

**CIHM  
Microfiche  
Series  
(Monographs)**

**ICMH  
Collection de  
microfiches  
(monographies)**



**Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques**

**© 1995**

## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes technique et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of tiling are checked below.

- Coloured covers / Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged / Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated / Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing / Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps / Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) / Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations / Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material / Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available / Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure.
- Blank leaves added during restorations may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming / Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments / Commentaires supplémentaires:

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modifications dans la méthode normale de tilmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated / Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed / Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies / Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary material / Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to ensure the best possible image / Les pages totalement ou partiellement obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure, etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à obtenir la meilleure image possible.
- Opposing pages with varying colouration or discolourations are filmed twice to ensure the best possible image / Les pages s'opposant ayant des colorations variables ou des décolorations sont filmées deux fois afin d'obtenir la meilleur image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

	10X		14X		18X		22X		26X		30X
	12X		16X		20X		24X		28X		32X

/

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

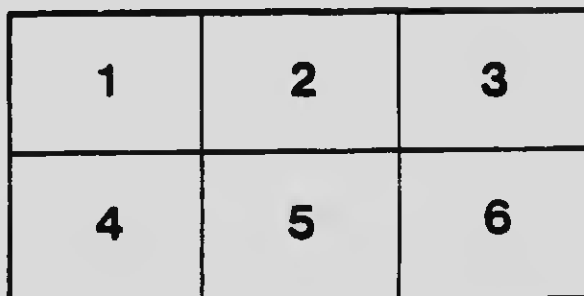
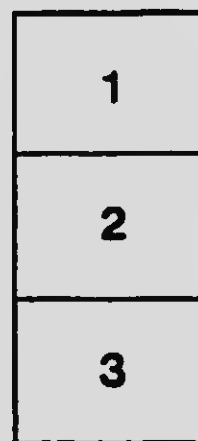
National Library of Canada

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol  $\rightarrow$  (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol  $\nabla$  (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

Bibliothèque nationale du Canada

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

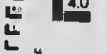
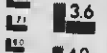
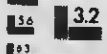
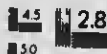
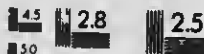
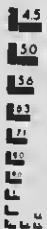
Les exemplaires originaux dont le couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par le première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole  $\rightarrow$  signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole  $\nabla$  signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI und ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



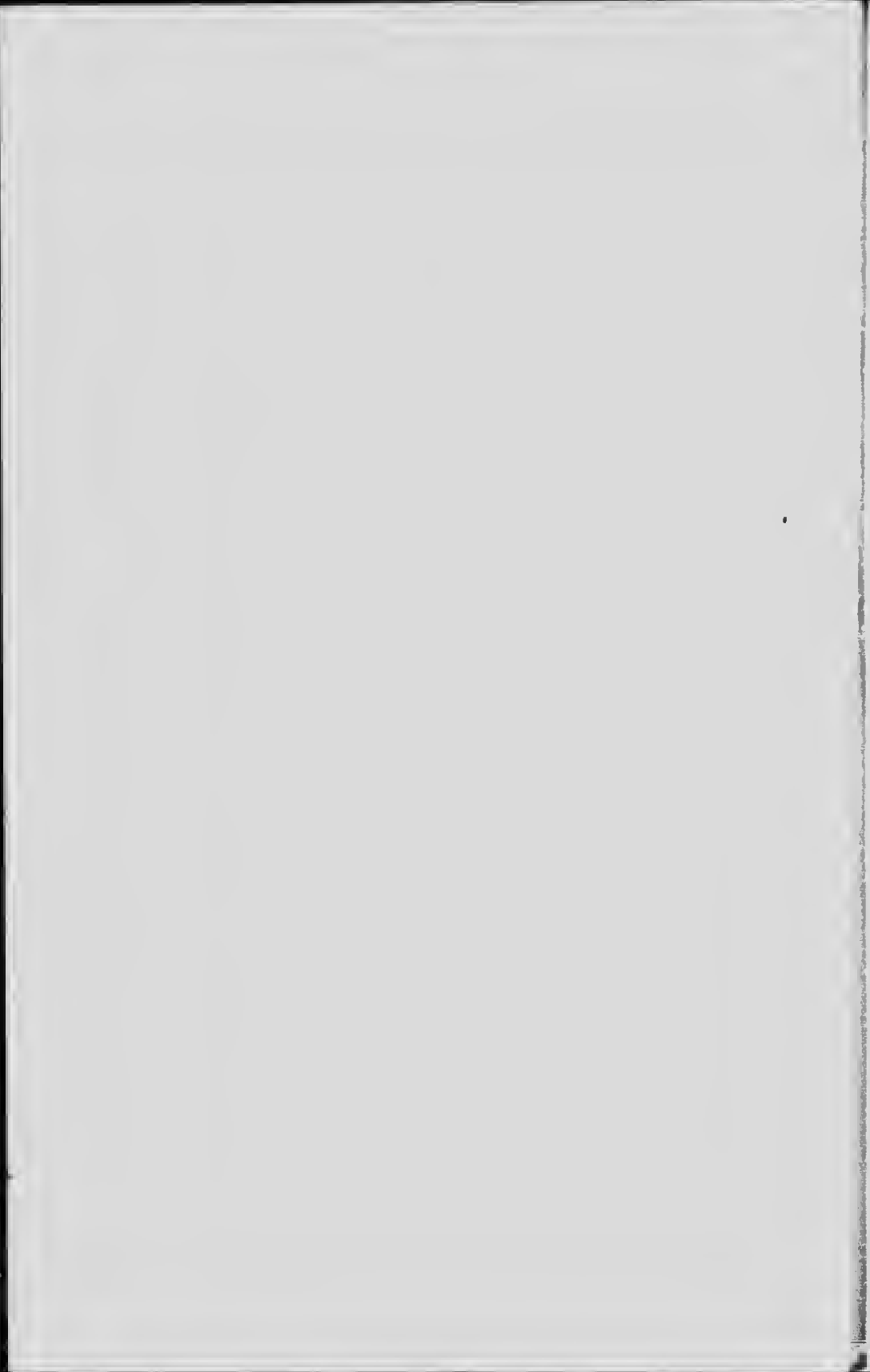
APPLIED IMAGE Inc

1653 East Main Street  
Rochester, New York 14609 USA  
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone  
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax

11.11.11

11.11.11

11.11.11



1400  
→

# SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE

BY  
WILLIAM BOWMAN TUCKER

AUTHOR OF "THE CAMDEN COLONY"  
"S' AY SCHOOL OUTLINES"  
ETC.

JOHN LOVELL & SON, LIMITED  
MONTREAL

1918

70125

P58539  
L27756  
C 2

Entered according to Act of Parliament in the year one thousand nine hundred and eighteen by William Bowman Tucker in the office of the Minister of Agriculture and Statistics at Ottawa.



## AN EXCUSE

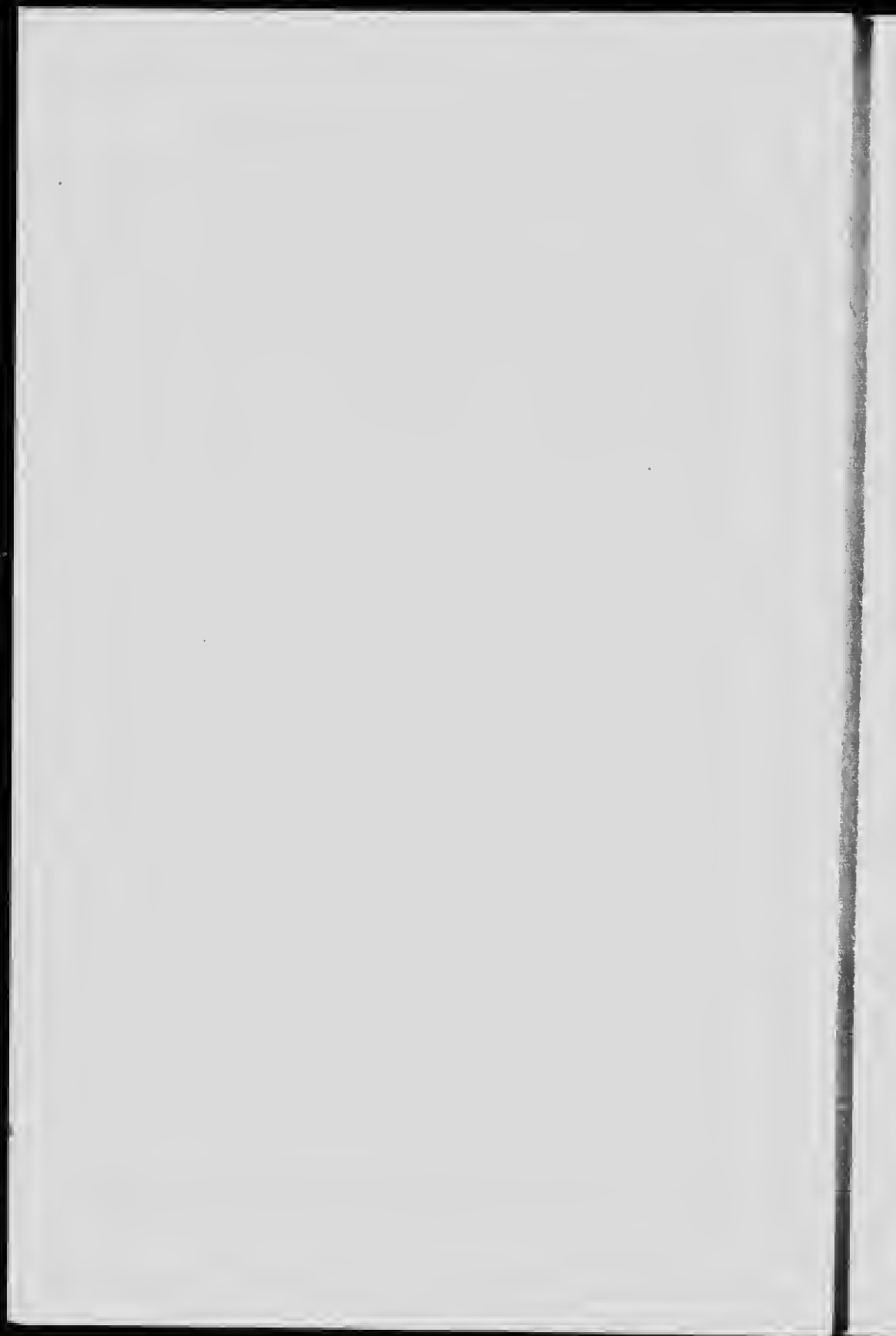
My apology for thrusting this volume upon the library shelves is the importunity of my friends, mainly, who have wished me to put into some permanent form the fugitives of forty years; but there is also an element of myself in the matter. For I have a conscience in this thing also. Ours is yet a young country. When the men of the pioneer days built their log huts they were preparing the way for massive buildings of steel and concrete. The huts may vanish, but the builders live on in the life of the country. So every fragment of a literary sort is a helper in creating a worthy, substantial and national literature.

In these "Songs" there is no attempt at high class poetic art; these, rather, have been little ministries. I have kept my ear to the hearts of my fellows, perhaps more than fixing my eye on the stars, and I have tried to interpret the need.

From many directions, through the years, there have come back responses, and the hope that younger readers who may have missed the fugitives of long ago may now find convenient access to them, will, I trust, be fulfilled, and justify this effort to increase the "making of many books."

W. BOWMAN TUCKER.

*Montreal City Mission,  
287 Cadieux Street, Montreal,  
September, 1918.*



## CONTENTS

	PAGE
Patriotic Prayers . . . . .	1
Invasion . . . . .	2
Sacrifice . . . . .	3
Our Dear Old Mother . . . . .	5
Fall In . . . . .	7
The Might which is Right . . . . .	8
Men Wanted . . . . .	12
The Warfare . . . . .	13
The Campaigners . . . . .	14
What Then? . . . . .	15
The Leader . . . . .	17
The Victories . . . . .	18
Afterwards . . . . .	19
In Requiem . . . . .	23
The Prospect . . . . .	25
Christian Volunteers . . . . .	26
Jonathan to his Armour Bearer . . . . .	28
The Armour Bearer . . . . .	29
Forward . . . . .	31
Our Land . . . . .	34
On the St. Lawrence . . . . .	35
By Longueuil . . . . .	36
The Napanee . . . . .	40
On the La Have . . . . .	43
On the Chateauguay . . . . .	45
The Richelieu . . . . .	47
After Election Day . . . . .	50
The Home Guards . . . . .	52
The Man of Gadara . . . . .	54

	PAGE
Stepping Stones . . . . .	56
The Old Friends . . . . .	57
The Missioner . . . . .	59
Making the Best of It . . . . .	61
The Doctor's Fee . . . . .	62
John Mountray . . . . .	65
Unity . . . . .	72
A School Hymn . . . . .	73
Our Society Dream . . . . .	74
Aspiration . . . . .	76
Berachah . . . . .	78
Procrastination . . . . .	79
The Men of Faith . . . . .	80
In an Autograph Album . . . . .	81
Bethany . . . . .	83
Let it Pass . . . . .	85
Our little Town Church . . . . .	88
My Friend . . . . .	93
A City Hymn . . . . .	94
Sunlight . . . . .	96
A Name . . . . .	96
The Man from Over the Sea . . . . .	98
Unappreciated, but Needed . . . . .	101
Joy in Service . . . . .	102
Light, Love and Life . . . . .	103
The Risen Christ . . . . .	104
He Wept . . . . .	105
Helpers . . . . .	106
Sabbath Evening . . . . .	109
Aaron . . . . .	110
Thy Promise . . . . .	111
The Sabbath . . . . .	112
A Morning Prayer . . . . .	113
The Place of Repair . . . . .	115

## CONTENTS

	vii
	PAGE
What my Heart said when He tried me . . . . .	117
Fear thou Not . . . . .	118
Springs from the Pisgah Hills . . . . .	118
Giving Thanks . . . . .	120
After the Toil . . . . .	122
The Babe of Bethlehem . . . . .	123
A Gratification . . . . .	124
To a Sexagenarian . . . . .	124
My Love . . . . .	126
The Sign of the Fragments . . . . .	129
New Year's Reflections . . . . .	130
The Old Year . . . . .	137
Ellen Agnes Bilhrough Wallace . . . . .	138
Peace . . . . .	141
When I'm Tempted . . . . .	142
My Immortality . . . . .	143
Cheer Up . . . . .	145
A Young Man's Ideal . . . . .	146
The Love Test . . . . .	147
Life . . . . .	149
Happiness . . . . .	149
The Teacher's Prayer . . . . .	150
The Way . . . . .	151
The Herald . . . . .	152
Divine Sufficiency . . . . .	154
The Praying Christ . . . . .	155
Altruism . . . . .	156
A Proof of God . . . . .	158
To a Photograph . . . . .	160
O Little Town of Gossip Street . . . . .	160
The Witness . . . . .	162
A Prayer . . . . .	163
What's in a Name? . . . . .	164
The Joy that Sorrows . . . . .	165

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
Doubting Peter . . . . .	168
The Teacher's Work . . . . .	173
"Johnnie Boy" . . . . .	174
Your Father Knoweth . . . . .	180
So much that we have Done . . . . .	181
God-like Love . . . . .	182
The Deserted Street . . . . .	183
Your own Master . . . . .	185
A Pansy in a Letter . . . . .	186
The Storm . . . . .	187
Andrew, the Missioner . . . . .	189
Friendship . . . . .	192

# SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE

---

## PATRIOTIC PRAYERS

O God, our soldiers keep,  
And those who guard the deep,  
    From shore to shore.  
Thy blessing on them send,  
Guide them unto the end,  
Let peace with victory blend  
    For evermore.

\* God save our sailors brave  
Guarding the restless wave  
    In danger's hour.  
Fighting for king and right,  
Daring the foeman's might,  
Speed them with love and light,  
    And give them power.

† O God, our soldiers keep  
And those who guard the deep  
    With airmen brave.

---

\* The form of this stanza and some of its expressions were suggested to me by Dr. W. H. Atherton of the Catholic Sailors' Institute of Montreal, who invited me to put into verse something appropriate for sailors to sing.

† This verse was framed on the request of the Rev. Henry Cecil Walsh, of the Rectory, Terrebonne, and was suggested in view of the important and dangerous work being attempted by our aviators in the war area.

2 SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE

Thy blessing on them send,  
Guide them unto the end  
Let peace with victory blend,  
Our saviours save.

INVASION

"Satan came also."—*Job 1 : 6.*

With purpose fixed and age-long plans matured,  
Measures and methods well developed, weighed,  
Forces accrued, strategic foresights made,  
And victory of purpose full assured—

The devil came in human visage writ,  
With might of wickedness to spoil the right  
Of what was good, and Virtue's hope to blight,  
And then enthroned in Paradise to sit.

Nor yet content invading Eden's bowers,  
His vicious scourge has marred the centuries—  
"Be gods and gain admiring votaries,  
And trample down who dares oppose your powers."

From Adam to tried Job and tempted Lord,  
Imprisoned heralds of the glorious Cross,  
And martyred saints who braved all earthly loss,  
To latest days of war, by saints deplored—



SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 3

The crowing shows the nature of the cock—  
The creed he speaks, the blackened preacher's  
plight—

The vile invasion of the weak, the might  
Of tyrant, born our righteous will to mock.

It was and is, and will be evermore  
The devil's deed, the devil's ruling hand;  
The very hell wherein our brave boys stand  
I say, again, write it—"The Devil's Score."

SACRIFICE

"All that a man hath will he give for his life."—*Job 2 : 4.*

Yes, friend, for once the devil spoke the holy truth  
And Europe's war, which by the way is your war  
too,

Is giving one undying, glorious proof forsooth  
Of what for sake of life the higher man will do.

Think you the doctrine new of blood-bought sacri-  
fice?

Heroic does it seem to you civilian soldiers die,  
And myriads march along with set civilian eyes  
Nor crave their wont, nor fear the foe, nor ease  
would buy?

4 SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE

What else could come from creeds your faithful  
fathers taught!

What recks the strain, the drain, the gain that  
costs the pain?

The creeds were brewed in blood, made men of  
honest thought,

And if their creed lives on such men must live  
again.

These boys, the sons of brave and sturdy old-world  
stock,

Have added to their count they are Canadian  
born,

Canadian bred, 'mid atmosphere and hills that  
mock

At scotness, and their forms with ruddy health  
adorn.

These boys have heard the call of life—the highest  
life—

And counted it their prize most worthy of their  
best,

So where the nations pour their best in war's red  
strife,

No church bells toll their hour, but there they  
lie at rest.

Yet they live on, both there and here, forever live,  
And bid you do as they—superbly play the man;

SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 5

Across the watery main, entreating bid you give  
Yourself, with nothing gained of all your cher-  
ished plan.

These sacrificers brave, without the lust of war  
Bred in them as was wont in men of ancient days,  
Outrank the glorious ancients, and their deepened  
scar  
On Europe's soil shall speak reverberating praise.

OUR DEAR OLD MOTHER

"Where thou diest I will die."—*Ruth*.

There's a dear old mother and she sits on a rock  
Surrounded by winds and by seas,  
And her heart beats so warm that she fears not a  
shock,  
Though her foes strain their strength she will need  
not their stock,  
But will sit on her rock as she please.  
And that dear old mother loves the sea's foaming  
crest,  
Refreshes her brow by its spray,  
Crowns her head with the north, cheers her heart  
from the west,  
By the south on her bulwarks her sceptre doth rest,  
And she looks to the west far away.

6 SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE

And she's mother by nature and mother by grace,  
    (Her adopted spread over the earth),  
Not a land her flag owns, not a sea her ships space  
But are better thereby, and no better ways trace  
    Than her policies brought to the birth.

Some may smile at her age, call her "senile"—  
    "decayed,"

    And may add that her end is near;  
They may wish as they think, they may plan as  
    they've prayed,

But she prays and she plans, rules the seas undis-  
    mayed,

    Wears her age as the youth of a year.

O ye children afar and ye children still near,  
    Delighting yourselves where ye will,  
Is there service too great, is aught worthy of fear,  
Such that you may not serve, to her standards  
    adhere,

    Or die bathed in your gore for her still?

Lift a cheer for the mother that sits on her rock  
    (And cheer for her children, all brave)

Let us cheer when our loyalty enemies mock,  
Let us cheer with our guns at the foeman's mad  
    shock,

    Let us cheer as we fight to the grave.

"FALL IN."

"And Jonathan climbed up, and his armour-bearer  
after him."

Don't you hear us calling  
While our men are falling  
In this war appalling  
That we want you to come too?  
For the Enemy's about,  
And our ranks are thinning out  
As we put the foe to rout  
And we're doing as the Colonel asked us to.

And you boys are spoiling,  
Fretting lest the soiling  
And the strenuous toiling  
Might offend your kid-gloved hand.  
"Tommy" dies for you, you know,  
So his love for right he'll show;  
Was it worth his while to go  
While you're sipping, larking, in the "slacker's  
band"?

Hundreds of us dying,  
(Shame upon your shying),  
For recruits we're crying  
That our thinning ranks be filled.  
How you cheered when we marched by!  
You assured us with your cry

8 *SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE*

We should keep within your eye.  
While we're fighting, dying, are your heart fires  
chilled?

