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—AND—  
FLEUR DE LIS

—BY—

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Author of "Crowded Out and other Sketches"

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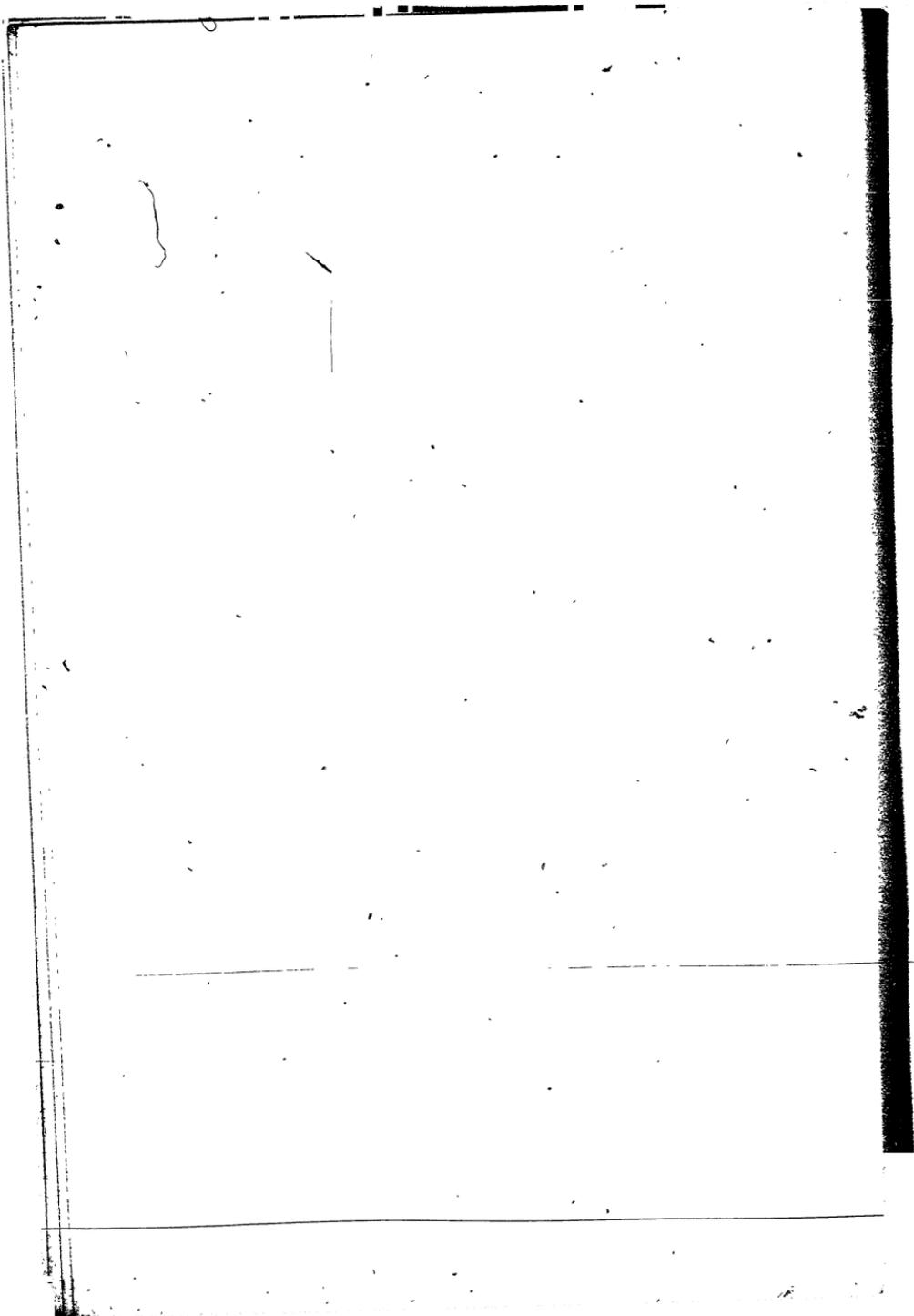
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Chat and weave and spin and knit  
 All the day—O picture it!  
 Where there flames the marigold  
 Side by side with sunflowers bold,  
 And the Norman asters hold  
 Colloquy with columbine,  
*Aquilegia*—spurred and fine,  
*Canadensis*—yellow-red,  
 Stem erect and drooping head—  
 Where the gabled houses meet  
 Almost o'er the grass-grown street,  
 Where the maidens kneel and pray  
 At the Cross beside the way,  
 While their mothers rake the hay.

That is—so my friends all say—  
 How they live at Côte Beaupré,  
 That is where we two shall go,  
 Hear them talk or watch them sew,  
 Help them, shall we—once to sing  
*Gai le rosier*—that pretty thing—  
*Pimpanipole and Claire Fontaine*,  
 And many another haunting strain?  
 How they'll laugh and how they'll stare,  
 When they hear us hum the air  
 Of *St. Malo*, and *Guignoléé*,  
*V'la bon vent*, and *P'tit Bonnet!*

Well, well, well, I see it all;  
*Presbytère* and poplars tall,  
 Wayside Cross and lichen'd wall,  
 Dark-eyed *gamin* brown and fat,

Cheerful *curé* fond of chat,  
Sparkling spires among the hills,  
Water falls and roadside rills,  
Blueberries in birch canoes,  
Brought by boys in wooden shoes,  
Cones of berries red and sweet  
Brought by girls in bare brown feet,  
And behind it all, the pride  
Of the lofty Laurentide  
Mountain range so misty blue,  
All the glorious, peerless view  
Of the river flowing down  
Past Cape Diamond's jewell'd crown ;  
Past each sleepy little town  
White against the hillside brown,  
Past Ste. Anne's where you may see  
Relics of a fealty  
Long since dead in wiser places,  
Plann'd by cautious, colder races ;  
Past the Isle of Bacchus, where  
All the past is in the air,  
And in song and shoe we deem  
*La belle France* to be supreme.

Past Tourmente we then shall float  
In our yellow open boat,  
All along the spar-bright shore  
Lightly land and swift explore,  
While the garnet-threaded cliff  
Hangs above our yellow skiff,  
And the eyeless fossils wait  
Friendly hammer in their slate.

*Eurypterus remipes*—he  
 Is the one we long to see,  
 But I fear he did not grow  
 Quite so very far below.  
 Simple types, content us then;  
 Fossils fit to match the men;  
 We decline our souls to vex  
 With a type at all complex;  
 Graptolites will do for us,  
*Asaphus platycephalus*,  
 Or *Trinocleus concentricus*.  
 As to flora—why, they say,  
 Nowhere are the woods so gay  
 As around fair Murray Bay.  
 Beds of Cornus red as wax,  
 Blossoms blue as azure flax,  
 Yards and yards of rosy bells,  
 Sweet Linnæa—deck the dells,  
 Carpet all the forest floor,  
 And the terraced land is crown'd,  
 Every hill and every mound,  
 With a grass as purely green  
 As in England e'er was seen.  
 All the country round about  
 Set with streams of perch and trout,  
 Crystal clear as streams should be  
 In this land so fair and free.  
 'Tis no dream, no fallacy.  
 He, my brother, Crémazie,  
 Saw it all as we shall see,  
 That is, if you go with me.  
 This dear landscape meant for him

More than grey cathedral dim,  
Steeped in incense, sweet with chime  
In the mellow evening time;  
More than ancient parapet,  
Storied mosque and minaret,  
Much, much more than palace halls  
Crumbling under Moorish walls.  
What to him were Cadiz, Venice,  
Pisa, Paris, Florence, Rome,  
All the world beyond the foam?  
These he measured without menace  
At their value, then his heart  
Without seeming, without art,  
Craved for Canada, for home.

When the sunrise wakes the pines,  
When the saffron glory shines  
On the stirring of the loon,  
On the sleepy, pallid moon,  
When the wood awakes to shiver  
In the cool breath of the river,  
Flowing, blowing, flowing down  
Past Cape Diamond's jewell'd crown,  
And the spray that wets the lips,  
As we float among the ships,  
Holds a precious grain of salt—  
Gracious gift and darling fault—  
Then the sternest must confess  
To the perfect loveliness  
Of this province old and quaint,  
*Sans* utilitarian taint.



## THE FLIGHT.

But enough! Come! Let us go  
To these charmed hills and plains,  
Far from flat Ontario.

Far from ills that towns bestow,  
Far from stocks and shares and drains—  
But enough! Come! Let us go!

We are tired of style and show,  
Longing for the fresh campaigns,  
Far from flat Ontario,

Where the rushing rapids flow,  
Where the green hill-side enchains—  
But enough! Come! Let us go!

Say good-bye to all you know!  
We are bound for new domains,  
Far from flat Ontario.

All the way we mean to row,  
You and I, despising trains—  
But enough! Come! Let us go  
Far from flat Ontario.

## AFLOAT AT LAST.

Afloat—we cry—afloat at last!  
Still the city we descrie!  
While our city hearts beat fast!

Tower and steeple, wharf and mast,  
Black they look but quick they fly,  
Afloat—we cry—afloat at last!

Blowing up, a freshening blast  
Ruffles all the lake and sky,  
While our city hearts beat fast,

And with one look backward cast,  
All our oars we trembling try,  
Afloat—we cry—afloat at last!

Joy! The city's nearly passed,  
Smoke, and dust and din, good-bye!  
While our city hearts beat fast.

Pull, my friend! Ahoy! Avast!  
Speech with service should comply,  
Afloat—we cry—afloat at last,  
While our city hearts beat fast!

## THE HOPE.

This, my friend, shall be our part  
In this summer scheme of ours,  
Just to grow a summer heart,

Leaving ways of mire and mart,  
Octopus, that peace devours,  
This, my friend, shall be our part.

Shall we then by nature's art,  
Try 'mid fields and flocks and flowers  
Just to grow a summer heart?

Leave all answers cold and tart,  
All the city temper sours,  
This, my friend, shall be our part,

Make a fresh and honest start,  
Strive through long and lovely hours  
Just to grow a summer heart;

Fear to hurt and fear to thwart,  
Clearer sense of mighty Powers—  
This, my friend, shall be our part,  
Just to grow a summer heart.

## NOCTURNE.

O Summer on the lake is fair,  
Yet chilly when the sun has fled,  
Yet damp where clings the cool night air!

Wrapped in our cloaks we sit just where  
We'll watch the moon her measure tread,  
O Summer on the lake is fair!

In town the people in despair  
Bewail the heat in torment dread.  
Though damp where clings the cool night air,

We do not fear its breath to share,  
Nor dream of such a thing as bed—  
O Summer on the lake is fair!

The breeze it blows about the hair,  
The boat is warm with wraps o'erspread,  
Yet damp where clings the cool night air;

To Heaven there winds a starry stair,  
A diamond world is overhead—  
O Summer on the lake is fair,  
Yet damp where clings the cool night air!

## VIGIL.

Shall we sit here and watch the dawn,  
Fair Eos, mother rosy pale,  
Or did I catch the faintest yawn?

Base knight that holdest sleep in pawn,  
And would'st not wake to see the Grail,  
Shall we sit here and watch the dawn?

Upon me dost thou dare to fawn,  
In vigil vow thou did'st not quail—  
Or did I catch the faintest yawn?

The foam is fair as whitest lawn,  
The moonbeams leave a silver trail,  
Shall we sit here and watch the dawn?

Or like the fashionable spawn,  
Deem lonely skies of no avail—  
Did I not catch the faintest yawn?

Soon will the moon have soft withdrawn,  
E'en now the stars begin to fail,  
Shall we sit here and watch the dawn,  
Or did I catch the faintest yawn?

## THEOCRITUS.

Lives there none other I would see  
    Within this boat along with us,  
'Tis perfect now with you and me.

Pagan, Protestant, bond or free—  
    Unless it were Theocritus—  
Lives there none other I would see,

And he is dead—it may not be—  
    Yet he had not been frivolous—  
'Tis perfect now with you and me.

He had enjoyed it much, had he,  
    And envied us our exodus.  
Lives there none other I would see,

Making the doubtful number three,  
    Proving, perhaps, an incubus—  
'Tis perfect now with you and me.

The "Singer of Persephone"—  
    He might have loved to voyage thus,  
Lives there none other I would see,  
'Tis perfect now with you and me.



## THEOCRITUS.

Theocritus had kept awake,  
    Taken some vivifying dose,  
And lost his sleep for summer's sake.

Happy with me thus to partake  
    The glories of the scene globose,  
Theocritus had kept awake,

And dropped his voice and feared to make  
    Remarks and *jeu des mots* jocose,  
And lost his sleep for summer's sake.

Your knightly promises you break ;  
    By turns you're sleepy, tired, morose,  
*Theocritus* had kept awake.

But me, there's no one on the lake  
    Has cared to come to nature close,  
And lost his sleep for summer's sake.

I'll have to try a gentle shake—  
    How can you be so very gross ?  
Theocritus had kept awake  
And lost his sleep for summer's sake.

## PARANTHESE.

No Dryad in the oak,  
No Nymph within the valley,  
No fairy little folk  
To frolic, dance and dally ;

No Pan along the shore,  
No Nereid in the water,  
No savage shape of boar,  
No fair Demeter's daughter ;

No Satyr in the vine,  
No Faun anear the fountain,  
No magic in the mine,  
No myth upon the mountain ;

No honey amber clear,  
No gleam of waxen laurel,  
No stags beside the mere,  
No high Olympic quarrel ;

No breath of lowing herds,  
No pastoral sweet singing,  
No dish of snow-white curds,  
No mellow milk-bells ringing ;

No Goddesses at all,  
No Gods, or hardly any,  
No shapes that might recall,  
The classic miscellany;

*Dramatis personæ,*  
Theocritus, were wanting,  
Save that perchance to thee,  
Would prove as surely haunting,

The sumach fringed cliff,  
The oriole low flying,  
The open yellow skiff,  
The languid loon's far crying,

The resinous keen breeze,  
The water's lazy lapping,  
The silver coated trees,  
The eagle's idle flapping.

## THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

We are tired of the tumult and turmoil of water  
around us,  
Our boat would we bear to a bright and a blossoming  
shore,  
The Islands appear and as longing for land they have  
found us.

And their beauty of birch and their selvedge of shadow  
hath bound us  
In bonds that bewitch as we blindly approach and adore—  
We are tired of the tumult and turmoil of water around us,

And are fain to forget all the winds that have sear'd  
and embrown'd us,  
All we pray for—to land, but to enter, escape, we implore,  
The Islands appear and as longing for land they have  
found us.

Like Odysseus the deep that for days upon days darkly  
wound us  
Becomes but a bane and a blight in its breadth evermore,  
We are tired of the tumult and turmoil of water around us.

Bid farewell to the Lake for its fetterless floods have  
nigh drown'd us,  
Like the sea can it smite, like the ocean can rage and  
can roar,  
The Islands appear and as longing for land they have  
found us.

Like Odysseus again do we dream of delights that once  
crown'd us,  
We straight would slip sheer to the grass and give over  
the oar,  
We are tired of the tumult and turmoil of water around us,  
The Islands appear and as longing for land they have  
found us.

## INTERIM.

We must have lain here for an hour or more,  
With a birch above for a ceiling—  
We were both so glad to get ashore!

We sang as the skiff we rockward bore,  
With the eagle aloft and wheeling!  
We must have lain here for an hour or more,

Learning again the sweet land lore,  
With the air so warm and healing!  
We were both so glad to get ashore.

Watching the cumuli slowly soar,  
All the blue beneath revealing,  
We must have lain here for an hour or more.

Brown pine tassels bestrew the floor,  
With the red birch fit for peeling!  
We were both so glad to get ashore.

The summer's heart is ripe to the core,  
With our own hearts madly reeling!  
We must have lain here for an hour or more,  
We were both so glad to get ashore!

## EXTREMES.

Man's never satisfied, is it not plain!

Here are we, tired of the endless rowing,  
Pleased to be pressing the grasses again!

How many days since one heard the refrain—

“Life upon land is the poorest thing going!”  
Man's never satisfied, is it not plain?

Trite though the proverb, 'tis true in the main;

Here we are freed from the torrent's flowing,  
Pleased to be pressing the grasses again.

Winter or summer, or sunshine or rain,

Skies that are sunny or skies that are snowing,  
Man's never satisfied, is it not plain?

Dear is the river, yet dearer the twain,

Forest and field, where we watch the trees blowing,  
Pleased to be pressing the grasses again.

What we aspire to and what we attain,

Different—very—by their own showing.  
Man's never satisfied; we're—it is plain—  
Pleased to be pressing the grasses again!!

## RHAPSODIE. (1)

Like a castle of old lies our island—our island so  
greenly extended,  
The river runs round it and makes itself like to a moat,  
Our island's our castle, so safe—so safe and so simply  
defended.

One side is carved round in the rock, like a branch, like  
a bow that is bended,  
Its hollow a haven wherein we have anchor'd the boat,  
Like a castle of old lies our island—our island so greenly  
extended.

The other side shelving by steps that no feet but our  
own e'er descended,  
Leads down to a bath of clear amber as high as the  
throat,  
Our island's our castle, so safe,—so safe and so simply  
defended.

The odd-pinnate leaves of the sumach, our pennons, our  
banners suspended,  
Burn scarlet-serrate on the air as they flash and they  
float,  
Like a castle of old lies our island—our island so greenly  
extended.

Down always the drawbridge of stones—gray stones with  
brown beach ever blended,  
Ever up the portcullis that hanging pine fringes denote,  
Our island's our castle, so safe—so safe and so simply  
defended.

To guard its sweet growth and to cherish its charms to  
our hearts thus commended,  
Our souls for the space of a night and a day we devote;  
Like a castle of old lies our island—our island so greenly  
extended,  
Our island's our castle, so safe—so safe and so simply  
defended.

## RHAPSODIE. (II)

Ring'd round with the dark green St. Laurent our isle  
as a jewel is set,  
Moss'd agate in emerald rimm'd with an amethyst rare,  
One link in the leafy green chain, one star in the stone  
coronet,

That crowns and encircles the brow of the peerless and  
proud rivulet,  
A diadem Deity-plac'd—and a mortal's despair!  
Ring'd round with the dark green St. Laurent our isle  
as a jewel is set,

While glowing with feverish garnet, its sands sparkle  
bright in the wet,  
And clear as Brazilian topaz its summits declare  
One link in the leafy green chain, one star in the stone  
coronet.

The lichen upon it is writing in God's orange own  
alphabet,  
And dimly we measure its message, while past all compare  
Ring'd round with the dark green St. Laurent our isle  
as a jewel is set.

And here as we stand on its summit, glad warders on  
grey parapet,  
A thousand such jewels are sparkling in midsummer air ;  
One link in the leafy green chain, one star in the stone  
coronet,

One gem, and but one—of a thousand—is this whereon  
rest has been met,  
And dimly we worship its beauty, while shining and fair,  
Ring'd round with the dark green St. Laurent our isle  
as a jewel is set,  
One link in the leafy green chain, one star in the stone  
coronet.

## EN AVANT!

We must be off, my mutineer,  
The limpid wave to splash and skim,  
To-day you are requir'd to steer.

The wind is fair, nor yet doth veer,  
'Tis five—by all the cherubim!  
We must be off, my mutineer.

No more, O lazy sonneteer,  
Of verses wrought in idle whim,  
To-day you are requir'd to steer.

The sun is high and chanticleer  
On land doth raise his morning hymn,  
We must be off, my mutineer!

Now for a day without compeer,  
The long, long row, the cooling swim.  
To-day you are requir'd to steer

Silent as fish and swift as déer  
Among these isles. Sit down and trim!  
We must be off, my mutineer;  
To-day you are requir'd to steer.

## FAIRY DOCKS.

Beautiful, these lichen'd rocks,  
    Russet vein'd and amber plated,  
Fit for fragile fairy docks;

Red-brown, like the furry fox,  
    Orange til'd and silver slated—  
Beautiful, these lichen'd rocks!

Beautiful, their arching blocks,  
    Purple scarr'd and white striated,  
Fit for fragile fairy docks.

Bronze, the ruffled mat that mocks  
    At our wit, how propagated—  
Beautiful, these lichen'd rocks!

Steer us through them, linkèd locks,  
    Gold and green illuminated,  
Fit for fragile fairy docks!

Fairy shallops! Fear no shocks!  
    Float secure! For you created,  
Beautiful, these lichen'd rocks,  
Fit for fragile fairy docks.

## ROUND THE FIRE.

The pipe, the book, the blazing fire,  
The cheap yet dear delights of camp,  
Of these we never, never tire.

We rise at four—duty, desire,  
Are one, so nobly off we tramp,  
—The pipe, the book, the blazing fire

To earn—unmoor the boat, acquire  
The fish that bear Ontario's stamp,  
Of these we never, never tire.

At six we're back. The sun climbs higher,  
We crave the evening, cool and damp,  
The pipe, the book, the blazing fire.

The hot hours pass 'mid bud and briar;  
The wildwood fruits we choose and champ,  
Of these we never, never tire.

Till after dusk these three conspire,  
(When one in town doth light her lamp)  
The pipe, the book, the blazing fire—  
Of these we never, never tire.

## LOATH TO GO.

So we linger, loath to leave  
(Stretched upon a bracken bed)  
Such an island, such an eve!

