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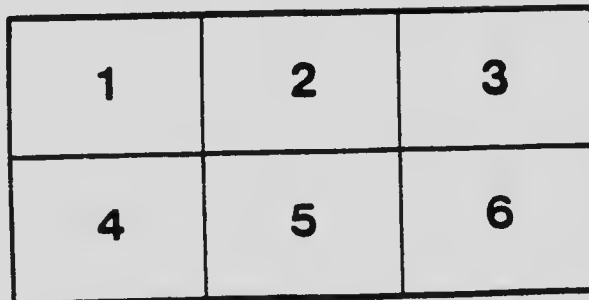
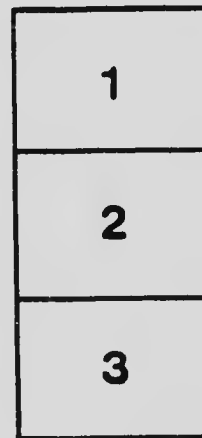
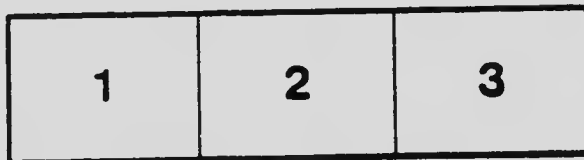
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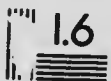
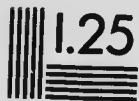
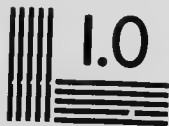
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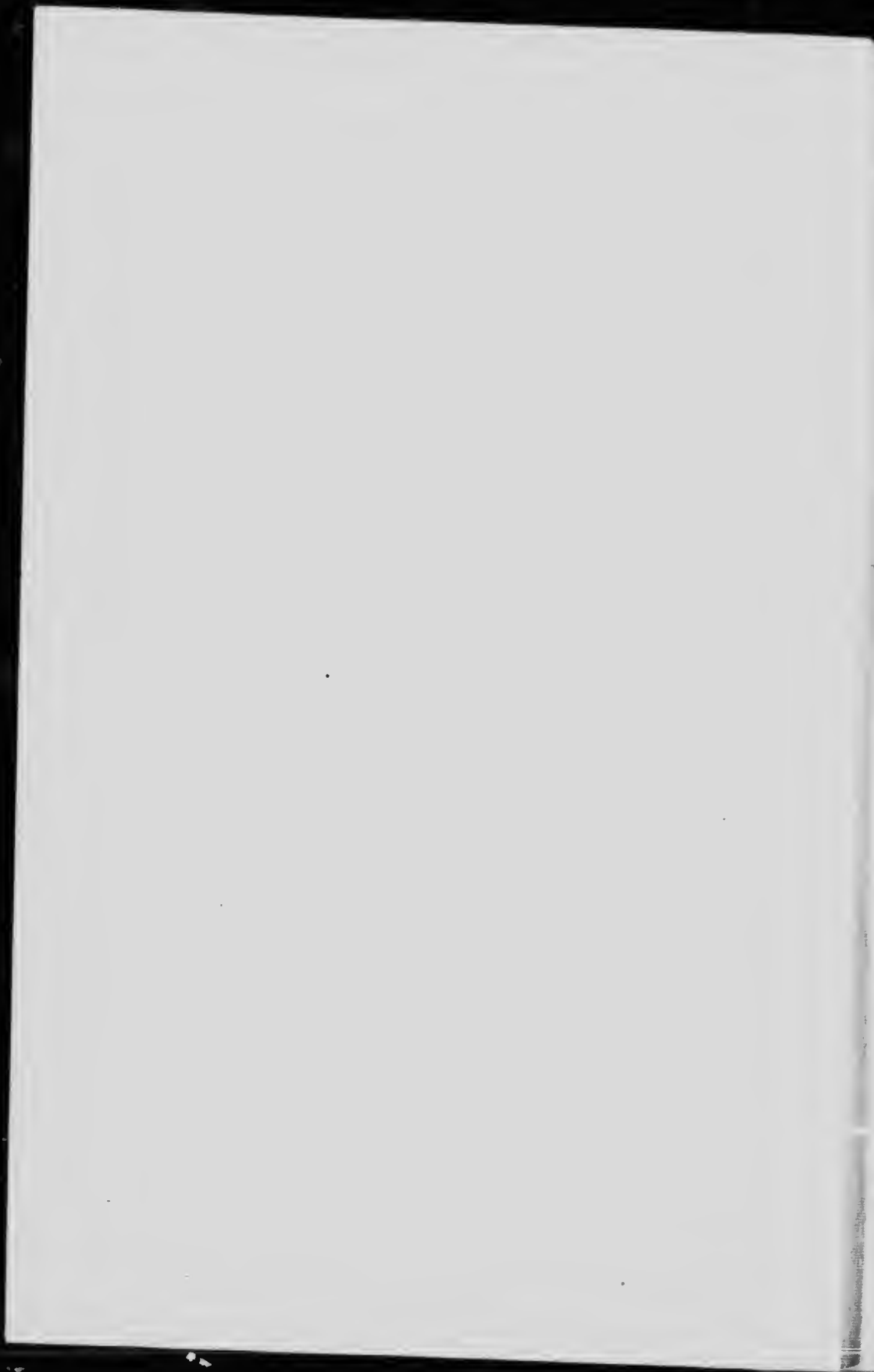
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# Woven Thoughts

BY  
MRS. R. C. GUERIN



Printed for the Author by  
WILLIAM BRIGGS, TORONTO  
1904

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Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand nine hundred and four, by ALBERT GREEN, at the Department of Agriculture.



Dedicated  
to my  
dear  
friend  
Mrs. W. B. Croy





## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
LOYALTY - - - - -	7
OUR OWN CANADIAN BOYS - - - - -	10
WELCOME HOME! - - - - -	13
OUR QUEEN, GOD-BLESS HER! - - - - -	16
WRECK OF THE "ALGOMA" - - - - -	19
"GEM OF THE OCEAN" - - - - -	21
NIAGARA FALLS - - - - -	23
THE "MAID OF THE MIST" - - - - -	26
SONG OF WELCOME TO THE OLD BOYS - - - - -	27
SUNBEAMS - - - - -	29
MUSINGS - - - - -	31
A PLEA FOR THE CHILDREN - - - - -	33
TO THE LILY - - - - -	34
GOODY TWO-SHOES - - - - -	36
OUR DOROTHY - - - - -	38
FAIRY SONG - - - - -	40
KINDERSPIEL - - - - -	41
AN ODE TO SPRING - - - - -	42
KING WINTER - - - - -	43
HAPPY DAYS OF CHILDHOOD - - - - -	45
"I LOVE YOU!" - - - - -	47

	PAGE
THE STORY THAT IS OLD - - - - -	48
THE TROUBLES OF A WIFE - - - - -	49
THE BABY - - - - -	51
THE PAPER - - - - -	54
CANTODENIS - - - - -	57
MOUNT ROYAL EUCHRE CLUB - - - - -	59
LACROSSE - - - - -	61
DR. FERGUSON, M.P. - - - - -	64
CANADIANS FOR CANADA - - - - -	65
MASONIC LORE - - - - -	68
AN ODDFELLOW'S ODE - - - - -	70
FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH - - - - -	72
THE DAUGHTERS OF REBECCA - - - - -	74
HAIL, MERRY CHRISTMAS! - - - - -	76
CHRISTMASTIDE - - - - -	78
CHRISTMAS BELLS - - - - -	79
AN ANGEL'S MESSAGE - - - - -	81
A VOICE FROM PARADISE - - - - -	83
OUR DARLING LITTLE DOLLY - - - - -	85
W. B. CROY - - - - -	87
LILIAN DORIS EDDY - - - - -	89
GEORGE FREDERICK COLTHURST - - - - -	90
EDITH L. DURDAN - - - - -	92
IN LOVING MEMORY OF MARY GUERIN MURRAY - - - - -	94
VIVIAN ALICE METCALFE - - - - -	96
HENRY WARD BEECHER - - - - -	98
GENERAL GRANT - - - - -	100

# Woven Thoughts.



## LOYALTY.

King Edward wears the Empire's crown  
And its royal sceptre wields,  
For Justice, Right, and Honour  
Are engraven on its shield—  
Head of a nation true and brave—  
For a Briton never will be a slave.

The watch-dog guards the Union Jack  
With never failing zeal ;  
Long may it wave o'er land and sea  
'Mid hearts as true as steel.  
But if the watch-dog sleeps, beware !  
For what he has he holds—Take care !

