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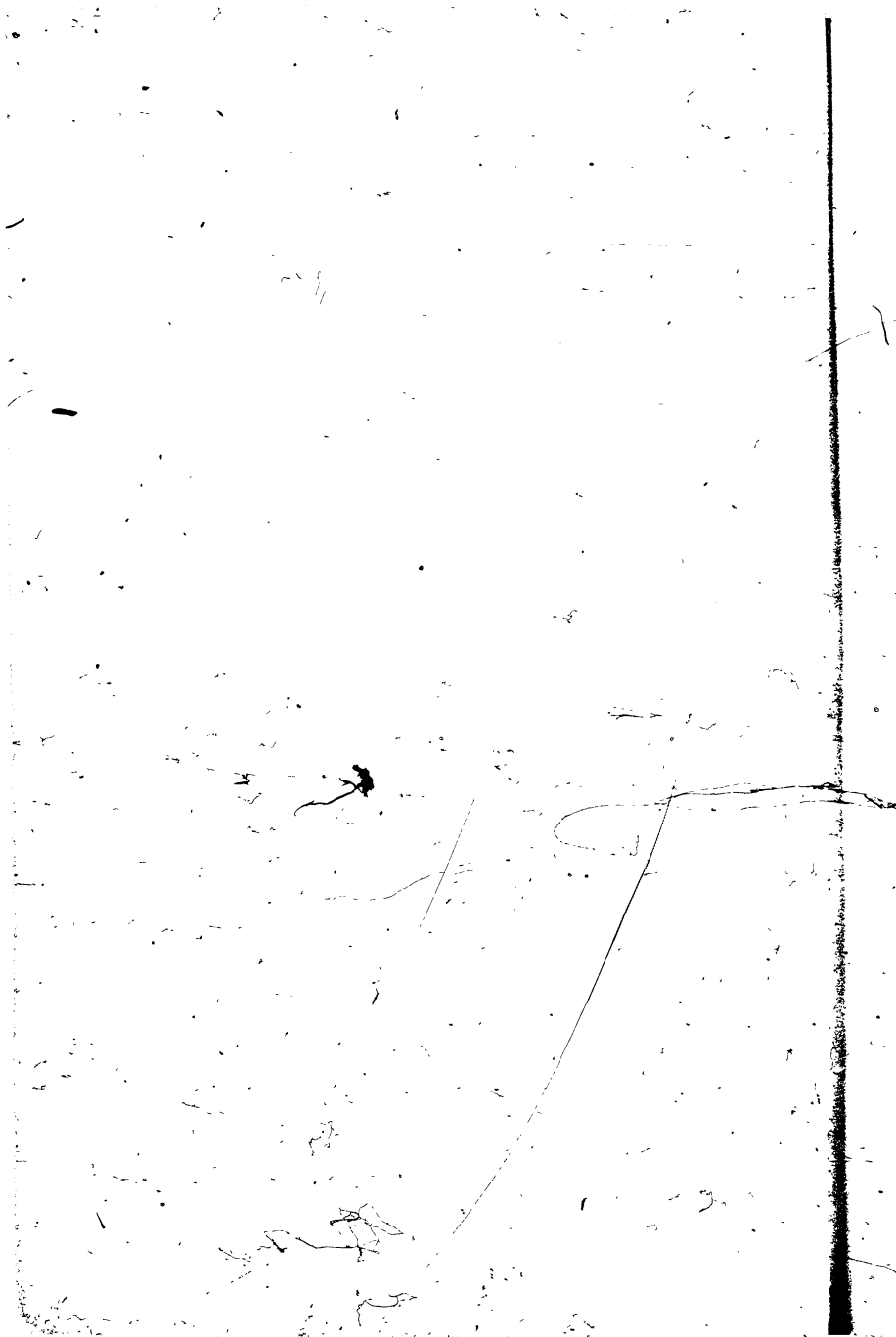
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SUNBEAMS

A COLLECTION OF ORIGINAL POEMS

BY

MRS. W. W. RODD,
AUTHORESS OF "THE ISLAND ROSE."



CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.
PRINTED AT THE EXAMINER OFFICE, QUEEN STREET
1898

Entered according to Act of Parliament, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight, by Mrs. W. W. Rodd, in the office of the Minister of Agriculture.

INTRODUCTION.

With many misgivings as to what reception it will meet, I have at last ventured to place this little work before the public eye. I am well aware that the critics (particularly the poets) will find many real as well as imaginary faults in it, but it has been written with good intentions. On looking over some of these poems I have hesitated, hardly knowing whether to give them a place in my little book or not, but remembering the poet's couplet,

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men,"

I decided to let them go with the rest. I know this little work is far from being perfect, but I trust there are those who will kindly pardon all deficiencies in consideration of the fact that I have earnestly tried to contribute something towards promoting the happiness of others. Should any of my little verses prove the means of shedding a ray of comfort on some poor sorrowing soul who is passing through the deep waters of affliction, my humble efforts will not have been in vain.

MRS. W. W. RODD.

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PRINCE EDWARD ISLE.

The poets sing of other lands,
Of nations brave and wise,
Of noble, patriotic bands,
And laud them to the skies.
But we will sing of our fair land—
May fortune on her smile,
May love and friendship, hand in hand,
Reign on Prince Edward Isle.

Fair native land, no Klondike gold
Would tempt us far to roam,
Here we may gather wealth untold
In our fair Island home.
Thy fertile soil rich harvest yields
For many and many a mile,
Here we can see no barren fields
On fair Prince Edward Isle.

Our native land we love thee: here
When children we have played,
Each well-remembered spot is dear,
Each mossy bank and glade.
Oft' have we rambled free from care,
Blessed by our mother's smile,
For she our happiness did share
On fair Prince Edward Isle.

Oft' have we stood upon the beach
And watched the good ships sail
Outward as far as eye could reach,
As they sped before the gale;
And breakers dashed upon the shore,
Majestic all the while,
As we listened to the ocean's roar,
On fair Prince Edward Isle.

Thy hills and landscapes are so grand,
 Thy scenery so fair,
 Kind Nature, with a lavish hand,
 Her blessings did not spare,
 While on thy honest sons so brave
 Thy lovely daughters smile,
 Sons who would give their lives to save
 Our fair Prince Edward Isle.

The warbling songsters as they soar,
 Afar on rapid wing,
 Seem to be singing o'er and o'er,
 Praise God, our Heavenly King;
 O land of Beauty, land of Peace,
 May Heaven on thee smile,
 May Truth and Righteousness increase,
 On fair Prince Edward Isle.

HON. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

DIED MAY 19TH, 1898.

A loved and honored statesman lay,
 Watched o'er with tender care;
 And, Oh! how loving friends did pray
 That God his life would spare:
 Increasing weakness did prevail
 Till hope at last began to fail.

