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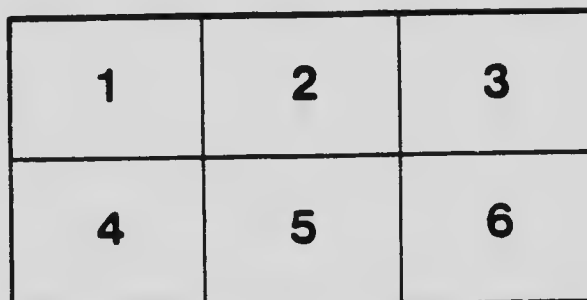
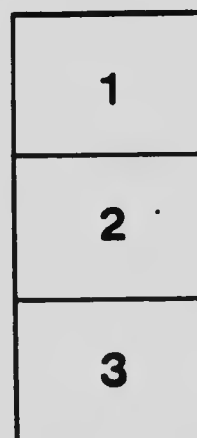
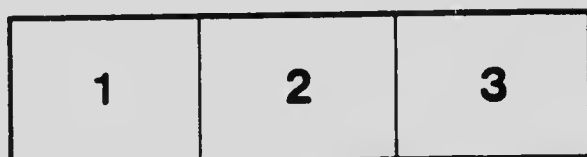
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TWILIGHT LINKS  
FROM  
MEMORY'S CHAIN



By  
*Jennie Moulton*  
*Philipville, Ont.*

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## *Life's Sunset Days*

The drama of life with its various scenes,  
its tears and its laughter, its hopes and its dreams,  
Has drifted away with the swift passing years  
Till the gathering twilight of life's day appears;  
So much we have known that is splendid and fine,  
Where beauty, and friendship, and love all combine.  
The glint of the sunshine on dew-laden grass,  
The colours and shading of flowers as we pass,  
The bright fleecy clouds in the blue sky above,  
And rainbows of promise all speak of God's love.  
In all of life's pathway there's many a bend  
Where memories precious can picture a friend,  
What treasures of kindness, of help and good cheer  
Have brightened our pathway, as year after year  
True friends have extended a kind helping hand,  
With hearts that so well could our need under-stand.  
My heart thrills with gladness, and gratitude too.  
For all I have known of the good and the true.  
I feel like a debtor who cannot repay,  
Though I lived for a hundred long years and a day;  
For the value of kindness can never be told,  
Or counted in wealth such as silver and gold.  
So the least I can do as I travel life's road  
Is to help ease the burden of some other's load,  
To pass on the kindness that's been mine to share,  
And speak cheery words to drive away care,  
In my eye keep a twinkle that's jolly and true—  
And joy in my soul—with a smile shining through.

---

## *The Lure of the Countryside*

Our senses were not meant to soar  
In ecstasy on wings,  
But dwell among the scenes of earth,  
Enjoying common things.  
We love the scent of clover fields,  
A garden patch where grow  
Some onions, beets and cabbages,  
and carrots in a row.

A flock of fluffy downy chicks  
Outside the kitchen door,  
And old dog Sport, our loyal friend,  
Asleep upon the floor.  
The shadows cast by leafy trees  
Along a country lane  
Where orioles, and bobolinks  
Trill out a sweet refrain.

The charm of plum and apple tree  
With mass of blossoms white  
When fragrance sweet with lilacs blend  
Are such a rare delight.  
Here our friend—Old Mother Nature,  
With kind and lavish hand  
Freely gives supplies of beauty  
That no mortal could have planned.

What joy to wander by the brook  
That slowly glides along  
O'er pebbles washed by waters cool  
As years have come and gone;  
Along its banks are purple-flags  
And buttercups of gold,  
While hawthorn blossoms pure and white  
Their petals here unfold.

The restful charm of evenings calm,  
The sunsets rose and gold,  
All hold a thrill for country hearts  
That never can grow old.  
Those are the scenes that cheer and bless,  
Rich treasures for the mind,  
The splendid satisfying joys  
That leave no sting behind.

---

## *Leeds County Pioneers*

There's a sense of cheery kinship  
Sweet as breath of early morn  
Shared by friends of Old Leeds County  
The place where we were born.  
For we love the wonderous beauty  
Of its forests, lakes, and streams;  
That can thrill our hearts with gladness  
Which surpass our fondest dreams.

Works of science, and invention,  
Now have added to its store  
Luxuries of ease, and comfort,  
We can name them o'er and o'er—  
Broad highways for swifter travel,  
Telephones to carry news,  
Hydro-power for lights, and service,  
Of convenient helps to use.

What a wealth of life's best values.  
Our good heritage can claim.  
Nature's beauty, pleasant home-steads,  
Fertile field and verdant plain,  
When we trace life's backward journey  
As in mem'ry it appears,  
Gratitude demands a tribute,  
To our early pioneers.

