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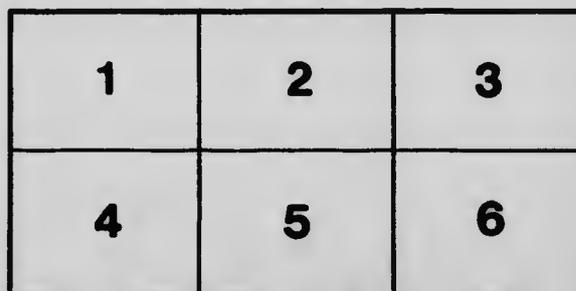
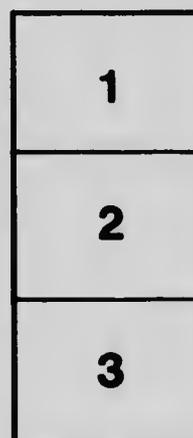
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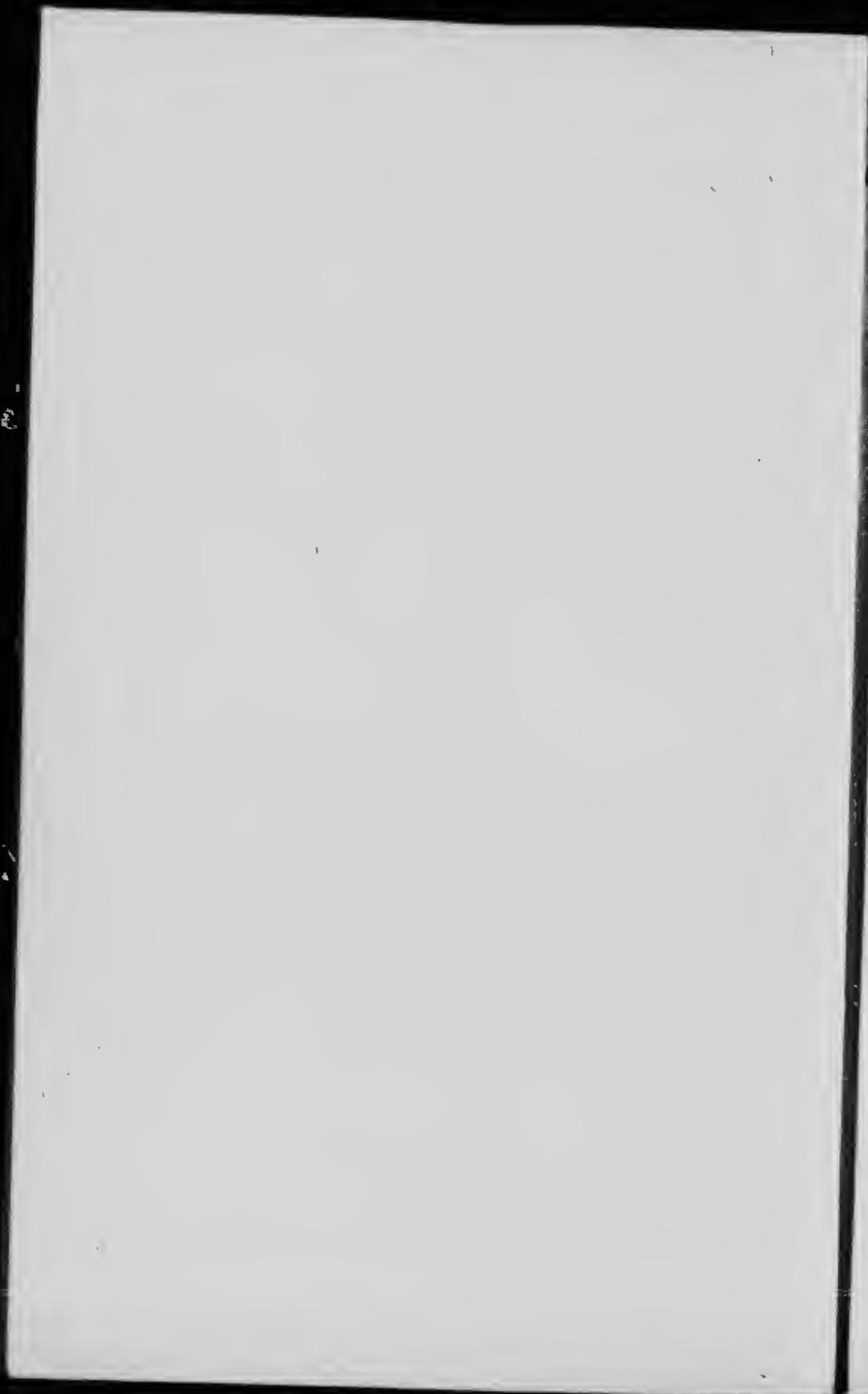
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**Minor Lyric and Narrative
Poems**

BY

Robert S. Jenkins

*If but Euterpe kind
Her pipes doth not withhold or Polyhymnia
Refuses not to strike of Lesbos the sweet lyre.*

TORONTO: WILLIAM BRIGGS
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AUTHOR'S NOTE.

THERE is given in the present volume all that the author cares to see in print of his lyric production up to the present time. The portion of his essay on Keats, originally printed in the Proceedings of the Ontario Educational Association for 1897, containing as it does his views on lyric poetry in general, is republished, and it may be regarded in the light of a preface. At the end of the volume are given a few selections from his lighter work.

R. S. J.

TRINITY COLLEGE,
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CONTENTS.

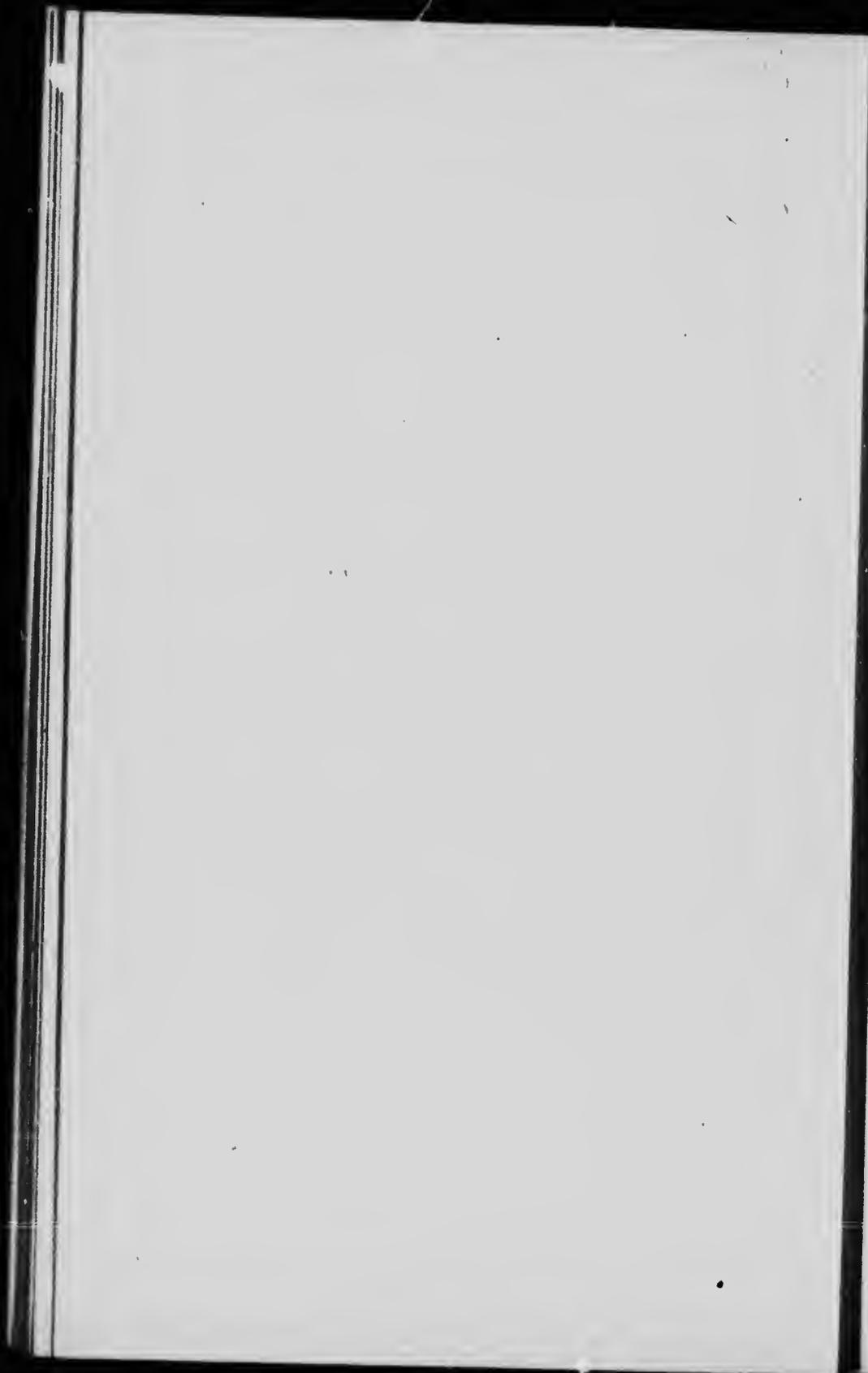
	PAGE
The Lyric Poetry of Keats	9
Illo	21
Rain in the Night	23
In Winter Woods	25
Hot, Dusty Road	27
The Lake	29
The Ships	32
The Dandelions	34
Song	36
Little Lily	38
The Savage from 'Buctoo	41
Songs by the Lake	44
"As the Sun in His Strength"	51
In the Georgian Bay	56
The Palace of Joy	57
Despair	59
Light	60
By John Macdonald	61
The Beggar	62
The Suicide	64
The Ballad of Sleepy Town	67
Song of Youth	75
Progress	78
"Oh, the World is a Happy Place"	79

	PAGE
After Reading Roberts' "Forty-one Years in India"	81
Welcome to an Old Comrade	82
"Qu'il fait bon d'être Canadien"	84
"Our Native Soil, Our Own Dear Home"	86
Peace	88
Jean	90
Spring	91
Sometimes	92
Service Renewed	93
The Spirit of Our Land	96
The Greek Emigrant Girl	98
Niagara	100
The Poet	102
In an Album	104
For a Calendar	104
A Country Girl	105
Canadians, be True	107
Farewell to the Soldier of the Contingent	109
Mafeking	110
Return of the Soldier	112
At Orangeville	113
Mist	115
At Collingwood	116
To a Patron	118
The Battle Hymn	121
Brotherhood	123
Labor	125
Circe	127
Canada	133
Burns	134
Sæcula Sæculorum	137
Frailty	138
The Maiden	139

Contents

vii

PAGE		PAGE
81	The Crushed Flower	140
82	"Æquo Pede!"	141
84	The Face in the Train	142
86	The Painting	143
88	Small and Great	144
90	The Great Mystery	145
91	Life and Death	146
92	Death	147
93	God	148
96	Immortality	149
98	The Child	150
100	The Mother	151
102	Sadness	152
104	The Flower	153
104	The Shower	154
105	The Friend	155
107	The Acquaintance	156
109	Heat	157
110	Napoleon	158
112	Song from "When the Heart is Young"	159
113	Scene from "When the Heart is Young"	161
115	Lampman	172
116		
118		
121		
123		
125		
127		
133		
134		
137		
138		
139		



The Lyric Poetry of Keats.

THE volume that contains the works of Keats is not large, nor is it one which will be often found in the hands of an ordinary reader. In the case of this poet fate acted in the cruelest way. It gave him just time enough to prove beyond dispute that he possessed strong poetic power, and then cut his life short at the age of twenty-six. As a consequence of his untimely death, we have from him no great masterpiece which will incontestably place him among the chief poets of our language; therefore, we must examine his poems with a sympathetic insight, and with a careful appreciation of the limitations imposed by his youth, before we can decide as to the position he would have occupied if his life had been prolonged. On the other hand, we ought not to underestimate the value of the work

which he has actually left us, though it must be admitted that, on the whole, its merits are such as will appeal only to the more ardent lovers of poetry. There are hardly any of his poems that will attract the attention of the hasty and thoughtless reader. And yet, though they are defective in many ways, it would be easy to make from them an anthology of shorter passages so exquisite in their beauty as to delight the soul of the worst of Philistines. For instance in *Endymion*, amid a great deal of verse that is sometimes commonplace and often monotonous, but yet has an indefinable quality about it which reveals it to be but the first unskilful work of a future master, we come frequently upon lines of marvellous excellence that at once enchain the attention. There is every reason to suppose that if Keats had lived he would have attained to unusual poetic power. Perhaps he might even have rivalled Shakespeare in control over the mysteries of language.

