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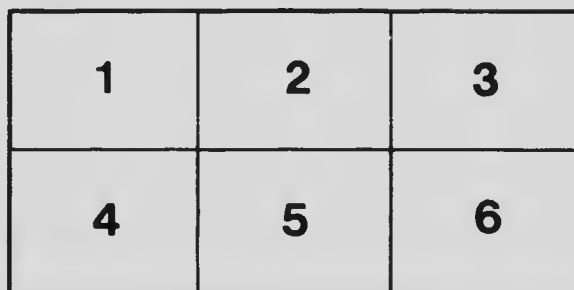
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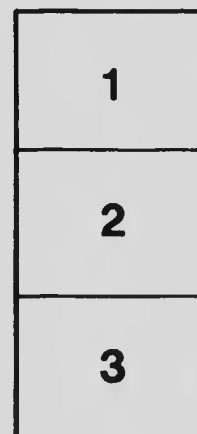
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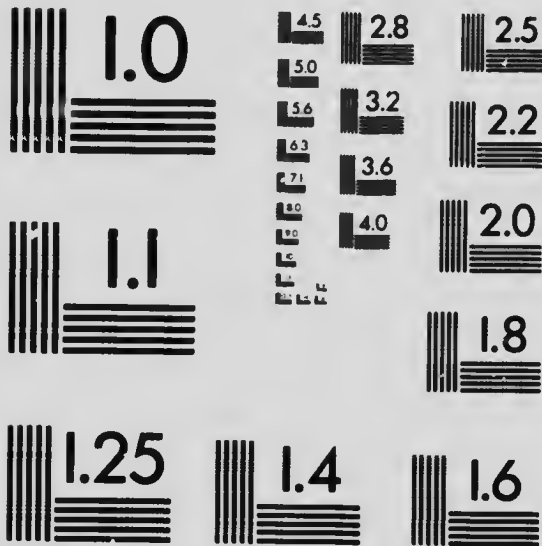
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## Scraps of Verse









# Scraps of Verse

*FROM A SHUT-IN*

BY  
LUCY C. GILMOUR



Charlottetown, P. E. Island  
MARITIME STATIONERS, LIMITED  
1912



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To

*A. A. D.*

Friend of my youth, and of my later years,  
and of a distant land.









## SCRAPS OF VERSE



### Easter

My King, He comes by the path of the dawn  
From the land where the dead folk be,  
And methinks His eyes hold the yearning thoughts  
That my lost ones have sent to me.

There are Easter lilies all wet with dew—  
So reverend, and tall, and sweet—  
And hyacinths, purple and cream and white,  
Wait the coming of royal feet.

But I hie me where beds of daffodils  
Are all golden and fair to see,  
For methinks that my King will come this way  
With the message He bringeth me.



*SCRAPS OF VERSE*

The chill of the night on the garden rests  
Where He sleeps who was crown'd with the  
And all nature waits 'mid the shadows dim  
For the birth of the Easter morn.

With the rose and gold of the rising sun  
This wonderful vision I see—  
My King by the way of the daffodils  
Brings an Easter message to me.

**A Dream of Ardgothan**

These fair spring days, they carry me back  
To days of yore,  
When a group of merry faces thronged  
The old home door.

I see once more in the sunset glow  
A fair child stand,  
A spray from the pussy willow tree  
Within her hand.

Her father's gift to his little girl  
Each sweet springtime,  
First herald to tell of summer's wealth  
In this cold clime.



The sunbeams dance on her light brown hair  
In softest wave,  
And caress the earnest childish face  
So still and grave.

She turns her eyes to the maple grove,  
And strains her ear  
For the robin's note with promise true  
That spring is here.

Then with wistful gaze she seeks the sky  
To listen long,  
And wonder if through the blue will steal  
An angel's song.

And when comes the call she must obey  
To go to rest,  
She sinks to sleep with the willow spray  
Close to her breast.

