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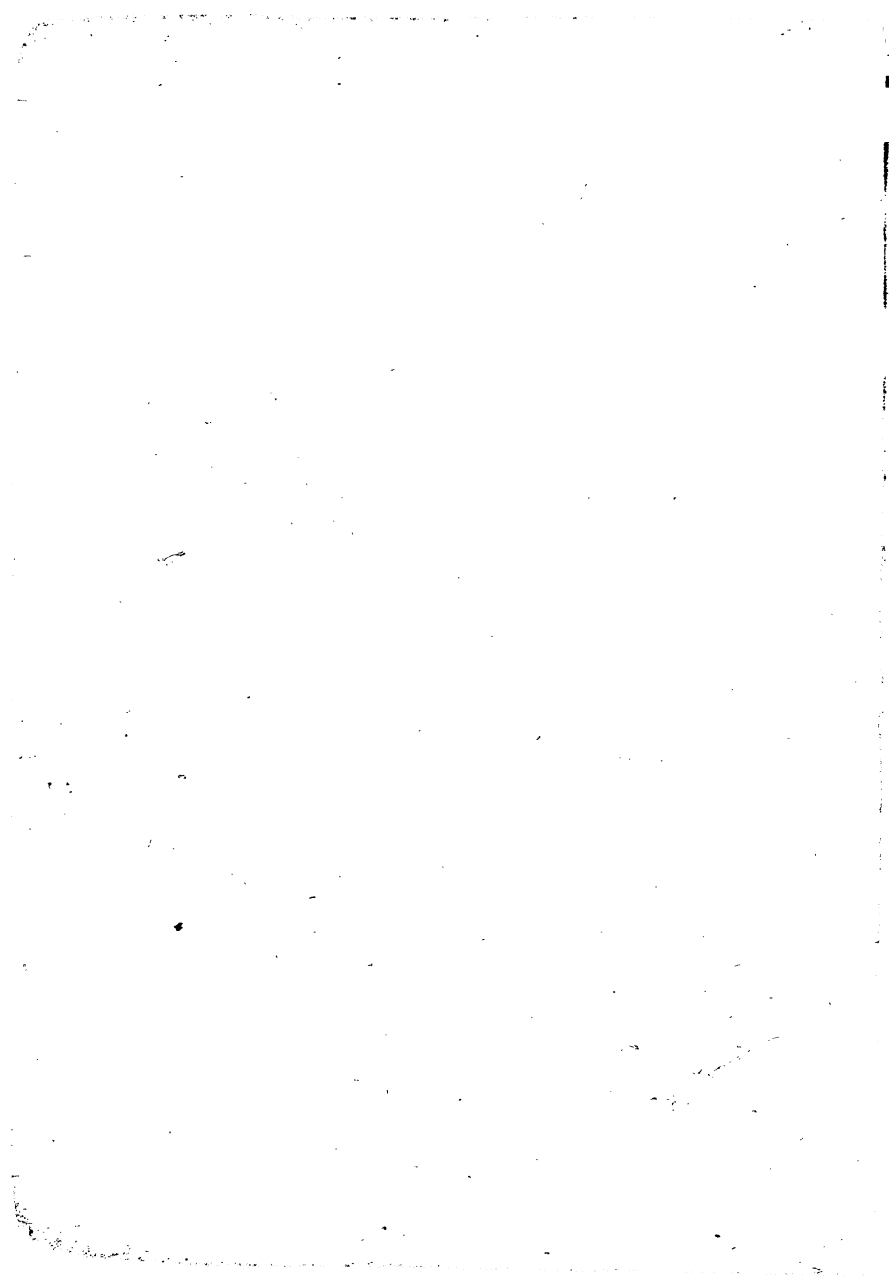
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The
Songs
That
Quinte Sang



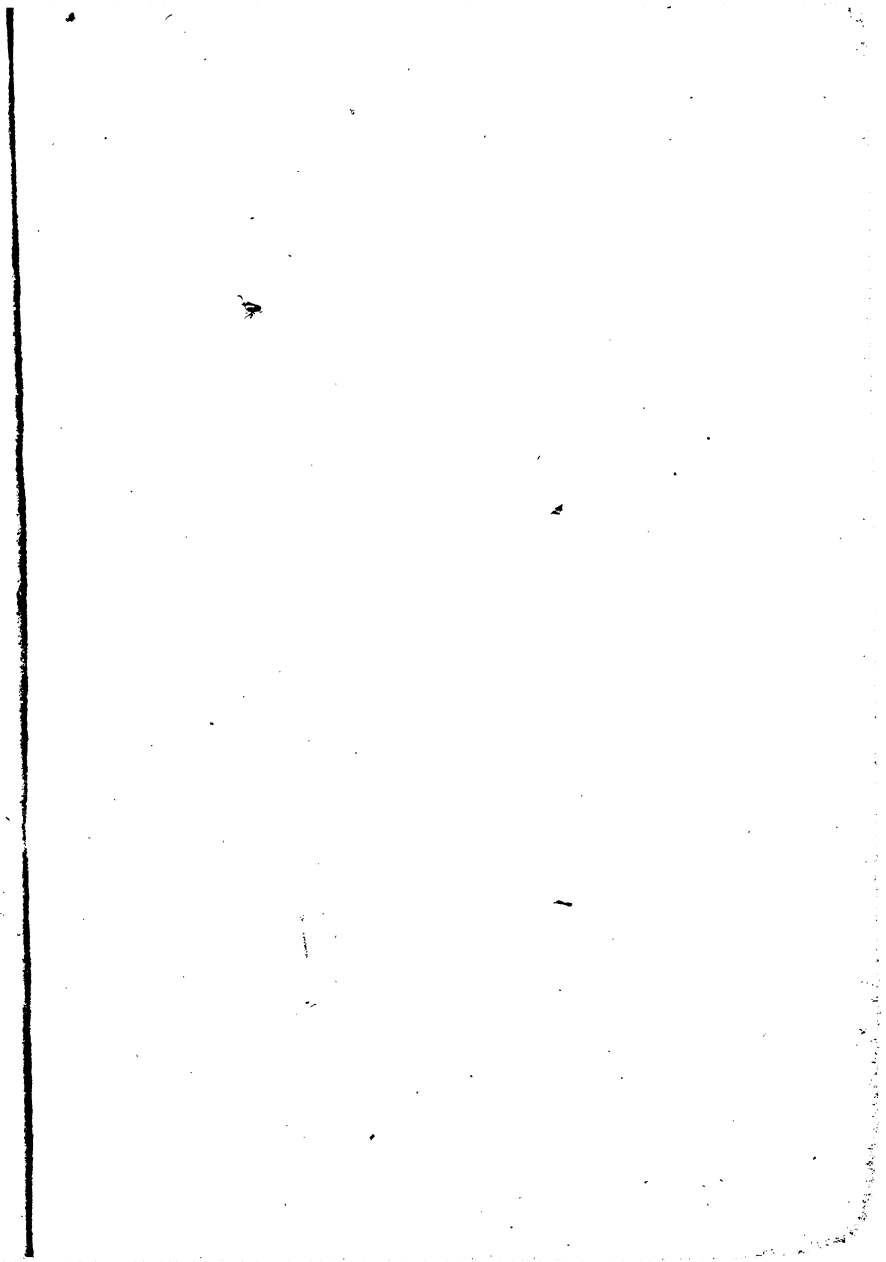
Marie Joussaye

BELLEVILLE, CANADA.
SUN PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY.
1895.

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NOTE—The sketch illustrating the lines "Dear hearts, their sleep is calm and sweet by Quinte's restful side," is from the pen of the late Stewart Hunter, who died a few days after making the sketch.







By Quinte's Side.

DEAR comrades of a vanished past,
My childhood's playmates, kind and true,
Who dwell on Quinte's sunlit shore,
I give these songs to you.

Old Quinte sang them in my ears
Long years ago, when I was young.
I give them back in later years
The songs that Quinte sung.

How often when a child I strayed
Dear Quinte's peaceful shores along,
My heart and soul responding to
The music of her song.

The wild bird oft would hush its song
Whilst skimming by on outspread wing
And listen while old Quinte taught
Her poet child to sing.

And this the sum of all she taught,
As tranquilly she flowed along,
Through all these years I've not forgot,
"Live, suffer and be strong."

Though but a child I understood,
Why Quinte sang that song to me,
And my young heart was hushed and soothed
By her sweet minstrelsy.

And some have chided me, because
The songs I love to write are sad,
They bid me sing in blither strains
And make the world more glad.

I heed them not, the harp responds
Unto my touch with plaintive ring
And, like the birds, I sing the songs
That God hath bid me sing.

If every bird sang as the lark
Their blithesome notes would mock the ear,
The thrush's song is not less sweet,
Although we weep to hear.

And though we love the sunshine well
We would not have it always day,
Man soon would weary were his life
One ceaseless roundelay.

You will not chide my mournful songs
O kindly friends of bygone years!
Because you know my early days
Knew less of smiles than tears.

And whether critics praise or blame
I know that loving eyes will note
And kindly voices praise the songs
For love of her who wrote.