The lion, tired of blood and war,  
Would fain be like a lamb,  
And holding out his rugged paw  
In peace to all the land.  
But, though tame, he is there—ah! yes, take care!—  
And is guarding the Empire, so beware!

For a soldier's boast and a soldier's toast  
Is Country, Flag, and King,  
As with sword in hand he takes his stand,  
And this you'll hear him sing,  
"As long as the Union Jack flies high,  
For Country, Flag, and King I'll die."

And a soldier is ready when duty calls,  
Ready to do and dare;  
From Scotland bold and Emerald Isle,—  
All are ready to do their share,  
And fight for the Empire, Flag, and King,  
While "On to victory!—on!" they sing.

Our Canadian boys, and Australian, too,  
Are brave and bold and free;  
For a soldier's a soldier all over the world,  
And he fights for victory;  
And the blood of some has watered the earth,  
No matter what land has given them birth.

May the lion and dog lie peacefully down,  
And the Old Flag fly serene  
During kind Edward the Seventh's reign,—  
All guarding our King and Queen.  
And now let all the Empire sing,  
“Long live our Queen! long live our King!”



EDWARD VII.



"FAREWELL"—OCT. 30, 1899.

We have bidden them Godspeed  
With a right good British cheer,—  
Our own Canadian boys, friends,  
Who have left those near and dear

To uphold their country's honour,  
The land of the Maple Leaf,  
And fight for the dear old Union Jack ;  
Though their hearts are sore with grief

For the dear ones they have left,  
And the thought of what may be  
Ere they return to their loved ones dear  
From afar across the sea.

Their country called to arms,  
And they, as you have seen,  
Responded with their brave, true hearts,—  
Those soldiers of the Queen.

The Thistle, Shamrock, and the Rose,  
Are fighting side by side ;  
The Maple Leaf will soon entwine,  
Our emblem and our pride.

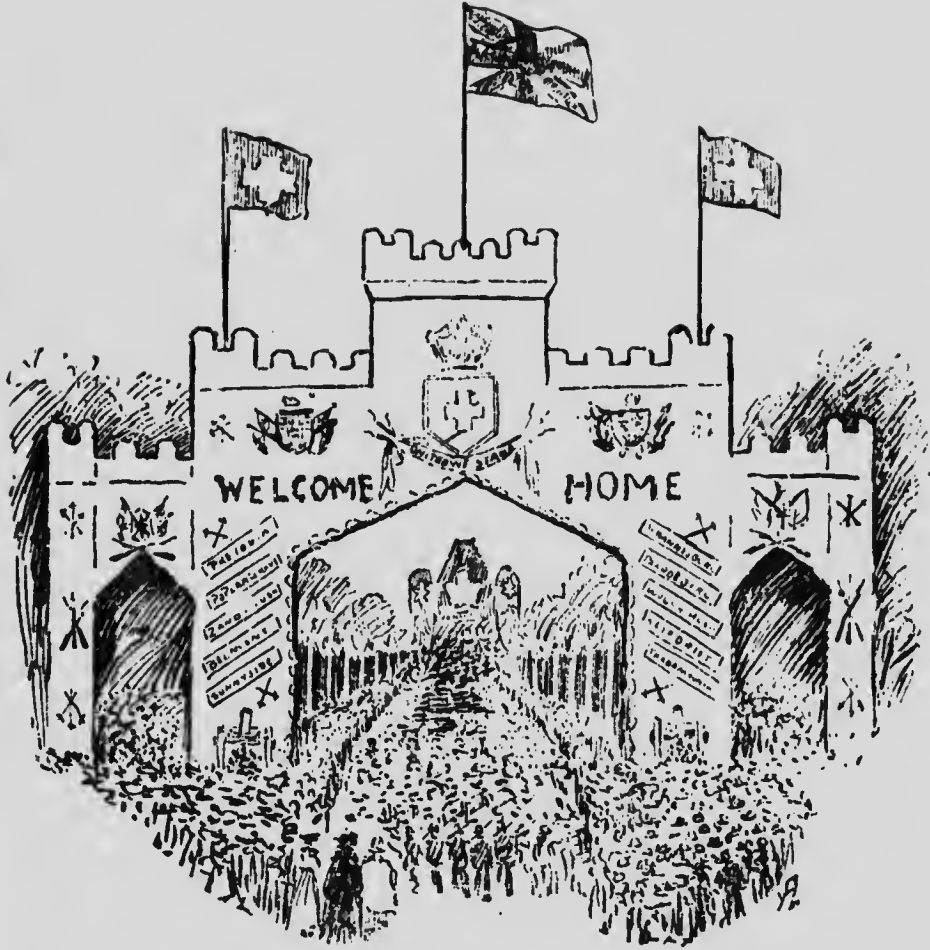
They will do their duty nobly ;  
Their motto is " Do or Die,"—  
Our bonnie boys from Canada,—  
Or they'll know the reason why.

Then let us do our duty, too,  
And give the " widow's mite "  
To help the dear ones they have left  
While fighting for the right.



Let us pray that God will bless them  
'Mid the battle's din and noise,  
And help them in that awful hour,—  
Our own Canadian boys.

And pray that soon the cry of peace  
Be ringing through the land ;  
God bless and bring them all safe home,  
Our dear Canadian band!



## WELCOME HOME !

(NOVEMBER 5TH, 1900.)

Give the boys a glorious welcome !  
They deserve it, one and all,—  
The boys that answered " Ready !"  
At the sound of bugle call.

*WOVEN THOUGHTS*

Let the cheers be long and loud ;  
Let them see we're very proud  
Of the boys that fought for  
Country, Flag, and Queen.

Let the air be filled with cheering,  
And the dear old Union Jack  
Proudly float from every house-top  
Our brave boys to welcome back ;  
And while the bands are playing  
Let us all be hip-hurrahing,  
And give them three times three--  
These soldiers of the Queen.

They have heard the din of battle ;  
They have seen their comrades fall ;  
But ready, ever ready,  
At the sound of bugle call,  
Our Canadians, nothing daunted,  
O'er the veldt and kopje vaulted.  
"On, Canadians!" was their cry,  
"On to victory or die!"

For the honour of the Maple Leaf  
They had within their keeping ;  
And the Empire found that Canada  
Was neither dead nor sleeping.

They found our boys knew how to fight  
And wanted nothing but their right,  
Though "absent-minded beggars"  
They may be.

They have shown all other nations  
What Canadians can do ;  
There is nothing they're afraid of,  
And they're brave right through and through.  
So give them a royal welcome back—  
Our brave Canadian boys,  
The boys who fought for the Union Jack,—  
Our own Canadian boys.

And the boys who met a soldier's fate,  
Who sleep in their lonely graves,  
Who shed their blood  
For the Empire's cause  
That Britons might never be slaves,—  
For Victory their lives they gave.  
All honor, then, to a soldier's grave,  
To the boys that will never come home.



1837—OUR QUEEN, GOD BLESS HER.—1897

JUBILEE.

Sixty years have dawned and waned  
Since our honoured Queen has reigned ;  
What hopes and fears, what smiles and tears,  
Has she passed through in all these years !

How nobly has she held the crown  
O'er all the world, now so renowned ;  
That kindly heart, those noble traits,  
That scorn to harm and hurt and hate.

But with a firm and gracious hand  
Upholds the right throughout the land ;  
And she, our honest love has bought  
By all the lessons she has taught :—

Of kindness to the sick and poor  
When travelling o'er the fen and moor,  
Or visiting the soldier brave  
So soon to lie within his grave.

Now well 'tis known in every clime  
Her motherhood has been sublime,  
And kindled close the bonds of love  
That every mother seeks to prove.

A woman, though a noble Queen,  
We love her whom we have not seen ;  
And greetings send o'er land and sea,  
On this her diamond jubilee.

Well may we say, "God bless our Queen!"  
A nobler one was never seen;  
Thy subjects all, on land and sea,  
Worship, love, and honour thee.

Let banners wave and bells ring out;  
Long live our Queen!—rejoice and shout,  
And this the toast on every lip,  
God bless our Queen with every sip!



### WRECK OF THE "ALGOMA."

Another victim of the wind and storm,  
The noble ship *Algoma* now is gone:  
Wrecked by the waters on whose breast  
That noble ship was wont to be caressed.  
Alas! how true.

And oh, my God, how dreadful it must be  
To struggle for your life in such a sea,



And hear the cries and groans of those around,  
Perhaps by near and dear ties to you bound,  
Yet cannot help!

But list! dost thou not hear a prayer?  
Ah, yes; 'twas God they prayed to there,  
Knowing full well that only He could save  
Or take them to Himself with coming wave,—  
He was their all.

God grant their prayers that night were heard,  
Although, perchance, 'twas but a single word;  
As bruised and bleeding, struggling yet to live,  
The wave has grasped its prey, one word, "For-  
give!"—

It is their last.

