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12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X



## A Hundred Years Ago.

A HUNDRED years ago the birds  
Were singing as they sing now,  
The fields were flecked with flocks, the flowers  
Were springing as they spring now:  
Men toiled as men are toiling now  
And moiled as men are molling now,  
And groped as men are groping now,  
And hoped as men are hoping now,  
And died as men are dying,

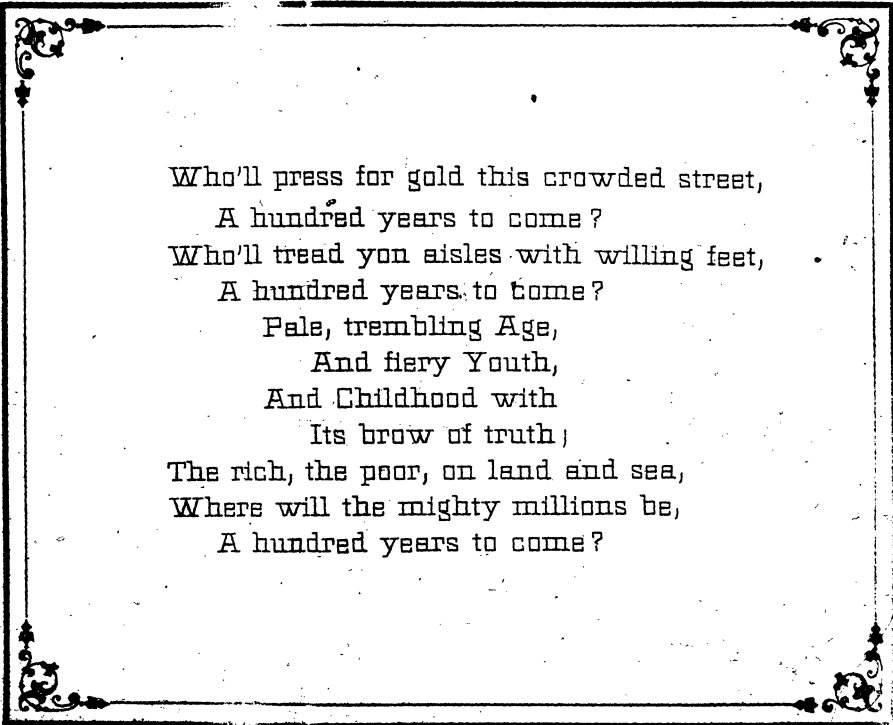
One lived for love and one for gold,  
And dreams of fame beguiled one:  
One was a monarch where he dwelt,  
Another a reviled one:

The moon looked down the tale to hear  
That still deceives the maiden's ear,  
And slander wove its web of slime  
Round many a heart in that old time; —  
    Ah, how the years are flying,

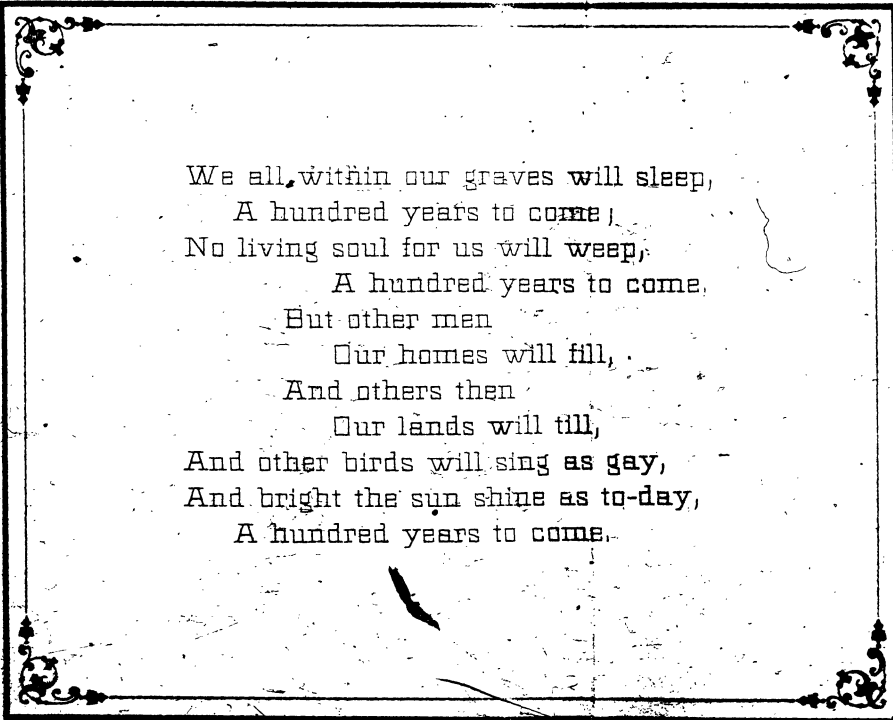
A hundred years ago! the graves  
    That mourners wet with weeping  
The plough hath furrowed; with their dead  
    All those who wept are sleeping;  
Are sleeping as we soon shall sleep,  
No more to laugh, no more to weep,  
No more to hope, no more to fear,  
No more to ask Why are we here  
    A weary and a sighing.

