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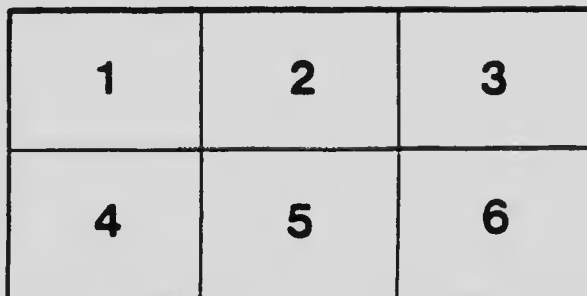
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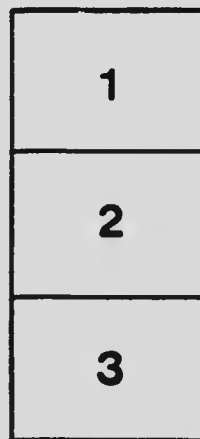
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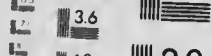
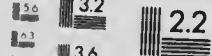
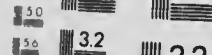
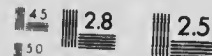
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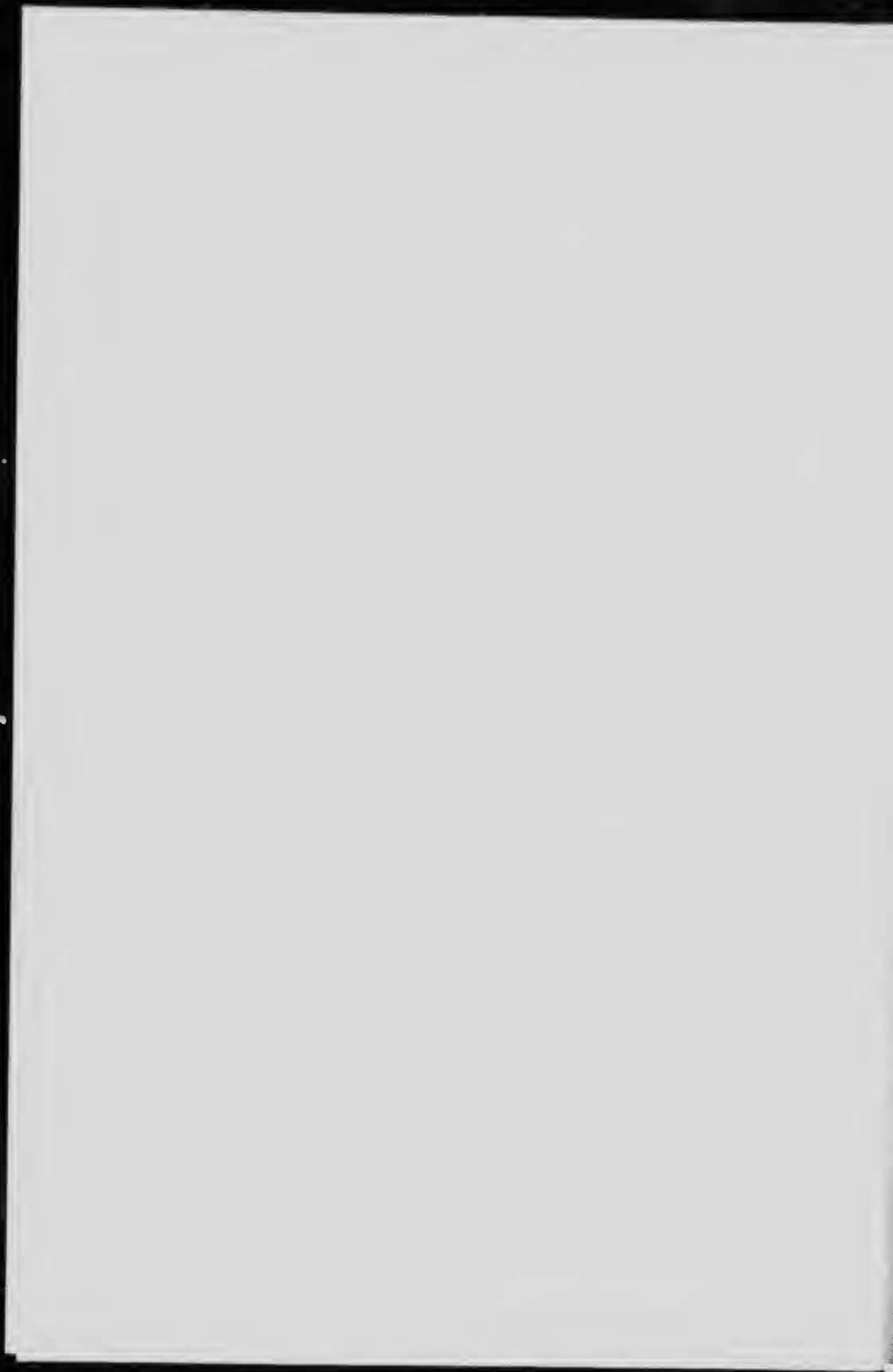
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New Canadian Poems

COMPOSED AT VARIOUS TIMES
BY
WARNEFORD MOFFATT

TORONTO:
WILLIAM BRIGGS,
1914.

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TO
F. E. M.

“Man is . . . *the* spirit animal.”

—*Charles Kingsley.*

“There is no life but of the spirit.”

—*George Meredith.*

PREFACE

ONE of these poems was published some years ago in a Magazine, but it appears here with such alterations and additions that there is no necessity to particularly mention it.



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New Canadian Poems

TO MY NATIVE LAND

WHITHER, my Country, O whither along
Goest thou now, self-sufficient and strong?

Springing from East grows the weal of the
West,

As wheat downward curves under yellowing
crest.

Spreading, upheaving, like ferment of yeast
In richness fast working, towers West over East.

Whither, my Country, O whither along
Goest thou now, self-sufficient and strong?

Be great in thyself! Nor heed siren-song
Where millions down south on our barriers
throng.

Through records unfading, ideals renew,
From pathways of past one path ever hew!

Whither, my Country, O whither along
Goest thou now, self-sufficient and strong?

FOR VICTORIA OR EMPIRE DAY

To the memory of Queen Victoria.

QUEEN and Empress! By God's right!
By thine own right, firmly throned
Mistress o'er the British heart
Through long reign of matchless years.
India's races hail thy name.
Anglo-Saxon lands of wealth
Thou hast blazoned with renown
Sprung from justice, wholly just.
Knightly honour dwelt enshrined—
Ancient heirloom, in thy breast,
And our Empire's love was born
Diademed around far seas.

Queen and Empress! Woman true!
None has worn the triple crown—
Human pain, and power, and joy,
With such calm reserves of strength,
With such high restraint of self.

FOR VICTORIA OR EMPIRE DAY

None in judgment, foresight clear,
Has like thee 'mid faction-war
Seen where guiding Duty gleamed,
All the people's voices rise,
Blent as one harmonious chord,
Swelling Time's triumphant song,
Heralding thy deathless life.

NATIONAL POLICY

I

MAN'S life consisteth not of things he hath.
So spake our "Elder Brother" to his race;
So lived He, treading not Earth's glory-path
Where War or Wealth contends for prideful
place.

II

True Nationhood enfolds the sum of lives—
By birthright, feeling and by thought allied,
Within one policy where life survives;
So, too, its germ doth not in things abide.

III

Great is a Nation as her souls are great.
Mean grows the State whose citizens reveal
Self struggling ever of itself to prate,
With barred equality 'mid common weal.

NATIONAL POLICY

IV

Strong Canada! Through adolescence grown,
What vision seest thou or hast thou none?
For thy loved people wouldst thou build alone?
When vision fails the smallest worth is won.

V

Midway thou standest where East and West
Make trysting-hamut, and conficts all
complete.
What is thy vision? Dost thou blink at best,
Content to tax and toll while Nations meet?