At the little maid with soft brown hair  
The moonbeams peep,  
And the dear earth's sounds she loves so well  
To dreamland creep.

\* \* \* \* \*

The spring returns, the willows bud as  
In days of old,



*SCRAPS OF VERSE*

And still the sun sinks down to rest thro'  
His gates of gold.

The birds come back by unerring law—  
A merry throng,  
And earth's glad voices still ascend  
In sweetest song.

The giant oak casts its shadow still on  
The tender grass,  
But the bairns who played beneath its shade  
They never pass.

The moon still sheds its peaceful light and  
The evening star,  
But the merry group in the dear home door  
Have wandered far.

Methinks the angel of death some day  
From sin and pain  
Will call the wanderers one by one  
Safe home again.

**Resurrection**

From ten thousand graves, the  
Violets of spring unfold,  
But the artist who painted their purple depths  
They never to man have told.



The world by His rock-hewn tomb  
 Sees folded grave-clothes lay,  
 But sealed are the lips of the Crucified  
 'Mid the glory of Easter Day.

And on the Christ-form lingers  
 The wonder of the unseen,  
 As He cometh across the distance  
 To speak with the Magdalene.



### The Unattainable

It was just a little village girl,  
 One fresh summer morn,  
 Who wandered along the garden paths  
 To see a new day born.

She watch'd the stars grow pale in the east,  
 And fade the moon's soft ray,  
 Till in silent majesty the sun  
 Arose to bless the day.

It set the earth with myriad gems,  
 The sparkling sea the same,  
 And up from a meadow of clover blooms  
 Lowing of cattle came.



The child drank deep of the beauty and peace  
Of earth and sky and sea,  
And wonder'd, with youth's vague longing thought,  
If heaven could fairer be.

When suddenly out from the dewy grass  
A bird sang clear and true;  
It sang as it soared till lost to sight  
Far in the heavenly blue.

But still its thrill came pure and sweet  
To her who listened long,  
Till with one glad triumphant note  
It closed its morning song.

The child's grey eyes were filled with tears,  
Her heart with longing meet,  
Tho' she knew not what had sadden'd her  
In that song so brave and sweet.

Is joy in its nature akin to pain  
Here in this pilgrim land?  
Is it ever the unattainable  
Our longing souls demand?

Sweet sacred thoughts of that summer morn  
From childhood's years still float,  
And oft I hear, but without the tears,  
That bird's triumphant note.



**Count Leo Tolstoi**

HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

A rugged form, unique and lone he stands  
A man beyond our ken,  
And like Elijah from the wilderness,  
He speaks stern truths to men.

And yet it is the same old message sent  
From Olivet's green mount,  
That gold and fame and garish things of earth  
Are not the things that count.

Love God, and love thy neighbour as thyself,  
All other laws eclipse;  
Fearless he gives—this herald of our times—  
His grand apocalypse.

And thus he lives, and thus serene he waits  
The shadow men call death,  
Bearing upon his heart all burden'd ones  
Like Him of Nazareth.

And will the faithful pass him coldly by?  
To him it has sufficed,  
To see through this life's checker'd shade and shine  
The pure calm face of Christ.



The glad birds sing for him their sweetest st  
The golden sunshine cheers,  
And God's peace rests upon his unbow'd hea  
Crowning his eighty years.



### **The Blessing of Labrador**

He felt the lure of thy drear rockbound coast,  
Thy lone wild sea,  
And heard a voice amid the fisher folk  
Say, "Follow Me."  
Then he who heard, arose in that same hour  
His Lord to greet,  
And in the faith of apostolic days  
The call to meet.  
And from the search for wealth, the dream of fam  
He sought thy wild,  
For Thou wert real, O Thou Christ of God,  
Unto thy child.  
And so from day to day he ministers  
Along thy shore,  
And blessings rest upon the head of him  
Who blesses Labrador.