One moment fiercely battling with the waves,  
Another all is over, 'tis their graves;  
The wind and waves can do no more,  
Their spirits high above them all can soar  
In realms of light.

And those who struggled for their lives and won,  
God grant another such may never come!  
Brave Captain Moore, long, long may he command  
Another vessel with his strong right hand  
And kindly voice,

Then let us often pray for those who sail  
And know the furies of the storm and gale ;  
And pray that many years may come and go  
Before we hear again such tale of woe  
As this has been.

---

"GEM OF THE OCEAN."

The *Gem of the Ocean* wide,  
The home of the sailor brave,  
Is a good ship as she rides  
Upon the bounding wave ;  
If strong and staunch is she  
Jack cares not for a storm,  
But is happy, gay and free  
As he sings his "ye-ho" song.

For a sailor loves to roam  
Across the ocean wide  
To lands far from his home,  
That is a sailor's pride ;  
For his home is on the deep,  
And he loves the breeze and gale  
As the waves around him leap,  
And he heaves "yo-ho" the sail.

*WOVEN THOUGHTS*

When the winds are whistling around  
And the good ship's timbers groan,  
Then Jack can sleep as sound  
As if in bed at home ;  
And, perchance, of one he dreams  
He has left so far away,  
And through his vision gleams  
His meeting her some day.

And when the tempests blow  
His loved ones far away  
Will think of him, I know,  
And for their sailor pray ;  
Then, here's to the sailor bold  
And here's to the ocean free,  
And here's to the ship that rides  
Across the bounding sea !



### NIAGARA FALLS.

How beautiful, grand, and majestic  
Are Old Niagara's waters  
As we see them tumbling over the brink,  
The queen of old Nature's daughters ;  
While the silvery spray leaps high with glee  
Like fays and elfins dancing,  
While the rainbow's hues make fairy views  
As the sun on the mist is glancing.

Then the arches seen on the silvery sheen  
Are like fairy bridges hung,  
While the thundering roar from shore to shore  
Seems a canto being sung

By some mighty monster of the deep  
Trying its chains to sever,  
But moaning on from day to day  
Forever and forever.

See the *Maid of the Mist* sail calmly on  
Over the foamy waves,  
Like some dainty swan with head erect  
Greeting the elves and fays ;  
Then, once more courtesying her adieus  
'Mid old Niagara's roar,  
She turns about and skims along  
To old Niagara's shore.

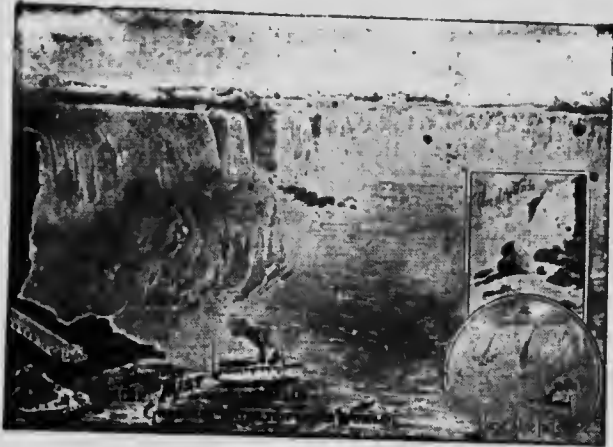
Now see the white waves wrestling  
And the foamy billows rise,  
As 'twere a race to reach their place !  
Hark to their rushing cries  
As battling fiercely for their rights,  
While nature bounds them on  
Over rocks and caves and foamy waves,  
They sing their mystic song !

You see the caves and foamy waves  
All framed with emerald green,  
And you gaze and gaze with wondering eye  
On this beautiful, magic scene ;

And you feel such a tiny atom  
As you look on its power and might,  
And you know it will live in your memory—  
This beautiful, wonderful sight.

Then the water down the river glides  
As if glad of a moment's rest,  
Calmly, quietly, flowing along  
With the foam upon its breast ;  
Knowing that soon will the battle be on  
When it reaches the rapids below,  
To be tossed and whirled by a giant hand—  
But onward it still must go,

Throwing thousands of sparkling drops  
Up, up to the glistening sun,  
Like a child at play on a summer day  
In its frolicsome, eager fun ;  
Then down again through the rocky Gorge  
With many a rush and quiver,  
Taking its message out into the lake,  
Bidding good-bye to the river.



THE "MAID OF THE MIST."

Across the broad Atlantic  
Some vessels ply their trade,  
But o'er Niagara's foamy breast  
There plies the little *Maid*.

Like captive bird at last set free  
She skims from shore to shore,  
Through foam and wave, past rock and cave,  
'Mid old Niagara's roar.

As staunch a little craft is she  
As ever bore a crest,  
A fairer sight you ne'er could see  
As she sails from east to west.

SONG OF WELCOME TO THE OLD BOYS 27

So now, hurrah! we wish her luck,  
And my advice is this:  
When to Niagara Falls you go  
Take a trip on the *Maid of the Mist*.

---

SONG OF WELCOME TO THE OLD BOYS.

*Written for the Hamilton Old Boys, August 12th, 1903.*

*Tune: "Home, Sweet Home."*

The wanderers are returning  
To old familiar scenes,  
Their hearts and memories yearning  
With unforgotten dreams;  
Their eyes light up with gladness,  
Their hearts are filled with joy,  
As kindly voices greet them  
With, "Welcome home, old boy!"

CHORUS.—Hands clasped in friendship's name—  
Where is a word more kindly,  
More worthy of its name?

Though other lands may claim them  
And far from us they roam,  
There is a kindly feeling,  
For this was once their home;—



*WOVEN THOUGHTS*

The Mountain for a background,  
Framed in by beach and bay,  
Where can you find a lovelier spot  
Than Hamilton to-day?

We care not from what country  
Or land they may have come,  
We still extend our greetings  
Of kindly welcome home.  
We hope that peace and plenty  
Your motto still shall be,  
And on the home that shelters you  
One word—Prosperity.

When thoughts are rushing o'er you  
Of loved ones passed away,  
And memory brings before you  
Full many a happy day,  
Still sing that song of sweetness,  
That dear old song of home,—  
They know its full completeness,  
They've reached their last long home.

Good-bye will soon be spoken,  
And friends will have to part ;  
Let links that once were broken  
Be joined within thy heart.

We send a kindly greeting  
To friends where'er they be ;  
Our emblem ? —it is Friendship  
Entwined with Unity.

---

## SUNBEAMS.

*Composed for Niagara Falls Sunshine Circle, 1902.*

Sending a gleam of sunshine  
Over the darksome way,  
That is what kindly hearts, you know,  
Are trying to do to-day.  
Sending a tiny sunbeam,  
Doing a kindly deed  
For some poor, lonely, sorrowful heart ;  
Sowing a tiny seed  
Of love for all humanity,  
Where the ground indeed seemed bare ;  
Trying to help them carry  
Their burden by taking a share.

Sending a gleam of sunshine  
To make the way more bright  
For someone groping in the dark,  
Looking in vain for light ;

A tiny gleam of sunshine  
Let in a darkened room  
Will send the ghosts and shadows  
Back to their realms of gloom,  
And bring a smile of grateful thanks,  
Though a tear may dim the eye ;  
But the sun will shine the brighter  
And bid the shadows fly.

Only a gleam of sunshine,  
But oh, what joy it brings !  
What a beautiful song to someone  
Of truth and love it seems  
As on the Master's errands  
It silently wends its way,  
Doing whatever comes to hand  
Quietly, day by day !  
Sowing a seed by the wayside  
That somebody else may reap,  
After the weary traveller  
Has quietly gone to sleep.

Then go, little tiny sunbeam,  
Like arrow from the bow ;  
Go to the sick and weary,  
Go to the child of woe,  
And take this kindly message  
To hearts now filled with pain :

That though the day be dreary  
The sun shall shine again ;  
For the world is full of kindness,  
With hearts both leal and true,  
If where to aim the arrow  
Those kind hearts only knew.

And that little, tiny sunbeam  
Did the work it had to do,  
And out of a tiny seedlet  
A beautiful blossom grew ;  
And it spread its little tendrils  
Over the parched-up ground,  
Till at last a beautiful garden  
In that barren spot was found.  
Oh, then, scatter seeds of sunshine  
Over the whole wide world ;  
Let the words of love and kindness  
Be on its banner when unfurl'd.

---

MUSINGS.

*Written for the Toronto Normal School Literary Society, 1897.*

Days and weeks glide swiftly by ;  
With beating heart and weary sigh  
We plod along, with quakes and fears,  
And some, alas ! shed bitter tears,

So, like the culprit and the judge,  
We must, alas! not even budge,  
But just go on, begin again,  
And all our sighs and tears are vain.

