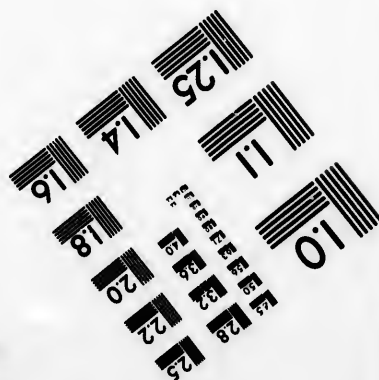
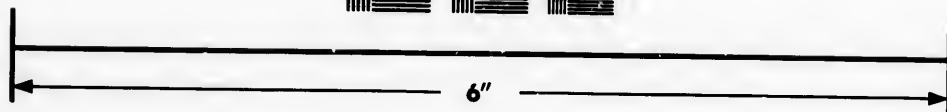
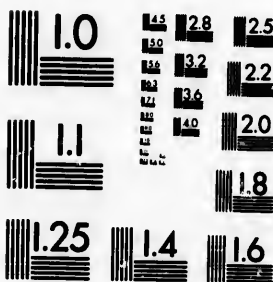


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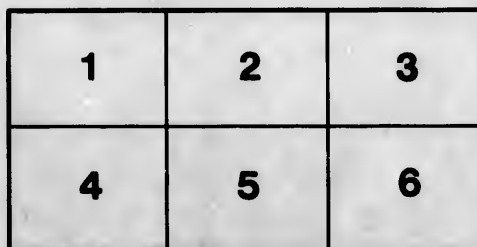
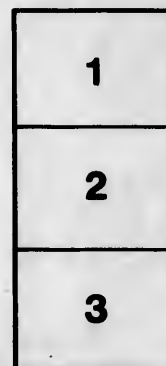
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Echo.

Once long ago, when every wood embowered
Was full of fairy folk,
There dwelt upon a lofty cliff that towered,
An Echo in an oak :

Far, far below, smiled up a peaceful meadow,
O'er which, a river bright
Ran in and out, through sunshine and through shadow,
A strip of silver light.

Fair maiden she, sweet-voiced and swallow-throated,
And to the songs of men
O'er every drowsy hill and hollow floated,
Pure softened notes again.

One law the nymph obeyed, and it was this :—
“ Repeat the same words o'er,
If thou dost change, or answer aught amiss,
Then thou shalt speak no more.”

It fell upon a night when all the valley
Lay still beneath the stars,
That Echo saw two loitering figures dally,
Beside the river's bars.

Up through the mist came words of love and pleading,
A tender voice and true:
“ Give me thy heart, in my great love exceeding,
I live and die for you.”

Up through the mist came girlish accents, saying :
“ Thy words sound sweet to-night,
If Echo now will answer to thy praying,
Then we our troth shall plight.”

Up through the mist that tender voice came rising,
 It smote upon the ear
 Of listening Echo, strong with love's devising,
 Yet trembling as with fear :

“Echo, Echo, hearken to me,
 Echo, Echo, I plead with thee,
 Answer me now, if never again
 Thou speak'st in silvery tones to men.

“My love is strong, and my love is pure,
 Mighty to dare, yet meek to endure;
 Love is my life, and life is not sweet
 If no heart to mine doth responsive beat ;
 Answer me, Echo, and answering prove
 That great, indeed, is the power of love.”

Dear Echo heard, nor ever holier prayer
 Had come to her before ;
 Her answer sinking through the ravished air,
 Sweet comfort with it bore :

“List to my words, forget them not,
 They are my last and are dearly bought ;
 Worthy, aye, worthy of more than this,
 Worthy of more than earthly bliss:
 Take her and love her, she is thine,
 Hands and hearts let them both entwine,
 Grow together and be as one,
 Till the toilsome pilgrimage here is done.
 The shadows come wandering o'er the hill,
 And now forever my voice is still.”

Silence again, soft whispers slowly dying,
 And through the failing light
 No Echo came in flute-like notes replying
 “Good-night,” to their “Good-night.”

rising,

Work.

Ho! for the swing and the rythmical ring
As the axe drives into the towering pine,
And the white chips fly, some low, some high,—
Ah, lordly tree, what a death is thine ;
 First a quiver,
 Then a shiver,
Through the tall, straight stem and the topmost green,
 Now crash to the ground
 With a rending sound,
Work—here is work for men, I ween.

Ho! for the heat and the regular beat
Of power controlled for the nation's weal ;
The revolving shaft of the ocean craft
And the engine's speed on its path of steel ;
 The bowels of earth
 Give violent birth
To deep laid treasures of iron and coal,
 While over the plain,
 Broad fields of grain
Shew nature gives with no meagre dole.

Yo, ho! for the sea, the restless sea,
The home that was made for the brave and free ;
Thy wild waves roar, up an echoing shore,
Then, broken and humble, slip back to thee ;
 The snow-white sail
 Fills out with the gale,
The quick foam hisses away on the lee.
 Here again
 There is work for men,
And this is the noblest of all to me.