VI

Hast thou no spirit-light no psychic dream?
Look backward! Mark youth's vision forest
born,
By lake, by river, by wide spaces gleam
Like wind-wave rippling over the iric corn.

VII

Look forward! See! Thy vast horizon glows
With opened glories of the years that rise,
While quickly runs our Age to breathless close.
How dawns this future for Canadian eyes?

NATIONAL POLICY

VIII

The call of self is hell's high devil-song,
Sung loudly down those thousand leagues of
line,
Where word-profession rolls its faith along,
Where star-lit stripes on fettered traffic shine.

IX

Stand not bewitched though nations ask of
God—
They, too, scarce conscious of crime's irony—
"Are we our brother's keepers?" When their sod
Is drenched with heart-sweat from Self's
policy.

X

An Empire's fate the watchful Time-king sways
To growth in weakness or strong unity;
O wisely shape thy people's inward ways,
Nor seek wide commerce yet home-tax decree.

XI

Man's life consisteth not of things he hath.
So taught man's "Elder Brother," taught his
race;
Worn out and sad He cleared earth's jungle-
path,
Then triumphed through the strength of love's
embrace.

THE AMERICAN WEALTH-SPIRIT

AMERICA! Thy generations fly
With jostling speed to ravish maiden Earth,
As if her joys had full recurring worth,
And nerve-life quailed not in excitement's cry.
Yet Nature works unruffled, gives the lie
To deeds where discord has triumphant birth,
To men whose raptures have no ring of mirth
From hearts awakened under love-born sigh.

Old is that story! Hastening to be rich
Sends madness roaming through a Nation's
mind.

No Godhead beaming as immortal guide
Hails Wealth's ideal into templed niche,
Then onward rushing, Spirit false, half blind,
Fulfil self-ruin by thy suicide.

1812-14

As oft the Sun through darkly stretching cloud
Comes battling out in strength, a king of day,
So—Canada, thy Spirit bold yet gray
Shone bravely from its fold of mourning shroud,
When War had weakened but not held thee
cowed.

Now, by the light of that remembered way
At Queenstown, Stoney Creek and Château-
guay,
Grown into splendour with life's power endowed,
Maintain thy progress if against all fate,
United, stand! A future still undreamed
Lies waiting for the Will's intrepid reign
Above Self's call or jealousies of hate.
'Twas union saved thee when thy valour
gleamed
Beside the British line round Lundy's Lane.

TO THE OLD SPIRIT OF THE TWO
CANADAS

LADY! When in distant days
Struggling to fulfil thy life,
Nature rose with unveiled gaze
Wild before thee, strong in strife;
Never didst thou quail or fly,
Lose thy faith's aspiring aim,
But with face to Western sky
Looked beyond the sunset flame.

Lady! When from single States
Union o'er disunion grew,
When above lone prairie-gates
Flag of law and order flew;
Light in step thy footfall came,
Haunting new ideal heights
Where Dominion's high-born fame
Glittered o'er "Provincial rights."

THE OLD SPIRIT OF THE TWO CANADAS

Lady! Now, thy battle gained,
Nature tamed, race-struggle done,
Take the brain and sinew trained,
On where beaten pathways run.
Reap the harvest of the mind
From life's field of virgin soil,
And a grander future bind
To that past of Spartan toil.

TO MY MOTHER

'Mid the star-worlds of light think of me,
When my earth-home fades dimly away,
As the gloom o'er the shadowless sea
Darkens fast under vanishing day;
When our land has grown drearily still,
While a night-wind sighs low through each
tree,
And the heart-strings of love gently thrill,
For I dream, deeply dream then of thee.

'Mid the star-worlds of light turn to me,
As my morning creeps brighter in view,
And the sun from sea-travel set free
Decks thy sky with a sapphirine blue;
While mankind to hard toil sadly goes,
While the day sees no interests agree
But drags wearily down to vain close,
For I think, often think long of thee.

TO MY MOTHER

Bend to me from the star-worlds of light!

I would be with thee, now, where thou art,
Ever sinless to rest in thy sight,

Ever loved as first child of thy heart.

O forget not those days that are gone!

In thy happiness cling still to me,
As our Earth-orb below travels on,

For I come, oh! I come soon to thee.

**KNOW YOU YET THAT LONESOME
HOUR ?**

I

Know you yet that lonesome hour
When the real stands out revealed,
When mind's gloomy figures tower
Giant-born o'er Memory's field?

II

Face to face, the fog-bound soul,
Cleared of Cant's deceptive lie,
Sees itself, its naked whole,
Sees it with impassioned cry.

III

Sees itself, half conscious feels
Closeness of another self;
Backward from the vision reels,
Partly satyr, partly elf.

KNOW YOU YET THAT LONESOME HOUR?

IV

Sees itself as Angel-form,
Beckons with beseeching hand;
Growls a tempest, breaks a storm,
Conflict on some neutral land.

V

Best is worst, has failure's touch,
Roll life's canvas, roll it up!
Wrestle not in demon-clutch,
Drain the numbing hemlock-cup.

VI

Best is worst, has taint of wrong,
Naught conveys full meaning here,
Tears and laughter, moan and song
Flash their changes through the year.

VII

Death and Love, new joys or care,
Forward high disorder swings,
Hark! 'Tis friendship's bond must bear
Sorrow's weight on silken strings.

KNOW YOU YET THAT LONESOME HOUR?

VIII

Friendship, Love, both things mean one,
Blending not where keen eyes dart,
But where chords of feeling run
When two hearts in sadness part.

IX

Part! The thought unbidden comes,
Shan we meet, yet meet again?
And doubt's unknown answer sums
Life's great pain, its "If," for men.

X

Out of darkness into space,
Thus the human atom flies,
Lonely runs a chequered race,
Lonely still at end it dies.

XI

Gone! And where? To what abyss?
Coming, going, toil and strain,
Why then should it rest in bliss?
Why desire—if all is vain?

TELL ME WHERE THE FAIRIES
RAMBLE

I

TELL me where the Fairies ramble
When a moonlit night is warm!
Over brooklets, by thick bramble,
Flit they like the firefly's form?

II

Resting on tall meadow-grasses—
Bending as from dewy film,
Onward then in trooping masses
Come they to lone woodlands dim?

III

There, in circles gaily dancing
Where wide clearing shows the sky;
There, until first dawn-beam glancing
Starts a wild bird's waking cry.

TELL ME WHERE THE FAIRIES RAMBLE

IV

Youthful—round quick-circling ages,
Ever growing, never old,
Wise beyond the lore of sages,
Children of an earthly mould.

V

Surely, Fairies laugh and gambol
Uncontrolled by levelling stress,
Somewhere now o'er billtops ramble
As through days of good Queen Bess.

VI

Surely, eyes that never twinkle
Still can see where Fairies play,
Come from cleft in rock-formed wrinkle
By the twisting creeper's way.

VII

Let me find this glad World-centre
With its feast of songful mirth,
Find a spirit-haunt, and enter
Ere life's humour dies from dearth.

FANCY

I

HAIL to thee, bright Goddess fair,
Dwelling not where gathers care;
Sister of the glowing day
Heralded by early ray
Tinting storm-worn mountain peak;
Quick at playing hide-and-seek
Where the lonely billow sweeps
Over distant ocean deeps,
With a sunbeam of the west,
As our land is laid to rest.

II

Hail! O hail! Enchantress sweet,
Dancing at life's golden seat,
Tell a mortal bound by Time
Secrets of that deathless clime
Scarcely conceived in thought as yet,
Wandering through a tangled net.
Call the future forth to light,
Call it into briefest sight,
Whisper to man's willing ear
Wisdom won from smile, from tear.

FANCY

III

Off in dream-worlds, thus she spoke:
"Freely falls my shining yoke
With the spirit's quickening ray
On each forming son of clay;
And I struggle hard at birth
For the Will and all its worth,
For possession of his mind,
Ere dull earthen Forces bind
Spirit-motives round his heart
To the toil of sordid mart."

