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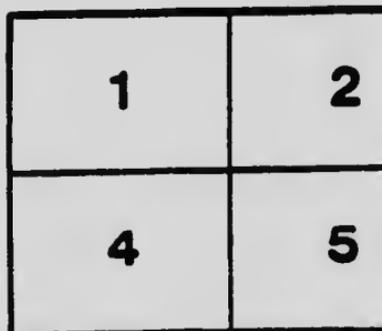
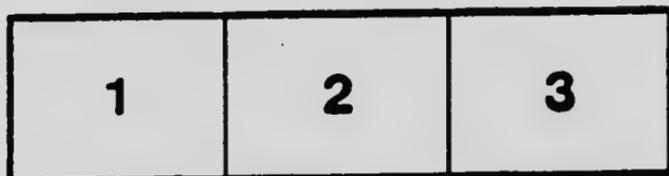
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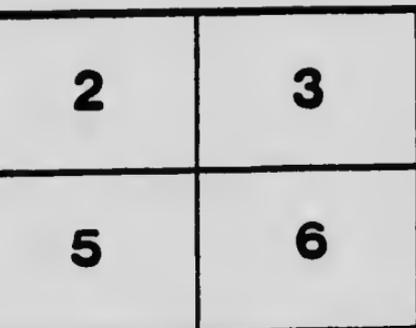
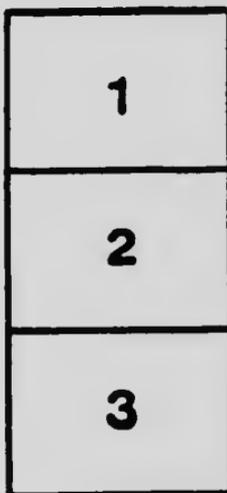
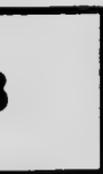
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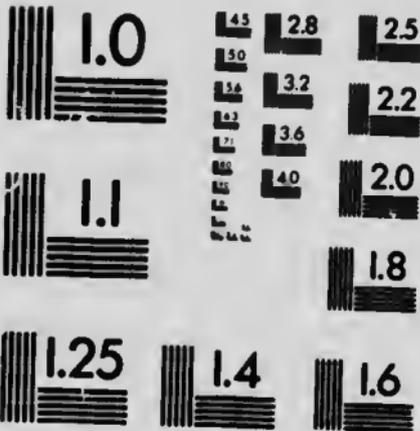
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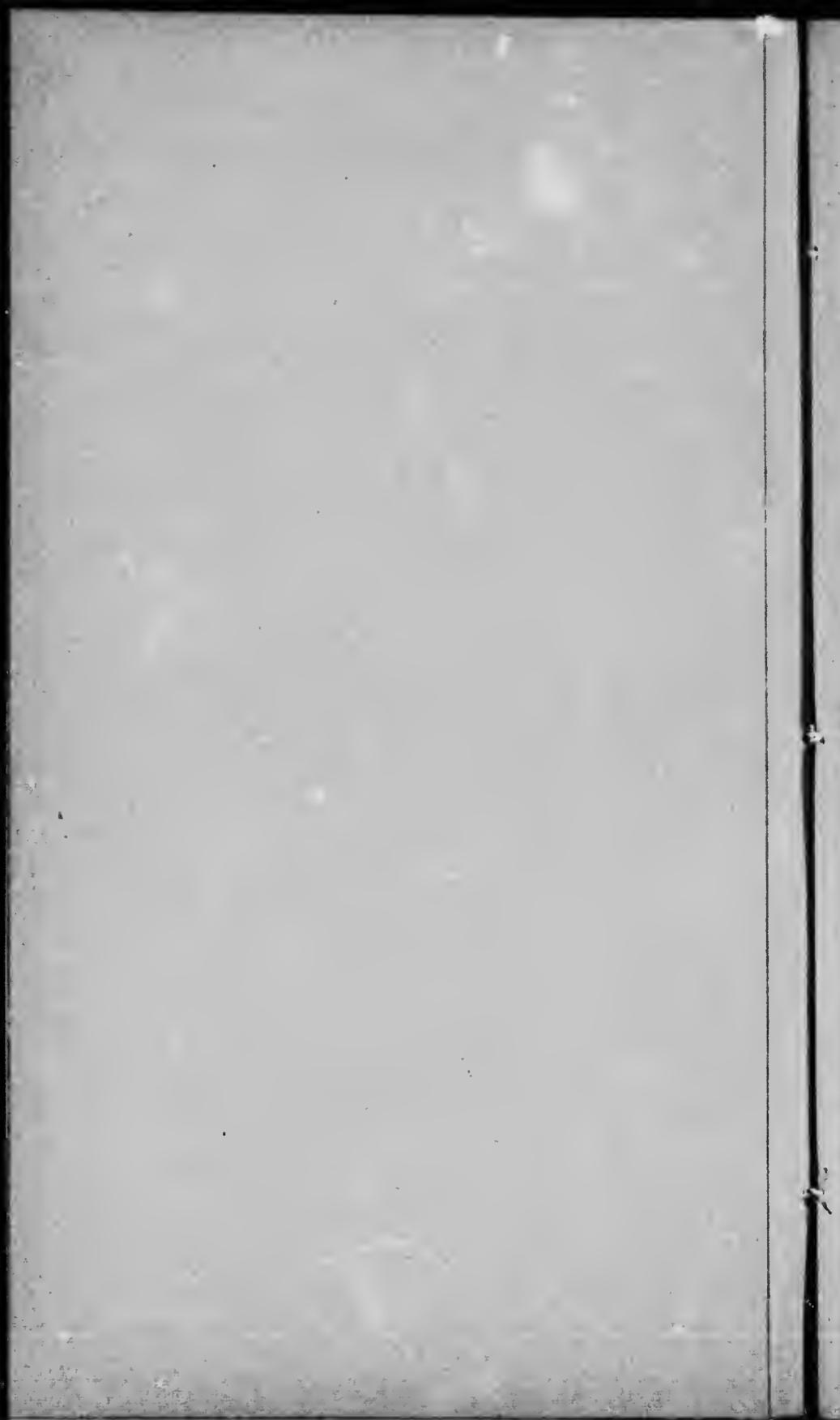
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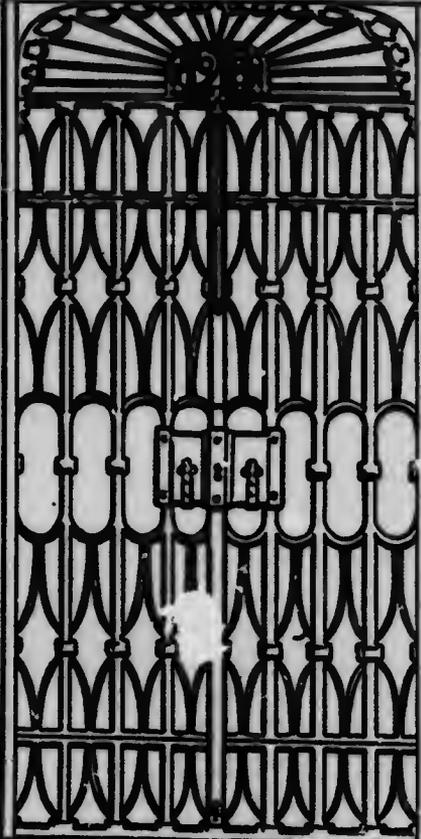
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THE GATES



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## BETWEEN THE GATES.

**T**HRUST unconsulted through the gate of Birth,  
We wake in wonder on the star of earth;  
Our stay is but a measured loan of breath  
Till we are glided out the gate of Death.  
We laugh, and wail, and quest along the way,  
And work as tenants of a crumbling clay;  
Fare on, whate'er of ruth or weal awaits  
This baffling sojourn—trailed between the gates.  
A Voice calls—guiding—at the gate of Birth;  
We enter, borrowing robes time-wrought of earth.  
We know this Voice is Life, whose infinite Breath  
Is ours beyond the milestone gate of Death.  
A world of seed, and growth, and law-control  
Gives training scope to prove the wield of Soul:—  
One song of hope lift we—O, travel-mates—  
To cheer our passage brief, between the gates.

WHAT I WOULD.

**E**RE I leave this world of wonder, summoned  
to this vaster clime,  
I would gather me a garland wrought in all  
the tints of time;  
Bear it thither fondly clasping, tether-like, one precious link,  
Then my step might be less timid when, at first, I  
touch the brink.

