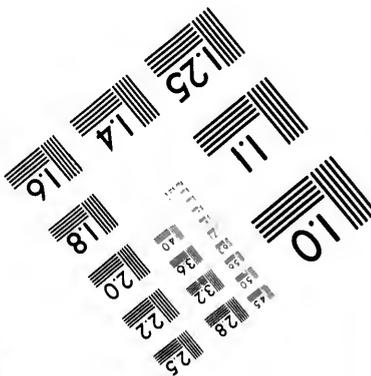
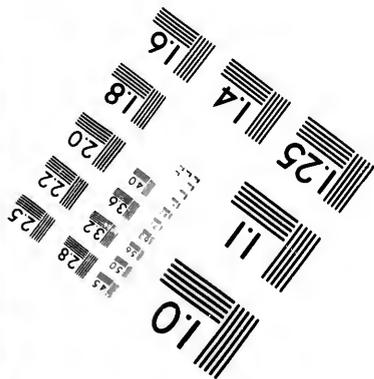
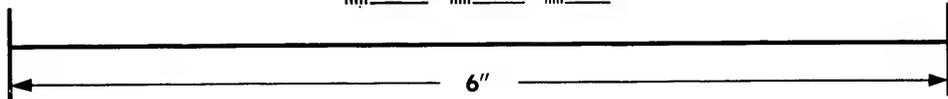
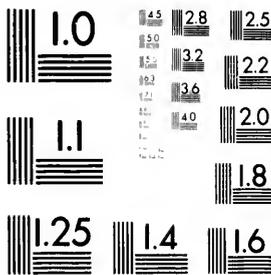


**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic  
Sciences  
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET  
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580  
(716) 872-4503

45  
36  
32  
28  
25  
22  
20  
18

**CIHM/ICMH  
Microfiche  
Series.**

**CIHM/ICMH  
Collection de  
microfiches.**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

10  
57

**© 1981**

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.

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 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
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion  
along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la  
distortion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration 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:

- 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
- Only edition available/  
Seule édition disponible
- 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.

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 checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input 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:

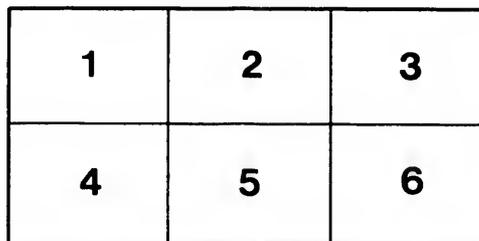
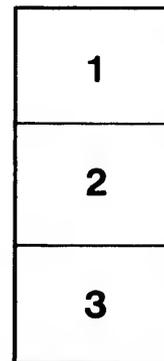
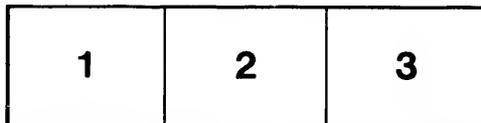
La Bibliothèque de la Ville de Montréal

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:

La Bibliothèque de la Ville de Montréal

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.

ails  
du  
odifier  
une  
image

rrata  
o

pelure,  
à

22X

LYRIC AND OTHER

POEMS.