IV

"Fancy's name is what I bear,
Fancy's many shapes I wear,
Youth is my prescriptive right,
Love my single guiding light,
Hope the link uniting both;
And I answer—never loth,
Wish of mortal unconfined
As the heedless-blowing wind,
Who can only summon me,
Can the future briefly see."

FANCY

V

Swiftly then, one moment came
Fancy's form in gleam of flame,
Pure, like glad Angelic soul
Singing near a pilgrim-goal;
Stood, while grew o'er raptured gaze
Misty gloom of tearful haze;
Smiling, opened hidden well
Where the timid feelings dwell,
Gently said in voice divine,
"Thou art mine, love, make me thine!"

VI

With the words away she passed—
Hair in braided tresses massed,
Out upon the limpid sea,
'Mid a burst of melody,
'Mid a thrill of ecstasy;
But returning speedily,
Shed on forest lands her mirth
Till their wildness felt joy's birth,
Soared where snow-bright summits rise,
Vanished into sparkling skies.

YOUTH

I

O YOUTH! How lovely rise thy dreams
On sunny hills, by wooded streams,
Whose sounds re-echo full and long
Sweet answer to life's inward song.

II

Wild Nature's note wakes thought in thee,
Like shells recall sea-mystery
Round toiling wave, down foam-clad shore,
Of storm and tide, dark ocean's roar.

III

A perfect faith controls thy heart,
Untouched by craft or schemer's art,
And purer far than northern skies
Gleams truth within thy wondering eyes.

YOUTH

IV

When marvels of the Spring appear,
They lure thee fast o'er dell and mere,
Responding to strong moods of play
While changing into Summer's day.

V

Thou knowest naught, save joys are seen
Where fields reflect a quivering sheen,
Where half regardless of a race
The butterfly starts eager chase.

VI

Throughout thy being, boundless hope
Runs riot with unhindered scope,
Bids thee confess its kingly right
And view the world from mountain height.

KNOWLEDGE

YOUTH's golden hours unnumbered fly,
Youth's pregnant years forgotten die,
Till meteor-like down quiet sky
Pale sorrow flashes weirdly by.

From darkness unto light he came
With ghastly mien, of dismal name,
From light to darkness, swifter then
Through cries of pain he fled again.

O never more in careless glee
Will Youth survey life's dazzling sea,
Unconsciously brief moment wait
Before calm, onward step of Fate.

For good and ill at last are known,
The seeds of sadness deeply sown,
And knowledge kindling brighter brand
Reveals a wreck-strewn, haunted strand.

TO THE CAPITALIST AND THE
WORKING-MAN

I

ONCE the Fairies kept dominion,
Then our world had little care;
Once, upborne by lustrous pinion
Spirit-life filled earth and air.

II

Now, the skilled mechanic grumbles,
Sees a tyrant's ugly stripe;
Onward, peasant farmer stumbles
Clinging to his laws of Type.

III

Now, anæmia sends a shiver
Where the nerves had sent a thrill;
Now, where flowed truth's deepest river
Tosses falsehood's foamy rill.

CAPITALIST AND WORKING-MAN

IV

Self, in garb of duty's fashion,
Prideful urges high career;
Self—inflamed with business passion,
Corners wher't while yet in ear.

V

Once, the Fairies kept dominion,
Then no cities looked alike;
Once, a sweep of Spirit pinion
Flashed along o'er field or dyke.

VI

Pseudo-science—iron ruling,
Chases Fairies far away;
Idlers wrapped in mental fooling
Ape the skill of Wisdom's play.

VII

Poor mechanics, poorer mortals,
Unemployed or wealthy men,
Why before Utopian portals
Seek aught else than miry den?

CAPITALIST AND WORKING-MAN

VIII

Forward look! The gleam of morning
Shines above smoke-laden towns.
See! How light and life seem scorning
All that man's ambition crowns.

IX

Come! Re-seek in love's communion
Soul of childhood's purest wells,
Healing wound from hate's disunion
Where the forest-fairy dwells.

X

Come! Together problems ponder,
Join! Rejoin life's merry men!
Hie! Hie fast away to wander
With bright Fairies down a glen.

XI

There, we know, the waters babble
Things which Angels barely tell;
There, the saddened, city's rabble
Yet may feel a Nature-spell.

CAPITALIST AND WORKING-MAN

XII

There—'mid silence, wood-bird's hammer
Slower falls with lengthening shade;
There, no bold, assertive clamour
Frights an owl from lonely glade.

XIII

Poor hand-toiler, by true labour
Purchase brains that riches make;
Great gold-magnate, raise thy neighbour
To his best for self's own sake.

XIV

Come, my brothers! Fairy fingers
Point you down a living way,
Come, my brothers! Spirit lingers
To re-sing an ancient lay.

A SONG

O LOVE will build a palace yet,
Where thought shall ever be
All-radiant as the lights that set
Across an evening sea.

O Love through gleam of love will shine
A beacon for its halls,
Till soul by soul has found her shrine
And there with rapture falls.

O Love will then in union bring
Wide realms, wide worlds unseen,
To Time will bind each timeless thing
And reign life's guardian Queen.

I WOULD AS A POET TRAVEL

I WOULD as a Poet travel
East or West across the climes,
Fortune's tangled skein unravel,
Wake the heart's unuttered rhymes.

Search the future, test the wonders
That a Seer alone can gauge,
Sifting thought his magic sunders
From a faithless factory-age.

Dream amid an opal sunset
That our world at last is fair,
Building like some crested kinglet
Domèd nest of love-born care.

I WOULD AS A POET TRAVEL

Float down rippling tides of ocean,
Down a moon-track on lone wave,
One with Nature's full emotion
Where blue waters Greek Isles lave.

Live beneath high Summer's heaven,
Listening to love's fervid lay,
Life transformed by spirit-leaven,
Ever at new goals of day.

AN OLD MEMORY FROM THE BEACH
AT CACOUNA*

I

Why does Time so swiftly vanish
Ere the years are well in hand;
Old remembrance gently banish,
As a child's house built of sand
Softly falls when waters creep,
Swelling upward from the deep,
Round the sea-weed, round the shells,
Over stones, o'er rocky wells,
Where sun-heated pool displays
Many magic-tinted rays;
Swelling, till the tide—full risen,
Breaking through her ocean prison,
Touches farthest point of reach,
Meets the bright life on the beach,
Which beneath impellent action
Wanders after new attraction,
While light fishing-vessels dance
Under Noon's bewitching glance?

*A summer resort on the Lower St. Lawrence.

THE BEACH AT CACOUNA

Then, the sea in fullest glory
Tells alone her saddening story,
 Wrought amongst hard rock and den
 By the dying moan of men.
Tells of struggle to expand,
To consume the heavy land,
Till a stillness grows about,
Fades the last departing shout,
And we feel that naught increases,
 Only change seems evermore,
Know the raptured moment ceases—
 Ceases at a lonely shore.

II

Once, ah! once, Time's fleetest motion
Lagged behind the swing of thought,
Youth in wanton self-devotion
 Every passing pleasure caught;
 Wrung the fresh enjoyment dry,
 Uttering life's cheerful cry;
 Seized another, dashing on,
 To a goal where vision shone
 With an earthly reign of bliss,
 Sweet as maiden's ravished kiss;

THE BEACH AT CACOUNA

Full of wild intoxication,
Reckless of the dull relation
 'Tween a cause and its effect,
 Lacking knowledge to detect
'Mid the future rising slowly,
Made by deeds unjust or holy,
 While neglected minutes press,
 Aught of pain and long distress;
But as happy as a morning
Breaking redly with forewarning,
 Like the bee—at hottest hour,
 Drawn to fertilize a flower,
 When its waves of coloured light
 Check through chance his restless flight,
 Or like clouds of gold that grow
 Only for themselves aglow.
Ah! Those days were days of gladness
 And the world seemed built for aye,
When strong Youth in fevered madness
 Yearned to greet an unborn day.