Still unto the waters cleave  
Sunset yellows, pink and red,  
While we linger, loath to leave,

Fearing fate no more may weave  
Plot so fair as that which bred  
Such an island, such an eve.

Still the languid waters heave  
Purpled and encarmined,  
So we linger, loath to leave.

Twilight gray doth not bereave  
Earth of beauty. Ne'er were wed  
Such an island, such an eve!

Yet we must press on, achieve,  
Cease to dream, and do instead—  
Still we linger, loath to leave  
Such an island, such an eve!



## ENTR'ACTE.

Yes; we linger, though we know  
 Fairer scenes await below,  
 Fairer to our western eyes  
 Through the medium of surprise  
 Than perhaps they really show,  
 Yet we linger, loath to go.  
 We would not be held ingrate,  
 Nor a tithe of love abate  
 For the blue Adagio  
 Of our own Ontario;  
 We would not be sycophant,  
 Changeable and complaisant,  
 Never would we seek to raise  
 Just a mount of paraphrase,  
 Rant and rhetoric; and varnish  
 Thick with flattery, then garnish  
 All with jewelled gauds and tropes,  
 (Gems that very quickly tarnish)  
 Frantic flights and hectic hopes.

Though, I say, I do not seek  
That my rhyming should bespeak  
Overpraise for that sweet strip,  
Strip of sparkling shores that dip  
In St. Laurent's hallowed wave—  
And although I do not hold  
That my native air is cold,  
Wholly damp and destitute  
Of the kind of warmer fruit  
All my soul doth warmly crave,  
Still the blue Adagio  
And the placid boundless flow  
Of my own Ontario  
Doth oppress me, doth not please,  
As the lesser royalties,  
Livelier currents, tawny, brown,  
Lucent, shimmering, flowing down.  
Past each spire-deckt little town.

Thus to you I fain would show  
First the foaming Gatineau ;  
And the wild *prestissimo*  
Of its snowy cascades, set  
Round about with violet  
Shadows cast by mighty pines ;  
All the hues that dawn divines  
In the rolling lumber, wet,  
Sun-fired jasper, glassy jet.  
Yes! these pulsing currents run  
Swifter, subtler, while they shun  
Travelled paths and common gaze,  
Following shy, sweeter ways.

This is where we next shall go—  
Up the gleaming Gatineau.  
Leap—the heart, and flash—the eye!  
Let who will go on, pass by—  
We at least have come to stay.  
—Where the *babitant* hath sway!  
So—away!

## OTTAWA.

## I.

Three are the cliffs, and three the winding rivers,  
High on the cliffs' crest riseth the crowned town;  
Three are the cliffs, and one the Fall with its thunder  
Shaking the bridge while the river rolleth under,  
Flicking the wild white foam from its lips so brown.

## II.

A city set on a hill may not be hidden,  
Her sunlit towers from afar transcend the green ;  
Three are her hills, as an Old World town's were  
seven,  
And from all three her spires ascend to heaven,  
Like nests in the cliff her homes in the rock are seen.

## III.

Fair is the view when the morning mists are melting,  
Bridge and river and tree awake in the dark ;  
Fairer yet when the rosy clouds of vespèr  
Fire all the Gothic glass, and fair when Hesper  
Shoots at the blue his tiny silvery mark.

## IV.

But fairest of all when the winter sun is glowing,  
And the bluest sky in the world is overhead,  
Or when at night all the jewell'd lights are shining,  
And the twisted ribbons of fire are gaily twining  
Around her pines to the sound of her children's tread.

## V.

\* Outaouai! Whatever else betide her,  
Beauty is hers for a birthright sure and sweet,  
And old Romance, could he see her rocks and ridges,  
Could he stand but once on her spray-swept stormy  
bridges,  
Would grow young again as he cast himself at her feet.

• Original Indian.

## GATINEAU POINT.

A half-breed, slim, and sallow of face,  
Alphonse lies full length on his raft,  
The hardy son of a hybrid race.

Lithe and long, with the Indian grace,  
Vers'd in the varied Indian craft,  
A half-breed, slim, and sallow of face,

He nurses within mad currents that chase—  
The swift, the sluggish—a foreign graft,  
This hardy son of a hybrid race.

What southern airs, what snows embrace  
Within his breast—soft airs that waft  
The half-breed—slim, and sallow of face,

Far from the Gatineau's foaming base!  
And what strong potion hath he quaff'd,  
This hardy son of a hybrid race,

That upon this sun-bak'd blister'd place  
He sleeps, with his hand on the burning haft,  
A Metis—slim, and sallow of face,  
The hardy son of a hybrid race!

## THE VOYAGEUR.

Like the swarthy son of some tropic shore  
 He sleeps, with his olive bosom bar'd,  
 He sleeps—in his earrings of brassy ore.

Like a tawny tiger whom hot hours bore,  
 When all night long he has growled and glar'd  
 At the swarthy son of some tropic shore,

Like a fierce-ey'd blossom with heart of gore  
 That too long in the sun-flush'd fields has flar'd,  
 He sleeps—in his earrings of brassy ore,

And his scarlet sash that he gaily wore  
 To tempt Madelon—who his heart has snar'd,  
 Like the swarthy son of some tropic shore.

That dusky form might a queen adore—  
*Prenez garde*, Madelon, for a season spar'd,  
 He sleeps—in his earrings of brassy ore.

For a season only. What may be in store  
 For Madelon? She who has never car'd!

\* \* \* \* \*

Like the swarthy son of some tropic shore  
 He sleeps—in his earrings of brassy ore.



## DANGER.

Well! Let him sleep! Time enough to awake  
When sunset ushers a kind release,  
When cooling shadows the raft overtake.

For Madelon's heart will never break  
For Alphonse, but for Verrier, *fi*ls,  
So—let him sleep. Time enough to awake

When Verrier, dressed for Madelon's sake  
In his best, is up the river à piece,  
When cooling shadows the raft overtake.

A Carmen—she—whose eyelashes make  
Havoc with all—old Boucher's niece—  
So! Let him sleep, time enough to awake,

For a desperate thing is a bad heart-ache,  
And one that may not entirely cease  
When cooling shadows the raft overtake.

If they met, who knows—a spring, a shake,  
A jack-knife, deadly as Malay creece—  
Hush! Let him sleep! Time enough to awake  
When cooling shadows the raft overtake.

## LES CHANTIERS.

For know, my girl, there is always the axe  
Ready at hand in this latitude,  
And how it stings and bites and hacks

When Alphonse the sturdy trees attacks!  
So fear, child, to cross him, or play the prude,  
For know, my girl, there is always the axe.

See! it shines even now as his hands relax  
Their grip with a dread desire imbued,  
And how it stings and bites and hacks,

And how it rips and cuts and cracks  
—Perhaps—in his brain as the foe is pursued,  
For know, my girl, there is always the axe.

The giant boles in the forest tracks  
Stagger, soul-smitten, when afar it is viewed,  
And how it stings and bites and hacks!

Then how, Madelon, should its fearful thwacks  
A slender lad like your own elude?  
For know, my girl, there is always the axe,  
And how it stings! and bites! and hacks!

CHATEAU PAPINEAU.

(*Afloat.*)

I.

The red til'd towers of the old Château  
Perch'd on the cliff above our bark,  
Burn in the western evening glow.

The fiery spirit of Papineau  
Consumes them still with its fever spark,  
The red til'd towers of the old Château!

Drift by and mark how bright they show,  
And how the mullion'd windows—mark!  
Burn in the western evening glow!

Drift down, or up, where'er you go,  
They flame from out the distant park,  
The red til'd towers of the old Château.

So was it once with friend, with foe;  
Far off they saw the patriot's ark  
Burn in the western evening glow.

Think of him now! One thought bestow,  
As, blazing against the pine trees dark,  
The red til'd towers of the old Château  
Burn in the western evening glow!

(*Ashore*)

II.

Within this charmèd cool retreat  
Where bounty dwelt and beauty waits,  
The Old World and the New World meet.

Quitting the stragglng village street,  
Enter,—passing the great gray gates,  
Within this charmèd cool retreat.

Where thrives a garden, ancient, neat,  
Where vulgar noise ne'er penetrates,  
The Old World and the New World meet.

For mouldering vault and carven seat  
Tell us that France predominates  
Within this charmèd cool retreat,

Though Canada be felt in beat  
Of summer pulse that enervates.  
The Old World and the New World meet

In dial, harbour, tropic heat.  
Enter! And note, how clear all states—  
That in this charmèd cool retreat,  
The Old World and the New World meet.

## III.

The garden's past. 'Tis forest now  
    Encircling us with leafy tide,  
Close clustering in green branch and bough.

So beautiful a wood, we vow,  
    Was never seen, so fresh, so wide.  
The garden's past, 'tis forest now,

'Tis more, 'tis Canada, and how  
    Should feudal leaven lurk and hide  
Close clustering in green branch and bough?

Quaintly the dial on the brow  
    Of yonder open glade is spied;  
The garden's past, 'tis forest now,

Yet doth the dial straight endow  
    The green with glamour undenied,  
Close clustering in green branch and bough.

Such relics who would disallow?  
    We pause and ponder; turn aside;  
The garden's past, 'tis forest now,  
Close clustering in green branch and bough.

## IV.

The glint of steel, the gleam of brocade,  
 "Monseigneur" up in his tarnish'd frame,  
 A long low terrace, half sun, half shade;

Tapestry, dusty, dim and fray'd,  
 Fauteuil and sofa, a flickering flame,  
 A glint of steel, a gleam of brocade;

"Mdme" on the wall as a roguish maid,  
 Later—some years—as a portly dame,  
 The long low terrace, half sun, half shade,

Where "Mdme's" ghost and "Monsieur's" parade,  
 And play at *ombre*, their favorite game!  
 The glint of steel, the gleam of brocade

Hang over hall and balustrade.  
 Paceth a spectral peacock tame  
 The long low terrace, half sun, half shade.

Waketh a nightly serenade  
 Where daylight now we see proclaim  
 The glint of steel, the gleam of brocade,  
 The long low terrace, half sun, half shade!

## V.

The spell of Age is over all,  
The lichen'd vault, the massive keep,  
The shaded walks, the shadowy hall,

And mediæval mists enthrall  
The senses bath'd in beauty sleep,  
The spell of age is over all!

No marvel if a silken shawl  
Be sometimes heard to trail and sweep  
The shaded walks, the shadowy hall.

No marvel if a light footfall  
Adown the stair be heard to creep—  
The spell of age is over all.

A foot—we muse—both arch'd and small,  
Doth often tread this terrace steep,  
Those shaded walks, this shadowy hall,

A foot as white as trilliums tall—  
Musing, the wall we lightly leap.  
The spell of Age is over all!  
The shaded walks—the shadowy hall.



O how leapt our spirits up,  
(Like the crystal in the cup.)

When at Thurso first we heard  
Natalie, our contralto bird,

Shy and slim, brown-ey'd, fifteen,  
With her fearless walk and mien,

And her songs of twenty verses,  
Songs once sung by Norman nurses!

Long we lay and listen'd, lying,  
Trusty oars no longer plying,

Stretch'd beneath the sumach's shade,  
While the fearless dark-ey'd maid

Sang of castles, cavaliers,  
Perils, patches, kisses, tears,

And the intervals so tender  
Made our sordid souls surrender

To a modern "nut brown mayde,"  
Darkest hair in heaviest braid,

Darkest eyes and olive cheek,  
Eyes both mischievous and meek.

Do thou not, my friend, forget  
Dainty featur'd Nicolette,

Aucassin, her lover bold—  
All the dainty story, told

In the antique measur'd verse,  
Quaint *tirade* and metre terse.

\* \* \* \* \*

So when danger threaten'd, we  
Bade farewell to Natalie,

Bade farewell to island, shore,  
Open roof and forest floor,  
Languidly upheld the oar.



## II.

The tall twin towers of the grim *église*  
Loom up over the wharf and street,  
Over the Lombardy poplar trees.

Whichever way one goes one sees  
The *séminaire*, and is sure to meet  
The tall twin towers of the grim *église*,

And but for the keen Canadian breeze  
Blowing the sharp Canadian sleet  
Over the Lombardy poplar trees

To me and Pierre, who says it will freeze  
By night, I feel as if I must greet  
The tall twin towers of the grim *église*

For an Old World church with Old World fees,  
The Old World *carillon* sounding sweet  
Over the Lombardy poplar trees.

*Vite donc*, my Pierre ! For the time it flees ;  
Once more would I see from my snug low seat  
The tall twin towers of the grim *église*  
Over the Lombardy poplar trees.

## AT ST. REMI.

I think of a land far over sea  
When I view the purple iris blooms,  
The land of the golden fleur-de-lis.

When Susette in her earrings of filigree  
Dons her cap and shoulders her brooms,  
I think of a land far over sea.

When I watch Nanon and old Marie,  
I seem to view in the whirring looms  
The land of the golden fleur-de-lis.

When Francois-Xavier *McCartie*  
Sings as he strides across the booms,  
I think of a land far over sea—

'Tis ever the same at St. Remi,  
They all suggest, both girls and grooms,  
The land of the golden fleur-de-lis!

Vanish—each fir, each prim pine tree,  
Vanish—the wilds with their wintry glooms—  
I think instead of a land over sea,  
The land of the golden fleur-de-lis.

## PETITE STE. ROSALIE.

Father Couture loves a fricassee,  
    Serv'd with a sip of home-made wine,  
He is the Curé, so jolly and free,

And lives in Petite Ste. Rosalie.  
    On Easter Sunday when one must dine,  
Father Couture loves a fricassee.

No stern ascetic, no stoic is he,  
    Preaching a rigid right divine.  
He is the Curé, so jolly and free,

That while he maintains his dignity,  
    When Lent is past and the weather is fine,  
Father Couture loves a fricassee.

He kills his chicken himself—*on dit*,  
    And who is there dare the deed malign?  
He is the Curé, so jolly and free.

Open and courteous, fond of a fee,  
    The village deity, bland and benign,  
Father Couture loves a fricassee,  
He's a sensible Curé, so jolly and free!

## AT CAP SANTE.

## I.

I ask'd to-day, "how old is the bride?"  
And they told me, quick, and true, and straight.  
Jeannette has no need her age to hide,

But says "fourteen" with an air of pride.  
Now if in town at the gray church gate  
I should ask to-day how old is the bride,

Would Lilian's friends the truth confide,  
Or me would they fain execrate?  
Jeannette has no need her age to hide.

Her eyes met mine as her hat I tied,  
Frank eyes, that smil'd with an air sedate  
When I ask'd to-day—how old is the bride?

Fourteen! Just think! Ye belles, aside!  
Bid envy swift capitulate!  
Jeannette has no need her age to hide.

Heigho! those calm dark eyes! I sigh'd,  
When musing much on the holy estate,  
I ask'd to-day—how old is the bride?  
Jeannette has no need *her* age to hide.

## II.

They'll keep it up for 'a week, they say,  
The wedding, I mean, of Jules and Jeannette  
'Tis the proper thing at Cap Santé.

The cousins will come from Nicolet,  
From Batiscan, from Joliette,  
They'll keep it up for a week, they say.

And dance and fiddle and sing away,  
Marie-Anne, Max, Léon, Lisette,  
'Tis the proper thing at Cap Santé,

And they come prepar'd for the merry fray,  
They're fond of Jules, they *adore* Jeannette—  
They'll keep it up *for a week*, they say.

Well! they're a hard-work'd lot though gay,  
And doubtless earn what fun they get;  
'Tis the proper thing, at Cap Santé,

But we—who would put it through in a day,  
We dullards are by doubts beset.  
They'll keep it up for a week, *they say*,  
'Tis the proper thing at Cap Santé.

## THE BEGGARS OF COTE BEAUPRE.

Here they come, whining and wailing, the Beggars of  
Côte Beaupré!  
Lazy as limp Lazzaroni, an indigent herd,  
Mouthing and mumbling and making a hell of the  
free highway.

Trembling, importunate, ragged, each in his vile array,  
Blear-ey'd and bloodshot, both vision and intellect  
blurr'd,  
Here they come, whining and wailing, the Beggars of  
Côte Beaupré.

“After” some very old master, a Teniers or Dyck in  
his day,  
Perfect in patches, in palms all horny and furr'd,  
Mouthing and mumbling and making a hell of the  
free highway;

Limping and lounging and breathing the breath of their  
own decay,  
Each as the ghost of the other, frail shell and foul sherd,  
Here they come, whining and wailing, the Beggars of  
Côte Beaupré.

Or Sidon, or Tyre, or Capernaum never were wont  
to display  
More pure archetypal road paupers by no man deterr'd,  
Mouthing and mumbling and making a hell of the  
free highway.

Brushing the red-fruited orchards all laden with apples  
so gay,  
And harbouring many a butterfly, many a bird,  
Here they come, whining and wailing, the Beggars of  
Côte Beaupré,  
Mouthing and mumbling and making a hell of the  
free highway.

## STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

## I.

In the sacred hamlet of Bonne Ste. Anne  
One is never far from the Wayside Cross,  
One is always near some talisman,

For relics, preserv'd on a famous plan  
Abound, nor suffer change or loss  
In the sacred hamlet of Bonne Ste. Anne.

There, since the century first began,  
The crucifix stands, o'ergrown with moss;  
One is always near some talisman,

Some skull that the poor devout may scan,  
Some bone that glows with a wonderful gloss,  
In the sacred hamlet of Bonne Ste. Anne.

For a tooth, or a toe, the caravan  
Of pilgrims away its life would toss—  
One is always near some talisman!

Here are the nails half buried in bran!  
Here is the corner Wayside Cross!  
In the sacred hamlet of Bonne Ste. Anne  
One is always near *some* talisman.

## II.

Follow, follow the Pilgrims, hastening down to their  
shrine,

Dusty and worn their garments, weary their feet . . .  
Hastening fast to the fane by the edge of the brine.

Talisman nought but earthy, the earthy immers'd in  
divine . . .

What does it matter? We scent the wilderness sweet,  
Follow, follow the Pilgrims, hastening down to their  
shrine.

Brittany! Hearken and wonder! Your children's chil-  
dren incline,

Passing the Host as it moveth along the street,  
Hastening fast to the fane by the edge of the brine.

Under the shade of a stately, a mighty Canadian pine,  
Miracles daily are done and Rome is complete . . .

Follow, follow the Pilgrims, hastening down to their  
shrine!

Mother of Churches who sets for her children's children  
such wine

Giveth them also strange and miraculous meat . . .  
Hastening fast to the fane by the edge of the brine,

Mother of Churches, of Nations! we also, we fall into  
line,

Follow the blind and the lame, the frail and the fleet,  
Follow, follow the Pilgrims, hastening down to their  
shrine,

Hastening fast to the fane by the edge of the brine.

## AT ST. BARTHELEMI.

In the parish of St. Barthélemi

There is always something taking place,  
A procession, a fête, or a jubilee,

Some kind of religious revelry

That pleases the fervid populace  
In the parish of St. Barthélemi.

The saints must each be remember'd. you see,  
Which perfectly suits the Gallic race . . .  
A procession, a fête, or a jubilee,

Fix'd by the Church's fast decree,  
Makes them both happy and full of grace.  
In the parish of St. Barthélemi

You will easily learn to bow the knee,  
And each in its turn you will straight embrace—  
A procession, a fête, or a jubilee.

In fact, there is always on the *tapis*,  
Moving at mediæval pace,  
In the parish of St. Barthélemi,  
A procession, a fête, or a jubilee.

## ST. JEAN B'PTISTE.

## I.

'Tis the day of the blessed St. Jean B'ptiste,  
And the streets are full of the folk awaiting  
The favourite French-Canadian feast.

One knows by the bells which have never ceas'd,  
Since early morn réverberating,  
'Tis the day of the blessed St. Jean B'ptiste.

Welcome it! Joyeux, the portly priest!  
Welcome it! Nun, at your iron grating!  
The favourite French-Canadian feast.

Welcome it! Antoine, one of the least  
Of the earth's meek little ones, meditating  
On the day of the blessed St. Jean B'ptiste,

On the jostling crowd that has swift increas'd  
Behind him, before him, celebrating  
The favourite French-Canadian feast.

He is cloth'd in the skin of some savage beast.  
Who cares if he be near suffocating?  
'Tis the day of the blessed St. Jean B'ptiste,  
The favourite French-Canadian Feast.

## II.

Poor little Antoine! He does not mind.

It is all for the church, for a grand good cause,  
The nuns are so sweet and the priests so kind.

The martyr's spirit is fast enshrin'd  
In the ~~any~~ form that the ox-cart draws,  
Poor little Antoine, he does not mind.

Poor little soul, for the cords that bind  
Are stronger than ardor for fame or applause—  
The nuns are so sweet and the priests so kind.

And after the fête a feast is design'd—  
Locusts and honey are both in the clause—  
Brave little Antoine! He does not mind.

The heat, nor the hungry demon twin'd  
Around his vitals that tears and gnaws,  
The nuns are so sweet and the priests so kind.

The dust is flying. The streets are lin'd  
With the panting crowd that prays for a pause.  
Poor little Antoine! *He* does not mind!  
The nuns are *so sweet* and the priests *so kind*,

## AT STE. ROSE.

How the days are long at little Ste. Rose,  
Long in the leaf-time, long in July,  
Very long when the winter sunshine glows!