BY

S. J. MACKNIGHT.



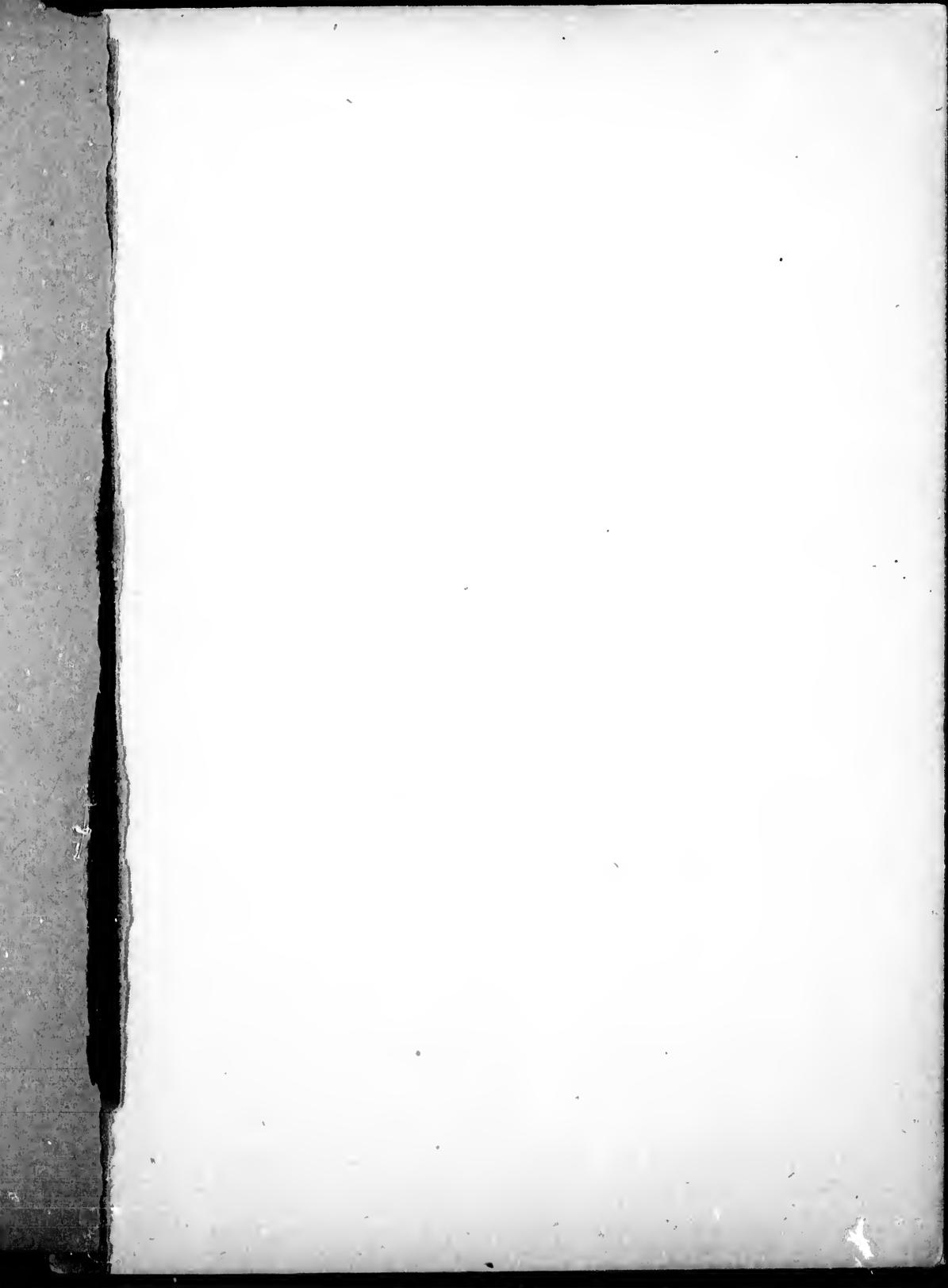
HALIFAX, N. S.

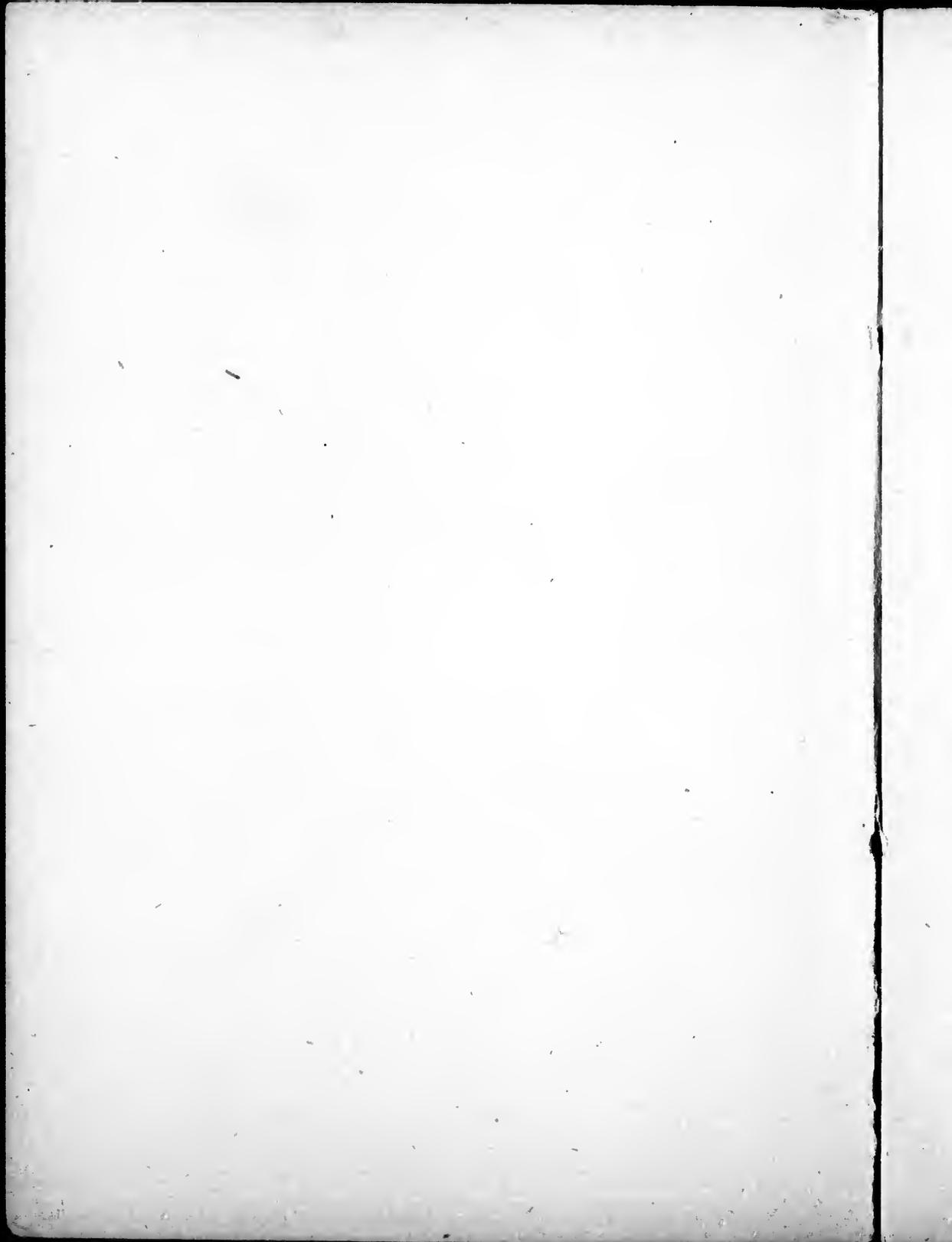
Printed by James Bowes & Sons, 125 Hollis Street.

