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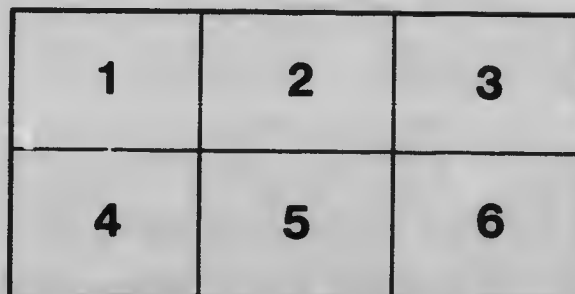
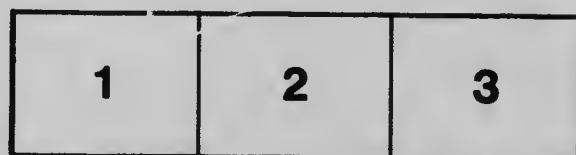
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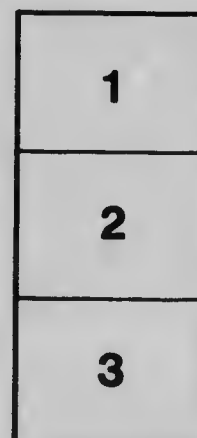
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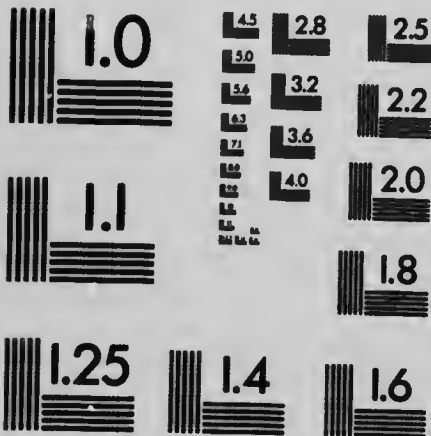
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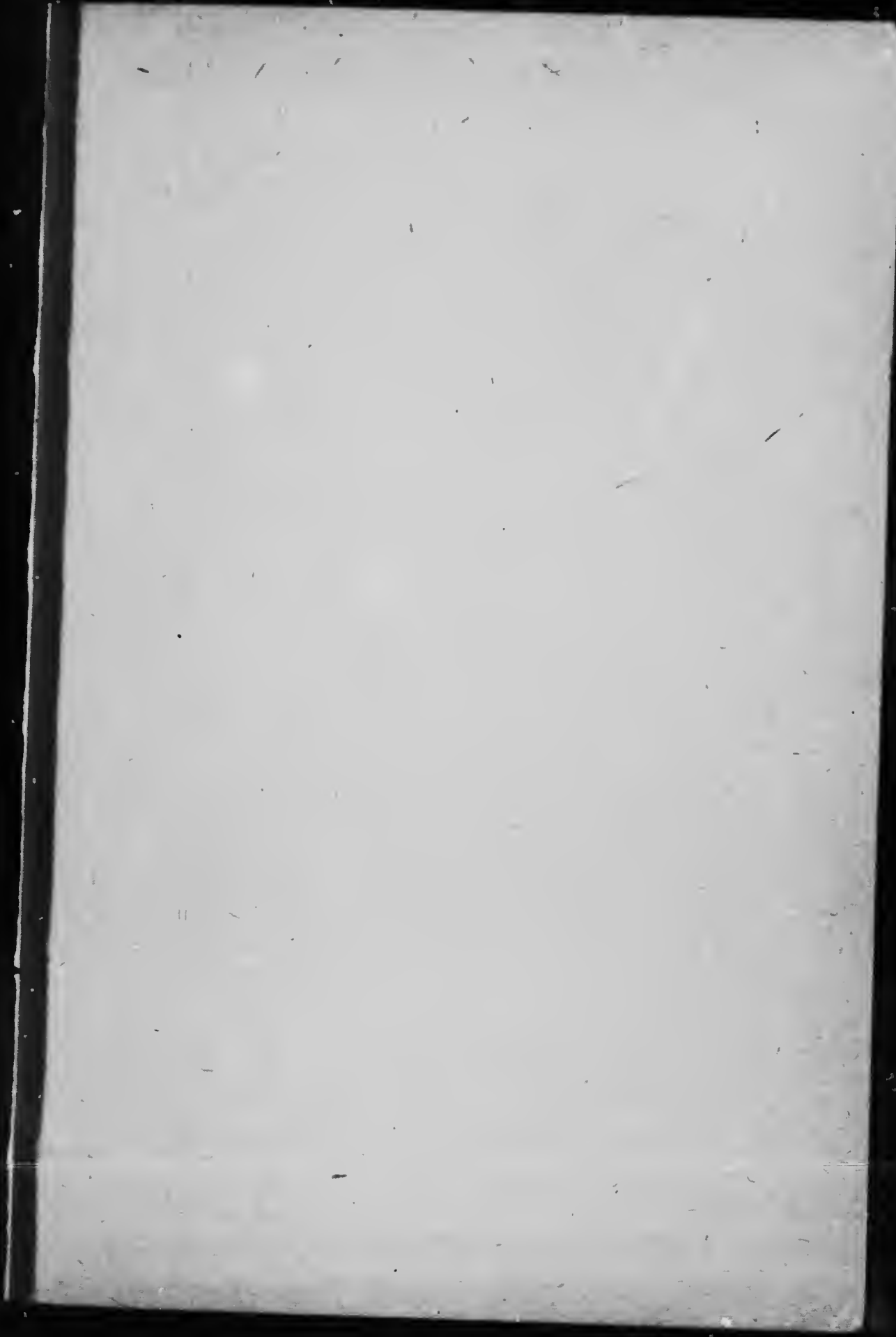
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THE BELGIAN MOTHER
AND
BALLADS OF BATTLE TIME

BROWN

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J. A. Browne

**THE BELGIAN MOTHER
AND
BALLADS OF BATTLE TIME**

**By
T. A. BROWNE**



**TORONTO: THE MACMILLAN COMPANY OF CANADA,
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Dedicated

to

*The Great War Veterans living,
and dead, by whose exalted
patriotism and heroic sacrifice
in war the British Empire
was preserved*



CANADA

TO THE VETERANS OF THE GREAT WAR

As gallant knights, as valiant-souled crusaders,
You come from quests of peril o'er the sea;
From conflicts stern, against the brute invaders,
With laurels nobly won, you come to me.

In contest grim, the mightiest of the ages,
My banner through the carnage you have borne;
Your names are written large on Glory's pages,
I greet you, gallant soldiers, battle-worn.

Through all the years to be, I will remember
The deeds you wrought, since first you sailed away;
Since flaming down through Belgium, that September,
The Prussian hell-hounds, baying, sought Calais.

There Ypres and St. Julien, shining glorious,
Red Courcellette and Vimy's Ridge aglow,
And many another unsung fight, victorious,
Wherein you clove a pathway through the foe.

You have returned with memories unfading,
Of prodigies performed in Freedom's name,
Of charging hosts and volley's enfilading,
And roaring craters curtained with death's flame.

Some come not back; in lands afar after they're sleeping.

Who dies for Freedom fills no nameless grave;
Their memory enshrined all hearts are keeping,
So sleep remembered, all the gallant brave.

Yours is the place of honour in the nation;
Who dares for Right the highest shall command;
Who pours for Liberty his heart's libation
Shall win the grateful tribute of my land.

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THE BELGIAN MOTHER,

THE BELGIAN MOTHER

Hear me, O God, who reignest upon high,
From blood-bespattered fields hear thou my cry!
Hear Thou a Belgian mother's fierce appeal,
Whose torn bosom, 'neath the Prussian heel,
Crimson and breastless challenges Thy sky,
Of Christ the merciful demanding why.
Wherefore the murder of my valiant sons?
Wherefore the ravage of my little ones?
Hear me, O Father; Jesus, hear me pray,
Shall there be reckoning, shall Prussia pay?

Father, to whom I knelt these many years,
Thou wilt give answer to a mother's tears;
Give answer to the cry of her despair,
If heav'n be not o'erthrown, if Thou art there!
Helpless I stand amid the storm of hate,
My children slain, my fields made desolate.
I will not cease from urging till Thou give
Some sign, some token, that Thy justice live.
By daytime and by nighttime I shall pray.
For those foul crimes on mine, shall Prussia pay!

For sack of cities, sacrilege of shrines,
For trampled tombs, a thousand nameless crimes,
That cry for vengeance unto Heaven's throne,
Shall he not pay, shall Prussia not atone?

The dying hands of children grip my heart;
From vale and upland, and the thronging mart,
There is no laughter where they used to play;
They cry unmothered, starved, with faces gray.
If this be not a hell 'neath devil's sway,
For all my little ones, shall Prussia pay!

O God of mine, Thy harvest moon still beams,
Nor hides in horror from such ghastly scenes,
And Thy great Sun I thought Thy hand might shade,
And dim the light that gave such carnage aid.
Red ravage rides across my piteous plain,
Behold Namur, behold beloved Louvain!
Temples of Wisdom, prostrate in the dust,
Trampled and scarred to glut a despot's lust.
Hast Thou no rod this crowned Ghoul to flay?
For ruin of Beauty, Lord, shall Prussia pay!

Out from the land that loved them, beggared flung,
Sons from the loins of olden heroes sprung;
They whom great Caesar chronicled in praise,
Shalt Thou leave outcast, doom to evil days?
Shall Belgium's sons, shall this beloved soil,
Whose very mould is martial, be made spoil?
Lord of the slain in olden battles, hear!
Till all I love, till all I hold most dear,
Till my young hero-king shall find his throne,
Till Belgians shall again sing songs of home,
I from amid the ruins, night and day,
Shall cry to Thee, "O God, make Prussia pay!"

THE BURIAL OF KING EDWARD, THE PEACE- MAKER

All day the league long lines have onward marched;
Mourn the sad millions round the silent bier,
Where rests beneath the temple, nobly arched,
The form a worldwide people held most dear.

The sombre pageant darkens all the land,
The seven Kings in mournful grandeur ride,
Kings of the earth must bow to death's command;
Happy the Prince who heeds nor builds on pride!

Happy the land, that in such mournful hour
Can through the tears of parting proudly say,
As we, he wrought each instrument of power
For good, and o'er his people's hearts held sway.

Shaping his efforts ever toward this end,
That e'en the alien learned to bless his name,
Healing the wounds red war had made, a friend
To arts of peace, that is his crowning fame.

Peacemaker, rest among thy kingly sires;
Peace was thy shrine, and never war's array,
Nor glories reared on force were thy desires;
Thy strength was given to shield, and not to slay.

Dead King, thy noblest triumph here is made.
Who claims such tribute from a mighty state
Reigns on; a sceptred king, though in death laid,
And dying lives, beloved, immortal, great.

