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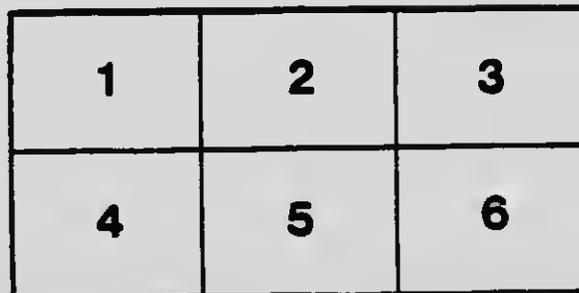
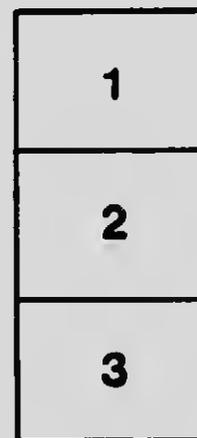
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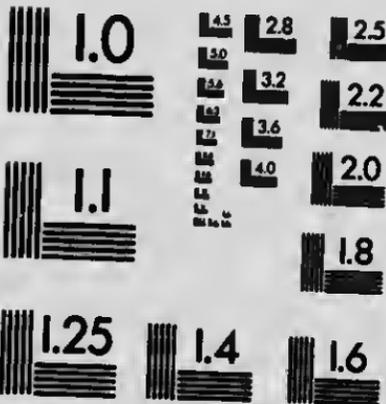
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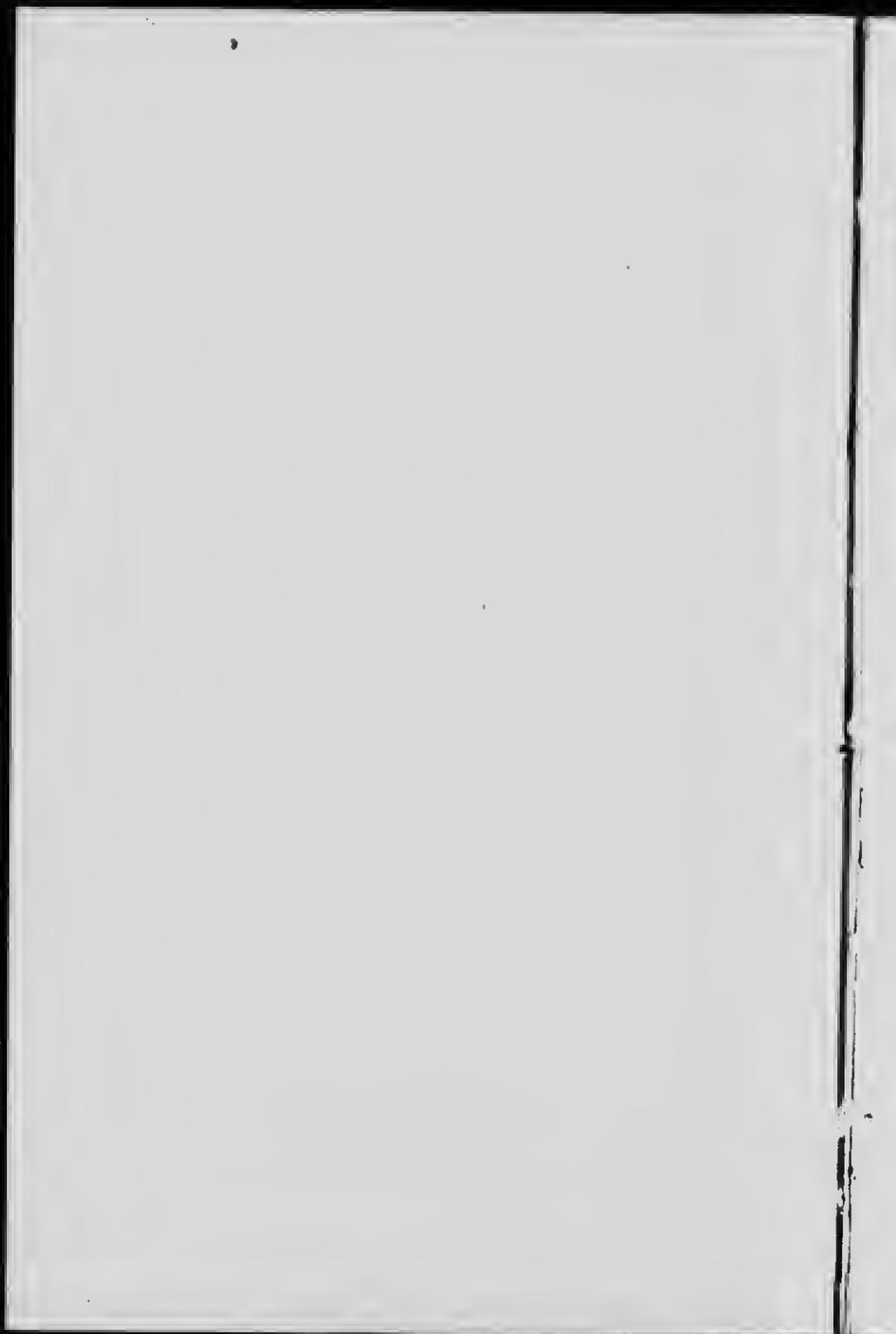


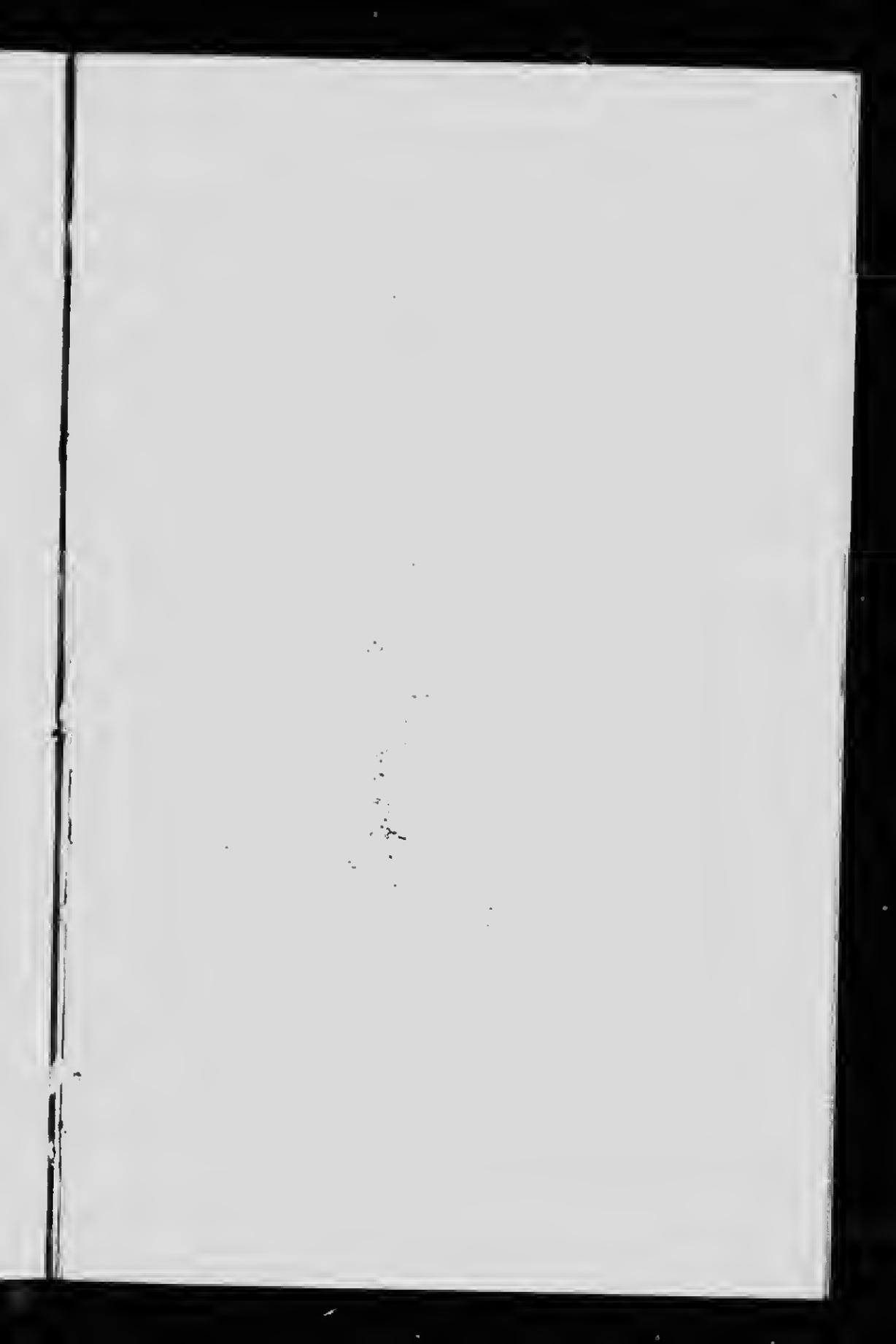


AUTUMN
LEAVES



M. A. MAITLAND







Amercely Jones
M. A. Maitland

AUTUMN
LEAVES

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Annally Jones
M. S. McCallister

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M. A. MAITLAND

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Autumn Leaves



OVER the earth they drift to-day,
Gold and crimson and russet brown,
Flecked and spattered, as though in play
Nature had thrown her colors down.

