

**CIHM  
Microfiche  
Series  
(Monographs)**

**ICMH  
Collection de  
microfiches  
(monographies)**



**Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques**

**© 1996**

## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming are checked below.

- Coloured covers / Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged / Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated / Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing / Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps / Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) / Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations / Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material / Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available / Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure.
- Blank leaves added during restorations may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming / Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments / Commentaires supplémentaires:

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated / Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed / Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies / Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary material / Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to ensure the best possible image / Les pages totalement ou partiellement obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure, etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à obtenir la meilleure image possible.
- Opposing pages with varying colouration or discolourations are filmed twice to ensure the best possible image / Les pages s'opposant ayant des colorations variables ou des décolorations sont filmées deux fois afin d'obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below / Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10x	14x	18x	22x	26x	30x
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12x	16x	20x	24x	28x	32x

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

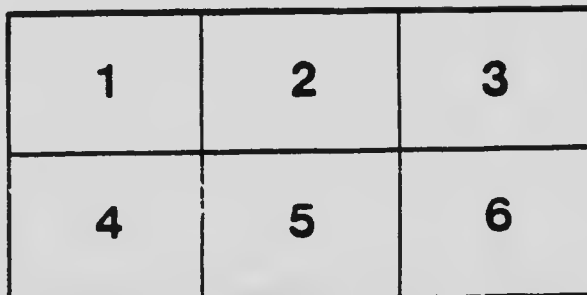
National Library of Canada

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol  $\rightarrow$  (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol  $\nabla$  (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

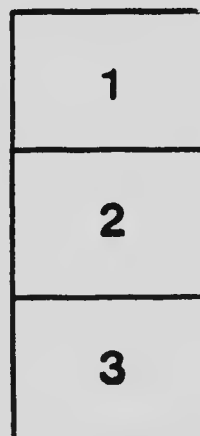
Bibliothèque nationale du Canada

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole  $\rightarrow$  signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole  $\nabla$  signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.



# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



1.50

1.56

1.63

1.71

1.80

1.87

1.94

2.00

2.06

2.12

2.19

2.25

2.31

2.37

2.43

2.50

2.56

2.62

2.68

2.74

2.80

2.86

2.92

2.98

3.04



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

1653 East Main Street  
Rochester, New York 14609 USA  
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone  
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax







UNIVERSUS

✻ ✻ BY CHARLES  
DRAPER MORDEN

*Come tune thy  
soul to Nature's  
harmony. . . .*

OTTAWA, CANADA :  
COPYRIGHT 1911, BY  
THE AUTHOR.

