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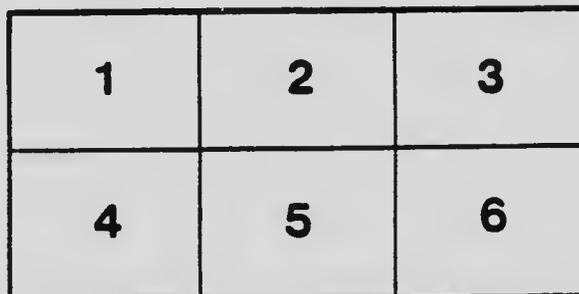
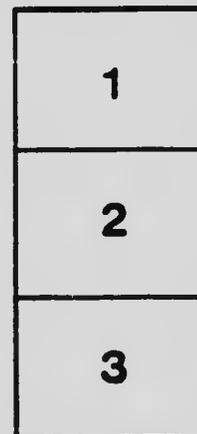
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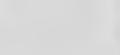
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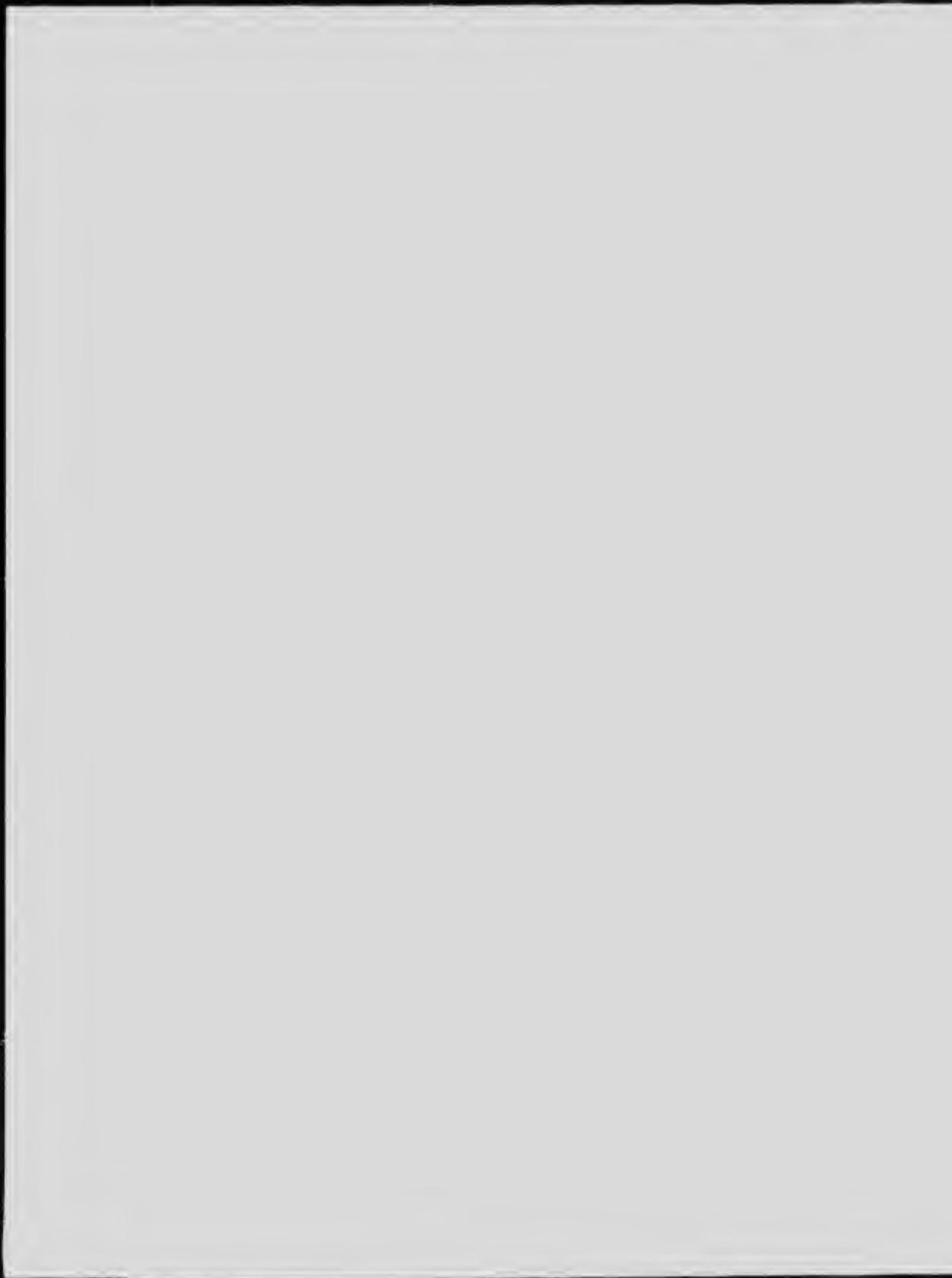
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VICTOR
AND OTHER POEMS

BY
M. STANLEY LEIGH

• VICTOR •
AND OTHER POEMS



BY
M. STANLEY LEHIGH

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RECORDER PRINTING Co., LIMITED,
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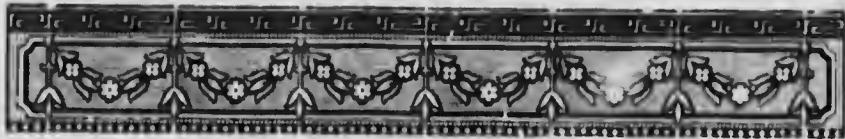
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Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in
the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and One,
by M. STANLEY LEIGH, at the Depart-
ment of Agriculture.

INTRODUCTION.

I know not why I write,
Yet must I sing—
Perchance I may indite
That which will bring
Joy to some aching heart,
Balm to some wounded breast—
To play in life my part,
And find in Heaven my rest.





VICTOR

FOUND.

Calmly beams the pale-faced maiden,
She, whom mortals call the moon,
With her silvered arrows laden,
That are such a precious boon
To the lone benighted horseman,
And his gallant patient steed,
While upon his way he hastens,
As if too intent to heed
Nature's beauty spread around him —
On each side the stately pines
Tower like giants, far above him ;
While across his way in lines
Stretch their shadows o'er earth's mantle
Bright, of pure and glistening snow ;
While above the stars now twinkle
On the fair scene spread below.
And far back the dim aisles winding ;
Crossing here, and crossing there ;

All day long, to echoes sounding,
Of the woodman, free from care,
As he wields his glittering weapon,
Hewing down the forest kings ;
Happy in his humble station,
While he works he gaily sings.
But all now are hushed and silent,
Speaking but with Nature's voice :
The tall pines, with scarce a movement,
Whisper of the snow and frost.
And along the dim aisles sounding,
Floats strange music, wierd and grand
Next come voices deep resounding,
Of past ages, ere this land
Felt the tread of pale-faced nations
E'en before the red-man came,
Nature's life—her strong pulsations
Beat from east to western main ;
While above, the whirling meteors,
Worlds on worlds, their places fill ;
Guided by the kind Creator's
Loving hand, they move so still,
Not a jar is felt in passing,
And the finite mind confused,
Soon is lost, as fast amassing
Wonders, that sublime, infused
In the traveller, who, beholding,
Stays his charger's onward course,
To his mind these thoughts unfolding

With a new and vivid force :—
“When our eyes behold Thy wonders,
With the poet, we may say,
Who long since in tuneful numbers,
Sang his grand and sacred lays ;
‘What is man that Thou art mindful
Of him?’ And how small he seems,
Yet for him so weak and sinful
God’s own Son came to redeem.”
Thus the horseman, deeply musing
With bent head and loose-held reins,
Onward rides, his brave steed choosing
His own path, his stall to gain.
Suddenly he stops, and neighing,
Rouses, from his musing deep,
His young master, who, awaking,
Peers around the cause to seek.
What is that before them lying
Right beside the beaten way ?
Now he hears an infant crying,
And he hastens that he may
Solve this mystery strange, of midnight,
On this lonely silent road,
’Neath the stars and ghostly moonlight,
Far away from man’s abode.
Now he nears the unknown object,
And his steed starts to one side ;
While the wail upon the midnight
Stillness tells him ’tis a child.

