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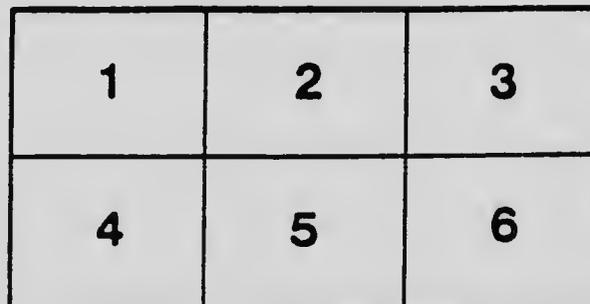
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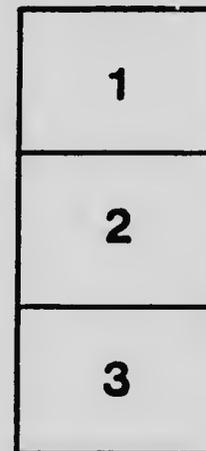
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**STORE LIFE'S BEST.**

**STORE up the beauty  
Of day begun;  
Gather the growth shine  
Of noonday sun;  
Garner sky's glory,  
When day is done;  
Then count your record  
Of Triumphs won.**

## AFTER LONG YEARS.

I GAVE her fresh violets long ago,  
As blue as the sky above,  
And to them I tied with a ribbon bow  
A boy's simple note of love.  
"These violets bring you my heart," it said;  
She read it and blushed till her cheeks grew red.

But I went away, and long years flew past  
Before I returned, and then  
The call of my home-land grew strong at last  
To see my old friends again.  
The church door was open. I went inside,  
And learned that my violet girl had died.

I found in her Bible the dry, pressed flowers,  
There, too, was the note signed "Jim";  
And as I remembered youth's love-lit hours,  
My eye with a mist grew dim.  
I knew that the love she had never told,  
Had lived through the years, and had not grown  
cold.

## THEIR LOVERS.

THEY sat by the sea on a still June night,  
And dreamed of the past in the soft moonlight;  
Two women of seventy years or more  
Sat dreaming of life on Virginia's shore.

Though strangers, the spell of the mystic hour  
Soon mellowed their hearts by its magic power;  
The gates of their lives opened wide, and then  
Their joys and their sorrows came forth again.

One told of her lover who went away  
With Lee to the war on her wedding day;  
And how she hoped on through the tragic years,  
Till bravely he died, and left only tears.

The other smiled shyly, and coyly said,  
"I think that my lover, like yours, is dead;  
The lover I dreamed of but never knew,  
He must have been killed in the great war, too."

## VIOLETS.

BEAUTIFUL Violets!  
In boyhood's days  
You were but spots of blue  
In woodland ways.

As the rich years go past,  
In you I see  
Beauty unseen before  
Revealed to me.

Test of my growing soul,  
I come to you,  
Hoping each year to find  
A beauty new.

Grateful am I to you,  
For now I know,  
New vision ever comes  
To those who grow.

## THE BOY'S STORY.

"The boy's story is the best that was ever told."—*Mrs. Ltrriper; Dickens.*

WONDERFUL story is yours, dear boy,  
The best that was ever told;  
Story of peace and of endless joy,  
And life that does not grow old;

Story of loved ones who never die,  
And justice that never ends;  
Story of men with a purpose high;  
Story of faithful friends;

Story of lands where all days are bright,  
Where no one is ever poor;  
Story of men who for truth and right  
Stand fast with devotion pure.

Life may not be what in youth it seems,  
Dreams may not all come true;  
But 'twill be sweeter because your dreams  
Will still be a part of you.

Beautiful visions of boyhood days  
Deep down in your heart live on,  
Clearing your sky so that Hope's bright rays  
May shine as in youth they shone.

**"IT IS GOOD TO BE A CHILD AGAIN."**

*—Dickens.*

To be a child again is good,  
To walk with father in the wood,  
And hear him tell in simple words  
Of trees, and ferns, and flowers, and birds;  
Or hear my mother's voice, as she  
Told fairy tales, or sang to me,  
Or see her face with love a-light  
Beside my little bed at night.

'Tis good to be a child again,  
And ramble in my shady glen,  
Or paddle in my crystal stream,  
Or sit upon its bank and dream,  
Or watch the squirrels leaping free  
From branch to branch, from tree to tree,  
Or listen to the thrush's tune,  
Or bobolink's love song in June.

