

MRS. HILDA H. LAFLAMME

MY FIRST ATTEMPTS
AT VERSE-MAKING

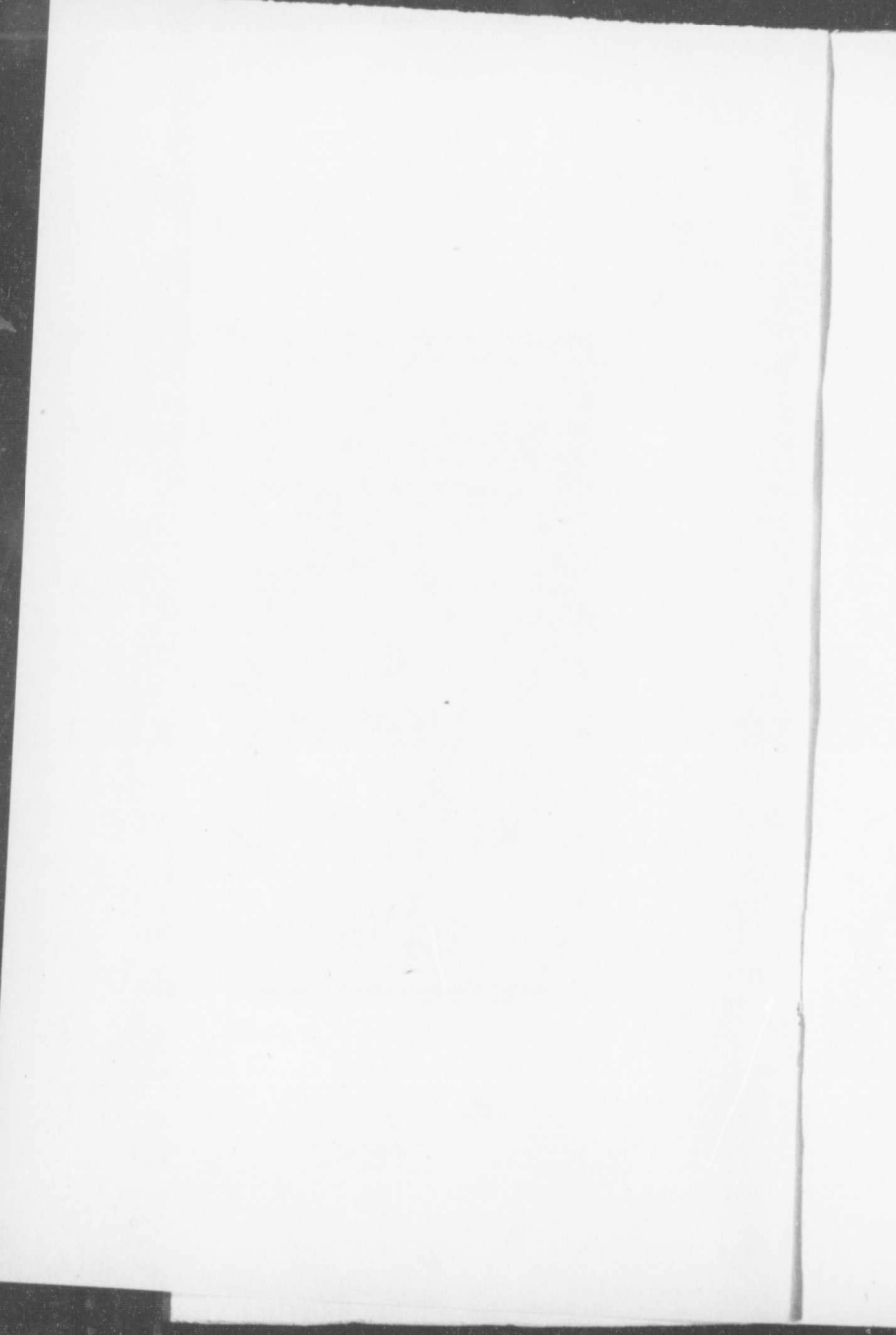
Tributes of Faith
in Song



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Mrs. Hilda H. Laflamme

Tributes of Faith
in Song



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DEDICATED to our Holy Mother,
the Catholic Apostolic Church,
into whose arms I was received at the age
of eighteen, from whose unerring wisdom
I have obtained a vast amount of Divine
knowledge, a most profound depth of pi-
ous inspiration and intuition, from whose
inexhaustible fountain I have derived the
most consoling comforts, inexpressible
joys, and highest ideals, that life could
afford, and which could emanate only
from a Divine Source, such as is Her's.

THE AUTHOR.







SONG OF MY DREAM

I shall go, but not to stay, —
I shall come again some day.
Those who miss me will not find me
In the old haunts left behind me,
I shall wander mystic places
Where my footsteps leave no traces.