But, on the other hand, it must be admitted that, in knowledge of the human heart and in ability to depict life with all its warm reality, there is no evidence that he in any way approached the great dramatist. This must be the conclusion of every one who attentively ex-

amines the work which we actually have from him. Of course, it must not be forgotten that such qualities are the last to appear in a writer, and require for their perfection maturity of mind. Hence it is possible that, if Keats had not died so young, there might have been an awakening of this higher power within him. Still we find that all his tendencies were away from the actual world to an unreal world that was created by his fancy. And yet, in apparent contradiction of this, he was a close and interested observer of all the phenomena of nature. He speaks himself of his seeming to enter into the life of those about him, and almost to lose for a time the sense of his own personality. In a letter he writes: "If a sparrow come before my window, I take part in its existence, and pick about the gravel." But the images which were thus acquired did not change into new combinations as real as themselves, but were built up instead into strange and fanciful forms. Keats' mind unconsciously altered from the natural proportions everything it touched; not so much, indeed, as in the case of some poets, but yet enough to sever him from Shakespeare, in whose dramas men and women come before us real as in life and filled with its rich power. Consequently it would seem more nat-

ural to regard him as the author of poems like *The Princess* or the *Idylls of the King* than of a *Lear* or an *Othello*.

Then it may be asked, in what would have consisted the great excellence of the work of Keats if he had lived long enough to attain his full power? I believe that by reason of his utter devotion to the principle of beauty he would, in the end, have produced work of such a surpassing loveliness of language and conception as the world has never known. In a general way, Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, in its departure from the ordinary life of humanity, may be taken as the type of the work which Keats' matured genius would have done. But there would never have been the same self-containment in Keats' composition as appears in that of Coleridge. Our poet, as we know, fairly rioted in the glories of beautiful thoughts and expressions; but out of this very chaos of lawlessness would have arisen a new creation lovely beyond imagination, boundlessly and incomparably delightful.

But what reasons would lead us to form such an exalted estimate of Keats' genius? Can we discover anywhere in his writings indications that would seem to promise such a glorious fruition? I believe that not even the careless

and unsympathetic eye can wholly overlook them. First, there is his abounding richness of poetic fancy. We discover in his work nothing of the bareness and baldness of statement that one is accustomed to note in the composition of the essentially unpoetical man. The poet's thoughts come before us with all their flowing drapery about them. Secondly may be mentioned his wonderful control of expression and his sensitiveness to the music there is in human speech. We find everywhere evidence of the variety and extent of his vocabulary. Nothing is more remarkable than the apparent ease with which his ideas flow into words. He seems never to be at a loss for language in which to express all the finer shadings of his thought. Thirdly, it is to be noted that Keats possessed what is an indispensable requisite in all true art—the power of giving unity to his work. In a poetical composition the subject-matter should be so presented that the total impression left with us is one of order and completeness ; also, the sound-effect of the poem as a whole should have a distinctive tone into which that of all the various parts blends without discord. A poem that produces within us this impression of unity of thought, feeling and word-music is the wonderful

Ode on a Grecian Urn. A fourth reason why we must conclude that Keats would have been one of the very greatest poets if he had lived, is to be seen in his continual growth in the power of making his work appeal to the universal heart. At first a poet, through lack of a wide knowledge and experience of life, is unable to cause his work to be of interest except to persons of his own way of thinking. His whole style of writing will be recognized as narrow and self-centred, as something apart from the full rich life of humanity. He will be too academic, or too trifling, or too coarse and uncouth, according to the nature of the soil from which his genius has sprung. In the great poet, however, this period gradually passes away, and is succeeded by that of more perfect work. In Keats' case, likewise, it was pretty well over, and his later production would have been of a very high character indeed. Thus in respect to the possession of all the four qualities that are characteristic of a great poet, namely, richness of fancy, mastery of language, unifying power, and a thorough saneness of thought and feeling, Keats had already fully proved his claim, or was in a fair way to do so.

Such, then, is the opinion one must form of Keats' poetry as a whole, but our duty is

to discuss only one division of it, namely, that which includes his lyric production. Our plan of study will be first to consider briefly the most important of the various classes of lyrical poems to be found in the volume of our author's works, and afterwards to examine more minutely the *Ode to a Nightingale*, which exemplifies pretty well the main characteristics of his genius.*

An important division of Keats' work is that of his sonnets, some of which are undeniably beautiful. And yet he cannot be regarded as at his happiest in this style of writing, for the sonnet from its very nature demands delicate perfection of detail rather than overflowing abundance of fancy. Such a poet as Keats is likely to produce work which seems a little rude and coarse when enclosed in its exquisite form. He cannot bring himself to moderate the magnificent sweep of his brush. It is just as if a detail in a picture for the ceiling of some great hall were set in a delicately wrought golden frame. There could not fail to be some incongruity. Consequently we find that, although Keats was a master of word-music, even some of his best sonnets are in places

* Here followed a discussion of the minor lyrics, special mention being made of those written in seven-syllabled couplets. This is omitted as being of subordinate interest.

marred by unmistakable discords. Moreover the very ease and readiness of expression which ordinarily charm, here offend, as seeming to be incompatible with minute carefulness of workmanship. And yet when all this is said, when every allowance is made for shortcomings in many ways, we cannot but admit that a few of his sonnets are all but perfect in manner and conception, and that nearly every one of the rest contains some part or other of great beauty.

We come now to the last division of Keats' lyrical works, the half-dozen of beautiful odes he has left us. Of these the three most noteworthy are the *Ode on a Grecian Urn*, *To a Nightingale*, and *To Autumn*. I have chosen for more careful consideration the *Ode to a Nightingale*.

In reading over the poem, that which particularly strikes us is the exquisite beauty of its language. How soft and flowing the phrases are! How natural and unforced seem the lines!

"'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness."

Nowhere else is higher testimony borne to Keats' thorough control over our English speech than throughout this short poem. Everywhere in the ode we find examples of his rich power of

Moreover, expression. We see with what deftness he fixes on which language the most elusive shadings of his thought. His epithets, too, are full of a manifold suggestiveness, and seem not to be laboriously sought out, but to rush in, as if of their own accord, to give the expression an ideal fullness. Not less remarkable than his power of amplifying, of expressing thought at length, is his ability to condense. Especially striking is this in transitions from thought to thought and in shiftings from scene to scene. The unintermitted intervening steps are made in a moment. Thus it will be noticed that when the poet leaves the open garden, where he first heard the singing, and enters the wood, the change occurs instantly in an exclamation, "Already with thee!" Likewise it will be observed how the transition from description to narration is made at the beginning of the sixth stanza by the words, "Darkling I listen," where the epithet "darkling" recalls to us in briefest space the whole surrounding scene so admirably described in the two preceding stanzas. Further, this poem reveals how inexhaustible the store of fancy and imagery at the writer's command. For instance, the misery of life is vividly expressed in the words, "The weariness,

the fever and the fret." A little further down the page, the perfume of the spring woods is described as "soft incense hanging upon the boughs." But most remarkable of all the various features of this ode is its beautiful music, so well reproducing, in as far as language can, the peculiar softness and richness of the nightingale's song. Moreover, the same characteristic tone is maintained throughout the poem, from the first outburst of rapturous delight through the various passages expressive of the poet's longing for the nightingale's unalloyed happiness, his weariness of the misery of our present life, and his consequent despair and desire of death, to his awakening at the close when the spell of the bird's song is removed. This perfect unity of sound-effect is what lends to the ode much of its charm.

But back of all this, and giving to the work of art its soul (if we may so speak), is the manifest sincerity which everywhere pervades it. We recognize that the passionate longing for unattainable happiness and peace springs from the depth of an anguished heart. This genuineness of feeling leads us to overlook any defects which may appear in the poem, as, for instance, the harshness and baldness of the line, "To thy high requiem become a sod," where one cannot

We must not look for absolute artistic perfection anywhere except in the more mature parts of his writings.

It is true that the body of his poetry which can bear comparison with the ripe work of other poets, is very small indeed; but that he gave a wonderful promise there is no surer proof than the fact that he has been a deep well of inspiration for the poets who have followed. From the study of his poetry come countless suggestions for the creation of new and undreamed-of literary effects. There cannot be any doubt that his genius was one of the strongest and most original since Shakespeare.

Clio.

TRUE Clio, the muse of history, sat
 Upon a shaft of column lying low
 Amid the ruin of some temple old
 Built to the worship of forgotten gods.
 Far round her she could mark the world's events :
 The havoc of dread pestilence and war,
 The gaspings and the thunderings that fell
 Unsoftened on her calm, attentive ear,
 And kindly deeds of noble ones who strove,
 With brother's love, to aid the much distressed ;
 Here rose the demagogue who flattered power
 That lay within the hands of simple men ;
 Here toiled the statesman mindful of the weal
 Of the fair land which claimed his zeal and love.
 She looked and noted with her rapid pen.
 At last she paused : another age was o'er ;
 Her record now was closed of good and ill.
 The scroll was folded. Clio thoughtful spake,

A moment resting, watchful of the scene :
" Men of the blood-bespattered Babylon,
Men of the Hebrew prophet's fearless lips,
Men of the Grecian artist's love of form,
Men of the rougher Roman's mailèd strength,
Men of the later Europe's skilfulness,
Ye strive and strive amid your right and wrong
Restless forever, like your bounding earth
Through ages steady in its swinging course.
Resistless motion ! Ye may talk of rest
As something wished, but nay, that slothful ease
Is not for man : the rest, the perfect rest
Is action where the efforts measure true
In aim and strength, and ever one but feels
The blissfulness of strain. Oh ! hope for this."
New at her hand a scroll lay, and the muse
Her writing now resumed dispassionate.

Rain in the Night.

I AM lying awake in the lone midnight,
And dark is the sky from the cloud,
And silence is deep in the heart of the night,
And the tick of the clock is loud.

Then the rain comes on, and the soft drops fall
A-pattering down on the leaves,
And blends sweet in with the sound of it all
The heavier drip from the eaves.

And quicker and quicker the rain now comes,
And pleasantly falls the sound,
As throbbing on in the night it runs,
The steady beat on the ground.

And in through the open window pass,
And they come on the breeze amain,
Sweet perfumes from the flowers and grass,
Beat out by the heavy rain.

And 'tis thus the hours go . . . and on,
As the minutes pass slowly by ;
And many a thought is suggested from
The rain and the darkened sky,

Until the soft tread of Sleep is near,
And he stills the unresting brain ;
And then 'tis only in dreams I hear
The far-off sound of the rain.

In Winter Woods.

Now wintry days to mildness grow,
And bright the sun shines on the snow,
And glints from universal white
A dazzling blaze of diamond light.

And far o'er meadow, field and hill
The radiant air is softly still ;
No breeze is on the snowy swells,
But over all sweet silence dwells.

And thus I am, though summer's child,
Forth to the woods at last beguiled
To see how winter rough can change
From iron mood in moment strange.

The trees, though leafless, seem not bare,
Wrapped in the warm and glowing air ;
The chopper's axe doth sound from far
So soft its music may not jar.

I wander on, and musing dream,
Along the path which skirts the stream.
Ask not what poet's thoughts may be :
They're idle as his minstrelsy.

But now the breeze comes sharp and chill,
The light is dying on the hill ;
'Tis time to throw all dreams away,
And slowly take the homeward way.

A Hot, Dusty Road.

THE world is heat-laden,
Not a breeze passeth by ;
The dust, finely trodden,
Is scorched and dry,
As it lies on the roadway
'Neath August sunshine,
On and on through the country,
A waving white line.

And 'tween fences that border
The burning white road,
All the herbage, dust-covered,
Is brown on the sod.
Not a bird is slow winging
The hot sky along ;
The wild bee scarce murmurs
Its soft summer song.

A Hot, Dusty Road.

Such the day that we're walking
Afar from the town,
And the hot sun in fierceness
His rays poureth down ;
And comes weariness o'er us,
As slowly we fare,
And afar see before us
The road in the glare.

And out from the distance
A waggon draws nigh,
And its driver turns slowly
As he passes by,
And his gaze seems to ask us,
"This day why abroad?"
But still tread we onward
The white burning road.

The Lake.

"ALL year in city pent,"
Far from my land,
Where sky is with water blent,
And wave-laid sand
Makes the long sweep of shore,
And the billows rush on with a roar.

How quiet is the lake!
'Tis all of blue,
And the heaven does but take
A lighter hue,
And calm above doth rest,
With a cloud, like an isle, on its breast.

Now the tempest is high.
What change is seen!

Swiftly the billows run by,
Of deepest green,
Rushing with angry flight
On shallows in long, long lines of white.

But the waves far away
Are bluish dark ;
Upon the horizon grey
Lo, how they mark
Their wild and jagged form
As they crisp and sway in the storm !

