

## PRIZE POEM.

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Refreshed by bathing in the icy sea,  
Whose crystal wavelets wash the Beacon Hill,  
I sat reposing ; a delightful thrill  
Of health renewed made life an ecstasy.  
The scene around me was in full sympathy ;  
A bright sun shining in a cloudless blue,  
The green grass starred with azure flowerets too,  
Sweetly combined in natural harmony,  
Beneath the eye, the clear wave feeling round  
The massive rocks or on the pebbly shore  
Lazily breaking with a pleasing sound,  
Gave out a soothing murmur and no more :  
The snowy mountains cut their outlines high,  
Up from their cloudy basis, on the sky.

The Sound between us lay a glassy lake,  
Adorned with islets here and there ;  
And, musically, through the summer air,  
Did distant waterfowl the silence break  
With playful bickerings ; their voices make  
A far off melody that on the ear  
Falls with a pleasing echo, still and clear.  
Air, earth, sea, creatures seem to doze and wake,  
Then lie asleep in perfect summer calm ;  
Enough of life to bask in such a sky—  
The earth so fragrant and the air so balm ;  
And let the world and all its cares go by,  
To lie in rapture through the sunny hours  
Drinking in warmth and glory with the flowers.

Vancouver ! Nature with a liberal hand  
Has thee, the most remote of Britain's isles,  
Dowered with her richest gifts and brightest smiles.  
Thy features bring to mind our native land ;  
And those who wander hither from her strand  
Behold another England in the west,  
With sweeter air and rival scenery drest,  
Overlooking which a barrier vast and grand  
Of snowy mountains on the neighboring shore,  
Whose rocky pinnacles, on high sublime,  
Search all thy coast, and view the landscape o'er.  
How Nature has adorned thy healthful clime,