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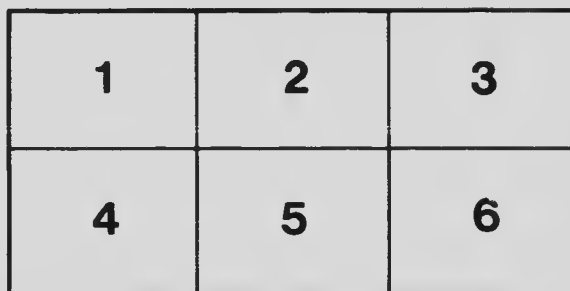
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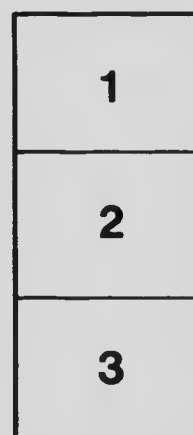
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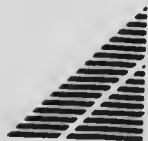
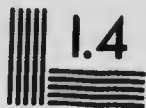
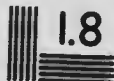
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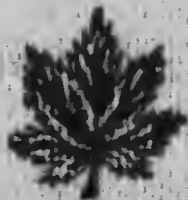
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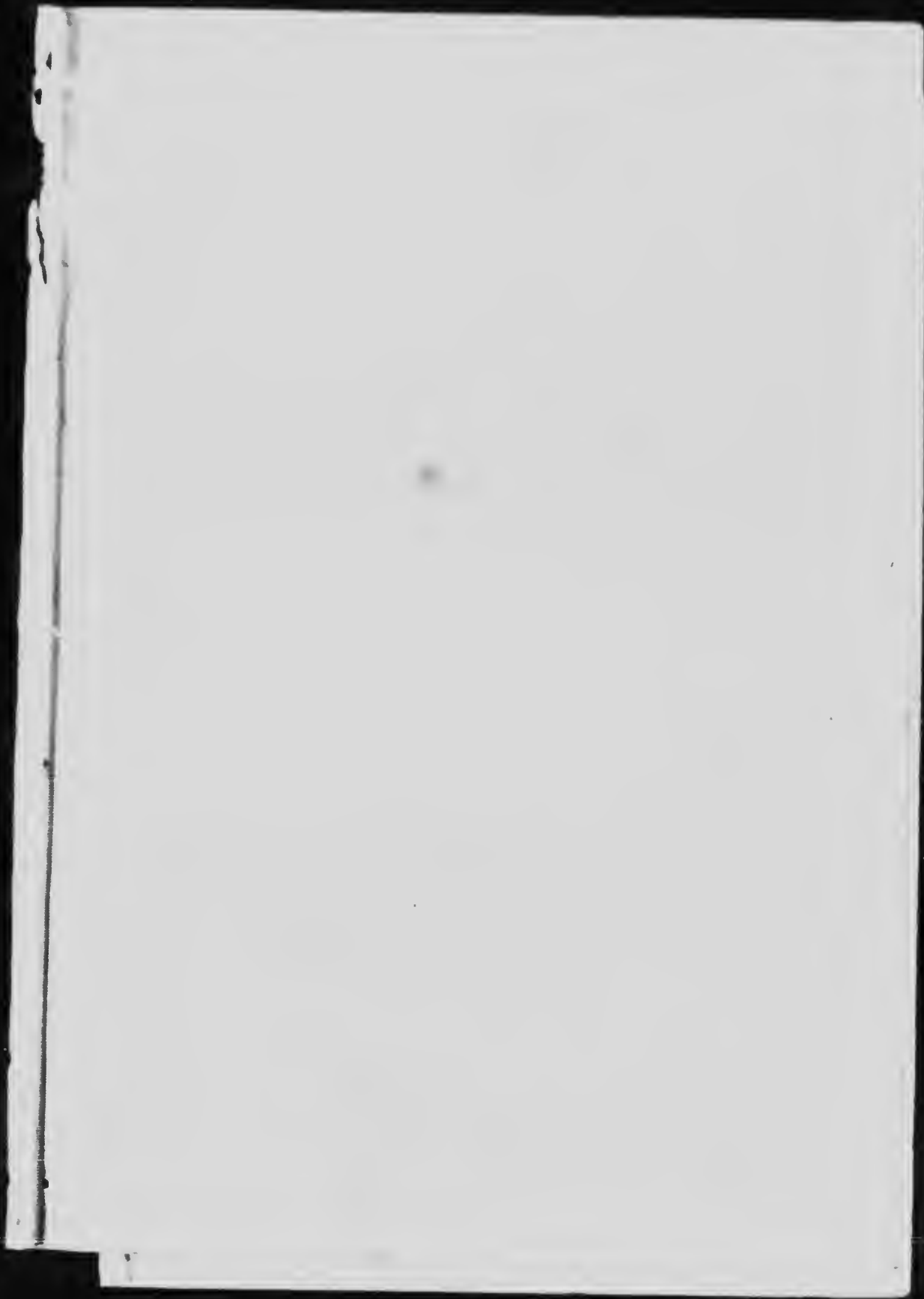
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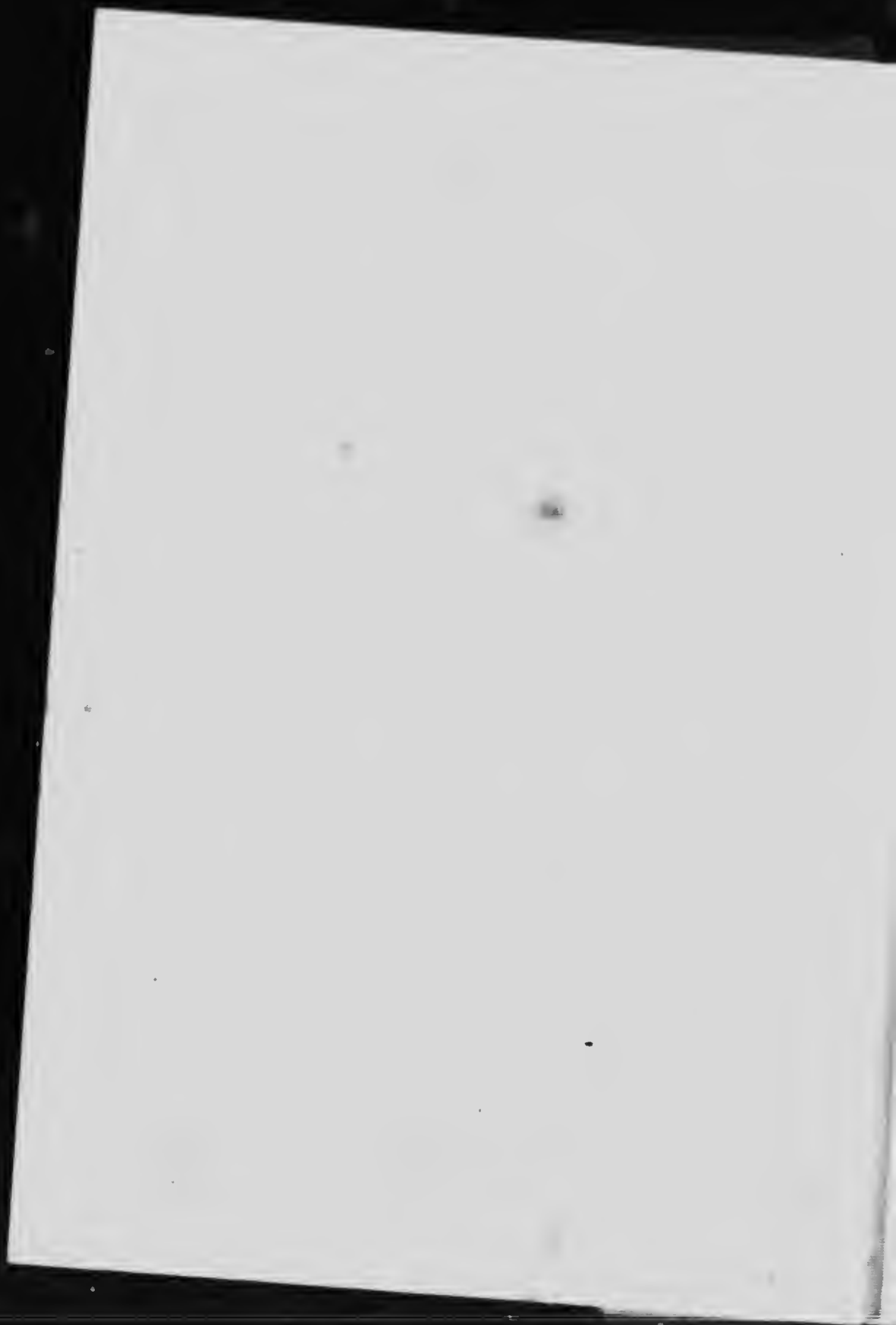
RANDOM WRITINGS
VOLUME II.



