

Doems

WYNOR F. ELKINGTON

Poems

by GAYNOR E. ELKINGTON

A TALE OF A LONELY HOMESTEAD

Deep blue were her eyes, red-gold her hair; she could count but
twenty years;
The tender bloom on her rounded cheek had scarce felt the
dew of tears;
And he was only three years older, bronzed by the sun,
brown eyed;
His curly crop of crisp brown hair was a joy to his youthful
bride.
Two years he had toiled on his lonely ranch, forty miles from
railroad or town,
With a picture engraven on his heart—a girl in a soft white
gown,
Her hands imprisoned in his own, clasped firm, as he told his
love;
A wondrous light in her steadfast eyes as he kissed her
unreproved.
He told her he had little to offer but the labour of sinewy hands;
He saw no prospect before him in England, but away in the
West there were lands
Waiting for those with courage to claim them and if she could
trust him and come
Beyond the roll of the great Atlantic, in the West they would
make their home.
And then, for two long years, he left her and only two days
had gone
Since the kindly priest in the little town, tied the knot that
made them one.
And Graham's friend, his nearest neighbour, who lived about
six miles away,
Had driven them home in his *demo-crat* at the close of a long
June day.
The prairie blazed beneath a glow of glorious sunset light,
And the distant Rockies towered above them, their crowns of
eternal white,
Transformed by the burning kiss of the sun, to Love's own
rosy crown,
While lost in the folds of the foot-hills trailed the fringe of
their purple gown.
And now, with arms entwined, they stood at the door of their
three-roomed shack—

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Ordeal of Love

Their palace of love, a low log cabin, and gazed where the
land rolled back
Wave upon wave, forever upward, to the wondrous rose-lit
crown,
And they knew they had reached the height of heights and
claimed Love's wreath as their own.

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So there, on the homestead, they toiled together and swiftly
the year swept on:
To Evelyn most of the work was new and often she longed
for one
To show her how she best might do it, for tho' she rose with
the sun,
The days were all too short for the work that never seemed
wholly done

.

Then Winter swept the sunburnt prairie; the air was thick
with snow;
The mercury many and many a time went down to forty
below.
But Evelyn never made complaint, for love takes the rough
with the smooth,
But when she saw that he was anxious on her account she'd
soothe
With loving words of reassurance, telling him they would go
Across the diamond-scattered plains—long leagues of the blue-
white snow—
To the little town where they were married; there she would
have every care;
For the treasure they so soon expected, must be born to them
there:
But even if anything, unforeseen, should prevent their leaving
home,
The clever, kind-hearted Swedish woman had promised that
she would come:
To be sure the Oleson's ranch was over twenty-two miles away
But Roger's was little more than six, and anytime—night or
day—
He'd do anything in the world to help them: Graham must
ride to the shack,
Roger would fly to fetch Mrs. Oleson, and he could come
galloping back.
And so her brave words cheered her husband, and they talked
of the days to come

And the dear past days, in the land they loved, the land that
they still called "Home";
Of her Father busy with Aramaic and ancient Hebrew lore;
The influence of her gentle Mother—the Angel of the poor;
The lane that led by the Rectory gate, where the elms met
overhead,
Loud with the windy clamour of rooks, as they winged their
way to bed,
Mingling with the rushing sound of the water over the weir,
Ere it sped along the deep mill-race to the old mill standing
there,—
The old red mill with its moss-grown tiles and great dripping
water wheel,
Windows and doors all white with the dust of the white-
haired miller's meal.
Then he spoke of the roses that she loved and had tended with
such skill:—
Did she remember the first he had begged? that rose—he
treasured it still!
And then of the wood where the snowdrops grew, the first
pale promise of Spring,
In the dear old home they'd be blooming now; and the thrushes
beginning to sing.
And they looked across the sunlit plains, remembering the time
of the year,
And he smiled at her thought, that beneath the snow, the
Spring was hiding near,
Waiting to welcome the tender life—the life that was his
and hers,
That the Giver of Life, gave that their Life, might live in the
distant years.

