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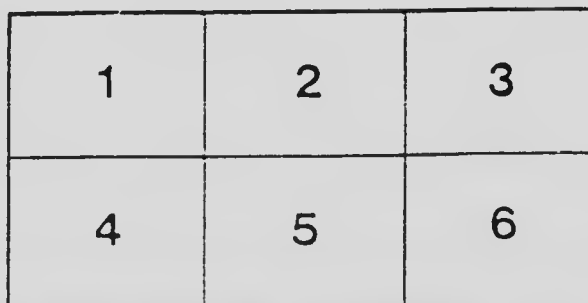
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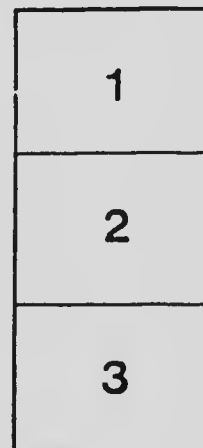
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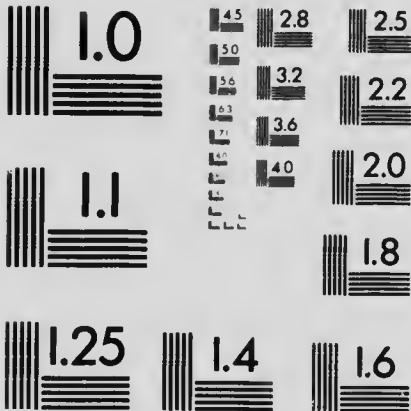
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# The Lady Latour

WITH

Picture Poses Appended for  
Those Who Journey

By

WILLIAM INGLIS MORSE

"Acadian Lays" (1908)

---

Illustrations by

F. G. COOPER (F.G.C.)

and

E. L. PROCTOR



THE RYERSON PRESS  
TORONTO

1920

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## PREFACE



**A** FEW of the selections enclosed herein first appeared in the issues of "The Canadian Magazine," Toronto, Canada.

The others in part deal with the inner life, and some concern that ancient land of 'Acadie,' sometimes known as "Acadia," which critics often confound with "Arcadia."

The selections in Part Two for the most part explain themselves, and are illustrated by drawings from the hand of "F.G.C.," etc.

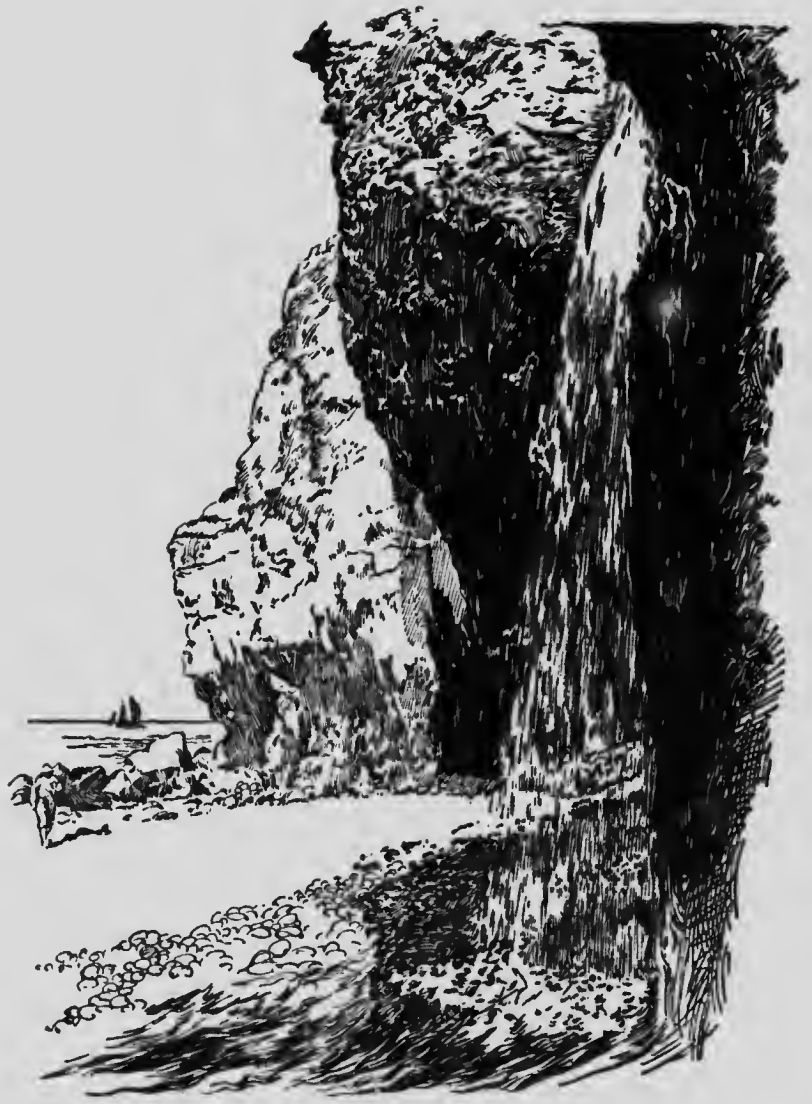
W. I. M.

St. Andrews-by-the-Sea  
July, 1920



To  
S. A. E. M.  
and  
S. T. M.





MARGARETSVILLE, N.S.

BY THE SEA.

*Where freezing promontories guard  
The gray sea-ways  
Of Acadie, glints the late sun  
With crimson rays  
Upon this mountain streamlet, which  
Forever blends  
Its sound with some far voice as day  
To westward ends.*

*And there, all limitless, remote,  
Piled dark and high,  
Behind the filmy mists which move  
Athwart the sky,  
Cloud-masses like some vasty range  
Of mountains rear  
Themselves, as if a pathway for  
The night to clear,  
And prematurely cut off that  
Brief hour of day,  
When soft susurrings of the soul  
A peace convey.*

## AN ACADIAN SPRING

Across some mirrored lake  
As evening falls,  
I hear the night birds give  
Their vesper calls.

The tinkling bells of kine  
Float down the vale,  
And lose their melody  
Along the trail.

Forth from the old mill-race  
There comes the roar  
Of waters falling as  
They fell of yore ;

While far in yonder gorge  
A restless stream  
Makes music to the night  
Wind's gentle dream.

—*Canadian Magazine.*

Across the marshland drifts  
A silvery screen  
Of fog; the late moon casts  
Her mystic sheen

Upon Tawopskik's hill;  
The odorous Spring  
And cool, dark Earth now move  
The heart to sing,

As out of memory  
Faint echoes rise  
And quaint Acadian days  
In dim disguise.