Seek my footprints on the breeze
By the shores of unknown seas —
Down the steps of hermit's caves —
Where the rippling tinkling waves
Make sweet music on the shells
Sea-worms left them for their jewels;
Where the inner silence fills
The heart with strange and holy thrills.

TRIBUTES OF FAITH IN SONG

~~~~~  
Seek me where the silence broods  
In mystery o'er the fields and woods,  
And where no seasons come to change  
The wondrous verdure rich and strange.  
Where every leaf in every way  
Is fibre proof of grim decay!

O! seek me where the molten stars have made  
[a silver stream  
Where endless day hath banished night and dark-  
[ness in her dream.  
Where virgin thoughts in shadows lurk too  
[modest and too pale  
Too holy and too beautiful to wear the thinnest  
[veil!

O! seek my footprints in the silence near God's  
[temple-gate of dawn —  
The gate that slowly swings revealing heaven's  
[everlasting morn.  
Where holy love around the soul doth gently  
[weave a spell  
Too kind, too pure, too innocent, too infinite  
[to tell!





## TO MY TRUE FRIENDS

If I some time should leave you desolate  
In answer to a summons from above,  
I would not have you grieve for me dear friends  
I was so little worthy of your love!

And if again when time had passed away  
And you should think perhaps, no more of me,  
'T'would be the way I'd have you choose dear  
[friends  
I scarce was worthy of your memory.

But if you deem me worthy of your love  
Should feel you want my presence with you there  
Dispel all grief, and with a friendly heart  
Please offer for my soul one faithful prayer.

If I some time have grieved you, made you sad,  
Spoken harsh words, or gestured angrily —  
I did not mean to strike discordant notes  
Or make false echoes in life's symphony.

TRIBUTES OF FAITH IN SONG



If I have murmured at the tasks I could not do,  
I've no excuse, no sympathy I seek,  
Except that you remember holy truths —  
The spirit was willing — the flesh was weak.

And so dear friends, I beg you to forgive  
If I, at any time, have made you sad  
Be sure that in forgiving, you yourselves  
Will be forgiven, and your hearts made glad.

This is my last and fondest wish —  
If you should deem me worthy of your thoughts,  
Forget the little good I had in me —  
Love and remember me for my faults.





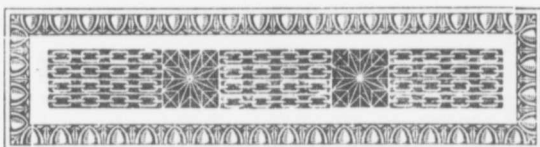
## REMEMBER ALWAYS TO WRITE

Time drifts so quickly, and life is so fleet  
Far are the friends I'd love to meet,  
Fate, like a monster doth us divide,  
And memory only can thus abide.

Dear is the letter that cheers me so  
From an old time chum of long ago,  
And sometimes I bless the turbulent sea  
For bringing such treasures as this to me.

For oh! I'd get lonely if nothing came  
To cheer me, and take me back again  
To the bygone days and friends I know  
Would always be true wherever I go.

And so, dear friends, where you may be,  
Remember always to write to me  
And I in turn, will always plan  
To answer as soon as I possibly can.



## MY SONG'S FLIGHT

My far-spread wings of song O Lord! brush  
[past Thy feet  
And in their flight, touch what I may not meet.  
Full laden with my love and praise of Thee  
They rise and mount the skies, labouriously.

For Thy caressing touch, unworthy, they;  
Content to brush Thy feet, they haste away,  
It is enough, that they should dare to try  
My soul's melodious flight beyond the sky.

But oh! the joy of each new song I sing  
To know that I may touch Thee with it's wing  
And even scatter songs amid the world  
Until in silent death, my wings are furled!



## NATURE

I turn from the city's bustle  
 To the quiet of nature's charm  
 And feel the presence of God more nigh  
 In the dear sweet evening's calm.

For what is there in the city?  
 Only vanity, pride and din,  
 Laughs and jokes at another's ills  
 Poverty, drink, and sin.

Which of the two are more godlike  
 Is it not the perfect peace  
 Of Nature, which God Himself hath made  
 With a beauty never to cease?

TRIBUTES OF FAITH IN SONG

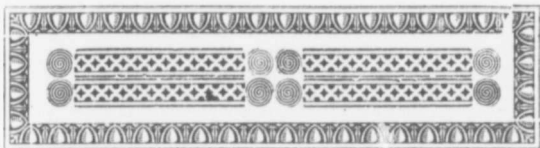


Oh the sunlit fields are beautiful!  
And the rivers and springs and rills  
But the beauty most dear of all to me,  
Is twilight among the hills;

For there I could say my evening prayer  
Alone, and undisturbed  
And the breeze would blow and whisper  
["I know  
That your prayer on high is heard."

Oh Nature is deep and sweet and true!  
Immortal and sublime!  
A plan of most beautiful works laid out  
By a Master-hand Divine!





