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Title: Songs of a Cheerful Wayfarer

Date of first publication: 1926

Author: Dunbar Hibbard Hudson

Date first posted: April 22, 2012

Date last updated: April 22, 2012

Faded Page ebook #20120413

This ebook was produced by: David T. Jones, L. Harrison, Mardi Desjardins & the online Distributed Proofreaders Canada team at <http://www.pgdpCanada.net>

Songs of a Cheerful Wayfarer

Mr. Mr. E. J. Sarr

Dear Edgemo

It doubtless is a risk to send
My book of verse to you,
And even you not my own best friend
Would scarcely venture to;

But since you hold that sacred place
There's just one thing to do,
Accept it with the best of grace
And read it through and through.

Yours sincerely

J. H. Hudson

Winnipeg, Nov 23/26

Songs *of a* Cheerful Wayfarer

Some Serious and Some Not so Serious

by

Dunbar Hibbard Hudson

PRIVATELY ISSUED

1926

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Printed in Canada

CONTENTS

	SERIOUS	Page
<i>The Common Life</i>		11
<i>Hawthorn Lodge</i>		12
<i>This is the Life</i>		13
<i>He Lived beside a Stream</i>		14
<i>Experience</i>		15
<i>My Mother</i>		16
<i>The West</i>		18
<i>A Miracle</i>		19
<i>How Like a Maid is Nature</i>		20
<i>Spring</i>		21
<i>Autumn</i>		22
<i>October</i>		23
<i>The Highest Joy</i>		24
<i>Reveries</i>		25
<i>Evensong</i>		26
<i>Happiness</i>		28
<i>Beyond the Clouds</i>		29
<i>Hope Inspired</i>		30
<i>Westminster</i>		31
<i>Progress</i>		32
<i>The Source of Love</i>		33
<i>Lost Virtue</i>		34
<i>First Love</i>		35
<i>Hail to the Bride</i>		36
<i>To my Darling</i>		37
<i>A Song of Love</i>		38
<i>Fond Memories</i>		39
<i>Love's Destiny</i>		40
<i>Reunion</i>		41
<i>The Mystery of Sleep</i>		42
<i>The Faith of Our Fathers</i>		44
<i>Divine Impartiality</i>		45
<i>The Old Message and the New</i>		46
<i>"Help Thou my Unbelief"</i>		48
<i>Incarnation</i>		49
<i>The Glory that Awaits</i>		50
<i>My Destiny</i>		51
<i>Comfort Ye</i>		52
<i>The Perfect Word</i>		53
<i>To Donald Dunbar Beveridge</i>		54
<i>To Marjorie</i>		55
<i>The Starry Cross</i>		56
<i>The Passing of John Clouston</i>		57
<i>A Prayer</i>		59
<i>A Last Wish</i>		60
	NOT SO SERIOUS	
<i>Home</i>		63
<i>Thirty Years' Experience</i>		64

<i>My Old Dutch</i>	65
<i>Buck Up</i>	66
<i>Belated Birthday Greetings</i>	68
<i>Safety First</i>	69
<i>Times have Changed</i>	71
<i>A Perfect Day</i>	72
<i>Misplaced Sympathy</i>	73
<i>Loving and Liking</i>	74
<i>Blessed Assurance</i>	75
<i>Ancient Wisdom</i>	76
<i>Miss Parr</i>	77
<i>Farewell Ode to Dr. F. W.</i>	79
<i>Patterson</i>	
<i>To Molly</i>	81
<i>To a Friend at French Lick, in Early Spring</i>	82
<i>Joshua</i>	84
<i>Polotsky's Pride</i>	86
<i>A Golfing Wife</i>	89
<i>From Mysilf to Mysilf</i>	91
<i>The Unknown God</i>	93
<i>The Revised Version Up-to-date</i>	95
<i>Father and Son Banquet</i>	97
<i>Aunt Mary</i>	99
<i>To Father Sheedy</i>	102
<i>A Retrospect</i>	103
<i>Unpleasant Relations</i>	105
<i>The Modern Chicken</i>	106
<i>Brown Eggs</i>	107
<i>Jemimah</i>	108
<i>More Jemimah</i>	109
<i>Jemimah's Lament</i>	110
<i>Jemimah's Farewell</i>	113
<i>Light Up</i>	114
<i>Smoke, Boys, Smoke</i>	115
<i>'Ave a Smoke</i>	116
<i>To J. P.</i>	118
<i>Explanatory Note</i>	119
<i>A Scene in Parliament in 19—</i>	120
<i>What an Idea</i>	122
<i>A Mere Woman</i>	123
<i>Cabinet Incident in 19—</i>	124

Serious

THE COMMON LIFE

If it seem vanity that I
Do thus aspire the muse to court,
Judge it not so; I do but try
To solve the riddle and import

Of life—the common daily life
We mortals lead who toil for bread,
Yet in our labor find no strife
'Twixt interests of the hand and head.

A thought that doth the soul inspire
Imparts to hands an added skill;
Indwelt by Nature's sacred fire
Expands the life, controls the will.

Above the sordid and the vain
The soul communes with timeless thought,
And though it turn to earth again,
The spirit hath clear vision caught.

Nothing is common or unclean,
Through every circumstance of time
A worthiness is clearly seen,
Linking our lives with the divine.

HAWTHORN LODGE

(An Acrostic.)

Hast thou a heart that clings to other days,
A hand that would the page of history turn,
Where strangers in a strange new world must learn
The life of pioneers by arduous ways;
Hoping in time from virgin woods to claim,
Out of that citadel of nature's strength,
Reward of labor in a home, at length;
None with such worthy aim should toil in vain.

Let such a one to Hawthorn Lodge repair,
Open the gate; explore the treasured wood;
Delve in the soil where once brave structures stood;
Gather the bloom; inhale the perfumed air;
Enriched in mind and soul, by sojourn there.

THIS IS THE LIFE

This is the life! New joys come with each morning;
Old hopes revive with each new day returning;
Vigor increased, inspiring fresh ambition
To live and serve our day and generation.

This is the life! Forgetting all the worry
Of strenuous days, the bustle and the hurry,
Renew again our love of simple pleasure
Dame Nature's hand bestows with generous measure.

And, when this life is merged in life eternal,
When earthly joys give place to joys supernal,
May all dear friends along the old Red River
Be with us there, forever and forever.

HE LIVED BESIDE A STREAM

He lived beside a stream that flowed due north,
Little did he possess of wit or worth,
But, like the stream that brought from summer climes
A warmer breath, he sought in bitter times
A hopeful song to sing of life and death,
And love that to the end encompasseth.

The river wound its way through mead and wood,
By town and city where brave structures stood,
Reflecting as it passed the city lights,
And in its lonely reaches starry nights
Made every wave and ripple brightly gleam
With rays of light, that glorified the stream.

A song that cheers the wayfarer by night,
A word diffusing friendship as a light,
Are but reflections of the Perfect Whole,
That mirrored forth, transform a man's own soul.

EXPERIENCE

It matters not though youth be left behind,
And middle life with ever quickening pace
Pass too, if age brings a contented mind
Reflected in a cheerful, kindly face.

In youth we struggle to attain a place,
Through middle life still strive to reach the goal.
Happy the man, who, in this heated race,
Maintains unsullied his immortal soul.

For, with the clearer vision, ripened years
Bring to our inner self, we realize
We may not cleanse the soul with bitter tears;
A well spent life, alone, merits the prize.

MY MOTHER

Who was it, from a dizzy height,
Gazed down upon a little mite
All curves and dimples, pink and white?
My Mother.

Who was it when I faced starvation,
Having no teeth for mastication,
Supplied a most nutritious ration?
My Mother.

Who was it as I grew apace
Insisted I must wash my face
Behind my ears and every place?
My Mother.

Who darned my stockings, cut my hair,
Made every stitch I had to wear,
And oft, I fear, was in despair?
My Mother.

Who, when her lad was in disgrace,
Showed only pity in her face,
Enfolding in a fond embrace?
My Mother.

Who loved me whether good or bad,
When I was naughty, looked so sad
She made me wish I never had?
My Mother.

Who warned of every evil way,
Taught me a childish prayer to say,
"That God would guard me day by day"?
My Mother.

Who was it at a Throne of Grace
Besought that I might "find a place
Within God's house, and see His face"?
My Mother.

God bless and keep you, Mother dear,
'Till that bright morn, when shall appear
A messenger from out the West,
Where lie the "Islands of the blest,"
Summoning home. 'Till then, hold fast.
He will not fail you, at the last.

THE WEST

A Steely sky,
A stretch of snow,
A house or two,
Forty below.

A soft blue sky,
Carpet of green,
A bluff of trees,
Peaceful, serene.

A hazy sky,
Green turned to gold,
Labor's reward,
Life's story told.

