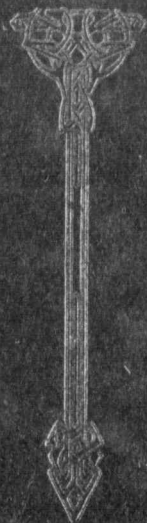


Hymns

by
Mary Bell Currie-Belish



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U73 P8







Sincerely yours.
Mary Bell Currie-Bolish
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ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

I desire to acknowledge my indebtedness to my Husband, and C. W. H. Howard for kindly suggestions, and valued assistance in the ultimate compiling of this little book; also, the grateful remembrance of help and encouragement from my former teacher, Rev. J. D. Gillam, B.A.—may they accept a share in whatever, large or small, good may result from the publication of thoughts of help and cheer the writer desires to disseminate to others, through the pages of this little volume.

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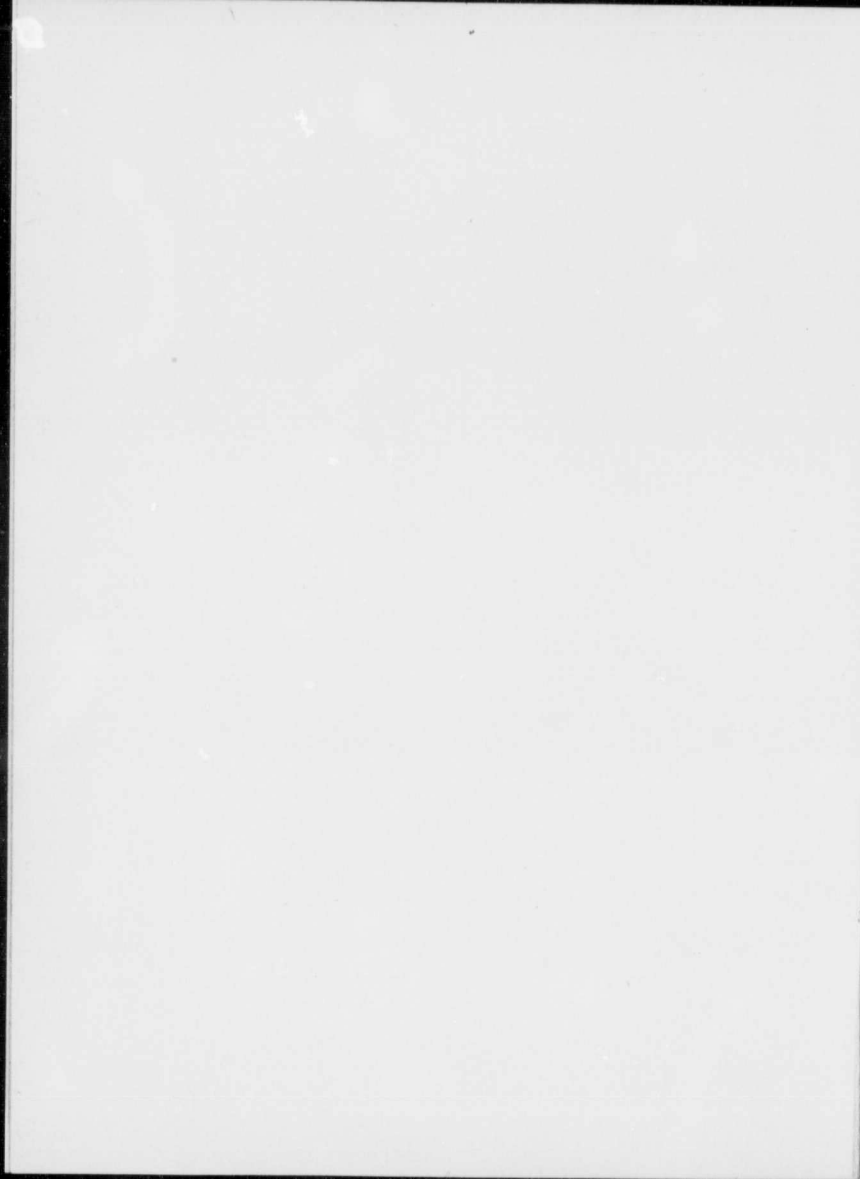
U73 P8

PORTALS OF HOPE

1917.

