The Lions' Gate

(The two highest peaks of the mountains that overlook the harbor of Vancouver bear a marked resemblance in outline to the Lions of Trafalgar Square.)

1

In the Northern sky we calmly lie,
On guard by the Western seas,
Where the cliffs draw back from the narrow track
Of the tide and the ocean breeze.

Stern and grim on the mountain's rim
We crouch in our cloudy lair,
Behind the veil of the snow mist pale
We are waiting and watching there.

2

When the foam flies fast as the gale rides past
Outside on the rolling bay,
Our challenge roars on the rocky shores
At the foot of our ramparts grey.

The waves retreat with a sullen beat,
For they dare not pass us by,
And the Inlet's breast is a dream of rest
Where the white sails folded lie.

3

We clearly rise on the amber skies
When the sun and the seas have kissed,
And the glory fills all the circling hills
That glow in a rainbow mist;

When the radiance falls on our granite walls
And the purple peaks unfold,
We fling to the sky from our fortress on high
Cloud-banners of crimson and gold.
The Lions' Gate

4

And far below where the waters flow
The stately ships sail through,
For the fair surprise of a city lies
Where the forest giants grew,
She holds the key of an Empire free
Whose glory has but begun,—
The nations meet at Vancouver's feet,
The East and the West are one!

5

We gaze afar to the last faint star
Ere its light in the dawning dies,
And a vision breaks ere the world awakes
To our clear and steadfast eyes,—
Like the flocking wings that the Autumn brings
When the sea-gulls gathering fly,
To their haven of rest 'on the harbor's breast
Shall the fleets of the world sweep by!

6

The sap that stirs in our mighty firs,
Fed by the Northern dew,
Though chilled by death, in cavern wreath
Shall bud and bloom anew,
Barbaric kings, when the bulbul sings,
Shall couch 'neath the polished beams
Whose mossy mould once slowly rolled
Down far Canadian streams.
The Lions' Gate

7

AND deep within our forests dim
The Spirit of Beauty dwells,
Where the long moss sways
through the woodland ways
O'er the fox-glove's fairy bells,
To the dawn she springs on the starry wings
That were folded in darkness long.—
The glorious theme of the artist's dream
The soul of the poet's song!

8

Through our open gate shall the world await
The Orient's fragrant spoil,
And the golden grain shall flow forth again
To the millions who starve and toil;
Forest and field their wealth shall yield
To the men who are true and brave,
And still on high in Canadian sky
 Shall the banner of England wave!

9

We sentry stand by Heaven's command
At the portal of her sway,
No threatening foe dare pass below
While her Lions guard the way!
Stern and grim on the mountain's rim
We crouch in our cloudy lair,
Behind the veil of the snow mist pale
We are waiting and watching there.
The "Beaver" to the "Empress"

(The wreck of the "Beaver" lies near the entrance to Vancouver harbor, within a short distance of the course of the "Empresses," the new steamships of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The "Beaver" was the pioneer steamer of the Pacific Coast - 1855.)

1
BROKEN hulk, forlorn and lost am I,
Above me frown the cliffs in ramparts high,
Beneath, on rocky ledge,
I stranded lie.

2
Around, the hungry waves await their prey;
They surge above my head, and day by day
I crumble as they steal
My life away.

3
Yet not alone despoiled by wind and wave,
But Man, whom I have served, disdains to save,
And robs me as I sink
Into my grave.

4
The sea-weed damp and chill binds fast my breast,
Yet deep below, in passionate unrest,
There stirs a hope, a dream
Unknown, unguessed.

5
At morn, when first the pallid daylight creeps
Through clinging mists, where soft the darkness sleeps,
And faintly trembles down
To dusky deeps;

6
At noon, when clear and bright the waters spread,
And Ocean scarcely moves to rock my bed,
While droops the golden moss
Above my head;
The "Beaver" to the "Empress"

7 T eve, when shadows fall and winds are free, And moaning surges call aloud for me To sink to sleep at last Beneath the sea;—

8 Still, still I gaze afar; I watch, I wait, Till lo! she comes, she comes in royal state And sweeps majestic through The Lions' Gate!

9 Great Empress, proud, serene! thine advent fleet Announced by herald echoes wild and sweet, The purple hills proclaim, The vales repeat.

10 To my dull vision, from the world apart, Thou seemst a miracle of magic art, Strange forces throb and glow Within thy heart!

11 Fair white Enchantress from the Orient sped! Its fragrance and its spice about thee shed, Still lingering incense breathe Around thy head.

12 Above thy path the gleaming sea-gulls fly, Like mystic spirits weave in circles high A charm of waving wings Against the sky!

13 I know thou dost not heed my dreary lot, Nor mark, in passing by, the lonely spot Where desolate I lie, By all forgot.
The "Beaver" to the "Empress"

14
HE. Past am I, but yet thou canst
not chide
The worship thou hast won from
ancient pride,
Whose youth once challenged Fate,
And Time defied.

15
For had I never crossed this Western sea,
Nor braved its wrath to find a path for thee,
Where then thy stately grace
Secure and free?

16
The dawn of Science smiled upon my birth,
And I, amidst these wilds, have proved her worth,
Whose glory now is spread
Through all the earth.

17
Through storm and calm I toiled for many a year
While yet th' untrodden forest slumbered here,
Of Progress, Faith and Peace
The Pioneer.

18
But now my work is done,—I sink to rest.
Fair Empress! may the wave thou hast caressed
In music murmur still
Above my breast.

19
And when at midnight's hour thou drawest nigh,
And softly through the mists that sleeping lie
The star upon thy brow
Is gliding by,

20
Oh! may its light that trembles o'er my tomb
With dreams of thee steal downward through the gloom
Where I beneath the sea
Have found my doom!