Do your "bit" for home, boys,  
Say "Good-bye" to home joys,  
Put away your child toys,  
Strike the trail for war to-day.  
Stand up to it one and all,  
Let no fear your heart appall,  
Let your manhood crown the call  
For your country fighting, dying in the fray.

*THE MIGHT WHICH IS RIGHT*

"Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?"  
*Job 14 : 4.*

The roving hordes of Scythia  
High fed on wild horse flesh,  
Came west, until with Attila  
They girt us in their mesh.

Imperial Theodosius  
(Poor Christian type was he)  
Met Attila victorious,  
Paid tribute to be free.

SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 9

And thus the Dardanelles he held,  
Constantinople free;  
But Attila his freedom spoiled  
Through Europe to North Sea.

From Adriatic's potent strand,  
And over Italy,  
The lordly Alps stayed not his hand,  
His arm reached Hungary,

And Spain and Gaul, the Netherlands,  
On to the Baltic sea—  
All felt the tread of savage bands  
And mourned their misery.

The Despot died as despots must  
By hand of cruel fate,  
The victim of his gorgeous lust,  
Recipient of men's hate.

Now after fifteen hundred years  
The festering sore has burst  
Which Europe gained when Mothers' tears  
By Attila were cursed.

All sin its penalty shall find;  
Vengeance exacts its way;  
An Emperor's love of ease has timed  
Our world's war-woe to-day.

10 SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE

Methinks I hear o'er distant hills  
The wail of hearts bereaved  
By war, and ghastly misery fills  
A continent upheaved.

Yet think it not to Christians due  
No war should there have been,  
For pledges had been vain, untrue,  
If selfish ease demean.

And Christian faith its pledge has given  
To strive for mastery  
When hell would thwart the plans of heaven;  
Christ-life loves victory.

They err who say the Christian man  
Must never strive for Right;  
Their vision blurred, they blight God's plan  
If Right must yield to Might.

If they were right, all good would cease  
And evil reign supreme,  
Since evil fights to win release  
For every evil dream.

From India's depths and China's woes  
Behemoth stalks abroad,  
A beast of war, where'er he goes  
Defying even God.



SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 11

The Christ, the greatest Good earth saw,  
Revealed unblemished might  
And came expressive of the law  
He rules who most is right.

He knew one way, and only one  
To deal with any wrong—  
He faced the foe; He fought and won;  
He proved Himself the strong.

No compromise with wrong He knew,  
To greed He gave no place,  
Despised hypocrisies, and drew  
Upon His head disgrace.

So Theodosius should have done;  
So Christian men to-day  
Should fight for right, till victory won,  
The might of wrong gives way.

O Europe: may the day soon dawn  
When heathenisms end,  
When unto Christ the people drawn,  
In Christ their songs shall blend.

When hate and greed and envious war  
No more shall stage their play,  
Since Christ shall reign, our Royal Star,  
And Right, His sceptre, sway.

12 SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE

O haste Thee in Thy coming, Lord:  
Make peace 'twixt God and man;  
Let all Thy people bare the sword  
All evil things to ban.

In patience may they bear their part,  
Persistent to the end;  
In trials grant a manly heart,  
In warfare victory send.

MEN WANTED.

"It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth."  
*Lam. 3 : 27.*

Come on! Come on brave men.  
The age has waited long,  
And you are heirs to hopes and fears  
That saw the growing wrong.  
Come, rally to the call,  
Raise Britain's flag on high,  
And beat your drum till doubts are dumb,  
As troops go marching by.

Sign on! brave men, sign on.  
Honor your own right hand,  
Honor the cause defending laws  
For weal of every land.  
Write out the lord of war,  
Write in the Causes just,  
And write yourself, your cheery self,  
Worthy of gun and trust.

Conscription did you damn?  
Nay fie! you do not ask  
Another man, some other clan  
To undertake your task?  
Aren't you too big a man  
Child's play to undertake?  
To stay at home while neighbors moan  
Or die for your dear sake?

Then hear the bugle's call,  
Humanity's appeal—  
(The suffering Right assailed by Might)  
To men of sense who feel,  
And arm you for the fight  
Your duty yet undone,  
Take up the load by war bestowed—  
Rejoice your hour has come.

## THE WARFARE

"War a good warfare."—1 *Tim.* 1 : 18.

The Youth was trained in soldier lore,  
And nourished in his soul a fight;  
With soldier mien himself he bore,  
In pride of conflict found delight.

But soldier brave, and true and tried,  
Was ne'er begot of barrack rule,  
But in the field, where side by side  
With falling men, he found life's school.

The field he marked, the war he prized,  
And set his monument that day;  
The fuller life he recognized,  
And wakened to the larger way

So reckon we each conflict stern,  
Not as a sad and futile blight,  
But means by which we clearly earn  
The right to life's clear, conscious might.

### THE CAMPAIGNERS

"We were comforted over you in all our affliction and distress, by your faith."—1 *Thess.* 3 : 7.

God helps through men, through human life,  
Of varied age and sort and class,  
And for our fellows in the strife,  
Unceasing thanks to Him we pass.

The sinews of the war they gave,  
To youthful feet the campaign taught,  
The old they cheered, when near the grave,  
The lonely led, and for them wrought.

SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 15

What if at times in eager zeal,  
These various forces cross and clash?  
Or if in quest of higher weal,  
They close in competition rash?

We plant our milestone by the way,  
Assured that these are ruled of God,  
And bring to dawn a larger day,  
Although a rugged road is trod.

WHAT THEN ?

"He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."—*Luke 14 : 11.*

What if God gives you the victory?  
Can ye give Him the praise?  
Have ye yet learned the mystery  
Taught by these sad, war days?  
Armies and navies are made by men,  
Billions of gold may be theirs,  
But might in the battle is gift of Heaven  
And victory by answered prayers.

Will ye give honor to God on high  
And humble yourselves meanwhile,  
Or boastfully let our good flag fly  
Ignoring God's frown or smile?

16 SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE

Armies and navies are made by men;  
God holds control of them all,  
And might in the battle is gift of Heaven—  
He frowns and the proud ones fall.

What if God gives you the victory?  
Honor ye then your God?  
Use ye the power for liberty  
Where men of all lands trod?  
Or make ye more armies and navies then,  
Extending o'er men your sway,  
Assuming the might God lent to men  
Is yours for a selfish way?

O Britain and Allies! Victory  
Is had for the humbled heart;  
Where conscience doth give security  
They win who serve God's part.  
Armies and navies grow big with men  
But God is biggest of all;  
We write of our might with clever pen—  
Unblest by God we fall.

## THE LEADER

"King of Peace." "The Captain of their Salvation, perfect through sufferings."—*Heb. 7 : 2 ; 2 : 10.*

Captain in every strong combine,  
Perfect Himself by suffering sore,  
God over all—Christ the Divine,  
Give to Him praise for days of yore.

Here let us make our grateful stand,  
To mark the honor of His Grace,  
Who led us with His mighty hand,  
Wrought victory in every place.

Bless we His wisdom, power and might,  
His leadership in conflicts dire;  
And let us magnify His right  
To reign o'er all, while foes expire.

Blood-red the way His feet have trod,  
Thorn-pierced His brow, still calm and clear,  
While with the master deed of God,  
Makes He our liberties appear.

Christ of the Cross—matter of praise,  
Leader and strength for days to come,  
Fighting Right's war; grant us to raise  
Tokens of Thee where wars are won.

THE VICTORIES.

"Thanks be unto God which always causeth us to triumph  
in Christ."—2 Cor. 2 : 14.

Triumphant strains of warriors glad,  
Are thrilling through the vibrant sky,  
The tokens of the souls, that had  
Won well, through grace, their victory.

Nor is this earth devoid of such,  
When Apostolic lips exclaim,  
Or eyes once dark attest Light's touch,  
And truth wins way with glad acclaim.

Give me no place in heaven or earth,  
If victory ne'er may be my part;  
There comes an end to life and mirth,  
When failure breaks and chills my heart.

Bring forth your man who tyrant is,  
And grinds the life of fellow man;—  
Can he conceive of human bliss,  
Where never freedom's warm blood ran?

I claim the right for every man  
To share the power which Heaven bestows,  
To strive, and execute his plan,  
To scorn defeat, defy his foes.



SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 19

Bone of our bone, soul of our soul,  
Our whole of life—this subtle sense  
Of power possessed, in full control  
Of jarring things. Hope calls us hence.

For all the victories of the past,  
Give thanks to Him, whose help was nigh.  
Who when the sky was overcast  
Burst forth in might, set us on high.

AFTERWARDS

When this war of greed shall end  
And the Nations once more trend  
Unto quiet ways, may they  
Learn, O God, Thou hast Thy way.

Might of arms, and maze of men  
Growled like lions in their den,  
But Thy wise hand ruled the way,  
Then, O God, Thou hadst Thy day.

When our Empire heard the cry  
Of distress, from peoples nigh,  
Thou didst claim our best that day,  
Then, O Lord, we learned Thy way.

20 *SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE*

When shall cease the roar of gun,  
When the work of war is done,  
In the midst of our dismay  
Then, O God, Thy grace display.

Mighty Nations! Rulers great!  
Proud displays of haughty State!  
In the end all helpless fall—  
Thou, Almighty, help them all.

Guide and guard our Empire's ways—  
Guard our shores in future days,  
Guide us, since our best is vain;  
Guard and guide since Thou dost reign.

Over land and over sea  
Guarantee our liberty;  
Bless our soldiers, seamen brave,  
Since Thou rulest land and wave.

Island with her far-flung lines  
Where Imperial glory shines—  
Make her heart, and make her hands  
Strong, as in Thy strength she stands.

When this rage of war is o'er,  
May the Nations Thee adore;  
Learn that fighting, Thee they fight,  
Learn they live when living right.

SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 21

Daughter of our Island Home,  
Granted Mistress in our own,  
Far from Home, but near to Thee  
If our Land exalted be.

From these shores great heroes went  
Seriously, on duty bent,  
Messengers to do Thy will—  
Thrill us, gird us, rule us still.

Those who died to keep us free  
Shall in ages yet to be  
Mould this Nation's life, and then  
All shall know Thou mad'st them men.

Boast we not of Science, Art,  
Of our Commerce, or our Mart,  
Of our Politics or Power,  
Of our Parentage or Dower,

Though possessing ample share;  
Rather may our boasting dare  
To exalt Thy name, and see  
How our men have come from Thee.

"Dust and ashes" from their birth  
Are the kingdoms of this Earth,  
Till Thou changest all their dross  
By the grandeur of Thy Cross.

Hast Thou planned for Northern clime  
People daring, true, sublime?  
Thine the Hand to make them so,  
Thine the way we slowly go.

Through the furnace fire of war  
Where our loved ones lie afar,  
We have passed to live again,  
Live ennobled by our pain.

Heroes they who crossed the sea,  
Left us their rich legacy,  
Gave us crimson days of woe,  
Seed from which our race shall grow.

Did they think what we must mix?  
Roman Priest with crucifix,  
Hebrew Rabbi, Protestant,  
Men of Europe, far Levant,

Asiatic, African,—  
Mix we these if mix we can—  
Racial discords, tastes and creeds—  
All the lusts of sordid seeds—

Only Thou, O God, canst do  
All this mixing, lead us through  
Pregnant days, and save us still  
From base counsel, evil will.

SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 23

Out of Europe's chaos raise  
Stepping stones to better days—  
'Mid the pillars of our West—  
So a new Race finds its best.

Throned above all gods and kings,  
Empired with the breadth Light brings,  
Nations to Thy nobler day  
Thou shalt lead, so show the way.

Thrones and States shall rock and fall,  
Awful doom our race appall;  
Midst the tragedies of Time  
Thou remainest throned, sublime.

Make our Empire's Throne secure,  
Guard our King; may he endure;  
As Thou rulest, own His name;  
As Thou livest crown His fame.

IN REQUIEM.

Most glorious news the wires have brought to-day  
Of our Canadian boys who went war's way,  
And some now sleep in death, and some are sore,  
Their marchings done, their fighting days now o'er.

24 SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE

Most glorious news, for though our lads may fall  
Yet heroes they have proved, and met the call  
Of death, undaunted, true exponents they  
Of highborn, serious mood where passions play.

What if distinguished marks, with kingly praise  
And honor's courtly smile, on them none lays?  
Their deeds proclaim their place; an Empire's  
cause  
Upheld, they generate our future laws.

Fearless of foe, nor ruled by vengeful hate,  
These boys left us to magnify the State,  
And for Canadian ages yet to be  
Have died, if but the Future may be free.

Let tyrant from his vaunting throne be hurled—  
Let Righteousness be kind to war-worn world—  
Christ's Golden Rule to blood-soaked lands bring  
peace—  
Canadian heroes played their part in these.

So you ye parents in your elder days—  
Cheer up fond hearts, put on your modest ways,  
Yet proud that God gave you such willing son  
To die afar, his duty nobly done.

Let this console—no nobler life is there,  
Than taking human woe, its mis'ry share,  
And fighting wrong, with lofty purpose live,  
Or dying, to his race himself to give.

### THE PROSPECT

"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."—2 *Tim.* 4 : 8.

Thy wars shall end, thy crowning come,  
Thy weariness give place to rest,  
And Royalty proclaim "Well done,"  
When thou hast fought and done thy best.

The holy city waits for thee,  
For thy approaching, longing, waits;  
Her walls shall ring with hallowed glee,  
Her hosts acclaim, fling wide her gates.

What eye ne'er saw, nor ear e'er heard,  
Shall burst upon thy warrior soul,  
And for thy loyalty averred,  
O'er thee unmeasured bliss shall roll.

Kings, prophets, priests, with Christ enthroned,  
The Saviour of the white-robed host,  
Bid thee press on, by sin disowned,  
And gain thy best, when less is lost.

## CHRISTIAN VOLUNTEERS

A RALLY SONG

(Tune—"Soldiers of the Queen.")

Christians once did all the world disdain,  
Its gold they reckoned then but dross;  
All its pleasures were to them no gain,  
They boasted of their Saviour's cross.  
All the world observed them, wondered why they  
died  
Than claim their share of human good;  
But martyr's blood was shed,  
(Not one ever fled,)  
Holy seed, it plentifully grew,  
Holy seed, it plentifully grew,  
So when we say that we are victors,  
Remember how it came to be:—

*Refrain—*

It's the blood of Christ once shed for all,  
His life for all,  
A gift to all.  
In our Father's love for each and all,  
Which He hath bestowed on all men lost.  
So when we say the victory's won,  
And when we tell you how it's done,  
We humbly point to God's own Son,  
The Captain of a conqu'ring host.  
*—Repeat.*



SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 27

World's ways, man's ways, ways of Satan's band,  
The Christian's progress would arrest;  
Pledged and banded they determined stand,  
Our amplitude in Christ to test.  
Powers, principalities, plan their fierce attack  
To overthrow our Christian host;  
But we're undaunted yet,  
And we'll not forget,  
Christ is Leader in our glorious cause,  
Christ is Leader in our glorious cause.  
So when we say that we are victors,  
Remember how it came to be:—

*Refrain—*

It's the blood of Christ once shed for all, etc.

Rouse then, Christians, gird your armor on,  
And fight, nor falter now, nor fail;  
Go ye forth, as David went and won,  
Through Jesus, over wrong prevail.  
Christ will not compel us; love shal. be our rule,  
For Christian volunteers are we;  
And when we march and fight,  
Faith and deeds unite,  
Martyrs old and modern saints are one,  
Martyrs old and modern saints are one.  
So when we say that we are victors,  
Remember how it came to be:—

*Refrain—*

It's the blood of Christ once shed for all, etc.

JONATHAN TO HIS ARMOUR-BEARER.

"For there is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or few."—1 Sam. 14 : 6.

Come, my comrade in this warfare  
In this fight for truth and right,  
Dare to join me in a venture  
Where we'll prove Jehovah's might.  
We have long enough been idle,  
Weakly hiding from our foes;  
Come, it's time we drew to battle,  
Thrust at sin some conquering blows.

There are rocks and men before us,  
And the men are most to fear,  
And it may be no glad chorus  
But for us a funeral bier.  
But there's work to do and fashiou,  
And God's honor to upbuild;  
If you'll champion my position  
Then we two will take the field.

I have strong persuasions in me  
That our God directs our course,  
And His cause He will most surely  
Save, our venture will endorse;  
For our God is the Almighty  
One against our foes enough,  
If with courage we face duty  
He will give all wrongs rebuff.

Come, my Comrade, strong and manful  
How the battle grows apace!  
Hearts are melting, tremblings fearful  
Rule this dread Philistine place.  
Victory is on our banners  
God has risen in His might;  
Honored faith, confounded boasters,  
Scattered evil, 'stablished right.

### THE ARMOUR BEARER.

"I am with thee according to all that is in thine heart."

*Sam. 14 : 7.*

Unnamed heroes all about me  
Worthy are of poet's song;  
Secret sorrows, burdens heavy.  
Love unanswered, cruel wrong—  
Could we only know all secrets  
How these heroes would outshine!  
God knows all; His love interprets  
Every circumstance and time.

Help to celebrate the hero  
Who by fame has lived unnamed,  
But whose deeds deserve the halo  
And the honor round them framed.

For he was the Armour-bearer  
In that splendid fight of old,  
And with Jonathan was sharer  
In that Michmash venture bold.

Few his words and very simple  
But their quality was great,  
For they added courage ample  
To the leader's moral state.  
Men who frown, and those who question  
When great issues are at stake,  
Trade in doubts, of fears make mention—  
Lessons from this man might take.

"What is in thy heart, perform it,"  
So in loyalty he said;  
"I am with thee; on the summit  
Of yon rock I'll lay my head,  
Thou shalt know no sloven service  
From this armour-bearing hand;  
Only indicate thy purpose,  
I with thee will fall or stand."

So he spake, and none need linger  
To adjudge how well that day  
Magnified him as a savior  
Seconding his leader's way.

SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 31

Jonathan without his bearer  
Who could possibly conceive?  
Cross of Christ without a sharer!  
Do you think would men believe?

Let us sing the tireless praises  
Of our seconders at hand,  
Church of Christ! The work amazes  
Leaders, till they may command  
Those true hearts whose holy fervor  
Freely prompts their pledge of love.  
"I would be your armour-bearer  
All my love in service prove."

And when God shall count His heroes  
At the world's great reck'ning day,  
And shall muster to the front rows  
Those who did the biggest play,  
'Twill be found that names that figured  
In the annals of our days  
Are so unimportant measured,  
And our unknown win His praise.

FORWARD.

The Master is before thee, and thy goal  
In view; clear way, and crowning wreath await  
The victor soul. A cloud of witnesses  
Commend the strenuousness, and urge thy heart  
To strive, to persevere and win. Press on.

32 SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE

'Tis not of things with which men build their pride,  
Nor vanities that eke out half a day  
And make new fashions, wherewithal to clothe  
Their famished hearts—nor by the prestige gained  
By gold, the prominence of place, acclaim  
With which thy fellows loud enwreath thy name,  
Shall spring thy truest good. Look higher, Friend:

If thou shalt link thyself to One Supreme,  
A thousand torrents wash thy path in vain.  
Thy being rooted in eternal Life  
And bedded on the everlasting Rock,  
Unmoved shalt be, since God will give to thee  
His strength, and, fulness of His all, Himself.  
As everlasting hills around about  
Jerusalem, He will encircle thee.

Rejoice thy soul in Him. Keep pure thine eye.  
Inspire thy urgent soul with Christward aims.  
All life is but a racecourse, and a sea,  
In which we strive for mastership or port,  
And win our day or lose by choices made,  
Ideals set, the goals we think worth while,  
And who may hold the pilot's helm, or train  
The runner's feet.

Accept from God thy way.  
Obscure it seems, inconsequent. Yet we  
So oft mistake, and seek for tones within

The ocean's roar, or dashing spray, or noise  
Of myriad hurrying feet or babbling tongues,  
Profane displays of other world or that  
Within our own still heart. Say not thy soul  
Communes, where, like the sea, the world is loud  
In praise of self, o'erwhelming thee. I love  
The stream, the rivulet of small extent,  
That hides within the glen, and wends its way  
In silence by the long dead mill; content  
With modest blooms, o'erhanging shade, an awe  
Of meditative peace. I love its path  
By fretted bank, where I may drink its soul,  
And learn its highest joy of doing good,  
And listen to its hymns of faith, hope, love,  
My childhood ever flowing on. It was  
My childhood's stream; and older dreams do still  
But take me to its banks, where'er I go,  
My life and it still flowing on and on,  
And yearning still for better and for best.  
So do thou find thy Psalms of life 'mid ways  
That lead right on to self-forgetting good,  
And where nobility of deeds thy garb  
Shall be, vermillion-like, as was the Christ's.

Go forward Friend! Farther and upward press;  
Forgetting all behind, behold the Best,  
The True, the Beautiful, the Good. Each day  
Shall give thee then, the Victor's heart and step.

Then fires, though heated ten times hot, in vain  
 Assail; and waves may wreck thy weary ship,  
 But buffet thee in vain. Unconquered still,  
 Though principalities and hell oppose,  
 The summit round at last is climbed, thy crown  
 Of life, put on; thy love confirmed; true life  
 Progressive still, to be thy endless aim.

### OUR LAND.

"It is an exceeding good land . . . a land which floweth  
 with milk and honey."

