

Oh God, in the obscurity enlighten me,
And may I be a voice in this great mystery
To speak thy word among the sons of men,
To trace the purpose of the history
Of day and night, of life and death,
Of love and loss and all the long account
That out of darkness flows to darkness once again.

On this dead crater's broken ~~x~~ rim
The cold mists of the upper air
Fold and unfold their silent wings
Drift, and deploy
Awhile shut in, with crumbling rocks
And Alpine castles blossoms set between
A floating castle of the void.
Then far below, the forests green
The twinkling lakes and over all
The steady (steadfast) sun.
Nature has rest and for this moment
Stays her fires.

Through all the dust and smoke of life
The noise and incidence of strife
This much is sure and clear
There is, there must be, far or near
Another side of this grim shield
A further, better, truer state
A means to satisfy the soul
A (some) counterpart to make the whole.

We know here but the edge of things
As deep as space, as long as time
We see but steps before us laid
That ever call for strength to climb
The summit reached, and there must be,
Some easy slope will lead us down
To flowery valleys still unseen
Where rest and peace alone are known
So may we hope that just and true
This Good, will - - - - -

You are that note from early dawn
 That sounds through life however long
 The pristine music of the race,
 We can but name the morning song.
 The world is old and I am old
 Grey hairs grow thick, some honours fall
 But that one day when you and I
 Were one, is still the best of all.
 So now come death, or chance what may
 In downward slope of passing years
 I hold the memory of a day,

I am engaged in mind with all that might have been
 The beautiful illusions of the past
 The dreams of youth, the thoughts unsaid, the chances
 missed.
 The present is a wilderness and only vast
 All these are mine but nothing more
 The active pushing tumult of the day
 And who shall say that I, with my long dreams am all
 unblest.
 That which is best accrues not
 Finds no place in all the dusty highway of the time.
 Give me my dreams which lead through sylvan shades
 That soar and mount to starry peaks
 All else is vanity, the coarse fruition of the time

If I might live anew, and plan
Throughout, and shape again
So far as man may do
The web of life - would I
Or would I not pursue
The self-same scheme?
Would I be led away as heretofore
Or rule my life anew
And weave new dreams?
I know not, for it ever seemed to me
That I chose well and truly,
That default was made, not so much
Or at all by men, as by an
Overruling fate.
One must be godlike, or a god
To rule with knowledge of the future every act,
But still I cannot think that all
Must end in failure, all must be in vain
Thought is too subtle, too intense
To die and have no place
Love is too deep and hope too high to fail-
Of their fruition, somewhere at some time,
(Perchance) it is but to resolve to live again to live
To grasp the clews of love, to escape
Through all the realms of darkness to some life

Which is beyond, which must recur
 Where lies fruition, when the words unsaid,
 The songs unsung, the immatured
 dreams that glow to my dim
 Eyes, like sunset on the world. Take form
 Where all that has been wrong, or wrongly ordered
 Will be well. -

Father,

Throughout the land the maples flame
 The time has come, the leaf must fall
 Though still the sky is blue, serene,
 No storm, nor wintry blast at all
 The time is ripe, and leaf by leaf
 The garb of life is shed away
 Not by the tempest's stress, but in
 The dreaming azure eye of day.
 So, ripe in knowledge, ripe in years
 The pulse beats low, the eye grows dim
 And we, though blinded still with tears
 We know the time has come for him.

My father.

I am old and am nigh to the end
 And I know that these eyes
 Looking out on the world and the sun
 May be closed by the finger of God
 Any moment - my time may be done:
 But the voices of children are glad
 To my ears, and the news of the day
 And the movement of men, good or bad
 All the forces at work, or in play
 All the progress of things and the song
 Of the wind and the sea are not sad
 I am weary alone of decay.

To sit in the wood, with the sound of the brook at my
 feet,
 And let my thoughts wander and wander wherever they may
 Like to bees in a garden, or light summer butterflies play.
 Now to linger a moment on this, or on that, float away
 with the stream
 Coquette with a sunbeam, or hear the leaves speak in a
 sybilline dream,
 To live and to know that I live, as a part of a whole
 I **I**nterwoven, apparent, incarnate the home of the soul
 To grasp the light clues of the day and to follow them on
 Or back into darkness of Egypt and days that are gone.

The times are out of joint, the gods' retire
 The sistrum's jangle drowns the poet's lyre
 Our Todd is gone, our Kingsford had to go,
 We have our Wiggins, and our winy Bourinot
 Workman is dead and Lamyman sings no more
 But Fraser's moose-calf takes the vacant floor
 While for the soul, the only food we get
 Are water ices, frozen by Frechette !

Father.

The end has come - the mind that sought to know
 The very secret, and true soul of things,
 Is now in all its courses spent and stayed
 By dark intolerable death with sable wings.

And yet, beyond, it seems he must awake;
 As in some ancient city, with the light
 The note of unfamiliar bells upon the dawn
 Speaks to the pilgrim coming overnight.

So, worn by age, he lies there - dead,
 And all the weary lines of stress
 That grew upon his face have fled.
 Once more, and after half-success,
 His brow is confident and clear,

And young and strong, amid white hair,
But as in some past early year
He lies there fronting destiny.
And unperturbed and still
Toil passed, and all before him clear,
I am his son -

All fails - The tide of life runs down;
The long hope of a better day sinks into night
And in the West light fades in sombre tints of grey,
Then welcome death - not with a keen delight
But with that rest which lies in endless night
Abiding sleep -

He had great love for this green world
For growing things and for the light of day.
He did not fear to die, but in his soul
Abhorred death, and all its disarray
And night, and loss, and lapse into decay.
To plant, and tend; to pray and toil
And seek increase from barren soil
To see the germ, the leaf, the flower,
And look for harvest's happy hour
Was his strong life
He was a tower of strength to us, who were his sons.

He knew his task would be relieved
When so God willed
And that by other hands his garden
Must be tilled - -

The end is very near,
That end to which all come
Where the eyes see not
And the voice is dumb.
Where life ebbs and the flow of life is death
To prove that life is life,
The hand that held, and measured
Weighs no more, the mind
That played about the secret soul of things
Has lost its cunning
All its course is stayed
And dropping like the sun, the night
Spreads wide and still its sable wings
The dark intolerable night of death.
And yet beyond it seems
There must be waking, as in some great town
With all new voices of the ~~morn~~ dawn
And stroke of unfamiliar bells
— — —
Peaceful morn, as in some ancient city
Where we sleep, and with the light

Hear unfamiliar voices of the dawn
 And music of strange bells.

Feb. 25th. 1900. Canada at Pardeburg.

We know today our tale of dead,
 Spent on the sun-baked windy plain;
 Our best, who left us without dread
 But may not now return again
 But pride is mingled with our tears,
 The seed grows to the stately tree,
 We know that in the tide of years
 We sow for empire yet to be.
 Our loss, our gain - nor sorrow felt
 As rising in the East we see
 The day flood all the waiting veldt.
 But fathers, mothers, sisters, wives; -
 Your loss is more than you can bear
 For you, these young exultant lives
 Gone out, is darkness everywhere -
 We grieve with you, we stand to aid - - -
 The silent beer, that lies, a clod -
 He was a father or a son -
 Upon his dry grey Transvaal sod
 Among the rocks that we have won;

His narrow soul was true and strong,
 To fend us from his home and kraal
 He gave his life - We know him wrong,
 But find him worthy after all,
 And when in days to come the song
 Of later harvests shall be sung,
 He will have part in that South land
 As elder brother true and strong.
 Each spring that rises on the veldt
 Will cast its wreath of self-sown flowers,
 Will breathe its fragrance and be felt
 About his grave as (and) over ours.
 Not all is lost if life be spent
 For it is good to truly die
 To give to that extreme extent
 If so be freedom lives thereby
 The things not seen, beyond the veil,
 Have harvest also full and true
 And loss (gain) we reckon but by tale
 Is measured there - To each his due.

"Lassa" Yes, it is early morning there,
 At Lassa, somewhere in Thibet,
 We know the dawn is rising grey
 Upon the slopes, and gardens wet

In summer dew, with poppies gay,
The willows hang along the verge
Of ancient rivers, green and still,
And bells begin to strike and clang
In old Cathay from hill to hill.
And that is all we know
Of central Ind, alone and far
More unfamiliar than a distant star.

A man for whom all maids may pray

In purity of soul,

Young, and a god among the gods, erect and true

And whole

A type of all that stands for right against the

flood of time

The perfect form in evidence of nature's work

sublime.

To it doth scorn and I who write, admire

and give him place

What is my ~~love~~ love to womankind against the

human race.

The web of thought, the facile pen, the subtle play

of mind,

These may be more in some estate that

fantasy may find,

And there I rest, with great intent and motives
 true and sane
 But little more than shadowing the
 sunshine and the rain
 That beat upon this isle of life.

Pincher's Creek. Lord Roberts said the Pincher Creek men
 fought well, who died at Kotpart.

Its waters fed from snowfields high
 Along the western mountains dim
 Run where the flower-decked foot hills spread
 Upon the furthest prairie's rim,
 And cattle, lowing in the dusk (dark)
 Come down to seek its cooling flood.

Contorted beds of unknown age
 My weary limbs shall bear
 Perchance a neat synclinal fold
 A night, may be my lair.
 Dips I shall take on unnamed streams
 Or where the rocks strike, follow
 Along the crested mountain ridge
 Or anticlinal hollow
 Or gently with the hammer stroke
 The slumbering petrification
 That for a hundred million years

Has been debarred from action
 Where long neglected mountains stand
 Just crumbling into shreds
 And laying bare on every hand
 The ~~thunders~~ treasures of their beds
 Or rivers rolling to the sea
 By dull attrition assail

. . . .relics of the past

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One day his absent truant head
 Lead him so high and far,
 He slid within the gate of heaven
 That chanced to stand ajar
 And there an angel caught him soon
 To make a little star,
 But he refused to shine or burn
 He sputtered, winked and died
 Before it moved, or made a turn -
 Oh serves him right, St Peter cried
 That boy would never learn !

With his gold pan and his shovel
 And little else beside
 He lit his pipe, and left the camp
 To cross the high divide
 We wished him every kind of luck
 And chaffed him on his craze
 Then shouldered picks and scrambled down
 To where we'd made a raise.
 The last we saw of Roddie
 He was near long Tom's old mine
 Looked like a fly upon the snow
 Above the timber line.
 Well, all that month, the luck was bad
 The creek was high, the wing-dam broke
 And half our pile was whiffed away
 For grip and tools and such-like smoke.
 { We often said, Rod's struck it rich
 { He'd never stay so long unless
 We often spoke of Roddie
 We said he's struck it rich
 Or he'd be back to do his whack
 Upon the water ditch.
 But then there ~~xxxx~~ was that letter
 They brought him in the spring
 That made him so uncommon glum
 And wrong with every thing.
 Well last there came a roaring flood - - -

2) Give me a woman of some ancient world-old race
 From further Hind or out of far Cathay:
 Dark serious eye and young impassive face
 Set in the mould of ages, where the play
 Of joy, or ruth of sorrow, gives no trace
 Though joy and sorrow fall, for such is life,-

1) Here, in the effervescence of the time
 Are maidens comely, offshoots of a motley crew
 Frank laughing faces, roses, eyes of blue
 Kind hearts, I doubt not - knowledge up to date
 A thousand longings for the world to sate.

I would enshrine a thought in verse
 That it may live though I shall die
 To speak down all the after years
 To stand above the mist of tears
 Like some white mountain, seen afar
 Beyond a scope of heaving sea
 Nay, like the wreckage on the shore
 To show this sea was ~~xi~~ sailed before
 By other men in former days,
 That ye may pass by light of day
 Where I perchance am cast away
 In tempest and in night.

Up on the range where the red-barked pines
 Are scattered along the hill
 And the yellow grass in billowy lines
 Is warm in the sun and still
 Where mountains afar with crag on crag
 Show purple and blue on the far sky line
 Through the still hot air comes thin and clear
 The distant sound of the lowing kine
 Passing beautiful free and fair.

From field and mart, from mine and ear
 From our broad land from shore to shore
 Stand foot to foot, and hand to hand, and rank on rank
 for fatherland.

Our fathers made the land we love
 Our sires have marched before
 To beat the proud invader back, and drum him
 from the shore.

He drew the pathways for the bison on the prairie
 And in the sky he marked the way of birds, and winds and
 rainstorms.

