

DEATH

BY NORA BOMFORD

'I like to know that when I'm dead
Each bit of me
Will live again in many different things.
Not as dull dust for other feet to tread
Unknowingly,
But obvious life — the power of bat's
wings,
The eyes of squirrels and the breath of
herds.
I like to think
The grass that from each hidden eyelid
springs
Shall hold the dew for powdered moths
to clinch,
And line a nest for little unborn birds.'

HIGHLAND NIGHT

1715—1815—1915

BY ISABEL WESTCOTT HARPER

O turn ye homeward in the night-tide
dusk!
Return, O lad, across the watery
dark.
The wind is eerie, and the sea
growls low,
And voices mutter in the caves. O
hark!
The sea-bird hath her mate, but
none I know.

All day the gulls are crying round the
rocks,
And spray is leaping white against
their face;
The child is shouting, and the
wind is sweet;
Above our heads the flying cloudlets
race,
Where we are on the hillside cut-
ting peat.

The sun glints on the waves. I have no
fear;

My heart is filled with ancient battle
songs;

But when the winter seas are cry-
ing loud,
Phantoms of eld, and marching
faery throngs,
From strange old tales into my
fancy crowd.

They hold before my eyes a bloody
plaid —

A wail of warning hurries down the
gust,

The door blows open, and the
baby cries,
And dark-red drops are trickling in
the dust.

Kneeling I fall and cover up my
eyes.

O turn ye homeward in the night-tide
dusk!

The door stands open, and the sea
growls low.

Ah, lad, my candle shines across
the night.

The sea-bird hath her mate, but
none I know;

Turn ye to me before the morning
light.

Chambers's Journal

VOLUNTARY

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Here in the quiet eve
My thankful eyes receive
The quiet light.
I see the trees stand fair
Against the faded air,
And star by star prepare
The perfect night.