'Tis good again a child to be,  
A waking, kindling child, to see  
New beauty ev'ry passing hour  
In changing cloud or growing flower;  
New glory on the earth and sky;  
New wonders ever asking "Why?"  
New outlook with a clearer view;  
New plans to make, new work to do.

## THE SWEETEST BIRTHDAY.

LET us take a ride on the long swamp road;  
It is forty years to-night  
Since we drove there first from the old brown  
church  
In the moon's enchanting light.

The tall cedars held out their loving arms  
In a dress of fleecy snow,  
And the hemlocks grand from the hill looked  
down  
On the wondrous world below.

Our young hearts were tuned to the universe,  
And the earth grew strangely new,  
As my whole life glowed with the thought  
sublime,  
That the universe was you.

And I knew then first what the preacher meant  
By the soul's rich overflow;  
When the strong, clear light of youth's sacred fire  
In my heart began to glow.

And I stopped the horse 'neath the cedar's arms,  
Till a few great words we said;  
And the rhythmic glory of love beat time  
With the wind-song overhead.

I can see the stars as they twinkled through  
The old trees above us then;  
And I hear the hemlocks in anthems sweet  
Rejoice, as they sang "Amen."

So I long to go to the old swamp road  
For another ride to-night;  
For the sweetest birthday of human power  
Is when love first shines its light.

## FIND YOUR OWN ALTAR

EACH man an altar has,  
Where he may see  
Clearly the light divine  
To make him free;

May hear the joyous song  
That stirs hope new;  
May feel the glow of faith  
To make him true;

May find some sacred spot  
Supremely blest,  
Where a revealing power  
Kindles his best.

Some lives are filled with peace  
In temples high;  
Some on the open road,  
Under the sky.

Some souls may grow serene  
Beside the sea;  
Some lives enkindle 'neath  
The spreading tree.

Some find their altar shrine  
High on the hill;  
Some in the shady glen,  
Where all is still.

## TO THE TRENT.

LEAPING, rushing, gliding river,  
Smiling, singing, do you know  
Why you set my heart a-quiver?  
Why you give me thrilling glow?  
Why since first your charms enthralled me,  
Life has known a rapture now?  
Why your magic ever called me  
Through the years to come to you?

I can see your wavelets gleaming,  
As the sunshine lit each crest,  
While I sit here fondly dreaming  
Of the hour supremely blest,  
When I learned life's sweetest story  
On that happy day in June,  
When my heart with rhythmic glory  
First beat time to love's sweet tune.

Briar roses, lilies yellow,  
On your banks in beauty grew;  
Thrushes sang their music mellow  
O'er your waters clear and blue,

When I saw life's grandest vision  
In my darling's love-lit eye,  
And a wondrous light elysian  
Shone on river, earth and sky.

Do you wonder, smiling river,  
That I came with heart a-glow,  
Grateful to the loving Giver  
For the light of long ago?  
Light whose glory leaves me never,  
On the land or on the sea,  
Whose revealing power ever  
Makes life beautiful to me.

## THE OLD VETERAN.

Did you see his old eyes glisten,  
When the soldiers marched away,  
As he proudly stood to listen  
To the band that artumn day?

Did you hear him tell the story  
Of the day so long ago,  
When for England, home and glory,  
He marched off to meet the foe?

Sixty years ago my mother  
Came to see her son depart.  
And beside her stood another  
Who had won my happy heart.

And "The Girl I Left Behind Me,"  
That the band played loud and clear,  
Meant my Kate. My tears near blind me;  
For to-day she is not here.

In old Devon she is sleeping,  
Close beside the rock-bound sea ;  
You must just excuse my weeping,  
For so much comes back to me.

As I hear again the rattle  
Of the drumbeat call her sons,  
Yes! and grandsons to the battle,  
To defeat the savage Huns.

When the war is o'er, I'll greet them  
Proudly if they are alive.  
Hopefully, I'll wait to meet them ;  
God protect my valiant five!

They have gone for England's glory,  
Gallant five, across the sea.  
And I know they'll carve a story  
That will bring no shame to me.

So, although my eyes are shedding  
Teardrops, they are grateful tears ;  
In my heart there is no dreading,  
It is beating hopes, not fears.

### A HAPPY MAN.

I WENT to the home of my boyhood  
After long years away.  
'Twas June, and the sun resplendent  
Lighted earth's best that day.

