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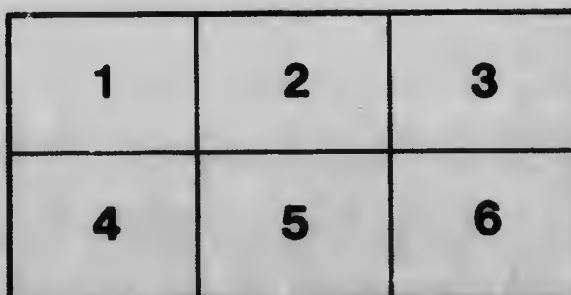
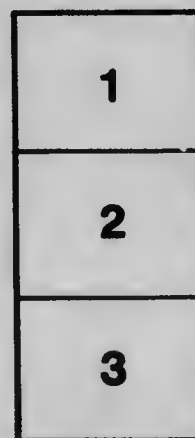
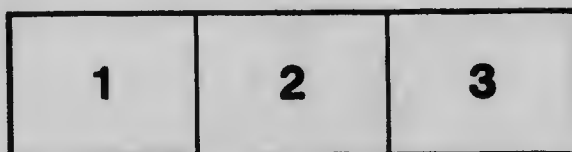
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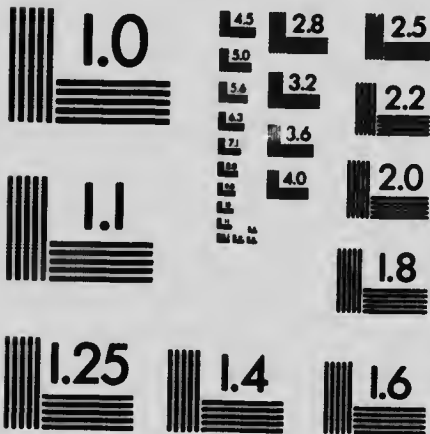
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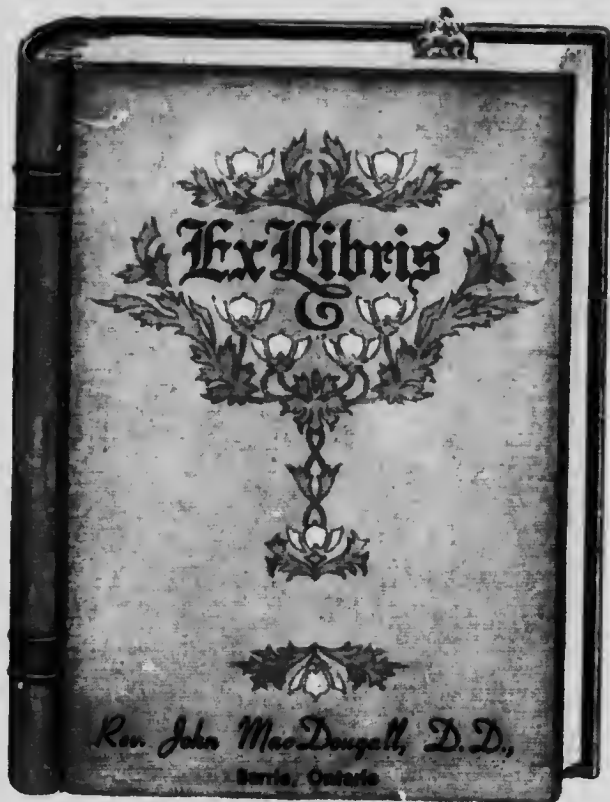
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# **Our Destiny and Other Poems**

**By  
ERNEST J. BOWDEN**



**TORONTO  
WILLIAM BRIGGS  
1911**

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By ERNEST J. BOWDEN



**DEDICATED**

**TO**

**My Father**

**Whose earnest devotion to all things  
noble and beautiful was the  
inspiration of my boy-  
hood days.**



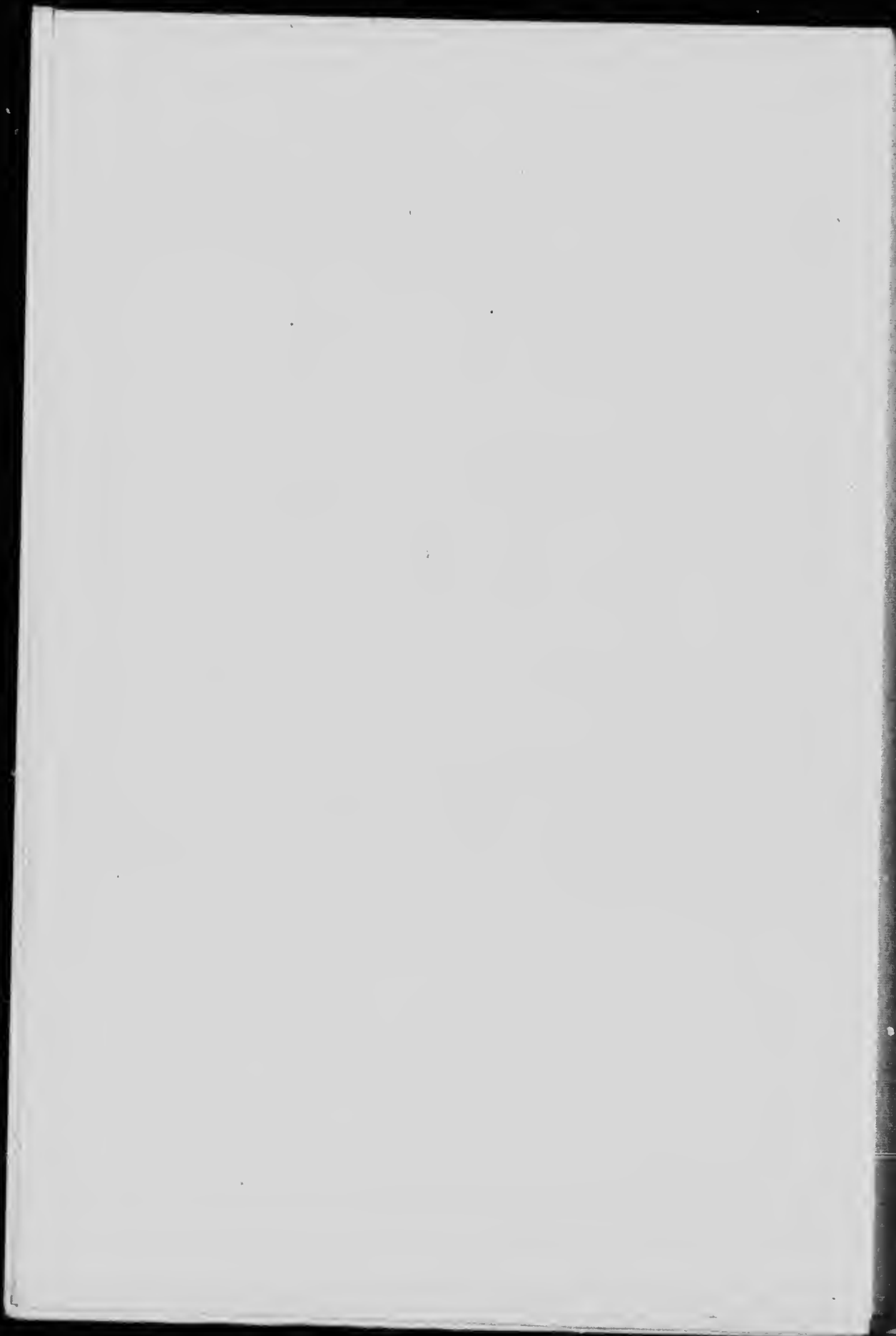
## PREFACE

**I** PUSH out my tiny raft of verse on the sea of public opinion. To me its waters are untried and uncertain; but I trust that the toilers of Canada, for whom I have written, will receive my work kindly.

ERNEST J. BOWDEN.

Duncans, Vancouver Island

Sept. 1st, 1911



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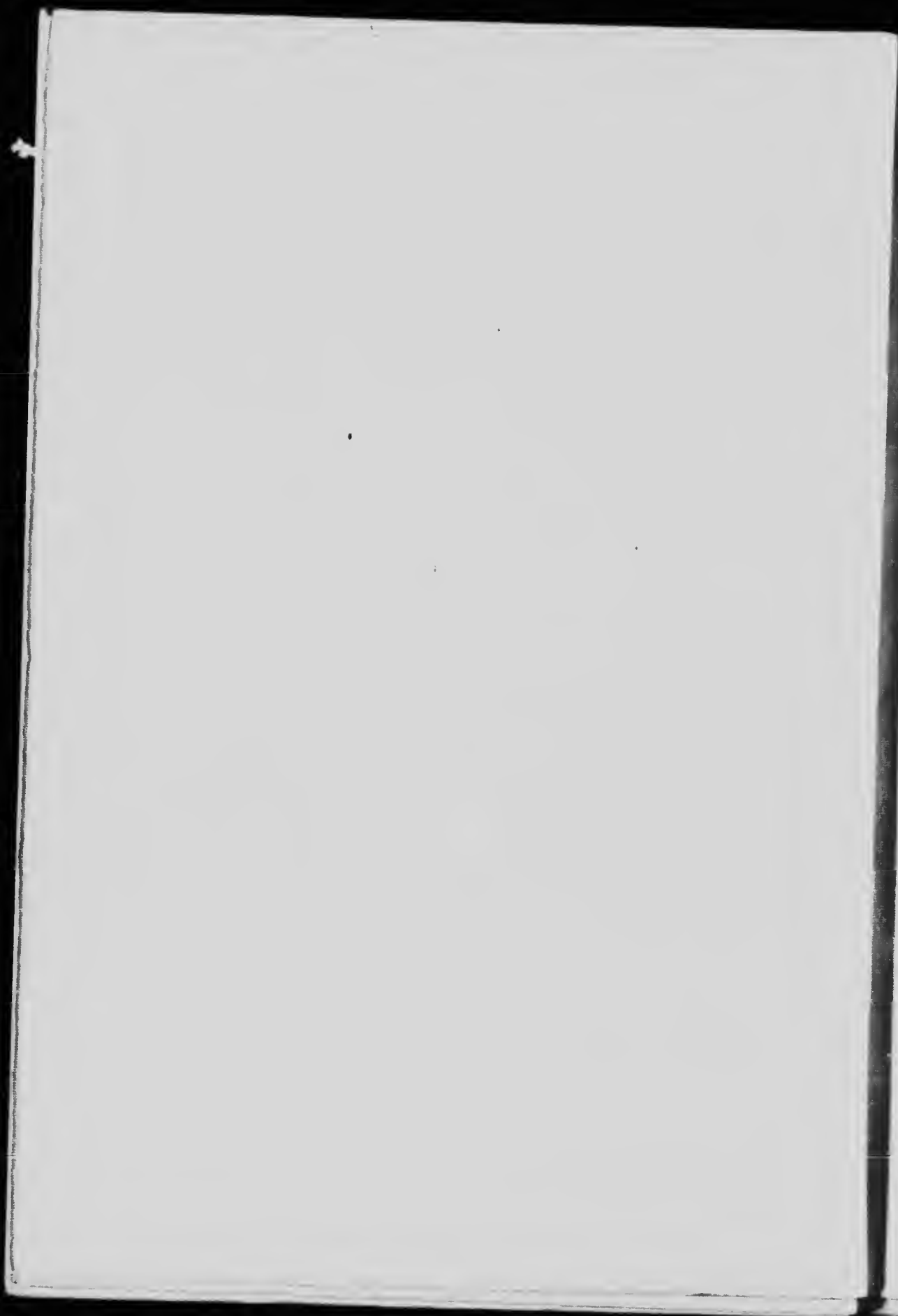
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## SUPPRESSED LIVES

