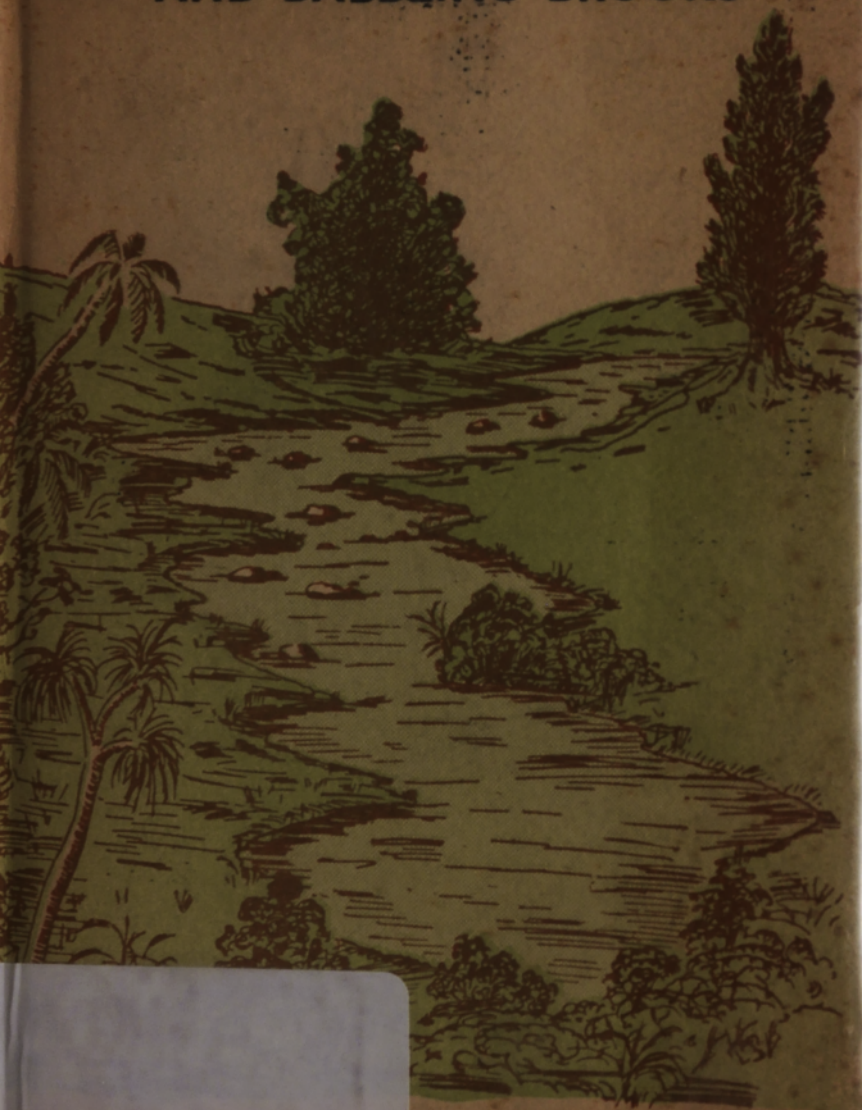


DEEP POOLS

AND BABBLING BROOKS



ALICE S. RIVE

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DEEP POOLS
and
BABBLING BROOKS

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO ALL MY CHILDREN
MY CHILDREN'S CHILDREN,
AND THEIR CHILDREN.

Wholly set up, printed and made by The Budget Ltd.,
7 Bath Street, Dunedin for the Publishers, A. H. and
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1946.

11 FEB 1987

DEEP POOLS
AND
BABBLING BROOKS



ALICE S. RIVE

A. H. and A. W. REED,
182 Wakefield Street, Wellington
and P.O. Box 330, Dunedin.

An Appreciation

In this interesting and pleasing volume the author reveals a keen understanding of human nature, and has very beautifully portrayed in her assortment of poems "all the changing scenes of life."

We hear the laughter of children, mingled with the sober response of the mature; joy walks hand in hand with sorrow; humour has its counterpart in pathos; peace finds its mate in passion;—and what life has not experienced all such?

Best of all, out of a definite knowledge of Jesus Christ, Mrs Rive has penned many lines woven around "the things of the Spirit," which I am certain will bring comfort, guidance and blessing to all who read them.

J. EVAN SMITH,
Commissioner,
The Salvation Army.

Wellington, N.Z.,
12th September, 1946.

Author's Preface

Whether this is to be an introduction or an apology I do not know but in sending forth my little book of Deep Pools and Babbling Brooks I do so with the sincere wish that you will find in it something that will make the reading worth while.

All I ask is that while you laugh as you wander beside my Babbling Brooks you may not forget my Deep Pools or, while you sit beside these Deep Pools you may not despise the Babbling Brooks.

Believing as I do that life is made up of extremes, I do not apologise for placing side by side the deep things of God which bring tranquillity and peace to the soul, and the lighter things of fun and laughter because, with these deep things as a foundation under our feet, and with a God-given sense of humour to clear our vision, life becomes a wonderful adventure.

ALICE S. RIVE

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FOREWORD.

As days pass and the weight of years become perceptible, memory provides for us a rich storehouse springing from experiences, with happy contacts and inspiring comradeships.

As we make our way by "Deep Pools and Babbling Brooks" we contemplate a thousand experiences, uplifting and inspirational, leading to "something accomplished, something done," and stimulating us to new endeavour.

In providing a Foreword for Mrs Rive's fine effort in taking from experience so many subjects, and giving them to readers in poem form, my memory has taken me back, and I have found pleasure in once more roaming the Catlins district, and finally Tahakopa, where I met for the first time this outstanding prophetess, engaged in solid warfare, as missionary to the people in that secluded spot, their uplift and blessing the passion of her heart. The congregations, the young people's school, the choir, any many other things, bespoke organisation and practical leadership. The genius who stood behind what I saw did so as a prophetess of the Lord of Hosts, proclaiming the Gospel of God's love, grace and power.

Her fearlessness in the fight for right sometimes brought active opposition, but amidst it all she stood undaunted and faithful. Many of the poems speak of actual experiences wrought on the anvil of hard, though joyful endeavour, and provide a multitude of subjects for seekers beside "Deep Pools and Babbling Brooks." Envoy Alice S. Rive has reached the place where, as grandmother of a considerable flock, many demands are made upon her, and we rejoice that she has found time to pass on so much for our enjoyment. May it be used of God to bless and cheer.

FRED. W. BURTON, O.B.E., Lt. Col.,
Salvation Army.

What's a Kink?

Please stay with me here just one minute—
There's something that troubles me so.
It's a secret, you see, that they're keeping from me,
And I thought you might happen to know—
What's a Kink? Now, what's a Kink?
O! can anybody tell me, do you think?
When I ask my Daddy, dear. He just laughs and says
I'm queer;
But he'll never, never tell me what's a Kink.
It grows in the hair of a nigger,
It hides in a man's crooked knee—
O! I mean to find out what they're talking about,
'Cause they say it so often to me—
"It's a kink! you've got a kink!"
And they smile at one another, and they wink.
So I ask, and ask all day, everyone that comes this way,
But they'll never stop and tell me what's a kink.
There's a lady that lives on our terrace;
What makes her have such funny ways?
When I ask Mum and Dad, they only look sad,
But when I ask Billy he says—
She's got a kink! Now what's a kink?
I've just asked the gutter-sweeper, and I think
That he said a wicked word, but perhaps I never heard.
Oh! they'll never, never tell me what's a kink.

Her Quest

(Courtship by correspondence)

A boat set sail towards the North upon a sea of ink.
The paper decks, all snowy white, had lines of blue—or
pink.
Its only paddle was a pen—a fountain pen, I think.
Whither away, fair mariner, upon so black a sea?
Is it a tryst that thou must keep, with knight that waits
for thee?
"Be pleased, thy Parker nose to keep from my affairs!"
said she.

She dipped her paddle in the sea, and steered toward the moon.

"'Tis well!" laughed she, "I've practiced this, morn, night and afternoon!"

Alas! that she the moon should trust, it disappeared, so soon.

Her courage then went by the board. She feared she might not win.

Her tears fell down in endless showers. Alack! it was a sin.

They washed the roses from her cheeks; the powder from her chin.

They fell and filled the paper barque—the little boat, so frail;

They fell, and fell, and still they fell; too blind was she to bail.

(A plague they didn't sink the ship, and end this tiresome tale.)

Of pirates all, who braved the seas (full many I could quote)

None prize e'er won, with sword or gun, as she who North did float

On seas of ink, with paddle pen, and in a paper boat.

The Retort Par Excellence

She used a nib both broad and thick
(Her sister's pen was fine)

She wrote "your writing may be quick
But not as plain as mine"

"Why don't you buy a decent ink,
Not one that's pale and thin?
I'd better send you some, I think—"
Her sister wrote—"Dear Win,

"Your letters really do amuse,
And you shall know the cause.
Well Sister! When I write, I use
The ink I wash off yours."

The Unknown Morrow

How foolishly we sit and borrow
The trials and troubles of tomorrow;
And let imagination sway
The thoughts and feelings of today:
We see ourselves bowed down with woe
When called to walk where others go.
We mark their faith, so firm and strong,
Their teardrops never quench their song;
And wonder, would our faith sustain
The shock, the loss, the grief, the pain?
Or would we fail and cause Him shame,
And bring disgrace upon His name?
How foolishly we view the morrow,
And all its trials and troubles borrow.
We try to weigh the heavy crosses
That others bear, and count their losses,
And feel our courage and our prayers
Would never give us faith like theirs;
And then we fear. But, if we go
Where shines the light, then we shall know
That God will shape our way, and He
Says—"As thy day thy strength shall be."
So let us leave the unknown morrow,
Its strength and grace we cannot borrow;
For in God's word there's not one verse
That says He'll come when we rehearse.

Friendship

Distant! Yes the sea divides us.
Parted! Ay, by many a mile.
Still I feel thy hand's warm pressure,
Still, I see thy fond sweet smile—
And I hear thy words of blessing
As we parted, long ago
Ah! thine was the sweetest friendship
That my heart can ever know.
Distant! Yes, but not divided,
Parted! Ay, but not in heart
For there lives a soul's communion
That e'en death can never part.

A Hero, 1879

O yes, they were brave, those men who set forth
To the Isles of the South, from the Isles of the North;
To face, as they did, innumerable odds
With fortune, and fate, in the lap of the gods.

Then let me describe him—this hero of mine,
Who walked in the limelight—one eight-seven nine,
With shiny tall hat, and with kid gloves, you know,
Hair curly and long, and moustache—just so.

A lovely frock-coat as men wore in those days,
With fashion and fit suggestive of stays.
His tie, or cravat, I've forgotten the style—
Perhaps I'll remember it after a while.

To the N.Z.R. offices, day after day,
He went, but I know not the hours nor the pay.
I only know this, that to many he bowed,
And thought of his whiskers, of which he was proud.

But one day he'd tooth-ache, and pain in his ear,
And the morning was cold, for that time of the year.
So he went through the street with deportment and grace,
With a fold of red flannel tied up round his face.
And perched over this, his tall shiny hat—
Did courage e'er meet such a challenge as that?

'Tis of courage I write—unusual and grand!
Of a kind, which I fear, is extinct in this land.
Would councillor, architect, lawyer or clerk
Be brave as he was, as he walked to his work?
Would one of them go—e'en a wager to win—
With a fold of red flannel tied under his chin?

A Code in Be Dode

O! my life has been sad, and my luck has been bad
And often I've wished I was dead.
Tho' the cause of my strife, and the bane of my life
Is just a bad cold in the head.
I've had sug a code in be dode!
O sug a bad code in be dode.
I've been robbed of ambition, of love and position,
Because of a code in be dode.

I was wooed long ago, by a charming young beau,
Who asked if my name he might know.
Tell me! Sweetest! Adored! "I just whispered I'm
bored."

He left me. Ah! great was my woe!
I had sug a code in be dode,
O sug a bad code in be dode.
Tho' my first name is Maud, he just thought I was bored,
I had sug a code in be dode.

When I made my debut as all famous folk do,
I mean as a singer of course,
My nose it was red, and my eyes dull as lead,
My throat like sandpaper, and hoarse.
I had sug a code in be dode,
O sug a bad code in be dode.
When I tried to begin it, I sneezed every minute—
I had sug a code in be dode.

I once tried the sea-air when the weather was fair,
And most folk my trouble ignored;
But a boy with a wink shouted "If you don't drink,
Why don't you take down your sign-board?"
I said "It's a code in be dode!"
O sug a bad code in be dode.
O! what insults I've borne! What repulses and scorn!
Because of a code in be dode.

Now, I'm sure of one thing, and the thought brings a
sting;
By the world tho' forgotten I'll be;
I'd have blazoned my name on the bright scrolls of fame,
But when fortune came seeking for me,
I had sug a code in be dode,
O sug a bad code in be dode.
O! I'm sure there's no woe in the whole earth below
That's as bad as a code in your dode.

Marjorie

(My Daughter)

What is it darling you want me to get?
Get you a daisy? Well come, little pet—
Come let us wander through sunshine and shade
Come to the garden, my sweet little maid.

Pick you a dandelion? Why that's a weed!
Pretty—you say it is? Pretty, indeed.
Ah well, why not? It's fresh and it's bright!
Here then, I'll pick it, you funny wee mite.

Hold up your pinny, my love, here's a lot—
Clover and daisy and blue "getsynot."
Yes, they are sweet! What! you'll kiss the dear
flowers?
With them you're happy throughout the long
hours.

Oh! was there ever a flower like you?
You're like a rose-bud—and sweet as one, too.
O, may your blooming be free from sin's blight!
God keep my flower, in purity, white.

Anticipation

Yes, I'm counting the days, my darling,
And thinking how sweet it will be
When you kiss me again, and tell me
That you still think the world of me.

The days have been long without you,
And I almost had given way,
Had I not known how you loved me
And thought of me, every day.

But you'll soon be back with me, darling
And I half think it worth all the pain
To be parted awhile, from each other,
For the joy in the meeting again.

The Faithful Stranger

(The Envoy's Story)

A simple thing, perhaps, but is it right
To judge, or think it worthless in God's sight?
It will, no doubt, to worldly-minded folk
Seem foolish, or to thoughtless ones, a joke.
And yet within it lies a mighty truth,
A challenge, calling age as well as youth.
So listen then, as I this tale unfold,
And linger, as the picture is unrolled.

A town beside the ocean comes in view;
Its glory passed—such glory as it knew.
Away beyond the town the mountains lie,
But gloomy clouds obscure them from the eye,
While hastens to its close, the dreary day,
With ne'er a gleam of sunshine on its way.
Through brooding silence comes the sullen moan
Of ocean, and the two, who stand alone
Are sad and disappointed as, once more,
They face their task, alone, as oft before.

Who are they? There's no need that I should tell,
By bonnet and by dress you know us well.
A mid-week meeting in the open air,
And none but we two Officers are there.
Our hearts, though brave, are troubled and distressed,
The dreary day has left us both depressed.
Alone! Yes all alone. There's no one near
To stand with us, to help us or to cheer.
There's no one in the street; no single soul
Intent on business or a daily stroll.

We bow our heads and as the captain prays,
I feel a presence, and my eyes I raise—
A man, a stranger, comes with us to stand.
His head is lowly bowed; his hat in hand.
A gentleman he seems, and middle-aged,
And silently in prayer with us engaged.
Our prayer is ended reverently, and then,

In earnest tones he breathes a deep "Amen!"
And turns, but pauses e'er he leaves, to say
A fervent "Thank you!" Then he goes his way,
And we, with hearts uplifted to our Lord,
Sing songs of joy and read His precious word,
And feel the blessedness that ever we
His honoured witnesses were called to be.
But later, as I ponder this strange thing,
And wonder at the thought it seems to bring,
I feel how blest and wonderful 'twould seem—
Like sweet fulfilment of a lovely dream—
If all men everywhere, and women too,
Who love the Lord and try His works to do,
Would pause a moment—just the briefest space
With those who preach His word; where'er the
place.

How can it be that we, who hear His name,
So heedlessly pass by, and feel no shame?
O! surely there is sorrow in His heart
When men are slow to come and take their part.
Not that the Master slights, or leaves unblessed
The women folk, who come at His behest;
But Christ is man, and men! He calls to you!
To bravely face the things He bids you do.
'Tis easier far, we know, to join the ring,
And with the many, testify and sing
Than go, where comrades few in number meet:
There, courage fails—we seek another street.

O, surely Christ was glad when in that town,
A man was found who would not let Him down,
A faithful servant, though to us unknown,
With heart too true to let us stand alone;
And so, for Christ's dear sake he needs must stay
And worship, as he did with us that day.
His name, his home, his creed, I do not know.
What matters it? My heart is still aglow
Whene'er I think how, on that dismal day
This faithful stranger helped us on our way.

My Home

There is a spot where trees are green,
Where everything is most serene;
Where love does every failure screen—
It is my home!

There is a spot where I shall find
Friends, who are dear to me, and kind.
Where love does all in union bind—
It is my home!

And now, I've wandered far away,
And here with strangers, made my stay;
One spot I long to see today—
It is my home!

Song of Praise

Saviour! dear Saviour, our offering we bring:
Hear us, O Lord! as Thy praises we sing.
Gladly our songs are uplifted to Thee,
Praying our gifts may acceptable be.
 Sweetly we sing; melodies ring;
 To Jesus our Saviour glad praises we bring!

Who is so worthy as Jesus Our Lord?
He who by angelic hosts is adored,
He who once died but who now reigns above,
He who has saved us by infinite love?
 Sweetly we sing; melodies ring;
 To Jesus our Saviour glad praises we bring!

Then let us praise Him in sweet harmony,
Praise Him with Joy—none so worthy as He!
Praise Him with Service, and serve Him alone,
Praise Him from hearts that are truly His own.
 Sweetly we sing; melodies ring;
 To Jesus our Saviour glad praises we bring!

Song of Oppression

(Israel in Bondage)

Backs are bowed and bent with toil;
Flesh is torn with whip and rod.
See! our life-blood stains the soil;
Hear our moanings, O, our God!
Burdens crush us hour by hour,
Burdens, more than we can bear;
Egypt holds us in her power.
God of Heaven! Hear our prayer!

Hear our weeping, Mighty One!
Count the number of our tears;
Feel the lash when day is done;
Weigh the burden of our fears;
Watch our children slowly die,
Smitten by the cruel rod;
Hear their agonizing cry;
Save them! Save them O our God!

See the aged driven forth;
Hear the groans of man and maid;
Mark the haughty Pharaoh's wrath;
See the tyranny displayed.
God of power, we cry to Thee;
Chains are fast, no help is nigh.
God of Israel! Set us free!
Save us! Save us or we die!

A Dirge for the Dead

(The death of the firstborn)

The land is full of tears,
Our first born lieth prone,
No frenzied shriek or cry he hears,
No sobbing moan.

Our King is racked with woe;
He calls his gods in vain.
The anguish of his heart, we know:
His son is slain.

The land is full of death ;
The dead lie everywhere ;
The rich, the poor, deprived of breath
Lie prostrate there.

O! gods of Egypt! Come!
Behold our grief and fear!
The gods are far—the Gods are dumb:
The dead, are here.

Bells of Memory

At Christmas-tide, there comes again to me,
In chiming golden bells of memory,
The thought of all the Holy Season tells ;
Of mighty truth that in the message dwells,
Of things so precious to the seeking mind,
And things the careless seekers never find.

