

## Selected Poetry

### FAR AWAY.

As chimes that flow o'er shining seas  
When Morn alights on meads of May,  
Faint voices fill the western breeze  
With whisp'ring songs of Far-Away.  
Oh, dear the dells of Dunamore,  
A home in odorous Ossory;  
But sweet as honey, running o'er,  
The Golden Shore of Far-Away!

There grows the Tree whose summer breath  
Perfumes with joy the azure air;  
And he who fears it fears not Death,  
Nor longer heeds the hounds of Care.  
Oh, soft the skies of Seskinore,  
And mild is meadowy Melleray;  
But sweet as honey, running o'er,  
The Golden Shore of Far-Away!

There sings the Voice whose wondrous tune  
Falls like diamond showers above  
That in the radiant dawn of June  
Renew a world of Youth and Love.  
Oh, fair the founts of Farranfore,  
And bright is billowy Baliintrae;  
But sweet as honey, running o'er,  
The Golden Shore of Far-Away!

Come, Fragrance of the Flowering Tree,  
O, sing, sweet Bird, thy magic lay,  
Till all the world be young with me,  
And Love shall lead us far away.  
Oh, dear the dells of Dunamore,  
A home is odorous Ossory;  
But sweet as honey, running o'er,  
The Golden Shore of Far-Away!

—Irish Weekly.

### A SPRING AFTERNOON IN NEW ZEALAND.

We rode in the shadowy place of pines.  
The wind went whispering here and there  
Like whispers in a house of prayer.  
The sunshine stole in narrow lines,  
And sweet was the resinous atmosphere,  
The shrill cicada, far and near,  
Piped on his high exultant third.  
Summer! Summer! he seems to say—  
Summer! He knows no other word,  
But trills on it the live-long day;  
The little hawkler of the green,  
Who calls his wares through all the solemn  
forest scene.

A shadowy land of deep repose!  
Here when the loud nor'wester blows,  
How sweet, to soothe a trivial care,  
The pine-trees' ever-murmured prayer!  
To shake the scented powder down  
From stooping boughs that bar the way,  
And see the vistas, golden brown,  
Touch the blue heaven far away.  
But on and upward still we ride  
Whither the furze, an outlaw bold,  
Scatters along the bare hillside  
Handfuls of free, uncounted gold,  
And breaths of nutty, wild perfume,  
Salute us from the flowering broom.

I love this narrow, sandy road,  
That idly gads o'er hill and vale,  
Twisting where once a rivulet flowed,  
With as many turns as a gossip's tale.  
I love this shaky, creaking bridge,  
And the willow leaning from the ridge,  
Shaped like some green fountain playing,  
And the twinkling windows of the farm,  
Just where the woodland throws an arm  
To hear what the merry stream is saying.

Stop the horses for a moment, high upon the  
breezy stair,  
Looking over plain and upland, and the  
depth of summer air,  
Watch the cloud and shadow sailing o'er the  
forest's sombre breast;  
Misty capes and snow-cliffs glimmer on the  
ranges to the west.  
Hear the distant thunder rolling; surely 'tis  
the making tide,  
Swinging all the blue Pacific on the har-  
bor's iron side. . . .  
Now the day grows grey and chill, but see  
on yonder wooded fold,  
Between the clouds a ray of sunshine slips,  
and writes a word in gold.

—ANNE GLENNY WILSON.

### THE LAST OF THE FOREST.

Hast thou not heard, O White Man, through  
a troubled dreaming  
On some still night when all the world lay  
stark,  
Sharp through the silence, moaning of the  
sea, and screaming  
Of night-birds in the dark?

Hast thou not said, O White Man, shivering  
when the shrieking  
Wild voices thrilled thee in a mystery of  
pain:  
"Peace! 'tis the Ocean calling! 'tis the Dead  
Tree creaking!  
Hush thee, my heart, again!"

Are they but birds? is it the sea in lamenta-  
tion,  
Or is it Ghosts of Earth, and Air, that cry,  
Moaning a requiem, in their utter desolation,  
For old worlds passing by?

Is it the wind that howls? The Dead Tree  
thou ignorest,  
Speech hath, and Spirit, though a shadow  
grey.  
Hearest thou not the voice that mourns the  
vanished Forest,  
That was, and passed away?

"White Man, behold me! ghastly in the  
Spring's serenity,  
Battered, and bruised, by ceaseless storm  
and strife;  
I am the Spectre of a mighty forest's green-  
ness,  
I, who am Death in Life!

Late, and with lingering footsteps, Spring  
draws near, revealing  
Love, and new life, to every passer-by;  
Angel beloved! in thy touches is no healing,  
No balm for such as I!

Dawn after dawn, I, sleepless, wait the first  
faint flushes,  
Then, as the cloud-gates of the East un-  
fold,  
Over the world the red flood of the sunrise  
rushes  
That leaves me white and cold.

Heaven in her pity rains her tender tears  
upon me,  
Me, —who shall never bud or bloom again,  
There is no quickening in the sunshine lav-  
ished on me,  
The dew drops all in vain.

Shattered by lightning, tempest-tossed, and  
torn, and broken,  
Storms had no power to shake me till this  
last,  
When, at the coming of the White Man,  
doom was spoken,—  
Now live I in the Past!

What is there left, O White Man, what is  
there remaining?  
What is there flees not from before thy  
face?  
Wonder thou not to hear the Spirits' loud  
complaining  
For flower, forest, race!

As the worn body by a lingering breath is  
haunted,  
So is my Ghost withheld from final peace;  
While these strong roots thus firmly in the  
earth are planted,  
Am I denied release.

Hast thou no mercy, Storm-wind? let thy  
fury hound me;  
Let loose thy Fiends, and bid them work  
their will,  
Till in Earth's bosom snaps the link that  
bound me!  
Then shall my soul be still!

Dost thou not hear, O White Man, through  
thy troubled dreaming  
On this calm night when all the world lies  
stark,  
Sharp through the silence, moaning of the  
sea, and screaming  
Of night-birds in the dark?

What! dost thou say, O White Man, shiver-  
ing when the shrieking  
Wild voices thrill thee in an agony of pain:  
"Peace! 'tis the Ocean calling! 'tis the  
Dead Tree creaking!  
Hush thee, my heart, again!"

They are not birds! the sea wails not in  
lamentation—  
They are the Ghosts of Earth, of Air, that  
cry,  
Moaning a requiem, in their utter desola-  
tion,  
For old worlds passing by.

—DORA WILCOX.