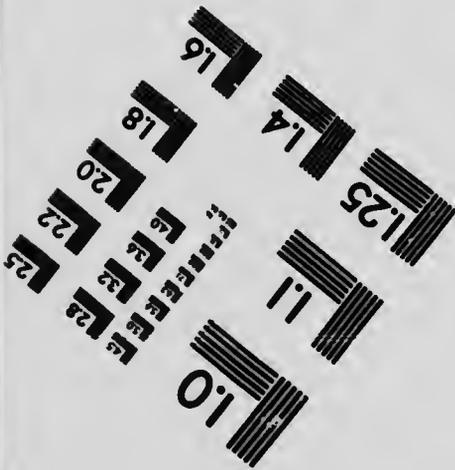
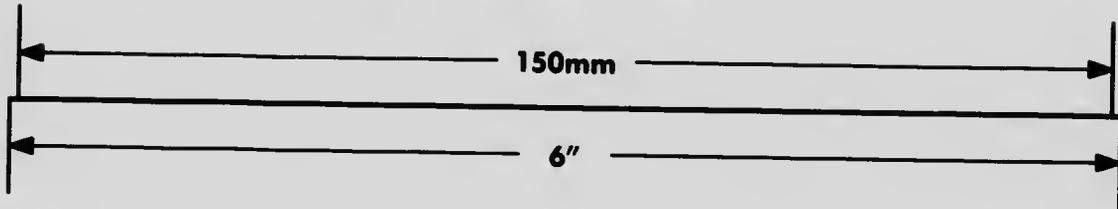
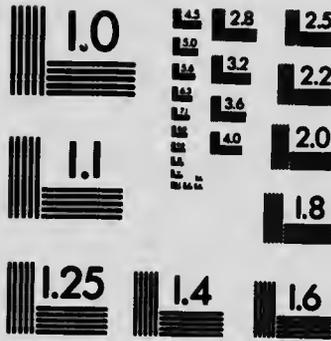
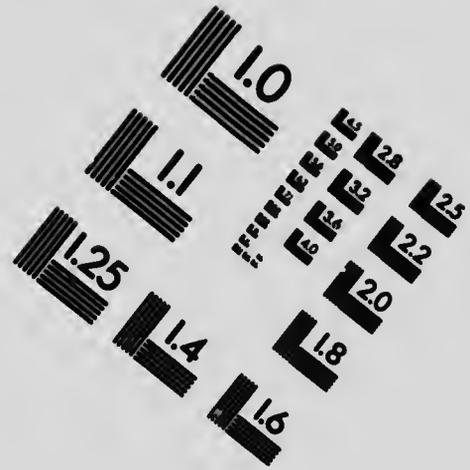
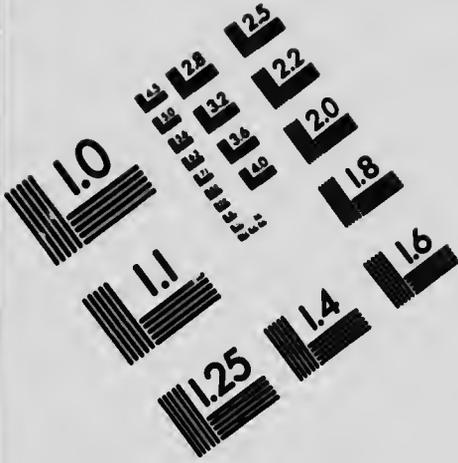


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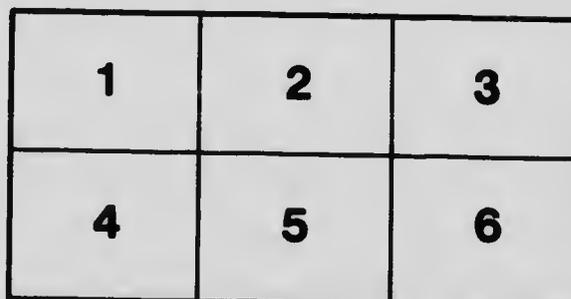
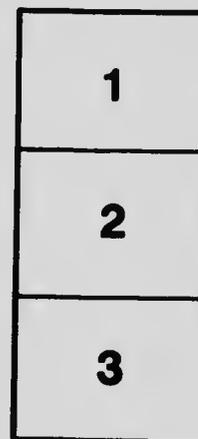
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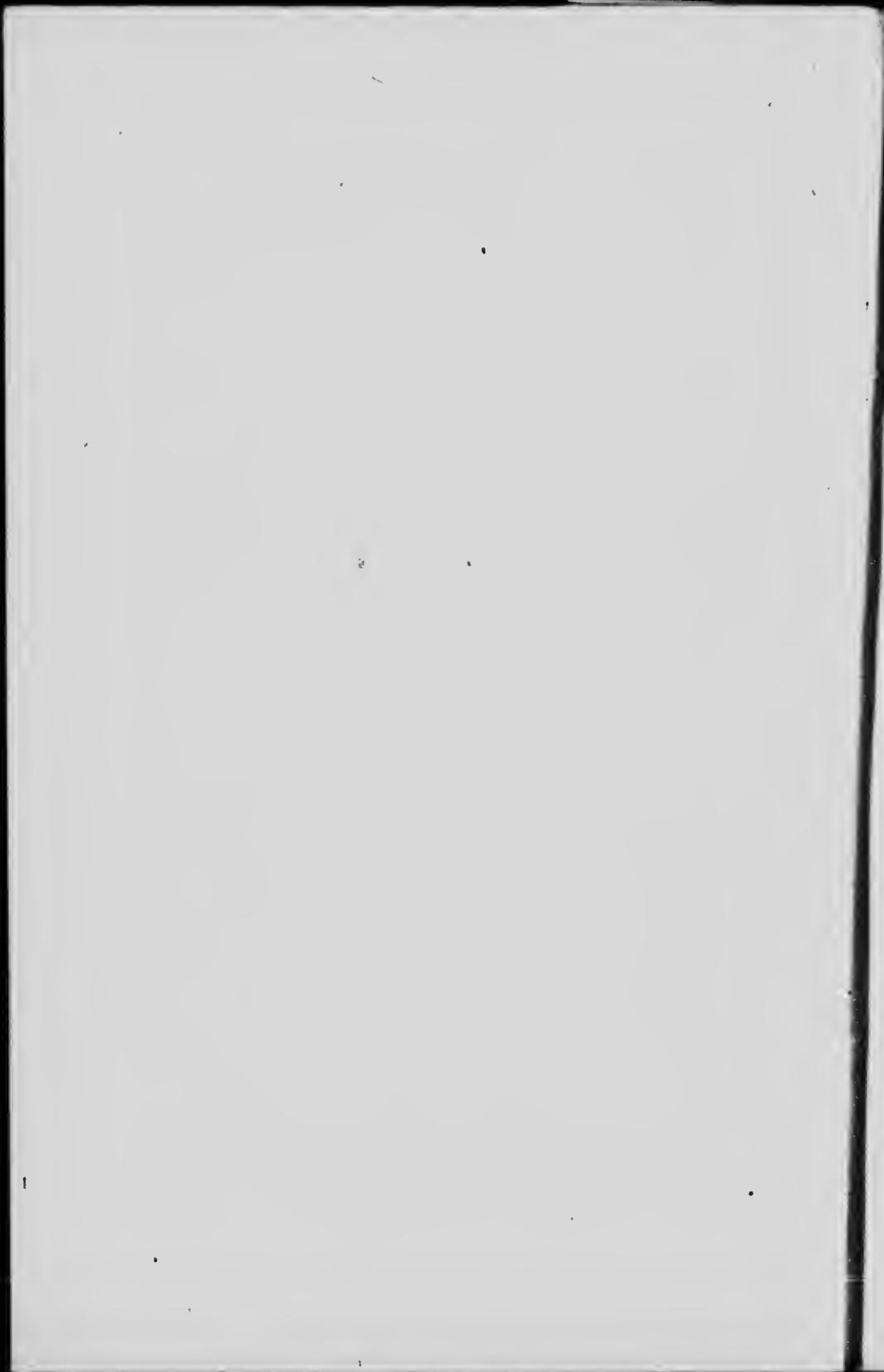
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~~Lang.~~

~~Campbell, James E~~



**Heart
Forget-me-Notes**

BY
Amy E. Campbell



**TORONTO
WILLIAM BRIGGS
1910**

PS 8455

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1910

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AMY E. CAMPBELL

TO
THE PINEST GENTLEMAN
IN THE LAND

My Father



I would that I might bring to you
Of all things fair the fairest,
And all the joys that life witholds,
Of all glad days the rarest.

