

On Beacon Hill

By ALBERT D. WATSON, M. D.

The western fires are fading to their embers,
The purples change to grey;
As summers fade into the bleak Novembers,
So dies the light of day.

This evening yon Olympic rifts are covered
With snow-lines, just the same
As when the white drifts on the highlands hovered
Before Vancouver came.

For ages ere Britannia's sons and daughters
First reached this pleasant land,
All down the long, tremendous years the waters
Were breaking on the strand.

Nor are those wasted years; they are mute pages
On which we trace God's thought;
He hath His purpose through unmeasured ages
Which yet shall be out-wrought.

O wide Dominion! wrapt in sapphire setting
Of hill, and sky, and sea;
Arise and scorn the lust of money-getting;
The future pleads with thee.

God watcheth o'er thee, tireless and unsleeping,
With wealth and power to bless,
If thou wilt walk before Him, faithful keeping,
In paths of righteousness.