I climbed o'er the fence by the roadside  
Calling a message gay,  
A greeting of joy to the farmer  
Turning the scented hay.

We tenderly spoke of our school days,  
Told their great stories o'er,  
Recalling the lives of the dear ones  
Gone to return no more.

And proudly related the progress  
Made by the friends we knew;  
Recounting their work for their fellows,  
Helping to make men true.

In parting I earnestly pleaded  
That he would come to me  
Some time, in the wonderful city,  
Man's mighty works to see.

"Oh, no!" he replied, "I shall never  
Leave the old farm again;  
I love Nature's beauty and glory  
More than the works of men.

"The trees tell me stories more hopeful  
Far, than the city knows;  
The birds sing for me, and the flowers  
Depths of God's love disclose."

## THE "BAD BOY."

CREATED in God's image  
Was he. You must be mad  
To think his nature evil,  
And dare to call him "bad."

You see his "badness" only;  
If you were not so blind  
You should have found the goodness  
Of his young heart and mind.

You dare to brand him "wicked,"  
You say he is not true,  
You judge him by a standard  
Of life he never knew.

'Tis true that he has wandered  
Through gateways open wide; —  
What have you done to close them,  
Or cleaner life provide?

The joy of human kinship  
His heart has never known;  
No flowers of faithful friendship  
In his dark soul have grown.

You teach your boy to shun him  
Because he is so "bad";  
Your boy has power to win him,  
And make his sad heart glad.

He never had the vision  
Of Nature's kindling power;  
He never was God's partner  
In growing one sweet flower.

He never heard the music  
Of hemlocks on the hill;  
The sky of dawn or sunset  
Ne'er gave him vital thrill.

Oh, yes! You taught him morals  
He never understood,  
Preached much about his badness,  
But little of his good.

You think he must be punished  
Because he did the wrong;  
That will not wake his goodness,  
Nor help him to be strong.

Be honest, human, Christian;  
Dare not to call him "bad";  
He needs love's tender spirit,  
To make him truly glad.

## FREEDOM TO GROW.

Two springs were neighbors underground,  
They both agreed to rise  
To see the wonders of the earth,  
And glories of the skies.

One wakened in a rocky glen,  
And flowed through shady bowers,  
Until it reached the meadows, where  
It met the smiling flowers.

It freely rushed in merry glee  
Between the woodland hills,  
And sang triumphant songs, because  
It turned a hundred mills.

The other no free outlet found,  
And so a marsh it made,  
Destroying life it might have helped  
In meadow and in glade.

When special power in each child's life  
Flows freely in its might,  
It blesses him, and helps mankind  
To see diviner light.

But, when adulthood blights its power  
By checking its outflow,  
It turns to evil, and becomes  
A marsh of gloom and woe.

## FISHING WITH ANDREW.

'Twas good to fish with him, because  
He was a man. He knew the laws  
Of being decent. When he fished  
It seemed as if the fishes wished  
That he might catch them. When he took  
The struggling captives from his hook  
He did not hurt them, same as I,  
Nor hang them on his string to die.  
He pinched them just behind the head,  
And in a moment they were dead.  
He always made it very plain  
That he should cause no needless pain.

He was the cleanest man I knew  
To chum with, for his life was true.  
I've sat with him beside the stream  
And listened 'till I seemed to dream,  
And wondered how it was that he  
Could know so much. Each bird and tree  
Was friend of his; each flower and fern  
Taught lessons which he longed to learn;  
Great lessons full of wisdom new  
That made all trueness seem more true.

Now I have always understood  
That Nature in her loving mood  
Could teach me lessons, sacred, grand;  
So I could never understand  
How self-respecting, honest men  
Can meet in field or forest glen,  
And talk of what is low and mean,  
Where glory shines on ev'ry scene;  
Where life around them is serene,  
And beautiful, and pure and clean.

Some hear sweet voices in the wood  
Proclaiming ever, "God is good";  
Some find the wood a secret place,  
Where they set free their nature base.  
In shady nook or quiet dell  
With ribald smirk unchaste they tell  
Of scandal foul, or gossip's tale  
Of men and women weak and frail,  
While birds are singing in the bowers  
Their sweet hosannas to the flowers.

He never lightly spoke of wrong,  
But told of what is true and strong;  
He never soiled another's mind  
By idle thought of tainted kind;  
He never with a leering smile  
Told tale that would a soul defile.

