

# Original Verse by Canadian Writers

## SEAWARD.

Whene'er my day of life has reached the sunset,  
And my frail boat will from its mooring break,  
Give me a still and starry night with moonlight  
And that fair chart which hope and love will make.

I shall fare forth without a fear or murmur;  
No need of lighthouse flash nor warning bell.  
Beyond the headlands, I shall find the Ocean  
In that calm trust—Forever all is well.  
—Edwin E. Kinney.

## ALONE.

Grey waves silver crowned,  
Cathedral peaks,  
The pale star of even drowned  
In lucent twilight gold,  
And high in the purple air a gull with gleaming wings—  
Alone.

A curtain of velvet night,  
A carpet of snow,  
The leaping fires of heaven alight,  
Cedars with drooping, shining arms,  
And motionless, intent, a marauding coyote—  
Alone.

A madly pulsing, wildly rushing,  
Leaping, quivering,  
Torrent stream, rainbows blushing  
In its restless jewel spray,  
And on a moss-clad rock an aged grey-green pine—  
Alone.

Ah me, in bitterness, in all ecstatic joy,  
In frequent pain,  
In the clutch of the fears that destroy,  
In hope Heaven-born, or despair from Hell,  
On a mountain spire remote, my soul doth dwell—  
Alone.

—By M. E. Colman.

## CHOOSING.

Some people dotes on motor cars,  
An' tears along their way  
Devourin' up the dusty miles  
By hundreds every day.  
They takes a pride in burnin' oil—  
They can't bear goin' slow;  
But I likes walkin' through the world  
An' lookin' as I go.

Some people gathers curios,  
As misers gather cash;  
Some puts their coin on racin' gees,  
An' finish—in the hash.  
Some must have everythin' in sight—  
A greedy lot they be—  
But me, the odds and ends of life  
Are good enough for me.

Some people simply scorns the lot  
Of us who saunter by.  
They miss a lot, those foolish folk—  
Storm clouds—the summer sky—  
Trees—and the whisperin' of the sea—  
The kindnesses you meet—

Stray cats an' dogs—an' mellowin' love  
Of people in the street.  
—Marjory M. Reynolds.

## THE DEWDROP.

The Breeze blew over the field one day,  
And kissed the Lily by the way;  
She smiled so sweet and looked so fair,  
That the Breeze went dancing through the air.  
But back he came in the dead of night,  
When the Lily had folded her petals white,  
And he sighed, and sobbed, and whispered, too,  
But she heard him not the whole night through.  
So, off he flew with a wail forlorn,  
And the Lily slept on till the call of Morn,  
But found as her petals burst apart,  
A crystal tear-drop next her heart.

—Donald A. Fraser.

## A WISP OF SMOKE.

They wrote me they had tramped through Glenmalure  
To music of the rain's soft lullaby;  
They'd seen a wisp of turf-smoke rising high  
Till, tempted by a breeze to make detour,  
It sank, and vanished on the lonely moor  
And missed the welcome of the waiting sky.  
Reading the words, I thought perhaps that I  
Missed the mark, too, because my aim was poor.

A tinkers' camp-fire 'd made the vanished smoke;  
Deserted now, it met the travellers' need.  
Rekindled embers! Courage in me woke.  
I'd aim again, nor wayward impulse heed.  
To link the earth and sky I'd Heav'n invoke,  
And beg its music for my silent reed.

—Annie Margaret Pike.

## TO A DAFFODIL.

Dear golden bowl of crinkle rim,  
With liquid sunshine filled to brim;  
What secret magnet hast thou found  
To coax such beauty from the ground?  
Sweet Daffodil! a very shower  
Of simple beauty is thy dower;  
A queen with crown upon her brow,  
Wears not more dignity than thou.

Perchance thou art not flower at all,  
But some rare gem by love let fall  
To cheer tired mortals who as we  
Find joy in quiet reverie.  
Perchance thou art a sacred urn  
Where cloistered priests their incense burn?  
Or taper lit by Druid sage,  
A strange god's anger to assuage?

But why demur o'er race or name,  
Since in my heart there burns a flame  
For thee, fair creature—Springtime's guest—  
Yet loved through all the seasons best;  
Sweet Flower! Thou to my heart hast brought  
A happiness I long have sought.  
Supremely great the artist's skill  
That moulded thee, sweet Daffodil.

—E. Jewel Robinson.