## A Hundred Years to Come.

WHERE, where will be the birds that sing,  
A hundred years to come?  
The flowers that now in beauty spring,  
A hundred years to come?  
The rosy cheek,  
The lofty brow,  
The heart that beats  
So gaily now!  
Where, where will be our hopes and fears,  
Joy's pleasant smiles and Sorrow's tears,  
A hundred years to come?



Who'll press for gold this crowded street,  
A hundred years to come ?  
Who'll tread yon aisles with willing feet,  
A hundred years to come ?  
Pale, trembling Age,  
And fiery Youth,  
And Childhood with  
Its brow of truth ;  
The rich, the poor, on land and sea,  
Where will the mighty millions be,  
A hundred years to come ?



We all, within our graves will sleep,  
A hundred years to come,  
No living soul for us will weep,  
A hundred years to come.  
But other men  
Our homes will fill,  
And others then  
Our lands will till,  
And other birds will sing as gay,  
And bright the sun shine as to-day,  
A hundred years to come.

## The River.

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BY cliffs grown gray, as men grow gray,  
With weariness and sorrow,  
Awhile I pause, and then away,  
And in the wild and restless Bay  
I lose myself to-morrow,

I turn the wheels of many mills,  
By many islands dally;  
I gossip with the daffodils,  
And to my bosom take the rills  
That from the woodlands sally.



I love the songs that childhood sings —  
Its smiles and roguish glances, —  
A picture paint of many things  
That o'er the mind a halo flings  
As onward time advances.

I listen to the tender chime  
Of city bells a-swaying;  
Of dower of youth! Of wealth of time!  
Of pleasant dreams! Of hopes sublime,  
When all the world's a-swaying.

By cliffs grown gray, as men grow gray  
With weariness and sorrow,  
Awhile I pause, and then away,  
Like you who loiter here to-day,  
And lose myself to-morrow.

## Belleisle.

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THE summer sun is all aglow,  
The fields and woods with verdure smile,  
And willows bend and lillies blow  
Beside the blue Belleisle.

The vagrant bees with drowsy hum,  
And birds with song the hours beguile,  
And bells, when home the cattle come,  
Where flows the blue Belleisle.

I stand beneath the elm trees' shade,  
'Mid springing flowers of various dye,  
Where death his dreamless couch hath made,  
And count the graves that round me lie.

The dead! they heed not storm nor sun,  
Affection's tear nor hatred's will,  
Nor how our devious fortunes run  
Beside the blue Belleisle.

Ah, heart no more by passion lost!  
Ah, heart no more to doubt a slave!  
Who, who can count the loved and lost,  
That moulder in the grave.