Creator of the universe  
 Maker of field and flood,  
 Who wisely formed the river's course  
 And clothed this land with good,

Accept our praise; our boundaries fill  
 With men of vision broad;  
 And make our wide dominions thrill—  
 One temple filled with God.

Blue skies, green sward, mountain and stream,  
 Where fruits of toil abound,  
 Attest the virtue of our dream—  
 A realm of holy ground



Help us to cherish well this place,  
Give us Thy guiding hand,  
That institutions of Thy grace  
May flourish through the land.

Restful, and strong in righteousness  
For mankind's high concern,  
Help us with faith, courageousness,  
A Nation's honour earn.

### ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

River of God I count thee,  
St. Lawrence, broad and deep,  
Mystic mystery bringing me  
Yet wooing me to sleep.

On grassy bank reclining  
I view thy flood rush by,  
And dream of thy arising,  
And where thy fountains lie.

Like myriads people rushing,  
One hour you hasten by,  
And then, my heart is hushing,  
And I am asking why

You never tire; unceasing,  
You work, with men at rest,  
The Eastern wants appeasing  
From God's exhaustless West.

O! why? if not I count thee  
A river come from God,  
Whose face is mirrored for me  
Within thy boundaries broad.

What morn you take me seaward  
You take away my care,  
You whisper notes from heavenward,  
And then beget a prayer.

BY LONGUEUIL.

There was calm in the sky, evening peace on the land,  
And the soul of man paused from the toil of his hand  
While the picnickers grouped by the great river's  
shore,  
Where St. Lawrence lay low from the shore line of  
yore.

With their faces set west and their hearts beating time  
To the far-floating sounds—indistinct, unsublime—  
And the sleepy Longueuil, where long years have  
played rack,  
Giving vent to her hopes, lying prone to their back,

SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 37

It was glory they saw—stepping stones in the sky,  
As cloud answered to cloud till the crimson was high  
And the traveller of day sinking fast in the west  
With his gigantic arms threw aloft his rich best.

Then the spire of Longueuil standing out in its  
strength,  
Conscious only of God, caught the glory at length,  
And its finger raised high bade the serious behold  
Where the glory excels and days never wax old.

While the parish church dome, self-sufficient and  
strong,  
Basing right on God's truth and condemning all  
wrong,  
Lay in shadows at length like the self-settled man  
Giving promise of much, ending where he began.

There was glory and shade on that strange struc-  
tured church,  
Self content and distrust—earnest piety's search,  
Side by side with the pall that must fall on the Sin  
Where religion is form, and no love is within.

Then the vesper bells rang, touching river and road,  
Rev'rent strains ringing out to the toiler's abode,  
'Till the last notes of strife graven deep in the heart  
Might receive their death knell—unlamented  
depart.

38 SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE

There's a castle untowered, rising well to the west,  
Maisonneuve's hope of gain; and the sun seeking rest,  
Through the windows unclosed, in their storied  
array

Gave a crown to man's toil, his last glory to day.

From the church spire—the clouds—the windows  
ablaze,

How the glory declines, till the picknickers gaze  
On Mount Royal in shade, like an indistinct heap,  
Uninhabited—lone—all her fires banked—*asleep.*

Just one long curving line of the land seemed to say  
"Here the seaman must pause; there's no passage  
this way."

And a few factory towers, and the outstanding spires  
Give the measure and mean of man's smouldering  
heart fires.

Neither ship's masts nor smoke, neither trade,  
stocks, nor stage,

In the twilight drawn hour, may the watcher  
engage;

'Tis the lone hour of God when we see not, but feel  
How His presence is near deeper things to reveal.

When the darkness is felt and the harbor lies still  
And a wondering awe shrouds the outstanding hill,  
'Tis with swelling of heart, and with breathless  
amaze

We descry in a trice the land all ablaze.

SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 39

For the thought of a brain, and the touch of a  
spring

Makes the darkness awake; electricity's wing  
Speeds the harbor lights' glare, multitudinous,  
strong,

Watchers over the night and preventers of wrong.

What a change has been wrought since great Mai-  
sonneuve planned

This commercial gateway to an enterprised land!  
How the darkness has died and this land has grown  
bright

To be first among nations in spreading Life's light!

Did the picknickers pause with their joy and amaze  
For the long line of lights that then greeted their  
gaze?

One regret they had still as they measured the  
scene

Countless lights blazing bright still left darkness  
between.

There was one whom they missed, whom they  
hoped still to see,

Whose return must be had that the land might  
be free,

For a thousand arc lights could not equal one sun;  
Man is local at best, when his best has been done.

And the watchers afar learned the lesson of night,  
That the Sun of all years is the Light of all light,  
That one Christ on this earth is more help to  
    man's cause  
Than men's wisest designs, or most generous laws.

### THE NAPANEE.

On thy waters enticing, afloat and alone,  
'Mid thy banks, Napanee, let me find Nature's home,  
Where in quiet repose there is freedom from strife,  
And thy rapturous pause is suggestive of life.

Here the tributes are score, which attend on thy  
    grace,

To make valley and hills an enamouring place,  
For the woodbine abounds, and the tansy is near,  
And the wildflax and lily, to banish my fear.

While the skies all aglow, soft and blue overhead,  
Witness generousness true, show that love is not  
    dead;

And the swaying white elder, and modest blue mint,  
With the buttercup's wealth, are of true love a hint.

And the ambitious basswood for freedom aspires,  
While the bittersweet gay climbs aloft till it tires;  
Here the wild daisy smiles, taking time to think on,  
While the treasures of moments are gliding along.

SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 41

Through the popple's white leaves and the poplar's  
tall head,

Come the lessons of patience and courage ne'er  
dead;

While the feathered folk sing quite unconscious of  
grief,

So the lessons and song bring my tired heart relief.

To thy broad branches elms which of dignity  
speak,

Joins the sturdy old oak, arm of strength for the  
weak;

While thy terraced banks rising, now rolling away,  
Enfold thee, defend thee, or asleep on thee lay.

'Mid thy calmness I drift with the flow of thy  
stream,

Dipping deep in sweet bliss as one lost in a dream,  
Or I waken to find thy resources are full—

Toward Tomorrow they flow as the scholar from  
school.

There are curves in thy course and the banks head  
the way,

As the Almighty Hand drops the veil o'er to-day;  
Sometimes hidden and deep are thy windings  
unknown,

Then outstretching thy arms to the sun of renown.

And thy waters keep time as they travel along,  
In their secrets a dirge, or they hear a love song,  
For an onrushing world of humanity dwells  
'Long thy banks, and its manifold stories it tells.

Let me mark not the cloud nor the gloom that may  
    come,  
With the coming of winter when summer is run;  
All our shadows forgot through superlative bliss—  
We obliterate that and delight us in this.

If a rock in the way creates trouble and noise,  
There are rich compensations through manifold  
    joys;  
For the whirl of the strife is a tonic for fear,  
Till we laugh and grow strong when the rapids are  
    near.

Let the depth of thy stream draw me gently  
    along,  
So that God, thy great Source, fill my heart with  
    a song,  
And I rest on my way where the Life river broad,  
Yields its fragrance and joy to the City of God.



ON THE LA HAVE.

(Bridgewater, Nova Scotia.)

Hills that arise in grandeur,  
Hills that are ages old,  
Where Nature's strength lies latent  
Housing the treasured gold!  
Pine-clad the banks of the old days  
Scarce seen the mark of wave,  
Where once flowed broadly seaward  
This lesser stream, La Have.

Mem'ries of days long buried  
(Days when our fathers fought,  
Days when to woods primeval  
Courageous hearts they brought),  
Flow in like the rising sea-tide  
And waken new my song,  
And make these pine hills vibrate  
With men, true, brave and strong.

Bridgewater's ways are rising  
Like one concerted pian  
Built on the good divinest,  
The highest good of man;  
Harmonious thought prevailing  
And unity of heart,  
Let man with man combining  
Each play a godlike part.

44 *SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE*

Sailors these waters travel,  
Commerce increases gain,  
Fast move the feet of toilers,  
Active the heart and brain;  
But up from the valley's lowland  
Move 'mid the hilltop's air  
Culture and grace God given  
Poet and artist fair.

Broad be the life and deepest,  
Pure be the air I breathe.  
Heights be my habitations  
To which my heart shall cleave!  
Thus heaven my goal and portion  
And Christ my highest good,  
I look to heights above me  
And stand where God has stood.

Out on the hilltop sleeping  
Lie patriarchs of old;  
Plans that they formed and cherished  
Dropped as their hands grew cold;  
But God lives on, on these hillsides  
And speaks by men asleep—  
"Grow up from lowland visions  
To broadest life and deep."

Thus, from the hilltop highest  
Gain I the visions clear,  
Vistas of life far-reaching  
Treasures of hope and dear,  
Bidding me seek the ocean  
Lay hold of perfect love  
And dwell where life the fullest  
Flows on to God above.

ON THE CHATEAUGUAY.

'Mid thy morning airs I rest me  
And refresh my waiting soul,  
Eager then to grasp life's labors  
And achieve this day's glad goal.

In the music of thy waters,  
By the dreams of hills afar,  
By the green sward, and the goodness  
Borne to me in sunlight's car—

Hand of man, and touch diviner—  
All, together wake in me  
Aspirations towards the highest,  
Bid me rise and godlike be.

If from mountained lake above thee  
Flows thy river, winding, deep,  
Or the hlue hills, heavenward climbing,  
Solemn watch-care o'er thee keep—

'Tis but Nature's meditative  
Message to our husy way,  
That the greater soul of all things  
Finds in God its Source and Stay.

And thou village-outward order  
For the active soul of man—  
Would that all thy ways might foster  
Greater good which God may plan!

Listen with me to the glad hirds,  
Rohins, in the light of sun,  
Calling with a cheery calling—  
"Cheer up! Cheer up— Huntingdon."

Home of peace, in lap of comfort,  
Draw thy plenty from God still,  
So thy stream of life shall carry  
Gifts of love our land to fill.

May thy children carry from thee  
Riches of their parentage,  
To endow their age with virtue,  
To enrich their heritage.

THE RICHELIEU.

Let me give undying tribute  
To the memory of the past,  
Where thy ceaseless flow of waters  
Deep or shallow, travels fast,  
Glad to join the broad St. Lawrence  
Hastening toward the family fold,  
Making thus its contribution  
To the powers Canadians hold.

Could we summon up the old days,  
What a tragic tale they'd tell  
Of the elemental warfares,  
Or the mystic Nature spell!  
How the wrath of heaven o'erwhelmed thee,  
And the lightnings smote thy main,  
Or the love of all that liveth  
With the sunshine woke again.

And there came to thee the morning  
When the age-long silence broke,  
And from out the unknown Somewhere,  
Heart and brain of man awoke;  
And the Red Man's bark o'erspread thee,  
And his battle axc was rife,  
When his wild voice summoned war braves  
To the tribal love of strife.

Like a vision of the morning  
When the storm cloud clears the air,  
Red Man's rule and strife have vanished,  
And the White Man's laws are here;  
Names like old Missisquoi furnish  
Traces of the savage age:  
War tools hide, hut warriors vanish,  
Time exposes fatuous rage.

But this morn my pencil sketches  
Forts and barriers, modern things,  
Which the larger rule of Christians  
To thy cultured landscape brings.  
French and English in succession  
Guarding jealously the gates,  
Where thy waters held strategic  
Highways, to Canadian states.

Now I see no more the hirsch hark,  
But the white man's toiling hoat,  
Where the streams of loyal patriots,  
Homeless, on thy hosom float;  
And with marks of war upon them,  
Wounded men and women grave  
Seek the honor of the old flag,  
For their British love are brave.

SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 49

Then along thy shore's stout forest  
Rung the stalwart axe and song,  
Rose the farmhouse and the church spire,  
Sprang up truth to right the wrong;  
And the fundamentals dearest  
To our free and civil state,  
Found their place and confirmation,  
Through their British blood elate.

They have vanished from our vision,  
They our Empire builders brave;  
And their monuments are living  
In the nation life they gave.  
Not by carved stones, monumental,  
Raise we words of cold acclaim—  
Empire Loyalists Canadian  
By our nation have their fame.

River Richelieu! their highway—  
Precious freightage carried then  
To the nation then beginning;  
Now thy depths the blood of men  
Have erased; the nations mingling  
Which aforeside stoutly fought,  
Each to other commerce bringing,  
Each revered, baptized, and taught.

AFTER ELECTION DAY.

TO THE BOY IN FRANCE.

Montreal, Dec. 18th, 1917.

My Son: You were not here in form  
That would have hallowed every rod  
Of ground on which your foot had trod,  
And made the whistling winds perform  
New pantomines. But none the less  
You were with us and we with you,  
For did we not maintain the view  
That what we did would you impress?  
And by our deeds and choices made,  
You either would take heart or fail,  
Yield to the foe or make him quail,  
Cease fire and run, if we, afraid,  
To do our "bit"—our little bit,  
Had voted you no fresh supplies,  
Had given "slackers" no surprise,  
Had soothed our own ease-loving fit.  
But no: You are not born of kind  
That fears the foe, though others wail,  
Nor would you run though all men fail  
And hold resources far behind—  
For it is born in you it seems  
To do your duty at the call,  
To hold your ground though comrades fall—  
A soldier ruled by noble dreams.



SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 51

At last we won—we British won!  
The British spirit stalked this land  
For you, ye boys beyond the strand,  
As never, since our flag begun  
To wave o'er Northern Lakes and Lands.  
We voted for you soldier boys,  
For British rule and British joys  
And strengthening of our British bands.

WE WON FOR YOU; we won for THEM  
Who shall, when we no longer fight,  
Come after you, and claim the right  
To Christian Liberty. Condemn  
I pray you, then, that basest crave  
That rends a State to suit its creed,  
Dejects a people by its breed,  
Produces cowards, kills the brave.

Fight on, my Son! Be valiant more.  
Your deeds are writ by Angel grace;  
No art of mine could equal trace  
The glory your calm courage wore.  
For Ypres was yours and Courcelette  
And Paschendale,—You did your part  
You fell three times—three times took heart,  
And only said:—"It's nothing yet."

God keep you still, my Son. And haste  
 The day when Righteousness shall win,  
 Shall end this war's wild, awful din,  
 And Christ shall heal the withered waste.  
 And in that day of Earth's new birth  
 May Courage, Hope and Faith as yours,  
 (As Moral Force to States assures)  
 Be magnified on all the earth.

And if it be in unmarked grave,  
 And in the quiet of some field,  
 To one long sleep your eyelids yield,  
 The sleep God gives His own loved brave  
 Be this your comfort in that day  
 We did our part—we think it well,  
 WE VOTED MEN TO SHARE YOUR  
 HELL,—  
 WE VOTED BRITISH IN OUR DAY!

### THE HOME GUARDERS.

When the shadows of evening give rest from his  
 toil,  
 Then the office man plays his part with the soil;  
 And the Marthas who char for the office man's  
 cheer,  
 Go gard'ning at evening for the war causes dear.

SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 53

It is then that the secret of war success grows,  
And the way of the victor their efforts disclose  
They're the backers of men who feared not the foe,  
And may whistle with joy while their garden plots  
grow.

While the moon is still young, and the birds are  
asleep  
And the street corner lights, quaintly, long vigils  
keep,  
I can see a lone man ride his disc-harrow friend,  
And the sods, and the clods, to his energies bend.

But, O daughter of Eve! thy atonement for wrongs  
Oft attempting to make by the way of sweet songs,  
On a lonely, far lot, with a spade in her hand,  
So she merrily digs to enrich her dear land.

May good hap to them fall from the Giver of good,  
For their faith, and their works, adding store to  
our food;  
Let us herald the fame, for their noble parts  
played,  
Of the man with his harrow, and the dame with  
her spade.

THE MAN OF GADARA.

"And he departed and began to publish in Decapolis how great things Jesus had done for him."

Just to be close to Thee my Lord,  
Only to hear Thy precious word,  
Only to know that Thou art mine,  
So let me follow and be Thine.

Under Thy yoke I'll gladly be,  
Doing whate'er Thou biddest me,  
My privilege and highest gain  
To share with Thee Thy toil and pain.

Debtor to Thee for life's new light,  
For new hopes born, new will, new sight,  
My all of self to Thee I give,  
Henceforth my joy for Thee to live.

I cannot see the untrod way,  
I scarce discern the present day,  
But this I trust when days are done,  
Through Thee I'll know no setting sun.

To go with Thee, O could it be!  
To count myself a herald free,  
Entrammelments of home to leave,  
To Thee, to Thine my soul should cleave.

SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 55

Heed Thou my prayer and some share give,  
In missions large for Thee to live;  
Go where Thou wilt, I too would go,  
By work my love for Thee would show.

. . . . .  
So spake I; then the Master spoke,  
And disappointment o'er me broke—  
"Go to thy friends, and let them share  
Thy life; My power in thee declare."

. . . . .  
Then is it so, alone I go,  
Where sympathy for me few show?  
The world in need—why stay at home  
At work so small, so little known?

Then in my heart a voice I heard,  
A kind, reproving, solemn word—  
"Where prophets some scarce recognize,  
Their hardest work I find and prize."

. . . . .  
Alone I went with heartless pace,  
To look into my neighbour's face,  
And found that they who Christ misused  
Beheld in me His grace diffused.

Such honor fell upon my head  
 My lonely heart was comforted;  
 The outward Christ had gone away,  
 The Christ within had come to stay.

And from that little home of mine  
 Went forth the Christ, unseen, sublime,  
 His presence felt, though few scarce knew  
 What God through Christ in man can do.

### STEPPING STONES.

In the progress of the ages,  
 As if built on one design,  
 God has written on earth's pages  
 Graded lessons, line by line;  
 Till the first of truths recorded,  
 Restful, solemn, germinal,  
 Is completed—Christ applauded  
 Source, and highest good of all.

If aright I read the story,  
 Earth and man are better far,  
 For the revolutions gory,  
 Which the early ages scar.  
 There are birth throes ere our manhood,  
 There are alphabets of life,  
 Gates of glory past sin's wildwood  
 Entered only after strife.

Grow we may, be always growing,  
Root give character to tree;  
Fruitage show just what the sowing,  
Sower, and the seed may be—  
Out of littles much appearing,  
Mountains grown from grains of sand,  
Stepping stones these littles rearing,  
Rough-hewn blocks for sculptor's hand.

Know ye not ye modern workers,  
How by men of old ye build?  
How they fashioned that which furthers  
Your designs—their works ye gild?  
If the human race is climbing,  
'Tis on shoulders of the past;  
Deeds well wrought prepare the chiming  
For the future things that last.

### THE OLD FRIENDS.

O heart of loyal love and true,  
The friends most true when friends are few,  
Weeping your tears for One despised,  
Spreading your store at tomb unprized!  
Your love shall live for years untold,  
Old friends, the best friends, never old;  
Perpetual youth shall crown your days,  
And prompt us still to sing your lays.

58 SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE

Not all the new designs of years,  
Nor new-found friend that oft appears,  
However fair or blest with charm,  
Can equal friendship's ancient arm.

New flowers invade our garden bed,  
And blazon all the ground with red,  
And burden atmospheres with show,  
With tawdry hue and golden glow.

But bring me back our old-time rose,  
Unequaled by a flower that grows,  
The fragrance of whose heart avails  
When every other perfume fails.

The broken alabaster box  
Shall cheer the heart that Flattery mocks,  
Anoint our days when years have sped,  
And pour fresh fragrance on our head.

Across the deep, from shore to shore,  
The old friends speak for evermore;  
The new are like the morning light,  
The old like mountains in their might.

Not all delights of youthful days  
Shall seal our friendship's sacred ways,  
But pains endured for righteous ends—  
Our death crowned pains—fast bind us friends.



The horror of a bloody war  
Leaves deep engraved bereavement's scar,  
But deeper far the love begot,  
Undying love, no more forgot.

### THE MISSIONER.

"He giveth his beloved sleep."—*Psalm 147.*

The Sabbath day has reached its close,  
The voice of church bells dies afar,  
The walls once vibrant, now repose,  
And happy hours have crossed the bar.

But one with shepherd heart still wakes,  
Long mindful of his sacred toil,  
And in the silences still takes  
His place in sacrificial moil.

Thou knowest, Lord, he preached Thy word,  
How faithfully upheld Thy cause,  
Maintained the good of those who heard,  
Thy cause and theirs in Thy blest laws.

Yet little knows he whether bliss  
Came to those hearts, for tongues were still;  
Now anxious thought, heart pain, are his;  
Rest him, peace bringer, with Thy will.

60 SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE

Thy messenger, his call to he,  
As only such from Thee he went;  
His message he received from Thee;  
Now do Thou guard what Thou hast sent.

And if his heart has felt such woe  
As Thou didst feel, when love was spurned,  
So love him more for loving so  
The hearts, from good to evil turned.

If inexpressibly sad,  
His soul was Christlike, when he thought  
That best in life they might have had  
Who Cross nor Christ had ever sought.

With love he prayed for gift of tongue—  
Persuasive powers to touch the soul;  
Complete Thy work, in love begun,  
The sowing and the seed control.

His grief unbound, if fear of man  
Prevent his speech, restrain his mood;  
With buoyant hopes this day begun,  
Now let it close for him, "Most good."

