

**CIHM
Microfiche
Series
(Monographs)**

**ICMH
Collection de
microfiches
(monographies)**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

© 1994

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

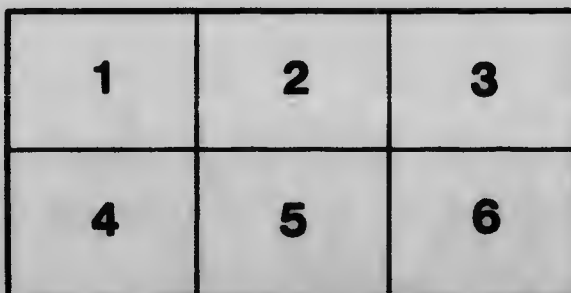
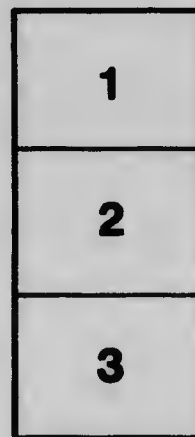
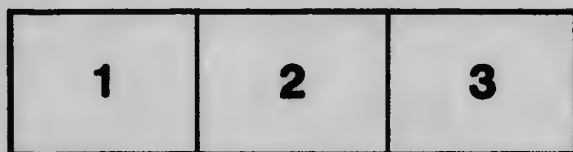
National Library of Canada

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol \rightarrow (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ∇ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

Bibliothèque nationale du Canada

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

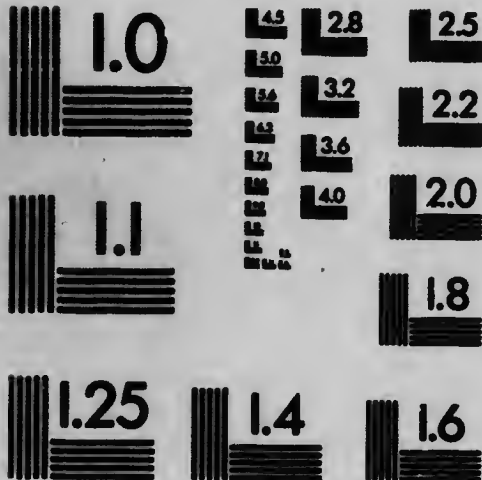
Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole \rightarrow signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ∇ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482-0300 - Phone
(716) 286-5669 - Fax



SONGS
of
LIFE AND GROWTH

by
JAMES L. HUGHES

Christmas, 1912



To Mr Wm Lyon McKenzie King

With all Good Wishes

Christmas, 1912

James L. Hughes

The Afterglow



The sun has set behind the hill,
But radiant glory lingers still
In red, and gold, and blue ;
On ev'ry cloud the afterglow
Recalls the happy long ago,
Made happier by you.

For, whether skies were bright or gray,
Your friendship cheered my upward way,
And helped my sun to shine,
And when it sets, I surely know
I'll see you in the afterglow,
And feel your hand in mine.

Sacred Places



The world has many sacred spots
In glen, or glade, or woodland hill ;
By river bank, or ocean shore,
That live in fond remembrance still.

Made sacred by the loving friends
Who gave my life a richer tone,
Who stirred my heart to deeper throb,
Whose thoughts responded to my own.

And often in these sacred spots,
When sweetest friendships I renew,
In dreams I feel the glowing spell
Of happy days I spent with you.

On the Crest



From the crest of life I can look far down
To my boyhood days, and the distant view
Fills my heart with joy, as I live again
The enchanted years, when the world was new.

And I know, dear friend, as I see the past
In the golden light of the setting sun
That your friendship gave me new strength to climb,
That you shared with me in my triumphs won.

My Friends



My friends are those who kind'ed me,
And set my life aglow
With hope, and faith, and purpose high ;
And started me to grow.

Twin souls of mine, your vital touch
Stirred all the best in me ;
You led me upward toward the light
And set my spirit free.

You made me conscious of new power
That I had never known,
When gratefully my waking heart
Responded to your own.

My Wealth



I have a garden in my heart
With flowers of beauty rare ;—
Fond memories of my dearest friends,
And you are blooming there.

I have fine pictures in my heart
Of those I found most true,
And often, when I am alone,
I sit and look at you.

I have sweet music in my heart
Of rich and varied tone ;
In life's great choir of voices, I
Can always hear your own.

Treasure Ships



I have a river in my heart
That flows to life's great sea,
And on its breast sail treasure :
My friends have given me.

Each ship has treasures of its own,
Richer than wealth untold ;
Rare rubies of the truest love ;
Friendships of purest gold.

