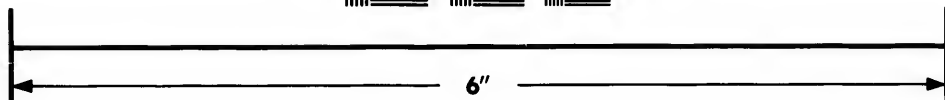
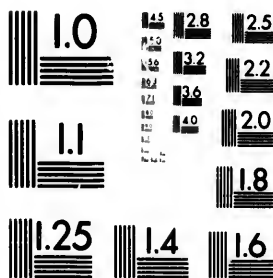


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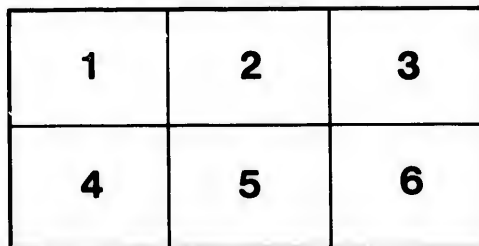
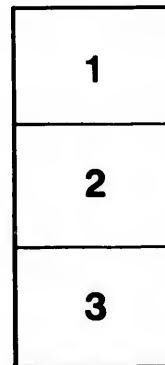
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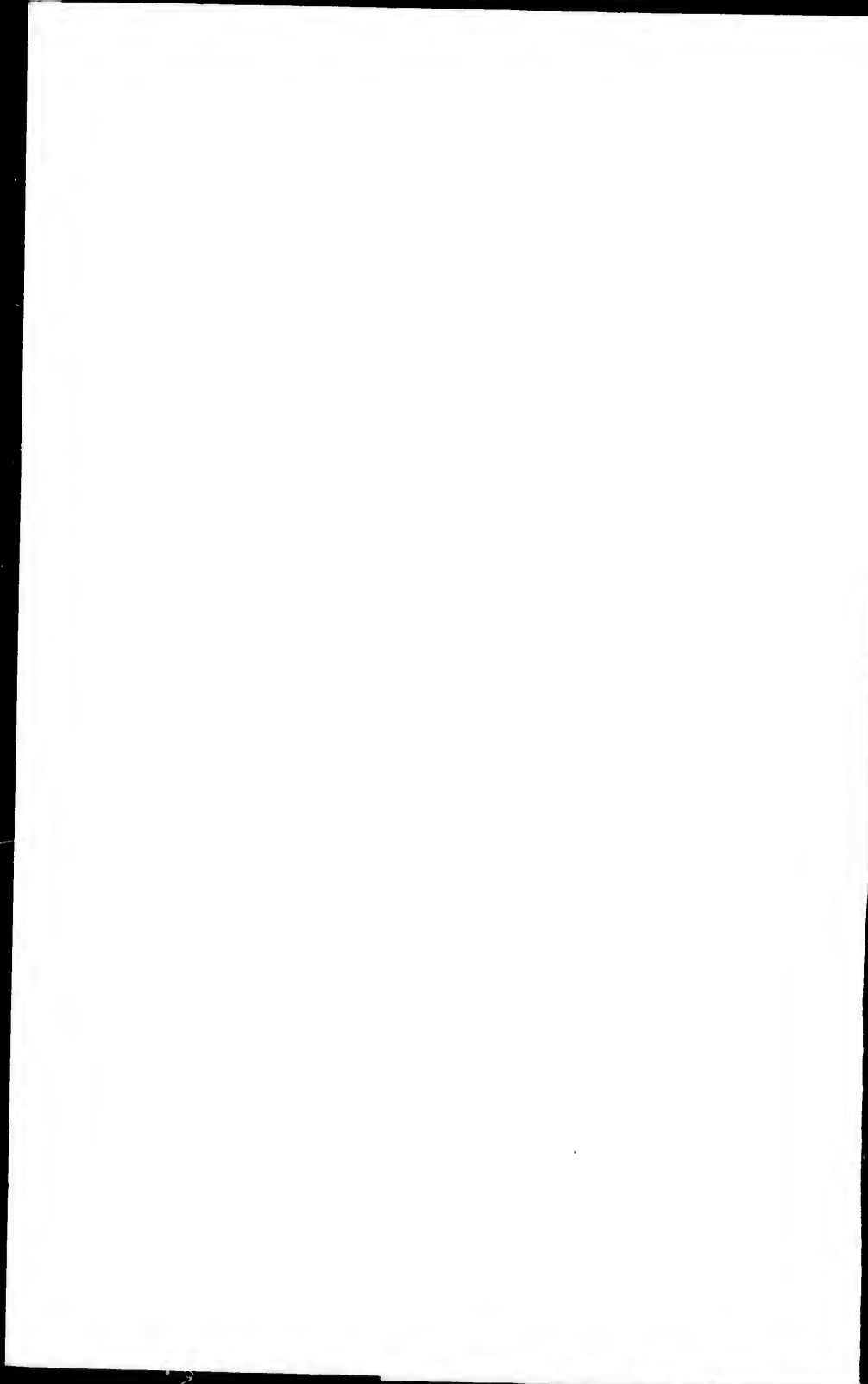
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THROUGH THE TWILIGHT;

POEMS AND ESSAYS.

BY

JAMES ALEXANDER MACGOWAN,

Author of "Maple Underwood," etc.

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

TORONTO:

ROWSSELL & HUTCHISON, PRINTERS.

1893.

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(The Author)
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May 3 / 1923

PREFACE.

ON this, my second appearance before the public, I still do not pose as any great man—which I am not—but simply as one of yourselves.

A Canadian—a citizen of no mean country. Yea, proud of our young country—a goodly land—and holding in it, we believe, material for greater greatness than the world has ever known. (This we hope to see proved some day, but do not in the meantime expect you can believe it.)

A writer, he or she may be; a worker, he or she must be. And we question if either hemisphere, in its mainlands or the isles of the sea, can, even now, produce workers, of an average, paramount to our own.

Though I had nothing to do with it, I was born just when and where I wanted to be—though I did not think of it at the time.

For in all the world's history, there is no other age, epoch, in which I should have rather lived, and no other country in which I should rather have been born to play my part.

Canada has but few literary men of note. Yet among us are many who are doing creditable work on the old lines. I am, I suppose, "one of the least of these my brethren."

Outside of my own circle of personal acquaintance or such like, I am not, probably, (that is by my writing), known to ten men in the Province, and none outside thereof.

It was in '84 that I published my first volume of verse—*Maple Underwood*,—but nothing since. Sold for the most part in our own county, Huron. However, this was all that I expected from it. But I expect the present volume, with its complement of prose, to widen my circle and ascribe me a place among those, at least, of our people, who are of kindred sympathies and spirit with my own.

Without writing much about Canada, still I write all for and to Canadians in the meantime, assured that this only goes to make me more highly loyal, with the chance of becoming a world's man.

J. A. M.

Blyth, Ont., Dec., 1893.

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I

BY THE WAY.

I.

UNTIL the fact upon us break,
 That we know nothing and are such,
 We search not truth for its own sake,
 Nor ever feel its kindly touch.

Where Darkness sits upon our throne,
 And Custom is his jealous Queen,
 Our better nature takes their tone,
 Cantankerous doth all change demcan.

II.

In thought, and word, and pray'r, and deed,
 Our motives are the all in all :
 Without love's license sow no seed,
 For judged by such we stand or fall.

III.

The deeper we in *luxury*,
 Do drown our senses, bathe our fears,
 The harder for the Deity
 To lift us to the hope which cheers.

Yet what a subtle subject this,—
 For is't not clear we largely owe,
 Much super-savage happiness
 To luxury—but not vain show.

We say,—and mainly for the sake
 Of those who study queenly art—
 That dress should add no charm, nor take :
 For the true woman's in the heart.

With widening good, comes added ills,
 To whoso lives in blinding show ;
 Use or abuse the law fulfils,
 Of making to us weal or woe.

In greatest good lurks saddest ills,
 Where self, ev'n though unknowing, guides ;
 Man's life is solely as he wills ;
 His choice of Faith, or Sight, decides.

IV.

The miser is a dim-eyed fool,
 Who digs but does not reach for gold ;
 Who views askance the *golden rule*,
 And hoardeth what he can not hold.

The miser, dying, leaves his hoard ;
 And in his hoard he leaves his heart.
 What joy to him could Heav'n afford ?
 What, Hell, but burning pain impart ?

Only by giving can we keep,
 Yet we may give and doubly lose,
 Ay, we must "weep with those who weep,"
 And give through love apart from ruse.

V.

Whenever love is left aside,
 The best of objects dissipate,—
 Party corruption, strife, and pride,
 Thus sap the vitals of a State.

