



Some
VERSES
&
DRAMATIC
PIECES

BY
BERNARD
TWEEDALE

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BRITISH COLUMBIA

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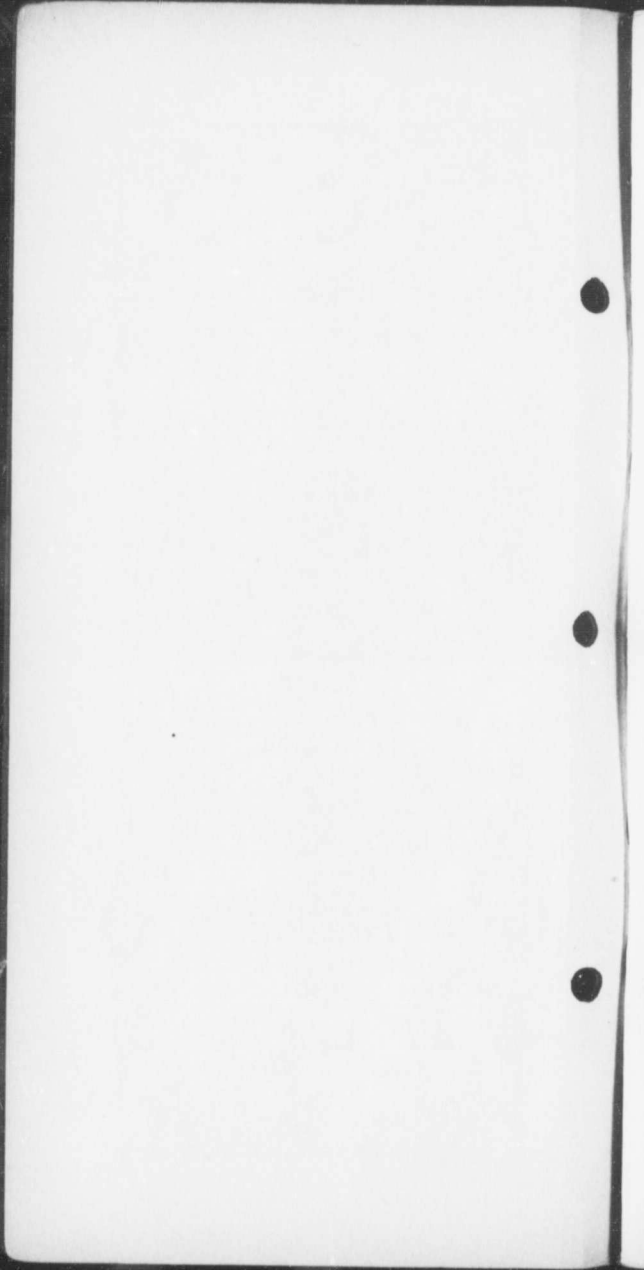
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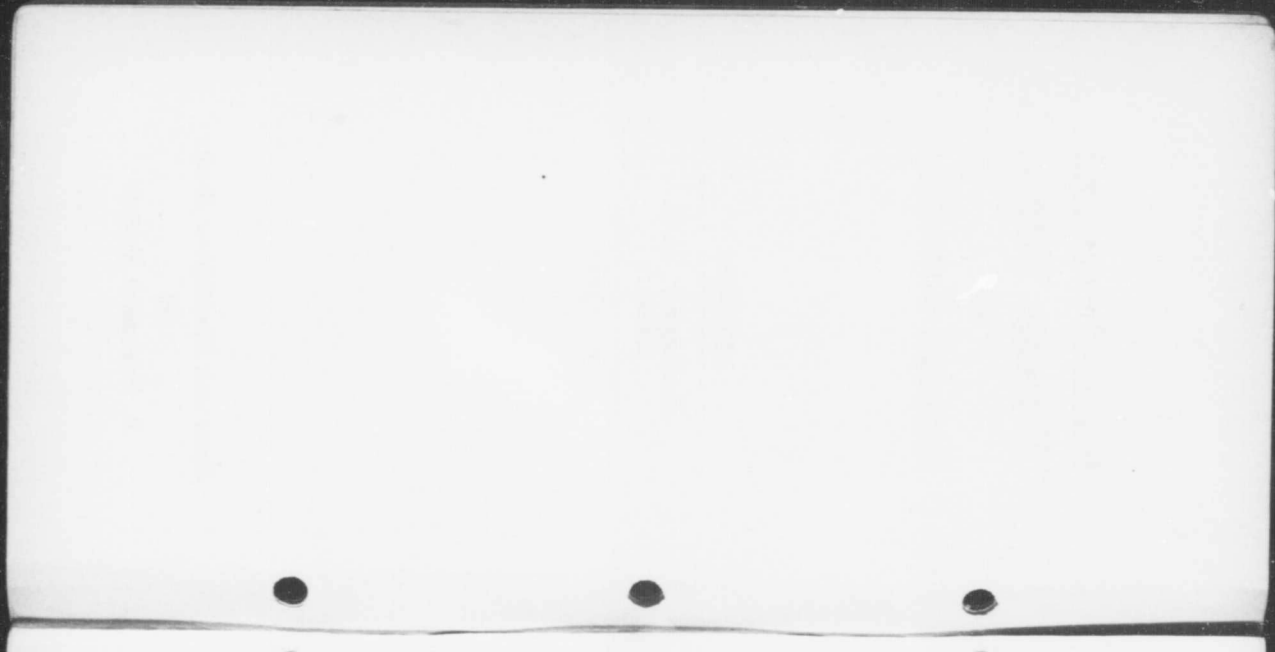
**Some Verses and
Dramatic Pieces
by
Bernard Tweedale**



**Vancouver, B. C.
MXXIV**



**Cover and Frontispiece Design
by
J. Drummond Beatson**



To my Mother
and
The memory of my Father

“ ‘*My Mother!*’ — has e'er spoken thought
Be-gemmed so well the true man's mind?
‘*My Father!*’ — where's the wealth that bought
A soul so loving and so kind? ”

1912

Book

1912

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SHADOW LAND.

