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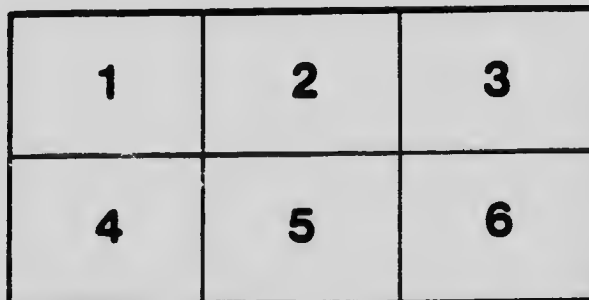
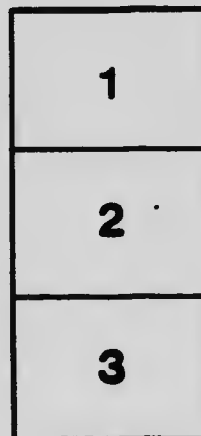
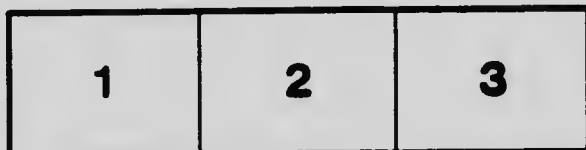
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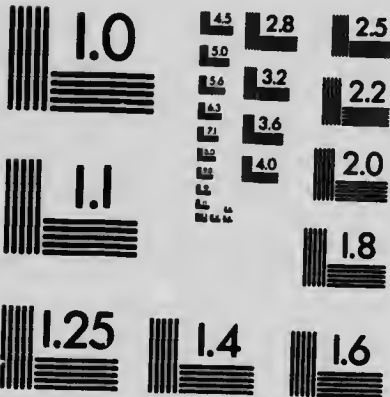
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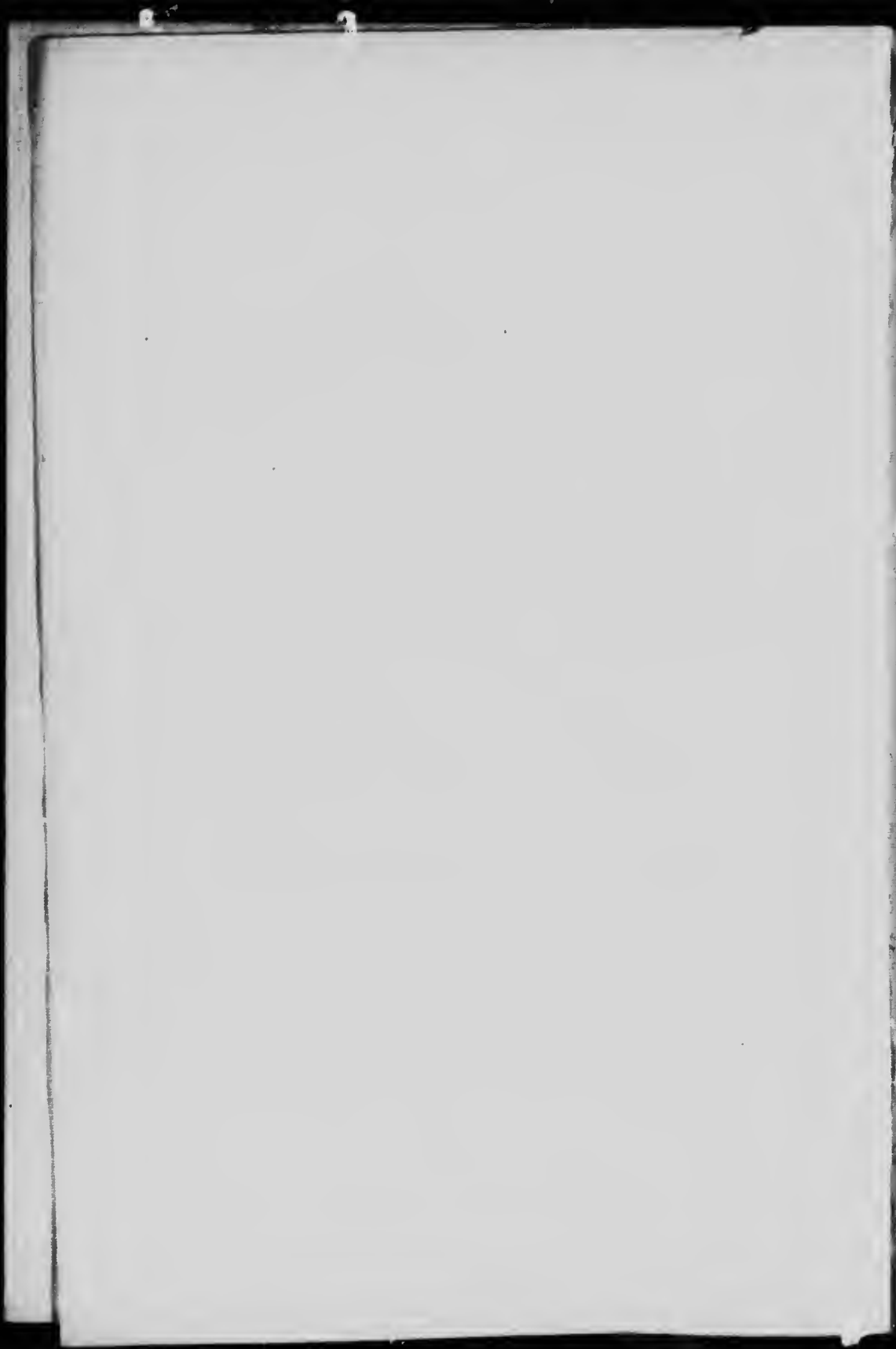
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WHITE LAURUSTINE

Poems

By
GARRIOCH GUNN

This flower that smells of honey and the sea,
White laurustine, seems in my hand to be
A white star made of memory long ago
Lit in the heaven of dear times dead to me,

A star out of the skies Love used to know
Here held in hand, a stray left yet to show
What flowers my heart was full of in the days
That are long since gone down dead memory's flow.
—Swinsburne

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TO
MY MOTHER

65052

FOREWORD

TAKING my cue from the familiar lines of Swinburne, quoted on the title page, I have named this scanty and imperfect collection of verse, "White Laurustine."

That such lines, and such a title, are much too auspicious in their promise to stand as the advertisement of a content so humble none can be more conscious than the writer. They are, however, suggestive, in their simplest meaning, of what the collection really is—a relic of days "*That are long since gone down dead memory's flow.*" The poems herein contained were, most of them, written or begun many years ago, when their author was still a mere youth; and it is to this fact that the sentiment of the lines and the name selected were intended especially to point.

The mention made of "the sea," in the first line of the quatrains quoted, is, of course, misleading, when taken with reference to the contents of the present volume; as the sea plays no part in it, either as theme or habitat. This relationship of White Laurustine and the sea, as suggested here by Swinburne, it will be remembered, however, is purely local and accidental. There is no necessary connection between the white flowering laurel and the sea; as the plant is one that flourishes equally well in high, interior situations. If at first glance, therefore, White Laurustine, as the title of a volume of purely

general verse, may seem like a misnomer, this knowledge of the natural history of the thing will enable us to correct the erroneous impression. Mr. Swinburne's beautiful local touch is not, in this case,—as the legal lights would say,—“of the essence of the contract.”

Like, no doubt, every other who has essayed publication for the first time, especially in the difficult and doubtful field of verse, the writer has not been without misgivings as to the wisdom of submitting these frail children of his imagination to the tender mercies of a critical and unsympathetic public. After long resistance to the persuasive importunities of well-meaning friends, he has, at last, however, decided to permit them to see the light. Of the wisdom or otherwise of this course the public alone is capable of judging. Having taken the step, he leaves the matter in their hands; trusting that they will be good natured, and not condemn too severely what makes no claim to great literary merit.

—G. G.

Winnipeg, Canada,
December, 1914.

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*A streamlet in some shady glen,
Half hidden from the light of day,
Winding its devious, onward way
From fount in far secluded fen,—*

*A little streamlet running down
In many windings to the lakes,
In many curves through woodland brakes,
And far remote from any town:—*

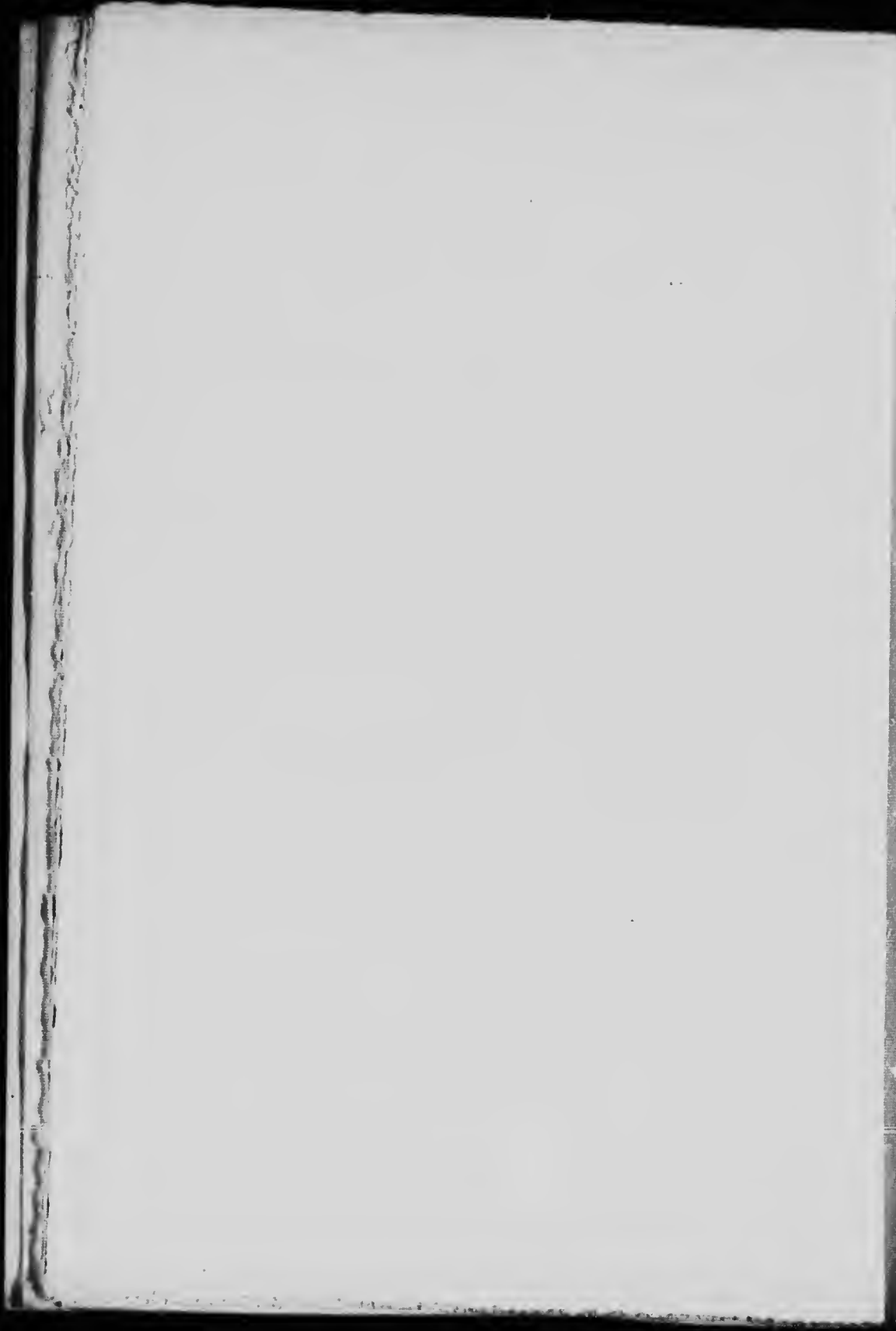
*So seem, my soul, these sylvan lays,—
These songs on which my fancy broods,—
Murmuring along in various moods,
And knowing few to mark or praise.*

*They flow from where in silence sleeps
The wordless sense and soul of men;
And, like the streamlet of the glen,
Are lost within the shoreless deeps.*

*But yet I count not wholly vain
The wave obscure—the transient flow:—
The humblest streamlet that I know
May soothe a weary wanderer's pain:*

*And this poor rill of random song,—
This feeble rivulet of rhyme,—
With hope I free for fields of Time,
And send to sing its way along;*

*Content if one lone pilgrim stray
Aside its scanty wave to drink,
And, kneeling down beside the brink,
Rise up refreshed and go his way.*



WHITE LAURUSTINE

MEMORIES

So many years—wandering so far—
And yet how full these copses are
Of memory! Methought the brakes
And terraced woodlands, where awakes
The Thrush's song, would leave no room,
In Memory's garden, for a bloom
So homely; that the liquid skies,
The perfumed groves and flower-lashed eyes,
Deep hid in vales—the boast of song
Of sunny lands—already long
Had quenched the censer's smouldering glow
In ashes; and the Long Ago,
And Home, and Home's familiar forms,—
The prey of Passion's greedy worms,—
Lay dead, long quenched beneath the sands
Of Pleasure, Time and foreign lands.

