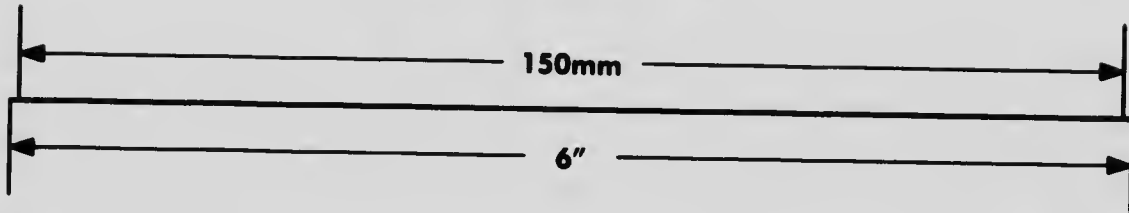
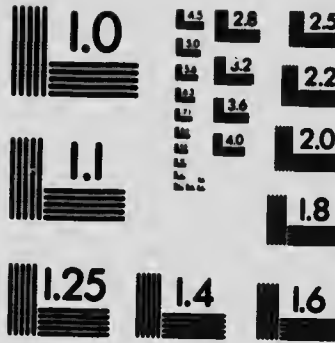
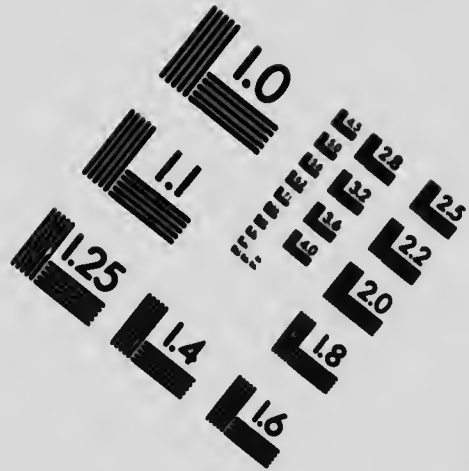
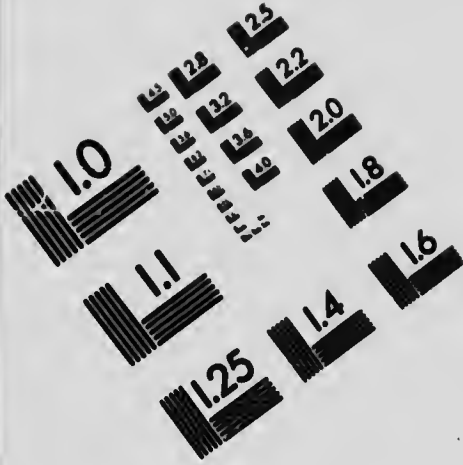


