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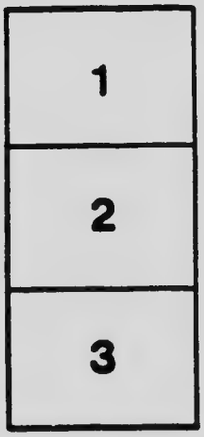


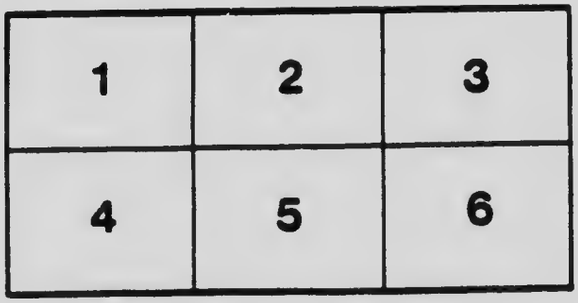

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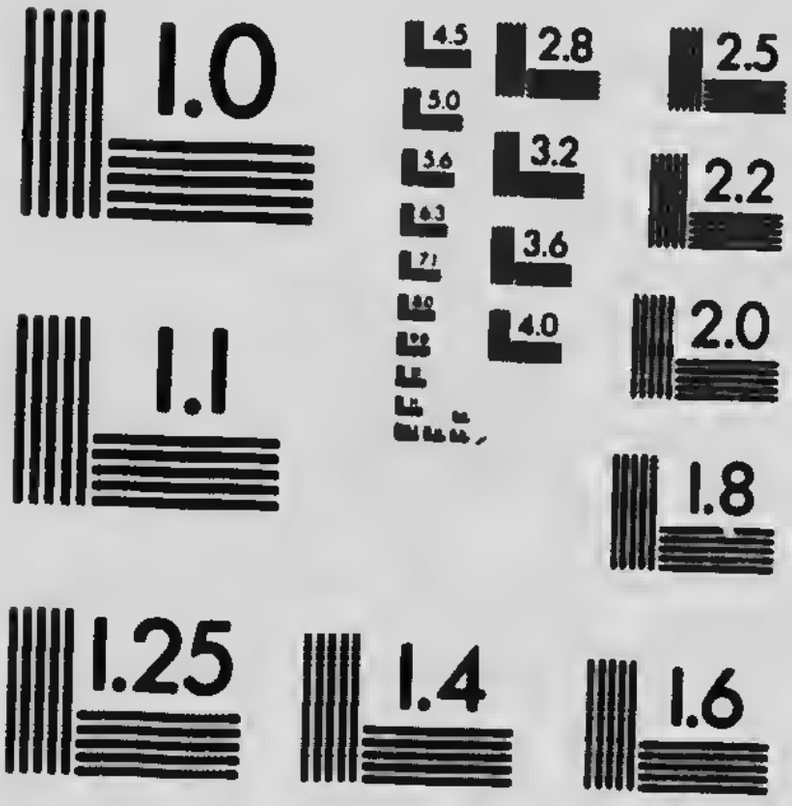


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# Pebbles and Shells

A BOOK OF VERSES

BY

Donald A. Fraser

Anon, I gather from the strand
  A pretty *pebble* clear,
A sea-flower bell, or sounding *shell*;
  Then send them far and near,
In hopes that some the magic main
  Through them might see and hear

TORONTO
WILLIAM BRIGGS
1909

TO

MY MOTHER

Sarah Rogerson Fraser

THIS VOLUME

IS

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

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# PEBBLES AND SHELLS

## MY MISSION.

When I would launch my fragile craft
  On Thought's vast, boundless sea,
The waves upcurl in awful swirl
  Of mystic revelry,
And overwhelm my puny bark,
  And well-nigh smother me.

And so I e'en content myself,
  And wander on the marge
Of that grand tide I may not ride,
  And scan its sky-rim large;
Or follow with my fancy's eye
  Another's outbound barge.

Anon I gather from the strand
  A pretty pebble clear,
A sea-flower bell, or sounding shell,
  Then send them far and near
In hopes that some the magic main
  Through them might see and hear.

## THE CHANGING SEA.

I.

O LAUGHING Sea!
How joyous are thy breezes free;
Thy rippling wavelets as they run
Glance gleaming smiles up to the sun;
Thy mountain-crests, bright, snowy, fair,
Are glistening in the crystal air.
Thy winsome face wakes joy in me,
O merry Sea!

II.

O raging Sea!
Thy surges rise tumultuously;
The lashing foam seethes far and wide,
And iron rocks hiss back thy tide;

The cloud-rack hurtles grimly by
Where dim, storm-hidden mountains lie.
What power and passion live in thee,
O angry Sea!

III.

O mournful Sea!
Thy smooth, gray mounds heave silently;
The surf sighs low to the sullen shore,
That sighs again with muffled roar:
There's a breath of tears in the moaning wind
Like the salt, salt tears my eyes that blir
Of sorrowful secrets thou whisperest me,
O sad, sad Sea!

IV.

O gentle Sea!
How calm thy sleeping ripples be;
Asleep the nodding kelp-bulbs lie;
The pebbled strand sings lullaby;
The mountains sleep in sunny haze,
'Neath dreamy skies of summer days.
Naught, naught but peace thou bringest me,
O tranquil Sea!

V.

O sacred Sea!
When sets the sun in majesty,
Across thy breast a path of gold
Leads where the western gates unfold;
And all the glory of the skies
A vision is of paradise.
A hymn, a prayer, art thou to me,
O holy Sea!

## JUAN DE FUCA STRAITS.

I STAND upon Vancouver's sunny shore,
Where proud Victoria breathes the salt sea air,
And look across the blue expanse to where
Olympia rears her snow-clad summits hoar.

A vision glorious greets my charmèd gaze;
The sloping green, wide-splashed with golden broom;
The shimmering blue, beyond which nobly loom
The mountains, deeper-dyed with azure haze.

Along the west extends Sooke's fir-clad height—
A purple finger pointing south, whose tip
Points out the rocks, long cursed by many a ship,
Where winks the Race his fiery eye at night.

Above the island-dotted east, serene,
Arises Baker's head, whose lordly frown,
And kingly air, and white eternal crown,
Proclaim him monarch of the lovely scene.

O Fuca, gateway of a western world,
  How grandly flows, unceasingly, thy tide,
  In sunny smile, in calm and placid pride,
Or raging storm, with crested billows curled!

Roll on then, Fuca! Roll in royal state!
  Thy past in misty ages shrouded lies;
  Thy future, glorious, dawns upon our eyes,
Majestic portal of two nations great.

## SUNSET.

DAY'S vanquished shield rests on the hill,
  Night spreads her pall of sorrow;
Hope, from her radiant western throne,
  Calls, "Peace, Day'll rise to-morrow."

## DAWN.

THERE Trouble's mountain-peaks unfold,
  Impassable in Sorrow's night;
Hope's sun arises—and behold!
  Each crest a stepping-stone of light.

## A GRAY DAY.

Gray is the sky, and the hills are gray;
  A gray mist hangs in the heavy air;
A gray ship sails on a smooth, gray sea,
And dull gray care fills the heart of me—
  Yea, 'tis sombreness everywhere.

Stay! There's a rift in yonder cloud;
  A golden beam darts earthward now;
The gray ship looks like a fairy craft;
Then a ray of hope, like the magic shaft,
  Lifts care and shade from my heart and brow.

## ANGER.

When Anger's fuming wave is sternly met
  By mad Resentment's iron rock
They tear each other in their furious fret,
  And din the air with crashing shock;

But when the surge bursts on the yielding sand
  Of Gentleness, it spends its ire
In purling murmurs, which the soothing strand
  Repeats in strains that peace inspire.

## MY PICTURE.

No skill have I with point or brush,
  But form and tint my soul doth love;
So oft in leisure hours I strive
  To limn the dreams my mind that rove.

One day I took my friendly brush
  And wrought, and when my task was done,
A small sloop sailed a glassy sea
  Splashed with gold from the setting sun.

Then, stepping from the easel back,
  I scanned my work with critic eye;
But, oh, how poor it seemed to be!
  "I will destroy it," was my cry.

But, quickly changing this intent,
  I pinned it to my study wall,
And turned me to some other task,
  And very soon forgot it all.

The day declined, the setting sun
  Shed through my room his level beam;
I glanced up at my work, exclaimed:
  "Am I awake, or do I dream?"

My little picture was aglow;
  I left my chair and gazed it o'er;
The dull and lifeless drawing breathed
  A life and fire it lacked before.

The sky did flame; the crimson clouds
  Across its face did seem to glide;
The vessel almost rose and fell
  On the heaving breast of the lazy tide.

The rosy beams of the west'ring sun,
  Reflected by a draping bright,
Had wrought my work this wondrous change,
  And cast the shaft of magic light.

The work, which one brief hour ago
  I thought but fit to be destroyed,
Was now transformed by Heaven's light
  Into a thing in which I joyed.

Thus it may be with humble lives
  That failures seem, or planned awry,
Their latent beauties will appear
  When viewed in light from God's own eye.

## CLOUDS.

From my window I see them floating
  Across the pale sapphire sky,
All silver and gold and crimson,
  In the glow that bids daylight die.

There they march on in great phalanxes,
  With outriders, one by one;
And, lower, extend their columns
  Like bars o'er the setting sun.

O dark clouds, o'er yon horizon
  Ye press on the sun's bright face
Like the weight of sorrow loading
  My heart in its secret place.

And yet your ensanguined edges
  Speak plain of your fairer side;
So perhaps my grief will lighten
  With the shifting of time and tide.

## EVENING.

ALONE at my chamber window
  I sit at the close of day,
And watch how the golden sunshine
  Steals softly and sweet away.

Serenely the blood-red sun-disc
  Sinks low o'er the purple hills,
And evening's calm peace so fills me
  Forgotten are day's brief ills.

The sun drops behind the hill-crest,
  His face I no longer see;
But each crimson cloudlet mirrors
  The glory unseen by me.

For me there will come a season
  When trouble and care shall cease,
And Life's brilliant sun be setting
  Behind yonder hills of Peace.

Then may not its rays be smothered
  In sudden and darksome night,
But others around be brightened
  With gleams of its vanished light.

## NIGHT.

FAIR, gold-crowned Day has drawn her crimson train
  Through western gates, and pearly-mantled Eve
  Has smiled on all things round. Now she does leave,
And in her place comes sombre Night to reign—
Dark Night, arrayed in shroud of sable stain,
  But all bestrewn with golden dust of stars,
  That makes her darkness beautiful, and mars
Not Luna's splendor, as o'er land and main,
Her torchbearer, she glides with silver feet.
  Then over all the world a hush descends,
While weary mortals sink in slumber sweet;
  All nature, high and low, together blends
In blissful rest to wait the morning bright,
And silently enjoy the boon of Night.

## WINTER IN VICTORIA.

HERE is no sharp extreme of biting cold;
  No deluge drear from lowering cloud outpours;
  No boisterous, rasping wind its fury roars;
Nor is the land gripped in the Frost King's hold.
The sky is blue, dull green the grassy wold;
  The sable crow calls loudly as he soars
  From the dark festooned fir, to where, in scores,
His mates the gnarled oak's writhing arms enfold.
The rose still shows late hips of yester-year;
  The glistening holly flaunts her berries red;
Afar, through purple mists, the hills appear,
  While smiles the warm, benignant sun o'erhead.
Nature's not dead; she does but gently sleep.
List! Spring's sweet call; the buds begin to peep.