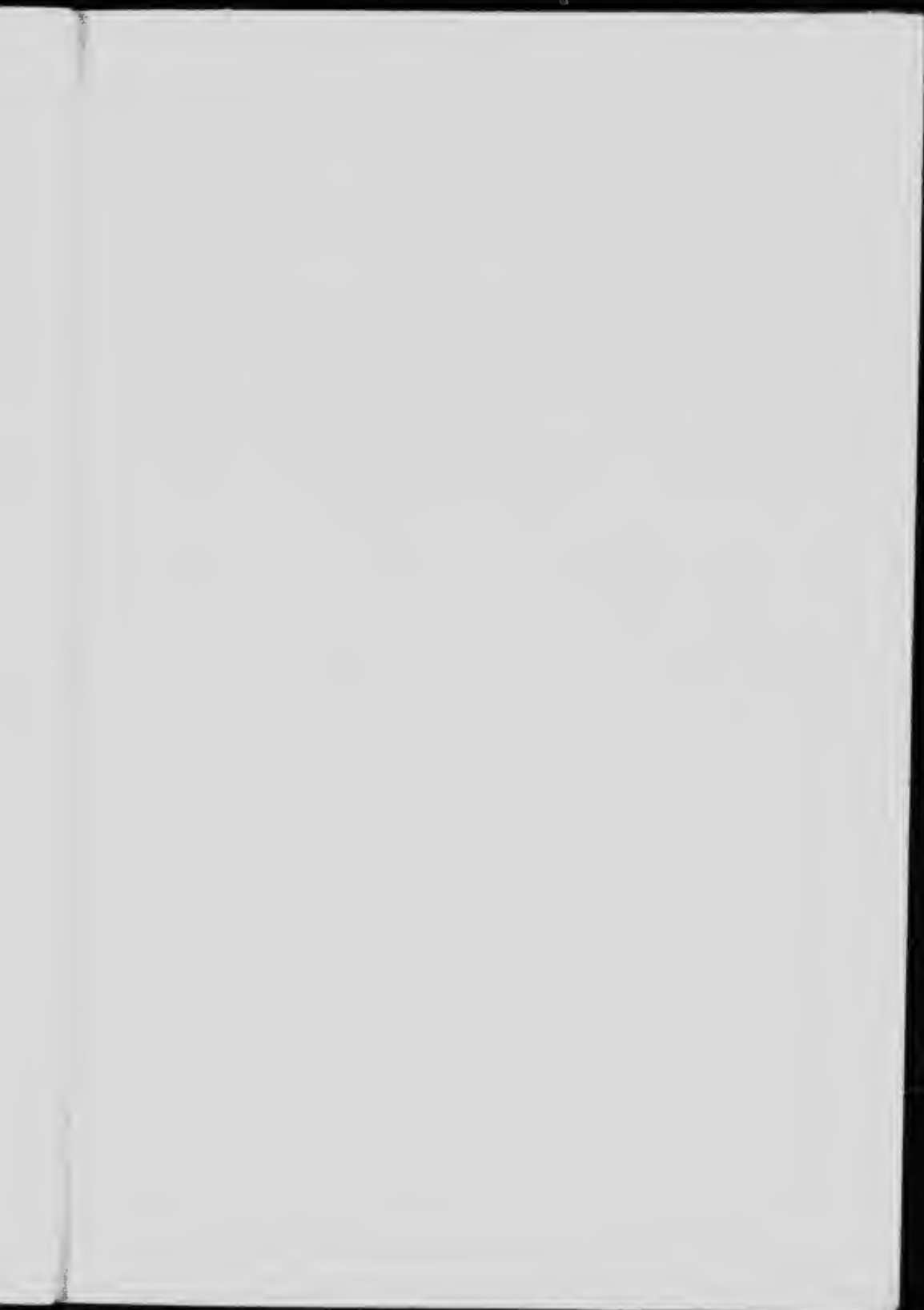




## CONTENTS.

1. Universus	- - - - -	7
2. 'Tis Evening	- - - - -	15
3. Orb of Beauty	- - - - -	25
4. An Interrogation	- - - - -	29
5. The Ancient Feast	- - - - -	32
6. Isle of Laurentia	- - - - -	36
7. The Drouth	- - - - -	45
8. From Tycho's Sunlit Height	- - - - -	49
9. The Death of the Gophers	- - - - -	55





*The heavens declare the glory of God; and  
the firmament sheweth his handywork.*

*Day unto day uttereth speech, and night  
unto night sheweth knowledge.*

Ps. 19: 1, 2.

## UNIVERSUS.

Azureal heavens of this mundane sphere,  
Thou void eternal and of endless space,  
A sacred awe dost thou impart to him  
Who on thee gazes, and sublimely turns  
His mind in revolutions, till, with thought  
Profound, his mental vision seeks the deep  
Illimitable depths of nothingness  
Bestrewn with systems boundless to the mind  
Contracted and still limited to Earth!

Ten thousand times the space that Earth has  
    been  
In darkness and has felt the glow of the  
Sublime and glorious orb of day, with fast  
Advancing feet would searching light but begin  
Her journey to creation's golden shore,  
The first majestic work eternal built:  
A circle of creation, ambient,  
With all the mighty worlds and powers within:  
A circus vast, where the chief actors are  
Spheres unnumbered and of majesty.

In majesty they move with wondrous speed  
From pole to pole in universal space :  
In majesty they glow with sapphire light,  
And spread above a glorious canopy  
With gems, the jewels of wondrous Nature lit,  
Which from the time of her nativity  
Were placed, her beauteous person to adorn  
Throughout the ages of eternity.

O sublime universe ! O glorious worlds !  
What homage do ye pay to this, the Earth,  
Ye who do shine by day, and then by night ?  
Are ye the servants of this vain orb, living  
To fulfil that humble charge ? To that ordained ?  
Ye boundless and eternal multitudes  
That guard with lasting light the vacancies,  
That lend such lustre to the infinite,  
And people the deep realms of chaos with  
Mysterious fire, are ye obedient to  
The mandates of this atom floating on  
The universal winds ?