Ghosts of the bygone years,
See you my blinding tears?
These for the past—
When you were real, and gave the joys
which cannot last.

Lilt of an old-world song,
Bringing the thoughts which throng;
Echoes repeat
And thrill again the tingling nerves with
music sweet.

Touch of a vanished hand
Passed from this narrow strand;
While memory's street
Again resounds with tread of well-remem-
bered feet.

Voices in dreams that ache;
While soul and sense awake
To cry each name,
And drop a tear; for 'twas in vision that
they came.

Ghosts of the bygone years,
See you; I dry my tears!
For joys were mine
In those past days, when every thought was
half Divine.

Lilt of an old-world song,
Voices in dreams which throng,
Touch of a hand,
Ghosts of the Past—Show me the way to
Shadow Land.

TEARS.

× Tears have joy, and tears have longing;
Some have pity, others woe;
But through life forever thronging,
Still they keep their tideless flow!

Tears are kind, and tears are bitter;
All are Nature's soothing balm
Shed in pain, or hope's sweet glitter,
They are constant in their calm.

BEHIND THE LATTICE.

As the sun shines through an aureole cloud,
As the fire of a jewel lies 'neath its casket
lid;

Sweet?—ah, yes; so sweetly proud,
With all Nature's grace endowed,
Was the soft flower face, the half ope'd lat-
tice hid.

Where the roses form one lambent glade,
By the jasmine-twined path—scented to her
bid;

Dear?—ah, yes; so dear a maid
That with love I was afraid
Of the soft witching grace, the half ope'd
lattice hid.

With rev'rent hand, yet a trembling joy,
I gathered one fair rose, fearing to be chid;
True?—as, yes; so true; half coy,
And the rose lost all alloy
When 'twas kissed by her the half ope'd
lattice hid.

THE SAINTED ROSE.

Easter Day and St. George's, 1905.

Arid and waste was Calvary's Hill:
Naked to pain and woe.
God sent a rose soft bathed in light,
With perfume of Hope, in colour white,
And it twined the Cross below.

Sacred the blood which streamed there!—
One Holy drop which fell,
Touched the white rose with lambent flame;
Ruby as wine the flower became:—
As wine from a martyr's cell.

Blessed the Hope which crowns the hour
Wherein our sins were freed.
Happy the rose, whose radiant red
Speaks of the blood that the Saviour shed
For man, in his greatest need.

"DON'T YOU KNOW."

It was June when I kissed you,
'Neath your lashes veiling blue;
 and you glanced at me with eyes as
 cold as snow!
Ah! the sun was moved to tears,
Drowning joy and swelling fears:
 and I felt that I had lost you, don't
 you know.

In the sad November fall,
When the sorrow-laden call;
 And the world seems thronged with never-
 ceasing woe—
Swift the summer came to greet,
For you smiled on me—my sweet!
 and your kiss made my heart sunny,
 don't you know.

DESIRE!

Within your eyes so tenderly—and full up-
 turned
To mine that well-remembered eve,
Ere yet you said "Good night" to me—me-
 thought there burned
Reflection of the thoughts that weave
The passioned texture of my soul.

In one brief hour I gave myself to your
 love's bond!
I languish for the sparkling glance
From eyes that stole a space of Heaven—
 so blue, so fond:
The magic of a heart's romance
Stirs fever-height within my soul.

I fear I shock your tend'rer mind—or do you
 feel
My kiss at night, as yours is mine?
No vulgar touch! but close, ah, close!—my
 senses reel
On dizzy peaks where love's divine—
And I a king! who knows your soul.

SONG.

As like the thrush, whose clarion song
Shrills through the void of silent dawn,—
Thy minstrel, when the night is rudely torn
From her soft sleep, awakes his plumed
throng,
And aid invokes from sympathetic light
To blend with chastened memories of the
night.
His harmony is named Love;—
An intermezzo of life's span:—
A fount, wherefrom all swift and liquid, ran
A trembling of the minor chords above:
These now complete, within the minstrel's
heart,
A magic zone of all the joys we know;—
A tideway with no ebb, but always flow;—
Or fire that warms itself to brighter glow.

LIFE AND DEATH.

A fleeting breath, a taste of Hell;
A glimpse of all the good that fell
From you at Satan's tempting call:
A moment's strife—
And this—is life!

A rush into what may not be;
A glance at what no man may see;
A laugh at immortality
Caught in the breath,—
And this—is Death!

A GLAMOUR OF THE STREAM.

You came with the roses and lilies,
And scent of its perfumed air;
You swam in my thoughts like a sunbeam—
But a thousand times more fair.
*And the glamour of the water made your eyes
like stars.*

Each hour with its pleased emotion,
But chimed with my heart's glad beat;
Your presence o'erswam life's glad senses—
And swung like a wave's repeat.
*And the glamour of the water made your eyes
like stars.*

The lilies and roses may wither,
Your path from mine own diverge;
But soft o'er the years' measured ocean,
The bliss of that day shall surge.
*And the glamour of the water made your eyes
like stars.*

PHANTASY.

A wreath of immortelles to deck
Anew my fancy's brow;
Where memory has sown the seed,
To fructify at Love's sweet need,
In full grown fragrance now.

A chord upon the strings of years
In full harmonic strain,
To wake again the hopes that were;
And feel, perchance, they may recur
In never ceasing train.

And last, two eyes where love is throned,
Full sceptred in his might;
Each like a star with petalled rim;
Or loving-cup, charged to its brim,
All crowned with wondrous light.