## THE MOUNTAIN'S LOVE STORY

The Dawn in glory stood upon the mountains  
With mystic veils that shrouded every peak,  
What men call mists, was but the breath of  
[morning

Stooping to kiss the earth's uplifted cheek.

And lightly yet her veils seem trailing o'er them,  
In dreamy soft-toned blue and purple haze,  
One mass of earth had yearned to meet her nearer  
And rising as a mountain, reached her gaze.

Even the crimson Sunset sits in glory  
With all her gorgeous robes and veils outspread  
With all her jewels laid by love's allegiance  
In aureole around the mountain's head.

And happiness streamed forth in crystal waters,  
A spring of joy leaped from the mountain's side  
And rippling down has sent a river singing  
The mountain's love-song far and wide.



## THE DAY

The day was tired and nearly spent  
When Twilight out to meet her went,  
With a velvet cloak of darkest hue  
All lined with crimson yellow and blue.  
"This is your gown"; the Twilight said.  
"Now wrap it about you and go to bed"  
And only the trimmings of silver were seen  
On the lustrous black to shimmer and gleam.

So the Day lay down to take her rest  
Till Dawn awoke her with this behest :—  
"Come, haste with me for your couch is cold,  
Put on this mantle of shining gold,  
See! in it's irredescent rays  
The gleam and sparkle of other days  
And see below in the earth's green sod  
The glorious things they have done for God!



*TRIBUTES OF FAITH IN SONG*



Now go! For there is the path you'll take  
Right on to what glorious Western Gate,  
Where Twilight is waiting to clasp you hand  
And lead you back into Shadowland.

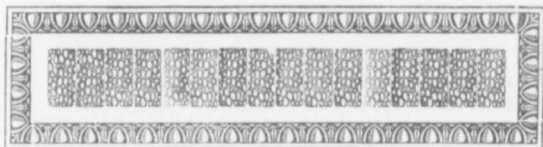




## THE STARS

Stars of the night, how thy glory  
Do I love to see!  
For lo! Thy presence there  
Reveals a parable to me;  
Like virgins' lamps ye hang  
Suspended in the sky  
Trimmed and lighted, ere  
The Bridegroom passeth by!

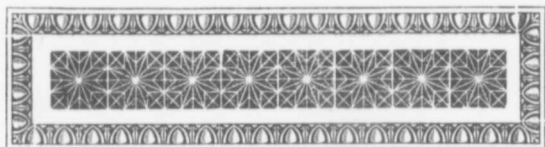




## THE DEWDROP

For all dark deeds  
    For penitents re-born,  
On every flower we find  
    An angel's tear at dawn!





## ON A POSTCARD OF HEMLOCK BARK

Oh! hemlock, you are the tree  
My fancy singled out from all the rest.  
Of all the trees oh hemlock! —  
I think I love you best.  
Though the oak is first in every English  
[heart  
I love you best oh hemlock!  
Hark!  
While I write it on your bark.





## THE CITY'S CAPTIVE

Though I may be your captive

O pleasing city fair! —

I am living far away from you

In higher, purer air.

Unheedful of your sumptuous lure

I while away the hours

With Nature, in her quiet woods

Her birds, her bees, her flowers.

In every street I see green fields

Your houses are all trees,

Your noisy traffic, just the hum

And buzz of busy bees;

Your glittering lights, your golden spires

Could never charm my heart —

Tho' I'm your captive, City fair

We're living far apart!



## THE SUN

Methinks the Sun an artist is  
With brushes and paints nearby,  
And according to ordained directions  
He paints his thoughts on the sky.

Sometimes He uses the golden  
And spreads it thickly at dawn,  
For His thoughts are bright —  
After resting all night,  
So He paints us a glorious morn!

Often His work does not please him  
So He washes the sky with rain,  
Brightens the dark with some lighter hue  
And begins it over again.

TRIBUTES OF FAITH IN SONG



Then sometimes towards the evening  
As if His talent to show,  
He mixes shades of yellow and blue  
With a lovely crimson glow.

So in our lives we paint our thoughts  
On our actions day by day;  
With penitential tears we wash  
Dark tints of sin away.

Many wait far into life's evening  
Before they begin to use  
Their brightest and best of colors  
They so blindly failed to chose.

We all, like the Sun are artists  
And our work is a labour of love,  
If by our talent we help to lift  
Some soul to it's God above.



## THE FOUR SEASONS

Spring has passed — the budding leaves and  
[flowers  
That charm the enchanted eye in youthful hours,  
Have bloomed and gone, and left no trace  
Of Spring's glad youth in eye or face.

Then Summer came — life's garden flowered fair  
The sweetest roses bloomed in fragrance there.  
One stood amid them with a wistful eye —  
In sacrifice to God he passed them by!

Autumn came, when all the leaves had fled,  
And with the summer roses, lay all dry and dead.  
The things of earth are not what they would  
[seem,  
But God's dear love is fresh and evergreen!



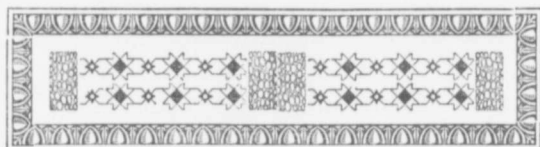
TRIBUTES OF FAITH IN SONG



