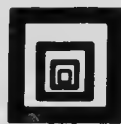


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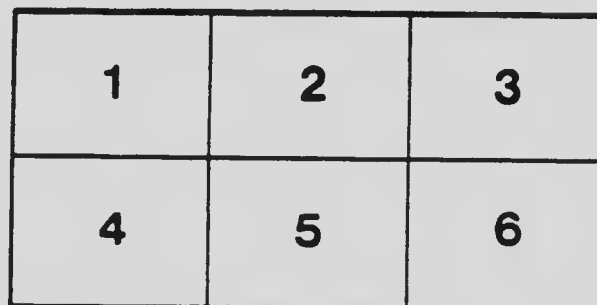
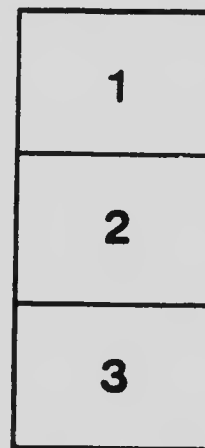
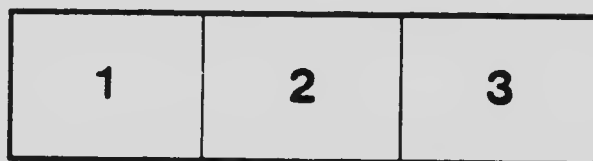
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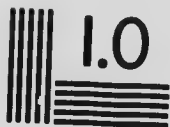
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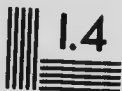
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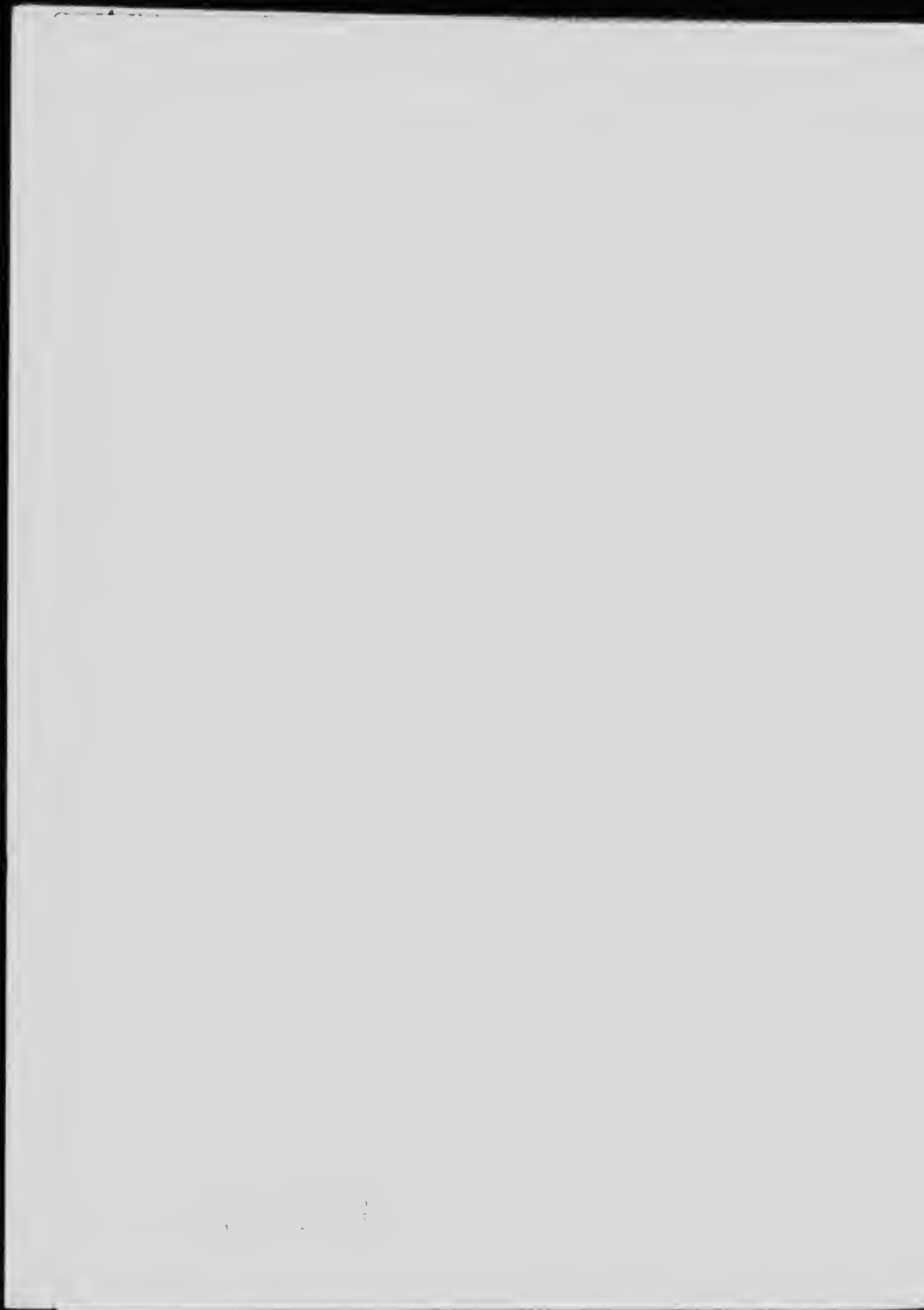