Yet wondrously old memories throng
My fancy, pacing here along

The once familiar walks. Each nook
And shady arbour, every brook
Bearing its freight of autumn leaves,
The harvester among his sheaves,
And yonder river, glimmering now
In silver silence, all avow,
Attest a potency unthought
To quicken fancies long forgot.

Here stands a settle, overhung
With Alders, where, when I was young,—
An idle youth,—(A goodly round
Of years since then have flown.) I found
My chief delight to linger, rapt
In boyish dreams. The wavelets lapped
The river's margin at my feet;
And, in blue courses, far and fleet,
Light clouds as corsairs sailed and bore
My thoughts to some far, mystic shore,
Light laden, where all voices took
The murmured music of the brook,
And Feeling, like a happy swoon,
Was but the fragrances of Noon.

Delightful shadows! now so long
Untenanted; æolean song!
Unheeded through so many years;
Sweet wandering lights! like golden tears

Dropping intermittently through
The lessening foliage; not a few
Fond thoughts do you recall! You seem
To set me dreaming; and the dream
Is not of Yesterday, but all
Of seasons far beyond recall.
Mysterious angels break the seal
On Time's sere scroll. I seem to feel
Their presence in this languorous shade.
These leafy tabernacles, made
For quiet musings, from the vast,
Far Realms of Silence, gather fast
Full tenantry. Here comes again
The Past, with all its mottled train.
Here lives my youth!—Here seems to be
The trysting place of Memory!

LOVE AND LIFE

O LOVE! they say, thou canst not die:
Though ages in succession roll,
Thou dost remain, at last, the high,
Deathless perfection of the Soul!

For Love shall flourish still, and stand
With Life, and tread the golden floors;
And Love shall clasp the Bridegroom's hand,
In welcome, at the opening doors;

And Love, through dateless time, shall be
Of Life the consecrated dower:
For Life is an immortal tree,
And Love is Life's immortal flower!

AUTUMN HOURS

THE season dies: and, in the walks,
The dead leaves rustle: and the Bee,
Among the weather-blackened stalks,
Bewails, in doleful minstrelsy,
The glowing Summer's sad decline:—
Visits each bare and homely lea,
And drains the last sweetness
 from its nectared vine.

The season dies: and, round the hills,
The distant, hazy purple creeps:
Hushed are the winds—the babbling rills:—
The Wood adown her glory weeps
In languid flights of fairy gold,
And, over where Viola sleeps,
Outspreads the rich comfort
 of her mantle's fold.

The season dies.—O longing child!
O burdened heart an autumn day,
Full of sweet calm and radiance mild,
Will soon surround thy earthly way;
And, like the Woodland's golden tears,
Shed over all thy fancies wild
A glory,—the guerdon of
 the ripened Years.

WHERE ARNE AND ARDICE FLOW

IMMORTAL Beauty sits serene,
Where Arne and Ardice flow;
And fairer are the fields between
Than all the fields I know.

My Musc, where Memory droops and fails
Too soon, might praise prolong,
Could I but catch those hills and vales
And coin them into song:

But all with roseate mists empearled,
They fade, and sink, and seem
The phantoms of a fairy world,
The semblance of a dream.

As through bright mists of Morning gleams
Some lone, belated star,
So faint their fragile beauty seems,
So near and yet so far:

They glimmer through the misty years,
Those fields of Lost Delight,
Frail fabrics such as Fancy rears
In visions of the Night.

Sometimes deep-arching groves appear,
Like fair, ambrosial halls,
With gushing fountains, crystal clear,
Whereon the sunlight falls.

Sometimes, along the purple hills,
Upsprings a golden flame:
The Lark her merry matin trills,
In bursts of glad acclaim:

And all the splendours of the Morn
Unfold, the vales to dress—
Each lovely feature to adorn
With still more loveliness.

And then 'tis peaceful Afternoon;
And over field and stream
The waning sunlight falls, where soon
Unfolds a fitful dream—

A dream of drowsing wood and plain,
Of Lily-spangled dells,
And far across the fields of grain
A sound of Minster bells.

Soft visions fit for every mood,
Each impulse of the heart,
A fitful, fragile brotherhood,
To life and being start:

And all along the visions fleet;
And, where the visions rest,
There comes a something strangely sweet,
That pulses in my breast.

Was it a thousand lives ago
Or only yesterday,
Through fields where fragrant Lilies blow,
By pastures prinked with May,

We walked together hand in hand,
Our hearts with love athrill,
While round us ringed that wondrous land,
Rose-crowned from hill to hill?

O Rose-crowned land, thy seat is set
In regions strange and vast!
Thou seem'st of Yesterday and yet
Of some far-distant Past!

O Rose-crowned Land, how fair thou art!—
Surpassing Earth's most fair!
Yet Nature put not forth her art
To lavish beauty there.

Ah no! 'twas Love the wonder wrought!
Love wove the magic spell,
Whose mystic glamour came and caught
Each wood and winding dell.

Love built himself a house of dreams!
Love reared his golden throne;
And decked the woods, the fields, the streams,
With glories all his own!

Love tinged the clouds that flecked the Blue!
Love lit the stars at Eve!
Love lent the fields a fairer hue
Than earthly fields achieve!

Love took the very atmosphere
And changed it by his might;
Bathing the landscape, far and near,
In warm and wondrous light:

And, ever since, that light has shone,
As when the Moon stood still
At Joshua's word in Ajalon.
The Sun o'er Gibeon's Hill:

As if some glorious, golden day
From some eternal clime
Were fixed and crystallized for aye
Within the bounds of Time.

Love brought a whole new world to birth,
In beauty bright arrayed;
And not a world, like this frail Earth,
To straightway fail and fade;

Love wrought each beauteous circumstance,
Then waved his magic wand
And fixed to fadeless permanence
The whole enchanted land!

And there, within this land of dreams,
This world of long ago,
A form of still more beauty seems
To wander to and fro;—

The fairy form of her who crowned
My youth's triumphant hour
With that which every life hath found
Its highest, holiest dower.

Her hair, with springtime buds entwined,
As sunniest gold appears;
And in the sweet young face I find
No record of the years.

She stands as young and fresh and fair
As if but yesterday
And not a whole long life of care
Had rolled itself away.

She lives, a part of that fair world
In Love's enchantment held,—
Love's roseate land, all light empearled,
Of beauty unexcelled:

And as, while beats this throbbing heart,
The beauty that it thrills
Can never from those fields depart,
The sunshine from the hills,

So too—and let my soul rejoice—
Nor blight of Time, nor Care
Can take the laughter from her voice,
The sunshine from her hair.

Around me in this rolling, vast,
Gray world of present things,
In which my changeful lot is cast,
Time speeds on rapid wings;

And droops the life or fades the flower
Where'er he lays his hand;
But Time has neither place nor power
In Love's enchanted land!

Thrice twenty years, as Nature counts,
In characters of Time,
Have drained their slow, perennial founts,
Since youth was in its prime:

The Phantom of the fickle Years
Has marked and marred my frame;
But, in the shrine that Memory rears,
Love's Lamp burns still the same.

My eye, long since, has lost its light:
My hair is white, like snow:
But I am back again to-night,
Where Arne and Ardice flow.

There once again, untouched of Time,
Red lipped, with laughter gay,
That beauteous being of my prime
Comes forth with me to stray:

And, from my own time-wasted frame,
The imprint of the Years,
Like some inglorious brand of shame,
Fades out and disappears:

Life's weight of winters rolls away,
As if by magic power;
And, like a dream of yesterday,
Unfolds life's Morning hour.

The Present from my vision fades,
A quick-dissolving view,
And, in those Love-enchanted glades,
We live our lives anew.

Around us blossoms every charm
That e'er this world hath blest;
And never Fear, nor rude alarm,
Disturbs the human breast.

No canker Care the heart beguiles:
No age can work us ruth:
For there perpetual Summer smiles,
And there perennial Youth.

From happy Morn to blissful Eve,
Amid those fadeless bowers,
Life's springtime joys again we weave,
Through sunny, golden hours:

We wander over velvet meads
And under smiling skies:
We seek each perfumed path that leads
To bowers of Paradise:

We trace the dimpling streamlet's flow:
We climb the hills: we stray
Through fields where fragrant Lilies blow,
By pastures prinked with May:

We walk together, hand in hand,
Two youthful lovers still,
While round us rings that wondrous land,
Rose-crowned from hill to hill.

THE TWO FOOTSTEPS

Dec. 31, 1893

DOWN the dim corridors of Time,
A swift retreating footstep falls:
It rings upon the sheeted rime
And echoes from the ancient walls.

My lips frame words of fond adieu,
And linger still to set them free:—
I know not what he was to you—
A faithful friend has gone from me.

He stepped beside me patiently:
He gave me gladness, gave me pain:—
Gladness or grief, howe'er it be,
The gifts of Time are always gain.

He gave me Roses, then a pall,
Two friendships when the year was new;
He showed me, what was best of all,
A human heart that's good and true;

And many other gifts he gave,
And many chances here and there,—
Rich largess of his light, to save
My soul from depths of dark despair.

But he is gone! . . . other lands
The nimble shadow hurries fast!—
I strain my eyes: I wave my hands:—
Adieu, fair Spirit of the Past!

Adieu! adieu! a long adieu!—
A long adieu and no return!—
Farewell to all your false and true,
Till yonder lights shall cease to burn!

A footstep creeps across the floor,—
Another footstep than I know:
I never felt it there before,
That muffled footstep soft and low.

Another presence fills the void
Of this old world of men and things:
I feel my spirit upward buoyed:
I hear the sweep of gauzy wings:

I slip from waking into dreams:—
From dreams to fancy more beguiled:—
Till all of life's converging streams
Expand, an ocean Patmos isled.

New heavens from the old come down!
New lands smile upward to the blue!
New clouds above!—by field and town,
New germs, new being, impulse new!—

New flowers from every greening sod;
And, from each Lily-crownéd cope,
A whisper, like the voice of God,
"Be of good cheer, I bring you Hope!"

THE CUCKOO

*"O Cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?"*

—Wordsworth.

ONCE more the vernal time is here:
Once more thy voice is heard,
In glade and copse, now far, now near,
Thou solitary bird!

And still, as oft in days gone by,
Through tangled brake and grove,
With careful foot and peering eye,
I follow where you rove.

I mark thy covert carefully,
And then I hasten on: -
The very spot—the grove, the tree—
I find, but thou art gone.

