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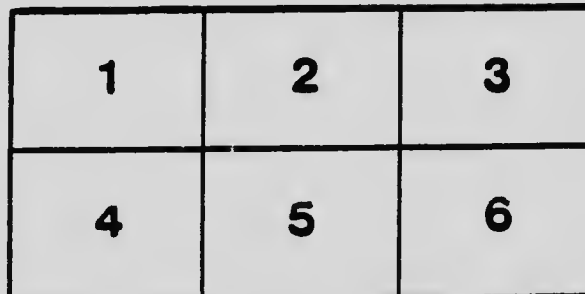
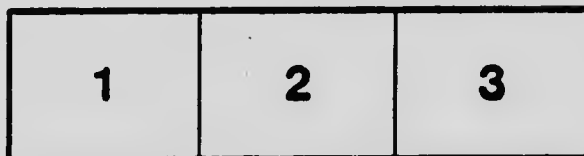
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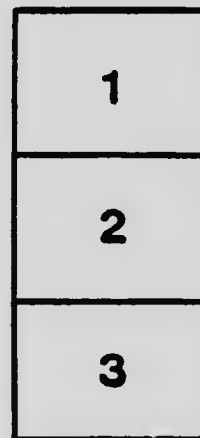
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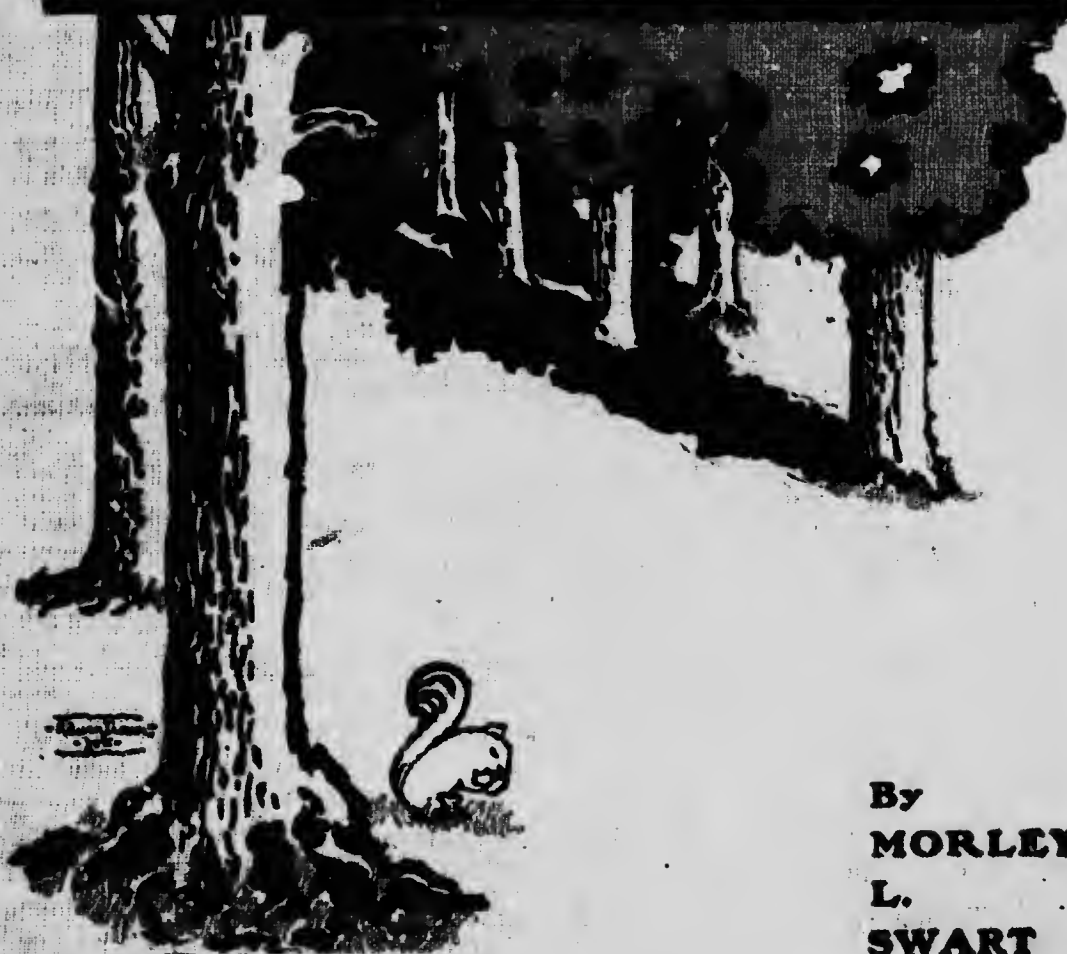


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War-Time Melodies

and OTHER SONGS



By
**MORLEY
L.
SWART**

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MORLEY L. SWART

War-Time Melodies

AND

OTHER SONGS

—BY—

MORLEY L. SWART



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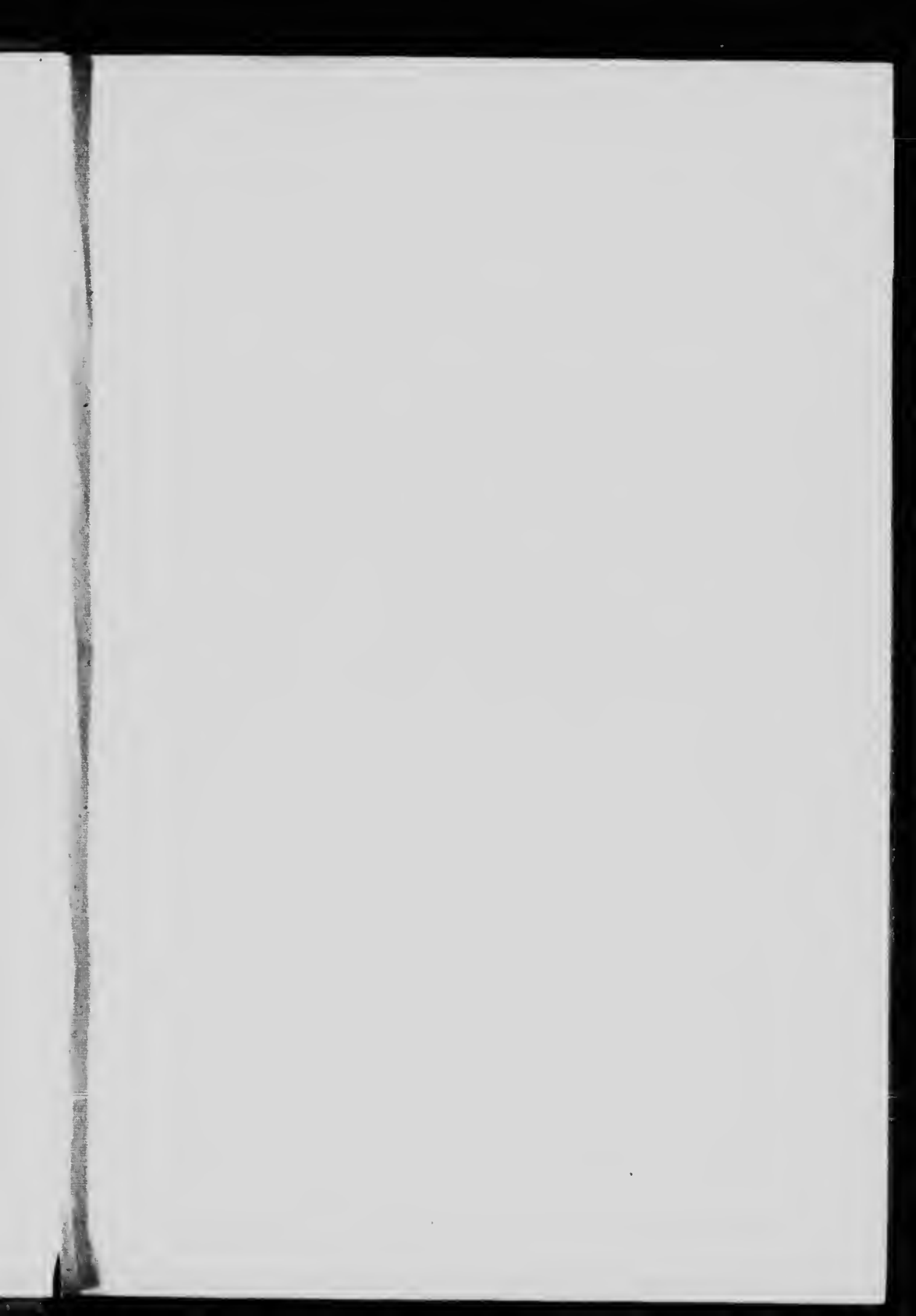
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Dear Mr. Swart,

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Dr. W. H. Withrow, D. D., F. R. S. C.