1892.

LIBRARY  
DE  
ARTS

UNIVERSITY OF  
TORONTO





LYRIC AND OTHER  
POEMS.

BY

S. J. MACKNIGHT.

HALIFAX, N. S.

Printed by James Bowes & Sons, 125 Hollis Street.

1892.

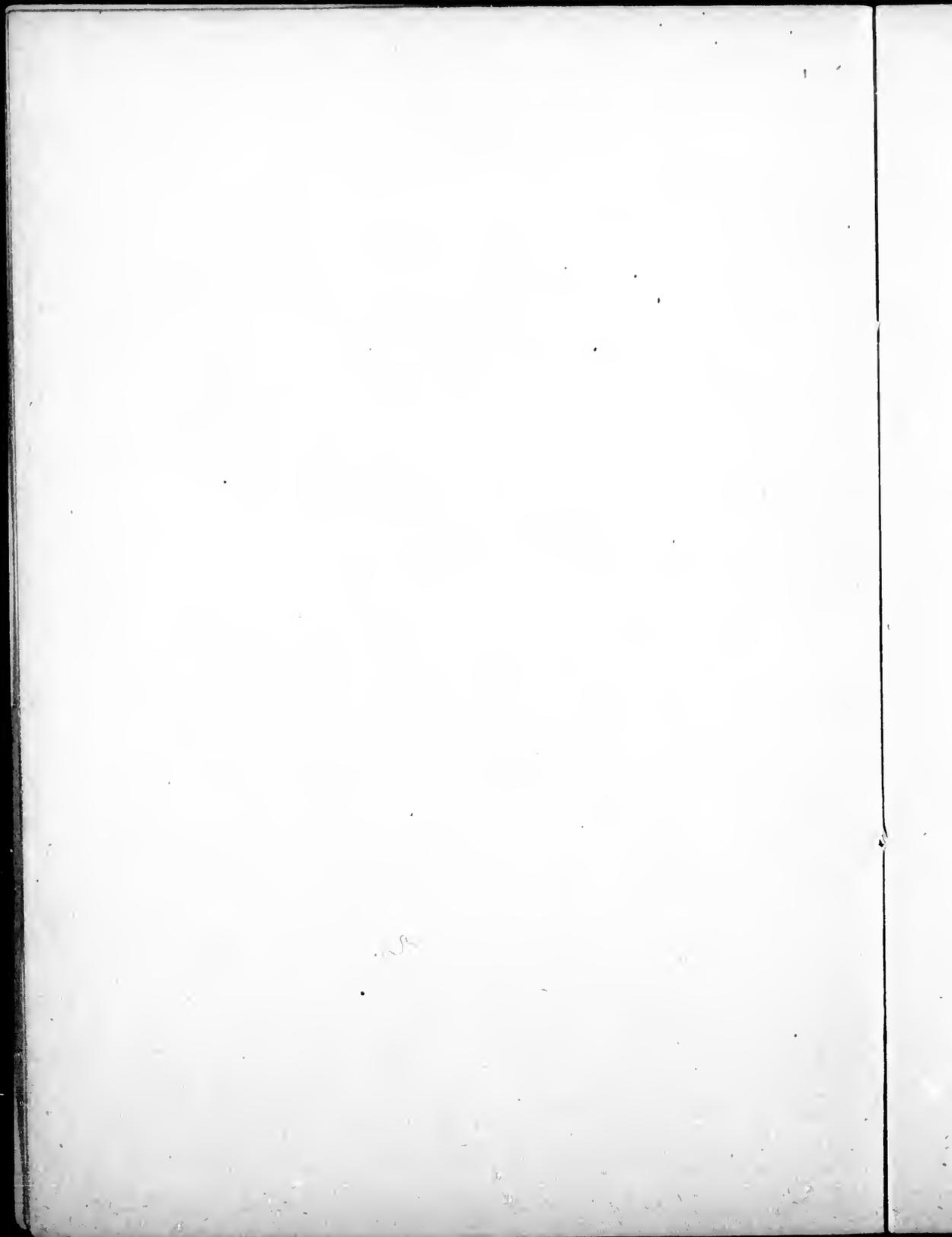
Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada,  
in the year 1892,