## THE VISION FLAWLESS.

The fringes of a larger world we touch,  
And shadows of great things along the years,  
Which tested by reality oft fade  
And still seem far off as a star at dawn.  
The golden chains which bind our feet to life,  
We fear to loose, and venture out upon  
That road which only seems half vivid, true.

The scene of life is not all flawless, whole,  
Unmarred by clouds or visionary ills.  
When thought emerges clean as mountain air,  
'Tis only for the hour; then clogged again  
Until sweet sittings of the brain find out  
Some perfect path to flow and sweep away  
Too many seasons blurred and commonplace.

Though Byron never penned a line's defect,  
This argues not that perfect linkages  
Must ever keep us on the mountain top;  
That flowers always beautiful become  
When fed on fiery drink and woman's tears;  
That twilight music heard along the sea  
Rescunds as hauntingly in age as youth.

ON READING ROGER'S "MATRIMONIAL  
HONOUR."

(1487)

—————A base bird  
Can chirp and chitter  
Both angrily and fast  
And make a sorry litter:

But when the summer's past  
And cheerful songs no longer heard,  
When boughs are bare  
And sad the evening air,  
The living leaves all gone  
And gray the wintry dawn,  
A wee bird in the thorn bush sings  
All bravely as a wife unto her spouse,  
So amiable and full of grace;  
Her influence hastes on swiftest wings  
To rescue and arouse  
Her mate depressed with direful face.

Such pleasing, genuine art  
Illumines cloudy sorrow  
Like as the sun, eclipsed to-day by mists in part,  
Comes glimmering through to-morrow.



## HYMN TO LIFE.

Both dark and light, and good and ill,  
Are thine forever here,  
And future strivings but to thee  
As those of yester-year.

Thy steps forever new I'd trail,  
By thee be ever led,  
And not like flowers, young and lithe,  
Someday be harvested.

## THE TORCH OF LIFE.

At the portals of existence  
Flares the torch of life,  
Gleaming out across the darkness  
Of unending strife.

Always beckoning it lures us  
Whence we ne'er return:  
Yet fore'er the goal evades us  
And fore'er we yearn.

## THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

In mad processional the wind  
Sweeps homeward from the sea  
On this, the last night of the year—  
Awaking memory

Of phantom days, shrined in brief song,  
To fleeting music set,  
And Time's crescendo stirs again  
The surges of regret.

The tolling of the midnight bell  
I hear across the sky,  
While o'er the magic threshold comes  
The new year's glad reply.

Aside like some loose-fitting cloak  
The worn-out vesture lay,  
And don with proud and joyous thrill  
This garb of New Year's day.

—*Canadian Magazine.*

## THE BUILDERS.

With each succeeding age there springs  
Some wonder from the artist's hand—  
Some treasure of the mind long planned  
To gild the palaces of Kings.

In stones more lordly than his dreams  
The faith of man has reared aloft  
The temples of his Gods, where oft  
He finds his soul's divinest themes.

## GOOD FRIDAY.

Before the lictors of mankind  
Christ wrought His deed :  
He bore the world's scorn and disgrace  
For others' need.

All desolate and lone He reared  
His head sublime ;  
And found, not death, but life in this  
Sad Cross of Time.

Just as He lived on earth, so we ;  
And leaving all,  
Shall bow beneath His cross to-day  
And hear His call.

## THE BUST OF HOMER.

At even as I shift the light  
And watch the glow die out in flight.

Thy face, one moment speaks of joy,  
Of Helen, Priam, ancient Troy.

Of Menelaus, old world things,  
Thine own immortal genius sings.

## LE BEAU DIEU.

Comes in the dawn, subdued and soft,  
Above the altar reredos,  
As Christ in Benediction waves  
His blessing there beside the Cross.

His countenance, all rapt, benign,  
Portrays a vision high for thee—  
The Truth eternal flashing on  
The dark of human destiny.

## ERROR

In memory  
Is sown the seed,  
Which flow'ring bears  
The noxious weed.  
'Tis law that rules,  
Not ignorance;  
Exactitude,  
Not whims of chance.  
Unlettered days  
Retard the soul;  
They speed us not  
To our high goal.

## TRUTH

Reality  
Is more than thought  
And character  
Than yeas and nays:  
A larger fruitage  
Truth e'er pays.  
While error brings  
Our life to naught.

## THE MAGIC CITY

The city gate was shut: without  
I stood, while far away o'erhead  
The stars rose, glist'ning, calm and clear,  
Above that magic city of the Dead.

No footfalls fugitive disturb  
The seeker, who would enter here;  
Nor questioning the Unseen King  
Would ask of Him, who reigns alone, "What  
cheer?"

No answer came along the night,  
But only one long glimpse of aisle  
On aisle, and storied crosses marked  
For those, once young, who lived and died the  
while.

## EDELWEISS.

O lovely flower,  
How few in character like thee,  
'True emblem of Humility!

Above the realm of lonely pine,  
Long sought by tourist on the mountain's brow,  
Thy flowerets adorn the Alpine snow.

Symbol of power,  
Which genders life divine—  
Content to dwell apart—  
Fore'er thou art  
'The messenger of Christ's pure heart!

## THE KINGDOM.

Thy kingdom, Lord,  
Is not to-day,  
Nor in the morrow far away;  
For we must wait, alas,  
And labour till Thy Word  
Has seen a thousand ages pass!

Within the heart,  
Alone, apart,  
The priceless seed shall grow to bloom,  
Here and hereafter, till  
Both age and time no more shall fill  
Our void with empty hopes of doom.

—*Canadian Magazine.*



## L'ESCARBOT AT PORT ROYAL.

Here where the bugle sounds no more,  
And crumbling ramparts merge  
With memories of fateful days  
And murmuring sea-surge,  
A chapter of lost history  
Remains fore'er a tale—  
Unverified, dim happenings,  
Obscured along the trail.

We hail those oft recounted feasts  
Within the ancient hall,  
When like a brotherhood of peace  
Assembled chief and thrall—  
Bold Poutrincourt, the Manor Lord,  
And Membertou the brave,  
Champlain and hapless Biencourt  
And Marc L'Escarbot, grave  
Yet honored poet-advocate,  
Who told in courtly rhymes,  
Those festal gatherings, once called  
"The Order of Good Times."  
How joyously along the cape  
The chiefs fared forth to view,  
Their cornfields golden in the sun—  
First harvestage which grew  
On land by industry reclaimed,  
And how the first mill-wheel  
All slowly ground this food, turned by  
The waters of Lequille.