## The Village Church

A little church in a peaceful nook,  
 With dead folk sleeping round,  
 And we tread with reverent footsteps,  
 For we know 'tis holy ground.

The years are long since last I heard  
 Her bell ring far and wide,  
 And the village folk came trooping out  
 From all the country side.

Dear village folk, how deep you sleep,  
 This sunny Sabbath day,  
 While back and forth across your graves  
 The restless shadows play.

But they hold you not, these low green mounds  
 Beneath the old eaves spread,  
 For soul meets soul in rapture sweet  
 And we are comforted.

But sunlit days of youth and home,  
 The old time village days,  
 How oft I seek thy dreamland church  
 To hear her notes of praise.

And when life's sands are almost run,  
 Earth's sounds have passed away,



May memory hear the village bell  
Ring in the Sabbath day.

O little church in a peaceful nook,  
With dead folk sleeping round,  
A wanderer feels 'tis good to rest  
Within thy holy ground.



### The Nurses' Graduation

A golden decoration on the breast, and  
In the hands a roll of parchment fair! Thus 'n  
Glad faces and bright music, the longed for go  
Is reached, "Multum in parvo," it would seem,  
As glancing backward o'er three long years  
toil—

Patient, continuous—we reckon up the cost,  
The months of routine work, the hours of study,  
Snatched, oft-times, from rest and recreation,  
Day succeeded day, marked alone by lofty effort  
And self-sacrifice. And lonely nights they were  
Of closest watching—when watching meant so  
much.

A partnership had you those nights with One  
above  
From whom life's issues come. And you have  
felt,  
In some still hour, when life and death held try s



How virtue left you as it left Him of the seamless  
robe--

Have felt, with awe, the passing of that strange  
force,

Magnetic, subtle, part of your own soul power,  
which

Turn'd the trembling scale, and gave the victory  
to life.

Yet, ever, it was the nurse—calm, ready for  
emergency—

The trusted servant of another—always under  
orders—

Always subordinate. And in those wars where  
science

Fails, and the Eternal Shadow broods, even here

With fingers deft, glad faces, and kind hearts,

You wooed the Angel of Resignation to abide.

Surely the battle exceeded far the victory!

The work was greater than the wage! And ere  
the

Bright scene vanishes—the music and the cheer—

One to whom you ever gave so freely of your-  
selves—

Your time, when time meant much, your care,

Your friendship—voices the wish of many that  
yours may be

Those subtle requisites which lead ever to  
success—



The building up of character—that Kingdom  
Which is not meat and drink, which holds  
    sway within,  
“And though defeat may chill your aspiration  
Till you walk wearily where once you ran,  
And noble courage fall to nobler patience,  
Still by your patience may the goal be won;  
For our defeats, seen by the eye of angels  
May be our victories, and we may prevail  
Through disappointment—oft-times God’s evangel  
By which we triumph most when most we fail



### **The Old Watch Night**

When the sand in the old year’s crystal  
Is slowly running out,  
We steal away to that dear dreamland  
Which closes our world about.  
Youth comes again in that magic land,  
And clear is the frosty air,  
And ever the old dream-sexton rings  
His call to watch-night prayer.



A hush broods over the little church, and  
 From all the homes about  
 Dear dream-folk gather in reverent awe,  
 To watch the old year out.

Pastor and people kneeling, wait the  
 Peal of the midnight bell—  
 The meeting of death with life and hope  
 Its solemn chimings tell.

“Now let us anew our journey pursue,”  
 A voice long silent speaks,  
 And tender greetings are whisper’d low, as  
 Each hand its neighbor seeks.

Then the dear dream-folk they vanish quite,  
 Just as the new year dawns,  
 But the lonely stretch of sombre days is  
 Brighter for their dear sakes.

Each year they come from the shadowy past—  
 Dear dream-forms, strong and fair,  
 And across the crust we go, hand in hand,  
 To join the watch and prayer.





