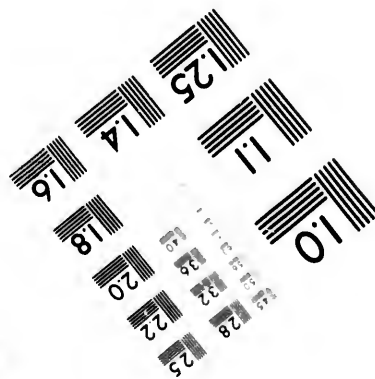
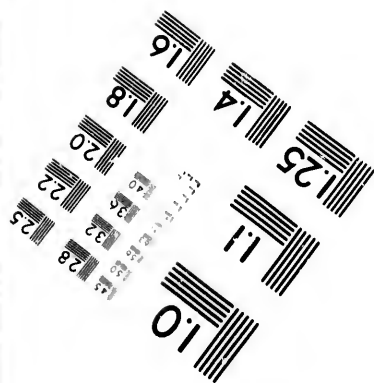
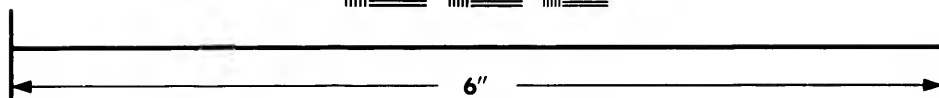
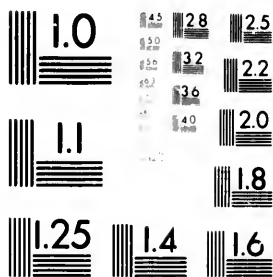


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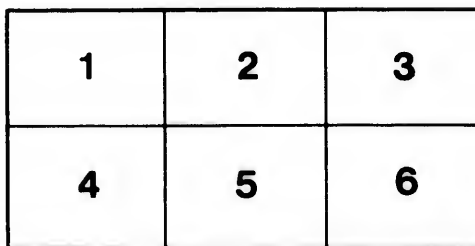
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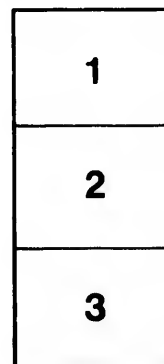
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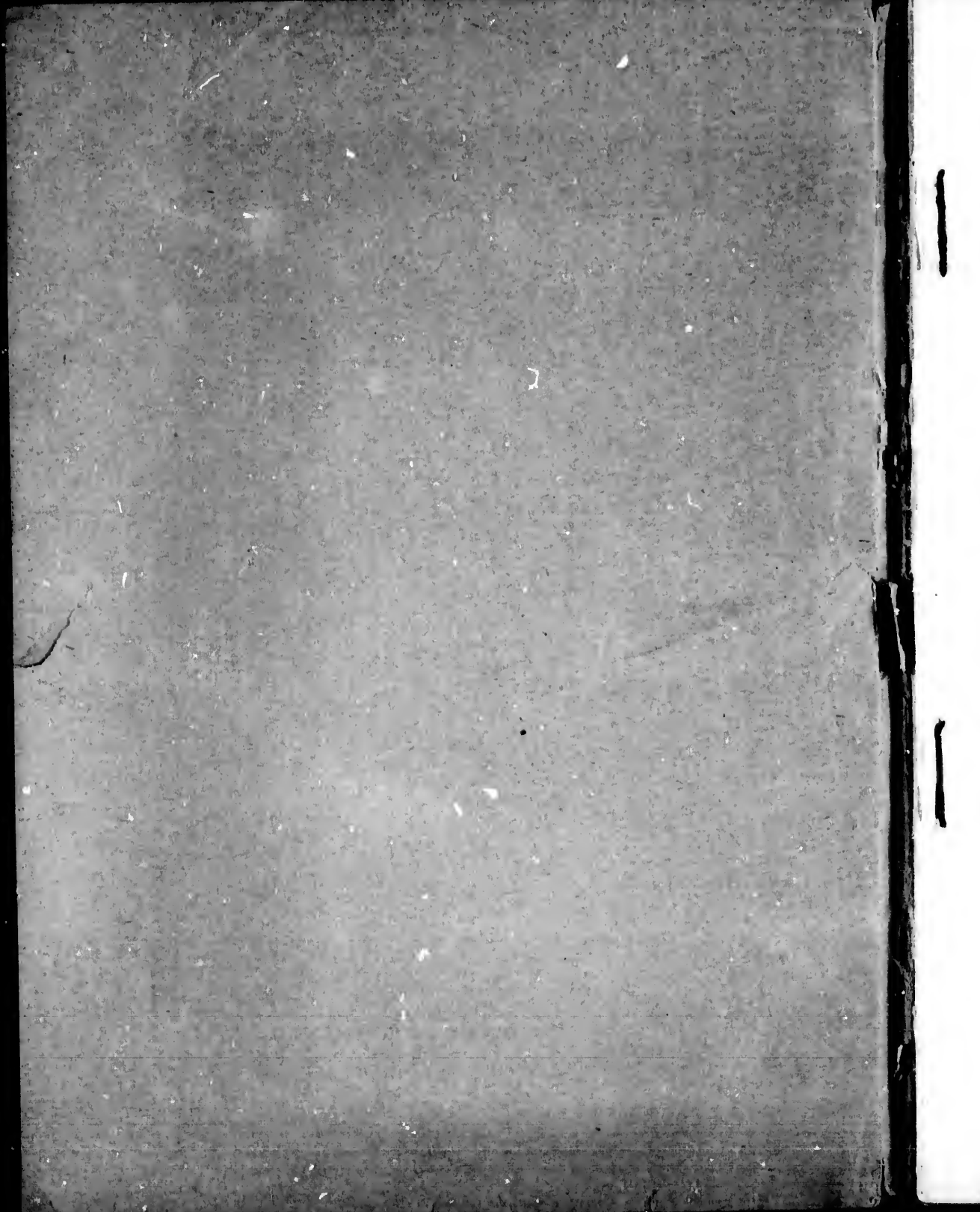


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# Is Marriage a Failure?

Lost ! and Many • •  
Gems of Verse

By Clara H. Mountcastle



IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE? T

LOST!

AND MANY GEMS OF VERSE

BY

GLARA H. MOUNTGASTLE

TORONTO:

IMRIE, GRAHAM & COMPANY, PRINTERS, 31 CHURCH STREET

1899

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Entered according to the Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year 1899, by  
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## INTRODUCTION.

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ABOUT ten years ago the rector of a certain parish requested any of his congregation who had talent in the way of authorship, to write an essay on any suitable subject, and read it, at one of the church entertainments—then in full progress—with the hope of raising some money for a charitable purpose. Hence the advent of "Is Marriage a Failure?"

The essay failed to appear then, or since, through the prolonged illness of the writer, who now gives it to the public in company of some choice bits of verse which are inserted for preservation while she is determining whether or not there be sufficient love of poetry in the hearts of the Canadian people as will justify her in bringing forth a more finished volume.

Love of poetry tends strongly to the advance of civilization, and should be fostered by all lovers of their country; but it is not to be expected that the poetry of any country, much less a young country like Canada, will attract the masses, unless it be simple, earnest and touching. Pathos is the soul of poetry, and the best verse is so simple that a child may understand it. I have all due respect for Browning and his school when I make this assertion; but we are a busy people, and need poetry as a relaxation, not as a means of adding one more study to the already over-burthened brain.

Poetry, if strong, simple and touching, is a wonderful delight to the soul of man, therefore it should not be so confidently asserted that Canadians do not care for poetry because they do not like Browning and others who write obscurely. They have no time for the study of these. They need poetry in the home, poetry that will give rest and pleasure and keep alive the best feelings of humanity, not a "Browning Club," where the lovers of that poet meet together and try by united effort of intellect to ascertain what the gifted man is writing about. With these few remarks I offer my simple verse to my countrymen, and will let them decide upon its merit.

THE AUTHOR.

## "Is Marriage a Failure?"

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THE desire to know what an unmarried woman has to say about the wedded state has doubtless drawn some here to-night who would otherwise have little interest in the subject. Let such remember that a "looker-on sees most of the game!"

Married folk know little beyond their own round of daily joys and sufferings, be they great or small, while the single have almost unbounded facility for noting the reason why many married people cannot, or do not, live together in harmony.

The query "Is Marriage a Failure?" has been going the rounds of the press for the last twenty years, and, as far as I know, has met with few replies that are likely to benefit this or future generations.

Close observation has taught me that marriage, far from being a failure, is, where there is mutual love and esteem, a great success.

When I speak of love, I do not mean the fever that attacks young people like measles, whooping-cough and chicken-pox—all of which are the natural result of being young; nor *that love* that burns itself out like lava, and leaves nothing but scorched and blackened ruin to mark the devastation it has made.

I mean the love that springs from mutual admiration of character and aims in life—that love that springs up in the heart of each where tastes and pursuits are in harmony—that sympathy, that, if one suffers, the other feels the pain, be it mental or bodily—that fondness that makes a man and a woman so "chummy" that they never wish to be separated—that love that would lead them to die for each other.

Such love partakes of the God nature within us, and is fed and kept alive by mutual faith and trust. Where there is this love between husband and wife, the married state must be happier than the single.

A friend has reminded me that too much sweetness palls. This is true. I am not alluding to sweetness, but love that may have as much spice as is required to keep it warm.

There is a great difference between the teasing that keeps love warm and the brutality that causes a man to say something unkind to his wife when he goes to his work—thus leaving her all day in tears. Men have tried this nonsense and wondered, later, why their wives became lunatics.

St. Paul says, "Let the wife see that she reverence her husband."

If all women acted on St. Paul's advice, there would probably be fewer marriages; but such as were consummated would no doubt be happy, as men like to be looked up to and revered, and a woman capable of this feeling for any ordinary man, must have a large portion of the angelic in her composition, and it is these women who make happy homes, or, if unequally mated, die in the attempt.

On the contrary, there are women who think that to reverence the best of husbands would detract from their dignity. These set St. Paul's opinions at defiance, and want to be the "head" of the man and manage his business, when they do not know enough to manage their own; and the more unfitted they are to rule, the more persistently they contend for the right to do so, till the man who should be the head, gets discouraged and gives up everything, and the family comes to grief; when, if the wife had attended to her own affairs, and striven to economize in her own department, he, the breadwinner, would have made a happy home.

Well might men say, "From all contentious women, good Lord, deliver us!"

I have stated that matrimony under normal circumstances is a great success, while in others it is as decided a failure, and is likely, under the present regulations of society, to remain so.

It is a God-ordained institution, and ought to be a state of perfect harmony between the man and woman, especially if they be among professing Christians.

Yet it is not so, as even the most casual observer can testify; but whether matrimony is to be blamed for the wretched state of society, or society to be blamed for the miseries of matrimony is a problem difficult to solve.

It is a subject that opens up a wide field for thought, leaving much scope for the abilities of the "Social Reformer," and the few remarks on the subject that I am here to make, are offered merely to start discussion, that wiser heads than mine may take the matter up, and pursue it to a successful issue; by which I mean inaugurate a few simple reforms, such as will render it possible for matrimony to be as great a success as it was when Adam and Eve first looked fondly into each others eyes.

This was before the fall. When they were driven out of Paradise, Adam would very naturally say, with temper:

"It's all your fault, Eve, that we are in this miserable condition."

And Eve would retort :

"It didn't take much persuasion to induce you to taste the apple, anyway."

The devil was the first cause of marital unhappiness, and is likely to be the last ; for from the days of Job until now he has never tired of "going to and fro in the earth, nor of walking up and down in it" and doing all the mischief he could ; yet, although he has invented a spurious article to take the place of it, he has never been able to kill love.

There are still, fond, pure, love glances exchanged between men and women, and, occasionally, between husband and wife, and it is because of their rarity in the last instance that, when we do detect them, they are so beautiful.

Fond glances between husband and wife are rare, firstly, because in seventy-five cases out of a hundred, as soon as the honeymoon is over they cease to pay each other those little loving attentions that call them forth, and secondly because there is a barrier between them.

This barrier may be caused by many different circumstances, which summed up would mean *that state* that we term mismatched when a man, if he did not want victuals, would forget he had a wife, though she might be everything a wife ought to be, true-hearted, tender, loving, until from want of appreciation the fount of affection is frozen within her. Again there are women who, if they did not want money for dress and foolery, would forget they had husbands.

Then there is the man who marries the doll-woman with intent to train her.

I would say to that man : "Leave her for some other man who thinks her perfect as she is."

A man now living in this town, once suggested to me that I was not doing my duty in life by remaining unwed, and expatiated upon the great work I would do, if I would marry some poor sinner and reform him.

He mentioned a drunkard as a suitable party.

I gave the matter due consideration, and then informed him that society would need to be re-arranged before I could undertake the work.

The W. C. T. U. and a lot of other Societies would have to be abolished, as I should want him at home in the evening to enjoy the beauties and delights of that home with me.

The cry for total prohibition would have to be stopped, as the management of him would become my affair, and I would not want the government to interfere with me, and place beyond his reach the temptation, that, as my husband, I should wish

him to have the decency to avoid, and the strength to subdue.

I would not expect him to be like a child of three years old, from whose reach you deem it advisable to place the sugar-bowl on the highest shelf in the cupboard.

You take this precaution, remember, when the child is three; at five you tell him not to touch the sugar, and if he disobeys you, you spank him.

Thus through the feeling of the outer flesh you teach him to subdue the cravings of the inner man.