Theirs the hands that felled the forests,  
Honest toil was their delight,  
Never counting it a hardship  
Though they worked from morn till night,  
They possessed a wealth of courage  
That was strong, and brave, and true,  
Backed by faith, and firm endeavour,  
With a will to see it through.

Here they built their rude log cabins  
Fashioned firm the fire-place wide  
Where the hearth-stone, and tall chimney  
Spoke of home to those inside,  
Tho the ground was strewn with log-heaps  
As the stumps in numbers grew  
Future homes, and fertile farm lands  
They could vision shining through.

Neighbors shared their joys, and sorrows  
Helping when, and where they could,  
For their hearts held loyal kinship,  
Shown by deeds of brotherhood,  
Homes held much of love, and kindness  
Children's laughter pure and sweet,  
While the strains of old-time music  
Made the evenings joy complete.

Tho they lacked the ease and comfort  
Which those modern years supply,  
They were not inclined to worry,  
To complain, or question, Why?  
They had faith to see the bright side  
With a fund of hope and cheer  
Which their merry whistle's echo  
Proved to all both far and near.

Doubtless they found many problems  
With some cause for worry too—  
For where e'er we chance to travel  
Skies are often far from blue,  
But they turned those problems over  
Worked and planned from day to day,  
Tho they often stroked their whiskers  
In a quiet thoughtful way.

Here among the many treasures  
Which are ours to share to-day  
We can find their heartfelt longing  
For life's richer joys that stay  
For where e'er we chance to travel  
Here or there through village street  
We can find substantial churches  
Old, but firmly built, and neat.  
They stand as lasting monuments  
To our forefathers worth  
And speak of richer blessings  
Than any found on earth.



All honor to those faithful friends  
Who strove to do their best,  
We cherish deep within our hearts  
Their love that stood the test,  
And may we show our gratitude  
By seeking for our own  
The courage, faith, and loyalty  
By them so freely shown.

---

(The following words of kindly appreciation are especially dedicated  
to our friend and physician, Dr. N. Kerr, of Elgin, Ontario).

## *The Country Doctor*

Could we pay a worthy tribute  
In some eulogistic phrase,  
To the highest type of service  
We have known along life's ways,  
We would name the country doctor—  
(Always at our beck and call)  
As the finest, most deserving,  
And most faithful of them all.

When Wintery winds are blowing  
With cold and stormy blast,  
While safe and warm within our beds  
Our nights in comfort passed,  
That busy doctor through the night  
Of cold—and snow goes by  
To help some weary sufferer,  
Who e'er the dawn may die.

Within that bag he carries  
Supplies of dope and pills,  
To bring relief and comfort  
For every type of ill:  
His knowledge is sufficient  
To provide for every need,  
While his stock of ready sympathy  
Is expressed by word, and deed.

He has no time for leisure,  
The pleasures he has known,  
For late and early, night or day  
His time is not his own.  
No chance to share the beauty  
Of Spring, or Summer's charm,  
For there's an urgent message  
Saying—"Dad has broke his arm."

He's on a special diet  
Of other people's ills  
Their cramps, and indigestion,  
Their fever, and their chills—  
No wonder he is aging,  
And looking worn and thin,  
With so many new arrivals  
That he must usher in.

Through the years of faithful service,  
He has given night and day,  
We have come to lean upon him  
In a restful sort of way,  
For we know as years are passing  
Sickness, pain, and ills around,  
So we feel a sense of comfort  
Just in knowing he's around.

Then let us make a motion  
That his patients far and near—  
Show some kind appreciation,  
Speak some little word of cheer,  
We are sure that these suggestions  
Very popular appear,  
For we fancy all around us  
Voices echoing—"hear, hear."

---

## *The Good Old Days*

How the young folk look with pity,  
Or smile and eyebrows raise  
When they hear the old folk talking  
About the good old days.  
They think those years of long ago  
Were always dull and grey,  
Before the time of movies,  
And we often hear them say—

"How did our grandmas ever live  
With not a place to go,  
Without a motor car to drive,  
And never see a show."  
Now their pleasures are imported,  
Made to order—good or bad,  
Not requiring any effort  
Save to get some "dough" from Dad.

But those old-time lads and lassies  
Had a rare and finer art,  
For the thrill of their enjoyment was  
That each supplied a part.  
Homes meant more than places to linger  
Long enough to sleep and eat—  
But a place where friends and neighbours  
Gathered in, and loved to meet.

There was sure to be good music  
Though not written by Mozart,  
Sentimental songs of pathos, pure and sweet,  
That touched the heart.  
When violin with organ keys  
In perfect tones were set,  
How those old tunes linger with us  
And thrill our senses yet.

