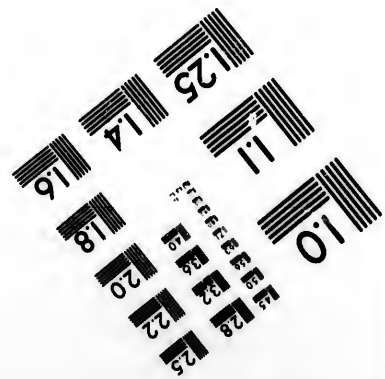
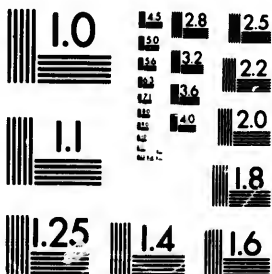


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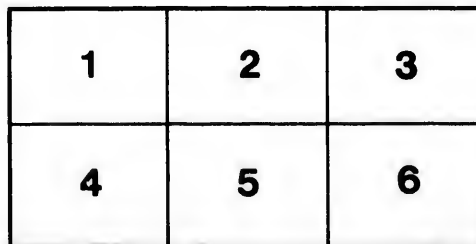
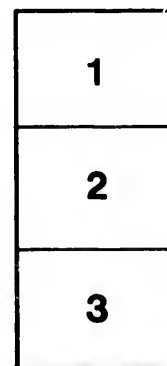
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ADDITIONAL POEMS.

BY

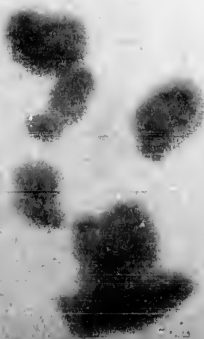
EDWARD HARTLEY DEWART, D.D.

Toronto

1897

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ADDITIONAL POEMS.

BY EDWARD HARTLEY DEWART, D.D.

OUR DEAR DEAD BOY.

IN LOVING MEMORY OF ALBERT ERNEST DEWART, WHO DIED
SUDDENLY ON THE 9TH OF JANUARY, 1877, AGED
5 YEARS, 1 MONTH, AND 12 DAYS.

HE beamed upon our path of life
Like golden star from heaven,
Gilding Earth's dark and toilful strife
With hopes as blessings given ;
A type of all things fair and bright,
Whose love gave rare and sweet delight.

A blossom on the brow of Spring—
A limpid, gladsome stream—
A bird that sang on joyous wing—
A love-sent, sunny beam,
Which Christ-like calmed the waves of care,
And made life beautifully fair.

His love, like blessed sunshine, fell
Upon Earth's wintry gloom ;

And in each bleak and cheerless dell
 Made flowers of hope to bloom.
He knew not that his soft caresses
Had peerless power to cheer and bless us.

But Death has hushed our song-bird's strain—
 The gladsome stream is dry ;
The star that brightened gloom and pain
 Has vanished from our sky ;
The sweetest blossom in Love's bower
Has withered in life's dewy hour !

I left my blue-eyed boy at morn,
 Without a shade of fear
O'er casting heart or brain, to warn
 Of fateful danger near ;
And in a few short hours he lay
A pallid, lifeless form of clay.

I reel beneath the sudden blow—
 And yet, though hope has fled,
My heart cannot believe its woe—
 I cannot think him dead—
Nor that this loving heart of thine
Shall never more respond to mine !

At times I think the struggle o'er ;
 I strive to trust and pray—
Then comes his image back once more—
 I hear his voice at play,
And chide my heart, as if it slept
Upon the sacred watch it kept.

When wailing winds o'er vale and hill
On wings of darkness ride,
It startles with a piercing thrill,
To think our joy and pride,
On whom such wealth of love was shed,
Lies cold and silent with the dead.

I close my eyes in dream-like thought,
And trace with mournful joy
The form and features, ne'er forgot,
Of my sweet angel boy.
That cherished vision still shall be
Dear as a glimpse of heaven to me.

He still is with us, not less dear ;
Our love shall ever shrine
A mystic, loving presence near
His mother's heart and mine :
In spite of Death, through all life's hours
Our darling Albert still is ours.

Around his name sweet memories throng ;
His childish toys bring tears :
And sweeter than a seraph's song
Each hymn he loved appears :
All that recalls our dear, dead boy
Gives sorrow thoughts akin to joy.