But I roam in vain the regions. Poets, knowing secret sway,  
Ranging long through bower and open, ye have pil-  
laged every way—  
Wooded the flowers, lured the life-glow, claimed the  
mold, and sought the sun,  
Wiled the winds, beguil'd the waters, wist-wings of  
the morning won!  
Listing in the summer stillness, with the waving of  
your wand  
Ye have borne e'en broken echoes from the border-  
shore beyond!

Would that I had culled my garland, looped it with  
autumnal sheen,  
Held it ready-wreathed, or ever ye had, spying, left  
no glean!  
Is there but one rainbow-ribbon as a girdle for my  
shroud,  
To remind me 'mid the shadows how the colors lit  
the cloud?  
Nearing now the marvel-margin, lowered life's fa-  
miliar bars,  
Soon I wander—surely lingering—'neath the torch-  
way of the stars.  
Must I go forlorn of nature—nought of token that  
may tell  
To the severed stranger-Spirit of the earth-home  
home loved so well—

Where I found my baby darlings? While they, seeking,  
tarry here,  
I would never in the Yonder fain forget the human  
tear;  
Rather take with me the glister of a dewdrop, dust-  
bedimmed,  
Set the rue-gem like the glimmer of a love-light sor-  
row-rimmed.

And I crave—in garland shafting—splendor minglings  
of the dawn,  
Veilings of the evening portal by the shifting purples  
drawn,  
And the far, wide, mystic fusings where the ocean  
meets the sky,  
And the awe of all the outline as the ship-lamps  
dwindle by.  
Give me too a garden-glamor—let September through  
it gleam—  
Let the twilight coruscate it with the quiver of a  
dream;  
Now a silence of the forest; now the swirl of tufted  
rills;  
And a music of the breezes message-laden from the  
hills:  
Gather fairest ingle-blendings—intertwine a hallowed  
calm—  
Yield me yet one olden quaver tangled in a waft of  
psalm;  
Find sweet promise of the orchard when the birds  
are full of bliss—  
Grace it with the children's laughter, bloom it with a  
bridal kiss;  
Sheave a gorgeous harvest radiance with a glory from  
the west;  
Then the sombre of night's quiet drooping o'er the  
sleepers' rest.  
Seek a moonhaze of the darkness—shadowy-merge in  
reveried hue—  
Dim, like some beslumbered whisper with its secret  
shimmering through.

And for courage I would carry to the realms of  
 higher form—  
 Unfurled like a wild-wind trophy—grandeur of the  
 flashing storm!  
 And through eons, and through eons, when the worlds  
 are wiped away,  
 I would wear about my Being keepsake of my native  
 Clay.  
 Poets! oh dispel your magic; 'twere but faithless—  
 longer foil;  
 Shew a comrade farewell pity; where have ye be-  
 stowed the spoil?  
  
 Stir of answer—thrill of rapture—(cease my plaint,  
 be hushed the dole),  
 Hailing Vision? Yea, the treasure! Ah, I see—my  
 Soul—my Soul!

SIC EST VITA.

**R**EJOICING in his strength, the Sun  
 Espied on earth a lovely child;  
 He stooped, and kissed the winsome one—  
 The maiden, Spring, looked up and smiled.  
 He played with her, and with his arms  
 His shining mantle round her drew.  
 Her beauty warmed to wondrous charms,  
 And bloomed in modest radiance through;  
 He gave her flowers; she gave him song;  
 Full gladsome grew her merry voice!  
 He wooed her well, nor wooed her long,  
 Ere his sweet love was her sweet choice.  
 Ah, then! behind the clouds he crept,  
 And hid his face from her in play;  
 But when the Spring, forsaken, wept,  
 He came and kissed her tears away.  
 When gambol-wearied, happy-flusht,  
 She laid her down to rest awhile,

The lover saw her slumber-husht,  
And brought the moon to watch her smile;  
And placed the stars about her head  
In varied clusters, that their gleams  
Might play, a'twinkling, round her bed,  
And give unto her joyous dreams.  
Then o'er the wolds to waiting lands  
With lightsome footstep sallied he—  
His glorious locks in golden bands  
Bedazzling others fair as she!  
They hailed his coming—brought forth fruits  
And laid all at his feet so blessed!  
They danced, and sang to echoing lutes,  
And sought by him to be caressed!  
Rememb'ring Spring, his sleeping bride,  
He quieted them, lover-wise—  
She woke and found him by her side,  
Though tear-lasht were her opening eyes.  
Thus loving, lived the beauteous Spring;  
Thus loving, early passed away.  
The Sun came close to hear her sing  
Her last sweet, trembling roundelaye.  
The claiming shades about her drew—  
She kept her eyes on him and smiled!  
And, as they bore her from his view,  
She gave him Hope, their living child.

The playful zephyrs missed her fun,  
And, softly seeking, went and came:  
Rejoicing in his strength, the Sun  
Moved on the same! moved on the same!

Soon met the Summer—stately maid  
With ardent eyes and reigning flush—  
His locks, thro' all her regal braid  
Entangled, showing bright her blush!  
Beneath his fervent touch her heart  
Did eager leap, and own his power!  
Oh, well he played the lover's part,  
While crowning her with leaf and flower!

And trustful lived she, blest and bright,  
Till lustrous eyes grew still and mild;  
And passing gently out of sight,  
She bore him Faith, their comely child.

The breezes missed so fair a one,  
And, sadly sighing, went and came:  
Rejoicing in his strength, the Sun  
Moved on the same! moved on the same!

Lo! bowed in prayerful grace, he saw,  
With hands outspread benev'ly,  
A form so grand he gazed in awe,  
And veiled his boldness reverently!  
Eyes wisdom-fraught grave Autumn turned,  
Beheld him where he gazing stood—  
Her dusky brow before him burned;  
His presence thrilled her womanhood!  
He glided forward, silent, still,  
All burnishing her dark, dark hair,  
And lingered near her heart until  
His image bright was mirrored there.  
Oh, gen'rcus proved her love and deep!  
But soon the noble soul within  
Grew troubled, when she could not keep  
The love which thus her heart did win.  
To stife all her yearnings wild—  
Long-suffering, brave, she vainly tried—  
Then brought forth Charity, their child.  
And, moaning, laid her down and died.

The wondering winds through woodlands dun,  
Awaiting weirdly, went and came:  
Rejoicing in his strength, the Sun  
Move<sup>d</sup> on the same! moved on the same!

Now Winter hurried, stern and chaste,  
The daughters of the earth to hide,  
That he their loves no more might taste,  
Nor conquering, lure them to his side.

In vain; the Sun with spangling touch  
Turned Winter's night to Summer's day,  
And flushed the earth with glory such  
That white-faced Winter fled away!

The wild winds, fierce at what was done,  
In loud wrath, raging, went and came:  
Rejoicing in his strength, the Sun  
Moved on the same! moved on the same!

Again he wandered, bright to view,  
The children of the earth among:  
To each his endless charms were new,  
To each he seemed forever young;  
And some to whom he deigned not grace,  
In lonely woe grew pale and dim;  
And some that knew his gracious face  
Grew beautiful beholding him;  
And some—unhappy—by his might  
O'ercome and crushed, lay sorrow-dried;  
But all! and all! or wrong or right—  
Lived, loved, and laughed, and wept, and died!

The mourning earth sobbed forth her cry—  
"My generations pass away!"  
The measureless, illumined sky  
Triumphant sang—"Love lives for aye!"

#### FLAME AND FLOWER.

**T**OUCHING the stars from the sod;  
A fellow of brutes in their plod;  
And soaring the spaces with God;  
O, Body and Soul—  
In this coil of the Whole—  
Within, do ye shapen the lure of your goal?

Lying with leaves that are shed;  
And scaling the Vast of Unsaid  
In all its beholding outspread—  
    O, grass-loitered feet,  
    And Spirit o'erfleet!  
Have ye woven the guise wherein ye shall  
    meet?

### BE SIMPLY BRAVE.

**B**E brave, O quivering Heart; be simply brave,  
    Though life has lost its happy zest,  
    Though duty seems a dull behest,  
When buoyant Hope, distraught by cruel stings,  
Lies like a laggard with poor, wounded wings.  
How high the courage hails when terror's rave—  
    Bold-bracing to defy or dare;  
    Perchance but borne of dark despair,  
Only to droop in weakness long before  
The lingering trial-toil be nearly o'er.