THE CALL TO THE WEST

I

Come with me, my loved one, come!
See me seeking love's reward—
Life full won in life's accord!
See me waiting for a crumb
Of the festival to be,
If thou wilt love's feast decree!

II

Come with me, my loved one, come!
I am thine, forever thine,
Link thy being unto mine.
Look! These lips with love grow dumb,
While my spirit speaks to thee,
Calling, calling westwardly.

III

Come, my love! Come! Let us stray!
Where the wish prompts we will flee
Like two wild birds, fearlessly.
We will track the flying day,
Setting o'er a hopeful West
Redder on each cloud-hill's crest.

THE CALL TO THE WEST

IV

Come, my love! Come fast away!
Fast to me, sweet! Thou shalt be
 Wrapped in heart's own mystery,
We shall—under deepening sway
 Of love's ever glad embrace,
 Build our home, run out our race.

V

Come, my love, come, come to me!
 Ere Youth's fires are dull, are dead,
 While new lights of beauty shed
Softest gleams that circle thee,
 Like the love-star nigh the Sun
 Dropping down as day is done.

VI

Come, my love! Ah! Why delay?
 Let me take thy hand in mine,
 Let me touch thy lips divine?
Come with me! Come West away!
 All the future rises up,
 All the brave drain freedom's cup.

MY BARK CANOE

My bark canoe like fretting steed
Stands by the racing river,
Of Indian build, of forest breed,
Her lines with life half-shiver.

O kneel within, a paddle take,
We'll race the racing river,
Steer straight where roaring waters break,
Then to the rapids give her.

My bark canoe—a winning steed,
Though strained, though all a-quiver,
Floats proudly now by sunny mead,
Along the broadening river.

“BITTER-SWEET”*

O BITTER-SWEET love seems indeed;
So sang the Lesbian maiden,
Yet bitter as wild hemlock weed
Is life with love unladen.

O bitter-sweet love seems indeed
My priestess, Lesbian maiden,
Yet sweet as wild Hymettian seed
Is life with love full laden.

O bitter-sweet love seems indeed,
O’erweighted or unladen,
Yet none thy words will ever heed,
Heart-singer, Lesbian maiden.

*Sappho. Edn. Wharton.

THE TWO LOVES

DEAR wondrous love! From spirit born,
Bright gift enshrined in mortal breast,
Gift—rayed like hope's awakening morn,
For seekers on perfection's quest;
Who know thee best would never yield
One memory to death's crafty power,
Howe'er employed, how hal' revealed,
But wait the fulness of thine hour.

Sweet human love! The living link
Between lost years and life to be,
Thy triumphs come though ills ne'er sink
In wave from joy's abounding sea;
Yea, here wide splendour e'en thou hast,
When first is conquered strong desire,
When struggling from a dateless past
Are tamed the flames of passion's fire.

DISSATISFACTION

I

I HEARD a voice beside me say,
As coming from leaf-bordered way,
"Climb upward by the things of earth,
Through light and shadow, toil and mirth,
An all-sufficing point attain
Where mind controls wide pleasure's reign."

II

I laboured up the path of thought
And fought as man had never fought,
I strove to find a restful pause
At seeming spring of primal cause.

III

I sailed with hope down star-lit seas,
I cleared the soil of forest trees,
I saw fair progress fairer grow,
On low horizon sunrise glow.

DISSATISFACTION

IV

But inner laws appeared unrolled
As strife was cast in fresher mould,
Some greater ill the heart distressed,
Some deeper evil further pressed.

V

Each upward step brought new demands
For keener work on fertile lands,
For mental march that would not cease,
For thrusting back of dreams of peace.

VI

I felt a flame within me burn,
As coming from life's hidden urn,
Which touched with fire the things of earth,
As things confined in time-worn girth,
And under ash of matter lay
The framework of a spirit-day.

ANOTHER ANSWER TO "THE
COMMON LOT"*

I

TELL me not! O tell me not
All of life must pass away,
All must in some common lot
Perish 'mid a dull decay!

II

Perish! Germ of social fear
Bred on mediæval soil.
Perish! Brain-worn sons of beer,
Greed that shames while doubling toil.

III

Science—entering gates of thought
Opened by her magic key,
Cries, "High action fails in naught,"
Counts the ship-tracks on the sea.

*The original poem, by James Montgomery, was answered
by Lord Byron in "Hours of Idleness."

“ THE COMMON LOT ”

IV

Evolution—through the years,
Shining out of æons past,
Brighter shines o'er moral spheres
Up from Hebrew struggle cast.

V

“ None so happy,” still 'tis said,
“ Who will wish not once to die ”;
Mind-work in routine-work fled,
None can follow freedom's cry.

VI

Envy—with malignant eyes,
Decked in smart or shoddy clothes,
Only human failure spies,
Only praise of greatness loathes.

VII

Gone—pursuing fashion's trend,
Honour of the years flown by;
Gone the chivalry to friend,
Doric hatred of a lie.

“ THE COMMON LOT ”

VIII

Every fact its value keeps,
Every deed has moulded life,
Not a sorrow deeply sleeps,
Else were Love with Truth at strife.

IX

Tell me not then, tell me not
All of Life here wastes away,
All—confused in fated lot,
Withers at a deathful day.

X

Where the prairie breezes blow
Over plains by wild things trod,
Soul and body sanely grow,
Springs undamned the virgin sod.

XI

Soul and body—twins awhile,
Will-born from love's minstrelsy,
Why, how'er dissolved or vile
Should life lack identity?

THE SWINGING OF THE AXE

I

High swung the axe in days of old
When gods with gods fierce battle rolled,
When cleaving through the brain of Zeus
Great Greek intelligence broke loose,
When home returned from Trojan plain
Fell Agamemnon foully slain.

O axe, what deeds of blood and shame,
What thrilling deeds surround thy name?
Who formed and urged for human weal,
For human woe, thy tempered steel?

II

High swung the axe o'er Roman sod,
Upspringing from a lictor's rod
Ere law to tyranny succumbed,
When law by tyranny was numbed,
When Christian soul in martyr's breath
Passed out unheeding fateful death.

O axe, bright emblem of release
From world of hate to world of peace,
By short and quick though bitter way
Across life's brief, perplexing day.

THE SWINGING OF THE AXE

III

High swung the axe with flashing rays
Through Asian grove, 'mid Cretan maze,
Up Alpine pass, down Alpine stream
Forever Westward went its gleam,
Until beyond Atlantic toil
It swung at last on freedom's soil.

O axe, what paths for human good,
For newer forms of brotherhood,
Thy ringing stroke has well begun,
Thy slashing blows have made, have won?

IV

High swings the axe in present days,
But swinging to the settler's gaze,
Who sees a clearing hewed and grown
With wheat, as grass-land all his own,
Whose children born by forest tree
Will swing an axe-head merrily.

O axe, what dreams thy steel can give
Where wild earth blooms and woodmen live?
O axe, unstained by sordid strife,
True symbol now of New World life.

THE COMING OF CANADIAN SPRING

WARMER streams the wandering sun,
Longer grows returning day,
Milder winds their courses run
Breaking Winter's hold away ;
Till, hard ice-bound waters heave,
Swiftly low-lined margins leave,
Tearing, crashing,
Foaming, flashing,
Browned beneath alluvial mud,
Rolling in tumultuous flood,
Swollen by unbroken rains
Melting scarred and shrivelled plains ;
While, through depths of lonely sky
Flies a crow with anxious cry ;
Signals that from tropic band,
Flushing like some lovequick maid,
Eager Spring comes down the land,
Down in pomp of life's parade.

