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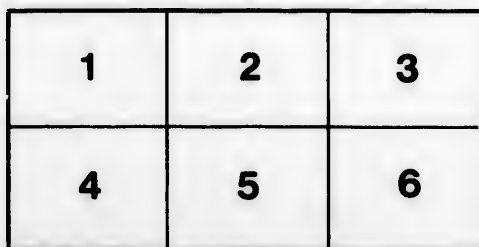
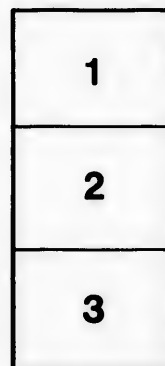
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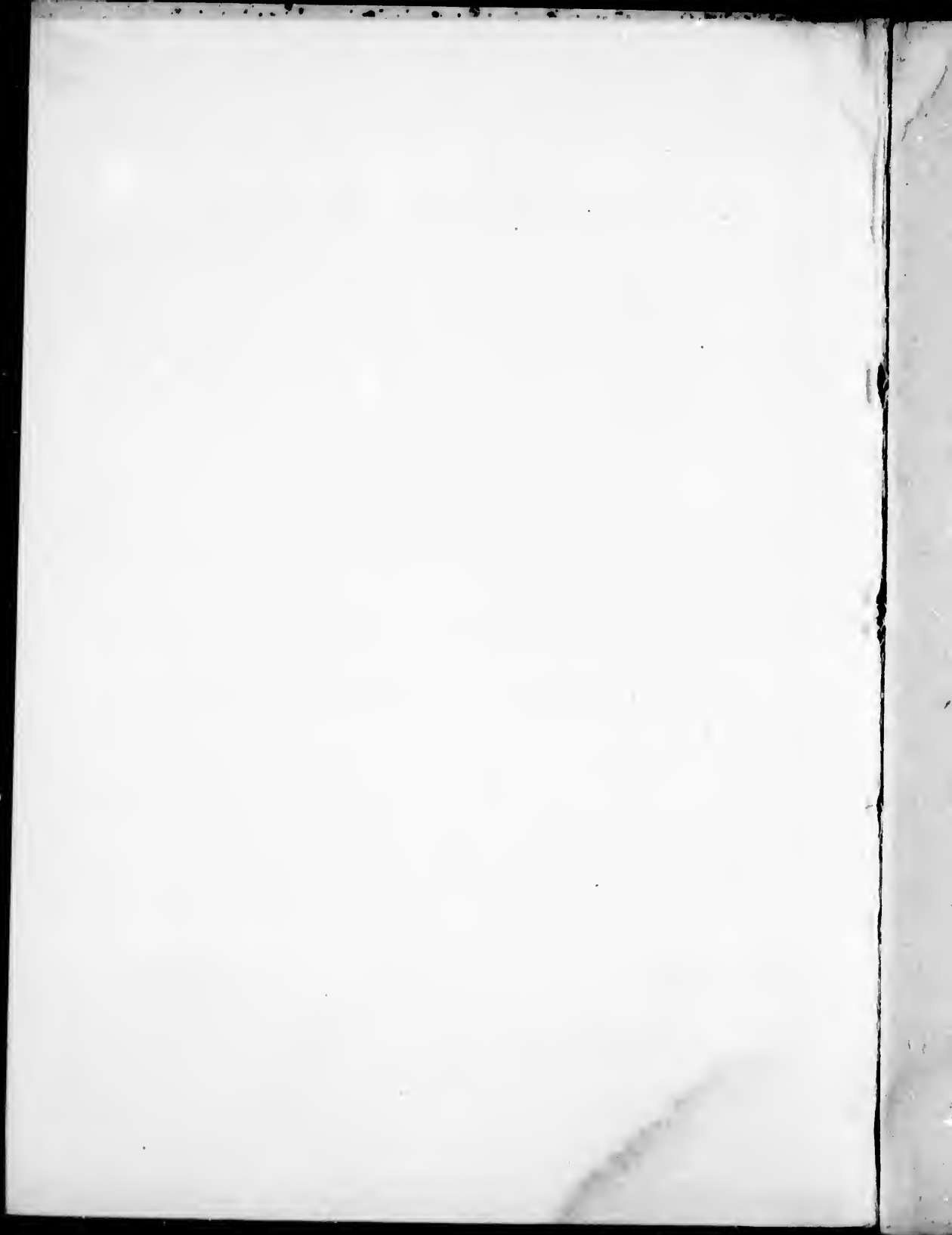
Poems

BY

PETER E. MCKAY, C.S.