## THE DOUGLAS FIR.

PROUD monarch of the West's green-fringèd hills,
  Majestic pillar of the sunset sky,
  In grim, dark grandeur thou dost raise on high
Thy tap'ring head, to where the glory fills
The firmament. The roseate radiance thrills
  My soul not more than that weird melody
  The ocean breeze awakes mysteriously
Among thy boughs whenever that it wills.
Long centuries have scored thy rugged side
  With gashes rude and deep; thy wounded heart
Has shed great tears, and these, congealing, hide,
  Or strive to hide, these gaping rents in part;
And centuries more thou still mightst stand in pride;
  But envious man now claims thee for his mart.

## CANADA OUR HOME.

Our home, our home is Canada,
  The happiest of lands,
With laughing streams, and peaceful lakes,
  And silver ocean strands;
With verdant forests, mountains hoar,
  And rolling prairies free.
The world can boast of none more fair.
  Hail, Canada, to thee!

Our home, our home is Canada,
  Our people one must be;
No discords should disturb our land—
  One home, one family;
Then underneath the maple tree
  Shall flourish side by side
The Lily, Thistle, Shamrock, Rose,
  And e'er in peace abide.

Our home, our home is Canada,
  Our fathers made her free;
'Tis ours to keep her glory bright,
  And guard her unity.
May God in Heaven grant [illegible] aid
  When storms and troubles come,
And evermore direct and bless
  Dear Canada, our home.

## THREE CHEERS FOR CANADA.

THREE cheers, three cheers for Canada!
  And loudly let them ring;
Three cheers, then, for our Empire great,
  And thrice three for our King!

Three cheers for Canada!
  The land of lands the best;
The land our fathers died to free,
  The land their toilings blessed;
The land by Nature loved,
  And lavishly adorned;
The land where Freedom folds her wings
  And tyranny is scorned.

Three cheers for Canada!
  We give them with a will.
Our country claims our dearest love,
  Her calls our pulses thrill.

All eager for the fray,
  No war-cloud terrifies,
Nor foeman daunts the loyal heart
  That in each bosom lies.

Three cheers for Canada!
  May Peace hold sway supreme,
And Plenty fill her stores with grain;
  Her waters richly teem.
The God of nations guard
  Our land from every blight,
And aid her sons to keep her name
  Aglow with spotless light.

Three cheers, three cheers for Canada!
  And loudly let them ring!
Three cheers, then, for our Empire great,
  And thrice three for our King!

## THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC.

THE breath of War was in the air; her screamings could be heard
Along our wasted border like a sanguinary bird;
And up and down the River, from the sea to Ville Marie,
The hearts of wives and mothers, in their dread, beat anxiously.

The British were advancing in their sure, resistless way,
And post by post fell fatefully before their fierce array;
And brave Montcalm strove valiantly their onward course to check,
For they came to tear the Lilies from the ramparts of Quebec.

Strong Louisbourg had fallen, and the foeman held the gate
Through which could come the only aid to serve us in our strait;
Thus any aid that Mother France might send to help her sons
Must needs to run the gauntlet of the booming British guns.

Our hearts beat high with hope when at Ticonderoga's height
Montcalm did put in utter rout the British hosts to flight;
But, ah! What grief of heart was ours, when ere another year
Ticonderoga's ruins as their fierce revenge appear.

Then Frontenac and Fort DuQuesne, Niagara and Crown Point
Each rendered up their living chrysm the victors to anoint.
Thus nearer drew the fangs of War, when tidings came that Wolfe,
With a mighty fleet of stately ships, was sailing up the Gulf.

A crowd stood on our rocky height one smiling day in June,
And strained their gaze to that far point around which must come soon
The dreaded fleet; when one good priest with levelled glass espied
A ship with France's colors bearing slowly up the tide.

"Hurrah, my boys!" he cried in glee, "I see the Lilies dance
Above her mast; she brings, no doubt, much-needed stores from France.

But, hold! That flag is coming down; another flies
instead.
'Tis the blood-red cross of Britain!" And he fell
before us, dead.

Then boomed the warning cannon from the frowning
citadel,
And echoing guns from river-camps, and every village
bell
With brazen throat gave utterance to the signal of
alarms;
And every loyal son of France was instantly in arms.

The British landed easily on Orleans' fair isle;
And soon their camps lay scattered thick, down many a
river mile;
But, oh, the blow they gave to us the day we woke to
see
Our enemy entrenching on the heights of Point Levis!

Three months they then besieged us in our nature-
guarded keep;
Three months they battered tower and wall with guns
that knew not sleep;
Three months we starved and waited, on defensive
night and day;
For, could we wait, the cold would come and drive the
foe away.

Sore, sore the days of travail that poor Canada endured.
They tried, indeed, her hardiest sons, to trials long inured.
Shame, shame on those of her own house, who caused her half her woe!
Shame on the weak-kneed Vaudreuil, and the dainty thief Bigot!

From rushing Montmorenci to the Heights of Jacques Cartier
We guarded well our rugged cliffs, and kept the foe at bay.
Week in, week out, they scanned our lines, some feeble spot to find;
But, all along 'twas iron-bound, and brave men stood behind.

Ah, no, not all—one little spot the coward Vergor kept;
And, when he should be waking, he laid him down and slept.
Wolfe's eagle eye was watching—and in the dawn-light calm
We found the thin red British lines on the Plains of Abraham.

Then was there wild confusion, and cries of rage and fear,
And cursings, chants and prayers, and many a woman's tear;
The rolling of alarum drums, the piercing bugle-call,
As soldiers marched to face the foe, to fight, perchance to fall.

"They've reached our weakest side at last!" cried Montcalm in despair,
"Yet must our numbers crush them, and vict'ry from them tear.
Béarn, LaSarre and Languedoc, Roussillon and Guienne,
This day must be your testing-time; God grant it prove you men!"

Oh! furious was the charge they made, and fierce the storm of lead,
And many a British soldier was numbered with the dead;
But silently his place was filled, and, calm as seaside rock,
Their files stood firm and fearless, nor seemed to feel the shock.

But at the quick, commanding word, each soldier aimed
and fired;
Like one loud cannon-shot it rang, and when the smoke
retired
All ghastly were our ranks to see; that deadly hail of
lead
Had mowed them down like standing corn. They
quailed, they broke, they fled.

Amid the dire commotion, with strife and anguish
filled,
The cry was passed from mouth to mouth. "Our
General is killed!"
Brave Montcalm had indeed received his death-wound
in the fray,
But hours he lay in agony before he passed away.

Anon we learned that Wolfe also had met a soldier's
doom.
For both this was a field of fame, to both it brought a
tomb.
Yes, linked by death their names shall go adown the
aisles of Time,
Victor and vanquished, heroes both, revered as souls
sublime.

One day they struck the Lily flag that floated o'er Quebec
And raised instead Saint George's Cross above the city's wreck;
The troops of France, with lowered gaze, marched slowly out the gate;
The British entered, and behold! New France had met her fate.

Though sick at heart, and wounded in our patriotic pride,
We came, ere long, to reverence the rod our masters plied;
They treated us as brothers, not as enemies or spies;
The yoke we thought would gall us proved a blessing in disguise.

And so we face the future, led by Hope with outstretched wings;
And though our sky be troubled now, we pass to better things.
Yes, France shall fuse with Britain in this crucible, Quebec;
And Canada shall spring therefrom, a gem the world to deck.

## ACTION.

We live by doing, not by breathing only;
  We grow by striving, not by standing mute;
Then let each day be sacred to its purpose;
  Each hour its action; Life will bear good fruit.

## TRUTH.

Truth, like the kernel of a nut,
  Within its shell of error lies;
This hard encasement you must break
  Before you reach the hidden prize.
Take care that, in the shell abusing,
You injure not the nut past using.

## THOUGHTLESSNESS.

One strained to reach a shining height,
  But perished ere he could attain;
Another o'er his levelled corse
  Stretched out his hand, but stretched in vain.

On, on they throng to gain the goal;
  One fails, another follows fast;
His clay but swells the pile that brings
  The next still nearer than the last.

Now one arrives who mounts the heap,
  And with a bound the height is won;
Then, thoughtless, proud, erect, he cries:
  "O World, behold what *I* have done!"

## THE SINGER.

She stands in calm, sweet dignity
  Before the expectant throng,
While the piano's rippling keys
  Anticipate her song.

Then from her parted lips there flow
  Pure floods of tone, that swell
Mellow and rich as organ notes,
  Or sweet as silver bell.

She sings of war and martial fame
  With fire sublime and grand;
The blood leaps through my tingling veins
  At loyalty's demand.

The thrilling notes enthrall me quite,
  Till, as they wane and pause,
The concourse makes the echoes ring
  With thunderous applause.

And now she sings of holy love,
  The love that never dies,
While throbs my heart 'twixt joy and pain,
  And tears start in my eyes.

She ceases; once again the crowd
  Rewards her ballad sweet;
And flowers in rich profusion fall
  All round about her feet.

Alas! I have no pretty blooms
  To bear my tribute's part;
But something have I cast indeed:
  Ah me! it is my heart.

## THE POET.

THE Sage enquires with bended head
  To find the truth of things;
The Harper, too, in search of light,
  Upsoars on dreamy wings;
But with serene, unclouded brow
  The Poet sees, and sings.

## LONGFELLOW.

No war-winged Pegasus thy flights sustained,
  Nor classic Muse compelled thy murmured lay;
  But from the heights of Peace, where angels stay,
Did one descend, nor in thine ear refrained
From whispering words of hope and love. Contained
  In simple strains, they left thy lips anew
  To gladden weary hearts, with hope imbue
The captive whom dull sorrow had enchained.
O Longfellow! Thou hast thy wish indeed.
  What songs, than thine, could have a nobler end?
For down the aisles of Time thy name shall read:
  "The Fireside Poet" and "The Children's Friend."
We'll twine a wreath immortal for thy brow,
For thou didst sing of hearts, and thrill'st them now.

## THE BUILDER.

An angel came and carried me away
To where a lonely wilderness held sway
For leagues around. Its dreary face was strewed
With stunted scrub and rocky fragments rude;
No human habitation soothed my eye;
No sight, save gloomy heath and leaden sky.

The angel set me in the midst, and said:
"Build." And in great amaze I turned my head.
And gazed about. "Build what?" I cried, but lo!
The angel vanished ere I saw him go.
In grief I threw myself upon the ground,
And lay sometime, as one doth in a swound;
But ever was my sleep with visions filled
Of that stern angel who aye bade me "Build."

I rose. A wild-fowl cleft the barren sky;
"Build, build," too, seemed the burden of his cry;
And echoed, "Build," a cricket in the grass.
"What shall I build, and how?" I cried. "Alas!
What can he build who no supplies commands?
How can he build who has no tools save hands?"

