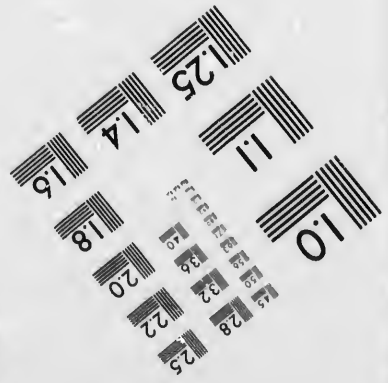
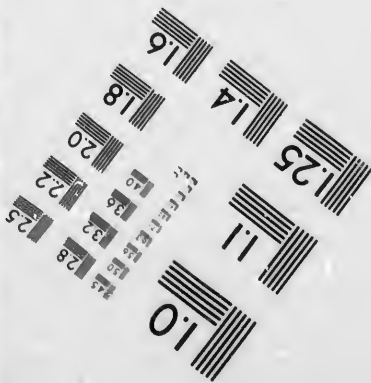
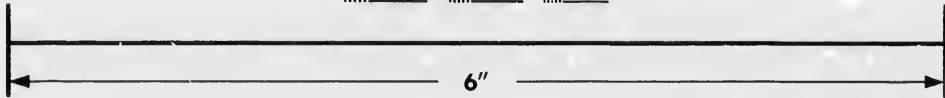
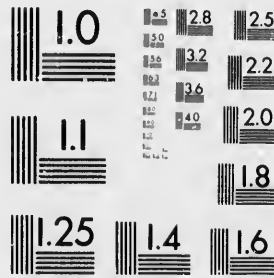


**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic  
Sciences  
Corporation**

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

Ca

1.5 2.8  
3.2 2.5  
3.6 2.2  
2.0  
8

**CIHM/ICMH  
Microfiche  
Series.**

**CIHM/ICMH  
Collection de  
microfiches.**

10



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions

Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

**1980**

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distortion le long de la marge intérieure

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Includes supplementary material/  
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire

Only edition available/  
Seule édition disponible

Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to ensure the best possible image/  
Les pages totalement ou partiellement obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure, etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
							✓				

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

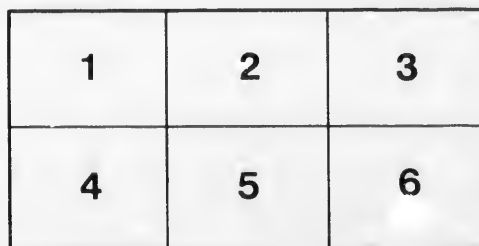
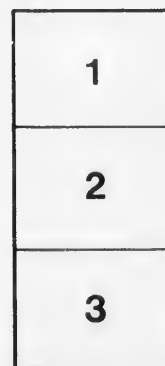
Victoria University Library Toronto

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol  $\rightarrow$  (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol  $\nabla$  (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

Victoria University Library Toronto

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole  $\rightarrow$  signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole  $\nabla$  signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

ails  
du  
odifier  
une  
mage

s

arrata  
to

pelure,  
on à



32X

# GUENDOLEN!

## I.—SPELLBOUND.

This river in the gray marsh land,  
Sluggish and dull goes slinking by,  
As if the vanguard of the year  
Had passed in silent mockery.

Spring makes no revel here to-day;  
Only the halcyon sets his wing  
Athwart the gloom, and utters now  
That cunning laugh—a haunted thing.

## II.—REVERIE.

Yet here is more than Rhine or Thames  
Or lotus Nile or Assabet,  
For here remembrance is come home  
A little while to cheer regret.

It is not dream I love,—for dreams  
But come when time is sinking low,  
Pilgrims across the sunset hills  
From vales of sleep whereto they go.

It is not rhyme I love,—for art  
May falter on the brink of day,  
And trade with grief, and barter tears  
For bitter bread, and die with May.

It is—The goldenwings have sent  
A far recall to hither bring  
The idle days and leisurely,  
Those truant vagabonds of Spring.

Their surging call is swift and far,  
And after it I toil to come  
Where all paths end in shining mist,  
And forest-farers have their home.

## III.—AN IDYLL.

Once more to yonder platform gray,  
Deserted in the summer noon,  
Thunders the inward-bound from Rye,  
And you are here and it is June.

