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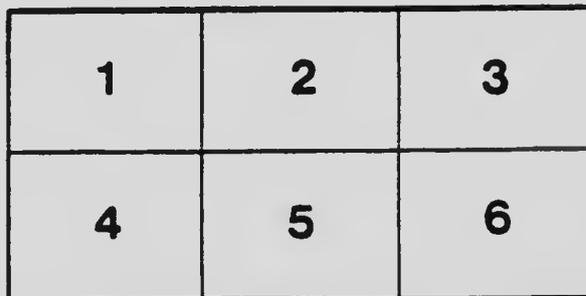
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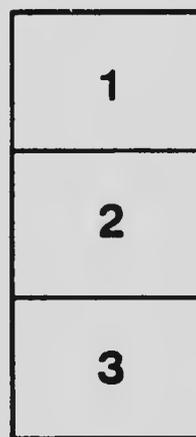
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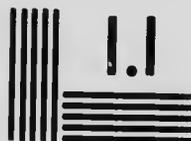
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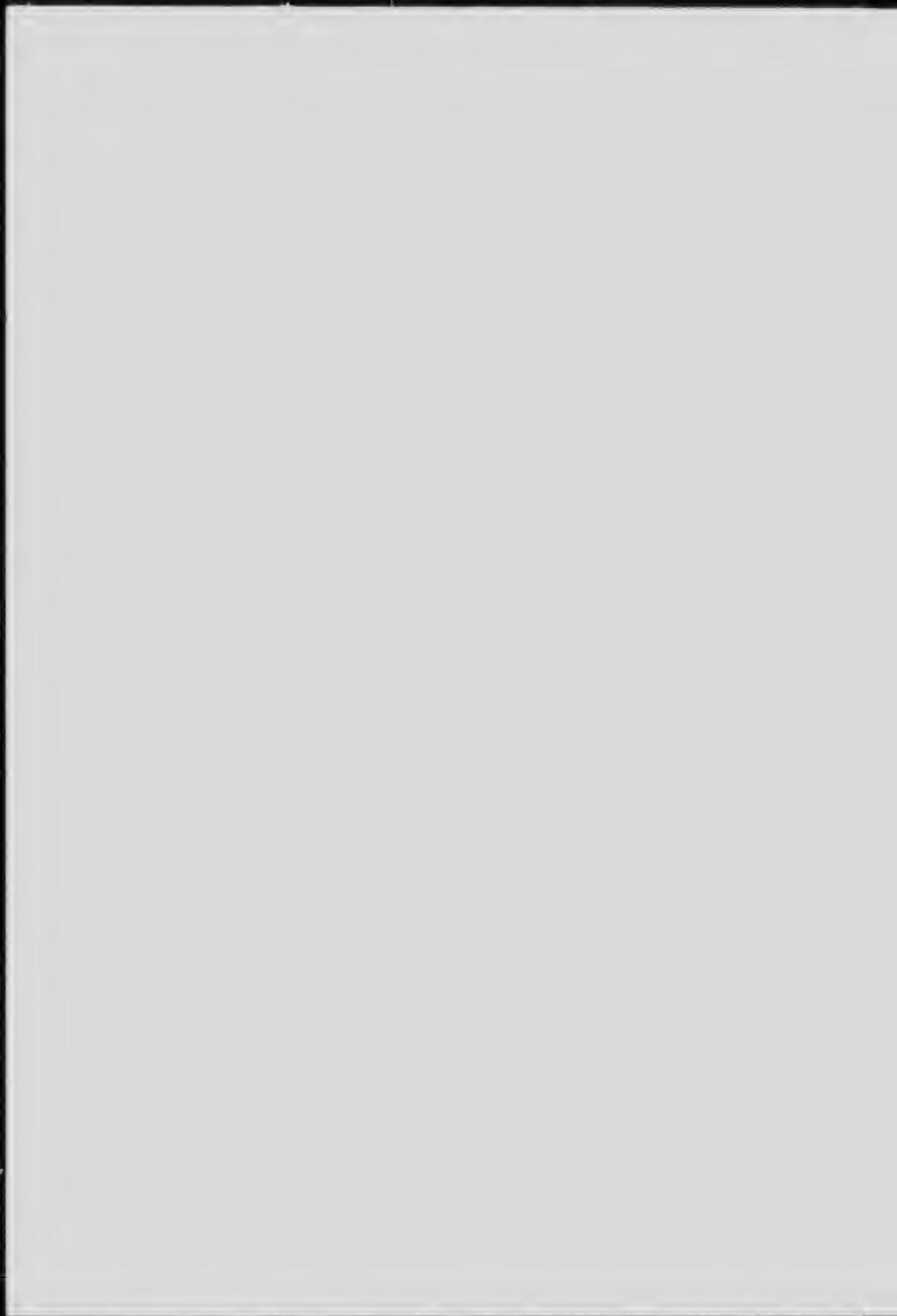
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Selections from
Anglo Saxon
Songs

BY
MARIE JOUSSELYE

*Elizabeth MacCallister
Dawson - 1920 -*

Selections From

Anglo Saxon Songs

— BY —

MARIE JOUSSAYE

PRICE \$1.00

Fifty per cent. of the proceeds of this book of songs will be donated to provide Field Comforts for our Yukon Soldiers at the Front.

The author wishes every Yukoner serving under the colors, Union Jack or Stars and Stripes, to receive a souvenir copy of this booklet, and share in the benefit accruing from the sale of the same.

All Yukon Soldiers, whether they are "British Tommies," "Yankee Sammies" or "Johnnie Canucks," will, therefore, confer a favor by sending their proper address to

MRS. GERALDINE SHARP,
Recording Secretary Women's Protective
League, Dawson, Y. T.

"God save our splendid men,
"Send them safe home again."

TO OUR CANADIAN VOLUNTEERS
OVERSEAS—GREETING.

Once on a time a poet wrote this word
In all good faith, for he believed it true.
"The pen," he said, "is mightier than
the sword."

We read and we believed. We never knew
Until the war-trump sounded thro' the
world,

And called to arms the bravest of our
mer.

We never knew until our Flag unfurled,
How great an error had escaped his pen.
But, Oh! we knew, when treaties, signed
between

Great nations, had been trampled in the
dust.