With this blest, joyous season comes the thought
Of all the wondrous things our God hath wrought.
Assurance, that He understood our case,
And knew the frailties of the human race.
He knew that man would ever try to build
A form, for thought that had his being filled.
For did not men of old a body make,
And wood and stone, and gold and silver, take,
That they might have their gods before their eyes?
And God, in pitying love did sympathise,
And in time's fulness stoop to meet the need,
And from this snare the sons of men He freed ;
And gave a man, in whom mankind should see
The image of God's personality,
And yet a man within our human ken,
Who lived the simple life midst common men.

O wondrous gift! O wondrous love that gave!
O Blessed Son of God! Who came to save!
In Thee we see the heart of God expressed.
In Thee, the heart of man can ever rest,
And know by earthly steps that Thou hast trod,
That Thou hast showed the Father-heart of God.

And then there comes the echo of a song—
Unlike the Angel anthem, full and strong—
A maiden, singing in sweet ecstasy,
A maiden beautiful in purity;
“My soul doth magnify the Lord she sings;
And round the earth again the echo rings.
’Tis Mary, whom the Lord our God did choose,
And for His Holy purpose, did her use.
A Maid, who gave herself, so joyfully
And, with no fear of all that was to be,
Accepted that great challenge, for she knew
That, through her Babe, God mighty things would do.

O Holy Babe! O modest, lovely Maid!
In thee we see the power of God displayed.
We see the crown upon the mother’s brow.
“Most blessed among womankind art thou.”
We see God’s only Son to Mary given—
God’s choicest gift to earth, His Joy in Heaven.
And then we think how God, The Holy one,
In choosing for the mother of His Son
This lowly maiden—woman of our race—
In her hath given to all an honoured place.

And yet oftimes she wept, her soul was stirred
By pointing finger, and by whispered word.
What tragic grief the simple phrase enclosed
That spake of “Joseph’s Son (as was supposed)”
Yet God had asked her thus to play her part
To bear for Him the stab—the poisoned dart.
God asks a mortal woman! Dost thou see,
O woman! turning pages, carelessly,
The greatness of the thing thy God hath done,
When in the Virgin’s arms He laid His Son?
The Honour He hath placed on womankind?
Go, search and read, yet nowhere shalt thou find
Such things as greet thee in that story old.
Then read again, until thou shalt behold
And weep and wonder, and on bended knee
Give thanks to God, who did such things for thee.

But, soft the bells, and softer still they ring,
And strangely now, another thought they bring;
A thought of Joseph, grave and reverent man,
Reserved and humble, yet in God's great plan
He hath a part that only he can fill—
A sacrifice to offer, if he will!
God asks of him to bear the jibe, the sneer;
To jeopardise the thing men hold most dear;
To lend his home and honourable name;
To cover what the wicked world thought, shame.
God asks a mortal man! O men! take heed!
In any ancient scroll, did'st ever read
A thing so strange? Transcending human thought!
(At what great cost was man's salvation bought)
Did'st ever think that God would condescend
To ask a working man, his name to lend?
Would ask this man, the peerless maid to take,
And all provision for her future make
And be a father to the Little One.
As if, in very truth, it were his son?
O men! much honour God hath done to you,
Because that man was asked this thing to do;
Because that man must bear and suffer shame
In granting thus, the shelter of his name.
Tremendous issues wait on simple acts
And humble lives proclaim eternal facts.
And so, this holy maid, this righteous man,
Did give themselves to God, for His great plan.
And thus, Omnipotence came down to earth,
Was clothed in flesh—a babe of humble birth.
And in this great Eternal Mystery,
God's mighty condescending love we see.

O men and women! Pause this Christmas-tide!
And firmer grasp the things that still abide.
And meditate, as once again ye hear
In chiming bells of mem'ry, soft and clear,
The message, in such sweet simplicity
That tells of Incarnation Mystery;
And brings again the tidings Angels tell,
In full and golden tones—"Immanuel!"

My Rose

She is pink, as any rose,
She the darling girl I chose.
She is beautiful and fair,
She is blooming, rich and rare.

She is blushing, as a rose,
She the darling girl I chose,
She the queen of all the flowers,
She the fragrance of the bowers.

She is sweet, as any rose,
She the darling girl I chose.
But if thorns are round her set,
Well! I haven't found them yet.

Diagnosis

You know! I just don't care two hoots
How all these things are done:
There's one man has a coin that shoots,
Another, ears that run.
One has paralysis, that creeps,
And one, a heart that thumps;
Another, eczema, that weeps,
And one a tooth that jumps.
You're told a kidney starts to float;
A "flare up" cooks your liver;
Or something equally remote—
To make a poor chap shiver.

Now, all these things that run or creep,
That shoot, or even jump;
That float or flare or sometimes weep,
(You'll maybe dub me chump.)

But these all seem to have fair play:
And that's what ought to be.
So, link up with the great array,
And take up arms, and join the fray,
Till every "itis" knows its way,
And every boil, can see.

Dog Days

Many summers ago, maybe twenty or so,
I worked in the bush on my own.
I could fell, split and saw, and most likely do more
Than many another alone,
And my dog was my only companion;
He followed me faithful and true—
Up hill and down dale, with bright eyes and glad tail,
He fancied he knew what to do;
He'd have died for the love that he bore me,
But strange as the tale is to tell,
By one foolish trick, he near passed me out quick,
And tossed in his own checks as well.

I had set dynamite, and the fuse was alight,
And I stood safe away by a tree,
When that misguided dog pulled the thing from the
log
And started to bring it to me.
And my dog was my only companion;
He followed me morn, noon and night—
And he dragged the darned thing like a ball on a
string;
And remember, the fuse was alight;
And that dog many parts a retriever.
I took to my heels and I ran—
Like a sprinter I flew; what else could I do?
Say what you would have done, if you can!

As I scaled the barbed wire, 'twas my earnest desire
To outwit that pestilent brute;
But I caught on a snag; tore my pants to a rag,
And twisted my knee on a root.
And my dog was my only companion,
He'd been at my side since a pup,
And he thought he should bring that abom'nable
thing,
And I felt that my number was up.
He brought it and stood just beyond me,
Then started to nose it about,
With an air of great pride and not far from my side;
It spluttered—It sparked and went out.

Baby's Uncle

"May I come in? It's Uncle Abie;
I've come to see this lovely baby!"
So, Ann displayed her latest born,
Just come to town last Sunday morn.

"My word!" I cried "he's fat and big,
But looks just like a guinea-pig!"
She laughed and laughed, I wonder why?
She laughed, and gasped—"O, I shall die!"

I said, "You stop it! What's the matter?
You're worse than any crazy hatter."
She dried her eyes, and tried to speak,
And even then her voice was weak.

"O dear!" she whispered, "Mrs White,
Who came to see me Wednesday night,
Exclaimed as soon as she saw baby—
My! haint 'e like 'is Huncle Habie!"

Olive

I love this pretty little maid;
I love her curls, of sunny shade;
Those tender smiles so oft displayed—
But best of all, her brown eyes.

Now drooping, with the tears unshed,
Now sparkling bright, with mirth instead;
Now questioning, with words unsaid—
Those ever changing brown eyes.

I love that face so soft and round,
That childish trust so often found;
These have my heart in fetters bound—
But most of all, her brown eyes.

Peace

O God we thank Thee for this news of peace!
That Thou hast bid the hated warfare cease.
And now, no more shall cannon's thunders roar;
No more shall hill and plain be red with gore.
No more shall man his brother man shoot down,
While shell and flame devour the farm and town.
For now, throughout the land, thus scourged by war,
Throughout the length and breadth of Afric's shore,
Peace spreads her wings, and 'neath her gracious
spread

Laughter re-echoes from the lone homestead.
And sheep and cattle browse upon the plain,
While up to greet her springs the golden grain.
And side by side, in mine and factory,
Briton and Boer shall henceforth brothers be.
And hand in hand in one great cause unite,
The cause of Justice, Liberty and Right.

O lovely Peace! Our voices high we raise.
O longed for Peace! gladly we sing thy praise!
While round the world the gladsome chorus swells,
To trumpet's blare and peal of joyous bells,
As the great Empire lifts its mighty voice,
And Britain's millions loud in song rejoice.

Abide with us, sweet peace. And may no more
Britain's supremacy depend on war,
But on her Justice, Truth and Liberty,
And in the power she holds to make men free.
Thus shall our God smile on our realm, and bless
And high exalt us for our righteousness.

So may God's grace, His mercy and His peace
Rest on us all, till earthly kingdom's cease.

(Published in the New Zealand Baptist, 1902)

Just Thou and I

(Memorial to J.P.R.)

Of all the things that charm me most—
Not things of which so many boast
But simple things that bring us cheer
And smooth our path, from year to year;
To go from city's dust and glare,
From daily toil, and constant care,
And feel a welcome radiates
From o'er the bush-clad hills, where waits
The little cottage at the Bay,
'Mid tall manuka hid away;
There built, that we at ease might lie
And rest awhile—just thou and I.

Pohutakawas, overhead
Spread giant branches, splashed with red;
The tui pipes his liquid note
And gurgles in his husky throat.
And here we lie and here we rest,
And read the book that suits us best,
Or fall asleep—perhaps by guile—
Or feel, 'twere best to walk awhile,
So wander down along the beach
With line and hook and bait for each;
First setting them with utmost care
And waiting then, with patience rare.
But where the ocean meets the sky
We see a phantom ship go by.
And sitting there so calm and still
We mark the gannet's wondrous skill,
And quite forget the fishing-line
That hangs so limply in the brine,
Until a movement makes us look—
“O, see! there's something on the hook”
We cry, and haul with eager speed
To find—we've only caught a weed.
O! how we laugh; nor do we mind
How long it takes to get untwined.

O simple joys! We asked not more
Than there to linger on the shore;
And sit beneath the summer sky
And talk awhile—just thou and I.

Those days are past ; they come no more.
I walk alone, along the shore.
No more we linger line in hand,
Upon the pleasant pebbly sand
Nor sit beneath the spreading trees
And feel the lovely summer breeze.
The tides sweep in and out again ;
The varying seasons wax and wane ;
The summer sun is on the sea,
But nothing seems the same to me.

The little cottage 'neath the trees,
Where blows the cooling ocean breeze
Still beckons, with the things that cheer
And smooth our path, from year to year.
Pohutakawas—they are there
With crimson blooms beyond compare,
And tuis, blithely singing on ;
These all are there, but—Thou art gone.

Praise

Come, let us to our God give praise ;
Ye people all your voices raise ;
Sing to the Lord ! give praise, rejoice,
Come praise His name with heart and voice.

Praise Him, a hundred years have rolled
Since Carey first the message told ;
Praise Him that blessings rich and rare
Have rested on the mission there.

Praise Him for those who take their stand,
And serve Him in that heathen land ;
Praise Him for sisters young and fair,
Who spend their lives in service there.

Praise Him that hearts, once black as night,
Have now received the world great light.
Praise Him that in His crown, so fair,
Bright Hindu jewels sparkle there.

(Selected among the hymns sung in Canterbury at the Baptist
Missionary Centenary, 1892)

My Saviour's Voice

I love to hear the Saviour's voice,
 'Tis music grand and sweet.
It floods my soul with melody
 And makes my joy complete.
But O, I tremble when I think
 How awful it would be,
If I could never hear that voice
 Because of sin in me.

But I love the voice of Jesus,
The blessed voice of Jesus,
It fills me, and it thrills me in my soul.
 His blood is all prevailing,
 His mercy, never failing;
 O, the wondrous grace of Jesus, makes me
 whole.

I love to listen, as I kneel
 Where often-times I go
To seek Him in the secret place.
 He speaks to me, I know:
But O, how sad if I should fail
 Through carelessness, or pride
To hear Him when he speaks to me,
 My Lord, who for me died.

But I love the name of Jesus,
The blessed name of Jesus,
 It fills me, and it thrills me in my soul.
His blood is all prevailing
His mercy, never failing,
 O, the wondrous grace of Jesus, makes me
 whole.

I love to think that soon He'll come
 To reign on earth as King.
And I shall hear His glorious tones
 As Hallelujahs ring.
But O! what dire and dreadful fear
 Would fill my labouring heart,
If I should only hear Him say—
 "Depart from me! Depart!"

But I love the voice of Jesus,
The blessed voice of Jesus.
It fills me, and it thrills me in my soul.
His blood is all prevailing,
His mercy never failing,
O! the wondrous grace of Jesus makes me
whole.

The Christ

I love to read the story of the Christ,
And having read, to ponder on the thought
Of God incarnate, and of woman born,
Until my soul in adoration bows
Before that great, eternal mystery.

And yet, I sometimes turn from those deep things
That are beyond the ken of finite minds,
And read the tale, as only woman can
Whose arms have clasped a little newborn son,
Whose breast has pillowed him.

And so, I think
Of Maiden Mary, waiting for her babe,
And longing, with that strange, mysterious thrill—
Half joy, half fear, yet all expectancy—
For that glad day to dawn, and crown her hopes.
I love to think of how the little Babe,
With fragrant lips, caught back his Mother's kiss;
And how His tiny tap'ring fingers pressed
Her soft, warm breast, And how His small, round
head

Lay nestled in the circle of her arms.
I love to think that Mother Mary taught
Her little Son to lisp Jehovah's name,
And guided His dear wavering feet to walk,
And caught Him up, and kissed away His tears,
Whene'er He fell—as mothers do to-day.
I love to let my fancy wander free,
And see the little lad by Joseph's bench,
Persuading that grave, kindly man to cease
His planing, and bedeck the soft, bright curls
With shavings that in queer, fantastic shapes
Strewed bench and floor.

And, yes! I dare to think
That sometimes, this Divine and human Boy
Was like enough to mine, to fill His hands
(All innocently maybe, yet perchance,
In childish sport), with sawdust—as it fell
With sweet and pungent odour, at the stroke
Of Joseph's saw—then take it carefully,
And turn it in the barrel, with the meal
That Mary kept for baking.

Would she chide,
As I so often do? Ah! well, mayhap,
For she was only human like to me.
I like to fancy that this growing lad
Lay sleeping peacefully upon His bed,
Within their humble cot, and Mary sat
Beside the flick'ring lamp to patch and darn
His scanty, threadbare clothes, and that the tears
Oft filled her eyes and fell upon her work,
As she remembered lads in rich attire,
Who were not half so worthy as her boy
To wear such robes.

And, O! I love to think
That Jesus woke and saw His mother's tears,
And, rising hastily, He made her tell
The reason of her sorrow: why she wept.
And then I love to fancy that I see
His arms about her neck in boyish hug,
As earnestly He tells her He would choose
To be her Son, because He loves her so.
I love to think, when boyhood's days were past,
He worked like every other Jewish youth,
And learned the weariness of daily toil,
Till discipline brought out His manliness.
I like to think He dreamed His many dreams,
As, eager-eyed, He t'ward the future gazed,
And yet thrust back His own ambitious thought,
And trod the way towards Gethsemane,
And Golgotha's dread hill.

I love to think
His manly heart went out in tender love
To Mother Mary, as she watched His steps;
While, one by one, her early hopes died down,
And care drew many lines upon her brow,

And streaked her hair with grey. For, O, I know
That, even on the Cross, He thought of her,
And, holding back His dying agony,
He bade His best beloved disciple, John,
Behold, in her His mother.

Oh! I love
To think that this same Jesus is the Lord,
The Mighty God! Creator! Source of life!
And yet, this other thought is sweet to me
Because I am a woman, and I know
That He remembers all His earthly life:
Remembers that small cot at Nazareth;
The sanded floor; the mother working there.
And so, He knows my round of household care,
And loves me, for He sees in every home
His Mother in the matron and the maid.
And in the tiny babe; the prattling child;
The eager boy; the earnest youth; the man—
He sees again the humble life He lived
When in the flesh.

O, Blessed was that maid
Who bore the infant Christ; for since that day
A halo crowneth every woman's head;
And every little child enshrined is.
O, Blessed Jesus! Glorious Son of God!
A Woman's God Thou art in very truth!
Thou Son of Man! For Thou hast set Thy seal
Upon the holy crown of motherhood:
Because, when Thou didst lay Thy glory by,
And come to earth, our ruined race to save,
No seraph form enwrapped Thee, but instead,
Away in David's town, among the hills,
The lowly peasant maiden gave Thee birth,
And laid Thee in a manger, where the kine
Of Bethlehem's inn gazed on Thee, as they fed.

Spring

Soft, softly o'er mountain and plain
The beautiful Spring is coming again.
The birds rejoice and hail her with song
They have waited to greet her and called for her,
long

She covers the trees with her mantle of green;
'Neath the shade of the leaves, primroses are seen.
The flowers ope their eyes, her beauty to see;
All Nature rejoices, and why should not we.

O, beautiful Spring! Why glide'st thou away?
For I love in thy warmth and thy sunshine to stay.
But when Winter is over again thou wilt come—
And once more we'll rejoice in the rays of thy sun.

I Wonder

I wonder, would He be the same
If in the street I met Him?
I wonder, would He call my name,
Would His disciples let Him?
Or would they say—"Now run away
And don't disturb the Master?"
O! when I think of what they'd say,
It makes my heart beat faster—
I wonder! I wonder!
I wonder, would He stay with me
If, by the sea, He saw me?
And all my treasures chanced to be
Spread on the sand before me.
If while He held my precious things
To look on them and ponder,
I asked Him what my sea-shell sings,
Would He tell me, I wonder?
I wonder! I wonder!

I wonder does He love the thought,
Now He's a King in Glory,
Of little ones by mothers brought?
We read it in the Story!
I wonder does He know my name,
And mark my sins forgiven?
O! are you sure He'll be the same
When I get up to Heaven?
I wonder! I wonder!

Sweet Angel of Sleep

Sweet angel of sleep, O, how lovely thou art!
How gracious thy smiles, and what peace they impart
How thou lovest the young; how thou cheerest the old;
All troubles take flight when thy smiles they behold.

How gentle the touch when thy cool hand is laid
On the sufferers hot brow; how the fever is stayed.
Thou spreadest thy wings from the East to the West,
And beneath them Earth's children find comfort and rest.

O Angel of Sleep! ne'er forsake me I pray;
But near me to aid in my weariness, stay
Till the long night of darkness and death shall be o'er
And I wake from Earth's sorrows, to need thee no more.

A Birthday Wish for Dad

With two-fold their joy,
But with none of their pain,
May two-thirds of thy Birthdays
Return once again.

Filthy Lucre

I'd been to get old Sam some smokes;
He gets lots done by other folks,
While he sits drinking tea, with Jane;
He's on a fuss with her again.

He stirred his tea, and ate a bun,
And I hung round, to look for fun.
And, while he wasn't watching me
I dropped a shilling in his tea.

Jane didn't look as if she knew it,
And old Sam didn't see me do it;
For he was eating buttered scone,
And chewing loudly, on and on.

He sipped his tea, then drank it down,
And on his brow there came a frown,
As he looked down among the dregs,
And, standing up on bandy legs—

He roared "Don't tell no lies to me!
You dropped that shillin' in my tea!"
I said "It's just your shilling change,
I think you're acting very strange."

He gulped "D'yer want a bloke to die?
It's perhaps been on a dead Chow's eye!"
He shivered as he walked away,
And Jane's not seen him since that day.

But all the same, he isn't dead,
In spite of all the things he said;
Folk say, he's got a country job.
That may be, but—I've got the Bob.