BY DAVID BURNS

PS 1500
668
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1920
117







THE AUTHOR.

SECOND EDITION

OF

RANDOM WRITINGS

BY

DAVID BURNS

BROOKLIN, ONTARIO
1920

PS8503

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543

1920

XXX

AUTHOR'S FOREWORD.

The writings in the present volume have all been penned since the first volume of "Random Writings" was published. None of the poems presented herewith have been published heretofore, and the author has at last yielded to the numerous requests of friends and has consented to publish these later poems. The first volume fulfilled the object of the author in providing his friends with considerable amusement. It is his hope that this edition will accomplish a similar purpose.



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THE OLD LOG HOUSE.

On Going Back To The Old Home.

I've wandered to the old home
Just to look around and see,
The place where once we sported
In merriment and glee.

Not a soul was there to welcome me,
As in the days of yore,
It's nothing strange if there's a change,
For things have changed before.

The land is lying just the same,
Whichever way you view,
But old landmarks now have disappeared
And nothing there seemed true.

The stone cellar now is gone,
'Twas built so strong and true ,
*The old sheep's head upon its side,
'Twas plainly placed in view.

*The sheep's head was found when they were
clearing the land—it was petrified, and it is now
in the barn wall.

RANDOM WRITINGS

And also the cheese room above it,
It was the quaintest place on earth,
'Twas there we played and had such fun,
With merriment and mirth.

And the old house where we were born and
bred,
Where our early lives were led,
When we were young and full of life,
But now the inmates all have fled.

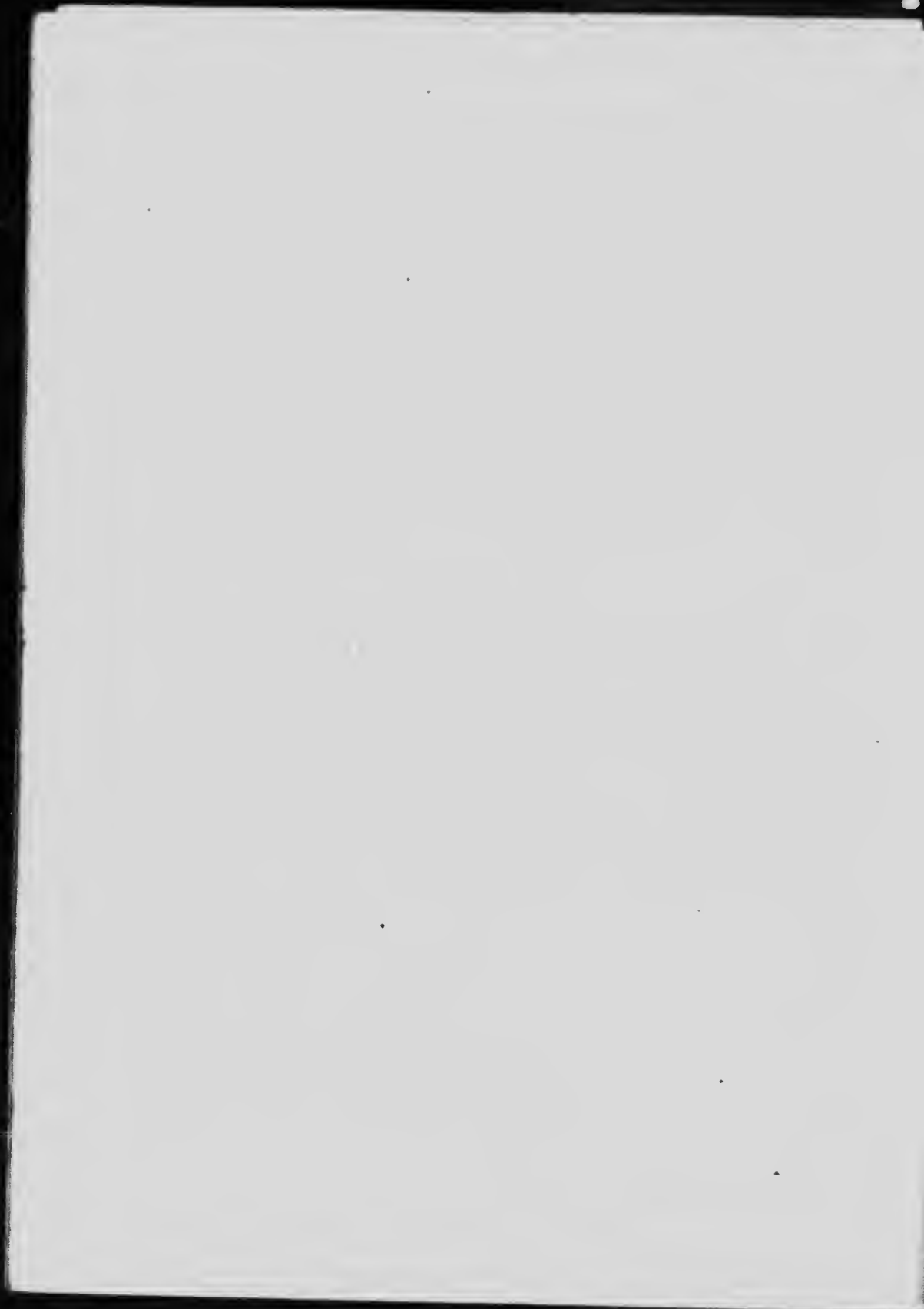
Not one vestige of the walls is left,
To mark the place where once it stood,
Now all is changed and new arranged,
By plans not half so good.

The logs were of the elm tall,
So straight, so sound and true,
The pick of all where they did stand,
Where many more there grew.

'Twas built in eighteen thirty-four,
When the country then was new,
By people who were pioneers,
Now left there are but few.



OLD LOG HOUSE WHERE THE AUTHOR WAS BORN.



RANDOM WRITINGS

Those pioneers, a people grand,
So noble, brave and true,
They left their own dear native land,
With prospects bright in view.

Within those walls what varied scenes,
In memory still they dwell,
Of the ups and downs in early life,
But few there's left to tell.

Memory is the strangest thing,
That on this earth is known,
It brings back childhood's early days
That have forever flown,

It's a faculty miraculous
That's rarely understood,
It makes the past the present
When it happens to be good.

The door was made of solid plank,
No panels there to show,
The carver's skill and handiwork
Of years, long years ago.

RANDOM WRITINGS

Through that old door one and all
No matter who or what they were,
Did pass to spend a while,
All had a welcome there.

The beggar in his tattered clothes
Who had seen some better days,
A Scottish welcome all did get
It mattered not their ways.

And men of mind sagacious,
And intellect refined,
Would often call and spend a while,
With one of noble mind.

The old soldier, too, who had wars gone
through,
He entered there as well,
To him 'twas a treat to rest his feet
And his early life to tell.

The school girl and the maiden,
And the bride just newly wed,
Passed through that door in the days of yore,
And were welcomed there and fed.



THE AUTHOR'S HOME.



RANDOM WRITINGS

Across that dear old doorstep
I, with half shut eyes, can see
Those early scenes that seem like dreams,
Like visions stare at me.

There was no claim to a great name
Of grand and noble birth,
Every day in the year it was to some
With good will, good cheer and mirth.

The old house, the old house,
It's a structure of the past,
It served its day in a humble way,
As long as it did last.

If that old house could only speak
What wonders it could tell,
About our sires brave and bold
Who did so grand and well.

The old house, the old house,
With its lean-to's at its sides,
Late at night down o'er that roof,
Often did we glide.

RANDOM WRITINGS

The old pond, too, where the creek ran thru
With the willows by its side,
In summer in it we did swim,
And on it in winter did slide.

And there also was the vineyard
That in autumn looked so grand,
There into wine the grapes were made,
Which was the finest in the land.

We remember the old fireplace,
With the dog iron, crane and all,
To hold up the cordwood four feet long,
Some large and some split so small.

The bake kettle and tin oven bright,
That on the earth did stand,
In it the bread and cakes were baked,
The finest in the land.

The apples hung in strings so long,
To dry by night and day,
Then put in bags for future use
And upstairs were stored away.

RANDOM WRITINGS

thru.
And the room above the kitchen,
Together there we slept,
'Twas there we did just what we pleased,
And the commandments partly kept.