Opposed, we're led to plan and scheme ;
 And thwarted, we are led to hate ;
 When weighed in Church, we "kick the beam,"
Vice versa, when we're weighed in State.

Let whoso will go sweetly on,
 Doing the right for the right's sake ;
 For into evil we are drawn,
 When sides in any *strife* we take.

VI.

The ways of man seem strange indeed,
 But in the Hand of God are still,
 In punishment, or else in need,
 A curse or blessing to fulfil.

VII.

Eating, seek nature's laws and rules ;
 But know the "feast and famine" plan
 Is follow'd only here by fools
 Who hold the place of barb'rous man.

Better than o'erload sweetly lack ;
 Learn to say "No," to self and man :
 "The last straw breaks the camel's back ;"
 Withhold the evil while you can.

The stomach is the mint which makes
 Much cheerfulness ; and e'en "that peace"
 The crippled world nor gives, nor takes,
 Mourns if its current coin decrease.

We, kindly blest, feast thrice a day,—
 Feast and fast not, from year to year ;
 Famine we know but by hearsay,—
 Who lacks, but lacks through pride or fear.

Our major part do eat too much,—
 A trifle only, it is true ;—
 We're amateurs, and overtouch,
 Which leaves us sometimes rather *bluc*.

VIII.

Who pleasure seeks for its own sake,
 Doth more and more her thirst increase,
 With less and less of power to slake,
 Still fleeting like the pilgrim's peace.

IX.

We have a custom let us touch
 But lightly, and in passive play ;
 Altho' there's little harm in such,
 It weakens in its own weak way.

It differs little, fools or wise,
 Too much the same when friends we meet ;
 On Empty Commonplace we rise,
 To Empty Commonplace retreat.

Why should full-sensed men greet full-sens'd,
 With, "wet day," "cold day," or such speech ;
 Why not as well say, "that field's fenc'd,"
 Or aught as clearly clear to each.

X.

We wonder not that hung'ring man,
 Should some delusions vain pursue ;
 But greatly marvel, how he can,
 The false and fleeting, hold as true.

Who pleasure seeks for its own sake,
 Its counterfeit can only find,
 Which will not pass and can but make,
 A baser, not a richer mind.

Man craves for pleasure, but we know
 'Tis not our highest nature's call,—
 It craves for peace,—then bowing low,
 Mounts higher than before *The Fall*.

Who in the creature seeks to find,
 What first and last in God is found,
 Shows clearly that his highest mind,
 Is not Christ-cultivated ground.

O, glorious hope ! to be like Him !
 More than mere pleasure,—this is joy ;
 Our love of ease oft makes it dim,
 And selfish pleasure, base alloy.

True pleasure emanates from work ;
 And happiness from after rest ;
 Perfect where nothing low doth lurk,
 And where no vital law's digress'd.

Grope not in darkness, let in Light
 Thy central-self to re-create !
 Then if you'd rise from *height to height*,
 Dead sameness no more imitate.

 II.

THE HORSE.

LOOKING to find a field in prose, and thinking the other night, after retiring, what there was, anyway, that I could write about ; I remembered our old teacher's advice, "Not to make too high a flight at first, but to take hold of whatever we thought we could best handle." So, I thought I could handle a horse, maybe, as well as anything else. But I could not see just how I was going to make much of a "handle" of one on paper. So I kept saying over and over to myself, a horse, a horse. Then my mind began "to body forth the forms of things unseen." When I thought of *horse*, I could in a dim uncertain way and place with my mind's eye *see* a horse. I then tried it with other things, and different forms at the mention of their name arose before me. But not to get away from the subject. I began again to experiment on the visionary horse-business. My first horse was just a dim outline. Then I thought of a bay horse ; fancy pictured the same to me ; black, white, dappled, etc., each in turn distinctly. Then I tried a blue horse, but that was too much,—blue I could see, but *no horse*. Next I called for a saw-horse, and straightway it

stood forth cross-legged before my view. Runaway horses, kicking horses, rolling horses, etc., all passed in order before me as plain as day to the eye of my mind. (Try it.) So with the eye of the mind we can see in the dark of night if we will, and with the higher mind we can penetrate still blacker darkness, and see beyond the stars.

Here I am at a standstill....All right, "Gee up, Gee." It's only a turn in the road. Here are a couple of quotations from a boy's composition on the Horse :

"The horse is the most useful animal in the world, so is the cow." "A horse weighs a thousand pounds."

Some people expect too much from a boy, in fact they expect too much from every other person excepting, perhaps, themselves.

I guess I got a little off the road.

(A horse is like a boy, you have to keep your eye kind of on him all the time, neither of them are to be allowed their "full swing," so to speak, *especially both*. For if a fast boy gets "a-hold" of a fast horse, it is very apt to make the *boy* a little "too fast," or rather we should have said *unmake* him a little faster.)

To go on again with our subject : A man riding along the road in his carriage, or working "with team a-field," is something we see every day, and therefore we think little or nothing of it. But more than once has it occurred to me, that this is one of the readiest examples of man as creation's lord. "Behold we put bits in the horses' mouths, that they may obey us, and we turn about their whole body." Thus these swift and powerful creatures are made obedient, submissive, even to a child. Wonderful !

And none the less wonderful that we see it every day, and ourselves do it.

If you could not make a horse think, consider, understand, it would be of no practical, working use. The same with man in relation to his rightful Lord.

If you could not teach your horse to understand and obey your commands, it would be a continual torment. When you wanted it to go ahead, it might back up; and lie down when you wished it to stand still, etc. If you do not think that it is the horse's brains, which makes it serviceable to man, just hitch up a team of pigs, and you will probably thereafter value more highly the intelligence of Nell or Jack, or your horse by what name soever called.

Farm horses are greatly in favor of steam-threshers (traction engine), and the keeping of a yoke of oxen about the place; preferring, however, the old grain-cradle and scythe to binders and mowers.

Horses, like humans, are not without their bad habits. Even the best of horses sometimes forget themselves and do things that are not right, that are in fact decidedly wrong. If our best of men think they are any better, they may speak for themselves.

Baulking in horses can generally be accounted for by some unwise treatment in their early working days. When it becomes chronic, it is always difficult, and often impossible to entirely eradicate this inveterate cantankerousness. (Never use a big word where a little will do.)

With a horse that shies I can scarcely find fault. It simply, and naturally, wishes to turn away from that of which it has reason to be afraid. I will say that I think the horse worthy to be copied here. Take a wide circle past that which has a doubtful appearance. "Best to err on the safe side." In just now thinking about it, I don't see as there is, strictly speaking, such a thing as a *safe* side to *err* on. It is like what Josh Billings said about the mule: "That the safest place about a mule never existed."

This is not getting far away from my subject,—as a mule is half "hoss."

But I must for your sakes, get altogether away from it.

I meant to write at some length on hobby-horses, saw-horses, etc., and some other things about horses in general. Their nobility of spirit ; and how some abuse, and some worship the animal, and both err. But this you may write or better *right* for yourselves, ye who have to do with "horse-flesh,"—for I must drive on, as I have to be at G. by *eight*.

III.

FLYING CLOUDS.

ONE Summer day between three and four,
 I watched the sky while it clouded o'er.
 They were flying clouds, and in quick pursuit,
 O'er the broad expanse, they did swiftly shoot.
 Though fast they flew—the sun between,
 As I upward looked could be freely seen.
 Sweetly, I marked, how the clouds each one,
 Grew pure and bright as they neared the sun.
 Yes, all their *blackness* had vanished away,
 Like the dark recedes from the light of day !
 And, bless'd is the man, whose clouds of doubt,
 Turn Sun-ward, and have the *dark* put out.

IV.

A SONG PRAYER.

O LIFE! How sweet thou art !
 O Love! Transforming ours !
 O Light! Thou art to us,
 Like sunshine to the flow'rs !

We feel our need of all ;
 Thine to supply that need :
 Our ev'ry want Thou can'st supply,
 This our Eternal Creed.

We lift ourselves to Thee,
 And feel Thy drawing nigh,
 And here with holy boldness plead,
 For life which can not die.

Hearing our inmost cry,
 Thou biddest us be still,
 And learn that our sweet confidence,
 Assists Thy answering will.

And peace and rest are ours,
 Right onward from that hour,—
 The sweet transforming Love, and Life,
 And Light,—our instant Pow'r.

 V.

WINTER DOVES.

