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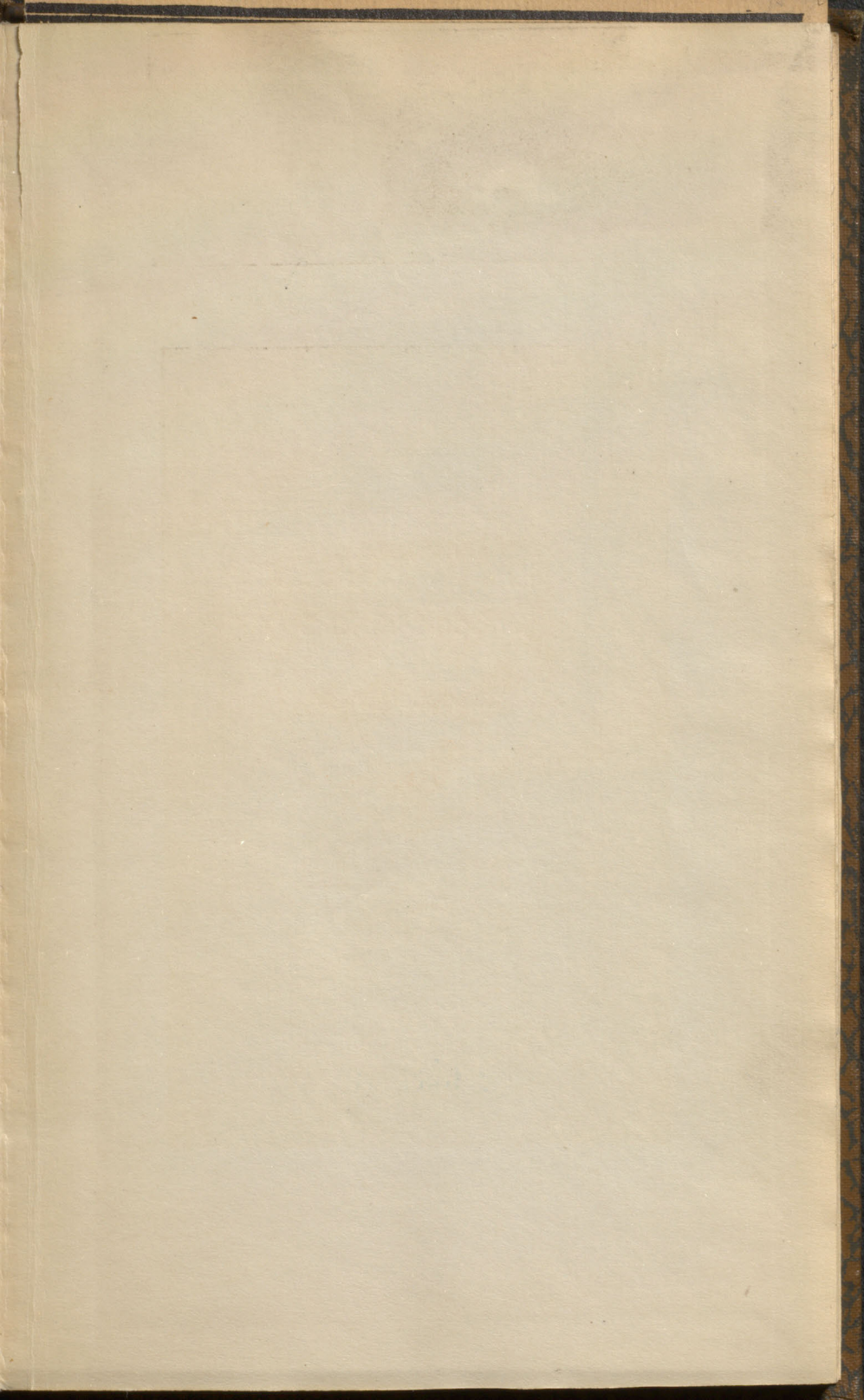
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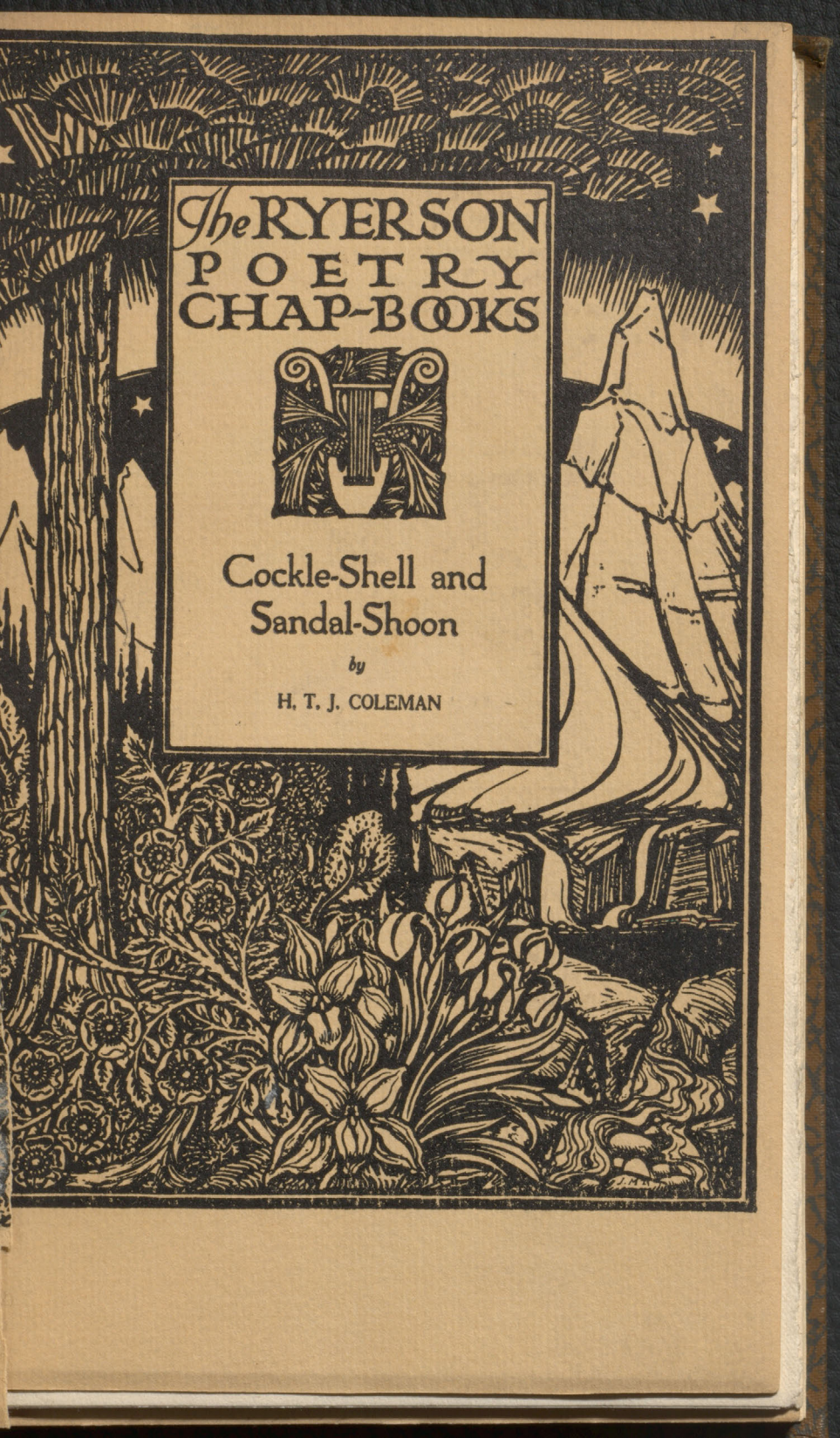
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Cockle-shell and sandal-shoon. --