A SONG TO A WIFE.

I gave my heart—I could not give you more!
I gave my heart—I would not offer less!
Doubt and despair I hold no more in store—
If you, my wife!—but your sweet love
confess.

I need your hand to guide through stormy
ways!
I need your smile to cheer my path anew!
Could I be sure of you through all the days—
Then I should know that life is good and
true!

Give me your love! I need it height by
height!
Give me your heart to comfort and to
hold!
Thus, day to day,—and (when must be)
death's night,
Knits us the more like pearl and virgin
gold.

So (whisper low) the seed of our content,
(Fond love and true), we'll find in child-
ren's prayers!
God gave us hope—let's pray the tears are
spent!
So may we grow in His dear love through
theirs!

"TOWARD THE DAY."

Where fitful strands of evening fell,
We watch each shadow flaunt the light;
While memories, repeating, tell
The tale of one, life's sweetest night.

As gleams again the traceful beam
Of Heaven within your eyes—and mine,
Death is a myth, and fear a dream:—
We only know Love is Divine.

God lifts the shadows from the soul,
When shines the sainted morning fair;
The height, the depth, the part, the whole
Of Love shall be our guerdon there.

THE GIFT OF SLEEP.

Angels' breath to still our sorrow,
Granting cease to pain and grief;
Strength'ning for the new tomorrow:—
Christ's great healing, God's relief.

Down-spread wings of restful easing;
Calm to fevered brow and brain:
From its chains the heart releasing,
Till the morning dawns again.

Stillness over Nature's border;
Peace somnolent soothing all:
While the Universe in order,
Waits the daily labour's call.

Gift which comes to weary mortals;
Blessed, restful, full and deep.
Pray we pass through death's last portals,
In such calm, refreshing sleep.

"THE TOUCH!"

Fingers playing on my heart strings,
(Ah, they wrung me nigh to tears);
Turned my scheme of life to wonder,
Made me weak in lover's ponder—
And its fears.

Fingers delicate,—yet strengthened,
(Ah, they wrung me nigh to tears);
Touched me so that Hope's dominion
Seemed my world—and trust a minion
Sweet appears.

Fingers cool and softly tempered,
(Ah, they wrung me nigh to tears);
Will you soothe my thoughts' last numbers
Ere to rest my lone heart slumbers—
Through the years?

"TO OUR PIONEERS."

Friday, March 20th, 1903.

*"True hearts and brave, go forth and wrest
From Earth the best She giveth;
Your names shall in our hearts be blest:—
In you our dear Hope liveth."*

What shall we say to you who leave our
shores
With heart, and brain, and hands, so wistful
turned
Toward those Prairie fields untrod by man?
Your heritage, the lessons early learned
By Pioneers, who that wide path began!

There, peaceful vasts of forest and of plain
Are tilled and sown, where eke the bow was
drawn;
While virgin soil gives forth its fruitful
yield,
And heart-glad Settlers garner loads of
corn,
Or count their herds, wide—clust'ring in the
field.

*"True hearts and brave, go forth and wrest
From Earth the best She giveth;
Your names shall in our hearts be blest:—
In you our dear Hope liveth. "*

XMAS 1906.

When hands grip firm, and hearts are warm,
I heard a whisper through the storm,
It sang the joys of Christmas time—
Whate'er the stress of winter clime.

Then lo! the storm's dread fury ceased,
And stars appeared where clouds had
massed;
While silver'd chimes, from fear released,
Betoken'd pain and sorrow passed.

Thus may this Christmas dawn for you!
And give you heart's content and peace—
To pass the New Year's portals through
With happiness and hope's increase.

RHODES!

Empire-maker!

Died March 26, 1902.

No nameless Earth shall claim thee for its
own;
In every heart thy hallowed image lies;
Far greater thou than Monarch on his
throne;
For such must pass, yet thy work never
dies!
A King is crowned, and walks the little span
Of his own land—Thou hast an Empire
made;
A deed transcending normal power of man!
Thine was the work, nor shall thy glory
fade.

Could we but grant a fitting funeral pyre,
A Nation's dust should be thy winding
shroud!
A Regal torch apply the sacred fire
To light thee on, thou soul and spirit proud!
The rider to the proposition life
Is, that the greatest man, the greatest hate;
Yet, all who ever came with thee to strife,
Confessed thee Noble, True, Supremely
Great!

XMAS, 1912.

LOVE! who gave all things their beauty,
bloom to flower and glint to spray;
Pressed a gift, all gifts transcending,
On the world from birth to ending;
Made our human joys diviner:—Blessed us
by Christ's natal day.

Gladsome moments, dawn to even, sending
forth the message clear;
"Peace be with you! joy eternal
Through your life to bliss supernal!"
Thus THE VOICE!—Sweet Shiv'ring won-
der; 'whelming pain, and stifling fear.

May this LOVE be your possession through
the coming Christmas feast;
Giving happiness full measured,
Mirth to heart, and friends well treasured;
So each New Year's dawning splendour
make the last year's joys seem least.

CLOUDLAND.

I.

My fayre ladye, dreeming,
Sawe a cloudy skie;
And sad thoughts beseeming,
Feered to wayke and crie.

Shone a sunnie morning
In her opened eyes—
So the night's darke warning
Vanished with its sighs.

Sweete! may cloudland sorrowe
Be youre only bane;
And each bright tomorrowe
Bring you joye again.

CLOUDLAND.

II.

When the dew'd caresses
Wake each sun-kissed rose;—
My fond heart professes
These to thee—and those.

(All that night containeth
In its close embrace)—
Even so, remaineth
Morn to view thy face.

Misted 'neath thy lashes,
(As the rose with dew)
See thine eyes' glad flashes
Answer—deeply true.