Self-denial is the grandest attribute that man can possess, and the idea of legislating to stop the growth of it, is awful when you think of the result. Therefore I would not want legislation to aid me in the management of my drunkard.

If wifely duty, and a happy home, would not cure him, I would tie him up when he was, what is termed, "on the spree," that he might not publicly disgrace himself and me; give him some nasty medicine, suitable to his case, and when he was sober, reason with him; and if I could not in this way convince him of the error of his ways, I should be certain that he was insane; and all I would ask of the government would be an asylum, where he could work for his living, and have proper medical attendance till cured; when we would live together happy ever after.

So much ado is made about drunkenness, yet there are many worse evils that a wife has to contend with, of which law and society take little notice.

If a man and a woman wish to tread the path of life side by side in peace and happiness, it is of all things most essential that their footsteps tend toward the same goal. That they occupy the same position in society, and that they be equally refined, or equally vulgar.

I hold vulgarity in abhorrence; yet I would not deny the vulgar man a companion in his vulgarity, while there is a suitable one to be found.

If he sees a woman, who will smile upon him with bewitching approval when he utters his coarse jokes, all else being equal, let him marry her, if he can, and they will have a fair chance of happiness in their way; but if in his courting days he puts on the manner of a gentleman, and thereby wins the favor of a high-minded refined woman, every nerve in whose body will thrill with repulsion the first time he gives vent to the foulness within, there cannot be any happiness for either—though each may be striving ever so hard to please.

To be ill-mated is a very serious matter. It means to be mentally unsuited.

A man who makes persistent efforts to win a woman who is not suited to him, not only wrongs her, but he wrongs the man

she would have suited, and he wrongs the woman who would have suited him, and who, failing to find a mate, lives out her life in loneliness.

There are men and women who marry for money. I have nothing to say to them, save that they are contemptible, and there are those who marry without money, which is foolish; for if their affection for each other is strong enough for them to contemplate facing the trials of life together, without anything to begin upon, it would stand the strain of a few years waiting while each was endeavoring to save something from their individual earnings to commence married life in a rational manner.

A woman should look to marriage as a probable event in her life, and early fit herself for the position of wife and mother, by making as careful a study of every branch of house-keeping, cutting out of garments of every description, sewing, house-decorating, etc., as though she were expecting to pass an examination and win a gold medal for proficiency in these accomplishments.

Especially should she be proficient in cookery, for some wise person has said, "If you want to make your husband happy, feed the brute." This does not sound very romantic, yet there is much truth in it. Well cooked food is, undoubtedly, a source of happiness in the home.

There is very little hope for domestic felicity under the present educational system, when a girl marries as soon as she leaves school, where all her time has been taken up with studies that henceforth will be of very little use to her.

Thinking seriously on this subject, would it not be well to have the training necessary for the ground-work of a happy home, namely cookery, house-work, etc., made compulsory and taught in a separate room of the common school at the public expense. It would be more conducive to happiness than a term in the high school, for which comparatively few have any real need.

A woman should be above the faintest shadow of reproach; and I do not advocate her following any line of conduct that would tend to "brush the bloom off the peach," but think it best for her happiness that she wait to be sought and sought persistently; yet, in this advanced age, many sensible people admit that a woman has a right to pop the question. If so, she should not offer herself as a candidate for matrimony, or accept the position of wife without the necessary qualifications. It is as absurd for her to do so as to accept a position as bookkeeper when she does not know that two and two make four.

I believe that the poor are far happier in their marriage

relations than the rich (I mean the very poor), because they are more dependent on each other and have fewer temptations to indulge in selfishness and the smaller vices so ruinous to domestic felicity.

Among the middle classes marriage is often a failure, unless the wife has money of her own wherewith to purchase her knick-knacks—what is termed pin-money.

Of late years dress has become such a craze among women that, no matter to what grade of society they belong, they must have their silks and satins, and husbands object to the expense. Therefore it must be disagreeable for a wife to have to ask her husband for every cent that she spends on her personal adornment ; and if she is not adorned, no matter what her loveliness of mind may be, he will contrast her with other women to her disadvantage ; and if she runs bills, he will be angry when the bills are sent in, and say he "can't see for what so much money was spent."

Study of color should be part of a woman's education.

A becoming toilet adds much to married felicity, and a dress, ribbon or flower, does not cost any more when its tint suits the wearer, by giving her a sparkling complexion than it would if it made her look dull and sickly, and I never yet saw a complexion but there was a color made to suit it.

Dress is not a matter to which a woman needs give much time.

Let her once understand the harmony of color and without increase of expense (if she does her duty in her home, thinks good thoughts, does good deeds, and looks on the bright side of life), she will be beautiful, and if she cannot thus hold her husband's affection, why, let him go.

Some people think that a man and his wife should be about the same ages ; but the happy marriage of Lord Beaconsfield, who was ten years younger than his wife, has set aside this idea. Ashmead Bartlett is nearly thirty years younger than his wife, yet we do not hear that they are unhappy ; but Miss Angela Coutts was rich and could afford the experiment. I would not advise any other woman to try it.

Ten years' difference in age, either way, is of no importance.

Married happiness is a matter of congeniality of mind, not of equality of age ; yet if a woman of thirty marries an unformed boy of eighteen or twenty, she must not wonder if he falls in love with other women until he is thirty, as he would have done had he been single ; and I would say to such a wife, don't draw the reins too tightly ; and if he is mentally suited to you when full grown, you may yet be happy ; but a woman who marries a boy runs a great risk, and I don't approve of it, because it is unfair to the boy.



A man, anywhere between thirty and seventy runs an equal risk in marrying a very young girl whose mind is unformed, and it is impossible to say in what way she may develop; for if he has employment away from home, she will be more subjected to outside influences than to his; also, she is likely to consider him an "old foggy" whose ideas are old-fashioned.

Men over seventy occasionally marry young girls, and if it pleases them there is no harm done: for the Bible says that "after threescore and ten, all is labour and sorrow" anyway; so what matters a little more or less; and as for the young girl, if she can keep him alive long enough, she will have gone through a season of healthy discipline; and when she has laid him to rest, will be of a more suitable age to form a happy alliance with his successor.

The happiest marriages (allowing there is mutual affection) are those which take place when the contracting parties are between thirty and forty years of age, when the minds of each are thoroughly formed.

I am aware that Tupper thinks differently; but men are not as clear-sighted as women in these matters: and, doubtless, with all his "Philosophy," he married the wrong woman.

One of the reasons why people live more happily together when married later in life, is that they are disciplined and do not expect as much of each other as the young, who think that "Love's young dream" is going to last for ever.

Wonderful are the reasons some people give for entering into the holy bonds of matrimony. Some men have been captivated by a neat foot and ankle; some by a slim waist; others by a well-shaped hand or a beautiful throat.

Some women marry because their lives are monotonous, and they welcome any change; some marry for a home; and a short time ago a woman told me that she married a man because his *hair* was curly.

It is quite possible that some of these marriages may have been happy. Why not? If there was nothing within, and they were outwardly suited to each other, why should they not be happy?

There are little failures and big failures; and where marriage is an utter failure, I can say without fear of contradiction, that it is caused by a man marrying the wrong woman, and *vice versa*.

Therefore the object of the "social reformer" should be to point out the way in which this disastrous climax to social intercourse may be avoided.

This marriage, which is no marriage, is often entered into blindly, but in many cases with the eyes wide open.

This is especially the case where it is the result of that

abomination of the present day, that which among the lower middle class is termed "keeping company," a custom that should not be tolerated in any civilized country, especially Canada, whose lustre we would wish to preserve untarnished.

A man, if he has any sense of manliness in him, will end in marrying the woman in whose company he has spent every available evening for two or three years, sitting on the sofa in the best parlor, where no other member of the family dares intrude, occupying the time till "the wee sma' hour" in love-making, whatever that may be.

This man, I say, if he be half a man, will marry this woman, even though, if after two or three years of this intercourse, which cannot tend to the development of the character of either, he finds she does not suit him; and his sacrifice might take the form of martyrdom, should he in the meantime have met one in the ordinary intercourse of life, where characters that assimilate so quickly discover each other; one for whom he would be willing to sacrifice half his life were he free to offer himself.

Is it any wonder if this man's marriage proves a failure?

And what is to blame for it? What, but a form of courtship that should not be tolerated in a civilized community.

"Keeping company" originated with house servants, who, sitting in the kitchen, were compelled to receive their sweet-hearts alone. These servants often married into a higher sphere in life, and never having been taught differently allowed their daughters to do as they had done, and thus in late years it has become a wide-spread, most objectionable, and in many cases soul-degrading habit throughout Canada.

"To the pure all things are pure," and I do not say that wrong is always the outcome of this fashion of love-making; but it compromises a woman in a manner quite unnecessary; apart from which, I have heard on good authority, that in nine cases out of ten it is the results of this so called "Keeping Company" that fills the "Infants Home," in Toronto.

I have stated that one of the essentials to married happiness, is that a man choose his wife from among those who occupy the same position in society as himself.

Nothing but misery can accrue from marrying into a family whose caste is inferior to his own; even though the object of his affection be highly cultured and thoroughly conversant with the rules of good breeding; his marriage will be a failure, unless he leaves his own, and takes her to a foreign country.

He has no right to afflict his kindred with the society of the underbred relations of his bride, all of whom, to the ninety-ninth cousins are ready to claim relationship to the family into which the best specimen of their own has found an entrance; rudely forcing themselves upon the notice of people who have not a

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thought or a feeling in common with them, and who bear their terrible affliction, only for the sake of the son or brother, who in the majority of cases, has sacrificed himself and family to a mad passion for a pretty face or a manner that turns a boy's head; for it is usually boys that are caught in nets of this description.

A man in love thinks he can raise his wife to his own level.

This can be done where a woman has a quick intellect, good taste, common sense, and a very yielding disposition; but he cannot raise all her tribe; especially if aggressive assurance be their prevailing characteristic.

Even in this "Canada of ours" where classes are so mixed up, it is impossible to fit for refined society the woman who tosses her head in the air and says:

"I'm as good as she is;" or the man who asserts that "Jack is as good as his master."

I have known cases where Jack was much better than his master (if better means better bred) but these Jacks never said so. They bore their position with becoming modesty and self-respect, until time offered them more congenial employment, and they were able to mingle with their equals.

Five hundred years ago, if romance is to be relied upon, the failure of wedded bliss was caused chiefly by the stern rule of parents who compelled their daughters to marry men, who were in every way objectionable to them, and in many cases where their affections had been already won by another.

Such a state of affairs was not likely to tend toward the felicity of the newly-wedded pair.

But in our day it is different.

Woman is now, if I may so term it, a self-supporting institution; and if her views matrimonial do not accord with those of her father, she sets him at defiance.

A virtuous woman may use whatever talents God has given her, wherewith to earn her bread without being frowned down by society, as was the case so late as forty years ago; yet there are still many, who, no matter what their mental attainments may be, are so sensitively and delicately organized, as to find it almost impossible to go forth into the world to fight the battle of life alone.

Yet I have seen these delicate sensitive natures, struggling through life, bearing burdens, for which their mental and bodily strength was quite unequal; patiently looking for death to release them from the weariness and loneliness of life, rather than enter into a loveless union with men, whose means would place them beyond the necessity for wondering where the food for the next day was to be found.

Is it wonderful then that a woman, in whom the moral tone is less elevated, should say:

"I don't care much for John ; but I don't care for anyone else, so there can't be any sin in accepting him. Mother says it will be a good match for me, and that it is safest to have the love on the man's side. So I suppose I had better marry him." When John calls again the wedding day is fixed, and for a few weeks the excitement of selecting and making up the wedding finery leaves little time for serious thought.

The marriage is consummated, and for a time John is in a state of untold bliss, or as long as Mary submits, without open hostility, to his lover-like caresses ; but there comes a time when the love that never was is simulated no longer, and Mary turns away from his proffered kiss, with,

"Don't bother me, John," and John goes to his daily work feeling hurt, and wondering what he has done to offend his wife, and on his return to dinner tries to make it up, and finds there is nothing to make up. No response to his affection, and in time he begins to realize that he has made a mistake. That he has married the wrong woman.

He does not realize that it is in part his own fault. That in the ardor of his young love, he was satisfied with being allowed to pour out his feelings, without thought as to whether or no his affection was reciprocated. She said she would marry him, and all he thought of was that he would gain the woman he had set his heart upon winning.

And she, what words of condemnation can be too severe to apply to the woman, who took all and gave back nothing ?

She may not have assumed any of her fascinating wiles to win him, yet nevertheless it was a fraud. What wonder, then, that, entered into in such a manner, this marriage was a failure ?

Slightly different from the foregoing was a case that came under my own observation.

In looking back upon the lives of some young people, one feels tempted to think that they never would have been satisfied with less misery than that which they were called upon to endure.

Particularly does it seem so in the case of George Blank, who in youth was a clerk in a large wholesale warehouse.

It was at the age of 18, and while so employed that George, who I fancy must have been in love ever since he was born, was desperately smitten with a cousin of his, who appeared to have as few attractions as might readily fall to the lot of young girlhood.

Be that as it may, he informed me that all his hopes of happiness were centred in gaining this young girl for his wife.

This infatuation lasted a few weeks, when he was thrown into the society of three sisters, to all of whom he proposed in as many months, beginning with the eldest and ending with the

youngest, and was refused by all. These were followed by many more that it is not necessary to mention.

At length fate or the "evil one," led him to change his habitation, and he became an inmate of a boarding-house, kept by a widow who had no other means of supporting herself and an only daughter, Grace, who was five or six years older than George.

