect dandy, forth he goes  
To see the world in London clothes,  
His French was good: he'd write a letter  
Which you could understand, I vow,  
There was no stiffness in his bow,  
And few danced a mazurka better.  
What would you more? His world discerned  
That he was "nice" and very learned.

V.

For bit by bit, somewhere, somehow,  
We pick up learning, not at once,  
But, thank the Lord, its seldom now  
A man grows up an utter dunce.  
As for Eugène, some well might fear  
(Critics exacting and severe),  
That though well read he was pedantic.  
Faith! he would drive his rivals frantic  
By the high air with which he'd touch  
On every subject, saving such  
As seemed too deep. Then wisely dumb  
He waited for his chance to come  
And woke a laugh, exposing sham  
With unexpected epigram.

VI.

Latin has ceased to be the mode  
And—if I needs must tell you true  
Onégin scarce could read an ode  
An epitaph could just construe—  
Of Juvenal he'd chatter gaily,  
Finish his letters with a "Vale,"

Would quote the Æneid's verse divine  
With but two blunders to the line,  
And though from ancient history's dust  
He cared but little to unearth

Dull facts, he'd move your tears or mirth  
With stirring tales of cut and thrust,  
And stored his memory with lays  
From Romulus to modern days.

### VII.

Right little lust had he to learn  
The rhymester's rules: the verse Iambic  
He could not if he would discern  
From dithyramb or choriambic—  
Theocritus he found a bore,  
While Homer wrote bad verse he swore;  
From Adam Smith he culled the gist  
And posed as an economist.

He knew an Empire's richest store  
Was not in gold, but in her soil  
That native products, native toil  
Were truer wealth than hoarded ore—  
His father failed to understand  
And mortgaged every rood of land.

### VIII.

Just now I've neither will nor leisure  
To tell you all my hero knew  
But that in which beyond all measure  
His genius shone, his knowledge grew,  
From childhood's days—his toil—his plea-  
sure—



On which he spent his time—his treasure  
Was Love, that Love whose tender art  
Love's poet, Ovid, taught in song  
And died Love's martyr; all the strong  
And oright life ended far apart  
On vast Moldavian steppes, where he  
Pined far from well-loved Italy.

IX.

*(Missing in the Original.)*

X.

An actor born, he'd hide his lust,  
Display a passion never known,  
Shake maiden's faith or win her trust,  
And make all moods alike his own.  
As slave of love, or heart whole still,  
*Her* lord, or minion of *her* will;  
Sunk in deep gulfs of sullen ire,  
Or bursting into words of fire,  
Inditing notes in heart's blood writ,  
In which, forgetting self, he'd crave  
Naught but *her* love this side the grave.  
His eyes still seconding his wit  
With fire to warm or flame to sear,  
Or the soft suasion of a tear.

XI.

Anon he'd ape the innocent  
To catch young girlhood at her play,  
Cajole with flatteries little meant,  
With feigned despair fond hearts betray.

By passion and by craft he wrought  
To allay the fears young Conscience taught  
To childish hearts—and waited still  
Coy kisses given against her will  
By conquered beauty: how he strained  
To catch the young heart's wakening beat,  
Arranged the trembling maid to meet,  
And then—in Cupid's secrets trained—  
Gave her long lessons in that art  
Taught lip to lip and heart to heart.

XII.

Aye, even the inveterate coquette  
Was scarcely safe against his wiles,  
And as for men! such snares he set  
If they were rivals for the smiles  
He courted, that their lives became,  
Touched by his bitter tongue, mere shame.  
The happy wed ne'er failed to gain  
A place of friendship with Eugène.  
He loved the rake who ere he wed  
In Faublas ethics had been schooled,  
The sage, too aged to be fooled,  
And he with horns upon his head;  
That most contented man in life,  
Who loves his dinner, trusts his wife!

XIII. and XIV.

*Missing in original (or suppressed).*

XV.