\* \* \* \* \*

The mystic murmur of the pines  
In solemn tune I hear—  
The runes of rhythmic ages taught  
By poet and by seer.  
Here Druid pine and spruce and fir  
In virile splendor grew,  
And sung the riddle of the world  
In incantations new.  
Through distances which softly call  
Along strange, hidden ways,  
Come back quaint melodies of time  
And unrecorded days,  
When down these dusky aisles of shade  
The nimble sprites oft passed,  
And trumpeters from wooded dells  
Blew loud and clamorous blast;  
And the night wind intoned again  
Those primal memories  
So long re-echoed in the weird  
Drone of the forest trees.

The red man tented long ago  
Where peaceful hamlets dwell  
To-day, and aged villagers,  
When importuned, retell  
The legends of those early days  
And fireside stories old—  
Of battle by the Bloody Creek,  
And pirate's buried gold,  
How mouldy plowshares late were found  
Along the river land,  
And flinty arrowheads once carved  
By skilled and crafty hand.

## THE GARRETEER.

(Mentelli.)

A lonely garreteer, bold archetype  
Of all who scorn the clarion of fame,  
Once dwelt a recluse by the river Seine.  
He found his peace in search for Truth, the  
dream  
Of all who feel her lure; the gain he did  
Not question; simply claimed the bread that fed  
His hungerings. All passionate he strove  
For her clear light, her smile and recompense  
So long withheld, and giv'n to those who yearn  
Untiringly, if only they may touch  
Her garment's hem or lean upon her gaze.

No love's caress endeared his reveries,  
Or stirred his heart to elemental fire;  
In charity's scant furnished room he lived,  
Long undisturbed by siege or pestilence—  
Unmoved by passions which engender blood,  
Clad in his soldier's coat and nankeen garb  
And huge sabots, unsleeping save for rest  
In the dim hours before the first faint dawn,  
He circled stone by stone the well of Truth  
And with a sigh explored her haunting depths.

He wrought with symbols Archimedes used:  
A world of airy structures fashioned forth  
Again: toiled with those signs which carry in  
Their mansionry, the thought of God eterne.  
The candle-flare at midnight burned not half  
So brightly as this seeking soul, whose hopes  
Reset each day to rise again when morn  
Broke o'er that ancient city's warring strife.

His records lost in death, Mentelli left  
No trail behind, no hint of vantage gained:  
Fed on the thought of Truth, loved for herself,  
H. lived a plan outlined beyond our ken.

## REDEMPTION COMES.

We seek the message of the age,  
The wondrous mastery of man,  
The mines unlocked by vision deep,  
And vaster riches of God's plan.

Lo, man is brother to his kin:  
The despot's bigotry is rent.  
Across the skies, beneath the seas,  
The whispers of the time are sent.

We proudly march, we proudly live;  
Ambitions surge in mighty throng;  
In causes that make millions moan,  
Redemption comes, yet tarries long.

## CURFEW.

Wild, rustling wings I hear,  
And wailing birds along  
The clouds, good-bye re-echoing.  
Now that the curfew of the year  
Repeated farewells ring,  
The dead leaves throng  
Their olden, sheltered places,  
And mimic Graces  
Touch the swelling nectaries,  
Like sweet alembics filled  
With some faint fragrance welcomed by the bees,  
And later into ruddy fruit are redistilled.

## THE STIR OF SPRING.

When the solvent winds of March  
Sweep away the winter's dross,  
And the tender budlets shine  
With a newer, greener gloss,  
Wakes again that primal stir,  
Fashioning a new springtime—  
Exquisite, more lasting than  
Verses of decadent Rime.

On some eastern window-ledge,  
Where the ivy leaves are shorn,  
Sparrows chatter carelessly,  
Giving welcome to the morn—  
Rousing all the sleepers, too—  
While come peeping in o'erhead  
Silently those harbingers  
Of the dawning's earliest red.

## THE LADY LATOUR.

(1647)

No song of amour  
To Lady Latour,  
But of honour untarnished as ages show.  
Brief annals acclaim  
The pride of her name,  
And faintly the records yet kindle and glow.

'Twas an ill-starred dawn  
For her garrison,  
When they fought till the bugle sounded a truce;  
And D'Aulney, shamed  
By the terms he named,  
Set at naught a woman's brave excuse.

Strange ventures were thine,  
Which the centuries twine  
As a coronal 'round thy form obscure—  
Dim counterpart  
Of a dauntless heart,  
O long lost Lady of Sieur de la Tour!



## SEERS.

The clouds and rains and winds  
Are nature's seers,  
Which voice the coming change  
As night breaks and the dawning clears.

A thousand streamers gild  
The mystic tide  
Of ecstacy, which sweeps  
Through life's great portals opened wide:

And winding stairways seem  
To reach the sky,  
While dome-like whispers call  
Us from their pillared mansionry.

## LOYALTY.

Brave hearts who serve in loyalty do well--  
Add impetus to life and doubts dispel.  
The tides of being, urgent winds that waft,  
Favour the man who steers unscathed his craft  
Past Nemesis and Destiny and Fate.  
Unerring justice frowns on all who shirk,  
On all untrue to self or friend or work.  
The call of duty, higher far, hath lent  
No sanction to thy joys with dalliance blent.

## RHYTHM.

There is a rhythm in the sky,  
The earth, the sea and history;  
O'er mountain tarn or woodland scene,  
All beautiful and green  
With coming of the spring;  
In birds on pinioned wing,  
Their organisms tuned to a more hurried flow  
Of consciousness than man, whose cycles grow  
By processes retarded to maturity.

There is a rhythm in the darkness by the sea,  
Where myriad shells fulfil their destiny,  
And feel each ebb and flow, the onset of  
the lapping tide  
Along the sandy reaches of the shore  
both far and wide.  
'Tis here the Æsop prawn shows rhythmic change,  
All red and yellow in the filmy light,  
And with the fall of night,  
Turns to that dusky shading, azure-blue and  
strange—  
The colour of Hippolyte.

In Sculpture's sequence, growth, decay,  
We see the vaulted arch's span,  
The lofty pillar's reach and plan—  
The bold and vigorous assay  
Of genius, which portends a newer race  
Of men, in Heaven's allotted time—a fairer  
grace.

Thus sang the Tuscan sages of the past,  
Of different sorts of manners, customs, men at  
last.

There is a rhythm in the heart,  
That "bourdon" heard least often in the city's  
mart,

But in the silence and alone  
We catch the sound, the unforgotten tone  
Which whispers all is well—  
Conveys sweet promises of hope, or else the knell  
Of lost efficiency, fatigue, disease, the cycle ended,  
Affections lost, ill-comprehended.

