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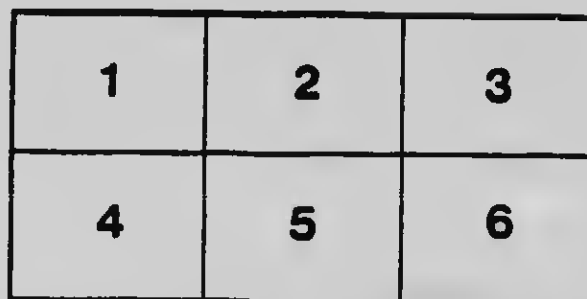
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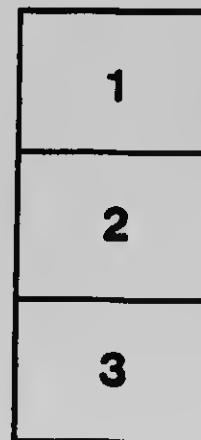
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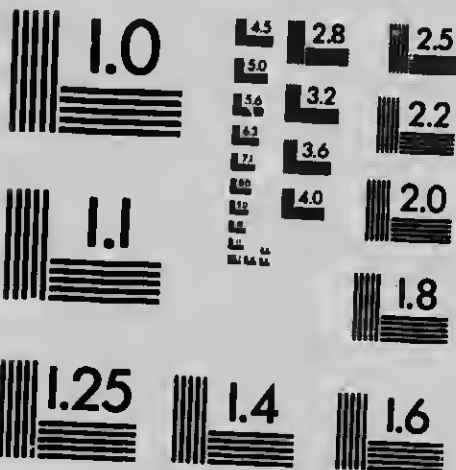
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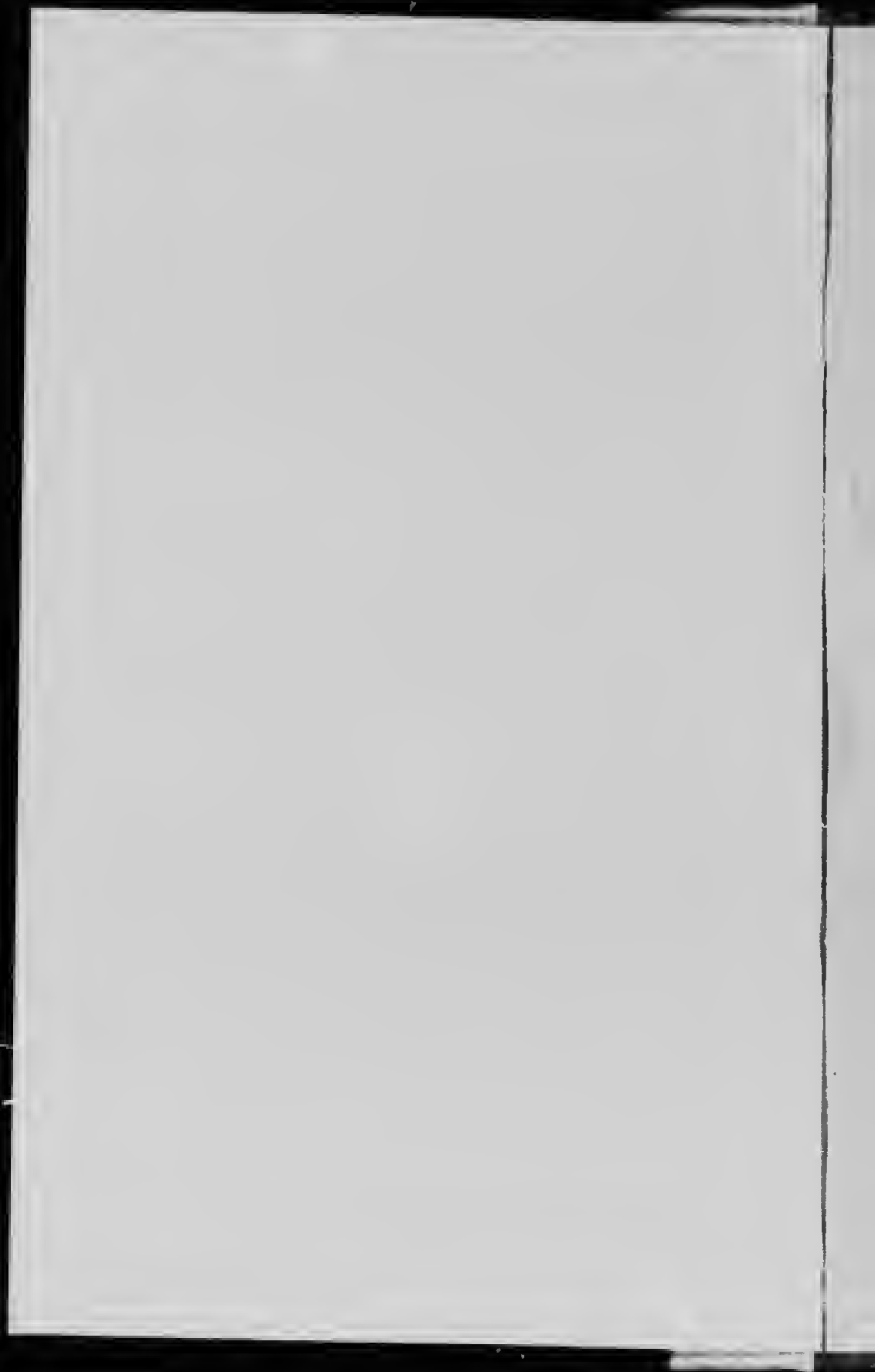
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English ...
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POEMS
WRITTEN AT SPARE
MOMENTS
BY
DAVID MILLS

OTTAWA:
THE HOLLA L. CRAIN CO., LIMITED,
PRINTERS and BINDERS

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145320

PREFACE.

The following pieces were written at spare moments as a relaxation from official labors. Many of them were written to my grandchildren, and to interest them. They are printed to preserve them for future revision, if they should be thought worth other than an ephemeral existence.

4th December, 1911.

D. M.

Entered according to the Act of Parliament of Canada in the year one thousand nine hundred and one by David Mills, in the office of the Minister of Agriculture.



MARJORIE AND HELEN.

There are two little maidens at Mapimi
Dreaming at night of Grandma and me,
Dark-eyed girls join them in play,
Who jabber in Spanish all the day,
Till the great round sun is nearly down,
When they go to their homes in the quaint
old town.

Two little maidens when morn is come,
Rise and dress and breakfast at home,
And then they're ready for work or play,
Or to speak of the friends who are far away,
Where trees are growing throughout the town
And the Robin sings as the sun goes down.

Two little maidens, I think, I see,
Near a quaint old town with scarce a tree.
Oh, do they ever make this remark,—
I'd like to be in Grandpa's park,
And there in a hammock restfully lie.
In the shade of the trees, till the day goes by.

There through the summer I'd like to stay,
Till the birds that sing have flown away ;
I'd leave the sand on the blue lake's beach,
When the season is by for the luscious peach,
I'll back again to a warmer climate,
Where the winter is bright like a summer time.

THE BIRD'S SONG.

A pretty song-bird sat in a tree,
And sang 'mong its branches—Marjorie.
He spread his wings near the close of day,
And flew to the forest far away;
There he lighted on a great high tree,
Where he sang until dusk—Marjorie, Marjorie.

Then back here he came, when it was dawn,
And sang as he flew o'er woods and lawn ;
This is the song that he sang all day,—
"Two little maidens are far away.
Come let me put a question to thee—
Where now is Helen and Marjorie? Marjorie."

When autumn came, he flew far away,
He rested at night, he flew by day ;
On, on, he flew, each day, till dark,
He pass'd the robin, he pass'd the lark ;
He reach'd a mountain near Mapimi,—
And sang "Here's Helen and Marjorie,
Marjorie."

THE LITTLE BROWN WREN.

My dearest little busy bird,
Return in spring to me,
The nest you builded years ago,
Is safely kept for thee.
The landscape here is green again,
The snow has gone away,
The wild plum blossoms in the field,
And warm has grown the day.
Come back to me, my little bird,
And sing your pure, sweet song,
Your notes I love, through all the day,
Although the day be long.

Come back to me, my pretty bird,
Come with the length'ning day;
Sing to your mate your sweetest notes,
Sing them sometime in May:
Come back to me, sweet bird, again,
Come with your voice in tune,
Sing soft and clear her praises here,
Sing on through leafy June,
In the dense thorn-bush let me hear,
You sing your song again,
Cheering your mate, near whom you wait,
Thou loving little wren.

