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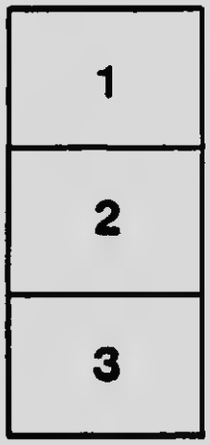

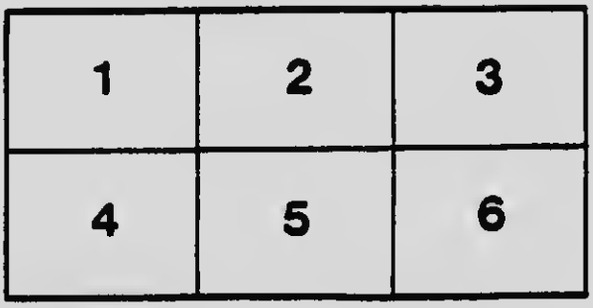

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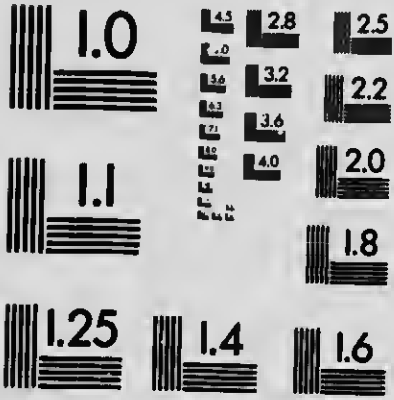

Faithfully
Albert D. Watson

THE KING
OF
WILD-BIRD

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Lord Nelson

THE WING
OF THE
WILD-BIRD
AND OTHER POEMS

By
DR. A. D. WATSON
Author of "Sovereignty of Ideals,"
"Sovereignty of Character," etc.

PLATES BY W. V. W.

TORONTO
WILLIAM BRIGGS
1908

TO

CANADA

MY COUNTRY

WITH

REVERENCE AND

LOVE

Oh for the wing of the wild-bird,
  Daring and dauntless and free,
The silence and scent of the forest,
  The breath of the hills and the sea.

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The Wing of the Wild Bird

And Other Poems

Canada.

HAIL to the Great Dominion,
  Her flag in splendor flies
Upon the wind's wild pinion,
  'Neath blue Canadian skies.
And when the breezes bear it
  Aloft on tower or flood
It wakes the kingly spirit,
  It stirs our Viking blood.

The Fathers of our nation
  Have builded sure and strong
On broad and deep foundations
  Of valor, truth and song;
For while 'twas yet the morning
  They throned the true and best,
And, bonds and barriers scorning,
  They cared the dauntless West.

Our might shall melt the mountains,
  Our commerce gird the seas,
Our forests, fields and fountains,
  Give music to the breeze;
Here Scotland's purple thistle
  With England's rose shall stand,
The fleur-de-lis shall listen
  To the harp of Ireland.

Never may blight of battle
  Or thundering steel-girt host,
Sword-clang or war-drum's rattle,
  Disturb our peaceful coast;
The bulwarks of our own land
  God and the right shall be,
Our Canada the homeland
  Of power and liberty.

Build, then, a flaming altar,
  And with its sacred fire
Of love and praise exalt her,
  The Land of our Desire;

Oh happy consummation,
Oh destiny sublime,
To be a righteous nation,
The standard for all time.

Life.

How brief is life! Its jewelled hours
So swiftly wing their flight,
We have but time to live and love
When suddenly, 'tis night.

The Pines.

I STEAL apart
To the woodland's heart
When the work of the day is over,
When the odors sweet
Of the forest meet
The scent of the blooming clover.

I sit and rest,
By the breeze caressed,
With the lofty pine-trees o'er me,
The wind-harp's sigh
In the branches high
And the open sea before me.

The fresh breeze sings
Through the pine-tree's strings,
And a million leaves are shaken,

But when in the sky
The wild winds die,
She sighs like a lover forsaken.

For the queen of the trees
Is the bride of the breeze
And the harp of the winds she holdeth,
She sings her wild runes
To the forest tunes
And melodies rich unfoldeth.

From the pelting hail
And the northern gale
This shade is the wood-bird's cover,
In these sheltering arms
She is free from alarms
Though the tempest is raging above her.

The golden light
And the ink of night
With the blue of the sky are blended
In the leaves so fine
Of the evergreen pine,
In its beauty so dark and splendid.

THE WING OF THE WILD BIRD

The mystic thrill
Of the forest hill
And the shadows weird that hide me,
And the moon's bright gleam—
What a perfect dream,
With you, My Love, beside me!

When every light
In the vault of night
Is trembling with deep emotion,
And a straight, white line
Of bright moonshine
Runs shimmering up the ocean,

I sit and rest,
By the breeze caressed,
With the stately pine-trees o'er me,
The wind-harp's sigh
In the branches high,
And the open sea before me.

A Street Acquaintance.

I MET the devil in the street.
With shoes upon his cloven feet,
I knew him not. Quoth he: "Hast heard
The news afloat, the latest word? . . . .
Indeed no. Then I'll tell thee all,"
And straightway from a tongue of gall
Such innuendo, hint and sneer
Poured into my unwilling ear
In polished phrase and damning clause,
I marvelled who this devil was.
"Excuse me, Sir; if words can tell,
I've met a denizen of hell."
Retorted he with face aglow:
"A stranger thou, else wouldst thou know
I am Sir Gossip of renown,
Highly respected in this town."
"Just as I thought," said I, nd now,
Good-morrow. Prince of Devils thou."

Sunset on Scarboro' Heights.

THE world is swinging nightwards; 'tis October,
  And twilight's on the heights;
The Bluffs, like silent sentries gray and sober,
  Stand lonely in the fading evening lights.

As down the sky the sovereign sunlight marches
  And grays to crimsons turn,
The bannered light gleams through the western arches
  And tongues of fire clear through the cloud-rifts burn.

The ruddy glow of gold and purple splendor
  Bursts o'er the hills in light;
Bright Phœbus backwards looks with glances tender,
  And, smiling kindly, beckons us good night.

SUNSET ON SCARBORO' HEIGHTS

Like levelled lances in some knightly story,
  Or daylight's purple pyre,
The red reflection of the sun's bright glory
  Clothes all the west in garniture of fire.

Soon fades the wondrous pageant insubstantial;
  Vermilions turn to gray—
The silent whisper of that rest-evangel
  Whose slumber steals our burdens all away.

Now dips the sun's red rim beneath the land-
    line,
  Now fades the glowing light;
No more the western hills are robed in sunshine,
  Upon the heights of Scarboro' 'tis night.

Canada's Call.

Loud as the voice of her deep-booming waters,
  Clear as the lilt of her song-birds in May,
Canada calls to her sons and her daughters:
  Lift high your standard of manhood to-day.

Here in the dawn of a great nation's morning,
  Rings the clear voice of our country's appeal,
Calling for heroes who, self-interest scorning,
  Do what they know, and dare what they feel.

Not in the wealth of her prairies so peerless,
  Not in her output of silver and gold,
But in a people, free, righteous and fearless,
  Lies her supremest of treasures untold.

Canada calls. Then let the response be
  One that shall honor our glorious land;
Let us be all we would pray that our sons be,
  All that our hopes and traditions demand.

Pure as the gold in the heart of her mountains,
  Strong as her torrents that leap to the sea,
Straight as the pine-tree and clear as her foun-
    tains,
  Honest and fearless, face-forward and free.

The Century Bells.

THE century bells proclaim the hour
  From clanging bronze in tones sublime;
God's hand of everlasting power
  Sweeps o'er the clavier of time.

The Wing of the Wild-Bird.

Oh for the wing of the wild-bird,
  Daring and dauntless and free,
The silence and scent of the forest,
  The breath of the hills and the sea.

Down the dim shores of dream-islands,
  On through the ocean of blue,
To fly with a comrade, a lover,
  A soul that is always true.

Oh for a rest where the star-gleams
  Keep with the darkness a truce
In shades of the evergreen pine-tree
  Or groves of the odorous spruce.

Slumbering 'mid spacious horizons
  Under the sentinel stars,
Breathing the balm of the balsams,
  The fragrance of deodars;

THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

Waking to see o'er the hilltops,
  Daylight's fair banners unfurled
When morning comes flinging her glories
  Up the round sweep of the world.