Grim death came stealing softly in
 With silent, noiseless tread,
 And many eyes with tears are dim—
 The Grand Old Man is dead:
 No storms his heavenly peace can mar,
 His voyage's o'er; he's crossed the bar.

Ah! grand, indeed, has been his life,
 Brave, noble, just and true,
 Grand 'midst the tumult and the strife,
 Grand all his journey through:
 What an example he has set,
 His noble deeds are living yet.

What power was his that he could sway
The admiring multitude.
Oh! this was where his power lay,
He was so true and good:
From all mean affectation free,
He was what he appeared to be.

Old England may be proud indeed
Of such a gifted son;
Truly a leader who could lead,
A winner who has won
Glory and everlasting fame—
All honor to his noble name.

To expose the faults of government,
To tear down and destroy
All that was wrong where'er he went,
Was his delight and joy;
For he was one amidst the few
Who spoke the truth and felt it, too.

'Twas love that filled his noble soul,
Abounding to the end;
His name will live while ages roll,
Fond husband, faithful friend:
'Twas his delight to serve the Lord,
To worship Him and read His Word.

Brave Christian hero, thousands give
Thee honors true and high,
Thou hast taught men the way to live,
And taught them how to die;
In this world's battles, he who would
Be great must first of all be good.

Loved memories linger round thy name
Like fragrance from afar,
Thy sterling character became
Like a celestial star,
Which only sinks again to rise
Bright, clear and shining, in the skies.

Brave Knight, thy clear, melodious voice
 No more on earth is heard,
 Yet 'midst our sorrow we rejoice
 'Tis written in God's Word:
 Those who are faithful unto death
 A crown of life he will bequeath.

JIMMIE'S CHOICE.

She had three little sisters,
 But I chose her from the rest,
 For she was far the prettiest,
 And I loved her the best.

She used to follow me around
 And climb up on my knee,
 O she was the cutest little thing
 That ever I did see.

And when I went to bed at night
 She followed me upstairs,
 When I'd shut the door she'd wait and try
 To slip in unawares.

And sometimes when I went upstairs
 I found her in my bed,
 For she knew I would not let her in,
 So she ran in ahead.

But now that she is quite grown up
 She isn't half so nice,
 She does'nt stay with me so much,
 But goes out hunting mice.

And sometimes she comes dragging in
 A great big ugly rat,
 O I wish she was a kitten yet,
 And not a great big cat.

THE SEA.

O lovely deep blue sea,
We love to stand
Oftimes to gaze on thee,
Thou art so grand;
Over thy bosom fair
Wild sea birds soar,
And ships their cargoes bear
From shore to shore.

Sometimes thou'rt calm and still
As if asleep;
No thoughts of coming ill
Doth o'er us creep,
But when wild winds arise
And tall trees shake,
Thou breakest into sighs,
Thou art awake.

Afar we hear thy moans
Increasing more,
Thy sad and mournful groans,
Thy sullen roar,
Against the good ships fly
Thy rolling waves,
Foaming and rising high
O'er seamen's graves.

TO GIRLS.

Girls, would you be happy?
Then in early youth
Always shun deceit and sin,
Always speak the truth;
Do not think too much of self,
Think of others too,
Try to do as you would have
Others do to you.

You want to do something great,
Something worth the while,
Well, you need no longer wait,
You can give a smile,
You can speak a word of comfort
To some sorrowing one,
From whose sad and weary heart
Hope is almost gone.

Girls, would you be beautiful?
I am sure you would;
Well, I'll tell you what to do,
Just be true and good;
Through your eyes your soul will shine,
Show that you possess
Innocence and virtue too,
Love and happiness.

Help your mother, she may have
Far too much to do,
Think of all the many years
She has worked for you;
Sometime in the future, when
Your fond mother's gone,
You may weep, alas in vain,
You can have but one.

Read the Bible, you will find
In its pages food,
Which will satisfy the mind,
Wholesome, pure and good;
It will teach you how to live,
Comfort will supply,
Fill your heart with love to God,
Teach you how to die.

Give your hearts to Jesus now,
Trust in him and pray,
He will guard you, keep you safe
All along the way,
All along the path of life
Help he will supply,
Take you home with Him to live
When you come to die.

TO BOYS.

If in life you would succeed,
Do not idly wait,
Try to be ahead of time,
Never be too late;
Do your duty, do not shirk,
Try to take the lead,
He who is afraid of work
Never can succeed.

Never do an action that
You would wish to hide,
Live so that your parents may
Look on you with pride;
And should wicked boys entreat
You with them to go,
Do not let your courage fail,
Boldly answer No!

As the eagle soaring on
Up towards the sky,
Never faltering, brave and strong,
Let your aim be high,
Always keep your promises,
Always do what's fair,
Never keep bad company,
Never learn to swear.

Do your duty; never mind
Though the foolish laugh,
Wiser ones you soon shall find
Know the wheat from chaff;
Always ready for to go
Forth at duty's call,
True in everything you do,
Be it great or small.

Do not taste of liquor strong,
Not a single drop,
For if you begin, you may
Find it hard to stop;
Holy keep the Sabbath day,
Go to Sunday School,
And to church, the Lord obey,
And the Golden Rule.

Would you be a hero brave
In life's battlefield?
Fight against the tyrant sin,
Never, never yield;
Let your motto onward be,
Steadfast, brave and true,
Strive with your whole heart and soul
Something good to do.

Give your hearts to Jesus now,
His commands obey,
He will give you peace, the world
Ne'er can take away;
He will lead you gently on
Through this world of care,
And, at last, the victory won,
You a crown shall wear.

HOW BESSIE GOT HER DOLL.

Oh, Bessie, what a lovely doll,
Where did you get it—mine's so small—
What pretty eyes, what lovely hair,
Where did you get it, Bessie, where?

It is a secret; but, O well,
You'll have to promise not to tell;
My sister Alice has a beau,
He's going to marry her I know.

Of late just twice a week he came,
(But O, I musn't tell his name),
And when I thought that he would come
I always tried to be at home.

Last night soon as I heard the bell,
I thought 'twas him but didn't tell;
Out to the door I quickly ran,
And there was sister's nice young man

I asked him in, gave him a chair,
Ran to tell Alice he was there,
Then I ran back, and down I sat
Upon the sofa with the cat.

Soon Alice came; she said "My dear,"—
She talks so nice when he is here—
"I think you'd better go to bed,"
"I am not sleepy now," I said.

"Well then run out and play my dear,"
I said "I'd sooner just stop here;"
So Alice sat down on a chair—
I knew they didn't want me there.

But still I stayed, I wanted bad
To know what kind of talk they had
When they were courting; now you know
Just why I didn't want to go.

But 'twas so mean: there they did sit
And neither one would talk a bit,
Then Alice came and whispered low,
"Bessie," she said, "if you will go

"I'll give you such a lovely doll,
One that will shut its eyes and all,
O such a beauty, now I know
That you will not refuse to go."

