

## POETS OF THE PACIFIC COAST

Under this heading the last issue of each month will contain a number of the best poems entered for competition in the WEST SHORE poetic contest. Only residents of California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Utah, Arizona, Nevada, British Columbia and Alaska are eligible to compete. The contest closes on the fifteenth of each month.

The following prizes are offered each month, making twelve first prizes during the year 1891:

**FIRST PRIZE.**—A volume of one of the standard poets, twelve-mo. size, handsomely bound in full padded leather, with full gilt edges. The prize winner may designate his choice of the following volumes: Dante, Milton, Scott, Burns, Moore, Wordsworth, Browning, Poe, Jean Ingelow, Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Browning and Favorite Poems, a volume of choice selections from all the poets. These are all new books, specially issued as elegant gift editions, and are from the shelves of Stuart & Thompson, the well known book sellers of Portland.

**SECOND PRIZE.**—A subscription to WEST SHORE for six months, to be sent to any address.

**THIRD PRIZE.**—A subscription to WEST SHORE for three months, to be sent to any address.

**GRAND PRIZE.**—In addition to the monthly first prize, at the end of the year the poem that shall be decided to be the best sent in during the entire year will receive an elegant copy of one of the great classic poems with illustrations by Dore, and the portrait of the writer will be published, so that those who have read the poem may have the additional pleasure of seeing the face of the one who has contributed to their enjoyment.

The judges are persons of literary culture not connected with WEST SHORE in any capacity. The following poems have been selected for publication from the large number entered in the January competition:

### No. 1. PIPE, LITTLE REED.

(FIRST PRIZE).

Pipe, little reed of mine, nor stay  
Despairing, that no strength be found  
In thee. The majesty of sound  
To weakling instruments alway  
Hath been denied. Yet, should'st thou play  
Thy slender note midst chords profound,  
And it ring true, it shall be bound  
And carried on a royal way.  
Low are the twitterings of dawn,  
Shy heralds of the warbling hours,  
And unmet blooms, dew-gem'd, are born  
About the feet of stately flowers.  
Life needs must have of all some need—  
Then pipe thee, clear and true, my reed.

Oakland, California.

MAUD WYMAN.

### No. 2. THE MAIDEN'S SONG.

(SECOND PRIZE).

Dash—drip—splash—the laughing waters run,  
Girting furtive twinks to the willow's hair,  
Kissing the modest bluebells on the bank,  
And tripping thoughtless pebbles unaware.  
The mock-bird tries his best to catch the sound,  
That he may weave from it a soothing lay;  
But jealous breezes, singing long and loud,  
To fairy caverns bear the notes away.

The bay tree whispers secrets to the oak,  
Filling the air with incense from his breath;  
This, too, the crafty zephyrs grasp and hold—  
Embalming perfume, keeping nymphs from death.  
Ten! Eleven! Twelve! Peals the middy chime;  
The summer sun smiles down with cheering ray;  
The cows, in quiet grazing, raise their heads;  
Across the field the romping horses neigh.

Upon a rustic bench, half ivy grown,  
Forgetful of the time, or place, or scene,  
Reclines a vision of such loveliness  
The elves might claim her as a sylvan queen.  
The birds all warble when she lifts her eyes;  
The waters lave her tiny finger tips;  
The witching breezes, fanning her to sleep,  
Breathe their sweet music on her dainty lips.

Berkeley, California.

ALICE G. HOWARD.

No. 3.

### THE HEART OF THE ROSE.

(THIRD PRIZE).

I stand in the old time place,  
Where the rose wreaths droop and sway;  
Caresingly they touch my face—  
And the years have flown away.  
My lover again bends low,  
While I tear the blossoms apart,  
As idly the buds I strow—  
"Do the roses have a heart?"  
A word and a thrill—a hush—  
Shall I speak him "yes" or "nay?"  
My cheek steals the rose's blush;  
With my eyes I bid him stay.  
Love's star in the twilight glows;  
A kiss is left on my brow;  
A heart I have found in the rose—  
My question is answered now.

Oregon City, Oregon.

MRS. C. C. BATEMAN.

No. 4.

### MOTHER—A REVERIE.

In the brush fence by the lane  
I hear the stormbirds crying,  
And I know the winter rain  
Soon will beat where thou art lying;  
For the wind and rain are near,  
When the stormbirds are a-crying.  
A brave, bright, winter rose  
Taps the window where I'm sitting;  
Its heart with beauty glows,  
While the autumn hours are fitting;  
It taps the silent pane  
Of the window where I'm sitting.  
The south wind kisses light  
Its petals curved and folded,  
Like a picture warm and bright,  
Close in the heart unfolded—  
Like a dream of love and youth,  
In the heart of age unfolded.  
And it speaks to me of thee,  
While the stormbirds are a-crying.  
Though thy face I can not see,  
Thy memory is lying  
In the winter of my heart,  
Best, brightest and undying.  
I dream of thee so dear,  
Before the woodfire glowing;  
I hear the herd bells clear,  
And the cattle softly lowing;  
The sounds foretell the rain,  
While the fire is brightly glowing.  
In thought I pass the lane,  
Where stormbirds are a-crying,  
As to some sacred fane,  
To the grave where thou art lying,  
Through fragrant pine wood aisles,  
Where the sunset glow is dying;  
Where one can not hear the noise  
Of a footfall on the mosses;  
Where the pine leaves lightly poise,  
Like a pile of sunset flosses;  
Where the rabbit or the squirrel,  
With silent footstep, crosses;  
Where the brake, with quiv'ring fronds,  
Beside the gravestone whispers  
The earliest matin songs,  
And at eve the sadder vespers,  
That the night wind softly taught  
The leaves to chant in whispers.  
There so quietly you sleep,  
While the restless winds are sighing,  
In the grave so dark and deep,  
Nor heed the stormbirds crying,  
Nor the tears that fall like rain,  
And my heart within me dying.  
The rose taps on the pane,  
And the stormbirds are a-crying.  
And I soon will hear the rain  
Beat through the wind's low sighing,  
While rose leaves flutter down  
On the grave where thou art lying.

Laytonville, California.

ANNA MORRISON BIRD.

No. 5.

### THE DYING DAY.

The very air lies golden, still and sweet,  
With dreaminess, as if 'twere steeped in thought;  
The very mountains have a fuller meaning,  
Touched with the glory by the sunset wrought;  
And fold on fold the white fogs, creeping upward,  
Stand here and there like pearly gates ajar,  
While rosy lights and purple tinted shadows  
Brighten and darken like a paling star.  
The fair, sweet hillsides in their emerald glory  
Show flowery brightness like the ruby's heart,  
And crimson clouds, like scented rose leaves, slowly  
In the soft blue steal by themselves apart.