Eagerly he bends above it—
'Tis a woman's form stretched there,
As though life had just gone from it ;
Pale and cold the face so fair.
Still within her plaid shawl ample,
A sweet babe her arms embrace.
"Who could 'neath their cruel heel trample
One with such a sweet young face?"
Quickly calling to his charger,
'Cross whose back his burden lays,
Mounts himself, and on his shoulder
Rests her head, as his mute gaze,
For a moment, lights upon her,
Then the next, away they speed
To a place of warmth and shelter,
Of which now he's much in need.
By him spin the pine trees stately ;
O'er him whirl the twinkling stars ;
Till a light beams out but faintly,
And the steed stops at the bars.
Loudly shouts he for assistance,
And the door swings open wide ;
Then an answer through the distance ;
Soon a girl is at his side.
In her arms the babe he places,
And they hasten to the house,
Where, with eager anxious faces,
Gathered all around the couch,
Seeking signs, if yet the life-blood

Flows, though slowly, through those veins ;
While the little mite of childhood
Now is lost in Slumber's realms
In the cradle, large and cozy,
Drawn before the fireplace warm,
With its cheeks all flushed and rosy
Sleeps, not dreaming aught of harm.
And a picture, striking, make they,
In this cabin built of logs,
With its rafters large and heavy,
And its walls with seams and jogs.
Here, the couch with its fair burden,
With Death's chill upon her brow ;
At its head the little maiden,
With plain features open brow ;
Daughter of the kind-faced woman
Who, beside the couch, doth stand,
Ready, if some sign or token
Tells, that Death, his strick'ning hand,
But withdraws, though for a moment,
That, her simple remedies,
She may use ; but not a movement,
On that marble face, she sees.

At the foot the traveller standing,
Silently his watch doth keep,
Tall his form, noble, commanding,
Bent his head in musing deep.
While o'er all the tallow candle

Throws it's dim uncertain light ;
And the shadows dart and tremble
Round the fire place, warm and bright.

Suddenly himself arousing
A few hurried words to speak,
Goes forth, and his steed remounting,
Hastes, a doctor's aid to seek
At a backward country village,
Scarce a league from his lone cot ;
The doctor there may dose and pillage,
For a rival he has not.
While behind, the child and mother
Anxiously their vigils keep,
Mingled sympathy and wonder
Drive away all thought of sleep,
And the candle, and the firelight
O'er the scene, their pale rays, shed
On these watchers of the midnight,
O'er the living and the dead,
While without, the pine trees whisper,
And the beech leaves, dry and sere,
Seem to start and then to quiver,
As if struck with sudden fear.
And the pale moon shines serenely,
And the stars look coldly down
On all scenes, however keenly
Sorrow reigns, or joy is found.

THE CHILDREN.

Fair the morn, and fair the picture
That Old Sol, as o'er the trees
Smiles he forth upon all Nature
Spread before his bright gaze, sees.
Hill and dale of woodlands verdant,
Touched with the quickening life of Spring ;
Decked with foliage abundant,
'Mongst which birds, their sweet lays, sing.
While along the lakes and rivers,
That two empires vast divide ;
That the moon's ray lights and silvers ;
Gilds the sun's their bosoms' wide ;
All along the Northern border,
'Mid the forests' waving green,
Towns unfurl their smoky banners--
Dotting all the lands are seen
Nestling farm-homesteads of beauty
Side by side with log huts small,
Which for our grand-sires did duty
For the homes that war's rude call
Brought them forth from to do honor
To their dear old Mother-land,
Loyal to th' United Empire
In Canada they took their stand.
Once again we see the forest
Of the murmuring nodding pines ;
Broken is the sway of Jack Frost ;

Summer's Sun on all now shines.
Some few years have rolled their cycle
Since we passed along this way,
With the changes that Time's fickle
Hand works out unceasingly.
But the cottage, still as sentry
On this lonely forest road,
Nestles mid its ramparts snugly ;
Makes a poet's fit abode.
On the grassy upland near it
A small boy is at his play,
Gathering the pretty flowerets
That bedeck the month of May.
Near him seated, pensive gazing,
Is a girl whose thoughtful brow
Speaks an intellect awakening,
While the dark blue eyes allow
Glimpses of its subtle workings,
Of its wondering eagerness,
Of its longings, timid shirkings,
Conscious of its meagreness ;
Till the face, though plain and homely,
Is illumed with Beauty's lamp ;
Transformed into one now comely,
For, upon it is the stamp
Of a soul pure, truthful, loving,
Which the art of social life,
Casting masks to hide the woman
True, or one with falsehood rife,

Ne'er had touched — a child of nature,
Trustful in her innocence ;
Seated thus, she forms a picture,
Flowers and wood as supplements.

Soon the boy returning, laden
With bright flowers of perfume rare,
Brings them to this gentle maiden,
With the utmost tender care ;
Her, from far-off dreamland rousing,
By a shower of fragrant stars,
On her head and lap descending,
(Naught this perfect picture mars.)
Then they weave the perfumed blossoms
Into wreaths of varied hues ;
While sweet thoughts play in their bosoms ;
For a time they weave and muse.

Tall this lad of slender stature,
Clad in homespun cloth of gray ;
Eyes that speak a thoughtful nature ;
Mouth and forehead made to sway.
Down his back in unshorn ringlets
Falls his golden hair at will ;
Joy and sorrow flit in wavelets
O'er his face his eyes to fill.
Though the ardent sun of Springtime
His fair features oft has kissed,
Nothing but the blush that sometimes
Dyes his cheek, tells where it pressed.

Suddenly he stops and listens—
'Tis the oriole's thrilling lay,
As his mate for bits of lichen
Hunts through all the bright Spring day,
That her swinging nest of comfort
She may for her birdlings weave,
To be rocked without an effort,
Paroplied by fresh green leaves.
Turning round he softly ask, her,—
"Minnie, do you ever hear,
When the pine trees nod and whisper,
Voices low and sad and drear?
Oft I hear them just at evening,
When the frogs their chorus sing,
And I wonder at their meaning;
Passing strange the thoughts they bring.
And sometimes when I am lying
On a soft, green, grassy knoll,
And I watch the thin clouds sailing
Lazily towards their goal
Down behind the line of tree-tops,
Where the sky bends low to meet,
And I wonder if their course stops;
If their journey is complete."
Smiling, Minnie gently answers,—
"No their course is not yet done;
Through vast space their way they traverse,
Till at length the great red sun
Coaxes other drops of water

From their heaving briny bed ;
Swift they speed up, fast, still faster,
Till at last they meet and wed
With their fellows, in these thin clouds ;
Soon they dark and darker grow,
And in Summer from the rain-clouds,
And in Winter those of snow,
Then the little pearly raindrops,
Swelling in their high estate,
Fall to moisten thirsty grain crops,
Or a tiny violet.

And he listens, wrapt and thoughtful—
“ Oh what wonders we may know !
What true pleasure, e'er delightful,
Deeper in research to go ! ”

Soon their pretty wreaths are woven ;
Then together, hand in hand,
Walk they o'er, to where a wooden
Cross, a grave to mark, doth stand.
Tenderly they strew the wild-flowers ;
Lovingly they place the wreaths ;
Sadly lingeringly he murmurs
“ Mother sleeps these flowers beneath.”
Oft has Minnie told the story
Of that one bleak Winter's night,
When Jack Frost within his hoary
Arms enwrapped that form so slight.
Not a trace of her has ever

Come to clear the mystery,
 And the only clue behind her,
 Left to tell the history,
 Is a chain and locket golden,
 Within which two miniatures--
 Her's with hair wavy and golden ;
 His with handsome dark features.

Now she sleeps—all cares and sorrows ;
 All the grief, and all the tears ;
 All the waiting for to-morrows,
 With their waning hopes and fears—
 All are past and gone forever ;
 In her lonely forest grave
 Low she lies, while soft above her
 The forest trees their branches wave.