Away I ran, so very glad,
A doll was what I wanted bad;
I guess when they got me away
They soon found something nice to say.

Well I was glad and sorry too,
They wanted much to talk I knew,
But didn't want me there to hear,
That's why she said "run out my dear."

THE FRIEND FOR ME.

The friend who with a flattering tongue
Pretends so true to be,
But is a false deceitful one,
Is not the friend for me.

The friend who in the hour of grief
A comforter will be,
And strives the mourner to relieve,
O that's the friend for me.

The friend who when distresses come,
Will then in terror flee,
Again in search of pleasure roam,
Is not the friend for me.

The friend who long will true remain
Through want and poverty,
Through storm and sunshine still the same,
O that's the friend for me.

STORMS AND SUNSHINE.

Not always have we sunshine; storms will rise,
Dark clouds will overcast the fairest skies;
The lightning's flash we see, the thunder rolls,
Filling with dread alarm our timid souls,
The rain descends in torrents from the sky,
But see, the clouds are brightening, we descry
Above our heads one tiny bit of blue,
And soon the glorious sun is shining through.

As o'er the sea of life we gaily sail,
Joyous and glad, we fear no rising gale,
When all at once the sky is growing dark,
The wind blows wildly, and our little barque
Is tossed about upon the stormy sea,
We cry "we perish, Jesus save," and He
Says "Peace, be still." The billows cease to roar,
The sea is calm again; the storm is o'er.

TO YOUNG MEN.

Don't marry for money, young man,
You'll be sure, if you do,
Should your wife prove a shrew,
To wish you were single again, young man.
But roll up your sleeves,
And gather the sheaves
Of fortune your very own, young man.

Don't marry for beauty, young man,
For beauty will fade,
And the loveliest maid
Will not always so beautiful be, young man.
But marry for love,
That is far above
All else for your happiness here, young man.

THE MODERATE DRINKER'S SONG.

You temperance people needn't come
To lecture me at all,
For though I take a little rum
My liquor bill is small;
I only take a glass or so,
For I know when to stop,
I'm not a drunkard—yet you know
I like a little drop.

Sometimes when I'm not feeling well
I take a little wine,
When I feel weak, so strange to tell,
For brandy I incline;
Somehow the habit seems to grow,
It would be hard to stop,
I'm not a drunkard—yet you know
I like a little drop.

And sometimes at my meals I like
A little table beer,
It don't intoxicate a mite
And isn't very dear,
I only take a glass or so,
For I know when to stop,
I'm not a drunkard—yet you know
I like a little drop.

I tell my boys to temperate be,
But Jack, the roguish elf,
Says, Pa, it must be good for me,
For you take it yourself.
Sometimes I don't know what to do,
I think I'll try to stop,
I'm not a drunkard—but 'tis true
I like a little drop.

Sometimes my head feels very queer,
And I am growing stout,
(Although I always take my beer
Before I venture out),
And I get very tired now
Just coming from the shop;
I'm sorry I commenced, I vow,
To take a little drop.

I am a poor man, that is true,
I have myself to thank,
Had I been temperate—just like you
With money in the bank,—
I would have been a happier man,
But now I cannot stop,
It doesn't seem as if I can—
I like a little drop.

But, O if I were young again
I'd try a different plan,
From beer and liquor I'd abstain
And be a temperance man;
But 'tis too late now to begin,
Sometimes I try to stop;
But then the craving comes within,
I want a little drop.

But to the young men I would say,
 Just leave the beer alone,
 If you commence you'll rue the day
 And reap what you have sown;
 Be very careful what you sow,
 Don't reap the drunkard's crop,
 Don't say it is no harm to go
 And take a little drop.

THE MOTHER'S SONG TO HER LITTLE BOY.

What will the years bring my beautiful boy,
 How much of sorrow or how much of joy;
 While I sit thinking (I'm sad while I sing),
 Of the dark future—what will the years bring?

While I am asking what will the years bring,
 Time is flying like a bird on the wing,
 Swiftly and surely 'tis passing along,
 Almost ere we know it our lives will be gone.

Soon these little feet will toddle around,
 In all sorts of mischief my boy will be found,
 Thou'lt break things, upset things, and oft' get a fall,
 But thy mother will love thee, sweet child, through it all.

If I could but keep thee as just now thou art,
 Folded so closely to my loving heart;
 But, what am I saying? that never can be,
 For soon no loved darling will sit on my knee.

O, the future is hidden, we are not to know
 What trials await us—'tis well it is so;
 O, we would be grieving, our hearts would be sore
 Did we know when death's angel would enter our door.

O, sweet little one, looking up in my face,
 So trusting and happy, no signs I can trace
 Of sorrow or sadness, in thy mother's arms,
 Resting so peacefully, free from alarms.

THE WINDSOR FIRE.

The wind was blowing fiercely,
It made the houses shake,
Some of the citizens were asleep
And some were half awake,
When the awful cry of "Fire!"
Rang out upon the air;
The people scrambled out of bed,
Crying "Where is it? oh where?"

Out, out they rush with flying feet,
On on till they reach the spot,
And they hear the roar of the fire fiend
And feel its breath so hot.
Back, back they move for the stifling smoke
Almost takes their breath away,
As the curling flames, with their fiery tongues
Around the buildings play.

Oh! the children cry and the women scream
As the awful scene they view,
And they sink down, moaning in despair
"Oh! whatever shall we do?"
The firemen work hard, but 'tis all in vain,
The flames cannot be controlled,
And many are carrying their children away,
Who are crying with hunger and cold.

With one lingering look at their burning homes,
Where the flames are bursting through,
They hasten away to save their lives—
'Tis all that they can do.
Homeless, poor creatures, oh, how sad!
But soon God did provide
Shelter for them, for generous ones
Their doors have opened wide.

Oh! ye whom God hath blessed so much
In this our native land,
On whom He showers His blessings down
With bounteous, liberal hand,
Help those who are in need of help,
You shall rewarded be,
Jesus will say to you at last
"Ye did it unto me.

OUT IN THE QUIET COUNTRY.

Out in the quiet country,
If you should chance to stray,
You would see the lambkins playing
In the merry month of May;
You will see the farmer driving
His horses to and fro,
You will hear him say "now get up, Bill,"
You will hear him saying "whoa."

Out in the quiet country,—
You will not be too soon
If you plan for a vacation
In the lovely month of June;
You will see the flowers blooming
And the berries turning red,
You will hear songs of rejoicing
In the blue skies overhead.

Out in the quiet country,
The red ripe berries lie,
Waiting for you to pick them up,
In the warm month of July;
You will see the farmer saving
His fresh sweet smelling hay,
You will hear the merry children
As around the fields they play.

Out in the quiet country,
The farmer looks with pride
On his broad acres clad in green,
As they stretch out far and wide.
O, ye who toil in the city,
You will be richly blest
If you go to the lovely country
For a much needed rest.

