

The RYERSON
POETRY
CHAP-BOOKS



Waifs of the Mind

by

W. V. NEWSON

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INTRODUCTION

THERE is a generally held belief that all poets are impractical persons knowing little, if anything, concerning the cross and twist of worldly affairs, and who, as a result, are frequently sufferers from the pangs of actual hunger.

A pertinent question about this was put in verse for us by the American poet, Sidney Lanier:

“Why can we poets dream of beauty so,
But cannot dream us bread?”

While it is true there are many minstrels of this kind—passive poets, who snatch the proverbial crumbs from the tables of the Great—yet, there are some notable exceptions.

One of these was the English poet, Matthew Prior, a man with a penchant for figures and skill in questions of commerce. Because of these peculiarities, we find that in the year 1711, the Lord Treasurer of England called upon him to assist in bringing about a much-desired treaty with France.

“Dear Matt,” wrote Bolingbroke to the poet, “Hide the nakedness of thy country, and give the best turn thy fertile brain will furnish thee with to the blunders of thy countrymen, who are much better politicians than the French are poets.”

Another notable exception among commercially-minded poets is to be found in the author of this collection of verses, entitled “Waifs of the Mind.” Nothing approaching a dalliance or a dawdling attitude of mind can be found in the life history of Mr. Newson, who, for over fifteen years, has held the arduous and important office of Deputy Provincial Treasurer of the Province of Alberta.

For a certainty, in this capacity, our poet can have no delicate susceptibilities concerning the accumulation of uncleanly cash; no obsessions that the sacred claw of literature must never, never scrape for a living; no beliefs that a poet must wear his life away in isolation from his kind. . . . There was once a clever man who warned his age to beware of dreamers, they were such practical persons.

Some of the poems in "Waifs of the Mind" are fraught with mystic meaning—that is to say, the poet endeavours to solve the problem of life through the helpful medium of soul-sense rather than through abstract formulas or intellectual statements.

Other poems show a delicate pathos and an imagination full and picturesque. All are marked by a warmth of susceptibility to the beautiful, whether in external nature or in the realm of idealism.

This idealism is especially noticeable in his poem suggested by the old Persian proverb, "I was common clay until roses were planted in me," or in his lines based upon a reflection of Joubert, "The evening of life brings with it its lamps."

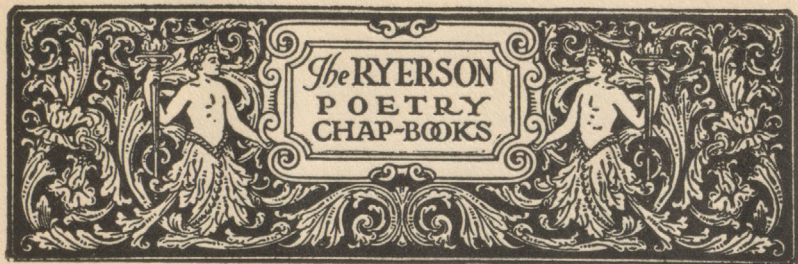
Perhaps the most colourful poem is that entitled "The Road to Damascus," wherein the author relates the vision and rapture of Saul of Tarsus, he who was "the avenger of Yahveh." Throughout this poem there is an undercurrent of radical thought concerning the religions and cults of the centuries.

The poem entitled "Faith," while not in rhyme, has the arrangement of words and phrases that characterize the second form of Hebrew poetry. It is a form which springs from the impulse to be the teacher rather than the poet, strictly so-called—a form of teaching that has found its response in the hearts of every generation.

This is the second collection of poems from the versatile pen of William Victor Newson, the former being entitled "A Vale in Luxor."

EMILY F. MURPHY.

Edmonton, May Day, 1927.



To MY WIFE
in grateful appreciation

Waifs of the Mind

By W. V. Newson

WAIFS of the mind, conceived in me,
Nurtured in love, as a child must be,
I set you free, as a scroll unwinds,
To cope with the children of other minds.

But the ice of logic and candour's prose
As the cruel frost doth numb the rose,
May perish a tender bit of song
That cannot bluster its way along.

So I must not grieve, if you do not live,
Since only the strong and the great survive
In the way of sense as the way of mind;
But I hope, my children, that you will find

A few that will love you, because you're *You*
And because you always tried to be true
To whatever thoughts you were meant to tell
Of the many moods of the mind—farewell!

Three

A PILLAR OF GRAY

OUT WHERE the broad plains beckon,
And many a worn trail leads,
By rolling glebe, and fallow,
More sure than dove or swallow,
Migrant their sure course reckon,
Your last clear path now speeds;
Out where the broad plains beckon
And many a worn trail leads.

Often, when night sounds waken
The pulse of the dark'ning wood,
You count what byways sever—
Though you return may never—
All that you have forsaken,
Back where your home cot stood;
Often, when night sounds waken
The pulse of the dark'ning wood.

In amber days of autumn,
The plains hold you in thrall,
When leafy hordes lie golden—
'Mid pastures seared and olden—
You watch your straight smoke column
Rise to its pink-lipped pall;
In amber days of autumn
The plains hold you in thrall.