For lessons come and lessons go,  
And all our hearts are filled with woe;  
Yet all the masters with one voice  
Would have us sing, "Rejoice! Rejoice!"

The knowledge that so dearly bought,  
What olive branches will be taught?  
The pen is mightier than the sword,—  
Know ye not that, ye simple horde?

Then buckle on your armor bright;  
Ope' up your brains, let in the light;  
Then shed its radiance on the young,  
And Knowledge will unloose your tongue.

Then little hearts and little eyes  
Will think their teacher wondrous wise,  
And many little smiles will cheer  
The troubles that ye all now fear.

With one accord then let us shout,  
"We will not fear; we will not doubt;  
But strive for honors, one and all,  
Then stand it though we win or fall."



### A PLEA FOR THE CHILDREN.

Speak kind to the dear little children,  
Remember how tender their hearts ;  
And words of passionate anger  
Oft pierce them with poisoned darts.

Would you have them love and revere you  
When you are feeble and old ?  
Then give to them love in their childhood,  
'Twill repay you a thousand fold.

Remember that each little trouble  
Seems to them like a mountain of woe ;  
And they often want comfort and counsel  
To show them the way they should go.

Don't always scold and chastise them  
For each little wrong they have done ;  
But sometimes forgive them with kindness,  
For often the wrong was but fun.

Remember the words of our Saviour,  
" Let the little ones come unto me " ;  
Then God bless the dear little children  
Wherever those children may be.

---

TO THE LILY.

Beautiful lily, queen of the flowers,  
Emblem of virtue to deck Flora's bowers ;  
So tall and so stately, with heart of gold,  
Heralding spring as thy petals unfold.

All of thy sisters, the violet and rose,  
Mingle their perfume with thine as it grows ;  
Claim thou art emblem of virtue and love,  
Constancy, peace—like the innocent dove.

Beautiful lily, must thy blossom be shorn,  
Thy glory depart in the burst of a storm ?  
Ah, yes ; 'tis a message of Nature,—decay,—  
And thy beautiful blossom must wither away.

So the lily doth weep when the Storm King is near,  
And bows her head meekly, tho' quaking with fear ;  
Knowing well her white blossom will be ruthlessly  
    torn  
And cast on the winds in the heart of the storm.

The dear little snowdrop, waking from sleep,  
Asks her tall sister : " Ah, why dost thou weep ?  
Hast thou not gladdened the heart and the eye  
Of many a lonely one ere thou must die ? "

Then spoke the daffodil : " Sweet sister mine,  
All of my gold I'd give for heart like thine ;  
If some poor lonely heart I can but cheer  
Gladly I'll bow my head, sweet sister dear."

Beautiful lily, though thy blossom be dead,  
This is the message that blossom has sped ;  
Innocence, purity, virtue, and love,  
Emblem of all, is the flower that we love.





GOODY TWO-SHOES.

They call me Goody Two-Shoes,  
The reason why I'll tell :  
Because I love go to school  
And learn my lessons well.  
I help my mamma all I can,  
And errands, too, I bring ;  
And when I hear the baby cry,  
Why, this is what I sing :

CHORUS.—Oh, hush ! my darling baby,  
Don't shed another tear ;  
For sister dear is near you,  
You've nothing now to fear.  
Your papa dear will soon be home,  
And kisses then you'll get ;  
So dry your eyes, my darling,  
For you're his little pet.

I never slap or tease him,  
Or pull his little nose,  
But I always try to please him  
And count his little toes ;  
And then he laughs and claps his hands,  
He thinks it is such fun,  
And then we both put on our hats  
And to sweet papa we run.

So they call me Goody Two-Shoes  
Whenever I go by,  
And say I am a dear little girl,—  
And that's the reason why.



OUR DOROTHY.

She is only a dear little baby  
Just one year old to-day,  
But how much we love our darling  
I really must not say.

She is just as full of mischief  
As ever she can be ;  
And the name of this darling baby  
Is little Miss Dorothy.

She plays at peek and pat-a-cake,  
And makes such goo-goo eyes ;  
She says "papa" and "mamma," too,  
And to walk so hard she tries.

Her eyes are as black as midnight,  
Her hair is a dusky brown ;  
She is the sweetest baby  
That ever came to town.

She is her grandpa's darling,—  
She kisses him bye-bye,  
Then puts her hand over her eyes,  
Which means, "I am so shy."

Her aunts and uncles love her,  
Of them she has a score ;  
But you see I am her grandma,  
So, of course, I love her more.

She is her father's treasure,  
Her mother's joy and pride ;  
May the dear Lord give them health and  
strength  
Their darling's steps to guide.

May our heavenly Father guide her,  
This Dorothy of ours,  
And comfort her in sickness  
Or sorrow's weary hours.

February 8th, 1902.

—GRANDMA.

## FAIRY SONG.

We are the fairies so bright and gay,  
We dance in the moonlight hours ;  
We sprinkle the dewdrops along the way  
To perfume the lovely flowers.  
We send sweet dreams over land and sea,  
Wherever a mortal may chance to be ;  
We play with the butterflies, birds, and bees,  
We dance and sing 'neath the old oak trees.

CHORUS.—For we are the fairies so bright and gay,  
We dance in the moonlight hours ;  
We sprinkle the dewdrops along the way  
To perfume the lovely flowers.

Hark ! hark ! there is a footstep near ;  
Away ! away ! we must not linger here.  
Hie we then to the forest shade  
And hide us all in our forest glade—  
Good-bye ! good-bye ! good-bye !

## KINDERSPIEL.

We are only a few little fairies,  
But oh, we're so happy and gay ;  
We roam through the woods the whole day  
long,  
We dance and sing our merry song,  
We welcome the flowers of May.

Gaily singing, voices ringing,  
Round and round we merrily glide  
And our hearts are filled with pleasure  
As we dance to happy measure,  
In and out, and side by side.

We are happy as the birdies  
As we dance and sing our song,  
And our eyes are filled with brightness  
And our hearts are filled with lightness  
As the echoes bound along.

We sing a welcome to the birdies,  
With their merry little song ;  
For they fill the air with gladness,  
Banishing all gloom and sadness,  
Bright and happy all day long.

We sing a welcome to the flowers,  
With their lovely perfume sweet ;  
For we treasure vanished hours  
We have spent in Flora's bowers,  
Picking blossoms at her feet.

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### AN ODE TO SPRING.

Spring is a maiden capricious and flighty,  
She rules with a hand that is quite high and mighty ;  
But then, she is young and she does what she pleases,  
She will and she won't, and oh, how she teases !  
You think you have got her and then off she flutters,  
And the oh's and the ah's that humanity mutters.

She's a quaint little lass in her mantle of green,  
And the birds love her dearly, 'tis plain to be seen ;  
She comes with a message, all nature renewing,  
And tells every creature to up and be doing ;  
The buds and the blossoms she sways at her will,  
As she wafts gentle breezes o'er valley and hill.

Once her banners unfurled all nature rejoices,  
And millions of insects all lift up their voices ;  
King Winter surrenders his sceptre and crown,

And the Spring maiden dons them without fear or  
frown ;  
So we freely forgive all her whims and her ways,  
When we feel all the sweetness of glorious spring  
days.

---

*KING WINTER.*

King Winter, with his icy breath,  
And garments wreathed in snow,  
Is vanquished by a merry maid  
That bids this monarch go :  
“ Lay down thy crown and sceptre,  
And loose thine iron bands !  
O king, thy reign is over ;  
I issue my commands ! ”

The king, with many a flutter  
And many a weary sigh,  
Takes off the crown and sceptre  
And then prepares to die ;  
For the sun, with beaming glance,  
Shone on this maiden fair,  
Forsook the poor, old, frosty king  
And milder grew the air.



But while the king lay dying  
The maid put on the crown ;  
Too soon ! too soon !—he waved his hand,  
The snowflakes fluttered down.  
Then the maiden blew a trumpet,  
And all the little rills  
Were wakened from their winter sleep  
By those sounds and waves of trills.

And all the birdies wondered,  
And answered back the note  
Of welcome to the maiden  
From out each little throat.  
And then the flowers listened  
From out their winter beds ;  
The maiden Spring had come at last ;  
They peeped their tiny heads.

And soon this maid, with myrtle green  
And breath of forest flowers,  
Transforms the forest's silvery sheen  
To green and leafy bowers ;  
Then all the earth is quickened,  
And the scent of blossoms sweet  
Fills every heart with kindly love  
As the Spring we once more greet.