To gird with humbler fortitude each day,  
    Facing, unquelled, the haggard years—  
    Bearing in boon of traceless tears  
The anguish which that harsh unmasking gave—  
O, this is nobler—this is simply brave!  
Then take with tender touch what task thou may'st,  
    That others, haply, ne'er may know  
    Less weal because of thy keen woe;  
Lifting no craven spirit when ghosts of Love,  
Amid slain joys, with haunting tortures move.

Sorest the hidden wound; its ache so deep,  
    So sadly dumb; shrinking, alert,  
    Lest even kindness, prying, hurt—  
A yearning envy towards the open grief  
That claims in sympathy a soothed relief,

Yet rouse! unflinching still of soul, and keep  
True ever to life's higher tone,  
Nor bowed o'erlong in sorrow lone.  
With scars of honor pain oft marks its grave,  
Divinely loyal thou—being simply brave!

OUT OF TUNE.  
(At a Scottish concert.)

**B** ALMORAL carollers are grand;  
Old Scotia's melodies are sweet;  
And loyal hearts, Canadian-clanned,  
In music's power envigored meet.

The glorious swell of "Scots Wha Hae"—  
That martial call is ringing yet!  
The ballad plaints—the lilting sway—  
The pathos all—who can forget?

Then, echoing trills of merry glee!  
I felt so gladdened through and through,  
My three-score years were light on me.  
What song is this?—"We're Nae Sae Fu'."

Ah, somehow here I lost the chord;  
The listeners—qui-vive—necks a crane—  
Clapped, laughed, delightedly encored  
The trio shamming wits awane.

A cue to mirth? I, dazéd one,  
Could only see a ghastly throng,  
Babes pitiable, women wan,  
Men victimed unto demon-wrong.

I heard a world-resounding wail—  
But stay—I stifle down the sigh  
In eager, query-mood—but fail  
The fun to find. I'm sore awry.

There's humor sure—or jesty charm—  
Thus aping drolly “Nae sae fu’,”  
In dress genteel—where bodes the harm?  
Would I were wise, and soundly knew!

'Twould better be the laugh to learn,  
Else my fond, foolish heart might ache  
If, tottering home my boy should come  
Just “Nae sae fu’”—yes, hearts e'en break!

O, I'm so sadly out of tune,  
It jars me to a cruel pain—  
The quaintest lay a bard could croon—  
If keyed in any bouting strain.

#### IN AN ALBUM.

**A**S rays of the sunshine are meshed in the folds  
Of nature's transforming, mysterious moulds,  
And wrought into stones of solidified light—  
Pure diamonds, precious fore'er to the sight—  
E'en so may the glows of each true heart be caught  
In the magic of mind, and thus kindly enfraught  
As tribute o' painting, or poem, or name—  
Some token a friendship may modestly claim—  
And make of this volume a casket inlaid  
With jewels, the brighter when pages fade.

#### REVIVED.

**I** LOST my harp in the valley,  
My fingers were so numb;  
Listless under the cypress  
My very sighs grew dumb.

The clouds were black with anguish,  
And never a rifted rim;  
What recked I then of the darkness  
When eyes were wearily dim.

I heard a far voice calling—  
    "Come to the hither light."  
How could I care for climbing—  
    Alone, alone in the night?—  
Then a little child came crying,  
    Adown from the holy height.

O, and the force appealing!  
    The wee, resistless wail!  
O, and the close, warm clasping!  
    Who so strong as the frail?

And the clouds broke into smiling  
    When baby began to play,  
Till bright eyes roving the valley  
    Spied where the dear harp lay—  
And here on the hills of Beulah,  
    Together we sing of the Day!

#### THE SHIP OF THE WEST.

**W**HEN bells of the eventide  
    Are calling to Labor's rest,  
Behold the treasure, laden for Heaven,  
    Away at the port of the West!

Day-long, lo, the stately ship  
    Slow-coasteth where clouds may climb  
To pile upon deck all works of Love,  
    Wind-borne from the realms of Time.  
For the moth and rust prevail—  
    And the children of earth grow wise—  
So the West is a-blow with a precious freight  
    When the ship sails into the skies.

## CHANGE.

**T**HE fields live bright along the way;  
I laugh with dancing joys of May;  
Sweet flowers of love delight the air—  
Life's rapture thrills from everywhere:

(How can I ever leave all bloom,  
And lay me in the shuddering tomb?)

Have winds no ruth? my fields lie sere;  
Grief mocks; and Pain bestows a tear;  
Bitter the breath in love's dark blight;  
Jodden the path, bereft of light.

(I'm fain to hide from all the gloom—  
Forget—within the sheltering tomb.)

## HIS NINETIETH YEAR.

**W**HOWER may forget the date,  
Old pilgrim Time, a tireless friend,  
Comes neither earlier nor late—  
E'en to the end—  
And marks indelibly each proffering year,  
Be they or swift in joy, or slow in fear.

Stayless, at best, the few or more,  
Till Time, again, a birthday new  
Reveals upon his last, lone score—  
The ushering due—  
When Death bestows a grander natal hour  
With Life—in fuller, loftier lore—its dower!

## THE BURNING OF THE BRUSH.

**H**O, the busy time is here—  
The upwaking of the year—  
When the evening air no longer holds its hush!  
How the children hail their outing,  
Through the gardens merry shouting,  
As they make a rubbish-routing  
At the burning of the brush!

See the beacon-fires around  
Signaling that Spring is found—  
And no longer can the evening hold its hush!  
Father hauls the branches over,  
Baby bears the twigs, and Rover  
Storms the tree where pussies hover  
Near the burning of the brush!

Happy home-lights! "All is well"—  
This the tale they surely tell—  
As laughter voices ring the evening hush;  
O, the gathering and the raking—  
O, the crackling and the breaking—  
And the jolly ready-making  
For the burning of the brush!

'Mid the smoke and bramble scorch  
Hope out-waves her cheery torch;  
So, a-singing work we in the wakened hush;  
Prepare we for the sowing—  
Leaguings faith and love, as knowing  
Every good has better growing  
By the burning of the brush!

### THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.

**G**HOST flower! Is it thine with moonlight face  
To haunt earth's garden since the stars  
beheld

An Eden lost in the long days of eld?  
Saint-white, so wistful-eyed—thy hiding place  
But seems a stock harsh-fashioned, void of grace,  
E'en like a body bended 'neath a scathe—  
Lo, when the night prepares for dream and  
wraith,  
Forth blooms thy form serene—a glory trace!

Thou art, methinks, a wandering memory  
Of hallowed Love that fled erstwhile before  
The flaming fears of trust betrayed, to dree  
In banishment some coil of doom; no more  
To wake, save as a holy thought, in quest—  
Through dark and mystery—of home and rest.

### GIFT-MUSING.

**T**HINK you the needles weave  
Into the snowy spread,  
For a dear one's bed,  
The white thoughts of a summer eve,  
As, lazily my fingering  
Patterns the thread,  
In daylight's lingering—  
Dear Winifred?

Then—dreams may wing  
To the garden's glow—  
And you'll surely hear in the searching swing  
Of the fond air's flow,  
How the flowers their colors choose  
From the Light's luxuriant offering—  
E'en to bestow  
The odors their differing souls diffuse.

## PARENTAL.

**H**ERE to this isle of Time, surrounded by  
Unfathomable Eternity, you came  
From out the mysteries, to bear our flame  
Of Life; to hold its torch in honor high  
'Mid strife of test relentlessly anigh;  
To wear bequeathment—but a blended name  
For passing on with ever lessening blame,  
With ever clearer sheen of purer ply.

And were this isle marooned in void of Chance,  
No lore of guidance could have hither led  
Your vital way; ah, being spirit-spel,  
A sphere out-challenges to soul-expanse—  
The while you range, and choose, and quest, and  
quell—  
Ere homing Life attain Death's miracle.

## THE BLOOD BOUQUET.

"Queen Amelie used a bouquet of roses trying to  
ward off the assassins."

**B**ULLETS for Hate, and Roses for Love;  
O this was ever the way—  
Hell and Heaven meeting on earth—  
And, which may carry the day!

Dastard pistol, and cruel scheme,  
And flame of murder's breath;  
Only a woman's body for shield,  
With flowers to parry—Death!

