

careless workmanship by his metrical fluency. Good examples of his work are Rosemary's song in his first novel and this attractive verse:

"Come, dearie! come to the West with me,
—Beauty pines in the shadow—
Weep no more for the things that be;
Come to the El Dorado!
Over the waves where the wild birds shriek;
Over the prairie, vast and bleak;
Up and over the mountain peak
Till again we scent the sea;
There, dear heart, is the land we seek,
Come, oh, come with me!

Come, dearie! come to the West with me,
—Voices afar are calling—
Thistledown on the breeze floats free,
And perfumed cones are falling.
Bees are droning in homeward flight;
The sun caresses the hills, good-night;
The wild-cat purrs to her forest wight,
And the stream croons on to the sea.
Our cabin glows with a rosy light,
Come, dearie! come with me!"

Wilson MacDonald has not lived in this province for several years, and his poems are dated from every corner of Canada, but several of the best of them were composed here. Like Tom MacInnes, he is an impractical vagabond from some more romantic age, and the quest for beauty colours all his work, though some of it is in the most modern forms and some in the rich classic tone of Keats. It is hard to do him justice in a brief quotation, but this, from "A Song to the Singers," illustrates one aspect of his work:

"Should you descend the stairway of old Time,
And search the webbed wine-cellars of the years,
The breaking of each vessel of sweet rhyme
Will make most merry music for thine ears.
No time is dead that gave the world a song:
The larger hours were wet with music's flagon;
And half the garlands of the brave belong
To runes that calmed the courage of the dragon."
Another poet who has left British Columbia for larger fields is Miss Cicely Fox-Smith, whose spirited ballads of the sea are familiar to all readers of "Punch." Miss Fox-Smith lived for some time in Victoria, and the ports of the Pacific coast are the scene of a number of her poems, this one being called "Hastings Mill:"
"As I went down by Hastings Mill I lingered in my going
To smell the smell of piled-up deals and feel the salt-wind blowing,
To hear the cables fret and creak and the ropes stir and sigh
(Shipmate, my shipmate!) as in days gone by.
As I went down by Hastings Mill I heard a fellow singing,
Chipping off the deep-sea rust above the tide a-swinging,
And well I knew the queer old tune and well the song he sung,
(Shipmate, my shipmate!) when the world was young.
And past the rowdy Union Wharf, and by the still tide sleeping,
To a randy-dandy deep-sea tune my heart in time was keeping,
To the thin, far sound of a shadowy watch a-hauling,
And the voice of one I knew across the high tide calling,
(Shipmate, my shipmate!) and the late dusk falling!"

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