**The Passing of a King***(From The Standard.)*

And thou hast passed, Emperor and King,  
Unto the Court of the great King of Kings!  
Hast gone as should the son of the great Queen,  
Thy duty well and truly done, and thou at peace  
With mighty hold upon the hearts of men.  
Old London weeps around thy palace gates,  
And millions mourn thee in thy distant lands,  
While all the day fair spring makes glad  
    parks,  
And the great city pulses with new life.  
But where the sorrow falls with cruel weight—  
For her who shared thy throne, and now must  
    walk  
Alone, until the morn when shadows flee,  
And others of thy house—near to thee and dear—  
We ask of the Great Spirit consolation.  
Thou hast left to them thy name and memory.  
The standard droops above thy royal home,  
Where thy loved form awaits a resting-place  
With others of thy race—the Empire's might  
    dead.  
And thou in passing, Sovereign beloved,  
Hast left to us of thy vast Empire—  
To our loyalty, and our faithful love—  
A King and Emperor in thine only son.



## He Fell Asleep

(W.T.H.)

He fell asleep—  
 And on the beauty of the summer's day  
 A shadow lingers, nor will it pass. The  
 Tender green of other Junes will show less fair,  
 Less fragrant all the blossoms, and in the  
 Robin's song a sadder note, because he  
 Fell asleep. Who so wise, so kind, as he?  
 And who so true a friend? Not lonely  
 May he go within Thy courts, whose tender  
 Heart while here found room for all. We bless  
 Thee for his life well lived, and for his peaceful  
 Sleep—the sleep Thou givest Thy beloved.  
 Within Thy holy keeping may he rest. His  
 Friends, both far and near, are one to-day in  
 Common love and common sorrow, because  
 With summer's dawn he weary grew  
 And fell asleep.



## My Mother

They tell me thou dost rest in sleep to-day  
 Within the old familiar room—the dear  
 Home room; and tho' I may not look a last



Farewell I seem to see thee lie, with smile  
So sweet upon thy aged face—a crown  
Of silver hair upon thy honor'd head,  
And on thy dear still hand, so often stretch'd  
To bless, thy quaint worn wedding ring—the  
That love such long long years ago had carved  
For thee from out an English guinea.  
At thy feet a wealth of love is lying,  
From children and from children's children,  
And from many many friends, and whither thou  
Hast gone within the mystic veil which rose  
And fell for thee so swiftly, a crown of  
Blessing waits thee—the poor whom thou hast  
The naked thou hast cloth'd—the sick and sad  
Whom thou has comforted—all thy long life—  
Their blessing waits for thee. And thro' thy door  
Methinks the angels go and come to-day—  
Thy door which ever open stood to all  
Whom thou couldst serve. Thou art so tired,  
We will not grieve too much that thy loved folk  
Must rest beneath the graveyard sod. Thy beloved  
Beloved has waited long for thee, and on  
Thy lowly bed the shadow of the church  
Will fall—the village church where thou hast sat  
So oft on Sabbath days to hear the word  
Of God—all around thee are the homes of



Simple village folk who bore such love  
To thee and thine—and over thee, while life  
Shall last, thy child will hear the voice which spoke  
Of old from heaven, to bless the holy dead  
Who die as thou as died.



### To the Dear Memory of R. R.

*Sometime Cataloguer of the Carnegie Library, Ottawa*

Thy seal is on her quiet lips,  
Her resting hands, to-day,  
And round her as she sleepeth  
The winter sunbeams stray.

As the night waned—ere glory had  
Touched the morning skies,  
Her soul had past the mystic gates  
To Christ in Paradise:

We bless Thee for her life well lived,  
Its kindness and cheer;  
We bless Thee for the life now hers  
Which such as she make clear.

That life we seek so oft in dreams,  
Where many mansions be,



And white-robed multitudes surround  
Its fair and tranquil sea.

We strive, who loved her well,  
To glimpse that happy shore,  
And sorrow as all mourners have  
To see her face no more.