Nay ! speak not thus  
Of worlds that countless as the sands, move in  
Majestic sway to Nature's laws. All were

Sought out from the deep realms of matter and  
formed

In spheres of mundane principles, each orb  
A world, each orb a member of the same  
Great family.

Eternal night throughout  
The shades prevail fast bound by golden paths  
That lead to yon bright atmospheres, wherein,  
Perchance, the breath of mortal dwells, waft on  
The pleasant breeze of life, which there may be  
An Eden blessed, with full obedience to  
The laws of God and His commands. Life there,  
On yon bright orb, may be woe, human woe :  
Life there is pleasant, sad, and sorrowful,  
Ambition-crowned and upward, onward, with  
A quickening pace : life there may be a wealth  
Of intellectual power and happiness  
Divine ; joy, plucked from untold ages gone ;  
Joy drawn at last from evil's darksome reign  
By the faith-reaching powers of the soul,  
Which long since knew the good and evil things ;  
Yea, knowing, an did weigh full well the  
cause,  
And evil when 'twas balanced, kicked the beam.

Eternal hymns of praise ye nightly sing,  
O worlds above, around about, below.  
Eternal myriads hushed in silent joy  
Unpraise thee Nature and thy melodies;  
Yet they do dance unconscious that thy song  
Doth give them spirit and a lightsome foot.  
Eternal words of wisdom lieth there,  
Immortal passages, divinely writ;  
Yet souls there are upon the Earth, who live  
Unconscious of thine eloquence displayed,  
Unconscious of ethereal things above:  
But born on Earth, on Earth they will remain,  
Nor will they soar above the mean and vile:  
Ignoble plots their minds employ to plant  
Destruction through the world, and venomed  
tongues,  
The viper's keen and cutting instruments  
Of death, destroy thy sweetness and obscure  
Thy bright-illumined face and graceful form,  
Society divine and heavenly fair.

Come tune thy soul to Nature's harmony,  
To songs celestial borne from world to world,  
And when thine ear is meet for heavenly sounds  
The string is plied, the broken harp's renewed.



And thou art free—so spake the ancient seers—  
And soaring far above all earthly things,  
Communion hold with universal laws.  
Then thou shalt learn in that great school  
divine,

What sages fain would know : unfettered, thou  
Shalt rise high in the empyreal heaven, till in  
The distance, which among the infinity  
Of worlds is called eternity, thou come  
To perfect stature, "full of grace and truth".

Thus, O man, thine honor is unlimited,  
Thy joy supreme. This is thy future being,  
The glorious way that leads to Paradise,  
Home of the blessed.

*Nature which is the time-vesture of God, and  
reveals Him to the wise, hides Him from the  
foolish.*

CARLYLE.

*d*  
*e*

*Hath not thy heart within thee burned,  
At evening's calm and holy hour?*

S. G. BULFINCH.

## 'TIS EVENING.

'Tis evening! The sun is low and shines  
With gentle ray. The air is warm and sweet.  
Methinks I scent the alkanet borne on  
The breeze, yea, and the violet. E'er and  
Anon, zephyrs woo the cheek with passion's  
warmth

And fan the soul within, till, tuned to thought,  
The spirit wanders free its backward path,  
To grove or lawn or hedge in its native place,  
Cool, sunlit, scented: while, from twig to twig,  
From lawn to shady grove, the birds do fly,  
And sit and sing. Bees seek the fragrant  
bowers:

From catkins odorous, they bear a store  
Of nectared sweets. The hawk doth soar and  
swoop

Upon her prey: and, soaring higher still,  
Seeks a retreat. Birds in myriads pass o'er  
The plain bearing odors from the sunny South,  
And filling all the air with musings of  
A distant scene—of sunlit sky and palm.

Save where the western sky refulgent glows  
With amber hue, blue is the vault. Green is  
The grass. The landscape, clothed with  
verdure, decked  
With crowns of scented shrubbery and groves  
Of aspen, o'er the silver lake extends  
To tree-fringed Turtle Mount. Amid this bright  
Luxuriance, here and there a hamlet stands,  
While on the neighboring ridges feed the kine  
In pastures green. On yonder hillock see  
The lambkins play, where bloomed of late the  
proud  
Anemone: in tasseled glory lives  
He still. Here, redolent, of humbler form,  
The buckbean creeps in purple garb.