THE COMING OF CANADIAN SPRING

Flows again the forest brook
Murmuring below its ice;
Snowdrifts dull and faded look,
Tarnishing with dust's device;
Earthen rings encircle trees
Where the sweet sap new warmth frees,
Night-frost holding
Sun's unfolding
Of inner growth, of secret ways,
For linnetsong through April days.
Cease the sleigh-bells' merry sound.
Wider shows the drying ground,
Rapidly to sight and ear
Young buds push their brief career;
Signs, that now along the land,
Grown in strength, in youthful bloom,
Spring has withered Winter's hand,
Opened Nature's pregnant womb.

SUMMER, SUMMER, WAIT AWHILE

I

SUMMER, Summer, wait awhile,
Pass not down the forest aisle
Fading under Gothic roof,
Keep chill Autumn's foot aloof;
Pass not from the mellow sea
Breaking back so lazily,
With its warmth of many lands
Gathered up on glowing sands.

II

Summer, Summer, full again
Gleam o'er plain and sedgy fen;
Happy sounds of busy toil
Swell above the heated soil;
Gleam along each mountain side,
Every headland, valley hide
In that golden half-light rare,
Born of evening's mystic air.

SUMMER, SUMMER, WAIT AWHILE

III

Summer, Summer, turn and rest.
Fruit and leaf display their best,
Freshly dawns thy bracing morn,
Only now is cut the corn,
Heavy dews the grasses wet,
Chirps a bird undaunted yet,
Higher rises to its noon
Brighter still our harvest moon.

IV

Summer, Summer, wilt thou not
Wait a little, brave thy lot?
All too soon each shortening day
Sinks unheeded, coldly gray.
Go not yet! The heavier rains
O'er the wild flowers cast no stains,
And thy glory nothing dooms
While with sun-joy Nature blooms.

REST

I

THERE comes no new Saturnian reign,
No pause, no peace 'mid world-career,
Such things entice the nimble brain
From tracking down our changeful year ;
But rest appears at every stage
Where work completed marks advance.
Looms dimly, fades like blurring page
Long scanned by tired, imperfect glance.

II

'Tis never gained, 'tis only seen.
'Tis often felt as presence near,
A child's lost form, a foam-born Queen,
A hand to calm each doubt or fear,
A wish that yearns for languid seas
When Winter moulds an iron band,
A softened air, a scented breeze
Fast folding an Arcadian land.

REST

III

The dazzling minutes bound along,
Brain-phantoms grow to pass away,
But nerve-reactions full and strong
Form centres of increasing play.
Far off, the weary Spirit soars
In dreamlands unto Fancy known,
Far off by life's ideal shores
Rest dwells on thought's created throne.

MOUNT ROYAL

JACQUES CARTIER stood upon Mount Royal's
brow,*

And saw a river flowing to the sea
With eagle-speed between expanding sides;
He saw dim mountain forms, the westward lake
That glittering played about old fabled gates
To rich Cathay, while deep beneath arose
Thick smoke from wigwams of wild Iroquois;
He saw the maple leaf at Autumn's touch
Turned into colours of prismatic gleam,
Among dark hues where Time's unnumbered oaks
Ontspread their pomp along the silent woods.

He looked, and as he looked, across his mind
There strayed a vision of great years to be:
High arts of life had changed primeval wastes
By noble toil begetting noblest deeds.
The river flashed where rambling village smiled,
But now its banks were spanned, while from the
bridge

Rushed quickly forth a Demon of Advance
That yelled and fled, fled clamorously off.

* 1535 A.D.

MOUNT ROYAL

Along the waters on sure-travelling keel,
Vast merchandise from ancient nations came
To throng extending wharves with foreign wealth.
A city shimmered under tropic sun,
The roar of industry, the hum of men
Swelled louder. Northward, far to west and
east

In quickening effort countless houses rose;
Yet prouder still, bright steeples grandly towered,
Scattered and tall, as when Atlantic waves
Are curled aloft, are twisted by storm-winds.
Beyond the river leagues of wood were cleared,
The farmer plodded round an open land
Whose fields glowed softly with fast ripening
corn;

The wigwams of red Indians were no more,
Nor down swift current danced their bark canoes,
Whilst in the distance where blue mountains
loomed,

Obscurely outlined through heat-laden air,
Long boundaries of a Saxon people lay,
And English was the language of the world.

The vision of the years flowed back again.
The Breton shivered with his passing trance,
Till in an ecstacy of thought-delight
He whispered to himself—"Why not for France?"

MOUNT ROYAL

This 'Mont Royal' shall be my 'Mont Réel'.^{*}

The years, the centuries have come, have gone.
Champlain paid homage to Jacques Cartier's
dream

And tilled for France first furrow on the land.*
But France—full aiming at dynastic sway,
Resigned an Empire that was nobly won;
Yet France and England twined their flags of
war

In peace below the mountain's aged brow,
Their allied sons uphold Britannia's rule,
For them the vision into substance grows,
Mount Royal therefore keeps its rightful name,
While Montreal—great offspring of twin sires,
Is now the sun-loved city, forest born.

* 1611 A.D.

SIX VERSES

I

BEATRICE! So deeply lying
In Mount Royal's ground alone,
No one now through April hieing
To renew thy name-wrought stone.

II

Oft, wild winds rush weirdly sweeping
From the Winter's frozen zone,
High and lightly snowdrifts heaping,
Leave thee lost 'mid worlds unknown.

III

Yet, the Summer breeze resinging
Songs beneath a heated noon,
Essences of life rebringing,
Wafts thee near me, near me soon.

63

SIX VERSES

IV

Naught it matters! Wind-wave sighing
As a heart from spirit hewn,
Though it mourns o'er Nature's dying,
Quickly swells in lyric tune.

V

Naught it matters! Zephyr blowing
Warmly down Mount Royal's grass,
Though it breathes like soul o'erflowing,
Thou canst never feel this pass.

VI

Ever under earth reclining,
Rest then, rest while bloom the flowers,
Ever loved with love's repining,
Wait at peace the fateful hours.

SCHOOL-DAYS AT LENNOXVILLE

O WOULD I were a boy once more,
Boyhood's pulses all a-thrill,
To roam as oft in days of yore
Through wild woods at Lennoxville;
Swing an axe, light up the camp-fire,
Break unyielding bonds of school
Limiting the heart's great empire,
Knowing naught save freedom's rule.
Still I see like ghosts around me
Pallid faces, arms abreast,
As the hunter in old story
Chased a Redman of the West.
Still, on God's untrodden carpet
Of the forest's mossy glade,
Watered by some trickling brooklet,
Halt I while the shadows fade.
Halt, to hear a wood-bird's clatter—
Tap and bore with driving fate,
Hear from tree-branch noisy chatter
Where grey squirrel sought his mate;

SCHOOL-DAYS AT LENNOXVILLE

Watch the jays in radiant plumage
Flash like coloured gleam away,
Ere Spring's growth of rushing herbage
All conceals their blue-born ray.

O would I were a boy again,
To ramble with no thought of ill
Far from book or desk and school pen,
O'er loved haunts at Lennoxville.
Steer the bob-sleigh, safely turning
Full of speed where curves the hill;
See snow-waters dull foam churning
Round old bridge near Lennoxville;
Wooden bridge with logs of lumber
Freely floating through each span,
All the land from Arctic slumber
Roused to life by backwoodsman.
Now, outstretched in fadeless glory
Lies at play the cricket field,
Now, to Sewell's bowling, quickly
One by one the wickets yield.
Oh! I think I hear the river
Down its mill-dam loudly roar.
Feel a thrill like human shiver,
When my boat went dashing o'er.

SCHOOL-DAYS AT LENNOXVILLE

As a dream in dawn-light looming—
Names engraved along its walls,
Comes the schoolroom, flames consuming
Memories which no thought recalls.
As a dream of sunshine gladness
Shot across life's wintry air,
Comes—unknowing tear or sadness,
Mary with her auburn hair;
Moccasined for snow-shoe tramping
Where free fancy wills to roam,
Footpath over brushwood stamping,
Mary—dead in foreign home.

