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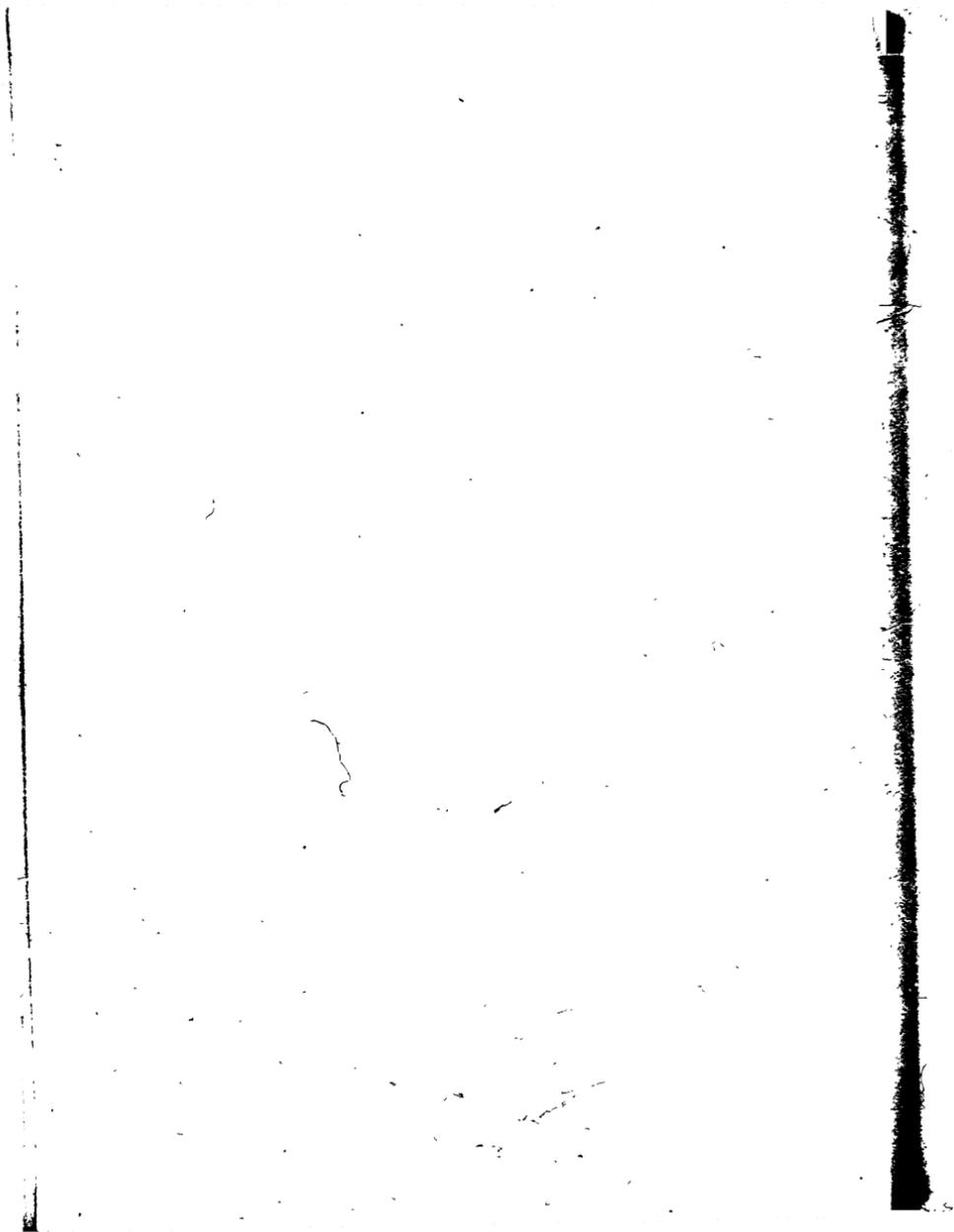
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....A....

