

Egypt.

4

I

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

I

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.

"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

14.

I

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.

The extinct Volcano.

I

On this dead crater's broken & 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.

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

I

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.

I

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.

The Gold-Seeker.

6

17.

I

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 - - -  
. . . . .

(unfinished)

I  
The Valley of the Strymon.

The men that tilled these fields lie dead,  
And earth is cold on hand and head  
What 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 ~~xxxxxx~~ marble shaft above the sea of time.

I  
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 -

The Manitou of the Plains -

8

I

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

~~20~~

I

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.

I

37.

9

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

(over)

I

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

Mosquito.

I

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 murmur 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.

1874.

I

The South Wind

40

11

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)



The South Wind

41.

12

I

In measured cadence on the shore,  
Beats out the monologue of time  
And sings 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 - - -~~  
Not long we wait; too soon at last.

---

Linnaea Borealis,

I

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, <sup>h</sup>where ~~days are long~~  
Where days are 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

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.  
 is its flow

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.

(unfinished)

I

The Sea Lion.

Strong and alone, you survive, and far  
 Amid the spume of cold blue seas  
 ? That beat across the rocky 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.

I

Scattered fragments in the deep.

Put into lines

15

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

I

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 <sup>in</sup> 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 finished past.

X

I

Sailing free, in the dead of the night, in the gale  
With the white foam behind and no light -

All the spume of the sea blowing thick in the air -  
a dim veil.

On the reef - with a crash, in the night

And the sea beating heavy and long on a wreck

Climbing dark on the side, rushing white on the slant of  
the deck,

A cold bitter winter of wind that cries shrill up aloft,

The boats lost, far from land, no reply to the flares or  
the guns.

Storm battered and broken the wreckage is spread

On the face of the deep that is guarding its dead.

- - - - -

Blown from far by soft winds over sea many days,

In a blue sphere of ocean and air. - - - - -

The Sea and its Song.

Outer Coast of Vancouver Island. 1885.

I

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

Seymour Narrows.

I

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.

---

Solitude and life.

I

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 <sup>n</sup> ~~from their~~ <sup>above a</sup> Graver's art.  
 But sheltered on their sides, a thousand furry things  
 Renewing youth. *Renew their youth.*

---

"A Russian Princess"

à Paris 1892.

18

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  $\bar{\wedge}$  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,

II  
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.

19

II

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,

II

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. '98.



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 *form* —  
 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 goal  
 But *speeds?* spreads on to the ending of all.

II

Childhood.

27

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.

The ~~Diary~~ old Diary

48.

II

I turned the leaves and slowly turned  
The yellow paper rough and old;  
And marked <sup>one</sup> 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 <sup>wielded</sup> (?) life no more —  
Careless I turned another leaf.

[21 to 26 omitted.]

8.

28

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.

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.

To my Father.

II

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/<sup>some</sup> 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,

(over)

(Father)

~~10.~~

30

II

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.

(over)

He was a tower of strength to us, who were his sons.

(Father)

~~II.~~

31

II  
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.

18.

II

Six poems by G. M. Dawson, published:-

In a biographical notice by Dr. B. J. Harrington; in the Transactions of the Royal ~~Society~~ Society of Canada. (Section IV, 1902; Read on May 28, 1902.)

12 lines beginning: -

"Life is a bubble on the sea".

8 lines beginning: -

"Far on the western River lay".

12 lines beginning: -

"Contorted beds of unknown age".

6 lines beginning: -

"To rest on fragrant cedar boughs".

16 lines beginning: -

"We know to-day our tale of dead."

24 lines beginning: -

"The silent Boer that lies a clod."

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Three of these were reprinted in an abbreviated biographical notice, in "The American Geologist," Vol. XXVIII, Aug. 1901.

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Also, a descriptive poem of some length, ~~was~~ entitled: "To Dr. George" - was written by C. Phillipps ~~Woolley~~ Wolley; and published in the "British Columbia Mining Record," of April, 1901.

Part III  
32-50

The Unseen side.

2.

32

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 - - - -

Words by George Mercer Dawson



An Appeal.

33

III  
Great God, I ask not honour or renown  
But inasmuch as I have travelled far  
Beneath the sun, and studied long  
And looked towards thy ~~sun~~ star  
By night and day, I crave that I may bear  
~~Bear~~ some message to the labouring world  
To make more light the toil of life  
To give some reason for all seeming wrong  
And lift the sigh of labour into song.  
Night follows day and day succeeds to night  
But all the storied pages of the past  
Still give no clew. The first is as the last  
But dawn and eventide, but dark and day  
And man divine in inspirations, made in clay  
Seeking and finding not. Then dull and cold subsiding  
Slowly to the parent mould.

Oh Head of all created things give ear and speak  
Thy wisdom to uphold the weak.

The core of knowledge.

III  
We live but in half knowledge, on the ~~rain~~ rim  
And edge of things that pass from deep to deep  
Full of uneasy dreams that fall in troubled sleep.  
Grant that we wake to thy full orbèd day  
What time the clouds of life shall pass away  
We follow knowledge close from gain to gain  
But never touch the clew and source (?) of all.

The Dream of the Ideal.

34

III

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

III

But cogs and wheels that work below  
To weave the woof? sublime.

Life unfulfilled -

III

My time is short. The threads of Life,  
A tangled skein, I cannot sort,  
But count it gain to live -  
To live and die. To see and know  
And pass to the unknown -

over

(...filled -)

III

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

(Life unfulfilled)

n. 36

III

Which is beyond, which must recur

Where lies fruition, when the words unsaid,

The songs unsung, the immatured

(Elysium) — And misty dreams that glow to my dim eyes,

Eyes, like sunset on the world, Take form.

Where all that has been wrong, or wrongly ordered

Will be well. -

An undying Verse.