And thou, dear quiet mother wren,
Thou patient little bird,
Caring so dearly for each life—
Watching each leaf that's stirr'd.
Guarding from dangers far and near,
Throughout each livelong day,
Keeping them 'neath thy feathers warm,
Till night has fled away.
And when the morning dawn has come,
Fliest off in search of food,
And with thy burden soon returns,
To feed thy tender brood;

But ere the end of autumn comes,
My little friends depart,
Far from their leafy dwelling place,
But never from my heart,
To distant friends, in other lands,
My visitants appear,
To build their nests, and sing without,
A winter in their year.
When spring returns and fields are green,
They'll come to us again,
And sing their song in hedge and bush,
And cheer the hearts of men.

But wrens may come, and men may go,
Nor hear their music more,
And other ears their songs shall charm,
As ours were charm'd before ;
But wrens may come ,and sing, and go,
But who that hears the wren—
Will learn the meaning of his song—
His sermon preach'd to men,
The joyous notes from hearts so pure,
Break on our ears in spring—
May heaven give us loving hearts,
That we like him may sing.

THE TRUE STORY OF JACK AND JILL.

Jack and Jill climb'd up the hill—
"T'were wrong in them," I hear you say—
Though these words you're saying still,
I can but to them answer nay,—
"T'was Turpin's will, that up the hill,
They both should go for water,
For Jack was Turpin's son, and Jill
Was Turpin's only daughter."
The bold chief and his hardy band,
Car'd not to go to the brook below—
The Monarch's troops were in the land.

Jack and Jill took up the hill,
A pail to bring down water ;
Then from the rill, their pail they fill—
Did Turpin's son and daughter.
Upon the pure spring's lofty brink,
Jill danc'd—the old ram sought her ;
Before poor Jill had time to think,
He struck the robber's daughter ;
And like a bolt, from out a sling—
With one long bound, he clear'd the ground,
And sent Jill sprawling in the spring.

Jack then began to laugh and dance,
To see poor Jill knock'd over ;
The ram unseen did then advance,
And sent Jack, too, a rover.
For Jack, this was the end of fun—
A vig'rous butt, without an if—
If from the ram he strove to run,
He might be thrown far down the cliff.
For Turpin's son there was no fun,
In the salaam of the horned ram,
From which it might be death to run.

Jack down the hill was forc'd to go—
The old ram's butts oft knock'd him down—
Swiftly on to the glen below—
His falls had nearly crack'd his crown,
The ram help'd Jack. Jill heard him groan.
She tripp'd and tumbled all the way—
Adown the hill she came alone.

So ends the toils of both that day ;
Jack and Jill no more climb'd the height,
To bring down water to the glen—
They never went up—day or night—
The water was brought by Turpin's men.

Dame Turpin 'tended her boy in bed—
It eas'd her mind to speak out so—
Jack was ill with bruised head—
"The ram should have perish'd long ago.
"If Dick had read—as I have done,—
"What Abram did to please his wife—
"He'd slav the ram, and spare his son,
"And so have care for the better life."
Turpin's men went up from the Glen,
And slew the ram, with the Salaam,
Ere in the night, the hour was ten.

MY GRANDCHILDREN.

My dear little rovers,
What is better to say
In the month of October,—
On its very last day—
Than be thoughtful, be sober,
In lands far away.

For only He knoweth,
What there may be to fear,
'Twixt the end of October,
And the first of the year ;
For there are dangers many,
Which do not appear.

While still then you linger,
In a land little known,
There's a shadowy finger,
Which points to the throne
Of a Father in heaven,
Who cares for his own.

For his angels are with us—
They guard us with care,
And keep us from evil—
At home and elsewhere.
And when dangers come nigh us,
Then of us He hath care.

When away from our home
We carelessly stray,
He will bring us back safely,
'Ere the close of the day ;
Lest darkness hide from us,
The only safe way.

Then guard us, dear Lord,
Where e'er we may be,
And when the day's over,
May we think then of Thee.
Then, do Thou care for us,
Wherever we roam,
And sing in our slumbers
A sweet song of home.

30th October, 1900.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

When I lay me down to sleep—
The sun is down and ends the day.
The light fades slowly from the steep
The day is fading fast away,
O'er all the land the night comes down,
And darkness hides from sight the town.

Valley and river disappear,
No waters now gleam in the light,
A far off murmur we may hear
Of brooks well hidden by the night ;
Angel of mercy come thou down,
And guard the children of the town.

Low lawless people, oft at night,
Go forth to do some sleeper wrong;
Guard me, O Saviour, by Thy might—
Be this at once my prayer and song—
I trust thee, free from all alarms,
For when I sleep, 'tis in Thy arms.

Through all the night, then, with me stay,
Nor leave me, Lord, till it is day,
Keep evils from me, far away,
So for Thy care I ever pray.

Walk with me when the day is bright,
And be my watchman in the night,
By day and night, take, Lord, my hand,
And lead me to the better land.

25th June, 1899.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

O my Shepherd, safely guard me,
Though the night be dark and cold,
With thy crook, do thou support me,
Guide me safely to Thy fold,
From Thy flock, at times, I wander,
In the wilds, 'midst beasts of prey;
But Thou knowest well my danger,
When I, from Thy pastures, stray.

When I'm lost upon the mountains,
In Thy love Thou dost pursue—
Bring me to Thy fields and fountains,
That I may my strength renew.
Pass me not, O loving Shepherd,
Call me with Thy well-known voice ;
Bear the lost one in Thy bosom,
That the angels may rejoice.

Keep me, O Thou watchful Shepherd,
Wash me in the brooks that flow,
From beneath Thy holy temple,
Till I am as white as snow,—
Till I lose all wish to wander,
From the place that I should fill ;
Till my sole desire be ever,
Here, on earth to do Thy will.
25th June, 1899.

THE TOILERS.

The morn, indeed, was fair—very fair,
But later on in the day,
The sky grew dark, and the rain came down,
On fields stretching far away.

The rain came down upon all the land—
The sower went forth to sow—
Servants were call'd to the Master's fields—
When harvest was ripe, to mow.

The Master then sought the young, in morn,
And on through all of the day,
He hir'd the humble, the highly born,
And some who were aged and grey.

He said go work in my fields for me,
And each, I will surely pay,
When the sun goes down, and night comes on,
For all he may do this day.

The young of the morning fell to few—
The heat of the day they bore—
The weary were call'd from work away,
And came to the fields no more.

The idle of morn soon shrank to few—
They wasted the harvest-day—
For much they hated the Master's work,
And in wrath were borne away.

Too late, some pray'd for leave to toil—
The sands of their lives had run,
For the work mark'd out for them to do,
By other hands had been done.

The night came down, and then fear came too,
In darkness they took their way—
They went not forth, to the Master's fields,
To reap on the harvest-day.

THE SONG OF THE OWL.

Oh, so beautiful the night I
The moon shone very bright,
And my dog began a melancholy howl ;
I said—"Major, what's the matter,
That you keep up such a clatter,
At the hooting and the tooting of an owl."

And he barked bow-wow louder,
As though he had grown prouder,
Of his bounding and his barking than before ;
His voice kept louder swelling,
As if some story-telling,
Telling to me till I reach'd the oaken door.

I said do not bark or howl,
'Tis the hooting of an owl,
Sounding clearer in the stillness than before ;—
From a stately forest tree,
He sung to my dog and me,
With a solemn hooting, tooting, as of yore.

And he sang ter whit, hoo, hoo,
What a noisy beast are you—
Breaking in upon my sad song to the moon,
I sing to the moon and stars—
To pale Venus and to Mars,
That, with the moon, intently list'n to my tune.

They never sleep a wink,
But in silence brightly blink,
And the bloodhound turns his baying to a howl;
And I sing ter whit, hoo, hoo,
The whole night nearly through,
And the dog barks a chorus for the owl."

THE WINTER TRAVELLER IN RUSSIA.

I hear, I hear, in the distant dell—
In the forest dark and lone,
A musical sound, I know it well,
'Tis the sleigh-bells mellow tone.

I hear, I hear in this lonely wood,
The hoot of the snowy owl,
And away beyond the Ural's flood,
The fierce wolves most doleful howl.

