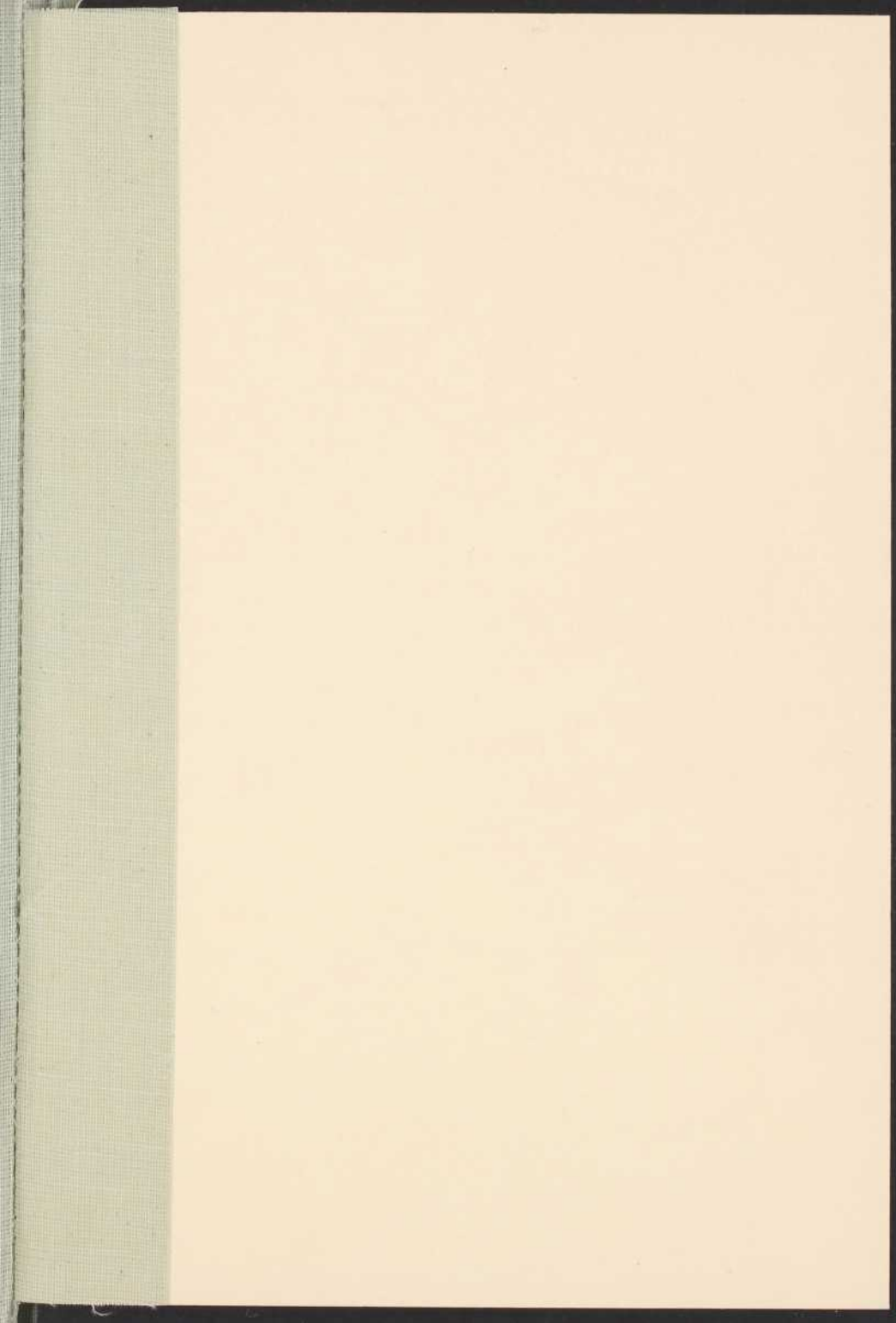


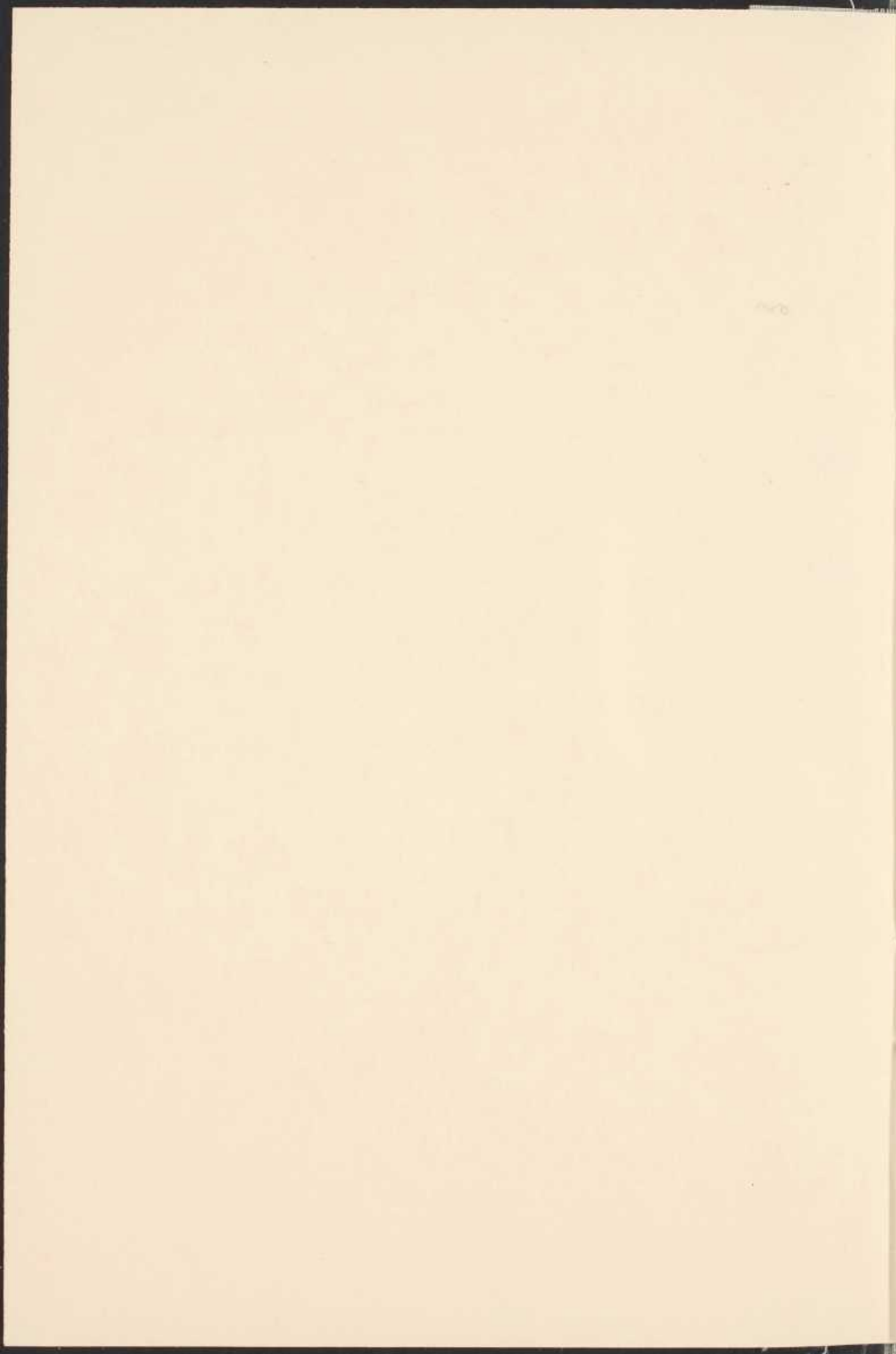
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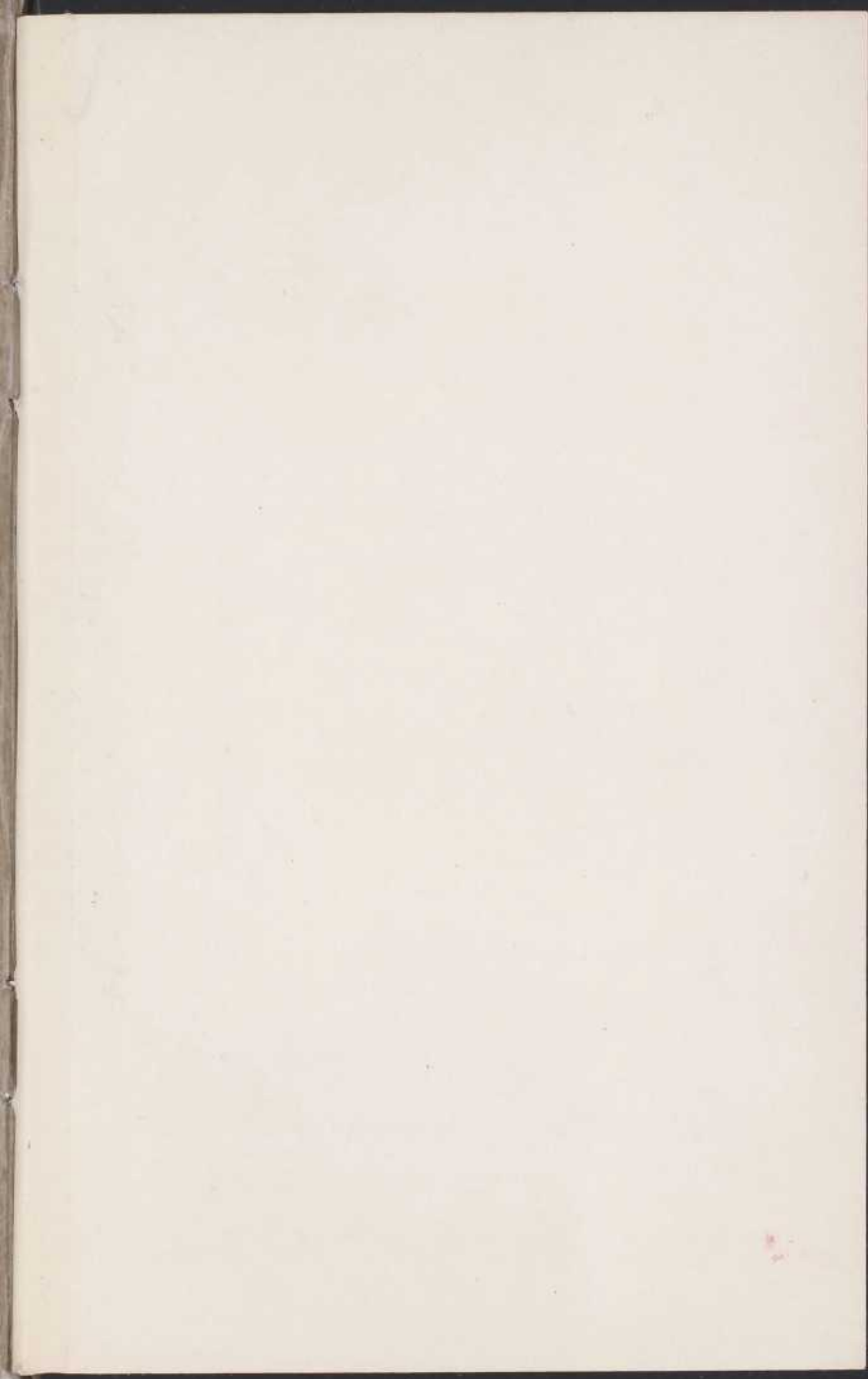
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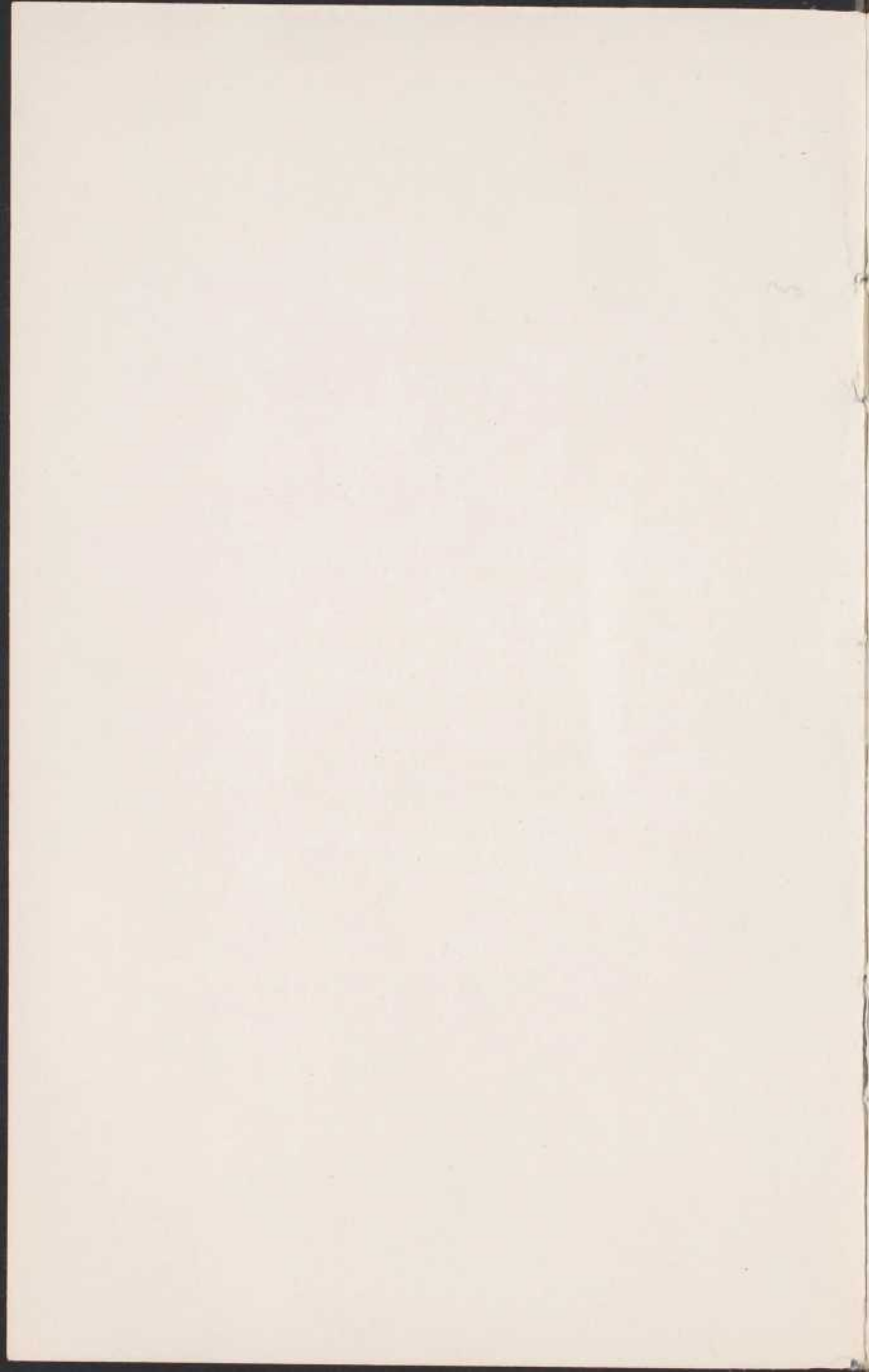
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ARGENTEUIL LYRICS

by

JULIA GRACE WALES

ANNA LETITIA WALES

EMMA THEODOSIA WALES

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379.135-711A2

The Watchman Press  
Lachute  
Province of Quebec.

