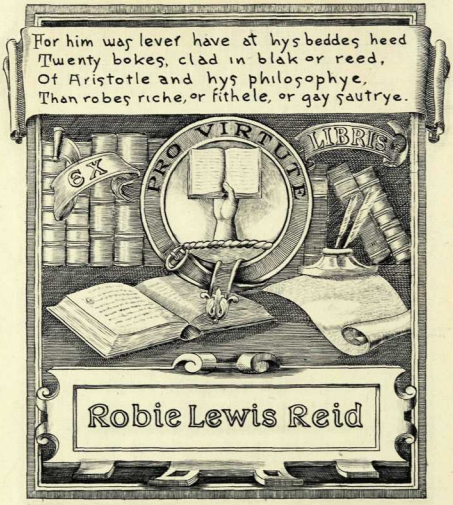
A GARDEN BY THE SEA

AND OTHER POEMS

L. A. LEFEVRE



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BY

L. A. LEFEVRE.

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To J. M. L.

A Garden by the Sea.

ON high grey cliffs uplifted,
A garden by the sea
Is smiling in the sunshine,
And softly sings to me.

The roses chant in rapture
Their madrigals apart,
The lilies hymn the moonlight
That lingers in their heart;

The violets caressing
Their mother earth, sing low
The cradle songs she taught them
In Eden long ago.

The humming-birds, whose kisses
A thousand loves may claim,
Through sun and shade are flashing,
In darts of lyric flame.

And when the wind of ocean
A song of Freedom sings,
Its harp the swaying pine-trees,
The flying spray its wings,—

A GARDEN BY THE SEA.

My soul exults in wonder
  As sweeping from the sea,
There comes the joy and triumph
  Of that great symphony!

But when the stars of twilight
  The fragrant dusk illume,
And Memory's tender dirges
  Drift softly through the gloom,—

When bathed in sunset splendour,
  The snow-crowned mountains rise,
Like some great Altar soaring
  In glory to the skies,—

Oh! then I know my garden
  Is but a pathway spread,
Whereon the feet of angels
  Perchance may deign to tread,—

Perchance may lead me upward
  Where now in dreams I dare
To lay my Songs unworthy
  Before the Presence there.

Kings and Shepherds

'And seeing the Star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.'

TURN ye to God, oh Nations worn with war!
The clamour of the battlefield is still,
The lingering echoes of the Christmas bells
Chime yet of peace to all men of goodwill.
Pray ye to Him His Star of Faith to send
To guide the kings, the shepherds, once again;
No peace is ours until the angels bring
His message to the warring hearts of men.

Stand firm and true, oh ye who strove in vain
To quench the spark of war ere yet its glow
Broke lurid on the world—who fought its blaze
With fiercer fire, and laid its ashes low.
Guard still undimmed by vengeance or by hate
The stainless lustre of the arms ye wield,
To God alone the victory, the praise,
His Truth, His Justice, were your sword and shield!

Seek Him in fear, oh, ye who lit the flame!
Unloose the robber hands that grasp your prey;
Repair the evil done, make good the wrong,
And set your feet upon the upward way.

KINGS AND SHEPHERDS.

Can ye not see, who have His name profaned,
  The storm-clouds of His wrath around ye draw?
Seek Him in fear, in penitence and prayer,
  Ye who in pride have sinned against His law.

Raise, raise your eyes, oh ye who count your gains,
  Who feast and play, forgetting Him on high,
Your treasured gold is dimmed by widow's tears,
  Through all your music sounds the orphans' cry.
War, Famine, Pestilence—a world of woe!
  And still your laughter mocks a patient Heaven,
Oh, fools and blind! Ye dream there is no God—
  Arise, atone—and be your sins forgiven!

Cry unto Him, oh peoples mad with hate,
  Who slay your brothers with the foeman's sword,
Who tear your tyrant rulers from their place
  And set aloft a wild and murderous horde.
Not so, not so shall Freedom reign on earth!
  Still are ye slaves who serve a mob's decree,
Cast off your chains! the night of gloom will pass,
Follow the Star, its light shall set you free!

Turn ye to God, oh Nations worn with war,
  His voice alone can bid the tumult cease,
Before Him now lay down your pride and pain,
  Give Him your hearts, and He will give you
    Peace.

KINGS AND SHEPHERDS.

Behold! To-day the Wise Men seek the Child!
His Truth, His Innocence—how fair they shine!
Oh, Kings and Shepherds kneeling at His feet,
Teach us your Brotherhood in Love divine!

The Angelus.

OH, Blesséd Maid! amidst the throng,
The pride of power and place,
The world can scarcely pause to see
The rapture of thy face,
Or hear the voice of Gabriel
Who hailed thee 'full of grace.'

Yet still the happy bells proclaim
That blesséd thou shalt be,
And Saints and Seraphim bend low,
God hath so honoured Thee,—
Their glory dimmed before the light
Of thy humility!

Song.

I HAD no flower to send her
  (Oh, Maid so still and white!)
Till Love with blossoms tender
  Came softly through the night,
And veiled in lilied splendour
  She vanished from my sight.

I had no song to greet her,
  (Oh, Spirit far and free!)
Till Love on music sweeter
  Than earthly strains may be
Upbore my soul to meet her,
  And gave her back to me!

Inheritance.

CHILD of the mountain snows
  New-fallen from heaven to earth,
The raindrop whispers to the rose
  The secret of its birth.

Borne by the wind and tide
  From its ancestral place,
The forest seed uplifts in pride
  The stature of its race.

Far from the sun, its sire,
  By primal forces hurled,
Each planet guards the mirrored fire
  Whose glory lights the world.

Born of the Breath Divine,
  And Love's immortal flame,
Why doubt and fear, oh, Soul of mine,
  Forgetful whence you came!

The Poetry of Earth.

'The Poetry of Earth can never die.'—KEATS.

MOURN not, oh, mortals! that ye hear no more
My voice amidst the tumult of the day;
Sigh not that I, unsought, have passed away,
Or pine alone on some forgotten shore.

'Once strayed the nymph,' ye say, 'o'er earth's green hills,
The fair enchantress of a golden age,
Enshrined in dreams of lover, saint, and sage,
Through all the past her magic music thrills.

'But we have said farewell to her sweet face,
Her songs of grief and triumph, love and fate;
Alas! now she has left us desolate,
And Mammon's voice rings through the market-place!'

Be comforted, my children—I am here!
Yet not as once, with vesture fluttering free,
To wander down the vales of Arcady,
Or sing to Pan's glad piping, soft and clear;

But with ye still amidst the surging crowd,
  The roar of traffic and the swinging bales,
  The winds of Heaven, where Commerce spreads her sails,
My songs of world-wide Empire chant aloud!

Think not I dwell apart, beyond your ken,
  While through your streets Life's myriad echoes roll,
  The anthem of the Toiler's steadfast soul,
The mighty music of the march of men!

My voice the secrets of the Future sings,
  To Nature's hidden haunts I lead the way,
  Take ye my hand—earth, sea, and air obey,
New Force undying glows, and Thought has wings!

Mourn not, oh, faithful hearts that hold me dear!
  In hopes and dreams, in deeds ye do and dare,
  In star-lit skies, in Childhood, Love, and Prayer,
Amidst ye still my spirit lingers here!

Venice, 1917.

I.

VENICE, awake! The foe is at thy gate!
Hear'st thou the thunder of his guns afar?
See'st thou the fury and the flame of war
That threaten now thy glory and thy state?
Behold! thy sons who strive to shield thee wait
To guard thy treasures, lest despoilers mar
The jewels that enshrine thee as a star,
And leave thee stricken, sad, and desolate.

Shall these thy palace walls whose mirrored gleam
In radiance flashes on the sunlit air,
These holy spires whose fragile traceries seem
Through mists of morning to uplift a prayer—
Shall Venice fall and vanish like a dream
Amidst the havoc of a world's despair?

VENICE, 1917.

II.

I hear the cannon thunder in the West,
I see the clouds of war, but in my place
Unmoved I stand who saw Attila's face
And feared him not, amidst mine islands blest.
Still am I Venice, Mistress, Queen confessed!
Though tower and palace fall and leave no trace,
And my fair Campanile's slender grace
Drop like a lily from my wounded breast.
Though sculptured stone and jewelled shrine be riven,
And from my hand the ring and sceptre hurled,
Still am I Queen, for unto me was given
Art, Poetry, and Freedom's flag unfurled—
I cannot die while men still dream of Heaven,
And God's reflection, Beauty, lights the world!

The Bridge of Peace.

STEADFAST we stood, for we had feared to see
Above the murky depths of war and gloom,
Some flowery path miraged on mists of death
To lure the world, unwary, to its doom.
Long had we gazed into that dread abyss
Which hid our dearest, bravest, from our sight.
And prayed that He who is the Way should guide
Our steps through grief and darkness to the light.

Behold! He sends His angel, laurel-crowned,
The Builder, Peace. With labour grave and wise,
Justice and Truth she lays secure and deep,
Beneath her feet their strong foundations rise;
Her hand has set the arch of Freedom high,
The gulf of bitter hate and loss to span—
We pass victorious to a world new-born,
The reign of Right, the Brotherhood of Man!

At Twilight.

Cradle Song.

OH, sleep, my babe, 'tis daylight's close,
The golden west with sunset glows,
And faintly droops the drowsy rose—
Sleep, my darling, sleep.

With tender coo the night-bird grieves
In dusky woods, where twilight weaves
Pale shadows o'er the trembling leaves—
Sleep, my darling, sleep.

Now soon no light, no sound shall be
But silent stars and slumbrous sea,
And mother singing low to thee,
Sleep, my darling, sleep.

Night.

THROUGH brooding darkness of the tranquil hours,
When Nature wraps the world in gentle sleep,
I wander through the sweet, dew-laden flowers
Of a deserted garden, hidden deep
Within the bounds of forest solitude,
An old-world pleasaunce wild with tangled bloom,—
Too fair a scene for melancholy mood
Save when night comes with peace and tender gloom.

The flowers that glowed through hours of sunshine here
Now veiled in wavering shadows fairer grow,—
Dim ghosts of blossoms to my childhood dear
That bloomed in magic gardens long ago.
The fairy wand of moonlight weaves a spell
The hidden spirit of the rose to woo,
And wakes a soul within the lily's bell
That trembles into life in tears of dew.

The willowed brook that chattered through the noon
Is whispering now in dulcet tones and low,
And tiny ripples mirror the young moon
Enthroned above them on her clouds of snow,

NIGHT.

The silver leaves are tremulous with light
When fitfully the fragrant air is stirred,
And softly sinking through the silent night
Falls dreamy chirp of happy nested bird.

Oh, my Beloved ! this vigil starred with prayer
Seems for a little space to bring thee near.
The morn will come, yet never dawn so fair
As this dim hour that holds thy spirit here.
The flowers will glow, the woodlands smile again,
The wild birds sing their carols to the sky,
And my sad heart will wake to know its pain,
Remembering thee, and happy days gone by.