Weaponed with roses—Love's own sheen  
Flashing brave to the sky!  
Clear—from hideous noise—up-leaps  
That thrill of a mother's cry!

Or kings be tyrants—whether or no—  
Wrestles the World alway—  
Roses for Love, and Bullets for Hate—  
Life carries its blood bouquet.

#### TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.

O EYES of love that follow me,  
How sweet their shadowed weening;  
, The child within their depths I see,  
Her woman-wisdom gleaning.

O, eyes of love that follow me,  
I feel their warm caressing;  
This natal day thrills memory—  
Reclasping babe of blessing.

O, eyes of love that follow me,  
I know their wistful meaning;  
Fain would they ward this mystery  
My Breath from earth aweaning.

O, eyes of love that follow me,  
How brave their happy feigning;  
My daughter-comrade cheeringly  
Bestrews the way remaining.

O, eyes of love that follow me,  
I guess their misty screening—  
Near tides that Dark I must embark—  
The years upon me leaning.

O, eyes of love that follow me,  
Both bright and sad their telling;  
The roses bloom right joyfully—  
The wind so softly knelling.

O, eyes of love that follow me  
In faithful yearn of knowing,  
Their gleam will shine beyond that sea—  
I'll find their deathless glowing.

### BLUE FLAGS.

**L**OYAL to the lowly lands,  
How serene the summer flags;  
Lifted by unfluttered hands,  
Where the creek in languor lags.

Azure blooms unfurl so still—  
Turmoil heeds the calm appeal;  
'Tis wonder not the mossy mill  
No longer drones its wearied wheel.

Clustered in sweet conference—  
Listless of the rude zig-zags  
That proclaim the encroaching fence—  
Confident, preside the flags!

Beauty beckonings—else the shy  
Meadow-loiterers might stray;  
Demure the tryst as they espy  
Colors plumed in safe array.

The frogs—agaze—entranced appear  
By their haunt-adorning flags;  
Perched upon each tufted pier,  
Dreamily the chorus brags!

Neighbor-like the willows bend,  
And the darting minnows bear  
Messages from friend to friend—  
How the water-lovers fare.

Froned fingers dipped in green  
Poise the placid, ether flags,  
Wooing to siesta-screen  
All the valley 'neath the crags.

Truce to zest of work-day riot  
Spell blue signals! Claim surceas  
Yield unto the luring quiet;  
Seek the cool of rest and peace.

#### GOD AND I.

**A**T eventide I'm sitting,  
Listening—waiting—knitting—  
God is weighing all my life's essay.  
O, the joy, the pathos—one full human Day!

Soothing lull of knitting;  
Soon to come the quitting—  
God is working His eternal way.  
O, the deathless meaning—one short, mortal Day!

#### THE MORNING-GLORY.

**H**OW cou'd we sleep,  
And miss the mysteries of summer dawn,  
Did not some kindly flower keep  
A sentinel trumpet, subtly drawn,  
To hold the story—  
A Morning-Glory!

How could we know  
The spirit-message of the early Calm,  
Did not the speech of color shew  
A flower in pose of herald psalm—  
The morning's glory  
Its lifting story!

How could we toil,  
In smiling courage through the day's emprise,  
Did not there linger from the soil  
A fragrance of the dewy skies—  
A sun-hid story  
Of Morning-Glory!

#### GRANNY'S BAIRNS.

**T**HE bairns are coming back to me;  
I hoped they would some day;  
Grown-ups allured them out of bibs,  
And marched the weans away.

As men and women they are fine;  
O, dear as dear can be;  
But who's to cuddle in my arms  
And fill the house with glee?

'Tis only fair they should restore  
The joys that sped afar,  
And—by the patter of the feet—  
Ah—surely—here they are!

Gran'daddy, step aside, I pray—  
They're Granny's bairns, you know—  
Now, Aunties, wait awhile—my heart  
Has just been longing so!

I'm not denying to Mamma  
Nor Dad their simple view—  
They have some rights, but Granny's here  
And claims a goodly few!

The sunny days are come again!  
And rippling laughter cheers!  
O, bless your happy, merry hearts—  
You blythesome, winsome dears!

You tireless, eager questioners!  
You mighty-hauling mites!  
Is this the kitchen or the yard—  
Young Topsy-turvyites?

You noisy, romping—darlings all—  
You daring, squalling ones!  
Who fell and broke the china vase?  
Who yells, and kicks, and runs?

Which little man has fisted out  
Against the teasing brother?  
(The fun is furling off towards bed),  
O, Aunties—call their mother!

Dada! Gran'daddy! Do come quick—  
Attend these little bears!  
Of course they're Granny's bairns—but still—  
I don't mind—going shares!

BOTH.

COME four-footed comrade, my very own hand  
Must buckle this baffling muzzle;  
Alas, dear dog, and you can't understand—  
I, too, feel the grip of a puzzle.

We've met on one planet; your lot with mine;  
And this much we lesson together—  
That, linked unto Life of some higher design,  
Love is ever with sorrow in tether!

O, loyal brute-brother, don't doubt my love,  
Though I doom you the cruel muzzle—  
As we fare but alike it may help to prove  
There's a key to my own hard puzzle.

## A SONG.

**O**, THERE'S a lad in yonder town—  
(How tender sprouts the doorstep vine!)  
His love makes life so dear to me;  
He seems to hold the world in fee;  
My heart is singing gratefully—  
He's mine, mine, mine!

O, there's a man in yonder town—  
(How green the buds upon the vine!)  
What matters aught of ebb or tide  
While truth and strength in him abide?  
Up wells the song with homely pride—  
He's mine, mine, mine!

O, there's a knight in yonder town—  
(How full the clusters on the vine!)  
His goodness bears a doughty sway  
In widening bright the higher way;  
And sings the heart that gladly may—  
He's mine, mine, mine!

## SCOTTIE.

**W**E question, at our doggie's grave—  
Can aught so spirit-true  
As that unwavering love he gave,  
Be lost to astral view?  
His life all brimming eagerness  
To please, and win the praise;  
To serve with pride in duty; yes,  
High fealty ruled his ways.

So human-like his humor shone!  
What worship in his eyes!  
Does he now long for us—his own—  
Somewhere in faithful skies?

May Love imbue immortal spark?  
Though Death strike every star—  
Is there one Glow that meets no Dark—  
Flamings of Avatar?

### THE FAMILY PEW.

("You'll never hear it in the family pew.")—The Call  
of the Wild: R. W. Service.

**W**ELCOME your Song, O Sourdough; our Yu-  
kon-feasted poet;  
Cantabile so wild and strong and true—  
It braces like a native wind ('tis fair that you should  
know it);  
And reminds us of the timber of the pew.

The Viking hearts that hewed it, when primeval ter-  
rors reckoned;  
The Vast of silence toppling from the sky;  
The clutch of need that threatened, the hope of home  
that beckoned;  
O, the courage, and the grasp, and yet—the cry!  
No blatant hammer built it; sweat and blood alone  
that gilt it;  
A clinching psalm the solace for a sigh!

Grim grandeur but a harshness of challenge to the  
spirit;  
And nature held her ancient doom of law;  
Unquailed they drew divinely for the fibre of their  
merit,  
And rested in the strength of what they saw  
With upturned worship faces, rapt beyond the swing-  
ing spaces,  
In a vision of child-faith without a flaw.

Do you know the far outreaching of the pioneers'  
brave teaching?  
Have you heard the saintly father's pleading  
prayer?  
Have you caught the gleam behind it? then for hon-  
esty go find it—  
And sneer again at preachers—if you care.  
Yes, we slip the leash of chafing, and hang the week-  
day harness,  
And gaze into the bigness of the Blue;  
'Tis there we take our bearings—our claim to all the  
farness—  
Our heritage—within the family pew.

We ponder there God's splendor, making nature's text  
more tender  
With a Christ-love pictured blending through and  
through.  
Though canyon-rush be rifting, though life in storms  
be drifting,  
Our naked souls are bathed in light anew.  
Despite convention-fetter, and husk of routine letter,  
The fashion-trim, the supercilious brew,  
The pulish prudes a-blinking, slimy hypocrites a-  
slinking—  
(Alas, we know the whole insidious crew!)  
Not yet devoid of leaven from a manna-gracious  
heaven—  
The Pulpit of the staunch old family Pew!

#### OBSCURED.

I 'VE wandered out from the happy Day—  
And the gloom affrights;  
My feet are bleeding—I've lost my way  
'Mid the many lights.