Old happiness may not be lived again—  
illusivè, gone—

Howe'er it be revived in some far off  
eternal dawn—

Some momentary touch upon the lyre,  
And fading colours painted like the daybreak of  
desire.

Tense rhythms of the heart proclaim  
the immemorial song—

"Flit softly Dionysian love—  
Bring round-red of thy lips bedight  
With perfumed, ageless treasure trove,  
And fire of the enchanted night!"

Through varied interludes of History,  
That inner functioning, inevitable, we see,  
Which moves in ever widening cycles, joy and  
    pain  
The nomad felt in dark, Hercynian forests:  
    or when across the plain  
He heard the Westward call, the onset and the  
    thrill  
Of the old Gods' biotic urge and will  
To newer rhythmic life, to deeper harmony  
    in measured flow,  
Once dreamed by Plato and his dark philosophy—  
    millenniums ago.

## THE FRIEDHOF AT SIMMERING.

(Near Vienna.)

At Simmering so much of genius lies  
Embosomed by the earth. The starry skies  
Acclaim all bold interpreters of that authentic  
    Muse, whose feet  
In subtle nimbus clad, haste forth  
    our weariness to greet.  
(Beethoven, Gluck and Brahms,  
Strauss, Schubert and Mozart,  
Like muted strings whose sweetness ever charms.)  
The slackened tension of each heart  
No more wakes melodies divinely flung into its  
    being:  
Though blind to mortal ways, unseeing,  
Their souls may light with piquancy and fire  
Of wild ethereal desire,  
And voice beyond the crumbling shroud  
A crashing glory of the thunder cloud—  
And fairer themes than once they penned—  
Those songs unheard, unsung, which lend  
New charm and joy to every age, new mountain  
    peaks to climb,  
New symphonies of sadness blown upon the lips  
    of Time.



## THE WRAITH.

Saw any one the wraith  
Of Mary on Red Rock?  
The wind blew cold and chill:  
Near-by a chattering flock  
Of sea-gulls homeward flew

A lonely watcher hung  
Upon the rusted rail,  
And low the sea-surge sung  
Of Mary's raptured look,  
The paper blank, unpenned,  
Just waiting for the Word  
Imagined ills to mend.

A raptured parable  
In pose, transfixed and tense,  
Some mystic message borne  
By telepathic sense  
Sweeps through thy House of Dreams—  
Strange malady of thought—  
Unlike and unattuned  
To much the past has sought.

The blind crowd loiters by—  
Unseeing, labour-free—  
While thou art but a wraith  
Aligned in memory.

Granted thy form the real  
Which sex and sense disclose,  
A lighted torch of love  
The moment pains and glows,  
This watcher might have felt  
A beckoning to thee,  
As beckons the wind to the sails  
Which seek the open sea.



## FLEUR-DE-LIS.

Outside the cabin door  
It grew—a wee  
French flower called by name  
The Fleur-de-lis.

Fit symbol, heraldic,  
In ages old,  
Of sceptre, battle-axe  
And forays bold,

It still perpetuates  
Acadian days—  
Those gardens facing toward  
The morning rays,

And gabled windows, scenes  
Viewed long apart,  
Enhanced by love and touch  
Of Norman art.

## THE MICMACS GO TO MASS.

A sunny morn for dream. The swallows skimmed  
The placid river spaces, and the old  
Cart road lay there half hidden by the gold  
Of buttercups along the meadow rimmed.

A symphony perpetual arose—  
Bird-music, thymy odours on the air  
Of willow, cherry, amelanchier—  
A world diffused with glory and repose.

Thus musing where the scattered boles of oak  
And elm keep guard above the watermark  
Below the Portage bend, their narrow bark  
Appeared, nor slackened speed, and with each  
stroke

Full lightsofely they glided on, erect,  
True poised—heirs less of man than nature's art—  
Micmac and squaw, whose passing seemed a part  
Retold in all their life and dialect.

Each year, ere yet the coursing sap had run  
Its round of newer loveliness, June-blown,  
They came to old St. Mary's by the town—  
Their hearts at one with praise and orison.

'Twas such a Sunday once we gave them hail  
As on their way to Mass, adown the stream  
They moved, and last we saw their paddles' gleam  
Around the curve, just by the muskeg trail.



*"The Dark Valley"*

## THE LONE WATCHER.

All darkly limned against the sky, it once  
Was deemed a patriarch within the wood;  
Deep rooted in the swamp, its crested top  
Above the bulwark on the granite ledge  
Surmounted all the other forest trees—  
The weather-beaten hulks of giant oaks,  
Of shaggy hemlocks, beeches gnarled and gray,  
Below its highest summit's solitude.

An open temple undefiled, here dwelt  
The mystic Sagas of the country's past;  
And near, a balanced rock on which were carved  
The effigies of hunter and his guide—  
Red Eagle, mighty son of Donnamoak,  
And opposite upon the other face  
The form of Vincent, featured with mustache  
And deer-skin collar—though now blur'd with  
age.

Hither, one morn, a Frenchman and his guide  
Climbed out upon a massive limb to view  
The long, dark valley of Acadia,  
To search for traces of their enemy—  
The wily Micmacs on wild forays bent—  
And as they gazed their senses thrilled to scenes  
Long unsurpassed.

The faithful Malicete

Brushed with his hand the limb on which they sat,  
And softly said: "Big pine him give much moan—  
Him, watcher-man, make arm go sad in wind. . ."  
While over the uneven forest roof  
Broke dreamy murmurings, the ancient drone  
Which spread and echoed down the mountain  
gorge.

An eagle circling overhead appeared  
A happy omen for the chief and Breau,  
For naught of varlet enemy was seen;  
No leaden tinted vapours lifted from  
The Micmac campfires of the night before.  
Alone remained the view, alone the thrill,  
The scarlet oak-groves on Colline de Chene.  
And leagues away old Alexandre's home,  
The dimmer confines of the La Rosettes,  
And farther still, lost in the bluish haze,  
The storied seigniory of Port Royal.

No more the stealthy paddle stirs the stream,  
Or glides into the morbid silences  
Of night, the dauntless hunter, accompanied  
By dusky friend, both listening, alert,  
For coming of the warrior.

To-day,  
Clean washed, Tawopskik winds his silver way  
Through greening meadow vales and marshes  
touched  
With wizardry of mystical romance.

