

Thou pourest out thy soul's desire
 In words that wake our souls to fire
 Akin to thine.
 And we who cannot sing our songs,
 Or paint our scene,
 Or sigh our woes in voiceless waves,
 Must speak—and find our words but graves
 For what we mean.

Here are some verses dated May 1917, when Londoners were rationed, and the only way to obtain food was to stand in a queue outside a provision shop. But our author was not daunted. The verses are written in Baconian metre.

Then since we must live simply and get thin,
 Come let's begin.
 Some comfort to have waists at twenty-four
 When they've been more.
 Be blithe to show the doing of your bit
 Can keep you fit.
 And, if you are not fit—then make your moan
 Behind closed doors and blessedly alone.
 Relieved of frivolous social claims, our brain
 May grow again:
 So that folk learn to think (for strange 'tis how
 So few do now)
 Till real opinions 'stead of parrot cries
 Our friends surprise;
 And thus high thinking with plain living wed
 May sweeten e'en this thrice diluted bread.

Our author is the descendant of an old Anglo-Saxon and Puritan family, and she evidently has a great admiration for the Lord Protector, as shown in the following Miltonic sonnet:

Men We Meet in Business:

1.—NAAMAN—The Vancouver Business Man.

In over twelve years' Magazine upbuilding and publishing, we have, in connection with the different departments, had many experiences worthy of note. The circulation or subscription work of a publication itself provides a curious revelation of human nature, its possible meanness, as well as its readiness to express kindly thought and unselfishness. The literary side, while bringing contact with more or less outstanding writers of prose and verse, sometimes involves experience with aspirants to prominence in letters who demonstrate their ignorance of elementary knowledge necessary for such work.

But perhaps interviewing for business, with its friendly exchange and chats on all themes, provides the best opportunity for the study of human character. The other month a well-known business man—with experience of the two principal thoroughfares in Vancouver, expressed his complimentary appreciation of the work of the B. C. M. and its editor by saying that "when he had a few thousand dollars to spare he would give them to us for the carrying on or advancement of our work."

We know he was not jesting and we believe he was quite sincere—so far as he recognized relative values at the time of his speech. Nor was he the first prominent business man who has quite gratuitously revealed such an attitude towards the work of this magazine and its editor.

But—should we regret to say it?—as we reflected on that worthy gentleman's good intentions, we were somehow re-

OLIVER CROMWELL

No fragile vase of traceried filigree,
 No lily hands of love-locked cavalier
 Kept truth's fair flower alive mid servile fear,
 Or gripped the sword that set our England free.
 Nay, but a rough-hewn knight, a warrior he,
 Tender in love, while valiant and austere;
 He held his country's honor far too dear
 To wink at shame, or cringe to tyranny.
 Let vile detraction, ruthless as the hand
 That dragged him from his grave, assail his fame
 Call him fanatic—regicide—and blame
 The unwilling deeds such decadent days demand,
 But patriots evermore his praise shall sing
 Who chose between his country and his king.

Occasionally in this small volume we come across lines of great beauty. As for instance in the poem "When I was Young":

It seems it never rained when I was young
 Nor ever wind blew harsh; but now and then
 A wandering whisper made the rushes bend,
 And rocked the great white lilies in their sleep.

Again there is thoughtful retrospect and much meaning in the line

Nature was ancient ere mankind was born.

And here is a line worthy of quotation for its economy and descriptive force:

The circling pageant of mysterious night.

It is pleasant to meet in these days when so much morbid and unsatisfactory material in the shape of verse is dished up to the public, with an author in whose work we find not only fertility of idea, but beauty of expression.

—B. M.

minded of a character in history with which we are confident he is not unacquainted. We recalled Naaman—the man who THOUGHT of the big things he might do, instead of readily doing the comparatively small thing he was asked to do! Not unkindly indeed, but regretfully, we pondered that if only our friend with the "thousands" of dollars of good in intention—and even it may be ready to put in his "Last Will and Testament"—would do the comparatively trivial thing TODAY of using a page of space in a SUSTAINED BUSINESS WAY, his modest monthly cheque might be of real living "community Service" through the B. C. M. and its editor—when the opportunity is here.

Naturally we value highly the spirit which prompts such expressions. But whatever we question, surmise or anticipate as to the Future, and conditions of life beyond this life, we believe we have all need to learn here and now to "act in the LIVING PRESENT."

May we venture to hope that not only the business man referred to but many others of whose personal goodwill we are assured—especially those who have in previous years demonstrated such goodwill in a practical business way—will enter into co-operation with us, while we together speed along this all-too-soon covered roadway of life?

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