



RAYMOND RIVOIRE.
Centaure.

PART ONE

THE MEN AND THE MACHINES

ISLES OF SUNSET

O silent isles of sunset,
Beyond the hills of dream,
Set in a sea of crimson,
I watch thy white sands gleam.

The far-off shores of twilight,
Midst ebbing tides of day,
Shine like the dreams of boyhood
And like them pass away.

Bright are the seas in splendour,
Calm as the after life
My dreams lie in their beauty,
Serene, untouched by strife.

O silent isles of sunset,
Beyond the hills of dream,
When the last bird wings westward,
Gone is thy golden gleam.

Arthur S. Bourinot.

Ottawa, Aug. 7, 1915.