O would I were a boy awhile,
Out of school to rush away,
To rush down by St. Francis Isle
Gaily nutting half the day;
Greet again—on hilltop standing
As it meets the traveller's gaze,
Friendly chapel, still commanding
View of both our rivers' ways.
Could I shoot with soldier's rifle,
Trap a chipmunk, hew down trees,
Build the log hut, chaff and trifle
Swinging on the high trapeze;

SCHOOL-DAYS AT LENNOXVILLE

Could I now in happy wonder
By the trout-brook slowly stray,
Hear its ripple flowing under
Fresh born leaves of sunlit May ;
Could I sail on broad St. Francis,
Swim with Massiwhippi's flow,
As wide liberty entrances
Boyhood's ardour all aglow ;
Could oblivion hide the present,
Yet unveil the College Hill,
Ere in sad, in careless moment
Railway progress worked its will ;
Then, oh then ! I would as schoolboy
Welcome school bonds, take my fill
Of book and pen with freedom's joy,
Roam wild woods at Lennoxville.

TO KATIE WHO LIVED AT
MONTREAL

I

KATIE, Katie, whither now
Art thou fled so far away?
Whither gone thy love-lit brow
Rivalling the hues of day?
For awhile thy radiance shone
Full amongst mortality,
Gently faded, dimly wan
Fluttered, sank down dyingly.

II

Katie, Katie, never more
Rising from enchanted eyes,
Canst thou waves of mirth outpour,
Coloured as the sapphire skies,
When in mazes of the dance
Briefly linked we swept away,
Under heart-delighting trance,
With light footsteps, wildly gay.

TO KATIE WHO LIVED AT MONTREAL

III

Katie, Katie, where thou art
Dost thou still remember me?
Dost thou from thy new home dart
Earthward one thought grievingly?
Hast thou quite forgot the night
When cold rains of Autumn came,
When I wrapped thee, grudged thy flight,
Fearful of life's flickering flame?

IV

Katie, Katie, in that minute
All revealed, I saw thy soul,
Saw the depths which lay within it—
Measureless, like Heaven's goal;
Saw thy life, which then, alas!
Even then had tired of earth,
Waiting till the frost-bound grass
Rustled under Springtime's birth.

V

Katie, Katie, how my soul
Fettered here by links of clay,
Longs to break its dull control,
On swift wing ascend away—

TO KATIE WHO LIVED AT MONTREAL

As at dawn a soaring dream
 Wafts to clime no mortals own,
And from pure Castalian stream
 Seek thy spirit-joys unknown.

VI

Katie, Katie, hope still lives,
 Vanquished though thy body lies,
Hope, that deathless rapture gives,
 Shines within all human eyes.
Yet, when thoughts of other days
 Twine their memories round thy name,
Fain I would with earthly gaze
 See thee, bearing beauty's fame.

THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY

ETERNAL beauty! Whose perfection keeps
In tranquil ecstasy the mind of man,
Till every wish beneath fulfilment sleeps,
That God and earth are covered by a span.

O sovran joy! Whose wondrous lustre fills
A deepening universe with mystic light,
That Nature to harmonious murmur thrills,
As life unfolds in love's divining sight.

Thou nameless glory! Whose deep essence lies—
Revealing spirit, over land and sea,
Like soft expression of celestial eyes,
Beam on my soul and turn it all to thee.

LIFE

I

O WHAT is life? Adjustive change!
Harmonic stirring deftly wrought
Where growth's competing interests range
Round product called to harbour thought!
A Will, expanding with fair schemes
For wringing out of toilful years
The substance from ambition's dreams,
Which youth-enchancement fast endears!

II

In labour done by reasoned thought,
In effort by the framing hand
Life's aim above world-law is taught;
And man obeys a high command,
When seeking 'mid his own deep soul
Whatever burns of native light,
He daily trims this till the goal
Of true birth-motive looms in sight.

LIFE

III

Life—starting as through chance to life,
Uncertain whither Fortune tends,
With passions in emotion rife,
Seems plaything tossed to vainest ends;
Yet, surely as on scroll unwinds
Some history told by brush or pen,
So man his lot unravelled finds
And lives not back one hour again.

A SONG

WHITHER away, my heart,
Whither away?
Far from the world apart
With love at play.

Couldst thou not stay, my heart,
Couldst thou not stay?
Then in love's world apart
Wander for aye.

I TURN FROM HAUNTS OF RUSHING MEN

I

I TURN from haunts of rushing men,
From Self's assertion, hidden guile,
To find in Nature's radiant smile
O'er wooded vale, lake, hill or fen,
Where wandering foot may roam at will,
Relief for every human ill.

II

Though out of strong convulsion came
The mountain peak, the treeless plain,
Pure freshness of blue sky, of main;
'Twas fitness wrought by withering flame,
Through aeons in an ordered haste,
That formed o'er sifted slag and waste.

III

Though underneath all outward charm
Stern competition widely reigns,
Till death alone gives final gains;

I TURN FROM HAUNTS OF RUSHING MEN

'Tis Goodness using pain's alarm,
To force dull growth up stagnant way,
Nor lose the type 'mid world of prey.

IV

I turn from haunts of men. I turn
To calm in Nature, doubts or fears.
I watch among the flying years
Life's worthless chaff more freely burn,
As old foundations pass away
At threshold of a better day.

V

Though man and Nature, man and beast,
Through whirling cycles bound along,
With crash, with cry for travelling song,
While Lust outspreads her poisoned feast;
Yet Nature changing still remains
A heart of truth where manhood gains.

VI

I turn from man to Nature's face,
To tranquil gleam of honest eyes,
Where conquering beauty sadly lies;
I mark in humblest curves of grace,
The larger good which hardly fails
When balanced by Perfection's scales.

1912

AMERICANS! In your present hour of need
When freedom stands from discipline apart,
And what one wills is law of lawless heart
If dull Commercialism hails the deed;
When Education can compel no lead
Whereby democracy anew may start
In morning light, strong as Apollo's dart,
What cure can heal such ills of servile breed?

Is there no word, no breath from English song
To fill your land, your once colonial land
With glory, triumph, warning and reproof?
Sore-wounded never—save through moral wrong,
Shall manhood be nor swayed by cunning hand,
If true to self, a self of spirit woof.

FREEDOM

SPIRIT of Freedom! When within the heart
Thy light first gleamed upon a dreary waste,
Where baffled hopes and high desires lay crushed,
It kindled with the radiant spark of health
Each withered fibre, each decaying chord,
And showed above long desolate despair
Through distant view man's dignity revealed.

Spirit of Freedom! If in fateful years
Proud Commerce seeks to narrow thy domain,
While Sentiment displays a link of gold,
Forsake not England—though her sons forget
Their toil-bought history, England that alone
Upholds thy torch before this troubled world,
Ne'er falters far between the right and wrong.

Spirit of Freedom! Let thy holy flame
Illumine the struggling races in their growth.
Till confidence, till peace supremely reigns.
Flash on extended, democratic rule,
Thy broadest rays of penetrating truth,
That nations ape not old internal feuds
And sink half mad beneath a whirl of lies.

LIBERTY

'Tis only 'mid climes of the free,
 'Mid homes of the trueborn, the brave.
Who live—law-controlled, as a sea
 In her storm of disordered wave,
That a poet may dwell and sing,
 Sing of days which are still to be.
With those sounds in his mind that ring
 From the halls of Eternity;
Till sad tales of a struggling earth,
 Till hard groan of a starving heart
Can silence life's pleasure, life's mirth,
 Can pierce to strong toil at the mart,
And a spirit in man shall rise,
 Rise with pride from exultant might,
To answer all sorrowful cries
 By power of all-conquering right.
O Liberty! Liberty! Weep
 Over blood out-wrung from thy foes,
Yet strike where new tyrannies heap
 On man an old thraldom of woes;
Forget not—while teaching the world,
 Where dangers now secretly lurk;
Oh, labour with banners unfurled
 For disciplined freedom in work!