BY SAMUEL JOHN MACKNIGHT,  
at the Department of Agriculture

## CONTENTS.



	PAGE
VOLUNTARY TO THE SEA, . . . . .	5
THE SPIRIT OF POETRY, . . . . .	6
THE PRODIGAL SON.—A SCRIPTURAL POEM, . . . . .	10
ODE TO THE SEA, ADAPTED FROM BYRON, . . . . .	12
THE QUEEN OF SHEBA, . . . . .	14
EGYPT, . . . . .	16
VERSION OF TWENTY-THIRD PSALM, . . . . .	18
VERSION OF PSALM 76, . . . . .	19
PARAPHRASE OF EZEKIEL, CHAPS. I. AND II., . . . . .	20
CHRIST BAPTIZED IN JORDAN, . . . . .	24
PALLAS, . . . . .	25
TO-MORROW, . . . . .	26
TO THE SEA, . . . . .	27
OTTAWA, FROM THE CHAUDIERE FALLS BRIDGE, . . . . .	28



# POEMS.



## VOLUNTARY TO THE SEA.

Sing to me of the limpid sea  
A song that may a comfort be,  
And let me hear the distant surge  
Croon from far points where breakers merge  
And meet upon the ear,—  
A sound like falling bells to purge  
And drive away sad care ;  
And let me hear the ocean's bell  
Which tolls upon the sounding shore—  
A peal, a reminiscent knell  
Which vibrates for the days of yore.

Meseems that I have heard before  
Those echoes on this sounding shore,  
That I have heard this ocean urge  
His waters in this boiling surge  
Upon the passive strand ;  
There seems upon the hoary sea  
Where meets the ancient land  
A threnody of days gone by  
A listening for the sounds that be  
Interpreted by the raging sea  
Of thoughts that over centuries fly.

## THE SPIRIT OF POETRY:

Parnassus, temple of those gods  
Who for their empire may choose song ;  
Lilies grow up from out the sods  
That to thy dewy sides belong.

Colossal in thy arm of might  
Thou like a person, rulest kings ;  
Or walkest vast in spectral night ;  
Or like a priest whose censor swings.

O mountain ! swept with wandering wings  
That err and wander in a dream ;  
Or come like comets, or in rings  
Of circuit vast, in concourse seem.

Thou in thy skirts with patterned flowers  
Art drest and garnished like a rose ;  
And from about thy glorious bowers  
The savour of a sweet scent goes.

In stiffly gorgeous robes bedecked,  
Sewn o'er with jewels to thy feet,  
Thou mong thy lictors walk'st erect ;  
Gay peacock plumes above thee meet.

\* \* \* \*

Weird in thy whistling, shrieking winds  
Gray shapes of twilight seem to move,  
Or ghosts of whiteness, or black fiends,  
Or forms which vision cannot prove.

Or rather angels fraught with good,  
Or muses, ministers of art ;  
A company, or solitude,  
According to the pilgrim's heart.

\* \* \* \*

Abysmal smoke veils thy ascents,  
A column mounting higher and higher ;  
To speak ideally ; and through thy rents,  
(In figure) glares volcanic fire.

And on thy high slopes there drive mists,  
Over thy woods, on summits wild ;  
And in the blue day there persists  
Or drifts a cloudland o'er thee piled.

And in the blue day there come harps  
Twanging beneath the fleecy clouds  
Or twittering from the skyey scarps  
Or from the drifting heavenly shrouds.

And in the sombre hours nocturne  
Lanterns of night o'erhang thy steeps ;  
They the same stars which elsewhere burn  
Glistening afar from stilly deeps.

Askest thou of the clouds of fleece,  
Their harper where ? or where their flute ?  
They answer not, but aye decrease  
Moving like smoke, and still are mute.

Dun and demure, a vacant hue,  
Vasty and hollow is the night,  
Sable and ebon, blackest blue  
Rueful its pensive hours of flight.

And yet resplendent with bright stars  
In clusters sewn upon its vest ;  
Or marshalling, mid flakes and bars,  
The white moon in the cloudy west.

Or in thy southern land so fair  
Perhaps no clouds approach thy throne  
Thou livest in thy tranquil air  
And reignest in thy sphere alone.

The eye that views thee from afar  
Sees the look reverend in thy seat,  
And traces thee by shade and scar  
An azure shape with grandeur meet.

Upon the hoar head of thy dome  
Gleams forth a coronal of snows ;  
Also thy shoulders white their home ;  
From them the stream Castalia flows.

Thee, 'mid the tropic torrid heats  
The traveller through the desert sees ;  
They on their camels sail like fleets,  
But plod without a helping breeze.