The following lines were addressed to a sword seen hanging in a half-breed's house, in an Indian settlement some ten miles below Sault Ste. Marie. Enquiry being made, it was found that the sword had belonged to the grandfather of the French half-breed living there, and had been through all the campaigns of the great Napoleon.

Speak, and break your rusty silence, speak out with your iron
tongue,

Speak of mighty kingdoms humbled, and of glorious triumphs
won;

Tell me of the great Napoleon, how he led the arms of France,
Shattering all who dared oppose him, shivering bayonet, break-
ing lance,

Till urged on by boasting insults, by the victor's grasping lust,
English guns and English valour laid his banners in the dust.

Sadly, from its cankered scabbard, spake that iron tongue to me,
Like a voice from out the past, or like the murmur of the sea:

"Borne by a Breton soldier, to my master I was true,
From the parched Egyptian desert to the slopes of Waterloo;
I have seen the Sphinx far gazing o'er the yellow shifting sand,
Seen the Pyramids unmoved, stern, immeasurably grand;
I have tasted Austrian life-blood on Marengo's bloody plain,
Heeding not the cry for mercy: I was lifted high again
When our General, all victorious, took a sceptre for his own,
Looking scorn on trembling Europe from the Louis' gilded
throne.

But with all my power I faltered on a silver strip of shore,
When across the British Channel came the British lion's roar:
Wild my wrath, though unavailing, when I heard our ships of
war

Had been broken, vanquished, taken, in the fight at Trafalgar.

But I had my fill of vengeance when again the Austrian fled
From the woods of Austerlitz, where every tree and bush was red,
For we chased the flying foemen, slaying all nor sparing one,
So the bloody carnage lasted till the setting of the sun.
Then I crossed the Spanish hills, at Talavera did we feel
Even our all-conquering weapons could not meet the English
steel.

Many leagues o'er frozen rivers, plains snowbound and desolate,
Was I borne, until we halted outside Moscow's iron gate ;
Soon red tongues of flame upleaping told the Russian near and
far
That the arms of France had triumphed in the city of the Czar.

But the armies of all Europe chased the tiger to his den ;
He was caged on Elba's isle, and for a year peace reigned again.
Still his mighty heart was beating and his soul athirst for war,
His sun of glory could not set till Waterloo was o'er.

On a balmy, soft, spring morning, went a whisper through the
land—
Bonaparte is coming to us, and a sword is in his hand :
Like a man from sleep awaking, Europe waked from her repose,
And from valley, plain, and mountain, came the squadrons of
his foes.

Yes, our master met his conqueror on the slopes of Waterloo ;
From the blush of dawn we struggled on until the evening dew,
But English squares were steady, beating back our horse like
foam
Rebounding from some rocky cliff that mocks at every storm ;
Our life-blood flowed like water, yet, alas ! 'twas all in vain,
And the British lion trampled on the lilies of Lorraine.

Now upon a sea-girt island, 'neath a drooping willow tree,
Lies he, resting, and his requiem is the chanting of the sea,
While the ocean zephyrs, brearhing far across the southern wave,
Love to linger, incense-laden, by an Emperor's lonely grave.

I have spoken, leave me, leave me, to the memories of the past,
Do not break again my slumber, I have earned my rest at last;
I have told you all my story, now for ever fare thee well,
Parceque je dors avec Napoleon au-dessous d'un autre ciel."

To the Sphinx.

Silent, impenetrable witness, speak!
Tell us of days long past, of buried years,
World-shaking triumphs, dire catastrophes;
Of that swart king whose Hebrew captives raised
Yon mighty trinity of Pyramids.
Did thy blank eyes, fixed on the desert East,
Behold a white star hanging in the sky
Above the cradle of an infant King?
Did eighteen centuries seem short, until
A destined monarch peered into thy face,
And all the air vibrated to the sound
Of thousands marching with the tread of one?
Ah, no! no answer comes; thine unmoved orbs
Gaze on, as though they saw the wheel of Time
Touch the great cycle of Eternity!

The Sea.

The Sea, the Sea, the wonderful Sea!
The Sea with its blue immensity!
With its horror, its charm, and its mystery!

O marvellous type of the life of man!
O mirror so true of his joy and pain!
Of a soul which, once troubled, has rest again.

Thy dull waves beat on a leaden shore
Like the moan of a soul for which hope is o'er;
Whose light has gone out for ever more!

In thy dark abyss, O fathomless Deep,
Through sightless eyes doth the sea-worm creep;
And the voice of the Ocean is whispering, Sleep!

Strange fishes swim through each open door;
The sea-weeds grow on each slimy floor;
Yet still doth the hungry Sea cry, "More!"

It seems to me that the emblem is there
Of a passionless calm more sad than despair;
Like life without light, like breath without air,
Or wearied feet on an endless stair.

When Sorrow's wind blows o'er the sea of years;
When aching eyes are filled with bitter tears;
When parting words are spoken in sad ears;

The Ocean strikes his harp with tuneful strings,
And o'er his wide expanse this song he sings:

“Weep, weep, sad heart, with tears thy pain relieving,
 Thy tears are but the sign of human woes;
 Weep, weep, sad heart, in future peace believing,
 For Time will heal the wounds naught else can close.