WAR-TIME MELODIES

AND

OTHER SONGS



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Possessions	1
Dreamland	2
Two Views	3-4
The Arctic Explorers	5
Song	6
Song of the Man With the Hoe	7
New Ontario	8-9
We are One	10
In the Early Sabbath Morning	11
The Little White School House	12-13
A Nature Song	14
Man and Nature	15
John Charlton	16
Victoria	17
Canada	18
War	19
William Booth	20
When Tommy Comes Sailing Home	21
The Rock That is Higher Than I	22
The Glory of the World	23
A Mother Song	24
Join Hands	25
The Prohibition War	26
Marching Song for the Anglo-Saxon	27-28
Judging	29
Hail, Edward !	30
The Triumph of Truth	31-32
Whittier	33

Revenge	54
When the Day is Done	35
Mammon, Because Men Worship at Thy Shrine	36-37
The Law	38
A Little Child	39
The Glad Day Coming Bye-and-Bye	40-41
Campaign Song	42
The Squirrel.	43
The Martyred Missionaries	44
Motherland We stand by you.	45-46
Draw the Bonds Closer.	47
The Voice.	48
The Conqueror	49
John and Johnathan are Friends	50-51
Bicycle Song	52
The Faces That Have Gone From Me	53
Song of the Better Days	54
An Old-Time Song	55
Peace at Last	56
Peace	57
Song of the Exile	58
Will	59
The Artist of the Window-Pane	60
The Wages of Sin	61
At Early Dawn.	62
David Mills	63
The Road to Success	64
The Road to Failure	65
Gomez.	66
My Companions	67
Some Day	68
On a Little Child That Died	69
Columbia in This Dark Hour of Grief	70

CONTENTS

iv.

At Buffalo	71
The Heroes of Every-Day Life	72
Christmas Carol	73
At Eventide	74-75
To Each of Us	76
Selfishness	77
Florence Nightingale	78
A Song of England and the Years	79
When England Speaks	80
England	81
Mafeking	82
Brittania, Mistress of the Seas	83
Only a Soldier True	84 85
Gladstone	86
Songland	87 88
The Federation of Australia	89
Will the Lamps be White?	90
The Lonely Christ	91

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Dedication

To the memory of a loving and
devoted mother this volume
of verse is dedicated.

—M. S.

From

A. S. Garrett,

June, 1951.

1.
The immortal spirit hath no bars
To circumscribe its dwelling place ;
My soul hath pastured with the stars,
Upon the meadow lands of space.

—FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT



Possessions

NOT mine to boast of herds and flocks,
Of houses or of business blocks,
Of mines of silver or of gold,
Of fertile acres wide outrolled,—
Possessions that oft make men's lives
Grow narrow, till they sacrifice
The innocence and love of youth,
Honour and manliness and truth.
Far, far above these sordid things,
Mine, mine the joys that nature brings!—
The soft caresses of the breeze,
The varied beauty of the trees,
The quiet grandeur of the hills,
The rippling music of the rills,
The robin's cheery roundelay,
The fading splendours of the day,
The glory of the morning star,
The wonder of the worlds afar.

Dreamland

IN Dreamland, O in Dreamland,
We climb Imagination's stair
Up to our castles in the air,
That gleam majestically and fair,
In Dreamland.

In Dreamland, O in Dreamland,
We soar by Fancy's airy flights
Up to Ambition's sun-crowned heights,
And taste of Pleasure's sweet delights,
In Dreamland.

In Dreamland, O in Dreamland,
Dear forms and faces, lost awhile,
Gather around us, laugh and smile,
Our hearts with old-time mirth beguile,
In Dreamland.

Two Views

I looked abroad upon the world and saw
Men break and violate the moral law ;
I saw them cursed by selfishness and greed,
And lives of folly, dissipation lead ;
I saw them seeking pleasure, power, wealth,
At cost of manhood, character and health ;
I saw them bowed and crushed beneath the weight
Of envy, passion, emptiness and hate ;
Saw governments empower men to sell
That which destroys, makes human life a hell ;
Saw navies meet and hostile armies close
In deadly combat, heard the wail of those
Who mourned the loss of husbands, brothers, sons,
Mown down like grass by the death-dealing guns,
And then I thought man betters not with time,
Still there is woe and wretchedness and crime ;
Still there is bloodshed, enmity and strife,
While men know nothing of the higher life ;
The prophecies of seers and poets seem
A fading fancy and an idle dream,
I looked again and saw men going forth
To bear glad tidings, east, west, south and north,
Forsaking all, facing danger and death,
With holy zeal, with calm unshaken faith ;
Saw ministers of mercy enter in
With balm of healing to the haunts of sin ;
Saw earth's unfortunates housed, clothed and fed,
And saw the sick and dying comforted ;
Saw men of wealth their money freely give
That mortals might on higher levels live ;

To banish ignorance, disease and pain,
The cause of truth and freedom to sustain ;
I heard the songs that multitudes upraise,
The sweet, joyous, triumphant notes of praise ;
And then I thought though skies are overcast
With heavy clouds, the night shall soon be past ;
There are signs of that brighter, better day
When men and nations shall God's laws obey ;
When strife, discord and bitter wars shall cease,
And men will dwell in harmony and peace.

July, 1904.

The Arctic Explorers

All save the Arctic silences, where stands
The spirit of the winters and defies
With incontestable gesture of white hands,
And lure of baleful beauty in her eyes.

—Edwin Markham.

STILL they press on all undeterred by those
Whose efforts brought failure, disaster, death ;
Still the old passion brightly burns and glows
All undismayed unshaken in their faith.

Still they press on,—where Summer never smiles,
Where Winter undisputed in her sway
Rears her fantastic, monumental piles
Of snow and ice to bar their onward way.

Still they press on,—where Greeley's gallant band
Their lineage proved and heroism glorified,
Sank down at last 'neath Death's cold icy hand,
Where Franklin perished and where Andre died.

Still they press on,—and shall they reach the pole?
The hidden secrets of the north unseal?
Fruition of their dreams? the long-sought goal?
Sons of what race? Time only shall reveal.

Song

FAR in the woodland meadow,
Where the wild bird soaring sings,
And the flying cloud and shadow
Go by like angels' wings.

Here 'mid the fragrant clover,
Where the robin and meadow-lark
Joyously sing and hover
From early dawn to dark.

Here 'mid the waving grasses,
Where the daisies are asleep,
Where the blue-winged swallow passes,
And soothing south-winds creep.

Here would I fain be staying,
Here would I live and die,
By the bright flowers swaying,
Under the deep blue sky.

Here in the woodland meadow,
Where the wild bird soaring sings,
And the flying cloud and shadow
Go by like angels' wings.

Song of the Man With the hoe

I am a man with the hoe,
I toil for my daily bread,
But oftimes I look at that open book—
God's blue sky overhead ;
And I think of Him who these
Unnumbered worlds hath planned,
Who holds the sun and systems in
The hollow of his hand.

I am a man with the hoe,
But often I behold
The rift of dawn, the reddening rose,
The streak of sunset gold,
That gilds the western sky,—
My unbound vision sees,
The glory of the morning star,
The swing of Pleiades.

I am a man with the hoe,
But delve in other fields
Than those where earthly harvests grow
Which richer fruitage yields,—
Breaking this mortal coil,
Unfettered, unconfined,
My spirit seeks Song's shining peaks,
In realms of the mind.

New Ontario

THERE'S a land of promise lying 'neath the Northern Star,
Land of vast resources, whose gates stand wide ajar,
Open for the settlers who shall come from near and far,—
'Tis New Ontario.
There are mighty forests, fertile regions wide out-rolled,
There is wealth of minerals, nickle, copper, silver, gold ;
Varied products that men's toil and time shall yet unfold
In New Ontario.
I have seen her pine trees rising upward to the sky,
Heard above her quiet lakes the wild duck's plaintive cry,
Seen those granite hills 'neath which the buried treasures lie,
In New Ontario.
Soon the wheels of commerce shall be swiftly moving where
Dwelt the roving Indian, the cariboo and bear,
Progress and development are plainly written there,
In New Ontario.

There are brave men toiling there fearless as those
who wield

Blood-stained sword or rifle upon the battle-field,
Toiling that to them Nature her precious stores
may yield

In New Ontario.

Facing hardships and dangers, enjoying comforts
few,

Toiling hard homes to uprear, the forests to sub-
due,

Toiling that the Old may yet give place unto the
New,

In New Ontario.

