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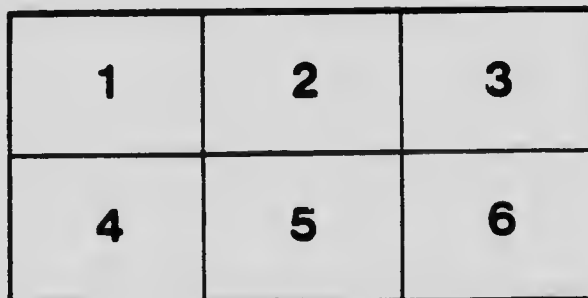
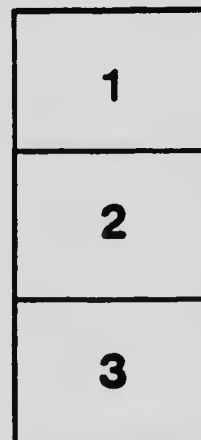
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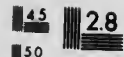
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and Children

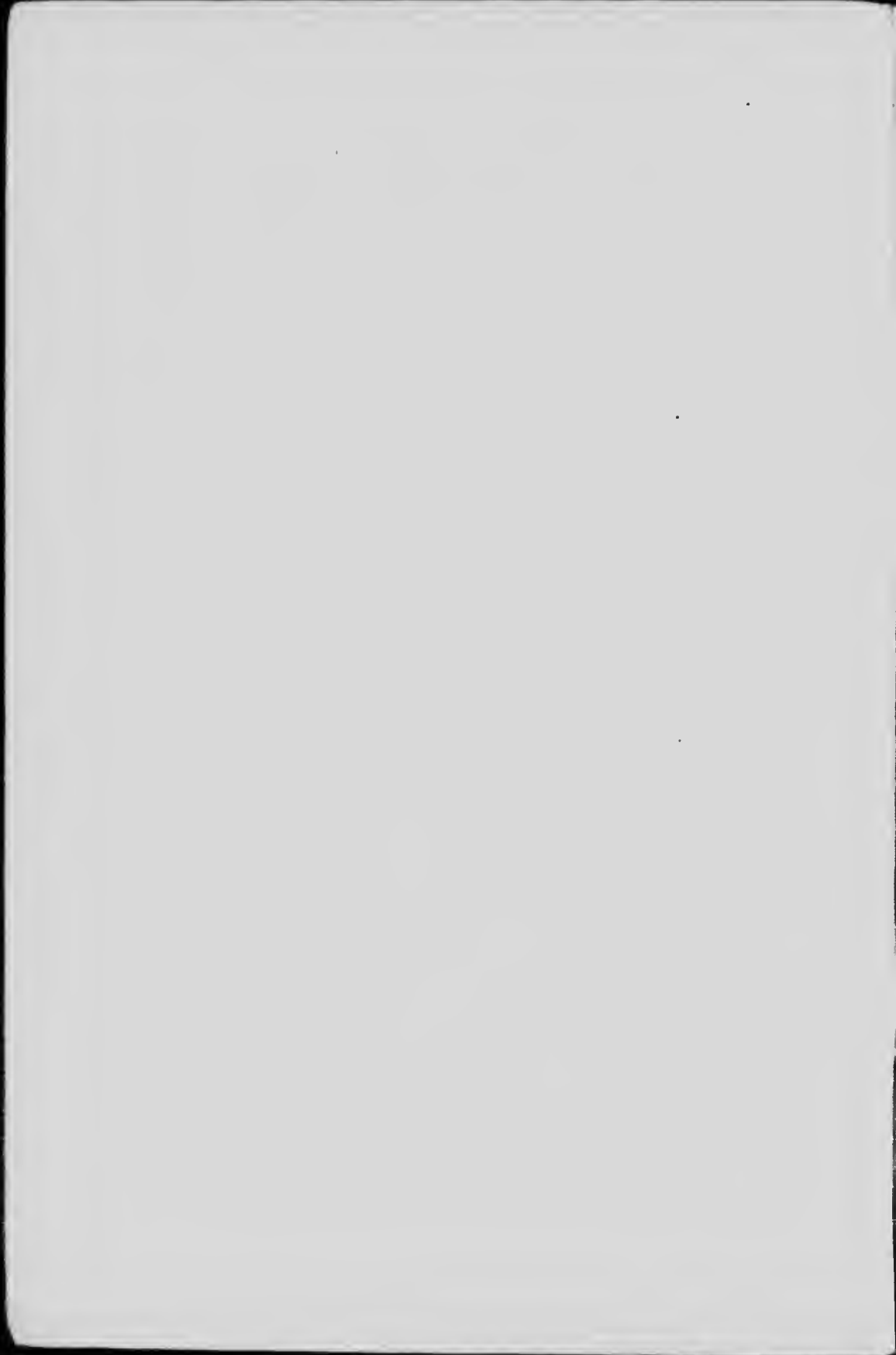
as well as by

The Flowers and
The Fulness of

GOD'S GOOD WORLD

By MRS. H. W. LEESON, Mt. Forest,
Ont., for nearly 40 years a resident of
Rose Hill Farm, near Varney, Grey Co.
Ontario, Canada.

Review Power Presses, Durham



Rhymes, Grave & Gay

By Mrs. H. W. Lession
Mt. Forest, Ont.

Preface

Adapted from Jean Ingelow

And what shall ye hear, my children dear?—
 C shall ye hear this night?
Shall I sing you a song of the yuletide cheer,
 Or of lovers and ladies bright?
“Thou shalt sing,” they say (for we dwell faraway
 From the land where fain would we be),
“Thou shalt sing us again some old-time strain
 That is sung in our own countrie.
Thou shalt mind us so of the times long ago,
 When we played on the homeland farm,
While the old home light shone out in the night,
 A beacon to keep us from harm.
“While lambs were yet asleep, and the dew lay
 deep
 On the grass, and their fleeces clean and fair,
Never grass was seen so thick and so green
 As the grass that grew up there!
“Sing us now a strain shall make us feel again
 As we felt in that sacred peace of morn,
When we had the first view of the wet sparkling
 dew,
 In the shyness of a day just born.”

1907.

Thirty-seven years ago,
I came to Rose Hill Farm ;
The fields were rough, the fare was scant
And I had much to learn.
Twelve children played around our door,
They brought full many a care ;
But their merry thoughts, their calls