Sweet is  
The music of those silver sounds that guides  
My footsteps on to yonder copse! Oh sweet  
The scene! Here sings the lark immortal bird  
Of song, whom myriad muses praise, whom sage  
Grows rapturous o'er, and peasant learns to  
love.  
How oft I've listened to thy song at e'en,  
And blessed thee at the coming of the dawn.

But hark! Among the willow hedges, hid  
In leafy nooks, the blackbird tells her tale  
Of love with wild gesticulation, while  
On aspen boughs the robin, caroling,  
Repeats her evening hymn. Perched upon  
A tuft of grass, and rocking to and fro  
With gentle swing, the bobolink is seen;  
While from his swelling throat sweet music  
falls.

Could I forget thee, bird of childhood's  
dreams,  
And recollection dear? How often have  
I seen thee, and have listened to thy song  
In clover-scented meads, when Nature smiled  
And Paradise was near! How often I  
Have left the haunts of man to drink with thee  
The nectar of the field and feast my soul  
On thoughts divine and pure! How often have  
I thee befriended, and the ruthless hand  
Uplifted o'er thy nest to work thee woe,  
Arrested. Yea, and thou art dear to me,  
And when thou singest, above the rest I hear  
Thy welcome notes.

I thank thee, minstrels of  
Poetic birth. I thank thee, Nature, for  
This sylvan scene! I thank thee, spirit of  
The Omnipresent One! Thy light divine  
Doth reach the limits of the universe!  
Into this verdant shade a ray of joy  
Straight from the throne of God hath peered.

Mirrored

By light, bestowed on Nature from the world's  
Foundation, embers glow; and from the new  
Creation nectar emanates—joy  
And pleasure, pleasure exquisite.

There is  
A language known to them of heaven, whose  
tongue  
In notes of silver, clear and musical,  
Doth praise its God. Freed from this mortal  
bane,  
They rise and tune their lyres to heavenly  
themes,  
And heavenly thoughts express with ease in  
sweet  
Simplicity. Not so with man. He feels  
But can't express: expressed, an alien stands



Before. Yet is there joy. To think, to feel,  
To hold commune with Nature and with God,  
To feast the soul upon a passing breeze,  
To drink the perfume of the opening rose,  
To list the song of feathered minstrelsy,  
To catch the colors of the glowing West  
And golden-fringed clouds—to see, to feel,  
To ponder these is joy.

Hast thou not stood  
Within a court of green, where beauties formed  
By man so pleased thee thou wast happy?  
Hast thou not stood upon a grassy lawn,  
Ambient with native hedge of willow or  
Of popple, while from swaying branches, decked  
With silvery catkins, low sweet music of  
An evening song is heard. Which are the  
works  
More noble, which are the divine?

Out from  
The grass, half running and half flying, fees  
The nesting fowl: and taking higher flight,  
Seeks safe retreat in yonder watery slough.  
A wanton search reveals the mother's care;

Yet, mindful of a bond betwixt all flesh,  
I harm forbear. Pleased with a look, I spare  
The intruding step: for, loving liberty,  
Could I deny the boon to creatures made  
In image of that winged goddess? Nay,  
This is their heritage and sacred are  
Its precincts. Yet, with instrument of death,  
Man strides upon the green, no pity in  
His breast. He claims the earth and views  
the heavens

With envious eye. An Epicurean taste,  
Nursed<sup>d</sup> in the lap of luxury, seeks bent  
In wanton feasts. Sport, the lean price paid for  
Another's woe, slakes his keen thirst in the  
Deep well of pain. From Earth's remotest age  
With parasitic greed, they sap the blood  
Of life with endless pangs. Beasts are the prey  
Of wanton pleasure; man the ignoble slave  
At her voluptuous feasts: yet is the slave  
Turned beast, and in his turn is offered to  
That god a sacrifice.

Free from the guilt  
Of causing needless pain, let me behold  
The plain. Her pleasures are as verdant as

are  
The green, yea, and as fresh : the which to taste  
Is sport indeed uncumbered. Gross his taste  
Who gross material uses, and coarse his joy :  
His thoughts are mean, of low and little worth ;  
Enveloped in a cloud his mind; the which  
th,  
Is cause of darkness and the direful foe  
ws  
To happiness among all free-born beasts.