May, 1911.

THE CORONATION OF KING GEORGE V

AN ODE OF EMPIRE

Summer with the sun conspiring spreads her tapestry
of June,
Flora, all her glories flaunting, floors thy pathway
strewn,
Hedge and field and rose-crowned wayside blush in
beauty all aflame,
While around thee, radiant ranging, millions give thee
Sire, acclaim.

Strike O Bard! thy proudest Paen, singing with a soul
on fire;
Paint, O Master of the canvas! all that grandeur may
inspire;
But thy soaring inspirations broken-winged shall flutter
down,
Swooning in the purpling glory lighting this an Empire's
crown.

Proudly moves the purple pageant over mighty London's
pave,
Rank on rank of gorgeous colour, stately moving wave
on wave,
Rank on rank the massing millions roar a welcome that
upsoars
Like the ocean billows breaking stormy round thy
Island shores.

Festooned arches, brilliant bunting, scarlet seas white-
capped with plumes,
Tossing, surging, rhythmic swaying to melodious march-
ing tunes,
King and prince and jewelled marquis, ermine robe
and silken hose,
Sweeping stately, thousand bannered, on and on the
pageant goes.

Onward to the culmination of the long day's fevered
strain,
To the happy culmination with its hope of joyful reign,
To the solemn coronation 'neath Westminster's won-
drous pile,
Treasure house of Britain's glory, loveliest heirloom
of her Isle.

Sepulchre sublime and mossy; Brooder old what
dreams are thine,
Thou who blessed our monarch's forebears since the
great Confessor's time,
Thou who holds the dust of princes in thy motherly
embrace,
Who serene through years of tumult watched upgrow
a mighty race.

From thy walls, oh Temple olden, thou hast watched
the long years through.
Seen the forest fastness broken, seen thy sons the seas
subdue,

Seen the Saxon hosts embattled to the conquering
Norman yield,
And the hunchback king remorseless die on Bos-
worth's bloody field.

Seen thy chivalry in squadrons fall in internecine
strife,
And the regal Stuart yielding on the block a royal
life,
Heard the conflict fierce of battle, heard the raging of
old wars,
Seen the victor lift the vanquished and in peace forget
their scars.

And by slow regeneration from the things that did
degrade,
Rise upon a new foundation a fair nation nobly made,
In her hand the touch of freedom, in her soul the
newer birth,
Bent upon the nobler mission, Peace, good-will, to
men of earth.

Thus to nationhood and greatness did Britannia
proudly rise,
Upwards, onwards, ere extending unto wider, broader
skies,
Penetrating lands of darkness, luminous around the
world,
Mothering a hundred races, guarding 'neath her flag
unfurled.

Steadfast in her mighty mission, seeking for the
greater good,
Hampered often in her labour, often too misunder-
stood,
Giving of her wealth and wisdom, giving birth to
nations new,
Giant sons who name her mother, mighty offspring to
her true.

They who sentinel the vastness of an empire's broad
domain,
Greater than the Macedonians, mightier than Rome or
Spain,
Never empire such as Britain's, never one with fewer
stains,
Far extended, many, millioned, mantling mountains,
seas, and plains.

Sire, we thy sons salute thee from thy empire's utmost
end;
This galaxy, thy free nations, to thee heartfelt greet-
ings send;
May thy reign be long and fruitful 'neath the King of
Kings above,
Olden empires bound by bondage, thine is bound by
chains of love.

Sovereign companion of the watery main,
Who chose the ocean as thy boyish bride,
Who know her passion in the hurricane,
And love her with a Briton's sea-born pride;

Far continents and empires hast thou trod
And saw thy standards in the sunlight stream,
In every land beneath the dome of God,
Ere thought of Empire entered in thy dream.

Wise in the wisdom of the sea art thou
To gauge the compass and control the helm;
God give thee grace to guide an Empire now,
Prince called to kingship o'er a mighty realm;
For on the summit of eight hundred years
Amid the menace of these days we stand,
And crown thee King amid an Empire's cheers—
Lord of a Kingdom reaching land on land.

Upon this day uplifted crowned art thou,
Full orb'd and sceptred in thy kingly state,
The diadem of Empire on thy brow,
Throned o'er a kingdom proud, surpassing great.
Thine is the Ring, the Sceptre, and the Sword—
Symbols of power, thine, and thine alone;
And thine to keep the compact of the Lord—
To guide thy people and protect thy throne.

Lo, 'tis the awful moment! On thy head
The ancient crown of Britain rests—'Tis done—
Above the tombs where sleep the kingly dead
That reared a Kingdom and an Empire won.
Glory on glories round thee blaze, and deep
Within thy people's hearts thou art enthroned;
Unfearful of the whirlwinds fierce that sweep
O'er alien monarchs, banished and disowned.

While splendour such as England seldom knew,
Within a temple ancient and supreme,
Marshals her grandeur, crimson, gold, and blue,
In iridescent shadings opaline.
Glory on glories 'round thee blaze and sweet
Ambrosial incense rises to the skies,
While prince and peer and people 'round thee meet,
'Neath galleries begemmed with Beauty's eyes.

While rolls on high the organ's swelling notes,
Thrilling aloft in jubilees of sound;
While joyful from a thousand loyal throats—
"God Save the King"—in glad acclaims resound,
Triumphant blare the bugles on the breeze,
In crashing cannonades the guns reply—
"God Save the King"—It leaps a hundred seas,
And million voiced is echoed to the skies!

THE GREATER CANADA

Called the great soul of the Westland, "Come unto
me, ye who rule,
They who would plan for my greatness needs must
attend in my school.
Vast are my dreams of the future, born in my domain
afar,
They who would labour to build me let them now
follow my star."

Into the East went the message, sweeping on clarion
clear,
Steady-toned, crisp and compelling, speaking that
all men might hear,
Telling of courage triumphant, of prodigies nobly
performed,
Of barrenness mantled in beauty, of nakedness
clothed and adorned.

And he who ruled in the temple laboured and wrought
for the good
Of the land that reared him to honour, hearkened
and understood;
And borne on the wings of the morning he to the West
gave reply,
"Soul of the Westland, I hearken, unto thy King-
dom go I."

Then rose the West for his coming, pulsed the warm
blood in her veins,
Decked she her hillsides with beauty, matted with
gold all her plains;
Flung her broad banners in welcome, spread the fair
fruits of her soil,
Sent forth her offspring to greet him, children of
sunlight and toil.

Trooping they came—him acclaiming—over the gold-
crested plain,
Jewelled with blossoms, sweet scented, bright with
the gleam of the grain,
Manhood and womanhood greeting, giving a welcome
full sweet,
There 'neath the sunlight of heaven, there midst the
ripening wheat.

Into the West went the Seeker drawn by the Voice of
the Soul,
Vigilant into the vastness speeding from goal unto
goal,
Preaching the Gospel of Union, seeking the end that
all creeds
Might on the altar of freedom sacrifice give of fair
deeds.

Then where the slumbering mountains fling their
white pinnacles high,

Precipiced, avalanched, chasmed, challenging ever
the sky,
The Soul of the West met the seeker and led him unto
the throne,
Where vision-eyed and majestic she dreamed in her
glory alone.

Then spoke the Soul to the Seeker, "Far have you fol-
lowed the quest,
Out of the East I have called you unto my uttermost
West;
Out of the East you have issued, forth from the Old
to the New,
To gaze on the wonder accomplished, to judge of the
things yet to do.

"Long have I brooded and waited over my league
vista'd lands,
Waiting the slow evolution, nursing my wide scat-
tered bands.
Men of all lands and all nations sprung from the ends
of the earth—
They came to me and I fed them, asking not station
or birth.

"Men from the steppes of the Russias, bearded and
burdened and poor,
Sons of the Plains of the Obi and deserts of Jeti
Kenoor,

Children of darkness and peril seeking the bounty I
give,
Craving the right but to labour, craving the boon
but to live.

“Sons of the Vede and the Danube, Wards of the
Tara and Rhone,
These have I nourished and nurtured, these have I
loved as my own;
Cheering them on when they wavered with visions of
greatness to be,
When cities would gladden my prairie and spires
rear by the sea.

“Now breaks the dawn of fulfilment, now through the
mists see arise,
Splendours thy dreams have recorded, sweet to the
patriot's eyes.
Lo, 'tis the vision of greatness, prophetic, soul-stir-
ring, grand,
All that I dreamed, Master Builder, all that you
hoped for or planned.

“Reaches that billow and beckon, pregnant with
bounty and life,
Vistas of life giving plenty, foreign to clamour and
strife,
Cities that spring as by magic, fair, full of promise,
they mould,
Rising in splendour and beauty, proud in their
settings of gold.

“Harbours o'erflowing with commerce where the
proud galleons ride,
Weighted and straining like racers waiting the turn
of the tide,
Armies of peaceful invaders, armed not with weapons
that slay,
Eager, expectant, and joyful, entering under my
sway.

“Behold an edifice building out of the wealth of the
Earth
By the Sons that I have nurtured, by men of dif-
ferent birth;
Building in love and in labour by men who are undis-
mayed
By the storm and stress of seasons, undaunted and
unafraid.

“Behold an edifice rising over the land that God made,
August, eternal, majestic, reared by the ploughshare
and spade,
Builded of granite and iron, of oak and gold and of
steel,
A temple where all may worship, a temple where all
may kneel.

“The granite, the hearts undaunted, the oak and the
gold fair deeds;
The steel and the iron, girders binding the different
creeds,

The floors are the throbbing heart beats of men who
love my sod
And the dome, the love of country and abiding faith
in God."

High beat the heart of the Seeker, deeply his being
was stirred;
"Soul of the Westland," he answered, "I came, I
have seen, I have heard,
While life shall beat in my bosom, while love shall
throb in my breast,
Labour will I for the Eastland, labour will I for the
West.

"That to the great consummation, building in honour
and peace,
The nation may rise full proportioned, growing in
splendid increase,
With East and West undivided, bearing her banners
unfurled,
A Nation exultant and godly, spreading its light
on the world."

THE BATTLE CALL

E'en as of peace we sang,
While yet the laughter rang,
Burst the red storm.

Past is the long prelude,
Bloody and grim and nude
Looms the dread form.

Gone is the haunting fear,
Duty alone stands clear,
Ours to perform.

Blow, British bugles, blow!
O'er land and seas aflow,
Call round the world,

Over thy vales and crags,
Under thy battle flags,
Proudly unfurled,

Till all thy children, all,
Leap to thy martial call,
For freedom hurled.

From o'er the western sea,
Mother, we come to thee—
Come o'er the foam.

From east and south and north,
Gladly we issue forth,
Where e'er we roam.

Courage, thou lion heart,
Soon shall we do our part
For King and throne.

