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CHAP-BOOKS



Songs of the West

and Other Poems

By

MARION E. MOODIE



*This is Chap-Book Number Sixty-Eight*

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*To Mace*

*with the author's love & compliments*

*Marion E. Moodie*

*June 1934*

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Born in the city of Quebec, of Scottish-English descent, Miss Marion E. Moodie went west to Calgary, with her family, in 1891. Seven years later she graduated from the Calgary Hospital, the first fully trained nurse to receive her diploma in the province of Alberta. For ~~five~~ years she engaged in private nursing and hospital work in central and southern Alberta, and later in Manitoba. During the war Miss Moodie was nursing sister, and later matron, at Ogden Military Hospital, Calgary.

A keen student and lover of nature, Miss Moodie found time, in her busy pioneer life, to make botanical collections of the flora of Alberta for the provincial government at Edmonton, as well as for such well-known American institutions as the Smithsonian, the New York Botanical Gardens, Harvard University, and the Field Museum, Chicago.

An earlier book of poems appeared some years ago under the title "Songs of the West," and a fairy-tale book, "The Legend of Dryas," in addition to which Miss Moodie has been a frequent contributor to Canadian periodicals of articles on pioneer nursing, children's stories and articles reflecting her interest in and love for the out-of-doors.

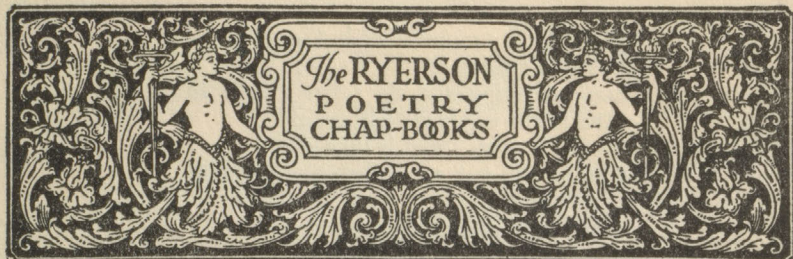


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## Songs of the West and Other Poems

*By Marion E. Moodie*



### A SONG OF THE WEST

OH! wind that comes out of the West,  
The land of the sunset skies,  
Where far o'er yon mountains' crest  
Those glorious colors rise;

You bring me the fragrance of pine,  
The coolness of mountain snow,  
The music of falling streams  
By hills where the lilies grow.

Oh! wind that comes out of the West,  
You sigh on your way to the plain,  
"The mountain land is best,  
Will you not come back again?"

Glow, skies, with your golden light,  
Blow softly, dear wind from the hill,  
For my heart has a longing to-night  
That only the West can fill.



## THE CALL OF THE WOODS

THERE'S a murmuring in the trees,  
And a sighing on the breeze;  
There's a calling from the robins on the hill;  
And it fills my heart with pain  
And a longing—that is vain—  
To be up and out, a-wandering at my will.

There are wildflowers everywhere  
Shedding fragrance on the air,  
The butterflies are hurrying to and fro;  
The squirrels and the bees  
Are as busy as you please,  
Out there among the hills where I would go.

For it's there that one can rest,  
Lying close to Nature's breast,  
And the breeze's lullaby is low and sweet,  
So I turn my longing eyes  
Where the stately mountains rise,  
And the wooded hills are nestling at their feet.



## MEMORIES

OH! Western winds that softly blow  
From dear lands far away,  
O'er mountains white with spotless snow,  
O'er prairies where the wildflowers grow,  
And rippling waters play.

Bring us the sound of rushing streams,  
The scent of blossoms gay,  
Mem'ries to mingle with our dreams  
Of mountains bright with rosy gleams  
That cheer the dying day.

For though we wander far, to thee  
Our hearts turn back alway,  
Dear Western land, and thou shalt be  
Enshrined in tender memory  
Wherever we may stray.



## WONDERLAND

I HAVE been in wonderland,  
Wist you where it lies?  
Where the arching branches meet  
Under Autumn skies.