Nearer and nearer I hear their cry,
But much of the night is gone,
The travellers know the danger nigh,
And swirtly they hasten on.

The horses faster and faster go,
O'er hill and through lonely glen,
Through the frosty air, on the froz'n snow,
Towards the homes of men.

On through the dark firs and glens they drive,
And the howlin' fills the air,
The whole dark forest seems alive—
The howling is everywhere.

Near, still nearer is heard the pack,
And swifter the horses run,
With longer steps on the snowy track,
They speed till the night is done.

The morning dawns and on, on they go,
And still on the wolves pursue,
What may yet transpire, ah, who can know,
For many there be in view.

A wounded bear once crossed the way,
And near to the track he stood,
The snow where he was, as if at bay,
Was marked with stains of blood.

The wolves came near to the bear, and then,
Were wholly lost to view,
Would they pursue the sleigh again,
Would they their chase renew ?

The morning sun shone o'er the height.
And scarce two miles away,
A little town was clear in sight—
Could they be kept at bay ?

The wolves were hard upon their track,
And closely did pursue
The townsmen saw both sleigh and pack,
For both were well in view.

They were hasten'd into houses near,
The teams fast to the sleigh ;
Were devour'd by the wolves, I hear,
They could not break away.

No one in town then ventur'd forth,
And some were heard to say,
That neither dog nor cow of worth,
Escap'd the raid that day.

When the travellers were old grey men,
As they sat at their own fireside,
They told to timid children, then,
Of that long, fearful ride.

They told how swiftly the horses flew,
Over the creaking snow,
How oft the wolves did their chase renew,
And how long the way did grow.

How strangers rushed to help them in,
To save from a death so dire,—
How this escape in the winter time,
Was told at the peasant's fire.

How children then in after years,
Handed to children down,
This story of that pack of wolves,
That looted, then, the town.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Cares't Thou, my Father in Heaven,
For the things that trouble me ?
They may come at morn or even—
Father look Thou down and see,
That the burdens put upon me,
And which fill my mind with care,
Do not prove too heavy for me,—
Greater e'er than I can bear.

Oft I feel that I am feeble,
And the mists obscure the day ;
Well I know that I'm not able,
All alone to keep the way.
Give me, then, a clear perception,
So that I may plainly see,
That in Thee there's no deception,
For Thy Angel walks with me.

In my soul, at times, I'm troubled,
But, my Father, have thou care,
That I choose the one thing needful,
'Mong the things I do or dare ;
Let me ever choose, like Mary,
For myself, the better part ;
So I gain a clearer vision,
So I get a purer heart.

10th November, 1901.

O'ER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

The eastern sky bears trace of coming morn,
We must not loiter here, nor long delay ;
In gayest robes let us ourselves adorn,
Then o'er the hills we journey far away.

The candles of the night have ceased to shine,
The heavens are painted of a pearly grey,
Save in the east, where crimson hues combine,
And beautify the world, so far away.

No severing cloud obscures the morning light,
No hindrance rises to obstruct our way ;
Then haste we on to seize the prospect bright,
Then o'er the hills we hie, and far away.

The Peris of the night have vigils kept,
And deck'd with dewy pearls each leaf and flow'r,
With artists' skill they labour'd while we slept,
And chang'd the landscape to an Eden bow'r.

"Awake, arise," departing Peris call.
"Behold the landscape, at the op'ning day—
Look you, what beauties we have made for all,
'Ere morning's sun shall take them quite away."

Haste, for thy life, imperious duty cries,
Begin your journey with the early day ;
Decide what fortune for you surely lies,
Beyond the hills in countries far away.

O'er the broad landscape fragrant orchards
bloom,
Far in the morning of the quiet day—
This side the heights—stands many a sleeper's
tomb,
Who never reached the hills, so far away.

The bees humm'd for them many a restful tune,
The birds sang carols of another day ;
And so they slept, far in the afternoon,
And looked not to the hills, and far away.

February 12th, 1893.

WE SHALL NOT SURELY DIE.

In early youth there's heard a cry—
When evil struggles with the good,
For each stands as the first man stood,
This day, "ye shall not surely die."

When passion tempts us from the way,
Which conscience holds that we should take ;
" 'Tis morning yet, it will not make
A difference at the end of day."

" 'Tis morning yet—why toil so soon—
Not for ourselves, but others good ?
We cannot help them though we should,
And it is many hours till noon."

We loiter—we should journey on,
Obeying the imperious call ;
There's work along the way for all,
We loiter, and a chance is gone.

Time idly spent, work left undone,
Are facts omitted from a whole,
Are discords in the human soul,
Whose notes through after ages run.

"'Tis morning yet, why slave we then,
So that some other may not slave ?
Let each one his own troubles brave—
"'Tis but the common lot of men."

The work for us comes not again,
What we omit we can't replace ;
Our careless steps we can't retrace,
And all regrets must be in vain.

Throughout the universe we see,
Whatever things concern our race ;
The plan, the purpose, there we trace,
As it was first design'd to be.

The types are set in every age,
And when they once are wrongly plac'd,
That wrong may be thereafter trac'd,
Recurring in each future page.

The times have not one voice, one speech,
For each takes up from days of yore,
The faults of every age before—
'Tis so the ages ever teach.

We look abroad, and vain desires
Would turn us from the path of truth,
And while we wear the bloom of youth,
Quench in the mind its heavenly fires.

"'Tis morn," we say, we walk abroad,
And turn we from the narrow gate.
"There is strong love, there is no hate
Towards us in the mind of God."

"'Tis morn," so we may wander far
From deeds of love, from thoughts of truth ;
The way is broad ,and in our youth,
The faults of youth will leave no scar.

So forth we go, in freedom's name,
To do the deeds that make us slaves ;
To take our way to early graves,
And brand the soul with marks of shame.

So forth we go, in early youth,
To find the pleasures youth can bring,
To waste on many an evil thing,
What we should use to buy the truth.

We know that every evil thought,
That every heartless deed we do,
Corrupts the mind, shuts out the true,
So ruin to the soul is wrought.

For true it is, just as we think,
So, in our hearts, we are to be
In time, till others plainly see
The lives we live, the dregs we drink.

We're fashioned to the ill we think,
We're moulded by the ills we do,
Till we are cowards for the true,
And in the moral scale we sink.

The soul is dark, the heart is hard,
We reap in kind what we have sown,
And by this fruit our worth is known,
It measures our deserv'd reward.

Be ye courageous, be ye strong
In standing always for the right ;
Be ready, valiant in the fight,
And fear not to oppose the wrong.

Stand by the right, though it be weak,
The right has in it life, at length
The right will grow, and gain in strength—
Will bring the good for which men seek.

Come to the aid of truth, and free
All men from mean, ignoble strife—
Raise high the objects, aims of life,
And so a better time shall be.

In ages after men are gone,
Who struggle for the true, the good,
Though baffled oft—misunderstood,
Their thoughts, their deeds, shall still live on.

For here the conflict shall not cease,
Between the evil and the good,
Through years of strife, and years of blood,
Till Perfect Goodness brings us peace.

London, July 9th, 1896.

LIFE.

Life's a failure for the idle,
Who here never learn to toil,
Nor their baser passions bridle,
Though an honoured name they soil.

Life's a failure for the coward,
Who'll not join in manly strife,—
With the chances of a Howard,
Shuns the struggles here of life.

Life's a failure to the evil,
Who remain impure in heart,
And in its pursuits, though civil,
Chooses e'er the worsser part.

Then they hotly charge on others,
Failures that are all their own ;
Charge that friends have not been brothers,
When the wrong is theirs alone.

Prizes here, go to the stable—
Honest toilers they, in life ;
He that's upright, he that's able,
Are the winners in the strife.

Life's a triumph to the worthy—
He who fights against the wrong ;
Who is faithful here to duty,
Though he waits for payment long.

For he knows that he must labour,
Labour ever, labour long ;
Always just towards his neighbour,
Doing right, avoiding wrong.

Then, be ever up and doing,
Hoping, toiling while you may,
Always here the right pursuing,
Boldly in the light of day.

Here be upright, here be truthful,
Keep your troth with God and man ;
Now you are no longer youthful,
And the young walk in the van.

Oft there came the gifts of fortune,
Oft you threw them all away ;
She may then hereafter shun you—
The remainder of your day.

Let us make of life a blessing,
Facing calmly storm and flood ;
Good upholding, wrong redressing,
Standing by the True and Good.