It matters not how light I float,
How rapidly I tread;
The echoes of thy cheerful note
Are always "just ahead."

But though, in all this woodland bright,
Thy form I cannot find,
Thou bring'st, by thine evasive flight,
A lesson to my mind:

As tauntingly thine echoes flee
Before me, in the wood,
O Cuckoo-bird! thou art, to me,
A vision of the Good,—

That flying-perfect, which my soul
Has sought so long to find;
And, at each step, the fleeting goal
Still leaves me far behind.

But, fit or flee, I still have hope
To see thee on thy nest!—
In some sequestered glade, to cope
The summit of my quest!

And, not despairing, blithe Cuckoo!
I hope, though long the strife,
To find the perfect Goodness, too,
Where grow the Trees of Life!

MY KINGDOM

IF here, twixt the Woodland and Prairies,
Some gauzy-winged wizard should stand,
Envoy from the Queen of the Fairies,
And say, "It is yours to command

"One of all possible wishes,"
Straightway would I bow myself down
And answer, "Good fairy, my wish is
For neither a kingdom nor crown:

"Not for a throne or a palace
Such as Earth's potentates know—
The jewel, the gold and the chalice,
And all of the glitter and show:

"Give me but this, of thy largess,
To linger these byways along;
My palace a cot 'neath the Cypress,
My sceptre the sceptre of Song.

"Give me the scent of the Clover,
The song of the Bird and the Bee,
Green fields with blue skies bending over,
The glint and the gleam of the Sea:

"Give me to sing, and not falter,
A carol,—a joyous refrain,—
To lay on the weary World's altar
This tribute again and again:

"Glad only of being and living;
With never a care for the day
But the pain and the pleasure of giving
Myself and my message away."

So, could I choose out my station
And order the path I would tread,
'Twould thrill my whole soul with elation
To order it as I have said.

Could I this kingdom but capture,
I'd strain every nerve for the goal;
For what could the heart more enrapture,
And what more enravish the soul?

What could be dearer than dwelling
In mansions of beauty like these?
And what could be sweeter than telling
Their glories in songs that would please—

Songs that would solace and strengthen
And gird up men's hearts for the fray?
Such songs as, when gray shadows lengthen,
Would light up Life's wearisome way?

So should I fill my appointed,
Small niche in God's infinite plan;
For each for his task is anointed,
Each task for the service of Man:

Some men are fitted to carry
The onerous burdens of State:
Some delve in the ditch and the quarry,
And some in the marketplace wait:

Some guide the share in the furrow
And some guide the keel through the Brine,
While others must battle and burrow
For gold in the traitorous mine:

Some there are, who, with keen vision,
The secrets of Science must read;
And some who esteem it their mission
To labour in doctrine and creed.

Each one must give of his labour —
And all of their labour is good;
But give *me* the Bluebell for neighbour,
And give *me* my cot in the Wood.

Heedless of Fame, I would try just
A poor, wayside singer to be:
For thus might I fill to the highest
God's plan and His purpose for me.

INTIMATIONS OF SYMPATHY

THE Summit sighs for the Deep:

The Deep for the Summit makes moan:
Through all the realms of Nature rings
The unvaried monotone.

And a note responsive thrills,
Trembling to life again,
Through all the wildering chords
Of the passionate Hearts of Men.

Then why should this shame arise?
Why should these blushes burn?
Hast thou not yet, O soul,
This one child-lesson to learn?

Why should I chide this nature,
With tumultuous hungerings rife
To link itself to some other,—
To mingle its life with Life?

Why say, "O soul, this is weakness!
Beat stronger, degenerate heart!
We will live for ourselves alone,
And stand from the World apart?"

It is not weakness, when up
From dew-damp meadows arise
The little cloudlets to nestle
In the arms of the Summer Skies.

It is not weakness, when down
From the Summits, from cave to cave,
Seeking the depths of Earth's bosom,
The wild waters toss and rave.

Nay: but they all make moaning,
Obeying a law divine;
Each unto each one bonded,
In sympathies like to thine:

The Summit sighs for the Deep;
The Deep for the Summit makes moan;
And the Spirit that made them never made
Man's Heart to dwell alone.

SEALED

I LOVED you, a bud, ere the bud had known
To thrill to the kiss of the Sun and Dew:
I loved you again, when, a Rose full blown,
You were consciously queen of the world where you
grew.

I loved you at first, when, your power anguished,
In innocent girlhood you smiled on me;
And last, though I suffered, I loved you best,
When you scorned me and fled me as still you flee.

I loved you, a mischievous, madcap maid:
I loved you in womanhood's beauteous prime:
I love you!—though flouted—and, undismayed,
I shall follow you still to the ending of Time.

And some time or other, in lands far hence,
Some day as you walk in the Golden Train,
With lips unguarded and no pretence,
I shall see you and know you and love you again.

And there, in those beautiful Mansions New,
While round roll the worlds and the circling years,
My soul shall go forth on a quest with you,
For a billion of ages, through millions of spheres.

And no one shall separate you and me:

And nothing shall come as a bar between:

For Love shall be victor and you shall be,

Through the Infinite Ages, my bride and my queen.

Oh, long at Love's shrine have I watched and kneeled—

Have offered my tribute all low at his feet;

So there, by the mandate of Love, you are sealed

To be mine—yea eternally mine—when we meet.

THE BACK NUMBER

BEHIND the dingy attic stairs,
Beneath the dust and lumber,
I came upon it unawares,
A poor, besoiled back number.

Its gay *début* attire, all fret
With liliated scroll and limning,
Was bright with gaudy glories yet,
Despite the dust's bedimming.

Each page a wonder-work of art,
Replete with song and story,
With treasures from Life's teeming mart
And gleams from Nature's glory.

Yet there, in careless fashion thrown,
But yesterday begotten,
It lay, neglected and alone,
By all the world forgotten.

And thus I thought -- and thus I said—
As reverently I read it,
Remembering when all men read
And everybody praised it:

How like to this poor, transient thing
Of tarnished, tinsel splendour
Is every life, whose ardent wing
Fans Fame's empyrean slender.

Its fate is but the fate, alas!
Of all such human jetsam:
They have their little day and pass,
And straight the World forgets them.

The Statesman crowned above his peers
Up to high Heaven is lauded;
And, for a little round of years,
Is fêted and applauded:

But soon another comes to claim
The Nation's fickle favour;
And lo! the former "glorious name"
Has neither salt nor savour!

New epochs new-found favourites bring:
They pass in swift procession: —
"The king is dead, long live the king!"
Who's next in the succession?

The facile wielder of the pen
Sends forth his artful pages,
And all the shallow world of men
About him raves and rages.

Some praise him for his wit and some
"*Adore him*" for his "passion:"
With all, his vagaries become
A foible and a fashion.

To him all honours are secured:—
To him the opening portals!
His fame is fixed; his place assured
Among the "*Great Immortals!*"

Alas! the ink is scarcely dry
Upon his last edition
Till name and fame, and hue and cry,
Are all a mere tradition!

He sinks into the common throng,
As rain-drop in the Ocean:—
The throng pursues, full cry along,
Some new-found fad or notion!

The wanton footlight nymph, who reigns
A queen through many seasons,
Her full-brimmed cup of triumph drains,
Nor recks of Fortune's treasons.

She glows and smiles: the drunk air drips,
As each performance closes,
With kisses blown from finger tips,
Amid a rain of Roses.

Her praises are on every tongue;
Her matchless wit, her beauty,
Abroad are heralded and sung,
Till singing seems a duty.

A few more seasons pass, and, in
Some lone and cheerless attic,
She strives her scanty bread to win,
By modes peripatetic.

And where are they who late acclaimed
Each slightest word and motion?
No trick of Fortune sure has tamed
Such rapturous devotion?

You'll find them where the footlights flare,
Each evening, in their places;
As light as air, all debonair,
With smiles upon their faces.

The festal scene is still the same,—
Flowers, gems and lights asmother,—
Only they shout another name,
Rain Roses for another.

As sometimes on a summer night,
When by the board we're sitting,
In dizzy circles, round the light,
Some beauteous moth comes flitting;

In pleased surprise, we break our chat
A moment, to admire;
And, as we praise now this, now that,
The moth drops in the fire:

"Alas!" we cry, "those pretty wings!"
A moment touched with sorrow;
And then we talk of other things,
And plan for joys to-morrow.

So fares it, on this mundane sphere,
With such as win men's praises:
They come; they go; they disappear:
And who a sigh upraises?

So to the flame the Foot-light Queen,
The Statesman and the Poet;
And, if the world their pain has seen,
It surely doesn't show it.

They pass, the gifted and the gay,
The beautiful, the clever;
And heedless still goes on its way
The World, the same as ever.

It matters not what heights were won,
Nor what degrees of glory;
The end, when all is said and done,
Spells still the same sad story:

The story of the withered bays;
Of Laurels sere and faded;
Of one-time happy, halcyon days,
By Fame's eclipse o'ershaded:

The story of the attic room,
Where, left in dust to slumber,
Reposes in untimely gloom
That poor, despised back number.

O sweet Fame's voice—a siren song—
When Youth is in its flower!
But, ofttimes, he who heeds too long
Must rue its sinister power:

Who all his hopes on Fame has placed,
When Life's fair fruit he grapples,
Will find it bitter to his taste
As dust of Dead-Sea Apples.

A happier lot sometimes meseems
The thing of mud and mire,
Who never dreamed Ambition's dreams,
Nor sought to struggle higher;

Who treads some humble walk of life,
In sad and sordid plodding,
Too poor to heed the din of strife
Or mark the Poppy nodding;

For he who knows not vernal skies
Esteems his own dark alley:
Who never knew the Summits dies
Contented in the Valley.

But yet I judge this latter view
Of Life but superficial:
From ev'n Life's crosses must accrue
A something beneficial.

Before Life crystallized as Law,
Unerring Wisdom scanned it;
And good Unerring Goodness saw,
Before He thuswise planned it.

Far be it from my feeble muse
His laws ordained to question;
Or His dark wisdom to accuse,
By even a suggestion.

Against this mystery of Fate
'Tis not my mood to grumble;
But just the simple facts relate,
To keep my spirit humble.

My bounds of Life are also set
Within this *ipse dixit*;
My mounting star shall dazzle yet
A little while, then exit:

It recks not how *I've* wrought or sung,
I too, some day, shall slumber,
Like outworn scrip or clout, among
The World's discarded lumber:

And, all unheeding of my fate,
Shall surge along the rabble,
With every new-found fad elate,
And full of foolish gabble.

Be mine to do my simple part,
In this my hour and station,
With all I have of mind and heart
To serve my generation:

Content, although I cannot see
Beginning, end or middle,
To leave to Him Who holds the key
Life's oft perplexing riddle.

For this I know, though frail be Fame
As evanescent bubble,
Oblivion's fatal furnace-flame
Burns naught but dross and stubble;

And life's brief record, thrown aside
Like some dust-tarnished volume,
When by the Master Critic tried,
Will yield, perchance, a column,

Perchance a paragraph, to grace
Those final, perfect pages,
Whereon the Master Scribe shall trace
The *bons mots* of the ages.

No human life, or grave or gay,
No poor, despised back number,
Whatever weak despair may say,
Is wholly useless lumber.

Some residue of use accrues
To Life's most vain relation,
Which the Great Editor will choose,
With nice discrimination,

And give its true and rightful place,
In terms of its deserving;
Sifting the noble from the base,
The noble still preserving.

The mills of God shall slowly grind
Back to the earth the earthy,
But God shall gather up and bind
Together what is worthy.

He made and knows the world *He* made:
He knows what *He* intended:
All will be well—I'm not afraid—
When the great task is ended.

Be mine to trust the process, where
I cannot comprehend it;
Nor need I wither by despair,
Because I cannot mend it.

