

POETRY  
AND  
PROSE

POETRY AND PROSE



*by*

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## *Preface*

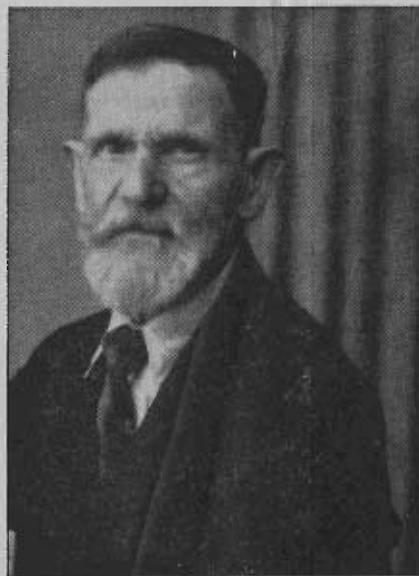
In submitting this volume of poetry and prose to my readers, I have endeavoured to try and cater for the various minds of readers, but I fully realise that humanity as a whole are somewhat varied in their ideas, as for instance, some are always sad and gloomy in their ideas while others are more cheerful, and still others are full and overflowing with merriment; the latter take life easily. However to please all and to be able to cater and minister a medicine as a cure-all is not possible, therefore I can only conclude that if these efforts can please, instruct or entertain, I feel that my time has not been wasted.

Yours faithfully,

J. H. WALLIS,

Katanning,

Western Australia.



*J. H. Wallis*

## NEVER DESPAIR.

Does the cloudy future fill you with dismay,  
Things may never happen, live in hope today,  
Do not dread the future, keep yourself in line  
Tread your pathway firmly, one step at a time;  
Do not look for troubles, till they come in view,  
Don't waste time in gloom, when things are looking blue,  
Keep a bright lookout, with confidence and hope;  
Gaining vigour thereby and with trials cope;  
Things that today look dark, test the stoutest heart,  
Do not dread the future, be alert and smart;  
Most of life's problems are overcome with pluck,  
Have the heart, do your part, do not trust to luck;  
Those who drop their bundle, soon are down and out,  
Don't be pecking under, turn your luck about,  
Be bright in your outlook, half the battle's won,  
Put your best self forward, never say "I'm done".

## AUSTRALIA.

This land of the Australs, Queen of this story,  
So dear to it's peoples of time honoured name.  
Bright and unfettered the star of it's glory  
Awaiting to shine in the temple of fame.  
With raptures to gaze on its vast wide expanse  
Or linger entranced, in a sweet sylvan vale.  
Unfettered to ponder alone with romance  
Safe and secure, where no power can assail.  
May it's destiny ever be on the up grade  
Progressing with safety and freedom from care,  
With no darkening clouds to threaten our shade,  
Upholding the motto of never despair.  
May no tyrant rule ever blight our fond dreams  
May freedom and justice be ever our goal,  
It's sons and it's daughters, to carve out the means  
To make of it's blessings, a theme to extol.  
Then hail to this land, 'neath the bright southern cross,  
Where all strive for freedom to live out their days—  
Away from the turmoil of troublesome loss,  
And treasure the blessings, Australia displays.

## QUIET SERENITY.

Down in the vale, just over that hill  
Where it is quiet, peaceful and still,  
Here we can rest so sweetly and calm,  
Dwelling awhile with nature's sweet balm.

Dearly we prize this beauteous realm  
With songs on our lips, joy at the helm,  
Feeling free from all sorrow or pain,  
Here we may live our childhood again.

Linking with nature, feeling apart,  
Tasting the sweets of joy to the heart,  
Feeling like kings with heavenly throic,  
Herein we make a world of our own.

And when amidst scenes like these we stand,  
Then we seem as though in a spirit land,  
And scarcely a worldly thought is given,  
We're holding on twixt earth and Heaven.

## SWEET HARBINGERS OF SPRING.

Hail! beauteous strangers of the bush  
Attendant on the spring:  
With birthright to thy rural seat  
Sweet notes of gladness sing.

As soon as flowerets deck the green  
Thy cheering voice we hear,  
Thou must have stars to guide thy path  
Or mark the rolling year.

A delightful visitant thou art  
Amidst the time of flowers;  
When earth is filled with music sweet  
Within its sylvan bowers.

When softly wandering through the woods  
To cull the flowers gay;  
Enchanted in our halting breath  
We listen to thy lay.

Thus we ponder on thy happy life,  
And note with sweet content,  
That all God's wondrous purposes  
Are with His blessings sent.

## THE STRIFE FOR RIGHT.

Ours is the strife which justice draws,  
Ours is the true and generous cause  
Of pure and honest human laws  
We make this cause the first.  
With noble minds and fervent heart,  
We feel we're destined for the part  
To triumph in the warrior's art  
In pious cause to burst.

The tears, the blood the world has shed,  
With throngs of mourners, piles of dead,  
This grievous guilt is at its head,  
Tyranny must be crushed.

Undaunted strife for honour's claim  
Far nobler than just conqueror's name  
Or the red wreath of guilty fame,  
Humanity has blushed.

And we who view the daily skies  
Behold the sun in glory rise,  
And follow with exulting eyes  
A proud meridian height.  
And on all grateful country's breast  
Thus may the sun descend to rest,  
Beaming through the golden west  
With a future pure and bright.

## THE UPS AND DOWNS OF LIFE.

Life has it's turns, that always run their courses,  
From sad to fair, to better or to worse,  
Thus with successive turns, God tempers all  
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

Unmixed joys are never here our portion,  
The ups and downs in life whisper caution,  
And it's constant change, test the stoutest heart,  
Bids us to beware, play the better part.

We can then thereby gain the upper hand  
Strengthened to make the inner soul expand,  
All of life's treasures come by earnest thought  
Tranquility in life comes by being sought.

The surest and sweetest way to be independently happy is to be rich in the things that money cannot buy, and thus be independent of money for your happiness and this priceless boon is found only in the heart of the individual in its purity of attainment.

### LIFE'S DAILY CHART.

If you want to enjoy today,  
Don't worry about tomorrow  
But take the best that comes your way  
Never—never hoard a sorrow.

So always bear this thing in mind  
As you plod along life's pathway,  
Joy come to those who seek to find  
Rich treasures hidden in the clay.

'Tis not as though the paths in life  
Were fixed, or only for the few  
As everyone should banish strife  
And to their better selves be true.

For that is where the sunshine is—  
Enshrined in every human heart.  
Let it shine forth enchanting bliss  
Engraven on life's daily chart.

We all know well that human life  
Was shaped and planned Divinely  
Thus we should live avoiding strife  
Always treating others kindly.

The present day is ours to live  
As we do not know tomorrow  
Enjoy it then, and do not grieve  
And never—never hoard a sorrow.

### FRAILITY.

Man hath always two attendants  
That are watching by his side  
Ever noting where he wanders  
Stays where'er his feet abide.

One will warn him when he falters  
Or rebuke him if he stray  
And will help him if he stumbles  
In his hesitating way.

Two recording angels reading  
Through his life's minutest thought  
Secing through his soul and listing  
To the battle he has fought.

And with pen, recording efforts  
Whether evil or of good  
Write upon the scroll of records  
All of don'ts and all of should.

### IT MATTERS NOT.

It matters not where home may be  
If loving hearts abide within,  
And peace with hallowed ecstasy,  
Bestows sweet love and joy therein.

Storms may o'er take with fiery wrath  
Clouds may obscure our sunny sky,  
Sharp rocks and prickles strew the path  
To mar and blur tranquility.

Ere long the tempests rage shall cease,  
The stormy path will calm become  
For faith and patience conquer fears,  
Sweet solace dwells with love at home.

When joy's existence, ripe we see  
For love and trust is at the door,  
To give the home sweet ecstasy.  
It matters not if rich or poor

## ARITHMETIC OF LIFE.

Has anyone ever added up  
The value of a smile,  
Or have thought how much we go astray  
Along life's weary mile,  
Or the long distance to the sun  
That shines upon the earth;  
There's one thing here that all can tell,  
How much a smile is worth.

For a smile can help to banish pain  
Or give it some relief,  
It also hath the power to charm  
And lighten human grief,  
Thus a life well spent in cheerfulness  
It better far than gold,  
As it helps along life's journeying,  
And stays when we grow old.

## DEAL OUT SOME LOVE.

There are many lonely hearts who are sadly downcast  
And sighing for sympathy's kiss,  
Their pathway is lonely, and there's many a grief  
That is borne in a world like this.  
So if you could just give them a cheering kind word,  
Their way may be lonely and long,  
Then your sympathy tend, as you would to a friend  
With whispers of love's sweet song.

For you may never know of the toilsome way  
That they have been forced to tread,  
Give some sunshine of joy, your kind efforts employ  
While shadows hang over their head.  
Then just tend them a smile and sweet word of cheer,  
You can deal it out at small cost.  
So your sweet kindly smile their sad grief may beguile,  
It's value will never be lost.

None dare to be stingy in dealing out kindness  
For it grows when given away,  
All must sure let it flow with sweet joy to bestow  
Throughout every passing day.  
Though we all carry on still we'll let our love flow  
Clear as the stars up above,  
For souls may be dying, and sad hearts be crying  
For the gift of a little love.

## FRIENDLY ACTS.

Great opportunities are ours. Never was our old world  
more in need of pleasant smiles and helpful words of real  
brotherly kindness, for never did such unusual conditions exist,  
and never were there such opportunities for each of us to  
be a blessing to our fellow man.

There's thrill in the grasp of a friendly hand  
And joy in the smile that is shown  
These brace one up when bowed down with grief  
And show that we are not alone.

There's life and power in a friendly word,  
For we know love anoints the tone,  
As many a creature walks on in gloom  
Or pillows their head on a stone.

Who will then let that trusting smile shine through  
With the grasp of a friendly hand,  
For there's many a broken spirit grieves  
Near, and far, through a weary land.

## TREASURES.

If we are poor in this world's wealth  
But if we are rich in our love,  
Tis then we own the key to health  
By the choicest gift from above.

This boon is a gem -- like a pearl  
With a diamond's dazzling glow  
A mirror -- a vibrating whirl  
For it gives us riches to show.

It reveals God's own thoughts aloud,  
It tells us of heights which to climb  
And speaks of the purpose of cloud  
And makes of our lives, a glad rhyme.

To be without love we are poor,  
And our life is just a bare thread  
Hampering the soul to endure  
And the pages of life not read.

For riches of love are our wealth  
God's immortal gift, peerless love  
That clasps the human heart by stealth  
A priceless treasure it will prove.