*Imprisoned in a pot of common clay,—  
Hid in a cellar, dismal, bare, and cold,  
With myriad lesser forms in gathering mould,  
An Easter lily bulb in darkness lay.  
Its mood was sad, for well it knew the play  
Of glorious whiteness in its husk enrolled,  
And beauty, fit to mate with forms of gold.  
Far distant seemed the gladsome Easter day.*

*Yet even the darkness told the gardener's care.  
It lay for weeks and months with life repressed,  
Because its beauty matched the fitting time.  
And human lives, dark-shadowed, lone, and bare,  
Are not by wild and aimless chance suppressed;  
God waits their season, and the needful clime.*





# Our Destiny and Other Poems

---

## OUR DESTINY

What is man?  
He wanders the earth;  
He eats of its plenty,  
Delights in its beauty,  
Shares in its labours,  
And writhes with its torture,  
But what is he?

Ever the question  
Puzzles his reason,  
Baffles enquiry.  
Is he a stranger?  
Is he an alien?  
Is he a puppet,  
The plaything of fate?  
What is his destiny?

What say the ancients?  
What says the Master?  
What say His servants?

## OUR DESTINY

Many the voices;  
Conflicting the answers  
They give to our questioning.  
No word is written  
That satisfies all.  
Words cannot carry  
The full weight of meaning  
That lies in the answer;  
But, taxed by the labour,  
They break with the strain:  
We gather the fragments  
With industry painful,  
But only the few  
Satisfaction attain.

No; the answer we seek  
Is not wholly contained  
In the written Word.  
But the Spirit of God,  
Who dwelt in man,  
Speaking through ecstasy,  
Wonder and mystery,  
Vision and parable—  
He has not left us;  
He dwells with us yet.  
If we will hear Him  
He is our teacher,  
Guiding our feet  
In the pathway of truth.

## OUR DESTINY

Not that the prophets,  
Apostles, and singers,  
Of ancient days  
Can be neglected.  
Not till the heart,  
With manful purpose  
And painful wrestling,  
Has mastered the meaning  
Of the mighty Past,  
Will the Spirit lead  
To fuller truth.

He that would seek,  
By an easier method,  
To gain his purpose,  
Shall wander in by-paths  
Aimless and tortuous;  
Ever *mis*-guided  
By a Spirit insulted.

What is man?  
He is not a stranger.  
He is not an alien.  
He is not a puppet,  
The plaything of fate.  
He is the child  
In the Father's house.  
Some are as babes  
In the circling arms  
Of Mother Nature:

## OUR DESTINY

And many more,  
In childhood and youth,  
Are restrained for a time,  
And kept as servants;  
That so they may learn  
The painful labour  
By which the Father  
Works out His plan.

But when the lesson  
Of toil is learnt,  
And the child attains  
To lawful manhood,  
No longer he lives  
In ward as a servant.  
As a son he walks  
In the house of his Father.  
No more for him  
The olden restraint,  
And the servant's fear;  
But the freedom he knows  
Of the son in the home;  
His only law  
The love he bears  
To the Father divine.

And now he speaks  
To the hearts of men  
In the Father's name.  
(No longer in bond

## OUR DESTINY

To word and rule;  
For the Father's Spirit  
Reigns in his breast,  
And *makes* the rule,  
And *inspires* the word.)  
For, having entered  
On manhood's freedom,  
He shares more fully  
The Father's passion  
And love for men.

In lowly service  
Among his brothers;  
In tender care  
For the little children;  
In earnest search  
For the lost and erring,  
He shows the world  
What a man should be.  
What is man?  
What is his destiny?  
Study the Master.  
Study the men  
Who walk in His footsteps.  
In them you shall find  
A living answer  
To every question.

For He, who gave  
To the heart its yearning,

## OUR DESTINY

And placed before us  
Our noblest ideal  
As a brother man  
To share in our travail,—  
He is not a mocker,  
He will not deceive us.

When our task is done ;  
When our strength shall fail,  
And the shadows of evening  
Close round about us,  
The setting sun  
Shall reveal to our sight  
Vast realms unseen  
In the dazzling blaze  
That we called our day.

In that new realm  
Revealed to our eyes  
In the dark night of death—  
THERE lies our destiny.

\* \* \* \* \*

Evening, evening,  
Sweet is thy gloom.  
Shadows are deepening,  
Closed is the bloom.  
Hushed are the voices  
That wakened the breast;

## OUR DESTINY

Sweet is the eventide,  
Calling to rest.

Bright was the morning  
With promise and hope;  
Rich hues adorning  
The valley and slope.  
Quick beat the pulses  
With eager desire.  
Fair was the morning,  
And holy its fire.

Swiftly the glamour  
That gilded the dawn  
Fled as the clamour  
Of noontide came on.  
Boldly we entered  
The conflict of life,  
Seeking the honour  
Of valorous strife.

Toiling and straining  
Our task to complete,  
Sharp was the training,  
And fierce was its heat.  
Gladly we hailed  
The decline of the day;—  
Watched for the hours  
When our labour should stay.

## OUR DESTINY

Now, with the evening,  
Gone is the light.  
Shadows are deepening;  
Soon comes the night.  
And as the day  
With its labour departs,  
Stars peep from heaven  
To quiet our hearts.

Gone is the splendour  
That streamed from the sun.  
Thanks to the Sender  
For all He has done.  
But, while His blessing  
Gave light to the day,  
It narrowed our vision,  
And hid the star's ray.

So when the glory  
Of life shall depart,  
Let the night-story  
Bring peace to thy heart.  
Let not the death-mist  
Bring sorrow or gloom.  
Wider is life  
The far side of the tomb.



## THE VOICE OF THE MIST

THE glory from my life has fled;  
The cold, grey mists are here.  
The hopes that fired my youth are dead;  
I shrink in dread and fear.

Where are the strength and beauty now  
That graced my earlier days,  
Prompting the high and sacred vow,—  
Moving my heart to praise?

Where are the friends that gathered round,  
Whose lives were linked with mine;  
In whose sweet comradeship I found  
A stimulus divine?

The strength and beauty are no more;  
Their dazzling grace has flown.  
My heart is smitten to the core  
As grass by reapers mown.

Some friends are dead, and some are gone,  
With other interests filled;  
And none are near to lean upon;  
Their helpful words are stilled.

## THE VOICE OF THE MIST

I live on memories of the past.  
The present moments bring  
But haunting miseries that blast,  
And cruel ills that sting.

The mists of sorrow hide the sun,  
And all life's joys obscure.  
Before the noon of life is won  
Its brightness is no more.

Whither, oh, whither shall I flee?  
Where shall my spirit rest?  
And what of hope remains to me?  
What gleam shall guide my quest?

\* \* \* \* \*

Like Israel's King, mine eyes I lift  
To shining peaks afar.  
Their strength and calm are heaven's gift  
To soothe where troubles are.

Decked in a mantle passing fair  
The foot-hills lie between;  
And, wreathing many a valley there,  
The drifting mists are seen.

Who knows how much those clouds may hide?  
What glories they withhold?

## THE VOICE OF THE MIST

What scenes of beauty are denied  
To those whom they enfold?

For he who walks amid the mist  
Sees not the mountains tower.  
For him no sunlit peaks exist  
While lasts that shadowed hour.

To him the larger view is lost;  
His powers within are pent.  
The nearer forms he sees, at most,  
In hazy pictures blent.

Yet ne'er he dreams the world is worse  
Because he loathes the haze;  
Nor measures all the universe  
By that which meets his gaze.

Full well he knows a cleansing wind  
Will drive the mist away;  
And in the sunlight he shall find  
A fuller, brighter day.

Once more the sweep of sea and land,  
The beauty of the sky,  
Shall speak the great Creator's hand,  
And cheer the seeking eye.

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE VOICE OF THE MIST

I thank Him for the mountain voice  
That whispers in my ear;  
Rousing my heart to nobler choice  
Than shrinking dread and fear.

Listening, I know myself at one  
With all the mighty past;  
I learn the witness that has shone  
Throughout the ages vast.

Sung sweetly by the Hebrew bards  
In tones that never die;  
And taught by Christ in living words  
That lift the soul on high.

And not alone to Christians known;  
But kindled in the mind  
Where'er the Spirit's breath has blown  
O'er hearts to truth inclined.

The chill mists gathering round our path,  
And o'er the landscape driven,  
Are sent in love, and not in wrath:  
They bear the gifts of heaven.

Not less the woes for which we mourn  
Bear riches from above;  
And lives, by constant suffering worn,  
Know most the Father's love.

## THE VOICE OF THE MIST

O trust, sad heart. Hope thou in God,  
Wait patiently His time.  
Thou walkest where the ancients trod,  
Who rose to heights sublime.

And, since along their path I plod,  
Their vision may be mine;  
O trust, my heart; rest thou in God,  
And make their triumph thine.

## THE HEART'S CALL

Look up, sad heart! Look up!  
Why droop like a faded flower?  
Canst thou not gather thy strength  
For the gloom of a passing hour?  
Glory encircles thy pathway;  
Heaven gives help to the brave.  
Why should thy life be barren?  
Why dost thou pine as a slave?  
Seek now thy God,  
Patiently kneeling.  
Wait thou His time;  
In Him there is healing.  
E'en as a mother  
O'er thee He bends;  
And as a father  
Guards and defends.

