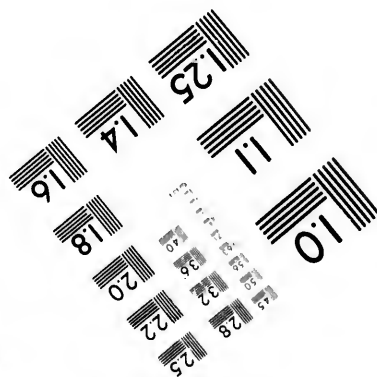
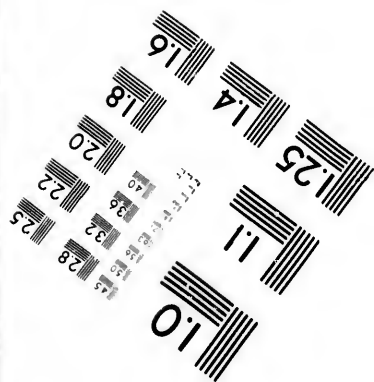
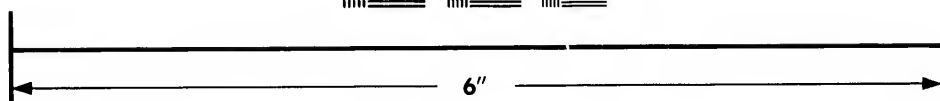
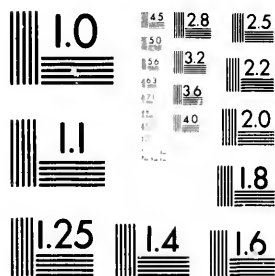


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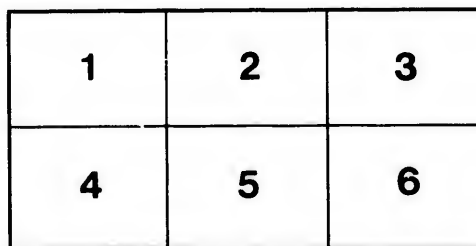
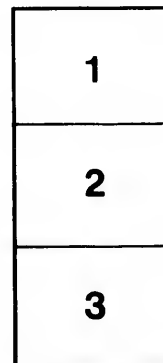
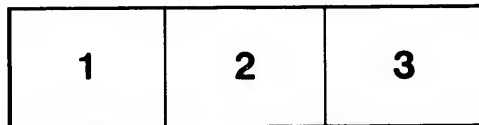
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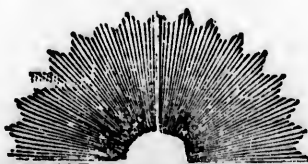
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THE  
POETIC GLOBE.  
AND  
HER BUSY PEOPLE.  
—  
MOON.



The smallest leaf on the tiniest stem,  
Hath its wonderful mission unto men.



