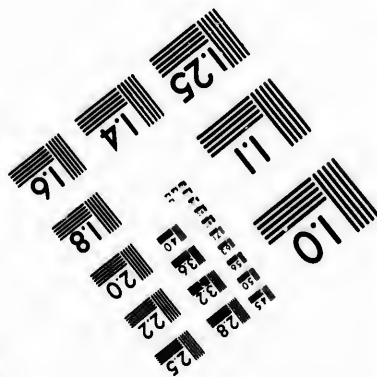
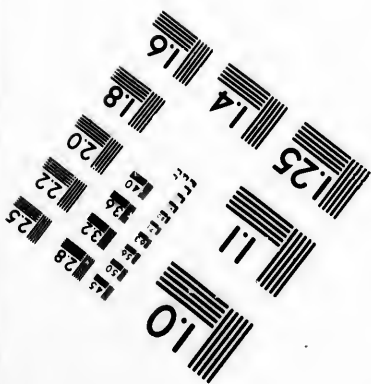
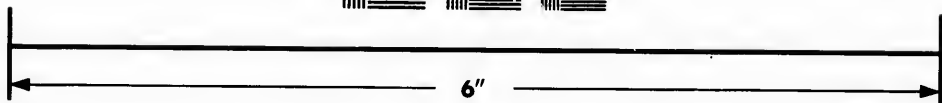
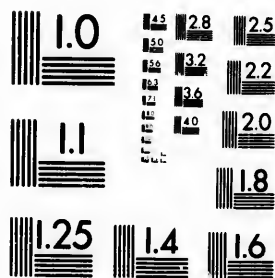


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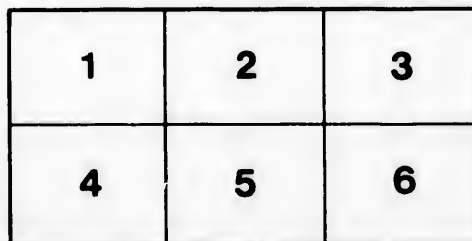
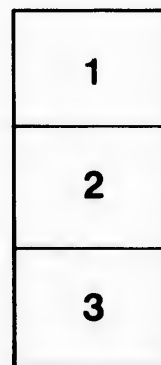
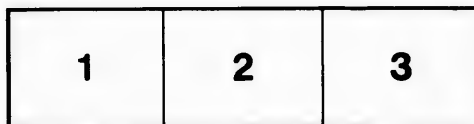
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**HOME
BALLADS**

BY

R. THACKRAY.

PAYNTER & ABBOTT, PRINT,

OTTAWA.

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H5

PR 4241

H23 H6

The Old Farm House.

THE sun had just gone down,
The world seemed dark and drear,
Another day had gone,
The last day of the year.
No sound was heard but one,
That of a farmer's cart ;
All else was calm and quiet
Save the beating of the heart.
I saw the old farm house,
And the fields I used to roam,
With rough and crooked walls
This was *my dear old home*.
And there's the same whyn bush
There growing in the shade
And the old deep rutted road
Where once we romped and played.
Then all was calm and still,
As I wandered all around
The old familiar fields,
And a tear fell on the ground.
I looked up to the sky,
And heaven seemed very near,
As I wandered to and fro,
This last day of the year.
I thought of mother's words,
When parting on that night ;
"Whate'er you do, my boy,
Trust God, and do right."

And I shook my father's hand ;
 He was too full to speak,
 So I kissed him, too, good-bye,
 As a tear rolled down his cheek.

Yes, God seemed very near,
 The world had lost its charm,
 'Twas heaven itself to me,
 This dear old Yorkshire Farm.

The North Wind.

THE north wind blew hard up the staircase,
 And through the old rickety shed
 As I woke on a cold winter's morn,
 And lay wide awake on my bed.

And I thought of the millions of people
 Who on that cold winter's morn,
 Some hungry and cold and disheartened
 And awfully lone and forlorn,

Who would rather have kept on sleeping
 Than face the cold world once again,
 With its sighs and its struggles and weeping
 And sorrows and trials and pain.

And I saw the black clouds in their fierceness,
 That threatened destruction to all ;
 The helpless and poor of creation
 Must collapse in this struggle and fall.

And I wondered that things were so cross-ways,
And why all this friction and strife—
That men should be jolting each other
In this terrible struggle for life.

And I thought perhaps this world was a school-house
Built for the discipline of man ;
For all the descendants of Adam
Who have lived since the world first began.

And I thought perhaps the trials and troubles,
And all this contention and strife,
Were the lessons to learn in this school-house
Built by God as a passport to life.

Then I thought perhaps the storm in its fierceness
Might be sent with its icy cold blast
To blow away all imperfections ;
For the sun shines when storms have blown past.

The Emigrant.

THE emigrant worked in the street-drain all day,
In the scorching hot sun throwing out the blue clay,
And he wondered if this was the land of the free,
As he thought of his home far away o'er the sea.

Not his home, for he had none in all the world wide,
'Twas only a place, since his friends had all died
And left him to live all alone in his sorrow,
All day he must work, and work all to-morrow.

And next day all friendless, with no one to care,
And no one to work for, must work in despair,
In this cold dead dark world he did not know why,
He must live, just to work for a living, then die.

And heavy clouds of dark despair came o'er
His troubled mind and seemed to shut the door
That shut out hope, and all this world of care
Seemed buried in his soul of dark despair.

Then he heard a strange sound, as a voice from the dead,
Is there nothing to work for and live for but bread ?
Was this great world created, the sun, moon and sky,
Only to work in and live in, then die ?

Where the voice came from he could not just say.
From the heavens above or the cold blue clay,
For some one was near him, this one thing was plain,
Was it God, would *He* talk to a man in a drain ?

Does He care for labourers who work in a sewer,
All covered with mud ? how could He endure
To look down from heaven, from His home in the sky,
And talk to an emigrant so wretched as I ?

And the voice spoke again more kind than before,
I know all your sorrows, yes, I too was poor,
And homeless and friendless and hungered for bread,
Was weary, had no place to lay down my head.

Yes, I too am human, more human than men,
I feel all your sorrows and troubles and then
I died for mankind, paid their debt, set them free,
Was that not more human than human can be ?

The Old Grey Horse.

I'M sure it must have broke his heart.
To take him from the dumping-cart,
And put another in his place,
He must have felt it a disgrace.

For Dick was of that turn of mind
He never would be left behind,
But always first, to take his part
In buggy, waggon, sleigh or cart.

My poor old Dick, it's come at last,
Your working days are almost past,
I too am getting worse for wear
We've worked together many a year.

Yes, worked together with a will.
When driving lumber up the hill,
You never asked to shirk your load
When drawing through a muddy road.

But always drew all you were able
And smiled when going to the stable,
When after working hard all day
Were thankful for your oats and hay.

But now you're getting very grey,
You're twenty-five, I think, last May,
I know your end is drawing nigh
When you must lay you down and die.

My poor old horse, my faithful friend,
You'll have a home till death shall end
Your days on earth, and who can tell
How soon will be the last farewell.

Love Never Fails.

THOUGH my speech all men's excel,
Or the angels from above,
I am but a tinkling bell
If I do not speak in Love.

Though my knowledge reached the sky,
Could all the starry mysteries prove.
Of million worlds we see so high,
'Twould count for nothing without Love.

Though my faith be e'er so strong
That I could all mountains move,
Faith could never pay the wrong
That I lack in Christian Love.

Though I keep an open door
And my charity I prove
By my feeding of the poor,
'Twould not count in place of Love.

Though I would consent to die
At the gallows or the stake,
This would not for Love supply
Nor for Love atonement make.

Love is always very kind,
Suffers for another's wrong,
Lives to soothe the troubled mind,
Lives to sing a nobler song.

Oh that Love would reign as king
In the hearts and minds of men ;
Poverty would lose its sting,
Angels then would shout AMEN.

Love Your Enemy.

LOVE your enemy, love your enemy,"
 Hark the distant trumpet call,
 "Love your enemy, love your enemy,"
 On my trembling conscience fall.

And the call comes louder, louder,
 Thundering down the sands of time,
 "Love your enemy, love your enemy,"
 Words almighty, call divine.

Long we've hated one another
 Waited for our brother's fate,
 Till we've lost all fellow-feeling,
 Learned our very selves to hate.

Oh for some power whereby we may
 Throw all our enmity away,
 Then love will reign supreme, and then
 The world will shout the loud amen.

Love.

LOVE interprets all the past,
 Receives and holds the future fast,
 Love descends to depths so deep
 And climbs the highest dizzy steep.

She overrules the wildest storm,
 Sees through the waves the quiet morn ;
 Through obstacles she sees her way
 And enmities refuse to stay.

She smiles a welcome smile at death,
Breathes a livelier life when breath
Gets short and courage dies ;
Love then to the lone one flies.

Let thy corrupt self wholly die,
I am thy friend, on Me rely ;
Fear not, and thus My power prove,
I am thy God, and God is love.

The Working Man.

I SAW him walking up the street
With lime-burnt boots upon his feet,
A sun-burnt coat of greenish brown,
A shapeless hat upon his crown.