CLOUDLAND.

III.

My love and I went roaming
Adown the sands of time;
And fancied sweetly dwelling
In some glad summer's clime.

But sand runs swiftly downward;—
And on a winter's shore,
With sadness I awakened:—
To see my love no more.

I know not whether Heaven
Has claimed her for its own:—
if so—an angel listens
To one who goes alone.

CLOUDLAND.

IV.

Where my love's adorning
Down a forest glade;—
With the joys of morning
Are her limbs arrayed.

Modest blossoms shielding,
Hide her beauties rare;
While the sun's glad yielding
Glorifies her hair.

In the pool reflecting,
Curves the vision sweet;
Wait!—her eyes directing,
My rapt gaze will meet!

THROUGH DAYS TO BE.

—A Song—

Love in his beauty came to my call,
Came with my heart-beats held in his
thrall;
Summer days gilded, kissed every hour;
Laughing at pain, despising its power.
But like the Autumn, weeping and gray,
Flickering sadly, love turned away!
Yet in the cold and rain of despair,
Springs from my heart this passionate
prayer.

Through days to be, my love, you are my
own,
Like to a queen at rest on my heart's
throne!
Though to the Shadowland I cannot see,
Still all my soul shall pray, through days
to be!

If in the land where shadows may plead
Aught from your grace, love, think of my
need!
You were my hope, my one breath of life—
Turning to gold the sullen clouds rife—
Now in the hour when twilight descends,
Reverie comes, and tender aid lends—
So that I see you there on the shore,
Waiting till God shall part us no more.

Through days to be, my love, you are my
own,
Like to a queen at rest on my heart's
throne!
Though to the Shadowland I cannot see,
Still all my soul shall pray, through days
to be!

THE PAGAN.

Thy lips are ruby! like my heart a-flame
With constant longings to profess
Through their gemm'd portals (so I never
tire)
The sins of love I love confess.

Thy hair is tendrill! like a thousand joys
That anguish, while I kiss them all—
Caressing cloudly—yet they burn—these
toys
That bind me in a tender thrall.

My love is rampant! overstepping bounds
That mere affection falters by!
I need thy heart-pulse next mine own—
which sounds
To beat with passion's stifled cry.

Cast fashion's fetters! What's the world to
thee—
That cloaks both body and its mind?
Life's blood 's a'riot! Come, and make it
free!
To me thy heart's incens'd—inclined!

EMOTIONS.

Eke some sadness,
Eke some madness,
Death hath nought, when life is gladness.

Work in meekness,
Hope for sweetness,
So shall you have joy's completeness.

From your sorrow,
You shall borrow
Contrast, to make glad tomorrow.

Thus completing
Faith's entreating;—
Love shall prove its own repeating.

RESURGAM.

Those laurels are withered which once
adorned
The brow of a victor king;
The night shade is faded that erst had
warned
The maid 'gainst her bridal ring:—
Yet still while the ages roll,
Death takes his eternal toll.

Youth's roses are dust, which a lover
kissed—
While shadows have slain the sun:
So faith turns to ashes—whom hope has
missed,
And joy is a loop undone:—
Yet still while the ages roll,
Death takes his eternal toll.

Spring dieth again, yet once more shall live,
And roses still hold their sway;
While all shall be fragrant which dies to
give
The birth to a newer day:—
So think while new life is nigh,—
'Tis a little thing to die.

IN MIRRORED THOUGHT.

Be to the mirror of your thoughts
An image true;
So that you may, in all life's ports,
Be strong to do.

See that the light is fair around
That mirror's edge,
Casting no dark'ning shadow ground
Over its ledge.

Thus in the glow of truth and light
You shall remain;
And for each day with beauty bright,
You shall be fain.

"YOUR WORD."

I met you while a thousand unsaid thoughts
Were thronging heart to brain—
That I might stand confessed—your hero;—
all!

To cry to you in one triumphant call
Of love's ecstatic pain.

But I was tongue-tied, mute, nor heeded
aught

. . . . Save that you came to me!
Words without rhyme, or sense of melody,
Rushed to my lips in fervid psalmody
. . . . When lo! you spoke to me.

And now I still the words so fair
. . . . That yours may sound alone;
Liquid of tone . . . essenced of magic zone:
So to the end, sweetening the way of day
. . . . may they o'erchant mine own.

"THE IMPERIAL VOICE."

Verses published on the cover of the
"Animal Gazette" on the occasion of the
visit of H. M. S. New Zealand to Vancou-
ver, 1913.

From the Cross in a Southern heaven,
Round our wave-locked shores they ride;
With a gift of love for the Empire's hand,
And a friend's salute to each foreign strand;
But a sterner front to a churl's demand;—
Through strength of a nation's pride.

'Tis the gift of a loyal Daughter,
Like a glorying sacrifice!
So we hail her now, and the steel-clad
heart;
And the courage shown in this noble part:
For the ship so bought in proud honour's
mart,
Is worth an Imperial price!

"AN OLD GARDEN."

I know a garden where the soul may steep
Itself in some sweet-scenting raptur'd sleep;
Where redden'd rose, blood sprayed by mur-
m'ring breeze
And Peony, the florid sunshine seize.

There is a nook within that garden fair,
Where lilac blooms; swift perfuming the
air:
Like a God's breath—distilled in Heaven's
zone:
Kissing the earth, from Paradise soft
thrown.

There is a Yew outspreading antlered arms,
Brooding but true, to shield from storm
alarms;
While fair Acacia, lulled by summer steep,
Droop their green bows within a languor'd
sleep.

Sweetest of lands! if I could but enfold
My soul with yours, and gather Nature's
gold;
I would compose within one blissful hour,—
Poems like God—of glory, peace and power.