## HAPPY DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.

Oh, the happy days of childhood,  
When the heart is free from care,  
When days are passed in dreamland  
Building castles in the air ;  
Then all the world seems golden  
And the sky is always blue,  
And visions float before you  
Of the things you mean to do.

When the word "pretend" is not a farce,  
    With all the joy it brings  
But just the song of a happy heart,  
    Or the brush of an angel's wings ;  
When hope is like a sturdy vine  
    Budding with leaf and flower,  
And tears are but an overflow—  
    Only a summer shower.

Yes, the happy days of childhood,  
    When things are what they seem,  
And trouble, care, and sorrow  
    Are but a fleeting dream ;  
When the joy of "just a picnic"  
    Makes your heart beat high with glee,  
And you revel in the sunshine,  
    Picking flowers, chasing bee.

When the love of fun and laughter  
    Keeps you happy, bright, and gay ;  
Ah, if those days of happiness  
    Would only with us stay,  
And we in age be like a child,  
    With its wealth of spirits light !  
Would not this world be happier  
    Were the old more gay and bright ?

"I LOVE YOU!"

Just three little words, "I love you!"  
How sweet, if only true!  
Those three little words of magic  
Make the sky a brighter blue.

The days may be sad and dreary,  
And long and dark the night,  
But those three little words, "I love you!"  
Will make the world more bright.

When the evening shades are falling  
And the nightingale sings sweet,  
Ah, then your heart is beating fast,  
For your loved one you will meet.

And you know those words of magic  
Your loved one said to you;  
The nightingale is singing  
Those sweet words, "I love you!"

## THE STORY THAT IS OLD.

I loved a maiden, she was young and fair,  
But this pretty maiden held me in a snare;  
I loved her truly, so my heart grew bold,  
I told her the story—the story that is old.

## CHORUS.

Down in the meadows where the daisies grow  
My love and I wandered to and fro;  
'Twas there I told the story, ever old, yet new,  
Down in the meadow where the daisies grew.

I plucked a daisy with its leaves of white;  
Everything seemed heavenly, everything seemed  
bright;  
I gave her the blossom with its heart of gold,  
And asked my love to answer the story that I told.

Then she pulled the white leaves and threw them  
on the ground,  
The last one loved me truly, her heart of gold I  
found;  
And while the gleam of sunset was stealing o'er  
the sky  
I promised I would love her—yes, love her till I  
die.

THE TROUBLES OF A WIFE.

Oh, the troubles of a wife,  
And the worry and the strife  
When you have a husband  
    To please, O dear !  
If the girls they only knew  
    There would be so very few  
That would undertake to rule  
    A house—and husband, too.

They think the house must always look  
    As neat as any pin ;  
But they can throw *their* things around—  
    Of course, that's not a sin.  
And if you scold or speak a word  
    They get in quite a huff,  
And tell you in a minute  
    That they think you've said enough.

If their dinner is not ready  
    When they step inside the door  
They give you *such* a look, O my !  
    And some might give you more.

## WOMEN THOUGHTS

And then you have to tell them  
That the fire it would not burn,  
Or something else, — it matters not ;  
You'll very quickly learn.

If their laundry is not ready  
And just in its proper place,  
They can never, never find a thing  
If not right before their face ;  
And if that collar button's missing,  
Ah, then ! you'd better go,  
Or else you'll hear a naughty word,  
Worse than " I told you so."

So girls, I give you warning,  
When you marry you will find  
You'll have to hold the reins quite tight,  
But pull them very kind.  
You must never lose your temper,  
But just do the best you can ;  
For you'll find he's not an angel,  
But just an ordinary man.

THE BABY.

Who is it wakes you half the night  
And you the rascal cannot fight,  
Because his mother holds him tight?—  
The baby.

And says the darling's getting teeth,  
I see them coming underneath,  
And then you kiss to soothe his grief?—  
The baby.

And when that tooth at last is through,  
Who is it looks as if he knew  
As much about it all as you?—  
The baby.

Who pulls your hair and digs your face  
And laughs when you make a grimace,  
And wants, I'm sure, your lips to taste?—  
The baby.

Who is it loves you with a squeeze,  
And then will try its best to tease,  
Although he thinks you ought to please?—  
The baby.



Who is it wants a drink so bad  
And then won't take it, cause he's mad,  
Although you call him "naughty lad" ?—  
The baby.

Who is it cries to get the ball  
And when he throws it gets a fall,  
And then sets up an awful squall ?—  
The baby.

Who is wants first this, then that—  
The spools, the scissors, then the cat—  
And when pa comes must have his hat ?—  
The baby.

Who is it wants your pencil, too,  
And then must hunt your pockets through,  
Looking, I guess, for something new ?—  
The baby.

Who is it kicks off all the clothes,  
Just as you fall into a doze,  
To see his darling little toes ?—  
The baby.

Who is it tumbles things about  
The very moment you go out,  
And when you scold puts on a pout ?—  
The baby.

Who is it when let out to play  
Will always go the other way,  
No matter what you do or say?—

The baby.

Who is it thinks a kiss will stop  
The pain whene'er he gets a knock,  
While tears are running drop by drop?—

The baby.

Who is it when he first can stand  
Is bound to walk without your hand,  
And flat upon the floor he'll land?—

The baby.

Who takes off grandpa's "double eyes"  
And puts them on, and then he tries  
To make you laugh, he looks so wise?—

The baby.

Who is it always kisses get  
From every lady he has met,  
And called a darling and a pet?—

The baby.

Who is the darling of them all,  
Suppose you've more than one to mall,  
And kiss and love and make him fall?—

The baby.

Then let the baby have his way ;  
 His time, like yours, will pass away ;  
 He'll be a man, we hope, some day—  
The baby.

When first into this world you came  
 You did, I dare say, just the same,  
 So do not be too quick to blame—  
The baby.

---

### THE PAPER.

What is it brings you all the news,  
 Without it you would get the blues,  
 Although you often it abuse?—  
The paper.

Who tells you of Marriages, Births, and Deaths  
 All in the very self-same breath,  
 Of some poor soul of sense bereft?—  
The paper.

It tells of things so full of horror  
 It makes some almost dread the morrow,  
 And fills some kindly hearts with sorrow.—  
The paper.

O'er all the world it makes you roam,  
Though sitting by the fire at home ;  
It gives you depth, it gives you foam.—  
The paper.

And then when talking politics  
It gets things just a little mixed,  
Or else perhaps 'tis just its tricks.—  
The paper.

O dear ! whatever should we do  
For ascertaining something new  
Without it ? I don't know, do you ?—  
The paper.

It sometimes makes a little blunder,  
And then, I'm sure, I shouldn't wonder  
If someone at it didn't thunder—  
“ Hang the paper ! ”

And if it chances to get torn,  
The *Pater familias* might get warm,  
And then it brings you down a storm.—  
The paper.

It's patronized, you see, by all,—  
The rich, the poor, the great, the small ;  
When selling it the youngsters bawl—  
The paper.

It comes both morning, noon, and night ;  
Without it you'd be in a plight,  
And then it's fine to make a kite—  
The paper.

It's very handy for a bustle,  
Or pleases the baby with its rustle ;  
It tells of fighting men of muscle—  
The paper.

And then it's nice to curl your hair,  
Or stuff the cushion of a chair ;  
On pantry shelves you'll find it there—  
The paper.

You would not do without it if you could ;  
You could not do without it if you would ;  
So send your name and money as you should—  
" For the Paper."

HAMILTON, February 20th, 1883.



## CANTODENIS.

*Composed for the Choir Boys of St. James the Apostle's Hockey Club.*

Do you hear their skates a-clinking,  
While the girls around are thinking,  
Wondering who will win the day?

The Cantoris all are ready,  
The Decanis all are steady,  
Waiting for the coming fray.

Now the puck is fairly flying ;

Come, Decanis, get a move !

Now, Cantoris, get to trying !—

Whose the best team must be prove l.

Hugh has got it !—no, it's Allan !

Someone's tumbled in the snow ;

My ! they're plucky, but who's lucky,—

That, you see, they have to show.

## WOVEN THOUGHTS

Here they come! nay, what a scramble!—  
Harry Allan, Horace, Fred,  
Victor, Homer Cheese and Gibson,—  
Down the ice the puck has fled.

Come, Cantoris, what's the matter!—  
Get a hustle, Hugh and Joe,  
Robert, Moody, Lester, Willie,  
Hump your backs and make her go!

Scott and Edgar, now for glory,  
Up and down and round they glide;  
Now the puck is caught by Glover,  
Through the goal will surely slide.

"Fly, Cantoris!" "Fly, Decanis!"  
Shouts were mingling as they fought;  
"Look out, Allan!" "Watch out, Hugh!"  
Were the words that someone caught.