Let greater poets strive for bays,
My heart would throb with truer pride
At one kind word of honest praise
From friends by Quinte's side.

O, friends and playmates of the past,
Who dwell on Quinte's sunlit shore,
Across the gulf that time has wrought
I greet you all once more!

Though new-found friends have smiled on me
My heart has never swerved from you
The old-time friends must ever be
Far dearer than the new.

The joys that made your kind hearts glad
Have waked an answering chord in mine
And ye have wept when I was sad
My friends of "Auld Lang Syne."

Through all these weary, waiting years
For your dear faces I have yearned
And oft through mists of blinding tears
My longing eyes have turned

Back to the well-loved childhood's haunts,
Where dear old Quinte, calm and mild,
With sunny smiles of welcome waits
To greet her absent child.

I miss some faces that I loved
Their feet have sought a foreign shore.
May Heaven turn their wandering steps
To Quinte's side once more.

And some, grown weary of this life,
Have folded their pale hands and died.
Dear hearts, their sleep is calm and sweet
By Quinte's restful side.

And ye who stood above their graves,
Your saddened hearts with anguish torn,
And deemed the burden Heaven sent,
Too heavy to be borne

Have learned at last, as I once learned,
The burden of old Quinte's song
That life's great lesson is "to live,
To suffer, and be strong."

O, friends of vanished childhood's days
Who dwell on Quinte's sunlit shore,
Across the intervening years
I greet you all once more

Whilst all my heart goes out in prayer,
May peace and joy with you abide
And God be with the friends who dwell
By pleasant Quinte's side.



"Dear hearts, their sleep is calm and sweet
By Quinte's restful side."

Rest After Pain.

The patient, suffering heart is hushed and still
And he has gained eternal rest at last,
All care is over now, all weariness,
All pain is past.

Not as a foe, but as a friend Death came,
Bearing the gift of peace in his pale hand ;
He touched the tortured heart and anguish fled
At his command.

Rest, weary one, and be thou not afraid,
Death guards thee well, no agonizing dart
Can pierce the icy shield his hand has laid
Above thy heart.

Sleep, well-beloved, no harm can come to thee.
For all is peace within that "low green tent."
Sleep, and enjoy the long desired rest
That Heaven sent.

If I Had Known.

If I had known how steep the path of Fame,
How long the weary years of toil and care,
How sharp the sting of poverty, the shame
Of baffled hopes, the bitter, wild despair
Of prayers unanswered, ever backward thrust
Upon my heart like ashes, dust on dust,
I never would have ventured all alone
To tread the rugged path, if I had known.

If I had known how soon love's roses fade,
How soon their bloom and beauty know eclipse,
A cluster o'er my heart I had not laid,
Nor touched the fragrant blossoms with my lips,
And my poor heart and lips had not been torn,
If I had known love's rose concealed a thorn,
Which rankled sore long after Love had flown,
I had not suffered so, if I had known.

If I had known that friendship had a sting,
That smiling lips and eyes could hide deceit,
I had not crowned or worshiped as a king
This poor clay idol, shattered at my feet,
Nor given all my loyal trust to learn
The friend I loved but mocked me in return,
Over its broken hopes my heart makes moan,
I had not trusted so, if I had known.

If I had known, nay heart, why should I mourn ?

Better by far I did not know the pain
Fate had allotted me e'er I was born.

And who shall say my life has been in vain ?
Life is made up of equal joy and care,

The joy I missed hath been another's share
And every burden added to my load

Hath eased some other comrade on the road;
And God knew best, before the griefs now flown
My courage would have failed if I had known.

Some Day.

Some day when I have conned the page of pain
So closely that no lesson will remain
For me to learn, and when my lips have quaffed
Unto the dregs, pale sorrow's bitter draught,
Then will this troubled heart, so sorely tried,
From earthly care and turmoil find release
And death will grant me all that life denied,
Rest and oblivion and unbroken peace.

Oh! longed-for hour, when I shall calmly rest
With idle hands crossed over pulseless breast
All peacefully within my narrow bed,
Unheeding those who weep above my head,
But, Ah! They would not weep if they could know
How gladly I shall welcome death, and so
Whene'er my sobbing heart makes moan, I say
Hush, hush my heart, the time will come some day.

Waiting.

All day long I walk the shore
Gazing out across the sea
Where the merry white-capped waves
Chase each other in their glee.

And I watch with eager eyes,
Pacing slowly to and fro,
For the ships I sent to sea
Many weary years ago.

Other ships come sailing in
From countries strange far away
And with canvas closely furled
Lie at anchor in the bay.

And the sailors as they pass
Answer me right cheerily
When I ask them of my ships
That are still far out at sea.

Oh! I know they pity me,
Keeping vigil on the strand,
And with words of kindly cheer
Come and take me by the hand.

And they bid me cease to weep,
"Weep no more, dear heart," they say,
"Soon you'll see your bonnie ships
Anchored safely in the bay."

So I dry my tears and stand
Gazing out across the main,
And with patience wait the hour
When my ships will come again.

Some day I shall see them all
Anchored safely off the shore,
Then my heart will cease to mourn,
And my vigils will be o'er.

Just so sure as smile the stars
In the mirror of the sea,
Just so sure my bonnie ships
Will return, some day, to me.



My Ships That Went to Sea.

From the haven of the sheltered bay
My ships sailed out in proud array ;
'Twas the morn of a golden summer day
 And the wind blew fair and free.
The air was clear, and the sky was bright,
And the blue waves laughed in the glad sunlight
And, Oh ! But it was a goodly sight
 As my ships sailed out to sea.

I was proud of my ships, a gallant fleet,
With their graceful hulls, so trim and neat,
Sturdy and staunch and all complete
 From their spars to the smallest rope.
One was a ship of stately mien
Whose white sails shone with a silver sheen,
A goodlier ship was never seen,
 And I called her "The Golden Hope."

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

And I watched them as they sailed afar
Till I saw the top of each slender spar
Fade beyond the horizon's bar,

But my heart was light and gay.
For why should I feel a throb of fear
When the wind blew fair and the sky was clear
So my heart was light with hope and cheer
As I watched them sail away,

But often my heart grew sick with fear
For my ships were gone for many a year
And O, but the nights were long and drear
And the days dragged wearily,
And often when others were fast asleep
And the angry storm king rode the deep,
The whole night long I would watch and weep
For my bonnie ships at sea.

But they bring me glad, good news to-day,
"Oh! Your ships are coming in," they say,
"You can see them gliding up the bay
In the glow of the morning sun."

Oh! My ships are in with their cargoes rare
And their colors streaming in the air
My bonnie ships, so brave and fair,
They are all in--save one.

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

Two Roses.

High on a lofty mountain
One blossomed in beauty rare,
The other bloomed in a valley,
And both were sweet and fair.

But the longing eyes of the maiden
Were fixed on the heights above,
"I will gather Fame's fairest roses,
There is time enough for Love."

And she climbed the rugged mountain
Though the task was hard and long,
Though the path proved steep and weary,
For her heart was brave and strong.

But the sharp thorns wounded sorely
As she grasped the longed-for prize,
And she could not see its beauty
For the tears that dimmed her eyes.

But her heart grew soft and tender
Amid all her pain and woe,
As she thought of the fair, sweet flower
In the pleasant vale below.

But, alas, even while she tarried
Far up on the mountain side,
The beautiful rose in the valley
Had faded away and died.

The Recompense.

The King once sent His messenger to me
Charged with a message from the court above.
"Ask what thou wilt and it shall granted be."
And my first prayer was, "Angel! Give me love."

The angel smiled on me, then gently sighed,
"My child! To such as thee, Love bringeth woe."
But still I prayed and would not be denied,
Until at last he murmured, "Be it so,"

And held Love's chalice to my eager lips,
But scarcely had I touched it's golden rim
When all life's brightness suffered swift eclipse
And sun and stars unto my eyes grew dim.

And on my lips Love's sweetness turned to rue.
"Oh, Angel!" then I cried, with sobbing breath,
"I asked for Love, Life's sweetest gift, and you
Have mocked me with the bitterness of Death."

The angel smiled once more, then said. "Not so,
The sweetness of Love's wine is not for all.
To some it bringeth bliss, to others woe;
Upon some lips its honey turns to gall.

But fullest recompense awaits above,
So be thou comforted, my child, and know
That God reserves His richest meed of Love
For those who miss its sweetness here below."

Life and Death.

On a bed of pain the sick girl lay
With closed, white-lidded eyes,
As the sunset gilded the azure bay
And crimsoned the western skies,
Whilst over her head in bitter strife
Strove the Angel of Death and the Angel of Life.

In and out of the chamber crept
The watchers, with noiseless tread,
They feared to disturb the one who slept,
For they knew how frail the thread
That held her light and wavering breath
And balanced her soul between life and death.

Then a gentle voice the silence broke,
And they gathered around the bed;
In low, sweet accents the sick girl spoke.
Strange were the words she said :
" Hearken to me and cease the strife,
O Angel of Death and Angel of Life.

" I am weary listening to the strife
And to end it I am fain,
So cease to struggle, O Death and Life
And I'll choose between ye twain."
Then turning to Life she wearily sighed,
" Tell me, what gifts can'st thou give thy bride?"

