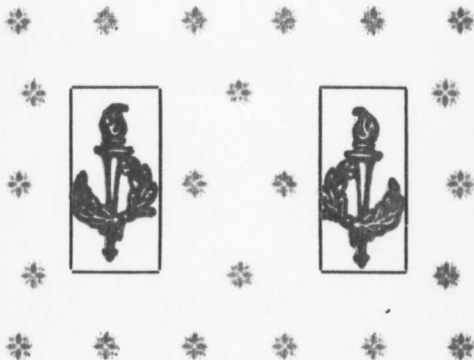




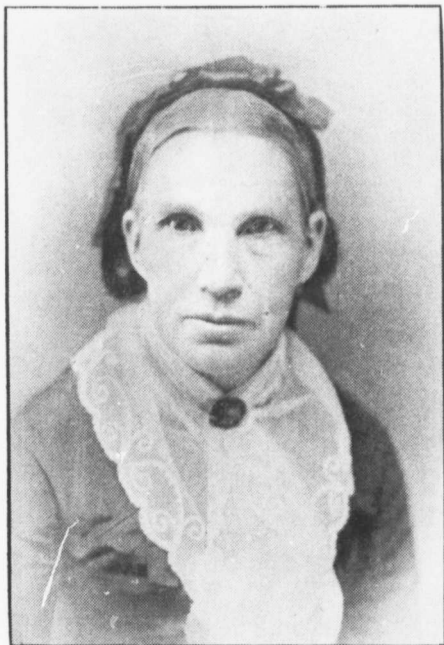
Selections

From the Writings of
Mrs. P. A. Henry,
Bowmanville, Ontario.



21669

28/9/1910



MRS. P. A. HENRY,
BOWMANVILLE, ONT.

To Mrs. Henry.

10



DOUBT not, my friend, the sure re-
ward,

That to your work is given,

But know that each sweet word
shall plant

A sweeter flower in Heaven,

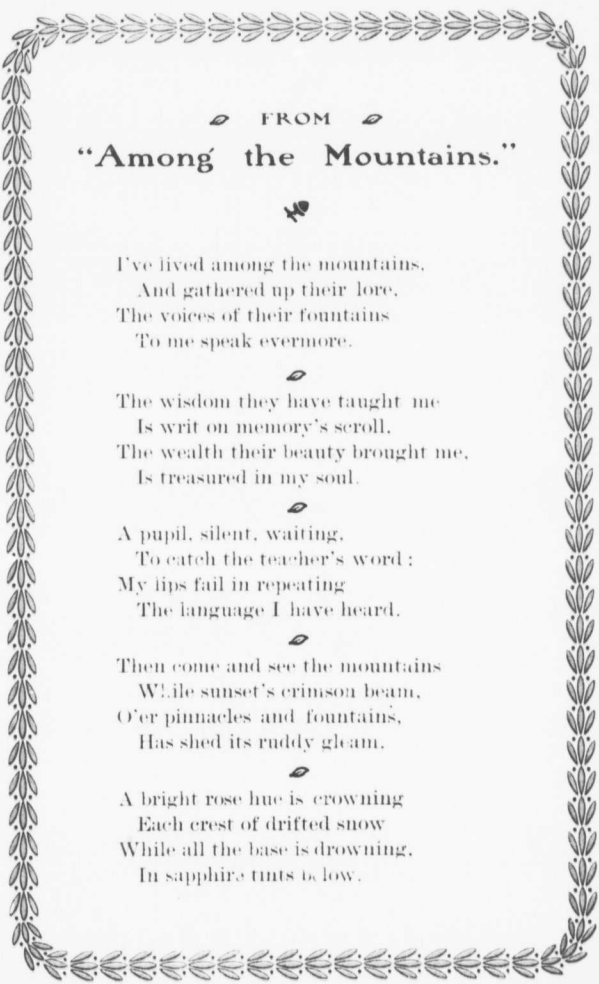
Which through all time that is
to come,

Shall spread its leaves abroad,

And fill with its unfading scent

The palaces of God.

