

THE NIGHT FLYER

When spirits first cast off the burden of flesh
And greet the new world looming wondrous and strange
On their dazzling eyes, when they see the torn mesh
Of the net, where all powerless to wander or change
Time held them his slaves, are those joys, are those fears
In their pulses that stab with a passion that sears?

But the calm, oh the balm that descends on the pain
When the cool, soft hand on the brow is laid,
When the tempest is stayed by the hush of the rain,
And the heart leaps up brave that's been cowering afraid!
Then we're snatched from the soil to a magic sky,
Where the shadows gleam and life's discords die.

The earth dipped into the dark last night;
The sun went out like a candle blown;
We watched it pause in its golden flight
And struggle and die where the gleam was thrown
Far down in the gulf, then the night's wings close
And fold us round like the leaves of a rose.

So sweet it was that we could not think
Our brains were dulled with the joy that thrilled,
But our hearts were open and wide to drink;
Not a drop of the wine of life was spilled;
Our beaker of youth was full at the mouth,
Our hearts free at last from their burning drouth.

As we flew, as we flew, we could hear the song
That the Pleiads sang when the world was flame,
The music failed when the Dawn grew strong
And the earth lay grey with its burden of shame;
But the ether, that dances and shines in the sky,
Caught the notes as they fell and they could not die.

All the cares of the day fell away with the light,
All the rankling wounds and the hideous scars,
That torture the body and blast the sight,
All the prisons that stifle the soul with their bars;
They are all fled away on the cool night-stream
Like spectres that harry a fevered dream.

We have crossed the tired earth, we have spurned the wild sea
Neath our feet the hoarse billows that threaten the skies
And moan for each ship and its company
Till they speed like coursed hares for the haven that lies
Far away; and the dogs follow fierce on their scent
With the lust for hot blood when the heart is rent.

Not a murmur is here of the sea and its rage;
Its precipice gulfs and its mountain peaks
Fall away from the eye to a grey green page,
Next melt into cloud that the pale moon streaks;
Then below branch the mists like a forest fair,
As we scale the clear heights up the moon's white stair.

Then away, then away, in the arms of the night,
And a meteor bold from its golden mouth
Whispers a cheer as it crosses our flight;
Lo! Dian is winding her horn in the South
To the lingering stars; on his endless quest
Orion strikes home at his queen's behest.

Then away, then away: see, the dawn is near:
For half in its slumber the dreaming earth
Has turned and the laugh of the Sun rings clear
And loud from the east where the Dawn has birth.
O night is sweet and the end of strife,
But Day is the Lord of the land of life.

Donald Graham.

TO ROTARY, KIWANIS AND OTHER CLUBS:

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you engage in than promoting the Boys' Organizations of our Province. Don't talk, and applaud the work and say "Very Good"—"Very Laudable"—get busy and DO something. Get behind the Boys' Organizations and show active interest, and you will be making an investment worth while for the future.—Herbert Fiddes.

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