Seen through the hot air of the South  
Amid the twinkling hum of bees  
Thou figurest quiet through the drouth,  
And picturest ancient sleeping Ease.

Thou picturest with thy ambient air  
An azure monument of Peace,  
The fane—the sanctuary there  
Of Quiet, where all conflicts cease.

The camels toiling through the sands  
Are like a progeny of time,  
Like patriarchs, pilgrims, pastoral bands  
Told in some story or some rhyme ;

Or in some rhymeless song or book,  
A generation born of Eld,  
A people with some staff or crook,  
Felled like the forest trees are felled.

Philosophy finds her desire  
Where stray the wild bees round thy feet,  
And brings her incense and her fire,  
And from the foolish makes retreat.

Silent through all thy sloping fane  
Thou nursest silence like a child.  
When lo—some rock is loosed in twain  
And rushes down with clangor wild.

L'ENVOI.

Amid the thickets of the South  
Birds build their nests and flit between.

## THE PRODIGAL SON.

A SCRIPTURAL POEM.

Here are my silent mansion towers  
Waiting the word of heavenly powers.

Here in my field repose the flock ;  
The light of noon glares from the rock.

The news of east, the tales of west  
Reach hither as they reach the rest.

Regret and disappointment pace  
My mansion's vaulted rooms and place.

Forgiveness also has its time  
For me ; I weary in this clime.

Bring from the field the fattest calf  
And kill it in my son's behalf.

I hear the dripping of the fount ;  
All else is quiet on this ground.

The parched grass entwines the pale  
Mossed from decay. My spirits fail.

Bring forth a dress, a robe, a ring ;  
Shout in my palace, dance and sing.

The richest garment and best dress  
Bring from the store before me. Yes.

As creeps the hour on of the feast  
The calf's life from all lives has ceased.

The jocund board resounds with mirth,  
And pictures forth the fruitful earth.

The penitent shall sup this wine,  
Who fed upon the husks of swine.

So sinners may return to God  
Who deserts dark and wastes have trod.

In the far land arose his voice ;  
The swine around him heard his choice.

Lo, at this gate he did arrive  
To-day, one from the dead alive.

## ODE TO THE SEA.

ADAPTED FROM BYRON.

There is a pleasure in the woods,  
There is a rapture on the shore,  
There is a charm in interludes  
Of music, when the breakers roar ;  
From thence I reverence Nature more,  
From these wild interviews I feel  
Friendship not human. I adore  
And mingle with the scene with zeal.

Roll, everlasting, onward roll ;  
The ships encompass thee in vain.  
Man fells the forests : his control  
Is landward ; on thy watery plain  
He leaves no traces that remain,  
No shadows—but the wrecks are thine ;  
He and his ships like drops of rain  
Sink bubbling in thy depths of brine.

His steps are on thy paths—thy fields  
He traverses with merchandize ;  
Also a spoil thy bosom yields,  
But then in wrath thou dost arise  
And shaks't him from thee towards the skies,  
And sends't him quivering in thy spray  
Till on the earth again he lies  
Driven to some petty port or bay.

The armaments which dare the walls  
Of sea-port cities, and which break  
With flashes and with iron balls  
And cause beleaguered souls to quake,

The wood leviathans which make  
Their builders to be lords of war,  
These are thy toys, which thou dost shake  
Like foam which melting shows no more.

Thy shores are empires, continents ;  
Subject to civil change are they ;  
The ancient tyrant forced relents,  
The suppliant ceases to obey ;  
Empires of Eld have passed away,  
Kingdoms have fallen to disgrace,  
But thy waves all unchanging play,  
Time writes no impress on thy face.

Mirror where the Almighty's form  
Glasses itself in storms sublime,  
Also in peace as in the storm  
In arctic or in torrid clime,  
Image of endless space and time  
Thou hast a seryant in each zone,  
The monsters wallow in thy slime,  
Thou goest forth unmatched—alone.

The poet loves thee ; and his joy,  
He says, was on thy breast to be,  
Borne like thy bubbles ; form a hoy  
Borne as thy bubbles onward flee ;  
He wantoned with the angry sea ;  
The terror was a pleasing fear ;  
He knew himself a child of thee—  
Trusted thy billows far and near.

## THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

O Queen of Sheba, who could see,—  
So far off was thy land,—  
Thy realm, thy state, thy polity,  
The bound of thy command?  
And the hoary ocean ceaselessly  
Thundered upon thy strand.

O rich, O fortunate, endowed  
With ransoms and with spoils.  
Before whom trembling realms are cowed  
And craft caught in its coils,  
And before whom kneel a mighty crowd  
Of kindreds, peoples, soils.

Ah! from the South thy caravan  
Came through the desert heat.  
Nearing the land of Canaan  
I heard thy camels' feet;  
Thy long procession's line I scan  
Laden with odours sweet.