## THE PRESENT—AND THE FUTURE.

When will the world its shackles break  
And thoughts be strengthened and awake,  
    Though silently;  
When all the strife is past and gone,  
And peace comes sweetly rolling on,  
    For you and me.

When bitterness is swept away  
To usher in a brighter day  
    Past many signs,  
When anxious times cease rolling on  
Replaced with Heaven's hopes upon  
    Much brighter lines.

The present cause, the future keeps  
Us onward, as the current sweeps  
    With many halts.  
Could we but gauge the times aright  
And see life's failings, then put right  
    Its erring faults.

This is the task we have to face,  
To give the world a smiling place  
    With joy serene,  
Make this earth — with holiness  
So like the Eden with its bliss  
    That once had been.

## NEW YEAR GREETINGS.

Dear Friend,  
May the new year with blessings greet us,  
And all fond hopes and wishes meet us  
    To help us on.  
With kindly acts and friendly tokens  
Uplift our spirits — though unspoken  
    And still push on.

Dear Friend.  
This world would be, if, in our blindness  
We closed the door to acts of kindness,  
    A sorry place.  
The task is ours to make life brighter  
And make the load of someone lighter  
    With kindly grace.

And thus:  
Tis sweet to have thoughts of the Heavens above,  
    Those heights of bliss to the soul,  
Where no strife exists, all are happy with love  
    As the years of eternity roll.  
And to sweetly discern that beautiful realm,  
    So free from all sorrow, or pain,  
Sweet songs on our lips — joy at the helm.  
    All brothers and sisters again.

## TRUE LOVE.

There is a love that lasts awhile,  
A day's glad flower, or more,  
Comes with the sunshine of a smile,  
And stays when storms are o'er.  
There is a love that ever lasts,  
A shrub that's always green,  
It blossoms through all stormy blasts,  
And decks a wintry scene.  
A shape, an eye, a welcome foot,  
May give this love its birth,  
A flower that has but little root,  
And very little earth.  
In scanty soil, true love will find,  
Sweet vigour to control,  
It roots itself upon the mind,  
Yet strikes into the soul.

## LIFE'S JOYS AND SORROWS.

Life has its sunsets, then the stars  
Light up the darkest night,  
Then morning glories burst afresh  
As in a radiant light.

'Tis sweet to think that while we live  
Life is not dismal waste,  
So take its blessings as they come,  
For trials must be faced.

Life may have sorrows, but the joys  
Will gild the days between.  
Life's sweet blossoms — that inspires  
With a glorious sheen.

Life has its darkness, and the gloom  
May be a bitter thing,  
Yet fretting cares may hasten by,  
Like birds upon the wing.

Life may have foes, yet friendship's smile  
Can soften our distress,  
And friendship's gentle hand can soothe  
Us, with a sweet caress.

## GUIDING THOUGHTS.

Throughout the course of life, with its varying incidents, and experiences, one is brought up against this question, What must I do? As this concerns me alone and not what other people do or think, for it is easy to live after the world's opinion, but in solitude, we live after our own. The one who, in the midst of the crowd can keep that perfect sweetness, and independence of serene solitude, has that which is of its self, unspeakable and above price. It therefore shows plainly that one must rely on their inner conscience, and obey its directions, along these lines of sincerity, and be ever constant and vigilant.

Thoughts sit upon a happy brow like light —  
With purest thoughts, that have no taint of sin  
Making of mortal beauty, yet more bright  
By the immortal beauty from within.

## THE CLIMAX.

This world is in travail, and long overdue,  
And pining to cherish the loving and true.  
To wipe out the past, that the future atone  
And transform the world to a beautiful home.

Where all should be humble and lowly — yet great,  
For life's blessings are not in wealth or estate,  
But all may be rich in affection's stronghold,  
For wealth of the soul is much richer than gold.

Think that by stern labour what love may pursue  
With the age-long terrible foe to subdue,  
And the heights which to climb when evil decays  
Before it arrives at the elysium days.

It must work with a zeal that nothing can stem,  
And battle for freedom, and battle like men  
To rescue the world from a dictating thrall.  
The print of humanity is stamped on us all.

For what is the pride of possessions or birth?  
Are not we all treading the shadows of earth?  
Wherein the bonds of affection are riven  
For peace is the guide that leads unto Heaven.

All must labour for peace as Christians should do  
With love's brightest aims, elysium in view,  
High ideals to cherish, bad creeds to unset,  
Our God to be honoured and glorified yet.

## PHANTOMS OF LIFE.

We all have friendships that have lived and died,  
Throughout the years or through the few short hours  
With buoyant hopes that perished, yet do show  
All earthly wreaths are made of fading flowers.

We often know how dreams in life have fled  
Like mirage phantoms spreading on the way.  
How often the weeping eyes have scanned the night  
While waiting for the dawn of brighter day.

We rest awhile, life's journey has been long,  
Its cares have furrowed deep the anxious brow,  
Relieve the burden, take a fresh resolve  
Forget past troubles, in the present now.

Those friendships that were formed so long ago  
Doth help our outlook and refresh our lives,  
And through the world along the passing years,  
We learn that friendships safety ever thrives.

## TACT.

(In prose and verse).

What a volume of experience may be gained within this life by those who are observant of things and events, and who have eyes to see that time and chance are continually holding out object lessons in which invaluable benefits may be derived, not only to ourselves but used for the benefit of the less observant, though at all times to be used with delicacy and tact, bearing in mind that human nature is a delicate plant and is easily ruffled, but can mostly be righted if approached with tact.

Then what is tact? 'tis worth revealing,  
It's delicacy's finest feeling.  
Tis a gift of value when possess'd  
To know the thoughts 'ere they're half expressed.  
If a word or tone should awaken pain,  
Then drop the subject, also the strain,  
To mark each change, every shade to know,  
From care's cold brow, or to pleasure's glow,  
To read in the averted eye  
A refusal of your sympathy;  
Tact will catch the sigh, the timid tone  
Then so twine around with winning art  
And a trusting confidence impart.

## EARTH THOU ART, AND UNTO EARTH SHALL RETURN.

Just a cloud of dust, blown about by the breeze  
And is sporting around, and quite at its ease,  
It goes whirling and swirling and travelling on  
Till it fades into space, and then it is gone.  
Just simply dust.

It may be a king, who one time held stern rule  
O'er a realm decadent, or may be his fool  
Who smiled with his lips yet had pain in his heart,  
So the king or the fool, who knows them apart  
Now they are earth.

It may be someone who was mighty and proud  
Or a beggarly one who cringed through the crowd,  
Or a woman who laughed, or a woman who wept,  
Or a baby that centuries long has slept  
But now are earth.

It may be a flower that burst into flame,  
Or a maiden so shy as she whispered a name,  
With two sparkling eyes and sweet lips truly red,  
Yet nothing remains of the words that she said.  
Earth, simply earth?

## THE VOICES OF NATURE.

Those who take a mournful pleasure in all that is melancholy in the natural world and choose to look upon dead leaves rather than to gather the beautiful living flowers; who see no beauty in grand mountain heights and in the valleys clothed in beauty; who close their eyes and senses to the joyful voices which speak to them in nature which is at all times sweet and musical to the listening ear, and the seeing eye.

Be not downcast or mournful  
As you tread along life's way.  
Don't take delight in sadness  
Sweep all bitterness away.

There's dead leaves all around you  
On mountain side or valley,  
But you need not gather grief  
Or cherish melancholy.

Look around and you will see —  
Flowers in living beauty  
Their purpose spent, pure intent  
As of a sacred duty.

Nature's voice speaks to us all  
With sweetest consolation,  
Tells us not to be dead leaves  
Or cherish desolation.

But be a thing of beauty  
And not a thing that grieves,  
But like a flower that gladdens  
And not the withering leaves.

## WILLINGNESS.

Where there is the will you can mostly find the way  
With persevering effort, nought can say you nay,  
Never say the job's too hard, 'ere the thing's begun  
Put your best self forward, half the battle's won.  
We're not all built alike in intellect or strength  
Where effort is required, the brave will go their length.  
Be undaunted in your aims, be without a fear,  
Courage leads the way with a course to boldly steer.  
We can't expect to find an easy path laid out,  
For problems will arise, but never be in doubt,  
So if the prize is won through intellect well used  
We reach that highest goal, through willingness infused.

## CHARACTERS.

Characters are surely moulded  
Through the years of early youth,  
And with watchful, careful showing  
Plants the noblest growth of truth,  
With unceasing acts of kindness  
That are planted on your name,  
Ever growing — ever showing  
With the noblest kind of fame.  
Among the precious things in life  
Are common joys all may share.  
The victory that conquers strife  
Brings bliss through fervent prayer.  
All this is possible by faith,  
Life is sanctified by love,  
So faithfulness is not a wraith,  
But solid rock, that none can move.  
Then pause, and pluck the blooms that grow  
Along the paths inviting,  
For thorns and snags may be below  
Then travel on rejoicing.  
Such happiness within the heart  
Shows its gladness in the eyes  
And writes upon life's daily chart  
Virtue that inside us lies.  
True virtue brings its own reward,  
Man shall reap as he doth sow  
For friendship's seeds alone afford  
Plants from which true friendships grow.

## DREAMY THOUGHTS.

Good night — sweet sleep, this brief farewell  
Dath give its music soft and deep  
A tender voice — this magic spell  
Will calm us even in our sleep.  
Goodnight — and thus how sweetly fall  
These whispered words, on childhood's ear  
That oft in after years recall  
A loving kiss — a loving tear.  
To dwell on infant days long past,  
And scan the years that lie between  
And know that life is fleeting fast,  
Its many years are like a dream.  
Yes — just a dream wherein we grope  
Along life's pathways, rough and smooth  
At times despond, then cherish hope  
With it's sweet memories to soothe.

## RESOLVES.

Just to follow the upward road to-day  
And keep on facing the light,  
Just to think high thoughts along life's highway  
And so do what we know is right,  
So to cull the flowers along life's road  
And let laughter, gladness and song  
Lighten the burdens and lessen the load,  
And cheer as we journey along.  
You are the person who has to decide:  
Hesitate not, make up your mind  
To go right forward, do not turn aside,  
Push onward, don't linger behind.  
Whether you'll strive for the goal that's afar  
Act quickly, there's something to do,  
Don't think it will do to stay as you are,  
Clear the course — it lays just — to you.

Our happiness depends in having lofty and honest ideals, and in the constant labour to secure its realization. But if the getting of money is solely man's ideal he will in reality be a very poor creature.