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Go, little book, into the largest world,  
And blaze the chastnesse of thy maiden muse:  
Regardlessse of all enuie on thee hurl'd,  
By the unkindnesse that the Readers use:  
And those that enuie thee by scruples letter,  
Let them take pen in hand and make a better.

—*Sir John Harington, Philopar-*  
*thens louing Folly, etc., 1628.*



*“TREASURE TROVE”*

*AND*

*OTHER POEMS*

*BY*

*SHERMAN C. SWIFT*

UNIVERSITY PRESS

TORONTO

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## DEDICATION.

**B**UT a short march along this toilsome way  
I've come, yet am aweary. I will rest  
Here at this shady bend where sunbeams stray,  
Peeping bright-eyed through latticed leaves in quest  
Of a lost comrade sleeping on the breast  
Of yon quiet pool: a little while I'll stay  
And tie for her, whose name to me is blest,  
These wayside blossoms into love's bouquet.

All carelessly I plucked them here and there,  
As form or color caught my untrained eye:  
They most are weeds, perhaps, but still I dare  
To hope, dear Mother, that thy love will spy  
Within the bunch arranged with little art  
Some true flowers which thou'lt wear upon thy  
heart.

## TREASURE TROVE.

I FOUND a treasure in the spring,  
When buds were op'ning fair,  
When birds were gaily caroling,  
And joy was everywhere.

I cherished it through summer warm,  
Through autumn's golden days,  
And every hour some bright new charm  
Met my enchanted gaze.

Now winter's here, its numbing chill  
No longer do I fear;  
For my dear treasure now doth fill  
My heart with warmth and cheer.

God grant that I, while life is mine,  
May guard my treasure trove!  
What is it? 'Tis a thing divine,  
A noble woman's love.



## DAYBREAK.

**A** BREATHLESS hush. Along the eastern sky  
A misty silver gleam, a doubtful light,  
As when the modest moon with timid eye  
Peers through the clouds that veil her beauty bright,  
Ere she her naked, regal charms reveals  
And forth to bathe in lonely ocean steals.

White, frothy foam, an ever swelling tide,  
A dazzling haze of rainbow-tinted spray;  
Bright, spouting jets from wild waves tossing wide  
A mighty flood, that naught can turn or stay,  
O'er night's dark dyke day's deluge vast is hurled  
And inundates with light the waking world.

## CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

**H**OW still are sky and earth!  
All day bright joy and mirth  
My lips with smiles have wreathed, made  
glad my heart,  
Like some old genial wine  
Whose potent fires divine  
With warming cheer through every chilled vein dart.

But now, when all is stilled,  
My soul's deep cup is filled  
With brimming peace my tongue cannot express;  
I thank in wordless prayer  
The God of everywhere:  
I feel His presence like a soft caress.

Sweet night of Christmastide,  
Thy charm doth open wide  
The shuttered window of my life's dim ark,  
Through which the holy dove  
Of God's eternal love  
Doth flutter, frightening forth Care's raven dark.

## A MORN, AN EVE, AND LIFE IS O'ER.

**A** MORN, an eve, and life is o'er;  
But ah! what follies crowd this day:  
'Tis well, if at the sunset hour,  
Ripe wisdom teach our hearts to pray.

