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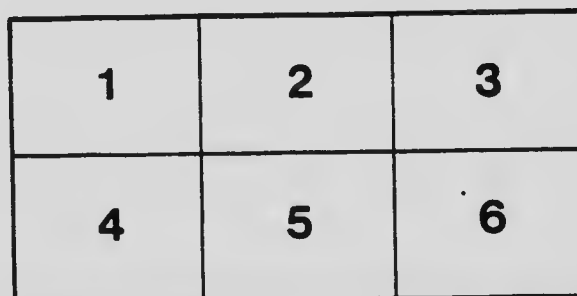
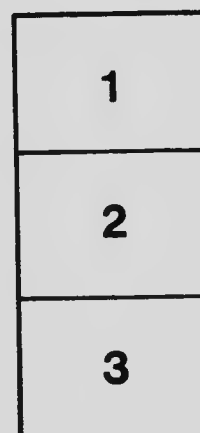
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# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

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RHYMES  
— from —  
THE SHADOWS

ERIC SOUTHWELL

1914

## SHADOW LAND

Shadows at even silently come,  
Stealthily creeping, soothing to rest  
Hearts that are weary, longing for home,  
Waiting life's setting sun in the West.

Morning was youth and climbing was sweet,  
Never a backward glance o'er the way,  
Sun-glate at noontide—labor replete,  
Life on the hill-top comes not to stay.

Never a shadow but light is there,  
Never a cloud but the sun shines through,  
Back though the skies be heavy with care,  
Faith sees the rainbow—'t promise anew.

Shadows at even—night will not wait  
Mothering breezes a lullaby sing  
Guide us, Oh Father, through the home gate  
Into the shelter, under Thy Wing.

## WHAT IS A POET?

A Tree, that from cold winter's sleep awakes,  
Adorned in pink tipped resurrection gown,  
Spring breezes showering petals o'er its face,  
As happy little raindrops hurry down,  
Herm-loving, nesting song-birds, there a-twitter,  
So busy are they; time, they must not fritter.

A Path, that leads to almost anywhere,  
As through a leafy lane it twists and winds;  
Flanked with green liveried trees that seek the sky;  
Moss-covered stepping stones o'er brooklet finds,  
In open spaces flowers smile here and there,  
All nature soothes, as does an evening prayer.

A Man, with heavy head, a placid brow,  
And eyes that lovingly tell forth the tale  
Of weary journeyings, and longed for rest  
In that near meeting-place, across the vale,  
Forgotten is the past: 't's only Heaven  
That matters now, forgiving and forgiven.

A Mother, bending o'er her first-born child,  
Who, for that life, stepped almost to the grave,  
The Kingly Man, who left His Father's throne,  
The Christ of Love, Who died the world to save,  
A page of paper, poor and mean, maybe,  
But words are written, fit for God to see.

## THE HILL OF LIFE

Together, long ago, we started forth,  
 To climb the Hill of Life, with dancing feet,  
 And starry eyes uplifted, carelessly,  
 We trod the spring time flowers and blossoms sweet.

Then o'er the foothill slopes, our vision turns,  
 (Perchance a smoother path we might have found),  
 Roses with thorns bend under summer showers,  
 As golden lily bells ring mystic sound.

Still higher, tempest tossed, stumbling we climb;  
 The shadows lengthen, steeper is the way,  
 As storm clouds scatter, Hope's fulfilment see;  
 Here find the fruitage of our Autumn day.

With shorter, slower step, hand clasped in hand,  
 We backward gaze, if only we might speak  
 To dear ones following: "Onward, upward look,  
 Fear not, trust in thy guide, thy way to keep."

We hear familiar voices, whisperings,  
 Like far-off yesterdays, "Their winter's near,  
 The summit almost reached, their rest is won,  
 For us 'tis Spring, and youth knows naught of fear."

'Tis winter, yes, Life's sun sets o'er the Hill,  
 Wrapp'd in the mantle of God's love, we wait,  
 And pray that He will gently guide us, though  
 To His eternal Spring, when opes the gate.

