

And all the low sweet dawn is like your soul
 Filled with fine fragrance and divinely fair."
 The tributes of Bliss Carman and Charles G. D. Roberts were significant. building of "a tabernacle not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." sense this mystic rite of welcome into For is not poetry immortal! And are the brotherhood of great poetry. Of not those dear links of human community the deep sincerity of it all there could radeship found through poetry also be no doubt. One was aware of the immortal!

Verse by Canadian Writers

POETRY CONTEST: Following are the latest entries in the Poetry Contest—the result of which will be published in our next issue.

THE SONG OF OUR SONS 1916

(By Clara Hopper, Vancouver, B. C.)

As o'er the darkling deep we go,
 To rid the world of war and woe,
 We glimpse, in the glint of sun or snow,
 The land of the golden west:
 We love our land of lenity,
 Where every soul that sings is free
 As the bird that dips in the dimpling sea
 That laves the land of the west.

We dream of the oppressor shorn:
 New truth shall of old ruth be born,
 And shine as the orb that greets the morn
 In the golden land of the west;
 We crave a land of lenity,
 Where every soul that soars is free
 As the zephyrs light that so tenderly
 Caress the land of the west.

And should wild roses hide us deep
 Neath crimson flood in a long, long sleep,
 We'll dream while they sweet vigil keep.
 And lull us soft to our rest;
 And as a fragrant memory
 Our breath with theirs shall mingled be,
 But our deeds as the pibroch's melody
 Shall stir the soul of the west!

DOVES OF THE ANGEL OF BIRTH

(By Bertha Lewis, Vancouver, B. C.)

Doves of mine, 'tis time for dreaming,
 You've known my love, all heavenly seeming,
 Learned the song of Cherubim,
 Fed on brilliant rays
 Sent by the Elohim,
 Makers of worlds and days;
 You are nourished and free to go—
 Fly little doves, doves of snow.

Doves of mine, go out, go out;
 Wing through the gorge of cloud and flame;
 Yield not to fear or doubt
 Remembering my name.
 Wing the mountain heights, my doves,
 In quest of the Holy Grail.
 When you have known man's loves
 And strifes, weathered the hail,
 You will come back to me and rest,
 Heal your wings in silver light,
 Know that you have passed the test,
 Know there is no night.

Doves of mine, how do I know
 The pathway you have winnowed clear?
 A silver star swings low,
 The light winds know not fear,
 They touch my brow, and say,
 "A little child was born to-day."

THE WANDERER

(By Kate Colquhoun, Vancouver, B. C.)

He'll never toddle more down shining sands,
 To seek for treasures of his heart's delight,
 Or try to guide big boats with little hands,
 Or wake the house by singing in the night.

The shaggy dog he dearly loved to tend,
 Has mourned since dawn upon the silent stair,
 Or paces restlessly from end to end
 Of the lone house, nor finds him anywhere.

O! baby feet that loved so to be free,
 You wander far upon the star-lit ways,
 You have the vastness of eternity,
 And I the memory of our yesterdays.

ON ONE SEPTEMBER EVE

(By Ethel Seymour, Victoria, B. C.)

Upon the Strait of Juan de Fuca lies
 The magic beauty of the changing hour.

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There, in the West, the golden sun is sinking,
 Concealed by clouds of dark, forbidding grey,
 Afloat on burnished orange and on rose.
 Here, in the East, a Primrose moon at full
 Through evening's gossamer is part revealed,
 Part veiled by haze of softest blue and pink:
 And, spanning all between, from East to West
 Stretches of bluish-grey for land and sky—
 Long lines of deeper blue for nearer hills;
 Long wash of palest yellow for the Sea;
 Long stretch of bluer mountains through the South;
 Long banks of billowing clouds, gray-cold, above them;
 And higher yet the palest ashen sky
 With crimson scattered in the Western arch;
 While, slowly, in the East the ascending moon
 Changes her pallid garb for shining gold,
 And radiant, rises in the cloudless sky,
 A perfect moon, on this September eve.

A SONG OF SPRING

(By Mary H. Rathom, Victoria, B. C.)

There's a song in my heart! All the woodlands are
 calling;
 And Nature has donned her new kirtle of green;
 O, Spring-time has come! and a spirit enthralling
 Rekindles the longing for days that have been.