Winter has come, and sepulchred beneath it's  
[snow

Lie the flowers he sacrificed of long ago,  
But through the whiteness of their snowy tomb  
A summer rose has blossomed into bloom!





## THE SHIP OF SACRIFICE

In the harbour of "Self-Denial"  
Lies the ship of "Sacrifice"  
A ship, whose costly awnings  
Were bought at enormous price.

In her hold, there are priceless treasures  
Which she carries from port to port,  
One is, "A heart full of sympathy"  
Another is, "Noble thought."

And the Captain is "Hope" who steers her  
And "Faith" the compass that guides  
And "Charity" stands at the helm always,  
As the "Sea of Life" she rides.

In the harbour of "Self-Denial"  
Near Time's unpeaceful shore  
Lies the stately ship of "Sacrifice"  
Anchored, for evermore.

TRIBUTES OF FAITH IN SONG



Many's the storm that's assailed her  
And many a wind and gale;  
Through many a dark night fog-bound  
Did the good ship safely sail.

Courage has helped the rocks to avoid  
That "Pleasure" and "Vice" had planned  
By which to ruin or damage her  
And prevent her reaching land.

But the Captain was conscientious  
And "Courage", his esteemed friend,  
Knew that their precious cargo  
Could meet a disastrous end.

At every port she was welcomed  
For her treasures were better than gold  
To those who sought, they were given free  
They were neither bought nor sold!

In the harbour of "Self-Denial"  
The good ship "Sacrifice"  
Is anchored — her trips are ended  
And her Captain awaits advice.

TRIBUTES OF FAITH IN SONG



For another ship has been promised,  
Her name will be "Victory"  
And she will ride on the sea of Death  
To the harbour "Eternity".

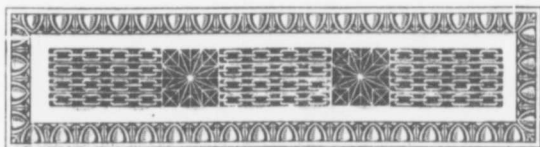
God's loving hand will guide her,  
Her course will be true and straight  
To reach "Eternity's" harbour  
She will pass through heaven's gate!



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## MUSINGS

Softly as the twilight gathers o'er me  
And deep solitude encircles me around,  
An echoing strain as of some far-off music,  
Floats gently on the breeze in silent sound.

Slowly the evening shades at length are deepening  
The sunset glow is fading in the west,  
While on mine ear the music soft is lingering  
Breathing the name of One I love the best.

In the secret of the shadow of the nightfall  
My weary spirit sinks unto repose,  
Anon! — the strain of that celestial music  
Breaks on my soul as the dawn upon the rose!



## SOLITUDE

Solitude hath brought me golden visions,  
Deep dreams of future years, when I shall be,  
Far from this thankless life, this haste and bustle,  
Alone with God, for all eternity.

Then, in the silence and the stillness  
I shall not be lonely any more  
Content, soul-satisfied, lo! I shall wander,  
Glad in His Presence evermore.

But then with angels' voices ever bringing  
Praises for His celestial food,  
Where there is joy and peace forever lasting —  
There is no solitude!



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TRIBUTES OF FAITH IN SONG

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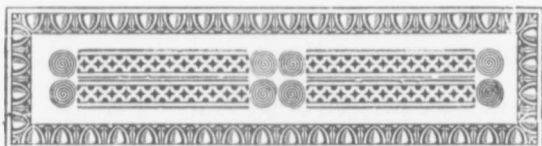
'Tis but a blossom of that Flower Divine.
Which blooms afar in realms of joy above
That beauteous flower of God's own perfect Love,
Which to the bud, it's fragrance sweet had given,
That I might taste the joys of His in heaven.
And, having tasted, now the sacrifice must make
Before the way unto the perfect Flower I take.
It's fragranee fresh within my heart I'll hold
Till I, the Perfect shall in heaven behold;
And so the bud I sacrifice in grief
Will to my weary spirit bring relief
For, in the far dim vision of my soul I see
It's time-closed petals, opened in Eternity,
And from the perfect Flower doth hue and sweet-
 [ness draw
And fragrance fresh, and beauty evermore!
Therefore I fear no more those years of gloom
Through which to struggle to those flowers in
 [bloom.
Long days of sorrow, perhaps doubts and fears
At dawn, will find those flowers bathed in tears;
But those sad days, at eve have brighter hues
And something sweeter than the morning dews,

TRIBUTES OF FAITH IN SONG



For with the twilight, to my heart I'll say; —
Thou art still nearer by another day,
The flowers that wait thee do not bloom in Time,
But in Eternity. Oh heart of mine! —
Be glad you let that treasured blossom go,
That with the Perfect it may bloom and grow,
Until you reach the foot of God's great throne
Where your reward — the Flowers will be your
[own —
More beautiful, more sweet, than vision had
[portrayed
Oh heart! receive and keep the flowers that