BEHOLD the expanse of our vig'rous clime,
 Now deftly deck'd with the silken rime ;
 Which forms in our zone an encircling ring,
 As the beak of winter the snow-flakes fling !
 For her destined brood she re-lines her nest,
 With this flaky down from her rounded breast ;
 Here she hides two eggs of wondrous size,
 Whose life, when sprung, glads our waiting eyes :
 Save winter, no season such brood doth rear,
 As "MERRY CHRISTMAS" and "HAPPY NEW YEAR."
 First, Christmas, wheeling his merry flight,
 Infuses through all a fond delight :
 Books, and *what not*, and dolls, and toys ;
 Giving and getting make double joys.

Bear'ng too in his bill, store after store
 Which like manna he drops at the needy's door,
 Re-waking that chant of the Saviour's birth :
 " Good will to men, and peace on earth."

As the end of December draweth near,
 There, *chipping* the egg, is the bright New Year :
 And when *thirty-one* to the winds has flown,
 With unsoiled glory she mounts the Throne :
 And her *speech*, re-voiced, greeteth every ear,—
 The same to all,— " A Happy New Year. "

List the fainting words of the dying year,
 Resound thro' the sombre atmosphere ;
 " The NEW shall fly as the Past have flown ;
 Ye know her *time*, but know not your own."
 " Press on thro' the sunlight, Gospel-shod,
 To meet your ' times ' from the Hand of God ! "

—

VI.

DON'T "BEG TO DIFFER."

Is the man who "begs to differ" not a beggar ?
 Beggars usually differ. They make their business a
 success as much by differing as by begging. "Circumstances alter cases," and "hard cases" alter circumstances. Now, both the man who *differ*s to *beg* and the man who "*begs to differ*" generally alter circumstances to suit their cases. They play to win by "hook or crook" respectively.

We do not ask you not to differ from a man if in all good conscience you know him to be wrong. Differ, but do not "beg to differ." If he, however, begs to differ from you, fully convince yourself that he is wrong, but don't try to convince the other man against his will. You can't drive the iron wedge into

a *rail-cut* with a tack-hammer. So though your argument may be as strong as iron and shaped to the best advantage, simple tongue power is too light a maul to drive it into rock-elm obstinacy, cleaving the knots.

If you attempt to rouse an obstinate man's reason against himself, you will, instead, rouse his temper quicker than a bee-sting against *yourself*.

The temper is the "bone and sinew" of a knife, but in the contentious man it is a knife itself. Rouse it, and he will cut you *to the quick*.

Job's friends, "begged to differ." "Job sinned not until he got into an argument with his friends." With sealed lips front the cold philosopher, like Job's friends, they are all physicians of no value. It is conceit largely that makes us contentious. Exalt yourself not, argue not; but act humbly, and when you must speak, speak humbly, and with becoming pleasantry. smile honestly, appeal to man's better nature, and he can not choose, but surrender unconditionally. Fire word for word, and it will be a drawn battle, with neither man a hero. Use royal tactics, my friend, and you shall gain the victory,—yea, two victories,—one over self, and one over the other man; by life, not death. *Wisdom is better than weapons of war.*

VII.

ANGER.

THE ethereal dome of heav'n rests unfleck'd ;
 I gaze upon its peaceful form in love,—
 So placid and serene doth it appear,
 Stretched out in beauty o'er the smiling earth ;
 How calmly doth it rest. Can it be moved
 Again, and changed its form and loveliness,
 And made a source of fear and dread profound ?
 Behold the western sky ! A small white cloud,

Cased in gigantic frame of azure blue,
 In silence, reigneth there. Soon it expands ;
 And as it grows in size, it grows in power ;
 To blackness it is turned, spitting forth fire,
 While peal on peal of thunder fills the air,
 And startles the inhabitants of earth,—
 Oft working dire destruction on mankind.

Thus Anger on the placid face of youth
 Supplanteth loveliness ; and casts a gloom
 On all around, the fair pure eye, shooteth
 Forth piercing darts, and from sweet charming lips,
 Which made the welkin with their laughter ring,
 Impassioned fiery speech with thunder sound
 Bursts forth, sev'ring too oft friendships best ties ;
 And kindling enmity in kindred souls,
 Which years shall often not obliterate.
 Thou power for evil, speedier work seems wrought
 By thee than kindness And the gracious work
 Love hath long time, compar'd, been building up
 Thou can'st as in a twinkling, destroy.

VIII.

ENMITY.

CHERISH not hate. He wrongs himself, who with
 Vile enmity stirs strife against his fellow,
 And strives to hurt by means within the law
 Of man, his influ'nce and prosperity.
 Hate drowns the fire of conscience, and makes believe
 That to avenge is right, forgetting that
 " Vengeance belongeth not to man ; " rather
 The opposite, " To love all men ; do good
 To them that hate thee." This is Christ's command,
 And He, our judge, shall judge us in this light—
 By our own words condemn or justify.

Now, he who hateth duly should repent ;
Love no repentance needs, therefore
 Work love. Life is too short for strife. If thou
 Dost wrong thy fellow, do thy guilt confess,
 And his forgiveness sue. For cherished guilt
 Makes us the injured hate ; while Christian grace
 Makes us love those we wrong, and chide ourselves.

 IX.

THE HEN.

IT is true, "our field is the world" ; but we do not feel safe wandering into unknown regions rashly and unprepared. We feel much safer around home, and from thence may take a wider flight, as our wings expand.

In the meantime we must "hunt" the eggs—that is in imagination and on paper. I don't think, however, that it will have the same charm as hunting them in a hay-loft or under it, etc. What makes the fascination about hunting eggs, I hardly know. There certainly is some sort of inspiriting influence in the egg business for both hen and boy. The hen goes around singing a gladsome lay before she sits down to lay. A man can't lay while sitting, the hen beats him here ; but he can *lie* while sitting and too often does, here he beats my lady hen—yes, and *himself*, too. A lie is a rotten egg. The outside appearance of a good and bad egg may be much the same, but just break the shell and you'll know what you've got. So with a lie, it may be whitewashed with truth. The *shell* may be all right, and if it carries about the right weight may pass current, but the testing time comes. It *may* pass through honest hands, but no sane man will *swallow* it, when right shows it *foul*. Well, we haven't got

the eggs hunted yet ; we sat down and were carried away by the hen's opening chorus. As we were saying, the hen sings first, then takes her place, and when she gets herself set to her liking in some secluded place, settles down to active business, though it *looks* to be anything but *active*.

So it is in the world's work. It is the silent work that counts. It is the silent work that keeps this "hulk of a world from sinking back into chaos and black night."

Great thoughts, systems of thoughts, inventions, operations, are all the *outcome* of silence—

"Out of silence comes thy strength."

Thus the hen—true, simple child of nature—never tries to lay an egg without becoming silent in herself. And a man can not bring forth a well-shaped thought, with the germs of life and power in it, without maintaining silence. We must have our hours of silence, as well as our hours of singing and "*scratching*," else we can not bring forth order out of confusion.

Where are we now? Well, you will have to admit that one has to wander around as their mind leads them in hunting eggs in a barn or stable. The egg is laid at last. I hear the hen cackling, rejoicing. Why shouldn't she? She has done her duty, and can stand forth and laugh the world in the face.

"One egg," Josh Billings says, "is considered a fair day's work for a hen. I have heerd ov their doing better. But I don't want a hen ov mine to do it. It iz apt tu hurt their constitution and bye-laws."

If a hen wants to hatch and you don't (don't want *her* to), "then comes the tug of war." There is, however, something commendable in the hen's persistence, shows force of character, a firm *set* purpose ; conscious, is she not, that such is her duty, her inmost nature's high behest? Yet man's intelligent interference shows

him higher than the hen, Creation's lord—subduing without destroying.

Another thing about the hen, and not so easily overcome, is their almost universal habit of taking rather *too long* a vacation.

Unlike school teachers and hotel-keepers, their holidays are not regulated by law.

In regard to saloon-keepers and such, I should strongly favour a law giving *them* a vacation of at least twelve months in the year. They really require it to preserve their *health*, and they also spread contagion. So, for a health resort, let them in "some quiet, still retreat," resort to the hen business. And the world shall rejoice.

Were I a preacher I should like, on some bright June Sabbath morning, to favour my little flock with a discourse on *Dear Old Mother Hen*, taking as text: O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not. *And ye would not!*

Under the mother hen's wings, how cosy a place for little chicks. And how obedient *they* are, coming at her call, always on the run. The chickens thus trained, when full grown, do not forget it. Call them morning, noon or at even, and from all over the yard they come "*lickety-switch.*"

But you can't *drive* a hen; they have not been brought up to it, and when you thus approach them they are so impatient that, before you can get their attention centered on what you want, they seem to sniff danger and are off. In the animal-man you will find the same principle, or no principle, regarding things to which he has never been accustomed. Perversity and stupidity are like trees thrown across a roadway—they retard progress, without improving the

road. They may chance to stop a runaway team, but it is neither the best nor *safest* way to do it. We are a little afraid we are running away, and will have to be stopped. We *were* nearly stopped before we got half this written,—stopped by what would never stop a hen. Do you give it up? The *tooth-ache*.