And oft on late mid-summer nights are heard  
By villagers housed on the bottomlands  
Those fairy cadences, which charm the soul  
And give a being ampler, loved, secure,  
Unbroken save by calls of aged owls,  
Posted like sentinels of destiny  
Near-by the edges of the dark wildwood.

## L'AMOUR.

There are many, many mansions  
In the realm of Poesy,  
But of all the haunting chambers,  
Bides that one for thee and me, love,  
There beside the silver sea.

Ages roll and hearts are longing,  
But there's none so dear as thee,  
Or in any other mansion  
As thy beauty's self and greeting,  
There beside the northern sea.

## COLLINE DE CHENE.

A landmark and a history  
Of what was once to be—  
There stands a lonely lodge upon  
A hill in Acadie.  
The dreamy watchtower beckons still  
With staunch and solemn mien  
To one who seeks an unknown road  
Far from Colline de Chene.

Here loitering, dim phantasies  
Hold sway—long vanished trails—  
Lone whispered memories and lore  
Of waning Micmac tales—  
The Indian mother's spirit near  
The precincts of Wawsok—  
Retold at evening, seated 'round  
Their tents near by the brook.

Dark oaks, grown magical with sleep,  
Touched by the moonlit gleams,  
Resemble knights in armour clad,  
There by the fitful stream's  
Swift runnels, babbling on their course,  
Illumined by the light—  
The charm of waters running free  
And whispers of the night.

Mute symphonies of easeful thought,  
Blent with faint sounds I hear—  
The rumble of the old grist-mill,  
The waters by the weir;  
And odorous enchantments haunt  
The drowsy, raptured scene,  
While silver trceries of fog  
Half-hide Colline de Chene.



## FROM MY STUDY WINDOW.

There, visible afar,  
I watch the sea-surf break  
In angry foam across the bar.  
The swirling tide's intake  
Sweeps shoreward with the night,  
And sunset's latest gleams in flight,  
One moment spread the sea with crimson light.

The gulls go piping home—  
Their mewling cries re-echoing down the shore.  
Along the twilight, pleasure-seekers roam—  
One moment stopping to explore  
A silent craft, which tirelessly at anchor rides  
Within the bay, and 'ill the morrow bides.

O Seamen, bold, adventurous, your undertaking!  
Yet mirthfully, the shipkin's answering nod  
Acclaims your search for haddock, hake and  
golden rock-cod:  
Or lovelier riches of the mind—  
That Spirit-Ship's all beautiful design, whose  
prow  
Would top the monstrous waves of ignorance, we  
sadly disavow,  
And sail forever onward to an ultimate dawn-  
breaking.

So calls the sea-wind, so the anchor lifts—  
The steersman turns the wheel, the rudder  
shifts—  
And forth with joyful, strident ease  
Will hail the wide, free spaces of the seas.

## CHOIR-BOYS.

Choir-boys, when sitting in their Sunday-stalls  
With mien so orderly and acts subdued,  
Belie the looks of saintlike souls in white.  
They wriggle in their pews and seem in pain—  
Slip off the kneeling pads, when chanting prayers.  
Or ruffle up the ragged anthem leaves—  
The Nunc dimittis or Magnificat—  
Scanning the pages of the hymnal back  
For traces of some other mischief art;  
Loving a joke, that saving humour's touch,  
As Plato loved his Aristophanes.  
And when reproved for inattention they  
Loudly complain.

Thus growing choir-boys spend  
Their early years, though not without avail,  
Singing with voices pure and passionless  
Those antiphons of prayer and praise—  
For somehow they relate themselves when men  
With Sabbaths long ago, and turning back  
They dream again how once they used to chant. . .

## OSKEDOOLTIJIC.

(Place of barnacled rocks.)

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### PART I.

#### THE HUNTER'S JOURNEY.

Bidding adieu to comrades at the Fort,  
The hunter crossed Tawopskik; climbed the  
slopes,

Which overlooked the fertile meadow lands—  
La Rosetteville, half-hidden in the haze—  
And in his momentary dream, he stopped  
To seal again his vow as passion willed,  
To clasp once more his rose, his Madelin,  
The rare half-opened flower of Love's new spring.  
Then fearlessly he stalked with tightened thongs,  
His powder horn and musket loosely hung,  
Into the spacious forest areas,  
Scarce visited, untamed, where moaning pines  
And creaking hemlocks spread their massive  
shade.

Zigzagging on, alert to nature's signs,  
He heard stray birds a-wing and animals  
On forage bent. A telepathic sense  
Unfolded to his mind a mental map  
Of the dark wilderness, and sight and sound  
And smell made clear the mazes of the wood.

Thus journeying, soon came the mountain top,  
And by a trickling spring he slaked his thirst.  
The forest roof uneven seemed to stir  
With widespread agitation, and the drone  
Of intercrossing branches, leafy sighs,  
Seemed like the mournful dirge for days,  
When nature hangs no more her coronals  
On high, and marks again a loneliness,  
A tintured melancholy, which proclaims  
Farewell to Summer.

Inadvertently,

The hunter's coming stirred to brief alarms  
Those animated creatures of the wild;  
But soon forgotten, they began to sniff  
And prowl. In playful antics, mocking glee,  
Bold squirrels scampered, chattering above;  
A sleeping night-jar still maintained its pose;  
Nuthatches circled boles of aged pines;  
A hermit thrush gave forth its melody  
Of song, and other happy minstrels sang  
In one vast orchestra—heart-tones that throbbed  
In cheering strains and forest mimicries.

The burden of his dream unloosed thereon,  
At length the woodsman travelled forth again,  
And came ere sunset to a sheltered cove  
Between two craggy ledges by the sea,  
The clustered tepees of the Malicetes,  
And home of Donnamoak's fierce tribesmen, who  
Their welcome to the paleface hunter gave.

## PART II.

### DONNAMOAK SPEAKS.

The sunset hour, foreshortened by storm clouds,  
Soon inky darkness covered all the land.  
Long lines of angry spray dashed high above  
The cliffs to meet the onset of the gale;  
And superstitious warriors stood ranged  
In silence, while fierce chaos loosed itself  
Upon the smitten world. No voice was heard,  
Save that of long reverberating peals  
Of thunder, lightning flashes, which transformed  
The forest, sky and sea. To them the air  
Seemed full of direful demons, eerie shapes,  
Displaying thus the madness of Glooscap.  
So passed this drama of the night.

Dawn broke

Upon a varied scene, the atmosphere  
Clear filtered by the elements and cool.  
A thousand crooning sea-birds seemed at peace.  
The tribesmen were astir, their solemn mood  
Betokening a lull, ere yet their wrath  
Was free to venture forth upon the trail.