Rejoice, glad heart! Rejoice!  
For this is the fairest day  
That the children of earth have seen  
Since first they began to pray.

## THE HEART'S' CALL

Never the sun was brighter;  
Never such promise shone  
As we see in the life about us,  
By the toil of our fathers won.  
Joy thou in God,  
Gratefully singing.  
See o'er the earth  
New life is springing.  
All that has been  
Of good in the past  
Is a God-given token  
Of triumph at last.

Stand fast, brave heart! Stand fast!  
Be thou a master of fate!  
Thy troubles but point the way  
To opportunity's gate.  
God has need of thy courage,—  
Joys in thy zeal and might;  
Many a brother shall bless thee  
If thou art strong to do right.  
Lean thou on God,  
Humbly enquiring.  
Still He is near,  
Courage inspiring.  
Comrades rejoice,  
Beholding thy strength.  
Hold to thy task;  
Rest comes at length.

## THE HEART'S CALL

Awake *My* heart! Awake!  
Respond to the call divine  
That sounds from heaven above,  
And from hearts whose beat is as thine.  
Banish thy deadly gloom,  
And the craven fears that kill.  
Rise in the strength that achieves.  
Heaven shall aid thee still.  
Trust thou in God.  
Safe in His keeping,  
Joy shall be thine,  
Pulsing and leaping.  
Faithful to Him,  
In His service unmoved,  
Thine the rich crown  
Of the soul that is proved.



## DAY-BREAK

The dawn is breaking  
In Eastern skies;  
A new-born world with its glow shall arise.

The night has been long,  
And the watchers sore prest,  
But joy, with the morning, shall dwell in each breast.

The skies, dull and leaden,  
Seemed closed to all prayer;  
But the dawn has arisen; the sunshine is here.

Look up, weary hearts,  
Dark with sorrow and sin;  
Look up, for the day-break your freedom shall win.

Look up, O ye toilers,  
O'erburdened with care;  
Your God has come near, and your load He will share.

## DAY-BREAK

Look up, little children,  
Heaven's light in your eyes;  
The day that is breaking is yours as it flies.

For the God of the morning  
Has come with its light;  
Awake to its glory, and banish the night.

## THE LIVING WORD

In the Bible we read of the glorious days  
When the Living Word, in diverse ways,  
By spoken message or writer's pen,  
Leapt forth to the hungering hearts of men.

The Father of Spirits could ever command  
The speaker's tongue or the writer's hand;  
Or perhaps to sight the veil was riven,  
And in visions the Word of God was given.

But, when the sight of men waxed dim,  
They said that the *words* were the gift from Him.  
"The words, the form, you are bound to hold;  
"Let the man be accursed who shall be so bold

"As to say that the Spirit may give once more  
"The Living Word as in days of yore,  
"Not to be measured in Bible terms,  
"But greater, and kindling with new life-germs."

## THE LIVING WORD

From hence a great war of words arose,  
And Christian brothers grew bitterest foes;  
With words, words, words, they darkened the air;  
Where Christ's hope had been there was black despair.

But the Living Word shall come once more  
To the hearts of men as in days of yore;  
Not in tones which only the few may know,  
But in common speech shall the Spirit blow.

For the life and language of bygone years  
Cannot utter fully the hopes and fears  
That mingle in hearts of these later days,  
With their growing knowledge and changing ways.

And even the holy name we have used  
Is naught to our God if it be abused.  
For He who spake once can speak once again:  
Work the selfsame works in another name.

For the Living Word is more than a name.  
Jehovah, Lord, Christ, are they not the same?  
The one Great God seen in different ways,  
In the Hebrew times or in Christian days?

And the name that has changed in the days gone by  
May change again if our faith be dry;  
And our sounding words shall sink into dust  
If we fail to be true to the Christian trust.

## THE LIVING WORD

air.  
But the Living Word shall never fail  
Through the rolling ages. Our earthly vale  
Shall ever be cheered by the guiding voice  
Which makes our heart leap and our spirit rejoice.

There may be years when the Word seems lost  
In the jangle of *words*, which are vainly tossed  
From lip to lip, by those who hold  
That in ancient times was the whole truth told.

But the Living Voice shall be heard again;  
And its tones shall ring in the hearts of men.  
Its joyful message shall fly o'er the earth  
In the glad new age that has come to birth.

## THE VOICE OF THE MOUNTAINS

"Lo, these are but the outskirts of His ways; and how small a whisper do we hear of Him."—Job 26: 14.

We sailed beneath the mountains  
With their stately mantle of green;  
And the deep recesses, where fountains,  
And scarred grey rocks are seen.

In majestic silence they towered  
Away to the heights above;  
While the billowy clouds were lowered,  
And wreathed them as if in love.

Or in tiny flecks they were scattered  
Along o'er the mountain side,  
As if by a tempest shattered  
And driven in hollows to hide.

Some parts seemed lost in the blackness  
Of twilight shadow and gloom;  
Their mysterious depths were trackless,  
And weird as a haunted tomb.

## THE VOICE OF THE MOUNTAINS

While others were clothed with whiteness  
As of sea-foam newly driven.  
Enveloped in dazzling brightness,  
They seemed like the gate of heaven.

And as with awe-stricken wonder,  
And all my being subdued,  
I watched the clouds drift asunder,  
And the mountain-peaks I viewed;

To my heart a voice came pealing  
From the depths of the mighty past;  
In its tones were balm and healing  
For the soul that is overcast.

“The cloud-wrapt mountain whispers  
Of the God that dwells in thy breast;  
The elements sing His vespers;  
To hear, and to know, is rest.”

## THE ETERNAL JUDGE

"Verily there is a reward for the righteous: verily  
there is a God that judgeth in the earth.—Psalm 58.

"TRULY a judge is in the earth,"  
Thus spake the ancient seer.  
His piercing eye has scanned life's worth;  
To him its end was clear.

He was not baffled when he saw  
Life's troubles go and come.  
He knew our earth the realm of law,  
Not topsy-turvydom.

The selfless life, by fools esteemed  
Madness and folly, here,  
He knew to be the life that gleamed  
With an undying cheer.

And when he saw the evil man  
In dazzling eminence,  
He would not then suspect the plan  
Of sovereign Providence.

But all the tongues of earth and heaven  
Spoke loudly to his ear,  
That God had to the wicked given  
A fate to dread and fear.



## THE ETERNAL JUDGE

He saw the deadly poison lurk  
Beneath their subtle ways;  
He knew in their own blood 'twould work  
And blight the poisoner's days.

And though their majesty should match  
The lion in his strength,  
God would their tyranny despatch  
And break their teeth at length.

As melting snows before the sun;  
As one untimely born;  
Or as the warrior who would run  
Of all his valour shorn.

Or as the fire, beneath the pot,  
That's made of flimsy thorn  
Is scattered ere the food be hot,  
And on the whirlwind borne:

So should the wicked come to naught,—  
Their artful scheming fail.  
Since God was not in all their thought  
What could their skill avail?

And when the gloom is swept aside  
By which He proves our worth,  
We taste the joy of Him who cried,—  
"A Judge is in the earth."

## HEART-BROKEN

"Who is there among you . . . that walketh in darkness, and hath no light?"—Isaiah 50:10.

I KNEW him as a boy with golden curls,  
And eyes that seemed to catch the light of heaven.  
Among the homely cottagers 'twas said  
He was too good for earth, and like to die.  
I watched him pass from boyhood into youth,  
With grace and knowledge far beyond his years;  
And in his heart there ever burned a fire  
Of passionate love for all things high and great,  
Which still increased as manhood's dawn drew near.  
And, as his strength increased, the kindling word,  
Lit by the flame which dwelt within his breast,  
Was ever on his lip. For him we hoped  
A future that would match the gifts he bore.  
And when the years of love were come he met  
A maiden, in whose face and form there dwelt  
A beauty like to that within his heart.

Six years had passed, and on a winter's morn  
I chanced to roam among the dunes that lay  
Along the sandy wastes beside the sea.

## HEART-BROKEN

The scanty blades of grass, like bronzed wires,  
Were whistling in the wind. And there I met  
The man whose early years had been so full  
Of golden promise. But his form was changed;  
His face was haggard, and the old-time fire  
No longer lit the eye, that seemed withdrawn  
From friendly glances; and the trembling lips  
Seemed ever tortured by the tugging nerves.  
With half-averted face he quickly told  
The story of the woe that pierced his heart.

The sacred thirst he ever sought to quench  
Among the books which held the treasured thought  
Of noble minds, had led to eager study;  
Which wrought a violence upon his brain,  
And brought him near to death. While thus he lay,  
The woman who was more to him than life  
Was laid to rest beneath the graveyard sod.  
And now the spirit's dazzling light seemed quenched  
In tears of bitterest sorrow. And he sought  
To hide his grief in solitary places.  
The busy life of men clashed with his mind,  
And seemed to work a deeper havoc there.  
But in the swishing of the yellow waves  
On the long, dismal plain of drifting sand;  
And in the desolation of the dunes,  
The mournful whistling of the windswept grasses,  
There lurked a charm in keeping with his mood.  
And there he lifted empty hands to heaven

## HEART-BROKEN

As outward symbol of his empty heart;  
And, lifting up his voice with the sea-moan,  
The surging trouble of his soul gushed forth.

Lord, how long shall it be  
That I live in misery?  
My light is gone—is gone,  
In darkness I walk alone.  
My heart is dry as the grass  
Where the cold, salt breezes pass.  
In Thy mercy pity me,  
And take me from misery.

Again I met the broken-hearted man  
Upon the mountain-side. The green above  
In densest growth shut out the light of heaven,  
And made a stillness of perpetual gloom,  
In which could grow no fronded fern or moss;  
But fall'n pine-needles made a carpet there.  
His face was still with deepest suffering marred,  
But now, in his demeanour, there was peace.  
Not peace like that which dwells in summer fields,  
Or tempts the rambler by the sparkling brook;  
But like to that which reigned within the forest;  
A peace which breathed a haunting melancholy.  
And there he spoke of all his early hopes,  
The high ideals, and the noble purpose  
That fired his youth, and all that might have been.

## HEART-BROKEN

And once more, lifting reverent hands in prayer,  
In God's great cloister on the mountain-side,  
His mind, o'er-strained, in utterance found relief:

Father, I worship Thee;  
Thy peace has come to me.  
And though, like a stricken deer,  
In sorrow I linger here,  
I have heard Thy voice in the gloom.  
And through the shadows that loom,  
I have seen a ray of the light  
That tells of the passing night.