With unerring segment yonder slough  
Is circled. Of willowed green the crown and  
sweet

for  
The aroma of the silvered catkin. E'en from  
ge  
The leaves a fragrance is exhaled, whose balm  
Falls gently on the wakened sense. Within  
ey  
Moves noiselessly across the reedy pool  
The graceful waterfowl, unconscious of  
Man's presence. Down goes the bill to sift  
beneath

The murky soil: erect the body stands,  
A feathery buoy. Upstarts the plover with  
A warning cry and seeks a safer distance,  
And, moving slowly to the farther shore,  
The duck is seen to drift, looking askance.

List to the cooing of the prairie hen,  
That on the evening air floats softly by,

Filling my heart with joy as o'er the plain  
I wander all alone, thinking of days  
Gone by, O happy days! Still in my heart  
I feel the vibrant chords quivering with  
Ecstasy divine, as recollection paints  
Each well-remembered scene. Of beast, or bird,  
Or man, love's language warms the heart and  
tunes

The soul to its sweet melody. Yet do  
Regrets come floating o'er my mind, of things  
I've said, of things I've done, of things I've left  
Undone, of thoughts that withered in the blaze  
Of Love's devouring flame. Pierced, bound,  
enslaved,

I could not speak with freedom. Trembling,  
shorn

Of my strength, I stood, a creature owned by  
fate—

O happy fate that gave me liberty;  
O bliss divine of perfect love begot.

d,  
nd

gs  
eft  
ze  
d,

g.

by

*O precious evenings! all too swiftly sped!*  
LONGFELLOW.

*The moon is at her full, and riding high,  
Floods the calm fields with light.*

BRYANT.

## ORB OF BEAUTY.

Oh how I love to view thy mystic mould  
At even, or at midnight's silent hour  
To visit thy domain in fancy's form!  
'Tis then I get above the things of earth,  
And soar triumphant, winged with wondrous  
flight  
To distant realms. Alas! my vision fails  
Me, and my soul though shorn of strength to  
know  
Thee, wonders with a longing wonderment  
Thy nature, Orb of Beauty, and thy use.

'Tis sweet to see thy pallid light and feel  
The mystic touch of balmy evening.  
'Tis sweet to walk with company that lends  
A rapture to the soul 'long paths o'er hung  
With flowery trees in odorous breezes wrapt:  
'Long streamlets where the gurgling rill doth  
blend  
And mingle with the whippo-will's sad note.

How calm, serene and beautiful thy light  
Doth veil the earth, and over all divine  
Compassion throw! How blest the scene! So  
loath

To leave this paradisaal state, this taste  
Of heaven, this soul-enrapturing space, to man  
The happiest given, we linger yet, the true  
Companions of that comely maiden Joy,  
Who with her friend and fickle sister Pleasure,  
Roams freely to and fro, transient visitants  
From that fair kingdom, Eternal Happiness.

'Tis sweet to live! With odoriferous breath  
The air doth moan and whisper gentle words  
Of beauty, love and joy. Silently we gaze  
Upon the silvery scene, 'tis beautiful.  
We linger yet, though evening hath fled  
And left behind the cooling shades of night,  
While softened strains of conversation lead  
Soul to soul through eyes that voice the joy  
And happiness of each. \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* The night is speeding!  
Adieu my Love, once more adieu to Thee.



*O, there is nothing holier, in this life of ours,  
than the first consciousness of love,—the first  
fluttering of its silken wings.*

LONGFELLOW.

*There is music, even in the beauty of the  
silent note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter  
than the sound of an instrument.*

SIR THOS. BROWNE.

## AN INTERROGATION.

Has your love grown cold by waiting?  
Has the holy fire diminished?  
Is the passion left within you?  
Shall I bid the friend of lovers,  
Little Cupid, brave and warlike,  
Draw his bow and speed an arrow,  
Speed an arrow from his quiver?  
Shall I bid him strike the lyre-strings,  
Vibrant with celestial music  
Borne from Heaven down to Eden  
In the evening of creation,  
When the Lord created Adam,  
And formed Eve an helpmeet for him,  
Made to love and to adore him,  
To adore him and to love him,  
Made to cherish and sustain him,  
Made to bring him sweetest comfort,  
Made to strew his path with roses,  
Made to deck his couch with linen,  
Pure and white and sweet and holy?