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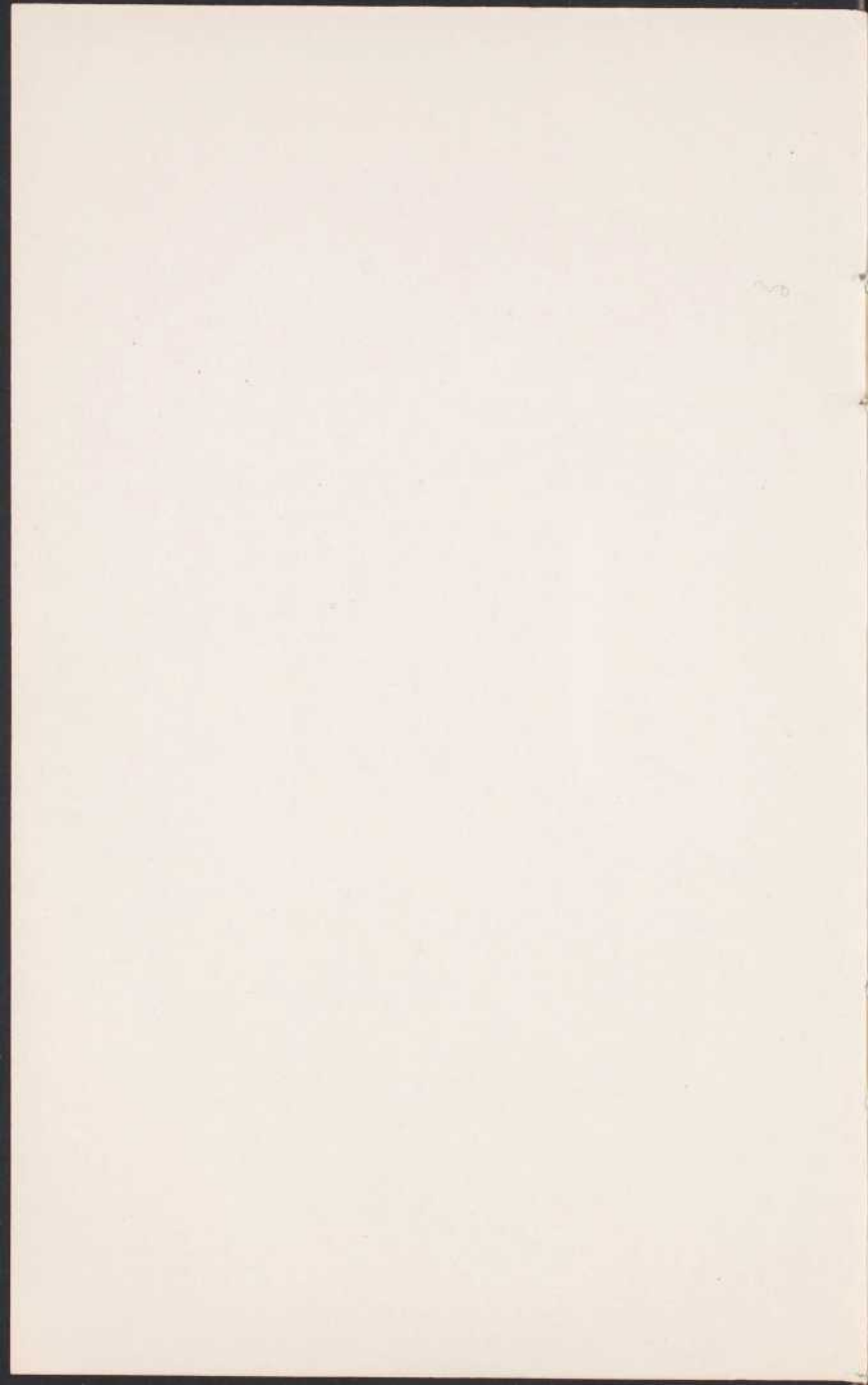
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## FOREWORD

We have to thank several periodicals for the privilege of reprinting.

The verses entitled "The Man Who Feared" appeared over the name E. W. Welch in *The University Magazine* in a different form, with alterations kindly contributed by the late Edward William Thomson. The present form, though it contains at least one line by Mr. Thomson, is nearer the original version. "Afloat in Argenteuil" as here printed contains two or more lines emended by Mr. Thomson, who also supplied the title.

"Afloat in Argenteuil", "Frozen Streams", and "Sleighbing Song" appeared in *The Youth's Companion*, "Where the Convent Girls Sit with the Nuns" (in another version, under the title "At Worship") in *Collier's Weekly*, "Reality" and "Woman at the Well" in the *Wisconsin Literary Magazine*, "The Dream Fleet" in *The Independent*, "Prayer for Canada" in *East and West*, "Raye Rodney" in *The Washington Christian Advocate*, and "Memories" in *The New Outlook* (Toronto).

The Authors.



## AFLOAT IN ARGENTEUIL

Singing, singing on the pleasant river,  
Down a silent summer land they row,  
Pointed fishing boat in drowsy motion,  
Gloom of trees a mirrored gloom below.

Brown beneath their broad black hats, the women,  
Brown the men that swing the heavy oars;  
Wandering cadences of old-world measures  
Echo from the stillness of the shores.

Honey-rich the buckwheat in the meadow  
Drifts in balm about the wood and plain.  
Hollow booming of the distant rapid  
Sounds at hand, the harbinger of rain.

Sweet your ancient strain, O singing women,  
Weaving spells of new and old romance,—  
Hills of home, and dreams of far-off places,  
Hearts of Argenteuil, and vales of France.

## ON THE NORTH RIVER

OCTOBER

**F**lames the maple by the pleasant river;  
Hangs the smoke of autumn on the hill;  
Save for gentle spray their oars deliver,  
Glooms the depth beneath them mirror still.

Hear upon the downward stream their voices,  
Song that knows not blight of storm or time,  
Ancient heart of France that still rejoices,  
Strong and sunny in a sterner clime.

Little rapids singing in the distance  
Sparkle in the sunlight as they flow;  
Still their voice shall chant with sweet persistence  
Prisoned in the chambers of the snow.

So abides your dream, O singing lovers,  
When your boat is housed upon the shore,  
When the whirling snow your valley covers,  
Drifting noiseless at the cabin door.

## THE MAN WHO FEARED

**H**e built a house with porches high  
And windows wide, upon a hill  
That looked on river, road, and sky,  
And wooded valleys green and still.

His high-boled elms gave vision free;  
Shrubs from his shore he sheared away,  
That so his watchful eye might see  
The road and river night and day.

The fear that in his heart abode  
Pursued him in a fevered dream  
Of horsemen on the lonely road  
Or boatmen on the lonely stream.

The man who feared grew wan and old;  
Yet not the river winding dim  
And not the highway wintry cold  
Brought that dread messenger to him.

There came no voice of hoarse command,  
No footfall in the morning grey,  
But silence wrapped the frozen land  
When Silence in the chamber lay.

The slender elms yet rock and bow  
By that wide porch with pillars tall,  
And roof that like a beetling brow  
Looms over windows of the hall.

The harvest fields are bare and brown;  
His shore with shrubs is high again;  
A haze of autumn hides the town;  
The sumac blazes on the plain.

When at the frosty close of day  
Late sunlight through the valley weaves,  
School children on their homeward way  
Come loitering through the noisy leaves.

High on the hill that haunt of fear  
Glides grim behind the branches bare,  
Moves as they move; from far or near  
It stares as pictured faces stare.

They think it sees them as they go  
When with strange light the windows gleam,  
Still watching with its eyes of woe  
Above the highway and the stream.

### I SAW YOU IN MY FANCY AS A NUN

I saw you in my fancy as a nun  
And veiled in grey above your tranquil eyes.  
To sick and sorrowful you carried calm,  
And gave them of that comfortable balm,  
The slowly garnered wisdom of the wise,  
Distilled of all good deeds that men have done.  
I saw you in my fancy as a nun  
And veiled in grey above your tranquil eyes.

I saw you in my fancy as a nun  
Who paced a garden plot at eventide.  
The flowers and shrubs that were your daily care  
Mingled a fragrant incense with your prayer.  
From over furrowed acres rich and wide  
There smote a glory of the setting sun.  
I saw you in my fancy as a nun  
Who paced a garden plot at eventide.

## THE SUPERINTENDENT

**G**rave knowledge of our human ways,  
The sternness of the elder days;  
Short, vigorous figure, stately too,  
Framed to endure, support, subdue;  
Bright colour, strong and searching eye;  
The accent of authority,  
Yet kind, serene, deliberate;  
White uniform immaculate;  
White brow, white hair, and sheltering these,  
White veil, the badge of service overseas.

Like lady abbess, grave and sweet,  
With folded hands and quiet feet,  
You came your waiting dames before  
And paced sedately down the floor.  
You greeted each with courtesy  
As if your honored guests were we.  
So some great lady long ago,  
In time of universal woe,  
Had the sick borne into her hall  
And made her lordly house a hospital.

You went, and somehow left behind  
A noble memory in mind  
Of gentle souls whom it sufficed  
To serve in name of church and Christ;  
Who labored, not for recompense,  
In famine, flood, and pestilence,  
And followed, spite of pain and loss,  
The banner of the flaming cross;  
Whose echoing names ring like a chime,  
The ministering ladies of all time.

RAYE RODNEY

Y ou, Sir, are the man that said he knew Raye Rodney,—  
Saw her often as a child, it chanced—  
Red-brown hair in the wet wind waving,  
Red-brown eyes with a light that danced;

Climbing a stone wall, swinging in an apple tree,  
Riding a horse bareback on the run,  
Walking at morning while her dogs leapt about her,  
Managing her boats on the river in the sun.

Did you truly know her as a girl by the river,  
Where through the wooded lands the wind roamed  
free ?

Great was her heart as the far open spaces,  
Strong as the river in its path to the sea.

But the eager feet have had to go long journeys;  
Silvered lines are in her burnished hair;  
Little heads there are that have lain against her shoulder;  
In the eyes that sparkle—pain is written there.

And yet I know when I think of her river,  
River of the North, strong and deep and wide,  
We never can lose the youth of its music,  
The full, true note of the booming of its tide.