Fearless of death and flame,
Forward in Freedom's name
We shall advance.

Until the menace dies,
Until it stricken lies
Under our lance.

Though death be our repose,
Live Shamrock, Thistle, Rose,
Lillies of France!

GIVE! GIVE! GIVE!

AUGUST, 1914

Citizens, your kind attention:
I desire here to mention
We are sending thirty thousand of our bravest to the
war.

And they leave those to them nearest,
All they love, all they hold dearest—
Mothers, wives, and little children who must be pro-
vided for.

Then let's Give! Give! Give!
That the Empire yet may live;
That the flag which stands for Freedom may be still
uplifted high.

Everybody "loosen up,"
Let us fill the the widow's cup—
'Tis our patriotic duty to the men who fight and die.

Give, then, without hesitation,
Donate as befits your station,
As befits a loyal nation that is ever in the van.
Open up your golden coffers,
Be not niggardly in offers—
Give up freely every woman, give up gladly every man.

Then let's Give! Give! Give!
That the Empire yet may live;

That the flag which stands for Freedom may be still
uplifted high.

Everybody "loosen up,"

Let us fill the orphan's cup—

'Tis our patriotic duty to the men who fight and die.

They have heard their brothers calling
From the plains where men are falling,
Where the hosts embattled grapple, where the deep-
mouthed cannon roar.

To those valleys battle-stricken,

Where the dead and dying thicken—

They have gone to fight for Freedom, they have left
our peaceful shore.

Then let's Give! Give! Give!

That the Empire yet may live;

That the flag which stands for Freedom may be still
uplifted high.

Everybody "loosen up,"

Let us fill the mother's cup—

'Tis a patriotic duty to the men who fight and die.

Men who stay behind can lighten
Soldier hearts, their pathway brighten;
It is little that they ask us, they who offer up their
lives.

Till the cruel war is over

Let us o'er their loved ones hover—

O'er the little children waiting, o'er the mothers and
the wives.

Then let's Give! Give! Give!
That the Empire yet may live!
That the flag which stands for Freedom may be still
 uplifted high.
Everybody "loosen up,"
Let us fill the soldier's cup—
'Tis our patriotic duty to the men who fight and die.

THE BATTLE OF LANGEMARCK

When men shall say who saved the day in years that
are to be;
When veterans back from war's grim track again
abide with me;
When Peace regains her throne and reigns, and silent
are the guns,
I'll think with pride of those who died and say They
were my Sons.

I sent them from their peaceful tasks, those strong
young sons of mine;
I saw them swinging down the street, I saw them
stand in line.
My unbronzed of the counting-house, my sun-tanned
from the farms,
I sent them forth, sons of the North, my gallant men-
at-arms.

With summer's fading rose they went, I well recall the
day;
The gold was on the maple leaf, the birds were on the
spray,
And through the long white wintertime I waited for
the spring
For word to tell me how they served their country and
their King.

And then I heard the tolling bells and saw the flags
half-mast.

Why should I weep in springtime with the long, white
winter past?

And why are all the people stirred and what is it they
say?

My boys have dared, have fought and shared the glory
of the fray.

Across the sea, afar from me, they've met the dreaded
Huns

At Langemarck, in Flanders, my gallant northern sons.
Near Ypres, in the lowlands, three thousand miles
away,

Across the wave, my children brave, have died—but
saved the day.

In grim array that April day, entrenched the Allies
lay,

To bar the path of Prussian wrath that fumed to reach
Calais;

And Ypres town, half battered down, they'd sought
with longing eyes,

For they had sworn that very morn to take it as a
prize.

And breathing there the battle air beneath the warm
sunshine

From Peschendelle to Policapelle, Canadians held the
line;

Then, sudden as the avalanche that rips the mountain
side,
The battle broke, and through the smoke they met the
German tide.

They watched the fume-filled cloud-bank rise and
spread its stifling rack;

They saw the Belgian veterans and gallant French
fall back;

They heard them cry, they saw them fly as men by
fiends pursued;

They heard the shout, they saw the rout before that
cloud, hell-brewed.

In such a plight, as veterans might have blanched
before and failed,

They stood uncowed with spirits proud and hearts
that never quailed.

Surprised, amazed, a moment dazed, in that tremen-
dous hour,

Like living rocks they met the shocks of mad Germanic
power.

They saw the wide breach wider grow, when men in
terror fled;

They saw the eager foe leap on o'er the dying and the
dead;

And by that foe and through that gap they saw an
Empire fall;

Then, in the breach, to front the foe, they threw their
living wall.

They threw their living breasts between to stem the
German tide,
My volunteers of Canada—they fought as vet'rans
tried.

They fought the boast of Wilhelm's host; they met
them hand to hand,
My young men of the counting-house, my ploughboys
from the land.

They came from ranches of the West, where plain and
mountain call,
From down east way, by Fundy's Bay, from Don and
Montreal;
Their feet had known the sea-walled street, where
ocean mists hang gray,
And one to four, though stricken sore, they kept the
foe at bay.

The air rained death by bomb and dart, the earth
belched death below
By shining blade and hand grenade and death by
poison slow.
Three days of hell, with shot and shell, they fought
'neath moon and sun;
The Belgian plain was strewn with slain, Canadian
and Hun.

Ye troubadours—who sing of wars and brave deeds
handed down,
When you will sing how for the King they fought near
Ypres town,

Tell how they fought and nobly wrought like Paladins
of old;

Tell how my sons retook the guns and won their spurs
of gold.

And you will tell how Birchall fell as calm as on par-
ade,

How on they bore amid the roar in that wild charge
they made,

Where Julien's wood in moonlight stood when mid-
night met the morn.

Tell how they died, my brave, my pride, on that field
battle torn.

They went not forth for gain or gold, 'twas not for
such they died.

They fought for right 'gainst armed might that coven-
ants defied.

Pure was their quest, to serve the best, their banner
they unfurled

For that high plan, the rights of man, the freedom
of the world.

The feet that press'd my ample breast, the eyes that
loved my pines,

Will know no more my welcome shore, but still their
glory shines.

Sing, troubadour, let thy song soar, sing with a voice
divine

Of how they saved the day and braved the despot of
the Rhine.

"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE"

Oh, everywhere the women wait for men "somewhere
in France";
They wait the postman's passing step, they watch
with eager glance;
They watch and wait to know their fate, with anxious
hearts in pain,
The seas are wide and, woe betide, they may not come
again.

Oh, postman on your daily round, what message do
you bring
From they who fight in foreign lands for country and
for king?
And is it glad or is it sad, that missive's written page,
Postmarked from France where men advance and
frightful battles rage?

"Somewhere in France" in nowhere land, there is no
mark at all
To tell them where their dear ones fight or where their
loved ones fall;
But this must be in war, you see, and so they bravely
wait,
Some mother in her quiet room, some sweetheart by
the gate.

They may not know the bitter truth, they have enough
to bear,

And well it is they may not know the things that hap-
pen there.

God keep the brave across the wave who fight for
more than lives,

And bless them, too, the women true, the sweethearts,
mothers, wives.

And yet we know their sacrifice, and know they'd
gladly share

The wounds and pain of those who fight their battles
over there.

'Tis theirs to bear the secret care more deadly than
the blow,

The nameless pain and heavy chains that only women
know.

They may not with their loved ones march with brave
and buoyant tread,

They may not close their dying eyes, nor weep above
their dead.

'Tis theirs to give and wait and live, 'tis theirs to
love and bear

The cross for those whose life-blood flows afar in
France,—Somewhere.

And love is such a wondrous thing that when its
sacred flame

Burns in a woman's heart, she learns what language
may not name.

It pales all blooms, it light illumes, the angel's wing
outgilds,
And makes the sod a court of God, and earth to heaven
builds.

Touch with such flame the hearts, O God! of waiting
women here,
And may its light leap o'er the land and gleam in every
tear
That women shed for lovers dead, by war's unholy
hands,
And bring surcease of pain, and peace to this and all
the lands.

LINES TO GREECE

Hellas to Eastward flames the war apace,
Along the hills of Macedon and Thrace.
Time marches onward, hand in hand with Fate.
Awake, awake, ere yet it be too late.

Hellas, arise; Thou wert not wont to lie
Prone, while the conflict light'ned in thy sky.
Land of the Muse, if memory thee inspires,
Wake, and with freedom strike as did thy sires.

The monuments that mount thy marble peaks,
Surely from these some voice heroic speaks.
Thy place is in the vanguard of the free,
And comrade of the Turk thou canst not be.

Around thee, Greece, the tide of battle swells
From Serbia southward to the Dardanelles.
While from the Rhine the Siren thee beguiles,
Brooding meanwhile enslavement of thine isles.

The Bulgar thunders on thy hilly flanks,
The Turk, Hun bought, arrays his crimsoned ranks,
And fresh from slaughter where Armenia cowers,
Lifts praise to Allah as on thee he lowers.

Joyous the memory of thy ancient power,
Golden thy lyrics and thy martial dower,
Proud was thy form when Greatness thee attired,
When Homer sang and Phidias inspired.

Hast thou forgotten one of Saxon strain?
Canst thou remember Byron and refrain?
His was the voice that waked the God in thee,
And his the race that wrought to make thee free.

Remember still how wise Ulysses chose,
When from the deep the dulcet chant arose,
Now be thy soul, O Greece, with wisdom strong!
Reject not Oepheus for the Siren's song.

Where chooseth Greece, while moves the dark in-
trigue,
Where Progress beckons or where despots league?
Each hour supine promotes oppression's goal,
Betrays mankind, and tarnishes thy soul.

IRELAND

Harp of my country, I tune thee with gladness,
Now thy wild song all my being o'erfills,
Lifting my soul from its memories of sadness,
Flooding with joy as it vibrates and thrills.

Fame's on the wing and death's in the valleys,
War's on the world and Freedom's the prize,
Who, with head high, marches on with the Allies,
Ireland, 'tis she, with her glorified eyes.

Guiding her sons where the onset is fiercest,
Fearless of death, how she leads them along,
And where she rides, her mighty lance piercest,
As she sings the wild chant of the Celt's battle song.

Rangers of Connaught and Fusileers famous,
Irishmen all from the North to Dunloe,
Paddy and Michael and Terry and Shamus,
Oh, what a name they've made fighting the foe!

Down in the Balkans, in France, or in Flanders,
No matter where, sure 'tis ever the same,
Whether as privates or Marshal Commanders,
Ever on Ireland they've shed deathless flame.

Song of the Allies, sure that's "Tipperary",
Whose armies march to the lilt of that song.
Who thrilled the world? sure 'twas Michael O'Leary!
Irish,—the lad could to none else belong.

Oh, the long wait, now the blest vindication,
Ireland, ashore, smile again, 'tis the dawn;
Lo—on thy banners, see, Ireland a Nation,
The cloud has been lifted, the darkness is gone!