The Bank Corner

(Christchurch Bottleneck)

She was passing the Bank at the corner,
And her pram was remarkably new;
All new was the shawl and the covers;
Brand new was the young nipper, too.

In front of her walked an old fossil,
With a face like a wet holiday;
And try as she might, to get past him,
He persistently kept in her way.

His step grew more lingering than ever;
And the young Ma, not looking his way,
Ran bang on his heels O! my goodness!
The things that gent wanted to say,

As he turned with a snarl like a bull-dog
And said with a sneer, through his nose,
As he stuck out his jaw at the bottom—
"You're a new woman!..... I suppose."

She answered him ever so sweetly—
"I'll not contradict what you say;
You must know, when you see a new woman;
For it's plain you're an old one—Good Day!"

The Battle

I wandered out at earliest dawn
To watch the daylight win its way;
And lo! I saw a battle waging
Against the glorious King of Day.
Hid by the darkness of the night,
Out of the cold and gloomy west,
The King of Storms his knights had sent,
And forth they came at his behest.

They swept towards the waiting east
To meet their foe; his course they knew,
And from the south and from the west,
A sombre host dashed into view.
They rushed across the fields of air
To join their comrades in advance.
They hastened, lest their foe should come
And take them unawares, perchance.

Then, in the warm and glowing east
A scout, in robes of light appeared,
But those dark warriors, waiting there,
Their dusky heads above him reared.
But quick the light-robed knights of day
Around their comrades stood to fight.
And then, the warriors of the storm
With warriors of the day unite.

The King of Day is gaining fast;
His knights upon their victims tread,
And O! how fearful is the fight,
For all the east with blood is red.
The King of Storms, with armed hosts,
Is speeding fast across the sky;
They rush to reinforce their ranks,
To help their comrades ere they die.

Too late! the King of Day bursts through,
And warriors dark are cast aside.
Upward he mounts with dreadful wrath;
Onward, he comes with fearful stride.
Then from his hosts the Storm King dashed
And hurled himself against his foe.
Forward, the King of Day advanced
And scorched him with his fiery glow.

Then up to aid their fallen King
The cloud knights make their last brave
stand.

Forward again the Day King speeds,
And slays them fast, on every hand;
Scattered their hosts, and slain their King,
Backward, toward the west they run.
And, mounting up in majesty,
The King of Day the battle's won.

The Cross of Calvary

Behold! behold a cross crowned hill,
'Tis the place called Calvary,
And lo! a form so pale and still
On the Cross.
His brow by cruel thorns is torn,
For 'twas by Him our sins were borne
On the Cross—on the Cross of Calvary.

Behold! behold His pierced side
On the Cross of Calvary.
And lo! His arms are opened wide
On the Cross.
His arms are spread in wide embrace
To gather in our fallen race
By the Cross—by the Cross of Calvary.

Oh see, He dies in grief and pain
On the Cross of Calvary.
But must He give His life in vain
On the Cross?
Poor foolish souls, why will ye die,
Since God in Christ hath been made nigh
By the Cross—by the Cross of Calvary.

And wondrous love streams ever more
From the Cross of Calvary.
And victory is ever sure
At the Cross.
And sin and Satan find defeat,
For all the powers of hell retreat
From the Cross—from the Cross of Calvary.

Then let our glorious Lord be praised
For the Cross of Calvary.
And may He ever be up-raised
On the Cross
That all who look to Him may be
Saved now, and through eternity
By the Cross—by the Cross of Calvary.

O Blest Redeemer

Within His temple, as the night is falling,
Filled with sweet happiness my song I'm raising,
With notes of rapture I my Lord am praising,
While sacred memories to me are calling.
O Blest Redeemer! Thy love I sing,
Thou art my Saviour, my Lord, my King,
I bow, I bow before Thee, my praise to bring.

Once sin had stained me, I in guilt was lying,
Until a vision came of Calvary's mountain;
Ah! then I washed me in that cleansing fountain,
And knew my Lord, as there I saw Him dying.
O Blest Redeemer! Thy Blood applied
Has fully cleansed me and purified;
I bow, I bow before Thee for Thou hast died.

I had no shepherd, and my soul was drifting
Away in midnight gloom, alone, untended.
But since He found me and the long night ended,
My voice in song His praise would be uplifting.
O Blest Redeemer! Thou art my light!
With Thee beside me the way is bright.
I bow, I bow before Thee—Bless me this night!

O My Soul

Hast thou heard the Saviour's voice
Falling on thine ear?
Calling thee to make thy choice
Now Salvation's near.
Then must thou e'en here and now
Bid Him take control;
Make thee free; dwell in thee,
O my Soul.

Dost thou hear the Spirit call
In this sacred hour?
Urging thee to place thine all
In His holy power?
Then must thou e'en here and now
Consecrate the whole—
All thy days, all thy ways,
O my Soul.

Wilt thou glorify thy Lord
Here in service sweet?
And thy costliest gift be poured
On His blessed feet?
Then shalt thou, e'en here and now,
And while ages roll,
Live in Him, reign with Him,
O my Soul.

What's in a Name?

"This room's just for men!" said Robert to Stanley,
Who prided himself on looking quite manly.
"But this thing's a Duchess!" laughed Philip to Luke,
"If it's got to stay here, we'll dub it the Duke."

Their Mum said "you'll need it, whatever the name!
Whether Duchess or Duke, its use is the same."
So they welcomed the Duke the very same day,
And farewelled the Duchess, forever and aye.

N.B.—Regarding the Duchess—They've never relented,
And, as for Duke—he's to be complimented.

Little Garden of Memory

One day, upon a faded page, I read—
“Remembrance is the only Paradise
Whence none can ever drive us forth”

And thou,

My little Paradise of memory,
Thou art indeed an Eden fair to me,
A Paradise, where I can safely stoop
To breathe the perfume of the flowers that bloom
Along thy shady walks, for this I know,
No poisonous fang or adder's sting doth lurk
Among the leaves. The serpent's loathsome form
Doth never trail along thy pleasant paths,
O, little Paradise of Memory.

Thine air is pure; the very breath of heaven
Floats over thee, and all things beautiful
And sweet abide in thee. All girt about
Thou art, with rugged walls of lofty height,
And near the beaten track; Yet none would pause
To gaze upon those rocks, so grim and grey;
And never passerby would dream that aught
Above the common-place lay hidden there,
Behind their jagged peaks. Walled in thou art
Beneath the blue of Heaven, with ne'er a gate
To lead from Earth below, lest sordid thing
Shouldst enter thee; thou secret trysting place,
Thou love-lit Paradise of purity,
Thou little Eden fair.

O Memory!

Thou art the gentle nymph, the angel, sweet;
The Fairy-Child, with ever-verdant Spring
Entwined upon thy brow. I follow thee.
Thou knowest, and only thou, the hidden vale
Wherein my garden lies. Thou knowest, too,
Where every little plant doth lift its head.
'Tis thy kind hands that tend my precious flowers
And cherish them. I follow thee, sweet child.
But bring me first those roses, red with love,
That never fade. Then take my hand in thine
And show where my beloved left for me
That shrub of fragrance rare. And pluck for me
One little sprig to wear upon my heart.
He pledged his word that thou shouldst give it me;
It breathes of sweet remembrance.

E'en the breeze
That whispers through the trees doth tell his love;
The song of birds, the music of the brook;
The golden sunshine and the pearl-gray shade
All speak to me of him. Then bid me come
O, gentle guide, sweet angel Memory,
And seek him in this Paradise of love.
Thou callest me; thou callest him, and lo,
I leave a kiss upon the sleeping grass,
As once I kissed the gown his hand had touched;
For he, mayhap, has walked where now I kneel;
Perchance he seeketh me!

O, Azure Flowers!
O little stars of blue! now wilt thou tell
If he knelt here to kiss thee ere he passed?
Thou'rt wet, with crystal drops of glistening dew;
Thou'rt wet with tears, dear, sweet forget-me-nots.
Then breathe his message; tell me little flowers,
Just whisper low. Ah, yes! I know—I hear!
Dear love! my love! Did'st think I could forget?
Forget thee? O, my longing heart will break
For love of thee. O come to me—I wait!
Sweet Memory! O call him back to me.
He comes: The love-light shining in his eyes;
His strong arms hold me 'gainst his throbbing heart,
His breath is on my cheek; his lips seek mine;
I sink in his embrace. O Paradise!
I fain would dwell forevermore in thee.
'Tis past. The glory pales. The shadows come.
My garden into nothingness doth sink.
My Eden fades away. The darkness falls.
(With face in hands beside my couch I kneel,
And slow tears drop between my fingers, cold.
O, Memory! O sweet, sweet Memory!
How can'st thou feed the hungry heart of me
And there I kneeling weep, and weeping, sleep.
I sleep the sleep of grief.

"Awake! Arise!"
A strong hand raiseth me; a clear voice speaks—
" 'Tis well my child; 'Tis well that thou shouldst
learn
How blest thou art, How greatly blest thou art.
My name is Wisdom, Rise and follow me."

She leads, I follow on. No word I speak.
"Fear not" saith she, "but stand beside me here
See! Yonder goeth Memory, thy friend;
She seeks not thee."

"Nay! Do thou pardon me
If now I speak; that cannot be my friend;
That maid with visage stern and eye of steel!"
"Hush child! did I not say she seeks not thee?
She goeth where she must and at her side
Brave Conscience walks. His scourge is in his hand.
They go to wake the careless, wrapt in sleep.
The hypocrite, the prodigal, the sot,
The painted harlot and the cringing hag,
And all, who cast aside the gold of life
To treasure up the dross; who take the seed,
And sow with lavish hand, the fields of youth,
Not caring what they sow.

"Awake! Come forth!"
Dost hear the voice of Mem'ry strong and clear?
Whilst her companion standeth, lash in hand
Prepared to strike? They hear, and hearing, rise;
So, Conscience drives them forth relentlessly,
And Mem'ry leads them on."

"But where go they?
O Wisdom, canst thou tell?"

"They go my child,
To walk within the garden, kept for them
By Memory. But, stay, here cometh one—
A noble Seer, upon whose locks the snow
Of all the ages rests, but in whose eyes
The fire of everlasting Youth doth burn.
His name is Vision. Lo! he toucheth thee
Upon thy sightless eyes. So shalt thou see."
"I see! But leave me not, most noble Seer!
And Wisdom, stay thou nigh to counsel me.
I see a land—a wilderness, but walled,
With dreary shores beside a sullen sea.
At water's edge the wreckage lieth piled,
And over it the seaweed stretcheth out,
All sinister and smooth, its slimy arms.
Across the land and through the leafless trees
The bleak wind shrieks and moans among the rocks
With sobbing sound. And where the cactus grows

The hoary snake doth lead his poisonous brood
Among the clustering thorns, and overhead
The vulture hangeth low. I see—Ah God!
The naked souls of men; pursued by Fear
And driven by Despair, e'en refuse seek
Within the depths of that relentless sea,
Whose ruthless waves but cast them back again
Upon the shore. I see them flying far,
And striving oft to scale the towering walls
That shut them in, but ever as they climb
Stern conscience meeteth them; and Memory,
She standeth by unmoved. They reel, they fall,
And bruised and beaten lie among the rocks;
The vulture swoopeth down and, through the thorns
The fiery serpents creep. Take back thy gift
O Seer! I cannot look. My soul is sick.
Is God not merciful? Is God not love?
O, Vision! Wherefore dost thou use me thus?

"My Child! Did I not say, 'Twere well to learn
How greatly blest thou art?"

Tis Wisdom's voice—

"They reap what there they sowed. God is not
mocked.

They ate forbidden fruit and, cast aside
The vision of the Cross. With their own hands
They fashioned out that dreary wilderness
Of Memory."

"O Wisdom! thou art cold!

Thou carest not! if man thy counsel spurns
Thou leaveth him. But tell me if thou can'st
Why sin and suffering are? Doth God not care?
Is He not merciful?"

"He is and Just.

Thou canst not comprehend, poor child of Earth.
Thou canst not weigh the mighty Universe,
Or fathom the eternal mind of God.
Obey thou Him, and thou shalt surely live."

The clear voice dies away. I trembling stand,
O'erwhelmed with deep perplexity and fear:
If God's just law work thus; the power of sin
Will conquer all, and Death and Hell at last enthron-
éd be.

Then one of beauteous form and radiant face
Beside me stands. Her steadfast eyes of blue
Look into mine.

“Come child!” she softly saith

And guideth me until my hand is lain
Within the palm of that most noble Seer,
Who gave me sight.

“Behold the love of God!”

Saith he, “His justice too”

“I see a cross

Set up by God in His great purposes
From all eternity. I see a form
Of One that hangeth there in agony,
Yet slain before the very worlds were made
In God’s unchanging mind. I see two arms
Outstretched in wide embrace to gather in
A fallen world.

—O Christ! Thou Son of God!

Be merciful to me. And in Thine arms
Of infinite compassion shelter me
Until the night be past.”—

The Vision fades.

Then from afar there come triumphal strains,
As when a conqueror rideth home at last,
Victoriously. The Vaults of Heaven ring.
The Son of God, the mighty Son of God
By His all conquering love hath brought mankind
Safe back again within the sheltering fold
Of God the Father’s heart.

The Silence falls:

O, wondrous Messengers! Why art thou come
To minister to one so brimming o’er
With all unworthiness?

Then speaketh she

Of radiant face and steadfast eyes of blue—
“We come from God. He sendeth us to thee.
To those who seek He ever doth vouchsafe
A deeper revelation of His grace.
His servants we—thine, too, if so thou wilt.
The noble Vision, he hath showed thee
The curse of sin; the glory of the cross;
And that blest hope of certain victory
When time shall be no more.

Give earnest heed :

Hold fast the mighty truths he teacheth thee.
And walk with him, and he will lift thy thoughts
Above the humdrum and the common-place,
And make thee wondrous glad. Heed Wisdom's
voice,

And follow thou where-e'er she leadeth thee.
If Sorrow walk with thee, as oftentimes
She hath before ; receive her as a friend.
God's messenger is she in very truth,
E'en though her ministry doth cause thee pain ;
The hand that woundeth thee but shapeth thee,
To bear the likeness of thy Glorious Lord,
And Joy will come. She too, God's servant is
To minister."

"But wilt thou tell me, friend,
If that sweet angel child, called Memory,
Is sent by God to comfort me, betimes?
Like cool oasis in a parched land
To lift my drooping soul, is she to me,
Doth she not minister?"

Aye Child, she doth
But all the precious things that once were thine—
The things that once were thine, but now are gone.
God keepeth in His Paradise above,
Reserved for thee. But, lest thine heart should faint,
Before thy feet have climbed the heavenly steeps
Where thy heart's treasure is, God giveth thee
A little paradise on Earth below—
A Garden, kept for thee by Memory.
And there, in shadow, all thy precious things
She showeth thee. So child, when thou art faint,
And sick at heart for sight and sound of him
Who cometh not, then shall thy gracious God—
Who like a father pitieth His child—
Compassion have and send thee Memory ;
And she, with gentle hand, shall wipe thy tears,
And smooth away the trouble from thy brow,
And comfort thee. But child, I counsel thee,
I warn thee lovingly ; lean not too much
Upon the slender arm of Memory.
Though kind and comforting tis not enough
To hold thee up. Lean hard on me, My Child."

But Lady, who art thou, that speakest thus?
Thy very presence seemeth to give strength;
Thy voice to cheer."

Then she of radiant face
And beauteous form doth look on me and smile.
Her steadfast eyes of blue look into mine;
My soul responsive leaps.

"Come thou," saith she;
"But bind this Holy Cross upon thy heart,
And leave thy hand in mine, and near me keep.
The way is long, but I will lead thee home.
My name is Faith."

The Vision slowly fades
As I awake. But glory filleth still
My little room. I cannot think or pray,
My heart is filled with some sweet melody
That keeps repeating, like a soft refrain
Within the mind. Like some sweet babbling brook,
Again and yet again the music comes.
My soul is joining in the harmony,
As with myself and to myself I sing—
'Tis well that thou should learn that thou shouldst
learn
How blest thou art—how greatly blest thou art.

Song of Fairies and Brownies

Fairies to Brownies:—

Come and play where the breeze on the hilltop blows
sweet

Come away! Come away!

Come and dance while the sunbeams encircle our feet—

Come away! Come away!

O! the manuka rings on the slopes its white bells;
And the grey warbler sings in the cool shady dells,
And the note of the tui his love-story tells.

Come away!

Merrily dance and joyfully sing!

Gaily advance and daintily swing!

We want you to play in the sunshine today.

Come away! Come away! Come away!

Brownies to Fairies:—

Come with us, when 'tis night to the silent lagoon,
Come away! Come away!
And we'll climb the broad beam leading up to the moon.
Come away! Come away!
O! the nigger-heads droop to the still water's edge;
And the soft toi tois stoop to the reeds and the sedge;
And the wood-pigeon broods on her dry leafy ledge—
Come away!
Merrily dance and joyfully sing!
Gaily advance and daintily swing!
We want you to play in the moon's silvery ray.
Come away! Come away! Come away!

Fairies and Brownies

We'll dance 'neath the sun and we'll dance 'neath the
moon.
Come away! Come away!
Down the hillside we'll race to the shining lagoon;
Come away! Come away!
O! we'll sing as we dance and we'll dance as we sing,
And the sad earth perchance with our music will ring,
As our joy and our mirth on the breezes we fling.
Come away!
Merrily dance and joyfully sing!
Gaily advance and daintily swing!
Together we'll play through the night and the day.
Come away! Come away! Come away!

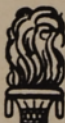
The Friend of the Children

Notes of praise here we raise,
Loud our voices swelling.
Sweet the song we prolong,
Love of God out-telling.
Youthful hearts are full of joys,
Life is fair before us.
Youths and maidens, girls and boys,
Sing in tuneful chorus.

Christ is the friend of the children,
Wonderful, wonderful friend.
Some may despise us, and some criticise us,
But Jesus will ever defend.
Now on this day of Thanksgiving
Gladly our tribute we bring,
Raising our voices,
While each heart rejoices—
Hosannah! to Jesus we sing.

As we meet, we repeat
Still the same old story.
Voice and heart each take part
In the song of glory.
Jesus, Saviour! Blest, Adored!
Who from evil frees us,
Hear our praises, Glorious Lord!
Jesus, blessed Jesus!

Christ is the friend of the children,
Wonderful, wonderful friend.
Some may despise us, and some criticise us,
But Jesus will ever defend.
Now on this day of Thanksgiving
Gladly our tribute we bring,
Raising our voices while each heart rejoices
Hosannah! to Jesus we sing.



Children's Sayings

A Daughter of Eve

"Deorgie! Deorgie come and play!"
Sadie called across the way;
But the small boy shook his head.
"Notillowed!" was all he said.

Blue-eyed Sadie, only three;
Dainty little maid was she;
Curly hair of burnished gold,
Face and form of classic mould.
But would words he said dismiss
This determined little Miss?
No! She called "Why don't zoo come?"
And he said "I'll arx my Mum."
So indoors he went to ask,
Knowing it a fruitless task.

Gentle little boy was he,
And like Sadie, only three.
But while she was golden fair,
Dark-eyed he and brown his hair;
And a lovely pair they made
As together, oft they played.

Now he called "Me's not to go."
Ise arxed Mum and she said "No!"
Then did sweet, undaunted Sadie
Answer "Arx anover lady!"

