

**CIHM
Microfiche
Series
(Monographs)**

**ICMH
Collection de
microfiches
(monographies)**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

© 1994

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
La titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear
within the text. Whenever possible, these have
been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées.

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

- Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

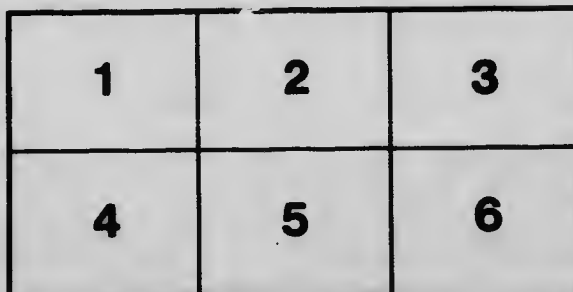
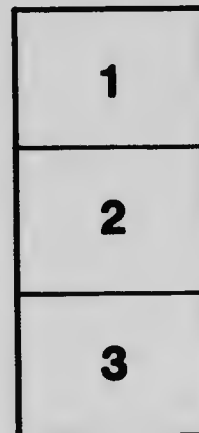
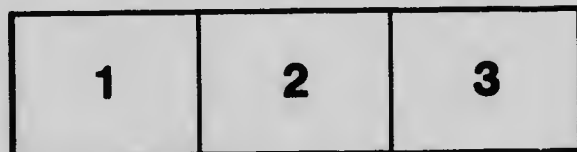
National Library of Canada

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shell contains the symbol \rightarrow (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ∇ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

Bibliothèque nationale du Canada

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

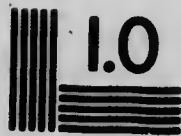
Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole \rightarrow signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ∇ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



4.5

2.8

2.5

5.0

3.2

2.2

5.6

6.3

3.6

7.1

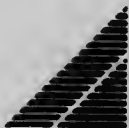
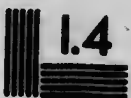
4.0

