

The variety phase of this little work consists of Brevities in verse, including the "Epigram," the "Madrigal," the "Idyl," the "Ballad," the "Didactic" and "Elegiac" varieties (see alphabetical index).

PREFACE

"That I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary"; that some crumb of solace might accrue to sorrowing and suffering ones, or that some unworthy aim may be supplanted by true nobility constitute the principles which prompt this publication.

Thoughts upon many important subjects are very briefly expressed, as epigram and madrigal, in consonance with the strenuous life.

With trepidation the author ventures the hope that some utterance therein may lead the querulous to clearer conception of the wisdom, loving kindness and tender mercy of the Creator and Redeemer.

Written originally merely as soliloquy and effervescence of thought and emotion, these brevities are presented as a token of sympathy for the multiform miseries of humanity; as a tiny tribute to nature's loveliness, and a staunch testimonial (based upon fact, not fancy) to the privilege and power of faith in God and His unfailing Word.

That the brilliant hope, the consistent daily life and the dauntless faith of a genuine Christian may be reality with my readers is the aspiration of

THE AUTHOR.

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H. I. MORSE-FARNUM

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Poems and Thoughts Tersely Told

ACME

Somewhere amid the vales of life If you but faithful do,

The low black clouds with threat'ning rife Transform to heaven's blue.

For those who sow by every rill, 'Mid shade, or storm, or sun, The seeds of love and kindness still Await the words, "Well Done!"

THE PREACHERS

The blooms that rear in beauty, When winter white and cold Yields up the frigid scepter, And from the genial mold Sweets buds and ferns unfold, All preach in quaintest phrases Of temporary life; They tell who brings the daisies Through all the stormy strife Of freezing time, and raises A field with fruitage rife. (Of erst so brown and sere) To harvest-crown the year. Will He a child forget In His own image set?

Page 10

THE ONE QUERY

What sheaves art thou gleaning, passing along, Out from living and thought ?Out of the toiling, the sorrow and song ? (Reply) Just the good thou hast wrought.

CHARACTER BUILDING

The tinted petals of the rose, Its aroma and grace, In solitude and silence grows, And grows and grows apace.

And thus the character uprears;

Of word and deed and thought, Of all one sees, or feels or hears,

This fabric, rare, is wrought. These silent forces working still, Do surely educate,

And tip the scales for good or ill, Setting the die of fate.

THE PREGNANT PRESENT

Now is but a time of sowing; Harvest on another Shore. Heavy sheaves are binding, growing, 'Till the testing time is o'er, And angel pen records no more.

FAITH

Suns in their orbits may falter, Stars of heaven may fall; But nothing can swerve or alter Ruler of all.

Minions of evil may shatter 'Till lamps of life be dim, In failing the links to batter Binding to Him.

He is thy Helper, forever, Tender, loving and true; No edict from Him can sever Under His blue.

SLOPING RAYS

Ever a well spent life is fruitful Of peaceful, happy days;
Its sloping beams are bright and restful, And sweet its latest lays.
More surely than the spring's returning Restores fair summer's bloom,
Eternal life comes with that morning When Christ unlocks the tomb !

WEALTH

Unerringly a diamond pen Records the real worth; Eternity restores again The only wealth of earth!

Page 12

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES

Through all the years 'till He appears Or blessed rest be given, These words unite in halo bright And show the way to Heaven.

INVINCIBLE

Enough of goodness everywhere Attests the Maker's loving;
Displayed in earth and sea and air His rich unstinted giving.
Then look above Time's fickle bloom, Aloft to Nature's Father,
Assured that 'mid the deepest gloom His skies are bending over;
Assured that One who made earth good Without a tinge of sorrow,
Will stanch the sin and pain and blood In some not far off morrow !

LIFE PROBLEMS

Yea; all that seems enigma here Shall once be written plain ! The sorest, bitterest care May prove the richest gain.

Page 13

FAITHFULNESS IN LITTLE THINGS

Ah, in this useful work, performed in pain, Behold an honest heart — A character; of slight it bears no stain; But thoroughness, the Golden Rule is plain, Shining from every part.

Dear stranger friend, the thought of thy wan face Comes to me o'er and o'er ! Oh, thus may I alway, in every place Be faithful ! For the night comes down apace, When I can do no more.