Just the most attractive to a boy, and being constantly in her society, he, as was his wont, again fell in love.

Grace, who had lavished all the girlish affection of which she was possessor on a young man who died a few days before that which was fixed for their wedding, had mourned his loss, for six years, as only a widow could have mourned, and had been heard to declare that she would never marry because she could never love another, stood a siege of three years more, and then capitulated, on the ground that she could not, as she phrased it, be that despised thing, an old maid.

This woman vowed at God's altar, to love honor and obey poor George Blank, who was so hungry for affection, while all the heart she had ever had was buried in the grave of her lover.

It could not have been a large heart at any time, or some womanly tenderness would yet have been left in her, whereby she might have shewn some appreciation of one of the best and tenderest of husbands.

Always cold and statuesque, she grew colder and colder, as years passed on.

It would be a word misplaced were I to say that this ill matched couple were blessed with several children.

She may have been blessed, or rather she may have felt that her cross was lightened by their presence; but he certainly was not; for he was seldom allowed to see them, and never to play with them.

Her manner gave him distinctly to understand that they were her children.

I was in their house one day when, thinking, no doubt, that my presence would be a protection to him, he dared to stoop with the intention of taking the baby from the crib to fondle it; but dropped it instantly as his wife's voice rang sharply on the air:

"Don't touch the baby, George; you'll spoil its clothes."

Recalling this incident leads me to remark, that marriage must be a failure, when a wife allows her children to absorb all her attention, or show in any way that her love for them is greater than her love for their father.

That they are all she thinks of, or cares about, and that he is nothing but a machine for grinding the material that makes their daily bread.

In a discussion on the training of children a woman once told me that she would not allow her husband to lay a hand on her children, and she said it with a fiery tongue and flashing eyes, that made me shudder.

It seems scarcely respectable for a woman to forget that her children are also her husband's, and that he is supposed to have an equal interest in their welfare; and where the father is willing and anxious to support his wife in the government of their children, and the mother rudely and unnaturally declines his assistance, it is her fault if they turn out badly—as they did in the case I mention. This animal love for her children on the part of their mother is too often the cause of the unjustly treated husband and father becoming a slave to intoxicating drink.

Poor George Blank did not live long to be snubbed.

Driven from home by his wife's coldness and bitter tongue, he got into gay company where the wine cup went freely round, and in a few years, one of the largest-hearted, best men I have ever known filled a drunkard's grave. And who is responsible for his wretched end? Who but she, who robbed him of his heart's best affection, and gave back nothing in return.

I suppose she suffered, poor thing, for her voice was always sharp.

No doubt it was an affliction to have this big soft-hearted man continually in her presence trying to win from her a word or look of affection, when she had none to give.

She should have known that marriage must be a failure to the woman, who in cold blood contemplates, and does unite herself to a man, simply to save herself from what she is pleased to consider, the odium of being an old maid.

But for that opprobrious title she might have borne the situation with Christian fortitude and saved herself from sin. Shakespeare says "What's in a name? That which we call a rose, by any other name would smell as sweet."

The immortal bard was mistaken; for by force of association, if you called a rose an onion, it would smell strongly of garlic; and if you call the sweetest woman on earth an "old maid," you would think of her as crabbed and sour.

There is the woman who hunts a man down till she catches him. This reminds us that the "Last days" are at hand, when "seven women shall cling to one man." It is the man in this case that suffers.

The woman who does this kind of thing is of too coarse a fibre to know what home happiness means.

I do not know how many women marry merely for the sake of being married and having the prefix "Mrs." to their name, but I do know that all such marriages must of necessity be failures.

A few years ago I remember reading in one of the daily papers an article entitled "A plea for 'Lady.'"

This article set forth the advantage that would accrue to the unmarried if all women were spoken of by the appellation "Lady."

I do not like "lady" save as a title; but I think it is time that society came to the relief of single women, by allowing them to drop the objectionable prefix "Miss" with her pinafores as a boy drops "Master" with his knickerbockers.

I care not whether she be Mrs. or Madam, but the advance of civilization demands that single women be freed from the prefix "Miss," that advertises them, as it is vulgarly termed, "in the market." Such advertisement is naturally revolting to the mind of a refined woman; and humanity is weak. What wonder if, as in the case of Mrs. Blank, she marries to escape the discomforting publicity, and her doing so, is, as I have shown, one of the reasons why marriage is a failure.

If girls were allowed to drop "Miss" at the same time as boys do "Master" and married and single alike, adopt the prefix Mrs. or Madam, or better still the old-fashioned term Mistress, women would be less self-conscious, and more easy and natural in their converse with men, and affections purer and truer would be likely to spring up between the sexes, and matrimony, the result of mutual appreciation after long acquaintance, would be a great success.

A man would think twice before he began to make love to a woman, who might for all he knew have a husband within hearing.

It will be time enough for a man to try to ascertain if the woman he admires be single, when after much converse he finds that their tastes harmonize, and that their footsteps tend toward the same goal.

If that goal be fashion and folly, let them flutter on side by side.

If it be ambition let them soar together.

If it be God and Heaven, let them press onward and upward, hand in hand, cheerfully bearing each others burdens, one in heart and soul, and thus will their marriage be a complete success.

## LOST !

## A TALE OF THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF HURON.

(Revised from "The Mission of Love.")

Dear Huron ! Land of forest, glade and streams,  
Thy name recalls my childhood's happy dreams.  
Again, I wander by the trickling rill,  
Again, I see the homestead on the hill,  
With pointed gables looking t'ward the road.  
O home of trust and love ! O blest abode !  
The sumach still is there, and there the same  
Sweet dog-rose creeping up the window-frame,  
Where oft in girlhood I have idly stood  
And watched the full moon pour her trembling flood  
Of liquid beauty on the trees and flowers ;  
Aye, I have watched the cold pure moon for hours,  
Heeding not then how swift Time's river flows.  
Dreaming such dreams as girlhood only knows.  
Wandering in realms more beautiful than this,  
Dreaming of love, and the still greater bliss  
Of being loved—O sweet ! O rapturous thought !  
Should I in my obscurity be sought  
By one, as yet unknown, and he, I ween,  
The noblest type of manhood ever seen.  
My soul from infancy was taught to soar  
By one, who loved the truth and honor, more,  
Far more than life ; and he my mind did train  
In lore of chivalry, in martial strain ;  
Praising great deeds of daring, till I ne'er  
Could know what 'twas the coward calleth fear.  
Telling old tales of hot and desperate strife,  
Making a poem of my daily life.  
Long years ago he settled in this place,  
With all around as far as eye could trace  
A forest of illimitable space ;  
The home of bears and wolves and red men wild.  
A roving fancy had him here beguiled ;  
He loved not towns nor cities with their strife,  
His heart clung fondly to a country life ;  
And here he brought my mother, one of three  
Fair maidens reared in urban luxury.  
Bravely the trials of her life she bore,  
Counting her many blessings o'er and o'er,  
Nor breathed a sigh for what had been before,



Nor let a discontented fancy rove,  
But always to assist her husband strove,  
For what can equal woman's deathless love.

Five little children came to light that home,  
And seven God took—of three sweet ones, the tomb  
Is underneath the hemlock tree, whose spread  
Keeps cool the earth above our loved and dead.  
The elder ones of that fair little band  
Sleep in the bosom of the "motherland."

From early morn until the eventide  
The farmer labored on, nor yet supplied  
His offspring, who in childhood plainly fared,  
And in the face of famine often stared.  
Then better times had come, and he had cleared  
More land, and greater herd of cattle reared.  
Each child, however small, had work assigned,  
To spin the wheel, the tangled skein to wind,  
To pluck the chicken, or to make the stew,  
Even the baby in the crib could coo ;  
And she, the next in years would tend that pearl,  
That lovely fair haired, blue-eyed, laughing girl.  
'Twas no light task, for be it understood,  
The youngest ever is of wilful mood.  
The father's darling, and the mother's pride,  
Seemeth to be by all the rest belied ;  
If they should dare complain that she had wrought  
Some ill, with much of direst mischief fraught.  
All had their several tasks and as her share  
The baby fell to lot of little Clare ;  
Who, when most tried by that tempestuous mood  
Which babies oft indulge, and still no good  
Follows each cooing, sweet and soothing word,  
Would often wonder how it had occurred  
That Ma, who had so many, should have brought  
This one to share the trials of their lot.

The eldest, Ella, sweet and fresh, and fair,  
Would oft her mother's heavy burthen share  
In milking cows, and other household care,  
And keeping well-worn clothing in repair.  
Leila and Edwin ; they, a fragile pair,  
Were left to roam at will for freshened air ;  
And when with plough the farmer turned the earth  
Would follow in the furrow full of mirth,  
Till little weary limbs would idly creep,  
Then lie upon the fresh damp earth and sleep.  
And there the father, slowly moving round,  
Would find his offspring lying on the ground  
Before the horses' feet ; then he would stay,

And bear his treasures in his arms away,  
And lay them on his coat, in some safe spot,  
Where they would sleep as sound as in their cot.  
Sol sent his fervent kisses from on high,  
Cat-birds and blackbirds sang their lullaby ;  
Fresh breezes played about each little form,  
Bearing the scent of clover, and a storm  
Of snow-white blossoms from the hawthorn trees,  
Wealth of the flies and wasps and honey bees ;  
Bringing new life upon their dainty breath,  
And thus these babes escaped the grasp of Death.

In busy times the farmer oft would send  
The children, who their bounding steps would bend  
Toward the forest wild to seek the cows,  
That wandered miles and miles away to browse  
Upon the young green twigs and herbage sweet,  
That grew in wild luxuriance at their feet.  
" Stray not, my girls," he said, " from out of sight  
Of tree-trunks standing 'gainst a line of light."  
These marked the clearing, as they knew full well,  
Acquainted were they with each hill and dell,  
Where roved the hare, and where the wood-chuck dwell.

One day, in early June, the farmer came  
In from the fields, and calling oft by name  
His children ; Ella and Leila quickly bound  
From rear of barn, where they a nest have found  
Of new laid eggs, which they in triumph bear,  
And give into the smiling mother's care.  
Then eager turn to hear their father's quest,  
Who in few words his wishes thus expressed :  
" Ella, and you, my little Leila, go  
Beyond the farm, and where the brook doth flow  
You'll find the cows. They all day long have lain  
Within the clearing, to avoid the pain  
Of black-flies which infest the leafy wood,  
And from the worried cattle drain the blood.  
They're hungry now, and they I fear may stray,  
If not brought home before the close of day.  
List ! Do you hear the bell for four doth chime ?  
'Tis only two hours hence to milking time ;  
'Twere pity they should wander out of sight,  
Without they're sought they'll not be home to-night.  
Go quickly ! Go, before they further stray,  
And bring them through the bush the nearest way ;  
And call them as you go, so they'll not roam,  
But know there's something nice for them at home.  
Take heed ! If ever you should lose your way  
When hunting cattle at the close of day,  
Keep with the bell, my pets, and know no care

For surely Ma and I will find you there."  
This as a warning—he had nought to fear  
The cows that evening were so very near.

Away flew Ella, where the pathway led,  
And followed Leila, with as quick a tread ;  
They cross the brook and gain the higher ground,  
Their supple forms o'er logs and fences bound.  
They reach the bush, and in a little dell,  
Distinctly hear the sound of Brandy's bell.  
A moment stay their panting breath to gain,  
Then sounds the cow-call over hill and plain.

"Co Brandy, co Brandy, co Brandy,  
Co-o ! co-o ! co-o !  
Co Lily, co Lily, co Lily,  
Co Dolly, co Dolly, co Dolly,  
Co-o ! co-o ! co-o !  
Co Jennie, co Jennie, co Jennie,  
Co Lady, co Lady, co Lady,  
Co Colly, co Colly, co Colly,  
Co-o ! co-o ! co-o ! co-o !

Then held their breaths to listen—called anew,  
No bell is heard, for Brandy listens too ;  
Yet only for a moment stays the sound,  
Again it rings through all the forest round ;  
For having fasted all the live-long day,  
In haste she doth the tender herbage slay ;  
While yet again with clear and merry chime,  
To turn of tongue and teeth the bell keeps time.  
Tearing from limb of tree the nearest spray,  
The children rush upon their hungry prey,  
Deeming, as was their wont, they'd quickly take  
The path that wound around the cedar brake,  
And o'er the cross-way leading to the lane,  
Below the path just traversed through the grain.

In vain they tried to drive the cattle back  
Along the mouldy, time-worn, beaten track,  
They dodged from right to left, now here, now there,  
As loath to leave so soon their dainty fare ;  
And thus, through wandering on in search of food,  
They led the children further in the wood ;  
Round and about, and in and out they wind,  
Until they leave the clearing far behind,  
In vague alarm the little ones look round,  
The swaying trees give forth a dismal sound,  
And naught familiar to their eye is found.  
Where is the darksome dell so lately crossed,  
Can it be possible that they are lost ?  
They raised their eyes to seek the god of day,  
By whom their father ever steered his way ;

Put all in vain, nor right nor left they spy  
 The faintest sight of his one brilliant eye.  
 All, all around the sky is overcast  
 With dismal clouds, and there they stand aghast,  
 Look in each others eyes, and seeing there  
 The terror which they mutually share,  
 Each tries her sister with a smile to cheer,  
 Though quaking inwardly with mortal fear.  
 Dire tales oft told of hungry wolves and bears  
 That prowling wander from their sheltered lairs,  
 And roam by night the densely wooded lands;  
 Of Indians, scalping knives, and burning brands;  
 All dreaded scenes that infant fancy finds,  
 With sick'ning horror, rush into their minds.