Through azure haze of twilight
On foothills draped with blue,
The floating clouds, crag-riven,
By Phoebus' gold wain driven,
On the fluted edge of night,
Now bid the day adieu;
Through azure haze of twilight
On foothills draped with blue.

Home where the doves are nesting
Under familiar eaves;
By sedgy pool and sallow
And banks of leafy mallow,
It is the time of resting
Beneath the whispering leaves;
Home where the doves are nesting
Under familiar eaves.

Home to your grey smoke pillar
And benign fires betimes,
Though distant hills be grander,
A man-worn grass meander
Is lode to the weary tiller
Whom earth and work begrimes;
Home to your grey smoke pillar
And benign fires betimes.



COLOURS AND SHADES

LOVE is like the limpid dew;
Hope is pink and Faith is blue;
Sorrow is of violet hue,
Broken in a prism true.

Sin is absence of the right;
Black is absence of the light;
Fear is amber, red Delight
Anger purple as the night;

Folly's green and Wisdom grey;
All to oneness find their way,
And in virtue blend their ray;
God is whiteness of the day.



THE FACES OF FLOWERS

COME and visit my garden now
And while an hour away,
For many faces you used to know,
Are gathered here in angle and row;

Waiting, ever with friendly mien,
Poised expectant on slender green,
Proud of their story of joy and woe,
As told in fables of long ago;

Pansies yellow and pansies blue,
Pondering in the shade,
And pansies with dark brown velvet eyes,
Seeming to wonder why summer dies;

Roses moulded in pleat and flare,
Swinging censers of perfume rare,
And dusted over with gems of dew—
The flower-spirits of loves we knew;

Love-Lies-Bleeding, Love-in-the-Mist
And other love-named things,
And purple Iris, the rainbow wist,
With sword and sheath of a royalist.

Bleeding Heart on its pendant true,
How plaintive and sad it looks at you!
Are olden gardens of other days,
Smouldering deep in its solemn gaze?

The Gay Althea and Golden Glow
Are standing brightly by,
While thousand eyelets of Baby's Breath
Are mutely grieving a fairy's death.

Helianthus, beloved of sun,
Follows him round till day is done;
And cold Narcissus, whom Echo wooed,
Is still austere in his ancient mood.

All looked up as we passed them now—
Was it the wind that made them bow?
Sages say they have heart-beats, too,
But that is something we always knew!

TO A GROUND ROBIN

O THROSTLE, with the auburn breast,
Welcome to your last year's nest!
Near my window, neighbourly,
Caroling your litany!
Cheer-o-lee, Cheer-o-lee,
Wakes the day for me!

Often in the morning dew
Have you fed your fledgling crew,
While your mate in branch nearby
Chants a pæan to the sky:
Cheer-o-lee, Cheer-o-lee,
Lives my love for thee!

There by front of velvet lawn,
Will your summer food be drawn;
Now to pluck and now to pass—
What you hear beneath the grass.
Cheer-o-lee, Cheer-o-lee,
Lives the day for me!



A CANDLE

WHEN the night comes—
As come it must—
Take thou this tiny light of mine
And let it burn awhile,
While you dream and rest
Till Day comes up again.

And when the Day comes up
As come it must,
My little light will fail—
So lay it by,
Till dusk draws nigh again.

W
FAITH

I BLOW from the Beginning;
My warmth wakes the aged to new life.
I pass by the temples of Magic and Reason;
Many seek me, but know me not.
I pause by the portals of Love;
I caress the Hand of Time with a kiss.
Harmony reigneth near me.
Truth is my high desire.
I am the Strength of Kings—
The haunting Need of the people;
Yea, I am Sweetness to the Heart,
The singing Voice of the Soul.
Sadness and Pain cannot compass me,
For Mercy and Peace are my portion.
I beat down the halls of sin,
Like a wind, I cleanse them.
I am the Source of Many Paths—
Divers streams flow from my fountains;
Goodness doth cling to me as a garment
And I tarry near her.
I am the Spirit of Prophecy,
Of Poesy and the Gentle Arts;
I am the Queen of Progress—
The Germ and Urge of Genius.
I dwell where Beauty is;
Hope is my handmaiden.
I am old as mankind;
I am the Fluttering beneath the Breast,
That must be born betimes.
I am the Still Small Voice within,
That moves men to greatness.
I am the Divine Breath of Belief,
Many faced, many tongued,
Ever growing to Oneness;
I am the Faith of Men.

STORMS

IN AN Autumn gale,
In the wild storm's ire,
You dream by the fire,
While the dour winds wail;
And the blast will whine
And bluster and moan
While you sit alone
With your book or wine,
Or your pipe of briar,
And muse on the things
That the moment brings—
Your mind never higher
Than the rings you blow,
Or fairies in smoke,
Or of kindly folk
That you love to know.
And you wonder why
From your sheltered pane
You have loved the rain
And the angry sky.
You have thought, "*I'm glad,
I am home and safe!*"
Yet worry and chafe
For the poorly clad,
Who must go their way
In the drip and slime
And the mud and grime
Of a cold wet day.
But you're hardly sad
At this distant thing
For your heart will sing—
"*I am glad! I am glad!*"
Let other thoughts go,
The moment is mine;
I cannot repine
When tempests blow.