“Booklet of Verse,”

BY

ROZELLE V. MYERS-FUNNELL, M.D.,

PRICE, ~~75~~ CENTS.

OTTAWA:
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1897.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada in the year 1897, by
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TO

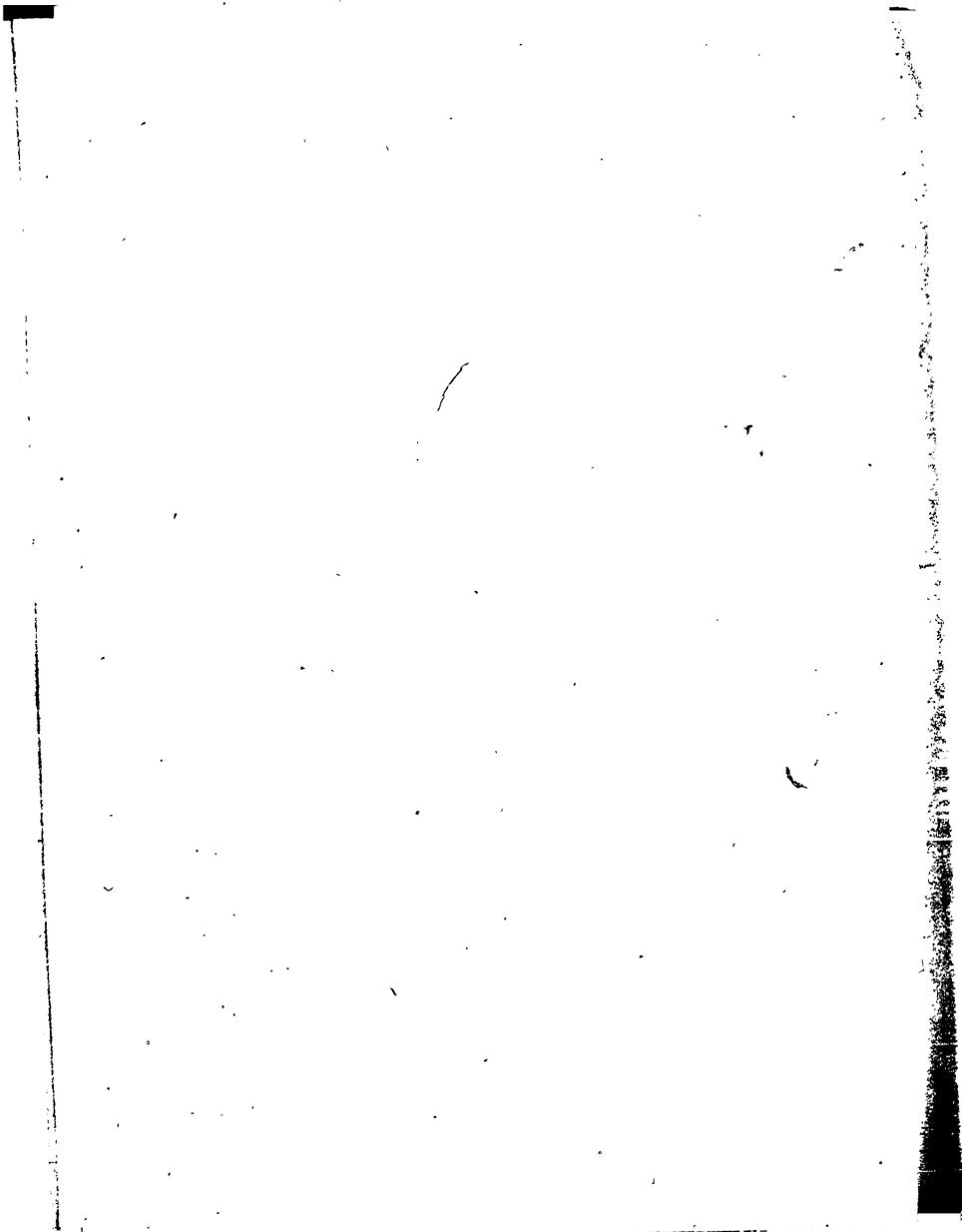
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PRESS OF PAYNTER & ABBOTT,
48 Rideau St. and 68 Bank St.,
OTTAWA, CAN.