He walked with nervous trembling tread,
Each step uncertain, and in dread
Of meeting with some awful fate,
So fearful was his stumbling gait.

He gloomily made his way along
The crowded street and busy throng,
When glancing to one side, he saw
His own weird form, and, struck with awe

He staggered back in wild dismay
At his own self amongst the gay,
And as the window in that store
Reflected back himself so poor,

He stood still, staring in that glass,
And viewed his haggard self, alas,
Those sunken eyes, that look forlorn,
This trembling frame with beard unshorn.

Oh, what a picture, what a plan,
A human form, a working man,
No work to do, no bread to eat,
Compelled to wander on the street.

Oh what a world of want and woe,
We call it Christian, is it so?
Our stores are filled, they overflow
With gaudy silks and satins too.

Our fields with plenty bow the head,
But millions still are but half-fed.
Oh for some scheme, some better plan,
Whereby the poor, the working man

May climb to honour ; not till then
Will Justice, reign and men be men ;
Oh, Saviour, walk Thou by his side
When wants oppress and woes betide.

Walk with him when he walks the street,
When friends, like foes, refuse to greet ;
Stand with him when he takes his stand
With downcast eyes and shaking hand.

And wonders why he thus was born
In such a world, to pine and mourn,
Then, Saviour, stand Thou with him then,
And whisper, *Thou and he are men.*

Death.

AFTER great endeavour
Always comes dismay,
Like a cloud and thunder
In the month of May.
But we rise to labour
When the storm is o'er,
And dare to do and conquer
Where heroes failed before.
But what's a man 'gainst heaven
But a bulrush in the wind ;
The angels help him not,
The stars don't seem to mind.
Whence then the deathless valour
In man's deathful frame ?
God is, but death is not ;
Death's but just the name.
Death is but the autumn,
The dying of the year ;
God is our golden sunshine
And subdueth all our fear.
It's only our poor misgivings
That dog our steps all day ;
God is our present helper,
In trouble and dismay.
Though waters roar, and mountains shake
Till human natures fear and quake,
And clouds of darkness overtake,
We'll trust his love, in GOD we'll wake.

Cloud-Land.

○H why was I born in this cloud-land of sorrow,
 Confusion and doubt—no hope of to-morrow ;
 My sky is so cloudy, so dark is the air
 With conflicts and trials, remorse and despair.
 So restless this brain, so mighty this will,
 So weak is this heart, so fainting and ill ;
 Altogether unbalanced, so entirely distressed,
 I yearn for a resting place ; oh, for a rest,
 Where conflicts and strife shall come to an end
 And selfishness cease, and stubborn wills bend,
 When the clouds and the fogs shall be all cleared away,
 And the sun shine out clear in one endless long day.

The Leaven.

A THRIFTY wife and mother true
 Did her own work and washing too,
 And managed well her scanty store,
 A noble woman, kind though poor.
 She worked at her own spinning-wheel,
 And ground her own corn at the mill,
 Then took some meal that she had ground
 And mixed it with some leaven found.
 And in that house and on that day
 There lived a person, strange to say,
 A mystery that we can't define,
 Who was both human and divine.

Who watched that leaven in the meal
 And by its process did reveal
 That this old world of sin and shame
 Would rise to glory, life and fame.

And by the baking in that pan
 An object-lesson taught to man,
 That by His love He would unite
 Some day, and by love's might and right.

This troubled world of sin and strife
 Would be united in one life ;
 Just like that leaven we shall be,
 United, one in sympathy.

Oh blessed thought, oh life divine
 That through these parables so shine ;
 Shine through us now and grant that we
 May mirror back thy love on Thee.

Remorse.

THAT curling lip, that eye of scorn
 That hints that he when he was born
 Of stuff inferior, and so then
 Must be the butt of other men.

Falls like a dagger on his chest
 And hope lies bleeding in his breast,
 And breath gets short, the world grows old,
 His mental powers lie stiff and cold.

It haunts him when he walks the street
It runs down to his very feet,
And right along both arms it sends
A venom to his finger-ends.

It wounds his pride and seals his fate
And turns his self-respect to hate,
It strips him of his self so bare,
His fists are clenched in wild despair.

He hastens to get out of sight,
Into the darkness of the night ;
He hates the light and dreads the morn,
And shrinks to face a world of scorn.

So dreadful does he feel, and lost
To all respect, and tempest-tossed,
His throbbing heart, his brain distressed,
Yearn for some quiet place to rest.

If sorrow is the road to bliss,
Surely his way he cannot miss ;
If self-abasement is the way
To brighter skies and endless day.

Then help him, God, to be content,
To bear his cross till life is spent,
And trust this rough and stony way
Is the right path to endless day.

Labour Day.

YE sons of toil, ye men of might,
In fellowship we thus unite,
And join in heart and join in hand
Your noble ranks, your cause so grand.

So grand, because you are the men
Who earn our daily bread, and then
Ye mend our ways and dig our drains
And keep us from those ague pains.

Ye build our railroads on the street,
And build them straight and true and neat ;
Sometimes, for want of some good guide,
Ye build a little to one side.

Far up the country in the woods
Ye underbrush and cut the roads ;
And cheerfully your songs ye sing,
While on the pines your axes ring.

Then in the spring when days grow long,
We hear the well-known boatman's song
Ring from the raft along the shore,
While cheerfully he bends to oar.

Then in the summer at the mill
Ye work with heart and mind and will,
Converting logs to boards and planks,
Then ship them over to the Yanks.

Our railroads too, all o'er the land,
By your industry, by your hand,
Were built, to wit, the C. P. R.,
Whose fame has spread both near and far.

Ye printers, those who guide the press
That's just now causing such distress,
And making mighty men to fall,
We could not spare you, not at all.

Ye toil in brickyards all the day
Work hard amongst the sticky clay,
And build our houses trim and neat,
An ornament to every street.

Ye carpenters, with saw and plane,
Work all day long with might and main,
Fix roofs and gutters, lay the floors,
Fit sash and blinds and hang the doors.

Ye plumbers too, with pipes of lead,
And soldering-iron heated red,
Fix up our cistern, bath and sink,
And give us water for to drink.

Ye painters too, who wield the brush,
And in the holes the putty push,
Ye decorate our homes so grand,
We welcome you, an honoured band.

Ye sons of toil, ye men of might,
In fellowship we thus unite,
We join in heart and join in hand
Your noble rank, your cause so grand.

Let not Your Heart be Troubled.

LET not your heart be troubled,
 Nor your spirits be oppressed,
 When the light of evening dies away
 As the sun sets in the west.

Let not your heart be troubled,
 Nor tremble with dismay,
 When the postman brings the notice
 That your note falls due to-day.

Let not your heart be troubled
 When things go wrong at home,
 And little waves grow mountains high
 And roll and toss and foam.

Love and Law.

THERE are in man two great desires
 That burn as bright as Christmas fires ;
 The first of these is a desire
 To climb up high and yet still higher.

The pole of excellence, and then
 To stand above all other men ;
 This vision haunts him night and morn,
 With this desire the man was born.

Down in this world of squalor here,
 This world of poverty and fear.
 Is not his home, he yearns to fly
 To brighter worlds away up high.

Thus stung with hunger that's divine
He thirsts to drink the heavenly wine,
And satisfy his soul's desire
And quench this yearning, burning fire.

The other great desire in man
Is to acquire the most he can ;
He wants, for instance, to be strong,
And wise and happy all day long.

He wants to glow in vital bliss,
And frets for fear that he should miss
The atmosphere of pure delight
In arts and music, might and right.

And thousand other forms of joy
A golden life without alloy,
Our instinct is for brighter skies,
Our brightest colour never dies.

But some desires of man grow cold,
And vanish like a tale oft told,
But here is one that shines above
And never dies,—its name is Love.

Storm.

THE day's been dark, the sun's been hid behind the storm,

Compass and rudder gone and sails all torn ;
And helpless I have drifted on the boisterous wave
Of my own dark passion and there seemed none to save.
But night has come ; darkness has hid the day at last,
And such a day ! how awful it has been, the day that's
past.

A day of anger, spite and jealousy ; oh, how I mourn
For the hearts I've wounded with sarcastic scorn.
How hateful do I feel ; I dread with all my might
To-morrow's sun ; I'd rather it was night.
Then I might sleep away the misery of to-day
Into forgetfulness, and the past might pass away.
Oh, that I might get rid of this old spite
Which lurks within my soul and robs me of my quiet,
I might be of some use to others hurled
Against destruction's wall in this sin-stricken world.
Oh, wretched man that I am ! who shall free
Me from this dreadful double-minded me,
And loose those iron bonds that tightly bind
This demon to this would-be better mind ?
My better self still yearns to help my friend
Along this road of life, and lend a helping hand.
We do the bad and leave the good undone.

What a World of Hurry=Scurry.

WHAT a wonderful creation,
Rich and poor and good and bad,
Thrown together in this nation,
Makes the thinking mind grow sad.

What a world of hurry-scurry,
Disappointed hopes and strife,
Jealousy, discontent and worry,
What a selfish, wretched life.

