

'Let the Eagle Range'

Cry hold-breath to the singing bird
For fear he be betrayed,
Delivered up to stinging death
Because of songs he made?

Cry stand-still to the bursting bud
For fear its scent be lost,
Delivered up to thirsting chill,
The jealousy of frost?

Cry keep-back to crusading lads,
Who see a world to change,
Because of the persuading-rack?
Nay — let the eagle range!

J. S. WALLACE
1938.

A poet-professor from the West Coast has expressed particularly well
in a requiem to L---B--- that feeling of compassion and sympathy
left the peace and quiet of homeland to fight
for those who fought for Spain, ^{with} the members of Canada's Mac Pap Battalion.
Here are some lines from William Robbins poem:

The timeless, vertebrate, persistent roll
Of waves that write their messages in the foam
Along Victoria beaches — ships inbound
From Honolulu, Chile, Singapore —
Horizons present to the restless mind,
Adventurous, accessible, and safe —
All this for his escape.
The slanting light through deepening evergreens
In warm Pacific April — mosses rich
And quiet, cushioning the shadowed rocks,
And hollows where the Easter lilies wait,
Provocatively pure — overhead,
The maiden dogwood blossom, white and cold,
Touched by a stray beam into startled beauty,
Unique and unforgettable — all these
To give him poetry.
The long, slow day of rowing in the sun,
Between hill-masses clad in balsam-greens
That change in rhythm with the changing clouds,
Till evening's deeper blues and purples bring
The brooding largo of their symphony
Unto a cosmic close — night settles down
Over the land-locked reach of Brentwood Bay —
And from the hills a wisdom and a calm,
A strong arm for the soul to lean upon,
Far from the searing, straw-fire strife of men —
All these,
Quiescent truths and healing harmonies,
For his soul-power.