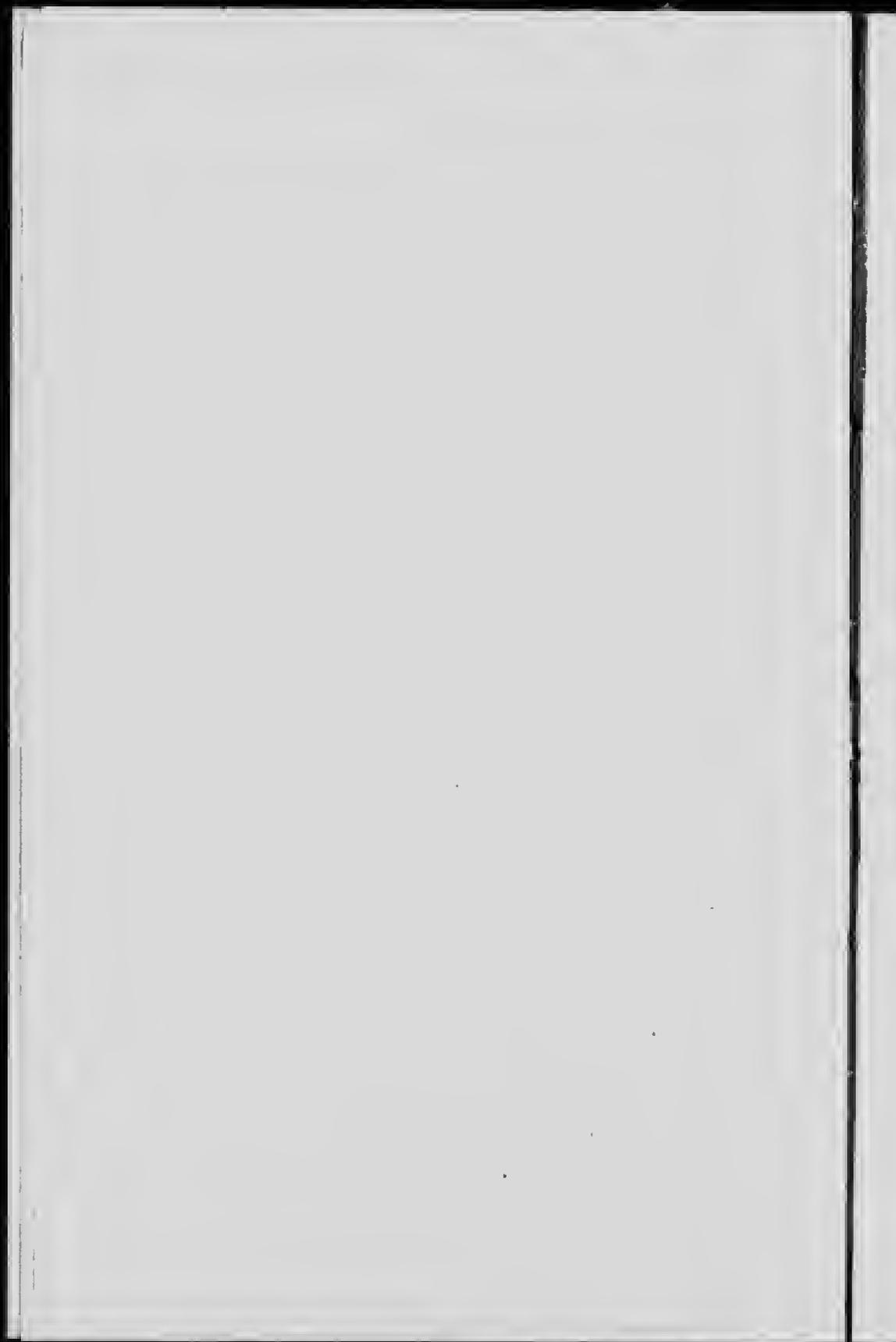
Swept and whirled to the miry street,
See them in loathsome channels lie.
Cleft and trodden by ruthless feet—
Careless feet of the passers by.

Crushed till beauty and form are lost !
Crushed with never a thought of pain !
Yea, with this from a light lip tossed,
“Spring and summer will come again !”

Even here where the willow grieves
O'er the harvest “the Reaper” keeps,
Wind in billows the rustling leaves—
Wind and drift where my darling sleeps !

While I press them with tender feet,
Something whispers amid my pain,
Words I heard in the distant street—
“Spring and summer will come again !”





“ 'Tis Summer all the Year ”

An Autumn Idyl

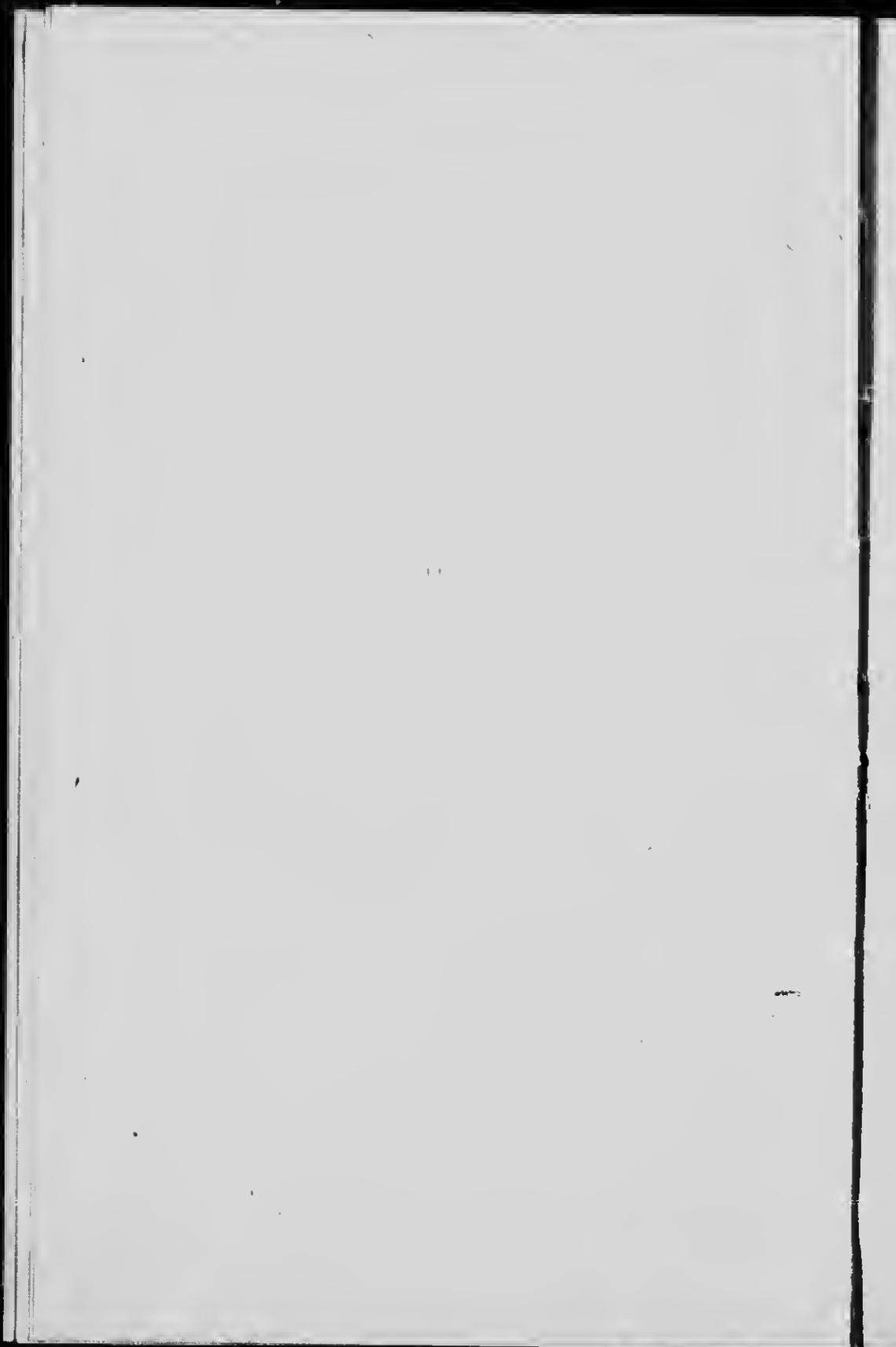


AND now a maid in russet gown
Treads o'er the wiry grass;
The last lone flowers their heads hang down,
Grief-bowed, to see her pass;
The trellised vines dejected swing
In tassels brown and sere,
Yet there be joyous hearts that sing--
“ 'Tis summer all the year ! ”