14th April, 1901.



REMEMBRANCE.

In early spring before life's noon,
My daughter Mary went from me,
Her fragile boat was launched too soon,
And in it she put forth to sea.

There others floated on the bay,
And slowly drifted from the shore,
I heard their voices far away,
And knew they could return no more.

For they had floated out to sea,
Until they had been lost to sight—
Drifting far, far away from me,
And nearer to the morning light.

Across the sea the breezes bore,
Her sweetest songs still sung for me—
Bidding me when the day is o'er,
To take my barque and put to sea.

Before that I am quite awake,
At early dawn I hear her say,
My father, come, fresh courage take,
And meet me in the land of day.

For there are some who bid farewell,
And float toward this land of light,
And others at the tolling knell,
Drift downward to the realm of night.

All from their natal land must go,
And from its shore put out to sea,
This much full well I know, I know,
But whither shall the voyage be ?

March, 1901.

THE TOLLING OF THE BELL.

There is heard far around,
The melancholy sound,
Of the old Church Bell—
Of the ding dong, ding dong Bell—
What a sad tale to many does it tell?
Don't you hear it? Do you fear it?
That sorrowing of the Bell,
That sighing of Farewell,
That crying for the dead, by the Bell.
It sighs over hill and dale—
Hearts are bleeding in the vale,
For a loved one lost—
Loving mother, tender host,
To fill her trying post,
There is, no not one,
And so there is begun,
The tolling of the Bell,
The condoling of the Bell,
The sympathetic, sad, consoling of the Bell.

For her angel touched her brow,
And her voice is silent now,
Her heart within her breast,
Ceased its beating—is at rest,
And her home is with the blest
Evermore, evermore ;
And she bade her friends farewell,
In the tolling of the Bell.
Though she may with angels dwell,

Upon the hidden shore,
Where pure spirits God adore,
And worship evermore—
In the light—from of yore,
Says the old Church Bell,
In sounds low and sweet,
And here, I now repeat
The touching, tender story it doth tell,
To many, many people,
As it swings there in the steeple,
She is gone, she is gone,
Her work is wholly done, in the dell,
And she bids her friends farewell
In the ding dong, ding dong bell.

With one she did depart,
There was rapture in her heart ;
On the soul's deserted dwelling,
Came the beauty of past years,
Pencilled there by angel's fingers,
For a while that beauty lingers,
Like the glory seen at sunset,
Which soon after disappears—
Ding dong, ding dong bell.
In the quiet air of ev'n,
Betwixt the earth and heav'n,
Speaking for the dead forgiv'n,
Fare you well, Fare you well.
She walk'd with God—she's taken,
And the vale she has forsaken,
With holy ones to dwell.

How its sad notes softly swell,
Far over hill and dell,
With the last words of the dead
To the living—"Fare you well."
Spoken through the old church Bell—
From beyond earth's farthest border,
Here I'll meet you, here I'll greet you,
Fare you well, fare you well.
Spoken here, from heavenly places,
Through the tolling of the bell,
Shining ones, with radiant faces,
Who with holy angels dwell,
Cast their golden crowns before Him,
And forever there adore Him,
And with loving hearts implore Him,
For the living—Fare you well.
Consolingly 'tis spoken—
To wounded hearts nigh broken—
In the tolling of the bell.
The ding..dong..ding..dong bell.

THE SEA.

The sea is a music maker,
I listen to her song,
Sung by each angry breaker,
Throughout the whole day long.
Until I am partaker
Of her endured wrong ;
The sea is a music maker,
And she sings to me her song.

I sit by her stormy water,
And hear her loud complaint ;
'Neath crags where first I sought her,
She sings without restraint ;
No one, I'm sure, has taught her
The song she sings to me,
When winds have fiercely fought her,
And made her the raging sea.

The winds make war upon her,
Then swiftly fly away ;
They never yet have won her,
Though their wars seem only play.
Her hatred is undying,
Come they by night or day,
To them she's ever crying,
Away, ye fiends, away.

When for a time they leave her,
She slowly sinks to rest,
From warring they reprieve her,
Then with slumber she is blest,
Her youthful face is quiet,
Her voice is low and sweet,
No wild winds with her riot,
And her sighing I repeat.
She is at rest, or nigh it.

Though she sobs in her retreat ;
There is music in her sighing,
As she swishes at my feet,
Her sorrows seem undying,
As she slumbers at my feet.
At my feet.

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

Our Saviour toil'd by night, by day,
To cure the palsi'd, dumb and blind—
The sore in heart, those far astray—
Ill both in body and in mind.

Of many marvels we are told,
Of many cures men's hearts to gain,
But high among these deeds of old,
Is one He wrought for her of Nain.

Her sorrow, neighbours sought to share,
By friendly hands the bier was borne,
They felt how deep the suff'ring where,
A widow'd mother's left to mourn.

Of those who're waiting in the way,
All hear His words with great surprise,
When to the dead he spake that day,
And said : "I say, young man, arise."

"Weep not," there is no cause for tears,
Rejoice ye, for the good that's done,
Peaceful thy path through coming years—
"Woman, I give thee back thy son."

Another mother sees her son,
Giv'n o'er to sin—to shame and strife,
Cries "Saviour, see my boy undone—
Plant in his soul the germ of life.

“Saviour, hear Thou a mother’s prayer,
Forbid it e’er should be in vain,
See in my heart the sorrow there,
And meet me near the gate of Nain.”

November 12th, 1898.

SPRING.

Verdant Spring, sweet balmy Spring,
The singing birds you bring,
And the orchards gaily cover with bright bloom ;
There is music in the floods,
There are echoes in the woods,
Which sweetly sing, “Spring has ended winter’s
gloom.

Hear the humming of the bees,
’Mong the blossoms of the trees,
Then away with their burdens to their hive ;
There is labour without strife,
There is happiness, there’s life,
For it is by cheerful toiling that they thrive.

There is singing of the birds,
And a lowing of the herds,
A bleating of the flocks on the hills by day ;
There are songs of creeks and brooks,
Gliding on through curves and nooks,
Making sweet enchanting music far away.

There is music in the air,
There is joy beyond compare,
For the hopeful toiler, through the busy day ;
For the time will surely come,
When the fruits he'll gather home—
Then be doing, ever doing while you may.

In early morning hours,
Comes the sunshine, fall the showers,
And the farmer sows the seed when'er he may ;
There is hope by care and toil,
To bring e'en from rugged soil,
An abundant harvest, when comes the harvest
day.

Now the glad earth looks her best,
With bright garlands she is dress'd,
Arise, and promptly aid her, while you can ;
O learn from her, there is need,
That her earnest calls you heed—
'Tis the season, come and labour—every man.

There are distant hills and brooks,
Green meadows, quiet nooks,—
In the deep forests, there are glens far along ;
O, how beautiful ! how fair !
Spring is present everywhere—
Would that I could set her music to my song.

There are breezes from the west,
Whose soft gentleness brings rest,
And hope is changed to song within the heart ;
There are flowers yet unseen,
There are melodies, I ween—
Echoes on the border, that far excel our art.

1 EVENING TWILIGHT ON THE HILLS.

My sister and I, from the hills,
Watch'd the last glimmer of day ;
We were sooth'd by the murmur of rills—
By songs that they sung on their way.

The night on the world was descending,
The day had fled far, far along—
The sounds that through valleys were wending,
Were touched by the Angel of Song.

Though damp'd by the dewfall, we listened,
To sounds from the valley below,
We saw the dense mists with white banners,
And forgot we should not linger so.

The sheep, in their fold, were in safety,
The warm moon came up in the sky ;
Because on the hills we had loitered,
We mark'd not the moments go by.

The wolf pack now howl'd in the woodland,
That stretch'd far away in our rear ;
We saw that the night was descending,
And knew that the danger was near.

Our hearts, at that sound, ceas'd their beating,
My sister cried " Is it not wrong
To loiter, to look, in the twilight,
And listen to waters and song ?"

We started, and homeward we hasten'd,
When a leaf or a bramble was stirr'd,
We thought that the wolves were upon us,
When 'twas but the flit of a bird.

Our father had come forth to meet us,
" My children, why linger so long ?
Your mother is worri'd about you,
To wait for the night 's very wrong."

" Abroad I have hasten'd to find you,
The wolves to the woods now have come ;
There's death on the hills, in the twilight,
This danger should hasten you home."