Thus grant his much-wrought mind full rest,  
And may his heart recline on Thee;  
Thine own beloved, richly blest  
With sleep, untroubled, let him be.

"MAKING THE BEST OF IT."

Like many a sister born to plod and pray  
And pinch herself to live within each day,  
A maiden heart had felt the yearning long,  
The growing of ambition pure and strong.

An artist she would be, and pictures rare  
Of Swiss renown, of Alpine landscape fair,  
Should lift the thoughts of men—if only gold  
Enough to shape her way, she might have hold.

But all her fond, brave plans were doomed and vain;  
Her home-bound limits brought her care and pain,  
Support of parentage, and lack of means  
Prevented all her fondest, holiest dreams.

Yet not to murmuring did she give herself—  
Life is too short to yield to such dark elf;  
Her hopefulness of heart made brightened eyes  
And to new projects of the mind gave rise.

A common flower—we lightly pass it by—  
A dandelion, she one day did spy,  
Where some stone steps arose against a wall,  
Thrust up its sturdy stalks and smiled on all.

And mind alert, the lesson quickly drew,  
Of many mysteries of life found clue;  
With skill of hand the simple scene portrayed—  
The flower that knew not how to be dismayed.

62 SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE

And when her brush its happy work had wrought  
No title of high sounding tones she sought,  
But this inscription seemed to amply fit  
And pleased her well.—“ Making the best of it.”

And such a lesson did that picture bring  
That common hearts were touched who saw the  
    thing,  
And saw therein the lesson of their life  
And spake their thanks for all their stress of strife.

So, near at hand God gives to us each day  
Some little things to beautify life's way;  
Some wayside place which you and I may fit  
And show how there to make the best of it.

THE DOCTOR'S FEE.

Afar afield the farmer's house  
    Had stood for many years,  
And seldom heard a stranger's voice  
    Or shared a neighbor's tears.

But days of evil, gloomy days,  
    Come to the most of men;  
And Farmer T. had found his ways  
    Made burdensome with pain.

SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 63

Just then the Parson kindly called,  
And shared in word his woes,  
The sufferer's need in prayer bewailed,  
As one who suffering knows.

Now Parson B.— a faithful man,  
Full many a charge had he,  
And parish rounds, uphill, down glen,  
Daylight and dark must see.

And full of faith and patience too,  
And prayer for every time,  
Rewards, or small or great, must do  
His work, and ne'er complain.

For good works he must ready be,  
And always give his best  
Of every sort; and thankful he  
He had a place to rest.

So Madame T., a right good dame,  
Well knowing parson grace,  
And knowing too a doctor's fame  
Would claim the price of place—

Thus opportune the Parson's call  
She deems it surely is.

"It really now will save us all  
The gold else we must miss."

64 SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE

Forthwith the Parson she addressed  
And made her humble plea—  
"Resourceful man he must know best  
The healing means that be."

Quoth Pastor B., a modest man,  
"Dear Madam T., you see,  
I am not on the doctor's plan,  
And do not hope to be.

"And if perchance, I medicine  
Should minister to you,  
Your weeping friends might be called in,  
And undertaker too."

"But," quoth the dame, "When Parson E.  
Did minister to me,  
No doctor was so sure as he,  
And none so good to see.

"Full many a cure did he prescribe,  
And many a wound he healed,  
O'er many a hill he took his ride,  
And ne'er for hire appealed."

And now with pastor's grace and smile—  
"Pray, Lady, are you sure  
The Doctor's bill, you saved erstwhile,  
You paid for Parson's cure?"

SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 65

What conscience felt at this sore thrust,  
The records fail to say;  
But now the gossips tell in jest  
"The Parson went his way."

A man of God, a holy man,  
He practised as he taught,  
With wise and godlike work and plan  
Appealed to men of thought.

And since the Golden Rule he did  
That day so well intrude,  
He travels far; while doctors bid  
For joys his words include.

Now learn this lesson of my pen,  
Who tempted are by greed,  
For what you get, pay well the men  
Who serve you in your need.

JOHN MOUNTRAY.

London of British fame, metropolis of men,  
Proud of her palaces, boasting of sword and pen,  
Knowing the shadows deep haunted by want and  
woe,  
With paradises too where linger love tones low.

66 SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE

Among the busy crowd, none more than John  
Mountray,  
Whose heart made music, as he hurried on each  
day,  
And burdens borne were light—he lived for Agnes  
Lee,  
And living so was rich; a lover true was he.

And days sped on apace. The lovers formed their  
plans,  
As lovers always do, nor dreamed they of the bans  
Which Time imposes oft. As Jacob lived his days,  
So wore their time away. They grew to gladder  
ways.

O ye who read not hearts, nor understand their care,  
Nor see the spirits bend 'neath load they will not  
share,  
Learn this—beneath a smile may hide a bleeding  
heart,  
And bravery bears up though sensitiveness smart.

With cloak and speeches fair the world moves on  
its ways  
In sheerest self-control pretending happy days;  
Not liking to increase the sum of human woe,  
Each honored soul will hide its own o'erwhelming  
blow.



SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 67

Thus Agnes Lee awoke to play a woman's part,  
When like a tidal flood a grief o'erwhelmed her  
heart;

For John Mountray had gone—to where she did  
not know,  
And only Christ she knew as Friend to share her  
woe.

Then, with a woman's love and touched with  
woman's need,  
She donned the Sister's dress, and made Love's  
work her creed,  
To haunts of misery, of want and sin she sped—  
An angel in disguise, whose heart in secret bled.

Her kindly Christian deeds, her trustful song and  
prayer,  
Brought cheer to many homes, and lightened  
many a care;  
Till solace won for self, gave zest to Christly mood,  
Each day for others spent, her meat to do them  
good.

But as for John Mountray, a mystery profound,  
As like the whirlwind wild had closed his life  
around;  
One evening saw him glad, next morning missed  
his face,  
As if the hungry earth had blotted out all trace.

68 SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE

The facts that came to light were sadly, simply  
these:—

A jealous-minded man, intent himself to please,  
Content if end he gained, regardless of the cost,  
Hard-hearted, though the life of others might be  
lost,

In slander dipped his pen, invented foulest lie,  
An accusation hurled and spread most wickedly,  
Till evil was believed; Mountray by men con-  
demned,

His manly pride aroused, to plead his cause  
contemned.

Why is it thus that we who righteousness apprise,  
So readily admit as truth Satanic lies?  
Believe against the good what evil hearts invent?  
Enough to make gods weep, and all heaven's host  
lament!

'Tis to the shame of men they find out truth too  
late,  
Consent to break true hearts with hellish lust and  
hate,  
Then when would right the wrongs by prejudice  
imposed,  
Amendments come too late—the injured life has  
closed.

SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 69

So John Mountray resolved to give to time its way,  
To bring to light his truth, his judgment as noon-  
day,

And in new British lands, beyond the western sea,  
He took new heart again and toiled industriously.

. . . . .

A long ten years have passed. 'Midst London's  
crowded streets,

And babel tongues, loud crime, hard want, one  
freely meets,

Our Sister Agnes moves, full many a heart to cheer,  
Nor dies her own heart love, though buried year  
on year.

With consecration rare, what we count joy she  
spurned,

Nor from the saddest sights of human woe once  
turned;

Sickness and gruesome want she grew to know too  
well,

While with a Christlike grace she learned Christ's  
love to tell.

Thus, like to angels good, the messengers of God,  
She sped a radiant light, in darkness slums well trod,  
Nor faltered in her work, nor slackened aught of zeal,  
Nor aught of faith decreased; her good the people's  
weal.

70 SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE

'Twas evening, Regent Street was taking on repose,  
And from the shadows drawn, a stranger's form  
arose;

And, moving near him, passed a woman's slender  
shape.

Why did he pause? What odds may trivial  
moments make!

Did he mistake the form? A side-glance only had  
Left much in doubtful mind. With quickened  
heart and glad,

He followed near at hand; perhaps some larger  
light

Would give him clearer view and gratify his sight!

"Agnes!" he cried; and she her long lost lover  
knew.

There's music in a tone known mayhap to but few;  
Since He who made the chords, musicians also  
made—

One heart will waken strains God in another laid.

And when the lips inspired pronounce the hal-  
lowed name,

It is as though the torch had kindled love to flame;  
Rushing unbidden then, emotions wake new heart,  
New vigor give to life to play the manlier part.

SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 71

When John Mountray that eve thus found his  
Agnes Lee,  
And marvels of the years described with sym-  
pathy—

Told how in western scenes he found beneficence,  
And how his toil had won an ample competence,

The sorrows of the past like vapors of the dawn,  
Or like the dream of night, as soon were lost and  
gone.

Then Agnes in her turn told of the culprit pen,  
And how, when all too late, John's case was clear  
to men.

And both together owned, how though the years  
were long,  
Each loved the other true, and confidence was  
strong  
That compensating days would work a large repair,  
And each the other find, and life's joys richly share.

So these two loyal hearts, predestined one to be,  
Though lost in silence long, found their identity,  
And in the blessedness of strength long lived and  
proved,  
They found their higher life, together lived and  
loved.

72 SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE

When angels look on such love scenes as thus por-  
trayed,  
They make the storied spheres, in endless light  
arrayed,  
Burst forth in music's strains, as in the early days  
And tune their harps afresh, and sing love's worthy  
praise.

UNITY.

"Can two walk together except they be agreed?"

We have shared the joys of childhood  
And impetuosity of youth,  
We have frolicked in the wildwood,  
We have probed the sweets of truth;  
But as little children never  
Drank their joys when disagreed,  
So we never proved life's terror  
Till we learned at heart one creed.

To the blue of old St. Lawrence  
Flows the wood-brown Ottawa,  
Side by side in strange confluence,  
As though other neither saw;  
Flowing ever, blending never,  
Sadly out of harmony,  
As an unkind word may sever  
Hearts that should united be.

SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 73

Though in many ways we differ,  
And our ways get firmly set,  
Vow to be most faithful ever,  
Sometimes other-self forget,  
Still we'll pray that love may cancel  
What would burn our minds by times,  
Lift us from the non-essential,  
Guide us on unselfish lines.

A SCHOOL HYMN.

Lord, hear us while we sing,  
And let Thy presence bring  
To each Thy light;  
Make this bright home of thought  
(School where the truth is sought  
And virtue justly taught)  
Banish our night.

Accept our song of praise  
For these blest latter days,  
And all our good;  
For Country and for King,  
For Laws that progress bring,  
For Freedom triumphing,  
Where forests stood.

Grant Thou Thy help each day,  
That as we come this way,  
    Knowledge to gain,  
We may Thy name revere,  
Each in his work sincere,  
May know Thee always near,  
    And sin disdain.

And may our learning tend  
To character's best end,  
    And life's success;  
Thus shall our teachers, taught  
By Thee, to childhood's thought  
Thy wisdom wisely brought  
    And love, express.

### OUR SOCIETY DREAM.

(Some restless spirits sought to convert the Literary Society  
into an occasion for social eating and drinking.)

It is past; and our pulses beat freely again,  
And the trend of our thoughts flows from unfevered  
    brain;  
Our Delilah discredited, Samson still lives  
With the prospects for good that a healthy life  
    gives.



SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 75

You must know, 'neighbour Brown, that Delilah  
has charm,  
She has wooed us—near won us, to our own grievous  
harm;  
Till her sweetened, fond ways, like an etherized air,  
Made us dream of some things too ethereal and fair.  
How the mystic mound grew! like the visions of  
night,  
Till our palates were roused by the fanciful sight.  
There were visions of cake, and of coffee galore,  
And we fondly foretasted our prospective store.  
We would quaff of the cup, and exchange pleasant  
chat,  
Break our cakes and our jokes, make old dullness  
fall flat,  
And the perfumes of fancy rose in spiral-like form,  
Till we worshipped Delilah, thought the new state  
the norm.  
For Improvement we met with our young and our  
old—  
Now we dreamed Entertainment was better than  
gold;  
And our coins to the air we would scatter and  
spend,  
We would find by new likings our fun and our  
friend.

76 SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE

'Twas a misleading dream, well designed to befool,  
That Delilah thus brought up to help her misrule;  
And our mental oblivion, and spiritual night,  
She deceitfully planned, to despoil us of right.

But her plans have been foiled, be it known,  
    neighbour Brown;  
She will try other arts, other places in town.  
But our dream's rude awakening will help us  
    meanwhile,  
To deport base Delilah, expel her dark guile.

And we'll eat, and we'll drink at the table of truth,  
And by wiser ways work the ennobling of youth,  
Till with Samson-like strength, the spirit of might,  
Shall guide us and make us defenders of right.

ASPIRATION.

A trailing vine hard pressed beneath the spreading  
    tree,  
Had set itself to seek the pathway of the free,  
As if no hours nor heart 'twould waste in vain  
    lament,  
Nor pine itself away in sickly discontent.

SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 77

Whence while imbibing dew and sunlight's  
strengthening ray,  
My humble vine fulfilled its ordained task each  
day,  
And by its conquest of the unpropitious glen  
Became a messenger of life to thinking men.

O'er other forms of life, and up the garden fence,  
Great yards of ground it crossed as if alive with  
sense  
And persevering on its mystic, measured way,  
Climbed wires and trees as if athirst for sun-lit  
day.

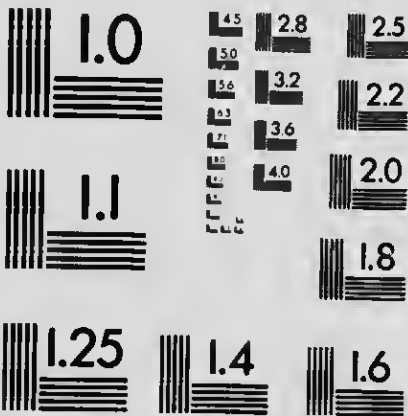
Space counted naught, so o'er a full five feet or  
more,  
Itself from lower branch to higher one it bore,  
As if with eyes attent upon the distant good,  
It stretched itself to clasp the same and under-  
stood.

Till over all its ills it climbed triumphantly,  
And on the swaying boughs in sunshine's lap it  
lay.  
What though no eloquence attends its simple  
speech,  
Its sweet suggestiveness my faltering heart doth  
reach.



**MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART**

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



**APPLIED IMAGE Inc**

1653 East Main Street  
Rochester, New York 14609 USA  
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone  
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax

And thus herein I learn:—if eyeless plants can see  
 And toward the light aspire, much more in wis-  
     dom we,  
 Whose organs formed by God are fit for truth's  
     strong fire,  
 Should use the powers God-given, and earnestly  
     aspire.

For Consciousness is king, and all creation waits  
 Attendant on man's will, as steps to higher states;  
 Nor does man crown himself, nor is he crowned of  
     God,  
 Till leaving self's low plane, the hills of truth are  
     trod.

### BERACHAH.

2 Chron. 20 : 26.

The enemy my friend becomes  
     When, by his fearful, dark designs,  
 He wakes my faith and nerves my strength,  
     Revealing life on higher lines.

As Jesus Christ saw martyrdom,  
     Yet gained His power o'er human thought,  
 Or as a child climbs rocks to health,  
     So life by conflict is best bought.

Berachah proved a glad surprise  
To Israelitish hosts one day,  
When fearful of the Moab host  
The subject and the king did pray.

They prayed the more when dangers grew,  
And thus appropriated power,  
And learned when Moab Ammon slew  
Their enemy had sped God's hour.

### PROCRASTINATION.

Through Providence wise Tomorrow may come,  
Its treasures unfold to my eye;  
But I grasp what is here ere the moment be gone,  
Or blest possibilities fly.

Like a bird on the wing, like a cloud in the sky,  
Like promises never fulfilled,  
Like a dream of the night that with morning may  
die,  
Tomorrow keeps shy and afield.

Just a moment of time, without manifest pause,  
Enough for one action or thought,  
Lays its stress on my life and its manifold laws,  
'Tis mine, treasure priceless, unbought.

The Now with sure step passes close by my door,  
Drops dewdrops of joy as she goes,  
And I gather them up, place them safe in my store,  
Lest my morrows become today's foes.

### THE MEN OF FAITH.

Two groups of men, two types of life  
And two reports to carry home—  
One full of faith—the other, strife  
(Offspring of doubt) the undertone.

Such was the scene in Canaan's land,  
When Israel's men had searched it through;  
And ten returned—a black-tongued band,  
And two with courage good and true.

And evidence of what they spake  
They furnished by the fruits they bore;  
The grapes were brought for Israel's sake,  
But justify those men of yore.

Thus God does still make difference  
Between the forces of our day;  
Not merely is it strength of sense,  
But faith leads on or doubts dismay.



SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 81

The men of faith—the men of fear,  
These are the gradings of our day;  
One-sixth against five-sixths, makes clear  
That triumph falls to faith away.

IN AN AUTOGRAPH ALBUM.

Let Progress grow! May years far on  
Reveal our methods throb with life;  
And by our generous numbers strong  
Let's wage the war where wrong is rife.

Let other Christians feel the flame  
And emulate us in our zeal,  
Till everywhere Christ's hallowed name  
Shall light and right and love reveal.

. . . . .

When o'er our life Time's evening shades are  
strown—  
When all our noontide glories shall have flown—  
When Life's low sun shall leave us wrapped in  
night,  
May ours be noontide in the Land of Light.

Let Care sit lightly;  
Grasp gold but slightly;  
Let Christ within  
Free thee from sin.  
Serve man as brother,  
So help each other;  
To Christ close cling,  
So live on wing.

And thy life shall be the whole day long  
A ripple of heaven—a sweet, glad song.

. . . . .

As storms attest the strength of oak—  
As fires refine from dross the gold—  
So Christians grew by toilsome yoke,  
By strenuous ways in days of old.

. . . . .

As 'mid level plains arising  
Solitary toward the sky,  
Mountains pour their strength, baptizing  
With new life the far and nigh—  
So the conscience-quicken'd Christian  
Rugged, restful, courage-strong,  
Manfully maintains conviction,  
Saves the weak, condemns the wrong.

SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 83

"Then Samuel took a stone and set it between Mizpeh and Shen, and called the name of it Ebenezer, saying Hitherto hath the Lord helped us"—1 Sam. 7 : 12.

At opening and ending, and all through the year,  
Thy Father has fashioned and made thy way clear;  
The storms have o'erpowered some ships of the sea,  
But guiding and cheering, His hand covered thee.

BETHANY.

"He led them out as far as to Bethany."

To the house of tears He led me  
From the shadowy vale below,  
Up the pathway hard and toilsome  
Where my weakness seemed to grow;  
And in leading, strength He gave me  
Else I faltered by the way;  
So His hand of love upheld me,  
Brought me to His Bethany.

From this vantage ground of sorrow,  
Height attained for widened view,  
Aspiration's blest achievements  
Drew new strength, new work to do;  
Then I saw how Love in dying  
Rose above our common height,  
Learned that levels worth our having  
Are attained by force of fight.

From the tremor of my sobbings  
Turned my eyes on future things,  
On the realms of large achievements  
Far as Time its mission wings.  
Broadened outlook, wide commission,  
Hopefulness and stress of life,  
Bid me live for what I may do,  
For the larger love of life.

If I always lived in valleys,  
Vision had been limited;  
If my path were always level  
Heights were never visited.  
If I knew no house of sorrow  
In my heart's most secret place,  
Heights to climb, and heights of vantage,  
Outlook broad—I should efface.

How I sorrowed at the parting  
From my Friend, to heaven withdrawn!  
Till I learned His best thoughts lingered,  
Though His form and voice were gone.  
Then my tears were flowings holy,  
Through my grief new radiance gleamed,  
And I joyed in growing service  
Where before I had but dreamed.

From the heights of chastened sorrow  
Backward turned my transformed gaze,  
On the toil and cruel anguish  
And the Cross with sin's amazement.  
Was it all to end in sorrow?  
Was it worth His time and pain?  
Calvary echoes down the ages:  
"Since He died we live again."

LET IT PASS.

Has your life been full of sadness?  
Let it pass.

Have you felt the growing badness  
Of a class?

It may be you have not taken  
All the joys—your ways misshapen—  
That were possible. Faith shaken?  
Let it pass.

Were your words misapprehended?  
Let it pass.

Sure no guile with good was blended,  
But alas!

Some one turned your good to evil,  
Some one actually uncivil,  
Seemed to serve the very devil.  
Let it pass.

What your motives were God knoweth;  
They will pass.  
How to misconstrue, sin showeth  
To the mass.  
If your good be evil spoken,  
If rejected every token  
Of your love, and vows be broken—  
Let it pass!

Have you suffered wrongs inflicted?  
Let it pass.  
Have you had your bright hopes blighted  
By the crass?  
Just remember God still liveth,  
And He compensations giveth.  
Still keep heart. If fraud yet winneth,  
Let it pass.

Is your character assaulted?  
Let it pass.  
Reputation foully faulted  
By the mass?  
You may live another hey day,  
Find in it as good a pathway  
As you ever had; so, just say  
"Let that pass."

SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 87

Have you met your disenchantments?

Let it pass.

Numbers great have clouded moments—

Saddened class!

Sunshine somewhere you can borrow,

Hope right on for brighter morrow,

Put forgetting with your sorrow—

Let it pass.

Spurned by someone was your kindness?

Let it pass.

Eye eternal knows no blindness

He will bless.

