

“HOW A FOREST BECAME A CITY.”



Clio, Muse of History.

As Muse of History, I turn a page
To write the story of this wondrous age.
Edward the Seventh sits on Britain's throne,
Canada claims this country as Her Own.
Thousands, forsaking land that gave them birth,
Come here from every distant clime on earth.
Countless as sands, that through an hour-glass run,
They seek this Western Land of Setting Sun,
In the dim past this land in shadows lay;
Soon shall it bask in sunshine's ray.
Once those twin monsters, Ignorance and Hate,
Held fast this forest land as grim as Fate;
But Faith and Fortitude fought forest foes
And made a desert bloom like a rose.
From forest fire fair Vancouver arose,
Proud as her mountains with eternal snows.
With some the past is dark as is the night.
Oh! let the future be both free and bright,
Some pages of the past are blurred with tears;
Fair is the promise of the coming years.
On this white page, what shall the future spell?
What history will ye make? Ah! Time Will Tell!

—F. P.