KISMET

IN MEMORY OF THE DEATH OF LORD KITCHENER

The Sea has garnered what the Land would keep,
The Orkneys' brine enshrouds him in its gloom.
Unphrased, mysterious, he sank to sleep
In ocean deeps that darken o'er his tomb.
What message sealed his dead and sphinx-like lips
Up from his great heart, yearning to be told,
While strained in agony the stricken ship
Amid that wilderness of waters cold?
Methought while death's tubed menace sped the waves
The Sea exultant cried from vengeful crests,
"Him take I captive to my sombre caves,
For my lost Nelson, whom the land invests;
't prisons still my noblest sailor son,
So from the Land I take its peerless one."

He planned in continents and Empire hewed,
Moulding from out the waste an ordered world,
Striding a bronzed Colossus, grim and rude,
O'er Afric veldt and Egypt's sands, storm-swirled,
Pressing Imperial-purposed, to his goal;
Before, his country's high and luminous star,
He on her altar laid his splendid soul,
Bequeathed in martyrdom of glorious war.

Beside the Cyprus hills or Nubian sands,
By Libya's stony, terraced, huge plateau,

Within the trackless silence, "what commands?"
Whispered the Sphinx, his ear alone to know.
What portents shaped the wild sirocco's rage
Where Memnon tunes across the plain at dawn?
Saw he the vast armies of the west engage
In strife stupendous, in those days ago,
When by the Nile he conquered at Khartoum?
Saw he unmoved the vision of his doom?

With his high fame and liberty secure,
He rests, his task gigantic, nobly done.
Born for the ages, ever to endure,
He would not pass were victory not won.
Behold the prodigy he reared!—arrayed,
The millions surging to his trumpet voice
Proclaim the triumph that his genius laid.
Be brave, my England; it is well, rejoice!
Like Egypt's temples towering he stands
Amid the crumbling nations, battle-strewn,
Shadowing times, shifting war-duned sands,
Prodigious, silent, sombre, and immune.

THE CRIMSON YEAR

CHRISTMAS, 1916

From Riga southward to the Horn, fierce beats the
iron hail,
Beneath the Pole Star and the Cross, war's Vampire
rides the gale.
Across earth's shaken palisades, the red sirocco blows,
From sand of Suez in the south to Yukon's northern
snows.

And who are these who sally forth,—these million
doomed to die,
Where, scarred between embattled hordes, the scalped
hills bloody lie,
Sons of the mothers of the world, each sworn to over-
whelm
Legions of men of many climes, from city, farm, and
realm.

Sons of the mothers of the Earth, who out of love were
born,
Go forth in majesty of health and come back maimed
and torn.
Caught in the whirlpool of the war, all raging, battle-
swirled,
Rolling and reeling, bloody-foamed, labours the
frenzied world.

Who dare cry peace where all is strife; Who bid the
conflict cease?

Who dares to kneel beside the crib which thrones the
Prince of Peace?

Behold! it is the Christmas time, the feast of Him
divine;

How shall we stand with stained hands, and worship
at His shrine?

From Verdun's hero-hallowed heights to Belgium's
sea-swept dunes,

The land with shell-ripped bosom lifts His temples,
heaped in ruins.

What gory harvests here are reaped, of human flesh
and bone,

Christ, in thy Christmas time, forgive! Who shall for
these atone?

The Serbian hills lie bleak and bare, their people fled
or slain;

And through the Iron Gate the storm sweeps the Wal-
lachian plain;

And twice ten thousand thundering guns hurl forth
their screaming shells,

Till Europe seems a place accurst with all its flaming
hells.

There is no respite on the land—no safety on the deep,
Where like a school of famished sharks the gaunt subs
vigil keep;

While overhead, like vultures huge, the pinioned air-
ships fly,
Wheeling their courses, seeking prey across the glow-
ering sky.

The sky where once His herald glowed, that ushered in
His reign,
The earth which hushed to hear of Peace in sweet,
seraphic strain,
The water which in olden days, storm-tossed, obeyed
His will,
The earth, the waters, and the sky—His—now men
mould to kill.

Like human gophers burrowing, whole armies sap and
mine,
And foul beneath the winds of God, proud humans rot
as swine,
And crimson with the blood of men the streams their
courses run:—
God in this Christmas hour forgive! How shall we
greet Thy Son?

The rocket's glare shall greet His eyes, the tumult
breaks His rest,
And He, the King, shall sorrowed cling unto His
mother's breast;
The battle's smoke His star shall dim, the song the
angels sing
Shall pass unheard; thus men at war shall greet their
Lord and King.

What of the future and mankind while Christian,
Christian slays?
How shall we dream of better things amid these sad-
dened days?
There sounds, derisive, from the East, the laughing
Pagan lands,
"Go back, false prophets of the Christ, with blood
upon your hands."

Behind their Eastern barriers as tigers wait their
prey,
The little bead-eyed yellow men sit dreaming of their
Day,
When crippled Europe, on a crutch, shall cringe before
their power,
And, chained with broken sword, renounce two thou-
sand years of dower.

GRIT AND TORY

The petty feuds of life depart when roll the Nation's
drums,
And common dangers shared remolds, and strength
from union comes.

We lived divided in our town,
He up the street where I lived down,
And when we met we used to frown,
For we were Grit and Tory.
But that was in the yesterdays;
Then something came to change our ways;
I'll tell for you the story.

I used to think I hated him, I felt he hated me,
Before the Call of Duty came and took us o'er the sea,
For I was Grit unto the core,
And he was Tory double-bore;
In three campaigns we fought it o'er,
In battles sometimes gory.
For prejudice is rooted deep,
And folk sometimes lose precious sleep,
Because they're Grit and Tory.

It used to be our loudest boast and proudest to relate,
That we were always party men and always voted
straight;
And he who holds his cause as right,
Is seldom too darn proud to fight,
And so we fought with all our might

Just like two common bruisers;
But that was in the olden days,
E'er something came to change our ways,
And make us saner hoosiers.

Full sudden came the King's appeal, a call for volun-
teers,
That stirred the fighting blood of us who rowed for
many years;

Then Bill enlisted and I too,
Since there was fighting still to do,
Went o'er the ocean wide and blue,
Convoyed by fighting cruisers;
And as we sailed for sunny France
I wondered which would get his chance
And which would be the loser.

When whole battalions march away and enter in the
fray,

The little strifes of little towns seem very far away,
And all the hasty words that's said
Seemed petty where great armies tread,
And fields are thick with piling dead,
And stricken comrades dying;
And oft I wondered what I'd say
If Bill and I should meet some day,
Among the wounded lying.

Strange tricks that jade of fortune plays upon the
field of strife,

And so it came in war's great game I owed to Bill my
life.

We didn't meet till on the Somme—
In No-Man's Land I lay most gone,
While over head the bright sun shone,
And shrapnel shells were flying.
Then suddenly I felt a thrill.
I heard the voice of fighting Bill
For his old foeman calling.

I did my best to cry hello; it was too great a strain;
But in a haze I saw his face and heard him call again.

I knew him by the broken nose
I gave him once when we'd had blows
At one of our big country shows,
When I gave him a mauling,
And then he spied me and cried—Joe!
I raised to greet him kind of slow,
And then he caught me falling.

Such things as this don't happen much, but they do
happen though,

And he's a different Bill to-day and I'm a different
Joe.

We're back again in that same town.
He up the street where I live down,
And when we meet, we never frown,
But we're still Grit and Tory.

“DE FIGHTIN’ FISHERMAN”

Oh, de fish she’s all glad in de river,
De trout and de bass jomp wid glee,
For de garcon dat scares all dere liver
Is start o’er de ocean—sapre.

De tackles all pack in de bunker,
De rod he has change for a gun,
Soon he’ll troll in a trench for a junker
Wit’ a steel bullet fit for a Hun.

For Joe he has tak’ the King’s shilling,
He march to the Barriefield Camp,
He show he is able and willing,
He’s de man of de most best stamp.

So Joe when we hear dat you’re goin’
We know that it won’t be for play,
An’ we lak to giv’ somethin’ for showing’
We don’t forget dem dats away.

Dere’s plenty close shave in dis razor,
An’ de time piece gives radian’ light,
An’ sometam you may capture de Kaiser
If he tries to creep up in de night.

An' mebbe when you res' from de fightin',
Wit' dis keepsake pipe in your jaws,
A dream of the office may lighten,
Or your islan' camp, up by de Chats.

Fiy de flag on de ole *Foxy Quiller*,
She be sad till you come back again,
A medalled and famous man-killer,
Who laid by de rod to hunt men.

An' if in de fight, as in fishin',
You handle de gun like de rod,
I t'ink Kaiser Bill will be wishin'
You never come over,—by God.

An' jes' at dis time when de nation
Sends her braves' sons over de sea,
We give you our heart's salutation,
Au revoir,—and God bless you, Bebe.

¹ Chats, a waterfall on the Ottawa, pronounced as Shaw.

MONSIEUR POILU

You'd say that he was plucky,
If you saw him in a trench.
It matters not how mucky
You'd know that he was French.
Monsieur Poilu, gay and eager in his tattered, war-
stained coat,
Sniping Germans as a pastime with the laughter in
his throat.
Here's looking at you, Poilu, dashing son of gallant
France,
You're a gentleman and soldier and you take a fight-
ing chance.

He's bearded and he's scrappy,
And his cheeks, they ruddy glow;
He can fight, and he is happy,
When he's charging on the foe.
You would think he was in Paris listening to some
sweet refrain,
Or dining with the *petite femmes* along the river
Seine,
Instead of facing Prussian steel and charging through
the fray.
Then here's to you, gallant Poilu, with you're heart
so light and gay.

Comrade Poilu over there,
Fighting to your latest breath,

With a smile so debonair
In the blazing face of death,
You have won undying glory, to your country you've
 been true,
And the whole wide world salutes you and drinks a
 toast to you.
You're a reckless, laughing devil as D'Artagnan of
 romance,
And you're fighting, fighting, fighting for beloved *La*
 Belle France.

"THE BELLS OF BELGIUM"

I heard the bells of Belgium sweetly ringing,
Like angel tones celestial on the air.
Within the fields the harvesters were singing,
When plentitude and peace were there.

I heard the bells of Belgium softly chiming,
When o'er the peaceful vale uprose the moon;
The maiden walked, her lover's arm entwining,
Unthinking of his exile, or her doom.

I heard the bells of Belgium sadly tolling,
They sobbed across the vineyards and the dunes,
The rack of war across the land was rolling,
And ravagers had laid the land in ruins.

An alien race a land of freemen goaded,
And pitiless as proud, took up their reign,
And ruffian stern, the heavy burden loaded,
On hearts that rankled 'neath the bondsman's
chain.