Now if ever you are doubting  
That those old-time days were good,  
Just listen to some ancient friends  
In reminiscent mood;  
Hear the sounds of merry laughter  
While recalling bygone days,  
Scenes portrayed in happy memories  
Now expressed by some such phrase  
As—"Oh! yes do you remember?  
Why! I seem to hear it yet;"  
Or—"That surely was one jolly time  
I never can forget."

---

## *"Life"*

Life is more than years and days,  
More than rough and stoney ways,  
More than work, and more than rest;  
It's a chance to do our best.  
Life is not a vale of tears,  
Sorrow, grief or conscious fears;  
But a place where we can find  
Beauty for the soul and mind.

Life is not a game of chance,  
Where by trickery we advance;  
But a place where honour bright  
Wins its way, by truth and right.  
Life is not a place of gloom,  
With a dread of future doom,  
But a place where hope held high  
Gives a twinkle to the eye.

Life is like a garden plot,  
To be made a beauty spot.  
Golden thoughts the seeds we sow,  
Fruits and flowers the crops that grow.  
Evil thoughts and words and deeds  
Spoil its beauty like bad weeds;  
Only when we keep it clean  
Is its finest beauty seen.

Life's a gift that every day  
Brings some joy along our way;  
Some new friendship, some new love,  
Some rich blessing from above.  
Life's the key to real success  
And the road to happiness,  
When we scatter every day  
Deeds of love along its way.

Life's a place where hope and cheer  
Should increase with every year;  
Life's a place where dreams come true,  
And friendships live, both old and new.  
Life was meant for inward peace,  
Peace that bids our fears to cease,  
Knowing all our Father's Care,  
Trusting Him in Faith and Prayer.

---

## *Autumn Time at Chaffey's Lock*

Oft our thoughts return with pleasure  
To that place called Chaffey's Lock,  
Where friendships cheery welcome  
Adorns each beauty spot.  
There's a wide expanse of water  
Rippling silver on and on  
With wooded shores, and sheltered bays  
Known as Lake Opinocon.

When through the gap—beyond the bridge  
Our Westward way we take  
A richer gem from nature's crown  
Is seen in Indian Lake.  
Here summer tourists come to share  
The beauty, and to fish,  
For here is food and restful charm  
To gratify each wish.

But when the Summer days are gone  
The tourist season past  
'Tis then that Autumn ushers in  
A beauty unsurpassed.  
The brilliant tints and shading

In which the trees are dressed  
Exceed the most descriptive powers  
That human minds possess.

What stores of precious memories;  
What thrills of ecstasy,  
Will remain with every member  
Of the motor-boat, that day  
When our friend Old Mother Nature  
Shared her wealth with lavish hand—  
By reflecting in the water  
Autumn's beauty from the land.

But a deeper joy was present  
Richer far than words can tell  
In the wealth of love and kindness  
In which those friends excel,  
For each cheery happy member  
Of our hostess family tree  
Are noted for their kindness  
And hospitality.

In all the finer things of life  
They take an active part  
But in making others happy  
They are adept in that art.  
The joy that they have given us  
In words can not be told  
But we hope it may return to them  
Increased a hundred fold.

---

## *Our Old Friend Jim*

We recall such pleasant memories  
Of the years long past, and gone;  
That we spent with friends at Chaffey's,  
As the Summers moved along,  
There was quiet, there was leisure,  
Time to spend in friendly chat,  
Jim and I hold long discussions;  
As we talked of this and that.

There was time to note the murmur  
Of the gentle, cooling breeze,  
And the music of the song-birds;  
As they nested in the trees.  
We could find good fishing places,  
Row the skiff, and haul them in.  
There was then real joy in fishing,  
Best of sport for me, and Jim.

But these modern days are different,  
Now when tourists swarm the place,  
Marks of care, and work, and worry  
Mar our old friend's smiling face.  
There's no need to seek the reason  
For this change we see in him,  
Night and day it's ever present,  
And expressed by "Where is Jim."

If perchance a boat is needed,  
Or a guide is ushered in,  
Morning's calm is rudely broken  
By that question "Where is Jim?"  
When some gasoline is needed,  
Or a motor on the "bim",  
Someone calls (at times impatient)  
"Now I wonder "Where is Jim?"

Is there trouble in the plumbing,  
Or the water running low,  
Then the maids, the cook, or others  
Give the call, and Jim must go.  
Is the pasture gate left open  
When some boys go down to swim,  
And the cows get in the garden—  
There's a frantic call for Jim.

Should he find a restful moment  
To relax and call his own  
Someone then is sure to "holler",  
"Jim! you're wanted on the 'phone."  
Oft when wrapped in peaceful slumber  
Some belated guests drive in  
Pleasant dreams are rudely shattered  
By their shouts of "Where is Jim?"