X.

LOVE—MOTHER LOVE.

LIFE'S wondrous flower ;
 Earth's tenderest tie ;
 The heart's one power,
 Which can not die ;
 Without such aid the soul's undone,—
 As life is death where shines no sun.

God's altar yields
 This heavenly fire,
 Which woman wields
 O'er child and sire,—
 But first implanted it must be,
 While fondled on thy mother's knee.

Serene and pure
 Its essence falls ;
 On rich and poor,
 But stately halls ;
 Less often win her fondling kiss,
 Less often drink her heart-felt bliss.

The day—neap tide,
 Spring tide—the eve ;
 Much love must bide,
 The dusk's reprieve,
 Then mother love, wave after wave,
 Breaks o'er her child, its soul to lave.

A holy balm
 Instils the breast,
 A sacred psalm
 Now sweetly press'd,
 Is seed which earth can never kill :
 Though bitter frost may often chill.

The story told
 Bear'ng living truth
 Its root shall hold
 And baffle drouth ;
 The wakening dew a mother's kiss,—
 A mother's smile, the sunshine is.

The lisped prayer,
 That's nightly said
 By mother's chair,
 The way has led,
 By slow degrees, from death to life,
 Though darkened oft, by faltering strife.

Mothers! Instil
 For Jesus' sake,
 This love, which will
 To Heaven's awake :
 Love which sinks in the soul like rain,
 And rises as a fount again !

 XI.

HOW MADE.

EAST by south-east they took their leave,
 He with a basket upon his arm ;
 Their mother stood in the door and pray'd,
 God, by His angels, to keep them from harm :

And His spirit to keep them careful and kind :
 Then turns, and goes on with her work again ;
 And thinks of her own little picnic days,
 And how they help to make women and men.

At dusk they safely come marching in ;
 And Lucy seems more of a woman grown,
 And Harry more of a man, as they tell,
 How, " dey finded de road der and back, ayone."

XII.

THE SOUND OF THE WATERS.

O'ER the old mill-dam on the creek hard by
 The waters fall when the stream is high.

Rushing madly over with headlong bound,
 They strike below with thundering sound.

Mouldered low is the old saw-mill,
 Yet the house near by, we occupy still.

Here guests of a night are oft kept awake,
 By the ceaseless roar which those waters make :

While *we* seldom hear it—or seem to hear
 Like the clock's tick,—tick, it falls dead on our ear.

So I somehow deem, that the *stranger-guest*.
 Heareth also, heavenly voices, best.

XIII.

"SHAKING OF HANDS."

THERE'S a shaking of hands that is distant and cold,
Where the palms scarcely touch and the fingers ne'er
fold ;

Where the eyes do not meet, and the heart bears no
strain :

Such shaking of hands, is formal and vain.

There's a shaking of hands called the pump-handle
shake ;

Where they jerk, and they pull, till your arm's like to
break ;

The heart's exercised, but with low hidden moans :

Such shaking of hands, is a shaking of bones.

There's a shaking of hands, a free, friendly grasp,
Where the palms are close pressed, and the fingers
enclasp ;

Where the eyes meekly meet, trustful smiles light the
face ;

Such shaking of hands shows the heart's in its place.

There's a shaking of hands, where the lips sweetly
press,

And the eyes speak in love, language cannot express,
Where each heart, responsive, its feeling imparts :

Such shaking of hands, means a wedding of hearts.

True shaking of hands implies more than the name ;
The heart's fire is freshen'd, and heightened love's flame,
Which in the soul's window* doth sparkle and shine ;
Thus in shaking of hands, heart, heart may divine.

* The Eye.

XIV.

TIME-LIFE.

AN ocean diverging,
Where light skiffs emerging,
Are peacefully gliding,
While laved is their side
By the low, brackish, tide,
O'er which they are riding,
The waters dividing
In jubilant pride.

Viewing closer again
The young billowy main,
I see a small craft,
A delicate raft,
Just pushed from the shore,
In a moment, no more,
The inflowing tide
Has covered it o'er,
And dashed it aside,
'Gainst the rough, rocky shore,
And its infantine freight
Has yielded to Fate,—
To save is too late,
Its voyage is o'er :
Through the waves' broken crest
It has sunken to rest ;
We see it no more.

I see a green isle,
A bright ocean smile,
One league and a score
From this bounteous shore.
There those light skiffs are flying,
With measured beat plying
Each delicate oar ;
But the billows uprising,

Are ever apprising
 The crafts the more frail,
 While those which are stronger
 Oft weather it longer ;
 Yet the violent gale,
 So rudely assailing,
 O'er many prevailing,
 Whose strength was in vain
 'Gainst the potentate main :
 And of all who set sailing,
 But one-half * alone
 To this fair isle hath flown ;
 From whence they do launch
 In vessels more staunch,
 O'er the ocean old,
 But yet uncontrolled,
 Leagues still, say, three score,
 To its futhermost shore.

At ten leagues less,
 It is hard of access,
 And few † are the vessels that make ingress.
 But the voyage of life oft numbers more,
 Some having of force
 A goodly store,
 Lengthen their course
 By an outward veer,
 And in a direction circuitous steer.

From *entity's* entrance,
 The eye explores,
 Through the dim distance
 Enchanting shores ;
 Oft unheard the billow that roars,
 In stern resistance,

* Of those born into the world *one-half* die before they reach their 17th year ; one-fourth before their 7th.

† Only one in 100 reaches the age of 65.

The space between,—
 Allured by the prize
 Before their eyes,
 Unthinking of what doth intervene,—
 Till all unseen,
 Doth their bark careen ;
 Engulfed perchance
 In the raging deep :
 With look askance
 As they sink to sleep,—
 Sighing in despair
 At their heedless haste,
 And lack of care,
 Which their bark laid waste.

At a few leagues more
 Than exact three score*
 From entity's shore
 Lies a whirlpool of *Death*,
 Hung'ring and thirsting tho' red with gore.
 Draw your breath,
 And mount the tide,
 If beyond its roar,
 You in triumph ride,
 Thy chance is fair
 For the farther shore.
 But with greatest care
 You must ply the oar ;
 Of the rocks beware
 Lying lurking there ;
 For hidden rocks
 Do now abound,
 And little shocks
 Thy bark will ground ;

* A year or two past 60, man arrives at a critical *turn of life*, which passed in safety he bids fair to reach the "allotted span" at least. Let him go softly.

For thy timbers now
 Are growing unsound ;
 And you must plow
 The treacherous deep
 With easy prow,
 And slowly creep
 Or dumbly bow
 And sink to sleep.

Where the heavy surge
 Doth *each* bark submerge,
 On the tide doth rise,—
 Hid to mortal eyes,—
 A phantom skiff,
 Which onward flies,
 'Gainst gales though stiff,
 To its destined goal—yon boundless sea—
 Marked on our chart " ETERNITY."

 XV.

UNDER THE YOKE, FREE.

SELF-SET freedom, fondly followed,
 Is the wayward fancy's lure,
 For which liberty by bondage,
 Is the only sovereign cure,
 Unfixed liberty is fatal,—
 'Neath the yoke of love—*we're free* :
 Sweet, ah sweet ! we have the promise,
 That our burden light shall be.

Unrestrained *our* yoke sits easy,
 While fresh vigor stirs our veins ;
 But it duly weighs us under,
 At the onset of our pains.

While the yoke the Saviour offers,
 Bears a song for every grief ;
 Draws a balm from boundless Heaven,
 Requisite to work relief.

This is not of ideal seeming ;
 This is of decisive grace ;
 Take the WISE from out all ages,
 You will find this law their base.
 Ours to hold, this saintly wisdom,—
 Love is every being's right !
 And no matter what our burden,
 Love must make that burden light.

XVI.

HIDDEN FRUITS.

WE were gathering apples, and after a time,
 We came to a tree far past its prime ;
 With a spreading top, thickly clothed with leaves,
 One of the kind which the eye deceives.
 We stood on the ground and looked at the tree :
 " I can bear them all in my pail," said he.
 I thought the same, though I nothing, said :
 We shook them off. Lo, the "ground" was red.
 Thus lives *we* see little in, likewise, may,
 Show a fair yield on the final day.

XVII.

THE HOUSE-FLY.