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P O E T R Y  
C H A P - B O O K S



Cockle-Shell and  
Sandal-Shoon

*by*

H. T. J. COLEMAN



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Cockle-shell and  
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# Cockle-Shell and Sandal-Shoon

*By Dean H. T. J. Coleman*



## COCKLE-SHELL AND SANDAL-SHOON

**L**IFE is a pilgrimage, they say;  
At times upon the broad highway,  
At times by narrow paths that creep  
Painfully o'er mountains steep.  
We reach the summit as we may.  
Life is a pilgrimage, they say.

Life is a pilgrimage, they say;  
But with stout staff of truth alway  
We never need be faint of heart,  
Nor from the pilgrim path depart,  
Even though the skies be heavy and grey.  
Life is a pilgrimage, they say.

Life is a pilgrimage, they say.  
At times there may be toll to pay  
Of our heart's blood; this, life may ask  
If we should choose the higher task.  
The valiant do not shun the fray.  
Life is a pilgrimage, they say.

Life is a pilgrimage, they say.  
He that is wise takes time to stay

*One*

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For worship at some wayside shrine  
Of common things that are divine.  
The pilgrim heart has need to pray.  
Life is a pilgrimage, they say.

Life is a pilgrimage, they say.  
At times the heavens are blue, and gay  
About our feet are summer flowers  
Dancing with the shining hours.  
Such joys as these cannot betray  
Though life's a pilgrimage, they say.

Life is a pilgrimage, they say.  
And when we reach the close of day  
Travel-stained and journey-worn,  
A voice shall whisper, "Rest till morn!  
Rest till the night has passed away."  
Life is a pilgrimage, they say.



## ON THE GULF OF GEORGIA

**W**ARM the sun and blue the sky,  
Calm the sea this winter day,  
Little waves go dancing by  
As the ship pursues her way,

Bright reflections multiplied  
Of the brightness overhead.  
With the moving of the tide  
Dimpled circles rise and spread.

Joyously, with easy flight,  
Sea-gulls follow close behind,  
Poise awhile on pinions light  
Drift like snow-flakes down the wind.

And serene, majestic,  
Fairer far than poet's dreams,  
Shedding radiance over all,  
Baker's mighty summit gleams.

Rocky islets near at hand,  
Distant islands forest crowned,  
Surely they are fairyland  
And their shores enchanted ground.



## THE EXILE

**T**HE BLUE seas, and the green trees, and the high hills calling,  
The long reach of the white beach, and the soft dusk falling,  
These in my dreams and in my waking hours,  
Come to me, an exile, in this land of flowers.

For they are of the homeland, and I am far away,  
Where the sun shines strongly through the long bright day,  
And I would feel once more the mist upon my cheek,  
And hear again the message the solemn mountains speak.

The grey rocks and the busy flocks of the gulls along the shore,  
The heaving tide where the ships ride, call to me o'er and o'er;  
And at eve I see the bright star that my true love also sees,  
And the moon of summer gleaming through the dark fir trees.

These are the charm of the homeland, the land where I was born,  
Where childhood felt the promise in the golden light of morn;  
And all I ask of Heaven is that age shall find me there  
To know the joys of the homeland that is in dreams so fair.



## AFTER THE STORM

**S**EE HOW the clouds are banked towards the north  
Against the mountain-side and, issuing forth,  
The sun which has been hidden all the day  
Lights up the landscape with its level ray.  
The mellow gleam transfigures everything;  
The roadside bushes glow as if the spring  
Had touched them with its magic, and the green  
Of fir-tree boughs takes on a brighter sheen.  
Far in the lucent west appears a strange  
And beautiful illusion, 'tis a range  
Of snowy peaks tumultuously piled,  
Its valleys glacier-filled, on which the mild  
Effulgence of the sunset settles down  
In green and gold and azure like a crown.  
Such green, perhaps, as Eden's meadows showed,  
Such gold as never was on man bestowed,  
Such azure as in skies of paradise  
May on some far to-morrow greet our eyes.  
These are the hills of fairyland, and there  
Are all the dreams that have made earth so fair.



## MYSTERY

**A**S LIFE advances more and more I feel  
The mystery which surrounds me like a sea,  
The things I daily meet so well conceal  
Their secret. In the glad expectancy  
Of spring, which but this afternoon I shared  
A meaning is that now I may not know,  
For if I should there would to me be bared  
That which eternity alone can show.

But I can hope and in that hope go on,  
And labour with what strength to me is given,  
And gladly rest me when my work is done,  
And sun my soul in the clear light of Heaven,  
And keep twin tapers burning, Love and Faith,  
To light me in that final mystery, Death.



## NIGHT SCENE

**T**HE WIND and rain are gone; in the clear air  
Some fleecy clouds remain, and bright  
Above them floats the moon; while, here and there,  
The stars look down upon me through the night.

Peaceful beyond description is the scene,  
And beautiful. The earth is now asleep;  
The houses are but shadows: in between  
The stately fir-trees solemn vigil keep.

Life has its wind and rain: when they are past,  
Our souls look upward and forget their scars,  
The infinite blue of heaven appears at last,  
Though solemn night comes on there shine the stars.