Could my dearest wish be granted,  
I would work, and scheme, and plan,  
How to build the finest hide-out;  
Ever yet designed by man.  
There would be sound-proof compartments  
In that quiet cozy nook,  
Luxury, and every comfort  
With an interesting book.

Then without one qualm of conscience  
There I'd take my old friend Jim  
Show him all those modern gadgets,  
Shut the door—and lock him in,  
There to spend one week of leisure  
(None deserve it more than him)  
Safe at last from call and shouting,  
Oft repeated—"Where is Jim?"

The foregoing refers to Capt. Jim Simmons of Chaffey's Lock, Ontario, where you arrive as a guest and depart as a friend. It is from the observations of Charles A. MacHenry of Cape Vincent, N.Y., a fishing companion through more than four decades. It was written by Mrs. Jennie Moulton of Philipsville, Ontario, who has known "Capt. Jim" even longer.

## *Books*

What journeys of adventure to every land and clime,  
What stores of useful knowledge I now can claim as mine;  
Such a wealth of famous treasures, rare gems of thought  
we find,  
Produced by earnest efforts of many a gifted mind.  
Biographies inspire us to noble acts, and deeds  
Of kindness, truth and brother hood, the things this old  
world needs.  
Such thrills of rare enjoyment, life's lonely hours to cheer,  
Are found upon my bookshelves in this cozy corner here.

Their authors seem like cherished friends; we prize them as  
our own  
Although their forms and faces to us were never known;  
Some bring us words of wisdom, or duty's pathway stress,  
While others picture romance fair, and love's young dream  
express.  
The poets too their offerings bring; each merit some returns  
Be they by Tennyson, or Grey, or blithesome Bobbie Burns,  
It all depends upon our mood which one we love the best,  
At times we choose Sir Walter Scott, at others Edgar Guest.

But dearest for of greater worth than words can e'er express,  
We prize that "Book of Books" the most of any we possess;  
For here Our Heavenly Father speaks to every needy heart  
Of gracious love and pardon He wishes to impart;  
It tells us of Our Saviour Friend, His sacrifice for sin,  
And of that Heavenly Home so fair where we may enter in;  
So many precious promises o'er all its pages spread,  
A treasure-house of peace and joy, this Book our mothers read.

---

## *Assurance*

When our hearts are sad and lonely,  
And our way beset with care,  
When the star of hope seems hidden,  
And the load is hard to bear—  
That's the time to seek the shelter  
Of some quiet cozy nook,  
There to search for help and comfort  
From the pages of God's book.

We can hear His sweet voice calling  
"Heavy laden come to me,"  
Just the same as when it echoed  
Through the streets of Galilee.  
Why regret when help we needed  
From our grasp has taken wings  
When "Our Heavenly Father knoweth  
We have need of all these things."

Here we find the blest assurance  
Of His power to save from sin,  
And His promise to be with us,  
Going out, and coming in.  
Knowing He will not forsake us—  
We can safely travel on  
In life's darkest hour undaunted,  
With His strength to lean upon.

---

### *"The Good Shepherd"*

Among life's sweetest memories that never can grow old  
However often they're rehearsed, are the stories Jesus told.  
We seem to see Him resting there among His friends so dear  
His loving heart held precious truth He longs for them to hear,  
He sees the shepherds with their flocks, and notes their tender  
care;  
As out upon Judea's hills they wander here and there,  
He knows how much His earthly friends like sheep are prone  
to stray;  
And how they need a Shepherd-friend to guide them day by  
day.

The shepherd knows each sheep by name and gently leads  
them on  
By waters still, and pastures green until the day is done.  
Then lest some danger hovers near, or foe the darkness hide  
They seek the shelter of the fold in safety to abide.  
He tells them how He longs to be their Shepherd good and  
kind  
That He will give His life that they eternal life may find  
The Father's Kingdom shall be theirs no fear to them need  
come  
For He will live them to the end, and lead them safely home.

This sweetest story ever told comes down to us today  
To every sad and sinful soul to cheer us on our way;  
For Our Good Shepherd is the same who still can lead us on  
Upheld by His sustaining grace until life's day is done  
To know our Shepherd that's the test that brings all our  
joy,  
Brings perfect peace, and rest of soul that nothing can  
destroy  
Then may we ever keep in mind the stories Jesus told  
And share with others all the love and blessings they unfold.

---



## *"The Prodigal Son"*

When Jesus came to Galilee to show His Father's love  
He often spoke in parables some precious truth to prove  
And among those old, old stories that charm us most today  
Is one about a father, and his boy who went away.