For me to do the thing I should,
Each day, will be sufficient;
Though less than the Ideal Good,
Life's perfect coefficient:

Enough to drop some seed of Right,
To be this dark world's leaven;
Enough to know, that, in those bright
Anthologies of Heaven,

Will live, perchance, when I am dead
And sleep among my brothers,
Some little word that I have said
More truly than all others.

THE PLUMMET

THEY laboured long—keen wits by learning propt—
To prove, by static rule, where of the wall
The axis perpendicular should fall;
Nor still could say what judgment to adopt.
Anon, there came a simple swain and dropt
A plummet down. The insensate leaden ball
A moment swayed, and then, before them all,
Straight on the nadir point unerring stopt.

Proud pedant of the philosophic school,
Not by fine theories nor churchly creed,
Nor yet by searching canst thou find out God.
No creed can better simple Nature's rule.
Renounce thy maxims!—so thy spirit freed
Shall fly to Him as to the Earth the clod.

THE WOODPECKER

Habitant

W'EN Wintair ees pas' upon Canadaw,
In de beautiful tam de Spring,
An' snow eet ees all w'at you call de t'aw,
Dere ees many de bird dat sing:—
Dere's Robin an' Blackbird an' Oriol'—
Dere's Swallow, too, twitterin' dere—
But wan I was likin', me, bes' of all
Ees de wan you call "Woodpeckair."
Rat-a-tat-tat! ees de way he sing;
An' he's singin' mos' all de tam,—
Hamm'rin' away, till de woods is ring,
Lak some carpentair jus' de sam':
Rat-a-tat-tat on de ol' pine stomp!
Rat-a-tat-tat in de tree!
Bird dat was beat heem mus' mak' de homp!
Dat ees w'at I am t'inkin', me.
Dose noder oiseaux I was lak dem too—
An' dey're sing lak de Rossignol:
Ver' pleasan' deir song de w'ole Sommair t'roo,
W'en de Sonne eet ees shine lak gol':
But w'en de fros' come, an' no leaf on tree,
An' de groun' ees all w'ite an' bare,
Dey're flyin' right off on de Sout', sapre!
W'ile de Woodpeckair stay right dere.

Tip-i-tap-tap on de Wintair Camp,
W'ere de timbair ees stan' so tall!
W'ere log we are cut on de Cedair Swamp,
Every day he mus' mak' de call.
Wit' pretty black coat and de small red cap,
'E comes peekin' aroun' de tree:—
I know by dat nod an' de tip-i-tap-tap
He ees say de bon jour to me!

Dose fine Spring day, too, w'en de night ees col'
An' de fros' eet ees freeze de pon',
W'en Sonne t'roo de sky lak a king ees roll
An' de snowdreef ees almos' gone,
We go off down dere on de Camp Sugair,
An' de sugair we're mak' dere too,
W'ile up on de air, t'roo de branches bare,
Climb de smoke of our camp-fires blue—

Rat-a-tat-tat!—did you hear dat soun'?
Did you hear dat shrill, chirpin' call?
Yes, dere he ees, sure, hoppin' all aroun',
An' he's tap dem trees 'fore us all!
Rat-a-tat-tat!—wouldn't dat you keel!
'E's out dere on de jambouree!
Peckin' de worm—also drink hees feel
de sweet sap of de Maple Tree!

But wan tam I lak heem, dat Woodpeckair,
Ees dat beautiful tam de Spring,
W'en woods dey come green an' de flower grow dere
An' de bird on de branch ees sing.
Some mornin', w'en all of de worl' ees still,
An' de Sonne eet ees shine so bright,
I hear heem 'way off on de side de hill—
I am hear heem to lef' an' right,—

Tip-i-tap-tap, noder side de lak'!
Tip-i-tap-tap on de hill!
Tip-i-tap-tap!—hear de answer mak'
From de stomp by de ol' Red Mill.
Tip-i-tap-tap from de tall church spire!
He ees spik wit' hees "bonne amie":—
For telegraph message wit'out de wire
He ees beat, heem, de Marconi!

Some tam we mus' go for to hunt de Duck
An' de Goose on de Grand Marais;
An' de huntair man dat would mak' de luck
Mus' be off wit' de peep of day.
No need have we den for de clock alarm
An' no need for de Roostair crow:—
De Sonne he's not come on de Big Bocharme
Half a secon' w'en dere she go:

Rat-a-tat-tat on de rampike tall,
Or de roof of de ol' shaintee!
Rat-a-tat-tat! lak de—w'at you call?—
To awake us, de "Reveille."
Rat-a-tat-tat on de ol' pine stomp!
Rat-a-tat-tat in de tree!
Dat ees de song dat will mak' us jump,
W'en we're sleepin' dere, you an' me!

Mais oui! on de Springtam in Canadaw,
Dere ees many de bird come dere,
From oiseaux petits to de ol' black Daw
Dat steals from de poor farmair.
An' well I am likin' dem, long dey stay—
I am likin' deir song to hear;
But Woodpeckair sing de sam' song each day,
Everyw'ere, t'roo all mont' de year:

Tip-i-tap-tap, t'roo de Sommair heat!
Tip-i-tap-tap in de snow!
Tip-i-tap-tap, w'en de Nort' win's beat,
An' de sam' w'en de Sout' win's blow!
Tip-i-tap-tap, w'en eet frown or smile!
Tip-i-tap-tap!—Yes siree!
'E's got dem all beat, heem, by mos' a mile!—
So, at leas', I was t'inkin', me.

THE SECRET

His words as swift, two-edged swords were keen.

They seemed to pierce the very souls of men—

To burn and scintillate with fire, as when

The lightning flashes jagged clouds between.

I cried, "O master, from thy height serene,

Reveal thyself unto my darkened ken!

Whence comes thy power? What magic moves thy pen?

What vision veiled to mortals hast thou seen?"

Years passed, in long procession, sad and slow,

Till Time and Fate their heaviest blows had dealt,

And, bowed with grief, my head was bending low;

Then, as soft airs that icy caverns melt,

There breathed a whisper softly, "Wouldst thou know

The secret of my greatness?—*I have felt!*"

THE BAUBLE, REPUTATION

*"Seeking the bauble reputation,
even at the cannon's mouth."*

—*Shakespeare.*

They sang, at eve, by the bivouac fires
Of the foe-encircled camp:—
The hero-sons of heroic sires,
They recked not for dew or damp.

They sang, "Hurrah for the thunder-peal!
Hurrah for the sword and flame!
We'll carve our names, with our blades of steel,
On the parapets of Fame!"

They drank it down, with a three times three,
To sweetheart and wife and friend;—
They laughed and quaffed, with a noisy glee,
Nor wished for the war to end.

And when, next morn, through their dim phalanx,
Rang the cry, "The foe, they come!"
They marched away, in their serried ranks,
To the beat of the throbbing drum.

They made the shattered squadrons reel:—
They dashed through smoke and flame:—
*They carved their names, with their blades of steel,
On the parapets of Fame.*

And side by side, when the fight was won,
At the evening cold and gray,
Without a slab or a farewell gun
To herald the place where they lay,

Their comrades buried them.—So they fell;

*And soon, in some tavern shade,
One lonely, crippled old man will tell
Of "the wonderful charge they made."*

TIME AND SEASON

SOMETIMES I merely lilt for rhyme;
But this has rhyme and reason,—
That everything must have its time,
And each its proper season.

May-time, since Time was first, remains
The time of Apple Blossoms:
While Aster, down from Adam, reigns,
The queen of arid autumns.

And nothing, sure, but vain regrets
Into his soul can enter,
Who leaves his time of Violets
'Till frosty days of winter.

The time for love once gone, we may
Not bring it back by grieving:—
Life's budding season past away
Is gone beyond retrieving:

We may not gather Grapes in June
Nor Mayflowers in December;
And winter days come very soon—
Ah, very soon—remember.

Then deftly weave Love's garlands gay,
Before Life's sweet spring closes;
Nor think to gather buds of May
When fade the year's dead Roses.

LILIES

"WHITE LILIES in my garden growing,"
I said, "unloose your tongues of gold,
And to my questioning heart unfold
The secret of your beauteous blowing!"

The Lilies of my garden bed
Unloosed their golden tongues and said,
"Sun, soil and rain, seedtime and sowing—
Warm, wandering winds the furrows kiss:
We know no other thing than this;
And beauty comes without our knowing!"

"White Lilies, full of fragrance, flowing
Through Life's dim ways," I said, "impart
Your secret of 'the pure in heart';
The mystery of all goodness showing!"
And, wafting fragrance far and wide,
My Lilies fair of Life replied:

"Birth, life and heaven—not in knowing
Life's hidden springs our life consists:—
God's Spirit, working as He lists,
Through Life's dim ways like winds is blowing."

LAPPILLATWAN

Algonquin Nursery Tale

Children of the village,
Listen to my rhyme—
To a wondrous story
Of the Olden Time.
Children of the Forest,
Listen while I tell
Of the fair Tree-Fungus
And what him befell.

I

Once in days departed, very long ago,—
Just how long the Sages do not even know,—
Dwelt within the Forest, in a tall Birch tree,
Gentle Lappillatwan, happy as could be.

II

Gentle Lappillatwan, Singer of the Dusk,
Smiling, fair Tree-Fungus, like a wizened husk,
Sat upon the Birch branch, with his mouth agape,
Always the good-natured, little jackanape.

III

Little Lappillatwan everybody knew,—
All the birds, his cousins, worms and insects, too.

Everybody loved him; and up in his tree
Oft they came and clambered, their good friend to see.

IV

Little Lappillatwan ever had to say—
Only smiled in silence all the livelong day; —
But when day was ended, or the day was lit,
“Lappillatwan, Wappillatwan, wech-kut-ton-aa-bit!”

V

Through the silent Forest, echoing all along,
Rang the merry cadence of this signal song:
“Smiling, fair Tree-Fungus, little wizened shape,
Sits upon the Birch tree with his mouth agape!”

VI

And whenever ringing from the tree-top came
Lappillatwan's summons, birds of every name,
Birds and tiny insects, all the woodland crew
Heard the cheery signal and its import knew:

VII

When it rang at sunset, all that fly or creep
Knew the dark was coming and the time for sleep;
And they knew that silent now, for all night long,
Was their little kinsman's cheery warning song.

VIII

There within the Birch-tree's dark and cheerless bowers
Clings the little watchman, through the lonely hours;
But when day is breaking out of darkness, then,
Shrilling through the Forest, rings his song again;

IX

And the Wood-folk, waking, go forth without fear;—
Fair they know the day is, always, when they hear,
"Smiling, fair Tree-Fungus, singing here I sit!"
"Lappillatwan, Wappillatwan, wech-kut-ton-aa-bit!"

X

One bright summer morning, having nought to do,
Clambered up the Birch tree saucy Sexkatoo—
Sexkatoo, "Red Squirrel" by the white man named,
Never known to falter nor to be ashamed.

XI

Finding Lappillatwan there upon a limb,
Sexkatoo, the saucy, thus accosted him:
"How long, stupid fellow, have you dwelt up here
In this fine old Birch tree? Far too long, I fear!"

XII

"Since your great-grandsire, Keche K'moosumis,
Was born upon that other whence you came to this,"

Answered Lappillatwan. But now tell me true,
How long will you remain.' quoth saucy Sexkatoo.

XIII

"While among its fellows stands the fair Birch tree,"
Answered Lappillatwan, "its boughs will shelter me.
While it leaves and blossoms here will I remain,
Night and morning singing still the same refrain."

XIV

Now the saucy squirrel but a quarrel sought.
He would fain be nesting in that selfsame spot.
So he answered roughly, "I would have you know,
Long enough you've been here. Straightway you must
go!"

XV

Gently Lappillatwan answered Sexkatoo,
"Noosesim, my grandchild, that would scarcely do:
For the birds, my kinsmen, little worms and all,
Would not heed my singing—could not hear my call."