## PROGRESSION.

There are countless things in life, that take many years to learn  
And we never learn them all, though a lot we may discern,  
All start out in infancy, and gaze with wondering eyes,  
All have this perplexity, with the landscape and the skies.  
The toddlers soon find out things, but looks with wonderment,  
And daily gains a balance, of a childhood's sweet content.  
Next comes the time to straighten — mysteries that puzzle so,  
Bit by bit the clouds disperse, shows up clear the road to go.  
So as the years roll onward, and we grapple life's compacts—  
Grasp the purposes of life, then our dreams are solid facts.  
The truly great are children, although advanced in years,  
Simplicity, their guidance, without any doubts or fears.

## ANYBODY'S CHOICE.

Every kind of knowledge, every acquaintance with nature and art, can benefit and strengthen the mind. It is good at all times to remember this and avoid idleness and fill up the spaces of time with useful employment.

But of all employments bodily labour appears to be most useful and the greatest benefit for driving away the devil and planting in its stead that which is of far greater value.

It therefore behoves humanity to be ever on the alert, for activity of mind and body has unlimited avenues of both good and evil, ripe maturity or green sickness. The choice of which rests solely in ourselves.

## INQUIRE WITHIN.

Through human sphere's just take a peep  
And scan the motly mixture deep,  
It's standards and it's many grades,  
With higher lights and deeper shades.

There is always truth to find —  
A sprinkling that is far from blind,  
These see the light with upward trend,  
Their aims are right from end to end.

And this we know, if we look deep,  
That there are some on the scrap heap,  
These down and outs, with mental haze  
Live lives of cheerless dreary days.

These failures we are not to judge,  
But love and pity without grudge,  
For grades are always to be found,  
And very few are pure and sound.

## NEVER QUIT.

If affairs go wrong, as sometimes they will,  
And the road you're plodding seems all uphill.  
If your funds are low, and your debts are high  
Though you'd like to smile, but you have to sigh;  
When life's cares are pressing you down a bit,  
Then shut out the worry, but do not quit.

Life has its queries, its twists, and its turns  
As every one of us sometimes learns,  
And many a failure turns us about —  
We might have won if we'd stuck it out.  
Never give up, though the pace may seem slow  
For you may succeed with another blow.

Success is failure, turned inside out,  
A brighter tint in the clouds of doubt,  
For one never can tell how close we are  
As it may be near when it seems afar,  
So stick to the strife when hardest hit,  
It's when things seem worst, that you must not quit.

## HEAVENLY HOME.

We learn there is a home above  
With flowers that never fade  
Its gates of pearl stand open wide,  
And streets with gold are laid;

And jasper walls majestic stand  
Where sun no more goes down  
And forms of living life are there  
With everlasting crown.

With golden harps sweet melody  
Of songs divinely sweet  
Abounding joys for ever more  
With victory complete.

There no death's dirges chill the heart  
Where Heavenly glories shine,  
For over all there dwells the love  
For ever more divine.

## AN EPISTLE.

Just live with love, dear kindred soul  
Much happiness be thine.  
Sweet blissful thoughts the mind control  
And round about thee shine.  
The bright and smiling glance appears,  
Or veiled by sorrows, fretful tears,  
May not to thee incline.  
The prattling lays of early days  
In gentle accents fall,  
From youth to age, this life displays  
Some joy on earth for all.

To live and love, avoiding strife  
In home or leafy glade  
A charm is in the dreams of life  
To blend with life and shade,  
There is within the heart of man  
If he himself aright would scan  
A blessing to be made.  
Though gloom o'er hangs our path these days  
With sorrows that appal,  
We yearn to greet more brighter rays,  
With joy on earth for all.

To take no heed of outside powers,  
Or strive on, just for self.  
But sipping nectar from the flowers —  
Of joy is untold wealth,  
'Tis thus we taste that inner bliss  
So like a holy kiss.  
It enters deep within — by stealth,  
So gently does it bless with health  
And inner quietness,  
Anticipating Heavenly wealth,  
God's holy sweet caress.

## DON'T QUARREL WITH LIFE.

Don't quarrel with life, be it ever so sad,  
But look for the moments when joys may be had.  
If sorrows are deep — let us try to forego  
And dream of enchantment, with beautiful glow  
Sweet, fond recollections of days that are gone,  
'Tis human to muse on, when silent and lone.  
With the spirits that live, and smile through our tears,  
They bring back the sunshine of happier years.  
Don't quarrel with life, plant a garden of roses,  
Though we lose the bright sun when soft evening closes.  
If one blossom fades, do not cherish a thorn,  
Let us patiently wait the coming of dawn.  
We know that not always much pleasure will bring  
Like roses about us that bloom in the spring.  
With joy and with sorrow, with hopes and with fears  
Are pulses that strike the sweet music of years.  
Value your life it's a delicate blossom  
To all who would hold this gem in their bosom.  
It buds in our cradle and glows in our youth  
It kneels at the altar of innocent truth.  
Go win those fair kisses — go take it's fair hand  
It leads one at length to a beautiful land.  
Through autumn and summer, and gladly will sing  
For our winter departs, and leaves us with spring.

## THE IDEAL MAN.

Every man has at times in his mind the ideal of what he should be but is not. This ideal may be high and complete, or it may be quite low and insufficient; yet in all men that really seek to improve, it is better than stagnation. Perhaps no one is truly satisfied with himself. The ideal man will seek to find goodness and wisdom in his daily intercourse with others and thereby stores up treasures unto himself. A proper description of human progress is from the apparently impossible to the possible, and from the possible to the probable, and from then on to the actual.

## RESPECTABILITY.

Yes, we all agree that respectability in its best sense is good. The respectable man is one worthy of regard, literally worth turning to look at, but that which merely consists in keeping up appearances is not worth looking at in any sense. Far better and more respectable is the conscientious poor man, than the bad rich one—better the humble silent man, than the agreeable rogue. A well balanced and well stored mind, with a life full of useful purpose, whatever the position occupied may be, is of far greater importance than average worldly respectability, which to a somewhat large extent breeds that detestable tendency to snobbery and assumed superiority which of itself is worthless. The poor man, though he possesses little of this world's goods, may in the enjoyment of a cultivated nature, and of opportunities used, and not abused, enjoy that tranquility which of itself is respectability without the slightest feeling of envy towards the rich exalts him to be that most noble of God's creatures, a man and not a subterfuge.

## ACTIVE EMPLOYMENT.

Every kind of knowledge, every acquaintance with nature and art will benefit and strengthen the mind. It is at all time good to remember this and avoid idleness, fill up the spaces of time with useful employment; for lust easily creeps in at those emptinesses where the soul is unemployed and the body is at ease, for no healthful, idle person was ever chaste if it could be tempted, but of all employments, bodily labour appears to be the most useful, and the greatest benefit for driving away the devil, and planting in its stead that which is of far greater value. It therefore behoves humanity to be ever on the alert for activity of mind and body has unlimited avenues of both good and evil. Ripe maturity or green sickness, the choice of which, rests solely in ourselves.

## QUESTION.

Have you lost yourself in the world today?  
Or have you lost your sense of direction?  
Is your mind in a maze, these troublous days?  
Or staggered by some pestering question?

## ANSWER.

Curved or straight is the line of beauty  
Solid and strong is the path of duty  
Then walk by the last and you will very soon see  
Life's richest treasures will soon follow thee?

## ECONOMY.

It is a common error to believe that poverty makes men or women careful. Anxious, perhaps, and appreciative, but when the opportunity occurs they are invariably splendid spend-thrifts. It is the opportunist who likes to see money accumulate and knows its value, who hoards each pound, knowing that at the end of each year, it will have added something to its stature and when it shows signs of becoming a giant he counts himself a very happy man. Then again, they say money talks, because we can get so many things done for us if we have the money to pay. But all the same, money does not make for happiness, it can be a good servant or a bad master. This, of course, depends upon its possessor, whether to the gentle, honest, rogue or fool.

## RESOLUTION.

Make good resolutions and keep them, though no one can hope to be perfect, but that is no reason why we should not try to be as perfect as we can. This may not have brought us all we hoped for, though it might have brought us less, therefore, at all times look forward with hope, and the next time you are worrying over some trivial mistake, or feeling angry against someone, think of the futility of it, and cast the thought out, for the longer one lives, the more certain it will show that the great difference between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is resolution and invincible determination. That quality will do anything that can be done in the world, and no talent, no opportunities will make a two-legged creature a man without it.

## PAGANISM.

Most of the world are pagans  
With barbarous cruelties  
Who act with fire and slaughter  
And preach of love and peace.

A sorry contradiction,  
Deny it if you can,  
With all it's boasted wisdom,  
They are just fellow men.

We look to see advancement  
And every thing secure,  
We look to see enchantment  
With standards that are pure.

These fairer heights we're seeking  
Among this tanglement,  
Thus hopes within us reeking  
That calls forth a lament.

We have the cure, right at hand  
But stubbornness intrudes  
We have Christian standards grand  
While wickedness obtrudes.

A check is at our portals  
While Satan plays his hand  
To keep us simple mortals  
Within illusions hand.

When will the world awaken  
And do away with strife  
And shun the power of evil  
And live a better life.

## SANCTIMONIOUS HYPOCRITES.

There's sanctimonious hypocrites  
No matter where we go  
Who cannot smile, but live on bile,  
With hearts as cold as snow.

Vipers like these just wear a mask  
To cloak their guilt within  
Assume disguise to cover lies  
Which says they cannot sin.

Beware of such vile reptiles, who  
Would sell their souls for gain  
Their conduct proves the fact that they're  
Descended down from Cain.

For covetous minds, are deft in fraud  
And seldom speak the truth,  
So mark them out, and brand them as,  
A low down human sleuth.

## THESE TIMES.

Bad-hearted, ruthless fiends let loose on earth,  
That mark out victims 'mong the oppressed and weak;  
Their maniac spirit in its madden'd mirth,  
With stark mad fury, lust of rapine wreak.

At sea and on the land, likewise in air,  
This hellish demon blast on every side  
Doth rage awhile with fiery boast and glare;  
While demon gods are gloating in their pride.

Too oft hath war been brought about for cause  
Of wealth, ambition or for injured pride,  
And thus for nobler ends makes dubious pause  
Pure standards cry that fiends must be defied.

Must tortured men be made a tyrant's sport,  
Or Hellish vermin crush the wings of faith,  
And strive thereto while lust and spoil consort  
Or suffer much of penalty or scathe?

No, we fear not, for the Heavens, we know  
Sets secret dread within their spirits sway,  
Which neither wine nor sleep, nor pleasure flow,  
Can from their craven spirits drive away.

This wicked curse, this demon's dream which lasts,  
Doth bring much suffering in its ruthless course,  
But this we know, sin feasts while justice fasts,  
Man's inhumanity to man spreads keen remorse.

## THE DISTURBED WORLD.

The seal is fixed, The die is cast,  
The world is mixed, and peace is past.  
Bitter strife, abounds.