I sat me down upon a grassy mound,
And as my sullen glances stole around,
I saw a tiny ant, with fervid will,
At ceaseless work upon her patient hill;
A grain of sand, a little piece of straw,
A withered leaf—of such materials raw
She built her home. "Why, then," aloud cried I,
"Can I not do the same, and, striving, try
To rear myself a hut, a dwelling, found
Of such crude things as here are strewn around?"
"O God," I cried, "help me myself to help!
O Thou, who carest for the lion's whelp,
Aid me, Thy child, with all my might, to do
This solemn task which Thou hast set me to."

In eager haste I doffed my coat, and seized
Rough blocks of stone, and these up-piled, and squeezed
Into the crevices thick plaster-mud
That edged a near-by springlet's precious flood.
A doorway and a window-space I left
In the coarse walls: and then, with hands grown deft,
I sloped the growing walls, till o'er my head
They well-nigh met; when, last of all, I spread
A large flat stone that taxed my utmost strength;
And thus my humble cot was built at length.
A couch I made upon the earthen floor
Of the parched grass that spread the moorland o' r.
When this was done the day had gone to rest
Beyond the distant portals of the west.

With mind and body tired, I stood before
My feeble work, and slowly gazed it o'er.
As well as I knew how my time I'd spent;
Within me rose a feeling of content;
And so, though rude the work and bleak the scene,
Peace filled my heart where once despair had been.

Then knelt I on the sward, and thanks to God
I gave; but as I raised me from the sod,
I heard again the angel's ringing voice,
But now more soft and kind. He cried "Rejoice,
O Man! and see how God hath blessed thy pain."
I turned, and there before my vision plain
Now rose a temple where my hut had been;
And lo, my Lord and Master stood within.

## THE FOUNTAIN.

OUT on the greensward at my feet
  A little fountain plays;
Each drop is a rich jewel, set
  In the sunshine's golden rays.

Up in the air the gems arise,
  But quickly fall again;
Once more they strive to reach the skies,
  Alas! They strive in vain.

Ah me! How like life's thronging hopes
  That rise but to descend;
On high they raise our trusting hearts,
  And then in sadness end.

"O God! Are hopes a mockery?"
  I cry in anguish rare,
"Or goadings of demonic spite
  To drive us to despair?"

E'en as I gaze a wearied bird
  Lights on the fountain's brink,
Enjoys awhile the mimic rain,
  Then, bending, takes a drink.

Refreshed, revived, the little bird
  Outspreads his gladsome wings;
And all the air re-echoes wide
  The songs of joy he sings.

Far up into the sunny sky
  The blithesome minstrel flies,
Till the immensity of space
  Enveils him from my eyes.

The drops that failed to mount on high,
  The bird new life have given;
So, even on life's blasted hopes,
  Our hearts may rise to Heaven.

## THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

THE bells toll out a mournful dirge;
  And why? The Year is dying;
The Old Year, gray with weight of care,
Alone, with none his grief to share,
  Breathes out his last, sad sighing.

For much of woe and want and sin
  His transient reign has crowded;
And ignorance and lust and crime,
In all their blighting, dead'ning rime,
  Have many souls enshrouded.

But as he sighs he faintly smiles;
  Not all was dark and dreary.
Some burdened hearts have lightened been;
Some souls have burst the bonds of Sin;
  Some rested, that were weary.

Good-bye, Old Year, your work is done;
  We fain would watch thy dying.
Swift-footed Time bears us along;
We cannot leave the hurrying throng,
  Nor stay the moments flying.

The bells assume a merry note,
  And hark! The sound of singing.
The Old Year's dead, the New Year comes
With peal of trump and roll of drums,
  And joy and gladness bringing.

His step is firm, his eye is clear,
  And all the Graces lead him;
The youths and maidens deck his brows
With amaranth and myrtle boughs,
  And faith and hope succeed him.

O glad New Year! We hail thee, too;
  Thou bring'st us joy or sorrow;
We hope for joy; yet know that pain
Is sent us higher heights to gain;
  Then dread we not the morrow.

Ring, merry bells, ring high, ring low;
  Ring honest toil or leisure;
For ring they fast, or ring they slow,
Or ring they weal, or ring they woe,
  They ring but God's own pleasure.

## NEW YEAR'S BELLS.

FROM out the turrets clang the bells,
The bells that knell the Old Year's flight.
Each solemn tongue the message tells,
Earth's watch is changing in the night;
And all their tones united chime
This lesson of the stride of Time:
Time lives
And life allures;
Time dies
But God endures.

But hark! Outpeal the merry bells,
The bells that hail the year new born.
And as each note the chorus swells
That greets with joy the world's new morn.
Glad Hope's sweet carol rings amain,
With Love's low, murmuring refrain:
Time lives
And life allures;
Time dies
But God endures.

## THE RUBAIYAT OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

AWAKE! Ruf-rider Morn haz vankwisht Nite,
And fired the gun that putz the starz too flite;
And lo! The kow-boy ov the eest haz kot
The grate white dome with a lassoo ov lite.

Dreeming when Don had skarsely tinjd the ski,
I hurd a voys within the White Howse kri:
"Kum, Tedee, it is time yoo shood bee up;
Tuft-hunters are arownd, reeporterz pri."

Yes, see the krowd, how grate it haz beekum.
Sum choo tobakko, sum choo only gum;
But ol kan choo the rag with gratest eez,
Yet more kan pla that game, or I'm a drum.

Yes, I'm the boy too setel such az theez:
I giv eech hand that welnone, strenyus skweez,
Tha see the smile, the smile that wont kum of,
And stonee hartz at wuns beekum az cheez.

Kum with yoor Tedee then, and leev the lot
Ov sordid poor and idel rich forgot,
And studee mee awhile, and sumthing lurn;
For I—I rather like it. Whoo wood not?

Now for a kup ov kofee and sum tost,
And then too wurk; for wurk yoo no's mi bost;
"Get bizee, bizee keep" 's my motto strate,
And shood bee evereeman'z or let him rost.

Miself when yung did eegerly frequent
The church, the kort, the barak, or the tent—
Wherever tok wuz on—and made a poynt
Ov lurning sumthing nu eer owt I went.

And so, mi frendz, wee'l hold thingz pritee furm,
And skweez owr chanses til wee make them skwurm.
Too-morro? Whi, that da ma never kum,
Or I bee Prezident anuther turm.

Therz Emprer Bill (tha sa wee'r sumthing like),
He noz a thing or too, but Grashus Mike!
He wastz his time a-tooting hiz own horn;
Had I hiz shooz, now woodn't Yoorup hike?

A little muk-raking iz good, that's plane,
And when yoo rake, just rake with mite and mane;
But varee kareful bee in dooing this,
Yoo rake not more than yoo kan tramp agane.

Strike owt for kash, that lojik absoloot
Wil ol the sekts politikal refute,
Wil grees the wheelz that make yoor chariot run,
And ol the hilz ov life too planez tranzmute.

Yes, skoop in ol yoo kan and wizelee spend;
Lend not too enemee nor yet too frend;
Pare, skrimp, and save til when you kum too di
A portlee bank akownt wil grase yoor end.

But then yoo must not di; yoo'l hav too much
Too leev but for fond relativs too kluch.
When daz gro short, just giv the hole away
In fownding publik librareez and such.

I wish I kood diskus rase sooiside,
Or bronko busting, or—but time and tide
Awate no man, yoo no; I've lotz too doo,
'Twixt "jungled" beef, and tanning Kuba's hide.

So pra ekskuse mee. Ah! There goz mi bel.
No, thanks. Deelited! I am sertin. Wel,
Now whether yoo hav lurned sum things or not,
I hope yoo'r stuk on mi nu wa too spel.

# LOVE VERSES

## LOVE'S AWAKING.

An angel came and touched my heart with living fire;
Delicious strains she drew from her celestial lyre;
And Love within me woke, to dare Death in desire.

## LOVE.

Love is life and love is death;
  Love, purged from pride and pelfishness,
Is life and freedom to the soul,
  And is the death of selfishness.

## WHAT IS LOVE?

Love's a tear,
Or but a sigh;
Love's a welcome;
Love's "Good-bye."

Love's a laugh,
Or gentle smile;
Love's a rage,
Yet soothes e'erwhile.

Love's a storm,
Or Love's a calm;
Love's a burden;
Love's a balm.

Love's a blessing;
Perhaps a curse;
Something better,
Or something worse.

Love's a rise,
Sometimes a fall;
Love is nothing,
And yet 'tis all.

## LOVE'S WHISPER.

It came like the breath of an opening rose,
  Like the fall of a summer shower,
Sweet'ning and fresh'ning life's weary way
  With its subtle and magic power.

All nature assumed a more glorious tint,
  And the birds' sweetest notes outrang;
The sun smiled warm, and the breeze blew soft,
  While the brooklet more gaily sang.

And what was the charm that had worked the change
  With a wonder all charms above?
Oh, listen! I'll tell you the secret true:
  'Twas the first gentle whisper of love.

## SERENADE.

Come, Love, cease thy dreaming;
Come where stars are beaming;
Where the fire-fly gleaming
  Darts through mossy dell;
Where the pale moon, glancing,
Sheds her beams entrancing,
Nature's charms enhancing,
  There my love I'll tell.

Where the night-bird singing,
Joy and gladness bringing,
Care and sorrow winging,
  I would fly with thee
To this glade inviting,
Free from all things blighting,
Love our hearts uniting;
  Come, my Love, with me.

## LADY ALICE.

LADY ALICE, you are haughty,
  And I seek your side in vain;
But, in spite of all your frowning,
  I remain within your train.

As the iron, drawn by magnet,
  Unresisting, silent, sure;
So am I drawn by the graces
  Of thy soul so true and pure.

Thus I'm waiting, humbly waiting,
  Fondly hoping all the while,
That you'll show yourself relenting
  By a look, a nod, a smile.

Lady Alice, cold and distant,
  I may never call you mine;
But my heart till Death's hand stills it
  Will be ever wholly thine.

## ALICE'S EYES.

FILLED with a mystical light,
  Piercing the heart like a ray
Darting from diamond bright,
  Or from the Star of the Day;
  Mortal could never portray
All the swift gleams that arise
  From those light-fountains at play,
Alice's wonderful eyes.

Joy brims them full of delight,
  Pain clouds them over with gray,
Love melts in tenderness, quite,
  Anger is absent alway;
  Yet all the while they convey
Innocent, wond'ring surprise;
  Pure is the soul that doth sway
Alice's wonderful eyes.

Terror, avaunt, nor affright;
  Sorrow and Anguish, give way,
Aught that can tarnish or blight
  Come ye not nigh them, I pray;
  For in those depths I survey
Visions of bliss that I prize.
  Love, show thy light, and display
Alice's wonderful eyes.

### L'envoi.

Sweet as the flowers of May,
  Blue as the fathomless skies,
Wells of pure love are to me
  Alice's wonderful eyes.

## LOVE AND EVANESCENCE.

I GAZE a-down the past to-night,
  Ah, dreams and visions vain!
Whence are ye fled, that once were bright?
  Will ye not come again?

The feet that eager pressed must pause,
  The hands that wrought be still,
The eyes that brooked no conquering glance
  With tears begin to fill.