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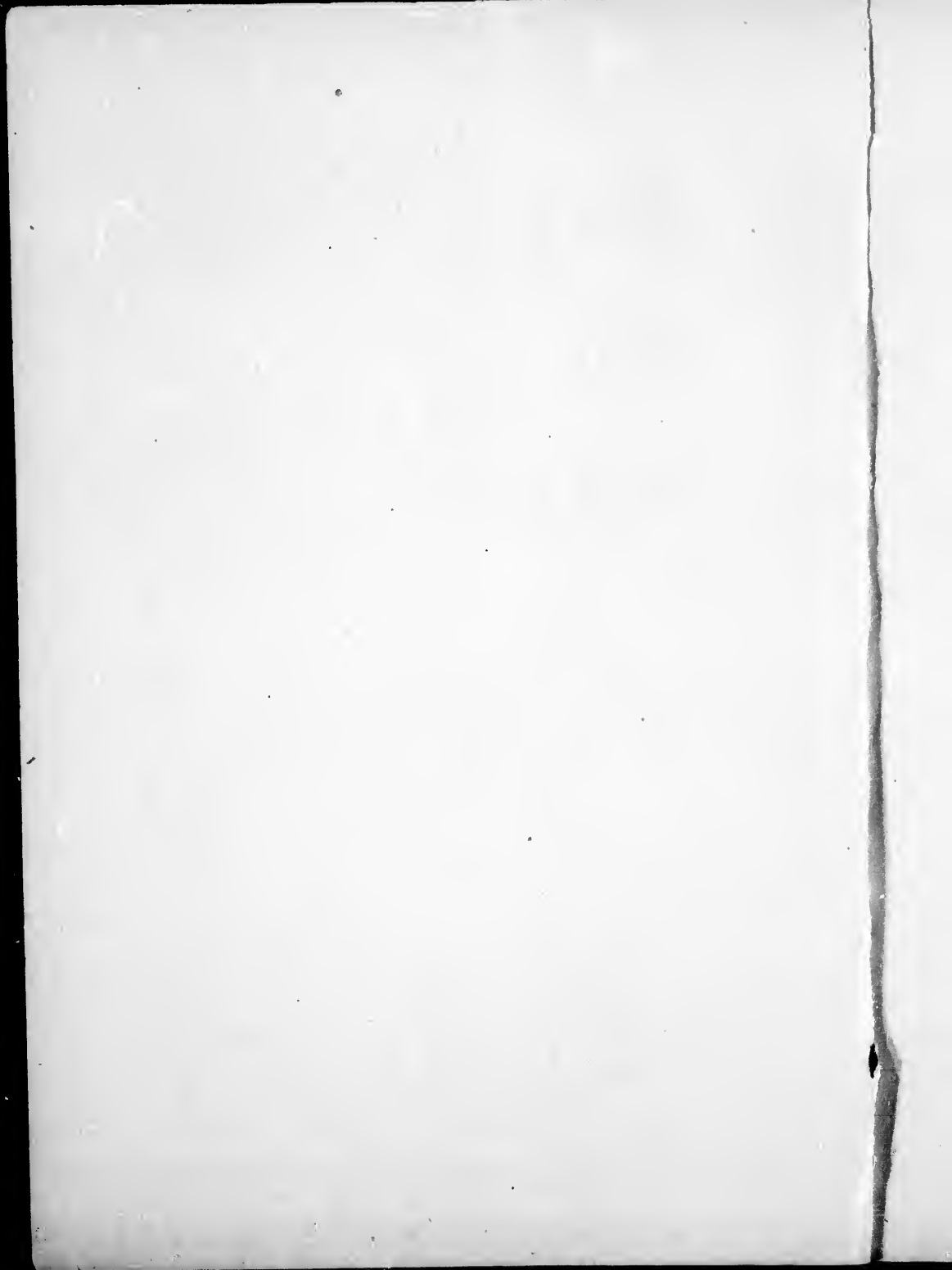
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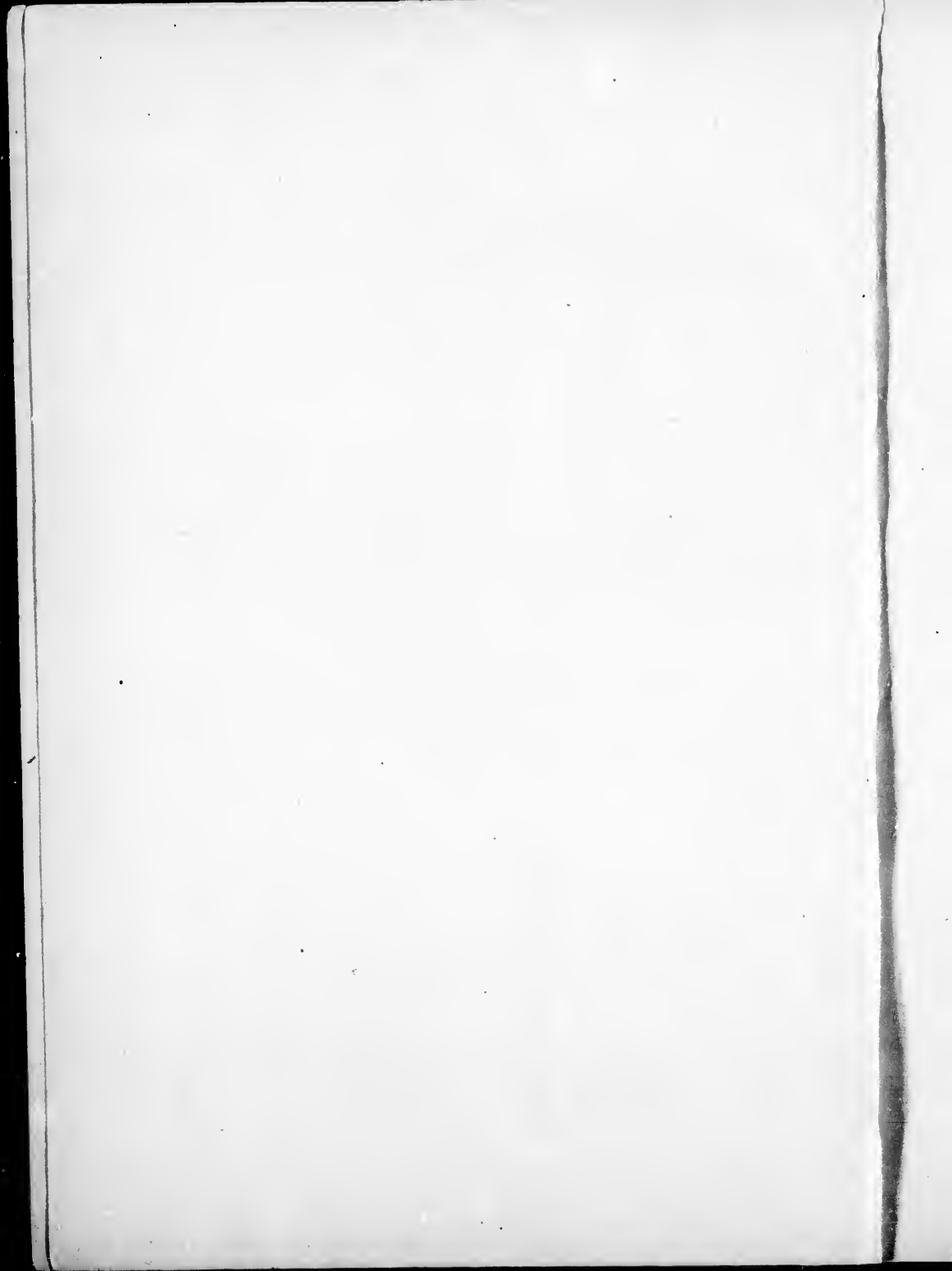