Men's minds are dark—grasping ever  
With madness, stark — and endeavour  
For filthy lucre.

But, will it last? we cry aloud  
For Satan's blast hath spread a shroud  
Upon the nations.

May peace soon reign, that strife may cease  
And God again bring us release  
From worldly troubles.

So may mankind emerge again  
Free from it's blind dire evil reign,  
And our bliss secure.

## NIL DESPERANDUM.

Patience and faith sustains us in all things  
And give courage, knowing what is right and just,  
Unscrupulous acts do gamble out for stings  
And pave the sure downfall of its guilty lust.

The course is dear to all who do rightly see  
That grief and suffering follows sinful acts  
Then live upright and thus miss the misery  
That travels in the wake of all vile compacts.

Too long by far the world has been pursuing  
A course of risks that is fated to collapse  
Puffed up with pride and arrogance assuring  
And not counting the cost of likely mishaps.

But a breakdown is coming, straining is on  
That will show to all men the right and the wrong.  
And out of the chaos will spring up anon  
That elysium of safety, gladness and song.

## REMEMBRANCES.

Vague thoughts come crowding of the days gone by,  
Sweet dreams of fancy in oblivion cast  
With quivering lip, and tear dimmed eye,  
We gaze upon the shadows of the past,  
Thus musing in a spell, that calls them back  
And stand again upon a life's lone track.

These early dreams, we sense them once again,  
And meet their force once more, and we forget —  
All the allurements, of it's joys or pain  
That mix entwined within, and tingers yet  
Wed to the inner soul, and yet apart,  
This memory lives — an idol of the heart.

Despond we will not — yet the heart is weak  
For love doth cling around the chords of life  
Where steps are falling we have need to seek—  
Some higher hope to cheer us in the strife  
With hopes beyond — amidst a world of bliss  
Where we have loved or lost, and vainly wept in this.

## ELYSIUM.

Ah! This voyage wild o'er the sea of life  
Through many storms or cloudy moving strife —  
Needs the help that Heaven or earth can give,  
God must be Pilot, if our ships can live.

Happy the heart that finds a sphere of love  
And tastes below, that bliss that dwells above  
Where in the tempests it can safely moor  
It never falters, but is ever sure,

Blest is the hearth where pure affections glow  
Where Heaven's aim in that direction grow  
With pure affection, makes a sure retreat  
And storms or tempests wild, do never meet.

Such be our homes through earth's mutational range  
And sheltered there from any blighting change  
Like a garden, where Heaven's pure flowers grow,  
Its loves — its hopes — no touch of sorrow know.

May time whose ever warning finger brings —  
Some gladness with its gentle fanning wings,  
And nature's best may always brightly shine,  
And make the twilight hours of life Divine.

## EFFORTS.

If ever you look in the future,  
And the door is slammed in your face  
Then, maybe you will suffer some torture,  
Through not taking more care of your pace.

So it's always best to be careful  
For you never know what lays ahead,  
And you may get more than a handful,  
Just for putting your wisdom to bed.

If ever you flirt with dame fortune  
And you don't always meet with a smile,  
Then be thankful for any small portion  
That has made all your efforts worth while.

## REMEMBRANCES.

A childhood's prayer — how sweet it rose  
At morning's dawn, or evening's close,  
While lisping from my mother's knee  
The words in infant accents free.

These simple words my lips expressed,  
Lord not as I — but Thou see'st best.  
My hopes in life — a race well run,  
My fervent prayer — Thy will be done,

My manhood's prayer, I am ashamed  
With passions wild, these words profaned  
Ambitious lure — this wordly sin  
Shut out the Heaven I sought to win.

Love's mad desire, or vain regret  
Which, still in memory lingers yet;  
The forceful hope, with wild despair  
Were mingled with my evening prayer.

My later prayers, though mourning still,  
Life's changeful page of good and ill,  
And passions storm is calm and free  
As my first smile in infancy.

Humble and meek, as when a child,  
No more the slave of feelings wild.  
For now my prayer, as life's sands run  
Is still the same — Thy will be done.

## AVARICE.

Mankind stands forth with both hands stretched  
With greed, to grasp whate'er they can,  
When death untightens them at last  
And leaves poor empty handed man.

For riches none can take away  
When signal rings for man to go,  
Shows clear the channel in the world  
Through which the good and bad will flow.

Why seek for wealth with all its care  
Since you and it will part 'ere long,  
For nothing goes beyond the grave,  
Its righteousness, and all its wrong.

Colossal wealth, so sleek and fat  
Means nought, when screws clamp down the lid  
Man's deeds are closed, and God alone  
Will clear the mists that blindness hid.

## CHANGES OF TIME.

These times do tell of wondrous things,  
And many a changing scene  
That wafts us on with fluttering wings  
Pondering what might have been.

The bondman sad, or the gay and free,  
With clear eyes may keenly scan  
The human chart, and therein see  
Faithlessness of man to man.

Time doth surely tell, how true the heart  
Through every change, can hold  
Its confidence and much joy impart  
And sweet tenderness infold.

These times do tell a wondrous tale  
Bringing happiness or woe  
In turn rejoice or in turn bewail,  
As every heart doth know.

In carefree youth, or in mellowed age  
Life's history, as we go  
Doth show on that unerring page  
Lessons for us all to know.

## VANITY.

It holds aloof as though the gods,  
Had given them the pride of place,  
And seems to say, "the rest are clay"  
Just merely outcasts of our race.

Poor fools, to be fed up with pride—  
Or vanity — is more correct.  
For honest pride, we cannot chide,  
But vanity is meanness. — "Theft".

False pride is a besetting sin  
And outward show, a scornful mien,  
A gloss without, but mean within,  
Then spurn it out, for it's unclean.

False pride is but a paltry show,  
Compared with modest dealing  
That gives out but a scurvy blow  
To all humble honest feeling.

### VANITY (or False Pride)

Vanity, which is really false pride,  
And a be-setting sin, and like most other sins, brings  
it's own punishment, by it's ever tormenting, watchfulness  
against detection of the falsity of its vain and ignoble standards.

## THE LOOM OF LIFE.

This life is but a weaving  
With threads of mystery  
We cannot choose the colours,  
Nor yet the pattern see.

Sometimes we weave in sorrow,  
Or else in foolish pride,  
And fail to see the upper  
Or yet the under side.

But while the loom is silent  
And weavings cease to ply  
God will reveal the pattern,  
And show the reason why.

For many threads are needful  
In weaver's skilful hand—  
Make golden threads and silver  
In pattern He has planned.

## TODAY AND TOMORROW.

Vain is the life that sees no prize  
Or future bliss beyond the skies,  
Today man lives in pride or wealth,  
Tomorrow strives for life itself,  
Today man plans for many years to come,  
Tomorrow rests within the silent tomb.

Today his riches are his all  
Tomorrow — gone beyond recall,  
Today his riches doth display,  
Tomorrow — just a thing of clay.  
Today disregards the hopes of Heaven,  
Tomorrow says, cannot be forgiven.

Today his thoughts are light as air,  
Tomorrow sinks in deep despair,  
Today buoyed up with pomp and pride,  
Tomorrow — Heaven's hopes denied.  
He's lived his life, just for the present span  
And so missed the great Diviner plan.

## RESOLVES.

With sunlight on both hill and dale,  
Alike on distant steep,  
Tis loss to think of trials here  
For heart griefs make us weep.

There may be sorrow, also pain  
In life's outstretching years,  
We will our earthly cares forget  
And banish morbid fears.

With joyousness, or flood of tears  
In sorrow, here below,  
Your heart and mine may feel the grief  
And taste the cup of woe.

But through the mistiness we gaze  
And view the brighter skies,  
Where tears or sorrows are unknown  
And friendship never dies.

## ODE. — LOVE.

Now what is love? we fain would ask,  
And well we may.  
Perhaps it is a sturdy task  
And there will stay,  
Ah — well a day.  
We try to fix our simple mind  
On the subject  
And learn that we are somewhat blind,  
With the project  
Or the object.  
It seems to be, by what we learn  
Of this passion  
And all we find of the concern  
Is the fashion  
In creation.  
But of this love, that's sought by all  
With joy to know  
'Tis like as though the senses call —  
A sunny glow,  
Yes, that is so.  
It is a fire that burns within,  
And whispers sweet  
And binds all creatures, kin to kin,  
With bliss to meet  
Extremely sweet.

## WILLINGNESS.

Where there is the will you can mostly find the way  
With persevering effort, nought can say you nay,  
Never say the job's too hard, ere the thing's begun  
Put your best self forward, half the battle's won.  
We're not all built alike in intellect or strength  
Where effort is required, the brave will go their length.  
Be undaunted in your aims, be without a fear,  
Courage leads the way with a course to boldly steer.  
We can't expect to find an easy path laid out,  
For problems will arise, but never be in doubt,  
So if the prize is won through intellect well used  
We reach that highest goal, through willingness infused.

## GLEANINGS OF WISDOM.

No man for any considerable period, can wear one face  
to the world and another to himself without finally getting  
bewildered as to which may be the most true.

Man may acquire knowledge by study but the chaff must  
be separated from the wheat, by thinking, for knowledge is  
proud that it has learned so much, but wisdom is humble  
that it knows so little.

How beautiful are the smiles of innocence.

How enduring the sympathies of love.

How sweet the solace of friendship.

How touching the tears of affection.

These combined are the true poetry of humanity.

These are the rich pearls clustering around the altar of  
happiness.

Knowledge may preserve us from vice, but knowledge  
beneficially employed is virtue, but when vice is united to  
wealth, it changes it's name

Actions cannot be perfectly good unless the motives are  
virtuous and free from vice.

Look on the good in others, find out the evil in thyself;  
make the parallel, then walk humbly.

## A DREAM.

Are we outcasts of nature, doomed to the shade?  
With our highest ambition — merely portrayed?  
Or are we frail dreamers with no soul to save?  
Will our joys be o'er thrown by grief and the grave  
Too much in mankind — indifference has shown  
That the semblance of ill all children must own,  
Like the flowers of life, the unfostered and lorn  
Meek hearts that are strangers to falsehood and scorn.  
The souls that are noble, fair shrines of true worth  
That would aim for Heaven, while dwelling on earth  
They would place pure names on the scroll of the free,  
Gaunt spirits of sin are we slaves unto thee?  
And where the world wearied, droop o'er the unknown  
Will prove to each bosom, it grieves not alone,  
It roughly reminds us when pausing to rue  
What shadows we are, and what shades we pursue.  
How long will we travail? How long doth it seem  
This Heavenly venture, that's born of a dream?

## THE SANDS OF TIME.

Onward flows the rippling river,  
Like all dreams that fade away,  
To the ocean fading ever,  
In its course from day to day.