"HEART-STRINGS."

When the day had fallen to quiet, and the
misted stars were pale,
Love bespoke a message through my heart-
strung lips;
Sang it softly in the twilight, murmured
through a passioned veil,
And evoked a thought which trembles—to
eclipse.

If it were that Faith could vanquish every
thought of worldly greed,
If I knew that Trust could build a mansion
fair;
I would leave its noble portals, choose the
swiftest fairy steed,
Haste and ask my Queen to take her king-
dom there.

But the World points sternly onward, with
its garish needs and care;
And the message rests unspoken in my
heart;
Yet the way which lies before me shall be
strewn with memories rare,
Through with Love I simply met to speak
and part.

Oft in hours of brooding future, I shall feel
a passing sigh,
I shall tremble once again with passioned
thought!
And that softened night shall keep me in
Hope's glamor till I die,
For the knowledge of the wondrous mes-
sage brought.

"JUST MY FRIEND."

As I turn my eyes deep inward, gazing
subtly on my soul,
While it shudders as a nerve laid bare to
lance;
Question finds no answer ready, for the
shadows grimly roll
In a never-ending, tense, remorseful dance!
Yet beyond the deep self-query, seems the
same eternal end—
Where you meet me somehow, somewhere—
just my friend!

I have cast my fate on waters which may
never reach the shore,
And have bartered truth for passion's little
hour;
Thrown dishonor 'gainst the balance which
was never firm before,
—Now beside the wreck with straining
hands I cower!
Yet I rave amid the barriers which your
virtues still defend,
While I know that you are watching too—
my friend!

Must we wait then for the future, far be-
yond death's little veil,
Where our hands may clasp without this
human stain?
Nowhere else my hope of pity, nowhere else
my Holy Grail—
Save the knowledge that you have not
prayed in vain.
'Tis Amen! our hearts must murmur,
strength to each the each must lend,
Till the shadows pass, my truest, dearest
friend!

"A LIFE'S ESSAY."

In the glory of the morning, in the zenith
of the day;
Surges through youth's veins the ransom of
an hour;
Swings the pendulum of passion, by the
might of brainal ray,
To the knowledge that the petal makes the
flower.

Yet the virile life of moment, with its infin-
ite prelude,
Never gives the calyx power of petalled
hope;
And the hour becomes the future, where
the thoughts of life intrude,
Thus the stem must through hope's future
ages grope.

Pray the night be coming swiftly; for the
beauty of a soul
Makes the flower of life a perfect "Im-
mortelle."
Darkness dies, and by tomorrow—ere the
fervid ages roll—
God shall ask thee if thy petals folded well.

"APPROACHING NIGHT."

The sun sinks down to the Eternal West,
The glory of the moon usurps his sway,
While night arrives and finds its customed
quest,
To throw the darkened mantle over day.

Each cloudlet, as spear barb with silver
head,
Doth pierce the empurpled blueness of the
sky,
And Nature sleeps the slumber of the dead,
Until the sun's eye-glint she may espy.

The heather breathes its unforgotten scent,
Each humid fern bends down an antlered
crown;
The myriad blades of grass with dew are
bent,
And larches droop, while oaks appear to
frown.

"THE IMPERFECT BELIEF."

Shield my heart within thine own dear,
Hold me with thine arms so strong!
I cannot die, and leave the world of love.

See the phantom Death draws nearer!
Ah my darling, hold me long.
Why must I die for having known thy love.

Now the gloomy vale grows drearer—:
List to Charon's dirge—like song!
Heart of my Heart, hold mine with all thy
love.

Whence then? will the way be clearer?
Wilt thou join me in the throng?
Give me thy soul, and wend with me, my
love!

Lead on,—Death! thy path seems fairer,
Now we two shall tread along
Knit heart to heart!—Death hath no power
'gainst love!

MY PEARL.

In the glorious depth of Pacific Sea,
Sleeping within its soft-hued home,
With brilliancy of silv'ry moonbeams' flash—
My pearl had no thought it would stolen be;
Yet tenderly from out the foam,
Caressingly, I raised the gem.

As the virile sun burns the tender shade,—
'Twas thus my pearl, exposed to day,
Lost its soft light, and seemed but common
shell;
Yet—once and again (as a smile has played
On maidens' face, and left its ray)
The shimmering Truth awhile would glow.

So I laid it by for a Season's space,
In the dark calm of a casket heart;
Yet thrilled with joy, to find, when I un-
closed
My pearl once again, all the old-time grace—
Now blended with the richer part
Of Constancy to Love and Light.

THE LAST PLEA.

As a shadow on the morning, as a wraith in
festal hour—
Is the memory of the scorn you stung me
by;
As a stone falls down a mountain, gaining
Death's impetic power—
So your word gains strength, till at your
feet I lie.

Yet in pristined summer madness, in the
glamour of its gold,
You had sworn your heart was casketed for
me;
And you pinioned me with passion—for your
love was never cold—
While your soul-light blinded, that I scarce
could see.

Are the flowers of memory withered? Is
the casket reft of life?
That desire dies down within your wonder-
eyes!
Though your scorn may tear me sunder, yet
within your heart's dark strife
Shall be present still the knowledge of my
sighs!

"THE BREATH OF AUTUMN."

A down the road, whose dusty-billowed way
Bespoke this summer with its torrid power:
I chanced in thought:—and fancy's idle
play;—
Weaving the sun-threads of the passing
hour.

I saw in prism, where light had faltered
sweet,
A magic circle coiled in wondrous gold;
Where trod with joy, life's summer pil-
grims' feet,
And endless days in vivid beauty rolled.

The sun declined; and with a breath of woe,
Fluttered in sadness leaves of sombre hue;
Night's shiver came, and in that Autumn
flow,
I knew the year—and I, were ageing too.