Now, dear boys, if not victorious,  
Don't forget there's other times  
For that hockey game so glorious,  
When your light perhaps may shine.

MONTREAL, January, 1904.

MOUNT ROYAL EUCHRE CLUB.

The winter's gone, the days have fled,  
And all the merry nights  
When we sat round with queen and king  
All waiting for the bell to ring  
To start and play, so jolly and gay,  
To try and win the prize.

CHORUS.—For we tried to win the prize ;  
Yes, we tried to win the prize ;  
For the goddess of Luck is noted for pluck,  
So we tried to win the prize.

A jollier crowd you never could find  
Than belonged to our club Mount Royal ;  
And though euchre's the game now noted to fame,  
If you don't get the cards you can't win the game,  
Though you try to win the prize.

There's Eddys and Smiths, and Ryders and Lotts,  
There's Nicholls and Rosses and Guerins,—  
All enjoy a good game, and its fun just the same ;  
So never say die, for the cards are to blame  
If you win the booby prize.



We have a good time wherever we go,  
Be it Westmount, Pointe Drummond,—  
Sometimes to Major Street, all through the snow,  
And then to the foot of the mountain we go  
To try and win the prize.

So now farewell to the good old times  
With their many merry nights  
When we met and laughed and chatted and chaffed,  
And ate up the cakes, and the wine we quaffed,  
When we tried to win the prize.

MONTREAL, March 25th, 1903.



## LACROSSE.

*Composed expressly for the "Clifton Lacrosse Club," Champions  
of the Niagara District.*

Oh, if you want to have some fun  
Just go and see lacrosse ;  
You'll have a pleasant time, I'm sure,  
At very little cost.

They only charge ten cents in town,  
\* In St. Kate's it's twenty-five,  
And any one who won't pay that  
Why, let them stay outside.

Oh, I could watch the boys for ever  
Playing at lacrosse,  
And if you want to see some fun  
Just take a run across.

I'll tell you how the game is played  
If you'll promise not to smile :  
They play with sticks twisted up with string  
That throw the ball a mile ;

And then there's sticks stuck in the ground  
And this they call the goal,  
And when the ball goes between the sticks  
It's game, for that's the rule.

The ball is faced at three o'clock,  
Mr. Hill he then calls play ;  
You'll see Frank Menzie pick it up  
And throw it right away.  
And if the ball should chance to come  
Right down to Clifton's goal,  
You'll see Jim Lundy pick it up  
And throw it back quite cool.

There's Bigger Lef and Bigger Dick,  
And Skinner Bob—all try  
To put it through their opponents' goal ;  
And that's the reason why  
They get the game, because they work  
Together with a will.  
And force it through in spite of all  
Their opponents' boasted skill.

There's Captain Dick who trots about  
And makes them fly around,  
And then they knock and throw and catch,  
And sometimes kiss the ground.

George Bigger works with right goodwill,  
And so does every man ;  
What more can anybody do,  
Than do the best they can ?

There's Louis Simmons, Highland Frank,  
And Johnny Rankin, too,  
Who run and check, and check and run,  
And work the ball right through ;  
There's Spencer Lundy, Neal, and Guerin,  
The defence of Clifton's goal,  
Who keep the ball away from it  
By keeping very cool.

And now I think I'll say good-bye,  
And hope with all my heart  
If they should not come out the best  
You'll take it in good part,  
And not bring out those little slurs  
That cut them to the quick ;  
But give them yet another chance,  
And show them you're a brick.

NIAGARA FALLS.

## DR. FERGUSON, M.P.

Hip, hip, hurrah! for the Doctor,  
Again he has won the race  
In spite of all the nasty tricks  
Of those who tried to bring disgrace.

To make him take a back seat  
The Grits could never do,  
For the Tories pushed the harder—  
They were bound to push him through.

A right loyal, royal gentleman  
We proclaim him, one and all,  
And he who dares to say us nay  
Will only trip and fall.

If all the lights in Parliament  
Are half as bright as ours,  
The controversy must be keen,  
And the sparks fly round in showers.

And we feel that right must always win,  
Be it swayed by blue or red ;  
So we tried to do our duty  
By forging right ahead.

Then, hurrah for Doctor Ferguson !  
Our popular M.P. ;  
Two hundred and twelve, and by no trick,  
Was his majority.

TORONTO, March 5th, 1887.

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CANADIANS FOR CANADA.

*Written for Member for Linco'n—E. A. Lawaster, elected  
by a majority of 350.*

The watch dogs of old Canada,  
The land of the Maple Tree,  
Are trying hard to right the wrongs  
Where'er these wrongs they see ;  
For the motto "Live and let live"  
Is trailing in the dust,  
While some are piling up the gold  
By Corners, Combines, Trusts.

We heard the speech of Lancaster,  
And we're surely not so dense,  
As not to give an honest vote  
To help him climb the fence ;  
For that he is the poor man's friend  
He has proven to our minds,  
And we know he is an honest man,  
And that his honor binds.

Him to help the workingman  
Who tries to do his best,  
But finds it hard to get along  
And keep his children dressed ;  
For what with taxes, rents, and dues,  
And with everything so high,  
He scarce can get a roast of beef  
Or taste an apple pie.

The world owes us a living,  
And this Canada of ours  
Is just as full of clever men  
As the summer is of flowers ;  
And the farmer with his orchard  
And his fields of golden grain  
Must always find a market,  
Or his labor is in vain.

So now, put on your "thinking-cap"  
And open up your brains,  
And study out the question  
Of who shall hold the reins ;  
Then order out the piper  
And gather all the clan,  
And everyone get ready  
To vote for our own "Lan."

For "Lan's" the man that means to do  
The very best he can  
To help this dear old Canada,  
Like any honest man.  
"To live and let live" be the cry ;  
So young men, cast your vote,  
And say, "Hurrah for Canada!"  
From every honest throat.





## MASONIC LORE.

A chain around the world of mystic lore ;  
A string of golden links from shore to shore ;  
A noble brotherhood, with outstretched hand,  
To help a Mason brother  
In a far-off land.  
A temple white with mystic light,  
Where square and compass jewelled round,  
And symbol as of yore and magic signs are found.

Where honor's shield they all must wield,  
And pledge with knightly zeal  
This noble Order to uphold  
Where'er they see its seal.  
With kindly grace and noble mien,  
They give the magic sign ;  
And honor all its strange degrees,  
With apron, book and shrine.

Their banner waves o'er every land,  
With grand historic fame ;  
Their fetters all are links of love  
That form a golden chain.  
Leader of all the noble bands  
That seek to prove the worth  
Of unity and brotherhood  
On this old Mother Earth.

This Order stands like solid rock  
Of stone so strong and firm,  
And he who would a Mason be  
Will only have to learn  
That honor, courage, truth, and trust  
Are all Masonic lore,  
While faith in the all-seeing Eye  
Unlocks the golden door.



## AN ODDFELLOW'S ODE.

*Tune : "God Save the King."*

Our heart and voice we raise  
To Thee, O Lord, in praise,  
And ask Thy help  
To strengthen every link ;  
That we may never shrink  
From duty, though we think  
It may be hard.

Let Friendship, Love, and Truth,  
Be ever held as proof  
Of how we try  
To govern this our band ;  
As brothers hand in hand,  
Our banner through the land  
Shall wave on high.

For countless years, we're told,  
Our brothers young and old,  
    In unity,  
Have worked with right goodwill,  
Through all, both good and ill ;  
And may we do so still,  
    Lord, with Thy help.

God bless all brothers dear,  
Help, comfort them, and cheer  
    Them on their way !  
And grant that through the land  
Our Order strong may stand,  
United as a band,  
    Fraternally.

## FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH.

*Respectfully dedicated to Niagara Falls Encampment, No. 23, and  
Niagara Falls Lodge, No. 55, I. O. O. F.*

Sow the seed of friendship  
Deep within your heart,  
No matter what your path in life  
Let it take a part.

It matters not a penny  
Whether you have wealth or no,  
There's many ways to help a friend,  
Try—you will find it so.

Give him a friendly greeting  
When you meet him, and what's more,  
Let him see you really mean it  
If you never did before.

For friendship meaneth kindness,  
And kindness often sends  
Glimpses of sunlight o'er the path  
Of those you call your friends.

So let not a chance slip by  
Of doing a good turn when you can ;  
If not as brother to brother,  
Do it as man to man.

Perhaps that friendship may blossom  
Into the word called love,  
Something so sweet and true  
It must have been sent from above

To gladden the heart of man  
As he journeys along through life,—  
It may be with friend or brother ;  
It may be his child or his wife.