Two ills there are, he said, I cannot hinder -
 However good the land is, still my people

Must wear in living, must grow old and feeble
 Till summer, and till winter is a burden
 Till hunting, and till battle is no pleasure
 And in after time will come a stranger people
 Whose medicine is stronger than my knowledge.

I tell you now the story of the sand-hills
 As it was known in days to - - -
 When made the world of plain-men
 The country of the Blackfeet and Dakota
 He built the mountains strongly to the Westward
 And drew the forest round the north and Eastward
 But left the country boundless to the Southward
 For that way lay the pathway of the summer
 And the winds that eat the snow away in winter
 Of the buffalo, and antelope, and wildfowl.

{ There were other people, other plainmen
 { Ye shall war with them, but they shall not destroy you
 { And in warring ye are brave, and shall be mighty.

Then he led the rivers through the plains, and filled them
 Saying, run ye ever through the land and fail not.

Up out of the sea, my maid so fair
 And over the ship's black side came she
 I call her mine, though the tide of life
 Has carried her far, and away from me
 { For the world grows old, and my youth is dead
 { But her gracious presence is with me still
 For her memory stays, and is mine alone
 With the touch of her hand, and the breath of a sigh
 Had I known her better, these might have flown
 But now they are mine if I live or die
 Still I sometimes feel if it might have been -
 Had her lips been mine, and her life and mine
 Been one forever, ~~for good or ill~~
 Would I not give up my rosy dream
 For the fruit of knowledge of good and ill

Through this dim portal, cold, in stone,
 I turn me and must walk alone
 My choice was made - - -
 There are two ways to worship God
 I chose this high austere retreat
 And left the path where busy feet
 Of men and women come and go
 Abjured the warm, full day of life.

- - - - -

She has no soul nor knoweth grief,
But like a thistle-down she flies,
When ripples flow upon the lake,
In soft warm winds and sunny skies.
When bough joins bough with gossamer
Beneath the sun on summer morn.

She is a fay, a fond illusion,
The lovely phantom of an hour
By sunbeam painted on the ocean
The pose, the colour of a flower,
A noonday dream without fruition -
I know not what,- A witching form
To holy heaven or perdition
Without a part in life's strong flood
That turns a thousand mills of care ;
She has no lot in tears and blood.
A light false phantasm of the air
The humblest worker in the furrow
Or fisher lad upon the sea
All sun-embrowned, and horny handed
Is truer, holier than she.

May / 89.

God's peace upon the mountain land
 God's peace and rest
 The clouds brood low, among the shattered peaks
 Each rugged crest, floats its white banner to the sky
 The hills are seamed, and old and grey,
 Writ with deep rough-mannered runes
 Graved with lines from their Graver's art
 But sheltered on their sides, a thousand furry things
 Renewing youth.

Oh lovers' drink each other's breath
 And kiss and clasp and laugh at death
 For this is linked life's golden chain
 And you shall live and love again
 In unborn time.

Cling closer Phrynae ! let me feel
 Your kisses, warm, respond to mine
 I know that in the after time, the wide full day which
 is to be
 All that is best of thee and me
 Will stand exultant in the holy dawn
 Of right and truth. The long night gone
 With but a dim inherited regret
 Soft pity for the sorrows long ago
 But we, we love, and touch the foretaste of it all
 And each in other know, the promise of the day.

One kiss from you would be to me
The price of empire - I could die
For but a ribbon from your hair -
A ribbon or a flower to wear.

How those we love we pity most
We see in guise of every day
The surging upward of the soul
Within its envelope of clay
We note the path of rapid years
In growing furrows, whitening hair
But find no word of full reply
To loose the gird of petty care
There still is longing unexpressed
Some latent wealth divine of love
Some dream of an idyllic rest (best)
Or undersigh for things above
Which finds no voice or answer here
No image in the changing year
No concord in our little day.

9 Sept. /38.

The Lost Cause.

I sing the cause that lost,
For which men died, and women wept
And died of grief for sons and lovers dead.
For victory shouts abroad
Nor counts the cost
The hearthstones bare and swept
The void that gulfs the day, descending red.
Time rights not wrong like this,
The tale is made to suit the age,
Or afterward, if truth prevail
The years have left it, page by page
Till life and love and knowledge fail
There is no angel, fain to kiss
The feet of those who fought and fell
No god-like one to speak and say
You fought and lost, but all is well.
I raise alone a feeble voice
Against the dominant and strong
Against the serried ranks of hell
And ask, How long, Oh God, how long !

A Memory of Doom.

I drink to a smile that is gone
Like a glow of the West from the sky
In this wine, which for aught I know may
Have grown red in the light of that day.
An Eon ago some frail bloom
That was lapped by the wave of the hill
That was plucked in the dawn, for a tomb
Laid away with the dead, till the doom.
So my heart holds the tenuous
Shrunken form of a love of the past -
Of the past that is dead, nor more near
To the touch, than the lip of the wave
That kissed the brown feet of the maid
The daughter of Ra, in the Eld.

For the years have dropped swiftly away
As a river that flows to the sea,
And my pulse beats but slowly today.
But that day when she smiled upon me
Though I knew not, was fate for a life
That is one in the tale of the whole
That in nowise returns to its gaol
But spreads on to the ending of all.

At a Camp Fire.

In the coals that glowed red
 In the fire at the campment,
 Beneath the great pines
 In the still autumn night,
 I saw the fair face of a woman, efulgent
 And I dreamed as I gazed at its
 Tremulous light.
 But there came a cold breath
 From the heart of the forest,
 The fire fell away, and where beauty had been
 By a sudden mutation, the stroke of a moment
 The image was gone, and a death's head was seen,
 Then I knew that the fate of a life was repeated
 In brief there before me, in silence, alone
 That the vision had passed, that the wish was defeated
 That one heart more was stilled and was turned into stone.

Land of Osiris, Egypt, one long scroll
 From the blue sea to Ethiopia far
 Writ over with the lives and deeds of man
 A ritual and papyrus of the dead
 The Nile, man's foot prints on its border in the dawn.
 Great Ra ! Thy temple is but one vast tomb

Thy priests are dead, the seed they garnered
Spread abroad in every land, bearing strange fruit,
Thy Nile still flows, but by its banks are broken shrines
And silence, and a race degenerate.

An accident that fell,
Some thousand years ago
Upon this little bit of potter's art
A flaw of colour,
Stray, but burnt in well,
That brought some trouble to a living heart
That still lies clear, writ in the shining glaze
As shone the sun upon the sea those days.
How true that every thing is written everywhere
What lacks is but the eye to mark and read
To follow all the slow advance of things
And see before to whither all things lead.

Seymour Narrows.

The mountains and the solemn firs
That stand dim ranked along the shore
The leagues on leagues of water ways
That cleave the hills
And this the gate that lies between two seas
Where twice each day the hurrying tides flow in.

Give us leave to fight our battles,
 Let us stand alone and say
 No proud braggart, be he giant,
 Moves ~~our~~ one footlength in our way.
 Let us stand as youthful David
 Stood, before the man of Gath
 Boasting in his finished armour,
 But a stripling in his path.
 It is hard to wrest his birth-right,
 From a man already grown,
 Even if alone and friendless
 He is fighting for his own.
 Still you cannot unaffected
 Play a puny neutral part
 While
 With your foe, and our oppressor
 Thrusts a spear against the heart
 Of your offspring. If we perish
 Dies the honour of your name,
 We must stand and fall together
 Fall or rise a common power,
 And the war we hold must ever
 Be an end, and mean the same
 Let us stand then, true, determined,
 Strong against all common wrong -
 Seeking not a cause for battle - - -
 - - - - -

Life hath no joy
 Naught but abiding sorrow
 Death hath this word to say
 Be there no morrow.

Dead ! and no longer in want, hour by hour
 Of medicine, food and care
 Quiet and still in the night so cold,
 Silent and lying there.

God ! is it true that all love must fail
 And hope on the verge of the realm of night
 That friendship and use are all so frail
 And our hold upon life is so weak and slight !

Yesterday, morning awoke in the East

As before, as of custom and need

Shall the sun now arise as of old nevermore

Shall the plant not grow up from the reed ?

Oh Father in heaven, I know not thy way

Nor thy course through the deeps or thy warrants or laws

But here on the dust, kneel alone, can but cry

Or may pray to the of the silent First Cause.

Had the reaper but reaped when the corn stood well ripe

And yellow to harvest, my soul might have bowed

To thy law, to the fate which the ages have made thy
 plain law.

Murder of "Sitting Bull".

Oh savage chief ! The long live sweep,
 Of God's great prairie mourns the dead,
 Beyond the western verge the deep
 Is all aglow with fiery red.-
 And every swelling crest of snow is red, blood red.
 But, one or two, dark sullied spots of blood and clay
 Appeal to heaven, appalling blots ! this winter day.
 'Tis winter now to thee and thine, and death to all
 The last of the despairing wars
 Thy people held against the stars
 Is fought, and thou and they must fall
 Perchance for man, in this eclipse
 In some strange guise there comes new light
 Perchance more eloquent than lips
 Thy grave may plead for truth and right
 But I who hold the dream of thy free West
 And mourn its changing times, and those oppressed
 I mourn for thee grim chieftain and for thine
 - - - - -
 For thy wide summer of a thousand leagues
 That ran from eastern forest to the snow
 That wraps the Rocky
 Thou hast a narrow grave, with all despite
 That weak may suffer from the hand of might

Thine was no generous foe
 To ask for quarter - - - - -
 - - - - -

The Sea Lion,

Strong and alone, you survive, and far
 Amid the spume of cold blue seas
 ? That beat across Bar.
 Against the ebbing tide, the breeze
 Blows darkly up the island strait
 1892 ? Between the silent ranks of trees
 That hear your roar, and stand and wait
 Like you, forgot of time are these
 But virile, still, and old.

Capt. Wilson and party leaving Forbes Camp.

Daily Graphic. Feb.12 /94.

These are the men who were to die,
 Who, riding out at close of day
 Rode out forever,
 For the night fell,
 And as the dust that followed fell and lay
 Among the scrub
 So when the dawn rose, they lay dead,

They were no saints, that little band
 Of laughing men who left us yesterday,
 But rough bash-riders, bred of reckless boys
 Cheeks tanned by sun and coats bedaubed with clay.

The Valley of the Strymon.

The men that tilled these fields lie dead,
 And earth is cold on hand and head
 That worked and saw
 And garnered frugal gain
 Where still yon river wends across the plain
 To melt in the blue sea.
 They had no voice - with simple toil
 They broke and turned that very soil
 That blooms today
 As prodigal again
 As when the sun, and drifting summer rain
 Passed in that time before it knew the plough
 Of its own harvest were the armed men
 That lit the beacon fires to further Ind -
 Of Greece, that rose, and passed
 In scattered leafage dropping on the wind
 That Alexander might prevail and last
 ? One ~~marble~~ marble shaft above the sea of time.

But all that gathered Moslem horde
 Engendered in the waiting day
 From the grim waste, the harvest stored
 And eked by sparing everyway,
 That splendid horde of men that broke
 And fell in even rows on the plain
 Before the guns they could not reach
 As man may never see again
 What of their death or where to lay -

Sic transit Gloria Mundi.

Life is a bubble on the sea,
 The ocean of eternity
 It floats a while in glittering pride,
 It may o'er many billows ride.
 There comes a moment, none knows why,
 No cloud o'erspreads the summer sky:
 Some little breath, some hidden/thing,
 Perhaps a spirit on the wing -
 Touches the orb - it melts away -
 The sea receives its little spray -
 No mark, no memory, left behind:
 The everlasting sea, the wind - Flow on.

The Sea and its Song.

Outer Coast of Vancouver Island. 1885.

To rest on fragrant cedar boughs
 Close by the Western ocean's rim
 While in the tops of giant pines
 The livelong night the sea-winds hymn,
 And low upon the fretted shore
 The waves beat out the evermore -

{ Tis thus that life is full content
 { And still the world is young and wide
 This night, the stars, by heaven sent
 And I and whatsoe'r betide.

No discord breaks the perfect whole
 The sea repeats but one refrain
 Sings, Sleep, - sleep, - sleep, oh weary soul,
 Sleep - ask not if thou wake again.

Scattered fragments in the deep.

In winter and in summer.

Sun and storm. In fury of the
 tempest or in trance of sleep
 Where only the slow pulse of nature
 ever beats, and how we laboured
 with fierce breath of steam
 up that vast gorge in the lone
 depth of night resounding with

our clamour, while the snow swam
down in silence, passed athwart
the blaze of light and sank
into some depth below unseen -

Oh the long years that this great
valley graven in the hills hath
held its peace, or spoken only
in the warring of the torrent or
the fall of some great rock
from cliff to cliff.