There was no fire in that room
And often it was cold,
Our prayers sometimes we cut a little short,
And into bed did roll.

A stranger often had to stay,
And when the other beds were full,
He'd bundle into bed with us
This was quite the common rule.

That home was known to one and all,
To people of every kind,
Some who had lost their feet and legs,
And some were even blind.

They were kept and treated well,
That relieved them of their pain,
And with a voice right good and strong
They were told to come again.

RANDOM WRITINGS

We delighted to see men of this class,
If they happened to be funny,
Even if they were but half baked,
Or if a little lunny.

His color it was a little off,
'Twas of a darker kind,
In the new home black's all right
For there they are color blind.

If we despise a man who is black,
Or his color a good dark blue,
We are a long, long way off the track,
For a man's a man who is true blue.

The minister when on his regular rounds,
Every time was sure to call,
He always remained for supper, too,
And get cake and wine and all.

When he did call it was a great day,
And we were told our manners to mind
To him our questions we did say,
To one of cultured mind.

RANDOM WRITINGS

When so young and no better did know,
If we'd could from his presence we'd go,
To answer questions he would likely ask,
For children so young it was no easy task.

About the decrees of God or the chief end of
man,
His eternal purpose or salvation plan,
That was something that we did not under-
stand,
Nor do we yet in our native kind.

What varied thoughts come to one's mind,
When at midnight all alone,
We think of scenes of bygone years,
Of our early childhood home.

When the stars are like diamonds bright,
And the sky is blue and clear,
When the moon is sending out her light,
And objects one and all seem near.

When we stand where the old home was,
To us all so near and dear.

RANDOM WRITINGS

When we think of those bygone days,
They seem so near in vision clear.

Since that old house was built what changes
In the world have taken place,
Nations great and small have crumbled all,
And have run their earthly race.

And may God speed you on your way,
When youth is on your side,
That all you do may favor you
As through this world you glide.

As through this world you wend your way
When you are young and strong,
That all you touch may turn to gold
And cheer you right along.

If that old house had but a tongue,
What wonders it could tell,
How the country looked when it was young,
When all were doing well.

RANDOM WRITINGS

The pioneers who built that house,
They took a noble stand,
They who left their all, their native home
In search of a better land.

They braved the ocean's stormy waves,
For days and weeks together;
Some times the sky was blue and clear,
And sometimes rough the weather.

Where are those dreamers now?
Some to other lands have fled,
And others in the cemetery lie,
Long, long ago are dead.

How free from humbug, cant or pride,
Our noble sires were,
Sometimes they plenty had and sometimes
scant,
But with each other they did share.

What sacred thoughts come in our minds
When long lost scenes are brought to view
When we think of those who were so kind,
So hospitable and true.

CANADA.

Canada is our own dear homeland,
To us no other land is so dear,
Her people are honest, brave and true,
With judgment sound and vision clear.

We love our own dear native land,
And to old Britannia we are loyal day and
night,
Our people in numbers are but a few,
But we aim at what is just and right.

The Scot loves his native land,
Girt by the wild and rolling sea,
Her lakes and streams and heathery hills,
The thistle and the hawthorn tree.

Each day he'll miss the mavis' song
And the lark that flies so high at morn,
And he longs to hear the cuckoo's plaintiff
wail
Or the cornerake in the corn.

RANDOM WRITINGS

But Canada first and Canada last,
This each day should be our song,
And until we draw our latest breath,
Aim for the right and pass the wrong.

AN ODE TO THE SCOTCHMAN.

The Scot he loves his native land,
Her very soil to him is dear,
For her he stood and still will stand
To him her skies are always clear.

Back to those dear old heathery hills,
His memory often turns,
To her mountain streams and rills,
To the land of Scott and Burns.

'Twas there he first saw the light of day,
The home of his early youth;
'Twas there beside his mother's knee,
That first he lisped the words of truth.

He longs to hear the mavis' song
And the lark at early morn,
That flies so high up in the sky,
And the Cuckoo's plaintive mourn.

RANDOM WRITINGS

Land of the covenanters brave,
Who fought and also fell
For principles that were right and just,
That by Knox was planned so well.

The Scot is known far and wide,
Wherever man has trod,
And for himself has made a name,
At home and far abroad.

Home of the famous tartan clans,
To their country they were true;
They bravely fought in many wars,
Especially at Waterloo.

The Scot he loves his native land
Wherever he may roam,
But for Canada firm he'll always stand
His newly adopted home.

The first-born the mother may forget,
That she plays with on her knee;
The husband may forget his wife
That dear to him was she.

RANDOM WRITINGS

The monarch may forget the crown
That he wore upon his head,
But Scotty will be Scotty still
Until the day he's dead.

How can he forget those hills and dales
Decked with the heather bell,
How can he forget his mother tongue
That with him still doth dwell.

How can he forget those shaggy woods,
Where the mountain dove doth croon,
Can he forget those mountain streams,
And also Bonnie Doon.

The Scot is found in every land
Where'er the sun hath shone,
He will obey and can command,
And he can also stand alone.

At first he seems a little shy,
Or just a trifle set,
But on him you always can rely,
And a truer friend is seldom met.

RANDOM WRITINGS

He seldom taunts another
About his besetting sin,
But will assist him like a brother,
When he is down and all in.

About himself he little says,
That's about his own perfection,
For he never claims to perfect be,
But he aims in that direction.

Very little does he worry
In regard to doing well,
And his business to himself he keeps,
And to others little does he tell.

You'll find him true and reliable
And as just as you have met;
And day and night he is the same,
And no rooms in his head to let.

The Scot will live and do well
Where another will not thrive,
It's his well-grounded faith and cheerful
song
That keeps him all alive.

RANDOM WRITINGS

You may climb to the mountain top
Or even sail around the earth,
And you'll find a Scot in every spot
That is of any worth.

If all were Scotch we'd have no wars,
For war is not to his taste,
For John Knox taught him long ago
Not to destroy nor waste.

He is an ardent lover of his church,
And his adopted country, too,
And if he once a contract makes,
He sure will see it through.

It is the land of Sir Douglas Haig,
He who is the idol of the day,
Who taught the cruel German Hun
That war with him is no play.

It is the land that birth did give
To our noble statesmen grand,
McDonald, Brown and Mowat, too,
Who for right did always stand.

TO LLOYD GEORGE.

Who is this man of the hour,
So humble, so great and so strong?
Who stands for right and not for might,
And will forever fight against wrong.

When the Hun his hellish work first begun
And threatened liberty's bulwarks to de-
form,
By your wise rule and your assistance grand
You carried old Britannia safely through
the storm.

You were a marvel and a great wonder,
When let loose were those imps of hell,
By your command in a far off foreign land,
Old Britain's cannons night and day they
did thunder.

Here's now to you, my honored Sir,
So sagacious, so just and true,

RANDOM WRITINGS

And to your aids that by you did nobly
stand,
And that every day proved true blue.

If ever there was a godsend great and grand,
It matters not from where or when you
came,
Without one doubt the war throughout
Every day you knew just where to stand.

Your predecessors, every one and all,
Found the task too heavy and too great,
To safely land in a harbor,
The noble ship of the empire state.

Especially have you shown sagacity great,
By placing in command at the very top
notch,—
That son of old France with Haig for his
mate,
That peerless military strategist, Ferdin-
and Foch.

RANDOM WRITINGS

When the whole world in the balance did
swing,

And when the hell born Hun was striving
for might,

Your wise judgment order out of chaos did
order bring,

And unwavering you stood for justice and
right.

You will be a hero of fame to generations
unborn,

For deeds that are right you never did fail,
For lustre in statesmanship all others are
shorn,

Such men as Gladstone and Asquith have
grown pale.

Burk, Chatham, Cobden and Disraeli the
great,

They were all experts as statesmen who
took a strong stand,

Not one of them ever proved themselves
more true,

Or the great ship of state more safely did
land.

RANDOM WRITINGS

There was another pair like King John of
no worth,
Robert Walpole the grafter and the fam-
ous Lord North,
The one was a knave and the other an ass,
If examined for sane neither one would
pass.

You resemble the great Wilberforce and
Lincoln of old,
Their lives were so noble, and their actions
were gold,
Every moment of their lives they surely gave
To make every man equal and to make
free the slave.

For forty long years the vile Huns they did
plan,
And in their self-made god they did trust,
To accomplish their vile ends they worked
to a man
And now like their brother Turk they are
eating the dust.

RANDOM WRITINGS

Lloyd-George, long, long may you live
To fill the highest place in this great realm,
And to continue your wise counsel to give,
And on liberty's great ship stand right at
the helm.