*Many waters cannot quench love, neither can  
the floods drown it.*

CANT. 8:7.

an

*Born but to banquet and to drain the bowl.*

HOMER.

## THE ANCIENT FEAST.

Before me dismal shades of darkness creep,  
Imprisoned by great mansion halls of flint,  
Which tell a lord hath reigned, and grandeur,  
                  once

A charm, hath met a woeful death; for, mark  
Yon marble board, that fallen in decay,  
Shows workmanship divine, a spirit breathed  
In stone. Seats for a hundred creatures round  
It stand in mockery of the past, when many  
A gallant to the festive feast did lead  
His lady blushing amid the merry throng  
Of eager worshippers; when glances flew  
From eye to eye, heralds of thought from heart  
To heart, of love; when lord and lady of  
Those ancient days did magnify the gods  
Of Epicurean birth and bend their heads  
To Bacchus; while, around the mirthful board,  
The ivy clings in garlands beautiful,

And clasps within its folds the verdured  
Thyrsus.

Then, from out the hidden chambers of  
The soul, lead by the luring call of Jove's  
Beguiling son, elfine hosts appear.

First, Lightheart came and claimed the royal  
seat,  
While round him sat his councillors of state  
In happy mood.

Wit, that vain slave to self  
Resolved, doth occupy the favor at  
The right; while smiling Humor sits upon  
The left; and with them, ever welcome to  
The feast, sits Laughter piping with Pleasure's  
grace  
And Company's gay form.

Then noisy Mirth  
Appears with bolder front, as forth he leads  
His minions to the feast. Gay Revelry  
Is there and Beauty's form so lovely,  
With Pride and Power and vile Jealousy,  
Wealth unknown and thoughtless Jabbering,  
Languor and Rest and Sleep.



red

yal

e

f

t

e's

*Our feasts  
In every mess have folly, and the feeders  
Digest with it a custom, I should blush  
To see you so attired.*

SHAKESPEARE.

*So immeasurably older than any others  
(mountains) now standing on the surface of the  
globe, the Laurentians alone have the real  
right to bear the title of "The Everlasting  
Hills."*

LT.-COL. WM. WOOD.

## ISLE OF LAURENTIA.

Isle of Laurentia! through the mists of time  
Thee I behold, thou self-illumined land!  
The rays are bright and pierce the darkness  
through

With gleaming light! Thou wast the first to  
rise

Above the Earth-encompassed flood; and thou  
Art still, though ancient! Thou showest the  
toil of time:

The marks of many ages rest upon  
Thee! Thou'rt a wilderness, a "Great Lone  
Land,"

Where rocks eternal lift their shining crowns  
Above the gloom of thy dim solitude!

A land of desolation, wild and drear,

Where silence reigns supreme, inspiring awe.

No minstrel song to herald forth the day,

No low sweet murmur from a mid-day bower,

No evening carol issuing from the grove

In sweetest melody. Not e'en is heard  
The scorpion's hiss of hate, nor from his dark  
Abode the midnight owl's complaint All, all  
Is lone and silent, and in that stillness dread.

Aeons have come and gone, yea, time has  
grown

To manhood, since, in youth, thee I beheld,  
Laurentia! Above the boundless flood  
Thou rose slowly, majestically! Along  
The beach the rushing waters swept: far o'er  
The land the tidal waters crept. All was  
A waste. No tree, no shrub, no grass was seen,  
No song of birds was heard, no voice of man  
Or beast. Above the surging deep, lifting  
Athwart the sky his fiery columns bright,  
Surmounted high with clouds of ebony,  
Sat Vulcan. Far o'er the land, across  
The troubled sea, stilling the ocean in  
Its roughest mood, his awful voice resounded:  
With blows of thundering might he smote the  
Earth  
Till her foundations shook. The mountains  
reeled

And fell, the river lost its course, the sea  
Its bed, uplifted o'er the wave. Winds howled  
Storms raged with fury, awful darkness reigned,  
While torrents washed the earth in weltering  
floods.

Along the gloomy sky rolled thunder, peal  
On peal, as lightning flashed and lit the scene  
Around of warring elements.