And I thank you, Sir, that you knew Raye Rodney,  
Bring me word, from the years, of the child,  
Loyal sister of the winds and the waters,  
Daughter of freedom, spirit of the wild.

## THE PARSON'S DAUGHTER

**M**y mother will not let me dance in Lent.  
I must not even think that she is wrong,  
Nor let my feet move to a hidden song,  
But teach my truant heart to be content.

The village is an etching, black and white—  
Black line of ragged trees along the ridge,  
Black waters sliding underneath the bridge,  
Wet roofs, wet fence-posts in an endless row  
That mark the highway through the drifted snow.

But rills are running in the snow to-night.  
The setting sun has lit the sombre arch  
Above the world; sets western panes on fire,  
White churchyard pickets, glowing brick and spire,  
High elms, whose slim blue shadows intervene.  
The garden shrubs are edged with living green,  
For April follows on the heels of March.

I'll say my litanies and do my alms  
For One who looked upon the lilies sweet,  
The happy children singing in the street,  
The city beauteous through the waving palms.

## FROZEN STREAMS

(The Backwoodsman in Montreal)

**A** line of teams from the river roads,  
The clank of the chains that bound the loads,  
The raucous shouts of moccasined men—  
And the tide of the town rolled on again.  
I closed my eyes to the smoke-grimed street,  
Where the snow lay vile with the tramp of feet,  
And far from the city's pride and shame  
I heard the rapids no frosts can tame.

My heart rode forth with my coursing dreams  
To traverse a country of frozen streams.  
There are white, wild ways to the feet of the free,  
And the ways of the frozen streams for me.

A breath of cedar, a scent of pine,  
And the wealth of the wilderness was mine.  
I drank the vigor of taintless air;  
I saw the reach where the ice lies bare,  
The shadow of fir-trees blue on the snow,  
The hills that gleam as the sun drops low;  
The shaggy horses and creaking loads,  
And the lights of home on the darkling roads.

My heart rode forth with my coursing dreams  
To traverse a country of frozen streams.  
There are white, wild ways to the feet of the free,  
And the ways of the frozen streams for me.

## SLEIGHING SONG

Up with the rein and away  
And into the star-lit night;  
Out into a snow-clad land of light.

Sing, sing,

Sing to the hurrying wind.

The sleeping town we have left behind.  
Our hoof-falls clatter along the bridge;  
From over the rapid the wind blows chill,  
And black in the ice the waters curl.  
As around to the long, white road we whirl,  
The moon slips up by the windy ridge;  
Goodnight to spire and cottage and mill.

Away, away,

Do you hear our sleighbells ring ?

Away, away,

Do you hear our sleighbells ring ?

Our farmstead lies afar,  
Far over the open road;  
Our shaggy steeds reck not of the load.

Sing, sing,

Sing to the shining sky.

Deep in the furrows the shadows lie.  
By many a tranquil home we glide,  
By thrifty barn and sheltering tree.  
Good folk, do you heed in your dreams and know  
How the moonlight falls on the glittering snow,  
How the rim of the pinewood is black beside,  
And over the wood the cloud sails free ?

Afar, afar,

Do you hear our sleighbells ring ?

Afar, afar,

Do you hear our sleighbells ring ?

One more mile and home;  
Our home lies over the hill  
In the darkling valley snug and still.

Sing, sing,

Sing to the frost and the cold,  
To the curling smoke and the shielding fold.

Ah, bitterly cold the moonbeam shines.  
Our long blue shadow runs before.  
So one more plunge through the whirling snow,  
Then see, from the gate, the light turned low,  
The drifted fence and the laden pines  
And the dear black square of our own barn door.

Home, home,

Do you hear our sleighbells ring ?

Home, home,

Do you hear our sleighbells ring ?

## LABORARE EST ORARE

See the frock'd curé  
Through the still hours  
Raking his brushwood,  
Planting his flowers.

Smoke of the wildwood  
Haunts like a dream  
Long, formal garden,  
Swift-running stream;

Rising erectly  
Over the land  
(Not a wind stirring;  
Rain is at hand).

Over the river  
Rolling its knell,  
In the high belfrey  
Swings the big bell.

Better be shriven,  
Eased of your cares;  
Here by the river  
Come to your prayers.

When all the solemn  
Aves are told,  
Turn to a worship  
Pagan and old:

Fire of an altar,  
Censer and shrine,  
Incense to Heaven,  
Tang of the pine.

## APRIL WEATHER

**S**nowstorm and budding trees  
Interlaced together,  
A shaft of light, a flouting breeze—  
Fickle April weather.

Eyes smile, but lips tease.  
Can you tell me whether  
All the year is made of these,  
Or only April weather ?

## THE RAPID

**I**t beckons there with teasing air,  
Gay rival of my books,  
Runs laughing down its rocky stair  
And mocks my truant looks,  
By noon or night, grey day or bright,  
A whirling, waving line of white.

No spell I find to free my mind,  
No counter-charm as sweet;  
The frosts will strive in vain to bind  
Those little dancing feet,  
That swift and strong the winter long  
Move to the measure of a song.

## PRAYER FOR CANADA

**G**reat God, who ledst our sires by trackless ways  
With promise for the fulness of the days,  
From tranquil field and clanging mart  
We to thine altars turn.  
Give us the understanding heart  
Thy wisdom's path to learn.  
Thy royal gift anew impart  
That good and evil we aright discern.

Thine are the flocks upon a thousand hills,  
Storehouse and barn, and wealth of humming mills.  
O grant us, with thy dew and rain  
Upon our far-stretched lands,  
The love of justice pure from stain  
Whereby a nation stands.  
This people save from lust of gain;  
Bless Thou the honest work of brain and hands.

Guard as of old our land from fear and wrong.  
Still in Thy strength be our Dominion strong.  
For so her benediction falls  
On weary hearts that roam;  
Hope beaming from her beacon calls  
Over the wastes of foam;  
Sons from afar shall rear her walls,  
Children of strangers find in exile home.

WHERE THE CONVENT GIRLS SIT WITH  
THE NUNS

Where the convent girls sit with the nuns,  
From the rose window high overhead  
A gleam down the gallery runs,  
Gold, purple, and red.

The sisters' white brows are bent low.  
All alike their draperies fall.  
As still is the solemn black row  
As a frieze on a wall.

I see in the path of the light  
Elise, with hair like a crown,  
And little slim neck springing white  
From the black of her gown.

She knows not I kneel where the rays  
Break in shadow and grey pillars rise.  
Toward the lights of the altar she prays  
That shine not as her eyes.

## THE DREAM FLEET

I dreamed a dream of an armourless fleet  
That sailed far over the sea.  
"Oh, what is the song ye sing so sweet ?  
What mariners brave are ye ?"  
"In many a tongue  
Our songs are sung.  
From many a land are we."

Over the waves their voices rang :  
"Sailing far,  
Sailing free,  
Under the beam  
Of the tranquil star  
We guard the Dream  
Of the World," they sang;  
"We keep the peace of the sea."

"But what is the land ye love the best,  
And where are the homes ye keep ?  
Oh, where do your children safely rest ?"  
"In many a realm they sleep.  
Through the midnight gloom  
Our orisons boom:  
'All's well, all's well on the deep.'"

Over the waves their voices rang :  
"Sailing far,  
Sailing free,  
Under the beam  
Of the tranquil star  
We guard the Dream  
Of the World," they sang;  
"We keep the peace of the sea."

“But what of your havens, mariners bold,  
Your treasuries, marts, and mines,  
Your laws and letters and arts of old,  
Your sacred fanes and shrines ?”

“Our banners unfurled  
Are the Flags of the World.  
Full many their mystic signs.”

Over the waves their voices rang :

“Sailing far,  
Sailing free,  
Under the beam  
Of the tranquil star  
We guard the Dream  
Of the World,” they sang;  
“We keep the peace of the sea.”

## UNSEEN

**T**here climbed an avenue of leafless trees,  
The tops enkindled by a sunset glow  
That reddened bare and knotted intricacies  
And shed a greyish purple gloom below;  
Thither a flock of late birds briefly came  
And sang where broken light was thick like smoke.  
But on the path beneath that arch of flame  
Heavily plodded tired, unheeding folk;  
Nor saw the dying splendor of the sun,  
Nor heard the dying music of the year,  
Nor knew the light diffused when summer's done,  
The joy outlasting warmth and slaying fear;  
Until their heaven, as their earth, was grey,  
And the song ended with the ending day.

## REALITY

Sometimes what should be real seems dim and far;  
I know not what its shapes and voices are  
That whirl and scream and jangle without end;  
    For still, from far, they blend,  
Until I feel a rhythm strange and free,  
As one who dreams beside a sounding sea  
May hear, beyond the confines of his sleep,  
    Deep calling unto deep.