And I'd fulfil your dearest dreams,
Make real your golden glances
Into the future dark and dim,
That steadily advances.

I'd have your days a glorious song,
Your twilights softly lighted
With lovely, trembling little hopes,
That should remain unblighted.

I'd have your pathway strewn with flowers,
And every day of living
I'd plan more beautiful than all—
If these were mine for giving.



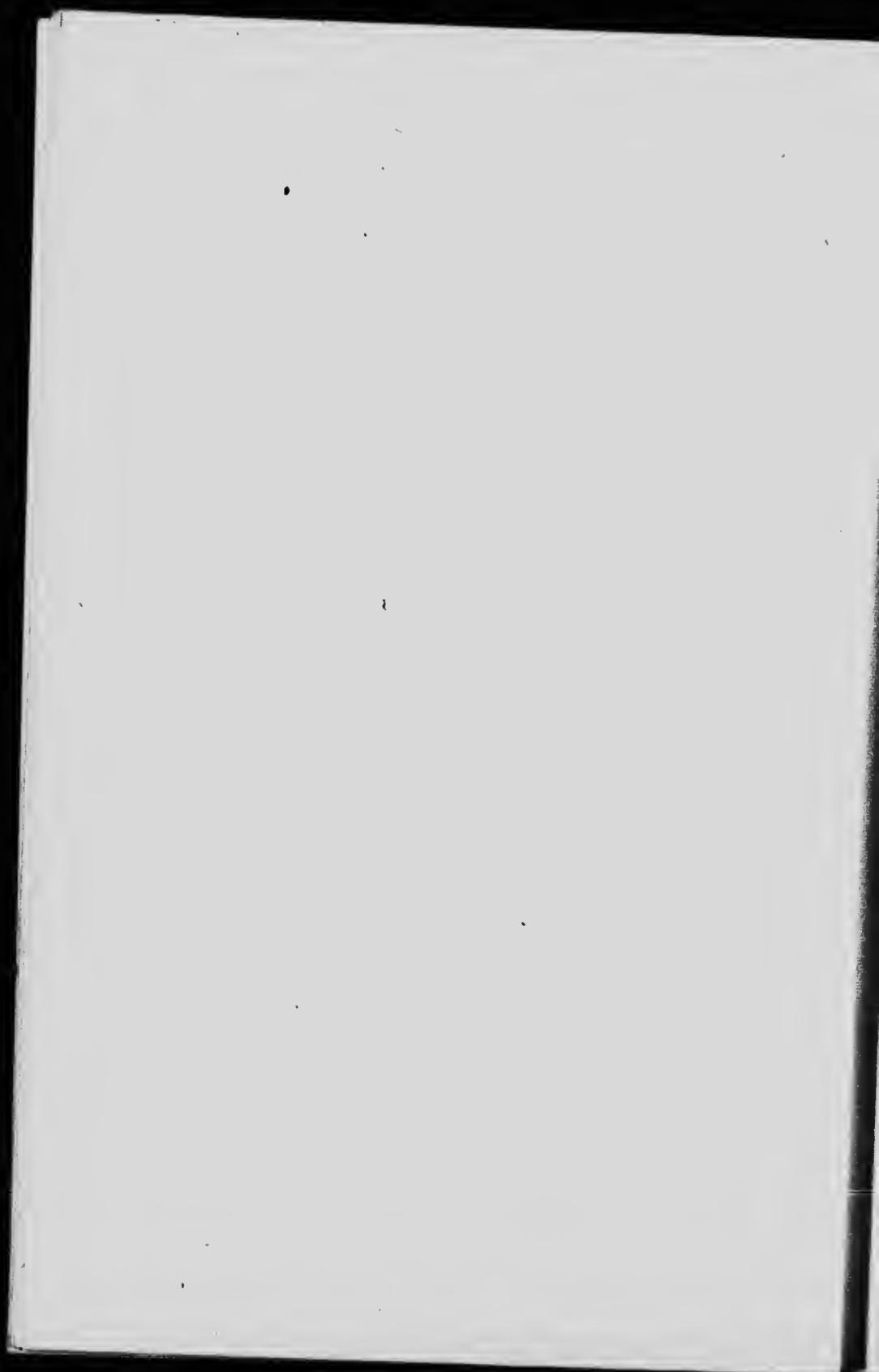
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Heart Forget-me-Nots



PLAYING STORE.

Out in the shady orchard grass,
 Under the apple tree,
 Two chairs and a board for the counter,
 A miniature store I see.

There are "really and truly" chocolates,
 But the eggs are stones, I believe;
 Sand does for salt and pepper,
 For sugar 'tis seeds you receive.

Such dear little fairies attend you,
 Blue eyes and flaxen curls;
 You promise them promptly your custom,
 These wee little business girls.

What matter if things look untidy
 And your work is disturbed by the fun?
 There are winter days fast approaching,
 When the summer play is done.

And the winter of life steals upon them,
 When the flaxen curls turn grey,
 And the tiny baby fingers
 Will have ceased from their busy play.

So let's join in their childish laughter,
 And encourage their little minds' trend,
 For the childhood days are sweetest,
 But, like summer, they soon will end.

LOVE'S CALL.

'Twas in Bohemia that we two met,
And in your eyes of blue
Glimpses of Paradise I saw—
When I met you.

We loved Bohemia, you and I,
But in its care-free air,
Only platonic friendship grew apace,
While we were there.

Its limitations seemed to please you, dear,
But, ah! alas for me—
Even its freedom slowly stifled so—
I must be free.

Free to just love you with a love untold;
To see those eyes of blue,
Giving to me the secrets of your heart,
A heart so true.

Come to me, Sweetness, from Bohemia-land
Into a country all our own,
Ruling as a queenly woman can,
Upon Love's throne.

DADDY'S HOMECOMING.

THE time of day I love the best
 Is 'round 'bout six o'clock,
 And I skin through the old back gate,
 And half way down the block,
 To meet my dad, who's coming home—
 Coming home for tea,
 Mother and I just hug him tight—
 He's our "big man," you see.

He washes up so slick and clean,
 And combs up in a trice.
 Little Mother is poaching eggs,
 The coffee smells so nice,—
 And Daddy says, "I'm glad I'm here!
 How snug we're goin' to be!"
 Mother and I just love him so—
 He's our "big man," you see.

He tells us stuff to make us laugh,
 And Mother's eyes'll shine
 Like two big stars, and all the time
 Seem saying, "He's all mine!"
 And, oh, we love him awful well,
 Our dad who's home for tea!
 I don't think we could help it,
 He's our "big man," you see.

THE PINE TREES' BALL.

It was in the soft October that the pine trees gave
a ball,
And invited all the maple leaves to come.
The affair was to be fancy, but the leaves all shook
their heads,
And wondered if their friend Jack Frost was
home.

They had stayed at home all summer, and had
meekly worn green,
But now they thought it time they should
protest,
For the pine trees were so stately and the ball
would be so fine,
That they felt they really ought to look their
best.

A dispute arose among them as to the colors they
should choose,
But the gentlemen announced in accents bold:
"We must take what Jack Frost gives us, but
we'll ask for suits of red."
So the ladies said they'd ask for gowns of gold.

THE PINE TREES' BALL

13

Just a while before the party, on a moonlight
evening clear,
Jack Frost received a message by the breeze,
Asking him to please be present at a meeting held
that night
In the interests of the leafy maple trees.

So he skipped across the meadows and he hur-
ried by the pines,
And he wondered what the maples were about;
When he heard, he told them plainly they might
have their red and gold,
And something else that caused them all to
pout.

He agreed to make them lovely, just the fairest
ever seen;
He assured them that on him they might rely,
But when the ball was over and their first good
time was past
They must be content to blow away and die.

They began to plead and coax him, and they told
him he was cruel
After their first ball to say that they must die,
But he said, "You buy your pleasure at the cost
of your own lives!"
So they chose the fleeting pleasure with a sigh.

THE PINE TREES' BALL.

