



VERSE BY CANADIAN WRITERS



MY DREAM CAME TRUE

I roved in dreams a fairy land somewhere,
With violets and lilies blowing fair;
Where peace and happiness filled every grove,
And birds sang blithely up to skies of love;
But when God sent you like a beam of light
To make my earthly pathway bright,
Then in your eyes that fairy land came back to view;
My dream came true!

I dreamed an angel took me by the hand,
And led me into that delightful land,
And as with her all happily I strayed,
All care and sorrow seemed to wane and fade.
So when I clasped your loving hand in mine,
That same sweet flood of bliss divine
Swept o'er my soul, and in one look of love from you,
My dream came true.

Victoria, B.C.

—Donald A. Fraser.

SPRING IN ONTARIO

Awake, thou that sleepest
In the warm brown earth,
Awake! for the Spring is here.
Don't you hear her voice acalling
In the gentle rain drops falling?
The first gentle shower of the year?
Did you feel that rousing shake
As the thunder tried to wake
All those little brown sleepers in the Earth?
Tomorrow you will see a bud on every tree,
And little green heads in all the garden beds,
Sweet Spring, they have answered to thee.

—E. Batiste.

CONSCIENCE

Within the secret precincts of my heart,
So deeply welled no other eyes may see,
Abides a friend who of myself seems part,
So oft he comes and speaks alone with me.

Full gentle are his words yet strangely strong,
No stern rebuke nor harshly pressed demand,
Corrects my wavering sense of right and wrong,
But wisely he discloses God's command.

In quiet hours, when vainier thoughts are still,
I hear him best and from his wisdom glean
A richer grain than springs from blind self-will
That knows no life but that the eyes have seen.

This friend speaks not of ease, of place and power,
Nor of the gold which men seek in their greed,
But tells of man's supremely precious dower,
Of Life and Love providing every need.

O still small Voice! No more I seek to gain
What men deem wealth; may I not look within
And riches find, that dormant long have lain—
The priceless pearls of thought—these I would win.

Vancouver, B.C.

—E. Jewel Robinson.

A VIGIL

When all things sleep, save I who vigil keep,
Who vigil keep, and dare not, will not weep,
Lest, blurred by tears, my watching eyes should fail
To trace the faintest tremor of the veil
Spread o'er closed lids by fever's fitful sleep.

The flushed young face, the chill dawn gray and pale,
And all the fears my aching heart assail
Bid me a tearless silent vigil keep
When all things sleep.

At last the sun's rays through the curtains peep;
The skulking shadows into daylight creep
And vanish wholly, and bright hopes prevail;
And I, night past, returning joy can hail,
And hailing her, for very gladness weep
When all things sleep.

—Annie Margaret Pike.

THE LOVER BEREAVED

When autumn's radiant torches glowed,
And all the ghosts of lovely days
That died when faithless summer fled,
Made fragrant fair October's noon,
Was your dear spirit there, Beloved?

When palely shone the virgin moon
Cradling the evening star, when soft
The night-wind whispered in my ear
A strange and wordless melody,
Were you beside me then, my Love?

When Dawn, the chilly fingered minx,
Held all the hills in blue relief
Against her rosy palm, Dear Love
Did you stand there and speak to me,
My Lover, whom I lost too soon?

The sun is veiled, Beloved One,
The moon is drowned in misty tears,
And dawn has swooned with hopeless grief
Since you have left me here alone,
With bruised heart and empty arms.

—M. E. Colman.

THE FIREWEEDS

The woodland scourged by cruel fire,
And cowering from the light of day,
Soon wakens from a state so dire,
When fireweeds come with blossoms gay.

Each with a cross of purple tint
In smiling beauty they appear,
With healing grace and loads of lint,
To bring the wounded woodlands cheer.

E. E. Kinney.