A WORD FROM AN OLD BOY.

Published in "The Portmuthian."

June, 1907.

Boyhood's years are swiftly fleeting, with a
past of happiness;

Future-fronted stand the days of noble
toil:

Take example by your forbears—tread the
way where angels bless,—

Deeds of greatness are the seed of British
soil.

Mark the lesson of the window, mem'ring
others gone before—

Duty's honour stands above a fickle
fame;

Pride in School, and love of Country, breed
a true and lasting store

Of the virtues 'mong all others we
acclaim.

Life has roses clust'ring sweetly, but the
thorn's a worthy foe,

And the slighter wounds of evil, honoured
scars;

Let the "Old Boys" (world-wide scattered)
tell the "New" the truth they know—

Honest worth can burst life's strongest
prison-bars.

"THE PASSING OF THE GOLD."

I had watched the green of springtime surge
to deep and lustrous gold;
I had lilted with the clarion-throated
throng;
Heard the flowers in plaintive whispers
when their little day was told,
Plead exemption from the reaper's sickle-
song.

Lulled on langorous summer's bosom, joy
was scented—love confess'd;—
While the croon of Nature stilled each way-
ward mind;
And I flung my hands to Heaven, with a
prayer but half expressed,
That the Autumn ne'er this Aura-land might
find.

Yet the months, with hurried passing, left
me cold amid the brown—
Where the tattered garb of summer low was
thrown;
I had dozed while Autumn's shiver hushed
the birds, and iced the down,
And 'mid arid lands of sadness stood alone.

THE STRANGER.

I have lived my life on a hundred plains,
 some garbage, some fruit, some tree,
And I've fought the starve of the London
 street, debonair as man may be;
But I never knew till I came out here, (and
 I daily live and learn)
That it's good to live near to Nature's
 breast; though the cents be hard to
 earn.

I have watched the spread of your axe clean
 cut; have marked down the trees which
 fall;
Having listened to speech of the wilder
 things, I have learnt their every call;
'Neath the pine-wood shade I have laid me
 down, and, stirred by the winter breeze,
I have made a prayer on the stalwart side,
 apart from life's joy and ease.

You have taught in full it is good to live,
 . you have spread your portals wide;—
Through your city stir I have heard the
 voice of a welcome warm inside;
And I stand by you (since you take me in)
 to the end, if end there be:—
For the land that's good, and the heart that's
 warm, and the fight with a great big
 "D."

Take the word of one who's a stranger yet,
 just conserve and hold your own!
You are young in loin, but you're strong in
 girth, and you've power of wood and
 stone;
Ask the stranger in, like the one who
 speaks, and you're sure of help out-
 side—
We are new, it's true, but we'll stand by
 you, and we'll strive uphold your pride.

SUNRISE FROM WEST POINT GREY.

By the Eastern dawning lowly—by the
West in pale aflame—
Swift I stole the homage from defying
stars:
Watched from hill-top over hillock, saw the
message still the same:—
“Day’s new vigor breaks the trenchant
nightly bars.”

’Mersed in such soft thoughts of seeming,
dawn broke glad among the height,
And the Morning Star (apparelled sheen-
ly) stole;
While the northern lights, in concert,
showed Vancouver’s day adight:
So I clenched my hand enraptured—haply
thole.

Lurking, twinkling,—through the greyness;
’neath the mist that bent the hills
—Points of street-light spread a map of
amethyst;
Then youth’s magic overstepping (like the
brook o’er tinkling rills)
—Eastern Baker caught the fire:—Lo!
day was kissed.

SHAWNIGAN LAKE.

Cold skies!—a winter’s dawn beheld thee
In Shawnigan (back of the Island span);
Remote! yet Nature hath assoil’d thee
As magic spot, fit for the faery clan.

Love breathed! and on the turgid waters
The sun outwaved, dispersing duller grey.
O Lake! Romances’ misty porters
Had seen the gleam enwrapped in spread-
ing day.

Eve spread! anon the night was stealing
across the murk which marked the lake’s
recline;
And now—in fuller sense revealing,
I felt the salt of Nature’s mood with mine!

"DUNDARAVE!"

Yours the soft wild-tread of the Western
Slope,

Dundarave!

You are chained as yet, save a cougar's lope,
Dundarave!

Had I known your spell in the early days,
We had fought the fight 'neath the adverse
rays—

And had made our home in your land-locked
maze—

Dundarave!

Yet it chanced so well for your first-born
thought,

Dundarave!

That the men who make were the men who
sought

Dundarave!

While the stakes are down where the pine
had rocked;

While the axe still swings where the fool
had mocked;—

So we know our strength from the men who
stocked

Dundarave!

In the early dawn I have watched your sky,
Dundarave!

In the first red glint, heard the forest sigh,
Dundarave!

Marked the sunrise spread o'er the Eastern
stretch,

Seen it warm today like a wond'rous
sketch;

Watched the Siwash catch in a redflung
letch:

Dundarave!

Yet I feel your heart beats a pained theme,
Dundarave!

'Neath the heavy axe—joy will ill beseem,
Dundarave!

I would love you hold all your virgin power,
Have the forest free, and the light-shafts
tower

For the future days o'er a sea-girt bower,
Dundarave!

"A CHORD OF THE PAST."

(Not to be recited in public without permission of the Author.)

Miriam was playing the violin! and the sound of her music throbbed through me as with an ache—In a moment I lost all sense of the prim drawing-room, of the dim light of evening, of the faint scent of mimosa, and instead in fancy I was far away on the slopes of a Wild Prairie, in a land of glowing sunshine. God! How that day is burnt into the chords of my memory! Miriam was playing the violin—but where my thoughts were—on those distant slopes, no music was heard. In that far off day the silence spoke all.