[never fade!

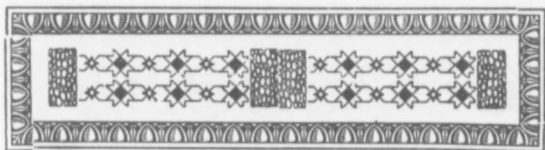




THE FADELESS FLOWER

Fadeless the flower that He gave us
The Saviour Who came from above;
Fragrant, so sweet, yet immortal
The beautiful flower of His love.
It's perfume from heaven descendeth
To this earth-world of sin and decay
Shedding it's fragrance on human hearts
In a peaceful heavenly way.

And those whose hearts have culled it
See the beauty and know the worth,
Understand the short lived fragrance
Of the frail flowers of this earth.
But life is sweeter and brighter
For the flowers of human love
Lest earth should be sad and desolate
God sent us these buds from above!



ON A FORTY HOUR'S DEVOTION

When before the Blessed Sacrament
I bow my head in prayer
And adoration, — Saviour dear
I know that Thou art there,
By the inward rush of bounteous grace
That makes my spirit whole
Thy wonderful gift of love divine
Seemeth to flood my soul,
Filling it with a yearning
To love Thee and serve Thee more
Sadly regretting displeasures, dear Lord
I may ever have caused Thee before.
Patiently, and, without murmur
I will carry my cross and sing
Thy praise in the Blessed Sacrament
While to Thy cross I cling.



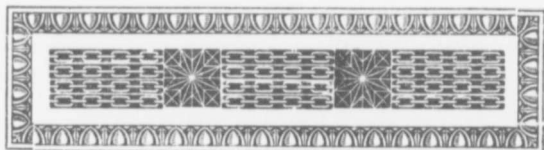
A PRAYER

If by Thy grace I do Thy holy will
In all things on this earth, until
The hour shall come, when life and service end,
And Thou, Thy messenger of Death to me doth
[send;

And then, that if by merits I shall rise
To meet Thee in my home beyond the skies,
I ask the meekest, lowliest, humblest place
From which I might at least behold Thy face.

Then for my heavenly happiness unending,
Father, I ask the task of ever mending
Noble hearts, that on the earth are broken
By harsh treatment, or unkind words spoken,
Or which, by separation from their loved ones
[dear,

In their great sorrow find no comforts near;
Hearts that are desolate, sad and grieving
These would I spend my heaven in relieving.



THE BLESSED REAPER

Jesus is wandering footsore and weary
Over the desert wastes lonely and dreary,
Through all the burning heat of the day
Over the dusty road's highway,
Seeking the seed that a careless hand
Has left to perish on barren land,
Climbing the hills to the rocks on high
Where the precious seed is left to die.

Over the slopes again He descends
To the river's brink, and there He bends
With tender care, o'er the precious seed
Hidden from sunshine by many a weed.
And He brings it forth to the light of day
Casting the roots of the weeds away.

Daily that loving Saviour's feet
Have trodden the stones of the dusty street,
And over the sands of the desert dry

TRIBUTES OF FAITH IN SONG



Have toiled to the rocks on the hills most high.
Daily for years Has He come and gone
Reaping the seed of the careless one
Seeking the lost, the wind-driven grain
That He may give it new life again.

For who but the Saviour could carefully weed
And water the plant of that dying seed?
Who but Himself would patiently toil
To promote it's growth on unfertile soil!
The sower had found it too much care
And so had left it to perish there,

But the place where that precious seed had blown
To the Blessed Reaper was not unknown.

For the loving Saviour had gone with haste
To fetch that seed from the desert waste
He had climbed the hills to the rocks most high
Lest the precious seed should wither and die.
And hastily, yet with tender care
He snatches the seed away from there
And plants it again in more fertile soil
Where after long years of patient toil
He calls to the sower "Come, behold!
This seed has brought Me a hundredfold!"



HIS MOTHER

Mary meek and gentle
Tender and serene,
Fairest of women all
Earth and Heaven's Queen!

Her soul was lily-white,
Her spirit pure —
Her mien, tender and demure.
Sin had unloosed for her it's
[every fetter,

What then for mother-love could
[God choose better?
Stainless and sinless as He
[was we're sure —
He needs must choose a mother
[just as pure.



CHRIST AND THE MAGDALEN

My song I sing for the innocent girl
Who, erring has gone astray,
By promises fair and a flattering tongue
Was easily tempted away.

Like a moth that plays round a candle
Then suddenly darts in the flame,
She too, without fear or reflection
Has yielded to sin and shame.

The wings of the moth are scorched in the fire —
The soul of the maid doth burn
With shame and regret at her weakness,
And the tempter she did not spurn.

Like a lily that droops unwatered
Her penitent head is bowed
In grief and fear of the scornful world
And torturing looks of the proud.

TRIBUTES OF FAITH IN SONG