Whilst still in bed Onégin lay  
His lackey used to bring the mail.  
All invitations! on one day—  
Three hosts implore him "not to fail."  
Which shall it be?—ball, birthday party  
(To each the invitation's hearty).  
Which first, that is? To choose were vain  
Where all so nobly entertain.  
Meanwhile, in morning coat arrayed,  
Upon his head a broad sombreto,  
Along the boulevard our hero  
Lolls through his daily promenade,  
Until \*Bréguet, thy wakeful chime,  
Suggests it's nearly dinner time,

XVI.

And dusk already. In a sleigh  
He takes his seat. The driver's cries  
Ring loud and shrill. In silvery spray  
The frost upon his collar lies.  
"To Talon's quick!" he shouts (for therein  
He knows his friend awaits, Kovàrin).  
Once there—the good cork skyward goes,  
In streams the Comet Vintage flows,  
A juicy steak before them lies,  
With truffles, flowers of kitchen-land  
(For boys who have the ostrich brand  
Of stomachs), fresh made Strasbourg pies,  
And amidst fruit and golden pines  
A lively Limbourg cheese reclines.

\* A watchmaker then in fashion.

## XVII.

Another bumper thirst demands  
To wash the smoking cutlet down—  
The clock suggests with silent hands  
A ballet challenges the town  
To sit in judgment. Eugène's part  
In life, is critic of all art,  
In town his fickle tongue does honour  
To each danseuse and prima donna—  
To green room's bright peculiar star  
He speeds to judgment, joins the band  
Of those who "really understand."  
To applaud each brilliant entrechat  
To hiss this one: that one recall:  
And make themselves observed by all.

## XVIII.

Enchanted ground where satire's lord,  
Where freedom's friend, Von Vizin reigned,  
Fearless and bright; where apt in word,  
And quick of wit, Kniajnin feigned,  
Where Ozeroff in other years  
Once shared the pit's reluctant tears,  
And shared the storm of hands with her  
The Peoples' young Semeonova.  
There Didlo won his laurel crown.  
Katenin raised again for us  
The genius of Corneille in Russ,  
Shakovsky brought the gallery down.  
There on those boards, behind those scenes  
Passed many an evening of my teens.

XIX.

My boyhood's queens! divinely fair,  
List to my grieving from afar  
Whilst others fade, perchance somewhere  
Unchanged, still beautiful you are.  
Say, shall I hear the singing of your choir  
Ever again? or ever mark the fire  
And spirit of your dances? Is it true  
That sorrowing I must seek the friends I knew  
And seek in vain? with blood unstirred behold  
The mirth of other? find the spirit fled  
Which charmed my past, then turn away  
my head  
And dreaming sadly of those days of old  
Acknowledge that their glamour has departed,  
And yawning, close my lorgnette, broken  
hearted?

XX.

The house is crammed! The boxes glisten  
With jewelled beauty; pit and stalls  
Are packed with people; aye! and listen  
The gallery for its favourite calls.  
Rustling, the curtain rises, Lo! she stands  
Slave of the baton in the master's hands:  
Half spirit and all beauty, round her press  
Nymphs the companions of her loveliness.  
One foot just touches earth, and one  
Swings slowly round: she leaps, she flies,  
As down is driven along the skies  
Before the wind's lips, and anon  
Her form dilates or dwindles, while her feet,  
True time to the quick music beat.

XXI.

The whole house cheers! Onégin enters,  
Strides through the stalls on others' toes,  
The full force of his lorgnette centres  
On lady strangers. Round the rows  
On rows, he gazes: in his sight  
Scarce one is dressed or looks aright.  
Next, to the many men his friends,  
A nod, a smile, a word, he sends;  
And last, turns slowly to the stage,  
Gazes, and then beneath his breath  
Mutters "Great Scot, I'm sick to death  
Of all this tommy rot; the age  
Of ballets passes! much I've borne, I vow,  
But even Didlo palls upon me now."