And swift from his lips the answer came :
" O maiden ! I'll give thee health
And youth and hope and deathless fame,
And treasures of golden wealth."
Then his voice grew soft as the note of a dove,
" But best of all, I will give thee love."

But she wearily turned her head aside
As he spake Love's fatal name.
" Thou dost mock my sorrow, O Life ! " she cried,
" For what to me is fame ?
And health and wealth prove worthless too,
Since hope is dead and my love untrue.

" O Angel ! I spurn thy gifts and thee."
And she turned to his rival, Death,
" And thou ! what hast thou in store for me ? "
She whispered with fleeting breath,
A cool, soft kiss on her brow he pressed,
And murmured, " Oblivion, peace and rest."

And the maiden's face grew strangely calm
At the sound of the angel's voice,
And she laid her hand in his pale, cold palm.
" Oh ! wise was the maiden's choice.
And the watchers in silence held their breath
As her soul went out to the arms of Death.

Messengers to the Dead.

Friends who even now are weeping
 'Round the one you love so well,
Know that sound of human sorrow
 Cannot break Death's mighty spell.
Cease to weep, thy bitter wailing
 Falls upon a deafened ear,
Tears and sobs are unavailing,
 He is dead, he cannot hear.

From a friend who knew and loved him
 Since his earliest childhood's hour,
And who shares your bitter heart ache
 Comes this offering of flowers.
Let their beauty light the shadows
 Death has brought around his bed,
Breathing forth their subtle incense,
 Messengers unto the dead.

Lay them on his pulseless bosom,
 Clasp them in his pale, cold hand,
As they breathe their silent message
 He will know and understand
For their breath is far more subtle
 Than the power of human speech,
And can penetrate his senses
 Where our voices cannot reach.

Tell him, white and fragrant Roses,
Of our friendship, strong and true ;
Of our deep and heartfelt sorrow,
Whisper thou, O mournful Rue !
But we leave the tenderest message
Unto thee, Forget-me-not,
Tell him that through all life's changes
He will never be forgot.

A. G. C.

Dear child, 'twas vain for me to pray
That storms might never cloud thy skies,
Or that the tears of anguish may
Ne'er dim thy bonnie eyes.

For never mortal yet but knew
The weight of sorrow's crushing thrall,
Joy cometh to a chosen few,
But sorrow comes to all.

Yet from my heart this prayer goes up,
When Sorrow's draught your lips must meet,
May Love and Friendship kiss the cup
And make the bitter sweet.

At the River.

I am standing alone by a mystic tide,
And the dark swift waters flow past my feet,
While'st floating across from the other side
Come strains of music, heavenly sweet,
And I see the beautiful white-robed throng
Beckoning to me across the wave.
And I long to join in the rapturous song,
But the cold, dark waters I dare not brave.

I press my feet to the River of Death,
But backward shrink with quivering start
For the icy waters have stopped my breath
And frozen the blood in my frightened heart,
Then softly and sweetly the angel song
Comes floating across to my listening ear :
" Though the river is dark and swift and strong,
There is one who will help you, so be of good cheer."

And then in the midst of the beautiful throng
A wondrous vision bursts on my sight :
I seem to see on that shining strand
A form of celestial glory and light,
And softly there steals to my troubled soul
Those loving words that calm all fear :
" Fear not, my child, though the river be cold
I will bear thee up, so be of good cheer."

With a world of love in his patient eyes
He stretches the wounded hands to aid,
And once more speaks in such sad surprise :
"Oh doubting one, art thou still afraid?
My feet once pressed the cold dark wave,
Unaided I stepped o'er the river's brink,
And wilt thou not trust me, its dangers brave?
I will bear thee up and thou can'st not sink."

Then all fear goes out from my doubting soul
And a wondrous peace steals in instead,
As once more I press to the river cold
And the icy waters no longer dread,
And as boldly I plunge in the chilling tide
The song of the Angels rings sweet and clear—
"Though the river is dark and cold and wide
Thy Saviour is with thee, so be of good cheer."

The Sailor's Grave.

A stately ship sails out to sea,
And her sailors sing right merrily
As they cheerily hoist the snowy sail
Which bends before the freshening gale.

But there is one who stands apart,
For song and jest he has no heart,
And his eyes are dim with unshed tears
As the fading shore slow disappears.

Now 'tis lost to sight, he breathes a sigh.
"My own, dear native land, good bye,
Farewell, loved ones on yonder shore
We part to meet, perchance no more."

* * * * *

The ocean rests in slumber grand,
And the ship is far out from the land;
All gilded in the radiant beams
Of the golden sun, her white sail gleams.

On the good ship's deck the sailors pace,
A solemn fear on every face.
A stranger grim with chilling breath
Has come on board, his name is Death.

O brave young heart! that undismayed
Shrank not when death's chill hand was laid
Upon thy lips, stilling their breath
Sealing them with the seal of death.

With canvas coarse for winding sheet
They shrouded him from head to feet,
Brushed from his brow the curls of gold,
And crossed his hands on his bosom cold.

Then a prayer was murmured low and soft,
While the rising winds in the shrouds aloft
Sang a mournful requiem, slow and sad—
A funeral dirge for the sailor lad.

Then a sob broke forth from each manly breast
As he slowly sank 'neath the blue wave's crest ;
O noble heart ! so true and brave,
Sleep on in rest in your sailor's grave.

Sleep on and fear no earthly harm.
Sleep ! till the judgment's dread alarm
Shall wake thee from thy dreamless sleep
And call thee from the silent deep.

* * * * *

And the years roll on in grief and joy,
And a mother weeps for her fair-haired boy,
And a sister prays with a sob and tear
For the safe return of her brother dear.

And a maiden stands in a cottage door
Listening for a step that will come no more,
And she prays as she looks across the sea,
" God speed my darling back to me."

And when at eve in the glowing west
The golden sun sinks down to rest
They often watch the fading light
And say, " Perhaps he will come to-night."

Ah ! faithful hearts ! 'tis all in vain,
Your loved one will not come again.
Far, far away 'neath the rolling wave
He sleeps alone in a sailor's grave.



By the Sea.

On the cold, gray shore I walk alone
Where the curling waves o'er the wet sands creep,
And my heart responds to the sea's sad moan
As all in vain for my love I weep.
O my dear, dead love! my only love,
O love that I loved so fond and true,
Do you ever look down from your home above,
Or think of the heart that is aching for you?

I remember well when you sailed away,
We stood on the shore in the wind and rain,
And you said you'd come back to me, dear, some day,
But ah! you will never come back again,
For under the cold, dark waves you sleep.
Oh love, dear love my heart is sore,
And my eyes grow dim with the tears I weep
For my dear, dead love, who will come no more.
With arms outstretched to the moaning sea
I cry aloud in my dreary pain:
"Bring back the love that you stole from me,
Oh! bring me my dear, lost love again,"
But the cold waves break on the grey sea shore
And a sorrowful dirge they sing to me,
"You may weep and sigh till time is no more,
But we'll never bring back thy love to thee."
And the dreary days drag wearily by,
And I mourn and weep for the joys long past,
On leaden wings the moments fly,
But the end must surely come at last.
O my dear, dead love, we will meet again
On the golden shores of Eternity,
And my weary waiting will not be vain
When the sea gives back what it stole from me.

Two Prayers.

A woman knelt in prayer and bowed her head,
And to her guardian angel softly said :
" O angel ! tell me have the fates above
Decreed that I'll be blessed in my love ?
I love so dearly and I fain would learn
If he I love doth love me in return."
The angel paused, then gently breathed a sigh
As in soft, pitying tones he made reply.
" Even as you love him so doth he love thee,
But Fate decrees that you must parted be."
She sighed, then murmured, " Still my life is blest,
If he but love me I can bear the rest."

Another woman prayed with drooping head:
" Oh Angel ! will my love love me ?" she said,
The Angel's tears fell fast like summer rain
As soft he answered her, " Thy prayer is vain ;
He loves another and can never be
More than a true and faithful friend to thee,"
And then she slowly raised her drooping head
And smiling through her tears she softly said :
" He may not love me other than a friend,
But I love him and will unto the end
Of time, aye, and through all eternity
And that alone is heaven enough for me."

TO E. S.

O heartstricken, sorrowing mother!
No words ever written or said
Can lessen the weight of your sorrow
Since the baby you love is dead.

But remember, O sorrowful mother
Thy heart should rejoice, not repine.
Since of all earth's beautiful treasures
The Master has chosen thine.

The fairest, the brightest, the purest,
Find grace in His loving eyes
And the Lord hath chosen thy treasure
To beautify Paradise.

Dear baby hands that will never
Grow weary with earthly strife,
Sweet baby eyes that will never
Grow dim with the cares of life.

Wee feet that will never stumble
Over Life's rugged way,
For the hands of angels now guide them
And they cannot go astray.

But a mother's love is boundless
As the seas or the skies above,
And a mother's heart grows jealous
E'en of the angels love.

And she longs for her baby's kisses,
The touch of the dimpled hand,
And the baby voice now thrilling
The ears of the angel band.