For one moment you never did falter,
And your place has been a hard one to fill,
Not one plank in the bridge of right you
ever did alter,
And like a rock of hard granite you stand
there still.

From your lofty and noble pinnacle of fame,
For what is just and right you have stood,
And to unborn generations you'll leave a
great name,
As a statesman so judicious and shrewd.

OUR CANADA THE BEST.

Let other lands and other tongues
Shout loud their claims of glory,
And sing their victories of the past,
Satisfied to live in story.

We have no old famed Baron's Halls,
Nor old moss-covered towers,
But no other land can take our stand,
This Canada of ours.

Those pioneers of bygone years,
Who left their own dear native home,
They took a chance and did succeed
In newer lands to roam.

We have lakes and rivers grand,
We have trees and shrubs and flowers,
We have all that makes for happiness,
In this Canada of ours.

RANDOM WRITINGS

We have the longest rivers
And also the clearest lakes,
And we grow the wheat that can't be beat,
And first place it always takes.

Our people loyal are and brave,
Independent, happy and sincere,
But we will not submit to tyrants ways,
Nor even act the coward slave.

We have abundance and millions to spare,
And our surplus with the needy we always
do share,
But we have no old and fabulous wells
That the writer of fiction often tells.

But we have one of the world's great won-
ders,
Old Niagara, that over the precipice thun-
ders,
And for scenery that's majestic and grand,
Our Rockies are unsurpassed in any other
land.

RANDOM WRITINGS

Other lands may have their banners grand,
Or mottos that are clever,
But for Britain's flag we'll firmly stand
And the Maple Leaf forever.

The Union Jack, the dear old flag,
Britain's emblem of the past,
The flag that's braved a thousand years,
And one thousand more may last.

We have no old castles that by witches are
haunted,
Like Kirk Allaway where Tam was en-
chanted,
But we have our mines of silver and gold,
And wealth in our forests that will never
be sold.

Indeed we have all that a nation will make,
If an honorable course in life we do take;
In the near future we easily can see
That great we are and greater will be.

RANDOM WRITINGS

We love those far-off distant isles
Whose bulwarks are the sea,
They stand for right and not for might,
For peace and liberty.

But Canada first shall be our boast,
It matters not the cost,
The love of home is man's chief end,
So we must not let our hope be lost.

We have our rivers, lakes and streams
Our trees and mines and bowers,
And no other land can e'er excel
This grand heritage of ours.

Canada, the land of rivers and mountains,
The land of valley and dale,
The land of overflowing fountains,
Whose waters they never do fail.

The land of the great General Brock;
Who, fighting so bravely, he fell,
And the home of the famous Laura Secord,
Whose name in our memory forever will
dwell.

RANDOM WRITINGS

The land of Brant and Tecumseh,
To their king they were loyal and true,
Who fought like heroes so bravely,
They were ever the real true blue

Our country is broad and expansive,
From the Atlantic to the Pacific so far,
And our people are brave and progressive,
Steadfast and well balanced they surely
are.

No other land can take our stand
For progress in the past.
For the foundation was well laid,
By brainy men 'twas laid to last.

We well know that not long ago
Where once the wigwam stood,
But now all is changed and new arranged,
By something that is good.

If we could judge the future by the past,
We surely one and all could feel,
That we are by far the strongest spoke
In the Empire's mighty wheel.

RANDOM WRITINGS

'Tis no marvel, for we have had our states-
men great,

That every heart has won,
Led by the chief of our state,
McDonald, the great Sir John.

We have still some master minds,
If their plans are like the past,
If they can stand the heavy strain
They sure will guide us through the blast.

THE SPRING TIME IS COMING.

Cheer up one and all for the spring-time is
near.

Sure, sure it is coming, and the bees will
be humming,

And the little wild songster once more will
us all cheer.

With him fresh hope he always doth bring,

When he returns once more and with him
brings the spring.

Sure thing the spring is coming.

And the partridge will be humming,

And the little wild flowers will be blooming
once more.

And with the sweetest music old Nature will
sing,

When grim old winter has gone with his
hoary frost and snow

The murmuring brook to the river will go,

And the river will hasten on its way to the
sea,

RANDOM WRITINGS

Then we all will forget about the cold frosty
weather,

As we gaily trip o'er the green fields and lea
Resplendent is the spring-time with its beau-
ty and grandeur,

Then the angler to the little clear stream he
will wander,

Then choice music will be in everyone's
voice.

On the return of spring then all nature will
rejoice.

Then cheer up for the spring it is coming,

And the bees they will be humming,

Then the little songster once more choice
music he'll sing,

When once more returns the glorious old
spring.

THE OLD SONGS.

O sing to me those songs of old
To music set so sweet and clear,
To me they are worth their weight in gold,
The sad heart sure they always cheer.

I love the songs of days gone by,
When sung they went from heart to heart,
But the songs we have of modern days
From them they are so far apart.

Sing them in the same old tune,
So true is each and every word;
To compare them with songs of present day
It surely would be most absurd.

Of love those dear old songs do breathe,
Of brooks and streams and flowers,
Of clover fields and the sky above,
And of childhood's early hours.

RANDOM WRITINGS

Of the grand old moon and starry sky,
Of scenes so dear to the soul;
That the mind doth soothe as the days go by
As we press to the homeward goal.

Songs of the days forever flown,
No more will they come back;
Of loved ones who forever are gone,
To their long home far down the track.

Those dear old songs to me return
And bring back again to me
Those friends so dear for whom we yearn,
And who we would love to see.

Then sing, O sing those dear old songs,
Those songs that we loved in days of yore,
They cheered us up when we were young,
But now when old they cheer us more.

Then happy are those who know their worth,
And their sterling, golden ring.
No others like them on all the earth,
In childhood's days we did them sing.

CANADA.

Canada, the land we love so dear,
With skies above so bright and clear;
Where'er I go or ever roam
Canada still will be my beloved home.

Her forests, prairies, rivers and streams,
And the moose and red deer running so free,
God bless our country from above,
Our Canada that we so dearly love.

We are the strongest spoke in the Empire's
great wheel of power,
Nobly have we stood by her in the darkest
hour.

The land of the mountain, forest and stream,
We think of thee by day and of thee by night
we dream.

Our boys did themselves brave heroes prove
When fighting for the land that we all
dearly love.

RANDOM WRITINGS

For love of country they all others surpassed
With them 'twas Canada first and last,
Never once old Britain did they deceive her,
Then hurrah, hurrah, for the land of the
maple and the beaver.

THE LAND OF SNOWS.

When golden is the maple leaf,
And when shorter the days have grown,
And when from the north land the robin
To warmer climes has flown.

Then I do not want to wander
To where the famous orange grows,
For in our north land there is beauty
That the south land never knows.

In the spring time she is lovely,
And in the summer she is grand,
And the autumn in its glory,
Far outclasses every land.

And when the frost throws over her
Her mantle white and grand,
She surpasses all others for beauty,
Our own beloved Canadian land.

RANDOM WRITINGS

Now here three cheers to the Lady of the
Snows,

That far north lives in calm repose;
She to the cheek doth color bring,
And her beauty we'll forever sing.

ON THE BEAUTY OF THE FOREST.

A great English Poet once did say
That there is beauty in the forest's pathless
way.

No painter has or ever will be born
Who for one moment could or can compete
With Old Nature, that artist grand,
Who never once has been surpassed,
And never will be outclassed.

Who ever saw a picture, the work of Art
Brushed up by the hand of man,
By any plan, design or form
That could or ever can compete
With the forest trees, when clad in their
milk-white robes

After the winter's storm, when wafted in
the morning breeze, there's beauty in the
forest wild wherever you may chance to
roam or go; be it on the steepest mountain-
side or down in the valley low. When with
some companion true, or when all alone and
free; unbounded then the pleasures are in
the superlative degree.

RANDOM WRITINGS

Such beauty is unparalleled where'er the foot of man has trod. It has all been planned by nature's architect, and supervised by nature's god. Who ever saw or will see a picture in any country land or landscape as fine as the little unattended forest brook that turns and winds around each hill and nook, when o'er the little rapid's stones and mossy logs it is churned into a foam of lily white. Then on its way drops into deeper pools. That's where the large speckled beauties you will find. The skilful angler he full well knows that there to dwell they are inclined. Then forever on by night and day, to join its sister stream both large and strong still surging, rushing and foaming on to be forever lost in some river wide and strong, and on, still farther on, o'er rapids high to be churned and tossed and forever to be lost in the mighty ocean, never to return to its native haunts. Where once its water pure and clear, it did the inmates of the forest cheer.