XXII.

Still cupids, demons, dragons, monkeys  
Upon the boards, loud revel kept  
Within the porch the weary flunkeys  
Still curled up in their shoubas slept  
The lights still shone; the lamps still glowed  
Upon the stage and down the road;  
Blowing of noses, hissing, cheering,  
Horses impatient of their gearing,  
Stamping for cold, still proved the revel  
Unfinished yet. The coachmen stood  
Around the fire, to thaw their blood,  
Wishing their masters at the devil;  
When Eugéne took the homeward route  
To change again his evening suit.

XXIII.

Must I depict the inmost shrine  
Where Fashion's votary passed the day,  
Where this æsthetic friend of mine  
Would hourly dress and re-array?  
Where every toy which London bears  
To peddle for the rougher wares  
Across the Baltic (fat and wood);  
Where all that in her vainest mood  
Parisian fashion could devise  
To swell his profits, serve his pleasure,  
Each useless but artistic treasure,  
And all the latest luxuries  
Adorned the private room, in plenty,  
Of this philosopher-at-twenty.

XXIV.

Well, here's a list of all his assets:  
Pipe stems from Stamboul tipped with  
amber;  
In crystal flagons, cut in facettes.  
Perfumes, more fit for lady's chamber  
Than his; bronze statuettes, and china;  
Scissors of all sorts; and, in fine, a  
Rare medley; even for teeth and nails  
A score of brushes scarce avails.  
And that reminds me, *à proops*  
Of finger nails, how famous Grimm,  
Because he dared his nails to trim,  
Provoked the wrath of Jacques Rousseau,  
That gifted madman, Freedom's knight,  
*Not*, in this instance, in the right—

XXV.

For surely men who find some beauty  
In well-trimmed nails are not all asses;  
War with his age is no man's duty;  
Custom's the tyrant of all classes.  
Eugène, in all that touched his clothes,  
Fearing the comments of his foes,  
Was the most careful man extant,  
And what we Russians call a "phrant"  
In dress—a secret this between us—  
Three hours at least Eugène would pass  
Posing before his looking-glass  
Before he issued forth, like Venus,  
When, dressed in all her husband's clothes,  
That merry goddess masquing goes.

XXVI.

Should I so loftily aspire,  
Here might a cultured public get,  
If curious, details of attire,  
And latest modes in men's toilette.  
With reason I might be afraid,  
But then description is my trade.  
Still, waistcoats, evening suits, and trousers  
Have no equivalent, I vow, sirs,  
In Russian, and my luckless rhyme.  
I do confess it on the spot,  
Already is too polyglot.  
Forgive me! I had shunned this crime  
Had I at first been much less chary  
Of reference to the dictionary.



## XXVII.

The subject of this meditation  
Not being clothes, our wisest course is  
To seek with some precipitation  
The ball. Onégin's hired horses  
Have long since scared, with jarring feet  
The slumbers of that silent street,  
Where, amidst mansions dark and blank,  
The sleigh lamps blaze in double rank  
Before the spacious portico  
Of one great house in garden set:  
A house whose myriad lights beget  
A vivid iris on the snow;  
A house whose every window frames  
A silhouette of squires and dames.

## XXVIII.

Arrived upon this scene, Eugéne  
Slips like an arrow past the sentry,  
Darts up the marble steps: again  
Smooths back his hair and makes his entry.  
The room is crowded: music floats,  
No longer loud, in dreamy notes  
Over the crowds which whispering gaze  
At the Mazourka's merry maze.  
The spurs of guardsmen clash and ring,  
Fair women's feet, more swift than wing  
Of swallow, skim across the floor,  
While swifter far than swallow  
The burning eyes of soldiers follow  
The loveliness which they adore—  
Even jealousy's discordant din  
Is mellowed by the violin.

XXIX.