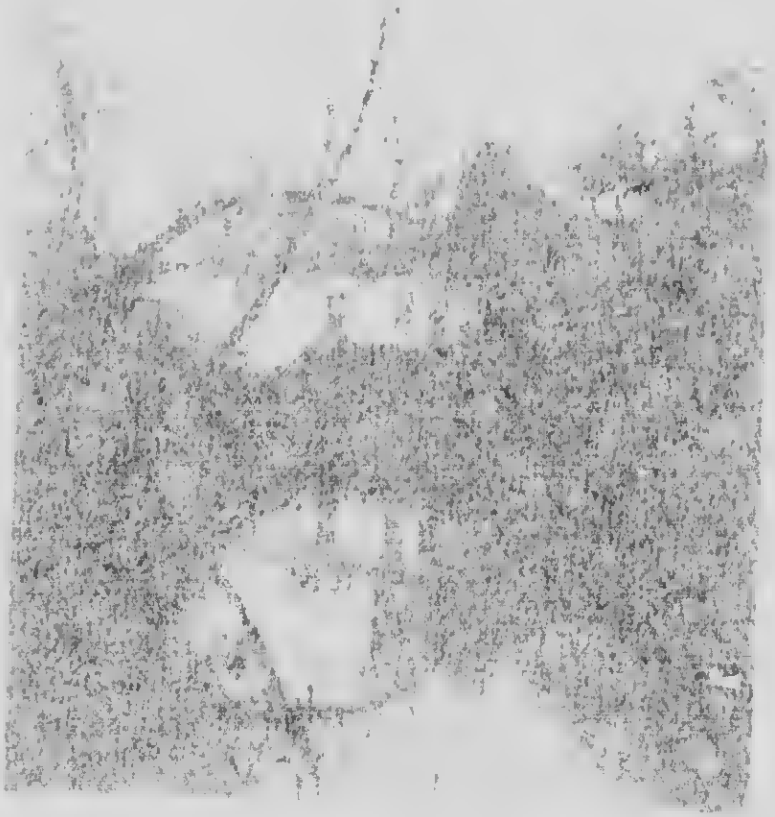
Then under splendid cloud-arches,
  Up the vast reaches of sky,
Pinion to pinion wide-soaring,
  My comrade-lover and I,

Far on the wing of the wild-bird
  Daring and dauntless, would flee,
Inhaling the air of the mountain,
  The scent of the infinite sea.

The 'Tobico.'

BEHIND the hill,
Near the old saw-mill
Where the quiet waters flow,
Where the schoolboys swim
When the light is dim,
We played, long years ago;
And I often dream
Of that winding stream
Where the long-leaved rushes grow,
Of the worms in a tin
That we stuck on a pin
To fish in the 'Tobico.'

When school was out,
With a leap and a shout
We rushed to the river's side,



The Tobico.

By the hill,
Near the old saw mill
Where the quiet waters flow,
Where the schoolboys swim
When the light is dim,
We played, long years ago:
And I often dream
Of that winding stream,
Where the long-leaved pines grow,
Of the worms in a can
That we stuck on a pin
To fish in the Tobico.

When school was out,
With a leap and a shout
We rushed to the river's sub

"Near the old saw-mill
Where the quiet waters flow."

And all the boys,
With a merry noise,
Plunged into its cooling tide;
We swam elate
'Neath the old swing-gate
Where the geese to the pastures go,
Or sprang from the bank
And merrily sank,
With a splash in the 'Tobico.'

When the sunset-flame
And the twilight came,
We lay at the streamlet's edge,
And the whipoorwill
Sang loud and shrill
And the frog croaked in the sedge;
The tune so sharp
Of the cricket's harp
Rang out while we whispered low
As we lay on the ground
And heard the sound
Of the rippling 'Tobico.'

The snow-banks white
In the pale moonlight
Still stand out keen and clear,
And the mystic haze
Of those olden days
Is still to my memory dear.
I linger still
By the ice-bound rill
Where we skated long ago
In the fair starlight
Of the winter night,
On the dear old 'Tobico.'

The Gates of Life.

THE golden sun is crowning
  The hills with mellow light,
And dusky shades are falling—
  The eyelids of the night;
And like a low, sweet nocturn,
  Dream-whispers from the west
Thrill out their shadow-music
  And soothe my soul to rest.

While Nature sings to Nature
  And flowers kiss the sod,
My soul's quick ear is open
  To hear the voice of God—
Not in such stormful chaos
  As marked the dawn of time
When worlds 'mid fire and thunder
  Surged from abysmal prime.

And not where, fire-embattled,
  With clash and clangor rife,
The forge of constellations
  Beats out new spheres of life,
But in the soul's deep silence,
  Like host with velvet shod,
I hear the march of history,
  The silent feet of God.

And though my heart is weary
  And sinking in the strife
Beneath the awful burdens
  And mysteries of life,
Soon as the stillness deepens,
  Time phantoms fade from sight
And leave my soul a-quiver
  With universal light,

Till all the past and future
  Are present to my soul,
All time and space are current now,
  The part is as the whole.

Thus standing mute, enraptured,
  Enwreathed in cosmic light,
The purpose of the ages
  Unveils before my sight.

And now I know earth's strivings
  And tears and wailings prove
That Love is ever climbing
  New Calvaries of Love.
But he that loveth never
  Is wasted in the strife;
Who worship self accomplish
  The tragedy of Life.

Far up the mount of beauty
  Fair stands the city wall,
The gates of God are open
  And life is free to all.
And when the soul doth enter
  The life so rich and long,
The stillness wakes to music
  And everlasting song.

For life is large and lofty,
  And Love is strong and bold,
And only heroes enter
  The shining gates of gold.
Abounding life unmeasured
  Is theirs and theirs alone
Whose lives are clearly sounding
  The universal tone.

I waken from the vision
  And all the hills are bright
With pink and rose and amethyst,
  A symphony of light;
And still like sweetest nocturn,
  Dream-whispers from the west
Trill out their shadow-music
  And all is perfect rest.

Song of Empire.

Winds of all the continents,
  Waves of every sounding sea,
Bear the flag of Albion,
  The standard of the free;
Clarions sound the nation's songs
  While her armies march apace,
God of battles, gird with power
  To free the human race.

O'er a hundred years ago,
  Nelson's cannon shook the Nile,
And the Sphinx, astonished, watched
  Beside his ancient pile;
But a second Nelson spoke
  And the Mahdi met his doom
Where Omdurman's stroke avenged
  The Hero of Khartoum.

Over Afric's sunny realm
  Late the Lion pushed his paw,
Now the Orange and the Cape
  Heed one imperial law,
And the Triple Cross flies free
  Over Boers and Britons all,
From the headlands of the south
  To the sources of the Vaal.

Where the mighty Ganges rolls
  From the slopes of Himalay,
Where the sunset tips with fire
  The temples of Bombay,
Britain rules with mild control
  From the Heights at Khyber Pass
To the bounds of Mandalay,
  To the borders of Madras.

From the distant Austral land,
  Britain's heritage of peace,
Kindred hearts unite with ours
  Across the western seas;

SONG OF EMPIRE

Ample ocean continent
  Where the Southern Cross shines clear,
Chief of all earth's myriad isles,
  Queen of a hemisphere.

Onward to the golden West,
  Onward to the bracing air,
To the 'Indian Summer' skies
  Of Canada the Fair;
Land of fishes, woods and firs,
  Land of maples, oaks and pines,
Grains and fruits and flowers rare,
  The prairies and the mines.

England to Gibraltar calls,
  Malta sends the message on,
Cyprus speaks to Egypt
  And India tells Ceylon;
Now Australia hears the word,
  Hears Hongkong Vancouver call,
Thunders the Dominion's voice
  To old Westminster Hall.

Marching on in every land,
  Floating fair on every tide.
Waves the standard that we love,
  For which our fathers died.
Every continent sustains
  Millions of our noble free,
Great and good be all thy sons,
  Star of the empired sea.

Ambition.

If thou dost seek to change the course of history
  And make the pace some faster to the goal,
Be true and kind, for thus, by some sweet mystery,
Thou giv'st a nobler tendence to the whole.

Liebeslied.

Each deathless star in the deep, dark sky
Has said to me out of the night:
"I am loving you here in my home on high,
I am loving you here in the light."

The wind that blows on my cheeks and hair
Is singing to me this song:
"I am loving you, Dear One, out in the air,
I am kissing you all the day long."

The grass I press in the summer sweet,
Has lisped unto me this sound:
"How I love to caress your wandering feet,
I am loving you here on the ground."

The word of the wind and the starlight clear,
Of the meadow with dew-drops pearled,
Wheresoever I turn, I can always hear,
For Love is the heart of the world.

But how should I know how sweet and true
Is the soul of the breeze and the sod,
Had I never, My Own, in my love of you,
Found the great, sweet heart of God.

One Consciousness.

One Consciousness is all that is or evermore can be;
Are not the billows of the world one all-embracing sea?
With The Eternal I am one, and only thus am free.
I rise superior to fate; I challenge fear, I forfeit ease,
I stand heroic and elate, and strong amid the eternities.

Twin Breezes.

WHILE the breezes,
One bright morn,
Rustled through the
Yellow corn,
Chloris, by the flowers kist,
Zephyr, chaser of the mist,
Strayed afar from
All their kin,
From the rustling
Cornfield's din,
Wa[illegible] 'neath sun and sky,
Flev[illegible] and West Wind's Sigh.

Whispered Chloris,
Flower-kist,
To the Chaser
Of the Mist:
"From the winds that blow outside
Let us steal away and hide;
Let us hide a
Hundred years
In the vale of
Smiles and tears."
"Let's," said Chaser of the Mist,
Unto Chloris, flower-kist.

So they fled, 'neath
Starry sky,
Flower-breath, and
West-wind's sigh;
Stealthily within the house
Hid as quiet as a mouse;
For a long, long
Time they hid,
Out of sight, these
Breezes did;
Like a hermit in a hut,
Like a kernel in a nut.