TORONTO

1894



VOICES FROM NATURE

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VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

“**O**F making many books, there is no end.” So said the preacher; and in verification of that truthful record—relative to the infinite expression of thought—the Author of this little booklet of Poems entitled, “**VOICES FROM NATURE,**” subjoins his modest name. When the high crest of pride lies levelled, in the dust, then the uplifting might of meekness and humility enables one to rise above a mortal sepulchre, up to that fair, immortal Heritance, from whose “heaven kissing” eminence, ambition, fame and popularity “fell with Lucifer, never to rise again.”

“The meek shall inherit the earth.” So said the Darling Poet of Nature—the meek and lowly Jesus; and since that Divine Interpreter of God and Man, preferred to wear a crown of thorns before the wreathèd laurel, then how much more should a less-deserving Peter—unworthy of the rose-bound Evergreen—be satisfied to take up his Master’s thorny cross, till it is laid upon the back of Simon the Cyrenian.

P. E. MCKAY.

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VOICES FROM NATURE

Dedication.

In Token of Abiding Love.

The Boat tendered to accompany The Sea of Galilee is fondly dedicated to the REV. MARY B. G. EDDY, as an outward manifest of true gratitude, sincerely expressed, by her ever-devoted and united students in Truth.

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

I.

SWEET smile of Love! bright mirror of the Soul!
 Sublime reflection of the All, in All!
 Whose crystal compass, like the eye of Light,
 Reveals new heavens to the wistful sight!

II.

The rippling waves that dash their silver spray
 Like dews on Hermon at the break of day,
 With eager footsteps, kiss their native strand,
 And bear Love's message to a foreign land.

III.

The buoyant barque, that peacefully doth ride
 Upon the bosom of the azure tide,
 Like Truth's commission from the shores above,
 Sails to Life's port on embassies of love.

The Sea of Galilee.

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IV.

Her sacred deck, the bulwark of the Soul,
Involves the hemispheres from pole to pole:
And, 'neath the canopy of fadeless skies,
Enjoys perpetual, celestial joys.

V.

Leeward, behold! the Promised Land appears,
Cloth'd in soft green, and moist with Orient tears,
And from the summits of its verdant hills,
See! with what joy, roll down the laughing rills.

VI.

Sharon's sweet rose perfumes the mountain gales,
And spotless lilies grace the sylvan vales,
Cedar and myrtle, and the olive tree,
Adorn the landscapes of sweet Galilee.

VII.

There, milk-white doves on dewy wings rejoice
In making chorus to the cuckoo's voice.
And Paradise, the shrine of All-good-will,
With cordant Nature, renders "Peace, be still."

TORONTO, *August, 1892.*

NOTE.—The "boat," referred to in the Dedication, was presented by the First Church of Christ, Scientist, Toronto, to accompany a miniature "Sea of Galilee" which mirrors the "Peace, be still" of Christian Science, as it glazes and sleeps by the beautiful residence belonging to the Author of "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures." The Boat and Sea typify that deep love conveyed in the overflowing heart of grateful, loyal students, with a perspective hope and "Pleasant View" [name of residence] beyond the Vale of Tears. This "presentation poem" accompanied the Boat.

TORONTO,

September 1st, 1894.

MR. J. H. STEWART, C.S.