I left him standing in the forest aisle,  
His face upturned as though he heard a call  
From other worlds. And when, at night, there passed  
A solitary woodman, he found there,  
Upon the soft pine-needle carpet laid,  
The form of one who seemed as if in sleep.  
The form was there; the spirit was in heaven.

## THE STOKERS

Oh, glorious to me  
Is a trip on the sea,  
When the sun shines bright,  
With a shimmering light,  
On the rippling waves,  
And the blue that paves  
The mighty sweep  
Of the boundless deep;  
But, pacing above where the smokestacks rear  
The sound of the toilers below I hear.

Oh, the stokers below!  
How much we owe  
To the nameless men  
In the fiery den;  
How great is our debt  
For their toil and sweat,—  
For their task in the stoke-hole drear.

And grand to me  
Is a trip on the sea  
When the waves roll high,  
And the storm-fiends fly,  
And the gallant ship,  
With roll and dip,

## THE STOKERS

Is tossed like a straw  
By their merciless law ;  
But still, while the tempest darkens the skies,  
The familiar sounds from the stoke-hole arise,  
And always we know  
That the men below,  
With blackened faces,  
Are in their places ;  
And the fire they stoke  
With its flame and smoke,  
Is the life of the ship as she plies.

And solemn to me  
Is a trip on the sea,  
When the night-pall dark  
Envelops our bark.  
With throb and shiver  
The stanchions quiver ;  
The sea-birds loom  
Like ghosts in the gloom.  
And, more than by day, we can hear the men  
Who are toiling beneath in their grimy den.  
For the stokers below  
Scant thought we show.  
We shrink from their grime  
As from poison or crime,  
But we owe them a debt  
That can never be met  
By tribute of tongue or pen.

## THE NATION-BUILDERS

**KNOCK, knock, knock.**

What means this unseemly clatter?  
It's only a settler building his house,  
And you hear his hammer batter.  
But why do they build in places like these?  
There is nothing around but rocks and trees.  
You don't understand? Well, list to me, please,  
While I tell you what they are doing.

Where the trees stand now

On the rocky brow,

Fair homes will smile

In a little while.

With their raps and bangs,

And taps and clangs,

A nation the men are building.

**Boom, boom, boom.**

The giant trees are falling.  
For the settler lives in the home he has built  
And follows his lonely calling.



## THE NATION-BUILDERS

And soon a part of the land is clear,  
The time to gather his crop is near;  
And he tastes the success to the toiler dear,  
When the harvest repays his sowing.

For the mould below  
Fine crops will grow.  
In the fruitful ground  
His wealth is found.  
And with work and sweat,  
That know no let,  
A nation the men are planting.

Whack, whack, whack.  
Do you hear the lumber clatter?  
For another settler is building his house  
To the tune of the same old batter.  
And soon there are others who gather round.  
A goodly spot for a home they have found;  
And a magic change sweeps over the ground  
Because of the work they are doing.

In the home of the jay  
The children play.  
In the wild flower's room  
Fair gardens bloom.  
With their strength and will,  
And taste and skill,  
A nation the people are making.

## THE VACATION

A SLENDER figure stood at my door,  
On a sweltering day in July;  
In her slim, white hand a satchel she bore;  
To my question she made reply,—  
    “ I’ve a book to sell;  
    Please look at it well.  
    It’s the best of its kind  
    That your skill can find;  
Not a page of it barren or dry.”

Now, of all the woes that afflict our life,  
And tempt us to hasty speeches,  
There are few that rouse in our hearts more strife  
Than the story the agent preaches.  
So I said to the maid  
Of the book-selling trade,  
“ I’ve no time to read,  
Or your words to heed,  
For I’m tending my corn and peaches.”

## THE VACATION

With low, modest tones again she spake,  
As one who has taste and knowledge,—  
“The University course I take,  
And I’m working my way through college.  
I am selling to-day  
To pay my way;  
That when to my class  
In the fall I pass,  
I may have some milk with my porridge.”

As soon as I heard the student’s tale,  
A warmth in my heart was kindled;  
And the surging memories rushed like a gale,  
Till my pulses throbbed and tingled.  
Of my youth they told,  
And its visions of gold.  
I saw once more  
The glad days of yore,  
When with college chums I mingled.

The queen of the household opened wide  
Our home to the student stranger;  
And her heart was cheered when again she hied  
To her task as a book-man’s ranger.  
In our hearts we prayed  
For the roving maid,  
That the God above  
In His power and love  
Would shelter her life from danger.

## THE VACATION

For the boys and girls of the college hall  
Will *lead* in the coming day;  
And, among the students, the best of all  
Are those who are working their way.  
For their grit and pluck  
We wish them luck.  
Our Canada's prize  
Is for those who rise  
By toiling while others play.

## MRS. McITTY

SING a song of a dear little wife:  
We call her Mrs. McItty.  
She moves like a golden gleam through life,  
Sunny, and chatty, and witty.

She is neither handsome, nor stately, nor tall;  
You scarcely would call her pretty;  
But the graces she bears are the best of all;  
A warm heart has Mrs. McItty.

It kindles and brightens all her ways  
With a cheerful, sprightly vigour;  
And the glow of its love-beat ever plays  
In her trim and dainty figure.

But how shall I sing of the ways I see  
In which she scatters her treasure?  
For a prodigal, truly, in love is she,  
And gives without stint or measure.

With help, where needed, and sympathy sweet,  
Both neighbours and strangers she blesses;  
And for babies and children there's no other treat  
Like Mrs. McItty's caresses.

## MRS. McITTY

Not a tittle of her heart can be uttered in words,  
But her music keeps time with its beating;  
And with this she can answer the song of the birds,  
And give to the flowers her greeting.

But, if you would know the full worth of her care,  
She must watch by your bed in sickness;  
As an angel she guards, and with tenderness rare  
Gilds tossing and pain with sweetness.

So quickly her heart is moved to tears  
By sorrow or pain or pity;  
But a rainbow glory ever appears  
In the weeping of Mrs. McItty.

Of course there are times when the dark clouds loom,  
And the tempest fiends gather together;  
But they're always the clouds of a thunder-storm,  
And never of settled bad weather.

When men sit discussing the deepest thought,  
She listens with reverent meekness.  
But hers is the spirit that God has taught,  
And the wisdom made perfect in weakness.

So the golden gleams of her life never fail,  
And the woman, bright, gentle, and witty,  
Is the joy of her home and our beautiful vale;  
We all love Mrs. McItty.

## THE PIONEER

The obscure hero of this poem was Mr. William Wallcroft, one of the earliest settlers in the Archibald district of Southern Manitoba. It was the author's privilege to visit him in his last sickness, and, after committing his body to the earth, to conduct a memorial service in the church where he had long laboured as local preacher, class-leader, and Sunday-school superintendent.

I stood in the darkened chamber  
Where the veteran lay at rest.  
He was one of the nameless heroes,  
By unknown toilers blessed.

He came to the Pembina mountain  
When the country was waste and wild,  
With all his earthly belongings  
On a lumbering ox-wagon piled.

He came from the dear Old Country,  
Of the sturdy Devonshire stock;  
To the end he would often tell you  
Of his toil in the Devonport Dock.

## THE PIONEER

He had travelled across the prairie  
With a friend and children and wife,  
On the trail from Emerson Station,  
To try the homesteading life.

And a Spartan life they found it  
In those pioneering days;  
A rough sod hut was their shelter,  
As they learned the prairie ways.

Those ways were strange and fickle,  
As they found again and again,  
When the frost swept over the wheatfields,  
And blasted the ripening grain.

But with patience and skill they mastered  
The secret of climate and soil;  
Their courage and industry triumphed,  
And plenty rewarded their toil.

A house and barn were erected  
With logs from the poplar grove.  
The oxen made way for horses,  
And things were beginning to move.

New settlers came into the district;  
There followed a mighty change.  
The wilderness bloomed as a garden;  
Farms spread o'er the buffalo range.



## THE PIONEER

But ever within the farmers  
The old heart-hunger burned ;  
And their thoughts with eager longing  
To the God of their fathers turned.

In the home of our hero they gathered,  
Reviving the old-time fire.  
In him they found the devotion  
And zeal that never tire.

And not alone in his household,  
But far o'er the countryside,  
He laboured to point his neighbours  
The path of the Crucified.

By the bed of the sick and the dying,  
He stood with the message of love.  
They trusted him as their pilot  
To the home of rest above.

When at last death came to the sufferer,  
And released the spirit guest,  
It was he who stood by the graveside,  
And committed the body to rest.

When the pioneer days were ended,  
And a church arose at length,  
The warmth of his heart and fireside  
Were the minister's joy and strength.

## THE PIONEER

He gathered the little children  
For the joy of the Sunday-school;  
And met, in the class as leader,  
According to Methodist rule.

Now the days of his toiling are ended.  
Friends gather from far and near  
To honour the homely farmer  
Who lies on the funeral bier.

What words shall we bring to praise him?  
How much does Canada owe  
To unknown men who have laboured  
The seeds of her progress to sow?

Such men are the pride of our nation;  
They stand above praise or fame;  
Beside them the wealthy idler  
Bears only an empty name.

God give us ever the manhood  
That is bred in the farm and field;  
For this is a wealth far greater  
Than the mines of the Klondike yield.

## THE BOYS OF ENGLAND

Oh, the boys that come from England  
To our fair Canadian land,  
Filled with eager aspiration  
Of the good Old-Country brand,  
Bring their boxes, speech and manners,  
And in many ways they're green;  
But they always carry with them  
Love for Britain's King and Queen.  
For their name,  
And their fame,  
Ever stir the English breast;  
And they stand  
In the land  
For the noblest and the best.

Oh, the boys that come from England,  
With their quaint Old-Country ways,  
Often land with empty pockets  
And a tale of better days,

## THE BOYS OF ENGLAND

And a scanty stock of knowledge  
Of the kind that's needed most;  
But they never fail to carry  
Lots of British pride and boast.  
For they know,  
And they show,  
In their bearing and their speech,  
That they trace  
In their race  
Highest virtues man can reach.

Oh, the boys that come from England,  
Lots of chaffing must endure;  
For Canadians love to tease them,  
Hoping thus their whims to cure.  
But in spite of all their failings,  
Still they rise to wealth and fame;  
For they always carry with them  
Grit and skill to play the game.  
For it's bred  
In their blood  
Through a thousand years of strife,—  
No retreat;  
Scorn defeat;  
Better death than tarnished life.