Countless hearts you help to strengthen—

By endurance wrongs you righten—

With a song your own heart lighten

As you pass.

Help your neighbor's way to brighten

As you pass.

Give your hand; some blackness whiten;

Help our class.

For the sake of what is needed,

By the multitude unheeded.

When you think you're badly treated.

Let it pass.

Everywhere does ruin threaten?  
Let it pass.  
Just be sure the way you sweeten,  
So 'twill pass.  
Let your charity unbounded  
Strengthen hopefulness, well-grounded,  
Banish all your fear unfounded—  
Let it pass.

Just remember life is fleeting—  
It does pass;  
Growing, filling, fading, bleaching  
Like the grass.  
Glory that far compensateth,  
Blessedness that far excelleth,  
Waiteth for you where God dwelleth—  
Earth shall pass.

### OUR LITTLE TOWN CHURCH.

It's a wonderful church is our little town church  
Standing off on its own quiet street,  
With its old-fashioned shape, and its more modern  
porch,  
And its graveyard with mem'ries replete.



SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 89

It has weathered the storms of these sixty odd  
years

As unmoved as the rock and the hill.  
Calm'y watching the rise and the fall, and the fears  
Of the saints who its registers fill.

Sit we here in the centre of its untrodden aisles  
And the faces of worshippers see,  
Who gave life to these walls, lightened cares by  
their smiles,  
And whose voices still speak a libly.

O what stories arise of the grave and the gay—  
Of the mourners who here shed their tears—  
Of young maidens and men who on Love's altar  
lay  
The free gift of their love and their years!

What a crowding of babes knowing not the church  
day,  
Might appear, could they all gather in,  
Who in arms have been brought in the Christ  
given way,  
And received some protection from sin!

But our little town church is a present-day theme,  
Much alive, as in days that are past,  
And its quieter ways often restless may seem  
By the stress of new life in it east.

90 *SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE*

You must know, neighbor mine, every church has  
its creed,

And sensation is part of its life;  
If we live by our rules and escape every greed,  
Still the gossip finds fuel for strife.

And the picnics that please, and the picnics that  
pain,

May be counted by score and by score;  
When some good deed is wrought 'tis our business  
again  
To humble the doer yet once more.

Thus we know that we live by the pains we beget,  
By the discord and turmoil of strife;  
And our little town church we will never forget  
While sensations give spice to our life.

Yet our little town church has some men who are  
true

And who make sacrifice for its good;  
But the quality rare somehow never much grew,  
And the few for the many have stood.

There are men who are men, and men who appear  
Not as targets at which one may shoot,  
For they easily bend, and their heads disappear  
When some difficult task is on foot.

SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 91

But our women, like men, with their backs to the  
wall,

And their hearts, strong and true as the steel,  
Make our little town church the great envy of all,  
While they answer to every appeal.

In this little town church lives a leader of men  
Who ne'er drives by his strength, nor is driven;  
Neither devil nor men can bring death to his pen,  
Nor silence convictions God-given.

From the dimming far aisles of the great dome of  
Time,

Come again recollections of those  
Who have tarried awhile, pitched their tents in  
our line,

And have gone as the wind strangely blows.

To the far-away south, to the Rockies far west,

And the woods of the wild northernlands,

To the Old Land again—Motherland ever best—

East and west, north and south, we join hands.

And our little town church, with a body so small

Has a heart big enough for the world,

For it reckons its host by both little and tall,

Where a loyalty flag is unfurled.

92 *SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE*

Write it up when you write in the pages of writ,  
And remember it lives to its creed;  
Talk it up when with neighbors and friends you  
may sit,  
Make it known that this church has no greed.

Only God's claims are here, only right is our rule,  
And we live by the day that is given;  
While the outspoken truth, helping on some poor  
soul  
Is a seed for the kingdom of heaven.

And this side-streeted church, lost to view by the  
world  
Lives its life in its labor of love,  
Never great by its crowd, but with banner un-  
furled,  
Fighting well for the heights still above.

Help it up by your love and your holiest strife,  
It will live when you sleep cold and still,  
Live it up by your loyalty, unity, life,  
You will help it a new sphere to fill.

MY FRIEND.

My Friend is mine to cheer and bless,  
To give me counsel in distress,  
He reads my needs and marks my way,  
Reveals his sympathy each day;  
So real His love, so large His heart,  
Nor wearied He, nor void of art,  
Most tenderly He takes my cares,  
My sorrows as His own He wears.

Jesus, companion, Thy good way  
Doth comfort me until I say  
Was never Friend like my good Friend,  
Whose constancy knows never end.  
Nor should I marvel at Thy love  
Since all the wealth of worlds above  
And springs eternal, found in Thee  
Their fathomless infinity.

So lone am I, yet not alone,  
I hear Thy spirit's cheering tone,  
And by Thy life of service, pain,  
Of sanctity, and scorn of gain,  
By marks obtained upon the Cross,  
The future gained by present loss,  
I know my Friend must always be  
Remembering and upholding me.

And I am Thine, in friendship's vow  
 My heart's full love I pledge Thee now;  
 Though to my eyes unseen Thou art  
 I trust Thee with unfaltering heart;  
 In honor of Thy hallowed ways  
 To wear Thy yoke through all my days;  
 And thus we two made one in heart  
 For one brief hour shall never part.

Oh, Friend, but little I've to give,  
 But only for my Friend I live,  
 That when the selfish pleasures praise,  
 To gods of sin base altars raise,  
 Without a fear I will be true,  
 Espouse Thy name, Thy biddings do,  
 And stand confessed Thy willing slave,  
 And with Thee live or share the grave.

### A CITY HYMN.

"Appoint unto your cities of refuge."—*Josh. 20 : 2.*

O God we humbly pray  
 That this our human way  
     Of city life  
 May take diviner form  
 By which to shield from harm  
 Some life amid the storm  
     And stress and strife.

SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 95

O may our greed of gain,  
Our selfishness, our vain  
    Desire for wealth,  
Bow to our brother's good,  
So stand we where he stood  
That in our constant mood  
    We seek his health.

By Thy blest Spirit rule  
Our plans for shop and school,  
    That all shall tend  
To further freedom's power,  
Add joy to every hour,  
Thy grace on all men shower,  
    Sin's darkness end.

May every city show  
Thy love's abiding glow  
    Warming each heart,  
Making the city ways  
Cause for unending praise  
Creative of glad days,  
    The brighter part.

If this our city's street  
Resound with weary feet  
    And troubled breast,  
Make us a refuge meet  
Where life may grow more sweet,  
Until in Thee complete  
    The weary rest.

SUNLIGHT.

The Sun of Righteousness shall rise  
 With healing in His wings,  
 And men shall lift believing eyes  
 To where His rays He flings.

New glory gilds the skies, erstwhile  
 Engloomed by social woes,  
 While joys newborn the earth beguile,  
 New heavens and earth disclose.

Amid the ruins wrought by sin  
 Construction is begun,  
 And righteousness o'er wrong doth win,  
 Man answers to the Sun.

And lo, the church of God appears  
 A witness unto light,  
 And ministers to human tears,  
 And upward points man's sight.

A NAME.

"I will write upon him my new name."—*Rev.* 3 : 12.

"I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine."—*Isa.* 43 : 1.

In the secret of communion  
 Thou hast named me Lord Thine own,  
 Whispering our interunion  
 In the sweetness of Thy tone.



SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 97

As to Mary anxious, troubled,  
Blinded by her sense of loss  
When before the tomb she marvelled,  
Emptied tomb succeeding cross,

Thou did'st come, wake soul to living  
By the word she recognized;  
So to me blest life art giving,  
By the name I most have prized.

Heaven's names mark God-given treasure,  
Tokens of Thy love thus trace,  
So this name affords me measure  
Of Thy unexampled grace.

Like the whirlwind's restful centre  
Unexposed in tumults' hour,  
So in every storm I enter  
Find I calm in love-tone's power.

Oh the buoyancy it bringeth  
Thus to know Thou lovest me!  
How my soul its glad flight wingeth  
Up from gloom to liberty.

Call me by a name no other  
Heart may know, or lips may say;  
Child of Thine and Thou my Father—  
Love gives bliss perpetually!

THE MAN FROM OVER THE SEA.

I have come from afar for the home-making war  
That shall claim independency mine,  
And I step on these shores at your sun-rising doors  
Where the sea loudly lashes its brine.  
Here I longingly stand on your North British land  
Sniff the freedom fast fash'ning the west,  
Gladly hail your free air, and your freedom from  
care

While I covet a chance for my best.

From the east I have come, to the west may be  
some

Of the easterly good things to bring;  
Not as beggars we come, but to help make a hum  
In the land where you liberty sing.  
And I will not forget my old mother-land yet  
Wearing out her dear heart for her sons,  
She's the fairest on earth for she gave me my  
birth

And she carved out this west with her guns.

What I am as a man, what I do that I can,  
And whatever my future may be  
I have learned at her hands; benefactress she  
stands  
To her colonies over the sea.

SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 99

Though I come to your mart, still she's queen of  
my heart,

And I honor her law though I'm free;  
This shall be my glad boast—I will give her my  
most,

For her empire my blood if need be.

I have brought to your shores wealth of personal  
stores

Thus to serve her while yet serving thee;  
True, my bank account's small—just myself may  
be all

And the lass the ship brings o'er the sea.  
But my arms were made strong, and my strides  
have grown long,

While a hero's pure eye you may see;  
With an intellect clear, all your hardships are dear  
To the strong in this land of the free.

Will you show me the road? Let me carry the load  
Of an axé that shall carve out the way  
'Mid the maples and pines; let me tramp the  
long lines

Where the wild grass and prairie miles lay.  
'Tis the breath from afar joins the guiding North  
Star,

Stirs the red limped stream in my veins;  
Till impetuous I pine, for the fellowship thine  
And the might and the right of thy plains.

100 SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE

I will live for thy good. Where the red men once  
stood

There my little shack proudly I'll rear;  
Where the hunters have trod there an altar to God  
I will build for my evening prayer.  
And my acres shall smile, adding wealth the  
meanwhile

To the stores of this honest, true land,  
Till with home and with heart as with wealth,  
I play part,  
With the builders of empire to stand.

Pray accept, if you can, the respects of a man,  
Since his new love a true love shall be,  
'Tis thy warm, welcome hand, fair Canadian  
free land,

Irresistibly binds me to thee.  
Though there's joy in thy skies, though thy  
commerce far flies

On the fleet-footed steed of thy streams—  
Though thy strength breaketh forth from the  
hills of the north

And the prairies awake from their dreams—  
Though far off be thy reach from sea to sea-  
beach—

Though the gold groweth up from the sod—  
Though thy mountains arise in their strength to  
the skies

SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 101

And thy land is a temple of God,  
'Twas the warmth of thy heart played in me  
the big part

When I dreamed of the wide world to roam,  
'Tis the clasp of thy hand binds me fast to thy  
land

And atones for home sickness for home.

UNAPPRECIATED, BUT NEEDED.

"We hid as it were our faces from Him."—*Isa. 53 : 3.*

And we so often murmur and lose heart,  
And weary of our work, and wish our part  
In life's hard field and strife were at an end,  
Because no one approves, so few befriend.

And so we say "No one will miss us much  
Or will lament if toiling hands and touch  
Be stilled. No one depends on deeds of ours  
Nor will they miss inconsequential powers."

Yet where is thread too much in God's strong  
warp

Woven to meet His plan? Or note of harp  
Which He inspires, excessive and untuned?  
Or good intended to be unconsumed?

The very things we dread and disapprove  
Do more for us, our blinded feet to move  
To holiest ways, than do the things of ease  
That dwarf our powers by drugs of sense that  
please.

If Christ had drooped as we poor sappings do  
When men ignored, and chill winds on Him blew,  
Can mind conceive the tragedy of time  
The wreck resulting to the plan Divine?

Immortal thou until thy work be done  
Though none applaud, with perfect patience run:  
These times must need thee, since God hath not  
thought  
To place thee here and make thee live for naught.

Bear thou thy burdens light and joyously  
Of loneliness in toil continuously!  
Assure thyself, 'gainst doubt, God needeth thee,  
Though cloudy,—dark, keep on! strong-hearted be!

### JOY IN SERVICE.

“Lord what wouldst thou have me do?”—*Acts 9 : 6.*

What may I do for Thee O Lord?  
Show me Thy will, unfold Thy word;  
As at Thy feet I wait on Thee  
Something to do, O show to me.

SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 103

Life can no satisfaction give  
If there is nought for which to live;  
Working Thy will, my sweetest meat,  
New burdens then I gladly greet.

Trust me enough that day by day  
I see Thy trust in work's full way,  
And unto Thee with all my heart  
I'll live to serve, and slight no part.

Thy favor thus expressed I'll prize  
More good than life, nor e'en the skies  
Have any greater bliss to give  
Than thus Thou giv'st when thus I live.

LIGHT, LOVE AND LIFE.

Give to us light O Saviour,  
Thou art our endless Sun,  
Over the hills of darkness  
Let Thy rays glorious run;  
Fill every heart with brightness  
Banish all guilt and sin,  
Ease every load of sorrow,  
Dwell Thou, in light within.

Come Thou with love O Saviour  
When our lone spirits mourn,  
When mid the rough and thorn ways  
Bleeding we lie and torn,  
Bind Thou the broken-hearted  
Pour in Thine oil and wine  
Be Thou our Lover steadfast  
Love us since we are Thine.

Renew our life O Saviour,  
Fainting and bruised we fall,  
Wearied, disheartened, dying,  
On Thee for help we call.  
Thou art the Fount o'erflowing,  
Fulness of all things filled,  
Fill us each hour, O Saviour,  
Then we with life are thrilled.

### THE RISEN CHRIST.

"Now is Christ risen from the dead."—1 Cor. 15, 20.

O risen Christ, most glorious,  
Thy sovereignty extend,  
And through the earth, victorious  
Thy living gospel send.



Reanimate this sin-dead earth,  
Our selfish human way;  
Enrich us to diviner worth,  
To purer love each day.

Increase Thy willing witnesses  
And multiply their power  
So each Thy will accomplishes  
And knows Thy gracious hour.

O vital Christ, revive, ordain,  
That they, who Thee receive,  
The highest altitudes maintain  
And make the world believe.

### HE WEPT.

"He beheld the city, and wept over it."—*Lu. 19 : 41.*

The Toiler, o'er the city wept.  
He had not coveted  
Not once solicited  
What selfish hearts esteemed and kept.

But freely for the city's sake  
His days and nights He gave  
His own dear self, to save,  
To noblest life their senses wake.

He toiled when others would have slept.  
 But now they barred His way,  
 Regarded not His day;  
 Because He could not work He wept.

Because His love they did reject,  
 Retained their enmity,  
 Lived in iniquity,  
 Doomed by perversity,  
 The Toiler o'er the city wept.

### HELPERS.

"Minister one to another."—*Peter.*

"When Moses held up his hand Israel prevailed."

Mighty men of olden days!  
 Not so much grown great by gifts;  
 Rather be it to their praise  
 Showed their great hearts by great lifts.

Moses' hands grown tired and weak  
 Helplessly fell by his side,  
 The effects not far to seek—  
 Brought to Israel ruin wide.

Mighty men of mighty days,  
 Hold ye up the good man's hands!  
 Pray ye for him as he prays,  
 And the help of heaven commands.

SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 107

On the arms of one lone man  
Mighty issues are at stake;  
If the jealous will, they can  
Good o'erthrow, and misery make.

Oh to light the world's sad ways  
With the joy of one strong act!  
Let us crown our fleeting days  
With a gen'rous Christian pact.

Mine the happy part to gain  
Of companionship so rare,  
As of workers counting pain  
Only joy, my work to share.

If for me the glad encore  
When some little song I sing,  
Or the approbation more  
When some gift of truth I bring—

Then my heart would sing its joy  
For those others who uphold;  
Since upholders thus destroy  
Dark forebodings deathly cold.

Like the sweetness of June flower,  
Like the thirst-assuaging stream,  
Such upholding in such hour  
Lights up darkness with love's gleam.

Let me be a gen'rous friend  
Finding joy more real and deep  
If to thee I may extend  
Helpful hands on hillways steep.

Here I give my willing hand  
Pledge of loyalty to thee,  
Man of might, at God's command  
Serving human frailty.

Claims of thine are claims of God  
Laid upon my conscience, heart,  
And to cheer the way hard trod  
Is for me the better part.

Let us then accept our right  
Each the other to assist,  
Stand as one in God's clear light,  
Right uphold and wrong resist.

'Tis the men who strengthen hands  
Of protectors of the right,  
Win the day—united bands,  
Victors by united might.

Brothers, then, sing well our song,  
Sing that union still is strength,  
And the weak may help the strong,  
Weak with strong increase their strength.

Thus the common good of all  
Is conserved by common care,  
Might when right effects the fall  
Of the foe opposed by prayer.

### SABBATH EVENING.

"Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."—*Samuel.*

I have run with the footmen to-day,  
And perhaps they have wearied me;  
So my soul is in need of its rest,  
And I turn for renewing to Thee.

I have poured out my spirit to-day,  
And have spared not of all that I had,  
Till I emptied myself in my zeal,  
With my yearning to make others glad.

I am come at the closing of day,  
Now to lay down my toil and its gain,  
And a whisp r from Thee, O my Lord,  
Brings a balm to my heart and my brain.

For I thirst, and I hunger, and yearn,  
For a Comrade and Councillor near,  
And I turn me to listen to Thee;  
Only speak and Thy servant shall hear.

For Thy words shall fill up the void, Lord,  
And in silence my heart shall be blessed;  
And Thy friendship sustaining shall be,  
While Thy comfort of love brings me rest.

AARON.

(Ex. 24 : 10; 25 : 40.)

His friends and Aaron saw the blaze  
Of light divine, illumine the sky,  
And crown the mountain tops for days,  
Announcing thus Jehovah nigh.

They saw, but still were unimpressed,  
Since friv'lously they ate and drank;  
In them the sight begat no quest  
Above the love of common rank.

Down from the mount as common men  
With only common powers they came,  
And in the mood most fit for them  
They labored in the way of shame.

No pattern in the mount they saw;  
For did they not but eat and drink?  
The vision rare does God withdraw  
From those who neither love nor think.

SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE III

God's holy men His methods know,  
And plans discern, and purposes;  
And laden with their vision, show  
Heaven's thoughts in earthly likenesses.

O might I have a heavenward trend,  
And feel the kindling fire of God!  
And take my lessons at first hand,  
To work by truths divinely showed.

The common things uncommon are;  
And every humble circumstance  
The pattern from the Mount doth bear,  
Lustrous with heavenly radiance.

THY PROMISE.

Let no word be lightly spoken  
Flung as vapours on the air;  
Hold it dear, the sign and token  
Of thyself, thy thought, thy care.

Like a jewel in a casket  
Is this spirit form in thee;  
Speak thy promise, do not break it,  
Lest this casket empty be.

Words of thine a law becometh,  
Sacred as the stars above;  
Keep thy law, for good it doeth,  
And because the law is love.

### THE SABBATH.

Sweet Sabbath day! I love thee,  
Thou bringest peace and rest;  
The whisperings about me  
Seem breathings of the blest.

Heaven lips to thee of Heaven;  
This calmness there more calm;  
For tears shall there be given  
Love's everlasting Psalm.

Thy spirit and thy message  
Divinely touch our life,  
And truth, the precious fruitage,  
Gives rest to surging strife.

And turned the many faces  
From earth's enchanting wile,  
There Heaven's joy now traces  
The path care traced erstwhile.



SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 113

Sad hearts, whose joys e'er vanish,  
Awhile sojourn in peace;  
Where deep seas towered in anguish,  
Hope bids the surge to cease.

A desert's waste will gladden  
Beneath a smiling flower,  
And Sabbath chimes shall sweeten  
The drear and lonely hour.

Thou day of all the seven,  
Earth smiles because of thee;  
Shall burst these clouds, and riven,  
Yield Heaven's felicity.

I love thee for thy rest-time—  
Thy peace, when duty's done;  
I love thee for thy work-time,  
For work and Heaven are one.

A MORNING PRAYER.

"That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith."—*St. Paul.*

Blest Saviour God, the Light of life,  
Thou fullest joy, Thou truest love,  
As beams the sun upon our strife,  
Shine Sun Eternal from above.

114 *SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE*

And as the morning light bursts forth  
Intent on gladdening our abode,  
So enter Thou, of highest worth,  
To gladden hearts where tears have flowed.

As morning sunbeams dissipate  
The deathlike chill, the slumbering hour,  
So let Thy coming, new create  
Our slumbering sense, give to us power.

If from our walls old friends are heard,  
And old-time mottoes cheer the way,  
More really let the heart be stirred  
By Thy loved Face, Thy words this day.

Till strength renewed and courage strong,  
And calmness on the mind bestowed,  
We take our place amid the throng  
Who daily tread their pilgrim road.

And as the day wears on in toil,  
And cares increase, perplexing mind,  
O Thou, the All-wise Friend, despoil  
The little foxes of our kind.

So shall our aims attain their best,  
The best in every work be wrought,  
And evening time bring holy rest,  
With knowledge good that best was sought.

THE PLACE OF REPAIR.

Like a dismasted boat, driven hard by the storm,  
With her disheartened crew and her captain hard-  
worn,

I have passage way gained, 'mid the stress and the  
strain

Of the manifold life, with its work-a-day drain.