A cry, a sigh, and all is still;  
Between two breaths our life doth lie:  
With follies mad the space we fill,  
And leave for wisdom but a sigh.

## THE HUSSAR.

○ N his gallant steed he rides to war,  
Nor thinks of aught but glory,  
And does such deeds as near and far  
Shall ring in song and story.  
With pricking spur and loosened rein,  
And sabre brightly flashing,  
He thunders o'er the battle plain  
Through foemen's squadrons crashing.

### Refrain.

Oh, the gay hussar is a warrior bold  
With a nerve of steel and a heart of gold;  
With his laugh and his song and his merry jest  
He's the life of the service, the gayest the best.

Then in the thickest of the fight,  
Where death-fires bright are gleaming,  
His cheer rings out with wild delight,  
His face with joy is beaming;  
But when the battle's rage is past  
And the foe in rout is scattered,  
The hand that late the sword-hilt grasped  
Now soothes a comrade shattered.

Refrain.

Oh, the gay hussar is a warrior bold  
With a nerve of steel and a heart of gold;  
With his laugh and his song and his merry jest  
He's the life of the service, the gayest, the best.

## FAREWELL.

**D**EAR heart, farewell! no more our ways shall  
meet,

My further journey I must take alone.  
See, dear, how rough the road! your tender feet  
Would soon be worn and cut by rut and stone!  
My path leads on through regions vast, unknown,  
Of Arctic cold, of burning tropic heat—  
A trumpet hear I, which, with magic tone,  
Sounds the advance—I dare not now retreat.

Your way leads yonder where the sunshine lies  
Asleep and smiling on soft mossy beds:  
(Yourself a sun which rays of kindness sheds  
And brings joy's dawn after a night of sighs!)

\* \* \* \* \*

Farewell, dear heart, 'tis better so; and yet—  
Oh tell me that you sometimes will regret!

## FAIR LOVE IS BUT A FRAGRANT ROSE.

**F**AIR love is but a fragrant rose  
Deep crimsoned with hot passion's flame;  
Who plucks it for a moment knows  
Wild joys his reason cannot tame.

Its perfume lades the tingling air  
Of fresh, intoxicating morn;  
At eve fades all its beauty rare,  
Its petals fall, remains a thorn.

But let me pluck this wondrous flower,  
Let me inhale its magic breath  
Which life's full tale in one brief hour  
Doth tell: then let night come—and death!



## SPRING.

THE spoiled and petted darling of the year  
awakes.

With baby hands she throws the coverlets  
aside,  
Which tender Winter with a loving mother's pride  
Has wrapped about her; into cooings soft she breaks  
And happy gurglings, and her clear, sweet laughter  
makes  
The world's old heart rejoice. Anon behind a tide  
Of sudden, wayward tears her eyes their brightness  
hide,  
The winsome smile her rosy pouting mouth forsakes.

Come all ye joyous minstrels of the echoing air,  
Come, charm that smile back with your merriest  
refrain;  
Ye vagrant breezes, toss her flower-bespangled hair  
And with your mad pranks make her laughter ring  
again;  
Ye blossom-laden trees, your fragrant tributes  
bring,  
And crown with bloom the infant brow of lovely  
spring.

## OH FOR AN HOUR IN THE AUTUMN WOOD.

○ H for an hour in the Autumn wood!  
With my foot on the yielding earth,  
Where the yellow sunbeam's slanting rays  
About me are weaving a fairy maze  
Of golden strands and with elvish mirth  
The squirrels are stealing their winter food.

Oh for an hour in the Autumn time!  
'Mid the rustling leaves that softly rain  
To the ground in a gleaming, glistening shower  
From the roof of Nature's sylvan bower,  
Bringing a faintly echoing strain  
Of the spheres' own sweet harmonious chime.

'Tis a blissful hour without alloy,  
When the soul of man forgets its care  
And looks on a world all brilliant and bright,  
Tinted with Heaven's own radiant light;  
When it chants no more its dirge of despair,  
But gratefully sings a song of joy.

## SPRING-SONG OF THE ROBINS.

**G**RIM Winter is flying, dread King Frost is  
dying,  
Soon, soon will all-conquering Queen Spring  
appear;  
And hither swift winging, this glad message bringing,  
Haste we, her blithe heralds, to say she is near.  
She's coming with humming, with drumming and  
thrumming,  
With laughing and chaffing and gay pipings clear;  
With joy she is coming, with speed she draws near.