## TO CANADA

From Nova Scotia's storied sea-girt strand—  
 To far Pacific's wash on golden sand,  
 O'er mountains high, through verdant valley fields  
 Where food, in rich abundance, harvests yield  
 We love thee Canada.

Land where our fathers broke thy virgin soil,  
 Primeval forests hewed,—lives gave in toil,  
 Proudly of thee we sing, land of our birth,  
 Roam where we will no dearer place on earth  
 Than thee fair Canada.

Autumnal glories blaze, ere cold winds blow  
 When weary nature sleeps beneath the snow:  
 'Till Spring awakes it, joyous harmony  
 Prelude of Summer's perfect days to be,  
 Oh glorious Canada.

Fabulous wealth is thine, riches untold  
From prairies vast, from lakes, from mining hold.  
Thou lap of heavenly blessings showered down,  
Thou gem of hope in Britain's gleaming crown,  
Her pride—our Canada.

Though young thou art, e'en youth may mourn and dread  
War's pagan sacrifice, thy gallant dead.  
May peace her banner ever o'er thee sway,  
With loyal hearts "God save our King" we pray  
And "God bless Canada."

### THE PATH OF FAITH

I walked with God through passing hours,  
Life's earthly day was at the dawn;  
Easy the path and straight the way  
He gently led me on.  
No thought of harm or fear had I  
Unconsciously, I knew Him nigh.

Enmeshed in busy, rushing whirl,  
No time for pause at life's noontide;  
Forgotten is my walk of youth,  
Forgotten is my Guide.  
Then in my pride I wandered far,  
And reached the place where sorrows are.

The shadows of the evening, creep  
Around my wearing house of clay;  
And in my waking thoughts and sleep,  
Come dreams of yesterday.  
When on faith's path I walked with joy,  
In perfect trust, though but a boy.

"My lonely steps I will retrace,  
I'll find where wrongly I have trod."  
In eager haste I started forth,  
And then—I met with God.  
For when I turned His way to see,  
I found that God was seeking me.



## FAITH OF OUR MOTHERS

Faith of our Mothers! Childhood's faith,  
 For it as we knelt at Mother's knee,  
 Laying a prayer to the children's Friend,  
 He who said, "Let them come unto Me,"  
 Asking the Heavenly Father's care;  
 Seeing her dear face bending there.

Faith of our Mothers! Youthful faith,  
 Learning to walk His rugged way;  
 Many temptations beset our path;  
 Holding her hand, our feet to stay,  
 Low is her voice: "Be not afraid,  
 God is thy Guide, trust Him for aid."

Faith of our Mothers! Manhood's faith,  
 Leading again our wandering feet  
 Into the paths of righteousness,  
 Strengthened by memory's joy, replete,  
 Treading the way our Mothers trod,  
 Bringing us daily nearer God.

Faith of our Mothers! Faith that lives,  
 Through aging years and stormy days;  
 'Till soon within the pearly gates,  
 We join with her in hymns of praise,  
 Fulfillment of the joys to be,  
 Once taught in faith at Mother's knee.

## THE SUNSET GATES

Oh, think of it! To see the sunset gates  
 Foreshadowing Heaven, like the breath of Spring  
     Presages Summer flowers,  
 Or furrows of the vaporous plough-share'd fields,  
 And harrowed stretches after winter's rest,  
     Foretell rich Autumnal dowers.

Oh, think of it! The wonders of the sky  
 In irridiscent colors, chiming forth  
     The glory that awaits,  
 To human heart hath never been revealed  
 What God, in love, hath, for all those who pass  
     Beyond the sunset gates.