EARLY AUTUMN SCENES

Signals of nature are swaying In tops of the maple trees; Aflame, the branches are saying Wonderful things to the breeze: They hint that the year's completeness Is passing, as passes the day — That verdure, beauty and sweetness Are slyly slipping away.

NEIGHBORS

In each whom Providence has placed Within thy field of labor, Behold the Master's form defaced, And there thy nearest neighbor! Page 14

RICHEST COMMERCE

I trust the Blood that freely flowed, The price that bought my sins; I take His grace, He takes my load, The love of Jesus wins! Let all the worlds proclaim Oh, glory to His name!!

SEPTEMBER

Fair nature's fine artistic brushes With a grace all quaint, Now begin to paint
In dreams of amber on the ivy Pendant from the eaves — Carmine on the leaves.
Out of the full, grand, garnered summer Only stillness can This bright beauty span !

MAGNANIMITY

(Suggested at Gen. Grant's obsequies)

Rest with earth's heroes, illustrious dead ! A nation's heart thy shrine. Sleep with the brave who have silently fled Out of the depths of time ! "Unselfish and magnanimous !" So fair And rare these virtues be In life exemplified, the echoes bear Down through eternity !

SUMMER VERDURE

Tree tops that wave majestic With their glossy grace, Etching upon the azure Branches that interlace With vines in pendant beauty, Whisper to thee of One Who bends the blue beyond them, Aglow with star and sun. The tints of autumn telling Of rainbow light above; Their aroma revealing Our Father's tender love.

THE CEMETERY

Oh, fellow man, what is the good Thy grasping hand would hold?
Are precious things misunderstood?
Define thy hoarded gold!
Where is the bank, and what the wealth Availing at this goal?
'Tis written down, yielding a crown, Or final bells will toll
A requiem o'er thy soul.

RECOGNIZED BLESSINGS

Autumn hath praise of glorified days! Winter hath songs to sing!

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PERSONAL INFLUENCE

Oh, mighty world of mighty deeds You throng us all the time!
Thoughts, words and deeds, as living seeds, Attest at harvest prime, And seal the Tome of Time! Our life to-day in "far away" Must yet a power be
For good or ill, resounding still All through Eternity!
Then blessing give to those who live And greet thee day by day,
Nor spell through tears the vanished years When they are laid away!

GLEANERS

Oh, haste thee, blessed Day and Clime ! Come quickly, Jesus, Lord ;
Bring ever golden summer time, And the long sought reward !
But while the pilgrim days are ours May heart and hand and brain
Unite with zeal their bravest powers To glean the wasting grain !

DAY DAWN

(at Three o'Clock)

The orchestra ! From bird With early wing, One timid note is heard — Then, how they sing !!

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ECLIPSE OF SUN IN OCTOBER

The tints of brilliant yellow With myriad semi dyes, Grow dreamy, hazy, mellow, As cloudy crescent flies Athwart the mottled skies.

The cricket chirpeth quaintly, The frog from oozy fen; The leaves but quiver faintly, And earth seems napping, when Clear light comes back again.

Oh, thank the loving Father For all these beauties rare! How much of joy we gather, What sweet surcease of care! What glory everywhere!

GETHSEMANE

hen sin or pain or anguish fill Or priest and Judas rise; When midnight damps are thick and chill And human solace flies — Then canst thou go with Christ away To lone Gethsemane, Unmindful of the shadows gray, Look up to Calvary !



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MY MISSION

Wave after wave comes surging, Until from life's young day,
I catch the echoes, urging :
"Come, child, this is thy way !
Follow Me through the shadow
Walk with Me in the sun —
Through waste, or smiling meadow
Until thy work is done !"

Taking at morn my journey Quietly seeking that Way, I found the laden, many, The suffring every day; Then quickly cleft their burden (The load how sweet to share !) No thought of sordid guerdon Bedimmed the blessing there.

Then raven shades of sorrows And things I knew not of, Portrayed me anguished morrows — Amid them, Jesus' love. Year after year unfolding, That premonition's "view," 'Till now, alone, still holding That self same Hand so true, I pledge my troth anew.

ODE

Fair Luna bright, we love you, A friend forever true; Because the Friend above you, Changeless, is shining through ! He is the soul's strong Lover, On Whom all help is laid; Vainly the tempests hover — How can we be afraid While hand in His is laid?