## WOMAN AT THE WELL

**S**he brought her flagon to the well of tears  
And drew; and turned, nor faltered in her tread,  
Bearing aloft the burden of the years  
With lifted hand and head.

## HOSPITALITY

**M**ine is the hearthfire of an inn.  
May cupboard, garden, shelf, and bin  
Provide for every entering guest  
Peace, warmth, and shelter, food and rest.  
And may the footsore, young and old,  
Turn to my doors from dark and cold.  
So make them merry cheer, my heart,  
And cry "God Speed" when they depart.

## TO ONE OF OUR COMPANY SUCCESSFUL

**R**ejoice you're printed, praised, and paid at last.  
Both glad and sad the tribute that we bring.  
With would-be poets your lot no more is cast  
In minor undertone content to sing.  
We'll miss you from our care-free company  
That in the summer dawns took staff and load,  
Went hand-in-hand with Lady Poverty,  
A brotherhood that walked a golden road.  
Of worldly wants are heavenly treasures made.  
Spend not a sigh to salve our unsuccess;  
The thrift of beauty is a worthy trade.  
Yours be the feast; yet is the fast no less:  
The purple rounded grape, not bruised for wine,  
The grape of joy itself upon the vine.

## LOCAL POET

To———, reading his verse.

**P**ainted too fragile on the moment's shell,  
Like thousand heads on antique porcelain  
Held in formation by a slender spell,  
Toward your dazed eyes our listening faces strain.  
Homer himself has failed our need; yet old  
The thing we ask of you as prayer or rune:  
Take what we bring; turn this our iron to gold;  
Take our own names and chime them in a tune.  
Reveal, not for the future, but for us,  
Our homely great at feast with the Immortals;  
Make of our trek a cloud-led exodus;  
Our shadow halt; ablaze at western portals  
Above our Ajalon bid our sun stand;  
Hold our unshattered moment in your hand.

## EASTER BELLS

(There is a tradition in French Canada that the bells go to Rome on Good Friday to be blessed, and get back for Easter.)

**E**aster bells are back from Rome,  
Ringing from the towers of home.  
Wheelruts black in dazzling snow,  
Toward the church the people go.  
Whirling spokes and axles flash—  
Gig and buggy and calash.  
See the shining rapids run  
Dancing in the wind and sun.  
(Yesterday the ice went down  
Past the bridges of the town.)

Easter bells are back from Rome  
Ringing from the towers of home.  
Racing river, roving breeze,  
Bells and birds and buds and trees  
Dance and frolic, skip and play  
On Easter Day, on Easter Day.

Where the hedge is tipped with snow,  
Three black bonnets in a row  
Hasten from the Convent gate—  
Hurry, hurry, you'll be late !  
Crash the bells about the sky.  
Bulging cape, veil floating high,  
On the bridge we saw them run,  
Three black shadows in the sun.

Easter bells are back from Rome  
Pealing from the towers of home.  
Bells and birds and buds and trees,  
Rippling river, rumpling breeze,  
Rapids foaming in the sun,  
Boy and grandsire, dame and nun  
Dance and frolic, skip and play  
On Easter Day, on Easter Day.

RIGAUD

**P**ines of the living rock,  
Strongly rooted in the crevices,  
Give your shade to the pilgrim's path,  
Your sweet scent to his nostrils.

Springs of the living rock,  
Vocal in your cool chambers,  
Give to the pilgrim's thirst your freshness,  
To his ears your still murmuring.

Shrines of the living rock,  
Radiant in the shadows,  
Give your peace to the pilgrim's heart,  
Your strength to his journeying.

## THE RIDERS

September days by hill and dale,  
Locks outblown, are riding by,  
Spurring over ditch and pale  
Lithe-limbed coursers of the sky.

Other riders, from the ridge,  
Flecked with shade come posting down,  
Walk their horses on the bridge,  
Canter idly through the town;

Chat across a garden wall;  
Halt and linger in a dream  
Where the birch leaves drift and fall  
Golden in the glimmering stream.

These will rein for no man's will,  
Till the hazy distance dim  
Coursers over dale and hill,  
Line of lock and line of limb.

## FROST PATTERNS

**T**here is no need to draw the blind to-night.  
The frost is thick upon the window pane,  
And only squares of crystal-patterned light  
Will meet the eyes of passers in the lane.  
The snow is heaped about the ledge and sill;  
The key-hole and the latch are white with hoar;  
The runners of the sledges whistle shrill;  
And crunching footsteps hasten past our door.

But though made captive by the wind and storm,  
I see new worlds upon the frosted glass :  
A silver fern — each frond a perfect form;  
The icy glades of an enchanted pass;  
And solitary, on a gleaming plain,  
A fir tree, draped in veils of frozen rain.

## APRIL FIELDS

I walk in sodden fields of spring,  
    Rough fields, fall-ploughed and furrowed deep.  
On bare beech boughs the blue jays swing.  
    Across the sky dark shadows sweep—  
The great black crows are on the wing.  
I pluck the rarest blooms of spring,  
    Hepatica, whose pale heads peep  
    At pools where fragrant waters sleep.  
I walk in spongy fields of spring;  
The willow bush is blossoming;  
    The fields are waking from their sleep,  
    Rough fields, fall ploughed, and furrowed deep.  
From tree and fence the robins sing;  
I walk in living fields of spring.

## THE ORGAN IN THE COTTAGE

### I

#### The Tenant

**H**e played the pipe-organ  
In the church of St. Giles,  
Where his full-voiced choir  
Paced up the dim aisles.

But when the heat of summer  
Drove the city crowds forth,  
He sought fresh pastures  
And the winds of the north.

He brought a reed organ,  
And paper for his scores,  
And he rented our cottage  
By the cool river-shores,

With a view of rocks and rapid,  
Dark wood and blue hill,  
And great elms towering  
On the road to the mill.

He wrote chants and anthems,  
Made ballads grave and gay,  
But only in the distance  
We ever heard him play.

We heard only snatches—  
Now clear and now gone—  
Tossed by a fickle wind  
Across the wide lawn.

## II

### The Music

Once his doors stood open  
    On a hot, still day,  
Not a wind breath stirring  
    To blow the sound away;

I sat by my window  
    And I let the work go,  
For I heard music drifting  
    As light as thistleblow.

It sounded like bird song  
    At the break of day,  
And shrill, sweet voices  
    Of children at their play;

It sounded like honey bees  
    In a field of musk,  
And flat-toned cow bells  
    That tinkle in the dusk;

It sounded like the river,  
    And it sounded like rain,  
A quick trill of laughter,  
    Or a tremor of pain.

I sat by my window  
    And I let the work go,  
But a storm broke at tea-time,  
    And wind began to blow;

The rain swept the garden  
    Until I couldn't tell  
The notes of the organ  
    From the deep church bell.

### III

#### The Echo

Now the birds have flown south,  
The woods are dead brown,  
And the organist has gone  
To his church in the town.

The cottage stands silent  
Like a neighbour aloof,  
Its windows all shuttered,  
And snow on the roof.

But sometimes, at twilight,  
When the short day's gone,  
And I look towards the village  
As the lights flash on,

I pause beside the window  
With the blind half drawn,  
For I think I hear music  
From across the white lawn.

Perhaps it is the rapid  
Caught underneath the snow,  
Or the creaking of the elm trees  
As the east winds blow,

Or the voices of the skaters  
On the ice below the bridge,  
Or homeward-going sledges  
From the high beech ridge;

But it sounds, across the stillness  
Of the snow-bound land,  
Like the organ's voice awakened  
By a master's hand.

## PATER MEUS AGRICOLA

(In the square of St. Jerome, at the foot of the Laurentian Mountains, is a monument to the Curé Labelle which bears this inscription :

Pater Meus Agricola  
Le Curé Labelle 1833-1891  
Emparons-nous du sol !

(Le Curé Labelle)

Monument érigé à la memoire de l'apôtre de la  
colonisation

par ses compatriotes reconnaissants

A cet endroit même, il a prêché sa croisade en  
faveur de la colonisation

D'ici rayonna, de 1868 à 1891, l'action bienfaisante  
de ce prêtre patriote.)

**L**ong lines of men blocking the city streets  
Waiting their dole, pale, listless, desolate.  
What cry is this — what urgent voice entreats ?  
“Emparons-nous du sol — the valleys wait.”  
O faithful pastor, prophet, pioneer,  
Had we but shunned the crowded city way,  
Had we but followed thee, the haunting Fear  
Of cold and want that stalks us night and day  
Had stayed from its pursuit. The hills still hold  
Their treasure — cooling springs to quench our thirst,  
Food for our hunger, shelter from the cold,  
Work for the hands that idle hours have cursed.  
God give us grace to heed the mountain call:  
“The valleys wait — Emparons-nous du sol !”