Is this all ? Is this the ending
 Of a being filled with life ?
 Dreamless sleep ? to ashes crumbling ?
 Nothing more ? Then why this life ?
 Can we think because the body,
 The clay-prison of the Soul,
 Falls and crumbles, that the inmate
 Reaches not its eternal goal ;
 Doth not Nature teach us plainly
 In the seedling as it falls,
 From which new life springs forth gladly
 That lay hidden in its walls ?
 Why within us are these longings ?

Why this void ? this vague unrest ?
Why these discontented strivings ?
Why this never-ending quest
After peace that this world's offers
(Rich and grand though they may be)
E'en the very best it proffers,
The Soul's need can not supply ?
No ! within man, God hath planteu
Principles that are Divine :
Through Sin's darkness, still hath granted
Light, within the Soul, to shine.
Never will these eager longings
Flee, nor will the Soul's long quest
Finished be, nor ceased its throbbings,
Till in Christ it finds its rest.

AT SCHOOL.

Years have passed with all their changes ;
Time has winged his rapid flight ;
Over all his influence ranges ;
Felt his touch of joy or blight.
In a pretty country village,
Hedged all round with woodlands green ;
Or the lands where axe and tillage
Made broad farms, where woods had been,
Stands a rectory, partly hidden
By the shade-trees' waving boughs ;
Brick its walls ; its windows open ;

While in front, full many a rose
Sheds its perfume on the still air—
'Tis a day in early June—
While around, the garden flowers
Light the green lawn with their bloom.
Here upon a bench are sitting
A tall boy and woman young :
While o'erhead the birds are flitting ;
Hushed now is their morning song.
Minnie, now the fond wife of him,
Who, upon that Winter's night,
Found the mother with her infant
Lying 'neath the moon's pale light.
He has since become the rector
Of this pleasant rural charge :
Minnie's mother, and young Victor,
Live with them, their joy to enlarge.
Minnie still the friendly counsellor,
And whom Victor always seeks,
All his doubts and trials to tell her
That at school he often meets ;
And to-day as he's been reading
Of the causes of the tides,
How the mighty ocean heaving,
Swiftly landward then it glides ;
And, how far beneath its surface,
In their dark-green ocean-bed,
Gems of beauty almost priceless
All unseen their lustre shed.

And rare plants, their verdant foliage,
 Wave above the oyster-shell :
 And huge monsters crawl and rummage
 For their prey in some dark cell.
 "Oh!" cried Victor, "What great wonders!"
 "Oh, that I could know yet more!
 Just to think of life far under
 The deep ocean-billow's roar!
 When I read the lives of great men—
 Heroes, statesmen, writers, all,
 Who by deeds, or with their sage pen,
 Wrought great things upon Time's wall.
 Men, who lead where others follow ;
 Who, because of the Truth they teach,
 Rise above their lesser fellows,
 Who, such heights, seem ne'er to reach.
 I then feel high aspirations ;
 Great deeds I would gladly do ;
 E'en would suffer great privations,
 That to these I might be true."
 Minnie smiles, though pearly tear-drops,
 On her lashes, unshed lie :
 As she gently smooths his bright locks
 In low tones makes this reply.

MINNIE'S REPLY.

Count not your trials or your sorrows—
 Life were else an empty dream ;
 Vacant were all the 'To-morrows'
 Had they but the sun's bright gleam.

VICTOR.

Faithful to your trust be ever,
E'en though it be very small !
Do the least things with endeavor !
Then will come a higher call.

He a weakling is, who never
Felt Adversity's chill breath ;
Strong is he, and stronger ever,
Who, fierce foes, tramples beneath.

Then, your disappointments, welcome,
Knowing that a higher life
Lies before you, till your bright Home
You may reach—there free from strife.

As she ceases they sit silent ;
Then he tells her of the school,
Where the teacher, with voice strident,
Holds his undisputed rule.
How are ranged the younger children
On the seats along the sides ;
Twice each day he hears their reading ;
Sums to add he gives besides.
While those older, busy working,
Make a low and drowsy hum,
Interluded by slates rattling,
Or the teacher, as he drums
On the table for attention—
Quick the noise and droning cease ;
Then the class for recitation
Rises, 'Forward !' takes its place.
Eloquent and learn'ed is he ;

Praises the quick, reproves the dull :
None may idle ; all must study ;
Till recess comes, then they all,
To the play-grounds, noisy, shouting,
... Quick repair, by him still led ;
In their sports participating ;
Their joys and sorrows by him shared.
In the evening when the farmers,
And the village gossips too,
Gather in their favorite corners,
Tales to tell, heard through the blue
Of the smoke from their pipes curling ;
Or, on politics debate ;
There, to hearers all admiring,
He most wisely doth orate.

Long they sit and talk together ;
He of doubts, and fears, and hopes ;
She to counsel that he ever
Right may strive for as he copes
With the trials of life's journey ;
With Temptation's wily snares ;
With the lusts of Pleasure's folly—
Victory to him who dares.
And the bee its work pursuing ;
And the bird sings its sweet song ;
The small flower the air perfuming ;
And the great world moves along.
While, in some sequestered corner,

Energy is being nursed,
 That some day, with might of wonder,
 On the gaping world will burst.
 Thus it is that mighty movements
 From a small source oft arise :
 'Tis the small things ; 'tis the moments
 That go to make up our lives.
 Thus we leave them in their day dreams ;
 To their struggles ; to their joys :
 Life has mostly radiant sunbeams
 To us, when as girls and boys
 We have looked upon its voyage—
 Oh ! would that they'd ever shine !
 But sin comes to wreck and pillage ;
 Still these scenes our hearts entwine.

AT COLLEGE.

Move now slowly through these great halls,
 Venerable with age and lore !
 Portraits, hanging on the high walls,
 Of men, who in days of yore,
 Spake with voice of might and learning
 To the youth of our fair land ;
 Who then caught the eager yearning
 After knowledge, and who stand
 In the places of their masters ;
 Thus the tide of life moves on
 Through successes, through disasters,
 Ebbs and flows—the Seniors gone,

Freshmen come to take their places,
Filled with energy and hope :
New life comes with their new faces,
As with zest they start to cope
With the problems and translations ;
With the axioms and the rules ;
With the midnight observations
Of the stars, and with the tools
Of the chemist, and with history ;
With philosophy—all train
Both the reason and the memory,
That more knowledge they may gain.

Musing thus, is Victor leaning
Idly 'gainst his locker-door,
Sees the college-life now streaming
Through the hall, his eyes before.
Life here has been to him pleasant,
Filled with e'er awakening thought ;
Keeping him within the Present ;
Learning's gates he anxious sought.
Here are questioned the old dogmas ;
Many ruthlessly are slain,
Till the young minds, on the billows
Of Doubts wild and stormy main,
Helplessly are tossed and driven,—
Some to shipwreck on the rocks ;
Some to find a safer haven,
Freed from all its direful shocks.

For a time he too was storm-tossed,
Without rudder—Faith and Hope ;
All his early trusts now seemed lost
In the critic's sandy rope.
But one Summer's eve he wandered
To his mother's lonely grave :
Long by it he sat and pondered ;
Flooding memory, wave on wave,
Sweeping o'er him in the stillness,
(Empty is the cottage now.)
And around the gathering darkness
Spread o'er all the vale below ;
While the hill-top yet was lightened
By the Sun's soft parting kiss ;
And the blue air-dome was brightened
By his rays it soon would miss.
Silent was the squirrel's chitter ;
Hushed the happy song-bird's lay ;
Lost in dreams, or sweet or bitter,
Till the light of coming day.
Long sat Victor, lost in musing,
While the pent-up tide of thought
Seemed to break its gates, and rushing,
Left his mind almost distraught.
“What am I?” he cried in anguish.
“A phantasm? a mere dream?
And the others I distinguish,
Are they too not what they seem?
What is dream, and what is waking?”