We are One

NOT by any mere words spoken,
But a more substantial token
Have we given to the world,
That the mother's sons ne'er fail her,
When the foemen fierce assail her,
When the war-flags are unfurled.
'Mid the battle smoke and thunder,
There the mystic strands are spun,
Which no storms may rend asunder,—
We are one.

In the whirlwinds of disaster,
When the angel death is master,
Then thy sympathy is shown,
And when darkling war clouds hover,
All thy sons the wide world over,
Make their deep affection known,
Naught shall separate or sever,
Blood-sealed union that begun
At the far off Modder river,—
We are one.

For the Empire we're united,
In its cause our woes are plighted;
In the days of stress and strain,
In the rough and stormy weather,
One and all we stand together;
Freedom's cause we will sustain.
By our costly gifts we show it,
Statesman's voice and throbbing gun,
Let the hostile nations know it—
We are one.

In The Early Sabbath Morning

I N the early Sabbath morning,
Thro' streets and quiet square,
I walked and the calm and peace of God
Seemed resting everywhere.

No sound arose from the city,
There all was calm and still,—
It seemed to me like a sacred part
Of God's own holy hill.

And e'en as the day grew older,
Few were the sounds I heard,
But melody of church-bells chime,
And cadence of a bird.

I thought of the border cities,
Where thousands disobey,
And mock God's laws and ordinances
Upon this holy day.

How out of the border cities,
The streams defiling crept,
Until thro' our own beloved land
The blighting flood had swept.

I feared for my native city,
Her name and honour, when
I thought of the selfishness and greed,
The littleness of men.

Her voice in the bygone autumn,
In favour of the reign,
Of that which brought her greatest measure
Of wretchedness and pain.

The Little White School-House

SOMETIMES I wander back
Adown the glimmering track,
That leads through light and shadow to the
joy of other days;
And I see the olden places,
And the old familiar faces,
And the little white school-honse at the
parting of the ways.
Drawn by fond memory's chain,
I journey back again,
And mingle with the schoolmates, the
friends I used to know,
And taste the olden pleasures;
And clasp the olden treasures,
That filled my heart with gladness in the
days of long ago.
O some have wandered far,
Beneath the Northern Star,
And one is sleeping where the bright prairie
flowers wave,
And one with high devotion
Took arms and crossed the ocean,
To fight for Queen and country, and to fill
a hero's grave.

O days so brief and fair !
O days ere grief and care,
Ere trials and afflictions my weary heart
oppressed;
How soon Time's rushing river,
Did separate and sever
Me from those golden hours, the brightest
and the best.
But drawn by Memory's chain,
I journey back again,
To Youth's enchanted spring-time, those
happy bygone days;
And I see the olden places,
And the old familiar faces,
And the little white school-house at the
parting of the ways.

A Nature Song

VARIED are thy charms and beauties,
Nature, thou art dear to me ;
Easier have grown life's duties
Thro' my intercourse with thee.

I have watched the constellations
Blazing in the vault of night,
Read that book, whose revelations
Proves divine wisdom and might.

Seen the colors richly blended
In the sunsets of the west,
Cloudland's castles fair and splendid
As the mansions of the blest.

Weary and depressed I've sought thee,
Found thy healing and thy balm,
Learned the lessons thou hast taught me,
And my spirit has grown calm.

I have marvelled at thy wonders,
Marked thy changing moods and forms,
Thrilled with rapture at thy thunders,
Lightning flashes, raging storms.

For within me, there are forces
That compare somewhat with thine,—
Hidden worlds, unknown resources,
Suns that warm and stars that shine.

Spent with labor, oft reposing
On Earth's bosom I've found rest ;
Now the night is round me closing—
Take me, take me to thy breast !

Man and Nature

S AID man to nature, "Thou art in my power ;
Thy strength is mine ; this is my crowning hour.
I've pierced thy mountains with my iron roads ;
Thy captive forces draw my heavy loads ;
Thou'st yielded to my intellect and skill ;
Thou art my servant to obey my will."

Then in old Nature's breast there burned fierce ire,
Then from her bosom rolled the liquid fire,
'Till peoples' towns and cities buried lay,
A mingled mass of ruins and of clay.

Then Nature said, "O man, vain was thy speech !
I've hidden depths that thou may'st never reach ;
Look at your ruined cities and behold
The evidence of power uncontrolled ;
I've mysteries thou never shall explain,
Secrets that secrets ever shall remain ;
I've regions that no mortal feet have trod ;
I own no sovereignty but that of God.

John Charlton

THRO' his long parliamentary life he sought,
To frame laws that morality would aid;
But oft his worthy efforts came to naught,
His noble work but little progress made,
Because of men, hostile, indifferent, cold,
Men whom self-interest, avarice controlled,—
The weak-backed party men,
The lean-souled politicians,
Who follow like a flock of sheep
Their party leaders.

Victoria

NAME whose magic binds us one
All thy subjects 'neath the sun—
Name we love to dwell upon,
Victoria.

Name that wins the hearty cheer,
Name to every Briton dear,
Fondly cherished far and near—
Victoria.

As thou prayed, thy life has been
Pure and good, beloved queen !
None nobler has England seen—
Victoria.

Ruling not by power of might,
But by virtue and by right,
Of thy life so stainless, white—
Victoria.

Thy kindness and sympathy,
Make thee loved on land and sea ;
E'en the aliens bend the knee—
Victoria.

Canada

O what varied beauty thine!
Land of maple, land of pine,
Land of glacier, land of vine,
Land of rivers rushing free,—
Canada, Canada,
I love thee!

Others dark in shame and tears,
Others old in servile years,
Thou a free-born child appears:
Thou art young and fair and free—
Canada, Canada,
I love thee !

Faithful jewel in Britain's crown,
Rising star of her renown,
Star that shines when tempests frown:
Guarded , yet so truly free,—
Canada, Canada,
I love thee !

War

ROAR of a hundred cannon and the tramp of ten thousand feet,
Piles of corpses and rivers of blood where hostile armies meet,
Death where men charge to victory or feel the sting of defeat.
Swift torpedo-boats speeding on under the cover of night,
Silently, stealthily nearing the foe, then the torpedo's flight,
And the battle-ship with five hundred souls goes down and out of sight.
Blare of trumpets and waving of banners and ringing shouts and cheers,
But back of it all the hidden sorrows, the agony and tears,
Back of it all the fierce brutality, passion that blights and sears.
Hate and bitterness in and anguish, crying of little ones,
Sad disconsolated wives and mothers who mourn for husbands and sons,
Lying disfigured, maimed and bleeding, slain by the deadly guns.
O when shall the needless slaughter O when shall the conflicts cease?
O when shall the weary nations from War's burdens find release
O when shall men heed the teachings of the lowly Prince of Peace?

August, 1904

William Booth

HE saw with pitying eyes men going down,
Down to perdition and dishonored graves,
Crushed by sin's weight, bereft of manhood's
crown,
Tossed like wreckage upon Life's surging
waves ;
He heard the cry of those, who like the man
Wounded upon the road to Jericho
But with no friends, no good Samaritan,
To render aid, true sympathy to show ;
With love and faith unquenchable he went,
To those cursed by shame and heredity,
In Love's labour to spend and to be spent,
To preach repentance, set the captives free ;
His life, his talents, all he freely gave,
To help the helpless, elevate and save.

When Tommy Comes Sailing Home.

WHEN Tommy comes sailing home,
Their tribute to him all will pay,
The boys will shout and the bands will play
And he'll be the hero of the day—
When Tommy comes sailing home.

When Tommy comes sailing home,
The thronging crowds will cheer, the while
The streets with flags and wreaths will smile,
And they'll welcome him in royal style,
When Tommy comes sailing home.

When Tommy comes sailing home,
Some anxious hearts will be made glad,
To see again their soldier-lad;
But others, O how sad! how sad!
When Tommy comes sailing home.

When Tommy comes sailing home,
Confirmed with some shall be the fears
That would not down, and blinding tears
Shall mingle with the deaf'ning cheers,
When Tommy comes sailing home.

The Rock that is Higher Than I.

WHEN the fierce storms of temptation assail,
When sore dismayed by the force of the gale,
O Thou omnipotent One, hear my cry!
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

When thro' the vale of affliction I go,
When the dark waters of sorrow o'erflow,
Courage and strength to my heart then supply;
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

Rock of the ages that ever shall stand,
Refuge and rest in a lone weary land,
Whence come the streams that make glad, purify,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

Rising above the dark vale of defeat,
Standing secure when the fierce tempests beat,
That Satan's power my soul may defy,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

The Glory of the World.