BELoved TEACHER,—Accompanying this letter, enclosed please find a poem entitled "The Mountain Rose," which I thought well to dedicate to yourself. Much as I love all my earlier poetical compositions, yet, notwithstanding, I love this one more, for it contains my constant rising prayer, and is at present my latest, my dearest and best poem, which indeed merits no worthier dedication. As the genius of true poetry is Love, and, like the voice of Nature, is expressive of the higher and more exalted tone of thought, which was expressed by Mind and reflected in the ideal man "when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy"; and as true poetry abounds where harmony prevails, and by the Poet and Interpreter of Nature was discerned and illustrated in the lily of the field as well as in the heavens, the author is therefore indebted and grateful to the "Author and Finisher" of all Good for the sublime phenomenon of Nature which inspired him to indite the dedicated poem entitled, "The Mountain Rose." The subject-story of the poem is one of singular nature, whose rich and rare beauty freshens more and more into loveliness, as the senses fade in the gloaming and the twilight of Science unfolds. As memory fondly wakes, like the young-eyed cherubim, the morning thoughts of youthful recollections, things slumbering in the dark night of forgetfulness open their eyes, and, like light-borrowing stars, reflect the radiance of their day's bright sun. To relate: While wandering 'mong my native hills in Scotland, at the age of only seven, as the slanting rays of a golden sun bespoke the Ides of March, and as changing scenes in shifting light made white-capped summits and snow-crowned peaks tower like pinnacles of fame, I was fortunate enough to espy on a lonely wild, two sister blossoms of a mountain rose bloom sweetly 'mid the snow.

There they were, with no companion or kindred flower to cheer the brow of care, gazing into heaven as if their perfumed eloquence told a sweet tale to the sun; and as I beheld them basking in the glowing light, and kissing the golden beams, their smiling morning faces looked a picture of delight. It was love at first sight, for my heart was fully captured; but oh! it was pure love, so pure and so tender that I knelt to kiss them and tell them all I felt. I then strove to commune with them, but in vain—for I had no language, my terms were meaningless—I could find no tongue to express my thoughts, so I spoke through loving tears: they were all I could command. But ah! they were precious drops shed graciously, and the more gracious and precious did they shine when I saw them fall to gleam and glisten on their peerless bosoms, like pearls o' the first water gracing a virgin's breast. It was a strange and compassionate scene. I wanted to make them mine, so I ravished their wedded bed. I there deflowered them like queens uncrowned on a chrysolite throne, and as I lovingly though selfishly pressed them with fondness to my heart, I soon beheld them melt and vanish away with such unseasoned kindness, that my mistaken sense of love but proved their greatest cruelty. Alas! unnatural and untimely theft! They were robbed and stolen from Nature's clime and element. I wept afresh, but not for joy (false joys but turn to sorrow), and as I laid them gently down to sleep on their chaste and bridal bed, so sacred were the solemn rites and obsequies over the altar of sacrifice that, from their blighted though fadeless lives, I turned away disconsolate.

It was my first sin-offering, without either spot or blemish, and, if I drank the bitter-sweet with chastened tears of penitence, I had also feasted on thoughts of immortality—such thoughts, that drown a sea of sorrows in one cup of joy, leaving behind a tasting flavor of refreshment, as sweet, as fragrant, and enduring as flowers everlasting.

THE MOUNTAIN ROSE.

“ Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

—*Gray's Elegy.*

Two rosy blossoms, blooming 'mid the snow,
Adorned the prospect of my highland home;
Where *Flora's charm was never known to blow,
Nor Nature blush, in Beauty's rosy bloom.

Like twin-born virtues gracing one fair stem,
They reared their heads with sweet, celestial air,
To drink the snow-drop and the pearly gem,
That fell from heav'n in benediction there.

Their spotless bosoms washed in purity
Shone whiter than the phraseless virgin snows.
Their maiden cheeks, stainless as chastity,
Look'd fairer far, than summer's crimson rose.

O! I have seen the lily grace the dell,
The primrose gay, adorn the mountain side!
I've seen the snow-drop and the white flower-bell,
And vernal floriage brink the crystal tide,

But, none so like an “ Angel in the Sun ”
As those incorporate virtues, born of Love:
They bloomed supernal, solitary, lone,
To greet the morn, and woo the stars above!

*In “ Antiquity ” The Goddess of Flowers.

Gardens of bliss! Ye rosaries of bloom!
Ye landscapes gay with vernant springing flowers;
Fair as ye seem, in banks of sweet perfume,
Yet, Nature's loveliest, blooms in lonelier bowers!