Jack Frost kept to his agreement, and the evening
of the ball

Such a beautiful display of red and gold!
And the breezes were the carriages to take them
flushed and fair,

Laughing maids in gowns of yellow and their
gay attendants bold.

And, oh, they danced till morning to the music of
the pines,

Just the saddest, sweetest music ever heard,
And they told their love together in the shady
nooks and dells

As the dawn was gently waking every bird.

When the last sweet strains were dying on the
sorrow-laden air,

And all the pretty leaves had said farewell,
Then the breezes came and took them to their
different lonely graves,

And the pine trees sobbed for those they loved
so well.

THE MUSIC OF THE PINES.

I ALWAYS loved the pine trees, 'cause
 When I was young, and Liza was
 Young, too, and her and I
 Walked nights beneath the moonlit sky—
 Whisperin' love that's never old,
 The nicest story ever told,
 They seemed so full of sympathy
 When we was courtin', Liz and me.

The music that they gave to us
 Liz said was really worth more fuss
 Than folks make over orchestries,
 The music of them old pine trees.
 It seemed so soothin' and so sweet,
 And kinder hushed-like, that your feet
 Would kinder want to tip-toe 'long,
 And not disturb that lovely song.

When we was courtin', Liz and me,
 And I as't would she marry me,
 And she said, "Yes," there was a stir,
 As if the pine trees, up so fur,
 Had heard her whisper, and was glad
 For one more happy lass and lad,
 And broke into one glad love song,
 As if they'd knowed it all along.

THE MUSIC OF THE PINES.

But when one day the Father came
To gather in His ripened grain,
And she was took, and me alone
Wept o'er my loss with bitter moan—
We laid her 'neath the pine trees, there,
And they was filling all the air
With mournful sobs of sympathy,
And seemed broke up along with me.

That's why I love them old pine trees;
They put my feelin's in the breeze
A-blowin' through them, and to-night,
Her, long-lost from my yearning sight,
Is listenin' to them same as me,
And lookin' down in sympathy,
As when we courted, her and I,
Beneath these pines and moonlit sky.

THE LIGHTS OF HOME.

NIGHT is soft stealing o'er the winter's sky,
The poor bare trees, half-clothed with driven
snow,

Murmur mournfully of summer days gone by
To the cold brook that's listening below.

Up in the heavens tiny stars appear,
Timidly the moonbeams shed their silvery light.
Cold and yet beautiful the winter scene so clear,
As I plod onward in the growing night.

Far in the distance gleams a tiny light,
And in an instant all my soul's a-thrill—
Lost for a moment from my yearning sight,
As with boyish eagerness I hurry down the hill.

Nearer and nearer the welcome lights of home;
There you are waiting, crimson lips apart;
In from the cold night to your warm arms I
come,
And hold you satisfied to my hungering heart.

SLUMBERLAND.

BLINKETY blink, blinkety blink,
 Little white eyelids dropping, dropping,
 Blinkety blink, blinkety blink,
 Tired wee tongue is stopping, stopping.

Fairies are near, fairies are near!
 Soft drowsy secrets are telling, telling;
 Fairies are near, close to his ear—
 Breezes from dreamland are swelling, swelling.

Tired wee head, seeking its bed
 On the wee shoulder is drooping, drooping,
 Strong arms around him, circling surround him—
 For the dear load, someone's stooping, stooping.

Dear little heart, soft lips apart,
 Stealthily someone is kissing, kissing.
 Sleep while you will, yet when you're still,
 In the hushed rooms something's missing,
 missing.

CUPID'S REVENGE.

SHE pleaded, "Cupid, just one heart—
 One more for faithful keeping."
 "The fragments of a score I've given
 Should keep you busy sweeping!"
 He answered, with a saddened mien,
 And eyes pained and regretful.
 "A score!" she murmured with surprise,
 "You're really so forgetful."

At this he smiled and shook his head,
 His bow and arrow getting.
 "I think, dear girl, that it is you
 Who learned the art—forgetting,
 I draw the limit at a score
 For here my labor ceases."
 Then took straight aim at her false heart,
 And watched it fly to pieces.

OH, ROSE OF WHITE.

OH, rose of white!
 Perchance you'll nestle in her hair to-night!
 Or on the bosom of her dainty gown,
 Catch coyness from her eyes as she looks down,
 Or tremble 'neath the sweetness of her breath;
 But e'er your lovely whiteness fades in death,
 Murmur my marvellous love for her to-night.
 Oh, rose of white'

"PUPS AND TEDDY BEARS."

I'm sure I'd ruther hev a pup
 Or 'lse a little kitten,
 Than all them wooly teddy bears
 That people think so fittin'
 Fer kids to play with nowadays;
 And squeeze 'um 'till they squeak,
 They're mebbe good 'nuff fer girls,
 Fer girls is offel meek.

But gimme jest a real live pup,
 And when you holler sic 'em,
 He barks at anything in sight,
 And starts right in to lick 'um.
 He'll hike around with you all day,
 And at the wee'st sign,
 He'll do jest what you tell him,
 Aw—no teddy bears fer mine!

He'll look jest like a little saint,
 And mebbe the next minute
 He's tearing holes in your best cloes,
 And you are up agin it.
 But I don't care how much he chews
 Or rips around or tears,
 He's worth a great big million
 Of them silly teddy bears.

“OH, LITTLE WOMAN IN THE SHAWL
OF GREY.”

OH, little woman, in your shawl of grey,
You bring back one sweet picture to my heart
to-day,
Of one dear form, once all the world to me,
My snow-haired, gentle mother through Time's
mists I see.

Her dear bent form, the lines upon her face,
Brought on by years of toil in that hard place,
Away from all the busy haunts of men,
She labored lovingly for her dear laddies then.

And that sad day when we were all called home,
For one last look at her, before she'd roam
Into her well-earned rest, but in her eyes
Shone her great love, before those last good-byes.

The years are many that have gone since then;
Those lads of hers are now old grey-haired men;
Because of you, I see her as 'twere yesterday—
Oh, little woman, in your shawl of grey.

THE FOOTPATH.

THE dear old footpath where we loitered,
 You and I;
 In that sweet golden summer,
 Long gone by!

Ah! we were young; you, dear, were
 Just eighteen,
 I'll ne'er forget your gleaming golden hair,
 Your eyes serene.

That stile where we two lingered—
 Do you know,
 Memories of that old stile
 Cause tears to flow?

I've known many a girl since those old days,
 But none like you.
 I wonder if 'twould thrill you just to know
 I still am true?

The dainty ferns you loved are just the same,
 And in the grass
 The violets plead of me to pick them
 As I pass.

THE FOOTPATH.

23

The dear old oak with our initials,
Yours and mine,
Carved in a heart, stands steadfast
Near the pine.

It's springtime all around, but
In my heart
There's winter's chill, because, dear,
We're apart.

All things ask me reproachfully,
"Where is our Queen?
Long years since last she wandered here
Have rolled between."

And so, dear heart, I kneel here all alone
Beside the stile,
And ask our God to love, protect and keep you,
All the while.

To bring our paths together once again,
If 'tis His will,
That we may take up life where we left off—
His plans fulfil.

FAIRY FLIGHTS.

"If you were a fairy," said Billy Boy,
 "What would you do all day?
 If you could go anywhere in the world
 You wanted to go, to play?"
 "Where," said Isabel, "would I go?
 Ah, Billy Boy, I know, I know!
 I'd go up in the sky so blue,
 And ride on a cloud, that's what I'd do!
 Ride on a pretty, fluffy one.
 'Way, 'way off, till I got to the sun,
 And whisper, and whisper to him all day,
 'I love you, dear sun,' is what I'd say."

"But when it got dark," said Billy Boy,
 "And the sun had gone to sleep;
 What would you do 'way up in the sky
 When the stars began to peep?"
 "Ah, Billy Boy, I know, I know!
 To gather bouquets of the stars I'd go;
 I'd pick the big ones and little ones, too—
 All I could carry, that's what I'd do,
 And ask an angel passing near
 To let me whisper in his ear,
 'Please tell Father in Heaven to-night
 I'm glad He made the stars so bright.'"

MARY ANN.

WITCHING, winsome Mary Ann
With your pretty Irish brogue,
You'd steal the heart of any man
Wouldn't you, you rogue?