Anticlimax

He'd been naughty all day,
As was sometimes the way;
But had promised at last to be good;
And he'd had his warm bath,
And we sat by the hearth
And I talked, as all wise mothers should.

He was only just three,
And quite little was he,
That I felt it a shame to admit
That this same little lad,
When he chose to be bad,
Used up all my courage and wit.

He had prayed at my knee,
And had listened to me,
My hand on his dear, shiny head.
And I'd kissed him once more
As I'd kissed him before,
And lovingly put him in bed.

And I felt he was stirred
By the things he had heard—
A sweet, thoughtful nature is his.
But my heart was struck dumb
When he said to me "Mum!
Do you sink you would like sausagis?"

Carol

Little children sing God's praises;
Kneel and say their evening prayer.
Older folk it oft amazes
When they pause and listen there.

I could tell of sayings, funny;
Lines of hymns both strange and queer,
As young children, glad and sunny,
Say the words they think they hear.

But God reads the heart so tender,
Knows how innocence aspires.
He, the longed for gift will render,
And will grant the heart's desires.

So with Carol. Curls bewitching;
Lovely eyes of clearest blue;
And some charm her smile enriching,
That it lingers long with you.

Yes, a smile so captivating
That it stirs you, soul and heart;
Bringing goodness, and creating
Harmony in every part.

Oft I'd wonder at its sweetness;
Wondered at its radiant glow;
What the source of its completeness—
But the secret now I know.

For I saw her, sweet and winning,
Kneel and fold her hands awhile;
Softly then her prayer beginning—
"Gentle Jesus! make us smile!"

A Queer Bird

He sat upon the wash-house floor,
His snowy head down bent;
There murmuring something o'er and o'er,
As over him the sunbeams pour,
And wondrous beauty lent.

And then he raised his deep blue eyes,
And turned them full on me.
His questions filled me with surprise;
Could I but answer, I'd be wise,
Yes famous I should be.

And then I said "Now run away!
I've told you lots of things.
There's nothing more I've got to say;
I'm busy, on my washing day,
With all the work it brings."

He stood wide-eyed and looked at me,
Then slowly drooped his head,
And deep in thought he seemed to be—
Then ran to me quite suddenly,
As eagerly he said—

"My wants to arx you 'bout a bird,
'Cos Mum, my wants to know!
Dust tell me one more ickle word—
My arx you "Has you ever heard
A Kangerooster crow?"

A Tale of Woe

O Mummie! O Mummie I want! come out!
He's losted, I tell you! and that's why I shout.
He was wacing with me, and I waced with him too;
Now he's hidid from me. O! what shall I do?

Ise looked by the 'randa and down by the gate,
And wuned fast to catch him, but he wouldn't wait.
Ise told him Ise lonely and wanted to play—
And calldid, and called him, but he wouldn't stay.

Come quickly, dear Mummie, my tears are all wet;
Ise looked and looked but I can't find him yet.
I love him! He's lostid! O where can he be?
My little gyeen 'hopgwasser,' hiding from me.

Beverly's Logic

"O look! Granny look! It's a sea shell!
But how could a sea shell come here?
It seemed to fall out of this cabbage—
It couldn't! The sea isn't near."

Then Grandmother laughed, as she answered,
"It's only a wee baby snail,
Just watch, and you'll see it get moving,
And leave a queer, thin, slimy trail."

So Beverly watched, full of wonder,
Its head and tail slowly came out;
And when it set off on its journey
She hailed it with jubilant shout.

"Look Granny! It's walking! It's walking!
But why does it carry that shell?
If it dropped it, and went off without it,
It would get on, I'm sure, twice as well."

But that shell's its home! Don't you see Bev.,
It draws in its tail and its head
When danger is near, and when sleepy,
It folds itself up in its bed.

"But Granny! Don't snails have a mother
To feed them, and mind them as well?"
"Yes, Bev., but they get on without her,
For each tiny snail has a shell."

A moment the child stood and pondered;
Then said, solemn faced and wide-eyed,
"I think little snails are quite lucky!
'Cause Gran, what if my mother died?"

Boys Will Be Boys

Young Matthew was twelve, and sweet Lucy just eight.
Their visitor—dear little Sadie—
Was not yet quite four, but had proved a good mate,
And looked such a fine little lady
That Lucy delighted to take her to school,
All dressed in her best Sunday bonnet,
Her charming frilled frock so dainty and cool,
And her sunshade, with lovely lace on it.

'Twas the Sabbath, the class was most solemn and grave.
But on Sadie all smiled, and some kissed her.
This nice little girlie would surely behave—
And the teacher who somehow had missed her
Said "Now little girl, will you tell me your name?"
And Sadie looked up and said "Cabbage!"
Then added (but really she wasn't to blame)
"If you arx me again I'll be sabbage!"

The teacher was horrified; speechless she sat—
Such sacrilege truly was awful,
In the house of the Lord to answer like that,
With language so coarse and unlawful.
The girls sat dumbfounded with wide open eyes—
The silence was tense and unbroken.
The child sat immune, without shame or surprise
At the terrible words she had spoken.

Then up through the silence deep sobbing was heard,
And Lucy, with Sadie beside her
Rushed out from among them, with never a word,
As if she was trying to hide her.
She ran down the street, and burst in at the door,
“Mamma! O Mamma!” She was calling,
And as from her lips the sobbing words pour,
Their effect on Mamma was appalling.
“O Sadie!” she cried “How could you say that.”
“’Twas so rude thus to speak to the lady!”
“I sthed I would, when I did learnt it from Matt;
He told me to sthay that” lisped Sadie.
Mamma was quite shocked, and her sweet voice was sad—
“Don’t cry Lucy! poor little girlie!
I shall leave your Papa to punish the lad,
He’ll discourage such conduct right early.”

Creeping Things

Our baby creeps upon the floor,
He’s such a little fellow.
He’s got blue eyes and nice pink cheeks,
And curly hair that’s yellow.

And when he tries to walk, he stands
And waits, and then falls over.
And then he laughs, and so do we—
Just Mum and me and Rover.

The other day, out on the porch,
A soft grey thing came creeping.
And little brother saw it there
As he sat slyly peeping.

But when a tiny breeze came in,
The thing went quickly near him,
And then he screamed, so loud and high,
That Mum, upstairs, could hear him.

She ran down fast, and called to me;
“I thought you said you’d mind him!”
I said “It’s some grey thing that crawled;
I think it’s just behind him.

She picked him up and cuddled him,
And when we searched together,
She said "you silly little boys,"
It's just a wee grey feather.

Disillusioned

My Mummy took me to the town
To do a lot of shopping.
Up one long street, and then right down,
Before she thought of stopping.

And first she bought a little dish,
And then a long white curtain;
And then she bought four bits of fish
I think, but I'm not certain.

And when the shopping all was done,
She met a lady walking,
Who told her all about her son,
And they kept talking, talking—

The mother said his eye was lost!
And I was sad about it.
She told how much a glass one cost,
'Cause he can't do without it.

I thought how happy he must be
Now that he had another.
And Mum was glad that he could see
With two eyes, like his brother.

O! I was proud of that boy's eye,
And how the doctors do it.
But now I'm sad! I'll tell you why—
Dad says he can't see through it.

Etiquette in 1879

A prim little girl neither chubby nor thin;
A blue granny-bonnet tied under her chin;
Her dress and her manner were ever so fine,
As good as you'd find in one eight seven nine.

Her mother tall, dark and choice her attire;
The gentleman, charming as one could desire;
His bell-topper, grey; his coat to the knee,
And pleasant and jovial and merry was he.

'Twas the first time they'd met since she left the old
land,
He had failed, tho' he'd tried, to be one of that band;
He now turned to the daughter "How are you my
dear?"
And held out his hand, but she seemed not to hear.

Her mother looked mystified; flurried was she—
"My little Matilda! O, how can this be?
Now why arn't you speaking to kind Mr Brust?"
The child answered "I haven't been interdoosed!"

Guy's Philosophy

Mum went to bed, because her head
Was filled with throbbing pain.
So many things each new day brings,
So much to do again.

Said she to Guy "I wonder why
When one has done their best—
Jobs left undone, come one by one
And make themselves a pest?"

"Well Mum!" said he "It seems to me
A conscience always will
Make clear to you, what you should do,
But doesn't know you're ill."

He Wants to Know

(To my nephew A.L.S., who, as a child, may not have been all wisdom, but was certainly all "whys.")

"My Daddy! Am you digging?

Ze ground is werry hard—

Can I come zere, and help you?

Cos I'se you ickle pard!

Give me zoses worms, zat wiggle—

I'll hold zem by ze tail.

No Daddy! I won't hurt zem

Or pick zem wis zis nail.

But do worms have a brozzer,

I arx you Daddy dear.

And do zey love zey sister

What's close beside zem, here?

And does zere be a fazzer

For wiggly sings what squirms?

Am you ze fazzer, Daddy,

To zese two ickle worms?

O! is a worm zeir fazzer?

Zen I must find him quick;

Look Daddy! See! I'se got him,

He's hanging on zis stick.

I'll put him by his shildrens

Afore zey tries to go—

Look! Worms! zis is your fazzer!

But Daddy! Do zey know?

Higher Critics

Two wee sturdy laddies, wonderfully fair;

Summer's golden sunshine gleaming in their hair.

Sky of blue above them; blue as sky their eyes;

But their theme of converse you would ne'er surmise.

"Bet yer! you can't find one thing God couldn't do!"

"Course, you'd say that, Alan! but I know more than you."

So said Ken the elder, only just past five;

Sure he knew as much as any boy alive.

So the globe they traversed, in each boyish mind;
But there wasn't anything, that either boy could find.
Still Ken wouldn't leave it, it wasn't Kenneth's way;
Sitting there to argue, he'd spend a happy day.

Not so little Alan; he was satisfied—
No one else could find it, since they both had tried.
Then came Kenneth's final, and he knew he'd win—
"God can't hold the world up on a safety pin!"

Honey

"Don't ask for things not on the table;
Eat Jam! I'm sure you're just as able
As Bunny, you don't hear him worry;
I won't have all this fuss and flurry!"

Defiantly he faced his Daddy,
This handsome, dark-eyed little laddie.
"I don't want jam, the same as Bunny,
When I want honey—I want honey!"

But did he get what he demanded?
O no! instead was reprimanded.
You laugh! but why? it isn't funny—
When you want honey—you want honey.

Ladies First

A lovely little pair were they,
Wee Jack and Lady Sue.
But sometimes quarrelled at their play—
Which proves the story true.

Said he "I'll gwow to be a man
And much be-first of you."
Said she "I doesn't b'lieve zoo can;
I'll hate zoo if zoo do!"

"Of course I will! you're not so old
As me, and not so stwong!"
Said she, "them's stowies what goes told
'Cause I'm quite sure them's wong!"

And very, very sure was he;
But she his joy dispersed.
“I know zoo’s wong because zoo see—
It’s always—Ladies First.”

Jennifer

“I’m the onest girl in the class,” cried Jen,
Miss Richardson told me today.
And soon I’ll be able to write with a pen,
’Cause, Daddy, I do know the way.

“You’re the honest girl in the class?” said Dad,
That seems very dreadful to me.
Does it mean that the rest of the class are bad?
And pinch every pencil they see?

“No Dad! I’m the on-est girl in the class,
And Dorothy Jones is the thickest—
It means in the tests I’ll be sure to pass
’Cause Dad, I get on the most quickest!”

Lally

She opened the window, and Grandmother said—
“Don’t lean out against that nice curtain!
Besides, if you fall, you’ll just land on your head,
And your neck will be broken for certain.”

And Lally turned round, and her thoughtful grey eyes
Were filled with profound speculation.
And she looked at her Gran with concern and surprise,
And then, in high toned exclamation—

Said, “I don’t believe it!” Our Lally’s not meek.
And Gran said, “She thinks I’m just chaffing,”
But Lally asked solemnly, “Is our neck weak?”
And Gran couldn’t answer for laughing.

Lavender

A charming, bright-eyed girl called Ann,
Stitched a wee present, just for Gran.
A little cushion, nice and neat,
And filled with something very sweet.

What was it? I don't have to tell it,
For all you need to do is smell it.

But Gran was ill when she received it,
And tho' not many folk believed it,
That little cushion made her better;
So wasn't that a lucky letter?

Little Farm Folk

Their home was a farm in the Northlands,
Midst valleys and hillocks and trees.
Their comrades the cows, dogs and chickens;
Young farm-folk made friends of all these.

For Lally was only just seven,
And Victor a little past five.
Such bonny and busy young people
And happy as any alive.

To day-school they went every morning;
On Sundays, to Sunday-school, too.
And though they were young and quite little,
'Twas amazing the lessons they knew.

One week, on a visit, came Granny,
Their stories she hailed with delight;
Of cows, dogs, cats, horses and chickens,
Till Victor said, "pigs are alright!

They love to run out in the paddocks,
But come for their dinner, you know,
When Dad brings it out in the bucket;
I watch, till they're ready to go—

Then give them some fruit for their pudding.
Ripe blackberries, out of my hand."
"You shouldn't!" cried Gran in a flurry,
"They'll bite you! you don't understand."

"O no, they won't bite!" he said, slowly.
"Our pigs are not like that you see
They know me, I talk to them often;
They listen, they're friendly with me."

And Lally glanced up at her Granny,
Her grey eyes devoid of all fun.
Then solemnly said to her brother—
"You must be the Prodigal Son."

Monkeys

They were boring for water in old fashioned ways
That seemed to be good in those far distant days.
A tripod, a rope, three men and a weight.
Sometimes there were four, if the monkey was great.
The weight was the monkey, I've never heard tell
Why there must be a monkey when boring a well.
However, a weight is most certainly needed,
And so this vexed point must needs be conceded,
They were pulling and puffing when Meg came from
school
She was small for her age, but the child was no fool.
Yet they fancied, no doubt, that their one well-worn joke
Would be new to the child, so to her they now spoke—
"Look out Missy! Look! the monkey'll grab yer!
Look out there! Look out ! Hurry up or he'll nab yer!"
The child stood quite still, and not even surprise
Could be seen in those clear, calculating grey eyes.
She looked, and they knew she calmly appraised them;
With coolness and courage that simply amazed them.
The tables were turned, and they looked rather foolish,
For the man who was tall, was certainly ghoulisn.
The others were short, and exceedingly chunky,
No wonder the child murmured 'Which is the Monkey?'

Molly's Sorrow

Gentle, happy, little Molly,
Far too young, some would suppose
To be sad and heavy laden
With a mighty Empire's woes.

Yet, today, her step is slower,
Sadly lowed, her sunny head;
And her sweet song hushed in sorrow,
For the good King George is dead.

All her thoughts are with Queen Mary,
Strange, how deeply children feel.
And this little blue-eyed girlie
Wishes she could soothe and heal.

All day long the tide of sorrow
Filled the gentle little heart;
And the talk of friend and neighbour
Stabbed her spirit like a dart.

Then there came to her a vision
How, when she was sick and sad,
Kindly uncles brought her presents;
Gave her love, and made her glad.

When at length the day was ended,
And 'twas time to go to bed,
Then, beside her mother, kneeling,
Prayers for England's Queen, she said.

Little hands stretched out in blessing,
Over oceans, deep and wide;
Simple faith, that knows no doubting,
To the God of Heaven cried.

Then she lay on snowy pillow
In her soft, warm gown arrayed,
And from depths of downy covers
Softly lisped this little maid—

“Hath the Queen got any uncleth?”
Mother started with surprise;
But e’er she could find an answer,
Sleep had closed the darling’s eyes.

Of those messages—in thousands.
None in all the realm, I ween,
Carried deeper, truer sorrow
Than wee Molly’s, for her Queen.

Mystery

A gentle, silent, fair-haired boy,
Preoccupied and dreaming;
To sit alone his greatest joy;
With sunbeams round him streaming;
And muse and think and never tell
The thoughts that rose within him;
While round him seemed a mystic spell
From which ’twas hard to win him.

But, sometimes, sitting in the breeze,
Aside his silence laying,
He’d softly sing beneath the trees
The tunes he’d heard Dad playing.
And yet, to most, he seemed aloof;
While others would be telling
That this strange silence was but proof
Of latent powers indwelling.

But oft of late, one sweet refrain—
A classic of some Master—
With theme, again and yet again,
Now slowly, and now faster
Came from the soul of this small lad,
Though Dad now never played it,
Because in early years, he had
With sweetest memories, laid it.

Said he, “When did you learn it, Son?”
“I didn’t!” said the laddie;
And looked, with sad, reproaching eyes,
And said, in tones of great surprise,
“But don’t you know I knew this one
Before God made me, Daddy?”

My Pussy

My Pussy watched me while I dressed
And then, got in my bed.
I put the sheet beneath his chin,
A pillow for his head.

But when I peeped to look at him
From where the curtains are,
He seemed a wolf, and looked as if
He'd eaten Grandmamma!

Victor Brings the Eggs

He's gathered the eggs in the basket,
But don't get him flurried, I beg!
He'll count them again, if you ask it,
He's told me there's four in the basket,
Five, counting the chinaman egg.

Robina

O, haven't you seen her—Our dainty Robina?
A dear little mite, rather slender than thin;
A pretty wee maiden—though not over laden—
Yet born to command, by the tilt of her chin.

So quick in her talking; so brisk in her walking;
And fair as a lily; with eyes of clear blue.
Her step like a fairy, and movement so airy—
You'd not be surprised if she vanished from view.

Back, straight as a young lance; eyes flash with steel-
blue glance,
Should anyone dare suggest something not right,
No one has sense keener than little Robina,
Which side one should take when it comes to a
fight.

Go forth little girlie! the conflict comes early,
Go, steadfast, determined to fight 'gainst the
wrong.
Then life's great arena will find you, Robina,
In every such battle still fearless and strong.

Scant Courtesy

He loved to stand there in the sun
To see folk come and go;
And as he watched them, one by one,
He sometimes said "Hullo!"

Today, not many passed the place.
Then one, with footsteps slow,
Came solemnly, with stern, set face,
And Georgie said "Hullo!"

No answer, and the little boy,
Too innocent to know
A sweet child-voice could some annoy,
Said, once again, "Hullo!"

Still no response. The child could see
The bush would hide him soon—
And higher-toned, and liltingly
He said "Good-affernoon!"

The stranger paused then, grudgingly,
As granting some great boon;
In slow, deep tones, and solemnly
Said "Oh good afternoon!"

Simple Faith

"Come at once! How dare you play there in the gutter!"
Seared in soul to think such words she needs must utter.
What of all the talks of microbes, and the warning
She had taken time to give that very morning?
Then, like this, to find them in the gutter, playing;
Most disheartening, disappointing and dismaying.

Could it be they were too small for all this preaching,
Far too young for modern, hygienic teaching?
Then, a little hand reached up, its trust expressing;
And a wee boy, face upturned, his faith confessing
Said, as starry-eyed he stood beside his brother—
"You do know we'll get a fever! Don't you Mother?"