With fearful glance they scan the forest drear,  
 The shades of coming night are gathering near;  
 Each bush and log some direful shape assumes,  
 A giant Indian from the distance looms  
 Upon their way; and banks and turned up-roots  
 Take forms of bears, and wolves, and other brutes  
 That roam the forest wild in search of prey,  
 And oft behind some log in ambush lay,  
 From whence they might at any moment start;  
 This thought sent death chills to each little heart.

Then hunger's first awakening pangs they feel,  
 And thoughts of starving make their senses reel;  
 Imagination every wonder weaves;  
 "Would robins come and cover them with leaves?"  
 Should they lie down and die upon the sod?  
 And would their spirits find their way to God?

And then poor Pa and Ma; what would they do,  
 Would they be searching all the forest through,  
 Perhaps for days and weeks, and all in vain!  
 They'd never see their little maids again;  
 And tears which their own terrors could not bring,  
 For sympathy beneath each eyelid spring,  
 And form large crystal drops, that slowly roll  
 Adown their cheeks, while mourned each little soul  
 With grief unspeakable, for those who'd grieve  
 For them long after they had ceased to live.

Yet other thoughts to them sweet solace bring,  
 Taking from death the fear, the bitter sting;  
 When they were dead Mamma would love them more,  
 Nor think so much of baby as before.  
 Here spoke the woman's soul, that slumb'ring lay  
 Within those little tenements of clay.  
 O woman! sweet and gentle, thou dost prove  
 A perfect martyr in the cause of love.

But not for long these thoughts their bosoms sway,  
 They mark the gloom and watch the closing day  
 Swift blending into night, and terrors new,  
 On every side loom nearer into view.  
 In quaking fear they closely keep to where  
 Old Brandy still regales on dainty fare ;  
 Then white with terror turn their glance to see  
 Dolly has made a bed beneath a tree ;  
 Lily, with snow-white face and crumpled horn  
 And stump of tail, from which the switch was torn,  
 Had mounted on a bank to rest and chew.  
 Too well these signs the frightened children knew,  
 A blinding mist of tears obscured their sight,  
 As now the cows prepare to pass the night ;  
 There in the forest dark, where beasts of prey  
 And roving red men prowled ; there they  
 Must stay till morning, and they could not sleep  
 Both at one time, for one good watch must keep,  
 As soldiers do, when they to battle go,  
 That they be not surprised by lurking foe.  
 Here a new thought arose their hearts to cheer,  
 New hope has ta'en the place of deadly fear,  
 No longer hungry, caring not to roam,  
 Mayhap they yet might bring the cattle home ;  
 But which way should they drive, they could not say,  
 No landmark could they find to tell the way ;  
 But still the cattle knew which way to go,  
 Then softly called to Brandy, co co co,  
 They dared not raise their voice, so great their fear  
 Some ugly Indian might be lurking near ;  
 Then as she did not move, they desperate grew,  
 And seizing switches at the cattle flew.  
 A direful rout ensued, and for a space  
 They rush in wild confusion round the place,  
 Then tails in air in one direction start,  
 The children following, each sick at heart.

Meantime the parents fully occupied,  
 Miss not their offspring till the eventide,  
 When lengthened shadows creep into her home,  
 The mother marvels that they do not come.  
 " Give me the baby, Clare, and go you out,  
 And see if any cattle are about,  
 Or if you hear the bell, come quickly back ;  
 If not at home, they may be on the track ;  
 It's very late and I am sore afraid."  
 Here Clare returning, to her mother said,  
 " I tan't see any tows, nor hear no bell."  
 " Go quickly, then, and to your father tell  
 Your sisters are not back. He must be gone  
 And search for them before the daylight's done."

But ere the child the door behind her drew,  
 What first was fear to active terror grew ;  
 " Good Heaven ! If they are lost what shall I do !"  
 And with the baby in her arms she flew  
 Across the fields, and gained her husband's side,  
 And panting with exertion gasping cried,  
 " The children, Sidney ! They have not come back !  
 'Tis growing dark, they must have missed the track."  
 Appalled the astonished father stood, then said,  
 " They'll soon be here, dear wife, be not afraid.  
 They know the bush right well for miles around,  
 Don't cry, dear love, believe me, they'll be found ;  
 Indeed, I did not know but they were back,  
 Or I long since had been upon their track ;  
 'Twere useless now to try their way to trace,  
 'Twill be pitch-dark before ten minutes' space  
 Of time elapse, and what then could I do,  
 In darkness I can't search the forest through ;  
 My dearest wife, I'll have them with thee soon,  
 Be patient till the rising of the moon."

" Patient ! Think you that I can calmly wait,  
 Uncertain of our precious children's fate ;  
 Why, even while we stand here speaking, they  
 May be devoured by some fierce beast of prey.  
 There must be something done ! I cannot wait,  
 Before the moon rise it may be too late ;  
 How can you stand there looking into space,  
 Nor of the children try to find a trace ?  
 If I remain inactive all the night  
 I shall go mad before the morning light ;  
 Oh, Sidney ! Sidney ! Something must be done,  
 Would it not do for you to fire your gun ?  
 If not too distant they will hear the sound,  
 And I will gather sticks the field around,  
 And make a fire upon the hill-top there,  
 Whose brilliant flame arising high in air,  
 May light them home, if yet they are alive.  
 This dreadful thought my wounded heart doth rive,  
 I may have only three, where I had five.  
 O God ! have mercy on me ! Hear my cry,  
 Preserve my little ones, let them not die  
 This dreadful night, but have them in thy care,  
 O Heavenly Father, hear a mother's prayer !  
 O save my children from a cruel fate  
 If yet, if yet, O God ! 'tis not too late."

The flames rose from the quickly kindled fire,  
 On the dark night they mounted high and higher ;  
 The mother wrought with zeal that could not tire,  
 The gun was fired, and on the air was borne

At intervals, the sound of dinner horn.  
 The neighbors hearing the unusual sound,  
 Came to the scene from full two miles around,  
 And offered all the aid within their power,  
 But nothing could be done in that dark hour,  
 Naught but re-echoing their shouts and cries,  
 Until the slowly waning moon should rise.  
 The anxious faces round the blazing fire  
 Made scene that any painter might inspire ;  
 Foremost of all the group the father stood  
 With hand to ear in listening attitude,  
 Erect he stands upon a little mound  
 In hope to catch the bell's first faintest sound ;  
 In him an upright, manly form behold,  
 Fashioned in Nature's best, most perfect mould.  
 Some troubled lines about his mouth you spy,  
 But hope beams brightly in his hazel eye ;  
 Buoyant by nature, he could not believe  
 That harm would come his little ones to grieve ;  
 Though oft by many troubles sorely tried,  
 He always looks upon the brightest side.  
 Now by the fire-light you distinctly trace,  
 The signs of pain upon his shadowed face ;  
 'Twas sympathy for her his bosom moved,  
 For her so truly and so fondly loved.  
 Oft is his eye with humid feeling turned  
 On her, who as the fire-light brightly burned  
 Flits here and there with ever restless haste.  
 Tall was her form and slender was her waist ;  
 Complexion soft, and dazzlingly fair,  
 Abundant tresses of rich auburn hair ;  
 In joy, no brighter face than hers was seen ;  
 When trouble came, so changed was her mien ;  
 A stranger scarce would know her as the same ;  
 For, in that delicately fashioned frame,  
 Exist the power to suffer, strong and deep,  
 And mourn, as women mourn, who never weep.

Beyond the blazing fire, a trifling space,  
 Sits little Clare, with troubled, wondering face,  
 That ever restless baby on her lap,  
 Not mindful of the hour for evening nap ;  
 For, as the ruddy fire-light sparks and glows,  
 In infant glee she claps her hands and crows.  
 Edwin with long green pole stirs up the sticks ;  
 With forked and curling tongues the bright flame licks  
 The air, and glows upon the herbage tangled mound,  
 And shows the neighbors sitting on the ground  
 In motley garments clad—a rural sight—  
 Waiting the advent of the queen of night.

Sudden, one starts upon his feet, "Hush ! hush !  
I surely hear a bell in yonder bush ;  
Be still, and listen ! Yes, I'm sure I do,  
And every moment coming nearer too ;  
And see ! A light spreads on the eastern sky,  
The moon is rising. Bless me, marm, don't cry !  
They'll be here in a twinkling. Yes, I trows,  
I'm certain sure they will not leave the cows."  
This to the mother—for when hope came near,  
Raised from her heart the weight of deadly fear,  
Rolled down her cheeks in pearly crystal tide  
The tears so long her agony had dried.  
So 'tis with women of strong feeling, e'er  
They weep for joy, when grief can't find a tear.

Return we to the lost ones from the fold ;  
These children, only eight and ten years old ;  
What horror must their youthful minds have known,  
What fear, by training made too proud to own.  
They know not where they are, the way how long,  
Or whether going right, or whether wrong,  
Till Brandy takes the lead ; they form in line,  
Of large and small they number seven kine ;  
As though attaining one united mind,  
They slowly through the darkening forest wind.  
Then Leila clapped her little hands and cried,  
Soon as the line of cows she had espied,  
" See, Ella, see ! They're surely going home !  
Come quickly, come ! Make haste ! Come Ella, come !  
I'm sure they've found a path, see how they wind,  
And each the other follows close behind.  
Yes, here it is, though dusk I see the track,  
Come quickly on ! And let us not look back :  
It is so dark, we do not know what's there,  
There might be some racoon, or wolf, or bear.  
No ! I'm not frightened, oh, no ! There's no fear,  
The cattle would not let a bear come near,  
But turn and hunt it, as they would a dog.  
What's that black thing we passed ? Was it a log ?"

Trembling in every nerve with inward fear,  
Those two poor little ones bring up the rear  
Of that procession ; and like those ahead,  
The elder walking first with rapid tread ;  
Poor Leila, worn and weary with the race,  
Makes desperate efforts to keep even pace.  
A stick across the pathway lies—she trips—  
A stifled cry escapes her pallid lips ;  
Then Ella turns, all thought of fear has fled,  
Like the trained soldier who has fought and bled,  
With cry that through the dismal forest rung,



Like lion rushes to protect her young.  
 "I'm here! What is it, Leila dear?" she cries;  
 "Nothing," a little trembling voice replies;  
 "A nasty stick across the pathway laid,  
 I tripped and fell. Oh, no! I'm not afraid,  
 I cannot be a coward, Ella dear,  
 You know Papa says, 'only cowards fear,'  
 Let's closer still to little Colly keep,  
 Where are we now! This bank is very steep.  
 I think I know the place, yet cannot tell,  
 Now we go down into a little dell,  
 And now we rise a hill, and on this side—  
 'Yes, here it is!' with wild delight she cried,  
 And flung her arms around, in joy to see  
 A monster knot that grew upon a tree.

"Here is my knot! I found it long ago,  
 It's on the left hand side—I told you so!  
 We're going home, we now will soon be there,  
 See! There's a light arising high in air;  
 And what are all those noises that we hear  
 As to the clearing we are coming near?  
 There! There again! Hark! Was not that a gun?  
 'Tis Papa firing, hasten, let us run."

The welcome sound put all their fears to rout,  
 Each little throat gives forth responsive shout;  
 New strength again their weary limbs inspire;  
 The brilliant light from the high blazing fire  
 Beams on their pathway with a flickering glare;  
 They onward bound as though they trod on air.  
 The crossing's passed, that darksome place of dread,  
 The clearing gained, and all their terror fled.  
 They climb the hill, and reach their parents' side,  
 Then in exultant accents, Leila cried:  
 "They're all here, Papa! Even Colly, small,  
 There's not one missing, we have brought them all."

LEAVES FROM A LIFE.

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What have I lost ? What more ?

Only the clasp of a kindred hand,  
Hand outstretched, when the shifting sand  
Of life, left no place for my feet to stand.  
Yet more ; ah me, yet more.

Only the glance of a deep blue eye,  
Pure and clear as the azure sky,  
That fettered my soul, I knew not why.  
Yet more ; ah me, yet more.

Only a kindly thought, or word,  
That erst my soul to its depths had stirred,  
Ere faint with the sickness of " Hope deferred."  
Yet more ; ah me, yet more.

Only my faith in a promise given,  
Ah, Heaven aid me, in vain I've striven  
To banish the doubt that my soul has riven.  
No more, I need no more.

And yet, I go back to the day when last  
We met, and my weary heart throbs fast,  
And the gulf of time seems over-past.

I listen again, to the voice that taught  
How poets their airy web had wrought,  
Till mine ear the charmed music caught.

And that voice had a power my soul to move  
And subdue ; and my spirit no longer strove.  
And his face, to look upon was to love.

The Firm sweet mouth courted trust, and I  
With reverence looked in the calm deep eye,  
E'en as one may gaze upon Deity.

He fostered hope ; the sweet hope, that I  
Might try my wings in soaring high,  
As greatest poets had dared to fly.

He offered aid, and my soul did lave  
In ecstatic bliss. Ah, I do not rave ;  
And I thank my God for the friend He gave ;  
Now mine no more ; no more.

A cloud has arisen, I know not where.  
A shadow has darkened the orient air  
Of my morning of hope, that arose so fair,  
And I stand alone once more.

Alone, alone, with no hand to guide  
My wind-tossed bark o'er life's stormy tide,  
While here, on earth, my spirit abide.

Storm or calm are alike to me,  
Helpless, I drift on the treacherous sea  
Of life ; and my thought goes back to thee.