Impudent, your tilted nose,
Mischief-filled your eyes of blue,
On your cheek a crimson rose,
And your lips are roses, too.

Little elves lurk in your hair.
Tresses gold with shades of brown,
Mary Ann, you know you're fair,
Though you look demurely down.

Airy little steps you take
Quick as is your Irish wit,
In my heart there's such an ache—
For you won't accept of it.

ROSES.

Oh, Roses,
In each lovely velvet fold
There hides the sweetest love tale all untold.
A pair of tender eyes look out from you,
And in your depths there throbs a heart so true,
A life as pure as your unblemished heart,
All seemingly reveal themselves a part
Of him who sent you, with his love untold.
Oh, roses, in each lovely velvet fold.

OUR MOODS.

OUR moods are just so variable
That sometimes we are sad
Following a season of the rarest mirth,
Or then, perchance, we're glad
After a period of despondency—
So swiftly changeable are we
He is a friend of worth unspeakable
Who meets our moods with equanimity.

MY PRINCESS.

I GUESS you have forgotten, Love, those old days
long ago,

When we believed all fairy tales were true,
That if you wished for anything so very, very
much,

To count the stars was all you had to do.
And you, dear, were the Princess that I loved dis-
tractedly,

And always was defending with my life.
I fought imaginary knights because they loved
you, too,

For which you promised you would be my wife.

I'd give a world to know, dear one, if you remem-
ber still

How truly one heart loved you long ago;
If in the life you've chosen you have found your
soul's content,

Or if at last your heart has come to know.
If 'mid the mirth and gaiety that crowds your
daily life

You do not sigh in secret, now and then,
For one who loves you for yourself to fight your
battles still,

And those dear fairy childhood days again.

THE MESSAGE OF THE BREEZES.

It was in the gentle Springtime, when all Nature
was astir,
And the birds were trilling love songs all the
day,
When the warming, wooing breezes came whisper-
ing, whispering low,
With a message they had brought from far away.

The lone bare trees were listening, and oh, it made
them glad,
And all their little twigs began to shake;
How the message flew among them with a gladden-
ing, quickening haste,
And the tiny, tender leaves began to wake.

Then the breezes swept the grasses with their
magic little tale,
And to honor it the grasses all turned green,
For the gentle little raindrops had been kissing
them all day,
Such a soft display of velvet ne'er was seen!

In the staid old stately pine trees such a fluttering
was heard,
For the robins knew the secret all along,
And faithfully had chirped it night and morning
to the world,
But nothing save the birds believed their song.

29 THE MESSAGE OF THE BREEZES.

Now the breezes were so happy o'er the changes
they had wrought,
That with little soft, sweet murmurings they
met,
Thinking all their labor ended, but one timid little
breeze
Shyly spoke, "We have not told the flowers
yet!"

So repentant then they parted, and each hastened
to the woods,
Never resting till each flower and fern were told,
And they lingered and caressed them till they
heard a tiny stir,
And an answer in each withered little fold.

Then the happy, tired breezes trailed away with
lingering kisses,
And I listened for the message just unfurled,
How my heart was brightened, lightened, as I
listened to the song—
"Summer's coming once again to this old
world!"

THEN AND NOW.

We walked to school together, long ago,
 So long ago,
 Into my hand she slipped her tiny one
 And murmured low—
 “Nice little boy, will you take care of me?”
 Then smiled up in my eyes confidingly.

I loved to feel her little hand so soft
 Steal into mine,
 I loved to count her golden, glistening curls,
 All in a line,
 And say to her: “Yes, I’ll take care of you!”
 And look down in her wondering eyes of blue.

* * * * *
 Dear heart, I’d give a world to feel to-night
 Your little hand,
 To have your eyes look into mine and make
 That old demand.
 Oh, little girl, I would take care of you,
 Love you and live for you my whole life through.

OUR PARTING.

'Twas not good-bye we said, but silence kept,
Though lonely years have drifted us apart,
But still your image lingers in my heart.
Are you, too, dear one, lonely and bereft?

We did not say good-bye, nor think it, yet,
A certain mystic sadness lingered near,
Though in your eyes there was no trace of fear,
That treasured, thrilling moment when we met.

Though no farewell was spoken, do you sigh?
My trusting heart will e'er believe it best,
Will e'er expect you as a coming guest,
Waiting, sweetheart, because we've never said
"Good-bye."

DEAD HOPES.

I WANDERED alone in the grief-stricken forest,
Over leaf-strewn paths by the cool little brook,
Where all things seemed dead, melancholy, forsaken,
And sudden I paused and with one lingering look
Of pity, wonder, I gazed on the oak trees,
To their brown glossy leaves clinging tenderly still,
Until springtime again came with new tender leaflets,
And the poor, perished leaves would their mission fulfil.
If in life's disappointments we cherished our dead hopes,
Remembering springtime must come every year,
We would put away care and be brave and resourceful,
In the falling of castles we once held so dear.

HEART WISDOM.

"AND so you're goin' to git married?
 Now ain't it queer," Grandpa said,
 "How fast you young 'uns do grow up?"
 And shook his dear, wise head.
 "Why I kin recollect as well
 As of 'twas yisterday,
 The very night your ma was wed—
 Well, time does fly away!"

He mused awhile in silence,
 Puffing smoke all the while,
 And his eyes grew soft and tender,
 And his lips took on a smile.
 Absently he stroked my hair,
 And murmured very low—
 "Dad's own precious little girl!"
 He was thinking of long ago.

He sighed and looked at me again,
 And said in a quivering voice,
 "Dear little girl, are you sure you're wise,
 In making this life-long choice?"
 I kissed him and whispered, "Grandad,
 I've taken my cue from the heart!"
 And he held me close and murmured,
 "Then you'll never drift apart!"
 * * * * *

“ And so you’re going to get married,
Dearie; that’s right!” Grandma said,
“ Any young lass that loves her choice
Is happier far when wed.
When is it going to be, girlie?
I’ll have to make the cake;
We’ll start at once at the sewing—
And the quilts we’ll have to make!”

“ Your ma had quilts aplenty,
And dresses, the pretty lass!
It seems but a day since her wedding,
How quickly the years do pass!”
And Grandmother looked at the sunset,
In her eyes a dear far-away look,
As one who is at the last chapter
Looks back o’er the first of the book.

Then she roused herself and kissed me,
And said with the dearest air,
“ You’re almost as sweet as your mother—
Your mother was very fair!
I’m sure you’ll be very happy,
For Grandmother reads your heart—
You’re marrying for love, and so, dear,
You never can drift apart!”

THE DAY IS FADING.

THE day is fading and my dreams fade with it—
Fading—and all the dear, bright things that lit it,
Softly and silently they have departed.

Ah, poor, sad heart of me, as swift we parted!
Only sweet, trailing, evening memories come,
As tired little ones at night come home.
“My Children of the Twilight,” so I name them—
The dreams have gone—the memories let me claim
them.

I hold out empty arms when falls life's evening
dew—

And ah, dear heart of hearts, where, where are
you?

LOVE'S AWAKENING.

I FOUND the richest treasure
Immeasurably dear,
By accident, although for years
It lay all hidden near.
It made a kingdom of my world,
It gave me wealth untold—
I caught a gleam of it one day
And watched it swift unfold.
Its worth can ne'er be valued—
Half unrevealed it lies
Down in the unfathomable depths
Of your demure dark eyes.

AT TWILIGHT HOUR.

The soft blue, brooding twilight steals around me,
 The meditation hour of the day,
 And holy hush of eventide is hovering,
 Master, bend kindly o'er me as I pray.

The conflict's trace is visible about me,
 Defeat has left a whisper of despair
 Within my weary heart, this twilight hour,
 As with the tired world I come for prayer.

A friend so loved chose to become unfaithful.
 Success I sought escaped my eager hand,
 I failed to keep my thoughts all kind and tender,
 Instead of sweet request I gave command.

The deepening twilight steals upon my spirit,
 No light within to cheer my weary way,
 All else has failed—my heart is chilled and
 lonely—
 Oh, Master, listen kindly while I pray.

WATER LILIES.

IN a canoe,
Drifting with you,
Out where the dark trees' shadows fall,
On the smooth waters, so far, so tall.
Hunting for lilies, fragrant and white,
Chasing the shadows, eluding the light.