TO A DEAD PUPPY

OFTEN you would play alone,
Tossing and tearing away at a bone,
Pretending anger and hate—God wot—
All the many things you were not.
But when I came home, you welcomed me,
Cringed in abject love of me,
Wagged your greeting and crawled to my feet,
Always eager my pleasure to meet.
My pleasure! Yes, whatever it was!
Bending, alert on extended paws,
With innocent, sidelong restless eyes—
Slyly on guard against surprise!
Waiting for any old game at all,
Of rag, or stick or rubber ball.
You'd bark, mock-savage, or bark in fun,
Whatever the play that we'd begun.
And so it was for many a day—
'Twas all a game, all a play—
Children and men were Gods of your world
And trustfully at their feet you curled.
They played so gently out in the yard
And you were careful not to bite hard.
But once a thing of lumbering wheels,
Came by—You thought you'd see how it feels
To play a game with a beast like that—
In fun, of course! It wasn't a cat!
And on it came, but it didn't stop
To play, as it should, but came with a flop
And hurt you; it wasn't right,
It must have known you wouldn't bite.
Then you suffered a while and died,
And all the children around you cried;
Their tears were yours for most of a day!
And, Puppy, that is the way
Life goes; and some men get less,
When they go to sleep in their wilderness
Of Death—their last unwaking sleep!
And if you had lived to be mature,
Your love would have grown, I'm very sure,
To be much greater than that of ten
Of the common, ord'nary kind of men!

W

THE DAYS OF LONG AGO

L ONG ago when we used to lie
L'Neath the blue of our own home sky,
Where each green blade by each shining stream
Played a part in our early dream;
Nothing seemed real but the people we knew
And we loved them all—all but a few—
All but a few that we didn't know
Back in the days of long ago.

There was beauty in that old land—
The light through the trees, that used to stand
Near to our home in the sunlit hours,
Back in the dear, dear youth of ours,
Was just as lovely to you and me
As the pale of dusk upon the lea,
And the sounds we loved were the low of kine
And the croon of opal doves in the bine.

Now we are grown and have lost the glow
That was fresh in the days of long ago;
Our feet creep home to the old, old place
And we miss the quiet of some old face,
That we used to know in the days that are gone;
And here the garden, and here the lawn
Of the kindly old house we used to know,
In the fading twilight of long ago.

Faces go by that we once did know—
Though locks are whiter, and steps more slow—
And we feel so strange in our old town,
With its fine old houses in smile and frown,
Standing as proud as they did of old,
Though the hands of their builders have long been cold;
And we turn back blithely though this be so—
Back to the days of long ago.

THE TRAILING ARBUTUS

HAIL to thy modesty! Thou one shy flower,
Whose fairy arches, rising in the heath,
Lift up their bridge of bloom, the trees beneath
At Maytime—hid in a secret bower!
Here trooping youth betakes its Sabbath way
To seek you out, and scours the lanes and dells
To find where hang your sweet Arcadian Bells,
That silent tinkle in their pale array!
And nimble dryads, in their dim recesses,
Dance to your unheard music in the night,
Or weave your vines among their sombre tresses;
While low you hide among the mosses bright,
As if to fly the friendly world's caresses—
Thou coy Arbutus! Charming anchorite!



RUSTICO*

ALAND, where all paths lead unto the sea!
A land of leafy ways, where we were free,
Of Summer days—school cares put away—
To go down to the beach for holiday!
And O! as we drove along, came a hill
That brought the first sough of the surf—a thrill
Of last year's memories! the sudden view
Of the main, with its long, long sweep of blue!
And fleets of boats, that seemed to sail too high,
Until we saw the sea line in the sky!

RUSTICO! The night of our first day there!
The sounds that did stir in the evening air!
The cluck and clatter of tackle and anchor
Over the bay, in the still night's languor!
The rhythm of oars, the clamour of terns,
The muted hush of the wind in the ferns!
We saw the lights wink in some distant home
Or fireflies float in the sable dome
Of a tree! Felt the near fragrance of var †—
The tang of sea-weed and kelp from afar!

* A village and harbour of Prince Edward Island.

† A local variant of fir.

Place where every Summer of youth was spent;
Where pleasure seemed ever with magic blent;
We climbed, we swam, we rowed, played games awhile,
Fished in the mill-pond, walked many a mile
To berry patch, brought things home to Mother—
Flowers that hot little hands would smother;
But how she liked them—always seemed so glad
To take our gifts—even when we'd been bad!
Then when we were tired and to bed must go
We would fain be tucked in—at Rustico.

RUSTICO! O the old, old days we yearn for!
Years have gone by! There's naught to return for!
It is so desolate there, bleak and lone
Dead trees across the walk, lanes overgrown,
A tangle of weeds where the big house stood;
Nothing remains of the glamour of boyhood;
Yet there's a white rose, where the gardens were,
A breath of old love—the healing of myrrh;
Then the drone of the sea is not so dreary—
The sigh of the surf is not so weary.