## PREFACE TO VOLUME I.

This little volume is intended as introductory to, and explanatory of volume 11. now in press, entitled, "Poetic Canada and her Busy people."

All subscribers for volume 11. by preserving and returning this volume, will pay but 40c. for the complete Toronto Edition, volume 11. price 50 cents.



## PREFACE TO VOLUME II.

To the *Elite* of to-day, standing in the swift current of Time's ever-advancing civilization, I speak for the first time in poetic diction.

To the teacher, whose home is with that glad young life with which we are all surrounded to the heroic dead, to the battle scarred, to the patient toiler, who dwelleth on the lolney plain, by the mountain slope, or in the crowded marts of Commerce, to the mariner who saileth on the deep, to the mechanic, the rail road man, and indeed to all classes and conditions of society, we send this, our first volume in Poetic formulæ.

It is the hope of the author that the reader will be cheered, comforted and strengthened, so that, rising from these pages, he shall go forth into life's battle, radiant with hope, clothed with the sweet prowess of victory.

The Writer is not unmindful of its multiform imperfections, but, such as it is, he sends it forward, hoping that as years roll on that which is tinged with shadow may develop into a clear and steadfast light.

In all eyes of the world Poetry has entered into the very warp and woof of public sentiment and expression.

The cultured dignitary and the peasant, the lady of celestial habit and the maid of humble costume, the hero of ancient days and the soldiers of the now, the hoary head and merry childhood, Kingdoms, Empires, Republics, Principalities, and Powers all have been, and ever will be, more or less, moved by the sweet cadence of song.

In the following pages, the writer seeks

to awaken patriotism increase and deepen a genuine religious sentiment, clothe history with beauty, biography with interest, self with humility, nature with the classic voice of spring and to be thoroughly helpful in turning the current thought into right directions.

If in any small degree he has succeeded, this volume, though of humble pretensions will have filled its mission in the march of time.

---

The smallest leaf on the tiniest stem  
Hath its wonderful mission unto men.  
In its far-off home where the dark pines wave  
It helpeth to deepen the cooling shade,  
And so, however small the leaf may be,  
It hath its deified mission on Time's sea.

## The Beautiful Dead.

This poem is respectfully dedicated to those having lost friends, hoping that they may be comforted by its perusal.

They are gone from these shores—  
The beautiful dead—  
To the star-lit mansions that blaze overhead,  
Gone silently home, oh! their sweet life is  
sped—  
They're gone from earth's battles—  
The beautiful dead.

### CHORUS.

Then water the flowers in the twilight sweet,  
And plant a white rose where the beautiful  
sleep.  
They peacefully rest in their cold earthen bed,  
While the dear birds chant to the beautiful  
dead.

Let the sea rise in grandeur to kiss the bright  
stars,  
And crescents of fire circle around Mars;  
The sky change to silver, to purple and red,  
We soon will pass down to the beautiful dead.  
Chorus.

Roll back ye dark clouds, to the brow of the  
sky  
Silence, ye loud thunders! ye mad lightnings  
fly  
Back from my vision! through the starlight  
o'erhead,  
We'll gaze once more upon the beautiful  
dead. Chorus.

The thunders obey. Now the clouds roll apace.  
The wild lightnings sleep, while the storm  
clouds embrace.  
Oh! God of the whirlwind, through the open-  
ings o'erhead,  
We see the bright angels; *our* beautiful dead.  
Chorus.

Oh, thus may we all— though the tempest be  
high,  
And the storm clouds encamp on the trem-  
bling sky.  
Through the wonderful light the Gospel has  
shed,  
Hear the loved angels, see the beautiful dead.

**Canada and Her Busy People.****SALUTATORY.**

---

We've crossed the deep where thousands sleep,  
Seen monumental piles,  
We've climbed far up the mountain's peak,  
And swept through dark defiles.

We've stood on Afric's desert shore,  
Rocked on Alpine heights,  
We've been where Baltic thunders roar,  
Seen Egypt's central lights.

The North Pole too we've tried to climb,  
And grasp the orbs above,  
That we might wring some hallowed chime,  
And thrill the earth with love.