Your ship rides proudly in the van,
Her white sails spreading free ;
Her cargo—joys of by gone days,
And hopes for days to be.

Father.



He was a boy in spirit, and he loved
The song bird's music, and the hum of bees,
The glowing sunset, and the twinkling stars,
The woodland path, the flowers, and the trees.

I thank him for his chumship with his boy,
For kindling comradeship in early days,
When Nature's mysteries were new to me,
And he revealed the wonders of her ways.

I thank him for his faith in me. His trust
Gave inspiration, and awakened me
To consciousness of power, and vision clear
Of greater, nobler things to do and be.

He was my partner, and with youthful heart
He reverently worked along with me
To carry out my latest plans—not his.
In my own life he justly left me free.

He did not shackle me with narrow creeds,
Nor bind the past around my growing soul;
He trained me to look up, and ever strive
With all my power to reach a higher goal.

Mother



It means but little just to say
That "she is dead." Her sun has set,
But over all the vaulted sky
Her stars of love are shining yet.

I see her in each blooming flower,
She walks with me beside the sea,
I hear her in the pine tree's song,
She whispers in the breeze to me.

I shall not mourn because she died,
No thought of her should make me sad,
I shall rejoice because she lived
To make my life more true and glad.

Deep in my heart I feel the glow
Of love she kindled, and the sun
Will shine more brightly through the years
Because her work was nobly done.

Longings



I would like to stand on the moss grown rock,
Where the rippling streamlet leaped singing down,
When the new wide world was a fairy land,
And the wreath I wore was a prince's crown.

I would like to go for the cows again
To the pasture field, where the asters grow
Near the deep dark glen, which my childhood's fear
Made the giant's home in the long ago.

I would like to carry my dinner pail
To the old log school, on a bright spring day,
For a spelling match, and an old time song,
And a game at noon, as we used to play.

I would like to lie near the tall dead pine,
Where I heard a bob-o-link sing in June,
As I lay and dreamed in the clover field,
While my heart kept time with his merry tune.

I would like a rose from the river path,
Where my boy life ended, and vision came ;
Just a sweet wild rose like the one I pinned
O'er the loving heart that set mine aflame.

Boyhood's Visions



I often sit with you, Dick,
Beside the old gray mill,
Or climb again the pathway
With you to reach the hill.

Or in the summer nights, Dick,
We watch the sparkling stream
Go rippling in the moonlight,
And of the future dream.

For long ago 'twas there, Dick,
We met as boys to plan
The work that each would do, Dick,
When he became a man.

We have not done it all, Dick ;
Some things need righting yet,
But we shall climb still higher
Before the sun has set.

And when I count the work, Dick,
That you and I have done,
And think, with thankful heart, Dick,
Of triumphs we have won,

I'm glad we had such visions, Dick,
Beside the moonlit stream,
And that our lives responded
To boyhood's glowing dream.

Day Dreams



There are no mountains reaching to the skies,
Nor fairy glens by singing woodland streams,
Nor castles on steep cliffs beside the sea,
So grand as those in youth's enchanted dreams.

The golden visions of a summer day,
When white clouds slowly sail across the blue,
Are more transforming to a waking soul
Than all the knowledge wise men ever knew.

The man is happy who with heart in tune
Dreams on youth's glowing dreams throughout the
years ;
New vision comes to him each day to light
Him upward till the darkness disappears.

I Thank Thee



I thank Thee for the power to keep alive
Fresh memories of beauty and of joy,
And weave into the fabric of my life
The dreams that thrilled me when a happy boy.

I thank Thee for the magic touch of those
Who kindled self-hood to a brighter glow,
Who opened windows that great truths might shine
Into my soul and start my best to grow.

I thank Thee for the epoch days of life:—
When love's sweet ecstasy brought heaven near,
When vital faith in self and right grew strong,
When vision widened and made duty clear.

I thank Thee for achieving tendency,
To think, to plan, but best of all, to do
The things I plan, that each new plan achieved
May be an upward step to clearer view.

I thank Thee for the buoyant wings of hope,
And for the power of conscious growth towards Thee,
For all the progress that mankind has made,
And for the greater progress yet to be.

The Truest Things



A vault of stars, a silver moon,
A rock-crowned mountain by the sea,
A white cloud sailing high in June,
Gave vision new, and spirit free.

A dark-eyed flower smiling bright,
A birdsong in the apple tree,
A martial drum beat in the night,
Stirred deep, fresh springs of power in me.

A sacred paeon in the pine,
A rainbow resting on the hill,
A loving clasp and word of thine,
Transform, and thrill, and kindle still.