But you need not fear, O mother!
Tho' the years be many or few,
Tho' the time pass slow or swiftly,
For the baby heart is true.

Not even the songs of the angels
Or the joys of Paradise
Can banish the tender yearning
From your baby's gentle eyes

As she lingers beside the portal
Of her shining, heavenly home
And asks of the angel warder
If her mother soon will come.

And the wistful longing deepens
In her eyes as she stands and waits,
Watching for mother darling
At the City's pearly gates.

Cease then to mourn, sad mother,
Take up Life's burden anew,
Shape thou the future before thee
With earnest endeavor and true,

That no thought or deed unworthy
May bring shame to the baby eyes
That are watching so wistfully for thee
From the gates of Paradise.

Our Babies.

Willie and Annie, our two pretty babes,

Our dear household angels, we love them so well;
Brown eyes and blue, so merry and glad,

Which is the dearest, 'tis hard for to tell.

Dear little Nan with the nut-brown curls

And bonnie brown eyes, so tender and true,

Willie with locks of the sunniest gold

And eyes like a bit of Heaven's own blue.

When dear, little Willie climbs up on my knee,

And gazes so lovingly into my face,

I think the wide world can hold nothing more dear

Than our bonnie, wee lad, with his sweet baby
ways.

While Nan with her tricks drives us all nearly wild,

And we try, all in vain, to make her "be good,"

But I know as I clasp the sweet rogue to my heart,

We would not have her otherwise e'en if we could.

O, innocent babies! so pure and so fair,

You must soon wander forth in the world's busy
strife.

And the dimpled, white hands will be wounded and
torn,

For thorns ever lurk 'neath the roses of life.

God guard you, and keep you, my innocent ones;

May the sad tears of pain never dim your bright
eyes.

The pathway before you seems cloudless and fair,

God grant that no sorrow may darken the skies.

To M. A.

Even in the hour of her birth,
When cradled on her mother's breast,
A helpless babe, she lay at rest,
The angel Pain came down to earth.

And bending o'er the sleeping child,
He laid a burden on her heart,
Then turned, but e'er he could depart
The babe awoke and sweetly smiled.

The pathos in those great, dark eyes
Went to his heart even as he spread
His shining wings, then straight he sped
In silent swiftness to the skies.

And reaching Heaven the angel Pain
Sought out the ranks of seraphs fair,
And kissed the sweetest singer there,
Then winged his way to earth again.

And gazing on the child through tears,
Upon her infant lips he left
The kiss from heaven's singer reft,
A recompense for future years.

And as the maiden grew in years
They marveled at her winsome grace,
The sweetness of her voice and face,
Which moved mankind to smiles and tears.

But angels mourn while we rejoice
To hear the strains, divine and sweet,
For Heaven's choir is incomplete
Without the music of her voice.

The Lost Baby.

The birds are singing sweet and clear,
Their songs are full of gladness,
The sun is shining bright, but still
My heart is filled with sadness.

It matters not how glad the birds,
Or fair the sunny day be.
My heart is heavy with its grief,
I've lost my little baby.

Oh have you seen him passing by,
A bonnie little fellow,
With eyes as blue as summer's sky
And silky curls of yellow?

He disappeared quite suddenly
And left no sign or token
To let me know where he has gone ;
My heart is almost broken.

A manly lad is in his place,
Much taller and much older,
With boots and pockets, sun-burned face,
A school-bag on his shoulder.

Who clasps his arms around my neck,
And laughs with boyish vigor—
" Why Auntie, dear, that baby's me,
Only I'm grown up bigger. "

And did you really think me lost?
How could you be so silly?
For though I'm grown up 'most a man
I'm still your little Willy,

Who'll always love you just the same,
And some day, Auntie, may be
You'll love me every bit as much
As you have loved that baby."

Dear little man, a wistful note
Into his voice is creeping,
Which warns me that the boyish heart
Is full almost to weeping.

And so with tender words I haste
To soothe his heart's dejection,
And strive with many a loving kiss
To prove my fond affection.

Dear lad, I take you to my heart,
To hold you there forever
And pray that stern misfortune's frown
May rest upon you never.

But there's one chamber in my heart,
Deep in the inmost center,
From all the rest it stands apart,
Within it none may enter.

And there on Memory's golden shrine
Is pictured bright and clearly,
The image of the baby boy
I used to love so dearly.

Canada.

I love the land of Canada,
The dear land of my birth ;
I deem my native country
The fairest place on earth.
I love her lakes and rivers,
Her forests, grand and high,
And her golden sunsets bright'ning
The landscape to the eye.

I love the slender Tamarac,
The tall and stately Pine,
The bonnie Birch and sturdy Oak
With clinging Ivy vine.
So beautiful ! So glorious !
In Autumn splendor drest,
I love them all, but ah ! I love
The Maple Tree the best.

Old England has her Royal Rose,
The Thistle's Scotland's pride,
Whilst many brave and gallant men
For Erin's Shamrock died.
But give to me the Maple Leaf,
More fair than all the rest,
Our country's precious emblem,
The dearest and the best.

O lovely land of Canada
May joy and peace be thine,
May the sun of bright prosperity
O'er thy Dominion shine.
May thy sons be brave and noble,
Thy daughters, true and kind,
And the love of home and country
Our hearts in friendship bind.

Good Luck.

While passing through a meadow
All wet with early dew,
I espied this four-leaved clover
And gathered it for you.

They say a four-leaved clover
Brings fortune, fair and true,
And so with loving wishes
I send it, dear, to you.

Oh! May it bring you best of luck,
And health and wealth galore ;
May all that's beautiful and bright
For you be held in store.

May happiness be always thine,
And peace your steps attend,
And Heaven's choicest blessings rest
On you, my dearest friend.

The Bay of Quinte.

O lovely Bay of Quinte!
Rolling on in tranquil flow,
Thine azure bosom tinted
By the sunset's ruddy glow —
I might roam thro' every country,
I might sail o'er every sea,
And never find a place more fair
Than Quinte is to me.
No rugged cliffs nor mountains
Outline thy tranquil shore,
But O the peaceful scenery!
No heart could wish for more.
Thy sloping hills and valleys
All clad in freshest green,
O fairer shores than Quinte's
No mortal eye hath seen.
I love thee, Bay of Quinte!
I love thy pleasant shores,
Thou art entwined with memories
Of childhood's vanished hours.
Oft have I stood upon the shores
Thy dancing wavelets kiss
And thought " 'Tis but in Heaven
There are fairer scenes than this."
I love the Bay of Quinte,
And when this life is o'er
And I with joyous steps will tread
Dear Quinte's side no more,
Oh! let me sleep by Quinte's side,
More sweet would be my rest
Beside the pleasant waters
I have always loved the best.

Just Like Me.

"Now Annie, be quiet." I sharply say,
"I have had enough of your noise to-day,
And I think it is time you tried to be good,
And behave yourself as a little girl should.
Why do you persist in acting so?
You're the naughtiest little girl I know."

I pause, and Nan looks demurely down
To hide the gleam in her eyes so brown.
Then says: "Dear Auntie, I s'pose it's so,
I am very naughty, but then you know
Grandma says that you used to be,
When you were a little girl, just like me.

"She says you played 'hookey' most every day
With Uncle Eddie down to the Bay,
And you two used to fight like cats and dogs,
And push one another off the logs
In the shallow water, just for fun,
Then sit on the logs and dry in the sun.
And you used to run the big boom 'round,
And once you fell in and were nearly drowned,
But some men heard Uncle Eddie shout
And came just in time to pull you out.

“ And you used to dress and nurse the cat,
And play in the sun without any hat,
Till she'd think your very brains would bake,
And you 'hooked' her pies and 'fobbed' her cake.
And often you and my Uncle Ed
For being naughty were sent to bed,
Without any supper, and you used to cry
When you had to wash dishes, same as I.

“ And you used to run off to the fields for flowers,
And stay away for hours and hours,
Then slip in the back way upstairs to bed,
You and Aunt Emmie and Uncle Ed.
And she says you could climb a fence or tree,
And tear your clothes just the same as me.

“ So, Auntie. I think it is hardly fair,”
The dear little maid goes on to declare,
“ That you should be always scolding so
Because I am naughty, when you know
You did the very same things I do.
So Grandma says, and it must be true.”

Like a culprit I sit and listen, dismayed,
To the charges read by this little maid,
I am vanquished, ay! But I bear no grudge
As I plead my guilt to the youthful judge,
For memory wakes with a rush and whirl,
Aroused by the words of the little girl,
And, looking down in the bright, young face
The well-known features and smile I trace
Of another wee lassie I used to know
Somewhere about twenty years ago.

And I close my eyes while memory stray,
Back to my wild, sweet childhood's days,
And my heart beats fast and my pulses stir
As I think of when I was "just like her."

Then two dimpled arms around me twine
As the honest brown eyes glance into mine,
Meeting my gaze so fearlessly
As this strange question she puts to me,
A question that thrills me through and through.
"When I grow up will I be like you?"