Give me the waste and solitary wild,
Where northern gales purge every mountain tress,
There, place me side my pure, my undefiled;
No Sharon blooms, like such a wilderness!

The palm tree waves 'mid torrid, desert plains,
Oases flourish in the wilderness!
Ev'n warmest fountains spring in coldest zones,
For Iceland's geysers melt the heart of ice!

No land so waste, no plain so desolate,
Where earth-worn pilgrims find not heavenly rest;
No *Etham without Elim's cool retreat,
Since heav'n's bright hope smiles o'er earth's frowning
crest!

Then, may not Scotia's Caledonian hills
Afford some shelter to a flowery tie?
Ah, yes they may! for oft' sweet heather bells,
All heav'n-sick, scent their orisons on high!

Well might my loves, those twin-born cherubins,
Donn their white robes ere early flower-bells ring!
'Twas Nature's wish, they bloom 'fore April rains,
That Love might wear them with the opening spring!

* The children of Israel, while passing from Egypt to the Promised Land, encamped in the desert of Etham, where Elim refreshed them with seventy palm trees and twelve wells of water.

Like virgin queens, new-crowned with sovereignty,
 And twain espoused to Purity and Light
 They sat enthroned in blameless modesty,
 To rule themselves, unceasing, day and night.

Oh, that I learned to live that life of Love,
 Which keeps unspotted from the world below :
 Then, would pure thoughts like their chaste virtues prove
 As prayers that rise to heaven, perpetually.

Though, now this heart deplores their earthly doom,
 Yet, Love's sweet rose, blooms o'er Affection's grave :
 Though mortal beauties perish in the tomb,
 Immortal glories never cease to live.

“THE HIDDEN TREASURE.”

*Extract from a Sermon delivered in the First Church of Christ,
 Scientist, Toronto.*

IN proportion as the human will yields to the Divine, and “not my will, but Thine be done,” do we become poor in the mortality of matter and rich in the immortality of Spirit. Life is the sacred jewel of Existence, hid in the Mine of Wealth. To find It, we must dig deep, shuffle and throw out the worthless grossness of the world and sell all earthly possessions, before we can buy Its priceless worth—a purchase dear as heaven : Then, and not till then, need we hope to wear it in our “Crown of Rejoicing,” and shine immortal in Its bright resplendency.

A Prayerful Request ;

OR,

A LILY IMPORTUNED.

*Composed while beholding a dew-bent lily immortalized in the
sovereign-golden-smile of a bright May morning. Both
Lily and Poem were afterwards presented to the
REV. ISABELLA M. STEWART, C.S.D.*

POUR me one dram of the celestial wine,
That fills to overflow thy chalice cup ;
For I, with thee, would drink a draught divine
And perfumed thanks, to heaven offer up !
Pure as the morn that gilds yon liquid blue,
And bathes the earth in heavenly alchemy !
Thy bosom white—impearled with virgin dew,
Shimmers like love that looks through sympathy !
Oh, for a drop of thy soft eloquence,
To quick-absolve this hard compounded heart ;
And wash the stain of gross impenitence
That makes me feel the fouler for thine art !
Earth hath not seen a lovelier child than thou,
Nor has she one more fair, more pure and sweet ;
For crystal Innocence and Beauty's brow—
In thee disclosed, adorn Love's coronet.
Come then, chaste flower ! o'er-brink thy chalice cup
With tears of gratitude—Love's native wine ;
For I, with thee, would inspiration sup,
And drinking, quaff the beverage divine !

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

*Written expressly for, and read before the Toronto Christian
Scientist Association, July 2nd, 1894.*

“ And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.”

—GENESIS i. 3.

O THOU bright Star! whose cherub-angel smile,
First cheered the saddened night-winged Orient sky,
And rent the shade, that seemed to veil awhile
A world of light, in darkest mystery!

When through the crystal window-pane of Heaven,
Thy rising glory shone out o'er the deep
And hailed to sight, what else were void to vision,
O then, was roused a cradled world from sleep!

Fair dawned Life's hope, when thy bright morning glory,
Serenely starred the “Sun of Righteousness,”
Whose sovereign light—golden with Truth's rich story,
Revealed on Earth, God's will and Heaven's peace!