FEELING under constraint to write, but having no given subject before my mind, and desiring not to choose one in cold blood, but rather have *it* select me, I set about doing what I knew *had* selected me, which, this morning was firstly, the chores. Now, just as I was throwing down a fork-full of hay, a hen shot from under the descending mass, and at once there shot through my mind that question of Ruskin's, "what must a fly think, when a *large outspread hand* descends *suddenly* as it were upon it?" "Nothing wonderful," you say. Well, "what would *you* think," he asks, "if something about the size of a ten acre field, were suddenly precipitated above your head?" You must, you see, place yourself in corresponding circumstances to the littly fly, before you can rightly think.

Then, from Ruskin's "*hand and fly*," my mind following the fly, methought, "may not the fly do me for a subject?"

But the only answer was,—the brow slightly drawn as if trying to look through the subject,—and then on I went with my chores; which, finished, I found myself in my room alone, reading an old magazine, from which my attention was soon drawn, by the buzzing of a fly on the window—no, not buzzing—it was a sweeter sound. Never in all the recollection of past days and years do I recall such a pleasing sensation from a fly's humming. I was charmed by the sound, and before it had ceased its symphony, the fly again suggested itself, as a possible subject for my *day*. But I went on with the article I was reading, which, finished, I said to myself, "What next?" I looked to know—what now?

Again came the carol of the fly. So to the fly, I fly. At the same time it seems to me a subject that

I should never have thought of selecting from a list of random subjects, it (the fly), being one. For I really can't think that I know much about the fly. *I don't!*

Well, to commence, there is one thing we all know, that the common house-fly in our country is black or for convenience *called* black. But, can you tell me why? Why they are black? Why are they not white or scarlet or striped like the potato-bug? Why? "You don't know, we have nothing to do with it, you say." Well, I'll let you off with that. But wait! Why do we keep our stoves black (or try to at least) and our shoes the same, and wear black for mourning and dress preachers in black with a white tie? Why? These are things we have to do with. "Put that in your pipe and smoke it." And take our advice and never smoke anything worse. Boys who choose to have a "*fly-time*," as they call it, do too often take to smoking something worse. Smokeless powder may be a very good thing, smokeless smoking tobacco would, we think, be a better, for our race. I think we could see to take better, higher aim, and not be firing into the ground so much.

"Little fly, come here and say,
What you're doing all the day?"

'Oh, I'm a gay and merry fly,
I never do anything, no, not I;
I go where I like, and I stay where I please,
In the heat of the sun, or the shade of the trees,
On the window pane, or the cupboard shelf;
And I care for nothing except myself.

I can not tell, it is very true,
When the Winter comes, what I mean to do;
I very much fear when I'm getting old,
I shall starve with hunger, or die of cold.'

Let us compare notes : Living only in the present, making no preparation for the certain coming change, not able to tell "*what* they mean to do," fearing as they grow old, "this their joy (weak joy), is their folly," *seeming* wisdom for the time ; but the prospect, cold and hunger and *empty* death.

Now the next thing we want to know is, what are flies for ? What is their field in the economy of nature ?

Do you suppose that they are propagated simply to plague nervous house-wives, to tantalize helpless babes, tumble into the cream pitcher, and sing in the sugar-bowl ? Or have they a work, a mission, which nothing else can do, and which is beneficial to our well-being. A necessary evil, yet a blessing in disguise ? Now, I don't see why the fly is so much spoken against. For is it not one of the most sociable, free-and-easy of all summer boarders. They come without any invitation, presuming in their simplicity on our good nature, make themselves forthwith right "at home." (A very agreeable thing, where you are able to do it graciously.) And are not even ill-bred enough to expect any *extra* cooking on their account. And yet, how mean and selfish some people are, insulting them, covering things up from them, even setting traps, and horrible to relate, poison, for them ; while most of our well-to-do people go so far as to completely debar them from their habitations. Yet, notwithstanding all this, some few still continue to call on them, thus showing a high nobility of character, above insult, *showing it, that's all.*

Now, instead of being annoyed, "put about," should we not rather be thankful that it is only for a month or eight weeks out of the fifty-two that the fly is *really* an affliction. Thankful that they do not annoy us in the night-season, and seldom find their way into our cellars, etc., etc.

Let us educate ourselves daily to take a philosophi-

cal survey of all our vexations real or imaginary, seeking out the things to be thankful for, and rejoicing therein, and we will find that the other things shall pass away. *They* (the good) shall increase, while *these* (the evils) shall decrease. The shadows of evening tell me that "time *flies*." So away I must fly as the chores again await me. I have had two meals since morn, the stable-stock but one as yet.

XVIII.

WE KNOW NOT THE DAY.

THE things of earth they droop and fade,
 And in the dust they low are laid
 From whence they sprung,—
 They run the course to them assign'd ;
 Dying untimely, or high timed,
 Death seals each tongue.

The leaf of June, then in its prime,
 Defies the stately march of Time,—
 Feels no decay,—
 But Time, who wings his flight along
 More rapid than the poet's song
 Soon ends their day.

Alas, a blight has struck *you* leaf,
 Making a short life still more brief,
 By strange decree !
 As oft like flash-light shoots in Death
 And cutteth short a half drawn breath,
 'Round you and me.

XIX.

HOW I GOT A REST.

A TALE OF OUR "SCOTT ACT" REGIME.

I HAVE been Sadie's husband, and Sadie has been my wife,
For two of the shortest and sweetest years of my natural life ;
I have lived with Sadie, and Sadie has lived with me,
And though she has tried to quarrel, I never have quarrel'd with she.

She never e'en managed to raise a cloud, until the other day,
When she gave me a powerful lecture in more of a solemn way ;
It was all about "*ye Scott Act*," I voted "anti," you see,
But we'd never talk'd it over, I knew we couldn't agree.
She said, "There shouldn't be secrets between a man and wife,
That if I had turn'd an 'anti,' her man had lost his life ;
For with the man of a year ago this thing could never occur,
But now I was fonder of whiskey and not so fond of her."

I dislike to borrow trouble till trouble borrows me,
But now I'm kinder worryin' about how things will be,
For just when she'd warm'd up nicely, I hastily bid her adieu,
Saying, "I'd promised to meet a friend, but later I'd hear her through."

Though she is good and honest, this habit is growing great,
And our sweet may turn to bitter, our love may turn to hate,

So I mean to take no longer her side-stabs as a joke,
I needs must break her ladyship from pulling against
the yoke.

For if she keeps on twistin' and I start twistin' too,
It's like enough we'll "turn the yoke," that is just
what we'll do,

And make our life a burden, breaking our lovin' heart,
And soon agree together that we'd best agree apart.

I know its vain to arg'e—a woman will have her way,
But I "dout care a cent" for whiskey—can quit the
thing to-day,

And shall, I'm rather thinking, as it's a *doubtful good*,
And her most mis'erable bluster a thing that can't be
stood.

"It takes two to make a quarrel," but one can make
things "hot,"

When she talks of not bein' lovin' and calls her man a
sot ;

And no amount of talkin' will banish the "idee,"
Though a man is just as lovin' as ever a man can be.

* * * * *

When I went home to Sadie, she slung me never a
word,

And you'd think by her smilin' face that nothin' had
ever occur'd ;

The tea was ready and watin',—a supper fit for a
lord,—

Set off with the costliest wines, *bought* all of her own
accord.

But I'd have the payin' to do—the drinkin' of course,
as well,

For Sadie look'd on in silence, and didn't take more'n
the smell.

To avert "a curtain lecture," I slipt off early to bed,
And there as I lay reflectin', a thought came into my
head.

So I rose in the mornin' early, ere she had began to stir,
And I took from the room her corsets, and hid "those"
things on her ;

I placed them in the pantry along with the sparklin'
wines,

And on a slip of paper, I left the followin' lines :—

" Dear Sadie,—Them is your corsets, and this here is
my wine,

If you are willin' to give up yours, I'm willin' to give
up mine,

For the "drink" and the corset questions, can't neither
bear the *light*,

For corsets, as well as whiskey, will make a body tight."

* * * * *

I kindled a fire in the kitchen and put the "kittle" on,
I "fed the chores" in the stable and was doin' a little
sawin' ;

And while I was there a sawin', sure Sadie came out to
me

With the corsets and wine in her hands, and said, "she
couldn't agree."

She said I was workin' hard and wasn't so *very* strong
And for me to take a *little*, she thought it was hardly
wrong ;

So to force her argument home, she handed me out a
draught,

I could neither accept nor decline, I just stood there
and laugh'd.

And Sadie, wheel'd like a shot, and down to the brook
near by,

Then back, minus corsets and wine, and said, "she
would give it a try."

We may not be happy as some, who stick to both
corsets and wine ;

But we love, and we live, and we laugh, seeking still
to get more "into line."

XX.

WHAT MEANS IT?

I SAT 'neath the bridge and watched them,—
 They sat on a mossy knoll :
 He did not know I had "cotched" them,
 As he pour'd out his inmost soul.