I heard the Belgian bells prophetic ringing,
And deep and calm their voices seemed to say:
"Let faith and hope in every heart keep springing,
For Belgium shall regain her own some day!"

And joy again shall gladden tearful faces,
And exiled feet again shall press her sod,
And soft intoned within the sacred places,
Shall lift the prayers of Belgians unto God.

I heard the bells of Belgium wildly ringing,
With madness of great gladness did they ring;
They pealed of triumph, and a nation bringing
Unto his own, its hero and its King.

LAD OF MY HEART

Lad of my Heart—for you I am lonely,
And drear are the hills though they say they are
green.

'Tis a sad lass I am with loving you only,
Will you never come back to your Irish colleen?

Lad of my Heart—that day I remember,
When out of the town with the soldiers away,
You marched to the war in the early September,
And left me to fight, while I left you to pray.

Lad of my Heart—do you hear my love calling?
You that's been gone this many a day.
Lad of my love—do you see my tears falling?
Waiting for you in the dusk of the May.

Lad of my Heart—I have your last letter,
Ever I'll keep it held close in my breast;
For the pain deep within it seems to make better,
And the stain that's upon it my lips oft have pressed.

Lad of my Heart—I still hear you speaking,
“Molly, Aroon, shure now try to be brave,”
And fondly, with love, your lips mine were seeking,
Lad of my Heart, Oh where is your grave?

Somewhere in France—lad of mine, you are lying,
And never again will we tryst on the Sod;
But we'll meet in the dawn, where there's no more of
sighing,
Lad of my Heart,—for I know you're with God.

WHEN DRINKING TO ERIN

When drinking to Erin with laughter and story,
Remember her soldiers the loyal and brave,
Who on fields of France, 'mid a halo of glory,
Went to death that the banner of Britain might
wave.

Remember the hearts that in Erin are broken,
And remember the names that will live through the
years,
Then lift up the Shamrock, sweet, triple-leaved token,
And drink to the war with its glory and tears.

Drink to His Majesty, kingly and gracious,
Drink to Earl Roberts, Erin's own pride;
Drink to brave Kitchener, strong-willed, tenacious;
Drink to her soldiers who battled and died.

How quickly they marshalled when war clouds were
breaking,
To the call of the Empire they answered with cheers;
Few, few were the moments they spent in leave-taking,
Ere they sailed for the front, the brave Fusiliers.

Through the valleys of death they marched with the
others,
True British hearts as their fathers before,
English, Irish, and Scots, all heroes, all brothers,
Their music of death the cannon's deep roar.

They sleep 'neath a sod where no shamrocks are grow-
ing,

Afar from Hibernia, their dear, beloved isle;
But if you remember, perchance, there's no knowing,
They may wake from their sleep for a moment and
smile.

And may the tale of their love and devotion
Touch the heart lying deep in Britain's broad
breast,

And may happiness dawn o'er that isle of the ocean
That gave to the Empire the sons she loved best.

DUTY

I did not hate the man I killed,
That soldier tall with eye of blue.
I might have spared him had I willed,
I did what Duty bade me do.

The Duty that was his and mine,
The thing to which we both were sworn,
To take the human life divine
Of God, unto a woman born.

To drain the body's coursing blood,
To dark the shining eye's bright ray,
To limp the form that proudly stood
And make of it but lifeless clay.

We had been days in battle grim,
And foot by foot had nearer crept.
Amid the carnage and the din
Had eaten little, little slept.

And then we charged; I saw the gleam
Of bayonets in the bright sunshine.
We charged with faces fierce and lean,
I sought his life and he sought mine.

I took his life, I saw him reel;
I pierced his body through and through,
And as I plucked away the steel,
I met his eyes so wide and blue.

Then passed the battle tide along.
Like one gone mad I fought and slew;
I had no thought of right or wrong,
To fight and kill was all I knew.

We swept the field, we won the day.
Entranced upon the plain I slept;
Morn came and with it shadows gray,
And something in my heart that wept.

And if to think be not a crime
For those who fight the fight of Kings,
Upon that plain at dawning time
I thought of sweeter, gentler things;

Of home and vales of waving green
And one who waited babe on knee;
And all the cherished joys between
The trenches and my love and me;

Of all the loving hearts that yearn
Through cheerless nights and pensive days;
And all the tender eyes that burn
With dreams, the hand of war waylays;

Of those who feel the armed might,
And bear its scars their breasts within,
The meek with faces strangely white
As her who'd wait in vain for him.

In what old garden would she wait,
His golden girl with eyes of brown;
By what old fashioned trellised gate
In some old street in some old town.

No more to know the touch of hands,
Nor tender light of his wide eyes,
With all her maiden heart had planned,
A vanished dream of Paradise.

For I, on her, the thorny crown
With hands ungentle deep had pressed,
Her heart's fair garden trampled down,
And crushed its roses in her breast.

I did not hate the man I killed,
But Duty hath her stern commands;
I might have spared him had I willed,
But one on high He understands.

The morning broke, and then a lark
High in the heavens poured his lay;
I turned from phantoms of the dark
To Duty and grim war's array.

“A WARTIME GREETING”

As towers the mountain o'er the valleys wide,
So lifts the pillar of the patriot's pride;
And 'neath the shadow of the Conflict stern,
Still brightly may the Christmas hearth-fire burn.

Our greatest and our humblest all are one.
To each, one privilege, one gift is given:
The love of Country—then from sire to son
Preserve our heritage, as our sires have striven.

The past is glorious: the future sure,
If we but labour, and with love endure.
Such joy as Christmas brings, I wish each one.
Let's “carry on”—until the Victory's won.

THE AVIATORS

Theirs is the free unrutted tracts of air,
The clime of cloudland and of boundless space;
From grimy earth they soar to regions rare,
And meet the blue eternal face to face—
Above the clouds; the earth, a swallowed ball.
Lost in the gray abysses far below;
Riding the storm above the whirlwinds thrall,
The Aviators of the Allies go.
Theirs is the flight of eagles, and as they,
They swoop and drive their talons in the foe,
Then wheeling, strike again their crippled prey,
And send him crashing to the earth below.

HELL'S ACOLYTE

O'er a city Saturnalian, when the feast was at its
height,
Cried the demon of the riot, riding on the howling
night,
Cried aloud in gleeful frenzy, "Who would wish to be
divine,
When as fiend he reigns the master of unnumbered
slaves of wine?"

Swept he o'er the noisome brothel where the Bac-
chanalians brawled,
Mingled with its maudlin wantons where with liber-
tines they sprawled;
Hovered o'er the wine-room's riot where his dupes
carnival held,
While the ribald song's wild chorus on the night's mad
frenzy swelled.

Gloated as he perched above them, and his voice rang
out in pride—
"Oh, my master! I have triumphed, I, thy fiend of
drink," he cried.
"Master thou whose cause I cherish, Master thou who
reign'st in hell,
Am I worthy of thy kinship? In thy cause have I
done well?"

“Fiend of drink am I, remorseless, ruling, worshipped
everywhere—

Boon companion of the novice, prop of every wreck’s
despair.

Moods have I to meet the many, costumes fit for any
state,

To the brutalized or polished I can be a fitting mate.

“Where patrician faces gather, clothed am I in bright
champagne,

Sparkling gloriously golden, beading to an amorous
strain.

Eyes grow bright as lips caress me; fevers burn within
the veins;

I repay their love with madness, laughing as I forge
their chains.

“Now, in ruby robes translucent, dance I in the goblet
bright,—

Wanton of the wine-glass, weaving dreams with mir-
ages bedight.

O’er the wastes of wine I lure men, till on sands of
quenchless thirst,

Lo, my red simoom engulfs them, helpless, raving, and
accurst!

“Ere the sun-god, swiftly rising, swings his flaming
sword of day,

Gin-gowned for the assignation, wait I for my quiver-
ing prey,—

Wait I for my faithful lovers, they who crave my
morning kiss,
Abject, pleading for my favour, for my warmth, re-
viving bliss.

“Sweet to me their hast’ning footsteps at the well-
remembered hour,
And I sparkle with elation, conscious of my mastering
power.
Sweet each lover’s supplication for the balm he would
obtain;
Like a maiden in her beauty reign I ’midst my servile
train.

“Ne’er was queen of story olden wooed as I by mortal
man;
Ne’er had king in ages golden court so cosmopolitan;
Not for wealth of my surroundings do they come their
court to pay,
For they love me all as faithful in dim dens where I
hold sway.

“What a court is this, my master! Here I watch life’s
strange parade—
Here I view the grotesque pageant of mankind in mas-
querade—
Maskers from the grimy army tippie with the titled
peer;
Every walk of life commingling, great and lowly, all
are here.

“That fine fellow, deep imbibing, with the classic brow
and chin,
Was an actor great and famous—sweet it was his love
to win.

What a world of fine expression had he in his mobile
face!

On the stage great were his triumphs ere I brought
him to disgrace.

“He who rends the night with laughter, he with curls
of glossy jet,

Wrote a poem of wondrous beauty, and he reigned a
social pet

Till I touched his vibrant heart-strings with the mad-
ness of desire;

Now he sings no more of beauty, dimmed is his poetic
fire.

“Now his songs are dark and gloomy, broken are his
symphonies,

And the bright thought halts and falters, glides along,
then stops and flees;

Now he craves but for my kisses, all his hopes are
wrapped in me,

Thus, a wreck, he rhymes unreason 'midst his ragged
company.

“I have lured the pale *religieux* from his height of
snowy dreams

By the sweet Circean measures of my strange, soul-
haunting themes—

Strangled love and filial duty by the witchery of my
charms—
Quenched the genius of a million, passion-drowned
within my arms.

“From his love of virgin beauty, I have led the trust-
ing swain
Till he sank in my morasses—till he sought her not
again;
I have watched her fading, drooping like a rose in
chilling dawn,
Waiting for love’s warmth that came not, ever paling,
sinking wan.

“And unto her heart’s slow breaking as she guessed
her lover’s plight,
I have whispered to her, dreaming of him in the rest-
less night:
‘Maiden, of thy lover dreaming, practising thy girlish
arts,
I could teach thee subtle secrets, philter give that love
imparts.

““But my joy is in the breaking, not the mending of
a heart,
So I’ll keep thy truant lover by my wiles from thee
apart;
I will drag him down to ruin, into gulfs where misery
dwells;
Where I lead he, too, shall follow, by my power that
compels.

“ ‘When a wreck he reels through passion, for my
 charms I’ll take his health,
Goad him down to sin’s abysses, steal from him his
 scanty wealth.

Know, O maiden, this remember, never more will he
 be free;

He, thy lover whom thou dream’st of, yet shall kill
 for love of me.’

