

Verse by Western Canadian Writers

THE QUICKENER

(By Kathryn Pocklington)

To threshold of my house of life
There came a Boy of sprightly mien,
Tread free as air,
Dawn-fragrant hair,
His flowing tunic tender green.
He beckoned, and I followed him,
Through vale and upland light he ran,
I watched still streams
Unloosed from dreams,
In lacy leaf the woods out-fan.
He shook long echoes down the glades,
From clouds their pattering raindrops drew,
Each robin breast
And tomtit crest,
Each firefly lamp he painted new.
I saw the grass with sun-dust flecked,
Blue woodsmoke from house chimneys spray,
Heard minstrelsy
Of wakened bee,
And, wondering, the Boy's clear lay.
"I'm Love," he chanted. "Mine to speed
Slow-turning worlds before the sun,
I'm Spring, with gift
Of blossom-drift."—
So knew I Love and Spring are one.

TO A POET

A. M. S.

Where we are deaf, he hears in every glade
The Pipes of Pan: he takes his starry flight
On fancy's wings, sees far beyond our sight
Life nobly planned. Oh Seer! unafraid
To plumb the depths, undaunted, undismayed,
You never doubted in the blackest night
That right would triumph, or the power and might
Of God's great Love, the light that will not fade.
Ah! much we need in these prosaic days
The clear fresh spring of lyric purity.
We're weary of the sty—the sordid lays
That desecrate the name of Poesy.
Take us again where Pan the great god plays
By sunlit streams, Joy's lilting melody.

—JEAN KILBY RORISON.

STARLIGHT

To be recited to the music, "Starlight," by Macdowell

(By Alice M. Winlow)

The scented jasmine is a flower
Starry clustered, starry haloed;
It fills the garden to-night
With silver enchantment.

A fleecy cloud trailing thro' the sky
In lucent shreds, like crumbling silver,
One vaporous flame kindling the blue;
And the jasmine in the garden
Kindles the dark with ivory flame.

The night is crystal-gauzed,
And my speech seeks
The frozen silverness of stars.
I cannot count the stars
That shine above me
Diamonding
The vast impalpable blue.

In this jasmine-scented night
My spirit flutters, flutters as a moth,
Drawn to the silver lamps of heaven,
... Starlight.



TELEPHONE AHEAD

*When travelling in the busy
season, it is wise to telephone
ahead for reservations.*

British Columbia Telephone Company

Insure—

Your House

Your Furniture and

Your Automobile with

Hood Bros.

408-9 London Building, Vancouver, B. C.

Established 1893

CENTER & HANNA LTD.

Perfect Funeral Service

Seymour 2425

1049 Georgia Street West

Vancouver, B. C.