

Poems of Progress or Prohibition



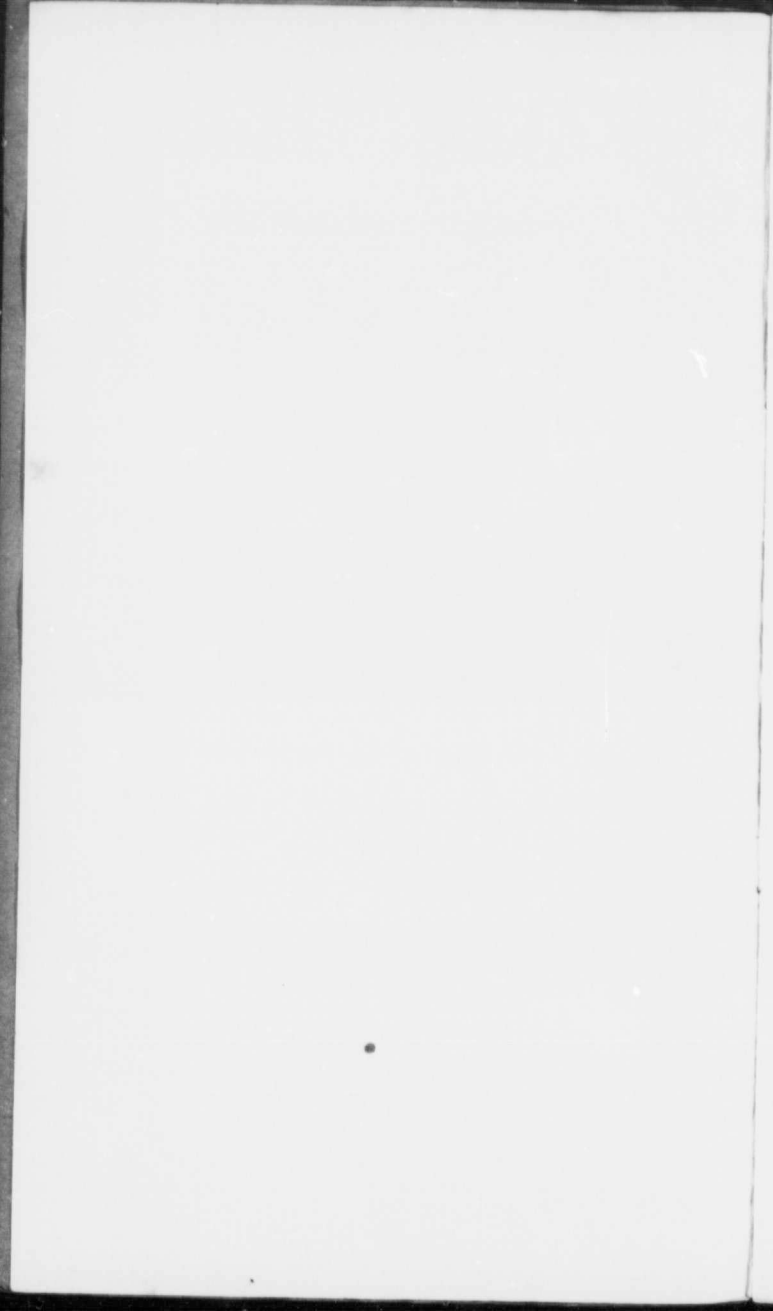
*Do not sit there idly by,
Nor let the moments swiftly fly
In fretting over past regret;
You have noble deeds before you yet.*

By

Ethel Imrie Cuthbertson

HR
PR9206
U84 P7





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By
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Dedicated to those souls who atuned with
the great conciousness of

Right

are flowers in the garden of

Human Progress

Content to pity, not to blame,

Content in failure or in fame,

Content to help their weaker brother

Content with helping one another.

158,387

HR

PR9206

,U84 P7

THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD

YOU ask me why I loathe the drink,
Oh, friend, just pause awhile and think
How my path has been strewn with thorns and
tears,
Every hour in the day over-raided by fears.

Did I not watch by my dear mother's side
When she breathed her last on earth and died—
A poor crushed heart bowed down by cares,
Which only a drunkard's wife knows and bears.

Have I not held baby sister's hand,
And heard her little voice demand
"That sister would give her bread to eat?"
Ah, then, my misery hath been complete.

When my father staggers home at night,
His once bright eyes dimmed by that cursed blight,
And strikes his daughter a deadly blow,
Drink will not let him mercy bestow.