Requital.

DOWN floating through the rosy morning light
The Days come one by one in long array:
God's radiant Messengers to Man are they,
Bearing His blessings earthward in their flight,—
Contentment, Peace, fair Love, and Pleasure bright;
And some bring Pain, but whisper as they lay,
The burden on our hearts, 'Another Day
Shall lift thy sorrow, first must come the night.'
Alas! their shining raiment stained and dim,
Our gentle guests through hours of folly sigh,
Till sunset signals call them home to Him
With trailing wings that sweep the twilight sky.
Oh, Night! fall fast to hide the wounds they bear,—
Sin, crimson-dyed grey Doubt, and dark Despair.

Imprisoned.

WITHIN, a panic-stricken throng
That sudden fear appals,
In blindest fury crashing fast
Wide doors to rigid walls,
A wild fierce struggle, life or death,
Each holding ground with gasping breath
Until the weaker falls,—
Each inch of room a battle-field
Where one exults and one must yield.

Without, the boundless earth and air,
The depths of starry space,
Vast oceans that the strong white moon
Uplifts to her embrace,
Free winds of heaven blowing light,
Far planets wheeling through the night
To their appointed place,—
Marvels unseen to captives there,
Imprisoned by their own despair.

Within the gloomy walls of doubt
Fierce factions wage their war,
Fair Hope lies slain when they have set
Negation's iron bar.

IMPRISONED.

Pent in their narrow bounds they cry,
'No stars, no sky,—we struggle, die,
And know not why we are.'
Oh, self-immured! Ye cannot see?
Stand back! the children shall be free!

Stand back! From out your trampling feet
The young, the pure shall rise,
Their lips still breathe in trust and love
The prayer your pride denies,
Their hands still clasp the cherished flowers
Of faith that bloomed in happier hours
Beneath your childhood's skies,—
For these, for these no prison bars,
Whose souls unfettered seek the stars!

To my Mother.

MOTHER and friend! Oh! spirit brave and fine,
Who still seems near me as the years unroll,
Alas! thy memory brings one grief of mine
No time can heal, no thought of thee console,—
That I, made blind by youth, could not divine
Whence came the strength and sweetness of thy soul.

Beloved! I cannot reach thee where thou art,
Life's voices call,—I go where they command,
And following in thy path, the years apart,
I find the flowers once clasped within thy hand,—
I feel the thorns once hidden in thy heart,—
Too late I know,—too late I understand!

Inspiration.

A LARK sprang up to greet the dawn
  Close to a rose one day,
The tears upon her glowing cheek,
  His light wing brushed away.
Her fragrant beauty fresh and fair
  He kissed in passing by,
And wove her name into his song
  Of rapture in the sky.

The lonely rose sighed, 'Oh, my love,
  I cannot follow thee,
Far, far above in golden light
  Thou hast forgotten me.
Yet am I blest for evermore,
  Though but an instant dear,
Thou singest now a sweeter song
  For all the world to hear!'

Music.

THERE is a world that all around us lies,
Elusive, dim, and yet so near, so near,
We tremble on its verge in hope and fear
Of unimagined things past all surmise.
Beyond the spectrum's sheaf of rainbow dyes
What unseen splendours stream around us here!
What harmonies too fine for mortal ear
Thrill through the silence of unconscious skies!

Comes Music with her mystic aureole,
And brings the freedom that our dreaming knows,
Insistent storms the prison of the soul,
Flings wide its gates—and, lo! ere yet they close,
We see thro' viewless space the æons roll,
And hear the sweet, mute message of the rose.

Song of the St. Lawrence.

DEEP in the silent forest shades or caverns dark as night
A thousand streams steal into life like threads of silver light,—
No birth obscure from trickling springs is mine whose mighty flow
Was cradled on the royal breast of broad Ontario.

From glorious lakes my spirit takes its freedom and its power,
And gifts of beauty wild and sweet are mine by right and dower,
Crowned with a heritage sublime my waves serenely roll,
The noblest river earth can claim from frozen pole to pole.

For softly may the Danube pass by city, bridge, and town,
And calm by ancient castled crags the Rhine go winding down,
And slowly glide o'er shallows wide the Mississippi's stream,
And flash the rushing Amazon where the jungle flowers gleam,—

But mingling in my breast I bear in triumph to the sea
The majesty and strength I drew from Huron grand and free,
The wild blue waves of Erie and Niagara's shining spray,
And the smile of bright Ontario beneath the morning ray.

And strewn like sparkling jewels upon me in my pride
A thousand fairy isles are softly mirrored in my tide,
Till the foam of rushing rapids weaves a snowy veil of mist
To cool my glowing waters that the summer sun has kissed.

Then onward calmly flowing and widening evermore
The dim Laurentian mountains keep guard upon my shore,
Where the cold salt breath of Ocean speeds the sea-gull on his way
To meet thy gloomy surges, mysterious Saguenay.

There all around me murmurs of the mighty past arise,
The sound of vast upheavals, and the strange discordant cries

SONG OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Of beast and bird departed, and the groans of riven
rock
That in thunder falls asunder beneath the earthquake
shock.

Oh, Canada! the omen take to cheer thee on thy
way
And spur thy noblest effort to lead the van to-
day,—
First-born from fiery chaos in Nature's awful throes,
First heralds of the nations thy mountain peaks
arose!

So may'st thou stand forever in Freedom's holy light,
The first to conquer error and the first to guard the
right,
Through all the centuries to come I see thy glory
shine,
I see thy calm fulfilment of a destiny divine.

The sails that gleam upon my tide will teach the
world to know
The Flag of Canada where'er the winds of heaven
blow,
And as the olive-branch that once the dove of
promise bore,
So shall the Maple Leaf be hailed on many a distant
shore.

SONG OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

And proudly still beside thee shall my crystal waters
roll,
Bearing rich freights of garnered wealth to seek their
distant goal,
The overflowing plenty of thy prairies' golden grain
To give the weary nations fresh heart and hope again.

But now while lingering tenderly around my sunny
isles,
I dream of what thy fate shall be and ripple into
smiles,
For deep within the glowing hues reflected in my
breast
I see the glorious future of the land I love the best.

From these clear depths the lily-buds in sudden
radiance start,
So shall the flower of genius awake within thy heart,
And when its snowy leaves unfold in majesty serene,
Art shall enshrine thy beauty, and thy Poets crown
thee Queen!

And countless millions of thy sons shall shower at
thy feet
Rich gifts of love and laurels, but my voice is low
and sweet,
O Canada! my song is thine, and long as Time
shall be,
My waters murmuring thy name shall flow into the sea.

A Daughter's Voice.

HIGH within thy Council Chamber, compassed
by the cares of State,
Canst thou hear our voices calling, Mother England,
at thy gate?
Far across the world we sought thee, swift to gather
round thy Throne,
We who may not pass the portal that is closed
against thine own.
Not as beggars empty-handed wait we by thy palace
wall,
Craving crumbs of kindly phrases flung from out
thy banquet-hall,
Not as children lightly heeded, but as Queens who
seek thy grace,
Robed with Freedom, crowned with Empire,
Daughter Nations of thy race.

Hear me, Mother! I have led them, these my
Sisters, from afar.
Royal are the gifts we bring thee, fruits of peace
and spoils of war,

A DAUGHTER'S VOICE.

Bounteous harvests, golden treasure, wealth of forest, mine, and sea,
Power and fame and wide dominion, we have won them all for thee.
Love and loyalty unswerving—hast thou learned to know their worth?
Aye, for these have brought thee glory from the ends of all the earth;
'Who shall aid thee?' mocked the nations, but their jeering lips were dumb
When around the world in thunder rolled the answering cheer, 'We come!'

Wilt thou gaze afar, my Mother? Fairest Canada, mine own,
Gives to thee a daughter's welcome, grace and favour thine alone;
Strong and steadfast rise the ramparts I have built by land and sea,
Guarding well my craftsmen's labours, keeping safe my marts for me—
Wouldst thou enter? Lo, they crumble as the mists before the sun!
They shall vanish in the noontide of the glorious day begun,
When the Queens shall trace together the vast bounds of Loyal Kin,
Giving friendship to the stranger, giving love to all within.

A DAUGHTER'S VOICE.

O'er the famous Road of story Cæsar's legions, outward hurled,
Swept in triumph home returning with the spoils of half the world—
Youth was mine and strong endeavour, and avow was mine to keep,
I would build a nobler Highway, it should stretch from deep to deep!
Sullen foes have watched the footsteps of thy sons who come and go,
Alien banners flaunted o'er them, snares and pitfalls spread below—
I have hewed the path of Empire, I have linked the East and West,
And thy children pass rejoicing, 'neath the flag they love the best.

Fairer than the paths Elysian trod by poets in their dreams
Winds the Way that they shall follow down the clear Canadian streams,
Past the sea of amber cornfields where my prairie flowers bloom,
O'er the mountain's snowy rampart and the canyon's purple gloom,
By the verge of foaming torrents, by the gleam of golden sands,
Down the slope of flushing orchards, through the peaceful meadow lands,

Till a magic City rises from the blue Pacific's shore,
Where the Lions of Vancouver guard my Gate for evermore.

We who forged the links of Empire, shall our hands not weld the chain?
We who wide the seed have scattered, shall we gather not the grain?
Canst thou still deny our birthright who but ask thy toil to share,
Who would bring our love to lighten all the burdens thou must bear?
Must we stand without, unheeded, while thy rulers guide thy fate?
We have met the foe beside thee—shall we linger at thy gate?
May we know not of thy danger till our swords must make reply?
Shall we live not for thy glory, we who for thy sake can die?

Empire? We have held it for thee. Freedom? It is ours and thine.
Britain's honour? We have borne it through the shot-swept battle line.
Wisdom, Knowledge? We have won them from the heart of many lands.
Strength and Union? Shall we take them, Queen of Nations, from thy hands?

A DAUGHTER'S VOICE.

Are we of thy race, oh Mother? Call thy Daughters
to thy side!
Answer! Have we proved us worthy? Throw thy
Council Chamber wide!
Let us guard the Right together through the
centuries to be,
Love to aid us, God to guide us, each for each, and
all for thee.

A Dream of Roses.

I DREAM, Beloved, of a deep red rose
Whose beauty full in the sunlight glows;
Who breathes in fragrance her life away
Through the rapturous noon of a summer's day,
Till her proud heart breaks, she has given all!
And her petals in passionate splendour fall,
And her life outpours in a crimson rain
At the foot of the Sun-god, loved in vain—
In vain, as I love thee.

I dream, Beloved, of a pale wild rose
That droops when the shadows of evening close,
And sadly mourns 'neath the twilight sky
For the breeze she loves who has passed her by.
She sees where, far on the hillside there,
He strays through the lilies so tall and fair,
And she folds her leaves o'er her lonely heart
As she weeps and sighs in her grief apart—
Apart, as I from thee.

I dream, Beloved, of a snow-white rose
That never the kiss of the sunlight knows,
Yet its petals glow with a light divine—
This flower of Love that is thine and mine.