Intone your low, haunting, weird mystical chaunt-  
Ye breezes that sing to Aeolian lyre; [ing,  
Ye streams dully sleeping, awake! and, up leaping,  
Rush forth in gay tumult to join the glad choir;  
For Queen Spring is coming with humming and  
drumming,  
With skipping and tripping, in gala attire,  
Loud praised in the chaunt of our jubilant choir.

Ye valleys deep-chested, ye forests tall-crested,  
Don quickly your mantles of emerald green;  
Ye meadows widespreading, with flowers perfume-  
shedding  
Strew thickly the way for our beautiful queen  
Who hitherward marching 'neath soft skies broad  
arching  
With singing is bringing fair Freedom serene,  
Metè handmaid to wait on so lovely a queen.

Grim Winter is flying, dread King Frost is dying,  
Soon, soon will all-conquering Springtime appear;  
And hither swift winging, our glad carols singing,  
Haste we, her blithe heralds, to say she draws near;  
For onward she's coming with drumming and  
humming,  
With laughing and chaffing and shrill pipings clear;  
With speed she is coming, and—lo! she is here!

## AUTUMN.

THE shadows lengthen, deep'ning into night.  
    Upon the edge of her leaf-cushioned bed  
    The drowsy year sits nodding. On her head  
Shines Ceres' golden crown; a pensive light  
Deep in her half-closed eyes glows softly bright.  
A dreamy smile wreathes her ripe lips rich red  
With Bacchus' kiss, and her full hands are spread  
In sleepy blessing, as day takes its flight.

Her gold-trimmed russet mantle slips away  
From her fair form which but the fairer gleams  
Through tangled hair that, loosely hanging, seems  
A veil to hide and, hiding, to betray:  
'Neath winter's snowy eiderdown she creeps—  
She rests, she smiles, she sighs, and, sighing, sleeps.

## ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

**F**ROM his snow-cased icy pillows  
On the north sea's frozen billows,  
Where dense fogs and mists encurtain his  
chill bed,

With long-drawn sighs of waking,  
From his eyes his snow locks shaking,  
Cold, cold Winter raises high his hoary head.

O'er the ocean's drear expanses  
Turn his stern enquiring glances  
Toward the land where gentle Summer late has  
reigned ;  
When he sees her rule is broken  
Dark he smiles, a certain token  
That his hand from war will not be long restrained.

## THE JOY OF LIVING.

○ H, there is joy in living,  
In mere drawing of free breath,  
When health's flower is fairly blooming,  
Knowing naught of ugly death;

When life's ruddy wine youth's sparklet  
Fills with dancing beads of joy,  
And we quaff a brimming bumper  
To delights that never cloy;

When hope's sunshine gilds our noonday,  
And we think no night shall fall,  
When each heart-beat is a drum-beat,  
Each desire a trumpet call.

But the sweetest joy life offers  
Is to love, to woo, to gain;  
For true loving is true living,  
Full-orbed bliss that ne'er should wane.



As the bud, its leaf-bonds bursting,  
Swells into the perfect rose,  
So the heart which love has quickened  
Into Joy's full blossom grows.

Envoi:

Then here's to life and love and pleasure,  
Three in one and one in three;  
Fill, and quaff a brimming measure  
To their glorious trinity.

## LONGING.

**A**S speeds the eager wildfowl at the call of Spring  
To where soft Summer's hand doth loose  
harsh Winter's chains,  
So haste my thoughts to thee on swift, impatient  
wing;  
For tyrant Winter's here, but there mild Summer  
reigns.

---

Plus ne suis ce que j'ai été,  
Et ne le saurois jamais être.

—*Marot.*

With silken wing, Love fluttering by,  
My heart touched tenderly;  
Now, what I was, no more am I  
Nor e'er again can be.

## THE LONE MOSQUITO.

**L**ONE haunter of my midnight-darkened room!  
What deep dismay, what craven fears are mine,  
As on my ear, athwart the trembling gloom,  
The ringing, stinging, pinging, whinging whine  
Of thy thin warpipe falls, portentous sign  
Of carnage dread, more feared than cannon's boom:  
An arrant coward, the conflict I decline  
And strive in vain to flee my certain doom.

Like pirate viking on some smiling coast,  
Like thieving free-lance on some princely town,  
Upon me from the shades thou swoonest down,  
Bloodthirsty Pillager! a vampire ghost,  
That through the night rich, purple booty rapes,  
And with the dawn full-gorged, unscathed escapes.