When the saloon keeper's child passes our way
With healthful cheeks and colors gay,
Then I look at baby's starved wee face,
I wrestle with God for help and grace.

Yes, my father will watch his baby die
While he spends every cent in the saloon close by;
I must sit and hear her sweet voice pleading
For the food that she is so sadly needing.

No, the curse has too strong a hold;
The grip of its arms will never unfold
Till the earth is free from this awful blight.
Oh, friend, lend a hand in this deadly fight.

Baby sister is laid by her mother in peace;
Her hunger and pain has forever ceased.
The two I loved have been starved unto death;
I will curse the drink till my latest breath.

Is this the same man who wooed and wed
That dear, gentle heart so long since dead?
Ah, no, 'tis a devil in the shape of drink
Who has dragged his soul to distraction's brink.

I wrestle with God on bended knee
That He will let me live to be
A member of that noble band
Who will sweep the drink from off the land.

You know, then, the reason, friend,
Why I will ever this cause defend.
I hate the drink in my inmost heart,
And to crush it is on earth my part.

MOTHER'S BOY

DADDY, this is Good Templar night—
Please come along with me;
We always have good times alright,
And sometimes we get tea.

Mamma's been working hard all day,
But still she's going with me;
She wants me to grow up in the way
That will be best, you see.

Daddy, why do you scowl at me?
I'm not a naughty boy,
'Cause mama says I'll always be
Her only hope and joy.

When I grow up to be big like you
I'll always have a smile,
'Cause I'll not drink the stuff you do—
I'll be a man worth while.

Daddy, you would be kind to me
If the drink you wouldn't touch,
And mama 'd be so happy, you see,
And I'd love you, oh, so much.

So come along to the Templars, Dad,
'Cause you know you should;
Then Ma and I will be so glad,
And it will do you good.

A FATHER'S LEGACY

IN the still watches of a winter's night,
Pale, worn cheeks and hair so white,
An old lady sat in her big arm chair
Gazing into the fire's ruddy glare.

Looking up at a picture upon the wall,
Hot, burning tears began to fall.
She wandered back to that girlhood day
When her heart was happy and the world so gay.

That day when she became the wife
Of the man she loved e'en as her life—
When full to the brim her life of joy
Was blessed by a bouncing baby boy.

When bad companions and a drinking saloon
Deprived mother and son of love so soon;
The father, overcome by the drinking crave,
Lies buried today in a drunkard's grave.

Now sixty years, lonely and old,
A mother with heart of purest gold
Waits for her boy—oh, sad to relate—
Who must soon share his father's fate.

Her heart grows cold as, up the street,
She hears the sound of unsteady feet.
With a cry to heaven her terror to cease,
Her soul, resigned, once more finds peace.

The cries of that drunkard calling for ease
As he lies with his head on his mother's knees,
Would turn the hardest heart of stone
To fight till the drink is overthrown.

That cruel monster, that cursed drink,
Deprives men of the power to think.
'Tis not the man but the drink that's to blame;
That it still exists is a burning shame.

So many tragedies yet untold,
As this drunken boy and his mother old,
Exist in our midst from day to day,
Yet we pass right on in our selfish way.

'Tis time we arose in an earnest fight
To lay low the drink with its deadly blight;
Nor must we cease or stay our hand
Till the drink is swept from off the land.

We must remove the deadly drinking cup
From our boys and girls who are growing up.
Let us all try, with earnest endeavor,
To sweep the drink from our land forever.

A MOTHER'S APPEAL

THE twilight hour was fading and the sun had sunk in
the west,
The birds had ceased from singing and the children
were at rest.
With aching limbs and burdened soul I sat and mused alone
And wondered if God controlled this earth from His
heavenly throne.

My baby had gone to bed crying he was hungry, for he
told me so.
Why could I not give him more food to eat?—that's what
he wanted to know.
"Do you not love me, mamma?" my darling baby had said;
"Why does dada not kiss me now before I go to bed?"

What could I do but hug my child and kiss his tears away,
And tell him that God would teach dada to love him some
day.
E'en as I prayed the devil mocked, my heart stood still
with fear,
For the heavy tread of drunken feet fell on my listening
ear.

As I gazed on that bloated face my soul was stricken dumb;
I knew that every good impulse in that man's heart was
numb.
He is baby's father—what language its terrors can tell,
It sinks my soul in despair as deep as the caverns of hell.