They all are dead, those earthly joys;
  They fill neglected graves.
And Love? Ah, Love! That heaven bestows.
  'Tis Love alone that saves.

A lily white, though faint the light,
  It shines amid the gloom;
When all earth's choicest boons decay,
  Love blossoms on their tomb.

Yes, Love is all, Love conquers all,
  True love endures for aye;
Heaven shall be filled with mated hearts
  When worlds have passed away.

## LOVE'S VOYAGE.

As down the Stream of Life we glide,
Fair One,
I see thy bark upon the tide,
Alone.

. . . . . .

'Tis cheerless thus, to paddle far apart,
Let us draw nearer, where each heart can speak to heart,
Each eye to eye appeal, and hand clasp hand;
Then float we more serenely to the Shining Land.

. . . . . .

But 'tis not near enough. I pray
Thee leave thy boat, Fair One, and get
Thee into mine. Why should we stay
Asunder, when we might be happier yet?

. . . . . .

Ah! Now 'tis joy indeed to glide
United thus upon Life's tide.
How smoothly doth our vessel go
When thou and I together row!
Life's journey had not been so sweet,
Had we, Fair One, not chanced to meet.

## KISSING.

I SCANNED the scientific page
  Wherein one, greatly learned, affirms
That kissing should be quite suppressed,
  For that it surely carries germs.

"The man is right," I sadly sighed,
  "And let him stop it when he please;
For ah! those kisses stol'n last night
  Have given me a heart disease."

But no! I would not have it stopped.
  Such cure were worse than ill, perhaps;
In fact, methinks just what I want
  Is nothing but a bad relapse.

## MY LOVE AND NATURE.

Oh! The flowers that bloom are fair, 'tis true;
But there blooms no flower as fair as you.

And the stars shine brightly in the skies,
But they pale in the gleams from your dear eyes.

Yea! The sun's warm smile has power divine,
But it cannot draw my heart like thine.

List! The birds sing sweetly in the tree;
There's a voice with sweeter melody.

Oh! The world is glad and full of cheer;
Would it be so glad were you not here?

## THE LOVE ROSE.

THERE is only one rose in the wide, wide world,
  And it grows for me, and it blows for me;
And the heart of that rose is dew-impearled,
  Yet it grows for me, yet it blows for me.

Oh! My eyes they feast on its tints so clear.
  Does it grow for me? Does it blow for me?
And its perfume fills my heart with cheer,
  Yes, it grows for me; yes, it blows for me.

Some day I will gather it from its rest,—
  Still it grows for me, still it blows for me,—
And I'll place it so tenderly in my breast,
  For it grows for me, and it blows for me.

## A WISH.

What shall I wish for you, my friend?
  Riches, or honors, or fair renown?
Ah! Riches have wings, and honors are dreams;
  Fame is as empty as bubble blown.

Nay, nay, dear friend, I'll wish you love;
  For, once that Cupid your lips has kissed,
Love will so fill your heart and soul
  Baubles like those will not be missed.

## ARABIAN LOVE SONG.

MADAYA, Madaya, my heart cries for thee!
Madaya, Madaya, dost thou sign for me?
I long for thee ever, all maidens above,
For I am thy lover—art thou not my love?

The desert is dreary,
My heart is a-weary,
No smile in the sun, and no bird in the sky;
The palm droopeth sadly,
My steed panteth madly,
The grass by the well-curb is shrivelled and dry;
All Nature is sullen when thou art not by.

In thy presence cheery,
The desert's not dreary,
The sun smiles in joyance, the bird sings on high;

The palm waveth gladly,
My steed pranceth madly,
The grass is the greenest, and blue is the sky;
All Nature rejoices when thou standest by.

Madaya, Madaya, thou'rt sighing for me,
Madaya, Madaya, I'm coming to thee.
I'll worship thee ever, all maidens above,
For I am thy lover and thou art my love.

## BY FUCA'S WATERS.

### I.

THE summer sun shines brightly;
  The breeze is soft and low;
The rippling wavelets murmur;
  The white sails come and go,
While I sit fondly dreaming,
  My head against the stone
Beneath which lies my Alice
  Of the days long past and gone.

### II.

Long years ago, together
  We left the eastern land,
And ever, ever westward
  Still journeyed hand in hand.
We gained, with years of struggle,
  A home by Fuca's tide;
Then the Reaper came and gathered
  My Alice from my side.

III.

My wealth to me is nothing,
  Since she's not here to share;
No matter where I wander
  I miss her everywhere;
I almost long for Heaven
  To bid my journey cease
And call me to my Alice
  In the Land of Endless Peace.

IV.

She sleeps by Fuca's waters,
  In a soft, green, quiet bed;
And the breeze from the snowy mountains
  Stirs the daisies o'er her head;
The waves sing gently to her
  Their sad, sweet lullaby;
She sleeps by Fuca's waters,
  But sad of heart am I.

## LOVE'S TOURNEY.

As knight of eld, when jousting in the lists,
  Did raise his eyes to meet his lady's smile,
  And therein find new strength of arm, no guile
Might then o'ermatch him while her gaze he wists;
Also do I, when battling in Life's mists,
  Yield to no dubious fate a homage vile;
  I glance at thy dear face, and its sweet wile
Lures me to dare the Power that resists.
O Love, then fix thy lustrous eyes on me;
  Vainly shall Fortune hurl her fiery darts.
Encased in Love's own magic mail, I'll be
  Yon crypt's indweller ere I own her arts;
Obeisance, then, I'll do with victory
  Unto the Queen who rules my heart of hearts

## THE VALENTINE.

A SCRAP of scented paper
  With Cupid's sweet design,
A dart-pierced heart, and this—
  "To my dear Valentine."

Close to my lips I press it,
  Then clasp to heart of mine;
For 'tis not merely paper,
  It is my Valentine.

Love's transubstantiation
  Has changed—oh, bliss divine!—
This perfumed, fragile symbol
  Into my Valentine.

O Love! Let Cupid's arrow
  Unite my heart and thine,
Then shall each be forever
  The other's Valentine.

## ADIEU.

"Adieu," I cried, and clasped her trembling hand;
"Adieu," she sighed; and swiftly from the land
The vessel bore her to a foreign strand.

## TWO OR THREE.

"Two is good company,
  Three is a crowd,"
This, as a proverb old,
  Must be allowed;
But 'tis not always true
  (Partially, maybe),
For there are Jane and I,
  And our sweet baby;
We are good company,
  Yet we are three;
Saw and experience
  Do not agree.

## HOME.

A SWEET little cottage embowered in green;
A lawn edged with flowers of various sheen;
A window with faces that watch till I come;
A door flinging open to welcome me home.

No envy have I for the rich and the great,
My dear little cot is my only estate;
Back, back to that Eden, wherever I roam,
My heart turns with hunger, for that is my home.

When day with its toiling draws near to its close,
I haste to my hearth with its cheer and repose,
And should care or worry have clouded my day
The sweetness of home-love soon drives them away.

May God in His mercy look down from above,
And shield from all danger the dear ones I love,
And guard with His angels from trouble to come
My heaven terrestrial, my own, dear, dear home.

# JUVENILE.

## FATHER TIME'S HELPERS.

*Father Time—*

Oh, dear, I am getting so terribly old,
I really don't know what to do!
The ages are flying so frightfully fast
I cannot keep track of the crew.

'Tis nearly six thousand years since I was born;
No wonder I sometimes feel tired!
An assistant I'll get me if anyone can
For love or for money be hired.

*New Year—*

Now, dear Father Time, do not worry yourself,
I'm willing to do all I can.
I'll manage a year with my twelve little Months,
Don't you think that an excellent plan?

My dear little Months will look after the Days,
And I'll watch the total amount;
So, old Father Time, your sole duty will be
To sit on a hill and keep count.

Come here, little Months, and tell old Father Time
What each one is willing to do
To help him to manage his troublesome world;
Speak up, now, and tell him quite true.

*January—*

I'll bring the white snow to keep all the plants warm;
Jack Frost then can do them no manner of harm.

*February—*

Next I'll come all laden with winter-time joys,
And Valentine's Day for the girls and the boys.

*March—*

My winds they will keep all the air fresh and pure;
The world will be better for that, I am sure.

*April—*

I'll come along then, with my sweet, gentle showers,
That coax from the ground the green grass and the flowers.

*May—*

My blossoms spread over the earth you will find,
To gladden the hearts and the lives of mankind.

*June—*

Sweet roses and lilies my burden shall be,
And all the gay flowers in garden and lea.

*July—*

A haymaker I, and I sing all the day,
While filling the barns with the sweet-scented hay.

*August—*

My sickle will reap all the rich, golden grain,
And food for the nations be garnered again.

*September—*

Oh! apples and peaches, and rich fruits galore,
Are my contribution to basket and store.

*October—*

I'll help you to search through the forest with care;
We are sure to find beechnuts and butternuts there.

*November—*

The poor, sleepy leaflets, all golden and brown,
My frolicsome breezes will bring tumbling down.

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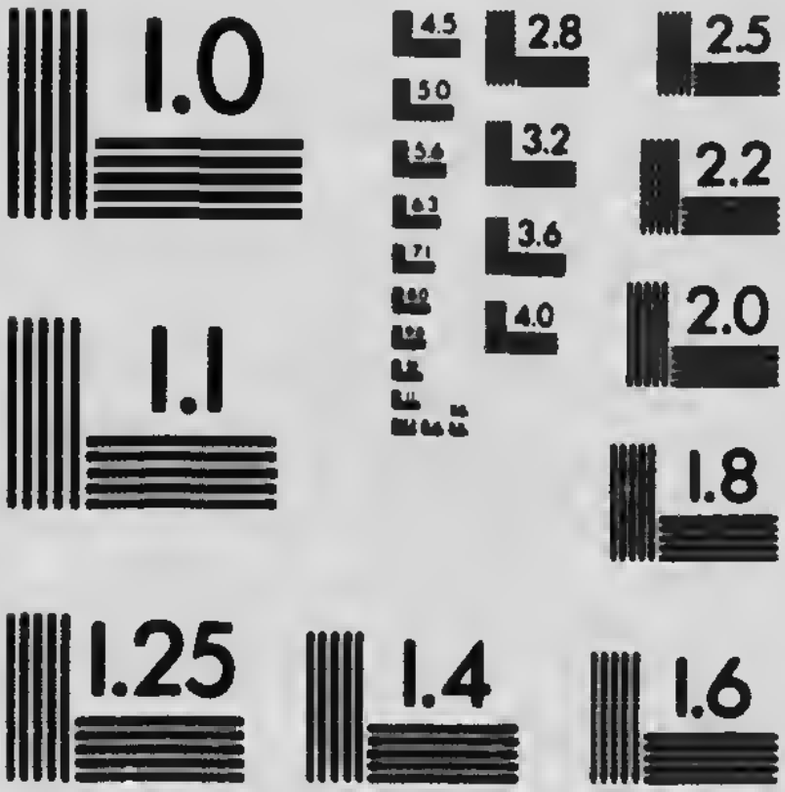


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*December—*

I'll bring along Christmas with all its good cheer.
I'm the last but the jolliest Month of the year.

*Father Time—*

Oh, thanks, gentle New Year, and little Months, too,
For all your kind wishes I'm grateful to you.
With such willing helpers, so merry and glad,
An old man like I am should never feel sad.