For I think "she goes on in a musing tone,
"It is awfully jolly to live alone,
Without any husband to grumble and growl,
Or bothersome babies to fret and howl,
But just a dear, little niece like me,"
How the brown eyes sparkle with mischievous glee!
"To come now and then to visit you
And make things lively, same as I do.
And when called 'old maid' by people unkind,
To smile so serene, as if you don't mind.
O, I think it's so nice to be big and wise
And have dear, little wrinkles around your eyes.
And write nice verses and stories too.
Oh! I'd love to grow up and be just like you."

"Just like me." Ah! She does not think
How her prattle causes my heart to sink,
As memory kneels o'er the grave of the Past,
While the blinding tears fall thick and fast,
Weaving a shadowy veil between
My longing eyes and what might have been.

"Just like me." Forbid, O God!
She should ever look back over pathways trod,
As I have done, and see through tears,
The shattered hopes and dreams of years.
Grant that her lips may never quaff,
As mine have done, Pain's bitter draught.
Father! I pray, may it so Thee please
That all resemblance between us cease,
And her life no more be likened to mine
When once she has crossed the boundary line
That divides the battle-field of Life
From the gardens with childish pleasures rife.
"Just like me." Forbid, O God
That her feet should tread where mine have trod.

Then smiling down in the clear, brown eyes
That have watched my emotion with grave surprise,
I clasp her close as I pray that she
May never grow up to be "just like me."

Her Answer.

They said to her, "Why are your songs so sad?
Such hidden pain and pathos in them lie,
Such mournful thoughts in sombre language clad,
They bring the tears unbidden to the eye.
If you would only sing in strains more glad
The world would laugh, and so forget to sigh.

"Life has its pain, but has its pleasures too!
A cheery smile is better than a tear;
Some hearts are false, we know, but some are true,
The world is sad, why make it still more drear?
We love Life's roses better than Life's rue,
Better than dirge of woe the song of cheer."

And as they talked with her in cheerful strain
A shadow stole o'er her averted face,
But when she turned to meet their gaze again
Her smiling lips showed naught of sorrow's trace,
Though in her eyes still lurked a shade of pain
Which naught might banish from its dwelling place.

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

" A smile is better than a tear you say,
Believe me, friends, it is not always so,
As I can prove. 'Twas but the other day
I stood with one whose heart was crushed with woe,
Beside the coffin where her treasure lay,
So great, so deep her grief, tears would not flow.

" Upon my breast she laid her aching head,
I tried to comfort her, but words were vain,
But as my tears fell fast above the dead
Her tears burst forth in showers like the rain;
Then when her grief was spent, she smiled and said:
' Dear friend, those tears have eased my heart's dull
pain.'"



Soul and Mind.

Here at the glass I stand and wait
To meet that cold, proud gaze of thine,
Some questions I would put to thee,
So answer true, O Soul of mine!

Lift up those clear, calm eyes to mine,
Calm eyes that search me thro' and thro',
And listen while I question thee,
O Soul of mine and answer true.

Life is so full of mysteries
That are not understood by men.
So full of problems yet unsolved,
Too deep and vast for human ken.

Mine eyes, earth-blinded, vainly strive
To read each wondrous mystery,
But thou art heaven-born, they say,
O Soul! It must be plain to thee.

Then tell me, was it worth my while
To live thro' all those dull, gray years,
With scarce a ray of joy or light
To lift the clouds of grief and tears.

When as a child I knew no wrong,
And hope within my heart beat high,
When faith in human kind was strong,
O Soul! Were it not best to die?

When Love's sweet magic thrilled my soul,
And Life a paradise did seem,
O Soul! Were it not best to die
Than live to find it all a dream?

And when I tried to reach the goal
Upon the heights so far above,
Another passed me in the race
And won the prize for which I strove.

And as I watched my fair hopes die,
My heart grew cold and hard as stone.
Then balked Ambition vanquished Faith,
Whilst cruel Doubt usurped her throne.

O Soul! Thou knowest how I tried
To keep my faith in God and man,
But every hope was swept from me.
Why was it? Answer, if you can.

Soul! Is there joy enough in Heaven
To make amends for human woe?
Can all eternity atone
For what we suffer here below!

The preacher bids us kiss the rod,
And bow our heads to Heaven's decree,
Says Sorrow is the lot of man;
But tell me, Soul! Why must it be?

Nay, gaze not with accusing eyes,
Mine eyes can stare as well as thine,
Those questions I have put to thee,
Thou can'st not answer, Soul of mine!

* * * * *

A clear, sweet voice stole on my ear,
A voice of wondrous melody.
As from the mirror's crystal depths
My Soul looked out and answered me.

I cannot tell you what she said,
For words of mine are all too weak ;
It was no language of this earth
In which my Soul to me did speak.

Oh ! Wondrous were the words she spake,
Wisdom and Truth, sublime and grand !
They hushed my mind's wild questioning
And fell upon my heart like balm.

Her eyes met mine with steadfast gaze,
Until, abashed, I gazed no more,
But knelt before my God, and prayed
As I had never prayed before.

From Out the Depths.

The night is closing fast around me, Lord,
The shades of darkness gather, swift and gray,
My aching eyes can scarcely pierce the gloom,
And my weak, faltering feet have lost the way,
O come to me in Sorrow's dreary night
And lead me from the darkness into light.

There was a time when I was well content
To walk within the paths appointed me,
But listening to my heart's rebellious voice
I wandered, step by step, afar from Thee.
Night cometh fast, and swiftly fades the day ;
Father have pity, I have lost my way.

When, hand in hand, I walked with Thee, dear Lord,
Thy strength upheld me in my darkest hour,
But now my burden bends me to the earth—
I miss the aid of Thy sustaining power.
Lord, turn from me the vengeance of Thy wrath
And lead my faltering steps along the path.

My sin is this, O Lord, I tried to solve
Those problems that are known to none but Thee.
Bewildered and perplexed, I vainly strove
To find an answer to Life's mystery.
Thus, step by step, the dangerous path I trod
Till like the fool, I said : " There is no God."

Lord, I confess with tears, my sin is great,
But, penitent and humbled in the dust,
I ask Thy pardon for my waywardness ;
Have pity on me, Lord, in Thee I trust,
Hear Thou my cry of penitence and grief :
" Lord ! I believe, help Thou my unbelief."

The Lesson.

Once when my heart had dared to spurn
The wisdom of His will sublime,
God set a task for me to learn—
To break this stubborn will of mine.

Humbled and penitent, I knelt
At my stern teacher Sorrow's knee,
And with white lips, heart-stricken spelt
The lesson God had set for me.

Through shades of swiftly gathering night
I strove the tear-stained page to con,
Whilst friends who smiled with morning's light
Departed as the night came on.

Then with my lesson learned by heart
I turned to face the world again,
And watched each fickle friend depart,
Mine eyes bedimmed with tears of pain.

I scanned each face with wistful eyes
For friendly smile, but there was none,
Then turned away with bitter sigh
And cried: "O God! There is not one,

"Who heedless of the world's cold scorn
Will step from out the beaten road,
And help with words of kindness born
A comrade sinking 'neath the load."

O friend! I own that I was wrong,
My hasty judgment now I rue,
You stepped from out that worldly throng
To clasp my hand in friendship true.

The memory of that kindly deed
Shall ever in my heart be shrined,
For in that hour of sorest need
You saved my faith in human kind.

And though God's hand hath smitten sore,
Hath broken this poor heart of mine,
And darkened all that lies before,
I will not murmur nor repine.

For had my sun ne'er known eclipse,
Had Life's fair blooms ne'er turned to rue,
Had sorrow's cup not pressed my lips,
I had not found a friend like you.

Of all I know, 'twas you alone,
Who stretched towards me helping hands,
Content to let the fruitless past
Be judged by Him who understands.

Your hand had power my steps to stay
As unbelief's dark paths I trod,
And pointed out a better way,
The peaceful path that leads to God.

Unanswered Prayers.

I asked for Love, God would not grant my prayer ;
I prayed for Fame, and still He said me nay ;
I could not understand His loving care,
That what He did was for my good alway.

And so I murmured at the stern decree,
Rebellious anger swelling in my breast ;
He smiled forgiveness as He said to me :
" My child, all that I do is for the best."

And now my heart is cold to Love's sweet voice ;
Ambition's flame lies lifeless in my breast ;
Nor Love, nor Fame can make my heart rejoice—
The only boon I ask of God is Rest.

My prayer is yet unanswered, but I know
That God knows best how much my heart can bear ;
When it hath borne the allotted share of woe
I know that he will hearken to my prayer.

His time and justice I can safely bide
Knowing that He will grant me this request,
And all Life's longings will be satisfied
In that sweet hour when God will give me Rest.

Your Sunny Smile.

In summer when the skies were blue
And sunshine bathed the land with light,
When friends were mine whom I deemed true
And Life seemed pleasant to my sight,
With sunny smile you came to me
And promised love and fealty.

Fairer than sunbeams did appear
The sunshine of your smile to me,
The love-light in your eyes more clear *J*
Than all the light on land and sea,
And all my heart went out to you—
I loved you and believed you true.