For, wise men lit their lamps of lore—  
But the blinding smoke!  
O, where is the sun that shone before—  
When my soul awoke?

And is this knowledge that I have found  
When I wisdom sought?  
Is there no home on the old, firm ground  
For my wearied Thought?

Woe—to grope through this big to-be,  
Faint 'mid the feast!  
O, let me perish, or let me see  
The Star in the East!

A Voice comes hushing the cry of mine  
In the grewsome night—  
“The smoke must vanish—the lamps will shine  
As God’s own light.”

#### IN MEMORIAM.

**H**ERE in the forest winter-strewn and lone,  
Where boughs bereaved—rebelling—rave their  
moan,  
Long have I wearied for the tryst of hope,  
Waiting thy coming from the far unknown,  
O, faithful harbinger—in pilgrim cape—  
Eager Hypatica! I pray  
Reveal communion now  
With our Beloved who went the silent way  
Whence thou art come;  
In truth avow  
Thou did'st but meet him near thy home  
Beyond the portals of dark mold and clay,  
Where Life abideth—Life with power athrill  
To stir thy brave heart 'neath the snowy hill!

Flowers of the wildwood, rallying in the Breath  
That diet' ne'er, though all else withereth—  
Lifting glad eyes  
Amid the blast of death—  
Immortal-wise  
Ye brood a peace divine  
In this u        ig heart of mine.  
Bright messengers—fair kindred in life-glow—  
Winter n ay strive—but ah, we know—we know!

### THE COMING OF CHRIST.

**O** STAR of the Promise that lightened  
The way to the Wise,  
Though ages are hoary since brightened  
The hope of thy rise,  
Shine clearer through cycles receding  
In Christ-halo mist;  
Shew nearer the Spirit, true speeding  
The time of the tryst!

“I come again; comfort each other—  
Proof-tilling for me;  
I go to Our Father, my brother,  
Preparing for thee.”  
His work means the measure in heaven's  
Life-quickenng sphere;  
He makes it the duty that leavens  
All happiness here.

And how fares the Church of His choosing,  
Where evil is rife?  
Does History portray her refusing  
A challenge for life?  
Aloft bear the wondrous inditing,  
O Crest of the Cross!  
In blood of her martyrs the writing—  
Gain, gain out of loss!

Hers no barricaded dominion  
Of trumpeted creeds:  
With realm-flighted, winnowing pinion,  
Bedight with love-deeds,  
Behold her earth's Forward, outspreading  
Through shadows of night—  
Immortality's pillar-way—shedding  
The guidance of light!

How futile the confines monastic  
In petrified frame;  
Recks not Spirit of limit scholastic—  
Free-soaring—afame—  
Illuminating towards the Ideal;  
In tenderest glow  
With all that is humanly real—  
One glory below!

Hers not bidding utter defiance  
To aught except sin;  
Calm-welcoming searches and science—  
Her mission—to win.  
Stern-pleading the cause of the needy  
Where Tyrannies brawl;  
Her weapons of mercy are speedy  
For Honesty's call.

Rock-rooted, she views the deep-surgings  
Unrest work of Time;  
Primordial conception emerging  
Slow-shapen, sublime!  
Unzoned, radiating Truth-centre—  
Invisibly vast—  
Here we, with the Infinite, enter—  
Our destiny cast.

But the satisfied peoples prevail not:  
Hark—"Watch ye and pray."  
All Yesterday triumphs avail not  
Unkept of To-day.  
Come the cries of Oppression's beseeching,  
Whence demons dare dwell;  
Round the home are lassos flung, outreaching  
Like hurlings from hell.

Down dash we Sin's ugliest creatures:  
Forbid the despair—  
Lo, looming with ghastlier features—  
They flout at us there!  
Undaunted, we turn the assailing;  
They're banished; no fear;  
Truce tarries not long the unveil! —  
Behold, they are here!

O, the whiteness that Wickedness borrows—  
No filthiness owned!  
Is it marvel the one Man of Sorrows  
In suffering groaned?  
Yet the cheer of His Christmas is chiming  
O'er many a land;  
Ah, the Wrong and the Right may go timing,  
But both shall not stand!

Yea, courage mounts bold in war's region.  
No failure dismays.  
Now marshal in phalanx, what legion  
Gigantic displays.  
Dark-stalking, each crafty-led movement  
The Christ-form conceals;  
While humanity's every improvement  
His visage reveals.

Principalities—Elements—towering  
In desperate affray;  
Host-rivals—mock-lawful—devouring  
Their powerless prey.  
See Forces full-gross in the grasping  
Of cheat-branded pelf,  
So harsh to the just in its rasping  
Of barriered self.

Self, Self—ever living to levy  
His tithing of rue!  
The stones of thick stumbling are heavy—  
There's blasting to do!  
More honor to others high-holding  
The country's fair claim  
As a trust for the Lord's own moulding—  
All done in His name.

Recorded the ballots—how read they—  
Or loyally cast  
For the coming of Christ—or need they  
His veto at last?  
A knocking, zeal-urgent, plea-steady,  
Appeals to the State;  
'Tis Woman with worthy help ready,  
Home-guarding each gate.

Fain would she quicken the schooling  
Of rigorous right,  
And hasten by simple, straight-ruling  
God's kingdom in sight.  
She moves with the century, knowing  
Its wider-swathe cares;  
Apace in the claim-ranges, showing  
Her justice of shares;

No cleavage in aim for the weal-height—  
No pitting of power—  
A clearance for quality's deal-right  
In largess of hour.  
The daughter's path smoothened, that bettered  
Be space for the son;  
The stayed step retards the unfettered—  
They gain but as one.

And struggling for stephold is Labor—  
Impatient of delay—  
Proud Capital scorning to neighbor—  
Still barring the wall.  
For spoilers gloat over a slaughter.  
Sly greed must beget.  
Big Mammon would grudge e'en the water  
For Industry's sweat.

O, the Passions that spurn fair bridling—  
Bestrewings of dole!  
O, the glut of the pompous Pridling—  
So wisened of soul  
From wronging of others what profit  
Save perilous gain?  
Ostentation astrut may well doff it  
As loathsomely vain.

Soon rust-ruined, moth-eaten tatters;  
The pitiful quest!  
And the Hand that would shelter—shatters  
What bears not His test.  
Why unheeded our Maker's upbraiding?  
With image Divine,  
Is it madness impels masquerading  
As fiends, fools, or swine?

Woe that Ignorance weaves the mask-hiding  
For mortals to don;  
Though chains may be Satan's providing,  
Man rivets them on.  
Thus a surface injustice runs riot,  
Like Chance groping blind,  
Till we moan of a ruthless Fate-flat,  
No Father behind.

The Leisured, from luxury's chalice  
Their hydromel sip,  
While brothers bevictimed of Malice  
The gall-dregs may dip.  
Discordant, haphazard, unfitness!  
Doubt—fearsome—o'ercreeeps;  
Bewildered to faintness we witness,  
And sympathy weeps.

Could we but demolish or alter;  
Eliminate pain;  
How mystery baffles; we falter,  
And question again:—  
Are we launched on a raft without rudder  
To wait the death-wound?  
Well might Chaos itself wildly shudder—  
A planet marooned!

For—reason we—goodness be doubled,  
Seems evil then thriced;  
And there groans through creation a troubled,  
Great cry for a Christ.  
O Calvary signal shine clearer  
In silence of dew!  
Shew rescue of blessedness nearer,  
Reviving our view.

Surely there tides through the nations  
In healing relief—  
In vitalized, mighty pulsations—  
The balm of belief.  
Wot we of the workers heroic—  
No longer the few—  
With endurance more noble than stoic  
E'er dreamed of or knew—

Out—'mid the blare and the blinding  
Where Hunger defies—  
The bruises of prone-flesh binding,  
And hushing the cries  
Of the children dying in stench  
Of cellar and slum,  
Where Poverty's cruellest wrenches

Keep Joy ever dumb.  
Out—'mid the smear of the smitten  
Where Misery doles;  
Where vices the vilest have bitten  
Both bodies and souls,  
Seeking to shield from the vulture  
Of ravaging woe:—  
Think ye, mere exquisite Culture  
Could venture to go?

Down in the dens of evil,  
With cleaving for crime;  
Hope—lifting the torch of reprieve  
And luring to climb.  
Is this less than the Comforter's yearning  
To sever from sin?  
Think ye purest Philosophy's learning  
Would wrestle within?