The morning sky is white,
The lake as well,
And calm in radiant light,—
You cannot tell
Which is wave, which is air ;
The ships in the heaven seem to fare.

The world doth stillness take
At eventide ;
Faint the ripple on the lake
As, round and wide,
Goes the sun to his rest,
And the wave is aglow in the west.

The Lake.

31

The lake so changes e'er,
No mood the same,
Like that Egyptian fair
Of ancient fame,
In beauty's pride, when she
Ruin brought to laurelled Antony.

And how I love it still,
And constant roam
By the lonely margin, till
The time has come
At last to say adieu
To rolling wave and heaven of blue!

The Ships.

SEE the ships that come in from the lake
With message from over the wave ;
See the ships that go out on the lake
With message back over the wave.

There be eyes on each side of the lake
That will watch for the ships to come ;
There be lips on each side of the lake
That will welcome the good ships home.

But ah ! 'tis true that the time must be
When the wave has a crest of foam,
When eyes that watch cannot longer see,
And the faltering lips grow dumb,

Until there is joy at last some day,
When the ships come in safety home
Out of the heart of the tempest grey
And the pitiless waste of foam.

And thus the truth that the sea-waves tell
Still is the same truth everywhere,
That our life is a medley of bliss and ill,
But that joy may follow on care.

The Dandelions.

MAY has come, and all the trees
Leafy boughs are swinging ;
May has come : in all the fields
Fresh the grass is springing ;
And a little golden star
O'er the earth is seen
Through the meadows, near and far,
Yellow 'gainst the green.

And we love this lowly star
Quite as those in heaven,
And we bless the happy May
That has bounteous given
Thousands of these bits of gold
For our longing hearts,
Scattering riches manifold
In its wealthy marts.

The Dandelions.

35

If they came not with the spring,
Stamped as from its treasure,
Giving dull eyes light again,
Grief were without measure.
Glow upon the shining meads
All the bright May day.
Ah, the little golden heads,
Soon they will be grey!

d far,

Song.

SHE told me
That she loved me
Just last night,
When the stars shone.

The great moon
Rose o'er the trees,
And showed bright
Its golden face.

Soft and still
All the air was;
Perfumes breathed
From the flowers.

'Twas silent all,
And low, low
She spake the words,
"Thee I love."

More bright seemed
The harvest moon ;
More sweet seemed
The odored flowers.

Little Lily.

LITTLE Lily,
Pretty Lily,
Why are you so gay ?
Never tearful,
Laughing, cheerful,—
Have you frowned to-day ?

List your singing !
Hear it ringing
Oft the moments through.
All our hurry
And our worry,
What is it to you ?

Little Lily.

39

Restless striving,
Ever driving,
Has our wrinkles brought :
Ne'er contentment
But resentment
At our lowly lot.

Future seeing,
Little being,
Oft I look before :
Years which come on
Bring a woman
Joyous as of yore.

Yet to-morrow
Has its sorrow
For sweet Lily, too ;
That it cometh,
None it shunneth,
Ah, 'tis very true !

But our Lily,
Gladsome Lily,
Will put trouble by,

Little Lily.

Seeing brightness
Where there's lightness
In the stormy sky ;

Not unfeeling,
But concealing
Pain that she must bear ;
Happy smiling,
And beguiling
Others from their care.

Little angel,
What evangel
Beautiful you teach !
Can we ever
By endeavor
Hope so high to reach ?

How from sorrow
Oft we borrow
Its hard face of gloom,
Doleful seeming,
Never dreaming
Selfishness hath room !

The Savage from 'Buctoo.

THERE'S a savage in our town ;
Only recent came he down ;
Rough invader, warlike he,
Just embodied gluttony ;
Wild as in the desert home,
Barbarous in look and tone ;
All I say, and more, is true :
He's a savage from 'Buctoo.

Sultan, Kaiser, Czar and King,
He is lord of everything ;
All about him must be slaves,
Ever giving what he craves.
Still his cry is loud for food,
Cry that must not be withstood.
Lowly bend, for that is due
To the mighty of 'Buctoo.

The Savage from 'Buctoo.

But he has his friends in sooth,
Friends who will not see the truth,
Call him darling, sweet and pet ;
Name of love was never yet
Heard among our English race,
But the women with it grace,
Though it may be quite untrue,
This the savage of 'Buctoo.

You should see them crowding round,
Kneeling low upon the ground,
Stretching out enticing hands,
Eager to obey commands,
Giving kisses endlessly.
Happiness in purity,
It is yours, if you but knew,
Stupid savage of 'Buctoo !

And the fairest maid on earth,
Who is wise and of true worth,
She will come, and she will speak
Praises, with unblushing cheek,
That are false as they can be.
Hath she eyes that do not see?
Cheat? Enchanter? \hat{w}hat are you,
Bringing magic from 'Buctoo?

The Savage from 'Buctoo.

43

She will kiss you o'er and o'er,
Kiss you till my heart is sore,
Watching what I may not share,
And you hardly seem to care
For the glory undivined!
Truly, I can never find
What attraction is in you,
Ugly monster of 'Buctoo!

And if I should ask her now,
With the glow upon her brow
And the mirth within her eye,
Beautiful exceedingly,
For one kiss, and but for one,
She would turn as if to stone,
With a look that pierces through
Like an arrow in 'Buctoo.

Rival, can you not divine
What unhappy life is mine?
When she bends above your head,
Cannot kindly word be said
In my favor by your grace?
'Tis but rightful in your place
To be generous, though are you
But a savage from 'Buctoo.

Songs by the Lake.

WE will walk together, love,
This bright afternoon,
Through the sweet shade of the grove,
Slowly on, till soon
Sudden turn the path will take,
Downward passing by the lake.

We will sing together, love,
As we walk along,
Each in turn that we may prove
Which has sweeter song.
First I sing about the grove,
As we slowly onward move.

Soft asleep the sunlight,
Soft asleep the air,

' Mid the grove-trees sunbright,
Fending off the glare.

Softly from the distance,
Up along the dells,
Comes in drowsy cadence
Tinkling sound of bells.

Gently flows the river
Onward to the dam,
Widening, widening ever,
Changing into calm,

Forming 'mid a girdle,
Green, sunlighted trees,
Glassy smooth the mill-pond,
Rippling not a breeze.

But our path is turning now,
Winding gently down the brow
Of a little hill,
And we view the quiet lake ;
Here a pleasant seat we'll take,
And we'll gaze our fill.

Sit we 'neath the shady tree,
Suited just for you and me,
Looking out upon the sea ;
And I'll say some verses o'er
That a friend of mine of yore
Made upon this very shore.

Oh ! the lake stretches out to the north ;
'Tis like to the infinite sea.
As I stand on the shore looking forth,
It seemeth as mighty and free.

And afar on each side runs the coast ;
I follow it round with the eye,
Till in distance the blue line is lost,
And there's nought but the lake and sky.

The sun unclouded, with glowing face,
Looks down in his path of light.
The lake is sleeping, but you can trace
That the bosom is tremulous slight.

But it is thy turn, O love !
Sitting in the shady grove,

Looking out upon the sea,
Sing a pleasant song to me ;
And thou answerest, " Yea, I will."
Quiet wood, be yet more still !

Lo, the lake is to-day
A floor of glass !
Surely on it in play
Could light feet pass,
Over the water bright,
Fleetly away,
Keeping time in their flight
To a sweet lay.

Thou art not ever thus,
O changeful sea !
When the frothing waves toss,
And laugh in glee,
There be many who ne'er
At end of days
See a sheltering pier
Or lighthouse blaze.

Think of the sailor host
Gone to the grave !

Songs by the Lake.

Throng of the tempest-tossed
Low in the wave !
They have rest from their toil
In quiet sleep,
For the waves never coil
Low in the deep.

Ne'er do the landsmen bid
Out in the storm ;
Far from the fury hid,
How can it harm ?
For they peacefully rest
In calm below,
While above is unrest
And stormy flow.

Ah, sweetly sung has been the lay,
And with a marvellous art !
With effort none it burst away
Impassionate from the heart.

But 'twas a silly song, my love ;
For why will be sorrow more,
With the shade of the trees above
And the summer sea before ?

And why dost thou render us sad
In the heart of the smiling day?
It is born but to make us glad,
Yet quickly it hastes away.

For the glow on the land is dull,
The light on the lake bedims,
Though little change, and hardly full
The fount of radiance brims.

Yet day will close, the eve will chill.
Come, we climb the quiet hill,
And cross the wood beyond the mill.

E'er I in dreams, love,
Live life with thee :
A pathway it seems, love,
Thus from the sea.
From sky shines the sun out
With softest glow ;
Fair are the groves about,
And the flowers grow
Beautiful everywhere
Through wood and field,
And to the loving air
Sweet odors yield.

Songs by the Lake.

E'er in my dreams, love,
Live I with thee :
On, on it seems, love,
Thus from the sea
Pass we o'er the flowers,
Treading perfume ;
No time is, or hours,
Morning or noon :
On into distance bright
Passing away,
Unchangeful the light,
Endless the day !

"As the Sun in His Strength."

BRIGHTLY glowing,
Gushing, throwing
Light forever :
Like a river
Flooding, flowing,
All-bestowing,
Blessing-freighted,
Ne'er abated,
Drowns it all the earth.
Everything has birth
From its gracious tide ;
Wide and wide and ever wide,
All about it flows
In the golden universe,
Till it, fading, grows
Dimmer, dimmer, and it scarce
Can be noted far abroad

"As the Sun in His Strength."

By some creature or some god
In the great abyss.
What a thought is this!
Thee with wonder must we see,
For we owe our life to thee!

Sun, shine!
All is thine,—
Shrub and pine,
And the vine
Yielding wine.
Sun, flame!
Thee we name
With acclaim,
As our frame
Is from thee.

By thy bounty is it fed,
By thy bounty overspread
With a raiment from the cold;
And unceasing is the gold,
On the land and sea,
Flowing out with riches
From a hand that stretches
Ever blessingly.
Unexhausted shower,
Coming down with power,

Surging in our mankind,
Surging in the beast,
Surging in the plantkind,
Even in the least
Lowly, lowly creature
In land or sea ;
All form and feature,
'Tis due to thee.
All is thine.
Oh! divine
Thou must be.
Not a sea,
Rolling fire
Ever higher,
Until thought
Comes to nought
In immensity,
Though men thus agree.

In the ages
Of the stages
Of our lowly earth,
Thou hast shone,
Ancient sun,
Ever from its birth.
But thy glow

Long ago
Lighted rude
Solitude,
Ere the brood,
Bird and beast,
Still increased
On the earth,
And had birth
The flowers fair
Everywhere,
Bright of hue.
As there grew
Creatures rare,
In the air,
On the land,
In the sea,
All were scanned
Then by thee.
Truly well
Thou couldst tel!
What our wise,
With their eyes
On the past,
Have not guessed.
For aghast
In their quest,
They do work,

And not find
What doth lurk
Still behind.

What art thou that ever shinest,
Truly of all things divinest?
Is it sure that, never guessing,
Thou dost scatter every blessing,
And, unthinking and unfeeling,
Vain would be the heart's appealing?
Only art thou heated matter:
Wilt be earth and air and water
In the ages when forever
Shall be still the raging fire.
Thou a tool, and nothing higher,
In a Hand, and wielded ever
With a purpose. When 'tis done,
Thou wilt nothing be, O sun.

On the Georgian Bay.

O LOVELY islands of the Grecian seas,
Chios and Lesbos and the Cyclades,
That stand about the fame-enchanted coast
Where Persia's lord the fate of battle lost,
We e'er can see you rise above the wave
In magic light where waters gently lave,
Though yet we dwell in far Atlantis wide,
Nor spread our sail upon your sunny tide.
For we are now among the mighty lakes,
Bestrewed with islands, where the sunshine
makes

In height of summer all the gleam and glow
That our untravelled eyes believe may show
The southern seas of purple and of flame
That sound forever on the lips of Fame.

The Palace of Joy.

COME up to the Palace of Joy
Where the Prince of Wonder stands ;
The gates are wide, and all may enjoy :
He is waiting with willing hands.

He'll lead you far to the land of bliss,
The Lord of the Book-world wide.
Oh ! beautiful, grand, and sweet it is.—
You will wish fore'er to abide

Up in the height, and ne'er to descend
Again to the world below.
The Prince is a kind and faithful friend
Who will ever his bounty show.

Spend not the years in the dull delight
That the earthly life can give !
Come up to the house of joy and light,
And the smile of the Prince receive !

He hath the treasures of land and sea,
And more than their paly gold :
'Tis one of the least of things that be
On the earth for a man to hold.