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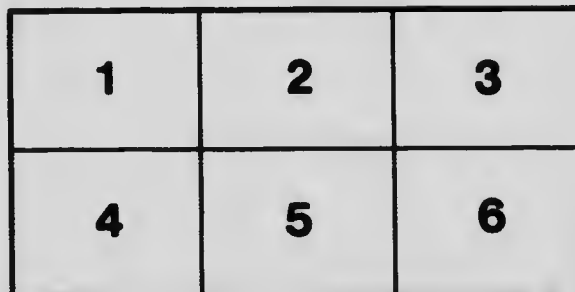
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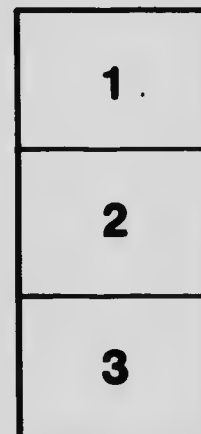
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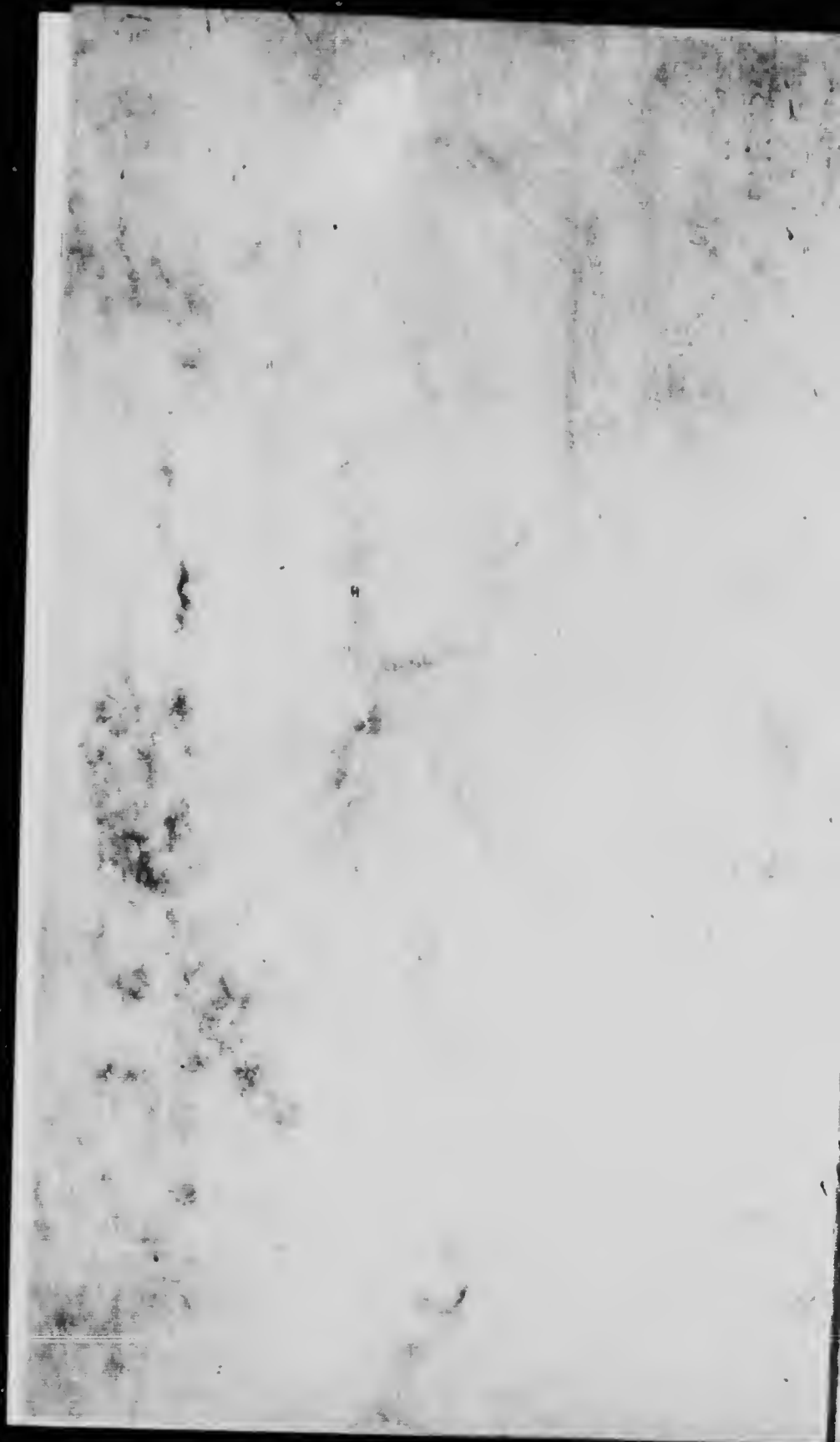
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**"COURAGE, DEVOTION, SACRIFICE."**

---

On earth, on sea, in air,  
Nought that they would not dare ;

Grudged not their lives to plight,  
Slaves to the sense of right ;

All that they had they gave  
That Freedom's flag might wave.

Then, at the set of sun,  
Peace and the victory won.

Herbert E. Collins.

---

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## CARRY ON!

---

In the grayness of the dawn, before the stars their  
vigils stop,

Said the Captain: "In ten minutes, boys, we're going  
o'er the top;

Follow me! and through the hell-fire, even though  
you see me drop,

Carry on!"

Four long, weary years they guarded, Britain's  
Bulldogs of the Sea,

Watching, waiting, silent, straining to be off from  
road and quay;

Said the Admiral: "A little longer, then the whole  
world will be free.

Carry on!"

Are you falling 'neath the burden? Has misfortune  
come to you?

Sorrow will not last forever; clouds will pass, and  
troubles, too.

Courage, brother, never falter; just BELIEVE that  
you'll come through—

Carry on!

When the war's last gun is sounded, and the battle-  
fields are still,

And no more the bugle's echoes answer back from  
hill to hill;

If in peace our best endeavours we would see en-  
crowned till

We have made our country fairer, purer, better, we  
must still

Carry on!

—Herbert E. Collins.