But when the sun's declining disc threw back  
Its grandeur, shining on the upper clouds,  
Outrivaling the inward, autumn hues,  
Forth from his tepee came grave Donnamoak,  
And to his children, there assembled, words  
He spake in tones which quavered solemnly—

" It is the weird and magic autumn-time  
Of falling leaves, and many seasons past  
Your chief has hunted o'er the land—across  
Lone lakes and rivers, many moons ago—  
His eyes grown dim in springtide, and his feet  
In winter weary. Many warpaths this  
Old frame has followed; thus he wisely speaks  
In council and around the campfire talks. . . ."

He paused and, moving sidewise, viewed the  
smoke,

Like incense rising from their altar rude,  
Whereon were simmering skins of creatures slain,  
And forward from the Micmac country brought  
That day, and offered as a sacrifice—  
Its smell far-wafted by the evening air,  
As sank the sacred luminant to rest  
Beneath the waters turned to liquid fire.

Then meditatively the chief resumed—  
" His heart is with the young braves going forth.  
To-day I walked amongst the Malicetes;  
I could not hear the sweet-voiced Morning Rose,  
And Donnamoak was grieved. She did not come  
To gladden all his sorrow. So, go out,  
My children, on the warpath; find the trail  
Of Micmac Serpent, who late stole her thence;  
Make war upon his country—Magemage,  
The land of Micmacs, valley long and dark—  
Until his campfire light is out and turned  
His dwelling like a hidden, desert lake."

Still showing semblance of his rank, he spoke  
In parting—" Donnamoak goes to his lodge . . ."  
And darkness coming on the forest, hid  
The feasting of these ancient Malicetes—  
Once dwellers by the shining waterway  
Beyond the trusty walls of Fort Latour.

## CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

Behind the loose rack of the sky  
Is seen a lonely star—  
The herald of that holy song  
Of angel-music borne afar.  
It sings of mystery, of life,  
The pains of mortal birth,  
And joy that fills some mother-heart  
Each Christmas dawn on earth:  
How long ago the Christ-child came  
From heaven's mansionry wide spread,  
And humble faith outshines the doubt  
In minds by lordly science led.

## HOPE.

Why now thy yielding abnegation  
Or disavowal of the heart?  
Keep holiest thro' all creation  
The hopes that quick'ning years impart.  
Write on thy soul, grown firm, resisting,  
Some word that thro' millenniums  
May outlast fate, and bold, insisting,  
Hold fast thy work till dawning comes.

## COMRADES.

Upon the Other Side the trumpet sounds  
For you, brave comrade—Carry on!  
Some say the selfish part of us  
Goes mourning eve to dawn,  
When from the soul should rise  
A glorious Sursum Corda. Lo,  
Let's think of him, now as he is,  
And Grief's dark self will slip away  
As night-mists ridged above the sunrise glow.

Who tarries still  
Within the trenches' grime, yet hears  
Unbroken by the cock-chaffinch's call  
The melody of joyous years  
By the warm spring sunshine wafted back;  
Dreams of some wistful yesterday  
And lively fancies, laughing like the ghosts  
Of little ones upon the village green at play.



## BOOKS.

Who spends his hours with thee, good books,  
must find

Unfailing nurture's balm and quickened mind.  
The long day o'er, and night begun, still thou  
With wisdom's touch would'st smooth the crinkled  
brow.

Thy records slowly fade to be recast  
In gilded tomes or new editions last:  
Yet thy life-essence sweeps the larger field,  
And men still find in thee a mellow yield.

BOOK II.

Pictures for Dust Eaters,  
Ecclesiastics,  
and  
Wearers of Hoods  
and Tails  
As long as they're in fashion.





## THE LADY LATOUR.

A legend once painted  
In letters of gold,  
Designed by some engine  
Builder of old,  
Still heralds the story,  
The beauty, the fame,  
Of a winsome lady—  
“Latour” was her name.

Half human, half fearsome,  
She rolls on her way  
From Annapolis Royal,  
Through storied Grand Pré:  
And the agent unruffled,  
The swains as they gaze,  
At each station salute her,  
Re-echo her praise.



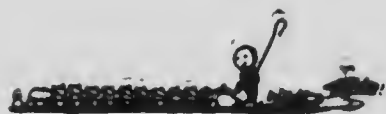
## THE MEETING.

In creaking flight at sunrise,  
Five crows, just where you can surmise,  
Caw-cawing, settled down  
Afar from town,  
There to deliberate  
In order as became their state.

The prophet of the flock  
Foretold in varied talk  
Their prospects for the year—  
What enemies they had to fear.

To this a loud "Amen!"  
Another raised a "?"; then  
Appeared grim farmer Brown,  
And back they hurried to the town.





## A MODERN LYCIDAS.

The sheep are drowsing in the night  
And yonder evening mere  
This hour for them no melody  
Unknowing Lycidas, free  
To feed them from the water-pail.

While faithful Shepherds never fail  
To pipe the stories Pastoral  
Of love which suffers, tragical,  
Or give the swollen flock some food—  
Not wind or dew, ill-understood—  
Alas, we fear the modern mood!  
The sheep, though hungry for the good,  
Are seemingly content with creeds  
Which minister to Mammon's needs.



## AT THE SIGN OF HYMEN CO.

There is a chapel, some may know,  
Built by the Messrs. Hymen Co.—  
A firm who wield a magic key  
And 'graved thereon "The H. & C."  
An agile Tommie on the roof  
Is evidence enough and proof,  
That here you'll get quick service, too,  
And lacking fuss and much ado—  
Just "Push the button and come in!"—  
For so the "obsequies" begin.

We came one time to such a place—  
A street of mingled populace,  
A city-way of mickle smells,  
Of catty people, catty yells.  
Braw was the night, the house not gran';  
The groom a Scottish furnace maun:  
The bride hailed from Connecticut—  
A state of old and staid repute.

The rites performed, no ink and pen  
Were anywhere at hand you ken,  
To sign the parish records then—  
For thrift in little things agrees.  
Och aye, with times and marriage fees!

Ah, maidens, if for luck you pine,  
Search out a handsome, black feline!  
Perhaps, who knows, he'll bring you cheer—  
A furnace man or something queer,  
Who'll love you well (Is it a sin?)—  
Both halves—you and his wee half yin.