A DREAM OF ROSES.

It is pale with grief, it is crowned with tears,
But its radiance shines through the endless years,
And I know, Beloved, when all sorrow is past
This fair dream-rose I shall gather at last—
At last, in Heaven with thee!

Give me thy Hand, Beloved.

Song.

GIVE me thy hand, Beloved,
To gently clasp in mine,—
Oh, soft and white! Oh, fairy light!
This little hand of thine,—
So frail to hold! yet every day
So strong to guide my upward way.

Give me thy lips, Beloved,
To teach me love divine,—
Oh, crowning bliss, the tender kiss
Of those dear lips of thine!
Naught do I fear of pain or strife
While they breathe blessing on my life.

Give me thy heart, Beloved,
Of holy thoughts the shrine,
Oh, gift supreme! Oh, heavenly dream
To know that thou art mine!
Through joy or sorrow yet to be,
Thank God for Love, thank God for thee!

Mavis.

OH, Mavis, awake and remember!
Look out from your lattice and see!
The world is awaiting your bridal,
The earth, and the air, and the sea!
The bright dawn before you is flinging
Her jewels of sunlight and dew,
And the joy in my heart, oh, my darling,
Is singing a welcome to you!

Mavis, Mavis, Mavis!
The birds are calling you, Sweet!
The children are roaming the meadows
For flowers to strew at your feet!
The little grey church in the valley
Is bright with the blossoms of May,
And true is the heart of your lover
Who waits for your coming to-day!

The earth from her deep heart has sent you
The ring on your fair hand to shine,
Your wreath the blue ocean has brought you
From lands of the orange and vine,

MAVIS.

Your white veil was woven by fairies
From mists of the mountain and sea,
And they wait for your waking, my darling,
This morn that will give you to me!

Mavis, Mavis, Mavis!
The birds are calling you, Sweet!
The children are roaming the meadows
For flowers to strew at your feet!
The little grey church in the valley
Is bright with the blossoms of May,
And true is the heart of your lover,—
Your lover for ever and aye!

Hail and Farewell!

(The wreck of the 'Beaver' lay near Vancouver within a short distance of the course of the SS. 'Empress of India.' The 'Beaver' was the pioneer steamer of the Pacific Coast.)

A BROKEN hulk, forlorn and lost am I,
Above me frown the cliffs in ramparts high,
Beneath, on rocky ledge,
I stranded lie.

Around, the hungry waves await their prey;
They surge above my head, and day by day
I crumble as they steal
My life away.

Yet not alone despoiled by wind and wave,
But Man, whom I have served, disdains to save,
And robs me as I sink
Into my grave.

The seaweed damp and chill binds fast my breast,
Yet deep below, in passionate unrest,
There stirs a hope, a dream,
Unknown, unguessed.

HAIL AND FAREWELL.

At morn, when first the pallid daylight creeps
Through clinging mists where soft the darkness sleeps,
And faintly trembles down
To dusky deeps;

At noon, when clear and bright the waters spread,
And Ocean scarcely moves to rock my bed,
While droops the golden moss
Above my head;

At eve, when shadows fall and winds are free,
And moaning surges call aloud for me
To sink to sleep at last
Beneath the sea;—

Still, still I gaze afar ; I watch, I wait,
Till, lo ! she comes, she comes in royal state
And sweeps majestic through
The Lions' Gate !

Great Empress, proud, serene ! thine advent fleet
Announced by herald echoes wild and sweet,
The purple hills proclaim,
The vales repeat.

To my dull vision, from the world apart,
Thou seem'st a miracle of magic art,
Strange forces throb and glow
Within thy heart !

HAIL AND FAREWELL.

Fair white Enchantress from the Orient sped!
Its fragrance and its spice about thee shed,
Still lingering incense breathe
Around thy head.

Above thy path the gleaming sea-gulls fly,
Like mystic spirits weave in circles high
A charm of waving wings
Against the sky!

I know thou dost not heed my dreary lot,
Nor mark, in passing by, the lonely spot,
Where desolate I lie,
By all forgot.

The Past am I, but yet thou canst not chide
The worship thou hast won from ancient pride,
Whose youth once challenged Fate
And Time defied.

For had I never crossed this western sea,
Nor braved its wrath to find a path for thee,
Where then thy stately grace
Secure and free?

The dawn of Science smiled upon my birth,
And I, amidst these wilds, have proved her worth,
Whose glory now is spread
Through all the earth.

HAIL AND FAREWELL.

Through storm and calm I toiled for many a year
While yet th' untrodden forest slumbered here,
Of Progress, Faith, and Peace
The Pioneer.

But now my work is done,—I sink to rest.
Fair Empress! may the wave thou hast caressed
In music murmur still
Above my breast.

And when at midnight's hour thou drawest nigh,
And softly through the mists that sleeping lie
The star upon thy brow
Is gliding by,

Oh! may its light that trembles o'er my tomb
With dreams of thee steal downward through the gloom
Where I beneath the sea
Have found my doom.

The Lions' Gate.

(The two highest peaks of the mountains overlooking the harbour of Vancouver bear a strong resemblance in outline to the lions of Trafalgar Square.)

IN the northern sky we calmly lie
On guard by the western seas,
Where the cliffs draw back from the narrow track
Of the tide and the ocean breeze ;
Stern and grim on the mountain's rim
We crouch in our cloudy lair,
Behind the veil of the snow-mist pale
We are waiting and watching there.

When the foam flies fast as the gale rides past
Outside on the rolling bay,
Our challenge roars on the rocky shores
At the foot of our ramparts grey,
The waves retreat with a sullen beat
For they dare not pass us by,
And the Inlet's breast is a dream of rest
Where the white sails folded lie.

THE LIONS' GATE.

We calmly rise on the amber skies
When the sun and the sea have kissed,
And the glory fills all the circling hills
That glow in a rainbow mist;
When the radiance falls on our granite walls
And the purple peaks unfold,
We fling to the sky from our fortress on high
Cloud banners of crimson and gold.

And far below where the waters flow
The stately ships sail through,
For the fair surprise of a city lies
Where the forest giants grew,
She holds the key of an Empire free
Whose glory has but begun,
The nations meet at Vancouver's feet,
The East and the West are one.

The sap that stirs in our mighty firs
Fed by the northern dew,
Though chilled by death, in carven wreath
Shall bud and bloom anew—
Barbaric kings when the bulbul sings
Shall couch 'neath the polished beams
Whose mossy mould once slowly rolled
Down far Canadian streams.

And deep within our forests dim
The Spirit of Beauty dwells,
Where the long moss sways thro' the woodland
ways
O'er the foxglove's fairy bells,
To the dawn she springs on the starry wings
That were folded in darkness long—
The glorious theme of the artist's dream,
The soul of the poet's song!

We gaze afar to the last faint star
Ere its light in the dawning dies,
And a vision breaks ere the morn awakes
To our clear and steadfast eyes—
Like the flocking wings that the autumn brings
When the seagulls gathering fly,
To their haven of rest on the harbour's breast
Shall the fleets of the world sweep by!

Through our open gate shall the land await
The Orient's fragrant spoil,
And the golden grain shall flow forth again
From the heart of the sunlit soil,
Forest and field their wealth shall yield
To men who are strong and brave,
And still on high in Canadian sky
Shall the banner of Freedom wave.

THE LIONS' GATE.

We sentry stand by Heaven's command
At the portal of her sway,
No threatening foe dare pass below
While her Lions guard the way !
Stern and grim on the mountain's rim
We crouch in our cloudy lair,
Behind the veil of the snow-mist pale
We are waiting and watching there.

Rondeau.

My Roses bloom.

'MY roses bloom,' Vancouver cries,
'No more beneath the winter skies!'
As now in snowy raiment dressed,
In playful mood, yet half-distressed,
Her elder sister's robe she tries;

'I know not in this cold disguise
My glowing youth and joy,' she sighs,
'No more by blue Pacific's breast
My roses bloom.'

Above, the soaring peak replies,
'Weep not, nor dim thy radiant eyes,
I still must wear my snowy crest,
But thou, the flowers thou lovest best.
Cast off thy veil!—In sweet surprise
Thy roses bloom!'

Achievement.

I.

'TO-DAY,' the statesman said, 'the cause is won!'
But rival cheers ring out ere set of sun.

'At last,' the soldier shouts, 'Fame's guerdon sweet
Is mine!'—he lies beneath the victor's feet.

'Oh, joy,' the sailor cries, 'my native land!'
The storm-waves dash him lifeless on the strand.

'No fate,' the lover breathes, 'can part us now!'
Cold is the kiss of Death upon her brow.

'True hearts,' the monarch said, 'uphold my throne'—
He pines in exile, friendless and alone.

'Hearken,' the poet sings, 'a truth sublime'—
The people's plaudits crown a jester's rhyme.

On through the ages still vain mortals press,
Striving to grasp the glittering prize, Success,

Or seeking in the dust that flower divine,
True happiness, which never there shall shine.

He aims too low, his dreams too humbly range,
Whose triumphs Death can mar, or Time can change.

II.

'Farewell,' said one,—men deemed his life obscure,
And mocked his simple faith and conscience pure—

'Farewell to Earth,' and smiled as Death drew near,
Bearing the meed of all his labours here.

The fair fulfilment of each vision bright
Whose radiance led him upward through the night,

Victory to him who fought through evil days,
Fame to the faithful, to the toiler praise.

The Beauty that in Nature's smile he sought,
The Truth he worshipped in his inmost thought,—

All these, oh, welcome Death! thy hand hath given
To him whose soul in exile sighed for Heaven.

ACHIEVEMENT.

Who dares the world despise, and guards apart
The flower of love divine within his heart,

Yet closes not his ears to that great cry
Sent up by suffering millions to the sky,

But stoops to raise his brother bowed with care,
Binds up his wounds, and saves him from despair,—

He, conquering Self, shall know, the conflict past,
All Joy, all Love, all Glory his at last.

In Memoriam.

THE summer clouds drift slowly through the night,
And in the early dawn their pearly gleams
Flush pink and crimson in the coming light.

But when above the distant purple hills
The first clear ray of piercing splendour streams,
And the wide sky with instant glory fills,—

The faint clouds melt into the golden air,
The tender, floating hues forever lost
Vanish like dreams that fly we know not where.

So while this earthly night around us lies,
And we like shadowy vapours idly tossed
In the dim dawn across the changing skies

Drift thro' the world as fleeting as the clouds
That in the wind-swept heavens come and go,—
Torn in despair, or wrapped in stormy shrouds,

IN MEMORIAM.

Rosy with hope, or grey with grief of years,
In manhood's purple or in childhood's snow,
Glowing with joy, or saddening into tears,—

Across our wayward path a piercing ray
Flashed from the sword of Azrael, sudden gleams,
And like the mists of morn we melt away.