Thou sent'st thy fleets forth on thy seas  
In mission to far shores,  
And they returning home from these  
Bring tribute to thy stores,  
And landward plies the caravan  
As the ship the sea explores.

Ah! from the farthest Araby  
Thy people's loud acclaim  
Greets thee with pomp and sovereignty  
And shouts thy regal name,  
And thy vesture is a panoply  
Bright as a burning flame.

Thou didst the wand of pilgrimage  
Seize in thy firm right hand,  
And ledst thy councillors most sage  
Forth in a pilgrim band,  
A war 'gainst ignorance to wage,  
And see the far off land.

Inquiry led thee to the north,  
Nor were thy schemes at fault,  
To where the Jordan issues forth  
Into the drear sea salt ;  
A retinue encompassed thee  
Wide as the heavenly vault.

From out the darkness of the South  
Emergent to the day  
History records thee with her mouth ;  
Thy courage made its way  
Into the land of fame, where tongues  
Undying hold their sway.

Then thou returnedst to thy home  
With all thy glorious train,  
Assured that in some storied tome  
After thy mortal pain  
Thou after mixing with the loam  
Of Earth wouldst live again.

## EGYPT.

"Gebir, this land of Egypt is a land  
Of incantations; demons rule these waves."  
—W. S. LANDOR.

---

O Land of Egypt, sacred land  
Of frowning wizards, who command  
Dim apparitions, and who change  
The air—the winds—that onward range,  
Or upward, downward, outward, through  
Thy breadth, thy fields, thy cities strange—  
Change them to shapes, to forms, to shows,  
Where the sweet stream of Nilus flows.

O Land of Egypt, amber land  
Of yellow evening, filled with sand;  
Long lie thy acres of expanse;  
Sweet lies thy Nilus in its weeds;  
The bird of Ibis also breeds,  
To hover and to sweep thy sky,  
Perhaps among the flocks that fly  
Like herds on heaven's pasture by.

Or Ibis is not, having gone  
Too sacred to survive. At dawn  
Thou hast thy Memnon cut in stone  
Sitting severely in thy fields;  
Thou hast thy Sphinx, whose base, sand-strewn  
Lies buried; and whose massy head,  
Her riddle yet reluctant yields,  
While fate her from destruction shields.

The air seems drowsy; and the vale,  
The scoopy vale which holds the Nile  
Seems bounded by a distant pile  
Of hills and mountains, frowning rocks,

Which seem a pearly azure blue  
Grand in their outline, soft in hue,  
A faintly seeming hue which mocks,  
While the vast valley still it locks.

A sail, a stick, a camel's stride  
I see not ; yet my eyes are wide ;  
But only to the second view  
Of incantation's mystic force :  
My eye-lids I have formed anew ;  
I see the seasons in their course,  
The floods which overwhelm another Nile,  
Another Egypt—from their source.

I see thy slowly-tapering tombs  
Of kings antique who met their dooms.  
Or doomed their peoples ; tombs that rise  
In lessening hugeuess to the skies  
A vast solidity of strength ;  
The times of Eld from them look down ;  
The Sphinx may smile ; the temples frown  
With portals dark and shadows brown.

## VERSION OF THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

My guiding shepherd is the Lord,  
I have no want nor care ;  
His pastures he doth me accord  
To walk by waters there.

Still waters, pastures green, and he  
Restores my soul and guides  
Me in those righteous paths which are  
Calm like the river tides.

So for his own name's sake ; and though  
In the gray vale of death  
Adown its darkening glooms I go  
I have no fear of scaith.

In death's dark shadow's valley I  
Walk fearless through the midst,  
For thou art with me and thy rod  
Bringest and comfort bidst.

Thy rod and staff a solacement  
Seem ; and among my foes,  
Where hostile forms their ire present  
Thy presence cures my woes.

A table is before me spread  
E'en where the foeman stands ;  
With oil thou dost anoint my head,  
A cup putst in my hands.

A brimming cup and mercy kind  
And goodness shall for aye  
Follow me, and within God's house  
I evermore shall stay.

## VERSION OF PSALM SEVENTY-SIX.

In Judah is God known,  
His name in Israel great ;  
In Salem is His throne,  
On Zion's hill of state  
Stands the great dwelling-place where he abides ;  
There did he break the arrows of the bow ;  
Marching to battle did confound the shield ;  
There did he break the sword and lay it low.

The valorous men are spoiled,  
They cannot find their hands,  
Without a stroke are foiled  
Even at thy mere commands.  
At thy rebuke, O Jacob's mighty God  
The chariot and the horse have faln asleep.  
Thou to be dreaded art, and when in wrath,  
Who in thy sight a standing-place could keep.

To judge thou didst arise,  
And judgment spakst from heaven  
To save the meek ; earth lies  
Still when thy hest is given.  
Surely the wrath of man shall be made praise.  
God will restrain. Vow to the Lord and pay ;  
Let all bring presents unto him in fear,  
Whom kings must fear—cuts princes from his  
way.