Though this boat has a crew tempest tossed, sorely  
faint,

Yet they stand to their deck as if each were a saint,  
And they will, and they watch, and they order the  
way—

Piloteers of the soul, who heroic parts play.

And the wide ocean heaves, as the sea did of yore,  
While the Light shines from far, welcome shining  
inshore;

'Tis the wild stress of life tests the Christian's  
long hour,

And reveals his sore need of Christ's storm-stay-  
ing power.

As the watcher aloft, holding hard amid seas,  
Finds no heart for a song, but he prays in the  
breeze;

So I long for the Harbor, the rest from despair,  
Where the Christ of my hope is the Place of  
Repair.

116 SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE

O the Harbor is wide, fully furnished and free!  
And wherever we sail, never far from our sea;  
A wide welcome Harbor is this Christ of the  
    storm,  
And giveth His graces to repair all our harm.

O Thou Harbor Divine, blessed haven at hand,  
All our daily distress Thou dost well understand;  
Let us gather new heart by the light of Thy face,  
And make us sea-worthy, the recruits of Thy  
    grace.

There's no need of the heart, and no truth for the  
    life,  
Never strength for the work, nor relaxing of strife,  
Nor renewing so urgent nor exceedingly great,  
But Thou canst impart it—all repairs for our  
    state.

O Thou Harbor Divine, mountain-girded and  
    calm,  
Grant us rest for a space, and inspire our love-  
    psalm;  
While Thy free gift of peace compensations express  
For the seas we have known, and the times of  
    distress.

WHAT MY HEART SAID WHEN HE  
TRIED ME.

"Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.—*Heb. 12 : 11.*

This cup of Thy hand Thou fillest for me,  
And bitter it is, nor reason I see;  
And all this death draught Thou biddest me drink,  
E'en though from the drinking my whole heart  
doth shrink.

Yet grace all abounding, and strength with the  
grace,  
The love of Thy heart, the light of Thy face  
Thou givest me richly; nor failest me aught  
Of all Thou hast promised, or ever I sought.

Such wonderful calmness—Heaven's birthright of  
rest!  
So much of conviction that all things are best,  
With all things Thou bringest: till I only weep  
That ever I shrank Thy draught to drink deep.

I own that Thy chastening has been my best balm,  
From turmoil of earth I've entered heaven's calm.  
Thy furnace-like testing, refining from dross  
Has brought me to glory in Christ and His Cross.

FEAR THOU NOT.

"Fear thou not; for I am with thee; be not dismayed; for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."—*Isa.* 41 : 10.

Fear thou not, for I am with thee,  
Whereso'er thy path may lie,  
And thy way shall go most surely  
By the guiding of mine eye.

Fire and overwhelming waters,  
Threatening clouds and wintry gloom,  
All the power of sin—ne'er alters  
What my plans for thee assume.

Trust me with thy whole heart's burden,  
Prove me in the hour of need,  
Lean upon me: I will strengthen,  
And thy lingering heart will feed.

I will be thy health for sickness,  
I will speak when thou art lone;  
I will be thy light in darkness,  
And forever thy blest home.

SPRINGS FROM THE PISGAH HILLS.

"All the Plain . . . under the Springs of Pisgah."—*Deu.* 4 : 49.

From Jordan's bank to Dead Sea's shore,  
The Valley's gloom and shadows lay,  
While castward rose in splendid power  
The Pisgah heights, stretched far away.

SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 119

And on the high rise Nebo's crest,  
On lower levels well-tilled fields;  
And hills form barriers, strength to test;  
Reviving springs the hillside yields.

What varied purpose thus in one  
Does God's great handiwork conserve!  
A Nebo for the day near done;  
The field and springs our life preserve.

And what a vari-colored group,  
A mixed-life multitude appears!  
Moses the strong, Balaam the dupe  
Of Balak's guile,—Israel with fears.

Though Pisgah's good to ill was turned  
God ruled o'er Balak's wicked nerve;  
The evil wish He quickly spurned;  
The men who ruled He made to serve.

Below the Pisgah living springs  
Lay dreary waste—the Dead Sea Plain,  
But springs on high give Israel wings  
To leave the waste and climb again.

Streams in the desert cheered the way,  
Attending and supplying need;  
New life begun, new visions play  
Before our eyes, and plead their need.

The strength to climb, the heart for fight,  
The modest mien in Victory's day,  
These Springs of Pisgah, pure and bright,  
Enculture; gladden toilsome way.

Like waters flowing from God's throne,  
Reviving fountains, springs of life,  
Ye Pisgah springs, for toil atone,  
In Duty's hour, in Manhood's strife.

And O, when camping days are done,  
Nor pathways sore, nor war note rings  
Upon the air, heaven now begun,  
We'll praise our God for Pisgah's Springs

### GIVING THANKS.

A crystal long I harbored,  
Admired it for its form,  
And only late discovered  
The opal in it born;  
But since that hour surprising  
My heart has sung the more  
For good from pain uprising,  
And Love's discovered store.



SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 121

Some deeds of men seem local  
And strangely out of joint,  
And "Accident" and "Partial"  
Are terms with seeming point;  
But simple faith is wiser,  
Reveals the Unseen Friend  
Whose mind holds all together  
And plans a better end.

I will give thanks for all things,  
For all things are divine,  
And God's hand holds all hap'nings,  
And works to make good mine.  
It may not seem like wisdom  
To hold such simple creed;  
But faith begets life's freedom,  
And God has met my need.

For friends and foes and failure,  
For weariness and rest,  
For words of love and censure,  
For all that pierced my breast,  
For those most like God's image  
Who claimed me for their ranks,  
Or those of evil visage—  
For all I give God thanks.

I will give thanks. Yet sometimes  
 The child feet wearied grew,  
 And older years have oft times  
 Brought thorns and tears anew;  
 But what I am, I know now,  
 Could never so have been  
 But for these things, which somehow  
 Through Christ have made me clean.

## AFTER THE TOIL.

"He giveth His beloved sleep."

My prayer was brief, I only said  
 "Father, 'tis hard—Thou knowest all,  
 And how my heartache is not dead,  
 And how the hurdens on me fall."

My word to Him—enough of speech—  
 The angels consolation brought,  
 By inward peace my Lord did teach,  
 His children found what they had sought.

And on my pillow as I lay  
 My heart did rest in God's strong hand,  
 And all forehodings fled away,  
 For I was in Emanuel's Land.

THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM.

My barque puts out to sea;  
My Pilot on board is He;  
While shadows behind, and favoring wind  
And a crimsoned eventide  
Bring whispers of days to me  
When life shall the richer be;  
While the eastern star guides the trav'ler far,  
And it lightens the western side.

The King I wish to see  
Is a King in infancy,  
But the gold, and myrrh, and frankincense are  
Forerunners of Kingship's sway.  
And the world still waiteth 'lorn  
Still hopes in the early morn  
While she looks again for goodwill to men  
And the dawn of the brightest day.

Both barque and world move on—  
The day with the growing sun;  
Till our older years brings us joy for tears,  
And the ev'ning time of rest.  
For Bethlehem's Babe is God  
Though the path of all He trod;  
And He leads nowhere. but Himself is there,  
Our Pilot. and Portion, and Guest.

## A GRATIFICATION.

The Store and treasures of our years,  
Good Deeds, in making others glad,  
Enriched them when we nothing had,  
Our faith availing for their fears.

To spend ourselves in shedding light,  
Consumed by joy of doing good,  
And standing in the ditch where stood  
The WRONGED—by grace our richest right.

No victories won for self, nor gains,  
Have made us wish the years retold,  
But service given, heart wounds we hold,  
And fellowship in human pains.

So while we dream of thrones and kings,  
Anticipate the days to be,  
We backward look o'er years and see  
Our life made sweet by doing things.

## TO A SEXAGENARIAN.

Traveller over dusty roads  
Full of pitfalls, thorny goads,  
Sixty years are passed away—  
Compliments I bring to-day.

Thou hast travelled well these years  
Spite of conflicts, pressing fears,  
Held thine own within the race,  
Watched thy footsteps, marked thy place.

*SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE* 125

What if childhood's days had held  
Only scenes thy heart repelled,  
And no doorway opened wide  
To arouse a native pride?

What if unto sorrow born?  
What if youth was e'en forlorn?  
And the manhood strenuous climb?  
Comes at last thy rosy time.

Sorrow for a night endures,  
But the daylight, joy secures;  
Sorrow ends with passing night,  
Joys increase with growing light.

"Old?" Thou art not growing old.  
Thine a wealth of joy to hold;  
Thine to bear to many cheer,  
With thy gladness banish fear.

To the summit of the hill  
Thou hast come, thy days to fill  
With a long and level pace  
Ere the sun his setting trace.

Golden deeds have marked thy climb,  
Resolution filled thy time,  
Courage featured every part  
Thou hast played with noble heart.

Source of all thy strength unseen,  
 Nothing Him and thee between,  
 Thou hast wondrously o'ercome,  
 All thy deeds in Him been done.

Live thou then within the light  
 That these three-score years unite,  
 Let past shadows be forgot,  
 Growing glory crown thy cot.

### MY LOVE.

There's a mystery encircling  
 All my later years of life,  
 More profound and God-suggesting  
 Than is aught of outward strife;  
 Even infant days unfolding  
 To my eyes an earth-born sphere,  
 Gave no promise of such marvels  
 As have made these last days dear.

Could it be that when life opened  
 'Twas Divinely purposed plan  
 That my symmetry of being  
 Should include one lonely man?  
 That although he far was sailing,  
 And for years preceding me,  
 All unconsciously our courses  
 Into one should guided be?

SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 127

Lo! I sought him not, nor sought me  
Did this sailor on life's sea,  
Neither knew we what our yearnings  
Neded for felicity;  
But the years came like spring blossoms,  
And my thoughts had flown apacc,  
When this traveller met I strangely,  
And my yearnings found their place.

O, ye doubters, with marred vision,  
Lingering out uncertain days,  
Did ye never taste the rapture  
Of the restful Soul-love's ways?  
Never met the recognition  
Of the Soul that spoke to Soul?  
Never came like homing pigeons  
Finding rest in Love's pure whole?

'Tis no changing day's emotion  
Ending in an earthly grave,  
Nor a whirlwind's wild upheaval,  
Nor a passion's whelming wave  
That my heart love knows, undying.  
I have found myself in him  
Brought to me by strange processions  
To inspire my heart's glad hymn.

As the joiner fits his framework,  
 Part adjusted to each part,  
 Building happily his thought-plan,  
 And achieving his glad art,  
 So affinities are fashioned  
 By the Architect above,  
 And He guideth heart to other,  
 Which He planned for faultless love.

I in dormant mood He found me  
 And revealed my deepest life,  
 Led me up to things divinest,  
 Charmed me unto ideal strife;  
 Till I understand all others  
 Since I know so well this one;  
 Love I do—with joy confess it—  
 Love—my better days begun.

Singing thus my glad laudation,  
 Holy let my spirit be;  
 Give myself for his charism  
 Who hath found himself in me.  
 In the realm of unseen rapture,  
 In the bliss of endless light,  
 We have found our culmination—  
 Purpose—Thought—in Love unite.



THE SIGN OF THE FRAGMENTS.

*John 6 : 12.*

He walked upon the hillside  
Close followed by the throng,  
And saw them weary, hungry,  
And felt compassion strong.  
The Galilean waters  
Lay full in view and ealm,  
But His great heart was heaving  
Love's agonizing psalm.

His pity, tender, boundless,  
Gen'rous as boundless—strong,  
Inspired His words and actions  
And moved to feed the throng,  
And oh, what demonstrations  
Of love divine, He gave!  
Their hungry bodies feeding  
He sought their souls to save.

The overflow of plenty,  
The conseiousness of power,  
The majesty of Person  
The mast'ry of the hour—  
Indelible impressions,  
God-graven, deep, they lie  
Upon our hearts, true witness  
Christ can all need supply.

The fragments still are with us  
True prophets in our need,  
That 'tis Christ's blest occasion  
The hungry hearts to feed.  
Then fear no evil tidings  
This sign thy watchword make:  
The Christ who gives the fragments  
Will never thee forsake.

### NEW YEAR'S REFLECTIONS.

They were but common folk at ease,  
Plain people, doing as they please,  
Who marked their joy of New Year's day,  
And culled from work some time for play.

The day was cold, the sky was clear,  
The company maintained good cheer,  
And braced themselves to wintry wind  
Maintained strong mien, soft ways declined.

The city broad, the city strong,  
Of righteousness or cruel wrong  
The fruitful soil or harboring home,  
They saw the palace, spire and dome.

But in the purity of day,  
The wickednesses hid away  
They saw not. But the streets were there  
With swaying throngs and faces fair.

SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 131

How superficially we judge!  
We see the dress, but not the drudge.  
The traffic rumbling on the streets  
Keeps tone with muffled, sad heart-beats.

What man will venture on a count  
Of broken hearts, where self aims mount  
Their ladders, made of human lives,  
And pleasure from their woes derives?

By narrow stairs and darkened hall,  
You find a room—a home some call,  
Where mis'ry dwells, and courage fails  
Before the tasks which love entails.

And in the city—virtue's pride—  
What base hypoerisies abide!  
Halls to deep where sins abound,  
How saddens every sound.

Thanks be to God! For man rejoice,  
The city yet finds other voice;  
If sin is to its deep depths driven,  
Good vigorously aspires to heaven.

And not in cloistered halls alone  
Seek we for saintly tread and tone;  
The open face, the free hand clasp,  
The saint abroad, at work, we grasp.

What are these piles of polished art  
 But revelations of the heart,  
 Where thoughts divine, new ways devise  
 To elevate us to the skies?

Cathedral aisles by sinners trod,  
 Who offered there their prayers to God,  
 Or where the domes and ceilings high  
 Excluded earth to bring heaven nigh—

Are they not voices of the soul,  
 A yearning after God, The Whole?  
 An upward tendency express  
 Their virtues thousands thus confess.

. . . . .  
 It was the New Year's gala day,  
 The City gave it right of way,  
 And tooting horns and bunting proud  
 Another phase of good allowed.

For righteousness and life I ween  
 Are by these signs as really seen,  
 As when we chant our solemn lays,  
 Or look for help to hymns of praise.

The youthful groups, like streamlets, flowed,  
 New tributes on Life's way bestowed,  
 With simple gladness, thus to make  
 New joys on earth for Heaven's sake.

SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 133

Who that to childhood's way is strange  
Knows not his own soul's largest range,  
Nor where Somebody's child has trod  
May grow the kingdom of our God.

The City's richest prize, for days  
Unborn, lies in these childhood's ways,  
Would you protect the city street?  
Then guide to God the children's feet.

.....  
Before the churches' broad, high doors,  
The street cars dropped their crowds by scores;  
Nor Sabbath's solemn scenes were there,  
A thousand tongues surcharged the air.

Who that within could view in vain  
The storied loft, the pulsing plain  
Of human life? Could hear the song  
And greetings glad, distinct and strong,

With patriotic spirit's flow,  
And think that these are useless so?  
The life made old and dull by cares  
'Mid such high hopes Youth's vigor wears.

The moments flew in song and speech,  
Life's highest altitude in reach,  
And loyalty to Christ and King  
Was pledge and soul of everything.

Outside, a child, half clad and sad,  
Passed by the gates, nor ever had  
Pressed through the portals, stately, broad,  
Where childhood learns the love of God.

To him the "Brotherhood of man"  
Was meaningless, for no one can  
Make bread of chips; none cared for him—  
His world was small—himself and Jim.

And while the big church doors poured out  
Their crowds, to fill the homes about,  
Neglected Sam went down the lane  
To where the back-yard nurses shame.

Tell me, my friend, is vision broad  
That only sees one half of God?  
Has God no other side to show?  
No child to save where vices grow?

Some lonely child this New Year's day  
Will rise to question Christian way,  
And cry to heaven for evidence  
Of Christ's great love and providence.

While mothers broken-hearted die,  
And children, from sheer hunger, cry,  
Have ye your whole for Christ confest  
With "Rally" songs and churchly zest?

SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 135

Does Christ go down the slum's dank hell?  
Walks He that way His news to tell?  
And does He go alone, to seek  
The rescue of His much-lost sheep?

By college campus, terraced hill,  
Some church folk sought the holy thrill  
Of God's pure breath, and broadening plan,  
Above the small designs of man.

High up, beyond the city smoke,  
Where hushed, and unfrequented, broke  
Meand'ring way, there nearer heaven  
Some walked, to Christian converse given.

Nor thought they of the gloom that lay  
Below the hill where vices play;  
Contented with their pampered show,  
And unconcerned how others go.

Thus downtown slum and uptown pride  
Though common flesh are severed wide,  
And spite of all professions passed,  
Our mutual life is shaped by caste.

In philosophic thought we dwell  
Where God's high ways will suit us well,  
Since pride makes use of serious sense;  
To make high aims is fine pretense.

Is there a bliss of comradeship  
With soul and soul in fellowship?  
No City's life can make good speed,  
Unless all parts shall be agreed.

Let reasonings on Beauty's grace  
Attempt relationships to trace  
Between the beautiful near heaven,  
And those lost sons to dark ways driven.

For as one City holds all kinds  
Of people, practises and minds,  
One designation over all,  
One common life to rise or fall,

So Millionaire, with Sam and kind,  
Are one within God's plan and mind;  
Nor should the joy of one exclude  
Concern for others and their good.

. . . . .  
O God, would all in city found  
Might rise in Thee to higher ground,  
Their outlook broaden, faith increase,  
Give them humanity and peace.

O that to Thee the servant heart  
Of those who seek to do their part,  
In hastening Christ's Kingly sway  
Might turn to see Christ's saving way.



Give more of heart and holiuess  
To all Thy children; grant to bless  
With fulness of Thy Spirit's power;  
Equipped, when comes the working hour.

THE OLD YEAR.

"The old year dies!" So oft 'tis said,  
"And much we've lived, to bury deep;  
Let's lay away its hoary head  
To have a long, unbroken sleep."

But is it so? The old year lives!  
Just growing into conscious power,  
For 'tis my friend, and new hope gives  
To me, in this memorial hour.

For as the dawn precedes the day,  
Expands and strengthens into light,  
Or day could not attest its way  
Without the covering shades of night;

Or seeds hid in the garden near  
Enrich the light round garden bed,  
By which I gather flowers of cheer,  
By which my hungering heart is fed;

So rising, new, immortalized,  
The old year shall forever be.  
Its pains are dead; idealized,  
Its loves become a part of me.

So while I live, the Old Year lives,  
Its best will travel in my way;  
It gilds the past, new outlook gives,  
Bright promises for endless day.

. . . . .  
Then let me greet my New Year friend  
With happy words, and hearty cheer,  
Assured he comes to recommend  
What bygone days have rendered dear.

The good of all the years now flown  
Is legacied in this new one,  
To be endowed; while months atone  
By honest ways, for evils done.

ELLEN AGNES BILLBROUGH-  
WALLACE.

I miss thee much, a mother true,  
In sympathy and counsel wise;  
Alert, and quick to note the need,  
And instant offering supplies.

E'en Nature never gave such help,  
Nor mother love more thoughtful, strong,  
Than God gave me, when thee He gave,  
From boyhood's days to lead me on.

Full many a truth of Holy writ,  
And Christian song, inspiring prayer,  
Fell from thy lips, upon my heart,  
And gave me of thy joy to share.

There was no plan young manhood formed,  
No aspiration moved my heart,  
But thou wert quick to guide its course,  
And in the uphill take a part.

'Twas God that called me to His Church,  
And opened all the arduous way;  
But God best known through thee, true friend,  
Or I had failed full many a day.

Those days at school! And Mission life!  
And college terms, and studies high!  
How versatile thy spirit rare!  
Equal to all, nor passed aught by.

And when life's larger claims I knew,  
And Home and Church gave heavier toil,  
Thy word from far—God-given word—  
Ne'er failed the evil one to foil.

O! I am what I am by grace,  
But grace that reached me oft through thee.  
And life will have its larger scope,  
And character nobility,

Because thy breadth of view I saw,  
And learned to estimate as thou.  
Thy spirit counsels with me still,  
Thy hand is on my arm e'en now.

Like everlasting flowers, the saints  
Of ancient days, still live, and press  
A message on the heart, so thou  
Unseen, dost live my life to bless.

If storms may blow, I courage gain  
Remembering thy fortitude;  
Like lightning signalling the way,  
Thy faithfulness my light has stood.

As oceans turn to inland streams,  
Renew the lands and gladden them,  
So may God use thy life through me,  
By thought and deed, through voice and pen.

PEACE.

Beneath the line where earth aspires to heaven,  
Beneath where gold the crimsoned cloud hues  
    leaven,

And mark the eve, the sun has gone to rest,  
And kissed adieu the hilltop's climbing crest.

The tinkling bells come home through wood and  
    field,

Responsive sheep to shepherd voices yield,  
The singers of the morn with day's new lease,  
Now rest, and eventime is crowned with peace.

No idle breath awakes the sleeping wood,  
No sounds escape from where the woodman stood,  
The gentle stream meandering on its way  
Sings through the night a sweet and gentle lay.

Nor toil, nor strife disturb the evening air,  
No infelicities arouse my care,  
The cloak of night is on the earth abroad,  
And in my soul abides the peace of God.