All its ways are roofed with gold  
Set with jewels green,  
Carpeted with leaf designs  
Fit for Faerie's queen.

Wreathèd branches make the walls,  
Draped in colors gay,  
And the purple aster stars  
Shine the livelong day.

Earth, and leaves, and flowers blend  
In a perfume rare,  
Wafting by each passing breeze  
Fragrance everywhere.

Snowberries all waxy-white,  
Honeysuckle red,  
Make the beads the fairies tell  
Ere they go to bed.

Mossy cushions for their rest,  
Hush of charmèd air,  
Oh! this world of Wonderland  
Is so sweet and fair!



## PAINTED CUPS

IS it from you the fairies drink,  
Oh! painted cups of scarlet hue,  
As nightly on the hills you lift  
Your fragile blossoms filled with dew?



And do the dewdrops turn to wine  
When gathered in a cup so fair,  
Sweetened with honey which the sun  
Through the long day has garnered there?

Oh! cheerily your flowers lift  
Their scarlet heads among the grass,  
By foot-hill roads and mountain trails  
You beckon to us as we pass,

And greet us in the meadows fair,  
To which we climb through sun and shade,  
Where, circled by the snow-crowned peaks,  
Are gardens that the Lord has made.



### VIRGINIA CREEPER

ORANGE and russet, crimson and green,  
Draping the wall in this wonderful way,  
Glimpses of old grey stone between—  
Sprays of such coloring never were seen  
In the garden's wealth of a summer's day.

Richest of browns, and palest of gold,  
Flames of the after-glow's wonderful red;  
The tale of the summer's sweet story is told,  
But these five-parted leaves all their richness unfold  
In a grand after-glow of the days that are dead.



## FALLEN LEAVES

HOW they hurry and they skurry,  
How they flutter and they fly,  
These red and yellow leaf elves  
As the jocund wind goes by.

Oh! they rush along before him,  
And they fly up in his face,  
They hurry round a corner  
Now, to rest a little space.

They are very, very busy,  
And they'll never stop until  
The wind gets tired of playing  
And goes down behind the hill.



## SELKIRK LILIES

OH! that I could show you where the Selkirk lilies grow  
By a winding stream whose fountain head lies in the  
mountain snow,  
Where spruce and pine so tall and dark, and slender poplar trees,  
Are whispering sweetest secrets to every passing breeze.

Beyond us still the mountains in solemn grandeur rise,  
But here what wealth of living gold would greet your wondering  
eyes!  
The gold that Nature's hand has made and scattered all around,  
Making these hills and valleys a very treasure-ground.

How thickly 'mid the glossy leaves the slender stems uprear  
Their crowns of gold above them as the dainty flowers appear!  
The sweetest perfume ever breathed they keep for those who  
know  
And seek them, in their woodland haunts, dear "Lilies of the  
Snow."



## IN THE MOUNTAINS

**T**HERE'S a wild little canyon in the mountains far away,  
Where the foaming waters tumble o'er their rock-strewn  
course to-day,  
From spray-wet ferns about their feet the cliffs rise, grim and  
grey,  
And the harebells on the hillside with the breezes are at play.

There are squirrel-haunted pathways in the mountains far away,  
Where the pines are waving gently in the scented air to-day,  
Where fragrant flowers are hiding, and wherever you may stray  
There are butterflies a-fitting through the sunny summer day.

There's a lovely, lonely lake in the mountains far away,  
Whose breast the water-crowfoot decks in dainty white array,  
Where the wild duck leads her nestlings in the dawning of the day,  
And the everlasting hills look down like guardians old and grey.

Oh! to wander once again in the mountains far away,  
To watch the foaming waters, and the squirrels at their play,  
To paddle o'er that lonely lake at the closing of the day  
When golden haloes crown the peaks ere fades the sun's last ray.



## AUTUMN

**O**H! the green and the gold of the Autumn woods,  
The haze o'er the Autumn sky,  
The carpet of leaves on the soft brown earth,  
And the warm wind's trembling sigh.