XVI

"You, who are so clever, everywhere may roam;
And in every treetop you may make your home.
Not for whole worlds would I give the least offence;
But the simple truth is, *I can not go hence.*"

XVII

Now, such gentle answer should have pacified
Sexkatoo, the Squirrel; but, instead, he cried—
Proudly overbearing:—"Out of this you go!"
And, insane with fury, rushed upon his foe.

XVIII

Ill would Lappillatwan then have fared, indeed,
But for the arrival of a friend in need.
On the bough beside him, firmly glued and stuck,
Stood the small, gray wigwam of the Hamwesuk;—

XIX

Hamwesuk, the Hornet, who, with spear and sword,
Hurried to the rescue all his fiery horde.
Valiant little warriors, upon Sexkatoo
In a trice they landed: at his ears they flew.

XX

On his back they settled; in his fur they clung;
Fiercely sang their war song; madly stung and stung;
Till the saucy squirrel, dazed and mad with pain,
From the treetop tumbled, very nearly slain.

XXI

Soon, of course, the tidings of this conflict dire
Spread, as through the Forest spreads a forest fire.

Great was the excitement; and, from far and wide,
All the squirrel's kinsmen hastened to his side.

XXII

"We can not go backward, now the blow is struck!
Let us hold a council," said Sexkatuwuk.
So the Squirrel Peoples, gray and striped and red,
Flying ones and Chipmunks to the council sped.

XXIII

Angrily they chattered; and their watchword ran:
"Vengeance for the insult offered to our clan!
Haughty Lappillatwan," all cried in a breath,
"Must vacate his dwelling or be put to death!"

XXIV

Straightway to the Birch tree ran the rabble rout;
Scarcely realizing what 'twas all about:
Found that only one way—up the narrow trunk—
Could they reach their foeman; but they didn't funk.

XXV

Meanwhile, to the insects, fast had spread afar
The portentous tidings of the coming war;
And, in haste, came flying all the wingèd things,
Bumble bees and hornets, wasps with wicked stings,

XXVI

Bloodthirsty mosquitoes, tiny midges, too,
Flying ants and black-flies, all the doughty crew.
Long had Lappillatwan been their trusty friend,
And they all would bravely now his cause defend.

XXVII

Soon there rang the order, through the dust and din,
From the Squirrels' chieftain, "Let the fight begin!"
Then they rushed with ardour to the Birch tree tall,
Thinking such a stronghold very soon must fall.

XXVIII

But they found, as madly up the trunk they pressed,
That but few together could climb up abreast;
And they found that glory snatched from feeble folk,
Fighting for their firesides, isn't such a joke.

XXIX

Many were the doughty deeds of valour done;
And full many warriors fadeless laurels won.
Mussesqua, the Horse-fly, proved a gallant wight.
Hamwesuk, the Hornets, many put to flight.

XXX

Midges and mosquitoes, with their tiny spears,
Rushed upon the Squirrels, mid resounding cheers.

Scarcely the invaders had a foothold found,
Till was hurled their vanguard backward to the ground.

XXXI

Only Lappillatwan, high up overhead,
Watching from the treetop, smiled and nothing said,—
Not a word till sunset; then this song, to wit,
“Lappillatwan, Wappillatwan, wech-kut-ton-aa-bit!”

XXXII

Through the darkening Forest sounded; whereupon,
The contending armies knew the day was done;
And the saucy squirrels, all the insects too,
To their several wigwams for the night withdrew.

XXXIII

Early the next morning, when they heard the song—
Signal song of waking—shrill the woods along,
Then the mighty armies mustered all their men
And prepared for deadly conflict once again.

XXXIV

Met in solemn council, haughty Sexkatoo
Thus addressed his warriors: “Listen, soldiers true!
Last night, in my dreaming, 'twas revealed to me,
That, if in the battle, now about to be,

XXXV

"Anyone among you, for an instant, may
Touch but Lappillatwan, we have gained the day.
Failing this, however, ere his song he sings,
'Lappillatwan, Wappillatwan,' and the darkness brings,

XXXVI

"Know, we are defeated, and our glorious name,
Henceforth and forever, sullied o'er with shame.
Thus the Fates have spoken: soldiers you have heard:
On then to the Birch tree! Victory is the word!"

XXXVII

Meanwhile angry insects haste from far and near;
Fiercely sing their war songs; sharpen sword and spear.
As they rushed to battle, pledged to fall or win,
Fearful was the slaughter—terrible the din.

XXXVIII

Desperate, angry squirrels, almost out of breath,
Clambered up the Birch tree, quite despising death.
Valiant wingèd warriors answered blow for blow,
And in countless thousands swarmed upon the foe.

XXXIX

Many a merry horse-fly writhed upon the plain,
And his wife and children never saw again.

Many a fiery hornet, many a bold pissmire,
Sat no more at evening by their wigwam fire.

XL

Fearful was the slaughter! Thrice as many lay
Dead upon the field as on the previous day:
But they still pressed onward, fiercer for the fight;
Struggling still, and heedless of the coming night.

XLI

Never once observing, in the furious fray,
That the Sun was setting for another day;
Till, from far above them, suddenly arose
Lappillatwan's signal for the day to close.

XLII

Everything was ended! Slowly sank the Sun.
Sexkatoo was vanquished, and the Flies had won!
High up in the branches, smiling, squidgy, squat,
With his mouth wide open, Lappillatwan sat.

XLIII

Little Lappillatwan, silent all day through,
Sat upon the Birch branch, where of old he grew:
But at day's declining, every little bird—
Every tiny insect—loud his summons heard:

XLIV

And you still may hear him, from the Birch tree tall,
Through the silent Forest send his cheery call,—
When the day is ended, ere the day is lit,—
“Lappillatwan, Wappillatwan, wech-kut-ton-aa-bit!”

MESSIAH'S STAR

Xmas, 1892

SWEET Star, that, o'er yon eastern main,
Rolled through deep night thy silver wain,
Shine through this age of strife and pain;
 And teach our hearts, by thy pure light,
 To search, through tracts of boundless night,
For that dear Child, who comes again.

Lead us, sweet Star, as on that Morn,
A trembling ray of lustre, borne
Far o'er Judea's fields forlorn,
 Thou led'st the Sages from afar:
 Shine on, shine on, Messiah's Star,
And lead us still where Truth is born!

NOT UNTO THE SWIFT

"The race is not unto the swift."

—*Eccl. ix:2.*

"Not unto the swift"—with pride exultant,
Boast not the fruitage of precocious powers:
Scorn not the man whose tedious, slow resultant
Is *years* of labour matched against thine *hours*.

"Not unto the swift"—the garland fadeless,
Kept for the victor, tardier brows may bind:
Grimly thy peer, despised, unknown and aidless,
With ponderous step, comes lumbering up behind.

"Not unto the swift"—the longed-for treasure
Not lightly nor by fitful flight is gained:
Proud dilettante, Life's full mark and measure
Is only reached where Life's full heart is drained.

"Not unto the swift"—no easy dalliance,
No soft, white-handed coquetry with Pain
Makes the great life,—no tawdry valiance
The golden lustre of the prize we gain.

"Not unto the swift"—but strong, heroic—
Fierce fires of anguish forging still thy worth,—
Patiently waiting in thy dim prezoic,
Like the red Ruby in its caves of birth.

"Not unto the swift"—but toiling, toiling,
By morn and midnight, at Life's stubborn loom;
Firm fronted, from no task recoiling,
Weaving alike the glory and the gloom.

"Not unto the swift"—thus, thus forever,
O Word of Wisdom! ever thus we find,
Not in the Swallow but the Sleuth, Endeavour,
The crowned creation of the master mind!

GOOD NIGHT

From One on Land to One at Sea

Good night, my darling: shadows fall,
And the night winds are sighing;
And each little bird is hieing
Home to its nest:
O'er the Moon's path the clouds are flying:
There is silence over all—
Silence and calm rest.

Good night, my darling: I shall leave
Thee safe at rest, with Him who keeps
Watch o'er the wild and stormy deeps:
Though storms may moan,
He slumbers not nor ever sleeps:
Though waves like mountains heave,
He careth for His own.

THE HOUND AND THE HARE

A HOUND, one day, pursued a timid hare.
With nose to ground and mind on murder bent,
He traced the devious windings of the scent.
Cute Bunny, doubling backward to his lair,
Three steps to leeward passed him unaware.
Poor Bingo, on his nosings too intent,
Used not his eyes! Away the quarry went!—
And Bingo missed him from his bill of fare.

How often men, like just such sorry fools,
Hunt handicapped by antiquated rules:
They sniff Tradition's tortuous paths, forsooth,
And still are mocked by nimble-footed Truth;
When, if they only just would use their eyes,
They'd see and seize the tantalizing prize!

CANADIAN NATIONAL HYMN

God of our Fatherland,
As here we humbly stand,
We own Thy power:
Thine are the winds and waves,
Mountains and deep sea-caves;
Thine all that guides and saves,
From hour to hour.

Sovereign all thrones above,
Thy wisdom and Thy love
Have placed us here;
A people, and a part
Of that great, dauntless heart,
That makes the World its mart
And tyrants fear.

God of our sires, as Thou
Hast been their help, so now
Befriend us still:
Guard us when dangers lurk;
Permit us not to shirk;
But in and through us work
Thy sovereign will.

Our king upon his throne
Do Thou be pleased to own;
And, of Thy grace,

Grant him to live and reign,
That, through this wide domain,
Justice and Truth may gain
Their rightful place.

Bless Britain's far-flung realm:
Confound and overwhelm
Her envious foes:
Gird up her arm with Might,
That, in the cause of Right,
Her thunders still may smite
World-shattering blows.

Prosper each sister State,
Within this Empire great:
Guard them and guide:
Sown on a world-wide sea,
Under the Crosses Three
May all in one agree,
And one abide.

For Canada, our own,—
First-born of Britain's throne—
Thine aid we pray:
Land of the Maple Leaf!
Land of the Golden Sheaf!
May never shame or grief
Her sons dismay;

But may she ever shine,
Lit with a light divine,
 Brightest and best
Of all the stars that be
In that bright galaxy,
That gems the azure Sea
 From East to West.

God of our Fatherland,
Thy benison command
 On us and ours.
Bless us that we may bless
All peoples great or less,
And ever onward press
 To nobler powers.

TWO LIVES

SHE wrought with a zeal no task could tire:

His life seemed a vain repose:

Her genius flashed into flame like fire:

His grew as the diamond grows.

His first, frail stirrings of genius, born

But faint in their humble bed,

She praised, then doubted, and then, in scorn

And hauteur, away she fled.

The child of fire could not understand

The tardily growing gem;

While *he*, poor soul, dared not lift his hand

To touch but her garment's hem.

She shone, a star, through a brief, bright day,

Well pleased with herself the while,

Too proud to think of the gem that lay

Outdistanced many a mile.

"O blush," said she, in her haughty mood,

When dreams would his image bring,

"That once I cherished a mind so crude,

And swooped to so slight a thing!"

She shared the glitter of banquet hall

With savants and stately dames:

Her own she deemed not the least of all

That bead-roll of brilliant names.

He loved her loyally all the while,
And called her his lady fair;
But such high favour, to win her smile,
Was more than his soul might dare.

To match *her* wit with his humble powers
He deemed but an effort vain;
But still he sang, through the long, lone hours,
The songs of his love and pain.

Long years he lay in his nook obscure,
And ate his heart out and sighed,
"Ah me! Alas for my gifts so poor!"
Then laid himself down and died.

A hundred summers since then have flown;
And how do the records stand?
His name and fame with the years have grown
And travelled from land to land.

Men weave fresh laurels to bind his brow:
His name is on every tongue.
She?—*None* remembers *her* genius now,
Except through the songs he sung.