And I marvel what can have come between  
Thy soul and mine, what thing unseen,  
That I would to Heaven had never been.

Pain and grief in my breast are rife ;  
Yet, what have I lost in this weary strife ?  
Only a link in the chain of life,  
Only a link, no more.

And what have I gained in this fever-time ?  
A little knowledge in prose and rhyme ;  
A new-found joy of the heart, now fled ;  
A new-born hope, now cold and dead.  
A little patience ; a few grey hairs ;  
A few more wrinkles ; a few more cares ;  
A soul more weary of earthly strife ;  
A few more steps on the path of life ;  
No more, ah me, no more.

\* \* \* \* \*

Why beat thy wings O soul,  
Against thy walls of clay ?  
Wouldst thou be gone afar, far hence,  
Ere yet 'tis day ?

Dost hear the seraphs' wings ?  
And wouldst thou join their flight ?  
Beware, lest what to them is day,  
To thee be night.

Hear'st thou thy kindred call  
From realms of boundless space ;  
Those who have gone afar from thee,  
And left no trace ?

They come in glorious shapes ;  
And speak to thee in dreams ;  
Yet nothing in this whirling life  
Is what it seems.

And who knows that beyond,  
Who knows if it were best,  
That thou shouldst go to realms unseen  
To seek thy rest.

Then why take heed of sleep,  
With all her fancies wild,  
Her visions that the morn dispels?  
Art thou a child,

To be thus led away;  
To chafe thy wings and fret?  
Be patient, soul, and run thy course;  
Thy time's not yet.

The time, it is not yet  
When thou thy bliss shalt see;  
Thy wounds are bleeding; yet thou know'st  
God loveth thee.

Then, soul! be still, and wait,  
Nor seek thy bonds to free;  
A little longer, here on earth,  
God needeth thee.

\* \* \* \* \*

Rejoice, O ye heavens!  
Rejoice, O ye earth!  
My hope has arisen,  
Rejoice in its birth.  
Rejoice, all ye star-eyes  
That watch from above.  
Rejoice, O ye angels!  
Ye guardians of love.  
Whisper softly, ye leaves,  
In your green shady bowers.  
Lift your faces and laugh,  
All ye sweet breathing flowers.  
Come, ye breezes, and play,  
And caressingly speak  
In mine ear, and kiss softly  
My fever-red cheek.  
Ripple, brooklet, and tell,  
On your way to the sea,  
All the joy, all the brightness  
That cometh to me.  
Ye song-birds, awake!  
And with glorious voice  
Rejoice in my gladness;  
All nature, rejoice!  
Away, dreary doubt!  
Hie thee far far away;

The morn has arisen,  
Again it is day.  
Ambition, awake !  
Love, be silent, yet true.  
Sweet Hope, make a home  
In my bosom anew.  
Rise ! bright expectation !  
Uplift your bowed head ;  
The clouds have dispersed,  
And the darkness has fled.

He came. He clasped my hand in his ;  
I looked upon his face once more,  
While surged the life-tide to my heart  
As beat the waves upon the shore.

I looked into his eyes once more ;  
Those eyes so deeply, darkly blue,  
My soul met his ; and in that glance,  
Knew, in a moment, he was true.

He spoke to me ; I heard him not,  
Or only as we hear in sleep ;  
He held me spell-bound by his glance,  
So pure, so passionless, so deep.

I know not how the moments passed ;  
So few, so fleeting, and so dear.  
I know not if I thought at all ;  
I only knew that he was near,

Methinks I felt a kindred thrill  
That moved his pulse ; I know but this,  
My soul was fettered by the spell  
That merged my being into his.

We wandered, while the silent eve  
Crept darkening o'er the western sky ;  
I know not where my footsteps led,  
I only knew that he was nigh.

My lips framed words, I know not what.  
I seemed as speaking in a trance ;  
I had no will but his ; and I  
Obeyed his deep mesmeric glance.

I heard my voice as though afar ;  
As though my soul, apart from me,  
Gave utterance to its hidden thought,  
Its hidden pulse of misery.

He answered, and I cannot tell  
Of what he spoke to me, and yet

His lips breathed fervid words of pain,  
In tones I never can forget.

So strong the bond of sympathy ;  
So thin the veil our souls divide ;  
Again, I felt the unseen power  
That drew me closer to his side.

O Love ! The boon my heart has craved  
Since childhood left me sad and lone ;  
I stretch my arms to thee, and yet,  
I dare not claim thee for mine own.

The moments passed, and sank my soul  
In sadness deep, and drear, and fell.  
O Pain ! Thou hast no balm ! 'Twas but  
A hand-clasp spoke our last farewell.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Twas the night of the eve of our parting ;  
And I in a fevered unrest  
Sought the casement, woo'd thence by the night-wind,  
And stood and looked out to the west.

The last tints of sun-set had vanished ;  
No moon shed her love-kindling light.  
From the great dome, above me, the star-eyes  
Peeped dim through the veil of the night.

In silence and stillness, unbroken,  
Those star-eyes looked tenderly down ;  
And peered through the mist, and the shadow,  
That hung o'er the calm, sleeping town.

And saw where earth's beauty had languished,  
Unwept, in the day's sultry hours ;  
And dew-drops, as nectar from heaven,  
Fell down on the slumbering flowers.

O balm of the silence and stillness !  
To thee is not given the power  
Forever to hush the wild spirit,  
Forever to charm the dark hour.

O flow'rets ! sweet flow'rets, thy incense  
Is borne on the night-wind in vain ;  
Thy petals enclose not nepenthe,  
Nepenthe, the soother of pain.

The rose-buds that lay in my bosom  
Upwafted their odorous breath ;  
While a shadow crept over my spirit,  
Like unto the shadow of death.

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Pain follows the footsteps of pleasure,  
As the day is fast followed by night ;  
And the shadow is ever the sharpest  
That crosses a vista of light.

The path of the past rose before me,  
A rugged and storm-beaten track,  
Where flashes of sunshine yet flickered  
Mid shadows, dense, dreary, and black.

Ah ! the joys ! they were sweet, though so fleeting ;  
Yet mine for a space ; and the pain ;  
Ah Heaven ! and can it be ever  
My spirit shall know it again ?

As the mariner, tossed by the tempest,  
And drifting afar from his goal,  
Seeks his compass to guide through the darkness ;  
I stood, and looked into my soul.

And I saw, where afore-time the tempest  
Had raged in its fierceness and power ;  
And the garnered sweets for a lifetime  
Had withered and drooped in an hour.

And I gazed on the wreck, and the ruin  
Of idols that fell in the strife ;  
While faint through the storm, and the darkness,  
Had flickered the lamp of my life.

And I said to my soul, " Thou bright essence ;  
The boon of the All-giving God ;  
Oh ne'er, as thou hopest for Heaven,  
Retrace the dread path thou hast trod."

Awake ! O my soul ! Burst thy fetters ;  
Awake thee ! and dream not again ;  
And the demon of darkness will seek thee,  
To conquer thee, Spirit, in vain.

While the deep eye of faith pierced the shadows,  
Unuttered, a prayer sped above ;  
Yet the Merciful heard, and encircled  
My soul with the power of His love.

Then the stillness of peace fell upon me,  
The peace that descendeth from where  
The Great Eye of Love looketh downward,  
On mortals who seek Him in prayer.

While slowly the midnight crept nearer,  
A weary head sank to repose ;

And faith threw a veil over sorrow,  
And shut out the world, and its woes.

Softly cometh sleep ;  
Passeth a gentle hand  
Over the throbbing heart ;  
Over the weary brain ;  
Closeth the tired eyes ;  
Singeth a lullaby,  
Like to the sighing wind,  
As he whispers to the trees ;  
Or to the murmuring waves,  
As they kiss the sand on the shore.  
Softly singeth sleep ;  
Then all is still

'Neath the shadowy pinions that Night outspread,  
A dream, that was born of a day now dead ;  
A fugitive dream, came in on the air  
And lifted an eyelid, and entered there.  
And the sleeping vision beheld with pain  
A scene that lingers on heart and brain ;  
An omen, dread, of a day to be  
In the unknown realm of futurity.

I stood on the marge' of a crimson lake ;  
Crimson, with flame of the setting sun ;  
And counted the white gulls, one by one,  
That skimmed the wave like a white snow-flake

A breeze, that came from the farther shore,  
Faintly the trees on the headland fanned ;  
And the opaline eddies kissed the strand.  
And murmured, "Ever, or nevermore."

Saddest voice that is heard on the shore ;  
Saddest sound, that the wave repeats  
As ever its great heart throbs and beats ;  
That sad, fond, lingering, "Nevermore."

Never more ; and methought that again,  
Never more ; would I see his face ;  
Never again ; and would time erase  
The sense of loss, and the sickening pain ?

Kindred spirits, though far apart,  
Hear the voice of their kindred soul ;  
And though between them an ocean roll ;  
Yet heart responds to the beat of heart.

He stood beside me ; but when he came,  
Or how, it is not for me to know ;



He looked at the waters ebb and flow,  
That shimmered and glowed in the sunset flame.

I had known him not as we stood by the wave ;  
But for the blue, as of midnight skies,  
The fathomless blue of the soul-lit eyes,  
And the kindred clasp of the hand he gave.

I love that hand, of the true, the pure,  
I love it, for with it he offered up  
To my thirsting soul a nectar'd cup,  
And 'tis mine to cherish forevermore.

Love it ! aye, love it ! I, who had given  
All the wealth that my soul could know,  
To that one fond dream of the long ago,  
Whose incense neareth the gate of heaven.

Fainter, fainter, and far away  
Over the wave the echoes flew  
Of the voice that murmured, " I'm fond of you,"  
In that sweet, tremulous, long dead day.

Hand in hand we stood on the shore,  
Hand in hand, and our souls were stirred  
To their inmost depths, yet we spoke no word ;  
While the waters whispered " Forevermore."

Hand in hand, in the free wild air ;  
Then his accents fond did my soul o'erflow ;  
Then died the dream of the long ago,  
And the great reality met me there.

O love ! sweet love ! I knew it well ;  
I knew it not for the joy it brought,  
Not as a beam from heaven caught,  
But as anguish deeper than words can tell.

Softly whispered the sighing wave ;  
With my loosened tresses his fingers toyed ;  
And oh ! the hunger ! the aching void,  
That I dared not fill with the love he gave.

The waters murmured along the shore ;  
He bent his ear ; he inclined his head  
To the wave, that vied with the ruby red,  
And louder muttered " Forevermore."

A storm arose from the farther shore ;  
The fierce clouds hurried, the lightnings flashed ;  
Afar, the foam on the water splashed,  
And the waves rolled in with a hollow roar.

Ah, Heaven ! grant me the power to save,  
It comes, the destroyer of peace and life ;  
It comes, the begetter of wrongs and strife,  
Its odors wafted across the wave.

Odors faint, that breathed of the vine ;  
Then the deep blue eyes dilated wide,  
As they watched the wind-tossed, crimson tide  
And the sunset lake was a sea of wine.

And siren voices arose and fell,  
And white arms beckoned, and long hair streamed  
On the wind, and on crest of the wavelets gleamed,  
As heaven reclined on the breast of hell.

Spell-bound he gazed ; then with one fierce wrench  
He escaped my twining arms, and gave  
His beautiful form to the eager wave,  
That polluted the air with its sulphurous stench.

Odors foul from the burning flood,  
Where phantom images writhed and tossed,  
As Milton paints the hell of the lost ;  
And the crimson wave was a sea of blood.

One moment only, afar from shore,  
His form arose from the seething wave,  
And sank again, while with wilder rave  
The waters thundered, " Forevermore."

\* \* \* \* \*

I awoke from a nightmare of horror !  
Awoke, with a shuddering cry ;  
The air was alive with wild tumult,  
Forked flames leaping up to the sky,

My vision bewildered and blinded ;  
Their fierce breath invaded my cheek ;  
My brain was benumbed and insensate ;  
My limbs were reluctant and weak.

A cry broke the horror around me ;  
No demon had heard it unmoved.  
" Hold fast to the sash ! I am coming  
To save thee, mine own, my beloved."

Strong arms held me close to the ladder,  
That seemed as a raft on the wave  
Of the crimson dyed bosom of Huron,  
That in dreamland had yawned for a grave.

Then darkness, black darkness, soft footsteps,  
And again, I had wakened to life ;

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But Time will not drink up those waters,  
Nor blot out that horrible strife.

I have walk'd in the way of the lowly,  
In the paths where Christ's footsteps have trod ;  
And my tempest-tossed soul found a haven  
Of rest, at the feet of my God.

The days flee away into shadows,  
The nights creep apace to the morn ;  
And I know, yes I know, out of darkness  
A glorious day has been born.

And the ache, and the pain, the heart-hunger,  
They were stilled, or effaced on that pyre,  
With the life of the loved of my childhood,  
Who saved from the demon of fire.

Alone down the valley I wander ;  
I pass through the shadow of death ;  
With weary and faltering footsteps,  
With faint and with quivering breath.

With eyes that are misty, yet tearless,  
With voice that is faltering and low,  
With nerveless, attenuate fingers,  
With head that is crown'd with snow.

With intellect sorely enfeebled,  
With weak and with wavering will,  
With form that is shrunken and faded,  
Yet the human heart beats in it still.

And I know as my mind reaches backward,  
Or forward, in search of life's goal ;  
There's a mystery mind cannot fathom  
In this wonderful love of the soul.

We stretch out our hands in the darkness,  
And plead with a dumb voiceless moan  
For an answering throb to our heart—beats,  
From a pulse that's akin to our own.