2.0

8.0

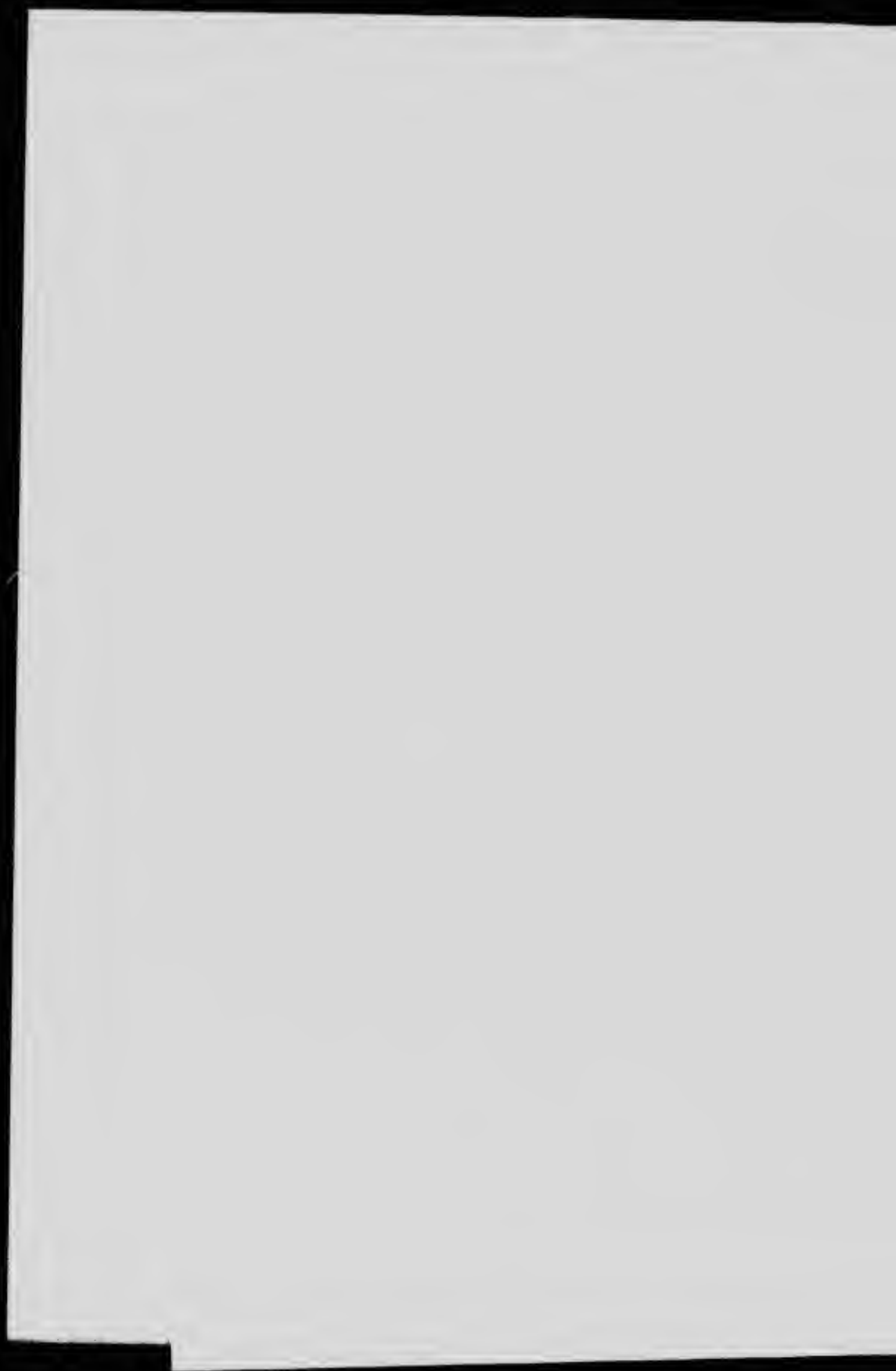
9.0

10.0



APPLIED IMAGE Inc.

1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482-0300 - Phone
(716) 288-5989 - Fax



SONGS
of
GLADNESS
by
JAMES L. HUGHES
Christmas, 1913



958515

4274558

1913

XXX

59056

✓

To Mr. ~~Wm~~ Lyon McKenzie King

With all Good Wishes

Christmas, 1913.

James L. Hughes.

The Bright Side



Friends of my youth! I shall not mourn
Because we had to part;
I shall be glad that long ago
You lighted up my heart.
Your life touch gave a sweeter tone
To all the music of my own.

Friends who came only yesterday!
'Twas long to wait, I know;
Why weep because we met so late?
You're here, you're true, and so
I shall rejoice, and life will be
Richer because you came to me.

Dreaming



As I sit beside the ocean
In the Indian Summer Days,
Looking back to years behind me
Through October's misty haze;

Catching glimpses of the wonders
That set all my life aglow
With the thrill of higher vision
In the days so long ago;

As some great revealing moment
Of the past comes shining through,
When I saw from higher hill crest
Wider, clearer, grander view;

I can hear the rhythmic music
Of the universe again,
And my glowing soul responsive
Turns to you with gladness then.

Sit In My Heart's Hearth Glow



To my deepest heart as the years have passed
I have taken friends whom I found most true;
I have kept them there, and you'll always find
That a special place is reserved for you.

The inspiring days that I spent with you
In the bygone years I shall ne'er forget,
For the seeds you planted in me have grown,
And the chords you touched are resounding yet.

And my hope is stronger, when days are dark,
And my vision clearer, and faith more true,
And my aim is higher, and joy more deep,
And my whole life sweeter because of you.

So I long for you at this Christmas time;—
Let us sit awhile in my heart's hearth-glow,
And I'll hold your hand till I feel the thrill
Of those golden hours of the long ago.

Let us tell the tales that no others know,
They're the truest tales that were ever told;
Let us dream the dreams that we used to dream;
Let us pledge again as in days of old.

Smile On



Although the years may bring us tears
The clouds go swiftly by,
Let sorrow go, and gladness glow
In rainbows on our sky.

Still sweetly sing, as in the Spring
The birds sang long ago:—
With lives in tune, 'tis always June
Smile on, and truly grow.

May



Far from this tree crowned hill top
Visions of growth I see ;
Green blades of hope on wheat field !
Green leaves of joy on tree !

Glory of bloom full orchards !
Life bursting forth anew !
Music of wind and song bird !
Sunshine on lake so blue !

Deep in my heart the glory
Lights up my truest life,
Driving away the shadows,
Healing the scars of strife.

Starting in Life's great garden
Bloom of the sweetest flowers;
Sowing in Life's wide wheatfields
Seeds of my highest powers.

Lifes' Sweetest Music



My life has been thrilled by music
A thousand times;
By organ with sacred anthem;
By pealing chimes;

By bands whose heart stirring message
My spirit fired;
By singers whose mellow voices
Great thoughts inspired;

By chorus of storm and thunder
And raging sea;
By dream songs of fancied glories
In days to be;

By wind songs among the branches
Of tall pine trees;
By bird songs borne sweetly to me
On summer breeze;

But sweeter than these is laughter,
When children play,
And shout with their hearts o'er flowing
With joy in May.

Mysteries



I wonder why the moonshine, Dick,
Has lost its magic power
To thrill us, as in early years,
At midnight's witching hour.

I wonder why the Springtime, Dick,
Can not make flowers grow
So beautiful, as those we found
In Springtime long ago.

I wonder why the pine trees, Dick,
Are not so grand and high,
As when we rambled in the woods,
And they held up the sky.