The pen had failed, the sword must
intervene,

And broken pledge be met with bayonet
thrust.

How my heart throbs with pity, grief and
pride,

As records from the battle front I read,
And mourn because a woman is denied
To share the valor of your mighty deeds.

Yours is the great adventure and the prize
Achievement wins on flame-swept battle
field.

The wounded warrior knows, even as he
dies,

His name shall live on Glory's crimson'd
shield.

I wonder if you soldiers understand
How heavy is the price we women pay,
How useless seem the tasks we have in
hand,

How little we can do save hope and pray.
Then my weak woman's hand takes up
the pen

And strives to write. God grant some
words here writ

May comfort you, dear, gallant soldier
men,

And help you "carry on" and "do your
bit."

.....

Dawson, Y. T.

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The Lion's Brood

Hark! 'Tis the sound of th. under, by the
salt winds borne afar,
Nay, 'tis the voice of the Lion calling her
brood to war.
Over hills and plains and valleys, over
mountains, crag and flood
Rings the war-cry of Old England to the
Children of the Blood,
Deeper than boom of cannon, louder than
crash of the fray
She sounds the call to battle and the
Lion's Whelps obey.
From the Cross in the Southern Heavens,
to the Pole-Star of the North
Her children hear her calling, and the
answer thunders forth
In tones that ring true and steady thro'
the clamor and clash of the fray—
"Mother, your sons are ready! Speak,
and your sons obey;"
The Sons of the Blood have answered as
the Mother knew they would
For Honor and Truth and Freedom, they
answer the call of the Blood.

Not for the lust of carnage, not for the
greed of gold,
Do her sons go forth to battle, like the
warrior kings of old;
Not for the pride of conquest, danger and
death they face,
But to keep unstained the honor of the
English speaking race.

Once in the Council of Nations, Great
Britain pledged her word
To a younger and weaker Nation, and all
the Nations heard.

In the name of Peace she wrote it, in let-
ters bold and clear,
For Honor, Truth and Freedom, for all
that men hold dear.

"Just a mere scrap of paper," the sneer-
ing war lords said—

The men who break a treaty as a child
might break a thread—

"Only a scrap of paper," but the Lion
and her brood

Will redeem the pledge though it costs
them the last drop of their blood,

"Shoulder to shoulder, Brothers, at the
sound of the battle call

Strong sons of a strong brave Mother, to-
gether we stand or fall."

Hark! to the voices thrilling out of the
Northland free;

Out of the far off Indies; out of the
Southern Sea

The children have heard the rally, swiftly
 they answer "Here,"
 Ever the cubs are watchful when the
 Lion's foes are near.
 Ever the cubs remember how well she
 kept watch and word.
 Through hours of dread and danger, her
 strength has been our guard,
 And the strength that was ever our birth
 right, the courage we drew from her
 breast
 With the love of Honor and Freedom, and
 all that is bravest and best
 Is her's in her need, we give it, ungrudg-
 ing and unafraid
 And all else counts as nothing when the
 Blood in the balance is weighed.

 Vibrant and sweet as the music that rang
 thro' Tara's Hall,
 Tender and deep and assuring, comes an
 answer to the call,
 "Did ye doubt my truth and kinship? O
 Mother, have no fear
 What time have we for quarrels, when the
 foe is drawing near?
 Let the quarrel rest for the moment, my
 grievance can bide its time,
 You have need of my strength in battle;
 Mother, you know it is thine.
 The strength that I brought against you,
 when you aroused my bitter wrath
 Will be hurled on the foes of the Empire,
 when they stand in the Lion's path.

They have sneered at the "Lion's Litter,"
but is it a cause for shame
To be lords over land and ocean whom
none can subdue or tame?
Aye, we are the "Lion's Litter," bred
from her blood and bone
And the old, gray Lion and her Whelps
will always hold their own.
Shoulder to shoulder, Brothers, and the
invading hosts take flight
Leaving their slain to witness that the
Lion's Brood can fight.

Hark to the Young Ones calling across
to the Eldest Born—
"Is the Lion-heart not in ye? Are ye of
the Blood foresworn?
Are we not born blood brothers, who
speak the self-same tongue,
And great 'mid the world's great nations
is she from whom we sprung?
Shall the sons stand, cold and passive,
while the parent blood is shed?
Will the Cubs find friends or favor when
the Mother Lion is dead?
Is blood less thick than water? Is love
less strong than hate?
Is he that harbors resentment than he
that forgives more great?"

Not from the lips of statesmen, fettered
in Mammon's mart,
But out of the mouths of the people,

straight from the Nation's heart
Comes the Elder Brother's answer—"Oh,
young ones, have no fear
Are the eyes of the Eagle holden? I have
seen the danger near.
They speak to me fair and friendly, think-
ing to hold me fast,
Ever they strive to awaken the ghost of
a wrong long past,
They would have an endless quarrel 'twixt
the Lion and her Eldest Born
But I read their hidden purpose, and
laugh in my secret scorn.
And as for their friendly favor I hold it
for what it is worth
Based on a deathless hatred for her
who gave me birth.
Shall the sons stand, cold and passive,
whilst the parent blood is shed
Would the Cubs find friendly favor if the
Mother Lion was dead?
I might look for friendly greetings in days
to come in vain;
Short shrift for the hated litter when the
brave, old Lion is slain.

Harken to me, my brothers, you of the
Northland free;
And you of the distant Indies; and you
of the Southern Sea;
Hark to your Elder Brother, who fought
and held his own,
Long ere ye ceased to suckle, or your

teeth or claws were grown.
Is the heart of the Lion in me? Can I
strike the Lion's blow?
Go! Question her who bore us, she has
the right to know.
Ask of the old, gray Lion, if I'm of the
Blood foresworn
In open field she has measured the
strength of her Eldest Born;
Oft has she laughed in her secret pride,
thinking of long ago
When the Cub struck back in his anger
with the might of the Lion's blow
Since then, has my courage weakened? Is
my strength of its fulness shorn?
Peace, Young Ones; Cease your clamor,
and trust to the Eldest born."