But tho' the short days were bright with the sun, the wind
was bitterly keen;
Such a Winter as this, men said, for years and years there had
not been.
Then there came a snap of fearful cold, more awful than any
before.
A splash from the pail, by the kitchen stove, was frozen upon
the floor:
And Evelyn slipped. When Graham found her she was lying
faint and white.
His heart seemed to stop and miss a beat, in his agony of fright.
He drew a cot close up to the stove and tenderly laid her down,

While the awful thought swept over him—"The nearest
Doctor, in Town!"

He saw that she was suffering greatly and knew he must ride
to the shack;

Get Roger to go to Westerwick Ranch and bring Mrs. Oleson
back;

He wrapped her closely in blankets and rugs and piled the
stove with wood;

He put a supply close to her hand—did everything that he could
To ease her in her sore discomfort, then kissed her wistful face,
And softly closed the door behind him as he braced himself
for a race:

His good Brown Bess must bear him now as no horse had
done before:

Thro' a whirl of dust-dry snow she galloped till he checked
her at Roger's door.

But long ere he reached the shack his heart grew sick with a
new-born fear;

No blue reek rose above the roof, proclaiming his friend was near:
Before he burst the door he knew he should find all cold and
bare,

But Roger always kept a slate and jotted his doings there;
And this was the writing that he read: "Tired of the beastly
cold;

Can't stand it any longer alone; am off on the three-year-old
To Jackson's Ranch—will be back long before you take Evelyn
up to Town."

He tightened the cinch and galloped away, his brow set hard
in a frown.

From between his clenched teeth came the words: "Ah God!
must I leave her alone?"

As mile after mile of dazzling snow flew by, there seemed to
be One

Who kept pace with him, on a great white steed,—that he felt
the chill of his breath;

And it seemed to him he was riding a race with the awful form
of Death.

He scarce felt the stinging whip of the wind as it cut across
his face;

Bending low in the saddle and cheered the mare;—"Oh God!
can she keep the pace?"

As he slipped from his staggering beast and reeled, half blind,
to the Oleson's door,

Thro' his dizzy brain there suddenly flashed: "She'll carry me no more!"

Mrs. Oleson, knitting by the stove, looked up as he neared the gate—
What madman was it, rode like this?—his horse in such pitiful state!
Then, recognizing Graham Grant, she called,—“Be as quick as you can!
O, Oscar! hitch up our fastest team, for Graham's a desperate man;
My heart misgives me when I think of the state of his poor young wife.
He has almost killed the mare that he loved; it must be to save her life!”

Few were the words they spoke as they flew over the wintry waste.
The squeak of the runners rank loud in their ears, yet despite their desperate haste,
The gold and the green and the turquoise blue, aflame in the Western sky,
Were beginning to fade and the light grew dim as mile after mile flew by.
And it seemed to him that the spectral form that rode alongside before,
Was leading, now, and would be the first to enter his cabin door.

Like a winding sheet lay the dead-white snow around his little shack;
No gleam of light sent its warm welcome forth—the window panes were black:
The only sign that there was of life was the mournful, dreary sound
That came from the stable—the long-drawn howl of his good *coyote* hound.
“Evelyn!” he cried. Silence answered him—and the sound of his own sharp breath.
No voice could awaken the Mother and babe from their dreamless sleep of death.

The eyes of the Woman were blinded with tears as she did what could be done.

But save for the heavy, painful beat, Graham's heart seemed
ice or stone;
The scorching heat within his brain dried the tears that should
have come;
No prayer, no cry from his cracked lips came—both body and
soul were dumb.

A DAUGHTER OF THE PHARAOHS

She walked beside the river brink
Among her maidens fair;
Her lovely eyes were sorrow dimmed,
Unwonted tears were there:
With gems and gold her locks were bound;
Her clinging, broidered dress
Reveal'd the charm of gracious curves
And slender suppleness:
Fair as a daughter of the Gods,
Along the way she passed.
Her heart was full of bitter pain,
The joy of life o'ercast:
The shrieks of a Hebrew slave she'd heard
For her dear slaughtered child,
Slain by stern Pharaoh's harsh command;
That anguish fierce and wild—
Rang in her ears and seared her heart,
She could not still the sound;
Her maids had played and sung to her;
That cry their music drowned.
Peace by her bathing pool she'd seek;
Stretched there, aloud she'd pray
Dear Mother Isis, mercifully,
To take her hurt away.
The river's music soothed her soul—
Isis her prayer would hear—
Then came from the shivering reeds, a sound
That turned her hope to fear;
'Twas not the mother's maddened cry;
'Twas the helpless infant's wail!
She stopped her ears and closed eyes,
While horror left her pale:

Again she listened—called her maids,
 They heard the woeful sound,
 And there, among the sedge and reeds,
 A wondrous thing they found:—

A tiny barque of woven rush,
 Within it, flushed and fair,
 Still rosy from his balmy sleep,
 A tearful babe lay there:

She took him in her tender arms,
 Compassion filled her heart;
 "I'll save thee, sweet one," whispered she,
 "So shall I heal my smart:

"Thy Mother knows my piteous mood,
 She trusts thee to me, dear,
 Her silent supplication pleads
 For the babe she may not rear."

"I'll call thee by a name that means
 Drawn up from out the water—
 No slave, a prince, dear boy, thou'lt be—
 The son of Pharaoh's Daughter."

QUAMICHAN LAKE

January 4th, 1910.

Deep and loud the ice is booming on the frozen mere;
 Sweet and sharp the skates are ringing, ringing blithe and clear;
 Down below the banks of bracken, beyond the frozen reeds,
 No more laps the laughing water where the mallard breeds.

Nor do its untroubled waters mirror the blue sky,
 With soft floating, fleecy cloudlets; pine trees dark and high
 Show no more, their spires inverted; maples cast no gold,
 In great sheaves of burnished splendour within its deep
 stronghold.

Now the lake is locked in silence, but the hills, pine-clad,
 Echo back the skaters' laughter as if they, too, were glad;
 And like blazing eye of Cyclops, as the daylight wanes,
 Glows the log-pile where the woodsman, chopping, toils
 and strains.

For the land is his possession, which he must subdue,
 Turn the forest into furrow—get a wider view
 Of the further snow-clad mountains, bath'd in mellow light
 By the sun, who'll kiss them rosy ere he bids good-night.

IN MEMORIAM J. F.

*"Whosoever doeth the will of God, the same is My brother
and My sister."*

One of Christ's "sisters" has gone home today;
A child of God, though as the world counts time
A worn old woman, who was wont to pray
To be made worthy of the name sublime
Which she had borne for five-and-eighty years;
A "Christian," meekly treading the straight path
That leads to Life Eternal. Let no tears
Then dim the eyes of those around the hearth,
Whom most she loved and loves forevermore,
In that blest place where she has found a home;
For naught save Love can pass within that door
Or hear the voice of Him who bade her come
Say: "Enter, faithful one, enjoy with Me
Eternal life, My death obtain'd for thee."

A CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR POEM

With Best Wishes for Christmas and the New Year.
From—

Our hearts are turning from the quiet peace
Of pine-clad mountains and blue, land-locked sea;
Are turning from the maple's golden glow
And rose and crimson of the dogwood trees,
Bathed in warm sunshine, this October day;
Are turning from it all, to you, who fight
Far, far away in Flanders or in France,
Or on the troubled waters of the deep,
Or under burning skies in Eastern lands;
To you, amid the deafening roar of guns
And nameless horrors of the Kaiser's war;
To you, who make yourselves a living wall
To guard the liberties of all the world.
In reverence and love we turn to you,
And pray that God may grant a great reward
To you, our Heroes:—His most blessed peace
Both now and ever; and a glad return
To your most dear ones; to live out your days
In joy and gladness, seeing far and wide
The peace, you fought for, blessing all mankind.

October, 1917.

MENTAL TROUBLE, CLOUDING THE FAITH
OF AN AGED SAINT

O cruel Grief, O Trouble of the Mind,
Why dost thou fall on one well stricken in years,
Drowning dim eyes in floods of scalding tears,
Till agony has left them almost blind?
Why after years of trust, press thou, the rind—
The bitter rind of dread and ceaseless fears—
Against those trembling lips, till there appears
No hope in Life or Death of any kind?

O leave that soul, so crystal-clear before—
So full of Faith, of Hope and Charity,—
Then shall the sight be strong again to see
The Saviour's hand held out in deathless love;
The soul rest satisfied—serene once more—
Full of the love that nothing can remove.