A MIRACLE

(Written June, 1924, En route from Montreal via the North Shore.)

Where once the blackened trunks of spruce and pine
 Stood like a phantom host, stark and alone,
Nature, unaided, wrought a work divine;
 By self sufficient power did atone
For other's sins. No longer bleak and bare,
 The hills again are clad with verdure rare.
All changed the gloomy scene of black despair—
 Exultant life and hope spring everywhere.

HOW LIKE A MAID IS NATURE

How like a maid is nature in her moods;
To-day all smiles, to-morrow full of frowns.
Clothed in bedraggled garments are the woods,
Then bursting forth bedecked in wondrous gowns

Of green, in all the many varying shades
From light to dark—in dull or lustrous sheen.
On wind swept hill, in cool and moss clad glades,
Like maidens full of vigor, lithe and keen,

In contrast with the quiet, self-possessed;
The one, a hoyden, caring naught for dress;
The other careful, and if truth confessed,
Living on praise the grateful birds express.

When gentle breezes from the Southland blow
And nature's heart is warmed as with soft love,
Up from the east the cloud banks rise and grow;
A changing breeze her fickleness doth prove.

Oh, maiden fair! how kind, anon how cruel;
Thy very moods are surely thine attraction,
And to my passion only add fresh fuel,
Kindling anew the flames to my distraction.

SPRING

The days are warm, the nights are cool,
And water overflows the pool;
The willows are bursting into life,
The busy robin and his wife
Together hunt a suitable tree
For the home of the brood that is to be.

Beneath dead leaves of yester-year,
Green moss and tiny flowers appear.
The wild geese winging their northward flight
Are seen, then heard, soon lost to sight.
The winter is ended and Spring again
Has come to gladden the hearts of men.

AUTUMN

The leaves are turning red and gold;
The birds are swarming for their flight;
The year has suddenly grown old;
A chill falls with the fading light.

The sun has lost his former strength,
No longer woos with ardent glow;
Each morn with tardier step he comes,
Each night makes greater haste to go.

To youth and age a message bring
Of ripened corn and falling leaves;
The verdant blade of early Spring
The reaper binds in golden sheaves.

A vague fear haunts us as we peer
Through mists across the rim of time.
The close of life—the passing year—
Each holds a mystery sublime.

Through death completer life will spring,
For life abides from year to year;
Though this year's bloom must disappear,
A richer, fuller blossoming
Is pledged in death—some time—some where.

OCTOBER

The early days of Autumn now are here;
The woods are clothed in colors wondrous fair;
We hail thee loveliest month of all the year,
And mark thy changing beauty everywhere.

Our hearts are filled with sadness while we gaze
On scenes that speak of passing and decay;
The morning mists, the mellow noontide haze,
The naked trees that boist'rous breezes sway.

And we from nature would this lesson learn,
Which clothes in garments worthy Prince or King,
Bravely the end to meet, all fear to spurn,
Robbing the grave of victory, death of sting.

THE HIGHEST JOY

If thou wouldst know the highest joy,
Pure as the dewdrop or the snow,
True happiness without alloy
While here below,

Commune with nature in her moods,
Both grave and gay; learn to explore
Her secret ways in fields and woods,
Her treasured store.

Enjoy the fellowship of trees;
The friendship of a lonely star;
Refreshment from the evening breeze
That blows afar.

Or lie beneath an aspen tree,
Responsive to each trembling leaf;
With mother birds, unconsciously,
Feel joy or grief.

Seek out the first pale bloom that springs
Beneath a sheltering mound of snow,
Enraptured by the hope it brings,
The thrill, the glow

Of life, upspringing from the earth,
A pledge—that death shall loose its prey—
A resurrection morn—a birth—
A destiny.

REVERIES

I stand upon this plot of hallowed ground,
And greet once more the soul-inspiring view;
With utmost pleasure, gratitude profound,
Old thoughts, old memories, old hopes renew.

The years have sped, but memory recalls
Pleasant sensations of the bygone days;
The breadth of sky, the music of the falls,
At night, the wondrous heavenly displays.

How fair the moon! How bright the myriad stars!
To pale and fade before Aurora's gleams;
No sombre memory the picture mars;
The happy days recur like haunting dreams.

Each Spring the robin found his favorite tree,
The oriole and waxwing chose with skill
A sheltered spot, where, each in his degree
Prepared a nest, its instinct to fulfil.

Our hearts expand, our eyes fresh visions see
Of all the wonders of the universe;
A deeper sense of man's divinity,
And kinship with all things that bear "the curse."

We suffer lack with every living thing,
Drink in refreshment with the parchéd sod;
A loving Father marks the broken wing;
In reverence, we bow to Nature's God.

EVENSONG

It is the hour of Evensong,
All nature joins her God to bless.
The stream glides quietly along
In peacefulness.

With gentle murmur of content
As o'er the dam the waters fall,
Reflecting on a day well spent
In serving all.

The patient herd in retrospect
Live over in contented mood
The hours past, nor feel neglect,
Nor aught but good.

With industry they cropped the sward
Nor realized their priceless worth;
A generous heart hath its reward
In giving forth.

The bee, that all the day hath sought
With busy haste her store of food,
Not for herself alone hath wrought
In solitude;

Unselfishness—the common weal—
The goal of human brotherhood
Hath she exemplified; her zeal
Scarce understood.

The human soul, akin to God,
That senses its beatitude,
Will choose the path the Master trod,
Nor shun the rood.

So shall the day wear to its close
Bringing a glow of joy and pride,
A welcome hour of blest repose
At eventide.

HAPPINESS

Happiness is the reflection
Of a worthy deed,
Done with naught of expectation,
Nor of greed.
Give without a thought of gaining
In return.
God reads hearts, needs no explaining,
He'll discern
Motives pure, unselfish, holy,
And bestow
Happiness unto the lowly,
Here and now.

BEYOND THE CLOUDS

At eventide it seemed a storm would break,
And gulls were hastening homeward toward the lake.
High in the heaven against the cobalt blue
That rimmed the horizon 'round, these wanderers flew.

The storm was brewing in the North and East;
The upper clouds churned angrily like yeast;
But northward sped the gulls, with rhythmic sweep
Rising and dipping. With what skill they keep

Unerring course against the boist'rous wind;
Their graceful undulations to the mind
Bring thoughts of music, as the rolling deep,
But noiseless as an anthem heard in sleep.

Ere lost to view beyond the range of sight,
The group are flooded by a beam of light,
And in the distant blue, one snow-white breast
Stands forth distinctly, clearer than the rest.

And fancy pictures to my mind the thought;
This is a mortal soul the three have sought
And now are guiding to the far home shore,
Beyond the storm filled clouds, the tempest's roar.

And with the thought my soul is comforted;
Removed all sense of loneliness and dread;
Good friends will greet the hour of my release;
Somewhere, beyond the clouds, I shall find peace.

HOPE INSPIRED

A little flower grew in a glade
Far from the busy throng;
A little bird sang airily
Though no one heard his song.

By chance I wandered in the glen
Where bloomed the modest flower,
And, pausing, heard the cheerful note
Within the leafy bower.

O happy bird! O dainty flower!
How shall I e'er repay
The joy, that all unconsciously,
You brought to me that day?

I'll seek to carry in my heart
An echo of your song,
A note of cheer and sweet content,
To help the world along.

A breath of perfume still will cling,
A memory remain,
That in life's darkest hour will bring
Courage, and Hope again.

WESTMINSTER

(Written on fly leaf of a volume descriptive of Westminster Abbey.)

Behold a book! described therein
A Temple reared to baffle sin,
Lovely without, hallowed within.

Bound up in legend's sacred lore
Its aisles are peopled as of yore
With ghostly hosts, full many score.

The noble Knight stretched on his bier,
The bold and fearless Mariner,
The Poet and the Prince are here.

The Unknown Warrior, history's page
Will claim, sacred to every age,
Whose tomb doth hopeless grief assuage.

The Stone of Destiny, the chair
Where England's Kings are crowned, are there,
The altar where they kneel in prayer.

'Tis here the lowly and the great
May come to pray and meditate;
To humble souls 'tis Heaven's Gate.

Oh noble pile! oh sacred shrine!
Thy beauty and thy lore combine
To lift our souls to the Divine.

PROGRESS

Old visions fade; old forms of thought decay;
From seeds long planted strange new growth appears;
Freedom extends its boundaries with the years
In every sphere. The license of one day

Becomes the commonplace of later years.
Convention, that for centuries has bound
The eager soul, rooted to ancient ground,
Must yield; severed at length by blood and tears.

Shall freedom languish, human progress cease?
Can aught withstand the mountain torrent's force?
Or stem the rising tide, whose stealthy waves
Seek out each crevice and by slow increase,
Fill to the brim each pool? They, who the course
Of progress would retard, are fools or knaves.