Let me try and tell what happened then while the violin sounds steal eerily through the quiet room.

Inez was Mexican, daughter of the sun from her raven tresses, and her dusky skin, through which the red bloom coursed so freely, to the turn of her dainty ankle—the sun gave her of his passion—the glowing flowers and prairie of their color and joy—, and Inez rode with me on that day out from the Hacienda, away to where the cicada chirped, and the snake came from his hiding place to bask in the glowing day—it was afternoon and the heat lay as a mantle on us, though our hearts beat such a glad tune we minded nought but our two selves.

Listen now to the violin throbbing with gladness; in the every sound that day is repeated to me—I feel again the mystic silence,—again the light touch of her hand upon my arm, the tense sun once more strikes down in his power—

Faster! Faster! Miriam!—bring out the music as her passion came—Discord! Discord! Miriam!—for that moment when my horse fell.

In a flash Inez was by my side as I lay there hurt:—tho' fast losing consciousness the sound of a sob reached me, I dimly felt her tender fingers about me, and then the world faded—

Do you hear the plaintive note on the violin?

Can you catch the sadness wailing in each chord? Then you can see in fancy the face of Inez as I saw it when consciousness came back to me. *Not one word spoke she*, but I found a grateful shield from the heat in the mass of brushwood she had piled for me.

Not one word spoke she, but slowly mounted her pony and looked at me with eyes through which shone Love still—but what a love—Not that of a woman for her lord—but rather for her dog—a love blent with pitying contempt.

Not one word spoke she, but as she touched the pony with her whip, she pointed down at my feet to a miniature which had fallen from my pocket, and—it was not her likeness.

That moment will ever be burnt into my memory; the heat of the sun, the slight pain I suffered, the tense white of her face as she glanced once at me ere her horse's feet rang the requiem of our joy—and the silent barrier of the miniature between us—

Miriam, MY WIFE! is playing the violin—Listen!!!

THE FENIAN!

(Not to be recited in public without permission of the Author!)

Loq: (sadly taking out a letter from pocket):—"Shure, little letter; though yez brought me the onkindest message of me loife, Oi love yez, for she sent yez. Though yez bring a long cloud over me loife, I'll kiss ye onst again for the sake of the ould days. (Kisses letter, then tears up slowly.) An' now, Ashtore, ye're gone from me: (throws down piece by piece) bit by bit as her love has left me, so do yez; an' as ye are torn, so is my heart.

Yez want to know me story?

Well, maybe if Oi tell it yez, it'll aise me soul a trifle, an' the Holy saints knows that same wants aisin.

Mary an' me, we courted as colleen an' bhoy: Mary, the sweetest colleen that iver stipped; me as Oi was; not as yez see me now—wunst a braver lad, proud o' himself, an' proud o' his clothes, niver trod in brogues than Larry O'Leary. (Starts and looks side of stage.) Whist! Whist! Will it be the Polis? Shure meself knows the're wantin' me—sorra a night hev Oi had o' rest this week come tomorrow.

A curse on them all! A curse on them that jeer an' laugh at our lonely cots, an' our shmokeless chimbleys—that wad take the last prathie of our crops—aven tho' 't were the only wan that grew.

Wirra! Wanst there was no finer hut in the valley than Larry O'Leary's—no foiner pigs, the sweet craythers, than moine—an' now ye can look over the hillside down to a blackened pile o' wood an' shtone.

Niver a blither heart stepped thin moine—niver a sadder one than now, an' ye are all that's left (points to fragments of letter). Oi remember that day, an Oi'll rimimber all me loife!

An' Oi'll niver forget the day, as Mick Doolan denounced me to the Polis—bekase he loved the colleen himself—if a cur can love, that is: Oi heeard they was comin', an' shure Oi knew 'twas no good me tryin' to Oi was innocent;—they niver listen to that whin it's a por bhoy they've caught.

No toime had Oi to say good bye to Mary; just wan prayer for her sweet soul, an' a curse for the traythur as denounced me, thin—Oi wint to the Hills, an' they called me a Fenian,—an' when Oi heard that, Oi laughed to meself wild like, an' Oi said—'A Fenian Oi will be thin, an' a curse on ye who made me wan.'

Mother of Saints!—shall Oi iver forgit the wild noights whin we rioted down the valley, and danced mad loike round the smokin' cabins where the informars lived!—an' died!

Ah, Mickey Doolan! Mickey Doolan! Though your sowl is in Hell, ye know yet the noight we came down on yez—ye know the Fate ye got; the death yes died—an' yez remember yet how Oi laughed at yez as ye shrieked in the flames (breaks off suddenly).

Whist! Whist! Oi think Oi hear them comin', Oi'll tell yez the rest o' my story quick.

A bhoy cam' to the hills last noight, an' give me this (points to letter in fragments). Oi'll say it to yez, for 'tis in me heart an' even the prison walls can't take that from me.

"Larry O'Leary, when ye were a true bhoy, Oi loved yez! an' even now if yez can swear ye had no hand in Mickey's death—come to me again, an' Oi'll love yez!" signed "Mary"—Just "Mary." (Cries Out)

Ashtore! Ashtore! Oi can't! Oi can't! (listens) Whist! Whist! they're here at last."

A SOCIAL FAILURE.

(Not to be recited in public without permission of the Author.)