His eye is fixed upon her
 With a magnetic charm ;
 So close he now has drawn her,
 He has to lift his arm.

Around the neck he grasps her,—
 Will he that fair maid choke ?
 Now tighter he enclasps her,—
 Her neck will sure be broke.

Now he is trying to bite her,
 Why does she not jerk back ?
 He seems not to affright her,—
 Not even by his smack !

And as he now unfolds her,
 Each "smiles a smole" serene ;
 And then, again, he holds her,—
What doth this smacking mean?

XXI.

UNASSUMING INFLUENCE.

THE little stream which gently glides
 Before the farm-house door,
 Asserts a striking influence,
 Which marks its sinuous shore :
 Without a name, unknown to fame
 Yet priceless is its store.

Unlike a watch you needs must wind,
 Or 'twill refuse to go,
 The river without human hand,
 Continues in its flow :
 A generous giver—the humble river—
 But only to the low.

Let one Niagara suffice,—
 Unequaled in its power,—
 But quiet flowing rivulets,
 To *man* are richer dower :
 See as they flow, wider they grow,—
 Increasing hour by hour.

Thousands doth every land require
 Of these soft flowing rills,
 Which garden plot, and meadow land,
 With smiling beauty fills :
 Turning the wheel, to grind the meal,
 Within the busy mills.

So do the lives of simple men,
 Who day by day pursue
 Their given course, in quiet lines,
 With humble aim in view,
 Serve best their day, and make their way,
 On to the "*boundless blue*."

 XXII.

BIDDING AND OBEYING.

OMNIPOTENCE decrees ;
 The Times obey His will :
 Last eve cold blew the breeze,
 Through tree-tops bare and chill.

I on the house-top heard,
 The patter of the rain :
 Again was pass'd the word,—
 Now whiten'd is the plain.

And still the snow descends,
 And deep'ning, there doth lie :
 He to *our* needs attends,—
 The plant-life shall not *die*.

* * * * *

The snow has gone,—'tis May ;
 The vanish'd forms arise,
 All dress'd in Spring array,
 All clothed in queenly guise.

But the Life says, " lie still,
 Lie still, ye precious dead !
 Patiently wait, until
 'The trumpet' sounds o'erhead."

—

XXIII.

THE COMMONPLACE.

GOING over ground that I had been over several times before, of course I never thought that my eyes would see anything but the commonplace,—and they didn't.

I give you here no romance, no story, no following description of scenery ; nothing but the simple reflectings of my mind on some of the things that caught my eye that morning, as we sped along in our railway-coach between C. and S.

After leaving C., I was for the time being, alone. But before having gone two miles, the thought came to me, "to take notes." So obeying the impulse, I produced paper and pencil, and those notes with their expansion forms our present paper.

First thing I noted was *five* men scythe-mowing coarse beaver-meadow grass. Five, you say, isn't

many. No, but if there had been fifty I might not have made a note of it. But here is what I noticed ; that only *one* looked up from his work to our passing train,—only one,—and he only for a moment cast a glance upward. Those were model men, worthy laborers. Hired men no doubt, yet men who had an interest in their task, not taking advantage of every passing excuse to straighten their backs, as indifferent workers should. We can't say it would have been wrong for those men to look up, but indifferent men might it not make more indifferent, less contented with their lot. For men to *look up*, if they look not of necessity, is dangerous. Where it does not strengthen it impairs, it weakens. Those five men (hearing, without pausing in their work), could and no doubt did, with the mind's eye, see our passing train, while their scythes—at least the four—still swung with the same precision.

Thus giving to *said moment of time five* little bundles of mown grass—the fifth smaller than the others—of which by less workful men it had been robbed.

Is there not a special regard and reward for such "*strokes*" as these by the All-noting, All-rewarding.

Is not Carlyle right when he says, "That the wages of every true work, do lie either in Heaven, or else nowhere."

NEXT NOTE.—A peculiar, yet quite railroady fence, —constructed from *ties*, whose usefulness (as ties) was gone. A temporary *make-shift*, yet answering the purpose equal to the best.

A deal of good material in these ties yet, but in essential points, no longer deemed equal to the task imposed on them. Thus were they ousted from their bed of years, and replaced by fresher material.

So, men, fitted for important places may, when impaired, be, because of the still good in them, utilized for yet other purposes, not far removed. So long as

a man has any good in him, a perfect system will utilize that good.

THIRD NOTE.—Two boys running up a road-way, circling their arms and shouting healthfully.

“Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can.”

Should we seek to restrain that healthy shout? No, we think that shout fits them for their sphere, so that they will take hold of their work with freer spirit and with firmer hand. Though *we* may not feel like shouting, but feel rather like keeping others therefrom, let us know that we are wrong, and that they are right. (As a rule.) That in *restraining* the *soundly* natural, we make unnatural,—and turn from God.

“Deight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood.”

But every evolution in the child's life must be guided and directed on right lines, if it is to be well with the child and with the man of whom it is the father. We must, therefore, study the laws of shouting, and keep the shout healthy and true; and without shouting *try* to enjoy theirs, get life, strength, from it. The heart of Wordsworth *expands* as he sings:

“Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts,
Thou happy boy!”

But to the boys themselves let me say,—only when you really *feel* like shouting (and may) should you shout. Not *simply* when you *hear* others at it.

FOURTH NOTE.—A horse totally indifferent, standing on a knoll—day dreaming. Head turned from us, and hanging down, ears quite still.

I have not much to say on this note. But looking at said steed, “way-worn and weary,” my mind's eye

seemed to be looking into the inner department of its thinking apparatus, seeking to ascertain what were its sombre thoughts from which it could not turn. Poor horse, was *it* thinking hard thoughts of man, as we when weak, and weary, and disheartened, of our God! It indeed justly, but we unjustly so.

XXIV.

IN PURSUIT OF THE IDEAL.

OUR mind is wandering, we'll let it wander,
Throw down the lines, and let it go ;
Letting it take us whither it listeth,
Onward, diverging, fast or slow.

Our world seem'd very flat and formal,
When we look'd outward before to-day ;
Now the whole round earth is teeming,—
Our mind seems lost as it works its way.

Lost if it pauses, it must keep moving,
See what it can without and within ;
Hold on its way amid life's mazes,
Catch this and that from the weary din.

We travel overland through the country,
Past quarries, lime-kilns, crushers of stone,
Bricks and pottery, oil, salt, lumber,
And fair-sized men of good muscle and bone.

Are these men's pay in nothing but dollars ?
Do they get even enough of them ?
Are they themselves being builded and bettered,
Or rudely used as an unknown gem ?

Our heart is breaking, " O, God !" we utter,—
" Is Thine arm shortened ? O, who shall save ?
The god of this world is dead against Thee,
His dollars both master and servants enslave !"

Into the city whose sound confuses,—
 This scramble for gain, how it "makes things fly."
 Hold! In our mind we'll stop this brother,
 Ask him, if life's but to sell and buy?

He stands confused, he has given o'er thinking,
 Saving on lines which the world lays down ;
 He judges us by them and gets no further,
 He will not know life *itself* is the crown.

As we pass on, a slow procession
 Out from a villa pursues its way :
 Poor as the poorest goes its dictator,
 Gone now to mingle with common clay.

Now off unto Patmos, and in the spirit
 Walk we the streets of the city of God,
 Which the Nazarine craftsman, the Master-builder,
 Fashions for they who His ways have trod.

Why do not more of us catch his spirit,
 Grow into life which is life indeed ;
 Working like works, with the promise of greater,*
 Seems aspiration's o'er-masterful feed.

Where is our man who comes up to this standard ?
 Then, are we *believers* until we do ?
 " 'Tis not for us." O, let us not think it ! [true.
 Our weak, sluggish faith, keeps the true from being

" Are we believers?" Do the signs follow ?†—
 Are we ? If not, what is it we are ?
 We who profess the name of the Highest,
 Of Him " who was wounded " and carries the *scar*.

* Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also ; and greater works than these shall he do : because I go unto my Father.—JNO'S GOSPEL xiv. 12.

† Mark's Gospel xvi. 17 and 18.

"We who *profess*." It surely goes further,
 Godward and manward, with fruitage to show ?
 O'er all the round earth our best we are sowing,
 But is this best *the best* He has to bestow ?

Is our faith dominant ? Love of the strongest ?
 Let us not halt till we get into line,—
 Humble, just, active, with touch sympathetic,
 Back into harmony with the Divine.

This means out of harmony with the world-spirit,
 Unheeding the honor which cometh from men ;
 With the blest "single eye" which made Galilee
 fishers—

Though slowly—a marvel, as much now as then.