Back to the ocean,

Back from hill or plain,

By each long way, to join the deep again

Loud in the torrent - silent, dropping slow,

The tides of life pass down from high to low

Eternity receives them calm and vast

But still there is no end, no past.

The Irrigation Ditch.

Slipping along in the thicket of alder

And willow that grows when the water is low

Flowing all silently checquered with shadows

Cool on the clay and the stones of its bed.

Frail stems of blossom stand bending and nodding
 Over blurred shadows that pulse with the stream
 Roots creeping down in the damp earth about them
 Dim with the tremor of heat, is the hillside
 And in the parched valley ablaze with the sun
 Shrills the cicada among the grey bushes.

1. When the long war of water and of fire shall pass
 And earth sail on a silent pulseless mass.
 When all life's mighty silence sank away
 Death's utter stillness ever holdeth sway.

2. When thy long beams, oh sun, shall fall in vain
 But turn the mountain shadows on the plain
 Arid, - no living thing to drink thy ray
 Nor wind to feel its touch and bound away
 As was its wont through vernal groves

(then)

3. Where now thy labour, man, thy daily toil
 Thy lifelong struggle with the stubborn soil:
 And where the hopes, the fears that filled thy days
 Midst these grey silent ruins thou didst raise
 These tombs thy hands have left so long.

Ere long, the time will come when I must go
 And if tonight, what need to rue that it be so.
 No time seems fit to die, when life is strong
 But if by slow decay all sense is still,
 The day and its events grown weary-long
 'Tis then no sacrament - an oft told tale.
~~Struck now~~ - remain undone half finished tasks
 My sacrifice upon God's altar high.
 New hands take hold to weave and build again
 So soon as light mounts new in yon dark sky
 My path goes forth in the departing night
 And whitherward, I trust, oh Lord, to Thee.

Pitiful, pitiful sad-hearted one
 Essay thy little round, sun after sun.
 Dark, grim and pitiful, millions untold
 Tilling and weeping till hope hath grown old
 Tilling, sad-hearted, till evening is come
 And the lips that could marmur of sorrow are dumb.

Great God and the father of mankind
The spring of life, the hand of fate;
I bow to Thee in humble mind
And kneel before thy golden gate
That bars the sun, this close of day.

One star above the mountain crest,
The dark and utmost verge of earth, (all)
That drops full swift into the west
Upon the footsteps of the day.
A thousand stars that start behind
From out the ancient realm of night.

The growing darkness fills the land
And stills the thousand tongues of day
Tis only on my knees I dare (Vernon, B.C. 1890)
To look afar, or scan the way
Which I must tread, to look and pray.
And when above the path I turn
To where the lights of heaven burn
My lips refuse to utter prayer.
No plummet metes dark nature's deep
Through which the swift millenium's sweep
I know not, cannot understand.
But stricken silence may express
The reverent awe I must (confess ?)

The South Wind

On the edge of the Western Land.

The soft south wind that sweeps along

A thousand rolling leagues of sea

And faints and sleeps upon the land,

Leaving the sapphire wave it drew

To rise and break upon the strand,

(No longer able to pursue,)

To search the rocky caverns through

In spume and spray.

It passes harping in the pines

Across a thousand sonant strings;

It touches lightly, here a rose

And there a spear of grass, that springs

And trembles, since above the cleft

(banner)

Of that grey rock its needle shows,

Then slides away, unseen, and still

Beneath the covert of the wood,

Along the swelling of the hill,

Till in the drowsy hollow, brood

The scents of green, and growing things

There stays, and folds its silent wings

The soft south wind ! - The soft south wind.

Oh breath of ocean's inmost soul

That sweeps the brow, and sways the mind !

The distant sound of waves that roll

(Amid the
thousand)

In measured cadence on the shore,
 Beats out the monologue of time
 And sing from ever, evermore.
 White ebon locks, grow white with rime
 Of age, and life becomes but lore
 Or miser's hoard of memory past,
 Till peace comes on the soft south wind
 Not long - at last - - -

Linnaea Borealis.

Just as a wee maid when she stands
 With downcast eyes and folded hands
 To say her oft conn'd task
 So blushing on some mossy bank, where days are long
 Long and woods are dank,
 Or crowded thick 'twixt lichened stones
 Where some old glacier laid his bones
 Their nodding bells are swung.
 Fairer than all where all are fair,
 Within the flowery band
 And breathing out a fragrance rare
 Where the tall ranked pine trees stand
 In the lone distant northern land.

I turned the leaves and slowly turned
 The yellow paper rough and old,
 And marked the page was fairly writ,
 And that was blotted, and half told
 What haste or weariness or joy
 That hand had felt in its employ
 And restless, as my eye ran o'er
 That fragment of the joy and grief
 Of one who hoarded (?) life no more
 Careless I turned another leaf.

My love, Dear loved so long ago
 You chose your path and went another way
 I was not rich nor great, and told you so
 But in my love to you could never stray.
 Within me rose, I knew, some tide of the divine
 Long purpose of the world, some pulse of that great heart
 That rules. Had you been mine
 It seemed we might have lived a life apart
 Have breathed some air all consecrate and true,
 Inviolate and pure; your love to me and mine alone to you
 But that may be no more, time past is dead.
 When last your hand left mine, that hour
 We two were parted, never watershed
 That turned two drops upon the mountain ridge

Of some great continent was greater bar
Our lives diverged, and ever wider space
Spread all between, and far
Far from our childhood's place
We drift and drift, and you
To me it seemeth left in moving sands
Are lost. While I, touching the barren rocks
Go onward through grey lands
To that great sea that locks
The habitable world in one embrace
God grant we there may some day meet and face to face
For there but one love for me and one for you
And in some flux of time this must return
As truth is true -

And the leaves have ceased to fall
Lest their rattling down from limb to limb
Should break the spell that holdeth all.
The mist is out on the river, silent it moves and slow
And flows as it had flowed ever, and will forever flow.

The days are short and the nights are chill
When the leaves in slumber lie
They blush in sleep on yonder hill
And resting deep in hollows lie.

Hat.

Roof of the forge and working house of thought

I shield from sol's fierce ray

Far through the forest, by hard scratching

And many devious ways.

Thou summer rag at best, I have thee here

A prey to autumn and to winter wind

The days are chill, the snows are almost here

While I go southward to a land less drear

A new felt tile, must cover in my mind.

My love, if thou dost hold the wine of two men's lives in
thy dear hands,

I pity thee, for thou hast ta'en what thou can'st not
restore.

If thou bear'st one away in thy sweet heart

Then must thou spill the other in the sand.

But blame me not, if I do pray thee for my soul

Oh ! leave me not to mourn the empty craise, the evening
of my days

Long time in secret has the fragrance grown,

It is my all. I pray thee for my own.

1332.

Some little nest is lonesome
 Some little heart is sad,
 Some little head is moaning
 All in the sunshine glad.
 Oh ! the grief, the bitter grief
 And the wrong without redress
 Is babbled about by every leaf
 And the day is weariness.
 That all that love should be in vain !
 That flight from the sunny south
 And the courting in April's sun and rain .
 Oh ! the grief, the bitter grief
 And the wrong with no redress
 Whether it fall on bird or man
 The thought is madness, nothing less.

G.M.D. Jan. /73.

The mist is upon the river
 And the moon, the waning moon
 Looks down on the dimed mirror
 Where the ice will gather soon.
 The Pleads and Orion are high o'er the forest dim
 And nature lies in the hush of night
 From singing her autumn hymn.

The firs are dark, and their ragged tops stand black
 against the sky
 But the poplar woods are thin and bare, and the moon
 Beams falling everywhere in their secret hollows lie.
 Their hills are paved with their coined gold
 Child of the sun and air
 Each leaf a finished perfect thing
 But there is no footfall there
 For the very breath of night is still

Mosquito.

There is a sharpness in the prairie air
 The summer flaunts her banners on the sward
 There is a haunting presence everywhere
 Of twice a myriad, myriad whetted stings
 The air is full of murrur . . . and of song
 That rounds the solemn stillness of the waste
 As gay the light mosquito oars along
 "In God and in his sword" his trust is placed
 Oh smudge, oh ! glorious smudge, let me entrance
 In thy sweet noxious cloud
 And nose and eyes all smarting with thy stench !
 There curse the winged crowd.

Blue eyed, beside the melting snow
On lichened rock
Forget-me-nots that sleep and grow
Or gazing still on Heaven's blue
Turn ever nearer it in hue.

Oh God a key, a little key,
A pass-word for the iron door
That shuts the whole bright world from me
So strong I need not strive or press
That stands against all human stress
Deep founded on Eternity.

A grove of tall and silent pines
Where moss receives the tread,
Or where the shadow darker lies
Are piled the leaves of seasons dead.
A summer sun, or seeming calm,
But to a quicker ear the roar
Of jostling atoms as they crowd
At every leaflet's open pore.
How soon we cease to miss the news
The noisy chatter of the day
Of battles won and lost, of games
That knaves and dupes devise and play.

Thenoon the leafage of the time
 The transient doers of today
 That fill the armies of the dead
 And year by year are swept away
 And as they come, and pass with noise,
 The peace of God continues here
 And flux of time is meted out
 In wooden cycles, year by year.

Peace River, Aug. 1879.

"A Russian Princess"

Paris 1892.

Of savage times, a perilous great deep
 Looks out through her young eyes
 The primal Slav, the Wend, the Scythian,
 And of the North the battle and the sleep,
 The feasting, famine, heat and bitter cold
 Of year-long marches in the twilight world
 Songs, dirges - tales that never can be told.
 The flapping tents of skin on sun-browned hills
 Wind of the steppes and sandy river-beds;
 Or stunted pines, where Arctic winter shrills
 By huts half buried near the cattle sheds,
 The woman of primeval fate
 In this swift tide of later days,

Of Heaven and Hell she swings the gate
 And counts not either blame or praise.
 Low browed and stately, dark and tall,
 (Her sires the Roman legions stayed)
 She moves a queen amid them all
 Barbarian and not afraid !

The Truant.

Oh I have been dancing the night, my lord,
 All under the greenwood tree;
 In the light o' the moon on the soft green sward
 And I would you had been with me.
 The music began, but you slept my lord
 You cared nothing that I could see
 But the rime and the time and the elves themselves
 Were calling and calling to me.
 I went not of will to the dancing green
 With hazels (?) about in the dew,
 But was wafted there in the cool night air
 And far and away from you.
 But still you slept on my lord, you slept,
 Or so it beseemed to me,
 Till the light of the dawn fell cold upon
 The wood and the lawn and the lea.
 And here am I back by your side, my lord,

And glad to be back with thee,
 But when shrill pipes sound to the dances round
 Oh sleep not, but come with me.

July 30th. '93.

I cannot sound the depths of life and death,
 They lie, as infinitely deep today
 As when man first threw out
 His little line to measure them.

My childhood, now I look far back -
 A dream amid its misty years
 Seems but a troubled dawn in which
 Some gladness mingled with my tears.
 I feel a great regret of love
 For those who gave me birth and strove
 To do their duty, dimly seen
 Amid the stress of life.

A writer of books and a weaver of rhymes,
 A man, no regard of seasons or times,
 For a home, all the world, but alone and aloof
 With no family, fireside, or sheltering roof.
 A stranger mid travellers; all are no more
 Where eternity fretting the border of time (shore)

No friend to clasp hand with, no wish to fulfill
No fear to contend with, no good or no ill
With one question recurring, the problem of all
Unspoken, unanswered, till death some day fall.

Across Siberia Eastward.

We came by the long land marches,
By forest and steppe and plain
We peopled a silent country
Of rivers and drought and rain;
Of snow and ice and winter,
But with fish and flesh and fur.
We made fire and song in the silent land
And danced in the night there, hand in hand,
For the country was new and lone.
And the wise men kept the ancient rite
The signs of day and the stars of night
The spells and the tokens, the count and tale
From father to son and from year to year
Till We came to the sounding sea.