THE SOURCE OF LOVE

If love be all immortal bards have sung,
And life as fleeting as the with'ring blade;
Methinks 'tis better far to love, and, young
And loving, face grim death—calm, undismayed.

For life—the longest, fullest—wanting love,
Is empty as the grave to which it goes;
But love, true love, will everlasting prove;
Death is not numbered 'mongst its deadly foes.

The one who, loving, gives himself to death,
Shall find not lesser life but wider space;
When he hath rendered up his mortal breath,
The Source of Love will greet him, face to face.

LOST VIRTUE

When virtue hangs her lovely head
In fear and shame;
When friends depart, and hope is dead,
A tarnished name
Alone remains. How sad the plight!
How deep the loss!
All happiness takes flight
Leaving but dross.

Take heed when virtue's warning voice
Whispers, "Beware."
Naught will survive the foolish choice
But black despair.
Count well the cost of one false step;
Pause, e'er too late;
Others have mourned and sadly wept,
Outside the gate.

FIRST LOVE

The morning breaks upon a brighter day;
The rising sun in glory swings on high;
My heart sings gaily to a cloudless sky;
All things are new, the old have passed away.

Whence comes this sense of thrilling life anew?
This welling up of love and hope sublime?
It came, dear one, when your fair hand touched mine;
In ecstasy I yielded all to you.

Come, let me place a hand beneath your head,
An arm about your supple yielding form;
The wine of joy to rapturously sip,
As birds who mate, by perfect instinct led.
The full fruition of our love new born,
While heart beats close to heart, lip touches lip.

HAIL TO THE BRIDE

Hail to the day!
Day of all days to me,
That sealed our destiny,
 Making us one.
Well may soft breezes blow,
Birds sing and flowers grow,
Brooks babble as they flow
 Bright in the sun.

Hail to the bride!
Queen of the citadel,
Yet, yielding to my will,
 Happy, content.
Worshipped and worshipping,
Strengthening and comforting,
Love's willing offering
 By heaven sent.

Hail future days!
May they rich treasure bring,
Love, strong, continuing
 'Till Heaven is won.
Courage, 'till then, Dear Heart!
Never again to part,
Mine still, as now thou art,
 Beyond the sun.

TO MY DARLING

My heart at thy sweet call
Thrills with expectancy;
Soul answers unto soul
 Unconsciously.
Naught of myself I own;
All, all is thine alone,
Thy footstool and thy throne
 Eternally.

Should some unkindly fate
Lurkingly lie in wait
Our lives to separate,
 Heaven forfend.
Always shall steadfast love
Triumph o'er fate, and prove
Nor death nor hell can move,
 World without end.

A SONG OF LOVE

Pity me not, for I am well content,
Nor find my labor irksome in its claims.
All have ambitions. Think not lofty aims
Are but confined to art; that hours spent

In toil for those we love, less worthy are
Than vigil science keeps searching the sky,
Or artists give to joyous minstrelsy.
My loved one is to me a Song, a Star.

So would I dedicate my heart's last beat,
Proving devotion not by word, but deed;
Finding all worthy if I but succeed
To cherish her I love, find safe retreat.
All, all of brain and brawn, 'tis joy indeed
Gladly to lay an offering at her feet.

FOND MEMORIES

'Tis many many years since first we met;
The night, the room, the sense of destiny
That whelmed me in that hour, are with me yet,
As clear and keen as though 'twere yesterday.

A vision of rare loveliness, and more,
Mine eyes beheld; but 'twas my inmost soul
That realized the truth, that, evermore,
Together we should travel toward one goal.

Time or eternity should never part.
In that brief moment some strange sense revealed,
I know not how, that I should win your heart.
The union of two souls high heaven has sealed.

Together we shall walk unto the end,
Strong in the love in that blest hour begun;
And, though at eventide the mists descend,
We shall win through to greet the rising sun.

LOVE'S DESTINY

It matters not though years may come and go;
And time destroy the subtle charm of youth;
If love remain—life's gentle ebb and flow
Will bear us surely to a land of truth.

And only love, true love, will there unfold—
Purged, purified, ennobled, and refined.
The dross removed leaves naught but purest gold,
And passion chastened leaves true love enshrined.

REUNION

In a brief moment I shall see thy face,
And touch each cheek still wet with tears of joy;
Shall all the tender arts of love employ;
Holding thee strongly to me, for a space;

Stroking thy tresses with a tenderness
Born of remembrance of thy glorious youth,
Fondly recalling all thy charms; in truth,
Moved beyond power of cold words to express.

Thus will time speed on magic golden wings
Down the long years freighted with memories
That bring anew, with overwhelming power,
Th' exquisite glow, the awesome wonderings—
Those sacred bonds of love—sweet mysteries
Unfathomed then, or even to this hour.

THE MYSTERY OF SLEEP

(The prayer of the flowers is given exactly as it came to me in a dream.)

From out a cloud of mystery sweet slumber comes,
Bringing to lordly palaces and lowly homes
Refreshment after labor, surcease of pain,
Courage and hope to face life once again.

Like the soft dew of heaven that falls at will
Nor fails its gracious purpose to fulfill,
Sleep clarifies the brain with gentle skill,
Though the subconscious mind be active still.

The elfin ruler of the land of dreams
Guides us at will through fairyland, o'er streams,
Through woods and magic dells, to grottos where
The fairy hosts hold court, midst revels rare.

Oft have I journeyed to this charming spot
Only to find next morn its sights forgot,
For as you rise to go, a fairy hand
Waves o'er your head her magic silver wand,
And with a gracious smile or joyous laugh
Bids you adieu or gaily cries, "Be off."

Not so one night remembered well. The scene
Was set not in the cavern as had been;
But 'neath a sheltering hill where flowers grew
In rich profusion and of every hue;
And as I passed with others, there appeared
A queenly form by all the flowers revered.

Long had they waited silently, and now
Each made a curtsy or reverent bow.
Then, in a burst of song beyond compare,
Floating like sunbeams on the ambient air,
Lifted their souls in rapturous, fervent prayer:

*Little Mother of the Flowers
Guard throughout the daylight hours,
Lest careless feet annoy,
Or wilful hands destroy
A child of thine.*

*And at even when deep shadow
Falls upon the wood and meadow,
Send fireflies to light
Thy children through the night.
Guard us from harm.*

The scene too soon dissolved and I arose
Charmed with my dream, refreshed by sweet repose.

THE FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

Where is the God our fathers loved and served?
The God of justice, who with heavy hand
Chastened all those who from the pathway swerved,
Or erred because they did not understand.

Where the conviction, by the Saints possessed,
That, of the human race, but few were saved?
A chosen few, predestined to be blessed;
Alas! the many—hopelessly depraved.

And where the courage, that with bated breath
Witnessed a good confession? None remains.
That God; that faith; that courage unto death
Have passed. To-day a softer vision reigns.

DIVINE IMPARTIALITY

The God who sends the sunshine and the rain
Is no respecter of the great or proud—
The little flower and the tender blade
Need not to plead their cause nor cry aloud.

And thou, Oh man! though humble be thy lot,
Art not obscured by those who seem to be
Of more importance in the plan divine;
A ray of sunlight comes from God, for thee.

THE OLD MESSAGE AND THE NEW

In days of old, stern men of God
Pointed with confidence the road
That led to heaven,
Nor failed to warn impenitent
The tragedy of life, if spent
Sins unforgiven.

With zeal they counselled young and old
To flee the wrath the Book foretold,
While yet the day
Of grace was theirs. The loving call,
Extended without price to all,
Brooked no delay.

A new day dawned. The messenger
Spake more of love and less of fear,
Nor warned of hell.
He stressed the need of serving God
In daily life. The chastening rod
No longer fell.

"Deal justly." "Let your light so shine,"
A witness to the Life Divine;
The world's great need.
"Walk humbly." Choose to do the right,
"Love not the world." "Fight the good fight."
Be this your Creed.

"Take up your cross and follow Me."
Thus spake the Man of Galilee.
What way He trod,
We too must walk, if we would be
Here and throughout eternity
The Sons of God.

"HELP THOU MY UNBELIEF"

Some day when Kindly Tolerance
Has won its place,
And Doubt and Faith together stand
As friends—no more with eyes askance,
But face to face.

Each then will learn the solemn truth
And profit gain,
That they are brothers, and must strive
To serve mankind in age and youth,
Nor strive in vain.

Fair Doubt is not an enemy
To honest Faith.
Blind Faith that seeks to lead his friend
Places them twain in jeopardy,
The Scripture saith.

Let honest Doubt make solemn vow,
With heartfelt grief,
Embracing Faith as brother, friend,
And say, "Lord, I believe, help Thou
My unbelief."

INCARNATION

My faith is as a grain of mustard seed,
Yet all sufficient to my every need.