The sun withdrew, and all the land
Grew dark, the world spoke harsh of me,
Friends fell away on every hand,
I mourned them not, I still had thee ;
But when I sought you in my need
Your love proved but a broken reed.

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

My Friend.

I had no friend! With heavy burdened heart
And drooping head, alone I walked through Life
And in the world's gay pleasures had no part ;
My soul was wearied with the bitter strife.
Unloved, unknown, I wandered through Life's mart,
Through gloomy paths with many a sorrow rife.
I had no friend.

The skies o'er head were heavy, dull and gray,
Without one ray of sunshine breaking through,
My starving heart grew faint along the way,
When glancing up I met your gaze so true,
Then all the dreary night was changed to day
And I rejoiced, dear heart, because I knew
I'd found a friend.

You never failed me, loving friend and true,
Since that glad hour when we two first did meet,
No longer do I dread Life's bitter rue
Which Friendship's lips have touched and rendered
sweet,
Still rough the paths that I must journey through,
But what care I tho' tempests 'round me beat,
I have a friend.

The Coming of the King.

O God! Dost Thou not hear the bitter wailing
Ascending from the Earth unto Thy Throne?
Are human tears and prayers so unavailing
That Heaven heareth not our sobbing moan?

"As a shepherd feeds his flock," so it is written,
Lord, we believe, even as Thou hast said,
Yet see, O God! By Famine's gaunt hand smitten
Thy children faint and die. They have no bread.

Thou hast endowed the Earth with goodly treasure
That each may have a portion, fair and just,
And bade Thy stewards give with flowing measure,
Yet see, O Lord, how they abuse Thy Trust.

Hearken, O God! O King. in justice hearken!
Earth's toiling millions moan in agony.
How long, dear God, must man's oppression darken
The lives of those who put their trust in Thee?

O Angel host, whose songs are ever ringing
Around Jehovah's Throne, so sweet and clear,
For one brief moment cease. O cease thy singing,
And let Earth's bitter wailing reach His ear.

Weep on, ye sufferers, raise your means to Heaven,
Let cries of anguish swell more loud and long
Until Earth's pain the Jasper walls hath riven,
And hushed the rapture of the angels' song.

There was silence in Heaven around the Throne,
As up from the Earth came a sobbing moan
Fraught with such anguish and bitter wrong
That the singers in Heaven hushed their song,
And the Lord stooped down from His Throne to hear
Earth's bitter cry as it reached His ear.
And His heart was moved for the woes of men—
" My children need me on Earth again."
Then He said to His shining herald: " Go,
Wing thy swift way to the world below,
And proclaim this message unto all men,
' The King is coming to Earth again.'"

Through the Gates of Pearl, like a winged flame,
Down to the Earth the Angel came,
And the hearts of men, erstwhile so sad
With the cares of Life, grew light and glad
When they heard the tidings the herald bore:
" Rejoice! The King is coming once more."
And all the rulers met to plan
How Earth should welcome the Son of Man.

And they summoned the myriad slaves of Earth,
The sad-faced toilers of humble birth,
Saying: " Work! We bid ye, O slaves of the land!
Build us a mansion, more high and grand

Than ever was seen on Earth before,
For our King is coming to rule once more,
So build us a palace, grand and great,
Where our King can rule in royal state."

And the toilers labored with all their might
Through many a weary day and night,
And the palace walls rose high and grand
'Neath the wondrous skill of brain and hand,
And the feast was spread in the banquet hall
Where the rich and mighty assembled all,
And luxury, warmth and light were there,
And the glimmer and gleam of jewels rare,
In costliest garments all were dressed
Waiting to welcome the Kingly Guest,
And the sheen of garments, rich and grand,
The labor of woman's toil-worn hands,
And the bells rang out in joyous mirth
To welcome the Prince of Peace to Earth.

And the work of the weary slaves was o'er.
Their masters needed their toil no more ;
All was in readiness for the guest,
And the weary slaves, for a while might rest.
"Hasten," they said, "from the palace door,
All ye who are lowly-born and poor.
When the King arrives in royal state
It is fitting that none but the rich and great,
The ruler, the statesman, the scribe and priest,
Should sit with Him at the royal feast ;
So depart, ye slaves, from the palace door,
Go, seek your homes in the haunts of the poor,
Lest your garments worn and your faces thin
Should offend His eyes as He enters in."

And the weary toilers went slowly home
Through the darkening streets. Their work was done.
But some of them lingered and dared to stay
To see the King as He passed that way,
Though the royal feast was not for them,
Yet they all might touch His garment's hem.

But even as the rulers sat in state,
A knock was heard at the palace gate,
"The King has come at last," they cried,
And their hearts beat fast with joy and pride,
"Our King has kept His royal word,
Let us all go forth to meet our Lord."
And they all went forth, that stately throng,
And the palace gates were open flung,
And there in the entrance stood a man
In the humble garb of an artizan.

A murmur of anger, loud and long,
Went up from that jeweled, silk-robed throng,
That one from the ranks of the low and poor
Should dare to knock at the palace door ;
And they frowned on him as he meekly said :
"I am tired and hungry, give me bread,
I have journeyed many a mile this day,
And my path lay over a rugged way,
My limbs are weary and ready to sink,
I am tired and thirsty, give me drink."

But they answered him as with one accord,
"This is the palace of Christ the Lord ;
Within the hall the feast is spread.
Is it right that a beggar should eat the bread

That is meant for a Prince of Royal Race?"
And they shut the door in the stranger's face.

Then they all went back to the banquet room,
And they waited long for the King to come;
And the lights burned dim as the night wore on,
And hope from their bosoms was almost gone,
And they said at the first, faint gleam of day:
" Surely the King has lost His way.
Let us go forth with willing feet
Through every by-way and every street;
Let us hasten before it is too late,
And show Him the way to the palace gate."

So all that day, with willing feet
They searched through the crowded city street
For a Kingly Stranger, but all in vain;
And their tears fell fast like the summer rain
And their sorrow was deep as well as loud,
For they loved their King, but their hearts were proud.

They found Him when day was almost o'er,
'Mid the humble homes of the toiling poor.
With a worshiping crowd around Him pressed,
In glad amaze, He had stripped His breast
Of the royal mantle, and wrapped it 'round
A shivering outcast of the town,
Whilst closely clasped to His sheltering breast
A baby slumbered in peaceful rest—
A poor little babe, a child of sin,
With the brand of shame on its features thin,
Whilst the jeweled crown that had graced His head
He had given the poor, to sell for bread.

Then pushing the humble throng aside
The rulers knelt at His feet' and cried :
" O King ! We have sought Thee long in vain,
And our hearts were heavy with grief and pain ;
Come, let us bring Thee to the gates
Of Thy royal hall, where the feast awaits."

Christ looked at them with meek, sad eyes,
And they all shrank back in shamed surprise ;
They had seen that look of patient grace
When they shut the door in the stranger's face.
" Ye knew Me not, and denied Me bread,
When I knocked at the door last night," He said.

Rest.

"I am so tired," a weary woman said,
And on her pillow laid her aching head ;
I have been toiling hard through all the day,
Dear Lord, I am so tired I cannot pray,
My brain is throbbing, and my eyes are dim,
And all my tired senses seem to swim ;
Since Life holds naught for me but toil and pain,
Would I might sleep and never wake again."
And as she on her pillow lay and wept
Sweet sleep descended on her and she slept.

And in the silent hour of midnight gloom
An angel softly stole into the room,
And gliding noiselessly unto the bed,
Laid its light hand upon the sleeper's head.
The woman woke and marveled at the sight,
For all the room was filled with radiant light.
Then, as the angel bent and kissed her brow,
She murmured softly, "Tell me who art thou?"
Then as the angel clasped her to its breast
She cried : "I know thee now, thy name is Rest."

And in the morn they came and found her there,
Her pale, worn features rendered calm and fair,
Beneath the wondrous majesty of Death,
And as they gazed on her with bated breath,
They marveled at the beauty and the grace
That rested on the sleeper's peaceful face.
And then they robed her form in garments fair,
And from her brow they brushed the soft, brown hair,
And crossed her toil-worn hands upon her breast
And so she slept in sweet, eternal rest.

Only a Working Girl.

I know I am only a working girl,
And I am not ashamed to say
I belong to the ranks of those who toil
For a living, day by day.
With willing feet I press along
In the paths that I must tread,
Proud that I have the strength and skill
To earn my daily bread.
I belong to the "lower classes ;"
That's a phrase we often meet.
There are some who sneer at working girls ;
As they pass us on the street,
They stare at us in proud disdain
And their lips in scorn will curl,
And oftentimes we hear them say :
"She's only a working girl."
"Only a working girl !" Thank God,
With willing hands and heart,
Able to earn my daily bread,
And in Life's battle take my part.
You could offer me no title
I would be more proud to own,
And I stand as high in the sight of God
As the Queen upon her throne.
Those gentle folk who pride themselves
Upon their wealth and birth,
And look with scorn on those who have
Naught else but honest worth,
Your gentle birth we laugh to scorn,
For we hold it as our creed
That none are gentle, save the one
Who does a gentle deed.