HIGH NOON

High Noon lies brooding on the summer field
Like love's rich glory in a woman's eyes,
When life's young tide with flowing vigour yields
A sudden beauty full of glad surprise.

Hot Nature hushing into happy peace .
With iridescent air wraps vale and steep,
Till voices by the river-meadows cease
As weary reapers dream in hallowed sleep.

High Noon lies brooding over city streets
Like spirit gleaming from unearthly sphere,
But clamorous gong or factory whistle greets
The strained expectancy of listening ear.

Shrill discord of importunate desires
Goes mingling with the tramp of myriad feet ;
While keenly calm where gold one wish inspires,
The collar-hunter fills his magic seat.

HIGH NOON

High Noon lies brooding on the warehouse walls
Like radiance from bright ages long flown by,
Though shadow o'er stone pavement slowly falls
As sunlight sinks below meridian sky.

Upraised, mind wandering, on his narrow stool
Through dusty window-pane with ardent gaze,
The dollar-hunter's clerk sees river-pool
Embedded in the scenes of early days.

High Noon lies brooding still o'er summer hills
Like love-thought shining under heart's disguise,
But rays creep slantingly past office tills
That hold the dollars of a doubtful prize.

Outclangs a gong, outblares a whistling shriek,
And myriad feet rush through the factory door.
Far tolls a bell, down vale, round winding creek,
And reapers to quick reaping bend once more.

TO THE UNITED STATES

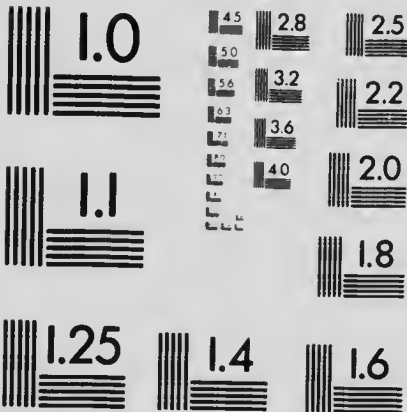
STRONG union of strong powers beyond the lakes,
What meaning have you for this mother-land
Of loyal hearts, which scorned your rebel-hand
When keenly grasping war's eventful stakes?
What thought in each Canadian soul awakes
From Halifax to rich Vancouver strand,
Where Royal Writ and Royal Word command
The quick obedience that love's ardour takes?

Boast not! Be humble! Fear your vast success!
Too great high fortune Grecian story tells
Brings Nemesis on wings o'er earth and sea.
For every blessing twin-born evils press
With double weight where Pride's deep bosom
swells,
Lest human bliss her own dark hell should be.



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax

A SONG

I

THE moon is up and over earth
A silver light is shining,
The mists creep forth from evening-birth,
Wide lowlands gently lining,
Lone spirit-steps through shadows go
With fluttering night-winds falling,
And streams in softer murmurs flow
'Neath slumber-voices calling.

II

The silver moon more silvery glows
As high in Heaven riding,
Soul-stillness 'mid soul-slumber grows
And Love comes out of hiding,
Glad Nature turns in eager bliss
Young arms to greet the maiden,
One sigh of joy, one radiant kiss,
And life with love is laden.

LOVE'S SUPREMACY

BEAUTY, Life, or Worlds to be,
All in all is Love's one plea;
Leave to serve with highest aim,
Light a sacrificial flame.

Beauty, Life, or Worlds to be,
Worlds less love would hellward flee;
Life's great self no beauty owns
Save where Love her soul enthrones.

TO THE ENGLISH

I

WHAT is now thy soul's ideal,
English brother, truly say?
Art thou to thy best self real
As in old Armada day?
Does the blood of ancient races—
Briton, Angle, Dane and Frank,
Nerve thee still with manhood's graces
Ranged along the World's front rank?

II

Winged by new imagination
From exhaustless powers within,
Canst thou meet youth's aspiration
Young at heart like kith and kin?
Dost thou feel that life has duty
Proper unto God or man,
Calmly cold as Attic beauty
When fierce discord hurls its ban?

TO THE ENGLISH

III

Equally from high tradition
Share we now an Empire's aims.
What, then, is thy soul's ambition
On a past of deathless names?
Far among South polar spaces
Lie the bones of virile men,
Hast thou leaders for new races
To take odds within their ken?

IV

Born amid an Ocean-Eden,
Heir to conquered liberty,
Thinkest thou thy sires of freemen
Trode an earth-path slavishly;
Won their Empire, interlacing
Old and new things down each sea,
Won their rights—all right embracing,
Without soul's autoeracy?

V

Island-formed, through native stages
English character upgrew,
Scorning bribe, base pander's wages,
Paying artifice her due;

TO THE ENGLISH

God's ideals—cross and sceptre,
Intertwined made nationhood,
Conscience laying self-willed spectre
Worked its way for England's good.

VI

Hark! The song of toleration
Greatly swelling, mounts the sky,
Rings it as heart's emanation
From embarrassed spirit-cry?
Sounds it, part of sloth's exertion
As a lull to watchful mind,
Mind still guarding truth-desertion
While world-pleasures gently bind?

VII

Life, displaying signal tokens
Of a source 'mid thought divine,
All her treasure wider opens
Stored in forest and in mine;
All her freedom, self-reliance,
High invention, verity,
Knowledge gained by searching science
Is for nations equally.

TO THE ENGLISH

VIII

English brother! Art thou drifting?
Canst thou steer Fortuna's wheel?
Dost thou own an inward lifting
Toward ideals firm and leal?
What is now thy soul's conviction
World-race running, swept along,
Where strong self with self-restriction
Vies to sing unfailing song?

THE SPIRIT OF LOVE

O LOVE! Who sittest on an azure throne,
Bright in the joys of unstained loveliness,
Where life creates from wish of Thy dear life,
And rainbow-hued serenely floats
With rhythmic motion of Thy presence born.
O Love! Who rulest where Perfection sweeps
In thought and action, limitless and free,
Where all things that have been or be
Together sing, for ever sound sweet praise
By power of happiness, by pure content;
 Look down, O Love! And draw
 Man's heart unto Thyself,
 Take up each single soul
 And melt it in Thine own.

O Love! Who dwellest at love's central source,
In raiment whiter than fast-pulsing light,
With pity shining through Thy saddened eyes
For numbing sorrow, for the sin of Earth;
Above the discord and the wanton strife
Of Evil's war against unbounded Good,
Yet ever when the fight has fiercely waxed.

THE SPIRIT OF LOVE

When Evil seems o'erpowering weakened right,
Dost stronger feel compassion's yearning claim,
Dost wider spread an influence of peace;

 Come quickly, Love! O Love!

 Come! In Thy beauty come!

 Fulfil the grand design

 Of oneness throughout time.

O Love! Who lovest with protecting love
The creeping insect on its toilful way,
And reconcilest to Thyself the World
Through sacrifice, through all that Thou didst
 love

By casting forth dark fear which bringeth pain,
O Love! Who lovest with a love that gives
For evil, good, but hatest lawless ill,
Yet waitest in full waiting of Thy love,
Till naught exists which hath not love confessed,
Though Evil spurns at last Thy dazzling throne;

 Reveal Thyself, O Love!

 And fold the wayward soul,

 Each uncompleted life

 Within Thy heart of love.

MAN'S QUERY

MAN—with keen aspiration, climbs
Where Will or Intellect divines,
Fast follows weirdly-beckoning signs
Enticing him to blissful climes;
Then disenchanted, turning back,
Goes floundering down a rutted track.