We told of the beauty in sunset,
How mists in the valley did grow ;
The chatter and chuckle of waters,
And songs that came up from below.

He said "What of sky, or of music,
Or mists in the valley, or rills,
If wolves had devour'd my daughter
And son, in the dusk, on the hills?"

Said mother: "You greatly alarm'd me,
Now what, for this wrong, do you say?"
We lov'd so the beauty of twilight,
And its rest, at the close of day.

"The brooklets told tales to each other—
Sometimes they spoke softly and low,
And then much louder they babbled,
Where fast down the hillside they flow."

Said father to us: "On the morrow,
We three shall go up to the hills,
And listen in twilight together,
To songs of the birds, and the rills.

"We shall rest in the dusk of the ev'n,
Till night shuts the world from our view,
Then down from our place in the hills,
I'll back, to your mother, with you."

The beauties discover'd in even—
The peace that contents then the heart,
Are man's, as first given from heaven—
They're born of the Spirit of Art.

They're a glimpse of the senses as given,
Before evil had shut from our view,
The beauties that bloom'd once in Eden,
Which twilight awakens anew.

August 18th, 1896.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

Through the lonely world I wander,
Sore neglected, night and day,
On my trials here I ponder,
When through crowded streets I stray.
Near the church my mother's sleeping,
Father lies beneath the sea,
In an alley I am weeping,
There is none to care for me.

In my dreams I see the Saviour,
To my angel there He said,
"See then to it, thou, his servant,
That with angel's food he's fed ;
Oft by men he is neglected,
He is houseless, starv'd and cold,
Take thou care that he's protected,
Till I bring him to My fold."

Then I hear the church bells ringing,
Making music in the air,
And I hear sweet voices singing,
"For the orphan He hath care ;
Holy angel, serving spirit,
Of thy charge keep faithful guard,
So that, at the time appointed,
He may have his due reward."

Who cares for the homeless orphan,
Wand'ring in the night alone,
Sleeping in the cold dark alley—
Oh, thou' poor neglected one !
See him, ragged, cold, neglected,
Dripping with the falling rain,
Fill'd with anguish, heart dejected,
Needing pity, feeling pain.

There he sleeps, forsaken urchin,
Heart in sorrow, eyes in tears,
Lonely, he without a mother—
Ah, what misery for his years,
In a night both wild and stormy,
Sleeps the orphan starv'd and cold,
And before the dawn of morning,
Angels bear him to the fold.

Onward from the dark, damp alley,
Where that night he dying lay,
He was borne through the deep valley,
Upward to the shining day.

Little fellow, once neglected,
Who had suffer'd want and pain,
By the thoughtless, unprotected,
He has found a home again.

December 25th, 1900.

I FEEL I'M GROWING OLD.

I feel I'm growing old, Mary,
My heart is full of care,
Time makes his furrow on my brow,
His snows are on my hair ;
The brook still murmurs in the glen,
That drives the creaking mill,
And though I take the upward way,
I'm going down the hill.

I feel I'm growing old, Mary,
But few now walk with me,
Or sit and talk where many met,
Beneath the old beech tree.
A score of them have journey'd on,
We linger still, you know,
But sure I am, the time is near,
When we must rise and go.

I feel I'm growing old, Mary—
Nay, do not wonder so—
'Tis this tree my father planted here
Just sixty years ago.
I see the young look cold on me—
O, well their thoughts I know—
"He mars our sports by ling'ring here ;
Why don't he up and go ?"

I feel I'm growing old, Mary—
The thoughts crowd on my brain,
Of those who long ago here met,
Who ne'er will meet again.
Oh, they have journey'd down the hill,
And disappeared from view,
And though we once were many here,
To-day we are but few.

I feel I'm growing old, Mary,
But few remember me,
Nor know the many songs we heard
Beneath this spreading tree.
Our sun is sinking in the west,
And few now care or know,
That still we hear a dear sweet voice,
Come back from long ago.

August 7th, 1898.

THE TWO MOTHERS.

A Ballad.

The night upon the sea was dark,
The waves upon the sea were high,
There sailed a boy upon a barque,
Who oft that night was seen to cry.
He thought of those secure at home,
While he was on the stormy main,
In this frail ship, to idly roam—
Oh ! would he e'er reach home again ?

Wild blew the winds ; the wat'ry hills
Were driven on by blinding blasts ;
Each moment brought new threat'ning ills—
Gone were the bulwarks, gone the masts.
Black grew the night, and waves and wind,
Howled down the voice that gave command ;
The men knew not their captain's mind,
Nor yet the danger near at hand.

The wild waves lifted up their hands,
As if the pow'r of man to mock,
Bore high the ship o'er shoals and sands,
And dashed it down upon a rock,
Some men were swept from off the deck,
Whom pity might thereafter find,
Along with fragments of the wreck,
Borne to the beach by friendly wind.

Some leaped into the hungry deep,
And vainly hoped to gain the shore,
And some against the rocky steep
Were dash'd, and sank to rise no more.
One reach'd the cliff, and upward goes,
Until he's far above the sea,
'Midst howling winds, and hissing snows,
This is the lad—young Albert Lee.

He listened to the wrath below—
The savage seas rage on the shore,
He heard the men, an hour ago,
He ne'er would hear their voices more,
Through the fierce storm he saw a light,
Shine dimly in a cottage near ;
Why linger on this chilling height,
And perish while there's shelter there ?

There a pale light shone dimly forth,
From windows looking o'er the sea ;
Did one dwell here of Christian worth ?
Of such an one much need had he.
"Open your dwelling, I am young,
In darkness cast upon your coast,
Let pity find for me a tongue,
'Ere morning dawn, my life is lost."

A woman dwelt there all alone,
Her husband was away at sea,
She had an 'only child'—a son—
"Has Archie, then, return'd ?" said she.

"When evening comes, my lamps I light,
That should they chance to sail this way,
They'll know I think of them at night,
As oft I think of them by day."

"Come in, my boy, you're welcome here,
"Tis late, indeed ; from whence come ye ?
Your looks tell of distress, I fear,
Are you just off the raging sea ?"
"Yes, lady," said young Albert Lee,
"The night is dark and bold the coast,
Our ship's in fragments, and save me,
All, all, I fear, are yonder lost."

"A foolish, foolish boy was I,
To venture on the stormy main,
My mother oft for me will sigh,
Nor can she see me soon again ;
For I have been ten months away,
Afloat upon the treacherous deep—
Think of my mother night and day,
And dream I see her for me weep.

Storm driven were we on the coast,
Amidst the snow and hail and rain ;
Ah, well we knew, our ship was lost,
And none might e'er see home again.
Our ship upon the rock was driven,
The wild waves wash'd the men away,
Its masts were gone, its sides were riven,
It seem'd that none could see the day."

"Aye, I was swept into the sea,
By mountain wave that me upbore ;
Far on the cliff it carried me,
And placed me safely on the shore,
Upon its crest I seemed to be,
Borne just above the raging deep ;
Some angel-arm supported me,
And stood me on the rocky steep."

"A foolish lad was I, I say,
To leave the farm, inviting ground,
And seek the ship, that stormy day,
That was on distant voyage bound.
My parents long have searched for me,
They could not know, for who could tell.
Whether I'd gone away to sea,
Or if on land I still might dwell."

"I have," said she, "about your age,
A sailor boy away at sea,
His father's living by his wage,
My son must not an idler be.
God wants no people idle here,
There's something sought from each, you see ;
Let's do His will, live in His fear,
"Tis much the best for you and me."

"I taught my son to trust the Lord,
To do the right, for truth to stand ;
Keep pure his life, believe the Word,
And God's his friend, on sea or land."

His angels guard such day and night,
To him I do my Archie trust ;
His own are precious in His sight,
Nor fear he'll let my son be lost."

" Now, child, to bed, to Archie's bed,
'The night's nigh gone, 'twill soon be day ;
But 'ere my laddie rests his head,
Let him thank God, for well he may,
That here, on Scotland's stormy coast,
Beneath old Dunbeath's rocky height,
There had not in this storm been lost,
Both soul and body there, to-night."

Young Albert lived with Helen Grey
Till spring, the live-long winter through ;
He did her service every day—
Not more from him than was her due.
She clad him in a suit, 'twas new,
That for her Archie she had made,
For what was right, she strove to do,
To heav'n she gave—she'll be repaid.