Yet, not in vain the gift was given,
Though brief his stay below,
He was a teacher, sent by Heaven
Love's deathless power to show.

Our chastened hearts through loss shall gain
A keener sympathy with pain.

Oh, blissful thought ! thy gentle breast
Shall feel no aching pain ;
No storm can break thy tranquil rest,
No sin thy spirit stain ;
No sigh of grief—no tears shall flow
For ills that darken life below.

Father, forgive our tears of grief !
The stroke is hard to bear ;
No earthly power can give relief,
Or brighten our despair.
Take Thou our trembling hands in Thine ;
Soothe earthly grief with balm divine.

Shed light upon my darksome path,
Breathe hope into my heart ;
And teach me, though it seems like wrath,
How merciful Thou art.
From bitter seeds of grief and gloom
Let flowers of faith and patience bloom.

Teach my faint heart to trust Thy love,
Through Sorrow's darkest night ;
And wait till—in the world above
Where Death can never blight—
Forever safe from grief and pain,
I meet my darling boy again.

TORONTO, *January*, 1877.

THEN AND NOW.

A SUPPLEMENTAL RESPONSE TO LORD TENNYSON'S
"LOCKSLEY HALL SIXTY YEARS AFTER."

THOUGH the poet peer of England, in a sad despondent strain,
Sings of dark and baleful evils which o'ercast the people's reign,
Men of hopeful faith forget not how our century has outgrown
Cruel wrongs and heartless customs that were once on fashion's throne.

Why in every clime and period have the fearful and the old,
Glorified the vanished ages as the Eden age of gold?
Change and progress, larger freedom, which the tide of time
has brought,
Are but signs of blight and ruin, by the rash and reckless wrought.

Forms of life and truth must vary with the spirit of the years;
Fairest blossoms of the springtime wither ere the fruit appears.
Every age moulds thought and action by its free and living mind—
Should we cast away the kernel for the roughness of the rind?

When the hopes of youth are buoyant, and the pulse of life
keeps time
To the glad, inspiring music of love's melodies sublime,
All the world is bathed in brightness ; hope pours balm on
every smart ;
And the bleakest scenes are goldened by the sunshine in
the heart.

When the fires of life burn dimly, and the false and selfish
world
Chills our hopeful trust and courage till the flags of faith are
furled,
Then the world without grows darker ; things which once
seemed good and fair
The despondent spirit colors with the hues of its despair.

Looking backward through the ages of which timid croakers
boast,
They are black with wrongs and falsehoods, that are now a
vanquished host ;
For the "good old times" embosomed brainless follies,
social crimes,
That we would not brook a moment in these kindlier, better
times.

Who that shares the light and freedom, which like blessed
sunlight falls
On the peasant's lowly cottage freely as on lordly halls,
Would go back to times of darkness ere the sun of freedom
rose,
And renounce the wealth of blessing which this latest age
bestows ?

THEN the vast and mystic forces God through nature had
diffused
Were, alike by sage and savage, undiscovered and unused :
Now these powers, like living creatures have been taught by
human skill—
Wear man's yoke and bear his burdens, faithful servants to
hi. will.

Learning then was Fortune's favor, to the poor by fate
denied :
Now the gates of Truth and Knowledge unto all stand open
wide ;
And the poor man's boy, with only honest heart and active
brain,
May evince his native kingship and the highest place attain.

THEN the toiling and the lowly were each petty tyrant's
scorn,
Doomed to stay with dumb submission in the sphere where
they were born :
Now the sons of toil are honored, while their selfish despots
cower ;
For the voice of honest Labor has become a voice of power.

THEN the multitude, unthinking, blindly drank the potion
given ;
Took the words of human teachers as the very words of
Heaven.
Only few with faith and courage Truth herself supremely
prized,
While the slaves of custom worshipped what the past had
canonized.

Now o'er Truth's vast sea exploring, Thought's free pennons
are unfurled ;

'There's a mental resurrection like the springtime of a world.
Creed and teacher must be tested as by fire in fiercest light ;
For the question of the age is, "IS IT TRUE AND IS IT RIGHT?"