for Mother,
Made joys both rich and rare.
The wealth that comes to other homes,
'Twas not our lot to share ;
But oft times sickness, care and pain,
That at times was hard to bear.
But he, who notes the sparrow's fall,
Said, " Cast on Me thy care, "
And, O ! the deep, the heart-felt joy,
When sanctified by prayer.
The years rolled on, the children grew,
And scattered far and wide ;
They came sometimes when winter
snows
Brought round the Christmas tide.
But three did leave us and our hearts
Beat low with heavy pain ;
We knew that they would come no more ;
We ne'er should meet again.
Until we, too, are called to pass
O'er Jordan's rolling stream,
Then we shall meet our loved and lost,
No chilling tide between.



Jan. 1903

For over 60 years I've sailed
Across life's rugged sea ;
And some that I'd have with me, now
I very seldom see.

But they do come sometimes and then
How thankful I should be ;
But ah, alas ! How soon they tire
Of the home that used to be.

The lesson that I learned when young
Of make believe at play ;
It now comes back and serves me well
In this my older day.

For I must put good face upon
The things I cannot tell,
And laugh and sing and make believe
I think that all is well.

But I am coming to the home
Where every one is free,
And I shall meet with loved ones there,
Who on earth, I know, loved me.

Then Christ will hold my hand, I know,
And lead me through Death's chilling
tide ;

And O how happy I shall be
When I have reached the other side.

June 9th, 1906

Dear Lord, Thou art so good to me ;
What can I do for Thee ?
Help me to trust Thee more and more
And all Thy beauty see.

Just hold my hand and keep my feet
From straying far from Thee ;
Then I shall grow more like Thee. Lord,
When I, Thy beauty see.