Time with such a silent motion,  
Wafts along on wings of air,  
For eternity's dark ocean,  
Buries all its treasures there.

Flowers bloom, and soon they wither,  
Hopes are bright, like cloudless sky  
Rays of light are wafted hither,  
Then the visions fade and die.

This age old world of ours has flown  
Through the length of by-gone years  
And much happiness has shown,  
Also others wrought with fears,

In the turmoil of existence,  
Of us creatures here on earth,  
Wading on with keen persistence,  
To those heights of better worth.

And like clouds of evening driven,  
O'er the golden coloured west,  
Hopes are bearing on to heaven,  
Home of happiness and rest.

## LIFE.

Take heed who say life is not sweet  
That cares are long and pleasures fleet  
Though smiles and tears with sun and storm  
Do ever change life's varying form  
The mind that looks on life aright  
Sees through the rift — a shining light  
And from the murky earth around  
Will seek some safe and solid ground  
Whereon to tread with fearless feet  
Thus making life serene and sweet  
'Tis thus enough for those who roam  
To find the path that leads them home  
And having found that path, proceed  
To do some humble worthy deed  
For then the soul will thus expand  
To higher mansions of the grand.

## LOVING KINDNESS.

(Prose and Verse).

Of all the graces that beautify and enrich the human life and its experiences, the grace of love and kindness have the most universal appeal. For love and kindness is not limited to race or station. Its language is more quickly recognised or understood whether by words or deeds. It brings a glow to the heart, and sheds a radiance around, and creates an atmosphere of gracious courtesy and goodwill that cannot be mistaken. For therein lies the sweetness of everything in life's capabilities.

Folks need someone to love them every morning,  
The day before them may bring cares to face,  
For cares we know, and those that give no warning,  
Can best be met with loving tender grace.

We need someone to love us every morning,  
To soothe us through these times of bitter strife,  
Half-way through the waking and the dawning,  
When we rise to meet another day of life.

Folks hunger so for love and kindly comfort,  
To help and strengthen all their daily needs,  
By Heaven's gift — this love, that doth transport  
Us, from the trials, that contain life's weeds.

Folks need no care for palaces or splendour  
Or seek among the world's delights to roam  
But simple love, with all its meaning, tender  
Enriched with loving thoughts of home sweet home.

## THE POWERS OF THOUGHT.

Do any of us thoroughly realize the power that is invested in our thoughts. For every day we are undoubtedly helping or hindering those around us by the thinking we do. The proof of this can be seen in the face, which is the mirror of the mind. For if thoughts are beautiful, then however plain the face may be, there is beauty abiding within, for therein can be riches and the thoughts can be golden.

When the times may be dull, or trying, it can be made glad, vital and happy by the power of our thoughts, for it is futile to worry over trivial mistakes and a waste of effort to indulge in gloominess. And it does not help but is a hindrance to ourselves and likewise to others.

## ABOUT JOKES.

Jokes never die — jokes are immortal — either capital or shocking they survive the most studied speeches of orators, politicians or otherwise. If some anti-deluvian editor treated his readers to one occasionally, all the waters of a flood could not drown it. A good joke can help to cure indigestion, it makes the circuit of the world, it travels over the ocean, it skates along telegraph wires, or into tunnels, travels by rail, sea, and air. It excites the resibles of armies, and helps to make merry, and harms no one. So please to remember that he who makes real jokes, is called a wag, but he who only makes heavy attempts is called a wag-gone. Here is one on the birth of a child, whose parents name is Priest.

There was a great to-do the other day  
Though this is nothing new or furious  
A baby came to town — how curious  
Believe me, this is true, it's come to stay.

A curious person stood by my side  
And asked "What is it?" and the nurse replied  
You'll believe me, wonders have not ceased  
'Tis not a parson boy — just a female Priest.

## SELF RELIANCE.

To rely on self help is the root of genuine growth in the individual and it constitutes the true growth of national vigour and strength. To depend on help from without is enfeebling in its effects but help from within invariably invigorates, but when men are subjected to over guidance and over government the inevitable tendency is to render them comparatively helpless.

Daily experience shows, that it is energetic individualism which produces the most powerful effects upon the life and actions of others, for the education of the human race consists in action, conduct, self culture and self control, embracing right living, and right thinking, combined with energetic action for their own and the world's good.

## THE INEXPLICABLE.

How mystifying and complex is the thought that the Creator in whose general design, the mere sagacity of man can trace the operations of beneficence. And that the great Power should have condescended to display His great marvels in the construction of reptiles, whose apparent office is to destroy.

How can we explain this contradiction, if we may dare to call it one.

It is possible that the spiritual world has been typified in the physical, in order that they who read nature aright may everywhere discover the strife that wages, till the consummation of time betwixt good and evil. Truly it speaks to us in beauty and in terror. We behold the flowers, types of sweetness and loveliness of what is good. We look lower and the adder's hiss is in our ears. How just a symbol of that co-partnership between what is fair or ugly in the spiritual world. These standards and purposes were placed on the whole of creation. Thousands of years have passed away, but its mark is still here.

## A SOLILOQUY.

To stand up free, to feel and know  
Thou fount from whence all blessings flow;  
The maker of the lands and seas,  
Its flocks and beasts. Its birds and bees.  
Wise Ruler of stars, moon and sun  
Whose course from age to age goes on  
'Tis only man that goes astray  
And walks not in the narrow way.

The pure the simple, and the kind  
Are those who seek, and those who find,  
But though mankind, in this our day  
Delight in dancing, sport and play.

There yet may be no harm in this  
Yet cannot vie with sacred bliss  
It's warning lust for selfish gains  
Cannot atone for griefs and pains.

The paths of man are meagre, thin —  
But love of God brings joy within  
And like a fire that burneth bright  
It gives the soul, intense delight.

The world, the flesh and subtle charm  
From envy, malice, crime and harm  
Thus kept us safe from any sin,  
Protect us Lord, without — within.

## ENQUIRY.

Now what is truth? please can you tell?  
Some say it ran away from Hell,  
For truth can give the reason why,  
That which is truth can never lie;  
We've listened quite a long, long while,  
To try to fathom human guile,  
But poor success has met our quest,  
For lies are always nicely dressed  
Expressly so, to our surprise  
To cover up their horrid lies.  
We blush for truth, yet feel ashamed  
And scarcely ever hear him named.  
Sometimes we meet with whispering knots  
Cunningness in all their plots  
Look on each other, but as tools  
And leave sincerity to fools.  
Now law and justice with her scales  
To find out truth, she often fails.  
Alas — the scales are in her eyes,  
That blind discovery of lies.  
At last we met a simple youth  
And thought, maybe, we'd find out truth  
When asked if he knew, what truth's in  
He looked quite shy and did a grin  
Then scratched his head and rubbed his ear,  
And did a most ludicrous leer,  
Then said "I'm but a simple youth,  
You are fools—and that's the truth."  
We felt our hopes begin to sink.  
If ever truth is to be found,  
Ye've got to seek unbroken ground.

## SATANIC PARTNERSHIP.

This war is a trade war, no one can have doubt  
With business manoeuvres both inside and out,  
Each trying to get what the other possesses  
So it's plunging the world into terrible messes.  
Now grasping and grabbing's the rule of our day,  
And might conquers right, and the poor have to pay.  
To gain their objective, they plunge into war  
And plunder and slaughter the weak the world o'er.  
It seems that old Satan and partners are bent  
That their ledgers show profit one hundred per cent.  
No matter who sinks they mean to keep going,  
Meanwhile their business, big profits are showing,  
When this trade war is over, there will be just two  
classes,  
The arrogant rich, and the downtrodden masses,  
Unless this old Satan, with his partners in crimes  
Stop their manoeuvres, and go on straight lines.  
So all the world wonders, how long it will last,  
Till Satan is bound, and the world's trials past  
For peace and contentment, we all want to see,  
With no one to covet the vile Hell Ess Dee!  
L=Hell or Misery.  
S=War or Slaughter.  
D=Danger and Death.

## WAR.

Vile demons now are passing through the world  
Plotting fiendish tricks with giant power,  
And with its force thrones and sceptres hurled  
Wherein monarchies have had to cower.  
With brutal strife and treason's darkest plots  
Have over-ridden all men's best ideals  
Thus for a time it seems that with the tangled knots  
That freedom now is under Satan's heels.  
Yet while this shadow hangs like darkest night  
And makes the outlook truly stark and drear  
We know that right at last will conquer might  
And usher in a light all hearts to cheer.  
While error howls its own funeral dirge  
And nations clasp their hands so longingly  
For ne'er before for all did warriors urge  
Gainst fieldish fight to gain sweet victory.

### DEAL KINDLY.

Why can't we be kind while on earth we may stay  
In this bleak world of sorrow, where ideals decay?  
Why can't we have pity and kindness to share  
To those who have sorrow and suffering to bear?  
Let us lighten the hearts of those who are sad  
As we banish their glooming to make their lives glad.  
Give out sweet affection that wealth cannot buy  
For priceless it's value like a light in the sky.  
So let us remember when sorrows are borne  
This may be our lot to be suffering alone  
Perchance this is not so then think of some act  
That may render sweet comfort but do it with tact.  
So do unto others as we'd be done by  
'Tis an outstanding duty—'tis gold, not alloy.  
There is always a crown for all kindly deeds  
For everyone knows, our tomorrow may have needs.  
Oh—why do men strive for the world's filthy dross,  
And selfish ambition, with it's vain gilded gloss?  
It is a delusion, of no staple worth.  
Let us give out some kindness, glad dealings and mirth.

### GOLDEN HOPE.

What is our hope? 'Tis Heaven's prize  
To which we mortals cling  
It sees a light in darkest skies,  
Whereby the angels sing.  
It cheats despair, it doth sustain  
Us through our pains or grief.  
A bulwark that helps to maintain  
And is our best belief.  
It helps us in our darkest hour  
Sustains us in our grief,  
Gives to us that inner power  
'Tis sorrow's best relief.  
A glorious ring of colour  
Within a rainbow hung,  
And the happy birds are singing  
Their melody of song.  
With vibrant thoughts, enchantments glow  
Deep sealed within the heart.  
These are the harbingers of hope  
It is hope's golden chart.

### VANITY OF WEALTH.

There may be principle, but with no wealth  
There may be no principle—merely stealth  
But those with principle will surely know  
Though lacking wealth, yet richer treasures know.  
For mostly those who but wealth possess  
Have that which gives them but a poor caress.  
When principle is in this bankrupt stage  
It's measured by a worldly gauge.  
'Tis poverty both stark and desolate  
Shines awhile in it's pompous high estate,  
Exists for self, and lives for self alone  
Within a dungeon's darkness of it's own.  
But principle and wealth together joined  
And mated with a righteousness combined  
Would prove a blessing — not as now — a curse  
All could be better off, and no one worse.  
For what is wealth, when death puts in it's claim?  
It cannot buy a life — to live again  
So when a life is lived for wealth alone  
It misses treasures, nought else can atone.