Friend, do you know what it is to mourn bound down by
this curse?
A starving child tender and mild, an empty heart and purse.
Have you ever sat in the shadow, friendless and alone,
With the wild cries of your child chilling your blood to
the bone.

Have you been thrust from Eden's garden where once
your heart did dwell,
By the hands of him you worshipped into the gates of Hell?
Oh, tell me is it real to you, or does it only seem
The babbling of a burdened soul or a meaningless dream?

'Tis true God knows it—I repeat it with heart that must
bleed,
Whene'er I think of my baby and of his soul's deep need.
Fathers, mothers, I pray you, fight at all costs for the right;
Drink is the curse of the country—clear the earth of this
blight.

HOME INFLUENCE

A young man sat on a bench one night
In the driving sleet and snow,
His poor limbs ached, his face was white,
But he had nowhere else to go.

Gay shouts of laughter reached his ears;
Then he slowly turned around,
His weak frame trembled much with fear
As he listened to the sound.

The saloon lights shone out all aglow.
"Come, let us be merry," they say;
But the young man said, "I'll die in the snow
Rather than die that way."

He wandered around from street to street,
His limbs ached more and more,
Till he wandered back to the same old seat
In front of the saloon door.

He soon watched a man come out
Who tottered on the street,
Slowly wandered round about
Till he reached him on the seat.

He took more drink to still the crave;
He would curse and moan and weep.
This young man listened to him rave
Till his very flesh would creep.

As the lad started off to roam
To find some place of rest,
Thoughts of his poor old mother and home
With sadness filled his breast.

"The struggle to live is hard," he cried,
"But still I'll never give up,
For manhood's sake I'll never become
A slave of the drinking cup.

"With steady hand and balanced mind
I'll keep on in the fight;
Then some day I know I'll find
Reward for doing right."

"DRINK"

WHAT is it that curses and blights men's hearts,
So dulls their brain it cannot do its part?—

The Drink.

What sends little children supperless to bed
With sad little hearts and an aching head?
Oft times we find them starved and dead—
What caused their death? Mother said—

The Drink.

While we watch with pride the success of our lad,
What makes him so strangely drift to the bad?—

The Drink.

"When father drinks why should not we?
He keeps it in the house and offers it to me.
"There's nothing else to live for, as I can see"—
What causes that despondent heart so to be?—

The Drink.

What sends dear mother in haste to her grave,
When she looks at her son once so loyal and brave?—

The Drink.

Oh, what a future she had planned for her boy!
What means this downfall of her hope and joy?
Why is he to evil companions a toy,
This once bright, intelligent boy?—

The Drink.

What makes the young wife in terror bend
O'er the couch of her babe its life to defend?—

The Drink.

What makes her husband, once so fond and kind,
That sad mother heart in anguish bind?
A kinder lover once you never could find—
What makes him now so cruel and blind?—

The Drink.

Can nothing be said to appeal to your hearts,
That will make you rise up and do your part?
Women and children at least depend
On your brave hearts their peace to defend.
For nowhere on earth will there ever be light
Till you all rise up as one man and fight
That cursed beverage, that deadly blight—

The Drink.

Rise up, you noble Temperance band,
Continue your work at God's command;
Stand for the right, and, hand in hand,
Sweep the drink traffic from out our land.

"THOSE DEAR OLD DAYS THAT'S PASSED."

THEY have gone, never more to return,
Those dear old days that's passed,
But memories in our souls still burn
With tender thoughts our spirits yearn
As they wander back in sad concern
To those dear old days that's passed.

How our thoughts will wander at eventide
To those dear old days that's passed,
When thoughts of the present could only abide
The thorns on life's track Fate's curtain did hide,
How bright seemed our future, what joys we confide
To those dear old days that's passed,

With what awe we gazed across life's sea,
In those dear old day's that's passed,
When our hearts were happy, the air so free,
When sadness and sorrow could never be,
What bright pictures we painted 'neath the old home tree,
In those dear old days that's passed.

To what grand victories our hopes did aspire,
In those dear old day's that's passed,
We would conquer the world, yea, even thro fire,
To make this world better our holy desire.
How we planned to lift others from out of the mire,
In those dear old days that's passed.

How many have lived the lives they'd planned,
In those dear old day's that's passed,
How many barques have returned unmanned,
What fallen castles have strewn the land,
How many can think and their tears command,
Of those dear old days that's passed?

IF I AM WORTHY.

THO' I seek to win great heights and fail,
Thro' the storms of life that assail me,
My soul shall not bow down in grief,
But lifted up in sweet relief,
If I am worthy.