My hope, an anchor 'gainst eternal drift,
Enters within the veil, nor tide can shift.

My love, a fickle flame against the sun.
The primal source of faith, hope, love is one.

Faith, hope, and love in me is God made flesh,
Renewed at eventide, at dawning fresh.

THE GLORY THAT AWAITS

Within this sphere, as in a darksome cave
To which the light may never penetrate,
Blindly I ponder on the future state
That 'waits the soul beyond—beyond the grave.

Accustomed to the dark from long exile
I fancy that I too perceive the light,
As one who dwells with heaven's rays bedight.
Victim alas! of egotistic guile.

Wise in my own conceit, I fain would gaze,
Or by some human process estimate
The height and depth of love Divine, and state
In terms terrestrial all God's thoughts and ways.

Hath He not said and shall we doubt or fear?
"Eye hath not seen nor heart of man conceived
The glory that awaits." Be not deceived.
We know not whence it comes, or far or near.

But in that hour when He shall ope' the door,
Our eyes, prepared for glory, shall behold
The vision of heavenly splendor long foretold;
Shall see His face and go out thence no more.

MY DESTINY

Beyond the clouds, where space is unconfined,
I shall be free;
Shall witness sights and sounds
Vast as eternity.
Expanding with the pure eternal mind
Of God, that knows no bounds,
I shall go forth at morn
To work the will and purpose infinite
Of Him whose throne the myriad stars adorn.

COMFORT YE

(Written on the occasion of the sudden death of Rev. Franklin W. Sweet, D.D., Principal, Brandon College.)

I would not have you weep nor mourn for me,
As though the onward sweep of destiny
 Had robbed me of my due.
Or, that, foreshortened by untimely fate,
My day was incomplete, my plans frustrate.
 Naught could be more untrue.

He who controls the destinies of man,
Chooses the instrument, unfolds the plan,
 Wrecks no man's barque.
Although the waves run high in fiendish sport,
He who fares forth at morn shall reach his port
 E'er falls the dark.

THE PERFECT WORD

Withhold the word until the thought matures;
The thought is God's; the imperfect word is yours.
As seeds lie dormant in the friendly earth
'Till hidden forces speak the hour of birth.
So, when your hour strikes, will thought inspire
Words—living words—to set men's souls afire.
Then truth—grey-eyed and fearless, keen, refined—
Will captivate the hearts of all mankind.

TO DONALD DUNBAR BEVERIDGE

(Born Friday, 13th, June, 1924.)

Wee stranger from a land unknown,
Thrice welcome to your earthly home,
With joy we claim you as our own,
Dear boy.

Betty and Massey, Jack and Bill,
All greet you with a right good will,
And, good or bad, will love you still,
Dear boy.

While relatives both near and far,
Godfathers Donald and Dunbar
Hail you the bright particular star,
Dear boy.

And Father, satisfied with four,
Extends a welcome to one more,
His cup of joy is running o'er,
Dear boy.

Then Mother, bless her loving heart,
Depend on her to take your part,
Dearer to her than life thou art,
Dear boy.

When you are through with this old world
And to a better one are whirled,
May all the bunting be unfurled,
Dear Boy.

July 6, 1924.

TO MARJORIE

(On her Wedding Day.)

Sweet Marjorie, a gift to you we bring,
And with our gift, a richer offering;
A wish, a friendly hope, a strong desire.
('Tis heartfelt love that doth our thoughts inspire).

The coming years, surcharged with mystery
As trackless plain, or boundless, restless sea,
Stretching beyond our vision to the blue
That from our mortal eyes conceals the view.

Be yours the will, the purpose, the desire
To choose a worthy course. May you aspire
To see in life not empty, trackless waste,
To be o'ercome with vain unworthy haste,

But an adventure, worthy of the soul;
A voyage to a predetermined goal.
Direct your course as do the mariners
Who set their compass by th' eternal stars.

THE STARRY CROSS

(A Hungarian Legend.)

'Twas midnight, and the Holy Babe
Lay deep in slumber, unafraid,
 Upon His lowly cot;
While in the sky that sweetest song
Peeled forth from the angelic throng,
 That ne'er shall be forgot.

A starry cross shone overhead
By which the three wise men were led
 To seek the Christ Child there.
He who before the world began
Had been ordained to rescue man
 From sorrow and despair.

And still on Christmas night appears
That cross, and to attentive ears
 The angel's song is borne.
Since by the cross the world is shriven,
Peace comes to man through sins forgiven;
 "Thrice welcome, Happy Morn."

THE PASSING OF JOHN CLOUSTON

(As related by one who knew him well.)

Yes, Johnny's gone. He died on Sunday night,
But he was not afraid. He's saved all right.
He made his peace with God long years ago,
Was looking for the coming Lord, you know.

I well remember when the Preacher said:
"Wake up John Clouston, don't you know you're dead
In trespasses and sins. Your soul is lost,
Lost for eternity. He paid the cost

"Of your redemption, John. Won't you believe?
There's nothing you can do but just receive
This free salvation, purchased on the tree,
That's offered in the Book to you and me.

"'Tis all of grace that none may boastful be,
'Tis all of love, the love of God for thee.
'Twas love and grace endured Gethsemane.
'Twas love and grace led Him to Calvary.

"'Twas by His suffering He paid the price.
Justice required a perfect sacrifice,
And He who knew no sin became for us
The perfect offering. His righteousness

"Imparted unto us, freely of grace.
Oh, Johnny, won't you heed and turn your face
To God? And by this act of faith obtain
The heavenly favor none need seek in vain."

'Twas thus he pleaded in the Saviour's name.
Ere long we noticed John was not the same.
He'd never been a wild or foolish lad,
But when conviction came, you'd think he had.

For days and nights he neither ate nor slept.
By day he roamed afar, by night he wept
And prayed unceasingly, nor seemed to care
Who heard his sobs, his agonizing prayer.

The preacher held aloof; he knew the hour
Had come for John; the Holy Spirit's power
Was working in his heart, and soon the light
Would flood his soul; and sure enough, one night,

A night that, wearing on toward morn
Was broken by a fierce electric storm;
And suddenly in Johnny's dark distress
There shone a wondrous light of happiness.

He woke the house, then called the neighbors in,

To witness his deliverance from sin.
The Preacher said he never knew a case
Like John's. The change was mirrored in his face.

And from that day until the day he died,
His spiritual needs the Lord supplied.
He was a quiet man, not much to say,
But rested on God's word implicitly.

And now he's gone—eternal his reward—
To dwell in bliss forever, with the Lord.

A PRAYER

More courage, Lord, I pray,
That, day by day,
Undaunted I may choose
The upward way.

More love for those who stray
From Thee aside.
Of Thy rich store, Lord grant
Wisdom to guide.

A childlike faith on me
Bestow, O Lord;
That in life's darkest hour
Rests on Thy word.

With courage, faith, and love
By Thee supplied,
To serve my fellow-man,
For whom Christ died.

My God and Father, hear
The prayer I make.
These favors grant, dear Lord,
For Jesus's sake.

A LAST WISH

Only one wish have I. One clear desire,
As toward the end of life my journey trends;
The hopes of youth, to which we all aspire,
Drop one by one, e'er life's brief journey ends.

No more do we seek fame or proud position,
The lure of gold no longer holds in thrall;
So gradual is wrought by slow transition
The change, it steals unconsciously on all.

We wake to find the simple pleasures sweeter,
We realize old friends possess a charm
That satisfies, makes happiness completer;
Foreboding dread, unworthy fear disarm.

So, were I granted by an unseen Power
The boon I crave, as life draws to the end;
'Twould be, in the inevitable hour,
That I might grasp the warm hand of a friend.

Not so Serious

HOME

I own a little plot of ground,
Three acres more or less,
'Tis worth to me in unmixed joy
All else that I possess.

And when I leave the City
On Friday afternoon,
To spend a happy week-end,
I can't get there too soon.

Then, in the morning, when I rise
Refreshed by long repose,
When odors sweet of ham and eggs
And coffee greet my nose,

I dress in haste, then skip downstairs
And armed with fork and knife,
Tackle a great big breakfast.
Oh, boy! this is the life.

THIRTY YEARS EXPERIENCE

Of all the girls I ever met,
The blonde, red headed or brunette,
None could with you compare, you bet,
Not one.

You simply twirled me 'round your thumb,
Before your glances I stood mum,
And when you spoke—was stricken dumb,
By gum.

The years have passed, the charm holds true,
I never saw a girl like you,
You're worth as much as any two
Or three.

Since you have stood the acid test,
Both in the East and in the West,
I'm sure you're still the very best
For me.

MY OLD DUTCH

I'm thirty-three years married
The signs are everywhere;
I've grown a crop of wrinkles
And lost a crop of hair.
The waistline is increasing,
My step is much less brisk,
I'm looking out for "sure things,"
Hesitate to take a risk.