RANDOM WRITINGS.

Now compare with this the work of man,
He who with majestic stride
O'er this world has trod,
Who always was and still is
The great I am created in the image of his
God.

By viewing scenes like this
How much there's to be gained
To one whose brains are wrought
And nerves o'er strained.
To leave the noisy street and busy mart and
All that so-called grand in the works of art,
And breathe the pure air of the forest wild.
Old Nature never changes or new arranges.
He is so different from the work of art
For all is complete from the very start;
Or when the parching of a noonday sun
When Old Sol his daily course has run.
Where on the earth can we find a cool retreat
That for one moment will compete
With the cool retreat of a forest shade
And use for a seat an old moss covered log
That lies half buried in the forest bog.
Or in the spring time, when first the buds

RANDOM WRITINGS.

do burst, and when the flowers first bloom all alone and unseen, in all the colors of the purest blue, red, white and green. And when first the little birds, those early welcome messengers of spring, and in the purest tones, with their unsolicited self-taught songs they make hill and valley ring.

No eye has ever seen or e'er will see a picture one-half so grand, so rare and free, as the ivy clinging to an old dead tree, whose once majestic form now unto the earth it does incline. It may be the majestic oak, the lofty elm, the cedar, beech or pine. And whose stately form once did ascend unto the sky. But how soon, too soon, with it's mates 'twill lie. What pinnacle or tower grand, planned and reared by the hand of man, can equal those giants of the forest glade, planted by Old Nature's spade.

ON THE BEAUTY OF NATURE.

In nature there is beauty grand
Wherever you may go;
There is beauty in a drop of rain
Or in a flake of snow.

Whate'er's been made by nature's hand,
Whatever it may be;
Be it in our beloved Canadian land
Or far, far across the sea.

There is a grandeur on the ocean's breast
When high the breakers rise;
When lashed into a milk white foam
And sent up to the skies.

There is rare beauty in the sunrise,
Or when it sets at night;
In the colors of the rainbow grand,
From the loveliest red to purest white,

RANDOM WRITINGS.

What work of art can e'er surpass
The rainbow's lovely form,
In colors so rare, so fine and grand
That disappears amid the storm.

No artist can ever equal
Or for one moment surpass.
The figures on the window pane
That are frosted on the glass.

Where is there more beauty
Than in the Borealis race,
When they hop and flirt about
Before you can mark the place?

There is beauty in everything
To those who have eyes to view.
Wherever you may go or dwell
There is beauty grand, sublime and true.

There's perfection in everything
That's been made by nature's plan,
Except that misfit and ne'er-do-well
That goes by the name of man.

THE AUTUMN.

Now the summer days are passed and gone
And fair Autumn now does rule ;
All things are changed and new arranged
In the great Creator's school.

The trees whose leaves were once a beautiful green,
They now are turning red.
Some are in the yellow leaf,
And others lying dead.

The little birds whose beautiful song
Did cheer us day by day,
Some have arrived in warmer climes
And others are on their way.

The sun, now farther in the south doth rise
E'er his daily course he doth pursue,
And again at night he does the same
When his daily work is through.

RANDOM WRITINGS.

All nature now is changing
From ocean's shore to shore,
It's not strange if there's a change
For things have changed before.

The air's more crisp by far
When winter's near at hand,
And brighter shines each little star,
And the heavens now they are more
grand.

The spring it surely will return,
And with it glad tidings bring,
And the little songster's song we'll once
more hear
On the return of spring.

Why should we object to those changes great
By nature's laws decreed,
For changes on a different plan
Is what we one and all do need.

ON MYSTERIES.

There is mystery in everything,
It matters not where you may go;
There is mystery in a drop of rain
Or in a flake of snow.

There is mystery in everything,
In every kind and class;
There is mystery in the dew drop
Or in a blade of grass.

There is mystery everywhere and anywhere,
Wherever you may chance to roam;
There is mystery in everything,
From the cradle to the tomb.

The little birds a mystery are,
On their first return in spring,
When in softest tones and sweetest notes
Their joyful songs they sing.

RANDOM WRITINGS.

There is mystery in the wildwood,
And there is beauty there as well;
And the great heaven above is mysterious,
Where alone the righteous dwell.

Man moves in a mysterious way,
In every step he takes;
Sometimes he takes the right hand road,
And sometimes for the left he makes.

THE SECOND EDITION ON MYSTERY.

Some mysteries great revealed never shall be
Such as, where are the chariots that sank
in the red sea?

Who built the pyramids no one can ever tell,
But whoever was the builder his work he did
well.

And what they were intended for, this is a
mystery still,
Some think they were the last resting place
of the noble and great.

Rather expensive vaults this no one can deny
Just for a place for the blue bloods to lie,
And for to distinguish themselves from the
masses,

And to show that they belonged to the very
high classes,

On this subject I will have no more to say,
But they will know where they will stand,
On the great judgment day.

RANDOM WRITINGS.

Next, who wrote the Junius letters no one
can tell,
But they aimed at the king and hit the mark
well,

Whoever it was he did not shoot in the dark.
Some think it was Sir Philip Francis,
Who was an East India clerk.
Others say that it was Warren Hastings,
He who India did misrule,
Whether it was Francis or Hastings
This was and still is conjecture,
But all the same he knew right well
How his superiors to lecture.

There is still another great mystery that is
still unrevealed,
Is why the Queen of Sheba to Solomon did
go.
Some think that it was to see him and some
think his wives
And one thinks this and another thinks that,
But we, that it was to get a new fashion
for a spring hat.

RANDOM WRITINGS.

Still there was and is another great mystery,
the greatest of all,
Is why Satan left Heaven, the best place of
all.

It was on account of his disobedience that
was the cause of his hitch,
And forever and ever landed him into the
ditch.

How he made the descent there is mystery
all through it,
But some think he came down in a big par-
achute.

It would have saved millions from a bad,
bad wreck
If the mean, dirty blackguard had broken
his neck.

Had he stayed in heaven and God's just law
obeyed

Then our first parents in Eden's garden
sure would have stayed.

And all their descendants would have been
allowed,

But by this time there would have been a big
crowd.

RANDOM WRITINGS.

Some, like the bird of Paradise, would have
wings and a tail,
And over the highest tree tops it would be
easy to sail.

THE CALL FOR HELP.

(Written while the Great War was in progress).

There comes an earnest, urgent call,
From far beyond the sea,
To that call one and all should listen
For the call is meant for you and me.

The world is in an uproar,
From circumference to the centre,
Party Politics we now must bury deep,
And on new ways we now must venture.

It matters not what may be the cost,
For it is our duty to one and all
To not let our country dear be lost,
And to listen to that long and earnest call.

It is our duty to our native land
To see that the fighting will be done,
And to preserve those free and noble rights
That our fathers brave so dearly won.

RANDOM WRITINGS.

Party politics now aside must be laid,
And our opponents we must meet,
With a cherry word and bright hello
And on equal terms each other greet.

Now the men of Canada must most serious
think,
And our women so loyal, brave and true,
Think of our boys who lie beneath a foreign
sod,
And the price that they dearly paid for
you.

And remember, O remember
Those on the battle front,
Who left their homes and friends so dear,
To bear the battle's heavy brunt.

In our homes of luxury and ease,
We one and all do daily rest
When our boys in far off Flanders' fields
The vile Huns' metal they do test.

RANDOM WRITINGS.

O shall we refuse what they do ask?
And for what on each day they pray,
That we to them strong help will send
And send it at once without delay.

We love our dear old Union Jack,
And it is Mother Britain's flag so true,
The flag that's braved the battle and the
breeze,
The red, the white and blue.

THE BUSY MAN.

If you have a job that's hard to do,
And difficult is the task,
Get a busy man to help you through,
Sure thing he's the one to ask.

If long is the way and the day is cold,
He'll never stand and hum and haw,
Sure he will go at it like a lion bold,
With him necessity knows no law.

To do a favor for a friend
Sure it is his chief delight,
For a helping hand he'll readily lend,
And will always assist you day and night.

To him it's a pleasure to assist
On any day, place or anywhere,
Such a favor he seldom will resist,
To free his fellow from worry and care.

RANDOM WRITINGS.

What a noble life one and all could pursue,
When o'er life's checkered sea we do sail,
By helping the unfortunate through
When their bark's against wind and gale.

Whatever we do must be quickly done,
And by motives pure and true be led,
And finish up what we have begun,
For soon, too soon, we'll all be dead.

Old Time he has so many thieves
In every land and every clime,
But of all the worst, and sure the chief,
Is procrastination, the thief of time.

