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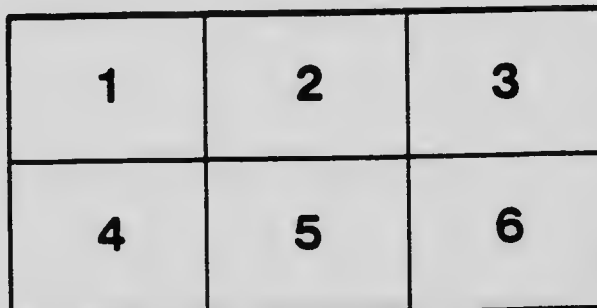
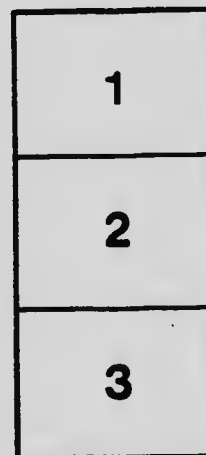
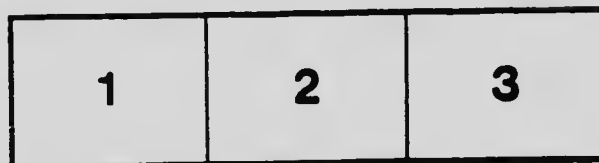
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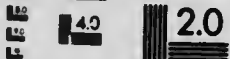
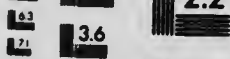
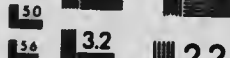
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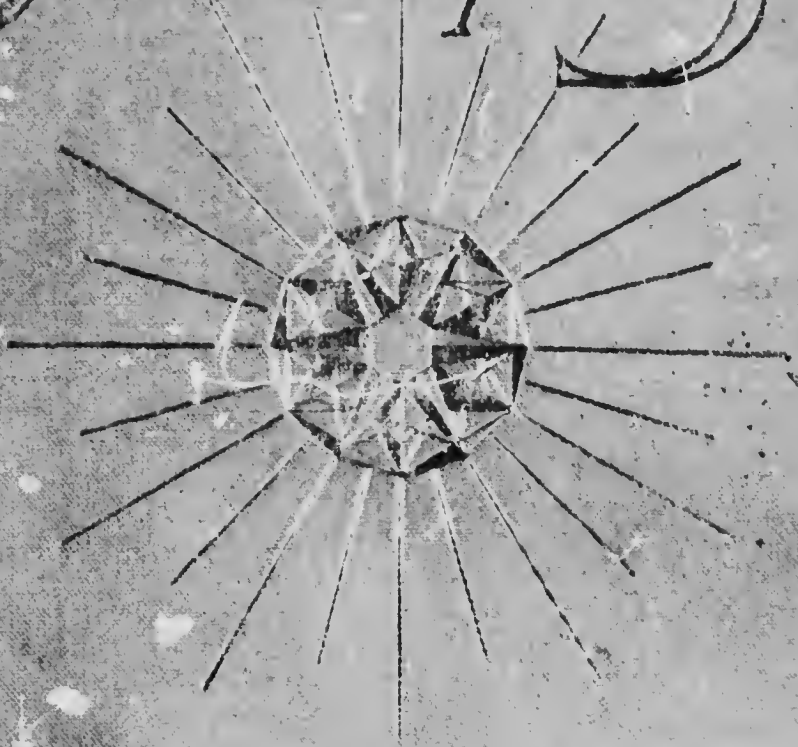
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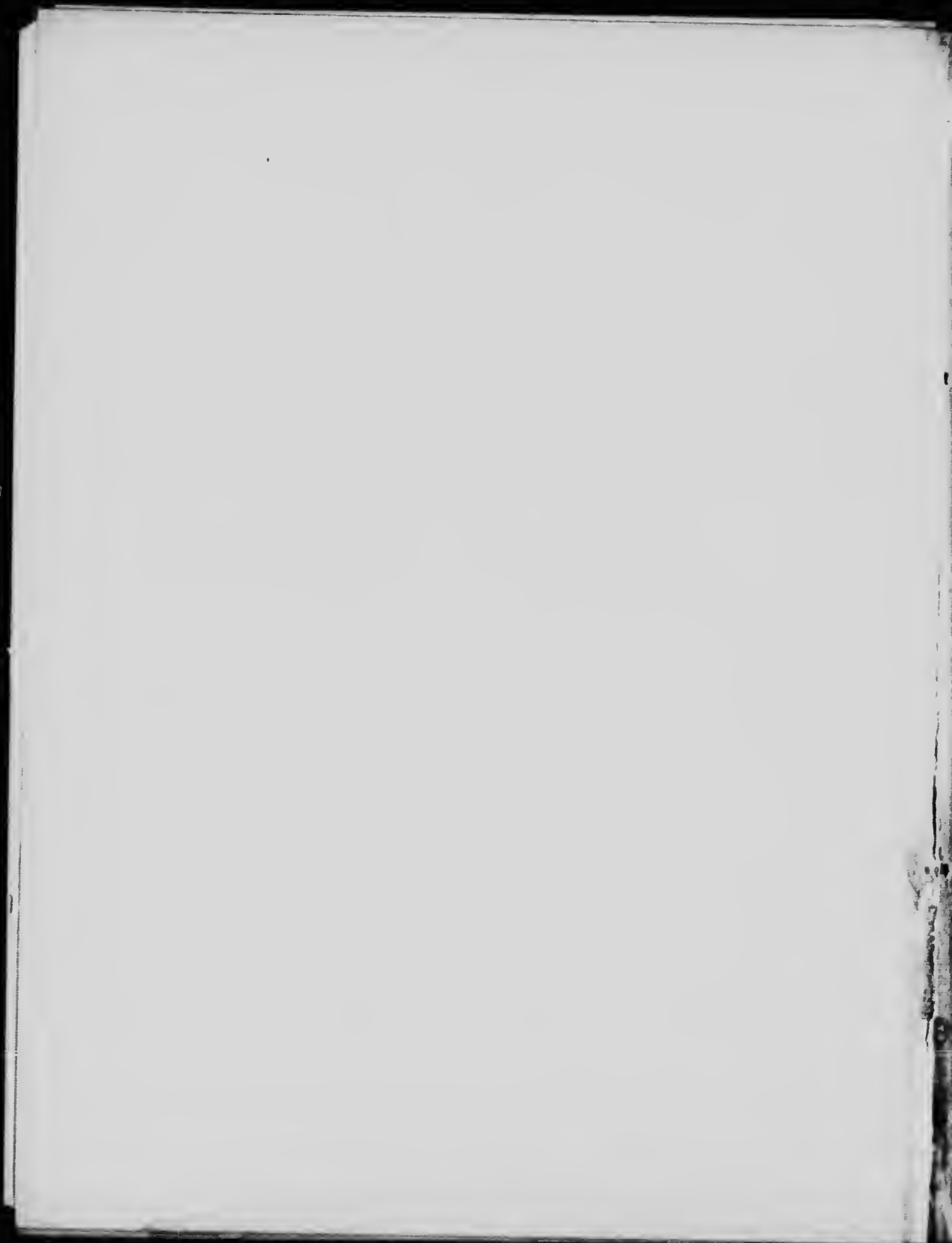
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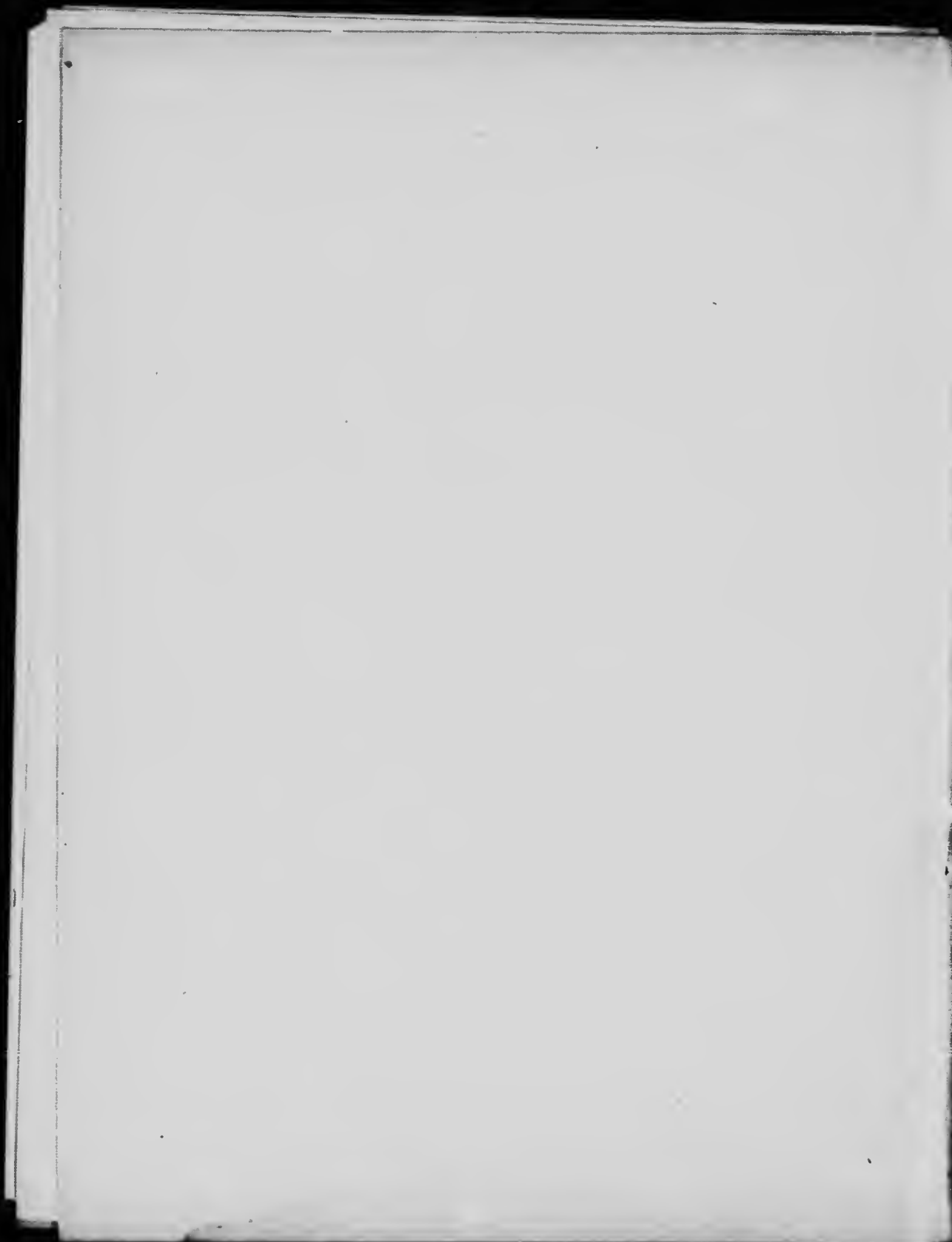