Indeed, your kind action has made me feel gay.
I've never felt better for many a day;
So let's work together, with might and with main,
The world will run smoothly, and I'll not complain.

## CHRISTMAS.

(Acrostic.)

Children, come to Bethlehem,
Here, uncrowned with gold or gem,
Resting sweetly, lies your King.
Is there gift that you can bring?
Silver, jewels, you have not,
To lay before His lowly cot.
More than these your Lord will prize
A heart that loves, a hand that tries;
Such gifts your King will not despise.

## LULLABY.

Sleep, baby dear, sleep!
The shadows down creep,
The sun it is sinking behind the hill,
And baby must lie in my arms so still,
Then sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby dear, sleep!
The moon with her sheep
Across her blue pasture is wandering high,
And smiles brightly down in my babe's blue eye.
Then sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby dear, sleep!
My sweet watch I'll keep,
And angels will hover around thy bed;
Their sheltering wings o'er thee they will spread,
Then sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby dear, sleep!
Thine eyes can scarce peep.
The sand-man has come with his dust so fine,
And closed up the eyes of this babe of mine.
Hush! baby's asleep.

## TWO BOYS.

ONCE there was a little boy,
  Who, when he sat at table,
Would stuff, and stuff, and stuff, and stuff,
  As much as he was able.

The bread and jam, and cake, and pie,
  So quick each other'd follow
That one could not help wondering if
  His whole inside were hollow.

But by-and-by he grew so fat
  He found it hard to walk;
Yet still he stuffed, and grew, and puffed,
  Till he could scarcely talk.

Then what befell this greedy boy
  I'm sure you'd like to know;
One day they found him turned into
  A great big lump of dough.

And once there was another boy,
  Who, when the meal-time came,
Would scarcely eat a single thing—
  Now, wasn't that a shame?

He'd screw his nose at wholesome food,
  Potatoes, bread or meat;
But sometimes nibbled gingerly
  At dishes rich and sweet.

Now, this boy got so very thin
  That—how I hate to tell!—
The baby took him for the rake,
  And dropped him down the well.

Don't you be like those silly boys,
  And stuff, or whine at table;
Eat sensibly, and try to grow
  As strong as you are able.

## THE NURSERY FIRE.

I LOVE to lie upon the rug
  Before the nursery fire,
And watch the cunning little flames
  Leap up, and then expire.

It's funny, but I'm sure I see
  Within those glowing nooks
The folks and things I read about
  In all my story books.

Just see that great big dragon fierce,
  With smoking, blazing breath,
A-crawling up his chimney-cave,
  Where waits the Princess, death.

And here's a towered castle tall,
  Its warders posted round—
I give the coals a little poke,
  It crumbles to the ground.

And there's Jack Giant-Killer brave,
  His foes gigantic, too;
And Crusoe and his Friday-man,
  And lazy wee Boy Blue.

Queer things I see in nursery fires—
  Trains, circuses, and wars—
Till one by one the coals die out
  And tumble through the bars.

Then nurse, she comes and takes me off
  And tucks me into bed:
But all night long those fireplace folk
  Keep dancing through my head.

## LAND OF NOD.

Oh! sister and I a-sailing go
  Every night when the sun goes down;
A-sailing away to the Land of Nod
  To visit the people of Dreamland Town.

The ship sets sail from the nursery wharf,
  And I am the captain, and sister's mate;
We always leave sharp on time, you know,
  We mightn't get there if we started late.

Mamma comes up to say "Good-by,"
  Collects the fare, a good-night kiss:
Then out goes the light, for the moon and stars
  Are the proper guides to that Land of Bliss.

We spread the sails of counterpane,
  And off we float on the waves of cloud;
The little stars blink as we pass them by,
  While the jolly Moon smiles through the merry crowd.

And then we come to the Land of Nod,
  And, oh! that country is fair to see.
It's full of goodies, and toys, and games,
  And, what is so nice, you can have them free.

But when we start for our home again
  We can't take one single thing away;
Our hands are as empty as empty can be
  When we wake in bed at the dawn of day.

But then we know, if we're very good,
  Nor need the slipper or teacher's rod,
We're sure to get, when darkness falls,
  Lots more nice things in the Land of Nod.

## CONTENTMENT.*

A LITTLE bird sat on a tree,
And sang this song right merrily:
"I'm glad as glad as I can be,
That I'm a bird upon a tree."

A pretty golden butterfly
Among the blossoms fluttered by,
And asked her mate who wandered nigh:
"Who would not be a butterfly?"

A tiny little daisy-flower
Unclosed her eyes when passed the shower,
And smiled to feel the sun's warm power:
"It is so sweet to be a flower."

---

* By courtesy of *The Delineator*, New York.

A gentle, playful summer breeze
  Blew o'er the fields, and stirred the trees
    And whispered to each one of these:
      "Don't you wish you could be a breeze?"

And Jack, a chubby little boy,
  With romping dog and rattling toy,
    Cried out with shouts of keenest joy:
      "It's jolly fine to be a boy."

## DID YOU EVER?

Did you ever see a wiggler
  Walking on a fence?
Did you ever see a jaguar
  Jingling dimes and cents?

Did you ever see a porpoise
  Poking out his eyes?
Did you ever see a monkey
  Making currant pies?

Did you ever see a tiger
  Tickling Tommy's nose?
Or a water-wagtail
  Wearing out his clothes?

Did you ever?—No, I never,
  Nor, indeed, did you;
For we know that all these creatures
  Have something else to do.

## PUSSY WILLOWS.

HAVE you ever seen the pussies
  That grow up in a tree,
With their pretty fur of silver,
  As soft as soft can be?

Well, these funny little pussies
  Are as odd as odd can be,
But what else can you expect from
  Wee pussies on a tree?

Now, no tails have these wee pussies,
  As you can plainly see,
And they hide their heads in hoodies
  As brown as brown can be.

And their feet? They have not any,
  Nor claws, that I can see;
Yet they hang so very tightly
  Upon their dear old tree.

## PUSSY WILLOWS.

If you watch these little pussies
  A day or two, I'm told
That their fur will grow much longer,
  All tipped with balls of gold.

Oh! 'tis then you will discover
  Each little puss of ours
Not to be a puss at all, but
  A bunch of willow flowers.

## PHOSPHORESCENCE.

LITTLE Willie with his father
  Went out rowing after tea,
When the sun was slowly sinking,
  As he thought, beneath the sea.

Soon the shadows thickly gathered,
  Settling into darkest night,
But the waves at every oar-stroke
  Flashed with bright phosphoric light.

Willie watched a while in silence,
  Then exclaimed so eagerly:
"Pa, you're stirring up the daylight
  From the bottom of the sea."

## THE THUNDER.

When de win' is wild an' roarin',
An' de rain comes down a-pourin',
An' de lightnin' sets to chatt'rin' ev'ry toof;
Wid a whoop an' wid a bellow,
Comes a hurly-burly fellow,
An' he starts to rollin' bar'ls along our roof.

All night long he keeps dem rollin'
Like a lot o' boys a-bowlin',
An' I get all sort o' creepy—dat's de troof;
For I feel de house a-shakin',
An' I lie dere all a-quakin'
'Cause I hate to hear dem bar'ls upon our roof.

If dat fellow doesn't stop it,
When I'm big I'll make him drop it,
An' he'll have to show de quickness of his hoofs;
For if he don't skedaddle
I will show him dere's a lad'll
*Shoot* de man who rolls ol' bar'ls down people's roofs.

## A RIDDLE.*

I HAVE a head, a little head
  That you could scarcely see;
But I've a mouth much bigger than
  My head could ever be.

That seems impossible, you say;
  You think 'twould be a bother?
Why, no! My head is at one end,
  My mouth's 'way at the other.

I have no feet, yet I can run,
  And pretty fast, it's said;
The funny thing about me is,
  I run when in my bed.

I've not a cent in all the world,
  I seek not Fortune's ranks;
And yet it's true that, though so poor,
  I own two splendid banks.

---

* By courtesy of *St. Nicholas*, New York.

I've lots of "sand," yet run away;
  I'm weak, yet "furnish power";
No arms, yet my embrace would kill
  In less than half an hour.

You think I am some fearful thing,
  Ah, you begin to shiver!
Pray, don't; for after all, you know,
  I'm only just a river.

## A RHYME OF THE CITIES.

SAID little Johnny to the Owl:
"I hear you're wondrous wise,
And so I'd like to question you;
Now, please don't tell me lies.

"The first thing, then, I'd have you tell,
My empty mind to fill,
Pray, was it that explosive beef
That made Chicago Ill.?

"I've heard it said, yet do not know—
In fact, it may be bosh—
Then, tell me, is it lots of dirt
That makes Seattle Wash.?

"When certain things will not go straight,
To right them we should try;
So, maybe, you can say what 'tis
Sets Providence R. I.?

"Another thing I wish I could
  Inform my waiting class,
Is just how many priests it takes
  To say the Boston Mass.?

"This is the time of running debts,
  As you must surely know;
This secret then impart to me,
  How much does Cleveland O.?

"In ages, too, you must be learned,
  More so than many men;
So, tell me, in a whisper, please,
  When was Miss Nashville Tenn.?

"It takes great heat the gold to melt,
  And iron takes much more;
Then is it true that 'way out west
  The rain melts Portland Ore.?

"Some voices are so strong and full,
  And some so still and small;
That I have wondered oftentimes
  How loud could Denver Col.?"

The Owl he scratched his feathered pate:
  "I'm sorry, little man;
Ask someone else, I cannot tell.
  Perhaps Topeka Kan."

## THE STORIES MOTHER TELLS.

When evening comes I love to sit
  Upon my mother's knee,
And snuggle down and listen to
  The tales she tells to me.
Her voice is just as clear and sweet
  As music made by bells;
And then how wondrous are indeed
  The stories mother tells.

There's "Goldilocks," and "Cinderelle";
  The "Babies in the Wood";
The "Beanstalk Boy," and wee "Tom Thumb"
  And merry "Robin Hood."
I hear of kings, of animals,
  Of fairies in their dells;
I cannot help but listen to
  The stories mother tells.

But then, for Sunday afternoon,
  She has a different kind;
The wondrous things that Jesus did
  To sick, and lame, and blind.
On Joseph, David, Daniel, too,
  Her tongue so often dwells;
For these I love the best of all
  The stories mother tells.

When I grow up, I guess I'll be
  A mother, too, some day,
And my own little baby girl
  Upon my knees will play;
Then she will ask for stories, too,
  And coax and tease by spells;
And so I'll tell her o'er again
  The stories mother tells.

# SACRED VERSES

## THE THREE KINGS.

Above the desert's dreary waste
  A brilliant star shone down;
It lit a tiny oasis
  Amid the sand-waves brown.

Three camels journeyed from the East,
  And each one bore a king;
But wherefore rode they out that way?
  What treasure did they bring?

Their names were Melchior, Saba's king,
  Balthasar, Ava's lord,
And Kaspar, King of Ataper;
  All versed in Wisdom's word.

They reach the tiny oasis
  And greet each other there,
And while their camels drink and rest
  They spend the time in prayer

And grave communion, each with each,
  About the wondrous star;
For all had traced its splendid gleam
  Across the desert far.