When trouble comes and like a pall
Just settles over me ;
How good to get within the pale,
And Thy rich beauty see.

With childlike simple faith, I come.
Because Thou'st promised me
That if I take Thee at Thy word,
I shall Thy beauty see.

Yea now, I claim thy promise, Lord ;
Thou art everything to me ;
And when I've done with earthly cares,
Let me Thy beauty see.

I cannot thank Thee, as I ought,
Until this Spirit's free ;
But then O then, the glorious thought
I shall Thy beauty see.

New Year's Eve, Dec. 31st, 1903

The year is fast passing away,
And what is the record that's been ?
Have the pages been white and so fair
That never a blot came between ?

I think of the sorrowful past,
When our loved ones were taken away ;
And O how hardenec' I was
With scarce a desire to pray ;
O the page was blotted just there.

I had such hard thoughts of some friends
The enemy planted them there ;
O why did I listen to him ?
The page was blotted sadly just there.

Then the long weary days they came on
And were filled with such work and
such care,
That I scarcely took time to kneel down
And utter ten words of a prayer ;
Ah the page was blotted very sadly there.

New Year's Day, Jan. 1st, 1904.

And now as the New Year has come
And the snow, it lies deep at our door,
Will the dear loving Saviour come in
And whiten the page once more ?

To Lillie May, Jan. '904.

Some lovely flowers in our home,
 Around our table grew,
But they have wandered one by one,
 And now there's only two.
And from among those flowers rare,
 Only one Lily grew ;
And O what thought and love and care,
 It took to bring it through.
The years they came and went apace,
 And thus our Lily grew,
But not so strong and thrifty as
 Some other flowers do.
You know, dear child, that I would like
 To see our lily grow
Into a strong and useful life,
 A blessing to be below.
And now, I think, with God's dear help
 G. M. will bring you through ;
And you may still enjoy the health,
 That other flowers do.
Then you'll come back to this dear spot,
 Where all those flowers grew,
If you will take the thought and care,
 That mother used to do.

Aug. 1906, Feb. 1907.

The road of life is hard sometimes,
 Our feet press many a thorn,
I would not mock at the simplest joy,
 That would make it less forlorn.
For well, we know, its the little things
 Our lives that make or foil ;
Its the little Foxes every time
 The tender vines that spoil .

If we would only watch our words,
And always careful be,
To cheer the sad and help the faint.
How blest our lives would be.
But Oh how sad it is, we let
Our garden fence decline
And let the little Foxes in,
To spoil full many a vine.
The tender vines of love and truth
They trample in their way,
And the lovely vines of Charity
How easily nipped are they.
Now the only way that I can see
To thwart those little thieves,
Is to practice every loving art,
And be often on your knees.



October 5th, 1907,

The Golden Wedding now is o'er,
The children, none remain ;
And the home it seems more quiet than
It did before they came.

We cannot tell if all of them
Will ever come again ;
We can only leave them in His hand,
Who makes the rough way plain.

Help them to fight the fight of faith
And ever faithful be
To Him who gave His life for them,
On Calvary's rugged tree.

O do not let one darling child
Get far astray from Thee.
But care for each and every one,
As Thou hast cared for me.

Come into every waiting heart
And may they happy be,
As they strive to know Thee better,
Lord,
And the upward way to see.

Mount Forest, 1906,

As I rested in bed in the morning,
A small boy passed that way ;
His song rose clear and refreshing,
As the Spring time does in May.

I knew not what was his song,
For the words, they passed away,
But 'twas merry as is the sunshine
In the merry month of May.

How pleasant it was to hear him,
So free, so blithe, so gay,
As he scampered off to the meadow
To toss the new-mown hay.

No, I knew not what his song was,
But his heart was filled with glee ;
And the music of his fresh young voice
Made memories sweet to me.

To Miss H., June 1st, 1906.

I cannot sing, I cannot play;
But I can boil the sap,
If other trees are but left out,
And maple trees are tapped.

I only wish. that I could do
Some other things as well as that,
For there are harder things, I think,
Than boiling down the sap.