Whene'er I try to read at night
I ask "What ails the light?"
And grow quite testy when Friend Wife
Hints something ails my sight.
My actions lack the old time pep,
I like to sit around;
And when there's heavy work to do
Am nowhere to be found.

But, spite of all these failings,
I'm happy blithe and gay,
For my old girl still loves me
In the same old way.
I'm sure she'll not desert me
Though I am growing old,
For though she seems but flesh and blood
Her heart is solid gold.
And when I grow decrepit
Hobble round on cane and crutch,
It's grand to know that I may count
On my Old Dutch.

BUCK UP

Of all the things that men have cursed,
Shortage of cash, a lurid thirst,
With courage—you'll survive the worst.
Buck up.

Complaining is no earthly use,
"Ill luck" is hardened to abuse,
Just play the game, don't make excuse.
Buck up.

If hurrying to make connection
The heat should mottle your complexion
Don't hang your head in deep dejection.
Buck up.

A little rouge, a dab of powder,
Like onions in a dish of chowder
Will drown the weaker in the louder.
Buck up.

A brassier that pulls askew
May be a constant plague to you.
Why worry—since 'tis hid from view.
Buck up.

If husbands will have operations
To please fastidious relations
Don't squander sympathy and patience.
Buck up.

When separation has to be
Accept the opportunity
To prove the true sport you can be.
Buck up.

To worry, fret or fume is vain,
The sun emerges after rain.
Nature a balance will maintain.
Buck up.

Accept the birthright you possess.
The great eternal purposes
Are working for your happiness.
Buck up.

BELATED BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

(Is there a man who has never forgotten a birthday or wedding anniversary and never experienced the chagrin of being reminded of his neglect? The following verses illustrate the author's method of side-stepping embarrassment.)

I wish you on your natal day
Wishes no less sincere, since long delayed.
I had it in my heart to say
"Congratulations dear," but felt afraid

You would prefer no mention made
For you another year had swiftly sped.
So, foolishly perchance, conveyed
No birthday greeting. Blessings on your head

In showers, I pray, may gently fall,
Fuller and richer than has ever been.
Since you to me are all in all,
Your daily happiness I glory in.

June 21st, 1925.

SAFETY FIRST

Boys who think to marry,
Ere it be too late
Con the prospects over,
Hesitate.

Oft times fiery trials
Do beset the road,
To some men, a family
Proves a load.

Cuts the spending money
Straight in two;
Half goes to the Missis,
Half to you;

And, as little blessings,
Singly, and in pairs,
Gather 'round *your* table—
And *theirs*.

Your half must be whittled
Finer still,
For it's up to Dad to
Foot the bill.

So, if not dead certain
How you'll feel,
Should not self denial
Make appeal,

Take time by the forelock,
Can the thirst
For a cosy love nest;
"Safety first."

TIMES HAVE CHANGED

When I was a dapper young dandy
I supplied all my girl friends with candy;
 But customs have changed,
 The gifts now exchanged
Are garters and bottles of brandy.

A PERFECT DAY

When all my friends have gathered for a feast,
All enemies are banished, not the least
Do I care where, so that I see them not
And that I too by them am quite forgot.

With garlands hung of colors not too gay,
That in soft summer breezes gently sway;
And flowers of pleasing hue and faint perfume
In bowls and vases decorate the room.

And women, young or old, or rich or poor,
No odds, so they are friends that pass my door.
And men, such men as one desires to know,
Not all of brilliant mind, some dull, some slow;
But each as true as steel, loyal and true;
The old friends making merry with the new.

When we have feasted, body, mind, and soul;
Envy and jealousy have had no toll,
But every hour has been a pure delight;
When all depart, alone I greet the night;
Then will I stretch my hand to heaven and say,
"Thanks, God, I've spent a truly Perfect Day."

MISPLACED SYMPATHY

She pitied the man with an empty sleeve
And her eyes were dimmed with tears,
While visioning his handicap
Through all the coming years.

Approaching him with friendly smile,
Her question meant no harm.
"I should like so much, my dear young man,
To know how you lost your arm;

"And did the doctors realize
Their duty to try and save it?"
"You're mistaken Ma'm, it wasn't lost,
For my country's sake I gave it."

LOVING AND LIKING

(A Distinction and a Difference.)

A lad was asked, he was a saucy tike,
To state the difference 'twixt "love" and "like,"
And give correct example briefly phrased.
At first, poor lad, he seemed a trifle dazed.

His answer then he made in bold staccato;
"You '*love*' a girl, but '*like*' a ripe tomato."
"Why do you thus, my boy, the difference state?
As commonly expressed, inanimate
As vegetables are, the verb to love
By many folk is often used. So prove
By illustration, how you really know
That what you say invariably is so."

He paused a moment, then with youthful guile,
A merry twinkle in his eye the while:
"You love the girls because you like to *tease 'em*
But not tomatoes, since you dare not *squeeze 'em*."

BLESSED ASSURANCE

(On the occasion of wearing a pink shirt, that aroused criticism.)

Oft times in youth, before my tastes were formed,
I chose unseemly garb. I do regret
That friends had cause to feel disgraced, and yet
It was a simple fault, that left unharmed

Their mortal souls, their characters. 'Twas pride
Alone that suffered, and in truth I trow,
If naught of greater moment then or now
Be injured, surely it were vain to chide.

But, having fully come to man's estate,
Matured in knowledge of good taste and style,
Should carping critic dare to raise my gorge
And of the brilliant hue unkindly prate
Of shirt or tie, or aught I wear; then I'll
Reply—"Go to—I know what's what, by George!"

Sept., 1925.

ANCIENT WISDOM

Though many wise and learned men have striven
To solve the riddle of the universe,
The origin of species, or the curse
Pronounced on Adam by a righteous heaven;

Yet, after countless years of argument,
The world is still divided hopelessly.
As in the days of Noah, so to-day
Each on his own pet theory is intent.

The wise of one age, when the wheels have turned,
Are foolish in the eyes of common folk;
Their wisdom pond'rous folly, senseless joke.
One potent fact, to lettered and unlearned,
Has stood the test of ages, and 'tis this—
That heaven and hell are compassed in a kiss.

MISS PARR

(Accompanying a bottle of "Old Parr" Whisky dressed as a Scottish lassie, presented to a friend.)

Permit me to present to you a lass from o'er the sea,
You could tell she came from Scotland by her dress,
I trust that you may find her congenial company,
Contributive to health and happiness.

The maiden, though of modest mien, has every right to feel
Herself a little better than the rest,
Since chosen by the House of Lords to teach them the "Scotch
reel"
In competition with old Scotia's best.

Her eminent success, I'm told, has won for her world fame
Wherever Britain's flag floats in the breeze;
And like that flag in every land, is greeted with acclaim,
She brings the proudest boasters to their knees.

I make this presentation with every confidence
That you will prove immune from her intrigue,
Since you have shown your wisdom and good scotch common
sense
By boosting for the Moderation League.

The lassie's name you may have guessed, if not, then let me say
She claims direct descent from "Grand old Parr,"
Accept her with best wishes for a Happy Christmas day,
The merriest that you've enjoyed—so far.

FAREWELL ODE TO DR. F. W. PATTERSON

(On his departure from Winnipeg to assume the Presidency of Acadia University.)

Who was it came up from the East
Twenty odd years ago at least,
Filled full of pep as home-made yeast?
Pat.

Who tackled every job in sight
With zeal and evident delight,
Working all day and half the night?
Pat.

Who left his mark on every town
From Winnipeg to Edmonton,
Through B.C. to the setting sun?
Pat.

Who's leaving for his boyhood home
A crown of glory on his dome?
The subject of this little "pome."
Pat.

May all the blessings Heaven bestows
Be yours, dear Pat, for goodness knows
You "fought the fight" and "played the game"
Through thick and thin. Your honored name,
Inscribed within the "Hall of Fame,"
We rise to greet with loud acclaim,
Our Pat.

And in that land where bad men ain't,
Freed from conventional restraint,
We'll "can" the Doc, and hail you "Saint,"
St. Pat.

TO MOLLY

When a little maid has fever,
For so the story goes,
The pain will surely leave her
If she but smell a rose.

This hint is slyly offered
To Molly's youthful beaux,
Should any gift be proffered,
Suggest it be a rose.

All flowers have healing virtue
For many earthly woes.
If thoughtless word has hurt you
No balm heals like a rose.

Accept this fact, dear Molly,
From one who truly knows,
(Old maids may dub it folly)
Love hides within the rose.

You may not love the rhymer,
'Twere folly, I suppose,
To hope that an old timer
Might win you with a rose.