Away for the present with this astanding
 Just as it is till another day :
 And into the verdant wood, and meadows,
 Following our mind, we elect our way.

A sacred calmness here too comes o'er us,
 At once, in spirit, we bow the knee :
 We see but *man* in a *graven* image,
 But God speaks to us from stone and tree.

We travel the wood-path again for schooling ;
 Live o'er in a moment those young school-days ;
 Find the *best* lessons were learnt unknowing,
 And question if such be not true always.

We doubt not the schooling of our free nation
 Shall yet show large,—for it can't be lost,—
 With an average of life unique, aspiring ;
 But first must the slough we are in be cross'd.

Our mind is wandering, we'll let it wander,
 Throw down the lines and let it go ;
 Letting it take us whither it listeth,
 Onward, diverging, fast or slow.

What is the use of still "going to the devil,"
 Sinking our talents, which ought to rise?
 Is it not time—O, fathers and brothers,—
 Sonship of Day!—That we open our eyes?

Do Courts of Justice, and governing functions,
 Think of themselves, the first, and throughout?
 Is not their life in sacred fulfilling?
 Best, present reward, in seeing wrong put to rout?

And we! Are our labors with or not with them?
 Do we, too, strike hands, uphold the world's way?
 Of the Children of Darkness they're true to their colors,
 But we weep for our untutored Children of Day.

Weep, but have hope; our lights are increasing,—
 The true super-governance stays with His plan;—
 Whom the wise seek to know, and live by believing,
 And whoso comes under stands out as a man.

But we, what are we? O, spirit triumphant!
 We, what are we, who are not what we are—
 Not true to our colors? Well, if the light's in us,
 It yet may break through, and shine like a star.

Though oft we're cast down, 'tis the *spirit of evil*
 Which simulates bondage, engendereth fear;
 The spirit of life, of death never savors,
 But quickeneth our hope, instilling "good cheer."

Conquer we must! The Life draws us to Him;
 What He has surmounted, we, too, overcome:
 "Love never faileth," this the bold watchword,
 'Gainst which all the voices of Evil are dumb.

What is the salt of the earth which preserves it?
 Verily, not its unseeing ones,—
 But every mind who worships the highest,
 And permeates "*thought*" with the blessing it shuns.

Naught without thinking—that's salt without savor—
 As we "consider," the blessing attends.
 What of ourselves we give with our givings,
 Saves—is the *salt*—nothing else makes amends.

Pure, subtle and varied, must be the thought daily,
 Which stifles all jar, and helps on the advance
 Of the home life, toward higher, above the bleak
 worldish ;
 Which whoso hath eyes, can see at a glance.

"The home life!" We pause—shall we let our mind
 enter ?
 Let private be private, and life itself tell :
 The best have betimes their blights and misgivings,
 The worst now and then rays of light in their hell.

Some worship the infant who lies in the cradle,
 Who worship not man in his highest estate :
 Little hope for the child of child-worshipping mother,
 'Tis the heart looking up, which doth life educate.

Yet the child, may it not be the means through which
 light
 May dawn on that mother, and widen her view ?
 Her earnest solicitude, waked by its welfare,
 May turn her to that Love who makes our love
 true.

Be it active or passive, a blessing is with them,—
 Our children,—and all things which help us to grow ;
 Which quicken dull functions and make them respon-
 sive :
 The health of a blessing is in its outflow.

Our mind is wandering, we'll let it wander,
 Throw down the lines and let it go ;
 Letting it take us whither it listeth,
 Onward, diverging, fast or slow.

There used to be Saints, and so-called, in the Church ;
 They must be extinct, for we now hear of none,—
 Except in derision, by scoffers, whose pride
 Takes offence at the pride in some self-righteous
 one.

There are some certain verities made to the Saints ;
 Denying the title, can we claim the boon ?
 The name seems too strong for us yet to avow :
 Babes yearn to be men,—shall not we be men soon ?

We can't take strong food, we are weak, we are babes* ;
 Too much in our work we take the world's way ;
 This keepeth us weak. We must stand on our height,
 And each rising desire of the world-spirit, slay !

Our Ideal stands out in the Man-God, Love's life ;
 Eliminate self and *we* stand out God-men :
 Who low'reth the standard, upholdeth his life
 And loseth, and breaks with the high Ideal then.

“ Eliminate self ? ” How this can we do ?
 Our will is divided,—the low 'gainst the high,—
 But standing with Love our will's *over-will'd* ;
 All other light fadeth as day draweth nigh.

This transforming Love is the “ sign of our times ” ;
 Who can not discern Him, he lags, tho' he lives :
 Who sees him in all things, with eye spirit-fill'd,
 Is made like, and then more like ; and as he gets,
 gives.

Our wonderful Ideal ! He grows, as *we* grow !
 Our eyes once being open'd, we *grovel* no more,
 Imperfectly perfect ! Still foil'wing our Life,
 Out-top we the mists and new realms explore.

* Read Paul's first letter to the Corinthians, the third chapter.

XXV.

ONE WITH ALL.

THE light is fading in the west ;
 The sun once more has pass'd our mark ;
 The sinking sky is growing dim,
 As softly deep'ning springs the dark.

To right, the lambkins skip and run ;
 Behind, I hear the children play :
 Altho' I neither laugh nor leap,
 Am I less glad than they ?

Nay, I'm more fully glad, I claim,—
 I'm one with all, tho' here apart,—
 And lamb, and child, and changing light,
 Throw, each, their gladness in our heart !

XXVI.

THE CONTRAST.

IN mid-afternoon I look'd on the stream,
 Undeiled and clear did its waters seem.

When I look'd again in the morning light,
 Black was the water which met my sight.

Fed through the night by the falling snow,
 We should expect it *whiter* to grow.

Ah, there's the solution,—the banks were white,
 And the water, contrasted, look'd black as night.

Look'd blacker, but still it should no blacker be ;
 Nay, purer and clearer, had we *eyes to see*.

The stream of our life may, too, look clear
 To-day, and to-morrow be dark and drear.

*Nay,—clearer and purer,—*if Heav'ns tim'd white,
 Hath fed, and skirted, our stream by night !

XXVII.

JUNE VERSUS MAY.

'Tis an afternoon
 Of early June,—
 A month which for freshness, and beauty, stands,
 The sweetest boon
 Any season yields,
 In these northern lands
 Around us here ;
 With their verdant fields,
 And those gardens rare,
 Which planted were
 By fond Nature's hands,
 In our forest's vast,
 And prairie lands.

Ye old world minstrels
 Do sing of May,
 As the month when flower,
 And shower,
 Excels,
 And the sweetest lay
 Rings thro' the dells.

Tho' wooed by beautiful, wonderful, days ;
 Yet the heart of our May
 Seems wed to the cold :
 And 'tis near the close,
 Ere said smiles allure,
 Our woodland trees
 To fully unfold
 Their banners to the breeze.

May being a little premature,
 We wait for a month that's more in tune,
 And here, in Canada,
 Sing of June.

XXVIII.

DEATH VERSUS LIFE.

(An In Memoriam.)

DEATH's sword scorns mortal shield !
 Earth gave, but can not save
 Dust from the cold, damp, grave :
 Death strikes, and man must yield.

Buried, but living still ;
 Living, though *dead thou art*,—
 Living in many a heart ;
 Death takes, but can not kill.

—

XXIX.

WINTER LIFE.

THE germs of life (now wrapt in burial shroud,
 Spotless and perfect, broad in its expanse,—
 Their living glory fitly to enhance)
 In summer's verdant hue, how gaily proud ;
 The sun's warm smile withdrawn, then thou wert bowed,
 With withering grief, being powerless to advance :
 Though changed,—not dead,—but in lethargic trance ;
 Awaiting warmer air and showerful cloud.
 With feelings of remorse, the sun looks down,
 The evil to revert which he has wrought ;
 The shroud uplifts ; and breathes a wakening song,—
 Removing every semblance of a frown ;
 Compared with former glory, lacking naught.
 Thus, man with smiles, may life revive, prolong.

XXX.

SUNSHINE.

WIENCE comes that bitter melancholy wail,
 Breaking the melody that reigns around ?
 How dissonant its sad despondent sound,
 With the glad song from the same sunlit vale,—
 Where each the same sweet zephyrs do inhale.
 Who is this man on whom the Lord has frowned ;
 With cruel oppression crushed unto the ground ?
 “ Some helpless outcast, whom want doth assail ? ”
 Not so, this groan is from the lips of pride,
 Whom life has fondled with a secret care,
 Ambition, empty, cold, has been his guide,
 And now he's yielding unto black despair :
 Darkness ne'er dark removes, let in the Sun,
 Bathe in His beams and life's life is re-won !

XXXI.