Said Melchior, "Such a star before
  Has ne'er been seen on earth;
Its rays must surely herald now
  Some mighty monarch's birth;
And so a worthy offering
  I hither with me bring,
An offering of yellow gold
  For Earth's most mighty King."

But Balthasar spoke up and said:
  "The star sends beams abroad
So radiantly, I feel 'tis sent
  To greet some earth-born God;
This box of fragrant frankincense
  My tribute then shall be,
Sweet sacrifice to offer to
  Incarnate Deity."

Quoth Kaspar, "Long the world has groaned
  With sickness, sin and death;
I cried when first I saw its light,
  'A Healer draws his breath.'

I searched my kingdom o'er to find
  Some gift that would be meet;
This healing myrrh I'll lay before
  The great Physician's feet."

"How now, we cannot all be right,"
  Cried Melchior once again;
"For if this babe be mighty King
  Your offerings are vain;
And should he be Physician, God,
  Or other else beside,
Then mine will also foolish be,
  An emblem of my pride."

"Then let us all together ride,"
  Quoth Kaspar, earnestly,
"And spread our gifts before the Babe.
  And there await to see
Which of our precious offerings
  He takes most eagerly.

"If to the gold he stretch his hand,
  He surely is a King;
If frankincense attract him more,
  From Godhead doth he spring;
The myrrh will prove without a doubt.
  That healing he doth bring."

Once more the guiding star led on,
  Across the sand-waves brown,
Until o'er Bethlehem's humble shed
  They saw its rays shine down.

Within, they found the lowly Babe
  Upon His mother's knee;
Then holding out their costly gifts,
  Before Him knelt the three.

The infant smiled upon the kings,
  And then His gaze let fall;
The gold, the myrrh, the frankincense
  He saw, and took them all.

Now filled with wonder were the three
  When they this thing had seen,
In awe they gazed upon the Babe,
  And thought what it might mean.

In awe they left His presence then;
  Nor could they understand,
And so they turned their camels' heads
  Towards their native land.

But in the tiny oasis
  The angel came to them:
"Peace, peace," he cried, "I read ye now
  The sign of Bethlehem.

"That wondrous Babe at once shall be
  Great King and Lord Divine,
And Healer of man's sins and ills;
  His kingdom shall outshine
In glory all the realms of earth,
  Or wealth of sea and mine.

"He'll rule the hearts, accept the praise
  And save the souls of men;
And thus the wand'ring sons of God
  Shall be brought back again."

## THE STAR AND SONG.

Out of the midnight shone a star,
  And all the orbs in the azure slope
Veiled their faces in reverence,
  For that star was the star of Hope.
    Shine on, O Star,
    Till, near and far,
All Earth shall see thee, radiant Star.

Out of the midnight rang a song,
  Which thrilled the heights of air above,
And hushed Earth's noise, and soothed its pain,
  For that song was the song of Love.
    Ring on, O Song,
    Till, the year long,
All Earth shall sing thee, gladsome Song.

## THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.

WHAT say the bells on Christmas Day,
As merrily they peal away
With joyous chime
And ringing rhyme
From out their sounding steeples gray?

"Joy, joy to Earth,
Reign gladsome mirth,
This is the day of Lord Christ's birth.

"Peace, peace to men,
Smile, hill and glen,
This day has brought good-will again.

"Let nations pause,
Nor clash; because
This is the day Peace frames her laws.

"Fling wide the door;
Spread out your store;
This is the day of Lord Christ's poor.

"Let friend to friend
Their love-gifts send;
For Love's sweet kingdom knows no end."

And thus the bells on Christmas Day
Their oft-repeated message say,
With merry chime
And cheerful rhyme
From out their bursting steeples gray.

## A CHRISTMAS OFFERING.

We come before Thy lowly throne,
O Holy Child of Bethlehem,
To offer Thee our loving hearts
As diadem.

Accept, we pray, our toiling hands,
That they may do right willingly
Deeds that shall draw Thee near to us,
And us to Thee.

Our feet would run as messengers
To bear Thy Word throughout the earth;
Our tongues would tell the sin-thralled ones
Thy holy birth.

Grant us, O Christ, Thy Love Divine;
That we may never from Thee roam;
But all our lives be spent to make
Thy Kingdom come.

## CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Glory, glory, glory
  Be unto God again.
Glory, glory, glory!
  Peace and good-will to men.

Good people, we are singing
  The song the angels sang,
When Christ was born in Judah,
  And Heaven's arches rang.

Good people, see the shepherds,
  Who watched their flocks by night,
And heard the wondrous anthem
  Sung by the angels bright.

Good people, all come hither,
  And see the star's bright ray,
That moved along the heavens,
  And showed where Jesus lay.

Good people, see the Wise Men
  Who spied the glowing star,
And followed where it beckoned
  Across the desert far.

Good people, raise your voices,
  And praise your Lord and King,
Who came this day to help us,
  And free salvation bring.

Glory, glory, glory
  Be unto God again.
Glory, glory, glory!
  Peace and good-will to men.

## BETHLEHEM.

We think of thee, O little town,
  Upon thy grassy hill,
And ponder on that long ago,
  When on the midnight still
The angels sang their songs of joy
  That set the world a-thrill.

We think then of the radiant star
  That showed the humble bed
Of Him who took the ox's crib
  As place to lay His head;
Yet was He earth's great Governor,
  As ancient prophet said.

O little town of Bethlehem,
  In goods, or gold, or state,
With all earth's cities, proud and grand,
  Thou ne'er canst hope to mate;
But, once a year, above them all
  Thou'rt greatest of the great.

## A CHRISTMAS DOUBT.

WHAT if the Star had never shone
  Sweet Bethlehem's stall above?
What if the angels ne'er had sung
  Their songs of peace and love?

Would Sin's increase have swept the earth
  Of all this brood of hers?
Nay, God's great Love would soon have found
  Some other messengers.

## CHRISTMAS.

A LITTLE town set peacefully
  Upon a verdant hill,
Above, a single radiant star
  Illumes the midnight still.

Below, in Bethlehem's narrow street,
  There stands a cattle-shed;
Within, a mother fondly guards
  A child in manger-bed.

Some uncouth shepherds silent kneel
  The humble couch before,
And with intent and raptured gaze
  The little Child adore.

Across the sandy desert wide
  The star-led Wise Men haste:
Rich gifts they bring to lay before
  The Babe thus lowly placed.

Strange natal place for Son of God:
  Strange courtiers for a King.
Yet such they are; for this is He
  Who comes God's peace to bring.

O lowly Child! O loving God!
  O mighty King, in one!
We bow in meek humility
  Before Thy rude-built throne.

Not costly myrrh as offering,
  Nor gold nor incense bring,
But humble, contrite, willing hearts
  We lay before our King.

Accept them, Lord; our strength renew,
  That we may helpers be
Of Thine, to bring about Thy reign
  Of peace and unity.

## THE WONDROUS NIGHT

'Tis now the solemn night,
And by the watch-fire's light
The shepherds guard their midnight flocks,
While all around
With dismal sound
The hungry jackals howl among the rocks.

Across the narrow vale,
Enshrined 'mong hill-crests pale,
Sweet Bethlehem's dusky towers rise,
And silent there
They pierce the air
Like pleading fingers to the listening skies.

One reads the tale of old,
By prophets long foretold,
How from despised Bethlehem
Should One arise
To make men wise,
And be a King and Saviour unto them.

Scarce closed the Holy Book,
When all with startled look
Behold a radiant form appear;
His face and eye
Beam majesty
And holy love, but straightway do they fear.

"Fear not, O shepherds true,
This day we bring to you
Glad tidings that a Saviour's born
Of David's line,
Yet Lord Divine,
In Bethlehem, upon this hallowed morn.

"Let this your token be,
This holy Babe thou'lt see
In humble swaddling clothes arrayed.
A virgin's love
Keeps guard above
The lowly manger where her Child is laid."

Then suddenly around
Is heard a joyful sound,
Heaven's bright, seraphic legion sings,
While earth and main
Return the strain,
And all the air with hallelujahs rings.

"All glory to the Lord
In highest Heaven adored,
And o'er the whole wide earth be peace.
Let men restrain
Their passions vain,
So may God's own good-will and love increase."

The vision fades away,
The wond'ring shepherds say:
"Let us go now to Bethlehem,
Behold our King,
And humbly bring
The offering of our loving hearts to Him."

. . . . . .

So may we go to-day,
And humbly with them pray
The Holy Child to bless us, too,
And then we may
Strive every day
To bring His reign of Love and Peace to view.

## CHRISTMAS BELLS.

(Acrostic.)

Cheerily ring the Christmas bells,
Hark! their melody thrills and swells,
Rising above the roar and strife
Infesting all the city's life;
Sweetly chiming one refrain:
"Throughout the earth good-will to men."
May each glad heart their music feel;
A bell 'twill be in that grand peal
Shall make earth's corners ring again.

## CAROL.

Once a little Baby mild
In a manger lay and smiled;
Fond, the mother watched her Child,
Out in Judah, far away.

In the sky there shone a star,
Nor could cloud its radiance mar;
Wise Men, wond'ring, followed far,
Out in Judah, far away.

Shepherds guarding flocks by night
Saw the hosts of angels bright;
Heard the song of peace and light,
Out in Judah, far away.

There in Bethlehem's narrow street
Rich and poor together meet,
Hastening each their King to greet,
Out in Judah, far away.

Let us our devotion prove
With sweet gifts of heartfelt love;
For our King now reigns above,
Not in Judah, far away.

## MORNING SONG.

When Dawn's sweet flush o'erspreads the skies,
To Thee, O God, my songs arise;
For all Thy care through darkest night,
And for the morn that greets my sight;
For, lo, this day is giv'n to me
To show my love in work for Thee;
To cheer the faint and help the weak;
And guide the souls that onward seek.
My daily toil, dear Lord, then take,
An offering for Jesus' sake;
Throughout the day keep me from harm;
Uphold me with Thy mighty arm,
And lead my feet in paths of right
So that I may when falls the night
Lie down in peace and calm repose,
Assured Thy loving arms enclose.

## EVENING HYMN.

As the shades of eve descend,
Saviour, at Thy feet we bend,
From Thy throne in Heaven on high
Hear us as we humbly cry.
  Saviour, guard us while we sleep,
  Ever near Thy love-watch keep.

Thou hast kept us through the day,
From the thorns that hedge our way,
From the stones that bruise our feet;
Grant us now Thy slumber sweet.
  Saviour, guard us while we sleep,
  Ever near Thy love-watch keep.

Thou dost watch through all the night
Just the same as in the light;
Then from any threat'ning harm
Shield us with Thy mighty arm.
  Saviour, guard us while we sleep,
  Ever near Thy love-watch keep.

If this night should be our last,
Lord, forgive our erring past;
Take us to Thy Heavenly home,
Nevermore from Thee to roam.
  Saviour, guard us while we sleep,
  Ever near Thy love-watch keep.

## EVENSONG.

Jesus, our Saviour,
  From Thy blest mansions bright
Hear Thou our humble prayer,
  As fades the light;
Now while the shadows fall,
Spread Thy wings over all;
Shield us from harm and care
  All through the night.