Oft near the brink,
Deer come to drink,
Softly we steal near to see the surprise,
While for a moment, with fear-startled eyes,
They look and tremble and wildly flee;
I look at you and you smile back at me.

Birds trilling song
All the day long.
Oh, the soft joy of the fern-scented air,
Oh, the sweet breath of the woods everywhere!
Hunting for lilies, drifting we go,
Searching each pond where they used to grow.

Homeward at last
Our course is cast,
And our small craft is festooned with flowers,
Glistening and jewelled with damp dewy showers.
Laden with lilies, fragrant and white,
Chasing the shadows, eluding the light.

IN PASSING.

ALONE I passed along the aisle one Sabbath eve,
Idly I mused on faces pressing by,
Not one eye lit in friendly interest there,
And no one spoke that I might make reply.

The richness of the sermon filled my heart,
The sweetness of the music thrilled me yet.
But still I missed some human sympathy,
Some dear warm hand to seek mine when we
met.

But passing on I almost reached the door,
When suddenly I paused and looked and smiled,
And up, with love and sudden pleased surprise,
Looked into mine the blue eyes of a child.

The gladness of that meeting lives with me,
And oft my heart remembers those pure eyes.
The lovely childish interest in their depths,
Sweetest of all—the sudden pleased surprise.

LITTLE THINGS.

THE little things in life that fret us, Lord,
 We do not see why they should be,
 We do not understand!
 And yet we know all things below
 Come from Thy loving hand.

The little things in life that vex us, Lord,
 In daily life, the unloving strife—
 We grow so weary of—
 And through them all, what'er befall,
 O, Thou dost bid us love.

The little things in life that grieve us, Lord,
 The unkind word, like some sharp sword
 That pierces to the heart.
 Yet while on earth, men scorned Thy worth,
 And gave Thee many a smart.

The little things in life that tempt us, Lord,
 Overwhelmingly and constantly,
 We cannot meet alone.
 But Thou dost say, day after day,
 "Those trials were once My own!"

LITTLE THINGS.

The little things in life that please us, Lord,
 The glad some things Thy merry brings,
 Oh, may these lead us, too,
 That, close to Thee, our joys may be,
 And always pure and true.

In things of joy or pain thou sendest, Lord,
 Oh may we still Thy plans fulfil,
 And closely hold Thy hand,
 Though blindly we oft fail to see,
 And do not understand.

LIFE'S EVENING HOUR.

THE sheet was white, but when I wrote upon it
 My careless hand allowed it to be soiled;
 The Master's eyes were sad He cast down on it;
 Methinks He saw how thoughtlessly I toiled.
 And ah, the world was very fair around me,
 But eyes became accustomed day by day;
 From all the bright, sweet things that did surround
 me,
 I turned to tarnished earthly ones of clay.
 Great, Wondrous One, forgive the idle turning,
 Far, far away I heard Thy evening call,
 Though I have failed, the greatest ever spurning,
 Though dimmed with world-mist, I have seen
 Thee through it all.

A VOICE IN THE NIGHT.

THE soft, dark, lowering autumn night around
me—

A stealing stillness filling all the air—
The sweet caresses of the wind surround me—
All nature breathes a silent evening prayer.

I listen to the voices in the woodland—
The silvery tinkle of the little brook—
And feel the mournful magic of the moorland,
The twittering of birds in every nook.

But, ah, my reveries are broken sweetly—
And nature's voices I no longer hear:
My senses thrill—and I am yours completely,
As your dear voice falls on my listening ear!

HER DÉBUT.

SUCH a slip of a girl to be coming to me
In her filmy gown of white,
And saying, "Dad, dear, I want you to see,
For I make my début to-night!"

She flushed and paled in a winsome way,
Her eyes were anxious and bright.
And she waited to hear what I had to say
On such an eventful night.

But my eyes grew dim as I silence kept,
And my little one waited there,
As up from the coals the firelight leap't
And tinted her glorious hair.

Then she flew to my side in her witching charms,
And, in spite of the dainty gown,
She sought her waiting place in my arms,
Raised her lips to mine brought down;

And we rested there, and forgot a while
That the world must come between;
That others would bask in her sunny smile,
And crown her a fairy queen.

Then she raised her eyes bejewelled with tears,
And said, "Dad, dear, don't you see
I'd rather through all the coming years
There'd only be just you and me!"

HER DÉBUT.

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And my foolish heart grew strangely light
At the whispered words so sweet;
And smiled: "We'll be chums for aye, though
to-night
You'll have the world at your feet!

"So away you go, with my blessing, dear,
And your dad'll be ever true;
You can always come back to his heart, never fear,
For it only has room for you!"

And she waved me a kiss with a lingering air,
And fitted away from me—
As I sat there and dreamed of her girlhood fair,
Great loneliness came to me.

LOVE'S VICTORY.

LIFE is a thing mysterious at best, dear,
And so uncertain, 'tis a game of chance,
We'd play forever, 'tis so fascinating,
Its mystery only serves it to enhance!

And love, ah, love's beyond our understanding!
Yet life is love, and love is life, we know.
You play life's game, and with no hesitating,
Yet o'er love's 'luring, pale and tremble so.

I'm selfish, dear, for I would play love with you,
And strive to win your very heart from you—
And smile in winning—smile to see love's victory,
Sweep o'er your soul—dawn in your eyes of blue.

OLD PALS.

My dad and me is just old pals,
 As thick as never was;
 No use a' tellin 'me he's old,
 He ain't one bit, because
 He'll just do anything at all
 That little kids 'ud do,
 If I say, "Let's go fishin', dad!"
 He says, "I'm right with you."

He likes to have me 'round with him—
 I know, because he said,
 "We want to just be chums, us two"—
 Oh, he's a dandy dad!
 He'll storm a fort and 'tend its war,
 Or play a game of ball,
 And make a home run every time,
 And never puff at all.

He swims with me in summer days,
 He always calls me "Lad."
 He'll make the beautifulest kites—
 Say, ain't I awful glad
 That him and I is just old pals,
 In everything we do?
 And mother says, "My dear big boys,
 I'm glad you're old pals, too!"

THY GREATNESS.

O WONDROUS Mind, that thinks and plans for all,
 That keeps a thought for every weary soul,
 That understands each detail howe'er small,
 Forgetting not as singly or a whole.

O wondrous Heart, that loves so faithfully,
 That loves in spite of hate and sin and spurn;
 Dear Heart, that loves and loves as constantly
 As if true love flowed ever in return.

O Heart and Mind of God, so great, eternal;
 O earth, so rich to rest in such as these;
 Surely the frozen heart should change to vernal
 In daily thanks on humbly bended knees.

A YOUTHFUL AFFAIR.

BEFORE I told her of my luv,
 Why, she was awful shy,
 Her cheeks would turn the nicest red,
 If I could ketch her eye.
 She'd shake' her curls around her eyes,
 And peek through them at me—
 And if she caught me lookin' back
 She never seemed to see!

When we went skatin' on the pond,
 She'd sneak away so slick,
 I had to hurry to ketch up
 For she could go so quick!
 And when I'd holler—"Wait fer me!"
 She'd only turn and smile
 And keep me chasin' 'round and 'round,
 Fer mebbe half a mile.

But sence I told her uv my luv
 She's changed as she can be,
 She never colors up a bit
 Nor seems afraid to see!
 But looks square back just ev'ry time
 And gives her head a toss—
 That sets her curls all bobbin' good
 And acts like she's the boss.

A YOUTHFUL AFFAIR.

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She smiles at all the other boys
And skates with ev'ry one,
And mebbe gives me just one turn
When ev'ryone is done,
And walks home with the other girls
And if I wasn't there—
And if I give her cap a pull
She says—"Don't rough my hair."

But still she said that she luv'd me
And seemed just awful glad,
And when I up and kissed her, why,
She said she wasn't mad.
But, say, I liked her far the best
When she was shy with me.
I'd like to see her blush again
And 'tend she didn't see.

I wisht I hadn't just let on
That I liked her a bit—
But let her just keep bein' shy
And havin' uv a fit
Whenever I looked up at her,
And peekin' through her curls.
But after all I guess that's just
A silly way with girls.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

SING to me of the land of dreams,
 In the purple haze of the twilight dim,
 Where God steals down so silently,
 And the earth sobs out her evening hymn.