A YULE-TIDE GREETING

ONCE Caspar, Melchior, Balthasar, three kings
Of Orient, journeying o'er the desert came.
Before them glowed, always, a wondrous flame,—
A star, some said, and some, a Seraph's wings.
Anon, their steps to Bethlehem town it brings:
And, at the feet of Him of hallowed name,
To tarry, whiles, and kneel they thought not shame,
With gifts of gold and such-like goodly things.

Fair maid or matron, yea, or courtly sir,
May all things be with thee as these things were:
Approach and kneel; and, of sweet reverence,
On Him, like those, in loyal guise, confer
The goodly savour of thy Frankincense,
The streaming odours of thy fragrant Myrrh.

SONG OF THE WESTERN IMMIGRANT

LAND of the purple West!
Land of the fields of gold!
Here will we gladly rest
And our white tents unfold!
Many a day we've sailed—
Many an ocean crossed;
Lands amany we've hailed;
Years we've wandered and lost;
Seeking the ever-sought
Clime of perennial bloom—
Valleys of light unfraught
By sober-suited gloom.
Once to the East we came:
Bountiful, golden East!
Land of the sunrise flame!
Land of revel and feast!
There under groves of spice
Quaffed we the rich, red wine:
Sparkled jewels of price;
Trailed the bright Jessamine.
Joys unstinted were ours;
Feasting our only care;
But we wearied of the flowers;
Hated the jewels rare;

Loved not the golden East,—
The wine-cup's crimson spray;
Discord ruled at our feast,
And so we sailed away.

Once we sighted the isles
Lying, so wan and pale,
Where never rosebud smiles,
Scenting the frozen gale;

Where, though earth's breast was cold,
Marvellously, on high,
Streamed o'er a purple wold
Primrose blooms of the sky.

But, to our aching sight,
Vainly their glories burned:
Feared we their pallid light:
Their iron coasts we spurned.

Late—only late—we passed
Into a torrid clime;
Joyfully hailed at last
Land of the Peach and Lime.

Round us, in glade and grove,
Creepers of fragrant growth
Gorgeous tapestries wove:—
Lovely land of the South!

Brightly the days rolled on:—
Brighter they scarce could be:—
But all the light that shone
Was of false "Liberty."

Sadly seaward we pressed.
Genii of ocean drew
Into the purple West
Our bark, that lightly flew;

Wafted our vessel fleet
Here, to the land where grows
Only the homely Wheat,
The simple Prairie Rose.

Here have we found at last
Not what we fondly dreamed,
Not the vision o'erpast
But what the vision seemed:

Peace, without Fear's alloy;
Plenty, with honest toil;
Harvests of quiet Joy,
Bred in a kindly soil.

Hither shall Freedom draw:
Virtue will find her mate:
Here is the home of Law:
Here is the settled State.

This is the goodly land:
This the abode of Peace:
Here will we make our stand:
Here will our wand'rings cease.

Land of the purple West!
Land of the fields of gold!
Here will we gladly rest,
And our white tents unfold!

DAY AFTER DAY

DAY after day, darling,
We find, as we wander onward,
Some joys, some griefs, some new love tendered;
Some old love dying.

We find that all things change:
For we change with the changing years;
And scenes that to-day are bedimmed with tears
A flowering range

On the morrow will be:
We look behind, and our sorrows, now,
Are spangled and draped with a gleaming bow,
Right fair to see.

The days pass on and die.
Shall we note but the fallen leaves,
While, all about us, the harvest sheaves
Ungarnered lie,

And, before us, the fields—
The fair, untrodden fields—in the light
And smile of morn, for the harvest are white?
For he who wields

His tempered sickle blade
With a ready and willing hand,
And bindeth his sheaves, o'er all the land
By moor and glade,

If he toil as he ought,
Will find, in autumn, the harvest reaped;
And his barns with golden treasure heaped,
And wanting nought.

But they who look behind
See not the fields that lie before,—
See not the glories of the distant shore:
No joys they find.

So thou, through the fair land,
Where the Future lies outspread,
Where no graves are,—no dead men bury their
dead,—

Reach out your hand,

And reap, for days to be,
Sheaves of good from untrodden time,—
Mellow harvests of Joy for the after time,—
Sweet Memory.

For what we reap, to-day,
Must produce the golden grain,
On which we live, when time begins to wane
And steal away.

For day after day, dear,
We are making our Past, as we go:—
A little friendship, a little love, a little woe,—
Year after year.

Thus, all along life's way,
Fair scenes behind us we are leaving:
Fresh, fateful links of Memory we are weaving,
Day after day.

RETREAT

MASTER-TASKMAN of the Town,
Let me lay my burden down.

I am weary, night and day,
Equally at work and play—

I am weary of the task
Of this false and foolish Mask!

Here is but an empty show,
Where the mimic maskers go;

And its hollow grief and joy
Equally my senses cloy.

Toil nor task can ease the pain
Of its pseudo-serious vein:

From the tedium of its smile
Nothing can my soul beguile:

For I scorn the tinsel blaze
Of its artificial ways;

And I loathe the dust and din,
The corroding sense of sin,

The unrest, that, everywhere,
Seems to throng each street and square.

. . . .
. . . .

Master-Taskman, let me go
To a sylvan haunt I know,

To a vale bedecked with flowers,
Just beyond the City towers.

There no seething caldrons choke
Heaven's blue with grime and smoke;

Never frowns the Primal Curse,
With its threat of something worse;

Whirl no troops of gilded flies
In a masquerade of lies;

But the Soul, exempt from ruth,
Daily walks awake with Truth.

In these regions, side by side,
Innocence and Beauty bide.

Every day, along this track,
Comes the primal Eden back.

Everywhere I read the sign
Of a presence all divine;

At my feet a Father's love,
Writ in emerald, and, above,

Skies whose crystal dome might be
Purest Lapis Lazuli.

. . . .
. . . .

Master-Taskman, let me haste
To those blissful bowers; to taste

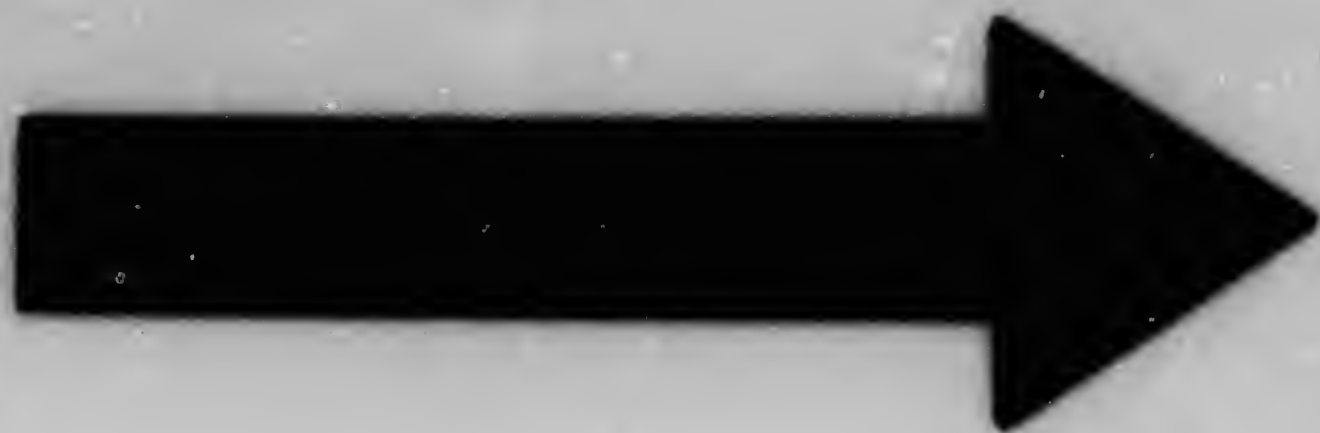
Pleasures that of old I knew,
When life's summers still were few:

There to trace, by field and fell,
Odorous byways known so well,

Where, when Spring's soft influence breathes,
Flora weaves her nuptial wreaths—

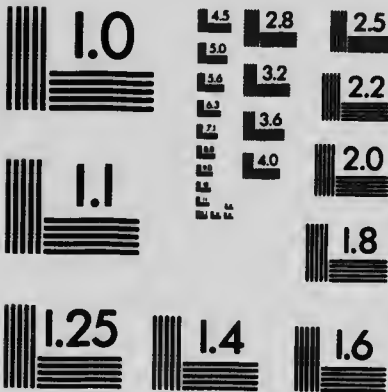
Rose and Violet streaming down,
The rich broideries of her gown;

While the White Thorn on the bough
Spreads its fleece of fragrant snow;



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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Draping her high brows and pale
In a pearly bridal veil.

Let me seek, ere Summer fades,
Sunny fields and scented glades,

Where, in sweet proximity,
Kingcup and Anemone,

Bluebell bright and Foxglove gay
Breathe their beauteous life away;

Or where crimson Poppies spill
Sanguine dyes by road and rill,

Till the sensuous landscape glows
Bright as Iran's fabled Rose.

Let me wander far away,
Where the tinkling fountains play;

Dropping down from hill to hill,
Now a rillet then a rill,

Then a stream, with tide serene,
Loitering lazily between

Flowery banks, through glade and glen,
Far from busy haunts of men;

Taking still, as on it flows,
Tribute of the winter snows;

Till, emerging, far and free,
Rests the River in the Sea.

Let me seek those upland bowers,
Where, in tranquil, sunny hours,

First this nascent river trills
Forth its music to the hills;

Or where, lower, Lilies gleam
Upward from its purple stream;

As, in lazier mood, it glides
Where the bashful Heron hides;

Twining still, through shine and shade,
Like a silver-azure braid;

All its windings through the dell
Traced in terms of Pimpernel;

All its mossy margins fret
With the bright eyed Violet.

· · · ·
· · · ·

Master-Taskman, let me go
To those sylvan haunts I know—

To those joy-enchanted bowers,
Just beyond the City towers.

Leaving all the weary clack
Of the Town behind my back,

Let me hitherward repair—
Let me on my journey fare:

Let me drink the sweet repose
That from Nature's chalice flows.

Like Poseidon's giant son,
Who the doubtful conflict won

Only as his feet found rest
On his mighty Mother's breast,

I would yield me, for a space,
To the heartening, sweet embrace

Of Dame Nature, where she dwells
In those joy-enchanted dells.

There, methinks, my soul would grow
Stout and strong to overthrow.

From the contact I should gain
Courage new to turn again,

And, with recreated will,
Face the flagrant hosts of Ill,

That, in soul-destroying rout,
Here encompass me about.

Like Antæus, I should be
Nerved anew for mastery.

Or, like Uther's stricken son,
Deep embowered in Avalon,

Tended by those stately Queens,
Where perennial Spring engreens

Spicy grove and flowery field,
Till, from hurt of battle healed,

He returns once more to found
Knighthood of the Table Round,

I too, weak and wounded sore,
From the tumult and the roar

Of Life's conflict here, would go
To those quiet vales, where blow

Healing airs o'er beds of flowers;
That, within those restful bowers,

I might bide a while and heal
All the hurt that now I feel.

So, returning after days
To these sordid, sin-curst ways,

I might issue forth anew,
Strong, rejuvenate, a true

Knight of God, to bravely fight,
Battling still for Truth and Right.

. . . .
. . . .

Master-Taskman of the Town,
Let me lay my burden down—

Just a pause to take my breath!
As the ancient proverb saith:

“He who fights and runs away
Lives to fight another day!”

So would I this respite ask
Not as craven from his task

Basely fleeing but as one,
Who, some cherished work begun,

Would a brief recession gain
Ere once more, with might and main,

He essays the strenuous grind
To achieve the task designed.