Star of Earth's hope! Crown diadem of Heaven!
Thou jewel setting, in Love's crystal sphere!
As gems undimmed, thy store of beams is given,
A priceless treasure, fadeless, rich and dear!

When from afar, the ancient Magi saw
Thy golden tresses stream across the night ;
They wisely followed thy safe-guidin gray,
Which led from darkness into Christly light !

Oh, many a weary pilgrim of the night,
With earnest longings for the break of day,
Have sought, and oft for thy celestial light
To angel-guide them, past the darksome way !

Ev'n as of old, when from Love's jewelled throne,
Thy gentle presence cheered a frowning sky ;
So in this age, from Love's Empyrean Zone,
The Star of Science melts obscurity.

Far as the arms of Everlasting Love,
Outstretched to save, beyond a mortal bound ;
E'en so far, Science doth confineless move
Her sweet, translucent cherubim around.

But, time was—when like sheep without a fold,
We wandered shepherdless o'er mountains bare ;
Till, one by one (the young among the old),
A hundred flocked beneath the Shepherd's care.

Now led, where streams from crystal fountains flow,
Fast by the heavenly, verdant Hill of God ;
We rest secure, and fear no earthly foe
Since God protects, with Love's protecting rod.

No more need night, nor want, nor grief's sad tear
Wash Love's sweet rose from off the cheek of youth ;
Nor age decline, with every passing year,
For Life's chief joy, lives blest, in Love and Truth.

"PARTING MAKES TENDER."

*Indited and presented to MISS G. A. W., as a token of endearment
from her ever faithful friend.*

"Verily, I say unto you, before the rose of Sharon blossoms, the
blood of the Just shall be spilt." Jesus to Pilate.

—Taken from Talmudic translations.

Now winter's late dissolving snows, inpearl the emerald lea,
She bids farewell to Juda's plains, and leaves the world for me;
Now spring-time glads the Vale of Tears; tears bathe
Mount Sion's feet

While Nature's mantling green, enrobes the slopes of Olivet.

Now blooms the Lily of the Vale; the chaliced Fleur-de-luce,
And many another flower unfolds in Beauty's loveliness;
Now fades the last faint trace of March, that shades the
Orient sky,

As April welcomes back again supernal smiles of joy!

Now little birds anew retune their old sweet songs and loves,
And cuckoos voice their fond return to milk-white turtle-
doves!

Seraphic nightingales ev'n now, imparadise the night,
And soon the soaring lark will sing, at Heav'n's gate of light!

The secret mountain solitudes, where sacred raptures dwell,
O, how their hallowed shrines resound, with Love's har-
monious swell;

O, how the "young-eyed cherubim," that ever sweetly move,
Now wake my thoughts from sweet repose, to sweeter strains
of Love!

But, as from Olive's heav'n-most height, I view earth's low-
land scene—

Changing white angel-loveliness, for Nature's vernal green;
Full many a place presents its thought, of times and
seasons past,

When Christ's Evangel ministered, round Galilea's coast!

Thou City of Jerusalem, that crowns the sev'n-hilled site!
How oft have tears bedewed mine eyes to wash thy stains
more white!

How oft beneath Love's sheltering wing, would I have
gathered thee;

But thou would'st not, and now alas, woe waits Gethsemane!

Way in the far and distant north, Mount Hermon rears
his crest,

And glitters in transforming light, a world serenely blest;
Midway as gleaming in the tear, that fell from heaven's
blue eye,

Sweet Sharon and Gennesaret, in earth-bound friendship lie.

There, may the budding roses bloom, and bursting, blossom
fair,

Yet, ere their beauties blush the plain, or fragrance scent
the air,

The heart's rich treasure of the Just—by envious mortals
shed—

Will with affection's roseate hue, shade Love's white roses red.

Incarnate things like kernels sown, in earthliness must die:
For Love doth crucify foul hate, and Life, morality.

But Good—whose seed lives in Itself, can ne'er decay or wane;
Immortal germs ne'er live to die, nor die to live again!

Affection's seed in human heart—Love's vital germ divine—
Must soon take root and grow and bud, with summer's rain
and shine;

And like a vine in gardened soil, that mounts the cloister
high,

Will flower and fruit and crown at length the Cross of
Calvary.