And we give of the gold of our heart's blood ;  
And lay on Love's altar, and burn  
Our purest and holiest emotions,  
And receive but of dross in return.

When faint with the pangs of heart-hunger,  
We grasp at this pitiful dole ;  
We know in our anguish, no earth love  
Can feed the unsatisfied soul.

## THE WONDER OF 1882.

'Twas not a hundred years ago,  
A youth by summer moonlight roved  
To meet his own, his best beloved,  
The fairest in Ontario.

He rested on a little knoll,  
Beneath an aged sycamore ;  
His locks hung loosely, and he wore  
A sunflower in his button hole.

He listened to the sighing trees,  
That made their melancholy moan ;  
In that soft, murmuring undertone ;  
Complaining to the evening breeze.

He bared his pale, majestic brow ;  
And gazed upon the rising moon ;  
And whispered to the night, How soon,  
How soon shall I behold her now ?

My heart's adored, my cherished Rose,  
Let me but clasp thee once again,  
To this fond heart ; and all my pain  
Will end, and all my doubts and woes.

A long robe brushed the falling dew ;  
She comes ; and lo ! a maiden fair,  
With halo bright of golden hair,  
Stepped from the shadows into view.

Tall was her slender form, and light  
Her step, that pressed the yielding sod ;  
Where little feet had often trod  
On many a witching moonlight night.

Her eyes were of the deepest blue  
That ever lover raved about ;  
A dimple playing in and out ;  
Now vanishing, now full in view ;

Enticed a lover's lip to press  
The glowing cheek whereon it played ;  
Like sunshine, toying with the shade ;  
Provoked the tender, fond caress

Most like to heaven of all the sweet  
That falls to common mortal's lot ;

F 1882.

I know the spell, and who does not,  
When lovers' lips by moonlight meet.

And oh, the glory of her hair,  
Coil upon coil of palest gold ;  
Coil upon coil, and fold on fold,  
It nestled round her neck, and there

Peeped forth in little rings, and fell  
Soft to her snowy bosom's verge ;  
Where undefined emotions surge,  
With every undulating swell.

It was that crown of palest gold,  
That first had caught the raptured sight  
Of that fond youth ; and on that night,  
He longed those tresses to unfold ;

And see their shimmering wealth displayed  
In the soft moonbeams' mellow glow ;  
That once his longing eyes might know  
His love in all her charms arrayed.

And as he pressed her to his breast,  
With fondest words in cooing tone ;  
He drew the hair pins one by one,  
That held it in its place of rest.

Nor knew she in that moment fond,  
Where his untutored fingers strayed ;  
Received his kisses undismayed ;  
And dreamed of love, and naught beyond.

Naught but that blissful moment sweet,  
What language can the sequel tell ?  
What words can paint the scene ? It fell,  
A glittering glory to her feet.

Why are his eyes distended wide  
With horror in their burning glance ?  
He seemed as sinking in a trance ;  
Gazed he on it, and gazing died.

What wonder that the life was reft,  
From that æsthetic youthful lover ;  
Who in an instant could discover,  
And not of reason seem bereft ;

That as that glittering glory spread  
Down to her feet to softly sink ;  
He missed the bright connecting link  
Between that glory, and her head ?

The maiden fled, and never more,  
Though searched for many a day and night,  
By man or woman, ghost or sprite,  
Was seen upon Canadian shore.

The æsthete's soul, by sprites below,  
On snow-white wings was seen to rise ;  
To seek his dwelling in the skies ;  
Where seraphs charm away his woe.

And as he soared his upward way,  
The watchers noted from below,  
A streaming pennon's golden glôw  
Seen in the moonbeam's quivering ray.

And up, and up, into the blue ;  
Till fastened to a wandering star,  
It streamed athwart the heaven atar,  
The comet wonder, of 'eighty-two.

Exposure since to many a clime,  
Has bleached that golden tress to white ;  
Yet still it shimmers on the sight,  
A warning from the olden time,

That tells the ruin and the wreck,  
Wrought by the fair-haired laughing witches,  
Who wore long burnished golden switches  
In wildering coils about the neck.

That beauteous tress that softly flows,  
If it be true what wise men name,  
May yet be known to \*light a flame,  
Will plunge the world in deepest woes.

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\* It was supposed by some that the comet of 1882 would set the world on fire.

## DUST AND ASHES.

She looked into the wood fire's blaze,  
 A brilliant dark-eyed maid ;  
 Upon the softly rounded cheek  
 The lights and shadows played.

One fair white arm, as pedestal,  
 Implanted on her knee ;  
 Upheld the meditative head,  
 In dreamland revelling free.

A wealth of rich dark tresses fell  
 Upon her shoulders white ;  
 And waved, and rippled o'er her form  
 Into the void of night.

The embers glowed upon the hearth,  
 The blue flame shyly crept  
 Among the sticks, beneath whose shade  
 The soft grey ashes slept.

Faint murmurs floated on the air,  
 As angels' wings in flight ;  
 And on the dome, above her head,  
 Wavered a trembling light.

Like halo, limned by painter's hand,  
 Some beauteous saint above,  
 It cast a radiance o'er that form,  
 The shrine of life and love.

And as the embers flashed and glowed,  
 So dreamed that maiden young ;  
 In wildest strain of sweet romance,  
 That e'er from firelight sprung.

The misty eyes see from the coals  
 A shape of glory rise ;  
 A peerless form, in beauty pure  
 As seraph from the skies.

The dark bright face still brighter glows ;  
 The red lips trembling move ;  
 And to the ear of night is borne  
 The whisper, " O my love."

A rustling in the shadow'd air,  
 Two white wings widely spread ;

A guardian angel bendeth o'er  
That vision-haunted head.

The red coals close their eyes beneath  
Their shadowy lids, nor see  
The blue flame hide beneath the log,  
That slumbers dreamily.

All sounds are hushed, for none may hear  
How through the chimney's height,  
The smoke sped up, and hung a veil  
Upon the brow of night.

\* \* \* \* \*

She sat before the wood fire bright,  
A woman, pure and sweet ;  
Her hair, unbound, around her fell,  
Her little pearly feet

Peeped from the long white robe, as they  
Were playing hide and seek ;  
The firelight danced, and leaped, and glowed,  
Did everything but speak.

Companion of her idle hours,  
Her trusted friend, to whom  
She told her inmost thoughts, when night  
Had curtained her in gloom.

She saw the flame play with the sticks,  
The sparks take upward flight  
To die, and leave no trace of life ;  
Quenched by the breath of night.

And it is thus, she thought, that I  
Must pass, and leave no trace  
That I have sojourned here on earth,  
E'en for a little space.

Must my weak feet tread life's long way  
Replete with tears and sighs ;  
And must I die, alone, unmourned  
By dew from kindred eyes.

She dreamed a sweet, a waking dream,  
That woman fair and young ;  
A babe lay nestled in her arms,  
To which she softly sung

A cradle song, in tones as sweet  
As angel choir's above ;  
The pulses of her heart beat time,  
Each note, a throb of love.



A footstep at the open door,  
A blush of fond surprise ;  
And all a woman's untold love  
Was mirrored in her eyes.

That form so oft in dreamland seen,  
Again before her stood ;  
Again, with godlike beauty, shone  
In flashes from the wood.

'Twas he who at creation's hour  
From chaos sprang, to be  
Her guide, her strength, her soul's beloved,  
Through all eternity.

She laid the infant in his arms  
With all a woman's grace ;  
And all a mother's love and pride  
Were sparkling in her face.

Oh, scene that painter never limned,  
Nor poet ever sung ;  
Too beautiful for earth, and night  
Her shadows o'er it flung.

The firelight flickered low, and paled  
Before that scene of love ;  
While there the guardian angel bent  
Low brooding from above.

The red coals fall asleep, and lie  
Beneath a snow-white shade ;  
And morn crept in, and saw that scene  
In dust and ashes laid.

\* \* \* \*

She sat before the wood fire bright,  
A woman in her prime ;  
Lightly upon her forehead lay  
The shadowing hand of time.

The dark brown hair, luxuriant still,  
In ripples wild and free  
Played round her neck, and fell in long  
Rich masses to her knee.

She dreamed, and drank the nectared cup  
Imagination drew  
From flowers of fancy, sweet and pure,  
As morning steeped in dew.

A tiny rosebud nestled close  
Within her fond embrace ;

Her eyes, deep wells of love, were bent  
Upon the cherub face.

Two spirit forms, in long white robes,  
Knelt lowly at her feet ;  
While upward rose the evening prayer  
In infant lisps sweet.

The mother's heart yearns wildly o'er  
These phantom flowerets three ;  
As lowly the dark bowed head  
Droops forward on her knee.

That wild heart yearning, who can tell  
That hath not felt and known ?  
It finds its source in depths where dwell  
No tears, no sigh, no moan.

She gazes in the shining coals  
With dream-filled eyes, and now,  
Her low tones tremble on the air,  
" My soul's love, where art thou ? "

" I'm lonely, love, without thee here,  
I'm tired, my heart is sad ;  
How long before thou comest, love,  
To make my spirit glad ?

" I'm weary, weary waiting here.  
My love, where canst thou be ?  
Dost thou not hear me in thy dreams  
As I am hearing thee.

" I'm lonely, lonely, soul of mine,  
When wilt thou come to me ?  
Must I walk through this world alone,  
And meet eternity

" Without one glance into thine eyes,  
One fond hand-clasp ; one tone  
To take with me beyond the shades,  
My spirit's love, mine own ? "

\* \* \* \*

She sat before the wood fire bright  
A woman, old and wan,  
Alone ; the dreams of early youth,  
The phantom treasures gone.

Alone her footsteps traced life's path ;  
Alone, she met the strife ;  
Alone she fought, and bled, upon  
The battle-field of life.

The spirit presence seen in dreams,  
And visions of the night  
Took up, for her, no earthly form  
To glad her yearning sight.

She dreams no more as in the past,  
Of life's best, sweetest ties ;  
The great reality of death  
Is mirrored in her eyes.

From out their shadowed depths they gaze  
Upon the burning glow ;  
While softly breathes upon the air,  
" Ah, love, at last I know ;

" I know while I lie dying here  
Unmourned and alone,  
That thou hast gone before, and I  
Am nearing thee, mine own."

A shadow falls upon the hearth ;  
The firelight pales ; and low  
The embers lie, beneath a film  
Of ashes white as snow.

Anear that hearth lies human dust  
Beneath a shadowy pall ;  
The vision of whose life had end  
In dust and ashes, all.

## ROSE AND CREAM.

She wore a calico gown  
With stripes of rose and cream,  
And oh, how fair did she seem,  
Like a spirit-presence or dream,  
It fell in soft folds down  
To the carpet's glowing brown.  
Oh, fairer sight, I ween,  
Had never mortal seen.  
It fell as a glowing screen  
Over charms it could not hide.  
A woman's matchless pride  
Was seen in that graceful pose  
Under the cream and rose,  
As an ocean ebbs and flows.  
And an ocean of love was there,  
Love breathed in the ambient air,  
And I felt as though I could kneel

At her feet, and forever seal  
 My fate as she read "Lucille."  
 'Twas a spell no man could resist  
 A moment, that if 'twere missed  
 Might never return again.  
 Ah, Heaven ! the pain ! the pain !  
 Should my pleading be in vain.  
 But oh, my love ! my true,  
 What was it I felt and knew  
 In the firelight's softened beam ?  
 That the mingling of rose and cream  
 Was neither a spirit nor dream  
 As I knelt on the carpet brown  
 Where rose and cream swept down.  
 But a woman, pure and sweet,  
 And I swore as I knelt at her feet,  
 That as long as this heart should beat  
 I would live for her alone.  
 My Anna ! my life ! my own !  
 And ever as in the past,  
 Aye, as long as life shall last,  
 And into eternity vast,  
 I will love the softened gleam  
 Of the mingling of rose and cream.

### THE ARTIST'S SOLILOQUY.

In girlhood's days when hope was strong  
 And nature filled my soul with song,  
 I wandered oft the fields among  
 And skipped in buoyant revelry.

The setting sunlight dyed the west,  
 In glowing tints the landscape dressed,  
 Soft, balmy winds the leaves caressed ;  
 All nature smiled in harmony.

And voices whispered in mine ear  
 In nature's accents, sweet and clear,  
 "Bring forth thy brushes ! Draw a-near !  
 And paint me in simplicity."

No tutor's aid did I invoke ;  
 But something in my being woke ;  
 And I nerved my hand while nature spoke,  
 And thrilled my soul with ecstasy.

I sat me down by nature's side,  
 In glowing tints the canvas dyed,

With landscape spreading far and wide,  
Nor thought of aught but mastery.

Then Creswell came, and Creswell said,  
"Toil on ! toil on ! be not afraid !  
Keep close to nature ! with my aid  
You'll be in the Academy."

I lived with nature, and I read  
Her books, while toiling for my bread ;  
And stole the moments when I spread  
The colors for my phantasy.

But all in vain ! in vain I tried !  
No hope stole in to stem the tide  
Of black despair, when Creswell died  
And left me in obscurity.

For years I've labored on in vain !  
No hand was stretched to me again,  
No hand to aid, save M——'s when  
He strove with old-time chivalry

Against the men who said me nay ;  
The rulers of the O.S.A.,  
Who banded in their power to stay  
My way to the Academy.

They looked upon my work and found  
No misty stretch of foreign ground,  
But trees and bushes hung around  
With richness of our scenery.

And said " We have no need of these,  
These Autumn-tinted glowing trees  
And vast tumultuous inland seas.  
The French have no such imag'ry."