Kind Helen Grey, when it was spring,
Sent to his home young Albert Lee,
"I feel my pleasure taking wing,
Albert, I'm fond of you," said she,
"We've read the Bible oft at night,
We've talked about its lessons long,
I know, my boy, you see the right,
I've heard your soul break forth in song."

"This afternoon you'll sail for home,
Your mother soon her son will see,
Where'er you are, where'er you roam,
My laddie, I shall think of thee.
Remember, boy, the precious Word,
Forget not, thou, to bow the knee,
Vow : "I'll remember Thee, my Lord,
And all that Thou has done for me.

See you above us, yon great dome?—
This is God's temple—land and sea—
And when you find a lad from home,
Do by him, as I have done by thee.
We here are present in His sight—
If far from home our sons should go,
Strangers should lead their hearts aright—
Teach them the things that they should know."

"I trained my Archie in the Truth,
And Albert, laddie, you may see,
In morn we wear the dew of youth,
In youth the truth best makes us free.
I know my son will do the right,
The reason, to you, plain must be,
The angel with him, day and night,
Will keep him, though away from me."

Albert return'd across the main,
Sent home by pious Helen Grey ;
His father's house he saw again,
Upon the hill, beyond the bay.

His mother met him at the door,
Rejoic'd her long lost son to see,
Return'd to dwell at home once more—
You'll go, my son, no more from me."

But ever thought he of that light,
Which shone through storm beyond the shore ;
Of what he learned that awful night,
Within the humble cottage door.
The danger 'scap'd, the chance there given,
The good to seek, the wrong to shun ;
The way that leads man up to heaven,
And how God's will, on earth, is done.

Of what he heard from Helen Grey,
On every night, when night had come,
The mansions rear'd, not far away,
The land of peace, the Christian's home.
At times he'd sit upon the hill,
And look, far off, upon the sea,
And contemplate the good, the ill,
What might have been, and still might be.

His home was not the same to him,
As it was 'ere he went away,
His heart grew sore, his eyes grew dim,
As oft he thought of Helen Grey.
The ev'ning lessons—charming talks—
'Bout God—the life-long friend of man ;
How with the good, he ever walks,
And guards them, as He ever can.

In his own home all was not well,
Life was not as it might appear ;
Parents and son in comfort dwell,
Yet something more was wanted there.
If what he'd learn'd was certain Truth,
If each had something all his own—
An unseen One to guide his youth—
"I'm with you," meant not, "dwell alone."

The whole world was new to him,
His life was now another life ;
Though in his soul the light was dim,
He cared not for disputes and strife.
To each a work was given here,
There was much in the world to love,
To do the good, to hope, to fear,
And trust the watchful One above.

Part II.

The summer gone, the autumn past,
It was a dark December day,
The wind was high, the snow fell fast,
Upon the hills, and far away.
Ann Lee was busy with her cares,
When a strange boy knock'd at her door,
"Come in," she said, " he badly fares—
The storm howls fiercer than before."

The boy sat down before the fire,
For he was chill'd by frosts and snows,
She ask'd him not his heart's desire,
Or whence he came, or whence he goes,
She knew not he, the night before,
Was rescu'd 'ere the dawn of day,
From off a ship, wreck'd on the shore,
Nor he the son of Helen Grey.

"My boy, it is three hours till night,
These hours will bear you miles away."
The boy replied, "you think it right,
To send me forth, and I'll obey."
The wind howl'd loud and he was gone,
The snow fell fast, the day was cold,
The trees were heard 'neath snow to moan—
They bow'd and sway'd like Druids old.

When Albert Lee came in he said—
"Oh, what a day ; t'is like the one,
We ended at the Dunbeath head,—
All perish'd there save me alone.
Toss'd on the cliff, I ever may
Remember well, that awful night.
And was it not for Helen Grey,
I ne'er had seen the morning light."

"There was a ship last night wreck'd here,
But only five escaped or so,
Among them was a lad, I fear,
Who has not anywhere to go.

I've search'd for him three hours or more,
I'm told no shelter could he find,
Where'er I went an hour before,
He had been given to the wind."

"A boy left here an hour ago,
I know not from what place he came,
Whither he goes I do not know,
Nor did I ask of him his name.
If one escap'd the wreck last night—
A stranger here he well may be,
I sent him forth, it still was light,
For he was in my way," said she.

If Helen Grey had served me so,
Mother, you'd have no son to-day ;
I shall pursue where'er he go,
My heart tells me, t'is Archie Grey.
Look at these clothes that I have on,
See, they were made for him, not me ;
Oh, if this lad should be her son,
What will she, mother, think of thee."

Out in the raging storm went he,
O'er the hills, in the vale below,
He search'd where'er the boy might be,
He searched the glen, where he might go.
The lad was found beneath the snow,
His clothes were frozen, himself asleep ;
"T'is Archie Grey, I know, I know,
What can I do but work and weep ?"

He chafed his hands between his own,
He said, "come tell me, while you may,
Is it your mother that lives alone,
At Dunbeath? Are you Archie Grey?"
"Yes," said the lad, "I'm Archie Grey,
The night is here, the winds are cold,
Then let me sleep while yet I may,
Till I am carried to His fold."

"If mother ne'er hears more of me,
When we meet in the world above,
She'll learn of some, less kind than she,
Who practice not a Saviour's love."
"You sha'n't die here," said Albert Lee,
This coat I wear is sure your own;
Come, give your frozen coat to me,
Of this, at least, you'll take the loan."

"Without you home I'll never go;
You must not perish in this glen,
Buried beneath the drifting snow,
Surrounded by the homes of men."
The elder Lee found there together,
The boys, and took them home that night;
O, it was very doubtful whether,
Either would see the morning light.

"Mother, you're more than life to me,
But you, this day, performed a part,
That's worse than death to Albert Lee—
It thrust a poignard in his heart;

For, mother dear, you well can see,
What you have done to Archie Grey—
Not what his mother did for me,
When near her home—a castaway.”

“ Here, mother, you must promise me,
As surely as the Lord doth live,
A life shall ne'er be lost through thee,
You've 'scap'd his blood—may God forgive.
For Archie's mother has for me,
Made this whole world again anew.
Once I was blind, but now I see,
The all in all, the good, the true.

“ Mother, you're ever kind to me,
I dare not for myself complain ;
But, Oh ! I feel a want in thee—
And let my words be not in vain—
What if I'd found young Archie dead,—
If he had perished in the glen—
Would not his blood be on your head,
In sight of God, in sight of men ?
Heaven make thy heart, while yet it may,
Like the heart it gave to Helen Grey.”

EVENING.

The sun has set behind the distant hills,
The breezes of the day have sunk to sleep ;
From distant glens come murmurs of the rills,
The sound of tinkling bells and bleating sheep.
The gold and crimson of the western sky,
So lately there, are fading fast away,
And from the heavens are seen to slowly die,
And in their place come tints of pearly grey.

Belated flocks of birds fly swiftly on,
Their danger is not seen by them, but felt ;
And 'ere the light of day is wholly gone,
They seek the thicket, where before they've
dwelt,
In the deep forest, safe from beasts of prey,
That in the darkness of the quiet night,
Hunt for their quarry, but with coming day,
In secret places hide, from human sight.

The carol of the robin now must cease,
He at the close of day his music made,
And as the shades of coming night increase,
Quits his high perch and seeks the leafy shade.
His clear, sweet notes sung in the fading light,
Rejoicing o'er the day's task deftly done,
Retires for rest throughout the coming night,
To sing at dawn another day begun.

A solitary swan pursues his flight,
Into the silver depths of sunless heav'n,
Rising still higher to prolong the light,
And so obtain another hour of even.
His plaintive call from that far height we hear,
Like last words spoken by a faithful friend—
Words to the mem'ry that are ever dear,
And in the heart their music ne'er shall end.

O'er the wide earth there comes a sense of peace,
To rest all toilers earth itself doth rest.
The day is dead—his light and beauty cease,
And all the gorgeous colours in the west,
From his funereal vestments disappear ;
The world is hush'd to stillness, and t'is said,
As on each leaf and flower there comes a tear,
Night with his pall is here—the day is dead.

The dusky shadows settle softly down,
And hide from human eyes both field and flood ;
"The day is dead," say echoes from the town,
From babbling brooks, and from the distant wood.
The beauteous garments that he wore at birth,
In his last hour he does again display ;
And spread them out before admiring earth,
And with their fading beauty, fades away.