May the opening Door of this New Year,
Out on its hinges widely swing,
And let the pressing multitudes
Emerge, and Olive-branches bring
To lay upon the empty Shrine
Of stricken earth's Humanity.
Then, may the Door of Time swing back,
To mark the passing of the year,
And then re-open wide, to greet
The Dawn of Earth's true Brotherhood.
May Justice rule upon the throne
Of Right; and Human Liberty.

I
DEDICATE
THIS LITTLE BOOK
TO THE
LOVING MEMORY
OF MY
MOTHER.



CULL YOUR POEMS

Cull your poems writer, cull them.
Fit them well for public eye;
For beyond the world of critics,
No small flaw will e'er pass by.
Cut your writings all to pieces,
Nothing lacking must you find.
Sentences, enwrapt with meaning,
Lie all bare upon your mind,
For, though beating at their cage bars,
Lured by worldly fame to flee,
Thoughts unpregnant meet no welcome,
No ten-fold, returns to thee.
When your brain child leaves its childhood,
Is matured for its debut,
Send it forth upon its travelling,
That the world may share it too.
For, remember, that a talent
You may have to hold in trust,
But you must not keep it buried,
Lest it crumbles back to dust.
When your work you have completed,
If it holds one helping thought,
Speed it forth on prayerful pinions,
Time will tell if good, it wrought.
Cull your poems, writer, cull them.
Send them out with love untold,
And when God asks back your talent,
You will find it grown ten-fold.

HOMAGE.

*(Especially written to my dear brothers, L.-Corpl. and Private
Will and Dick Currie and their pals.)*

Scions of ancient Scottish sires,
Who ne'er could brook oppressions chain,
Ye heard a cry from Flander's field,
Which stirred that ancient blood again,
Ye strove to answer well.
There, in that far-off alien land,
Your noble blood flowed out so free,
Twice did ye answer, willing, grand,
To aid the right to victory.
As brave men, there, ye fell.

And far from their dear homeland clime,
Where many loved ones waited, much
In fear, of what the next news be,
Your like, by thousands, fell as such.
Brave freemen, at their guns!
We cannot know how great the fray
That kept fair Canada unscarred,
But we, with gratitude, well may,
For those who kept the tyrants far,
Pay homage to her sons.

CANADIAN BOYS.

Gallant they were, those boys of ours,
Who left our Canadian shore.
Many have gone, some have come back,
And some will return no more.
Firm and steadfast their purpose was,
Determined to win, for right.
They feared no foe, and the knave Hun
They'd battle with all their might.

Farewells were said and tears were shed,
Their gallant hearts ached with pain.
For those behind, so loved and kind,
Who they ne'er m'ght see again.
But firmly they stepped, when the band
Played "March," off went our gallant men.
But marching strains enhanced the pain
Rending our hearts, just then.

Over the sea, those boys of ours,
Sailed for that far-off land.
Fretfully longed they their turn to come,
To give a helping hand.
Over in France they got the chance
To strike for Freedom's right.
There, they proved, too, their valour true,
As they battled with all their might.

Yes, gallant they were, our brave boys,
Canadian boys of the west.
Content at home they would not stay,
For Freedom asked, their best.
Many have gone, some have come back,
Many will ne'er return.
But the blows they gave the hun-knave,
Down the annals of time, will burn.

THE LAST OF THE LAST BRAVE THREE.

There'll be no flowers on my grave tomorrow,
And there'll be none to weep,
For, the guns out in the shattered hollow,
Their constant shelling keep.
Nor dare they stop to take a farewell word,
That I so long to send,
To dear ones, in my Canadian homeland,
By the Red River bend.
My comrades, two, at the roaring cannon,
Never stop for a rest.
Though Tom has a broken limb, a-hanging,
And Ron, a bleeding breast.
Our pals lie around, whose shattered bodies,
Tell of a last brave stand.
But, at home, none know how very willing,
They died in Flanders land.
My pain is 'most gone, guess I'll soon hasten,
Out to the great Unknown,
There, no guns sound, and no drums are beaten,
And no war call is blown.
Oh! Oh! boys look! there's a shell exploding,
Right here, over the gun!
I wonder when it's all through fallin'
Will all of us be gone.
Ah, my, oh, my, there lies poor brave Tommy,
Well, he's out of all pain.
Look! for goodness sake, if dear old Ronny,
Ain't runnin' her a-gain.
I pray, dear God, give my poor limbs motion,
To reach him, just awhile;
To help Ron hold this last position,
Then I'll "Go West" with a smile.
What? what is this strength that seems to lift me,
And help me reach the boy;
Yes, yes, thank God! I am set in motion,
Oh, I could yell, with joy!
Crawl, creep, just keep on the move old-timer,
You've not much more to go.
We'll show the devils a Canuck gunner,
Dies with his face to his foe.