Yet when a good man dies, not all in vain
He silent fades from earthly hopes and dreams,—
As laden clouds dissolve in gentle rain

That falling freshens every fainting flower,
So by his death a thousand memories live,
And those he loved and taught in youth's brief hour

Guard deep within their hearts the words of truth,
The noblest counsels man to man can give,
The pearl of faith, the innocence of youth,

Because he lived and died,—than this no praise
Rings louder through the vault of Heaven above!
No warrior falling, crowned with victor's bays,

No purpled monarch spreading conquest wide,
No poet singing of a deathless love,
No patriot worthy of his country's pride

IN MEMORIAM.

Can win a loftier heritage of fame
Than he who when he leaves this earthly sphere
Leaves it a better world because he came,—

And this the noblest tribute we can pay
The memory we love and all revere—
Through him our hearts are nearer God to-day.

The Call.

THE Banners of the Nations
Flash crimson, blue, and gold,
Flung forth from every fortress,
By every breeze unrolled,—
And all within their keeping
Their country's honour hold.

But one alone is flying
Amidst the shot and shell
To shield the weak and dying
Who, sorely stricken, fell,—
For wounded friend or foeman
The Red Cross guardeth well.

And many a soldier lying
Still living midst the dead,
Sees dimly through the darkness
A gleam of white and red,
And feels the arm that bears it
Uplift his weary head.

THE CALL.

For friend or foe! No nation
  Can Mercy's task confine,
Man's need his claim compelling
  Beneath this holy Sign,—
The Cross of Hope enduring,
  The Cross of Love Divine.

The skies are clear above us,
  The sea is calm and blue,
The gardens of our homeland
  Are fresh and fair to view,—
But the fields of France are riven,
  And drenched with ghastly dew.

There sleep our Dead, and never
  To them our lips can say,
'Oh, dearest lads and loyal,
  Our thanks are yours to-day!'
No grateful words can reach them,
  No love their gift repay.

There comes a cry appealing,
  'Help! for our comrades fall
Shattered and torn and blinded—
  Will ye not hear the call?
These ye can aid and comfort,
  They live—yet gave their all!'

THE CALL.

Oh, gallant men and splendid!
  Who smile amidst your pain,
Stricken and maimed, yet turning
  To face the world again,—
Can we forget while Justice,
  While Honour, Truth, remain?

Oh, brave young lives whose anguish
  Hath paid the reckoning thrice,
Who bear in pain and weakness
  The Cross of Sacrifice,—
What can we give whose freedom
  Is bought at such a price?

The gardens of our homeland
  With glowing flowers are gay,
The mountains softly slumber
  In mists of blue and grey,—
The white clouds drift above them,
  A dream of peace to-day.

There comes a cry, a calling,—
  A voice from far away!

His Victory.

OH, happy mothers!—praising God
For gallant sons and true,
Whom He hath shielded through the strife,
And given back to you,—
I saw the radiance in your eyes
When home your soldiers came,
Yet in my loneliness to-day
I, too, can bless His name.

For, oh! my boy in Freedom's cause
Faced danger's fiery breath,
And won the crown of Sacrifice
From his last foeman, Death;
He heard the great Commander's call
His standard still to bear,
Undaunted stormed the gates of Life,
And joined His legions there!

I strive to share his joy to-day
As when he was a lad,
He shall not see his mother weep
When his brave heart is glad;
He hears our songs of victory,
His smile is proud and gay,—
To Love immortal, Peace divine,
My boy has led the way!

The Tay Bridge.

ON through the storm ! The rushing, swaying train
Chased by the demon winds and mad with fear,
Up to the cold, white moon that will not hear
Sends shrieks for pity as it flies in pain.
On through the night ! The iron sinews strain
Freighted with human lives—the Firth is near,
And in the tempest surging wild and drear
The wind-swept waters warning shout in vain.
On to the Bridge ! The giant girders groan,
They tremble—fall !—then under the wide sky
No trace of aught but ruin, and the moan
Of waves that roll o'er death and agony.
Bright hopes ! fair dreams !—was it for this alone
Ye blossomed in the hearts that silent lie ?

At Rest.

February 2nd, 1901.

TOLL, mournful bells of requiem, solemn, slow!
Roll, muffled drums, around a royal bier!
Boom, sullen guns, in whose dull sound we hear
The heart-beats of a nation dumb with woe.
Sweep on, great pageantry of gloom, and show
The sorrowing world how Britain's sons revere
Their Empress-Queen, and hold their Mother dear.
Toll, mournful bells! With tears they lay her low!

Farewell, farewell to her whose noble life
Apart, yet compassed by the cares of State,
Was strong to win fair Peace from bitter strife,
And swift to comfort hearts made desolate.
Toll, solemn bells! By all her people blessed,
Victoria, our Queen, is laid to rest!

London.

MYSTERIOUS city! In thy depths concealed
The battle-ground of all the world's Despair
Against all Hope,—of Sin against all prayer!
Amidst thy gloom with cruel wounds unhealed
The vanquished faint upon the deadly field,
While close beside them, crowned with garlands fair
The victors feast with song and laughter there
Nor heed if Death their brothers' doom has sealed.

And yet, great City, cradled on thy breast
A gift of God,—fair Charity is thine.
Behold! she comes with brow of beauty blessed,
And tender eyes that through the darkness shine,—
To lift the fallen, comfort the distressed,
And teach the world the power of Love divine.

Marconi.

MASTER of Magic! Thou whose hand hath wrought
The marvel of the century, and taught
The all-pervading ether at thy will
To tremble into utterance, or be still,—
To bear the swift electrons to and fro
Vibrant with human words of weal or woe,
The call for help that thrills the startled air,
The sigh of love, the sympathy, the prayer.
To bless, to warn, to save,—what nobler aim
Than thine shall win the heritage of fame!

Thou who hast dared from Nature's hidden store
To pluck with fearless hand one secret more,
Widened the bounds of earth's secure domain
And given the world fresh heart and hope again,—
Take in return thy laurels far more fair
Than conquerors wrest from ruin and despair:
Death is their crowning, Life thine own shall be
Who, reverent, hast sought her mystery,
For, step by step, the path thy feet have trod
Shall lead Man's spirit, seeking still, to God!

I never can forget.

WHEN first she left me desolate
My Love in Heaven to-day,
I cried in anguish, 'Nevermore
My grief shall pass away!
Though all men's memories fade and die
Mine shall be true for aye—
Oh, Love! reign still within my heart,
I claim thee mine where'er thou art,
Till Time shall cease and Life depart
I never can forget!'

I kept within my inmost soul
Her image, pure, serene,
But soon the days, the months, the years
Rose up like mist between.
Death took my Love, but Time would steal
All trace of what had been;
A cloud fell o'er her gentle grace,
A shadow crept into her place—
But still I cried, 'Oh, Love, thy face
I never can forget!'

I NEVER CAN FORGET.

Oh, Memory, too weak and frail
To guard thy dearest prize!
I bade thee keep my darling's smile,
Her voice, her tender eyes,
But slowly, slowly still they fade
Like dreams of Paradise.
Oh, crown of grief! oh, deepest pain!
The heart that loves must lose again,
And whilst forgetting, cry in vain—
'I never can forget!'

Across the Gulf.

WHERE the great cataract, Niagara, fills
The air with mist, the earth with shuddering sound,
A winding path leads to the utmost verge
And down the steep a narrow stair is flung,
Confronting in its fragile nothingness
The world of hurling waters. There, alone,
A blind girl stands. As on the dizzy brink
Of Alpine heights, a snowdrop half afraid
Hangs trembling petals o'er the dark abyss
White-robed she bends above the roaring gulf
And clasps with timid hands the slender rail
That guards the deep descent. A pale, sweet face
Upraised to wonders that she cannot see,
And tremulous with passionate despair,
Half-parted lips that in their tender curves
Droop mournfully, and heavy lashes wet
With sad and hopeless tears.

Before her sweeps
The crystal glory rounding from the rock
And melting into mists of pearl and rose.

ACROSS THE GULF.

A thousand changing tints of opal light,
Bright magic blossoms of the sunlit wave,
Flash upward in their flights of fairy bloom
Like garlands tossed in triumph to the sky.
Higher and higher in showers of starry spray
Till one wild leap flings to the farthest crag
Its vivid splendour, and across the foam
There glows a rainbow arch of victory!

But not for her the beauty or the power,
She hears the sound of mighty harmonies
And vainly pictures the Unseen. And yet
Not hers, not hers the pain that wrings the heart
Of one who gazes on her sightless eyes,
And knows not why the kind, the cruel world
Holds Blindness and Niagara!

So stands
The soul who comes at last to that dim verge
Where Reason falters and where Science fails,
These were his chosen guides who led him far
Down shadowy vistas of the shrouded past
Through myriad forms of faint, primeval life
Back to the great First Cause,—a step, and then
He hears the waters of Eternity
Sounding mysterious music through the night,
He trembles on the verge of the Unknown,—
The Darkness closes round him—he is blind!

ACROSS THE GULF.

Oh, Light of faith! touch thou his closèd eyes,
And lo! the vision of a rainbow flung
Across the viewless depths of Time and Space,—
A sacramental splendour set aloft
In sevenfold glory, mystical, divine,
To span the gulf that lies 'twixt God and Man!

Eagle Pass.

(*Rocky Mountains.*)

'THERE is no Pass,' he said dismayed,
As still through hours of toil they found
Each side the valley's solemn shade
The mighty mountains close them round.

'A thousand sentries guard the keep
Of Nature's fortress, towering high,
From granite wall and frowning steep
They sternly bid us halt, or die!

'Our labour vain, no human art
Can pierce these ramparts—let us go.'
Thus spoke the Chief, and, sad at heart,
They turned with sullen steps and slow.

A wind exultant swept the glen,
The pine-trees' giant branches threw
Behind the weary, baffled men,
Strange mocking gestures of adieu.

EAGLE PASS.

Above, from peak to peak, there gleamed
  The signal fires of victory won,
And from the highest summits streamed
  The crimson banners of the sun.

Defiant rose each height sublime,
  For who is Man that he should dare
To storm the citadels of Time,
  And plant his puny standard there!

Around them softly fell the night
  O'er purple hills and forests grey,
Save where the glacier's cold blue light
  Caught the last spark of dying day.

Below, the brooding twilight slept,
  And downward through the darkening trail
The little band in silence crept
  Through shadows of the lonely vale.

An Empire's hope, a Nation's dream,
  Imperilled by their fruitless quest—
Around the camp-fire's ruddy gleam
  That night was hushed the song and jest.

While slumber sealed their weary eyes,
  The Chief, alone, at break of day,
With spirit still unconquered tries
  Each tangled path, each winding way.

EAGLE PASS.

A moment from his task beguiled,
  He marks an eagle, flying low,
And plunging deeper in the wild
  He follows o'er the trackless snow.

A devious flight—a flash of wings
  Against a dark and rugged wall,
A sudden swerve—and loudly rings
  The hunter's clear, exultant call!

The cliffs divide—a deep ravine
  Pierces the mountain's hoary breast,
The shining valley curves between—
  A sunlit pathway to the West.