They are full of the glory of vanished days,  
Of the peace of the ripened year,  
Of the mystery deep of their coming sleep  
When the winter snows appear.



## LUCK

**W**HERE does luck come from? Who can tell!  
Does it fall from the sky, is it found in the deep?  
Nay, climb for it, dig for it, never so well,  
You will find no trace on the mountain steep,  
You will gain no hint from the depths below  
Of where the treasure is lying hid;  
You may weary of toil, and hope may go,  
Luck will not come to you when you bid.  
Yet climb again, and with patient aim,  
Open your heart to life's joys and cares,  
You may wake some morn to a gleam of fame,  
Luck will have come to you—unawares.



## HER TREASURE

**N**O claim has she to beauty or grace,  
Position, or power, nor is she strong,  
Yet I count her rich among the throng  
That pass by my door in life's weary race.

Some to their work, and some to their play,  
With empty purses, or full, they go,  
And how little hers holds I may not know,  
But she greets me still with a smile that's gay.

Humble her home, but I know 'tis joy  
That brightens her face, and wings her feet  
As she hastens there, for fair and sweet  
Lies her wealth, in the cradle, her baby boy.



## TRUDGE ON

**W**HEN Faith's glad dawn aroused us we were ready  
On eagle's wings of hope and joy to rise,  
To gain with sweep of pinions strong and steady,  
The home and crown that wait us in the skies.

The sky grew overcast, our courage faltered,  
With folded wings we sought a footing sure,  
Joining in that great race where patient striving  
Fits for the task, and arms us to endure.



Trudge on, trudge on, the path lies still before us,  
The buoyant step of youth and morn has fled,  
The noontide heat has sapped our strength, and o'er us  
Loom the dark storm clouds, filling us with dread.

Trudge on, trudge on, the daily strength we're needing  
Waits but our asking all along life's way,  
And we shall run, shall walk, nor faint nor weary,  
Claiming His promise, if we watch and pray.

"Wait on the Lord." Oh! Lord, our strength renewing,  
Hear ere we call, and answer while we pray,  
That we may rise on eagle's wings triumphant,  
And reach Thy land of calm and cloudless day.



### THE ROYAL HEALER

"WHERE shall I find my Lord, the King,  
Help to a wounded soul to bring?

"I have asked of the castle guards, but they  
Seem not to know where their Lord doth stay.

"I have searched in every hall and mart  
Where a man might ply the Healer's art—

"For they say He can cure each earthly woe,  
My friend is ill, and 'tis far to go—

"But sign of purple, or doctor's gown  
I could not find in all the town."

. . . . .

"Friend, have you looked where the ways are steep,  
The paths are narrow, the fords are deep;

"Where the tired and the care-worn travellers pass,  
And the dust lies thick on the wayside grass?



"Have you looked where the home-sick wanderer tries  
To quench his thirst where the waters rise

"In the desert spring, while his head bends low  
With its weight of shame, and want, and woe?

"For 'tis 'mid the sick of sin and strife  
You will find, if you seek Him, the Lord of Life,

"But not in purple, or kingly crown,  
His robe is a toil-worn, dust-stained gown."



### MINISTERING SPIRITS

THE night-wind sweeps from snow-capped hills  
O'er rolling prairies, dry and brown,  
Bringing its message strong and true  
To caged souls in the busy town.

The moonlight falls on hill and plain,  
On roof and spire, and dusty street,  
Till by its magic power they seem  
To grow more fair, and life more sweet

And to the lonely heart that waits,  
The peaceful spirits of the night  
Speak of Eternal love, that sends  
The cleansing winds, the healing light.