I wonder why no music, Dick,
Can ever be so sweet,
As when we heard the Hampton Band
Play on Solina street.

I wonder why no triumph, Dick,
Can give me such delight,
As when I won the spelling match
In Bradley's School that night.

I'm glad we can remember, Dick,
The glory long ago,
When Nature, Friendship, Love and Hope
First started Life to glow.

Climbing



When we have struggled upward,
And stand at last
On the high, sun kissed hill crest
To view the past;

Counting the epoch triumphs
Of duty done,
Grateful for faith and courage
By which we won;

Deep is the joy that thrills us
There on the crest:—
Surely of Life's rich moments
This is the best!

No! the transcendent glory
Of each new height
Comes, when our eyes look upward
Through clearer light,

Up to the higher hill crest
Where we may stand;—
Yonder the air is purer,
The view more grand.

Glad that the joy of climbing
Still may be mine,
Upward I'll climb forever
Towards the Divine.

My Home Land



Wheresoe'r my footsteps roam
Memory goes back to thee,
Dear old Durham, happy home,
Where my life was pure and free.
Nature in my childhood there
Thrilled my soul with joyous dreams,
As I rambled without care
Through the glens and by the streams.
I can never have again
Dreams so sweet as I had then.

Mine were stars, and sun, and moon,
Mine the joys of woodland bowers,
Mine the Bob-o-link's sweet tune,
Mine the beauty of the flowers,
Mine the home life fond and true,
Mine the friends I ne'er forget,
Mine love's music ever new,
Ringing in my heart bells yet,
I can never be again
Half so rich as I was then.

Happy school days of my youth!
Days of growth and vision, when
Honor, virtue, faith and truth,
I was taught by noble men!
I remember with delight
Youth's enchanting, sacred joys,
And I breathe a prayer to-night
For my school-mates—girls and boys.
There can never be again
Days so glorious as then.

The Revealer



Since I saw across Life's Ocean
The glow of your friendly light,
My soul has a clearer vision
Of justice, and truth, and right,
My faith in mankind is stronger,
My pathway has grown more bright,
My courage and strength are greater
To win in the uphill fight.

There is more sweetness in Springtime,
More music of birds in June,
There is more hope in the morning,
More rest in the peaceful noon,
There are more stars in my heaven,
More mystic charm in the moon,
There is, since you sang it for me,
More melody in Life's tune.

There is more warmth in the sunshine,
More gold in the sunset, too,
There are more pearls in the raindrops,
More diamonds in the dew,
There are more flowers in the woodland,
More beauty in mountain view,
More glory in sea and river,
Since you made the whole world new.

Real Riches



I have mountain peaks that stand up grandly high,
I have sunsets full of glory on the sky,
I have beaches washed by ocean's rolling tide,
I have avenues along a river's side,
I have wildwoods filled with rarest ferns and flowers,
I have song birds singing sweetly in the bowers,
I have apple blossoms smiling on my trees,
I have clover fields of sweetness for my bees,
I have hawthorn trees that love me in the glen,
I have hemlocks that still call "come back again,"
I have pathways in the woods with vistas rare,
I am just a happy, hopeful millionaire.

The Song of the River



Yes! I stood beside the river,
When the setting sun was low,
And between the waving tree tops
I could see the afterglow ;
And the river sang the story
That we told it long ago.

And I asked the rippling river,
As I stood there all alone,
If it knew no other story ?
It replied in merry tone:—
I tell on the same old story,
But each lover hears his own.

Fountains of Joy



When shadows flit across my sky
And life seems dark and drear,
I turn to youth's enchanted days
And fill my heart with cheer.

I listen to the merry bells
In Winter time again ;
I gather flowers in the Spring
In field, and grove, and glen.

I smell the purple clover fields
In Summer's golden days ;
I go to apple paring bees
Through Indian Summer haze.

Be Glad



Are you not sad for sorrows past?
No! I am glad they did not last.

Do you not hate the false you knew?
No! I love more the good and true.

Do you not mourn for work undone?
No! I rejoice for triumphs won.

Have not Life's struggles wearied you?
No! they revealed new work to do.

Do you not fear the long dark night?
No! I await the coming light.

Surely some dread the future morn:—
No! Hope and Faith can see the stars.

The Sun Will Shine Again

(Written in 1869)



When the fading sunset
Tells that day is o'er
No one fears that morning
Will return no more.
So Life's sunny brightness
Oft may pass, but then
Hope will light the darkness;
Day will come again.

So, if fickle fortune
Ever prove unkind,
Nobly face the future
With a cheerful mind.
Each heart has some shadows.
But, if we despond,
We are clouding over
Happy skies beyond.

Waste no time in weeping
There is work to do,
Higher duties waiting
For the strong and true.
Earnest, manly effort
Drives away despair,
Cowards never conquer,
Courage chases care.