Jubilee Song.

(Air—National Anthem.)

FAIR Canada! to-day
 Bring forth some worthy lay
 Straight from thy heart.
 To Her who brooks no wrong
 Anthems of praise belong—
 Do thou, in Earth's glad song
 Bear noble part.

Sing of the sturdy *past*,
 When in thy forests vast
 Watch fires were seen :
 Brave hearts beat strongly then
 In breasts of gallant men,
 Struggling with sword and pen
 For home and Queen !

Sing of the golden *now*,
 When on thy calm pure brow
 Peace laurels twine.
 Tell of the hearts that thrill
 Ready to do Her will—
 All undivided still
 Her hopes and thine.

Sing of the *coming* years,
As to thy view appears
The glorious day,
When Truth alone shall stand ;
Justice rule every land ;
Right, with impartial hand,
All men shall sway !

The good of yesterday ;
All that thou art to-day,
Or yet shall be,
To thy loved Sovereign bring ;
And with Earth's millions sing,
While round the world shall ring
HER JUBILEE !

Quinte.

(Prelude).

KAN-TAH.

THERE is no fairer land,
 Nor spot on earth
 Than the sunny wave-washed strand,
 Place of our birth ;
 No vision half so dear
 To us can come,
 As the mem'ries clustering near
 Our dear old home.

(Song).

Ye blue waves of Quinte,
 Now dancing and gleaming,
 Your weird echoes haunt me,
 When waking or dreaming ;
 Your murmur, at even,
 An angel-voice seemeth,
 Low whisp'ring of Heaven,
 When soft moonlight beameth.

Ye blue waves of Quinte,
 When dashing and sparkling,
 Half charm, and half daunt me,
 Now flashing, now darkling ;
 The moan of your surges,
 'Neath white foam wreaths sounding
 Like sad fun'ral dirges
 Mid snow-flakes resounding.

Ye blue waves of Quinte,
 No longer beguiling,
 Ye mock me, and taunt me,
 Though glinting and smiling ;
 Of all that I cherished,
 The years have bereft me—
 All! All else have perished,
 Ye only are left me.

(Set to Music by Cecil J. A. Birkett).

Hope.

(Song).

A SNOWY vessel, with gleaming sails,
 I choose from the harbor there ;
 Not a thought give I to wintry gales,
 Nor weary waves of care.
 I only dream of skies of blue,
 And a shimmering, summer sea ;
 I only think of a friendship true,
 And a loved one waiting for me.

The years, the years, may intervene,
 But my light-winged barque and I
 Care not for the time that lies between,
 Nor the slow hours creeping by.
 I only see the white peace shore
 That my feet shall surely press ;
 I only dream of the voyage o'er,
 And the love that my heart will bless.

Thou Art Near.

(*Song*).

CRIMSON leaves are fall'ing o'er me,
 Autumn zephyrs fan my brow,
 Strange weird fancies flit before me,
 Surely I am dreaming now !
 Woodland echoes could not whisper
 Gentle words for mortal ear ;
 Still I hear them, sweetly, clearly,
 And I know that thou art near.

CHORUS :

Thy sweet spirit lingers near me,
 Oh ! the joy that thought affords.
 Darling, thou art come to cheer me
 With thy gentle loving words.

Oh ! my darling, linger near me
 As I mingle with the throng ;
 Whisper softly, I will hear thee
 When strange voices tempt to wrong.
 Life for me hath hours of sorrow,
 Weary days of anxious fear ;
 But I'll meet them, strongly, bravely,
 If I feel that thou art near.

CHORUS :

Thy sweet spirit lingers near me,
 Oh ! the joy that thought affords.
 Darling, thou art come to cheer me
 With thy gentle loving words.

Farewell to the Old School-House.