Here we see the tumult raging,
Storms of hate whirl thick and fast,
Thundering out rebuke like fury,
Bound to have revenge at last.

Yes the heart grows sad and weary,
And the world gets dark as night,
To the man that's over fifty
Sick and weary of the fight.

Be What You Are.

WHAT e'er you be, be what you are,
You're just the same as nature made you,
Your very self is better far
Than any artificial fellow.

Be true to self and then you'll be
True to the world in which you live,
Truth always keeps the conscience free
And scorns the man who would deceive.

Restlessness.

LAST night I sat in my old arm-chair,
Thinking of all the worries and care,
Of the day that is past, of the pleasures and pain
That flash across this restless brain.

From hour to hour, from morning till night,
With lightning speed it wings its flight,
O'er all the world, from shore to shore,
And not content, still yearns for more.

Like the canary in its cage,
It hops about from stage to stage,
And sings its native song and air,
Then yearns for home more bright and fair.

And so this restless soul of mine
Don't seem to fit to this cold clime
But hopes some better land to find
More suited to this restless mind.

Something more solid, more secure
Than this world gives, something more pure—
More lasting than those restless waves
Of pomp and show and dead men's graves.

But He who formed this busy brain,
And made this world of toil and pain,
And gave to me this mind and will
Knows all the rest, let's trust His skill.

More life, more hope, more faith to scan
The hidden things laid by for man,
Laid by till faith shall grow more strong
And doubt be lost in joyful song.

In Memoriam.

DRIVE slowly o'er the bridge; step light,
The old man went to sleep last night.
Speak gently, softly, draw your breath,
The old man sleeps the sleep of death.

His lonely days and nights are past,
He lies in perfect peace at last.
Laid in a coffin, neatly dressed,
So beautiful he lies at rest.

At rest from all the toils and strife
Of eighty years of this sad life,
Of sin and sorrow, hope and fear,
With few to pity, few to cheer.

Then to the church across the way,
Where oft he used to go and pray,
They bore the coffin, laid it down,
And then talked of the cross and crown.

Where sorrow and death, and trial and care
Are things unknown in that world so fair,
And they sang that song, the "one by one"
Where crowns shine bright as the noonday sun.

As they sang that song with bated breath,
Which told of his life and of his death,
You'd think you saw in that mansion so fair
The old man sitting with his silver hair.

The coffin then they slowly bore
Unto the hearse, then shut the door,
And many a silent tear then fell
From eyes that sighed a last farewell.

The horses seemed to bow their head
As they drew their load, the honoured dead,
Along the sad and lonely way,
In the mid-day sun that July day.

They halted on their lonely way
Where in another coffin lay
A corpse both still and pale and cold.
His little grandchild, eight years old.

And then the cortege moved again
With double hearse within its train.
And there the two new graves were seen
Dug side by side upon the green.

And thus we laid them in the sand,
It seemed so beautiful, so grand,
As side by side the coffins lay,
He and the child had gone away.

Where graves and coffins are unknown,
And crosses make way for a crown,
Where death and sorrow cannot come,
A fairer world, and better home.

Their lives while living here below
Amongst the weeds of sin did grow,
Now planted in a better land,
The weeds we bury in the sand.

This but the soil from which they came
 Gone back to mix with earth again.
 The grain is reaped, the harvest o'er,
 The grain is garnered in the store.

They are not dead, they cannot die,
 They've left us here, we know not why.
 We think their sorrow here on earth
 Gave access to that larger birth.

Oh, blessed discipline, if it's true
 That sorrow only can renew
 These selfish hearts, that only pain
 Can heal the wound, we say Amen.

The Days that are Past.

*On going to see the old Mill after all the machinery had
 been removed.*

I'M sitting in the lone old mill,
 Its noise is hushed and all is still
 Save the sparrows chirping in the wall
 Their lonely, melancholy call.

My busiest, happiest days were here,
 We worked and lived through hope and fear,
 Through ups and downs, some good, some ill;
 Our faith was strong in this old mill.

But now its usefulness is o'er,
 Its noise will never charm me more.
 I, like the mill am getting old,
 My energies are growing cold.

And when, like this old mill, I rest
From anxious cares that so oppressed
This whirling brain and restless will,
More restless than this restless mill.

And there's the dwelling house close by,
I hear the strangers' children's cry.
It seems so sad, where many a year
We lived in that old house so dear.

And worked and hoped for better times,
A golden age, when golden mines
Would yield such stores without its dross,
Yield crowns of honour without cross.

I almost envy this old mill,
Its quietness so calm and still,
So restful, all its turmoil o'er,
Wrapped in its silence evermore.

Dear for its memories of the past ;
But all things change, and here at last
I sigh farewell and turn away
In lonely solitude ; I pray

To God, who hears the beating heart
And sees the tear forbidden start,
The loneliness no tongue can tell
In that sad dreamy last farewell.

The Out of Work.

OUT of work and out of bread,
 Wife and children scarce half-fed.
 Grocer says he'll give no more
 Till I pay up the old score.

Rent and taxes in arrears,
 Butchers, bakers, shedding tears.
 I've broken my promise, so they say,
 They'll give no more without the pay.

I pledged my honour as a man
 When in the spring the work began,
 Every dollar I would pay,
 But now this is the last of May

And hope is dead, and mental care
 Has sunk my soul in dark despair.
 I care not for myself, but mourn
 For those I have exposed to scorn

And ridicule because they're poor,
 Although our labour filled the store
 Of those who now refuse to give
 A helping hand, a help to live.

Why on this earth, where plenty fills
 The rich man's barns and merchant's tills
 Should willing hands be unemployed
 And independent hopes destroyed?

The Gatineau.

WHEN we are depressed and sad,
When our tempers get real bad,
When our little earth-born cares
Upset all our home affairs.

Climb the mountain if you can,
And higher mountains you will scan,
Inhale the vigorating breeze
That through nature's hills and trees

Renews the life blood in the veins,
And cures all the aches and pains,
And thus we find the Gatineau Hills
Are better than the doctor's pills.

Solitary they appear,
Fill our hearts with awe and fear
As we climb their dizzy height,
Wonder at the power and might.

In these hills all may who look
Find an interesting book,
Written when first this world began,
Written without the aid of man.

History of the mountains high
Reaching almost to the sky,
Telling of their life and birth
Long before man trod this earth.

Telling of their passions too
When they first began to grow,
When there was no hill or tree,
When this world was molten sea.

On that sea the wind then blew,
Mountains high and higher grew,
Such a tempest, oh how grand,
God created sea and land.

He Saved His Life.

Ⓞ UR faithful dog whose name is Jack—
He wore a coat of brown and black—
A genteel dog, both good and kind,
With bushy tail that flowed behind.

Jack's life has been a chequered one ;
Three times he just escaped the gun,
When doomed by cruel man to die
Though innocence shone in his eye.

For Jack was then a roving blade,
From house to house he visits made
And begged his bread from door to door
Or stole a herring from the store.

And sometimes went out for a hunt,
Or begged a bone from Butcher Blunt,
They called him vagabond by name,
But Jack was not so much to blame.

For dogs, like men, when they are poor,
Are often driven from the door,
And told to beg is lazy cant,
Though, like poor Jack, they be in want.

And then the dog-tax man came round ;
" Who owns," said he, " that wretched hound ;
" Go straight to Lett and get a check
And hang it on the canine's neck."

So Jack was once more doomed to die,
Tied to a post he there did lie,
Awaiting death, he wagged his tail
In innocence, that could not fail

To touch the sympathizing heart,
And plead his cause and take his part,
And sue for a reprieve and give
The faithful dog a chance to live.

And so it happened on that day
That Jim came round as there he lay,
Tied to the post with a tar rope,
" Why, what is this? Is there no hope

For poor old Jack? Let's pay the debt!"
And down we sent to Pittman Lett
And saved him from that fatal gun ;
Took off that cord and let him run.

So now he's watchman in the mill,
He lets none in but whom he will ;
Not even a dog-tax man could stroll
Around for Jack has full control.

A Friendly Visit,

The way Mr. Taylor introduced himself.

ANY one here? Hello Boss (where) are you in,
I thought you were out when I heard no din,"
And sure enough 'twas my old friend Ben Taylor
A-slaming the doors like a mad county jailor.

"Come in Mr. Taylor, you jolly old blade,
I knew it was you by the racket you made,
You come like a storm on a dark summer's night,
Blowing open the doors in a terrible plight.

Take a chair you old fellow and keep yourself quiet,
And tell us what brought you here this time of night ;
You haven't been here I don't know the time when,
So tell us the news, if it's good, you know, Ben."

"A wedding, you know, perhaps you heard it before,
Is going to come off between Sid and Miss Storr,
Well, I don't know the date, but on Thursday, they say
At least I am sure it is some time in May.

So you see that's the reason I make such a clatter,
The wedding's the news ; yes that's what's the matter
For my heart is glad, she's a regular star,
And Sid, well he's solid—the Taylors all are."

The Last Drunk,

A workman who was a slave to drink.

YES, once more I am sober again
And ready to do all I can,
For I suppose I must work for my living,
It's the hard luck of every poor man.