## THE VISION

**T**HE burning bush which startled Moses' eyes,  
And drew him out of self-planned ways  
To closer walk with God,  
Is not the only one which sacred fires  
Have lit for eyes intent on daily cares.  
But as for us—how seldom do we say  
"I will go up and see what this may mean"?  
And going, find that there is holy ground  
Within our reach, and hidden blessings stored.  
Instead, we pass unheeding by, or say  
"Tis a strange sight, but I have not the time  
To turn aside, there is so much to do  
And I am tired with all the weary road  
That I have come. Perchance some other day  
I may go up, if I should pass again."  
But ah! the vision never bides our time, and so  
We miss the knowledge, and the blessing lose.



## THE CANYON

**R**USH and roar of a foamy rapid,  
Shadowy depths of a clear green pool,  
By high cliff walls with fern-decked ledges,  
And gravel banks 'neath the cedars cool,

Soft green moss where a hill spring trickles,  
Leap of a fish where the waters foam,  
Calls of the birds as they flock together,  
And rest on their way to a southern home.

Grey is the sky with Autumn rain clouds,  
Dark is the forest that crowns the hill,  
But crimson the frost-kissed maple branches  
That stir and bow at the east wind's will.



## SOLACE

**D**EEP in the forest wandering,  
From life's noise and strain apart,  
Seeking the comfort of Nature  
To quiet a restless heart.

There came in the shade and silence,  
The calm of a presence near,  
That stilled my pulse's throbbing,  
While my soul drew close to hear.

How that Mother Spirit brooded  
Over all things, small and great,  
O'er each fragile fern and flower,  
And the pines in lofty state.

Strengthened the tender seedlings,  
The tempest-torn and scarred,  
And clothed with strange new beauty  
The fallen trees, and marred.

Then dark sorrow fled before her  
For instead of sting and smart,  
She gave to my troubled spirit  
New peace from her own great heart.



## THE BAIRN

**T**WO eyes of bonny blue, a laughing mouth  
Where pearly teeth come into view,  
A tender little heart that turns her smile  
To consolation, if you grieve a while.  
Two restless feet that bear her all the day,  
Two little hands that pull, and point, and lead  
To tell you all she has not words to say.  
A bird-like baby voice that calls in glee,  
Or softly croons in loving sympathy.



## A SEPTEMBER JOURNEY

ALL day through mountain passes have we moved,  
Watched mountain streams flow westward to the sea,  
And lofty peaks tower upward to the skies.  
From far-off snows, like sheets of silvery spray,  
Down fell o'er cliff and gorge the clear cascades  
Telling of wonders yet unseen by man.  
And in the valleys shy wild things peeped forth,  
A bluebird fluttered o'er a liliated pool,  
And butterflies above the ripening weeds.  
For once again has Autumn decked the land  
With purple, red, and gold among the green  
Of mountain glades and glens, enriching all.  
The bracken fronds to russet-brown have changed,  
And scarlet berries of the mountain ash  
Gleam by the wayside, bidding all "good cheer."



## L'ENVOI

THIS is my garland of song,  
Gathered for those who care  
For the wave-swept shore,  
And the mountain heights,  
And the prairies wide and fair.

Whether in East or West,  
I would weave their spell anew,  
That the forest aisles,  
And the singing streams,  
And the birds, may call to you.



## TO THE WILD NEMOPHILA

"Baby Blue-eyes"

**L**ITTLE "Blue-eyes" looking up to the skies,  
Full of such innocent, sweet surprise,  
Life is just dawning for you, baby flower,  
Born of the spring-time sun and shower.

Nestling low in your green leafy bed,  
The meadow-lark singing overhead,  
Does he sing you to sleep as night draws nigh  
That your petals close o'er each blue eye?

When the robin's call and the sun's bright ray,  
Shall rouse us again to welcome day,  
Will you lift your face to the sunny skies  
And shyly smile on us, sweet "Blue-eyes"?



## A PRAIRIE FLOWER SONG

**C**OME away, come away, where the winds are blowing  
All among the grassy hills 'neath the sky so blue,  
Come away, come away, prairie flowers are growing,  
May-time blossoms sweet and fair waiting there for you.

