

Verse—By Canadian Writers

Vancouver

By JENNIE STORK HILL, *Edmonton, Alberta.*

In misty robes, and flower-adorned, she stands,
A bride receiving gifts. The rivers bring
Full-handed tribute, while the forests ring
With steely blows and lumbermen's commands:
The mountains break for her their long-locked bands
Of treasure and the golden prairies fling
A welcome boon: the Sea, her bridegroom King,
Comes constantly with riches in his hands.

With doors set wide in greeting, now she rules
A spacious, splendid home: here buoyant life
Repeats each impulse that has had its birth
Where'er man dwells, yet raging passion cools
In that calm air—'tis but a peaceful strife
That sends her fame to all the ends of earth.

Sea Call

By LOIS H. GILPIN, *Vancouver, B.C.*

A soft wind, a moist wind
Whitening the billows' crest;
A soft sky, a grey sky
Like the sheen on a sea gull's breast;
And the sails of our boat curve outward
Towards the silvering mist in the West.

Wild the scent of the sea weed
Strewn on the pebbled sand,
Shrill the cry of the sea fowl
Circling, a white-breasted band,—
Shimmering like snowflakes about us
As they fly with us from the land.

Now for the joys of freedom
Now for the tossing of care
Into the deep-sea locker,
And deep let it settle there.—
Breathing our fill of the salt breeze
We care not whither or where,
For we are the comrades of Nature,
And the largess of Nature we share.

Exultation

By DONALD A. FRASER, *Victoria, B.C.*

I stood in sunshine on a breezy hill,
And watched the clouds float landward from the sea,
While vibrant gladness set the air a-thrill,
And surged and sang through every nerve of me.
I soared as on an angel's golden wing
To heights my heart had never touched before,
Where wide I saw the door of Heaven swing,
And Joys celestial throng the threshold o'er.

That moment purged me free of fleshly dross,
And my rapt Soul, forgetting Sin and Strife;
Forgetting too, all sordid gain or loss,
Sang her high psalm to the Lord of Life;
Down gleaming stairs God led His choiring train,
And my exulting heart sang glad refrain.

—From New York "Churchman."

Truth

By JOSEPH SCHULL, *Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan.*

We take the shining sand of Wisdom, gold
Unto its miners—take it, wield it, hold,
Cherish it well within us, labouring
To add to it that elemental thing,
Our essence, which alone will make it gold,
And, so succeeding, when an age has rolled,
Taking our hard-wrought Treasure in our hand,
We pass it on to others—shining sand.

Seventy-Seven

By BERTHA LEWIS, *Vancouver, B.C.*

Dear little lady old and frail,
Scattering sunshine along the trail.
Today she said "I'm seventy-seven
Seems I'm almost due in heaven."
But friends and neighbors far and wide
Send greetings across the country side.
'Tis some achievement to look so fine,
We thought you scarcely fifty-nine.
Saints indeed! they have lots in heaven:
We need you here on earth to leaven
The discord made by the jazzing throng
That hustle and bustle our lives along.
We need your clear and restful eyes
To give us faith in a Paradise.
The cheery word and the helping hand
Of seventy-seven like a magic wand
Chases away the gloom and the pain
And makes us fit to fight again.
So, dear little lady, frail and old,
Know that your hours are cherished gold
To those that want you here today,
And many years on earth to stay.
'Tho you are old and a little frail
You are scattering sunshine along the trail.

In Memoriam

By EDWIN E. KINNEY.

The dear departed ones we knew
And all the nameless ones of yore,
Each passing year, their claims renew—
To be remembered evermore.
Their garnered lives are ours to bless,
And we shall keep their records clean;
Our lives would be a wilderness
Could we not keep their memory green.

Time's river bears them from us far,
Time's river wears its channel deep;
Yet love can reach them where they are,
And Love will aye her vigil keep.
White Rock, B. C., August, 1926.

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