To some life is so sad and weary,
Their sky is always a dark, dark blue.
And you will never find them bright and
cheery,
As this big world they travel through.

They have neither the wish nor yet the
desire
To right whatever they think is wrong,

RANDOM WRITINGS.

Even if the road is good they will choose the
mire,
As their weary life they jog along.

If it's a favor that you want quickly done,
By some one who is obliging, clever and
true,
And swift and quick you the promise want,
To help you with it through and through.

From him who has leisure on his hands,
Such a favor never once do ask,
And if you do you will surely rue
And sure you will yourself finish up the
task.

He is a pastmaster in wasting time,
Sure this he does truly understand,
And one moment for him never do wait
If you do into the ditch you will surely
land.

RANDOM WRITINGS.
RANDOM WRITINGS.

Now one and all, both great and small,
Up and at it and time don't waste,
Diligence will help you to weather every
squall,
Even if the task at first is not to your
taste.

A HERO.

O, who would not be a hero
By having done something noble and
grand?

Anyone who will be a hero
Must always take a firm stand.

Some come into the world and they leave it,
And they never do anything clever,
And they continually worship themselves,
And they assist the unfortunate never.

A hero is one who will dare to do
Some difficult arduous task,
And who will never give up until it is finished,
And help from another he'll seldom ask.

Our boys who went to the front are heroes,
Their going it was noble and grand;
They left their homes and all that was dear
To fight for right and the old Motherland.

RANDOM WRITINGS.

Their going to their country's aid was an
honor,

And like lions they fought so brave and
so bold,

They went for a purpose and won it,

And the enemy in check they always did
hold.

When that cruel barbarian the Hun

Threatened the world's liberty to assail,

They enlisted to assist old Brittainia,

And never once did they fail.

Where, O where now are those brave, noble
boys?

Some for liberty their lives they freely
gave.

They would rather by far in a foreign land
sleep,

Than act the part of a mean, cringing
slave.

Some lie where the foreign vines are dressed

In the land of the Fleur de Lis,

And others where the olive grows,

Or where waves the majestic palm tree.

RANDOM WRITINGS.

Where, O where now are those brave, brave
lads?

The choice of our country's noble and best
Sure some will return to their dear native
land,
And too many 'neath the foreign sod will
rest.

They left all that to them was near and dear
And bravely they marched away,
To fight for what's right and not for might,
And to help the cruel Huns to slay.

When that beast of Berlin called the Kaiser,
Threatened liberty's bulwarks to deform,
Our boys jumped into the thickest of the bat-
tle,
And helped to carry her safe through the
storm.

At Langemarek, Vimy Ridge and St. Jul-
ian,
They proved themselves to be sons of the
heroes of old,

RANDOM WRITINGS

Like a wall they stood and nothing could
turn them,
Not even the cruel Hun so ferocious and
bold.

Now ten times three cheers for our Canadian
heroes,
So courageous, so brave, so valiant and
true,
For they fought like veterans and never
gave way,
Until the Kaiser and his war-lords they
sure did subdue.

But now away with the war-lords and that
beast called the Kaiser,
And also away with the unspeakable Turk.
Had they not been fools they would have
been wiser,
Than ever to have engaged in such dirty
work.

In thousands of homes there will be mourn-
ing

RANDOM WRITINGS

For those brave boys the inmates will
yearn,
And many sad hearts will be burning
For those brave boys who will never re-
turn.

To the front our heroes they bravely did go,
It was to do a grand and glorious work,
It was the cruel Huns to ever overthrow,
And also his brother, that beast called the
Turk.

Our boys did not enlist for diversion and fun
It was to uphold a grand, noble cause,
Sure that they have done, and they did ever
prove true,
It was to stand for the right and not for
applause.

Like rocks they stood for what's right and
good,
And now their grand, noble work it is
done,

RANDOM WRITINGS

With sledge-hammer blows they struck with
their might,
And forever have conquered that black-
guard the Hun.

Our boys, our brave, noble boys,
Too many do sleep in an unmarked grave,
They had better sleep with the noble and
great,
Than either be stamped the coward or
knave.

Thousands of our boys so true and so brave,
In far-off foreign lands quietly sleep,
In nameless and unmarked graves,
For which thousands of loving hearts
daily do weep.

We must not forget the women at home,
So brave, so patient and true,
They supplied them with everything good,
That sustained and helped to carry them
through.

RANDOM WRITINGS

And we must not forget their wives and
their mothers,

And also their sweethearts and sisters so
true ;

With their sympathy and help they encour-
aged them

To stand like heroes and see the war
through.

And three cheers for George, our Democrat
King,

So humble, so thoughtful and strong,

He has stood for right both day and night

And will always help his subjects along.

To his subjects he will always be true,

Then once more three cheers for the red,
white and blue.

ON MANNERS.

We have the wisdom of Solomon,
Or the great reasoning powers of Paul,
Or you may be a musician great,
But without manners you are nothing at
all.

To have a nice disposition is a grand asset,
'Tis easy to carry where'er you may roam,
It doesn't pay to be self-centered and selfish,
And be sure to practise your courtesy at
home.

You may have boundless wealth
Of silver, of jewels and of gold,
Or around the world you may have sailed,
Or you may have titles and honors untold.

If you have not politeness and courtesy too,
You will find the way rough and long,
And you will be happier by far, by far,
If you are endowed with good cheer and
good will and song.

RANDOM WRITINGS

You may have drunk at old and fabulous
wells,

Or on the mountains high did stand,
You may have seen all that the eye can see,
In this or any other land.

As daily through this weary life you go,
My friend it sure is worth your while
To be a jolly fellow real well met
And always wear a smile.

A LITTLE SPRIG OF HEATHER.

This little spring of heather
That in my hand I hold,
It is of no real value,
But to me it is worth its weight in gold.

'Twas picked from off the mountain side,
Where nothing else would grow,
Where childhood's early days were spent,
When we were young and spirits aglow.

'Twas there that we spent our happiest days,
And it mattered not the weather;
'Twas there we had such jolly fun,
When we played among the heather.

In summer when the days were long,
And when brightly shone the sun,
And when the birds sang their sweetest song
Through the heather one and all did run.

ODE ON THE PERFECT.

When mankind was first created,
And in fair Eden's garden placed,
From what is right he soon abated
And his great creator did disgrace.

We may try to do what is just and right,
And we our earthly cause pursue;
And strive from morning's dawn till night
To be courteous, kind and true.

We may do the very best we can,
As through this world we daily jog,
All through the day may not go astray,
And at night may slip a cog.

Some day by day do rave away
About how discreet they are and wise,
They seem all right to one who is off-sight
Or color blind their eyes.

RANDOM WRITINGS

We one and all should make the best of life
In every blessed move we make,
And never be the cause of strife
As we our daily course do take.

Too short is the longest term of life,
One moment for to worry,
So every day be bright and gay,
And never fret nor flurry.

Now, my friends, one and all,
Please listen while we talk,
Each day hear what we have to say,
It will help you in your daily walk.

This is a rule that's always true,
And it was never known to fail,
To know a man through and through,
Be his color dark or pale.

If you meet a man and he is all important,
And he swaggers when he walks,
If he knows all great and small
And his voice strong when he talks.

RANDOM WRITINGS

If he is extra friendly and complimentary
too,

And all important and self-set,
Make up your mind without a doubt
That there are rooms in his head to let.

We will now introduce you to another class,
You will meet him day by day,
He'll contradict you good and flat
On everything you may say.

We also have another type of man,
We have them on every hand,
They will always others try to teach,
What they do not understand.

And some will even vent their views
On subjects vast and great.
Some will about religion rave,
And some about the state.

LUKE ROBINSON.

There is an old friend of whom we must
make mention,
Of men in his class there are left just a few ;
To pass him unnoticed it was not our inten-
tion,
And now his grand noble life we will try
to review.

He has passed life's limit of three score and
ten,
And nearly a quarter score more as well,
And we hope that he may reach the full cen-
tury mark.
Sure thing he may, for no one ever can tell.

His life it has been model here below,
Like a machine well oiled sure it smoothly
did go.
All through his long life he's been cautious
and wise.
He has no wild oats to reap, for none he
ever did sow.

RANDOM WRITINGS

To assist another out of bed he would rise,
If the night it was stormy and the clouds
a dark hue,
If I were in trouble at once to him I would
go,
For sure thing our old friend he would
help us right through.