Two manly boys were growing up within a country home  
Where every want seemed well supplied without the need to  
    roam,  
But soon the younger of the two shows signs of discontent,  
He feels the lure of distant scenes on which his thoughts  
    were bent.

He asks his father for his share of what he has to give  
Then journeys forth to see the world, in distant lands to live—  
The father's heart was crushed with grief, the place seemed  
    sad and lone,  
One thought alone possessed him now—the boy he loved was  
    gone.

But soon that lad was led astray, his money all was spent  
And he began to be in want which ever way he went  
In poverty and hunger sore that he had never known  
His yearning thoughts with sad regret returned again to  
    home.

A sense of his unworthiness—to think how he had spurned  
His gracious father's tender love, for which his heart now  
    yearned.  
Then he resolved to go at once, in sin no longer roam  
But seek a servant's lowly place, within that dear old home.

When far away his father's eye beheld his wayward boy,  
His hasty steps; and fond embrace; expressed his love and  
    joy,  
Although he asked a lowly place—love proved a richer test  
And gave the robe, the shoes, the ring as for an honored guest.

A bounteous feast was then prepared where joy and cheer  
    abound  
To welcome home that long lost son, who now again is found.  
This picture shows Our Father's love for those sin leads  
    astray,  
And that old story Jesus told—speaks to our hearts today.

## *Sunset at Otter Lake*

If we might choose a memory gem  
Of beauty rich and rare,  
A treasure which through future year  
Would shed its radiance fair  
Like peaceful benediction's calm  
Poured out for love's dear sake,  
We'd surely choose that pictured scene—  
Sunset at Otter Lake.

A day of rare enjoyment fine,  
With beauty unsurpassed;  
A day we'll long remember too,  
Was closing in at last—  
While here beside the broad highway  
Were tables, and some seats  
Where we at once decided was  
The place to serve the eats.

The lake so calm, like sea of glass  
Reflects the sunset sky,  
The beauteous tints of rose and gold,  
Bring charm to every eye.  
Our inmost souls were strangely stirred,  
No words could e'er express,  
Though on our inner consciousness  
Indelibly impressed.

The streets of gold, the gates of pearl,  
How near they seemed to be,  
The many mansions bright and fair  
Prepared for you and me.  
We longed for thankful, loving hearts,  
And tongues that echoed praise  
For all Our Loving Father's gifts  
Throughout life's varied ways.

Soon in the deepening twilight hour  
We wend our homeward way,  
While each with one accord proclaims—  
"It's been a perfect day  
Oft-times in reminiscent mood  
This wondrous trip we'll take  
To see again in memory  
Sunset at Otter Lake.

## *The Perfect Peace of God*

God gave as our inheritance  
His choicest gift to earth;  
The heaven's choir of angel songs  
Of peace, proclaimeth His birth.  
Through many years as Prince of Peace  
To sin-sick souls He brought  
Forgiving love and healing power,  
And wisest lessons taught.

Then when at last His life He gave  
Redeeming love to show,  
His parting gift to earthly friends,  
His peace—that they might know;  
It passeth understanding too  
This peace of God so free,  
And all who feel their need may come,  
Including you and me.

For by the Spirit's wond'rous power  
His presence may abide  
Within our needy human hearts  
To comfort, cheer, and guide.  
So many satisfying joys  
This Peace of God can give,  
Assurance of His love and care  
Through all the years we live.

A rest of soul when sorrows come,  
Or trials our faith would test,  
Submissive courage to believe  
Our Father knoweth best.  
A star of Hope to guide our way  
To firmer faith and love,  
And brighter visions of that Home  
Prepared for us above.

We long to claim some talent rare,  
To tip our tongue with praise,  
That we may tell in accents true  
God's gifts through all the days.  
He knows the hunger of our hearts  
And that we sorely need  
Sustaining grace and living Bread  
Our fainting souls to feed.

Within God's treasury of truth  
We find abundant store;  
A wealth of precious promises  
Repeated o'er and o'er.  
Then let this pathway be our choice,  
The way our Master trod,  
And share with Him the blessings of  
This Perfect Peace of God.

## *"When Jesus Prayed"*

All through the long night watches  
Alone in some quiet place  
Our loving Friend, and Saviour  
Met the Father face to face  
For His heart was filled with longing  
That no earthly friend could share  
So He sought for His Father's presence  
And poured out His soul in prayer

He loved impulsive Peter,  
And doubting Thomas too,  
And the others He had chosen  
That they—His work should do—  
He knew that persecutions,  
And trials hard to bear  
Would test their faith and courage  
When He would not be there.

He understood their weakness  
And craved the wondrous power  
Of the Holy Spirit's presence  
To sustain them—every hour,  
How that gracious prayer was answered  
In the upper room that day  
Bringing faith and strength and courage  
To each waiting heart to stay.