Great-God! the Father of mankind
The spring of life, the hand of fate
I bow to Thee in humble mind
& kneel before the golden gate
That bars the seen, this class of day

One star above the mountain crest,
The dark & utmost-veils of earth,
That drops full swift into the West
Opens the footsteps of the day
A thousand stars that start behind
From out the ancient realm of night

The greening darkness fills the lane,
& stills the thousand tongues of day
'Tis only on my knees I dare
To look afar, or scan the way
Which I must tread, to look & pray
& when above the path I turn
To where the lights of heaven burn
My lips refuse to utter prayer -
No plummet-melts dark nature's
Throeps wh. the swift-melting ^{deep} ~~seeps~~
I know not cannot understand
But stricken silence may express
The reverent awe I must confess

Vernon V.C.
1890

G. M. D.

This written by his sister Anna

How small is life!
 How limited & small
 How great the range of fancy,
 Soaring free
 The mind that roams & roams
 & grasps at all
 The things that have been, or that are to be,
 I see the graceful beauties of the dawn,
 & follow swift, where their light feet have trod
 The asphodel & dewy-scented lawn
 A goddess flies & I pursue, - a god!
 I touch the stars, & speed from sphere to sphere,
 Beyond all pale where human kind hath been
 Till lost in awe & wondering, in fear
 I kneel & call upon the great unseen
 For wisdom, power of mind, that I may hold
 But one fixed atom, know, I understood.
 It cannot be, far in each atom rolled
 Is god, & the oppugnant ill & good.
 The limit rears, it hounds the way,
 I turn, & follow on the pulse of time
 On, son after son, where thankless
 May travel, may invest? some after day
 Only partly know, may sing, in jarring rhyme.

yes I love you, knowing nothing
 you are but a girl I see
 Throwing glances this way, that way,
 Nowing back to glance on me.
 For it solves the world's enigma
 If I love & you as well
 All the way is plain & easy,
 Steps that mount to god, from hell.
 Be than good or be than evil,
 It is little we are still
 Heirs divine of man's endeavour,
 Forns that prove the god-like will
 Souls that hold with conscious knowledge
 Something of the march of time
 Bands that clasp & eyes that see

He in a dim uncertain way
 Saw good & evil warring here
 & strove with allegoric pen
 To show & teach his fellow men
 To see this conflict, true & clear
 So not far from, or place, or julf
 Forced to be loyal to himself
 Despised John Bunyan, wrote & wrought
 So well that he is not forgot
 Such works as never are forgot
 So long as England stands
 Or English speech, in wider lands
 Is spoken by the tongues of men.
 The sithen gallants of his time
 All claimed by time, have passed away
 But his unsought-for fame
grows every day

Wilmington, Delaware

That is what made it strange, yet glad,
 To me when rounded in with death
 & hacking at the sable crew
 That charged (changed) between my gasps for breath.
 There, in that moment all was seen
 That I had partly seen before
 & though I knew I must not yield
 I would have gladly passed the door
 The open door of death; To seek
 The solving of life's problems there
 Or meet oblivion's calm, & speak
 No more. These questions
 What death come must be, &
 Can but fully be

I hear the wind in the trees, as of yore when my heart
 was young
 & the south wind swayed the boughs to the song they
 sung.

Their speech grows softer & further, till falling asleep
 They rest in the silence of midnight, still & deep
 & silent - far away the moon swims to the west.

So infinitely full of regrets & longings
 Instincts of love & attachment
 & the sights & dreams of early youth.
 Knowledge that all this will fade away with age
 To be replaced by a petty materialism of mere existence
 That not one had fathomed or could truly comprehend
 what the great impulses of life really mean.
 That because I am alive today these impulses &
 hopes & regrets which seem to his oblivion are pulsing
 through me. That these are eternal & pass like a
 fire through the cornfield of humanity devouring
 as they pass.

Wilmington Hotel

It is life & love & being in the light
 That makes a terror of the coming night,
 If all the universe were dead
 Death would not stand a spectre, dread.
 We live & love & so we needs must die.
 Must faint & fail beneath our narrow sky.
 Oh friend! I link thy living hand in mine
 & hold thy life is share to me than mine
 & swear that friendship lasts, outlasting all,
 That our true love must hold, whatever fall,
 But night creeps on us even as we stand
 & death unlocks the clasp of thy true hand,
 False memory fails to keep the cherished tale of youth
 Stand now, while still thine eye may mark the sun
 & note the wheels of nature obverseward run;
 So that all nature slides toward the deep.
 We cannot fathom; So ascend the steep
 We see no way; So build again, the plan is not;
 & still we know that sometime all things grew
 That all the old & passing was the new,
 New & increasing wonder of some presie
 That rose & headed ere we counted time.
 Thus are we sure the whole is hid from eyes
 That some great cause moves ceaseless through things
 The realm of all. That Jung fear of death
 Which needs must fall, is sickly & untrue
 & trust, that in the whole of nature there is part
 For all the deep emotions of the heart

As well as place for sphere & atom & the stream
of time & change & basis for the dream of life.

God lays this bar of death across the path to try
our faith
Trust, absolute & full leads on & on & knows no
pause.
This body is our world, but leaving it, the way
that nature points,
Lies still before, laid down along (athwart) all
time by rules & laws.

It comes too late the long reward of life.
When I am old, I very like to die,
Am weary with the din of ceaseless strife,
They place the sceptre in my hand & cry
Obey rule! & all that you have spoken do.
It is too late - The inspiration fails
Mine eyes see dimly & my ears hear no more
Grasps true. The loved ones gone before
Becken to follow, & do not? applaud?
Still, here upon the throne of judgment I may sit -
In neutral calm some unemotional days
To deal out law & judgment (justice) fairly
By the rule, wise, in that - folly
Dempts no snare, that-blame or praise
Are but neglected trifles.

The air is full of Yankee guff,
They clutch the wires & spread the lie,
The roaring press accepts to print
The boast, the haunce, of those who know
Not rightly how to live or die.
The commonplace of weary days
The Franklins, Wellsters, Jacksons, Clays
The cardinal tragedy of war
Wrought in the bosom of a state,
Told & again retold in prose
In rhyme, by process blocks;

5.

While all there is of 'manhood' boils
Around the changing price of stocks
On the green hills fields, toil still has place
& at the bench or by the forge.

How often, oh how often, have I crept back to sleep
When silent stars are lighted, oh God in thy great deep
The daily cares are over, the daily work is done
That comes again with morning, that rises with the sun
To sleep alone with ⁱⁿ silence, alone strive in the smart
Is there no greater purpose, no better nobler part?
The dreams I dreamt in childhood come no longer now
The clear-eyed strength of manhood with smooth un-

wrinkled brow
Its visions & ambitions so limitless & true
Have they forever darkened to one grey & colorless hue?
The hope that love would vanquish all doubts that grew
with life,

Have they forever vanished, in daily care & strife!
Still to my soul in slumber, she comes with fond cares
 stooping to kiss my forehead, I know that trailing tress
Is it my love - my true love as I thought long ago,
Reluctant now in silence, although she said she no,
Or is it any another from some? Home? beyond the sight
With an infinite compassion

It is not my love - my true love I thought oh long ago
That takes my hand in slumber & sings so sweet & low

& after all is tested, all in life, love, wonder, reverence
arise; delight to touch the springs of reverence nature
& to know what may be known of man - comes pity &
sad-eyed regret, the end of all philosophy.
But this is love, & pity is attached to those we know
& spreading thence embraces all the all. The coin of
love is tears, & tears the fitting menstruum of life &
death - the will of God, & how we worship here.

a prayer

(6)

Oh God I thank thee that my soul
Is merciful to all & pitiful
And that the use & word of life
Abates not pity for the best & weak.
That the frail gnat, afloat upon the air
& the green plant, recipient of the sun
Appeals & speaks directly to my heart
Far pity & far stay.
That to protect them - purposeful though weak -
Is all inherent in my soul
That my feet herms to pass the lovely warm,
My hand to spare the swelling chambers of the bud,
If all the world is framed (fully) death or rapine still
I may preserve a tender love of life
It is because of sin that we may
Hope to win to holiness
For we are less than Thee
& cannot contemplate
Thy universal plan

To old so very old
& yet so ~~new~~ new
The chanted song of life & death
That sounds the ages through.
Since ever on the waiting air
Was speech & laughter borne
Full sighs & tears, the voice of prayer
& stern resolves
All the maws that men have reared
{ Ring thoughtful bells & wave on wave
Fall in thy upon my soul
or Thy sacred hath already risen
{ Like low sweet tones from out a prison
Like melody that childhood gave
When life was living with no goal
In after years if music's tone
Grows loud & great
The music is not sweet alone.

(127)

The night wind drew across the plain,
All on the blood stained tangled sod
Lay the still dead, & far away
The camp fires glimmered on the hill

My love a pure dream maiden,
Withouten taint of clay,
All night I seek in dreamland far,
Where hopes & fair ideas are;
Where naught is distant, nothing dead.
But all things we have thought or said
Are seen, or fancied, stay.
Your earthly maids, are too like men,
Shaped in the same untempered clay,
Keen to enjoy, to have & hold,
Infected with the lust of gold
& all the fever of the day

I do not love you - I have loved before.
O' chance has come & shut its iron door,
& time has culled the early flower of youth
& left - one sore & yellow - autumn leaf.
In truth I cannot love you
yet one thing I know - I long to see you smile
To touch your hand, or silent -
wait - & stand to hear you speak.
What matters it, what can it be to me
if your quick glance be given
To him who worships near?
afar, I wait & wonder - almost fear.

Advance! Arise my soul to dare
To wing aloft to upper air
& on those junicous seek the ray
Which slants, far up, precursting day
Leave the soft vales, the whispering stream
& seek above the high cold gleam
The shining hem of new-born light
Upon the flying skirt of night.

From my Tent. Fraser River, Above Fallcoot
5th Oct. 1889

(8)

A fire that twinkles on the hill,
Dim mountains rising, tier on tier;
Thin mists below, the valley fill,
And over all the full moon clear.
The slumberous sound of crickets song
That drones & drowns the whole night long,
While deep below, with steady roar
The river frets its rocky shore,
& from everlasting, evermore.
A parched hellamie-baden air
That still flames warm as in the day
Tired horses cropping scanty fare
Along the slopes of sun-baked clay -
The psalm of life, & death & time
Whose solemn music beats so true
And fills the soul with dim unrest -
Despair of that we know & do.
The symphony is drawn afar
From some remote full-orbed star
That from the depth of primal night
Sends (sheds) but one benighted ray of light -

The sky, the sea of prairie-land
That billows onward to the verge,
The yellow near, the purple far,
& how between the colours surge,
The silence & the width of sun
& how the breezes play & run
Upon the grass, & what they say -
How can I tell?
It is enough, perchance, to be
A part of nature; to survey
With one long look - & pass away.
I know not but in this great day
I bring ready tears, & life & death
Are true. - Welcome alike, for have not they
Since, hand in hand, made this wide realm,

Indian Summer

[9]

The air is still, so still & warm
That scarce the aspen trembles now,
But when the creeping zephyr moves
Within the wood, altho' each haugh,
The mental gold of summer falls
& each leaf floating downward pays
Its debt to nature of the year.

Kneel, worship,
Walk silent in this sacred grove,
Upon its golden autumn floor;
It is the parable of death,
& type of all things gone before.
The chieftain has lost its worth, the leaf —
That substance drew from earth & air
& drank the chalice of the sun, —
A painted banner of decay,
On mother earth how art thou covered with such;
Thine is the language of ten thousand years
Fond (past) hopes, vast projects, dead desires
Yea all that may be bought by blood or tears;
& how it doth become us here to walk
In silence, & with loving reverence tread
Our way upon the ashes of the dead.

N. Thompson Valley 26 Sept. 88

We were a little band that stood
Beside the grave in early May
To see the new-turned earth enclose
The little daughter, passed away.
Of gault, & sturdy men, & some hooped heads
With scanty locks & grey.
& birds sang gaily in the woods
Upon the yellow grain the sickle well may fall.