“O LOVE, IMMORTAL AND UNCHANGING”

O Love, how is it that the songs
The Poets of thee sing,
So oft bemoan thy faithlessness
With melancholy ring?

For Love, if thou indeed be love,
Tho' ruin round thee spread,
Thou wilt but show more gloriously,
More nobly lift thy head.

Tho' all else perish, thou wilt live
Unchang'd, Immortal thing,
Untouch'd by taint of faithlessness:
True Love, to thee I cling,

Knowing that tho' the way be dark,
And dim with tears mine eyes,
If I hold fast to thy strong hand,
Thro' darkness I shall rise

To that great light—more bright than day,
That floods the realms above,
That never wavers, fades nor fails,—
The Light of Perfect Love.

A WANDERER FROM A DISTANT LAND

A wanderer from a distant land,
 I come to see the "Old
 Dear Mother Country" that I love,
 With love that can't grow cold.

The beauty of it fills me now—
 Strong beauty, almost pain—
 Thrown out against a dark background
 Of misery's black stain.

Hunger and crime and countless poor,
 Rub shoulders with the rich;
 "The King's own way" is even stain'd
 By this dark, deadly pitch.

Then Memory leads me back again,
 To that far land I love;
 I hear the murmur of the pines
 Breath'd o'er me from above;

And see how every tiny cross,
 On branches reaching far,
 Is pointing upward to the light
 That streams from sun and star.

The Star of Hope shines bright and clear,
 Down endless fields of space,
 Undimm'd by that curs'd veil of gold,
 Men fling o'er Heaven's fair face.

Blest Island—home beyond the seas—
 Scarce touch'd by human hand;
 God's background there—sky, sea and trees:
 Lord, make us understand

The priceless jewel Thou hast given;
 O, make us true and strong
 To use, and not abuse, Thy gift;
 Love righteousness—hate wrong.

 "I CAST MYSELF ON THEE"

Into Thy hands, O Lord,
 I cast myself, and feel
 Thy everlasting arms
 Are strong to help and heal.

To Thy dear Cross I cling,
Thy cruel cross of love,
The true and perfect sign
That God came from above.

Thy weakness gives me strength;
Thy anguish draws me near.
O Christ, "How long! how long!"
Lord, in Thy mercy hear.

Give me a childlike heart,
Unquestioned trust in Thee,
Strong faith in one I love,
Alone can set me free:—

Then shall I see, dear Christ,
The golden, gleaming path,
The little thread of light
That flows from Heaven to earth.

The shadow'd vale of Death,
Where Horror dwells alone,
Will seem an easy way
That leads me to Thy throne.

There shall I leave the robe,
Earth-worn and soil'd by sin,
And when I reach the door,
Thou'lt welcome me within.

THE FEET OF "THE CHRIST"

O, how beautiful are the feet of Him
Who brought glad tidings to this weary earth!
Oft soiled and hot with travelling o'er the road
That led Him ever nearer to His Cross;
Washed once by her, who bore the stain of sin,
With scalding tears, which as they fell washed clean
His aching feet and her poor wounded soul;
Bow'd there, before His feet, she worshipped Him
And ceaseless kisses shower'd upon His feet.

O, glorious feet, that bear the print of nails,
Which only held because of Thy great love,
To Thee I cling, scarce daring to look up
With eyes made dim by tears, to Thy strong arms
Stretched wide to draw all creatures to Thy feet!

SONNET, ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND

O wind, cease moaning for a little space!
 Cease wailing that the world is dark and cold!
 Why keep on sighing: "Empty is her place;"
 What earth yet holds of her earth must enfold;
 The home she loved is now left desolate
 And hearts are breaking, since her's ceased to beat."
 Why whisper to the flowers: "Ye bloom too late,
 No more o'er you she'll bend and call ye sweet"?

Her loving eyes—tender and full of mirth,
 Sleep, 'neath their quiet lids, their long last sleep,
 Love's memory alone is left to earth;
 What can ye do, ye mournful winds, but weep
 And breathe a sobbing echo of a woe
 Too deep for tears, which love alone can know?

H Y M N

Jesu, Saviour, make me ready—
 Ready to obey Thy call;
 Bid me place my hand in Thy hand,
 Then I shall not faint nor fall.