Now we think of Him in Glory—  
As He who loved His own,  
And today that love still reaches out  
To every friend He's known,  
Though weak our faith, or cold our love,  
To us He still gives heed  
And yearns in kind compassion  
To supply our every need.

## *Facing the Facts*

We boast of our democracy  
Our homeland fine and free,  
But when we really face the facts  
Now here is what we see—  
Godgiven wealth is freely used  
Without the least regret—  
A generous "burnt offering"  
In pipe and cigarette.

From out abundant harvest's yield  
Is taken heavy toll  
To make intoxicating brew  
That ruins mind and soul.  
Thousands in want lack daily bread,  
We hear their piteous cry,  
But still that tragic waste goes on  
While men stand idly by.

Our governments seek revenue,  
And set their hand and seal  
To legalize increasing sales,  
And make it more genteel.  
The cocktail lounge gives added charm,  
A touch of regal style,  
A fine attraction where our youth,  
Their leisure hours beguile.

The ladies too are learning how  
To drink a social glass.  
While mothers of our boys and girls  
Now stagger as they pass.  
The highway accidents increase,  
Death and distress abound,  
Because the drunken driver  
Behind the wheel is found.

Could we but trace the frequent cause  
Of many a broken home.  
Of criminal and delinquent youth  
That through our cities roam,  
We'd find it at the beverage room.  
The tavern and the bar,  
Where spirits and intoxicants  
Are sold both near and far.

Our hearts go out in longing  
To see a better world,  
Where the banner of Christ's righteousness  
Is everywhere unfurled.  
Where leadership is prompted  
By high ideals of truth,  
For the revenue most needed  
Is the saving of our youth.

## *"Words"*

It was only a little sarcastic word,  
But it held a bitter sting—  
Yet the one who uttered it seemed to think  
It only a trivial thing,  
But its mark was a sad discouraged soul,  
Who felt its crushing weight,  
As an added burden of dark despair,  
To a bitter hopeless fate.

It seemed as the years kept slipping by  
Such a mystery unexplained,  
Just why that life of promise fair—  
As a failure long had remained,  
But that little word like a poison dart  
Had hope, and courage slain,  
And the needed faith had weaker grown  
Til unable to rise again.

It was only a bright little cheery word,  
Of appreciation kind,  
But it came from a heart where peace and joy,  
With faith, and love combined,  
It touched a soul at a testing time—  
When temptation's powerful sway  
Was making a strong, and bold attempt  
To lead that soul astray.

It came as a ray of sunshine bright,  
To that soul in direst need—  
Bringing a message of faith and hope,  
And a peace that was sweet indeed,  
Often friends, and neighbours wondered why;  
But the truth could never guess—  
Though they shared the help, and healing touch  
Of that gracious life's success.

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## *The Cross*

Could he who in Jerusalem  
Once formed that cross of wood,  
Have known that "Man of Sorrows,"  
Or his mission understood—  
We wonder if his cruel heart  
Had felt some sad surprise;  
That he had ever given aid  
To such a sacrifice.

No earthly king of Royal birth  
On gorgeous throne e'er stood,  
As he who graced as King of Kings  
That humble cross of wood,  
Such tender words of comfort sweet  
Those suffering lips could share,  
Of mother love, forgiven foes,  
And balm of answered prayer.

Now once again that humble cross  
Its suffering, and its shame  
Reminds us of our Saviour King  
Whose love is still the same.  
His yearning heart is pleading yet  
For human souls to share  
Forgiving love, and Peace and Joy,  
With all His tender care.

May we in simple faith and trust  
His kind entreaty heed,  
And learn to follow and obey—  
In thought, in word, and deed;  
May we not be like him who formed  
That cruel cross of wood,  
Having just misunderstood.

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## *The Old Year's Gift*

The time had come to bid farewell  
To the old departing year,  
Whose days—some tipped with sunshine,  
And others wet with tears—  
Now viewed in thoughtful reverie,  
We found there many a one  
O'er shadowed deep with sad regrets  
For things we'd left undone.

There, many an opportunity  
For service kind and true  
Along the path we'd travelled on  
Kept coming into view.  
This sense of failure and neglect  
Oppressed my aching heart,  
With the sorrow caused from knowing  
I had failed to do my part.

It may have been a vision bright  
That raised my drooping head,  
But by some messenger of Hope  
These cheery words were said,—  
"To-day's the loom on which we weave  
The variegated threads  
We gather from our yesterday's,  
And form them into webs.

Rich tapestries of rare design  
Spread out in bright array  
To beautify, enrich, adorn,  
The New Year's coming day."  
As once again we view the past  
So bright before us spread,  
We now can trace o'er all the way  
Those fine and brilliant threads.