But one morning
On our gaze,
Out they sprang, to
Our amaze;
Came forth first the Flower-kist,
Then the Chaser of the Mist.
How they sang, to
Cheer their host,
Drinking many,
Many a toast,
Till their little limbs grew long,
Till they waxed both stout and strong.

Then they romped from
Early dawn
Till the sunset,
On the lawn,
Or in attic, screaming loudly,
Rode their wooden war-horse proudly.
How those precious
Little pets
Sang their solos
And duetts,
Sometimes loud and sometimes low,
Some were fast and some were slow.

Sang they both, in
Various voice,
Never giving
Us the choice
Of their method, tune, or time,
Whether trivial or sublime.
Thus they spent the
Fleeting years
In the vale of
Smiles and tears;
Chloris, flower-fairy mine,
Zephyr, murmur of the pine.

But I sometimes
Seem to hear
Far-off music
In the air,
Catch a glimpse of heavenly light
From the land that knows no night.
Then it seems that
Chloris mine,
And my Music
Of the Pine,
Have achieved their lofty graces
In the light of heavenly places.

TWIN BREEZES

All their frolic
And their fun
Are reflected
From the sun;
I can see in those frank eyes
Truth as open as the skies;
From some far-off
Isle of peace
Where from wrong the
Wicked cease
They have heard the music flow,
Caught heaven's harmony, I know.

Thus I learn that
Flower-kist
And my Chaser
Of the Mist
Are the angels God has sent
On some heavenly mission bent;
Some bright purpose
He will let
Each accomplish
For Him yet,
For I see His gifts and graces
In the light of those twin faces.

The Fishers.

WHERE the fishers, rocking, resting,
Or anon, the billows breasting,
Feel the pathos of the ocean
Where they toss with constant motion,
Drifting on the sea;

All its subtle odors breathing,
Where its surges, foaming, seething,
Blending with the moving cloud rifts,
Woo the soft winds and the star-drifts
O'er the mighty sea;

Whether going forth or homing,
In the midnight or the gloaming,
They are drawing in the gladness
Of the sunshine, or the sadness
Of the boundless sea.

THE FISHERS

One they are with all surrounding,
With the angry surf, resounding,
From the far-off coasts and shallows,
One with all that makes or hallows
Memories of the sea.

Lonely dwellers on the ocean,
Evermore your brave devotion
Lives in all your sons, abiding,
Leavening their souls, and guiding
O'er life's fitful sea.

All the ocean's moods and tenses,
Whispers, whimsies, subtle senses,
All its deafening boom and thunder,
All the terror, gloom and wonder
Of the stormful sea;

All the restless moaning, shifting
Mists and shadows, cloud-forms drifting,
Heaving waters, vast, unbounded,
Deep, mysterious, unsounded,
Of the changeful sea,

THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

Builded into soul and sinew
Of the fisher, draw and win you
  By the patience and the power
  Born of changeful sun and shower
                On the wind-swept sea.

In our nation's many races,
May we never miss the traces
  Of the sweep and width and wonder,
  Of the calm and storm and thunder,
                Of the open sea.

Under the Open Sky.

UNDER the open sky, its myriad star-points gleaming,
The gibbous moon swings up from the eastern hills,
The pine-tree moans as the breeze sweeps through its Eolian heart.
I listen intent to the music and find the music within me;
I gaze on the white, silent moon—its light is within my soul;
The stars, too, shine out of the vast reaches of my own consciousness.
The open heavens are too small to contain me; I contain them.
I crowd them all into the merest corner of my soul
And sometimes forget they are there.
I never fail to forget when thou art remembered, O Love.

In Patmos.

AMONG the Isles of Greece
Pavilioned by the sky, and by the sea
Engirdled, stern Patino* breasts the flood,
And rears to heaven, upon a rocky base,
Its bold acropolis. Thence to behold
The sun above the Asian mountains rise,
Is one wild dream of joy; but when the day
Sinks down behind the sea and leaves the world
Environed with the stars, some mystic power,
Pervading night, steals softly o'er the soul
And thrills it with a wondrous loneliness—
Sweet agony of infinite desire,
A yearning like the prayer whose pleading love
Unveils the universe.

Rugged the isle,
And barren now, but winterless, save when
Euroclydon, the gale nursed in the north,

* The modern name of Patmos.

Comes whirling down in rage, his breath a
storm;
Or when, from Ida or Olympus borne,
The trailing cirrhus, tost and frayed, sweeps on
Past Samos, Patmos, Cos, wind-torn and wild.
Like siren's hair the wanton tresses fly
Across the lonely monastery's height
Where once a happy Grecian city stood.
One palm remains, the last of that fair grove
That once gave name, 'Palmosa,' to the shore
Washed by the Icarian Sea.

In those dark days
When fierce Domitian scourged the saints of
God,
Patmos a prison was. Here John beloved,
Sequestered long by Caesar and the sea,
Sat oft and saw Rome's ships like spectres glide
Across the placid wave with merchandise
To Ephesus or Corinth and the West.
These anchored not beside the lonely Isle
Without Domitian's word, nor in its bay,
Best harbor of the Isles, found rest.

. . . . . .

'Twas on a day, first of the seven, ere yet
The sun had quenched the stars, John stood
alone,
And thought of Galilee, of days and dawns
When, lingering near the ever sacred sea,
He talked with him whose word was music
still—
A mystic melody that thrilled his soul,
When hark! A voice of trumpet volume rolled,
Far louder than the distant thunder's roar.
It echoed like a thousand cataracts,
Filling with awful music earth and sky.
John turned; but when he saw the majesty,
The face of splendor in the midst of stars,
The eyes of flame, the stature of a god,
Strengthless, in awe and fear, he fell as dead
Upon the rocky slope beneath the palms.
Then spake the vision, saying in clear tones:
"Rise and fear not, but stand. I ever live
And hold the keys of life. Write what I say.

To Ephesus:
'Faint not. Thy worth I know.
Keep thy first love; so shalt thou overcome
And eat the fruit of life in Paradise.'

To Smyrna write:

'Ye heroes! Fear ye not.
I know your bonds, your poverty, your pain,
Nothing is finer than your faithfulness.
Life is your crown, and ye are rich indeed.'

To Pergamos:

'Thou holdest fast my name
Even in Satan's seat. Well done. Yield not
With any compromise to sin. I give
To thee a name, a sweet and sacred name
Which none shall know but I and thee alone,
And it shall tell my love and power in thee.'

To Thyatira write:

'Thy labors all,
Thy kindly, faithful services I see;
But be thou pure, for thus shalt thou be strong.
Be Pure, and, over self, dominion hold,
BE PURE and unto thee the world shall bow.'

To Sardis write:

'Awake! Arise! Hold fast,
Or thou shalt die. Thou hast a few that walk
Spotless with me. To these I give my Life.'

To Philadelphia:

'Thine enemies
Shall worship thee and through the open door
Of victory thy faithful feet shall pass,
For I have loved thee. Thou hast kept my
word.
Upon thy head shall be a crown of life.'

Laodicea:

'Thou art not alive,
Nor art thou dead; thou art not cold nor hot.
Thy wealth is all thy confidence, but thou
Art wretched, naked, blind and poor. Trust
not
The untried gold. Behold I stand here long
And knock, and knock. Lo, he that openeth
The door to me shall rise to power and reign
On Life's high throne.'"

This passed, and, rolling on,
The canvass of the wondrous dream displayed
The drama of the world and destiny—
The web of history, the warp of years,
While life's swift shuttle shot through strands
of time
In voices, trumpets, judgments, life and death,

Nations cast down and mighty kings dethroned,
Exterminating wars, the power of greed,
The woes of the abyss—all came and passed
In one imposing panorama till
The flight of ages and the dream of life
Were pictured in an hour.

Loud trumpets blared,
And lightnings burst forth from a flame-
wreathed throne,
And stars in wild confusion hurtling down
Proclaimed the passing of all things outworn,
In thunder, storm and fire.

Then came the end—
The consummation of the will of God,
The perfect life for which all life was given,
God's peace established in a new-born earth,
And earth forevermore the highest heaven.
*'Tis Love makes heaven, not space amid the
stars.*

All sin was put away. The abyss of fire
Destroyed the merest memory of wrong.
Of the transgressors hurtful to their kind,
Not one remained in all the multitude
That thronged the wide dominions of the world
By love transfigured and by truth transformed.

The voice of an innumerahle throng
Vestured in white, rang through the trembling
air
Till 'round the throne there surged a sea of
song.
These were the faithful souls that had endured
The fearful persecutions of their time,
Now nevermore to hunger, weep, or die,
For God himself had wiped their tears away
And there was no more death.

. . . . . .

The vision passed,
And when it ceased, the day was almost done.
The sun descending o'er the western wave
Was marshalled down by couriers of fire;
The palms threw out their shadows o'er the sea;
A ship that sought Miletus, thither bound,
Sailed by and into the Meander veered.
The zephyrs of the sea, that fanned the day
To sleep, caressed the silver hair that framed
Th' Apostle's noble face with light. He turned,
Bearing in his glad heart faith in that Love
Which rocks the world to rest, Whose sympathy
Will let neither a sparrow nor an empire fall
Unheeded or alone.