Up, up, dear, dear, I'm a lazy beggar,
I seem to go so slow.
I'm comin' Ron! just keep her a-goin'
I'll soon be there, y'know.
Ah, that's the lad, your shells are a-whizin'
Over to Nick's hell hole.
I guess they'll soon find they'd no blame business
Startin' this here bum show.
She's whizzin' son. Gee! it's great a'workin'
This old machine again!
Keep a-whizzin' girl, God set my limit,
When liftin' me from pain—
Ron! Ron! dear boy, what is now the matter?
Are you, too, out of pain?
Oh, my, oh my, I am left to rattle,
This dog-gone old machine.
Come, stick to it, son, you are 'mongst the bodies
Of pals, who watch from hence.
And don't forget, you are the guardian,
Between the Hun, and French.
So keep her a-poundin', perhaps old Tommy,
And Ron, o'er there, can see,
And sing for you, their triumphant praises,
Of right, and liberty.
Free! yes, we're free! and I'll blow to smithers,
The trenches of our foes;
But, how I keep this old girl a-poundin',
'Tis only God who knows.
But as long as a throb holds this body,
I'll make her throttle go.
The Huns, to the tune of the Maple Leaf,
Will soon, their death-blow know.
Cease fire! who says? get! a Canuck gunner,
"Goes West" workin' his gun.
D'you think he'd stop s'long a whizzer
Could reach the traitor Hun?
Cease fire! gee whizz, he's a British Runner,
Come with the Cap's command.
Sure, sure, old man, I'll stop her throttle,
She's done her duty grand.
Wounded, you say, well, what does that matter,
I'm one of countless more.
So long as I'd hear the old girl rattle,
I'd stick, and then some more.

Lad, catch me quick, I guess I'm a-fallin',
I know I'm soon to "go West,"
E'en now, I can hear my Pals a-callin'
Me, to their Land of Rest.
Just tell the Cap "I guess we have held 'em,
Three of us, at the gun.
And tell him, too, that our Canuck gunners,
Prove true, before they're done.
And say, old top, just send home this message,
That is, if you get through.
Dear ones at home; we have done our duty,
As Canuck boys should do,
We came to fight, on this far battle-field,
That "Canada" might ring,
With as free a swell as it ever did,
For, Country, Home, and King.
And I'm only one, of the countless more,
Who, willingly, have gone,
Just to do their bit, and to get a hit
At the knave, traitor Hun.
Now, again, good-bye, say boy! just you see
The greatest Khaki band!
But say, 'tis Harps they are holding,
N'some have Palms in their hand.
An' I wonder if I must be dreamin'
For there's both Ron, and Tom.
And as sure as you live, they are grinnin'
And beckonin' me to com^e.
S'long, then, lad, I must now make the journey,
It's just across the way,
E'en now I catch a golden glimmer,
Of that clear sun-lit Day.
Now lad, lay me down, but can your flowers,
And don't dare weep for me.
Why boy, just sing that old Canadian song,
The home ones sing so free.
The song, of the "Maple Leaf Forever,"
The land, so dear, to me.
I thank thee, God, for the strength ye gave me,
Even, only a while.
And I'm ready, now, to keep my promise,
To "go west" with a smile.
There, he laid him down, that brave dead gunner,
Looked on the smiling face;

Oh, could it be, said the British Runner,
'Twas I, here, in his place.
But, so long as I live, may God give me,
The grit, He gave to him;
To keep to my post, and my duty do,
Till I, have been "cached" in.
Oh, it's grand to know, that in all this war,
The British have proved true,
To the high principles their flag stands for.
The dear, Red, White and Blue.
For, thousands, and thousands, died at their guns,
To keep their homeland free,
From the traitor guns, of the Huns, like the
Last of the Last Brave Three.