Strange Theology

Said our wee Don to Dicky Moore,
As they sat playing on the floor—
“Do you believe that, when we die,
The angels take us to the sky?”
“No, that’s not true! My Daddy said
(And my Dad knows) that when we’re dead
They dig a deep hole pretty quick
And in we go,” said little Dick.
Our Don looked up with sad surprise,
An anxious question in his eyes.
Such unbelief he’d never met.
He had no argument and yet;
He felt he must not let it rest,
So sure was he that Mum knew best.
But while he pondered with a sigh
Dick said “I know that angels fly,
But could they carry heavy things?
D’yer think they’d take us on their wings?”
But Donald couldn’t answer that,
And stunned, and mystified, he sat.
But little Betty, sitting there,
A crimson ribbon in her hair,
A baby doll clasped to her breast,
And with maternal thoughts obsessed
Piped out, ere either boy could speak,
“I know! zey takes us in zay beak!”

Stranger Than Fiction

We are taught in the schools,
That young children are fools,
Unwittingly make us embarrassed.
When a truth they express
That causes distress,
Or makes us look stupid or harrassed.
It was thus I was cornered one day in the street
By my child, and a stranger we happened to meet.

On this bright sunny day
With my restless wee Fay
And my sweet chubby Nan, I was walking.
And one calm little maid
From my side never straying,
While the other ran laughing and talking;
And greeting with gladness and childish delight,
All things, and all people, that came in her sight.

As she sang her sweet song
And went tripping along
She paused, as a man walked towards her.
So tremendously stout,
That he wobbled about,
Which made him look thicker and broader.
And this slim little fairy, with dear heart-shaped face
Stood looking at him, as he came on apace.

I could see the surprise
In her shining grey eyes,
And in high piping voice she was calling—
“O look Mummy! Look Nan!
Isn't he a full man?”
And my sense of deep shame was appalling.
For the man seemed to shake, and to quiver and
swell,
And the right thing to do, I couldn't just tell.

With emotion he swayed,
And strange noises he made;
He was angry! or was I mistaken?
Then he lifted his head
And he chuckled and said—
“Surre Ma-am! 'tis the truth that she's spaken!”
And I heaved a deep sigh as I saw him depart,
And I thanked the good God for that kind Irish
heart.

The Little Hero

He took his barrow, small and stout,
And went to help his Daddy.
He carted weeds and rubbish out,
This slim, wee, dark-eyed laddie.

And then his mother's call came clear—
 "John!" take this to the chookies;
I've put it in the basket here,
 It's stale bread and burnt cookies.

He wasn't willing, but Dad said—
 "A boy must help his mother."
And though his little face was red,
 His thoughts he tried to smother.

Then cheerfully Dad's job went on,
 The small boy working gladly;
And once again his Mum called "John!"
 I need your help real badly.

A sobbing sound "Iths alla time!
 And eveysing I'm doing!"
And in the light of such a crime
 His prospects he was viewing.

His soul was hurt; his heart was sad;
 His wee face drawn and tragic;
This handsome, little dark-eyed lad;
 And then, as if by magic—

He straightened up, gulped back his sob,
 And manfully he hid it;
And went and tackled Mummy's job
 And like a hero, did it.

Sweet Innocence

"Come and have some fun with Frankie!
 Quaintest kid you ever saw.
Always got a brainy answer;
 Decent folk, they live next door.

No! he's not the least bit cheeky;
 He's too sensible and wise.
Seems to have a heap of wisdom
 Hiding in his blue-grey eyes."

So these two good-natured school-boys
Called the small lad from his play;
Not to harm him, just to tease him,
And to hear what he would say.

“Look! you see this nice wee football!
It’s a beauty, strong and firm!
Well now Frankie, you shall have it
If you’ll eat this fine fat worm.

So they held the worm before him
While he looked with thoughtful eyes;
Not a ruffle on his forehead,
No annoyance, no surprise.

Calm and grave, he stood a moment;
Sweet and innocent he looked,
As in clearest tones he answered—
“I does like zem to be cooked!”

Santa Claus.

Santa Clause will come tonight!
Little Rogues!
Shut your eyes and shut them tight!
Little Rogues!
Should he come while you’re awake,
Back again his toys he’ll take;
O, then what a fuss you’ll make!
Little Rogues!

The Pet Parade

Wee Kathleen’s coat is nice and blue;
Her bonnet warm and pink;
And Rexie has a nice coat too,
A lovely shade, I think.

But it’s not blue; I’m sure of that!
And it’s not pink or red;
And Rexie never has a hat
To wear upon his head.

His tail has such a lovely curl,
And he's so pretty too.
But Kathleen's our dear little girl—
I think she's best! Don't you?

The Argument

"Mum! arn't we English? arn't we white?
Then why do natives want to fight?
Ruth Baker says they shoot us down,
And steal our things, and burn the town."

I said "O, Lally! that's not so.
The native peoples, where we go
Are taught the things that bring goodwill,
So why should they the English kill?"

But Lally couldn't let it rest,
Convinced was she, that she knew best;
And yet, imperialist is she,
And proud of English blood to be.

But in her brain, just five years old,
There lurked a thought that must be told:
A point to clench the argument,
And in that search she sat intent.

Then, suddenly, she raised her head,
And looking straight at me she said—
"But what about 'Fee fie fo fum!
I smell the blood of an Englishman?"

The Blue-bag

"I'm painting a picture for Mother,"
Said Bill, to wee Johnny, his brother.
"Look! this is the sky, it's the newest;
And this is the sea, it's bluest."
His paint-brush was only a new rag;
In fact, 'twas his mother's good blue-bag.

"Our Mummy won't 'ike what you's making;"
Said Johnny, "It's her sings you's taking.
Huh! blue's not much good! you young silly!"
John answered, "I's sure it's good, Billy!"
It's stuff what ze grocer-man brings us
To put on a bee when it stings us.

Victor Goes to School

He went off to school a glad little boy,
His sunny face beamed and glowed with joy,
To be going to school by the side of his sister,
For nobody guessed how much he had missed her.

He had seen his lunch cut; had watched every slice;
He knew it was good, for the smell was so nice.
So he walked to the school, and happy was he,
A real dinkum farmer's son schoolboy to be.

The master was tactful, amazingly kind,
As he probed and he measured the little boy's mind.
Then said, when he felt that sufficient he knew,
"Now at night," meaning after school, "what do you
do?"

The child raised his head, and with innocent grace
His blue eyes looked full in the schoolmaster's face.
And the man was hard pressed his composure to keep
When the little lad promptly and camly said, 'Sleep.'

Wee Jack's Anthem

Little Jack-majena-jina!
Jack-majena-jina-jo!
Jack-majena, Jack-majeno-jino-jo!
Jack-majena-jino-jo!

This, his lulla-bye and love song;
What its meaning? who can say,
But to him it was an anthem
As he heard it, day by day.

And the tune! you surely know it!
It's a good old Army song.
And to use it for the laddie
Didn't seem the least bit wrong.

Then one Sunday came a crisis,
And to him a crowning joy,
As upon a nearby gate-post
Sat this slim, wee, elfin boy.

There he listened for a moment,
And his eyes, as stars, were bright;
Then, as nimble as a squirrel
He was down and out of sight.

“Muzzer! Muzzer!” he was calling!
“Muzzer! quick afore zey go!
Muzzer, it’s ze Army playing
Jack-majena-jina-jo!”

The Small Boy and the Old Song

There sat little Alan playing on the kitchen floor;
Breaking down his castle, just to set it up once more.
Over by the window sat his mother, darning socks,
Searcely even glancing at the small boy with his blocks.

Softly she was singing, and her voice was sweet and clear;
But the boy was busy, and it seemed he didn’t hear.
“Down in the Valley with my Saviour I would go,
Where the flowers are blooming, and the sweet waters
flow.”

Still the boy keeps building, and the song goes calmly on
“Walking in His footsteps till the crown be won.”

“Down in the Valley,” now the tones are soft and low—
“Where the storms are sweeping, and the dark waters
flow

With His hand to lead me I shall never, never fear!”
Then the child breaks in upon the Song, in accent clear—
“Mum! you mean you never, never, never will fall in!”
Then, a silence, where you’d hear the dropping of a pin;
Surely, an astonishing thing for that young child to say!
When she’d thought his mind was fixed on nothing but
his play.

Yet, he’d seen the picture painted by that sweet old song,
Seen the flowery Valley, where the clear stream flows
along.

Seen the storm come sweeping, and the darkening waters
flow.

Have you ever realized how much young children know?

Do you ever realize that, on the kitchen floor,
Little children sit and play, while folk talk o'er and o'er.
Thoughtless and heedlessly, not careful what they tell;
Never dreaming little children understand so well.
That those conversations, sweeping round then as a flood,
Some like crystal rivers, and some like liquid mud—
Have the power to carry good or ill to some child's soul;
Power to fix its destiny, while countless ages roll.

Let us guard the children, they are precious in God's
sight;
Helping them, not hindering in life's tremendous fight.
Showing them the better way—the only way to win,
By following the Saviour, who saves and keeps from sin.
“And He will lead them safely in the path that He has
trod,
Up to where they gather on the hills of God.”

White Knight and Black Spider

A sweet, dimpled girlie, so blue-eyed and pretty:
A snowy-haired brother, who called her, “Wee-Sittie.”
Such dear little folk, and such good comrades, too.
But of course they could quarrel as most children do.

“Come on, wond zer back! It's zere at Gwan's place,
Wee-Sittie it's black! and I don't like its face.
It's a 'pider, a big one! but don't get a stick—
If you gived it a dig it would shump at us, quick!”

But that was enough for this daring wee girlie—
She took up a stick and got at it right early.
“Wee-Sitie! Wee-Sittie! Don't! don't! it'll bite yer!
Gwan! Gwanny come quick! It's big! it'll fwight yer!”

With strong little hands he was holding his sister—
She, screaming and kicking, twas hard to resist her.
And Granny came running, “Now what's all this
clatter?”

This screaming and shouting, whatever's the matter?”

“Now, now then!” she cried “I don’t know what you’re saying!

What’s this about spiders? What have you been playing?”

“Wee-Sittie would die! if it bit her, she could of— If I didn’t holdid her back here, it would of!”

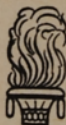
“You brave little knight! you remained here beside her?

You saved her,” said Gran “from that ugly black spider!

So finish your crying, and kiss one another.”

But Wee-Sittie wouldn’t; she scowled at her brother.

His fair hair was ruffled, and standing upended
As, wide-eyed, he looked on the maid he’d defended.
With flushed face he gazed on this lovely wee sister,
Then put his arms round her, and gallantly kissed her.



True Friendship

We live, and all around our kindred dwell
We live, and to each other oft we tell
Some cherished hope, some secret plan, some fear,
Some longed for fame to our ambition dear;
Yet deep within our being, stored away,
We guard a secret chamber, night and day;
Entrance, no human heart can ever win,
None! none but self alone, can enter in.
And there, our real true self we hide away,
And none can ever find it, no, not they
Who, to our hearts are bound by love's strong tie.
Alone! Ah yes! alone, we live and die.

And thus I mused, and cried, "How can I live
In awful solitude? where none can give
The sweet companionship, my heart requires,
Or fill the longing that my love inspires?
How can I look into another's face,
And know that, in the heart's most secret place
Are hidden pains more cruel, far, than death;
Or passion, fierce, with its polluting breath,
Or strivings after things both good and pure,
Or longings great for joys that will endure;
And still believe that we may rise and fall
With none to know it, none to care at all.
Is there no soul in all the universe

To dwell with mine, and drive away this curse?
'Tis a delusion! For I know full well
Of better things, of which my heart will tell.
There is a friend, than brother dearer, far;
He waiting stands, for human will can bar
His entrance, that He may not enter in,
Although a welcome there He died to win.
But in my heart the throne I bade Him take—
Abide with me, nor leave me desolate.

So kind His glance, so gentle is His touch,
I doubt Him not at all, but love Him much.
I show Him my ambitions, bring my prayers,
Explain my plans, and give Him all my cares.
He does not scorn; He smiles; my heart is won;
He takes my hand and softly whispers, "Come!"
And so, together all the way, we talk

As through the path of daily life we walk.
And, as we journey, oft He bids me gaze
Back on the past. My heart it does amaze
To see my poor ambitions, so absurd,
And note the foolish prayers that seemed not heard;
And down I kneel and thank Him for His care,
Thank Him because He answered not my prayer.

But Oh! the joy of this companionship!
Who can express it? Neither pen nor lip.
'Tis past all understanding, knows no end,
Through all eternity it will extend.

Traveller upon the lonely road of life,
Heavy of heart and shrinking from the strife,
Weary, ere yet the struggle is begun,
Seeking an earthly friend and finding none—
Why not seek Him? This Friend, both God and man,
Why keep Him out? For He it is who can
By His sweet presence, perfect friendship bring.
Give Him the key, and bid Him come as King.

The Exodus

(Israel in Bondage)

Gone, gone, all gone, a nation vanished.
Gone, as by some great spirit banished.

A mighty host they passed along,
With shout of joy and word of song,
Away, away from Pharaoh's hand,
Away to Canaan's pleasant land.

Gone, man and child and youth and maiden.

Gone, women-folk with treasure laden.
With bleating flocks and lowing herds,
Obeying their great leader's words,
Away, away from Pharaoh's hand,
Away to Canaan's pleasant land.

Gone, aged man and babe that prattles.
Gone, bread unbaked, and goods and chattels.

Away from tyrant's whip and rod,
Away to serve Jehovah God,
Away, away from Pharaoh's hand,
Away to Canaan's pleasant land.

The Song of Songs

There's a song my heart keeps singing,
Tis the song of matchless love.
And the cadence of its music
Fills the vaults of heaven above.
It is sung by blood-washed sinners,
Sung by countless hosts on high;
And its notes keep ringing—singing
Over land and sea and sky.

There's a melody that's stealing
With a wonderful refrain
Over lands, all rent and war-torn,
Over nations racked with pain.
Tis the love-song of the ages,
Love divine its every chord,
And earth's hope comes ringing—singing
In this song of Christ the Lord.

O, the Love of Christ the Saviour!
Sweetest song to human ear.
Highest chord in angel music,
Swelling through the heavenly sphere.
Yes, the boundless love of Jesus.
Deeper than the deepest sea—
This, the theme, my heart keeps singing,
This, the Song of Songs, to me.

An Autumn Day

She rises from her couch, her garments wet,
Her tresses glistening with the tears of night,
From whose dark chamber—for a covering —
She steals a soft grey mist, and with her form
All shrouded in its folds, she sallies forth
To tread the highway of the passing hours
To Eve's dim door. Her grey robes trail along
The dewy grass, and past the hedges, with
Their mystic webs festooned with tiny gems
Of crystal sheen. And still she veils herself
Like some coy maid, and will not yield her lips
To her liege-lord, tho' from his Eastern courts
He hastens forth to woo her with his smiles.

For thus he wooed with many a soft warm kiss,
The fairy nymphs of Spring; and thus he wooed
The glorious Summer maids, whose shimm'ring locks
Were gold all flower bedecked. But this glum maid
Heeds not his ardent glance. Then to his aid
He calls the bleak East wind, and bids him come
And tear the misty covering from her face.
So with a sigh the East wind leaves his haunts,
And at that sigh the poor half naked trees,
In trembling fear spread out their russet robes
Upon his path. Then up he springs and in
A freakish mood, he impudently pelts
The Autumn maid with withered leaves,
And snatches off her veil, and casts away
Night's pearly tears with which her locks were decked,
And leaves her standing pale, dishevelled, sad,
With face unveiled, but soft eyes clouded still
With misty tears. Then comes her Lord again,
And at his kiss her dim eyes turn to blue.
Her locks to gold; her grey robes glitter with
A silv'ry sheen. And so he leads her forth
Triumphantly, and she not daring to
Look backward to the East, attends her Lord
All through the courts of noon, and hopes to share
The glory of his pageant in the West,
As did her Summer sisters e'en as they
To wear his golden robes and sink to rest
With his warm glowing kiss upon her brow.
But while his pace grows swift and swifter yet
Her weary footsteps lag, till at her side
She hears the East wind's moan. Then tho' her face
Is turned beseeching towards her Lord,
The East wind throws her back her misty veil,
And turns her beauty into gloomy grey,
And still pursues, till in the West, she falls
Beneath the lowering arch of pale Twilight,
Into the chilly arms of waiting Night.

That Young Fellow Next Door

Sometimes as I read in the cool of the day,
And my thoughts with the story are carried away,
I start, as some sound chills my heart to the core,
Just to find it's that young fellow, singing, next door.

And oft, in my day-dreams, sweet voices I hear,
And grand, heavenly music to me seems quite near.
But when I expect with angels to soar,
I find it's that young fellow, singing, next-door.

Now, if you should wake from your dreams in a fright,
Or sweet thrilling tones fill your heart with delight,
Don't think you've reached bliss, or the reason explore,
For it's only that young fellow, singing, next-door.

His Majesty the Carrot

(A protest against indiscreet decoration.)

Hear the merry church bells ring!
 Calling us to chapel;
Bidding us an offering bring,
 Peach and pear and apple.
Bring the pumpkin, bring the swede,
 Bring the ripe tomato;
Let the choir in anthem lead
 Highest obligato.

Bring the wheat and oats, in sheaves;
 Don't forget the barley,
Twine the pulpit rail with leaves,
 Don't stand there and parley!
Put potatoes on the stand,
 Place the marrows yonder;
Don't leave ripe fruit near at hand,
 Lest our thoughts should wander.

Now the crowning glory bring—
 Loud in song, proclaim it,
O'er the chandelier fling
 Chief of gifts, we'll name it.
Let the whole creation sing!
 Man and breast and parrot.
Let the merry church bells ring,
 Hail! thou glorious carrot.

Hok Ke One

China boy, play English game.
Hocky one he sabbie.
Chasey ballie alle same
Bendee stick, he havee.
Leavee work, he knock off quick.
He come one oclockee.
Swingee hard him bendee stick.
Hocky, Knocky, Blocky.

China boy no lun away.
China boy he sportee.
Shinty two, he know what way.
China boy good sortee.
Allee same he count "Yat ye"
China boy some sprintee.
Bendy stick, he catch him knee,
Shinty, splintee, lintee.

China boy count "Yat ye sam."
Not yet givee inee.
Bendee stick he do much harm.
China boy, no grinee.
Hockey one, and Shinty two,
Chellee three, he yellee—
China boy no stay—Boo: hoo!
Bendee stick, he sellee.

The Selwyn River

Here I have wandered from man's haunts away,
Yearning in solitude's sweetness to stray;
Tempted once more thy loved waters to see;
O! thou art lovely, fair river, to see.

Here the proud mountains rear up their tall heads,
Leaving behind them thy rough shingle beds;
Here grassy hillocks repose in a group,
Echoing again with the shy weka's whoop.

Gladly I list to thy low murmured song,
As thy clear waters go babbling along.
Softly my heart is repeating the strain,
As the breeze wafts it, again and again.

Trees on the hills with thick foliage are green;
Flax, reeds and tussocks are everywhere seen;
Loud rings the bush with the song of wild birds.
Ah! this is rapture, too deep for cold words.

Here is a pool where thy waters are deep;
Where in the sunshine they peacefully sleep.
Yonder they rush in their fury along,
As if the boulders had done them some wrong.

Nay, I'll not wander along t'ward thy source,
Where mountains rudely crowd in on thy course.
There, thou art dashing and foaming with rage,
There, in vain strife, all thy waters engage.

Where thou art peaceful I love thee the best;
Where thou'rt resting, there to would I rest.
Here, where the curse of sin casts no deep blight,
Here with God's gifts 'tis a paradise, quite.

But the night cometh, and I must away,
Fain would I long in this lovely spot stay.
Ah! if no more thy loved waters I see,
Yet, in sweet dreams, I'll be wandering with thee.