Here are tints and shades suggesting  
Nature's beauty rich and rare,  
That soon constantly remind us  
Of our loving Father's care.  
How silver threads of friendship true  
Had brightened every day,  
With help and sweet companionship  
To cheer us on our way.

The purple ones spelled loyalty,  
The red was courage fine,  
But the gold was love in action  
Both human and divine.  
Some blackened threads of sorrow too  
(We had doubted they were best)  
Enhanced the charm and loveliness  
And brightened al' the rest.

To-day the task awaiting us  
Demands our utmost skill,  
To fashion webs of tapestry  
That keep in memory still  
The blessing from the vanished past,  
And fitting tribute trace  
To Him whose mercy crowned the year  
With goodness, love, and grace.



## *Life's Evening Time*

A mist has fallen o'er my eyes  
Which once could see so clear,  
A dullness seems to mar each sound  
That falls upon my ear.  
The stooping frame and faltering step,  
To me the truth unfold  
Try as I may I can't mistake  
The fact—I'm growing old.

It maybe that my eyes grow dim  
To things of time and place,  
That I more clearly may discern  
The Wonders of His grace.  
And though my ears miss other sounds,  
Or voices of my friends,  
My soul can hear the messages  
Of love my Father sends.

This halting step but bids me lean  
On His supporting arm,  
Assured His care and tenderness  
Will keep me safe from harm.  
Then why should this poor heart of mine  
Be weary or oppressed!  
When Jesus says "Come unto Me  
And I will give you rest."

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## *"Humble Service"*

Life may not hold for us some great adventure,  
Some noble deed inspiring thought of fame,  
But if we render service none can censure,  
And show that loyal friendship is our aim,  
That here or there where ever duty calls us,  
O'er sunny height, or dreary vale of care—  
Our joy shall be to carry treasures with us  
Bright gems of hope, of cheer, of love and prayer  
To make some others heart a little lighter,  
Some others heavy burden less to bear,  
The sun up on our path will shine the brighter,  
And happiness and peace he ours to share.

## Abbey Dawn

In quest of happy memories,  
One lovely day in June,  
Some true and faithful old-time friends  
Set out with hearts in tune;  
They'd often heard about a place  
As years had come and gone,  
Whose gracious owner, Havelock Robb,  
Had christened "Abbey Dawn."

A scene of wondrous beauty viewed  
From rocky summit old,  
As Bay of Quinte's wide expanse  
Before their eyes unfold.  
Here, through the changing scenes of time  
Fair islands, lake and bay,  
Through winter's cold or summer's heat  
Spread out in bright array.

While ancient relics of the past  
Portrayed in rock and stone,  
By flights of fancy can construct  
A people all their own.  
Dense foliage of forest trees,  
Where birds with brilliant wings  
In safety find a nesting place,  
Returning every spring.

How its very name suggested  
E'er the day had come and gone,  
Tender thoughts of countless numbers  
Of its morning's silent dawn.  
Life is often sad and dreary  
Filled with failure, loss or pain,  
But each dawn supplies a purpose  
And a chance to try again.

Tho' heads be bowed by sin and shame  
Beneath the chastening rod,  
Each dawn supplies a gracious gift,  
Fresh from the hand of God.  
A golden opportunity  
To seek from day to day,  
To practise faith, and hope and love,  
And find a better way.

Among this wealth of nature's charms,  
In harmony to dwell,  
An emblem of true joy is found  
A lovely sweet toned bell.  
'Twas by the host of Abbey Dawn  
Designed to banish fear,  
In sweetest tones of hope to speak  
To all, both far and near.

Its messages of cheer ring out  
Each morning, noon and night,  
Which help to drive dull care away,  
And make the world more bright.  
We hope that he whose vision planned  
Its beautiful design,  
May garner for long years to come  
Life's blessings rich and fine.

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## *Old Treasures*

We love the gleam and sparkle  
Of old china rich and rare,  
The brilliance of old tarnished gems  
Restored with patient care,  
We prize old treasured keepsakes  
With dust of time o'er cast,  
Old valentines, and letters,  
Cherished memories of the past.

We love old erinkled faces—  
With all the marks they bear  
Of sunny smiles, and laughter,  
That long have lingered there;  
We trace the hope, and courage,  
The love beyond compare  
That shines anew from faces  
Adorned with silver hair.

But by far the richest treasures,  
And those we love the best,  
Are the dear old friends so faithful  
Whose love has stood the test—  
They have shared our joys and sorrows,  
Always with an out-stretched hand;  
Giving help, and strength, and comfort  
From true hearts that understand.