Come away, come away, to the wooded hillside,  
Where the dainty columbine hides among the trees,  
All the shy flowers of June deck the glens and brookside,  
Roses fill the thickets and scent the evening breeze.

Come away, come away, summer days are flying,  
Follow on her flowery trail by the sunflower's gleam,  
Come away, come away, gentians blue are vying  
With the purple aster stars where the foot-hills dream.

Come away, come away, Autumn dips her brushes,  
Painting vine, and shrub, and tree with her colors gay.  
Golden-brown and russet are the marshland rushes,  
And scarlet hang the berries on the hawthorn spray.



## SAND-DUNES

Pacific Grove, California

OH! wild white dunes, mysterious dunes,  
What memories haunt your shore?  
What giants sleep beneath your hills,  
To see the light no more?

What strong, wild souls of olden days  
Were chained by wizard spell,  
And doomed in these great tortured trees  
On your cold wastes to dwell?

What spirits of the sea and shore  
At dawn, or twilight dim,  
Wail with the winds across your heights,  
Or haunt your shadows grim?

And when beneath the silvery moon  
Your sands lie ghostly white,  
What forms from out yon silent woods  
Come forth into the night?

What lonely heart from far-off lands  
Was laid beside this tree,  
Which, in his stead, holds longing arms  
Outstretched across the sea?

And what strange spell is this you weave  
O'er mind and heart to-day,  
That we should love your hills that roll  
To meet the ocean spray?

That we should love your tortured trees  
As grim and gnarled they stand,  
In sun or storm still feel your spell?  
Oh! wild white dunes of sand!



## JUNE IN THE HILLS

JUNE! and the ferns uncurling  
Soft green-brown mysteries,  
Oak, and moon-wort, and maiden hair,  
Under the forest trees.

Blossoms there are a-plenty,  
Snow-like their petals fall,  
Where Indian pear and cherry trees  
Stand by a ruined wall.

What of the flowers of the woodland?  
Ginseng, and violets blue,  
Pink spring-beauties, and adder's tongue  
Lilies of golden hue.

Here, where the cliff towers steeply,  
Crowned with sweet cedar trees,  
The scarlet flowers of the columbine  
Dance with the wayward breeze.

Saxifrage tufts in the crannies,  
Wood mignonette below,  
Ferns, white violets and pepper-root,  
So Nature's gardens grow.

June! and the ferns and blossoms,  
The dainty woodland flowers,  
Fill heart and mind with their beauty  
Enriching all life's hours.



## BREAK O' DAY

THE stately pines like faithful sentinels stand,  
Guarding the entrance to the enchanted woods,  
Where, scarcely showing o'er the tangled screen  
Of bramble, brake, and bay, a cottage gleams  
Through morning mists that drop in dewy tears,  
While the far trees are veiled in violet haze  
As dawn gives place, once more, to coming day.



## THE CHALLENGE

LAY not your armor down, nor let your soul  
Discouraged stand before the daily task,  
You have not yet attained unto the goal,  
Nor found the rest you ask.

Not in your strength alone must you endure,  
Courage and faith must arm, but God will give  
Power for the work He sends, Oh! fainting heart  
Trust, and look up, and live.



## A SUMMER JAUNT

COME, let us go fern hunting  
Through clearing, *swamp* and *wood*  
Till we shall find the *moon-wort*,  
If that to you seems good.  
And then we'll find a *lady fern*,  
Both *sensitive* and fair,  
And just beyond, beneath a *tree*,  
A mass of *maiden-hair*.  
Look! I can see a *sword* there  
And here's a fine *shield* near,  
A princely knight once owned them,  
A *Royal Osmund*, dear!  
He met a *lady* 'neath the *oak*,  
Or where the *beech* grows high,  
But their talk was *interrupted*  
By an *ostrich walking* by.  
So now she's seeking *cinnamon*  
Where the *sweet-scenteds* grow,  
While he looks for a *Christmas fern*  
In *Polypody Row*.