Oh, no! 'T'was always good to hear  
Him make the voice of Nature clear,  
Or tell the best that he had known  
In other lives to help his own.

When he had nothing good to tell  
He silent was. He never fell  
Below his high ideal, so  
I liked to chum with him and grow.  
I knew that what he did not say  
Of evil in a single day,  
Would help me not to go astray  
And make it easier to pray.  
Since he is dead I clearly see  
What his life's message meant to me.

## REVISITING

THE house was yonder, the old mill there,  
The arbor here by the singing stream,  
Wild vines around it, and flowers fair;  
I see them yet, as I sit and dream.

'Twas here I sat as the sun sank low,  
That eve with Jean, when the sacred joy  
Of love first came in the afterglow  
To wake the heart of a happy boy.

Oh! fair-haired Jean, with your kind blue eye!  
Your soft, low voice as it whispered "Yes,"  
Brought message new from the earth and sky,  
That evermore will have power to bless.

Long years have passed since that epoch hour;  
The house is gone and the old red mill;  
But love shines on with enriching power  
To stir my life with its first sweet thrill.

### SOLEMN AUNT MARTHA.

EARTH was to her a "vale of tears,"  
And man was "weak and vile";  
She was a "worm" with doubts and fears,  
Who rarely dared to smile.

She thought she was a Christian, though  
Her heart was full of gloom,  
For life was but a "path of woe  
That led her to the tomb."

To guide all happy children right,  
And fit them for life's woes,  
Their joyousness she tried to blight,  
And sinfulness disclose.

Her little niece, just six years old,  
Lay sobbing on her bed,  
And to her mother sadly told  
What solemn Auntie said,

About the wicked hearts of men,  
And how God's wrathful might  
Would burn the world, and sinners then  
Would weep in endless night.

"Her Bible's not like mother's. Lo!  
Her Bible makes me sad,"  
Said Chester, four years old. "But, oh!  
Don't mother's make you glad?"

## WONDERING.

WONDERING how the sun rose  
To make the day;  
Wondering where at sunset  
He went away.

Wondering why the Winter  
Brought ice and snow;  
Wondering how the Springtime  
Made all things grow.

Wondering why the Summer  
Had long, hot days;  
Wondering at the Autumn  
With golden haze.

Wondering where the maples  
Got colors gay;  
Wondering why the wind blew  
The leaves away.

Wondering at the lightning  
On rolling cloud;  
Wondering at the crashing  
Of thunder loud.

Wondering why the stars were  
So clear and bright;  
Wondering why the moon changed  
Her form at night.

Wondering why the hills were  
So grandly high;  
Wondering why the clouds sailed  
Across the sky.

Wondering at the beauty  
Of tree and flower;  
Wondering at the marvels  
Of Nature's power.

Wondering at the honor  
God gave to man;  
Wondering till my wonder  
Revealed God's plan.

## THE CEDAR SPRAY.

I WALKED in the woods on the heights by the sea  
One day in October. The lady with me  
Was winsome and charming, discreet and serene,  
With bearing majestic and look of a queen.

The beautiful tints on the trees filled her soul,  
She spoke with delight of the sea's graceful roll;  
I knew that I loved her, and longed to declare  
My love, but I could not; my heart would not  
dare.

I gave her a spray from a young cedar tree,  
And I told her I hoped that it ever would be  
A symbol of friendship between her and me.  
She graciously thanked me—and looked at the  
sea.

She seemed to belong to a sphere far above;  
I felt it was useless to hope for her love;  
But I knew that to love her would bless me,  
though she  
From love and its magic would ever be free.

We sat on a rock till the afterglow came,  
And turned the blue sea to a glorified flame;  
Then homeward we walked, till she said in dis-  
may:

“I’ve lost it! I’ve lost it, my beautiful spray.”

Her words and her manner, her face and her tone  
Revealed that her heart beat in tune with my  
own.

We found it. She kissed it. Her gladness I  
shared;

I knew her sweet secret, and joyfully dared.

## THANKSGIVING MORNING.

ENRaptured by the beauty  
Of earth and sky,  
We walked along the cliff-crest,  
My friend and I.

We watched the winding river  
Flow slowly past,  
While overhead the gray clouds  
Were grandly massed.

The forest on the hillside,  
A mile away,  
Rose brilliant in the glory  
Of co'ors gay.