Out in the quiet country,
Under the leafy trees,
Listening to the murmers
Of the soft and gentle breeze,
Earth seems like Eden's garden
As we ramble through the wood,
And taste the sweet entrancing joys
Of blessed solitude.

THE MOTHER'S SONG.
FOOTSTEPS ON THE STAIRS.

My boy is far away from me,
The boy I love so well,
He's gone over the deep blue sea,
In foreign lands to dwell;
I know not what he's doing now,
I know not how he fares,
I listen but I never hear
His footsteps on the stairs.

CHORUS.

Your footsteps on the stairs my boy,
Your footsteps on the stairs,
I listen but I never hear
Your footsteps on the stairs.

When he was young, in the eventide
He oft' went out to play,
And I was tired working
All the long summer's day.
I used to go up to my room,
Oft' thinking of my cares,
All at once I'd hear the patter
Of footsteps on the stairs.

CHORUS.

They tell me he is not a boy,
He has to manhood grown,
But he'll always be my boy to me,
To me and me alone,
(For true love never does grow old,
A youthful look it wears)
My boy, as when I used to hear
His footsteps on the stairs.

CHORUS.

Perhaps he may be in trouble now,
My handsome, noble lad,
A-longing for his mother,
And feeling O so sad,
And sometimes in my dreams I think
A heavy load he bears,
But O how I would like to hear
His footsteps on the stairs.

CHORUS.

He tells me in his letters
How he's prospered in the west,
But he says that he will always love
His childhood's home the best.
I do not care for all his wealth,
Nor all his mining shares,
I want to see his face, and hear
His footsteps on the stairs.

CHORUS.

I did not know how blest I was
When he was home with me,
A chasing of the butterflies
Or climbing on my knee.
But I'll pray on; some night he'll come
And steal in unawares,
I'll listen, and I know I'll hear
His footsteps on the stairs.

CHORUS.

Our home is very lonely now,
I miss the children so,
I miss their merry prattle
More than any one can know.
Ye mothers who have little ones,
Don't talk about your cares;
O you should be so glad to hear
The footsteps on the stairs.

CHORUS.

Four of mine I shall never see
 Till I am called away,
 To the city where there is no night,
 Where it is always day.
 But one is left, I know he'll come
 In answer to my prayers,
 I'll listen, and some night I'll hear
 His footsteps on the stairs.

CHORUS.

Your footsteps on the stairs, my boy,
 Your footsteps on the stairs,
 I'll listen, and some night I'll hear
 Your footsteps on the stairs.

 EASTER.

He is risen, He is risen,
 Songs of gladness sing;
 He has left death's gloomy prison,
 Our triumphant King.
 He is risen, oh, how glorious!
 O'er the grave and death victorious!

Ye who mourn loved ones departed,
 Weep no longer—tears are vain,
 Do not look so broken hearted;
 Listen—They shall rise again,
 Rise from the dark grave's cold prison,
 Our triumphant Lord is risen.

Bring your flowers for Easter morning,
 Lovely lilies, pure and fair,
 Fitting symbols for adorning
 God's own house. With joy repair
 There to worship, there to sing
 Praises to our risen King.

Learn the lesson Nature teaches:
New life springing up around,
Over all the earth it reaches,
Resurrection from the ground,
New life rising from the tomb
Drives away all fear and gloom.

Let us, then, in faith abiding,
Trust the Lord, His power own,
Fully in His love confiding,
He will roll away the stone.
He is risen! Oh, how glorious!
O'er the grave and death victorious.

TIRED MOTHERS.

Tired mother, take a rest,
Think of those who love you best,
Just sit down and rest a while,
You are 'most too tired to smile;
Baby comes with fond caress—
Would you leave him motherless?
No, you would not; then each day
Rest a little on the way.

Do not rush and hurry so,
Rest a little as you go;
If you don't, ere you intend,
You may reach your journey's end,
And your little ones bereft,
Of a mother's love be left.
Then at once begin, to-day,
Rest a little on the way.

Rest, you say! how can I rest?
 There is baby to be dressed,
 John will soon be home to tea,
 And the children—O dear me,
 Perhaps some strangers they will bring;
 Truly doth the poet sing,
 Man's work is from sun to sun,
 Woman's work is never done.

Mothers, very patient be
 With the darlings lent to thee;
 Tears your eyes so soon may dim,
 God may call them back to Him.
 You would miss their loving ways,
 Childish innocence and grace,
 Little arms around your neck,
 Oh! your heart would nearly break.

Tired mother, oh, be kind,
 Do not little trifles mind;
 If the children want to play
 In the house, then let them stay;
 If they do in mischief get,
 Treat them kindly, do not fret,
 While you have them in your sight,
 Try to make their childhood bright.

Tired mother, raise your eyes
 Upwards to the sunny skies,
 Think of all the blessings given
 To you by the Lord of Heaven.
 Oh! we should our blessings prize,
 Ere we lose them. Is it wise
 Not to prize them till they're gone,
 When they leave us one by one.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

In yonder house across the way
 A lovely child a-dying lay.

A dark gray shadow gathers there,
 Over the face of baby fair.

The morning light begins to dawn,
The watchers whisper: "She is gone."

They draw the blinds and their hearts are sore—
As they fasten the white crape on the door.

And passers by to each other said
"Surely there must be some one dead."

And they hasten along, those busy men,
For they think it matters naught to them.

Only a child they carelessly said,
As they passed the house where lay the dead.

Only a child, a baby of two,
No need to make so much ado.

Only a child! O ye heartless crowd!
Why dost thou speak so very loud!

Dost thou not hear the mother moan,
As she sits weeping all alone.

Only a child, but too good for earth,
Almost an angel from her birth.

Only a child, but so dearly loved,
Only from earth to Heaven removed.

Only a child, but Jesus, He
Said 'let the children come to me.'

Only a child, but an heir to Heaven,
A crown of gold to her is given.

Only a child, but the parents miss
Their little Annie's good night kiss.

Only a child so pure and so sweet,
They miss the patter of her little feet.

But the Heavenly Shepherd thought it best
To take the little Lamb to His rest.

Where no care nor sorrow, grief nor pain,
Can ever be known to her again.

O little one pure and undefiled,
Safe up in Heaven, though only a child.

SLEEP.

O gentle sleep, at eventide,
Come to us softly, gently glide,
Come stealing nigh us unawares,
Bid us forget our many cares,
Forget to sigh, forget to weep,
In thy embraces, gentle sleep.

O gentle sleep, O gentle sleep,
We cannot fathom thee, so deep,
Thy mystery is; we do not know
When thou wilt come, when thou wilt go.
Oftimes we try, and try again,
To woo thee, but 'tis all in vain.

SOW THE WHEAT.