## CHIAROSCURO

(On the North River is a small island known since pioneer days as Isle-aux-Chats; among its cedar trees a rare colony of night herons build their nests from year to year.)

**A**t Isle-aux-Chats the cedars tall  
Lift their green heads and shoulders high;  
Their sighing voices rise and fall  
When the wind comes by.

On the island lot no roof is seen;  
No farmhouse rears its gable ends;  
But the cattle roam the thistled green  
Where the river bends.

The cedars sway when the south wind sighs;  
Their crowded trunks are closely pressed;  
In the tangled tops of their ragged boughs  
The herons nest.

They do not seem like birds at all,  
These strange gray shapes that shun the light;  
We hear their raucous hunting call  
At dead of night.

On a bending bough the heron swings.  
She weaves dead twigs with a river reed.  
The beaten air is dark with wings  
When the young birds feed.

In the driving storms the cedars shake;  
The nests are torn when the harsh winds blow;  
And the fledglings fall through the ravelled brake  
To the gloom below.

Beneath the trees at Isle-aux-Chats,  
Among the matted twigs and cones,  
Are broken wing and crumpled claw,  
    And bleaching bones.

But the cattle munch the tender grass  
On the pasture lot, where wild vines climb;  
Across the low foot-bridge they pass  
    At milking time.

At Isle-aux-Chats the cedars tall  
Lift their dark heads against the sky;  
Their sighing voices rise and fall  
    When the wind comes by.

## MEMORIES

The changing scenes of fourscore years have led me  
Far from familiar ways;  
Yet sights and sounds of summer oft bring visions  
Of happy childhood days.

And once again I wake at early morning  
To song of robin blithe,  
And through the long grass in the dewy meadow  
The swish of mower's scythe.

The constant ripple of the gushing water  
Outside the kitchen door,  
The low of cattle — all the farmyard echoes—  
I seem to hear once more.

Again I wander through the pleasant pasture  
Beyond the maples tall  
To fill my pail once more with berries growing  
Beside the old stone wall;

While on the quiet air the sound of voices  
Is borne across the way  
From where in farther fields the cheerful toilers  
Are taking in the hay.

I see the fragrant load pass down the hillside  
And through the wide barn door,  
And hear the rumble of the heavy cartwheels  
Across the wind-swept floor.

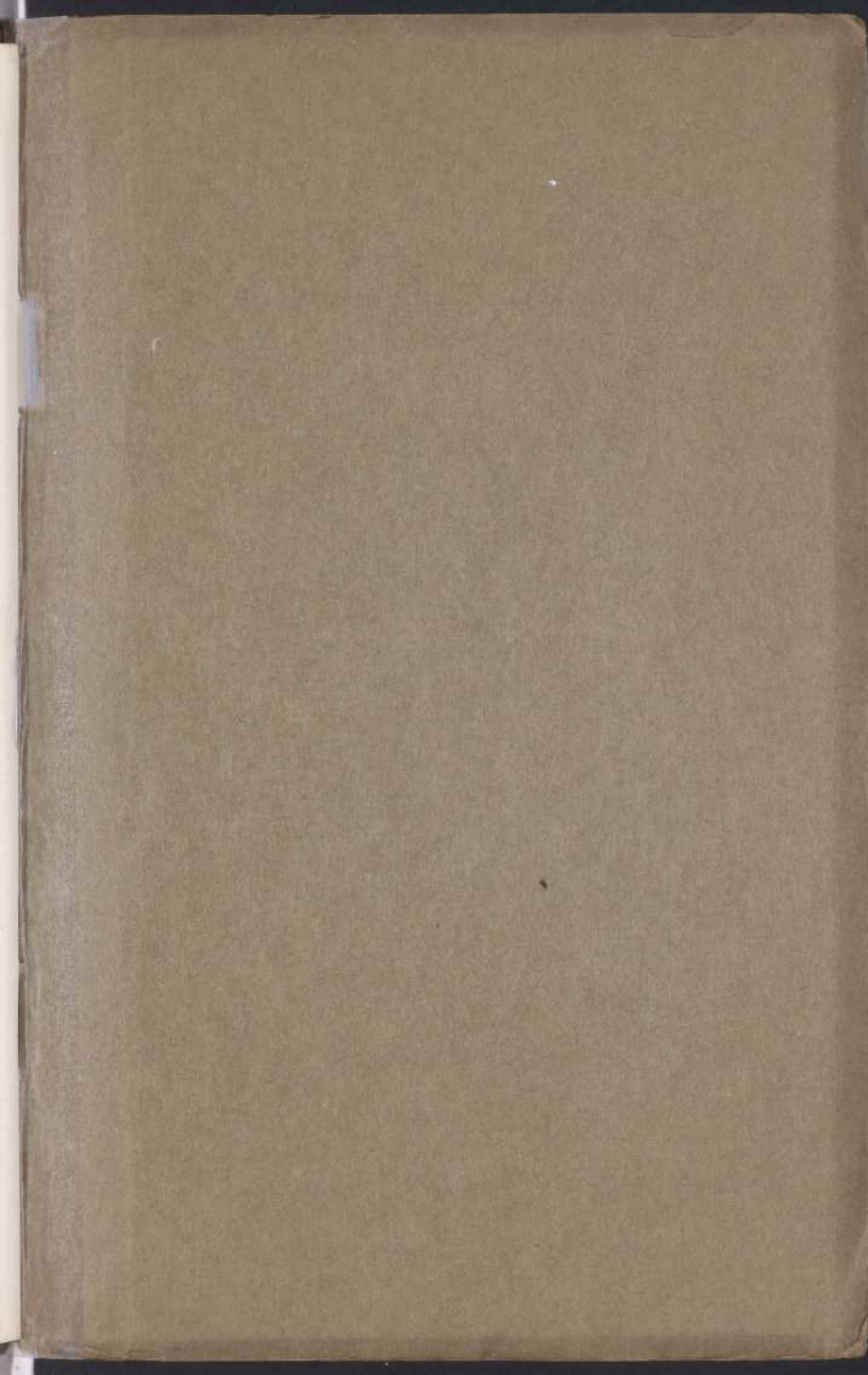
The placid cows meander slowly homeward,  
The brilliant sunlight fails,  
And soon, from yard and cattle shed, the milkers  
Bring in their foaming pails.

On all around descends a peaceful stillness;  
The bird has found its nest;  
Now darkness falls — the long day's work is ended—  
The workers are at rest.