I hope you know, my dear young friend.
That those who bring us bones
Will surely carry one away,
When they start for their homes.

Now do not list to all you hear,
If you hear this or that ;
But just come down and see me, when
I'm boiling down the sap.

If we could guard those tongues of ours,
Keep them in beaten track ;
" I'm sure. its harder far, " you'd say,
Than boiling down the sap.

I would not wear a silken waist,
Nor apron white as snow ;
For those are things you do not need,
When to the woods you go.

But I would wear my old plaid dress
And apron checked with blue,
Not even a collar round my neck.
But only a pin or two.

You do not look so stylish then,
As when to church you go,,
But then it does to boil the sap,
Your friend has told you so.

TO EDITH.

Dear Edith, it does seem so strange
That a teacher such as you
Should settle down with one large Word
When you know you might have two.

They tell me that in yonder clime,
Where everything is wet with dew.
That it is quite a thrifty place,
And that you now have two.

Well I hope that number two will prove
A blessing pure and true ;
But this, you know, my darling child,
Must partly come through you.

Now, if I spell these Words aright,
The largest of the two
Is just the kind of one I'd choose
To think and care for you.

Now don't be jealous if I care
For numbers one and two ;
For well you know that my first thought
Was just alone for you.

So you must care for number two
And train him well you know,
Or He may prove too large a Word
For either of you two.

They tell me now there's number three,
I'll tell you what you'll do ;
Just take the train and come to us ;
'Tis the best that you can do.

I think that we can manage three,
Just about as well as two ;
So if you'll bring them all along,
I'm sure that we'll get through.

February 6, 1904

The storm is raging now without,
Where south wind once did blow,
And all our pretty flowers and shrubs
Are covered deep in snow.

But when the south wind blows again,
The snow will melt away
And we shall be so glad to see
Those flowers blooming gay.

Sometimes we raise some lovely flowers
From which 'tis hard to part,
And that brings to my mind that there's
A garden in the heart.

Yes, there's a garden in the heart,
And that I well do know :

For mine has been a weedy patch
That few but me could know.

I have been told and that with truth,
Of hateful things I've said and done.

And O if they could only know,
How hard I've tried these things to
shun.

The thistles are the sharp words said
When softer words would go,
But then among those lovely flowers
The ugly weeds will grow.

I used to think in years gone by,
That I would tend this garden well,
And all the lovely flowers that grew
Should ever in it dwell.

But ah, alas, how I have failed,
When those I most love, spy
Those lovely flowers all scattered round,
To fade away and die.

Dear Lord if in this wayward heart
Flowers only grew for Thee,
Then I should sure be satisfied
When the golden streets I see.

To Mansfield, January, 1904

Dear Mansfield, how are you now,
Are you better than when I heard last :
I hope all the headaches and pain
Are now a thing of the past.
You have lain in bed late in the morning
Till your head it has ached well I know,
Now take my advice and rise early
And try a good wash in the snow.
A doctor has no right to be ailing
When people are sick you know,
So try a little exercise daily
And don't be afraid of the snow.
'Twill set your blood tingling and rush-
ing,
All through your veins you know,
So try and get up in the morning
And take a good rub in the snow.
They tell me your throat has been sore,
And that you were as still as a mouse :
Now give others the shotgun prescription
And do you try to stay in the house.

To Albert

Once on a time a certain young man,
Was so fond of a flower that grew,
He would hitch a gray horse 'tho lame it might be
And down through the vil.age he flew.
Now this flower was a Lily, and a May Lily too,
And it grew rather large for boquet,
So he'd set it beside him on the seat of the buggy,
And then he would drive off quite gay.
You would wonder that any young man in his
senses,
Would spend so much time with a flower,
But here he would come and for all we could say,
He would sit by that flower by the hour.
At last he became so thoroughly insane,
That we had to give him our flower,
So he took it to his home and tends it quite well,
And is willing to dish-wash by the hour.

To Eleanor, 1905.

Dear Eleanor. I hope that this
Will find you doing well,
And that alone should satisfy
The friends that wish you well.