F. L. S.



FROM

“Among the Mountains.”

I've lived among the mountains,
And gathered up their lore,
The voices of their fountains
To me speak evermore.

The wisdom they have taught me
Is writ on memory's scroll,
The wealth their beauty brought me,
Is treasured in my soul.

A pupil, silent, waiting,
To catch the teacher's word:
My lips fail in repeating
The language I have heard.

Then come and see the mountains
While sunset's crimson beam,
O'er pinnacles and fountains,
Has shed its ruddy gleam.

A bright rose hue is crowning
Each crest of drifted snow
While all the base is drowning,
In sapphire tints below.

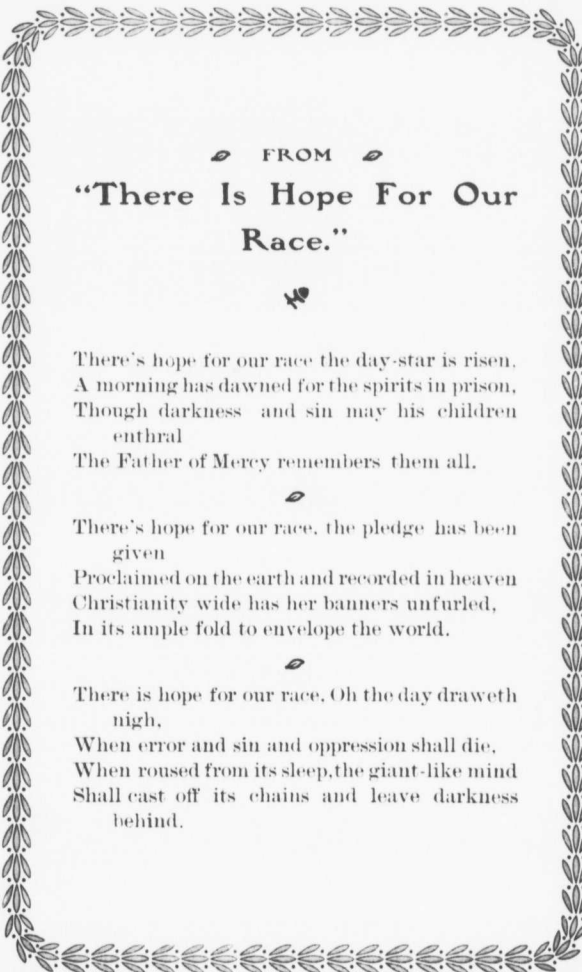
FROM
"Among the Mountains."

The mountains whisper in the night :
I heard a sound from every height,
Like echoes falling from the sky,
Or like a flute-note's anxious sigh,
But with the first gray light of morn,
Their voice rang like a huntsman's horn :

Oh, come up higher, higher !
Why linger in the gloom !
The clouds are all on fire,
And crystal roses bloom.

'Tis morning in the mountains :
The yet unrisen sun
Has all his golden fountains,
With glory overrun.

Each summit now is glowing,
A heap of burnished gold,
The yellow light o'erflowing,
Drives back the shadow cold.



FROM

**"There Is Hope For Our
Race."**

There's hope for our race the day-star is risen,
A morning has dawned for the spirits in prison,
Though darkness and sin may his children
enthrall
The Father of Mercy remembers them all.

There's hope for our race, the pledge has been
given
Proclaimed on the earth and recorded in heaven
Christianity wide has her banners unfurled,
In its ample fold to envelope the world.

There is hope for our race, Oh the day draweth
nigh,
When error and sin and oppression shall die,
When roused from its sleep, the giant-like mind
Shall cast off its chains and leave darkness
behind.