A BEAUTIFUL GARDEN

I know of a beautiful garden,  
 A way in the cool of the day,  
 Birds warbled, their sweet notes swelling,  
 As though it were morn on the way,  
 Ladies all, bow their heads in worship,  
 Kneeling pass on their evening prayer say.  
 God walked in a beautiful garden,  
 Soft breezes came, whispering low,  
 Bringing with them bright tear-dew-drops  
 From Heaven tinted petals, and  
 Girdling gently, the flowers, staid to listen  
 To the deep of His tale down the row,  
 I will make me a beautiful garden,  
 I'll have flowers and grass, and a tree,  
 That will lead me up to Heaven,  
 And beckon my Lord down to me,  
 I will walk in my beautiful garden,  
 And talk to my flowers and to me.

THE GARDEN OF GOD'S WORD

I know of a wonderful garden,  
 Its gates with a touch open wide,  
 A warm, loving welcome awaits for  
 All pilgrims, who once step inside,  
 With joy down its paths they may wander,  
 Its Owner their footsteps will guide,  
 Shy roses of Sharon, pure lilies,  
 Fragrance of rare bloom, fills the air,  
 Melodious chorus of song-birds,  
 What music can with it compare?  
 —Ah, yes, once the stars sang together—  
 Here, even the sparrows have care,  
 Rich treasure the Lord of the garden  
 Shares gladly with all who obey,  
 "Ask and have, Seek and find," His sign reads,  
 None ever went empty away,  
 A mansion for each He has promised,  
 To rest in, at close of the day,  
 Sometimes, o'er the vale, from the hill-top,  
 Angel voices, faintly, are heard,  
 Eyes unveiled, behold Heaven's city,  
 Golden streets are seen, not inferred;  
 Death's river is only a brook here,  
 Oh, wonderful garden, God's Word

## ACROSS THE TIDE.

As they of earth, we count not time,  
 Nor seasons' changes on the wing,  
 One day is as a thousand years,  
 Devoid of tears, of haunting fears,  
 A land of everlasting spring,  
 Where little breezes laugh and sing,  
 And radiant flowers their fragrance fling.

As they of earth, we count not space,  
 Once we have crossed death's river wide,  
 Immortal life no distance knows,  
 God's love unbounded ever flows,  
 From Heaven to earth He spans the tide,  
 Sure as His word what e'er betide,  
 United still—naught can divide.

## SUDDENLY

We did not know that he was faring forth  
 To worlds unknown. Was it but yesterday?  
     So long ago it seems!  
 He did not say the call had come,  
 His Father's voice, "I want you home,"  
 Had reached him in his dreams.

The journey was so short, just a few steps  
 And he was there; we almost called across  
     The river's winding way.  
 But he was facing toward the hills,  
 Where Heaven's dawn the heart-beat stills,  
 Waiting the coming day.

We wander up and down the garden paths,  
 And wonder if the flowers know he has gone.  
     Will they miss him and weep?  
 Or do they know that over there  
 With loving smile and tender care,  
 God's garden he will keep?

## TELEPATHY

Rare kindred spirits, friends on earth that dwell,  
And dear ones, gone before, whom I love well;  
I feel thee near, though runs the river wide  
'Twixt thee and me, or earthly miles divide.  
Sometimes, from out the past, a voice I hear,  
Again, o'er ocean's tide, a friend is near,  
For there's a world where friends each other greet,  
Though hands may never clasp, nor eyes may meet.  
On waves of thought we travel near or far,  
By day or night, no gates are there to bar,  
For angels guard the way; I do not know  
Just how; I only know that it is so.  
If friends, with all earth's limitations, prove  
Their never-ceasing, understanding love;  
We cannot doubt the Word of Love, divine,  
"My Presence shall go with thee. Peace is thine."  
The path I do not know, nor way may view,  
But this I know, His promises are true.

## THAT CHRISTMAS DAY

The Baby Christ of kingly birth,  
A little stranger came,  
To children dwelling on the earth,  
A love-gift in God's name.  
So Christmas stands for love alone,  
And children claim that day their own.  
In wisdom's ways the Christ-child grew,  
The meaning of God's love,  
To listening ears He taught anew,  
Glad message from above.  
That eager youth may know for them  
Was born the Babe of Bethlehem.  
Through Galilean lanes He leads  
His enemies and friends,  
The sick He heals, the hungry feeds,  
The sinner's life amends.  
This Christmas Babe, this stranger King,  
To Bethlehem came, that all may sing.  
Soon, one day to the border land,  
—The path we know is steep,—  
We come, but One will hold the hand,  
In perfect peace will keep.  
From Bethlehem He went all the way:  
For that He came, that Christmas Day.