Where friendship and love abide,  
There truth will always be ;  
The noblest aim that you can have  
Is to entwine the three

Within your heart, as link in link,  
Never to slip undone ;  
But keep the three as sacred,  
As if they were but one.

Such fetters as these will never gall,  
But give you peace and joy ;  
A blessing which money cannot buy,  
Nor age cannot alloy.

Friendship, love and truth,  
Long may they ever stay  
The motto of Oddfellowship,  
For ever and for aye.

HAMILTON, February 14th. 1883.

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### THE DAUGHTERS OF REBECCA.

*Written at the Organization of the Society, 1880.*

A vision dawns upon the minds  
Of brothers young and old,  
Of how Rebeccas could assist  
If linked within the fold.

Behold! a table well stocked o'er  
With viands set in state,  
And that, well yes, we know  
They all can that appreciate.

Ah, well! we are all mortal,  
And rather earthly too,  
To judge by how the tables look  
When all at last are through.

Another vision follows on,  
Where woman's hand and heart  
Combined could help when called upon  
And nobly do her part.

When illness, suffering, or distress  
Are brought within her sphere,  
What better than a woman's heart  
And hand to help and cheer?

Could we know where help was needed  
None more ready you would find  
Than the Daughters of Rebecca,  
Both by acts and words combined.

We may still be weak in numbers,  
But in unity be strong ;  
And when we know our duty  
'Tis like knowing right from wrong.

"Ever ready" is our password  
Ever willing is our boast ;  
And when duty calls, like soldiers,  
You will find us at our post.





## Christmas Carols.

HAIL, MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Thrice blessed day of all the year,  
That brings to us goodwill and cheer,  
Making the heart of young and old  
Beat with a pulse of joy untold.

Ring out, ye bells, both far and near,  
Let all the world your story hear!  
    Goodwill to man and peace on earth  
    On this, the day of Jesus' birth.

Let everyone go forth that day  
And in his heart this let him say,  
    " I'll bring a smile to someone's eye,  
    To gladden someone's heart I'll try."

And should success attend that wish  
'Twill bring with it a ray of bliss  
    To warm our heart and make it light,  
    As sunshine makes the morning bright.

A hand to help a neighbor reached  
Is better than a sermon preached  
    By many an eloquent divine,  
    Because it brings a heart near thine.

O happy, happy Christmastide,  
When gates of love are opened wide  
    That peace and joy may enter in  
    And tune the heart and tongue to sing

The story that the angels sang,  
Of peace on earth, goodwill to man!  
    Ye merry Christmas bells ring out,  
    Till not a heart is left in doubt!

## CHRISTMASTIDE.

*Tune* : "Greenland's Icy Mountains."

O Christmas, dear old Christmas,  
Once more we welcome thee,  
With all thy joys and pleasures  
And friends we've longed to see!  
Then, while the bells are ringing  
Of peace, goodwill on earth,  
Oh, may our hearts be singing  
Of happiness and mirth.

O Christmas, merry Christmas,  
What time more blest than thou,  
When hearts and hands are opened  
Thy blessings to bestow ;  
When friends send forth their greetings  
With words of love and cheer,  
And many happy meetings  
Of loved ones near and dear !

O Christmas, happy Christmas,  
What joys are like to thine,  
How all the children greet thee  
With happiness divine ;

When eyes aglow with pleasure  
And hearts all bright with glee,  
To see their Christmas treasure  
And hail their Christmas-tree!

Then Christmas, merry Christmas,  
We will not thee forget,  
But when thy joys are over  
We will be happy yet.  
So, bells, ring out the glory  
Of joy and peace on earth,  
While children sing the story  
Of Christ, their Saviour's birth.

---

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Ring out, ye merry Christmas bells!  
Ring out the old, old story,  
Of peace on earth, goodwill to man,—  
Age has not dimmed its glory.

The Saviour's message to the world,  
List to its glorious strain;  
Go, send it forth o'er all the earth:  
Sing, choirs, its glad refrain!

O blessed, blessed, Christmas Day,  
The day of Jesus's birth!  
Lives there a heart so stern and cold  
That does not know its worth?

The day when loving hands are clasped,  
When messages and gifts are sent  
From friend to friend, with loving words,  
When all on Christmas joys are bent.

When children's little eyes are bright  
And little hearts are filled with glee,  
Thinking of dear old Santa Claus,  
Or of the coming Christmas-tree.

Then ring, ye merry Christmas bells,  
And banish gloom and sadness;  
Ring in the joy and mirth and song,  
Ring in both love and gladness!

Hark to the strain, "Forgive, forgive!"  
To-day the earth rejoices;  
The story of our Saviour King  
Is sung by a million voices.

Then "Merry Christmas" ring the bells,  
This is their Christmas story,—  
Of peace on earth, goodwill to man,  
As they fill the air with glory.

AN ANGEL'S MESSAGE.

Lowly bending, heavenward sending,  
Sing, ye choirs, the glad refrain !  
" Peace, goodwill," your voices blending,  
Echo answers back the strain.

Lowly manger, Christmas morning,  
Blest, oh, blest, that little child !  
He whose brow the crown adorning,  
Came as teacher, meek and mild.

He who was so kind and faithful,  
Ever teaching peace and love :  
Though His people, so ungrateful,  
Scorned the leaf and scorned the dove.

But although an old, old story,  
And though years have passed away,  
Still the bells ring out their glory  
On this blessed Christmas Day.

Still we hear the anthem glorious,  
" Peace on earth, goodwill to man,"  
While that Babe, o'er earth victorious,  
Blessed the words the angels sang.

Let all hearts be filled with gladness  
On this blessed Christmas morn ;  
Banish all of gloom and sadness,  
The angel's message do not scorn.

Make some heavy heart the lighter,  
Sow some little seed of love ;  
Christmas Day will then be brighter,  
Speed the message from above.



## In Memoriam.

*In loving memory of Clara May Guerin, died April 24th, 1903.*

### A VOICE FROM PARADISE.

A soul went up from this world of sin  
To the gates of heaven, and entered in ;  
And the angels welcomed our darling one,  
For the Lord had called and bade her come ;  
And now, methinks, we see her stand  
In her heavenly robes at God's right hand.



And though a tear may dim my eye,  
And though my heart may breathe a sigh,  
I know that pain and sorrow cease,  
My loved one lies at rest—in peace ;  
And though the voice I loved is still,  
I know it is the dear Lord's will.

And now there comes to my list'ning ear  
A voice from paradise, soft and clear,  
Telling of rest, and joy, and love,  
In the beautiful home she found above ;  
And through the years my love will wait  
To welcome me in through the golden gate.

—MOTHER.

OUR DARLING LITTLE DOLLY.

*Died April 24th, 1903.*

Sleep, my tired darling ;  
Sleep, my love, and rest  
Safe in the beautiful sunshine,  
Safe on the dear Lord's breast.

And now, with crown and harp of gold,  
Up through the heaven's blue dome,  
I hear the voice of my Dolly dear  
Singing of "Home, sweet home."

And the dear little fairy fingers  
That flew o'er the ivory keys,  
Making such floods of melody  
Float through the evening breeze.

Such a faithful, tender little heart,  
So staunch, so true, and brave ;  
Just a tired little soldier  
We have followed to the grave.

She prayed for sleep to the dear good Lord,  
Forever and ever and ever ;  
And he came at last with a flaming sword,  
And the bonds of life he severed.

And he took our tired darling  
Away from this world of pain ;  
And though our loss is—oh, so hard,  
We know it is her gain.

Loved by all who knew her  
For her winning ways so bright,  
Out of the darkness, my darling,  
Into the beautiful light

We bid little " Auntie Tolly "   
A last, a long good-bye.  
" Thy will be done "—'tis hard to say,  
But oh, dear Lord, we'll try.

—MOTHER.

W. B. CROY.

*Died July 6th, 1903.*

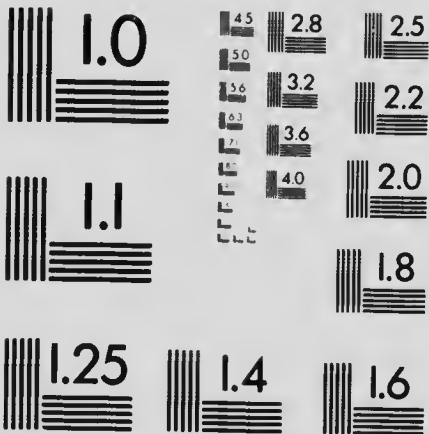
The reaper Death came forth  
With hour-glass and scythe,  
And severed all the bonds  
That we on earth call life ;  
And now he lies, so still and cold,  
With flowers upon his breast,  
And we can only say farewell  
And leave him to his rest.