True Greatness

(A Tribute to the Memory of Kate Silcock)

What is this greatness? World-wide eminence—
The envied crown earth's favoured few have gained,
By heeding but the one insistent voice,
And bidding every impulse cast itself
Upon the fire Ambition's breath hath fanned
Within the breast? Though sought it may have been,
While Conscience whispered oft with troubled voice,
And even Duty stood, with visage stern,
And pointed to her mandates left undone.
For proud Ambition spurns the menial task,
And even Genius soars on high, and leaves
The unilluminated drudgeries of life
To coarser clay.

'Tis but the world's reply
Then heed it not, but do thou come aside
Awearied, sore, with life's perplexities,

To yonder upper room, and thou shalt learn
God's estimate of greatness—what it is.
A solemn hush, an awed expectancy
Hath seized up on the Twelve, for, from His place
The Everlasting Son of God Most High
Doth rise, His flowing garments lay aside,
And, with a towel girt about His loins,
And water in an earthen vessel poured,
He cometh unto each; for each performs
That matchless act of Love's humility.
For Matthew, and for Thomas, James and John;
For Peter, Andrew and Bartholomew;
For James and Jude the sons of Alpheus;
For Philip, Simon, Judas—even he!
And yet He knows that Judas will betray,
That Peter will deny his loving Lord
With oaths and curses. Aye! and every man,
Before whose feet He kneels, will Him forsake
And leave Him in His direst agony.
But see! He lays aside the bowl, the towel,
And takes again his garment, and sits down,
His eyes aglow with tender pitying love.
Then, on the pulsing silence falls His voice—
“Know ye what I this night have done to you?
Ye call me Lord, and Master, and in this
Ye do say well, for even so I am,
The servant is not greater than his Lord!
But I, your Lord and Master, wash your feet
That ye may know, that he who would be great,
Must spend himself in lowly ministry
Where e'er the need; must do to everyone
As I have done. If ye have understood—
Have truly learned these things, then happy ye
If them ye also do.”

Who then is great?

Lo! He hath answered thee, Who chose the way
Of sacrifice and suffering and loss. E'en though
He heard Ambition's voice, and saw the thrones
Of Earthly power rise and beckon Him.
And yet, the way the Father had ordained—
The path that led through dark Gethsemane,
And thence to that dread Hill called Calvary
He bravely trod.

Beloved, let us joy
And sorrow not that she—for whom we mourn
With aching heart, whose every thought was born
Of sweet unselfishness, and whose dear hands
So ministered, in kind solicitude
To others' need; whose feet, through wearied oft,
Ne'er turned aside from Duty's rugged path,
That she—with steadfast faith and dauntless love
Could look on Duty's stern, unlovely face.
And see, beneath that mask the face of God.
Then let our hearts be glad, and sorrow not,
For her's is now the joy unspeakable
With glory filled. For she hath gained the crown
Which He, the righteous Judge, doth ever give
To those pure souls, who climb the mighty steep
Of Calvary. That rugged thorn-clad Hill—
That mount, in whose pure air all self-love dies,
And where the sons of men must ever grow
More God-like, and divine. For its vast peaks
Do dwarf the Hills of Fame, and leave behind
The Pinacles of Power, and ever rise
Above earth's highest heights, until they pierce
The very Throne of God and of the Lamb.
For God hath made the Cross of His Dear Son
The crowning summit of His Universe.

The Heart That Was Broken for Me

To that dread hill draw nigh
Where the Saviour must die,
There slain, that the world might go free.
O! 'twas there that He died,
And the spear pierced His side
To purchase salvation for me.

O! 'twas there that He suffered for me,
That redeemed and restored I might be.
His heart there was broken,
And this is the token—
The heart that was broken for me.

Let His cry fill my ears,
Break the fount of my tears,
As His grief and His pain I behold;
While the stricken earth quakes,
And each friend Him forsakes
In the darkness that over Him rolled.

But my tears will not aid,
For the debt must be paid,
And the debt of my sin is my own.
And I nothing can give
That my doomed soul may live,
Yet He, for that soul, did atone.

O my Saviour and Lord!
By all Heaven adored,
My Jesus! Who died for me there!
I now fall at His feet
In surrender complete,
And ask that His Cross I may share.

O! 'twas there that He suffered for me,
That redeemed and restored I might be.
His heart there was broken,
And this is the token—
The heart that was broken for me.

The Sky Lark

Sweet little bird! at earliest dawn
Thou sing'st thy joyful lay,
Long e'er the rosy beams of dawn
Have ushered in the day.

Thou singest when the sun shines bright
And all creation rings;
Thou singest then with glad delight,
For every song-bird sings.

Thou singest when the clouds are dark,
And mist hangs o'er the hill;
Thou singest then, dear little lark,
Though winds blow cold and chill.

Thou singest when the rain drops fall,
And wint'ry storms are heard,
Far, soaring up above them all
Thou singst, sweet little bird.

Thou singest when the shades of night
Shut out the glorious sun;
E'en when has come the grey twilight
Thy song is not yet done.

O, little bird! Could I but sing
Throughout my life's short day,
When sorrow's clouds their darkness bring,
And storms beset my way.

Could I but rise on joyful wing
Above them all like thee;
Could I but learn with thee to sing,
How happy I should be.

Lamentation

We told the man our Mum was kind!
He said he didn't doubt it.
We said, we thought you wouldn't mind,
So he went on without it.

It's this wee lamb! It's mother's dead;
There's no one left to mind it;
It isn't very old, he said,
But he just chanced to find it.

She thought, it seemed like Hobson's choice;
But said she couldn't shame them;
They judged her willing by her voice,
And felt, Dad wouldn't blame them.

But what a bleating all that night!
And what a tiresome morrow!
And many hours of dark and light
All filled with fleecy sorrow.

They asked Mum what its name should be,
And then they quickly spurned it;
For Mum said—'call it Misery!
I'm sure the creature's earned it.'

But quaint suggestion made by Dad
Gained instant approbation—
"It cries so much! and looks so sad!
Let's call it Lamentation."

Throw down the pen, and quench the rhyme,
Lest we should dub man, glutton,
By showing how, in course of time
The name was changed to Mutton.

Moonshine

She wrote a little ditty,
(I didn't think it witty)
And sang it in the city
All through the month of June.

I said—"My darling Milly!
I think you're very silly
To sing on, willy-nilly
Your song about the moon!"

She said—"I sing my ditty,
Because folk in the city
All say the words are witty,
And charming, is the tune."

"Then pardon me, Sweet Milly?
'Tis I who must be silly;
And sing on, willy-nilly,
Through evenings warm or chilly;
Or, when the night is stilly,
Sing sweet and low and trilly—
Or in the softest croon,
And charm this lonely loon,
And never mind the moon.

My Old Brown Coat

(To Chalky Barnes)

I love it! I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me, for loving a thing so rare?
I've mended it much with both string and yarn;
I've patched it with thread and with many a darn.
I've bound it with twine where the seams would start
And cobbled with wool, where it came apart.
And I'll warrant no poet, who sung or wrote,
Could find better theme than my old Brown Coat.

I've worked and worn it many a day
When the skies were blue, or the clouds were grey;
With "Bowler" I've left it when days were mild,
But I've donned it again when the winds were wild.
And I felt that no ill could ever betide,
With that coat on my back, and my dog at my side.
And the hope of renown doesn't seem remote
To a chap who can sport such a brave old coat.

In other days, when suits were dear,
I've watched that coat, with pride and fear,
And guarded 'gainst every speck that fell
In the folds of that Jacket, I love so well!
Years have rolled, and its nap is shed,
Its pockets are shattered, its buttons fled.
But I'll wager that, neither by sweep or tote,
You could draw such a prize, as that old Brown Coat.

'Twill last, I hope, as I gaze on it now,
Till age has furrowed my cheek and brow.
I'll part with it never, whate'er betide.
(If it fades over much I can get it dyed)
Say I'm dippy and deem me weak,
But I'll see you again if you give much cheek,
For I love it! I love it, I fairly dote
On my much-darned, much-talked-about, old Brown
Coat.

Molly Goes to the Circus

I went to the circus and sat near the floor,
'Cause I'd never been to a circus before.
Dad said I was going, but Mum said "She's not!"
And Billy, my brother, who teases a lot
Said "Huh! she'll be frightened, and yell to come out."
Dad said "You don't know what you're talking about."
So I hugged my dear Daddy, and said I'd be good.
And Mum said, she didn't believe that I could.
But we went to the circus, and sat near the floor,
'Cause I'd never been to a circus before.

At a wee tiny window a lady I saw,
And I said to my Dad "What's she waiting there for?"
He said "O, she robs us! she takes all our tin,
If we don't give her plenty she won't let us in."
So I ran back and shouted "Fat lady you're bad!
You're wicked to sit there and rob poor Dad!"
Mum said "You young monkey!" and Billy said "Gee!"
And that funny fat lady looked angry at me.
But we went to the circus and sat near the floor,
'Cause I'd never been to a circus before.

The horses came in and went round, and went round!
And funny brown chips were all over the ground;
And lovely pink ladies could jump up and fly,
And fall from the ceiling. If I did I'd die!
One man had loose trousers. Dad said "He's a clown!"
I knew that he was, 'cause he kept falling down.
So I called out to him, "I'm disgusted with you!
You don't know one thing that you're trying to do."
Mum said "You be quiet! I told you before."
And Billy said "Wait till she hears the lions roar."
And we sat in the circus right down near the floor
'Cause I'd never been to a circus before.

The elephants came, and Mum said "Arn't they quaint?"
I said "They'd be nice if they had some new paint,"
And people looked round, and they giggled at me,
And monkeys came in—'bout a hundred and three,
And dust, it kept rising or praps it was smoke,
And I said "Where's the windows? I feel I could choke!"

Dad whispers "Be good! folk are looking at us,"
And Billy said "Crikey! she does make a fuss."
But we sat in the circus right down near the floor,
'Cause I'd never been to a circus before.

The lions came in and I felt very sick.
And I said to my Mummy, "Please take me out quick!"
And Billy leaned over and whispered to Dad—
"I knew she'd be frightened, that kid makes me mad!"
So I shouted at Billy "It's 'cause I'm not well!"
I like all the circus and all, 'cepting the smell!"
Then Mummy got up, and her face was all red.
And a cross lady said "Take that child home to bed"
So we came from the circus—out through the tent door,
And now Daddy says I can't go any more.

The Slave's Lament

(Israel in Bondage)

Bricks without straw! Bricks without straw!
How can this dread thing be?
Bricks without straw! Poor driven slaves—
What misery we shall see.

Our homes are hovels, grim and bare;
Our garments, old and worn;
Our strength is spent for Egypt's King
Who pays in blows and scorn.

Our fields are void of shady trees,
No voice of song is there;
But scream of pain and heavy groan
Come pulsing through the air.

Our paths lead out, where bricks must go,
And in from clay that's nigh;
And out, to where—with ne'er a mound
Ten thousand Hebrews lie.

O God!—If still there be a God—
Since we must gather straw,
Grant that our feet may follow theirs,
And rest forever more.

Sorrow

(The first rain on a new grave)

O! cold and gloomy eve! thy chilling breath
Hath quivered in the petals, soft and white,
That mark the new-formed mound, where still in death,
My little babe sleeps all alone tonight.

O! cold and gloomy eve!

O! dark and dreary night! hold back thy tears!

O! rising wind! seek not his lonely bed.

O! lowering clouds! thou knowest my spirit fears

The falling of thy showers upon his head.

O! dark and dreary night!

O! rain! that drivest back my piteous prayer.

I know thou hast found the mound, that lies apart.

For every drop that falls in darkness there,

Is beating, cold, upon my naked heart—

Cold rain upon my heart.

The Wreck of the Stella

It was the thirtieth of March, a morning mild and bright;
The Stella down the channel steamed, to reach Guernsey
that night,

And from her decks there rippled sounds of laughter and
delight.

About two hundred souls on board, with thirty-five the
crew;

Good humour shone in every face, and jokes burst forth
anew,

For why should thought of danger rise, with seas serene-
ly blue.

But, as in life swift trouble comes to hearts brim-full of
joy,

So, there arose a thick black mist the sunshine to alloy,
To send the passengers below, their pleasant view destroy.

Yet, onward still the Stella sped, nor did she slacken speed,

But on the bridge the Captain stood, and to his crew gave heed,

And doubled he the watch, until from fog they should be freed.

The women lounged in the Saloon, and calmly drank their tea;

The men talked in the smoking room, as cosy as could be;
While all around the blinding fog hung thicker on the sea.

Then, from the men on watch, there came a loud and warning shout,

And through the rush of hurrying feet the electric bell rang out,

That something serious was feared there was no room for doubt.

But ere the passengers could think what meant that startling sound

There came a loud, harsh, grating noise, and with a fearful bound

The Stella leapt upon the rocks, that near the course are found.

They tore in her a dreadful gash; they ripped her open wide;

The sea rushed in relentlessly like the incoming tide,
Ah me! at morn twas little thought such fate would her betide.

And what of those two hundred souls who, full of goodly cheer,

Had left their homes that lovely morn—did they give way to fear,

And shriek aloud in wild despair that death had come so near?

No! men clasped daughters or their wives, friends clasped each others hands,

And looked to where the Captain stood and issued his commands;—

While all his men, with courage true, proceed with his demands.

All felt the ship was sinking fast, there was no need to tell;
The stewards gave the life-belts round; they did their duty well;
While on that pale and stricken crowd the Captain's orders fell.

"Get out the boats!" he called aloud, "Women and children first,"
Men kissed their wives and little ones, in keenest grief immersed,
Then stood back, like true British men, prepared to face the worst.

The boats were filled, but no one rushed, though quiet sobs were heard;
And many women would have stayed, nor from their husbands stirred;
But felt they dared not disobey that calm commanding word.

The ship was sinking rapidly; in a few moments more
The sea would swamp the engine-room. All this the Captain saw,
And shouted out "Men! save yourselves!" above the water's roar.

The mate's young wife had stepped aside. I'll wait," she calmly said,
"Until my husband comes with me." They were but newly wed.
"I do not wish to go alone, I'll stay on board instead."

And then she heard the Captain's words, "Now, George, do come with me,"
She pleaded with him earnestly, "My love! it cannot be—
I must stand by the sinking ship; my duty plain I see."

O God! that boat is moving off! they've left her here to die!
"Nay! darling, do not cling to me, but kiss me quick, good-bye!
I'm going to try and save you yet, my dearest; do not cry."

He raised her in his strong young arms; he'd fixed her
life-belt fast.

He kissed her on her cold pale lips—a kiss that was his
last.

And then, his precious burden far into the sea he cast.

And she was saved. But he remained on board to work
and slave

As did that noble-hearted crew, that others they might
save;

Facing an almost certain death with courage calm and
brave.

They lowered the remaining boat with greatest skill and
haste,

And not a single word they said the precious time to
waste.

But to the Captain's voice gave heed, as still the bridge
he paced.

And when the boat moved slowly off the men looked
back onboard

And as the sea with sudden rush over the vessel, poured—

They saw the Captain through the fog. "Row for your
lives!" he roared.

The water quickly found its way into the engine-room,
And then an awful thunder sound came booming through
the gloom,

And with his ship the Captain brave went downward to
his doom.

And many a man as brave as he went down beneath the
wave;

A band of fully fifty men, their lives for others gave,
Truly they could not save themselves, if others they
would save.

One boat with forty men on board foundered beneath
their weight,

Dragging them almost one and all to share her awful
fate,—

Ay! downward, where the ship had gone, the Captain and
the Mate.

Onward, out to the open sea, drifted another boat,
With water almost to her rim, so full she scarce could
float;
With fourteen people cold and wet, their chance of life
remote.

But, after four and twenty hours, a life-boat, bravely
manned,
Sighted her off the coast of France, and brought her safe
to land;
But only eight remained alive of that ill-fated band.

The boats that held the womenfolk went drifting all the
night.
O! how those weary, stricken hearts were longing for the
light;
Their weary rowers pulling, yet with faces set and white.

But suddenly, a girl's fresh voice burst forth in lovely
hymn;
"Rest in the Lord!" the sweet voice sang "Wait patient-
ly for Him;
It seemed to give the rowers strength, and ease the ach-
ing limb.

And so the long night passed away and soon the welcome
dawn
Brought help and rescue from the land to weary ones
forlorn.
But O, how many lonely wives their noble husbands
mourn.

How many homes are gloomy now, where sunshine once
was shed?
How many young, light-hearted ones look forward now
with dread?
How many, many aching hearts are breaking for the
dead.

O! God of all the universe! we raise our cry to Thee,
That Thou wilt send Thy help to those in peril on the
sea;
And in the storms of wind and wave, do Thou their refuge
be.

My Granny

My Granny is a queer old dame,
Her English quaint and funny,
The whole year round she's just the same;
And though her nature's sunny
She warns me, morning, noon and night
'Gainst old and new invention.
And, after all, she may be right
Not cure, but just prevention.

"Your place is on the Hearth!" says Gran.
"What ever way you view it.
Remember lad! you'll wish you 'ad
For if you don't you'll rue it.
You haint a bird; you haint a fish,
To live in hair or water.
There's folks that sighs,
An some that cries,
An more that dies,
Because they tries
The things they didn't houghter."

I stayed once at my uncle's farm,
All in the summer weather.
'Twas fine to rove so free from harm
'Mid gorse and broom and heather.
One day I rode a sturdy calf,
But it went on without me;
I did not hear the plough-man laugh,
For strange stars shone about me.

"Your place is on the Hearth," says Gran.
It was, and well I knew it!
Remember lad! you'll wish you 'ad,
For if you don't you'll rue it.—etc.

I once upon a time proposed
To such a lovely creature.
Tho' far above me, I supposed
Love could not fail to reach her.
She turned on me with withering scorn—
"A worm" is what she called me.

I wished I never had been born.

That drop to earth appalled me.

"Your place is on the Hearth," says Gran.

It was, and well I knew it.

Remember lad! you'll wish you 'ad,

For if you don't you'll rue it.—etc.

Gran never climbed a mountain peak,

Or crossed the briny ocean,

Or travelled far, some goal to seek

By modern locomotion.

She wouldn't risk a railway train,

Or trust an ocean liner,

Or step on board an aeroplane,

For all the tea in China.

"Your place is on the Hearth," says Gran.

"Which ever way you view it.

Remember lad! you'll wish you 'ad,

For if you don't you'll rue it.

You haint a bird! You haint a fish,

To live in hair or water.

There's folks that sighs,

An some that cries,

An more that dies,

Because they tries

The things that didn't houghter!"

My Johnny

I've never played an instrument,

I've always wished I could.

But never have I had the chance,

On brass or string or wood.

I think I must be musical;

Of that there is no doubt;

And thwarted talent in a sire

Must in a son come out—

So my Johnny blew a bugle,

And then he played the flugel;

O how I loved to hear him everyday!

But folk that live beside us

Began to chip and chide us,

And then, in deep disgust, to move away.

I've always held it as a fact,
That if you would succeed,
Much practice, morning, noon and night
Is really what you need.
I've never thought it mattered much
About a faulty ear;
I really don't know what that means,
And my son has no fear.

So my Johnny blew a bugle,
And then he played the flugel;
Yet this is what a neighbour said to me—
He looked at me a second,
And then he said he reckoned
We should call a lock-smith in to find the
key.