'Twill not give pleasure without the rest,
But fill with a sad distaste,
And bring to the heart a deep unrest
And a feeling that life is waste,

Save when the sense is drowned in wine
Or sunk in lethargic sleep :
Truly unlike to the joy divine
When the hurrying thought can leap

Over the limits of time and space
And seek in the depth of things !
The wise are lords of the human race,
And sovereigns over the kings.

Despair.

THERE are iron chains that bind me :
Harder they than adamant,
Forged in years now far behind me ;
Then their links were thin and scant.

But the years have added to them,
Made the old ones stronger grow ;
Closer round my soul they drew them—
Drew them to its overthrow.

Night.

O NIGHT, how slow and soft thou comest
Across the eastern hills !
Slow fades the brightness in the painted west ;
The downy darkness gently comes and fills
The world around us, and 'tis day no more.

O Death, how slow and soft thou comest
At quiet eve of life !
When weary hands are longing much for rest,
And still the passions from the years of strife,
In peace thou comest, and the day is o'er.

Sir John Macdonald.

THERE'S many a saddened heart
In Canada to-day ;
There's sadness in the crowded mart
And on the lone highway.
Stilled is the strife of part and part ;
The great has passed away :
No more we'll have upon our lips
The old familiar name,
Save to the past when fancy slips,
And calls it o'er again.
Yet nought will lessen, nought eclipse,
In future day, his fame.

The Beggar.

A BEGGAR I am, and I constantly tramp
From town unto town in the dry and the damp ;
And often at close of the wearisome day
I sleep in a fence-corner out of the way ;
And seldom, if ever, I sleep in a house,
But often in barns, where the rat will arouse,
And pitiless, horrible, stare in the eye,
And hope that ere morning the beggar will die.
For I am old, and ragged, and poor,
And am driven away from the door.

I once had a home : it was ages ago.
After labor how sweet it was thither to go,
Where wife and where child gave a glad
welcome in,
For, truly, not always a beggar I've been.
But I trusted a man (and to trust it is mad !);
He cheated me out of the all that I had ;
A lawyer got fame for his winning the case,
And I was left homeless with famine to face.
Thus I am old, and ragged, and poor,
And am driven away from the door.

The struggle was short for my life and my boy ;
I laid them to rest where no troubles annoy ;
And alone I was left in the world of pain,
With nothing in life more to lose or to gain.
I laid all my pride in the graves of the dead,
And became a mere beggar asking for bread ;
And many, hard-hearted, believe not my tale,
Arrest me, a wand'rer, and send me to jail.
For I am old, and ragged, and poor,
And am driven away from the door.

For years I have been just a beggar, a tramp,
And keep on my way in the dry and the damp,
A-begging for bread where I'm scoffed at and
jeered,
A-begging for bread where I'm hated and feared.
And no one will know a heart throbb'd in the
breast
Of the beggar, before it was crushed into rest ;
And no one will care, when he draws the last
breath,
And passes unnoted the portal of Death.
Though I am old, and ragged, and poor,
He'll not drive me away from His door.

The Suicide.

DRINK it down
With still breath ;
Men call it
Draught of death.

Be not frightened at the name,
For the fierce, destroying flame
Wide has wasted o'er thy life :
Everything with woe is rife ;
Nought the future holds for thee ;
Better is it not to be.
Look into the crystal depth :
Never there has dragon kept,
Watching, waiting to devour,
But a kindly, loving power
That will soothe thee to a sleep
Where can never sorrow creep.

Though there be a transient pain
When it battles with thy frame,
That will pass when over thee
Gains the draught mild mastery.
Ancient peace comes to thy breast,
Gently sinking into rest.

Drink it down
With still breath,
Though 'tis called
Draught of death,

Death, a loathly, hateful thing,
It is clear as nature's spring
Gushing from the limy rock,
Dripping down from block to block,
All delicious in the wild
To me wandering when a child,
With my friends of equal age
Out on many a pilgrimage,
Searching berries, birds and nuts,
Tired and thirsty, scarred with cuts,
Victims of the brambles strong,—
Surely men have argued wrong !
Death is pleasant ; this is sweet ;

Bravest he who dares to meet
The great end, and will not wait
Till it comes with lagging gait :
Better die by headsman's steel
Than slow broken on the wheel.

Yet a moment, and 'tis o'er :
I am of *that* life no more !
Farewell, friends whom I have known ;
You will speak in lowered tone
Of the shameful one that's gone.

The Ballad of Sleepy Town.

I DWELT within a sleepy town beside a sleepy
sea,
And all the early years I led were tranquil as
day be ;
No hurry in the quiet mart, a few ships on the
sea,
And hasty moving trains that halt a moment
ere they flee.

The son took up his father's toil in workshop
and in store,
And generations held their place until their day
was o'er ;
And still th' unchanging sea was spread from
out the endless shore,
And even when the tempest came it gave a
sleepy roar.

There dwelt a maid in Sleepy Town who kindly
was and fair,
The sweetest maid in all the world that e'er had
golden hair ;
I loved her from my early youth, before I grew
aware
What love was and the might of thee, O dull
and sad Despair.

And ah ! I knew that she loved me, for I was
often told
By look and action that were plain and yet not
over-bold ;
For she was modesty itself, and true as truest
gold,
The wonder of the people in her loveliness
untold.

And I remember well the day when first my
love was said :
O'er her brow and cheek and chin ran the
hasty blushes red.
But she held her eyes upon me with an undroop-
ing head,
And in the loving, fearless gaze I the answer
read.

The Ballad of Sleepy Town.

69

And then I kissed my darling with the first
warm kiss of love,
And I clasped my arms about her and held her
close to prove
That she was mine forever ; and I felt her bosom
move ;
The force of mighty passion in a gentle being
strove.

Then happy passed the days and weeks until
the months were two.
I came to know is sweet and pure the heart of
maiden true ;
I felt a deeper sense of love, we close and closer
drew :
O fairest of companionships that e'er a mortal
knew !

One day there came to Sleepy Town (from me
be envy far)
A handsome youth who ne'er had need to know
of life the war,
But heard the thunders of the fight the toilers
wage afar,
For on his cradle shone the ray of fortune's
happy star.

And ah! it was an anxious time among the
maiden band,
For though they knew that he could choose from
any in the land,
Yet many had a secret hope that by a gesture
bland
They might allure the pleasant youth to give a
lover's hand.

For is it not a bliss to gain the high magician's
rod
That brings the service of the host that e'er
awearry plod
To work amid the narrow streets or on the
grievous sod,
Upraised above the multitude and like unto a
god?

And yet I saw my darling true, when her com-
panions tried
To win him to attention fair and gain a place
beside,
To him as to the others act: it could not be
denied
She ever had the brightest look when she was
at my side.

The Ballad of Sleepy Town.

71

But was there nothing now to dread, no danger
to beware?

He went unto her father's house, a welcome
guest was there;

And lo, upon the lovely face there crept a veil
of care,

And still it dark and darker grew, until it was
despair!

There was a path that led to town across a
narrow stream;

A little bridge was roughly made of mossy plank
and beam;

And as a tranquil setting sun gave out its dying
gleam,

I wandered there, as oft I did, in quietness to
dream.

But who was that? Ah! well I knew. Upon
the winding road

I saw her as she onward came; then at my side
she stood.

Oh! pale was she as death may be. It seemed
as if the blood

Was still within the icy heart, nor ever kindly
flowed.

Dull was her voice, and tremulous, when she a
greeting gave ;
And then there came a little pause: "Oh ! be
thou strong and brave,
And haste thou onward to the end that high
ambitions crave,
And think not of a wretched maid, unworthy
friend to have !

"I cannot follow at thy side; we say a long fare
well.

Forever from thy life apart, ah ! this is woe to
tell.

For long I would not give thee up—thou
knowest I loved thee well—

But how can childish heart resist, when they
who bore compel ?"

And with the sudden words she ceased, and as
if now I mark

That silently the night has come, and all the
land is dark,

And the fireflies amid the fields are flashing
spark on spark,

And I hear a sound of bells, and a watching dog
will bark.

The Ballad of Sleepy Town.

73

I know not what my answer was. We silent
left the bridge,
And entered in a narrow path that climbed
the rocky ridge
That rose along the rivulet, and passed above a
hedge
That some one long ago had made to guard the
dangerous edge.

I left her at her father's home, and on into the
night
I wandered with my thoughts alone, where
vanished was delight.
For all my life was darkened o'er, and nowhere
was there light ;
And oft I filled with fiery scorn, and throbbed
with anger's might.

But soon I heard the voice of Pride that spoke
within my heart :
"Be all-sufficient to thyself, live full in thought
apart,
Ask favor and support of none, howe'er in need
thou art,
And never know the scorn of men or memories
that smart.

“Go forth into a wider life, be brave and strong
and free ;
Rise upward in a tireless flight, yet ever heed-
fully ;
Live nobly for our country fair that spreads to
either sea
O'er half a mighty continent, a great wide world
for thee !”

And so farewell to Sleepy Town. I've said a
common lay ;
It is a tale you oft have read, retold in many a
way ;
You'll find it in the ancient books and those of
modern day.
I've told it as I lived it once, before my years
were grey.

A Song of Youth.

Oh ! play for me that song again,
And sing it with sweet voice.
Out of the lone and still domain
Leap upward and rejoice
The images of long ago
And feelings of the heart,
Before its steady beat and slow ;
And for a while depart
The wisdom of our later years
And duller joy and pain.
I thrill with laughter and with tears ;
I am a child again.

Oh ! new created was the earth,
And gay the golden sun,
And, fresh as from its recent birth
The brook ran laughing on.

For though the world is very old,
And aged glow the stars,
And while the ancient cycles rolled,
Have Sirius and Mars
Looked ever on the changing lands,
The always moving sea,
And making of the mountain-bands,
Yet young as youth may be
To every child of earth it seems,
And fresh with early glow,
And brighter than we view in dreams.
Oh! it is bliss to know
The thoughts within the boyish mind,
As on the throbbing sense
Do rush the wonder undefined
And happiness intense.

But with the later time we lose
The feeling deep and strange
That stirred within us, and we choose
To think it happy change.
But no, our knowledge never gives
The richness and the glow,
The beauty that the heart receives,
Before we older grow,

A Song of Youth.

77

And take the armor up of life,
And, like a soldier stern,
Go out into the roaring strife,
And only dim discern
A glory on the laughing land
When summer is in prime,
A beauty in the icy hand
Of the white winter-time.

The song that you have sung to-night,
It is a song of youth,
And thrills me with an old delight,
Until you see in truth
A tear is in my foolish eye ;
A child I am again,
And feel the hope that silently
The years away have ta'en.

Progress.

**MANY, as the world is older,
Say the human feelings smoulder,
And the love of God is colder.
Surely they must be in error,
Though 'tis true the dull wayfarer
Still can see the wrong and terror.
Not so bold the high oppressor,
Beaten oft the rough aggressor ;
Joy is brighter, woe is lesser ;
Words have ever deeper meaning :
Though they keep the older seeming,
Yet they change beyond our dreaming.**

"Oh! the World is a Happy Place."

OH! the world is a happy place
In a wood in a summer noon,
Where branches above interlace,
And the fleet running brook in tune
To the joy of the heart doth sing
In many a frolicsome lay,
While merrily over it wing
The birds in the glistening day.

Oh! the world is a happy place
At the time when the woods are green,
When I go to a lonely space
Where the trees all round are a screen,
And hide me afar in the heart
Of the leaf-loving god's domain,
Full from the moods of men apart,
The love and the hate and the gain.

80 "Oh! the World is a Happy Place."

Oh! the world is a happy place
For a lad in his quiet life.
What matter if cometh apace
The doom of a terrible strife,
And a fury of thrilling pain
When the light of his hope is low?
For how will it count him gain
If he yield to a thought of woe?

**After Reading Roberts' "Forty-one
Years in India."**

No pause amid the battle's fiercest odds!
Wild in the rush, and in defence as firm,
Like the full sea resistless! What are these
Who dare so few 'midst warring hordes to press,
Who scale sky-reaching heights that ages long
Have been the abode of unsubjected tribes?
Can we forget the deeds on Delhi's ridge
Or Lucknow's bold relief? Can we forget
Those slight battalions ever holding hard
To treacherous Kabul? True, these must be
High demi-gods, the marvel of mankind!

Welcome to an Old Comrade.**FROM HORACE.**

WE have borne together extremity hard
When fighting with Brutus as leader of war ;
Now thou comest a Roman again
To Italy fair and the homeland gods.

O Pompey, thou fittest of comrades to have,
How often we squandered the length of the day
With flowers encircled over our locks,
Aglow with the balm of Syrian marts !

We have seen together on Philippi's plain
The fright and the rout, when I fled without
shield,
When valor was crushed, and low in death
The brave man lay with his face in the dust.