TO A FRIEND AT FRENCH LICK, IN EARLY SPRING

I'm thinking of you as I sit in the corner
 Propped up with the pillows and old Jaeger rug;
Am wondering how you're progressing down yonder
 With bathing, and walking, and "hitting the jug."

At night when I'm wakeful I picture you strolling
 Among the great oak trees that girdle the hill;
The beauties of trunk limb and leaflet extolling,
 While saucy grey squirrels skip about you at will.

As far as the bend of the creek, then returning,
 Retracing your steps by the spring 'neath the hill;
You pause, gazing backward, a heart full of yearning
 Your soul with the beauties of nature to fill.

Then on to the garden, so quaint and old fashioned,
 The sundial marking the hours left behind;
The wild flood of waters, resistless, impassioned;
 The odors of Pluto borne up on the wind.

All nature rejoicing her fetters to shatter,
 The sweet voice of song-birds resounds through the air,
The squirrels and blackbirds unceasingly chatter,
 The whole scene appealing most wondrously fair.

While soft breezes haste from the Southland to meet you,
 The sun in his glory rides high over head,
All nature with rapture, seems eager to greet you,
 Like souls held in bondage bursting forth from the dead.

Then, drink long and deep of the life-giving fountain,
 Let nature work all her beneficent will
Through the birds and the trees, the sunshine, the mountain,
 New health to impart, new hope to instil.

Not to all are the blessings of nature imparted,
 Only those who by birthright are kin to the wild
May compass the love of the strong, tender-hearted
 Dame Nature, and grasping, claim the rights of a child.

JOSHUA

A colored man stood in the dock,
With roving glance and vacant look.
He heeded not the motley crew,
Including neighbors not a few,
That filled the seats behind the rail,
Some unconcerned; some looking pale.
Nor when his wife, his eye to catch,
In desperation lit a match.
But there he was, and there he stood,
Save for his eyes a block of wood.

At length His Honor took his seat.
The case was called, "King vs. Peat."
The Judge, a man of middle age,
Was dignified, looked keen and sage;
And in a voice both stern and clear,
Asked sharply, "Who is this man here?"
"Peat," answered Counsel civilly,
Then whispered something privily.
"He's charged with making Hootch, your Honor,
Back in the hills near Buckwell's Corner."

"What is your first name?" asked the Judge,
The Gaoler gave his man a nudge
Which roused poor Peat as from a dream;
He looked about, then scratched his "bean."
"Ma name am Joshua, Suh," said he,
"Ma Missis, calls me Josh, an' she
Am settin' nex' to Mandy Small,
Dat niggah wench jes' by de wall."

"Oh, ho! so Joshua's your name.
'Tis one that's not unknown to fame.
'Twas you that made the sun stand still."
"*No Jedge, not me, ah nebah will,
Ah made de 'moonshine' on de hill.*"

POLOTSKY'S PRIDE

(In a recent issue of a local paper under the heading "Strangest News of the day"—appeared an item to the effect that Mr. —, a Pole, occupying the position of official headsman in Germany, had made overtures to the Polish Government, offering to accept a less remuneration than he was receiving, if appointed to a similar position in Poland.)

Across the brine where life is brief and tragic,
And heads are severed from the trunk by magic,
A man, Polotsky was his name, a Pole,
An artist in his line, put heart and soul
Into his job as headsman, yet was not
As happy as one should be in his lot.
The cause, not far to seek, was simply this,
'Twas German souls he ushered into bliss.

Though growing rich, he could not be content,
So, interviewed the Polish Government;
He'd come to Poland on condition they
Appointed him as headsman, and the pay
For Polish subjects, he would cut in two,
Provided foreigners like me and you,
Should bring him double what the Germans paid;
"I think that's generous," Polotsky said.

He was a genius, and his guillotine
Was of a type the Poles had never seen.
'Twas he devised and made this new machine,
"Polotsky's Perfect Foolproof Guillotine;"
One lever served as automatic lock,
Another dropped it swiftly to the block,
And, weighted heavily with chunks of lead,
Unfailingly it severed trunk and head.

So fair was his proposal, they agreed
To stage a demonstration and proceed
To sign a contract in the usual way,
If everything went well upon that day.
He swelled with pride when asked to demonstrate
Before the populace, and as the date
Was but two weeks ahead—early and late
Labored with feverish haste—he and his mate.
The victim was to be a German Von,
Her Heinrich Wilhelm Von der Suzzlebon.
The helper, German too—half wit—
'Twas plain to see, strongly resented it.

Polotsky worked so hard he caught a cold;
A cough alarms a Pole unduly, I am told,
So every night, before he went to bed,
He drank a quart of gin and bathed his head;
For, "What a tragedy," said he, "a cough would be,
Marring a unique opportunity."

The day arrived and shortly after dawn
Polotsky, with his helper and the Von,
Proceeded to the square, where, on one side,
There glistened in the sun, Polotsky's pride.

Before the Herr or Von was asked to bow,
Polotsky was permitted to tell how
This wondrous new invention he had planned;
With pompous air he posed, then raised his hand
And bowing low peered through below the knife,
Not realizing that he risked his life.

The Von, a stalwart gent and mighty clever
Saw instantly that it was now or never,
So stepping forward to complete the picture,
He touched the spring, and thus released the fixture.
Polotsky's helper, of base envy victim,
Lifted his toe, and just as swiftly—kicked him.

Polotsky's head, and not the Von's came off—
To Mrs. P's delight, *it cured his cough.*

A GOLFING WIFE

Sez Oi to me woife, sez Oi,
"Phwat d'yez want th' year,
A spool o' thread, a ball o' yarn,
Or a cake o' soap, me dear?"

"Naither of thim," sez she,
Wid a snicker and a laff,
"Oi want a flock of clubs," sez she,
"For I'm bound to take up golf."

"Not on yer loife," sez Oi,
"Yer man's no millionaire,
A golfing woife is in the class
Of wimmen that bobs their hair.

"Oi can golf for the family," sez Oi,
"And b'all that's good and grate
No woife of moine'll waste her toime
And money at this late date."

Wimmen as has a home
Should tind to their duties, Oi claim.
The first thing we know, in a year or so,
They'll be buttin' into our game.

Whin we've booked a nice young girrel
A lovely mess 'twill be
Whin the woife steps down wid a wicked frown,
Sez, "Me husband'll play wid me."

Oi repate pwhat Oi sed before,
Niver wid my consint,
Will woife of moine waste money and toime,
If Oi can find manes to prevint.

FROM MESILF TO MESILF

Sez Oi to mesilf, sez Oi,
"Is there anything you'd loike?"
Then Oi patted mesilf upon the back
And sez Oi to mesilf, "Shure Moike."

"An phwat moight it be?" sez Oi.
Thin Oi answered wid a laff
"Oi'd loike to have a new machine
Fer to take a fotygraaff."

"To be sure yez would," sez Oi,
"An the best is none too good,
If ye don't trate yersilf loike a gintleman,
Thin, who in the divil would?"

"An here it is, ould man.
Accept it wid koind regard
From wan yez have always been loyal to
As a well deserved reward.

"May your pi'tures turn out foine,
True to loife, an' on the square,
An mebbly in Hiven ye'll get the job
Of official fotographer.

"St. Peter will want to sit
Houlding his bunch of keys,
And phwat a splendid pi'ture he'll make
Wid his white beard down to his knees.

"Thin there's the apple tree
That put Adam and Eve on the blink,
The purly gates, an' the golden streets,
An' the pool where the people drink.

"Oh boy! it'll be worth whoile
To hould such a job. Oi say,
Ye'll have no one to thank but yer own swate silf
An' this blessed Christmas Day."

Xmas, 1923.

THE UNKNOWN GOD

When Paul went down to Athens the heathen folk to prod,
He found a shrine erected to "An Unknown God."
If Mister Paul were here to-day, believe me, he would see
A lot of genuflecting to an unknown Deity.

We know the God of cities, of villages and towns,
Who builds our homes and feeds us, sends motor cars and gowns.
We offer him our grateful thanks, on Sunday bend the knee
And sing with lusty vigor, "He is very good to me."

They tells us of another God who rules the countryside,
His specialty is farming, fruit raising on the side.
When crops are good and fruit is cheap, we of the town are sure
"His love is everlasting, His mercies ever sure."

Then there's the God of battles the Hun had cause to fear,
We called when danger threatened and "He inclined His ear."
He gave us signal victory over a wicked foe,
He surely is a God we are very pleased to know.

Disease and death approach us, we cry again and find
Our prayers are answered, for the heart of God is wondrous kind,
And so each circumstance of life demands a special God
From the day we leave the cradle 'till they plant us 'neath the sod.

And our imagination creates these Gods at will;
As did our heathen forebears so do their children still,
But God, who rules the universe, guides myriad worlds through
space,
Knows neither Jew nor Gentile, loves all the human race.