He stands entranced in rapture deep—
  In dreams his dazzled eyes can see
A great imperial Highway sweep
  Across the land from sea to sea!

My Song.

'SING,' said the Angel of Joy,
'Thou art happy, the skies are clear,
The pilgrims who fare at thy side
Have need of thy song and thy cheer.'
I heeded him not, for my soul
Bent low at a hidden shrine,
I saw but the grace of Love's dear face,
I heard but his voice divine.

'Sing,' said the Angel of Pain,
'Thou art weary, the path is long,
Thy comrades who faint by the way
Shall listen, and learn, and be strong.'
I heeded him not, for my life
Was empty of song and of prayer,
'Alone, alone!' my heart made moan
In the depths of its dull despair.

'Sing,' said the Angel of Faith,
'For sorrow and joy pass by,
Love is eternal and Death a dream
That will melt in the morning sky.'
I strove, but my voice was dumb,—
'Touch Thou my lips with flame!'
Unto God I cried,—but the Song had died
That He gave me to praise His name.

The Villanelle.

THE woodnymph Echo's fairy spell
Her lingering tones of joy or pain
First taught Villon the Villanelle.

He sighed entranced, 'Oh, sweetly dwell
Those notes that weave o'er hill and plain
The woodnymph Echo's fairy spell!'

Like soft reverberating bell,
The music of her magic strain
First taught Villon the Villanelle.

Sad Poet! wouldst thy passion tell?
Go seek, if all thy verse be vain,
The woodnymph Echo's fairy spell.

Where lovers meet in leafy dell
There canst thou hear what sweet refrain
First taught Villon the Villanelle.

Hark! o'er and o'er,—'I love thee well!'
Sing, Poet, sing! Take heart again!'
The woodnymph Echo's fairy spell
First taught Villon the Villanelle!

Resurgam.

A STIR, a struggle beneath the soil,
A tremor of life begun,
A blind upspringing of leaf and bud
Till the air and the light is won,—
Through stress and darkness, through storm and rain,
The flower shall find the sun!

A hope, a whisper of Love divine,
A cry from the earth-bound clod,
A vague uplifting of heart's desire
To the stars from the tear-dewed sod,—
Through loss and sorrow, through doubt and pain,
The soul shall find its God!

A Dedication.

To Lord Dufferin and Ava, 1896.

WHEN some pale petal, fluttering to our feet,
Drifts softly down the balmy breeze of May,
We know that countless blossoms fair and sweet
With fragrance fill the meadows far away,—
So may this fragile leaf of memory prove
That under distant skies, across the sea,
The fadeless flowers of gratitude and love
Still bloom within a nation's heart for thee.

April.

WHEN skies are grey, when skies are blue,
She hears two lovers whispering low,
But which is false and which is true
How can a timid maiden know?
Bright Summer, gay and debonair
Breathed softly, 'Maid, to thee I bring
These golden hours, these garlands fair,
If thou wilt own me as thy king!'

'Oh, heed him not,' pale Winter sighed,
'The flowers he brings thee, rare and sweet,
I sought beneath my snows to hide
Till they could blossom at thy feet!'
'Oh, come, fair maiden, come away,
And thou shalt Queen of Summer be'—
'Beware, beware! the merry May
Shall steal his fickle heart from thee!'

Oh, which shall be her own true knight?
Uncertain still she stands apart,
With smiles she turns to Summer bright,
With tears to Winter's faithful heart,—
When skies are grey, when skies are blue,
She hears them whisp'ring soft and low,
But which is false and which is true,
How can a timid maiden know?

Indian Summer.

AS in some Eastern clime when shadows steal
Within the golden-latticed, fragrant room
Where dark-eyed maidens string their shining pearls,
One, fairest of them all, exulting cries
'Behold a necklet for a Queen!' and lifts
Their lustrous gleam against the sunset sky,—
Yet in a moment more rejoicing finds
A purer cluster still, and lets them fall
Each separate along the silken thread,
With soft caress of rosy finger-tips
That linger at the last,—so smiling stands
Rich Autumn counting o'er her treasured hours,
And slowly dropping from reluctant hands
Far down the swaying, misty strands of time
The dreamy splendour of these days divine.

One Christmas Eve.

(*Canada*, 1633.)

FROM all our ancient forests, lakes, and streams
A murmur of the past arises still,
And mingles with the wind that sadly sweeps
In chill December through the leafless boughs,—
Clear tones of preaching, wild appealing prayers,
The moaning of the tortured, and the stern
Reproving words of priests,—the furious din
Of savage revelry, and high above them all
The long sweet cadence of the evening hymn,
Sung by the martyr with his latest breath.
But in few words the saddest tale is told,
Of one who came to these Canadian wilds
The youngest of his brotherhood, and died
Feeling that he had toiled and prayed in vain,
Suffered all things, yet missed the martyr's palm,
And brought no spirit with him home to God.

'Again the dull crash of the icy boughs
Upon the birch-bark roof, again the long
Low wail of winter winds among the trees!
While near me, in the wigwam's narrow space,
Dark faces gleam like demons through the smoke
That the wild storm drives back within our hut;

And I, to seek a breath of purer air,
Press close against the crevices, where still
Creeps in the stinging blast, and strive to read
The breviary whose letters seem of blood
To my scorched eyes. In vain,—the sacred page
Fades into visions of the dreary past,
When through the frozen forest day by day
I struggled onwards with my heavy load
O'er fallen trunks and matted cedar swamps
And pathless drifts of snow,—the nightly camp
When I, alone amidst a savage horde,
Shrank from their deeds of wanton cruelty,
And vainly strove to raise a pleading voice
Above the sorcerer's din of dance and drum.
And now amongst them still I daily toil
In loneliness and peril,—yet I know
Thy will, oh, God! hath led me to these wilds,
And so,—I am content.

'I look around
Where stretched in slumber deep the Indians lie,
Muttering amongst their dogs in dreams of war,—
If only one of these I could have taught
To love Thee, I would feel my labours crowned
With benediction,—but no light from Heaven
Fell on the weary months that bring to-night
The Eve of Christmas.

ONE CHRISTMAS EVE.

'Yesterday they came
Back from the chase with empty hands and dark
Stern faces pinched with hunger, and they cried
To me that if my faith indeed were strong
To bring them food, they would believe and pray.
And so, with trembling heart, I sent them forth
This morn, and thought my supplication heard
When tall and dark against the sunset sky
I saw them stride towards me, dragging slow
A mighty moose across the reddened snow.
But soon amidst their revelry arose
Fresh jeers and insults, and again I knew
My hopes and prayers had ended in despair,
My life in nothingness.

'Now, fainter grown,
I ask my God if it is all in vain,
Shall I not teach one soul to worship Him,—
I, who have given all,—since in fair France
Among the sunny slopes and purple vines
Of my dear home I heard the voice that called,—
"Leave all thou hast, and come, and follow Me."

'Ah, no,—my work is ended, for I feel
The icy hand of Death upon my heart.
And here, unworthy of Thy service, Lord,
Must I in storm and snow and wilderness
Breathe my last sigh of effort unfulfilled,—

Forgive, forgive! The hut grows cold and dark—
A mist is round me,—God! to Thee my soul!'

And so, one night two hundred years ago,
An humble priest amidst our forests died,—
Swept suddenly from heights of sacrifice
As a light leaf that early trembles down
Before the radiance of the autumn gold
Has crowned its days with beauty. Yet we know
Nor life nor leaf is wasted, for the soil
Takes to its heart beneath the winter snow
Alike the lonely waif that fell too soon,
And the rich gifts the burning maple sheds
In glowing triumph of attained desire,
Drawing from each with subtle chemistry
The blossoms sweet and starry buds of spring.
From many a nameless grave shall start and bloom
The flower of high resolve, and other hearts
Shall claim it theirs, and other hands shall grasp
And bear it through the tumult of the world,—
A consecrated message from the dead,
Strong to inspire all noble deeds of men.

The Muir Glacier, Alaska.

I SAILED into the North for many days
Through magic isles, by stern grey heights that stand
To guard the secrets of that lonely land,
When sudden down the dim, enchanted ways
Broke fiery shafts of sunset—through the blaze
Translucent arches rising on each hand
The azure depths with rainbow radiance spanned—
Celestial gates thrown wide to mortal gaze!
Beyond, a flood of frozen light that hung
Half veiled in mist across the snow-crowned steep
Its waves of bright, tumultuous splendour flung
Deep in the trembling sea! Oh, Memory, keep
That glorious vision mine until I die—
A dream divine of worlds beyond the sky!

Man.

THE Universe baffled his will with legions of forces unknown,
Dumb Laws that in darkness lay hid, yet surrounded and claimed him their own,
Till he rose in his manhood and cried out in anguish to earth and to sky,
'Come forth, mighty Powers unseen, I will fight ye and conquer, or die!'
A child's puny hand against Titans! yet despairing he struggled and fought
Till at last from the crash of the conflict flew a spark of electrical Thought,
The Idea leapt forth from the brain, full armed as when Wisdom began,
And the Forces of Nature were chained like slaves to the chariot of Man!

Motherhood.

THREE Stars awoke in wonder
The night when Christ was born,
One blazed in distant splendour
His pathway to adorn,
One stood above His Manger
To shield Him from all scorn ;

And sinking through the silence
Within that holy place,
The Star of Love came softly
With light of heavenly grace,
That He midst earthly darkness
Might see His Mother's face.

The Star in space unfathomed
That lit His pathway clear,—
The Star that stood amazèd
Above His dwelling here,
Still radiant in the heavens
All glorious appear ;

But the Star of Love immortal
Forsook its native skies,
And shines in happy homes of earth
As once in Mary's eyes,—
To bless each mother and each child
With light from Paradise !

Cradle Song.

SWEETLY flows the crystal stream,
  Dream, Baby, dream,
Stars of twilight softly gleam,
  Dream, Baby, dream.
Faintly falls the wild bird's note,
  Gently rocks the fairy boat,
Down by flowery banks we float,
  Dream, Baby, dream.

Down to the sea of slumber deep,
  Dream, Baby, dream,
Whose secrets still the Angels keep,
  Dream, Baby, dream.
No dreams shall come to those tranquil skies,
  No stars shall shine but the tender eyes
That watch thee, darling, from Paradise,
  Dream, Baby, dream.

Canada.

IN forest shades, where Pan's sweet pipes are playing,
Queen of the Year's gay tournament she stands,
Fair Youth and Hope attend her, softly laying
The Future's opening blossoms in her hands.
Each gallant knight her favour doth entreat
That he may cast his laurels at her feet.

In vain the bright young Spring in accents tender
Whispered low words of sweet and dawning love,
Showered around her gleams of fitful splendour,
And bade a clearer azure shine above—
Hung sparkling jewels on her tresses bright,
And fringed her robe with globes of liquid light;

In vain he wove sweet wreaths of beauty peerless,
Of rare pale blossoms tinged with faintest flush,
Her radiant eyes still shone undimmed and fearless,
Not all his gifts could wake one fleeting blush.
A tender smile she gave his sad farewell—
He whom she loves must weave a stronger spell!