All this is past; Old Age creeps on,  
Yet grand the centuries swing,  
Though small and few the victories won,  
We've reached a blossoming spring.

---

There is a land, we're glad to say,  
Where flowers bloom, and fountains play,  
Tis Canada, Britannias pride,  
Whose boundry lines the seas divide.

And so to thee we gladly turn—  
Well pleased with all the fires that burn  
In homes so dear where virtues reign,  
Without alloy, or blot, or stain.

Where labour meets a just reward,  
And Man is Man, without a lord  
To chain his pinions, crush his pride,  
Or block the wheels mechanics drive.

Where Pen and Press with magic power,  
Thunder peace when tempests lower,  
And fires the nation far and near,  
With deeds of justice deep and clear.

Canadian heroes, battle scarred,  
Have stood sublime, the storm clouds barred,  
When all was dark, usurped all rights,  
They placed the flag on Queenston Heights.

There let it float with tireless wing;  
There our national anthems sing  
In thee is our unfaltering trust,  
Till nations crumble into dust.

---



Historic ages come and go,  
With summer's rain and winter's snow;  
Yet time moves onward as before,  
Freighted with changes ever more.

To note the changes of the sky,  
The varied pictures floating by,  
The wilderness of stars that blaze,  
The leaping clouds that fix our gaze.

To note each gorgeous realm unseen,  
The mysteries that roll between,  
Would be a task by far too great  
For mortal pen to undertake.

So when we turn to earthly change,  
The task would seem beyond our range.  
The grain of sand, the smallest flower,  
The falling leaf the summer's shower.

All these, and yet ten thousand more,  
Put man to shame, yet we adore,  
Their magic power the pen inspires,  
They fill the soul with new-born fires.

So when to Canada we come,  
And note the changes as they run,  
Our pen glides on with magic spell,  
So many things are done so well.

The splendour of her Autumn days,  
When o'er the hills the sunbeam plays,  
The solemn grandure of her woods  
Fill the soul with pensive moods.

Ah here in joy we love to roam;  
Here build our future palace home,  
Where free from tumult, care and strife,  
The groves with tuneful birds are rife.

Here God is seen in nature wild,  
And loves to bless his joyous child,  
The far off hill-tops show his love,  
As well as wings that sweep above.

And thus to Canada we sing,  
Let hope and joy and music ring,  
In every home o'er all the land,  
And virtue crown the coming man.

Thou Canada of healthful chime,  
With Lakes and Seas for all mankind,  
With mountain peaks that pierce the clouds,  
And ships that dance with joyful crowds.

Atlantic waves wash eastern shores,  
And west the wild Pacific roars,  
Southward the States unfurl the stars,  
And north are Artic's ice-bound spars.

How vast the region where we dwell,  
How dear this land we love so well,  
How bright the skies that kiss the wave,  
How grand the shores thy waters lave.

Dear land our early fathers trod,  
And dedicated all to God;  
In fervent prayers they oft were seen,  
How grand their shout, GOD SAVE THE QUEEN

'Through many long eventful years,  
Victorias' reign hath dried all tears,  
With joy and peace she belts the globe,  
Will wear in heaven a spotless robe.

Let empires cease, the orbs desolve,  
Systems stand, ne'er again revolve.  
Let nations shout the loud amen,  
Our God hath crowned her Queen again,

From sea to sea, our vast domain,  
Was rude and wild with savage reign,  
One dark dense forest shadowed all,  
And oft was heard the wild cats squall.

Wild beasts and savage yells that could  
Be heard through all the deepening wood,  
Peeled out death, hell and darkness reigned  
As though the scene could ne'er be changed.

No bristling towns, no gleaming spires,  
No sabbath bells, no Gospel fires,  
No hammers wring, no spindles whirl,  
No sabbath banners to unfurl.

The night was dark, the tempest howled,  
The thunders rolled while monsters growled.  
No bright designs, no grand desires,  
No shining lights save savage fires.

No ships to ride the rock bound wave,  
The thunders shook the red mans grave.  
The lightnings fire the mountains peak:  
And over all the wild wind sweeps.

The forest sings her mournful song,  
The maddening torrent sweeps along,  
Old pines are lifted wheeled around,  
And grand oak trees come crashing down.

Thus all was dark in olden times,  
No church bells wrang out gladening chimes.  
The clouds were black, the stars shone dim,  
No seeming progress could begin.

Continued in volume II.

So Indian do the best you can,  
To rise and toil and be a man.  
And angels from the other shores,  
Shall enter in your wigwam doors.

Note ye how swift the change appears,  
And oh how bright the coming years.  
The wigwam's gone but Indian lives,  
And all because the Bible is.

No more I see the birch canoe,  
Time changes all things, builds anew,  
Age Cities rise where forests stood,  
Built by the wise, the true the good.

Since early days scarce understood, [wood,  
How changed the earth, how changed the  
The hill tops gleaming in the sun,  
Echo the work that's just begun.