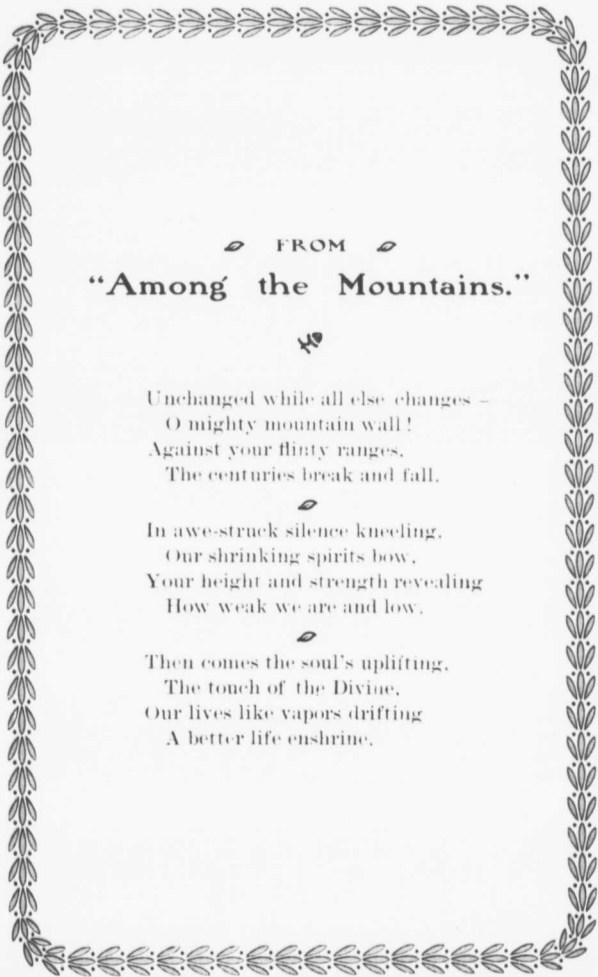
FROM
"IVAR AND ILDA."

A Canadian Romance.

Along Canadia's rock-bound shore,
Where hoarse Ontario's billows roar,
Where winds their wildest vigils keep,
Above a fiercely boiling deep,
And wave and storm in revel loud,
Veil their dim forms in mist and cloud,
And mighty with the grey rocks hold
Strange concerts in such tones as thrill
The hearts of stoutest seamen bold,
The weak with fear and trembling fill.

Along this shore full many a lyre
Of sweet symphonious chord is hung,
That waits but for the magic fire—
The music's touch to wake in song,
For love and hope have budded here,
And blossomed in affection bright,
And dread suspense and sickening fear,
And death's cold touch and mildew blight
Have made the streams of anguish flow,
And quenched the young heart's fervid glow,
Have turned the springs of life to gall,
The bridal veil to funeral pall.

Forgive me then, adopted land
If I should dare, with feeble hand
To touch thy harp that long unstrung
With loosened chords neglected hung
If I some echo faint can wake,
That floating o'er thy own bright lake,
Provokes by its uncomely strain
Some heart that owns the sacred fire,
To sweep with master hand that lyre,
My efforts will not be in vain.