DARTS AND WINGS

SHE SAID, "All things are there save love,"
And he, "Coy it is as mating dove."
Who may tell just what it is
Or all the wonder that is his
Who feels it? How light it's made;
How deep it flows into the shade
Of amber glades at torrid noon;
Or mellow grows beneath the moon;
Why philomel doth wake the night
With amorous tones of rich delight!
What untold mysteries defy
The telling of love's bitter why!
Or how it's made of pain and ruth
And sighs of dear enraptured youth—
A gossamer of smiles and tears
Gaping and torn by hopes and fears!
How strength is palsied in the flare
Of lips on lips or hands or hair!

How high it burns; how soon it cools;
And how it makes the wisest fools;
Or leaps and laughs or swoons and dies
Just for the light of someone's eyes!
All these and other lovely things
Is Cupid with his darts and wings.



SEBA—BY THE LAKE

SEBA, Seba by the Lake,
How you do dream, when I'm awake!
Slumbering in the mist you lie,
Opal and grey against the sky.

Over the hills there came just now—
Maiden did wish and youth did vow—
First of the stars to climb the night,
Silver laid in your bosom bright.

Other lakes in olden lands,
Proud they rest on their storied sands—
But shall I forego to sing of you
Just because your story is new?

O, that a bard of Windermere
Might wave the wand of his music here,
Wake his magic and cast a spell
To weave the story a lake might tell!

The God of ages a chalice made,
And gently placed it within a glade,
And then He filled it with molten blue—
'Twas thus, O Seba, that God made you.

Naught of legend and classic lore,
Haunt the shadows beneath your shore,
But laughing loon and clangorous mew,
Link forever the old and new.

THE EYES OF THE PASSING DAY

"The evening of life brings with it its lamps."—*Joubert.*

THE GLOW that 'lumes the eyes of a bairn,
Is like the blue of a mountain tairn,
That lies so near to the sky above—
Close is a babe to its mother's love.

There's always the golden morning trails,
For Youth to find as the starlight fails;
The lambent glittering path of Dawn.
Lies at his feet as the day comes on.

Morning fades in the light of noon,
Wanes to its shadowless white full soon;
Man gathers worth and wisdom and hope,
And turns the goal of the Western slope.

It's a restless time—this noon of life—
Eyes reflect sadness or love or strife—
Strong must one be to bear the load
Straight and sure to the end of the road.

But he wins at the close of the day;
His face is glad; he has found the way.
How cool and calm is the length'ning shade!
How restful, twilight of life is made!

The communing hour and time of lamps!
A lanthorn hangs in the gypsy camps!
Beams on the hilltops! stars in the skies!
And a light—in each old person's eyes!

PSYCHE*

I

ONE DAY I watched a little boy
Try to catch a butterfly,
With tousled hair, and cap raised high,
So happy in his eager joy.

How careful he approaches now—
Breath held—down upon one knee—
See, it lights beside a tree—
He covers but an empty bough.

Far off it flies and doubles round
And circles back in motion mild;
As if to tempt the waiting child
It flits upon a tiny mound.

Then away and through the air
But always back again returns
And every cautious plan it spurns;
It will not be his captive fair.

And now, I see him change the game,
He quiet waits and passive stands,
Lo, it rests upon his hands
And lets him stroke its wings of flame.

And many times did reappear
On sleeve or finger resting light,
Its pinion-folds of gossamer
Poised and pulsing for a flight.

II

This picture saw I on a day
As true as I have told it here;
And then conceived the wonder way
Of words, how liquid clear

That name *Psyche* must have come
In some far dream—as I believe—
Forged in Jove's vast Thessalian home:
That mortal man should never grieve

*Psyche in Greek has a dual meaning of Soul (or Life) and Butterfly.

When breath of his beloved is still;
Swift Hermes wove that name divine
From clouds that framed Olympus hill
And fluttered it to Earth—a sign:

That every soul will find a place
That cannot consciously be found;
A spirit sleeps in Psyche's grace
And soars away above the mound.

The life men thoughtfully pursue,
Will still elude their toiling mind;
Yet when they plan their life anew
And are receptive—something find.

O Psyche of the gauzy wing!
O Life and Butterfly in one!
I rest me here, that you may bring
Yourself to me! My chase is done.

✧ ✧ ✧

THE ROAD TO DAMASCUS

IT IS the noontide hour, the air, quite still,
Lies torrid, steeped in incense of the East.
Two streams, clear and unhurried, flank the road;
And near to the city and to the South
Swift Pharpar flows, and graceful Abana,
Rivers dear to the eyes of the nomad.
Cedars of Lebanon brood on their banks
And gloom their waters with lacy shadows.
It is the season of flowers, and the way
Is strewn with falling petals of roses,
That the caravans crush into attar,
Enriching the odour of spices they carried.