## CREATION

**T**HERE are occasions in life's simple story,  
At least a few  
In which the commonplace is tinged with glory,  
We feel and do  
That which at other times is scarce a dream.  
In those brief moments—all too brief—we seem



To find our fellowship with Him whose power  
From Chaos made  
The ordered world in that great primal hour:  
Who overlaid  
The heavens with stars and gave the ocean vast  
Its place to keep while earth and heaven shall last.

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## HOPE

GREY sky above and a grey sea below.  
Through rain and mist the distant islands show  
Dimly. What is there in the sea,  
Or in the o'erhanging clouds to speak to me  
Of hope and consolation aught at all?  
Through the long hours of night the rain shall fall  
As it has fallen all day, and I shall wake  
To-morrow, and shall see the wan day break,  
And feel the clouds' dark shadow on my life,  
And find within my inmost heart the strife  
Of feelings restless as the wave and wind.  
But look! The sinking sun has left behind  
Far in the west some traces of his glory,  
The morn perhaps will tell a different story  
From what my heart forebodes, and I shall feel  
The peace that comes when wind and wave are still.  
And if not then, some later morn shall rise  
To bring a new day's splendour to my eyes.

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## THE RIDDLE—A SONG

IT HAS been sung about  
All through the ages,  
Wisely discussed in  
The lore of the sages.

Some men have died for it,  
So I've been told;  
Some women sighed for it  
When it grew cold.

It has been housed in  
The hut of the savage,  
Has been occasion for  
War and its ravage.



Kings have bowed down to it,  
Called it their master,  
Proffered their crown to it,  
Braving disaster.

Poets have chanted  
Its magical power,  
Source of the beauty  
Of tree and of flower.

When it shall call to you  
Turn not away;  
See, I bring all to you,—  
Take it, I pray.



## ALMA MATER

Dedicated to the students of the University of British Columbia.

**A**LMA MATER, guardian of our youth;  
Fair is the laurel wreath that crowns thy brow.  
Friend of our country and the friend of truth,  
Thy children hail thee now.

Alma Mater, daughter of the years;  
The great of former days are living yet.  
Speak thou their high faith in our duller ears;  
Forbid us to forget.

Alma Mater, feeder of the flame;  
Pure hopes and noble purposes are thine.  
On us whose pulses quicken at thy name.  
Grant that the light may shine.

Alma Mater, watcher of the hours;  
Thou lookest on the mountain and the sea,  
And rulest in the might of other powers,  
In loftier majesty.

Alma Mater, Mother of our love;  
Many the paths we tread in future days,  
Yet nought that time can bring shall e'er remove  
Thy memory or thy praise.



## MAN AND THE INFINITE

I STOOD upon a height and saw below  
A city where a million people dwelt;  
I watched the endless streams of traffic flow,  
Silent it seemed, along its streets and felt  
How wonderful must be the mind of man  
To see such things in vision, and how great  
Must be the compass of his powers who can  
Within a few short years such things create.  
And as I further gazed, the lights flashed out,  
Mile upon mile, and busy streets became  
The paths of fairyland, and round about  
The palaces and towers were rings of flame.

And then I turned and saw in the West afar  
The tender glow with which the sunset fills  
The summer twilight, and the evening star  
Low-cradled in a hollow of the hills.



## THE SONG

THERE is a story many centuries old:  
Of monk named Ambrose it, I think, is told,  
Who took a walk within an ancient wood  
Which near the monastery garden stood.  
And there beneath the spreading boughs he heard  
The song melodious of a single bird.  
He stood and listened with a soul entranced  
And took no heed of how the hours advanced.  
When he returned at length, the sun had set,  
And at the monastery gate he met  
One whom he knew not, who of him inquired  
His name and what it was that he desired.  
"I Ambrose am," he answered, "one you well  
Might know, since but this noon I left my cell,  
To walk and ponder in the forest near.  
How is it that I find a stranger here?"  
"No Brother Ambrose has by me been known,"  
The man replied, "Though thirty years have flown  
Since first I came within these peaceful walls,  
I must the Abbot ask if he recalls  
The name you mention, since I plainly see  
From your rapt look, here is some mystery."



The Abbot was a stranger like the other,  
But there was found at last an aged brother,  
Who had been there for fifty years or more  
Who memory had that many years before  
There was a Brother Ambrose who, one day,  
Had left his cell to meditate and pray  
Within the wood, and none had ever learned  
What had befallen, since he ne'er returned.

"'Tis but a tale," the sceptic may remark,  
"By credulous minds believed in ages dark,"  
But somehow, somewhere, I have heard a song  
Which makes me think the sceptic may be wrong.



## BOND OF EMPIRE

Note: English skylarks can often be heard in some meadows in the outskirts of Victoria, B.C.

WHAT melody is this? I never heard  
A song so varied, so sustained, so clear,  
Before this hour from any Western bird.  
The spirit of the place it sure must be,  
Voicing the gladness of the opening year  
Above this smiling meadow facing toward the sea.

"It is an English skylark," someone says;  
"They nest here and their song we often hear."  
And straightway I recall my mother's face  
As, seated with them in the evening glow,  
She tells her children how this song did cheer  
An English childhood in the happy long ago.

And I recall as well, this little bird,  
—Artist supreme with whom no art can vie—  
Whose music thrills me now, has often stirred  
The hearts of those who to all time belong;  
Here is the theme that raised their thoughts on high,  
Here the "embodied joy" of Shelley's deathless song.

Melodious singer! Thou too soon art gone.  
Yet with the magic aid of fancy, I,  
Who never saw in England the day dawn,  
An English landscape can in dream behold;  
See thee against a dappled English sky,  
Above those English fields of which my mother told.



## SUMMER NIGHT

**T**HE CRICKET'S song seems faint and far away,  
Yet steadily it falls upon my ear,  
Its plaintive burden is the same alway,  
Nor will it cease until the dawn is here.

What is its meaning I shall never know;  
It is, perhaps, a token of love's spell  
And seeks, while starlit hours come and go,  
Love's ancient tale of faithfulness to tell.

Or is it that the velvet touch of night  
That hides the world of objects from my view,  
Brings to his heart such raptures of delight  
As my poor human senses never knew.

Such speculation is but idle guess,  
And yet the cricket's monotone to me  
Is of all voices fittest to express  
Love's weight of longing and night's mystery.