The Sunlight and Music of Life



Plant the roots of your soul in the sunlight,
Where no shadows may come and no night,
Where the flowers of your love may bloom always,
And their beauty give endless delight.

Tune your heart to harmonious music
Of awakening life in the spring,
That the world may be truer and sweeter
For the anthems of joy that you sing.

*"The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones."
Shakespeare.*

Faint-hearted, false philosophy !
Believed by faithless men alone ;
God rules the world ; triumphant truth
Makes free, when it is truly known.

The hopeless coward weakly fears
That wrong is stronger than the right,
That evil can outlast the good,
That darkness can o'ershadow light.

The good lives on, and gains new strength
As men to higher outlook rise ;
The evil ever fainter grows,
And in the sunlight droops and dies.

Great deeds record man's upward growth,
Kind words re-echo through the years ;
High thought enkindles larger thought ;
Hope trusts the future with no fears.

All progress rests upon the rock
Of faith that right must surely win ;
For trusting fills our lives with power
And doubting is our dwarfing sin.

Faith



The noblest hero is the man whose faith
Grows stronger, as the night grows dark and drear,
Who bravely struggles on to overcome,
Though foes oppose, and there is none to cheer.

True to his vision and with dauntless heart,
Enthusiastic, though he climbs alone,
Faith leads him upward that he may reveal
Some truth he sees to others yet unknown.

The highest happiness the heart can know
Comes, when his victory at last is won ;
And in his triumph on the mountain crest
He stands serenely, when his work is done.

Be not distrustful, doubting unbelief
Ne'er led to high endeavour to achieve ;
The men who have transforming power are those
Who in themselves, their cause, and God believe.

Freedom to Grow



It does not give new power to grow
To learn what men believed ;
Men kindle truly, when they know
The work men have achieved.

The soul its richest growth attains,
When from all bondage freed ;
We should not bind it with the chains
Of prejudice or creed.

The revelations of past years,
Should stimulate, not bind ;
No ancient thought, nor hoary fears
Can check the strong, free mind.

The victories mankind has won,
Should point to duties new ;
The noble work the past has done,
Should guide to broader view.

True leaders are the men who dare
To climb alone, to see
A higher vision in clear air
From cloud and darkness free.

Climbing



As I climb life's mountain my heart is thrilled
By the wider vision that comes to me,
And I feel the growth of achieving power
And the glow of hope as my soul gets free.

As I rise beyond the enshrouding mists
I can see more clearly the Master's plan,
And the work He meant me to do for Him
In revealing truth to my fellowman.

For the path grows straight as I near the crest
And my feeble faith is transformed to sight;
And the mysteries that were one time dark
I can understand in the brighter light.

Holy Days



Each day is holy, when we lift
The shadows and reveal the light
To those who struggle in the dark,
That they may see to climb life's height,

Each day is holy, when we do
Our duty as it should be done,
And help to kindle other hearts
By victories that we have won.

Creeds



Teach not the child the ancient creeds
Men have believed ;
But kindle him by noble deeds
Men have achieved.

Teach him to love the truth, and know
That truth makes free ;
Teach him to work that he may grow
New truth to see.

Teach him to think, and bravely stand
Unchained by creed,
Responsive to Divine command
Where truth may lead.

Teach him to do his best each day,
That clearer light
May guide him on his upward way
To life's grand height.

Self Faith



"We are but worms, all flesh is grass,"
The mournful preacher taught.
'Tis true—compared with God Himself
Mere human power is naught.

But God created us, and gave
Us power to grow, and do
Each day some noble work, and be
More strong, more wise, more true,

We represent Him, and should feel
The honour of our trust ;
We should be worthy men, and not
Unworthy worms of dust.

God's faith in us should give us faith,
That we may ever be
Prepared to undertake with joy
Each duty that we see.

He fails who undervalues power
He has, but dare not use ;
More power he cannot gain, and what
He has, he'll surely lose.

A wormy Christian basely creeps,
When he should bravely fight
With faith in God and true self faith
To win for truth and right.

Happiness



If the friends I trusted have proven false
I can think of those who have still been true ;
I have planted seeds that have never grown,
But I think with joy of the flowers that grew.

If my heart grows faint, at the fount of faith
I can drink fresh draughts and my strength renew ;
If my life grows narrow, my thought may soar
On the wings of hope to a broader view.

For there are no fetters to bind my soul
When the wider vision has set me free ;
And there is no evil without some good
Of a larger kind that is close to me.