Do you ever when out driving,
(In the lovely month of May,)
Hear the little robins singing
And interpret what they say.
Don't you think that they are saying
To the farmer (clear and sweet,
While his land he is preparing)
Sow the wheat now, sow the wheat.

TO A BIRD.

I hear you sing, you pretty bird,
No sweeter song I ever heard,
'Tis full of melody;
You happy thing, you have no care,
Your home is here and everywhere,
You soar from tree to tree.

You are so happy with your lot,
You never have a single thought,
Of how your song will take.
You do not seem to care a mite
Whether we think it wrong or right,
Or what remarks we make.

You do not vex your little head
With mingled hope or lurking dread
Of what the folks will say.
No thought of editor and press
Disturbs your radiant happiness,
Or makes you fly away,

Sweet little bird sing on, sing on,
In leafy tree or dewy lawn,
Thy voice in cadence raise.
Like incense floating upward, high
Through the fair, bright, unclouded sky,
Warbling sweet songs of praise..

THE BURGLAR.

"O Sam, why can't you waken up?
There's some one in the house."
"What nonsense," says the sleepy man,
'Tis nothing but a mouse.
What makes you women get so scared
At every noise you hear?
I can't be bothered getting up,
So go to sleep my dear."

"O Sam, there's burglars in the house,
And I am so afraid,
I think that I will go and call
Our little servant maid.
Why don't you hurry and get up,
The burglars should be caught;
I'll just peep out. O, 'twas the cat
O'erturned my flower pot."

LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF MR. CHARLES
HEARTZ,

DIED NOV. 15TH, 1897.

Servant of God, though thou art gone,
Thy memory liveth still.
We always think of thee as one,
Who did his Master's will.

One who on earth has served the Lord
with fervent zeal and love—
Thou hast gone home to thy reward,
To brighter realms above.

We pass the home but see no more,
Thy once familiar form,
Nor near thy greeting as of yore,
So hearty and so warm.

But O! far higher joys are thine
Than earth can e'er afford,
The righteous as the stars shall shine,
Forever with the Lord.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF MR. JAMES
DESBRISAY,

DIED MARCH 5TH, 1898.

Farewell, farewell, thy pilgrimage is o'er,
We scarce can call it death for thee to die.
Just stepping over on the Heavenly shore
To realms of happiness and bliss and joy.

We miss thee in the church where thou hast been
For many years an honored member there.
Now in thy pew thy form no more is seen,
No more we hear thy earnest voice in prayer.

Thy gentle consort how she misses thee,
She sees thy vacant chair, now doubly dear,
She sometimes dreams that she again doth see
Thy face, but wakes to find thou art not here.

Not here, not here, but safe in Heaven above,
Where neither pain, nor weariness, nor care,
Can ever enter in that land of love,
By faith we look and know that thou art there.

MY MOTHER.

My Mother! Years have passed away
Since thy pure spirit fled.
Since that sad well-remembered day,
They told me thou wert dead.
No words my grief could e'er express,
When I knew I was motherless.

My Mother! From yon blissful clime,
Where thou hast gone to dwell,
Beyond the cares and toils of time,
'Mid joys no tongue can tell.
Doth thou not sometimes hover near
Thy loving children, mother dear?

Thy loving spul and noble mind
Thy patience and thy zeal,
Thy words of love and heart so kind,
For other's woes to feel,
On memory's pages still remain,
Yet our loss is but thy gain.

O thou art free from care and pain—
Though we thy presence miss,
We would not call thee back again
To such a world as this,
Where sin and sorrow, grief and care
Are seen around us everywhere.

Doth thy pure spirit hover near,
 When sorrow is our guest,
 As if to whisper words of cheer,
 To comfort and to bless.
 To point us to thy Heaven above,
 Where all is peace and joy and love.

We will not weep, we will be brave,
 For unto us is given,
 That childlike faith to know we have
 A mother up in Heaven;
 A mother who will watch and wait
 To meet us at the golden gate.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

Good bye my boy, the mother said,
 As she pressed him to her heart,
 And lingered, clinging to him still,
 So very loath to part
 With Johnny her beloved son.
 Her heart is very sad,
 For he is going to the war,
 Her brave true-hearted lad.

But they must part, away he goes,
 Soon he is lost to view.
 On, on the gallant soldiers march,
 The noble boys in blue.
 The flags are waving right and left,
 As onward still they tramp,
 At night they lay down on the ground,
 The ground so cold and damp.

When in the east the morning breaks,
 They march on man by man,
 The order comes: "Form for attack,"
 The battle then began.
 A flame of fire with a roar
 Bursts in and some fall dead,
 Some more sink down insensible
 While the bullets fly o'erhead.

Poor Johnny is among the list
Of wounded soldiers there.
They lift him up and he is placed
Under the nurse's care.
He rises up and looks around
At one, then at another,
And then he says "Oh tell me please,
Tell me, where is my mother?"

The nurse saw that he closed his eyes
She saw he did not stir.
"Your mother is not here" she says,
"But I will send for her."
"Oh send for her" says he, "I fear
I have not long to live,
If I should die before she comes
This message to her give."

"Tell her I had no fear of death,
O, tell her not to weep,
Tell her my Saviour, whom I loved,
His chosen ones will keep,
Tell her to meet me." Here he stopped,
Down sank the weary head,
His sufferings were forever o'er,
The soldier boy was dead.

The mother in her cottage home,
In troubled slumber lay,
For she was dreaming of her boy,
Who was so far away.
She dreamed that he was sinking fast,
So real did it seem.
When she awoke she said "Thank God
'Twas but an awful dream."

The glorious sun shone clear and bright
Upon her cottage fair,
But in the sorrowing mother's heart
No ray of light was there,
For she has had a telegram,
(Hope like a flash has fled,)
She fell down fainting when she knew
Her much loved son was dead.

THIS CHANGEFUL LIFE.

This changeful life, with its joys and fears,
Its storms and its sunshine too,
Its laughter and weeping, its smiles and tears,
That we all are passing through.

We say good-bye to a friend to-day,
And we meet that friend no more,
Ere we meet again he is called away,
Away to the other shore.

And the little one with the golden curls
Has to leave its merry play,
Its loving playmates, the boys and girls,
When the Master calls it away.

We must walk by faith, for we do not know
What the future has for us in store,
What of joy or sorrow, weal or woe,
Ere our journey on earth is o'er.

Were the sealed book opened before our eyes,
We should weep in grief forlorn,
We should spend our days in useless sighs
And wish we had ne'er been born.

THIS WORLD OF OURS.

O, if there were no little ones,
No birds or lovely flowers,
What a sad dreary lonely place,
Would be this world of ours.

No pattering footsteps racing round.
So nimble, light, and free,
No gentle voice to say to us,
"Please take me on your knee."

No little birds with silver notes,
To sing so sweet and clear,
To cheer our sad and weary hearts
When sorrow cometh near.

No loving flowers to please the eye,
To comfort and to bless.
O, this would be a barren world,
A dreary wilderness.