*Note:* This poem contains the names of nineteen ferns, each italicized word being the name of a fern, and all with the exception of the "walking fern" growing in the neighborhood of a small lake in the Laurentian Mountains, where this was composed.



## LIFE

**S**WIFT to and fro,  
Under and over,  
Dance the white butterflies  
O'er the red clover.

Two in the air  
Mounting and mounting,  
Then dropping to join with  
Others past counting.

Flit they and whirl,  
Wheeling and glancing,  
Life is the measure they  
Tread in their dancing.

Taking their part  
In the world's working,  
Even white butterflies  
May not live shirking.

Summer is past,  
Life's brief day over,  
Gone are the butterflies,  
Ripened the clover.

Still in my memory  
Lingers their beauty,  
Clover and butterflies,  
Love, joy, and duty.



## EVENTIDE, MINAKI

**S**OFTLY the daylight fades, the azure sky  
Changes to opal tints, the clouds that drift  
Filmy and fleeting o'er the forest spires,  
Seem like the smoke of incense passing swift.

The shadows deepen o'er this rocky shore,  
On the still lake the heavens reflected lie  
In peaceful beauty, while from forest aisles  
The robins' vesper hymn ascends on high.



## REMEMBRANCE

SEA-GREEN 'mid the salt marsh grasses,  
Beside the sheltering bar,  
Grows Rosemary—for remembrance,  
Ah! the tides, they travel far.

Sea-grey on the shell-strewn beaches,  
Grow the bluebells of the sea,  
And many a tide will ring their bells  
Ere your ship comes back to me.

Then take this sprig of rosemary,  
And the bluebells wet with spray  
And dream of the hearts in the ports of home  
When you are far away.



## CHRISTMAS BELLS

RING out again, oh! Christmas bells,  
Your songs of love and cheer,  
And call us from earth's bustling ways  
To watch the Star appear.

And, as of old the Wise Men watched  
To take the Star as guide,  
May we, with hearts uplifted wait  
The blessed Christmas-tide.

Oh! may our ears have hearing,  
Our eyes have power to see,  
The message that the Christ-child brings  
Again to you and me.

That where His troubled peoples,  
The sick and sad abide,  
New songs of hope, and joy, and love  
May come at Christmas-tide.



## ROSES

**T**HERE are roses whose perfume we never forget,  
There are roses with beauty alone,  
And both have their thorns which may wound us, but yet  
With their beauty and fragrance atone.

So in memory's garden ever will bloom,  
True friendships of days that are past,  
Their beauty and fragrance remain in our hearts,  
When the thorns are forgotten, at last.



## THE MISSION BELL

**O**VER the hard dark reefs they flow,  
The little waves, the dancing waves,  
O'er the cruel reefs that bring us woe  
Come the gentle, soothing waves.

And the Chapel bell rings clear and sweet,  
"Peace be to thee, peace be to thee."  
As the tide rolls softly to the feet  
Of the Mission by the sea.

Over the hard dark reefs they go,  
The angry waves, the hungry waves,  
Dashing the boats toward the rocks below,  
Oh! bitter, cruel waves!

And the Chapel bell calls through the night  
"Who'er you be, where'er you be,  
Lift hearts and eyes to the guiding light  
Of Him who rules the sea."

And day by day as the sweet bell rings,  
O'er peaceful sea, or troubled sea,  
Rise prayers for those who go out in ships,  
From the Mission by the sea.



## THE BIRDS OF PORPOISE BAY

**T**HE tide is out.  
The stately herons stalking in the shallows,  
Send their harsh calls across the lonely bay,  
They peer through floating weeds, and, long beaks darting,  
Seize swiftly on their prey.

The tide is out.  
The noisy crows have come again to gather  
Their food, where strewn o'er stranded weeds, and rocks,  
The ebbing tide has left the shell-fish lying,  
To feed these chattering flocks.

The tide is out.  
The snowy sea-gulls through the warm noon resting,  
On sandy beach, or green weed-covered shore,  
Wait for the whisper of the tide that calls them  
To roam the sea once more.