We are only the "lower classes,"
But the Holy Scriptures tell
How, when the King of Glory
Came down on earth to dwell,
Not with the rich and mighty
'Neath costly palace dome,
But with the poor and lowly
He chose to make His home.

He was one of the "lower classes,"
And had to toil for bread,
So poor that oftentimes He had
No place to lay His head.
He knows what it is to labor
And toil the long day thro',
He knows when we are weary
For He's been weary too.

O working girls! Remember,
It is neither crime or shame
To work for honest wages,
Since Christ has done the same,
And wealth and high position
Seem but of little worth
To us, whose fellow laborer
Is King of Heaven and Earth.

So when you meet with scornful sneers,
Just lift your heads in pride;
The shield of honest womanhood
Can turn such sneers aside,
And some day they will realize
That the purest, fairest pearls
'Mid the gems of noble womankind
Are "only working girls."

The Honest Working Man.

As through the world we take our way
How oftentimes we hear
The praises sung of wealthy men,
Of prince, and duke and peer.
The poets tell us of their fame,
They are lauded o'er the land,
But you very seldom hear them sing
Of the honest working man.

They praise the wealthy banker,
The purse-proud millionaire ;
Their pockets have golden lining, -
So they're praised from everywhere.
Let others sing the praises
Of those darlings of the land,
But mine shall be a nobler theme—
The honest working man.

Let monarchs prize their glittering crowns
And all their royal host,
Let lordlings brag of their blue blood—
They have nothing else to boast.
But what is all their rank, compared
To our hero, true and grand,
One of fair Nature's noblemen—
The honest working man.

His hands may be both rough and hard,
His clothes and speech be plain,
But you will find his manly heart
Without a spot or stain.
And there are some whose clothes are fine,
Whose hands are soft and white,
But the secret records of their lives
Could never bear the light.

May Heaven's choicest blessings fall
Upon that hero's head,
Who bravely toils throughout each day
To earn his loved ones bread.
You'll find no monarch who can show
A record half so grand.
God bless great labor's true-born knight—
The honest working man.

So now of Fortune's favored ones,
Henceforth let less be said.
And more be spoken of the man
Who toils for daily bread.
God bless each hardy son of toil
That labors in the land.
Let us give three cheers with right good will
For the honest working man.

Lend a Hand.

Life is full of hidden perils,
And the traveller never thinks
Of the dangers that surround him,
Till the ground beneath him sinks.
Can you calmly stand and watch him
Sinking in the treacherous sand,
Heeding not his cry of anguish?
Shame upon you! Lend a hand!

When you see a young beginner
Struggling up the steps of Fame,
And in spite of opposition
Striving hard to win a name,
You who've gained the heights before **him**,
And upon the summit stand,
Do not idly watch his struggles,
Rouse yourselves and lend a hand.

When you see a wounded brother
On the battle-field of Life,
Who, after fighting, long and nobly,
Falls, a loser in the strife,
Pause one moment, O ye conquerors,
In your rush to victory grand,
Brave as ye he fought, tho' vainly,
He is wounded. Lend a hand!

When you meet a fallen sister
In the crowded city street,
None to give her kindly counsel,
None to guide her wayward feet—
In God's eyes she's just as precious
As the purest in the land.
Speak no word of scorn or censure,
Try to save her. Lend a hand!

And perhaps, in that dread hour
When all secrets are made known,
When at last both saint and sinner
Stand before the Judgment Throne,
When in answer to the summons,
At the Bar of God you stand,
Waiting for the eternal sentence,
You'll be glad you lent a hand.

Two Poets.

There lived a poet once, a famous bard,

Whose muse, arrayed in robes of misty light,
Soared high above the common herd of men.

So high she soared, she almost passed from sight,
Even as the cold and brilliant stars of Heaven
That shine in chilly splendour from the skies
Withhold the radiance of their fairest beams
Beyond the naked sight of human eyes.

Still there are some pretentious ones who read
The mystic dreams and fancies of his brain.
Pedantic minds, who, understanding naught,

Would still have others think they grasp the strain.
Till, at some passage with strange meaning fraught,
Too subtle far for them to understand,

They pause perplexed, then as with one accord
Cry out in chorus: "How sublime and grand!"

O gifted bard! I would not try to pluck
One leaf from out thy laurel wreath of fame
Because I fail to grasp thy subtle thought:

'Tis not in thee, but me, where lies the blame.
Around his tomb the world has bowed in grief,
And strewed his grave with bay and laurel leaf.

There lived and died a poet, years ago—

A hardy, humble ploughman of the soil
Who sang his heartfelt songs in simplest words
And earned his daily bread by humble toil.

His songs brought gladness unto many hearts
And soothed men's sorrows as with magic spell.
His name was known in palace and in cot,
For king and peasant loved the poet well.
And why? Because he sang of human faith,
Of human love, of human joy and pain,
The grandest thoughts couched in the simplest words,
The lowliest mind could grasp the meaning plain.
O poet ploughmen! thine the laurel wreath,
Whose songs found answer in the hearts of men,
Thy name shall live on Fame's immortal scroll
After his name has passed from mortal ken,
Thine the true poet soul and master mind
Whose lyrics touched the hearts of all mankind.



In Memoriam, G. P. Y.

Just three-score years and ten he spent with us,
The span of Life allotted unto man,
And then before old age had dimmed his eye
Or clouded his great intellect and brain,
God's voice spake out to him and called him hence.
And he obeyed the call, nor shrank when Death,
That grim and ghastly King of Terrors, laid
His hand upon his noble heart, and stilled
Its kindly throbs. No coward sign he made,
But undismayed and fearless, he went forth
Into the great, mysterious unknown.
Whose entrance is the Grave, whose password—Death.

And now to him all secrets are revealed;
Those mysteries, unfathomed and profound,
Those problems which we ever try to solve
With all the might of our poor human ken—
Problems which baffled even his great brain—
Are all unfolded now unto his sight
Like printed pages of an open book.
Ah! If he only could come back again
For one brief space of time, and speak to us
Of those great mysteries, profound and vast,
Which are no longer mysteries to him.
But that can never be, such thoughts are vain,
For our earth-blinded eyes must close as his

Be touched and opened by the hand of Death,
Ere we can hope to read the truths sublime
Inscribed within the pages of that book.

And we who know how quenchless was his thirst
For Truth and Knowledge, though we mourn our loss,
Rejoice to picture him in that far land,
Drinking deep draughts of knowledge from the springs
Of glorious, eternal, living Truth.

And knowing this we would not wish thee back,
Teacher and guide, philosopher and sage,
Who lived as God ordained mankind should live,
Who died as God ordained mankind should die,
Whose life was blameless and whose end was peace.

A New Year's Greeting.

Long years have passed since we last met,
Long years of mingled joy and pain,
And years may come and vanish yet
Ere we two meet again.

The path I've trod since then, dear friend,
Has proven rough unto my feet :
I've learned that Life holds in the end
More bitterness than sweet.

And now on this glad New Year's day,
When all the land is bright with cheer,
I pause beside the mile-stone gray
That marks another year.

Here Friendship comes with outstretched hand
Her chosen, favored ones to meet,
Unnoticed and alone I stand—
I have no friend to greet.

In bitterness I turn away
And sigh : " Is there not one that's true,
Whose friendship can outlast a day ?"
And then I think of you.

O truest heart ! O noblest friend
God ever sent to comfort me,
Here at the Old Year's fruitless end
My soul cries out to thee.

Across the gulf of weary years
My lonely spirit calls to thine,
And memory brings the sudden tears,
My friend of "Auld Lang Syne."

How shall I word the message, dear,
My greeting for this New Year's day?
How write the words of kindly cheer
That my full heart would say?

May all your life from care be free,
Not crushed as mine, 'neath Sorrow's thrall,
The sunlight God denied to me
Across your pathway fall.

Death of the Old Year.

In the silent hour of midnight
Like a mystic phantom gray,
Head bowed low in weeping sorrow,
So the Old Year steals away.
None bestow a thought upon him,
For his death none shed a tear,
All are thinking of the morrow,
Of the blithe and bright New Year.

Hastening on with weary footsteps,
Wailing oft in saddened tone :
" No one cares for all my sorrow,
No one grieves that I am gone."
Shivering in the bitter night wind,
Death's dark shadows looming near,
By every one he is deserted.
Poor, forsaken, sad Old Year !

Now the midnight chimes are telling
Of the gladsome New Year's birth ;
How their cheery tones are swelling
Into joyous songs of mirth
Whilst in bitter, lonely sorrow,
Passing on through pathways drear,
To the sea of dark Oblivion,
Glides the lonely, sad Old Year.

Christmas Memories.

Christmas bells are softly pealing
Through the frosty morning air,
O'er my heart the notes are stealing,
Driving out the pain and care.
Clearer now their tones are ringing
Over the new-fallen snow,
Once again the tidings bringing,
Brought by angels long ago.

And my thoughts are softly turning
To a vanished Christmas day,
And my heart is filled with yearning
For the dear ones far away,
Sad, sweet memories, swiftly thronging
Thrill my breast with joy and pain,
And I long with tender longing
To be with them once again,

O! the time seems long and dreary
Since those parting words were said,
And the path is rough and weary
That my tired feet must tread.
Yet though my life is filled with sadness,
Still with fervent heart I pray,
May their lives be filled with gladness
And peace be theirs this Christmas day.