## OH, BABY CHRIST

Oh, Baby Christ, what did you hear  
 That Christmas morn so long ago;  
 Was it the angels' song of peace,  
 Or Mother's voice, tender and low,  
 Or was it whispers on the wind  
 Of what you bring to all mankind?

Oh, Baby Christ, what did you see  
 That Christmas morn so long ago;  
 Was it the shepherds on their knees,  
 Or travelled wise men's gold aglow,  
 Was it stalled cattle, meek and still,  
 Or tree upon a lonely hill?

Oh, Baby Christ, why did you leave  
 That princely throne, so long ago,  
 In land of many mansions bright,  
 To visit this cold world of woe;  
 Was it that you the way may show,  
 That we from here to there may go?

Oh, Baby Christ, was it to save  
 A world, you came so long ago;  
 To bring God's peace to all on earth  
 That we the heavenly joy may know?  
 Shepherds and kings, angels proclaim,  
 Thou Son of God, for love you came.

## UNTIL CHRISTMAS

Now winter's here, since first the snow  
 Fell soft and still upon dead flowers;  
 I thought old Santa Claus might come,  
 And walk straight down this street of ours.

And maybe wait a teeny while  
 At every little cottage door  
 To listen; so that he can count  
 How many feet run 'cross the floor.

Did says he hopes the dear old Saint  
 Will find out before Christmas Day,  
 That there's another mouth to feed;  
 She's number eight, our Baby May.

But Mother knows that Santa Claus  
 Just loves a house where there's a lot  
 Of children, and where money's scarce.  
 She says he never us forgot.

And now we play and do not scrap;  
Santa might be outside and hear.  
Of course, the baby sometimes cries,  
But that will let him know she's here.

When talk of Santa Claus is done  
And Christmas stockings—I'll be glad!  
I get so tired of acting good;  
'Twill make me feel good, to be bad.

OCTOBER IN CRESSMAN'S BUSH

We rave of scenes across Atlantic's foam,  
Thrill where Pacific's waters, far from home,  
Lave feet of giant trees with rhythmic flow,  
But of the stately loveliness, the glow  
Of Autumn's coloring, the solemn hush,  
Not half its glories tell, can pen or brush,  
Of Cressman's Bush.

The Temple of the Living God is here,  
Down stilly aisles, o'er painted leaf and sere,  
We tread with quiet step and bated breath,  
And sense how tranquil nature, smiles at death.  
Straight, lofty, gray, old trees, like sentinels stand,  
Their sun-flecked crowns as one, on either hand,  
A reverent band.

Sweet Anthems, strong winds sing among the trees,  
With low "Amen," responds each little breeze,  
Harsh sound of squirrels bass notes tends to drown  
The Psalm the frost-kissed leave chant, fluttering down,  
Then as the sunbeams from the west invade,  
Cathedral windows light the cloister shade,  
And shadows fade.

One step across the trail, on up the hill,  
Asleep, awake, I see that vision still,  
Below, the Conestoga winds its way,  
Beyond, rise tier on tier, red maples gay.  
Oh wondrous sight, well may we be forgiven,  
For thinking this,—For this we long have striven,—  
A bit of Heaven.