In glad gone days of Young Desire  
A ball like this I deemed perfection,  
When midst the dancing, words of fire  
And love notes passed without detection.  
Ye worthy Benedicts, I tender  
Whatever service I can render,  
And pray that all of you and each  
Will mark the moral of my speech!  
And you, my lady mothers, lend  
A wakeful eye to your lorgnette,  
Or those fair girls will stumble yet,  
And do—and do—No! Heaven forbend!  
I only sound such warning notes  
Because I've long since sown my oats.

XXX.

Alas! in every sort of pleasure  
The best years of my life have flown,  
And yet, if sickness gave me leisure,  
I still would go to balls, I own,  
For still I love young manhood's madness,  
The crowd, the glitter and the gladness,  
Fair woman's studied elegance;  
I love the feet which lead the dance,  
Shapely and small: (I doubt you'd meet  
If you should search it through and through  
In Russia's realm a pair or two).  
But woe is me, one woman's feet,  
Her pretty feet!—they haunt me still  
When dreams my slumbering senses fill.

## XXXI.

Ah where, and in what lonely wild,  
 Fool, will you manage to forget?  
 Say, little feet, that so beguiled,  
   'Mid what spring flowers ye wander yet?  
 Nursed in the gentle East's repose,  
 Upon our Northland's dreary snows  
 Ye left no track. A little while  
 Your light step touched my carpet's pile—  
 For that I lost my thirst for Fame  
   The greed of glory tempts no more  
   Little I miss my native shore,  
 Exile or home to me the same,  
 All my ambitions fade and pass  
 As fades yon light track through the grass.

## XXXII.

Young Flor's cheek, Diana's breast  
   Are fair, but fairer far to me  
 Beyond compare with all the rest  
   Thy tiny foot, Terpsichore;  
 That foot which to enamoured eyes  
 Is full of priceless prophecies—  
 Which, by the little it reveals,  
 The very heart from manhood steals—  
 With the long tablecloth above it—  
   In spring pressed on the meadow grass—  
   In winter on the fender's brass  
 Or by the sea alike I love it;  
 Nor least where polished parquetry  
 Mirrors its pretty coquetry.

XXXIII.

Well I remember, envious throes,  
When once, before a storm awoke  
Rank upon rank the wavelets rose  
And clamorous round my lady broke;  
Ah! how I wished that I were such  
As they, those dainty feet to touch!  
Not once I vow, when young desire  
Filled all my boyish veins with fire,  
Had such wild longings filled my breast  
To touch the lips of pretty misses,  
To redden their soft cheeks with kisses,  
Or taste their bosoms' sweet unrest;  
No never once did Passion tear  
At my poor breast as it did there.

XXXIV.

Her stirrup now, as in a dream,  
A sacred dream of long ago,  
I seem to hold: again I seem  
The touch of that dear foot to know  
In my hot hand. Once more desire  
Wakes at her touch. My blood takes fire:  
Imagination stirs again  
This withered heart to love and pain.  
But hold! Enough! Thou shalt not praise  
These haughty belles, my gossip lyre  
They are not worthy to inspire  
A lover's pain, a poet's lays—  
Their lips, their feet, their witching eyes  
Are full of nimble trickeries.

## XXXV.

But where's Onégin? Lo! he takes  
 From ball to bed his sleepy way,  
 While tireless Petersburg awakes,  
 And kettledrums reveille play.  
 The tradesman wakes; the pedlar starts,  
 The cabman to his stand departs;  
 The wheels of milk carts to and fro  
 Crunch crisply in the morning snow—  
 The merry morning's wakening hymn  
 Begins: shops open; every flue  
 Its smoky column to the blue  
 Of Heaven sends. The baker trim  
 (A German paper capped) throws wide  
 His window to the folk outside.