GOD BLESS OUR LAND.

God save our King, our noble King !
God save our land, our Canada.
May God and right forever be,
The ruling might, from sea to sea,
In brotherhood, may all be free.
God bless our land.

God bless our land, our Canada,
Our native land, dear Canada !
Her sons, for her, have gladly died,
And righteous need she ne'er denied,
The tyrant's sword she e'er defied.
God bless our land.

God bless our land, our Canada,
Prosper, in peace, her broad domain,
Her far-flung lands, bound by the seas,
Her emblem floats on every breeze,
Her songs of freedom swell with ease.
God bless our land.

BELGIUM.

Belgium! Thy martyred form lies strewn with honored
dead.

Thy sons have fallen 'neath the traitor guns of one,
Upon whose breast was laid, in trust, thy weaker head.
But ah! thy glorious soul! more gilded is her crown,
For ye, in pain, have decked her with a pure renown.
Shattered and torn, yet still ye know no conq'ring hand,
To which thy noble head, submissively, would bow.
Nor need ye face a viewing world in shame,
For countless millions are the hearts which rev'rence high,
The honour thou hast shown. Nation of Integrity!
Thine Allied friends pay homage to thy throneless King,
Whose heart is crowned with jewels, greater than the eye
Can see; whose subjects have fulfilled the ancient truth,
"He that shall give his life, gains Everlasting Life."
And thus thy noble soul was born to greater things,
Than ever ye could know, had ye been false to that,
Thy giv'n word of faith. Oh stricken land! we hail thee,
Martyred Sister, and the Allied peoples greet thee,
Pledging thee "In Freedom only, and in Honour,
Shall thy flag, the emblem of thy stricken land, be furled."

RATHER!

I'd rather raise my son to be a soldier,
I'd rather see him marching off to war,
I'd rather see a gun on his shoulder,
I'd rather see him going from me far,
I'd rather know that when he grew a big man,
Upon his ready arm I could rely,
That from a cruel tyrant like the knave-hun,
He would keep me safe, or gladly die,
I'd rather know for sure that as a mother,
I'd raised a son who always would be brave,
I'd rather raise a son to be a soldier,
Than raise a son content to be a slave.

"KITCHENER IS DEAD!"

Appalled, we hear the awful words, that "Kitchener is dead!"

In agony, our British Empire bows her stricken head.
"It can't be true!" we breathe the cry; the pleading hope ascends,

"It cannot be that he is gone, on whom so much depends!"
Or is it true, that God would take the Life, it seemed He gave

Its strength and power, in Britain's hour, her heritage to save?

For it would seem but irony, to take from Britain thus,
The one upon whose arm she lent, in confidence and trust.
Gone! Gone! but yet it cannot be, that we should hesitate,
In anxious doubt, to answer to the Germans' "Hymn of Hate."

Dead! Dead? ah no, 'tis but his human form alone, is gone.
His spirit and his works, in British hearts will e'er live on.
Her first pang past, Britannia lifts her mighty head,
And grips her sword in firmer clasp, for "Kitchener is Dead!"

And British hearts could never bow, in hopeless grief and woe.

Tradition teaches how, Subjection, Britain ne'er shall know.

And God knows best what blows she needs, to warn her whence her power,

Lest she, in man, would put her trust in such a needy hour.
'Tis but too true that Britain mourns those lives, claimed by the sea,

Many are gone who gave their lives, to keep her waters free.

Their forms are gone, but Oh! thank God! their deeds live on instead,

And Britain seeks more Heav'nly aid, now Kitchener is dead.

EVOLUTION.

Out through the heart of a stricken world,
Out through the lands whose flags are unfurled,
Out through this fierce, and heart-breaking fray,
Glimmers the dawn of a better day.
When the Dove of Peace returns at last,
All murder, and bloodshed, and rapine past,
All races of man shall live in peace,
And the rule of justice shall never cease,
 When war's red flag is furled.

For midst the turmoil, and strife, and hate,
Through the pain and anguish, methinks a gate
Far in the distance, is opening wide,
For the onward rush, and the sweeping tide
Of Humanity's fight, for her rightful place,
At the head of the creeds of the human race.
When man to man shall justice give,
T'will seem like Heaven on Earth to live,
 For Peace shall reign in state.