Then lived  
The Eozoon. In caverns deep beneath  
The surging wave he dwelt in peace. No foe,  
No monster fierce, of sea leviathans  
Disturbed his play: he reigned, lord of things  
Created. From the liquid flood he drew  
Life's sustenance; on weaker creatures fed.  
Brief his allotted days; dateless the age  
Of his enduring reign. Tomb upon tomb  
Received the dead of countless myriads,  
Till the sepulchral city spread afar  
Its adamantine walls.

Upon the hills  
The Eophyton grew. Along the stream  
Green banks were formed of grass luxuriant.

Reeds flourished in abundance. Rushes lined  
The shores of overflowing rivers. On  
The sluggish tide the seaweed floats, wrapping  
The waters in a mantle green. Clinging  
To rocks and motionless, save when the surge  
Doth shake his quivering form, that vibrates to  
Each weltering wave, the sponge is seen.

Paddling

His bulk along now sports the Trilobite,  
The giant of the seas. Fishes appear.  
From cove to cove they glide. With scale  
    upturned,  
All glittering to the sun, they sport beneath  
The wave, the blue and rippling wave.

Now green

The verdured land and rank the growth of fern  
And moss and calamite. Aloft they grow  
All interlaced, forming a network to  
Exclude the sun. Warm is the ray that on  
The forest shines and soft the air. Lovely  
The groves. The vernal branches answer to  
The breeze in mystic murmurs. Soft the sound  
Like voice of many spirits, seeking a land

To dwell. Strange whisperings, strange music  
and  
Delight. The enchanted soul in dreamland  
rests,  
A land mysterious, where spirits dwell.

Ten thousand insects sport among the leaves ;  
From branch to branch ten thousand insects fly.  
In damps below the reptile lurks seeking  
The cooling shades.

Leviathans appear :  
In marine majesty they ride upon  
The white-capped waves. Above the deep blue  
sea  
The plesiosauri gaze, snapping betimes,  
As o'er the tide the pterodactyles fly.  
Along the shore the ichthyosaurus crawls  
And in the shallows. Perched upon a tree  
The archæopteryx sits, resting perchance  
From arduous flight. The hesperonis  
Feeds below. Upon the breeze, dismal and sad,  
Is borne an evening melody : 'tis of  
The ichthyornis to his mate. Fainter  
The sound, more faint, it sinks and dies away.

List to the music of yon mocking bird,  
Swinging aloft upon the pendant branch  
Of yonder flowery tree. How sweet the song!  
With near approach the silver stream reflects  
The self-same scene, 'tis beautiful. Gently  
glides

The river to the sea, its tide un'turbed  
But by a breeze from odoriferous bowers.  
Each rippling wave the lily gently rocks,  
A sun-reflecting mirror, throwing its rays  
With glittering light across the placid stream,  
Whose banks of verdure kiss the flowing tide  
With nectared lips; then waving in the air,  
Sweet zephyrs take their flight on odorous  
wings,

From buds, from opening flowers, by fairy hands  
Unlocked. In bird-enlivened bowers, joyous  
And free, sweet minstrels tune the lyre,  
breath

An orphean strain upon the air, fragrant  
With clove, Amboyna's spicy fruit. Pulo  
Aij, thou wast not, when on Laurentian shores  
The nutmeg grew, nor wast thou Lonthoir, for,  
Upon the northern main she sat, a gem,  
Ere yet our seas were formed, our continents,  
Our isles.



g!  
s  
ly

n,

us

ls

us

e,

es

r,

e,

Being azoic these Laurentians are older than the first age when our remotest ancestors appeared in the earliest of animal forms, millions and million<sup>s</sup> of years ago. They are, in fact, the only part of the visible Earth which was present when Life itself was born.

LT.-COL. WM. WOOD.

*I called for a drought upon the land.*

HAG. 1: 11.

## THE DROUTH.

Clear is the sky. From his fiery throne  
The sun illumes with withering heat the earth.  
No zephyrs sweet with perfume-laden breath;  
No freshening shower; no life but listlessness:  
Yea, even death. Dead is the grass and this  
The time of vernal rains: helpless hangs  
The quivering aspen leaf; the willow in  
Her sadness bows her head. In shady nooks  
Screened from the angry sun, in softened tones  
Of fearfulness, the feathered minstrels dwell.  
Then all is silent and a dread pervades  
The stillness, sad, lonely and mysterious.

