

Where the streams, like fairy lacework,
 Trickle down the walls of rock,
 That defiant yield no passage,
 And the climbers' efforts mock,
 Toiling up the pathless steep that the wolf and grizzly keep,
 Nothing could his progress stay ;
 Startled, screamed the eagles soaring over roaring Kootenay.

Long they searched the ancient mountains—
 Strove with precipice and snow ;
 Great the trouble and privation,
 But at last the place they know.
 Now the mountains' sides they tear, and they lay the treasures bare,
 Bringing to the light of day
 All the riches they were keeping — fiercely weeping Kootenay !

Vain thy fury, foaming river !
 Thou shalt feel the tyrant's chain ;
 Man shall harness thee to serve him,
 Shall enslave thee for his gain ;
 Make thee help him as he wills to defraud the ancient hills,
 Till he has torn away
 All the mountains' hidden treasure, for his pleasure, Kootenay !

VANCOUVER, B. C.

—G. F. MONCKTON.

HOPE ON !

Wir heissen euch hoffen.—GORTIE.

"We bid you hope," the poet saith,
 And in the darkest hour to trust :
 The light shall come because it must,
 And life be victor over death.

Dark clouds may cover all the sky,
 The snow may hide the barren plain,
 But sun and spring-time rule again,
 For storms and winters pass and die.

When trials come and friends grow cold,
 Though life may seem one web of ill
 Where warp and weft but sorrows fill,
 O lose thou not Hope's thread of gold !

Virtue not Vice is monarch here
 And no revolt of Sin can last ;
 The transient tumult soon is passed,
 The sun of Right again shines clear.

The higher judgment calmly wait,
 Nor faint 'neath scorn of human minds,
 It may be that the Great Judge finds
 Thy neighbor's small, thy action great.