I thought that if you went away
That you would get a rest,
But circumstances often prove
We know not what is best.

But do not think my darling child
Your work has been in vain ;
For all those little gaps filled up
Will be eternal gain.

We know that you have worked from love
And not because you should.
And know that you will hear at last
" She ha^th done what she could. "

I know the world will look askance
If you're not up in style ;
But Mother thinks you've too much sense
To mind it all the while.

Just keep your heart so pure and free
From all earth's dross and soil,
But Christ will look approvingly
Upon your daily toil.

Then when we all are gathered home
In that fair land above ;
Oh may we find that each small thing
Has just been done in love.

Then have as good a time, dear child.
As you can have while there ;
And when you're through come home
to us,
And we will have it here.

The Last Supper, 1904

I think I see twelve men sit down,
Around one common board,
And Jesus comes and sits with them
Their Saviour and their Lord.

He takes the bread and blest and breaks
To each a piece he gives ;
" This is my body broken for you :
Now eat it all, and live."

Then taking up the cup of wine.
He looks it through and though ;
" Now drink ye all of this." he saith,
"Tis my blood shed for you."

He then goes on to tell them how
Forsaken He will be,
And each man looks his brother o'er,
And asks, " Can it be me"?

But Peter bolder than the rest,
Says, " Lord, it cannot be ;
Tho' all forsake Thee I will not :
You may depend on me."

But Jesus turns his wondrous eyes,
Looks on his upturned face
And says, " before the cock shall crow
Thou shalt deny me thrice."

Then Judas rises up and goes
The darkest deed to wage,
That ever dwelt in human heart
Or darkened history's page.

And now we see them as they go,
Moving on with quiet tread,
With heavy hearts for they know not,
What means the words he said.

And they walk on to where the trees,
Their dark shadows throw across the
way ;

Then Jesus stops and bids them watch,
While He goes on to pray.

Gethsemane, O! Gethsemane,
The most sacred place on earth,
Whene'er we tread thy quiet paths,
There is no room for mirth.

And as we stand and gaze around,
We see the Saviour enter there,
With head bent low and reverent mien,
He bows Himself in prayer.

And we, with moistened eyes bow too,
We do not feel like standing there,
While He, who bears the world's dread
frown

Hath bowed Himself in prayer.

And O what agony in prayer
That brings the blood drops through,
And as they fall, each saith to me
" This blood is shed for you. "

But lo! I see Him on the cross,
Nailed to the shameful tree,
And now I know, full well I know
This blood is shed for me.

O precious Saviour, let that blood
Wash all my sins from me,
And keep me pure, as Thou art pure,
Till I Thy glory see.



To Mildred.

Dear Mildred, are you not too haughty ?
Should you not settle on one ?
Just make up your mind to get married ;
Don't you think it would be the most
fun ?

For you to have some one to love you
And cheer you when life's sands are run
Than to wander about by yourself dear,
Don't you think it would be the most
fun ?

The years are fast passing away, love,
Your chances in life may be few ;
For when one outlives the twenties,
There are not very many to woo.

Don't think for one moment my Mildred,
That Mother is tired of you here ;
I'm afraid in the very near future
This home may not seem quite so dear
But I would not persuade you, my dar-
ling

To do what you think is not right,
But that you may be very happy,
Is the thought that moves me to-night.



Toronto Exhibition, 1906.

We had been to Toronto,
That far famed city,
And now on our way for home
The cars rolled on
With their lightning speed,
Bearing the tired human throng.
We passed the pines,
The tall, dark pines
Where many a shadow crept in.
And I thought of the joys
Of my childhood days,
When I played hide-and-seek between.
The needles when dressed
Made many a doll.
That pleased my childish eye ;
And the boughs that swayed
Far above my head,
Gave many a murmuring sigh.
But I loved the pines,
The deep, dark pines,
With their ever murmuring song ;
They seemed to tell
Of a Father's love,
And His hand so great and strong,
I shall never forget
The grove of pines,
That grew so near my home :
Nor the childish prayers
That I offered there,
For the loved ones in that home.
They are all so safely housed to-day,
For the Lord took them, every one ;
And I, alone, am left down here,
Of all that household throng.