THE FIRST FROST

And now the leaves are falling, Amber and bronze and red ; While autumn birds are calling That all the buds are dead. Grand days, transcending beauty, Most gorgeous of the train ! There is no peer, save duty, Self sacrifice and pain Laid on the altar blandly, With joy and not regret, Unrecognized; but grandly, That gem with suffiring wet In victor crown is set, To grace a clime more kindly; Telling of far-off years We groped among, as blindly As through a veil of tears.

JULY EVENING AT PETERBOROUGH

Delightful coolness fans the air, Stirring the maple trees, That deck the city everywhere To court the truant breeze; Victoria Park is all aglow With soft, artistic light, Where motley nature, singing low, Builds blossoms in the night !

TO A BIRD

Why, why do you stay when your own have fled Away to sunnier clime ?
Do you wait to look at the blossoms dead, Or the gay October time ?
Enamored by hues of the forest trees, Maroon and amber and red,
You linger, perchance, 'till the sterner breeze Shall toll that their leaves are dead !

NOT LOST

Perished? Never; stanch the weeping For the lady fair With the raven hair! Christ was hers, and thus eternal Life and bliss await At the pearly Gate.

NIGHT'S FIRMAMENT

The golden orbs are blinking through Yon fairy, fleecy crowd; Anon, another deeper view Reveals a countless crowd.

Oh, praise the One who carves the scene To cheer the earthly ills! Giving, betimes, a golden gleam That all the being thrills, With hints of heights unclimbed, afar, And depths thou canst not see — Calm Paradise beyond the star Where many mansions be. On plains of peace, o'er hills of home, 'Mid never falling leaves, Where only love and goodness come, Bright Hope her garland weaves.

THE DAUNTLESS SHEPHERD

The years, oh the years, the ceaseless years,

As Earth in orbit goes round— The "One Lost Sheep" that through blood and Our dauntless Shepherd found ! [tears

The joy, oh the joy that is thine to know As the New Earth glows with bloom, And the myrtle tree and the roses grow With never a tear or tomb!!

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GALA TIME

The graceful trees in chorus Are donning gala dress! Even the beeches o'er us Their gaiety express In amber loveliness. Yet music soft and tender, That stirreth not the vines, Wee singers quaintly render In mellow matin chimes, And words between the lines. This autumn Fair in forest Remote from noisy Town, Hath cunning work the rarest, When leaves are turning brown And nuts are dropping down.

ONE WOMAN

The days of life were not too good, Nor pleasant home too rare,
To yield a meed of time and love, Benignly, everywhere.
That kindly work for friends or foes — The many that were blest —
Goes on and on expanding, grows Till Time sinks in the west; A stream of blessing flows While she has gone to rest.

HOMELY LORE

Fond mem'ries rise in glad surprise Of object lessons fraught

With wisdom's lore, as long before

The household task was wrought; Its each appointment pure and fair; As Heaven's first law in echo saw

Its precept ruling there; Yes; order, purity and love — A trio from above!

Nor was the mother just a slave By toil and care oppressed,

Without surcease or rest; As every one his helping gave.

And each his duty knew,

Her prescience shining through. Come back! oh golden days, When usefulness and praise Went hand in hand in homely band — Epitome Divine

Of home above where, ever, love And peerless glory twine.

WINTER

Snows may mantle all the growing, Birds forget to sing; But with gladness overflowing Blooms the smiling spring!

Page 24

THE STORY OF MAY

The parks, renewed in fairest green, Their trees are coyly dressing In tender tints, by hands unseen, To be a joy and blessing. The eve with sable, starry fold, Bright morn with lawns of glory, Ornate with dandelion's gold, *Compete* to tell her story !

EARTHLY RECORD

No annals tell how brave and well The daily toil is met; Yet matchless Love in court above The crowns will justly set, Amid the praise for transient days, With imperfection rife, To crystallize beyond the skies In Life, immortal Life. The Cycles through, praises are due To Love and Power that live And woo the lost; at countless cost Became our Relative.

Take out Christ from the Bible and you remove the thread upon which the Scriptures are strung.

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AUTUMN LANDSCAPE

(As seen from highlands of Lakefield, Peterboro' Co.)