(11)

Building, building, through the ages
In the sunlight of each day
Men, & sons of men have builded
Thought, & toil, & passed away
As the ant-hill in the summer
Raised with ceaseless toil & pain
Closed & finished ere the summer
Washed away with winter's rain.
Pyramids & mighty temples
Longer standing, slowly fall
I longer builded
When ten thousand years have circled
Scarce we trace the ancient wall.
Ever new the morning rises
Ever new the twilight seeps
From the East its rising curtains
Out of boundless cosmic deeps.
Ever springing, ever living
Loving, longing, failing, dead.
Sires & sons & grandsons moving
To the haunts where all has fled
Oh my soul! is longing narrow
Is the hope that live, long dead
Still may live in some far narrow
By our marks when we are sped (dead)
Is this hope a sin, or wherefore

(Both) Does grim nature stone from stone
Overturn our building
Fill with mass & weed o'ergrown
Is it chaos, nature's chaos
Formless, stilted, dead, unknown?
If a son should strive to perfect
What his father has begun
If the corn grows hard, & refuses
In each day's succeeding sun
Why sh^d thou, if, Mother nature
Wreck & bury, name & date!
But thou art no mother. - Hear me,
Thou art but a mighty wrong
& we battle with thy forces
Only that we may be strong
For a man, oh learn that knowledge

us) (Sons of men, oh take this council)
 Build but not in crumbling stone
 Build in thought & build the council
 Passing on from sire to son
 Thy torch of reason lighted
 By the Pure Creative One
 If dead stone to stone is welded
 Build alone, to point the way
 Of the highroad to oblivion
 Of a certain, swift decay.
 Every word that carries meaning
 To a living, human ear
 Is eternal, or thy structure
 Scarce outlasts a cosmic year
 Every beat the heart makes, flinging)?
 Blood to circle in the brain
 Through the universe is ringing
 Never to be stilled again.

Solemnly, sullenly, beating the shore,
 Wave upon wave on the rocks on the sand.
 Rocks that are echoing full with their roar
 Solemnly, sullenly, guarding the land.

Troubled my spirit with doubting, I said.
 Questioning, questioning - asking in vain,
 Where are the dreams the bright visions I had
 Will they return to me never again?

Answer the ocean in measure profound.
 Where are the waves that were yesterday here?
 Passed - as will all things that gird us around
 Let it snailers, a day or a year -

Sept. 17/1

Friends are made, & friendships broken
 Lives are woven & untwined
 Loving hearts without a token
 Float apart - I never find
 On this earth another meeting,
 Though they part so very lightly

With a friendly word & greeting
Scarcely a tear drop, gliding brightly
Still they part, mayhap for ever
& their eyes & hearts will never,
never hold communion again.

Sept. 29. 1870

Old memories floating in the mind
And thoughts of things to come
The sweetness of a by-gone love
The sights & sounds of home -

And all the longings that oppress
yet soothe the weary soul
That struggles on in loneliness
as years & seasons roll

They ever haunt the troubled mind
That longeth still for rest
Some misty haven lies behind
Some island of the blest.

So dreams the mariner at night
Who glides along the seas
When all the arch above is bright
and gently comes the breeze

So dreams the traveller as in some
Far land the day is done
So dreams the toiler as his steps
Precede the rising sun

So dream we all each fevered mind
Till life's long dream is o'er
Till knowing not, we rest, & sleep
as calmly as before

Aug. 1870

A land of woods, a forest-land between the mountains & the sea
Full of the slow still growth of plants, from clinging moss to stately trees
Within whose chambered walls, the sap hath flowed its rounds a 1000 years
A silent & a lonely land, where never footfall jars the ear
& time is marked by growth of wood in added circles year by year.
A land of waters, lakes, & streams that wind & dabble as they go.

When the days are growing longer, & the arctic sunbeams fall
On the snow clad capes & far lands, & the glaciers ^{of} fissured walls
When the yellow beams are slanting over leagues & leagues of ^{ice}

When that last sleep falls heavily, on earth dimmed eyes
Calm, or in season of pain;
When all we see or know of strength & beauty dies
Is light for ever quenched, or shall we see again?
Doth life that gourns here, then cease to be?
Is sun at eventime quenched in the sea?
Nay, it can not be, so death is not all
Nay what so'er be, he is not raised but to fall

Oh had the darkness & the glimmery dawn
The sound of voices stealing through the night
The truths we know not, cannot look upon
& gloom dawn spreading on half wakened light
Were man alone, were I the only one
To grope & stumble through this rightless land
'Till life is quenched & the dim journey done'
But others follow, linking hand in hand.
Some clearer than I know (?) but all of kin
& answering heart to heard amidst the gloom
Some laughing with enforced gay heart
& some whose souls will ponder on their doom
Will snarling never break, will death,
Open the gates of darkness to the light -
Is it that hardening up this passing breath
We but prolong the reign of night?

?
The air is all so still & warm
That scarce the aspen trembles now
But when the creeping zephyr moves
Within the wood

Copied by 9

The muted gold of summer falls,
& each leaf floating downward pays
Its debt to nature & the year
Walk silent in the sacred grove
Upon its golden autumn floor

It is the parable of death

A type of all things gone before

The cain has lost its worth, the leaf
Which erewhile drew from sun & air

Is but a painted banner? of decay

Oh mother earth how art thou strewn? with such

Last hopes, past-projects, dead desires

Where is the leafage of ten thousand years

& how it doth become us here to walk in silence

& with reverent feet, upon the ashes of the majesty dead

Which substance drew from earth & air

& drank the chalice of the sun

The ranked woods with hands up spread

And dressed in gold are still with awe;

Another day was born, is dead,

In mystery of perfect-law.

The clouds slow marching on their way

No garb or form of mourning wear

Or ⁱⁿ ~~chest~~ decked in every colour gay

~~isjewel~~ all the upper air

The rosy water scarcely snows

But lays its cheek upon the shore

And all is hushed in holy calm

As hath been often here before

How often who can tell?

The night is cold, the sky is grey

The water laps upon the sand;

The trees have faced their tongues to say

& fearful whisper as they stand

The stars are glimmering up the east

The night air searching to & fro

Life is a longing backwards

For the old things others tried

I am sitting here & thinking, by the sunshine of today
of the problems men have pondered & may ponder on for aye
of the long unsolved questions, of eternity, of time
That have lived in every mortal, every nation, every clime
Are we nearer, any nearer to the knowledge we desire
As we mould the faith of ages to new forms upon our fire.
We may see a little deeper, with more microscopic ken
In the building & the weaving of the earth-world now than then
But when patiently, with science, we undo the tangled skein
{ Or with doubting footsteps follow dim perceptions thro' the brain
{ Or follow dim perceptions through the chambers of the brain
Are we treading on an onward path, or do our footsteps tread
Through labyrinths of stuff & mind, to bring us to the end
To that dark verge where all we know ends in the dim unseen
That view of a great starless void, which there has outlook on
Who walking by his hidden paths, have dared to draw the
veil of light
& trembling strain their useless eyes, on the cold realm of night
which there have made their own

Mich. 19. 1876

Beneath the drooping new born leaves,
We walked together once again
The day nor dark nor bright, brimfull,
With calm expectancy of rain

We talked of these indifferent things
Which lie upon the lips alone
Words that may pass from mouth to mouth
& hearts beneath be cold as stone

Words that may weave the thickest veil
So hide a gulf of care, or woe;
Or hang a friendly curtain where
Loves first pale outlines grow.

Far had our different pathways led
We thought not each of other then
By different scenes & hopes bestad
Till wandering brought us home again

For years had come I & you again
& flowers that blossomed once were dead & as had our different pathways led
& in the sunshine of the rain

Is this a brief awakening
or but a troubled sleep
The scintillation of a star
That falls from deep to deep
Or the first-throb & movement
of life within the germ
of sun-beloved butterfly
In dull unrightly water

I hear the river murmur low
& saugh & ruddy on its way
I mark the starlight-wind turn slow
& ever recurrent, night & day -

Credo

There was a past, & there is a future
& we have part in both. In the beginning
was God & we were in the beginning.
Today we are a link in eternally inherent
in the nature of continuence & in a man-
ner determined by the all in all of which
we are part. but lot is just & by measure
every way, & there is no power of miracle to
prevail against this necessity of law. We
speak of good & evil, but both are just &
true, & the interaction of opposites in life,
& the integration of all is righteousness.
I rejoice in the unknown past, I rejoice
to live, & will rejoice to die & take my
part in the inevitable further tide of
things, whether knowingly or without in-
dividual knowledge continuing as a part
of the all in all which is God.

To me in life, the known beginning is
the beginning of my life, but from this
point of vision I can see life interminably
behind & interminably beyond, of which
I am only a shining flame, but can realize
interaction of forces upon which this flame
feeds, spread interminably further. No begin-
ning nor ending of these forces or of this stretching
is it possible to see from where I stand
but I do not impatiently question. This
summation of all things is God, & I am some

part of God, seeing, in so far as it is just
I sh^d see, submitting in so far as it is
just I sh^d submit. - Justice sees. - I am
content with this see, & happy in being
able to realize its quantitative effect.

Jan. 15th / 98

closed

I know that in a day or two
 All memory of today will pass
 & that of year succeeding year.
 The mind grows dim, & that, alas,
 The joy of former time doth fade
 The sorrow too - the chord it once struck
 Attuned to grief & not afraid
 To cherish sorrow as the truth.

The faces of our friends grow dim,
 With absence vanish in the deep.
 Given but a lifetime & we fail
 To know the past from thoughts in sleep,
 They say that memory is a clue
 By which we know that not before
 This life, we stood beneath the sun.

That history is our only lore
 Of deeds & thoughts already done.
 I hold that in an inner sense
 Imbued with the mind & soul
 I find the working, & intense
 Deep was flaming true & whole
 Of eons dating from the prime,
 Of thought & love & sorrow past,
 Of sun & night, of calm & wind
 Aeolian echoes in the mind
 I do not know that ages past

In some strange guise I lived before
 I know & only know that vast
 Love seas spread everyway
 From this strait shore
 On which I stand, where we embrace,
 & meeting, you & I, & face to face
 One-time that was, & is, & is to be.
 Know that since seen & that we are to see
 Know life & death are one, & time is not

I make no plaint - that I am here to die,
 But seeking only for the soul of things
 Long passed before my weary waking eye
 Imperfect words strive mightily for wings.
 To reach you, ye who slay, & strong in gentle

This is just a suggestion in connection with the
N. W. Frontier Campaign. 1896.

Killed on the Afghan frontier —
The mountains were I have,
The mist drinks up the battle smoke —
Would I had I had been there —
Unmeasured leagues from quiet-homes,
Long silence, doubt & dread
The eeries speak now too swift & sure
& number out the dead.
"Position taken, losses slight."
"Anstrucher? Captain, dead fell
"The next division is in sight
"I all proceeding well"
Aye well, if you may call it well so
When Jim lies cold & dead
As gay & true, & clean a man
As ever England bred.

After long travel in the mountain land
I touched the speaking wire which knits the world
& flashed a message to the souls I love,
— all well!
& like an echo over land & sea the answer spoke
all well! & we rejoiced together
But oh far speech from that far land
Which lies beyond the sun —

In God's great silent underworld at dusk
The red west mirrored in the glowering lake
Peace, peace the silent song of all.

Hark that long wail, the inarticulate cry
To God of outraged nature
In mortal terror

The open gulf of death has
No prayer, no uttered word

The protest wild of life
The cry for help that fades into the void
Yet I long brooding on the mystery of pain & death
Find no response, & yet must fain

Hold that thy breath,
God's lowliest image

Is not spent in vain
That thy wild protest
Thrown into the night
Falls not unheeded

Yet how long oh Lord this mystery of wrong, of ---
& of pain.

In God's great underworld, at close of day
The red west mirrored in the glowering lake
The dark wood breathless, speaking all of peace
Hark the wail cry of pain
Keeps one long cry of mortal fear & pain

To those who Stay

The old old call has come to me,
 The pulse beats low, the light is dim
 The ail descends & all I see
 But flickers on the sable rim.
 To ye who stay my message lies,
 I speak but as I understand,
 There is no good that satisfies
 But friendship, joining hand in hand.
 I know because I have not won
 This querdon in the play of life,
 But loved the air & sea & sun,
 The rest of peace & charm of strife
 Through all oh friend if such had been
 We might have travelled soul to soul
 Rejoicing, grieving, serene or green
 But therewith satisfied & whole.
 I knelt before the rising dawn,
 & warshipful glaving close of day
 On lone sea-margins widely drawn
 & fragrant-placis that spread away
 All green & gummed?, or brown & bare
 With wintry winds & flying snow—
 I am content to die & share
 The inner ^{of silent things,}
 But shall I know the days that were
 When love might gift the soul with wings
 To rise & roar & join the song

Oh to be young & to dream
 To wait & to dream all the day
 & to look on the world from afar
 To gaze, if you stop in your play,
 On its motion & stress
 Without question or doubt
 As to fitness or cause
 Not knowing how life is ground out
 In the wheels of unchangeable laws,
 To ponder on chance & to sing
 By the ever new fountain of spring
 To feel 'tis best nature that you are a child
 & that others sh^d stand in the market & street
 Where you have no part or no duties to meet
 'Tis divine! It is being a god of the fays
 In a garden of Eden with no stony ways.