Is all chaos? All a void?
Is there naught within us making
For a higher pure abode?
Ah, I cannot, will not think that,
'Life is but an empty dream';
Something deep in me doth combat
'Gainst the skeptic's horrid scream."
Up he started, pale and care-worn,
Till his wandering sight lets fall
On the cross, wooden and time-worn,
That now marked the place where all
That remained of his dear mother,
Laid low in its last long sleep;
Came a sob he tried to smother,
But his grief with mighty sweep
Broke, and carried all before it;
At full length himself he threw
On the grass, its force to buffet,
Till at length he calmer grew.
There he lay, wearied and weakened
By the storm that had just passed;
On the cross his sight seemed fastened
As the moments hurried past.
Slowly from these scenes he drifted;
Fading were the woods and fields;
Into other spheres he's lifted,
As to sleep he slowly yields
And he dreams, and sees his mother
Now arrayed in garments white;

Gone in every trace of sorrow
From her face, where shines a light
Bright and radiant, while sweet music,
Such as he's ne'er heard before,
Seems to be all round about him,
And he longs that he may soar
To those realms of light and glory ;
But she points him towards a field
Vast, whose sands are red and gory,
As with blood ; while he beholds
Throngs of people, jostling, crowding ;
Some, with merry laughter gay,
After butterflies that, flying
Now quite near and then away,
Are pursuing ; while among them
Some, with bent and withered frame,
Work a treadmill whose dull routine
Seems to hold their highest aim.
Others pass with long-drawn faces,
And with manners gravely staid ;
But behind them are the traces
Of dire havoc, that they make
By some darts, hurled at the weak ones
Slyly, from beneath their clokes ;
While they seek, with silvery sweet tones,
Others in their wiles to coax.
In the throng some few, with faces
Bright and beaming forth with love,
Seem to seek the hardest places,

As for right they strongly strive ;
But the most are blind and wayward ;
Toiling on in deep despair ;
Groveling and looking earthward—
There all darkness harrowing care ;
Though a cross stands just above them—
Only look and they may live—
For a Saviour's love shines o'er them ;
For, all, Jesus came to save.
And the sleeper hides and trembles
As he sees such matchless love ;
Ah ! how blind ! how weak and sinful !
As against such love he strove.
But the Saviour's accents tender
Comes to him with melting force ;
All of self to Him surrender !
He, of true life, is the source.
"Come to me ye heavy-hearted ;
I will unto you give rest."
If we'd from our sins be parted,
Greatly would our lives be blest.
And a great awe falls upon him ;
And he feels his mother's tones
Coming, thrilling through and through him—
"Go and seek the erring ones !"
Then she smiles upon him sweetly,
As, with beaming looks of love,
Leaves him, soaring up so swiftly
To those realms of joy above.

And upon him falls a darkness —
 With a quick start he awoke.
 At his heart a pang, whose sharpness
 For a time, all thought doth choke.
 Slowly, silently uprising,
 Looked around on field and wood ;
 Then his heart was filled with praising ;
 And he knelt upon the sod—
 There to pray his sins forgiven ;
 Strength to battle for the Truth ;
 From his past self to be riven ;
 Lost in Christ by His great love.

Since, within his life has entered
 A strange sweet uplifting force ;
 On fresh aims his thoughts are centered,
 Shaping life in a new course.
 And, as now he stands serenely
 Watching all who pass before ;
 Still, a sharp pang strikes him keenly,
 Of regret, for never more
 Will he tread these halls as classman,
 (For 'tis Convocation Day.)
 Happy hours since, as a Freshman,
 Came he here thoughtlessly gay,
 Has he had, with many sad ones ;
 Many filled with anxious care ;
 Many having aspirations
 Noble deeds to plan and dare.

Many airy castles builded
 On the plain of glorious Fame,
 With Youth's sanguine hopes all gilded,
 That the World's praise he might claim.
 Vanished are these shadowy phantoms ;
 In their stead the burning Truth :
 Love the source of all his actions ;
 Love the joy of Age and Youth.
 And he says " Good-bye " forever
 To his happy College days.
 Behind the Past ; before the Future ;
 Our time of action—the To-Days.

MABLE.

Cool and clear the glad Spring morning
 Awakens slowly o'er yon hill—
 The fairy flowers the glades adorning,
 Listening to the rippling rill
 Gliding softly o'er the mosses,
 Creeping through the springing grass,
 O'er the rocks it leaps and dashes,
 Hill and dale doth quickly pass.
 Calm and peaceful the St. Lawrence
 Slept with chilled and icy brow,
 In its bed of downy softness,
 Of the pure and glistening snow ;
 Till the smiling sun came nearer,
 And the warm winds kissed its cheek,
 Lovingly awoke the dreamer,

Who, its home, sped on to seek
In the ocean vast and boundless,
As it flowed past vale and wood ;
'Tween high banks, calm, deep, and soundless ;
O'er the rapids rocky bed.
On this morn the golden sunbeams
Light the dancing ripples gay.
Fresh-awakened from their sweet dreams,
Ready for the joys of day
And the Isles, that in the moonlight
Wondering gazed at her pale face,
Smile forth gladly to the sunlight ;
Though there still is left the trace
Of past weeping, in the dew-drops,
Nature's tears now sparkling bright
On the glass, or waving tree-tops,
With a changing fitful light.
'Midst this picture stands a maiden,
Far out on a wooden pier
Of one 'mong the Thousand Islands
Known to all as Grenadier.
Loosely hang her raven tresses
Through which the soft breezes play ;
On her cheek the warm sun presses
Lingering kisses—there they stay.
And her dark eye sometimes flashing,
Sometimes with a slumberous fire ;
Sometimes dreamy, sometimes laughing ;
Filled with mirth, or wrathful ire.

Low broad brow of snowy whiteness
Speaking a quick woman's mind ;
Neck of bird-like grace and litheness ;
Lips, where roses love to find
In their matchless red, a rival ;
On her head a hat of straw ;
In her hand the fishing tackle,
With which she is wont to draw
From their river-home, the fishes,
As they dart in search of food,
Here and there among the rushes
Waving o'er their sandy bed.

Now forgotten is her fishing,
As, with pensive gaze, she views
A sail boat, falling and rising,
While it swiftly plunges through
The long swells that, landward rolling,
Break against the unyielding rock ;
Or, upon the smooth beach sloping,
Ebb and flow with gentle shock.
Nearer still like skimming swallow
Comes the craft, its wings outspread ;
While, along its wake, doth follow
Of white foam, a curling thread.
In the stern a youth is sitting,
Viewing dreamily the shore,
As each landmark fast is flitting,
His scarce conscious gaze, before.

All his soul wakes to the music
In this glorious morn of Spring :
Nature's chords so full and rhythmic,
Without e'er a jarring string,
Springs to chords within his own breast,
Till a rapturous flood of song
Seems to fill him, like a tempest
With it carries him along.
And his voice rich, clear, vibrating
With a deep impassioned vein,
Breaks forth in a song of praising
For God's wondrous love to men.
And the maiden startled, listens
—Ne'er such singing heard—
Her gaze on the singer fastens
Breathlessly, as though she feared,
If she stirred, might cease the singing,
That to her was strangely sweet,
Far-off memories to her bringing,
Shadowy, faint and incomplete,
Of a mother's voice—long since hushed,
As she rocked her babe to sleep,
While outside the winds and waves rushed
On their revels mad, to keep.

First her father kind was taken ;
Soon her mother followed him :
To her grandsire's home the orphan,
One day, as an inmate came.