### BE HOPEFUL.

If sorrow bowed, or grief distressed  
With dismal trials and unrest,  
If hope has left us in despair  
And filled the soul with bitter care.  
Do not always be a mourner  
Other hopes are round the corner.  
It is ours to seek and lure them  
Ours to conquer, and to cure them.  
Are we tribulation's offspring?  
Feeling dire affliction's sting.  
Lead us to living brightness,  
Hope will draw a sweeter likeness.  
Nauseous be the bitter vial,  
We would arm to meet the trial,  
Strung up by hope's sustaining hand,  
Then gladly feel the soul expand.

## DESTINY.

The child is father of the man.  
At least, the sages tell us so.  
Of course we know where life began  
But cannot tell its weal or woe.  
For circumstances play their part  
In shaping all our lives along,  
As some are bold right from the start,  
And others always in the wrong.  
So sages can't be always right  
For children die at times quite young  
So all this theory takes flight  
To where uncertainty is flung.  
At times a genius is born  
Whose intellect soon shows itself  
A brighter flower, not a thorn  
A mind above all worldly pelf.  
If this is what the sage can prove  
That all are born to destiny,  
And fated to a special groove  
Perhaps to this we may agree.  
So if we should be doubting still  
We'll just leave it to the sages.  
I think we bear them no ill will  
It's been like this through the ages.

## FERVOUR.

Has this earth of ours lost its tranquil round?  
The sky, its blue circumference above,  
For in my quiet chamber, I have found  
Tastes of Heaven and its sweet realm of love.  
So all that my God can give to relieve  
While sleeping here alone, in mimic death,  
So in, and of myself, I so believe  
That life is precious, and thus breath it's breath.  
I wish almost that with one heartfelt sigh—  
I could resign all sordid care or strife,  
And seek, alas, that clear transcendant sky  
Wherein to gain that prize—Eternal Life.

## THEN—NOW—AND ALWAYS.

When Adam first from Eden strayed  
As lord of all that he surveyed,  
Lonely he paced each shady grove  
And yearned for something he might love.  
Although he heard the bird's glad song  
That whistled blithe, the boughs among  
Thus sang the wild breeze, fitful moan  
Man was not meant to be alone.  
Through woodland beauties everywhere  
And countless flowers scent the air  
Though nature, all its charms had strewn  
Man could not by these live alone.  
And still the years have rolled away,  
That hallowed spell maintains its sway.  
Though Eden's vales, no longer bloom  
Nor angels footsteps through them roam.  
The charm which Adam sought remains  
The sharer of man's joys and pains,  
Cheers still the cottage and the throne.  
Man was not meant to live alone.

## THE ATOMS.

If you could travel upward  
In the twinkling of an eye  
And then continue onward  
With that same speed to fly  
D'ye think that you could ever  
Through all eternity  
Find out the generation  
Where Gods began to be?  
Or see the grand beginning  
Where space did not extend?  
Or view the last creation—  
Where Gods and matter end?  
Alas! — the spirit whispers  
No man has found pure space;  
Nor seen the out-side curtains  
Where nothing has a place.

## VAIN DELUSIONS.

Why is mankind so foolish  
To strive with bitter odds  
And cherish vain delusions,  
And vaunt themselves as gods

They cause much strife and worry,  
With suffering and pain,  
And have no heart for others,  
But strive for selfish gain.

This thing has been for ages  
A blot upon mankind:  
Will it go on for ever,  
Will they always be blind?

And will men ne'er discover  
That life is just a span,  
All wealth or power returning  
To where it first began?

'Tis thus a vain delusion  
To strive for worldly gains.  
For none can take it with them  
The grave seals up their aims.

Vain is the life that sees no prize  
Beyond the sight of men—  
Or fails to see beyond the skies,  
The great, Diviner plan.

## LIKELY PITFALLS.

To look on life, and see aright  
In all its varying forms  
And scan it in its dark and light,  
Also in its calms and storms.  
And then adjust the balancing  
So plumb the structure truly  
Then mark a course around the ring  
And shut out the unruly,  
A course will then stand out distinct,  
Where no one need to flounder  
For good and bad are mostly linked,  
But cleanest lives are sounder,  
None need to mix with filthiness,  
It's pathways travel oddly,  
And soon or late it brings distress,  
The fate of the ungodly.

## MEDITATION.

Child of this earth pursue thy rapturous flight  
Mingling with loving thoughts in the realms of light.  
Go where the flowers bloom, gayly they unfold  
And give fragrant nectar from their cups of gold.

Calmly to linger neath an evening sky  
Expanding the soul in silent ecstasy  
Gazing into wonderland, thus seeing more  
Of a grand designing, filling thee with awe.

Ask thyself, "What art thou", just an atom small  
Then thank the God who formed thee, His name extol  
All are thus created, for a time to stay  
Dwelling here a while — in silence, pass away.

So the world goes on in a mystery grand  
Peep beneath the curtain — feel the soul expand  
And thus to rise to heights where the angels dwell  
Past their realm of vision where no tongue can tell.

## INQUIRE WITHIN.

Through human spheres, just take a peep  
And scan the motly mixture deep.  
Its standards and its many grades  
With higher lights and deeper shades.

There is always good to find —  
A sprinkling that are far from blind.  
These see the light with upward trend,  
Their aims are right from end to end.

And this we know, if we look deep,  
That there are some on the scrap heap  
These down and outs — with mental haze  
Live lives of cheerless, dreary days.

These failures we are not to judge  
But love and pity without grudge,  
For grades are always to be found  
And very few are pure and sound.

## EXAMPLES.

Where is the man who is not afraid  
To do his best at work,  
Who never is at all dismayed  
And does not try to shirk;

The man that's always brave to meet  
All trials in his way,  
Is not discouraged by defeat,  
But tries another day;

A man who always strives to do  
The very best he can,  
And always keeps the goal in view,  
To prove himself—a man?

Such men as this, will prove to be  
The ones who're fit to guide—  
The future of mankind and we  
Can follow them with pride.

All honour to the man who is  
Undaunted in the right,  
And gives the world a smiling kiss  
To make the outlook bright.

Such minds as this are bound to win,  
They travel without fear,  
And set a pattern from within  
For doubting ones to cheer.

## THE TENDERNESS OF LOVE.

When lovers rave about sweet flowers  
These wonderments of sun and showers,  
Their minds are soaring in the clouds  
They live apart, away from crowds.

To them all things are bright and fair,  
They see a blossom everywhere,  
Their Heaven is here, right at hand.  
'Tis good to live, for life is grand.

For love divine is untold wealth—  
A gladsome flower to youthful health  
An uplift and with tender care  
Bestows its graces everywhere.

## IT THIS YOU?

If you're feeling rather shaky  
And inclined to be run down  
With your mind a wee bit cakey  
It won't help you if you frown.

Take a cure that's not unfailing  
Roam the hillsides, like the goats,  
Then just stop this vain complaining  
And be wise, and know your oats.

If you know you're feeling silly,  
Don't give in to false alarm,  
But just face up like a billy  
It won't do you any harm.

Just to prove that you are not dopey,  
Put your cares right underneath,  
Though you feel a wee bit soapy  
And you've cut your wisdom teeth.

Do not be a sniffing blighter,  
Never let your mind get stale  
Show the world that you're a fighter.  
Prove you can be strong and hale.

But, perhaps, you are just thinking  
That's as mad as mad can be,  
Then just change up quick by winking,  
And return to sanity.

For you are not past repairing  
So just straighten out the kinks,  
Get a jolly outright airing,  
Rid yourself of rusty links.

## LONELINESS IN A CROWD.

If thou wouldst enlarge thy view  
Poor world-worn sorrowing screw,  
Then turn to nature and to that alone,  
When sick with others' follies and thine own.  
For some are dull and stupid,  
They miss the darts of cupid,  
Their lethargic narrow minds are cramped,  
Groping through life with their spirits damped,  
These are lonely in a crowd,—  
Fail to see a brighter cloud,  
When this is sensed, this barrier can  
Illumine the inner life of mortal man.

## FLOWERS.

Flowers, bright flowers, whose dainty plume  
May deck the cradle or wreath the tomb,  
Rich emblems of the earth so fair,  
Without them we would sense despair.  
Flowers may deck any festive scene,  
Pronounced by all as the Floral Queen,  
With garland crown on beauteous brow,  
Whose rightful throne we all avow.  
In morn of Spring whose gentle breeze  
Waits o'er the hilltops with gifts to please,  
We fondly gaze as the scene unrolls,  
And a richer prize the earth unfolds.  
Flowers, bright flowers, with simple pride,  
Adorn the brow of the gentle bride,  
And waft bright hopes to the human heart.  
Flowers in their sweetness bear a part.

## CHRISTIANITY.

Show me the man who's bold, yet meek,  
Who lives his Sabbath all the week,  
And does not steal or cheat six days,  
And on the seventh kneels and prays,  
Give me the man whose every act,  
Throughout all time, is sterling fact,  
Whose actions bear the light of day—  
He then is not a thing of clay.  
Whatever rank in life he's found,  
If all his principles are sound,  
He then is God's most noble work.  
Such men do never duty shirk:  
Rank or title wealth or power  
This is but a sorry dower—  
When it doth clothe the hypocrite  
It makes them merely filthy grit.  
This world would be a better place  
If all could show an honest face;  
They then would need no special day  
To set apart to moan and pray.  
Take each day and count it seven,  
Live a life that leads to Heaven  
And not mixed up with jarring creeds—  
Live every day with goodly deeds.

## PRESENT PROBLEMS.

We note the turmoil of our day among the many nations  
And see the constant strife display'd in high and lofty stations,  
So we ask ourselves this question perhaps we're mostly fools?  
'Tis not of our selection, for we're other people's tools  
For once a plague gets going it hits us all alike,  
No matter what we think of it; it cuts us like a knife,  
Give us peace, is what we pray, and quiet, happy life,  
And not upsets of every day by other people's strife.  
We try to see both sides of things and this is what we find:  
Greed of Wealth and lust of Power both evils are combin'd,  
The poor and humble of the world are brought within the net,  
And though they have no say in things, they suffer and regret.  
While the people are so minded to take things secondhand,  
'Tis sad to see their helpless state, and tyrant powers expand.  
But one bright thought comes to us all, and calms the mind  
within,  
That Right will surely conquer Might and free the world from  
sin,  
So therefore take ye heart of grace, and righteousness pursue;  
Whatever troubles sweep the world, they need not trouble you.  
For none know better than yourself the kind of life you live,  
And noble thoughts and high ideals are all that you can give,  
So leave the rest to Providence—it never failed us yet—  
And plod along your daily life—do nothing to regret.