Oh, the boys that come from England,  
Have the noblest heritage

## THE BOYS OF ENGLAND

That the world has ever given  
To the lads of any age.  
And in Canada they're welcome;  
Here their powers find larger scope;  
For they never fail to carry  
British enterprise and hope.  
For the pluck  
And the luck  
Of the British race they share;  
And they rise,  
Win the prize  
Of the men who do and dare.

## THE LONE MUSICIAN

I HEAR a lone musician in her den  
Play vibrant chords that sweetly haunt the soul;  
Now deep; sonorous as a funeral toll;  
Now rushing like a brook in a wild glen.  
Anon, with lightest touch, and tenderest grace,  
The pensive memories, from the bygone years,  
Find sweet expresison, summoning the tears,  
Which bounding, martial strains as quickly chase.

Each strain of grace or splendour, calm or fire,  
Is the reflection of the varying mood  
That sweeps, with tremulous wave, the player's  
heart.

O lone musician! An invisible choir  
Of mighty singers, pouring out a flood  
Of glorious harmony, is in thine art.

## AH'-NA-NAH'

The wail of the Cowichan Indians—"Woe is me!"

"Better for him that a millstone  
Be hung about his neck,  
And that into the sea men cast him  
As a hopeless human wreck."

In words like these spake Jesus,  
The gentle, loving, and mild,  
Of him who, by sinful conduct,  
Should offend a little child.

For each of the little children  
Is under the Father's eye;  
To wilfully work them evil  
Is an insult to God on high.

And does God think less of a nation  
Whose mind is that of a child?  
Has He less regard for the Indians,  
With their nature simple and wild?

## AH'-NA-NAH'

No! No! They too are His children;  
They too have a place in His heart.  
As a mother cares for her sick ones  
So God will take their part.

And we are the brothers and sisters  
Whom God has endowed with might,  
To care for the weak of the household  
Until they are strong to do right.

But how can a nation interpret  
Such a tender relationship?  
Shall we make good laws for the Indian,  
To give his wild wings a clip?

Shall we give him some land and a schoolhouse,—  
A church in which to pray;  
And then forget all about him,  
Because he is out of the way?

Oh, no! it is not our bounty,  
But a loving hand he needs;  
Our bounty may only corrupt him,  
And our laws be as broken reeds.

It is thus, even now, with the Indian:  
Our generous laws have failed.  
Instead of growing to manhood,  
He remains a pampered child.



### AH'-NA-NAH'

Not as brothers we have acted,  
But like the hireling nurse:  
We have fed him and kept him quiet;  
Felt glad he has been no worse.

It is true there are mission heroes  
Who have gladly given their lives  
To carry the saving message;  
And their bold race still survives.

But for every man who has suffered  
To bring them into the light,  
A hundred their race have exploited,  
Regardless of truth or right.

Nor has he been only exploited  
To win the white man gold,  
But the Indian has been corrupted  
In ways that cannot be told.

It always makes me shudder,  
And blush for our Saxon race,  
When I see the soul of a white man  
Looking out from an Indian face.

He is spurned by the race of his father,  
To whom he owes his best;  
For he sucked the Indian customs  
With the milk from his mother's breast.

## AH'-NA-NAH'

And these Indian customs bind him  
Like a captive in walls of stone;  
But there dwell in his breast ambitions  
To the native mind unknown.

His heart is the scene of a conflict  
Which rages beyond control,  
And too often works destruction  
To the half-breed's body and soul.

And ever the low-grade white man  
With the deadly whiskey waits;  
Unloosing the vilest passions,  
And stirring the deepest hates.

The reserve becomes a cesspool  
Where horrible vices drain;  
And evil habits forever  
Bring disease and death in their train.

Their dark curse reaches the children;  
A mist steals over their eyes,  
And the mournful sounds of wailing  
For dying babies arise.

Thank God, it is not all darkness;  
There are bright spots here and there;  
And many a true-hearted red-man  
Has courage to do and dare.

**AH'-NA-NAH'**

But they fight a desperate battle,  
For the crowd lags far behind,  
Content to assort with the lowest  
And worst of our country's kind.

Oh, I know not how we shall answer,  
When before God's throne we stand,  
For the pitiful plight of the Indian  
In our fair Canadian land.

## THE SINGING LESSON

My friend Pitell and his neighbour Jim  
Were eager to learn a Siwash hymn ;  
So they came to my house one afternoon  
With hearts on fire to master the tune.

First the words must be learnt in the schoolboy way,  
A line at a time as the teacher shall say.  
'Tis a soul-stirring message from Tzee-tzel Seahm<sup>1</sup>—  
That bids them arise to conquer Leahm.<sup>2</sup>

And now to tackle the tune they are free ;  
Good "Lennox," which Methodists all will agree  
Is one of the best ; and with might and main  
We sing it together again and again.

Old Jim, nearly blind, with blue goggles adorned,  
And a face that tells loudly he's laughed more than  
mourned,  
Leans hard on his staff, and rolls with the song,  
For action, he thinks, will help it along.

---

<sup>1</sup>Tzee-tzel Seahm—God.

<sup>2</sup>Leahm—The Devil.

## THE SINGING LESSON

Pitell, the dwarf lawyer and seer of our tribe,  
Ever ready with wisdom, with wit, and with gibe,  
His hunched back almost lost in a glory of hair,  
Knits his brows to the task and attacks it with care.

And, after the hymn thirty times has been sung,  
Pitell wants a rest, and a change for his tongue,  
In tales of old days when red-men had might,  
And the pale-faced Quin-ee-tum<sup>1</sup> were strange to their  
sight.

For Pitell is full of the ancient lore,  
Of the battles fought in the days of yore;  
How 'Stetson and Hals' to Cowichan came  
From the realms above in thunder and flame.

"Kopet he-he," says Jim to Pitell,  
"Nika tikey sing<sup>2</sup>: to laugh is not well;"  
And the song is sung for the fiftieth time  
By our voices three in full-toned chime.

"Nika chako skookum," the blind man cries,  
As he thumps the breast where his tum-tum lies;  
"Nika skookum tum-tum," for God," says he,  
"Has spoken again of His love to me."

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<sup>1</sup>Quin-ee-tum—The white men.

<sup>2</sup>Stetson and Hals—Ancient heroes of heavenly origin.

<sup>3</sup>Kopet he-he—Stop your nonsense.

<sup>4</sup>Nika tikey sing—I want to sing.

<sup>5</sup>Nika chako skookum—I am becoming strong, or joyful.

<sup>6</sup>Nika skookum tum-tum—My heart is strong; used as  
equivalent to "My heart is bursting with joy."

## THE SINGING LESSON

And the hunchback says, "I thank you, God;  
I'm a poor lone man, and I wander the road  
To find a friend who will talk to me:  
And to-day I have found a friend in Thee."

And many a time "Kla-how-ya" is said,  
As the blind, by the dwarf, to the door is led:  
For they both love more, as they rise to go,  
The Father in heaven and the brother below.

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\*Kla-how-ya—Good-bye.

## LACH-WHOHA-LAMIST

OR THE INDIAN PREACHER'S FAREWELL TO HIS  
NATIVE VILLAGE

LACH-WHOHA-LAMIST, the Land of Roses,  
Where the noble race of the Tsimshian dwell,  
I stand on thy shore as the evening closes;  
In the gathering shadows I bid thee farewell.

Once more I go forth to my post in the mountains  
At the call of my God, and the people I love;  
But my heart is pensive; mine eyes are as fountains,  
As I gaze on thy sea, and the green hills above.

For over the past is my memory sweeping;  
The veil of the years is torn from mine eyes.  
Again with the boys on the sand I am leaping  
And the hillsides re-echo with Indian cries.

I see the old days with their frenzy and terror,  
When the chase and the battle gave glory to life;  
When our spirits were bound in Tamahnawis error,  
And the savage rejoiced in his dread scalping-knife.

There are the rocks where the slave-girl was murdered;  
I saw them lick her blood from the stones;  
And, yonder, the death of the captives was ordered;  
And the ground was littered with human bones.

## LACH-WHOHA-LAMIST

There are the mighty posts that were grounded  
On the writhing bodies of living slaves;  
That luck might be brought to the house that was  
founded,  
And triumph ensured to the Tsimshian braves.

But the horrible vision of blood and pillage  
Is swept as a deadly nightmare aside;  
For I see before me a Christian village  
Where the peace and beauty of heaven abide.

My thought flies back to the pale-face preacher,  
Who was sent by God with the Word from above;  
How he gathered the boys, and became their teacher,  
And toiled with the fervour inspired by love.

I remember the scene when the word was spoken  
That the white man's ways should be taught no more;  
For the chieftains feared their power would be broken  
If the God of the Bible came to their shore.

With threats they gathered, and crowded around him,  
And wildly brandished the menacing knife;  
But heedless of terror or death they found him;  
The call of his mission was dearer than life.

With the love of Christ he won the people;  
A marvellous change came over the land:  
There is the church with its towering steeple;  
Yonder the schools for the children stand.



## LACH-WHOHA-LAMIST

I hear the strains of music ascending  
From homes where the Tsimshian dwell in peace;  
And the joyful songs of little ones blending  
With the ocean-voices that never cease.

In the hearts of the people are strength and beauty,  
Which shine in their eyes, and dwell in their speech;  
And they hear, and know, the call of duty;  
They send their sons the Glad Message to preach.

Gone are the horror and blood of the savage;  
Gone is the darkness that dwelt in his breast;  
Gone is the longing for plunder and ravage,  
Cruel suspicion and bestial jest.

Yes, they are gone. But gone, too, the voices  
Of those whom I loved in the days that are past;  
And so, while the prospect my vision rejoices,  
I weep for the shadow that sorrow has cast.

For my life is bound to the Land of Roses  
By a thousand ties to the Indian known;  
And my surging heart, while the evening closes,  
Cries out for the friends and the days that are flown.

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NOTE.—The incidents of the above poem are faithfully portrayed as they were related to the author by a native Indian missionary, who actually witnessed what is here described. Lach-who-ha-lamist is now known under the more prosaic name of Port Simpson.

## THE SE-ETH

("Se-eth" is a title distinguishing a member of a ruling family among the Cowichan Indians.)

His parents took him away from the school  
Where he learned to follow the white man's rule;  
For they feared that his Indian ardour would cool:  
Their hopes for their son were high;  
But they took him away to die.

With an ancient man of their house as guide,  
To break him again to their customs they tried;  
They quickly found him a youthful bride,  
And proudly called him Se-eth:  
But they wedded him fast to death.