Then she grew up sad and lonely ;
None for play-mates very near,
But dear Jack — sedate old Collie ;
When with him she knew no fear.
And they'd wander o'er the pebbles
Washed up by the surging waves ;
Or, to test some old-time fables,
Would explore some dark damp caves
But the goblins ne'er had caught them,
And, in trustful innocence,
She and Jack had come to doubt them —
Thought they were a mere pretense.
But another friend had found her :
An old man of seventy years,
Who alone had lived a bachelor ;
And, as this life's end he nears,
Looks back o'er the time of manhood
Strong, to that of earlier days,
To the time of happy childhood,
Of few sorrows, joyous plays ;
And his heart warmed toward this sweet child,
Who seemed shorn of Love's kind care ;
Many leisure hours had they whiled
Away in study—she so fair ;
He with bent form, locks of silver,
Bowed together o'er one book ;
Or she'd listen as he told her
Fairy tales, in their snug nook,
'Neath some elm-tree's waving branches,

On a soft, green, grassy knoll
Suited to such airy fancies ;
Near to their feet the wavelets rolled.
Thus she grew ; a love for knowledge—
Not that merely found in books
Prescribed for the school-girl's usage—
But that of the birds and brooks,
Fields and flowers, of woods and sunbeams,
Insect life—all gave to her,
With her happy childish day-dreams,
That great love for wisdom's store
Of that knowledge, deep, inspiring,
Of the grand and glorious truths
Nature teaches those inquiring—
Lessons, that in her infused
Aspirations, high and noble,
After the great lasting Good ;
With no thought for the air-bubble
Pleasure gives, nor Sin's falsehood.

Nearer comes the boat still nearer,
Wafted onward by the breeze ;
Floating buoyant as a feather
On the rolling billowy seas.
And the song's last burst of triumph
Sounds again o'er rock and shore,
In a circle, ever widened,
Is repeated o'er and o'er
On the phonograph of Nature—

Ah ! how careful we should be
 Of the little words we utter !
 Their influence, who can see ?
 And the maiden still is standing,
 With her rapt and earnest gaze
 Fixed upon the boat now passing ;
 While the sun's bright golden rays
 Light it with a gladsome brightness,
 And the singer lifts his eyes ;
 Meets hers with a quick directness ;
 Swift her cheek the crimson dyes.
 And her look thrills through and through him
 —Steadily moves the boat along—
 Yet the voice of social custom
 Says that speech would now be wrong.
 Thus they meet, and part at meeting,
 With a merely passing glance,
 Till the web of life completing
 Its fine threads, with no vague chance,
 Brings these souls once more together,
 Till the bonds of burning love
 Bind them so that naught can sever—
 Journeying on to realms above.

THE RECTOR.

Time has rolled on at the rectory
 Peacefully, with naught to break
 The smooth flow of Love's sweet story,
 Which the household's joys here make.

Older grown, since last we saw him,
Is the rector—lines of thought
Mark his noble brow—a deep calm,
As if Peace within, had wrought
On his features, its sweet impress,
Like some sun-clad mountain-peak,
While below it roars the tempest—
To help others he doth seek.
'Tis an eve in hot mid-summer,
When again, this place we view ;
'Tis the hour a poet-dreamer
Fancy's dreamland, passes through ;
When the day's hard toil is ended ;
Hushed the rattle, and the din ;
When the robins' notes are blended,
As they call for showers of rain,
With the small boy's merry shouting,
Or the milk-maid's happy song,
Or the shepherd dog's loud baying,
As he hastes the herd along.
Here beneath the maple shade trees,
To the rustic bench of yore,
Gratefully the evening's cool breeze
Comes, as the hot day is o'er ;
Where now seated, is the rector
Breathing in the joys of home ;
By his side reclines young Victor,
Who has now quite manly grown.
He, a sketch has just been giving

Of his first vacation tour,
When his gay companions leaving
Camped upon Wolfe Island's shore,
In his skiff had sailed serenely
Down St. Lawrence's broad stream,
Drinking in the beauties keenly
That, upon all sides, were seen.
And he tells him of the fair maid
Standing on the island's pier,
How her every feature portrayed
On his mind, would oft appear
To his fancy, as no other
Face had haunted him before,
Longings that he could not smother,
That, of her he might see more.
Would he see her? Would he know her?
Would she be who he has dreamed?
Would the force that drew him to her,
Till his thoughts and longings seemed
To be pregnant with her presence,
Draw her back to him again?

Quietly the rector listens
Till he ceases, then he asks:—
“Have I ever raised the curtains
That have veiled my own sad past?”
“No? Then now the tale I'll tell you
Of a saddened mis-spent youth,
When my will I followed on through

Darkest hours ; while still the Truth
Shone above me, yet so blinded,
And so wayward, on I went ;
Though of the right way oft reminded,
On my own course I was bent.
I had planned a life of high fame ;
I would strive, till on its heights
I would list to men's loud acclaim,
Feel their praises were my rights.
Thus I strove ; high, higher mounted ;
For, unselfish, young and gay,
Friends I made almost uncounted,
Who with flowers strewed my way.
For the Ministry I studied—
Not yet had I learned to prize
Christ's love to me, weak and sullied,
With Sin's marks—the sacrifice
That He made seemed dim and shadowy,
Part of a far-distant Past,
That affected us remotely,
And from which our creeds were cast.
But one day this calm was broken ;
I awakened with a start,
Finding, by love's mystic token,
That another played a part
In my life, before unfettered,
Save by Ambition's powerful chain,
With which I had long been tethered
On Fame's high illusive plain.

Madly loved I my fair day-dream :
At her shrine I constant bowed :
Waited hours to catch but one gleam
From her eyes, that seemed endowed
With the deepest blue of Heaven,
With the lambent fires of Hell :
Of the angel ; of the woman
Within whom the foul fiends dwell.
Sometimes she would seem to love me ;
Let me kiss her finger-tips ;
Bend her burning glance upon me ;
Dreamily her rosy lips,
Half-way smiling, seemed to whisper
All the ecstasy of love ;
All the pleading ; all the rapture—
Me around, its spell so wove
That Fame was almost forgotten ;
I, myself, my future— all
At her feet I cast, as token
That her spell held me in thrall.

One day came the sharp awakening,
When I found another there,
From whose lips her own were taking
Kisses—I'd not thought to dare.
Noiselessly I stole out from them,
To the busy surging street ;
How the bright sun seemed to darken,
And all Nature seemed to beat

Time to my despairing heart-throbs,
As I wandered on and on,
'Whelmed by grief that stabs and then robs
Life of all that beckons on—
Hope and Joy and Faith in one's kind.
Thus I groped for weeks and months,
But no outlet did I then find
From Despair's dark labyrinths.
Fame had now lost all her bright charms ;
Odious the sight of books ;
Home I went—back to the old farm,
Where my wan and haggard looks
Startled all ; but discontented,
Soon I set out for the West ;
Joined a wagon-train and started
For the gold-fields with the rest.
There the wild life seemed to move me,
With its freedom, changing scenes ;
O'er my past I looked more calmly
To my fond and boyish dreams.
On the prairie's billowy bosom ;
Under Heaven's vast dome of blue ;
Where were hung its bright lamps golden,
That their glimmering lights sent through
Space we know not, to our dark sphere ;
Where the race of fallen man
Lives in hope and faith, or dark fear,
Through Time's course—but one short span
From all sides the flowers' perfume

Floated to me on the breeze ;
While the daylight showed their rich bloom,
That the fondest eye could please.
And the stillness vast and solemn
Broken only by the bark
Of the wolf, that prowled at random
Round the camp-fire's beacon mark.
Thus I wandered o'er the earth's face,
Ever restless ; for inside,
Pent-up fires, a seething furnace
Of desires unsatisfied,
Till at last my frame, exhausted
By the mind's unjust demands,
Was laid low upon a sick bed,
Far from home, in foreign lands.
'Twas 'mid Mexico's rich beauties
I had ridden one hot day,
Thinking of neglected duties,
From which I had fled away ;
And remorse came, sharp and poignant,
(How empty my life had been.)
I resolved, howe'er repugnant,
To return to them again.
Suddenly a faintness seized me ;
Down beside my steed I reeled,
Where some passing strangers found me.
My sad plight at once appealed
To their sympathies, and gently
I was borne to their own home,

Where they tended me most kindly—
Me, a wanderer unknown
There a new life opened to me ;
There of God's great love I learned ;
Learned that it was even for me
Christ had died. What I had spurned
Now became my greatest pleasure ;
Duty, highest would be now ;
That His great gift now I'd treasure
Was my earnest solemn vow.
So, when strong enough, I started
For my far Canadian home,
Weak in body, but strong-hearted,
There I came no more to roam.
Thus with faith in self diminished ;
Knowing more of erring man ;
Once more my past work, unfinished,
With new purpose, I began.