Gone in the summer of his life,  
When everything looked bright,  
Scarcely a warning e're the clouds  
Darkened into the night ;  
Then pain and suffering held their sway  
Till an angel came to guide  
Our dear one up to paradise,  
Where the gates were open wide.



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For we know that death is life  
Where pain and sorrow cease,  
Where the cross is changed for crown  
And the weary are at peace ;  
But why this cruel blow ?  
Alas ! we cannot tell ;  
We only know, dear Lord,  
Thou doest all things well.

But we never, never can forget,—  
We whom he called his friends,—  
The many, many happy hours  
That in our memory blends  
With his cheerful, kindly smile  
And his merry, genial ways  
That have cheered his friends  
Full many a time in the  
Happy, by-gone days.

And now, dear friend, farewell !  
Thou hast only gone before,  
Gone to that land where all must go,  
That far-off unknown shore.  
May we find our loved ones waiting  
Ready there to take our hand,  
And lead us through the golden gate  
To join that happy band.

LILIAN DORIS EDDY.

*Died May 22nd, 1902.*

A tiny little babe to us was sent,  
A lily-blossom, but 'twas only lent  
To twine around our hearts a band of love,  
And then God called her to her home above.

Too frail a flower to stem the tide of life,  
Too frail to stand its ills, its storms and strife,  
And so an angel came with crown of gold  
And took our little lamb into the fold.

And now a link of love between our hearts and  
    heaven,  
Perhaps for that our darling babe was given ;  
And though our hearts with pain and sorrow ache,  
We would not if we could our darling wake.

For pain and suffering now at last are o'er,  
Our darling babe has reached the far-off shore.  
And God, who took her, surely knoweth best ;  
Then sleep, dear Lilian : sleep, dear love, and rest.



And in our hearts that love will always live,  
Thy little soul came down on earth to give ;  
Thy memory in our hearts will always cling,  
Though time, we know, will take away the sting.

And now we humbly bow unto His will,  
Who said unto the waters, " Peace, be still " ;  
And say the words that are so hard to say,  
" Thy will be done, dear Lord," we humbly pray.

---

GEORGE FREDERICK COLTHURST.

*Died December 31st, 1832.*

Gone, dear George, but not forgotten  
By the friends who loved you well ;  
Gone, in all your bright young manhood,  
With angelic hosts to dwell.

And perchance on New Year's morning  
You were singing up on high,  
While your dear ones here were weeping  
Bitter tears with many a sigh

To see their darling lying there  
So calm, so still, and cold,  
The very sunshine of the house  
In happy days of old.

Many a tear and many a sorrow  
You are spared—all this we know,  
And yet your friends—they number legion—  
Weep to think you had to go.

We loved you for your many virtues,  
Kindness being to the fore ;  
“ Always ready, always willing,”  
Was the motto that you bore.

And the dear ones sadly inourning  
For a brother, son, and friend,  
Have our sympathy in sorrow,  
With the tributes that we send.

Alas! it is the last sad token  
Ere they lay you down to rest,  
And their hearts are well-nigh broken,  
But God to k him,—He knows best.

And although they'll miss you sadly  
As the months and years pass on,  
May God help them in their trouble,  
Help them say, “ Thy will be done.”

HAMILTON, January 2nd, 1883.

EDITH L. DURDAN.

*Died March 16th, 1897.*

Sleep, beloved, sleep !  
Thou hast ceased to weep,  
Weary hands at rest,  
Soul among the blest.

Thou hast won the crown,  
Thou the cross laid down,  
Loving heart and true,  
As thy dear friends knew.

Foremost in the fight  
Battling for the right,  
With a willing hand  
Ever taking stand.

Honor's brightest shield  
Ever didst thou wield,  
Firm and faithful friend,  
Ever to the end.

Precious gems of thought  
Thou indeed hast taught :  
Loving, kind and just  
In thy place of trust.

Who will fill thy place ?  
Who thy steps retrace ?  
God alone can tell —  
He doeth all things well.

Alas ! and can it be  
We never more shall see  
Thy dear face here on earth ?  
And yet we knew thy worth.

And as the years go by  
With many a weary sigh,  
Our hearts are sore with pain,  
Though death has been thy gain.

And all thy loved ones know,  
Though bitter tears now flow,  
That God, indeed, knows best,  
And He has given thee rest.

MONTREAL, March 16th, 1897.

IN LOVING MEMORY OF MARY GUERIN  
MURRAY.

*Died May 28th, 1901.*

The Angel of **Life** and the Angel of **Death**  
Were hovering **side by side**,  
While the clouds **seemed** gathered in smaller space,  
Seeming the sun to hide;

And as we watched with bitter pain  
Our loved one **passing** away,  
Our hearts with pain and sorrow ached;  
But we knew our tears were vain.

For the Angel of **Death** victorious sang,  
As he held aloft the crown,  
"Farewell! farewell to sorrow and pain,  
For your loved one stricken down!"

She had waited with Christian patience  
For the Angel of Death to come  
And lay her tired hands at rest,  
For her work on earth was done.

And she longed for the Better Land,  
That land of peace and rest,  
And God in His mercy called her :  
For indeed He knoweth best.

But memory brings from Shadowland  
The sound of a voice that is still,  
And we feel the touch of a vanished hand  
While our eyes with tear-drops fill.

And often in the quiet hours,  
Though we see the sun's bright gleam,  
Our loved ones come from Shadowland  
To our memory—like a dream.

## VIVIAN ALICE METCALFE.

*Died 1899*

She has burst her bonds asunder,  
She has flown to the realms of light,  
Our pure and spotless darling,  
All clad in her robes of white.

The Lord in His tender mercy  
Has taken her into His fold ;  
For He loves the dear little children  
As He did in the days of old.

All suffering and sorrow are over,  
And she peacefully lies at rest,  
Calm and cold, but, oh, so still,  
With the flowers upon her breast.

Herself the fairest flower of all,  
With her calm, sweet eyes of blue ;  
Like a broken lily our darling lies,  
Our blossom so tender and true.

We would not ask her back again,  
Although our hearts are aching ;  
But smile through tears like a summer day,  
When the sun through a cloud is breaking.

For the Shepherd has taken our dear little lamb  
And will shelter her safe on His breast,  
And we'll try to say, " Thy will be done,"  
For the dear Lord knoweth best.

MONTREAL.



## HENRY WARD BEECHER.

"Only a preacher, nothing more,"  
He was heard to say in the days of yore ;  
But now, methinks, we can see him stand  
In his heavenly robes at God's right hand.

He preached of sin for humanity's sake,  
Telling what sorrow and grief were at stake ;  
Preaching of earth more than heaven or hell,  
Knowing 'twas there his hearers did dwell.

Telling them wickedness meant something more  
Than the wreck of a soul on a rock-bound shore ;  
For others must share the sorrow and pain  
That sin and wickedness bring in their train.

Only a preacher, but, oh, so great,  
No room in his soul for envy or hate ;  
It was filled with love for his fellow-man,  
His motto was, "Do all the good that you can."

His platform was broad, his views were wide,  
For God and right were both on his side ;  
And now he has gone to his well-earned rest,  
" Only a preacher," but safe with the blest.

Oh, ye preachers, throughout the earth,  
Gold is but dross beside your worth ;  
For ye can speak to the sin-sick soul,  
Telling the haven of rest, the goal.

Then gather the flocks kindly in the fold,  
As our Saviour did in the days of old,  
By showing the meaning of wrong and right,  
How the one will bless and the other will blight.

TORONTO, 1887.

## GENERAL GRANT.

The hero of his country,  
So staunch, so true and brave,  
Is laid, alas! where all must lay,  
Within his narrow grave.

He quailed not when the trumpet  
Called the soldiers to the field ;  
But when God's trumpet called him  
This hero needs must yield.

How well he knew the message  
Was speeding on its way,  
But still his courage failed him not,  
Though suffering held its sway.

The path of duty cheered him on,  
Though flickering was the flame ;  
His mind and will were ever strong,  
Though sickness racked his frame.

That frame, so strong in days gone by,  
With honest heart and hand,  
Who when the voice of duty called  
Would firmly take his stand.

And then, when praise was given,  
Was heard to nobly say,  
"There's lots of other men could do  
What I did, any day."

But now, alas ! he is not here,  
This hero of the earth,  
Perhaps a hero up on high,  
For God must know his worth.

And his dear wife the sympathy  
Of all her friends has got,  
And many, many more besides,  
Although she knows them not.

And on the page of history,  
When years have passed away,  
The name of General Grant will stand  
As bright as it does to-day.

MONTREAL, August 1st, 1885.



