

SAINT JOHN HARBOUR

VERNA L. HARDEN

Hulls and the shadows of hulls
And the tides receding, swelling;
Gulls and the shadows of gulls
And a dark unpainted dwelling.

Fears and the echo of fears
When the Fundy tides are crashing;
Tears and remembrance of tears
When the black storm-winds are lashing.

Sails and the singing of sails
When they dance to the noon-wind's jigging;
Gales and the stinging of gales
And the wail of ghosts in the rigging.

Gulls and the shadow of gulls
And the dark unpainted dwelling;
Hulls and the shadow of hulls
And the tides receding, swelling.

*Mrs. Verna Bentley, of Toronto.