In Xmas week when the shops disclose  
To the people in town grand things to buy,  
How the days are long at little Ste. Rose!

"Yes!" pouts Corinne, with her little nose  
At the window pane, "it is long!" (with a sigh)  
"Very long when the winter sunshine glows,

And there is but Josephe and *mon oncle* who doze,  
And nothing outside but the snow and the sky—  
How the days are long at little Ste. Rose.

I can tell you—quick!" Ah, the fierce little pose  
Of the petulant puss who the Fates would defy!  
What! Long when the winter sunshine glows,

In the spring time too? Now I think if she chose,  
I would willingly turn aside and try  
If the days *are* long at little Ste. Rose,  
Very long when the winter sunshine glows.

## AT ST. HILAIRE.

*Combien des enfans?* Why, twenty-five!

Now, by all the Gods and every Saint,  
I wonder the woman is left alive

To tell the tale! How many survive?

She answers me, calm and without constraint,  
“*Combien? Mossieu?* Why, twenty-five.”

Not *one* ever lost? Not one; they thrive,

Do little ones in this parish quaint.  
I wonder the woman is left alive,

Who has less than twelve. The bigger the hive,  
The greater the honour, no sign of complaint—  
*Combien des enfans?* Why, twenty-five.

The men don't care and the priests contrive  
At mass the duty of parents to paint,  
But I wonder the women are left alive.

Here come Antoine, Joseph, Max, who drive

The rest—fifteen. At the sight you faint.  
*Combien des enfans?* Why, twenty-five!  
I wonder the woman is left alive.

## AT STE. SCHOLASTIQUE.

## I.

The faint warm glimpse of an olive cheek  
We catch in the light of the evening sun  
At a casement in Ste. Scholastique.

By a profile perfect if hardly Greek  
We are not alone dismay'd, undone—  
The faint warm glimpse of an olive cheek,

Do other travellers wistfully seek,  
And scholars some terrible risks have run  
'Neath a casement in Ste. Scholastique.

The tint is so rich—the hair so sleek!  
As the curtains move, the glimpse is won,  
The faint warm glimpse of an olive cheek!

Can it be, as they say, that in less than a week  
That black-hair'd nymph will pose as a nun  
At a casement in Ste. Scholastique?

That Nanon will merge into Marie meek?  
If so, pass on, and devoutly shun  
The faint warm glimpse of an olive cheek  
At a casement in Ste. Scholastique.

## II.

The World, the Flesh, and the Devil—they're  
On the country road, in the gas-lit town,  
Anear and afar and everywhere.

When Nanon sets a spray in her hair,  
Or pins a rose on her homespun gown,  
The World, the Flesh and the Devil are there!

And no one escapes the triune snare,  
Nor Faust, nor Fool, nor King nor Clown.  
Anear and afar and everywhere

They weave and whisper and never spare  
Either labouring man or man of renown.  
The World, the Flesh and the Devil—they're

Even within the wall four-square  
Of Nanon's convent. They fume and frown  
Anear and afar and everywhere!

Sweet soul! Hearken well to the oath you swear  
While girl-like you grasp the coveted Crown,  
For the World, the Flesh and the Devil—they're  
Anear, and afar, and everywhere.

## CATHARINE PLOUFFE.

This gray-hair'd spinster, Catharine Plouffe—  
Observe her, a contrast to convent chits,  
At her spinning wheel, in the room in the roof!

Yet there are those who believe that the hoof  
Of a horse is nightly heard as she knits—  
This gray-hair'd spinster, Catharine Plouffe—

Stockings of fabulous warp and woof,  
And that old Benedict's black pipe she permits  
At her spinning wheel, in the room in the roof,

For thirty years. So the gossip. A proof  
Of her constant heart? Nay. No one twits  
This gray-hair'd spinster, Catharine Plouffe;

The neighbours respect her but hold aloof,  
Admiring her back as she steadily sits  
At her spinning wheel, in her room in the roof.

Will they ever marry? Just ask her. Pouf!  
She would like you to know she's not lost her wits—  
This gray-hair'd spinster, Catharine Plouffe,  
At her spinning wheel in the room in the roof!

## BENEDICT BROSSE.

## I.

Hale, and though sixty, without a stoop,  
What does old Benedict want with a wife?  
Can he not make his own pea soup?

Better than most men—never droop  
In the August noons when storms are rife?  
Hale, and though sixty, without a stoop,

Supreme in the barn, the kitchen, the coop,  
Can he not use both broom and knife?  
Can he not make his own pea soup?

Yet Widow Gouin in command of the troop  
Of gossips, can tell of the spinsters' strife.  
Hale, and though sixty, without a stoop,

There's a dozen would jump through the golden hoop,  
For he's rich, and hardy for his time of life,  
—Can he not make his own pea soup?

But Benedict's wise and the village group  
He ignores, while he smokes and plays on his fife.  
Hale, and though sixty, without a stoop,  
Can he not make his own pea soup?

## II.

As for Catharine—now, *she's* a woman of sense,  
Though hard to win, so Benedict thinks,  
Though hard to please and near with the pence.

Down to the widow Rose Archambault's fence  
Her property runs and Benedict winks—  
As for Catharine—now, she's a woman of sense.

At times he has wished to drop all pretense  
And ask her—she's fond of a bunch of pinks,  
Though hard to please and near with the pence,

But he never progresses—the best evidence  
That from *medias res* our Benedict Shrinks.  
As for Catharine—now, she's a woman of sense,

A woman of rarest intelligence;  
She manages well, is as close as the sphinx,  
Though hard to please and near with the pence.

Still, that is a virtue at St. Clements.  
Look at Rose Archambault, the improvident minx!  
As for Catharine now, *she's* a woman of sense,  
Though hard to please and near with the pence.

## PARENTHESE AND ADIEU.

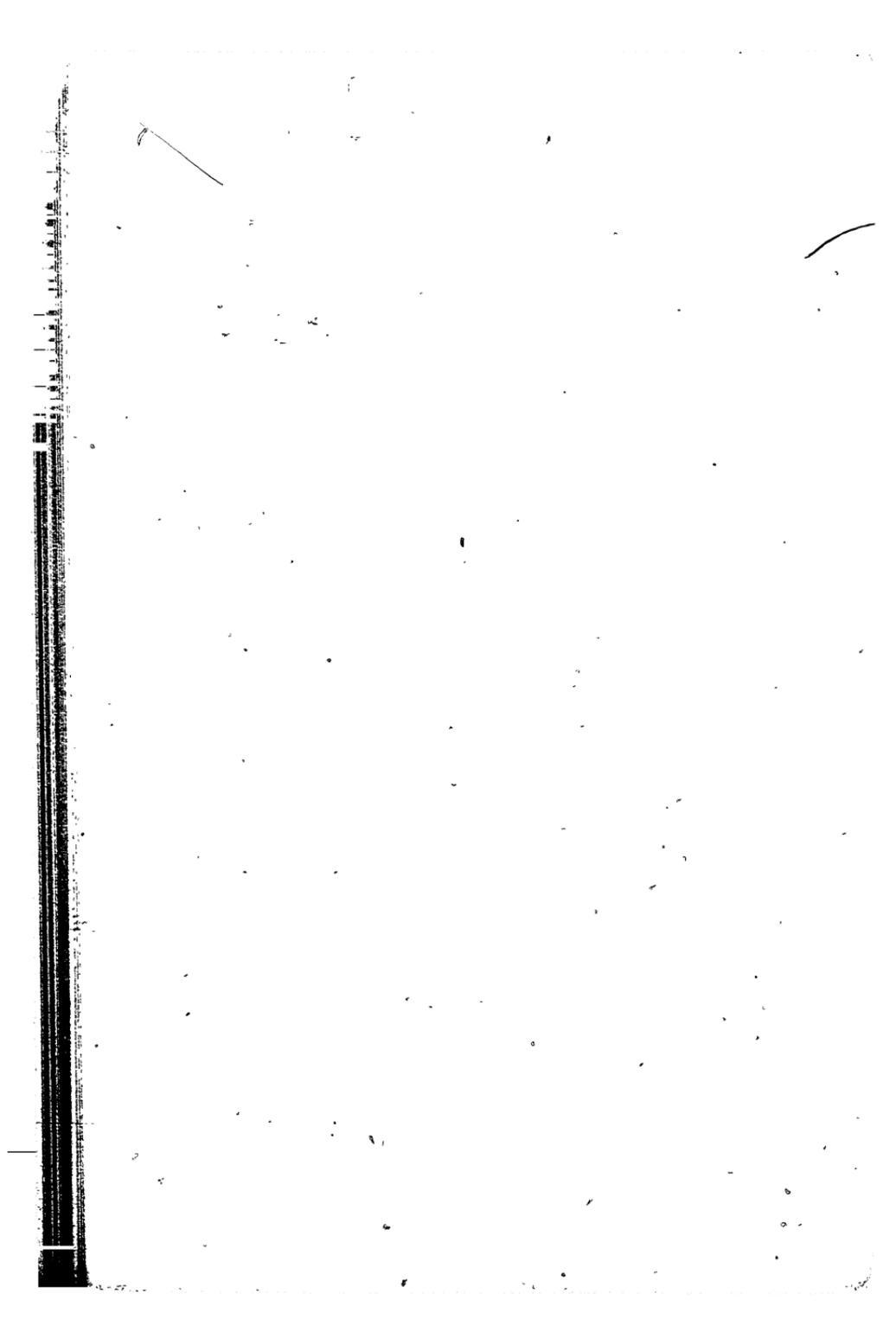
Well! 'tis over. Good-bye, Jeannette!  
Good-bye, Nanon, and you, my pet,  
Natalie—child of the dancing eye,  
*Chère* Natalie, good-bye, good-bye!  
Farewell—for a while, each spire-deckt town,  
Each slip of a girl, so lithe and brown,  
Each rushing river, each mountain mere,  
Each vesper bell, so haunting clear!  
Farewell, Madelon, farewell, Corinne,  
And M'nselle Plouffe, so tall and thin!  
Before we visit your shores again  
Old Hymen you may entertain,  
And now, to please us, pray let us know  
If it really happens—thus—and—so.  
A piece of red satin for Sunday wear,  
Some stout white lace that will never tear,  
An ostrich plume of a vivid green,  
Some red glass earrings fit for a queen,  
A pair of blue kids and a nickel chain—  
These you shall have. In return we fain  
Would purchase a few of your home-made chairs—  
Those neat little rocker'd light wooden affairs—  
Some home-made flannel, some knitted socks,  
Some seeds of your double purple stocks,  
And—if you will—of your hollyhocks.  
We know, *mes filles*, this is much to demand,  
For the latter came from that gracious land,

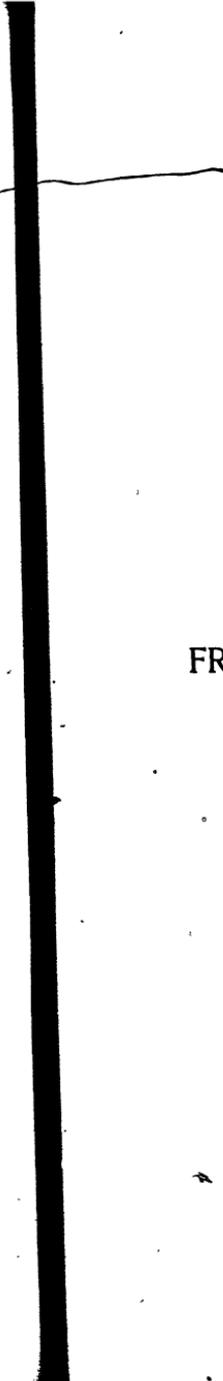
Your own *belle France* in the long ago,  
Brought by your sires from St. Malo.  
So farewell, Natalie, farewell, child—  
The summer is passing, the birds fly south,  
And we who were for a time beguil'd  
By a laughing eye, by a mocking mouth,  
We pass with the summer, we fly like the birds,  
And phrases are empty—no comfort in words.  
Shall you be still our sweet Natalie  
When we come next year, just as free and gay,  
Just as fond of the dance and the fête and the play?  
We ask it, you know, since maidens like you  
Are rare in the Vale of the Richelieu,  
And they marry so young—there's your friend Jeannette  
Is only fourteen, and you, my pet,  
Are one year older already—ah! stay  
At the "Sacred Heart" for a year and a day  
Before you consent. "Consent! *Ma foy!*  
You think, I suppose, that I like *that boy*,  
Mdme. Brosse's Alphonse!!" Why, you *know* you do,  
So promise, *ma mie*, when he comes to woo,  
You will send him home to his own Berthier,  
And keep him there for a year and a day.

## L'ENVOI.

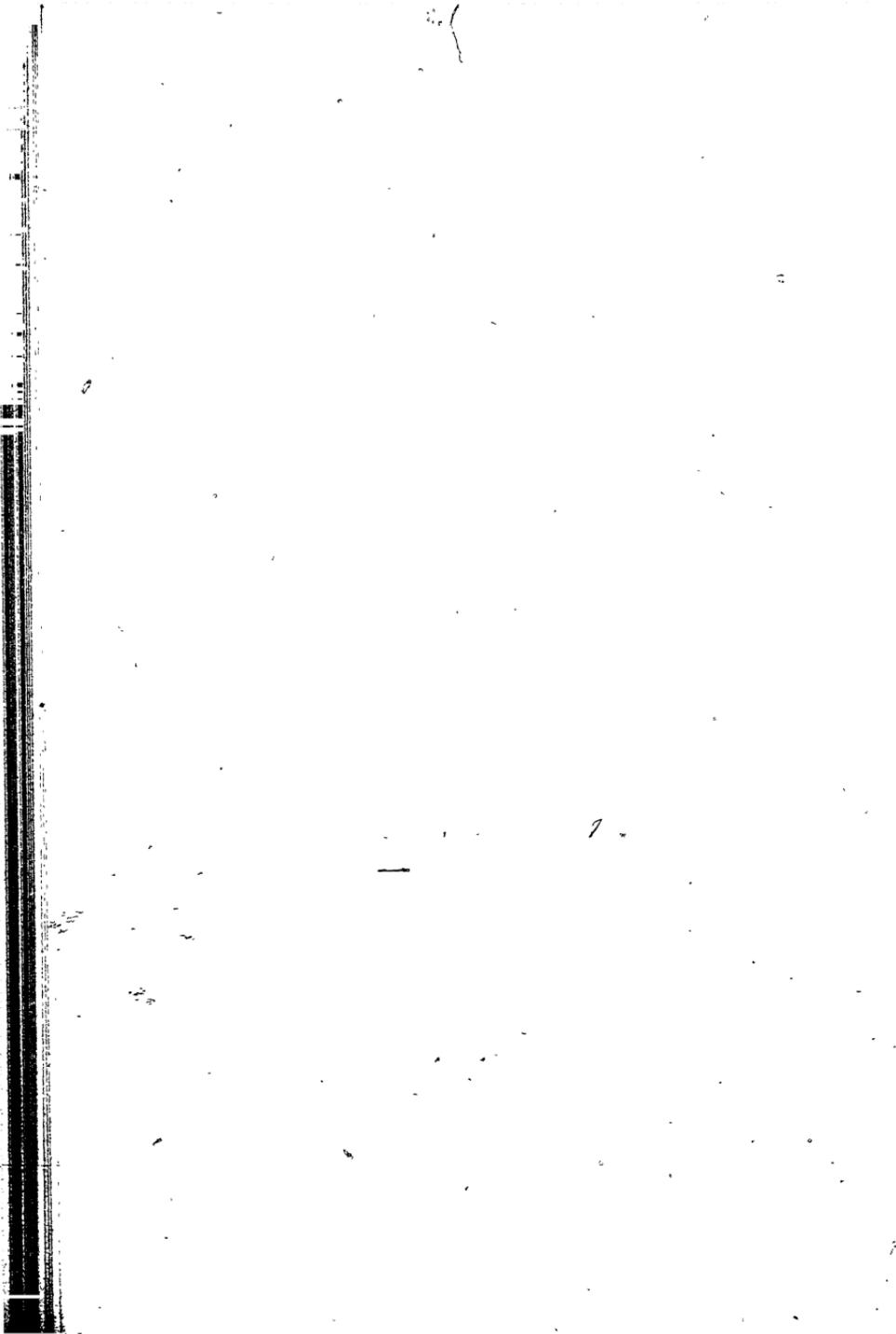
Friend, these simple rhymes forgive!  
I do not ask that they should live  
In your memory or your mind;  
If within your heart 'enshrin'd  
I shall deem that Fate was kind.  
Simple, nay, imperfect too,  
Judge them—as you're free to do.  
But the while you lightly blame  
Rhymes that bear a Gallic name,  
Carping at the foreign metre,  
Thinking English had been sweeter,  
Let at least each sparkling rill,  
Each quaint church upon a hill,  
And a quainter people still  
Charm you, friend, to near forgetting  
All the poorness of the setting.  
Read my *cantefable* chiefly  
For its subject. Yet—and briefly—  
Read it—'tis Montaigne's own line—  
“Not because 'tis good, but—mine.”

Thus I send these fifty-two  
Simple rhymes, my friend, to you.





FROM THE PINE TO THE ROSE.



## VICTORIA REGINA.

All through London's mighty maze  
Rolled the tide of Jubilee,  
From her dark and sordid ways  
Came the children out to see  
England's Queen of fifty years.  
Beat the heart and fell the tears,  
As with martial fire and blaze,  
Pomp and pageantry and praise,  
Rolled the tide of Jubilee!

All along the mighty maze  
Rolled the Pageant of our Queen.  
There was not in ancient days  
Fairer Pageant ever seen.  
Withered, hangs the Tudor Rose,  
All the glimmering past but shows  
Faded in the glorious blaze  
Of these late Victorian days—  
Roll—the Pageant of our Queen!

\* \* \* \* \*

In the fulness of her time,  
All her children bow and meet  
In a Jubilee of rhyme;  
Cheer of army, shout of fleet!

She has seen the greatest die,  
 She has felt their souls pass by ;  
 She has heard a nation weep  
 For an Iron Duke asleep,  
 For a Gordon in his prime—  
 Hark ! from each colonial clime,  
 Rings a cry through London street.

Rings, till chokes the London cry,  
 Silence, guns, and silence, wheels !  
 Let her distant songs draw nigh,  
 Till our loyal anthem peals  
 Far from blue Canadian sky,  
 Pierces through the gray old pile,  
 Back along the Strand a mile  
 Echoes over Dome and Tower  
 Love for love and dower for dower,  
 Hers—the right to love and power ;  
 Her—to whom our anthem peals,  
 Thunders, till her woman's heart,  
 Womanly, though queenly, reels.

Lo ! Victoria ! We bring  
 Love and brave fidelity.  
 This believe, that with us sing  
 Lovers of the *fleur-de-lis*.

Lovers of the Island Green,  
Kneel with us in earnest mien,  
    This believe, though faults of youth  
    Seem to dull the edge of Truth,  
    Dim the Sun of Loyalty.

For should race dissension spread  
    Thick and deep as falls our snow,  
It should ne'er of us be said  
    That we could let England—go.  
No! Heart with heart and hand in hand  
All Englishmen would make a stand  
For Honour and the dear Old Land,  
    And ever deem her own their foe.

\* \* \* \* \*

So through London's crowded street  
    Loud the younger voices rang;  
Of the Polar pines and sleet,  
    Of the Prairie wide they sang;  
From the sands of the Soudan,  
From the sultry airs that fan  
Egypt, India—from the Cape—  
    From the thronging states that shape  
A second Britain in the West  
    Came the offering of their best.

Nay, the whole round world awoke,  
High a cloud of incense broke,  
Reverent greeting fond and free  
To the Queen of fifty years;  
Beat the hearts and fell the tears,  
As with martial fire and blaze,  
Pomp and pageantry and praise,  
Rolled the tide of Jubilee!

## \* IN THE QUEEN'S PARK, MAY 24th, 1887.

Come! What are ye waitin' there for?  
 Don't ye 'ear what the people say?  
 Don't ye want to join the procession?  
 Don't ye know it's the Queen's Birthday?  
 If *I* was the one as faltered,  
 And grumbled and looked kind o' black,  
 It might be forgiven me, surely,  
 With ninety years at my back.  
 But there! I'm as willin' as ever,  
 Although I can't 'ear 'em play,  
 To join with the band in singin'  
 "God Save 'Er" on 'er Birthday!

She's sixty-eight and I'm ninety;  
 We're both gettin' on, I know.  
 She's the Dook o' Kent's little daughter,  
 I mind 'er openin' show.  
 'Twas in the black old Abbey—  
 How the London crowd did pour  
 'Long the Strand from dock and City  
 And cheered 'er at the door!  
 And I was there, and your father,  
 And we both elbowed our way  
 To the side o' the Royal Carriage  
 On the Coronation Day!

\* On the occasion of the trooping of the colours by Lord Lansdowne.

She give us a smile, I remember,  
And we come away satisfied.  
I see 'er next at 'er weddin,  
With Prince Albert at 'er side.  
I did'nt sulk and grumble  
As some o' you young uns do;  
I'd been used to crowds 'afore—why, boy!  
I was at Waterloo;  
And in crowds, mind, do as I do,  
Just push and fight your way,  
Or ye'll find—'ere, boy! your arm, lad!  
Pretty work on a Queen's Birthday!