Where the sky bends down with its list'ning stars,
 Bedecked in its jewels of the night—
 In a gleaming wonder hung afar,
 And the shy moon hides her timid light.

Where the speaking hills stand silently,
 In a sweet hushed awe, and a waiting air,
 With their proud heads bent in reverence,
 As Nature breathes an evening prayer.

Where the restless trees at last are still
 And in silence point to the radiant sky,
 As the soft gray mist steals over them
 And the pines heave forth a sobbing sigh.

Where the gleaming waters dare not move
 For very love of the mystic hour,
 And their darksome depths in dolorous hush,
 Forget for a time their dreadful power.

Ah, sing to me of the land of dreams
 Until I see its twilight dim,
 And walk with God in its holy hush,
 Treading the aisles that are dear to Him.

AT THE OLD TRYSTING-PLACE.

At the old trysting-place, dear love,
 Where we left off that spring so long ago,
 With the same gleaming stars above,
 And the same whispering waters far below!
 And so I say,
 "She's just away,
 And will come back again I know!"

Watchful the pines stand on the hill;
 They hold the secrets of our golden past,
 Waiting to see our plans fulfil,
 And sorrowfully their deep shadows cast,
 As if to say,
 "She's just away,
 And will come back again at last!"

Have you forgotten all, my sweet,
 Far in that Heavenly Land in which you roam?
 Have you come into joys complete,
 So far away in that fair starlit dome?
 Or can I say,
 "She's just away,
 She will come back again, come home!"

AT SABBATH'S CLOSE.

THE Sabbath day is ended,
I sit alone and dream
Of what the day has brought me
Of quiet and serene;
And thoughts come thronging, thronging,
Till I fain would still their press,
Of the gladsome things I failed to hear,
Of the loss I must confess.

Of the little ones I think again,
And the things I might have told,
As they heard in childish wonderment
The Bible tale unfold.
Blue eyes and brown look into mine,
As I dream in the twilight dim,
And I wish I had taught them as I planned
The pretty lesson hymn.

As someone sad passed close to me,
I smiled in an absent way;
I wish I had stopped one little while,
Just a little word to say;
And somebody old crept slowly by,
With a hesitating air,
Craving a smile and a handshake warm,
To banish a little care.

Dear Lord, I have listened selfishly
 To the sermon strong and grand,
 For I failed to see another's needs,
 And clasp another's hand.
 And this Sabbath day goes on its way,
 Not to come back to me—
 But I ask Thee, Lord, that the lessons learned
 May bring me nearer Thee.

A WOMAN'S HEART.

A GREAT throbbing love of many things,
 A whispering worship of things that count,
 An infinite pity for suffering,
 Sweet sympathy of large amount—
 A wonderful joy in a sunlit day,
 A ceaseless charm for an old love-song,
 A listening love for a little child,
 An instinctive spurning of sin and wrong.

A yearning over the beautiful,
 A reverent reaching for things above,
 A strong support for the storms of life,
 A wonderful strength in the cords of love,
 A purity that is sent from Heaven,
 A resting-place God will not depart,
 And these are only some of the things
 That are to be found in a woman's heart.

NOBODY STOPPED.

NOBODY stopped along their way
 Because a wee boy cried.
 Nobody stopped to find out how
 His big tears might be dried.
 But if they had stopped they would hear him say,
 "They buried my little dog to-day!"

Everyone hurried swiftly on
 Away from the little maid,
 Crying her heart out bitterly,
 Trembling and afraid.
 But if they had stopped they would hear her say,
 "They buried my little white cat to-day!"

Everyone watched the hearse go by
 And the little white box inside,
 But hurried on uninterestedly,
 While an agonized mother cried.
 But had they stopped they would hear her say,
 "They're burying my one little babe to-day!"

Nobody stopped—a wild-eyed man
 Hurrying in despair,
 To end the life that God had given,
 Thinking to banish care.
 But if they had stopped they might hear him say—
 "I've lost all I possess to-day!"

NOBODY STOPPED.

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But nobody stops on their busy way,
And the All-Father watches, too,
To see how many will turn aside,
Intent on a mission true;
To see if one stops along his way—
To say—"Let me comfort you to-day!"

EACH FOR A PURPOSE.

A VIOLET bloomed along the way,
And a baby saw and smiled,
And the baby fingers plucked the flower,
And the heart of the little child
Responsive whispered to the flower,
Though the violet only lived an hour.

A life so humble lived each day,
And a great life saw and joyed
In the lovely graces it displayed,
And the great life was employed
In learning from the lowlier one,
Though the humble life was almost done.

A BABY'S LOVE.

I FOUND him fast asleep to-day,
 Stretched out upon the floor,
 His dark, rich curls all tossed and rough;
 I lingered at the door
 And gazed upon the picture there
 He made unconsciously,
 And "Ah," I said, "dear little heart,
 He's all the world to me!"

Close to his heart he held secure
 His battered Teddy-bear,
 Jealously guarding, though in sleep,
 With baby love and care.
 His chubby fingers tightly curled
 Around his treasure's feet,
 As though in dreams he loved it still
 And found its presence sweet.

"Ah, little love," I murmured low,
 "I wonder if you do
 Return the love I love you with?
 Am I as dear to you?"
 He sighed and opened his blue eyes,
 With such a sleepy air,
 And puckered up his lips, alas,
 And kissed—his Teddy-bear!

IN SUMMERTIME.

WISHT to goodness gracious
 It was Summertime,
 And I was runnin' barefoot,
 With a hund'erd trees to climb.
 Wisht that I was fishin'
 Down by Mitchell's Mill,
 With lots of apples 'side of me,
 So'st I could have my fill!

Wisht that She was somewhere's 'round,
 So'st she could fish with me.
 What makes folks come Summertime
 And not in Winter—Gee,
 Wasn't she a dandy pal,
 Und her hair ain't red;
 Let Bill say that onc't agin',
 And I'll punch his head!

When she comes in Summer, why
 I won't just let on
 That I ever went with her,
 And see how she'll take on!
 'Spose she's gone and got stuck-up,
 Naw, she never would;
 If she has I'll quit right now
 Agoin' with her for good.

IN SUMMERTIME.

Girls is awful bothersome,
Never know at all
Any game they want to play;
Couldn't ketch a ball;
Couldn't bait a fishin' hook,
Can't take off a bite—
But when a fellah's lonesome like,
They're simply out of sight.

Wisht that it was Summertime;
'Tought to soon be here;
Seems like 'sif it'll neve. come,
And has been gone a year—
Goin' in swimmin' every day,
Know a dandy place!
Summertime's the only time
Fer which I fix my face.

EVENTIDE.

EVENTIDE, and a sense of joy,
A rest beyond all words to tell,
As I swing down the tiny path,
And hurry past the pansy dell,
My eyes in search of a waiting face,
My arms a-thrill for the dear embrace.

I toss a word to the roses' bloom,
"I know a sweetness surpassing you!"
And all at once my eyes are dimmed
With a myst'ry old yet ever new,
And I marvel that earth holds such as this—
A woman's love and a woman's kiss!

Oh, the sacredness of the eventide,
Oh, the tiny path that my feet haste o'er,
And the bursting heart overfull with joy,
The glad sweet hour I have hungered for,
The warm bright glow of the setting sun,
The sense of home and the day's work done.

LIB AND JIM.

WHEN Lib and Jim made up their minds
On matrimonial lines,
And tossed their heads and laughed at fate,
And all old wimmen signs,
And started on their shinin' way
On nothin' much a week,
Folks said, "Well, there's a pair of fools,
If fools it is you seek!"

They took their weddin' to the church
Off in a neighborin' town,
And no one there to help 'em out
Or give them much renown
But just some kids a-peekin' in
The winders, so they say,
A-waiting fer to throw some rice
When they went on their way.

And talk about your dazzlin' sun
A-shinin' on the bride;
It blew a gale at such a rate
The sun remained inside.
But Jim and Lib they only smiled,
And tossed their heads and laughed,
And Jim says, "Lib, we'll show the folks
We're neither of us daft!"

Well, do you see that carriage there
A-rollin' 'long quite slow?
And that sweet lady snug inside?
That's Lib of long ago,
And Jim—wa'al, he's a Senator,
As smart as he kin be.
So folks' predictions turned out wrong
In many ways, you see!