PRAYER OF OUR EMPIRE.

God save our Motherland
From an invader-band !
 God keep her free !
God keep our noble King
Free from a tyrant's sting ;
Long may he o'er us reign,
 From sea to sea.

And may his Colonies
Unfurl to every breeze
 Flags of the free.
And all our Allies, too,
Who are so brave and true,
Save from the tyrant-foe,
 God keep them free!

God bless all Britain's sons,
Where'er the sun shines on,
 Make them worthy.
Bless all, who freedom love,
And all who fight to prove
That right must reign unmoved
 O'er land and sea.

God bless our Motherland!
May she, forever, stand
 True, firm, and free.
And may no "Hymn of Hate"
E'er swell within her gate,
But may her freedom-state,
 Strong, ever be.

God bless our noble King!
We give Thee thanks for him,
 Guided by Thee.
Keep him through all his days,
And may his subjects praise
The God, whose wond'rous ways
 Has kept us free.

PERENNIAL TESTIMONY.

Oh! ye high, rambling, snow-capped mountain tops,
Upon whose face the Evening dew ne'er drops;
Continuous, from thy wondrous range of peaks,
Out to the world thy great Creator speaks.
Dare man, so frail and insignificant,
In doubt of thy Creator, rave and rant,
The while, beholding ye, grand and sublime,
Whose very tow'ring tops, prove work divine.
Speak Infidels! your self-made gospel preach;
'Twill rouse the slumb'ring mind, the truth to reach.
Your voice resound, with doubting voices blent,
Ye rant and rave, but to your detriment.
While men preach on, in loud emboldened tongue,
That wond'rous gospel of God's holy Son.
While women and their children sing it forth,
In sweet far-reaching voice, Christ's wond'rous birth.
While stories spread, of martyrs, who were trod
Beneath the feet of those who knew not God.
Though dead, their noble end shall ever tell
Their firm convinced belief, in Heaven and Hell.
Their message, that clear gospel-laden sound,
Warns unbelievers, from doubts dangerous ground.
Break forth, most wond'rous sound earth ever held,
Combine the greatest forces in the world,
The thund'rous note of voices, all combined
To testify to that Creator-mind.
Not all these sounds, could louder speak, or tell
Of God, than ye, great, silent sentinels.

MARINE DRIVE.

Come, enjoy the Heaven giv'n beauties of our northern
shore,
Whose new-born highway beckons. Come, while more
and more,
Dame Nature breathes her waking sigh, and her mother-
call
Her children wake, to put on morning dress. Come roam
O'er this man-made glistening aisle, that twines through
lanes bedecked
With budding bloom, whose fragrance soothes the mind,
the while
The eye drinks in the graces Earth has nurtured for her
own.
And we, her guests, may of her hospitality ne'er doubt,
But greeted by her welcoming call gaze 'round about,
Then drink, and drink, until our joyful hearts are full
Of Nature's best intoxicant, which quickens latent praise
To smoother flow, and rouses us to a deeper, clearer sense
Of Nature's work for us, and what thanks we owe to her,
Whose guarding bosom warmed from winter's touch the
budding life,
Which now we view, while summer time is decked in mor-
ning sheen.
Come! Come! through winding leafy lanes, o'er verdure
bound Marine.

CALL OF THE PRAIRIE.

Hark! 'tis the call of the prairie,
Come! 'tis the prairie call,
Back to the plains and the coulees,
Before the snowflakes fall.
Come! back to the broad, green meadows,
Furrowed with hay, new mown.
Scented with prairie grasses,
The Mint, Red-top, and Broome.
Give me but once more a vision,
One glimpse of those dear plains,

With, seemingly, endless acres,
Of golden, waving grains.
A sight of the prairie goldfields,
Beckoning in the sun,
Gleefully coaxing the binders
Cutting sheaves, one by one.
Let me watch the sweeping wind-storm,
Whirling over the plain,
With lightning flash, and thunder peal,
Oh, to see it once again.
You may love your glorious mountains,
And love your western sea,
But it is the rolling prairies
That are most dear to me.

QUEEN OF THE WEST.

Vancouver !

Nature bore thee, and held thee in her strong and rugged arms,

Yet ne'er did yield, in willingness, a place for thee.