The song birds hear the chilling “ hush ! ”
And straight their carols close ;
And blight falls on the parent bush,
That rocked the fragrant rose ;
The trees their gorgeous tresses fling
To deck sweet summer's bier,
And yet glad hearts rejoicing sing--
“ 'Tis summer all the year ! ”

The autumn winds may rave and shout,
Till hoarse their voices be,
The frost may chill the world without,
And reign o'er wood and lea ;
But naught of change can seasons bring
To Love's immortal sphere,
For in the hearts where Love is king
“ 'Tis summer all the year ! ”





As the Years are Going by

ONWARD, like a mighty river,
Sweeping, surging to the sea,
Time is speeding, hasting ever,
Onward to Eternity;
Bearing good ships, treasure-laden,
Drifting wrecks that shattered lie,
Onward to the shore eternal,
As the years are going by.

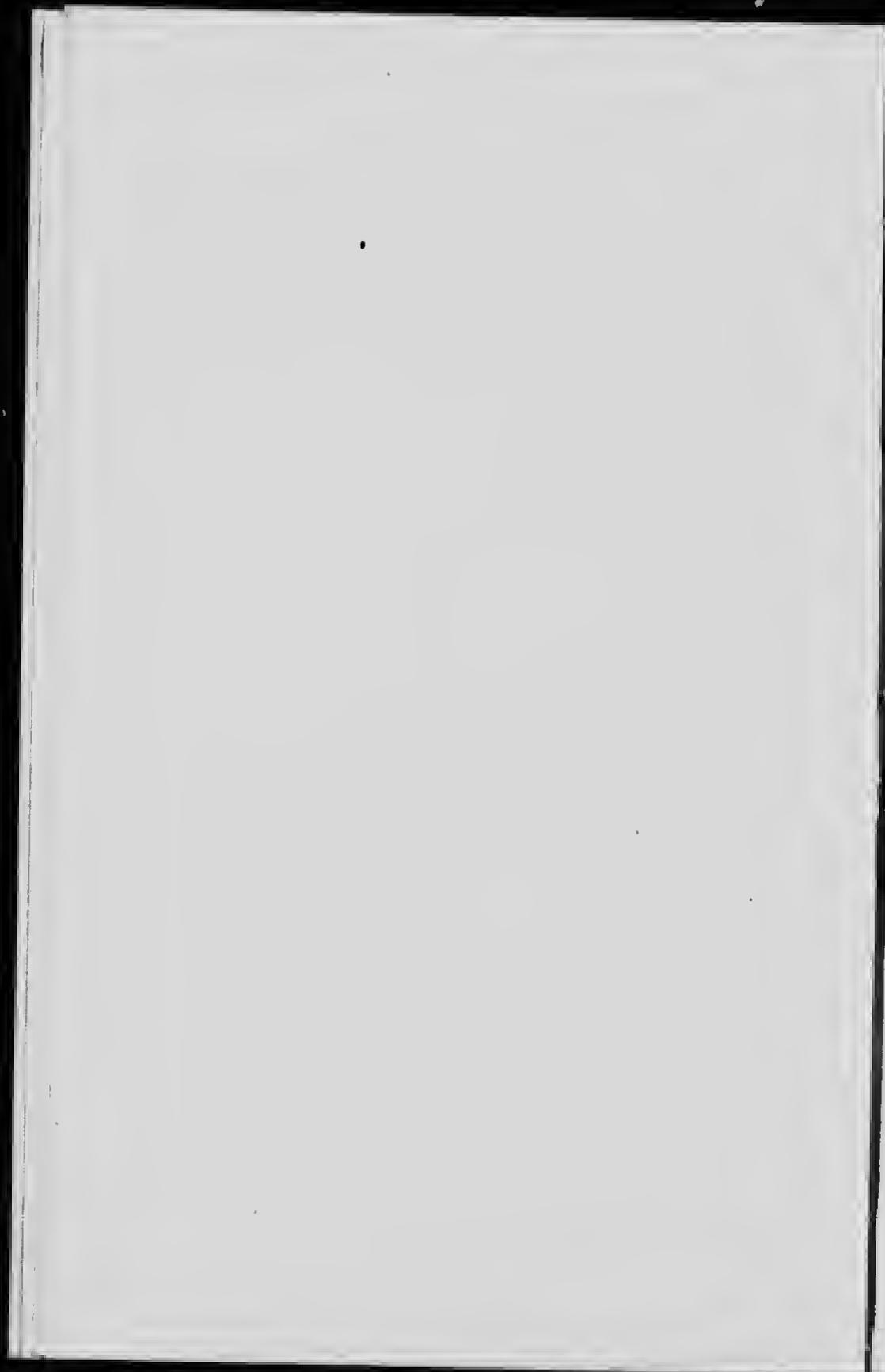
Bearing hence upon his bosom
What for you and what for me?
Witness of our care or folly—
Flotsam or fair argosy?
Are we thinking, planning, toiling,
For the part that cannot die,
Or for that which faileth, fadeth,
As the years are going by?

Are we sowing in life's furrows
Precious seed that yet shall yield
Golden fruitage for God's garner,
When his lab'ers reap the field?
Are we sowing tares, unheeding
That the harvest draweth nigh,
That our scattered seed increaseth
As the years are going by?

On the only sure foundation
Are we building true and square?
Will our work the subtle testing
Of the Master-Builder bear?
For the day is surely coming
When the fire its worth shall try.
Are we building "hay and stubble"
As the years are going by?

While we press with eager footsteps
Onward to our cherished goal,
Will each pause and put these questions,
Solemn questions, to his soul?
For the prints our feet are leaving
In the folded years shall lie,
And will bear their silent record
When the years no more go by.