Last pay I went straight to the house
And threw down the cash, every cent,
All but the four dollars, you know
That you always keep for the rent.

And I only just ask for ten cents
And a can to go out for the beer,
For I'm sure I haven't tasted a drop
But once since that drunk at New Year.

My wife then began to look cross
And said I was going to get tight,
So that was the way I broke out
And was drinking the whole of that night.

Yes, she's a nice little wife I admit,
She's so clean, and she's clever and smart,
She both makes and she mends all my clothes,
Yes, she always attends to that part.

But a man expects more from his wife
Than to work and to scrub all the day,
For we promised a long time ago
We'd agree in a general way.

But it seems we can never agree,
 And I don't know the reason just why,
 We've tried it so many times now
 It's no more any use for to try.

Yes, I'd like if she weren't so clean,
 But more sympathetic and kind,
 Our home would be more like a heaven,
 If we were more of a mind.

On Finding a Skeleton

*While excavating on the site of the old stone church
 on Sparks Street.*

AND didst thou live, and breathe, and talk,
 And in the streets of Bytown walk?
 Or were there streets and houses here,
 Or nothing but the wild Chaudiere

And forest trees and mountain ridge,
 No Sappers' or Suspension bridge;
 No saw-logs then, or Chaudiere mill,
 No Parliament then on the Hill.

No Council meetings in thy day,
 No water rates or tax to pay,
 No bailiff then to turn thee out,
 No peeler prowling on thy route?

Oh, couldst thou speak one word and say
If thou wert happy in thy day,
Or didst thou bear a heavy load
Upon a rough and stormy road.

Or wert thou looking on to-day,
And hearing all we had to say
About the house wherein thou dwelt
And this old church in which thou knelt.

Before thou left this earthly coil
Now almost all gone back to soil,
If thou wert looking on us then
We could not see thee—we're but men ;

But thou art more, and thou dost know
Why sorrows once distressed that brow,
And fear and shame and dark dismay
E'er crossed thy path and stopped the way.

Yes, thou who once lived in this skull ;
This poky little house so dull,
The windows glazed with darkened glass,
Thy vision so obscure, alas—

Yes, it must have been a sight to see
Thee flit and wing thy way so free
To mansions where all mystery
Is solved.

The Burned Mill,

THE drizzling rain fell cold and chill
Upon the ashes of the mill,
And all our hopes were dark as night
While gazing on the black'ning sight.
Burned timbers, bricks and shafting lay
In wild confusion every way,
And chaos like a mighty foe
Frowned on our sorrow, loss and woe.
No use for words, for words would fail,
The black'ning prospect told the tale
Of hopes destroyed, of courage gone,
For desolation reigned whereon
Our hopes were built, and O how sad
The future seemed, for all we had
Lay in that worthless heap of dross,
A life of labour all a total loss.
Yes, so it looked, and so we thought just then,
But money's worth is not the price of men.
If work be worship, then the way is plain,
Our bounden duty is to work again.
If work be worship, as some say,
Then work will surely pave the way
To fairer homes, where hope won't tire
But faith and courage and desire
Will live and grow, and O how grand
When character shall take its stand
On higher hills and still aspire
To eminence, above a fire.

Quyon.

Our House at the Quyon Saw Mill.

HIGH on a hill with rugged walls,
Some fifty feet above the falls
Our house is built, and O, how grand,
When at the open door I stand,

And see the moon peep o'er the hill,
Down on the mill-pond calm and still.
How grand to stand upon the shore,
And listen to the mellow roar

The rapids make, all else so quiet,
Oh ! what a calm, still, peaceful night,
Free from the noise of city life,
Free from the cares of business strife.

A resting place on life's rough way,
When tired by a weary day,
How nice to sit out in the night
And bask in such a balmy light.

Ragged Chute.

My sleeping-room when building mill at Ragged Chute.

MY room is sixteen feet by six,
Built of rough boards and not of bricks,
One window looks down to the mill,
The other up to the sandy hill.

The door when open swings inside.
 And serves my ragged clothes to hide.
 Hung in the corner on the wall,
 Pants, vest and coat, and shirt and all.

The stove is four by three feet high,
 And when it's filled with wood that's dry
 It gets so hot I almost melt.
 The walls are covered with brown felt.

One bed, one sofa, and two chairs,
 You see my bedroom is downstairs,
 I rise at six, or just before,
 Dress, make my bed, and sweep the floor,
 Go breakfast out next door, and then
 Turn out to work like other men.

The Insect of a Day.

*It is said that upon the River Hypanis there exist little
 animals which live but one day.*

THE insect of a day has lived
 To be an honored sage,
 Respected by his comrades
 For his enfeebled age.

And now his life is ebbing fast,
 He calls his comrades round
 And tells them of his life that's past,
 Where wonders did abound.

He points them to the setting sun
That's just begun to die,
And tells them where it just begun
To shine in that blue sky.

He tells them he remembers well
Where once it shone o'er head,
And plenteous showers of blessing fell
On generations dead.

"But comrades, listen now," said he,
"Our race is almost run,
Our life on earth must cease to be,
Our lives die with the sun."

The young and gay held up their heads,
And listened with alarm
And sighed to think their rosy beds
Should ever come to harm.

The sage's voice grew faint and slow,
His limbs grew cold and chill,
The sun was getting very low,
Just going behind the hill.

The sage's voice got fainter still ;
"Our thread of life is spun,
We must obey our Maker's will,
And go out with the sun."

Strange Events.

THIS strangeness of events that so
Obscures the way in which we go ;
That seems to contradict our sense
And weigh us down with dark suspense ;

This dreary monotone of pain,
This ever disappointing strain,
That so obscures our eye of faith,
And seems to drag us down to death.

Is but the very life, the start,
Here we begin to act our part.
And here no effort shall be lost,
Although at times we're tempest-tossed.

Here all must count that's well begun,
Whether drains be dug or factory run,
We must be fitting for some sphere,
Or else we never should be here.

Lost.

The old grey horse wanders away and dies.

THEY smile and call me foolish,
For they see my temper's tossed,
As we listen to the cold dark splash
At night. And Dick is lost.

For Dick weren't used to sleeping out,
 And would not count the cost
 Of such a soaking, cold, wet night.
 I'm 'fraid poor Dick is lost !

He may be stuck in some cold swamp.
 Or else the Quyon crossed.
 I'm atrait that something's happened ;
 I'm sure poor Dick is lost,

Or else he'd make his way back home.
 He'd come at any cost.
 Oh ! listen to the cold dark rain !
 I'm sure poor Dick is lost.

Our Cook.

(In the log shanty.)

OUR cook, he was a jolly blade,
 His name was Francis Wright.
 He baked the best bread e'er was made,
 So spongy, good and white.

A pound of hops he got one day
 And set his sponge that night,
 Then down beside the batch he lay,
 Our cook did, Francis Wright.

And thus he slept with open eyes,
 All through that cold, dark night,
 A-watching for the bread to rise,
 Our cook did, Francis Wright.

Next morning as he donned his clothes
His eyes shone with delight,
To see how well his bread had rose,
Our cook did, Francis Wright.

And as he bakes our daily bread,
And does it with his might,
We think that He who sent him here,
Will welcome Francis Wright.

The Crooked Way.

THE path of life is often hard
And difficult to find.
Obstructions lie in every form,
Perplexing to the mind.

Through crooked, dismal bogs and swamps
The road is made to wind,
Beset by foxes, bears and wolves,
The most ferocious kind.

But why complain of crooked paths
When fate has willed it so.
It is the way the Master went,
And why should we not go?

These crooked, rugged ways of earth,
Where we by force are driven,
Are glorious roads of priceless worth,
The vestibule of heaven.

Thus if discipline be the way
That leads to heavenly bliss,
When led by such a crooked way
That heaven we cannot miss.

A Diphtheria Funeral.

Met on a lonely road at night.

THE night was dark and dreary,
On the road along the lake
A worn-out man, so weary,
Drove two corpses from the wake.

Stilled by death his children lay,
As the cortege moved so slow,
Then we thought we heard him say,
“ Lord, to Thee I humbly bow.

Thou who gave the birth of life,
Thou who takest it away
From the troubles and the strife
To a bright and endless day.”

Then we thought his heart got light,
And he was no more alone.
In that dark and dreary night
Light upon the coffins shone.

Model Farm.*Away out in Thorne.*

YOU talk about your Model Farm
And Manitoba corn,
And quite forget how picturesque
Our farms are here in Thorne.

You talk about your Rockies
And look on us with scorn,
Who live upon these rugged rocks
Away out here in Thorne.

I saw a farm the other day,
The sunniest e'er was born,
It hung upon a mountain's side,
Near to a lake in Thorne.

There was no place to build a barn
To hold the Indian corn,
That grew upon these great big rocks
Away out here in Thorne.

High on a rock the house was built,
Scoops did the roof adorn ;
A chimney built of cordwood stood
Upon this house in Thorne.

Cow-shed and root-house side by side,
The barnyard did adorn ;
Such is the picture of this farm
Away out here in Thorne.

This was the dear old "home sweet home"
 Where Fierabend's sons were born,
 Who chose this humble, rugged spot,
 Among those hills in Thorne.