Lead me o'er the storm-swept uplands—
 Through the mist, or I am lost;
 Let me see Thy nail-pierced footprints,
 On the summit Thou hast crossed.

Should'st Thou lead me through sweet meadows,
 Where broad waters meet the tide,
 Let me not forget Thy presence,
 Hold me closer to Thy side.

Bear me o'er the last great river,
 Where dark waves and mists unite—
 In Thine arms as if in slumber,
 Then awake me—Light of Light!

When the cloak of night enfolds me
 And thick mists and waves unite,
 O'er the flood in slumber bear me,
 Then awake me—Light of Light!

SONNET

"How Do I Love Thee?"

O Love, my Love:—"How do I love thee, Love?"
 With all the strength that love itself can give;
 With all my will throughout the years I live
 Upon the earth and afterward to prove
 Love stronger e'en than Death, tho' it remove
 Thy circling arm; with love that can forgive
 Itself forgot, for love will self outlive.
 Boundless, yet powerless is my love to rove.

Ask of my love the service most extreme,
 For love when serving most rejoiceth most;
 And may the measure, my beloved, atone
 For aught else that I lack. Yet hear my boast:—
 I cannot give to thee this gift supreme,
 For what was mine—is evermore thine own.

ALONE, ALONE ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP

Alone, alone on the mountain top, alone, my Lord and I;
 The fathomless depth of azure space our splendid canopy;
 A curtain of the scented pines enfolds our privacy
 Within a grassy space of flowers: He comes unexpectedly;

I feel His Presence very close—close as the breath I draw—
 My heart and soul with rapture fill and joyous wondering awe:
 With soundless praise and wordless prayer, I worship and adore,
 And peace, that passeth knowledge, fills my being more and
 more . . .

For in the light of Eternal Love, I feel no sense of sin,
 For He has cleansed the thoughts of my heart and made it
 clean within—
 He the Vine and I the branch, and Vine and branch are kin,
 And through the wine of His dear veins eternal life I win . . .

Whether this close communion was for a moment or an hour,
 I scarce can tell: but this I know:—the Infinite Love and
 Power
 That numbers the hairs upon my head; illumines sun and star,
 Called the mountain from the deep; breathes fragrance from
 the flower.

A PRAYER FOR THE QUEEN MOTHER,
ALEXANDRA

Heavenly Father, in Thy mercy, comfort her in this dark hour,
She whom Sorrow's hand hath stricken, bowed and bruised
like storm-swept flower.

England mourns her good King Edward, Alexandra, Queen
and wife,
Broken-hearted, in her anguish weeps for him who shared
her life.

May the love of all her people, surging t'ward her wave on
wave,
Reach her heart, with this great message—Love beats on
beyond the grave.

"THY FLOWERS"

Dear Lord, I cannot tend Thy flowers as I was wont to do;
Thy precious, peaceful, perfect flowers, which Thou in love
dost strew
With lavish hand, o'er this Thy stool, on which Thy feet
do rest—
Flowers clothed in more glorious garb than earth's great kings
are dressed.

My God, I gathered in Thy flowers and hedged them with
my love
Within a garden round my home; Lord, in that land above,
Grant I may find a little plot, far from the streets of gold,
And strength to plant bright, heavenly flowers and love them
as of old,

I loved earth's bright and starry flowers, that needed my
fond care
And grew in beauty through my love; grant love be needed
there
Among tall lilies, purely white, and flowers of rainbow hue,
Soft, tender flowers, with bending stems, and glistening drops
of dew.

And may Thy gentle Mother come and see the work I've done;
Gather my flowers in her dear hands to weave them for her Son;
Then take my hand in her bless'd hand and lead me to the place
Where Thou, O Christ, art throned in light, that I may see
Thy face

Shine, with the light of Thy great love, on her, Thy Mother
 dear;
 Take my sweet flowers, which she has brought and bid me,
 too, draw near.
 No thought of fear shall touch me then in that strong light
 of love,
 But adoration, praise—and thanks for Thy flowers, that
 bloom above.