Thus, none but he could have a chance  
Who studied in the school of France,  
In hope his glory to enhance,  
To sell his wares continually.

They'll never smooth my path to fame,  
However lofty be my aim ;  
They'll bar my way to make a name  
Till I am in the cemet'ry.

O, Canada ! I laugh to see  
These filmy artists crushing me ;  
My only sin is love of thee,  
In all thy vast immensity.

My land shall hold the highest place  
In pictured beauty, and no trace  
Of foreign touch shall mar thy face  
While smiling in serenity.

No blurred and filmy foregrounds lie  
Beneath my gaze when thou art nigh,  
But sunny field and smiling sky,  
Thine own beguiling witchery.

What need have I of foreign school?  
It seemeth me I'd be a fool  
To paint thy face by any rule  
Of foreign art academy.

I'll sit me still upon the sod  
Where squirrels creep and flowers nod,  
And owe my teaching to my God,  
Whose hand can crown with victory.

"The Artist's Soliloquy" is the outcome of an incident that occurred in the spring of 1897, when the secretary of the Ontario Artists' Society (himself an artist) visited the writer's studio, expressed himself as very much pleased with her works and requested her to send some of them to the Society's Exhibition—then in preparation. She demurred from a feeling that the acknowledgment of her ability to win fame in the field of art had come too late.

The entry papers, however, were forwarded to her, and she complied with the secretary's request and sent two small pictures. These were returned in three days, accompanied by the information that they could not be hung, as the Society did not wish to encourage any but the French Impressionist School of Art, a school with which the writer is not in sympathy.

NOTE.—The pictures came before a hanging committee of three. Of these one was for hanging them, two against. The one was a R.C.A. of long standing. The two, younger men just rising from the ranks.

## THE LAMENTATION OF ORPHEUS.

A FRAGMENT.

Hark ! to the wild lamentation,  
Hark ! to the voice of despair,  
Hear how it wails on the air,  
Thracean rocks catch the sound,  
Echo it back to the caves,  
Wafteth it far o'er the waves  
Back to the earth's farthest bound.

Hark ! as the wild lamentation  
Throbs on the bosom of night.  
Dim are the stars to the sight,  
Weeping on flower and leaf,  
Note the wild hyacinth's grief,  
See the great tears in its eye.  
See the great heart of creation  
Moved to its deepest foundation  
Moved in its great sympathy,  
Moved as it were by a spell.  
List ! to the wild lamentation  
Borne on the murmuring breeze,  
Rolleth it out o'er the seas,  
Reacheth it up to high heaven,  
Rolleth it back unto hell.  
Eurydice ! Eurydice !  
Hear thy bridegroom calling thee !

Full quickly fade the daylight hours,  
The dew is falling on the flowers,  
The zephyrs in the tree-tops moan,  
And Love, I wander here alone.  
Eurydice ! Eurydice !  
Why ? why hast thou forsaken me ?

The moonlight gleams upon the sea,  
The sad waves whisper mournfully,  
I hear thy name in every tone,  
Come back ! come back ! my love ! my own !  
Eurydice ! Eurydice !  
Hear thy bridegroom calling thee.

Come hither from the shadows drear  
To which the gods thy steps have sped.  
Hie thee across the silent mere,  
Heart's love ! come hither from the dead.  
Eurydice ! Eurydice !  
Mine own ! Dost hear me calling thee ?

O bitter, bitter was thy wave,  
Avernus, bitter was thy tide  
To bear my treasure to the grave,  
To waft away my love, my bride.  
Eurydice ! Eurydice !  
Hear thy bridegroom calling thee.

The winds are hushed. The waters still.  
Avernus softly laps the shore.  
Haste thee, my love ! and fear no ill,  
The boatman swift will row thee o'er.  
Dost hear me, love ? I call to thee,  
I call thee hence from out the gloom,

The dreary confines of the tomb.  
Dear life ! Heart's love ! come back to me,  
Eurydice ! Eurydice !

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## A PICTURE OF THE PAST.

'Tis midnight, and midnight's impalpable gloom  
Has crept to my door and invaded my room ;  
Night's manifold voices have lulled me to rest,  
And memory pillows my head on her breast,  
And with her deft fingers, to ease me of care,  
Paints a picture of nature surpassingly fair.  
Through the mists of the years, through the toil and the pain,  
In the glow of the moonlight I see it again,  
The hillside, the garden, the broad carriage road,  
That leads to my Eden, my childhood's abode.  
The low spreading homestead, with roses o'ergrown,  
The tall mountain-ashes—like sentinels lone,  
The lilacs deep green, the acacia's frail form  
That bends to the zephyr and breaks in the storm.  
There the golden-hued sunflower flaunteth her charms,  
While resting her form in the sumach's stout arms.  
The quivering aspen still sprinkles a shade  
O'er a rude rustic seat in the evergreen glade,  
Where on warm summer days by the coolness beguiled,  
I have lain in the calm, dreamless sleep of a child.  
The cedars are there, that these hands, then so small,  
Had planted in groups near the little stone wall ;  
While deep in the dell where no footsteps invade,  
Lies the dark periwinkle, asleep in the shade.  
The numberless blossoms of blue, white and red,  
In that triumph of art—the elliptical bed,  
While steeped in its beauty, as slow pass the hours,  
Again on my sense steals the perfume of flowers.  
The wall-flower, the stock, and the sweet mignonette,  
In a small friendly circle together have met ;  
This trio, in lowliest raiment bedight,  
Now pour forth their odors to gladden the night.  
The moon, looking down from her pathway above,  
Sheds a light that invites all creation to love.  
What marvel her beauty man's senses beguile ?  
When the trees and the flowers are glad in her smile ?  
They glitter and gleam, while the dews flashing bright,  
Make the scene an ineffable glory of light.  
Two forms to the picture love's rapture impart  
Hand trembling in hand, and heart beating to heart ;  
He is noble of stature, his form is divine,  
As if nature and art had perfected each life ;



His face has a beauty that dazzles the sight,  
 As he stands in his grandeur, the king of the night.  
 O noble and true ! Can I blame thee who stole  
 From my side, my Carina ? O soul of my soul !  
 She was guileless and pure. She had bloomed in the wild.  
 She was young, she was fair. She was Nature's own child.  
 She was tender and timid, with soul that was white  
 As the moonlight that shone from the heavens that night.  
 Stay, memory, stay ! Ah ! she yet standeth there,  
 Heaven's light in her eyes, Luna's light on her hair,  
 And legions of angels through ether may call  
 While the advent of love holds her spirit in thrall.  
 A cloud veils the moonlight ; a shadow is cast ;  
 A tear dims mine eye, and the picture has passed !  
 Turn its face to the wall ; still its wailings of woe ;  
 And bury it deep in the long, long ago.  
 In the years that have gone, as a cyclone have sped,  
 Carina ! Twin soul ! Can it be, thou art dead !

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### TO JUNE.

---

The summer sun is shining,  
 The birds are saying " sweet,"  
 The dandelion is blooming  
 In clusters at thy feet ;  
 The maple trees are tossing  
 Their branches to thy sight,  
 And thou dost croon, and babble,  
 In infantile delight.  
 I hear thy baby laughter,  
 Mid sun and flowers, at play ;  
 Thou art too young for weeping  
 Above the bier of May.

I watch thy budding beauty,  
 Thy young moon rise and swell,  
 And glow in pride above thee,  
 With rapture none may tell ;  
 I feel thy midnight breezes  
 Play softly in my hair ;  
 And bless thee, as I wander,  
 Among thy flow'rets fair.  
 Thy scented breath, at even,  
 My spirit doth beguile ;  
 Ah, I could live forever,  
 Fair June, upon thy smile !

Like the immortal Mendelssohn,  
 And his unspoken words,  
 I hear, at early morning,

Thy wondrous choir of birds ;  
They've waked me from my slumbers,  
Ere yet the morn began ;  
Of all thy glorious company,  
The robin leads the van.  
For months 'twill linger with me,  
That rich contralto tone ;  
And bring me back thy melody,  
Oh June, my loved, mine own !

To me thou art a glory  
Most ravishingly fair ;  
Too swiftly art thou shedding  
Thy life, upon the air.  
Thou fillest me with rapture,  
Thy beauty I adore ;  
My soul is filled with longing  
To keep thee evermore.  
Thou art unto my being,  
An ecstasy atune ;  
I breath into my life-blood,  
Thy balmy air, O June !

Thy days are gliding from me,  
Thy nights are waning fast,  
Too soon wilt thou be numbered  
With months that fill the past.  
I hear the mournful sighing  
Of the night wind o'er thy head ;  
Too soon, wilt thou be lying  
Beside the early dead.  
Thy days on earth are numbered,  
And when thy course is run,  
Thou'lt yield thy young, green verdure  
To July's torrid sun.

Thou'lt go, and I will miss thee :  
Ah ! none can tell how sore ;  
I may not drink thy beauty  
Again for evermore.  
Again I may not bless thee,  
The day that thou art born,  
I know not where I'll wander  
Thy resurrection morn.  
The tears I've mingled with thee,  
My spirit's sadness proved,  
I've watched thee hourly dying,  
Oh June, my best beloved !

---

IN YUMA.

Why these tears ? hot tears.  
Do they start  
Because we are far apart ?  
Thousands of miles apart ;  
I here, 'mid the hills of sand,  
The vastness of sky and land ;  
Here, like an atom of dust  
Dropped by a sudden gust  
From the nostrils expanded wide  
Of the fire-steed, as he flew  
Over mountains and prairie-land,  
Over marshes and gleaming tide,  
While ever above rode the blue,  
And between us the boundary line.  
Yet heart guideth to heart,  
And crossing the void of space  
My thought oft meets with thine,  
And I see thy passionate face  
As lit with a light divine,  
And thy form of matchless grace,  
Square shoulders and depth of chest ;  
Where never, never again,  
Shall my weary head find rest,  
Never, never again.  
And the hot tears fall like rain,  
For a moment of bliss and pain,  
A moment of heaven and rest,  
In the far-away mists of dead years.

---

MY SISTERS AND I.

The years roll on. Youth flies apace ;  
And age o'ertakes us in the race ;  
While poverty runs neck and neck.  
And little doth the oppressor reck  
That oft he sets his iron heel  
Upon the corn we sorest feel.  
He goads us onward o'er the ground,  
And lacerates each half-healed wound.  
More slowly moves the tide of life,  
As thus we meet the unequal strife.  
A weight seems clinging to our feet ;  
The tired hearts forget to beat ;  
The spirits faint ; the strength is gone,  
Yet weary limbs are toiling on  
Along the paths that lead to thee,  
Thou vast, unknown Eternity.

## SAPPHO.

O soul of song ! O heart of fire !  
 Quenched in the blue Ionian wave.  
 Thy form divine the waters lave.  
 The pearl-white hands that tuned the lyre  
 Its raptured notes of love to speak ;  
 No more its spell-fraught strings shall seek.  
 The voice that sang impassioned strain  
 Is hushed forever in the flood.  
 The heart that wept in tears of blood,  
 Is stilled, forever, in the main.  
 O Phaon ! false to honor ! thou,  
 To foster in that bosom warm,  
 Where played the sunshine, raved the storm,  
 A passion deep, as ocean strong,  
 In her the Lesbian queen of song ;  
 Before whose genius nations bow,  
 And leave to feed that singer, famed,  
 That fond impassioned soul, untamed,  
 The jealous fires that lead to madness ;  
 Till in a woeful hour of sadness,  
 Of reason and of soul forgot,  
 She sought that isolated spot,  
 To die, with yet the tide of life,  
 Rich eddying in her veins, whence sprung  
 The immortal fire that swayed her tongue ;  
 And hourly fed her bosom's strife.  
 Oh sweet, sweet lip, that kissed thee, wave,  
 As swift she sank to thy embrace.  
 Oh sea ! had'st thou no power to save ;  
 Could'st thou not raise that glorious face ;  
 Nor let thy suffocating breath,  
 That heaven-born life of song erase ;  
 Nor calm that wild heart unto death.  
 O dull, insensate, cruel sea ;  
 To quench the life of one so fair ;  
 Had'st thou no balm for her despair,  
 Who only sought a rest in thee.  
 Oh ! cold, cold wave, that pressed her cheek ;  
 I hear the murmuring undertone  
 That doth thy late repentance speak.  
 For ages wilt thou sob, and moan,  
 Thy restless soul with sadness feed,  
 And vain bewailings o'er thy deed.  
 The howling winds shall lash thy breast ;  
 And zephyrs mourn upon thy shore ;  
 And murmur all thy rocks along ;  
 And thou, who stilled the voice of song,  
 Thy deep, great heart shall know no rest,—  
 Shall know no peace, forever more.

---

SWEET-BRIER.

---

'Twas just like her to do it !  
She set my heart on fire ;  
And when I begged a rose of her  
She gave me a sweet-brier.

It rests upon my bosom ;  
And there it firmly catches.  
I placed it in my button hole  
With many pricks and scratches.

Its sweetness steals my senses  
Like her who gave it to me,  
And seems to say, with smiling lips,  
Why don't you come and woo me ?

Like her, it breathes of beauty.  
Like her, torments and scratches.  
Like her, it soothes my saddened soul  
As she with songs in snatches.

She's sweet as sweet can be ;  
But when I come anigh her  
She's hedged about with thorns that prick,  
And scratch, like this sweet-brier.

---

THE FOOT ON THE STAIR.