This way came Saul, of old, but saw not.
His mind enrapt looked beyond, to other things.
His heart lay between passion and wonder;
For he had seen the sweet face of Stephen—
Stephen whom he would suffer to be stoned—
Whose look was of love, holiness and peace,
Things outside the laws of mighty Jehovah.

But, as Pharisee and citizen of Rome,
He must pursue these transgressing babblers;
And hence a warrant held for punishment.
So came he here, this fair Damascus way,
In state becoming a renowned scholar
Of Tarsus, with pomp and quiet bearing—
A true patron of the arts of priestcraft.

And yet—but the day was hot, and he felt
A lightness; the flowered way grew tremulous,
Seemed blurred and dark; he swoons; he has fallen.
It is perchance an ill he often suffered.
So they led him fainting to the city;
Found aromatic herbs for him to breathe;
And he arose refreshed, and told a tale
Of voices and a vision; how Christ had come
And questioned him in sad and loving words,
Of why he persecuted Him, who taught
Only charity and loving kindness.

And he repeated this strange happening,
But disclaimed a sickness, for he was sure
The lowly Galilean had appeared
To him; and he felt changed and exalted
With a weird rapture never known till then;
Hatred had melted from him, as the snow
Fades from the northern hills in Springtime,
When the flocks are moved to new pastures.
Desire was in him no more to punish;
He was translated from all he had been,
Ashamed of his past and his cruel lusts;
Forsook the very name his people gave him,
And became Paul, the apostle of Christ,
Saul the zealot was now Paul the preacher,
No less zealous in his war for Jesus,
The Nazarene he had persecuted.
A modest villager had vanquished Saul.
This is his story, Saul the avenger
Of Yahveh; the story of every man.

There have been teachers and prophets of truth:
Zoroaster, Confucius and Buddha,
Isaiah, Amos, the Christ and Mohammed;
Flaming all with ideas of right or peace,

But there arose a pageantry of priests,
Who loved, explained, worshipped, and idolized
Hardly knowing what these masters had taught,
Or knowing, had lost it in forms and greed.
Idols and temples, all that had been condemned
Of these prophets, were made for their people;
And guileless, they paid for their peace of heart.
Thus it has been in history to this day—
First truth, then creeds, then mockery of form.
This the seers of the ages have reversed,
Taught, preached, built and revealed the simple truth;
Only to be followed again by rites,
Ceremonies and costly pagan pomp,
Vaporous mysteries and rich parade.
And mankind is sick of them and will have
No more! Lo, they would find truth in science;
Science should make them free and show them God
And they would laugh at their plausible past.

But they shall learn that God is in themselves;
That they are His best temple and that Nature
Is God's handiwork to sweeten their days;
That there is a capacity for God
In each, according to his love of good
And beauty and cleanness and charity.
This shall be shown by man's philosophy,
As sure as that the dawn is rising now
Over a vast sea of ignorance and sham;
And it shall be shown that God in all His names
Is but another name for the power
Of the Great Overmind that is in man,
As he knows, distinct from his other self,
That is the clay and soulless part of him;
And that the God mind is not his alone
But, like a flowing desert well, belongs
To all, to drink of, for their daily strength.

And he shall find more! for there'll come a day
To each—and this work is as old as Christ—
Yea, as old as those other fearless men
Who tried to tell it many years ago,
Those whom I have named as prophets all—
There'll come a day for each, on his Damascus way,
When he shall feel this God within himself
And know at last his day of peace is here;

That his God is life and laughter and love,
The quietude and nearness of all things.
He shall go to a new understanding;
A sudden blinding light will find his heart
And disclose a path, untrodden before;
He shall feel the everness of the soul,
And its eternal strivings for goodness;
That he is through with outworn mummeries,
Whatever changing creeds may come and go;
That he has entered a golden city,
To praise simple faith and not destroy it,
And to change his pride for an humble spirit.



THE SEARED ROCK

"It would seem that by our sorrows only are we called
to a knowledge of the infinite."—*Madame Swetchine.*

HOW OFTEN Nature bares for us her scars,
As earthen faults, and petrian fissures gap
Her marble dykes and dark obsidian trap!
Jove frets the hillside with Plutonian bars,
And in a molten stream of lava-fluid
Sears the rough limestone to a Parian hue,
Leaving a lattice-work of white and blue,
Like the veined forehead of an ancient Druid.
This purer stone did Praxiteles take
To carve immortal forms of peerless grace,
To prove his gods were god-like, his women fair;
Shaped of a shapeless rock, a hero's make
And made of deathless Greece a deathless race
All from some branded stones that rested there.

So it bethought me of the human mold
That God had chastened in His myriad ways,
Burned in the sorrows of their yesterdays,
Parched in the scorching tide, their griefs enfold;
Homer and Milton, singing in the dark,
And sad Beethoven making symphonies
Through empty nights of sound where no tone is;
And modest Keats whose melodies did mark
Him great, how great indeed he never knew.

These the mighty Sculptor from the magma chose
And made them to His will, first, crystal clear,
Then chiselled them to form a glorious few
Among the host, unmemoried, of those
That finer are, through all their sufferings here.