Thus our trials and our losses
Are, for us, the pruning knife :
Well for us that 'neath the roses
Lie the thorns of this short life.
We from past failures ascending,
Leaning more upon God's aid,
May be ever higher tending,
Though by Satan oft waylaid."

Like an echo of sad music
Dies the rector's voice away

On the evening breeze, prolific
With the scent of new mown hay.
Silent long they both sit musing,
'Till the day dies in the West ;
And the night, gently descending,
Comes—to Toil a welcome guest.

RETROSPECT.

Far across the distant ocean,
Fancy's flight will take us now,
On its wings of flash-light motion,
O'er Atlantic's ruffled brow ;
And on Britain's shores alight us ;
Near the northern rugged coast ;
Where are hills and lakes of beauty,
Of which she can proudly boast.
'Mid these scenes of beauties varied
Stands a castle, old and grim ;
And our thoughts are backward carried
To those ages, vague and dim,
Of the knight and Feudal baron ;
Of the deeds of chivalry ;
Of the bishop and the bondman ;
Of most knightly rivalry.

Autumn's winds, from Westward blowing,
Stir the many-colored leaves,
That the dark bare earth are strewing,
As they fall from off the trees.

And the mellow sunlight streaming
Through a haze of golden sheen,
That for earth, with gladness teeming,
Forms a gentle gauzy screen.
Now the Night, enthroned, sits brooding
O'er the quiet sleeping world ;
From the distance comes the booming
Of the billows, as they're hurled
'Gainst the shore, here stern and rock-bound,
While around all else is still,
Save the baying of the stag-hound
Borne across yon neighboring hill.
Overhead the stars are twinkling,
Making a dim ghostly light ;
In the castle all are sleeping
'Neath the sable folds of Night.
But way out across the water
Rides at ease a stately ship,
In the quiet of the harbor ;
While we hear the rhythmic dip
As of oars, and soon approaching
Is a row-boat by six manned ;
In the stern another sitting
Who, perchance, has the command.
Now they reach the shore, where upward
Quick ascends a rocky stair ;
Soon two forms are coming seaward—
He so stately ; she so fair.
Now within the boat they're seated,

And across the bay they glide,
Till into the ship they're lifted
One by one, up o'er the side.
Weigh the anchors! Loose the tight ropes!
Gaily forth the white wings spread!
Let our hearts beat quick with high hopes!
Backward leave the past as dead.
Onward to the land of freedom—
To fair Canada's kind shore!
Behind a cruel father's thralldom;
Before a husband's fondest care.
And, as lightly ploughs the good ship
Through the surging billows high,
Dawns a faint smile on her fair lip,
Though she heaves a gentle sigh.

And anon, through storm and sunshine,
The brave bark, its voyage o'er,
Sees before it the dark outline
Of the bold Canadian shore.
Soon she glides through placid waters—
Sweet the calm after the strife
Of the heaving ocean waters—
Calm and tempest come in life.
And the freight of restless mortals
Pour forth from its floating walls,
Entering, through golden portals,
Canada's extensive halls,
Full of doubts of what awaits them,

Yet with eagerness to learn ;
Most, with bright anticipations :
Forever from their past they turn.

While behind, the stricken father
Searches day by day in vain
For the lost and wayward daughter,
Not a trace of her can gain.
One by one the years roll onward,
And Forgetfulness now claims
Her, who sailed that night to westward
Save from her father, whose high aims,
By her flight, were crushed and broken ;
Thus we turn the sad page down,
Now to seek some sign or token
Of the daughter who has gone.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Gloriously the Winter's morning
Bursts from out the Orient,
On its wings of cloudlets golden ;
While across the sky are sent
Flashes from its gleaming pinions,
Lighting up the heaven's blue ;
Chasing forth night's shadowy minions
Fast, aerial mansions, through.
Soon the Sun rides forth resplendent ;
Chariot wheels of burnished gold ;
While the morning Star, attendant,

Rapidly is growing old.
And all Nature, sympathetic
With the joyous scene above,
Smiles back, just a shade pathetic,
'Through frozen tears, but yet with love.
Still the river now lies, sleeping
'Neath its sheet of downy white ;
While th' o'erhanging trees are weeping
At the bleak and wintry sight.
Here and there are large rents shining
In the sheet of glistening snow,
Where the ice looks forth, inviting
Skating parties there to go.
Threadlike, woven in a network,
Stretch the winding river-roads.
Here and there with slow pace, snail-like
Move the teams before their loads.
Soon more ardent grow the sunbeams,
As they kiss the pale cold brow
Of St. Lawrence, lost in sweet dreams
Of the time when frost and snow
Have been driven farther northward
By the melting voice of Spring ;
Thus to let the flowers dart upward,
And the birds, their sweet lays, sing.

Anon as fast the day grows older,
Forth the busy mortals stream ;
To the interested beholder

Make a changeful moving scene.
Here and there an ice-boat skimming
Swiftly o'er its shining floor ;
With its white wings far extending,
On it goes with rush and roar.
Here again a skating party,
Gliding gracefully about,
Fill the air with laughter merry,
Or with joyous hustly shout.
O'er this scene, one Winter's morning,
A tall youth is gazing forth ;
Merrily his eyes are sparkling,
As with sympathetic mirth.
This is Victor, who has taken,
For a friend, the village school ;
There to teach till next vacation,
And the busy empire rule,
In the little town of Rockport
Nestling at the steep hill's foot,
Where in Summer is a safe port
For the steaming river-boat.

Swift have sped the months of Winter,
Filled with many a fleeting joy ;
Or, where sorrow we encounter —
Let not Pain the good destroy.
Faithful to his trust has Victor
Labored with his noisy charge ;
Some mayhap have sought to enter

Learning's fields, many and large.
For he feels the seed he scatters,
In these young and growing lives,
Will take root and spread to others—
Oft it seems the ill best thrives.
Many times his thoughts, with longing,
Dwell upon the Island near,
And the fair maid of the morning
Standing out upon the pier ;
Till the lengthening days grow warmer,
And one eve his skates he dons ;
Sallies forth upon the river ;
While the past he muses on.

Scarcely do, in graceful curvings,
His steel shoes the hard ice spurn,
Ere a cry of anguish speaking ;
Quick he hastes the cause to learn.
Once again, with piercing shrillness,
Rings the cry upon the air.
On he hastes with gathering swiftness ;
In a moment comes to where
Is a ring of open water,
Just a little from the shore,
Of great peril to the skater,
As he glides the smooth ice o'er.

Just as Victor nears, from under,
First an arm shoots into sight,
Followed by a head and shoulders ;

Face so drawn and ghastly white.
Quick as swoops the skimming swallow
(Naught of danger does he think ;
Still the water is and shallow)
Kneels he down upon the brink.
And he grasps the fair arm, sinking
For the last time 'neath the wave ;
All his manly strength forth putting,
Drags her from a watery grave.
Lightly as a child he lifts her
In his strong and sinewy arms ;
Swiftly speeds to warmth and shelter ;
Gradually her life returns.
And he sees once more the fair face
That has haunted all his dreams ;
None could ever take the same place,
If she be but what she seems.
And the story now they tell her,
Who it was her young life saved.
Sends she for her benefactor--
A way to friendship thus is paved,
He to her is knight and hero ;
(Of that act he will not speak)
And he leads her young mind eager,
The higher knowledge now to seek.
And the days speed by on swift wings,
While they sip the nectar sweet
From Love's amphora, that thus brings
Life to them, pure and complete.