Master-Taskman of the Town,
When the fields are bare and brown,

When the rude September breeze
Kills the flowers and strips the trees,

When the frost, like cruel Fate,
Lays my Eden desolate,

I shall then return, once more,
Here to labour as before—

Here to tread the weary round,
Where my captive powers are bound

To the tedious treadmill stays
Of the City's crowded ways:

And the song of birds, that sing
In my memory, shall bring

Balm to make the burden light:
And the thought of meadows bright

With sweet flowers, where I have been,
Daily shall the victory win.

TO —

As, in a land of dusk and dreams,
The full-orbed Moon, o'er isles and streams,
Beats down reflex of solar gleams,

So thoughts of thee shall shed their light
Through days of mine that change to night,—
Sweet flowers that bloom on headlands white.

THE WOMAN IN THE MOON

French Metis

INJUN know 'bout dat Moon on de sky up dere?

Well, ma frien', I should t'ink, you bet!

'E can tole you by dat w'en she's go'n' be fair:

'E can tole w'en she's go'n' be wet.

Injun know how dat Moon is firs' come on sky

Mos' as well as de Moonias;

Also how it's kip goin' away, an' w'y,

'E can tole you all dat firs' class.

Also many more wonderful t'ing, ma frien',

'E can tole, if 'e spik hees min';

For w'ile Injun to know all t'ing don't preten',

'E is know a w'ole lot, you'll fin'.

My ol' Injun Gran'fader he's dead long tam,

But I still can remember, me,

Many t'ing 'e was tolin me, jus' de sam'

'E is spiken here aujourd'hui.

Now dat Moon w'at is shine on de sky lak king,

As 'e roll, w'at you call, t'roo space,

If you'r lookin', mebbe, you may see somet'ing

Lak dark shadow upon hees face.

Dat dark shadow w'ite peop' say look jus' lak man
Dey're call "Man on de Moon," also;
But dat dat's not correc', since de worl' began,
Every Injun will tole, mon vieux.

Dat's no "Man on de Moon" but jus' ol' Coocoom,—
Poor ol' 'oman all dress' in gray;
For 'e's know all 'bout dat, too, my ol' Mooshoom,
An' it's dis w'at I hear heem say:

Long ago on de worl', on de olden tam,
Dis ol' 'oman was leeve wit' men,—
Cannot tole, me, off han', w'at dey're call her nam',
Or jus' we're she was leeve or w'en;

But ol' 'oman she's great on de medicine way;
An' she's knowin right off by heart
All de root an' de herb, also great *Meda*—
W'at you call heem, de Magic Art.

She is know everyt'ing onderneat' de sky
But jus' one t'ing alone, ma frien';
An' ol' 'oman she'll nevair be satisfy'
Till she's know dat, you may depen'.

She is hear how de worl' it will en', sapre,
So, tout suite, she is want to know
Jus' exactement w'en dat tam will be,
An' she's askin' de Manitou.

She is askin' dat qeshun so many tam,
Till Bon Dieu is 'bout tire to deat',
So 'E's sen' leetle manitou down, bedamn,
For to stop her or choke her breat'.

Now ol' 'oman she sit an' she weave an' weave
On a straj for go roun' de head;
An' de manitou say, mus' dem qeshun leave
Or she come mebbe sometam dead.

Well dat's purty hard line on poor ol' Coocoom;
But, of course, dere's no oder way
But kip right on an' work at de beadwork loom,
An' jus' do w'at de Bon Dieu say.

But Bon Dieu He's not want to be too severe
On poor chil'ren below de skies;
So, before leetle manitou's disappear,
Dey're be makin' de compromise:

"To be askin' dat qeshun I geeve you leave
Jus' once more," said de manitou,
"W'en you're finish de mystical ban' you weave.
'E will answer you den, Bon Dieu."

"On meantam, you mus' hide from de worl' away;
An', I'm t'ink, if you're smart, ver' soon
You will hear w'at de Great Manitou will say;"
So she's hide herse'f on de Moon.

But ol' 'oman she's t'ink, mebbe lonesome dere,
So she's tak' long de pussy cat;
If your eye purty good, you may see heem w'ere
'E ees sit down upon de mat.

Ol' Coocoom, too, of course, she mus' eat some hash,
Sam' as all man an' 'oman born,
So she's boilin' a kettle of succotash—
W'at you call heem, de Injun corn.

An' so dere she is sit, an' she's weave an' weave,
Try for finish dat mystic ban';
For, w'en he ees finish, Coocoom believe
She'll get answer, you onderstan'.

Can't say, me, jus' how many long year, ma frien',
She is work dere upon de sky;
But she's not foun' out yet w'en de worl' will en',
An' for very good reason w'y.

Poor ol' 'oman mus' stop, every once on w'ile,
To be stirrin' dat meal she's boil;
An', w'ile she is busy do dat my chil',
Every tam, all dat work is spoile':

Pussy cat 'e ees play wit' dat ban' an' reave
All de t'read out from en' to en';
An' so poor ol' Coocoom mus' begin to weave
W'ole blame' t'ing all ovair again.

Dat ees w'y w'at she's wantin' so bad to know,
Since 'way back on de days of ol',
She ees nevair yet ask of de Manitou,
An' de Manitou's nevair tol'.

Dat ees w'y, once a mont', my Gran'fader say,
Moon ees feel up so lence,ent,
An' den, all on de sudden, ees go away
All sam not'ing you nevair saw.

Injun know 'bout dat Moon on de sky? Ah, oui:
'E's know somet'ing, you may depen'.
If you're tak' your opeenion on dat from me,
You're mak' no meestak' dere, ma frien'.

MY ATTIC GUESTS

I SIT within my attic room
Alone at close of day,
A pensive figure in the gloom,
And dream the hours away.

I see, upon the darkening street,
The tripping, merry throng:
They eddy round, and part, and meet,
And surge and troop along.

Fair faces 'neath the flaring lights,
With happiness aglow,
On old-time quests—like olden knights—
Of love and pleasure go.

I go not forth. I have no place
In all that merry throng:
The quest of Love, Joy's giddy chase,
To youthful hearts belong;

And youthful days, long since, for me,
Like Poppy petals shed,
Have found their bright Eternity,
Where all lost days are fled.

Yet think not, I am all forlorn
And that no joys are mine.
Sometimes I've seen a blanching Thorn
Bright Morning-Glories twine,

And swing their gaily tinted bells
From leafless branch and stem,
Till round its hoary frontlet swells
A flowery diadem:

So sometimes, too, bright Morning-Joys
Twine round the old life still;
And flowers that bloomed when we were boys
A joyless present fill.

No life is wholly sad round which
Bright memories entwine!
Though poor in "pence," that life is rich!
And such a life is mine.

I have my own serene delights,
My own companionships;
For, on such soulful summer nights,
Into my attic trips

A fairer rout than that along
The City's crowded ways;
And, in a trice, I am among
My friends of other days:

The noisy squad, with bat and book,
That stormed the Schoolhouse hill,
And waded in the winding brook
That turned old Ronald's mill;

The neatly pinafores brigade,
Who "*hated rowdy boys,*"
Yet, strangely, ever near them stayed,
Despite their "*horrid noise,*"

The little Miss, with golden hair
And eyes of tender blue,
Who first impelled my soul to dare,
And bid my heart be true;

The jovial friends of riper hours—
Old "*chums*" of College days;
Dear forms, long laid beneath the flow'rs,
Beside Life's dusty ways;

The loves my youthful ardour knew,—
Dear girls I still adore!—
Fair Margaret, Myrtle, Maude and you
Proud queen, Yvonne Madore;

All friends I've loved Life's way along,
From youth to manhood's prime,
Into my attic chamber throng,
When falls the twilight time.

They hover round me in the gloom,
Till slumber intervenes;
While Memory, on her magic loom,
Reweaves the old-time scenes.

And though, at times, a mist of pain
Turns all the gold to gray,
I'd rather this than yonder train,
However glad or gay.

It matters not how bright or fair
The festal scene may be;
When twilight falls, I have no care
For other company.

I shut myself apart with these,
As in a darkened shrine,
And batten on the bitter lees
Of Memory's mouldy wine.

*Ah bitter wine! how bitter sweet
Thine opiate drops to drain!
O sad glad moments, when we meet,
How exquisite thy pain!*

I care not what the World may think!
Let those who will be gay!
I'd rather this rathe vintage drink
Than cordials of to-day!

Let others haste Life's ways along,
On worldly pleasures bent:
I mix not with the merry throng;
And I am well content.

Let those who bask in Youth's bright bloom
Fare forth on Youth's mad quests;
But give to *me* my attic room
And these, my attic guests.

MORN ON THE MEADOWS

THE wild-wood maze and the meadow throng
With a gay, exuberant life:
They glad the morn with a choral song,
And their song with one tone is rife:
They shout their music by vale and hill;
And all that they say is, "LOVE!"
From the cry of the Plover, piping shrill,
To the moan of the Mourning Dove.

THE OLD NEW SONG

Xmas, 1893

MERRILY ring the chimes, and far
Across the welt'ring main,
From land to land, from star to star,
Sweepeth the glad refrain:

Peace and good will to all on earth!
Glory to God on high!
Long may this song of solemn mirth
Resound beneath the sky:

And may this thought—no sordid pelf—
To-day thine actions fill:
"To love each creature as thyself
Is Heaven's perfect will."

LITTLE RIVERS

WHERE the Raven feeds her young,
Straying from the sodden marshes,
Underneath the quivering Larches—
Trembling Larches, tassel-hung—

Ever singing on their way,
There are flowing little runnels;
Over rocks, through earth-worn tunnels,
Leaping downward, day by day:

On, through brake and grassy lawn;
On, where the white Aspens quiver;
“Who shall get first to the river?”
They shout, as they babble on.

QU'APPELLE?

THE Trader and the Trader's guide,
Where Willows veil the water-side,
With birchen prow the waves divide,
As drippe sing their blades.

Around their bark, and over all,
Night's soft, encircling shadows fall:
Shrill marsh-birds from the marges call,
As drippe sing their blades.

The stately Regent of the Dark
Has set her lamps, the night to mark:
Bright o'er them gleams her fretted arc,
As drippe sing their blades.

Skilled voyageurs, they read aright
The meaning of each signal-light:—
They trow, 'tis near the Noon of Night,
As drippe sing their blades.

Back from their prow the water leaps.
The eager Birch-bark onward sweeps,
By fields no reaper ever reaps,
As drippe sing their blades.

No fears their dauntless hearts assail:—
Their hearts are stout; their hearts are hale:—
The Guide relates an ancient tale,
As drippe sing their blades.

II

THE GUIDE'S TALE

HAVE you heard the story, Joyce,
Of this river?
Men say, a mysterious voice
Haunts it ever.

In far seasons, that are now
Not remembered,
As the Day-fire flickered low,—
Golden embered,—

Launched a youthful Brave his trim
Birchⁿ vessel.
Far, through chasmed glades, where dim
Shadows nestle,

On the river's limpid trail,
Through the chilly
Night it floated, like a pale
Golden lily.

Westward, by the river's brim,
Lived a maiden:
All her secret soul, for him,
Sorrow laden.

For this youthful warrior came,
Blithely straying;
Sought her at the dance and game;
Sought her maying;

Wooded her there, among the groves,
Whisp'ring olden
Tales of sweetness, weaving Love's
Fetters golden.

Then he sought the distant chase:—
Left her lonely:
He unwound her soft embrace,
Saying only,

"Love will seek sweet Love again,
Loyal hearted,
Ere the mottled Marish-hen
Has departed."

Then, he braided in her hair
Sweet Melilot;
Now, the woods with May were fair,
Yet he came not.

Patience, maiden! men may bind
And dissever,
But the cords by angels twined
Twine forever!

Wearily the days had passed;
Now her lover—
Long a captive—~~came~~, at last,
To receive her.

Homeward bearing her (no care
Might he borrow)
Would his birchen vessel fare,
On the morrow,

Down the river's shining track,
Under springing
Buds and pinioned legions black,
Seaward winging.

