

Vestigia*

(By Bliss Carman.)

I took a day to search for God
And found Him not. But as I trod
By rocky ledge through woods untamed,
Just where one scarlet lily flamed,
I saw His footprint in the sod.

Then suddenly, all unaware,
Far off in the deep shadows, where
A solitary hermit thrush
Sang through the holy twilight hush—
I heard His voice upon the air,

And even as I marvelled how
God gives us Heaven here and now,
In a stir of wind that hardly shook
The popular leaves beside the brook—
His hand was light upon my brow.

At last with evening as I turned
Homeward and thought what I had learned
And all that there was still to probe—
I caught the glory of His robe
Where the last fires of sunset burned.

Back to the world with quickening start
I looked and longed for any part
In making saving beauty be
And from that kindling ecstasy
I knew God dwelt within my heart.

*The above poem by Bliss Carman was read for the first time in the University at Winnipeg, to a very large and enthusiastic audience.

A Photograph in a Shop Window

By BERNARD McEVOY, Vancouver, B.C.

Through a Gethsemane of city streets,
Whose ministering angels seemed from hell,
And ever stabbed me with their venom darts,
Till soul and body writhed in misery,
I strayed—a hunted mortal—sport of Fate.
Then, when 'twas worst, behold thy pictured face,
Calm, peaceful, resolute; thy comrades true
Around thee, "helmed and tall;" ah! then I knew
How angels strengthen us in time of need;
And from thy face drew solace for my smart.

The Pilgrims' Way

In crossing Ranmore Common* east or west,
A double row of yew trees meets the eye,
Age-old and gnarled, they seem too old to die.
Their shadow tempts the passer-by to rest,
And watch the skylark leave his grassy nest
And mount in vocal rapture to the sky.
Can he from heaven's height the past espy,
When pilgrims came this way upon their quest?

Old trees, once young! Waymarks of those gray bands,
Guiding their footsteps to the Kentish shrine;†
Lusty old trees, rooted in common lands,
I'd pluck a branch of yours, but I'd entwine
Its rigid sombreness with trailing strands
Of the blind poet's 'twisted eglantine.‡

—ANNIE MARGARET PIKE.

Surrey, England

* Canterbury.

‡ L'Allegro, line 48.

Vancouver, B.C.

The following sonnet by Chas. G. D. Roberts proved to be one of the favorite poems read by the Poet during his recent visit in Vancouver:

In the wide awe and wisdom of the night
I saw the round world rolling on its way,
Beyond significance of depth or height,
Beyond the interchange of dark and day.
I marked the march to which is set no pause,
And that stupendous orbit round whose rim
The great sphere sweeps, obedient unto laws
That utter the eternal thought of Him.
I compassed time, outstripped the starry speed,
And in my still soul apprehended space,
Till, weighing laws which these but blindly heed,
At last I came before Him face to face,
And knew the universe of no such span
As the august infinitude of man.

The Muir Glacier, Alaska

(By L. A. Lefevre, Vancouver, B.C.)

I sailed into the North for many days
Through magic isles, by stern grey heights that stand
To guard the secrets of that lonely land,
When sudden down the dim, enchanted ways
Broke fiery shafts of sunset—through the blaze
Translucent arches rising on each hand
The azure depths with rainbow radiance spanned—
Celestial gates thrown wide to mortal gaze!
Beyond, a flood of frozen light that hung
Half veiled in mist across the snow-crowned steep
Its waves of bright, tumultuous splendor flung
Deep in the trembling sea! Oh, Memory, keep
That glorious vision mine until I die—
A dream divine of worlds beyond the sky!

Ballade of the Renegade Fisherman

(At Alta Lake, B.C.)

Far from the 'phone bell's raucous call,
I lie and court the wind's caress;
And watch some fleecy cloudlet fall
On steep Mount Whistler's side; or press
Soft on his crown like hoary tress,
Here by the brink of Alta Lake—
Care-free? ah no, I must confess—
'What of the fish I meant to take?

I should not think of fish at all
Amid such lure of loveliness:
Its charm might well my heart enthrall—
The trees in all their summer dress,
The limpid loch, nigh motionless
Mirrors the pines, dark-green, opaque—
Yet doth the gadfly thought obsess:
'What of the fish I meant to take?'

Why should the jeers of friends appall,
Who hoped, perchance, enjoy a mess
Of trout, my catching? They may bawl
Their silly jibes: Shall I transgress
Against my soul? How can they guess
A poet's joys? Yet comes the ache—
My bosom's mild Eumenides—
'What of the fish I meant to take?'

Envoy

Old Isaac, whom I used to bless,
Tho' I your gentle craft forsake,
The thought will haunt me aye—ah yes,
'What of the fish I meant to take?'

ROBERT ALLISON HOOD, Vancouver B.C.