The Voice of Winter

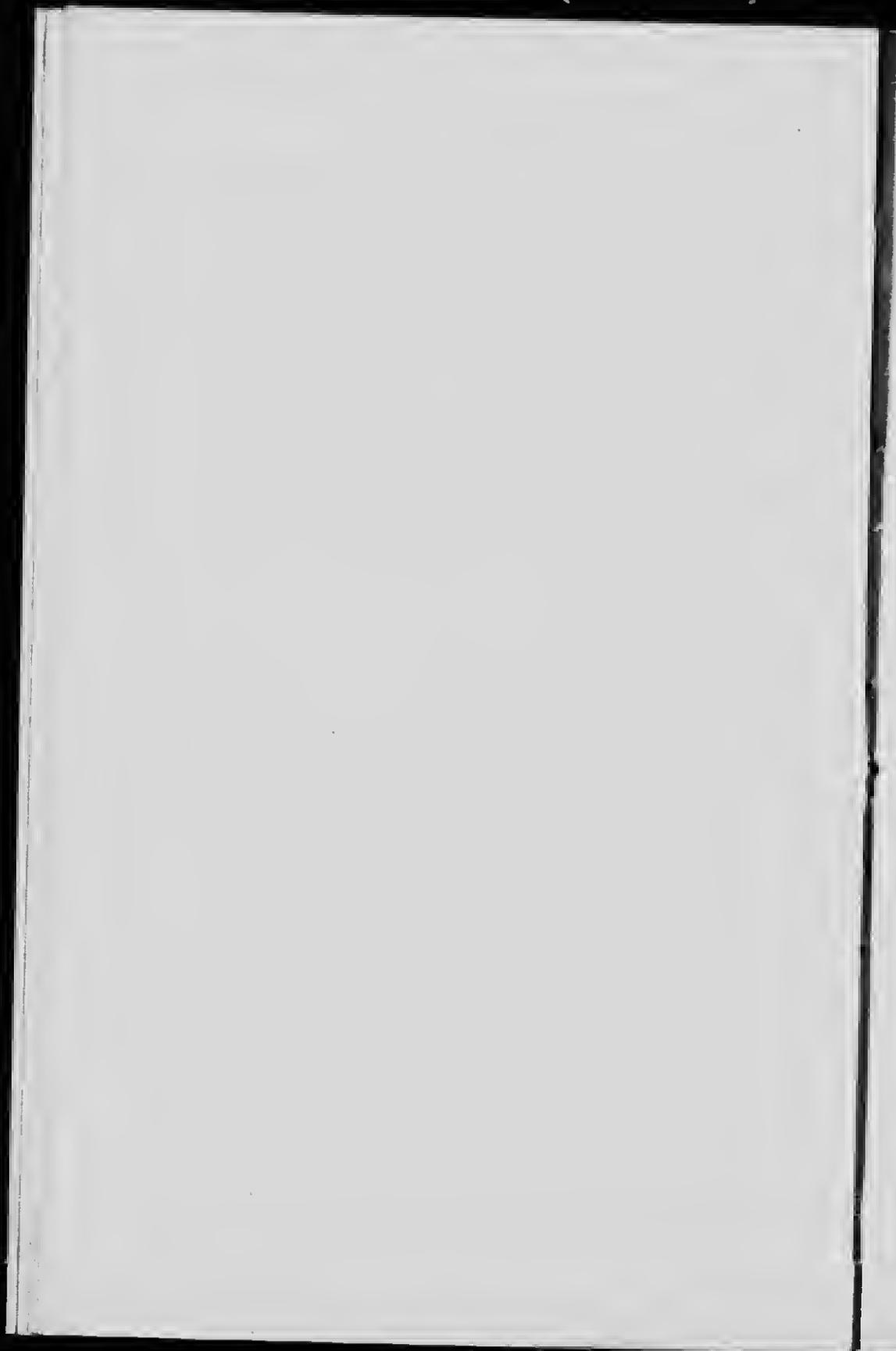
I COME, I come from the frozen North,
From the home of the ice and the snow ;
And I leave my track on the good green earth
Wherever my footsteps go.
I roam at will over dale and hill,
And I care not for high nor low ;
All hearts I thrill with my sceptre chill,
For I'm king of the year you know.

I come and sweep through the forest deep
Till the cedars creak and jar ;
And I rend the rocks on the mountain steep
Till the eagles dream of war.
But I weave a vesture of silver vines
For the old oak, gnarled and brown :
And I fret the plumes of the lofty pines
Till each tree hath a crystal crown.

I come and clasp in a close embrace
The last of the summer flowers ;
But they fold their leaves when they see my face,
With a sigh for the vanished hours ;
And they cower and shrink from my lips away,
And they tremble to feel my breath ;
So I leave them prone on their bed of clay,
For they know that my kiss is death.

I come, I come, and the song-birds flee,
To pipe in a sunnier clime,
For they fear to carol their joys to me,
And they love not the touch of the rime.
I hush the rills with a single look,
And silent and still they lie,
For the only music my ear can brook
Is the wild wind's lullaby.





To a Wood Thrush

(Singing in the early morn)



SING on, glad heart, thy matin songs,
Sing on, sing on !
Since silence lies on kindred tongues,
Since the wide air to thee belongs,
Since 'twas thy Maker taught thy art,
Sing on, glad heart !

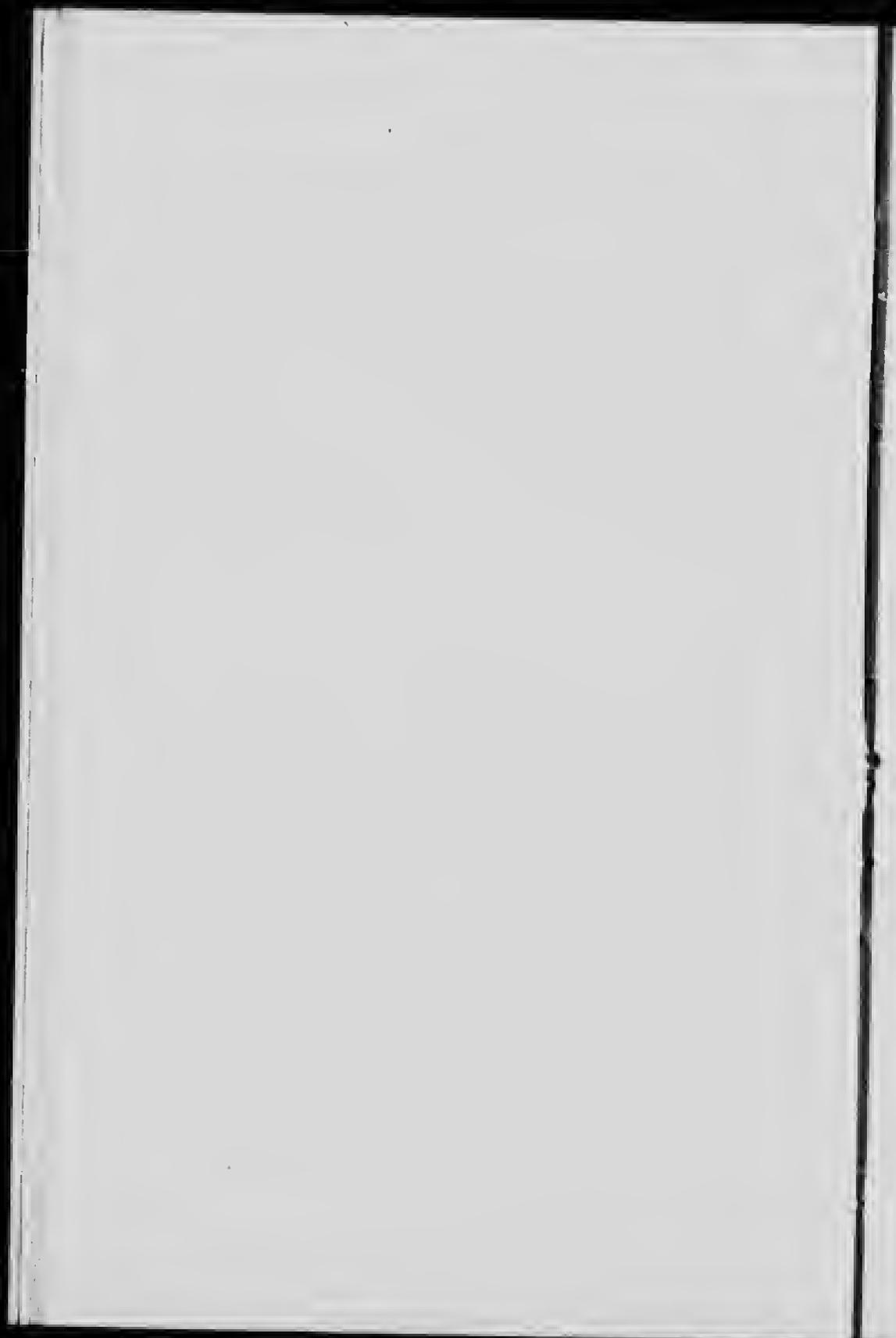
Sing on before away shall pass
The grateful dew
That gracious Night shook o'er the grass
From out her robes like beads of glass :
Before it slakes the brazen sun,
Sweet heart, sing on !

Sing on, across the quiet morn,
Thy tuneful psalm ;
Before the carking hours are born,
Before the mad wheels grate and turn,
Before the clamor of the mart—
Sing on, dear heart !

Sing on, ere men awake once more
To buy and sell ;
Ere greed and gain their dupes allure,
And "grind the faces of the poor" !
All mammon's wiles to thee unknown—
Blest heart, sing on !



Sing on, that through the fevered day
Thy blissful strains
In my soul's deepest depths shall stay
To chase all sordidness away,
And thoughts of purer impulse start ;
Sing on, glad heart !



Cantate Domino



WHO should sing it not the Christian?
What more gladsome soul can be
Than the one from death eternal
And the power of sin set free?
Great Redeemer,
All our joys we owe to thee!