---

Hush ! let each footstep be light,  
And unerring as those that she bent  
To my chamber of pain, in the night,  
When the sickness that often approached  
And pursued me, and took unaware ;  
And held me in cold, icy clasp,  
Till I shrieked in my anguish and fear.  
Ah ! then, as that cry smote her ear,  
How quickly she sprang from her couch,  
And I heard her light foot on the stair.

Look ! How silent she lies !  
Her pure spirit left me last night ;  
Last night on its way to the skies.  
She is freed from all burden and toil,  
From weariness, watching and care ;  
And I, when the torturer comes  
With his deep thrilling anguish of pain,  
May listen, and listen in vain,  
In all the drear midnights unknown,  
For the sound of her foot on the stair.

She is dead ! O God ! she is dead.  
 She is wan, she is breathless, and still.  
 And I, What was it I said  
 When she stole in the dead of the night  
 To my room, with her lamp-light aglare ?  
 Did I say she disturbed my repose ?  
 Did I bid her return to her bed ?  
 Did I say I was crazed by her tread,  
 That my brain would be softened and turned  
 By the creak of her foot on the stair ?

\* \* \* \* \*

A pitying angel of light  
 Heard a low awful cry as it rang  
 On the shuddering dark of the night,  
 An agonized pleading for aid,  
 A cry of remorse and despair,  
 That quivered through silence and space,  
 Yet is heard by no slumberer nigh ;  
 A harrowing, soul-reaching cry.  
 " Eliza ! Eliza ! O God !  
 For the sound of her foot on the stair ! "

## ARISE, YE CHRISTIAN NATIONS!

### A WAR SONG.

Arise ! arise, ye nations,  
 That live in Gospel light,  
 Arise ! arise, to succor,  
 To battle for the right.

Strike ! strike, for wronged Armenia,  
 Ye Christian men, and brave ;  
 Haste ! haste, across the waters,  
 To succor, and to save.

Speed onward all your war ships,  
 And let your cannon roar,  
 And echo, and re-echo  
 Along the Moslem shore.

Down ! down with Abdul Hamed,  
 And his accursed band,  
 The blood of Christian Martyrs,  
 Is deluging the land.

Rise ! chain this spawn of Satan,  
 This ultra-demon fell !  
 Rise up, all Christian nations,  
 And crush this fiend of hell.

LINES TO ———.

O, friend ! the touch of whose hand I love ;  
And whose voice hath a charm for my listening ear ;  
In the unseen future, that draweth near,  
Wilt thou be, as now, to my soul most dear ;  
Or will all be changed when we meet above.

Will all be changed ? Where the spirit roves,  
And we breathe a sweeter, a purer air ;  
In the mighty love that o'ershadows us there ;  
Shall we have no longer a thought, or care,  
For the weal, or woe, of our earthly loves ?

Of life's brief moments, fast run the sands ;  
And I know not, on earth, if we meet again ;  
To soothe my spirit all prayers are vain ;  
And thoughts of heaven have much of pain ;  
If there be no clasping of loving hands.

I question, and answer. It cannot be,  
Where soul loves soul in the world below ;  
That countless ages may come, and go,  
And soul meet soul, and never know ;  
On the shores of the vast eternity.

CANADA, MY COUNTRY !

O Canada ! My Country !  
I tune my harp to thee !  
Awake ! my soul ! Awake ! and bring  
Sweet mem'ries round me while I sing,  
And let the woodland echoes ring  
To footsteps bounding free.  
The strings vibrate with dulcet tone  
When swept for thee, my loved, mine own.

O Canada ! My Country !  
How vast is thy domain !  
What wealth lies hidden in thy breast.  
And 'neath thy mountain's lofty crest,  
Thy valleys with what riches blest !  
Thy lakes, what wondrous chain !  
Thy prairie lands and forests wild  
Where dwelt the red man—Nature's child.

O Canada ! My Country !  
How fair thy vernal scene !  
When song-birds sing in noisy mirth,  
And wake the buds and flowers to birth ;

When all the robes of Mother earth  
Are changed from white to green.  
The sun's fond rays have kissed the sward  
And blossoms peep with sweet accord.

O Canada ! My Country !  
What words can paint thy May !  
The apple bloom by breezes fanned  
Have shed their sweetness o'er the land.  
Like sheeted ghosts the plum trees stand,  
Nor fear the light of day.  
The sun rides high in fervid power  
And joy has crowned each shining hour.

O Canada ! My Country !  
In summer's beauty drest !  
The cirrus clouds float overhead  
And sunset skies their lustre shed,  
In brilliant tints of gold and red,  
The splendor of the west :  
And soft hearts beat to love atune,  
While mortals drink the breath of June.

O Canada ! My Country !  
Thy summer's my delight !  
Thy July days are ever warm,  
And grand thy lurid thunderstorm.  
Thy August with her beauteous form  
Arrayed in mantle bright  
Of yellow grain fields vast as seas,  
All waving in the gentle breeze.

O Canada ! My Country !  
In Autumn's glory drest,  
What words can paint the landscape, spread  
With pink and purple, brown and red,  
As though some beauteous oriole shed  
Its plumage on thy breast,  
Where oft the crimson creeper twines  
Among the dark green of thy pines.

O Canada ! My Country !  
When Autumn leaves lie low,  
And Indian Summer fades away,  
November rains no more hold sway,  
And Winter comes in fierce array  
Of wind and sleet and snow ;  
And binds thee in his icy thrall  
Till loosed when springtime rain-drops fall.

O Canada ! My Country !  
My own ! My heart's delight !



I love thy spring when flow'rets blow,  
 I love thy summer's fervid glow,  
 Thy autumn glories lying low,  
 Thy winter cold and bright.  
 No other land my heart can share,  
 No other clime with thine compare.

## CANADA'S APPEAL TO BRITAIN.\*

O, Britain ! What has come to thee ?  
 O, woe ! that I should live to see  
 Thy garments soiled with moth and rust,  
 Thy glory trailing in the dust !

I thought thee great, I deemed thee good ;  
 O fool ! With Europe's grasping brood  
 Thou watchest (standing idly by)  
 The unequal strife for Liberty.

One thought of thine, one word from thee,  
 And Turkey would have bowed the knee ;  
 Have bent before the power unseen,  
 Have bow'd the knee to Britain's Queen.

When Abdul, the accursed, came  
 And swept the land with sword and flame,  
 Armenia looked for her release  
 To all—in vain ; but little Greece,

Whose warrior blood, from ages past,  
 Rushed down in torrents, hot and fast ;  
 As dwelt her wak'ning soul upon  
 Miltiades and Marathon.

And bounds her pulse at thought of thee,  
 Thou glory-dyed Thermopylæ,  
 Whose crimson mem'ries yet bespeak  
 Unfading lustre for the Greek.

She saw again the narrow pass,  
 Where fell her brave Leonidas ;  
 And in her old-time strength arose  
 With fiery force to meet her foes.

She heard the Cretan's cry for aid ;  
 She faced the Powers undismayed ;  
 Her war-cry rang from shore to shore,  
 " And Greece was living Greece " once more.

\*Written during the Turko-Greek war in 1897, on hearing that the British Line of Battle Ship, Camperdown, had fired into the Greeks.

Alone, opposed on every hand ;  
 Alone, she made a glorious stand ;  
 Alone, to stem the devil's work ;  
 Alone, to face the insatiate Turk.

Alone ! Alone ! O, shame to those  
 Who swell the number of her foes !  
 Well, Britain, might'st thou blush to see  
 The climax to thy infamy.

When men in power, with orders fell,  
 Turned upon Crete their shot and shell ;  
 Howe'er unwillingly, through thee  
 They hurled their darts 'gainst Liberty.

With drooping head I lowly stand  
 In shame for thee, the " Motherland."  
 Bring forth thy force by land and sea,  
 Break from thy trammels and be free !

Rise, freemen, rise ! and early doom  
 The bloody Abdul to the tomb ;  
 Though all the powers cry for peace,  
 To arms ! to arms ! for little Greece !

Ye men who love her classic lore,  
 In every land, on every shore,  
 Raise, raise your banners ! let them fly !  
 And shout for Greece and chivalry.

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## THE DEATH OF JUNE.

We sat upon the balcony ;  
 The roses at our feet  
 Held up their faces to our gaze,  
 While breathing perfume sweet.

The full moon from the southern sky,  
 Enveloped all the night  
 In glory of effulgency—  
 A robe of shimmering light.

The night was sultry, warm and still,  
 And not a sound was heard ;  
 Upon the maples in the grove  
 No leaflet sighed or stirred.

The frogs were mute beside the mere ;  
 The beetle stayed his flight ;  
 And all the world seemed hushed in grief,  
 That sorrow-laden night.

No sound came from the fir-trees tall ;  
No whispering woodland rune ;  
While Nature held her breath to catch  
The parting words of June.

She came to us an infant, swathed  
And garlanded with flowers ;  
She spent with us in girlhood's days,  
A maiden's dream-filled hours.

She wandered in the sunshine bright,  
And whispered in the trees ;  
And oped her sweetest blossom buds  
To scent the balmy breeze.

She murmured in the brooklet's waves.  
And blushed amid the flowers ;  
And dyed our cheeks a carmine hue  
Through all her shining hours.

Yet she was fading, fading fast,  
With all her wealth of grace ;  
And her successor drawing near  
To fill her vacant place.

All silently and mournfully  
She passed into her death ;  
Her spirit-life was borne away  
Upon the roses' breath.

While at the witching, ghostly hour  
When midnight meets the morn ;  
Amid the torrid breathlessness  
The young July was born.

Then black clouds rising upward spread ;  
And winds began to sigh :  
While rain poured down in torrents, from  
The wildly warring sky.

The drabbed songsters piped a dirge  
To melancholy tune ;  
And roses, weeping, bowed their heads  
Above the bier of June.

CANADA TO ENGLAND.

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*October 13th, 1897.*

The thirteenth of October  
Will long remembered be,  
When thou wast near to zero,  
And I at eighty-three.

Bethink thee, Mother England,  
What sport it was to me,  
To know thee cold and frost bound  
While I scored eighty-three.

Go teach thy precious Kipling  
How little sense he shows,  
To name thy dearest daughter,  
"The Lady of the Snows."

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DIVIDED.

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On life's young way we often met,  
And many a happy day had we,  
Many an hour of mirth and glee ;  
I know it all ; I don't forget.

Life broadened and diverged, and each  
Walked onward, but in separate way  
Walked onward till the close of day,  
Far, far beyond each others reach.

I judge you not, I only know  
When right and wrong before me lay,  
One cold and dreary autumn day,  
You took the path I could not go.

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VICTORIA, OUR QUEEN.

Lines written on viewing the "Diamond Jubilee" Portrait of Her Majesty, Queen of England, and Empress of India

My heart throbs high at thought of thee !  
I hold thee in my hand,  
And gaze upon thy loveliness—  
Queen of our Mother land.

Thy crown and lace, and fair round arms,  
And all thy rich array.  
God bless the day thou cam'st to us—  
The twenty-fourth of May.

Dear art thou to the hearts of us,  
Thy subjects, great and small ;  
In bungalow, in wigwam wild,  
In castle, cot, and hall.

Never, since Time began his march,  
To this great Jubilee,  
Was ever crown'd woman loved,  
And honored like to thee.

God bless and give thee length of days,—  
Thou of the noble mien—  
Long may'st thou live, to hold the helm,  
Victoria, our Queen.

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FROM THE CRADLE TO THE GRAVE.

Coming in weakness with wailing and tears,  
Gaining new strength with the passing of years ;  
Forming our minds for the on-coming strife ;  
Bracing our limbs for the battle of life ;  
Catching bright glimpses of joy as we go ;  
Draining deep draughts from the fountains of woe ;  
Struggling with poverty, warring with sin ;  
Fighting temptations without and within.  
Stumbling then rushing again to the breach ;  
Striving for heights that our feet never reach ;  
Wrestling with sickness, with pain and decay ;  
Fighting 'gainst Death, inch by inch, on the way ;  
Worn with vain longings, unnumbered, unsung ;  
Passing away to the dust whence we sprung.

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 TO A CRITIC.\*
 

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Oh critic, that tenderest with fostering care  
 The flowers left in springtime to wither and fade ;  
 To breathe out their breath on the dull murky air ;  
 To blossom and droop in a wilderness, where  
 Dank weeds had thrown o'er them their mildewing shade.

What marvel that you o'er my garden bemoan ?  
 What wonder if every floweret were dead ?  
 No human tongue nurtured with life-giving tone ;  
 In springtime, I wandered earth's pathway alone ;  
 And my garden ran wild while I struggled for bread.

O tend ye my garden and water it well  
 With the sweet dews of hope, and the flowers will bloom  
 'Neath thy hand, springing sweetly on hill and in dell,  
 As some wizard had muttered a life-giving spell ;  
 And consign ye the weeds to oblivion's tomb.

Wouldst have me an angel, my critic of worth,  
 That no weed may spring up in my garden so fair ?  
 Two natures were given to mortals at birth,  
 The flowers are of Heaven, the weeds are of Earth ;  
 And while Earth holds the spirit they still will be there.

Then weed in my garden, and weed it with care ;  
 But touch not my roses, my sweet mignonette ;  
 Each flower shall bloom with a beauty more rare ;  
 And a perfume more sweet shall exhale on the air ;  
 While thy fostering hand I will never forget.

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\* The lines "To a Critic" were addressed by the author to the late J. E. Collins, on reading his criticism on her infant work, which he published in "The Life and Times of Sir John A. Macdonald." The poet was not aware at the time who the writer was who criticised her work so severely, and yet left such bright hopes for the future.