Over our shady pathway  
The border trees  
Waved loving arms to greet us,  
Stirred by the breeze.

The golden-rod and asters  
Beside the wood,  
Smiled brightly up and whispered,  
"The Lord is good."

Thanksgiving's sacred love song  
Came clear and loud,  
From hillside, tree and river,  
From flower and cloud.

Our hearts responded gladly  
To Nature's power,  
And life will aye be sweeter  
For that rich hour.

## THE TRULY UNSELFISH MOTHER'S ANSWER.\*

God gave my son in trust to me.  
Christ died for him, and he should be  
A man for Christ. He is his own,  
And God's and man's; not mine alone.  
He was not mine to "give." He gave  
Himself that he might help to save  
All that a Christian should revere,  
All that enlightened men hold dear.

"To feed the guns!" Oh, torpid soul!  
Awake and see life as a whole.  
When freedom, honor, justice, right,  
Were threatened by the despot's might,  
With heart aflame and soul alight,  
He bravely went for God to fight  
Against base savages whose pride  
The laws of God and man defied;

<sup>1952-1240</sup>  
\* Edwin Markham wrote a poem for a meeting of "The International Conference of Women Workers," in which these lines occur:

"O mothers, will you longer give your sons  
To feed the awful hunger of the guns?  
What is the worth of all these battle drums  
If from the field the loved one never comes?  
What all these loud hosannas to the brave  
If all your share is some forgotten grave?"

Who slew the mother and her child;  
Who maidens pure and sweet defiled.  
He did not go "to feed the guns,"  
He went to save from ruthless Huns  
His home and country, and to be  
A guardian of democracy.

"What if he does not come?" You say:  
Ah, well! My sky would be more gray,  
But through the clouds the sun would shine,  
And vital memories be mine.  
God's test of manhood is, I know,  
Not "will he come?" but *did he go?*  
My son well knew that he might die,  
And yet he went with purpose high  
To fight for peace, and overthrow  
The plans of Christ's relentless foe.  
He dreaded not the battlefield;  
He went to make fierce vandals yield.  
If he comes not again to me  
I shall be sad; but not that he  
Went like a man—a hero true—  
His part unselfishly to do.  
My heart will feel exultant pride  
That for humanity he died.

"Forgotten grave!" This selfish plea  
Awakes no deep response in me;

For though his grave I may not see,  
My boy will ne'er forgotten be.  
My real son can never die;  
'Tis but his body that may lie  
In foreign land, and I shall keep  
Remembrance fond forever deep  
Within my heart of my true son,  
Because of triumphs that he won.  
It matters not where anyone  
May lie and sleep, when work is done.

It matters not where some men live.  
If my dear son his life must give  
Hosannas I will sing for him,  
E'en though my eyes with tears be dim.  
And when the war is over, when  
His gallant comrades come again,  
I'll cheer them as they're marching by,  
Rejoice that they did not die.  
And his vacant place I see,  
My heart will bound with joy that he  
Was mine so long—my fair young son—  
And cheer for him whose work is done.

## WHY DO YOU SING?

BOBOLINK, why do you sing so well,  
Flying so high?  
I have a story of love to tell  
To earth and sky;  
Life is so beautiful now in Spring,  
What can I do but be glad and sing?

Beauty of flowers and blooming trees,  
Sunshine so bright,  
Perfume of clover on balmy breeze,  
Make my heart light.  
Joy bells of glory and gladness ring  
Deep in my heart, so I have to sing.

Tenderly watching my loving mate  
Down on her nest;  
Cheering her while she must sit and wait  
Till we are blest;  
Soaring above her on hopeful wing,  
What can I do but be glad and sing?

**LISTEN TO THE MUSIC.**

**FROM** day's refulgent light,  
**FROM** singing stars at night,  
**FROM** the blue sky above,  
**FLOATS** Nature's song of love.

**FROM** brightly flashing cloud,  
**FROM** peal of thunder loud,  
**FROM** mountain and from main,  
**BOOMS** Nature's grand refrain.

**FROM** sacred hemlock shrine,  
**FROM** the tall wind-tuned pine,  
**FROM** the deep temple-glen  
**COMES** Nature's sweet Amen.

## SPIRIT VISION.

ALONE on the deck at midnight,  
Far on the summer sea;  
Out of the witching moonlight  
Floated a dream to me.