## JOY

**M**EN SPEAK of Joy as a tender flower  
Blossoming but for one brief hour,  
Leaving behind it regret and pain  
For that which never returns again.  
Alas! that some have found it so,  
But this is not the joy I know.

For the joy I know is a forest tree  
Standing in strength and majesty,  
Its branches the home of the nesting bird,  
Its happy leaves of summer stirred  
By the faintest breath of the passing breeze  
To many-voicèd harmonies.

And when the branches are stark and lone,  
And the voices are dumb and the birds are flown,  
Something still by the spirit is heard  
Sweeter than music of wind or bird,  
For even in winter love can sing  
That has in its heart the promise of spring.



## HUMAN NATURE

I DREAMT that Fortune stood beside my bed.  
A sheaf of shining gifts she bore, and said  
"What will you have, for 'Ask and have' it is?  
There are but two conditions. One is this:  
That you shall never ask to be relieved  
Of anything of that you have received.  
The other is: If you should seek for more,  
You'll straightway be as needy as before."  
And in my dream I thought, "What is there left,  
If I of hope and striving am bereft?"  
And, "Can I ever be so much a saint  
As to forego the luxury of complaint?"



## THE CHALLENGERS

I WALKED abroad to-day and heard  
A meadow-lark pour forth its song.  
"How great the courage of the bird,"  
I said, "It surely knows how long  
The time must be ere spring appear.  
Should it not check its song for fear  
Harsh winter might offended be,  
Winter whose sway now covers land and sea?"

And then I chanced to see half-hidden  
Among the grass a gleam of yellow,  
A dandelion come unbidden  
To greet the sun. It had no fellow  
Of myriads that some six weeks hence  
Will stand in such strong evidence.  
The other flowers were asleep,  
By winds of winter lulled in slumber deep.

I blessed these messengers of spring  
For all their hardihood and faith:  
The little bird that dared to sing,  
The flower that braved the wind's chill breath.  
I thought, "Shall I be fearful then,  
When these provide example plain,  
Who with the calendar make merry,  
And sing and smile their scorn of January."



## AN OLD QUESTION

**H**OW SHALL we measure worth?  
By accident of birth?  
By the place which by chance  
Of happy circumstance  
A man may proudly take till chance again  
Makes all his boasting vain?  
By wealth in lands or gold  
For which oft souls are sold?  
By the world's idle fame,  
Which needs must have a name  
To play with till again in sport  
It drives its favourite from court?  
Or shall we find another measure quite  
As different as day from night  
From these whose title to respect  
The wise man thinks of only to reject?

Not royal birth unless it bring  
Behaviour that befits a king,  
Not high estate unless it shows  
Honour from worth, not worth from honour grows.  
Not gold in purse, but gold in heart  
Is much the better part.  
And fame is oft a gaudy jewel  
Set on the forehead of a fool.

Simple goodness, simple faith,  
Love that outlasts the pangs of death,  
Charm of face and form and voice  
To make both eye and ear rejoice.  
A heart that chooses for its fare  
Sunlight and the open air,  
Beauty of earth and sky and sea;  
That beats in ready sympathy  
With all that makes for human good  
And the wider brotherhood.

O you who sometimes feel the load  
Of life grow heavy and the road  
Set for your feet lonely and sad,  
These give you place, and worth.  
Be glad!



## THE ROAD

THERE is a road that I have travelled many, many times,  
And I know each turn of its winding course,  
And the trees which border it are to me familiar friends,  
And I love them whether they wear their spring-time garments  
of green,  
Or whether they stand, as now, in the tattered foliage of late fall,  
With only a hint here and there of the glory that was theirs  
Only a few short weeks ago,  
And I love them whether bright with the radiance of summer  
morning  
Or spectral in the mists of winter.  
My road is full of wonder and mystery,  
The mystery of narrow lanes deeply rutted by wood-laden  
trucks  
Where the branches clasp hands overhead,  
And the dead leaves, sodden by the rain, mingle with the dark  
earth;  
And the wonder of the sea, whether golden under the afternoon  
sun,  
Or leaden grey as the twilight steals across the waters.  
But there is another mystery and another wonder still,  
The mystery of the tie that binds human hearts together,  
In a fellowship deeper than words,  
On that other road which we call life.



## MOUNTAINS IN WINTER

'T'WAS but this morning that there met my eyes,  
As from my window casually I gazed,  
Some mountain-tops that towered to the skies  
From out a world of cloud. I stood amazed,  
And wondered for a moment if they were  
Nothing but an illusion, soon to change  
And fade away into the upper air,  
Or merge themselves into the billowy range  
Of cloudland on whose brightening crest they stood.  
But as I looked I traced their outline clear  
I marked the dazzling gleam which made the snows,  
New fallen in the yester-night, appear  
A jewel set in the o'erarching blue.  
And I remembered how the saint of old  
Spoke, when the heavenly city met his view,  
Of jasper walls and streets of shining gold.



## WHITE MAGIC

**WHY SHOULD** the silver moon, that now at last  
Shines through the tree-tops, fill my soul with pain  
Of passionate longing that I might attain  
Unto life's secret and might hold it fast?

Why should its full-orbed splendour speak to me  
Of beauty past the power of human heart  
To hold within its grasp, or painter's art  
To place on canvas that the eye may see  
What hides behind the shows to sense made known—  
The wonder and the calm and the immensity  
Of night, the spell of cloudless heavens sown  
With stars, each one a sun to which our own  
Is but a taper? These are questionings  
To which one's deepest thought no answer brings.

And yet from out the mystery comes a voice  
"O Soul of Man, these are thyself. Rejoice!"



## THE DOGWOOD

**WHEN** spring comes dancing down the forest ways,  
Her bright locks moist with showers, and her eyes  
Shining with promise of warm sunny days,  
Where'er her footsteps pass the flowers rise,  
The leaves put forth on trees that long were bare,  
To greet her coming: and of these she takes  
Freely to deck her garments: then she lays  
Her hand upon the dogwood bloom and makes  
Of it a crown of glory for her hair.

When through the forest autumn slowly paces  
No flowers rise, but in the solemn hush  
The stately maple hangs in sunny places  
Its gorgeous banners, and the burning bush  
That once did fix the Hebrew shepherd's gaze  
Shines in the dogwood's crimson radiance clear;  
And peeping shyly forth are seen the faces  
Of those who watch the passing of the year—  
The woodland nymphs that haunt the forest ways.



## THE RAINBOW

I do set my bow in the cloud.—Gen. 9: 13.