Let us extol the great who stand without
The porchway of Time's palace, those we name
The lonely great, unknown to Time or Fame;
Purged of the dross of hate and fear and doubt
In the dull fires of woe and circumstance.
Proud to be strong, they ask not for relief,
Nor help to brave the burden of their grief,
But strength of the blasèd rock, raised perchance
To nobler form and even nobler use.
Such the hope that saves from pity's need
Minds that are equal to their daily task;
They go their arduous ways, nor ever lose
That grip of tolerance that is the meed
Of others' joy, though theirs be but a mask.



A FINE GENTLEMAN PASSES

I HAD talked with him but the other day
With no foreboding as we walked along.
He was his usual self—so fine and strong
And now—how short a space—he's gone away!
Perhaps you knew him? Then, you knew a man,
Nor cold nor froward—just a kindly soul
That people loved; yet him would I extol
For one big trait that placed him in the van

Of princes of his kind—he slandered none;
In that great trespass never played a part,
Nor winged a barb to wound another's heart,
Nor their good name despoiled; and thus he won
Respect and friends, though to the last he strove
But little for that golden treasure-trove.

JOY WILL GO ON

W
NEVER a star fades out in the West,
But a new orb is a-breaking;
Never a Soul goes down to its rest,
But a new Life is a-waking.

Why should one grieve at its ebb and flow,
When the tide of life is seething!
What matter if you and I should go,
If children in health are breathing!

Beauty and Peace and Love will be here
As they were since Time's beginning;
The face of Joy will ever be near
For some one will aye be winning.

If I should die, shall I live some day?
I care not—I live in the giving;
The moment of Now is the only way—
My heart is here with the living.

The flowers return each year to the mold
And sow their seed in the going,
Yet the Soul of all the flowers of old
Survive in another blowing.

Ever the sweet wind over the wold,
Where the bleating flocks go homing,
Wandering sheep and a waiting fold—
And whispered words in the gloaming.

I'll dwell in the homely fields you rove,
The paths that wind by the willows,
In the safe firm hold of the Things I Love,
I'll lie on my ageless pillows.

NIGHT

"I am going out to look at the stars."—Last words of Lord Bryce.

HAVE you looked into space at night and thought,
Where is the end? Can there an ending be?
There are no confines to the ethereal sea!
What end but is with a beginning fraught?
What star that comes not back to star?
How infinite a Power doth control
The life and laws and order that unroll
Before us! How vague, and vast, and far!
How many causes must remain unknown!
Let all be known, and still the question *Why*
Flies to the lips, and ever in the sky
An endless space of other worlds is sown,
Nor for man's light, or his enjoyment made
Alone, but a far larger Plan is laid.

All earthly things, and things that lie beyond
Are One; Love and the Beauty of the Night
Are ours to use; they do not take their flight;
'Tis we that pass into that final bond—
That Great All, that gift of eternal noon,
Bereft of naught save the material clay
And specious toys of our ephemeral day;
At will to soar, from moon to larger moon,
From world to world, merged in the sentient Cause
That timeless moves them, as the heavens swing
In precise periods, to their orbits' King
Obedient; onward ever without pause—
A Majesty of Reason unperceived,
Unfathomed, undisclosed, and yet—believed.

TWO MINDS

Part I

THERE are two minds, one is God, and one, *You*;
The one, unproudly conscious of itself;
The Other, a mine is—our spirit's self—
Into which all may dip for what is true—
A great Profound where dwells a Source of Power—
A common Treasure House from which to draw—
Not by directed thought, nor any law
To be controlled or followed, but a bower
Of rest, where Beauty, Love and Quiet are;
This *You*, how bound about by sense!
That Other, a wide, wide deep of charm,
Where each *You* transcends its separate altar
And pervades the Soul's abode like incense
Merged at last to One—the circle of God's arm.

Part II

So, God, the Overmind, is loaned to you
In life—and who knows—perchance in death;
He is the Common Mind, the Flower's Breath
And ours—the great unending heaven's blue;
He is the Song of Hope, where sadness is;
The Heart of Joy, the Laughter of the Breeze,
And His the soothing whisper of the trees;
All sweetness and unwaning love are His;
If you and I should meet, speak not, yet know
It is but the Wise Spirit's interflow;
He is the Royal Margin of ourselves—
The Thing in us that draws, and dreams and delves—
The Poise and Calm that come to one who lays
Himself away, and lo, a Greater stays!

THE AWAKENING

"I was common clay until roses were planted
in me."—*Old Persian Proverb.*

WHAT of those who go through life unsung,
Unloved, unlovely, though their thoughts be young;
Those, who are sorely maimed or sadly plain;
Or those who have a flaw of mind or brain;
Those, that seem to stand midway of the nodes,
Where pass the influences of men—the roads
Of contact in the firmament of Souls—
The singing spheres of sex—the magic poles
To which all beauty, strength and love will turn
And be drawn home; but they . . . may only yearn.