Russet is touching the birches, And amber the iron wood tree, Maroon the ivy that reaches And droops from the old belfry. The orchards of pear and apple Their wealth and color unfold, As slyly the artists dapple In scarlet and bronze and gold. The pink and green of the clover Reach out for the cedar hedge, And graceful trees stoop over, To sport in the water's edge.

POST MORTEM

When the hands are folded, And the lips are dumb;
Last low bed is molded
Where the daisies come;
Words and deeds by love incited, Now misunderstood,
By no tinted lens distorted
Will be counted good.
Why be recognition hoarded
From some struggling one,
'Till at last it is not needed
When the life is done ?

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BEAUTY SPOT

(Near Milford, Mass.)

This charming spot expected not We found one autumn day, And fain would bear with clever care Some trophy far away. We linger still, beside the rill, Longing to tell the tale Of colors fair and beauties rare Of forest, hill and dale. Words are all weak, to tamely speak, What we cannot forget; This amber light, this glory bright Of summer's coronet. Peer upward! through the fleecy blue And autumn's regal dress, Beholding Powers that all the hours Transforming work impress !

JESUS

Oh, were it not for Jesus, What would the future be? That dim, untrodden vista Of Time — Eternity! Our Jesus lights the sadness, And brightens all the road; Imparting joy and gladness, He shareth every load!

HOPE

Tho' winter's chilling days sweep by, Enfolding in its arms
Fair buds and blossoms; joy may die, Robbing the life of charms.
Still the great Maker ever lives ! And surely as the spring
Its bud and leaf and zephyr gives, So sure His Power will bring
All that is good and pure and true — Of real value rife —
From dust of death to live anew In never waning Life.

THE ANGEL CAMP

(Ps. 34:7)

Yea, pickets pace adown the glen, Or up the rugged steep; At early dawn, at noon, or when The night birds vigil keep.

CONQUERED

Rebellion that was cast from Heaven When "arch deceiver" fell, To conquer in the flesh is given The Christ, Immanuel ! Thus, One who form'd will fully do The work the "Fallen" stayed. Perennial beauty bloom anew O'er all that God has made.

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THE FOREST SALUTATION TO LATEST SUMMER

List! Plaintive notes are drawing An answer from the glen, Commingled with the cawing Of raiding rooks; and then The cedar trees and spruces, And somber, sighing pine, The beech, the oak, the maple, The juniper and vine Salute with nod and shimmer, In many hues of green, Nor hide the ferns that glimmer With drooping grace between.

EAGLE PINIONS

Labor, love, and consecration Bear the warp and woof!
Faithfulness in every station Guards thy soul, aloof,
Higher than the restive minions Courting earth born praise.
Faith and Hope thine eagle pinions All the pilgrim days!
Morn will wake and verdure cover Every scar and pain,
When the rightful One, forever, Ends usurper's reign.

GLIMPSES

O bright the mansions building Beyond the "dome"! Betimes appears the gilding Of that far home.

A hint of the gay adornings And gates empearled These dewy, gorgeous mornings Give to the world.

Shyly the blushes of flowers And sheen of leaves, Are telling of unseen bowers No blighting grieves.

In gurgling brook and fountain, And forest grand, From plain and towering mountain And valley land,

Rise faintly echoes, surging With foretaste sweet Of loveliness, bright glowing, And life complete.

See, in the ponderous river, Another rise Beneath the throne forever, In paradise !

GLIMPSES

(concluded)

This life is full with lessons set On every hand; Repeated oft; can we forget The fatherland?

Forget? while earthen vessels break? Earth beauties die? While for Christ's name and mercy's sake, Beyond the sky

Homes are in waiting for the few, In every clime, Who faithful prove, and always true Through trial time!

How brief the testing time — Mortality ! But long that "sun bright clime"— Eternity !

LATEST SUMMER

Ripe summer has its story, Asters and golden rod; Its bounty and its glory Reveal the love of God. Thank Him for present duty! Thank Him for this day's cheer! Give praise for all the beauty Entwining round the year!