*Auf weidersehen!* we breathe, and bend  
Our last farewell to say,  
Then leave with Thee our dear lost friend  
Who taketh rest to-day.



### The House of Peace

REV. N. M. K.

Swiftly the message came  
Which told of thy release,  
That thou, beloved, dost rest to-day  
Within the House of Peace.

Death in the fading year  
But not for such as thee;  
The gospel of thy well-spent life,  
Breathes immortality.

My friend of long ago  
In spirit joins to-day,



Those faithful ones who tearfully,  
The last sad honours pay.

To him beloved by everyone,  
To him who ever stood  
For what was right and pure and true—  
A man, and very good.

And loving thoughts keep guard,  
A watch that will not cease,  
Where thou dost rest all tranquilly  
Within the House of Peace.



### **Soul Communion**

The mystic union of soul with soul,  
The sympathy  
That comes unbidden to meet our need  
Where'er we be !

Hast thou a friend beloved whose path  
Is far from thine ?  
Then thou must soul communion know,  
And oft a sign

Will follow these blest hours, some token from  
Thy friend to thee :



Perhaps it is a note—perhaps a flower  
Sent lovingly.

How this sweet intercourse is carried on  
We may not know,  
Nor can we see the messengers of love  
Pass to and fro.

But, Choir Invisible! your ministry,  
Your tender song,  
Sounds ever above earth's toil and strife  
Life's whole day long.



### The Hospital Chaplain

When morning gilds the eastern sky  
With tender light  
And when the evening shadows fall  
To greet the night,

We see him pass along the street  
With reverent mien,  
As though he walked in company  
With One unseen.

The peace which passeth human ken  
Rests on his brow,



And faithful hail the priest of God  
With lowly bow.

To where the sick and dying are,  
And pain is rife,  
He enters daily to dispense  
The Bread of Life.

And when the anxious penitent with  
Sin has striven,  
He breathes the benediction sweet  
Of sin forgiven.

He whispers in the dying ear  
Of endless joy,  
"Where moth and rust do not corrupt"  
Nor sin alloy.

And e'en the faithless greet his rounds,  
From bed to bed,  
And crave a portion from his hands  
Of living Bread.

The blessing of the mighty One  
Be on his way,  
Until his toilsome path shall end  
In cloudless day.





**The River Styx**

I stood alone on the shore of time  
Beside the Stygian sea,  
And before me loomed that mystic land  
Men call Eternity.

The night was dark and wild the wind  
That blew o'er the waters drear,  
And thro' the gloom weird voices spoke—  
My soul stood still to hear.

The weight of years had bent my form,  
And whiten'd my scanty hair,  
And had left its mark in a heart that once  
Held hopes both glad and fair.

And alone I stood with emptied hands,  
Upon this awful shore,  
Life's toilsome way lay behind me far,  
The dread unknown before.

From out the shadows I sighted a boat  
That over the waters came,  
Old Charon he stood beside the helm  
And spoke aloud my name.

"You must pay the price of life," said he,  
"Of all men's debts the last"—



An unjust price it might be thought  
For a gift we never asked.

An icy blast from his presence came,  
Smiting both eye and lip,  
While skeleton hands bore my aged form  
Out to the ghostly ship.

The weary brain grew too tired to think,  
The heart too tired to feel,  
I hailed the breath of eternal peace  
Over my spirit steal.

No more I feared the fortune ill  
That on my life had frown'd,  
The heart that craved eternal rest,  
Eternal rest had found.



### Autumn

A stillness broods over the resting earth,  
And over the shimmering sea,  
And ever the haze wraps the distant hills  
In purple majesty.

Dear memories walk by our side to-day  
Where the red, red sumachs nod,



With the dearest of all bright autumn flow  
The beautiful goldenrod.

All along the winding country road  
The Michaelmas daisies peep,  
And over the quaint old graveyard fence  
The frosted vines still creep.