Nay! many times she claimed her toll of life,

Since ye did know the Dawning of thy Day;

But ye, persistent, clutched, with sturdy hand,

Thy Mother's breast. Now 'mid the bright adornment

Of a bounteous scene, thy just reward awaits thee.

The growth of beauty throughout all the Ages,

Lies ready to be moulded to thy needs.

Aye! Beauty unsurpassed, and wealth unlimited,

To aid thy building, and adorn with grandeur

Thy well-built homes; to twine about thy road-ways,

Verdant growth, of earth's most richest green.

Nature bows in homage to her conq'ror,

Yet asks of thee, that thou but keep thy Soul.

And lift thine eyes toward her lofty peaks,

Whose rambling snow-capped ridges guard thy East.

Fair as the sea, which sweeps thy western Gate,

And 'round thy golden head a silver cord,

Of Inlet, Bay, and River crowning thee,

Thou art, indeed, Queen City of the West.

Vancouver !

EVENING ON THE FARM.

Dear Prairie land! thy wide expanse
Of vision, greets my homing mind.
And far, across the mountained space,
Thy waiting welcome calls to me.
I see, in mind, the prairie grass,
And breathe the Balm of Gilead's breath,
My home-sick feet, long once again,
Thy well remembered trails to tread,
And ramble through thy wooded lanes.
I hear the cow-bell, east afar,
And watch the kine come rambling home.
Then wait in peace, until the bars
Have been let down, then haste to press
And enter in, impatiently,
While faithful Pup stands guard, to watch,
Till brother ties his prancing steed.
Now, milking time, I hear, again,
The tuneful hymn, or cradle song,
Keep time, with swishing 'gainst the pail;
Then soon, the cattle lay them down,
To quietly chew their evening cud.
And other chores must take their turn,
Till, satisfied, the jolly boys
Draw 'round the steaming supper-board.
Anon, in holy reverence,
With heads bowed low, we listen to
The father's voice in homage flow,
In thankfulness, for gifts bestowed.
Now, rest-time brings sweet organed tones
Ming'ling with voices, ringing clear,
The while the saintly mother sits,
And listens with a proud-like smile,
She breathes, betimes, a guarding prayer.
But soon the evening prayer-hour comes,
And then the Book is taken down,
And hushed, is all the Even-song,
As, one by one, we gather 'round
The humble, homely, living room.
Now, prayers are said, and up the stairs,
We, hesitantly, climb our way.
And, mayhap, e'er the boys will rest,

We hear a rousing pillow-fray.
Dear prairie land, my heart for you
Oft yearns: though now 'tis strangers roam
The dear old trails we loved so well;
And Mother dear, gone to her Rest.
Oh! could I be, just once, again,
The tom-boy chum, of those dear ones,
Who, now, from me are gone so far.
Ah me, could but our youthful days
Come back again, or could we sense
Their value, e'er they're gone awhile.

WAITING.

The wind sighs through the leaves, my dear,
The mist falls o'er the Bay;
The bright fire hums its Even-song,
But ah, you are away!
For twilight, now, my heart ne'er longs,
The quiet is so lone.
I cannot bear to sit and think,
My dear, now you are gone.
But ah, my heart a truant is,
For oft she steals away
To find her mate, but all in vain,
For you are gone away.
And the wind sighs through the leaves, my dear,
And the mist falls o'er the Bay.
The wind is still a-sighing, dear,
The mist lies on the Bay;
The fire still hums its Even-song,
And still you are away.
But something tells my heart, her mate,
When quiet hours have come,
Is truant too, and steals away
To find it's Even-song.
So rest, for he will come, my heart,
Back to his waiting mate.
Keep warm the blaze upon his hearth,
And polished bright the grate,
Till the wind sings through the leaves for thee,
And the mist lifts o'er the Bay.

THE YEARS.

When looking over the years we've lived,
How short they seem!
But look ahead! same numbered years
Seem long indeed.
But ah, the years we see ahead
Will quickly come,
And, passing by, then seem as short
As former ones.

Let's live to scatter joy and mirth,
While pass the years;
Each day fill, here on mother-earth,
With smiles and cheer;
Forgetting ills, and hurts, the wrongs
Of seeming friends,
By scatt'ring smiles, kind words, and deeds,
Till life, here, ends.