## THE PARISHCOPE.

The parishcope's a useful rig,  
Because it often helps to twig  
Young couples seeking Hymen Co.—  
A firm, renowned, ages ago.  
Here twain, behold, to be made one,  
Their zest a little overdone!  
The orientation of their scheme  
Would indicate the mild esteem  
In which they hold the Church's rites,  
Though carelessly the world incites  
Them on to days when they'll not need  
The law to justify their deed.  
The unringed mother knocks in vain,  
And shuddering she hears the rain  
As fierce it rustles on the pane—  
Her peace by storm and stress disturbed,  
And wailings of a love uncurbed.  
Then, too, lone legendries disdain  
To honour dreams abandoned long  
For nakedness, ill-omened song.  
Yet nature's warnings oft behave  
Those who walk in the Sacred Grove  
To seek beyond a fairer shrine—  
The Temple of True Love's design.

## THE DOUGHBOY.

Dear lady, O dear lady, ye dinna like the men,  
But deep within abidin', is a tender spot, we ken.

'Twas yesterday they gied you a gracefu' leetle  
toy,  
Adorned wi' cloves and ribbon, befitting a dough-  
boy.

Love's far tae seek, dear lady: come, redd him  
up a bit!  
One brief caress he's needin'—this feckless, lonely  
chit.

So gie him food an' coort him—good cheese and  
ale employ;  
He's pale wi' "lental" fastin'—this bonnie, wee  
doughboy.

### L'ENVOI.

And though the winter's flittit, an' spring comes  
creepin' on,  
Sadly we tak' your gangin': it's ill tae sew, you're  
gone.

## THE NOTE.

If anything is needed 'round the house,  
A thrilling story-book on which to browse,  
Or privilege a late bedtime allows,  
Outside the study-door is heard the call—  
    " Aspecially for Daddy."

Perchance the box of candy's gone astray,  
Or in the Pater's absence, while away,  
Some help was needed on the school essay ;  
Result—a note upon the desk, inscribed—  
    " Aspecially for Daddy."

As music runs divinely true and sweet,  
Yet more those childish steps so lithe and fleet,  
Urged on by vital energies which mete  
A penalty on all who rules infringe—  
    " Aspecially for Daddy."



'The Lamb and The Hay  
Now dwell together  
'Thro' dark and light  
And awfu' weather.

Said the Lamb to the Hay  
In the shadowy linter—  
" If you don't behave, you'll  
Get et up next winter."

There are some problems  
Hard to grapple;  
Eve wrangled Adam  
With only an apple.

Just how she'd do it now  
Is *ab extra* the question.  
Grapefruits or nuts? Perhaps  
A little indigestion.

THE DUST EATERS' CHORALE.

Wind-borne, each silent atom  
of dust diffracted, lights  
The gold-bright morn and even  
and the dim, curtained heights.

The pamperos and monsoons,  
sea-spray, cloud-nuclei  
Reveal chromatic wonders  
in the enchanting sky.

When Krakatoa's summit  
by dark, volcanic stress  
Vanished to dust in "Eighty"—  
all nature, pitiless—

Belied again the story  
of Providence, or might,  
Of beauty, dreams—all flitting  
as the mid-summer night.



## THE BROOK.

This amber stream  
Still winds its way  
Through Meadow park  
Down to the sea,  
Defying all the city fathers  
And rage and glee  
Of the long-suffering taxpayers,  
Who fail to see  
Why Stacy's rivulet  
Cannot be dammed,  
Or shut up in a concrete bed  
And thus no more  
O'erflow somebody's land  
Or set the Swampscott council  
By the ears.

Lynners may come,  
Swampscotters go,  
But Stacy's brook  
Goes on forever  
In a Tennysonian way.

Around the foot  
Of Christian hill  
It winds in play,  
And then on Blaney's beach  
Where fishercraft  
No longer strew the sands,

All rapt consorter,  
It warms the ruined keel  
Of Lucia Porter.

Just what to do  
With Stacy's brook  
Nobody seems to know,  
But all the trouble  
So our aged friend replies,  
With a wink that's rather funny,  
"Is just because some real estaters are  
So busy gobblin' money."

T WHARF, BOSTON.

Where brooding vapours girt the town  
And harbouring isles stand guard,  
A hundred ships at anchor rest—  
Their hulls and masts sea-scarr'd—  
All manned by fishermen, who come  
Once more, and in whose veins  
Flows blood of Normans, Bretons, Basques,  
And hardy northern strains.

Tugs whistle, ferries ply their trade;  
And flashing far, the lights  
Of sunset gild the city's life—  
Her old-world ways, her flights  
Of learning, isms, heresies,  
Earmarks of Culture's sway—  
While wandering pilgrims, seeking truth,  
Hither direct their way.

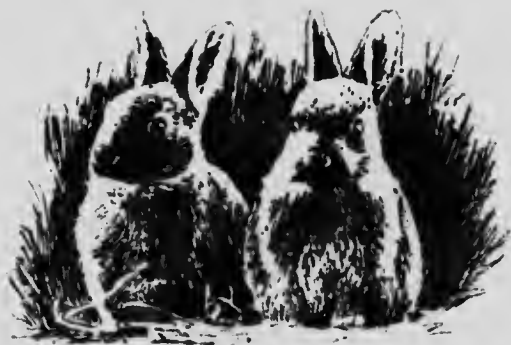
## THANATOPSIS.

With apologies to motorists and W. J. B.  
1794-1878.

So live, that when thy Sundays come to join  
The innumerable Ford parade which moves  
To that crass honk-honk realm where each shall  
take

His place ten feet apart upon the road,  
Thou go not, like a motor-slave at night  
To the garage, tires blown and money gone:  
But all besmirched with dust and gas-toots,  
By an uncertain trot, approach thy bed  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his room  
About him, and lies down to scorching dreams.





## THE BUNTER FAMILY.

Young Doctor Bunter and his bride lived near  
an old rye field;  
Their house, though unpretentious, was carefully  
concealed.

Some forty-eight white bobbing scuts they  
brought up annually;  
Good Bunter's wife did not object to such a  
family tree.

Just how this scheme is figured out no single  
person knows;  
Yet so authorities agree the Doctor's household  
grows.

Now every bunny hates a draft—to it you're not  
quite used—  
But seal up Bunter's exit and he'd surely feel  
abused.

For quick escape the back door left they every  
night unlatched—  
Unlike some people who locked up might wish  
the thief dispatched.

If enemies at even ring the bell at Doctor's door,  
Then all the bunnies scamper down the tunnelled  
bury floor:

And swiftly as the fire-bell calls, or fireman takes  
the pole,  
So half a hundred rabbits bolt out through the  
rear bolt-hole.

Hence, briefly, if you'd multiply or add your  
lesson, friend,  
First learn how bunnies strictly to their business  
attend.