“On rough and rugged shores my waves are beating,
 Wearing their roughness into outline smooth;
 And so will Time, by Sorrow’s blows repeating,
 Mould stony hearts to purity and truth.

“Sing, sing, glad heart, for Sorrow’s day is over;
 Sing bravely, toiling in thine earthly strife;
 Fear not the day when dust these bones shall cover,
 For is not Death the gateway into Life?”

Bill Huff.

Huff, Bill Huff?
 Yes, that’s him
 Settin’ thar in the shade
 Playin’ with that string;
 Big feller, ain’t he!
 Two hundred an’ twenty
 Last time he weighed.

A fool? Well, not much!
 His ’pearance, I ’low
 Is not very neat;
 What’s clothes, anyhow?
 You’ll find, as a rule,
 Though he ain’t had much school
 He gits thar with both feet.

Tender hearted? You bet!
Heart like a child
Thet's happy at play
And not easily riled.
Strong man? No, of course;
He's ez weak ez a horse!
Looks delicate, eh?

Know all about him?
Well, pard, I should ruther
Surmise thet I did,
Sence I'm his brother.
Do I drink?—Do I eat?
I'll just take mine neat.
No, thanks, Jack; no water.

Before the Storm.

On through the gloom, slow rolled the restless wave;
Dim burned the stars, enhaloed in a mist
Of silvery light, that faintly, softly kissed
The fretted aisle, and pillared, shining nave
Of ocean's sanctuary—a sea-girt cave.
There, through translucent depths of limpid green,
The sacred relics of the dead were seen,
There gently sleep Britannia's true and brave:
Aye, slumber on in still, unbroken calm,
A hallowed sepulchre, an honored name
In every heart, these things can never fail.
Far o'er the waters, like a funeral psalm,
A prelude to some mighty requiem, came
One long, deep sigh that heralded the gale.

What the River Said.

Should you ask me of my flow,
 Whence I come and whither go,
 Sometimes in the whirl of rapids, sometimes gliding still and
 slow,

On and on without respite,
 'Neath the fierce sun's blazing light,
 Till he dying sinks behind me, and I creep into the night :

I should answer, In the west,
 On the mountains' stony breast
 Was I born, and from their bosoms came I forth the world to
 test :

On through many a laughing brook
 Where the birch and alder shook,
 Ever downward, ever seaward, my resistless course I took;

Passed I through a mighty lake,
 By whose shores the echoes make
 Loud and never dying thunder when the giant billows break.
 Where the crags of granite stand,
 Silent guardians of the land,
 Thrusting back the restless waters with an adamantine hand.

I have faltered on the brink
 Where the swirling eddies sink,
 Forming in the chain of rapids one tumultuous frothing link:
 Thence emerging, hurried on,
 All my bosom flecked with foam,
 Like some wounded warrior turning from the battle to his
 home:

Growing, swelling, till I bear
Peaceful sail and ship of war,
On my surges, while beneath them lie the armaments of yore;
So into the deep I glide,
That eternal throbbing tide,
In whose heart are nations sleeping, friend and foeman side by
side.

Questioning mortal, canst thou trace,
In my troubled hurried race,
Any type of human suffering human skill cannot efface?
And if silently I flow
With unrippled surface, know
That in spite of all my stillness, there are cruel rocks below.
Cease thy wondering, cease thy fears,
Cease thy useless, idle tears;
What is thy short span of life beside the myriads of years?
Thou art but a grain of sand,
Slipping through the careless hand
Of some wanderer, as he muses by the violet ocean's strand.

Doubt and Faith.

Doubts—what are honest doubts? Is it any shame to a man
To pause before he accepts a creed that must save or condemn?
Can a man not be guided by honor and live as nobly as he
Who embraces the Christian religion, with the Lord for his
pilot at sea?

For we are as ships on the ocean, when currents and waves
are unruly,
We can steer by the dictates of honor; there are seldom
mistakes in that chart.

Or again, with the binnacle burning, by the compass that
vibrates so truly
To its deified pole in the heavens and the spirit of faith in
the heart.

Wrecks? Yes, there are wrecks and disasters; but deny my
words, if you can,
When I say that the mariner steering where honor has
pointed the way,
If his hand be firm on the wheel, can steer as well as the man
Whose guide is the fire by night and the pillar of cloud by
day.

Which would you rather trust: an honest doubter, or one
Who accepts the religion of Christ as perhaps the easiest
thing;
Who goes through his months and years with an unmeant
prayer on his tongue,
And dies on a hypocrite's bed in terrified wondering?

I hope in the evening of life, when the shadows fall over the
sea,
Two vessels will enter the harbor: a crucified Pilot on one,
The other directed by honor and courage and probity;
Both making the final port and dropping their anchors at
home.

Vain hope; for thy vessel is frail and human skill is but small;
The storms are many and fierce, the ocean is wide and vast,
And only *one* Pilot has strength to guide us safely through all,
By reef and shallow and bar, to the haven home at last.

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