Close to the village church we pass,  
With slow and reverent tread,  
Where the daisies like purple sentinels stand  
To guard the village dead.

A wave of yearning rolls over our souls,  
The spirit's deep soundless call,  
For voices that long have forgotten to speak  
For footsteps that never fall.

And wistful eyes seek the purple hills,  
Which guard while the long years run,  
And all around fall the bright bright leaves,  
In a glory of autumn sun.

And out from the hedge the red sumach glow  
And the beautiful goldenrod,  
And unto our souls steals a tender peace,  
From the great kind heart of God.





## Christmas Bells

Ring, merrily ring, ye Christmas Bells!  
     Ring glad and free,  
 For earth has grown old since angels sang  
     The Nativity.

Ring for the Christ-child who walks abroad  
     On this blest night,  
 For Bethlehem's star which shines ever and on  
     With mystic light.

Ring for the weary, the lone, and the sad,  
     A sure release,  
 The old old chime of the Syrian hills—  
     “Goodwill” and “Peace.”

Ring for the homes unbroken and glad,  
     Where joy holds sway ;  
 May the years be many, O dear Christ-child,  
     Ere it pass away.

Ring for the dear ones who fell asleep in  
     The vanish'd years ;  
 It may be thy music will echo sweet  
     On listening ears.



Ring, merrily ring, ye Christmas Bells,  
Ring glad and free,  
And announce once more to the waiting ear  
The Nativity.



### **Eve of the New Year**

Ring, joy bells, ring on the frosty air,  
From sea to sea,  
Ring for the birth of the glad new year,  
Ring merrily!

For ghosts of the past are abroad and  
To men appear,  
They come to attend the obsequies,  
Of the dead year.

Dear misty memories hold us in their clasp,  
Half joy, half dread,  
And we keep the eve with our vanish'd one  
The blessed dead.

Do they walk in fairer fields than ours—  
'Neath brighter skies?  
Did they wake refreshed by the balmy air  
Of Paradise?



No answer comes from the star-lit earth, or  
The restless sea,  
They forbear to disclose the hidden book  
Of Eternity.

But from out the shadows surrounding us,  
In holy peace,  
An angel comes with a warrant true  
For our release.

He bids the sorrows of earth depart,  
The pain and dread,  
And ushers us into the mystic land  
Of the quiet dead.

So ring, bells, ring on the midnight air,  
From sea to sea,  
Bring a welcome to the glad new year,  
Ring merrily!



## Venus

From the flame and the gold of the sunset  
I saw thee ascend to-night,  
And queen thou didst reign in the evening skies,  
O star of the silver light!



Age has not dimmed thy pale pure glow  
Since the Magi gazed on thee,  
And thou leddest their feet thro' the desert s  
To the cave of Nativity.

Wert thou old even then, O thou wondrous st  
Wert thou old when the world was young?  
Didst thou lead the chorus of morning stars  
When their mystic hymn was sung?

Dost thou ponder serene on the ages past  
From thy azure height above?  
When the stars in their courses fought of old,  
Wert thou with them, O Queen of Love?

Dost thou shine on our dear and vanish'd ones  
Loved still as in days of old?  
Dost thou weep for the years of man's pilgrima  
So short and so swiftly told?

There are shadows to-night, and the way is roug  
Let thy soft beams fall on me  
And speak of the changeless years of God,  
And the Home of Eternity.





# I Shall Be Satisfied

*"I shall behold Thy face in righteousness, and when I  
awake in Thy likeness, I shall be satisfied."*

Mysterious words that ever come,  
With music to my soul;  
As struggling sore against sin and grief,  
Life's billows o'er me roll.

Shall I in very deed behold  
Thy glorious gracious face?  
And stand before Thee clothed for aye,  
In robe of spotless grace?

And, "in thy likeness," blessed thought,  
I shall stand glad and free,  
And, with my dead, by death restored,  
I satisfied shall be.