Law, so long the rich man's weapon, keeping pelf and power
secure,

Now extends its strong protection to the feeble and the poor.
Lonely souls through other ages wrought and battled in the
van ;

Now the range of deeds heroic spans the brotherhood of man.

THEN, like soulless beasts of burden, men and women bought
with gold

Were by heartless Christian brothers into life-long bondage
sold ;

Now through every clime and country rings the jubilant
decree,

That, in spite of race and color, every human soul is free.

Christless multitudes, unpitied, down to deeper thraldom
swept ;

Left alone in guilt and darkness while the Church supinely
slept ;

Now to every tribe and nation, where God's name was never
named,

Messages of free salvation are with living power proclaimed.

Is it right, because past evils do not thwart our present aims,
to make light of them and cover cruel wrongs with pleasant
names ?

And to slight the fruits of freedom, now to rich and poor
supplied,
Which through all those vaunted ages were unrighteously
denied?

Why bewail the strife and struggles that disturb this restless
time
As the signs of coming chaos, which presage decay and
crime?
All the cherished light and progress that have lifted up the
race
Have been won by throes and conflicts which to better
things gave place.

Picture not as Sons of Anak, every wrong that Truth must
slay;
You can win no crown of triumph dreaming dreams that
breed dismay.
Faithless doubt will crush the courage, that the victor
strength imparts.
We must face life's ills and conflicts with unquailing, hope-
ful hearts.

Brood not over stormy passions surging round some chronic
wrong;
High above the noise of battle Faith may hear the victor's
song.
Toil yields rest, and beauty blossoms from a dark, "un-
sightly root;"
Summer's sourness holds the promise of the Autumn's ruddy
fruit.

In the lives of men and nations, comes no crown of bliss
supreme

To the stolid and slow-hearted who have floated with the
stream.

Hottest fires of painful trial, heavy burdens, fiercest strife,
Lift the struggling spirit higher, nerve and beautify the life.

Men who meekly cringe and pander to advance some cher-
ished cause,

May be counted wise and prudent, win the shallow world's
applause ;

Yet I'd rather brave its hatred, standing lonely in the fight,
And be loyal to my conscience and to what is true and right.

Ignorance, Injustice, Folly, linger still, while myriads wait
Till the valleys are exalted and the crooked paths made
straight.

But the direst ills and follies which becloud the world to-day
Are but shades of darker evils that have almost passed away.

Doubtless Prejudice and Passion may unthinking crowds
unite ;

And the blind may lead the blind while they trample on the
right ;

Bitter feuds of creeds and classes find no cure in human
code ;

In true and Christly brotherhood, men must bear each
other's load.

Rough and steep the path of progress ; slowly earth's oppres-
sions die ;

Yet the world is rising higher as the burdened years go by.
Truth and Righteousness, unconquered, in this warfare shall
prevail;
This the God of Truth has promised, and His Word can
never fail.

TORONTO, *February*, 1888.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF ALFRED,
LORD TENNYSON.

THE brightest star in Britain's sky of fame
Has passed beyond the range of mortal sight;
But on the hearts of men a deathless name
Is graved in characters of golden light.

The Bard whose peerless songs of life and love
Have charmed the ills of hearts by care opprest,
Has "crossed the bar"—is havened safe above,
Where life is love and service joyous rest.

We render thanks, not tears or mournful lays,
For him who with a manly, stainless life,
Filled up the circle of his lengthened days,
And nerved his fellows in their fateful strife.

Beauty and truth unseen by other eyes
His touch unveiled and clothed in living fire;
Nature's unuttered music found a voice
In the sweet tones of his melodious lyre.

The knightly souls of Albion's mythic youth
Upon his page live o'er their lives again :
His seer-like thought reflects the light of truth
On the great problems of the heart and brain.

He loved Old England ; of her glory proud
Her weal and woe were of his life a part ;
Oft as his bugle-blast rang clear and loud,
It stirred the blood in every patriot heart.

His ashes rest with England's kings of song ;
But his freed spirit chants a loftier strain,
And his great thoughts and scorn of selfish wrong—
His truer self—shall evermore remain.

Though the wide ocean spreads its stormy sway
Between us and the land he held so dear,
These maple leaves in grateful love I lay
With English roses on his honored bier.

TORONTO, *October*, 1892.