More than a dream—a vision  
Showing what life might be,  
Shone with a glow elysian,  
There on the summer sea.

Vision of glory splendid,  
Vision of vital power,  
Vision that never ended,  
Came in that epoch hour.

Heaven is close beside us,  
When from earth's chains we're free;  
Vision is ours to guide us,  
When our soul eyes can see.

## JUNE.

WAVING fields of growing corn,  
Sweet white blossoms on the thorn,  
Briar roses on the hill,  
Violets below the mill,  
Meadow-sweet beside the stream,  
Dark-eyed coneflowers' yellow gleam,  
Fern fronds filling all the glen,  
Matchless blue on sky again,  
Forests rich in stately trees,  
Clover perfume on the breeze,  
Bird songs floating in the air,  
Beauty, glory ev'rywhere;—  
Earth and sky in joy combine,  
And their best is truly mine,  
If I keep my heart in tune  
With the universe in June.

## JOYOUS AWAKENING.

FROM the clear sky the sun  
Calls to the flowers;—  
Wake up and bloom, each one;  
April's warm showers  
Watered your roots, and May  
Waits your return to-day.

Fondly the balmy breeze  
Whispers to you,  
And your old friends, the trees,  
In dresses new,  
Long for your faces bright  
To fill their hearts with light.

White thorn, and sweet wild plum  
Are waking too,  
Hoping that you will come  
Your part to do;—  
Song sparrows loudly sing:  
"Unfold your blooms, 'tis Spring."

Answered the wild flowers then:  
"Gladly we bring  
Beauty—our best—again;  
Let joy-bells ring  
In human hearts to-day  
To welcome smiling May."

## MOUNT CAVELL.

One of the most beautiful of the Rocky Mountains, on the Canadian Northern Railway, formerly Mount Geikie, is called Mount Cavell, in honor of Miss Edith Cavell.

THE mountains rise in majesty ;  
Their crystal crowns are grandly high ;  
The clouds in grateful ecstasy  
Above them on the vaulted sky  
In glory bid the day "good-bye."

And yonder towers Mount Cavell,  
Serenely smiling at the sun ;  
Proud of the story it shall tell,  
Of faithful service bravely done,  
Of life ennobled, triumph won.

Throughout the years it shall endure,  
Firm as her faith in truth and right ;  
The snow upon its crest as pure  
As was her life. See on its height  
The last red glow of sunset light.

**NATURE'S RESPONSE TO LOVE.**

**COME to the woods with me,  
May time is here,  
Flower and blooming tree  
Bring Heaven near.**

**Here in this quiet nook  
Under the beech,  
Out of her wondrous book  
Let Nature teach.**

**Open your heart and feel  
Her heart's love-glow,  
Deep in your heart reveal  
Power to grow,**

**Power to find the best  
That life can give;  
To see, to do, to rest,  
And truly live.**

## EARLY FRIENDSHIP.

SWEET memories glow yet, Dick,  
Of days when we were boys;  
We never can forget, Dick,  
Youth's power enkindling joys.  
The sorrows of those days are gone,  
But all the joys of youth glow on.

The love we had for truth, Dick,  
Bound us with links of gold,  
And made the buds of youth, Dick,  
In sweeter flowers unfold.  
My life will ever be more true  
Because of friendship shared with you.

So as the years go by, Dick,  
In life's enchanted bowers,  
We'll scatter, you and I, Dick,  
Seeds of the brightest flowers,  
To cheer us as we climb life's height,  
And make our pathway ever bright:

That those behind may see, Dick,  
Our blooming flowers ahead,  
And by their perfume be, Dick,  
Through cloud and darkness led,  
Until they reach the glowing crest,  
And find the home of joyous rest.

## SACRED GROUND.

STAND with uncovered head  
Under this hemlock tree,  
Lightly beneath it tread,  
Sacred it is to me.

Here first my eyes were filled  
With Hope's exultant tears,  
When I, with rapture thrilled,  
Saw through the waiting years

Dimly what I might be,  
Dimly what I might do,  
Helping to make men free,  
Helping to make them true.

Here one October day  
Her heart shone into mine,  
Clearing the mists away,  
Letting her love-light shine.

Never was light before  
So radiant as then,  
Never till time is o'er  
Will such light shine again.

## FRIENDSHIP.

TRUE friendship blooms with fairer flower,  
And sweeter perfume through the years  
To strengthen hope, when dark clouds lower,  
And give me joy to dry my tears.