Contented, happy with his lot,
 Smiles his bronzed face adorn.
 He thanks God for this humble spot
 Amongst those hills in Thorne.

Home.

On visiting my old home in England.

THE night is still,
 And sacred darkness falls
 Upon the barley stubble
 And the old stone walls.

Those old stone walls
 Each side this road I walk,
 When night comes on
 Begin to laugh and talk.

And tell of other days
 Some fifty years ago,
 When I was only nine
 Or ten years old or so.

I walk the old foot-path
 That crosses Father's farm,
 Where every nook and stile, and turn,
 Has some entrancing charm.

Then as each object came in view
Some recollection gave,
As I walked upon the very sod
Of the old black horse's grave.

And I saw the old hedge rows
Where grew the roses wild,
And my heart went back to the good old days,
A happy, happy child.

Then I went to see the Sunday school,
Some fifty years gone by ;
And saw the very place we sat,
My brother Tom and I.

But not a single face was there,
At least that I could see.
There might have been, I do not know,
Some looking down on me.

And I saw the light in the window
As plain as plain could be,
Where Mother sat in the old arm-chair,
Knitting and waiting for me.

Then I wondered when troubles were over
And all our sorrow and pain,
If we might come back to the old house
And live there over again.

On Board Ship.

OH, for a welcome sight of land !
Where I can have a spot to stand,
If it is but a two foot space,
Where I can bend my boots to lace.

We four are put in this small pen,
Our room just measures eight by ten.
Too small by far to sleep and dress,
Our clothes are all thrown in a mess.

Beneath me lies on the under bed
A soft young man that's college-bred,
Who promenades with the girls at night,
And lies in bed till broad daylight.

A parson with a squeaky tongue—
A fussy fellow with one lung—
The most fault-finding of the three,
Sleeps in the bed 'long-side of me.

And in the lower berth one lies,
Who snores when e'er he shuts his eyes ;
His moans are like the troubled sea.
Now, may I ask your sympathy ?

The Breakfast Table.*Cape Town*

DID ever anybody see,
Such a mixed community,
Round a breakfast table sit,
Trying to palm off their wit ?

English, Irish, Dutch and Scot,
Africander, and what not ;
And such names you never heard,
Round-tree, Green-hill and a Bird,

Wiggett and Mc-Kindrie,
Fraser, Hard-wood and Golds-worthy,
Here we are together thrown,
Funniest medley e'er was known.

Blown across the deep blue sea,
Working out the mystery
Of some great and glorious plan,
Hidden to the eyes of man.

The Lost Ring.*Scene in a boarding-house, Cape Colony, South Africa.*

THEY only called her Lizzie,
They said that was her " nyme,"
She waited on the table,
At lunch and dinner time.

She was of dark complexion,
I rather liked her face,
But then the boarders seemed to think
The girl was out of place.

And one day while at dinner,
One man got up and said
The girl had acted rudely,
By throwing down the bread.

That it gave him such a shock,
His nerves were weak and thin,
And the girl she should be punished
For committing such a sin.

But I watched the tremour of her hand,
And the twitching of her face,
For coloured girls blush and get pale
Like those of Saxon race.

For the boarders all were talking
Of the stolen diamond ring ;
Said the guilty one should suffer
For such a dreadful thing.

That night we sat in the parlor,
Talking the matter o'er,
When every voice was hushed
By a knock at the outer door.

Then we all looked at each other,
A pin you might hear fall,
And someone said in a whisper
"There's a policeman in the hall."

And we all looked very cunning,
Then with one leap and bound
"The girl's the thief, the vixen,
The diamond ring is found."

And then the missiles flew like shot
Sent from a cannon's mouth,
Those fiery darts both fierce and hot,
From north, west, east and south.

For the girl was torn to tatters,
And we all felt very proud ;
I wonder what the Lord would say
If He'd been in the crowd ?

I think I hear His gentle voice
In sympathetic tone,
*"Let him that is without a sin
Throw first the deadly stone."*

Table Mountain.

Capetown, South Africa.

AT your request
I'll do my best
To tell you of the way I went,
And how I felt in the ascent,
The other day
While on the way.

No doubt you've often heard it said
Fools go where angels fear to tread ;
 My heart beat fast,
 The clouds flew past.

As I gazed down from the giddy height,
I saw the ships with their loads of freight ;
 And the young and old
 In the race for gold.

And the town seemed busy and all alive,
Buzzing about like bees in a hive ;
 On went the strife,
 A fight for life.

The young and strong, the stout and tall,
The weak were pushed against the wall
 And tempest-toss'd,
 Their race seemed lost.

Then it looked to me like a great big school,
Where lessons must be learned by rule
 On benches hard
 And the stick to guard.

And in the school the Master stands,
Holding a prize with open hands,
 A great reward,
 An Honour-card.

A pass-port to the great unknown,
There to receive a golden crown,
 School-days passed,
 Heaven at last.

September 18th, 1897.

Johannesburg,

The Golden City of the Transvaal, South Africa.

I WENT to see the city of gold ;
Though young in years—just ten years old—
Had grown to an enormous size,
For all the world, the worldly-wise,
In the treasure rare
Had come to share.

For every nation had come to the fight,
And every colour from black to white ;
Both Jew and Gentile, rich and poor,
Had come to dig for the precious ore,
In the hard blue rock,
Or in exchange stock.

And some had risen and some had fell,
And some had refused their luck to tell ;
But all had sorrow less or more,
And some a heavy burden bore,
A sad lone fear—
The world can't cheer.

Then Sunday came, that welcome day,
And I went to church and heard them pray,
For the city so rich and yet so poor ;
And they talked of a richer, happier shore,
With faces bright
And burdens light.

Loss and Gain,

IF gain be loss and loss be gain,
If sorrow, trouble, grief and pain
Be diamonds glittering in the sun
To light our way that's just begun
From earth to heaven, then why despair
When trials loaded down with care
Lie heavy on the human breast,
And when there seems no place for rest.

It's grand to know this glorious cross
Is but the law of gain and loss,
The law that since the world began,
Or rather since the birth of man.

All down the ages, loss and gain
Has marked the process of the train
Of our ancestral parentage.
Many have lived in every age

Who reaped some gain in wealth and fame,
Then furious fiery trials came
And swept away the treasured gain
Out of their sight, then, oh, how vain

And empty then our whole life seemed,
As one who through the night had dreamed
Of heavenly bliss, then woke to find
'Twas all a myth, and troubled mind.

But why this loss that stops advance ?
 This world is not a game of chance,
 But built on a substantial plan,
 A model training school for man.

But some words seem so hard to spell,
 And what they mean we cannot tell,
 But then the Master knows quite well,
 Why not to Him, our troubles tell.

He's always ready to explain
 Even the good of loss and gain ;
 All things are His, all things are ours,
 We only lack in faith ; He showers

Down plenty, then for good retains,
 Sends loss to take away our gains
 That we may reach out and obtain
 A better, higher, richer gain.

**Reply to Address Presented by Employees, with
 Accompanying Gold Watch.**

WORDS fail entirely to express

My thanks to you for this address,
 So take the action for the word ;
 I bow ; to speak would be absurd.

Well I remember in past years
 You shared my cares and hopes and fears,
 When friends were few, and I in need,
 You often proved a friend indeed.

When fortune frowned upon our will,
 And fire disastrous burned our mill,
 Your sympathy expanded then
 And kindness made us better men.

Farewell. May we forever be,
 In bonds of closest sympathy,
 Let us each other's burdens bear
 Until we reach that higher sphere.

April, 1898.

To my dear old Friends at Ragged Chute.

MY dear old friends at Quyon Mill,
 My eyes with tears begin to fill,
 While gazing on this fine "dudheen,"
 A present fit for England's Queen.

I often think of days gone by,
 We worked together, you and I,
 Sharing each other's gain or loss
 When things got tangled up ; and cross.

Our friendship still remains the same,
 Your old friend knows your every name,
 George Keeler, first upon the roll,
 John Curly, with his long pike-pole.

John Howard holds the helm tight,
The boards fly off to left and right ;
Jack Keeler edges pretty fair,
Tom Curly gets them, when he's there.

Ned Keeler butts them at both ends
And Michael to the pile attends,
Neil Doherty attends the "dogs,"
John Salmon helps to roll the logs.

Jim Palmer keeps the platform clear
With Mr. Trick his engineer ;
Dorion to the saws attends,
Grinds files, and hammers out the bends.

While Hanaberry with a will
Draws all the edgings from the mill,
As Tunny hitches up old "Bay"
And draws the slabs and shorts away.