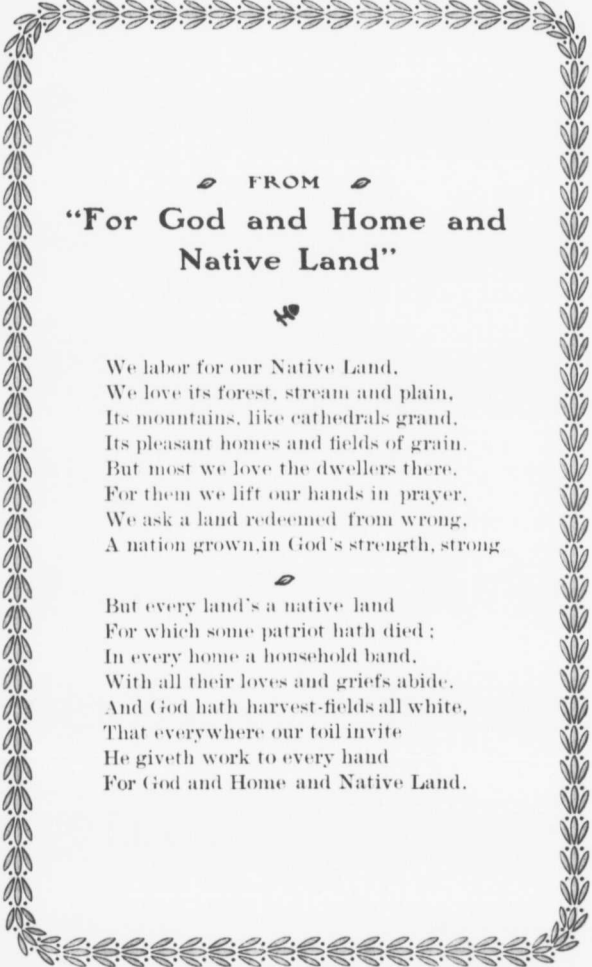
FROM

“Among the Mountains.”

Unchanged while all else changes –
O mighty mountain wall!
Against your flinty ranges,
The centuries break and fall.

In awe-struck silence kneeling,
Our shrinking spirits bow,
Your height and strength revealing
How weak we are and low.

Then comes the soul's uplifting,
The touch of the Divine,
Our lives like vapors drifting
A better life enshrine.



FROM

**“For God and Home and
Native Land”**

We labor for our Native Land,
We love its forest, stream and plain,
Its mountains, like cathedrals grand,
Its pleasant homes and fields of grain.
But most we love the dwellers there,
For them we lift our hands in prayer,
We ask a land redeemed from wrong,
A nation grown, in God's strength, strong

But every land's a native land
For which some patriot hath died ;
In every home a household band,
With all their loves and griefs abide,
And God hath harvest-fields all white,
That everywhere our toil invite
He giveth work to every hand
For God and Home and Native Land.



FROM

"Among the Mountains."



What matters though we make our homes
Where sound of church bell never comes,
What need of temples built by hands,
While God's Cathedral 'round us stands?
Were not his altars reared of old,
Upon the mountains dim and cold,
From Sinai Moses gave the law,
The burning bush on Horeb saw,
Went not the Christ at close of day,
Apart into a mount to pray?



FROM

“Among the Mountains.”

Then seek the mountain fastness,
The everlasting hills,
Where God's great templed vastness
His sacred presence fills.

Oh, hear ye not the chiming,
Like silver Sabbath bells,
To sacred musing timing,
The distant echo swells.

From unseen shrines ascending
The clouds like incense rise,
The blue sky over-bending,
Accepts the sacrifice.

There's worship in each whisper,
That stirs the crystal air ;
There's litany and vesper
And every breath is prayer.



FROM

"MY EVENING HYMN."

✿

Forgive my sins dear Lord, I pray !
And on thy loving breast,
My weary head O let me lay,
And find a peaceful rest.

✿

For long and toilsome is the day,
And rough the way hath been ;
And sometimes, too, my feet would stray
Into the paths of sin.

✿

But now the day is almost gone,
The sun is in the west,
I come to lay my armor down,
O Father let me rest !

✿

No terror hath the great still night —
The evening shades divide,
Where gleams the moon's calm, holy light,
Across the waveless tide.

✿

And like a bright familiar star,
Seen o'er some distant height,
The home where many mansions are,
Is dawning on my sight.



FROM
"THE LAND OF REST."

There is a land of perfect rest,
A land where dwellers all are blest ;
Where streams of joy forever roll,
And peace bathes every weary soul.

'Tis not beneath the tropic skies,
Where tow'ring palm trees proudly rise,
Nor where the incense-laden breeze,
Shakes fragrance from Magnolia leaves.

No sunny vale or cloud-capt hill,
Nor groves where sweetest songsters trill,
Nor green isle on the ocean breast,
Nor gorgeous region of the west.

No land of wondrous wealth untold,
Nor strand enriched with gems or gold,
That spirit resting place contain,
Where severed hearts unite again.

'Tis far beyond the grasp of time,
And fairer than earth's brightest clime,
More glorious than our hopes can tell,
The land where earth's redeemed shall dwell.

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