BUENOS AIRES  
1912-1913



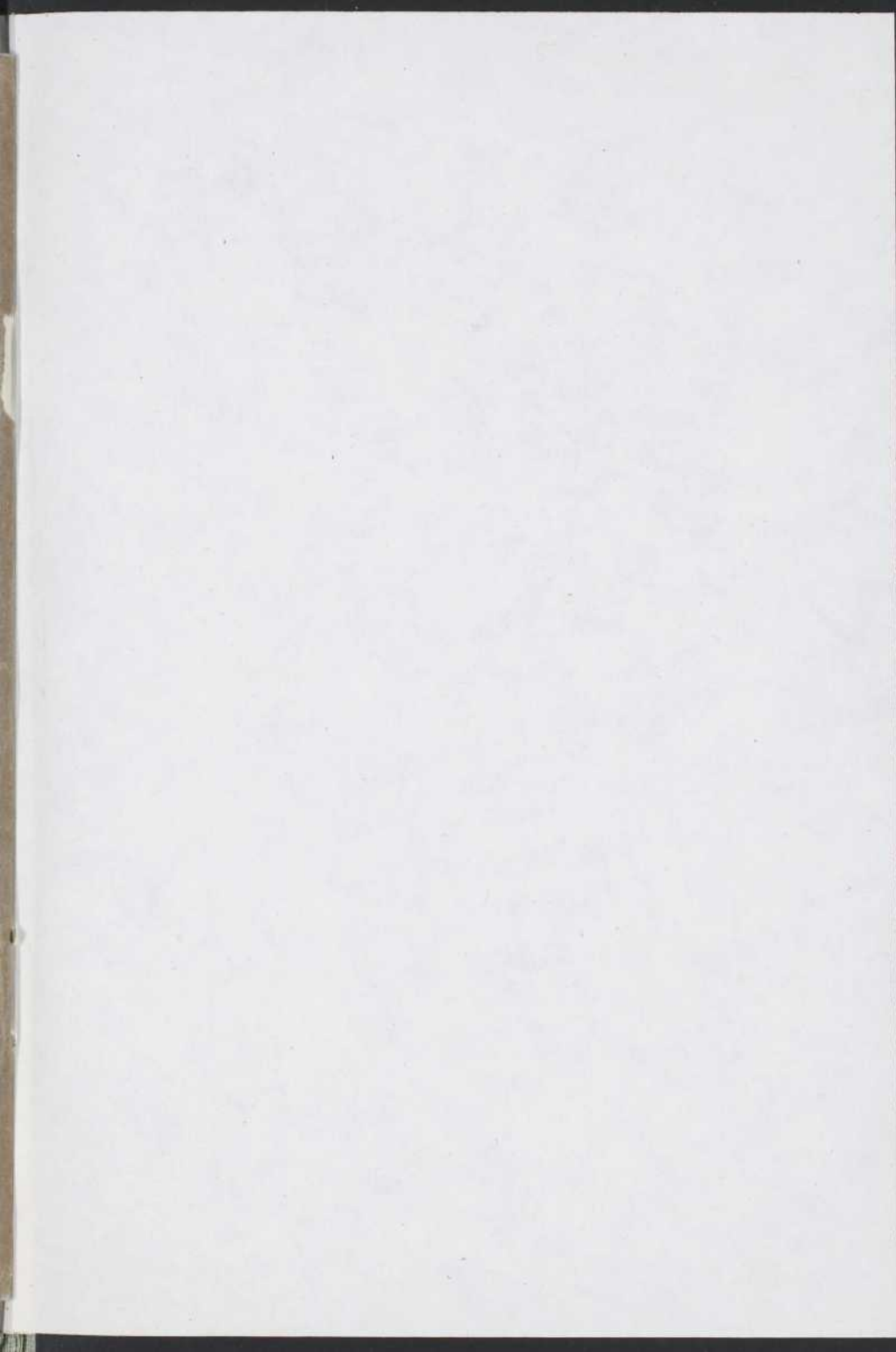


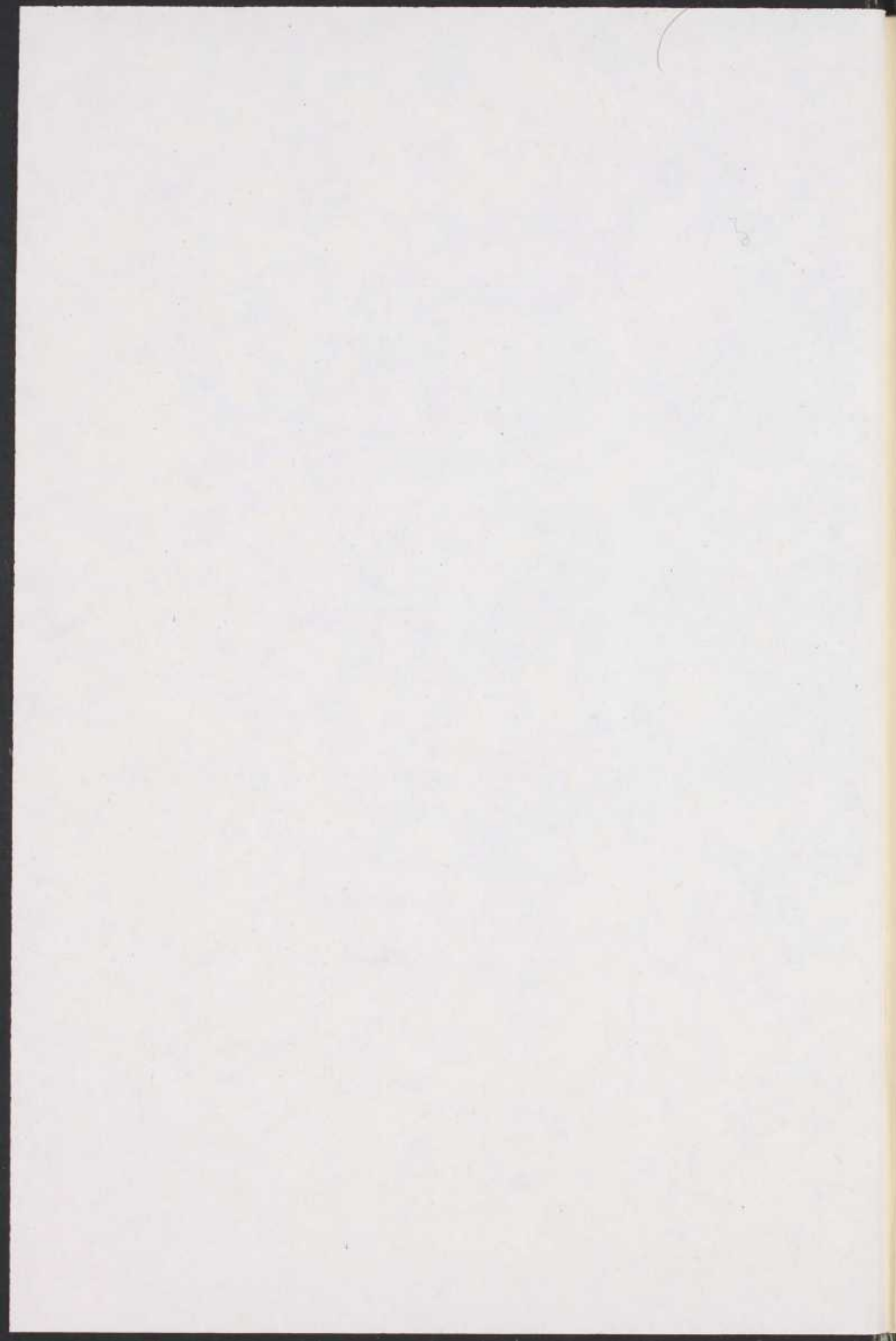


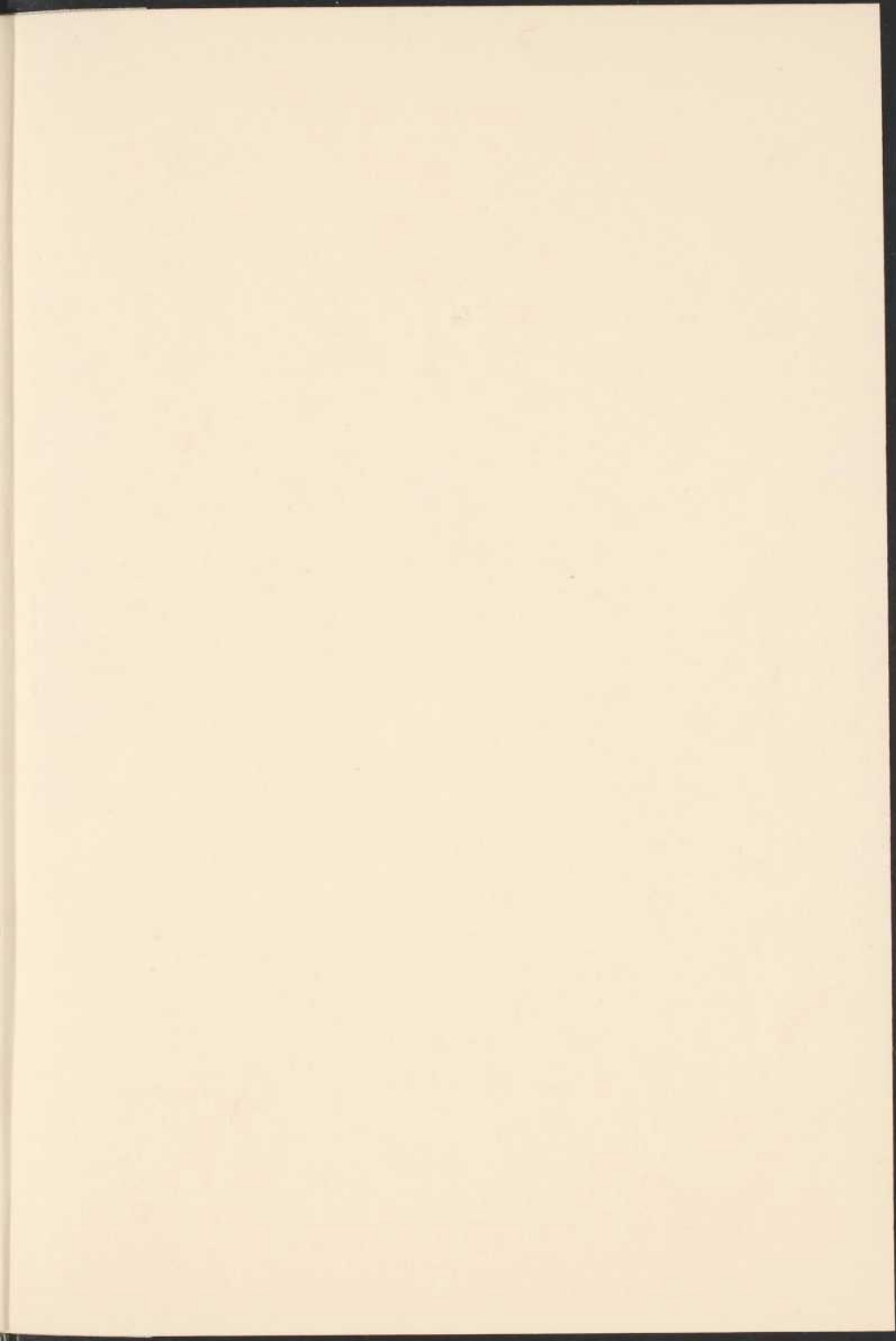