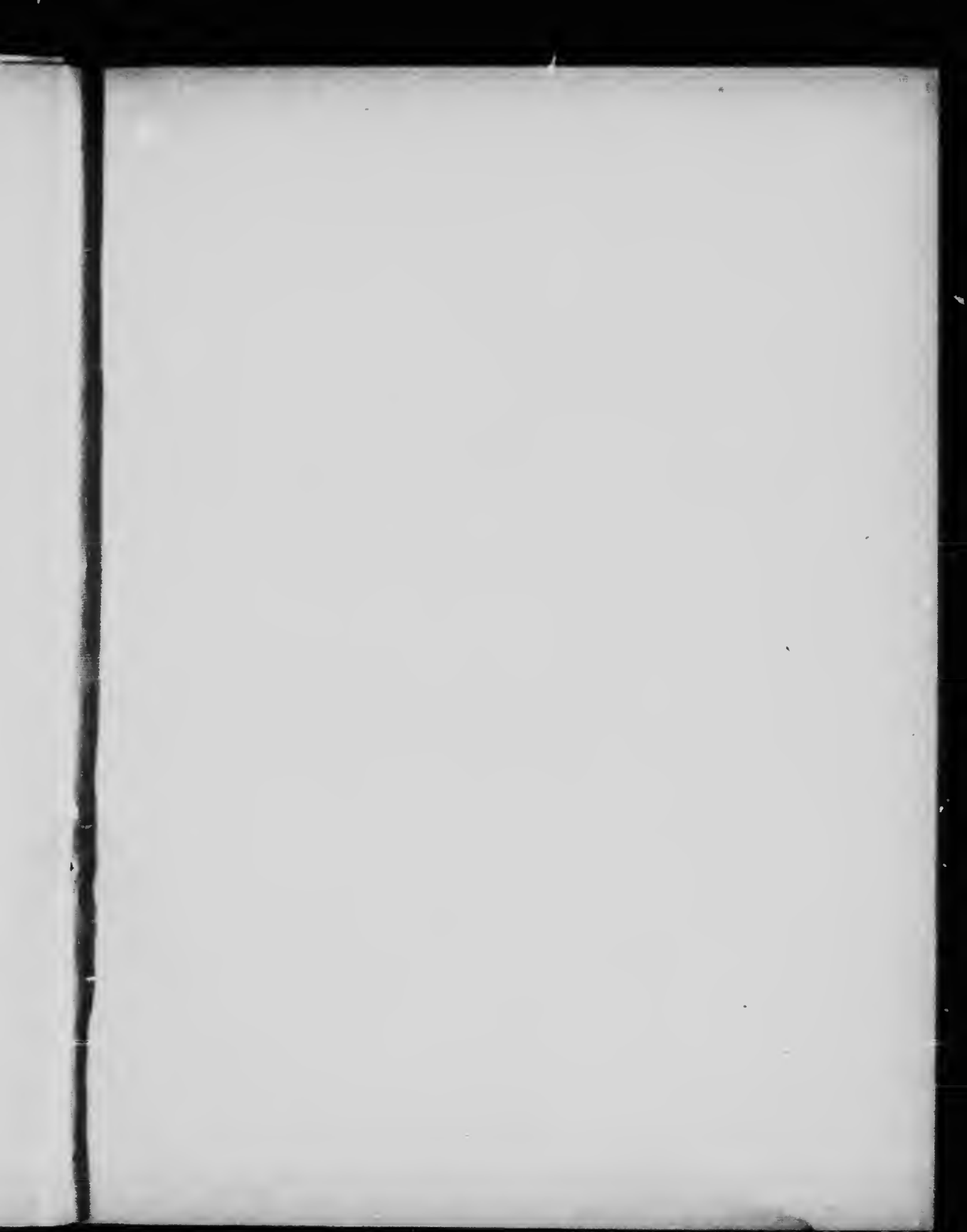
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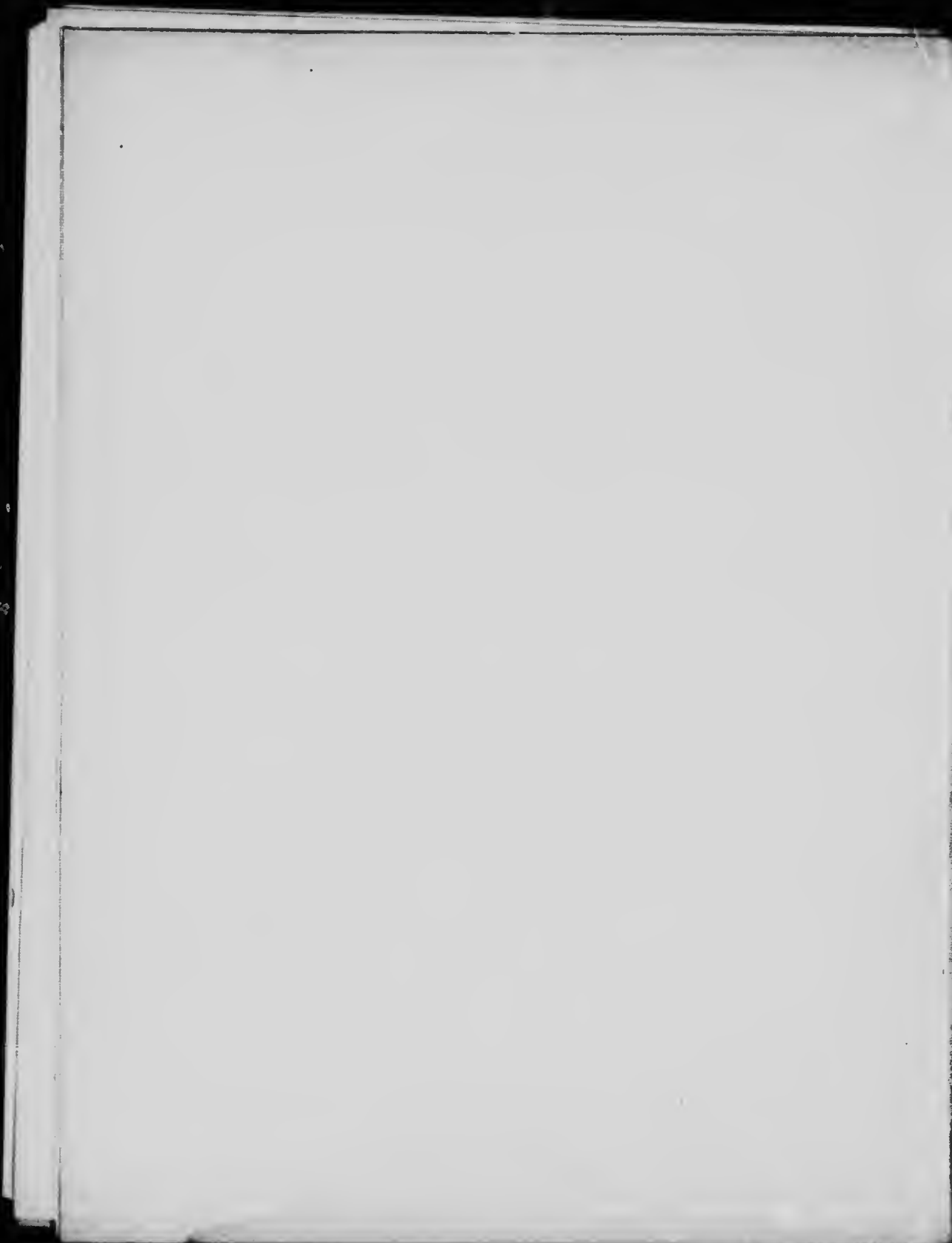
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DIAMONDS.

DIAMONDS.

Verses for the Adorning of
the Common Life.



BY

MELVILLE A. SHAVER.