The New Year.

When the gloomy shades of midnight
Have enveloped all the earth,
I sit watching at the window
For the coming New Year's birth,
And I seem to see in fancy,
Through the shadows of the night,
Hosts of angel forms advancing,
O so fair and wondrous bright.

Well I know those radiant beings
Are not of an earthly clime—
In their midst a grim old figure,
Gaunt and gray, old Father Time ;
In his arms he bears a burden—
'Tis an infant, young and fair,
Rounded limbs and baby dimples,
Laughing eyes and shining hair.

Onward comes the bright procession,
Singing songs of happy cheer,
And I know the smiling infant
Is the blithe and bright New Year.
Now they pause before my window
And the New Year laughs with glee,
Holding both hands clasped tightly
O'er the gifts I may not see.

And he whispers : " O sad mortal !
Bid thy sorrows all depart,
I have come with fairest blessings
And would cheer thy saddened heart."
And I whisper : " Tell me, New Year,
What thou hast in store for me ?"
But he clasps his hand still closer
O'er the gifts I may not see.

And he speaks in solemn sadness
" Mortal, would'st thou look ahead,
Would'st thou draw aside the curtain
From the paths that thou must tread ?
Never yet were seen by mortals,
Paths as yet by them untrod,
Seek not then to read the future,
Leave it all to time and God."

Then with footsteps fleet and noiseless,
Speed the shining throng away
And once more alone I'm sitting
In the darkness, cold and gray.
" Ah ! The New Year's right." I murmur,
" It is best I should not know,
So to God I leave the future
Be it weal or be it woe."

A Christmas Prayer.

Dear Lord, at this glad Christmas tide,
When loving friends with joyous mirth
Meet 'round each cheerful Christmas hearth,
Is there no Christmas guest for me?
See Lord, my heart's door opened wide,
O, enter Thou, with me abide ;
This anniversary of Thy birth
Wilt Thou not deign my guest to be?

Lord, when with loving hearts aglow,
Friend greeteth friend with Christmas cheer,
They offer gifts through friendship dear,
Hast Thou no Christmas gift for me?
Dear Lord, to me Thy kindness show,
I long so much Thy Peace to know,
Come Thou unto my hearth-stone drear
And bring the gift of Peace with Thee.

The Dying Year.

The New Year comes to me with laughing eyes,

His hands clasped closely that I may not see,

And whispers of the wondrous gifts he holds

Safe hidden in his dimpled palms for me.

But all his promises to me are naught.

His words but fall upon a heedless ear:

To all his glowing hopes I give no thought

For I am weeping for the dying year.

Oh! Dear Old Year, and must I say farewell?

Never indeed was word so sadly said.

I care not for the New Year's promises.

With thee my fairest hopes will soon be dead.

Old Year, thou wast indeed a friend to me

And though my joy were sometimes mixed with woe

No other year was half so kind as thee:

It breaks my heart, Old Year, to see thee go.

Hark! Now the bells ring out their merry chime!

Upon the midnight air their voices swell

A peal of welcome to the new-born year.

To me 'tis but the Old Year's dying knell.

O, dear old friend, the hour has come at last

When I must say farewell for aye to thee.

New Years may come and Old Years pass away,

But you will never be forgot by me.

St. Valentine's Eve.

" Good St. Valentine, listen to me,
Good St. Valentine, let me see
Who my future love will be? "
—Old Rhyme.

I was all alone at the window
On the eve of St. Valentine's day,
And the moon shed a soft, silver lustre,
O'er the earth clad in snowy array.

And I hope, dear, you'll not think me foolish
When you hear what I have to tell,
But sitting alone in the moonlight
I thought of the old love-spell.

They say if you stand in the moonlight
And pray to St. Valentine
For a glimpse of your future lover
In the words of a quaint, old rhyme,

That the good Saint never refuses
To answer a prayer sincere,
And the form of the one who loves you
That night in your dreams will appear.

So I thought if he listened to others
He might answer a prayer of mine,
For you know he's the friend of lovers,
This dear old Saint Valentine.

But I fear I'm a bit of sceptic
For I hadn't much faith in the charm,
Still I thought to myself, "I will try it,
As it surely can do no harm."

And the moon shed its glories around me
As I whispered the quaint old rhyme,
And of course, dear, I need not tell you
I was thinking of you all the time.

Oh! I whispered it ever so softly
For fear I might be overheard.
But the moon and the stars seemed to listen
And I know that they caught every word.

And I fancied the moon was smiling
And the stars seemed to laugh overhead,
And I felt half ashamed of my folly
As I silently crept to my bed.

But, dear, I awoke in the morning
Convinced that the charm was true,
And I know that the good Saint heard me,
For, darling, I dreamed of you.

Hallowe'en.

As I sit alone by the fire
This quiet Hallowe'en,
My heart revives with the memory
Of a past and happy scene.
How their forms arise before me,
The dear friends of the past.
But how soon the visions vanish.
Too bright by far to last!

I seem to feel their presence
In the swiftly gathering gloom,
And I hear their garments rustle
In the stillness of the room.
A gentle memory rolls away
The years that intervene
Between me and the pleasure
Of that happy Hallowe'en.

A merry, laughing party.
With lips and eyes aglow.
With ringing laugh and merry jest—
What thought had we of woe?
O loved ones dear, since that glad night,
Sad years have come and gone.
And of all the bright and happy group,
I am sitting here alone.

Alone of all that happy group:
Some sleep beneath the ground.
And winter winds sweep o'er their graves
With sad and mournful sound.
And some by happy firesides,
With children, bright and fair,
Encircled by Love's sheltering arms
They know no pain nor care.

And one, ah me, the dearest one
Of all that household band,
Has drained the cup of sorrow
From Fate's relentless hand.
Better, dear heart, if thou had'st died
In childhood, long ago,
Than live to see thy future marred
By memories of woe.

And as I sit here dreaming,
It seems so long ago.
Like a day of brightest sunshine
Veiled by weary years of woe,
And I bow my head in sorrow
While my soul cries out in pain ;
Will those days of peace and gladness
Ne'er come to us again ?

Then a voice of silvery music
Comes, stealing through the room,
And a presence, sweet and mystic,
Seems to lighten up the gloom,
It lulls my bitter yearnings
Into calm and peaceful rest,
As it bids me not to murmur
For God knows what is best.

It is the lot of mortals
To feel the weight of woe.
If we would wear the crown in heaven
We must bear the cross below.
I know some day we all will meet
Where Sorrow cannot blight,
And in the radiant morning
We'll forget the darksome night.

And so I sit here dreaming
In the calm and quiet night,
Of the sad, sweet memories of the past
And the future, fair and bright.
Then softly doth Oblivion draw
Her mystic veil between,
And shuts out the haunting memories
Of that happy Hallowe'en.

Thanksgiving.

Thank God for Life !

E'en tho' it bring much bitterness and strife,
And all our fairest hopes be wrecked and lost ;
E'en tho' there be more ill than good in Life
We cling to Life and reckon not the cost.

Thank God for Life.

Thank God for Love !

For tho' sometimes Grief follows in its wake,
Still we forget Love's sorrow in Love's joy
And cherish tears with smiles for Love's dear sake ;
Only in Heaven is bliss without alloy.

Thank God for Love.

Thank God for Pain !

No tear hath ever yet been shed in pain,
And in the end each sorrowing heart shall find
No curse, but blessings in the hand of Pain ;
Even when He smiteth, then is God most kind.

Thank God for Pain.

Thank God for Death !

Who toucheth anguished lips and stills their breath,
And giveth Peace unto each troubled breast ;
Grief flies before thy touch, O blessed Death !
God's sweetest gift ; thy name in Heaven is Rest.

Thank God for Death.

My Prayer.

Ye who have struggled with me in the strife,
Ye who have braved the conflict, fought and bled,
My comrades on the battle-field of Life,
Deal with me gently after I am dead.

Remember not my many frailties,
My faults and failings, though they are not few,
Nay, countless as the sands beside the seas,
Still would I ask forgetfulness from you.

It may be that some comrade's heart hath bled,
Sore wounded by some careless shaft of mine,
But let not anger live against the dead,
"To err is human, to forgive Divine."

And if your wrath is fierce and vain would live,
Remember that I also suffered wrong,
Yet found it in my power to forgive.
Though Hate is mighty, Love is still more strong.

One virtue I can surely call my own,
Perchance, with it, my life has not been vain ;
My ears were swift to hear another's moan,
My eyes were swift to weep for others' pain.

So when you breathe my name in future years
Deal gently with the comrade who is gone,
Remember her as one who shared your tears
And felt your sorrows even as her own.

O friends! Deny me not the boon I ask,
Is human wrath more dread than that of Heaven?
Is pardoning a fault so great a task
That man should dare refuse what God has given?

Trace all my frailties in Oblivion's sand,
But grave my virtues deep on memory's shrine;
When this is done by Heaven's recording hand
Can human hearts refuse this prayer of mine?