LIFE - DEATH - IMMORTALITY (A May Reverie)

To-day this land is full of song, Aglow with roseate ray, As if no pain or death or wrong Had ever marred the May. In this aroma song and bloom, In valley, plain, and hill, In sighing pine trees' grateful gloom And each wee songster's trill, Footprints of pristine glory trace ! Spell out the plan of God, That earth should be a sinless place, No grave to break the sod : And more; no chill and blighting frost, No plaintive autumn tide, Nor tear for priceless treasures lost As when our dear ones died. Lo, that great plan proceeds apace ! As knowledge lights the land, His wondrous agencies take place, Hast'ning finale grand; When evil's woful train must die, Pure joy its astral burn, And from the flaming, parted sky, The Prince of Peace return ! 'Tis then beloved forms in death --So many hid away — Will live again, as blooms the earth In this sweet time of May.

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LIFE — DEATH — IMMORTALITY (concluded)

Though rest and desolation wait The worn earth's tott'ring form,

While through the pearl and golden gate,

All sheltered from the storm,

A ransomed host from every clime In everlasting bliss,

Reach home, and ever-summer-time, Beyond the gales of this.

Then will the old earth lay aside The mantle of its woe,

And song and bloom on every side Abide, as long ago.

Redeemer and redeemed return (Probation time no more);

Bright hopes in grand fruition burn, And every ill is o'er.

The mourner and the suff'rer come, The homeless and the old,

Sharing the many mansioned home,

Treading the streets of gold ! Decay or blight can never fall,

Snowdrift or scorching sun !

Immortal glory crowning all,

The trial time is done. —Isa. 35.

THE EVERLASTING COVENANT

Long, long ago, when earth was young, While yet its curse was light,

An old man lived and wrought among Its hills and valleys bright.

In patriarchal form and strength, Across the government ;

When lo, a "friend of God," at length, Ruled in the Orient !

Earth's treasure graced his generous hand — Its silver and its gold,

While flock and herd of pastoral land Were in its ample fold.

'Mid blandishments of wealth, of fame, Of care, of happiness,

Grave things and minor bore the same Impress of faithfulness.

A century and fifty years

He walked with righteous Shem,

Who lived and talked with ancient seers,

Yea, eldest one of them; Methuselah with Adam stood

While centuries lay in state, But fell asleep before the flood,

When Shem was ninety-eight.

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THE EVERLASTING COVENANT (continued)

Thus Abram knew of Paradise And all its beauties rare; He understood the mournful price Of one dark purchase there. The fearful wages, pain and death, Could only come by sin; But sin itself is but a myth Until a law begin.

The Saviour's death for man attests That Law was known in Eden; Alike, in character, it rests

With changelessness of Heaven.

And Abram's faithfulness arose From love and loyalty

To Him who shields and honors those Who honor equity.

For God himself this witness bore: "I will my servant bless,

I am thy fortress evermore,

Thy faith is righteousness. Because my voice thou hast obeyed,

And kept my precious charge,

No, never shalt thou be dismayed,

I will thy name enlarge.

"Come thou abroad, and one by one Tell all the glittering stars, Or number, in the shining sun, The sands of ocean bars;

THE EVERLASTING COVENANT (continued)

As countless as the stars of night Or sands of restless sea, (Delivered from the Spoiler's might) Thy children shall be free.

"The families of all the world A blessing find in thee,

Because the Rebel's flag is furled By thy Posterity.

This goodly land, afar, anear, Where'er thine eye shall fall, My holy Word, I pledge it here, That thou shalt own it all."

But Abraham a city sought 'By walls of jasper spanned; And he, a pilgrim dying, bought A tomb in Hebron's land. Yet God's own lips assurance gave That all this earth shall be His sinless home, without a grave, Through all eternity.

O heir of earth, O child of sin, Take heart ! Though stranger thou, Redeeming love has "grafted in" The "foreign olive bough." And now, the promises are thine, The richest and the best;