A SONG BIRD.

Often in the calm twilight,
A clear sweet song peals forth.
More often, in the morning,
The songster trills his note.
But, whether, morn or ev'n beams,
Fall gently from above,
Expectantly, we listen for
The song Canadians love.
In morn's misty, early hours,
E'er night's haze clears away,
Out in the prairie garden
He flits, from tree to tree.
Anon, he perches on a post,
And fills his chest, then hark!
You hear our sweetest songster,
The Canadian Meadow Lark.

WHY?

Why need life's shadows fall on me,
 Why need life's trials come,
Why do earth's sorrows need to be
 All on my pathway Home.
Why must life's shadows all surround,
 Why must the sunbeams flee,
Why must the darkness fall around,
 And why must it fall on me?
Listen! and learn why trials come,
 And why the shadows fall
Over the path we are following Home,
 Answering our Master's call.
After rain-drops refresh the ground,
 After the storm-clouds flee,
Brighter the sunbeams fall around,
 And brighter the sky for thee.
Ah, life's shadows may fall on me,
 Trials and sorrows come,
Troubles and pain in life may be,
 On that lone journey Home.
But, when life's storms have passed away,
The darkness will be o'er,
For, in Heaven's Eternal Day,
 Shadows can come no more.

THANKSGIVING.

I thank thee Father for the hours of pain
Which brought me into closer touch with Thee,
Which laid me low, that I might rise again
And feel Thy wond'rous guarding care for me.
I thank Thee Father, for Rebellion's hour,
Which roused my slumbering sense to question Thee,
To learn the reason why, but, by Thy power,
Nor Soul, nor body could from pain be free.
I thank Thee for those quiet thoughtful days,

The while I slowly struggled back to strength,
Which have revealed the wisdom of Thy ways,
And brought me on to broader paths at length.
I thank Thee, Father, for the pain that hath
Opened for me some long un-noticed door,
Nor would I wish to tread more flowery path,
Than He, my Leader, trod for me before.

LIFE'S NEGLECT.

You need not lay upon my grave
The flowers you gave not here.
You need not speak the kindly words,
That once my heart would cheer.
You failed to aid me on the road
Of life, in trials great;
You did not try to give a word
Of help—'tis now too late,
So, then, lay not upon my bier,
The flowers life needed so,
Nor think of me, the kindly thoughts
Denied me, here below;
For if, upon my lonely grave,
You find sweet flowers to lie,
Why could you not have given me them,
Before I had to die?
And those kind words you now may speak,
Above the mould'ring clay,
Should have lit up life's weary path,
E'er I had passed away.
So bring not to my lonely grave,
Sweet flowers to fade thereon,
Nor speak kind words I heard not here,
When I am dead and gone.
When on my grave, your flowers you place,
I'll be through Heaven's gate;
And should you, then, speak kindly words,
They're spoken much too late.

WORDS OF KINDNESS.

A little word of kindness
When the heart feels all alone,
When cherished hopes have vanished,
And our plans are overthrown;
When we feel the world grown colder,
When down-hearted and opprest,
How a little word of kindness
Soothes the ache within the breast.
A little word of kindness,
And 'tis so eas'ly giv'n,
Can lift a weary, troubled mind,
From earth to thoughts of Heaven.
One little word of kindness
Started out upon its way.
Will travel on, from heart to heart,
For many, and many a day.

L'ENVOI.

Not for the world's applause, Child of my Brain,
Do I send you forth, but, for the cause
That you were giv'n me, to give again.
Giv'n to give, that mayhap, some one here
Will find in you a little thought of cheer.
Nor do I ask the world to welcome you,
Unless to this sole purpose you prove true.
For worldly praises are, at best, unsure,
And you, my child, must look for something more.
Mine? only in that He, your Giver, chose
In me, the channel which would send you forth
To men, who oft, as I, need words of help
And cheering thoughts, as life goes swiftly by.
And if, within the pages of this book,
E'en one lone weary heart should find a nook,
To rest its mind from Life's hard-pressing care,
And find anew, fresh strength and vigor there,
To take up, once again, Life's endless work,
Determined, not the least of tasks, to shirk.
Then, little book, your aim is near attained,
For, by helping some one, you have gained
The lofty pinnacle, at which you aimed.