## PARAPHRASE OF EZEKIEL, CHAPS. I. AND II.

Ezekiel, son of Buzi, priest,  
 By the lone banks of far Chebar',  
 By the lone river of the East,  
 In land of the Chaldeans far.

Seated among my kin who take  
 The smartings of the exile's rod ;  
 I saw the heavens above me break  
 And in their opening, visions of God.

The Lord's hand was upon me ; he  
 His word expressly sent ; the time  
 Fixed and appointed ; unto me  
 Looking, appeared this great sublime.

Behold a whirlwind from the north,  
 A great cloud, and a mighty fire,  
 And from the folding flame came forth  
 Brightness of Chasmal,† lower, higher.

The likeness of four living things  
 In the fierce brilliance undissolved  
 Human in aspect, wielding wings  
 Cherubic, from the fire evolved.

Each had four faces ; towards the East,  
 North, South, and West, might view, nor pass ;  
 Straight feet ; soles like the bovine beast,  
 Which sparkled like to burnished brass.

† *Chasmal*, the Hebrew word translated in the English Bible  
 "amber," admittedly at random.

Each had four wings ; beneath their wings  
Were human hands, and in their flight  
They did not turn ; the living things  
Went forward in the radiance bright.

Their wings were joined, and every face  
As follows—one was leonine,  
One human ; in the other place  
An ox, and the bird aquiline.

Each of the living creatures showed  
The contradiction of four shapes  
Regarding head ; the human glowed ;  
Behind, the ox, the eagle gapes.

Two wings joined upwards ; two the loins  
Hid of this human-aquiline ;  
And far above where wing-tip joins,  
I saw the face of Whom Divine.

The creatures went straight forward, went  
Whither the spirit led them they ;  
And in their course turned not not bent,  
But winged themselves the spirit's way.

Their likeness was like coals of fire,  
Like lamps ; the burning brightness dashed  
Among the creatures, lower, higher,  
And from the fire the lightning flashed.

The creatures ran and then returned  
Like the appearance of a flash  
Of lightning ; so this spectre burned  
With movement of this sudden dash.

Now I beholding these four things  
Beheld one wheel upon the earth  
Beside the living forms with wings,  
A semblance of a lower birth,

Yea four wheels ; and their semblance was  
And work, as hue of chrysolite ;  
I saw their motion and their laws :  
The four were like ; turned not in flight.

Their semblance was a wheel involved  
Within a wheel ; and when they went  
They went on four sides, and thus solved  
Their motion, wheel within wheel blent.

As for their felloes—mighty rings—  
Their height was dread, their look sublime ;  
When the four living shapes with wings  
Went, the wheels went, to run, to climb.

When the four creatures rise from earth  
The wheels rise with them : full of eyes  
The mighty rings through all their girth ;  
In unison they run, they rise.

Whither the spirit bade they went ;  
And the wheels with them ran, stood, rose ;  
The spirit of the creatures blent  
Was in the wheels ; these followed those.

Thus for the wheels. The vault on high  
Over the living creatures' heads  
Was crystal hue to terrify,  
Was terrible, which o'er them spreads.

Under this dreadful firmament  
The living creatures' wings were straight  
One toward the other ; two wings went  
To meet two others, each his mate.

I heard their winging when they rushed,  
Like noise of waters, like the voice  
Of the Almighty : the sound gushed  
Like speech, even like an army's noise.

They stopped and stood with wings depressed,  
And from the upper firmament,  
They standing with their wings down dressed,  
A dread celestial voice forthwent.

Thus for the vault : and looking higher  
I saw the likeness of a throne  
Above the vault ; the eyes aspire ;  
Its likeness as a saphire-stone.

And on this semblant regal seat  
I saw the likeness of a form  
As of a man : these visions meet  
Mine eye out of this whirling storm.

I saw what hue of Chasmal seemed  
Within, around, and shape of fire ;  
From the loins upward, downward, beamed  
A fiery semblance—lower, higher.

And brightness round about like bow  
In cloud in day of rain appeared  
Which hemmed around that radiant glow  
Of Chasmal, where the throne upreared.

This was a glory quite divine,  
The dreadful visage of the Lord.  
I fell upon my face. This sign  
O'erwhelmed me. Prostrate I adored.

I heard a voice of one that spake,  
And then he said unto me, Son  
Of man, stand upright ; from me take  
My words ; I speak ; I have begun.

The spirit entered when he spake  
Into me, and set me on my feet,  
So that I heard the words that brake  
From his dread lips with audience meet.

And then he said unto me : Son  
 Of man, I send thee to the stock  
 Of rebel Israel, send thee one  
 Against a nation who me mock.

I send thee : and so thou shalt say  
 Thus saith the Lord, and they shall know,  
 Whether they heed, or say thee nay  
 A prophet hath been sent them so.

Be not afraid though thorns and briers  
 Be with thee, nor of scorpions fear ;  
 Fear not their words ; they and their sires  
 Are rebel ; nor their looks ; yet hear.