## ANALYSIS.

Mankind may do some clever things  
Yet not be truly great,  
May show the world a smiling face  
Yet stain their souls with hate.

It can hoard up gold and silver  
But life on earth will end,  
These are earthly treasures only  
If they don't have a friend.

For the life that shows its greatness  
May not be power or skill  
For tyrants with their slavish hordes  
Remain the tyrants still.

But workers at their daily tasks  
Or the poets with the pen,  
Each show up in their greatness,  
How they do live as men.

We doubt if those who loll the head  
Where ease and plenty meet  
Enjoy the pillow, or the bread,  
Like those who toil to eat.

It's a good thing to remember,  
This better thing to do,  
To work with the construction band  
Than idle wrecking crew.

## CONDUCT.

What a faith it is to think with all your heart and mind, that there is a reality in the smallest thing you do, if true and kindly, which produces blessings and comfort to others. Is it not a pledge, an inner whisper, and something Divine. A something that some of us do not understand in our grosser nature, but which is certainly born of a Divine spirit. This attribute of charity, this virtue, is above all other qualities, for without it the rest sink into insignificance. Some people are never contented with their lot. Clouds and darkness are over their heads. To them every incidence is an accident and every accident is a calamity.

## FLEETING MOMENTS.

With sweet thoughts in happy hours,  
And my spirits filled with glee—  
Flew through sunshine to the flowers  
Youthful hopes raised up to me.  
Such sweet thoughts, memory hived  
Deep within its honeyed store—  
And the soul of spring revived  
After its sweetness was o'er.  
Like the foam upon the wave  
Or the falling of the leaf,  
For today but digs the grave,  
To entomb tomorrow's grief.  
While life's moving sands do roll  
Through times dim and rayless glass  
Casting shadows o'er the soul  
Leaving furrows as they pass.  
For the disenchanted world  
Likened to an eastern tomb  
Where death's banner is unfurled  
With dull pomp and pride and gloom.  
Thus, if mystic fate can show  
A vague nothingness of life  
And its vain and fruitless woe  
That springs up from out of strife  
Thus a boon of sweet delight  
After storms have swept around —  
And the chaos of the night,  
Costly gems at morn are found.

## HOPES.

This life is not the vale of woe  
That stoics say in declaration,  
For countless blessings round us show  
And breathe the sweetest consolation.

So we'll enjoy the happy hours,  
Despite anticipated gloom;  
'Tis folly to neglect the flowers,  
Because they may not always bloom.

If some for wealth or honour seek,  
Don't envy their high elevation;  
Ambition's path is stern and bleak—  
There's more content in humble station.

May sweet content be thine dear friend  
True friendship neer from thee depart,  
And all your hopes in life defend  
With golden circlets round the heart.

Travel on through life's duration,  
And take all blessings as they come,  
And thus to reach the elevation  
That's leading to a better home.

## SONNET ("The Faded Rose")

Sweet rose untimely reft from parent bough,  
Methink I read upon it's withered leaves  
A recollection of some frail one's vow,  
With memories that sadness oft times weaves.

This gem that in a sunny garden grew  
With its sweet fragrance and no rival near  
A stranger there yet with a dazzling hue  
'Twas culled and placed beside a heart to wear.

There fondly cherished was this little gem,  
Caressed, admired, (but oh! love's proffered sigh)  
'Twas only severed from it's genial stem  
To charm awhile then left alone to die.

Thus like hopes that the human mind do grow  
And give a fragrance like a helping hand,  
This touch of sweetness with it's sunny glow  
Doth elevate awhile, like magic wand.

## CARRY ON.

Think not of past times only, when deeds of courage won  
For humble and for noble bright hopes to live upon  
Those deeds of mighty heroes vibrate our throbbing veins,  
Their spirit and their daring, our courage still sustains.

This freedom dearly purchased is our sweet heritage  
Its light of truth and honour to which we still engage  
And proudly all our efforts stand out exultingly,  
We sing to all creation the anthem of the free.

The fame of earth's past heroes throughout the world are  
known,

The splendour of it's triumphs still lives upon its throne  
It sways through all the ages, and is a mighty power,  
And holds us all to duty to cherish freedom's tower.

We'll carry on this emblem it is a blessing sweet,  
And flows through our daily lives, and gives us great relief,  
We all have this to live for it brings its own reward  
And may it be forever this safety golden cord.

## MUTUALITY.

An undisputed fact, yet strange,  
To see how all things move and change  
By its working and its motion  
Like the streamlet to the ocean.

And in the fairest skies of blue,  
Or in the smallest orb of dew,  
So from our childhood days till we—  
Grow to our maturity.

While the lamps of life are dwindling  
And the fires of hope are kindling,  
Thus each succeeding age rolls on  
In its course before the sun.

As countless stars illumine the night,  
Shine with inestimable light,  
Proclaims that mutuality—  
Moves on, in all we do and see.

## PEACEFULNESS.

Let not angry thoughts go down  
Upon your wrath today,  
Be calm and drive out hate or grief  
Put angry thoughts away,  
For anger brings up cruel thoughts  
So deadly in its will,  
It has the power to banish joy,  
And may have urge to kill.

It shuts out all life's brighter skies  
And darkens every star  
There's not a single bliss to show  
That anger cannot mar,  
It burns like fire within the breast  
And is a deadly flame  
It is a tarnish that can spoil  
The fairest earthly fame.

Banish this menace from the breast,  
Let love and beauty reign,  
Hate's every mission in the world  
Is fraught with grief and pain;  
Let not the setting sun go down  
With anger in the breast,  
Seek love's forgiveness and in peace  
Bid your glad spirit rest.

## RESOLUTIONS.

Make good resolutions, and keep them, though no one can hope to be perfect. But that is no reason why we shouldn't try to be as perfect as we can. This may not have brought us all we hoped for, but it might have brought us less, therefore at all time look forward with hope, and the next time you are worrying over some trivial mistake, or feeling angry against someone, think of the futility of it, and cast the thought out, for the longer one lives, the more certain it will show that the great difference between the feeble, and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is resolution and invincible determination. That quality will do anything that can be done in the world, and no talent, no opportunities will make a two-legged creature a man without it.

## QUESTION:

Have you lost yourself in the world today?  
Or have you lost your sense of direction?  
Is your mind in a maze these trouhous days?  
Or staggered by some pestering question?

## ANSWER—

Curved or straight is the line of beauty  
Solid and strong is the path of duty  
Then walk by the last and you will soon see  
Life's richest treasures will soon follow thee.

## FORTITUDE

All is well if it does end well  
But it's not so good if it won't.  
Get success by doing your best  
They may not come right if you don't.  
So leave nothing to chance or luck,  
But go right ahead in your aims,  
And never despair — advance with care  
But don't be too sure of your gains.  
Think of the slip twixt cup and lip,  
And always bear this in mind,  
So don't make too sure that you'll win.  
Dame Fortune is not always kind,  
Whatever your aims are in life  
Or what you aspire to perform,  
Hold your head up high, don't say "Die"  
And never be down or forlorn.  
Put courage and hope in your push  
And try hard to brighten your lot,  
Thus — never say "Can't" or you'll lose  
Try your best to come out on top.

## CLEAR INTELLECT.

Sometimes a person's feeling fit, at other times are sad  
And then it has not got the grit, for no one's always glad.  
But when they're right and going strong, and things are blythe  
and gay

They fling all troubles to the wind, and let them fly away.

But always there are pessimists, we meet them everywhere  
Who cannot see beyond their nose, and have a vacant stare,  
And have a moody, vague outlook, missing lots of pleasure  
They are not like the optimists, seeking solid pleasure.

Give us the bright and cheery side, with sunshine as our host,  
To make the most of changing tide, and steer to safety's coast.  
Life's winterly and dreary days, its long and chilly nights  
Invite to cherish warmer blaze, and hug its sweet delights.

It seems a contradiction, though we all know it is true,  
There always is a section, who paint everything in blue,  
Who'd not be happy if they could, and life is just a plague  
They miss the sweets of brotherhood, with gropings dull and  
vague.

So any person still in doubt, who thinks their lot is hard,  
'Tis their own fault, both in and out, to play this losing card  
For life is wasted that is spent by groping in a fog,  
Clear intellect is what is meant, to lift them from a bog.

## PHILOSOPHY.

### (A FEW REMARKS ABOUT LITTLE THINGS).

Springs are little things but they are sources of large streams; the helm of a ship is a little thing, but it governs the course of a ship; a bridle bit is a little thing, but it has great use and power; nails and pegs are little things, but they hold large frames together; a word, a look, a smile or a frown, all are little things but powerful for good or evil. Think of this, and mind the little things. Pay that little debt, it's a promise—redeem it, it's only a shilling—hand it over, you know not what importance hangs upon it. Keep your word sacred—keep it to children, they will mark it sooner than anyone else, and the effects will probably be as lasting as life—so mind the little things throughout this little span of life, and thereby become a great man.

## THE FORCE OF PURPOSE.

The willingness of man enables him to become whatever he sets his mind on being or doing, for such is the force of our will, joined to the Divine, that whatsoever we wish to become with serious and true intentions, that we do become. No one ardently wishes to be submissive, patient, modest, or trivial who does not become what they wish.

Whatever theoretical conclusions logicians may have formed as to the freedom of the will, each individual feels that he is free to choose between good and evil — that he is not a mere straw, thrown upon the water to mark the direction of the current, but that he has within him the power of a strong swimmer, and is capable of buffeting with waves, and directing to a great extent, his own independent course.

There is no absolute constraint upon our volitions, and we feel and know that we are not bound, as by a spell, with reference to our actions. It would paralyze all desire at excellence were we to think otherwise. The entire business and conduct of life, with its domestic rules, its social arrangements, and public institutions, proceed upon the practical conviction that the will is free. Without this freedom where would be the responsibility, and what the advantage of teaching, advising, preaching or correction? What is the use of laws were it not a universal fact and belief that men obey them or not, very much as they individually determine; for in every moment of our life, conscience is proclaiming that our will is free, and as it is the only thing that is wholly ours, it rests with ourselves, whether we give it the wrong or right direction. Our habits or our temptations should not be masters of us, but we of them. The strong will may be a demon, and the intellect merely its debased slave; but directed towards good, the strong will is a king, and the intellect the minister of man's highest ideals, for where the will is, there is the way.

Only in the dictionary of fools, is the word impossible, for moments lost give an opportunity for misfortune.