And ever the sounds are swelling borne
on by the salt sea winds
To the older Nations waiting, the Young
Ones speak their mind.
"We choose our place in battle, we stand
at our Mother's side
Come weal or woe, or gain or loss, by our
choice we will abide.
For the Lion-heart is in us, and the Lion-
heart is bold,
Ready to fight when the cause is right,
and what we have we'll hold,"
And the heart of the grim old Lion throbs
with a wild, fierce pride
As she faces the front in battle, her

brave whelps at her side.
And the Lion's roar and the Eagle's scream
flings forth the challenge bold
"Ready to fight when the cause is right,
and what we have we'll hold."

LABOR

"Labor is holy," the preachers preach,
On their lips 'tis a senseless creed.
"Labor is noble," the teachers teach,
But the toilers give no heed.
For preacher and teacher in raiment grand
Shrink from the touch of the toiler's hand.
Their sight is dim when they chance to
meet
A son of labor upon the street,
Yet preacher and teacher wonder why
The toiler smiles when they pass him by.
"Labor is noble!" the statesmen shout,
On the eve of election day.
"Labor is holy without a doubt,"
The scribes and Pharisees say.
But after election day is past,
And the toiler's vote is safely cast,
The statemen glance with haughty scorn
On the man whose garments are rough
and worn.

Yet the politicians wonder why
The toiler smiles as they pass him by.

"Labor is noble," we hear the word
From the lips of ruler and priest.
"Labor is holy," they can well afford
To fling the crumbs from the feast
To the patient masses, who starve and toil
That the rich and great may divide the
spoil.

"We must speak fair words," the rulers
say
Lest our slaves awake to the truth some
day.
And learn what we've hidden so well and
long,
And their wrath will be fierce, and their
arms are strong.

Lords and ladies of high estate,
Serene in the pride of your azure blood,
Rulers and statesmen, grand and great,
Teachers and preachers so wise and good,
Open your eyes to the glorious light
Of a dawn that is making the sad Earth
bright.

Unseal your ears that ye may hear
The footsteps of Freedom drawing near.
Listen and learn the reason why
The toilers smile when you pass them by.

Rulers and statesmen, great and grand,
Preachers and teachers so wonderful wise,

Ye are the ignorant ones in the land,
Yours the unseeing eyes.
"Labor is holy," ye need not tell,
"Labor is noble," we know it well,
Oh! men so mighty, so wise, so learned,
Come sit at the feet of those ye have
 spurned,
And learn, if you will, a more wonderful
 thing,
Knowledge is Power and Labor is King.

Step by step from the barren plain
We are struggling up to the light,
Led by the great, strong Angel Pain,
We have passed thro' the gloom of night.
The goal of our hopes is within our reach
And the truths that your teachers refused
 to teach
We have learned from the stern, white
 lips of Pain,
As slowly and surely in strength we gain
And knowing this do you wonder why
The toiler smiles as you pass him by.



THE NINETY AND NINE

"There are Ninety and Nine who must
live and die
In hunger and want and cold,
That one may revel in luxury,
Enwrapped in its silken fold,
And the one owns houses, and gold, and
lands,
But the Ninety and Nine have empty
hands.

Long have they bowed 'neath the terrible
yoke
Of Greed, Oppression and Wrong,
And the cry of their souls goes up to God,
How long, Oh, God! how long?
And the answer comes from the great,
white throne,
"Rejoice! for Labor shall have her own."

They build the palaces, stately and fair,
They labor in field and mine,
And all that is costly and grand and rare,
Is wrought by the Ninety and Nine.
Yet the rulers own all the houses and
lands,
And the Ninety and Nine have empty
hands.

That the rich man's coffers may never
lack gold,
They loose the red hounds of War,

And the angels weep 'round the great
white throne.

For the woes of the Sorrowful Star.

And the feasts of the mighty are red with
wine,

Poured from the veins of the Ninety and
Nine.

Sometimes they wonder if God is dead,
Or if He has refused to hear
The prayer of His people, but God has
heard,

And the hour is drawing near,
When all shall glean in the common field,
Sharing alike in the harvest yield.

And Greed and Labor shall strive no
more,

For Greed shall be overthrown,
And the scales of Justice shall balance at
last,

And Labor shall have her own,
And the builders will own whatever they
build,

And the hands of the Ninety and Nine be
filled.

A CRY FROM THE EARTH

Dedicated to the War Profiteers of all
Nations, and the Rulers who suffer them
to exploit the people.

"And I heard a voice saying: "A

measure of wheat for a penny and three
measures of barley for a penny, and see
thou hurt not the oil and the wine."

Sixth Chapter of Revelations.

O, God! Dost Thou not hear the bitter
wailing
Ascending from the Earth unto Thy
throue?
Are human tears and prayers so unavail-
ing
That Heaven heareth not the people's
moan?

"Hearken, O, God! we pray," in justice
hearken,
Earth's toiling millions moan in agony,
"How long, O God! shall Greed and
Mammon darken
The lives of those who put their trust
in Thee?"

As a Shepherd feeds his flock, so it is
written,
Within Thy Word this promise we have
read,
But see, O God! by Famine's gaunt hand
smitten,
Thy children starve and die, they have
no bread.

Those faithless stewards of Earth's goodly
treasure,

Thine eyes are keen to scan the deeds
unjust.
Ye bade them give with full and loving
measure,
And see, O God! how they abuse Thy
trust.

A fair day's pay in turn for honest labor,
A living wage we ask and that is all;
They answer us with prison cell and
sabre,
With bayonet thrust and flames and
leaden ball.
Some times we wonder, God, Thou art
sleeping,
Thou art so silent when we call to Thee
So unresponsive to our children's weeping.
The little children, Lord, who trust in
Thee

Oh! Angel Host! whose songs are ever
ringing
Around the great, white throne, so
sweet and clear,
For one brief moment, cease thy cease
thy singing,
And let Earth's bitter songs reach
His ear.

Weep on, Ye people, raise your moans to
Heaven,
Let cries of anguish swell more loud
and long,

Until Earth's pain the jasper walls hath
 riven,
And killed the rapture of the angel's
 song.

A PRAYER FOR GRACE

God grant me grace,
Whenever I attempt a kindly deed,
To help another in the hour of need;
 To do it cheerfully with smiling face
And willing hands, nor ever stop to heed
The sneers of those whose narrow souls
 and creed
For Christ's broad charity can find no
 place,

God, make me strong,
If when I see my brother's honored name
Tarnished and marred by undeserved
 shame,
To step from out the sneering, worldly
 throng
And tho' he has no friend in all the land,
To take him bravely, boldly by the hand
And tell the carping critics they are
 wrong.