His plans and purposes unfold by His divine decree.
We foolishly imagine we change the destiny
Of men, of states, and nations, by prayers and sage advice;
The truth we'll learn, God willing, when we enter paradise.

THE REVISED VERSION UP-TO-DATE

(*An experience.*)

When first they penned the records
Of the life beyond the vale,
Showing why some win happiness
While other poor souls fail;
Particulars were furnished
Of how each group were served,
Those who had kept the narrow path
As well as those who swerved.

All will recall the tragic fate
Of Nineveh and Tyre;
Like Sodom and Gomorrah
Both were consumed by fire.
And thus all ancient records show
The popular impression,
The worst fate then conceivable
For those who made digression,
Was everlasting torture
Over fires growing hotter,
Without a stitch of clothing
Or a drop of cooling water.

Extreme as was the penalty
By ancient seers propounded
And down through all the ages
By leading lights expounded,
A new and better method
Has just occurred to me,
To which all with experience
Will readily agree.
For who that knows the torment
To which I here refer,
Will question my deductions,
Or entertain demur.

Granted experience to be
The wisest of all teachers,
This fact must some day dawn upon
The race of modern preachers.
When that day dawns and they depict
The end of wicked lives,
For punishment they'll cut the flames,
And substitute—*the Hives*.

FATHER AND SON BANQUET

I rise to my feet, Mr. Chairman and friends,
But when I'll sit down again largely depends
On how I get on, and when I get through—
It's a rather hard task you've set me to do.

My son is a model, and so I suppose
You probably think me a Father who knows
How to bring up a boy in the way he should go—
Excuse me, dear friends, I regret that's not so.

I'm free to confess, through my married life,
The bringing-up business was left to my wife.
I admit that is not how the job should be done—
The boy needs his Father, the Father his Son.

These banquets have taught this great lesson, and now
We fathers have all made a most solemn vow
To play fair by our lads, be their guide, Pal, and friend—
I hope that we'll stick to this vow to the end.

Of all the proud dads this old world contains,
Each asserts that his son possesses more brains
Than any two kids, within a square mile;
Of course, all such statements we greet with a smile.

For when the same lad finds himself in disgrace,
And Father and Son thrash it out face to face,
The old man indulges a lot of plain talk—
Tells the Son that his head is as thick as a block:

While those who knew Dad, as a boy, will assert
He sometimes was good, and sometimes quite pert.
So Fathers have patience, and boys love your Dad—
As the years roll along you'll both wish that you had.

Now Fathers, all listen, bear this fact in mind;
Your son sees your actions, so, if you're inclined
To be a bit careless in action or speech,
He'll pay little heed when you start in to preach.

Let the rule of our lives be the Book God has given
And we'll join hands again 'round the table in Heaven.

AUNT MARY

Many, many years ago,
When my hair was white as tow,
In the Spring I oft would go
To Aunt Mary's.

Uncle met me at the train
With a smile that made it plain
I was welcome as the rain,
At Aunt Mary's.

As we drove along the road
He would call me "Little Toad,"
Joke about the heavy load
For Aunt Mary.

What a jolly time I had,
Never told me I was bad,
Loved me as my Ma and Dad
At Aunt Mary's.

What huge meals I used to eat,
Mashed potatoes, sausage meat.
As a cook no one could beat
Dear Aunt Mary.

When to catch the flowing sap
Uncle used the trees to tap,
I went too, perched on his lap,
At Aunt Mary's.

Sometimes I would hold the lines,
Drive the team alone at times,
Down the hill and through the pines,
At Aunt Mary's.

Then we'd haul the barrels home
Over snow, and mud, and stone.
Felt I did it all alone,
At Aunt Mary's.

Mr. Simpson, known as Sam,
Usually composed and calm,
Took a ride with many a qualm,
At Aunt Mary's.

When we started down the hill
On the run, like Jack and Jill,
He was sure we'd have a spill.
At Aunt Mary's.

And before we'd gone half way,
Turning pale in sheer dismay
Shouted, "Careful there, I say."

At Aunt Mary's.

Afterward, to Uncle George,
Said that "When we reached the gorge
He was most scared stiff, by George."

At Aunt Mary's.

Where the road runs 'twixt two trees,
Only room enough to squeeze,
He got down upon his knees,

At Aunt Mary's.

Vowing if we came through whole,
Rack, and whiffletrees, and pole,
He'd be thankful—"bless his soul."

At Aunt Mary's.

But he's dead and gone—God's will
For poor Sam. In memory still
I recall him, and the hill,

At Aunt Mary's.

Would those days might come again,
All of joy, and naught of pain;
But alas—the wish is vain.

Dear Aunt Mary

Rests in peace, life's journey o'er,
Uncle too has reached the shore
Where friends meet—to part no more.

George and Mary.

TO FATHER SHEEDY

(The ancient and friendly golfer.)

I thank you for the kindly wish
Expressed for an old foggy,
And may your "course" in life be made
At least in "Bogy."

When the "last hazard" looms ahead,
A dark and treacherous stream,
Follow the "guide post," have no fear,
You'll land upon the "green."

The "Club House" door stands open,
Each must "turn in a card,"
And none who "play the game" in life
Shall fail of a reward.

You'll enter with the multitudes
Of those whose "course is run,"
And standing forth the "Judge of Play"
Will greet you, "Son, well done."

A RETROSPECT

I well remember, years ago,
When Mother mixed a batch of dough
She used to grease the pan, just so
 It wouldn't stick.
She then would spread the batter thin
Upon the pan of shiny tin;
I watched the process with a grin,
 My lips would lick.

Visioning, when the cake was done,
A generous helping for each one,
Two, may be, for the younger son,
 That's me.
I ate with coming appetite
My Dad would say, and he was right;
Meal-time was ever my delight,
 All three.

We always had a plentitude
Of palatable, wholesome food;
I ate all that my stomach could
 Accommodate.
My stomach, only normal size,
Expanded in emergencies.
My favorites were lemon pies,
 And chocolate cake.

My Mother was a first class cook,
She didn't have to read a book,
But knew exactly what it took
 Boiled, baked, or fried.
Being a growing youngster then
It never seemed surprising, when
I promptly passed my plate again,
 To be supplied.

Father would lift his brows and say,
"Best ask your Mother if I may,
'Tis she commands, while I obey,
 At table."
I'd gaze at Mother pleadingly,
With loving glance she'd look at me,
Then nod her head approvingly.
"Another slice won't harm, if he
 Feels able."

Those were the happy days for me,
I ate and played alternately;
Healthy, and happy, and carefree
 Was I.
But times have changed, as change they must;
I scan all pastry with distrust,

And choose regretfully—a crust;
Munching it dry.

UNPLEASANT RELATIONS

How doth the busy little ant
Bore holes in my front lawn!
I dig them out at sun-down,
They're back again at dawn.

They plant a hill beside a tree
Or in a flower bed,
Ere long, the tree has withered,
The flowers, alas, are dead.

I quite agree with Solomon
Who counselled young and old—
To "Go to the ant, and slug 'er"—
Would gladly knock her cold,

And tried—with boiling water,
Coal oil and gasoline,
Cyanide of Potassium,
Coarse salt and paris green;

But none availed to check 'em,
They didn't even pause—
Ants are the female gender,
Disregard all traffic laws,

Believe the Pauline theory,
"All things are yours," make bold
To act the British doctrine,
That, "What we have we'll hold."

THE MODERN CHICKEN

Behold the hen! "By nature's kindly law,"
Content to lay her egg in hay or straw;
And if, by chance, neither are to be found,
Cheerfully deposits it upon the ground.

A nest, most cleverly devised, and recently invented,
(Designed to make a hen feel discontented),
Is offered in the hope to fool the bird;
So she will lay a second and a third.

The bottom with a spring is strongly hinged;
Eggs dropping through are not so much as dinged.
The poor hen looking down is sore perplexed
And promptly squats again, and lays the next.

"Down south," 'tis claimed, this scheme has been in vogue
For years; and now a very clever rogue
Has just completed one which has been tried;
That hands them out at will, *poached—shirred or fried*.

BROWN EGGS

Some folk like a white hen and some would choose a black,
While some prefer a hen with yellow legs,
But I don't care a button for the plumage that she wears,
If only she will lay those big brown eggs.

JEMIMAH

(Jemimah, as may be surmised, was the name of our favorite hen. She was a most prolific layer, having the reputation of laying two eggs in a single day.)

Oh Jemimah! dear Jemimah!
Pray remember well that I'm a
Great admirer of Plymouth Rocks like you,
And it is my fondest wish you'll
Mark your eggs with my initial,
All three please, but, if too busy, two will do.

Should you fail in this precaution
There's great danger that I often
May not get the egg intended just for me;
For the members of my household
Like the big brown eggs, I'm so told,
So my chances would be simply—one, to three.