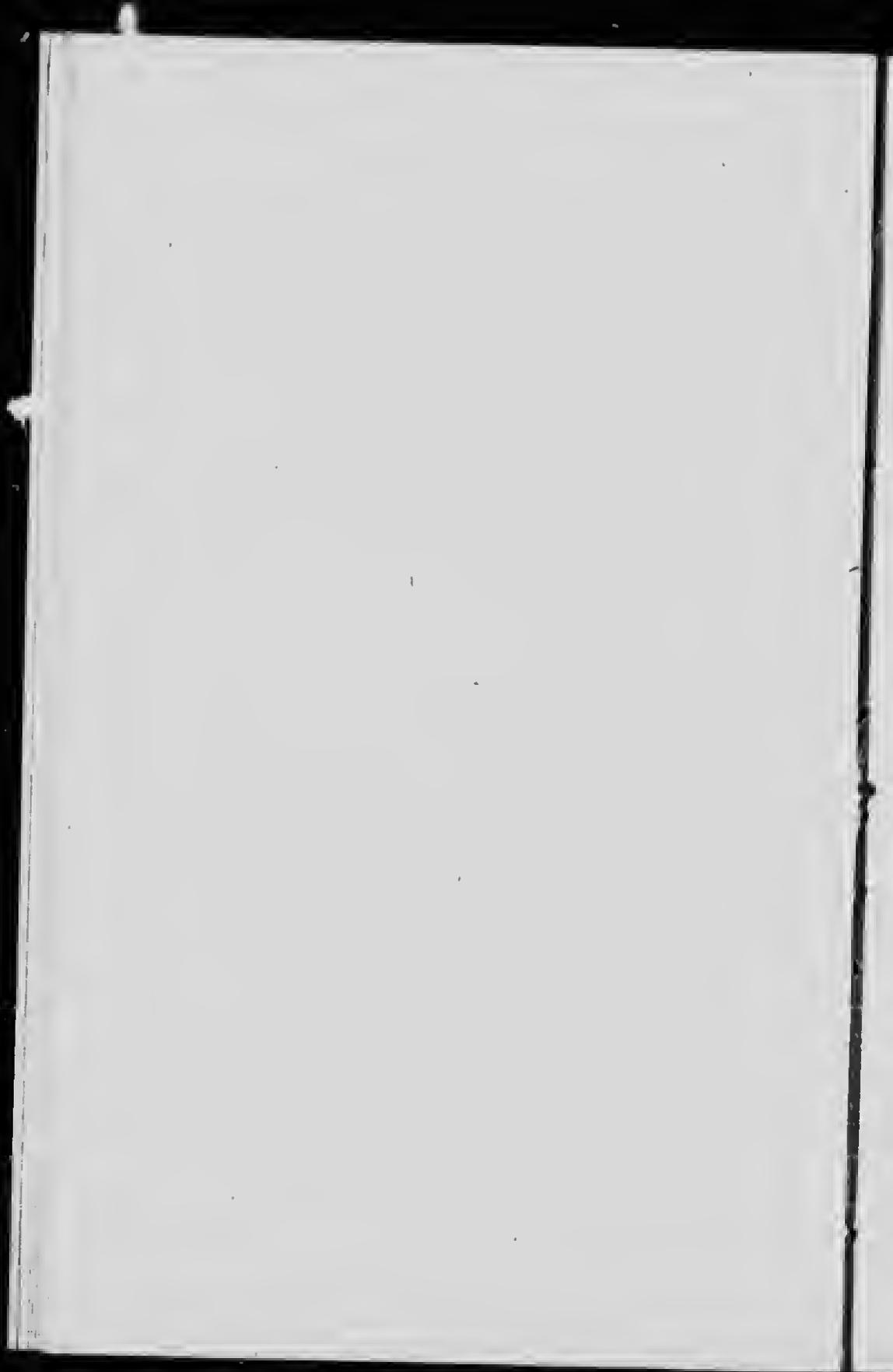
Who should sing if not the Christian?
Heir of glory with his Lord;
God-directed, God-encompassed,
By the promise of His Word?
"Abba, Father,"
Be thy name for aye adored!

Who should sing if not the Christian?
Raised from vale to mountain height,
Land of bondage left behind him,
Land of promise just in sight,
And the City
Where the Lamb Himself is light.

Who should sing if not the Christian?
Hath the world sublimer strains
Than the anthems of a spirit
Where the love of Jesus reigns?
Blessed spirit
Where the love of Jesus reigns!

Sing, ye saints, your songs triumphant!
Sing with voice and heart and soul!
Let the peans of the ransomed
Down through all the ages roll
Till the heavens
Are "departed as a scroll!"





Cradle Song

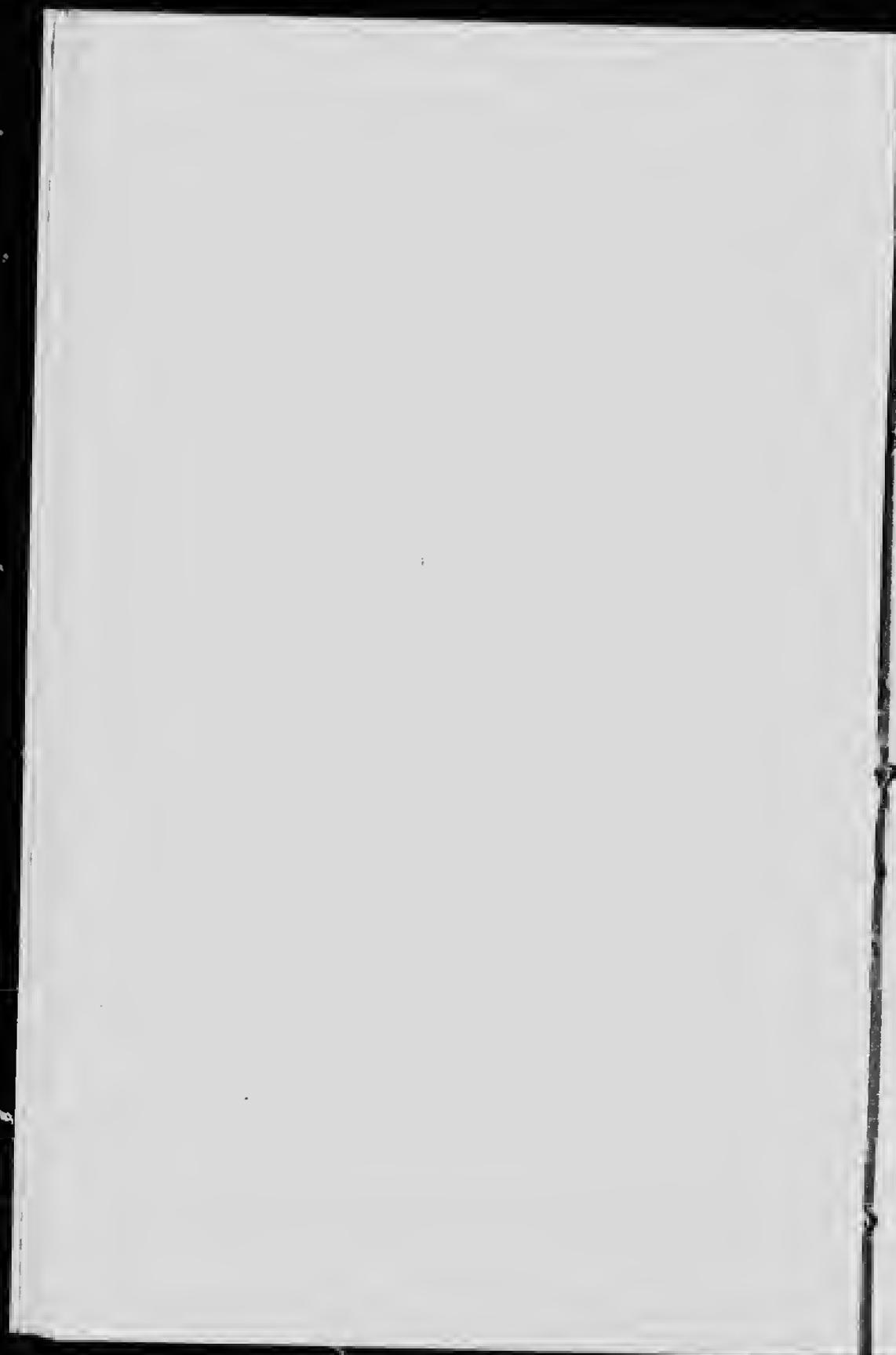
HEY-A-DAY! Ho-a-day! What shall I sing?
Baby is weary of everything —
Weary of "Black Sheep" and "Little Boy Blue,"
Weary of "Little Jack Horner," too,
Weary of "Ding Dong" and "Caper and Crow,"
Weary of "Pretty Maids all in a Row."
Though I have sung to her ditties a score,
Little blue eyes are as wide as before.