O in my heart I pity him,
Who sees no clondy gems impearled
In yonder -ky, whose eyes are dim
To all the glory of the world!

He may have riches great, untold,
Wealth to supply his every need,
But if he's blind and dead and cold
To Natnre's charms he's poor indeed.

No vast possessions do I own,
No banks or stocks or mansions fine,—
Richer than monarch on his throne
The beauty of the vorld is mine!

Mine to admire and behold
The evidences that declare
Through signs and tokens manifold,
The God in Nature everywhere.

Mother-Song.

AS of old when sad and weary,
I would climb upon your knee,
And your presence bright and cheery
Made the darkling shadows flee.

As in sickness, pain or sorrow,
Thou did'st calm my troubled brain,
O return that I may borrow
Strength and comfort once again!

With the old love and affection
Which ne'er wearied nor yet failed,
With the wise and kind protection,
'Gainst the evils which assailed.

Dangers are around me thronging,
Disappointments bring me pain;
O my heart is longing, longing
For your tender love again!

All the ills of life would vanish,
Every sorrow, every tear;
And your soothing words would banish
All my loneliness and fear.

O the days oftimes are dreary!
And the shadows round me creep;
I am weary! I am weary!
Kiss me, mother, ere I sleep!

O come back again dear mother!
As of old your vigil keep;
Thou can'st charm as can no other—
Kiss me, mother, ere I sleep!

Join Hands

JOIN hands!
Ye nations of the self-same blood,
In divers ways thy brotherhood
Make real, and for the common good
Join hands.

Join hands!
To follow the high course assigned,
To grant true freedom to mankind,
For knowledge and the march of mind,
Join hands.

Join hands!
'Tis yours that must emancipate,
Throw down, rebuild and elevate,
Thro' storms of prejudice and hate,
Join hands.

Join hands!
To seize the guilty tyrant's rod,
To free from priestly heathen fraud,
To triumph by the grace of God,
Join hands.

The Prohibition War

WE'LL win this prohibition war,
In spite of selfish greed;
We'll win this prohibition war
While darkness must recede;
Nor fickle friends nor hostile foes
Our way shall long impede,
As up the heights to vict'ry's goal
Triumphantly we speed.

We'll win this prohibition war,—
Thine do not be dismayed,
Ye toilers who have striven hard,
At righteous laws delayed;
The people's voice has spoken, and
That voice shall be obeyed;
The hand of God is moving,
And that hand shall not be stayed.

Marching Song for the Anglo-Saxon

ONWARD Anglo-Saxons, tho' your life-blood be
outpoured,
Hurling down oppression by the power of the
sword,
Lifting up the heathen by the magic of the Word,
Onward in the name of the Lord!

In the cause of righteousness join hands around
the world,
For justice and for freedom be your battle-flags
unfurled,
By your might may tyranny from her last throne
be hurled,
Onward in the name of the Lord!

To emancipate mankind from ignorance and
shame,
To uplift your fellowmen, be this your highest
aim,
While glad tidings of great joy to all men ye pro-
claim,—
Onward in the name of the Lord!

Tho' the white man's burden may oppress thee
with its weight,
Tho' the ones ye seek to lift up to a higher state,
Foil thy every effort by their prejudice and hate,
Onward in the name of the Lord!

28 *MARCHING SONG FOR THE ANGLO-SAXON*

May not pride or avarice from duty's pathway
 wean,
Heed the voiceful warnings of the nations that
 have been,
Follow ye the teachings of the lowly Nazareen,
Onward in the name of the Lord.

Children of Columbia with Islesmen of the West,
In the fight for truth and right ne'er falter nor
 yet rest;
Labor on till all are with divinest freedom blest,—
Onward in the name of the Lord!

Prophecies of pessimists ye need not fear or heed,
While ye aid the oppressed and the famishing ye
 feed,
While the martyr's blood is shed to be the
 Church's seed,
Onward in the name of the Lord!

Onward Anglo-Saxons tho' your life-blood be out-
 poured,
Hurling down oppression by the power of the
 sword,
Lifting up the heathen by the magic of the Word,
Onward in the name of the Lord!

Judging

HOW prone we are to judge and be unkind,
To say harsh things 'gainst those, who if we
knew

Their trials and weaknesses, we'd see how blind,
How limited and narrow was our view.

How prone we are to utter words that sting,
To blame those who failures, mistakes have
made,

But who in some good cause are labouring,
Which we, perhaps have never sought to aid.

How prone we are to criticize and trace
Weak points which other characters display,
When if we had their trials, their foes to face'
We'd be less brave, weaker perchance than
they.

Enough for us our own battles to fight,
The inbred sin, the tempter to defy,
To see that we ourselves walk in the light,
Nor seek the mote within a brother's eye.

Hail, Edward!

“**H**AIL, Edward!”
A shout goes up from the seven seas,
From the world-girdling colonies,
From the fair young nations, proud and free,
Yet strong in their love and loyalty,
Hail, Edward!”

It rises from the sterile shore,
And ice-bound coast of Labrador ;
From where the broad St. Lawrence sweeps,
Where old Quebec her vigil keeps ;
From Canada the fairest gem,
In the Empire's diadem ;
From the great inland continent,
Of vast resources and extent ;
From where the Irawaddy flows,
From 'mid the Himalaya's snows,
From the far sources of the Nile,
From where Tasmania fair doth smile ;
Where the wild Cape's gigantic form
Looms up thro' haze of southern storm ;
Where the old Spanish rock looks down
On the blue strait with martial frown ;
From isles afar, from seas remote,
Where'er the Union Jack doth float.
“Hail, Edward!”

A prayer goes up that Jehovah may
Direct our king in wisdom's way,
That he may tread where his mother trod,
Obedient to the will of God—
“Hail, Edward!”

The Triumph of Truth

One motion older than the ages are,
Swung by one law, one purpose, one advance,
Serene and steadfast as the morning star.

—Edwin Markham.

I looked back thro' the ages, and I saw
A little Child born to rule and command,
Come to fulfil the prophets and the law,
'Stablish his kingdom in each heart and land.
I saw him tread a dark and dreary road,
Oppressed with weariness and mortal pain ;
I saw him bow 'neath sorrow's heavy load,
I saw his followers despised and slain.
And still his gospel spread, his kingdom grew,
Tho' 'gainst it stood arrayed the heathen
world;
And still the old gave place unto the new,
Till paganism from her throne was hurled.
Then when the popery of Hildebrand,
O'erlaid the Christianity of Paul,
I saw brave Luther take his fearless stand,
Determined by God's truth to stand or fall.
When over all the nations of the north,
O'er Britain, pall of darkness overspread,
I saw Wesley, Whitfield and Coke come forth
To shake the kingdoms of the living dead.
Then in the greatest of the centuries,
The living Moody wrought with matchless
might,
Great Taylor crossed the continents and seas,
To lead men into liberty and light,

And thousands more obeying Christ's com-
mand,
To bear his message, preach the living
Word,
Went forth to many a sin darkened land,
Thro' life and death to witness for their
Lord.

O not for aye shall hoary wrong endure,
Error shall fall before Jehovah's power;
Tho' truth moves slowly, yet her triumph's
sure,
And naught shall keep her from her crowning
hour.

Whittier

I 'D rather have a measure of thy fame,
That came of consecrated life and thought,
Of God-sent talent used for truth and right,
Than Cæsar's far-famed majesty and might,
An Alexander's victories blood-bought,
A Morgan's wealth, a Kitchener's proud name.

Revenge

AN enemy had done him wrong—
So to get even with him, he
Did plot and plan unceasingly;
Did nourish hate then struck a blow
To be revenged upon his foe.
So hatred grew, discord and strife
And trouble vexed his after life.

An enemy had done him wrong—
But he did not retaliate,
But checked the rising floods of hate;
With acts of kindness did repay
The wrong inflicted on that day;
Did manifest good will and so
He won the friendship of his foe;
Did make of him a faithful friend,
Strong, true and steadfast to the end.

When the Day is Done

It giveth satisfaction,
To know at set of sun,
That in our field of action,
Some worthy work was done,—
Tho' toiling in the storm and heat,
To feel our task we did complete,
Tho' weary are our hands and feet,
When the day is done.

It giveth truest pleasure,
When the race is run,
It giveth fullest measure
Of joy at set of sun,—
We know thro' grief and toil and pain,
Our work well done and not in vain,
Tho' weary are our hands and brain,
When life's day is done.