In his heart the Hope-star beamed
So transcendent,
That the night, with glory, seemed
All resplendent.

But, alas! how soon are marred
Brightest fancies,
Under Fate's relentless, hard,
Sullen glances.

Soon his soul was chilled with dread—
Ah, the chillness—
By a wailing voice that fled
Through the stillness.

“Come!” it cried, and spoke his name,
Sadly pleading:
Thrice it passed and thrice it came,
Flitting—fleeing:

Then it hovered round the glades
And, forever,
Died among the ebon shades,
By the river.

But the stalwart Brave his bark,
All undaunted,
Sailed through lonely glades and dark
Chasms haunted:

And when meadow-fogs had drawn
Curtains golden
Round the crystal gates of Dawn,
Backward folden,

Gleaming faintly, far away,
Where the sedges
Sigh and whisper on the gray
Sandy ledges,

Like a yellow leaf afloat,—
Sliding, veering—
They could see his birchen boat
Slowly nearing.

Eagerly he came to where
Lay his Maiden.
Cries of sorrow rent the air:
"Wahonoomin!"

"She has gone," the people said:
"She is blessed!—
Ah, your forest flower is dead!
Ah, 'tis faded!"

Then they told him how life's flame
Ebb'd and fluttered;
How her pallid lips his name
Thrice had uttered;

How her spirit would not wait,
But the rather
Sought the bosom of the great,
Kind All-Father.

Heard he all their words of woe,
Like one waking
From a dream and does not know
If he's dreaming.

Then he turned and from the shore
Passed in silence—
Passed to rue forevermore
Love's beguillance.

All the people watched him pass,—
Saw the glimmer
Of his blade, through lanes of grass,
Growing dimmer;

Till afar, from rim to rim,
Like a curtain,
Dropt the river-fog its dim
Folds uncertain.

And no more at dawn or dark,
Or the cheering
Glow of noontide, came his bark
Homeward steering.

For the Indian sages say,
That the river
Doomed him never from its spray
More to sever.

And they say, as midnight falls,
Still the Maiden
On her plighted lover calls,
Sorrow laden.

And whenever through the night
Flits the fated
Summons, spumes the water white,
Agitated,

As the captive, faithful shade
Of the Warrior
Struggles—never freer made—
To regain her.

III

Bats wing their weird, erratic flight
Athwart the deep'ning gloom of night:—
Fast fades the wan auroral light,
As drippe sing their blades.

The stars beat fainter down the steeps
Of Assiniboia's vaulted deeps.
No wing of wind the water sweeps,
As drippe sing their blades.

In reedy cove and still lagoon
Pipes fainter now the dappled Loon,—
Beats low the Bittern's hoarse bassoon,
As drippe sing their blades.

There comes a change. There seems to fall
A hush expectant over all.
Thick darkness settles like a pall,
As drippling sing their blades.

IV

"Hark! hark! who calls?" the Trader said
To the ancient Guide, within the bow
Of the frail birch craft, as on they sped
O'er the darkened river's placid flow.

"What voice, from yonder woody knoll,
Calls through the dark? What voice so late?"—
Said the Guide, "Ah, hush! it is the call
Of the Spectre Maiden to her mate."

"Sancta Maria, give us haste!"
And he bent his strong thews to the blade.
By the woody glade the swift birch raced,
And the Guide, all pale with horror, made

The sacred cross upon his brow.
(Lashed into foam is the river's spray.)
"Merciful Mother, defend us now
And give us grace on our dying day!"

SPRING

CLOSE the musty volume tightly:
Lay aside the pen:
Forth into the woods! for brightly
Smiles the world again.

Buckram boards and gilded leather
Tried and true, I know;
But no match for sweet spring weather,
When the woodlands blow.

Dear I hold the garnered glory
Of my treasured books,
But more dear the wondrous story
Of the woodland brooks.

Sweet are songs of laureate singer,—
Great their power to please;
But more sweet the songs that linger
In the Poplar trees.

Oh those wizards of the woodland!
Oh the runes they bring!
Oh the choral thousand, thousand
Voices of the Spring!

In my study's deep seclusion,
Always, I can hear
Their insistent, sweet intrusion
Ringing at my ear:

Now the tinkly fountains falling,
Now the Rossignol gay,—
Voices of the woodlands calling,
Calling me away.

And those woodland voices stronger—
Always sweeter—well,
Till my restless heart no longer
Can resist the spell.

Up! and let us forth be going,
Where the fields are fair,—
Where the early blossoms blowing
Perfume-freight the air.

Close the musty volume tightly!
Lay aside the pen!—
Forth into the woods! for brightly
Smiles the world again.

THE FOREST STOIC

OH, say not you, who claim the art
Exclusive of the feeling heart,
Who boast your "finer tutored sense,"
And prate of "sympathies intense,"
Oh say not, that the Indian feels,
In his rough breast, no tender tie;
But all his rugged nature steels,
Nor ever heaves a conscious sigh,
For friend or loved-one, whom unpitying Fate
Infolds within its horrid gate.
His stoic soul can bide the rage
Of subtlest torture; can engage
In rites of death, without a groan;
And, when all hope from life hath flown,
Will sing his death-song, wild and clear,
And fall unconquered on his bier.

For him, in grief's most potent hour,
Is banned the gentle, easing shower.
Though racked by pain and anguish deep,
His fathers' gods forbid to weep.
Yet think not, thou, no gentle flame
E'er thrills his soul. There is a name,
To him, as dear as "wife" to thee.
The dusky urchins round his knee

Are loved as thine. Though Nature gave
To him an aspect stern and grave,
Yet Nature wove, through heart and brain,
The love-links of her golden chain:
And, if she barred the quick response
Of outward show and circumstance,
'Twas Nature's fear, lest sorrow's touch
Might seem to vex him over much.

Roaming, to-day, the autumn hills,
Through Aster's thousand-tinted quills,
I found one impulse thrilling through
All petals of whatever hue:
And, wandering through the world of men,
This truth comes borne to me again:
There are, at Nature's fountain head,
No differences of white and red.
In outward features, Nature takes
Her license, with the things she makes;
But, underneath each various frame,
Her deep relations are the same.
So men, no less than prairie weeds,
Attest the caprice of her deeds:
And men, at heart, no less than they,
Despite the colour of their clay,
In those deep sentiments that run
Through every human soul, are one.

Those underlying links of love,
Fashioned and forged in Heaven above,
Are all as strong, however set
In Psyche's varied carcanet.

O RED, RED RIVER

BRIGHT, sinuous braid,
By meadow-mists made,
Gliding forever
Through wild, woody brakes
To the heart of the lakes,
O Red, Red River!

Enshrined in my heart
As sacred thou art!
And never—no never!—
While onward shall roll
Thy waves, from thy soul
My soul shall dis sever!

In childhood and youth,
A fountain of Truth,
Playmate and teacher,
Thy waters beget
Nature's lineaments yet,
Feature for feature.

Dear, red-rolling stream,
Your wave's glassy gleam—
Your wave's murky mirror—
Gives back to my view
Yonder heav'n's azure hue,—
Heav'n's starry glimmer:

But what I have learned
From the inly-discerned
 Rune of thy shimmer
May lightly surpass
What thy burnished waves glass,
 O Red, Red River!

You whispered soft songs
To my fancy in throngs:
 I learned to deliver,
Rocked on thy bosom,
Bright arrows, light winged, from
 Phæbus' quiver.

You nourished my soul
With your rhythmic roll,
 O red-rolling river!
And whatever the store
Of my mind's mystic lore,
 Thou wert the giver.

You taught me the rede
Of your wild Willow-weed—
 Your Flags' flaun. and quiver;—
And why, all the night,
Like a child with affright,
 Your white Aspens shiver.

You spoke of the loves
Of your wild, woodland Doves,
 Garrulous river!
You said, that, below,
In your waters, loved so
 Fishes of silver.

And oft you confessed
To a passion unblest,—
 Unsatisfied ever:—
When the Depths call,
Still your waters must fall,
 O Red, Red River!

So, River, your store
Of mystical lore,
 Like some skilful limner,
You traced on the scroll
Of my sensitive soul,
 Ne'er to grow dimmer,

As long as beside
Your full-flowing tide
 My footsteps may wander:—
Not dimmer but more
Like your own blessed store,
 Brighter and grander.

But, River, I know
That thus you will flow—
 Thus you will shimmer—
As long as in Heaven
Yonder mystical Seven
 Planets may glimmer.

And, though I shall pass
As a flow'r of the grass,
 Some bardling more clever,
When ages have flown,
May vouchsafe to atone
 For this weak endeavour;

And warble your praise,
In soul-thrilling lays—
 Songs that shall never
Diminish but grow,
Like your own blessed flow,
 Forever and ever.

Then murmur and croon
Thy mystical rune,
 O calm-flowing river!
To hearts yet unborn,
Of Life's beauty unshorn,
 Thy message deliver!

Thy song, do not fret,
Men's hearts will forget
Never, O never;
For, while the World rolls,
Its refrain from men's souls
No time can dis sever.

Flow on, peaceful stream,
By uplands that dream,
Where white Aspens quiver!
Man's soul and your song
To the Ages belong,
O Red, Red River!

EVENING IN THE WATER-GLADES

WITH wash of wave and ripple,
Through fragile forms that cling,
And, 'drip, drip, drip,'
The song our paddles sing,

Peace-pent and Beauty-captured,
As day to darkness fades,
We seek, with soul enraptured,
The quiet water-glades.

The dew-damp there reposes:
There pipes the Whip-poor-Will:
The breath of slumb'ring Roses,
Though faint, is with us still.

Where languorous airs go creeping,
The Beech bough bends and sighs:
For joy the Night is weeping,
Through all her thousand eyes.

Ah scene so fair and faultless!
No more of bliss I know
Than thus to drink your fullness
Of joyance, as we go,

With wash of wave and ripple,
Through fragile forms that cling,
While, 'dripple, dripple, dripple,'
Their song our paddles sing.

NOTES AND GLOSSARY

WHERE ARNE AND ARDICE FLOW: p. 18. Begun in the summer of 1891. Arne and Ardice (pronounced Ardece) are purely imaginary streams.

LAPPILLATWAN: p. 58. For the groundwork of this juvenile conceit I am indebted to the late Chas. G. Leland. Practically all I have done is to throw the tale into rhyme. The story belongs to the Micmacs of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

Lappillatwan's song, literally translated, is "Fair Tree-Fungus sits with his mouth wide open."

All the Indian words used in this poem are translated *in loco*. Variations of spelling, such as that found in Sexkatoo and Sexkatuwuk, are accounted for by the formation of the plural.

THE WOMAN IN THE MOON: p. 97. This is also an Algonquin story, presumably Ojibwa. The dialect is of the Metis, or mixed French and Indian, a numerous race in some localities in the West.

The following gloss is inserted here for the benefit of those not familiar with French or Indian:

Moonias, p. 97: contemptuous Indian term to designate a white man: equivalent to English "tenderfoot" or "booby."

Aujourd'hui, p. 97: French for "to-day."

Mon vieux, p. 98: equals English phrase, "old chap," or "old fellow."

Coocoom, p. 98: Ojibwa Indian for "grandmother."

Mooshoom, p. 98: as above for "grandfather."

Meda, p. 98: Ojibwa for a medicine man or magician.

Bon Dieu, p. 99: God.

Exactement, p. 98: French for "exactly."

Tout suite (in correct French, *tout de suite*), p. 98: immediately—right away.

Lentement, p. 101: as above for "slowly."

Mais oui, 52: emphatic "yes," "certainly."

Wahonoomin! p. 115: an Indian cry of lamentation—Ojibwa.

Rossignol, p. 49: in Europe, the Nightingale; in Canada, the Song Sparrow.