CANADA.

Then Summer came with fragrant, glowing treasure,
  And flung his crimson roses at her feet,
In dreamy music breathed of joy and pleasure,
  And steeped the golden air in languor sweet—
Yet through the subtle spell, the soft disguise,
Impatient lightnings swept the sultry skies.

She heard him not, in vain her lover's pleading,
  Now sweet and low, now wild and tempest-torn,
Her calm pure eyes gazed on, serene, unheeding
  The lesser love she could not choose but scorn—
In steadfast faith, though storms should darken o'er,
He whom she loves must stand for evermore!

The warrior Autumn came in buckler shining
  Bearing rich spoil of many a conquered field,
Great drooping sheaves with crimson ivy twining
  And clustered fruit on his uplifted shield—
Amber and purple, splashed with ruby light
Of languorous poppies, dreaming of the night.

He shed a golden mist of tender meaning
  Around the loveliness it could not hide,
And through the mystic glow of sunset leaning
  Crowns her with Maple leaves, a royal bride—
The gift is dear, yet she his prayer denies,
He whom she loves must bring a nobler prize.

But ere the Autumn, roused from happy dreaming
  Had breathed his last sad sigh of wild despair,
There came a knight in silver armour gleaming,
  With azure eyes like depths of cloudless air,
Low at her feet his fairy gifts he threw—
Frail flowers of light and stars of frozen dew.

A snowy veil he wove with touches tender
  To shield her beauty from the Frost King's sight,
Shook from auroral skies their streaming splendour,
  And canopied her throne with ambient light.
Crowned with his love and roses in her hands
Queen of the Year's gay tournament she stands!

The Ship.

THE ruddy forges flash and glow,
The iron rings with many a blow,
The sturdy toilers laugh, 'Ho! ho!
We build a ship to-day.
The curving oak lies firm and true,
Great rivets bolt it through and through,
Strong for the work she has to do
We build a ship to-day.'

'Strike out the wedge and let her go.
The waves may roll, the winds may blow,
The merry builders laugh, 'Ho! ho!
We launch a ship to-day.
Old Ocean's billows she shall ride,
His waves shall bow beneath her pride,
Her flag shall float o'er every tide,
We launch a ship to-day.'

Old Ocean heard. Quoth he, 'I'll show
What waves may roll, what winds may blow.'
The mighty breakers laugh, 'Ho! ho!
We sink a ship to-day.
She dared our empire to defy—
Ho! ho! a shattered wreck she'll lie,
Though cowards live and brave men die,
We sink a ship to-day.'

Too Soon.

I PLANTED a seed in my garden
  In Spring when the Winter had passed,
Yet again came the gathering storm-clouds
  And the snow on the breath of the blast,—
But I said, 'Little seed, oh, be patient,
  Thou wilt waken and blossom at last!'

I whispered a word to my darling,
  She smiled and old sorrows fled fast,
Yet again came a tempest of weeping
  As she thought of the desolate past,—
But I said to my heart, 'Oh, be patient,
  She will listen and love thee at last!'

Gold and Grey.

GOLD is the sunset's heart of fire
  That rosy clouds enfold,
And gold the butterfly wings that drift
  O'er the lilies' chaliced gold,
Through a golden haze of rapture swings
  The earth to a joyful tune,
And my love's gold tresses gleam and dance
  Through the golden days of June.

Grey is the sky of twilight dim,
  And grey the mists that creep
O'er the silent sea of memory,
  Where the grey ghosts glide and weep.
The grey old earth rolls slowly on
  Through dreary space alone,
And my love's gold tresses hidden lie
  Beneath the cold grey stone.

Dawn.

WHEN Dawn first breaks through darkness deep
From struggling vapours born,
And softly steal o'er flowers asleep
The first pure rays of morn,
We know that soon the glory bright
Will sweep all shades away,
As the sun-god springs in his glowing might
Up the blue of the perfect day.
Oh, doubting heart! while you repine,
The dreary night is past,—
Behold! the heavens in splendour shine,
The dawn is here at last!

Credo.

THROUGH dim cathedral shadows
A flood of music swells,
Now loud as thunder pealing,
Now sweet as silver bells,
Above each crimson casement,
Through fretted arch and shrine,
The mighty sound is rolling
In harmony divine.

'Credo in unum Deum!'
A single voice we hear
That rises through the chorus
Sustained and pure and clear;
Upborne in joy triumphant
Above the organ's tone,
It floats upon the music
As though it sang alone.

The world sweeps on for ever
To Life's great organ-tones,
Earth's myriad voices blending
Peal from its rolling zones;
Songs of exultant Science,
Pæans of Progress won,
The low and muttering thunder
Of Labour's march begun,—

CREDO.

Sighs of the heavy-burdened,
  Songs of the gay and free,
The mad, despairing laughter
  That mocks at Fate's decree,
Babble of giddy pleasure
  That dances o'er the tomb,
And warning tones unheeded
  That preach the hour of doom ;

All sounds of joy and sorrow,
  Rejoicings, clash of wars,
Meet in the mighty chorus
  That rises to the stars;
Yet purer, sweeter, clearer
  One strain is borne above
The warrior's shout of freedom,
  The poet's song of love,—

'Credo in unum Deum!'
  It rises night and day
From countless holy altars,
  From souls that hope and pray ;
Man's spirit, earth-disdaining,
  In glorious vision soars
Where senses, sight, forgetting,
  He knows and he adores!

CREDO.

Oh, voice of Faith triumphant!
  Still raise that great refrain,
Though Heaven seems far and empty
  Through clouds of doubt and pain;
Oh, hearts that Death's cold sceptre
  Is touching one by one,
Sing on of life immortal
  And joy beyond the sun!

When hushed Earth's mighty music
  And mute her songs of pride,
When wealth and fame have perished
  With gods they glorified,
'Credo in unum Deum'
  Shall sound when darkness hurls
His bolt, eternal silence,
  Upon the wreck of worlds!

In After Years.

'OUR Mother sleeps,' with tender care
The whispering children say,
'Oh, wake her not! to us she gave
The long, long summer's day.'
And little hands the curtains close
To dim the sunset's glow,
And little voices hush their play
In murmurs sweet and low.

'Our Mother sleeps,' in after years
Once more we sadly say,
'Oh, call her not from her sweet rest
To Life's long, weary day.'
We strive to check each rising tear,
And still our lonely sighs,
Lest she her children's grief should hear,
And mourn in Paradise.

De Profundis.

INTO the silence of the vast unknown
From tender care a life beloved has passed,
And those who watched now stand around the bier
Where one is kneeling, faithful to the last.
As in a dream she hears them—'Life is fled,
Let us go hence—alas, now she is dead,
Of what avail thy prayer?

'For this thy dear one hast thou prayed till now,
But when the spirit goeth forth alone
Into the land of shadows, thou must leave
Its welfare then to Heaven—seek thine own.
Thy love was strong to guard from earthly gloom,
It cannot pierce the darkness of the tomb,
God will not hear thy prayer.

'For while thou asked that she might be forgiven
If she had erred in aught, the summons came;
Victorious Death hath swept thy words from Heaven,
Thy duty once has now become thy blame—
"Peace to thy soul" to whisper now is sin,
The gates have closed where she has entered in
Against thee and thy prayer.

DE PROFUNDIS.

'Then say farewell, thou canst do nothing more,
Thy grief is useless, and thy pleadings vain.'
They turned away, but she who knelt beside
Bowed low her head and murmured yet again:
'Oh, God! I cannot follow—cannot see;
Send Thou, to guard and guide her home to Thee,
Thine angels, Love and Prayer.

'For rising from the depths of human tears
As shining mists from oceans drawn unseen,
Thy mercy as a golden cloud enfolds
Earth, Heaven, and that dim land which lies between.
Oh, dearest one! though now we are apart,
Through God I reach thee, wheresoe'er thou art,
And He will hear my prayer.'

A Modern Knight.

I GO not forth to fight for thee
  Like those brave knights of old,
Who wore their ladye's favour set
  On crests of burnished gold ;
But when the cruel blows of Fate
  Through life fall thick and fast,
My arm shall shield thee, dearest one,
  And guard thee to the last !

I go not forth to sing of thee,
  Thy beauty and thy fame,
As poets' praises filled the world
  With one belovèd name ;
But, oh, when Fame and Glory fade,
  When youth and joy are past,
My faithful heart shall worship still,
  And love thee to the last !

The Hour has come.

THE hour has come! I fight no more,
  I yield me to the foe,
Think not, oh, Death, I dread thy call
  That summons me to go.
Disarmed and weak, by thee o'erthrown,
  At last I conquered lie,
But yet my dauntless soul can dare
  Thine empire to defy!

My spirit still a spark divine
  That thou canst never slay,
Secure amidst the crash of worlds
  Shall wait the Eternal Day,
Through darkest night it shall not fear,
  Though sun and stars grow dim,—
From God it came, and safe at last
  Shall it return to Him!

The Spirit of the Carnival.

FLING out the flaunting banners,
  The crimson roses fling,
Make way, make way, Signori,
  For merriment is king!
Fly faster, maddened horses,
  Through din of trumpet loud,
Crash down the dusty Corso,
  Cheered by the frantic crowd.

Sweep onward, gaudy pageant,
  In wild, uproarious glee,
Dark goblins, elves fantastic,
  Strange shapes from land and sea.
Wave high the flaming torches!
  Clang loud the brazen bells!
The great enchanter, Carnival,
  Hath Rome within his spells.

Weary of heat and clamour,
  A young Italian lay
Beneath the ilex shadow
  When closed the burning day,
Faint as his faded garlands
  His drowsy eyelids seem,
The Spirit of the Carnival
  Is calling in his dream.

THE SPIRIT OF THE CARNIVAL.

'Awake, oh, Youth! Arouse thee,
  And follow where I lead,
I know thine ardent nature,
  Thy truth of word and deed;
Leave all the gilded folly,
  The childish pranks and play,
This motley crowd of mummers
  Fits not thy holiday.

'Arise! I, too, have lingered
  To laugh and jest awhile,
But as a king may pause to greet
  A wilful beauty's smile,
Yet guardeth ever in his heart
  An image pure and fair,
And hastening homewards to his Queen
  Finds life and love are there.

'So follow, follow where I lead
  Across the western sea,
There shalt thou learn thy manhood's might
  From farce and folly free.'
The youth sighed in his sleep—his soul
  Obeyed the strange command,
The great Enchanter, Carnival,
  Still led him by the hand;

And soon the groves of olives
  Dissolve in twilight grey,
The dim, blue shores of Italy
  Have faded far away,
Fresh draughts of life inhaling
  Where northern breezes blow,
A city lies before him—
  The City of the Snow.

Like jewels brightly burning
  Upon a silver band
Her festal fires are flaming
  Across the moonlit land,
He sees her stately spires,
  Her towers traced in light,
He hears the sleighbells ringing
  Sweet music through the night.