Grand work, to snatch from savage grasp  
A land like this, and build so fast,  
To fell the forests, cleans with fires,  
And build fair cities filled with spires.

Sublimely stands, now look once more,  
And see the sunrise kiss the shore,  
The lakes in matchless beauty's spread,  
And sweetly veils the sleeping dead.

The sky is streaked with golden light,  
Ships sail the main within our sight;  
The song birds warble wild and free,  
Their music floats upon the sea.

---

The sun rides up the vaulted blue,  
The hills rejoice, the woodlands too,  
Fair ladies kiss the summers breeze,  
And love to dwell mid scenes like these.

The sun at last rides down the west,  
Sweet birds sleep in their leafy nests,  
The twilight sweeps Ontario's wave,  
And lovers in the moonlight bathe.

The Planets shine with dazzling light,  
And stars begem the beauties night,  
Mid scenes like these I feign would stay,  
Until the dawning of the day,

But turn we now to sweet repose,  
While curtained night perfumes the rose,  
The morn will break serene and clear,  
Thus may it be through all the year.

Our soil is good, our climate pure,  
Our barns are filled, our food secure,  
The reaper smiles where e'er he roams,  
Thus God doth bless canadian homes.

But look once more, how changed the sky,  
The song birds round the mountains fly,  
O'er all, the sun his warm rays fling,  
The snows have melted into spring.

Thus roll the months, thus speed the years,  
Assuage your grief, allay your fears.  
God changes all things for our good,  
We would not alter if we could.

Oh thou bright land in all your pride,  
Arise and let the master guide;  
Thou cans't not change one plant or flower,  
Thou cans't not bind the passing hour.

Thou cans't not change the Leopard's skin,  
Thou cans't not swing the daylight in,  
Nor stay the thunders rolling sound,  
Nor haste the season's in their round.

Thou cans't not bid the lightnings cease,  
Nor rock the tempest into peace,  
Nor bind old orion in her flight,  
Nor veil the beauty of the night.

Thou cans't not all of mystery know,  
Nor stay the whirlwind here below,  
Thou cans't not change the clouds that meet,  
Nor fathom all the trackless deep,

Thou cans't not stay the rolling tide,  
That sweeps all to the river's side,  
Nor change the pathways of the sun,  
Nor count the planets as they run.

Thou cans't not see with eye undimmed,  
Ten thousand blessings rolling in,  
How God commands the blazin spheres,  
How he perfumes the coming years.

How God awakes the golden morn,  
How he directs the wildest storm,  
How by his ways, not understood,  
He shapes our plans and shapes for good.

How he perfumes the wildest rose,  
And stills the world at daylight's close,  
How over all his beauty spreads,  
And showers his blessings on our heads.

Since then thou cans't not know these things,  
Nor know the sweep of Angel wings,  
Trust not! oh man, thy self alone,  
God rules in mercy from his throne,

Till cities vast, sublime and strong,  
Crowd everywhere the poets song,  
So swift and grand our march hath been  
We scarce could hear the roar and din.



'Thus have we grown thus sped along,  
Till now with myriad thousands strong,  
Let's rise sublime and try to see,  
How much like God and Heaven we'll be.

We may not count the shining sands,  
Nor bind the orbs with starlit bands,  
But we can lift the fallen up,  
Can we not blight the drunkards cup?

Canada! Thou so much cans't do,  
Enfeebled thousands call to you,  
For laws all heaven would shout to see,  
That blasts the cup and makes man free.

Be thou that nation on the hill,  
Whose light the darkest home shall fill,  
Shake thou the wilderness of sin,  
And ring the joyful Gospel in.

See how the land is thronged with men,  
How sin abounds, what grandeur then;  
To fire the nations with the song,  
We strike for God, to God belong.

So therefore strike! Take up the shout,  
Unfurl the banner, fling it out,  
Let Empires tremble if they will,  
Our God directs the thunders still.

Then shall we rise, and rising shine  
Through coming ages stand sublime,  
And over all the Gospel sway,  
Till nations hear and men obey.

### GENEVE.

But turn we now for change and rest,  
To warble on Ontario's breast,  
Our boat is steaming out so grand,  
No cloud is seen in starry land.

All canvas spread; Let harpers sing,  
And o'er the deep let music ring,  
How sweet the lady robed in white,  
How pure the husband in her sight.

We'er far from land the sea is wide,  
How joyous now the new made bride,  
How grand to mount the trackless deep,  
When joyous crowds and lovers meet.

See how the sun rolls down the west,  
And dances on Ontario's breast,  
How twilight follows in the wake,  
How gently now the wavelets break.

How stars break through the golden sky,  
How Angel forms go sweeping by,  
Roll thou, majestic star-lit sea,  
Nor pause while angels speak to me.

Thus mused the bride that star-lit eve,  
Thus filled with bliss, thus spoke Geneve,  
Her head was crowned with roses sweet,  
And diamonds flashed far o'er the deep,

Her dark hair set with pins of gold,  
And robes ten thousand charms unfold,  
Sweet lady bliss without alloy,  
Sits now enthroned, thy sweetest joy.