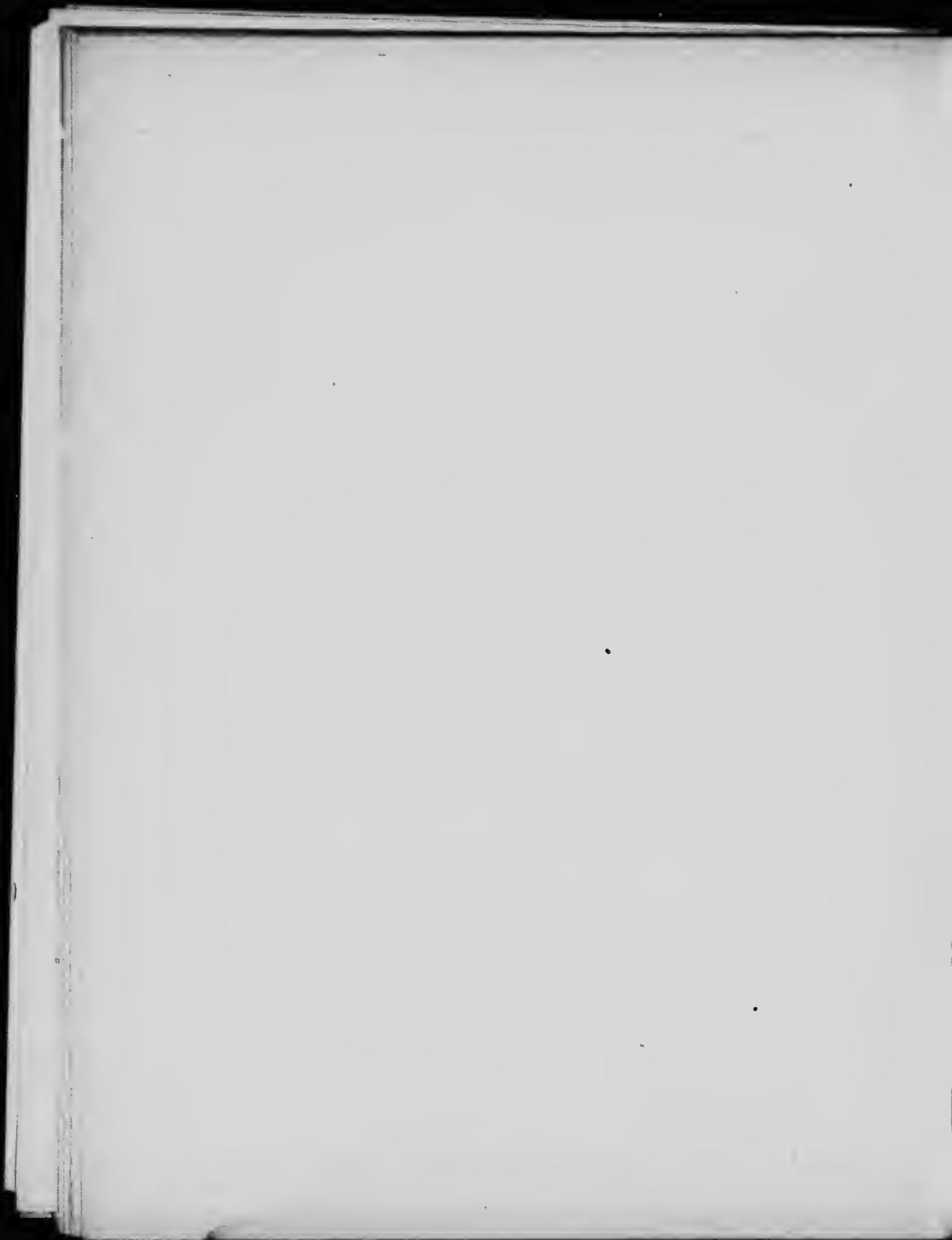
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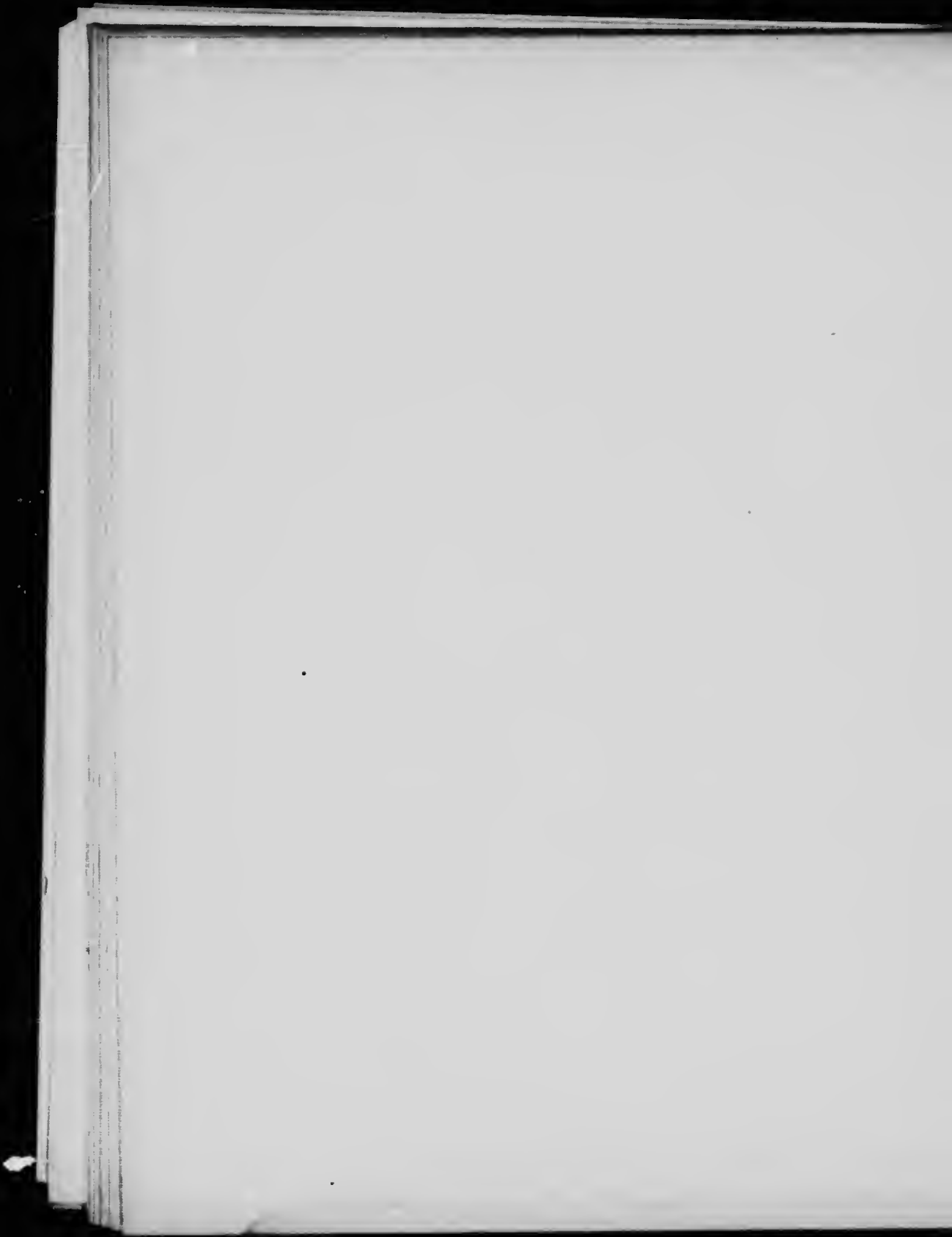
AUTHOR'S NOTE.

Many of the poems in this book have appeared in Canadian periodicals. The author, in having these verses published, has no desire to present a volume for critics, but has yielded to the request of friends to give them some "heartfelt lays."

M. A. S.

WESTMOUNT, Que.,
February, 1902.

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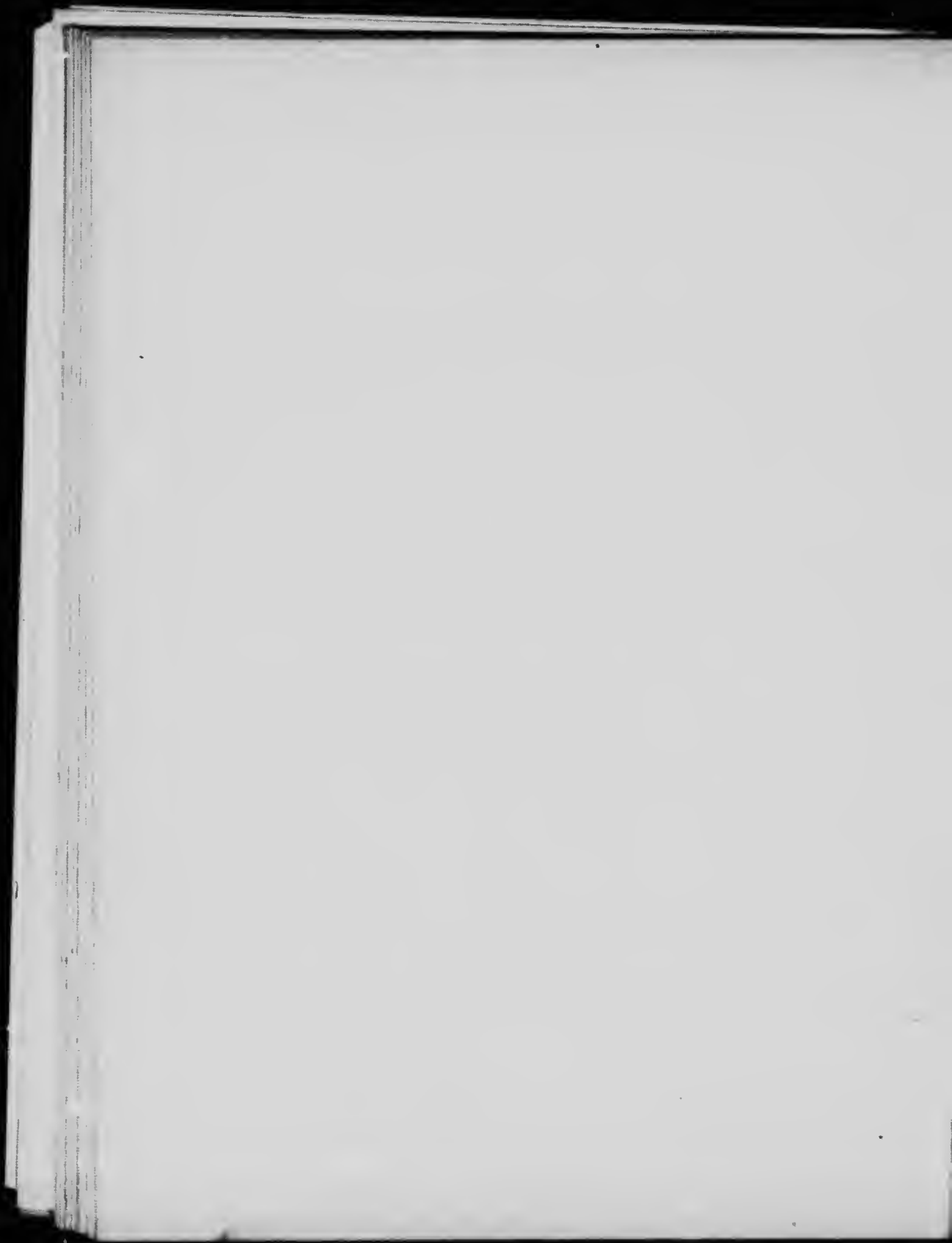
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DIAMONDS.



Diamonds 'midst the Snow.

Like the gold among the clay;
Like the stars amid the dark;
Like bright blossoms in a park;
Shining on a winter day
'Neath the sun's serenest ray,
Sparkling with the purest glow—
Diamonds 'midst the snow.

Priceless jewels! none can buy
Their most exquisite design;
Never was there hand so fine
As to gather them and try
Selling them for prices high;
Precious sky gems, dropped below—
Diamonds 'midst the snow

Radiant srowdrops, frail yet chaste;
Rays of sunshine crystallized;
Wayside glory, little prized
By earth's mortals in their haste

After sparkles from mere paste:
Pearls of splendor, lying low—
Diamonds 'midst the snow.

Gems of whiteness, glist'ning clear;
Dazzling beauty, like the light
Glowing from a crystal bright;
Jewels of the atmosphere;
Regal emblems, rich, austere;
Earth with royalty aglow—
Diamonds 'midst the snow.

Josephine.

I.

Josephine,—
A little queen
You are to me:
Your golden hair,
And sky-blue eyes,—
Two dreams most fair
Of Paradise;
Your laughter sweet,
And maiden feet
Dancing so;
Your tender grace,
And angel face
Compel me, dear,
When drawing near,
To softly on
My *toes* to go !