~~~~~  
And who in the world shall pity her  
    And raise her up from the dust?  
Abandoned, heart-broken and desolate  
    In whom shall she place her trust?

The great church doors are ever wide  
    God's priest awaits within  
To counsel and comfort the penitent heart,  
    To absolve it from all it's sin.

And he will tell her what course to pursue  
    Protection and friends will find  
To the contrite heart and despairing soul  
    God's priest is ever kind.

'Tis Christ and the Magdalen as of old  
    And he ministers unto her  
With the same kind looks and pitying tone  
    And His own sweet words so fair:—

“Rise up, poor wounded heart, rise up  
    Thou beautiful purified soul,  
God's angels shall rejoice o'er thee  
    For thy penitence so heart-whole.”

TRIBUTES OF FAITH IN SONG



“Well done thou good and faithful one —  
In the joy of thy Lord abide.  
For such as thee, on Calvary's cross  
The Son of Man hath died.”



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## LINES FOR EASTER

At the foot of the Cross, dear Lord I lay  
A rose, I have chosen from Life's bouquet;  
Fragrant and lovely, the best I could find  
Though many are sweet I have left behind.  
Oh! comforting thoughts that Thy words convey  
One rose is enough, let it fade not away.  
Those that are sweet, child, keep them for thee,  
But the one that is fadeless, keep thou for Me.  
And so, at the foot of the Cross I lay  
A rose without thorns on this Easter day,  
Immortal and fadeless, dear Saviour for Thee  
It will bloom throughout Time and Eternity!

TRIBUTES OF FAITH IN SONG



*Lines for my deceased brother killed by accident*

*January 22nd 1921.*

No thoughts could express the grief we feel,  
No sympathy ever, the wound could heal,  
The sting that death has left behind  
To those of the sorrowing heart and mind.  
We'll never forget you, or cease to pray  
For the soul God chose to hurry away;  
We loved you much. God loved you best,  
His will be done — with Him you rest.

*ODE to MY dead child CLAIRE. Born Nov.*

*26th 1918. Died Mar.: 12th 1919.*

A beautiful little rose-bud

Dropped from heaven into our home,  
So fragrant and so lovely

I dared not call it my own;

As I studied it's perfect beauty

I said to myself with fear: —

"It's too perfect and too beautiful

It cannot live long down here.

TRIBUTES OF FAITH IN SONG

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Just as my musings told me
 The bud was cut from it's stem
By the hand of Love that had made it —
 It had scarcely opened then ;
And I started to grieve and to murmur
 But wondered if I was right
As I pictured a bright winged angel
 Carrying roses in his flight.

The bud I have missed is now blooming
 Into a perfect flower,
Opening it's petals in glory
 Expanding hour by hour.
Growing each day more beautiful,
 Where beauty alone holds sway,
In the Saviour's garden of blossoms.
 Where flowers never fade away.



MY SACRIFICE

*Easter lines on my deceased child Leonie. Born
April 13th 1915. Died Dec. 1st 1921.*

At the foot of the Cross, dear Lord I lay
The little white flower Thou hast snatched away,
The lily that once adorned my home
Is now adorning Thy heavenly throne.
I know Thou wilt keep it with tenderest care,
Preserve it's fragrance and beauty there,
No promise of Thine was ever unkept
And comforts were promised to those who
[wept, —
For tears Thine own dear Self didst shed
When told that Lazarus Thy friend was dead;
And though I may bring with tear-stained eyes
To the foot of Thy Cross my sacrifice —
Thou Who hast passed the sorrowful way
Wilt understand why I weep and pray
Yet murmur not when I think of her

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TRIBUTES OF FAITH IN SONG

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Among Thy lilies so sweet and fair; ;  
Pure and white as the beautiful snow  
It might have been soiled on this earth below,  
It might have been crushed, and its beauty  
[marred,

So many white lilies are evil-starred,  
So many have lost their fragrance soon  
'Ere yet the flower was half in bloom!  
The sinful world was no fitting bower  
For such a beautiful fragile flower;  
It needed most tender and loving care  
Such as Thy bounteous grace could spare,  
And so, at the foot of the Cross, I lay  
My beautiful flower, and Lord I pray  
That Thou wilt keep me as pure within —  
Apart from the wordly, free from sin,  
That its fragrance I may in my heart still hold  
And strive for worthiness to behold  
My lily, Thy heavenly throne adorning  
On one eternal Easter morning!



## HOME

Home is the altar, whereon I lay  
My daily sacrifice in diverse way;  
It is the shrine at which I kneel to ask  
My Lord for strength to do my daily task.