Welcome to an Old Comrade.

83

Though, stricken with terror, by Mercury fleet
I was ta'en in a cloud through the foe away,
Yet thee the billow returning drew
To the furious sea of war again.

Thou wilt render to Jove the feast that is due.
Aweary with battle, rest here in the shade
Of the laurel, a-quaffing the wine
That was kept for thee in the cask so long.

Ho! fill the bright bowl with the Massic that
drowns
The care of the heart, and the perfume outpour
From the shell, and whose duty it is
Let him wreathe the parsley gentle to twine,

Or myrtle mayhap. Who the Venus appoints
Will rule at the feast: I shall revel as mad
As the Edoni do; I rejoice
That my friend to me is restored at last.

"Qu'il fait bon d'être Canadien."

FROM THE FRENCH.

O CANADA, dear native land,
Whose name the fair St. Lawrence flood
Echoes along its flowery strand
In tones so full with joyous mood,
When we regard how nature kind
With gifts has richly dowered thee,
Exclaim we oft with grateful mind,
Canadians, how blest are we!

The mighty voices of our hills,
High swelling 'mid the shapely pines,
And borne along where Plenty fills
Her garner from the fields and vines,
Verdant mead and beauteous flower,
Such as in Eden well might be,
All shout it loud with sweetest power,
Canadians, how blest are we!

When o'er our fathers' quiet tombs
The wind at eve does loving pause,
And gather up the sweet perfumes
Of their high deeds in noble cause,
It gently passing on imparts
Of olden days the memory,
And it calls softly to our hearts,
Canadians, how blest are we!

When dread the thunders roll afar,
And o'er the ancient homeland swell,
Safe from the Old World's hate and war
Here in our happy land we dwell;
And as to ruin rushing fleet
Republican and king we see,
With thankfulness we e'er repeat,
Canadians, how blest are we!

"Our Native Soil, Our Own Dear Home."

FROM THE FRENCH OF ISIDORE BÉDARD.

OUR native soil, our own dear home,
It was the brave that peopled thee,
Who sought remote o'er ocean foam
A sure abode of liberty.
Our fathers, sailed they out of France,
Warriors bold of noble fame,
And through the years their sons enhance
The glory of the ancient name.

The fields of Canada are fair,
In Canada 'tis joy to bide !
Hail to those heights aloft in air,
And to St. Laurent's mighty tide !

O ye who dwell in this new land
That nature doth so gaily dress,
Ye well may walk with proud command,
And ardent hope to all confess!

Respect the kind protecting hand
Of Albion, your noble stay,
But check the foes within your land
That aim to take your right away.
Be still unbending in the storm :
Ye have as masters but the laws,
For slavery ye were not born,
And Albion doth guard your cause.

If Albion's beloved hand
Should ever cease its ward to hold,
Ye'll scorn another's strange command,
My countrymen of bravest mould.
Our fathers, sailed they out of France,
Warriors bold of noble fame,
And through the years their sons enhance
The glory of the ancient name.

Peace.

THOUGH thunder of warfare, growling deep,
Threats with a torrent of blood to sweep
The lands where the golden lamp of art,
Of love, and of life, sheds far apart
Its light for a darkened race to see,
Host of the noble, the true, and free,
Though there be quarrel without, within,
Ye see that the wide earth grows akin.

Believe them not who will cry despair !
Peace has its sign in the murky air.
Though there be moments of rage and pride,
When nations seem but the word to bide
To rush to slaughter with flame and lance,
Yet oft they will halt as 'twere by chance,
For there is a power without, within,
That slowly doth bind the earth akin.

Hope, though the clouds be heavy and dark ;
Hope, for a brightness above ye mark :
The sun is there, and its beam will shine
Some day on the world so black with crime,
When love shall be lord on land and sea,
And men shall be noble, true and free,
And dead the quarrel without, within,
And all mankind on the earth akin.





MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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Jean.

“Is there aught lovelier on earth
Than thou of flowers the Queen?”
Unto the Rose one day I said;
It softly answered “Jean.”

“Can aught be fairer than the stars
That over heaven are seen?”
“Ah! yes,” they answered with accord,
“Fairer than we is Jean.”

So the whole Universe replied:
“None lovelier has been
In all my days, nor yet will be
More beautiful than Jean.”

Though seasons o'er her sleeping head
Change from the white to green,
Yet ever, ever hold the years
The memory of Jean.

Spring.

O FAIREST lady, thou dost smiling ask
 Thy humble friend to write of kindly spring,
 But thou must know how far beyond the task
 Of his poor skill one tribute new to bring
 To deck the vernal queen, whom poets all
 From ancient days until our happy time
 By all the names of praise united call
 'Mid golden thoughts in ever-varied rhyme.
 How can he tell the joy when nature wakes
 With unrestrained force from winter's cold,
 When laughing run the rivers to the lakes,
 And the bright green doth overspread the
 mould,
 And far across the earth come forth again
 The peeping flowers to make our hearts
 rejoice,
 And higher rise the hopes and aims of men
 Who call to destiny with firmer voice?—
 He sure would fail! As easy 'twere to try
 To paint with words a picture true of thee!
 He well content must pass these labors by,
 And for the mighty masters let them be.

Sometimes.

**FAIR and malicious,
Loving and dangerous,
Pleasing and treacherous,
Woman, thy part is
Not always to bless us.**

Service Renewed.

Now the pleasant afternoon
After rain is bright :
Clouds no longer o'er the sun
Hide him from the sight.

All along the southern range
Spreads a golden mist,
Curtain beautiful and strange !
Now 'tis slow uprist.

Come anew the thoughts of old,
Clouds are swept away :
Lo, before me the outrolled
Splendors of the day !

Service Renewed.

I can only thrill and feel,
As in times of yore ;
For the heart does slow congeal,
Dwelling with our lore.

Leave to other practised men
Earthly aims and strife :
Thou canst never be as them,
Though thou give thy life

Whole, exclusive to their arts
Till thy latest day :
Other laws the muse imparts,
Thou must needs obey.

Thou hast wandered much abroad
In the deserts bare :
See, she now points out the road ;
Follow it with care.

All thy gloom becomes a joy,
All thy dearth a feast ;
Fears cannot thy hope destroy,
Age his march has ceased.

Service Renewed.

95

Ne'er again shall I be false
To her high behest ;
Ever listen when she calls,
In her service blest.

Lifts the golden curtain now !
I am all renewed ;
Over face and over brow
Surges full the blood.

Lifts the curtain from the hills !
Mists are rolled away !
All the world about me fills
With the brightest day !

The Spirit of our Land.

WHERE hath dwelt the secret spirit
That hath lain so close and deep
In our land which we inherit
From our fathers' toil to keep?

Was it on the mountain-ridges
Up and up to the blue dome?
Was it by Niagara's ledges
Rolling down their thunder foam?

Was it by the far sea-margin?
Was it on some islet strand
Where the fisher runs his barge in,
Cruising 'cross the lake to land?

Did it pass along the roadways
Streaming on in silver lines?
Came it down upon the floodways
With the harvest of the pines?

The Spirit of our Land.

97

Was it in the mart and palace,
Where the strife of men is strong?
Was it near the sacred chalice
With the reverential throng?

Was it in the aged unladen
From the toil in rain and drouth,
In the true breast of the maiden,
In the fearless heart of youth?

Yea, it was! In all was dwelling
The high spirit of our land,
Stronger ev'ry moment swelling.
And behold! it breaks the band

Which hath held restrained its power,
Joy and hope upon its brow:
Comes at length the fated hour!
Men must look! A nation now,

One of many slow uprearing
Over isle and continent,
Ever to the great end nearing,
In th' imperial nation blent.

The Greek Emigrant Girl.

FROM AN INCIDENT REPORTED IN "ATLANTIS."

THERE was a silence in the mournful room,
And softly the kind watchers moved about,
And could but mark that the warm life so soon
Was growing chill, the bright gleam all gone
out.

But hear! she speaks. You scarce can catch at
first

The words, but louder, fuller now they come.
Soft, unaccustomed sounds are they that burst
From the lone heart in exile from its home.

The strange sweet tones speak low of summer
seas,

Of ever-glowing sunshine on the height,
Of perfume of the orange-grove on the breeze,
And flash of crystal streamlet down in flight.

**"Oh, what a change! From the dear land of
Greece**

**To be afar where speech has rougher tone,
Where duller scented through uncomely trees
The chilly winds forever seem to moan!**

**"They have no thought in this hard land of gain
Of golden days amid long ages past
When Beauty dwelt on earth till she was slain,—
She dwelt in Greece and with her died at last.**

**"I could not learn their uncouth foreign tongue,
I grew to loathe their business-making ways;
All day I sat and filled my heart with song
And pain-sweet laughter from the far-off days.**

**"Fast comes the night! I see the shadows fall
As long of yore upon the tranquil sea.
Quick, quick I go! Do ye not hear the call
That echoes soft along the shore to me?"**

Niagara.

SEE the wave where it falls to the deep,
And the spray of the downpouring steep
Is outflung in a rain o'er the side !
We are filled with its splendor and pride,
We are mad with its pitiless power.
Ever-remembered, marvellous hour !
In view of the flooding waters yonder
Over our weakness must we ponder.

Endless, unwavering sweeps the tide,
Clouded with whiteness, over the side
Of the lofty wall that is ceaseless worn
By the mighty swells, and thus was torn
The seething course where the surges leap
With maddest bound to the lower deep
Between the great cliffs that, wide asunder,
Echo back the roar of their thunder.

**With patient labor we strive at length
To find us aid in a tireless strength ;
We conquer oft through marvellous feat.
Yet must we feel in the full conceit
Of our haughty thought and boasting words
That the forces dread have feeble lords,
When long we gaze at the great world's
wonder,
Our hearts all athrob with its thunder !**

The Poet.

WHAT bliss to the poet's life belongs !
He has thoughts that ne'er may have tongue,
Revelling to full in new, strange songs,
Songs that have never yet been sung,
Trying to catch their magic tone,
That it be not he who enjoys alone.

He doth gaze on the beauty of lake and hill,
And he views the forms of the clouds,
He watches the river that winds at will
'Mid the land that the forest shrouds,
And fields where sowers cast their grain,
And that searcheth ever the wave's domain.

The Poet.

103

He watches the faces upon the street,
The old and young, the sad and gay,
In the city where the countless feet
Roar by through all the busy day ;
And he treasures up, and scarce knows how,
The glancing of eye and the curve of brow.

Oh, what to the poet's joy compare !
All he doth see and hear and learn
Will rise to his mind in moments fair,
Enter as brightest forms that burn.
And they weave them to mystic song,
Now 'tis low and soft, now 'tis loud and strong.

In an Album.

MAY happy days await thee, all the joys
That life can give dwell ever round thy path ;
May everlasting Hope spread out her wings
To guard thee in the bitter day of pain,
If such must be! Thus on the year's first day
I make good wishes for thee, youthful fair,
That ever busy turn'st the common things
To lovely shapes beneath delighted eyes.

For a Calendar.

WHAT may we with true Friendship best
compare?
On snowy plain the far-off guiding tree,
Or plashing spring within the desert bare,
Or flowered isle amid the lonely sea ?

A Country Girl.

FROM HORACE.

*If thou but holdest up prayerful hands to heaven
At the time of new moon, rustic Phidyle,
And if thou the incense bringest sweet
Unto the Lares, early corn, and swine,

Not the vine prolific feels the Afric wind
Pestilential, or the crop the wasting blight,
Or the tender offspring of the flock
The season ill in the full-fruitaged year.

Let the doomèd victim feed amid the oaks
On snowy Algidus and its ilex-trees,
Or in grasses deep on th' Alban plains,
To dye the pontiff's axe at its neck with
blood.

For why is there need for thee heaven's grace
to buy,
Slaughtering with high rite countless host of
sheep,
When the tiny gods thou crownest fair
With the fragile myrtle and rosemarine?

If thy hand ungifted hath the altar touched,
Sacrifice more costly 'twere in vain to bring,
And the angered Penats kindly grow,
When the meal thou offer'st with crackling
salt.

Canadians, be True.

REAR up a nation firm and just,
A shrine of Liberty ;
Raise up the earth-trod from the dust,
And make them strong and free,
Till none in all her wide domain
Be overwrought by power,
And they from every clime and strain
May bless her natal hour !
The millions in the future's hand
Look with all hope to you.
It is your duty to your land :
Canadians, be true !

Love her who guards you well and brave,
Unfeignèd loyally.
It is your right some day to have
With her th' enthroning sea,

Canadians, be True.

The sway of fertile plain and isle,
The swarming homes of men,
Whom to defend and teach meanwhile
'Twill rest upon you then.
Love her howe'er her fate be cast,
And ever faithful do
Your duty to the Empire vast.
Canadians, be true !