The Mission teachers had striven to give  
A practical training, by which he might live,  
In the white man's struggle competitive,—  
A training to conquer by:  
But they trained him, instead, to die.

## THE SE-ETH

They knew that his home with temptation was rife,  
So they laboured to teach him the Christian strife;  
And with love, and truth, to prepare him for life:

But, alas! they prepared him to die;  
And the time of his end was nigh.

For when he was home, and newly wed,  
"Fear not the rain," his people said.  
"'Tis a white man's fear that is in thy head,  
That makes thee seek to be dry."  
Oh, little they thought he should die.

So a savage bravado arose in his breast;  
He toiled all day in his dripping vest;  
And scorned to change when he went to rest.  
As he slept disease drew nigh:  
In that night he was doomed to die.

Then came the cough with its fatal hack,—  
The failing strength, and the drooping back.  
We saw the destroyer was on his track,  
And, heaving a sorrowful sigh,  
We knew that Se-eth must die.

Soon the Indian doctors were on the ground;  
The wrinkled old hags had gathered around:  
And all of them told of the cures they had found;  
Nor dreamed, as they wasted their breath,  
That they foolishly trifled with death.

## THE SE-ETH

In just one thing were they all agreed,—  
Of the white man's doctor there was no need.  
To poison the whole of the tribe he was fee'd.  
And they lost the last chance for Se-eth  
In their gamble with pain and death.

And not till their vaunted skill had failed,  
And in prospect of death their spirits quailed,  
Was the offer of help from the preacher hailed;  
That to check the disease he might try,  
When nothing remained but to die.

And never their ignorant folly they blamed,  
Nor felt in their darkened minds ashamed;  
But ever the white man's school they named  
As the source of disease and death;—  
As the curse of their loved Se-eth.

But their black distrust and suspicion were stayed  
As the preacher knelt in their home and prayed;  
And the teaching of school-days came to his aid  
In the mind of the doomed Se-eth,  
To prepare his soul for death.

For many a peaceful eventide,  
As the boys and girls sang side by side,  
They had prayed that near them God might abide  
In the deepening gloom of death.  
And with them had sung Se-eth.

## THE SE-ETH

They repeated the psalm of the shepherd of old  
Who played and sang as he watched by the fold;—  
“The Lord is my Shepherd, . . . my heart shall be bold  
Though I walk in the shadow of death.”  
His words were known to Se-eth.

And now, at the call of a skilful guide,  
The door of his heart was again opened wide;  
Sweet memories rushed as old friends to his side;  
As angels they hovered nigh  
To comfort him ere he should die.

They bore on their wings a fragrance of hope,  
And helped him to scale the steep, hard slope,  
To the land where his soul would find larger scope,  
And no tears should start from the eye:  
The city where none can die.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh, come and join in the Cowichan wail  
For the scourge of death that sweeps through our vale.  
Till the promise and strength of manhood fail;  
And many a youthful Se-eth  
Is wrapped in the gloom of death.

Weep with the cry of the dying child!  
Weep for the ignorance dark and wild!  
Weep for the mothers and maidens beguiled  
Into misery worse than the death  
That snatched the beloved Se-eth!

## THE SE-ETH

For how can we preach the promise of heaven  
To a nation rotting, and frenzy-driven  
By the sins of a race that should have given  
The joy of a healing breath,  
And the gospel that conquers death?

Woe to the man of immoral ways!  
And woe to the man whom the Indian pays  
For the liquor that curses and shortens his days!  
Hear what Jehovah saith:  
"Their part is the second death."

---

NOTE.—To a casual reader it may seem that this picture of gloom and death is extravagant and overdrawn. As a matter of fact, no words of mine can fitly describe the wretched condition of many of our British Columbian Indians. Only those who have shared their sorrows, and dressed their wounds, can believe or understand. In spite of well-meaning laws they are able to get almost unlimited supplies of liquor. The missionary can do but little to alleviate their misery. Unless Canada is aroused to take some radical measure it is only a matter of a few years before some of their tribes must be extinct.

## THE SHAKER DANCE

The Shakers are a sect of Indians who meet once a week, or oftener, for divine worship. An essential feature of their service is the shaking—an intense vibration of the hands and fingers produced by spirit power. When in this hypnotic condition they have gifts of healing, and receive spirit communications. Their teaching is a strange blending of varied elements learned from Catholic and Protestant missionaries. They have a liturgical service in which they are led by three elders. The object of their worship is to make them clean-living and independent. These good effects are to some extent annulled by their intense bigotry. The rhythm and measure of the following lines are the same as those of their chanting. As a rule they use only two syllables and four notes. Taking an octave, say in the key of F natural, and beginning with the top note, the tones are F, C, D, A. The dance is saved from being monotonous by the way in which voices, feet, and bells each dominate in their turn, so that at one time the dancing and ringing are but an accompaniment to the chanting. At another time the chanting is but an echo, or may cease altogether.

*Voices*—Ho - o - o - o i - i - i - gh  
 Ho - o - o - o i - i - i - gh  
*Feet*—Ramp' ramp, ramp' ramp, ramp' ramp, ramp' ramp,  
*Bells*—Ling'-a linga ling'-a linga ling'-a linga ling'-a linga  
 Ho - o - o - o i - i - i - gh  
 Ho - o - o - o i - i - - - gh

LISTEN! listen! hear the Shakers!  
 Catch the rhythm of their dancing,  
 And the tinkling of the hand-bells,  
 With their voices' mournful cadence.

## THE SHAKER DANCE

Myriad candles slowly glimmer  
All around their house of meeting.  
T'ward the sunrise stands an altar  
With a plain black cross before it,  
Sewn upon the altar-linen:  
Three white crosses rise above it,  
Lit with many a guttering candle.  
On the bench that skirts the building  
Sit the Indians who would see them;  
Strangers, who perhaps may join them.

Ho - o - o - o i - i - i - gh,  
Ho . o - o - o i - i - i - gh,

Now the chanting, soaring loudly,  
To the rhythm of their dancing,  
And the music of the hand-bells,  
Rouses each to greater fervour.  
Waving hands and quivering fingers  
Speak the working of the Spirit  
Who possesses all their being;  
From all taint of sin to cleanse them,  
And from all disease to heal them.

Ling'-a linga ling'-a linga ling'-a linga ling'-a linga,  
Tinkling hand-bells lead the measure.  
Sinks the chanting to a murmur,  
And the tramp of feet sounds feebler  
As they dance around the sufferer,  
And, with trembling hands and fingers,



## THE SHAKER DANCE

Take the sickness from his body;  
Then, with faces marred and twisted,  
Hands clasped rigidly before them,  
Dance toward the open doorway;  
Hurl the poison into darkness.

Ramp' ramp, ramp' ramp, ramp' ramp, ramp' ramp,  
Louder, louder sounds the dancing;  
Booted feet on hollow flooring,  
Pounding, pounding, pounding, pounding.  
Now the chanting wholly ceases  
While they dance before the stranger,  
Pass their quivering hands before him,  
Cast their magic spell upon him.

Ho - o - o - o i - i - i - gh,  
Ho - o - o - o i - i - i - gh,

Joyful, they resume their chanting,  
For the Spirit moves the stranger.  
Suddenly he leaps to join them,  
As the rapture thrills his being.  
First he stands as one bewildered:  
Then the trembling comes upon him,  
And his feet move with the measure;  
A new heart to him is given,  
And a spirit strong to conquer  
Evil ways that long have bound him.

Swiftly glide the light-winged minutes:  
One by one the candles flicker,

## THE SHAKER DANCE

Till the hour of midnight passes,  
And the spell begins to weaken.  
Now they gather in a circle,  
Each around his neighbour turning,  
Clasping hands that point to heaven;  
While the trembling passes from them,  
And the magic spell is broken.

Then—in silence deep and awful,  
In a circle near the altar,  
Where, before the three white crosses,  
Stand three elders, men who lead them,—  
Each whose mind has been instructed  
By the Spirit in their dancing,  
Signs the cross upon his bosom;  
And before the listening brothers,  
And the earnest Shaker sisters,  
Tells the word for which they hunger.

When the message has been given,  
And the closing prayer is offered,  
All in genial friendship mingle;  
And, with a contagious gladness,  
Speak the wonders of the Spirit  
Sent by God to heal and teach them.  
Then, in groups, they slowly scatter  
To the dwellings, huge, fantastic,  
Where their household fires are burning;  
And the Shaker dance is ended.

## THE PIONEER MISSIONARIES

God bless the pioneers;  
May His mercy enrich their declining years.  
The hearts were strong as the tempered steel;  
Yet pulsing with tenderest love, that could feel  
The awful darkness and woe that pressed  
Like a nightmare of doom on the Indian breast.

God bless the pioneers;  
They have done their work in sorrow and tears;  
For the scourge of death has swept through the land;  
The fruit of their toil has been snatched from their hand;  
They have given their lives for a smitten race,  
With none to sustain them but God and His grace.

God bless the pioneers;  
May the voice that called them sound in our ears:  
The tribute we render with tongue or pen  
Is but feeble praise for heroic men;  
But to show that in us their work shall live  
Is the highest tribute our hearts can give.

## A ROMANCE OF THE WEST

THREE English lads came over the sea  
To the glorious land of the maple tree,  
Through the prairie land,  
And the mountains grand,  
Till they came once more to the rolling sea.  
Oh, the rolling sea,  
Where the winds blow free!  
Oh, the lovely isle  
Where the roses smile,  
In the land of the maple tree!

Three English maids on the western strand  
To make a nice little home had planned;  
But their hearts were sore  
For the days of yore,  
And the dear ones left in the native land.  
Oh, the dear home-land,  
With its story grand!  
Oh, the parting tear  
And the friends so dear!  
And they longed for their native land.

## A ROMANCE OF THE WEST

Now, these English lads with the maidens three  
Were out one day on the rolling sea ;  
And with venture bold  
Their love was told,  
And their dreams of the golden times to be.  
Oh, the times to be,  
And the homes they'll see !  
Oh, the life so grand  
On the western strand,  
In the land of the maple tree !

## A TRAGEDY

You tell me, Rose, that the garden is fair,  
And its flowers and fruits are sweet and rare;  
But a deadly serpent lurks by the path;  
What is the gain if thy life he hath?  
Flee! Flee! Listen to me;  
Why should his poison cleave to thee?

You tell me, Rose, of your love's delight;  
Of your new-born sweetness, tender and bright.  
But a secret sin in his heart he keeps;  
What profits the joy when thy poor heart weeps?  
Flee! Flee! Listen to me;  
Why should his sin bring sorrow to thee?