II.

Josephine,—
A larger queen
You are to be:

Your golden hair,
And sky-blue eyes,—
Two dreams most fair
 Of Paradise;
Your laughter sweet,
And maiden feet
 Dancing so;
Your tender grace,
And angel face
Will then compel,
I know full well,
Some knight upon
 His *knees* to go!

The Sweetest Thing in the World.

The sweetest thing in this world that I know,
The sweetest thing that this world can see,
Is the simple smile of an artless child,
In the days when life, so blithe and free,
Just bubbles o'er with innocent glee.

In heaven I deem there are sweeter things,
That touch the heart with a tender thought,
But the sweetest thing to be found on earth
Is a pearl that need not far be sought,
Nor can it with choicest gold be bought:

'Tis the dimpled smile of a winsome child;
The cheery laugh from a merry heart;
The outward ripple of gladness within;
Love-buds of earth,—their leaves forced apart,
To give the fragrance space to depart.

That's the sweetest thing to unselfish minds;
In it there's beauty our Lord admired;
In it there's teaching of cheerful content,
And pureness of thought, that are required
Ere we can enter the life inspired.

If the greatest thing in the world is love,
Then love in bloom is the sweetest thing;
All charitable deeds are sweet and good,
But unconscious smiles that purely spring
From tender love are the sweeter thing.

More real than dreams, or perfumes of flowers;
Nearer than beauteous bows in the sky;
Purer and truer than human things seem;—
Oh! the laugh of a child can defy
All the cynics the world may supply!

Let's cease being old, and cease being sad;
Let's never fret nor be weak again,
While the fountains of youth are sending forth
Their spraying of joy, like summer rain,
To make all the old earth new again.

The Day of Life.

Much like a day,
This human way—
Its waking so sweet in the morn,
When the light's ray,
Making earth gay,
Shines o'er the old life weary worn.

Clear blue the sky,
As hours pass by,
Not even a cloudlet in view;
One little sigh,
Mother is nigh,
And lightens that shadow anew.

But soon there blows,
Every one knows,
Clouds burdened with storm from the west;
And gloom of woes,
Increased by foes,
Makes longed for the night and its rest.

Over the blast,
The sun at last

Is beaming more bright than before;
Then darkness vast;
But faith's forecast
Sees dawning the day evermore.

Baby is Gone Away.

Baby is gone away
To-day;
Our hearts are beating sore:
Her little face no more
Will peep behind the door,
Her little feet no more
Will patter on the floor,—
Baby is gone away.

Baby is gone away
To-day;
She's gone to be a star,
To roam in realms afar,
Where all pure spirits are;
Where naught can come to mar,
E'en though the gate's ajar,—
Baby is gone away.

Baby is gone away
To-day;
Our home has lost its love;
No angel form will rove

The halls or rooms above
As gently as a dove,—
No joyous speech of love,—
 Baby is gone away.

 Baby is gone away
 To-day;
She smiled, and then she went,
With angels heaven-sent;
And when our tears are spent,
Our hearts will be content
To pass through yon sky-rent,—
 Baby is gone away.

God is Here.

My brother, God is here,
Not far away, but near;
His tender look beholds
Thee now. His love enfolds
Thee safe from every ill:
Lean on Him and be still.

My brother, God is here,
Dry now thine ev'ry tear;
His sympathy will quell
Thy grief, His speech will tell
All things are for thy best:
In Him by faith now rest.

My brother, God is here,
So banish all thy fear;
His strength will bear thee o'er
Life's wastes. What need you more?
His gentleness is sweet,
His love is full, complete.

My brother, God is here,
Here now and very near;
Look up, and let his grace

Illumine all thy face;
List to Him speak, and do
His biddings, kind and true.

My brother, God is here,
Thy mind of all else clear,
And let His presence be
In thee, and make thee free,
And pure and kind and strong,
And all thy life a song.

The Old Sunday School at Home.

When I sit in meditation in the quiet ev'ning hour,
And the witchery of fancy manifests its magic power,
Making all the place about me like a garden scene at night,
When the summer stars are gleaming, and the moonbeam's
gentle light
Makes the dew-drops on the roses glow like angel tears of
love,
And the vision so transcendent turns my joyous thoughts
above
Till some sound among the bushes interrupts my pleasing
muse,
And the noise my trembling fancy follows out among the
dews,—
Then I wander in the distance and survey some childhood
scenes,
Which regain their shape and beauty through the mist that
intervenes,
And I breathe new inspiration as I visit, 'midst the gloam,
That one place of all the dearest—the old Sunday School
at home.

Though the night comes close about me yet I love to wan-
der back,
When the zephyrs softly sighing give the holy awe I lack,

And beneath the moonbeam's glimmer and my mem'ry's
hallowed light
Scenes of other days surround me, and I view them with
delight;
I can see the red-brick chapel standing there beside the
road,
With the cedar trees that front it, where the singing-birds
abode,
And the wasp-nests on the windows, and the rose-bush
growing wild
Near the gateway where we gathered and our Sabbath
greetings smiled;
I can see the chapel basement, with its benches and its
map,
Where we boys and girls assembled, and the leader with
a rap
On his table got us quiet, so that soon the heavenly dome
With our songs and prayers seemed ringing,—in the old
Sunday School at home.

Oh! how holy seemed the Sabbath when we met in that
old school!
Oh! how sacred was that basement, and in summer days
how cool!
When the old folks would all gather there to have their
Bible class,
And the teachers, with the glory of devotion in their face,
Would hear verses we recited, and then tell the story sweet
Of the love that sent from heaven its most precious gift
complete,
And we boys would give our answers, telling what we
knew of Paul,

And of Daniel and his lions, and of Moses, John and Saul,
Till we felt an inspiration filling every youthful soul
As the music bore us upward on its ever-swelling roll;
Oh! the place seemed very holy when we read the sacred
tome,
For no critics ever entered the old Sunday School at home.

But the Sunday School is over, or at least it's not the
same,
For though some who then attended still have there en-
rolled their name,
Though the one who then presided with a tact both wise
and sweet,
Still each Sabbath with his Bible wends his way along the
street,
Yet there's new boys in the classes and new teachers
teaching there,
And the old friends are departed: some have sought a
western air,
Some have settled down and married, some have passed
to rest above,
And there's one that's gone out preaching, telling men the
Gospel love,
For he's ever truly grateful for that prophet's school of
truth,
Where he was so kindly nurtured and enlightened in his
youth,
And there's nothing so delights him when his ev'ning
fancies roam,
As to visit in the gloaming the old Sunday School at home.

A Thought at Even-tide.

A day is born;
Moves on from morn
To noon; from noon
To eve; and soon
Night is its silent tomb !

A soul is born
A babe, forlorn
Of dress; then youth;
Manhood forsooth;
And age its perfect bloom !

'Tis day-growth makes
Strong soul; this takes
The sunshine bright
Each day; thus light
Secures for darkest gloom !

Granma an Ma an Me.

A WEE LAD'S TALE.

Granma an ma an me has heaps uv fun, you bet !
'Course granma—she is old,—as old as she ken get,
For all hur hair is grey, and wrinkles line hur face,
An she wears spex, and knits, an kan't run me a race,
An when its kold ur wet, granma don't like it much,
'Cause she gets roomatiz, an has te use hur krutch;—
An I don't like it, too, fer when its bad outside
I kan't go out te play, ur have my wagon-ride;
Yes, granma is more old than any uv us three,
An yet she is so good, an kind, an sweet to me,
We luv te have hur live with us in our nice house,—
Tho pa thinks mas-in-law ar useless as a mouse;
My ma—she wurks, you bet, and keeps things neat an
clean,
An dresses fine has she,—much bettern you have seen,
An she has got sum hair she bought frum sum store-man,
An when she fixes me, an gets hur purse an fan,
She says, "Granma, kum 'long," an granma, ma an me
Walk out, you bet, an hip ! a jolly three are we !

Granma an ma an me was to the park one day !
We tooked the 'lektric kar, an rode a long, long way,
An then walked on green grass, an near sum trees set
down,

When granma skared us all, exklaimin' with a frown:
" O dear ! that's just like me, my parsol's on the kar !"
But ma said, "Well, there now ! yet, 'fore he has gone far
The 'ductor'll see it, dear, an maybe keep it safe."
So granma didn't kry, fer I just made her laugh,
'Cause I thought she felt bad, an so we had a swing,
An saw the merry-round, and heard the organ sing,
An saw the cage uv bears, an monkeys eatin things,
An skratchin uv themselves while sittin in their rings;
Then bands began te play, but granma said the noise
Was too much fer hur head, so we went where sum boys
Was ridin donkeys' backs, and ma put me on one,
An I pulled his old ears, an had, you bet, sum fun;
Then we all ate our lunch, an granma, ma and me
Came and got home again, as tired as we could be.

Granma an ma an me one uther day went out
Te see our kuntry aunt, who's got a kind uv gout;—
Aunt Mary is hur name, an hur place is so nice,—
The kitchen-tables there an floors ar white as rice,
An flowers grow 'round the door, an apples in the lane,
An chickens run around an trample through the grain;
I stood an looked at things, an thought them all so fine,
When granma came te hang sum klothes upon the line,
An told me I could play ur run out by the barn;
So I had lots uv sport,—I blew the dinner-horn,
An I knew how, you bet, to drive the horses when
My unkle hitched them up to go to work again,
An then at night I brought the cows up frum the field,
An fed the hungry pigs, that yelled, an yelled, an squealed,
An hunted up the eggs, an got them all, you bet,

'Cept where there sat a hen, that klucked, an seemed te
fret;

An after we had tea, granma an ma an me
Came 'way, with our old hearts as glad as they could be.

Granma an ma an me has got a pony-horse,
An little pony-cart.—pa got us them uv course;
An when we hitch him up, sun days we take a drive
Around to see the homes where all the big folks live,—
Fer we're just small, us three, we ain't no big at all;
An though we pass right by, an don't go in te call,
'Tis fine, you bet, te see such parks, an trees, an things,
Which seem, indeed, te be quite good enough fer kings;
But then we wouldn't give our home fer theirs, you bet,
'Cause ours is nice an small, an pa says theirs has debt,
An they ain't got no swing, ner granma like we've got,
Ner any aunt with gout, ner pony-horse te trot,—
No, granma an ma an me has lots uv better fun
Than any bigger folks what lives beneath the sun;
But ma says we may not go driving out agan,
Fer granma's caught a kold, an suffers much with pain,
Yet doctor-man—he says that granma, ma an me
Has got as fine a horse as ever he did see.

