

The trusting children who to thee consign
Their treasures and their lives in simple faith?
Who rest their heads upon thy breast as on
The bosom of a mother, unafraid?
“Ah, no!” comes back the answer, “do not judge
Too rashly, for though sometimes I seem harsh,
I’m not a Lamia seeking to destroy.
I know and love my children, and know too,
That they know me, and knowing learn to love.
For they who brave the deep must have strong hearts,
Must know the dangers, and while knowing, dare
To brave them. This is how I teach my sons,
And, changing, ever changeless, breed a race
Of men who fear not death.”

—R. G. E. '27.

TON REGARD, TON SOURIRE

Dédie à G.....

Ton regard est doux et limpide,
Comme l'étoile au firmament;
Il est amoureux mais timide,
Car il brille modestement.

Ton sourire où l'esprit réside,
Sent la malice évidemment,
Mais il est moqueur, non perfide,
Il vient du coeur assurément.

Je l'aime beaucoup, ton sourire,
Et je m'en tiendrais à celà,
Si tes yeux bleus n'étaient pas là.

Vois-tu je souffre le martyr,
Ne sachant ce que j'aime mieux:
Ton fin sourire ou tes yeux bleus.

—Armand Bordeleau, '27