Hear what I say : be not like them  
 Rebellious ; ope thy mouth and eat ;  
 Be not like those who me contemn,  
 He ceased. I saw a hand, a sheet.

He spread the scroll before me, lo  
 O'erwritten with its dread contents ;  
 And there was written in it woe,  
 And awful mournings and laments.



### CHRIST BAPTIZED IN JORDAN.

O mighty stream ! O plenteous flood !  
 O mighty Jordan ! breathing peace,  
 Descending with thy waters good,  
 And bearing on thy calm increase.

O holy banks ! O peaceful shores !  
 O quiet fields ! O pebbly brink !  
 O'er fields, o'er stream the eye explores,  
 And in the water turmoils sink.

Messiah hastens ; speaks he " John,  
 Baptize me ; " him the Baptist spake :  
 " Thou rather me." Messiah said  
 " Nay, 'tis ordained thou undertake."

Him he baptized, and lo from heaven  
 Came floating downwards from above  
 With outstretched wings, a symbol given,  
 Upon Messiah's head, a dove.

The dove flew off. A voice was heard  
 Which from the zenith spake and ceased,  
 The voice of God " This is my Son  
 Beloved ; in him I am well pleased."



## PALLAS.

Genius of prudence and of war,  
 Pallas looks westward towards the deep,  
 Breathing the high abstracted air  
 Of Athens, o'er her structured steep.  
 Towering from the Acropolis,  
 She thrills her marble self with thought,  
 Gazing as far as Salamis—  
 Wisdom is e'er unsold, unbought ;  
 Wisdom of virtues is most meet ;  
 Wisdom of graces is most sweet.

The city's streets and roofs are given  
 To avocations of man's life.  
 Higher and nearer to the heaven  
 And guardian of this toil and strife  
 The goddess stands ; but does her mind  
 Move with those things at all ? her heart  
 A wisdom of its own may find,  
 Not dealing with the street or mart,  
 A wisdom to herself most meet,  
 The wisdom in itself most sweet.

Genius of prudence and of war,  
 Stands Pallas on the structured steep ;  
 The wisdom of the near and far,  
 The new and old doth she not keep ?  
 And centres in her spear and shield  
 A monumental wisdom's might ;  
 All wisdom's puissance she doth wield,  
 And wisdom's power ; and wisdom's sight  
 Is hers ; and seem her marble eyes  
 Full of the secrets of the wise.

---

### TO-MORROW.

To-morrow ye will walk and ye will play,  
 On this old earth I leave with you till when ?  
 Or soberly will wander through the day,  
 And in the future we shall meet again.

The works of life noise round about your ways ;  
 Retirement finds you ; summer's light and heat ;  
 The palpable wind whistles ; the earth stays ;—  
 And me, I hear the echoes of your feet.

To-morrow the same rose will bloom again  
 That blooms to-day ; nor will its red abate ;  
 With roses of this kind ye shall remain ;  
 And you the bright sun dawning will await.

Like memory does faith, in present gloom  
 Bring a respondent climate from afar ;  
 And when through rains all visual objects loom,  
 The mind thinks of the blue vault of the air.

So have the lost a strong thought of the saved ;  
 The slave has the slave a deep dream of the free ;  
 Along this dust, this measured way and paved,  
 Fleets the dim hope of immortality.

## TO THE SEA.

Thou blowest soft, O sea,  
In even's mantle clad ;  
What vespers come from thee  
Faint wearily and fade.

The headland scenteth night,  
And fadeth with thy main ;  
One early star his light  
Trails in thy vasty plain.

Thou sendst thy waves from thee  
Trooping forth in the glooms ;  
Thou ripplest low, O sea,  
Like grasses grown near tombs.

To be like thee ! O sea,  
Neath even's dusky cloud ;  
Untangled, calm, and free,  
Thou mild pacific flood.

No chains thy waves defeat,  
Nor slings nor arrows thee ;  
Immeasurably great  
Thy deeps and billows be.

## OTTAWA FROM THE CHAUDIERE FALLS BRIDGE.

This voice of waters leads thee on ;  
And this white sea, rock'd with unrest,  
Tinged through with yellow—from the west  
Guides us to yonder house of stone.

This yellow flood advancing east  
Dies into white, with flakes of foam ;  
These waves, like time transmuted, roam,  
And lo—their turbulence has ceased.

A streak of calm beneath yon hill  
Leads up the eye in green retreat ;  
Above, heavens with the verdure meet ;  
With palace towers serene and still.

Methinks on yonder leafy mount  
Someone has built yon ordered house,  
And slightly gilded, like a mouse,  
With tips of brass its roofs high-crowned.

Perhaps beyond those tower-crowned shores,  
(If one may study the unseen,  
If one ignores what comes between)—  
The flood again boils on and roars,

Roaring in thunders, sprayed in mist.  
Perhaps it glides in verdant bays  
Silently treading peaceful ways  
Which with this Sabbath calm consist.