I SAW a rainbow hanging in the sky  
This afternoon, its brilliant hues displayed  
Against the clouds that filled the gulf. It made  
A glory of their darkness so that I  
Recalled the tale told in the days of yore  
Of One who with His flood in wrath destroyed  
The ancient race; then bade the watery void  
Recede and keep its limits evermore.  
And in the cloud He placed the steadfast sign  
That at the end mercy shall conquer wrath,  
That though the flood bear ruin in its path  
Time shall bring forth His purposes benign.

O Thou who still dost test the faith of men,  
I see Thy sign, I read its message clear;  
Against the darkling clouds of doubt and fear  
The rainbow hues of hope appear again.



## WORDS

WORDS move upon the surface of our minds.  
They are the trivial counters which we use  
To do the little business of our lives,  
Or they are toys with which, like children, we  
Amuse ourselves, and which are quite forgot  
In those great moments when the soul is stirred  
And reaches out to meet another soul,  
One soul alone that answers to its call.

All of earth's greatest things are voiceless quite;  
The earth is flooded with the gold of dawn  
And yet no word is spoken, and at eve  
The sunset glory in the glowing west  
Speaks in its silence to our inmost souls  
More potently than if each separate hue  
Addressed beholders in as many tongues  
As Babel heard in the far long ago.  
And in the night comes to the spirit's ear  
The unspoken message of the unnumbered stars.



## DOMINION DAY

**H**OW SHALL we speak of thee, on this thy Natal Day,  
Land of the open spaces, the mountains and the sea,  
Land of the sunlit valleys where smiling waters play,  
Land of the lakes and rivers of matchless majesty?

What shall we hope for thee, the land that brought us forth,  
Cherished us in childhood and made our youth a song,  
Gave to us for heritage the vigour of the North,  
Showed us in the harder path a challenge to the strong?

Brighter skies shall show to thee the folly of thy fears,  
Thy sacrifice shall be to thee by loyal love repaid,  
Time shall but temper thee throughout the coming years,  
Duty shall call to thee and find thee unafraid.



## WINTER HARVESTS

**F**ROM out the fields is gathered in its time  
The ripened grain. The orchard boughs bring forth  
Their fragrant wealth for man's delight and use.  
These are man's harvests and with these he feeds  
The teeming millions who, in cities pent,  
Go daily through their little round of life  
Blithely or soberly, and little heed  
The yearly miracle through which have come  
Seed-time and harvest since the world began.  
And there are other harvests, those by which  
The feeble folk of woodland and of field  
Provide against their day of scarcity.  
And there, too, are the birds of whom 'twas said,  
"Storehouse nor barn have they, they daily seek  
Their food from God who daily doth provide."

My winter harvests are like none of these,  
Though they are mine, they are not mine alone:  
They grow for all mankind but none can gather  
More than the mind can grasp or heart can hold.  
And though they grow throughout the changing year  
In winter do they bring especial joy.  
Such are the sunset's glory and the beauty  
Which moonlight sows upon the waste of waters,  
The green of forest hillsides, and the wonder  
Of snowy peaks that rim the far horizon.



## WHY?

**A** SILVER moon above a silver sea  
In the west afar;  
The shadow of a solitary tree,  
Each branch a bar  
Across the brightness of the waters thrown;  
These are to me,  
A picture for a fleeting moment shown,  
An ecstasy,  
A voice from the unseen and the unknown.

Why has the world about us thus the power  
To cast a spell  
By simple things which, like the tree and flower,  
We know so well?  
There surely is in every human heart  
The gift divine  
Which is the secret of the poet's art.  
Your soul and mine  
Are surely of some larger soul a part.



## IN MEMORY OF A FAITHFUL WORKMAN

**S**TRONG hands that laboured, all your toil is o'er,  
Your tasks well done have found their fitting place  
In that great sum of labours which the race  
Are building as a temple evermore  
For the Great Workman, God, who doth allow  
Man as co-worker in a purpose vast,  
Within whose bounds the future and the past  
Find faithful friendship in the eternal NOW.

And yet it may be you are toiling yet,  
Some higher labour now may claim your care.  
So patient and so competent you were,  
The Master wise will surely not forget.  
You could not brook a life of idleness,  
And work was worship to you, so it seemed;  
It would not be such heaven as you dreamed,  
If there, as here, work meant not happiness.



## COMMUNION

**A**T TIMES we love to turn our thought  
From man and his contriving,  
His petty airs and all his striving,  
And feel the grace that comes unsought  
From the great heart of Nature. There  
Is balm for the unquiet spirit when  
The spirit of the spring-time wakes again  
In the green grass and the perfumèd air.

Yet spring may come with all its glory,  
And all its wonder of field and tree  
Unto our minds and hearts may be  
An idle and unheeded story,  
If in us first there do not dwell  
The magic and the beauty which  
When found in Nature make us rich  
With wealth no human tongue can tell.



## GARDENS

And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden  
in the cool of the day. Genesis 3: 8.

**I** WONDER if God walks in gardens still  
Not only when the summer sun has made,  
The shadowy coverts by some streamlet's side  
A place of refuge and of cool delight;  
But also in the springtime when the buds  
Are opening and the songs of mating birds  
Speak of a life renewed from year to year  
And of young love as old as life itself.

I wonder if the voice of God is heard,  
Not only in the evening with the hush  
Of twilight and the dewy freshness,  
The harbinger of a clear night of stars;  
But also in the morning when the sunrise  
Has smiled upon the tree-tops and has wakened  
To labour and to joy the sleeping earth.

It may be but a fancy, but I feel  
That in my garden as I walked this morn  
I saw God's footprints and I heard God's voice.



## ADMONITION

**B**E QUIET, O my soul!  
Study thou self-control;  
Of what avail this fret?  
Thy little life is set  
Unto a larger plan,  
God's way for man,  
Just how, thou may'st not know,  
Only 'tis so.

Have courage, O my soul!  
Thou canst not see the whole  
Of life's wide battlefield;  
Thou wouldst not think to yield  
If thou couldst only see  
Who stand by thee,  
Heart of thy heart they are,  
Though sundered far.

Have patience, O my soul!  
Thou shalt yet to the goal,  
Thy true felicity,  
Safely conducted be.  
Faith a strong fortress is.  
Have faith in this:  
Ever One rules above  
Whose name is Love.



## MY LADY'S GARDEN

**M**Y LADY'S garden grows apace,  
Each flower its fragrant tribute brings,  
The humble plants of lesser grace  
Gladly lift up their offerings.