Two Birds.

Two little birds lived in a tree.
One was as happy as could be:
 Chirping at morn,
 Singing all day,—
 For birds are born,
 It seemed to say,
To make earth glad with their sweet song,
And help the cause of joy along.

But one bird did not sing its song.
It sat and felt that all was wrong:
 Nothing to eat,
 And chased by boys,—
 It would not tweet
 Its tree-top joys,
So hopped about from morn till night,
And sighed: "O dear! I'm weary, quite."

Its little mate, tormented too,
Would chirp a warning note or two,
 And then fly 'way
 Where berries grew,

And be quite gay
The whole day through,—
E'en stars, which 'mong the leaves could peep,
Oft heard it singing in its sleep.

Though shadows came and hid the sky,
And one little bird did naught but cry,
One still would sing
Its joyful song;
For this would bring,
It thought, ere long,
The light again, and help to cheer
The birds around so filled with fear.

As time went on, a king one day
Was wanting birds, and came that way
In search of those
Of merry note;
As you suppose,
And all would vote,
He took the joy-bird to his home,
And left the gloomy one alone.

A Confession to Nature.

I'll say that though a garden'd place
Enclosed my youth, I oft forgot
To love your ways, because I sought
In printed books all good to trace;
Attending close and hearing more,
And seeing how upon the shore
And o'er the land is scattered lore,
More rich in thought than lettered word,
And sweet as flower or song of bird,—
I grow to love thee more and more.

Laugh and Run.

I.

Laugh and run,
Little one:
Roll and play,
Sing and shout;
Heed no fray,
Have no doubt,
Have your fun,
Little one,
In the sun.

II.

Laugh and run,
Little one:
Romp and jump,
Spring and peep;
Heed no bump,
As you leap,
Have your fun,
Little one,
In the sun.

LAUGH AND RUN.

III.

Laugh and run,
Little one:
Up and down,
To and fro;
Heed no frown
As you go.
Have your fun,
Little one,
In the sun.

It's Better to Smile.

It's better to smile than to frown;
It's better to wait than to weep;
It's better to win a bright crown
By climbing, 'though lofty the steep,
Than to dwell in gloom on the earth—
Downcast 'midst the shadows and tears,
And judging ail innocent mirth
Unfit for celestial ears.

It's better to sing than to moan;
It's better to run than to lag;
It's better through life to have sown
Bright thoughts that give cheer, than to brag
Of having made others to feel
Their error and weakness of mind—
It's better the good to reveal,
It's better the goodness to find.

It's better to cheer than to jeer;
It's better to love than to hate;
It's better to trust than to fear,
For the sun can never be late,
But will rise on the coming morn—
No matter how black be the night—
Transforming the heart that's forlorn,
And filling with comforting light.

It's better to praise than to blame;
It's better to hope than to faint;
It's better to help than to shame,
It's better to make no complaint;
It's better to give than to take;
It's better to work than to mope;
It's better to now undertake,
Than 'midst denser darkness to grope.

It's better to throw all your ills,
Your sorrows, your griefs and your chills,
Into one of the sun's bright beams;
And wherever its glory gleams,—
It's better to dwell in that place,
'Till the light's transfiguring grace
Removes all your passion and strife,
And reveals you the sweeter life.

He Understandeth All.

When my life is overshadowed by some confronting ill,
And the darkness deepens 'round me, and sorrows through
me thrill,
I uplift my trembling fancy to know if God is near,
And the loving glance He gives me allays my every fear,
For He understandeth all.

*Yes, He understandeth all,
And He heareth when I call,
For His great and tender love ever watcheth from above,
And whate'er may be my grief He doth send me sweet relief,
For He understandeth all.*

When amid the day's engagements my spirit flutters wild,
As with life I grow impatient, like some precocious child,
Whose young, eager soul desireth to try the greater task,—
I'm constrained that hour for comfort His aid to gently
ask,
Since He understandeth all.

When my plans are all defeated, and hope gives up its zest,
And, discouraged with my losses, I pause to think and
rest,
And see all the imperfection of love in what I've done,—
Then I marvel in my sorrow how I've grieved the Holy
One,
Yet He understandeth all.

*Yes, He understandeth all,
And He heareth when I call,
For His great and tender love ever watcheth from above,
And whate'er may be my grief He doth send me sweet relief,
For He understandeth all.*

Though the way by which He leads me winds through the
valley drear,
Where the birds are never singing their songs that help
to cheer,
But the mists enwrap about me their shroud of dark despair,
And the night-chill creeps upon me to make me parish
there,
Still He understandeth all.

Though I seem to follow closely the vision bright I see,
Which is leading to the hill-tops where life is grand and
free,
Yet my Maker understandeth the frailty of my frame,
And He knows I yet shall triumph through the virtue of
His Name,
Yes, He understandeth all.

*Oh! He understandeth all,
And He heareth when I call,
For His great and tender love ever watcheth from above,
And whate'er may be my grief He doth send me sweet relief,,
For He understandeth all.*

The Heavenly Home.

When dawns the glad, supernal day,
And night fore'er is gone;
When shines the light of purer ray,
And life's hard task is done;
Then clad in warm, eternal love,
Where shadows never come,
We shall midst sylvan splendors rove
Within the heavenly home.

When wearied feet have trod the vales
Where clinging cares abide,
They shall at length, when ardor fails,
Ascend the mountain side,
And gain not merely spectres grand,
Where faith's fond fancies roam,
But earth-torn feet shall some day stand
Within the heavenly home.

There prayerful spirits, entered in
Where all is peace and praise,
Their long-expected glory win,
And through eternal days
Commingle with angelic choirs,
Which fill the holy dome,
And swell the song with soft-strained lyres,
Within the heavenly home.

After a Romp With the Children.

I.

After a romp with the children
My frame is all aglow:
The weariness all is gone,
For the pulse that was beating slow
Has quickened itself to a run,
To catch at the setting sun
The little ones in their fun:
My health is ruddy again,
And sleep is easy then,—
After a romp with the children.

II.

After a romp with the children
My soul is all aflame:
The fretfulness all is gone,
For the faith that was weak and lame
Has quickened itself to a run,
To catch at the setting sun
The little ones in their fun:
My joy is ruddy again,
And rest is easy then,—
After a romp with the children

Baby's Awake.

Baby's awake !
Run, dear, run !
Hasten, and speak
To the little one !

" Mamma ! Mamma !"
" Yes, yes, dear,
Mother is coming,
Mother is near !"

" Mamma ! Mamma !"
" Yes, my pet,
Just a minute,
Do not fret !"

Baby's awake !
Run, dear, run !
Hasten, and speak
To the little one !

An Ode to a Rose.

I.

Sweet rose, I've brought thee here,
Because the day so drear
And dull has been to me;
And when I chanced to see
Thy leaves of tender hue,
A secret longing grew
Within my weary soul
To have thee to console
And give my spirit cheer;
So rose, I've brought thee here.

II.

How fair and sweet thou art,
Regaling all my heart
With fragrance soft and fine,
And thoughts that are divine !
How slender are thy leaves,
And yet what wealth there cleaves
Of beauty round their veins !
How strange what grandeur reigns
About thine every part !
How fair and sweet thou art !

III.

And yet thou art so meek,—
So 'fraid that men may speak
Of graces thou dost wear,
A blush of shame doth glare
And redden all thy face,
Lest there should be disgrace
Of giving thee the praise
For strength of sunny days:
God's love thy hues bespeak,
For thou art modest, meek.

IV.

What dreary days thou'st seen :
What storms ! What tempests keen !
What clouds have hid the sky,
Till men have thought to die !
But thou didst then impress
Thy tender, sweet caress
Upon their fainting sense,
And heal by thine incense.
How strong, how sweet, serene,
Through dreary days thou'st been !

V.

And rose is thy sweet name !
Thy sweet would be the same
If thou aught else were called,
But since thou art installed
In human hearts by this,

I prize its sweeter bliss,
For in my youth I learned
To love what men discerned
To have a fragrant fame,—
It was, sweet rose, thy name.

VI.

Fair flower, thou dost help me
Both chaste and true to be !
In thee I read the truth
Of an eternal youth:
Oh ! that my life like thee
A blossom pure may be.
Outbreathing perfume sweet
Whose tender good will greet
The faint, whoe'er he be !
Fair rose, I'd be like thee !

VII.

Sweet rose. I love thee well !
With me thou must now dwell !
For though thy leaves will sear,
Since I have brought thee here,
Yet when they rust away
Sweet fragrance still will stay
About their faded form,
And will my heart reform,—
To virtue will compel.
Fair rose, I love thee well !

The Light of Love.

Men know they are evil, my brother,
Don't tell them aught more about sin:
Don't speak of the world and its failures,
Don't keep up the immoral din;
But try to be better, my brother,
And try to live better yourself,
And you'll soon find the man who sees you
For shame will do better himself.

Men know they are burdened, my brother,
Don't tell them aught more of distress:
Don't speak of life's sorrows and losses,
Don't mention new wrongs that oppress;
But bear your own crosses, my brother,
And lighten all others you can,
And you'll soon find that men are happy
Because you have followed this plan.

Men know of the darkness, my brother,
Don't tell them aught more of despair:
Don't speak of despondence and anguish,
Don't mention the hate and the fear;
But give them the sunshine, my brother,
The light of your love and your joy,
And you'll soon find the world is brighter,
And songs are its sweetest employ.

Abiding Joy.

On certain days, when nature seems
To gather all her beauteous beams
To make a season bright,
We revel in fair skies till cloud
Appears, o'erspreading like a shroud,
And darkens our delight.

At other times, when pleasures thrill
The sense of man and lure his will
From reason's soft command,
We revel with our joys and friends—
Forgetting, oft, amusement tends
To mock the soul's demand.

For weary months of honest toil
In tilling the uncultured soil
Of youth's ambitious mind,
There comes a crowning day of rest,
Although its joy is but at best
A theory, self-defined.

For patient years of time well spent
In scattering sunshine as one went
Along the mortal way,

About the memory will entwine
Forget-me-nots, whose breath divine
Perfumes life's autumn day.

There is a place where dwells a joy,
Whose constancy naught can destroy:
'Tis in the soul made white
Through Jesus' blood: abiding there,
The Spirit helps our vision share
The bliss of Heaven's delight.

"Next Door to God."