Springtime is again disputing
Winter's sway o'er Nature bright ;
Her soft beams of day are melting
Winter's stern bands of the night ;
Till the fetters cold are broken,
And the grass springs fresh and green,
And the violet comes as token
Of her victory, I ween.
Once again we see the fair Isle,
(Grenadier its martial name)
Where Spring, beaming her first warm smile,
Lights it with her golden flame.
Here, where winds the beaten pathway,
'Neath the elm trees' towering shade,
While beside, the wavelets gaily
To the land their homage paid,
Are two forms — a youth and maiden—
Strolling slowly arm in arm,
The Sun in setting throws its golden
Arrows o'er them, bright and warm.
"Dearest Mabel," he is saying,
"Yours it was whom these long years
My spirit, with gentle sighing,
Sought through many hopes and fears.
Oft, when sitting in the gloaming,
I have had my fond day-dreams ;
Far and wide my fancy roaming
Sought for happy golden gleams
Of a future, when with transports

I could clasp one to my breast ;
 When, as one, would beat our fond hearts ;
 In each other's love we'd rest.
 How our minds, freely together,
 Might, through mazy realms, soar,
 All untrammelled by earth's fetters
 Gross, to glean from Wisdom's lore.
 Both would love all forms of beauty ;
 Breathe it in with 'bated breath ;
 Seeking always for the lofty
 Through the Earth's clogs' painful death.
 Striving always to enoble
 All with whom we ever met ;
 Cheering those with care and trouble ;
 Hope to those whose star had set."

Radiant grows her face so lovely ;
 Bright as stars her dark eyes shine ;
 Forth, through which, her spirit plainly
 Looks from its narrow confines ;
 For she sympathizes fully ;
 With his is her spirit knit,
 And as one—they love most truly—
 Love's not Passion's flame is lit.
 Nature, as if sympathetic,
 Changing oft in varying mood,
 Now is joyous ; now pathetic ;
 Now all sunshine ; now doth brood.
 Low behind the Western tree-tops

Drops the brilliant orb of day ;
While the countless tiny gay drops
Dance in light and merry play.
And the evening breezes whisper
To the river, hills, and trees,
Many themes, both sad and tender ;
Themes of gladness and of ease.
Till Night, with her shadowy mantle,
Silently o'er all descends ;
Dropping down so still and gentle,
The long day's joys or sorrows, ends.

THE TRIAL.

Once again the Sunset's silence
Broods o'er lake or woodland fair ;
Seeming by its restful presence
To repel all fretful care.
Hushed is Nature's voice, whose matin
Swelled so sweetly cross the lea ;
Save the robin's notes of even
All is now tranquility.
Once again has Victor wandered
To the grave beside the wood,
Where so oft he'd sat and pondered
In his careless gay boyhood.
Low he lies, while just above him,
Waves the maple's spreading green,
That the sun's last rays illumine
With a deep and golden sheen.

His fair face, now drawn and haggard,
Tells of struggles fierce within ;
As he hath of late encountered
Fierce foes hitherto unknown.
But this morn the secret learned he,
Of his mother's early years,
With its sad pathetic story
Calling forth hot bitter tears.
How her father's cruel treatment
Caused her, from her home, to steal ;
Marry, in a hasty moment,
One for either woe or weal.
How, when o'er the vast blue ocean
To fair Canada they came,
For a time bliss was their portion,
'Neath the spell of Love's first dream.
But a guest now sought their chamber
At the rosy blush of morn,
And their hearts grew e'en yet fonder,
When the baby boy was born

Like a storm that sweeps at mid-day
O'er the soft warm Summer sky,
Making all so dark and gloomy,
Till its tempest passes by ;
So, upon these guests of dreamland,
Bursts the storm of want and care ;
Death soon claimed the sire and husband
From his son and bride so fair.

Then she went to find his brother,
Who was somewhere in this land ;
For there now was not another
Who would give a friendly hand ;
Till at length numb worn and weary,
Hope's last spark from her had fled ;
On a roadside, lone and dreary,
She had found a downy bed
Of soft snowflakes — there she rested
Till her spirit took its flight ;
Soon her prison-house was lifted,
By a traveller of the night,
On his charger, borne with swift speed
To a cabin small, near by ;
Gone she was now past the least need,
Their kind healing arts, to try.
So a grave they dug at even,
For the fair and youthful form ;
And the deep wood sang the a...hem —
Sings it still in calm and storm.

“ Mother ! Mother ! dost thou hear me ?
Dost thou see my troubled heart ?
Dost thou know the conflict in me ?
Heavenly Father strength impart !
Guide me into Truth and Duty !
May not holding a proud name ;
May not Honor, Wealth or Beauty
E'er be strong enough to claim

One fond wish from my life's service—
Worldly honors pale and fade ;
All the pomp of Earth is worthless ;
May my hopes on Christ be staid !”
Thus he prays and thus he wrestles,
Torn by many a doubt and fear,
As the bosom-serpent nestles
Ever to his heart more near.
Heir is he through his lost mother
To a title ancient, proud ;
And Ambition seeks to smother
The voice of Conscience speaking loud.

“ May he not great good accomplish
As a peer of England fair ?
Others can his *past* work finish
Better than if he were there.
“ Take the good that Fortune offers !
Use it for most noble ends !”
This the Tempter slyly whispers,
As he for his soul contends
And the sun, in smiling splendor,
Sinks behind the western hills,
Lighting up with beauty tender
(That the poet's spirit thrills)
Cloudlets, floating, ah, so gently
O'er the sky's ærial blue,
The crimson streaks that mark its pathway,
Faint and ever fainter grow.

And he wrestles, struggling, panting,
Till the bright stars, one by one,
Shine forth silently with evening
In the vast ethereal dome.
Then he rises, wan and haggard,
Yet upon his face a calm ;
Through the depths his soul has struggled ;
For the Good he leaves the Sham,
And his eyes, where still are traces
Of the conflict lately passed,
Shine forth with a steady radiance ;
Peace his soul hath found at last
And he goes forth braver, stronger
To do battle with Life's cares ;
For Earth's honors he no longer
Values, when he them compares
With those won by toil and suffering,
That the character upbuilds ;
Always patient, never murmuring,
His highest destiny fulfills.

AT LAST.

Twilight's shades once more rest over
Canada's fair verdant lands,
Through which winds the gleaming river ;
Where the towering mountain stands
Brooding o'er the sleeping valley,
While upon its sloping sides

Rests the forest, waving gently ;
Where the lakes, whose heaving tides
Lave for miles shores of rare grandeur ;
Where the deer and bear roam wild ;
Where are mines of gold and silver ;
Wealth that centuries compiled.

Here among the western forests,
Where the Indian roams at will
In the chase, while the vast stillness
Wakes he with his war-whoop shrill,
Stands a station of the Missions,
Of the Gospel to the race,
Servants to their superstitions,
Who yet may know God's saving grace.
'Tis at sunset—all the woodlands,
All the spreading vale below,
All the foaming mountain-torrents,
Are lit by the sun's bright glow.
And all Nature, hushed and silent,
As if with a purpose one ;
The lake's eye, without a movement,
Gazes at the setting sun.
And the church-bell rings its summons,
'Come to worship all who will !'
Soon, upon the village commons,
An eager throng their places fill.
One in front with gaze all tender ;
Features tranquil ; thoughtful brow ;

Face that one would long remember ;
Restful power its lines doth show.
And the dark blue eye is burning
With a depth of loving force,
As if with a fervent yearning
To turn the wayward from his course.
And the sun, with clinging fondness,
Plays among his curls of gold ;
As upon the gentle stillness
Sweetly forth his full tones roll.
This is Victor, while beside him
Sits his fond and noble wife,
One in purpose always, with him ;
Hers is mingled with his life.
This is Mable, now a woman,
While two babes press to her side—
One a boy with ringlets golden ;
With tresses dark the little maid.

Thus they live in sweet seclusion
From the world's mad race for fame ;
Power, or all that is delusion,
To their lives has naught become
Here they dwell with Nature's wonders
As their book to e'er explore ;
Nature's beauties their inspirers ;
Higher still they seek to soar.
While the redmen, Nature's children,
Wild and wayward, form a bond

In their lives, to all their brethren,
The great mountains, far beyond.

Can we say that he is losing?
Wealth and power might now be his,
Is he mad, at this moment,
What man often most forgets?
In the Future wait the answer,
Yet the Past our guide may be,
In the words our Lord and Master
Spoke beside blue Galilee.

Life with all its problems vex us,
As we drift its billows o'er;
Yet the Light shines ever for us
From the distant Canaan shore.
The poor finite never reaches
Aught above Earth's fog-banks dark,
Only as the Infinite teaches—
Leads us to a higher mark.