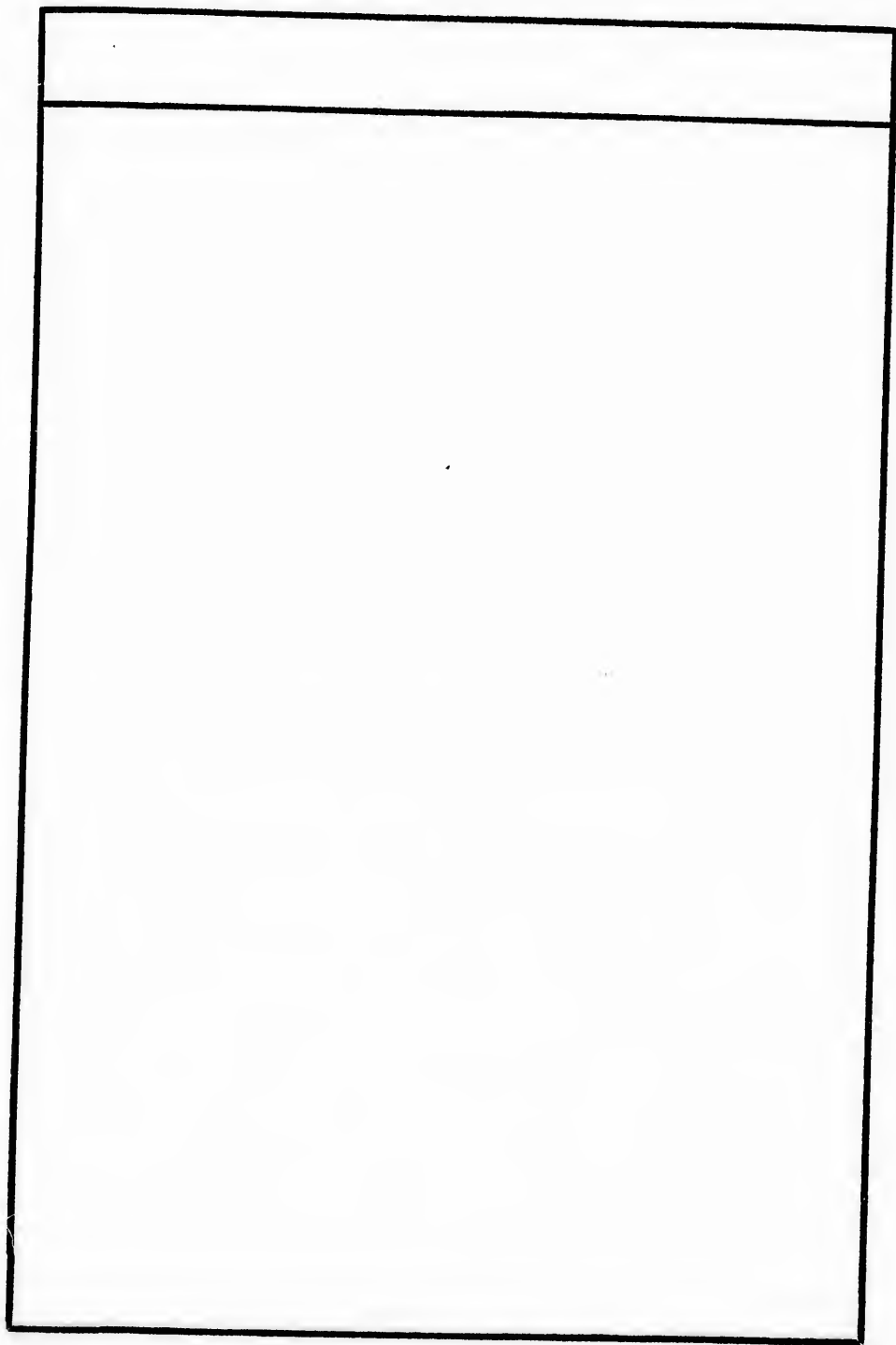
Our shingle-maker, Burman, Fred,
Hardly stops to go to bed,
Late and early, hard and tight,
From early morn till dark at night.

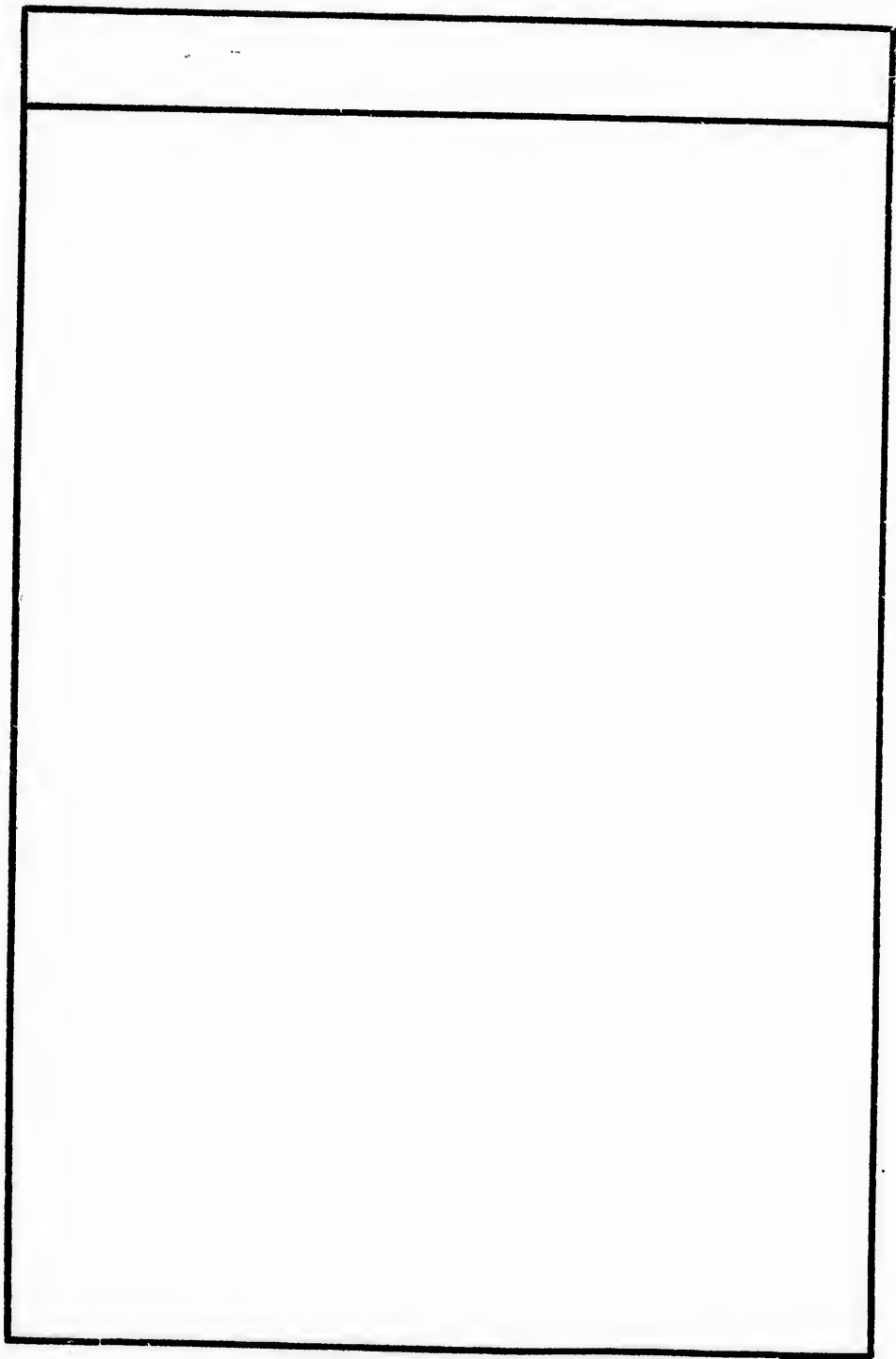
Horner never seems to tire
Shovelling sawdust in the fire ;
Our engineer whose name is Will,
Drives the big wheel that runs the mill.

My dear old friends at Quyon Mill,
My eyes with tears begin to fill,
While gazing on his fine "dudheen,"
A present fit for England's Queen.

Ottawa, May 26th, 1898.