**Mammon, Because Men Worship
at Thy Shrine**

MAMMON because men worship at thy shrine,
 Because of blighting avarice and greed,
 Truth's cause doth suffer and the martyr's bleed,—
 The heathen nations suffer untold wrong;
 And they who go to preach and teach the Word,
 That God's rich gifts might on all be conferred,
 Find souls enslaved, to deepest hatred stirred,
 Mammon because men worship at thy shrine.

Mammon because men worship at thy shrine,
 Blindly they walk into the arms of death,
 Heedless what reason or what conscience saith,—
 Jehovah's laws they trample 'neath their feet;
 The fearful sounds of war break on our ears,
 And there are orphans' cries and widows' tears,
 And sorrow fills the measure of the years.
 Mammon because men worship at thy shrine.

Mammon because men worship at thy shrine,
 What evils curse the Christian lands to-day,
 What loads we bear, what heavy tolls we pay,
 What crimes bring woe, dishonor and disgrace,
 They sell their birthright to all higher things,
 To all the joys that God and nature brings,
 Mercy and Love and Charity take wings.
 Mammon because men worship at thy shrine.

Mammon because men worship at thy shrine,
Their lives grow narrow and their souls grow base,
Until within them scarce we find a trace
Of anything that's noble or divine;
Poverty bears down with all her weary weight,
And hearts are lonely, sad and desolate,
And there is strife and bitterness and hate,
Mammon because men worship at thy shrine.

The Law

Men trace the spacious orbits of the law,
And find it is their shelter and their friend,
For there behind the mystery and awe,
God's sure hand presses to a blessed end.

—Edwin Markham

O ILL for those who violate the law,
Who sow corruption shall corruption reap;
O well for those who daily stand in awe
Of God's swift judgments, all His statutes
keep!

Who from the paths of wisdom turn aside,
Who break the laws divine shall troubled be;
Who makes the law his counsellor and guide,
Enjoys the highest forms of liberty.

There is a shelter from the world's fierce gales,
Protection from the ravages of sin,
A place where peace and harmony prevails,
Where strife and discord never enters in.

Crowns of honor and glory they shall wear,
Who do their Maker's will, while they who
chose
To walk the broad frequented way shall bear
The heavy burden of unnumbered woes.

June, 1903.

A Little Child

O FAIR and winsome child,
O blossom undefiled!
What purity is thine,
What beauty half divine!

Like flowerets of May,
Ere time hath wrought decay,
Ere frosts or driving storms
Lay low their fairy forms.

Dangers thou soon must face;
Then may Love, Truth and Grace
Be ever at thy side,
To counsel and to guide,

O may'st thou never know
Sin's weary weight and woe,
Her power to control
The body, mind and soul!

May'st thou be ever free
From earth's carnality;
O blossom undefiled,
O fair and winsome child!

February, 1903.

The Glad Day Coming Bye-and-Bye

EARTH'S sorrows shall be fewer,
For hearts shall then be trueer;
In the glad day that's coming bye-and-bye;
And love shall be the leaven
That'll make this earth a heaven,
In the glad day that's coming bye-and-bye.

The burdens so oppressive,
The evils so distressive,
In the glad day that's coming bye-and-bye,
Shall desolate no longer,
For symyathy grown stronger,
In the glad day that's coming bye-and-bye.

The pupils of life's college,
With broader, deeper knowledge,
In the glad day that's coming bye-and-bye,
From higher elevation,
Shall grant more toleration,
In the glad day that's coming bye-and-bye.

The legalized temptations
No more shall curse the nations,
In the glad day that's coming bye-and-bye,
Then light and joy and gladness
Shall banish care and sadness,
In the glad day that's coming bye-and-bye.

THE GLAD DAY COMING BYE-AND-BYE 41

The prejudice that blinds us,
The selfishness that binds us,
In the glad day that's coming bye-and-bye,
Shall from all hearts be driven,
By God's blest sunlight riven,
In the glad day that's coming bye-and-bye.

No more of hate's upheaving,
Of wronging or deceiving,
In the glad day that's coming bye-and-bye,
Then each shall plan and labour
To benefit his neighbor,
In the glad day that's coming bye-and-bye.

Time's ever bright'ning story,
Foretells the coming glory,
Of the glad day that's coming bye-and-bye,
Of jarring sounds all blended,
Of wrongs forever ended,
In the glad day that's coming bye-and-bye.

Campaign Song

O THE wretchedness that rum hath brought!
 O the sorrow! O the anguish! O the pain!
 O the woe and desolation it hath brought!
 O the bright and glittering it hath slain!
 Then let us end its former reign;
 Rally, brothers, rally to our crusade!
 In unity relying, our common foe defying,
 Then forward, all united, all obeyed!

O the walls of Rum's Jericho shall fall!
 Let us end the baneful traffic once for all;
 For the sake of those who languish
 In deep misery and anguish,
 Let us end the baneful traffic once for all.

May the triumphs of those heroic men,
 Who in the ages past for truth did fight,
 Inspire us to toil with voice and pen,
 Unceasingly for liberty and right,
 Against the rum curse with its bane and blight,
 Nerve each and all to take a fearless stand;
 For our weak and fallen brothers, for the weep-
 ing wives and mothers,
 Let us drive this mighty evil from the land.

The Squirrel

TAUGHT by instinct or nature well he knows
That autumn days are drawing to a close;
So to be ready for the winter, he
Stows nuts and corn within the hollow tree;
Then when the winter reigns, safe from the storm,
He dwells secure, with plenty, snug and warm.

Less wise than he, how frequently we see
Men living on the cold world's charity,
Because they fail to plan for, or provide,
Comforts they need when comes life's eventide,
When feeble hands no longer can win bread,
When health and opportunity has fled.

The Martyred Missionaries

THY servants heeding thy command,
To preach and teach the Word,
That thy dominions might expand,
That Thou might'st be adored.

With holy zeal and love they go,
Dangers unnumbered face,
That all earth's fettered sons might know
The wonders of thy grace.

They bear affliction, and like thee
They suffer and are slain,
That from sin's curse men might be free,
They die, but not in vain.

The wrath of men shall work thy praise,
His blind hate sooner bring
The day when all mankind shall raise
Hosannas to their King.

Illuminating those dark skies,
Where night her mantel flings,
The Sun of Righteousness shall rise
With healing in his wings.

Motherland, We Stand by You

“**M**OTHERLAND, we stand by you,”
Hear it ring out near and far,
In the days of peace and war,—
“With a deep and strong affection,
For thy motherly protection;
Naught shall sever the connection,
Mother, 'twixt thy sons and you.”

Motherland, we stand by you,—
While all nations 'neath the sun
Learn to know that we are one.
Where the battle-winds are blowing,
For the blessings thou'rt bestowing,
Seed for future harvests sowing,—
Motherland we stand by you.

Motherland we stand by you,
Ever faithful, ever true,
To the work that we must do,—
Bannered the world up higher,
Making hoary wrongs expire,
To the goal of our desire,
Motherland, we stand by you.

Motherland, we stand by you,
In the forefront of the fight
For our kinsmen and the right,
With Jehovah's laws complying,
On his promises relying.
We may stand all else defying,
Motherland, we stand by you.

Motherland, we stand by you,
Ever faithful, ever true,
As the stars in heaven's blue,—
Freedom's costly birthright buying,
In the stormy days and trying,
With a love deep and undying,
Motherland, we stand by you.

Draw the Bonds Closer

MAY all the Saxon race now stand united,
To the great cause of truth and freedom
plighted;
While songs our poets sing,
Tributes our statesmen bring,
Draw the bonds closer.

In the dark, dreary days, in the rough weather
When war's mad blast is blown, stand we to-
gether;
Thro' losses, pain intense,
This be our recompense—
We are drawn closer.

Sons of the great southland, confederated,
Kinsmen across the lines, closely related
To us by ties of blood,
Strengthen the brotherhood,
Draw the bonds closer.

Sympathy often shown by the great mother,
To her devoted sons, to one another,
When great afflictions bring
Sorrow and suffering,
Draw the bonds closer.

The Voice

THERE'S a voice that's speaking ever,
Unsubdued and ceasing never,
In a thousand forms and places,
In the still and silent faces,
In the accidents befalling
Those of every rank and calling ;
In the whirlwinds of disaster,
When the angel Death is master ;
And it speaks in tones emphatic,
To the faithless and erratic,—
To the thoughtless and uncaring,
To the souls in dark paths faring,—
And it says, "Be thou preparing,
For thy dissolution nearing."

The Conqueror

IT may not be for us to wield
The sword upon the battle-field ;
We may not scale the flame-clad height,
And put the enemy to flight,
Nor stand when unseen foes assail,
Firm, fearless midst the leaden hail ;
It may not be for us to wear
The laurel of the conqueror,
Or hear the cheering crowds acclaim
Or win a proud and deathless name, —
But in the moral warfare we
May win a greater victory,
May bravely fight and put to rout
The foes of unbelief and doubt ;
Yea, we may win a brighter star
Than all the mighty men of war.

