

Word Magic

By A. M. STEPHEN.

Rippling throughout the deeps of space,
A rhythmic cadence in the night,
The breath of God brought forth the worlds,
Foam-blossoms on a sea of light.

A sound, outbreathed, became a form.
The Word was Flesh. Symbolic flame
Enshrined the Spirit's will, and Love
Concealed its splendour in a name.

Still bides the hidden magic at
The heart of words. The secret thing.
When named, stirs in our inner world
Soft echoes of thought's aery wing.

Which circling outward, wave on wave,
Merge Then and Now. The buried years
Arise. As in a crystal seen,
Time's long processional appears.

Among these hills whose gleaming host
Encamped beside the western sea
Stand guard, white sentinels of time,
Dreaming of aeons yet to be.

Linger strange forms of speech, soft names
Replete with sinuous, savage grace—
Alien to us, but glimpsed at times
In remnants of a passing race.

From the Great Spirit's lips there fell
Such shapely gems as Walhachin, *
Sechelt, Nechaco, Lillooet,
The fluent strain of Tulameen.

Totem more lasting than the weird,
Carved, wooden god who leans above
The broken roof-tree of the clan,
Each word recalls the vanished love.

And whispers to the dreamer's ear
Of Him, the Saghalie Tyee
Who, now rejected, crowned with night,
Broods dimly o'er his ancient sea.

Footnote.—Walhachin is pronounced Wal-a-sheen.

Bruised

By "TAMOS."

Heart of my heart! when wilt thou come?
The Spring is whispering songs of thee;
Yet every sound is empty . . . dumb . . .
Without thee. Oh! come home to me. . . .

Heart of my heart! Forgive! forgive!
Come back and nestle your brown head
Against my breast: and let us live
A fuller, nobler life instead.

Heart of my heart, thou art too proud.
Too lovely, pure (oh, girl of mine!)
To e'er come back. Yet thru each cloud,
Thru eons and ages, still I'm thine!

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A Good Creed

(Contributed by H. K. P.)

"To respect my country, my profession and myself.
To be honest and fair with my fellow-men, as I expect
them to be honest and square with me. To be a loyal
citizen of the British Empire. To speak of it with
praise, and act always as a worthy custodian of its good
name. To be a man whose name carries weight where-
ever it goes.

"To base my expectations of reward on a solid
foundation of service rendered. To be willing to pay
the price of success in honest effort. To look upon my
work as an opportunity to be seized with joy and made
the most of, and not as a painful drudgery to be reluct-
antly endured.

"To remember that success lies within myself—my
own brain, my own ambition, my own courage and de-
termination. To expect difficulties and force my way
through them. To turn hard experience into capital for
future use.

"To believe in my proposition or profession. To
carry an air of optimism in the presence of those I meet.
To dispel ill temper with cheerfulness, kill doubts with
a strong conviction, and reduce active friction with an
agreeable personality.

"To make a study of my business. To know my
profession in every detail. To mix brains with my ef-
forts and use system and method in my work. To find
time to do every needful thing by never letting time find
me doing nothing. To hoard days as a miser hoards
dollars. To make every hour bring me dividends, in-
creased knowledge or healthful recreation.

"To take a good grip on joys of life. To play the
game like a man. To fight against nothing so hard as
my own weakness and endeavor to grow in strength.