They had almost ridden me down like,  
'Tis a pity old folks can't 'ear,  
But my sight is as good as ever,  
And there goes a Grenadier!  
A splendid fellow he is, too—  
A chip off the fine old block,  
And 'ere is the Governor-General,  
Sharp to his 'leven o'clock!  
Ay, ay, but it takes me back, lad,  
And England seems far away,  
And I wish I could cheer as I'd like to  
For 'er Sixty-Eighth Birthday.

But you—why, I'm 'alf ashamed o' ye!  
Ye don't give as lusty a cheer  
As me with my bent old shoulders,  
As me with my ninety year!  
Ye've got hold o' new ideas;  
“Beant English”—well, that may be;  
Ye “wasn't born in England,”—  
But your father was—and me,  
And ye live in the Queen's Dominions,  
And ye owe her every way,  
And it's nothin' more than your duty  
To cheer on the Queen's Birthday.

For what if your mother was Irish,  
And what if ye don't just like  
The ways o' some around ye,  
And feel sort o' set on strike!  
Take me—I come out in—'40  
To this 'ere Canadian land,  
And there's many things as I know  
I don't yet 'alf understand,—  
Why the Quality's twice as 'aughty,  
Why the Parks must be sold away,  
And why ye must drink in water  
'Er 'ealth on the Queen's Birthday.

But though I'm a loyal Briton  
I love the new land too.  
What's this O'Brien? Who's he  
To meddle with me and you?  
'Tis a fair young land in truth, lad,  
Look around, and ye'll see how fair,  
With the glory o' spring-time grasses,  
With the chestnut smell in the air.  
Why, a prettier spot than this, lad,  
And people in finer array  
Could 'ardly be found in Old England,  
A-keepin the Queen's Birthday!

And we look to all you youngsters  
To keep your land fair and young,  
To take no man for a leader  
As hasn't an honest tongue.  
There! Watch the eddykongs gallop,  
And 'ark to a British cheer!  
Get me a better place, lad —  
I wish your "O'Brien" was 'ere!  
And I wish that the Queen 'erself was  
Able to see the display,  
And the loyal crowds as is keepin'  
'Er Sixty-Eighth Birthday!

## ENGLAND.

The Lark at dawn, the Nightingale at eve  
Conspire to make it beautiful. I had dreamed  
Of some such Beauty—lo! it rose around me  
More exquisite than any dream, more fair,  
Than even the favourite dreams of cherished children,  
And what those are—how strange, how sweet, how rare,  
We all remember—when a touch, a sound,

Startles us, and we look

Backwards—ten, twenty, thirty, forty years.

Yet fairer even than those

Cloud-visions capped with rose,

My England—with her abbeys framed in green;

Gray Tintern set not too far from the sea

By subtle monks, safe in its rim of hills,

And gayer Furness, clad in mellow reds

That glimmer warm through many an ivy-mat,

And tall cathedrals tipped with shimmering spires,

That hang over hut and hall,

And satin poppies, scarlet, wild,

Clasped in the hands of the labourer's child,

And tangled cottage gardens gaily drest

In all their rustic Sunday summer best.

O blame them not who evermore

Upon a cold colonial shore

Feel their hearts burn within them at the thought

Of all that Beauty! Let it be said of such—  
Not that they loved their Canada the less  
But only—England—the more. Let it be said  
Of them, that nature did so feed their souls  
With all that was grand, illimitable, potent, fresh,  
That poesy failed them. Nature was all in all;  
Too self-sufficing, strong, relentless, masterful,  
To aid the human spirit. Then there stole  
From English valleys, leafy lanes, high hills,  
From sloping uplands, farms and lichened towers,  
From roofless ruins gracious in decay—  
Something—a sentiment, aspiration, wish—  
That soothed, inspired at once, that gave for wild  
Dissatisfaction, peace. Dear England! I—  
I have not—yet I fain had been—thy child!

ON DURDHAM DOWN.

I.

O who will come and view with me  
The glory of the chestnut tree ?

And who with me will fondly laud,  
Forgetting carven ones abroad,

In London, Moscow, or in Rome,  
This green and more harmonious dome ?

If such a friend exist for me,  
Let him make haste, come soon, that we

Together rosy rain may share,  
That falls upon my cheek, my hair,

Then flutters delicately down,  
Bestrews with pink the roadside brown.

II.

Choice of the chestnuts, pink or white,  
Is mine and his for our delight.

## III.

Then let him come with me and see  
The blossoming laburnum tree.

The purest yellow in the world  
Hangs from its tender green unfurled.

No poet that I know has sung  
This perfect yellow downward flung—

Indeed, no poet that I know,  
From out his heart's glad overflow,

Has sung, as I should like to sing,  
The splendours of an English spring.

Is it revealed to me this day  
To be the priestess of the May,

The next, the fairest that we see,  
The best beloved of any tree,

The hawthorn—pink, and white, and red,  
That sometimes stretches overhead,

And sometimes grows so low, so low,  
That I can touch it as I go?

To be the poet of the May,  
Were cause enough to wear the bay,

And wear it humbly, since I see  
For the first time the hawthorn tree.

IV.

When first it wears its snow-white crown,  
A lovely sight is Durdham Down!

The bloom is piled like drifting snow!  
I think, if some slight wind should blow,

It would arise and fly away,  
It seems too light, too soft, to stay!

And well it is the sun is paled  
So often in this land mist-veiled.

Should once his natural fire be felt,  
The bloom would slowly, surely melt!

But soon it proves itself a flower  
That crowns the Down with snowy dower,

For here and there the red May shows  
As rich a crimson as the rose,

And last, there wakes for new delight,  
Another sense than that of sight,

For sweeter e'en than new-mown hay  
Is blown the fragrance of the May,

And I am happy—since I see  
For the first time the hawthorn tree!

## TINTERN ABBEY.

To wear its image—seal'd—fix'd mentally,  
Pinn'd to my heart's eyes—old, smooth-worn, gray stone,  
Green-lichen'd, ivy-curtain'd, blossom-blown  
In stray sweet crevices—this is fealty!  
O, I could never look enough, but see  
Some new divinity each second, grown  
By the potent centuries—guardians. There, alone,  
Girdled by hills it rested, and to me  
The great rose window form'd a glorious fane,  
Mightier than other I had ever seen,  
And when I lifted awed eyes, finite brain  
To the open blue, where once a roof had been,  
I knew from innumerable, awful winnowings—  
There was more room for our great God's wide wings.

## TO MAURICE THOMPSON.

## I.

I wage a war with you who sang  
Your song of England. That it rang

Through England, doubt not, for the song  
So tender was, so sadly strong,

I surely think that long ere this,  
The looked-for, long expected bliss

Is yours, and that they must have come  
To tell you England called you home.

## II.

For you on England have a claim,  
'Tis meet that she should know your name,

The last of all her archer-race—  
For you must be a trysting-place.

Surely for you a welcome waits,  
Surely for you are opened gates,

And Christmas cheer, and hearth-side kiss,  
And what you value more than this,

The merry horns that roam the wood,  
And rouse the merry hunting mood.

O even as I write, perchance,  
Maid Marian leads you forth to dance ;

A modern Marian, well I know,  
But sweet as she who bent the bow

In Sherwood once with Robin Hood.  
Perchance already you have stood

Knee-deep in English grass and fern,  
And felt your arrow in its turn

Leap like a prisoner to the air,  
Who had forgotten earth was fair.

Was this your dream? And have they come  
To tell you England calls you home?

## III.

And this is why I wage my war,  
And this is why I sing afar

From land of pines and snowy land,  
—All, all is snow on every hand,

And gray and white are all I see,  
Or white or gray alike to me—

To one who in a warmer clime  
Blows the bright bubble of his rhyme,

And plies his task with half a heart,  
Standing from other men apart

That he may sooner catch the words,  
More welcome far than mating birds

In this drear north—the words that burn  
With exile past and sweet return

Of English joys and games and glades,  
And merry men and modest maids—

Because his wish was also mine,  
And is and always will be mine,

The wish, the hope—to end my days  
In England, and with English ways

Once more to feel a calm content,  
Once more to thrill with sentiment,

Born of her myths and mystery,  
Born of her wondrous history,

And of her beauty—ah! I swear  
I know not anything more fair

In this new land of clearer skies,  
Than English mists that shyly rise

From off shy streams or ivied walls.  
Or cling about fair ruined halls,

Too fondly true to keep away,  
Too truly fond too long to stay,

And O—for glimpse of English green,  
I well could give my soul, I ween.

I never pulled a primrose, I,  
But could I know that there may lie

E'en now some small and hidden seed  
Below, within, some English mead,

Waiting for sun and rain to make  
A flower of it for my poor sake,

I then could wait till winds should tell  
For me there swayed or swung a bell,

Or reared a banner, peered a star,  
Or curved a cup in woods afar.

A grave in England! Surely there  
In churchyard ancient, quiet, fair,

My rest may some sweet day be found,  
And I shall sleep in tranquil ground,

While English violets bloom anear,  
—But who am I? And who may hear

My prayer, and where the friends to come  
And tell me England calls me home?

## IV.

I am no merry archer bold—  
In sooth, I know not how to hold

A bow and arrow! This your claim,  
O friend in Florida, to fame,

I ne'er will question. Singer too  
Of noble songs! I have, 'tis true,

A little written, some things done,  
But dare not hope that any one

Of my poor ventures e'er shall gain  
The listening ear of England, fain

To know the deeds her children do  
And merge her old life in our new.

## V.

And shall I quarrel with you, then,  
Because I envy you the pen,

The bow and arrow? Nay, not so,  
For that would ill accord with flow

Of yearning tears and brow tight clasped,  
And words in swift confusion gasped,

Because I read your verses, friend.  
Nay, why a quarrel? I but send

These lines to you that you may know  
Your lines to one soul straight did go,

And dare to hope that when the boon  
You long for comes, (and that full soon

I know must be, and they will come  
To tell you England calls you home)

You will remember when you see  
A pale new primrose deck the lea,

How one who lives in northern lands,  
Would pluck the same with trembling hands,

And meanwhile wonder how she dare,  
If she were there—if she were there!

## VI.

And now I charge you, when the call  
Rings in your ears and down you fall

Only to rise with hastening feet  
And press towards the ocean sweet,

No more a barrier but a bridge,  
And later, when you see the ridge

Of English land low-lying white,  
Or Welsh hills topped with quivering light—

See that you faint not, let your heart  
Full thankful be that yet a part

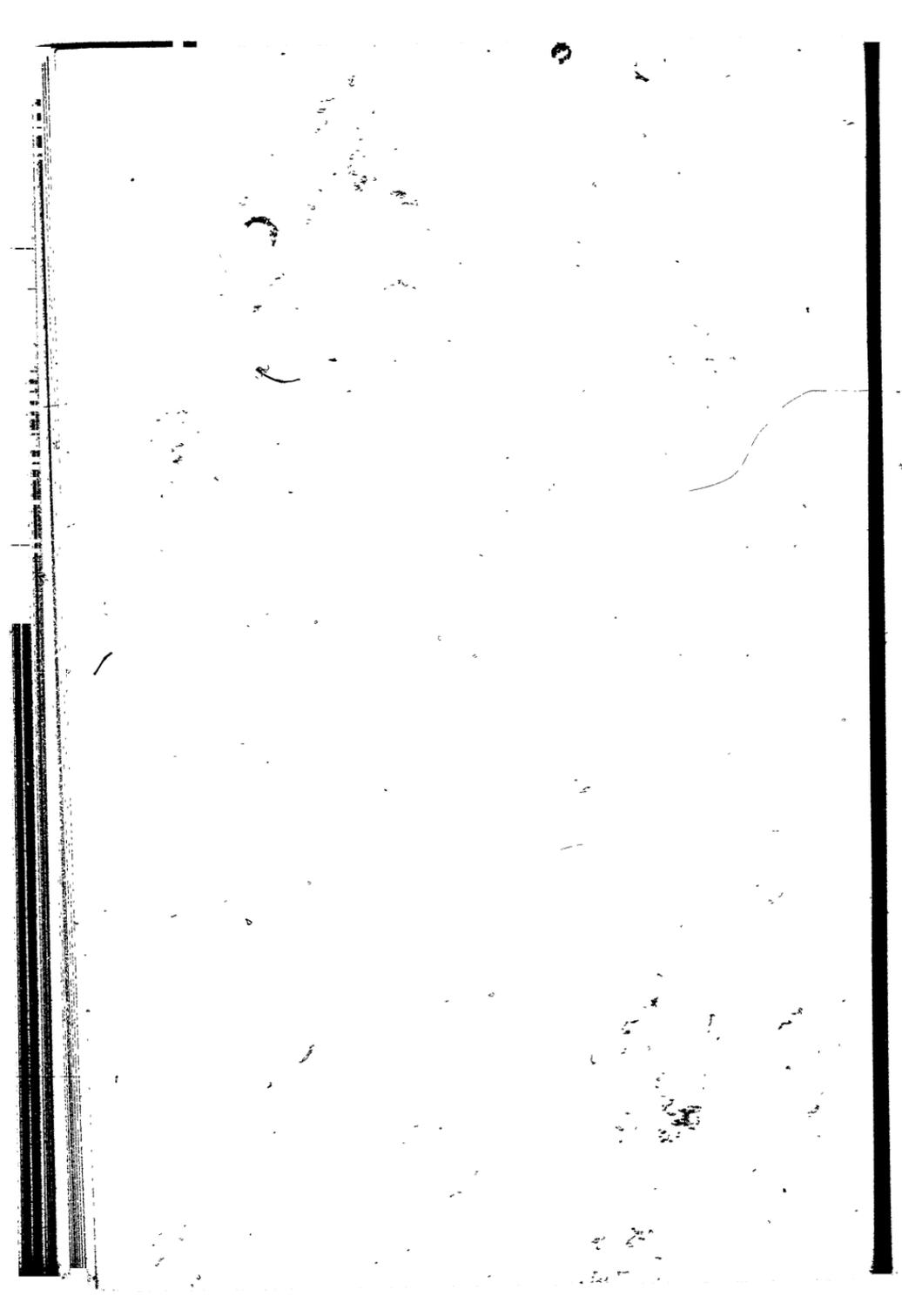
In England's history you can play,  
That England needs her son to-day.

## VII.

My wòrds are vain. I know ere this  
The looked-for, long expected bliss

Is yours and that they must have come  
To tell you England calls you home.

A MONODY.



## A MONODY.

TO THE MEMORY OF ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD.

I weep for our dead Sappho—Sappho, who is dead,  
Was ours, and great, although her friends were few ;  
Let the great Greek go by, or lift in love her laurell'd  
head,

One of her peers hath entered ; let her view  
The youngest poet-soul that darkly gropes  
For light and truth ; let the great Greek outstretch  
Warm hands of welcome, Deity-bidden, fetch  
The faint soul home with Love's strong coiled ropes.

I weep for our dead Sappho—Sappho, who was ours,  
The great Greek knew her, shame—that we did not ;  
Did not her songs pierce blue, light dark and break through  
close-branched bowers ?

Yet was an early grave her earthward lot.  
Whom the gods love die young. Great Sappho, raise  
Thy yearning arms and draw her from the flood ;  
Cheer thou her spirit, warm her freezing blood,  
Lave her faint brow, and crown it with clinging bays.

I make my moan the while. I do not weep  
Because that Death her body hath not spared;  
Weep I for thoughts of bliss, of converse sweet with  
meaning deep,

That, had I known her, surely we had shared.  
I weep for thinking much of the forest walks,  
When willows shimmer with leaf of thinnest gold,  
And crumpled green is ready to unfold,  
And white show all the slender reedy stalks

Within the muddy marshes; here and there,  
A stray wind-flower that stars the sunny glade,  
A triple-leaved trillium tall, that soon in May-time light  
shall wear

Its white flower—lovely lamp for lanes of shade.  
I weep for thinking much of the purple blooms  
We might have seen together on the hills,  
The while the melting snow made rough the rills,  
And from the frozen flats uprose the glooms.

I weep, and wonder much who was her friend;  
Or had she none, and so crept unconsol'd  
Lonely along life's sunless shore and sadly, bravely penned  
The lines that read so warm, that ring so bold.  
As water precious sediment, shining ore,  
So the clear liquid of her verse embalms,  
Like amber, flies—the fire, the flush, the palms  
Of passionate tropics, pulsing, sun-bathed shore.

I make my moan the while. I weep to think  
 Such walks were not for us, nor yet that hour  
 Far dearer still to friends when snow hath curtained every  
 chink,  
 And hearth-sides blaze with welcome, though there  
 lower

The God of Storm upon the threshold neat.  
 To have sat so—close and tender; (women can—  
 Are all to themselves, and happy, need no man,)  
 Alas! that we never lit/on such retreat!

Such solace there was none. Great Sappho—raise  
 Her drooping head and tell her one hath come,  
 Late though it seem, with yearning words of comfort  
 and of praise!

*She does not hearken. Yet she is but dumb.  
 Wait but a little—she will sing again.*

I wait. I watch the trees fire, one by one,  
 I count the oxen, indolent in the sun,  
 I see the sparkle of many a distant vane.

I smooth the chestnuts shining in the grass,  
 I look up when a bird is felt to whirl—  
 These are my truest joys. O wherefore comes it thus to pass  
 That these are no more anything to her?  
 This day is like her—sumptuous, vivid, warm,  
 All golden mellow, gemmed with spots of fire.  
 Demeter, smiling, 'ere she slay desire  
 With warring winds and icy breath of storm

Hath cast upon the earth a veil of gold,  
 Defying Danaë. *I, too, work my spells.*  
*Zeus is not only lord. Behold the vales, the slopes behold,*  
*The woods of bronze, the topaz-sprinkled dells!*  
*The myths still live. I am not shrunken yet,*  
*Disabled, no, nor impotent, failing, weak;*  
*'Tis I who crumple claw, form flower, ope beak,*  
*Knit cobweb, paint the maples, frost-snares set.*

Thus the sly Goddess. Every year she makes  
 The simple Earth most beautiful for a time.  
 But, every year, dread mother, her revenge unguessed  
 she slakes,

When green and gold are gone, with sleet and rime.  
 Thus doth she make her moan. Persephone  
 Dieth once a year to life and light and air,  
 Howbeit she lives afar, most strangely fair,  
 With eyes that in the dark have learnt to see.

Here, where the leaves are trodden inches deep,  
 What waste of colour, symmetry, beauty, life!  
 There, where her soul's rich song is hushed in waiting,  
 wavering sleep,

We dare not figure waste. Across the strife  
 That strangles Hope ever high at the court of God,  
 That voice at last shall be clearly, daily heard,  
 That heart with holiest striving shall be stirred,  
 That soul be free to soar, as lark from sod.

Yet are we mocked by cold conjecture's wraith!  
 To sigh and grasp at what is gone for aye—  
 I too, Earth-mother, lose my calm, I lose my saving faith,  
 I too, disdain the world's vile disarray  
 And would avenge its blindness, point its shame.  
*Kill off for me, Demeter, thus I cry,*  
*These impotent—that the great, good gods defy,*  
*These flies of men that dally with her name!*

For her's was no slight soul. Kind Sappho knows—  
 For she hath read those Greek-inspired lines,  
 Stanzas in which as of old the Spartan spirit steadily  
 glows—  
 Deep—as Ægean blue through branching vines,  
 Strong—as the naked limbs of Spartan youth,  
 Hot—as the suns on Ætolia's rocky plains.  
 Clasp me the *Helot*—reach me the rich quatrains,  
 That throb with triumph, touched with the wand of truth!

I make my moan the while. Dear Sappho—list!  
 Ask her this, further. Was she loath to go,  
 Or was she ready, willing, soul-enchanted since she wist  
 Not fully of her gift, nor of life below?  
*Nay—so the calm Greek whispers—'tis no time*  
*To question her. For a soul so lately riven*  
*By Death's slow pains, though fully, know, forgiven,*  
*May answer not. Ponder then in your heart your rhyme.*

I wait. I watch the Autumn. Swift it passes,  
 Till sallow fungi stud the dripping trees;  
 Brittle and brown and dry grow even the smoothest,  
 greenest grasses,  
 And garden-plots lie naked to the breeze,  
 And rifled rigging climbeth the damp dull house,  
 And men and women crouching before their fire,  
 Hearken the wind as it climbeth ever higher,  
 Hearken the cricket, watch for the keen-eyed mouse.

Four walls hath bound them—bound me too, the same,  
 Not like that spirit—bursting place and age,  
 The mummy-like cloths of genius—that pure fire, that  
 golden flame,  
 Her lambent thought, that fed each splendid page  
 With picturesque portraits, Greek, Italian, Spanish.  
 The pomp of Rome, the clash of Capitol hate,  
 La Bouquetière, sweet victim of foul fate—  
 How beside these do colder visions vanish!

Four walls could not her feverish spirit fetter,  
 Yet precious airs strove with her, sweet, unsought;  
 Often I think, that had I called her friend or known  
 her better,

I might have steered the rich barque of her thought  
 To shores of our own, looming softly, freshly fair.  
 I might have shown her—tawny eastern torrents,  
 The lonely Gatineau, the vast St. Lawrence.  
 I might have said—*In all this thou shalt share;*

*Take it, and make it—thou who only can'st,  
Sweet alchemist—rare singer—what thou wilt;  
Distilled in thine alembic, earth-dissevered, as thou  
plann'st,*

*Our life's ideal shalt on thee be built.*

Had I but known her well—thus had I spoken.