Her eyes are set in deepest blue,  
They rest dear George in pride on you,  
Arm linked to arm they paced the deck,  
Nor dreamed such joy could have its check,

Thus bride and groom swopped round and <sup>[round,</sup>  
No trust like theirs on earth is found,  
Her face is flushed with heavenly hues,  
And brightness floods the land of blues.

Her heart is strong though frail the dust,  
Thats hastening on to God, her trust,  
Dear lady look far out and see,  
How dark the waves twixt home and thee.

"Excuse me George, my own sweet love,  
I wish to see the lights above."  
Then flew she to the vessels side,  
There standeth gazing; heavens sweet bride.

She turns to scan Ontario's shore,  
Sayest thou sweet Angel, *never* more,  
Lo! She leans too far to lee,  
My God she's floating on the sea.

Thus screamed poor George, while all on board  
Shouted: "Let the boats be lowered,"  
Yes, yes, they speed with lightening wing,  
While waters their sad anthems sing.

On board the lone one gasps for breath,  
Strong arms surround and keep from death  
Dead silence reigns, all hope is o'er,  
Geneve sinks to rise no more.

The boats return. The tears fall fast,  
The bride hath reached her home at last.  
Ontario rolls just as before,  
The moonlight streaks the heavenly shore

Roll on, oh sea, thou hast thy way,  
But comes there yet the judgment day,  
For in the Bible sure tis said,  
The seas shall yield their sainted dead.

But lo! Toronto's lights are seen,  
All eyes are strained to catch each gleam,  
How glad our hearts to strike the shore,  
And reach our sacred homes once more.

The daylight dawns. Oh sun arise,  
And robe anew the vaulted skies;  
Oh God, our thanks, our hearts receive,  
We wake to find poor lost Geneve.

'Twas but a dream, how glad to find,  
Our God so loving, good and kind,  
Jesesus his children will not leave,  
Farewell, not lost, but saved Geneve.

If dreams were true we oft would stand,  
On giddy heights in starry land,  
Or sink beneath some mountain wave,  
Or find some dark and lonley grave.

What joy to wake and catch a gleam,  
Of sun-lit clouds beyond a dream,  
What joy to wake as daylight weaves  
Her silken threads among the leaves.

What joy to brush the tears aside,  
And find at home our own sweet bride;  
Like George, sometime may all receive,  
And waking find your own Geneve.

---

But pass we now to cities grand,  
That blaze upon Ontario's land,  
Then down St. Lawrence we will go,  
And sing of triumphs long ago.

But ere we start, we'll stop to see,  
How happy he who hunts can be,  
How rover too, the game admires.  
While sporting round the old camp fires.

How Juliett with joyous pride,  
Became the loving hunters bride;  
How blazing suns that never set,  
Kiss the sweet face of Juliett.

How rocky cliffs and mountains wild  
Rejoice to talk with natures child;  
How woodland grove and angel wing,  
To honest John sweet blessings bring.

How he who guides the sparrows fall,  
Sublimely watches over all,  
How he who counts the flight of years,  
Embalms our life, dries up all tears.

How sweet to rise at early dawn,  
When all the world is still,  
While dews are on the golden lawn,  
The forests and the hill.

To bid the shop and store farewell,  
And up the river speed,  
To hunt the game we love so well,  
And study Nature's creed.

So off we went at break of day,  
Dear Juliette and I;  
The only lady, I must say,  
That ever took my eye.

Old Rover too, we took along,  
So full of pranks and tricks;  
And hook and line, so good and strong,  
To angle in the creeks.

Our swift canoe we soon untied,  
And swinging out from shore,  
Upon the far-off hills we spied  
The grandeur Nature wore.

Our cheeks were flushed: how swift we flew  
With silent stroke and sure.  
The story of our hearts we knew,  
Sublimely sweet and pure.

And soon we tied our bright canoe  
Among the leafy bowers,  
While overhead the rolling blue  
But cheered the fleeting hours.

Old Rover and I struck out for game;  
The lady's health we wished,  
And, full of smiles, the fair young dame,  
Was left to muse and fish.

We hurried on with bounding heart,  
Loaded down with cartridge.  
While in the trees the birds would start,  
I filled my sack with partridge.

Then for the boat we soon struck out,  
My Juliette to find,  
She caught a string of speckled trout,  
So pleasing to her mind.

A fire we built: the flames rolled high,  
That golden autumn day,  
Toward heaven we turned our longing eye,  
As we knelt down to pray.

The table spread upon the green,  
Our gaze was in the fire;  
No cloud upon the heavens was seen,  
We saw our hearts' desire.

"Dear Juliette," I quickly said,  
"Why gaze you in the fire?"  
"That I may read which way I'm led,  
Dear John, thy hearts' desire."



"Oh Juliette, come thou to me,  
And place your hand in mine,  
Together I in gladness see,  
We'll spend the march of time."