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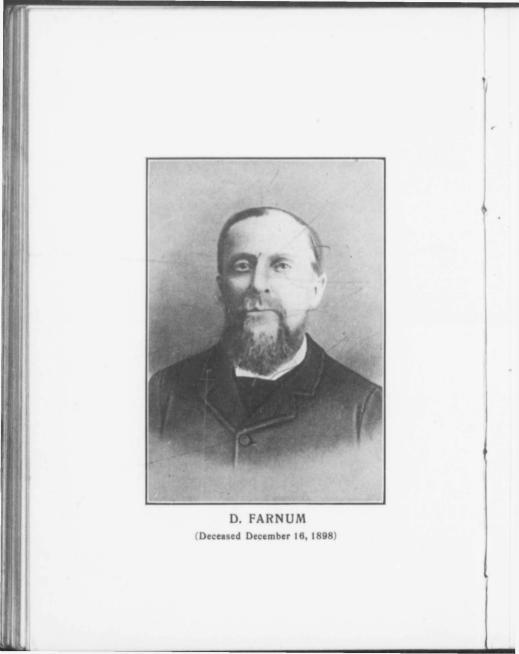
THE EVERLASTING COVENANT (concluded)

No longer from afar they shine — We near that promis'd Rest.

If thou art Christ's, He is thy kin, (The son of God and man) And thou art heir, joint heir with Him In that unfathomed Plan. These groves and bowers we love too well-This home of change and tears; But only love and praises swell The everlasting years. When Israel homeward hastes, with song, From tomb and every strand, They move no more, but flourish long In their own verdant Land ! That City fair, from azure air, Abode of endless bliss, To earth descends, and glory blends In the Metropolis! The arches ring as angels sing The purchase of the Lamb; All gathering Home no more to roam, Sit down with Abraham -Frequent the City bright, With Jesus crowned, upon His throne; (His by creation's might -His by redemption's right). -Gen. 13: 14, 15,

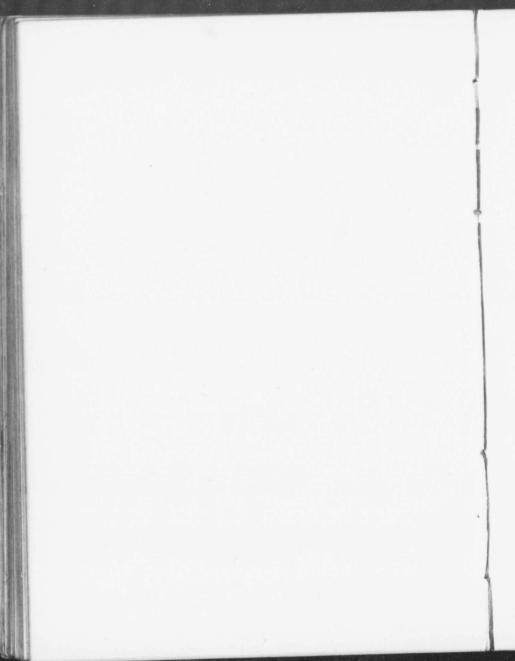
-Gen. 13: 14, 15, with Gal. 3: 29.





Alementos

PART II.



Mementoes

UNITED — PARTED

A loyal lover, ever true ! Yea, lover to the last; As stronger was the chain that grew When years and years were past. But now the wintry snowflakes fall, To drape in white his bed; And earth is not the same at all Since one who loved is dead !

SUMMER LAND

Dear ones of mine that "Flood of Time" Is sweeping o'er the strand, Will smile once more on other Shore In Summer Land!

As buds do burst when zephyrs first Awake the smiling spring, So eyes once bright will gleam with light When golden morn shall bring Glad word: "Awake and Sing."

ARCHIVES

Lo, the Life-Giver cometh ! He spreadeth His universe out at a look; And His Archives the little one readeth As in earth time reading a book.

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HOME

Dear, pleasant home, what memories Commingle with each spot ! Twined with thy vines are reveries Which life can never blot.

Mute manuscript, alone to thee I tell the tales of yore ! Sing low, poor lyre, nor trench too free The aching cordage core !

The wildest tears that mortals shed Bedewed this sacred place; Joy, peace and love with holy tread Bestowed their fragrant trace.

Fair, verdant plains with flower crown, Made glad the sojourn here,

And here, long cherished hopes went down One slow, corroding year.

The prayers, the sighs, the anguish keen Thy walls alone attest; And yet the Rock, my Help unseen

Vouchsafes the longed for rest.

And now the gorgeous days are here — Eighteen Septembers fled ! The One who rules the changeful year With blessing crowns my head !

500 COLLEGE STREET, September 1908.

Tersely Told

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HIDDEN

Long is the journey and rough the road Since laying the treasures away ! Light the labor, divided the load Ere the idols were hid one day Under the clay.