What force will then the kindly arm
Of Britain's mandate hold !
And feeblest men need fear no harm
Nor taskman uncontrolled.
But slowly over all the lands
The dread of war will cease,
For none will dare by fierce demands
Break th' imperial peace.
Fair nation, in the future find
This noblest work to do.
It is your duty to mankind :
Canadians, be true !

**Farewell to the Soldier of the Canadian
Contingent for South Africa.**

FAREWELL and farewell! To the soil of the South
Thou art gone with the lightsome strength of
the North,

To the desert plain and sun-scorched hill
Where at night the alien stars will gleam.

Thou departest from us to that far-off clime
To fight at the call of the Empire to arms.

Wilt thou to the homeland e'er return
Or, thy work complete, with the brave have
rest?

In the watchful night, in the fierce battle-hour,
When hands weary sink from the rigor of toil,
And earth but seems an abyss of dread
In which man may show all his might' of
hate,

Thou wilt then need to think of duty's behest,
Of those who at home over seas have their hope
Fixed on thee for a proof of their love
To that mighty land, the guard of the
world.

Mafeking.

MEN whom England favored kind,—
 Granted what they craved, and blind
 Let uprear their strength for ill,—
 Men who spake the word to kill
 With religion on their tongue,
 Using Freedom's name for wrong,
 Gathered round with threatening
 Dauntless little Mafeking.

And the leader of their host
 Sent his message full of boast :
 " Spare the bloodshed and the harm.
 Yield before my armies storm."
 For he knew not hearts so brave
 As our British soldiers have :
 " When's the bloodshed ?" answering
 Merry little Mafeking.

Fierce the battle : shell and shot
Flashed about them. Still they fought
'Gainst the foe by force and wile ;
Still their colonel with a smile
Swept despondency away,
Though relief might long delay,
Baffled round the foemen's ring.
Lonely little Mafeking !

Months and months have passed, and yet
Close and closer they, beset,
See dread famine drawing nigher,
Watch the gleam of fever's fire
Seize upon their comrades true.
Still they bore it proudly through,
Bore it fierce, unmurmuring,
Desperate little Mafeking.

But their effort was not vain :
Joy and hope have come again.
One more proof that Britons brave
All their blessings rightly have !
You that envy, you that hate,
We can guard our freedom's state.
Warning now to you doth bring
Glorious little Mafeking.

Return of the Soldier of the Canadian Contingent.

WARRIOR, returnest thou, wrathful no more,
Coming o'er the wave from the battle-land
dread!

Joyous we greet thee, dark with the sun,
Laurelled with glory from conflict afar.

High honor is thine for the deeds thou hast
done!

The fame of our nation is flashing abroad
At the touch of the lightning-led pen,
As the mother of the stalwart and true.

But can we forget them, the silent hearts cold
Lying brave in the desert, so noble in death?
They have grudged not to yield at the proof
Treasure of their life in the Empire's need.

We are joyful to-day, though sadness is felt.
We crowd in our thousands to welcome thee
back.

E'er in thy life may blessings be full!
Honor to thee for imperial faith!

At Orangeville.

WE look abroad from the hill-range brim,
Far over the rounded plain,
Beyond to the bluish bounding rim
That shuts all in again.

Beautiful 'tis on a summer's day,
In the silent afternoon,
When clouds are white as the softest spray
On dancing billows strewn.

Oh! the fields are green and gold and brown,
With ever-varying hue,
And the eye runs up and then adown
With all the land in view.

And see, along in sparkle and glow
The houses crowd on the hill
That springeth where in the valley low
The river rests so still.

Oh! who could forget whoe'er discerns
This golden scene in the past,
Though far where the great world throbs and
turns
In million workshops vast?

Mist.

THOUGH the mist comes up from the marshes
grey,

And covers the earth in its phantom fold,
Tho' gh it shrouds for a moment the golden
day,

There must come a time when it back is
rolled ;

And then thou wilt see that the day so dull
Has the glow in its heart as it had of yore,

That the world as ever with bliss is full,
That nought is changed from the scene before.

We fancy oft that the mists crowd low
On the vale of life, and we grievous pine.
But how needless 'tis! For an instant so,
Then the sun of joy on our day will shine.

At Collingwood.

WE had climbed the mountain,
Climbed it to the top.
Drinking at the fountain,
We had watched it drop,
Roll, and tumble downward,
Splashing from the rocks,
To the east and townward
By the happy flocks.
Looking from that topmost
Ridge from which we threw
Glances to the upmost
White cloud in the blue,
Then down away to eastward
Over plain and wood,
We dared not speak the least word
For fear dissolve it should
The glowing scene before us,
With checker-squares of field,

At Collingwood.

117

So calm the wind odorous
Lay resting unrevealed,
Save far upon the surface
Of that lake like a sea :
The white lines on the fair face
Were trailing constantly.
And there beside the haven,
As though by draughtsman's hand
On a great map engraven,
We saw the city stand.
Amid its verdure silent
It seemed from far away :
Its movement not a cry lent
Which told of work or play.
There is no scene that's rarer
In all our lovely land.
What joy to be wing-wearer
With eyrie close at hand,
And look forever over
That garden of the gods,
And easy dart and hover,
And never seek the clods !

To a Patron.

FROM HORACE.

MÆCENAS, who art sprung of olden royal line,
The refuge of my need, my sweetest cause of
pride,

How many have delight, amid Olympic dust,
To spin along the course and, perilously forth,
Speed closely round the goal till the proud
palm at last

Upraises as its gods these champions of earth !
And bliss another hath, to whom with fickle will
The crowd a moment grants the state's high
offices.

Another will rejoice if in his granaries
Is golden store of wheat from Afric threshing-
floors.

And none would ever bribe by gifts of Attalus

The toiler at the hoe in his ancestral field
To change his state, and now, as timid mariner
Cyprian boat aboard, creep o'er Myrtoan wave.
The trader, smit with dread when the fierce
African

Does battle with the swells on th' Icarian main,
Will praise the peaceful lands about his village
home,
Then build his broken ships, to frugal life inapt.

The sluggard scorneth not the cups of Massic old
And wanton wastes the hours through the
strenuous day,

Reposing in cool shade beneath an arbutus
Or at the quiet head of a nymph-haunted stream.
And much the armèd camp, the blast of battle-
horn,

And war that matrons loathe, rejoice the soldier's
heart.

Under inclement sky, his wife uncared at home,
The hunter constant roves, his only thought to
know

If seen has been the hind by the fleet, faithful
hounds,

Or if the Marsian boar has torn him through
the net.

The ivy, 'tis for me, reward of poet's brow.
'Twill seat me with the gods: for me the cool,
green wood
Through which in dances gay the nymphs and
Satyrs sport.
'Twill shut me from the crowd, if but Euterpe
kind
Her pipes doth not withhold, or Polyhymnia
Refuses not to strike of Lesbos the sweet lyre.
If thou wilt place me now among the lyric bards,
Ah! I shall rise afar, the stars will touch my brow.

The Battle Hymn.

RISE up, ye mighty workers,
Ye warriors of toil,
For cowards are the shirkers,
And share not in the spoil !
Rise up, ye wonder-makers,
In study, farm and mill,
For ye are all partakers
In fame the world to fill !
We see outspread before us
The might of the Unknown :
Strike, strike, and shout in chorus :
" For Wisdom's jewelled throne !"

Rise up, ye forceful stormers
Of fields and mines and seas,
In all your varied armors,
The khaki-clad of peace !

The Battle Hymn.

Behold! Your steady legions
To the new god of war
Swear full the heart's allegiance
To build and not to mar;
To strive on for the blessing
And wonder in his creed,
Your purpose high professing
To march where he may lead.

Rise up, and be not shameful,
Most glorious of hosts!
Your deeds alone are famed,
To you belong all boasts.
To you alone is glory,
And if through direful fate
You must to fields all gory
Go from a foeman's hate,
March then, yet be not joyous.
With others rest the sin
To open to destroy us
The pit that Horror's in!

Brotherhood.

ONCE the soldier scorned the worker,
And the freeman loathed the slave ;
Outward crept the savage lurker,
Pardon neither sought nor gave.

Age by age the true hearts grew sick,
Wistful in their depth of night
For the world to throb with music
At the dawn outbursting bright,

When mankind would love as brothers,
Have no selfful thoughts behind,
Joyous when the good was other's,
When the loss was other's kind.

Brotherhood.

But the time grows long and longer,
Yet the passions fiercely burn,
Yet the weaker dread the stronger,
And the high the humble spurn.

Wiser though is not despairing :
Man doth less and less destroy,
Glorious by deed declaring
He in good hath greater joy.

Brothers ! None will be a stranger
In the golden days before,
Curtained mystic, and a ranger
Love will rove our planet o'er.

Labor.

STRONG weave the wroughten masses
Above th' abysmal roar,
Safe on the steel way passes
The wind-swift carriage o'er.

The columned building swarmeth
With all the arts prepare :
There's nothing seen but charmeth
'Mid beautiful and rare.

Broad sweep the plains all crownèd
With Autumn's gems and gold
That sturdy men embrownèd
Bear to the garner's hold.

Through poet's dream unfolding
An image sweet hath passed ;
In glimpses but beholding,
Yet forms he it at last.

Fair is your work, O nations
Of mankind, boldly wrought :
The ages' generations
All mysteries have sought.

But manifold in feature
Your marvels though designed,
Yet greater than your creature
Remains the moulding mind.

Then those are robes of glory
About that form of toil
With murky marks and gory
From labor's rude turmoil.

He made the lovely image,
The path above the spray ;
He fought the soil till grim age,
He fashioned forth the lay.

Then, idler, come before him,
And humblest thought thou bring.
Bend low and true adore him,
For work has made him king !

Circe.

AND now the ocean-stream we left,
And entered in the mighty sea,
And came unto fair Circe's isle.
There is the dwelling-place of Dawn,
And there she dances, and the day
Doth first upspring. On coming here,
We ran the ship upon the land,
And leaped with gladsome heart ashore,
And laid ourselves upon the beach,
And slept till rosy-fingered Dawn
Arose and woke us from our sleep.
And then we buried with due rite
The ashes of our comrade dead
Who died in Circe's hall. But she,
The goddess, the enchantress fair,
High Circe, came, for our return
She knew. And then her handmaids all

Brought flesh and bread and dark red wine
To fill with plenty after toil,
And standing in our midst, she spake :
" Oh ! dauntless ye who went alive
Down to the house of Hades vast
To see death twice, though all men else
Die only once. We ask you now
To eat this flesh and drink this wine
Through all the day. But when the dawn
Doth glow again, ye will set out ;
And I shall show you all the road,
And tell each thing, that ne'er ye may
Get pain or hurt through any chance
By sea or land." So Circe spake.
And we consented to the words,
And ate the flesh and drank the wine
From morn till set, and then my men
Lay down upon the level shore
Beside the mooring of the ship,
And in a peaceful slumber slept.

But Circe caught me by the hand,
And led me to a place apart
Within the heavy-foliaged grove.
It was a pleasant spot between
Tall trees that spread their branches far
Across the open sky above,

From which there shone, a round of gold,
The broad new moon, and all beside
Of the great vault was filled with light
From those strange lamps which ever move
With magic law upon the roof
Of the broad world. She bade me sit
On a low seat by fair hands built,
Of sylvan beings. All the place
Bore token that full oft the nymphs
With joy came there to rest beneath
The leafy shade at noonday tide.
But Circe laid herself adown
Upon the turf beside my feet.
And I could see her full as plain
As in the day, for all around
There shone a light that ever seemed
To have a likeness to the rays
That, softly glowing, quiet fell
On wood and plain and silent sea.
But it was stronger, and revealed
The smallest fold in her light robe
That clad but not concealed the flesh
Where'er it touched, for she aside
Had laid her heavy cloak. The night
Was warm, and from the sleeping sea
Came murmurs in its rest. The breeze,

That lightly passed along the land,
Brought odors from the flowers that swayed
As they were stirred. The silent dew
Fell not beneath the slumbrous night.

The goddess turned her glowing face
Upon me, with her eyes divine,
Enchantress of the lonely isle
Far out upon the endless sea,
And asked me all about the way
I went to Hades' house below.
And then I told her all I saw,
And all I did, and all I heard
From the blind seer about my life
And how my future days would be.
The goddess listened with bright eyes
To my long tale, until the end
Was said, and then at last she spoke,
And warned of pain and trial sore
Amid the peril of the wave.
For there were maidens twain to tempt,
The Sirens beautiful and dread,
Who dwelt within an isle and sang
So sweet that e'er the hearts of all
Grew faint with longing, and they turned
Their ship unto a place of death.
Of other dangers, too, she told ;

Of the great rock that Scylla haunts,
Who feeds upon the lives of men ;
Of how Charybdis, roaring loud,
Draws down the wave, again to pour
It seething forth. And, too, she spoke
Of hope that we might come at last
To the far land where we were bred,
Our rocky island home.