Hey-a-day! Ho-a-day! What shall I sing
Sleep to the eyes of my baby to bring?
Sing her a song of her own little self?
Mystical, whimsical, comical elf!
Sing of the hands that undo with their might
More in a day than my own can set right?
Sing of the feet ever ready to go
Into the places no baby should know?

Hey-a-day! Ho-a-day! Thus will I sing
While in her cradle my baby I swing;
Sing of the tresses that toss to and fro,
Shading pink cheeks on a pillow of snow;
Sing of the cherry lips guarding for me
Treasures as rare as the pearls of the sea;
Sing of the wonder and marvellous light
I hid in the blue eyes now blinking good-night!

Hey-a-day! Ho-a-day! Joy makes me sing:
Who would have thought that a baby could bring
Into my bosom a love so divine,
Into my heart all this music of mine,
Into my home such a halo of light,
Unto my hands such a magical might,
Unto my feet all the fleetness of wings,
Into my being such wonderful things!





The Unattained



WAIT till for aye beyond the hand of clay
Has slipped the bridle of the wingèd steed,
Then we will mourn the bard in life forlorn,
And span the fabled bourne to grant him meed.

Wait till his feet have faltered in their beat
Amid the windings of the mountain road,
Then we will hear it told above his bier
How very, very near Fame's peak they trod.

Wait till the fire is quenched on lip and lyre,
Till the last strain has died upon his tongue,
Then we will tell in "tones so like a knell"
How sweetly and how well his song was sung.

Wait till the thrill of the poor heart is still—
Still its vain longings and its bootless strife,
Then we will say what we might speak to-day
While yet its pulses play the march of life.

Wait till he's dead and we will wreath his head
With chaplet fair of amaranthine bloom;
And we will raise a pillar to his praise,
Chiselled from crown to base above his tomb.



1

Awake and Away!



AWAKE! my dull soul, from thy dreams in the valley,
And plume thy long indolent pinions for flight;
No more at the shrine of thy broken gods dally,
No longer abide where the rime lieth white.

Away! break away from the flesh and its thralldom,
An era of loftier purpose begin;
Arise in the might of thy God-given freedom
And cleave every fetter without and within!

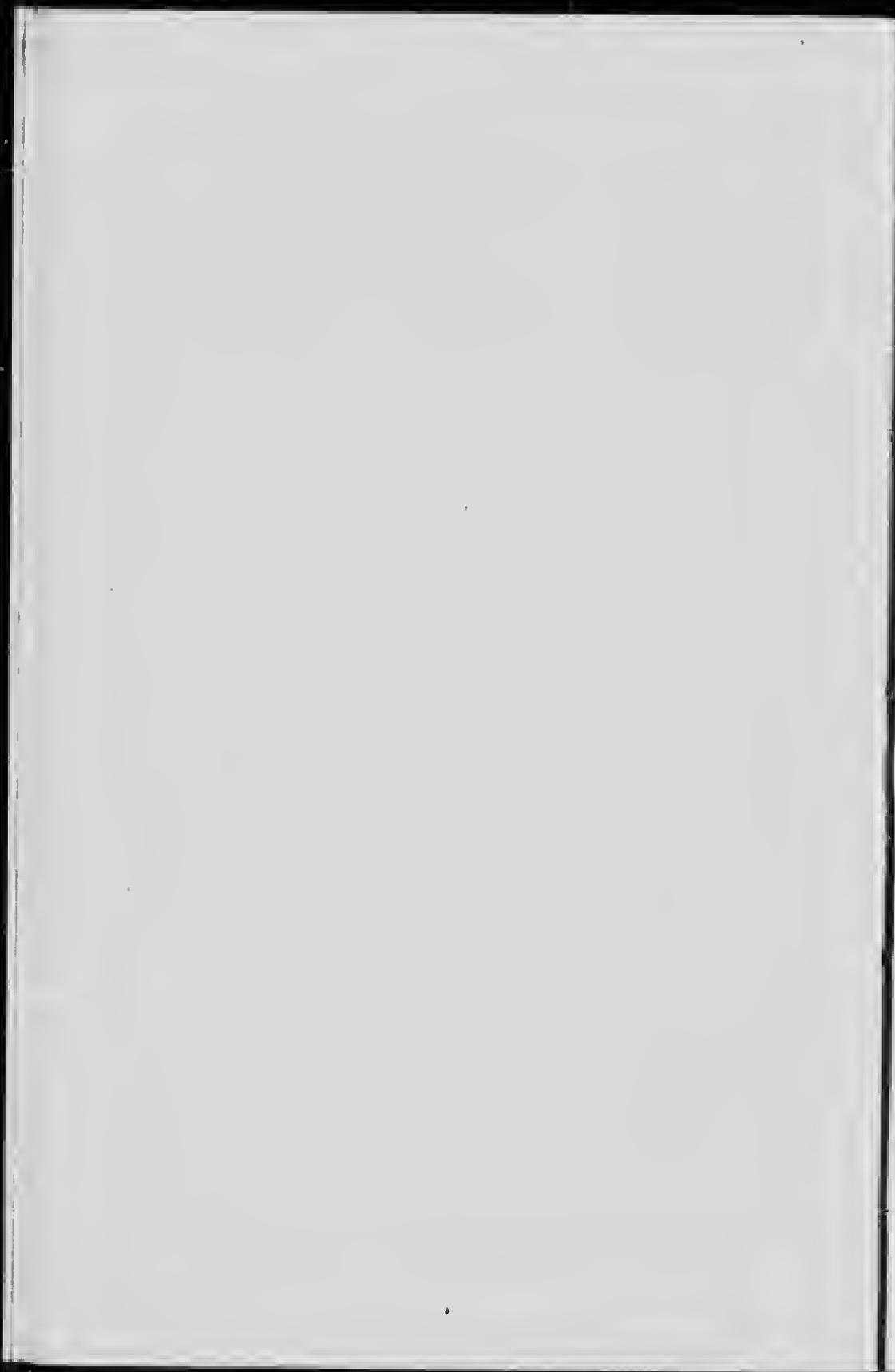
Who walketh with God treadeth not in the valley,
'Mid trophies of battle and bones of the slain,
'Mid ruins of glory and relics of folly,
And echoes of footsteps that come not again.

Who walketh with God hath his feet on the mountain,
His eye on the lode-star that pointeth the way,
His hand on the chalice that hangs at the fountain,
His heart on the treasures that cannot decay.

Away to the uplands! Perchance on the morrow
Some mountain may there prove a Nebo to thee,
On whose sacred summit thy vision may borrow
A glimpse of the bliss and the glory to be:—

A glance at the country where summer supernal
Folds valley and hill to her evergreen breast;
Where billows are hushed to a slumber eternal,
Where tempests break not the sweet "rapture of
rest."





Regret



THEY planted lilies o'er her breast,
And watered them with faithful hand,
They hailed at length each snowy crest,
And watched the graceful leaves expand.