God, make me dumb,
If, when I give a pittance from my share
To ease the burdens that my comrades
 bear,
I tell abroad the substance and the sum

Of what I gave and vaunt my charity,
And whine of man's ingratitude to me;
If I should boast like this, God make
me dumb.

God, grant me speech,
When words are needed to defend the
weak,
God give me strength if ever, then to
speak;
And wing my words with truth that
they may reach
The hearts of men and cause them to
unite
In bonds of sympathy for truth and right,
And teach me, Lord, to practice what I
preach.

FROM DAY TO DAY

Father, the morn is fair, and smooth the
road,
And I am so impatient to be gone.
My heart is brave and strong, give me
the load
That I must bear, now, Father, lead me on.
For I must journey fast ere set of sun
And night o'ertakes me with the goal
unwon.

Father. The noon day sun is hot, the
road

Is growing rough, my strength is almost
gone,
My shoulders ache beneath this heavy
load
But Thou wilt give me strength to strug-
gle on.
Hold Thou my hand for when I feel Thy
touch
I do not mind the weariness so much.

Father, the twilight creeps across the land
And my day's journey not completed yet.
I am so tired but if Thou wilt hold my
hand ;
I'll try to reach the goal that Thou hast
set.
And if my feet should stumble on the
road,
Thou wilt remember, Lord, how great the
load.

Father, the night is dark, the wind is
cold
And I can go no farther, let me rest.
But leave me not alone, still keep Thy
hold
Upon my hand, Dear Lord, I did my best
To reach the goal, but it was not to be
Tho' men may censure, Thou wilt pity me.

Father, the night is past, behold, a ray
Of golden light across the eastern sky;
It is the dawning of another day,

My rest has strengthened me, once more
I'll try.
Is this my load? Why half the weight is
gone
Father, how good Thou art, now, lead me
on.

A TIME WILL COME

The time will come when you will stand
alone,
In some bleak, barren, wind-swept path
of life;
Wounded and bruised by many a thorn
and stone,
Unsheltered from the bitter storm and
strife
With none to speak save in cold cen-
sorious tone
And censure's cruel scorn cuts like a
knife.

A time will come when you will kneel
and pray
Your tears fast-falling in the dust like
rain;
For God to send one friend across your
way
A friend to help you bear the weight of
pain;
And thro' the gloom will come no an-
swering ray

You'll find your tears and prayers are
all in vain.

Believe me when I say the time will come,
When you will walk the crowded city
street;
And out of all who know you find not
one
Who cares to give you greeting when
you meet,
But one and all will seek your gaze to
shun
And not till then will justice be com-
plete.

And in that hour you'll long for one true
heart
Too leal and true a slanderous tongue to
heed;
A friend to turn aside the vengeful dart
A friend to lean on in your hour of need;
A friend to face the world and take your
part,
And find you've trusted in a broken
reed.

Nay, smile not with that careless, mock-
ing smile,
Even as you mock at all things good
and true
Remember, God has watched the wrong
up-pile
And some day it will all return to you.

Justice may sleep but only for a while
And God has kept the score between us
two.

And for that hour I am content to wait
Even as I journey on my lonely way;
Leaving the past within the hand of Fate
'Tis only for a time the blow may stay;
And whether vengeance cometh soon or
late
What matters it, since come it must
some day.

If anyone should ask me how I know
This thing shall come to pass, I cannot
say,
But it is sure as Time's resistless flow
And to my secret soul in some strange
way
God has revealed what is to come, and so
I say again the time will come some day.

IN FANCY'S REALM

Part First

Do you remember? Can you forget?
That in another world we two have met,
Met, loved and parted in sorrow and pain,
Pain that will vanish when we meet again.
Swiftly the memories come on Fancy's
wing;
I was a Princess, You were a King.

Fair was our kingdom in yon Realm of
song,
Swiftly at Joy's command Time swept
along.
Glad in each other's love, swift sped the
hours,
No love in all that land equal to ours.
Nothing of pain we knew, fear we knew
not,
Dear, was it strange if we sometimes
forgot
That love such as ours awakes anger in
Heaven
Unto the Gods alone homage is given.

Do you remember, when at the Throne,
Facing the jealous Gods, we stood alone.
Yet I was not afraid, clasping your hand,
Fearless you stood erect, King-like and
grand.
Daring the angry Gods, scorning to pray,
Love! in my eyes you seemed greater
than they.
Sudden the skies grew dim, cold grew my
heart,
Was it the Gods who spake: "Ye twain
must part."

Thou by the Gods beloved! Thou whom
they crowned,
Whose lyre awoke music no other could
sound.

Thou! who for lover's kiss bartered high
Heaven.

Harken! The hour has come, judgment
is given:

Down to the Sorrowful Star ye shall go,
Share in her misery, taste of her woe.
Sing there the minor strains Heaven
loved to hear.

Take as thy sure reward Earth's mock
and jeer.

Strike then a deeper chord, martial and
grand,

Vainly the notes shall fall on sea and
land.

Weep for the woes of men, share in their
pain,

Lighten Life's burdens again and again.
But when thy soul is sad, stand thou
apart,

no one shall comfort or gladden thy
heart.

Thine to sow roses, thine to reap thorns,
Trading Love's riches for hatred and
scorn.

Treading in Sorrow's steps, hand clasped
with Pain,

Seeking soul sympathy, seeking in vain."

"Fearless and Best Beloved! whom the
Gods favored most,

Making thee ruler o'er Heaven's high
host.

Chief among Angels! Hero and King!

Deem'st our favor so trifling a thing,
That thou should'st forfeit all we have
given.

Deeming a woman's kiss greater than
Heaven.

Down to the Sorrowful Star ye must go
Share in her miseries, taste of her woe
Dwell among those who are humble of
birth.

Highest in Heaven and lowest on Earth.
Till the war-trumpet sounds through the
Sorrowful Star,

Waking and calling Earth's heroes to war.
First in the battle field, ready to dare,
Earning the laurels another shall wear.
Ever by mighty deeds proving thy worth,
Winning the praise of the rulers of Earth.
Then, as Fame's chalice is raised to thy
lips,

Then shall the curse of the Gods bring
eclipse.