## DREAMER VS. ACTOR.

**S**EE where he lies upon yon mossy bank,  
Stretched 'neath the spreading branches of  
an oak,

And dreams of how all men amazed will stare  
When on the world in splendor bright has broke,  
His mighty genius, like some great new star  
E'en than the king of day more brilliant far.

He sees himself the courted and admired  
Of countless thousands of inferior minds,  
Who eager strive to catch some lesser beam  
Of that effulgence whose full glory blinds;  
And like a Solomon on ivory throne  
Appropriating wisdom as his own.

There is no road of human enterprise,  
Which he will not a conquering hero tread;  
There is no crown of honor or of fame  
But willing hands will place it on his head,  
Until at length, with the immortals classed,  
He will their greatest ones have far surpassed.

While thus he dreams of greatness yet unborn,  
Behold his brother toiling in the field;  
See how the sun has bronzed his honest face,  
Mark how stern labor has his muscles steeled  
And tell me, if in all great nature's plan,  
Thou e'er hast looked upon so true a man.

No golden visions flit before his eyes  
To lure him from the duty plainly seen;  
He marks naught but the furrow that he ploughs,  
Or notes with joy the young corn fresh and green;  
His life is uneventful, calm and still,  
And peaceful flowing as yon soft-voiced rill.

What different fates await these two young lives?  
Let us a glance into the future steal:  
We see the dreamer waking from his dreams  
To find himself amid the sternly real,  
When with a bitter cry of deep despair  
He falls with all his castles bright and fair.

The toiler labors in the fields of life  
As earnestly as in the fields of earth,  
Ploughing deep furrows in the soil of time,  
Which bring to weary hearts hope's second birth;  
While springing up along his path is seen  
The grain of helpfulness so fresh and green.

'Tis ever thus; for in this world of work  
There is no place for those who duty shirk  
By idly dreaming through the golden hours;  
But actors resolute, and strong of heart  
To do and dare, play each a worthy part  
And bring down blessings like refreshing showers.

## MY NURSE.

A FADING light, then darkness rushing deep,  
A mighty tide unfathom'd, shoreless,  
black:

Then lightnings lurid, thund'ring roars that crack  
And split my deafened ears—the parching sweep  
Of scorching wind from off the flaming steep  
Of peaks of fire—a blizzard from a pack  
Of Polar ice—of sense a scudding wrack—  
A yawning gulf—a fear—a prayer—a leap.

A firm strong hand reached quickly out to save,  
A voice of hope low, calm, assuring, sweet,  
Commanding Death to seal an empty grave,  
Who thence departs on slow and sullen feet:  
A sleep of peace, a dream of life's new grace—  
A waking sigh—a look—a smiling face.



## SHE IS GONE.

**A**ND she is gone! How changed seems all  
The house, how dim and chill.  
No merry laugh, no light footfall,  
No joyous song, no happy call  
Is heard—'Tis strangely still.

How dark and lonely is her room  
So sacred now to me:  
There on sweet kindness' magic loom  
Bright joys she wove into the gloom  
Of my life's tapestry.

She came, a radiant, golden beam  
Of happiness that shone  
Awhile on me; and still its gleam  
Lights my dull sky with softening dream  
Of peace, though she is gone.

## MY LITTLE SWEETHEART .

**T**WO clear, frank eyes of Heaven's blue  
With laughter's sunshine glancing through;  
Two red, red lips, as cherries rich,  
Whose smiles arrest, entrance, bewitch;  
Two cheeks where fresh, pink roses blow,  
True nature-flowers that no art know;  
Two small, strong hands that firmly bind  
My heart with love-strands close entwined;  
Two little feet that to and fro  
In loving service come and go:  
One true heart that inspires the whole,  
And thrones earth's dearest, sweetest soul.

## MY STAR.

**F**AIR orb which shone with steady ray serene  
When I from out the dark, profound Unknown  
By some great Force unsearchable, unseen,  
Into this gleam of half-sure Now was thrown,  
A soul bewildered, groping, quiet alone,  
Upon me still thou shin'st with friendly sheen,  
(Mid Heaven's myriad golden lamps my own)  
My beacon still, as thou hast ever been.

