

Verse by Canadian Writers

"THE MENDER OF NETS"

By Bunny Pound (aged 13)

It was only a little grey cottage,
With its thatched roof brown no more,
But flowers bloomed in the garden
And honeysuckle over the door.

It snuggled under the cliffs,
And a path led down to the sea,
Where a fishing-boat lay on the golden sand,
With its name painted "You and Me."

An old sailor man with a kindly face,
Sat under a hickory tree,
And a dear little pup, with brown eyes true,
Lay down at his matser's knee.

Fishing nets many, torn by the sea,
Lay at the old man's feet,
And he worked away with a busy hand,
Making them fresh and neat.

The pup jumped up and over the rocks,
Went at a pace so fast,
And the old man's eyes grew dreamy again
As his thoughts turned back to the past.

The cottage was filled with laughter,
And children's voices gay,
Rang over the cliffs and the valleys,
While a sweet voice seemed to say:

"Jack, how happy the children are,
And I love it here with you."
All that had happened years ago,
Yet his eyes grew moist with dew.

The old man gathered up the nets,
And whistling to his dog,
He trudged up the path to his little home
In the midst of a deep-sea fog.

PIRATES, BRIGS AND THINGS

(By George A. Palmer, Regina, Saskatchewan)

Aye, lad! In boyhood's radiant day,
In thoughts—in dreams—in books—in play,
I, too, set sail for Treasure-Land,
To Pirate-Land, to Dark-Deed-Land,
Through dead sea-calms and tossing gales,
In brigs and sloops with gull-winged sails.

Past lumb'ring trader built Dutch-way
And high-pooed Spaniard, gilt and gay;
With straining tops, loud groaning yards,
Sharp prow that cut the waves to shards,
And decks aslant with spray o'er run,
We steered into the western sun.

Dropped anchor in the dark lagoon
To rescue there that gaunt maroon:
To tread the depths of gloomy caves,
Littered with bones of galley-slaves,
Who scuttled ship in Scorpion Cove,
And hid the gold within this grove.

Here fiery pirates lurked in wait
For Indie-man just one tide late;
Men from the Gulf, from th' Inland Sea
And murd'rous coast of Barbary;
A cut-throat crew of every race,
Evil of eye—swarthy in face.

Men with gold-earrings in their ears,
Breasts pictured o'er with tattoo-sears
And arms masked by this savage art,
Recording oft a villain's part:
All Buccaneers from Bleached-Bones Cove,
'Twas there they hid their plunder-trove.

They watch her tack 'round Dead Man's Rock;
Their boasts are high, they curse, they mock:
She's in the weed-infested sea,
Her canvas droops, her ropes slack—free,
And as she rowing-distance nears
The Jolly Roger grim appears.

With boarding pike and keener knife,
The yelling rogues dash to the strife;
Her cannon boom . . . swords slash . . . guns smoke . . .
In vain against the pirates' stroke;
And end sees men of birth and rank
Compelled to walk the outflung plank.

In righteous rage, I mind it well,
We fell upon the rogues pell-mell,
With trusty cutlass, broad and flat,
Of wood, and silver-papered pat,
We drove them to their boats in flight,
Back to their haunts and—into Night.

Ah! Had we *really* lived those days,
With Privateers with Pirate Frays,
We'd heaps and heaps and heaps of schemes,
All thought out in day-long dreams,
And shoals of ruses 'neath our hat.
Aye, lad Jim, you can "lay to that!"

A SONG OF TO-MORROW

(Donald A. Fraser, Victoria, B. C.)

I sing a song of To-morrow,
For To-night the gloom-clouds lie,
And the World is sighing, sobbing,
For the Daylight joys gone by;
It mourns as though this blackness
Would never pass away,
And down in the Midnight Valley
It sees not the Hilltop Day.

Yea, through the dismal shadows
Come sounds of ceaseless strife;
Great groans of human anguish,
And cries of bitter life;
And Hope dies in the darkness,
And Passion holds her sway;
For self and sense love nightmurk,
And hate the Dawn of Day.