

Original Verse---Selected

LIFE THE BETRAYER.

Thou withered heart, that long hast been confined
By prison walls as cruel as the North,
How still thou feel'st the fallen shackles bind,
And liberty unkind, that drags thee forth;
Thou wert content to mete Life's narrow round.
While aye her mills lulled thee with torpid sound.

What of thy dreams? Hadst thou a window there
On thy old world, where thou could'st stand at gaze
And see the hills unclimbed or cold and fair
The heavens austere, washed of their treacherous haze?
Did'st thou e'er, trembling, in thy sleep return
Where, still unquenched, the pyres of boyhood burn?

Those eyes thou hast did not by Nature grow;
Life whispered in thy ear; thou heeded not;
But still she stood, and still she bade thee go
And leave thy dreams and all thy simple lot.
She held for thee to view a glass untrue,
And with her diamond dross she cheated you.

She stripped thee, like a footpad, of thy wealth;
She plucked from thee thy eyes of crystal truth;
Disease and care she changed thee for thy health,
Before thy years she gave thee age for youth.
O cursed witch! thou cozenest so well
That saints for thee have bartered heaven for hell.

Perchance thou thinkest the forward road now clear,
Thy bonds all broken and the prisoner free;
But can'st thou flee thyself? Wilt thou not fear
More than thy tyrant, this dead soul of thee,
Thy own lost eyes, wrecked hopes, high dreams, that Earth
Choked with the clod and never waked to birth?

Donald Graham.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE ROCKIES.

(By R. G. Dunbar)

I have wandered from east to west,
From the lap to the hem of the world,
I have sailed where the Pentland billow's crest
On the Orkney crag is curled;
I have loved Britannia's Isle,
Her rivers, and lakes, and woods,
But give me the land where the Rockies pile
To the sky their solitudes!

'Tis a land whose heart beats high
With the hopes of an ardent race,
Where Imperial-minded liberty
Has hewn her a dwelling-place;
What despot will dare ascend
The steps to her snow-white throne,
What pyramid, reared by slaves, pretend
To the glory she calls her own?

Ye sons of the deathless brave,
The generous and the true,
The haunts of the mountain-eagle crave
Communion with such as you!
Yon hills are bone of your bone,
Your intimate counter part,
And ye mirror yon peaks, erect, alone,
In a rising nation's heart.

Because the world is such a very big place and there are so many people busy with so many different things, life goes on as usual with little time for more than a brief pause of wonder at the experience of others. The metal which casts the page of today's events goes back into the melting-pot of the stereotyper to appear tomorrow with new announcements.—Hopkins Moorhouse in "Every Man for Himself."

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