But now she sleeps where Sappho guards and guides,  
Deaf to the rolling in of Death's slow tides,  
And Charon's ship on the black wave's crest unbroken.

There where the canyon, cut in the living rock,  
Its snow-streaked side up from the prairie lifts,  
Shall not her name live long,—I think so, till Time has  
ceased to mock,

Hath she not conquered Death by gracious gifts?

Did she not sing the song of the pioneer,

An epic of axe and tree, of glebe and pine,

Hath she not—Great High Priestess of Love benign,  
Rose-crowned, brow-bound, from Love dissevered Fear?

I shall not cease to moan. Some day I shall catch

The music of the voice I wait to hear,

And hearing, rapt, declare that its magic melody doth  
not match

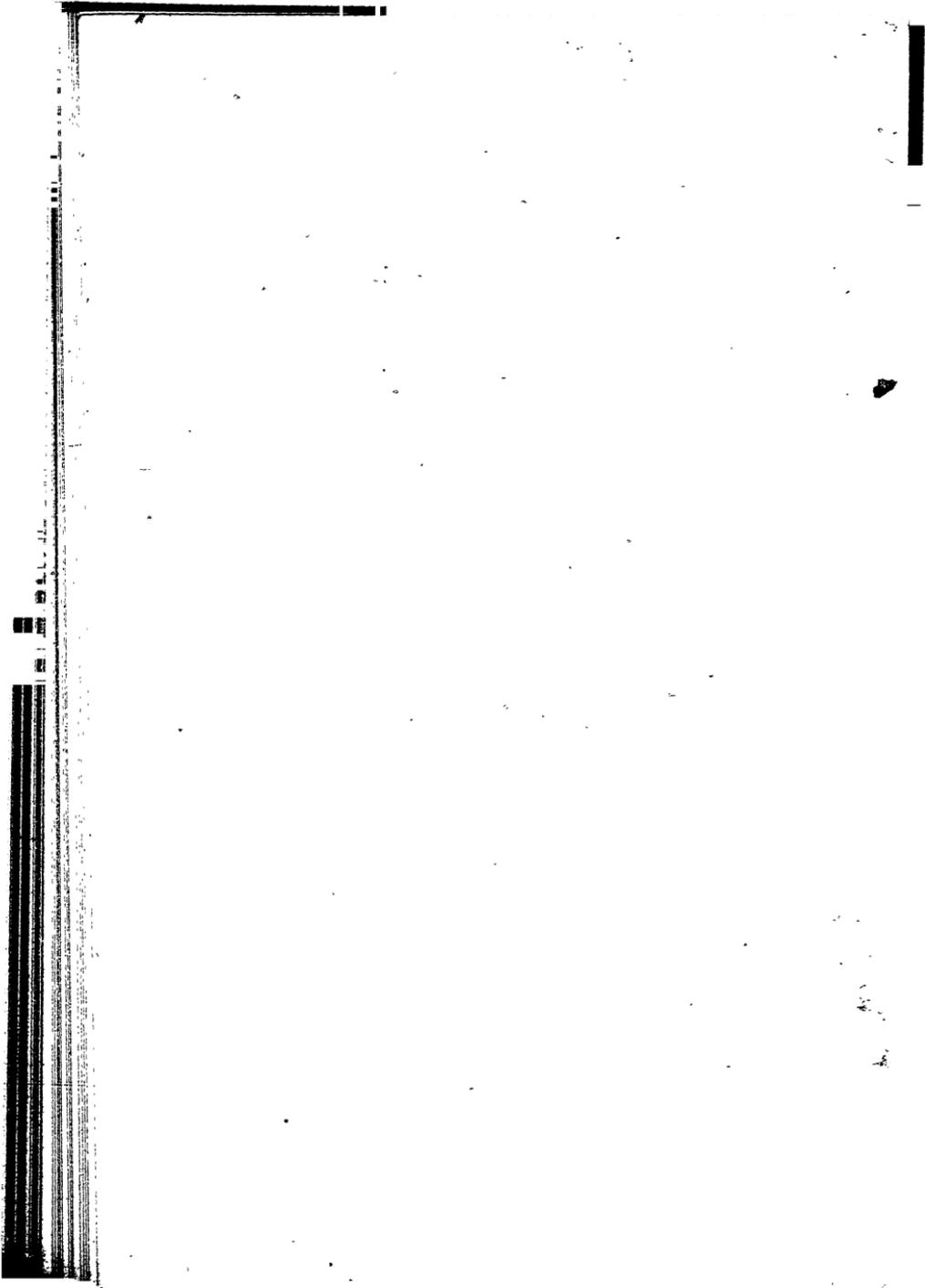
With aught ever heard in this songless hemisphere.

O, could I hope that the mantle of her song

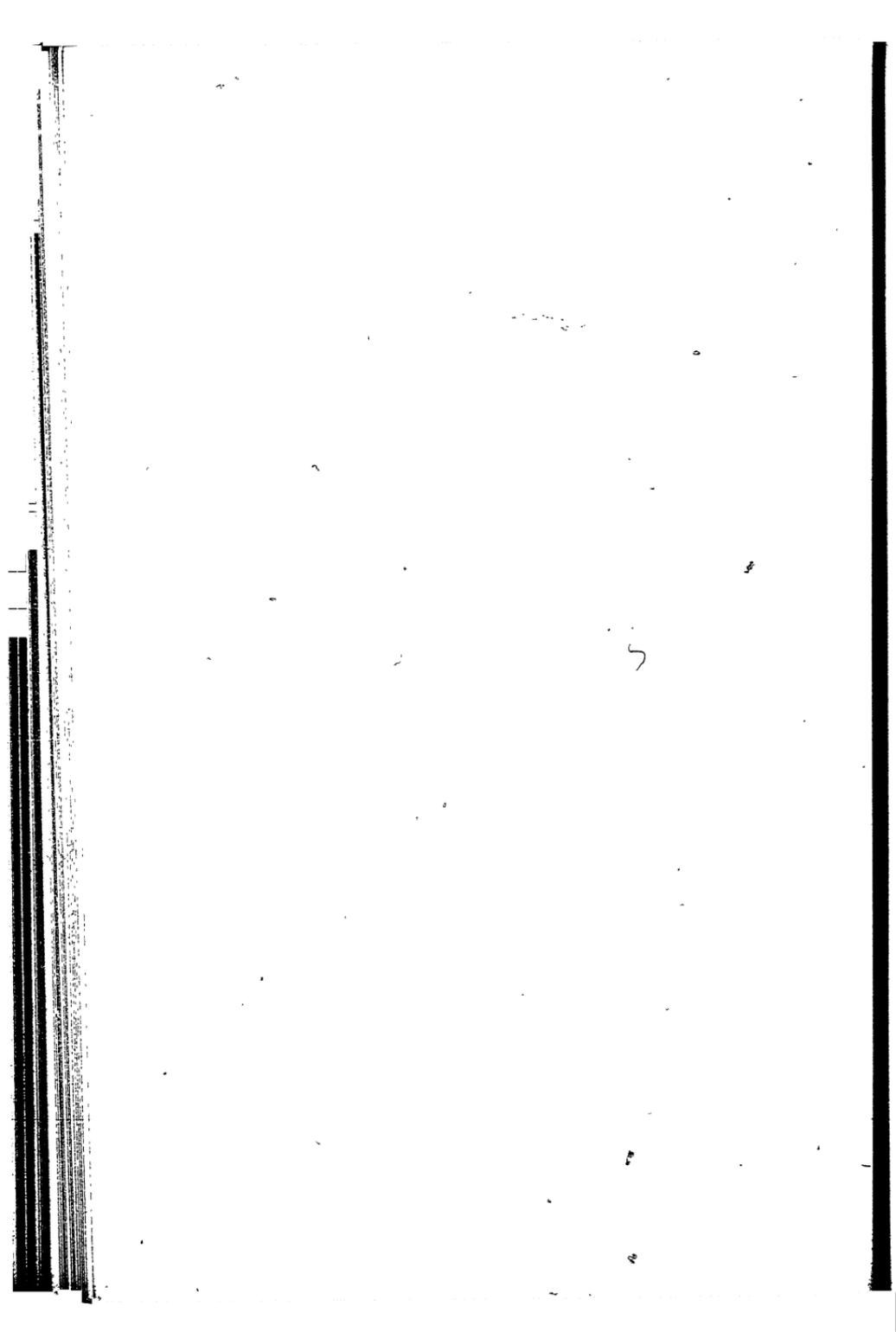
Might fall on me through very love of her—

Strong Sappho! Grant it! *I may not confer*

*High gifts: her gifts alone to her God belong.*



VIE DE BOHEME.



VIE DE BOHEME! OR THE NOCTURNE IN G.

*(In the Latin Quarter.)*

*Vie de Bohême!* Curious, are you?  
Really, earnestly want to know all  
About it? Well, you needn't go far, you  
Have only to step across the hall.

This mountain of trunks outside the door!  
Perhaps you might care to investigate these,  
But I'll not risk becoming a bore—  
Here, the door is open! *Entreç.* (Sneeze!)

Snuff and scissors, and salt and Strauss—  
The last weak opera—have you seen it?—  
All on a chair, and a little dead mouse  
Underneath in a trap, where the hangings screen it.

The chair itself, though, you don't see daily.  
Look at the carvings there in the middle  
Of the back—all the others are occupied gaily,  
While the lounge has a tray, a dog and a fiddle.

There's nothing to sit upon—but the bed.  
"But Madame will object!" Not she. Asleep  
At twelve of the clock! What a heavy head!  
I'd wake her—but you are an artist,—Peep

For a minute longer at curve of wrist,  
And hair out-stretched upon the pillow!  
Is there anything there that will assist  
Your latest dream of women and willow?

How sad she looks! Very sad for her,  
That never sorrows a moment awake;  
Now, could you fasten that mouth's demur  
On your canvas, *mon cher*, you were made! Crimson  
lake?

And you *mouchoir* went into it? All my fault!  
I should not have entered Bohemia so,  
With a sensitive Sybarite not worth his salt—  
Well, I'll take that back, and you too, if you'll go.

But not just at present. Why, pocket the stain!  
'Twill come out quite easily by-and-by;  
And whether it come out, or if it remain,  
In Bohemia does not in the least signify.

Look out for your head, for the ceiling's low,  
And out of three globes on the chandelier,  
Only one is left, and it's cracked, will go  
To pieces almost if one looks at it near.

The pinned-up blind and the breakfast tray  
 Are not things wherewithal to boast,  
 But the Dresden and Derby in shining array,  
 Will surely obliterate hardening toast,

And long-poured-out coffee. At last! She stirs!  
*Madame* is awake. Good-day! "*Bonjour!*  
*Mon Dieu*, it is late, and the friend infers  
 That so late every day, I must sleep *toujours!*

"I am an object? Quick, say!" Ah, *Madame!*  
 One of grace and delight you always must be,  
 And most of all now; 'tis not often *les femmes*  
 Look so well upon waking. Is it, Lee.

Lee is my friend and a fast rising painter;  
 Does things which outrival your matchless Corot;  
 Murky gray skies, with a curious fainter  
 Lighter green gleam on the landscape below.

Though, is it Corot that I méan? Lee is shocked.  
 Suffice it, we saw you last night in the play,  
 In a pink and white poem so charmingly frocked,  
 O happy, thrice happy. *Théâtre Français!*

He begs for a sitting, and let me suggest  
That you stay as you are with those fair frills of lace  
Brimming over the coverlet—why, you *are* dressed  
With all that soft whiteness beneath your face,

And the bright bloom of Eos on either cheek,  
And a most divine violet-~~black~~ in your eyes,  
As liquid as childhood's—there's no need to seek  
The embrightening drugs' and the rouge-pots' lies.

But later, Madame, you'll be pale, no doubt.  
No? Not when the afternoon shadows fall,  
In the *triste* interim when old loves are about,  
And old voices and footsteps are heard over all

The playing of Monsieur Diabolus? Ah!  
He is here as I speak, and now, friend Lee,  
Whom I think, Chevalier, you yesterday saw  
In my room downstairs, recollect? No. 3?

We'll leave you to settle your palette and pushes,  
To frown and reflect; then to rumple your hair,  
And presently actively bristle with brushes.  
So; practise, Chevalier, while I will prepare

*Quelque chose pour Madame.* Not a word, my own way.

The coffee is cold, but—I have it! *Margaux!*  
 In one pocket you see; in the other a stray  
 Find of fresh plums and a tiny *gâteau*

Picked up at Victors. A glorious cook!

No Frenchman, believe me, though here in the heart  
 Of your Paris he works since the day he forsook  
 The fluctuate fortune of Poland for Art.

You laugh, *mes amis*. Well, it's this. He's a Pole,  
 Therefore illustrious; Poles always are;  
 He puts into pink butter roses his soul,  
 And it is not a common one. Follows some star

Or Muse in his cooking; is the better for blood,  
 As brains always are when together you find them;  
 The Regent had loved him; put poison for cud  
 Had Carême in his *bouquets garnis* as he twin'd  
 them;

Now Chopin and he were great friends in their way,  
 And Victor has told me, his ices and cakes  
 Of the best inspiration, *salmis*, *entremêts*,  
 Of the rarest, he owed to the delicate shakes

And the marvellous touch of *ce pauvre Frédéric*.  
 So eat up your cake, Madame, every crumb!  
 Value its shape and its colouring, seek  
 (It is not unworthy your finger and thumb)

For its meaning, its essence—no, not the vanilla!  
 Go on with your sketching, and Lee, look here!  
 Madame does not exile the darling Manilla,  
 You may puff away with your conscience clear,

If you want to and can with this in your ears,  
 The sad soul of Chopin on violin strings!  
 Ah! Paint me the picture the most full of tears,  
 Tear your own heart out and pluck off your wings,

Let the down that was snowy and dowered as your own  
 Feed your ne'er dying worm as it rears and recedes,  
 Let the blood that once warmed you through breast to  
 cold bone  
 Flow out and delight but not drown as it feeds—

Not the grave-worm, Madame— Ah! would God that it were!  
 (My worm, and your's, Lee, are both of a gender),  
 A live thing so harmlessly, holily fair!  
 No. We were enthralled with a mirage of splendour.

And it dies not; it dies not; it will push its way,  
 And here we are, slaves to its growth and its power;  
 To the worship of Art were we both called one day,  
 For the worship of Art have we lived till this hour.

Feed your worm then, I say, with superlative pain,  
 Paint me the picture the most full of tears—  
 You will never attain to that wonderful strain  
 The musician alone through the hurrying years

Can give us—the wistful, the cry of all souls  
 Inarticulate, helpless, abandoned and blind,  
 To the *Dieu inconnu*, the Unknown that controls  
 All the joy and the pain of our poor human kind.

But Madame there grows restless, declares I am *triste*;  
 I am old, *chers amis*, but not cynical, no!  
 You have finished, I see, my ingenious feast,  
 If I had now but purchased another *gâteau*!

Lee—rehearsal draws near. Say good-bye to it all,  
 Come and look here, Chevalier, there's nothing to  
 dread,

Ah! No colour, my friend! Take this red parasol,  
 Stand it open at back of Madame's little head!

Then give her the "ruby" in one slender hand,  
 Let her bury the other beneath her hair—  
 You've a picture the *Salon* will quite understand,  
 And accept with *éclat*, for your subject is rare,

You have gone to real life, the critics will say,  
 Heart, and not Art, is the luckiest creed.  
*Apropos*, you may think of the lines that, one day,  
 To you in some *café* I once tried to read.

They ran—Now, mark me, Lee, you'll never paint  
 Until you learn more daring. Dare to fling  
 Those golden-threaded pretty stuffs away!  
 Strip down the flecked Madras and tear the eyes  
 From yonder ceiling peacock-feathered! Sell  
 Your china cheap and curtains, amber plush  
 And ruby, making sunset in the room!  
 I did not come to see a splash of west,  
 Except, I own, upon your canvas here.  
 Bury your bronzes—curse the bric-à-brac!  
 You've learned to draw it? Good! Now go your way  
 Into the world, the street, the omnibus,  
 Shall Lee—no name to conjure with as yet—  
 Refuse to follow where *Detaille* has led?

But Madame, I digress, and the time, how it goes!  
*Adieu* for the present. One wish—might I claim  
This smallest, most withered, and least little rose,  
With the *beauté altière* and the difficult name?

Twelve bouquets—observe, Lee—all thrown in one night,  
Who were guilty of some would be easy to see;  
Here's a note, there's a case—oh! we must take our flight,  
And thanks, Chevalier, for the Nocturne in G.

“ J'AI TROP BU LA VIE.”

(GEORGE SAND.)

Ah! what a wonderful draught!  
Now, was it ruby red,  
    With heart of flame in the glass,  
A passionate crimson shed  
By the loves on which she fed?

Or with a golden hue  
Caught from the grapes that grow  
    High in the sunshine of Fame—  
Thus with an amber glow  
Did her life's elixir flow?

Or was it colourless, clear,  
White to her mortal eye,  
    Pure from a mountain stream,  
Fresh from a fountain high,  
Losing itself in the sky?

Or was it none of these,  
Ripe and rare to the taste,  
    Rose or gold to the eye,  
Brought in a beaker chased,  
Bearing a rim flower-graced?

But was it muddy and black ?

Bending over the brink

Of a foul and stagnant pool,

Loathing the draught, did she drink ?

Draining the cup, did she shrink ?

What were its dregs to her ?

Ah ! what a wonderful draught !

Perhaps, as the dregs she drained,

Perhaps, as the cup she quaffed,

Her tempting angel laughed.

## TO MIRANDA.

The paper moon of pink  
Has continents of ink,  
An undiscovered literary sphere.  
Above your head it swings,  
Above the golden rings  
That drop behind and wave below and softly veil your ear.

The moon, like some large pearl,  
Looms calm amid the whirl  
Of hearts and stars and planets, pulses all;  
The globe on which we fly,  
The mimic one on high—  
They both are real, and each is but a frail and wind-  
chased ball.

The banners northward flung,  
The silver ribbons hung  
Across an amber arch that fades to green;  
The flash of flying stars,  
The fiery eye of Mars,  
The blue of Sirius ere he drops behind that dusky screen;

The colour everywhere,  
The perfume in the air,  
The mystery and magic of the place;  
The sweet disquietude,  
With reverie embued,  
This is no cold colonial night—you boast some other race;

Some other clime you knew,  
Some foreign land knew you  
When first you shook your curls upon the wind;  
In Grecian meadows sweet,  
You set your girlish feet,  
Or laughed in lakes Italian as the parted grass you thinned.

No daughter of the snow,  
No northern bud could blow  
Into a gold-crowned blossom, lace-enswathed;  
The soft and sunny South  
Has surely framed that mouth,  
The fervid East that glowing skin, those languid limbs,  
has bathed.



Although your hair be gold,  
It holds no hint of cold,  
But rather guards a bright and secret flame ;  
I see from my low place  
A curl lie on the lace—  
It harbours light and warmth that put yon brazen bowl  
to shame !

My place is low but near,  
If I but choose I hear  
The tinkle of the cross that strikes your brooch ,  
The little cross—my gift—  
Chimes on as if to lift  
My soul to worship, while it guards and consecrates  
approach.

We keep, with voices mute,  
A silence absolute.  
If I but choose, all's read within your eyes ;  
If *you* but choose, I may  
Upon your lap just lay  
A hand too calm, too confident, to tremble at its prize.

9

So—should we float to-night  
In some enchanted flight  
Towards those stars that mock our mimic moon,  
We need not aught exchange,  
Nor find the new world strange,  
Since float with us through ether to some clear and  
joyous rune—

The pansy's purple dark,  
The red geranium's spark,  
The rosy oleander, smooth and tall;  
The world of mignonette,  
The morning-glories met  
By vine and sweet clematis climbing up the latticed wall;  
The white and orange fire  
Of lanterns that conspire  
Against the shadows stealing overhead;  
The arching horns of moose,  
The awnings flapping loose,  
The tawny rugs that meet your feet, and make my supple  
bed;

The swing in which you sway,  
The net of gold and gray,  
The hammock filled with cushions to the brim,  
The wine within your hand,  
Of rare and subtle brand,  
The glow within your eyes, the low and long repose  
of limb;—

If good enough for this  
Sad world of cankered bliss,  
Perverted aims, rash hopes, and weak despairs,  
These essences so fine,  
These flowers and scents divine,  
That seek the best nor flourish save in pure and perfect airs,

If strong enough for all  
The gales that rock this ball,  
The northern tumults both of wind and hail,  
This canopy so free,  
This latticed balcony,  
That near the river rears its orange-lighted nest so frail;

There is no world afar,  
On planet or in star,  
No mystic country Merlin ever sought,  
Too fair for such a face,  
For such a hidden place  
Of sweetest refuge, flower and briar, pain and pleasure  
fraught ;

There is no fairy realm,  
Where magic at the helm  
Holds back the ever reeling wheel of sense ;  
No charmed gallery,  
On mountain or by sea,  
Where merge the nightly trances in the day-dream's joys  
intense ;

No turret-chamber hewn  
In castle rock, and strewn  
With sweetness pluckt at dawn to scent the day ;  
No palace shining fair,  
With gleam of carven stair,  
And splash of falling fountain in the courtyard cool and  
gray,

Beneath what cloudless sky,  
Too fair, too sweet, too high,  
To shelter you, past mistress of delight!  
I deem not half so fair  
That royal room and rare,  
Where Isolt sprang with sobs upon the breast of her lost  
knight!