You tell me, Rose, you have power to charm  
The lurking foe from his power to harm.  
A serpent charmed is a serpent still;  
But a wilful woman must have her will.  
Doom! Doom! trouble and gloom!  
Heart-ache and misery over thee loom.

## THE GOLDEN TIME

HERE, beneath the cherry-tree,  
Darling, come and sit with me;  
Sing a song with tripping chime,  
All about the olden time,  
When Love's dream was young and glowing,  
    Cherry-blossom mine;  
And its fervour daily growing  
    In the olden time.

The olden time,  
With its growing, glowing splendour;  
Our sweetening time  
Beneath the cherry-tree.

Sweet the grace of flowers may be;  
Sweeter still thy form to me.  
Love was born in golden days;  
Proven love has higher praise.  
Young Love's dream might quickly vanish  
    In the olden time.  
Tested love no power can banish,  
    Cherry-blossom mine.

The olden time,  
With its growing, glowing splendour;  
Our sweetening time  
Beneath the cherry-tree.

## LA RIVIERE

OH, sweet is the Pembina valley in summer,  
When the goldenrod blooms, and the whip-poor-will  
sings;

And welcome its sheltering calm to the roamer  
When, over the hillside, the snow-mantle clings.

But weary to me are the sweet summer hours;  
Like a pall on my heart are the snow and the frost;  
For a dear little girlie lies under the flowers;  
The brightness and bloom of our household are lost.

She rests in the graveyard that lies by the river;  
On the maple-tree near her the meadow-lark sings.  
Its note speaks of gladness; but nought can deliver  
My heart from the sorrow that memory brings.

When the cold and the snow of the winter are over,  
The spring weaves its garment again o'er the earth;  
And it may be that some day my heart will recover  
From the winter of sorrow that lies on its mirth.



## FRAGMENTS

Oh, a little bit of fun,  
How it makes the worries run ;  
When we crack a little joke,  
Or a bit of mischief poke  
At the neighbour whom we greet  
As we walk along the street,  
It gives to life a spice,  
And helps to melt the ice  
That would gather, where the mind  
Is to constant toil inclined.  
Oh, a little bit of fun for me.

Oh, a sweet and sunny smile  
Stealing, every little while,  
Like a sunbeam o'er a face  
Lit with helpfulness and grace,  
Gives a world of sweetest pleasure,  
And a radiance none can measure ;  
Sheds an atmosphere of gladness  
In the place of gloom and sadness.  
Turns the bitter word aside  
That would poison if replied.  
Oh, a sunny little smile for me.

## FRAGMENTS

Oh, a merry little song,  
How it helps the toil along.  
When the weary spirits flag,  
And our feet begin to drag,  
There is magic in a ditty  
That will make us brave and gritty;  
In its music there is healing  
That can soothe the ruffled feeling;  
Rid the heart of selfish care,  
Change its mourning into prayer.  
Oh, a merry little song for me.

## LINES FOR THE TIRED WORKER

Rest! Rest! Rest!  
Thy Father knoweth best.  
No need to fret and strain  
Thy longing to attain;  
God shall assuage thy pain.  
Rest! Rest! Rest!

Trust! Trust! Trust!  
For faith upholds the just.  
The light of coming days,  
With heart-inspiring rays,  
Shines clear on him who prays.  
Trust! Trust! Trust!

List! List! List!  
Let not the voice be missed  
That whispers in thy soul,  
Its tumult to control,  
And calling to its goal.  
List! List! List!

Rest! Rest! Rest!  
God heareth thy request.  
For not His slave art thou,  
But dear-loved child, and now  
His kiss is on thy brow.  
Rest! Rest! Rest!



# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



1.45

1.50

1.56

1.63

1.71

1.78

1.85

1.92

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1.6



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## MY PRAYER

O God, be near me now,  
My life to Thee I vow.  
I would not be mine own,  
But Thine, and Thine alone.  
My soul and body here I give,  
That in Thy service I may live.

To serve with glowing heart,—  
Be mine this joyful part.  
Not with a servant's fear,  
But as a kinsman dear.  
For Thou dost live within my breast,  
And in Thy service I am blest.

With rapture I would share  
The cross Thy children bear.  
No higher boon I ask  
Than strength to do my task.  
Along life's glorious path I plod,  
To live and labour for my God.

And ever while I pray  
Thy love illumines my way.  
The end my vision reads  
To which Thy Spirit leads.  
By faith I see the joyful hour  
When all shall own Thy love and power.

## THE LOVE OF GOD

"God is love: and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him."—1 John 4:16.

O LOVE, surpassing knowledge,  
I want to know Thee more.  
My eager heart is panting  
Thy glorious heights to soar.  
Thou who hast made my spirit,  
And taught it to aspire,  
Come now and dwell within me,  
And feed its sacred fire.

With joy I read Thy message  
From out the sacred page:  
To Thee the saints bear witness  
In every place and age.  
Thou shinest in the teaching  
That streams from Galilee:  
And most I hear Thee speaking  
In Jesus' agony.

I thank Thee for Thy tokens  
That gild the written Word:  
And, more, that still Thy glory  
In living tones is heard.

## THE LOVE OF GOD

But dwell, my Lord, within me,  
And make my heart Thy rest;  
So shall be kindled ever  
Thy fervour in my breast.

Thy joyful Spirit shining  
Each day within my heart,  
All fear, and sin, and error,  
And weakness shall depart.  
O Love, my Lord, my Father,  
Hear Thou my earnest prayer:  
Teach me to know Thy fulness,  
And in Thy nature share.

For so a living message  
My heart and voice shall thrill,  
To heal the broken-hearted,  
And turn the sinful will:  
My time and strength be given  
In high and sweet employ,  
Until, within the Homeland,  
I share Thy rest and joy.



## OUR REFUGE

THE eternal God is thy refuge,  
And His everlasting arm  
Will shelter thee from the deluge  
Of trouble and sin and alarm.  
The wind and the storm are His servants;  
His providence shines in the light;  
In loyal, unfailing observance  
The stars keep His watch through the night.

The blossom that sweetens the garden,  
And the tiniest flower of the field,  
With their magic power to gladden,  
And the stores of healing they yield,  
Are all the work of our Father;  
They sing of His love and care;  
Then fear no longer, but rather  
The joy of the household share.

O come and rest in His presence,  
All ye that labour and roam;  
And fear not as though ye were servants;  
Ye are children within the home.

## OUR REFUGE

Ye share in its toils and labours,  
Bear the burden to each assigned;  
Oh, come and share in its favours,  
Nor lag as a servant behind.

Thy Father the bitterness knoweth  
That dwells in thy heart each day.  
Oh, lift up thy head while He showeth  
The glory that shines on thy way.  
For the Living God is thy helper,  
And the strength of His mighty arm  
Is the everlasting shelter  
Where His children are safe from harm.

## THE OTHER SIDE OF IT

If you think you've got a mission  
Hearts to bless and souls to save,  
Come and be a missionary;  
Put your scruples in their grave.

Only don't be too conceited,  
Think yourself a little god;  
Lots of jobs you'll have to tackle  
That you'll think are very odd.

This was written by a preacher  
Sweeping up the church-house floor.  
Oh, you can't convince the native  
That the mission-man is poor.

No; he thinks you've lots of money,  
And can pay a double price  
For the little chores he does you.  
Only one thing's cheap—advice.

## SLUMBER-SONG OF THE STEAM- SHIP BABY

(To be sung to the time of the engine throb.)

SLEEP; sleep;  
Rocked in the deep,  
While the seagulls sweep,  
And the fishes weep,  
And the jelly-fish creep,  
Sleep; sleep.

Doze; doze;  
With your dainty toes  
In sweet little rows;  
And the tip of your nose  
In soft repose,  
Doze; doze.

Dream; dream;  
Of a golden gleam  
From a moonland beam,  
That floats on a stream  
Of sugar and cream.  
Dream; dream.

## SLUMBER-SONG OF THE STEAMSHIP BABY

Good-night ;  
Sleep till the light  
Hastens its flight,  
Cheery and bright,  
Waking your sight.  
Good-night.

## THE WATER-BOY

Go and get your dinner, boy,  
Go and get your dinner.  
Run and put your trousers on,  
Oh, you little sinner !

Don't stay paddling like a duck  
In among the fishes.  
Mother called you long ago  
When she laid the dishes.

Put your shoes and stockings on,  
Fast as you are able.  
You will sing another tune  
When you reach the table.

All the pudding will be gone ;  
All the meat and gravy.  
Only bones be left for you,  
Naughty little Davey.

## SOLOMON: A LITTLE INDIAN BOY

SUCH a bright little pair of slanting eyes;  
They are the eyes of Solomon.  
A shining face so funny and wise;  
And it belongs to Solomon.

With huddled form bending over the desk,  
Learning to write is Solomon;  
And his cramped little fingers strain at their task;  
Dear little Siwash Solomon.

But the picture-book is his greatest joy;  
See the sparkling eyes of Solomon  
As he looks at the goose running after the boy;  
It gives lots of fun to Solomon.

And monkeys and lions and elephants all  
Are a great delight to Solomon.  
Unspoilt is he, for no book at all  
Is found in the home of Solomon.

## SOLOMON: A LITTLE INDIAN BOY

"Come and play ah-bles, teacher," he cries;  
Broken English speaks Solomon.  
To hit my shot with vigour he tries,  
For he loves to win, does Solomon.

And he loves to paddle a big canoe;  
Lots of pluck has Solomon.  
And a dip in the river pleases him too;  
"It's fine," thinks nimble Solomon.

Dear little bright-eyed, sunny boy!  
Dear little Siwash Solomon!  
What can the future bring you of joy?  
My heart aches for you, Solomon.

For the old black past, with its deathlike grip,  
Maybe will get my Solomon.  
The savage old ways, I fear, will trip  
And downward cast little Solomon.

O God of love, how long shall it be  
That dear little chaps like Solomon  
Shall be dragged by dark customs away from me?  
O God in heaven, save Solomon!

## SHUSWAP'S SORROW

I'LL tell you a story I've often told  
Of a quaint little man just six years old.  
He lived in an Indian boarding-school  
Where we tried to teach him the white man's rule.

One morning I went to the bedroom door  
To help him dress, as often before.  
But a mournful wailing came to me,  
And I hastened to learn what the cause might be.

A sorrowful picture met my gaze;—  
A poor little woe-begone, tear-stained face;  
And he said, with many a sob and shake,  
“ I fall'd out of bed a-fore I wake.”