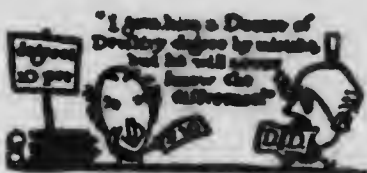


## THE MYSTERY OF GOLF.

If only we could grasp that mystery—  
How the "white soul" can bound straight off  
the tee,  
And ricocheting, zigzag, near the pole,  
Till happily it drops into the hole,  
How wisely wise, Edvardus, we would be,  
Nor need to stop our converse while we try  
To hit the ball, nor cease to fructify!

If Venus, on a hornet's nest, should take  
Stroke 2, what wonder that the creatures wake  
And make her dance a heated fling or fly  
For refuge to Adonis standing by,  
Who hies himself from where he lately stood  
To unmolested shelter in the wood!

When wind and fate and bushy ambuscades  
Conspire to make us drop our shoulder-blades,  
To splash our coats—the niblick's soaring swoop  
Aimed wrongly like a spoon, when eating soup—  
Our wigs come loose, or lifting up the head,  
Pure English fails then by the Swilcanbed—  
Wig-wags remark along the greening borders—  
"The Doctors seem a little out of 'oly orders!"



## ON GETTING A DEGREE.

The Reverend Tootlekins, D.D.,  
Has just brought forth a new degree  
From some unlettered university,  
As you yourself herein may see.  
Of late he's climbed the osteophlebitic wagon:  
Henceforth he'll exorcise some pathologic dragon  
By rubbing down the tortured spines  
Of those who are a little "dippy" 'twixt the  
lines.

This reverend is very fond of "Orders";  
He beats all Essex Co. recorders,  
And if the powers decree this candidate to pick,  
He'll soon be running for a Bishopric—  
For Doctor of Massage,  
Or some new method of intestinal barrage.

If you, O Country Parson, would acquire  
The guerdon of your heart's desire,  
And gain the added splendour of D.D.—  
That sign, writ large, "Divinely Discontent,"  
Which, Kingsley claimed, these letters surely  
meant—

Then write our learned "kamerad" and see  
Just how it's done, how big a bill  
Will gain for you this precious codicil.

## THE NURSLING.

The parish nursling always finds some cause  
For grief, and swiftly as one reaps a cold  
So quickly he reveals a nature old  
As time—a puling child, needing applause,  
And many ministrations. Give him place  
Which ranks higher than those who faithfully  
Pursue their churchly tasks, or else, you see,  
He's sure to give the Reverend a chase.

Let parish flappers flap and nurslings cry,  
Yet let us hope they find some solace last—  
Some meditative rest along the years—  
And share not the dull flounder's fate, thrown  
    high  
By the tide's surge; then seaward sweeping fast  
Leaves naught but wrack which crumbling  
    disappears.

## OUR SPIRITUAL PEERS.

Good Bishops' lives must blameless be—  
Of saintly reputation:  
Improved they only can be when  
They undergo translation.

Big D——s they never use, lined up  
In brilliant battalions,  
Preferring titles writ on tombs,  
On statues and medallions.

Of their exploits and pastorals  
We have the recordation—  
All published in the journals and  
The papers of the nation.

But of these peers at home in town  
And sundry perpotations,  
We'd like to know, and how they work  
Their sermonette rotations.





## THE BISHOP COMES TO TEA.

On Sunday when the Bishop comes  
To chat with you at tea,  
And seeing apples on the board  
Reverts to Eden's tree,  
Whereof Eve gathered ruddy fruit  
And Adam fell a prey  
To many longings of the hour,  
Which led him ad astray—

If then, His Grace, discoursing long,  
The host and hostess say—  
"Now, Bishop, have an apple too!"  
(He takes it from the tray)—  
And lifting it above his tea,  
Unmindful of the stem,  
What wonder that the apple dropped  
And splashed his apron-hem!

" ALLYMAN."

The quick response of German strafe  
Sends ricocheting bullets flying fast,  
And now and then the grim express,  
Called " Black Maria," trundles past.  
The Tommies laughing shout—  
" O Allyman, no good"! But if  
They wish to rile him really mad,  
Or stir him from his boredom sad,  
So the Bosche guns go biff,  
Call, " Allyman, no bully beef!"  
Or bluntly, " Damn the Kaiser!"  
The thundering crescendo calls but once,  
So duck or pull your visor.

### A LOCAL LEGEND.

Where the twang of the sea  
Blows fresh across Red Rock  
And promenaders stroll along together,  
Saw any one the trail  
Of an "eddy" on this spot  
In any kind of seasonable weather?

In spite of legendary talk  
And the pilgrimages here  
Which the interest in health and science waken,  
How many muddle through  
That mystical lore  
So often for wisdom and sanity mistaken?



# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



4.5

5.0

3.6

4.0

4.5

5.0

5.6

6.3

7.1

8.0

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11.2

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22.5

25

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31.5

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45

50

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63

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100

112

125



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Rochester, New York 14609 USA  
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## A BLOW-OUT.

Big things from little—  
So runs the course  
Of time and circumstance.  
Upon a windy hill-top  
The gopher  
Bores his way  
And nimbly rotates  
Like a drill  
To keep away the frosty chill,  
While whistles the wind behind him  
And day and night eats out that orifice  
Until it grows to a big dust hole.  
Mr. Gopher is a genius  
In league with dust and wind,  
Just give him time  
And air enough and soon  
He'll blow out all the hills.



## ON PLYING THE BRAKES.

The dusty wheels of progress do  
Not move at all exceeding fast:  
Dame Nature finds it safe thus,  
Judging from evidence long past.

In circles of small magnitude  
We turn, decreed by circumstance,  
And when a lever's near at hand  
We deem the opportunity a chance  
To ply the brakes most vigorously,  
If only for a little fun—  
To hear the wheels give forth a squeak  
Before the last lap home is run.

If *en route* your old "flivver" stops  
Because you did not jam the brakes,  
Get underneath the hood and see  
What sudden turn the trouble takes.  
Perhaps your grimy knuckles hit  
A rusty nut as dry as punk.  
If so becalmed apply your vise  
And pinch the stubborn piece of junk.

When the parochial cogwheels  
Are moving swiftly, round and round,  
And your parishioners like bees  
Are "buzzily" bizzing without sound,  
When the Archdeaconry speeds up  
To start a mission in your realm,  
Or Board of Education tells  
You how to port your weather helm,  
The impulse comes upon you then,  
Unsullied by this strange romance,  
To ply the "brakes" and view results  
With very saintly countenance.



(DIGBY, N.S.)