## THE TREES' "GOOD-NIGHT"

While trees were holding conference last night,  
 Round, seeded heads of summer flowers are still,  
 Wee woodsy people, listen, out of sight,  
 And softly hums the ever-hurrying rill.  
 In solemn weary tones they whisper low,  
 Preparing for their winter's night of rest,  
 Disrobing from their latest gowns, although  
 No warm, life-giving, sunny rays caressed.  
 Green dresses they had worn through summer days,  
 Have changed to russet browns, to gold, and red,  
 Now round their feet, in symphony of praise,  
 And glint of stars, make cover o'er the dead.  
 But nakedness was never shame of trees,  
 In grand sublimity they stand, undressed;  
 Faint echoes come with every passing breeze;  
 Pure souls in holy places end their quest.  
 "Resolved," the trees are whispering, pointing high,  
 "On pathway straight from earth to Heaven we'll keep."  
 Then God, in soft white blanket from the sky,  
 With tender hands their forms infold,—they sleep.

## TREES IN WINTER

I love the winter trees,  
 Undraped, nobly they stand,  
 Their naked bodies straight and tall,  
 Fashioned at God's command.  
 In solemn, graceful curves, sublime,  
 Their branches sway in winter time.  
 So tranquilly they sleep  
 Through winter's night of rest,  
 Unconsciously their strength renew  
 From earth's warm mother breast,  
 While winds, born in far distant clime,  
 Croon lullabys in whistling chime.  
 So friendly are the trees  
 When winter's storms abound,  
 A wall of strength, protecting, safe,  
 By forest creatures found.  
 Heaven-pointing, fingered forms, they seem,  
 God-patterned lace, 'gainst sunset gleam.  
 I love the winter trees,  
 But when I see them dressed,  
 In glistening, silvery, snowy robes,  
 Oh, then I love them best.  
 In stately majesty they bow,  
 Such grace, even kings might envy now.

## THE WEARY PILGRIM

On up the hill the weary pilgrim trod;  
Twilight of length'ning years, with silent pace  
Comes creeping, creeping; e'er the friendly sod,  
With yearning arms, infolds in last embrace.  
Dead outer garments earth will claim alone;  
God claims the weary pilgrim as His own.

A little higher climb the tired feet.  
Above the gloom shines rainbow tinted light;  
Soon will the long day's journey be complete:  
To eyes once dim, now glorious is the sight.  
In shadowed vale a crystal river glides;  
Across, angelic hosts each pilgrim guides.

'Tis not the glories of the setting sun  
Seen o'er the stream—called Death by mortals here;  
But 'tis the dawn, the new day has begun!  
The day of life, no darkness, no more fear!  
There Christ the Door will Heaven's glories show  
To pilgrims who have walked with Him below.

## THE CITY OF GOD

I know of a City, a beautiful City,  
The wonderful City of God.  
Walls, jewelled, enfold clear pavements of gold,  
Where prophets and martyrs have trod.  
Three gates on each side  
Of pearl, open wide  
To the four-square City of God.

Bright angels are singing, and joy bells are ringing,  
As pilgrims are gathering home,  
The weary and sad, the youthful and glad,  
Through shadows at even they roam.  
Not far from each gate,  
Friends eagerly wait,  
To welcome worn travellers home.

Unspeakable story, ineffable glory,  
Prepared for all those who love God,  
Earth's gain is but loss. The way is the Cross,  
A ladder Divine linked with sod.  
Oh! who would not climb  
One step at a time,  
To enter the City of God?



## THE OLD CHURCH! ADORNED

We entered into the beloved place,  
And music low and sweet was pealing forth.  
As though the organ's voice, for a brief space  
Of time, was linked with voices from above.  
But when our eyes, eased from the out-door light,  
Became accustomed to the beauteous shades  
Of softly blended coloring, then sight  
And sound were one, as we know God and Love.

The organ tones had ceased, I knew not when.  
The Church was empty, save one here, one there,  
Enjoying rest from task well done, and then  
In happiness my eyes o'erflowed with tears.  
Two pictures of the Christ came into view  
—To left, to right. Yes, upward we must look  
If we our Lord would see, and take anew  
The love He gives to us adown the years.

For He was knocking, knocking at the door,  
"Is no one there? Perhaps they do not hear!"  
And still He knocks, as He has knocked before.  
The King is He, not always will He wait.  
And the Good Shepherd carries in His arms  
The little lamb,—so safe our children are—  
The mother at His side, free from alarms,  
Until His fold they reach, through shining gate.