Naw, they ain't stylish in their hearts;
They often come to town
And walk right in our kitchen doors,
And plank themselves right down
For just an old-time gossipin'.
And Jim'll laugh right hard,
And say, " 'Twas my first innin's, boys,
When Lib became my pard!"

MARY.

MARY was sweet as the summer morn,
 Sweet as the summer morn!
 Eyes of blue, and nut-brown hair,
 Soft, fluffy hair, wind-blown,
 And oh, she had such a winsome grace,
 Quite as beguiling as her face.

Out in the dairy she churned away,
 Merrily churned away—
 She softly smiled as the dasher flew,
 For Mary had dreams by day,
 Dreams that her Fairy Prince comes by,
 With the ardor of love glowing in his eye.

And ah, she shall live in a palace grand,
 Live in a palace grand!
 Wear dainty gowns the live-long day,
 The finest in the land!
 And she shall bask in her Prince's smile.
 And he shall adore her all the while.

Across the fields sun-parched and hot,
 Fields sun-parched and hot,
 Came Tom for a cooling drink, and smile,
 But Mary noticed him not,
 He slipped his brown hands o'er her eyes,
 But practice had made sweet Mary wise!

“ Tom, you ought to be making hay,
 Ought to be making hay!
 What are you doing over here
 On such a delightful day?”
 Tom up-tilted her dainty chin,
 And laughingly tried a kiss to win.

“ What am I doing, little girl,
 What am I doing here?
 Just making love to a lass I know,
 Guess who she is, my dear?
 What, give up? Then, Mary, it's you!”
 And smiled in her sparkling eyes of blue.

Mary still churns in a dairy sweet,
 Churns in a dairy sweet,
 Though dreams still lurk in her glowing eyes,
 The joy in them is complete,
 She sighs not for the Prince of palace grand,
 For she is the happiest in the land.

She sees her farmer through eyes of love,
 Sees him through eyes of love,
 And riches and honor drop to naught,
 And love rises far above,
 She sings at her work the live-long day
 While Tom in the meadow makes the hay!

THE HOME PATH.

THE way was rugged, steep and dark and lonely,
 My fainting spirit murmured: "'Tis in vain—
 The struggle is beyond all brave endurance,
 Ah! give it up, this weariness and pain!"
 When far above, me o'er the stony pathway
 I heard a voice,—'twas marvellously sweet,—
 "Toil on, brave heart, behold I go before thee."
 Gloom left my heart, and weariness my feet.

And so I struggled onward up the pathway,
 Until I reached a glorious sun-lit plain,
 Where flowers bloomed and all was dazzling beauty.
 Again the wondrous voice—"Was it in vain?"
 And, looking up, I gazed upon my Master,
 And lovingly He took me by the hand,
 And with His eyes I looked back o'er the journey,
 And lo, a mist had fallen o'er the land.

I held His hand and looked back o'er the pathway,
 And whispered, "Lord, 'tis beautiful to see,
 The heavenly mists have softened all the outlines,
 That rugged way is very dear to me.
 For it was there I heard Thy voice, my Master,
 But now that I have reached the sunlit place,
 Forbid that I should revel in its glories
 And miss Thy voice, and turn from Thy dear
 face."

FRIENDSHIP'S PORT.

It's queer, in this old giddy world of ours,
 Of all our friends, the good ones are despised,
 And all the wicked ones are held so charming,
 Though of this truth we hate to be apprised.

We bother not with those we can depend on,
 But set them by, marked "Old Reliables,"
 And hurry after those who would elude us,
 Because they are the "Dear Deniables."

We put the good ones down as "dear old fogies,"
 And of the others say—"Oh, they're good
 sport!"

But when disaster comes all of a sudden,
 We find the Old Reliables—at port.

THE PASSING.

I HELD a priceless gem to-day
 In my poor, skillless hand;
 A woman's white, undreaming heart
 Was mine, upon demand.

I sought a moment's reckoning,
 My treasure to secure,
 Her wondrous eyes looked into mine,
 So questioning and pure;

And then my fumbling turned to night
 The fair, sweet blushing dawn,
 Lo, then my darksome soul beheld
 The treasure rare withdrawn!

HOME.

Down life's long ling'ring lane,
Sun in the West,
Touching the darksome pines,
Breathing of rest;
Homeward my footsteps press,
Knowing at last
Home waits my hungering heart,
Day's duties past!

Down life's long ling'ring lane,
After life's test,
Waiteth my home for me,
And there my rest;
Homeward my steps would haste,
Sure that at last
The Master waits for me,
Life's duties past.

And gladly home I come,
Where I can claim
Only my Master's praise,
Only His blame!
Only His eyes shall see
Into my heart,
O may His dear lips say,
"Thou did'st thy part!"

REALITY.

THEY talk about the dream things,
 With which our lives are filled,
 And all the old romances
 At which our pulses thrilled.
 They talk about the first kiss,
 And love's young dream and that,
 But I take solid comfort
 In beholding your old hat!

'Tis true your chair is empty,
 As I sit by the fire,
 But there's your pipe and ash-tray
 That chummy thoughts inspire.
 Your slippers are in waiting,
 And the book we're "nearly through,"
 So I bid farewell to dreaming,
 As I sit and wait for you.

SOUL THIRST.

As the instant's stealing of moon 'twixt clouds,
 So the sudden sweet of a moment rare
 When soul finds soul for a little space,
 And the wistful thoughts of a life made bare.

As the dry earth craves for the heavenly rain,
 So our souls thirst an hour like this,
 When heart finds heart in the world's fierce strain,
 And understands in a long, long kiss!

MEMORIES.

WHY am I sad around Christmas time?
Well, now, maybe I be,
I'll own right up there ain't no time
That's lonesomer to me!
And I want to git out whar the pine trees moan
And have a visitin' all alone.

I know there's you and Jim and the chicks,
You're as dear as you kin be,
And I often thinks, "Now what on airth
Makes 'em fuss o'er the likes o' me?
And though I ain't never askin' you why,
To think on you all brings a tear to my eye.

But it's this way, girlie, it sorter seems
That all the events of my life
Started on that dear Christmas day
When your mother became my wife.
Ah, that was the day that I can't forget,
It's livin' and lingerin' with me yet!

Well, the dreams we dreamed and the hours we
spent
Are something too sacred to tell,
But I'll say that all the good in me clung
'Round that slip of a girl called "Neill."
I tell you, dear, that a man's made whole,
When he looks to God through a woman's soul.

It was Christmas day when you came to us,
My darling, you surely guess
The tender love she loved you with,
And the same that I can't confess?
Fer I ain't no good at sayin' things,
But the silent love is the kind that clings.

I can't go back to the Christmas day
When they laid her 'neath the snow,
For the wound's still fresh in my poor old heart.
Though it happened so long ago.
That's why I suppose I'm actin' queer,
For Christmas holds thoughts of many a year.

So don't you mind when you see me off
A trampin' through the snow,
For it eases up the ache in here—
To live in the long ago.
And I feel that she sorter lingers near,
To bid me be brave and have good cheer.

CHRISTMAS MORN.

ONLY a jingle of silvery bells,
And a flying steed and a sleigh,
But the glimpse I got of Paradise
Will linger all the day;
For the warmth of her eyes rejoice me yet,
And the bloom of her lips, can I forget?

The violets pinned in her dainty muff
Caught in the wind and came
Straight out to me and I loved them, for
Were not her eyes the same?
Could it be that she loosed the flowers,
That I might enjoy them a few sweet hours?

What was't her lips appeared to say
As out of my sight she flew,
I think it was "Merry Christmas, dear,"
She has certainly brought that true,
I shall see her to-night for a few short hours,
And until then I have her flowers.

LIFE.

THE silken fluttering of happy leaves,
 The timid trembling of the evening star,
 The clear-cut crescent of the newborn moon,
 The fluffy whiteness of the clouds afar;
 The purple distance of the shadowy wood,
 The winding river, full of mystery;
 The sacred, strangely silent solitude—
 Ah! These are Life to me!

The waving witchery of your dark hair,
 The wondrous whiteness of your brow and
 cheek;
 Your lips soft-curved and smooth as pansy blooms,
 And eyes that look in mine and seem to speak;
 Eyes of a blueness indescribable,
 And lighted with an angel's purity,
 The warmth and whiteness of your woman's
 heart—
 Ah! These are Life to me!