Soon, soon the Christly Son of Man! The Just and Innocent,
Shall suffer and endure, to save a world malevolent!

Fain would I shun to kiss the Cross that wins a kingly
Crown;

Yet, Father, not my will, I pray, but Thine own will be done.

MARRIAGE.

*Presented, with best wishes, to Mr. J. A. M. and Miss J. B.
as a tribute, betokening love and respect, from
their ever faithful friend.*

I. LIFE'S YOUNG MORNING.

HAIL, happy morn ! Thou new-born day !
Shed, o'er the earth, thy heavenly ray !
Let Life's glad Sun of Beauty rise,
In Truth's expanse and Love's fond skies !
Shine, thou resplendent orb of light,
O'er the blest scene that greets thy sight,
And let thy beams celestial reign,
With glory, crown this golden dawn !

II. THE MARRIAGE ALTAR.

Behold ! how lovely and how fair,
Flush with Life's bloom, a bridal pair
Stand side by side, as hand in hand
They bind, with Love's most sacred band,
Their lives, their thoughts, their all to be
As sweet notes wed in harmony.

III. HEAVEN'S APPROVAL.

Lo ! Heaven smiles upon the scene
And lends her hue of lovely green,
To deck the new-wed bride and groom
With memories of a fadeless bloom.
She rears her arch of Love and Truth
And mantles o'er their virgin youth ;
To guard and tend the tender vine,
And turn the water into wine.

IV. LOVE, PEACE AND FELICITY.

O happy tie ! thou'rt doubly dear
When welded links like these, adhere
To swell the chain of purer thought,
Which Love hath stamped and virtue wrought !
Peace, like a river clear and sweet
Must surely flow, when lives thus meet,
Till earth, the same as Heaven above,
Shall find enthroned, Life, Truth and Love !

THE RAINBOW.

*Extract from a Sermon delivered in the First Church of Christ,
Scientist, Toronto.*

THE bow of heaven spans the earth, whose arch of promise in "seven-hued harmony," kisses the prism of light, and bending, softly smiles on man, through the rain-drops of Divinity.

When envious shadows, like gathering clouds,
Rack the placid sky above us ;
When "hope deferred," like a sorry bride,
Weeps over affection's crosses ;
When rain-fraught winds like sighs and tears
Veil the soft, blue eye of heaven,
Then faith should rise to loftier skies,
And trust should cling to holier ties :
Till, reaching the crystal of purity,
Light shines through their rare transparency.

FLORENCE ASLEEP.

*Presented to FLORENCE ETHEL MCKAY, as a token
of endearment.*

HUSH! let your peace be whispered soft and low,
A wayward note might wake my slumbering Floe!
See, how serene, as if repose to keep,
Her little eyes are closed in gentle sleep!

O smile of Innocence! sweet child of Love!
Emblem more fair than Eden's milk-white dove!
Pure as the lily! chaste as the stainless rose
Whose spotless bloom are washed in virgin snows!

Angels of Peace, who guard my infant Joy!
My heart will break, should thy spread wings annoy
In their descent, the sacred hour of bliss
A mother strove to seal with many a kiss!

Oh! I could weep and pray to weep again,
If tears would keep secure from fear and pain,
So mild a promise, and so young a fair,
As blossoms 'neath God's special Eye of Care!

Sleep on my babe! No frown can e'er beguile,
What Love's fond seal hath stamped in that sweet smile!
Nor envious storm, can ruff the heavenly sky
That cloudless hangs o'er Mother's darling joy!

Heaven's gentle gales, that kiss celestial skies,
Like sighing loves, shall sing thy lullabies!
And on their wings, My Florence, thou shalt rise,
(Espoused like hope,) to higher destinies!

TESTIMONY OF FAITH.

*Poem presented with a love-offering which was sent to help build
the "Mother Church" or First Church of Christ, Scientist,
Boston, by the First Church of Christ, Scientist,
Toronto, December, 1894.*

"We (ye) also, as living stones, are built up a spiritual house,
an holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to
God by Jesus Christ." —1 PETER ii. 5.