He Cares.

God seems, sometimes, not for our souls to care,
But like the still, cold air,
The clear, keen stars, the ravening, cruel sea,
Unmindful of our joys and woes to be.
Despairing, self-outlawed,
We cry in bitterness, "There is no God."

Through the cold night the silent star-lamps
burn
And evermore return
In the same orbits fixed for aye.
"It is but law, it is not choice," we say,
"If God knew all, He'd chide
And sometimes even turn the stars aside."

"Surely," we say sometimes, "If God were true,
He'd keep the sky all blue
Instead of gray, or make more rain to fall
When rain is manifestly good for all.
He cannot know the strain
When hearts are broken, souls o'erwhelmed with
pain."

Some hope denied, like foolish child we fret
Because we cannot get
The thing we most desire. When we shall
grow
Godlike in thought and will, our souls shall
know
That there is nought sublime
That we shall ever reach unless we climb.

How shall we leave the struggle out of life
Yet victories win? The strife
Remove, which mastery and conquest brings,
Yet make our hearts the thrones of mighty
kings?
How, if they never stumble
Shall souls untried be great, yet humble?

Along the invisible zodiac's bars,
Thou hast not swung the stars,
Nor held in their high place the circling spheres
For even one brief hour of all the years;
And wouldst thou criticize
The Power divine whose word commands the
skies?

HE CARES

Hath not God spoken even unto thee,
Till thou couldst almost see
With open vision, all His glory bright
Transfiguring thy soul with Love's fair light?
Hath not thine open ear
Heard some faint echo of Heaven's music clear?

Though man combines in intellect and soul
The purpose of the whole
Dream not that man has feeling, will or thought,
Or any consciousness that God has not.
Shall any part so small
Exceed in any way the Soul of All?

Shall God lack consciousness, or will, or care,
Whose universe so fair
Is nicely fitted to the use of man,
Showing the marks of an eternal plan,
So that we ever find
The evidence of an Eternal Mind?

Thou canst not fully sever thine own soul
From Him who is its goal.
The very sympathies that move thy heart

Prove that of His Great Soul thou art a part.
Thus doth thy pity heal
Thy woes, thyself and God to thee reveal.

Thou sayest "He cares not," or "He is asleep,"
"Knows not the fearful steep
I climb alone, my awful burden bearing,
With neither God nor man my sorrow sharing;
Forsakes me on the cross
And cares not that I suffer pain or loss."

O weary Brother, thou art not alone;
Thy God-forsaken moan
Has pierced the ages with that awful word
Since on Golgotha's brow it first was heard,
Since, like a tragic knell,
Upon the Syrian air its accents fell.

Do not in thy deep sorrow-blindness charge
Benevolence so large
With heartlessness, or for one moment's space
Blot from thy heart the image of His face
Whose love lights up thine own
And makes thy life His temple and His throne.

LUX UBIQUE

All that is seen in billow, star or strand,
In fen or fertile land,
In garden, field or farm or city street,
Are multiplex designs whose imports meet
In God's majestic plan,
Conceived in love, and now revealed to man.

Love is sufficient, though God's power may be
No open sesame
To every door, yet shall His guiding fire,
The emblem of Love' infinite desire,
Be pillared on the skies
To show us, pilgrims, where his love-land lies.

Lux Ubique.

THE sun can find no darkness anywhere,
Where'er his bright eye turns is daylight fair.

Lines Written for a Wedding.

We're all born lonesome. To ourselves addicted,
Straightway we weep, and by our thoughts afflicted,
We wander up and down the lonely spaces
Of our own consciousness, and find no traces
Of personal bliss derived from our own graces.
We look around us on the earth and stars,
The birds and flowers, the crescent moon, and Mars,
The swelling sea, the mountain's weird magnificence,
The shaded dell, the forest's deep significance,
The tumbling torrent's foam o'er wild cascades,
The sunset's splendors and soft evening shades;
These hold our keen attention for an hour,
But soon we learn that nature has no power
To clear the shadows from the soul, and part
The clouds that sadden and depress the heart.
Discouraged here at length, from nature's views
We turn to art and beauty, music and the muse.

LINES WRITTEN FOR A WEDDING

Art gives a subtle satisfaction for a while,
And charms us with its form, and tone, and
style;
But soon we learn that Art can never bring
Into our wintry souls perennial spring.

We turn again upon our lonely path,
Wondering if wisdom still no solace hath
For our dejection.
Then we seek the sages
Who long have conned the wisdom of the ages;
The whence, the whither, and the why is sought,
The what, the how, and the eternal ought.
Pure reason seemed to be a sun, but soon
Pales sadly, and we know 'tis but a moon
Total-eclipsed, and all the murk of night
Obscures the last, least, ling'ring ray of light.

And now there comes the keen conviction
That after all, true joy is but a fiction,
And all the course of life a deep affliction.
At length we find the cure of all our trouble
When we decide henceforth to travel double;
Some charming maid, on heaven's mission bent,

Looms on our sight, our woes to circumvent,
Pierces anon the citadel of life,
Becomes our mentor, manager and wife.
And now behold, our riddle's straightway read,
No more we scan the wisdom of the dead,
But read in living eyes that read again
The feelings, thoughts and purposes of men.

Here would I cease; indeed 'twere well I could
Make end of such a story in such mood:
Then would I bow to you with low salaam
And close the door with the accustomed slam;
But truth forbids, and truth cannot be mended,
And truth to say, our troubles are not ended
When we are wed.

Without true love, and lovely truth,
We never can attain the dreams of youth;
The altar contract is a hideous shackle
For which no convict would exchange his tackle;
But with them, all is heaven, beneath, above;
For even hell's emparadised by love.

How vain that eager and impulsive joy
That finds an ecstasy in every toy—

In fashion or machine-made charity,
In imitative art or debonair society.
How shallow is that heart that's satisfied
With club or politics, or pretty bride.

We never own her queen whose stern demands
Compel the toil of our unwilling hands,
Who claims from us more than her love compels
And loves no more than her indifference tells;
And yet we give our love with rare delight
To her, who, though she claims it not—her right
By virtue of her bond—our life doth move
To heights of glory by her matchless love.

Oh that the muse would give me words more
terse,
A wider compass on the instrument of verse,
To speak of such a love as it is meet,
In deep, rich tones of song divinely sweet.
With such a heart to love and trust me well,
I'd scale the heights of heaven, I'd dare the deeps
of hell;
Love's throbbing wing should mount through
gloom and glare,
And soaring, pierce the palpitating air,

Mount to the gates of God through many a
strife
And storm the heavens for more abundant life.

The bliss of heaven was Love, even from of old,
But love returned makes heaven a thousand-
fold—
Makes the soul brave and strong and free
To stand serene and fair before eternity.
When love divine all life with joy shall leaven
'Twill make a fairer earth, a far diviner heaven;
'Twill bathe with holy light the sea, the sky,
the sod,
And glorify the human with the character of
God.

Love.

O Sovereign Love, as pure as frost
That tips the mountain where it towers
And in the fleecy sky is lost,
Yet warm as sunshine on the flowers.

I Speak With Thee.

(*Rondeau.*)

I SPEAK with thee, and all is bright;
The sky is deeper blue, the night
  Is rich with song, though stars are still;
  Thy thought with music doth the silence fill,
And all the firmament with light.

The clouds hang low, and cold, and white,
The morning air is chill despite
  The splendors of the sun, until
                I speak with thee.

But thou hast wings and ready flight,
And when my thoughts with thine unite
  I mount the thronéd skies; the thrill
  Of perfect life is mine, so will
                I speak with thee.

The Saguenay.

FOAMS thy torrent, Saguenay,
Down its dark abysmal way;
  Pluto's river, stream unique,
  Pent in crag-line, cliff and peak.

'Twas no wild, relentless force
Grooved the mountains for thy course;
  'Twas no giant of the cave
  Cleared a channel for thy wave.

'Twas no fearsome, weird phantasm
Blasted out that awful chasm,
  While above all human reach
  Yawned the cavern of La Niche.

No grim Titan of the height
From the spacious womb of night
  Smote the highlands till they broke
  'Neath the fury of His stroke.

THE SAGUENAY

'Twas the mighty hand of God
Smote the mountains with His rod
While His lightnings deep thereunder
Burst earth's rock-ribbed crust asunder.

Bade the waters pass elate
Through that mighty rivergate
Where the capes, like sentries, rise
To the beaming, azure skies.

Bade the waters of St. John,
Swift, impetuous and strong,
Meet the sea-tides rolling back
From the shores of Tadousac.

It was boundless Love's desire
Burst the bonds of cosmic fire,
Tore the earth's rock-robes apart,
Cooled her fever-heated heart.

Hence that gorge, so deep, so high,
Corridor of rock and sky,
With God's peace inspires the breast—
Mingled majesty and rest.

A Rift in the Clouds.

THE sky was gray, and the dreary day
  Dragged on its weary hours;
A drizzling rain dimmed the window pane,
  In the month of birds and flowers.

Oh, dull was the day in that month of May,
  And joy and merriment died;
"The world is sad when it should be glad,"
  My lonely spirit sighed.