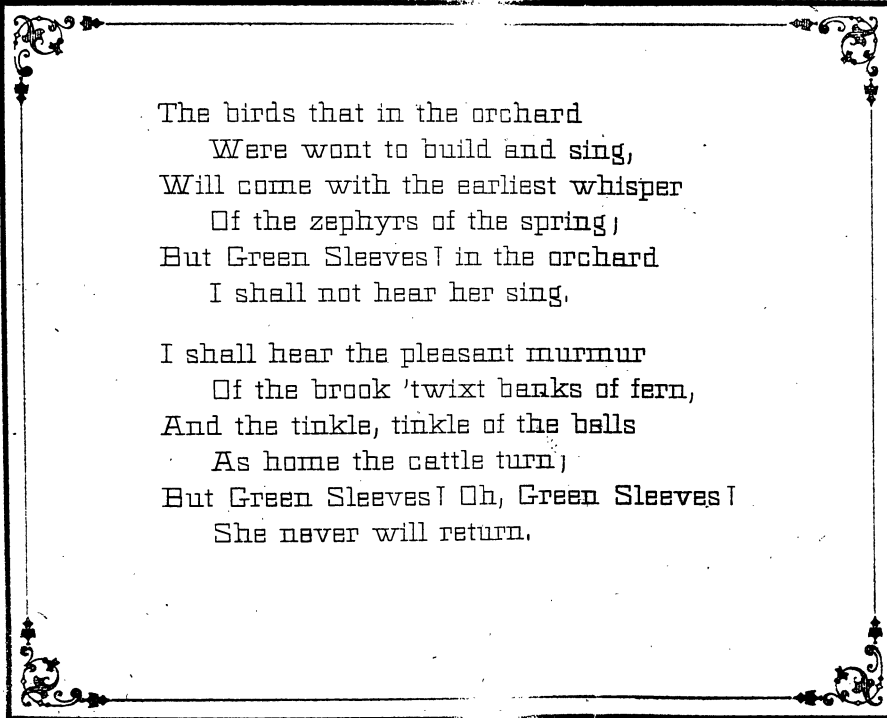
They rest with you, and you with them  
Shall slumber in a little while,  
And pain and woe no more shall know  
Beside the Blue Belleisle.

## Green Sleeves.

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GREEN leaves will come again,  
Green leaves will come again,  
Though the yellow leaves are falling  
And the year is on its wane;  
But Green Sleeves with her tender eyes  
I shall not see again.

I shall see the daisy nodding  
To the breezes as they pass,  
And the violets a-blowing  
Where crispy grows the grass;  
But Green Sleeves I shall see her  
No more, no more, alas.





The birds that in the orchard  
Were wont to build and sing,  
Will come with the earliest whisper  
Of the zephyrs of the spring;  
But Green Sleeves! in the orchard  
I shall not hear her sing.

I shall hear the pleasant murmur  
Of the brook 'twixt banks of fern,  
And the tinkle, tinkle of the bells  
As home the cattle turn;  
But Green Sleeves! Oh, Green Sleeves!  
She never will return.



I shall never know a summer  
Like the summers that are fled ;  
I shall never feel as once I felt  
Since you to me are dead,  
Green Sleeves! Oh Green Sleeves!  
For years my heart has bled,

Green Sleeves! Green Sleeves!  
My life is full of pain,  
And sometimes at a thought of you  
My tears fall down like rain,  
For Green Sleeves! Green Sleeves!  
We shall not meet again.