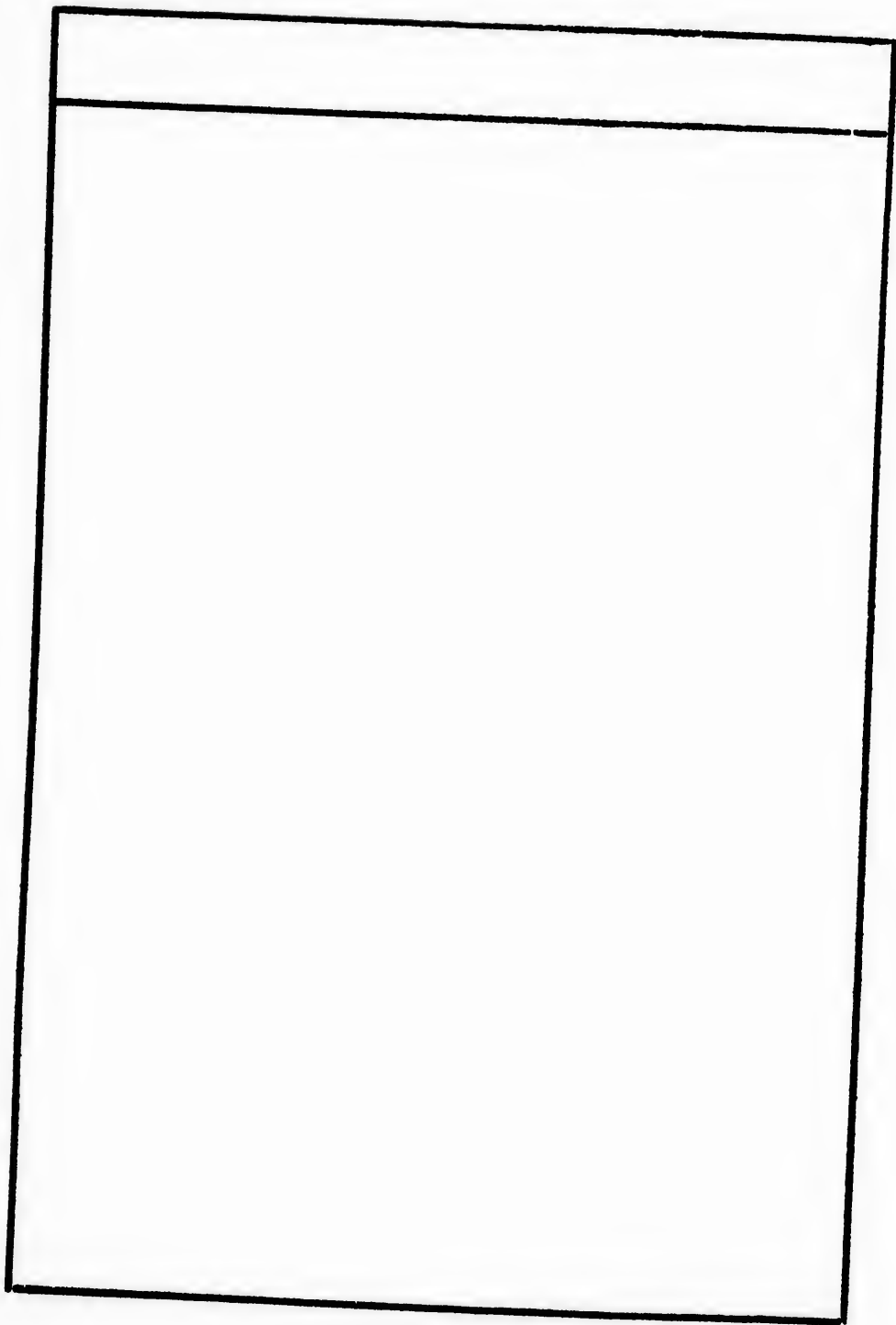




**HOME
BALLADS**

BY

R. THACKRAY.



Infinity.

⊙ Hi what a world, this world of ours !
Its ocean depths, its mountain towers ;

Its sorrowing millions breathe its breath,
And countless billions sleep its death.

Life, death, in sea and land abound ;
The world's become a burying-ground.

And thus we mix with earth again
When after joy and grief and pain

The life, the soul, the spirit flies ;
All we can see of life then dies ;

And what we cannot see must be
A living thing, or how could we

At lightning speed, nay, quicker far,
Our thoughts reach the remotest star

And grope to find some space beyond
Where we could go at one grand bound

Our bodies die, they drop from sight ;
Our souls, they must be infinite.

Nov. 7th, 1898.

Sunset in the Harvest Field.

3 LIKE those dear old corn-fields
With their red ripe bearded grain,
To wander through the stubble
Brings back new life again.

I like these old by-country roads
At even time to roam
And watch them carting in the grain
And think of harvest home.

I live my young days over again,
Though fifty years have passed,
The happiest days I ever spent
Then life seemed made to last.

I like to hear the woodcock coo
Their solemn, mellow lay,
And watch the rabbits skip about
And in the clover play.

It brings me back to long past years
When life seemed real and true,
When every sound at twilight
Was beautiful and new.

It lifts me from this shadowy world
Of lonely care and strife,
And I see beyond the sunset
Another, happier life.

Brearey, Aug. 30th, 1898.

Ireland.

On a moonlight night.

Ⓜ H, Ireland, gem of the British Isles,
Where hearts roll out like Irish miles
That wind around the mountain side
And down the hill to meet the tide

That waits the stranger to your shore,
Who finds an ever open door
From where flows sympathy so grand
To all who on your shores land.

Your neat thatched houses, white and clean,
Your fields of ever-living green
Where donkeys, sheep and cattle roam
Around the good old home, sweet home.

And on the mountain's far expanse
On moonlight nights the fairies dance
And bogies from the bogs go there,
And lads and lassies from the fair

Meet there to grace the mountain scene
And pluck the shamrocks from the green
And tell their simple tales of love,
Heard only by the stars above.

Vow to be constant without straint,
Their love so pure and without taint
So stirred their hearts just like some leaven
As if an angel came from heaven

And joined the glorious happy scene
 Out on that mountain side so green,
 And fairies wept with pure delight
 Oh! Ireland on a moonlight night.

Ottawa, January 3rd, 1899.

Rolling On.

THE robin's chirp has just begun,
 The old world's rolling to the sun
 With all its sorrowing load of sin,
 Its clash of arms and cannons' din,

And broken hearts by sorrow torn.
 Too full to weep, and too forlorn
 To pray for help, with hope all gone,
 And still the old world's rolling on

Showing its doings to the sun,
 Its battles lost and victories won,
 Its hopes and cares, its fears and strife,
 With all the sorrows of this life.

Oh, what a tale the sun could tell
 Of tragedies that have befallen;
 Larger than earth would be the scroll
 Since this old world began to roll.

The Task of Life.

IS it so, then, is it true
That all we think and say and do
Is working out a glorious plan
Designed by God for love of man?
That whether we succeed or fail
In working out in nice detail
The task of life, all will be gain
This glorious prize of work and pain
With all its toil, and care, and woe,
Its best-loved friends and hated foe
All total up the one grand whole
And make for one eternal goal.
The consummation of God's plan
The heaven of sin-born, sorrowing man.

The Grave Yard.

ISAT in the grave yard alone,
And thought of the days that were past,
As I gazed on the marble and stone,
The last tribute of friends---yes, the last.
And some I had known in this life
Whose memory forces a tear,

Who had shared in my burdens and strife,
So faithful, so true and sincere.

But the iron gates of still death
Have closed and left me outside,
And I hear not a sigh nor a breath
From the lips of those who have died,

Whose day of discipline is o'er,
Who have launched on a much larger sphere
Than ever they thought of before
To a land without sorrow or fear.

The Wreck of the Mohegan Ship, November, 1898.

THE Mohegan ship struck the Cornish rock
With a crash that cannot be told
By the hundred and fifty who felt the shock
And the sea rushed into the hold.

And a cry went up for help that night
To save from a watery grave
A cry of despair to the God of might,
The God who alone can save.

"Lower the boats" came a shout from the bridge,
For the ship was sinking fast.
"Lower the boats," cried the sailors true,
For they stood at their posts to the last.

Then a sound went up as the ship went down
To the God who always saves,
And one hundred lives were broken
On the North Atlantic waves.

Not lost, but left the human house,
They left their house that night
And moved into a larger one
More grand, and infinite.

Past and Future.

AND now the time has come at last
When I must face the wintry blast
And home ; that strikes a thought so deep
Into the heart that cannot weep.

No place on earth so cold and chill
No vacuum half so hard to fill
As home, that's empty and bereft,
When nothing but the name is left.

It's said when folks on pleasure roam
The happiest part is coming home.
Alas, my hopes of home are dead,
And sentiments I almost dread.

My morning and my noon are past,
My evening sun is overcast
With clouds that flit across my sky,
As weary days and weeks go by.

Home? no, I cannot call it home.
 It's homelier far for me to roam
 And listen to the tumult loud
 Of busy men and bustling crowd

Than live where home just used to be
 Where everything I used to see
 Revives the hopes of years gone by,
 That live a little and then die.

But memory lives, that vital spark
 Lives all day long, then after dark.
 Exists through life, on to the last,
 And links the future with the past.

Dec. 1st, 1898.

The Hidden Future.

○ OUR gains are balanced by our loss,
 And sorrow cancels all our joy.
 The good we prize turns into dross.
 And pleasures live but to annoy.

We live and flourish for a day.
 We grow, then draw one fleeting breath ;
 Our life is checkered ; then decay
 Sets in ; and all that's mortal dies in death.

Toss'd between two worlds about,
 The finite and the infinite
 The finite full of dark and doubt,
 The infinite eternal light.

But now and then a flash of light
 Comes in our dismal groping on
 Like lightning in a stormy night
 Lights up the landscape and is gone.

Yes gone ; but still that flash of light
 Has shown to us a glorious way
 Revealed to us the infinite
 That turns our darkness into day.

Yes, day eternal and sublime
 That penetrates these fogs that be
 And radiates the mists of time
 That hide the great eternity.

Things We See on the Street.

LAST night when on the street at dark
 I heard a half-drunk man remark
 "I know him well, and he knows me ;
 I'll take him home where he should be."

A little crowd had gathered round,
 A drunken man lay on the ground,
 A big policeman six feet high
 Was looking on with anxious eye.

“Who'll get the prize,” my thoughts thus ran,
 “The bobby or the half-drunk man ? ”
 The drunkard's friend then acted wise
 And dragged along his heavy prize.