True friendship never fails to stand  
Beside me, when life's thunders roar,  
To take me kindly by the hand,  
And calm me till the storm is o'er.

True friendship in the sunny hours,  
When skies are bright is ever near,  
To guide me and reveal new powers  
To make the upward path more clear.

## **THE GREAT REVELATION.**

**Of infinite creative power  
Each man has vision of his own;  
I see its growth in tree or flower,  
You see it in a star or stone.**

**Each star and stone, each flower and tree,  
Reveals a new Divinity,  
And guides responsive souls to see  
The glories of infinity.**

## MYSTERY AND GLORY.

**THERE** is mystery and glory  
In young life's untimely end,  
But we'll understand the story,  
And our tears and smiles will blend.

For the mystery will leave us,  
As the sadness disappears;  
And its pain will cease to grieve us  
In the sorrow-healing years.

Then the glory and the beauty  
Of the life that once was ours,  
Will guide us to higher duty  
And to more triumphant powers.

## LOVING SERVICE.

**" A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich,  
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong."**

*—Mrs. Browning.*

**" A POOR man served by thee shall make thee rich,  
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee  
strong."**

**These are not mysteries nor baseless dreams,  
They are the music of life's grandest song.**

**They are the fountains of man's spirit power,  
They are the essence of the Master's plan,  
They are the dawn lights of the glory in  
The temple of the brotherhood of man.**

**The source of growth in richness and in strength  
Is loving service for our fellowmen ;  
For service rendered evermore returns  
In higher vision and in power again.**

### **LIFE'S RIVER.**

**LET your life be like the river,  
Flowing onward to the sea,  
Ever wider, ever deeper,  
Ever stronger and more free.**

**Guide life's river past the rapids,  
And the rocks of early youth;  
Keep its sources pure and open,  
Let it water roots of truth.**

**Then 'twill be a mighty river,  
Bearing treasures on its breast,  
Turning wheels of loving service  
Till it reaches ocean's rest.**

## RESPONSIBILITY.

WHY teach responsibility  
For *bad* alone? Each man should be  
Responsible for *good* that he  
Can do to make the world more free  
From evil, and reveal his light  
To make some shadowed spot more bright.

Work not because the night is near,  
But work to make new light more clear.  
Each victory that man has won,  
Revealed new duty to be done,  
And help him upward towards the height  
To wider view, and clearer light.

## CHILDHOOD'S IMAGINATION.

I HAVE gazed in the cliff caves of Cheddar,  
Till beauty there  
With its magical blending of colors  
Beyond compare,  
Held my soul in a rapturous vision  
Of glory there,  
Where God's sculpture and painting of ages  
His art declare.

I have seen earth's most wonderful gardens  
Beneath the sea,  
Where blue fish through the lofty kelp palm trees  
Swam swift and free,  
And the opal-green shells on the sea floor  
Shone up to me,  
Till I thought a sea heaven the grandest  
I'd ever see.

I have heard the most soul-stirring music  
Of wind in pine,  
Of a bird with his heart in the gloaming  
In tune with mine;  
Of rich organ tones truly revealing  
God's great design  
Of an orchestral harmony bringing  
Near the Divine.

But my dreams in awakening childhood  
Revealed to me  
Richer beauty than manhood has power  
To feel or see,  
Rarer marvels than Nature's enchantments  
Beneath the sea;  
And a music more rhythmic and sacred  
Than man's can be.

## THE HIGHEST CALL TO DUTY.

"THE call to men their souls to save,  
Is loudest spoken from the grave."  
Thus spake the preacher. Is it true  
That men their noblest work will do  
Through dread of death? 'Twas never so.  
Souls kindle best at love's bright glow.

If from your grave you wish to give  
A call to help mankind to live  
More truly, let life's message be,  
I lived to make all men more free  
From prejudice and error blind,  
That blight the soul and dwarf the mind.

The clearest call man ever heard,  
The call by which his soul is stirred  
To duty, comes when he is shown  
His highest power—his alone—  
And that to use it for the right  
Is surest pathway to the light.

**LIFE AND DEATH.**

**SOME count their lives by days and years;  
True life is what we do  
To dry the founts of human tears,  
And lead to higher view.**

**Death is but life at rest awhile  
After the day is o'er,  
Awaiting with a tranquil smile  
The morn to work some more.**

## MY HEART IS IN IRELAND IN MAY.

(Tune: Brahms' Cradle Song.)