But lo! in the west, like a harbor of rest
  On the shore of an infinite sea,
Burst a sky-blue band from the shadowless
    land,—
  A dream of eternity.

A RIFT IN THE CLOUDS

From between the cloud-forms in that belt of storms,
Hope looked with a gaze so true
That Joy saw her face in that deep, blue space,
And sprang into life anew.

Then out through the bars, from the home of the stars,
All the promise of life came back,
And the clouds so gray that had darkened the day
Grew bright in their heavenly track.

No more I'll complain, in the storm and rain,
That life is dull and sad,
For behind the shroud of the veiling cloud,
The heavens are always glad.

So ever hence, though the clouds be dense,
I'll remember that heaven is true;
And gold could not buy that dream of the sky,
That glimpse of the infinite blue.

Great Music.

A STORM of rare and unimagined sweetness—
  Accumulated treasure of the past,
Comes sweeping down the avenues and vistas
  Of unremembered æons old and vast.

Prodigious energies and pent emotions,
  Till now unuttered through the ages long,
Have burst in music through the ancient flood-
    gates,
  Descending like an avalanche of song.

The 'phantom pains of many perished passions,'
  The toilsome struggle up the hills of strife,
Weird shades of old heredities, awakened,
  Teem down the years and through the gates
    of life.

GREAT MUSIC

Thus music, like a mystic incantation,
  Calls up time-spectres in a ghostly throng,
And in a voice of love and power transcendent,
  Encompasses the centuries in a song.

Or, like the sound of many distant waters,
  When deep to deep across the ages calls,
The subtle pathos and the thrill of music
  Uplift the soul, where'er its cadence falls.

It gathers tones of tender thought and feeling
  And blends them into one harmonious whole—
Eternal chords of perfect rest and healing,
  The surf-line music of the sea of soul.

Turn Back, O Chariot.

(*Rondel.*)

TURN back, O Chariot of Time,
  And bring my youth again to me,
Take all the glitter of my prime,
  But leave me sweet simplicity.

From gilded phrase of pharisee,
  From pious semblance, mock-sublime,
Turn back, O Chariot of Time,
  And bring my youth again to me.

Some Ariel wand, some magic rime,
  With mystic art the change decree,
Transform me till once more I climb
  For cherries in the garden tree.
Turn back, O Chariot of Time,
  And bring my youth again to me.

Children's Prayer.

HEAR, O Heavenly Father, hear us,
While our voices rise to Thee:
Saviour, guide us and be near us,
Help us all to follow Thee.

When the robes of night enfold us,
May we feel that Thou art near;
May Thy loving hand still hold us
Though the day is shining clear.

In life's battles, Lord, defend us,
May we true and faithful be;
We will go where Thou dost send us,
We will try to be like Thee.

Night in June.

THE stars are drifting down the west,
And night and silence woo to rest.

The sentry moon with silvery gleam
Glides softly down the stellar stream.

No sound betrays the ghostly powers
Whose shadows haunt the mystic hours.

The zephyrs pay me tribute rare,
In odorous, nectar-laden air.

The earth and heaven are all atune
With soundless song this night in June.

All is so silent in the street
I almost hear those engines beat

NIGHT IN JUNE

That swing the worlds with solemn sway
Along their radiant, starlit way,

Where all the planets nightly march
Ablaze, athwart the gleaming arch.

The winds are dumb, the waters rest,
The clouds in quiet moonlight drest

Lie slumbering in the lower skies
Where moonbeams fade and starlight dies.

The world is rare, and sweet, and bright,
This peerless, leafy, glad June night.

A dream of heaven, a voiceless tune,
A lover's joy, this night in June.

The stars are drifting down the west,
And night and silence woo to rest.

Ideal Canada.

AMONG these cloud-reefed hills we'll build a
state
Fairer than prophet's dream, firmer than fate,
Where luxury and lust shall not despoil,
Where wealth shall be to worth—the fruit of
toil.

Where man shall be as steel in brawn and nerve,
And free, only because he loves to serve.
And none shall gain by wrong, or spoil, or
fraud,
Where poverty's unknown and greed outlawed.

Each shall respect the rights that others hold
When all are true as truth and pure as gold.
Our Canada shall then securely stand,
The home of our desire, our Holy Land.

Her mountains tipped with snow, her summer
days,
Her forests, fields and lakes, her pleasant bays,
And all her fruitful lands and waters bright
Shall be a praise and joy, the world's delight.

May this delightful dream with hope inspire
Till each shall see at last his soul's desire;
Till peace shall reign serene o'er stream and
sod,
And all the echoing hills shall praise our God.

Esperanza.

GIVE life a vaster sweep, let Love's wide orbit
run,
Majestic through the deep, full circuit of the
sun.
What though bright years be past, and radiant
stars be set;
Their joys are not the last, there shall be
brighter yet.

Though all the Music.

THOUGH all the music in the world be dumb
  The vibrant heart still hears the impassioned
    song,
And when the storm is stilled, the foe o'ercome,
  The soul that spent its forces shall be strong.

All energies have rest for final fate;
  Grace is the goal of each disordered form;
Love's the divine significance of hate
  And tenderness the meaning of the storm.

The fire is fire though there be no flame;
  The sun still shines though half the world's
    in night,
And peace is but the brief and cunning name
  That veils the shock and fury of the fight.

COMPENSATION

The soul in leash of decorous decree
  Is still the wild arena of desire;
Though whipped to line of strict conformity,
  The flame still burns, still lives the raging
    fire.

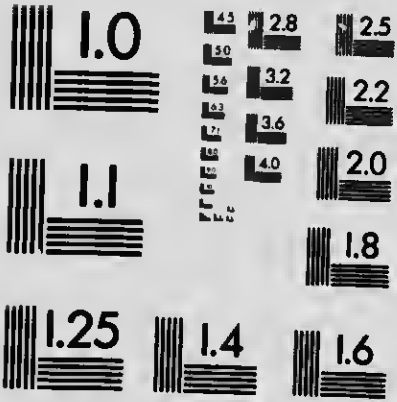
Thus ever strife is peace, and calm is storm,
  And far is near, and near is out of sight;
The spirit gives the only real form
  To every fleeting phantom in its flight.

Compensation.

THERE'S music in life's discords, and gain in
    every loss;
There's joy for every sorrow, a crown for every
    cross.

MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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Heroes.

(*Medley.*)

SPEAKING of heroes,
They are men who much attract us,
And the fact is
That as to theories,
I am one, and all that's lacked is
Just—*the practice.*

The difference is zero
'Twixt me and a hero
With only this trifling exception,
That he is one now
And I shall be, I vow,—
The difference is one of inception.

Of heroes I'm not a full-fledged one,
A confession I make to my sorrow;
A hero's a hero at all times,
I—always a hero to-morrow.

HEROES

The difference 'twixt a hero
  And a common man like me
Is that he is a hero now,
  And I—intend to be.

When I wish to play the hero,
  I get in such a flurry,
  And the thing's in such a hurry
    And won't wait,
That—to shorten up the story—
Someone else has got the glory,
    I'm too late.

Adjustment.

I SAID good-bye to the friends at home
  And put out alone on life's wide sea,
With visions of hope and dreams of joy
  That waited with open arms for me.

But the years were swift and the winds were
    keen,
  And my storm-tost bark was frail and old;
I was chilled to the heart as I floated on
  'Neath a sky of gray o'er the waters cold.

Then I looked afar o'er the western wave,
  Where the sun had set in a golden sea,
And my being was swayed by the mighty rhythm,
  And tuned to the march of eternity.

ADJUSTMENT

And somehow the roll of the shining wave,
  The sweep and stroke of my tireless oar,
Are now singing to me, oh so wondrously,
  A music I never heard before.

And I know the time is coming soon
  When the dawn shall burst into golden day,
And the noises of earth, so harsh and shrill,
  Shall be hushed till we hear what the angels
    say.

And there comes assurance, sweet and strong,
  Of a love that lives in life's darkest hour,
That throbs at the heart of the universe,
  And thrills me to with its sweetness and
    power.

Voices of the Past.

I STOOD amid the scenes of happy childhood
And heard again the voices of the past,
Low-murmuring streams, and odors from the wild-wood,
Their magic charm o'er all my being cast.

I heard again those voices sweetly singing
The songs of love and praise we sang of yore,
Their music seemed like heavenly echoes, ringing
Back in their course from some celestial shore.

The hopes and dreams of other years were fading
Beyond the reach of mem'ry's farthest range,
But now they live, my spirit all pervading,
And nevermore shall know the power to change.

"The mystic music of the shaded river."

Sing on, sweet voices, sing, oh sing for ever
  Of love, and home, and childhood's golden
    hours,
The mystic music of the shaded river,
  The voice of song-birds and the breath of
    flowers.

Flow gently on, ye years, your burdens bringing.
  Your smiles and joys shall age and death defy.
All sorrow fades, but joy keeps ever singing:
  Love is immortal and can never die.

Luxury.

Alas, these much esteemed immunities
  Call me to judgment and condemn me quite;
For each of them I bartered opportunities,
  And now I see myself in clearer light,
  A wretched pauper and a parasite.