## My Little Maid of Acadie.

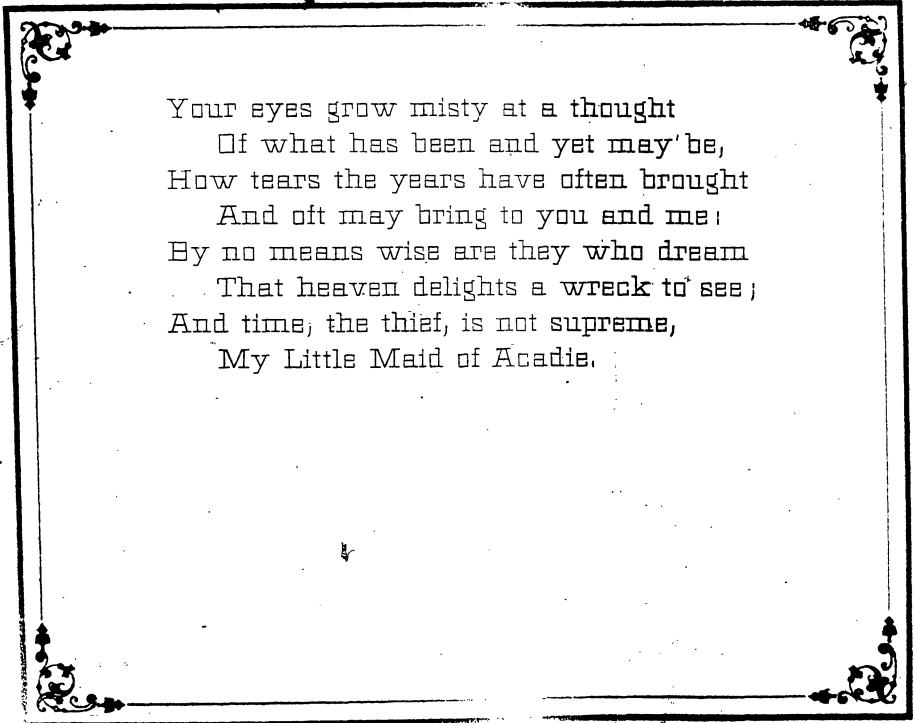
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I KNEW you when your cheeks were fair,  
As any rose that bloomed could be,  
And your soft eyes were deep as were  
The skies that bent o'er you and me;  
How played the June winds in your hair?  
How sought your lips the honey bee?  
How lithe your form, how blithe your air,  
My little Maid of Acadie.

You sung, and on the boughs that bent  
Above our heads the little birds  
Would cease their songs: they seemed intent  
To catch the meaning of your words:  
You Laughed, the very frowns would smile  
To hear a laugh so full of glee:  
'Tis pity they were dumb the while,  
My Little Maid of Acadie.

My Little Maid of Acadie,  
Of all God's worlds the best is this:  
So once you whispered, love, to me,  
When over-flowed your heart with bliss:  
Twas a sweet world through which we went,  
A sweeter I've no wish to see;  
Thank heaven for all the joys its lent  
My Little Maid of Acadie.





Your eyes grow misty at a thought  
Of what has been and yet may be,  
How tears the years have often brought  
And oft may bring to you and me ;  
By no means wise are they who dream  
That heaven delights a wreck to see ;  
And time, the thief, is not supreme,  
My Little Maid of Acadie.

## At Church.

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**D**OWN through the long broad aisle you glide  
With brow demure and drooping eyes —  
For you I'm sure will open wide  
One day the portal of the skies,  
For heaven is shining in your face,  
Its airs are breathing you around —  
Your presence sanctifies the place  
And where you walk is holy ground.

You kneel — the angels stoop to hear  
The words unheard by other ears,  
These worshippers, straight laced, austere,  
Know not the language of the spheres :  
You see, I think, the heavenly throng,  
You feel, I think, the fluttering wings,  
You hear, I think you hear the song  
Of joy the ransomed spirit sings.

But list, your eyes are turned to mine—  
Your thoughts are wandering far away,  
Above you bends the odorous pine  
Below they rake the fragrant hay ;  
You hear the birds sing and the brook,  
Lap filled with ferns and golden rod,  
And with no book but nature's book  
You worship God, alone with God.

## The Lighthouse.

THE lighthouse light gleams o'er the bay,  
Where all the stars reflected lie,  
And 'gainst the shingle, worn and gray  
The flashing ripples softly sigh!  
And every breeze that wanders by  
A story tells of tropic May.

Southward we turn our eyes away;  
The mist enshrouds those pennons white;  
O ships of ours! Oh grand array!  
Swift as an arrow was your flight,  
But for your coming, day and night,  
We vainly watch and vainly pray.

They tell us of a far Cathay

Where summer reigns from year to year,  
Where age by age, as day by day,

Youth's fountain bubbles fresh and clear;

Let us forget: that land is near —

We touch the borders of Cathay.