THEY are bearing the forms away, Allie,
 The dear old house is condemned ;
 Let us go and say a sad farewell,
 As we would to a cherished friend.
 Let us stand for a last, last time, Allie,
 In the shade of the grey stone wall,
 And dream one dream of the joyous past,
 As the twilight shadows fall.

Remembrance brings us a sketch, Allie,
 From the beautiful long ago,
 When life was a cloudless summer morn,
 Aflush with a crimson glow.
 And down through the golden years, Allie,
 Comes floating a faultless chime,
 A drifting of sweetest memories
 From the happy childhood time.

Faces we cannot forget, Allie,
 Smile on us again, as of yore ;
 And voices, silent for many a year,
 Ring in through the open door.
 Anon to our listening ears, Allie,
 In silvery tones, they bring
 Even the old familiar rhymes,
 And the songs we used to sing.

Bright forms that drooped in our sight, Allie,
 With a well-remembered grace,
 Come back once more to our out-stretched arms,
 And are held in a close embrace.
 Small, dimpled hands clasp ours, Allie,
 That long we have sought in vain ;
 They lead us o'er many a well-known path,
 Down many a moss-grown lane.

The turf is as soft and green, Allie,
 The blue dome above as fair,
 The air as fragrant with dewy flowers,
 And our hearts as free from care
 As when, with our child-eyes veiled, Allie,
 From sin, and sorrow and woe,
 We could see the flashing of Angels' wings
 And hear their whispers low.

And the violets bloom again, Allie,
 As they did in the days gone by ;
 And heaven seems just as near as then,
 Afloat in the sunny sky.
 A dream? Ah! Yes, 'tis a dream, Allie,
 Of the olden childhood bliss ;
 But who would not give, of the life we live,
 Whole years, for one hour like this.

At Clinics.

(An Hospital Incident.)

Into the Hall of Death,
 Death-doomed !
 With all of life's bright hopes
 Entombed ;
 Beautiful, unforgettable face !
 So pale and calm in its trusting grace,
 With the shadow stealing on apace,
 Death-doomed.

Eyes, full of suffering
 O'ercome,
 With a steadfast light within
 Their gloom,
 Like unto those of a martyred saint,
 Patient, enduring, without complaint,
 The pain-flash by a gentle restraint
 O'ercome.

He of the practised hand
 Stood by,
 Knowing the gentle one
 Must die,
 Watching the face in its sweet content,
 Noting the smile of glad assent,
 As he spake of life as nearly spent,
 Death-nigh.

* * * * *
 Only an unknown name
 Enrolled
 On the death-list there—none knew,
 Or told
 Her story—but, surely a Presence came
 Into their midst, as the dear Christ's name
 Was murmured by lips, with love aflame,
 Though cold.

And they who had gathered there
 That day,
 Young, and joyous, and brave
 And gay,
 To note, with critical gaze, *a case*,
 Silently passed from the hallowed place,
 Bearing remembrance of heaven-lit face
 Away.

Beyond.

AND the Angel said "Nay!
 "But reckon the years of your life
 once again,
 "Not a thousand, one day,
 "But one day, as a thousand years!" Then
 How clear it all seemed!
 I *had* lived, and I knew it not—*Lived!*
 And I thought I but dreamed,
 So brief a time-space I had lived.

* * * * *

And the Angel said "Read!"
 And the story of life op'ed before me;
 Wakened Soul! Small the need,
 Swift mem'ry the page will restore thee;
 "But read! Now thou darest,
 "There is nothing that thou would'st amend,
 "For that hour was life's rarest,
 "When a Soul did'st thine own comprehend."

Introspection.

*(Suggested by a sermon delivered by the late Rev. Doctor
W. W. Carson.)*

If I have conquered self to-day,
If I have trod the narrow way,
Nor let my footsteps from it stray,
Then shall I have reward.

If self has conquered me to-day,
Has beckoned to the broader way,
And I have chosen thence to stray,
Have pity on me, Lord !