[illegible] house of [illegible]

Sing on, sweet voices, sing, oh sing for ever
  Of love, and home, and childhood's golden
    hours,
The mystic music of the shaded river,
  The voice of song-birds and the breath of
    flowers.

Flow gently on, ye years, your burdens bringing,
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For each of them I bartered opportunities,
  And now I see myself in clearer light,
  A wretched pauper and a parasite.

Home.

THE peace of death has come
  Into his soul, whose life was peace,
And in his cottage home,
    Vine-clad, 'mid trees and flowers,
    He lies, while gentle showers,
Like sympathetic tears, fall from the skies,
As there the aged pilgrim dies.

A thousand times or more
  Upon his course the moon had waxed and
    waned,
Yet vigorous he bore
    The weight of years, then, calm
    As note of evening psalm,
Launched on the shoreless sea, and from death's
    strife
Entered triumphant through the gates of life.

His simple piety
  Lit up his kindly face, and righteousness
And high-souled honesty
    Were in his actions, so
    That none may ever know
The full significance of that true life
So full of firmness and so free from strife.

Calm as the silent hills
  In heather robed beneath the cloud-forms white,
When glittering dew distils
    And stars shine bright
    On vale and height;
So, mastered by his soul, in strength he stood,
A witness that the ways of God are good.

Sons of brave sires, fail not,
  But be ye strong to do such deeds as those
Your sturdy fathers wrought;
    The barriers to heaven
    Break down, and with the leaven
Of truth and love, the earth renew and claim
This world for heaven in your fathers' name.

September.

How perfect is that opal haze
That wraps the soft September days
  In atmosphere of Eden's rest
  By sunshine kissed and breeze caressed.

All the rich harvest's treasured yield
Is borne from every fertile field,
  But summer lingers for a time,
  In sacred nights, and days sublime.

Stay with us still, peerless, serene
September days. What though the green
  Is fading from the flowerless sod?
  Each morning is the smile of God.

Who Is It?

If he has to, he will not,
  He will if he mustn't;
He does if he shouldn't
  And should if he doesn't.

If he can, he won't try it,
  If he cannot he wants to;
Whatever's forbidden,
  That's just what he's drawn to.

You'd have him a sage,
  Then he'll talk like a fool;
He's as cross as a saw-horse
  And acts like a mule.

"Who is it?" you ask,
  I should like to know, too,
But it's your private task
  To take care 'tisn't you.

The White Hyacinth.

CAME to my door one winter night,
From an unknown hand, a flower white.

Was it bread on the waters cast, I wondered,
Returning after days unnumbered?

Or had some soul, as a simple dower
Burnt incense of love in the breath of a flower?

Perchance some word, or smile, or tear,
Some tender thought to help or cheer,

Some gentle deed of kindness, done
To disperse the cloud and reveal the sun,

Had strayed away into realms of light
And returned again that winter night.

It was only a flower, but its fragrance came
Like incense sweet from an altar flame;

A simple gift, but that little flower
Uplifted my soul in a darksome hour.

And never the breath of that gift shall die
Though its form in the dust of time shall lie.

Its beauty shall breathe through the air above
And enwreathe even pain with the glory of love.

Its fragrance sweet shall always rise
Like the mem'ry of song when the music dies.

No matter who sent that symbol of light
To my welcoming heart that winter night,

I pray that Heaven may ever send
Its richest grace to the heart of my friend

Who brought on that winter night to my door
His message of love in the heart of a flower.

Comradeship.

When all is past, and earth's brief life is
ending,
This shall sustain my soul in triumph then,
That God and man have loved me so divinely,
And I have loved and helped my fellow-men.

Night and Death.

O Sacred Night, how gently dost thou lay
Thy soothing hand upon the dying day,
And close each weary eye with tender care,
And hush to rest in holy peace and prayer.

So comes the night of death with radiant calm,
Like benediction after evening psalm;
Death is the dawn of life, its night the rising
morn,
Its darkness day; dying is being born.

Death leads to life wherein is no decay,
And night's a voyage into fadeless day—
A point of darkness in a world of light,
'Tis always morning just beyond the night.

We sleep, and dream glad dreams of love and
trust;
We die, and when our outer being turns to dust,
Then deathless love life's music doth prolong
In pure heart-tones of heaven's eternal song.

Transfiguration.

Out from the realms of the eternal land
A voice came singing tones so sweet to me
They waked within my spirit chords so grand
That heaven alone could match their harmony.

Those rare sweet tones had blended into song
The treasured memories of all the years,
Had mingled joy's glad notes so rich and strong
With sorrow's tender plaint of grief and
tears.

Mysterious music everywhere I heard,
And felt my own glad heart the joy prolong;
Responsive chords through all my being stirred
Till all my soul was melted into song.

Far deeper than the hush of woodland shade
And grander than the earth's sublimest song,
Swept through my soul that wondrous serenade
So rich and pure, so permanent and strong.

TRANSFIGURATION.

I heard the deep and solemn undertone,
  And felt the rhythmic beat of nature's heart;
Henceforth I live as one whose soul has known
  The rapturous thrill of heaven's all-perfect
    art.

Now all the music of the silence teems
  With subtle, soundless chords, so clear and
    grand,
That in their cadences my spirit seems
  To catch dim echoes from the heavenly land.

The mystic charms of dream and shadow steal,
  Like odors sweet from holy censer thrown,
And enter my glad spirit, till I feel
Beneath their spell my life intenser grown.

Now all the world's dull coat of sombre gray
  Glows brightly 'neath the golden sun and
    stars,
For love's clear light has chased the gloom
    away
  And broken through the cloud-encompassed
    bars.

Evanescence.

THE ancient stars their sentry keep,
  The winds of God still blow;
The ocean smites the rocky steep,
The hills sublime are mantled deep
  In everlasting snow.

But time has turned man's towers to dust;
  His hosts with iron shod,
And all the temples of his trust,
Have vanished, with his pride and lust,
  Before the breath of God.

Of man's achievements, every trace
  Soon mingles with the dust;
This only time cannot efface—
To be a brother to the race,
  To love, and toil, and trust.

The Everlasting Arms.

OUT of God's thought, into God's heart,
Lo such thy lot. The cloud-reefs part,
Brightness ahead and land in sight,
Sweet vinelands bathed in golden light.

Love's torch alight, and safe the ark,
And calm the sea when souls embark;
In storm and fire, though wild the night,
Yet safe the ark, Love's torch alight.

Down through the narrow straits of sleep,
Assured of life beyond, we sweep
From deep to deep and trust Thy might,
O Love, our Pilot, Love our Light.

Niagara.

A THOUSAND streams all gather into one
And in thy thunders sink:
Four mighty seas to thy dread margin run,
And dare thine awful brink.

The shock of cavalry in battle-sweep,
The might of war's impact,
Are whispers, to the thunder o'er the steep
Of thy great cataract.

While yet there was no ear to hear thy moan
And all the earth was young,
Out on the lonely air thy monotone
Its deep vibrations flung.

The sun was painting rainbows on the mist
That veiled thy watery crown,
When fierce Cambyses staggered all the East
And trampled Egypt down.

NIAGARA

Still boomed thy flood in ceaseless cannonade,
And seethed in yeasty foam,
When Goth and Vandal in destruction laid
The towers of ancient Rome.

Thy torrent breaks the adamantine rock
And hurls it from the height;
The firm-knit earth cannot withstand the shock
Of thy propulsive might.

How wild the storm that ever downward sweeps
The whirlwind of thy foam,
How still the sky that all thy waters weeps
In raindrops from its dome.

Sublime and silent is that mighty force
That dwells within those forms
Whose wings of mist soar upward in their course
And veil thy breast in storms.

Howe'er resistlessly thy fury sweeps,
How vast soe'er thy powers,
In gravitation all thy glory sleeps,
Thy substance in the showers.

Reveille.

Dreams of night
Gently lingered,
Beams of light,
Slender-fingered,
Came in stealing,
Day revealing;
All was bright and cheery,
Still I slumbered, weary.

Then my hand,
Softly fanned,
Felt the breathing
And enwreathing
Of a sweet caress,
And a little fairy's kiss
Wooed me from the dream abyss;
Thus the little lisper
In an eager whisper:
"Det up now and dess."
And thereafter
Smiles and laughter,
Then mock-formal bow,
Stooping quite profoundly,
"Bekfast's 'eady now;
Hope oo've slept twite soundly."
"Slept quite well, I thank you, Miss,"
Then I gave the child a kiss,
And wrote this.

Nirvana.

THE golden autumn sunset spreads o'er the land
its light,
And a dream of peace comes drifting into my
soul to-night.

My thoughts are calm and quiet in the light of
the golden West,
And chastened by the shadows that whisper of
coming rest;

For Nature has her voices, her language grave
and gay,
But never so rich her music, as at the close of
day.

Then I read her subtle lesson in tones of the
mellow light,
And an infinite peace assures me that I read
her lesson aright.

She soothes my pain and sadness and cools my fevered brow,
And says to my tired spirit: "I am resting to-night; rest thou."

"How vain are all thy strivings for what the world calls good,
Oh rest from thy strife forever in the infinite Fatherhood."

