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INTRODUCTION.

Liverpool. N. S.

March,....1914

Dear Reader:--

*I of thee would crave. ...Indulgence for  
this verse.....And trust with me that you'll agree.....If bad, it  
might be worse.....To while away a weary hour.....I pen these  
thoughts in rhyme.....And if they do no other good.....May help  
you pass the time.....So please excuse my vagrant muse.....In  
sarious ways I've sought her.....And now invoke her mystic aid.*

*Yours faithfully*

*The Author*

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## SILENT MUSIC.



Hast thou heard the surges dashing  
'Gainst a rugged, rocky, coast,  
Listened to the wild wind's wailing  
Down the mountain gorge's throat?  
Is thy heart attuned to music?  
Can'st thou hear it in the trees  
Whispering from out their foliage  
When the Master strikes the keys?  
Hast thou listened, soul enraptured,  
To a mighty organ's notes  
Swelling out with glorious cadence  
'Till to Heaven the music floats?  
There is music in the organ,  
There is music in the breeze;  
But the quiet, silent music  
Is the best, beyond all these.

You have heard it with the love-light of a gentle  
mother's eye.  
Crooning softly to her baby, murmuring sweet  
her lullaby;  
You have heard it with the love-light shining in a  
dear one's eyes,  
From her heart to yours its music silently  
but surely flies.

When the toils of day are over, in the quiet,  
    silent night,

    Scated by your open casement, gaze upon  
    the starry height :

Hearst not the silent music speaking to thy  
    heart to-night ?

    Perhaps a treasured, long lost loved one.

Speaks beyond that curtained height,

    Speaks a message to you, listen !

Speaks a message of release

    From thy earthly cares and troubles

To a land where all is peace,

    Where united you shall wander through the  
    everlasting days,

Listening to a grander music, far beyond the  
    glittering rays

    Of those mystic worlds above you,

Shining golden, glimmering bright ;

    Dimly they reflect the glory

Of that Highest Heaven's Light.

Listen ! Listen ! to that music

    Floating down the quiet air ;

Bringing peace to thy sad spirit,

    Silent music, ever near.

F THE YACHT RACE.



HALIFAX HARBOUR--OUTSIDE COURSE.



Let go that jib to windward !  
Haul in main sheet, I say,  
The starting gun has fired ;  
We're off across the bay,  
The soul west wind is freshening fast,  
Her washboard dips to lee ;  
Now, pile out, boys, to windward,  
And steer her carefully.

Look out for that sharp "squealer."  
I see it hit the trees,  
See now it strikes the water,  
And, hissing, seaward flees ;  
So shove her up to windward ;  
See that your sheets are clear ;  
Just keep that "luff" a shaking,  
And mind your running gear.

We leave the land behind us,  
And make out in the bay,  
We feel the Atlantic rollers,  
And taste their salt sea spray,  
She dips her nose to meet them,  
And sends the creamy spume  
Aflaying o'ver her fore deck ;  
She's wet from gaff to boom,

That ugly craft to windward,  
She thinks she's very "coy"  
By crowding us to leeward  
So we can't fetch the buoy,  
Quick ! ease off <sup>the</sup> sheet, haul in, luff up !  
Across her stern we go,  
And now We are the weather boat,  
And 'They can "go below."

Ready about ! around the buoy  
We fly with helm a' lee.  
Break out the spinnaker ! my boys,  
For now we're running free,  
With frothing "bone between her teeth"  
She yaws on every sea ;  
With helm a 'trembling' ; watch her close,  
And head her for the quay,

And now she's fairly flying,  
And travelling up the bay,  
The other boats are closing fast  
To try and gain the day,

With waters boiling o'ver her stern,  
The tautened back stays strain ;  
From springing mast, if they should part,  
We'd surely lose the game.

We gain the inner harbour,  
And pass the yacht club pier.  
The ladies wave their handkerchiefs,  
The men, they shout and cheer,  
A puff of smoke, a sharp report ;  
It is the finish gun ;  
So round her up ! haul down your jibs !  
We've won, my boys, we've won.



**"GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST!"**

See amongst those Angel Faces  
Standing round that Great White Throne,  
Of all kindreds, tongues and races,  
Those whom we still call our own,  
Who have passed from earth before us,  
But from Heaven they still look down  
On our earthly cares and struggles  
Till we gain with them our crown,  
Hear the strains of Heavenly music  
Borne upon the wings of love ;  
Join they with us in the anthem  
Praising Him who reigns above,  
As they praise Him in the highest,  
Though beyond one's sight and ken,  
Yet by faith we hear them singing  
Peace on earth, good will to men.

## IN MEMORIAM.



Amidst those awful solitudes,  
That circle round the Southern Pole ;  
No sound of earthly voice intrudes,  
No living thing, no human soul,  
But yet e'en here, sleep England's dead,  
In sacred graves beneath the snow ;  
In glory rests each honored head,  
For they were brave that sleep below.

For Britain's fame they nobly died,  
And counted naught their very life ;  
Though severed far by oceans wide,  
From all they loved, from child and wife,  
In cold and hunger thus they died,  
Five noble souls, who gave their all ;  
That Britain's flag might proudly ride,  
They left their homes at country's call.

They bore it South, their country's flag,  
To raise it at the very Pole ;

No glacier vast, nor icy crag,  
    Could stop their progress to their goal,  
"To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield,"  
    Illustrious ones, their motto proud ;  
They through the screaming blizzard reeled,  
    Until the snow-drift was their shroud.

Now from Antarctic's icy steep  
    Sad tidings reach Britannia's shore ;  
And King and people sadly weep  
    Within the vast cathedral's door.  
Brave Scott ! Brave Oates ! Thy sacrifice  
    Shall ne'er by us forgotten be ;  
Where'er our British ensign flies,  
    Where'er we dwell on land or sea.

Drop from thy peak, O mighty flag !  
    In bitter grief Britannia weep ;  
Proud privilege of thy sons to die,  
    That thou thy glorious fame may keep.



"WHEN THE MORNING STARS  
SANG TOGETHER."



Oh child of Earth, when on the Heavens  
thou gazest,  
When sable night enfolds the sleeping world ;  
In silence listening—  
Hearest thou not the music—  
The music of those grand celestial spheres,  
The Heavens the glory of thy God declareth ;  
O what beyond ! Can not thy spirit soar  
Through Faith, to heights of Life Immortal ?  
To Life unseen, eternal evermore.

In lowly reverence bow thy head in worship  
To Him who guides the planets on their way  
In countless millions each its course is keeping,  
Through countless ages, they all own His  
sway.

O mortal man enshrined within its casket  
Of human form, there lies a priceless Jewel,  
Deface it not, 'twas formed by thy Creator  
Thy priceless soul, the Immortal Spirit's gem.

Oh child of God, the grains of life are passing  
From hour glass of Time : Trust Him till He  
Shall bear thee up, and wing thy fleeting Spirit  
Beyond the Stars, to His Eternity.