Thou knowest—Thou and I alone,
Within my breast the judgment throne ;
Thy dear voice whispers there "Well done,"
And perfect peace I gain :
Or prone I lie, and sob "Unclean,"
Thy presence felt, though all unseen ;
I dare not look—Thy sad, stern mien
Would rend my heart in twain.

Man may misjudge—Thine image bright
May flood my soul with Heaven's own light,
Yet men may doubt, and count all night
Of gloom and guilt within.
Or, when the temple doors should close
Against me, I may find repose
In Sacred Courts, and even those
Who welcome, guess no sin.

Thou knowest, Lord, the moments sweet,
 When lowly sitting at Thy feet,
 My spirit shares the Angels' meat,
 And I am satisfied.

Thou knowest, too, when I would fill
 The soul's deep void with husks—and still
 For lack of them I faint—Oh! will
 I ne'er with Thee at ide?

Our Friendships.

HOW do our friendships come to us?
 As unbidden Guest to festal board,
 Ere the jests pass round and the wine is
 poured;

When the hostess' plan is disarranged,
 And the place of each is slightly changed
 To make room for the Guest unbidden.

Thus do our friendships come to us!
 And the currents of life are strangely
 stirred,

And we never again, by glance or word,
 Assign the guests to the old-time place,
 Nor so lightly murmur the wonted "grace,"
 Because of the Guest unbidden!

Bric-a-Brac.

THERE are hearts and hearts—Some like speci-
 mens fine
 Of rare old china of classic design ;
 We find them when least we expect them in store,
 In pawn-broker shop, and in dainty boudoir.
 Oh those delicate hearts, full of love's priceless
 wine,
 In their beauty and fulness of grace half divine ;
 When cherished with reverent caring, they stand ;
 Or lie shattered at touch of the World's ruthless
 hand.

There are hearts and hearts—Some as strong and as
 pure
 As the thrice-heated metal in yon golden ewer ;
 Within them may seethe the wild passions of time,
 E'en passion in such hearts must needs grow sublime.
 Love may falter—then duty shall stand in its place ;
 Ease vanish—stern action must win in the race ;
 Earth's sorrows o'erwhelm—life's tempests sweep
 by—
 The Soul's beacon light still gleams brightly on
 high !

There are hearts and hearts—Some like commoner
 clay,
 Of necessity chosen for use every day
 By those in whose hard lives the gold would grow
 dim,
 And the Sevres unfit for the draught at its brim.
 But the Potter—He knoweth! He fashioned each
 one,
 His the care for the vessel, the final "Well done"—
 Nor fineness of texture, nor beauty, nor grace,
 But fitness for service, determines its place.

Indifference.

If a soul is struggling alone in the dark,
 When the flood-gates are open, and doubt waves loom
 high ;
 And you, in your white-canvassed, well balanced
 barque,
 Should unfurl its strong sails, and calmly pass by ;
 And that soul be o'erwhelmed, borne ruthlessly down
 'Neath the pitiless waves—what gladness or cheer
 Could come to your soul, when the darkness has
 flown,
 Though the bright golden morning, break ever so
 clear ?

Autumn.

BONNY birds, bonny birds,
 Wherefore are ye singing?
 Know ye not, care ye not
 That the wild-wood, ringing
 With your songs, joyous songs,
 Autumn's shroud is weaving?
 Better far, better far,
 Were ye silent grieving.

Sunbeam bright, Sunbeam bright,
 Why through brown boughs peeping?
 Know ye not; heed ye not,
 That the flowers are sleeping?
 Northern blasts, wintry blasts,
 Pitilessly brake them.
 Ye are come all too late,
 Ever more to wake them.

Early dreams, Early dreams
 Through dim heart-aisles flaunting;
 Come not now, come not now,
 Ruined temples haunting.
 Waken not, waken not,
 Hopes, that but deceive me,
 Once so dear. Ay! so dear!
 Now ye only grieve me.

Photographed.