TO THE END.

As we ran through the corn one day,
One summer day so long ago,
I pulled the ribbon off her hair,
And laughed' because she seemed to care.
I s'pose it wasn't hardly fair—
At least she cried and told me so.

As we roamed through the corn one eve,
One silver evening long ago,
Her eyes were full of sweet alarms,
As close I held her in my arms.
And whispered fondly of her charms,
And wondered why she trembled so.

As we walked through the corn one day,
One autumn day at set of sun,
I whispered: "Love, 'twill soon be night."
Ah, then she turned, my Heart's Delight,
And in her eyes love's glad, warm light,
And clasped my hand, at set of sun.

THE PATHWAY.

LONG years I sought to know a way
That led straight on mysteriously;
An unfamiliar, tangled path,
Where no one else had trod but me.

I wished to find along this path
Dear resting-places yet unknown,
And flowers—I had only dreamed—
The seeds by fairy fingers sown.

My resting-places I had named,
Resourcefulness, Joy, Sympathy,
Laughter, Tears, Intellect and Prayer,
Constancy, Truth and Purity.

And this lone pathway I called Love,
And sought it daily, lover-wise;
When, lo! I met you wandering,
And found its entrance in your eyes!

HIS LOVE.

THE Master came in the morning,
And wistfully whispered to me:
"The day may be dark, will you take My hand,
And leave its cares to Me?"
I impatiently answered, "Why, yes, Lord,
But, of course, I shall do my part,"
With never a glance into His pained eyes,
Nor a care for His wounded heart.

The day brought me cares and crosses,
That I dared to meet alone,
For I'd chillingly left my Lord behind,
Unheeding His bitter moan!
And I fell 'neath the day's cruel power,
I lost when I thought to win,
Forgot I was a child of a King,
And stealthily stooped to sin.

As I lay by the way in the evening,
With darkness all around,
I heard a voice, made by suffering sweet,
And His arms about me wound,
And He bore me to His resting-place,
Where He'd gone apart to pray,
And He only said, "I love thee still;
We'll begin another day!"

A DAFFODIL.

I WATCHED a daffodil unfold,
 And marvelled at its wondrous gold,
 And stooped to touch its radiance rare;
 Its faint perfume enriched the air.

I whispered, "Lovely flower, who
 Transformed your bud into such hue?"
 And, lo, it answered, "God, I'm told,
 Designed for me a Heart of Gold!"

BECAUSE.

BECAUSE her hair is silvery white with age,
 Because her dear eyes see not as of old,
 Because she loves me with undying love,
 Because I know she has a heart of gold—
 God keep me pure!

Because she revels in old-fashioned things,
 And loves her Bible in the good old way;
 Because she prays a dear old-fashioned prayer
 That lingers with me, ever night and day—
 God keep me pure!

Because her hands so soft are folded now,
 Dear hands, that find it hard to rest awhile,
 Because her fragrant thoughts surround me now
 And light her lips with the old, patient smile—
 God keep me pure!

WHITE HYACINTHS.

WHITE hyacinths, all purity,
 Breathing a heaven-born sanctity,
 Drowning our senses in your rich perfume,
 Whiteness like yours was born but to illumine
 Dark paths of gloom!

White hyacinths, upon her breast
 You lie, to watch her long, long rest;
 Make her sleep sweet, dear flowers, I loved her so,
 Ah! She caressed you but an hour ago,
 An hour ago!

SHIP O' DREAMS.

FAR out to sea in the path of the moon,
 We watched it drift, our Ship o' Dreams;
 Watched 'till we saw its last white gleams,
 And grieved that it should have passed so soon.

The silvery path still lingered there,
 Its dancing lights seemed with mirth imbued,
 As though it were glad to mock our mood,
 And whispered how foolish we were to care!

Then I caught the sob that you strove to kill,
 And something within me turned to night,
 And I groped as one in uncertain light,
 As we walked together up the hill.

THINGS OF THE PAST.

BACK to the old home
I've strayed at last.
In a dumb longing for
Things of the past.

Orchards are blushing sweet,
In spring array—
In that old apple tree
We used to play.

Down that old winding path,
Straight through the wood,
I found my way to you
Whene'er I could.

All the old places here
We loved so well.
Steal on my sight and swift
Old stories tell.

But the old playhouse, dear,
In the tall grass,
With its moss-covered roof—
Whispered—"Alas—

Where is the little maid
Of long ago,
Who played 'Keep House' with you
And loved you so?"

Then 'twas I knew just why
I'd come this way—
And by the tiny house,
I knelt to pray.

GHOSTS.

SAY, did you ever tell ghost yarns at night,
 An' shiver and stiffen up awful with fright?
 'Ell, me an' Joe do, lots, and gee, it is fun—
 I ist git so scared, I ist couldn't run,
 If a ghost wuz to come and gurgle at us;
 But Maw says, "Good gracious, don't make such
 a fuss,
 Fer they ain't any ghosts," and I felt kindo queer,
 And a sort uv gone feelin' come over me here,
 'Cause it's downright excitin' believin' in ghosts,
 And lookin' out fer 'em behind trees and posts!

One night me and Joe was a-stayin' alone,
 And the wind was a-blowin' with kind uv a moan,
 And we got tellin' stories 'bout right where we
 wuz,
 And Joe said: "A man died in this house, onct,
 because
 My Maw ust to know him," and gee, I felt queer,
 And I says: "Joe, supposin' his ghost was in
 here?"
 An' en' someone come and tried the front door,
 An' Joe and me sat there, ist glued to the floor,
 An' it tapped on the window and stopped there
 awhile,
 Then walked 'round the house in a real ghosty
 style!

I hung unto Joe, and he hung unto me,
An' I whispered: "Oh, who do you think it can
be?"

An' he says: "I dunno," an' his eyes wuz so big,
I says: "Joe, let's open the window and dig;"
But Joe says: "Sit tight, don't let on we're in
here,"

An' ist then I heard Maw a-sayin': "Jack, dear,
If you're not asleep, come and open the door,"

An' I wuz so glad, I ist set up a roar,

An' Joe let her in, and I cried a boo-hoo,

An' I says: "Oh, Maw, dear, I'm so glad it's ist
you!"

FROM YOU.

A LITTLE word of praise from you,
 And, lo! my world is made anew;
 My heart bursts into old gay song,
 And "Ah" I say, "I am so strong!"

A little word of praise from you,
 And clouds roll on, and all is blue;
 And things that seemed too hard for me,
 Grow small, and smile invitingly!

BETWEEN LIGHTS.

A LITTLE verse to while away the moments,
 A glowing, gently dying open fire,
 The consciousness of your white radiant presence.
 A dreamy tinkling, touching of my lyre.

Your wide-eyed, wondering gaze afar in dream-
 land,

As one who looks upon a distant wood,
 I dare not break the silence with a whisper,
 Such moods as these strive ever to elude!

FORGET-ME-NOTS.

I KNOW a spot where forget-me-nots bloom,
In a garden no one knows but I,
And I cannot pass without a sigh,
For 'tis one bright dream in a place of gloom.

They were planted there in the long ago,
She dropped the seeds as she went away,
And the little blue things make memory sway
With the golden thoughts that come thronging so!

In the bitterness of my empty heart,
I tried to stifle their growth with weeds,
And I threw away all the tiny seeds,
And grimly hoped they would now depart.

But the brave little flowers grew and grew,
Until they filled the entire plot,
And my bitterest tears enriched the spot,
Though I loved to see that patch of blue.

She was right when she whispered long ago,
"Forget-me-nots are flow'rs of the heart,
And I plant them in yours before we part—"
And in my heart they will ever grow!

SPRINGTIME.

A LITTLE lad, I used to roam all day
In a great glowing country all my own,
And marvel at the things I saw and heard,
In glorious solitude, yet not alone.

The world was full of mysteries so great,
The radiant springtime world, of green and
gold,
As I stretched out upon the green,
In watching wonder saw the leaves unfold.

And with a dreamy sense of soft content
I breathed the blossoms' sweetness in the air,
And listened to the song of mating birds,
While glorying in the stillness everywhere.

The days of boyhood are departed long,
But still the opening days of summer bring
The oldtime wonder how God does it all!
The dreams of boyhood that awake with spring!