MORE JEMIMAH

Jemimah is a villain
The family quite agree,
And yet, I can't help liking her
Since she's so good to me.

She keeps on laying big brown eggs
And marking them quite plainly
With D.H.H., which is the cause
Of her survival, mainly.

She pecks the little chicklets
When they would get their share,
And bullies all the other hens—
They're not safe anywhere.

But since she lays those big brown eggs
We still try to forgive her.
But should she fail, we'd boil her bones
And stew her heart and liver.

Some day you'll slip a cog and fail
To lay your egg, old girl,
And end your earthly pilgrimage
In a dizzy madd'ning whirl.

Walter will catch you by the leg
And deftly twist your neck,
And none will miss you half so much
As the hens you used to peck.

JEMIMAH'S LAMENT

Perched high upon a hawthorn tree
In the mountains of the moon,
I try to learn my golden text
For Sunday afternoon.

It says to "Love my enemies;"
That's Walter and his wife;
But spite of all my trying
I can't, to save my life.

I fancied they were fond of me
Because they gave me corn,
And only realized the truth
One sad September morn,

When Walter came down to our run
And seized me by the leg,
And just because it was a week
Since I had laid an egg,

He said to Alice, who was near,
"I think she's fat enough,
It might be well to cook her
Before she gets too tough."

I thought that Alice would protest
But not a word she uttered,
Though I screamed for assistance,
And kicked, and squirmed, and spluttered.

What followed is too horrible
To recount in detail,
So, let me spare your feelings
And draw a kindly veil.

It wasn't long 'till I was plucked
And stewing in a pot.
Oh, boys! oh boys! believe me,
That fire was awful hot.

One base indignity imposed
I find hard to forget;
Surely those callous humans
Will live to feel regret.

Whenever I recall it,
I want to raise the dickens—
They ate my flesh, then boiled my bones
And fed them to the chickens.

Those same annoying little pests

I had so often chased.
My blood runs hot and cold to think
How I have been disgraced.

Confused as was the passage
From earth to this new sphere,
This message proves beyond a doubt
I'm here—because I'm here.

I used to argue while on earth
Existence would continue,
The habit formed remains, while I
Have simply changed my venue.

My favorite theory you'll recall,
Is still my one best bet—
I claimed "hens were immortal
Since their *sons had never set.*"

I had my doubts in former days
But now 'tis true, I know;
With unmixed satisfaction
Exclaim, "I told you so."

JEMIMAH'S FAREWELL

Here's farewell to dear Jemimah,
Better chick was never hatched,
As a free and easy layer
She was rarely ever matched.

And I feel that her devotion
Both to duty and to me
Should receive some recognition
Here, and in futurity.

For myself I have decided
What the form of mine will be;
Think you, will it please Jemimah
If I plant a Hawthorn tree?

You may not discern the reason
Nor the hidden meaning catch,
But a hint will be sufficient,
Hens and thorns were made to scratch.

What will happen to her yonder
Is beyond my power to say,
Though 'tis claimed by some, existence
Will continue, and this may

Be as reasonable a theory
As that held by those who fear
Hens may hope for no hereafter,
Since they get their *necks 'twirled* here.

LIGHT UP

Fill your pipe to brimming,
Press it down, then light;
Only those who use it
Know the keen delight
Of an ardent smoker,
Who, with pipe aglow,
Resting on the sofa
For an hour or so,
Pours a cloud of incense
To the smoker's Queen,
Patron Saint, and Goddess,
Lady Nicotine.

SMOKE, BOYS, SMOKE

If you've nothing else to do,
Have a smoke.
When the whole wide world looks blue,
Try a smoke.
When you cannot sing a song
Because everything goes wrong,
It will help you drag along,
If you smoke.

When your wife's inclined to scold,
Have a smoke.
If your feet are growing cold,
Have a smoke.
Something in the fragrant weed
Cools your temper, warms your feet,
So by all means, yes, indeed,
Have a smoke.

Men have sometimes risked their lives
For a smoke.
Spent whole evenings with their wives,
Just to smoke.
In the average abode
Men need help to bear their load,
Stand the gaff, endure the goad,
So, boys, Smoke!

'AVE A SMOKE

Say, you bloomin' bloke,
Come, and 'ave a smoke.

Edgeworth is the stuff.
Just you try a puff.
Doesn't burn your tongue,
Doesn't 'urt your lung.

'Elps you stand the gaff,
'Elps to make you laugh,
Nothing in the world
Takes its place by 'alf.

W'en you feels the dumps
Creeping up your spine,
Sticking out in lumps
So's you got to whine,

Fill your little pipe,
Press it good and 'ard.
'Fore you strike a light
Phone for your ol' pard.

W'at a smoke'll do
You aint no idee,
'Specially if you
Phone across for me.

I arsk you, as you draw
Puffs of 'eavenly blue
Through your bloomin' jaw,
Ain't it gospel true,

Some way, Lord knows 'ow,
W'at was solid wall
Shuttin' out the light,
Ain't no where at all?

Vanished out of sight,
Disappeared in air,
And a clearer light
Shinin' everywhere.

Just a quiet smoke,
Just a friendly smile,
Just a little joke,
Makes the world worth while.

TO J. P.

(In acknowledgment of his Christmas remembrance.)

I've bent pipes and straight pipes
And pipes both old and new,
But none at all as classy
As the one received from you.

I'll keep it for my very best,
My special Sunday smoke,
And every time I take a puff
A blessing will invoke

Upon the head of him who thought
Of me this Christmas Day,
And sent this shapely beauty
To charm my woes away.

EXPLANATORY NOTE

The items on the following pages were written for "Heliograms," a special column in the *Winnipeg Free Press*, in 1916, the year the franchise was granted to women in Manitoba. Helio was responsible for the introduction to the first. This introduction, together with the verses, drew a sharp reproof from a correspondent signing herself "A Mere Woman," offering an opportunity for the reply which follows on subsequent pages.

A SCENE IN PARLIAMENT IN 19—

(Lines written by a Rhymmer who, it may perhaps not unjustifiably be surmised, deludes himself with the idea that the female of the species is a less reasonable creature than the male.)—HELIO.

The Lower House assembled
The Budget Speech to hear,
The members all wore picture hats
With brims from here—to here.

Miss B. was Finance Minister
And certainly looked swell.
Her hat a stunning model
From Paris, one could tell.

The Premier's wasn't far behind
In size at least, and yet
It had not that exclusive touch
All women try to get.

The F.M. swept the chamber,
With a condescending smile,
In manner irritating,
That raised the Premier's bile.

Before the F.M. started
She was greeted with applause,
The Premier's face grew purple,
Spectators saw the cause.

The gallery jeered and hooted
For reasons plainly seen,
The Premier's hat clashed with her gown
Because 'twas trimmed with green.

The more they laughed, the worse it grew,
She rose, and made a sign
She wished to speak, then stammered,
"Madam Speaker, I resign."

This may seem strange, and yet 'tis true,
As everybody knows,
The world is ruled by women,
And women, by their clothes.

WHAT AN IDEA!

DEAR HELIO:

Very clever, those verses of your contributor, D.H., in to-day's paper, and very cleverly you managed by the deft introduction you wrote to them, to side step responsibility for the gibing spirit.

It has more than once occurred to me when I hear men laughing in their superior way over the occasional lack of complete smoothness at meetings of women devoted to charitable and patriotic work, that things might go more smoothly if the women would only smoke at those meetings, cigars costing ten to fifteen dollars a box.

A MERE WOMAN.

A MERE WOMAN

A mere woman, a dear woman,
A woman of sensitive feeling,
An old man, a bold man,
With failings feminine, dealing

A quick trick, a slick trick,
For Helio to conceive,
A side step, a glide step,
The public to deceive.

A sad man, a bad man
Poor D.H. stands condemned,
Ah, who of all his lady friends
Will this reprobate rhymer defend.

CABINET INCIDENT IN 19—

(Split narrowly averted.)

The Premier had called her Council,
And sat in her chair of state;
The hour announced was three o'clock,
But two of them were late.

The Finance Minister, one of them,
Arrived a quarter of four.
The other came in breathless haste,
And as she reached the door

The Council Clerk made question,
"Shall I mark this lady 'here'."
The Premier tossed her willow plumes,
"Most certainly not, my dear."

The air was charged with lightning,
Black clouds hung all around,
When happily a solution
By the Council Clerk was found.

She brought from out the cupboard,
From behind the biscuit jar,
A box of large dimensions—
Each took a fat cigar.

The threatened breach was quickly healed,
Once more peace reigned supreme,
Thanks to the Clerk's prompt action
And my Lady Nicotine.

[The end of *Songs of a Cheerful Wayfarer* by Dunbar Hibbard Hudson]