Thou never sleepest,
  But Thine e'er watchful eye
Guardeth each slumbering one
  Faithfully nigh;
Then as we sink to rest
May our repose be blest;
While night's dark watches run
  Be Thou near by.

Whate'er of evil
  We may this day have done,
Out of Thy boundless love
  Forgive each one;
Then with glad praise to Thee
Our hearts, from burdens free,
Shall rise to Heaven above
  With morning sun.

## THE SHADOW OF THE PORTAL.

A PILGRIM lone I was, and sad. Life's cares
Had weighed my spirit down to earth, my frame
Was weak, and but too well I knew life's course
Was nearly run. I loved the Lord; but still
When thoughts of death took hold on me my soul
Was filled with thronging fears. The chilly tomb,
The unknown pathway of the Realm of Death,
So dreadful seemed that my poor heart grew faint
Whene'er I thought on that which must soon come.

I slept; and in my sleep a vision fair
Swept o'er my wearied brain. An angel bright,
In snowy mantle clad, with wings of gold
Which shed a heavenly lustre round my room,
Alighted by my couch, and with a touch
That sent a thrill ecstatic to my soul
Addressed me thus: "Tired soul, crushed sadly down
With Earth's distressing cares, perplexed with thoughts
Of death, yet longing to be free; come, God
Hath sent me here to show to thy frail sight
That what thou fearest truly is but naught."

Then gently by the hand he led me forth
Along a narrow, rugged, thorny path
That wound o'er hill and dale, until there rose
Before our eyes a wall, stern, cold and drear,
As of some adamantine prison part.
A dismal shadow deep and black as night
Showed where the entrance portal led within.

A little while I silent stood, his hand
Clasped close in mine. Approaching then the shade
Of that dark gate, he bade me enter in.
"Go thou alone and trace that darksome strait
And see whereto it leads." "Must I then go
Alone?" I cried, and trembling fear enthralled
My shrinking frame; for never had I seen
So black a gloom, nor one that palled on me
So fearfully. E'en as I gazed methought
Foul shapes were leering at me through the mirk;
The angel answered, "Yea, for God hath said,
And His almighty will must be supreme."

Reluctant, quaking, halting I obeyed,
And towards the lowering portal bent my steps.
I entered. Oh, the chill that pierced my bones,
The horrid dread that sudden blanched my cheek
And almost stilled my heart's quick-throbbing beat!

But, scarcely had I taken steps a score,
When there before me in the distance gleamed
A clear and radiant light, which soon resolved
Itself into a cross. Beside the cross
There stood a form, much fairer far than that
My angel guide assumed, outshining his,
As morning sun outshines the waning star.
Around His head was wreathed a crown of thorns,
Large crimson drops oozed from His pierced brow
And in His loving hands the nail-marks plain
Were visible. With joy I recognized
God's own anointed Son. Perceiving then
His beckoning hand, I rushed to Him and threw
Myself down at His feet, beseeching thus:
"O Jesus, save me from this dungeon dark."

"Rise, child of Mine," He answered, "for thou art
Delivered now. I have passed through before
And robbed Death of his sting; for 'tis his realm
That thou art passing through; but come with Me;
A little further must we journey on
And then I'll show thee where this portal leads."

I rose, the gloom was gone, and all around
There shone a rich effulgence that streamed forth,
It seemed from out His inmost heart. How calm,
Serene and safe I felt when in His care.

My fears had vanished, and my heart beat high
With mingled love and bliss. As thus we walked
In silence on, the light increased, until
The fuller light of day broke on my sight.
The light of day?—nay, 'twas the light of Heaven;
For from the place where ceased the way of Death
There stretched a land of verdant fields, bedecked
With flowers fair; sweet brooks and singing birds
Poured forth their harmonies, and in the midst
There stood a city, built of glinting pearl
And shining gold. Amid the crowds that thronged
That land so wondrous fair methought I saw
Some loved ones whom the Lord had called away;
With greetings fond on me they sweetly smiled.
Yea, everything seemed bathed in holy love.

"Oh, let me enter this Divine abode,"
I cried; but Jesus said, "Nay, yet awhile
Must thou abide on earth and toil; but let
Thy foolish fears disarm thee now no more;
For Death is but the shadow of the gate
That leads to realms of everlasting bliss."

## SAFETY.

THE storm is raging; billows crash
With sudden shock,
And whirl in angry wrath around
The mighty rock.

Through all the tempest's din and strife.
Far up above,
Within a ragged cleft there rests
A snow-white dove.

Serene, and with a calm, clear eye,
She looks abroad
Across the seething deep, and up
To Nature's God.

Thus doth the trusting one indeed
Securely rest,
Through all life's tempests, safe upon
His Father's breast.

## A PRAYER.

LORD, help me so to trust
  That I may safe abide,
When troubles round me gather,
  Securely by Thy side.

Lord, help me so to live
  That, when my soul shall flee
From earthly lights and shadows,
  My home shall be with Thee.

## PENITENCE.

My Father, when on Life's rough road
I fall or stumble 'neath my load
Of sins and cares and wants an' woes,
My broken spirit overflows
To Thee, O God.

Oh, lift me from the mire of sin;
My sullied soul purge pure and clean;
My heart re-fashion, till it strike
A nobler form, a pattern life
To Thee, O God.

May Thy sweet presence with me stay;
Thy guiding hand direct my way;
Thine arm support me lest I fall;
Thy voice me gladden when I call
To Thee, O God.

Let Thy blest Word illume my path,
Thy mercy shield me from Thy wrath;
And when Death's waves shall o'er me roll,
I'll render up my trusting soul
To Thee, O God.

Then when around Thy throne above,
The angels chant their hymns of love,
My soul exultingly shall share
The everlasting choral prayer
To Thee, O God.

## GOD'S ARMY.

MARCHING, marching, marching,
Through the Plains of Sin,
By countless snares surrounded,
Doubts and fears within.

Fighting, fighting, fighting,
'Gainst sin, and want, and woe,
By many an error blinded,
Assailed by many a foe.

Praying, praying, praying,
For strength, and hope, and faith,
For vict'ry in the struggle,
For vict'ry over Death.

Singing, singing, singing,
With palms within their hands,
Around His throne in Heaven,
God's ransomed Army stands.

## PRAISE THE LORD.

PRAISE the Lord Jehovah, praise our loving Father,
  Lord of Earth and Heaven, thankfully adore Him;
Come ye to His altar gladly, with rejoicing;
  Humbly lay your tributes reverently before Him.

Lord of tender mercy, freely sin-forgiving,
  Hear our humble prayer, lest in sin we harden;
May we know Thy favor, have Thy full forgiveness;
  Hear us then, our Father, grant us peace and pardon.

May we see the beauty of Thy heavenly mansions,
  And behold the radiance of Thy face so glorious;
See our blessed Saviour, who so dearly bought us
  With His blood, and made us over Death victorious.

Praise the Lord Jehovah for His loving kindness;
  Spread His joyful message over land and ocean,
Till remotest regions, casting down their idols,
  Bend to God All-loving, lowly, in devotion.

## PSALM I.

THAT man is truly blessed indeed
Who, all his days,
Avoids the words of wicked men,
And evil ways.

He walks not in the crooked paths
That sinners love;
Nor sits with those who haste to scoff
At things above.

But his whole heart on God is set,
And his delight
Is in God's Law; he cons it o'er
Both day and night.

His growth is like the tree that's set
Beside a rill,
Whose leaves are green, and richest fruits
Its branches fill.

His deeds also are blessed of God
    And e'er abide;
But wicked men, like wind-blown chaff,
    Are scattered wide.

They shall not raise their heads before
    The Judgment Seat;
Nor in the courts where crowd the just
    Shall set their feet.

Then see the paths of righteousness
    By God's love fraught;
But Wickedness and all her ways,
    Shall come to naught.

## PSALM XXIII.

THE Lord my Shepherd is;
He feedeth me
In meadows green; by placid streams
He leadeth me.
When weary, worn and faint,
He hideth me
In His own breast; in righteous paths
He guideth me.
His presence in Death's vale
Enfoldeth me;
Naught shall I fear; His rod and staff
Upholdeth me.
He feasts before my foes
Appointeth me;
My cup o'erflows; His holy oil
Anointeth me.
His mercy and His grace
He sendeth me;
And to my Heavenly Home His love
Attendeth me.

## AFFLICTION.

THY chastening hand, my God,
    Is laid on me;
Help me to murmur not;
    But thankful be.

Yes, thankful for the love
    That seeks to chide
My wayward heart, and bring
    Me to Thy side.

Whate'er Thou sendest me
    Is for the best;
In Thy blest promises
    My soul shall rest.

Then, Father, grant me grace,
    From sun to sun,
To bear my cross, and say:
    "Thy will be done."

## OUR FATHER.

O Father, when in want,
  In trouble, sin, or grief,
We come to Thee in faith;
  For Thou canst give relief.

At all times Thou art found
  Ready to lend Thine ear;
And when Thine arm protects
  What have we then to fear?

Though floods encompass round,
  We'll fear not wind or foam;
Thou'lt stand between and say,
  "Thus far, no further come."

Thou art our Hiding-place
  When trouble passes by;
Nor can we lose our way
  When guided by Thine Eye.

## SORROW NOT.

Sorrow not,
O Wearied One, thou shalt be blessed
If thou thy head lay on His breast,
For Jesus saith, "I am thy Rest."

Sorrow not,
O Saddened One, when pleasures cloy,
Or earth-cares all thy peace destroy;
For Jesus saith, "I am the Joy."

Sorrow not,
O Mourning One, when Death is rife,
And tears thy heart-strings 'mid the strife;
For Jesus saith, "I am thy Life."

Sorrow not,
O Christian, now thy face let shine;
For through the Love of God divine
All Rest and Joy and Life are thine.

## SOUL OF MINE.

O SOUL of mine,
Why dost thou pine
For all the pleasures of this world so broad?
Far better thou shouldst seek the things of God;
His love will pay,
His grace will stay.

O soul of mine,
When all things shine,
And seems thy pathway fair bestrewn with flowers,
Give God thy thanks in all thy waking hours;
Thy joy complete,
Shall be more sweet.

O soul of mine,
Do not repine
When troubles lie so thickly on thy path;
These trials are not scourgings of His wrath,
But of His love;
Then look above.

Then, soul of mine,
Ask aid Divine,
And onward press to win the Saviour's prize;
And Heaven above shall greet thy longing eyes;
Then shall God's Son
Say, "Child, well done!"

## THE WAY, THE TRUTH, THE LIFE.

Lost in trackless wilds of sin,
  Seeking day by day,
When almost worn and spent, I found
  Christ the Way.

Doubts and fears then thronged my path—
  Shadows vain, forsooth;
They vanished quite, whene'er I grasped
  Christ the Truth.

Now I sing as on I go,
  Conquering every strife;
I nothing fear since now I live
  Christ the Life.

## "LET THERE BE LIGHT."

When o'er Creation's troubled birth
  Reigned dark, chaotic Night,
Love's brooding Spirit gently said:
  "Let there be Light,"
  And there was Light.

