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**erses**  
*for* **You**

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*Moose Jaw Writer's Club*



## FOREWORD

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From the golden prairies of Saskatchewan have come many beautiful things, but none lovelier or of more grace than its poetry.

This little book voices the tenderest thoughts of writers who know that heaven lies about us everywhere and every common bush is afire with God. We are fortunate indeed to have people living on the prairie who still see visions and dream dreams, and make everlasting beauty in a war-torn world.

To lovers of goodness everywhere this little book is affectionately dedicated.

Sincerely yours,

EDNA JAQUES,



### THE OLD HOTEL PORTER

He loves to work at night when none are near,  
To sweep and dust and polish bright the brass.  
He'll wield the wax-brush in and out a chair  
Until the floor beneath is bright as glass.  
He stoops a little as he walks along,  
His hands are gnarled and snow-white is his  
hair,

With unassuming pride he carries on  
While all above, asleep, are in his care.

At times I've come upon him unawares,—  
Have watched him looking out across the  
Plain;

I've seen a longing in his sad, dark eyes  
When listening to the whistle of the train.

Ah! That we could share one another's  
thoughts.

Just why does this old man talk to himself?  
Why does he not tell us that he once played  
The viol that now lies upon the shelf?  
Did those fingers once hold the resined bow?  
Was he the lad who once so promised fame?  
Why is he now so lone, so old and sad?  
Oh why does he not laugh and live again?

GRACE BONNIS.

### IN ENGLAND NOW

In England now the sirens wail,  
And little children's faces pale,  
As frightful din fills earth and sky,  
And in the twinkling of an eye,  
As though knocked down by giant flail,  
Or flattened out by mighty gale  
Accompanied by blasting hail,  
Whole rows of buildings ruined lie  
In England now.

The dying groan, men curse and rail,  
But never will their spirits quail,  
"If need be, we'll for England die,  
Surrender? Never!" their proud cry.  
Though foes assail, Right Shall Prevail  
In England now.

F. HELEN HYDE.

### I HEARD YOUR VOICE

I heard your voice as you cried out to me,  
Sprang up to answer, no one could I see;  
I had been wrapped in slumber, but your cry  
Awakened me, I thought that you were nigh;  
'Twas but a dream, so cynics would agree,  
Impossible that your voice here could be,  
For you are many miles across the sea,  
Recalling this, regretfully I sigh—  
I heard your voice.

Today your letter came, apparently  
You felt Grim Death in close proximity—  
You called for me; I hastened to reply,  
On your behalf petitioned God Most High.  
Was it through strange, occult telepathy  
I heard your voice?

F. HELEN HYDE.



### PRAIRIE WIFE

She was a lovely thing in youth, it seems,  
With eyes like stars lit up with hopes and  
dreams

As on she ran with eager flying feet  
To greet the day... her hair like golden wheat.

She lived through many years of prairie toil,  
Of devastating drought and drifting soil,  
Of aching frost and cruel searing heat  
And wasting winds that mercilessly beat.

The years have left their scars upon her heart,  
And shattered dreams of memory are a part.  
But she has youth and beauty still, in spite  
Of faded hair, rough hands and eyes less  
bright.

For she has kept her courage undismayed,  
Her faith untarnished, spirit unafraid.

EVANGELINE CHAPMAN.

### WINTER ETCHING

Deep drifts of snow laid waste the frozen land,  
The trees were bare and crackled in the blast,  
The dim light waned and darkness settled fast,  
Slim fences round the homestead seemed a  
band

Of finest thread ... while gusts of snow were  
fanned

And mounted up as sails without a mast,  
It seemed as if the very moon they passed,  
So high they swirled without a guiding hand.

Within the homestead there in contrast burned  
A crackling fire of e'en the selfsame trees,  
The curling smoke and leaping flames rose up  
The flue. Deep seated in our chairs a cup  
Of steaming brew we sipped, our fancies free  
To roam, the storm with all its terrors  
spurned.

JEAN BROATCH.