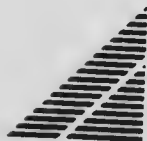
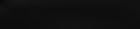
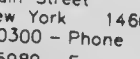
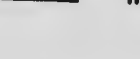
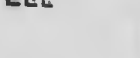
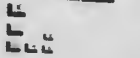
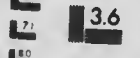
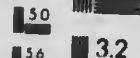
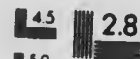
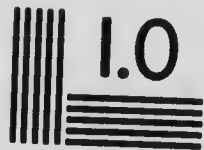
His partner in life is much like himself,
Endowed with the three graces—charity,
friendship and love;
Always ready to help the unfortunate
through,
That makes this old world like Heaven
above.

When you show us a man both courteous and
just,
Hospitable, friendly, honest and true;
Then we will show one whose life has been a
success
When their long journey it is through.



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

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RANDOM WRITINGS

He never was known to discourage another,
By telling him that he is a ne'er-do-well,
And that he is on the right road to no place,
Or on the through freight to—you know
where.

He was well known by those of the old school
Sure he was known both far and wide,
No one yet has ever once used him for a tool.
And from what is straightforward he
never did glide.

For many long years the golden grain he did
thresh,
And his work he always did well.
It represented a big pile of money when
turned into cash
How much no one ever can tell.

Long, long may he live and his partner, too.,
For many a man they have cheered on
life's journey through.
And also may good health be their constant
attendant,
These people who through life have always
been the real true blue.

**TO OUR OLD FRIEND, MR. JOHN
HOWDEN.**

To find a man who is noble and grand
My friend this you must do,
Just do what I say and you will not go far
astray,
And you will find one who is true blue.

Stand up, stand up for our old friend
Every day in the year,
He will work with might to do what is right,
And his judgment it always is clear.

The subject I'll describe is one of a tribe,
Who are not common, everyday stock,
By a glance of the eye you easily can spy
He is a chip off no common block.

To find men of mind who are always inclined
To be hospitable, kind hearted and true,
Take this as a rule that they are no fool
For they always know what to do.

RANDOM WRITINGS

In matters agricultural he's acquired some
fame,

The most noble, grand calling of all,
He has struck a high mark and has a good
name,

He is progressive and noble and never is
small.

In matters religious he takes a good stand,

He is the same every day in the year;
Hallelujah, amen, is not his refrain,

On this subject he always is clear.

When Diogenes of old so stern and bold,

He undertook something hard for to do,
With a lantern by night to give him good
light,

And the sun by day to carry him through.

His work was to find a right honest man,

Broadminded, good hearted and true,
But long before mid life he gave up the job,

For he found he had something to do.

RANDOM WRITINGS

Our friend's name is known from the Atlan-
tic,

To the Pacific's peaceful, calm shore,
From the Arctic Circle to the fresh water
lakes,

He has the people's good will, as mention-
ed before.

Now our old friend's well known to all,

A blessing from high he has no need to ask
He is so erect, so straight and tall,
To reach up and take one 'twill be a real
easy task.

Now just one more word and I am through,

He is free from humbug, pretense or alloy,
For what he agrees to do he always will do,
For he is just John Howden, the white-
headed boy.

Stand up, stand up for our old friend,

For every day he is the true blue,
Let us cheer him along with music and song,
This will help to carry him through.

RANDOM WRITINGS

Now men of his kind I hope we may find
As long as we trample this sod,
Our vision may be clear as our bark we do
steer,
To see that an honest man is the noblest
work of God.

Brooklin, September 16th, 1917.

ON CLOSING THE BAR.

It's a thousand times better by far
Since our wise statesmen closed the bar.
King Alcohol as a beverage is of no use,
Only to create discord and abuse.

In families where disorder and misery did
reign,
They are once more united and happy again.
Fewer policemen now are needed and crime
it is less;
And the reason it is not hard to guess.

Before prohibition some men never did well,
They spent their time in the bar, and their
life was a hell;
But now they are well dressed, industrious
and good,
And their families have plenty of clothing
and food.

RANDOM WRITINGS

There are thousands of men who'd never
think
When at their own home of taking a drink.
It's the company and the bar that was the
chief cause,
Of cursing and swearing and breaking the
laws.

But the worst of all again and again,
That the cleverest of men to his influence
gave way ;
Men who were well balaneed, and 'twas
their delight
To strike a high mark, and to aim for the
right.

For some men it is impossible to ever go
wrong,
For their disposition is selfish and their will
is strong ;
To live all alone is their chief delight,
They think that others are black and they
are white.

RANDOM WRITINGS

In the great future they'll have no place to
dwell,
For Satan likes good company in his home
in hell.
And they'll not be wanted in the new home
above,
For the chief virtues are hospitality, friend-
ship and love.

It's very easy for a man to go wrong,
Who is a lover of wine, women and song,
But this class are best liked both above and
below,
They receive a warm welcome wherever they
go.

We may be like a noble hero bold,
With mind both good and strong,
With intentions pure just like the gold,
And still go just a little wrong.

TO THE FARMERS' ADVOCATE.

Long ago when the earth was young,
A naturalist great did live,
The world was better by the songs he sung,
And the wise sayings he did give.

He said he who can grow two blades of grass
Where before the rule was one,
Prince and kings he does surpass,
When his earthly course is run.

A man so sagacious and so wise,
In first place he should stand,
He to his fellows is a prize,
The most precious in the land.

When Vesuvius it did overflow,
And old Pompeii did bury deep,
He with the rest sure down did go
To his eternal sleep.

RANDOM WRITINGS

The author of this saying great
It has not been surpassed by any,
I know his name will be stale to tell,
He was the Naturalist Pliny.

Now my friends one and all,
Please listen for a while,
And a secret to you I will tell,
That will increase your money pile.

As through this world we do go,
We should endeavor to succeed,
And do the best within our power,
To supply our daily need.

Sure think you must attention give,
And firmly on your mind do fix
That it is the oldest of its kind,
For 'twas born in eighteen sixty-six.

If you will do just what I say,
One moment you must wait,
And proceed at once without delay
To read the Farmers' Advocate.

RANDOM WRITINGS

For journals of the farming class
Its place at the top has held,
None ever yet did it surpass,
For it was the work of Wm. Weld.

Now I've assumed this important task,
Subscribers for to get,
Now don't be too stiff and obstinate
Too stubborn and self-set.

To advise too much it is no plan,
If you are out to win,
But do what is right day and night
Roll up your sleeves and jump right in.

Now, my friend, my task it ends
No more, no more I'll say,
Please give me one dollar and fifty cents,
And subscribe without delay.

Now what I've said is surely true,
You can depend it is no whooper,
If you'll subscribe I'll thank you, too,
For my name is Charlie Cooper.

THE DEVIL RESIGNS TO THE KAISER.

In his own private room and his quiet retreat
On an old broken match box that he used for
a seat,

Sat Satan, all sullen and subdued was his
will,

For day and night he had been worrying
about the Great Kaiser Bill.

His brow it was knit, and his face it was pale
For his plans of late each and every one they
did fail.

Said he to an old friend, I am right down
and out,

As I am in a high fever with a touch of the
gout.

He said that business was dull and his brim-
stone near done,

Also that his course it nearly was run.

RANDOM WRITINGS

Said he, without fuel I can do little in
business class,
As Bill had used so much in making the gas
Only yesterday Napoleon to me he did say
That the Hohenzollerns were the meanest set
that he ever did see,
And that the greatest regret of his long,
active life
Was that he did not finish them in the midst
of his strife.

He said they were inbred from their head to
their feet,
In fact the meanest on earth that he ever
did meet,
And that he always fought fair whate'er
might come to pass,
And that nothing but a rotten race could
invent such a gas.

He said: For fifteen long years the old earth
I did shake,
And I conquered all until in it a hand Brit-
ain did take,

RANDOM WRITINGS

I won at Zena, Freidland and Austerlitz,
too,
But mine came forever at old Waterloo.

For 6000 long years this Hell I have ruled,
And many grand people I surely have fooled.
Many I've met with a strong, stubborn will,
But I have never seen the equal to the great
Kaiser Bill.

I am quite willing that second place he will
take
Until he is trained and good he does make.
But with me forever he never can dwell,
For such a rotten deformity would spoil a
good hell.

I have all manner of villains here, one and
all they do say,
Some I kicked out and would not let stay,
If he once gets possession, firm planted and
set.
I'll have the worst case that I ever have met.

RANDOM WRITINGS

I have a plan, and all right it will be,
And also it will make it easier for me;
Six months I will take, just for a start,
Then pass him on up to one who is better in
the art.

When I get him I will give him his dues,
Most certainly I will that monster confuse.
With him for once I will surely raise hell,
For the murder of Capt. Friatt and Edith
Cavell.