Gloom dark and thick oppressed my soul
  In all its dead'ning might;
Then whispered sweet that loving voice:
  "Let there be Light,"
  And there was Light.

O ye who walk in clouded ways
  And grope for regions bright,
Call unto Him who loves to say:
  "Let there be Light."
  There will be Light.

## THE RIVER OF GOD.

THERE is a stream that floweth
  So calm, and full, and free,
From God's celestial City;
  Haste, troubled heart, and see.

Behold its placid bosom
  Stretch onward to the place,
Where like a mighty mirror,
  Its shows His smiling face.

Stoop down and drink its waters;
  Thy thirst shall flee away;
Thy burdens turn to blessings;
  Thy darkness turn to day.

Come, weary hearts, in thousands,
  No longer widely rove;
Come, drink of God's own River,
  The River of His Love.

## CONFIDENCE.

O Jesus, Saviour, in Thee I'm safe abiding;
  Thou art all Love, and all Omnipotence;
Thou wilt not fail, though friends leave and foes gather;
  In Thee have I placed all my confidence.
What though the waves of sin assault my soul?
What though they rage? They shall not o'er me roll;
  But Thou, my help, wilt hold my hand and say:
  "Child, lean on Me, I am thy strength and stay."
            O Lord, my King,
            Thy praise I sing;
  For Thou art now my hope and confidence.

When life's dim taper at last begins to flicker
  Thou, my strong light, wilt surely guide me hence;
And through the dark, drear Valley of the Shadows,
  In Thee will I put all my confidence.
What though Hell's gates should yawn to endless night?
What though the Tempter's fiends their rage incite?
  Still will Thy hand hold safe and lead me on;
  Till I can see the morn of heaven dawn.
            Then, Lord, my King,
            Thy praise I'll sing;
  For Thou wilt be for aye my confidence.

## BABEL.

In years of eld vain builders wrought
  An impious tower to heaven;
Their godless effort came to naught
  And was in ruin riven;
God set confusion on their daring scheme,
And Babel was of vanity a dream.

And thus, through all ensuing time,
  When hearts of hatred plan
To rear against God's will sublime
  Some weak device of man,
He writeth "Babel" on their ladders' rungs,
And dies their scheming 'mid a strife of tongues.

## HEAVEN.

SOME say that heaven's above the stars;
  And some, it is within the mind;
And others, we could see it here
  Were only human sight more kind.
For me, I care not where it lies—
Upon the earth, beyond the skies;
For this I know, that realm of bliss
Is just the place where Jesus is.

## ADORATION.

NOT as the heathen, grovelling on the ground,
  Do I adore the One Great God above;
But, kneeling, through my Saviour's eyes profound,
  I drink deep draughts of His redeeming love.

## LIFE ABUNDANT.

THOU didst come down, dear Lord of Love,
From heaven above,
To give me life, so rich and free,
Abundantly.

A life thou gav'st me at my birth;
But 'twas of earth;
Yet, that it might be more divine,
Thou gav'st me Thine.

This precious gift, dear Lord, I take
For Thy sweet sake;
That its clear light be in me hid,
Do thou forbid.

Should e'er the mire of sin besmirch,
Bid Thy fire search
Each crevice, till its fervid toss
Consumes the dross.

Then, as the beacon's mirrored light
Rives darkest night,
My borrowed beam shall mark a shoal,
And warn some soul.

## THE DOOR.

One only door leads up to God;
  'Tis Christ His Son.
Faith is the key that swings it broad,
  And everyone
Who takes this key may upward plod.

## LEAVES.

O LITTLE green things, ye are hands
  Stretched out to the sun and the rain;
Ye seek the sweet bounties of life;
  Receiving, ye seek them again.

O little green things, ye are tongues,
  Aye rustling your thanks and your praise
To Him, the Great Giver of all,
  Who sends both the shine and the haze.

## REQUIESCAT.

Sleep on, and take thy rest;
  Rest sent at last,
  Life's toils all past,
From Him who knoweth best.

Sleep on, and take thy rest;
  Life's lessons taught,
  Life's mission wrought;
Thou'st done thy Lord's behest.

Sleep on, and take thy rest;
  Naught shall disturb,
  No dream perturb,
Nor terror thee molest.

Sleep on, and take thy rest
  Till God's trump sound,
  Then from the ground
Arise amid the blest.

## COMMUNION.

HERE is Thy table set, O Lord,
  Upon it laid the bread, the wine;
Oh, come and serve to us anew,
  These emblems of Thy Love Divine.

We see Thy body pierced for us;
  We see Thy blood flow for our sin,
And cry to Thee, O Holy One,
  To cleanse our hearts and enter in.

Thy body, then, will be our meat;
  Our satisfying draught, Thy blood;
From strength to strength our souls shall go
  When nourished with this mystic food.

The Bread of Faith, the Wine of Love,
  Of Thy free grace, O Lord, impart;
That there may be, eternally,
  A sacrament in every heart.

## THE VINE AND THE BRANCHES.

I AM the Vine;
  The sap of Life I give,
  That causeth ye to live,
    From my deep-delving root.

Ye the branches are,
  And I have borne ye fair,
  That ye in turn might bear
    The ripe, rich, clustering fruit.

## SECURITY.

WOULDST thou stand firm and true whate'er befall?
Then put thy trust in God, who knoweth all;
Come Joy, come Pain, they shall not thee surprise,
But thou shalt gaze on them with steadfast eyes.

## PEACE.

As placid streams flow gently 'neath the shade
Of leafy woods within the quiet glade,
So shall my life's calm current onward move
Because my heart, O God, on Thee is stayed.

## THE NARROW WAY.

O KEEPER of the narrow gate,
  I fain would tread Thy toilsome path.
*Yea, pilgrim, though 'tis rough and strait,*
  *A better way the world ne'er hath.*

Indeed, Thy road looks thorny, harsh;
  The briars and stones will wound my feet.
*These shoes of peace thy steps will guard,*
  *And smooth thy way through cold and heat.*

But, see, my garb is thin and worn,
  And no protection from assault.
*Here's breastplate, girdle, helmet, shield,*
  *And sword, blest armor, free from fault.*

Doth not the way look dark withal?
  I fear to stumble o'er some steep.
*This Word o, Mine's a glowing lamp.*
  *'Twill give thee light the path to keep.*

O Keeper of the narrow gate,
  How lonesome will the journey be.
*Cheer thy sad heart, O Pilgrim faint;*
  *For I Myself will go with thee.*

## THE PATHWAY TO PEACE.

Across the Plains of Toil,
  Where troubles never cease;
Beyond the Hills of Hope,
  There lies the Land of Peace.

And narrow is the path,
  Beset with thorns and briars;
Nor can the traveller spy
  The goal his heart desires.

But One walks close beside,
  And guides the weary feet,
And when the heart grows faint
  He whispers comfort sweet.

His glass of Faith He lends,
  Which doth the sight increase;
That through it one can glimpse
  The pleasant Land of Peace.

Then, when the rough plain's passed,
  And scaled the craggy height,
Uprise the Golden Gates
  Aglow with holy light.

Ah! then the traveller knows
  All joy, with no decrease;
And sorrow, toil forgot,
  He hails the Land of Peace.

## "IN ME YE SHALL HAVE PEACE."

Come unto Me, ye weary,
  Whose cares and toils increase;
I am the Rock of Refuge,
  In *Me* ye shall have peace.

My word shall never falter,
  My love shall never cease;
Then come, O heart afflicted,
  In Me ye *shall* have peace.

That which ye long have sighed for,
  From sin to give release,
I freely have to offer,
  In Me ye shall have *peace*.

## MY SHEPHERD.

THE Lord is my Shepherd, He leadeth me on,
  Wherever His wisdom doth guide me,
O'er smooth and o'er rugged, at even or dawn;
  And ever with food doth provide me.

When storms of temptation endanger my way,
  He safe in His bosom doth hide me:
And when I grow fretful and heedlessly stray,
  His loving voice gently doth chide me.

The foolish may laugh, and the scoffer may sneer,
  And strive in their mirth to deride me;
My Shepherd will whisper so sweet in my ear,
  And then I'll not want what's denied me.

Wherever I wander, whatever may come,
  I know that naught ill can betide me;
For ever in sunshine, in shadow, in gloom,
  My Shepherd through all is beside me.

## THE ANGEL'S MESSAGE.

WHY seek the living 'mong the dead,
Ye mourning women, hither led
By sorrow's love? See, Death hath fled,
And He is risen.

The Lord is He of quick and dead,
Who has o'ercome the grave's dark dread,
And all Death's hosts hath captive led;
For He is risen.

No more seek Christ among the dead,
O mortals; He who for you bled
Now lives, and loves, and reigns instead.
Yea, He is risen.

## A THANKSGIVING LITANY.

For the fruits of tree and field,
For the wealth of mine and weald,
All that land and sea doth yield,
  Gracious Lord, we thank Thee.

For the ruling of Thy hand,
For the boons Thou didst command,
For the peace that fills our land,
  Gracious Lord, we thank Thee.

For the love of home and friends,
For the help that knowledge lends,
For the hope Thy promise sends,
  Gracious Lord, we thank Thee.

For Thy love that quells all fear,
For the drying of the tear,
For Thy care throughout the year,
  Gracious Lord, we thank Thee.

For Thyself, great God alone,
Mighty Father, loving Son,
Gentle Spirit, three in one,
  Gracious Lord, we thank Thee.

## BEFORE THE DOOR.

HERE, again, before the portal
  Of another smiling year,
Art thou standing, fellow mortal;
  Enter in, and do not fear.

Joy and Sorrow there will meet thee;
  Nerve thy heart and look above.
Answer gladly, when they greet thee:
  "Welcome, messengers of love."

## NEW YEAR'S EVE.

THE twilight of the year again has fallen;
Its darkening shades enveil the quiet land,
While o'er the Hills of Time a rosy dawn,
Waits but the one consenting glance of God
To blazon forth, and wake anew the world.

I turn me round, and scan the path I've come;
'Twas pleasant there, and there 'twas toilsome, too;
Rough, smooth, wide, strait in places, yet through all
A Guiding Presence cheered the onward way.
When Joy enclosed my willing hand in hers
Then was my gladness sweeter for His smile;
And when the hand of Grief oppressed my brow
His gentle whisper soothed the aching throb.

Ofttimes I wandered from the beaten track
To gather dainty flow'rets by the way,
Or chase the golden-wingèd butterflies
That crossed my pathway in the summer noon;
But ever as I strayed, that Guiding Hand
Back drew me to the road I ought to tread.

Some ill I've done, I know; perchance some good;
But much, I fear, the ill outweighs the good;
Yet, still I've tried, though feebly, it may be,
To think of others, and not all of self.
And so I pray Him to forgive the ill
And bless the good, and blessing it, bless me.

Now can I face the dawn with fearless eyes;
Whate'er it brings to me of joy or pain
Cannot avail to quench my glowing hope;
For that same Hand that led, will lead me still;
That same sweet voice shall cheer and comfort give.

Break forth in splendor o'er the ancient hills,
O glorious dawning of the glad New Year!
And flood the world with hope's glad light again;
Wake Truth, and Love, and Faith to warmer zeal.
And scatter darkness to the winds of heaven.