And yet, I oft believe thy kindly flame  
Snuffed out by sour Misfortune's shrewish gusts  
Whose peevish petulance my sky o'ercrusts  
With clouding doubts full charged with failure's  
shame:—  
But always through some rift thy constant beam  
I spy, and know I still may dare to dream.

## TO HER WHO SLEEPS.

"Why make ye this ado and weep?  
The damsel is not dead, but sleepeth."

Mark V: 39.

### I.

**W**E were gay children, she and I,  
As happy as the day was long;  
Our lives, as merry as the song  
Of birds on gleaming wings, flew by.

We read the new-old fairy tales  
To every child so true and dear;  
To us o'er dreamland's magic mere  
The fay queen voyaged with shining sails.

Awake, we acted many a part,  
And, acting, half believed our play—  
So strong the universal sway  
Of make-believe o'er childhood's heart.

When laughing, jocund spring was young  
We gaily filched his diadem,  
And decked with many a stolen gem  
Our robber breasts wild woods among.

Proud paper fleets, like Venice old,  
On sea-wide pools we set afloat:  
In ballast out, returned each boat  
Deep laden with contentment's gold.

Thus in strong, rich, sweet innocence  
We played our childish years away,  
Till dawned for me that bitter day  
Whose night still broods profound, intense.

As children fear when shadows fall  
And cry to some dear trusted one,  
I cried to her who quick did run  
To help me, startled by my call.

Athwart despair's thick blackness shone  
Her love, an ever waxing star  
Whose mild, soft radiance beamed afar ;  
And comfort brought when hope was gone.

## II.

The swift years fled. A youth I'd grown;  
She hung life's springtime stem upon,  
That bears at eve a bud, at dawn  
A fragrant blossom fully blown.

As wakes the lily in the wood  
At morn's soft kiss, her heart and mind  
Had oped and showed a soul refined,  
The fairest flower of womanhood.

But scarce fair life had seen those charms  
Into rich beauty full expand,  
When death reached forth with envious hand  
And snatched her from my loving arms.

Sweet sister mine! while memory's flame  
Within my sorrowing heart burns clear,  
Ne'er shall be dimmed thy image dear,  
Nor e'er forgot thy darling name.

Thy love for me, like waters bright,  
Flowed on, a sweetly constant stream  
That sparkled with the glancing gleam  
Of kindness' sunshine's fairest light.

Thy lips were ever wont to smile—  
They smiled and trembled one dark day  
When, kissing me, thou wentst away,  
Oh, for so long, so long a while.

Thy arms about my neck I yet  
Do feel in thy last fond embrace;  
I feel thy cheek against my face  
That with our mutual tears was wet.

And still there sounds upon my ears  
Thy softly spoken "aurevoir;"  
Like sad, sweet music from afar  
It echoes through the passing years.

Sweet word that robs death of its sting  
And from the grave its victory sweeps!  
"The damsel is not dead, but sleeps,"  
Once said of hope the glorious King.

Yes, she but sleeps, and shall arise  
Refreshed and strengthened by repose:  
I too shall sleep at life's tired close  
And, waking, look into her eyes.



## ROBERT BROWNING.

**A** MOUNTAIN royal as Atlas standest thou,  
Strong-ribbed and framed in granite, veined  
with gold,  
Firm-sinewed with tough iron that knows to hold  
And knit together thy grand form; thy brow  
Cleaves Heaven's star-isled deep, (no Viking prow  
Exploring unknown seas was e'er more bold!)  
A purple cloud-cloak wraps thee, fold on fold:  
The lesser hills before thee humbly bow.

To thy broad breast thou claspest many a dell,  
Green-swarded, starred with bright anemones,  
Where joyous warblings on soft breezes swell  
From vine-clad rocks and blossom-laden trees;  
While from thy great heart flows a living well  
Of song, one stream, a thousand melodies.

## ST. ANDREW'S NIGHT.

**B**EAT high, ye Scottish hearts, with pride  
As round the board this festal night  
Ye sit, to Scotia's patron saint,  
Your oft-sworn faith once more to plight.

Sound forth again, ye Scottish tongues,  
The praises of your native land,  
Where still the devil strives in vain  
To twist 'St. Andrew's rope of sand:

Sing ye of Wallace tried and true,  
Of Bruce the dauntless, strong in war;  
And sing of Scotland's beauteous Queen,  
Your constellation's fairest star;

Recount the glorious fields of fame  
Where Scottish men for freedom bled—  
Hark! on Time's smoke-enshrouded plain  
Ye hear their firm, unfaltering tread.