Bravo ! my heart began to beat.
 I've heard a sermon on the street ;
 The echo then came back to me
 “I'll take him home where he should be.”

A sermon ? Yes ; I almost fear
 More Christ-like than in church we hear.
 So short, pathetic, and so free
 “I'll take him home where he should be.”

Theory and practice seldom fail
 To save our brother from the jail,
 And duty rests on you and me
 To take them home where they should be.

Liverpool, Nov. 18th, 189^o.

Breeze Hill.

WHEN talking to a friend one day
 I heard a Breeze Hill member say,
 At Breeze Hill Church on Thursday night
 Some presbyters will there unite

In council to deliberate
 The business of the church estate

And Breeze Hill will a lunch prepare,
And a policeman will be there.

"Why a policeman there?" said I
When to my quest he did reply,
"For fear that something should be stole,
It will be safer, on the whole."

This news to me was something new,
Straight from the pulpit and the pew
It didn't seem to me so meek
As if they'd turned the other cheek.

Or when the multitude was fed
With five small fishes and some bread,
While seated on that village green,
Would a policeman grace the scene?

Or if the churches had indeed
Faith large as a small mustard-seed
They would the very act disdain
To watch the fragments that remain.

Alas! it takes so very long
To learn that rather suffer wrong
Than at the court your brother sue
The culprit might have just been you.

It's time we Christians were more strong
To suffer for our brother's wrong
For we should be like one big clan
At-one-ment with our brother-man.

Liverpool, 6th Dec., 1898.

The Monthly Fair.

A scene in Ireland.

THERE were horses and donkeys and mules and sheep,
And loads of pigs all laid in a heap,
And boys and girls for hire were there
At Ballagawly monthly fair.

There were carts and jaunting-cars for sale
And Irish whiskey and barrels of ale,
There were wheels of fortune and pitch and toss,
And games of chance, of profit and loss,

There were ringing of bells and auction sales,
And cows and horses with short bob-tails,
There were crowding and shouting and squealing of pigs
And a fiddler rasping off Irish jigs.

There were slapping of hands, and buying and selling,
And singing and shouting and laughing and yelling
And numerous other games were there,
At Ballagawly monthly fair.

Ballagawly, Ireland, Nov., 1898.

The Radical Clock.

THE old clock stood in the corner,
Close to the pantry door.
The clock reached to the ceiling,
And right down to the floor

It went all right in the day-time
But at night it took a start,
And we set it in the morning
By Edwin Todd's milk cart.

The milkcart went like clockwork
On its daily round all day ;
The clock went like a milk-cart
When it did not run away.

But the clock had run for ages
Through many a life long span,
And measured out some human lives
Before the cart began.

All honour to the old timepiece
Close to the pantry door,
That reached up to the ceiling
Down to the old flag floor

Farewell to Quyon Mill.

MY own old Quyon, now farewell !
One last long look and all is o'er,
How much I love thee none can tell
Thy winding stream and rugged shore.

Farewell ye vapour hills of mist,
Ye trees of dark and yellow green ;
Ye crows and robins, you'll be missed,
My comrades in past years you've been.

And this old mill is part of me,
My plaything in the years gone by,
But time has parted me and thee,
And time alone can answer why.

I sometimes think how dear 'twould be
When sin and sorrow lose their stain
This dear old Ragged Chute to see
And live together here again.

Ragged Chute, April, 1898.

Midnight and Morning.

FROM where and whence, and why
This deep, dark pit of shame,
So sad and deep the dye,
So black we dare not name.

Is it God who rules this world
And gave this heritage
Of dark, bad thoughts and deeds too black
To write historic page ?

The good man suffers for his good,
His hopes go to decay,
The speculating, world-wise
Bloom like the flowers of May.

But then the flowers of May will fade,
Their leaves will blow away
And perish in the evening shade
When they have had their day.

But we shall see more clearly
Through the dim, dark space of time,
And these sad, bad distempers
Will then fall into line.

And the spell will then be broken,
Then we shall know and see
The great unknown, unspoken,
God's glorious mystery.

And then the light will shine more clear
On the darkest spots we've trod
Illumined by the glorious light
Held by the hand of God.

Then we shall know the reason why
 How calm the face in death,
 As if the dawn had opened
 And life commenced in death.

Ottawn, July 31, 1898.

The Army.

WHEN going to church the other day
 We met the army on the way
 Marching their own peculiar way
 To Heaven ; by flag and drum display.

They numbered nine, both rank and file,
 Some persons by inclined to smile,
 Just then the big drum loud and long
 Boomed out the signal for a song.

The echo warbled up on high,
 The sun shone through the cloudy sky
 And shed its warm and welcome ray
 Though many million miles away.

Down on the motley band so small
 Yes, God's great sun shines down on all
 And shines as welcome and complete
 On army corps out on the street

As on the biggest church on earth ;
 All are to him of equal worth
 Who give their lives into His care,
 The honest poor or millionaire

Who welcome all into their ranks
 The outcast and the homeless cranks,
 The out-of-works who hide from sight
 You shelter from the black, cold night.

And then with drum and tambourine
 You call them in, the poor and mean,
 From the hard world, so cold and chill,
 So rough the road, so much up hill ;

So straight the right, so wide the wrong,
 So many weak, so few are strong.
 Oh, sympathy ! how long, how long,
 Shine out, shine out ; be strong, be strong.

The Easter Sparrow.

THE sparrow on the stoop outside
 Sings his song of Easter-tide,
 Hops about in anxious glee,
 Happy as a bird can be.

Dreadful hardships he has seen,
 Cold and long the winter's been ;
 Many a night has been his lot
 To creep into the chimney-pot

And so escape the bitter cold
And pain of death that can't be told.
Next morning early he's awake
With dreadful empty stomach-ache.

Then out into the cold he flies
And on the stoop he sits and eyes
And waits perchance for some stray crumbs
Then down he shies amongst his chums.

And so the nights and days pass by ;
At last the sunny days draw nigh.
Once more he sits upon the stoop
And chirps a song more full of hope.

Next day he brings along a wife,
Declares he'll lead a better life ;
And vows he never more will roam
But spend his days and nights at home.

And thus he chuckles to his bride
Who seemed to take a moral pride
In this mighty reformation
Of the moral bird creation.

Merrily they chirp together
In the Easter sunny weather,
Happy as the day is long
Constant in their love and song.

Learn a lesson from the sparrow,
Don't be selfish, mean and narrow,
Share your sunshine and your pleasure ;
Sympathy is golden treasure.

The Tramp.

FOR what, for why, from whence came I,
Into this world to live and die.
Minus of friends, or wealth I roam
In this wide world without a home.

The sympathy for which I yearn,
Is met with words and looks so stern
That sends a shudder through my frame,
And brands me Vagabond, by name.

I walk along the dusty road,
Weary of my despondent load,
From last night's dew, my clothes are damp,
Girls going to school call at me, tramp.

Hunger my bosom friend indeed,
My daily chum always in need,
Suggests a real momentous want
And chances of a meal are scant.

I cannot beg, I will not steal,
Oh for some job to earn a meal.
Necessity provides at last.
I get a job and break my fast.

Then night comes on with fearful dread,
And heavy clouds like sheets of lead
Lower down around my fearful head.
I'm minus supper and a bed.

I earned by sawing wood last night
My supper and a legal right
To rest up in a loft of hay,
And sleep o'ercame that dreadful day.

Homesick next morn before t'was day,
I crawled out from bed of hay,
And started on the road once more,
With aching back and feet all sore.

But, now a change has come at last,
The curtain falls and hides the past,
A little rest, a change of scene,
And morning breaks in living dream.

I am the vagabond no more,
I stand firm on this solid shore.
God's schoolhouse since this world began,
And I'm a god-created man.

I got a constant job last night,
And now I claim the moral right
To work nine hours in a day
And draw my honest, legal pay.

Farewell ye dusty roads, farewell.
A dismal story you can tell
Of aching back and feet so sore,
I begged for work from door to door.

Farewell ye farmers' lofts of hay
Where many nights I crept and lay,

And welcomed darkness with a smile
That hid my misery for awhile.

And now with spirits all aglow,
I'm on my way to work you know.
To earn one's living what a charm,
My dinner tucked beneath my arm.

This world's a world of change and chance,
It's facts are stranger than romance,
At morn, your spirits touch the sky,
At night your'e quite content to die.

And so it was to-day with me,
Perfect as far as I could see
Alas ! before the clock struck nine,
My arms and shoulders and my spine

Were just one solid mass of pain,
Creaking like an old freight train
Whose cars for years had been laid by
And unused axles had run dry.

So every muscle, every bone
From sheer exhaustion, (loading stone)
Was just one mass of ache and pain
A real coliapse from nervous strain

And then the boss, to make things worse
Directs at me an awful curse,
And so the ebb and tide of life,
The ups and downs, the joy and strife.

To some extent the problem solves,
This whirling swirling, and resolves,
That life and pain and loss and gain,
Those heartaches, and this dreadful strain
Are working out a glorious plan,
The character, the soul of man.