Down to the little wooden bridge  
The river path (remember) leads,  
Then through the meadow of coarse brakes  
And tangle of wild vine and weeds.

A fence; and then a waist-deep field  
To wade, where someone, as we pass,  
Laughs at your girlish tiny fears  
Threading that jangle of long grass.

The shore at last; and there our birch  
Cools her slim bow within the shade.  
Step so; your hand; now we're afloat;  
Who does not know why June was made!

So we let slip the world for once,—

Ah, the long winds,—how they o'erbrim  
The lonesome coigns of afternoon!  
Before them old desires unweave,  
And the green orchard floors are strewn.

Behind them lulls of nameless void  
Fall on the eddying fields of grain,  
Noddy to harvest with still frost,  
Old dawns, and sleep, and sunny rain.

Only athwart their drift bear down,  
From undiscovered harbor dells,  
The freighted royal bodes of rest  
Beyond where spring the morning wells.

## VI.—SEA JOURNEY.

Now, where unwinds that stream of sun,—  
The island-moted summer-tide,—  
Forth we, a-homing with the wind  
For shelter twilights undescried!

Half close your eyelids: Fleet and far,  
One crocus sail upon the blue,  
We brush the skyline, homeward bound  
For haunts of dream and dusk and dew.

Like molten sand of the sun's core,  
Outwinds an ocean path for us,  
Whose goal . . . Look there, the caverned fogs—  
What dream pavilions ruinous!

Brave heart, my spirit of the sun,  
A little while! and we shall come  
Through the rock-barriered Fundy port  
Into the Summer's Norland home.

The bank of mist rolls up and clouds  
The twin cliff bastions; the surge  
Goes daily through them searching far  
Inland with immemorial dirge.

And there with music, to the shout  
Of foam-devouring winds that ride,  
With all the slumber in his heart,  
Welaastook gets him to the tide.

## VII.—VINLAND.

Steer in. There lies in open shine  
A vinland bordered from the sea  
With Autumn hills, where love no more  
Shall beggar immortality;

So fair, the bargain-driving years  
Loiter and gaze and half forget  
To traffic there with lust and death  
For the sad children of regret.

We take the inland trail with June,  
Where go, on secret high behest,  
The wan cloud-shadow-bearing winds,  
Those weary gossellers of rest.

# MARJORIE.

## I.

*The lover of child Marjorie  
Had one white hour of life brim full :  
Now the old nurse, the rocking sea,  
Hath him to lull.*

Across the dark unlifting noon  
I wandered lonely, having heed  
Of nothing save the haunting rune  
I could not read.

The world that day was bleak with grime ;  
The void of heaven, unenvied, dim  
Beyond the narrow marge of time  
Lay sheer and grime.

Above the vague unknown profound,  
That universe of sunless North,  
There seemed a boding ; yet no sound,  
No gleam, went forth.

So day wore down to darker day.  
Thou canst not read, O my fond soul !  
Thou art a dupe to scribes who play ;  
Put by the scroll !

Then strangely through the wards of gloom  
There came that stir the sparrows know,  
When April dawns put forth their bloom  
Of gold and snow.

Across the cheerless afternoon  
A belt of sun flamed forth and glowed,—  
Made the spring weather one wind-strewn  
Bright orchard road.

Through the glad fields I wandered then,  
And caught an echoed cadence wild  
Of that old rune which haunteth men,—  
The sleep-begulled,

The unfulfilled, the dream-distraught  
And unabiding ghost of joy,—  
That song the saints through ages wrought,  
Nor storms destroy.

Before all life, beyond all death,  
More keen than dawn, more still than dew,  
There came a sound of woven breath  
Where the wind blew.

Deep as the wells of night, yet bland  
As the pale Northern plauc whereon  
The eerie dancers, hand in hand,  
Shift and are gone,

Was the long reach of day wherein  
I loitering betook me now,  
While many a call flew clear and thin  
From bough to bough.

She learned I know not where to sing,  
My fair girl mother, (glad the while  
Of the blue martins chattering,)  
Would croon, and smile.

I have forgotten rhyme and tune,  
But not the dear untroubled way  
Her face would lighten to the rune  
At fall of day.

Once in her teens, I sometimes think,  
She loved too well and lost too far  
Some shy dark poet o'er the brink  
Of night and war.