"Ah, vainly thou art longing, for thou seest thyself apart,
While thy real soul is hidden in the Universal Heart."

"Then let the storm of anguish that doth thy life befall
Fade like a vain illusion into the Soul of All;

"The whirlwind of fierce passions, the storm of base desire,
No more thy soul distressing, consumed in cleansing fire."

O glorious autumn sunset, the splendor of thy
light,
Like a restful dream, is drifting into my soul
to-night.

Divine Order.

THE moon beats time and all the seas
Run singing up their coasts;
Orion and the Pleiades
Lead on their shining hosts.
The cosmic tone sublime
Each faithful atom hears,
And moves in perfect time
With music of the spheres.

When Nature Sings.

(*Rondeau.*)

WHEN nature sings, oh then abide
Thou still, my soul, while night-winds glide
  Awhispering in soft, low moan
  From far-off shores, its mystic tone
As sweet as when Love woos his bride.

The spirit of the All doth hide
In soughing wind and moaning tide;
  My human heart is not alone
                When nature sings.

I hold communion with the wide
Expansive sky and sea, and ride
  As comrade to the sun in every zone;
  The Soul of All and I are one,
                When nature sings.

Sea Voices.

THE strong sea-winds are blowing,
  The billows lash the shore,
The ships are coming, going,
  Are sailing evermore;
But ever o'er the ocean
  Where surges sob and sing,
With restless rhythmic motion
  The bells of the sea-gods ring,
And far away o'er the restless sea
Are voices calling, calling me.

Down through the gray mist stealing,
  There gleams a harbor light,
The fitful sea is feeling
  The pathos of the night;
The vapors of the ocean,
  The waves that sweep the sands,
With deep, divine emotion
  Caress their distant strands
Obeying Heaven's supreme behest,
They call to love and faith and rest.

SEA VOICES

A rest of dreamless beauty,
  A life where sorrows cease,
Where love transfigures duty
  And thrills the soul with peace.
Now gleams the light Elysian
  And floods with deep delight
The soul's enraptured vision,
  A heaven that knows no night;
Ah, still I hear o'er the restless sea,
Sweet voices calling, calling me.

Flower Hymn.

WITH loving hearts, O Lord, we bring
  The fragrant incense of the flowers,
And on the altar of our King
  We consecrate our noblest powers.

The lily's pure and spotless dress,
  The daisy's innocence so fair,
Are emblems of Thy holiness,
  The sweet reminders of Thy care.

The birds Thy matchless glories sing,
  The fields are white with waving corn,
The breezes heavenly incense bring,
  From all the fertile valleys borne.

The earth is breathing back to Thee
  The odors of the perfect flowers;
So may our hearts responsive be,
  And yield the fruits of golden hours.

Thy gracious gifts on us bestow
According to Thy will and word,
Till we in fuller measure show
The perfect beauty of the Lord.

Mother.

On through the sweep of the years,
Cleaving the white crests of foam,
Safely thy life-harque appears,
Nearing the harbor of home.

Swift bounds thy boat o'er the brine,
Shadows flit weird o'er the sea,
Lights from the morning-land shine
Over life's ocean to thee.

THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

Earth-lamps are fading from sight,
  Fitful their shining at best;
Yonder the heavenly light
  Gleams in the radiant west.

When the dim shadows of earth
  Deepen to darkness and night,
Then shall heaven's morning of mirth
  Dawn with more glorious light.

Pilot, her barque gently guide,
  Safely to lee of the slip;
Never the fathomless tide
  Floated so priceless a ship.

Guide o'er the silvery sea
  Piercing the fog-forms of night,
Guide to the shores where the quay
  Skirts the fair haven of light.

Billows, sink calmly to sleep,
  Shadows, becloud not her path,
Tempests, depart from the deep,
  Stay all your perilous wrath.

MOTHER

Mother! How sacred the name,
  Home of the virtues thou art,
Guard of Love's pure altar flame,
  Queen of the home and the heart.

Strong as the hills is thy trust,
  Straight as the light is thy way,
Tender, unselfish and just,
  Guileless as childhood at play.

Soon with thy sheaves thou shalt come—
  All that the Father hath given,
Bringing the precious ones home,
  Safe to the garner of heaven.

Christmas.

THE world had long been waiting
  The coming of the King,
When, one sweet morn in Bethlehem
  Ere birds were on the wing,
The sons of God came, singing,
  Down from the skyey dome,
And mortals heard the message:
  'Immanuel is come.'

As rain o'er thirsty meadow
  Awaits its cloud-release,
So paused one voiceless moment
  The angel-song of peace;
Then suddenly such music
  Burst o'er the Syrian plain,
The throbbing strains resounded
  Through heaven's high-arching fane.

CHRISTMAS

It thrilled the starry silence,
  And floated on the breeze,
Adown the drifting desert—
  A mighty charm of peace.
Softly the angel-music
  Still trembles through the night,
And never has forsaken
  The human spirit quite.

The bright and solemn glory,
  The angel-harp's glad ring,
The strange, sweet song of wonder
  The cherub-voices sing,
Within our hearts abiding—
  The King of Peace shall come,
And make our lives His temple,
  Our hearts His radiant home.

Ad Meam Maritam.

THE burn, as it flows from mountain to sea,
Ever sings as it goes, so merry and free;
While playfully fringing its rockbed with spray
Hears the ocean resounding far, far away;
Or, growing in might, the torrent's dull roar
Proclaims day and night the sea's sounding shore.
It rushes through gorges narrow and deep,
And flings its foam surges down the dark steep,
It rolls o'er the plains or winds through the lea,
All trembling to claim the embrace of the sea,
Till, fearless of ocean's foam-crested forms,
It rests in the arms of the goddess of storms.

My life is a river, broad, gladsome and free,
But ever 'tis bringing love-tribute to thee;
It sings to the shallows that toy with its foam,
But thou art its ocean; thy heart is its home.

Whom God Hath Joined.

With one ideal aim, one glorious promise,
We join our hands—our souls have long been
one,
The while the fleeting years fly swiftly from us,
We keep in step, our faces towards the sun.

We, hand in hand, to life serene aspiring,
Engage with gladness in a noble strife
To learn God's lesson, wondrous and inspiring:
Love's law is truth, Love's real aim is Life.

Together hence, we serve our generation,
Whether in sunlit paths or ways of fire,
We give our lives—oh, sweetest inspiration—
One life, to Christ. No less doth Love require.

My Comrade.

MAY no declining sun go down,
  No evening fade to night,
Until thy soul in joy I crown
  With Love's eternal light.

No gift that Heaven on me bestows
  Is ever fully mine
Till to thy comrade heart it flows;
  It then becomes divine.

The richest gifts I'll e'er resent
  If thou hast been forgot;
My heart shall never be content
  And thou remembered not.

What though to me but scanty fare
  Dire circumstance decree,
I feast in palaces whene'er
  I share my crust with thee.

Morn and Eve.

BLOW the loud trumpet in the early morn
To tell thy soul another day is born;
In stress of labor every power invest,
Thy highest honor to have done thy best.

When evening fades from crimson into night,
Then rest, tired heart, and trim the inner light;
Make noble thoughts thy guests, and these shall
be,
All unawares, heaven's messengers to thee.

Society.

NOT in the multitude
Doth true communion lie
'Tis in thyself, O Love,
'Tis Love and I.

My Brother.

FATHER of all, Thou dost bestow
The vision clear Thy works to know,
  But oh, that sweetest light impart,
  In which I see my brother's heart.

The sounding seas Thy praises sing,
Through choiréd air Thine anthems ring—
  Rich music all, but better choice,
  The accents of my brother's voice.

I know where nature speaks Thy powers
In mountains, meadows, streams and flowers,
  But in my brother's deed and word
  I see the splendors of the Lord.

FORMS

Help me to find Thy highest grace,
Not in the dim and solemn place
  Where temples consecrate the ground,
  But where a brother's love is found.

God keep my brother. Break to dust
The storied cities, sabres rust,
  Heaven's starry host in darkness pall,
  But guard the love-light. Love is all.