What hope has life for these? Is there a place
Somehow, sometime, somewhere in Heaven's grace—
Somewhere, at last, when some rare dawn will break
And all their clouds be coloured, as they wake,
With morning tints—the glad new day grow warm;
When they will feel the lift and leap of noonday form
And drink the glad waters of desire?
Doubtless there lies a smouldering fire
Sleeping within them, waiting for the wind
To fan the glow to flame deep in the mind.

Nor know they how to live, nor how to love—
Clods ever, their life too dead to rise above
The sod; until, lo, from the Gentle Air,
A seedlet finds their fallow of despair
Where drought had been too long and left it sere;
But now the floods of Heaven come, and dear
New vital things take hold, and break the mould
With green; and a rose—some love dream of old—
Festooned with starry dew, lifts up its head
And fragrance breathes above its clayey bed.

X

THE BUILDER

WHEN God lays plans for a man, I know
He makes them broad that the man may grow;
A few bold strokes and he is through,
First choosing the work that he's to do,
And then the place where he's to be,
God gives him the plan and sets him free,
To build—
 But the bigger the man,
 The broader the plan.

It's strong, of course, the kind of a thing
A big man builds, strong and fit for a king.
It must have every sort of a place
That such a one needs; a room of grace;
One for love, for beauty and power;
And, for dreams, there'll be a lofty tower
To look from—
 For the higher he sees,
 The cleaner the breeze.

Here's an oval room, furnished in blue,
(Things of blue are eternal and true)—
With a touch of rose to make it look warmer;
A nook of peace, built near the dormer;
A room for friends with the door ajar;
One for the lowly and poor, nigh and far,
To come to—
 For the bigger the man,
 The broader the plan.

At last this work, that stands on the hill,
Is crowned—a splendid house of the will;
And all around are the things he's done,
Like trees and vines that thrive in the sun;
A friendly lamp, in the windows at night,
Shows the way of the road with its light,
Or spreads its cheer—
 And the darker the night,
 The kinder the light.

SERVICE

THERE is no profit in material things,
But at the lone last day possession flies
From the pallid grasp, that Death unpries,
And nothing leaves of the vast hoard of kings
Or paupers' pittance; nor age, nor sprightly youth,
Nor manly prime, can for one moment stay
The unrelenting progress of decay;
All life moving, plant or stone, in sooth

May be forgotten, yet one thing never;
For in the fruits of service there survives
A gift supreme, growing without endeavour,
And those who give their talents or their lives
Heedless of gain, go on from what they were
Into the soft radiance, where remembrance thrives.



MILKING TIME

NOW SOON the glamorous Day draws down to Night,
And on the lip of evening dips his beam;
While homing bells of kine, along the trail,
Sprinkle the languorous air with sweetness;
Peaceful is their mien, as slowly they pass by,
In bovine stateliness—a caravan
Of placid beasts, plodding to the rough byre,
At milking time—ruminantly passive—
Conscious and jealous of their precedence.
And with what mild content do they return
From pasture, that, deep in its summer flood,
Now lies lush in its tide of undulant green;
And rustic maids, at foaming oaken pails,
Ply busy hands, in measured crooning stroke
Of rhythmic time, as if to soothe the pulse
Of the dying day with softly muted dirge;
Above, a brace of cranes, dimly discerned,
Sail their Sunset way, on slow unhurried wings,
With ruddered feet outstretched to guide them home,
To their nest of reeds, far in the distant gloom.

AS GOD MADE THE MOTH

TO-DAY, I watched a moth break from its case,
Saw it awake, and poise to fly away;
And breathed in soft wonder, that such array
Of growth and form did prove the spirit phase
Of human life, and shadow forth the hope:
To all there comes a period of repose
And rest, and winter calm; and at its close
This remnant of decay begins to grope
To a Light that lies beyond its prison bed;
The fabric of the unremembered past
Is put away; and—but a little while—
A frame is glorified and new moulded,
As God has made the moth, and too has cast
The warp and weft of worlds in heaven's pile.



THAT IMMORTAL BEAUTY

“—That immortal beauty and goodness, that radiance, to love which is to feel one has safely hold of eternal things.”—*Brooke*.

DEEP in the quiet moth-hours of the night,
When tired reason lays its crown away,
And dreams replace the sombre truth of day,
Sleeping, I seemed to wake and all alight
My spirit seemed to hover like a lark
Above the lowly moor that was my flesh;
Then spiralled up, as if to fly the mesh
And bond of frailties 'neath me in the dark;

There with the light of morning on its wings
It showed me the edge of peace—peace that lives
Radiant, a moment pure and strangely free—
A high moment that life perchance once brings
Before the better, larger phase, that gives
Goodness and beauty and eternity.

TO A YOUNG MAID—
FOR THANKSGIVING

AND WHAT are the things I love?
Well, here are a few.
(And first, of course, there's you)
A simple God-moulded flower,
Peeping coyly from its bower—
A round-eyed, innocent child,
New to all sordid things—undefiled;
A dimpling maid just dipping in the shallows.
Of life, like rain by the budding shallows.
And the other people, like you,
Your charming companion crew,
In games of sweet leisure
Or dancing a measure.
And I love laughter and sunlight;
Birds too, asleep at night,
Head beneath wing to hide from the dark;
Or morning song of a thrush in the park;
Kind eyes of the old;
Stars of pale gold;
Then there's the real friendship of dogs
And the metallic murmur of frogs,
In the marshes and pools,
When the evening cools;
There are so many things in just living,
That every day should be a Thanksgiving!