But not alone does Scotia boast  
A line of mail-clad warriors bold,  
On every battlefield of life  
Her sons the palm of victory hold.

In every land 'neath every sun  
Where'er the voice of progress call,  
Ye see them pressing in the van  
Attempting all, achieving all:

Then swell ye Scottish breasts with pride  
For old St. Andrew and his land,  
To which your hearts are firmer bound  
Than by the devil's rope of sand.

## A MYSTERY.

A WONDROUS bird came winging from the  
far unknown  
Behind one sea-dipped edge of tented  
Heaven's wall;  
On gleaming pinions for an hour's brief space he  
shone  
As radiant as the glowing day-star's burnished ball:  
Straight through the azure concave of the world's  
wide hall  
With certain flight, as though he oft the way had  
flown,  
He soared, till, coming where opposing curtains fall,  
He passed beyond into that other outer zone.

Whence came he? Whither did he speed? What  
meant his flight

From unseen to unseen, from night to equal night?  
What strange land gave him birth? To what clime  
hasted he?

Why did he leave the one, and why the other seek?  
Ah! would some clear-eyed seer might arise and  
speak

The true solution of this deep, deep mystery.

## DRIFTING.

**S**LOWLY down the silver river,  
Drifting, drifting, carelessly,  
Floats our light barque ever onward,  
Downward to the shining sea,  
And our voices wildly ringing,  
Wake the echoes with their singing  
Of old songs, so gay and free.

'Round us on the peaceful waters  
Lie the sunset shafts of light,  
Which at us, Day's drowsy archer  
Shoots with ever-less'ning flight,  
Till at length his bright bow falling  
From his hands, at sleep's voice calling,  
Close his eyes and lo! 'tis night.

Then with hearts subdued and softened  
Drift we in the moonlight fair,  
And our song with sweeter cadence  
Floats upon the evening air.  
O 'tis pleasant, drifting, drifting,  
Watching lights and shadows shifting,  
Without fear, without a care.

## MICHAL'S LOVE SONG.

"And Michal, Saul's daughter, loved David."—

I Samuel, XVIII: 20.

**S**TRONG is my love as a lion on the mountain,  
Swift is his foot as the fleeing gazelle;  
Sweet is his voice as the low murm'ring fountain,  
Clear is his eye as the sky-azured well.  
Yet flash can his glance from his frowning brows  
under  
Like lightnings destroying, his tones roll like  
thunder;  
His iron heel doth trample the foe's ranks asunder—  
Rejoice! O my heart; Oh rejoice! Israel.



Soft is the breast of my love as the dove's breast,  
Sweet is his kiss as the breath of the morn;  
Bright is his smile as eve's ray on the hill's crest,  
Clasped in his strong arms I'm lightly up-borne.  
But his bosom is flint 'gainst the foes of the Lord,  
In the battle his smile is as stern as his sword  
That so pitiless smiteth fierce Amalek's horde,  
And maketh the courts of proud Ashdod forlorn.

Dear to my heart is my love as the palm grove  
Circling with shadow the cool desert well;  
Round me he casteth the shade of his great love,  
Bringing repose with its magical spell.  
At peace there I rest me while war's noon is glaring,  
Naught fearing, tho' Moab's loud trumpet be  
blaring;  
For God and my love for my safety are caring—  
Be glad! O my soul; Oh rejoice! Israel.

## THE EYE.

**T**HOU silent speaker of the soul's deep thought,  
Thou voiceless herald of the heart's intent,  
No golden tongue howe'er so eloquent  
So much of Man's true self to light hath brought  
As thy quick glance with changing passions fraught:  
Dread hate, fair love, impatience, sweet content,  
Forbearance long, hot anger quickly spent,  
Command, defiance, wrong, forgiveness sought.

But ah! another power to thee is given  
The sweetest gift of wisest love divine:  
The myriad beauties of God's earth and heaven  
Thou canst drink in like draughts of quick'ning  
wine.  
Oh lonely he who, shut in endless night,  
Knows not the rapture of that glorious sight.

## IF WE BUT KNEW.

IF we but knew what wonders lie  
Unknown in earth and sea and sky,  
How changed would be for me and you  
Our long-held views; if we but knew!