At this

My heart rejoiced, and Circe saw
The meaning in my eyes. For now
She spoke in words all passionate
And full of deepest pain : " O thou
That art of all the men on earth
Most handsome and most bold, most brave
To gaze on in thy soldier's dress,
Tallest of thy proud company
Of warriors from the battle-plains
Of god-defended Ilium,
Famous for wisdom, in thy look
Like to the lord of kings, Circe
Doth grieve to lose thee, Odysseus.
But thou must go. For mortal ne'er
Bides long reposeful in sweet joy,
But yields him still to the great law
That shapes his being, upward bent.

Struggle and strain his watchwords e'er,
O blissful one ! He cannot know
The endless languors of the state
Where all is perfect, needs not change :
Forever spread our even joys before.
Lo, now the throbs of thy strong heart
Go through me, thrilling strange and sweet.
Thy happy wife, though she is fair,
Boasts not the beauty of our gods,
But ah ! she pulseful is and warm,
With upward yearnings like thyself,
And easy thus, though mortal, wins
Against our deathless charms. One night
To me is left, and then farewell !"

Canada.

MY native land, than thou no spot more blest !
Rich with their treasure do thy grain-fields
 bow,
Rich with their treasure thee thy mines endow,
O youthful giant of the boundless West !

Great thoughts are rising in thy ardent breast,
New hopes are flushing to thy lofty brow :
Gone is the fear of future evil now,
All anxious dread is evermore at rest.

Then gather wealth from out thy rock and soil,
Use it for noble purpose in thy land,
And hold thou e'er for all of men who toil

By sturdy arm or heedful eye and brain,
A safe abode where freedom hath command,
Ennobling thee, through all this vast domain.

Burns.

I.

'TWAS Scotland's joy to give the world at last
A soul the very essence of its hills,
And valleys rich, and its bright founts and rills
Where in their face the lovely land is glassed,

Born of their life, and full of the wild blast
That sweeps at times, but, too, of the sweet
trills
The birds so joyous make when the air fills
With odors new that May has round her cast.

How much we need oft in our strain and strife,
When strong ambition ever draws us on
To far-off heights of mastery and fame,

The restful picture of the homely life,
The gentle looks of daughter and of son,
The peaceful joys about the merry flame.

II.

He lived the simple life among the fields,
He knew each change the varied seasons make,
Oft he had marked the pleasing Autumn take
The store of promise that the Summer yields,

And how the Winter with white mantle shields.
He knew the creatures of the wild that quake
When man is near : he knew their hearts that
break

When he his strength as cruel despot wields.

Taught in this school, he rose to bless us all
With sayings such the world knew not before.
He listed oft the voice of Nature call,

And well her lessons knew from early youth,
Within his heart their mighty meaning bore,
And gave them forth in all their force of truth.

III.

Burns, name of glory in the whole world's song!
How from thy heart swept forth its melody,
As comes the full breeze off the mighty sea,
Or from the fair land where the countless throng

Of nature's fresh things all the seasons long
Pour out their inward vigor bounteously,
Seeming to know no lack, but endlessly
To give forth to mankind their spirit strong.

High was thy message to us, needful ones,
Told in such wise that ev'ry heart must list.
In its full-throated utt'rance nought it shuns,

But holds along its still appointed way.
Hadst thou not spoke, how much our souls
had missed!
How poor we had been but for thy rich lay!

Sæcula Sæculorum.

WERE we not born too early, long before
 The mystic days which in the future rest,
 When patient man has done his thought's
 behest,
 Making his earth for gods to marvel o'er ?

For though your life were lengthened score to
 score,
 And Time should, in a spirit new of jest,
 Keep you beside him as a favored guest
 Alive for long millennia and more,

You would not thus escape great Death till when
 The learned think of single age are these,—
 Shrunk the years when æons they compare,—

The pyramid-upbuilders and the men
 Who send their lightning-footed messages
 To goal unerring through the trackless air.

Frailty.

SEE yon grey slope that ever steeper falls,
On ridges resting for a moment's space.
Down from the height with still increasing
pace,
As sinks the hawk from out the vapor halls,

Where his undazed eye proves never false,
Upon his prey in its sequestered place,
Comes the strong youth with ardent glowing
face.

The fleet machine that late invention calls

To aid the laggard foot, so wings him on.
But if one thread of steel reveals a flaw,
Man's handiwork is all at once undone,

A tangled mass of strand and link is left.
Perhaps he's dead? Unconscious? Pride
withdraw!
So little makes us of our gain bereft.

The Maiden.

How fair she is! Of all that lives most fair!
 Loveliest of earth's forms! For here is none
 That one can think of underneath the sun
 That will with her rich beauty slight compare.

When one now looks upon her brow and hair
 And thoughtful eye, and lists the gentle tone
 Of her true speech, he feels him quite undone,
 And yields him up to glory reigning there.

Oh! she was sent from out some world of light,
 Where all hath truer mould than we have
 thought,
 Where noblest forms forever shed delight

On those that gaze, and nought of sound comes
 near
 But softest words by melodies inwrought,
 And music of sweet harps falls on the ear.

The Crushed Flower.

A FLOWER that groweth in the city streets,
Blackened by dust and soot from everywhere,
Grazed by the passing wheels that rudely tear
Its buds away, and strew beneath our feet

The still bright petals, how it does repeat
The story of that sin-dark maiden there!
See how she smiles, inviting us to share
Her poor sad beauty as a lustful treat!

We know not if the flower suffereth aught
When it is crushed against the pavement hard,
When all the fragrance wherewith it was fraught

Is smothered by the fetid vapors low.
But that this human heart is scarred and
scarred
By flame of anguish, this we surely know.

Aequo Pede.

I JOURNEYED to the city in a car,
 Around me sat the many old and young,
 Bent, as I was, to join the eager throng,
 Surging, lessening, in the streets afar,

Who to the court of Pleasure or the war
 Unintermitting of fierce Trade belong.
 And how we told by gesture, eye and tongue,
 That all our varied thoughts were similar !

I caught a sight, as swiftly on we passed,
 Of a dark carriage and the garb of grief.
 It was a brother soul gone forth at last,

Whose many skilful plannings, were no more.
 All with me had to yield to Death the chief:
 Time was a phantom, in a moment o'er !

The Face in the Train.

A PASSING train, a face a moment framed
 In the car window,—thus was blotted out
 The form that I, the ardent, the devout,
 Kept to my heart as sacred and unnamed.

For how unfaithful cheek had bright outflamed
 If I had thought my comrades had a doubt
 Of my heartwholeness! How I feared the
 shout
 That would give welcome to the news pro-
 claimed!

She passed away without there being said
 One word between us that we thought of each.
 Perhaps her fancy was but slight, while mine

Grew higher where the earthly could not reach,
 Lent to the new horizon life outspread
 A fair, faint glow that giveth yet a sign.

The Painting.

SEE you the painting on the further wall,
 The one in the large frame outstanding so?
 Does it not startle? Does not wonder grow
 Within you as you gaze, and strange enthal

Its magic worth of art? Shall we o'ercall
 The causes that may be? Not the mere glow
 Of color and the forms right drawn and slow
 Do move us, but the truth that fills it all.

Look! Here is made of vice a creature fair
 As e'er might have a mate in woman's mould,
 And there a shape, more dreadful none had
 wings

In poet's thought upon infernal air.
 There's inner love between all wicked things,
 For Beauty's arms the fiendish one enfold!

Small and Great.

WE walk about upon our pin-head earth
That a dim-lighted point in ether roams ;
We tunnel in and build our little domes ;
And fancy that the universe had birth

For us, and its infinity of girth
Was outward spread to make us pleasant
homes.

A drip of water or a sparkle comes,
And in a moment we are nothing worth.

But one would wrongly judge, to look from far,
Contemning only. . Truly, we are rife
With marvellous powers, making us not less

But more than force of matter, since we are,
Though scanty, exudation of the life
That throbs eternal in the abysses.

The Great Mystery.

How came the world, and whither does it tend ?
Perplexed is man, since reason had its birth :
He feels himself a strange thing on his earth,
What is about him cannot comprehend.

It may have varied meanings, and no end
Of guessing is there, though 'tis little worth :
The means do not lie with him, there is dearth
Of knowledge, and his truths in error blend.

But though he may not solve the problems great,
And cannot the high steps through weakness
reach

Of the long stairway upward to the gate

Of Wisdom's temple, where all truth is scanned,
If there were one that could the answers teach,
They are so simple, he would understand.

Life and Death.

THE process of our life doth take away,
With gentle touches here and there at need,
What is decayed and dead, for this would feed
Disease if left. E'en so from day to day,

Whether we're bound at toil or free at play,
So slowly that we do not give it heed;
As from the plant scales off the husk of seed,
That which was once alive is turned to clay.

But when ill death will come, remaineth all
There at one view,—nought of the base is hid.
Before the naked truth we humbly fall,

Stares in our face our proved mortality,
And hope were not, if thus the end were bid,
And this were all, which fadeth loathsomely.

Death.

CAN we suppose what meaneth it to pass
In a brief moment out of life to death,
To draw one instant in the air our breath,
And then to be set free from form and mass,

Unclad by vesture of the thinnest gas,
More unsubstantial than a fancied wraith,
Changing to what the blessed eye of faith
Believes to see, else life would sob *Alas*?

Is there a moment's darkness at the end,
A waiting time before the dawn of day,
An interval until our life has rest

In the more perfect body, the new friend
That comes to serve us in a truer way,
To help us to attain a height unguessed?

God.

HE sits far off, and yet is close at hand,
 The unimaginable One ; and we
 Look outward from the finite round, and see
 So wrongly that we all misunderstand.

We build up labored theories on demand
 Of some strange fancy, and unblushingly
 We claim to know the right, from errors
 free,—
 All else be wrong and impious and banned !

But while the sects dispute, will you and I
 Seek the dim truth that rests in reason's tale,
 Cast out the sordid, the grotesque, outgrown,
 Help with our strength where we can good
 descry,
 Hope and be calm where we can nought avail,
 And trust the Hand of that all-guiding One.

Immortality.

LIFE will not die, but ever endless runs,
A mystic current, full, unerringly,
Informing with rich motion joyously.
Though quickly mortal Time his course outruns,

And worlds do fail and dimly glow the suns,
We shall remain, forever constant be,
Though changing, changeless in eternity,
And Death's grim look will be a smile at once!

For all the horror that our nature sets
About the passage to that newer time,
Is needed but to guard for him who frets

Against the ills which meet him on his way.
For those it nothing means who think no
crime,
Who, as the bard of old, live full the day.

The Child.

WHAT wonders wait within this little form
Just newly fashioned for our life's rough toil,
So delicately moulded, to be spoil
Of fiercest action 'mid the stress and storm

Of future years, when the high passions warm,
And urge to conquest in the wild turmoil
Of man's ambition! Oh, hope they may not
soil

With what be base or dreadful or difform.

Ah! how I watch thee who art of the days
That follow ours! I strive the thoughts to
guess
That will have sway when all our works and
ways

Do slowly join the unregarded past,
Where, slighted by a proud forgetfulness,
Wisdom and folly equal are at last.

The Mother.

WE knew her as the happy maiden fair,
Passing bright days within the little round
Of pleasant life that girlish friendships found,
So thoughtless seeming, gay, and without care,

That none there was who could believe that e'er
A graver note might blend with that sweet
 sound
Of laughter swelling gleeful without bound,
As birds sing when the trees their blossoms wear.

But look! When we regard her now, she seems
Madonna with the world's joy in her eyes,
Yet tempered by a thoughtfulness that dreams

Of the high mission charging her to guard
The tender infant that so helpless lies
Safe in her arms with all the earth outbarred.

Sadness.

WHY comest thou to me in mist and gloom,
Dark creature that dost aim to conquer joy?
Was I not kissed by Mirth when, as a boy,
I lay in slumber 'mid the green and bloom?

Thus was I saved forever from the doom
Of thy harsh rule to be th' unhappy toy
Of sportive fiends that serve in thy employ
Go hence, dread visage, thou hast here not room.

Where'er I roamed in city or in wood,
By mart or fount, has Gladness been with me.
What bliss lay in the brightness of her mood,

As on we wandered all the mazy way
That life laid out! As it was then 'twill be
Forever but a happy festal day.

The Flower.

THE wonder of our comrade world, the plants,
 The noblest mould their richest strain may
 show,
 How pale our beauties when they front the
 glow,
 Of its unpassioned bloom! Ne'er in romance

Of magic did a wizard's hand by chance
 Make shape more perfect, give it color so.
 How marvel we that from base earth should
 grow
 A creature that with beauty so enchants!