Forth—where the lepers are bearing  
Their bones to the tomb—  
Solacing, cheering, and sharing  
Their terrible doom.  
Hither—facing—where Alcohol revels  
Its hideous mirtin;  
Forth—fighting whatever bedevils  
This beautiful earth.

Through mart, byway, armored in meekness;  
In—out—everywhere;—  
Label this any playsham of weakness?  
Or fervor of prayer?  
Clad in meekness; though priceless the raiments,  
Fine texture of gold;  
Rank the wearers as right royal claimants  
Entitled of old.

O, this probe of the silent-spiced Action  
In proving by deeds!  
O, the clamor of idle-bred Faction  
Ignoring close needs!  
How frothy—to wrangle and libel—  
—en off in disjoint—  
Until able to balance the Bible  
Upon a pin-point!

Leave we mote-pecking feats, and quick shuffle  
Dispute on the shelf;  
There's a-plenty of wrong to give scuffle  
O'ertake we but Self.  
Yea, Christians are banded for duty—  
Alert and akin;  
Betokened the Christ-pledge that beauty  
Of holiness win.

There is in <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ of penitence blending  
Sweet ~~the~~ <sup>thy</sup>'s worth;  
There's aroma of love-blossoms lending  
Fresh fragrance to earth.  
And, wafting with roll of years hoary,  
In mightier swells,  
On—gathering world—wave glory—  
The Bethlehem tells!

Clear voices of harmony ringing  
Sin's coming surcease  
To farthest futurity flinging  
Glad echoes of peace.  
O, firmer grows Faith vision-scanning  
The wheels within wheels:  
Stupendous, God guides His own planning,  
We rolling our reels:

A carpenter's Son; O eternal  
Amaze and amaze!  
Shop-aproned;—in vista supernal,  
The Ancient of Days!  
Not scorned be the part of our placing  
The larger or small—  
One reckons the truth of the tracing,  
And sparrows that fall.

Withhold not in tribute the treasure  
Of mind, heart or hand.  
As deeming too meagre the measure;  
His loaves will expand.  
Nor mute be Humility's metre,  
Though quavering it rise;  
The child-tune may thrill all the sweeter  
In tune with the skies.

Be it silver, song, word or prayer—give it.  
Help nourish the soil.  
Believing this law of love—live it,—  
The voke—heaven's foil!  
All hearts to the harvest! Till flashes,  
In yellowing sheen,  
The blooming of "beauty for ashes,"  
Around and between!

Till the hills that are barren are bowered  
In peace o'er the isles!  
Till the seas and the valleys are dowered  
With mellowing smiles!  
Till the sentinel Mountains no longer  
Keep watch for the sword,  
But shout in a stronger and stronger  
All-hail to the Lord!

O, joy-bells—Evangel—ring, ring ye  
The way to Life's goal!  
O, Star of the Spirit, still bring ye  
More light to the Soul!  
So, comfort we now one another,  
As—faring—we list;  
He is coming—who called Himself—Brother!  
On, on, to the tryst!

#### EASTER ECHOES.

**T**HE Spirit of mystery in April guise  
Wakens its wonders to the world anew;  
Some quickening Charm to Nature hither hies—  
Lo, spreading marvel greets the raptured view!  
Seems there such wistful winging here to there,  
Like wafts of magic messages above;  
Sweet whisperings are astir, full-fraught with prayer,  
Behold the miracles of answering Love!

In league with kindly skies this faithful Earth  
Away behind the break of years that roll;—  
She holds the secret of the body's birth,  
As Heaven hides the seal that links the Soul.  
Unseen and sure some subtle Spell prevails,  
Giving but guess of its mysterious Whence;  
Spaceless the Essence strange, nor e'er unveils,  
Though unioned in this harmony of Sense.

Here lay we down the dust of all our dead;  
Safe the broad breast enfolds her hallowed clay;  
But whither, whither has the Spirit sped  
Beyond that silence of the trackless way?  
So pitiful we peer: no trail we see  
But dwindling ashes by the mist-bound shore.  
And sunshine seems a taunting mockery  
When our beloved are cold forever more.

O, comes the crying of the riven heart;  
The ruthless blow and blast of piercing pain,  
The cruel, stunning pang, the bleeding smart—  
Till boding blackness haunts the hapless brain.  
Ah, brooding through these lowering shades of gloom  
Moves there the quick of one undying Breath;  
And memorial Voices murmur near the tomb,  
"Was winter ever yet a weight of death?"

Behold the lilies!—are their skies bereft  
Of rays for Spirit-garb, though weft be clouds?  
Where suns are lit, is there no Power left  
To melt the icy dark where death enshrouds?  
Come, search the sepulchre,—no stone debars;  
Life, Love, Soul? See—their broken bounds of  
prison!  
Hark, from the heights above the bridge of stars  
Forth swells the victory chant—the Lord is risen!

## THE LORD IS ARISEN.

**O** BLYTHESOME the song of the birds to  
flowers,  
, The rushing of streams to the flashing  
of showers;

There's a growing of grasses, a waving of trees,  
A bringing of bloom on the wings of the breeze;  
The hills are alive, there's a throb through the plains,  
All Nature is thrilling in raptured refrains;  
Not idle the telling her wakening essays,  
Uplifting her visions and voices in praise,  
Proclaiming the story that pulses the skies—  
"The Lord is arisen, and ye shall arise"!

There is Life out of darkness adown the dim years!  
The ages are climbing away from their biers!  
No more weeps the mourner in pall of despair—  
The grave becomes jubilant—Jesus was there!  
Uprifting, Hope signals one vision sublime!  
Faith, harvest-eyed, knows of the whither of Time!  
Safe-tethered in Love where Jehovah abides,  
The Universe holding Mortality rides!  
O, the gladness and glory on earth and in skies!  
Our Lord is arisen, and we shall arise!

## THE UNRECORDED.

**W**ANDERING came the minstr' Wind, his  
reeds attune  
To glean, in golden alchemy of rune,  
The rising incense glow  
Of living deeds along the lowly earth—  
Aroma-waves all-potent in perpetual birth  
Of life's divinest flow.

Listening, we learn the secret this new world imbues;  
And why her vitalizing breath renews  
Such vigorous hope that leaps  
To hail the future. Common lives, unsought  
By fame, have left their ether distillation, wrought  
From out the infinite deeps.

Unwearied sways the Wind, youthful as dawn and  
hoary  
As the mists of age, singing the glory  
Of the human dower;  
Greater than boasted, blazoned hero-might  
Rise in clear, enduring, purifying light,  
The silences of power.

What marvel now that o'er our Canada's domain  
The erstwhile nature-harshness bends, awane?  
The desolate, cruel spaces  
Were e'en ashamed of their defiant frown,  
And slowly turned to grace the pioneers' renown  
By sympathetic faces.

Quebec, abashed, her gory front at length forsook;  
Ontario's weird wilds gloomed in rebuke  
Until, through forests far,  
The voice of obdurate waters, yielding, swelled  
Unto the rude, resisting plains—the echo held  
Under the polar star—

Then lo, the land knelt, prayerful, and from common  
folk  
Of industry took on its conquering yoke.  
But e'er again she rose  
Abloom with century-homes and ripening toil,  
Only the Wind with strings of elemental coil  
Storied the nation-throes.

Wild, homesick wrestling ache that wrenched forgotten hearts  
Coping for courage 'mid fierce, buffet smarts—  
    Anon, glad victory  
From trail to trail awoke the wilderness,  
As valiant, strength-imbibing souls grew fain to bless  
    Their destiny's decree.

The chords outbring a people's pageless history nigh.  
Ever the future held their vision high;  
    And well their work reveals  
That patriotism blesses without noise—  
Untassled, void of plume, heedless of martial poise,  
    Or plausible clang of peals.

We mark the move of shaping rule in Freedom-strain;  
And sentinel beat in guardian refrain;  
    The stir of incident  
Big with a nation's wholesome growth, when strong,  
Alert, keen manhood grappled each incipient-wrong  
    To fruitful betterment.

How loyal ought the pulsing of our fathers' air!—  
So life-refrashing as we forward fare.  
    Far, laden, lighthouse lore  
That haunted ashes of the dear hearth fire  
Hovers about, impelling spirit to aspire  
    Worthy the zest of yore.