Envy and Slander have pointed the dart,
Straight thro' thine honor's shield, straight
to thy heart.

Turning thy glory to shame-clouded
gloom,

Hounding thy steps to the gates of the
tomb.

But the balance shall turn when the sin
has been weighed,

And the Gods will forgive when the debt
has been paid."

Clasped in each other's arms, heart
 pressed to heart,
We heard the sentence read, "Ye twain
 must part."
Earth's shame and misery I could have
 borne,
All the God's jealousy, all Heaven's
 scorn.
But to be parted, never to meet,
That was the bitterness, all else were
 sweet.

Swiftly the lightning sword flamed thro'
 the sky,
All Heaven seemed to frown on us, but I,
Strong in my mighty love, weak in my
 pain,
knelt at the Judgment Seat, pleaded in
 vain.
Save for this single boon, bitter and sweet,
Once e'er the shadows fall, we two shall
 meet.

Ages have come and gone since we last
 met,
Still I remember, could I forget?
Ages may come and go, still I am true,
Darling! my heart has room only for you.

Sometimes I call to you; Love, can you
 near?
Stretching out empty arms, where are
 you, dear?

Ears that are sealed to me, lips that are
dumb,
Soul that is reft from me, hasten and
come.

Life is so weary haunted by fears,
Oh! but the years are long measured by
tears.
But I will see you once e're I die,
Have they not promised? Gods dare not
lie.
Once e're my footsteps turn down to the
tomb,
Love! you will come to me out of the
gloom.
Come with the sunshine of love on your
face,
Holding me close in your strong, true
embrace.
Once more you'll speak to me, tender and
low,
Whispering the love names that we only
know.
Eyes smiling into eyes, lips pressed to
lips,
Just for a moment, then Death's eclipse.

IN FANCY'S REALM.

Part Second

Over the pathway of sunset gold blazed
on the breast of the sea,

In the kingdom we loved so well of old,
my darling! I wait for thee.
Oh! the palace is lonely without you, my
sweet, I call and you do not hear,
I listen in vain for your swift, light feet,
when will you come, my dear?
Have I forgot? Has my love grown cold?
Death cannot conquer Love,
Come, when my arms around you fold,
The warmth of my love I'll prove.
Do I remember? Could I forget? When
the stars have ceased to shine?
And the sun and the moon hath forever
set. I know you will still be mine.
Have I forgotten the joys of old, dearest,
my heart is true,
Over the pathway of sunset gold ever I
watch for you.
It is weary watching from year to year
over the sun-kissed foam,
Oh! the palace is lonely without you, my
dear, Beloved! when will you come?
They lie when they say the dead forget,
Death cannot conquer Love,
Come, when our lips once more have met,
the falsehood we will prove.
Often I speak and you do not hear. I
call and you never come,
Not mine the ears that are sealed, my
dear, not mine the lips that are
dumb.

Off in the Sorrowful Star we met, our
eyes were blinded, we did not know.
Oh! I marvel now that we could forget,
and yet it was better so,

For the world between us had raised a
bar, and thro' it our love could
never win.

Those poor warped minds in the Sorrow-
ful Star would deem our love a sin.
Perchance they laughed from their thrones
afar, for Gods remember, and Gods
can hate,

When we met and passed in the Sorrow-
ful Star, nor knew til it was too
late.

Will the Gods laugh now, their day 'is
past. We have paid, and kept the
vow,

And the power of Love has triumphed at
last, the Gods cannot harm us now.

But ā little while till the shadows fall
and your steps turn down to the
tomb,

Swiftly I'll come when I hear you call
from the sad Earth's mist and
gloom.

I will hold you close in my arms again
in your old time resting place,

And your lips will smile when my lips
rain warm kisses on your face,

Oh! the soft warm curves of those tender
lips, and their kisses sweet as wine.

And the magic thrill of those finger tips
that will nestle close in mine.
And the misty veil of your soft brown
hair, tinged with the sunset sheen,
It holds me still in its silken snare, my
Princess, my Love, my Queen.
My heart will feel your true heart beat as
I whisper the old love name,
Then lightly we'll speed with glad, swift
feet over the path of flame.
That leads to the realm of Love and Song
over the sun splashed foam.
Oh! the days are weary, the nights are
long. Beloved! when will you come?

MY SHIPS THAT WENT TO SEA

From the haven of the sheltered bay
My ships sailed out in proud array,
'Twas the morn of a pleasant summer
day
And the wind was fair and free,
The air was clear, the sky was bright
And the blue waves laughed in the glad
sun light,
And oh, but it was a goodly sight
As my ships sailed out to sea.

I was proud of my ships, a gallant fleet
With their graceful hulls, so trim and
neat.

Sturdy and staunch, and all complete
From the spars to the smallest rig.

One was a ship of stately mien
Whose white sails shone with a silver
sheen.

Oh, a goodlier ship was never seen
And I called her "The Golden Hope."

And laden was she with a cargo rare,
With beautiful dreams, and fancies fair;
A poet's songs, and a true heart's prayer
And many a smile and tear
Dreams of wealth and dreams of fame
Hopes of winning an honored name,
And all the pride of a lofty aim
And many a hope and fear.

I watched them as they sailed afar
And saw the top of each slender spar
Fade beyond the horizon bar,
But my heart was light and gay,
For why should I feel a throb of fear
When the wind blew fair, and the sky
was clear.
So my heart beat high with hope and
cheer
As I watched them sail away.

But often my heart grew sick with fear
For my ships were gone for many a year
And Oh, but the nights were long and
drear
And the days dragged wearily,
Often when others were fast asleep
And the angry Storm King rode the deep

The whole night long I would watch and
weep
For my gallant ships at sea.

But they bring me glad, good news today;
"Oh, your ships are coming in," they say
"You can see them gliding up the Bay
In the glow of the morning sun."
Oh, my ships are in with their cargoes
rare
And their colors streaming in the air,
My bonnie ships, so brave and fair
They are all in save one.

The Golden Hope with topmast tall
Rides like a queen among them all.
But a fairy shallop, frail and small,
The dearest of all to me.
One night when the winds and waves
were high
Went down to her doom 'neath a pitiful
sky
And never a thought for the rest have
Since Love went down at sea.

IF I HAD KNOWN.