## XXXVI.

Tired with the ball room's noisy riot,  
 Turning his morning into night,  
 He sleeps in welcome shadowy quiet,  
 This child of luxury and delight,  
 Nor wakes till midday. Then, once more,  
 Till morning lives the old life o'er,  
 Dazzling but changeless; his to-day  
 The counterpart of yesterday.  
 And yet, amid such luxuries  
 In manhood's flower, was Eugéne free,  
 Or happy, tho' he seemed to be  
 Hero of social victories?  
 Did he escape ill health, blue devils,  
 Or pass scot-free through all these revels?

XXXVII.

No! All too soon his heart grew chill.

The world's din wearied him. The grace  
Of woman, which once seemed to fill

His every thought, now found no place  
With him. Friends, comrades, rivals, all—  
Even loves, oft changed, began to pall  
On him, and when one day he found  
Digestion's pangs could not be drowned  
In bumpers of champagne; that splitting

Headaches would follow drink to bed,

The words Onégin, used were, so it's said,  
Not parliamentary, but fitting—

Nay; though a fiery feather head,

He even lost his taste for steel and lead.

XXXVIII.

Little by little that disease

Whose cause he should long since have  
seen—

Call it whatever name you please

(In Russian "handra," English "spleen")—

Mastered Onégin. He ne'er tried,

Nor thought, thank Heaven, of suicide,

But turned on life a cold regard,

And like Childe Harold, gloomy, hard,

Frowned on the world. Nor virtue's smile,

Nor gambler's greed, nor passion's sigh

That mocks at maiden modesty,

Nor even scandal, could beguile

His sullen mood. By nothing moved,

He nothing noticed, nothing loved.

XXXIX., XL., XLI.

(*Missing in the original.*)

XLII.

Fashion's fair dames, beneath your sway,  
He lingered longest, though we know  
Life in the highest cliques to-day  
Is apt to be a trifle slow;  
For though perhaps one woman may  
Talk of "Bentham" and "Jean Say,"  
The average run of ladies' chatter  
Is silly, sinless, stupid matter.  
To such a length their virtues go,  
So prudent are they, so correct,  
So pious, proper circumspect—  
In every act so *comme il faut*,  
To man so distant, I admit—  
I always get a bilious fit.

XLIII.

And you, my pretty ones, who fleet  
In roving droshkies late at night  
Over our bridges, down the street  
Of Petersburg, your revels light;  
And you, Eugéne, abandoned. In his den,  
Yawning, he turned him to his pen  
And tried to write. Alas! such work  
Required some thought and thought proved  
irksome

To our Onégin. So no song,  
Or other offspring of his quill  
Ever entitled him to fill  
A place amid the struggling throng  
Of authórs. Stay! I'll make no fun of 'em,  
Because it happens *I* am one of 'em.

XLIV.

Again to idleness given over,  
He sought (a somewhat nobler goal),  
Relief from ennui to discover  
In bolting literature whole.  
Set books before him, line on line,  
Read and re-read without design,  
Found Dullness here, Delirium there,  
Lies, want of conscience, want of care,  
And want of thought and all in fetters.  
The old was satle, the up-to-date,  
Raved feebly of the earlier great.  
As to the ladies, to the letters,  
He bade farewell and spread a pall  
To cover books and dust and all.

XLV.

From Fashion's burdens breaking free  
We met, and bonds of friendship sealed,  
Tired of the world's frivolity,  
His features to my heart appealed,  
The dreaminess which held him still  
In reveries against his will.  
His individuality,  
His wits, cold bitter quality,



Each drew me to him. He was sad,  
And I was angered. Both had learned  
Love's cruel lesson. Life had burned  
Low in our hearts, for either had,  
From childhood's dawn, by man or fate,  
Been smitten and left desolate.

XLVI.

He who has lived and thought must feel  
For man some measure of disdain.  
O'er him who once has felt must steal  
For days which cannot come again,  
Some sorrow. When illusions perish  
Regret survives to wring the heart  
Until, from sufferings borne, the art  
Of poet's eloquence it teaches.

