

## TO A ROBIN

How cam'st thou here, sweet Robin?  
 What demon of unrest  
 Hath lured so far from England's shores  
 Thy swelling crimson breast?  
 What fairy dreams and airy schemes  
 Came to thy humble nest  
 To send thee from thy gabled eave  
 A-wandering in the West?

Had I thy wings, sweet Robin,  
 This moment I would fly  
 From golden sunsets' Western glow  
 To England's colder sky,  
 Where chiming bells their mellow notes  
 Ring out from belfries high,  
 And floating o'er a hoary world  
 Through leafless glades do sigh.

But hearts are warm, sweet Robin,  
 Within the dear, old land,  
 They with true, honest impulse give  
 True grip of honest hand.  
 Across the seas dividing gulf  
 Love waves his magic wand,  
 And hearts at home reach hearts that beat  
 Upon this distant strand.

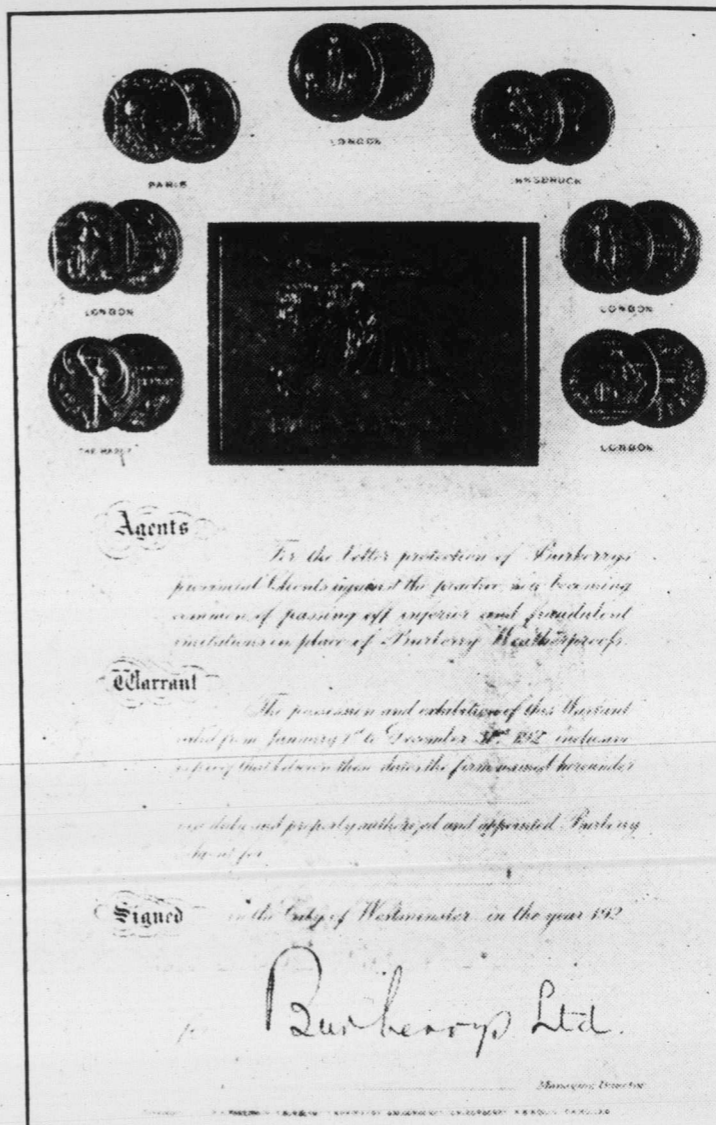
Why linger here, sweet Robin?  
 Oh, soon it will be Spring  
 When all the hedge-rows will be gay  
 With blue-bells blossoming.  
 Then primrose, daisy, violet sweet  
 Lurk where the lark doth spring  
 From lowly nest to sunlit skies  
 With dewdrops on his wing.

Alas, alas, poor Robin!  
 Perchance thy restless eye  
 Hath never seen those meadows green  
 Where drowsy cattle lie  
 Through summer days when purling streams  
 To whispering winds reply,  
 And countless birds and murmuring bees  
 Join in the lullaby.

Then fly away, sweet Robin,  
 Thy wings and crimson breast  
 In thought had borne me o'er the seas  
 To seek a moment's rest—  
 To dream again within my home.  
 Alas, a fruitless quest:  
 'Twere vain to dream—my heart returns—  
 My home is in the West.

Vancouver B. C.

—Annie C. Dalton.



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