The tide is in.  
The long waves lap the shore, and shadows lengthen,  
Herons and crows in sheltering woods find rest,  
Out o'er the sea the circling gulls are flying,  
Or cradled on its breast.



## WILD-WOOD

**H**OW much joy a stump can give,  
A mossy stump,  
A fern-decked stump.  
A cool green castle where elves live,  
With draperies so sweet and fine,  
Of dainty, pink-belled twin-flower vine.

How much joy a stump can give,  
A cedar stump,  
An old fir stump.  
Where squirrels hide, or bush wrens live,  
A stump with scarlet berries crowned,  
And brambles trailing to the ground.

And all around, the light and shade,  
And peace by sun-lit forests made.



## OCTOBER IN THE LAURENTIANS

**T**HE sky is bright, the air is clear,  
But keen the north winds blow,  
The sumach, ash, and maple trees  
Have lost their vivid glow,  
But still their beauty crowns the hills  
And sheltered glades below,  
Where brown leaves like big butterflies  
Are fluttering to and fro.

And Autumn's peaceful spirit broods  
O'er lake and wooded height,  
No more the loon's wild laughter rends  
The silence of the night,  
No bittern's hollow note is heard  
At dawning of the light,  
Far from their summer haunts they wing  
O'er hill and plain their flight.

The chorus of the frogs is hushed,  
No blackbirds whistle clear,  
Only the friendly chickadee  
Repeats his song of cheer,  
Only a roving fox's bark  
Comes faintly to the ear,  
Or soft splash 'mid the lily-pads  
Where browse the quiet deer.



## THE FOUR WINDS

**T**HERE blew a wind from the North, the North,  
And the sky grew clear, the sun shone forth,  
But the boats were driven out of the bay,  
And the kingfishers caught the fish that day,  
While we looked sadly on!

There came a wind from the East, the East,  
A wind that troubled both man and beast,  
Oily and sullen, dark and cold,  
Over the lake the long waves rolled.  
The fish lay low that day!



There roared a wind from the South, the South,  
But it blew no bait in the fishes' mouth  
For the fishermen stayed on shore that day,  
While the wild waves thundered across the bay,  
And the angleworms slept on!

There breathed a wind from the West, the West,  
And ripples ran o'er the lake's blue breast,  
The fishers were happy, and so were we,  
For they brought home some nice fresh perch for tea,  
From that lovely, quiet bay.



## MY GARDENS

**Y**OU sing of your roses and lilies  
Your pansies of marvellous hue,  
The flower-bordered walks of your gardens  
Their lavender, lilac, and rue.

But mine are the gardens more wondrous  
Than e'er by your gardeners planned,  
Their blossoms and berries await me  
Wherever I roam through the land.

They cover the floor of the forest,  
The rock bordered shores of the lake,  
All trails are the paths to my gardens  
In meadow, or marshland, or brake.

I know where the white rhododendron,  
The heath, and forget-me-nots grow,  
Tall larkspurs, and rose of the mountains,  
The lilies that bloom by the snow.

Where wolf-willow perfumes the breezes,  
And shy purple clematis dwells,  
Where violets grow, blue, white, or yellow,  
And sprays of the blue lungwort bells.

Each season fresh beauty is bringing  
Where flower spangled prairies roll wide,  
With pasque flowers, or lupins and roses,  
And harebells a shimmering tide.

All, all are a part of my gardens—  
Though never an acre I own,  
I can share in the joy of the Gardener  
In the beauty of flowers He has sown.

\* \* \*

## Alberta

Oh! my prairies, rolling west  
To the distant mountains' feet,  
Softly may the breezes blow  
Through your fields of ripening wheat,  
When the grain is gathered in,  
And the wild geese southward fly,  
When the herds come from the hills,  
And at night the coyotes cry;  
Then your spirit calls to me,  
Lures to un-forgotten ways  
Winding by a mountain stream,  
Through the peaceful Autumn days.

M.E.X.



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*Lorne Pierce—Editor*

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