On every Sabbath from the pulpit high,  
The solemn Word from reverent lips is preached,  
And each day of t' year, they who draw nigh,  
On walls of stone a sermon may find there.  
And in the still night watches, when e'er sleep  
Is stranger to my eyes, again I see  
The Shepherd of the lost and wayward sheep,  
Knocking at every door, a tryst to share.

## TRIBUTE TO A NURSE

She held my hand; when all earth's cares were leaving,  
An iron grip of pain was all there was  
To let me know, I had no cause for grieving  
The fight was won,—and I had lost.

She held my hand; white robed, clear-eyed, determined,  
Whose fingers feel my wrist, then stronger grip  
That holds me in its strength, lest I might slip  
Away, and be forever gone.

She held my hand; fell sleep that only God can give,  
Then opening eyes to a new world of bliss,  
Freedom from pain, once more desire to live,  
Asking no better world than this.

Some debts we owe, for them earth holds no price,  
A ministering angel in disguise,  
May God protect her where e'er evil lies,  
And hold her hand while entering Paradise,  
When here her work is done.

## TO PRAY

We do not pray enough.  
Is it to pray to kneel and say,  
"Lord keep us safely through this day."

And then,  
To wander idly o'er forbidden ways,  
Forget the need God has for all our days,  
At morn in hurried tones our voices raise,  
And not again?

We do not pray enough.  
Is it to pray to bring our cares  
In murmuring plaint, in sleep-dulled prayers?  
'Tis vain,

If to His voice we listen not, nor share  
In gratitude that Name beyond compare,  
No time to ease a neighbor's load, or bear  
Another's pain.

We do not pray enough.  
Is it to pray to quest, then tend  
To waste the hours He does but lend?  
Nay, Nay.

Petitions bring, and on His Word depend,  
Await His answer as from friend to friend,  
And sweet communion share, life with Him spend,  
That is to pray.

## OUTWARD BOUND

I wonder will it be at noon-tide, when  
The sun glares hot, and every leaf is still,  
The waves a whispering ripple as they ken  
The golden silence, felt from vale and hill.  
Will it be then my boat with muffled oar,  
That journey short will take to realms afar?

Or will it be when waves are tossing high,  
In mortal combat winds make giants bow,  
When lightning's dancing feet cross louded sky,  
And roll of thunder shakes the mountain's brow.  
Will it be then my ship will leave this shore  
To find the port where storms shall be no more?

It may be I'll set sail at even-tide,  
When Heaven's colors glow in rainbow hue,  
When sunset gates of glory open wide,  
Just long enough for my barque to sail through,  
Or it may be at the dim twilight hour,  
Before the dark of night begins to lower.

In purpling radiant coloring, God's brush  
Paints dawn, that wakens earth to life anew,  
Pale disappearing stars in mystic hush,  
Sing to the new-born cloud flecks in the blue.  
Oh then perhaps my ship will glide away,  
With sun-kissed sails into His Perfect Day.

THE NEW YEAR

To-day the King presents—in Love He reigns—  
To every dweller of His vast domains,  
A Year to use and share.  
Take gratefully from His own Gracious Hand,  
The Hands that sun and moon and stars command,  
In trust make it thy care.

The King this New Year lends, but 'tis thine own  
To live as thou dost please, choose thou alone,  
The pathway up or down.  
From dark to dark, when thou hast used thy day,  
He asks from thee what thou dost cast away,  
Then gives thee smile or frown.

And if there be some wayward soul among,  
Who does not know the blessedness of song,  
That ends a day well spent.  
Hear thou the mandate that He strives to teach,  
Rest, work, or pleasure, may not over-reach,  
If thou thy King content.

Then use His gift, make every day worth while,  
Live well thy days, with honor, earn the smile  
That God thy King doth share.  
And when His gift is but a memory,  
Angels will bow and at His feet will lay  
Thy year,—a crown to wear.