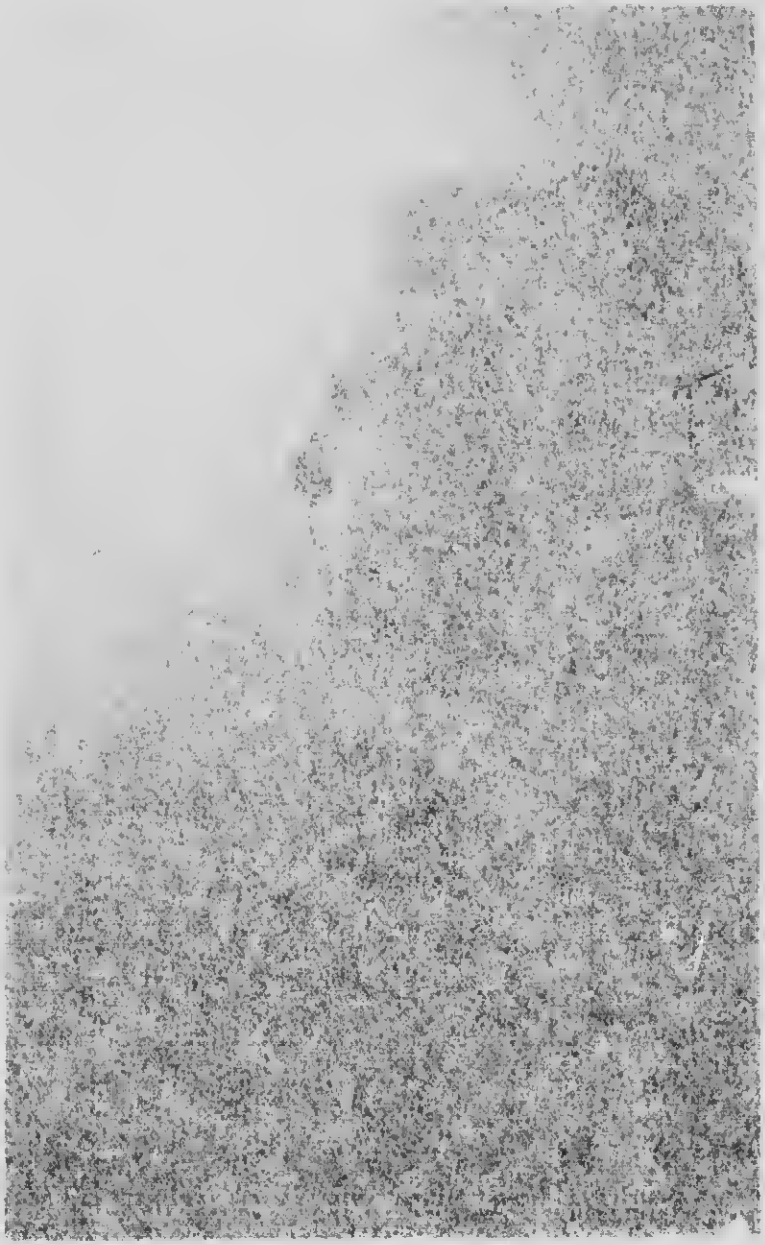
Forms.

THOU canst not seal the truth in creeds;
  The living word escapes its forms;
It finds new births in noble deeds
  And higher life in stress of storms.

Eulalie.

CHILD of summer,
Flower of light,
Born of sunshine,
Dew bedight,
By the river's gleaming water,
Rippling like its waves with laughter,
Dwells my *Eulalie.*

Fleecy billows
Of the sky,
Birds of summer
Skimming by;
"Walden," glory of Port Carling,
For 'tis there my own sweet darling
Dwells, my *Eulalie.*



Eulalie

[illegible] summer,
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Rippling [illegible] laughter,
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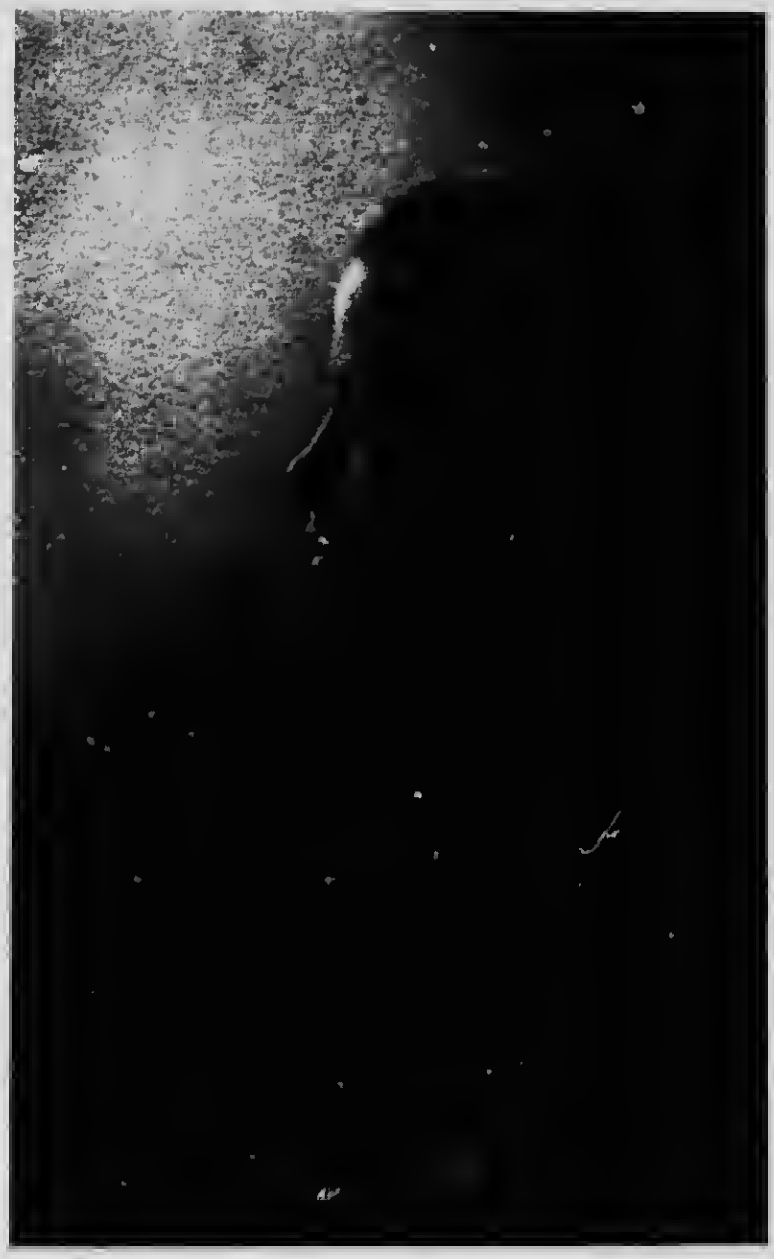
Of the [illegible]
Birds of [illegible]
[illegible]:
"Walden," [illegible] Port Carling,
For [illegible] sweet darling
[illegible], my *Eulalie*.



EULALIE.

EULALIE

Where the lily
In the spring,
With its comrades
Blossoming,
Fills the heart with peace and gladness,
Banishing this wild world's madness,
Dwells my *Eulalie.*

Up the river,
Down the hay,
Floating, hymning
Some bright lay,
Songs of old with glad heart singing;
Echoes of the forest ringing,
Praise my *Eulalie.*

Where the hemlock
Or the pine,
With their shadows
Day refine,
O'er the clear and radiant water,
Dwells my rare, my winsome daughter,
Dwells my *Eulalie.*

THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

Child of beauty,
Flower of Love,
Benediction
From above,
Robed in grace and winged with lightness,
Clad in purity and brightness,
Sweet my *Eulalie.*

When life's burdens
Bear me down,
And my pleasures
All are flown,
Be thou still my angel treasure,
Love me without bound or measure,
My own *Eulalie.*

Waken My Soul.

WAKEN my soul with a song of life, O Love.
The sacred winds blow their fragrant breath
over my forehead;
I breathe the eternal air; I exult in increasing
life.
Flowers of spring are blooming within me;
Odors of summer pervade me;
Fruits of autumn my divine Lover pours into
my heart.
In storm of winter he braces my being for
stronger achievement.
I am firm-knit by the struggle; I can endure.
Fill me with life, O Love.

Chilliwack.

VALE of beauty in the West,
Mountain-girded, fair and blest,
Here by lofty peaks walled in
From the mad world's roar and din,
Safe thou sittest in the West,
In thy cosy mountain nest.

When the heralds of the morn
All the purple heights adorn,
And the banners of the day
Chase the lingering night away,
Then the dawnlight in the dell
Breathes a peace tongue cannot tell.

When the golden sun declines
Hiding in the mountain pines,
Like a great Titanic pyre,
All the West is crowned with fire.

When the mighty stars appear,
And the moonbeams soft and clear
Spread o'er all the subtle night
Silent harmonies of light.
The perfections of thy face
Now reveal a milder grace,
Vestured in a softer light
Tinctured with the balm of night,
Breathing beauty, verdure drest,
Queenliest valley of the West.

Ourselves Forever.

We shall never be as nothing,
  But shall keep eternal tryst,
Through the circle of the ages,
  With the spirit of the Christ.

We shall have increasing triumph,
  Through the bright eternal years,
Toiling, resting, serving, loving,
  In our God-appointed spheres.

Vesper.

FATHER, I come to Thee, weary, for rest,
Just like a child, to lie close to Thy breast.
From all my toils I come, from all my care,
Oh, take me to Thy heart and hold me there.

Weak and oppressed, I come; oh make me strong,
And fill my tiréd soul with light and song.
Give me the strength to stand firm in the strife,
At rest within the open door of life.

Though storms in fury blow across the deep,
Be Thou my Pilot when I wake or sleep,
Grant me Thy grace and power till time shall
cease,
And in the final hour—eternal peace.

Lake Rosseau.

DREAM of the golden day, wild wings a-flying;
Voices from far away, faint echoes dying;

Gleam of the mystic light purpling the high-
lands;
Glow of the waters bright, jewelled with islands;

Breath of the woody bowers, joyance and laugh-
ter;
Shadows of leaves and flowers, dancing in water.

Airily down the dark, music comes streaming;
Drift on, my silent barque, ecstasies dreaming.