That I am a blackguard one and all do ac-
claim,
And that you are forever condemned if you
lose your good name.
On earth they say that I have always been
apt to deceive
Ever since I misguided old Adam and Eve.

Napoleon was an expert, and all others he
did surpass,
In everything hellish and of a real brutish
class.

RANDOM WRITINGS

He led his army to Moseow, and o'er the
Alps they did go,
Then left them to perish in the frost and
snow.

He surmounted every obstacle that came in
his way,
He poisoned his own wounded when on their
backs they did lay.
He did everything tricky that belonged to
that class,
But he never once stooped so low as to throw
his poison gas.

Everything has an end, and sure there's no
doubt,
And surely I am ended for I feel down and
out.
I have lost all my courage and my old self
will,
Since I have been outclassed by the great
Kaiser Bill.

RANDOM WRITINGS

Now, forever farewell to these dark regions
below,
And to hunt a new job at once I must go.
It breaks my heart to leave the job that I
love so well,
But the Kaiser knows better how to run a
real hell.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE KAISER.

The Kaiser now is all down and out
He is so sick, so sorry and so sad,
Without a doubt he's got the gout,
And he has gone Kultur mad.

The Kaiser Bill, that ne'er do well,
Who went so far, so far astray,
He need not die to go to hell,
For on earth he'll get it every day.

From his lofty pinnacle of false fame
He has fallen with an awful thud;
Insane, inbred, cruel and ugly beast,
He has signed his name with human blood.

Sure thing now that he has lost the race,
And the coward now will hunt his hole,
And into his own self-made mire
His beastly carcass it will roll.

THE KAISER'S EPITAPHS.

Beneath this sod, just four feet down,
Lies the carcass of an ugly clown.
For raising hell he has surpassed,
And sorrow o'er the earth he has sown
broadcast.

No one on earth his stubborn will could
check,
And his mother's heart he sure did break;
From birth he was a misfit and a ne'er-do-
well,
And he will make first-class fuel for a hell.

Here lie the bones of William the Kaiser,
Had he not been a fool he would have been
wiser;

For murder and lust he took a high place,
While on earth he always was a dirty dis-
grace.

To hell by fast express he did go,
To reap the wild oats that on earth he did
sow.

RANDOM WRITINGS

Beneath this sod down in the earth
Lie the remains of a beast in human form,
While on the earth he was of little worth,
But sure thing all the same he did much
harm.

Poor inbred, bloated sot,
With ambition drunk and kultur crazed,
He thought that none on earth could sway
his will one jot,
But while on earth sure thing hell he raised.

He thought that no one on earth his stubborn
will could subdue,
And just as he pleased the whole world he
could plague,
But like all other cruel tyrants he met his
Waterloo, in 1918,
When he met the great Foch and Haig.

SATAN'S EXPLANATION.

To an old friend he said, I am down-hearted
and sad
When I think I am blamed for all that is bad.
That story about the forbidden fruit and
Adam and Eve,
Every time that I think of it sure makes me
grieve:

Now for once in my life, I'll tell you the
truth
About deceiving them in the days of their
youth,
For the good of my health I took my morn-
ing walk,
And also to find someone with whom I might
talk.

So up around by Eden one morning I went
Just to see the new comers that lately had
been sent,

RANDOM WRITINGS

And to see the hedges, the ferns and the
flowers,
And the fountains, the trees, the shrubs and
the bowers.

When I entered the garden, Eve first I did
see,
Like a wild deer on the mountain she came
running to me,
And she said, good morning sir, how are you
to-day?
And like the women now she had plenty to
say.

Sir, said she, we have everything that's good
to eat,
And we also have great variety of both bit-
ter and sweet.
But we are forbidden to take from that tree
in the center,
This command we got when we here first did
enter.

RANDOM WRITINGS

I did not advise her to eat from the tree in
the center,
For Eve had an eye on it when first I did
enter.

She was very friendly and pretty as well,
But she never once suspected that I was the
keeper of hell.

I told her not to touch it, and to obey the
command,
And that if they disobeyed into the ditch
they would land;
She was pretty, graceful and winsome, too,
And you know what a man for a pretty wo-
man will do,

She next said that we have not been here
very long,
And we have grand birds with rare plumage
and song;
We can either work or we can take our ease,
I promised to obey, but I do just as I please.

RANDOM WRITINGS.

The favor that she asked was an apple to
pick,
From the highest limb, sure 'twas no easy
trick,
So by the help of my wings and the aid of
my tail
To the very top of the tree at once I did sail.

Now one I picked, and 'twas the rosiest of
all,
But when making the descent I near had a
fall.

I then said, my lady, I hope this will satisfy
all your wants,
But when descending too quick I tore the
seat of my pants.

A few of the apples now fell on the ground,
Like lightning she rushed to taste the first
that she found.

She now was disappointed and said that this
one is bitter,

- I then told her that there were other things
than gold at first sight did glitter.

RANDOM WRITINGS.

So sure as God is in heaven, every time we'll
be left,
If we do anything that's crooked or resembles a theft,
What a bad tangle we make in the web we
do weave,
Every time our fellows we try to deceive.

No sooner had I obeyed her than my con-
science did me check,
I almost wished that I had broken my neck.
To think that astray by a woman I had been
led,
I felt so down-hearted that I wished I was
dead

Please don't for one moment think that your
uncle's a fool,
For I was well educated in a first-class
school,
For time immemorial my home was with the
just and the wise,
But like the people of to-day too little my
home I did prize.

RANDOM WRITINGS

And also I've been blamed for advising Cain
Able to slay,
From his birth he was a blackguard that
would have his own way,
His mother Eve began to spoil him as soon
as he could see,
And with his brother Abel he never would
agree.

And once more I was blamed at the time of
the flood
For advising them to oppose everything that
was good.
They were a stiff-necked gang with whom I
never could hit,
It was their own plans that put them into the
ditch.

And again I was blamed for advising Delilah
wrong,
By getting her to clip the hair of Samson the
strong,
For that I am as innocent as a child newly
born,
For before I arrived on the ground she had
him all shorn.

RANDOM WRITINGS

And still again once more about David and
Uriah's wife,
By advising him when he was young and full
of life,
To place Uriah in the battle front on that
day,
In order that the Philistines sure would him
slay.

And Solomon, too, with a thousand wives
fair and strong,
Whom he kept in his palace to cheer him
along,
I am as innocent of that as the wild moun-
tain deer,
For I always allowed his own bark to steer.

Moral:

Now one and all, great and small,
When on new ways you do venture,
Do what's right both day and night,
But always keep away from the garden's
centre.

THE FALL OF MAN IN EDEN.

When first in Eden's garden bright and fair,
Adam and Eve they were placed,
They were a right good happy pair,
Until they themselves disgraced.

They were contented, happy and all right,
Until Satan there did enter,
And advised them for to test the fruit
That grew in the garden's center.

In mind they sure were rather weak,
Like helpless children newly born,
And they had no friends their lives to cheer,
And sometimes they felt forlorn.

Satan a blackguard he sure turned out,
For that we know right well,
Still he is better than the Kaiser Bill,
Although he lives in—you know where.

RANDOM WRITINGS.

For once he was an angel pure and white,
Without one single stain or dirty speck,
It would have been a godsend for one and all
Had the vile villain but broken his neck.

Why should we lament the fall of man
Or for one moment ever worry,
Was this not the great Creator's plan
For He does nothing in a hurry.

What a fine message this sure is
For a child that has scarcely learned to
talk,
That if they disobey in any way,
Straight into hell they sure will walk.

The child may like the parents be,
Born with disposition wild and strong,
And any day from the right may sway,
And go just a little trifle wrong.

When first Adam and Eve in Eden ran
They were pure and like the fallen snow,
Soon, too soon, they left the original plan
And began their wild oats to sow.

RANDOM WRITINGS

Had they but obeyed the great command
And had but used some common sense,
They need not have left fair Eden's land,
By giving such a grave offense.

Would it not have been a godsend grand
In the superlative degree,
Had they done the right both day and night,
And happy ever more in Eden there to be.

Sure we are in the Bible told,
And we all know that it's no conjecture,
That after enjoying that royal treat
That they received a thorough lecture.

There has always been a doubt about this
fruit,
And what was its form and size,
But this in the Bible we do read.
That open wide flew their eyes.

Order is heaven's first and all important law,
And obedience sure is important, too,
And without order and obedience
We never will get through.

RANDOM WRITINGS

Now my friends, one and all,
When on new ways you venture,
Do what is right both day and night
And keep off the garden's centre.