John and Jonathan are Friends

LET it be known
On every throne,
In every zone
Where captives groan,
From the purple east,
To the glowing west,
That John and Jonathan are friends.

Let it be known
That they've outgrown
Bitterness shown
In years now flown ;
In a growing bond
Of affection fond
John and Jonathan are friends.

Let it be known
That not alone
When war is blown
Or hatred shown
They will need to stand,
But with hand in hand,
For John and Jonathan are friends.

Come tempest blast,
Let clouds be massed,
From first to last
They'll still hold fast ;
In stormy weather
Standing together,
John and Jonathan are friends.

Let it be known
On every throne,
In every zone
Where captives groan,
From the purple east
To the glowing west,
That John and Jonathan are friends.

Bicycle Song

FIRMLY on the saddle,
When the stars are bright,
I love to steal upon my wheel
Ont into the night,—
Light upon the pedal,
Down the road to fly,
O'er the ridges and the bridges,
Sweep the landscape by.

Thro' the moonlit spaces
Where the shadows lie,
Breezes facing, onward racing—
My old friend and I!
Where the wan light traces,
Forms fantastic, strange;
By the river where lights quiver—
Scenes that quickly change,

Under no man's orders,
Running where I will,
By the highways and the byways,
Down the windy hill;
By the dark pine's borders
Where the moonbeams play,
Thro' the clearing, onward steering,
Onward and away.

The Faces that Have Gone from Me

SOMETIME again I hope to see
The faces that have gone from me.
The spring-time sees familiar forms
Rise up from where long since they fled,
Though frosts and desolating storms
Had pall of death o'er all things spread;
Thus the lone weary heart of earth
Is cheered by old-time light and mirth,
Though oft the gladsome time is stayed,
By northern winds or snows delayed.

Thus when my life's long winter's past,
And longed-for spring has come at last,
I hope again once more to see
The faces that have gone from me.

Song of the Better Days

SOME day,
 The war drums shall cease beating;
 Nations and men shall heed the entreating,
 Of reason and truth, not in fierce conflict meet-
 Some of these days. [ing,

Some day,
 Men their idols forsaking,
 Rising o'er self from sin's bondage breaking
 Shall of new-found bliss and joy be partaking,
 Some of these days.

Some day,
 Jarring sounds shall be blended,
 Dark hoary wrongs shall forever be ended,
 Christ's kingdom o'er all the earth shall be ex-
 Some of these days [tended,

Some day
 The sweet Christian graces
 Shall broaden the lives, light up the dark faces
 Of those who now dwell in earth's desolate
 Some of these days. 'places,

Some day
 Man will toil for his brother,
 Charity, kindness, good-will shall smother
 Hatred and distrust; men shall love one another,
 Some of these days.

Some day
 Truth shall triumph o'er error,
 End her foul reign of deception and terror,
 Love shall lighten the load of each burden-
 Some of these days. [bearer,

An Old-Time Song

GONE are the singers in God's acre laid away,
Faded is the glory of the happy bygone day,
Still, still in memory those bright forms around
me throng,
And I hear the sweet music of an old-time song.

Sung by a mother to the child upon her knee,
Sung when my heart from care and worldliness
was free,
Sung when my hopes beat high and faith was
deep and strong,
O my heart is longing for an old-time song!

Visions of angels swept before my eager gaze,
Light, joy and gladness filled the measure of my
days,
Now bowed and broken 'neath the weight of woe
and wrong,
O my heart is longing for an old-time song!

Lifting the soul above the toils and cares of life,
Telling of rest and peace beyond the pain and
strife,
Telling of joys that to the ransomed ones belong,
O my heart is longing for an old-time song!

Gone are the singers in God's acre laid away,
Faded is the glory of the happy bygone day,
Still, still in memory those bright forms around
me throng,
And I hear the sweet music of an old-time song.

Peace at Last

GLAD news! glad news! the bitter strife is ended,
The weary war is past;
Let brother's hand to brother be extended,—
Peace at last!

O not in vain the heavy sacrifices,
The toll of blood and tears;
Another star of Empire now arises,
To brighten with the years!

Cursed be he who'd keep alive ill-feeling,
'Twixt those who've dropped the blade;
By evil counsels hinder time from healing
The wounds that war hath made!

Glad news! glad news! O weary burdened nation,
The cruel war is past;
Sound now your notes of praise and jubilation,—
Peace at last!

June, 1902.

Peace

'TIS better than the cannon's boom
That speaks the tyrant nation's doom;
'Tis better than the freeman's shout
That tells of leagued oppression's ront;
'Tis better than the cause tho' good
That triumphs through a brother's blood,
'Tis grander than the deeds that thrill
The Anglo-Saxon heart and will,—
Heroic deeds by land and sea
That makes our brotherhood far-famed,
To hear that one word "peace" proclaimed.

Ten thousand hearts breathe forth a heart-felt
prayer.

Ten thousand voices lift a song of praise,
As o'er the earth there sounds again
An echo of the Beth'lem strain,—

"On earth peace; good will toward men."

Song of the Exile

THO' long I've lived and toiled 'neath alien skies,
Within me dwells a vague and strange unrest;
Within my bosom often there doth rise
Feelings, longings that cannot be suppressed.
I am weary for Canada,—take me home!

I tire of strange faces that I meet,
Strange voices unfamiliar to my ear,
The jabber of the "dagoes" on the street,
Strange races with strange customs mingling
here.
I am weary for Canada,—take me home!

I see the waving willow tree that makes
Dark shadows where the mellow sunlight
gleams,
I see the silver sheen upon her lakes,
Her mighty mountains and majestic streams.
I am weary for Canada,—take me home!

The robin from the maple bough doth call,
The quails are piping where the marshes lie;
I see the pine trees rising straight and tall
Against the deep blue of the northern sky.
I am weary for Canada,—take me home!

WILL

O well for him whose will is strong!
He suffers, but he will not suffer long;
He suffers, but he will not suffer wrong.

—Tennyson.

The strength of the mind is the will.

—F. G. Scott.

O FOR invincible will!
To break from the dull world's control,
When the voice of the tempter would still
The innermost voice of the soul!

O for invincible will!
For strength that ne'er falters or fails,
To scale difficulty's steep hill,
To stand 'mid the floods and the gales.

O for invincible will!
To strengthen the mind and give might,
'Mid pleasure's allurements to still
Press on in the pathway of right.

The Artist of the Window Pane

WHEN northern winds are piping shrill,
When Winter over all doth reign,
'Tis then we see thy matchless skill,—
O artist of the window-pane!

When snow lies deep in field and glen,
Hiding all green things, and we fain
Would see the olden forms, 'tis then,
O artist of the window-pane

With true fidelity ye trace
The gorgeous glories once again,
In all their loveliness and grace,—
O artist of the window-pane!

The Wages of Sin

'TIS written in the sacred Book,
'Tis verified where'er we look,
In those who paths of right forsook,—
The wages of sin is death.

Not death for the body alone,
But mental, spiritual death made known,
Where Selfishness hath set her throne,—
The wages of sin is death.

Sin that so strongly tempts, invites,
Sin with her empty, brief delights,
Sin that blackens and blasts and blights,
The wages of sin is death.

Death where dark Crime her work performs,
Death 'mid Passion's blinding storms,
Death in many terrible forms,
The wages of sin is death.

Still men down to destruction go,
Still the seeds of corruption sow.
Reap sin's harvest, tho' well they know
The wages of sin is death.

At Early Dawn

SOMETIMES at early dawn
I rise and steal away
To where, upon some upland lawn,
I view the coming day.

O picture that defies,
Painters brush to portray,
When crimson flushes all the skies,
At early dawn of day!

The birds begin to sing
On every bush and spray,
With joyous songs are heralding
The coming of the day.

The darkness that pervades
The lowlands, mists that lay
In valleys deep, lessens and fades
Before the light of day.

So unbelief's dark night,
That like a pall doth lay
O'er earth, shall vanish in the light
Of God's appointed day.

The heavy clouds of sin
Shall quickly fade away,
While songs of gladness utter in
The glad millennial day.

David Mills

Born at Palmyra, 1830.—Died at Ottawa, 1903.

THERE was a man with splendid gifts endowed,
Whose life, whose deeds were open to the
light,

Of whom our country may be truly proud,
Whose public record was stainless and white.

Esteemed alike by party friends and foes,
They saw in him a worthy, upright man,
Who from the ranks by honest effort rose,
Who filled with rich achievement life's brief span.