“ Thus fair womankind I torture, through that love
 for man they bear,

Till from cheeks the roses vanish, till gray-tinged is
 raven hair;

While my poison, slowly filtering, stains the fonts of
 purity,

And they sink by man polluted, tainted to obscurity.

“ I am Drink, the fiend remorseless, all that’s mortal
 is my prey;

These mad lovers ’neath me reeling are my playthings
 of to-day.

Each to-morrow brings new victims, each to-day a
 grave I fill;

He who loves me truest, fondest, with a demon’s joy
 I kill.”

So hell’s acolyte satanic, where the tinkling glasses
 gleamed,

Told the story of his triumphs to that other master
 fiend;

While the laughter, wild, discordant, broke amidst
the streaming lights,
In the nearing midnight hour on that ribald night of
nights.

Told how when, in prisons lonely, men, repenting all
too late,

Wake in frightful desolation, cursing at their woeful
fate;

Wake to awful understanding of hands red with bloody
stains,

Wake to hear his voice exultant crying in their clear-
ing brains—

“Mortal, who in drunken frenzy consummated thy red
deed,

Now awakened and in terror, now, oh, now I take my
meed—

Satiate my hate with gloating, as remorse shrieks in
thy brain,

When thy bloodshot eyes protruding read thy doom
in that red stain!”

Told of bright homes rent and broken, of sweet maidens
downward drawn;

There recited stories sombre of the lives he held in
pawn;

Till the bright lamps dimmed and darkened, till each
maudlin wretch sought home,

Leaving, in the darkness gloating, Drink's dread
demon throned alone.

COPPER JOHNNY¹

You have seen him on the street
Every day,
Heard the shuffle of his feet
On the way,
Heard his piercing voice so shrill,
Calling out with right good will,
Through a ragged, whiskered jaw,
"Free Press," "Citizen," "Le Taw."²

All the city knows him well,
For he's queer;
Half a century—quite a spell—
He's been here.
Spent his life 'mong paper boys,
Shared their hardships and their joys,
Winter blast and springtime thaw,
Calling "Journal," "Press," "Le Taw."

Copper Johnny is his name,
Poor old chap;
He's a cripple with a cane
And a pack.

¹ John McDowell, known as Copper Johnny, for many years a news-boy of Ottawa, was knocked down by a horse near the Russell House, Sparks Street. He was in the hospital when this appreciation was written.

² Johnny pronounced Le Temps—"Le Taw".

Selling papers is his trade,
Makes a living without aid,
Never broke but music's law,
Crying "Journal," "Press," "Le Taw."

There's a kind of wistful look
On his face;

Could we read it as a book

We might trace

Memories of a loved one, sweet,

Her who helps his weary feet,

As to fill Need's hungry maw

He calls "Journal," "Press," "Le Taw."

Copper Johnny's gray and old,

Partly blind;

And his face is rough in mold,

But it's kind;

And his eyes are blue and pale,

Bleached by many a stormy gale;

Cracked, his voice, with many a flaw,

Calling "Journal," "Press," "Le Taw."

We have missed him, for his place

None can fill,

And we long to see his face,

But he's ill.

He was strange and old and talked,

Muttered always as he walked.

Strangest newsie one e'er saw,

With "Press," "Citizen," "Le Taw."

Maybe Johnny won't get well,
Who can tell!
He's been sick for quite a spell
Since he fell,
Crushed beneath the horses' feet,
As he called upon the street
Through the evening gray and raw,
"Free Press," "Citizen," "Le Taw."

Should God take him up from here,
This I know:
There'll be flowers on his bier,
Not for show;
And the Lord who loves the poor
Will grant Johnny this, I'm sure,
Right to shout 'neath Heaven's law,
"Free Press," "Citizen," "Le Taw."

THE QUEST ETERNAL

Ofttimes across the plains of space I gaze,
When Night holds court amid her jewelled train,
And where her fairest handmaid beauteous glows,
I watch to see some signal-fire leap forth
To tell me if his soul's sojourning there;
For in his life I've heard him oft propound
This theory of the purpose of mankind--
The age-old mystery of the whirling spheres:

I bathe within the shoreless seas of space—
My soul floats o'er the billows fathomless,
And everywhere the beacon lights gleam clear
That mark the strands where I shall yet sojourn,
When finished is my visit on earth's shore;
For we are all eternal Argonauts
In hopeful quest of God's own blessed Isle;
Earth but a port upon the blessed way,
Where rest we for a space to trim our sails.
Borne by God's tide, each captain, without chart,
Must breast the unknown sea by faith sustained,
And whither bound ask not. One only knows,
The Omnipresent Pilot man calls God.
O soul of mine, yearn not, hope on, nor fear;
What though the frail-ribbed skiff wherein thou
float'st
Sink in the depths unfathomed? Thou shalt live,
And one by one God's infinite islands tread;
For of His wine immortal thou hast drunk,

And blest art thou, His pledge upon thy lips;
Of His red wine enough thy cask contains
To cheer and nourish till life's sojourn ends.
And though thine eyes grow dim with watchfulness
Ere quite the newer harbour breaks to view,
Thy Pilot's hand shall guide thy tiny bark,
Nor yet disturb thy dreamless sleep, until
On glitt'ring sands of some new shore thou'lt wake,
A little child new-robed and wonder-eyed,
Gazing enraptured on that newer dream
Of landscapes rare and shades ineffable,
With eager steps exploring lovely vales
'Midst fair companions sweet as earth e'er knew,
Learning new truths that fancies old dispel,
And in their contemplation quite forget
The times unnumbered thou hast lived and loved
And dreamed fair dreams in other planets old.
The Father's mansion has full many rooms—
Each room a wonder-work, a throbbing star,
Hung with rare paintings from the Master's brush,
So wonderful, so mighty in their power,
That though we ponder them till life's nightfall,
Our souls scarce grasp the beauty of one scene.
O thou, who count'st thy crown as nearly won!
The child grows not o'er-night unto the man.
How hard the labour of the alphabet!
How long the contest 'gainst the icy Pole!
A thousand generations have not solved
The many secrets of one human frame.
Why hopest thou then by one life's little span

To grasp the mystery of a million suns?
The warring doctors, by their long dispute,
Their little knowledge prove to humbler men—
Each holds the secret of the Only Way,
Yet each can prove the other's chart is wrong.
Man in the image of his God was made,
Mark, then, how man considers earth's dull drones—
Will God in courts of Heaven then give place
That myriads may ever sing His name,
Sitting with jewelled harps in lazy ease?
Not so! God's plan is one of ceaseless aim,
And He himself unceasingly directs.
Have we not seen His fiery messengers,
Hard riding on some planet-rounding course
Across the ranges of infinity?
O Argonaut, the journey yet is long,
And countless worlds are thine yet to explore!
None know the hour of starting—then prepare
And let thy bark clean-decked put out to sea;
But yesterday a million ships left port,
But yesterday a million more sailed in;
Still thou with heart heroic face thy tasks—
Faith in thy Pilot keep—He knows the way—
And bravely through the mystery sail on,
With trust in Him. 'Twill be revealed some day.

THE BUILDING OF THE CHATEAU

Where the wilderness holds kingdom, where the primal
fastness broods,
I, the rock, within my stratum, lay amid the solitudes,
Patient lay throughout the ages, part of the primeval
plan,
Till the voice of progress called me to the purpose of
the man.

From afar he came invading, pressing onward un-
afraid,
Braved the spirits of the vastness where they met him
grim arrayed,
Piercing past my rugged outposts, hewing down my
mighty guards,
Crying I, the earth god, seeketh, and my purpose none
retards.

In the bosom of the mountain, there he found me, laid
me bare,
Found me sitting for his purpose, found me worthy
past compare,
With strange instruments attacked me, drilled and
blasted me apart,
From the wilderness he bore me, from my mountain
mother's heart.

Lifted me with strong devices, dragged me down the
mountain trails,

Barged me down the rushing rivers, speeded me on
gleaming rails,
Captive bore me to the city where I rose above the
land,
For the purpose of the builders who an edifice had
planned.

On the plateau by the river, 'neath the shadow of the
tower,
There the purpose was unfolded of the man's creative
power.
To the northward, the Laurentians purple-tinted cast
their haze,
Such the setting of my future, such the vista for my
gaze.

Came the toilers, swiftly shaping, blasting, through
the day and night,
Delving for my deep foundation by the city's vista'd
site,
Came the long and slender girders all the iron, mea-
sured, bored,
Clanging protest as they piled it, while the blasting
ripped and roared.

Circling swung the straining derricks, shrieked the
engine's shrilly note,
As by magic to their places joint and girder seemed
to float;

Stone on stone they laid and set me, tier on tier my
structure rose,
On the plateau by the river, sweeping seaward as it
flows.

They have hewn me to being, they have shaped with
skilful hands,
And the chateau on the plateau o'er the river proudly
stands,
Deemed a miracle of beauty, classic, stately, and re-
fined,
Reared as fitting habitation for the leaders of man-
kind.

Though I stand a thing of grandeur, stone on stone
majestic piled,
I am brooding on the open, I am dreaming of the wild.
They would tame me with their graces, they would
lure me with their songs,
From the olden memored places where my stony
heart belongs.

Though the wealthy loll within me and on luxury they
feast,
Though they robe me and bedeck me with the weav-
ings of the East,
Though my floors with rugs be matted, that their feet
may silent tread,
I am steel and stone and iron, and my soul is moun-
tain-bred.

When the wind drives from the mountain far beyond
the river shore,
All my being throbs in gladness to the music of its
roar,
All the primal that's within me, all the hewn and chisel-
led stone,
Thrills in greeting to the booming of its mighty chested
tone.

And I see the pine-tressed mountains where they taunt
the raging gale,
As it roars adown the gulches to the cities of the vale,
And the bed within its shadows where for centuries
I lay,
Beckons for the lost one, dwelling where the humans
hold their sway.

When the night her mask of sable presses on the
earth's warm face,
And when, satined and bejewelled, lovely women do
me grace,
When the violins are throbbing out the passion of the
dance,
Then I ponder on the future, and the destiny of chance.

I the chateau, I the splendid, shall I crumble and
decay,
Lichened guard the shining river when the years have
passed away,

Or a comforter still flourish, guarding humans from
the blast,
When a century has rounded, when a hundred years
have passed.

Time the jester, time the judger, time the measurer of
things,
Time shall weigh the builders' cunning, as the earth
to eastward swings;
They have hewn me to being, they have shaped with
skilful hands,
And the chateau on the plateau o'er the river proudly
stands.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

Snowflakes and happy bells,
And hopeful words sincere,
And hands that grip, while from the lips
Fall words of Christmas cheer.

Snowflakes and shining eyes,
And the joy that giving gives,
That opes heart-gates in love, nor hates
A single thing that lives.

Snowflakes and prattle sweet,
Heart music and soft chimes,
And stories rare where friends compare
The present with past times.