At first Onégin's bitter tongue  
Jarred on my listening ear; ere long  
I grew accustomed to his speeches  
Where jest and bitterness were knit  
To give more flavour to his wit.

XLVII.

Ah me! how oft when Summer's night  
Hung darkly clear o'er Neva's stream,  
Whose laughing waters in their flight  
Unmirrored left Diana's beam:  
We two along the bank would rove,  
In dreams of early boyhood's love:  
In dreams of manhood's first romance;

Till sinking into tender trance  
All heart, all faith, we silent drank  
The sweet night's breath, such draughts, so  
deep,  
That like to prisoners in their sleep  
Laid dungeon free on greensward bank,  
We too in happy dreams were borne  
To gates of manhood's merry morn.

XLVIII.

Eugène would stand in pensive mood  
His heart o'erburdened with regret,  
As once they tell a poet stood,  
Bowed o'er the granite parapet.  
T'was silent all, save when the cry  
Of watchman's challenge passed us by,  
Or sound of hurrying horses' feet,  
That thundered down the Million street;  
Or wash of boat, by labouring oar,  
Impelled that dreamy tide along:  
Or distant bugle note or song  
Heard faintly from the farther shore.  
Ah, sweeter even than Tasso's rhyme  
Such nights as those in summer time.

XLIX.

Oh, Adriatic! Brenta! Nay,  
I, too, shall see you, and rejoice  
With soul fresh fired, as breaks the day  
To the full music of thy voice;  
Strong voice, to Albion's poet dear;  
Sweet voice, that to my native ear

Whispers of home: oh, nights of gold!—  
Italian nights, when, uncontrolled,  
I'll drain Life's cup of pleasure dry,  
    Some fair Venetian by my side—  
    Sweet chatterbox, or else tongue-tied  
Because when boats in shadow lie,  
True lovers' lips should only seek  
The language Petrarch's verses speak.

L.

When will my hour of freedom come?  
    'Tis time! 'tis time! My beckoning hand  
Implores each sail, when e'er I roam,  
    Waiting fair weather on the strand.  
When shall I set my homing sail,  
And though the waves before the gale  
Their shattered crests about me toss,  
Unstayed o'er troubled ocean cross,  
Touch homeland and be free?  
'Tis time this dreary land to flee,  
To me ungenial, and my verse,  
    'Tis time to rest where south seas swell  
    'Neath native Afric's skies, to dwell  
In peace, and Russia's cloud-land curse,  
Where, wrecked by grief, to love a slave,  
My heart has found itself a grave.

LI.

Onégin and myself had planned  
    To travel, but before we started  
We were by Fate's resistless hand  
    For many and many a long year parted.

'Twas thus. Onégin's father died,  
And round my friend on every side  
Gathered the money-lending crew,  
All with some private end in view.  
Eugéne loathed business, hated toil,  
Was well contented with his lot,  
Cared for his losses not a jot,  
And left the pack to share the spoil,  
Foreseeing, with prophetic eye,  
His grandsire's end was also nigh.

LII.

Even so it happened, one fine day  
This message from his agent brought him  
"His grandsire, who a-dying lay,  
To come and bid farewell, besought him."  
Onégin skimmed the gloomy greeting,  
And started straightway for the meeting.  
Post haste along the roads he tore,  
Yawning e'er half the course was o'er,  
Prepared for money's sake to meet  
The weariness of sick men's sighs—  
( 'Twas thus Eugéne first met our eyes ).  
But, having reached his grandsire's seat,  
He found him laid out in his room—  
A tribute ready for the tomb.

LIII.

The Court, with servants filled, he found,  
Friends and detractors gathered all,  
From far and near, the country round—  
Guests eager for the funeral.