I muse awhile, reflecting on the scene,  
Love's skyward, pencilled, and last lingering beam,  
And then descends into my soul the word  
No mortal tongue may speak, nor ear hath heard.

The place is holy ground, and God is near;  
 His form I cannot see, I only hear,  
 And by the calm within, I measure all  
 Reality of peace. I know His call.

I know yet cannot fully comprehend  
 The height and depth of peace, through Him my  
     Friend;  
 The peace which knows no night, no evils trace,  
 And holds all trusting hearts in blest embrace.

The while I meet with varied ills of life—  
 The while I strive with Time's strong, struggling  
     strife  
 Let every day propose the golden eve  
 Where endless life its web of peace shall weave.

### WHEN I'M TEMPTED.

Saviour, help me when I'm tempted,  
     And my heart doth bleed;  
 Mercy give me, pre-empted  
     Grace make known in need.

When my powers through sin defective,  
     Fail like wilting weed,  
 Only let Thy love effective,  
     Nurture me in need.

SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 143

Thou didst suffer sorely tempted,  
Thou my need dost know;  
What Thou hast for me attempted,  
Mercifully show.

Keep me, succour me, defend me,  
Wash my sin away,  
Give me strength, deliv'rance give me,  
Give Thyself each day.

MY IMMORTALITY.

If a pitcher I may fill  
Till its fulness overflow  
Only like a tiny rill,  
Yet into the ocean go,

Then that ocean endlessly,  
Sweeping onward what I gave,  
Seals my immortality,  
Though my body shapes a grave.

If I battled hard and long,  
Wounded often in the fray,  
Ran with swift, endured with strong,  
Drank the heat of burdening day,

'Twas that still might larger be,  
Soul of mine, my joy to give  
To the good of those who see  
Naught to gain for which to live.

Not the present age nor past,  
Can I fully compensate,  
For the benedictions cast  
On my life, both young and late.

But the consciousness is strong  
That I may not action cease,  
To make right some human wrong,  
Somehow human good increase.

Thus to unborn ages may  
Transmigrate some brighter ways,  
And my soul inspire their day  
Their mementoes to upraise.

In my pathway, as I moved,  
Priceless pitcher found I there,  
Soul expanded, tested, proved,  
Blessed with gifts and graces rare.

From my springs of life within,  
Into it gave generously  
Love and thought, and saw begin  
Overflowings endlessly.



If but little I may give,  
Yet conserved my little grows;  
By this other life I live,  
And the stream of good still flows.

CHEER UP.

"Be of good cheer; it is I, be not afraid."—*St. Mark.*

Storms gather over thee,  
Pour out their woe,  
Wildly and angrily,  
Fretfully blow;  
Yet not alone art thou  
In this chill gloom,  
Even this storm just now  
Winneth Christ room.

Voices tumultuous,  
Shriek through the wind;  
Spirits multitudinous  
Berate thy mind.  
This is their victory,  
This their mad hour,  
But that Christ comes to thee  
With healing power.

Out of the broken heart  
 Songs shalt thou sing,  
 Praising the healing art  
 Of Christ thy King;  
 Who 'mid the storm and stress  
 Bids light arise,  
 Brings to thy grief redress  
 Hope to thine eyes.

Then what sweet bliss for thee,  
 Storm-driven one!  
 Christ in the storm to be  
 Thy Strength and Sun;  
 More real than storm shall He  
 Round thee be near,  
 Speaking His peace to thee,  
 And His "good cheer."

### A YOUNG MAN'S IDEAL.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy  
 might."—*Ecclesiastes*.

Do thy best, O child of sorrow,  
 Whereso'er thy lot is cast;  
 Do it now! Perhaps to-morrow  
 Finds thy chance for doing passed.

Do thy best! On Time's broad pages  
Let thine effort be impressed;  
One kind deed may live for ages,  
Countless ages thus be blest.

Do thy best! 'Tis but thy duty  
To thyself and human kind;  
Headland lights appear with beauty  
In the midst of storm and wind.

Do thy best! But not for lucre,  
Nor for courting fashion's fame;  
But for God, and Right, and Honor,  
Dare the frown and face the shame.

### THE LOVE TEST.

"Because the Lord thy God hath loved thee.... He  
brought you out with a mighty hand.... the faithful God."  
—Moses.

If for thee I bear no burdens  
How shall I true love reveal?  
Selfishness the heart but hardens,  
Sacrifices love-vows seal.

If I fear identifying  
Lest it cost me trouble, pain,  
I may know my love is dying,  
My professions are in vain.

If the trouble for thee bearing  
Brings a moment's pang and care,  
'Tis a sign I am not sharing  
All the love I ought to share.

Love but counts its burdens lightest  
When they multiply and grow;  
Ask your Love if there's the slightest  
Pain of thine he would not know.

Doing, daring and defending,  
Faithfully for thee to live,  
Thus each day my life extending,  
Truest love to thee I'd give.

Warm my heart, my actions prompting,  
Making all disfavours gain,  
Which the adverse, vainly counting,  
Thrust upon thy cause and name.

Friend of mine, thy friendship showing  
By thy sufferings borne for me;  
I, thy friend, in true love growing,  
Count it joy to die for thee.

LIFE.

"I live, yet not I."—*St. Paul.*

Because I love, I therefore live,  
And thus I share with Thee Thy cross;  
To be apart from Thee, I know  
Would mean of all things dear, the loss.

Love lived for me eternally,  
Love hath begotten me again;  
And now I love, supremely, Thee  
O Christ, through whom my life is gain.

HAPPINESS.

When to the face of God I lift my eyes,  
And in that hour I know that He is love  
Because upon my soul the Holy Dove  
With benedictions of sweet peace doth rise,  
I count it joy to give in sacrifice  
My all of self and goods, devotion prove  
By leaving with Him all, that grace may move  
Them at His will—e'en friends I highest prize.  
'Tis then my soul doth more expansive grow,  
Till outward, upward, the all-filling God  
I reach, and in that touch of His I know  
My larger self. And then He doth bestow  
Companionship, and e'en the chastening rod—  
Through all More Soul—true Happiness I trow.

## THE TEACHER'S PRAYER.

Breathe in me, Lord, that I may live,  
And grow, and bring forth fruit for thee;  
Make me anew, thy Spirit give,  
So I Thy witnesser shall be.

Give sight to me that I may see  
The wonders of Thy Holy Word;  
Give me a will disposed to be  
Obedient to my loving Lord.

Make me a teacher, strong and true,  
Reflector of Thine own full light,  
By grace of person, able, too,  
To magnify the way to right.

Thy hallowed inspirations give  
Through earth's bright hues, the lighted sky,  
And by the common life we live,  
And by the Life that lived to die.

Companionship was Christ's blest way  
Of teaching truth and saving men;  
So may my life from day to day,  
In intercourse exalt Thee then.

And as Emmaus roads lead on  
To hearts made warm through truths made plain,  
To revelations of the Son—  
So speak through me to men again.

Assured of truth, I would truth speak,  
Convictions ring in every word;  
As thou, my Lord, blest Teacher, meek,  
So spake as never man was heard.

So would I teach that beauty rare,  
And born of heaven's eternal fount,  
May be the outcome of my care;  
Reflection of the Holy Mount.

Make strong my strength, my faith increase,  
My love for all men, let it flame,  
That, Christ-like, I may never cease  
To teach to all Thy holy name.

And while I live and show to men  
How Thou wouldst have men live for Thee,  
So may I live with grace within,  
Men glorify my God in me.

### THE WAY.

"Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy  
God led thee."—*Deu.* 8 : 2.

Not always thorns to pierce thy feet,  
Nor rocks nor heat to mar thy way,  
But flowers have bloomed—the air made sweet,  
Enriched thy course, where angels stay.

Thy way unknown, untried before,  
Was God-designed in every part;  
The "afterwards" for each dark hour,  
He filled with good to cheer thy heart.

And in the way, He walked with thee,  
Companionship beyond compare,  
Friend helping friend, till wondrously,  
Heart answered heart in converse rare.

### THE HERALD.

"Preach the Gospel."—*Mark 16 : 15.*

To preach Christ's love is Christly toil,  
Most Christlike, when the heart outflows,  
Forgetting self, in sacrifice  
For life sin-stained, outworn with woes.

Give me a Gospel born of God,  
And beautiful because so born—  
My meagre-living soul will wake  
Responsive to a new-world morn.

May I but look on waters pure,  
And see reflected heaven's blue;  
I yet may die of fevered thirst  
If naught I drink of what I view.



SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 153

Though Art I love, in color, form,  
In measured metre, music's strain,  
Yet hungry is my inner heart;  
And art devoid of soul is vain.

Nature Divine is more than art,  
Expressed in studied moods and ways;  
Correctness lingers slow and dies;  
The full, round Gospel sings life's lays.

Fine art is calm, too calm for good  
When sensuality is rife;  
Emotions spring impetuous,  
God-like, to save a fallen life.

God help us preach with spirit power,  
With all of truth, the truest good;  
Till skulking death, 'neath powerless form,  
Christ shall expel as once He could.

Our needs are many and most great;  
Supremely rich as great art Thou;  
Make preachers—men—to save us men,  
Old truths—good news—with power endow.

DIVINE SUFFICIENCY.

"I will guide thee with mine eye."—*Ps.* 32 : 8.

"Lo, I am with you alway."—*Matt.* 28 : 20.

My God, blest Guide of all my days,  
Whose hand doth lead, whose arm doth shield,  
Bestow on me abounding grace  
And fit me for life's larger field.

My All-sufficiency thou art,  
My Love and Light for days to be,  
My Strength to play the manly part;  
Success alone must come through Thee.

Cleanse thou my heart from every stain  
Of sin, and every evil thought,  
And let no selfishness remain,  
But all Thy will in me be wrought.

So may I live to toil and teach,  
Exalting only Christ's dear name,  
The sinning shall the Vision reach.  
And live believing in the Lamb.

Alone to work, 'tis work alone;  
I go alone unless Thou go;  
Companionless in ways unknown,  
I fail and fall before the foe.

Thy habitation make my soul,  
Thy instrument my tongue's small might;  
And let Thy glory o'er me roll,  
So Thou, through me, shalt increase light.

THE PRAYING CHRIST.

"He. . . . . there Prayed"—*Mark 1 : 35.*

O Jesus, ever-present One,  
Example in this gift of prayer,  
Help me to do as Thou hast done  
And thus find strength for every hour.

As fell the calm of early morn  
Upon Thy form when bending low,  
And love and strength within were born  
And like the eastern sky did glow—

And giant tasks were then caught up,  
And help in every sort supplied,  
Till long the day, nor didst Thou stop  
Till daylight into darkness died—

So let me prove the worth of prayer,  
And praying prove the power of God,  
And with new strength in every hour,  
With patience tread the toi ing road.

O peace Divine, and joy untold,  
And love surpassing human tongue!  
Companionship with God to hold  
Is life complete—'tis heaven begun.

## ALTRUISM.

Of Thy love and benefaction,  
 Gracious Saviour, Master, King,  
 I in notes of adoration  
 Like heaven's tireless singers sing.  
 Exaltation and enthronement,  
 Justly are Thy primal due  
 Since Thy birth, and death's entombment  
 Hid Thy Deity from view.

By Thy love and condescension,  
 Shown to men in Bethlehem,  
 Wonder working, strange suggestion,  
 Dim, uncertain, voiced in them—  
 Just a hint 'mid ages spoken,  
 Just a shadow 'cross the path,  
 Just a gleam past heaven's curtain,  
 With the mystic chorus breath—

But to each succeeding people  
 Speaking clearer, meaning more,  
 Till as streamlet's laughing ripple  
 Grows to waves by ocean shore,  
 So Thou Infinite, Eternal,  
 Full of mercy, truth, and grace,  
 Pourest forth Thy wealth supernal  
 To enrich our poverished race.

SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 157

Poverty, so deep, so utter  
Holy, just and justified,  
Like to Thine was never witnessed,  
Never ages testified.

Wealth the greatest; need the realest;  
For the good that need might be  
Making sinners saints, and richest  
Heirs of life eternally.

Only good, thou showest goodness,  
As the roses breathe their love;  
Daily interposing gladness  
As the Peace-Branch from above.  
For as shadows fade in sunlight,  
And as storm clouds drift with rain,  
So Thy touch, O Christ, brings eyesight,  
And transmutes our loss to gain.

O, what altruism rarest!  
What a lesson 'mid our strife;  
What through time to ages farthest  
Thou dost show of Greatest Life!  
For that life is purest, strongest,  
Which from selfishness is freed,  
And which yields its life blood freest  
For the cure<sup>1</sup> of human greed.

A PROOF OF GOD.

I have heard it said by certain  
That our earth, though wisely made,  
Was forsaken by its Maker  
To pursue its own down-grade.

But the poet's vision falters  
On the brink of an abyss  
Where his outlook is but hopeless  
If no hand shall guide but his.

Let him turn from great worlds many  
To the world of one lone man,  
And amid the complications  
How concerted grows the plan!

Somehow, and from holy Somewhere  
'Two have come upon the stage,  
To fulfil some pre-planned mission,  
To affect and bless their age.

Thus the laborer is not single,  
In his toil or in his soul;  
For there comes to him from Somewhere,  
Equal part—two halves made whole.

Who could bring these two together?  
Who could make them kith and kin,  
Dowered with a wealth of thought life,  
Deeds to plan, pursue and win?

SONGS OF THE *WAYSIDE* 159

When the gods of ages, watchful,  
    May survey our common earth.  
They discover things uncommon  
    Find two souls for each had birth.

None but God could thus foresee it,  
    None but He could so have thought;  
And the happy combination  
    Is the proof 'twas He that wrought

Like twin barks they sail the channel,  
    Always in the same strong wind;  
Always sure of one another,  
    Out of sight—not out of mind.

Leagues may sometimes separate them,  
    Things material intervene,  
Time may follow with a slow tide,  
    But the God plan grows supreme.

And the consciousness supernal  
    That your twin bark sails your way,  
Brings companionship of spirit,  
    Telepathic sympathy.

On the blue sky you may read it,  
    If your soul be free from shame,  
There's a lover for you living,  
    And the Allwise knows his name.

TO A PHOTOGRAPH.

Shall it a vanity in me be thought  
If on thy face sincere I love to look?  
Thy face, methinks, a guileless, open book  
Where God, Himself, in chiselled lines hath  
wrought,  
And hath designed that noblest lessons sought,  
Should easily be read. If I forsook  
Suggestions thou dost make, I could not brook  
Calamities; my misery dearly bought.  
Reflector, thou, of God, light welcomes me,  
Endows, and then electrifies my soul;  
Till torn from sordid thought, I offer thee  
Some helping hand to reach high sanctity,  
Remove beclouding mists from worthy goal,  
And make thy high delights my daily glee.

O LITTLE TOWN OF GOSSIP STREET.

O Little Town of Gossip Street,  
Who does not dread thy friends to meet?  
For friends of thine oft meet their ends,  
By making foes of others' friends.

If evening shadows hasten feet  
To publish more some morsel sweet,  
Of latest news, who does not know  
What subtle sense of joy they show?



SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 161

No name is safe; no deep concern  
Is felt by those, who eager learn  
The latest scandal liars coin,  
Or spread abroad their hints malign.

'Tis evil hearts who evil think,  
And from foul wells bad waters drink;  
Then spread malaria around,  
Till social health cannot be found.

If Satan is beneath the skies,  
And could be seen by mortal eyes,  
He would be found with slimy feet  
Contracting terms in Gossip Street.

What tools he finds to work his will  
Who blacken fame, and fond hopes kill!  
Till hell's inheritance begins  
Where man against his fellow sins.

O little town of Gossip Street,  
If yet thou hast some corner sweet  
Where flowers of human kindness grow  
And winds of slander never blow,

Adorn it well. It is thy best;  
Well rid wert thou of all the rest.  
A few pure hearts, more good make true,  
Than all the evil-speaking crew.

For others' sake, for debt of love,  
 For mercy dear, for God above,  
 O little town of Gossip Street,  
 I pray thee make thy ways more sweet.

### THE WITNESS.

"See no man know it."

Shall no man know? And we so late  
 In blindness by the wayside sat!  
 Who, but must miss our usual plea,  
 As passing by, no blind men see?

Full many a day our way we took,  
 And occupied our cherished nook;  
 Till every trav'ler passing by,  
 Knew face and voice, each darkened eye.

Those days are gone—forever dead!  
 The light has dawned upon our head;  
 And in our freedom's ecstasy,  
 We'll shout for joy—"O men, we see!"

Let no man know that Christ can heal?  
 And crowds in need, His power to feel!  
 'Twere wrong against our common race  
 To hide away these signs of grace.

Would we had felt His power before,  
Such love upon us did He pour;  
But more, that they as dark as we,  
Might have in Him the power to see.

“Let no man know?” Impossible!  
For if these beggar tongues be still,  
There are our eyes, with fire alert,  
That tell the truth from heart to heart.

And he who looks into these eyes,  
Wondrous, observes with new surprise,  
The Healer's working, and His word,  
To fullest depths our *souls* have stirred.

New eyes, new light, new *views* of life,  
New work wrought out, new strength for strife,  
New heart to *live*—heaven thus begun—  
None can but know *what* Christ has done.

### A PRAYER.

Jesus, Saviour, perfect. holy,  
Lead us to the highest life;  
For Thy work command us fully,  
Where the vaunting sin is rife.

In humility of spirit,  
Yielding Thee our manhood's strength;  
Save us by Thine only merit,  
Take us to Thyself at length.

### WHAT'S IN A NAME ?

"I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine."

In the secret of communion,  
Thou hast named me, Lord, Thine own;  
Whispering out interunion,  
By the sweetness of Thy tone.

As to Mary, on the morning  
Of the risen Saviour's day,  
Thy blest lips waked love's adorning,  
And her fears Thou didst allay,

By the holy name essaying,  
And in accents only Thine;  
So Thou art Thy love displaying  
In the name Thou callest mine.

As we name our hearts' hid treasure  
With some token we can trace,  
So this name becomes my measure  
Of Thy unexampled grace.

SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 165

Like the whirlwind's restful centre  
Unexposed in tumult's hour,  
So in every storm I enter  
Calm I'm kept by love-tone's power.

O the buoyancy it bringeth,  
Thus to know Thou lovest me!  
How my soul its glad flight wingeth  
Up from gloom to liberty!

Call me by a name no other  
Heart may know, or lips may frame;  
Full endorsement of a Brother,  
Adds His own to my new name.

THE JOY THAT SORROWS.

"Ye shall weep and lament."

In an upper room one evening,  
As the Saviour spake His word,  
And the band of His disciples  
Sad at heart, and heavy, heard,  
Seems to me there grew the picture  
Of our whole life's transient way,  
Such as finds a present partner  
In our changing joys to-day.

For, if tears we sometimes gather,  
 Till our eyes and hearts o'erflow,  
 And our hearts are dull with sadness,  
 And no sunlight we may know,  
 Tell me not that this is madness,  
 Or the ghost of sheer despair,  
 Or that God is not in heaven,  
 And there are no wings to prayer.

For there is a sorrow holy,  
 Born of something more than pain,  
 And it represents those well-springs  
 Sunken deep in Love's rich plain.  
 Heat, nor stress, can e'er exhaust them,  
 They are hidden in the heart,  
 And their overflowing outburst,  
 Is Love's sympathizing part.

Hast thou felt the cost of loving?  
 Felt its sanctifying claim,  
 When because of noble nature  
 All the more you loved the name;  
 Then there came the creeping shadows  
 Stealing through the window pane,  
 Damp and cold, to steal thy Highest,  
 Leaving thee forlorn and slain.

*SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE* 167

Didst thou know such sorrow, sacred,  
Born of reverential love,  
Is most like of all things earthly,  
To the silenees above?  
And 'tis better, more ennobling,  
To have loved so well the good,  
Than have lived in selfish calmness  
Like the lichen of the wood.

We are richer for the Vision  
Of the Highest borne our way;  
It is proof of new-born wak'ning  
When we mourn His shortened stay;  
Like the rose aspiring sunward  
To exhale more fragrance sweet,  
So we crave our mystic union,  
Unto richer service mete.

While you wait fulfil the Vision;  
Fill your days with service mete;  
Contemplate Life's largest mission  
Made through deeds of love complete.  
Thus to have been loved and loving,  
Golden sunlight mixed with rain,  
Is the God-given, blessed purpose,  
So the perfect life you gain.

## DOUBTING PETER.

*Matt. 14 : 30.*

What humanity is like  
 Should I not quite truly know?  
 If the hand of God should strike,  
 Justice guide the falling blow,  
 What base loves and secret schemes,  
 Fickle moods and motives low  
 Mixed with all that fairest seems,  
 Would His righteous dealing show!

. . . . .  
 Late the hour—but yesterday—  
 Crowd on crowd, how surged they on!  
 Till they swarmed along the way,  
 Curious, starving, passion strong.  
 "Just the people, just the day,"  
 So I thought, "to work reform;"  
 And occasion came our way,  
 When a nation might be born.

. . . . .  
 Lost our Galilean seemed;  
 Strangely, sent us out to sea;  
 Acted, too, as if He dreamed  
 When we talked of royalty.  
 When we wished to make Him King  
 And to share in crowning Him,  
 How He frowned upon the thing  
 And forbad our zealous whim!



SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 169

By the subtle sense of touch  
Human souls are subject to,  
Judging well the crowd, as such,  
Lent we them our passions, too.  
Then He sent us 'gainst our will  
To contest this treacherous sea;  
Stayed Himself on yonder hill  
To control democracy.

. . . . .  
Who goes there? What moves astern?  
Form of man, but ghostly white!  
Walks the waves majestic, firm,  
King of storms, a Sun at night!  
Never visitor thus came  
All our years upon this sea;  
"Unknown Matter" is His name?  
"Spirit" surely He must be!

Is it so—a Voice I hear,  
Breaking softly on the wind?  
"Children, put away your fear;  
It is I. Have cheerful mind."  
Never spirit thus so spake,  
Never was my heart so stirred,  
Dreamy bonds, occasions break;  
Since I'm free, I must have heard.

Is it fancy makes afraid?  
 Am I of distempered brain?  
 At this moment victim made?  
 Is it but a dreamer's train  
 Rushing on through over-toil?  
 Heated brain, the crowded scene,  
 Kingly Form that wishes foil,  
 Is it real, or only dream?

. . . . .  
 Let me test my dream by sign;  
 If it be Thyself, I pray  
 That Thou, Christ, these feet of mine  
 Cause to walk on watery way.  
 Let the boisterous deep be so  
 That unworthy though I be,  
 Where Thou goest I may go,  
 Prove Thee if I walk with Thee.

What is this? O Ages know!  
 Once again that voice I hear,  
 Penetrative—though winds blow—  
 "Come!"—He speaks, assuring, clear.  
 Let me go. I new ways tread,  
 Weakening fears are vanishing;  
 Nothing hindered, nothing dread,  
 Saved at sea, on sea I'll sing.

SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 171

Yes, I step on liquid floors,  
The impossible takes form;  
Far enough from bounding shores,  
At the mercy of the storm.  
Wild the winds, more wild the waves,  
Wild enough to cover me,  
Yet I walk since Mercy saves,  
Walk to Christ on Life's tossed sea.

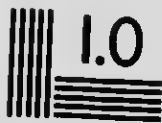
Yet how long I thus may dare?  
Can the Christ forever keep?  
Rash my tongue, presumptuous prayer,  
When I sought to walk the deep.  
Mountains of the seas! And caves  
Yawning, show the way below,  
Where ten thousand silent graves  
Wait, the gloom of death to show.

What my folly, thus to think  
All these waters I could tread!  
My presumptuousness—I sink!  
Mountains loom above my head.  
Better never ventured out  
'Mid such tortuous, threatening seas;  
Little love and overdoubt  
Made me try such scenes as these.



# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



4.5



3.0

3.6



4.0

4.5



5.0

5.6



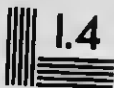
6.3

7.1

8.0

9.0

10



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

1653 East Main Street  
Rochester, New York 14609 USA  
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone  
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax

Surely not too late I cry  
 "God be merciful to me!"  
 Surely mercy still is nigh  
 If the Christ Thou really be?  
 Christ of power and grace supreme,  
 Save me ere I sink this night!  
 Save from doubt, and make me clean,  
 Save me by Thy grace and might!

Ah! that Hand of power I feel!  
 Lifts me from a watery grave.  
 Love displays its stern appeal,  
 Speaks my sinking soul to save.  
 Thrice I've heard that wondrous voice—  
 "Fear ye not," "Come unto Me,"  
 "Why of doubt so make thy choice?"  
 Through these words I saved shall be.

Let my doubt be lost to me,  
 Let my eyes behold Thy face,  
 See no more the rolling sea,  
 Only mark Thy Hand of Grace.  
 Then upon all waves I'll walk  
 Knowing that I walk with Thee;  
 With Thee in all storms I'll talk,  
 Walk and talk in ecstasy.

Let me praise the Power that saves,  
And the Hand that holds me fast.  
Faith annihilates the waves,  
To the winds my fears be cast.  
Let my foolishness be known—  
It but brings Thee into sight;  
Let Thy Deity be shown—  
Ends our tempests, dawns our light.

### THE TEACHER'S WORK.

"A workman that needeth not to be ashamed."—*St. Paul.*

Teach me, O Lord, that I may work  
With face uplifted, clear to Thee;  
A workman comprehending truth,  
And teaching in simplicity.

Guide Thou my mind, that as I learn,  
I may with will retain the truth,  
And may in heart Thy meekness find,  
And vigor of perpetual youth.

For unto learning I would give  
The consecration of my powers,  
And live for those who look to me—  
The students in life's morning hours.

A faithful workman! Thine own work—  
Creation nobler none can find;  
Nor has the workman holier part  
Than thus to reproduce Thy mind.

How rich was Galilean home!  
Ennobled slighted Nazareth!  
Where Christ the humble worker dwelt,  
And toiling, drew His honest breath.

“JOHNNIE BOY.”

Come, walk with me, and talk with me,  
And let us talk of “Johnnie Boy”;  
Walk down these ways of small degree,  
And witness where I find my joy.

See here the narrow vered street,  
And there, the filthy, littered lane,  
Where ruthless words our ears will greet,  
And poverty makes mock of shame.

All sorts of people crowd these ways,  
Except the ones most needed here—  
The people who add deeds to praise,  
By works make God to men appear.



SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 175

The mass is here with uncouth mien,  
And sickening stench, and foreign speech,  
And children throng the streets between  
Where smoke and crowded bedrooms reach.

Here beds are blankets laid on boards,  
And rooms are prophecies of tombs;  
Nor changes oft disturb the hordes  
Who troubles end by changing rooms.

And Russ and Polak, Syrian, Greek,  
Bulgarian, Serb, Roumanian, Hun,  
Gentile and Jew, some proud, some meek,  
Promiscuous meet when day is done.

Their horny hands and sun-tanned face  
Bespeak their hum-drum, honest toil;  
Nor mental culture holds a place  
Where poor paid men must sweat and toil.

These men dig drains, make roads, break stones,  
Do work ye gentle folk demean  
As but for them, while cultured drones  
Avoid the toil they disesteem.

Nor high-class dinners grace their board,  
But bread and beer, with long-packed fish,  
Or corn-meal mush as luxury stored,  
With soup of beets a richer dish.

And if religious duties rise  
To claim attention to their day,  
No work succeeds to turn their eyes  
Away from God, when these men pray.

Come, step within, at evening time,  
When toil is ended, duty done;  
Behold this man, whose faith sublime  
Conceives God present in His Son.

He counts the Sacred Heart his boon  
Which courts his passion and his praise;  
Prostrate he prays within his room,  
Nor aught can turn away h's gaze.

Think not these people have no claim  
On Christian love and faithfulness;  
God sent them here to test your name  
If you would serve in their distress.

Adown these streets the Christ now comes,  
Not with twelve men and women friends;  
Alas Formality benumbs  
And Pride holds back whom Conscience sends.

And when the Christ comes down these streets,  
It is in silent solitude;  
His Friends, so-called, not here, He meets  
These crowds alone, and meets their mood.

SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 177

To basements where the festered air  
Makes virulent death-borne disease,  
And up the narrow attic stair,  
Where low-roofed revelries displease,

And even to the lighter space,  
Where health might find a friendly home,  
He comes, to find tormented place—  
The demons dirt and vice and rum.

The Babel tongues He gathers there,  
In open space, to hear His word;  
In simple speech, nor noisy blare,  
The Cross, God's love, by all is heard.

And as He is the Christ of old,  
He smiles on children gathered there,  
Whose lives would take on felon mould,  
Since none may for them seek nor care.

Such faces as these children wear!  
None handsomer—like angels beam;  
And none display more reverent air,  
And none can better, demons seem.

If you take thought for clothes and food—  
These children always hungry are,  
And clothes in winter rare obtrude,  
In summer nudeness barely bar.

Amid the haunts of vice, where grow  
    Beneath the midnight revelrics,  
A nation's weaknesses, its woe,  
    There future citizens arise.

My joy grows here, not from the scene,  
    But from the vision I have brought  
To children, serious grown, between  
    The conflict vice with virtue fought.

Love not the less your cultured drive  
    Where sweetest flowers of virtue blow;  
But learn meanwhile, the fittest strive,  
    Because they strive they fitter grow.

Above all arts of life, I prize  
    That one which forced to view wrong done,  
Yet viewing turns away fair eyes,  
    By circumstance, to wrong, unwon.

It was in scenes like these I found  
    My "Johnnie Boy." He knew no name  
Save this. The father, English sound  
    Had charmed, so buried Russian fame.

But this meant nought to "Johnnie Boy,"  
    Whose blithesome face, blue eyes, fair hair,  
And ways of innocence and joy,  
    Endeared him to our love and care.

He grew amid the rubbished streets,  
And lodged where not a cow would thrive,  
In dark, dank basement, breathing heats  
Of fever,—cold grave's busy hive.

I love my "Johnnie Boy." God gave  
To him a soul more worth than gems,  
A body vigorous and brave,  
Such mind as may wear diadems.

That boy shakes clods of circumstance,  
And fashions new designs at will;  
To make or mar, halt or advance,—  
He holds our Nation's good or ill.

The years speed on; the man appears,  
God's fruit from things despised has come;  
The mass finds comfort 'mid its tears  
Through one begotten in the slum.

Thus God displays His sovereign grace,  
Ordains the use of humble means,  
Disards all preference of place,  
And grows His seed 'mid childhood's dreams.

Think not that God is limited,  
And no good thing in Nazareth finds;  
The mire may be an angel's bed,  
Awaiting light through Christian minds.

If city's slums confound the wise,  
 And set at nought the strength of men,  
 God lives and reigns—lift up your eyes,  
 A little child shall lead you then.

Come! Save the children; save the land,  
 So save our future, glorious state;  
 Come! Do not dream; but give a hand,  
 So make our "Johnnie Boy" grow great.

### YOUR FATHER KNOWETH.

"What time I am afraid I will trust in Thee."—*David.*

I do not see, but this I know,  
 Though like a leaf upon sea waves,  
 An unseen One doth love me so,  
 My path through life with good He paves.

And though the winds may fiercely blow  
 Until I tremble like a leaf,  
 So near is He where'er I go,  
 He holds my hand and calms my grief.

A world with evil passions rife  
 May seek to compass all my way,  
 And fill with bitterness my life—  
 My Father brings a brighter day.

SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 181

The clouds hang low, dark seems the way  
Sometimes, and ill-forebodings rise,  
But then, within, a Voice doth say  
"God rules o'er a' "—let this suffice.

And hath He not fulfilled thy hope,  
Exceeded far what thou hast asked?  
Then, when afraid, sad heart, look up,  
The storm clouds break, thy ills are passed.

SO MUCH THAT WE HAVE DONE.

The store and treasures of our years,  
Good deeds, in making others glad,  
Enriched them when we nothing had  
Our faith availing for their fears.

To spend ourselves in shedding light  
Consumed by joy of doing good,  
And standing in the ditch where stood  
The wronged—by grace our richest right.

No victories won for self, nor gains  
Have made us wish the years retold,  
But service given, heart wounds we hold,  
And fellowship in human pains.

So while we dream of thrones and kings,  
 Anticipate the days to be,  
 We backward look o'er years, and see  
 Our life made sweet by doing things.

### GODLIKE LOVE.

I ween there is a sympathy that yearns  
 To lift some load and thereby make its own  
 A crushing burden be. Some tears 'twill dry  
 And weep in drying them. Some life 'twill save  
 And die itself, if thus it may but save,  
 Until in sacrifice of self it knows  
 That only thus it has its nobleness.  
 Out from the burdening walls of sense, out from  
 Conveniences of self it rushes fast  
 As bursts impetuously the spring, rock-girt.  
 Such sympathy had holy birth in heaven.  
 It lives a child of heaven immured on earth,  
 A flower to sweeten wildened ways, a hand  
 To minister when most the burdened soul  
 Is bowed down and crushed beneath its load,  
 A heart to thaw away the icicles  
 Of ceremonic airs, congested blood  
 Diffuse and make the limpid passions play  
 A holy part in saving some dear life  
 In which it lives or dies.



Such love had Christ,  
Who came not seeking ministries, nor yet  
To love if He was loved. For to His own  
He came to be despised and buffeted,  
And then when fain He sought from other sheep  
The satisfaction of His shepherd soul,  
His love was spurned, contemned, and while He  
loved,  
Relentlessly Himself was crucified.  
Yet 'lives He still and plants His deathless love  
Amid the mazes of unholy greed,  
Where waste themselves the vaporings of men;  
And only God lives on.

### THE DESERTED STREET.

(St. Lawrence Boulevard.)

It echoes the tramp of ten thousand feet,  
It throbs with the life of the East, effete,  
It is Vanity Fair, with its snares and charm,  
It is Poverty's home, breeding Virtue's harm,  
Where the heartless greed of a cruel guile  
Climbs on the shoulders it despised erstwhile;  
Where Morality's Squad may have nothing to do  
Since so much it has it may never get through,  
And will not begin what it may not complete,  
While the demons laugh as saints leave the street.

O, my heart is sore as I walk this street  
And think of the men I do not now meet.  
Their speech is not here, for their spirit is there  
Where the clarions of war are rending the air.  
Their manhood has gone to face the foe's steel;  
And I listen now, if perhaps I may feel  
Some presence still here that may fill the void;  
But I listen in vain. The foes have destroyed  
The pride of the years. And I yearn at heart  
For the undertone of a British part  
Which shall fill the void in the emptied street,  
That echoes the tramp of ten thousand feet.

Say, how will ye fill the echoing street  
With the soul of the great—the Divine elite?  
How give to the void an ethical tone?  
How people the way with the spirit, flown?  
You burn up the weeds that bright harvests may  
grow,  
You fallow your ground, the good seed to sow,  
And you have a creed—the fit shall survive;  
Then show me the Briton is here and alive!  
And show me the Christian has faith to bring God  
To live in the street where the "hoboes" have trod.

YOUR OWN MASTER.

My Own Master? So the sleepers say,  
Who spell the hours, and drone the day,  
"Why wear away, when you may rest?"  
"Why not in ease gay hours invest?"  
Who are these "Friends" who tempt my soul to  
ease?  
Aerial paths they failed to climb, and stars they  
failed to seize.

My Own Master? Yes, if I would tread  
On circumstance, and wake the dead,  
Make dead things living victories yield,  
And barren waste a fruitful field.  
Such mastership is mine if ease deny,  
And toiling, master earth to view the lordliest  
things on high.

My Own Master? Yes, to serve your weal,  
And drive full steam ahead, nor feel  
That I have aught of commerce mine;  
Myself I drive—results are thine.  
Thus master to myself I daily be  
Surmount my worst, achieve my best, and drive  
ahead for thee.

A PANSY IN A LETTER.

A passenger, a messenger,  
A sailor over space,  
Enclosed, unseen, a go-between,  
What thoughts by you I trace!

An envelope inspired my hope,  
A postman wrought his round,  
And silently in pages lay  
A soul, unseen, unbound.

A flower leaf—a heart's relief!  
An elfish face hast thou.  
No need of speech for thee to reach  
My hungry heart just now.

"Pray think of me when this you see,"  
So Pansy puts a case,  
And Love throws far its bright'ning star,  
The seen pleads unseen face.

## THE STORM.

(On August 26th, 1918, I witnessed a marvelous storm in the town of Danville, Que. Up on the hillside one looks out over a valley surrounded by hills and reaching away for miles. Suddenly there was a rumble of thunder, which coming nearer was accompanied by huge black clouds, then impetuous winds seemed to bend everything before them. With the driving wind came a torrent of rain reminding one of machine gun fire. All this time the sun made his presence apparent to the left flank of the black clouds, shining through clouds which he transmuted into golden and ultimately extended this color between the whole bank of black and the horizon and reaching high up into the heavens, so that there was sunshine in the midst of the storm. This sunshine at last so triumphed that a magnificent rainbow, perfect in form and color, and touching the earth at both extremities, appeared, and was even faintly duplicated between itself and the sun. A few minutes later all sign of the storm was gone; a beautiful calm prevailed, and the sun shone out of a rich blue sky.)

Listen! O listen! The wild storm is lowing  
    Out of the calm summer sky;  
Thunders far distant, swelling, and growing  
    Louder, and nearer a-by.  
Far over hilltops, dipping to valleys,  
    Ring out forebodings of harm,  
Sheathing thee round with the wind's winding  
    sallies,  
    Bidding thee heed the alarm.  
Playful and gentle, the breath that was blowing  
    Over your heads in the vale,\*  
Gave you no hint of the forces o'erflowing  
    Now, with their passion and pale.

---

\* Belgium.

Mutinous wrath of high Nature let loose,  
 Not yet unbelted its might—  
 Lodging yet far as a seeming recluse,  
 Heeding your comfort and right.

On roll the thunders, my heart amazes,  
 Seeing the gathering gloom;  
 High pile the storm clouds, belches and blazes  
 Innocents' pitiful doom.  
 Ravishing, raging, crushing, defying,  
 Rolling amain o'er your vale,  
 Down from the eastern heights, driving, hieing,  
 Cruel, the blustering gale.\*

Out from the western sky, struggles a sunburst,†  
 Ranging 'twixt thee and thy doom,  
 Flanks the invader, shines through his black hurst,  
 Smiles in the midst of thy gloom.  
 Thus smiles from western sky roll back the thun-  
 ders,  
 Beating, defeating the gale;  
 Crushing the crowd that fair valleys plunders,  
 Healing thy heart of its wail.

Out there in front of thee, mocking invader,  
 Rises thy symbol of life,  
 Bow of thy promise, Faith's high crusader,  
 Painting new colors on strife;

---

\* Germany.      † Britain.

Archway expansive, perfect, inclusive,\*  
Ending of fire and of flood,  
Promise of dawning day, righteous, conclusive,  
Promise that safe is thy blood.

Waken! O waken! Thy blue sky is calling,  
Waken from Ruin's despair!  
Righteous Opposers have met the appalling,  
Driven the Beast to his lair.  
New forms of life arise, purer and stronger,  
Over thy ruin's dark tomb;  
After the wildling storm, Love living longer;  
Over the ruin Life's bloom.

### ANDREW, THE MISSIONER.

The sun had scarcely cast his roseate gleams  
Athwart the eastern sky, calling anew  
All nature to her wonted toil and joy,  
When Andrew, too re-icing as a man,  
Strong, armed, impeas for a new-timed race,  
Stepped from the holy cave. He clave the air  
Of morn, as a swimmer puts aside the waves.  
He loitered not, nor stayed his running feet,  
So eager he to tell his joy, his hope  
Inspired, new found.

---

\* Allies.

The sweet rewards of life  
 Arise in consciousness of duties done,  
 To bring advantage most to those remote  
 Mayhap, from self, whom most we serve through  
 love

For whom we sacrifice inglorious things;  
 'Tis thus we estimate our selfishness  
 Is but the gilded dross of so-called gold,  
 The sure and certain sign of poverty,  
 And sordidness of soul. The richest man  
 Is he who holds in store the Spirit's fruits,  
 With love transcending all, and spends himself  
 To benefit promiscuously his race.

Pathfinder of the Messianic way,  
 Torch-bearer of the Christendom to be,  
 Brother of man and missioner of Christ,  
 Radiant as morn with hope, intense with love,  
 Andrew his brother sought.

Nor even then  
 Could speech express his heart's o'erflowing  
 thought.

Impetuousness was on its lordly wing,  
 Undoubting of the good it sought to bring.  
 Thus Andrew cried:—"My Brother, hear!  
 Messiah we have found. One joy I crave—  
 To make him known to thee, and bring  
 Thee to inhale His graciousness of heart



SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE 191

The sunlight of His face, His cheer,  
The mystic spell with which He banishes  
The burd'ning sorrows of a human soul.  
Come! See the Man of Galilee. Come now,  
And hear and learn to live! If we have spent  
Our time in waiting long, have prayed and  
thought  
On Moses and the prophets, wondered why  
Our day delayed, at last our Light has come.  
Make speed, my Brother. Come! Begin this day  
As never in thy life was day begun;  
The Christ is waiting thee; He is thy life."

And thus persuasively the Pleader pled;  
Thus found his life work shaped for him that day,  
Won from the crowd that thronged the Jordan  
vale  
A proof that God had urgent need of him,  
And Simon to the Saviour brought. Perhaps  
It was as iron finding precious gold,  
A candle leading to the noonday sun,  
A pebble pointing out the mighty rock,  
And Simon may have far outshone the light  
Of Andrew's life, but he who finds and helps  
A brother man, is glorified in him.

FRIENDSHIP.

"Ye are my friends."—*John 15 : 14.*

It was in feebleness I played my part  
When for thy sake I stood thy friend confessed  
And knew the joy. Yet not my word expressed  
True friendship; but the richer fruits of heart.  
Thy honor would I seek; when woundings smart,  
Lift up thy name, myself accounted blessed  
When with thy yoke of love begirt and pressed,  
From my dead ease to thy avenging start  
And self deny. If thou hast said I leave  
To thee the joy of being used—the right  
To heal the heart which harsh words oft bereave—  
Some broken threads of life together weave—  
The more thou givest me, my load grows light  
For love more yearns to give than selfishly receive.

rt,

e—

ive.