“PEACE”

How many things we mean by one word, “Peace”;
 Sometimes, no more than war’s most bitter end;
 Ambitious, dizzy height, gain’d after toil;
 While laying down the worn life’s weary load,
 Alone means “Peace,” to many a tired soul.
 Another finds the Heart of Peace within
 Nature’s still places, far from haunts of men;
 Yet in that tranquil world, war wageth still:
 It cannot touch him, for his heart is fill’d
 With all the grandeur of the glorious Earth;
 The Everlasting Hills, the murmuring pines,
 Deep blue of sky and deeper blue of sea;
 These fill his soul with deepest love of God,
 And dimly shadow forth that blessed Peace,
 The Peace which passeth understanding here,
 The Peace of God, which all shall know at last.

LOVE IS LIGHT’S BRIGHTEST BEAM!

Love is light’s brightest beam!
 Love is a cleansing stream!
 What does it do
 For me or you?
 It lights our darkest place
 And bathes our tear-stain’d face;
 It is our saving grace.
 Without it we are dead,
 Shut in our narrow bed,
 Where all is dark
 And we lie stark,
 Waiting for them that dwell
 Where the lost angels fell
 Deeper to dig our hell.

"EDWARD THE PEACEMAKER"

Low lies the head that wore the splendid crown
 Of Britain's Empire. Low is bow'd the head
 That loves the Empire; for the gracious King,
 "Edward the Peacemaker," is with the dead.

The Father of his people and their friend;
 He strove, and not in vain, to keep the peace
 Among the Powers; incessantly to keep
 Union within the Empire, nor did cease

His kingly task till Deaths' dark shadow fell,
 With sudden chill, across his busy day;
 He knew the summons of the King of kings,
 And those who watch'd around him heard him say:—

"This is the end" . . . "I think that I have done
 My duty." Lord, we pray that he who wore
 "By grace of God" earth's greatest crown, may wear,
 Thro' Christ, a heavenly crown forevermore.

SONG

Come thro' the smiling sunshine,
 Or thro' the sombre wood,
 Come and make all things perfect,
 Thou crown of all things good!

I see thee in the sunshine;
 I feel thee in the breeze;
 I hear thy rippling laughter
 In Summer's dancing seas.

I see thee in the shadow,
 And every soft, sweet sound
 Whispers of thy dear presence;
 Where peace alone is found.

Come, for my heart is lonely—
 It beats with half a beat;
 Come, for thine own is lonely
 Till on mine it beats—my sweet!

"MILTON"

O, Milton! being blind more clearly thou
Could'st see the things that are not of the earth!
The windows of thy body being dark
Thou turn'st to the strong light within thy soul,
And saw the highest Heavens and lowest Hell
And all the mysteries that lie between,—
To thy illumined soul, scarce mysteries;
And gave to eyes unclouded, save by dust—
The whirling dust of life's incessant cares,
That hardly for the cloud can trace the heavens
Or see the abyss that yawns beneath their feet,—
In measured music of majestic verse,
Unheard through all the ages until thine,
Nor heard again, since Death benumb'd thy lips—
The Vision, in thy blindness, clear to thee.

LORD OF ALL

Lord of Death, of Love, of Life,
Help us, Jesus, through the strife
Of our journey, sad and lone,
O'er life's desert to Thy throne.

Here we struggle, pant and pray,
Loning that our night were day;
Christ, who struggled more than we,
Show the light that guides to Thee!

Only Thou canst bring us in,
Frèed from all life's dust and sin,
Pardoned, cleansed, redeemed by Thee,
Victors, through Thy victory.

IMPRISONED SONG

O for a Poet's power and tongue of gold,
To give expression to what fills my soul
Almost to bursting forth in song, till cold
Against the closed door of my lips it knocks;
Sinking again dissatisfied and foiled,
Unable yet to ope and pay the toll
Of gates held fast by dry and rusty locks.

What joy 'twould be if song could burst them wide
 And with a flood of music, wave on wave,
 Fill all the silence that my dumbness made,
 With ringing measure, not mere rhythmic sound—
 Poor soulless echo of my own poor pride—
 But with the rushing music sweet Love gave
 Pour Love's own song, thro' lips by Love unbound.