My Johnny joined the local band,
And I was filled with joy.
You see, I've loved an instrument,
Since I was quite a boy.
I felt my son would make a name,
And rise to world-wide fame.
But now they've asked him to resign,
I'm sure he's not to blame.

For my Johnny blew a bugle,
And then he played the flugel;
And I believed he'd soon conduct the band.
But someone sent the Bobby
To stop his harmless hobby,
Tho' why they did, I'll never understand.

The Gift of Sight

The night had fled away
And morn had come, and through the open gate
Of Jericho the streams of human life,
With ever varying tide, came surging in
To pass the outward flow of humble folk,
Who daily thus went forth to honest toil
And arduous labour till the setting sun
Recalled them to their rest.

Alone and sad

Beside the highway, sat a poor blind man,
Upon whose withered cheek the hand of care
Had written many a line, and in whose hair
The bleaching breath of time had left its mark.
And here he sat and begged, day after day,
While all the summer's heat and winter's cold
Upon him beat. To hear the constant hum
Of voices, as the crowds passed daily by,
But seeing not. And oftentimes the sound
Of childish mirth would float upon the breeze,
So soft and warm, and reach his listening ear.
And sometimes, when aweared with their play,
The little ones would come and talk awhile
With him—the poor blind man, who ne'er had seen
The sunlight, nor the silver of the moon
But dwelt always in darkest night.

One day

A traveller paused at this blind beggar's side,
And talked with him. He told of wondrous things,
How he had seen, when at Jerusalem,
A great Physician give a blind man sight.
And mark you, friend, the man had naught to pay,
For he was poor as thou art. Yea, I saw
In cool Siloam's Pool he bathed, and Lo!
His eyes were open and his sight restored.
For thus the Mighty Healer bade him do.
What did'st thou say?—thine eyes were blind at birth?
Therein we marvel, for this man thus healed
Was one born blind. They say 'twas David's son
Who gave him sight. But this I truly know,
The healer dwelt beside kinsfolk of mine
In Nazareth. But friend, I cannot stay,
Tho' I could tell thee much, for this great man
Oft journeyeth, and perchance may hither come.
See then, that thou remember well his name—
Tis Jesus—Son of David, he is called.
So, cry aloud if he should come this way,
And he will hear, and dawn shall greet thine eyes,
And thou shalt see. God grant it friend; farewell;
The peace of God be with thee!

“And with thee!”
The blind man answered. So, the traveller passed.
And there the beggar sat, so pale and still,
That passers-by turned back to gaze on him
In wonder, that he did not ask for alms.
And there he sat and pondered, o’er and o’er,
Until within his heart a hope was born,
A hope so mixed with joy, so strange and wild,
And seemingly so foolish, that he feared
To put it into words, lest it depart
And leave his darkness deeper than before.
And so the months passed onward, wearily,
And still he sat in darkness, still he longed
And waited for the coming of the light.
As thus, one day, he sat with ear alert
To catch the many sounds that mingling came,
And told him all he ever knew of life—
There came a hum of voices in the air,
And then thick dust arose, and nearer still
The sound of many footsteps, drawing near
Upon the road. ’Twas Soldiers; Nay not so—
He knew their sound full well, the even tread,
The steady thud, the tramp of armed men.
Then loud he called to one who passed him by—
“Who cometh Friend?”

“’Tis Jesus passing by—
Jesus the great Physician!”

Like a flash
The hope that slumbered deep within his heart
Awoke and lived, and tremblingly he stood
Upon his feet and cried aloud—“Jesus!
O Son of David pity me!”

“Nay! Nay!
Poor foolish Bartemaeus, Hold thy peace!
The Prophet hath not time to talk with thee.”
And chidingly they spake.

But Jesus heard,
And from his face the look of weariness,
The lines of sorrow seemed to disappear.
And, in their stead, such tenderness and power
Shone forth, that those who stood around where filled
With sudden fear and wonder.

Then He spake—
“Bring hither yon blind man!” And willing hands
Were quick to lead him forth as, eagerly—
“Be comforted!” they say, “He calleth thee!”
And stumblingly yet, hopefully he came
To Him, who at Creation’s dawning cried—
“Let there be Light!” and in obedience light
Sprang forth created.

Jesus calmly looked
Upon the poor blind man, and gently asked—
“What wouldest thou?”

The voice was full of love,
Was brimming o’er with deepest sympathy,
And those sweet accents touched the blind man’s heart;
And from his sightless eyes, and down his cheeks
The hot tears rushed, and in a voice that broke
And trembled with the hope that filled his heart,
He cried—“Oh! give me sight!”

The Master glanced
For one brief moment upwards to the sky,
And then He touched those lids—sealed fast so long,
Those prison doors that kept their captives chained
In never ending night. And, at His touch,
As softly as the day-dawn tints the east
And bids the darkness flee, so came the light
Into those eyes, as slowly opening lids
Obeyed their Maker’s touch.

And suddenly
To Bartemaus came the gift of sight.
And he looked up and saw the radiant face
Of Christ the Lord and read his pardon there;
And peace flowed in—the peace that ever comes
To those who know the joy of pardoning love.
And thus, spell-bound, he gazed upon the Christ.
And all the sights so wondrous—trees and sky,
The glory of the sunlight on the hills,
The many faces peered into his
Though strange they were he would not raise his eyes
Lest, haply, he should lose that heavenly smile
Which first had dawned upon his opened eyes,
And filled his soul with joy. So, heeding not
The scenes that beckoned him on every side,
He kept his place close by that gracious Lord,
And followed Him.

What Shall I Render Unto the Lord?

O, wondrous love! forever flowing
Forth, from the Father-heart of God!
O love! that brought the Saviour, knowing
All the dark path that must be trod.
O love! at Pentecost descending,
Blest Holy Ghost! my guide to be.
O Love of God! Thy praise, unending
Shall sound through all eternity.

What offering must I render, therefore?
What worthy gift for love divine?
Shall I present the gold of Ophir—
The silver from the secret mine?

The earth is His. Hath He not made it?
The silver that His treasury fills,
The gold, with which he hath arranged it;
The cattle, on a thousand hills.

Shall I then tireless service render,
And ceaseless energy employ?
As offering, for His love so tender
A love that floods my life with joy?

Around Him Angel hosts attending
Do veil their faces in His sight;
And with their songs of praise ascending,
They do Him service, day and night.

O God! my gracious Heavenly Father,
This shall my choicest offering be—
Not gold nor service, but the rather
My love—the very heart of me.
O, Heart of God! Thou boundless ocean!
The deep that calleth unto me.
Along the stream of my devotion
Shall flow my answering love to Thee.

The Voice of Prayer

'Twas a meeting for prayer,
Only women were there;
And 'twas held where I chanced to be staying—
And to me, near the door,
Through the rumble and roar,
Came the sound of a woman's voice, praying.

I could see the bowed head,
But the words that were said,
Were lost; tho' my thoughts were not straying.
While, through noise in the street
And the tramping of feet
Came the sound of a woman's voice, praying.

And I thought—"What's the use
In this world of abuse,
Where man is God's purpose delaying?
Can it be there is power
In this one single hour—
And the sound of a woman's voice, praying."

Then the rush and the roar
Louder seemed than before;
Like fiends, their deep anger displaying,
Till I felt Powers of Hell
Were striving to quell
The sound of a woman's voice, praying.

Yet I know when we cry
To our God, He is nigh,
Though evil is rife and dismaying;
But through blood and through tears,
Through wars, tumults, God hears
The sound of a woman's voice, praying.

She Wriggled Her Toes in the Sand

From the gay Boulevard,
To the cool Esplanade,
I wandered one midsummer's day,
And I saw such a peach
Basking there on the beach,
All fresh from her dip in the bay.

And she wriggled her toes in the sand,
Sweet kid!
She wriggled her toes in the sand.
And the bands they did play,
And the donkeys did bray,
And she wriggled her toes in the sand.

As I eyed the sweet kid,
I just lifted my lid,
Determined I win her or die.
And I said, " May I stay?"
But she just turned away,
And this was her only reply—

She wriggled her toes in the sand,
Sweet kid, etc.

'Twas a long time ago
That this happened, you know.
But in dreams it comes back to me yet.
The bands on the shore,
And the donkey's Hee Haw!
And the thing I shall never forget—

How she wriggled her toes in the sand-
Sweet kid!
And she wriggled her toes in the sand.
And the bands they did play,
And the donkeys did bray,
And she wriggled her toes in the sand.

When They Heard They Believed

(Israel in bondage)

Through dreary days and endless years,
Bowed down with toil and pain and tears,
God's ancient people waited long
For that first note of freedom and song.
But when they heard they believed.
And bowed their heads and worshipped.

When God His mighty servants taught,
And them before His people brought,
The tale fell strangely on their ears,
And scarce could live amidst their fears.
But when they heard, they believed.
And bowed their heads and worshipped.

To Moses, and to Aaron, too,
God gave the power His works to do;
To tell the things that they had heard,
And give to Israel God's own word.
But when they heard, they believed,
And bowed their heads and worshipped.

Great God of all the Universe!
Our doubts and unbelief disperse;
Give us believing hearts instead,
So that of us it may be said—
And when they heard, they believed,
And bowed their heads and worshipped.

The Busman

Beside the gate we stand and wait.
"It won't be long!" we're saying;
Then mount the bus with little fuss;
There must be no delaying.
The day has dawned both bright and fair,
The dew-drops glisten everywhere;
And here we meet and now we greet
The Busman—we'll not name him.
You see he might despise limelight;
In that we wouldn't blame him,
But all the same, without the name
Another route might claim him.

But let us say, in casual way,
He isn't big, or strapping;
He's strong, well-knit and very fit,
With some charm overlapping
That grips you as you meet his glance,
And holds you fast, as you advance.
But let's get on; the time is gone;

We can't stay here debating;
Though this bus runs for older ones,
The children will be waiting.
So, if we're wise, we'll use our eyes
While nature contemplating.

Yes, there to right, in long-legged flight,
That bird, distinctly maori,
And, on our left, hill all bereft
Of rimu, kike and kauri.
And on we go past many a farm,
Past barn and stack and nikau-palm
And cabbage-tree. Then near, we see
So dainty and brown-breasted—
A brood of quail, so scant of tail,
Small headed but gay crested.
We slacken speed! but why the need?
Those baby-wings, untested.

And here and there, and everywhere,
Alone, or met together;
By pasture-land or rough cream-stand,
In every kind of weather,
The country children stand and wait,
By letter-box and old farm-gate;
The fair-faced girls with sunny curls,
The dusky dark-eyed Maoris
And little sons of ancient ones
Who owned the mighty kauris;
To whom the seas and forest trees
Were nature's gracious dowries—

And sons of seers, and pioneers
Of high and lowly station,
Here, hand in hand, we see them stand
Thus linked in one great nation.
For in this land no colour bar
Parts Maori-child from pakeha.
And all school-days, in pleasant ways
The Busman smiles, when meeting.
Each group he hails, he never fails;
"Good-morning!" is his greeting.
'Tis sure to win shy smile or grin,
It's mission thus completing.

For we declare we've seen it there;
It's no exaggeration!
That as we go they wear the glow
Of that bright exhortation.
Such healthy, happy, little folk,
That surely pride in us evoke.
Their bags, their books, their well-clad looks,
Their sunny, eager faces;
For naught is here to cause them fear
As lurks in other places;
So must possessed, so greatly blest
Above so many races.

And on we ride, and safely glide
Round bend and rise and valley,
Beyond the streams where water gleams,
And reed and raupo rally.
Past paddocks with their grazing herds,
Their rooting pigs and flying birds,
Until once more the journey o'er,
The children, ready standing
The Busman nigh, as they go by,
To see them safely landing.
Then, on we go to town, you know,
For that's the understanding.

This rhyme was meant—'twas our intent
To praise the one we mention,
But in this land, on every hand,
Are men of good intention,
Who take the little folk to school
On mornings warm and mornings cool,
And if these care with us to share
This every-day convention,
We're sure that he will happy be
To welcome this extension.

Then here's to health, and here's to wealth—
We'll drink it in pure water—
To you we trust, because we must,
Each little son and daughter.
And though we see that this must be
With school-life at it's dawning,

In this, we rest—you do your best
To guide and give them warning;
To shield from harm and dread alarm
But, do you say—Good-morning-

The Sloven

I was bakin' in the kitchen
Workin' fer a la-de-dah!
Just the sort what's allas nosin'—
You know what them upstarts are!
So I put the pie in the ovin,
An' she says, as I fastened the door,
“By the looks o' this place yer a slovin!
For it's never been like it before.

Talked to me like that—the 'ussy!
And she said “you wouldn't think
Onion skins should mix with tea-leaves,
An' best china in the sink.”
So I puts the pie in the ovin,
’Twas the best pie yer ever did see;
And I says “Maam! you've called me a slovin
An' you ain't goin' to say that to me!”

“Don't come nosin' round me kitchen,
Tryin' to learn me what to do.
As it is I've lost me standin',
Workin' fer the likes o' you.”
So I puts the pie in the ovin,
An' I turns out the coal on the floor,
An' I says “since yer calls me a slovin,
Yer can eat the confounded thing raw.”

Grimy 'ands don't mark the pastry;
Rollin'-pins aint 'urt with grease.
Folks like you just looks fer trouble,
Lettin' trifles spoil yer peace.
So I puts the pie in the ovin,
An' I takes down me 'at from the door,
She'll be sorry she called me a slovin,
I ain't goin' back any more.

She'd a Ladder in Her Stocking

I went to spend a holiday
Far from the smoky town,
To where the fields are fresh and green,
And streams come rippling down.
And there I met a pretty girl,
Who thrilled the heart of me.
And I was almost at her feet,
Before I chanced to see—

That she'd a ladder in her stocking. O dear it was so
shocking.

I quite forgot how charming she could be.
I loved that nut-brown girly, with hair so soft and curly,
But the ladder in her stocking frightened me.

I'm still a lonely bachelor,
I've never found a mate,
Since that unlucky holiday
When some unkindly fate
Brought me the sweetest little girl,
That ever man did see.
And at the same time pointed out,
The awful fact to me—

That she'd a ladder in her stocking,
O dear! it was so shocking!

I failed to see how dainty were her feet.
I loved that nut-brown girly,
With hair so soft and curly,
But the ladder in her stocking got me beat.

I read of Jacob's ladder once.
It seemed to bring him fame.
I wish the ladder in my song
Had treated me the same.
It's with me morn and afternoon,
I see it every night,
As up the ladder of my dream
A girl climbs out of sight—

With a ladder in her stocking!
And her laughing eyes are mocking!
She doesn't care tho' lonely I may be.
She knows I could have won her,
O! fool I was to shun her,
But the ladder in her stocking finished me.

The Song of the Dwarf

You want to know why I look so very small?
Why I'm so short, when you're all so big and tall?
All right, I'll tell—it's the only cause I know—
The reason why I'm little is—because I didn't grow.
I'm little! I'm little and the cause you'd like to know!
Well, the reason why I'm little is—because I didn't grow!
Ha ha! Ha ha! Ha ha! I'm little 'cause I didn't grow.

When I was young, and I vexed my Mummy dear,
She'd shake the pot-stick and say "my boy look here!
When you grow bigger, won't I tan your hide for you,
Just wait, until you're bigger, and I'll show you what I'll
do!"
I'm little! I'm little, but I missed the stick, you know.
And the reason why I missed it was because I didn't grow,
Ha ha! Ha ha! Ha ha! I missed it, 'cause I didn't grow.

Now then you chaps! don't stand there and laugh at me,
'Cause if you do, well you won't get off scot-free!
See how I shape! would you like one in the eye?
I may be very little, but I'm game enough to try.
I'm little! I'm little, but I'm game to fight, you know,
But it's only on condition that you wait until I grow
Ha ha! Ha ha! Ha ha! Ha ha! just wait until I grow.

The Budding Cornetist

(Written for David Houghton)
If I should wake at dawn of day,
And play a little tune,
Then someone shouts—"Put that away!
And wait till afternoon."
And if I in the kitchen sit,
To have a little blow,
Then someone says you'd better git!
Before I use me toe!"

They don't love a boy with a cornet
He's miserable! I'm telling you!
You'd think he was worse than a hornet!
If any one loves him, then who?

But just you wait! I'll let them know
I've got the goods in me,
And later on I'll make a show,
When famous I shall be.
And then they'll tune their radio
To 1YA or 2,
And I'll go trilling high and low,
And show what I can do.

They don't love a boy with a cornet;
He's miserable! I'm telling you!
You'd think he was worse than a hornet!
If anyone loves him—then who?

Five-Six

She greeted me with sweetest smile
As in the shade I pondered.
She said, she'd walk with me a while
"But, would I mind?" she wondered.

I looked at her in mild surprise.
The hair of silvery whiteness—
The blueness of the lovely eyes—
Could age retain such brightness?

The shady hat tied 'neath the chin,
In colour most bewitching;
The dainty apron, soft and thin,
With lace and fancy stitching.

A lovely lady, through and through,
And yet, what was there missing?
'Twas nothing in the eyes so blue,
Nor sweet lips, pursed for kissing.

Said she "I've run away from home"—
A smile her soft cheeks dimpled.
"You see! I'm not allowed to roam."
At this her white brow wrinkled.

And as she talked, she glanced behind
And right and left kept spying.
“O, pardon me! I always find
Where useful things are lying.”

She waved her hand and tripped away,
More like a child, than matron;
And picked up what before her lay,
And hid it in her apron.

Then back she came with me to walk;
Pink-cheeked with childish pleasure.
“It’s good of you” said she, “to talk
And with me spend your leisure.”

“When I was young you may be sure
We felt no shame to do it.
For we were poor—O very poor
And everybody knew it.

“But now we’ve lace as you can see;
Silk stockings—just one minute”—
Again she went, it puzzled me,
That apron! what was in it?

“I’m sure you wouldn’t carry tales,”
She said, as back she hurried.
“If they but knew!” her flushed cheek pales—
“They’d be so cross and flurried.”

Her lovely, fragile, blue-veined hands
In agitation fluttered.
“They never wander through their lands”
The words were sadly uttered.

“They won’t permit me thus to walk
And seek what I’m collecting;
They never, never let me talk
When things I’m recollecting.”

Her arms relaxed, the apron drooped,
And there displayed was lying
Some sticks and twigs all neatly grouped,
While she stood faintly sighing.

And then, instead of sighs, there came
Sweet sounds of tinkling laughter,
And still the music was the same,
In words that followed after.

"Some weeks ago, when I came out,
Just as today, to wander,
I met a man right here about
Or, maybe it was yonder.

I think it was the month of May
Or else it was December.
I'd like to tell about that day
If I could but remember.

One thing I never shall forget—
How quick he was in finding
The thing you haven't noticed yet
With you, your manners minding.

He laughed and laughed, and I laughed too,
He said he was a painter—
He'd start right now, a subject new
No picture could be quainter.

O yes! he'd paint me with my sticks,
And write the name beneath it.
'Twould have the queerest name "Five-Six"
And he'd to me bequeath it.

He said 'twould suit me to the tee;
The name was what most mattered;
And then came someone calling me,
And all his hopes were shattered.

"I wonder could you make it plain?"
Her blue eyes softly glisten—
"The name—'Five-Six' could you explain?
You've been so kind to listen."

She clasped her hands then let them fall;
The sticks escaped their prison;
And as she stooped and gathered all,
I caught the artist's vision.