May 1st, 1906

Dear Lord, why is it that at times
I seem so far from thee ;
O take this wayward heart of mine
And let it rest in thee.

Thou knowest Lord, that all through life
I fain some good would see,
And yet with all those good desires
There's little left to see.

Now this, dear Lord, is the work I'd do
To gather in for Thee,
Some poor, weak erring souls like mine,
To love, and peace, and Thee.

Help me to bear the daily cares,
That round my pathway be,
And never for one moment lose
My faith and hope in Thee.

But O dear Lord wilt thou not give
Some precious souls to me,
Not empty handed would I go
When Thou dost call for me.

Help me to walk the narrow way,
Thou hast laid down for me ;
That others may see Christ in me
And give their hearts to Thee.

To Alba Myra, July 13. 1906.

Dear Alba, thou hast left us,
And we cannot understand
Why thou hast left so quickly
This fair, but sinful land.

We miss your bright and happy face
From out our little band ;
But this, we know, my darling Child,
Sometime we'll understand.

We know the Lord makes no mistakes ;
He worketh out his plans ;
He takes one here, another there,
Because he understands.

He knows how weak and frail we are ;
He knows what we can stand ;
We know he doth the very best,
Because he understands.

Oh ! Why should mourning thoughts
arise

While on this earth we stand ?
For by and by, we'll go to Thee,
And then we'll understand.

Childhood's Days.

My mind goes back to sunny hours ;
My soul doth wing its way ;
A child I am, 'neath a willow tree,
While children round me play.

And play we do with all our might,
As we build our houses three,
And laugh and romp and dance about
Beneath that willow tree.

But we look out and up the hill
And our hearts are filled with glee ;
For O, how lovely is the sight
From 'neath that willow tree.

For there upon that sloping hill,
As lovely as could be,
The Daffodils smiled back at us
Beneath that willow tree.

O Daffodils, you lovely flowers
Smile up to-day at me,
As when a child, I saw you first
From 'neath that willow tree

I knew not what to call you then,
For you were new to see ;
But the glory of your lovely flowers
Remains to-day with me.

And, as I gaze upon you now,
And all your beauty see,
I can but think of those that then
Were 'neath that willow tree.

Our Baby.

Our baby was a winsome child,
As fair as fair could be ;
Her laughing mouth, Her clear blue eyes
Were pleasant for to see.

Her little feet tripped in and out,
In every room did run ;
We did not have to call for her,
Our babe would always come.

The Lord's Prayer and ' I lay me down,'
She never failed to say ;
And then she'd pray for each one here.
In her pure, earnest way,

I think she knew the worth of prayer
Before the age of three :
To see her kneeling, white-robed for m,
It did one good to see.

Her aunt was sick and lay for weeks,
As weary as could be ;
She would go and kneel beside the bed.
And pray for Aunt Mamie.

We could not hear the words she said,
She was earnest as could be ;
She knew that Auntie would get well,
" Because I've prayed, " said she.

With simple, earnest, childlike faith,
She prayed from day to day ;
And when we'd ask to whom she prayed.
" To God, " she'd always say.

Now who shall say, she was not heard ?
Tis more than I dare say ;
For He, who bade the children come,
Would not turn her away.

O for her simple, earnest faith,
Her aunt got well once more ;
And we are left to mourn our loss,
Our Darling is no more.

Growing Old.

I'm growing old and childish now,
My work is well nigh o'er,
And many things I used to do,
I now can do no more.

The cows I've milked, the calves we fed
The chickens that we raised,
And then the garden, that we worked
With hoe and rake and spade.

My eyes, that were so clear and bright,
As clear as they could be,
Have failed and now there's many things
I can but dimly see.

Some tell me that if it was such
And such things I could see,
They little know how sharp the pain
They're bringing unto me.

They seem to think I do not feel
The sharp words said to me ;
They do not know, they cannot know
How I long to be free.

Sometimes I fain would rise above
My every care and fear,
And that is why they seem to think
That I have not a care.