His Peace and Love have ever been our guest,  
And with us nightly take their wonted rest;  
Sorrow and Joy have come and gone in turn,  
And in our hearts, we felt we could not spurn  
The messengers that God saw fit to send  
On errands that in good would surely end.  
His angels, Death and Sickness claimed their part  
And left a space unfilled in home and heart,  
But yet we feel they came here to fulfil  
Appointments of their Master's holy will.



TRIBUTES OF FAITH IN SONG



How could we murmur? Though perhaps we  
[wept,  
We know His promises will all be kept.  
We know the night of sorrow can but last till  
[morn  
Whence He hath promised a bright and tearless  
[dawn  
His will in all things must at length be done  
And heads in meekness bowed are victories won.

We feel He loves us still, although He may  
Send us His messengers again some day.  
We would not turn them from our lowly door  
They may have blessings for our home in store,  
Or, by their Master's all-forseeing grace,  
May bear the final trials we must face.

We must be ready, and take watchful care  
To guard our home sweet home with fervent  
[prayer,  
And keep our hearts aglow, like lampions above

TRIBUTES OF FAITH IN SONG



The shrine where we have lain our truest love,  
And at it's altar learn to kiss the cross  
That brings us joy through pain and gain through  
[loss.  
In silent meekness we must gently lay  
Our simple offering there to Him each day,  
That, if we hear His footsteps on the stairs,  
He will not call upon us unawares,  
But find He dwells in spirit in our home  
Until He leads us gently to His Own  
Above life's crosses and the trial-bars —  
The home He promised us beyond the stars.  
The place of peace and love, of joy and bliss  
The home He purchased by the cross we learned  
[to kiss!

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## THE COMFORTER

Because of you, I deem all human creatures true,  
I love the glory of God's earth and sky;  
The rough and stony road I trod so wearily  
I tread more fleetly as the days go by.

Because of you, the piping birds sing sweeter  
And flowers have sprung along the thorny way;  
I spend my morning hours in meditation  
And as a prayer, I offer up my day.

Because of you, the morning sun shines brighter  
The evening gleams with radiant twilight rays  
My thoughts make pictures out of flitting shadows  
Blending your name with holy happy days.

And happy memories oft will flood my vision  
With weary months of suffering and pain,  
When in my deep despair and isolation,  
God's messenger in you so dearly came.