"Take it, dear John, such as it is,  
I've caught a splendid trout.  
Let the world roll on, the seasons whiz,  
I could not live without."

I grasp both hands with pride,  
The sun in glory shone:  
I've caught a partridge and a bride,  
And did it all alone.

Old Rover turned a somersault  
Upon the velvet green:  
The sun rolled down the western vault,  
Such feasting none had seen.

The leafy forest danced with joy,  
The birds sweet anthems sang,  
Such bliss no time can e'er destroy,  
The cliffs with gladness rang.

The supper o'er, we haste again,  
Our bright canoe to launch,  
And down the river we begin  
To wave the olive branch.

The twilight flushed o'er all the sky,  
The wavelets blent together,  
Bright angels, songsters from on high,  
But bound our hearts forever,

Thus slowly down the stream we glide,  
Dear Juliette and I,  
The far-off mountains look with pride  
Into her beaming eye.

The planets blazed with steadfast light,  
Upon our homeward march,  
And systems wheeled with rapid light,  
Through all the starry arch.

Thus may it be through all our years  
Of pilgrimage below,  
Grand hallelujahs through the spheres,  
While down Time's stream we go.

Then let us strive like chosen sons,  
To hear the Saviour's call,—  
Come unto Me, ye blessed ones,  
Dear Juliette and all.

## HAMILTON.

At Hamilton a pilgrim stands,  
With locks as white as snow,  
No human tongue can tell his plans,  
How long he's dwelt below.

A golden rod is in his hand;  
A mantle forms his robe;  
His name is written in the sand;  
The cliffs are his abode.

His high top-boots are neat and trim  
His hat is somewhat worn.  
His words are kind; his trust in Him  
Who lights the golden morn.

Whate'er his name, whate'er his age,  
He speaks of days gone by;  
And notes on Time's eventful page  
The changes as they fly.

Continued in volume ii.

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## TORONTO.

Toronto, thou hast struggled long,  
With might and main and cheering song,  
To win a place of power and trust,  
Which would not crumble into dust.

To build a city which would shine  
With noble deeds through coming time.  
Thou hast succeeded; who can tell  
The myriad battles, fought so well.

By slumbering heroes now at rest,  
While golden suns roll down the west,  
And morning light streams o'er the flowers  
Where sleep the dust that once was ours.

Ah! who can tell how these have toiled?  
With name no earthly thing hath soiled,  
With brawny arm, and press and pen,  
And battle shout, brave-hearted men,

We picture all the days of yore,  
By the lights they left along the shore.  
These tell of stately steppings, where  
The victory's been, and who was there.

Of hearts that beat with national pride,  
On what field they fought, on which side  
They fell, by what eventual chain  
They built Toronto on the main.

Continued in volume ii.

Here we see the City of old,  
The streets just ready to unfold,  
The grand old trees, the wigwams too,  
And overhead the opening blue,  
The axeman strikes, the woods come down,  
And thus begins the slumbering town.

Crashing, crashing! the wild woods fall;  
In comes the sun to gladden all;  
Westward the wigwam takes its flight;  
The rainbow dips her wings in light;  
No more the forest hides the sun,  
The magic city is begun.

And now Toronto grandly shines,  
With Railroads blessed, and Street Car lines.  
With School and College, Pen and Press,  
With Parks whose monuments caress.  
The public walks where lovers meet,  
In shady bowers and sweet retreat.

Continued in volume ii.

Fair City in the bright beyond,  
With starry sky and magic wand,  
Thy streets enlarged, thy sails outspread,  
And we asleep beside the dead,  
What multitudes will crowd these shores:  
Who'll run the Shops? Who'll run the Stores?

What monster buildings crowd the Don,  
With gleaming spires and turrets on?  
What master hand on time engrave,  
The march of thought among the brave?  
Ah! who'll direct the wheels that whize?  
And who'll control the marts of Biz?

Dream not of silence when we're gone.  
A population tenfold strong  
Will crowd these shores and vigils keep,  
While present populations sleep,  
Mightier pens, a grander press,  
Shall fight the battles, seas caress.

Fair city of to-day, we hail  
Thy Sabbaths, and embalm the gale  
Of Christian thought, so grand, complete,  
In which the Christian forces meet;  
Thy mighty scholars, orb'd intense,  
Whose monuments we here commence.

Fair city of to-morrow, build!  
Be thou with Christian heroes filled.  
Vast thy boundaries, dome and spire,  
Radiant with light, flashing fire,  
A continent for Jesus crowned,  
Resplendent, Gospel truth unbound.

Fair city of to-day, farewell,  
We hear thy chim of Sabbath bell,  
The thunder of thy press for right,  
Warriors, heroes and men of might,  
Ready to fall beneath the sod,  
Or bring the continent to God.

Such is Toronto on one side.  
The other let the darkness hide,  
Or bring it to the light of day.  
On whiskey rings let fountains play,  
For earth hath lost its green and power,  
Without the sun and genial shower.