I am loth to break the silence
 That hath lain between us long
 & I fear to question fully
 Lest my hopes have done me wrong
 We have seen & conversed daily
 In light words & smiling eyes
 & our hands have touched & parted
 Without cause for joy or sighs
 So it seemeth, best-holy spirit
 All is strong to please to thine
 All I have of good or merit
 What is in me of divine

In bird's carol, sound of bees
 In whisper of the yellow grass
 That bends where summer breezes pass.
 Deep sound of water from the hills
 Or laughter of lone hidden rills.
 In all things fair that touch the soul
 Thy name & thine alone is heard.

In waves upon the storm beat shore
 The tempest struggling with the pine
 Fierce rapids hoorn & torrents roar
 Haarc voices shout - she is not thine!
 Equal to torture & repeat
 It were not well, our just, nor meet
 That she a maid so passing sweet
 With thee should meet.

From midnight & deep peace that folds
 On forests, deserts, cities walls
 Wills the great universal song
 Endure, ^{it will not be for} endurance is not long
 Care, sorrow, longing, love unblest
 Gads' amuse? perpetual rest
 Deep sleep, oblivion, rounds it all -

It is a sacrament to die,
 The fitting close of life,
 To palliate & dignify
 All wrong & littleness

A year ago, beneath the pines
 Upon the Athabasca's rim
 The snow lay soft in clods & hues
 On tufted boughs & gnarled limb
 Far from the crowd & far away
 From all we hold on earth most dear
 The fading of the wintery day
 Before the of spring
 Saw by the warm blue southern sea
 With busy life, apparent joy
 Soft music faces fair to see

Genoa, ~~evening~~ ^{evening} & a sky
 With wrack that draws across the hills
 The rocking ships at anchor lie
 The sun dips low, & purple falls
 The breezy air.
 So often may the sky & sea
 Have glowed 3 hundred years ago
 To young Columbus high

Time cools the fever of the blood
 Sleep lays oblivion on the soul
 Age blunts the hard, keen edge of thought
 Death, mayhap, ends the whole.

Time is the sequence of events
 The pulse & breathing, of the soul
 No dull mechanic? day or night
 Of earth revolving on its pole
 The moon has scarcely filled a change
 While I have died through ten long years
 & where so e'er my footsteps range
 The scene is dimmed & blurred with tears
 Life holds no good for which I stay?
 Death brings no evil that I fear.

A Suicide

Poor middle-aged, ill fed, ill clad
 A face that smiled without a ray.
 A man to pass without a thought
 A hundred such seen every day
 Yet here in the high inner room
 A soul that reels? & hurries away
 The hope of life, the fear of death
 The dread that binds us to our clay

She must roll through the world, in a carriage forward
 Roll on over everything, even the truth
 If it stand in the way.

Blame her! no never blame her.

But pitying name her.

A fruit of the time.

When convention I folly

Have covered the holy

When sins against fashion

are taken for crime

& death self-inflicted

of soul & of heart.

So venial & trivial

A moment of smart

Preventing a birth

Which besides being vulgar

may lead her to fame.

On foot - by the way

Without carriage & pair

She runs in the world but

As a great masquerade

In which good & bad clothes

are the objects displayed

But God helps her! she soon

Day may find there is that

In life, wanting which

Neither a good coat nor hat
 Can satisfy
 When the sweet-luring fountain
 of pleasure runs dry
 The lone desert-burns
 Trembling, & red to the eye,
 & none of the things
 Prayed? of fashion can buy
 A cool drop.
 Or God's image, a friend.

I turned the page & slowly turned
 The yellow paper stained & old
 & marked which leaf was fairly writ
 & which was blotted & half told
 by weavers, or grief, or joy
 The hand had felt in its employ
 & where at length the pen was stayed
 & life's last entry weakly made,
 I read not words, nor cared to know
 What thoughts had filled the silent-brain.
 The story of a life was there
 An echo of the old refrain.
 I knew I would not find subscribed
 The thoughts of sight, the words of prayer.
 The looks of love, or hate, & all

That - make life truly dark or fair.
 All, all had faded in the night
 Save what - poor outline here was spared
 (François Lake B. C. 1876)

Life

At - best - a poor sleep - waking
 A consciousness of pain
 In which we strive to know & do
 & striving sleep again.
 A sound of distant voices.
 That - talk within the night
 The twitter of awakened birds
 Before the morn's broad light
 We argue that a dawn must be.
 That - questionings must answers find,
 That - in some chain of being linked
 Is the dear wretched human mind.
 But - they who do no question hold
 Who live alone, in outer sense,
 Must - they move on to higher things
 Nor sink to utter senselessness?
 Nay rather, happy day remains
 To those who live not for the night,
 But - true, & striving faithfully
 Shall see a way from light to night -

(Ouisincoeur River. B. C.)
 14 22 1879

A grove of tall & silent pines
 Where moss receives the tread
 So where the shadows darker lie
 Are piled the leaves of seasons dead.
 A summer sun, a sunny calm
 But to a quicker ear the roar
 Of jostling atoms as they crowd
 In every leaflets open pore

How soon we cease to miss the news
 The noisy chatter of the day
 Of battles won & lost
 Of games? that knowes & dupes
 Devises & play

These are the leafage of the time
 The transient doors of today
 That fill the armies of the dead
 That year by year are swept away.
 As they come I pass with none (noise?)
 The peace of god continues here
 The flux of time is meted out
 In cycles added year by year

Ah girl I thou didst take
 The first, last, strong devotion of a man
 Didst smile & let him stake
 Hope, faith, & life's whole plan;
 Took homage, service, love
 Pleased to receive with earnest smiles took all
 My queen enthroned above
 Then kindly, with a tear
 A tear - scarce pain for eyes unused to weep -
 said, we though friends most dear
 Must part, must silence keep
 Let absence build a wall
 Trust me t'will grow, to life's remotest end
good bye - good bye, adieu my friend.

My ships have all gone down,
 The storm is done.
 After the wind thou see
 They melt down to calm,
 But now no more for me.
 I have no argo now to sail
 To me the calm is death - All fail
 Youth, joy, age hope

I spread thee dear friend thy sail

God sped thy bark -
 The wind the time is fair -
 To islands of the blest
 Where is true rest from care
 If pleasure come again I will be
 In knowing all is well with thee
 Whom still I love

I had a dream, that two struck hands
 On this uncertain shore of time
 Saying what risk have soon these sands
 The wary billows safe or climb
 We talking softly soul to soul
 Will still strive onward for the right
 Content though seeing not the goal
 Secure together in the night

So ends my two years dream, the last
 That my fond soul shall hold & feel
 I now that the fierce grief is past
 My heart-beats on, though it may bleed.
 I wake to find myself a man
 Cut off from love, from beauty barred
 In the one effort of my soul
 To enter heaven, ill-starred.

I gave myself to toil, to climb
 The scale of knowledge year by year
 Let not my hand on wealth, nor knew
 That one day, it might be so dear
 I shrank still from evil, I withdrew
 From where the throng with dusty feet
 Trod in the great-world's muck, nor knew
 The converse of life's busy ~~road~~ street

Came then the thought: that life is short,
 Too short to reach by nature's clue
 From out of darkness up to God,
 From discord to one & true.

Why then toil on, why spend the years
 That pass so swift beneath the sun
 In labouring on a rugged steep
 Where path or guidance there is none?
 Almost my spirit died, well nigh

Had yielded to the idle dream
 That life is not for effort-held
 That good is not the joy we deem

A new voice in soft-metled words
 Said, "Strive not idly to attain,
 What strength & time cannot bear down
 At once by key of love we gain"
 Love smiled. — In beauty I beheld
 Revealed the very thought of God;
 Life had a meaning, & the way
 Was clear & firm on which I trod.
 Not all too far for human feet
 One fair, fair image mediate stood,
 A living altar by the way,
 Where all of high & true & good
 That in me rose was brought & laid.
 Around her surpassing fair, thought-tree,
 From my soul's fantasy displayed,
 With growth of love uprose a shrine
 Would God that I that hour had died!
 For once to die, is not so rare
 There is no easier way beside
 Whereby man quits time's troubled shore
 And if full faith in changeless love
 Bear the weak soul, beyond the verge

Sustaining peace I rest may wait,
 The human to the god-like surge.
 Not so - I lived, - to find that truth
 And beauty are the prizes of gold,
 Are clutched by earth-stained hands, though both
 To ashes fall, in being sold.

So ended love - black night I down
 Blotted the promise of fair dawn.
 Till my dear idol, with all else
 That in long time had thereto drawn. -
 Died joy, trust; hope in human kind,
 Belief in man, nay faith in god.
 Had I not yet enough to bear
 That at a woman's lightest nod
 All should vanish in despair?
 Others there be I know as fair,
 What rest in that to my spent mind
 All that I am is gone with her
 A hungry eye left behind.

Time cools the fever of the blood,
 Sleep lays oblivion on the soul,
 Age rusts the hard keen edge of thought -
 Death, mayhap, ends the whole.

None bringeth comfort, rather would
 I writhe forever in fierce pain
 Than lose one memory of the good
 Seen, lost, before I could attain.

What garment may I now put on,
 What ail what armour for the soul,
 How steadfast walk upon the way,
 Where bend my steps, & to what goal?
 What new philosophy can give
 For life a meaning & an end,
 For him who has no heart to hope
 No being he can call his friend?
 Others there may be as I am,
 With careless mien, & laughing eye,
 Who lightly seem to tread the earth
 Yet know grief greater than to die.
 If so, & Thou who art afar,
 Whom still we deem all just & true,
 Whence all these apparitions are,
 Grant light, if it be but a ray
 Some gleam of dawn, to promise day
 Give strength to walk, to those who pray
 To all however far gone astray
 Thou still must have an open way.

V

Pacific Railway

A station in the parched West
 Between two lines of wrinkled hills
 With sage & clustered cactus dressed
 & yellow beds of sunken hills.
 A train delayed & waiting long
 Where noise of chirping crickets fill
 The summer air with sleepy song
 This only in the desert still -

A noise of coming wheels, a stir
 Of drowsy folk to see the train
 A hundred windows blinking past -
 & then we travel on again.

To me unthought a vision comes
 Of laughing face in golden hair
 Flashed quick as light, a photograph
 Without a name, but very fair

And as the length of leads on
 Through starry night, & blaze of day
 To corn & orchards, wood & lawn
 A presence follows by the way
 & thought will turn & turn again

It is not-much that one life more. //
 sh^d sink into the void of time
 That full-grown weary of the road
 sh^d fall & cease to climb
 It sh^d not be all sad to die
 the last- fond look on this wide earth
 must come to all
 as true to nature as our birth

Searce with regret, & with no paling cheek //
 What-lies beyond the gates of time, I go to seek
 To seek that rest which clothe unfold the past
 To turn my back upon earth's little day
 & see great night- inscrutable & dark vast
 Whence cometh all things, to whom all give way

I wish not-life, but-will not die
 My soul can utter, but-a cry
 Deflusing torments dein my mind
 All good, turned evil, love unbred
 {What-room for sorrow in the soul?
 {What for anguish in the flesh!

Skeema River June 1879

|| ?

Dawn through the defiles of the hills
To seek the western ocean shore
Swift in the moonlight-glancing on
Or dark in Canons, with a roar
That in the aeons does not fail.

No petty torrent-prancing out
The waters of a single vale
But masterful & great they flow
& broad & deep is writ the trace
By thee, of time upon the face
Of this ~~broad~~^{wide} land

Yet to no people's city's gate
Dart thou bear on the merchant-freight-
Wheeler by broad fields & fertile mead
Where patient-lauing cattle feed
East there thy way.

A thousand nameless streams that spring
By chattered crags & snow-fields bare
That high in Alpine valleys sing
Or onward dark in forest-fare
Quitting, kissing, one by one.

With current dark or water clear
Through broader valleys still they come
By lodge of beaver, haunt of deer, &
By Indian Camp, & scattered huts
Where thy full stream is rough & wide
No more the hills are

Will happy rest! thy waters launch
 The pulse of ocean I are still
 Or wake but with a quiet throbs
 As the world waters sink or fill.