By faith we honor best the trust our past confides.  
Through every change one changeless truth abides:—  
    Faith in the good of life—  
Silent as leaven in elusive might—  
Is fulcrum of the lever love, that lifts towards light—  
    A calm within a strife.

Primordial-wise the Wind, capturing to music-sway  
Beauty immortal from the trodden way.

We, burdened 'neath the sun,  
Brace to this cheer of song—our very own—  
Of home-bright land in Liberty's outreaching zone,  
By uncried warfare won.

Undying thrills the harmony, for it is keyed  
To gathered fragrance of the noble deed;  
To garnered essence rare  
Of royal duty simply done for weal;  
Of quiet, unconscious worth; of love's fulfilling zeal;  
Of Right—naked and fair.

Our country's early builders — women of helpmate  
mould  
And men timid of word, in action bold—  
They of the steadfast fight—  
Endow to-day;—do not the prairie feet  
Of mountains chase the wind-enchanted, songful  
wheat,  
Keeping two seas in sight?

Almost the workers in obscuring vista lost;  
Unkenned their task; oblivioned what it cost;  
Their labor unrecorded;—  
But blended as their benediction-seed  
It gives, essential, harvest measureless in meed,  
Nor tarries unrewarded.

Imperishably safe all wafture of the True!  
It gives Canadian skies a holier blue;  
It permeates the sod;  
The grass is quivered to a lovelier green;  
And wreathless graves of long ago look up serene  
Unto the Wind's own God.

## IN DAYS OF CONFERENCE.

**C**ANADA speedeth her/night afar  
To hail the Motherland hoary;  
Now bodeth the greeting scathe and scar?  
Or—he for song and story!  
Spirit of Ages, lift thy voice—  
Tell—may the people all rejoice?  
Chant of a country's glory!

Blest the Reveille  
When Britannia calls from overseas  
Her sturdy sons! The bugle-notes  
Thrill out their summoning harmonies  
Like joyous colors that a signal flag afloats—  
The echoes homing from congenial shores;  
Nor clash of sword,  
Nor shock of belching battle pours  
In dire discord;  
But happy beat of drum,  
Throbbing, "they come, they come"—  
And stirring to responsive pulsings true  
A wondrous rhythm of hope the wide world through!

Aloft the Maple!  
Not in blazonry of pomp to flaunt;  
A country's glory meagre shews  
In poise of pageantry and noisy vaunt;  
Silent the workings of sublimest vein;  
Secret the forces of eternal power;  
The slender stalk aiming to feed the world  
But subtly grows.  
Behold young Canada stands forth—  
Strength of the stable North—  
Making this hour  
Historic with no heraldings unfurled.  
Still and benign as light itself this reign  
Of wisdom thus invoked anew by all  
These Liberty-begotten kith and kin—

This group unique, of wholesome lineage, within  
Britannia's league. No thrall,  
No rivet, do the bonds beseech,  
Where Freedom's hold unites.  
The century's dial points this magnet-sway supreme!  
Yea, History e'en now indites  
Upon the scroll  
This Conference in vast betokenings.  
A nation's soul  
Awakes to larger life, and narrower scope outwings.  
Renewals promise round on round  
Of clasping years,  
Welding an Empire's might in stately tiers—  
As circling growths ingrain a vigorous tree—  
The tree majestic, grand, imperial-crowned,  
Uplifting boughs of loftiest augury!

Compatriots:-

Though seas from zone to zone divide;  
Though race, creed, language, differing run;  
Whate'er of meed or dolor may betide,  
'Tis weal of each  
In ever widening reach  
Becomes the rallying canopy for all as one.  
No longer patriotism keeps  
A limit, selfish. Heaven-born, it leaps  
In chivalrous loyalty to sacred right,  
In valor of broad brotherhood alone bedight—  
Meet prelude of the nearing time—  
(The dazzlement of savagery awane)—  
When war in every clime  
Shall fall, a shrivelled husk of gruesome stain,  
Discarded by the fruitful blooms of peace,  
And woes of weapon cease.  
O, proud may Canada regard her epoch day  
Of noble Conference and high essay!

Spirit of Ages, through thy chimes—  
Thy chant of the mighty growing—  
I hear a rune of the olden times  
In far-off cadence flowing;  
And I hear the tread of the faithful dead—  
O, years of the bygone sowing!

Swing of the axe in the forest gloom;  
The wolf in the darkness baying;  
Whir of the wheel in the chimney room;  
And comrade women praying.  
Hardy cheer of the pioneer—  
O, days of the scanty weighing!

I hear a strife—usurpings bold  
Of the people's rightful owning;  
And forum giants wrestle to hold  
The key to a nation's toning;  
The stress is long—but they win full-strong  
For the rock-firm cornerstoning!

Hark, the foe! and a call to the front!  
Solemn the march of the sending;  
Sons forge forth to the cruel brunt—  
Sob of the mothers blending.  
O, God! the sound from the writhing ground—  
E'er shout of a righteous ending!

\* \* \* \* \*

Lo, now the Rockies beacon the West!  
(No lure to unworthy minion)—  
But hie to the boon of the Beavercrest  
Where Labor waves her pinion!  
The breasts of the Prairie—mothering—yearn;  
Earth's eager children seeking turn—  
Blest be this home Dominion!

## THE BATTLE OF QUEBEC.

**S**HEER and gaunt outstands the Battle—  
Silhouette in historic show—  
Clear as front the heights forbidding,  
Where Quebec defies the foe.  
Daring of heroic venture,  
Skill to scale such nature-hold  
Spaced the scope to hew the blade-line  
Rimming—steeled—the warscape bold.  
Grim, decisive, nation-furrowed,  
Sure of stroke, undimable  
As the fame for courage dauntless  
Of the brave who fought or fell.

Brilliant blazons forth the Battle:—  
Martial genius-flash from throes  
Of a mind in sorest wrestling  
With the burden Genius knows.  
Like a watcher bribed and partial,  
Night—a dark Silentiary—  
Hides the keen of this Commander,  
While the blinded Fleur-de-lis  
Lulls upon the plains her soldiers.  
Flames their valour not less bright,  
Ranked around their gallant Leader  
Forging through the deadly fight.

Grand and still outlooms the Battle—  
Chastened in its human glow:  
Wolfe, Montcalm—in spirit—brothers,  
Ere the noonday lying low.  
Dying eyes behold prophetic:—  
One their smile of duty's peace;  
As they side by side pass onward,  
So—in war's well-won surcease—  
Dwell in harmony their peoples,  
Knowing only strife of weal;  
Loyal strength and strength awelding  
In one nation-growing zeal.

Harvest-crowned shines out the Battle:—  
Crimson seed with tears bestrewn—  
Bosomed of that far September—  
Bears in birthright gorgeous boon.  
Freedom sways her mighty branches,  
Fostering growths of tested good;  
Patriotism lifts to loftier  
Fruits of world-wide brotherhood;  
Plains of Abraham hold their halo  
O'er this land of bloom and light;  
All—from shoreland unto shoreland—  
Breathes of hope and home and right.

Pean-voiced out rings the Battle,  
Mellowed through the clambering years:—  
Hate is dead and War is buried!  
Sained by love and holy tears;  
Peace, dew-sandaled, lavish-laden,  
Dawn-adorned—the Conqueress—  
Gives true wisdom, knowledge, commerce—  
Deeming glory but to bless!  
Faith and union, joy and plenty,  
Fellowship of heart and mind;  
Merit-portion, law progressive,  
Canada endows mankind.

Honor spurs her trusty toilers;  
Truth exalts her chosen creed;  
Goodwill hails her whole world neighbors;  
Justice nerves her aim of deed.  
Hers the vision—through this vaster  
Sweep of modern-moving time—  
To discern the sky-lit mountains  
Where Ideals dare to climb!  
Full, inspiring, thrills the Battle—  
Quickening to stauncher tread.  
Soft in cadence falls the Battle—  
Echoed music from the Dead.

## GENERAL WOLFE AND HIS LAST REGIMENT

Written from the impression given by Dr. J. A. Macdonald's account, in the Globe, of a story told to him by a fine, old gentleman in Scotland.

**D**O ye wonder, looking back, how their valor  
    quailed not  
    As they followed Wolfe, the Youth, lead-  
    ing boldly there?  
Why those men of Highland sword dire assaulting  
    failed not,  
    Where the bravest of the brave alone could hope  
    to dare?"