If I had know how steep the path of
Fame,
How long the weary years of toil and
care;
How sharp the sting of poverty, the shame

Of baffled hopes, the bitter, wild de-
spair
Of prayers unanswered, ever backward
thrust
Upon my heart like ashes, dust on dust,
I never would have ventured all alone
To tread the rugged path, if I had known.

If I had known that Friendship had a
sting,
That smiling lips and eyes could hide
deceit;
I had not crowned and honored as a king
This poor clay idol shattered at my
feet;
Nor given all my loyal trust to learn
The friends I loved but mocked me in re-
turn;
Over my broken hopes my heart makes
moan,
I had not trusted so if I had known.

If I had known how soon Love's roses
fade,
How soon their bloom and beauty knew
eclipse;
A cluster o'er my heart I had not laid
Or touched the fragrant blossoms with
my lips.
And my poor heart and lips had not been
torn,
If I had known Love's rose concealed a
thorn

Which rankled sore long after Love had
 flown;
I had not suffered so if I had known.

If I had known, Nay, heart, why should
 we mourn?
 Better by far we never knew the pain
Fate had allotted us ere we were born.
 And who shall say that life has been in
 vain.
Life is made up of equal joy and care
The joy we missed has been another's
 share
And every burden added to our load
Has eased some other traveler on the road
And God knew best, before the griefs now
 flown
Our courage would have faltered had we
 known.

SMILES AND TEARS

They said to her, "Why are your songs
 so sad,
 Such hidden pain and pathos in them
 lie;
Such mournful thoughts in sombre lan-
 guage clad,
 They bring the tears unbidden to the
 eye;
If you would only write in strains more
 glad,

The world would laugh and so forget to
sigh.

Life has its pain but has its pleasure too;
A cheery smile is better than a tear;
Some hearts are false, we know, but some
are true;

The world is sad, why make it still
more drear;
We love Life's roses better than its rue,
Better than rune of woe the song of
cheer"

She answered gently, "Nay, not always so,
Some hearts there are so sore, so
. bruisèd with pain
A smile or jest would hurt them like a
blow.

It is for them I sing in plaintive strain;
If I can only help them weep, I know
Their hearts are eased, I have not sung
in vain."

The lark sings gaily in the morning sun
Uprising . . . its nest amid the wheat;
The nightingale's sweet notes when day is
done
Float gently from the woodland's cool
retreat,
In soft and plaintive strain, but is there
one
Who hearing both would deem the
lark's more sweet?

A BIRTHDAY WISH

Dear heart, 'tis vain for me to pray
That storms may never cloud thy skies;
Or that the tears of sorrow may
Ne'er dim your gentle eyes.

For never mortal yet, but knew
The pain that comes to Sorrow's thrall;
Joy cometh to a chosen few
But Sorrow comes to all.

Yet from my heart this prayer goes up
When Sorrow's draught your lips must
meet;
May Love be there to kiss the cup
And make the bitter sweet.

For 'tis a wondrous truth, and strange
That Love can gild the darkest hour;
And sweeten Sorrow's cup, and change
Life's thorns to fairest flowers.

We all can speak of what we know;
For when we kneel at Marah's brink;
To taste the bitterness of woe
That God would have us drink.

If Love be there to share the draught,
All fear from out our souls we cast;
We drain the utmost dregs, and laugh
To find the bitterness has passed.

At times the human heart grows weak;
And shrinks before the harsh world's
scorn;
And paths more smooth we vainly seek
When ways are rough and set with
thorn.

Yet Love goes with us all the while;
His radiance lighting up the gloom;
And oh, the brightness of his smile
Can cause the wilderness to bloom.

And though, dear heart, I can not pray
That you and Sorrow never meet,
May Love go with you all the way
And make the bitter sweet.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

When two have walked the ways of life
together,
In pleasant comradeship for many
years,
Faring alike in bright or stormy weather,
Sharing alike the gladness and the
tears.

When two have toiled along life's rugged
highway,
Depending on each other's helping
hand,
Or strayed contentedly through pleasant
byways,

Gathering the flowers that bloom through
out the land.

And after years of comradeship un-
broken,
Just as the longed for goal has met
their gaze,
All suddenly, with never sign or token,
We come unto the Parting of the Ways.

And one must step aside and take the
turning,
That leads thro' mist and shadows to
the tomb,
The other stand with arms outstretched
and yearning,
Watching the loved one vanish in the
gloom.

And then, our very heart-strings, torn and
riven,
Yet mindful that the world hears not
our moan,
We turn to lift the burden God has given,
And wonder can we bear it all alone.

Ah! not alone ere the first step is taken,
We feel the loving hands clasp ours once
more,
Our glad hearts tell us we are not for-
saken,
The loved one walks beside us as of
yore.

The sweet companionship we prized so
dearly,
Is still our own, more precious and
complete,
For eyes unsealed by Death can see more
clearly
The thorns and pitfalls that beset our
feet.

And this is true, Death has no power to
sever,
If faith and hope can keep Love's flame
ablaze,
For kindred souls whom Love has joined
forever
There is no death, no Parting of the
Ways.

YOUR SUNNY SMILE

In Summer, when the skies were blue,
And sunshine bathed the land with
light;
When friends were mine whom I deemed
true,
And life seemed pleasant in my sight,
With sunny smiles you came to me
And promised love and loyalty.

Fairer than heaven and as dear,
The sunshine of your smile to me,
The love-light in your eyes more clear,
Than all the light on land and sea

And all my heart went out to you
I loved you and believed you true.
The sun withdrew, and all the land
Grew dark, the world dealt harsh with
me,
Friends fell away on every hand;
I mourned them not, I still had thee.
But when I sought you in my need,
Your love proved but a broken reed.

'Twas but a cloud and soon it passed
The sun shone fairer than before;
Old friends returned, even you at last
Smiled on me as in days of yore.
But I had learned in that dark while
To live without your sunny smile.

THE SINGER'S RECOMPENSE

Where pleasant waters smile and calmly
flow
By wooded shores, there lived long years
ago,
A little child, and God so willed that she
In early childhood felt the hand of Pain
Touch her young heart, and pressed her
childish lips
Unto a cup more bitter far than death.
Even at that age when children know no
care
As she and her young playmates were at
play

Came Sorrow in their midst and spoke to
her

In tones that hushed the laughter on
their lips,

Then kneeling at her stern preceptor's
knee

Scanning the page through swiftly falling
tears

She learned a lesson far beyond her years.