He curses. Asks: Why seek an end?
Why should man other good expect
Than close to hand he may detect?
But sees not how in fight contend
World-powers against the spirit's growth,
And naught is known of moral sloth.

REASON AND FEELING

O SCIENCE, let thy wondrous arms
 Enfold great Nature, grasp her laws
 Till all effect shows one true cause;
But lure not man by mental charms
 To heart-content within Earth's bound,
 To search for light along the ground.

O Science, stand as happy guide
 Beneath confusion, through the gate
 Of mortal wisdom, mortal fate:
But here the lines of life divide,
 Here, he who still would further go,
 Must follow where the soul-beams glow.

TO THE MEMORY OF A HAPPY MAN

I

O DAY when life was young, when joy a-wing
Flew down the roads and up the neighbouring
hills,
No cry of pain with warning note could ring
In hearts whose vigour scorned Time's acrid
ills.

II

'Twas then he lived—kind man of my sad lay,
Who knew the hopes of youth that called him
“ Friend,”
'Mid years gone past—a generation's day,
Ere life grew dull and thirty seemed its end.

III

Clear brain in judgment! Trained by culture
too!
He linked to thee—fair Canada, his fate.
Forget him not who ne'er advantage drew
From thee for self, as thou becomest great.

TO THE MEMORY OF A HAPPY MAN

IV

Alone, by country road his cottag stood,
With high verandah and smooth lawn before,
Tree-sheltered gate, beyond, Mount Royal's wood,
While freely swung the hospitable door.

V

Ah! Days were happy then! Those days oft
good
In memory held of lost Canadian home,
Bright life most bright, when Winter's whitest
hood
Enveloped earth at rest beneath night's dome.

VI

Cold wind swept on unheard, while by the fire
With shaded eyes, half-smile, long curved clay
pipe,
He talked of all things which could soul inspire,
Illuming thought from mind serenely ripe.

TO THE MEMORY OF A HAPPY MAN

VII

Spring—o'er the orchard, her fresh blossom
 spent,
 Gay Autumn gave Mount Royal's matchless
 fruit,
But ever as the finished seasons went,
 Keen talk probed heartward into spirit root.

VIII

So years moved on, until one weary night
 When Nature's warmth unbound the frozen
 lands,
Pale languor's gleam passed o'er him, like the
 light
Of sunset after rain by lonely sauds.

IX

Next eve—a Sabbath eve, remembrance flowed
 To youth's upbringing in a Scottish manse,
What moral power to Milton's verse was owed,
 As youths of old were braced by Grecian
 dance.*

* Dancing in ancient Greece, as it is well known, was of great educational importance.

TO THE MEMORY OF A HAPPY MAN

X

Morn's week of work began, but with day's close
Joy left the cottage by the country road,
No more he spoke, whose words alertly rose
To aid a friend or blunt ill-nature's goad.

XI

Great silence reigned! Life's stream had turned
its course,
Sped murmuringly, suddenly away,
As rill forsaking former channelled source
Leaves cold and dry the bed of flowerless clay.

XII

Great silence reigned! Speech only knows one
word
Before death's mystery, death's changeless fact.
Farewell! Friends say. Farewell, low breathed
is heard
When hand seeks hand in love's last parting
act.

A MIDNIGHT REVERIE AT MONTREAL

WHEN midnight holds unchecked a quiet sway,
As gentle murmurs of the west wind come
With freshening vigour from far prairie lands;
When in a cloudless vault an orbèd moon
Serenely floats, intensifying shade,
Till lonely firs or distant elms assume
The mystic grandeur of unending age;
When yet alone, one sees bright planets roll
Round ordered courses, through expanding space,
While star on star with fainter gleam appears
Till lost in depths immeasurably great;
Then, o'er the senses fall enchanting spells,
That charm from hidden seat and earthly bond
The quickened soul on thought's transcending
flight,
Strong flight untired to where high Will exists—
Creating, 'mid wide loveliness enthroned.
The touch of contact with life's purer World
Unbinds the human spirit, which becomes
Revivified, inwoven speedily

A MIDNIGHT REVERIE AT MONTREAL

With Nature's heart of passionless content,
And as of old feels inspiration's power.
The past, the future—each unchanging law
That rules our system by just government,
Has vital splendour, as Aurora's gleams
Of throbbing brightness mark Canadian skies,
And all the being moves in eager joy
To mental oneness with a living God.

Then mighty love controls the raptured soul
With essence drawn from sympathy divine;
One moment, aye, one fleeting second gives
The soothing whisper of a tranquil voice
Down outer spaces round immortal climes,
When earthward fast returns the ravished mind,
Not yet recast, not deathless yet reborn,
But stronger made, by Deity impressed
For closer fellowship with struggling man,
Through foul disease, hereditary sin,
Through wasted powers in poverty confined;
To raise, reorganize his present state,
And turn the vanity that ever builds
By ceaseless toil on quicksands of the World
To noble pride, when self—refilled, shall learn
A grander knowledge of the rights of life,
The grander hope, Creation's golden goal.

The dawn of light, of love's extending reign

A MIDNIGHT REVERIE AT MONTREAL

Creeps gently on, while with new thoughts arise,
Brief cries for strength above the groaning earth,
Deep yearning for reform in future ways,
And looks that linger on a brightened East,
All wishful to behold long-promised peace,
The rest of God, the Sabbath of mankind,
Till Fancy hears from Music's thrilling notes,
Glad anthems floating o'er a ransomed land.

ON THE DEATH OF KING
EDWARD VII*

THY work was done, great king, and bravely
done!

O not before could death's despoiling hands
Have laid thee low among our mourning lands.
Then pass beyond—beyond Time's circling Sun,
Pass to the goal of deeds on earth begun;

There serve with sympathy life's new demands
As here thy spirit wrought Imperial bands,
So peace be thine, whose toil world-peace had
won.

Come forth, ye mourners! Throng your London
streets!

Let pomp of chivalry, let wailing note
Attend the dead king's long triumphal way!
While minute-gun his passing body greets
And flags half masted through Spring-blossoms
float,
As home they bear him under crimson may.

6th May. 1910.

TO THE FRENCH-CANADIANS

GAILY bright in heart and life,
Debonair, of frank address,
Frenchmen—under friendly strife,
Shall we form our new noblesse?

Canada, from East, from West,
Throbs with vital energy,
Add the drop of piquant zest
To her soul's nobility.

England gave you what she had—
Ordered growth of liberty;
Now, by service keen and glad
Hold her flag unswervingly.

Outward looking at Quebec
Over scenes of ancient feud,
Let no jarring spirit wreck
High construction's modern mood.

TO THE FRENCH-CANADIANS

Canada, from East, from West,
As her mental progress runs,
Hails your song, your mirth and jest.
Hails you great among her sons.

Outward looking! Guard Quebec
With its old world habitudes,
With those graces fair that deck
Souls where high Politeness broods.

England gave you what she had—
Justice, power, security,
Keep these gifts in armour clad
For our British destiny.

Gaily bright in heart and life,
Simply holding childhood's creed,
Frenchmen—without racial strife,
Shall we rear a patriot breed?

TO CANADA

CANADA! Wouldst thou be great?
Then, by balanced power of State—
Weighing all rights jealously,
Hold thyself supremely free.
Free for commerce, like the breeze
Roaming o'er thy boundary seas.
Free for thought as forests ring
With wild note from life-worn string.

Canada! Wouldst thou be great?
Then, by watchfulness innate
Swiftly heed thy spirit-call
Out of self's alluring thrall.
Guard the honour of the land
When assailed by Faction's hand;
Up, where prairie grasses blow
Seed from true world-soul will grow.

Canada! Wouldst thou be great?
Then, by Wisdom's gathered weight,
Reckon not thy lakes and mines,
Storied wealth of ancient pines.

TO CANADA

Other lands have golden drifts,
Other climes have sun-born gifts,
But with mind and heart combined
Work in love for all mankind.

