

VERSE BY B. C. WRITERS

THE FIRE DIVINE

Crouching beneath the rain
And bent with Age's load,
An old man delves a drain
Across the sodden road.

A rusty pick he wields
With motions weak and slow:
The muddy gravel yields
Before each painful blow.

The strokes beat dull and thick
Upon the dreary mire. . . .
And yet the labor'd pick
Flings dancing sparks of fire.

Lionel Stevenson.

SCIENCE

Proud Science, offspring of the brain of Man,
O thou Minerva of these modern days,
Though stars remote are held within thy span,
Men know thee best within thine earthly ways.
To thy deep questioning, Dame Nature yields
Her secrets, one by one, and smiles to find
A confidant to walk her many fields
With her, both hand in hand and of one mind.
Into thy hand she trusts the key to powers
Unseen, which make the night as day and lift
Man's load of toil, thus giving him the hours
To follow truth and nurture every gift.
Thou curest the sick, the maimed, the halt, the blind,
Science, thou art a savior of mankind.

Edwin E. Kinney.

TO IDA ON DRAWING HER PORTRAIT

You've drawn my portrait, I've sketched yours:
Result: a pair of caricatures.
You say, your neck I've quite omitted:
I claim you've made me look half-witted.
You've given me several double chins
And such a bulge about the shins,
An Adam's apple twice the size
And such a pair of glaring eyes:
While you aver in plaintive whine,
Your lashes should be drawn more fine,
Your mouth should curve like Cupid's bow
Instead of deep dejection show.
In fact, you say with air disdainful,
The whole effect is really painful.
Well, be it so—let's bury the hatchet—
Your likeness, I have failed to catch it,
I will confess, and you'll agree
That you have fairly murdered me.
And yet, although in black and white
Your picture I can not just quite
Transfer to paper, in my mind
Your image is correctly lined—
There no distortion or omission
Is found to mar my inner vision—
And gives me ever keenest pleasure
To gaze upon it at my leisure.

Robert Allison Hood.

THE TRAVELLER

Sometimes I wonder if, when I'm away,
I do not love you more than when I stay
At home beside you, dear, for then I know
The dreary desert of my need—and so,
After the famine of my wanting you,
I find you whiter, purer, than I knew;
Better than all my pleasures when I roam
The rapture, dear, of your glad welcome home.

W. H. P.

LADY-MINE

Sad, sad are the eyes of you,
Lady-mine.
Too sad when the skies are blue,
Lady-mine.
Roses plucked must fade and die,
Desert lands grow parched and dry,
Past recall are days gone by,
Lady-mine, lady-mine.
Bright, bright grow the eyes of you,
Lady-mine.
Night flies when the dawn is due,
Lady-mine.
Merry sunshine follows rain,
Flowers in Spring-time bloom again,
Who has loved, to love is fain,
Lady-mine, lady-mine.

Robert Watson

WINGS

(By Lyn Tallman)

Dandelions that reach their zenith winged with tender leaves
of light
By the wayside, green, soft-mounded, weave to simple
hearts their flight.
Birds that seek the zone of brightness find his gold appals
their eyes,
Youth alone, the pilgrim-fairy, youth has wings to really
rise.
Youth comes begging to your casement. Pleasant lady, let
him stay,
Dearly can we not remember when we wore the wings of
play.
Who would imitate the lily . . . fair one standing stiff
alone
Never glowing up the alley . . . statued frost with wings
of stone!
(When the sunburnt berry fattens, Play is Boyhood's dream-
less priest,
Guides him through delicious meadows, shows him where
to kneel and feast.
Larger hands may leap to capture . . . straining neck and
paining head,
But their frolics find the children secret spots more richly
red.)
Youth comes begging us for pastimes. Youth comes thin
demanding meat.
Hear his tune or read his story. Coax him to the window
seat.
Though his worn light shoes be dusty happy are his eyes and
bright!
Give grave sympathy . . . youth glories to recall it, flight
on flight.