No matter what the future held in store
The past's dark memory ever went before
Clouding her path in life with shadows
gray

Through which her wistful eyes forever
strove,

In vain, to catch the brightness of the
sun.

"God's greatest gifts to poets." I have
heard,

"Is early grief," perchance it may be
true;

In this young heart so early touched by
Pain

Was kindled the divine and quenchless
flame.

Of Poesy, and as the child grew up
To womanhood, she poured out all her
heart

In song, even as the birds that sing their
songs

As God and Nature teaches them to sing.

It was not her's to tread with eager feet
 The paths of knowledge in fair Learning's halls
 Unaided and alone, with none to guide,
 She struggled on through rough and thorny
 ways
 Unto those springs where Truth and
 Knowledge poured
 Their living streams to quench the
 thirsting soul
 But as she knelt to drink she heard the
 voice
 Which summoned her back to the weary
 strife
 Among her fellow toilers, reluctantly
 With wistful glances ever backward cast
 Toward those springs of which she might
 not drink
 She turned away and taking up the task
 That Duty set for her, she plodded on.
 But in her heart still flowed the stream
 of song
 Nor toil, nor poverty could quench its flow.
 And so in simple phrase she wrote her
 songs
 And sang of human love and human hope,
 And human joy and pain, the things that
 she
 Had known and felt and understood, and
 when
 The book was finished sent it forth, with
 hope,

And fear, to meet the verdict of the
world.
And some who read the book with care-
less eyes
In silence passed it o'er, deeming the
songs
Not worth a passing word from tongue or
pen;
Others, more kind, perchance less cold of
heart,
Lingered a moment o'er the printed page
And spoke of "charming verse" and
"pleasing rhyme;"
Of "minor chords" and "soft and plaintive
strain,"
Yet said "that tho' the songs were sweet
and sad,"
Tender and heartfelt, they could never
bring
The singer fame, that fame was for a few,
A chosen few, and never could be hers."
But there were those who gave their meed
of praise
Unstinted, friends and playmates of her
youth,
Her comrades on the battle-field of life
Her fellow-toilers in the grinding mills
Of poverty, the friends who knew her best,
And loved her most, and understood the
songs
That drew their hearts in sympathy to
hers

With links of love, more precious far than
gold,
Who loved the poet for her songs, and
loved
The songs because of her who wrote, and
so,
They came to her, and holding fast her
hand,
In friendship's loyal grasp, they said to
her
"Dear heart, to us thou hast not sung in
vain,
Thy songs have found their way into our
hearts
And caused the chords of sympathy and
love
To thrill in unison. And when our hearts
Were sad, thy songs have come to us
Bearing such heartfelt sympathy that we,
Knowing that thou hadst felt the touch of
Pain,
Were comforted, and love thy songs and
thee."

And as she heard, the singer's face grew
bright
With a great gladness, as she softly said.
"I thank thee, O my God, that Thou hast
heard
My prayer, and answered it. I am con-
tent."

And so it came to pass, the shadows gray

'That long had gloomed her young life's
weary way
Were lifted, and the sunshine stole again
Into her heart with warm and genial ray
Turning to gladness that which once was
pain,
For sunshine ever cometh after rain.

CHILDREN OF THE NORTH

Hark a thrilling voice is calling,
"Oh! my children, come away,
Follow in the Sun-God's footsteps, ye
whose hearts are strong and bold,
Over rocks and streams and torrents,
nasten children, do not stay,
There are treasures waiting for you in
the land of hidden gold.

"That the timid may take courage and
the Mother-voice obey,
You must climb the snow-clad moun-
tains, you must cross the frozen lake;
Thro' the steep and rocky passes you must
carve and clear a way,
Where less-rugged feet may follow in my
stronger children's wake."

And the children answer, "Mother, you
have called and we obey;
Where the Sun-God leads we follow,
strong of heart we journey forth,
Over rocks and streams and mountains,
onward without stop or stay,

Till we reach the treasure houses in our
Kingdom of the North.

“That the timid may take courage and the
Mother-voice obey,
We have climbed the highest mountains,
we have toiled thro’ brush and brake,
Through the silent northern forests we
have blazed and hewn a way,
Where less rugged feet may follow in
your stronger children’s wake.”

Far behind them as they journeyed
stretched the fields of golden grain,
Sprung thro’ magic of their footsteps
from the prairie’s fertile breast,
And before them lay the mountains and
the stretch of barren plain,
As they journeyed ever onward with
their faces to the West.

Not for them the joy of harvest, not for
them the pleasant home,
Or the sound of children’s voices, not
for them Love’s fond caress,
Where the Sun-God led they followed, and
the Mother-voice said: “Come!”
And they never stopped or tarried in
their journey to the West.

When they reached the fair Pacific, very
pleasant to their sight,
Stretched the vineyards of the Southland

but they turned and journeyed forth
To where they heard the Mother calling
and the mystic Northern Lights,
And the Pole-Star flashed a greeting to
the Children of the North.

Oh! the long and weary marches! Oh! the
hungry nights and cold!

When the food was coarse and scanty,
and short the hours of rest,
But their courage never faltered for their
hearts were strong and bold,
As they journeyed ever onward, ever
steadfast in their quest.

Now the Mother-voice is silent, for the
children have come home,

All the first-born, strong and valiant;
and the rest will follow on;
You have blazed a trail before them by
the might of brawn and bone.

Yet another task awaits you, 'tis a task
ye may not shun.

All the joys that you surrendered when
you chose to journey forth,

Love and home and children's voices,
harvest fields and goodly store,
All were in the treasure houses of the
wondrous Golden North,

All she asked of you she gave you, filled
the measure brimming o'er.

Men who build a Northern Empire! still
the Mother speaks to you,

It is the Mother-heart that's speaking
tho' the Mother-voice is dumb,
"Build not on a weak foundation, lay the
bases firm and true,
That the future may not shame you in
the better days to come."