A child of Norland forestry,  
Where snows and June lie verge to verge,  
He tracked and knew the th' h's cry  
By the sea surge ;

From sunned forelands where roses bloom  
He watched the storm-gulls wheel, and guessed  
The immemorial foredoom  
Of calm and quest.

Belike within his heart she lay  
With frost and sun, as Mayflowers lie  
In hollow banks of pine and May,  
Nestled and shy,—

Or stirred, as a red leaf might brush  
Through silence, frore and blue and deep,  
Some merning when the year's long hush  
Is fallen asleep.

Or it was noon beside the stream,  
With ox-bells on the road far off,  
Where the delaying dusty team  
Drank at the trough.

And there he sang that old Norse croon  
Of love to her, who reckoned not  
Till the long days of many a June  
That June forgot.

Or twilight heard the tasselled corn  
Whispering idly husk to husk ;  
Then whippoorwills began to mourn  
Across the dusk ;

Earth eased her burden of old pain,  
And every sound was far to them ;—  
Earth, with her one brown bird's refrain  
For requiem.

And there he knew how bale and bliss  
Divide the summer as twin shears,  
When Marjorie with one long kiss  
Unpent the tears !

The rune he sang, the rune she heard,  
Died on the air in little space,  
The hills of echo keep no word,  
The wells no trace.

The shore at last; and there our birch  
Cools her slim bow within the shade.  
Step so; your hand; now we're afloat;  
Who does not know why June was made!

So we let slip the world for once,—  
Fade with the whistle's fading scream!  
And the delaying afternoon  
Folded the reaches of the stream.

Her reeds to sleep the river sang;  
In clouds of sable tipped with flame  
The starlings rose; their stir of wings  
Over the dusky marshes came.

#### IV.—HELEN IN SPARTA.

Then June took on the look she wore  
When centuries ago the Isles  
Were glad of Helen, and the sea  
Moved as a dreamer wrapped in smiles.

What drew her from the olive shade  
Of that high-reared new Spartan home,  
Under the azure bay's white noon  
Slowly along the beach to roam?

What secret of the ageless wind  
Aroused that immemorial strange  
Desire above the surge, and stole  
Through her dim pulse with subtle change?

Was it that even then, ah, me!  
Her whole heart's being had put forth  
For that blue overworld, as one  
Might journey to the dreamland North

Unknown, and sighting that far bourne,  
The anchored isles whereto she pressed,  
Baffled came back, a laden thing  
With over-burden of unrest?

As there, far gazing from the shore,  
Straight-armed she elased her bended knee,  
Her queenliness was clothed upon  
With Tyrian colours of the sea.

The old impassioned scorn of time  
Thrilled in the corners of her mouth,  
Her wide uncumbered brow was clear  
And white like summer in the South.

Her tawny hair was knotted low,  
Held by a shining arrow-bar,  
As if already Troy had marked  
Her beauty for a prize of war.

Of that fair land took no regard  
Those wandering sea-gray eyes and wan,  
But dreamed and dreamed far out the West,  
As the gold afterlight drew on.

No whit they ken beyond the verge,  
Yet shall their storied sea-glooms pale  
A thousand summer-hearted years  
Whose long desires fade by and fail.

She mused until her yesternight  
Slept with Egyptian kings at ease,  
And the far morrow lay becalmed  
Among the boon Hesperides.

A wanderer's tale of some lone bird  
Haunting its echo, scared and fleet  
Through shadow-land, her life did seem,  
Hot on the trail of Spring's retreat.

#### V.—WIND FLIGHT.

But lo, I dream! And dreams are nought,—  
Yet why did June remember her,  
When here we drifted and you heard  
The long winds of the marshes stir?

For the sad children of regret.

We take the inland trail with June,  
Where go, on secret high behest,  
The wan cloud-shadow-bearing winds,  
Those weary gospellers of rest.

Slow-footed by the river reeds,  
They bend their aged journeyings;  
Their coming urges into flight  
My long brown birch with swallow wings.

Until, where those white spirits lead,  
As if from their own Eld outblown,  
Into the younger season, far  
On the still weather's basking zone,

We voyage through mild September noons,—  
God's leisure, where the great ripe sun  
Burns in the crickets' heart for joy  
Of their long illness begun.

Until, as when there climbs and breaks  
And throbs across the lyric year  
One scarlet rapture on the hills,—  
I touch your hand on the gunwale here!