In Jerusalem, two lady missionaries, Miss Dunn and Miss Robertson, had a cozy little home named "Bethel." This "Bethel" was a place of practical sympathy. A little girl was sent to this home to ask the kind ladies to call on a sick person. The child, when returning, was asked where she had been, and being unable to remember names said: "I have been to see the two ladies who live next door to God." She had heard some one say that they lived very near the Lord.

On the street of Jesus in Jerusalem town,
In that eastern land of sacred renown,
Two sisters live in a home so lowly,
Yet filled with the light of love so holy,
That the people speak
In tones o'erawed,
Of those who are living
"Next door to God."

The name of the place, where the sisters are living
Their Master-sent life of fragrant alms-giving,
Is "Bethel," the same as that place of old,
Where one, worn weary with grievings untold,

At night laid himself
On the sacred sod,
Which seemed to him
"Next door to God."

These angels of "Bethel," incarnate and lovely,
As Jacob-seen spirits were holy and lovely,
Bring blessings of comforting cheer and good will
To lives that are lonely and sad until
Such blessings are brought them
By ones who have trod
The regions that neighbor
"Next door to God."

What counsels of truth, what visions of heaven,
What strengthening sympathy ever is given
To those who are straying in paths of distress;—
What soothings of promise, what words that bless,—
In light'ning the stroke of
Affliction's rod;—
What good we may do if only we're living
"Next door to God!"

Brother, where are you living? Very near the Lord?
Do you lean on His breast? Do you feel through the Word,—
His bosom of promise, His throbbings of thought
Do you know that He's near, or must He be sought
As one whom your darkness
Of mind has outlawed?
Are you seeking a dwelling
"Next door to God?"

Obedience.

“ His mother saith unto the servants,
Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it.”—
John 2: 5.

His minutest wish should be
Lovingly performed by thee;
To your Saviour King be true:
Whatsoe'er He saith to you,
Do it !

Let thy soul be very still,
That the whispers of His will
You may perfectly fulfil;
To your Priestly Prince be true:
Whatsoe'er He saith to you,
Do it !

Disobey yourself, your friends;
Disobey your passion's trends;
Disobey whatever tends
To mislead to evil ends;
To your risen Lord be true:
Whatsoe'er He saith to you,
Do it !

Falter not, stand every test;
To obey Him that is best,
Leave unto thy God the rest;
If you are Jehovah's guest,
Magnify His least behest;
To your Bridegroom friend be true:
Whatsoever He saith to you,
Do it!

You need not to understand
All about the Lord's command;
By faith Abraham did stand
By the altar, where his hand
Rose to slay, with courage grand,
His only son at God's demand!
To your Sovereign Guide be true:
Whatsoever He saith to you,
Do it!

Households, servants, children—all,
Bound by duties great and small,
Hearken to your Saviour's call;
Let his wisdom guide you all,
Let his love-power you enthrall,
For his yoke can never gall
Like the beast-chains in the stall;
To your Master Christ be true:
Whatsoever He saith to you,
Do it!

O'er thy pathway's full extreme
Let His word-light brightly beam,
Shining where things darkest seem,
Showing where His footsteps gleam;
If you'll let Him, He'll redeem
From all worldly glare and dream,
And reveal you, gleam by gleam,
All the heaven of love's extreme;
To your coming King be true:
Whatsoever He saith to you,
Do it !

All the hours of every day
Spending in this blessed way;
Learning how to watch and pray,
Learning better to obey;
Letting Jesus be thy stay
O'er the roughness of the way;
Safe within His fold to stay,
Where the pleasant pastures lay,
Where you cannot go astray;
To your Shepherd Lord be true:
Whatsoever He saith to you,
Do it !

Wishes.

I.

" I wish I was a man,"
Said a boy at play,
With curly locks, like gold
On a summer day,—
" I wish I was a man,
Old and strong and wise."

II.

" I wish I was a boy,"
Said a man one day,
With hoary locks, like snow
On a winter day,—
" I wish I was a boy,
Young and blithe and good."

A Song of Welcome.

(Tune, Juanita.)

(Suitable for a Boys' Banquet.)

Hark ! Hear our greeting,
Guests and friends within this hall;
Fond hearts now beating,
Welcome one and all.
Friendship's joy awaits you,
Health and cheer you may renew,
Gladly thus we greet you,
Let your heart be glad.

*Welcome! We greet you!
Joyous may your meeting be!
Welcome! Happy welcome!
Let your joy flow free!*

Hark ! Hear our greeting,
Boys and sons and parents true;
Fond hearts now beating,
Speak their love to you.

Merry may your banquet be,
Happy be your lives and free,
Full of hope and charity,
Let your heart be glad.

Welcome! We greet you!
Joyous may your meeting be!
Welcome! Happy welcome!
Let your joy flow free!

Look up, my Brother.

Look up, not *down*, my brother;
For if you watch above,
You've grace to help another—
You've strength and lifting love.
Around you in temptation,
Discouragement and strife;
Below is sore vexation,
Above is peace and life.

Look not *behind*, my brother,
To glory o'er past foes;
Sin, lurking there, my brother,
May bring again its woes.
Forgetting things behind you,
Upward pressing ever,—
Thus may each moment find you
Making best endeavor.

Keep looking up, my brother,
And never look *across*
To criticise some other,
Who tries to bear his Cross.
The world unnerves his striving—
It watches, frowns and jeers;
You may, by faults conniving,
Make light his load of fears.

Keep looking up, my brother,
And never look *aside*;
Earth's pleasures, gains, my brother,
Leave you unsatisfied.
Be free from fleeting world-things,
Be free—desire them not;
Your Saviour promised "all things";
Look *up*, and falter not!

Music Everywhere.

There's music in the morning air,
Music in the night;
There's music making everywhere,
When the spirit's right.

There's music in the children's glee,
Skipping by the way;
There's music in the roaring sea,—
Merry waves at play.

There's music with the buzzing bees,
Singing in the flowers;
There's music in the forest trees,—
Windy, leafy bowers.

There's music in the little stream
Bubbling by the way;
There's music in a healthy spleen,
Cheering gloom away.

There's music where you think there's none,
'Cause you have no ear;
There's music in the setting sun,
Music in a tear.

There's music in the thunder-roll,—
Sunshine's rainy ruin;
There's music written for the soul,—
Love,—it's perfect tune.

Gettin' Home Agen.

Thers meny kinds uv pleasur thet human spiruts know:
Thers joy thet much resembles a streamlet's merry flow,
An raptures intermittin, like patches uv the sun
Thet gleam akross yer pathway a moment then ar dun;
Thers wealth an fame an beauty affordin gladness too,
An musik's soft enchantments thet make yer spirut new;
Delight ther iz eternal in things thet God hez made,—
In sunlit sky and brooklet, in field and forest glade;—
So pleasurs ar abundant, yet sum folks sit an frown,
Unmindful thet rich mercies ar always kumin down;
An tho te make selekshun iz hard when flowrs ar fair,
I'm goin fur onct te ask u to jest be bold and dare,
An look o'er all life's pleasurs, and frankly tell me then,
Ef eny hez a rapture like *gettin' home agen?*

When wun hez bin long absent frum scenes uv childhood
days,
An hears but very seldum uv them fur whom he prays,
An finds the kares of offis fast tellin on hiz health
Since livin in the city pursuin ways of wealth;
An when wun midst the masses finds little uv thet charm
Which lingers in the orchard an lanes upon the farm,
Hiz heart gits often weary, hiz fancies often roam

About the haunts uv childhood, about the dear old home;
 Then ef u ken jest tell me, who wears a brighter face
 Than such a mortal turnin to'ard the homestead place?
 Upon the street wher people te train ar hurryin by
 A beln more delighted ur fearless ken u spy?
 Ur wun whose look iz sweeter than such a mortal's when
 He hastes along rejoicin at *gettin' home agen*.

Full meny years ar numbered, ur maybe jest a few
 Since thet old place wuz givin a luvn last review;
 Yet time hez brot itz changes, and these he thinks about
 When sittin near the winder in reverle devout
 Klose watchin all the kuntry the train iz passin thro;
 But tho strange things hez happened, which he kannot
 undo,—

The mother's voice iz silent, hur earthly toils all o'er,
 An hur sweet face an welkum he misses at the door;
 An tho no dinner-parties ar held az years ago,
 When aunts and unkles, kusins an uther folks, u know,
 Wud kum an spin their stories an eat the steamin guse,
 Thet always tasted better with sparklin apple-juse;—
 Yet "Dixle" calls the brakesman, an fore u ken kount ten
 The train iz stopt, and swum wun sez: "*Gettin' home
 agen?*"

Thet night the fire burns brightly within the polished
 stove,
 An friendship's cheer enlivens the kottage midst the grove,
 Fur wun wthin the circle relates what he hez seen,
 An satisfies the interest thet listens long an keen;
 An then the agin father pokes up the fire a bit,
 An draws hlz chair up kloser, an when the son hez quit
 He keeps the talkin goin, an tells about the boys,

An how the haulin kord-wud near all their time employs,
 An speaks about elekshuns, untill with wun akord
 They say they'll hev sum checkers, an' sum one gits the
 board;—

So passes all the ev'nin, an then they rest till morn,
 When off they go inspectin the apples an the corn,
 An take a drive te offis along the old road when
 Sum neighbors pass an sey: "Well! yer gettin' home agen!"

An so the visit prospers and pleases more than wun,
 Fur e'en the old dog Nero enjoys the human fun;
 Gay hours ar spent in shootin at rabbits down the lane,
 An after dinner go they te see how much he's weighin;
 An when the supper's ended they gather all around,
 An wun plays on the organ, and singin makes a sound;—
 Then in sum early morning he sez "Good-bye," an starts
 Out to'ard the little stashun, an leaves behind the hearts
 Whuse luv iz ever with him when he iz back at work;—
 But time brings greater changes, for wun day with a jerk
 He hears his father's dyin,—which makes him sort uv
 roam

Thro after years, till weary, he starts agen fur home,
 An at the gate of heaven hiz dear wuns meet him when
 They sing and gladly welkum hiz gettin' home agen.

Live on, my Friend.

I think, my friend, you may as well go on living. There are sweets in life better than all your dreams. You will find them probably when you cease building castles for yourself, and begin to secure joy, blessing and help for others.—F. B. Meyer, in "A Message for the Disappointed."

Live on, my friend, live on;
Faint not beneath your gloom;
The darkness which you moan
Reveals the yonder bloom
Of stars that gleam with hope
Of a new horoscope.

Think not you've toiled in vain;
Fear not what seems defeat;
Be resolute and gain
What morning summits greet
Your dew-besprinkled eyes,
Fresh turning to the skies.