Snowflakes and leaden skies,
And men in prison cells,
That make their moans to cold gray stones,
Nor hear thy chimes, O bells.

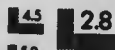
Snowflakes and hearts that break
In longing for sweet home,
And faces worn and passion torn
That brood uncheered alone.

Snowflakes and tolling bells,
And the slow tread on the snow,
The sobbing hushed, the teardrops brushed,
And saddened voices low.



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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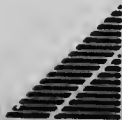
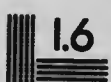
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Snowflakes, and o'er it all
The voice of One divine
Calls low and sweet, "Be glad, nor weep,
For rich and poor are Mine.

"Snowflakes—O ye who joy,
Remember My commands:
Clothe ye and feed all those in need
In this and other lands.

"Snowflakes—O prisoned ones,
Grieve not, but kneel and pray;
For tidings glad I bring the sad:
I ransomed men this day.

"Snowflakes—Rejoice, O earth!
None need this day be sad
That read aright My message bright,
That shines to make men glad."

THE CHOSEN PEOPLE

Somewhere in the Book 'tis written how God had a
chosen race,
One he favoured, while the others could not get to see
His face,
Not a smile of recognition, nor a momentary look,
And 'twas taken for the gospel, for 'twas written in
the Book.

It's been thundered down the ages how Jehovah, in His
wrath,
Swept His wayward, helpless children from the fav-
oured people's path,
With the whirlwinds of His power, unto woeful death
and flame,
That some despot might keep reigning, razing cities
in his name.

Some have pondered as they heard it, and have won-
dered as they read,
If the language of the big Book told the truth in all
it said;
For their souls have heard strange music, and their
eyes have seen a light,
And somehow His chosen people seems the whole
world, black and white.

All the globe, with all its peoples, all its races, all its
creeds,

With its wise and unwise sinners, and its strange and
varied breeds;
For the sunlight tells the story, and the rain reveals
the truth,
That out Father's universal, as He was in days of
Ruth.

Not a God of wrath and battles to a chosen few con-
fined,
But a Father omnipresent, taking care of all mankind;
And the Deity they worship, and the God to whom
they pray,
Never slaughtered His poor children in the way some
chapters say.

Have you seen the sunlight gleaming on a summer
day in June,
Spreading broadcast texts of glory, while the birds
hozannas tune?
How it floods the heart with gladness, and what
charity it brings,
'Till all hate melts to forgiveness in the greater good
of things.

Have you seen it kiss the foreheads of the mourners
as they weep?
Have you watched it bathe the outcast as he lays for-
lorn asleep?
O, the blessed sun from Heaven shines alike on bad and
good;

Read the lesson of the sunshine, then will He be understood.

Have you seen the falling raindrops, like a blessing glad and sweet,

On the rock and on the meadow, on the thistle and the wheat?

What a sermon's in the downpour falling out of God's own hand!

Read the lesson of the rainfall, as it nourishes the land.

Maybe they're not strong on logic, maybe they have much to learn,

But it seems if Love created, Hate cannot creation spurn;

And the rain like benediction and the sunshine glad and bright,

Fills them with a hope unbounded and a faith that all is right.

Through vicissitude and conflict, as this old world wheels and turns,

Ever searching, tearful, calling, man for his Creator yearns;

And I know the Father's watching with a love so great and wide

That He never could be happy with a pleading soul outside.

THE WAIF

Dark-orbed dear little miss,
Torn are your shoes, and the clothes
Ragged and thin that you wear;
How you live nobody knows.

Strange little waif of the slums,
Thrifty and business-like, too,
Plying your trade with the rest
Of the ragged, outcast crew;

Rushing about in the throng,
Calling your wares in the cold;
O child, such a heart as yours
Is made of God's purest gold!

Brave little buffeted ship,
Battered and blown in life's gale,
Where is your port in the storm?
To what refuge do you sail?

Born of some drab of the street
Down where the red beacons burn,
May God guide ever your way—
Free from sin's shoals may you turn.

Where do you live—'neath the street,
Or attic above the stair?
Where'er it be, little maid,
My heart goes out to you there.

Some pass who turn a deaf ear
To your shrill voice when you call;
But there's One hears, never fear,
Whose love is greater than all.

He alone hears your low sob,
Lonely at night in your bed,
With none to kiss you to sleep
Or smooth the curls of your head.

Sometimes in dreams do you see
Visions of dainties high piled?
Sometime may that dream be true,
Tired-out, motherless child.

O mothers, kissing to rest,
Praying to God o'er your dears,
Pray for these waifs of the world,
Unmothered in their young years.

Pray, too, that on that dread day
When judgments fall on earth's sons,
Censure-free we then may stand,
Uncharged by these little ones.

When for deeds done in the flesh
Each soul its place is assigned,
Pray no child may accuse you
Of being cold or unkind.

One passed you last night at dusk,
One whom the world brands with shame;
Say, was it then all her fault?
God, who knows, may not so blame.

Once as this child of the street
She strove for bread, pure of heart,
Till hope died in her young breast,
When mankind failed in its part.

And now if sinning she goes,
Fighting her battle alone,
Remember, she asked for bread,
And the world gave her a stone.

Dark is the world with its griefs,
But bright is joy's pathway wide,
And Sorrow smiles through her tears
When Charity walks by her side.

Derelicts lost in the dark,
Strange ships that pass in the night,
Guided by Love's lamp aglow,
God's harbour find by its light.

A TOAST

ON THE OCCASION OF A DEPARTMENTAL BANQUET

To every branch of this great tree,
That shelters you and shelters me,
Let's quaff a toast, and with a song,
Drink to the King—may he live long.

With quip and jest, with speech and tale,
In fellowship let us regale.
Here's to our chief! here's to each soul!
Toast with a will, fill high the bowl!

To comrades present, absent friends,
Drink while the curling smoke ascends;
And then one crowning toast we'll raise
To woman and her gentle ways.

O! lovely ladies, you who wait
For tardy husbands homing late;
I crave you, by your fair renown,
Forgive all these who here sit down.

So ends the feast, and if I heard
The twitter of the morning bird,
What matter, we have known good cheer—
Good-bye, old friends, until next year.

BALLAD OF THE BUDGET

YEAR 1909

'Ees a-going down to London town, my lord as lives
on the 'ill,
And 'e leaves to-day, the folks do say, to vote 'gainst
the Budget Bill.

It be now a score of years or more since 'es left 'is
'igh-walled seat,
But 'es going away, for 'ells to pay and the Welshman
must be beat.

It do seem queer 'is leavin' 'ere, and I'm doctorin'
for the gout,
For 'tween countin' rents and pounds and pence 'es
never gone much about.
It's the Welshman's scheme that spoiled his dream,
it's something about the land,
So 'es off, my lord, to protect his 'oard from the
bloomin' hupstart's 'and.

They be needin' gold for the fleet, I'm told, and they
only asked what's fair,
But 'im up there with 'is lordly air and wantin' to
pay 'is share.
Well, I don't think much about law and such, but this
I 'as to say,
If the people's right, and it comes to a fight, 'is lord-
ship will 'ave to pay.

Lor' bless the fleet, she's 'ard to beat, and she allus
has been our pride,
An' I'd shout for joy like a Devon boy, if I could but
see her ride
Out o'er the sea as she used to be, the queen of the
worldwide main,
With her cheerin' tars, and her bristlin' spars, and
honour without a stain.

It's twenty years since the 'Ouse of Peers 'as seen 'im,
and is it right
That the people's will 'is kind can kill, and can do it
all in a night?
'E ain't been stirred like this, we 'eard, since the days
of Gladstone's bill,
But I'll bet my forge 'im they calls George will win,
and I 'opes 'e will.

“THE PIPE”

Because you love the fragrant weed, good friend,
This honest pipe in fellowship we send;
A true companion that has blessed mankind,
'Twill solace bring of peace to heart and mind.

'Tis hewed from wood of purest briar strain,
'Tis earthborn, nursed by sunshine, wind, and rain;
'Tis forest bred, a child of solitude,
And thus to lonely hearts 'tis drink and food.

Fill it, and to your mind it will conjure
Visions of joy to be that long endure.
Fill it, it asks no more than it can hold,
And 'twill repay your faith a thousandfold.

Light it, and when it feels the flaming kiss
'Twill throb and glow, returning bliss for bliss;
Light it, and it will answer to your touch,
No sweetheart's kiss will ere repay so much.

Smoke it, and as the azure wreaths arise,
'Twill soothe as sweet as sweetest lullabys.
Smoke it, and it will bring a strange delight,
A constant joy by daytime or by night.

Smoke it, it asks you but attention's wage,
And, like good wine, 'twill sweeten with old age;

Friends may turn foes and fortune fair may frown,
But pipes are friends that seldom turn us down.

Thus unto you this simple gift we make,
Accept it, and likewise our friendship take;
And when it weaves its aromatic spell,
May it recall those friends who love you well.

THE MIRACLE OF MAY

The sunlight beams,
The lily leans
Her sweet pale cheek to meet the breeze,
The garden glows,
The soft breeze blows
And shakes the blossoms on the trees.

The lilacs bloom,
The rivers croon
To willows bending for their kiss,
And scented flowers
Laugh in the showers
That tell of summer's coming bliss.

Again aglow
The roses blow,
Like rubies in the dewy morn;
The world, long bare,
Lets loose her hair,
And million-gemmed is beauty born.

O, wondrous change,
To mortals strange!
But yesterday 'twas cold and drear;
Some magic hand
Hath touched the land,
And, lo, the happy spring is here!

O, Master, we
Give praise to Thee;
Thou answerest kindly when we pray,
And thus is wrought
The boon we sought—
The wondrous miracle of May.

IN SUMMER

In summer, when the rising sun with keen and flashing
ray,
Flings arrows at retreating night, and ushers in the
day,
When out from every nook and glade the frightened
shadows creep,
And scamper off to caverns dark, when life awakes
from sleep.
The gentle sunbeams, kiss the dewy teardrops of the
night
From off the eyelids of the flowers, with whisp'ring
soft and light,

Then stirs my heart, with yearnings sweet
Is thrilled as from above,
Then would I worship at the feet
Of you, of you, my love.

In summer, when the fragrant earth basks in the shim-
mering glare
Of noontide warmth, and drowsy hum of insects fills
the air,
When bashful flowers their glories hide amid the
grasses tall,
And nature her siesta takes in hushed and langorous
thrall,
When sparkling streamlets through the dells and o'er
the mosses croon,

And birds and breezes fold their wings within the
arms of June,

Then stirs my heart, with yearnings sweet

Is thrilled as from above,

Then would I slumber, rest, and dream

With you, with you, my love.