## THE DAISY.

---

It was only a humble daisy,  
Passed in scorn by the high and the proud,  
Yet facing with courage undaunted  
The wind, and the sun, and the cloud.

Unattended, unnoticed, uncared for,  
But, roadside flower though it be,  
With a charm for the hearts that are open,  
And a beauty for those that will see.

And there came to my mind a laddie  
As he tossed his sun-kiss'd head  
On the restless and fevered pillow:  
"I will take him this daisy," I said.

For I thought he might see in the flower  
Every verdured haunt and dell,  
All the meadow-brooks and the woodlands  
He had cherished and loved so well.

And there surged through all my being  
A thrilling of gladness untold,  
As I gazed at its spotless petals  
Round a heart of the purest gold.

Then I carried that wayside flower,  
With its thoughts of sun and rain,  
To the cheerless room of sickness,  
To the side of the bed of pain.

And the eyes of the laddie sparkled,  
And the radiant joy in his face  
Made it seem as a world of sunshine  
Had lighted up all the place.

And he looked at the flower fondly  
In his thin little fevered hand,  
As, with passionate tenderness gazing,  
He whispered: "I understand."

And there filled my soul, when I left him,  
The peace of the Glorified One,  
The sweet sense of a service rendered,  
The pure joy of a kind act done.

Herbert E. Collins.

F

C

✓

## WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PANE

---

When the sullen King of Winter  
Holds his sway o'er all the land,  
And his subjects, silent, rigid,  
At a chill'd attention stand ;  
When his courtiers stare dumbly  
Like the pages of his train,  
You can see most wondrous pictures  
In the frost upon the pane.

Here ta'll, slender fir-trees mingle  
With the graceful plumed pine,  
There the richest, purest diamonds  
That have ever graced a mine ;  
And from a billowy cloudland  
Comes a shower of frozen rain  
That bedews a thirsty garden  
In the frost upon the pane.

Now a Milky Way of spangles  
Trails a starry firmament ;  
Lacey ferns and flowers and grasses  
In harmonious riot blent.  
Lilies, mosses, ox-eye daisies  
Down a rustic, winding lane—  
Crystal scenes that Nature sketches  
When the frost is on the pane.

Then the wonderful stalactites  
Of Aladdin's magic cave  
Take you back to days of childhood  
And the faith that childhood gave.  
If the world were yours, you'd give it  
Just to have that faith again,  
But it passes all too quickly  
Like the frost upon the pane.

—Herbert E. Collins.

F

C

✓

## DREAMS.

---

A small Boy sat in a pensive mood,  
And his eyes the distance scann'd,  
Then the Man builded fair, and Love entered there  
The home that his childhood plann'd.

The Artist labored through weary days  
In his studio dull and bare,  
Then his vision he caught, and with skill'd fingers  
wrought  
A Madonna divinely fair.

When the Master rested at eventide  
And saw that the world was good,  
With the sunset's gleam came His greatest dream,  
And lo—His image stood.

The giant oak in the forest old  
From the veriest acorn grew;  
There was never a dream worth calling a dream  
That didn't some day come true.

—Herbert E. Collins.

F  
C

✓

## MY FRIEND.

---

One there is who's very near,  
Life itself is scarce more dear  
    Than my friend.  
And indeed life would be bare  
If my joys I could not share  
    With my friend.

Mind and heart in unison,  
Thus I think and feel as one  
    With my friend;  
Understand him through and through,  
And he understands me, too,—  
    He's my friend.

When he grasps me by the hand  
There's no better in the land  
    Than my friend;  
Then my love for him stands whole,  
Soul through handclasp speaks to soul,  
    Friend to friend.

Faults—I s'pose he has his share,—  
But by love they're gilded there  
    In my friend;  
And as stars in morning light  
Fade away, they vanish quite  
    From my friend.

Virtues—yes he has them, too,—  
Gentle, manly, tried and true  
    Is my friend:  
Chivalrous in deed and mind,  
Thoughtful, generous and kind—  
    That's my friend.

Herbert E. Collins.



F  
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## A REQUEST.

---

Give me a sweet secluded spot  
Away from the haunts of men,  
And there let me dream, in the sunlight's gleam,  
Of the coming of peace again.

Give me some half-forgotten nook  
With violets for my bed,  
And I'll care not a thing for the throne of a king  
So long as the lark's o'erhead.

Give me some quaint-perch'd eyrie  
High on the cliffs of Time,  
Whence the mad waves' rage of a speed-curs'd age  
Is so far that it sounds sublime.

