

Luck

WHERE does luck come from, who can tell?
Does it fall from the sky, is it found in the deep?
Nay, climb for it, dig for it, never so well,
You will find no trace on the mountain's steep,
You will gain no hint from the depths below
Of where the treasure is lying hid.
You may weary of toil, and hope may go
Luck will not come to you when you bid.
Yet climb again and with patient aim,
Open your heart to life's joys and cares.
You may wake some morn to a gleam of fame,
Luck will have found you—unawares.



Selkirk Lilies

OH! that I could show you where the Selkirk lilies grow,
By a winding stream whose fountain-head lies in the mountain
snow,
Where spruce and pine, so dark and tall, and slender poplar trees
Are whispering sweetest secrets to every passing breeze.
Beyond us still the mountains in solemn grandeur rise,
But here what wealth of living gold would greet your wond'ring eyes!
The gold that Nature's hand has made, and scattered all around,
Making these hills and valleys a very treasure-ground.
How thick among the glossy leaves the slender stems uprear
Their crowns of gold above them as the dainty flowers appear!
The sweetest perfume ever breathed they keep for those who know
And seek them in their woodland haunts, dear "Lilies of the Snow."