In summer, when the last faint rays from western sky
has fled,

When earth laps round her evening's cloak and day
has gone to bed,

When moonlight glinting through the trees and fan-
tastic patterns trace,

And starry lamps illuminate the corridors of space,

When shining morn and burning day within the night's
cool arms,

Rest from the pageant of the day, forgetful of their
charms,

Then stirs my heart, with yearnings sweet

Is thrilled as from above,

Then for eternity I pray,

With you, with you, my love.

LOVE'S MIRACLE

She stood in maiden loveliness serene,
Of fawn-like grace, and beauty rare of face,
Fair prey I deemed, for I had but to lean
To kiss her or to hold in my embrace.

And yet I paused, I hardly knew the why,
I said she, as the others, is fair game;
No guardian stood above her but the sky,
And yet I paused, the beast within me tame.

Her pure eyes fronted mine so unafraid,
And in their depths dwelt such a wondrous charm,
It seemed to wrap a glory round the maid,
That banished evil and the power to harm.

And somehow there the evil in me died,
As in a dream afraid I seemed to stand,
I am unworthy, all my being cried,
And yet she smiled, nor could I understand.

Days passed, once more beneath the sky,
As one enchanted, I beside her walked,
Feeling the freshness of her spirit high,
In a new world that blossomed as she talked.

“How beautiful the bird's song is!” she said,
And, lo, the singing came surpassing sweet.

“See how the flowers bloom all rosy red!”
I looked, and saw them springing at our feet.

The breezes soft their peaceful preludes played
Along the glistening harp-strings of the grass,
I bowed my head as penitent that prayed,
The miracle of love had come to pass.

THE SQUAW-MAN

Love from his homeland hillsides led him forth,
A willing captive, to a foreign land,
Nor looked he either east or west or north,
But followed where she led him by the hand.

How strong he was in all that men hold good,
How fair to view in manly grace and form!
Yet as a child, against her maidenhood,
The castle of his heart she took by storm.

O lady, golden-haired and blue of eye,
Fair English beauty with the cheeks of rose,
Dost thou afar in moonlit gardens' sigh,
And dream of him as evening shadows close?

Dost thou oft weep with troubled heart and brain,
Between each letter's ever-length'ning wait?
Ah, weep no more; he will not come again—
No more will he unlatch thy garden gate.

For eyes of night have pierced him to the core,
A forest maiden sings his child to rest.
He has forgotten, and will come no more—
Another head he pillows on his breast.

E'en now, perhaps, to some sweet forest song,
With rhythmic stroke he paddles her along
O'er some smooth lake that mirrors cloudless skies,
Deep as the love that dwells in her dark eyes.

Perchance ere now, in some green forest glade,
A home for her he's built, a cabin made,
Where sunshine greets them with its morning kiss,
And wakes them to a new day's perfect bliss.

'Tis o'er, thy dream; his ways and thine divide,
The sterile plains of memory grow more wide;
Love claims its own, and thou must pay the cost—
A dark-orbed maid has won what thou hast lost.

O Love, that blossoms on the desert sands
As sweet as in the richly gilded room,
That knows no age and blesses in all lands,
And strews upon the world its lovely bloom,

Where spring the fountains of thy mystic brew
That thrills alike the peasant maid and queen,
That flowers hearts with drops of wondrous dew
On gale-swept shores, as where the roses dream?

HEART'S DESIRE

Give me the breath of dewy morns,
The stirring chase, the hunter's horns,
The scent of roses 'mid the thorns
In all their beauty dreaming.

Give me the shining fields so sweet,
Where sun and shadow love to meet;
The sickles swinging through the wheat,
While golden sunlight's streaming.

Give me the flower-jewelled hills—
A love-song that with rapture thrills,
That lifts the heart above earth's ills,
And gives to life new meaning.

Give me the hush of quiet eves,
The sleepy note amid the leaves,
God's calm, sweet slumber that relieves,
While starry lamps are gleaming.

Give me a woman sweet and true
To have and hold life's journey through,
And love like sunshine ever new
In bright eyes softly beaming.

Give these, the world may have the rest;
The heart's content the heart that's blest;
Ah, gold is bright, but these are best!
I'll ask no more, I'm deeming.

THE AWAKENING

Think not 'tis death because so cold earth lies,
Wrapped in her snowy shroud of billowed white,
For when the tears of springtime kiss her brow
Her violet eyes will open wide and sweet,
And unseen hands will robe her wondrously,
Weaving with garlands all her tresses fair.
Again her cheek with blushing rose will glow,
And sighs sweet-scented will her bosom stir,
And radiant in her sunny maidenhood,
With ripples of sweet laughter she will roam,
Scattering auroral gifts of flow'ry bloom,
Till all mankind shall worship at her feet.

EYES OF THE HEART

I haunt again those unforgotten ways
Where once we walked in dear remembered days;
And throbbing earth, the streams and skies so blue,
Call with my heart in longing, dear, for you.

I see thee sad with every wind that grieves,
Behold thy cheeks in autumn's blushing leaves;
Thy laugh I hear when come the rippling rills,
Sparkling and gay adown the grassy hills.

Ah, it is love that sees alone thy form
In every rose that doth the vale adorn!
Ah, it is love when all the summer sky
Seems but reflected beauty from thine eye!

I hear thy voice in cadences so sweet,
When birds that love in woody places meet;
Thy loving smile I see revealed again
In every sunburst following the rain.

When o'er the land soft steals the breath of June,
And happy birds within the treetops tune,
Then hand-in-hand again to love's sweet lays
I walk with you as in the olden days.

The strands of gold, the sun-god's gleaming hair,
Is as the light within thy tresses rare;
The white-sailed moon-ship gliding on the night
Has gleaned her beauty from thy forehead white.

But food of dreams love cannot satisfy,
Nor mem'ries feed the starving heart; thus I,
Love-lorn, with weary wings toward heaven soar,
Beating for entrance 'gainst God's golden door.

Longing for thee, earth's ways in dreams I tread,
By thy white hand along its pathways led,
Counting the hours till on celestial strands
I'll kiss again thy lips, thine eyes, thy hands.

CUPID'S ARROW

Say, have you met her?
I can't forget her,
Fair as the lily, her name;
She with the eyes blue,
Of summer skies' hue,
With her the world I would gain.

'Twas on a May day—
Oh, such a gay day!
Sweet singing birds filled the trees;
Fair Spring went laughing
To the gay chaffing
Of her wayward love, the breeze.

I, too, was merry,
Heart light and airy,
Knew not I'd lose it that day;
Cupid was stirring,
His arrow whirring,
And my poor heart in the way.

She smiled so naively,
Glanced I so bravely,
Unthinking quite of the cost;
On that spring morning,
Done without warning,
I and my poor heart were lost.

'Twas a sweet losing;
Had I the choosing,
Gladly again she might take;
All I love dearest,
All I hold nearest,
Little would be for her sake.

Yet is the gladness
Mingled with sadness.
Did she but smile to betray?
Loving, I'm hoping,
In darkness groping,
Waiting her love to bring day.

MY APRIL MAIDEN

Maid of moods like April ranging;
Tearful, then to laughter changing;
Luring sweetly, then estranging;
I have wondered if thou art

Just a playful nymph coquetting
With poor mortals, and forgetting
How thou woundest, nor regretting
That thou didst their wounds impart.

By thy body shapely, slender,
By thy glances languid, tender,
Thou hast made me thy defender,
Thou hast nestled in my heart.

By thy cheeks as rose-leaves tinted,
By thy hair from sunbeams minted,
Thou hast taken love unstinted,
Robbed me quite without return.

Each new mood but makes thee dearer,
Makes my passion stronger, clearer,
Makes me long to come the nearer,
Makes me love thee more and more.

When I see thine eyes compelling,
Dark with passion and rebelling
To thy bosom's quickened swelling,
Then I would thy love implore.

Or when from thy window glancing,
Bright they shine with laughter dancing,
They but make thee more entrancing,
If that could be, than before.

O thou April maiden, weaving
Spells alluring and deceiving,
Wilt thou some day me be leaving?
Wilt thou yet my true love spurn?

I have loved thee fondly, madly,
I would win thee, wed thee gladly,
In thy snare I'm tangled sadly,
'Tis thy love must set me free.

I have loved thee unabated
From a time now long undated;
In a desert land I've waited,
Thou must my oasis be.

Give me love, for time is pressing,
Doubt's red sands grow hot, distressing;
Send thy love's rain, sweet caressing;
There is none can save but thee.

Dear, the sands are round me burning,
Thus to thee, sweetheart, I'm turning;
For thy saving love I'm yearning,
Say thou lov'st me, or I burn.

THE CALL OF THE OPEN

I turn my face from the city, the City of Siren Songs,
I am going back to the prairie to where my heart be-
longs;
Her smile is true and gentle, there is peace in her
ample breast,
I know there's a welcome waiting with my love of the
golden West.

It is years since I watched the shadows across her
bosom roll,
Ere the luring voice of the city my boyish senses stole;
It is long since with swelling bosom I watched the sun-
beams glide
Or the waving, far-flung reaches of her hills and val-
leys wide.

I am done with the sham and glitter where the hud-
dled millions toil,
Lured with the money mirage, 'mid the din and the
mad turmoil;
I am sick of the man-made temples that gloss the reek-
ing sod,
So I take my course to the open, to the glorious temples
of God.

I hear the voice of the mountains, they are singing
the oldtime strains,

The lure of the land is o'er me, the lure of the virgin
plains;
The voice of rivers murmur, "Come back to your boy-
hood home",
So I turn my face from the city, I am going back to
my own.

THE LOVING CUP

PRESENTED TO MY FATHER, ON THE OCCASION OF THE CELE-
BRATION OF HIS EIGHTIETH CHRISTMAS, 1914

Born of the noblest impulse of the heart,
Love comes with joy to worship at a shrine,
Seeking the dear one, yearning to impart
A benediction drawn from wells divine.

So with a heartfelt tribute to your worth,
We gather round you in your life's decline,
To honour you, the author of our birth,
And ask a blessing on our lives and thine.

Rich is your life with honest effort filled,
And though your path with trials was beset,
You bravely fought and counselled and instilled
The noblest, and our hearts do not forget.

It is not wealth that marks life's crowning goal,
Nor power and place, nor tawdry pomp and fame;
But worth and true nobility of soul,
The white-robed years, the fair, untarnished name.

This is your priceless heritage, we hold,
May we bequeath it thus from sire to son,
Down generations, while the years unfold;
This is your children's wish, their prayer, each one.

And from this loving cup may ever flow
The vintage of our hearts, a glowing stream,
Winding beside you, singing soft and low
Of tender memories, with love adream.

We pledge you in its bowl with gladsome song,
And toast the happiness of days to be.
May life be joyous, and your years be long,
And every hour from care and ills be free.