O ENGLAND, WILT THOU NEVER
UNDERSTAND?

O ENGLAND, wilt thou never understand
This Canada; nor think she has forgot
Her own high destiny, by thee begot!
And, when she seems to drift from thy command,

Remember the virile North from which she came
And fret thee not; for time has proved her strong
Of old, ever enlinked against the wrong,
As now she takes her place in deed and fame

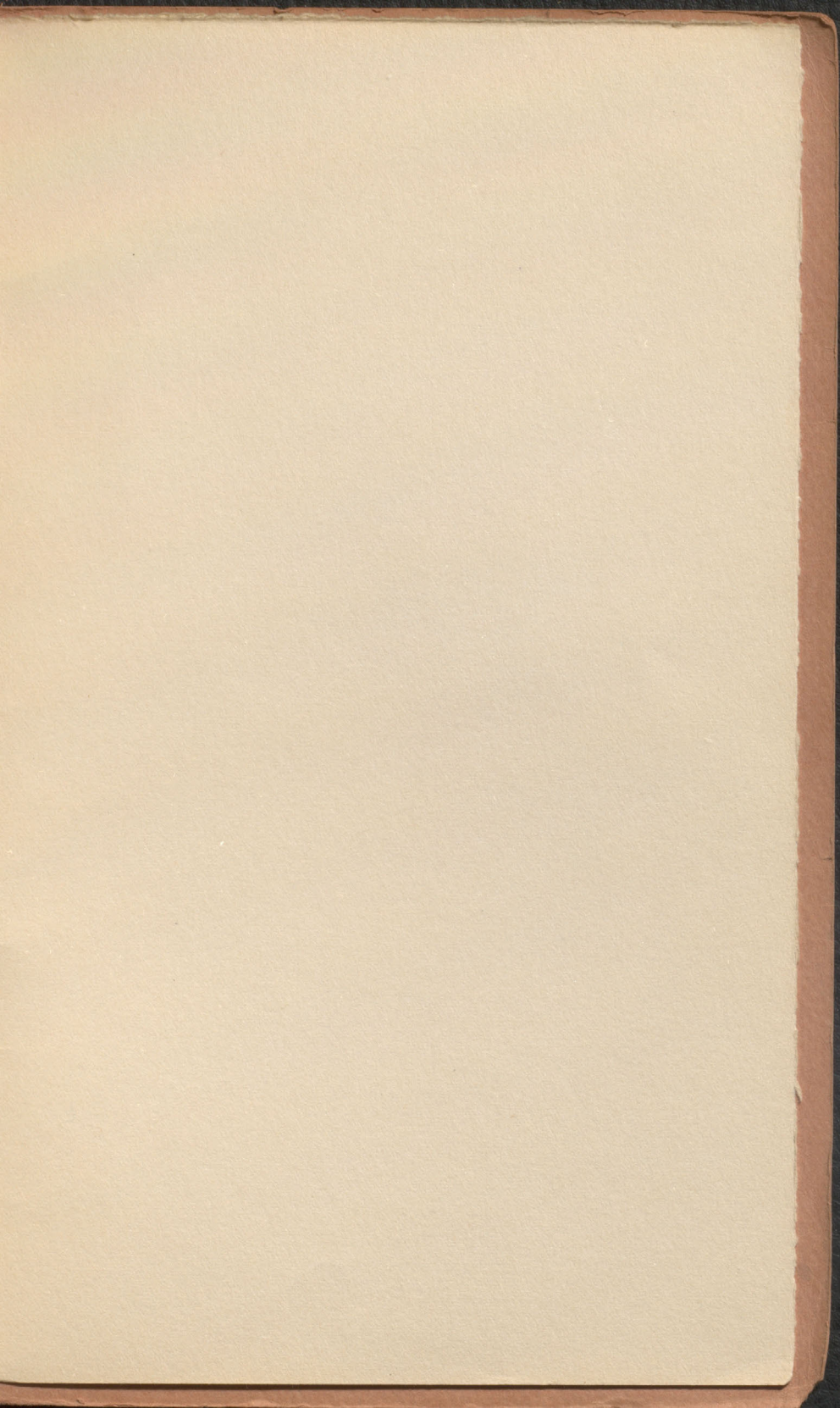
Of Empire; equal in all save wealth and power—
In native gifts transcending even thee;
Over thy lips she'd press a gentle hand

When you'd impugn that love that is her dower;
In this, there is no yearning to be free,
Nor force could bind her to an alien land.

* * *

A HILL

Alone,
We start,
Breast the hill
Of life; rise till
From the crest we turn—
And then go down
From its crown
And depart—
Alone!



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Lorne Pierce—Editor

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