Eyes that were loving and fond alway; Heart that was tenderly true — Sightless and silent many a day, While gales of adversity blew, Piercing me through.

Ah, not forever! God is Above; He liveth and feeleth the blow. Bending in pity, sending in love, Helping co-workers below Banish the woe.

FATHERLAND

When all the frosts of Time are past And blossoms droop no more;
The good and beautiful at last Meet on the farther Shore.
They find again the precious Lost, And clasp again the hand,
Lauding the Love that paid the cost Of Home, the Fatherland !

LIGHTS

When grass grows over thy dead, And years are laden with wrong; When loves and idols are fled — Silent the song; Turn back to lessons of Lore! List to the warbler's praise! Then the thrill and joy of yore Gladden the days.

SOLACE

The burdens life will gather When tempests lower and frown, To our Heavenly Father Oh bear and lay them down ! Thus life is worth the living, Despite its care and pain ! The Mighty One is reigning And brings, ere long, again (Tho' marvellous the cost) The Jewels that were lost.

DEATHLESS

Not long the tombs their trophies hold, And brief the mourning cry; The Shepherd roams the mountain cold, His purchased flock to fold Where they will never die.

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MEMOIRS OF FATHER

Years slip away since that sad day He kissed my tear stain'd face, In firm belief that ere a leaf Be covered with the snow, The "train" would bear the daught He fain would earlier go.

But when I press'd that And took his trem My spirit wept fo "Mutations in With eve

Oh, mem Thy so To rest The If hy

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THE ADOPTED CHILD

Once idolized that form by one who sought To shield it from life's storm, that all enwrought The best should be to shine eternally.

> foreign land, deep vale between, ars expand. From mem'ry green, be past again are seen.

> > "hat very day Before the ray "e was white 'ark night.

> > > ve see ion free one !

> > > > "hy care !

h Thee!

time

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REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,

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"... I regard Mrs. Farnum's poems as very far above the average of contributions in literary merit"

May 1904.

(Signed) W. W. PRESCOTT,

President.

From B. B. Noftsger, Secretary-Treas., Canadian Tract Society. "... I always enjoy reading your poetry. You seem to have that gift."

Grand Manan, N.B.

From Rev. A. O. BURRILL.

October 1895.

"... I think your essay on Religious Liberty in the Examiner well written, and exhort you to use your talent in writing for public print."

Darwell, Ont.

From Associate Editor, Bible Echo, Melbourne (Australia).

"... I do not need to examine Mrs. Farnum's literary work to know that it is of a superior character, as well as invaluable in the great work of moral reform, education and enlightenment of all who may be privileged to read the same."

(Signed) GEO. W. MORSE.

June 1893.

From Supt., Medical and Surgical Sanitarium, Battle Creek, Mich.

"... I wish to thank you for the paper you sent. Please accept the Good Health Magazine for one year. I shall be glad to see any publications which contain articles from your pen."

(Signed) J. H. KELLOGG, M.D.

From REV. EUGENE LELAND.

TORONTO, May 1908.

". . . We are always glad to publish articles from your pen."

From the Iowa Milford Mail of Aug. 22, 1889.

". . . Mr. and Mrs. Farnum were among pioneer settlers of N. W. Iowa, and will be kindly remembered, as the cause of public education received benefit from this fact. The Mail expects a series of letters from the talented lady; the reading and thinking public will appreciate them."

From Author of "How to Observe the Sabbath."

FRANCONIA, ONT.,

June 1905.

". . . I am reminded of our brief acquaintance by your beautiful poems appearing in different papers. May the Lord bless your work for humanity !"

ROBERT ST. CLAIR.

PETERBOROUGH, ONT.,

Oct. 20th, 1910.

". . . Essentially a poet, Mrs. Farnum's talents are not confined to poetry alone. Her succinct article upon "Religious Freedom and Civic Law," apart from its literary merit, shews a vigor and grasp of the subject which but few possess . . ."

J. GREEN.

From Associate Publisher of Minn." Mankato Journal."

Jan. 15, 1905.

"... I know that Mrs. Farnum's literary work is of a character to elevate and make better. It is as good seed sown, which will bear fruit in years to come."

E. O. MORRISON.