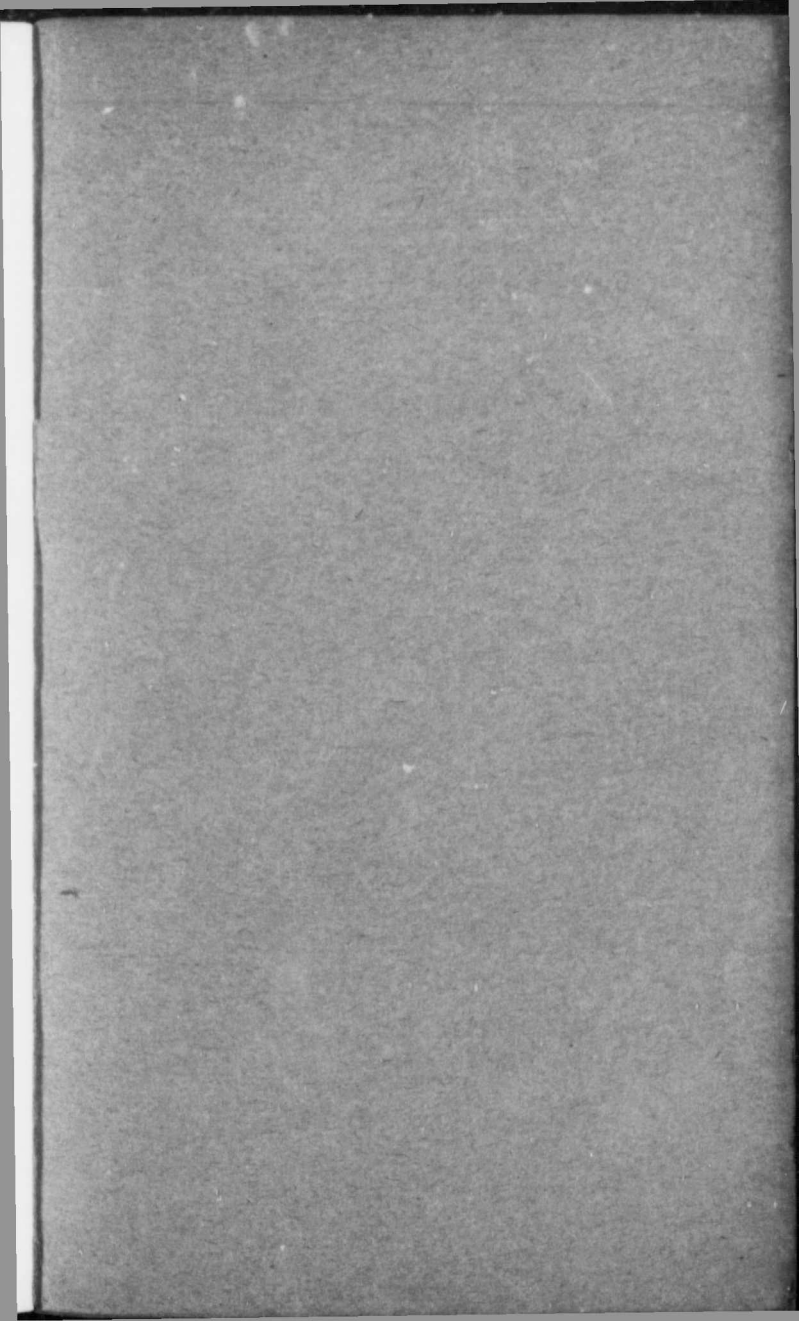
Tho' success and joy doth pass me by,
And my earnest hopes in ruin lie,
My soul shall not give way to woe,
But smilingly shall let them go,
If I am worthy.

Tho' others should pass me on the way,
And reach the heights I sought some day,
Envy shall not fill my soul,
Peace instead shall take control,
If I am worthy.

If love should pass me on its wing,
And not one ray of comfort bring,
My heart shall not bow down in pain,
But whisper it may come again,
If I am worthy.

Wealth or gain may take their flight,
E'en tho' to win them hard I fight.
I shall still go on in calm content
On the upward path my feet are bent,
If I am worthy.

When I reach the land of endless day
Where peace and joy doth reign alway,
How sweet to my soul will be the thought,
Tho' the battles of life I poorly fought,
That I was worthy.



WARD, ELLWOOD & POUND, LTD., PRINTERS
VANCOUVER, B. C.