Fair city of to-morrow, stand,  
However broad, however grand,  
Imparadised with truth and love,  
Replete with blessings from above.  
In all thy splendour sound the notes  
O'er every sea where vessel floats,  
Of Christian triumph, wild and free,  
Just like the heaven that is to be.

Fair city of to-day, thou queen,  
Throbbing with latent powers unseen,  
Thine Anvils, Forges, Factories ring,  
Wheels revolve, and thy shuttles sing,  
Courageous men and women fair,  
Conquer all storms, embalm the air.

Such is Toronto— brave, immense.  
In good substantial common sense,  
With healthful growth and farms all round  
Productive, healthful, classic, sound,  
Beautiful in flower, shrub and tree,—  
A thousand times success to thee.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

## LITTLE MAYBELL.

The morning dawned with its trembling light,  
Upon Toronto's sea,  
And musical birds, like Angels bright,  
Hallowed the shore for me.

I wandered long, and the time flew fast,  
Great ships went dancing by,  
The full-orbed Sun in glory at last  
Stood in the central Sky.

While I mused 'neath the arch of its blaze,  
I heard the school-bell chime;  
I stood in the light of other days,  
When childhood's ways were mine.

I turned, and lo! on the slope near by,  
Shadowed by grand old trees,  
Was Toronto's school-house rising high,  
And childhood in the breeze.

And right in their midst I soon made way,  
Little Maybell to find;  
For they said she was sweet as the May,  
And always good and kind.

At noon she goes to the belfry high  
To hear the birdies sing;  
To paint the clouds that are dancing by,  
And catch the breeze of spring.

Yes, and there I found that angel child,  
Her dinner by her side,  
Watching the clouds that rolled and piled  
Above Ontario's tide.

The dainty dinner was wrapped so neat,  
It charmed my very touch,  
As I urged that she would try to eat  
Her fairy little lunch.

I tried to hand it to little Maybell,  
Thinking that she would take,  
But out of my hand the package fell  
With an uncommon weight.

I picked it up and untied the string,  
Heard little Maybell's moan,  
The rustle and sweep of an angel wing.  
My God 'twas but a stone!

"Oh, explain, my child, the meaning, please,  
Have you no food at home?"  
"My father was lost on billowy seas  
Mother and I are alone."

Then little Maybell pushed back the curls ;  
Her tears fell on the floor ;  
"Oh, I did not want the other girls  
To know we were so poor."

"You shall not want any more," I said ;  
"Come from this belfry blessed,  
And you shall paint the skies overhead,  
I'll give you food and rest.

"Poor child; no more on the Ocean wide,  
Thy father's pathway lies,  
Ah; how strangely o'er Time's sea we glide;  
Fortunes change, love ne'er dies.

"See, this well filled purse a palace brings,  
'Tis all for you and mother;  
And beyond these shores the King of kings  
Shall feed thy little brother."

In the belfry high I stand once more,  
Just where the dinner fell;  
But the happiest child on Toronto's shore  
Is my little Maybell.

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## WE ARE BUILDERS ALL.

We are builders all, on these shores of time,  
Building for evil, or building sublime,  
Building in sorrow, or building in joy,  
Building is ever the world's chief employ ;  
But, build as we will, or build as we may,  
We're building by night or building by day.

Let us build as we go, towers of light,  
Which blaze in the day, and blaze in the night,  
That the world may know, by the lights that  
gleam,  
Of the beautiful heaven where Christ is seen,  
Of musical chimes that ever shall roll  
In the city of God, the home of the soul.

We are builders all, on these shores of time,  
Let us build for the future, and build sublime.  
Though storms may sweep o'er the heavens in  
wrath,  
And hide for a season, our shining path,  
Like the martyrs let's build, though drenched  
in blood,  
And mount sublime o'er the roar of the flood.

Let the thunders roar while the lightnings  
play  
In the gloom of the tempests round our way.  
Though darkness shall come, and the night  
be black,

There's a light along the meteor's track ;  
The stars shall blaze where the tempest hath  
    riven  
The clouds that shadow the beautiful heaven.

Yes, though weak be the heart, and feeble the  
    hands,  
Let's encircle the earth with roseate bands,  
Whose perfume shall rise o'er these storm  
    rocked shores,                   [doors ;  
Assuaging the tempest that knocks at our  
No heart will break, no tempest can last,  
So build I this song to the beautiful past.

Let's build as we go, sweet temples of love,  
To Him who directeth the planets above ;  
Yes, build in the tempest and build when  
    tis o'er !

Build sweetly and grandly, build evermore !  
The God of the sun-light directeth our ways,  
And painteth the heaven where the sun plays

Oh grand upbuilding, let it spread and rise  
'Till stricken hearts leap far into the skies,  
Till sorrow and pain shall be rocked to rest  
On the star-lit page of the Gospel's breast ;  
For the God of the twilight, the forest and  
    wave

Will water the flowers on the builder's grave.

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