Life's gain is in its loss;
You have what you have spent;
You stand upon the dross

Of castles you have dreamt,
And catch the vision free
Of better things to be.

A love divine and wise
Encircles all your ways;
God's angel lowly flies
Before your passing days,
And gilds each sad surprise
With gleams of Paradise.

Live on, my friend, live on;
Behold about you still
Great honors to be won,—
New beauties which will thrill,
And crown with constant bliss
A life that ne'er shall cease.

Jingle Bells.

The words of this song are adapted to the melody of the sleighing-song, "Jingle Bells." If silver-toned bells are rung in the chorus, this song is appropriate for Christmas entertainments.

The Christmas time has come,
It comes just once a year,
And always in the home
'Tis a time of cheer;
The bells so gladly ring,
And birds so cheery sing,
O what joy it is to hail the peace the angels bring!

Jingle bells! Jingle bells!
Jingle all the day!
Jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle as you sing!
Jingle bells! Jingle bells!
Jingle all the way!
O what joy it is to hail the peace the angels bring!

Rejoice with us to-day,
Rejoice in Christ our King,
Cast all your grief away,

Give thanks in everything;
The bells so gladly ring,
And birds so cheery sing,
O what joy it is to hail the peace the angels bring!

Jingle bells! Jingle bells!
Jingle all the day!
Jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle as you sing!
Jingle bells! Jingle bells!
Jingle all the way!
O what joy it is to hail the peace the angels bring!

Make bright these days of cheer,
Let sunshine sweet come in,
And now another year
With gladness let's begin;
The bells so gladly ring,
And birds so cheery sing,
O what joy it is to hail the peace the angels bring!

Jingle bells! Jingle bells!
Jingle all the day!
Jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle as you sing!
Jingle bells! Jingle bells!
Jingle all the way!
O what joy it is to hail the peace the angels bring!

The Cross and not the Crescent.

If through yon Oriental lands beyond the sea,
Where glows a sunshine warm and free,
Outbringing from the fertile soil what tropic fruit
May best the taste of mortal suit,
And lilies fine, and flowers in fashion that their balm
Is borne upon the breezes calm,
And living hues of palm and primrose, fern and vine
Make picturesque fair Palestine,—
If ever through yon fragrant clime is heard to swell
A song the praise of hearts to tell
For all the grandeur that surrounds their human sphere,
And for the Christ whom we revere
As King and Giver of all mercies there and here,—
If yonder souls are ever glad and free,
The standard there uplifted then must be
The Cross and not the Crescent.

If yonder sacred hills and vales, where silver streams
Flow forth to thread the landscape dreams,
And give their secret strength to verdures that adorn
A scene which rivals Eden's morn,—
If all yon Oriental land is to become
A Paradise, where but the hum

Of voices musical is heard, and where no sound
Of tyranny or fear is found,
Nor sight is had of indolence and shameful ways
That quick debase whoever strays
Within their paths of moral sloth, but where is seen
A company of saints serene,
Enjoying full love's benedictions sweet and clean,—
If yonder Christ becomes a living tree,
The standard there uplifted then must be
The Cross and not the Crescent.

If e'er the beauty of those plains is matched by glow
Of holy lives, from which will flow
Bright psalms of praise, as sweet as fragrance flowers can
breathe,—

If e'er the records men bequeath
Of noble deeds, in bravery done, to make their land
A heritage of freedom grand,—
If e'er such strivings after good and civic right
Are written clear, in records bright,
Of men whom Islam rules with rod of iron and hate,—
If e'er stern evils do abate,
So that true righteousness may purely spread abroad
O'er all yon lands as o'er their sod
The lilies fair are spread, whose incense pleaseth God,—
If yonder e'er there's end of tyranny,
The Lamb and not the Beast must worshipped be,
The Cross and not the Crescent.

If e'er yon holy places and surrounding lands,
Where wandered once Jehovah's bands,
And where disciples of the lowly Nazarene

Proclaimed a truth and peace serene,—
If yon localities, o'er which the feet of God
In loving ministry once trod,
Are ever made to lose their barrenness in things
Divine, and glad again faith sings
The songs of David's confidence, and Christian joys
Replace the dull and heathen noise
That sounds afar from Minarets of Mosques, and greets
Your gentle ears along strange streets
Where poverty in saddest plight for aid entreats,—
If yonder there is e'er sweet liberty,
The standard there uplifted then must be
The Cross and not the Crescent.

But if the Cross is e'er upraised in Eastern lands,—
If 'midst those smitten souls it stands
Outpouring all its balm of love and light divine,
The Crescent first must cease as sign
Of haughty tyrant's rule, which binds in servile fear
Men superstitious though sincere,
Who for foul fealty they must swear dare not give heed
To freer forms of kinder creed;
And if the Crescent's e'er displaced, our Britain must
Her battering-rams of freedom thrust
Through yonder walls of wretchedness, and end the reign
Of cruelty and bloody stain,
And give those people culture's creed and laws humane,—
If yonder e'er there's true prosperity,
Our Britain soon must make the standard be
The Cross and not the Crescent.

In the Height of Heaven.

“Is not God in the height of Heaven?”—
Job 22: 12.

In the height of heaven,
Untrammelled by care,
Where the bright orbs circle,—
Jehovah is there:
Supreme and immortal,
The Sovereign of all,
In tenderness heeding
The sparrow's fall.

In the height of heaven,
Exalted is He;
In the light eternal,
Unbounded and free;
And yet how beholding
And patient his love,
E'er watching and sending
Help from above.

In the height of heaven,
Jehovah, my King,

'Tis but right that to Thee
My praise I should bring;
And help me, I pray Thee,
Sustainer above,
To ever behold Thee
And worship in love.

Home Jewels.

"A quiet home," the lady said,
Who held on high her haughty head,
And drew aside her silken robes
For fear of filth or street microbes;

"A quiet home is ours, you know,
For we have neither girls nor boys
To mar our peace with childish noise."

When thus she spake, 'twas then I felt
As though my heart in shame would melt,
Because her woman soul seemed lost.—
Her sympathies benumbed by frost

That fell from skies of worldliness,
And she on childhood sweet had cast
The venom of this bitter blast.

O God, how can this thing be true?
Give me instead the happy view
Of babe with face as round as moon,
Who drums the table with his spoon,
And children in their youthful glee.
Whose sounds about the fireside place
With joy light up the parent face.

For what is home unless it be
A throne, where at the mother's knee
The children bow in loving quest
To know of God what pleaseth best?
 And look into her queenly face,
And when she sitteth down to rest
These jewels nestle on her breast.

Is that a home where quiet dwells?
Where shout, where laughter never tells
The presence bright of romping feet,
That stumbling run in haste to greet
 The father weary from his toil?
Is that a home whose halls of state
Are trod alone by titled great?

God give us homes and mothers true!
Whose hearts the smiles of youth renew,
Whose treasures are the blossoms sweet
That bloom about their human feet,
 And ripen with a tender grace.
God give us homes that are content
With joys of childish incident!

Herein is Love.

"Herein is love, not that we loved God,
but that He loved us, and sent His Son
to be the propitiation for our sins."—
I. John 4: 10.

Was there ever in your life
Time of peace and happiness,
When you, looking, saw the strife
Making other's comfort less?
And you left your home, your all,
Just to save that one a fall?
He came to save !

Have you ever lived to help
Some one near you, some dear friend,
Whom you knew had need of help,
Which your heart so longed to lend?
And you meekly bore his scorn,
Though your love grew patient-worn?
He lived to save !

When they understood you not—
How your purpose meant their gain;
You were slighted, evil thought,

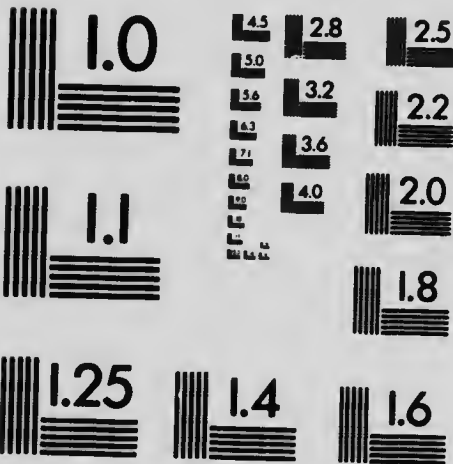
Wounded sorely, put to pain;
In that moment—earthly loss,
Did *you* die upon your cross?
He died to save!

Since you've risen with the Lord,
Triumphed o'er your lower life—
Living now on His sweet Word,
Perfect peace, though still some strife;
Are you anxious, day and night,
Straying men may find the Light?
He pleads to save!



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax

The Comforter is Come.

The Paraclete proceeding
From Father and from Son,—
One Deity on high,—
With love all loves exceeding,
Has graciously begun
My soul to satisfy.

*Yes, the Comforter is come!
And Oh! how sweet to rest,
With Him abiding near;
He showeth what is best,
And days are never drear,
Since the Comforter is come!*

This Advocate is pleading
So tenderly with me,
To give Him full control;
And I am all conceding,
That He may Sovereign be
And Shepherd of my soul.

*Yes, the Comforter is come!
And Oh! how sweet to rest,
With Him abiding near;*

*He showeth what is best,
And nights are never drear,
Since the Comforter is come!*

**This Helper whom I'm heeding
Is gently leading me,—
His love can never fail;
When trials come impeding
My pathway, bright and free,
His comfortings prevail.**

*Yes, the Comforter is come!
And Oh! how sweet to rest,
With Him abiding near;
He showeth what is best,
And days are never drear,
Since the Comforter is come!*

A Rallying Song.

Rally, brothers ! Let us stand
Undivided, hand to hand;
Marching now against the foe,
Bravely let us forward go !

Long has evil had its reign,
Causing terror, want and pain;—
Silently its cruel command
Has murdered children of the land.

Mothers, weeping as they roam,
For their once glad "home sweet home,"—
Weeping where we see them not,
Know the woe strong drink has brought.

Rally, brothers, for the fray !
Hear the call which comes to-day
Sounding down along the line:
"Shoulder arms against the wine !"

All our planning in the past,
All our efforts now, at last,
Find some prospect of success;
God will bless our faithfulness.

See! the present has its hours
Filled with duties justly ours;
Daily let us take our stand,
Firm for home and soberland.

Rally, brothers! Let us stand
Undivided, hand to hand;
Marching now against the foe,
Bravely let us forward go!

The Spirit of Music.