WHEN the thorn blooms in May  
My heart flies away  
Old Ireland to thee  
Far over the sea,  
And I dream that again  
In my home in the glen  
The sweet songs I can hear  
Of my mother so dear.

And beneath the white tree  
My Nora I see  
That day long ago  
Her love thrilled me so  
That birdsongs were new,  
And skies were more blue,  
And life's great joy was born  
Neath the arms of the thorn.

Dear old Ireland to me  
You ever will be  
The fairest and best.  
This land of the West  
Is a land wide and free  
From the sea to the sea,  
But a witch-bond in me  
Binds me ever to thee.

**LAUGH (A Song).**

**THE earth is beautiful and glad ;  
Help it to bloom,  
When business is very bad,  
Help it to boom.  
The worst disease men ever had  
Is gloom, gloom, gloom.**

**CHORUS :**

**Then laugh, laugh, laugh,  
Laugh loudest when times are bad ;  
Remember good times you've had ;  
Look up, look ahead, be glad ;  
And laugh, laugh, laugh.**

**Your laugh does not remain with you,  
It ripples on ;  
Its music stirs your neighbors, too,  
And brings the dawn  
Of hope, and joy, and brighter view,  
When you are gone.**

*[Chorus.]*

**So let your merry laugh resound  
By day and night,  
To make pure happiness abound  
And sad hearts light ;  
Scatter your laughter seed around  
To make lives bright.**

*[Chorus.]*

## TRUE FAITH.

SOME men imagine faith to be  
A substitute for work,  
And think God does whate'er they ask  
In faith, though they may shirk.  
Faith should not make men indolent,  
But rouse them to attain  
Their vision of their work to-day  
That they more power may gain.

True faith inspires us to achieve,  
True faith defeat defies,  
For if upon life's field we fall,  
True faith will make us rise.  
Quit ye like men, your duty find,  
And do it with your might;  
Then faith will grow, and duty be  
Revealed in clearer light.

**"LET NOT BITTERNESS SETTLE DOWN  
UPON ME."**

*—Muriel Strode.*

**FATHER!** whatever may befall,  
Keep my hope bright;  
Though dark clouds may surround my path,  
Let me see light.

Though men may prove unjust or false,  
Help me to be  
Serene, that no revengeful thought  
Enfeeble me.

Wrong cannot rob my life of joy,  
Or faith, or power,  
Unless by bitterness within  
I blight love's flower.

## WHY?

WHY is your power so strong?  
To save the weak from wrong;  
To aid them with your might  
Gently to climb life's height.

Why is your faith so strong?  
That you may teach hope's song  
To men whose hearts are sad,  
And help to make them glad.

Your power and faith are strong  
Do they to you belong?  
In trust they came to you;—  
Use them to make men true.

**POWER MEANS DUTY.**

**FAITH** in God's power should teach  
Duty—not trust alone,  
God gives some power to each  
And each should use his own.

God has not promised me  
That He my work will do;  
He promised power to see  
My work, if I am true.

He promised to renew  
My strength each day, if I  
Achieve my present view,  
And on His power rely.

If, as God's partner here,  
I serve my fellowman  
With faith in Him sincere,  
He will reveal His plan.

Faith will grow weak, if we  
Leave all God's work to Him;  
All life will poorer be,  
New vision be more dim.

## JOY AND GRIEF.

YOUTH's joy, self-stored in hopeful human hearts,  
Forms a bright sun to cheer declining years;  
Youth's grief a moment is a fleecy cloud,  
That o'er the sky floats past and disappears.

Our joys are dynamos of mighty power,  
Lighting the future with a rosy glow;  
Our griefs are shadows on a summer day,  
That sweep across the grain and onward go.

## TOWARDS THE DIVINE.

How may mankind grow upward  
Towards the Divine?  
By doing each his duty;—  
You yours,—I mine.

How may each know his duty  
For the Divine?  
By finding each his self-hood;—  
You yours,—I mine.

Each has a special image  
Of the Divine;  
Each should reveal his image;—  
You yours,—I mine.

And so mankind grows ever  
Towards the Divine,  
If each does his own duty;—  
You yours,—I mine.

Each helps to light the pathway  
Towards the Divine,  
If each keeps his light shining;—  
You yours,—I mine.

