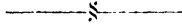






At Scarborough' Beach.



THE wave is over the foaming reef
Leaping alive in the sun,
Slowly the far-off shadowy sails
Melt on the horizon.

'Tis leagues around the blue sea curve
To the sunny coast of Spain,
And the ships that sail so deftly out
May never come home again.

A mist is wreathed round Richmond point,
There 's a shadow on the land,
But the sea is in the splendid sun,
Plunging so careless and grand.

The sandpipers trip on the glassy beach,
Ready to mount and fly,
Whenever a ripple reaches their feet,
They rise with a timorous cry.

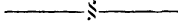
Take care, they pipe, take care, take care,
For this is the treacherous main,
And though you may sail so deftly out,
You may never come home again.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.





A Thunderstorm.



A MOMENT the wild swallows, like a flight
Of withered gust-caught leaves serenely high,
Toss in the windrack up the muttering sky.
The leaves hang still. Above the weird twilight
The hurrying centres of the storm unite,
And spreading with vast trunk and rolling fringe,
Each wheeled upon its own tremendous hinge,
Tower darkening on ; and now from heaven's height,
With the long roar of elm trees swept and swayed
And pelted waters, on the vanished plain
Plunges the blast ;—behind the wild white flash
That splits abroad the pealing thunder crash,—
Over bleared fields and gardens disarrayed,
Column on column comes the drenching rain.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.



For private circulation only: it is requested that neither of these pieces be allowed to appear in public print.

1891