A SUMMER DAWN

Maple Cove, Vancouver Island

O changing, everlasting changing sea!
 This moment, wondrous dreamlike mystery;
 Thin, filmy mist of rainbow-tinted hue,
 Lifting, as light and warmth of sun pierce through;
 Rising from out a deeper depth of mist,
 This instant by the sunbeams lightly kissed,
 There comes a fairy Island wrapped in haze,
 Each moment growing clearer as I gaze;
 The heavens above throw down a cloak of blue—
 Deep blue, with scattered diamonds flashing true
 The sunlight tangled in each tiny wave,
 Dancing onward the shadowed beach to lave;
 Now comes thy swinging sea song, sweet and clear,
 Caught by the listening pines, which, as they hear,
 Send back in whispers what they've learnt from thee—
 Dawn's Summer song of throbbing ecstasy!

SONG

O, I know a garden full of dainty flowers,
 Where I love to linger through the sunny hours
 Of the month of roses, the balmy month of June,
 When the nodding flower-bells ring in perfect tune
 To the singing of my heart, among the flowers.
 There tall lilies shimmer, snowy-white and sweet,
 And there great roses glow, reflecting light and heat;
 Cool green mignonette perfumes the fragrant air,
 But the Flower that's fairest tends the others there,
 And my heart is calling, calling to thee, Sweet!
 Dear one, come and make your garden quite complete!
 Come, for I am waiting by the old oak seat!
 All the flowers are sweet, but none so sweet as thou;
 Love's red, red rose, I bring to bind upon thy brow,
 Bid me crown thee Queen—then the garden is complete.

A SESTINA

I see her now as on that perfect night
 Beneath the rosy Harvest-moon; the hour
Was full of glory and for us more bright
 Than high noon-tide; the sleepy lily flower,
Its heavy scented head all silvery light,
 Breath'd perfume o'er the threshold of her bower.

She came, my Lady, from her jasmine bower
 And turn'd the darkness of my life to light;
She fairer was than rose or lily flower
 And lent new radiance to the radiant night;
Her eyes, lit with the wonder of that hour,
 Were as the dreaming stars, serene and bright.

No thought of past or future dimm'd the bright
 Glad present of our meeting by her bower;
The past was gone forever—like last night;
 The future, folded close as poppy flower
That waits the first hot kiss of golden light,
 To flaunt its beauty thro' the sunlit hour.

To us, the joy of Eden came that hour;
 We trod the paths of Paradise that night.
Within the leafy shadow of her bower
 A ray, divine, shone clear as crystal bright,
Waking the sleeping bud of sweet Love's flower
 To perfect blossom by its own pure light.

With burning hearts—lit by Love's own great light,
 Thrilling to that sweet anguish from the bower,
Where sang the nightingale, who shuns the bright
 And garish day, loving the moonlit hour,
Our hearts together whisper'd "Good, good-night,
 Sweet with the breath of Love's eternal flower."

Fairer than Summer noon, bedeck'd with flower,
 Was the soft splendour of the moon's full light,
A silvery glamour lay o'er mead and bower
 Making the shining laurel leaves more bright.
An echo of the rapture of that hour,
 Throbb'd in the little brown bird's throat that night.

The cold moonlight falls on a ruin'd bower;
 Beneath her beam no lily flower shines bright;
Yet memory, tonight, gives back that hour.

"MOTHERHOOD"

Darling, darling baby,
Take my willing hand;
Draw me back to childhood;
Make me understand

All thy needs and troubles;
The golden joys of sand;
For I'm no true Mother
Till I understand.

As thy hand grows stronger,
I'd still come with thee,
"Understanding" always;
"Mother," then, I'll be.

"A LULLABY"

Sleep, dear one, sleep—
The birds have gone to rest—
Close thy bright eyes,
That match the skies;
Sleep on thy Mother's breast;
Sleep,—baby,—sleep.

Sleep, dear one, sleep—
The stars are all aglow,
Their bright, bright eyes,
From out the skies,
Watch o'er thy sleep below:
Sleep,—baby,—sleep.

Sleep, dear one, sleep—
The flowers nod dreamily,
They've closed their eyes
Till sunlit skies
Awake both them and thee:
Sleep,—baby,—sleep.

Sleep, dear one, sleep—
Thine Angel bends o'er thee
His love-lit eyes,
Deep as the skies,
And guards my babe for me:
Sleep,—baby,—sleep.