

THE LOVING CUP

PRESENTED TO MY FATHER, ON THE OCCASION OF THE CELE-
BRATION OF HIS EIGHTIETH CHRISTMAS, 1914

Born of the noblest impulse of the heart,
Love comes with joy to worship at a shrine,
Seeking the dear one, yearning to impart
A benediction drawn from wells divine.

So with a heartfelt tribute to your worth,
We gather round you in your life's decline,
To honour you, the author of our birth,
And ask a blessing on our lives and thine.

Rich is your life with honest effort filled,
And though your path with trials was beset,
You bravely fought and counselled and instilled
The noblest, and our hearts do not forget.

It is not wealth that marks life's crowning goal,
Nor power and place, nor tawdry pomp and fame;
But worth and true nobility of soul,
The white-robed years, the fair, untarnished name.

This is your priceless heritage, we hold,
May we bequeath it thus from sire to son,
Down generations, while the years unfold;
This is your children's wish, their prayer, each one.