'Behold!' the Enchanter whispered,
  'Gaze on and thou shalt see
Why Canada my kingdom,
  My chosen home should be,
Here all my sports and merriment
  To noble ends allied,
Teach manly strength and fortitude,
  A nation's truest pride.'

THE SPIRIT OF THE CARNIVAL.

The people keep high festival!
  The clear, cold air like wine
Quickens each pulse to bounding glee,
  Bright eyes with gladness shine,
With merry laughter following fast
  From summits far and nigh,
White-wingèd petrels of the snow,
  The swift toboggans fly.

Gaze on, oh, dreamer! Thou shalt see
  A fairy palace rise,
Seeming of mist and moonbeams born,
  Or poet's fantasies,
Within it throbs a soul of fire
  That glows through every part,
Softly as shines the light of love
  Within a maiden's heart.

A moment, and the magic scene
  Grows strangely bright as day,
To arms! the foeman storms the gate—
  Oh, guard it while ye may!
Hurrah! the rockets leap aloft,
  The crimson watch-fires flare—
A rainbow shower of golden stars
  Breaks into glory there!

THE SPIRIT OF THE CARNIVAL.

Afar on yonder mountain-side
  A chain of living light!
Each link a son of Canada
  With torch that blazes bright—
A jewelled Order proudly flung
  On old Mount Royal's breast,
A starry circlet from the skies
  Dropped on his snowy crest.

Then lights and city faded,
  And the dreamer woke at last—
Round him hung the old-world languor,
  Faint with memories of the past,
But his spirit glowed within him
  And he left the careless throng,
Lived and wrought in earnest fashion,
  Toil or pastime, brave and strong.

So may faint hearts ever gather
  From Canadian sports and play,
Something of the force that, working,
  Hewed the forest, cleared the way.
Strong the roots and wide the branches
  When the leaves dance in the sun,
And the pleasure turns to glory
  When the game is fought, and won!

THE SPIRIT OF THE CARNIVAL.

Now Carnival no longer wears
  The bells as Fancy's fool,
He is a king whose subjects free
  Are loyal to his rule;
Each merry heart beats true and fast
  And knows amidst his play,
To-morrow he can meet the foe,
  Who tries his strength to-day.

Then guard it well, fair Canada,
  Thy Festival of Snow,
Proving old Winter, stern and grim,
  Thy friend and not thy foe;
And may thy sons build steadfastly
  A Nation great and free,
Whose vast foundations stronger grow
  From mighty sea to sea.

Long may Canadians bear thy name
  In unity and pride,
Their progress, like thy rushing streams
  Roll a resistless tide;
Their hearts be tender as the flowers
  That o'er thy valleys grow,
Their courage rugged as thy frost
  When winds of winter blow—
Their honour cloudless as thy skies,
  And stainless as thy snow!

Sweet Wind of Eve.

(*From the French.*)

SWEET wind of eve! around my window playing,
With blue forget-me-nots and roses crimson blown,
Oh, fragrant, fluttering breeze! perchance amid thy straying
Thou'lt wander where my dreams, my fonder thoughts are flown!

Sweet wind of eve! oh, may thy soft caresses,
Thy purest sighs of love still breathe around her there,
On her fair neck of snow unroll her shining tresses,
And happy, faint and die, amid her golden hair.

Sweet wind of eve! oh, whisper to her sleeping
In murm'ring music low, thy dreamy melody,
While I, in tears and prayers, my lonely vigil keeping,
In darkness kneel, and sing of her so far from me.

Ninon.

(*From the French, for Tosti's music.*)

NINON, Ninon, the hours are swiftly flying,
The moments pass and day still follows day,
Roses will die when autumn winds are sighing,
How canst thou live and love not, Ninon, say?

To cross life's stormy sea, Ninon, dost thou not fear?
Ah, never a star hast thou to guide thee or to cheer,—
No music sounds for thee above the tempest's roar,—
Thou who hast never loved, canst venture more?
Oh! I would venture all for Love's bright crown of glory,
Or, unloved,—cry aloud for Death to end the story, to end the story!

Ninon, Ninon, the hours are swiftly flying,
The moments pass and day still follows day,
Roses will die when autumn winds are sighing,
How canst thou live and love not, Ninon, say?

NINON.

What though the hour of rapture sweet returneth
never!
Thou hast lived, thou hast loved,—Love endureth
for ever!
Thou hast lived, thou hast loved, Love endureth
for ever!

Ninon, Ninon, what is thy fate to be?
How canst thou live, since Love dwells not with thee?

Grandmother's Dream.

YOU lay your bright head on my pillow,
My darling, with curls of gold,
You beg for a beautiful story,
Alas! all my stories are told;
Last night all the sweet dream-children
We love so well, you and I,
Came softly to me in the moonlight
And sang me a last good-bye.

I saw all the dear little faces
Come thronging around my bed;
There was one with a wreath of daisies,
And one with a hood of red;
Fair Cinderella came dancing
With Goldilocks, hand in hand,
And little Bo-peep was playing
With Alice from Wonderland.

Back again to the days of my childhood
I wandered with them away,
Forgot all the years of sorrow,
Forgot I was old and grey;
But then they vanished, my darling,
And I am so weary grown
That I can never recall them
From the shadows where they are flown.

GRANDMOTHER'S DREAM.

So I have no tale, dear, to tell you,
  Perhaps I shall dream to-night
Of youth that forever is changeless,
  Of skies that are always bright.
But now I must sleep, oh, my darling,
  Good-night to the world and you,
Perhaps I shall find in my slumbers
  A beautiful story come true!

Song.

(*When Sylvia sighs.*)

WHEN Sylvia sighs a twilight grey
Steals softly o'er my heart,
And dim forebodings of a day
When we may be apart,
Sad visions of a life forlorn
And sorrows yet to be,
Faith forsaken and vows forsworn—
When Sylvia sighs,—ah, me!

Falling leaves that scattered lie,
Stars that melt in a misty sky,
Love that fails and hopes that die,—
When Sylvia sighs,—ah, me!

When Sylvia smiles,—oh, light divine!
My heart to gladness wakes,
The earth, the sea, in radiance shine,
The dawn in glory breaks,—
I dream of gardens of delight,
Of rapture yet to be,
The world is fair, the heavens are bright
When Sylvia smiles on me!

SONG.

Flowers that bloom and birds that sing,
The glowing morn, the joyous spring,—
Hope is a Prophet and Love a King,
When Sylvia smiles on me!

Unknown.

THE bitterest griefs in solitude are borne,
The deepest wounds shrink from the careless eye,
The heart that perfidy has bruised and torn
In silence strives to hide its misery.
To lock within a rigid bound the sigh
That rises wildly from the tortured breast,
To force the hot, impetuous tear to dry
Before it fall, and every grief repressed
To meet the careless, mocking world with smile and jest,—

This hast thou borne, and yet,—thou wilt forget!
There lingers still a sadder fate on earth,
A lifelong anguish and a dull regret
That mingles with thine hours of brightest mirth,—
To know that deep within thee there has birth
The germ of higher, nobler things,—the power
To deeply, keenly feel the wondrous worth
Of what thou mightest be, if but for an hour
The seed within thy heart could spring and flower

Into more perfect growth,—if thy dull clay
But once, with giant strength, could cast aside
The laws of limitation which hold sway
Within thee, and endowed with loftier pride

UNKNOWN.

Attain a freedom by thy fate denied,
Allure by melody of magic rhyme
Thy glowing thoughts unsung, and all untried,
Win from the world a heritage sublime
And Fame that crowns the Immortals, conquerors of
Time!

Fond dreamer, murmur not,—it cannot be.
It is not thou alone hast vainly sought
To give a voice to some fair fantasy,
To find expression for thy glowing thought,
The message of thy soul with beauty fraught.
Ah, in how many silent hearts there dwells
A dream divine, an inspiration caught
And prisoned there for ever!—mournful cells
Where even Death can find but frozen, mute farewells.

Oh, Seers unknown! Before your wistful eyes
The radiance of a world transfigured streams,
Around your path a mystic glory lies,
The flush of dawn, the rose of sunset gleams,
But when the magic vision brightest seems
A word, a breath,—it melts into the air!
No trace remains to prove it aught but dreams,
No songs of rapture praise what once was fair,—
No sound,—but voiceless lips, sealed with a dumb
despair.

Tenebrae.

Good Friday. Westminster Cathedral.

SOLEMNLY, pleadingly, the mournful music sighs,
One by one, one by one, each altar taper dies,
Plaintively, hopelessly, from out the purple gloom
The wailing voices die away in silence o'er His tomb.
Fearfully, tremblingly, the last faint light withdrawn,
My soul in desolation feels no presage of the dawn,
Before His cross each lingering dream of human hope is slain,
The shuddering world awaits its doom—the Sacrifice is vain.

Silently, mournfully, the people kneel and pray.
A mystic silence deepens, broods—until from far away
There comes a sound, a clamour, while Time stands still a space,
Then breaking through the shadows, a light, a hope, a grace!
Oh, suddenly, oh, joyfully, the song of praise I hear!
The star of Faith is burning still, undimmed and pure and clear!
Its hidden light shines forth again, my heart shall mourn no more,
Love reigns in Heaven and Christ is risen—I hope and I adore!

Miramar.

WHEN Nature lingering turned to gaze
On all her labours done,
And marked each marvel she had wrought
Of beauty 'neath the sun,
Ere to her hidden haunts withdrawn,
She paused to meet the golden dawn
At Miramar.

For every charm of land or sea
Her bounteous hand had given
To many climes, lay smiling there
Beneath a cloudless heaven,—
Her parting glance in radiance fell
On that sweet spot she loved so well,
Fair Miramar.

A sudden glory clad the hills,
The flowers bloomed anew,
The waves leaped flashing to the shore,
As soft she breathed adieu,
Yet once again she turned,—'Ah, no,
From thy delights I cannot go,
Dear Miramar!'

MIRAMAR.

So we may seek through many lands
Her footprints day by day,
And worship at a thousand shrines
The magic of her sway, —
But trace her presence where we will
Her sweetest smile is lingering still
On Miramar.

A Song of Kootenay.

(*Klahowa, an Indian greeting.*)

OH, Klahowa, brother mine,
Greeting from the red man take;
Onward speeds my light canoe,
Twilight dreams upon the lake.
O'er the shadowy hills afar,
Hark! the lingering echoes wake,
Swiftly paddling pass we by,—
Soft and sweet the echoes (*oh, Klahowa!*),
Soft and sweet the echoes die.

Mine the lake and mine the shore,
Pale-faced stranger, ere you came;
Woods and waters, mine no more,
Still shall breathe the Indian's name.
Soon my race shall pass away,
Yet the song of days gone by
Still shall haunt fair Kootenay,
And lingering echoes (*oh, Klahowa!*)
Soft and sweet shall wake, and die!

Friends.

SHE chose three friends to guide her life,
As she stood beneath morning skies :
Bright Wealth, and Fame with his laurel crown,
And Love with his tender eyes.
'Oh, well have I chosen!' she cried in joy,
And true shall my comrades be,
Wherever I go, in weal or woe,
They shall follow and comfort me!'