THE HALIFAX SCHOOL OF THE BLIND.

Along our streets you have been led
Ye youthful blind,
You seem resigned,
Though from your lives the light has fled.

You could not see our lovely isle,
The scenery grand
Of our fair land,
You could not see each other smile.

You could not see the glades and streams,
The bubbling rills,
The sunlit hills,
The glorious sun which o'er us beams.

The blessed light—the clear blue skies,
The birds and flowers,
Joys that are ours,
Are hidden from your sightless eyes.

You lovely little ones in white,
Who sweetly sing
Like birds in spring,
Would you not like to see the light.

The slippery paths of life you tread,
You grope your way,
O, do not stray
From Christ the Blessed Fountain Head.

When He dwelt on this earth we know,
He was so kind
He healed the blind,
Away rejoicing they did go.

LITTLE SUSIE DESCRIBES HER SISTER'S BABY.

I've seen the baby—such a pet.
But O her eyes are not open yet.

I couldn't see (though I wanted to)
Whether her eyes were black or blue.

Do you know what her mother said:
She hadn't a tooth in her little head.

And her hair's so short it was a shame.
Mamma, did they cut it before she came?

Such tiny hands and such little feet,
I wonder what they give her to eat.

She lies and sleeps in her little cot,
Ma tell me where babies can be bought.

I want a baby, O, just so bad,
Tell me, mamma, where they can be had.

I am going to save every cent I can,
What do they cost? will you ask the man?

God sends them for nothing did you say?
I'll ask Him for one this very day.

A lovely, live one, with curly hair,
Do you think, Ma, He has one to spare.

I am going to dress her all in white:
Do you think he'll send her down tonight.

I'll rise up early for to see
If God has sent the baby to me.

FRANCES E. WILLARD

DIED FEB. 18TH 1898.

Softly were the watchers moving,
In the sick room: on the bed
Lay Miss Willard loved and loving,
She who had so often led
In God's work: now failing breath,
Told her she was nigh to death.

Now his darkening shadow falleth,
On loved Frances—tears are vain
For her Heavenly Father calleth
"Child come home from toil and pain
Evermore thou shalt be free,
In the home prepared for thee.

Her pure spirit lifts its pinions,
Swiftly onward does it soar,
On to Heaven's blest dominions:
All her weariness is o'er,
And the shining angels come,
Welcoming the loved one home.

She is gone, her friends are mourning,
For they loved their leader well,
Gone: from thence there's no returning.
There are joys no tongue can tell.
They who to the end endure
Share those joys so true and pure.

Now all ye who sing her praises,
Ye who keep her memory green,
Loved her for her heavenly graces,
Call her not the uncrowned queen.
Laurels rest upon her brow
She is crowned in glory now.

Many a drunkard tottering, reeling,
She has saved before he fell,
When the evil habit stealing,
Would have sunk him down to hell.
Love filled her pure, unselfish mind,
Love for her Saviour and mankind.

Death for her has but developed,
 In its fulness higher life,
 By the love of Christ enveloped,
 She has left this world of strife.
 With the angels pure and bright,
 She is precious in God's sight.

Often has she told the story
 Of God's love so true and grand,
 Now before his throne in glory,
 Pure and spotless doth she stand.
 She knows, for she the path has trod.
 'Tis beautiful to be with God.

BEDTIME.

Though the glorious sun has set,
 'Twillight shadows linger yet,
 We can see the evening star,
 Shining brightly from afar.

Little one so tired of play,
 Busy all the live long day,
 'Tis time now to be undressed;
 And to creep into your nest.

Birds unto their nests have gone,
 You are sleepy little one.
 Ask the Lord His child to keep,
 "Now I lay me down to sleep."

"Now I lay me down" she said,
 Nodding is the little head,
 "Pray the Lord my soul to keep,"
 Ah, the baby is asleep.

Mamma lifts the tired one,
 Lays her in her cosy bed,
 Straight to dreamland she has gone,
 Half her little prayer unsaid.

SPEAK NOT THE CRUEL WORDS.

Speak not the cruel words which cut so deep,
And often make a fellow creature weep;
Why cause another bitter tears to shed,
By saying words which should be left unsaid.

Speak not the cruel words: Oh! keep them back,
Bridle thy tongue, nor let the reins grow slack;
A cruel word falls oftimes like a blow
And causes so. row you may never know.

Speak not the cruel words; for life is short,
To make thy friends unhappy is no sport.
Those hasty words if you but let them fall,
The harm is done you cannot them recall.

GATHERING FLOWERS.

"Little one, little one, where are you straying?
Away from your home you have wandered afar."

"O I am not lost, I am only out playing!
The fields and the flowers so beautiful are."

"Just see, I have gathered the loveliest flowers.
Dandelions and daisies and buttercups too."

"Come home, little one, you have been here two hours.
The grass is quite wet with the fast falling dew."

She said: "How is it that the flowers are growing
Away out in this field, no one living near,
I wonder—O how her blue eyes were glowing—
I wonder who ever has planted them here."

"God planted them, child, these lovely wild flowers,
To brighten for us this earth where we dwell."
She smiled as she answered, "I'm glad they are ours,
God is so good to us, then we should love Him well."

THE NAME.

There is a name, a little name,
Oldfashioned some would say,
A name I often used to hear
When I was young and gay.
A name that still to me is dear,
The lips from which it came,
Have now been hushed for many a year,
It is my mother's name.

My father in that land above,
Where the bright angels dwell,
O thou hast found thy earthly love
In glory. Who can tell
The happiness the joy and peace
That thou hast found. Again
With her to live, thy love increased,
And speak my mother's name.

LULLABY.

Sleep little baby
The sun has gone down,
Shadows are darkening
Over the town.
Sleep little baby,
Peacefully lie,
Softly thy mother,
Sings this lullaby.

How still she is lying,
See, now her eyes close,
Swiftly to slumberland
Sweet Mamie goes;
Gently I lay her down,
Softly I creep
Out of the room for my
Darling's asleep.

CANADA—OUR NATIVE LAND.

Native land—the words come thrilling,
Like the music of the birds,
Memories our hearts are filling,
As we listen to the words.

CHORUS.

We are true sons of Canada,
We never wish to roam,
Land of our birth, the best on earth,
Our fair Canadian home.

Native land—thou land of beauty,
Land of freedom, land of love,
Where thy brave sons do their duty,
Full of wisdom from above.

CHORUS.

Native land—May Heaven's blessing
Rest upon thee full and free,
Nature's choicest gift possessing,
Canada, we're proud of thee.

CHORUS.

Native land—We view thy waters,
Fertile fields and golden grain,
And thy sturdy sons and daughters
Working hard with might and main.

CHORUS.

Native land—No cruel friction
Cometh nigh thee; peace and love,
Like a glorious benediction,
Falling softly from above.

CHORUS.