Loq:—

"Good evening! Gentlemen! The green
cloth's spread,
And Fortune smiles on all; except the dead.
Hark to the merry chink of gold!
Come, try a throw for wealth, be bold!
Fair women too are here to play,
Who'll change your night to brighter day,
And make you, Ha! Ha! Ha! As I am, yet—
not long agon,
I was, like you, the idol of a brilliant
throng,—
A gay young Commoner with wealthy lands
I laughed! as every day, ay and at night,
with lavish hand
I sported with the gold; when maidens
fair—
And false—drank my champagne, and made
my world
A butterfly existence, a Paradise of
. . . . bliss (sneeringly)

Those days were long ago, and now
I'm master of a gambling Hell, yet, as I bow
The servile knee, I feel a bitter joy—
God! as I am! so shall they soon be, both
smooth-faced boy
And worldly man—(starts and turns as
though welcoming guests)
I greet you Gentlemen! Come, make your
game!

A few such years, then gaunt and hungry
I—
My pockets empty, longing but to die,—
Had I not had this passion for revenge
On those who, Curse them! called them-
selves my friends.
Friends! When I was rich!—Now, tempted
by my devils' game,
I see them one by one beneath my feet—
And spurn them as they plead and grovel
there.
Yes! Now I loved to watch the staring face,
and hear

The gasping breath which tell the same old tale,—
Their fortunes! honour! lost beyond recall;—
Once—there was one who might have changed my life!—
And saved my honour;—then it was my own—
But she—she loved a better man;—
And I—Oh well—it helped me on to this!
Those days were long ago, and now
A human spider I, for as I bend
The servile knee, I feel a bitter joy—
God! as I am, so shall they soon be, both
smooth-faced boy and worldly man—
(starts and turns as though welcoming guests) I greet you Gentlemen! Come!
play MY GAME.

THE FALL OF LUCIFER.

(Not to be recited in public without permission of the Author.)

And I saw in my dream a Vision—The glory of the Perfect Heaven—a street of gold—the light of a sun which touched pinnacle and minaret with shades unknown to mortal man—flashing with transfigured light of Topaz, and Amethyst on mansions that towered to illimitable space, to the throne of the Most High—and I beheld what seemed a flood of snowy light strewn down this perfect street—but lo! as the nearer it came, mine eyes saw countless forms of hue more virgin than the billowed clouds—The air danced and almost spoke to the sweet singing of the minstrels of God—I felt the flashing of countless wings; I saw as through a mist, eyes of fire, in faces of Alabaster; but on one—the centre of the throng—my gaze was fixed—A God-like form, with the radiance of Heaven around him—His eyes were as twin stars in Majesty—his air commanding. Supreme and Central thus he stood, defiant in his Kingly might.

And then—the air grew heavy—the countless choristers ceased their inspiring song—the golden of the streets turned to a ruddier hue, and the silence was alone broken by the rustling of the wings of the Heavenly Host—while through the air came the sound of a sweet, yet awful voice.

“Lucifer, false son of Heaven, judgment is upon thee!

Thou said'st thou would'st wish to reign! Thou shalt have thy wish! Thou shalt be supreme in Hell! Thou shalt rule where vice and sin hold thrall over Death!

Only when Souls of men refuse thee shalt thou return to the Kingdom of Glory.”

The voice ceased! the shadow grew deeper and yet more deep—the visioned Angels passed away, and only the one figure remained—

And then the outline of the Kingly Majesty was touched with a dim shadow which spread slowly to a darker hue, and enveloped the form—And the very face was changing too—its perfect whiteness became dark to black; the eyes,—they gleamed with the old Kingly Majesty, but 'twas the Majesty of Sin and Vice, Baleful in a glare like concentrated Hate.

So for a moment, while the very air grew laden with Heavenly thunder stood the Majestic Then, poised to his full height, with the cry of the condemned, and a curse—the first of the World—upon his lips—Down! Down! to the bottomless abyss—Lucifer passed to his doom.

"BELOVED."

(Not to be recited in public without permission of the Author.)

Beloved! Beloved!

Silence

Yes, there must be silence, for no reply can come to the cry of a heart—heard but by the heart.

Though in the days when the world seemed young to me; when I laughed to the clear skies in a joy of wonder that all should be so fair—I could not dream that time could come when I should cry "Beloved!" and hear no answer to my call

And yet she never knew what 'tis to love I think; One moment with the happiness of a child she would toy with a heart, the next—would cast her too unconscious nets of charm to the sea of men, and bring another to her call.

And still she is my beloved!

It matters not that time and space divide us; it recks nought to me that she belongs to, and is the pride of, other men. Belongs to them?! Ah No!!!! God made her for me! God gave her breath that she might live for me!

God made her form that it should be mine, to hold—to love—to cherish—

And her spirit? God gave it her—Purer than the cream-glow of the moonlight!—

As a sign from Paradise—for me. And the ages to come shall see the union of us twain, the one of whom knows not even the meaning of "Beloved!"

Ding dong! ding dong! ding dong! Crash!
Crash!

Hark to the bridal bells! her bridal bells! They peel like the Devil's anvils may ring for the forging of the fetters of the doomed.

They say that I am mad because I hear those bells each live-long day.

Nay I am sane—I must be sane, for though I speak but little—yet my heart articulates one sound, one word which, whispered in the soft quiet of the night—or in the garish breath of the day, has power to wake my spirit to a new birth and the hope of the days to be—Beloved! Beloved!!

"THE GALLOPING HORSEMAN."

(Not to be recited in public without permission of the Author.)

Did you hear the galloping horseman
As he spurred through the town last eve;
With a lather of foam on his steed's dark
flank—
And his hand on a life's reprieve?

Did you hear the labouring horseman
As he toiled through the streets this day;
On a foundering horse, with an eye of blood,
And a gasp with each lurching sway?

Did you hear the staggering horseman
As he came to the square this noon;
Where his honest steed fell with an an-
guished glance—
As the captive received the boon?

Oh! it's praise for the galloping horseman,
And it's joy for the man reprieved;
But it's never a thought for the broken
heart
Of the friend who has died unrieved!



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