Thus we're ever groping, straining
For the bubbles of this world,
Ever bursting with the gaining,
Till from off its scene we're whirled
To Eternity—ah, pause there!
Yes, Eternity's before.

Men and brethren stop, consider,
Ere you take e'en one step more!

Meanwhile, to the mountain meeting,
Gently says the Sun "Good Night,"

As he glides, with lingering footsteps,
Slowly down beyond the sight.
Yet, as if in benediction,
Ere he sinks into the west,
Beams he forth one parting blessing
Of light from his burning breast.
And we see the swarthy faces
Of the eager listening crowd ;
Some now bear, of tear-drops, traces ;
Some with penitence are bowed.
And their teacher, friend, and brother,
Faces them with outstretched arm ;
While beside, the wife and mother,
To the scene, lends her sweet charm.

Farewell, Victor ! Thou the nobler
Path hath ta'en in this world wide !
Were thy brethren only bolder,
Sin would soon his dark face hide.
Prize thy lot by love o'ershadowed !
Never weary in the race !
Then, 'mid earth's most brave and honored,
Thou canst find a foremost place.

OTHER POEMS.



DUTY.

Thy path seems steep and rough to mortal ken ;
 No smooth-mown sward or downward slope hast thou ;
 But ever upward, toward the highest peak,
 Thy steep ascent in rocky leaps e'er points.
 Yet, on these heights, when once we scale their brows,
 Bursts on our gaze, bright pictures, wondrous fair,
 Known not, nor dreamed of, when, at ease below,
 We slumber on the world's seductive plain.
 Thy cloud-topped summits that, all hidden lie
 Behind their misty curtains' darkling folds,
 Contain a wealth of joy for those who strive,
 And faint not in their tasks of Right and Good.
 Wealth, Fame, and Honor perish like a breath ;
 But Duty's laurels crown immortal brows.

PLUM HOLLOW IN SPRINGTIME.

Sweet Dale of Plums ! Thy ever-varying dress
 Again hath ta'en the verdant hues of Spring.
 The clustering trees, whereon the Sun doth press
 His kisses warm, whose imprints closely cling ;

And, like a lover's to his sweetheart, steal
Their inmost hidden life—their all to yield.

Dame Nature, with most lavish hand, hath decked
Thee out with bridal robes of green and white.
Above, the dome of blue, now softly flecked
With golden arrows from the Sun's bright light,
Just ere he sinks to rest ; while dale and wood
Smile softly back in sympathetic mood.

The daylight wanes. Above the eastern hill
Woodtopped, the Moon sails forth to silent gaze
Upon the sleeping vale that lies so still
In its night-robe of silvery-shining haze ;
Till roused by Morn's approaching steps, she wakes
To busy toil, that, peace and comfort, makes.

Ah, happy Dale ! Thy simple rustic joys ;
Thy cares and sorrows that by all are shared ;
Thy verdant woody confines bar the noise
Of jostling cities—from such thou art spared.
Love thou thy lot ! Aspire on wings of light,
Till Heaven's Morn dispel Earth's darksome night.

TO A DEPARTED FRIEND.

He sleeps. The toils and cares of earth
Are left behind. And now, beyond
Time's narrow bounds he dwells at rest,

TO A DEPARTED FRIEND.

Singing the Song, among the blest,
Of Christ, the sinner's Friend ; while we,
His friends, are left to mourn his loss ;
To sorrow, not as those who have
No hope. His life on earth was lived.
Upright and steadfast in the Truth,
As he believed, with childlike faith,
He trusted in his Saviour's power
To save and keep. Until, at last,
Behind his coursing steeds he loved,
He heard his Master's call "Come Home."

BROKEN FRIENDSHIP.

As I sit at my study table,
With the lamp's low simmering noise,
There come to me fond recollections,
Of the sports, that we had when but boys.
How, after a day of hard study,
And the order was, "Pack up your books !"
What zest characterized all our actions !
Our joy was soon shown by our looks.
And when, after standing for prayers,
We rushed for our caps and our coats,
Such laughing and shouts, I'd imagine,
Could only come from young throats.

And then, we filed out of the doorway,
With laughter, and banter, and jest ;
Or arguing fiercely and sternly,
About who, that day, had been best.

And, as we wend our way homeward,
Some going this way, and some that,
Discussing some plan of amusement,
Or other such innocent chat.

My friend and I, always together,
Would be planning some new escapade,
For which we were specially noted,
Among the old, and the staid.

We were nearly always together
In those happy days, long ago ;
With nothing to worry, or fret us ;
Yet at that time, we did not know

How happy and joyous our life was ;
And 'twas not, till in after years,
When we could remember with sadness,
And perhaps, through thick-falling tears

But past are those golden moments,
And all that we have with us now,
Is the memories of fond reminiscences,
That are with us wherever we go —

.
Yes, the friendship is now broken,
That was once, so fast and true ;
Yet I've never found another,
That can fill the place of you.

A MURMURING STREAMLET.

A murmuring streamlet, as it nears the fall,
Speeds fast and faster still with gathering rush ;
Gliding into a bay it peaceful lies ;
No ripple comes to break its restful hush.
So, on the stream of time a few short hours
May bear us onward with a mighty force,
And put into our lives more than may come
In years, when life goes on its wonted course.
Some characters, like the sweet buds in Spring,
That in one night unfold their petals rare,
May, in a few years, blossom richly forth,
In noblest deeds and highest thoughts to share.
While others may a long time dormant lie,
With wealth of resources both grand and good,
Unknown to them or others, till some touch
Strikes on the chord that long unsounded stood,
Like a drive-wheel, to action rouses them,
Till death is past and Heaven's light they gain.

ONLY.

Only a song
Up 'midst the branches,
Telling of love ;
Echoing praise
From its small throat,
How it entrances
World-weary hearts ;
Toil-burdened days.

Only a flower
Delicate, tiny,
Lifting its face
To the bright Sun ;
Speaks of a trust
Oh, how sublimely ;
Sheds its sweet perfume
Till life is done.

Only a drop
Of purest water,
Sparkles and shines
On the green grass ;
Yet how its voice
Tells of the laughter,
When, in a rill,
It flows rippling past.

Only a word
Lovingly spoken ;
Dropped by someone,
Right from the heart ;
To some sad life,
'Tis a sweet token,
That in Love's joys
He has a part.

OUR AGE.

Ah ! Who can sound the depths, so vast and dim,
Of the tide's mighty sweep of this great age ?
Or follow one fine thread, through all its course,
Along the web the awful Present weaves ?
At times, 'twould seem as if the lust for gain
Had crushed all finer feelings to the earth ;
When lo ! a brave, unselfish, noble deed
Illumes the page with a transcendent light.
The jostling swaying crowd of anxious men,
Swept on by some unknown resistless force,
Without the time for thought, or calm debate—
To them, my heart in sympathy goes forth.
The mighty warfare waged with bitterness,
Between the Rich and Poor of every clime ;
Where money strives to crush, with cruel wrongs,
The life-blood from the hearts of working men ;

Who, in their turn when Fortune deigns to smile,
And lifts them a few rounds above the rest,
Practise the dreadful lessons so well learned
From Gold—when he, its hapless missions, served—
But what of those, who seek to stem the tide,
That onward bears their fellows to shipwreck ;
And with a puny hand but courage high
Fight manfully or even dare to die ?
Their fellows whom, perchance, the right once swayed,
Laugh mockingly, as they their struggle see ;
Nor stop to offer once a helping hand.
And even some, who boldly sallied forth,
Soon sickened at the sight their eyes beheld ;
Fight weaker, weaker, weaker till at last
They join the tide, and with it onward roll.
But will we cease to hope, or trust, or strive,
E'en if the way, with clouds, be overcast ?
Ah, no ! there is a Beacon Light to guide the way,
That shines through all the world to lead mankind.
And Truth will conquer, what the odds may be ;
And 'neath this tide there is a mightier Force
That soon will rise and drive the False away
And all the world shall brighten forth with Love