In my room I sat one morning,
Birds were singing in the sunshine;
Children's glee, the day adorning,
Seemed flooding earth with joy divine;
And, as I listened pensively,
Awaiting strains of heavenly kind,
My soul was filled with melody,
As window-harp sings in the wind.

Across the street the rapture came,
Some heart there bubbling o'er with song
Began to play an old refrain,
That always makes to troop and throng
From out some Paradise of sound
Those unseen messengers, which fill
The soul of man with tune profound,
And capture oft his untamed will.

'Twas "Saviour, more than life to me,"
She softly played, and listening there,
As "Clinging, clinging, close to Thee"
Came floating out upon the air,
I seemed to feel the trembling strain

In sympathy with those sweet words,
And I in truth could not refrain
My heart's desire drawn heavenwards.

It may have thrilled me, too, the more—
A tender thing, not out of mind,
Because I read somewhere before
The author of those lines was blind,
For knowledge of the circumstance,
E'en though the case demands our care,
Too oft doth lend pathetic sense,
And thus our pity is laid bare.

It may have helped to thrill me, too—
A memory sacred, all my own,
When she was suffering, passing through
Affliction's trial, and nearing home,
My mother loved those precious words,
Requesting us to sing them oft,
And when she left us—afterwards
We still would sing them, low and soft.

These notes, that come to us betimes,
Are only echoes which we hear
Of minstrelsy and sweetest chimes—
The music of the heavenly sphere.
Ah! could we but control these strains,
These soulful sounds strayed from above,
And make them dwell in earth-built frames,
We'd have a mighty force for love!

But, we must be contented, dear,
'Midst earthly vales, if we but are
Permitted now and then to hear
These notes of Paradise so rare,
And, by their sound of true accord,
Endeavor daily to attune
Our low-strung instruments in chord
With symphony we may play soon.

Love—The Interpreter.

The best interpreter of God and men,
And words and works of theirs must ever then
Be love from heart of thine;
And that interpretation is most true,
And will 'mongst men the grandest mission do,
Which love has made most fine.

Drifting Into Night.

The storms of passion fierce
Break o'er my inner life,
All clouded is my sky
By elemental strife;
So that amidst the gale
My spirit starts with fright,
At thought that I may be
Drifting into night.

Not sleeping 'midst the storm,
Benumbed by raging blasts,
But waking, watching how
The tempest black o'ercasts
My firmament of soul,
Outshutting starry light,
Till, helpless, lost, I seem,
Drifting into night.

The roaring billows lash
Each other in their fray,
The angry winds despoil
Me with the tossing spray,

Till vision clear is gone,
And steering to the right
I feel my bark keeps on
Drifting into night.

When rages worst the storm
The demon called despair
Sets up his mocking howl
To swell the tempest's glare,
Till terrors wild and strong
My soul with anguish smite,
As storm-fiends roar my doom,—
Drifting into night.

But then a light appears,
A presence bright I see,
And lo, a voice commands
The troubled, tossing sea
To part, and rescues me
From drifting into night,
And henceforth pilots me,
Drifting into light.

Some Better Thing.

God having provided some better thing
for us.—Hebrews 11:40.

Some better thing the Lord provides
For cravings in my soul,
Than worldly joys and creature prides
And gaudy pleasure's role,—
Some better thing His love provides.

*Some better thing ! Some wiser thing !
My precious Lord provides ;
Some truer thing ! Some grander thing !
So in His tender love my weary soul abides.*

Some better thing the Lord provides,
When human comforts fail;
When darkness all the sunshine hides,
And fears and doubts assail,—
Some better thing He then provides

Some better thing the Lord provides,
When foes provide despair;
Who in His mercies sure confides
Will more than sorrows share,—
Some better thing His love provides.

**Some better thing the Lord provides,
When pain oppresseth life;
Some better thing with Him abides,
Than tears and woe and strife,—
Some better thing the Lord provides.**

*Some better thing ! Some brighter thing !
My precious Lord provides ;
Some sweeter thing ! Some heavenly thing !
So in His tender love my weary soul abides.*

How Clarence Converses.

A bright boy, three years old, in a home where I was staying, had many wonderful things to show and ask me. He endeavored to be polite, but could not speak very plainly. He would attract my attention, by commencing always with "Tay, Milte Taser" (Say, Mr. Shaver). His funny repetition of this phrase suggested this poem in his honor.

"Tay, Milte Taser,"—

Thus begins

A little lad, who always wins
Attention to his smallest needs,
More than the great to their great deeds,
By lisping innocence that pleads
Most tenderly.

"Tay, Milte Taser,

Wilt 'ou get,"—

And then a pause, and huge regret;
*"Tay, Milte Taser, wilt 'ou buy
Me cars and twain?"* And then he'll sigh,
And wait my promise in reply
Quite eagerly.

" *Tay, Milte Taser,*
 Did 'on see
The 'nbber boots Nob bought for me?
I'se showed 'em to my Anntic Ncw;
'Ook, Milte Taser, 'ere is 'em,"—
 And holds his foot up with a 'hem,
 Quite joyously.

" *Tay, Milte Taser,*
 I has got—
Toy, Milte Taser, I has got
Two little kitties, black and 'itr,
We bringed 'em home the oger night,"
 Thus he exclaims in his delight
 Quite merrily.

" *Toy, Milte Taser,*
 I 'ould like,"—
 (He seeks this time, I fear, a bike,)

" *Milte Taser, get me nobbies,*
Wilt 'ou?" True I've heard of hobbies,
 But what's this? He asks for nobbies,
 Most urgently.

" *Tay, Milte Taser,*
 These 'ere nice
Has 'ittle tails, that look so nice,"—
 He said one day when home I brought
 Some candy mice, which jumped if caught
 By 'lastic tails,—o'er which he thought
 Quite musingly.

"Tay, Milte Taser,"—

But some one
Calls him,—'tis mother calls her son,
And with his promise 'light back' sends
Him with a message, but some friends
He meets, with whom two hours he spends
Quite playfully.

"Tay, Milte Taser,"—

This and that,
Whate'er he's working, looking at;
Securing all the help he can,
And showing me his every plan,
Till my heart loves this little man
Quite fervently.

"Tay, Milte Taser,

Is 'ou goin'

Way off to leave us 'ere alone?
Is 'ou, Milte Taser?"—A sigh
Did tremble through the quest, yet I
Said 'Yes, good-bye,' and he, 'Dood-bye,'
Most mournfully.

Christmas Bells.

A song for children's entertainments.

Tune of negro melody, "Hear those bells." If silver-toned bells are rung in the chorus, this piece is very popular when sung by younger scholars of the Sunday School or mission.

This is our Christmas jubilee,
Another year has gone;
We wish you every hapiness
In the year about to dawn.

CHORUS.

*Hear those bells!
Don't you hear those bells?
They're ringing out the glory of our King;
Hear those bells!
Joyous Christmas bells!
Accept the ringing, singing, dinging cheer they
bring.*

Each Sabbath day we come to school,
Our teachers we obey;
And through the week we try to live
As they point out the way.

—Chorus.

SOLO.

Our superintendent we all love,
He is our shepherd kind;
He seeks to lead us to the fold
Which Christ in heaven will mind.

ALL.

Yes, we all love each other here,
We're happy, as you see;
And when we reach the home up there
We'll join in the great jubilee.

—Chorus.

These Bethlehem bells ring out good news,—
Good will and peace to men;
They first rang o'er Judaea's plains,
And hark! Hear them ring again.

—Chorus.

Each day anew these heavenly bells
Are ringing in the air;
They tell of joys where Jesus dwells,—
Of joys we all may share.

CHORUS FOR LAST VERSE.

*Hear those bells!
Don't you hear those bells?
They're ringing out the glory of our King;
Hear those bells!
Happy New Year bells!
Accept the ringing, singing, dinging cheer they
bring.*

Gracious Words.

Gracious words the Lord hath spoken—
Pardon, peace to sinful men;
Tender guidance hath he promised
For our feet o'er worldly ways;
Words of wisdom, when the perils
Thick surround our narrow path;
Soothing words for every sorrow
That may give our spirit pain;
Gentle words for all our failings,
When our weakness causes shame;
Helpful words that whisper courage,
When the heart feels faint and vain; —
Blessed words of inspiration
Which renew the soul within
To a holier aspiration—
Heaven's goal to enter in;

Love in Bloom.

In spring she dug and cleaned her ground,
And sowed her little seeds;
Soon after pretty flowers were found—
The envy of the weeds.

Her neighbor smelt their fragrance sweet,
She saw their beauty grow;
Her discontent was soon complete—
She longed to have them so.

One day she went and asked for some—
A few to scent her room;
The planter gave them saying: "Come,
I'll give you seeds that bloom.

" These flowers, when taken from their soil,
Can only live a day;
Secure the seed, with little toil,
Have flowers, too you may."

She got the seed, and till next spring
Learned all about its care;
Now she has flowers that make birds sing,
And others deem so rare.

* * *

Dear ones, who teach and speak and pray
That love may dwell in some cold heart,
Let's bloom this love in acts each day,
Whose grace will lasting joy impart.

Let's bloom this love, as Jesus did,
And cultivate a fragrant flower;
Then men will seek and quickly bid
The Gospel seeds of such sweet power.

In Memoriam.

Lines on the death of a cousin, H. H. W., who
died May 17th, 1893, aged 25 years.

I.

We scarce can realize the truth
This life's the spring of life beyond,
Till one among us, loved and fond,
Has ceased from earth in early youth.

Somehow we then do realize,
Though mists of sadness gloom our hearts,
This life is not complete, but starts
Existence far above the skies.

One day I met upon the street
A man bowed down with age; of years
A hundred near he'd seen, yet fears
Had he of heaven, of death to meet.

It seems to me a better fate
To die in youth with simple trust,
Than hopeless, crumbling back to dust,
The aged frame seeks out its mate.

THE END

II.

A kindly heart withal had he,
Unselfish, honest, frank and gay,—
Like sunshine of a summer day,—
Dispersing cloud so easily.

Sometimes the outward life deceives,
Our actions give us wrong intent;
Misunderstandings soon relent,
And friendship helps, where folly grieves.

My friend who's sleeping, resting now,
Needs not this feeble praise of mine;
About the memory can entwine
Forget-me-nots, his acts did sow.

Besides, I heard him often say,
Appreciation's flowers should bloom
In life, not o'er the senseless tomb,
Where fragrance only wastes away.

He liked to play this noble strain
Upon the moral harp: Speak praise
To those whom you at heart do raise
Aloft as good, who give you gain.