REV. GEORGE MULLER.

DIED MARCH 10TH, 1898.

George Muller, man of faith so true,
The Lord hath called thee to thy rest,
Amid the glorified and blest,
Men like thee here indeed are few.

Thy great success unto us tells,
The prayer of faith is ne'er denied,
Methinks it should, both far and wide,
Silence the tongues of infidels.

O man of God almost divine,
We see what earnest faith can do
Strong, living, child-like faith so true,
O had we faith like unto thine.

A faith that says, "Though God may slay
Yet will I trust in Him."
A life so hidden is not dim,
But blessed all along the way.

By the Almighty Master led,
Who hears the little ravens cry,
Will not his followers e'er deny,
But gives to them their daily bread.

O doubting soul can'st thou not see,
The prayer of faith has wondrous power,
For even in the darkest hour
'Twill shed a blessed light on thee.

Thrice happy Muller. In the light
Of Heaven now: In bliss supreme,
Where rays of dazzling glory beam,
And faith is swallowed up in sight.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

The right to be a happy wife,
To love and pray and sing,
The right to nurse sweet little ones,
Whose arms around her cling.
The right to teach those loving ones
In virtue's path to thread,
The right to cheer the suffering
And watch beside the bed.

The blessed right to serve and wait,
To minister to man.
The right to cheer up lonely hearts
As only women can.
The right to send kind messages,
The right to use her pen,
The right to be the mothers of
Brave, noble, Christian men.

The right to shun the noise and din
Of politics and strife,
The right some precious soul to win
Into the higher life.
The right to calmly labor on
Soon comes the blest reward,
The right at last to wear a crown
Forever with the Lord.



SYMPATHY.

Sweet Sympathy, in sore distress
Thou always art a welcome guest,
When we are worn with grief or fear,
How sweet to know that thou art near.

When sickness comes and lays us low,
And the long hours pass so slow,
O then how good it is to be
Cheered up, sweet Sympathy, by thee.

As through this world we journey on,
Sometimes the sunshine all is gone
And threatening clouds around we see,
Then Sympathy, we welcome thee.

O thou art welcome everywhere,
Thou lightenest our load of care,
This world a dreary place would be
Were thou not here, sweet Sympathy.



THE FARMER'S SONG.

O times are changed since we were young,
My Betsey Jane and I,
When we worked out 'neath the summer sun
In the good old times gone by;
We put in the crop and did the chores,
No hired help had we,
But then we most lived out of doors
And worked right merrily.

I didn't buy much fine clothes then
Like they have at the store,
For Betsey did the tailoring when
The farming work was o'er;
When the grain was set a growing
And the taters too, were in,
Then Betsey did the sewing
And sometimes she would spin.

And when the waving fields of hay
Were ready to be mown,
I took my scythe and worked away
For it was all my own;
And when I cut a field of hay
And it was pretty dry,
We took our rakes and raked all day,
My Betsey Jane and I.

And then we coiled it up for fear
A shower of rain would come,
And spoil it (for the hay was dear),
Before we got it home;
Next day we took the horse and truck
And went to save our hay,
Wife built the load, I pitched it up,
Our work seemed only play.

And when the harvest time came on,
(No reapers then had we),
We rose when day began to dawn:
As soon as we could see
To work outside, we milked the cows
And set the milk away,
Together went into the house,
For the first meal of the day.

The porridge, O it was so good,
The bread and butter too,
We lived on plain substantial food,
Our luxuries were few;
I took my scythe, went out to mow,
The waving golden grain,
I was the reaper then you know,
The binder—Betsy Jane.

With my strong arms I swung the scythe,
'Twas harder work I allow,
Than around the field on the reaper to drive,
The way we do it now;
Improvements now, of course there are,
But I would like to know,
Are people happier than they were,
Some forty years ago.

We laboured on with scarce a care,
Love made our labour sweet,
We always had enough to wear,
And plenty food to eat;
The maiden fair in her drugged gown,
With neither silks or lace,
Was happy as the day was long,
A working 'round the place.

As gaily singing she did the chores
And the work about the house,
And when the happy day was o'er,
Went out to milk the cows;
We often drove to church in a cart,
When the children were quite small,
Now they must drive in a buggy so smart,
Or they will not go at all.

And in winter I drove in my old box sleigh,
It was good enough for me,
Now the young folks want to make a display,
So that every one may see.
There's too much pride in the world nowadays,
There's a great deal too much style,
The young folks say we have oldfashioned ways,
And they say we make them smile.

But we know enough to keep out of debt,
Although they say we are slow,
We know what we fear they are apt to forget,
'Tis to always pay as you go.
And our boys are not contented here,
Do you know what they say?
'Tis no use staying for 'tis clear
That farming doesn't pay.

How different now are the young men
From the young men that I knew
In the good old times gone by,—for then
Their wants were very few;
Now they want lots of cash to spend,
To sport 'round far and wide,
Their wants don't seem to have an end,
They can never be supplied.

O, the good old times that are past and gone
I never again shall see;
When I played games with the little ones,
And they climbed upon my knee.
When I used to go away from home,
I hey'd watch for me and wait,
And when they'd see me coming, run
To open wide the gate.

And Betsy Jane she had her wheel,
But unlike the modern mode,
She used to spin at home and reel,
And not along the road.
But the girls have hid the wheel away,
For they say it isn't genteel,
For Maw to be toiling and working all day
On a tiresome spinning wheel.

Our daughters talk of going away
Over the seas to roam,
For they are lonesome here, they say,
But ah, this is their home.
Our good advice they will not take,
One thing is very plain,
That the girls nowadays won't make
Wives like my Betsey Jane.

My thoughts go back to my boyhood days,
When at eight by the chimney fire,
Sat the family group near the cheerful blaze,
As we piled on the wood still higher.
And Grandmother sat in her old arm chair,
With her knitting in her hand,
And told us stories of England so fair,
Her beloved native land.

But I am growing old and gray,
And so is Betsey Jane,
If the dear children go we may
Ne'er meet on earth again.
But O, wherever they may roam,
I pray that, bye and bye,
We shall meet again in our Father's home,
Above the starry sky.

 OFF ON A BICYCLE.

I am tired of washing dishes she said,
 It is work I do not like,
 I am going down town this very day
 To buy myself a bike.
 And now she is flying over the road,
 To work she has bid adieu,
 While her mother does all the cooking at home
 And washes the dishes too.

O maiden fair with the rosy cheeks,
 And eyes of the deepest blue,
 It is all very well to ride a bike
 When you've nothing else to do.
 But when over hill and dale you roam,
 So blythe, and merry and gay,
 Be sure that your patient mother at home
 Isn't working 'her life away.

 TRY, BOYS, TRY.

Have you some hard task to do,
 Do not down, discouraged, lie,
 But with noble purpose true,
 Bravely whisper, "I will try."
 Trials come to every one
 But there is a helper nigh,
 If you trust in God alone,
 He will help you if you try.

