

## At the Burial of Two Young Climbers Killed in the Mountains.

Bear them sadly to the grave;  
We are old; they were young.  
Few the songs we have unsung;  
They had all from Life to crave,  
Life, that owes us shining years,  
And pays us oft with pain and tears.

Broken bodies once so swift,  
Dust all pregnant once with thought!  
Saving what our souls have bought,  
We shall never teach you thrift;  
And your feet will ne'er have leisure  
To grow palsied to our measure.

Snowy peaks and starry spaces  
Weaned you from the noisy levels,  
From the city's empty revels,  
Touched with loveliness the faces,  
Cold, austere, that to the snow  
Called you from warm hearths below.

We have gone long years a-seeking  
Nature's hidden mysteries,  
Creeping close on hand and knees  
Once to overhear her speaking:  
But you scorned in pride of youth  
Such eavesdropping upon Truth.

Poring on our paltry primer,  
We shall grow few grains the wiser,  
Hoarding dead gold; more the miser  
As the lamp of youth sinks dimmer.  
Ours to watch the dark Night fall;  
Yours to hear the new Dawn call.

If by hundreds now we gather,  
Think not 'tis to ease by weeping  
Grief for children hushed and sleeping  
On the heart of the All-Father.  
For ourselves we fear the morrow  
And our loneliness of sorrow.

Pray for us; pray not for them.  
Let the mournful organ swell  
With proud triumph in its knell;  
Breathe no drowsy requiem,  
No lament with dying strain;  
These have gone their way full fain.

Where the world escapes our ken  
And the sunset peaks rise highest,  
Where we dream the heavens are nighest  
Let them climb, immortal men.  
Feared they neither height nor hollow,  
And a star they still shall follow.

Bear their bodies to the grave;  
Give to Death the spoil he claims.  
Carve upon the stone their names,  
Tell that they were young and brave.  
Choose their beds to face the hills,  
And cover them with daffodils.

—DONALD GRAHAM

## The Dancer\*

(In memory of Gertrude Cashel, who died February 19th, 1924, aged 14, at the home of her parents, 643 Payne Street, Collingwood East, Vancouver, B. C. This brilliant little dancer's genius had endeared her to thousands in Western Canada.)

Child of the sun, beneath what skies  
Was brewed this wine whose purple dyes  
And fragrance flows from lips and eyes  
And unbound hair?

The clicking of thy castinets,  
The music of thy feet begets  
A brood of passionate regrets  
Which faint and flare

In Carmen's robes of gold and red,  
Pleading that life by love be led  
Back from the kingdom of the dead  
To breathe our air.

Again, sweet magic of the spring,  
Thy white limbs weave a faery ring  
Of daisies wet with dews which cling  
To leaf and flower.

The rhythm of thy footfall brings  
The dalliance mild of tender things,  
Soft as the stir of hidden wings  
Or April shower.

The world is young and we, enwound  
In silken chains, with garlands crowned,  
Mad with the ancient thirst profound,  
Pursue the hour,

While you, dear sprite on golden wings,  
Drink now from Life's immortal springs  
The rhythmic secret in the soul of things—  
Where Love is Power.

—A. M. STEPHEN

\*In sending us the above tribute Mr. Stephen notes:

"This little girl was one whose genius had won her wide recognition among lovers of the theatre and the art of classic dancing wherever she appeared. We have dozens of children attending the various academies in this city but only a few have the talent which would place them beside Ruth St. Denis, Isadora Duncan or Pavlova. Little Gertrude had a faculty, only to be adequately described as poetic genius expressing itself through the medium of rhythm and motion.

"I hope that you may find a place in the next issue of your magazine for a cut of the little artist and for the poem. Hundreds of people who are likely to see your magazine would appreciate having a picture and some notice of her through your pages."