III

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.

III

Feb. 25th. 1900. Canada at Pardeburg.

37

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;

*For* 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 boer, that lies, a clod -

He was a father or a son -

Upon his dry grey Transvaal sod

Among the rocks that we have won;

(Pardelburg)

~~18.~~

38

III

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.  
The ~~And~~ loss ~~(gain)~~ we reckon but by tale,  
Is measured there; To each his due.

Valiant in Fight -

~~29.~~

39

III

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 and end, and mean the same  
Let us stand then, true, determined,  
Strong ~~against~~ all common wrong -  
Seeking not a cause for battle - - -  
- - - - -

(Unfinished)

III

Capt. Wilson and party leaving Forbes Camp.

40

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,

III

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

Canada.

III

From field and mart, from mine and oar  
 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.



The Poets depart.

92  
41

III

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 windy Bourinot.  
Workman is dead and Lampman 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 !

The Wilful Boy.

II

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) up  
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 !"

The ended Task.

53.

42

III

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.

(mixed)

Life's Sorrow.

III

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

1882.

A Knell.

Sad is life and sad is living,

Sad is dying, sad is death.

Slowly on, the days are passing;

Slowly, measured breath by breath.

*Sadly sighing,* ~~Slowly dying,~~ slowly dying,

Spreading silence, coming death,

Striving mind, and groaning body

Straining upward, bearing down;

Wed so close, yet tied so lightly,

What when all the bonds have flown?

Silence waiteth, silence broodeth,

All devouring and alone.

The Philosopher -

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; <sup>till</sup> all are no more

Where eternity fretting the border <sup>eth</sup> of time <sup>ing shore.</sup> (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.

The disappointed Bird -

45.

44

Some little nest is lonesome

Some little heart is sad,

Some little head is moping

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.

*Must* That all that love should be <sup>yet</sup> in vain!

That flight from the sunny south, *by the south wind tossed,*

And the courting in April's sun and rain,

*Line omitted →*

*The hope of the nest, be lost!*

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.

The Lost Cause.

28,  
45

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 !

The voice of Life + Death.

30.

46

III

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

Death.

III

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 <sup>kin</sup> ~~use~~ are all so frail,  
And our hold upon life is so weak and slight !

(2.)

Yesterday, morning awoke in the East

As before, as of custom and need ;

Shall the sun now arise as of old ~~nevermore~~ <sup>no more</sup>,

~~Nor~~ Shall the plant ~~not~~ grow up from the seed ?

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 <sup>heart</sup> ~~of~~ 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 <sup>deceit;</sup> ~~have made thy~~

X

Line But why should full vigour be whopped in a shroud !  
<sup>plain law.</sup>

The final Silence.

47

- III
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 *before.*  
*(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.

A forecast.

III

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 <sup>hand</sup> to whither all things lead.

III

Prayer.

52.

48

Oh God ! upon this close of day,

Thy sun descending in the west,

I know not in what word to pray

But ask that all mankind be blest.

The clouds in moveless shining bars,

Forbid the eye to search the deep;

Or range amid the silent stars

That their appointed watches keep.

May all mankind be blest - aye more,

May every living thing fulfil

In peace, according to behest,

Upon the way that is thy will.

I pray because I needs must ask;

I know without, that all is well;

And each appointed to his task

The ~~will~~ will tell.

The finished day the end will tell.



Overawed -

~~39.~~  
49

III

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 ? )  
*(which I confess -*

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.~~

*Flow on -*

G.M.D. Mch.13th. 1870.

The Mystery of Existence.

Oh God, in the obscurity enlighten me,  
~~That I may~~ ~~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.~~

*Once again. —*

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.

The Mystery - e.

III

The end.

CEDARBRAE  
ALMONTE, ONTARIO

April 29<sup>th</sup> / 71

Dear Dr. Perkins -

After speaking to you on the telephone the other morning, I began to wonder just when the Women's Branch of the C. I. M. M. was begun, and I telephoned my old friend Alice Russel to see if she could recall the year - between us, we thought it must have been about 1920 - she said however, that she had written a history of the Association for a meeting several years ago, and she would see if she could find it - Mrs Russel always to be relied on, found it in short time and mailed it to me - I am now enclosing it to you, and think perhaps that you will find at least part of it interesting - I see that I am correct in telling you that the first meeting was held in the Chemistry and Mining Bldg. - I was president of this Ass. for 2 years, and I think it was at that time that our Loan Fund was begun. One of these years, when Mr Carlisle was president I ran the entertainment programme for the Mining Convention, this mostly to do with the Women's end of the matter - I was very interested in this Association, and worked hard for it - partly no doubt on account of my father's interest in mining + geology

and also on account of my husband's business being connected with the mining world throughout Canada.

I also found out from Mrs Russell that Mrs Adams painted very well, she made lovely illuminated Xmas cards, carried out in bright colours - She had a fine collection of Samplers, which she left to her Sister Mrs Greta Finlay, who in turn left them to the Art Ass.

On looking through my Uncle's pencil sketches again, I was impressed with the number of beautifully drawn Landscapes that were there, and many of them marked with the names of the places for where they had been drawn - I keep wondering if these could not be used in some way -

I have been playing the air of "The old fossil man" and find it very tuneful and good -

I am finding it quite pleasant to be in my little house here, and have this afternoon been sitting by the fire, while the rain patters down outside - The air seems delightfully fresh - The river is full and boisterous.

Excuse this hasty scrawl, which you need not answer. You can let me have the paper on the Women's Branch some time when convenient, but there is no hurry - I hope that all goes well with you and your wife - My kind regards to you both.

Sincerely,

Luis S. Whistler-Spragg.

Poems (many unfinished)  
by George Mercer Dawson -