A Chinook Tomb

They laid him there to rest,
 For all his work was o'er
 They crossed his hands upon his breast
 That when the wind & pine trees roar
 His rest might be far evermore
 Near where the long waves of the sea
 That curl & break perpetually
 There in his shapely light-boat
 Where day by day he puddle drew
 Upon the verge of that great sea
 He lies at rest,
 No more the keel shall grate the shore
 As it so oft hath done before
 But is drawn up to shoulder there
 & render back to earth & air
 To each its due -
 But he who in the faded past -
 Was soul to frames of wood & flesh

He hath slipped silent through the mesh
 Drifted out-upon the vast -
 We know not how, nor where, nor when
 He left his careless fellow men
 In bark more frail
 To spread his sail
 Upon the distant unknown sea
 That girdles all eternity
 But if perchance some island lies
 Beyond the dark harjous rim
 We breathe a prayer, that guided there,
 It yet may haven be for him.

A land so worn with age, so old
 & seamed with wrinkles o'er & old o'er
 When rocks here crumbled down to sand
 Here hardened on a newer shore
 & broken down as heretofore
 Time & again
 A land of dark profound
 Where rivers gurgling underground
 The old (old) channels seek the sea
 A land concealed in mystery
 A tomb without a history
 A tomb of time

a peopled country where a race
 of hunters, fishers, dark in face
 Their tails their joys pursue
 Who fast as summer comes again
 At once forget the winter's rain
 & scarce the memory retain
 a score of years or so -

Look if already copied

Kathleen I know that you are fair
 & good & sweet & gracious too,
 but I, admiring cannot dare
 To say what I might say to you -
 If I were rich, & great, & strong
 I'd seek you ever night & day
 But things are contrary & wrong
 I see, I love, I go away.
 I might advance a plea to melt -
 The kindly fortress of your soul,
 But truth & better love & right
 Say go, & have that haever whole.
 In phantasy, I kiss your hand,
 And with a long, a last adieu
 I seek some place where I may stand
 Adoring, but unseen by you

With a forget-me-not.

Forget-me-not the spring would say
 Forget me not though long away
 yet in remembrance there is pain,
 So if forgotten why complain?

Why ask you love to increase grief
 If to forget-me, is relief! —

Forget, forget — I say the word
 Though my sad soul is trouble, stirred
 To think with grief, to think it will be heard.

Forget me. I who could have borne
 To die to save you from a thorn.

Forget, I let this be your part:

I lock remembrance in my heart,
 of what? of one who held me light;
 Left me alone, & in the night? —

x

Not only, of the higher life
 Which crawled in antic conduits here
 Turns mills of fashion or of state
 & moves the puppets which appear
 True jewels, crested, & defaced
 of which these art; light-guardian placed.

equal before but not
in such a complete form

Contacted beds of unknown age
Our weary limbs shall bear,
Perchance some mal-synclinal fold
At night may be our lair.

Dips we shall take on unnamed streams
Or where the rocks strike follow
Along the crested mountain edge
Or anticlinal hollow.

Where long neglected mountains stand
Fast-crumbling into shreds
& laying bare on every hand
The treasures of their beds
We'll gently with the hammer break wake
The slumbering petrification
That for a hundred thousand years
Has been debarred from action.

Or snatch some crinoid or mollusk
Unearthed without our tiling
Adrift-upon the river bed
By brute attrition spoiling
To wash one day in bring back
Into the sunlight-glory
All nature's misbegotten shapes
Of pattern rude & hoary
No reptile of prodigious honours
Or two-tailed salamander
No need the lovely name of Jones!
Sins Jones quod cause to wander.

What! pray for quiet life!
 To live in peace & peaceful die
 "Beyond these voices" peace may lie
 But here to live is strife
 yea rather let the tempest roar
 Not faintly in an ear grown dull
 But always louder than before
 As knowledge maketh terror full.
 Let all things evil & amiss
 Let pain & man's undying woe
 Be lost in no dull dream of bliss
 Or rounded by time's steady flow
 Oh those who moanest in the deep
 We from the altar of this world
 Where life doth fetful turn, we
 Dinely as it were in sleep
 Look'st forth upon a thousand twinkling fires
 Where the live doth stop? beside the flow of the furrow

To trace the wayward stream of life
 To reason out the motive source
 Of every act, each mental strife
 To follow anxious on the course
 Is all too long, too long my dear
 I stand alone, & loving, here -

how I am not a poet -
I'm certain you know it
we should one & all.

& rhymes don't come easy
But lagging & whizzing
To answer my call
yet your essay poetic
Requires energetic
Endeavour be made.

For all thoughts are sublimer
When sung by the rhymist
Than otherwise said

With stone or steel pointed
To pierce armour jointed
Withes, arrows become?

So to take up the fable
A rhyme may enable
My words to strike home.

From this lone western region
I summon a legion
of Zephyrs to bear —

As the muse has skeddaddled
& leaves me here saddled
With this knot of rhyme
Without any reason
A moment she flies in
& I am repeine

Look if copied elsewhere

A gift of verse & power of sight -
 Oh seed that fell on rocky land
 & grew but feebly in a cleft -
 With granite bounded either hand
 yet pushed toward the azure sky,
 gave thanks, & drank of nature's dew
 & looking up, with single eye
 Believed in good & waspipped too
 We love & pity, grieve to know
 That nature reaps the fruit of life
 That but one term to live & grow
 Is granted by the Lord of life.
 We think how clear & strong thy voice
 Had knowledge been to thee expressed
 & how the common rights of man
 Had found their cradle in thy breast
 But stunted by thy rocky hills
 & narrow in thy speech & song
 Confined to topics of the farm
 & singing oft unlamented wrong
 We love & pity, wonder why -

With spirit-rise I gird thee for the way
Faint-not-

What if the combat thickens day by day
Gild not.

Fill every day with battle, nervous strong
Flag not

And as thou tailest let it be with song
Rue not

What if thy span of life be but a day
.....

And thy poor implement, material clay
Doubt-not

Out from the cores of selvice

From the dim realms of night-

Where the devouring darkness

hath swallowed up the light

Not from the frequent shadow

That lyeth all before

From the dead & hopeless darkness

Where light shall be no more

Is it a dream, or am I told by some
dim wandering shade

of a first-tentative man, found
in his peers were made?

As my mind gropes slowly back
to hold this phantasm of the past-

The sounds of life are left behind &
pristine silence holds me fast.

Dark, lonely scene, as felt by one who
walks by oceans lowest-ebb river

Where lapping wave makes silence live
& the far shore with mist is dim

Look up, he saith there alone on an old shore
old, old world old

Mid beautiful, & passing strange
great-trees & plants of antique mould

& day & night, & ebb, & flow, & storm & calm
& pattering rain

I'm there as now they come & go & wal
follows summer train

But voiceless all the ranked woods & soulless
sea & earth & sky

Save this one man, one questioning soul, that
looks, & strives & asks why?
(questions)

Fond hearts, yes foolish hearts
 All in a flutter
 Love is not good alone
 Love is just-butter
 Is butter to make life's bread
 Wholesome though crusty
 go down more lastingly
 When rather musty.

Walking in life's great-highway of today,
 on with the surging crowd that go that way
 That all have gone before
 How often do we see a pale worn face
 & eyes that wander for a resting place
 A life that hath to labour & to toil gone down
 Life with life's colour gone & vigour fled
 The hand not listless, but the hung down head
 Telling that youth & hope & flower of love are dead
 Freedom of soul, & first-hot-thoughts, soon past.
 The narrow rounds of toil & caution last. x
 The hard-worn tools & hoarded household goods

Life is a dream, a long suspense
 A troubled dream, completely phantomy
 & to the changing measure of its flow
 We float like leaves, like bubbles on the stream
 More dreamlike than a dream, we question more
 I doubt that even a dream sh^d flow so strange
 We feel upon a sea with mirage shore -

An Indian Lament?

My loving heart can not so soon
 Relinquish all the time worn ways
 Thy spirit cannot surely be
 So far removed from blame or praise

Here lies thy form, as thou wast wont
 To eat & drink as we do still;
 To seek the fire & to be warm,
 To feel & measure good & ill.

My loved one would'st thou go away
 From this thy village known so well,
 To seek the chill dark land of shades
 Of which we scarcely dare to tell?

We would'st thou lightly pass away
 & leave thy body, shapely, strong,
 With honours wound from many a fray
 These limbs that did thy will so long

May! rather may the choicest food,
 That which thy lips did most delight
 Bring here, & lay it by thy tomb;
 & fire to warm thee too by night

Here lay the arrows & the bow

Thou loved as well as thy right-hand
If thou art-dead, so are they too
Their souls with thine, in the new land.

O if the great Heart of the sky
To his fair lodge fire bids thee go,
Here is the war-praist, here the plumes
Thy strong arm won thee here below.

but-beyond the gates of trouble,
but-beyond the bars of life,
Far enough to wed in concord
all the jarring & the strife.
Where the jarring & the clanging
Fearful loosed to us so near,
Blind, & fall in cadence mellow
Like the chimes that bring the year.
Tinging ringing on together
Clear as bells across the snow
Swelling, falling, rhyming, chiming

(Still as bells o'er snow that sound)
O'er the snows as bells that sound
Swelling, falling, rhyming chiming
Dying like silence more profound

Our God hath given thee
 To be so fair of face & mien
 Their image alway haunting me
 Do shroud now my soul's loved queen

With chosen words I cannot faint
 How fair thy seeming is to me
 For ^{wit} ~~with~~ thy instant pale & faint
 And heart-born thought must spoken be.

Yet do I never dare to hope
 Or daring make the hope to die
 My path lies up a rugged slope
 Which thine, - I pray to God - goes by -

Book of copied before as
 1st 6th

Oh hands that cling so tenderly at parting
 Oh eyes that love, & long to meet again.
 That scarce can hold their tear drops back fr. starting
 Oh hearts that know to beat apart is pain
 Can all this love, this longing be a shadow
 A mist the blundered nothings of a dream
 Must-cold, confusing daylight once more follow
 I shew them fancies & not what they seem?

Adieu! the word is hard to say
 But life is hard & fate alway
 The fondest hearts cloth sever.
 Adieu! my lot is hard to bear
 & only softened if you share
 The grief it is to part
 Again adieu! I can no more
 Har studied words nor poet lore
 Can give more sad expression

Jan. 173

The gilded age of life has gone
 Its strength have fled
 & left a pale thin ghost instead
 For my desire to feed upon
 I know not what may lie before
 The past is graven on my mind
 & still I turn & look behind
 With dimming eye on faded shore
 Loned shore where I in childhood played
 By gurgling stream or on the strand
 We strayed together, hand in hand
 & thought the ocean oh so grand
 has were afraid
 will blur the trace
 however strong of joy or grief
 be added sting
 Should in oblivion find relief

Yes I have travelled far
 Seen nature's peace & war
 Have listened close in spring to hear
 The leaves give word of ripened ear
 & followed with attention long
 The dying summer's autumn song
 Have seen the old storm king come forth
 From his wild mansion of the north
 Where hurrying o'er the prostrate wood
 With all his down cloudy brood
 He issues on the plain
 & urging on the shivering blast
 He sweeps the drift so thick & fast
 Close too, beside the prayerful sea
 Oft have I paced & paced alone
 & tried to read what may not be
 To commune with the great unknown.

Calm smiling face who with unsleeping eye
 Hast-seen so many thousand years roll by
 Whose feet the purple rills so oft-hast-bathed
 When all the land of Egypt was unswathed
 By the kind pregnant-flood.
 Empires have waxed & have waned,
 Have ruled around thy feet,
 & like the plow of their own Nile
 Have slid away.

~~Some feelings~~

~~Written in yauyge years -~~

A graining flower, beside the sea;
 A gear, beside eternity
 A wish, beside the ruling laws
 of all things governors & cause
 A life amid universal death
 One planned for, wished for, hoped for breath

Thus do we fight-against-an iron wall
 & throw our destinies on the rack of fate
 That answers only by the death of all.
 & even as we die, our hearts still long
 as wildly for the things that cannot be,
 as if stern fate would yield, & right the wrong.

grow on sweet flower beside the sea
 & throw thy petals to the sun
 Would that I were, or could be like to thee
 grow on, beside the universal tomb
 nor heed if the upstart-bellows roar
 ere all things have the deep for their vast grave
 Thine will be gone, nor ever well-be more

Man feels that he in all things is a slave
 To time, to every law -
 Laws are his slungons & the chains they have
 The laws that curb the soul

Aug 1870

A little maid with heaving breast,
 & sunny golden hair,
 With azure eyes that never rest,
 & rounded face & fair.

Far from her home, in distant lands
 I met & marked her mien,
 The music of her busy hands,
 & smiles that fell between

But of her hair a lock was gone;
 One glimmering ray of gold
 has shone not where it should have shone
 & spoke the story old

It told me of a boyish form
 Than other friends more dear,
 A parting, & a promise warm:
 A silent-hidden tear.