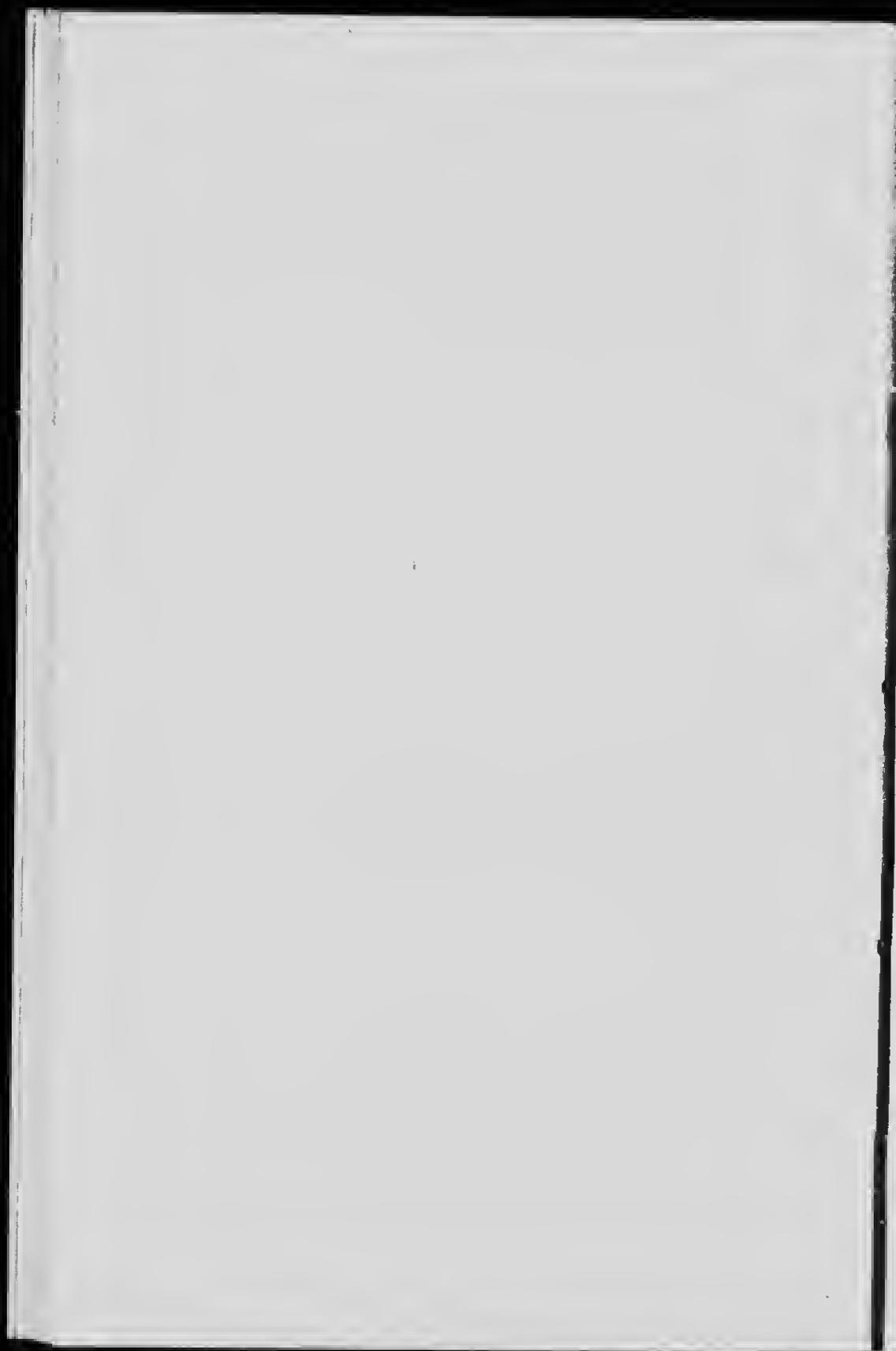
"She loved the lilies so," they said,
And wept, poor souls, their honest tears
The while fleet-footed Mem'ry sped
Across the bridge that spanned the years."

"Too harsh was fate with one so pure,—
We might have seen, we might have known,
And yet we left her to endure
The blight of broken faith alone."

Contrite the words, as were the tears
That rained o'er lily cup and sheath,
Yet reached they not those deafened ears,
Nor moved that flood the breast beneath.

Alas that our blind eyes should need
Anointing at so stern a hand!
Alas that human hearts should bleed
Ere they can fully understand!





The Little Auld Man.

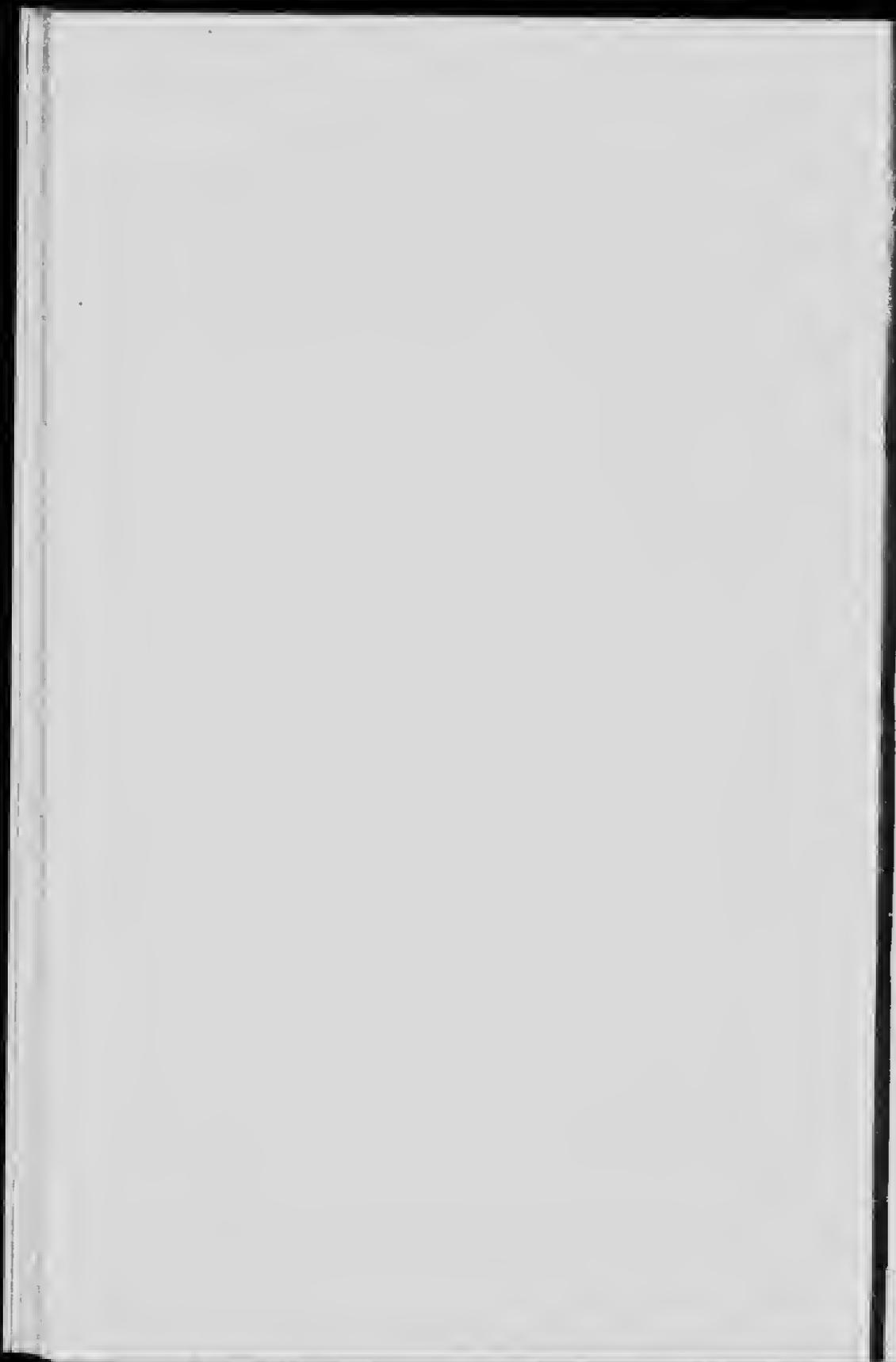
THE little auld man's awa',
Wi' his pech an' his hoast an' a',
Wi' his bouk sae jimp an' his locks sae scrimp
An' his voice sae thin an' sma',
Wi' his dowless step an' his feckless grip
An' his fourscore years an' twa.

The little auld man's awa'
Frae his hame an' his houff an' a';
Frae the hairts aye leal whether guid or ill
The luif o' the years let fa',
Frae the mist an' rime o' the gloamin' time
An' the warstin' win's that blaw.

The little auld man's awa',
He was wept, he was sung, an' a':
Though he left nae name in the buik o' Fame,
Nor ocht that was gran' or braw,—
Yet his name was penned by a han' unkenned
Whar only the Maister saw.

The little auld man's awa',
To his Lord an' his lo'ed an' a',
To he seen and see wi' a fautless e'e,
To a bield in his Faither's ha';
To behauld His face at the trystin' place
Wha washed him as white as snaw.





The Girl Who Helps Her Mother



THEY talk to me of maidens fair
In glowing words and flowery,
They tell me of the graces rare
Of maidens dark as houri ;
But though for maids of beauty's mould
My love I would not smother,
Far higher in my heart I hold
The girl who helps her mother !

The girl whose hand is quick to aid
When sore the hurden presses,
And like a benison is laid
To soothe the home distresses ;
Whose gentle voice can calm the strife
Of sister and of brother ;
Whose loudest chiding is her life —
The girl who helps her mother !

The girl who yields with ready will
Her own for others' pleasure ;
Who is, another's cup to fill,
Content with stinted measure ;
Who guards the wayward feet that roam,
Nor deems her watching *bother* ;
Oh, she's an angel in the home —
The girl that helps her mother !

God speed them who, with helping hand,
Are daily pouring blessing
Throughout this great and goodly land ;
May they go on increasing !
Let those who will *the beauty* praise,
But I will laud the other,
Who on the dear home altar lays
Her best to help her mother !