In hours of darkness and of sun,  
They have looked forward to the day  
When, with their willing labours done,  
My lady fair should walk their way.



And deign, perhaps, to take from each,  
Both for her use and her delight,  
The gifts which are their only speech  
And yet for her sufficient quite,

To show how gladly they respond  
To all her loving thought and care,  
And find their glory in the bond  
That binds them to my lady fair.



### ON CITADEL HILL, HALIFAX, N.S.

**A** STRANGER strolling carelessly about  
I stand upon the summit fortress-crowned,  
And trace the line of waters leading out  
To the broad ocean with its deeps profound  
And far horizons, while beneath my feet  
The traffic rolls along the busy street.

Here are the haunts of industry and peace,  
How quiet lie the ships at anchor there!  
How green those hills! How white the ample fleece  
Of summer clouds! How soft the summer air!  
And as I turn to take my downward way,  
I hear the shouts of children at their play.

How different a few short years ago!  
The roar of guns in distant battle-zones  
Echoed in every ear, for here, we know,  
Were borne across the waves their menacing tones.  
This outpost of our land still bears the scar  
That tells the havoc and the waste of war.

O ancient province by the ancient sea,  
And thou, fair city with thy fortress crown,  
Still may you keep your ancient charm that we  
In distant lands may cherish thy renown.  
So that, although a continent divide,  
We yet may dwell in spirit side by side.

June 1st, 1925.



## PATIENCE

A SIMPLE thing, and yet so hard to learn,  
For all my life the bonds of circumstance  
Have chafed my spirit. Even now I yearn  
For that which is not mine, and hope that chance  
May bring the wished-for treasure to my side,  
Valued the more, the more it is denied.

The poets tell me to regard the stars  
Who all night long their patient watches keep.  
Their placid faces do not show the scars  
Of vain regret: they neither sigh nor weep.  
But have the stars a soul that feels the woe  
That human souls like mine must daily know?

I must be patient, yet I will not look  
Unto the stars whose peace is not for me,  
Whose mind, if they have such, must be a book  
Unread of mortals, in which sympathy  
Is surely never found: but I will rather  
Look unto One who evermore is Father.



## AUTUMN SUNSET

BEHIND the mountains lies a sea of gold,  
No man has trod its shores, and yet I know  
That since the miracle of dawn began,  
With its companion miracle of eve,  
And since those mighty peaks were first upreared,  
No day has passed that has not seen its tides  
Flood silently the fringes of our earth.

Beauty has habitation everywhere;  
In nooks and crannies where the noonday sun  
But rarely enters; and in ice-locked seas  
That guard securely the inclement pole.  
No season can claim beauty for its own,  
It is of day no more than of the night.  
It is wherever the awakened soul  
Looks forth upon a world that God has made.



Yet beauty is to me most manifest  
When, as the autumn twilight swiftly falls,  
I see the glory of the golden tide  
With which the sunset floods the western hills.



## LINES TO A NEW TOBACCO-POUCH

Dedicated to W. A., V. B., and E. H.

**M**Y LATEST friend, whom I met just to-day,  
You are thrice welcome in a double sense:  
First in the fact that you will stand alway  
To serve my needs when I shall seek defence  
Against the frets which daily life assail;  
And second in the fact you will not fail  
To tell of the *three* friends who gave you me  
Who are themselves most cheerful company.

I know that in the future when my game  
Is rotten, and I have no heart to frame  
Excuses at which other golfers laugh,  
Your touch will compensate for all their chaff.  
I then can smile with philosophic calm  
Because you bring your ready gift of balm  
For feelings hurt by disappointing drives  
That always grow the worse the more one strives.

I see myself when summer skies are blue  
Beside a stream with rod and pipe and you.  
If Fortune frown, with you I'll meet her;  
If Fortune smile, you'll make my joy completer.  
When summer's past and winter skies are here  
You still will be dispenser of good cheer,  
And as a proof of true fidelity  
You'll always share your final crumb with me.  
It is no wonder then that I'm disposed  
To celebrate your coming with these rhymes,  
And as your hidden merits are disclosed  
I'll bless the friends that brought you many times.

December 24th, 1926.



## VERSES FOR THE NEW YEAR

**A** FEW short hours shall see the New Year dawn,  
Yet I have no concern in questioning,  
As I have often done in days ago,  
If it perchance experiences will bring  
That shall make good the losses of the years  
Which solemn watch within my memory keep;  
Whose hopes, now dead, seemed life itself; whose fears,  
So real once, have power no more to touch my sleep.

Scarcely a spark remains of what burned once so brightly,  
Nor would I wish to see it burst in flame,  
Since what I valued then I now can hold so lightly,  
And what I was and what I am are not the same.

But I would pray for health for all my friends;  
Some touch of joy always to ease their pain;  
Some sunny rift in cloudy skies to make amends  
For winter's darkness with its wind and rain.  
And I would further ask that in the way  
Appointed for me still, I may not cease  
To see in night the herald of the day  
And in that firm assurance find my peace.



## THE DISCOVERY

**I** KNOW not all the meaning there may be  
In that mysterious word, eternity,  
But it cannot be merely the addition  
Of year to year in tedious repetition,  
Till, like Tithonus in the ancient tale,  
One feels the powers of mind and heart to fail,  
And longs for death, as for a welcome friend,  
To bring life's threadbare drama to an end.

Eternity to me means something more  
Than endless waves that beat upon the shore  
Of time, or endless days that run  
Their course through endless hours one by one.  
It is to find each day new mysteries,  
New wonder shining in the morning skies,  
New happiness, new beauty and new truth:  
Instead of age it means eternal youth.



## MORNING IN THE FRASER DELTA

**B**LUE is in the sky again  
After tedious weeks of rain,  
One would think that overnight,  
Winter's cold had taken flight.  
Burnished silver flows the stream  
Silently as if in dream.  
Sodden fields are glorified  
In the morning light, and wide  
O'er the distant farms appear  
Lakelets shining silver-clear.  
Dew-spangled is the grass,  
Every blade a looking-glass.  
Mists of night are put away  
By the careful hand of day.  
Just a few faint vapours show  
Ghost-like where the willows grow,  
Like a jewel gleams the sea  
Flawless in its radiancy.  
Haze-enshrouded mountains rest  
As horizon on the West.  
Though I saw much more to-day  
This is what I took away.



## INTUITION

**H**OW FEEBLE is man's hold upon the earth!  
How vast the powers with which he must contend  
From that strange moment which he calls his birth  
To that strange moment when this life shall end!