The day is dead, and here and there a star,
In the dark'ning east beams out, and then,
As night her deep blue banner spreads, from far
The starry host shone on this home of men.
The moon, at length, in soft, warm beauty rose,
And slowly climb'd the cloudless vault of heaven,
And view'd by her own light the world's repose.
The night has come ; it is no longer even.

MOONLIGHT.

An evening calm and still,
And a brook beneath a hill,
Whose melancholy murmur is heard far away,
Sounds which come from far and near,
Make sweet music to the ear,
And to the weary proclaim the end of day.

Then deep shadows softly fall,
And darkness spreads its pall,
And the fields from view are hidden 'bout the
town ;
Near the old deserted mill,
Sings the plaintive whip-poor-will,
For night, on forest, field and flood, has come
down.

Now the stars both small and great,
And the moon in queenly state,
Shed a mellow silver sheen o'er all the land.
All things are now at rest—
Are beautified and blest,
Are lovingly caress'd, by night's silver'd hand.

Oh, night, beautiful and fair,
With a soft and balmy air,
And with waters sobbing low upon the shore;
Gentle zephyrs from the west,
Hills and valleys doubly blest,
In thy light, queen of night, there's rest, ever-
more.

THE SPINNING GIRL'S SONG.

The wind o'er the lake blows wilder,
I hear the waters roar,
Its waves are running higher,
They break on the rugged shore.
The black clouds thicker gather,
And hide the morning sun,
But peals of mutt'ring thunder,
Stop not my work begun.
In stepping backward, forward,
No danger here I feel,
And the threads I spin are counted,
By the click of the turning reel.

The honey bees in spring time,
Sing on from morn till night,
They toil 'mong orchard blossoms,
It cannot but be right,
To sing like them at labour,
So I count it only play
To make my wheel sing with me,
Through all the summer day.
So I step backward' forward,
And ever joyous feel ;
My heart is filled with music
By this old spinning wheel ;
And the threads I spin are counted,
By the click of the turning reel.

My work for the day is over,
Away to the fields I go,
And scent the bloom of clover,
And hear the bleat and low.
The lambs skip on the hill-side,
The cattle homeward hie,
The day is nearly ended,
And golden glows the sky.
No breeze o'er the field is blowing,
My heart is full of rest,
And the peace of honest labour,
Dwells like a bird in its nest,
Now to my couch retiring—
My life, may His angel keep,
And fill it with sweet music,
'Twixt nights of quiet sleep.

THE INDIAN BURIAL GROUND—
RONDEAU.

This is the mound, the grassy mound,
Where ancient Indian warriors lie,
The dark blue waters, far around,
And overhead the pale blue sky.

Long 'ere the Crees came to this land,
The Eries had been dwellers here ;
They pitch'd their tents where now we stand,
Here came they when the spring was near.

They hunted, here the fowl and fish,
From hence did many a song ascend ;
All night was heard the wish-ton-wish,
Till summer-time came to an end.

Then, here the timid deer was seen,
To drink from out the clear, cool lake,
Fearless it brows'd upon the green,
Till early dawn began to break.

The dust of many a chief lies here,
Who, in his way, did deeds of fame,
Whose mem'ry to his tribe was dear—
Now none amongst us know his name.

Here in the night old hunters say—
That long ago their fathers said—
The lake-nymphs came from far away,
And made soft music for the dead.

They sang of deeds by warriors done,
Of strand-fires lighting up the skies,
Until the rays from morning sun,
From out the waters 'gan to rise.

They sang so clear from out the deep—
Their voices floated to the strand ;
The music had a soft, sad sweep,
Where sobbing waves tread on the land.

They sang of men who'd come no more,
Of times that ne'er would be again,
Of hunters' shades upon the shore,
And touch'd with rest the souls of men.

When bowmen from the chase return,
Weary in limb, in soul depressed,
The fays sang songs of wand'ers worn,
Until the hunters sank to rest.

The shades men here no longer see—
The songs of nymphs they hear no more ;
Far duller now the senses be—
Hear but the waves sob on the shore.

No lonely mound, no polish'd stone.
Shall ever o'er an Erie rise,
To tell what worthy deeds were done—
Here a forgotten hero lies.

Another tribe has come and gone,
Our people come and go no more ;
The Indian warrior's work is done,
He hunts not as in days of yore.

The wrathful winds wail o'er the land,
The water wraiths howl on the shore,
No Indian tents upon the strand—
The dead, he buries here no more.

The forest—gone, the sun—gone down,
The night is dead—hard by the lake,
There stands no more the Indian town,
No longer nymphs sweet music make.

The night is dead—nor come again,
Our fathers from the hunters' land ;
We listen by the shore in vain,
For melting strains along the strand.

The night is dead—the waves sob low,
For wand'ring nymphs who're seen no more,
And sing not as, in long ago,
To soothe the dwellers by the shore.

August 9th, 1897.

THE HEM OF HIS GARMENT.

Could I touch but the hem of His garment,
My heart to itself seems to say,
The trials and sorrows that pain me,
Would they not at that touch pass away.
I bear in my heart untold sorrow,
That has come in my sick soul to dwell,
Could I touch but the hem of His garment,
That touch would this sorrow dispel.

There is health in the hem of His garment,
There's a cure for my soul that's so ill—
Let me stretch forth my fingers and touch it,
And the storm in my heart shall be still.
The mists shall depart from before me,
In life's desert pure waters shall spring,
And the song-birds that warbled in Eden,
Again in my glad heart shall sing.

THE COTTAGE ON THE HILL.

In through the broad open window,
Shines the bright morning sun,
Where lies a dear little sleeper,
Whose race, with his mother, is run.
The birds still sing in the garden,
But no laughing eyes does she see,
And glad little feet that once bore him,
Will bring him no longer to thee.

So quiet he rests on his pillow—
No moaning and tossing in pain,
No call for the hand of his mother,
Then off into slumber again.
His toys are there lying beside him,
His hands, they are cross'd on his breast ;
He hears not the sobs of his mother—
His brain and his heart are at rest.

No longer he runs in the garden,
Nor joins with a sister at play,
Nor sleeps in the arms of his mother,
Nor calls to the boys 'cross the way.
The days and the nights go on ever,
The house seems deserted and still,
For the heart of the mother is bleeding,
In the cottage that stands on the hill.

The months and the years glide on ever,
The garden still blooms in the spring,
The song birds return in their season,
And sweetly as ever they sing.
There is one who returns not—no, never ;
Though the mother is sorrowing still—
Her darling who died that May morning,
In the cottage that stands on the hill.

The months and the years go on ever,
The mother is aged and grey,
The spring is as bleak as December,
Though the month in that season is May.
She walks not abroad in her garden,
Nor listens to birds in the morn,
She thinks of her boy taken from her,
Who to the old church-yard was borne.

The months and the years glide on ever,
The mother has gone to her rest,
Her feet have completed the journey,
Mark'd out by the One who knows best.
The brambles now grow in the garden,
The cottage sinks fast to decay—
The mother and dear ones who dwelt there,
Were borne from that cottage away.

There's now neither laughter nor crying—
The place is deserted and still ;
The doors stand ajar on their hinges—
In the cottage that stands on the hill.
Again do they meet in a garden,
Where no sickness, no sorrow appears,
'Midst music of clear flowing waters,
After long separation of years,
'Midst the beauty and bloom of the garden,
As seen in the vision of seers,
'Midst soft, balmy breezes there blowing,
Forbidding all sighing and tears ?

PART OF PSALM NINETY.

Thou canst not other be than very near,
To those who never cease to dwell in Thee,
Who drink the spirit of their dwelling place,
And so become what Thou would'st have them be.
Into Thy being they must daily come,
Thou art their refuge, Thou their lasting home.

Thou art their fortress, Thou their sure defense—
Their place of safety from the threat'ning blast.
Nor need they care for ills of time and sense,
Since in their father's house they find, at last,
Mansions prepar'd in which they shall reside,
When tenements of clay are laid aside.

Before the lofty mountains had their birth,
Before the time had yet begun to be—
Or ever there was air, or sea, or earth,
Or sons of men had yet been formed by Thee—
Ancient of days, not less almighty Thou,
Before Creation's dawn than Thou art now.

Forth from the dust Thou has call'd our race,
Back to the dust hast ordered it again.
Still in Thy universe man has a place,
Forth from the dust he was not call'd in vain.
There is a part of him, not of the clay,
In Thee it lives, beyond the fleeting day.