Thus if adverse blasts do blow, keenly chill,  
And the timorous, wandering mind doth stray  
'Tis only those with determined, iron will —  
That removes all obstacles, and carves a way.

## A FEW THOUGHTS.

We all of us have two educations, one which we receive from others the other, and by far the most valuable, we give ourselves. This last is of far greater value in this life and marks our fate hereafter.

Have you lost your-self in the world today?  
Or have you lost your sense of direction?  
Is your mind in a maze these troublous days?  
Are you troubled with the pestering question?

For if adverse blasts do blow keenly chill  
And the wandering timorous mind doth stray  
Only then the determined sturdy iron will  
Removes all obstacles and carves a way.

## PERSEVERANCE.

The strength of the individual is the strength of the state. The cultivation of sound principals is of the utmost importance and is a foundation of all true greatness of character. Energy enables a man to force a way through irksome drudgery and dry detail, and curves an upward and onward way in every station of life. It accomplishes more than just genius, with not one half the disappointment and peril. It is not eminent talent that is required to ensure success in any pursuit, so much as purpose—not merely the power to achieve, but the will to labour energetically and perseveringly. Energy is the central power of character in a man, in fact it is the man himself. Even if a man fails in his efforts, it will be as satisfactory to him to enjoy the consciousness of having done his best. Mere wishes and desires, engender a sort of green sickness, but energy ripens up the greenness—in all it's ripe maturity.

## A GREAT MAN.

Every man may be a great man, for he who possesses the power of the soul is a great being, be his place in the world what it may. He may be clothed in rags or occupied in the lowest calling, may make no show and be scarcely known to exist, yet he may be more truly great than those who are commonly so called; for greatness consists of force of soul and in the force of thought in moral principle and love. And this may be found in the humblest condition, for the greatest man is he who chooses right with the most invincible resolution, who resists the secret temptations from within and without, and bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully, keeps calm in storms and fearless under menaces and frowns. Unflinching in truth, in virtue and in God.

## WISHES.

Why should this world of ours lose its tranquil round,  
Disturbing the peaceful elements above,  
With its wickedness and slaughter all around  
Defying Heaven and its sweet realm of love.

Here to mutely gaze we can discern the world  
Bound within the grips of demons strangling clutch  
With human suffering keen, they're twisted, curled,  
And still are staggering on — and suffer much.

So all that our God can give us to relieve  
This tension, dire, that is almost living death  
Yet these bitter facts stand out and we believe  
That all life is precious and so breath its breath.

Thus, here in this world, we do abide awhile,  
And strive to live apart from its vanity  
Seeing clearly that old Satan doth beguile—  
With delusions that do mock its sanity.

Thus to mutely wish that with one heartfelt sigh  
That we could resign, all earthly cares or strife,  
Mounting upward to that clear transcendant sky,  
And to share therein that prize — Eternal Life.

## SERENITY

How strange the dreams in life may be  
Not half could 'ere be told,  
How oft' we ponder on the past  
Though many years have rolled.

Yet busy memory, scanning through  
Life's interchanging page  
Reviews, vague intermittent course  
Alike to youth or age.

So vivid now those pictures seem,  
Those early scenes now past  
When youth's warm impulse glowed within,  
Yet memory doth last.

With heritage of youth and hope  
And magic's fairy wand,  
We trudge along life's mazy track  
And feel the soul expand.

Life's richest memories sustain  
Us in our hour of need,  
And aged limbs are free from pain  
Unspoiled by human greed.

When love is young, and passing fair--  
With footsteps light as summer air,  
And thrilling thoughts the senses move  
Imparting bliss the soul to move.

A light is there like clear, blue skies  
When love is young and passing wise  
'Tis plain to see — its modesty  
Is bubbling with hilarity.

## MOTTOS.

Singing, laughing, sullen never,  
Loving always, smiling ever,  
Always cheerful, ever ready,  
Clean, industrious, quiet, steady,  
Chaste and modest, generous, kind,  
Possessing thus a virtuous mind,  
Inviting peace — hating strife,  
With Christian blissful happy life,  
Patient, humble and enduring,  
Eschewing sin, Heaven securing,  
Not a stone with bended knee  
In every action, kind and free.

## THESE DAYS.

These days have plenty of food for thought, as probably never in the history of the world were such grave and perplexed complications at issue. We have arrived at a stage where the Proud and Arrogant control the affairs of Nations and the meek are crushed beneath dictatorial heels. The spirit of murder appeared right at the dawn of History. Cain bated his brother Abel and slew him. The same spirit is fostered alike in a neighbourhood quarrel and an International War, and it will take more than an International language to change the human heart and eradicate the spirit of greed and hatred and rid the earth of its trouble. We pride ourselves upon the 20th century civilization, yet the terrible acts of carnage and destruction prove that we are living in an atmosphere of barbarism. The great problems of social, industrial, national, international and religious activities, are beyond the power of man to find an adequate solution. In the good old days of long ago, facts were facts, names were names, wars were wars. It was understandable, no talking of neutrality and embargo, non-aggression pacts, non-intervention, etc. A pirate was a pirate, a battle was a battle, not a pacification operation. But it seems we have reached a new era in warfare, and it is blazing in a disordered world. Withdrawal of ambassadors, neat little ultimatums expiring at midnight. Here is the spirit of War, you see two or more little urchins rolling in the street, clawing, biting, kicking, gouging one another over the ownership of marbles. This greedy mess whether in the hearts of nine year olds or in the breasts of grown-ups shows this covetous desire to get someone else's goods. This leads sooner or later to trouble. This dictatorial attitude that is disguised in crafty pretence to be for the best interests of the people whom they pretend to represent, but who are mostly used by them as catspaws, and are called upon to fight their battles, which their grasping avarice brings about, and which means to consolidate their own individual interests. And yet on the face of all this deception we call ourselves civilized, which in effect means intellectual advancement and superior to barbarous standards. It shows that too much knowledge is a dangerous thing, and our boastful assumption of superiority is a mockery. The disgraceful doctrine that the end justifies the means has been adopted by too many as a basis of their social, business and political relations. Everyday in so-called democratic countries, agitators for this or that philosophy, political theory, or some

commercial commodity, pour forth a vast stream of unblushing, biased and coloured propaganda, hoping, and generally hoodwinking the great public. Black is made to appear white, and evil good with reckless disregard of truth, justice or common humanity. With the passing of respect for the old moral standards, there seems to have passed also the sense of responsibility of telling the truth. All the while from press, pulpit and microphone the public are being fed by half-truths, the material facts are suppressed. The different countries are forced to adopt an attitude of expecting to betray or be betrayed, diplomatic relations become an insane game, whose players lead each other around blindfolded. When we see that men and nations are declaring and signing one thing and deliberately doing another we cannot help but wonder if we are not deceiving ourselves, and well may we ask. Is not the present age a lie and are not our laws broken resolutions and most of those whom we have put our trust in are betraying us for their own purposes? Whether financially or for their own aggrandizement. And to sum this all up it is plain to see that those who once get into power so twist and contort everything and everyone to contribute towards their nefarious ends, thus proving that mammon rules and justice and mercy is blindfolded. Will the people always be blind, one wonders for there is a good deal of melodrama about it all. It delights in a labyrinth of trickery and seems never happy but when feasting at a banquet of intrigue.

### PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

Perhaps the best tests of practical wisdom is how a man uses money, makes it, saves and spends it. Although money ought not to be regarded as a chief end or aim in life, for it is no trifling matter to be held in philosophic contempt, representing as it does to so large an extent the means of physical comfort and social well-being; for some of the finest qualities of human nature are intimately related to the right use of money; such as generosity, honesty justice and self-sacrifice; as well as the practical virtues of economy and providence. On the other hand there are counterparts of avarice fraud, injustice and selfishness, as displayed by the inordinate lovers of gain, also the vices of thriftlessness, extravagance and improvidence, on the part of those who misuse and abuse the means entrusted to them.

Comfort in worldly circumstances is a condition which every able-bodied man is justified in striving to attain by all worthy means. It secures that physical satisfaction which is necessary for the culture of the better part of his nature. To make the effort to succeed in life with this object is of itself an education, stimulating a man's self-respect, bringing out his practical qualities and disciplining him in the exercise of patience and perseverance. The provident and careful man must necessarily be thoughtful, for he lives not merely for the present, but with provident forecast makes arrangements for the future.

Those classes which work the hardest, might naturally be expected to value the most the money they earn, yet the readiness with which so many are accustomed to eat up and drink up their earnings as they go, renders them to an extent, helpless and dependent upon the frugal. Any class which lives from hand to mouth will ever be an inferior class, having no restraint upon themselves they will fail in securing the respect of others. The very endeavour to gain a certain position in the world has a certain dignity in it, and tends to make a man stronger and better. Husbanding his strength for future efforts, but the man who is always hovering on the verge of want, is not far removed from slavery and is in constant peril of falling under the bondage of others, and mildly accepting the terms which they dictate. To secure independence, the practice of simple economy is all that is necessary Economy coupled with ordinary energy. It means management, regularity, prudence and the avoidance of waste. Man's ascendancy of reasoning lifts him above animal instincts, however, the shallowest part of mankind may despise it, it certainly leads to independence. Every man ought to contrive to live within his means, for if he does not, he must necessarily be living on the means of others, and this often causes them to do very shabby things. They waste their money as they do their time, this eventually drags them down with a load of obligations which seriously effects their actions as free and independent men. Ordinary men of moderate means have always something in their pockets to help others; whereas the prodigal careless ones who spend all carelessly, never find an opportunity of helping others. Worldly success, when measured by the accumulation of money, is no doubt, a dazzling thing; and men are naturally more or less admirers of worldly success. Though men of persevering, sharp, dexterous habits ever on the watch to push opportunities, may, and do "get on" in the world, yet it is quite possible that they may not possess the slightest elevation of character, nor a particle of real goodness. He who recognises no higher logic than the shilling, may be a very rich man, and yet remain an exceedingly poor creature.

## GENTLENESS.

There is a charm within the world  
That's formed to soothe and bless  
A grace that speaks of harmony,  
And gives a sweet caress.  
'Tis not the bloom upon the cheek  
That soon may pass away  
But it's a lovely tint within  
And holds a grand display.

We worship first at beauty's shrine,  
Fawn, flatter, and adore,  
Our idol fades, our homage fails,  
And youth's wild trance is o'er.  
The light that on the altar shines  
Is earth's meteor flame,  
Not kindled mid the skies to burn,  
Through every age the same.

Oh could I be as I have been,  
And meet in life again  
The outward graces that have led  
Me captive in their train,  
They'd be as trinkets, circling now,  
All vague but valueless,  
Without the vital priceless pearl,  
The gem of gentleness.