GOOD LUCK TO THE YUKON CONTINGENT

The other day while passing thro' Dawson
baseball grounds
Where you boys lined up for practice and
the rest of us gathered 'round
To watch you do the goose step, and var-
ious other stunts
In the pleasant summer evening, before
you left for the front.
And there at my feet 'mid the grasses I
saw to my great surprise
Such a host of four-leaved clovers, I could
hardly believe my eyes
And I laughed as I counted my treasures,
two hundred strong and more
One for each of our soldiers, talk of your
good luck galore.
A coincidence? Well, perhaps so, but I
figure it out this way
It may be a woman's fancy, but you boys
won't laugh when I say
That the dear little, green little leaflets
awoke to the trampling feet

Of our soldier lads above them and sprang
from the sod to greet
You all with a cheery promise of fortune,
fair and true,
And they chose that the wife of a comrade
should find them and send them to
you.
And so I am sending the tokens, rich with
with their magic charm,
Straight from the heart of the Yukon to
guard you and keep you from harm.
We feel that your sturdy manhood, your
courage tried and true,
With the luck of the British Army will
carry you safely thro'.
But now and then it has happened, and
perhaps it will happen again
When the luck of the British Army is a
wee bit overstrained.
It is then that the prayers of your women,
combined with your strength and wit,
And the luck of the four-leafed clovers
will help you to "do your bit."
And if prayers and heart-felt wishes can
war of its dangers rob
Believe me, your wives and mothers, and
sisters are "on the job."
So good luck to you boys and remember,
whether you lose or win
The hearts of the Yukon people are with
you through thick and thin.

Dawson, Y. T., July, 1916.

IN LONDON TOWN

Coronation Prize Poem, 1902.

The King rode out thro' London Town. It
was the time when roses blow,
A thousand years have come and gone
since that June morning, long ago.
From far and near the people throng their
well loved soldier King to greet,
And happy faces smile on him, as he rides
down thro' London streets.
The little children laugh and leap to see
the King whose pleasant eyes
Smile on their glee; and women weep for
joy as he goes riding by,
Whilst bearded lips breathe blessings on
the King who saved old London
'Town.

Long years had Denmark's roving bands
brought desolation to our shores
But Alfred's valor freed the land and
peace and plenty ruled once more.
And as the English King rides by, ten
thousand English voices cry
"Long may he live to wear the crown,
who drove the Dane from London
'Town.

1-8-6-3.

A Prince rode out through London Town.
A gentle maiden at his side.

On her no English eye could frown, tho'
Denmark gave our Prince his bride.
The people shout with joy and pride as
thro' old London's streets they go
Our future king and his young bride, the
daughter of our ancient foe.
And as the happy pair ride by a million
English voices cry
"Long live the heir to Alfred's crown, who
brings the Dane to London Town."

1-2-1-5.

The King rode out thro' London Town,
more than six hundred years ago,
The golden sunshine floods the land, and
once again June roses blow.
No cheers to greet this tyrant king, who
turns his scowling glances down
He dares not meet the angry eyes that
fling him back his sullen frown.
And on thro' London's streets they ride
on, on to distant Runnymede
To Magna Charta's far-famed isle, where
this false king is forced to heed
That he who wears the British Crown
must swear if he that crown would
save.
To guard the people's liberty; for Britons
never will be slaves.

1-9-0-2.

The King rides out thro' London Town,
a queenly woman at his side,

The daughter of our ancient foe, of British
hearts, she is the pride,
The sunshine falls across the land, it is
the royal month of June,
Old England loves to crown her Kings
when England's royal roses bloom;
And British hearts are throbbing fast,
and British throats cheer loud and
long
As good King Edward and his Queen ride
slowly through the surging throng.
The eyes of King and People meet, we
may not clasp him by the hand
We are so many he but one, yet King
and People understand.
Too wise and just is he to think a King
could ever stand alone
Unless the People's stalwart arm upheld
the monarch on his throne.
Across the blaze of pomp and pride and
sheen of jewels rich and grand
He looks straight in the People's eyes,
and King and people understand.
From heart to heart the message flies,
more swift than flight of swallow's
wing
"Our King," we whisper in our hearts.
"My People," answers back the
King.
We know right well he holds us dear, and
well he knows who loves him best,
Not always does the truest heart beat
underneath the silken vest.

And as the royal pair ride by ten million
English voices cry
"Long may he live to wear the crown,
God save the King in London 'Town."

Oh London Town! of storied fame, we trust
our best beloved to thee
Guard well our sovereign Lord and King,
even as he guards our liberty,
Whilst to the King of Kings we kneel and
pray for this great Nation's weal,
And crave kind Heaven's blessing on the
King who rules in London 'Town.

RESURGAM

Who has not knelt 'neath darkly frowning
skies
Upon the lonely mount of sacrifice,
And wept to see fair Hope, all bruised
and torn,
Die slowly on the cross of human scorn.
And when the last keen shaft of hatred
sped
The High-priests go, and leave us with
our dead.
With swiftly falling tears and loving
hands
We wrap the cold, white form in swathing
bands
And in some secret chamber of the heart,
Safe from the world's cold scorn and
hatred's dart,

We lay dead Hope to rest with gentle
care,
Our dear, dead Hope so beautiful and
fair;
And o'er the sepulchre keep watch alone,
With none to pity or to heed our moan.

And then across the vigil of our woe
The golden Easter morning dawns—and lo!
An Angel standing guard outside the tomb
Whose radiant smile has lightened all
the gloom

At his command the stone has rolled away,
And forth into the glorious light of day
Comes resurrected Hope, and as we gaze
On God's great miracle, with glad amaze,
We see the grave's sad ceremonies, one by
one

Blaze into living glory, like the sun.
And tears and pain are all forgot, as we
Behold our Hope merged in Reality.



COMPENSATION

To Marie Joussaye.

The shadow of a giant grief was flung
across thy soul,
Nor tears could give thy heart relief, nor
years could bring control.
Still clings that shadow round thy heart,
into thy verse it creeps,
For love forbids it to depart and hallows
her who weeps.
The earnest years have come and gone,
and left thee still the same
Save in thy mind a purpose born, to win
a gracious name.
To touch with wand of poesy the foun-
tains of the heart,
And bid the base and trivial flee by magic
of thine art.
And Sorrow thus her lips shall press on
hand of recompense
And years of peace shall prove and bless
thy truth and innocence.

ALFRED A. FIRMAN,
Clifton, New Jersey.