As living stones, hewn for Love's Edifice :
An holy priesthood, sanctified to Good ;
'Mid prayers that rise, like incense to the skies,
We build the temple of the living God.

Upon the altar's consecrated pile
We offer up what should be sacrificed,
And test our faith, with naught that would defile
The Urim-Thummim of the Church of Christ.

Fast issuing from 'mid New Jerusalem
To crown Mount Sion, like heav'n's descending dove,
And as a bride love-wedded to the Lamb,
Descends on earth, the holy shrine of Love.

Bright smiles the morn, and soon the rising Sun
Shall gild with light, the blue, cerulean sky,
And, as unfolds the fair millennial dawn,
We welcome in, the day-spring from on high.

Sweet 's the persuading influence of Love,
Which rules the heart, where fond affections dwell :
So, grown less selfishly, we seek to prove
That "God is Love," and Love is good to all.

IMMORTALITY OF LIFE.

*Stanzas closing a paper, written on "Life," which was read
before the Toronto Christian Scientist Association.*

O LIFE! O Love! Our Father, Mother God!
Parent of All! The All-inclusive Good!
Where'er we look, still to be found in Thee,
Thou vital germ of Immortality!

Within; without; around and everywhere,
Thy omni-presence permeates the air!
And far—so far, beyond earth's furthest sky,
Yet ever near, Thou fill'st immensity!

That thought that grasps a continent so vast,
As stretches o'er the future and the past
And centers here: That Thought of thoughts must be
Infinite Mind! Mind through eternity!

O boundless reach! immeasurable span
That comprehends the universe and man—
Mind's mental range! then need man think to find
Aught more or less, than Life, Immortal Mind?

"All nature teaches love to God and man:"
For Nature's God, is Love, and that alone;
And Love All-one, can Nature's God incline
To aught beside, the Heart of Love divine?

The mountain rose, God's chaste and fairest child,
 'Mid virgin snows, blooms sweet upon the wild,
 And like an angel, from Love's bridal bed
 To greet Love's smile, rears her celestial head.

The nightingale, discoursing Love's sweet song,
 Interprets heav'n the vocal vales among :
 The skylark too, blythe herald of day,
 At heaven's gate, pours forth Love's melody.

But, words are vain ! expression must begin,
 Not with the lips, but, in the lives of men.
 God's work is finished ! All is full expressed !
 And Life, the King of Heaven, reigns first and last.

OTHER LINES.

Stanza closing a letter written to the REV. ISABELLA M.
 STEWART, C.S.D.

FROM off the sacred tablet of the heart,
 Inscribed and sculptured with immortal skill,
 I strove to copy thee, with human art,
 The fond inscription Love doth chisel still :
 But words are vain to trace or aught define,
 What angel-thoughts alone could well divine.

*Written on the fly-leaf of a copy of "Science and Health"
 which was received from the Author's Beloved
 Teachers in Christian Science.*

WITHIN the sacred secret of my love-bound heart,
 Whose tablet wears the impression of Love's art ;
 There angel-bride, in marriage I, thee hide,
 Where home-blest, thou wilt evermore abide.

A LESSON LEARNED FROM NATURE.

*Quotations from a Sermon delivered in the First Church of Christ,
Scientist, Toronto.*

THE modest flower turns naturally to the sun for light and warmth, and praises God when it drinks a drop of refreshing rain or dew.

Leaving all to the special care of a kind and All-wise Providence, its needful portion comes in due season, while the acknowledgement of such is duly sent, in a good and sweet return.

Each individual consciousness, like a garden of roses, blooming in the Eden of God, should cherish and entertain only such thoughts as are natural and beautiful, to bud and blossom in heart.

Thoughts, like flowers, incline to the Mind which formed them, and turn as natural to that Source, as the attracted heart to love. When restored to Nature's clime and element, where the aroma of Love makes odorous, the fading, sick and drooping beauties decay and die no longer, but recovering pristine healthfulness; their beauty, bloom and blissful breath, with fragrant perfumes scented, regain Paradise, and give forth a sweet smell in gratitude to God.

Thus, we may revive the faded flowers of earth with the refreshing dews of Heaven, and twine them into a garland and wreath for Love to wear.