But my loved one is fairer far than this:
 She hath the loveliness of soul that adds
 A millionfold. The empty floweret here

May serve a moment, but immortal is
 The bliss that me, the undeserving, glads,
 Since now I know that she does hold me dear.

The Shower.

THERE is a scent of freshness in the air,
A cooling gust of wind blows in the face ;
The passers in the street at quicker pace
Go homeward, but the children's brows so fair

A joyful look of expectation wear.
The first drops come, and madly now they
 race
Each other, until dotted o'er the place
Are little pools in shapes of round and square.

Now quickly the rain ceases, and the sun
Comes forth, as if refreshed, from its retreat,
And Nature, late adrip, shakes out her plumes,

And beams her gladness from a thousand
 blooms.

The men who pass greet with a blither tone,
The children fill with merriment the street.

The Friend.

WE met in the vast city far away
 Where leagues along the costly shore extends
 The line of shops and dwellings. We were
 friends
 That drifted to each other, till one day

We met at last, and made acquaintance gay.
 And what a merry life we led! Nor ends
 All thus, but the fair future yet appends
 A pleasing sequel, though our hopes delay.

How good to look in laughing eyes that show
 Nought but true wishes! Rude of soul would
 be
 The one untouched by gentle charms that slow

Wove secret bonds that held us captive all.
 True one, we long beyond the plains to see
 Thee as of yore in Trade's high capital.

The Acquaintance.

THERE was one day, of all our lives but one,
 With such event : on this alone it chanced
 That we should meet. How brightly then
 there glanced
 Th' unwonted glory of the summer sun !

For spring had scarce her loving labors done,
 And still the early flowers the view entranced.
 Amid the splendor and the bloom advanced
 You who were not in loveliness outdone.

And with what gladness must one ever look
 Back to that time ! All else which happened
 then
 Has brighter hue upon it in that nook

Of memory's realm. Oft do wander there
 The willing thoughts, to fancy yet again
 They see you walking through the pathways
 fair.

Heat.

WE look from out the shadow of the trees.
 The hills far off show through dim haze their
 blue ;

The plain is green, for summer is yet new.
 There broods a breathless heat, stilled is the
 breeze.

All nature rests : one scarce a movement sees
 In any part, though broad extend his view.
 We pass our day, while the soft chimes renew
 The languor of long hours, in sheltered ease.

But now the sun draws onward to the west,
 The blue becomes a purple on the hill,
 And, like pavilion for a festal hour,

The sky-in colored webs of cloud is dressed.
 Soon all is shadow, for the night gains power,
 And nature bows beneath her darker will.

Napoleon.

HE was the last of Titan birth, alone
For us the mate of those they feigned of old
As born from Earth. One hundred years out-
rolled
Of glory of accomplishment are blown

Aside as vapor : we see him standing lone
Above mankind, defiant, uncontrolled,
Dethroning Jupiter, the age-long mould
Into whose shape men's thoughts and ways have
grown.

He might dismay an instant, seem to hold
The victory above th' unconquered power ;
Yet comes the moment which shall close it all,

When the great thunderbolts are forged, and
shower
The lightnings. But up the champion bold
Amid the fiery storm strives to his fall.

Song from "When the Heart is
Young."

THE Lady bought a Darling wheel,
A creature rare of finest steel
And lovely curve of rim and tire,
The object long of fond desire.
And when I had another make,
And asked her for a spin to take,
She lifted up her haughty head,
And froze me with a look instead.

"No, no," said she, "it cannot be!
I really must decline.
If you were wise, and had good eyes,
You'd bought a wheel like mine."

160 Song from "When the Heart is Young."

The Lady bought a Smith mobile,—
She had discarded long the wheel,—
And wretches whispered, "She is old!"
And gleeful now her summers told.
Of all the crowd, they laughing said,
Just she and I were left unwed;
Would she be proud, as in the past,
And die an ancient maid at last?

Oh, joy! she wrote a little note
That left me not in doubt:
"Just leave your steed beside its feed,
And drive with me without."

Scene from "When the Heart is
Young."

*Street in front of a school. The scholars are
coming out.*

FIRST BOY :

Where are you going, Frank ?

SECOND BOY :

Off to the river bank.

Cannot you come, too ?

You know we've patched the old canoe :

There's not a hole in it now or crack.

We'll go to Shadow Lake and back.

We'll stealthy creep

Where the current's steep,

But where the water level spreads,

We'll show the fish in their lazy beds

In the mazy haunts of their glassy lair,

Our path is a flash in the blazing air.

162 Scene from "When the Heart is Young."

FIRST BOY :

I'll take my books and go first home,
And you'll be ready when I come.

[*Exeunt.*]

FIRST SENIOR BOY :

What are you going to do, Will, for the night?
Do you intend to brew still with delight
The golden liquor from those books of Greek,
The rich, sweet essence that a soul so weak
As mine is never may have hope to taste?
Come now, I beg, for once some moments
waste!

I see the men already in the field;
They want you in the front your strength to
wield.

SECOND SENIOR BOY :

I hope I'm not so much a bookworm grown
That I should scorn that noble sport, when
thrown
The ball is and the fight is on.

[*Exeunt.*]

LITTLE GIRLS (*singing*):

Poor Dinah Docket
Had a hole in her pocket,
And she lost a cent.

Scene from "When the Heart is Young." 163

What did they do?
They mended the rent
Where the hole came through.

Poor Dinah Docking
Had a hole in her stocking,
And she lost her toe.
What did they do?
They made one so—
And stuck it with glue.

Poor Dinah Donnet
Had a hole in her bonnet,
And she lost her head.
What did they do?
They put her to bed
Till a new one grew.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter older girls arm in arm.

FIRST GIRL:

It is over at last. I'm glad
To be out once more from the sad
Old books that are stupid within.
Pretty colors they bind them in!
They're fiery red and rusty black:
A look gives a nervous attack.

SECOND GIRL:

Would you want them gay as your gown,
Prettiest blue I know in town?
I'm certain that Lucy May
Hadn't her heart in her work to-day.
She studied over in place
The dress to suit her gipsy face.

[*Exeunt.*

PHILIP and PAUL enter after all the others
are gone.

PAUL:

Philip, 'tis strange a student good as you
Should be so careless in his work all through
The day in class. I saw the masters look
With much surprise, when you the questions
took

Sometimes with other meaning than they bore,
As if you had but listened half and tore
Your thought a moment from some absent
thing.

And once or twice we laughed, and twinkling
The teacher's eyes were. You looked red and
cross.

To understand it I am quite at loss,
For merrily you laugh as any one,
Though you yourself are victim of the fun.

Scene from "When the Heart is Young." 165

PHILIP:

I might dissemble that I'm scarcely well,
And it would true be, but there's more to tell.
I fear that girl of whom I spoke to you
Has quite bewitched me in this day or two.
'Tis strange for me who've been in love before
To feel that I am yet soft at the core.
Can man do nought in all his early days
But wander in and out where Cupid strays?
This pretty stranger, who my thought has had
Scarce known to me, was by some spirit bad
Put where I saw her always when at school,
And she has caught my heartstrings, made a
fool

Of me once more. I did not see the thing
Till she was absent. Now's the reckoning.

PAUL:

Oh, Philip, you are what they call a flirt,
Whose heart's a-flutter if a woman's skirt
Pass in his path. But these light flutterings
Are like the dandelion seeds with wings
That trouble not the hard rock underneath,
When they fly o'er it with the wind's soft
breath.

PHILIP:

Paul, you may give me any name in love

166 Scene from "When the Heart is Young."

That means I'm foolish, and it right will
prove ;

But not of those that vulgarly unfold
A brain that's cunning and a heart that's cold.
You well may laugh, for I have quite deserved
My friends should merry be, when they've
observed

My old affections caught by some new face,
An eye of brightness, and a form of grace.
I cannot ward it off, destroy, remove :
I'm once again quite helplessly in love.

PAUL :

I've been your friend through all our school-
boy days,

I've seen you scorching oft in Cupid's blaze ;
You will grow cool again, the fit be o'er ;
You'll meet another girl, and then once more
The old disease is strong, till it be passed :
You'll marry her whom you have loved the
last.

Your love is like an ague in your bones,
Not like the smallpox, only taken once.
How you must envy Solomon of old,
Who had his wealth in beauty and in gold !

Sings.

There lived a king in days of yore,
Who learned was in wisdom's lore,
And none had wiser been before.

Who was it? Old King Solomon.
Who was it? Bold King Solomon,
Who lived in days of yore.

He had no joy in single life,
He had no fear of wedded strife,
And took each day another wife.

Who was it? Old King Solomon.
Who was it? Bold King Solomon,
Who took each day a wife.

The good he married and the bad,
The merry married and the sad,
For marriage was the royal fad.

Who was it? Old King Solomon.
Who was it? Bold King Solomon,
Who married good and bad.

He married far, he married wide,
He married up the countryside,
And filled their places when they died.

Who was it? Old King Solomon.
Who was it? Bold King Solomon,
Who married far and wide.

168 Scene from "When the Heart is Young."

And so he married score by score,
And filled the palace floor by floor,
And still he said, "There's room for more."

Who was it? Old King Solomon?
Who was it? Bold King Solomon,
Who said, "There's room for more."

But in the course of time he died ;
With one accord the widows cried ;
The tears ran down the sink outside.

Who was it? Old King Solomon.
Who was it? Bold King Solomon,
For whom the widows cried.

They built him up a lordly pile,
And left him there to slowly spoil ;
His wives took up a good square mile.

Who was it? Old King Solomon.
Who was it? Bold King Solomon,
Who slumbered in the pile.

PHILIP :

Incorrigible jester, still you are
Cold in your heart, Paul, never knew a care
'Bout girlish beauty. But there'll come a day
When you will suffer, and that soul so gay
Will feel the tenfold fury in the end,

Scene from "When the Heart is Young." 169

When all its feeling, through the long years
penned

In icy bars, outpours and bears it off.

Then will the scoffer cease at last to scoff.

PAUL :

Why, what a future you do promise me!

Not sipping daintily it is to be,

And trying various kinds their worth to prove,

And growing quite a connoisseur in love,

But saving up for one vast feast of it

To drown my joy and sink my simple wit.

Oh! I'll be sentimental to the fill;

But now I leave you to your love-dreams,

Phil.

[Exit PAUL.]

PHILIP (*alone*):

Paul is not thoughtless underneath his fun.

He holds his wish in check far more than one

At our age often cares to do, and strives

To follow up the path of noble lives.

But he was wrong when he made aim to prove

That I was fickle, had no strength of love.

Oh! I feel strongly, wander reckless on,

Scarce seeing what's around me, till is done

The path where love led. If it leads nowhere,

It is love's fault, not mine, I truly swear.

170 Scene from "When the Heart is Young."

But listen! now the boys are practising
For Friday's concert songs that they will
sing.

Voices.

When a man's in love
One maid is as fair
As a queen may prove
With a crown in her hair.
But the world is cold,
And its joy is dim,
If he must behold
That she loveth not him.

When a man's in love,
When a man's in love,
She's a queen so fair
With a crown in her hair,
When a man's in love.

When a man's in love
No star in the sky
Gives light from above
Like the glance of her eye.
But his life is drear,
And the future dim,

Scene from "When the Heart is Young." 171

If she is so dear
And she loveth not him.

When a man's in love, etc.

When a man's in love
Never mystic wand
Such a magic wove
As the touch of her hand.
But his bliss is past,
And the world is dim,
When he knows at last
That she loveth not him.

When a man's in love, etc.

Lampman.

BELOVED forever in our country's song,
It was thy fate, to pass so soon away
At the mere promise of the golden dawn
Of our young nation's greatness. Thou saw'st
not,
Nor he who sleeps afar 'mid Orangeville hills,
McLachlan, what is for us, the favored,
Mayhap reserved to see, the flashing forth
Of the bright beams and part of the high course
To a meridian splendor. And one,
A simple songster of these Titan times,
Giving a babbling utt'rance of the might
That stirs, new-born, in the colossal arms
That grasp two oceans, wishes ye were here
To help, to guide, and to inspire, for weak
He feels in presence of great themes that crave
A master's skill. But though he oft may err,

Some humble phrase, made excellent by chance,
Perhaps will add a morsel to the feast
Of patriot joy, or new courage give,
When there is need and failure seems to threat.
Oh! he will hope the toil that he has spent,
The toil he yet will spend, will be not void,
Not childish effort to drain out a sea
Such as Augustine saw; that he has oped
A tiny rift through which a rivulet
May pass a while, till it has worn a bed
For a vast current like Niagara.