#### VIII.—RHYME BUILDER.

Ah, dreams are nought! And yet were I  
A builder of great words in rhyme,  
Another vision should go forth  
To haunt the secret ways of time.

Where all the children of desire  
Who questing roam the aisles of Spring,  
With all the followers of dream  
Who walk therein at dusk and sing,

Should hear a moving as of leaves  
The air's caught breath, a-tremble, thrills,  
When the first oriole has brushed  
Their tiny sleep amid the hills,—

And know the rapture of her form,  
Elastic in the undergold  
Of that new twilight overstrewn  
With songs and bloom and May grown old.

They should remember all the words  
Of life but as a woven breath,—  
Not years nor pain nor aftergloom  
But only love whose age is death.

They should take heed of no delight  
In all the borders of desire,  
Nor feel the cry of wild Spring birds  
Flood the cool glades untamed as fire,—

Peering to trace her shadowy path  
Through many a gloaming,—and forget  
Her beauty was a tale in June,  
In after ages of regret.

And all the lovers of old song,  
Knowing a little respite then,  
Should dream an unregardful dream  
Of Helen or of Guendolen!

#### IX.—RETURN.

But now white lingers that one day  
Beyond the goldenwing's recall,  
I tarry and you do not come—  
Down where the river brakes are tall.

BLISS CARMAN.

The cerie dancers, hand in hand,  
Shift and are gone,

Was the long reach of day wherein  
I loitering betook me now,  
While many a call flew clear and thin  
From bough to bough.

No word, no word of that wild croon  
Came down the wind revealed and free,  
Yet evermore the old dark rune  
Kept haunting me.

Only 'twas changed to mild from sad,  
Full of low calm and no more pain;  
Sweet-hearted rapture filled the glad  
Unknown refrain.

It was as if, while June were young  
And dream-desires forgot their doom,  
One gathered apples in among  
The drifts of bloom.

There by the woodside, blown and shy,  
The windflowers and violets  
Brake as the drenching evening sky  
When one star sets.

Smiling within that elfin vale,  
A child stood there, serene, alone;  
Her slim brown ankles in the frail  
White windflowers shone.

I was so glad of her dear face,  
I stooped and filled my arms with her;  
While the sun touched our forest place  
Fir by dark fir.

Her grave entrancing eyes laughed up  
Under my half bewildered rune:  
Fill brim to brim a shallow cup  
With the sea's croon;

Harvest the wide midwinter plane  
Of snowdust, moonlight, and wind-sighs;  
Bar up the portals of the rain  
With low bird cries;

Make the red wheeling sun to veer  
A handbreadth on the woodland rim:  
Then fall those gray sea-wells and clear  
To fathom or brim.

The rune I sought and could not find  
She read with that far look of hers,  
Scrawled by the wind on leaves in blind  
Dim characters.

How comes it, think you, the blurred scrip  
Of April ever can uncurl  
Its tiny tracery, and slip,  
Furl after furl,

Into this bright October scroll  
Margined with infinite desire,  
Lettered in scarlet, where the soul  
Of the text takes fire?

## II.

*The daughter of child Marjorie  
Hath in her veins, to beat and run,  
The glad indomitable sea,  
The strong white sun.*

Yet, I remember all these years  
(I was a little tiny girl)  
How she would let me watch the spears  
Of grass uncurl,

There in my hammock far from now,  
With stars and buds a-swing through June.  
Bending above me that pure brow,  
An olden rune,

Divide the summer as twin shears,  
When Marjorie with one long kiss  
Unpent the tears!

The rune he sang, the rune she heard,  
Died on the air in little space,  
The hills of echo keep no word,  
The wells no trace.

Singer and song, as driven leaves  
Athwart the blue Autumnal morn,  
Where the wan iron ocean heaves,  
Are blown and borne.

Yet ever I shall go my ways,  
Forgetting to what beat and surge  
We are as gathered waifs and strays  
On the wind's verge.

I shall be glad with frost and sun,—  
The wind's strong valour and the sea's,  
Thinking desire and doom are one  
As God decrees.

BLISS CARMAN.

As these verses are printed exclusively for private circulation, it is particularly requested that you will guard against the appearance of any part of them in the public press. B. C.

Frederickton, N. B., Canada, October, 1889.