That room so narrow neat,  
Where Hero, fair and sweet,  
Caught young Leander on her outstretched arm,  
And drew him to the light.  
From out th' encircling night,  
And clasped him close and kissed him fast till he grew  
strong and warm ;

And growing warm, grew bold,  
And took with passionate hold  
Her paling face between his trembling hands,  
And made her own that hour  
The man's consummate power  
To drown her voice, and break her will, and bind her  
in love's bands—

O sweeter far than it,  
This place wherein we sit,  
And sweeter far than lips on other lips,  
To close our eyes and know,  
Whatever dreams may go,  
The cherished one may stay, nor suffer wrong, nor fear  
eclipse!

## BOHEMIA.

Where's Bohemia?—Anywhere  
 That Life is full and rich and rare.  
     Yours—a verandah,  
 Mine—an attic;  
     Her's—a *salon*  
 Epigrammatic;  
     Artists—of course;  
 A writer or two;  
     Beer and tobacco,  
 I fear—both due.  
     But music *is* music,  
 And art *is* art,  
     The Muses are happy,  
*Sans* Mammon and Mart.  
     There's Cordeux, the tenor,  
 You've heard him—in halls,  
     When the impotent pianist  
 Accompanies him. "Calls,  
     Encores and *bravos*,"—  
 Oh! yes, I've no doubt!  
     But hear him to-night  
*Chez* Essarre and without  
     That tag, the accompanist,  
 Then you shall see  
     For the first time, my Cordeux,  
 As a god—*mon ami!*

For he strikes but a chord  
And the women are still,  
Julie, Duchesse, La Riva,  
Old Gautier and "Lil."  
We don't Talk in Bohemia,  
Mark that—when you go,  
But, eyes, ears—are riveted,  
Heads are bent low.  
I've seen tears on occasions  
When Gounod is sung,  
And Godard or Schumann.  
Last night "Renée" hung  
To the Princess B's arm  
As the *Vorspiel* was played.  
Her story's a tragic one.  
Brilliant—arrayed  
In her third-act lace costume,  
Yet suffering—apart—  
Two children in Russia,  
A spouse—without heart,  
*You* know him—Count Dinitry.  
Such women as she  
Should'nt marry. Sh!..well,  
This—between you and me.

But it's high time we dined, Carl.  
I've two francs to spare.  
Come! empty your pockets—  
Three? Lucky, *mon cher*.  
Then, *après*, we'll fly  
To Essarre's charming flat—  
You shall hear some *real* music,  
I promise you that.  
And as for the goodness  
Or badness of such  
As we'll meet there—why—Carl,  
It will not matter—much.  
Take the average always  
Of women—men too—  
If the faulty are legion,  
The good—alas—few,  
'Tis out of Bohemia  
The same—take my word!  
In the village, the valley,  
The big London herd!  
Bohemia's no worse—  
And no better—*I* think,  
Than the rest of the world.  
There's Essarre now—in pink,

On her way home to dinner,  
Old Claude by her side.  
For ten years he is dumb,  
Before that the chief pride  
Of the Comédie Française.  
The generous soul!  
That must share with some other  
Her hard-earned rent-roll.  
Yet her temper's not sweet  
If the "supers" say true—  
Bah! Who is perfection?  
Not I—and not—you.  
Bohemia's a medley;  
Mad virtues, sane whims;  
For Gretchen plays billiards,  
•While Mephisto sings hymns.  
Faust patiently rocking,  
A querulous child,  
Is henpecked by Martha  
No matron too mild;  
Rich Mdmè. La Riva,  
A ballet-girl once,  
Drives daily where Costo  
Her coachman confronts.

Old Costo's her father—  
    She meets him at mass,  
And keeps him in clothing,  
    Is his "kind, clever lass!"  
To share in her greatness  
    He never aspires;  
Gets drunk on her earnings,  
    Adores and admires.  
We rise in Bohemia  
    From all sorts of places,  
From alien, mongrel,  
    And quite tabooed races.  
And where is Bohemia?—Anywhere  
    That Life is subtle—sad—*Deux Frères*  
    *Provençales—Pierre et George—entrez!*  
    I had a good meal there yesterday.

## PARK ST. MAYFAIR.

(A STAR SPEAKS.)

O not to love the place where one was born,  
Not even to care to see it—not to love  
All early moods and friends and forms and faces,  
All childish things, all books, all plays, all places  
That one has known in far sequestered years—  
It is a *bitter* thing! I read to-night  
For the first time, the hectic ecstasies  
Of Gray, the latter David, the Scotch Chatterton.  
The book was sent me—'tis not known—poor boy!  
Poor boy—I wept, and still in weeping felt  
I envied him, he loved his cottage so,  
His natal valley, Luggie's tawny banks.  
He loved them so, I say, he loved them so.  
There! I am mad to-night! Women like me,  
Self-wrought, self-taught, fighting the world aside,  
And oh! to women the wide world *is* wide,  
Ambitious, scornful, *filiae populi*,  
Rare daughters of the people, rare, why not?  
I brought you Art, from where all Art was nought—  
Women like me in whom the wine of life  
Runs madly, dowered with red of blood and lip,  
With Irish blue of eye and black of hair,  
Talking of cottages—Ah! Justine, I'll wear  
The Felix dress to-night. Which one? The last,  
That delicate dream of gray dissolved in green;

The gray alone would slay me, but the tint  
Of olive in the green and then that knot  
Of deep red roses—yes, 'tis well—and he,  
He, Felix, is no fool. I was the first  
To make him famous—mind, the night I played  
My “Adrienne” first. 'Twas you? No, 'twas Annette,  
And for a week I knew not what to wear,  
And for a week I cared not if I wore  
Nothing—till three days past I breathless sent  
To Felix. “Madame will require at once—  
A *débutante*—four dresses—Lecouvreur—  
Original if possible—Drury Lane—  
Complexion fair, hair dark, *her own*, in height  
A little above the medium, eyes dark blue.”  
A pretty telegram, they told Annette,  
But she, a clever Frenchwoman, yes, far  
Cleverer than you Justine, just turned it off.  
You've seen those dresses? One I still can wear,  
The one *en Pompadour*, heart-shaped at waist,  
An innocent pattern, rosebuds, wings, silk-laced,—  
I wore it yesterday, you know, to Kew.  
The artists were in raptures at the hue,  
Faint salmon-yellow, sprigged with rosy bloom,  
And drenched, my child, with Lubin's best perfume.  
Did you not notice it? Scent to suit the sprigs;  
A perfume for each dress, a bottle per robe;  
It is—expensive, but it pleases me,

Amuses me, and look! it will amuse  
"Society" too, the paper and the thing.  
Society's a noun and singular,  
So *very* singular, I find at times,  
But as it likes me, I've no fault with it,  
And you're at liberty, Justine, to tell  
The indolent reviewers, editors,  
Reporters, critics, hangers-on the press  
And loungers at stage doors, even "The Bat,"  
About the perfume. Quite the newest thing.  
Madame—*c'est moi*—has set in fairy freak  
A fairy fashion in her own grand way.  
So—you may tell them. Now, Justine, make haste.  
I shall be late, child. Set those roses higher,  
Nearer my shoulder—so. My skin will fire  
Later, upon the stage, but now 'tis cold  
And gray. Justine, I am not growing old!  
'Tis but the worry and the hours you think?  
It soon will pass, you're sure? I trust so. Higher  
Please set those roses. Here's a branch of briar  
Bound in with them! That makes me think, Justine,  
How *you're* the briar, *I* the grand red rose.  
You the neat Breton maid not long from airs  
Of rustic France, your cap, your gown, your shoes,  
Your necklace and your braided plaits of brown,  
Gaze with the young maid's trick—that looking down  
I—the forced product of a crowded town,

I—born with spangles in my eyes and clash  
 Of brass within my ears, I—grown to fame  
 And fortune most illimitable—yes,  
 I am the rose, the Jacqueminot, and you,  
 The wild sweet briar, sweetly bound to me  
 In this great London. Come, that pleases me,  
 A pretty parallel, so apposite.

I always had a literary turn,

And yet will write my plays myself and for  
 Myself. O *ego, ego, ego!* Cease—

This wild inchoate talk! Justine, I go.

The rose has duties that the briar escapes;

Her velvet heart lies open, and its glow

Must help to warm the world, the world indoors

That has in truth but little taste for briars,

Accounting such but weeds. All briars but weeds?

You don't know logic yet. Well, now I go.

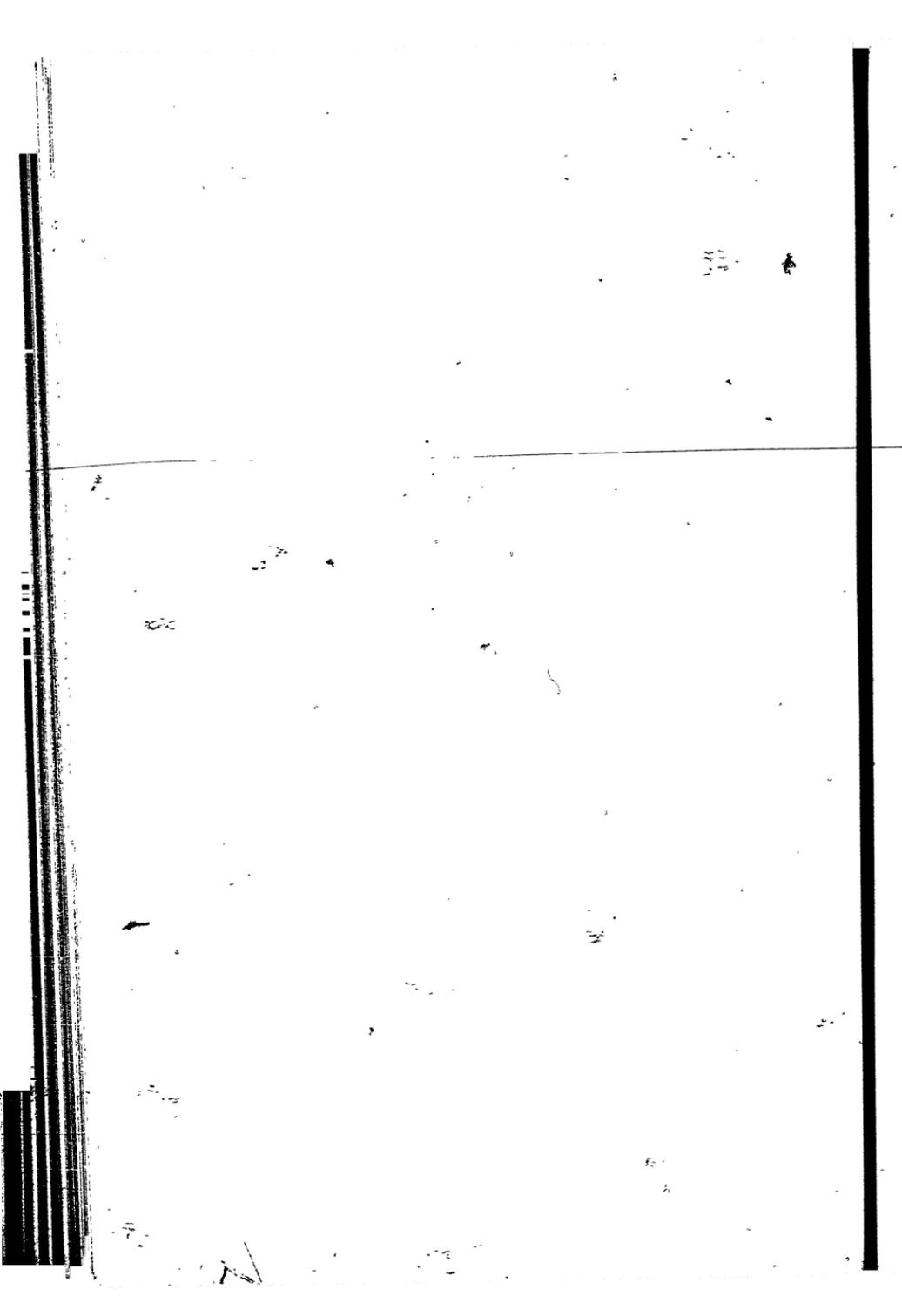
Have coffee on the stroke of twelve—I'll bring

A Cardinal, a Poet—perhaps a King

Home here to supper. \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

NOVEMBER.



## NOVEMBER.

~~THESE~~ are the days that try us; these the hours  
That find, or leave us, cowards—doubters of Heaven,  
Sceptics of self, and riddled through with vain  
Blind questionings as to Deity. Mute, we scan  
The sky, the barren, wan, the drab, dull sky,  
And mark it utterly blank. Whereas, a fool,  
The flippant fungoid growth of modern mode,  
Uncapped, unbelled, unshorn, but still a fool,  
Fate at his fingers' ends, and Cause in tow,  
Or, wiser, say, the Yorick of his age,  
The Touchstone of his period, would forecast  
Better than us, the film and foam of rose  
That yet may float upon the eastern grays  
At dawn to-morrow.

Still; and if we could,  
We would not change our gloom for glibness, lose  
Our wonder in our faith. We are not worse  
Than those in whom the myth was strongest, those  
In whom first awe lived longest, those who found  
—Dear Pagans—gods in fountain, flood and flower.

Sometimes the old Hellenic base stirs, live,  
Within us, and we thrill to branch and beam  
When walking where the aureoled autumn sun  
Looms golden through the chestnuts. But to-day—  
When sodden leaves are merged in melting mire,  
And garden-plots lie pilfered, and the vines  
Are strings of tangled rigging reft of green,  
Crude harps whereon the winter wind shall play  
His bitter music—on a day like this,  
We, harbouring no Hellenic images, stand  
In apathy mute before our window pane,  
And muse upon the blankness. Then, O, then,  
If ever, should we thank our God for those  
Rare spirits who have testified in faith  
Of such a world as this, and straight we pray  
For such an eye as Wordsworth's, he who saw  
System in anarchy, progress in ruin, peace  
In devastation. Duty was his star—  
May it be ours—this Star the Preacher missed.

THE BALL AND THE STAR.

(AS ONE SPEAKS.)

Do I hold my life in my hand  
    To make or to mar,  
    To prize or let fall,  
To round to the perfect ball,  
To mould to the matchless star?

Here has rolled to my halting feet,  
    From the nursery stair,  
    From the children's nest,  
A rubber thing that is drest  
With a gaudy patchwork air.

Its colours I may not admire ;  
    Bright red and bright green  
    Are not to my taste,  
And their vulgar is not effaced  
By the line of yellow between.

Still, 'tis a ball, and that's much,  
    Made fit to bound,  
    Made fit to stay  
On a table—that is away  
From the edge—or upon the ground,

Even it, a ball, will fall,  
    That's nought of a fault,

As I see, in the ball,  
But in the putter—in all  
That becomes a ball, to vault,

To roll and rebound, how full,  
How round it must be!  
How smooth, without trace  
Of ragged and jagged rough on its face,  
To rebound so swiftly, so perfectly!

It does its work well, no doubt.  
Ah! yes, but then  
It is well made,  
Of its work not a whit afraid,  
Though only fashioned by men.

Only fashioned by men, I think—  
What do I know?  
What does it matter?  
Upstairs, a more divine clatter,  
Hiding, hunting, the children go.

The truant toy has been missed;  
With ecstasy—  
Mothers know how—  
A child, with an innocent brow,  
And eyes o'erbrimming with glee,

Will gather to him the ball ;  
    The vulgar yellow,  
    The glaring green,  
Will cosily, safely lie between  
The pinky fists of the little fellow.

“Wanted,” the ball is. Has its place.  
    The little hands  
    Are quick and kind,  
And the little eyes are seldom blind,  
'Tis a little child who understands

That the ball has rolled and rolled and rolled  
    Far from its home,  
    From the nursery stair,  
Far from the innocent upper air—  
Even a rubber thing will roam.

What does it suffer in roaming? Not it.  
    It will return  
    Just as it came,  
Not a whit broken, marred or lame ;  
The ball you see, has nothing to learn,

Nothing to spend and nothing to save,  
    Nothing to give,  
    Except some day

Its round and beautiful life away.  
How long ere that be? Might it not live

Forever with care on a shelf somewhere,  
Where pins are not,  
And needles gay,  
For ever and ever are out of the way?—  
What was the other wandering thought?

Oh! here, this morning on my sleeve,  
Appeared a star,  
With a wonderful law  
In its wonderful points, with not a flaw  
In its beauty although it fell so far.

It breathed for a moment, then died:  
While I stood at the door  
And counted its rays  
It died at the strength of my gaze.  
From a snow-star, so much and no more!

Perfect the ball and the star,  
Each in its day,  
Each in its end.  
I shall never mend! I shall never mend!  
I, imperfect, will go away.

\* \* \* \* \*

Do I hold my life in my hand,  
To make or to mar,  
To prize or let fall,  
To round to the matchless ball,  
To mould to the radiant star?


 THE TREE.

Was there no beauty, then, in barren stem,  
 No symmetry in jagged twig and limb,  
 That slow discarding lustrous diadem  
 Lay etched upon the sunset's orange rim?

Were it, too, better never to have been  
 A thing leaf-crowned and wholly, freshly fair;  
 A being all benignant, purely green,  
 Sheltered and sheltering, innocent of care?

Strange—that for half the year the tree must go  
 Uncrowned, unclad, soul-shivering to the blast,  
 Each glossy leaf be trodden deep in snow,  
 Each acorn to the ground be roughly cast!

Careless of coming frost aloft it looks,  
 All confident of many another spring,  
 O'er dry, brown fields and saddened, silent brooks,  
 And woods where not a bird is left to sing.

This the great secret of its grand content,  
 This the full meaning of its giant calm,  
 This the true measure of the reverent  
 Straight mien that springtime's sweetest airs embalm.

O, to have been the tree—and not the man!  
 To grow in ever wheeling, circling pride,  
 Conscious of all the noble, gracious plan  
 That smiled at Doubt and gave a God to guide!

Think ! to have harboured orange oriole,  
And flaming tanager and chattering jay,  
And wise gray sparrow—would not this console  
The weariness born of many a leafless day ?

Since it were known—they come again in five  
Or six months' time of waiting, then to wait,  
Even through songless seasons, were to thrive  
On sweet probation, though in sombre state.

Were it not bliss, some melting morn in June,  
To look and see among one's crumpled leaves—  
Late to unfold, but deep at heart in tune  
With all of green the young wood interweaves—

A flash of living light, incarnate gem,  
That holds a voice in quivering, ruffled throat,  
That hangs, a jewel, on the budding stem,  
That sings a song of Hope—Death's antidote ?

## CHRISTMAS.

Who will sing the Christ?

Will he who rang his Christmas chimes  
Of faith and hope in Gospel ray,  
That pealed along the world's highway,  
And woke the world to purer times—  
Will he sing the Christ?

Or that new voice which vaguely gives—  
One day its song for Rome—the next,  
In soul-destroying strife perplex  
For England's faith and future lives—  
Shall he sing the Christ?

Or the sweet children in the schools,  
That hymn their carols hand-in-hand  
All purely, can they understand  
The wisdom that must make us fools—  
Can they sing the Christ?

Or yearning priest who to his kind  
From carven pulpit gives the Word,  
Or praying mother who has erred,  
And blindly led her erring blind—  
Have they not sung the Christ?

“Lord! I of sinners am the chief!”  
One, seated by his Christmas fires,  
Hearkens the bells from distant spires,  
But hangs his head in unbelief—  
He cannot sing the Christ.

Grant to such, Lord, the seeing eye!  
Grant as the World grows old and cold,  
All hearts Thy beauty may behold.—  
Grant, lest the souls of sinners die—  
That All may sing the Christ.

## THE POET'S SUNDAY.

"You will not go to church?" she said,  
And a soft psalm of sad dissent  
Might in her mien so reverent  
Be easily read.

He broke a branch of lilac-bloom  
That twisted greenly in and out;  
He shook its honey all about  
The morning-room.

"I do not see why I should leave  
So sweet a Sunday thing as this,  
Wet with the dawn's last dewy kiss,  
Love, a reprieve!"

"I may not grant you one," she sighed,  
"I think that you might come; I know  
That if you knew he wished it so—  
The one who died——"

"I do know, Dear, and yet alone,  
I fear me, you must go to-day;  
For if I went, I could not stay;  
The monotone



Of this clear blue intensely fair,  
Would draw me forth from hymn and chant,  
To seek and seal fresh covenant  
With sky and air :

Those dew-washed grasses keenly green,  
Like freshly-sharpened scimitars,  
That give such tiny fragrant scars,  
Would intervene,

When paler emerald darted down,  
With amethyst and ruby rays,  
That sooner pall than yonder jay's  
Blue coat and brown.