But Death drew near and he whispered low,
And the maiden rose in fear ;
'I must go,' she said, 'through the lonely vale,
Where the shadows are dark and drear.
So come, my friends, with your radiant smiles,
And scatter the shades of night'—
But Wealth drew back as he cried, 'Not I,
I would stay in the gladsome light!'

But Fame and Love spread their shining wings,
And bore her through space afar,
Till they came where the sea of Oblivion rolls
Past the verge of the last faint star.

Then Fame recoiled from its icy brink,
  For he dared no farther go ;
'Adieu,' he said, 'for I know you not!'
  And he sank to the earth below.

But Love spread softly his shining wings
  And bore her across the sea,
And together they passed to their home at last,
  Through the Gates of Eternity.

A Song of a Ring.

'SWEETHEART, in token of my love
A ring I'd give to thee,
Oh, wear this diamond flashing bright
On thy fair hand,' said he.
'Ah! no,' she sighed, 'a slave has plucked
That stone from out the mine,
His tears and misery shall ne'er
Be linked with gift of thine!'

'Then, dear,' said he, 'this emerald take'—
'Oh soon I'd weep forlorn,
The hue the wily serpent wears
Shall ne'er my hand adorn.'
'A sapphire, maiden, blue as Heaven,
Shall bind thee to my heart'—
'Blue as the cruel sea,' she said,
'Whose waves true lovers part!'

'A ruby, glowing bright'—'Oh no,
It brings a fearful dream,
Deep in its heart of crimson fire
I see thy life-blood stream!'
'Then wear this opal, for my sake'—
'I dare not,' shuddered she,
'Beneath its mystic gleam lies hid
'A curse for thee and me!'

THE SONG OF A RING.

'This spotless pearl,' he said, 'can ne'er
  Misfortune dark foretell'—
''Tis like a mournful tear,' she sighed,
  'I fear its ghostly spell!'
'Oh, cruel maid,' he cried in grief,
  'Alas! and woe is me,
I cannot tell what ring may bring
  Good luck and joy to thee!

'Farewell, farewell, thou lovest me not'—
  Yet, ere he turned away,
With merry glance and blushes sweet
  The maiden murmured 'Stay!'
But still he sighed, 'Thou lovest me not!'
  She smiled his grief to see—
'Perchance, Sweetheart, 'twere best to try
  A plain gold ring!' said she.

The Golden Gates.

'I CANNOT pass,' I sadly said,
'Beyond this Sorrow, mountain high,
Whose gloomy walls of doubt and dread
Rise up between me and the sky,
And yet perchance for me there waits
Life's evening glow of peace and rest,
If I could only find the gates
That open to the golden West!'

There came a voice that whispered low,
'Take courage still if Hope be done,
And thy swift feet no longer go
In gladness towards the setting sun—
If joy be hidden from thine eyes
Shut out by heights thou canst not scale,
Still hast thou Faith to guide thy steps
And lead thee through the lonely vale.

'Oh, follow, follow! she will lead!
Dream not of earthly blame or praise,
Press on thy upward path, nor heed
The gathering clouds, the thorny ways.

THE GOLDEN GATES.

The shadows fall, the night is here—
Fear not, above thee still she springs,
Her radiant path undimmed and clear,
The light of Heaven upon her wings!

'And if against thy sorrow's height
Hurled by the swift relentless years,
One day she vanish from thy sight
Enshrouded in a mist of tears—
Oh, follow still the ling'ring gleam
That cleft the darkness as it passed—
The golden gateways of thy dream
Shall open wide for thee at last!'

The Song of Love.

'ADIEU, Beloved!' the poet sighed
To her who lingered near,—
And Death, with dart uplifted, paused,
His dying words to hear,—
'Weep not that I must leave the world,
It hath no charms for me;
I gave it not my sweetest song,
I sang for only thee.

'And if they smile in after years
At my untutored art,
And deem the notes too simply framed
That came but from the heart,
Then let them mock! my dearest fame
Shall thy remembrance be;
They know not that my sweetest song
I sang for only thee.

'But if the laurel wreath of fame
They bring to deck my grave,
Who not a leaf in life could spare
To comfort or to save,
Then, oh, Beloved! remember still
Though I should crownèd be,
My sweetest song—the Song of Love—
I sang for only thee.'

Dainty Dorothea.

OH, fairest one! thy portrait
Upon the wall I see,
Across a hundred summers
Thou smilest down on me,
Was never modern maiden
Who wore so sweet an air,
Eyes full of merry laughter
And sunny golden hair,
In gown of flowered satin
And 'kerchief white and fine—
Oh, dainty Dorothea,
I would that thou wert mine!
Oh, dainty Dorothea,
I would that thou wert mine!

Perchance when leaves of Autumn
A hundred times shall fall,
My portrait too shall hang here
Within this oaken hall,
Still shalt thou smile upon me
With simple, old-world grace,
And I thine ardent lover
Gaze still upon thy face;

DAINTY DOROTHEA.

Through all the future ages
  Mine eyes shall say to thine,
Oh, dainty Dorothea,
  I would that thou wert mine!
    Oh, dainty Dorothea,
      I would that thou wert mine!

And when at midnight's hour
  The world is hushed in sleep,
And through the halls deserted
  The ghosts their revels keep,
When shadowy knights and ladies
  Glide through the moonlight cold,
Then shalt thou step demurely
  From out thy frame of gold.
Be sure I shall not tarry,
  But hasten down from mine,
Oh, dainty Dorothea,
  To kiss those lips of thine!
    Oh, dainty Dorothea,
      At last shalt thou be mine!

Immanence.

OH, restless heart of Man!
  Seeking for peace in vain,
Clinging to each brief joy
  To ease your pain,

Grieving in sore dismay
  To lose each one
As in your grasp they fade
  Ere set of sun,—

Striving to chase the hours
  That quickly fly,
Craving a little love
  Before you die,—

Oh, weary, wandering heart!
  Forego your quest,—
Within, without, around,
  Waits Love, and Rest!

A Voice from the West.

IN dreams I watched the years of Time grown old,
And saw as in a vision his last days
Whose garnered wisdom should uplift the world,
Sink into deepest gloom, his crown of fame
Darkened by stains of anarchy and crime,
And stained by mist of tears—his gathered wealth,
The secrets hardly won from Nature's store,
Torn from his trembling hands to teach mankind
The arts of deadlier warfare, fiercer hate.
And while I gazed the nations drawn apart
Each in its serried line of battle stood,
And wrapped in brooding silence, waited still.
No sight of wrong or stern oppression stirred
Their mute array, but ever and anon
A clamour rang in the great market-place
Where the world's traders met to cry their wares,
And when the sound of jarring strife arose
The sullen ranks drew closer, as the clouds
Grow darker in the muttering of the storm.

Still in my dream the battle lines spread far
To where in alien lands the earth lay bare
Of fruitful increase, and the people pined
In helpless hunger and the stress of woe.

A VOICE FROM THE WEST.

Strange wailing voices filled the murky air
Above the crowded cities, where below
The prisoners of poverty were chained
In helpless bondage, pent in loathsome dens—
Men, women, children toiling strove to live
That they might gain a little space to die.
And piercing deeper through th' encircling gloom
I saw the hidden haunts where crime is born
Of want and misery—where in frenzied hate
Men pale with passion clutch the murd'rous bomb,
And women slay the babes upon their breasts
That they may never know life's cruelty.

'Oh, God!' I cried, 'is there no help, no hand
To lift Thy children from these depths of woe?
Behold, now Time is old and worn and grey,
And we have mocked him, tottering to his doom.
False are the laurels on his wrinkled brow
That boast of freedom and of progress won;
There is no freedom while these suffer wrong,
No progress while they sink in dark despair.
Oh, let him not take with him when he goes
The records of our deep, undying shame;
The story of our great achievements gained
At cost of human lives, our secrets wrung
From Nature but to smooth the gilded path
Of luxury with new and strange device,
But useless all to guide, to find a way

To rescue these, Thy children. Time is old,
And nothing, nothing done to prove us men
Who love their brethren as Thou didst command.'
I ceased, I could not speak for tears ; and still
I saw the nations ranged for deadly strife
Beneath the pall of Death.

But while I watched
The moaning voices dropped and died away ;
The air grew strangely still—the setting sun
Gleamed luridly through vapours that were pale
And ominous with fear.

Sudden a breath
A strong fresh breeze from shining shores afar,
Swept swift across the world. The clouds rolled back,
And all the nations, wondering, turned to gaze.
There on the utmost verge of that new land
Whose bounds of empire are alone restrained
By mighty oceans, rose a radiant form
Upspringing from the distant heights that hid
Her resting-place beside the Western sea.
A veil of mist blown from her sun-bright brow
Melted among the mountain peaks that stood
Guarding her presence, and her deep eyes shone
With joy at her awakening—in their light
The watchers saw revealed a dawn of hope,
A dream of possibilities untold

That woke a thrill of gladness once again
In hearts grown old with grief.

But as I gazed
Entranced upon her loveliness, there rose
A strain of heavenly music, sweet and clear—
The sunset flaming in the golden West
Crowned her with clouds of splendour as she sang.
Oh, wondrous melody! I seemed to hear
The voice of the great mother, Nature, stirred
With deep compassion, calling to her breast
The Old World's teeming millions—even these
Her sad, imprisoned children, knowing not
The magic of her smile. A strange, sweet song!
For in its sound all harmonies divine
Seemed mingled into one—the murmur of the sea
On distant shores, the sighing of the pines
In lonely forests, rushing of swift streams
Down mountain gorges, white with flying foam—
And wild, exulting winds that sweep above
A wide, fair land of peace and liberty.

And then through all I heard the varied sounds
Of human industry set face to face
With Nature's royal gifts—the drip of nets
Whose silver salmon glitter in the sun,
The groaning of the giant trees that fall
Beneath the woodman's axe, the roar and plunge

Of mighty timbers rolling from the chutes,
The ceaseless washing of the golden sands
That yield their sparkling treasures day by day,
The sealers' guns among the icy floes,
The lowing of great herds in grassy vales,
The hum of mills, and whirr of flying wheels—
All these deep undertones seemed subtly blent
Into one song of magic harmony.
But soon the music sank in sweeter strains,
I heard the tender rustling of the leaves
In smiling orchards ripening to the sun,
And whispers of low winds that gently stir
The golden wheat in peaceful meadow-lands.
Then borne upon the dying cadence came
Light laughter of fair children hastening home
By flowery ways, and through the eventide
The sound of distant bells that faintly chimed
Upon the twilight sky.

The song was done.
Then softly, slowly rolled the silv'ry mist
From silent seas, and veiled the radiant form
Of her who sang, forever from my sight.
But still the glow of sunset in the West
Shone bright across the world. Its glory fell
Where in my dreams Time wandered, weary grown,
Through mists of memories—and gently laid
On his scarred brow a light of hope and peace.

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