Of sighs that moved her gentle breast,
 A whisper in her prayer:
 An undercurrent-unconfessed
 But placing every where

On thy warm brow the sun
 From the far deserts wrink
 in gold hath cast
 Long yellow beams
 How often who can tell
 There still those art
 While the warm hands that gave thee form
 Are still, with shrunken palms
 Left turned to naught
 Or folded on the breast.

Hung with silken tresses
 All the willows swing,
 Shaking down their pollen
 In the days of spring

And my Darling's tresses
 Wavy golden hair
 Move to the caresses
 Of the balmy air

From scented Isle to scented isle
 The prolific breezes went & came
 & slowly fell the setting sun
 Upon a sea of living flame

Days of old so full of pleasure
 Days of old so void of pain
 Comes of our memory like the measure
 of some well remembered strain.
 Like the music heard in dreamland,
 Sweet & sad, but full & strong
 Like a tide of calm deep water
 All the older memories strong

Sadness fills my soul & longing,
 Longing, deep & strong, but vain
 For those paths of youth & childhood
 We may never tread again
 By the ways that lead us gently
 Through bright-childhoods dreams & play
 Through its warm, serene, woods of fancy
 how we never more may stray

Oh my heart! Thou hearest wildly
 When I think of friends of yore
 of the warm true love that bound us
 Scattered now on every shore
 What if childhoods scenes have vanished
 The old bonds of love still hold.
 & shall bind our souls together
 When the universe grows cold —

East & West - ?

She is waking, she is waking
 Where the distant-waters flow,
 Where the silent-day is breaking
 & the heavens are aglow

Where the breezes that-have slumbered
 Shake their drowsy wings again
 & arise with scents unnumbered
 From the flowers where they have lain

It is noonday here & toiling
 And the floods of life are strong
 & the dusty highways turning
 With the busy moving throng.

But the West is in its morning
 And the shadows still retreat -
 While the dawn in its adorning
 Follows fast with shining feet. 7. 10. 72

I wrote her name on the White sea sand
 As the waves came rippling on;
 They rubbed it out with their silent-hands
 But the memory was not gone

For the winds take up what the waveslets say
 & are wafted across the seas.
 And they whisper the word that they cannot speak
 To the many tongued trees.

And the trees translate what the winds have told
 & babble it too & fro
 Till my love hears the word from ^{where} she knows not
 As she walks in the shade below.

I have watched the tide come stealing in
 On the white & ripply sand.

I seen the ebbing wave withdrawn

Like the touch of a woman's hand

I have heard the wind go too & fro

In the pine woods by the sea

& felt its warmly scented breath

As it wandered from tree to tree

I have thought that life was very strange

& the passing things of men

Were less than ~~the~~ mist upon the deep

In the thoughtful silence then.

I have dreamed that it must be all a dream,
 That the yearning for things unknown
 Are but wishes we wish in troubled sleep
 The shadows of things long flown

Dec 13th / 40

Indian Summer Reverie

How the autumn winds are gleaming
 gleaming gently in the trees
 Here a leaf & there another
 Floats down along the breeze

Blue the autumn haze is lying
 In the valleys round the hills
 Tinted leaves are thickly flying
 On the placid woodland rills

Fallen leaves are ever gathering
 Running circles, in the vales,
 Filled with their mysterious talking
 Whispered songs, & whispered tales.

Songs & tales of by-past summer



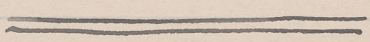
How they basked in restful noon
of the stars whose silence speaks,
of the dew beneath the moon

But my mind is roaming, roaming
now along the forest-glades,
now, within the peopled city
or in palace's arcades

Musing, musing, musing ever
on the passing sands of time,
Sometimes sunlight, sometimes shadow
on the water, on the crevice.

On the ever restless moving
on the hurry, too & fro,
on the hating, & the loving
That is ceaseless here below

Sometimes weeping sometimes weeping
now in laughter, now in tears
Still the sands are drifting, slipping
Turns the glass, & marks the years



Sept. 1870

Deep in the breasts of those
Whom we call savage men
A mighty river flows
Of thoughts beyond their ken

They take not form in words,
Wild fables clothe them round
Yet they are rocks of truth
With years of ivy bound

As generations pass
Grown greyer with their rhyme
Stronger & more fantastic still
The aged ivy climb.

When all the world is very still
& sunset o'er the land
Painting the hoary crested, trees
That-cluster hand in hand.

Great-thoughts as dense as vast steel
Upon the savage mind
The looming of the world unseen
The things that-lie behind
A mighty awe doth fill the soul
O hush so vast so dread;
The hollow silence of the woods
When a great-silence hath fled -

V

Dark.

Forever & forever, breaks the sea upon the shore,
 & changing woods wail solemnly to ocean's roar.
 Forever & forever, float the clouds above the sea
 hazy black & sullen with their load, now bright & heavenly.
 Forever & forever, turns the never changing globe,
 Each instant-gives to thousands birth, & takes away the load
 Forever & forever, floats the earth around the sun,
 A hecatomb of dreadful death, where life is never done.
 Like some great-plague-ship, doomed to sailing at anchor ^{evermore}
 Where certain death waits everyone, & none can reach the ^{shore}
 What art thou life that I so prize? The ability to die.
 Oh that I never had awaked from calm momentary

 Land bird at sea

Thou art not like the ocean birds
 With well-aided plumage venturing wing
 That sit upon the wind rocked waves & laugh
 To see the storm-tossed vessel pitch & swing
 Thy strength is nearly gone & thine
 Beating the air with ever-flagging wing
 Searchest the weary deep to find
 Some fast rest on some solid thing
 Bending & flying on before the gale
 Thou seek a refuge in the distant mast
 Steering along the wind towards the sail
 Fainting thou faltest on the deck at last

Some power speaks within us with eloquent voice
 We are not meant alone for the tomb,
 But the future lies dark past the confines of life
 And no eye can pierce through the thick gloom.

As our friends one by one pass away, disappear
 In the stillness, the darkness, the dread
 We look on each other in silence, in fear,
 Tread softly because he is dead.

Yes gone out into space like the meteor that burns
 As it flashes a moment in view
 And rushes out, on its infinite course;
 Where now its dark way may pursue.

We see the strong links that do bind us to earth,
 In the beasts that around us do move.
 But we grasp into darkness & space unrepentant
 For a link coming down from above.

Star-beacon lights to guard the vessel
 From all days earthly, fear & love
 Refracting calm above the vessel
 That always beats us to & fro
 Star beyond star & still beyond
 The ever lessening clusters glow

List - to the new-born leaflets
 Up in the spring? trees
 Talking together in whispers,
 In the lilac-scented breeze

Oh could I translate the feelings
 That - rise within my breast,
 The silent joy, & the sadness
 That - flows from nature's rest.

The thoughts of gone by gladness
 Of unremembered care,
 As if in blended fountain
 Under the sunshine fair

My mind for a moment stretches
 Into the misty deep,
 That - silence so vast, & voiceless
 Where the secrets of nature sleep.

But - the rest - as quickly closes
 And the world surrounds again,
 The deadening sense of matter,
 And the busy hum of men

Oh how I long to live
 In some fair tropic clime
 Crowned with perpetual summer
 Where no winter marks the time
 Nor autumn gathers leaves,
 And streams them down the forests dim arcades

Naught but the fastering sun,
 Which ever rises on a summer morn
 And sets to chant of birds, & closing flowers
 Which ushers in the vast & vacuous palace of the night
 Vaulted with stars & carpeted below
 With the dim woods.

But the ocean holds its secrets
 And its depths we cannot tread
 They are sacred still to science
 & the coaches of the dead
 What power had flowing ocean
 Where the land & waters meet
 With its hollow whispered secrets
 As it rushes at my feet

Canada

Nothing for the cruel Spaniard,
 Naught to quench his thirst for gold;
 No rich Aytie chiefs to plunder,
 Where the broad St-Laurence rolled.
 So they turned their praus & left it,
 Left it - pure & left it free,
 Left it for the sturdy harruans
 Heroes of a nobler line -

I love to hold her littele hand
 And gaze into her eyes
 And read the depth of her still thoughts
 With wonder & surprise
 I'd love to lay my hand upon
 Her wavy golden hair
 Ah! there is nothing in the world
 That may with it compare
 Yes - once - I saw a lovely cloud
 Gland gleaming in the dawn
 All golden with celestial light
 Too bright to look upon . . .

They tell that time is passing
 They speak of ages past;
 And whisper of the future
 That cometh all too fast

But there's a deeper meaning
 Some deem mysterious tale
 That's spoken without ceasing
 I shouted in the gale

This race this song unceasing
 But few can comprehend
 To them it is a shadow
 A tale without an end.

But from beside the surges
 With the echo in their ears (or which echo in their ears)
 Come poets, sages, soldiers
 Who name the passing years.

Copying Finished Sept 5. 1902

Egerton Park

A. L. N.

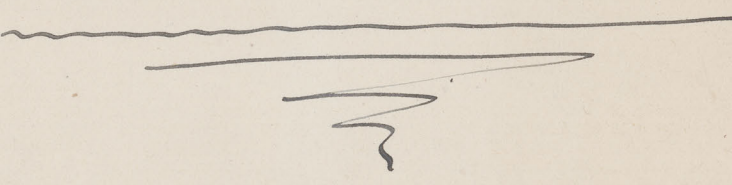
Poems by
George Mercer Dawson.

In three Sections:—

Part I. — Nature; the Wilds and the Ocean.

Part II. — Love; Childhood; Parents.

Part III. — Life and Death; Philosophy.



G. M. Dawsons poems
typed from his sister's
handwritten copy —

Part I.

1-17

The Geologist -

11

Contorted beds of unknown age
My weary limbs shall bear
Perchance a neat synclinal fold
At night, may be my lair.
Dips I shall take on unnamed streams
Or where the rocks strike, follow
Along the crested mountain ridge
Or anticlinal hollow
Or gently with the hammer stroke
The slumbering petrification
That for a hundred million years
Has been debarred from action
Where long neglected mountains stand
Just crumbling into shreds
And laying bare on every hand
The ~~chunks~~ treasures of their beds.
~~Or rivers rolling to the sea~~

I

Woodland thoughts.

To sit in the wood, with the sound of the brook at my
feet,
And let my thoughts wander and wander wherever they may
Like to bees in a garden, or light summer butterflies play.
Now to linger a moment on this, or on that, float away
with the stream
Coquette with a sunbeam, or hear the leaves speak in a
sybilline dream,
To live and to know that I live, as a part of a whole
Interwoven, apparent, incarnate the home of the soul
To grasp the light clues of the day and to follow them on
Or back into darkness of Egypt and days that are gone.

I

Away from the Crowd.

#7.

I

2

Blue eyed, beside the melting snow
On lichened rock
Forget-me-nots that sleep and grow;
Or gazing still on Heaven's blue
Turn ever nearer it in hue.
A grove of tall and silent pines
Where moss receives the tread,
Or where the shadow darker lies
Are piled the leaves of seasons dead.
A summer sun, or seeming calm,
But to a quicker ear the roar
Of jostling atoms as they crowd
At every leaflet's open pore.
How soon we cease to miss the news
The noisy chatter of the day
Of battles won and lost, of games
That knaves and dupes devise and play.

I

Then on the leafage of the time
The transient doers of today
That fill the armies of the dead
And year by year are swept away;
And as they come, and pass with noise,
The peace of God continues here
And flux of time is meted out
In wooden cycles,* year by year.

* Referring to the ^{annual} rings of growth of the trees.

Peace River, Aug. 1879.

I

The Hat.

3

Roof of the forge and working house of thought

I shield from sol's fierce ray

? Far through the forest, by hard scratching

And many devious ways.

Thou summer rag at best, I have thee here

A prey to autumn and to winter wind

The days are chill, the snows are almost here.

While I go southward to a land less drear

A new felt tile, must cover in my mind.

Imperfect

I

The first Siberians.

Across Siberia Eastward,

We came by the long land marches,

By forest and steppe and plain

We peopled a silent country

Of rivers and drought and rain;

Of snow and ice and winter,

But with fish and flesh and fur.

We made fire and song in the silent land

And danced in the night there, hand in hand,

For the country was new and lone.

And the wise men kept the ancient rite

The signs of day and the stars of night

The spells and the tokens, the count and tale

From father to son and from year to year

Till we came to the sounding sea.