The dead these duly buried.  
The guests and priests got drunk and fed:  
And then, the serious business done,  
Sedately home went every one.  
And lo! Onégin, in his village,  
He who till now all order hated,  
A genuine spendthrift, fresh translated,  
To lordship over woods and tillage,  
O'er mills and waters, and elate  
At all that changed his former state!

LIV.

For two whole days the meadows made  
A novel pleasure for his eyes,  
Their loveliness, the oak grove's shade,  
The quiet brook's soliloquies—  
All soothed and won him: after that  
Woods, hills, and the far reaching flat  
Staled on his fancy; nor could keep  
Eyes open that were tired of sleep.  
Even here, he learned, aye, even here,  
Where there were neither cards nor balls,  
Nor poet's verse, nor princely halls,  
The ill he fled from waited near—  
Ennui—the shadow of his life,  
More pertinacious than a wife.

LV.

Now I was born for peaceful things,  
For rustic scenes, for country quiet,  
My lyric muse most blithely sings  
In deserts wild. On country diet

My fancy thrives. In sinless leisure  
By lone waste lakes, I take my pleasure,  
"Sans souci" for my motto taken;  
Where every morning I awaken  
To sweet indulgence, idle ease,  
I read but little, much I sleep,  
Nor strive the winds of fame to reap,  
Yet was it not by means like these  
That I came nighest happiness?

LVI.

Flowers, love, a village holiday,  
The widespread fields are my delight.  
Things Eugène lothed. I'm bound to say  
I wish you'd keep this point in sight,  
Lest fancying that you recognized  
My features, he should be despised,  
And deeming poets such poor creatures  
That they can only paint the features  
Of their own faces, should repeat  
With ready malice that old stricture  
Passed upon Bryon, that the picture  
Which I have daubed in my conceit  
Was my own portrait, and discredit  
This tale I've taken such pains to edit.

LVII.

I note, in passing, poets seem  
All friends to love's illusive passion;  
I, like the rest, have dreamed my dream  
Of figures of so fair a fashion  
That they have tenanted my brain

In secret till they lived again.  
Touched by my muse, the ideal maid  
Haunting the mountains, I've portrayed  
And Salgir's captive set in song.

Till now, my friends, I often hear  
This question whispered in my ear—  
"Which of the pretty jealous throng  
Has had the fortune to inspire  
The tender love songs of your lyre?"

### LVIII.

Whose sweet eyes wake the storm and stress  
That fill your moody poesy?  
Who crowns your work with her caress?  
Who is it that you deify?  
No one, by heaven, my friends, I swear—  
All unconsoled I've had to bear  
Love's foolish sorrow. Blessed, I think,  
Those lovers who to passion link  
The singer's phrenzy: who can double  
The poet's madness, blessed of God,  
And, treading paths that Petrarch trod,  
Allay at once their bosom's trouble  
And snatch a laurel wreath from Cupid.  
Alas! in love I'm dumb and stupid.

### LIX.

But love once fled, the muse awoke,  
My cloudy mind grew clear again,  
Once more myself, I strove to yoke  
Feeling and thought in my refrain.

I wrote—my heart no longer fainted  
For love. My pen no longer painted  
This woman's foot, that maiden's head,  
Nay, e'er the stanza's course is sped  
Love's dying ashes will not glow  
    Though I still grieve, no tears I shed  
    Love's storm is all but quieted;  
'Ere long it may be mine to know  
Heart's ease, and yours a poem penned  
In lines and verses without end.

LX.

I've named my hero, formed a plan to  
    Build up my story on; moreover,  
Whatever happens, the first canto  
    Is finished, and that labour over.  
I've scrutinized my work, and see  
A lot of things which don't agree;  
But faith, I'm not inclined to mend 'em.  
No! Let the critics tear and rend 'em,  
(Fruits of my labour) I will pay  
    Whatever is the censor's due;  
    But you, my new born, off with you  
To where old Neva's waters stray;  
Go! earn the wages of the muse—  
Harsh critiques and loud-tongued abuse.

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