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## *Matrimonial Mysteries*

Some noted sage or scientist  
With philosophic mind,  
Has made this statement though its truth  
Is often hard to find.  
For he has said—and I've no doubt  
All for the best 'twas meant—  
"That every lady's husband is  
A gift from Heaven sent."

Now we believe a Heavenly gift  
Would do just as he should,  
And meet life's cares and duties  
In a way that's kind and good.  
That he would try his very best  
His loving wife to please,  
And not make life a burden  
Because he likes to tease.

That never from his fireside  
Would he be known to roam  
With gay or wild companions  
Away from wife and home;  
He never could be tempted  
To stay out late at night,  
Or grumble in the morning  
That the coffee isn't right.

Then never need that trusting wife  
At times with patience spent,  
Say "he's a gift from somewhere  
But not from Heaven sent;  
There's surely been an error  
This fact we now must face—  
For both his words and actions  
Suggest some other place."

And yet when pride and passion  
Their fury all have spent,  
She somehow trustingly believes—  
He was from Heaven sent;  
When asked if she'd accept him  
Knowing all the trials she'd had,  
She'll say so sweet and tenderly—  
"Oh he's not been so bad."

## *Life's Bounty*

We longed to paint a picture, a masterpiece of art,  
To show life's royal beauty in things that touch the heart;  
We gathered nature's beauty from flower, and fruit, and tree,  
From rainbow, sky and sunset, so lavish fine and free;  
We added bits of grandeur from mountain, lake and stream,  
With glints of golden sunshine, and shadows in between.  
We hoped to give expression to what makes life really fine,  
And portray its precious bounty in a beautiful design.

With the task at last completed, canvas gay with colours rife,  
Then we sensed our fatal error, for it lacked the breath of life;  
We had formed with tints and shading the songbird's brilliant  
wing,  
But missed their notes of greeting—sweet melodies of spring.  
We had sketched a wayside cottage, and thought it really  
grand,  
But it lacked the smile of welcome, and the clasp of loving  
hand.  
'Round its door were vines and roses, but we missed the cozy  
nook,  
The comfort of an easy chair, and solace of a book.

It seemed to vision solitude, without a note of cheer  
To comfort us in sorrow, in loneliness or fear;  
It needed children's laughter, it needed love Divine,  
With much of true companionship, where faith and hope  
combine.  
We had fancied things of beauty could form a perfect whole,  
But found it needed richer joy to nourish heart and soul—  
For the secret of life's bounty as we live from day to day  
Is to blend within life's beauty, love and friendship all the  
way.

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## *Remembering*

There are fine things to remember  
When the summer days are past,  
When there's wintry winds and snowdrifts  
And the skies are overcast.  
Then beyond the gloom and shadows  
Seen from Memory's magic view,  
Sunshine, trees, and fragrant flowers,  
Summer's beauty lives anew.

There are fine things to remember  
When the joys of earth depart,  
And the loneliness and sorrow  
Seem to almost break our heart,  
Then what solace and what comfort  
Memory brings, our hearts to cheer,  
As we glimpse the love and kindness  
Of our faithful friends so dear.

There are fine things to remember  
When affliction's heavy hand,  
Or our days be filled with trials  
That we may not understand.  
Then why grieve if pain and weakness  
Or our eyes with age grow dim?  
But remember all He's promised  
Learn to pray and trust in Him.

There are fine things to remember  
Written on that sacred page,  
For He's promised to be with us  
From our youth until old age.  
What a wealth of joy and blessing  
To our souls this memory brings,  
Of that safe and pleasant shelter  
'Neath the shadow of His wings.

## Memories of Olivet

When hearts are crushed with sorrow,  
Or loneliness and care,  
When friends have proved unfaithful,  
And the load is hard to bear,  
Let us steal away in solitude,  
And cross the Kedron brook  
To spend an hour at Olivet,  
That quiet, sacred nook.

Perhaps some gift of memory  
Of the Master's presence there,  
His crushing weight of sorrow,  
Or agony of prayer,  
May bring the tender sympathy,  
The faith and love we need  
To help our souls to triumph  
In thought, in word, and deed.

Here we sense His fine example  
Of submission brave and true,  
To the Father's noble purpose  
In His love for me and you.  
Though it meant that He must suffer  
On the Cross for others' sin,  
Pay the price for our redemption,  
So that Heaven we might win.

With what love he seeks forgiveness  
For His weak and erring friends,  
And accepts the trial and challenge  
Of the cup His Father sends.  
At the thought we feel unworthy,  
With a sense of guilt and shame,  
For the trifles we call burdens  
Are not worthy of the name.

Let us pray for meek submission  
To our Loving Father's will,  
Knowing we can trust His promise  
To forgive and love us still.  
May we follow Christ's example,  
But in case we should forget  
Let us often journey backward  
To that place called Olivet.