And yet to him the springtime suns are dear,  
And the soft rains that waken leaf and flower;  
And in the process of the changing year  
There comes to him, perhaps, a glorious hour

In which it seems all beauty were his own,  
And he the lord of Nature's wide domain.  
No suppliant he; he sits upon a throne  
And dares a royal dignity maintain.

And though the vision fade and he once more  
May fear that these were but imaginings,  
He may not be that which he was before,  
For he has seen the secret heart of things.



## IMMORTALITY

LET US together seek the spring  
And lay aside the burden of the years  
With this year's blossoming.  
How strange to us now seem the fears  
That once did haunt us, when we thought  
That winter ne'er might end,  
For now we see that life by death is bought,  
And Nature is our friend.

Nature that shows but in the slightest part  
The purposes she nurtures in her heart,  
Still must have some regard for us,  
Her human children, that she fashions thus  
The tender leaf, the beauteous flower,  
Each in its appointed hour,  
And shows to every eye  
The pageantry of earth and sky.

Oh, surely we may trust  
That, after winter's death,  
Out of the dust,  
That which our hope and faith  
Have planted in a dim surmise,  
May bud and blossom see  
Under the kindly skies  
Of immortality.



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Lorne Pierce—Editor

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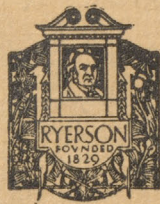
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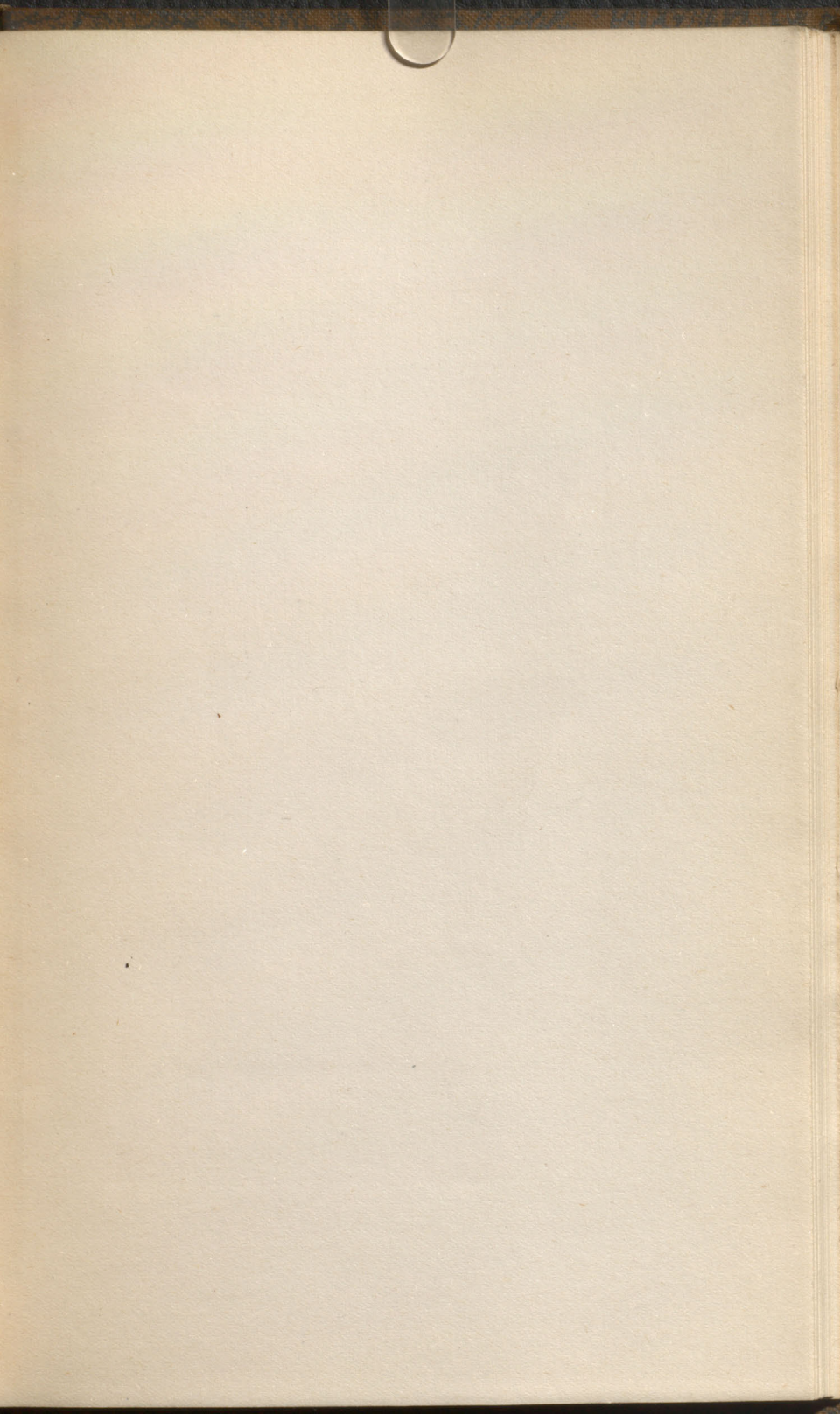
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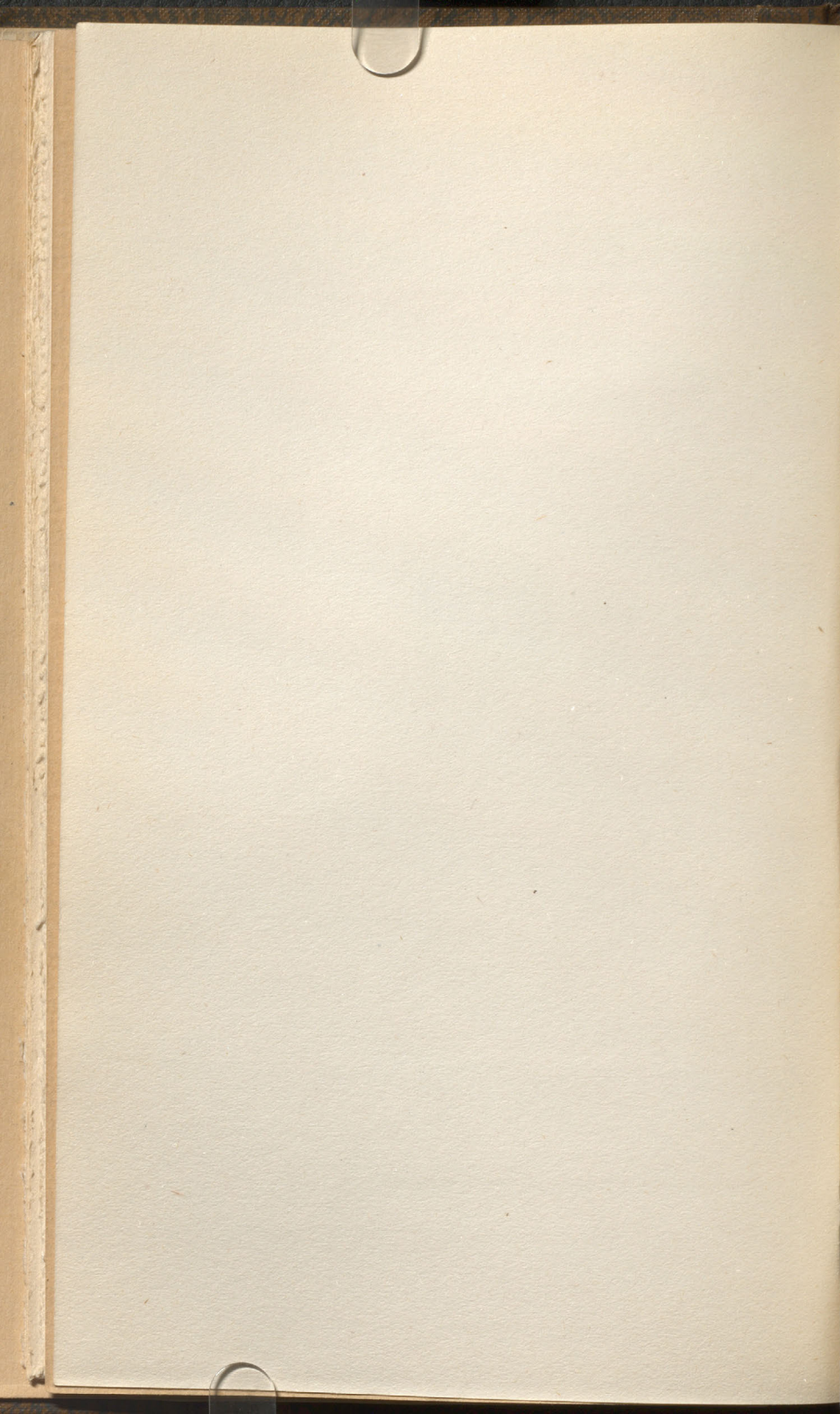