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Looking Backward



O H, the pleasant haunts of childhood !
What fond mem'ries ebb and flow
As the daisies lift their faces
From the fields of long ago ;
As the bluebells nod and beckon
From the steep and rugged fell,
And a thousand graceful censers
Waft their incense from the dell !

As the chorus of the linties,
With the burnie's chant between,
Floats across the barren reaches
From the groves of evergreen,
And the praying of the fir trees,
And the hymning of the bees,
Stir the fount of recollection
Till the soul is on its knees.

Never yet hath Nature painted
For these eyes a fairer spot
Than that mountain guarded valley
In her rarest colors wrought ;
Where the wayward river wimples
By the braes of yellow broom,
And in spring-time strays and rambles
Where the primrose loves to bloom.

How the hills in somber silence
Watched the children of the vale !
And their stanch hearts keep forever
Many a sweet, unwritten tale —
Still the echoes of lost voices
May be lingering in their caves —
Where the brownies hush their bairnies
When the wintry tempest raves.

Oh, the pleasant years of childhood,
When we sang for very glee,
When our world our vision bounded,
And 'twas gladness just to be !
'Tis no marvel that the Master,
Holy, meek and undefiled,
As the standard of His kingdom
Set a guileless little child.



The Ills of Yesterday



YES, let them pass, the ills of yesterday,—
The deed unlovely and the speech unjust,
The whispered hint, betrayal of our trust,
That struck Faith's chalice from our lips away,
And trailed her graceful garments in the dust ;
Our own default,—the good we might have done,
The battles lost that patience might have won,
The "word in season" that we did not say !
But let them pass, the things that grieved us sore ;
Behind His back God casts the sins of men
Repented of, remembering them no more,
And shall not we who have been born again,
And by His wondrous grace to Him brought nigh,
Hold fast the good, and let the evil die ?

The Missing Faces



THE missing face that fared with us of old,
Whose smile was as familiar as the light
And as the light esteemed, e'en as our right,
Grows not obscurer as the months are told,
But clearer outlined and of finer mould ;
Yea, much we marvel that its comeliness
Won not more favor ere it passed from us
To wider vantage, or the streets of gold.



The missing faces that have one by one
Slipped from their dome to star some alien sky
Still light the homeways ; for her galaxy
The mother keeps intact her heart within ;
And love endows with all the olden grace,
Unmarred by stress of years, each missing face.

"On the Home Stretch"



ON the home stretch!"—thoughts of the nearing view
The flagging powers revive. The torpid heart
Leaps to its office, and its pulses start
A lusty drum-beat at the impulse new ;
The dull eyes clear, and pierce the dust-clouds through ;
The burden lightens, and the stinging smart
Of the galled shoulders feels the healer's art ;
The feet take on the buoyancy they knew
Before they trod the desert's blistering sand ;
The memory freshens, faded faces rise—
Their grace renewed, the old light in their eyes ;
And One, whose shadow in the weary land
The pilgrim sought, appears in human guise
To guide him homeward with His pierced hand !

The Old Gardener

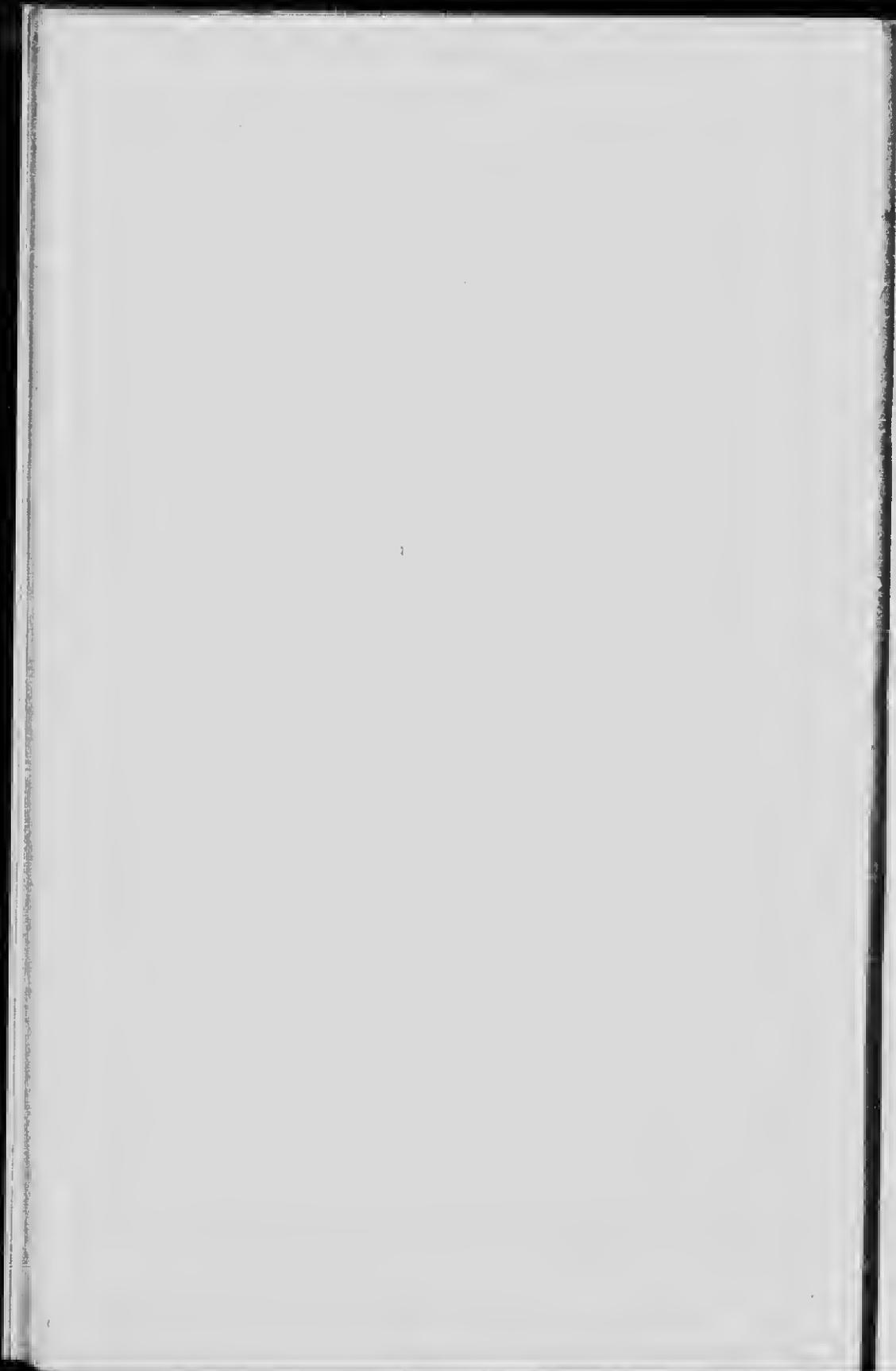
"Through Death to Life"



REFT of her smile, yet toiled he as of old
With spade and rake and hoe, the arms wherewith
He fought earth's second curse unto the death,
And fiercer waxed his fight an hundredfold.
Only the flowers that, ere the locks of gold
Slipped from his breast, e'en ecstasy could wake,
Were hut to him as those that women make
From gaudy tissue,—scentless, stiff and cold.



And while, without, sin's brood at bay he held,
With mattock of God's might he cleft the clod
Of his hard heart, till from the depths there welled
Thoughts that soared upward to the baneless sod
Where bloomed anew the Mayflower of his eld,—
The little child that led him up to God !



At Christmas Time



WHO would not be merry at Christmas time,
And banish all worry at Christmas time !
A well-spring of cheer
From the heart of the year,
When earth lieth sere, is the Christmas time !

'Tis wise to be merry at Christmas time,
All malice to bury at Christmas time ;
All envy and strife
To put out of each life,
That joy may be rife at the Christmas time !

'Tis well to be merry at Christmas time,
To open our hearts at the Christmas time ;
That love and good-will
Every corner may fill,
And vanquish all ill at the Christmas time !

'Tis good to be merry at Christmas time,
To open our hands at the Christmas time ;
That some who are sad
May by us be made glad,
And glorify God at the Christmas time !

'Tis meet to be merry at Christmas time,
In a Christian land at the Christmas time ;
When gladness and mirth,
Since that wonderful birth,
Have ruled o'er the hearth at the Christmas time !

And while we rejoice at the Christmas time,
Let this with the peal of our glad bells chime :
"All glory to God
For the love that He showed,
In the Gift He bestowed at the Christmas time !"