There was a man above the common crowd
Of soulless politicians, base and small,
Who 'neath the weight of worldliness are bowed,
Whom selfishness and avarice enthrall.

Who never aid morality or right,
Ever engrossed in material things,
Who in disgraceful words and works delight,
To whom the earthly and the carnal clings.

A forceful speaker, one who could express
His thoughts in words well-chosen and refined,
Scholar profound, statesman who did possess
Sound judgment, wisdom and a well-stored
mind.

Forth from the farm in manhood's early years
He went to win promotion honour, fame;
Thither they brought him mid the sobs and
tears
Of those who loved him and revered his name.

The Road to Success

THE road that leadeth to success
Climbs by the paths of faithfulness,
By purpose and determination,
By character and concentration.
And they who would attain the goal
Must shun the paths of idleness,
Must strength and energy possess,
Must exercise their self-control,
Must spare no labour nor expense,
'Mid trials and discouragements,
Must not despair, nor grieve, but still
Press on with unconquerable will,
Must seize the moments and the hours,
Must cultivate their mental powers.

The Road to Failure

THE road that ends in failure, leads
By idle thoughts and foolish deeds,
By carelessness and hesitation,
By folly and by dissipation.
They walk the road to failure, who
Against the moral laws transgress,
Who no stability possess,
Who have no worthy end in view;
Who have no faith, no guiding star,
Who weak and undecided are;
Who lack the courage and the will
Life's obligations to fulfil;
Who tarry long in Pleasure's bowers,
And squander all the golden hours.

Gomez

SURVIVOR of the fights,
Staunch vet'ran old and gray
Long hast thou fought for Cuba's rights,
And mingled in the fray.

O strength of mind and nerve !
O energy of will !
In one grand cause to nobly serve,
Thy purpose to fulfil.

Though less'ning not the blight,
'Tis well thy sword was drawn,—
The darkness of the long, long night,
But brings a fairer dawn.

Rest, grey-haired vet'ran, rest !
Thy great life work is done ;
With liberty thy land is blest,
The goal ye sought is won.

1898.

My Companions

WHO are my companions?
Laughing brooks and rills,
Pinks and blue violets,
Golden daffodils,
Lillies by the wayside,
South winds blowing free,
Soothing and refreshing,—
This my company.

Who are my companions?
Bird, blossom and tree,
Bringing song and beauty
And fragrance to me,
Sweet voiced canaries,
Meadow-larks a-wing,
Songsters whose melodies
Glad the heart of Spring.

Who are my companions?
Thoughts on happy themes,
Dear Imagination,
Fancies and day-dreams,
Lifting me the baser
Things of earth above,—
These are my companions,
Brothers that I love.

Some Day

SOME day,
O heart that is learning
The strength and depth of passionate yearning,
Thy deep joys departed shall all be returning,
Some day,
Some day of all days.

Some day,
(No longer be sighing.)
Thy long cherished treasures, low, low lying,
Shall break on thy view with a glory undying,
Some day,
Some day of all days.

Some day,
(Then keep the vows plighted.)
The goal long-desired at last shall be sighted,
Hand with hand, heart with heart shall be re-
Some day, [united,
Some day of all days.

On a Little Child that Died

THOU hast escaped, O little one,
A world of care,—
Travail beneath the noonday sun,
The tempter's snare.

The storms that wreck and desolate,
Thou ne'er shall face,
Nor ever bow beneath the weight
Of sin's disgrace.

Thou heard'st the voice of Him who said
"Come unto me!"
Then loosened was the silver thread,
And thou wert free.

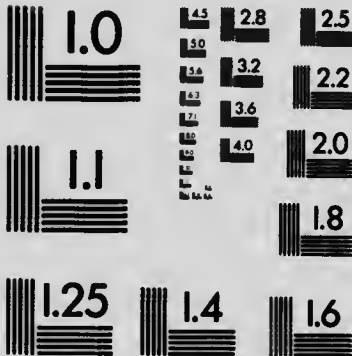
Like the bright lillies of the Spring,
As brief thy day,
As fair and beautiful a thing,
And pure as they.

Beyond the ravages of time,
Death and decay,
Transported to a fairer clime,
To bloom alway.



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Columbia in this Dark Hour of Grief

COLUMBIA, in this dark hour of grief,
We mourn with thee beside thy fallen chief.
Thy sympathy was shown when our great queen,
Loved and revered, passed from this earthly scene;
To-day we drop the sympathetic tear,
And place a wreath upon McKinley's bier.

We saw him in those last days when he stood,
Speaking of concord, peace and brotherhood;
We heard his earnest prayer that God would bless
All with prosperity and happiness;
We saw the fortitude with which he bore
The trying ordeal, the affliction sore;
And when alone the vale of death he trod,
His resignation to the will of God.

Our hearts are filled with sorrow, yet we know
God ever lives and reigns, and so
We'll trust still in His providential care,
And say with him whose last words were,
"It is God's way; His will be done."

September, 1901.

At Buffalo

“WHAT hath God wrought?”
These were the reverent words that sped
O'er cable laid on ocean's bed,
This the first message that was sent,
Inaugurating that event,
When brothers spake across the deep.

Viewing the progress since that time,
Achievements glorious and sublime;
Looking at the productions here,
Art, science of this western sphere;
Conscious of that sustaining power,
That doth man's mind so richly dower;
Before this matchless scene to-day,
Again we are constrained to say,
“What hath God wrought?”

August, 1901.

The Heroes of Every-Day Life

LET others sound forth the praises
Of those who 'mid carnage and flame,
Stood firm in the shock of the battle,
Won death or distinction and fame,—
Let others sing of the soldiers
Who fell in the desperate strife,
I sing of the unkuown worthies,
The heroes of everyday life.

They fought 'neath a heavy burden
Of trouble, vexation and care,
'Mid trials and fierce temptations
They triumphed o'er doubt and despair,
Thro' losses, pain and affliction
And sorrows that cut like a knife,
They kept to the path of duty—
The heroes of everyday life.

Not for them the fame and glory,
The triumphs and trophies of war,
To them reward shall be given
More precious and perfect by far;
When the hard fought fight is finished,
At the end of the toil and strife,
Rest and joy shall be their portion,
The heroes of everyday life.

Christmas Carol

O GLORIOUS morn
When Christ was born!
He came to set the bondsmen free,
To drive away
Earth's guilt for aye
And grant divinest liberty.
He came to light
The world's dark night
And free men from the power of sin;
To gain control
Of every soul
And plant His kingdom firm within.
He came to lift
Men from the drift
Of passion and unholy strife,
Up to the heights
Of pure delights
Where there is light and love and life.
He came to save,
And to engrave
His character on human lives,
Till all the earth
Had felt its worth,
And naught of blighting sin survives.
O glorious morn
When Christ was born!
He came to set the bondsmen free,
To drive away
Earth's guilt for aye,
And grant divinest liberty.

At Eventide

NO fear have they at close of day,
Who, trusting ever in their guide,
Sail in thro' surf or quiet bay,
At eventide.

O'er rugged pathways wild and drear,
Thro' narrow channels all untried,
He brought them thro.' They have no fear
At eventide.

And free from doubts and fears within,
All weighty cares are laid aside:
Now buoyantly they enter in
At eventide.

Long have they stood before the mast,
Long watched and waited, vigil eyed,
But rest and peace is coming fast
At eventide.

What tho' the billows darker roll,—
Upon the swiftly rising tide,
They safely pass o'er rock and shoal,
At eventide.

Perhaps some costly, precious freight,
In stormy seas swept from their side,
But they shall not be desolate,
At eventide.

They long to see their Pilot's face,
And dwell forever by his side,
With joy they end the well-run race,
At eventide.

Forgotten are all earthly ills,
As in their Pilot they confide;—
A splendour gilds the distant hills
At eventide.

The flying shadows of the night,
The narrow boundaries that divide,
Cannot shut out the wondrous sight
At eventide.

And thro' the supernatural light
The shining portals open wide,
And long-lost forms grow strangely bright
At eventide.

To Each of Us

TO each of us there comes a day
When we must tread affliction's road,
When sorrow and bereavements lay
Upon our backs, a heavy load.

To each of us there comes an hour
When passion would enslave the soul,
When sin and Satan test our power
Of knowledge and of self-control.

To each of us there comes a day
When we must cross the great divide,
Must heed the summons and obey,
Test the realities untried.

Ah, then to have a grounded hope,
A simple and a child-like faith,
That we may not in blindness grope
As we draw near the gates of death!