Thorny though your path may be,
 Don't sit down and sigh,
 You can get along you'll see,
 If you only try:
 Keep straight on, your path will grow
 Smoother bye and bye,
 Just be brave and face the foe.
 Trust in God and try.

THE NEW BABY.

"O Nellie dear
If you'll come here,
I'll tell you something funny,
You don't know what,
Last night we got,
Without a cent of money.

You cannot guess,
You must confess,
Well, I will tell you may be,
Just come with me
And you will see
Our beautiful new baby.

She came last night,
Before 'twas light,
She's prettier than my dolly;
Such pretty eyes,
She looks so wise,
I think we'll call her Polly.

I was in bed,
For mamma said,
I looked so very tired;
And when 'twas late,
They wakened Kate,
She is the girl we hired.

I lay so still,
And listened till,
I heard like something crying;
To mother's room,
I ran so soon,
Mamma in bed was lying.

There lay a mite,
All dressed in white,
A lovely baby sister,
What did I do,
I tell you true,
Why I just ran and kissed her.

Now when I pray
 I'm going to say:
 Please Lord send me another;
 I'd be so glad
 If I just had
 A little baby brother.

HER RIDE IN THE PARK.

It is one of the loveliest days,
 The clock is striking eight,
 The dainty maid comes down and says,
 I'm glad it isn't late.

Oh! it is just a perfect day,
 How happy I do feel,
 I'll take a lunch and go away,
 Out riding on my wheel.

Mamma, don't be uneasy, please,
 If I'm not home till dark,
 I'm going to ride beneath the trees,
 Out in Victoria Park.

She has her pale blue shirt waist on,
 Her bran new sailor hat,
 She wouldn't wear her other one,
 She'd not look well in that.

She mounts her wheel, away she goes,
 On past the pond she flies;
 Past where the rolling ocean flows,
 Around the park she hies.

Beneath the wide outspreading trees,
 Which shade her from the sun,
 She rides as happy as you please,
 And thinks it splendid fun.

But, O what can the matter be?
She's slackening her pace,
And she dismounts, ah, now I see
She wants to rub her face.

A lump is rising on her face,
'Tis just below her eye,
She says I'll leave this awful place,
And she begins to cry.

(The dainty maid has come to grief,
It really is too bad,
Her day of pleasure was so brief,
No wonder she is sad.)

Ah! lovely maiden, such is life,
Some sunshine and some gloom.
A little joy, a little strife,
From the cradle to the tomb.

Her face is swollen and her eye
Is feeling very sore,
She says "I must go home, O my!
I wish I had gone before.

She reaches home, jumps off her wheel
And leaves it on the grass,
Into the house she quietly steals,
And hastens to the glass.

"Mamma," she says, "look at my face,
I am a perfect fright,"
"Don't be alarmed" the mother says,
"'Tis a mosquito bite."

Oh dainty maiden ere you go
A wheeling round the park,
Beware, there dwells a little foe.
Who oft times leaves his mark.

And should he take (nay do not smile)
A fancy unto you,
He'll spoil your beauty for a while
And spoil your pleasure too.

 THE PRICELESS BLESSING.

There is a priceless blessing,
 Which money cannot buy,
 They, who this gift possessing,
 Should neither fret nor sigh,
 But should be happy ever,
 Though destitute of wealth,
 And thankful to the Giver:
 This precious gift is health.

O ye who are repining
 Look up towards the sky,
 And see the silver lining,
 'Mid the dark clouds flitting by.
 Hear the angel voices blending,
 In the anthem evermore,
 (In sweet praise never ending)
 The Lord of Heaven adore.

 STICK TO THE FARM.

Stick to the farm boys, be content,
 Don't let the Klondike craze
 Tempt you from home afar to roam,
 For gold on which to gaze;
 Just till the soil with willing hands,
 There lies the golden store,
 You've but to dig, and fortunes big,
 Into your hands will pour.

Stick to the farm, boys, be content,
 As your grandfathers were,
 Content to toil, they tilled the soil
 And did the burdens bear;
 They never went in search of gold,
 But lived calm, happy lives,
 They envied not the rich man's lot,
 Nor did their thrifty wives.

REV. DAVID SUTHERLAND.

DIED JULY 8, 1898.

Thou art gone, thou loving Pastor,
True, unfailing friend,
Gone to thy beloved Master,
Faithful to the end;
Gone; the tidings sadly fell,
All who knew thee loved thee well.

Gone, thou brave and noble spirit,
Gone to endless bliss,
'Tis the faithful who inherit
Happiness like this;
Who, in brightest glory shine.
With the Lamb of God divine.

And thy loved remains were taken
Where thy feet had trod,
Where thou did'st with faith unshaken,
Tell of Christ and God,
Tell how Jesus came to bless
Sinners in their helplessness.

Where thy people oft have listened
To the words which fell,
From thy lips (the fear drops glistened),
Oh! all loved thee well;
Loved thee, O they love thee yet,
True love never can forget.

Zion Church was draped in mourning
Emblem of the grief,
Of the heartfelt sorrow burning,
Finding no relief;
And we looked with sorrow deep,
On thee in death's dreamless sleep.

One last look to each, was given
As we passed along,
And we turned our thoughts to Heaven,
Where thy soul has gone.
Gone to purest bliss divine,
Endless happiness is thine.

Oftimes did thy fancy wander,
Fondly plan to roam,
Far, to dear old Scotland yonder,
Thy lov'd childhood's home;
Mother! Home! the vision flies,
God has planned it otherwise.

While thou art in glory basking,
In thy Lord's embrace,
Sorrowing ones are vainly asking:
Who can fill thy place,
Who so loving true and kind,
Full of love for all mankind?

There will come a glorious meeting,
When this life is o'er,
O, the joy and bliss of greeting
Loved ones gone before,
And our Saviour, too, will come,
Bid His children welcome home.

Songs of praises high are swelling
In your blest abode,
Love and joy and peace excelling
By the throne of God,
There the ransomed sweetly sing,
Praises to our glorious King.

Farewell brother, life unending,
Purest bliss is thine,
Angel voices sweet are blending;
Like the stars doth shine,
The bright crown upon thy brow
Thou art safe in glory now.

FRANKIE.

Little Frankie, merry boy,
Full of innocence and joy,
Busy all the live-long day,
Happy, loving, bright and gay.

Little Frankie mayst thou be
From all care and sorrow free,
May thy life be just as bright
As the radiant morning light.

FAREWELL.

Farewell! there's sadness in the word,
It tells that we must part.
We press each others hands—unheard,
Heart answereth to heart.

Farewell! we say it by the bed,
Of our beloved ones,
Slowly and sadly it is said
In low and reverent tones.

Farewell! farewell! may we all meet
Where happy angels dwell,
O! may we one another greet
In heaven, dear friends, farewell!