GOOD evening, Cousin! I've come, you see,
 Just as I promised ; long ago,
 Don't look so astonished—Welcome me !
 I've had a weary journey, you know.
 The Artist has done his best to please,
 Touched, and retouched, and polished well ;
 Chosen a posture of perfect ease,
 Chattered of more than I can tell.

I asked him, half jesting, to flatter me,
 For I need not be told that my face is plain ;
 And when photos are starting 'over the Sea'
 I feel in my heart I'm a trifle vain.
 He smiled, then said to my strange request,
 " Beauty 'bove that of the face, for me ;
 " Nature has given a richer bequest
 " Than perfect form of feature, to thee."

My foolish heart felt a joyous thrill—
 " He gives me credit for mental worth,"
 And fancy led me on, until
 I stood by the noble and true of Earth.
 Said I, " Thought is better than monarch's crown,
 " Better be great and good, than fair ;"
 But alas ! My castles came tumbling down
 When I found he was talking about—*my hair.*

At Eben.

TOO weary to dream,
 Too languid to pray,
 Though with dreams and with prayers
 I would fill the whole day ;
 For I love to dream,
 And I fain would pray ;
 But I work the whole day,
 And dream when I may,
 And scarcely have ever
 A moment to pray.

This toiling, plodding,
 Prayerless elf ;
 Or, this soulful, mindful,
 Inner self ;
 Thro' numberless hours,
 Or moments few,
 Which is the false,
 And which the true ?
 For I love to dream,
 And I fain would pray ;
 But I work the whole day,
 And dream when I may,
 And scarcely have ever
 A moment to pray.

A Woman's "Because."

I THINK it were better to thoughtfully pause,
 And consider on moment a woman's "Because,"
 Than to smile in a high supercilious way,
 As though all were said. she could possibly say.
 I think, if a miracle were to disclose
 The thoughts, that behind this one word arose,
 And marshalled themselves, each bearing its part,
 Some straight from the head, some straight from the
 heart ;

That you who can glibly and easily speak,
 For utterance-word having seldom to seek,
 Sometimes saying more than you mean ; and again
 Speaking carelessly, heedless to whom you give pain ;
 If such insight were granted unto you, I say
 You would hush your heart in a startled way,
 For behind the brief word, to your great surprise,
 Reason and logical thinking would rise.
 Impulses, springing from Truth's hidden laws,
 Oft underlying a woman's "Because" !

'Tis not there is little, but so much, to tell,
 That she fails to express herself clearly and well ;
 And the Age is so new wherein candor and grace
 Dare acknowledge themselves from the selfsame
 place.

Adolphus is trained in the Art of Expression,
 While the virtue impressed on *Aileen* is Repression,
 Through childhood and maidenhood, taught to
conceal,

The *woman* oft finds it hard to reveal
 Most earnest conviction, and loftiest thought,
 With opinions of weightiest import inwrought.
 While in this New Age there are questions, involving
 The fate of the race, which await her resolving,
 She dare not yet speak, untutored and callow,
 Lest her speaking appear pedantic or shallow,
 None so keen as herself, in herself to find flaws,
 Thus, though feeling and knowing, she answers—
 “ Because ! ”

Then too, that is hers, which men call Intuition,
 As though books alone revealed true erudition ;
 —What 'tis called, matters not—it exists—and its
 naming
 Is unworthy alike either praising or blaming ;
 By its light, woman's gaze pierces clouds strangely
 riven ;
 And a clearer perception unto her is given
 Of all that is noble and worthily leal,
 Than you have beheld in your fairest ideal.
 Thus, even if language were hers, to express
 Just what her soul sees, nothing more, nothing less ;
 It were useless to speak, for none would commend,
 The many would scoff, and few comprehend !
 Not till “ Cause and Effect ” have recognised laws,
 Can you possibly fathom a woman's “ Because ! ”

Content.

A HIGH steep cliff, a shelving beach,
A world of waters stretching before,
A moonbeam-path down the starry reach ;
And no other soul along the shore.