Selfishness

MOTHER of all sin!
Could'st thou be driven from the human breast,
What joy and peace would enter in
To hearts now filled with bitterness and dis-
tressed
With grief! What wrongs might be suppressed.

The brotherhood of man would be
A living known reality;
The parliament of man, I deem,
Would be more than a poet's dream;
The federation of the world
Might then be brought about;
Could'st thou be put to rout
The battle-flags might then be furled;
The standard-bearers of the cross
Would no longer see their own kinsmen suffer loss;
How it would lighten sorrow, hatred, fear;
The bright, eternal dawn would then appear.

Florence Nightingale

LIKE Him who in Judea, long ago,
Went forth to minister to those bowed down
by pain.

To strengthen, heal, bring health and joy again
To lives made dark by grief and bitter woe,—
So she went forth to minister to those
Wounded, diseased and bowed in deep distress,
By her sweet presence to relieve and bless,
And comfort those who drew near to life's close.

Hers was the noblest, truest kind of fame,—
Not won by force of arms on field of blood,
Where pain and death their countless victims
claim,—

That comes of being kind and doing good.
O fair and bright shall be her crown of stars—
The sweetest name in all the tale of wars!

A Song of England and the Years

O YE who fear our England shall
Fall as the bygone nations fell,
Because that she has drawn the sword
Upon her shall God's wrath be poured,
And like to Nineveh and Tyre
Her strength and glory shall expire,—
Fear not, for they who draw the blade
In freedom's cause and stand arrayed
For justice, equity and right,
Their might is the Eternal might,
The flaming cannon and the sword
Are but the weapons of the Lord,
With which oppressors meet their fate,
Thus tyranny must terminate,
From the travail of blood and tears,
From all the anguish of the years,
From all the discord and the strife,
Mankind shall rise to higher life;
Unstayed, God's hand is moving on,—
The world rolls onward to the dawn.

1900.

When England Speaks

WHEN England speaks by statesmen's lips,
By thunder from her steel-clad ships,
Making her will and purpose known,
All fearlessly to stand alone,
And shout defiance unto kings,
Or jealous nations' murmurings,
While stretching out her mail-clad arm
She guards some feeble state from harm,
Or ends the foul, debasing sway
Of despots, ush'ring in the day,
Or calls unto her sons afar,
Who strong in their devotion are,
And answer to the mother's call
When war or pestilence may fall,
The aliens bend attentive ear,
And haughty tyrants quake with fear,
And wrongs, defacements disappear,
When England speaks.

England

ENGLAND my love is still for thee—
Great mother of the brave and free!
In freedom's cause thy sons have fought
For truth great deeds of valour wrought.
Let those base traitors, who defame
Their country, and who seek to cast,
Reproach upon her, view her past,
And hide their very heads for shame.
And as of old to-day she stands
The friend of freedom in all lands,
While her true sons go forth to die,
For that dear cause they hold so high.

O England while thy sons pursue
The footsteps of those worthies, who
By spoken word, by sword and pen
Brought liberty and light to men,—
If thou seek aid from the same source
That made them a resistless force,
If their support shall be thy stay,
Thy strength shall never pass away.

Mafeking

WILL she surrender? 'tis not the British way,
Tho' pale-faced famine and grim death walk
hand in hand,
Tho' darker grows the outlook day by day,
Still they withstand
All the fierce onslaughts that their foemen
For Britain and for honor's sake [make;
No white flag on their battlements will show,
While strength remains a sword or gun to
They will not yield. [wield,

Brave little frontier town!
Defended by the same grand race of men
Who at Torres Vedras, Delhi won renown,—
As valiant now as then!

1900.

Brittania, Mistress of the Seas

BRITANIA still will rule the deep,
Her ancient heritage she'll keep;
By blood of countless heroes won,
Where many valiant deeds were done,
Where Drake and Cochrane fought so well,
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell.

'Tis well Brittania doth reign,
And still fair freedom's cause sustain;
'Tis well for righteousness and peace,
That tyranny and wrong may cease;
To 'stablish justice on her throne,
To strengthen and protect her own.

Her ships of commerce still will ply
To every port, her flag will fly
On every sea and as of old
Her proud supremacy she'll hold.
Her ancient heritage she'll keep;
Brittania still will rule the deep.

Only a Soldier True

ONLY a soldier, who
Answered his country's call,
With loyal heart to do his part
For his country. That was all.

Only a woman, who
Stood where the transport lay,
Breathing a prayer that God would care
For her son when far away.

Only a parting word,
A last wave of the hand,
The shore-line paled, the troop-ship sailed,
To the far-off southern land.

Only a soldier brave,
Whose courage does not fail,
Tho' danger grows, charging his foes,
Facing the leaden hail.

Only the Mauser's song—
It spake of death to him;
He faintly hears his comrades cheers,
And the soldier's eyes grow dim.

Down on the Natal plain,
A little rounded heap,—
No cross, no stone, where unbeknown,
He sleeps his long last sleep.

Only the long, long weeks
Of waiting and suspense,
Of hopes and fears, of sighs and tears,
Of agony intense.

Only a woman, who
Over the death-list leans
With reeling brain, (O God the pain!)
One of ten thousand scenes!

1900.

Gladstone

HE truly loved his fellowmen,—
Not with a narrow zealot's love,
To race or creed or party blind,
But with a far outreaching love,
Embracing all mankind.

Let the long, long years of toil,
The spurning of a titled name,
Let those to-day who feel his loss
As that of some dear bosom friend,
And let the loud exultant cry
Of free-born nations testify,
And God's great love in his own soul,
The reason why.

To elevate and liberate
He strove with voice and pen,
What higher tribute could we give?—
"He truly loved his fellowmen!"

Songland

THERE is a land that I love best,—
'Tis Songland;
Dearer to me than all the rest,
Is Songland;
'Tis formed of fancy's sparkling streams,
High mountains of immortal themes,
And fairy isles of hopes and dreams,—
Fair Songland.

Rare and undying spirits dwell
In Songland;
'Tis joy to come beneath their spell,
In Songland;
They who have stood the test of time,
From every age and every clime,
Repeat their melodies sublime,
In Songland.

What gems of priceless worth we find
In Songland;
What grand productions of the mind
In Songland;
Come with me mortals and behold
The charms and beauties that unfold,
That never perish or grow old
In Songland.

I never hope to reach the bounds
Of Songland,
But still I've camped upon the grounds
Of Songland;
I feel the presence that invites
Me to fresh fields, to higher heights,
Know something of the rare delights
Of Songland.

1903.

The Federation of Australia

IN the greyness of the dawning we have seen the
pilot star,

In the whisper of the mornings we have heard the
years afar.

Shall we sleep and let them be
When they call to you and me?

Can we break the land asunder God has girdled
with the sea?

For the flag is floating o'er us,
And the track is clear before us,

From the desert to the ocean let us lift the mighty
For the days that are to be. (chorus)

We have flung the challenge forward, Brothers,
stand or fall as one!

She is coming out to meet us in the splendour of
the sun,

From the graves beneath the sky,
Where her nameless heroes lie,

From the Forelands of the Future they are waiting
our reply.

We can face the roughest weather,
If we only hold together,

Marching forward to the Future, marching
shoulder-firm together,

For the Nation yet to be.

—George E. Evans.

Will the Lamps be White?

OFT when I feel my engine swerve
As o'er strange rails we fare,
I strain my eyes around the curve
For what awaits us there.

When swift and free she carries me
Through yards unknown at night,
I look along the line to see
That all the lamps are white.

A blue light! (rep track) crippled car;
The green light signals "slow,"
The red light is a danger light,
The white light "Let her go."

Again the open fields we roam,
And when the night is fair,
I gaze up in the starry dome,
And wonder what is there.

For who can speak for those who dwell
Behind the curving sky?
No man has ever lived to tell
Just what it means to die.

Swift towards life's terminal I trend
The road seems short to-night,
God only knows what's at the end;
I hope the lamps are white.

—Cy. Warman.

The Lonely Christ

O UR Chief has blazed the path and climbed the
way;
His sacred feet have found for us a ford;
Press forward, men, fear not the leaping spray;
See on the peak the daybreak of his sword!

For Christ is freedom and the Light within,
The only hold of reason and of hope;
He is the Stillness in the world's mad din,
The foothold where the blind feet slide and
grope.

He knows the loneliness; He knows the road;
Barefoot and hungry he has travelled it.
He knows the brute betrayal, the dead load,
The cry of worlds, the laughter of the Pit.

He shook Jernsalem and all her towers,
And now he shakes the world; His rhythmic
tread
Sounds through the moving fabric of these
hours—
Sounds in all hope and thunders on ahead.

—Edwin Markham.