Self-Hood



The greatest man is he who knows
He is a thought of God,
Endowed with leadership to climb
Where man has never trod ;

With special gift ; with vision clear
Revealed to him alone
Of work enriching human life ;
With thought before unknown :

With power to make new flowers bloom
In barren lives, or light
A lamp high up the mountain side
To make the path more bright.

Doing



Believe him not who says that "men do wrong
Because they love wrong better than the right";—
God made man well—with power for higher life,
With love of work, and longing for the light.

Men do the wrong because they do not see
The glory of the good they might achieve;
Christ taught mankind "to do His will to know
His doctrine." Men grow blind who but believe.

Pure joy is never found in doing wrong;
'Tis doing brings delight; men love to do,
Because transforming gives them faith and hope,
And lifts the soul to wider, clearer view.

To do to-day the duty that we see
Reveals to-morrow's duty, and supplies
Achieving power for upward growth; and life
Grows sweeter, richer, grander, as we rise.

Upward



Will you climb life's mountain with me, my friend,
'Tis a long and a testing climb?
But we grow by climbing, and growth means life,
When our lives with the right keep time.

We will gain new power on our upward path,
As we struggle to reach the height,
When the mists rolls back and we see all things
In a stronger and brighter light.

We will see more clearly our fellowmen
Who are weak, and who need our aid,
Who have slipped and fallen, and must be roused
By the faith of the undismayed.

And our hearts will glow, when they rise and look
At the heights with fresh hopes again,
And begin to climb with a firmer step,
And the swing of achieving men.

I am glad you'll come for I surely know
I'll be stronger if you are near,
In the long dark nights, and the fierce wild storms
I shall need you my heart to cheer.

Oh! Why Should I Weep ?



Oh! Why should I weep when the world goes wrong?
I go to the woods to see
The flowers and ferns, for they always give
A message of hope to me.

Oh! Why should I garner my sorrows up?
I go to the shady glen,
And drop all my cares on the river's breast.
They never come back again.

Oh! Why should I grieve when misfortunes come?
I climb to the hilltop high,
And silently look, till my heart is full
Of joy, at the cloudless sky.

Oh! Why should I worry in life's dark hours?
I turn to the stars, and lo!
They whisper a lesson of comfort sweet,
And life has a radiant glow.

Oh! Why should my troubles destroy my power,
Or rob me of joy? I know
I stand in the centre of light and growth,
And duty says, "work and grow."

Kindling Power



I can transform a barren place
By planting there
Fine fruits and flowers, producing growth
And beauty rare.
I can enkindle barren lives
To vital glow
By hopeful word, and kindly deed,
And they will grow.

I can bring water to the flower
That droops, and then
It will revive, and with fresh strength
Will bloom again.
So to dark lives my heart may bring
Love's cheering light,
And hope's bright star will ever shine,
When it is night.

Partnership



I plant a seed ; a flower blooms ; I know
That I alone could not have made it grow,
And yet I know full well, that power divine
Produced the plant in unity with mine.

God enters into partnership with me ;
No greater thought than this can ever be
Revealed to finite mind ; all things are mine
If I accept and use the power divine.

God is my silent partner ; He will do
No work of mine, but it is surely true
That I may trust him to supply my needs.
Life's flowers will grow, if I will plant the seeds.

Life's Philosophy



I shall keep true touch with the universe,
And the vital light of the fire divine
Will direct my life with a vision clear,
And achieving power will be surely mine.

I shall climb the heights where true progress leads ;
I shall learn the secrets of Nature's laws ;
I shall teach new truths that will upward guide
I shall work for justice, and freedom's cause.

I shall sing no song of despair or grief ;
For my failures past I shall weep no tears ;
I shall garner courage, and faith, and love,
To give hope and strength in the coming years.

I shall search the lives of my fellowmen
For the good, the noble, the true alone ;
For the things I see in their lives I know
Will re-act on me and transform my own.

I shall turn my face to the sun all day
Till he sets at eve in the golden west ;
And the work of life will give growth and joy,
And the afterglow will bring peaceful rest.

Prayer and Growth



If I use my power, I may justly ask
For a higher power; it is vain to pray
For a deeper insight, unless I strive
To perform the duty I see to-day.

The Divine Creator makes no mistakes,
I must use with zeal for a purpose true
What I now possess, or he'll never give
Any greater power, any vision new.

God has never promised to do my work,
But he gives more wisdom and insight still
To reveal my duty, if I respond
To His guiding spirit, and do His will.

'Twould be reckless waste to give me new power,
If I do not try to achieve the plan
That He has revealed; if I do not prove
In the work of life that I am a man.

L'Envoi



Dear friend, through all the future years
My Christmas wish will be
That higher hopes and truer growth
May come to you and me.

