

When the Broom Bush Fires the Hill with Blazing Gold

Donald A. Fraser, Victoria, B.C.

When the broom bush fires the hill with blazing gold,
With the magic touch of Midas famed of old,
All the wonder of the glory enters me,
And I wander in a golden ecstasy.
Where I once beheld a thicket, sombre, sad,
Now I see a burst of radiance, gay and glad.
Oh! a thousand Sinai-bushes I behold,
When the broom bush fires the hill with blazing gold.

Such, my Darling, was the wonder when you came,
Touching all my dreary life with living flame.
When it seemed that Joy had hid herself away,
Sudden, all my wide horizon glowed with May;
Birds were lilting to the music of the hours;
Chiming, chiming rang the bells of fairy flowers;
All the world was set a-thrilling with your name!
Such, my Darling was the wonder when you came!

Vancouver

By KATHRYN POCKLINGTON, Edmonton, Alberta

Vancouver cradles her charming head
'Midst rock and ocean and wood,
It is there that the sun sets ruddy-red
On the mountains' snowy hood.
And 'twere worth a journeying from the moon
To watch dusk fall on the Lost Lagoon.

Into her ports from the storied East
Draws many a wonder ship,
And ere the call of the gulls has ceased
The cranes are set a-dip
For brazen dragons and chests of tea,
For brodered satins and pottery.

The wave that washes the city's rim
Is warm from Pacific's breast,
The breeze that brushes the fir-tree limb
Moves soft as a bird on her nest.
O I'd travel from far, over ocean and land,
To dock for a day by that magic strand.

Sunset o'er Shawnigan Isles

Not all thine ancient glories, Greece—
Whence fame immortal flows,
Thy colonnades, thine arts, thine ease,
Thine archipelagos—
Can homage claim as these blest isles
Beneath a western sky,
Where wandering eye o'er smiling miles
Doth this fair scene descry!
See yon far blue-tipped mountain crest
Veiled with soft silvery sheen:
As slowly sinks the sun to rest
And slips from out the scene!
Nearer, behold those deepening hues,
Tier upon tier unfold—
The purpling depths, those darkling blues—
Rose-wrought the heavens, and gold!
E'en closer rears the crinkled rim
Of regal Shawnigan:
A verdured vision—who could limn,
Or this vast silence span?
Comes twilight! and Night softly folds
Her sheltering arms around

These dimpling isles, whose magic holds
A listening soul spell-bound.
The long, long long shadows gently steal
Athwart an opal lake—
Fair imprint of the Master's seal,
Unwavering they make.
See! trailing o'er th' azured North,
That fleecy wisp afar:
While from an orient vault wings forth
Th' ethereal Evening Star!
Not all thine ancient glories, Greece—
Whence fame immortal flows,
Thy colonnades, thine arts, thine ease,
Thine archipelagos—
Can homage claim as these blest isles
Beneath a western sky:
Where wandering eye o'er smiling miles
Doth this fair scene descry!

MARY H. RATHOM.

Victoria, B. C.

At Eventide

JEAN KILBY RORISON, Vancouver, B.C.

The afterglow is fading in the West,
The mountains lose their rosy-purple light,
With healing hands now comes the quiet night
Folding the earth close to her ample breast,
Lord of all loveliness! grant this request—
When I am old and grey, that my delight
In beauty fail not, nor my joy take flight
Until I lay me down for my last rest.

Sunset and dawn, blue skies and a foam flecked sea,
The orient clouds and verdant Spring's wild flowers,
The shadows glinting through a leafy tree,
The scent of clover after summer showers:
Through these have I come very near to Thee,
My help and comfort in my darkest hours.

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