SPRING'S CONQUEST.

THE earth is dark and dreary, drenched with rain ;
 The azure sky is hid by clouds of snow,
 Which burst and whiten the dark plains below,—
 But 'twixt the river banks it strives in vain,—
 There each alighting flake is duly slain,—
 A moment white,—then mingles with its flow ;
 Nor till our temp'rate nights to Frigid grow
 Have they the power their mantle to enchain.
 Frost,—Winter's king,—and Snow, his sovereign queen,
 Upon a double throne their sceptre wield.

* * * * *
 The King of Spring ere long war's flag unfurls ;
 Melts Winter's prestige, still they show their spleen :
 Tho' Spring, luxuriant, sweet, clothes wood and field,
 Still, from high mountain crags, Winter defiance hurls.

XXXII.

BEFORE QUEBEC (1759).

LIKE the sear leaf of Autumn that falls to its rest,
The sun has gone down 'neath the hills of the west ;
Yet the light lingers long ere it yields to its doom,
But soon it is wrapt in the night's silent gloom.

O'er the noble St. Lawrence, its covert lies deep,
And ere it is lifted it vigil doth keep,
Round Britain's proud braves o'er his surface that
glide,—

Borne noiselessly down on the crest of the tide.

They toil through the gloom, led by Wolfe up the height,
And on Abraham's plains stand at first dawn of light.
By their General, — Montcalm, — are the French
mustered out,

The British they meet and are soon put to rout.

In that short space of time fast flew deadly balls,
And by three bullets pierced, on the rampart Wolfe
falls ;

Likewise his opponent of chivalrous worth,
With wounds, that prove mortal, has sunk to the earth.

Ere Canada's hero by death is undone,
On his dying ear soundeth the accents, " They run !"
For an instant, aroused by the soul-stirring cry,
To his question, " Who runs ?" comes the eager reply :

" 'Tis the enemy, sir, every where they give way,
And thine, dying hero, the pride of the day."

" Then, praised be God, in peace meet I death !"

These the last spoken words by the young hero's
breath.

When this signal success to his land is made known,
By torchlight and bonfires their triumph is shown,—
Save one Kentish village, which silence doth keep,
Where our dead hero's mother, dejected, doth weep.

Second staff of her age is now broken in twain,
 And should they exult, it would add to her pain,—
 For thus they would seem to rejoice in her woe,—
 So they nobly forbear, and all triumph forego.

But the *Spirit* of Wolfe moved on up the stream,
 Thro' the hands of our father's the soil to redeem ;
 And in it we've conquer'd—are conquering still,—
 And he's no true Briton who's weak in the will.

XXXIII.

PIGS.

PIGS? Yes, *pigs!* Why not? May it not do us more good, and less harm, to write about them, and in this way devour, than to kill and cook and eat? Of what use are hogs while *living*, if not to write about—to "*speculate*" on.

The cow practically serves us while living: gives us milk. Also the horse, work; the sheep, wool; the hen, eggs. But the porker while living only gives us—*noise*. Only when dead can the hog be made of direct practical use, excepting, as I say, to speculate on.

Despise them as we may, yet I think we must all humbly acknowledge, that the pig has helped to make *us* what we are.

The hog is not a very *far-seeing* animal, does not try to see far. Can hear better than it can see, and can talk better than it can hear.

But like a great many—great many—*animals*, its talk is all regarding self. They talk best, freest, when they are expecting to get something from you. Loudest, wildest when held, restrained.

The goose washes in water, and the hen in dust, and each are cleansed thereby. The pig uses a combina-

tion of both, and though as healthfully cleansed, is forever disgraced, strange to say. Swine, it is true, were among the list of "the unclean" in the Levitical Law. Not, however,—we believe,—because they "wallow in the mire," but because they swallow with avidity, and never chew the cud. And is not that man, too, unclean, who receives fitting food into his mind, but is not careful to bring it up again, to ruminate, meditate, reflect thereon, which he must do who will be clean?

I don't know what disease pigs contract after they are "killed" and "cut up," but they are often cured with sugar—sugar-cured.

Sugar is great medicine, and not so very hard to take either, especially maple sugar, which kind I think I can recommend, as a *good*, desirable, safe medicine,—if used judiciously,—especially for children's *troubles*.

Judiciously, remember! For like other powerful medicines, I have known it to excite trouble where there was none before. This is the usual form it takes: "Ma, I want another piece of sugar. Ma, ma, can't I have another piece of maple sugar; can't I, ma, can't I. Followed in severe cases by, 'Bo, hoo, hoo.'"

A little like the pig, for it cries, too, when it don't get all it wants.

Gluttony is the hog's great weakness—that is, if it may be called such. Fed regularly, and freely, they will only take what they require, and leave the rest, if perchance you give them too much. The hog is certainly endowed by nature with a ravenous appetite. Its desire for a goodly supply of nourishing food and drink, is not of its own creating, but from legitimate demand; not an acquired desire, or even a perverted one.

Still we like not the greedish way each has of trying to crowd the others out, and thus monopolize the more for their own stomach.

This is base. This is to be despised.

Thy lowly waters forward reaching,
 Are unto me a lesson teaching,
 (Impressive more than learned preaching,)
 Of high behest ;
 As in thy ceaseless flow beseeching,
 Duteous zest.

A pattern is thy generous giving,
 Freely bestowing, as receiving,
 And little of thine own retrieving,
 As years do roll :
 A greater work of love achieving,
 Than many a soul.

XXXV.

THE SABBATH.

SUMMER IN THE COUNTRY.

I HEAR the rippling of the rill ;
 The gentle breeze is sighing still ;
 The birds are singing in the grove ;
 The bees are humming as they rove ;
 The chatter of the squirrel I hear ;
 The cock's shrill clarion strikes the ear :
 The voice of Nature is not stilled,
 But giveth forth a pleasing sound,
 No din of labour from the ground,
 With restful calm the air is filled.

I hear the sound of Sabbath bell,
 Lifting her voice the time to tell.
 The solemn sound wakes solemn thought,
 With holy adorations fraught ;
 Thousands throughout the land repair,
 Unto the house of sacred prayer,

Where they, their Father's name extol ;
 And Sabbath after Sabbath raise,
 The voice to Him in sacred praise,—
 A blessing unto every soul.

Displeas'd is Freedom's God, to see,
 Man cripple his vitality ;
 He breaks upon our world of care,
 And plants His holy Sabbath there.
 It is His gift to *man* alone,
 To hold him for His very own.
 Boon which makes nations truly blest,
 Casting throughout the world their *light*.—
 Tho' but *the few* ere reach the height
 Millions can to *its good* attest !

 XXXVI.

THE AWAKING WOODS.

I WENT to the wood in the opening spring,—
 Sear and crackling the carpeting,—
 Here and there from its lurking place,
 Shot forth an *Adder's-tongue*,—
 Where the evergreen fern lay low,
 Press'd by the winters snow,—
 And the *Lily* with open snow-white face,
 Had burst from the cruel frost's embrace,
 And into the sunlight sprung.
 And thus as I walk'd thro' the waking wood,
 Responsive to all, I pronounced it *good*.

Along the sun-kiss'd side of the wood
 The *May-flowers* beamed from each little mound,—
 The sweetest gems in the whole wood found,—
 First bloom of the season,—to me they seem'd
 Like the dimpled smile of infancy,

On fond mother-nature's lap,
 Fearless of all mishap.
 And thus as I walk'd thro' the waking wood,
 Responsive to all, I pronounced it *good*.

The buds were swelling on twig and tree ;
 I could hear the bluebird and robin sing ;
 A ground-squirrel stood and looked up at me,
 And his climbing cousin up on a limb,
 Was giving some noisy challenging
 To me, or else was cautioning him.
 But I harm'd them not, for I didn't dare,
 To give them even a gentle scare.
 "Peace!" spake the spirit of the wood :
 "Sweetly harmless is passive good."
 So I blest them, and went again on my way,
 And instantly noticed that so did they.
 And thus as I walk'd thro' the waking wood,
 Responsive to all, I pronounced it *good*.

 XXXVII.

APOLOGY FOR LIFE.

WHY now do I live? To *live*, not to die!
 The world with its burdens impels me on :
 Fain would I pause, ere yet I am gone,
 To breathe a full breath ere saying, *good-bye*.

My "word" goeth out to the life self-engross'd,—
 Goes out in slow hope, yet sure, Heaven-seal'd,—
 For wherever I look there is *light* on "*the field*,"
 But oh, so much barren, the light seemeth lost.

Still more burns within, for my heart I can't close—
 And I pray,—for I must,—to the world's Saviour-Son,
 That the seeming impossible soon may be done,
 From our lives where no barren be rounded the Rose.