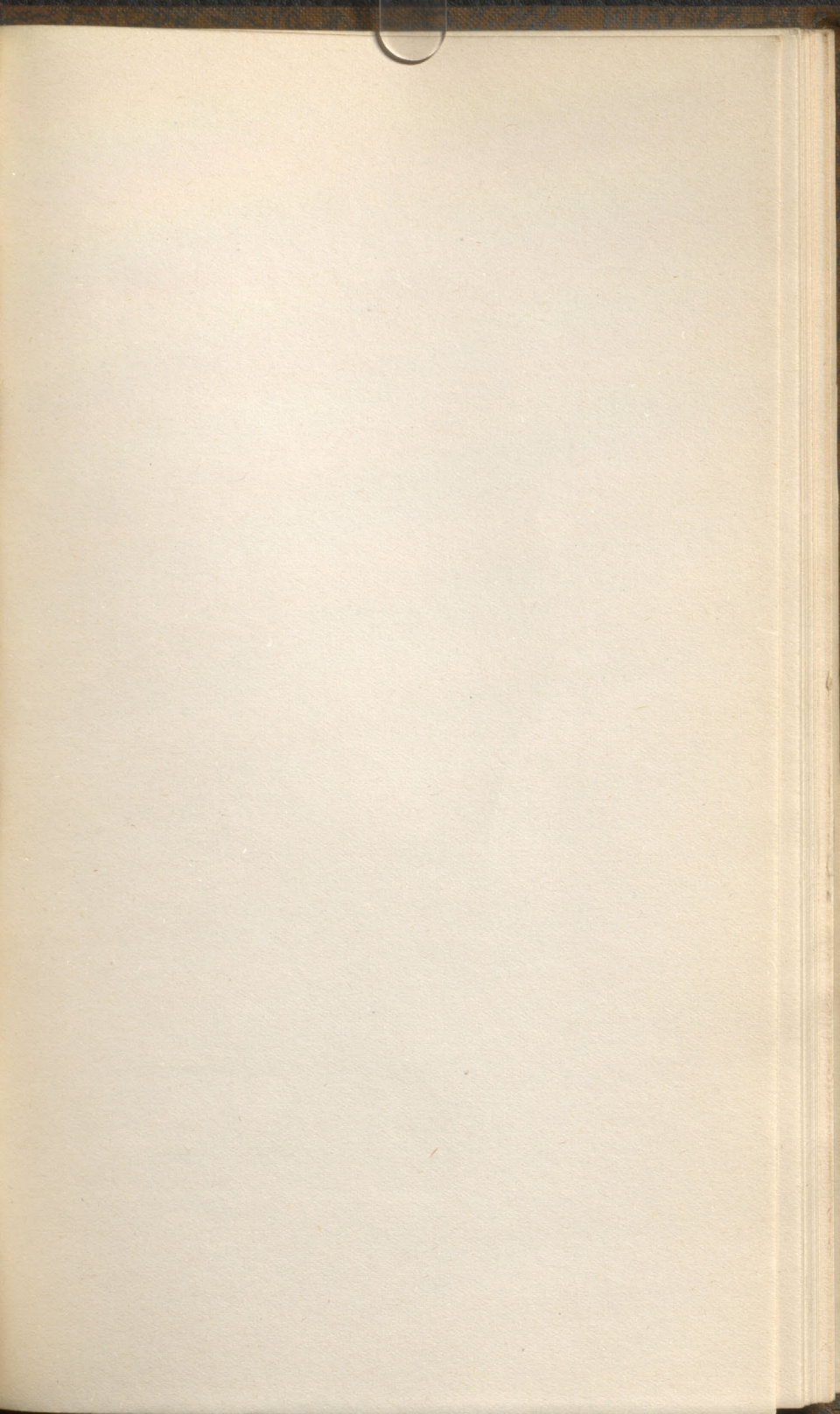














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