The morning grandeur of this wind!  
Hark! how it blows, and sweeps, and swings  
Across the world on nobler wings  
Than those of tinned

And gilded glories—boxed-up Hope,  
And Charity on cold white planes,  
And Faith—nay, wait, it but remains  
To say, for Pope,

Parson, Revivalist, or Priest,  
(They're very much the same, I find,  
And much like other human-kind,  
I'll have at least

As good a thinker as you know,  
The dear old drone, whom you admire—  
Child, can it be you never tire,  
And wish to go

Elsewhere? Yet that were foolish too!  
I hold, the small and servile sects  
Are vainly in themselves perplexed,  
Teach nothing new.

O in this hurried world to-day  
Some things must go! Men are not now  
What once they were; the lifted brow,  
The serious way,

The rapture and the reverie  
Of prayer and faith and penitence,  
Suppression Spartan of the sense,  
I nowhere see!

I know two witcheries in Life.  
Now one is Love, (mind, only two,)  
This love is love, my love, of you ;  
The other, rife

With all its vast Potential grand,  
And benefit to all the race,  
Is love of Nature. Ah! you place  
A startled hand

Upon my arm! Well then, no more.  
I talk, you know, but *all* I say  
I hardly mean; it is my way  
Headlong to pour.

Hellenic jargon in your ear,  
Because you never take offence  
But grant a loving audience—  
What is it, Dear?"

For in her cheek the colour dies,  
And on her lip a tremble sues,  
And something like a tear bedews  
Her lovely eyes.

The Poet laughed, and tossed his hair,  
And flung the lilac-branch away.  
"You cannot wear that flower to-day;  
Your pallid air

This morning, Dear, requires a bright  
And warmer tone. Ah! where's the rose,  
The crimson one, that monthly blows,  
And seeks the light

In your own window?" Up he leaps,  
And down again before she knows,  
And fastens quick the glowing rose  
Beneath the deeps

Of rounded chin and rounder throat,  
Upon the soft gray of her gown.—  
The Poet's wife in gray or brown  
Long robes that float

Throughout his house is always drest.  
So soothes she with grave gown and glance  
His soul's too gay inheritance,  
She gives him rest.

And now the bells have ceased. A calm  
Has smitten all the little town,  
And in the church the folk kneel down,  
They wear the Palm ;

They sing the hymns their fathers knew,  
They hear the story told again  
Of sinless Christ and sinful men ;  
Some think it true,

And some have never thought at all,  
But all would fain believe the tale,  
If only once from 'neath the veil  
Some light would fall.

\* \* \* \*

The bells have ceased. The Poet lies—  
Dreaming, musing, upon the grass,  
But through his brain no fancies pass,  
No mysteries

Of saint and satyr, gnome and fay,  
Of king, of jester in disguise,  
Of knight and squire in brilliant dyes  
Upon their way.

*Have* the bells ceased? He thought to write—  
Perhaps to rhyme, at least to read  
The modern master-minds, whose creed  
He takes for light.

The bells have ceased, he knows full well;  
But though he surely cannot care,  
He seems to hear them everywhere,  
While with the swell,

And rise and fall, there comes at times  
A strain of far-off singing clear,  
And strangely, sadly, dimly dear,  
Above the chimes.

\* \* \* \*

What was his motive when he rose,  
Obedient to the inner peal,  
Could he himself at will reveal,  
In truth disclose?

What e'er it be it carries him,  
With curious, not unwilling, feet  
Along the walk and down the street  
Grass-grown and trim.

The open porch is ivied o'er. \* \* \*  
O do we know a stranger thing  
Than village folk that stand and sing,  
And thus adore

The God they cannot understand,  
For What is it they deify,  
And Whom is it they crucify  
Throughout the land?

Yet do we know a better thing  
Than kneeling folk that for an hour  
Forget their trouble and the power  
Of sin's strong King?

The Poet looked, and something crept—  
A certain softness, in his face,  
And for a happy moment's space,  
He gently wept.

There in her corner sits the wife.  
Ah! but her thoughts are hard to keep  
On Shepherd true and wandering sheep,  
And Bread of Life!

Her sorrow she can scarcely hide,  
—That dreaming figure on the grass—  
Nay, what is this has come to pass?  
He's at her side!

“It is the best thing that we know”—  
He breathes as softly in her ear  
As when he told the tale of fear  
In love—“and so

I come to sit with you—'tis right?  
The lilacs lost their lovely bloom  
And all the world was bathed in gloom,  
Yet here 'tis bright.”

She cannot speak nor look at him,  
But reaches forth a little hand;  
He takes it, he will understand,  
Her eyes are dim.

\* \* \* \*

“O little wife,” the Poet said,  
While round his neck her arms he placed,  
With his own arms about her waist,  
And on her head

Soft kisses rained; (they were at home,  
And both were happier it seemed,  
Than either one had ever dreamed,)  
    " Why did I come

And, find you in the well-known pew?  
I hardly know, but since I came—  
Contrite, Dear, with a touch of shame—  
    I swear to you,

I'll never let you go again  
All lonely as you went to-day;  
And if, sweet child, I cannot pray  
    As you are fain

To have me pray, like him who died,  
Your father, earnest in his work  
Of saving souls, I'll never shirk  
    In a false pride

The service I can love so well.  
If in this hurried world of ours  
Some things must go; if waning powers  
    Seem to rebel,

Because there is too much to learn,  
Too much to do, too much to know.  
And so the crowded days o'erflow,  
And round we turn

On turning earth with never a rest—  
At least we'll try to keep a sense  
For holy things and reverence—  
Sweet gift and blest—

For the dear faith our fathers knew,  
For things of virtue, things of praise,  
Of good report and pleasant ways,  
The Good, the True."

## THE FIRST CHILL.

Did you not think last night that the summer was over?  
That gone were the bees and the broom, and that gone  
was the clover,  
That dead were the flowers in your delicate basket of  
wire,  
That dead were the trailing tongues of the creeper's  
autumnal fire?

Did you not say to me then that a frost must be falling,  
Ere we both saw on the terrace your sweet mother  
calling?

Did we not stand there together and gaze at the gray  
That frightened the flushing rose from the cheek of the  
dying day?

Together, and yet apart, while *your* roses were paling,  
And you grew cold and white, and I too, and all sweet  
speech seemed failing;

If I spoke, I offended, or thought so; so what could  
I do

But be silent, nor risk the chance of further offence  
against you?

Did I not offer, sweetheart, that time when we tarried,  
To put on a gossamer bit of a wrap that you carried?  
Did you not calmly regard me as one who ignores,  
Just turn without word or smile, and so leave me, and  
vanish indoors?

Did we not think in truth that the summer was over,  
That gone were the bees and the broom, and that gone  
was the clover?

While you sat with your feet to the fire, I walked till I  
grew  
Half-frozen, half hating the world, the climate, myself,  
and—you.

But now what has happened, that after the wintriest  
weather,  
The heart of each bird is as light as the tiniest feather?  
The sun is as warm and the grass is as green as in  
June,  
And we sing with our hearts and lips, like the birds to  
a summer tune.

Sweetheart! Do thou sob no more! If the love were  
at ending,  
If the fault and the fever alike were both beyond  
mending,  
Then might you weep like the woman of tears that I  
know,  
But not when I strain you thus—not, not when I hold  
you so!

What a mistake, love, to think that the summer was  
over!

I fancy I saw a bee, and I'm sure I smelt clover—  
Swear to forget, child, the sudden, the menacing chill  
That darkened and startled the world and our hearts  
last night on the hill!

## HAPPY!

## I.

So. You are "happy," she says—this girl-friend of mine!  
 I'd cry in a minute—how little she knows—  
 But that I'm afraid—her eyes are quick eyes to divine  
 The substance beneath all such honeymoon shows—  
 She is right—you *are* happy. *I* dare  
 To doubt both your smile and your succulent  
 satisfied air!

## II.

"Clarice, but leave me!"—I cried. Then she crept from  
 the cliff,  
 For I stamped with my foot and I covered my ears.  
 I was selfish—mad—stung—stabbed—what! *we* have a tiff?  
 We true friends in trouble, true Clarice in tears?  
 My Clarice, forgive me! For men  
 Have women forgot other women again and again.

## III.

*Happy!* I could not but hear it, long after she spoke.  
 So. Happy—and sitting at home by the fire,  
 Or, happy—and out for a walk where the rivulet broke  
 Into foam at *my* feet. where the scent of the brier  
 Stole sweet on the air—I dream  
 Together we stroll by the lucent and shimmering  
 stream!

## IV.

And now it's all over, you thought, I expect, like a man,  
I'd come—sly—between you, and ruffle your peace;  
Write letters—was that it—and weave in anonymous plan  
A snare for the lady, your wife. No. Her lease  
Of your love, Sir, is her's. I dispute  
With no one about you, walk steady and quiet,  
keep mute.

## V.

Yet I know you have never so trusted me; feared, have  
you not,  
When the mail was brought in, or put down by  
her plate,  
Bent down the next moment with fingers all trembling  
and hot  
To stroke the meek head—or to see, was it straight,  
The writing, or backhand and fierce.  
There is power then in handwriting? God! I know  
how it can pierce!

## VI.

Then when you have left her alone all a long afternoon,  
I know you have feared to return and to open the  
door;  
My voice—did you hear—her form—was it—huddled in  
swoon,

Or low on her knees did she weep and implore?  
I know you have pictured the worst;  
I feel you have wanted me dead, or living, accursed.

## VII.

But then you are *huppy*. You told her to tell me, afraid  
I might think the reverse—so—cling to the past,  
Disturb you in wooing, burst in with my hair out of braid,  
Be once more the genius and leave her aghast—  
“She’s worse than I thought. Go to!  
Such women were never, my lover, intended for you.”

## VIII.

No, no, it is clear they were not. Too earnest by half;  
Too earnest? The word’s a reproach to your type!  
To be earnest at all is a folly. I hear your low laugh,  
You smother a smile as my eyelids you wipe.  
Yes, at least you did that. My tears!  
What sorrow was mine a year back for your eyes  
and your ears!

## IX.

And yet as I wept on your shoulder, I knew all the while,  
Your eyes were not lamps set to guide;  
Your lips, not lips moving with pity but curved in a smile,

Such as *she* never sees in a fright at her side,  
You are careful, I know. You wear  
Always in her presence that satisfied, confident air.

## X.

Marriage is sweet, I suppose. You feel she's your  
own,  
And should you fall ill, she can sit in a chair  
Quite near to your bedside, keep up the dim tone  
Of pale sickbed sentiment, measure, prepare  
Your physic and phials. Your want  
Was greater last year in that brier-sweetened,  
blossoming haunt!

## XI.

Why, then it was art, books and music, the drone-bee  
instinct!  
Together we weighed worlds, dissected the sun;  
Praised Pater, and Darwin, made notes, got our fingers  
well inked,  
Together wove verses, made many a pun.  
We were equals in all things. Your mate  
You declared you had found and from sympathy  
Love sprang straight.

## XII.

But then you grew tired. Men do—of a woman like me.  
 You were not quite at ease; my inviolate mind  
 Was quicker and fresher from study, you hated to see  
 How aptly I quoted—you hated to find  
 Your peer in a woman. Be just,  
 O my friend, you might leave us that much, spare  
 us that jealous thrust!

## XIII.

Cold comfort in coins and conchology, yet all the  
 while  
 A *kind* of equivalent. Women have changed;  
 They love, suffer, love again, live on a glance or a smile  
 For a season till fancy has ebbed, glance has ranged,  
 Then they turn to, and study. Why, see—  
 It was after we parted, I crammed, conquered, took  
 my degree!

## XIV.

Sweet solace in science for women as well as for men  
 Is part of our high education. To jilt  
 May be still your prerogative. Now, with a stroke of  
 the pen,  
 Or a wave of the brush, we blot out the tears  
 spilt—

We endure now like you. At times  
We marry, like you, and like you, put ourselves  
in our rhymes.

## XV.

Already life smacks of an interest in men and in things ;  
The mortar-board's heavy but suited to curls  
That grow--recollect, Sir--like mine in close heavy  
brown rings.

My future is safe--/--at least, unlike girls  
Who die in their longing--I rise  
To full height and true measure. I welcome the  
sorrow that tries.

## XVI.

I write, Sir, a poem about you. You'll read and you'll  
laugh,

Then curse--lest the wife should but guess it--no  
name,

Even *Clarice* a feigned one, yet matter too faithful by  
half

To your story and mine. Never fear; your fair fame  
In the world is unscathed. You care  
More for that than for anything--wives, they may  
suffer and stare.

## SEPTEMBER.

## I.

Birds that were gray in the green are black in the yellow.  
Here where the green remains rocks one little fellow.

Quaker in gray, do you know that the green is going?  
More than that—do you know that the yellow is showing?

## II.

Singer of songs, do you know that your Youth is flying?  
That Age will soon at the lock of your life be prying?

Lover of life, do you know that the brown is going?  
More than that—do you know that the gray is showing?

## OCTOBER.

Opaque and dry glows the autumn sky with a blue that  
is merged in shining,  
No deep rich hue but a pallid blue that is veiled with  
gray as for lining.  
And in heart and mart there be need of art to keep a  
gray world from repining.

For rose and gold cometh snow and cold and a leaden  
sky in the morning,  
And the huntsman's pink is a lurid link the lonely valleys  
adorning,  
And the feet are fleet the bright hearth to greet, with the  
pack the wet ways scorning.

The leaf is here but it grows full sere and it steadily  
mottles and mellows,  
And the chestnuts loom through a golden gloom that is  
lit by the maple yellows,  
That nest is best that is hardily drest and secure far beyond  
its fellows.

The jewelled ash makes a flame and a flash the while  
that its leaves are thinning,  
But a night and a day and the winds shall have sway  
and these same seared leaves sent spinning,  
But a rock and a shock and the winds shall mock at the  
wealth they are wildly winning.

While the leaves still cling may the heart still sing though  
the trees in the storm be straining,  
Their trunks showing black in the forest track heaped  
high with the frail ferns' raining,  
And the song is strong while the tissued throng faint  
not nor wither in waning.

When they shrivel and shrink even gay hearts think of  
the end that is somewhere in waiting,  
When the ash consumes with the sumach plumes and  
there be no birds for mating,  
And the wet ways met are the death ways set that the  
wanton winds are creating.

7 P. M.

Eyes looking out to the darkness—for what?—not the  
star

That sparkles down there in the distance, or is it a car  
With its red light or green at the end of the street that  
she sees?

Pshaw! she's not looking that way at all; all her soul's  
in the trees

That move darkly above her, and lean to the passionate  
gust

Of the night wind and rain; there is firmness and  
sweetness and trust

In that sweet face of hers. Not the girl nor the woman  
to mind

The cold drops on cheek and on hair, though the last *be*  
will find,

All uncurling and sleek and pushed back from the brows—  
Though is it a lover?

Who knows?

I only suppose,

For I do not know her—I caught but her face and her  
eyes,

As I passed in the rain, muffled up in an autumn disguise,  
Eager to be with my own by the side of a fire,

My own that count seven every night and never will tire  
Of the day's work and doing told lazily round the big  
table,

Where with her knee-pinned seam, sits Mabel, wife Mabel.

Years ago—I was rather a desperate fellow they say.  
 Perhaps they are right, and perhaps I had but my day  
 Of loud careless deeds and a louder and more careless  
 tongue ;

But then I met Mabel. “Too young !”

That was flung

In our faces for months, till I suddenly took for my own  
 What so clearly was meant for me—why, had she lastly  
 not grown

To leap at my coming and fall on my neck? Lovely,  
 too!

This was the wife that I married. Oh! Pity that you,  
 My good sir, her father, a dear old man too in your way,  
 Should have met me with curses and begged of your  
 daughter to stay.

*Could* she stay? That I asked her, but she with her  
 love made wild,

Just turned on her heel, (she too was a wayward child)

And that was the end of it. Since—

Why it makes me wince,

When I remember, that only one moment at night,  
 In a car-flashed glance, did she see that old man alight,  
 The only time since we were married—Is *she* still there,  
 At the door with the rain beating down on her cheeks  
 and her hair!

Rain makes one moralize. Now, I should *not* like to  
 think

That it is for the lover she waits; not the woman to  
shrink—

I caught that—from anything. Perhaps, if it be not a  
lover

It may be her husband. Will women ever discover  
How selfish men are and how little worthy the waiting?

Yet if Mabel had thought so, relating

Our happy mating

Would be out of the question. Now we are happy of  
course;

Our struggle for place and position and money—the source  
Of all good and beautiful things one would have for one's  
own—

All the struggle I say, all our troubles are well-nigh flown  
Only sometimes I have thought—how cold the wind grows!  
Never mind, but one short block more and then for a  
coze—

I fervently hope that the unknown and sweet-faced girl,  
She with her eyes on the dark and her hair out of curl,  
Has gone in from the cold and the rain—I was going  
to say

That my wife, with her way,

—A womanly way—

Might do much—ah! so much—for an old man at home  
like him,

Her father I mean. I suppose now, my eyes will be dim,  
And my walk be a totter, with everything dropping away

Into the echoing past or the echoless future, some day,  
And then, why a womanly touch on my shoulder 'or hair,  
Will not be, I grant, a superfluous thing to bear.  
But then is not now. For the present, I really believe  
That I shook off but yesterday Mabel's small hand from  
my sleeve ;

I was writing, I think—ah ! “ Persephone,” now I  
remember !

The dullest of tragedies grows in a dull November,  
And I do not write,  
With the easy flight  
All-compelling of yore, why, it takes me far longer to  
fill in

One page in these days than a dozen of former distilling,  
When the blood (that of youth) was up ever and ever  
enjoying,

And pleasure and mirth ran high with never a cloying.  
The wind, what a wind ! Is Mabel, I wonder, peering  
Out from her pleasant comfort to watch me steering  
My way through the cold dreary mistiness wind and rain ?  
It's beating I know, 'gainst her red curtained window pane ;  
It's beating directly, I fancy, against another  
South window I know, where in summer the roses half  
smother

Its cosy half-length—I stood among them there often.  
Will things ever be better ? Who knows ? 'Tis for him  
to soften ;

What we have done we have done ; yet perhaps had we  
tried,

Things had been better ere now and the twelve years'  
pride

Broken down or dissolved, or never suffered to live.

After twelve years it is easy to say, forgive,

And as hard to say, forget.

His Mabel! His pet!

I figure him now by a fire in an easy chair,

But no one to bend over, kissing the whitened hair ;

He was fond of the taste of a pipe ; on the mantleshef

It used to be kept—can he reach it now himself ?

Ah! a woman's care! Now I *should* like to think that  
the girl—

She with her eyes on the dark, with her hair out of curl,

Is waiting and watching, neither for friend nor for lover,

Neither for friend nor for brother, while it darkens

above her,

But only—ah, Mabel my darling, my loved one—oh!

rather,

Rather a thousand times, say, for *only her father!*

\* \* \* \* \*

Four steps, now the door—so dark I can hardly find it,  
The red blind at last, and Mabel's dear shadow behind it!

## THE DYING YEAR.

THE old year dies! Of this be sure,  
The old leaves rot beneath the snow,  
The old skies falter from the blow  
Dealt by the heavens that shall endure  
When sky and leaf together go.

And some are glad and some are grieved,  
Much as when some poor mortal dies;  
The first sensation of surprise  
Is lost in sobs of his bereaved,  
Or cold relief with dry-dust eyes,

That view his coffin absently,  
And wonder first how much it cost,  
And next, how came his fortune lost,  
And how will live his family,  
And how he looked when he was crost.

But tears—no, no—they only surge  
From those who knew him. They were few;  
He had his faults; he seldom knew  
The thing to say, condemn, or urge;  
'Tis better he has gone from view.

So neither do we weep—God knows,  
We have but little time for tears!  
A time for hopes, a time for fears,  
A time for strife, a time for woes  
We have—but hardly time for tears.

O it were good, and it were sweet,  
If we might weep our fill somewhere,  
In other world, in purer air,  
Perhaps in heaven's golden street,  
Perhaps upon its crystal stair!

For "power and leave to weep" shall be  
The golden city's legend dear;  
Though wiped away be every tear,  
First for a season shall flow free  
The floods that leave the vision clear!

So if we could we would, Old Year,  
Conjure a tear up when you go,  
And pace in solemn order slow  
Behind your gray and cloud-borne bier,  
Draped with the wan and fluttering snow.

Yet what is it, this year we miss?  
An arbitrary thing, a mark;  
A rapid writing in the dark;  
Dead wire, that with a futile hiss  
Strikes back no single answering spark.

*There is no year*, we dream and say,  
Again, *no year*, we say and dream,  
And dumbly note the frozen stream,  
And note the bird on barren spray,  
And note the cold, though bright sunbeam.

We quarrel with the times and hours,  
The year should end—we say—when come  
The last long rolls of March's drum,  
And too—we say—with grass and flowers  
Should rise the New Year, like to some

Gay antique goddess, ever young,  
With pallid shoulders touched with rose,  
Firm waist that mystic zones enclose,  
White feet from violets shyly sprung,  
Her raiment—that the high gods chose.

And yet the poet, born to preach  
With yearning for his human kind,  
His verse but sermon undefined,  
Will fail in what he means to teach,  
If he proclaim not, high designed,

The Old Year dies! It is enough!  
And he has won, for eyes grow dim  
As passeth slow his pageant grim,  
And many a hand both fair and rough  
Shall wipe away a tear for him—

For him, and for the wasted hours,  
The sinful days, the moments weak,  
The words we did or did not speak,  
The weeds that crowded out our flowers,  
The blessings that we did not seek.

