

There are hours when the sun is of gold a-glow,
And it warms the waves into sparkling glee,
Then up to my window comes their song—
Of the joy that is and the joy to be.

But when in the circled church of the night
The moon-lamp hangs from the painted roof,
And silvers a pathway along the nave—
The aisles all shadowy and aloof—

While I listen to low-pitched organ tones,
They come, the ghosts of the long-lost years,
Drifting within that silver way,
Bringing me back dim smiles and tears.

* * * * *

I hope that at last, on a foggy dawn,
When I grope my way to the shrouded shore,
A barque will be waiting to carry me
To the mystic coasts of forevermore.

THE FAIRIES' SECRET

Light of evening slowly fading, see the sun a sombre red,
Tucked in quaintly, quilted cloudlets, fleecy as an angel's
bed,
Dying day with folded fingers softly sleeps as night—is
born:

Lo! a fairy casement opens; list—a haunting elfin horn,
Childhood's magic memories flood us, haloed with their
treasured past,

Storied wealth of golden glamour, grip and hold us firm
and fast,

Past and present mix and mingle, freighted with fantastic
power,

Like old Alpine echoes yodeling, soul hails soul from peak
and tower;

While life lasts 'tis ever with us, fairy-fingered hours of
bliss,

Greatest gems of memory's mintage, hallowed as a tryst-
ing kiss,

Like the softest ray of moonlight, or the mantle of a
dream,

These are beacon lights immortal in the channel of life's
stream.

Sweet the secret of the fairies; trackless as the ocean's
wave,

Romp these vista'd vales of memory as they circle and
enslave;

Swinging, clinging, here and ever, long we cherish the
surprise

That was wafted through our beings while we lived 'neath
fairy skies,

And we trust when life's last shadow gently blurs our
failing sight,

Some kind fairy friend shall lead us to the realm of love
and light;

Past the pillowed-plush of cloud land, fringing full the
goal of grace

Through uncharted mystic channels on the shoreless sea
of space:

See the fogs of doubt and darkness turn to sparkling rays
of light;

Glimpse the lamp of Life Immortal banish everlasting
night;

Taste the fruits of faith triumphant planted by the Mas-
ter's hand,

And at last cast anchor firmly in that priceless "Promised
Land."

M. D. GEDDES.

Calgary, Alberta.

TO A CHICKADEE

Kind chickadee, you stay with me
When all around is dreary;
No other bird has stayed with word
To make the winter cheery.

No words can tell my thanks so well
As this big bone for dinner,
That hangs before my cabin door,
Lest hunger make you thinner.

And may it bring on joyous wing,
Around my forest shanty,
More velvet caps that search for scraps
When frost-proof meals are scanty!

Erwin Foerster, Calgary.

MOON-FLOWER

(By Bertha Lewis)

Twirling, unfurling spirals tight,
Moon-flower's jewel, a dew drop bright
Falls in the palm of my patient hand—
I found its treasure, for I understand.

Blooming by starlight, Moon-flower white,
Hold up your cup for pearls of the night;
Blue is the welkin, blue are the moon-lips
Touching your curving, delicate, cool tips.
When bees of the dawn come wandering, winging,
Seeking the nectar close to your heart,
Your petals all spiralled, and tightly clinging,
Shall hold your gem from the common mart.

Blue is the silence of spaces above,
I through the starlight seek Infinite Love.
Silver-winged Mercury, silver the phantasies
Brings he to lovers of Truth's high romances;
Vibrant and living, like moon-beams winging,
They are precious as shimmering flowers impearled;
My heart tendrils spiral, and tightly clinging
Hold these gems from a curious world.

TO A POET: A. C. D.

By J. Kilby Rorison

I think the Lord, perceiving all the riot
Of our harsh noondays, made your pathway quiet,
That you might hear the music of the spheres,
Strains too elusive for our duller ears.
He made you pluck a plume from Fancy's Wing,
Breathed in your ear, a precious, sacred thing,
Murmured a secret the first poet heard,
The power, the might, the magic of the Word!

Oh! brave, bright smile, on laughter-loving lips,
Lips that were made for merry jests and quips!
The wistful look in your sweet eyes doth bring
A mist of tears—for you, no wild birds sing!
Yet you are blessed, not for you the fret
Of futile things that oft our minds beset.
God's own Beloved! When He set you apart
He left a bird a-singing in your heart.