With anxious eye the farmer scans the sky  
To get new hope. The West is gloomy with  
A darksome cloud that rises fast. Brighter  
His face. The breeze is cheering. and the sun  
Obscured, invigorates as a deep draught

Drunk from its cooling depths. Onward, up-  
ward,

Rolls the sombre shape. The farmer smiles.  
Fiercely blows the wind made visible  
With clouds of dust. And now 'tis overhead;  
It breaks and passes by, rainless again.

Thus oft elated and as oft depressed,  
He lives on hope, the tiller of the soil,  
And views the cloudless sky to get new hope  
Again.

p-

l;

e

*Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.*

PROV. 13 : 12.

*There is no life to raise a hum, no wind to murmur, no ocean to boom and foam, and no brook to plash. Dead silence reigns on the moon; a thousand cannons might be fired and a thousand drums beaten upon that airless world, but no sound could come from them: lips might quiver and tongue essay to speak, but no action of theirs could break the utter silence of the lunar scene.*

NASMYTH & CARPENTER.

## FROM TYCHO'S SUNLIT HEIGHT.

Behold I stand on Tycho's sunlit height,  
A lonely spectre in a world of death,  
For all is silent, and the vacancies  
About are painted with the dismal shades  
Of Hell. All is silent, silent. Woeful clime,  
Where charms of solitude are lost, where strife  
Is bliss, though never to be blessed. Fain would  
The fiends of Hades turn and seek, in woe,  
Their lethal caves of fire; fain would mortal  
sleep

In everlasting rest, than dwell in such  
Domain of awful halcyon gloom. But now  
Inured to sights of dim obscurity,  
I cast my wandering sight above, where space  
Is black as night and chaos rules supreme  
In sempiternal depth; there to behold,  
Midst countless wandering orbs, the mother of  
This sphere in splendor wrapt, in glory crowned,





Whose lighted peaks do seem as foam-capped  
waves,

While, here and there, a circle seems to stray  
As though some wayward star had lost its  
course,

And in despair had fallen and barred its grave  
With silver bands of time-immortal strength.

But thou, O King of Craters, deep and dark.  
How awful is thy magnitude! Here rolled  
A sea of fire, and vapoury essences,  
Mixed with the smells of Tophet, played about  
These banks. Here rose this caldron's livid  
flood

At times when Vulcan, urged with sweetened  
toil,

And fanned by fame's inciting call, strove,  
With instruments forged in Erebus,  
To light with fiercer heat his native home  
And pile more fuel upon the torrid spot,  
Till overflowing all the heights about,  
At intervals, where serrate gaps emit  
The pressing fiery flood, and plunging down  
The rugged mountain side, unaltered in  
Its course by height of shelving ledge or depth

Of lowly cave, it lay congealed adown  
The steep incline. \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* Here sterner breezes swept  
The mountain top, and roared with vengeful  
glee

At Winter's coming rule: here snowy banks  
And glacial beds were formed, and issuing from  
Them ran the virgin spring; and over all  
Was light, brilliant and beautiful. But now  
Alas! they all have passed away, away,  
And darkness lowering sings with silent tones  
A requiem for the dead.

*If moisture existed upon the moon, its night-side would be bound in a grip of frost to which our Arctic regions would be comparatively tropical.*

NASMYTH & CARPENTER.

*Death aims with fouler spite  
At fairer marks.*

QUARLES.

## THE DEATH OF THE GOPHERS.

O'er yonder green with slow and heavy step  
Treads farmer George. With pail in hand, and  
    eyes  
Aground, he moves now here, now there,  
    stooping  
The while to place the venomed wheat aside  
Each hole.

From yonder hillock comes the sound  
Of life, the gophers' chirp. Standing erect,  
They view the farmer's form with saucy mien  
And bold. With nearer approach they chirp  
    into  
Their dens, then re-appear to disappear  
Again with fainter voice, that echoes through  
The corridors beneath.

See hith' and thith'r  
Flee the mischievous. Defiant now

They stand. The farmer marks each spot and  
leaves

A sumptuous repast, then passes on,  
Dealing destruction with a willing hand.

With charity exhausted, he returns  
To view his work. Lo! all is still! Silence,  
The song of death and the sad music of  
Annihilation. Here and there they lie,  
Some at their burrow's mouth; others in search  
Of drink have fallen and died midway between  
Their own and their near neighbor's home.

*Though in midst of life we be,  
Snares of death surround us.*

MARTIN LUTHER.