TRIBUTES OF FAITH IN SONG

~~~~~  
Because of you those weary days seemed brighter
Joys came to make my drooping spirit whole
With loving hands you brought the Blessed
Eucharist
To soothe and feed my hungry burning soul.

Because of you, I try to be more patient
And murmur less at trials and at cares
Like you, I try to live for Jesus
Lest He should come and take me unawares!



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JOY'S VISIT

If you get a visit from Gladness
Whose name is Joy — the friend of sadness,
You make her a place in your heart to stay
As Joy is most welcome in every way.

But if her friend no welcome you show
Then she, too, must find a place to go,
So if you keep dear Joy to stay
Solitary grief must plod her way.

So on she goes till her sisters she meets,
And with a sorrowful glance she greets
Trouble, Discontent, and Despair
Awaiting reception anywhere.

"Where's your friend joy?" they all exclaimed,
"At home in a heart full of love," she explained,
"And Peace was there with sweet content
So I, to some other heart was sent."

TRIBUTES OF FAITH IN SONG



Now, if the love in that heart was true
Sadness with Joy would have entered too,
For no unselfish heart is found
Where Joy with sadness does not abound.



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THE CAPTIVE BIRD

Within thy gilded cage, poor captive bird
My soul responds to thine, my heart is stirred
With pity and with wonder, if thou dost ever
 [dream
As I, of fancied liberty, and wander in the wood-
 [lands green
Thy silence when the days are dull
Gives me to think those days to thee are long;
Yet when the days are bright, thy soul it seems
Bursts forth as with some pent up song.

Like thee, dear bird, I try to be content
Within my cage of brick walls and cement,
Like thee the sunshine cheers me all day long
Like thine my soul bursts forth in pent-up song.

TRIBUTES OF FAITH IN SONG

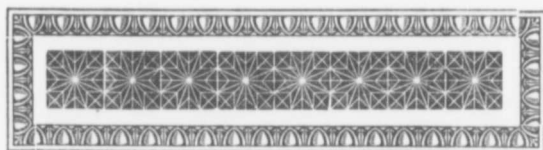
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Yet when the days are dull I sit and dream  
Of far-off sunshine on the woodlands green,  
My prison-bars grow faint and disappear —  
My truant-spirit wandering, leaves me here.  
Glad to be free, it wanders where it will,  
Through Nature's spacious halls, where all is still,  
Until a voice like thine, poor captive bird  
Echoing from wood to hill, in rapturous song  
[is heard!



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## L'ENFANCE

Little gay heart that bubbling goes  
With joy to the sweet coral lips  
All over the meeting of rosy toes  
And rosier finger-tips.

Pretty round eyes like gems that shine  
With a gleam of heaven's blue, —  
Windows of that pure soul of thine  
Whose joy comes peeping through.

\*Thou art as the bubbling fountain  
Pure as it's water's spray,  
White as the snow-peaked mountain  
Bright as the dawn of day!

Majestic innocence sits enthroned  
On thy baby-brow so fair  
Such as the holy angels owned  
'Ere they left you to mother's care.



## WILLINGLY DO YOUR SHARE

*wr. Hen 1916*

Have you read in the history of old  
Of the deeds your ancestors have done  
Of the blood they have spilt  
For the Empire they've built  
And the glory for you they have won?

Then patriot wake! For that Empire's at stake,  
There are many dark deeds to amend,  
Give your help in the fight —  
For the end's not in sight,  
There's the red, white, and blue to defend!

Have you read of a nation's disgrace,  
Of a nation that's steeped in crime?  
Of the innocents slain  
And the anguish and pain  
That must be avenged in time?

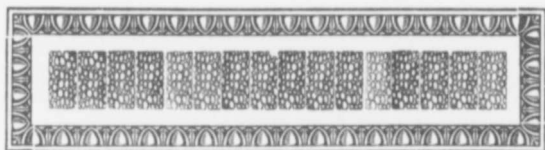
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Oh! ye
Lift up
Ask Go
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— To

TRIBUTES OF FAITH IN SONG



Oh! ye who are able to serve a great cause
Lift up your soul in prayer!
Ask God for courage when parting comes
When your heart beats quick with the noise of
 [the guns
— To willingly do your share!





THE WORLD'S GREAT WAR

written 1917.

Oh! how many homes are desolate
And countless the hearts that sigh
For the loved one gone to the battle
Who so bravely said "Good-bye?"

May God give each soldier courage
To answer duty's call,
For well he knows 'neath the cruel shot
He may any minute fall!

The enemy stays at nothing
And is steeped in illgotten gain,
Injustice, lust, and barbarity
Are rules within their train.

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*TRIBUTES OF FAITH IN SONG*



The church of God is pillaged and burned  
The peasant's home destroyed;  
And women and children trampled down  
Like dust on the road's wayside!

Our soldiers fight the uncivilized,  
And bravely they take their stand,  
For the laws of God and man are defied  
And Peace holds up a red hand!

And who will be granted the victory?  
We all should fervently pray  
That our soldiers who trust in God and the  
[right  
May finally win the day.

Not for fame should we ask it  
No more than for glory's pride,  
But that right may triumph over wrong  
And peace once more abide.

**CONTENTS**

|                                      | <i>Pages.</i> |
|--------------------------------------|---------------|
| <i>DEDICATION.</i> ....              | III           |
| Song Of My Dream. ....               | 1             |
| To My True Friends. ....             | 3             |
| Remember Always To Write. ....       | 5             |
| My Song's Flight. ....               | 6             |
| Nature. ....                         | 7             |
| The Mountain's Love Story. ....      | 9             |
| The Day. ....                        | 10            |
| The Stars. ....                      | 12            |
| The Dewdrops. ....                   | 13            |
| On A Post-Card Of Hemlock Bark. .... | 14            |
| The City's Captive. ....             | 15            |
| The Sun. ....                        | 16            |
| The Four Seasons. ....               | 18            |
| The Ship Of Sacrifice. ....          | 20            |
| Musings. ....                        | 23            |
| Solitude. ....                       | 24            |
| Reward For Sacrifice. ....           | 25            |
| The Fadeless Flower. ....            | 28            |
| On A Forty Hour's Devotion. ....     | 29            |

www  
 A pray  
 The B  
 His m  
 Christ  
 Lines  
 L  
 O  
 My Sa  
 Home.  
 The C  
 Joy's  
 The C  
 L'Enfa  
 W  
 Willing  
 The W

TRIBUTES OF FAITH IN SONG



|                                            | <i>Pages.</i> |
|--------------------------------------------|---------------|
| A prayer .....                             | 30            |
| The Blessed Reaper .....                   | 31            |
| His mother .....                           | 33            |
| Christ and the Magdalen .....              | 34            |
| Lines For Easter. ....                     | 37            |
| <i>Lines For My Deceased Brother.</i> .... | 38            |
| <i>Ode To My Dead Child.</i> ....          | 38            |
| My Sacrifice. ....                         | 40            |
| Home. ....                                 | 42            |
| The Comforter. ....                        | 45            |
| Joy's Visit. ....                          | 47            |
| The Captive Bird. ....                     | 49            |
| L'Enfance. ....                            | 51            |
| <i>War Poems.</i>                          |               |
| Willingly Do Your Share. ....              | 52            |
| The World's Great War. ....                | 54            |