Give me a place where I may feel  
Far away from the life that mars,  
That my soul may caress in their loveliness  
The sunset and the stars.

Herbert E. Collins.

F  
C

✓

## CHRISTMAS EVE, 1917.

---

Bright Star of Even, send down from above,  
On the beams of thy radiance, a message of love.  
Through my lattice I see thee still smile upon earth  
As thou did'st long ago on the night of His birth.  
Thy good will to men dost thou ever increase,  
But a mockery vain seems thy message of peace.  
Yet now, when the meadows outside are so white,  
And the hearth inside is warm and bright,  
I sit by my window and dream once again  
Of the coming of peace among war-crazed men.  
Shine down in thy goodness, thou Bethlehem star,  
On the blood-stain'd, shell-torn fields afar:  
Tell all our lads, with thy comforting ray,  
This night's but the herald of a happier day;  
And speak to their lonely hearts to-night  
A message of hope from the Prince of Light.

Herbert E. Collins.

F  
C

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## THE FARMER'S BOY.

---

Did you know him, I wonder,—the farmer's boy—  
As he toiled by day and dreamed by night?  
'Twas little he knew of the City's joy,  
The hum of the crowd or the streets so bright.

His life was narrow, no pretence he made  
As he followed the plow or plied his hoe;  
The seed in its furrow, the low stricken blade,  
And the upturned clod weren't meant for show.

Yet there in the fields 'mid the scent of the hay,  
Where horizons are wide and the skies are blue,  
Where visions of night return dreams of the day,  
And the dreams of the day are real and true,

In his young manly bosom was kindled a spark,  
That by heaven's breath was fanned into a flame,  
And his honest eyes set on a far-distant mark,  
The pure, gleaming, lofty ideal of a Name.

Then he left his furrows and meadows so fair,  
And there in the midst of the great City's strife,  
With a steadfast purpose that never could err,  
He did the things that count in life,

The things that are spirit, the things that are real,  
The things that Time can never destroy,  
For he had at the back of his high ideal  
The clean blood and high thought of the Farmer's  
Boy.

Herbert E. Collins.

F

C

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## TO MISS LILIAN LEVERIDGE

On Reading Her Book of Poems.

---

O sweet, when first to greet us,  
The robin's note of spring,  
Or the thrilling, heartfelt measures  
Of the lark's glad carolling;  
But lovelier far, sweet singer,  
Your songs so rich and true,  
With the soul of the true musician  
Divinely shining through.

Like far-off church bells pealing  
With faint, melodic chimes  
When twilight stars are listening  
Is the melody of your rhymes;  
Such harmony and cadence,  
Such music sweet and rare  
Hath wondrous power "to quiet  
The restless pulse of care."

As the rainbow after showers  
Cheers us to hope again,  
(And we couldn't have the rainbow  
If it were not for the rain),  
So through your master verses  
A hope eternal gleams  
That is brighter than the fairest  
Tinted rainbow of our dreams.

O'er flowery meads of fancy  
Your feet delight to roam,  
Through many a winding valley,  
And over the hills of home;  
Over the hills of home  
Whither thoughts of Laddie fly,  
Where you used to love together  
The flowers and trees and sky.

—Herbert E. Collins.



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**TO MY FATHER.**  
**In His Eightieth Year.**

---

Morning of life and with youth's aspirations,  
Lofty ambition to do and to dare;  
Light-hearted, free, you set out on the pathway,  
With never a shadow and never a care.

Steadfast of purpose to live and act truly,  
Yours was a motto in deed, not in word,  
And Duty kept ever this ideal before you,  
With a voice clear as crystal she called and you  
heard.

Toil without rest in the heat of the noontide,  
Constant, unceasing, while others have slept,  
Labour of love, in the "service for others,"  
True to your highest ideal you have kept.

Worked that your children might benefit largely,  
Stayed not, nor spared not yourself in the task,  
Generous, unselfish, unstinted and freely  
You gave of your best, just one thing did you  
ask

That your children, forever and aye, in your foot-  
steps,  
Might jealously guard them from blemish or  
blame,  
Leaving the false and ignoble to others,  
Clinging to honour—the only true fame.

Twilight draws on toward the dusk of the evening,  
Yours be the part now in peace to repose,  
Calm and content in the love of your children,  
Blest with all happiness, free from all woes.

Memory brighten each moment around you,  
Gladness be yours more than mortal can tell,  
And faith, the supreme guiding Star of the Evening,  
Give blessed assurance that all will be well.

—Herbert E. Collins.



