

The Open Air

To Sir Andrew MacPhail

By MARION OSBORNE, Ottawa.

God of the Open Air, I cry to thee,
Let me no longer walk in alien ways,
Give me great sanctuary for thy praise
Let me be free.
Unfold thy spaces broad, thy wind-swept sky,
Fain would I smell the starry scented rain,
Join hands with thee and earth in thy domain
And once more lie
Beneath the naked moon, the joy-strewn stars,
To dream alone my dreams where none may follow,
Apart from tawdry shams, tinsel and hollow,
From prison bars.
There through the balsams magic sunsets wane
And nature throbs with all life's ecstasy
The birds in choir thrill forth love's symphony:
Ah, once again.

God of the Open Air, I hear thy call,
Here are dull copper moons and close-shut days.
Here mammon's temples rise from out the haze
Of mists that pall
Here lesser loves bind fast with chains of fear
The ever clanking feet that walk to death,
Here is no room for life, no time for breath,
Men are too near.
Still dost thou call, thy gifts are for the taking
The ether of the wild is potent wine
Brewed by Great Mother Earth, fair love of thine,
All sadness slaking
Brewed from the sunkissed rocks of elder time,
Straight health-primed pines and lakes of midnight blue
From amber sunshine and from tender dew,
Nectar sublime.

God of the Open Air, the untrammelled sky,
Bring back to me the silence of the soul
That dwells in lonely places and cajole
Me ere I die.
To cheat fate for a space however brief;
Let me to thy Lethan waters creep
Cleansing world weariness, and so, to sleep
Away with grief
And that great shaggy monster, boredom dread,
That ever haunts the background of our bliss,
Let thy glad waves, take in one royal kiss,
All tears we shed
And toss them to the darkest edge of night,
Till new thoughts flood the brain in sparkling springs,
Divinely restless, like young quivering things
That seek the light.

God of the Open Air, the sinewed North
Thy followers have dwellers been in dreams
And where the blood-shot eye of danger gleams
Stride boldly forth
To brave the ice-tipped winds, the uncharted snow,
The crash of thundrous storms, the forest fire,
Where man's hot blood keeps pace with man's desire.
Onward they go.
The strong give battle and the weak must fall
When men would match their cunning 'gainst the wild,
The eternal fight of the unreconciled.
Hark to the call
From white metallic stars, o'er snow-clad heights;
And instinct answers madly with the cry
"God let me live, so that I glad may die
'Neath northern lights."

The Broom

(Beacon Hill Park, Victoria, B.C.)

I saw God in a golden cloud
Of broom upon the green
Of hills whereon His breath awoke
Music of choirs unseen.
Our dull, insensate ears are closed
To loveliness divine
Until the heart of Being thrills
And, clothed, the voices shine.
Then, robed in green and gold, the earth's
Clear symphonies outswell
From every wayside hedge. The rocks
Intone a canticle.
"Awake!" the voice of Beauty cries
In words of rippling fire.
A million fragrant blossoms bend
In answer to her lyre.
And we, who see the writing traced,
Know that a hand is there
Which, clasping, we may be akin
To earth and fire and air.

A. M. STEPHEN.

From "The Rosary of Pan," by permission of McClelland
& Stewart Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

The Apostate

Love is a blatant heresy
When all the hazel buds are new;
The meadow-larks exult aloud
And butterflies are fondly proud
Because the sky is blue;
I want to share their liberty
Instead of only loving you.
Yet if my heart were disenslaved
Perhaps their happiness would pall;
My love sustains them every one,
My love irradiates the sun,
And prompts the lark to call.
I scorn the liberty I craved—
In loving you, I love them all.

LIONEL STEVENSON,

Berkeley University, California (Formerly, Vancouver, B.C.)

Established 1893

CENTER & HANNA LTD.

Perfect Funeral Service

Seymour 2425

1049 Georgia Street West

Vancouver, B. C.

"Lyle for Style"

JAMES LYLE & SONS
TAILORS

Suits made to measure from imported Scotch Tweeds,
Indigo Blue Serges and Grey Worsteds

All Our Work Guaranteed

Prices as moderate as genuine quality and
satisfying workmanship will allow.

Before selecting your Fall Outfit, call and
examine our goods.

676 Robson Street

Vancouver, B. C.

"I saw your advertisement in the B.C. Monthly."