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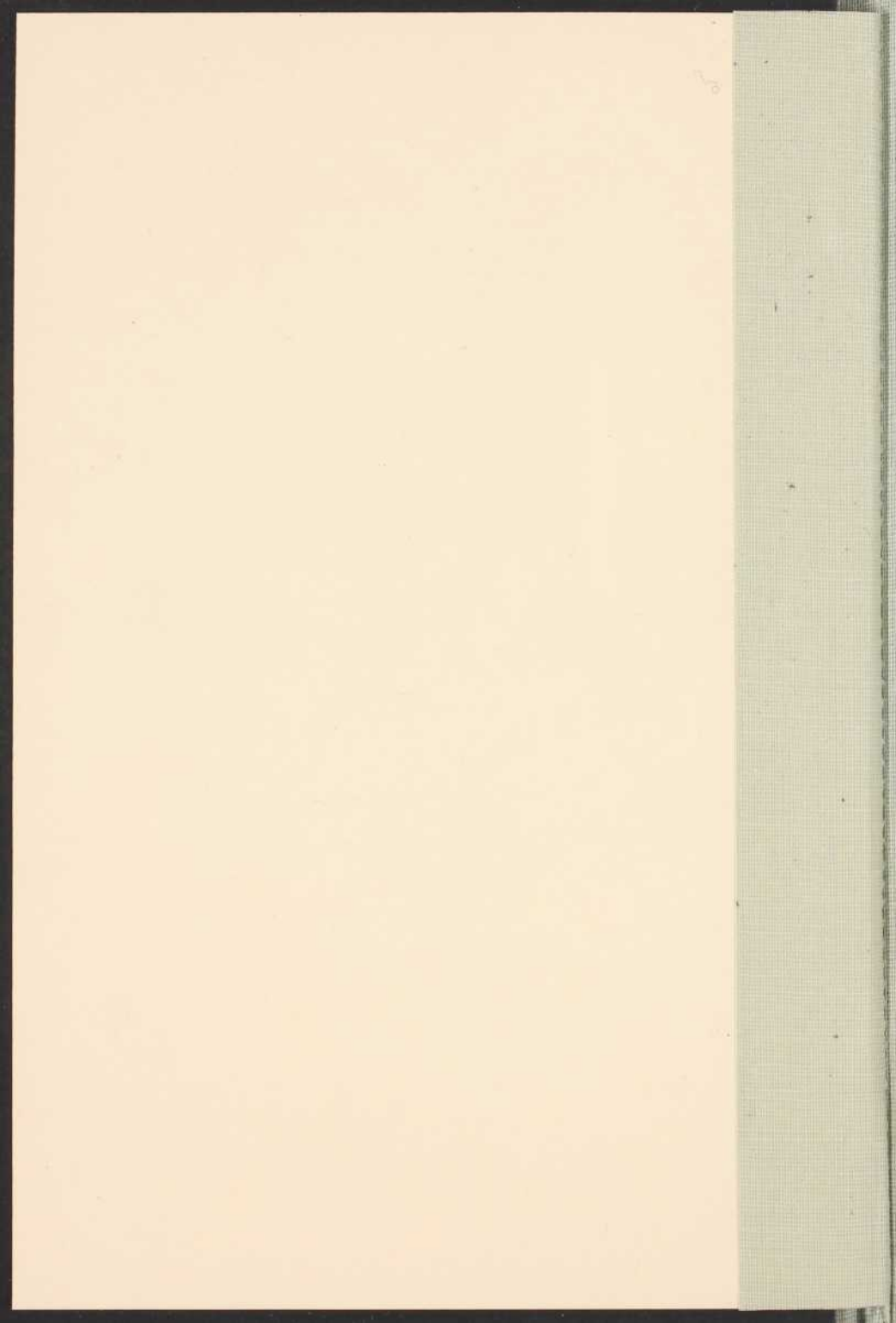


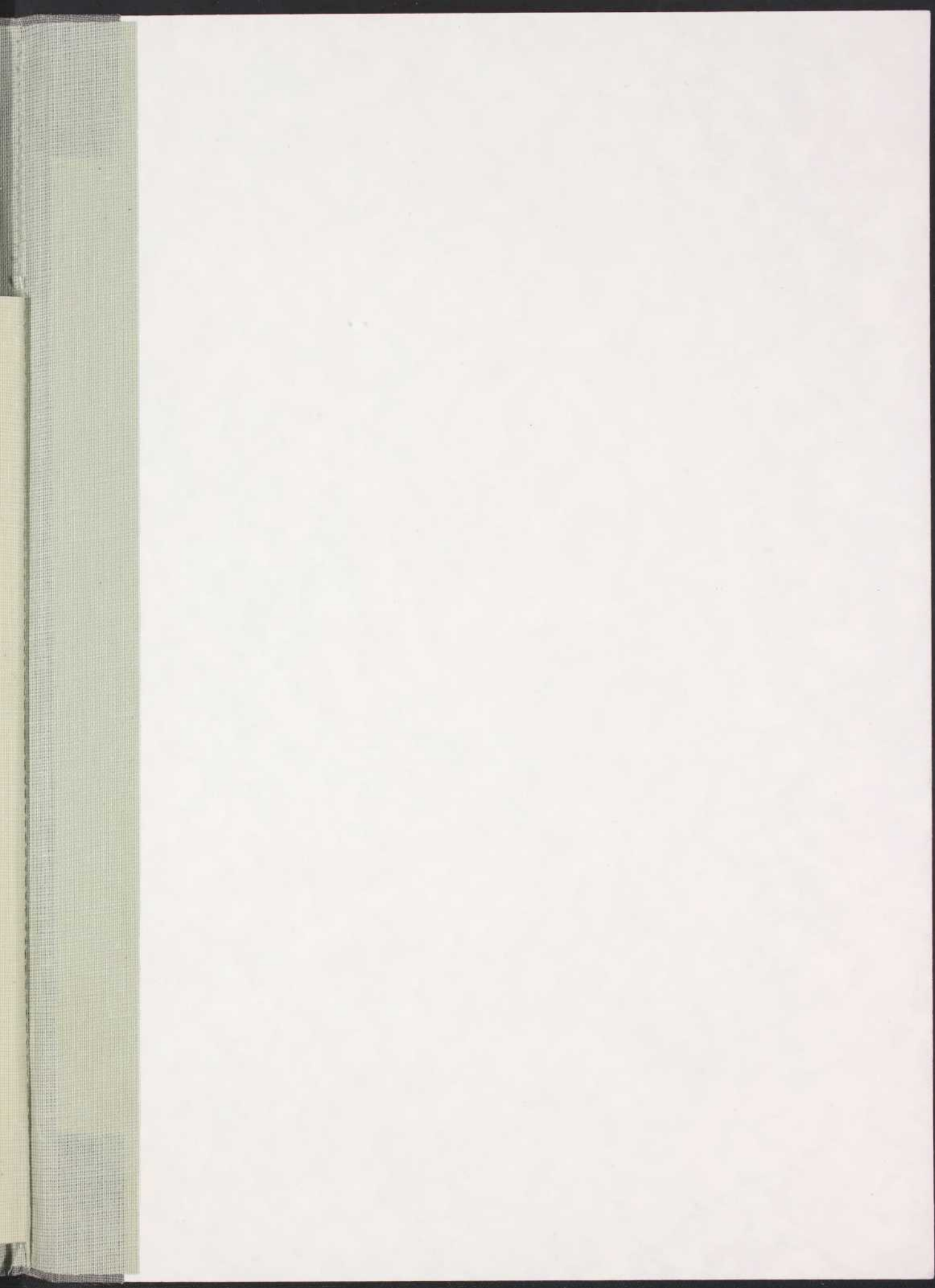
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