Time never can be with Thee, long or brief,
A thousand years are but as yesterday,
Fill'd up for men with things of joy or grief—
For Thee they spread their wings and fly away ;
Like a brief watch upon a quiet night,
They gather up their work and take their flight.

The years are borne away, as with a flood—
States, empires, systems, have appear'd and gone ;
Things which men hop'd through ages still had
stood—
But Thou hast wither'd all that they had done ;
Their years are few, but 'tis not so with Thee,
Thy works endure as long as time shall be.

Thy wrath consumes whatever is amiss,
Yet men refuse to recognize Thy pow'r,
They seek to found the wrong—forgetting this—
That all things wrong are doom'd—live but
their hour ;
For only that can everlasting be,
Which in its principle conforms to Thee.

March 11th, 1893.

THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

Near to the Pool of Bethesda,
A stricken multitude lay—
The lame, the blind and the palsied,
Were found in the porches, the day
Our Lord journeyed up to the city,
And passed by the pool on his way.

There the maimed, weary with waiting,
For help they were greatly in need,
With pitiful looks were they pleading—
There were some to whom no one gave heed.
They long'd to be first in the water,
But helpless, they could not succeed.

Among the blind, lame and wither'd,
Who in the five porches were found,
Some who had watch'd there and waited
For the angel the whole year round,
And friends to put them in the water,
To bathe, and once more become sound.

The rich with their servants were there,
The widow to care for her son,
Who had wasted both health and fortune,
And his day seemed nearly done;
The aged, palsied man was there,
Though his race was so nearly run.

There many had watched and waited,
Day and night, the whole year through,
For the angel to trouble the waters,
That they might wash, and their health renew ;
By following next to the angel,
And the evils of life undo.

O, how long this helpless one waited !
Waited, thirty-eight years or more,
And they that had friends in the porches,
Were able to step down before ;
Still he hop'd, and patiently waited,
Though this happened o'er and o'er.

His heart grew weary with waiting,
Waiting, waiting year after year,
Till many weary years passed over,
In anguish, in hope, and in fear ;
One by one his household had perished—
None remain'd that once held him dear.

Thirty-eight years he had waited
For friends to put him in the water ;
But among the many there gathered,
He had not wife, son or daughter ;
And ever some one was before him,
When the angel troubl'd the water.

At length to the pool came a Stranger,
Upon whom the sick man made no claim,
He told him he had there no helper,
And he knew not yet of His fame ;
There's none to put him in the water—
But the Lord made him whole, all the same.

He said to the weak, weary waiter—
Though a total Stranger was He—
"Thou hast suffered long in thy waiting,
A sufferer thou shalt no longer be ;
This day I bestow thee My blessing,
From palsy and pain be thou free."

The Stranger looked on him with pity,
For feeble and helpless was he ;
The angel still troubled the water,
But what use to him could it be ;
Many had stepped in before him—
No one from his ills set him free.

Waiting so long, wearily waiting,
For the help one in pity might give ;
Waiting so long, wearily waiting,
To wash and the blessing receive.
Waiting so long, wearily waiting,
To lave, and in health thence to live.

Waiting so long, wearily waiting,
For faith and great patience had he ;
Waiting so long, wearily waiting,
From the evils of sin to be free,
By coming next after the angel,
Whatever its virtue might be.

He's commanded no longer to linger,
And seek the first place in the strife,
But arise with the vigour imparted—
The vigour derived from new life—
The healing obtain'd from these waters
Is got from the Giver of Life.

He's bidd'n to arise and to walk,
He obeys and is instantly well ;
But who was this Stranger that healed him,
This impotent man could not tell ;
His cure was wrought on the Sabbath—
Was it wrong ?—He knew he was well.

In life men fail over and over,
When the storms on its waters are seen,
Is He there waiting to help them.
Or to aid in their cure, then, I ween ?
Some friend helps his friend in before them,
They have fail'd, though the contest was keen.

Help comes not to them at the moment,
When with it, they well might succeed ;
Help comes not to them at the moment,
Though they feel they have very great need.
If by chance they find them a helper,
Such a friend is a true friend, indeed.

This Stranger a fountain has open'd,
For those who would wash and be clean,
They're urged to its pure healing waters,
That no stains on the soul may be seen ;
"Arise ye, go bathe in the waters,
That the heart may be healthful and clean."
Good Friday, April 16th, 1897.

PSALM 127.

*The Hebrew Founding a House to Perpetuate
his Name.*

At the foot of old Mount Hermon,
I and my pious spouse,
In the noon of life determine,
To found the Lord a House,
We build ourselves a dwelling,
We plant the tree and vine,
That ours may ages after,
Possess the fruit and wine.

If Yaveh be not with us,
Whence to us is the gain ?
For should our sons turn from him,
They'll sleep among the slain ;
Love not they their country,
Nor hearken to his word,
His wrath will swift pursue them—
'Tis so spoken by the Lord.

For so he taught our fathers—
So all the fathers say—
To be a lasting household
Men must his will obey ;
So they who sat in judgment,
When'er they took a bribe,
Felt in their House His vengeance,
And perish'd from the Tribe.

So fell the House of Eli,
So perish'd Samuel's, too ;
And if you e'er forget Him,
So, sons, He'll deal with you.
Your hearts keep pure before Him,
Your lives be free from stain,
Unless he ever guard you,
Your toiling is in vain.

'Tis vain to rise up early,
And labour through the day,
And in the dusk of ev'ning,
Seek rest as well ye may ;

If Yaveh be not with you,
Beneath this starry dome,
In vain we toil near Hermon,
To build a lasting home.

O, Yaveh, be thou with us,
We add another House,
To those who are thy people—
Guard children, sire and spouse,
And as we plant our Vineyard,
And as we sow the field,
Bless ever, Lord, our labour,
Bestow a bounteous yield.

Sons are here our Heritage—
Thy very great reward,
Bestow on them Thy blessing,
Do Thou their footsteps guard,
That long in after ages,
When chiefs assemble here,
May sons of mine be of them—
May they Thy name revere.

And in the day of battle,
When good men guard the State,
And love is strong in Houses,
Among obscure and great,
Great guardian of our fathers,
Save orchard, field and vine,
Preserve mine own descendants,
Keep Thou this House of mine.

My sons, the man is happy,
Who knows and fears the Lord,
And who has train'd his household,
To love and keep his word.
Friend, they may call Him ever—
As long as earth endure
Their House shall live for ages—
His promises are sure.

This House shall live for ages
It fights a noble fight,
If bravely it oppose the wrong,
If it uphold the right.
When our country call to war,
Trust ye, to God your fate,
Fearlessly go face your foes—
Go meet them at the gate.

DEATH OF SAUL AND JONATHAN.

On thy mountains aged and hoary,
Thy warriors, O Israel, were slain,
The chieftains who won for thee glory,
Have left thee in anguish and pain.

Thy chiefs have gone down in high places,
By the swords of invaders from Gath ;
On thy summit, Gilboa, are traces,
Of the havoc they wrought in their wrath.

The Father and Son who there perish'd,
To thy glory, O Israel, were true,
Thy honor, by them, was once cherish'd—
O who will such valor renew.

They devoted thy fierce foes to slaughter,
As the eagle sweeps down on its prey,
They clad thee in beauty, O daughter,
In spoils from the foe borne away.

Let dews fall upon thee, no, never,
Put no more on thy garments of green,
May thy parch'd heights, proclaim here, forever,
Here heroes have perish'd, I ween.

Thy mighty, thy mighty, have fallen,
Thy King and his son here were slain,
Tell it not in the streets of Ashkelon—
They'll ne'er lead you to glory again.

Thy pride, O Israel, hath perish'd,
These lions that led on of yore—
The chieftains, whose deeds are still cherish'd,
Can lead you in battle, no more.

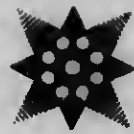
Their glory was sung by thy daughters,
From Gillead west to the sea,
They've perish'd in Philistine slaughters,—
Who from conquest can now set you free ?

Thy women, O Isreal, are weeping,
Their voices are heard from afar,
And none for thee vigils are keeping,—
There have perish'd thy weapons of war.

Lament, O sons, broken hearted,
For dead are these weapons of war,
Thy glory, O land, has departed,—
And gone are thy weapons of war,—
—weapons of war.

1st December, 1901.





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