If we but knew what coming years  
Would bring to us of smiles or tears,  
How changed would be for me and you  
Our present plans; if we but knew;

If we but knew the springs that move  
The hearts of those whom most we love,  
How changed would be for me and you  
Our friendships dear; if we but knew!

If we but knew that all our good  
Comes from a kind and loving God,  
How changed would be for me and you  
Our daily lives; if we but knew!

## THE DOVE AND THE LOVER.

Lover.-

**W**HITHER fly'st thou, pretty bird,  
On thy wings so strong and swift?  
Hast thou some sweet summons heard  
From behind yon cloud's white drift,  
Or further where proud mountains lift  
Their grand heads to the bending sky?  
O tell me, whither dost thou fly?

Dove.-

From a distant leafy grove,  
Where the lovely spring was born,  
Comes the tender voice of love,  
Calling from the budded thorn:  
There waits for me my mate forlorn—  
She calls, . . . my heart makes fond reply,  
And to her I do swiftly fly.

Lover.

That sweet call I too have heard—  
How it fills and thrills my heart!  
Would I were a swift-winged bird  
That I to my love might dart!  
Without a compass or a chart  
O'er trackless plains, o'er mountains high  
To her dear side I straight would fly.

Dove.

Ere thou spok'st, on soaring wing  
Poised I for my lightning flight  
To her heart thy love to bring  
With the speed of flashing light;  
For she's my mate so pure and white,  
Thy ardent thought of love am I—  
But hark! she calls! With speed I fly.

## CIVIS CANADENSIS SUM.

**W**ITH bold, commanding look and flashing eye,  
And mien that spoke the master's pride  
untamed,

The free-born Roman haughtily proclaimed,  
"Civis Romanus sum!" This title high  
With scaled gold a world subdued did fly  
To purchase; for Rome's equal justice famed  
With balance nice for him alone was framed  
Who, conquered, Roman name and state could buy.

But I who from the full and generous breast  
Of greater Rome's imperial daughter fair  
Drew freedom's pulsing life, I proudly dare  
To claim a birthright nobler than e'er blest  
Imperious sons of conquering Latium—  
Egomet civis Canadensis sum!

## TRUE FAME.

I SAT at my window one dark winter's day,  
And watched the soft snowflakes descend;  
And I thought as they melted and faded away,—  
“Must my life so barrenly end?”

I turned from those emblems of youth's fairy dream  
To the hearth where the red embers lay,  
And I said as I watched them now darken, now  
gleam,  
“Must my life to ashes decay?”

As I spoke, from the fire-gems that glowed on the  
hearth  
A figure appeared to my sight  
More beautiful far than the children of earth,  
A radiant being of light.

"O why dost thou long," said a heavenly voice,  
"For the laurels that wither away?  
If thou would'st be famous, make duty thy choice  
And thy glory can never decay.

High titles, great riches, the world's loud acclaim,  
Are bubbles that burst with a breath;  
And that which man eager embraces as fame  
Escapes him forever at death.

Kind deeds and good actions are better than gold,  
More precious than rubies or pearls:  
And he who doth own them hath riches untold,  
More honours than princes and earls.



Think not of the honours that men quickly pay,  
Or the praises they loudly proclaim;  
For these like their givers are gone in a day  
And with them will perish thy name.

But do thou be steadfast while Life's tempests roar  
And watchful thy brother to save;  
And thou'lt find when thou comest to Heaven's fair  
shore  
That true fame does not end with the grave."

He vanished from sight never more to return,  
But his sweet voice still rings in my ear;  
And the truth that he taught me a bright light shall  
burn,  
My path to illumine and cheer.

## DAY IS DONE.

**N**OW on night's dark breast reclining,  
Sleeps the sun.  
Shyly now sweet stars come shining,  
One by one.  
O'er the landscape glinting, gleaming  
Moonbeams flash like white fires streaming,  
Hill and vale at rest are dreaming  
Day is done.

Now the night-winds softly crooning  
Lullabies  
Come, their harps Aeolian tuning,  
From the skies;  
And their music low and thrilling  
Steals abroad, Life's discord stilling,  
Till our hearts with new hope filling,  
Heavenward rise.

Oh, what peace so oft comes o'er us  
At this hour,  
When great nature lies before us  
Like a flower,  
Which if plucked our cares are lightened,  
Life's dark vale is cheered and brightened,  
And our pleasures all are heightened  
By its power.