## DECEMBER.

I long for a noble mood.\* I long to rise,  
Like those large rolling clouds of ashen pink  
That deepen into purple, over strife  
And small mechanic doings. How superb  
That landscape in the sky to which I walk,  
And gain at will a spacious colour-world,  
In which my finer self may feel no fear!  
The distance far between that goal and me  
Seems lightly bridged; breathless, I win that goal—  
The shores of purple and the seas of gold.  
Below, how flat the still small earth—a sphere  
That only the leaden soul takes solace in!  
The long pine stretches, barred in sombre black,  
Cross at right-angles fields that are gray with snow—  
Not white, but gray, for all the colours here,  
Colour—a new sacrament—melted gems,  
The hearts of all water-lilies, the tips of their wings—  
Young angels', plumed in topaz, garnet, rose—  
The dazzling diamond white, the white of pearl.  
How poor a place the little dark world appears,  
Seen from this gold-cloud region, basoned in fire!  
Only a step away, and nothing is seen  
Of the homes, huts, churches, palaces it bears  
Upon its dry brown bosom. There remains  
But the masterful violet sea, that angrily  
This moment somewhere gnashes its yellow teeth

Against a lonely reef. What's most like God  
In the universe, if not this same strong sea,  
Encircling, clasping, bearing up the world,  
Blessing it with soft caresses, then, for faults,  
Chiding in God-like surges of wrath and storm?  
But the ocean of cloud is placid, and the shores,  
Rolled up in their amethyst bulk towards the stars,  
Fade noiselessly from pearl to purple dark.  
The shades fall even here. Here—not exempt  
From death and darkness even these shining airs—  
The night comes swifter on than when on earth.  
The fringes of faintest azure, where the bars  
Of paler cloud are fading into gray,  
Are dulled and blotted out. Opaque has grown  
The molten in one moment; fleecy pale  
And ghastly all the purple—lonely then,  
And awed to horror of those glacial peaks,  
I bridge the vaporous barrier once again,  
And tread the despised earth. Then how too dear  
Doth the rude, common light of earth appear—  
That of a street lamp, burning far, but clear!  
The sign of human life, of human love,  
Of habitation sweet, of common joys  
And common plans, though precious, yet not prized,  
Till in a moment's fancy I had lost them.

THE RIME OF THE *GRAY CITIE*.

## I.

From firelight to starlight,  
(And northward flies a flame)  
It streameth high to the Polar sky,  
And a pageant doth proclaim ;  
While the *Gray Citie* that is crowned of the cold,  
Hath need of a singer proud and bold.

## II.

She sigheth, she lieth  
Prone on her couch of snow,  
She feels the beat of the stranger feet  
That through her ways o'erflow,  
And her soul from the sordid things of sense  
Awakes to a present nobler tense.

## III.

She thinketh, she dreameth,  
She broodeth on a throng  
Of voices great that might dedicate  
To her worthily their song,  
But she faileth to find, doth the *Gray Citie*,  
The while that she holdeth revelry

## IV.

In firelight, in starlight,  
In dreaming or at day,  
The voice, the song that to her may belong  
And illuminate her way,  
And speak to her sisters over seas,  
Of her stately streets and her crowded quays.

## V.

She stoopeth, back loopeth  
(The better she may see)  
Her pine-dark hair from her forehead fair,  
Thus watching waiteth she;  
And then that the better she may hear,  
She turns to the air her listening ear.

## VI.

The northward, the southward,  
She scans with vision rare,  
But the north-song star a cloud doth mar,  
Laughs the south in its song so fair,  
And no song lives in the red sunset,  
And the dawn declares no singer yet.

## VII.

She stayeth, delayeth,  
For fear that she may miss  
A half-blown sigh, or a word, or a cry,  
Or a string-swept, heart-flung kiss;  
But she waiteth in vain for a minstrel bold,  
And the sigh that is wafted upon the cold  
From her own heart comes I wis.

## VIII.

She rises, she hearkens  
To the roar of a hundred guns,  
She opens her eyes on a light that vies  
With the glare of a thousand suns,  
And a million arrows overhead  
To the Polar sky stream blue and red.

## IX.

To northward from southward  
The gay processions wind,  
To mount from quay of the *Gray Citie*,  
And she maketh up her mind  
To-night by herself in her own clear tongue  
Shall now or never her song be sung.

## X.

“O hear me! Draw near me!”  
She towereth where she stands,  
Her voice rings loud to the careless crowd,  
She spreadeth forth her hands,  
On her brow the crystal ice crown gleams,  
At her feet the frozen river dreams.

## XI.

“O hear me! Draw near me!  
And rest from revelry!  
The silken mask and the flowing flask,  
The varied garb of glee,  
The shining skate and the swift snowshoe,  
Lay down with the tasselled tuque of blue,

## XII.

While welcome, twice welcome,  
Thrice with my strongest call  
A welcome loud from Mount Royal proud  
Do I bid you one and all,  
And bid you too in my pleasures share,  
My winter glories of sky and air.

## XIII.

From flowerlight to firelight,  
 (And northward flies a flame),  
 O first to you is a greeting due,  
 You from the south who came,  
 Leaving your golden orange trees,  
 Your sweet acacia scented breeze!

## XIV.

From coast-land to inland,  
 Leaving the fresh salt spray,  
 There sat at my feast to-day from the east  
 Keepers of holiday;  
 My people all (thus the *Gray Citie*)  
 Do bid you a welcome fair and free.

## XV.

And leaving the heaving  
 Green of the prairie wave,  
 A jovial guest, came you from the west,  
 Singing a lusty stave,  
 The pallor perished, the white hands brown,  
 With glory of health for your manhood's crown.

## XVI.

You others, my brothers,  
Remember as you dash  
Down the steep white hill while your hearts stand still  
And the sharp wind stings like a lash,  
My peace, my perils, my foes, my fears,  
Two hundred and forty-seven years

## XVII.

I count, I remember,  
Since one soft summer night,  
An altar green was strangely seen  
Festooned with fireflies bright,  
And the forest tall stood dark above  
The form of the martial *Maisonneuve*.

## XVIII.

And dreaming, in seeming,  
I bow to the saintly *Mance* ;  
The face I see of the fair *Peltrie*  
As she stands in a heavenly trance ;  
And the gentle Marguerite *Bourgeois*,

Charming the sullen Iroquois  
From the maze of his savage dance,  
I see by the side of those pioneers,  
The Frenchmen who gave their blood, their tears  
For the flag and faith of France!

## XIX.

Thus learning, discerning  
Lessons the Past has taught,  
You dare not despise the heroes I prize,  
Nor the later lives that brought  
The merchant-ships to my harbour gay,  
And cut through my cold limestone their way.

## XX.

Disdaining complaining,  
The New World bent to their power,  
As had done the Old, nor failed to unfold  
The pod, the plant, the flower,  
While the beaver stared and stared in vain,  
And the Red man's heart nigh broke in twain.

## XXI.

And packing and filling  
The house and cellar and bin,  
My people dare love the icy air,  
And they love the silver din  
Of the fur-trapt sleighs, nor do they disdain  
The loveliness of the frosted pane  
When the fire is red within."

## XXII.

She pauses, the *Citie* ;  
Then to her own she saith,  
"Look ye agree in your revelry  
To revere both pain and death ;  
And forget not the poor in their poverty,  
So shall ye bless yourselves and me."

## XXIII.

From firelight to starlight,  
To the north there darts a flame,  
It streameth high to the Polar sky  
And a pageant doth proclaim.  
Unchecked once more is the revelry  
In the streets and paths of the *Gray Citie*.

## VILLANELLE.

A Girl's idea of Greece.

Huge honeycombs, rich dates,  
Goats and the Golden Fleece;

Gods pretty much of a piece,  
Jumbled up with the Fates,  
(A girl's idea of Greece!)

Ganymede Saturn's niece,  
Mercury given to skates,  
Goats and the Golden Fleece:

Drapery *minus* a crease,  
Dryads polishing plates,  
A *girl's* idea of Greece!

Hush! Bid the clatter cease!  
Lest while the novice prates  
Of Goats and the Golden Fleece,

The halls of Girton release  
The maid who matriculates.  
"A girl's idea of Greece!  
Goats and the Golden Fleece!!!"

## VILLANELLE.

Sprung from a sword-sheath fit for Mars,  
Straight and sharp, of a gay glad green,  
My jonquil lifts its yellow stars.

Barter, would I, for the dross of the Czars,  
These golden flowers and buds fifteen,  
Sprung from a sword-sheath fit for Mars?

Barter, would you, these scimitars,  
Among which lit by their light so keen  
My jonquil lifts its yellow stars?

No, for the breast may burst its bars,  
The heart its shell, at sight of the sheen  
Sprung from a sword-sheath fit for Mars:

Miles away from the mad earth's jars,  
Beneath a leafy and shining screen,  
My jonquil lifts its yellow stars.

And I—self-scathed with mortal scars,  
I weep, when I see, in its radiant mien,  
Sprung from a sword-sheath fit for Mars  
My jonquil lift its yellow stars.

## FRAGMENT.

A yellow moon shines

On the inturned breast of Nuphar,

She the golden river lily;

On the wedding ring of the bride

Glowing with love, adoring in happy pride;

On the hair above the brows of innocent childhood;

On the rustling corn far away in a meadow;

On the gleaming coin which fell in the shadow;

On the cloth of gold of a king;

On the tender midnight blossoming

Of briar-bud to rose.

A wan white moon shines

On a lily they took from the river,

Larger and whiter than all the rest.

Trampled and soiled is its delicate breast.

On the satin and snowy robe

*She* will wear on the morrow,

Who will loathe to be called a wife;

What sorrow is like to her sorrow?

On the stiffening, straggling gray-white locks

Of the old man murdered;

On the pale ones who long for bread;

On the silver snake round the arm of a woman

Who longs in her soul to be dead;

On the shroud of a young new mother and babe;

On the shedding of blossoms and tears

O'er the mound and the marble.

## OF YE HEARTE'S DESIRE.

Wythe some it is shippes and golde ;  
    Wythe some it is palaces faire ;  
Wythe some it is blossoms that folde  
    Theire beautie away fromme the aire ;  
Wythe some it is castles in Spaine,  
    That tower through a rosie cloude ;  
Wythe some it is visions of paine  
    That compass them here like a shroud.

Wythe others 'tis feasting and fun,  
    The thyng they call "lyfe," no doubt ;  
Wythe some it is fame well-done  
    And garnished with puffed about ;  
Wythe some it is places highe ;  
    Wythe some it is stockes and shares ;  
Wythe others 'tis kites to flie ;  
    Wythe some it is fancie faires.

Wythe some it is grace to walk  
    Through lyfe aright to the grave ;  
Wythe some it is yearning to talk  
    Wythe the friend beyond the wave ;  
Wythe some 'tis to make new friends,  
    Wythe others to keep but one ;  
Wythe some 'tis to make both ends  
    Meet as they never have done.

None of these wyshes are myne.  
Lovers who guess my plight,  
Reading between each lyne  
Lo, ye have guessed aright!  
Only my hearte's desire—  
To feel that my love forgives,  
That his hearte will never tire  
Of loving me while he lives!

## A PLEA.

*For the Idle Singers of an Empty Day.*

Not by us the seed  
    Sown—we only tend it;  
Not by us the gift  
    Bought—we only send it;  
Not by us the flowers  
    Plucked—we only fling them;  
Not our own the songs,  
    But the way we sing them.

Though all blossoms grew  
    Cheap—we still should miss them;  
Though some gifts appear  
    Poor—we often kiss them;  
Though the seeds may look  
    Small—we cannot spare them;  
Though our songs be slight,  
    Shall the world not share them?

Now should Fate be kind,  
    Cause us to inherit  
Sweet access of Fame,  
    Based on others' merit,  
Hear us now confess,  
    As to-day we bring them,  
Not our own the songs,  
    But the way we sing them.

## NIAGARA IN WINTER.

Nor similes nor metaphors avail!  
All imagery vanishes, device  
Dies in thy presence, wondrous dream of ice!  
Ice-bound I stand, my face is pinched and pale,  
Before such awful majesty I fail,  
Sink low on this snow-lichened slab of gneiss,  
Shut out the gleaming mass that can entice,  
Enchain, enchant, but in whose light I quail.

While I from under frozen lashes peer,  
My thoughts fly back and take a homeward course.  
How dear to dwell in sweet placidity,  
Instead of these colossal crystals, see  
The slender icicles of some fairy "force,"  
And break the film upon an English mere!

## SONNETS: TO THE GOD OPPORTUNITY.

## I.

Strange, that no idol hath been roughly wrought,  
 Or fairly carven, beating on its base  
 A name so potent! Strange, no ancient race,  
 Workers in whitest Parian, ever sought  
 To reproduce thy beauty, slyly fraught  
 With vast suggestion! Strange, thou could'st not brace  
 The dull Assyrian, did'st not tempt from chase,  
 Trophy and battle, the sons of literal thought!

We who are tired of gods must yet to thee  
 Render allegiance. Chance and Love are blind,  
 And Cause is soulless, Art is deaf and vain,  
 All unavailing looms the God of Pain.  
 Disclaiming these, we choose with prescient mind,  
 The unknown God of Opportunity.

## II.

Tired of all other gods are we, and fain  
 To serve thee for a season; seem'st to nod,  
 A sleek slim shape, half demon, half a god,  
 Thy sex unguessed at, eyes that hold a grain  
 Of maniac cunning, piercing through the sane  
 Strong gaze of Deity, around a rod  
 Thy snaky fingers clasped, while near thee plod  
 The petty things who follow in thy train.

These are Ambition, Circumstance, and Will.  
For gods they once were taken by some rule  
Forgotten, now with pallid purpose hurled  
Down from unstable thrones. Supreme and still,  
Thou reign'st, thy rod the lever of the world,  
Fortune, thy favourite; Failure, thy poor fool!

## MARCH.

With outstretched whirring wings of vandyked jet,  
Two crows one day o'er house and pavement pass'd.  
Swift silhouettes limned against the blue, they glass'd  
Smooth beak and ebon feather in the wet  
Of gaping pool and gutter, while, beset  
By nestward longing, high their hoarse cry cast  
In the face of fickle sun and treacherous blast,  
Till all the City smelt the violet.

Then through that City quick the news did run.  
Great wheels were slacken'd; belts were stopped in mill,  
And fires in forges. Long ere set of sun  
Dazed men, pale women sought the open hill—  
They throng'd the streets. They caught the clarion cry—  
"Spring has come back—trust Spring to never die!"

## APRIL.

While others hug the fire, I gladly go,  
Blown along beneath April skies to one broad path  
That winds away from the town and drops below  
A rude plank bridge, to glades that soon shall glow  
With violets velvet sheathed, op'd full rath.

April—the opal month of all the year,  
With pearly skies, and blue, and sudden snows—  
The opal April of my thought is here,  
And I am happy when a star doth peer  
From the brown bed of leaves wherein it grows.

I would not touch one downy drooping bud!  
The fingers of the wind, alone have power  
To give such, life, and soon its peers shall stud  
The greening bank that now is caking mud.  
I go, return, and wait that magic hour.

The eager children throng about the glade,  
They do not know the signs, they falter—doubt  
There will be flowers, mistrust the cooling shade  
That meets them on the wood's edge; note the fray'd,  
Crisp curl'd last winter's leaves the wind still rout.

Indeed, it asks for faith, when all the road  
Is furrow'd deep in slowly drying ruts,  
And farmers gently urge with sparing goad  
Their morning teams, conscious of pressing load,  
And squirrels count their yet full store of nuts,

And frosty films on tree and sward are cast,  
And rivulets run cold, nor yet too free,  
And the old grass is sodden, lump'd and mass'd  
On either side the fence, while a March blast  
Blows April's trumpeter in triumphant key.

Afar stretch fields exceeding grey and wan,  
Of sterile stubble; here are flying leaves,  
And clouds of dust the wide highway upon.  
It seems some mid-October morn; all gone  
The splendour of the gay autumnal sheaves,

And only left, the longing for the snow  
To veil defect and compensate for loss.  
But not a blossom ever seeks to blow  
Until the time be ripe. Let rains but flow,  
And stumps shall cushion'd be with emerald moss,

And every bank shall wear a coronet  
Of azure stars and yellow bells; pale plumes  
Of slow uncurling green be rootwise set,  
And higher, where the forest parapet  
Its fringe of faint new foliage assumes.

O! I have felt the high poetic mood  
While lingering there, far from the troubled ways  
Of duty and desire; have lov'd to brood  
For hours in the open air—my faith, my food—  
Till seemed to cling around my brow the bays!

And I have felt, too, like the vagabond,  
Who knows no duty, has but one desire—  
To keep the peace with Nature; who, beyond  
All envy, sleeps beside some cool clear pond  
And sees each morn the flaming sunrise fire

Bleak hill and budding forest—I would give  
Much, in such moods, to drop the life I lead,  
All ties, all dear expectances and live  
As carelessly as that poor fugitive  
Of all demands which now I daily heed.

Must heed—for dreaming is not doing. Base,  
Base should I be to dream my days to death  
In this sequester'd glade, where shadows chase  
A golden phantom. To each man his place—  
He who neglects his, curses with latest breath

The trend and disposition of his life,  
For spells, dew-laden, odorous, warm and soft,  
Like these sweet April omens, purely rife  
With soothing promise of an end to strife,  
Are dangerous. No more then, high aloft,

I lift ecstatic eyes to sheer bright blue,  
Or seek the curled cup beneath my foot.  
I wander homeward, longed for by the few  
Who love me, loving, too, the work I do—  
See—I have brought them one arbutus root!

## OF LOVE IN DANGER.

Out—out—out—and away, away,  
 Far away from the sheltering bay,  
 With the houses hanging out of the town,  
 And the shoeless children at their play  
 Happy and hearty and blithe and brown;  
 Far away from the daisied down  
 That crowns the cliff with a vagrant fine,  
 The dashing vagabond columbine;  
 Far away, (and I feel no twinge)  
 From its scarlet bright familiar fringe;  
 Till the houses and cliff are faded quite.  
 Only a cottage, small and white,  
 Left, as I turn my head to the right,  
 Mark it there in the evening light;  
 So I drift away from the bay,  
 Away, away.

What do you do out so far?  
 Look! already the evening star  
 Rises over your beautiful bay;  
 Already the children upon the sand,  
 Grow tired of glee and tired of play,  
 Are clustered in a sleepy band.  
 Look! at the window a mother's hand,  
 And voices calling "Come in!" Come back!

What will you do when the shadows black  
O'ertake you on your seaward tack?  
Look! There will be no moon to-night,  
And it is not far, not far from the sea;  
Drenched you will be,  
Do you not hear  
Faint but clear,  
The mothers' voices calling?

Out—out—out—and away, away,  
Further away from the sheltered bay!  
I have no fear of the ~~amber~~ floor,  
My boat is of amber—I have no oar,  
No rudder have I, but I have a sail—  
See! when I left it was linen pale,  
Now it is fixed to a golden mast,  
And silken and yellow it flies full fast!  
Smooth are the waters and calm the air,  
A great gold light glows everywhere,  
So have I seen a sunset rare,  
Gild like the mythic god of old  
My little town so white and cold,  
The little town that is far behind  
The silken sail that flies on the wind.  
So I drift away from the bay,  
Away, away!

Hist! For I'd help you yet.  
Out of the waves and the wet,  
Out of the gathering black,  
Here is my voice to say,  
While it is light come back!  
Drowned you will be;  
Do you not see  
There to the right  
The open sea?  
Here is my hand to save  
From wave upon wave,  
From grave upon grave,  
And blackness surely descending.  
If it were not so dark!  
If by some light I might mark  
If your journey be ending!  
No. There it is about you,  
All the hurry and flash,  
And the whirl and the crash  
Of the storm about you!  
God! I would help you yet!  
Out of the waves and the wet,  
Out of the wind and the waves,  
Out of the gathering black,  
And the gathering graves——

## OF LOVE IN REPROOF.

I thought that Life was worth the living,  
I thought that Love was worth the giving.

Sweet, do you wonder how I know  
What you knew doubtless years ago,

That Life is made up of follies and vices,  
And Love *pour passer le temps* suffices?

For though you are young, so young, you go  
To the play or ball in a boddice low,

And your hair still curls in a chikdish way,  
And you laugh and sing and jest all day.

Yet are you older far than me;  
You are not young as a woman should be

In maiden lore of down-dropt eyes;  
Nor would your cheeks pale in a pure surprise

Were I to tell you a tender tale,  
Though mine would flush and my voice would fail,

O Sweet, if ever I tried to speak  
The passion that makes us both fierce and weak.

It is left me to think what a woman might be,  
Had she your eyes, your laugh of glee,

Your hair too—spirals of glossy brown,  
I remember the day you took it down—

With just this difference—hear me, Sweet,  
Am I hard who yesterday knelt at your feet?—

Her mind should be pure and her heart be young,  
With trust in her eyes and truth on her tongue.

Once will I crush your hands in mine,  
(I had thought my mother's ring not too fine

For the dear third finger, but back, my pearl,  
You were meant for a purer if plainer girl!)

And once will I kiss you, you'll let me, I know,  
(And that is bitter) before I go.

What! you move away! Well, perhaps it is best;  
Your lips are not made to make men rest.

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