To comfort the dear little chap I tried,  
And soon the tears from his cheeks were dried;  
But with deepest reproach in his voice he said,  
“ You didn't tuck me tight in me bed.”



## COFFIN NAILS

WHAT is the blight  
That chases the light,  
And the gleam of joy  
From the eye of a boy?  
It's the cigarette.

Look at the figure!  
Where is its vigour?  
Why does he shuffle  
And amble and scuffle?  
See the cigarette.

Watch him at school,  
Acting the fool.  
Brain all bemuddled,  
Lazy and fuddled  
By the cigarette.

Who does the shirking  
While others are working?  
Who is the loafer?  
The boy that's the smoker  
Of the cigarette.

## COFFIN NAILS

Eyes that are failing;—  
Hearts that are ailing;—  
Youths that are plucked;—  
These are the product  
Of the cigarette.

How can we stop it?  
Get them to drop it?  
Hear, Mr. Man,  
There's only one plan:  
Quit *your* cigarette.

## THE VOICE OF THE TRAIN

This was written by the author to his wife when he had left her for a few weeks to visit a distant tribe of Indians. While he was travelling, the bogie, who lives down among the rolling wheels of the car, talked to him in the manner described below.

WHEN the train had left the station  
And your form was lost to view,  
I, for lack of occupation,  
Sat and dozed, and dreamed of you.

Suddenly I heard a murmur  
Coming from beneath the car,  
Changing slowly—soft, now louder,  
Like a muffled voice afar:

“She’s a darling little woman,  
She’s a darling little woman,  
She’s a darling little woman,”

Said the voice beneath the car.

Soon we passed the level country,  
And the car began to climb.  
Still the strange voice seemed to haunt me,  
Now in sharp staccato time;  
With a deep and earnest accent  
On the third and seventh tone,  
As of one whose task was urgent,  
Toiling sadly and alone:

## THE VOICE OF THE TRAIN

"Little woman—how I love you,  
Little woman—how I love you,  
Little woman—how I love you;"  
This it said in straining tone.

But, when we had reached the summit,  
Quite a change came o'er the voice.  
Now a cheerfulness was in it,  
As of one who could rejoice.  
While it frolicked, danced, and capered,  
Like a buffalo at play,  
Still a message it repeated,—  
This is what I heard it say:

"Dearie, will *you*—come along *too*?  
Dearie, will *you*—come along *too*?  
Dearie, will *you*—come along *too*?"  
How I wished you could obey.

Coming near my destination,  
As I heard the switches clang,  
Lo! the speaker's exultation  
Changed the murmur to a twang.  
And the message that I gathered,  
As we swung from side to side,  
Seemed to be that I was ordered  
Soon to take my homeward ride:

"Time to go *back*—over the *track*,  
Time to go *back*—over the *track*,  
Time to go *back*—over the *track*."  
"True is that," my heart replied.

## THE AUTO-FIEND

Isn't it glorious? Simply grand!  
Here we go scampering over the land.  
Bicycles, horses, clear out of the way!  
Honk! you pedestrians! Honk it! I say.

Look at that farmer! What's wrong with his horse?  
He or the creature is crazy, of course.  
Puppies and chickens, old women and brats,—  
Send them all flying! And death to the cats!

See yonder cyclist. With terror she grips  
Hard at the handles, and wobbles and slips.  
If you've an eye for expressions grotesque  
Ride in an auto. It's most picturesque.

We are the people. Five thousand we've paid  
For the right to make horses and women afraid.  
So away we go speeding, adventures to find,  
And leave all the fear-stricken mortals behind.

## ODD-FELLOWS' HALL

SAY, what is the meaning of all these tricks,—  
A serpent, a coffin, a bundle of sticks;  
A wounded traveller gagged and bound,  
By a strange-looking man of the Orient found;  
A youth who is gathering stones from a brook;  
And a chain of three links wherever I look?

What is the heart in the open hand?  
For what do the skull and the crossbones stand?  
The globe and the axe, the quiver and bow,  
The scythe and the hour-glass—what may they show?  
And the magic letters F. L. T.  
Which are carved or written on all I see?

Who sits in the mighty, curtained chair?  
And what means this strange, mysterious air?  
That open eye with its darting gleams—  
What is the magic in its lines in its beams?  
But for the Bible that stands in the centre  
I'd shudder with awe, and fear to enter.

## ODD-FELLOWS' HALL

Oh, these are the symbols to Odd-fellows known ;  
By these pictures and signs are their sentiments shown.  
Begin, if you will, with the bundle of sticks :  
The bundle is strong, but the single stick breaks ;  
And a lot of good fellows holding together  
Can cheerfully pull through the stormiest weather.

The open hand with the naked heart  
Belongs to each brother who does his part.  
With warmth sincere the stranger he greets ;  
And is ready to help when distress he meets.  
For he lives in the gleam of the All-seeing eye  
Of the God who, with justice, our conduct shall try.

The coffin reminds us of death and the tomb :  
As brothers we labour to soften their gloom.  
When an Odd-fellow dies he is decently buried,  
And we help the widow of him who was married.  
We care for his grave from year to year ;  
And see that his children get Christmas cheer.

The lad with the stones is David, and he  
With Jonathan shows us what FRIENDSHIP should be.  
The Samaritan teaches a LOVE broad and kind  
That reaches beyond the conventional mind.  
While the Bible stands there as the symbol of TRUTH—  
The guide of the nations in age and in youth.

## ODD-FELLOWS' HALL

Now you know the meaning of F. L. T.,  
That is graven on most of the things you see.  
And of these the three links are a visible token  
By which we are known though no word is spoken.  
And they call us the chain-gang because we wear  
The badge of our fellowship everywhere.

And so with every symbol and sign;  
In picture and token our principles shine.  
We are bound to defend the rights of a brother;  
To speak no evil of one another.  
And ever we hold that a friend in need  
Is, above all others, a friend indeed.

So here's to the men of the friendly chain.  
Through the world may our brothers its honour main-  
tain.

May every Odd-fellow a good-fellow be;  
And every good-fellow a brother we'd see.  
For we build on the Rock that shall ever endure,  
While manhood is noble, warm-hearted, and pure.

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NOTE.—Published with the approval of the Grand Master  
and Grand Secretary of the Independent Order of Odd-  
fellows, British Columbia.



## THE MINISTER'S WELCOME

"Root, hog, or die,"  
Said the man to the grunting creature.  
And this was the sage advice  
That welcomed a Methodist preacher.

He had newly come from England  
For mission work in the West,  
With his heart on fire for service;—  
Determined to give his best.

His circuit lay in the Rockies,  
Up in the Crow's Nest pass;  
Where the coal lies hid in the mountains,  
'Neath the sombre evergreen mass.

As the train drew into the station  
A collier stepped to his side,  
And said, with a hearty handshake,  
As he offered to be his guide,

## THE MINISTER'S WELCOME

“ You’ve come to a desperate country,  
As you’ll find out by-and-bye;  
The best advice I can give you  
Is ‘ *Root, hog, or die.* ’ ”

This broad, but well-meant, humour  
Made the man’s heart leap in his breast:  
For the genuine Methodist preacher  
Likes the hardest mission the best.

This was actually the greeting given to a missionary friend of the author’s, when he arrived at his first field in the Rockies.

## WAR, PAST AND PRESENT

IN bygone, dim, primeval days,  
When knives were made of flint;  
And men were smeared, in strangest ways,  
With paint of varied tint:

Axes and hammers made of stone,  
And boats of hollowed trees;  
Daggers and fish-hooks carved from bone,  
The hunter's taste to please:

Your house would then have been a hole  
Dug in the mountain-side;  
For men and women, like the mole,  
Were free from modern pride.

No King or President had they  
To rule them in their cave;  
The duty with the father lay  
To make the boys behave.

And when the youngsters, big and raw,  
Spread out to other caves,  
The father's word was still the law  
Among his hairy braves.

## WAR, PAST AND PRESENT

Now, when his tribe grew strong and tall,  
They robbed their weaker neighbours;  
Nor thought it wrong to capture all  
The product of their labours.

But when the weaker tribes at length  
Were moved to desperation,  
They said they would unite their strength,  
And so they formed a nation.

This plan was copied far and wide  
For mutual self-defence;  
But soon the stronger nations tried  
A fighting game immense.

The village brawl and tribal fight  
Gave place to deeds of war;  
Their armies, holding might was right,  
Rejoiced in battle gore.

For war the mother bred her boy;  
For war men trained their youth;  
To die in battle was their joy;  
Courage was more than truth.

And many heroic deeds were done  
By mighty men of yore;  
And many a glorious victory won  
As told in ancient lore.

## WAR, PAST AND PRESENT

And much was gained they never sought,  
For warfare was the school  
In which the God of Battles taught  
The nations how to rule.

The nation that would win in fight  
Must guard and train its lads;  
And they did best who could unite,  
And lay aside their fads.

So hard experience made them wise,  
And discipline was learned;  
Leaders were honoured; their eyes,  
And craven hearts were spurned.

And not alone these virtues flame  
In every warlike nation;  
But letters gained from deeds of fame  
Their highest inspiration.

The poet's song and writer's pen  
Discoursed in words of fire  
The noble deeds of noble men,  
To stir the high desire.

Their glowing records live and burn  
With undiminished light;  
And in their story we may learn  
To nerve our hearts for fight.

## WAR, PAST AND PRESENT

But is the warrior-spirit fled  
That fired the hero bold?  
Do we admire the mighty dead  
While our own hearts are cold?

No! No! We seek not fields of gore  
Where we may rise to fame.  
We've learnt to hate the battle-roar,  
Its curse of steel and flame.

No more we glory in the fight;  
We scorn the lust for blood.  
No more we hold that might is right,  
And murder blessed by God.

But now we hear a battle-cry  
That calls to bravest action,  
Where every warrior-soul may try  
To aid the nobler faction.

Not men we fight, but foes of men;  
The ancient wrongs intrenched;  
The loathsome sins that haunt the den  
Where manhood's fire is quenched.

The greed that fattens on the sweat  
And blood of toiling mothers;  
Or spreads with horrid craft a net  
To catch the weaker brothers.

## WAR, PAST AND PRESENT

Evils that blight the strength of youth  
And make its promise vain:  
The fiends that quench the light of truth  
With falsehood's ghastly train.

Is there a soul that seeks renown  
Surpassing ancient story?  
Let him arise and strike these down,  
And win the greater glory.