And the old man's eye was bright with a patriot's pride  
Claiming, from his island sight, meed in Empire wide,  
British and Canadian right reckoning side by side.

"Do ye know nor ever <sup>yet</sup> flashed a worthy daring  
    But each doer, daily true, 'prenticing to Life,  
Served—unwittingly withal—in the slow preparing?  
    Peace mayhap the fruitage full, or glint of deadly  
    strife."

And the Seer's glance I ween, patriarchal framed,  
Shone of bygone feelings keen rising now aflamed;  
For honor glows its own sheen forever undismayed.  
"Your English warrior of Quebec? His death be-  
    queathed a glory?  
    Ye deem his regiment scrolled the Heights with  
    blood of lasting fame?  
Yea, hold the victors laurel-wreathed, ye hark an  
    earlier story;  
    Then pledge anew, in kindred ken, his gallant,  
    noble name."

Tense the Celtic tone and low, as the tale he told—  
Visioning with human woe a ghostly ground of old,  
Where England fought a Scottish foe till streams of  
red ran cold.

“’Twas there a dastard held command, and haughty  
gave his order  
Unto the boyish officer, a wounded one to slay,  
Riding they reined: no scene more grim on all this  
tragic border:  
Cruel the coward pointed where the suffering soldier  
lay.

“Ablaze with scorn, the young man turned, his army  
leader facing—  
‘Am I a butcher?’ scathed he—his honest blood  
astir!  
Two cleaving currents pulsed the air: the steeds flung  
out their pacing:  
O, pelt of hate! O, waft of balm! O, rescued  
Highlander!

“And who was he with courage true, this traitor deed  
refusing,  
Won hearts upon that heath beside the comrade  
smitten, prone?  
’Twas fearless Wolfe, the generous, who faltered not  
in choosing  
His loyalty to Honor high—the best in every  
zone.

“Think ye our kilted warmen march as dullards, un-  
discerning?  
Nor heed the measure of the mind that guides  
their battle-sway?  
Ah, mountain-bred and heather-homed, glean well  
their spirit-learning—  
These—proudly—knew their General in far Que-  
bec that day!

His faith-compelling genius-force within their souls  
prevailing,  
And—yonder—foemen veterans of chivalrous re-  
nown—  
What marvel e'en that granite wall could baffle not  
their scaling,  
Nor dash their hold on Canada for her Britannia  
Crown?

“Nay, history spreads no bigger page of brilliant,  
skill-wrought etching—  
So clear the stroke; sharp, swiftly sure; nor blot  
nor blur to mar;  
A picture set in purposed peace; a continent out-  
stretching  
In radiant strength; a beacon hold; and Hope its  
beckoning star!”

Impassioned of the Past he stood—so stately—soul  
agleam,  
With joy in thought of knightly good, plumed of  
heroic scheme.  
Then softer spake as musing mood and vista-trance  
beseem:

“With placid smile September sun to beauty woke the  
morning  
On mountain, forest, solitude, city and steep, and  
plain,  
And reach of waters primal-voiced—all grouped in  
grand adorning;—  
But noon beheld the fair land strewn, and stared  
upon the slain.

"Then waters murmured requiem; the breeze its wonder blended;

Sad nature veiled her gorgeous garb in haze of woven tear.

Wolfe lay amid the silent fallen; their giant combat ended.

Death, hovering, smiled; his kindly touch hallowed the field-won bier.

"O, keep your heroes, Canada, enshrined in memoried splendor;

Their sturdy fibre fed not on sapless, weakening ease;

A nation's burden staunch they bore; their vigor grew not slender;—

Reap ye the endless harvesting, beyond encircling seas."

The old man's voice in ceasing left some thrill of deep desire;—

War seemed of glory all bereft, yet wore its halo-fire;—

And Peace, bedight of holy weft, sang from her love-lit spire!

#### THE LATE HON. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.

**N**O need of stately pomp nor loud acclaim  
To vaunt the honor of Mackenzie's name;  
True hearts o'er all the land his worth revere;  
Aye must our country hold his memory dear.  
To her a stainless record he bequeaths—  
Let history entwine his modest wreaths.  
Indelible the stamp his rugged zeal  
Has left upon the nation's higher weal.  
His bold integrity, his pith of scorn  
For ought of selfish power or baseness born,  
His upright loyalty of manly front  
While feeling keen a losing battle's brunt,

His dignity of truth unto the end—  
All marked for Canada her nobler trend.  
No need of stately pomp nor loud acclaim  
To mourn the memory of Mackenzie's name!

### THE HOSPITAL.

**B**IRD of the mothering wings,  
How the whirl of thy motion sings  
Of balm and peace!  
From earth's old bond of pain,  
And anguish of cruel stain  
Brooding release.

Bird of the plumage quiet,  
Settling e'en mid the riot  
Of sword and shell;  
Bringing the hove. of Christ  
And all His sacrificed  
In sight of hell.

Of all-encircling love  
Our world's harbinger dove!  
Thy healing clings  
Where creature pang is heard;  
Hallow'd thy touch, O bird  
Of mothering wings!

BALLAD OF THE HUDSON.

**O**NE ship asail on a wide, north Bay,  
Three hundred years ago;  
Wild the shores in their grand array  
As the big, June sun looked on.  
The bold crew stood—was it man 'gainst man?  
Nay, Hudson, the Captain, knew  
That many were those of an evil plan;  
Eight only his faithful few.  
And his boy of twelve, alas, was there!  
An eager, comrade son;  
But their fight showed all the braver dare  
As Mutineers bound each one—  
Cast them adrift in a boat so frail;  
Their plight—oh, direful strange!  
They who had moored for their Country's hail  
At lands of primeval range!  
Tell, ye shores, of the lone, lone boat;  
Ye have watched e'er the Time of tears;  
To the patriot heart it looms afloat—  
Afloat on the tide of years!

Solemn echoed Shore and Shore—  
"We divulge more ancient lore,  
Yet nor holden clew abides  
Where yon olden burial hides.  
Yea, afar off witnessed we  
Shadowings dark with tragedy.  
Vast in Solitude that scene.

. . . .

Stir of hell reached out between  
The ship—ahoy for England—turned  
With slowly move, as tho' discerned  
Were vileness of her coward crew,  
And heavied her with sense of rue.  
Soon our vision lost fair ken  
O'er the drifting, pinioned men.  
Ask the inland Sea whose name  
Proud proclaims heroic fame."

Spake the Waters—cryptic ever—  
“Ought these fathoms keep,  
Search and wrest—or yield we never  
Secrets from our deep.  
Stern the boatful bore their faring;  
Strong in fellow-cheer;  
Bitter hazard loyal sharing  
While their doom drew near.  
Talked the boy of playmates meeting;  
Heard the village bell;  
And his dog’s fain bark of greeting;  
Then—some weird knell.  
This our waves demur not voicing;  
More—the depths deny.  
How Fate steered unknown a choicing  
Pray the guardian Sky.”

Sound of triumph chanted forth:—  
“Scroll of rescue hear the Host avow!  
Behold—in vista long remote—  
One desolate bore  
Whence thro’ the solitary, mysteried north,  
In signal to the sentinel Stars, there came  
Great, human pulsings of majestic woe.  
Straightway our Pilot—he of gracious name—  
In pity hastened to the prow,  
And happily coursed the weary Band  
O’er dirge-lapped waves in soothing flow,  
Unto a restful strand,  
Where asphodel in marvellous beauty springs  
From seed of sufferings.

## MAUD'S BIRTHDAY.

How fondly we remember  
When a matronly September  
Sent a cradle-ship a-sailing from the skies;  
The asters gaily decked it,  
Where the sunny clouds bespelled it,  
And the goldenrod waved out its pennon dyes!

Wistful, then we sought alluring  
This wee prow to Ingle-mooring,  
And for beacon wide we flung our haven-door;  
Glad, the gala Maples beckoned,  
True, the pilot zepthers reckoned  
How to waft the dainty passenger ashore!

So 'tis no wonder surely  
Such a baby grew demurely  
With a summer-autumn witchery of grace;—  
Her heart a love-lit centre  
For noble traits to enter  
And send their beauty 'lumining her face.

How can we but remember  
Joyously the dear September  
For the sake of precious dower from the skies!  
Who diffuses life's caressing?  
Who abides a faithful blessing?  
O, the daughter with our wonder-baby's eyes!