Then sweet, so very sweet she stood,
With all life's wisdom scattered,
That I might tell her, if I could,
The only thing that mattered.

"It's something very quaint," she cried,
"Twas years ago I read it;
And tho' I've tried and tried and tried—
I can't tell why he said it."

The Catastrophe

(Mrs Gray)

"Poor little cat!" our Granny said,
"To starve it would be a sin.
We shouldn't like to find it dead;
We'd better take it in."

Said she, "The folk have left next door,
And failed to take the cat!
My! they're the people I abhor,
Who do a thing like that."

"A lovely grey, as you can see—
Uncommon breed; that shows"
And then to Mummy, privately,
"The gender—I suppose!"

And so we took the pussy in,
And called her Mrs Grey,
And O! she was so very thin
Till good food came her way.

And soon we learned to love her so,
And Granny oft would tell
Of homes where hearts were filled with woe,
When girl-babes came to dwell—

Of heathen lands, where little boys
Had all the love and care,
Had all the pleasures and the joys,
And life was so unfair.

And so, since we're not forced to roam,
It's right that we should give
A little mother cat a home,
Where only girl folk live.

For Uncle Charlie's still away,
And Daddy's not home yet,
And so there's only Mum and May,
And Gran and I and Bet.

We've promised kittens everywhere,
But Auntie Lucy's first;
Then other folk may have their share
Until they're all dispersed.

And there's a box, all padded well,
As soft as soft can be,
And Mrs Grey, she thinks it swell,
As everyone can see.

Gran always says a mother cat
Has lovely, gentle ways,
Shows gratitude, and never sat
Immune from all but praise.

But O! our Uncle came to-day,
And dropped an awful bomb;
He whispered, but I heard him say—
“Our Mrs Grey's a Tom!”

To Irene

Very pleasant was Irene,
Very fair was dainty “Twinkle,”
She the sweetest of housekeepers,
She the best of home-makers.
Never guest, so unpretentious,
Never sojourner, so humble,
But her kindly ministrations
Brought them ease, and gave them pleasure—
And they blessed her for her sweetness,
Blessed her for her care and kindness;
Praised her skill and prized her friendship.
And her memory lingered with them,
Lingered, like a gentle fragrance—
Followed them into the forest,
Through the land of lakes and marshes,
To the vale of Tahakopa,
To the dreary land of sawmills.

The Grasshopper's Revenge

I wonder why they wanted me—

Those two big brown grasshoppers,
For I seemed small as small could be,
And they were dreadful whoppers.

I said—I didn't want to go.

They said "We thought you wouldn't,
But come along and see the show—
Escape it now—you couldn't!"

They made a horrid clicking sound,
And then a mighty whirling
Came over me, and all around
Hundreds of them came hurling.
An army, every one as tall
As these that walked beside me.
And not a place where I could crawl,
Or find a thing to hide me.

They formed a ring, and seemed to wait;
I turned to see it better.
And then there came in royal state,
A most tremendous Weta!
"Silence!" he called. "Now, are you sure
'Twas this one, and none other?
Is this the hateful thing that tore
The legs off our small brother?"

Each raised an antenna on high,
And he, their king, cried "steady!
I'll give the signal; when I cry—
One, two, three, four!—be ready!
You'll take this thing; pull off its legs,
And then you'll see it crawling
Upon its hands, and if it begs
You'll laugh, and leave it sprawling."

"Be ready now!" The words were said.
Then came an awful clatter!
Mum screamed "he's fallen out of bed!"
And Dad yelled "what's the matter?"

In Loneliness

Light of morning, softly dawning,
Brings to me another day.
Memory waking, joy forsaking.
Thou art far, so far away.

Golden noon-hour, fragrant rose-bower
Nothing, now, in these I see.
Walking lonely; seek thee only;
I am longing, dear, for thee.

Night enfolds me; darkness holds me.
Where is comfort, night or day?
Faith still binds us; solace finds us,
As for thee I kneel and pray.

Thought By Rail

Click-a-ti-clack! Click-a-ti-clack!
For finding a good seat I haven't the knack;
I do wish to goodness I'd travelled with Jack.
But of talkative people I see there's no lack.
Click-a-ti! Click-a-ti-clack!

Click-a-ti-clack! Click-a-ti-clack!
This horrible jolting goes right through my back;
And my poor head is aching, just ready to crack;
And hark at that youngster! it needs a good smack.
Click-a-ti! Click-a-ti-clack!

Click-a-ti-clack! Click-a-ti-clack!
I'm jolly well sure I can't read this dry tack;
And then, there's the thought that I've got to go
back,
And now, there's that parcel gone down with a whack
Click-a-ti! Click-a-ti-clack!

Click-a-ti-clack! Click-a-ti-clack!
And so on and so on and so on—Alack!
Till daylight departs, and till daylight comes back
A martyrdom, suffered on modernized rack;
Click-a-ti! Click-a-ti-clack!

Click-a-ti-clack! Click-a-ti-clack!
It's time I was getting my things off the rack;
My word! there's enough here to fill any sack;
But I'm sure I can't stuff any more in this pack.
I suppose 'twould be better to put on my mack.
Hullo! here's the station! and there, down the track
I see some friends coming. O yes! and there's Jack!
Click-a! Click-a-clack! Click-a! Click-a-clack!

The Only Solution

Come listen dear friends to the tale I've to tell!
And give me your kind advice, too.
For I'm worried and troubled, as never before,
And really don't know what to do.
In our village the girls are all charming and fair,
And I'm quite sure they all love me well;
And O I adore them—I love them! and yet—
Which to take for my own I can't tell.
For if I take Kitty, bright and witty,
I can't have Elsie too.
Or choose sweet Molly, gay and jolly,
For then I can't have Sue!
And if I wait for little Kate,
I can't have blue-eyed Nell,
So which to choose, and which to lose,
Is more than I can tell.
Sometimes when the weather is lovely and warm,
And the silvery moon shining bright,
I wish I could take some sweet girl for a stroll;
But I don't know which one to invite.
Folk say that it's high time I knew my own mind,
And could choose one, and leave all the rest;
But what use such talk when I really don't know
Which of all the sweet girls I love best.
For if I choose Kitty, bright and witty,
I can't choose Elsie, too;
Or take sweet Molly, gay and jolly,
For then I can't have Sue.
And if I wait for little Kate,
I can't have blue-eyed Nell;
So which to choose and which to lose
Is more than I can tell.

Last night, as I slumbered, I had a strange dream,
On the shores of the Salt Lake I seemed.
And I said to a man, with six charming young dames,
"Your daughters?" as on them I beamed.
"My name is Job Lott," with a scowl he replied,
"And Mrs Job Lott are all these.
"O thank you!" I murmured, "Don't thank me!"
he cried,
"Thank old Brigham Young if you please."

So now I'll take Kitty, bright and witty,
And take dear Elsie, too.
I'll ring up Molly gay and jolly,
And not forget sweet Sue.
I'll go and wait for little Kate,
And call for blue-eyed Nell,
And if, sweet maid, you're not afraid,
You'd better come as well.

Holidays

Oh! the sun's shining bright,
And it's hard to keep cool.
But the key has been turned
On the shop and the school;
So pack up your traps,
Every bucket and spade,
Take togs for the bathers,
And those who just wade,
Take sandwiches, biscuits
And sweet cakes galore—
And we'll crank up old "Liz,"
And set off for the shore.

Come along! Come along! Come along!
Come along to the briny with me.
Oh! we'll dive and we'll float,
And play round in the boat,
Then, we'll all gather Pipis for tea.

Joy—My Baby

There is beauty in the heavens,
In the starry orbs of light;
In the softness of the moonlight,
In the stillness of the night.
But the magic of the moon-beams,
And of shadows, soft and deep
Is as nothing, to the beauty
Of my baby's dreamless sleep.

There is glory in the sunrise,
In the radiance of the morn,
When the mighty snow-clad mountains
Grow pink-tinted with the dawn.
But more glorious far than daybreak,
Than the pageant of the skies,
Is the glow of love-light, dawning
In my baby's wondering eyes.

There is music in the tempest,
In the fury of the sea;
In the chirping of the cricket;
In the droning of the bee.
But no melody is sweeter
E'en from fairy finger tips—
Than the first, gay, silvery laughter
From my baby's rosy lips.

Tic

It started with Tic-douloureux,
Perhaps you've heard about it?
Some think, that's just a fancy name
For tooth-ache, but I doubt it.
It fills the head with murderous pain,
Exploding every second,
And then it seems to turn your brain—
At least, that's what I reckoned.

For they came with sledge-hammers,
The whole jeering gang;
Each friend yelled his name,
And his hammer went—Bang!

Erra-Tic, Drama-Tic and Sta-Tic.

O, hundreds of them I can see;
Then An-Tic, he tripps up Gigan-Tic,
And Fran-Tic, he falls over me.
I fight with Bombas-Tic and Dras-Tic,
But Gymas-Tic knocks me about;
Idio-Tic comes in, gives Hypno-Tic a grin,
But Narco-Tic puts them both out.

This tale of woe I'm telling now—
Is true, I do assure you.
Don't fancy that I'm hawking pills,
Or any dope to cure you.
It's not a tale you'll hear down town
From Monday morn till Sunday,
When Mrs Jones meets Mrs Brown,
And both meet Mrs Grundy.
For they come with sledge-hammers,
The whole jeering gang;
Each fiend yells his name,
While his hammer goes—Bang!

Despo-Tic, Aqua-Tic, Neuro-Tic,
All fighting to strike me a blow.
Atheis-Tic and Spiritualis-Tic,
Communis-Tic, and Mys-Tic, you know.
Epilep-Tic makes faces at Scep-Tic,
But Sep-Tic, hits out at them all,
Autocra-Tic cries—'Slay!' But Clima-Tic says
'Nay!'

And beneath their great hammers I fall.

It does'nt matter what your creed,
Or if you haven't any.
It doesn't matter if you're rich,
Or born without a penny.
This dreadful monster—known to fame
Will bring his hoards and scare you.
It doesn't matter what your name
Tic-douloureux won't spare you.

For they'll come with sledge-hammers,
The whole jeering gang;
Each fiend call his name,
While his hammer goes—Bang!

Sarcas-Tic, Elas-Tic and Plas-Tic,
O! thousands of them and still more.
Dogma-Tic he knocks down Empha-Tic,
With Luna-Tic, shouting 'encore!'
Atlan-Tic runs off with Roman-Tic;
Then, after the pair they give chase.
Anaesthe-Tic, she sleeps; while Pathe-Tic, she
weeps,
As quick to the Dentist I race.

But they came with sledge-hammers,
The whole jeering gang;
Each fiend yelled his name,
While his hammer went—Bang!

Kenneth's Song

I want to sing a little song;
It's got a lovely tune.
It really isn't very long,
I'll get it finished soon.

So come and sing my little song,
It won't be hard to learn;
Just watch the notes; you can't go wrong;
I'll tell you when to turn.

I'm sure my little song you'll love.
The words are plain to see;
The music runs on lines above;
Gran wrote it, just for me.

My song's about five long, black lines.
That stretch right across the white pages.
And notes that turn up, and notes that turn down,
And others that climb up in stages.
Of big round notes, and tiny wee notes.
The small ones are black as a nigger.
But I'll learn every day,
Then these notes I shall play—
Before I grow very mulh bigger.

Keep on Pushing Your Barrow

I've sung many songs
Of cities and throngs,
Of countries, with streets broad and narrow;
But this song is to state
How a man wheeled his mate
Fifty miles, in a common wheel-barrow.

He kept on pushing his barrow;
Through snow and sleet and rain,
When the task was tough, and the road was rough,
If he fell, he got up again.
So it isn't a question of weather,
Or of roads either broad or narrow,
But there's just one way you can win the day;
It's keep on pushing your barrow.

I could sing of the moon,
Or the shady lagoon.
Or of deeds that your feelings would harrow,
But the song that I'll raise,
And the hero I'll praise,
Is the man of the famous wheel-barrow.

So keep pushing along!
With a smile and a song,
Though pessimists prophesy failure.
Let the other man ride,
While you gallantly stride—
Like the wheel-barrowman of Australia.

He kept on pushing his barrow;
Through snow and sleet and rain,
When the task was tough, and the road was rough,
If he fell, he got up again.
So it isn't a question of weather,
Or of roads either broad or narrow,
But there's just one way you can win the day;
It's keep on pushing your barrow.

Our Ships

There are ships that set sail—
O I hope it's no tale—
That the grown-up just tell us for sport;
But I haven't a notion,
Just where on the ocean,
Their ship-load of treasures are bought.

It's a long way they roam,
But when they come home,
Then everything old will be new;
And you'll have to believe it
Because you'll receive it—
All things that are promised to you.

For they'll bring to our shores
The most wonderful stores
Of things we've been wishing we had.
O! won't it be stunning!
I hope they're not funning!
'Cause that would be really too bad!

Prayer Moses and Aaron

(Israel in Egypt)

Lord God, Thy throne is lifted up
Above all earthly fame;
Beyond the realms of high estate,
Of haughty king and potentate.
Eternal is Thy name.

Great Pharaoh, seated on his throne,
Exultant in his place,
Has raised his arm of flesh 'gainst Thee,
Has said Thy people go not free,
Defies Thee to Thy face.

Lord God in us Thy power display,
Thy great deliverance bring;
Work wonders with Thy mighty rod,
And show the heathen Thou art God,
Jehovah, Lord and King.

Rain Voices

I wonder if you hear the voices
That come when we lie down to sleep?
 They may come in the light,
 But most likely at night;
And all round the house they will creep.

At times, just one voice will be speaking
Then others will join in as well.
 But no voice will be clear,
 And no words you will hear,
And just where they are you can't tell.

It's always on nights that are rainy;
It's always when heavy showers pour;
 Then I stand by the sill,
 And I keep very still,
Or listen beside the hall door.

I never can hear what they're saying;
I never can guess where they stand.
 I don't know where they hide
 But I'm sure it's outside.
Tho' they sometimes seem quite close at hand

So I wait till the heavy shower passes,
 Expecting to hear them quite plain;
 And I think it so queer
 That they never come near,
Except when it's pouring with rain.

Now, why do they talk when it's raining?
And, why are they there in the wet?
 It's not fairies or gnomes—
 They would stay in their homes
And wait for fine weather, and yet—

There is something so sad in the talking,
In voices when near, or when far,
 That I feel I could cry,
 Though I can't tell just why,
Only this—I don't know who they are.

The Sinking of the Battleship Victoria

On the sun-kissed Mediterranean,
In a long and double line
Came the great ironclads of England,
Her majestic kings of the brine.

The well-known gridiron manoeuvre
Had been finished in splendid style,
With the Camperdown and Victoria
Leading each their respective file.

Then clear came the ringing order
To go through the manoeuvre once more.
And the vessels turned in t'wards each other
To pass, as they had done before.

The Camperdown swung round completely,
And some think her men lost control;
While others maintain the Victoria
Right out of her course gave a roll.

But none ever knew how it happened,
For sudden and quick as a flash,
The great ironclads came together
And struck, with a terrible crash.

For some seconds they stood without motion,
Then shivered, like dumb creatures cold;
Then backward, away from each other
With the force of the impact they rolled.

But none of the many onlookers
Could guess, what to one it would mean.
Until the Victoria swung round
And her whole damaged broadside was seen.

And then, not the eye of an expert
Was needed her fate to decide;
But her men, calmly taking their orders,
The collision-mat spread o'er her side.

And the voice of Vice Admiral Tryon,
 Could be heard as he ordered his crew;
And not one of all his men faltered
 As they hastened his bidding to do.

But he saw that their efforts were useless,
 And ordered the men to escape;
And leaping all sides of the vessel,
 Their way to the water they take.

But many a brave-hearted fellow
 Remained, and the word disobeyed,
But every man perished who lingered,
 Or in leaving the ship had delayed.

For not all the men who leaped over
 When the very first order was heard
Escaped from the agony, awful,
 And the horrors that quickly occurred.

For water-tight were her compartments,
 And her engines were throbbing with life,
And keeping the terrible turn screws
 Whirling round, like a circular knife.

And the vessel was rapidly turning
 And sinking, prow down in the wave;
And the suction was dragging the swimmers
 Swiftly into a watery grave.

They struggled with strength beyond human,
 They battled, till all hope was past,
As backward, and nearer and nearer,
 Till into the strife they were cast.

Then down on these poor struggling creatures
 Descended the fast turning screw,
And not all the ships in the Navy,
 Could rescue that perishing crew.

For the great steel flanges came twirling
 And gashed the men as they fell.
And turning the sea to a whirlpool
 Whose depth seemed more awful than hell.

All battered and torn and dismembered,
Their blood on the foam of the wave,
They sank, in the sight of the Navy
There watching, but powerless to save.

They say that the sight was so awful
That, helpless to render relief,
Strong men wept to witness the horrors,
And others fell fainting with grief.

And they say that Vice Admiral Tryon
Was seen on the bridge to the last,
As into that terrible vortex
With his great iron monster he passed.

Then sounds as of far distant thunder
Were heard as the ship disappeared;
And water leapt up in a column,
And foam wreathed, all gleaming and weird.

And so, to this ship of the Navy,
While those who looked on held their breath,
In less time than one takes in the telling
There came swift destruction and death.

Then boats that had picked up survivors
Came over the scene of the wreck;
And all who'd swum clear of the vortex
Were rescued, and taken on deck.

And soon, all the treacherous water
Was smiling so peaceful and blue;
And no one would dream that beneath it
Lay a great battle-ship and her crew.

Don't think that I've told you this story
To fill you with grief and distress;
Nor yet have I told you in order
That you might your sorrow express.

But for fear that those might be forgotten
Who died, in such anguish and pain;
Because 'twas not their's in the battle
Some great thrilling victory to gain.

For if the great vessel that struck them
Had not been a friend, but a foe.
If their ship had gone down in the battle,
The whole world their story would know.

But I say their death was as noble
As any brave soldiers has been!
And I say, that they died as true heroes
In the service of Country and Queen.

Song of Jubilee

(Salvation Army, Whanganui, 1942)

Adown the long and winding track
Today we linger, and look back,
And scan the way our feet have trod,
While journeying onward with our God.
Through days when storms upon us beat,
And days with flowers about our feet,
Through days when heart and soul were sore,
And days when joys were brimming o'er.

But now we sing our song of Jubilee!
Oh hear the song which now we sing,
While we to God our praises bring,
For days gone by, and days that be,
We sing our Song of Jubilee—
Song of Jubilee!

'Mid sound of praise and ringing cheer
There still will fall the silent tear,
For linked in mem'ry sweet are they
Who blazed the trail and paved the way.
Though they the Palm of Victory bear,
Yet in our warfare still they share,
And though they rest in God's own light,
In spirit they with us Unite.

Then let us worship Christ the Lord,
And may He ever be adored
Who clothed our stalwarts with His might,
And blessed our soldiers in the fight.
Then, age and youth, take up the song
While we the note of praise prolong
To God, Blest Spirit, ever near,
Who crowns with joy this Golden Year.

And now we sing our Song of Jubilee;
Oh! hear the song which now we sing,
While we to God our praises bring,
For days gone by and days that be,
We sing our Song of Jubilee—
Song of Jubilee.

The Chant of the Witches

Seek! Seek! Seek through the day,
Seek through the day and the night;
Seek through the dark! Seek through the light!
The day—the day, the night!

Death! Death! Death shall he meet;
Death shall he meet in the night.
Tho' he be fleet, death shall he meet,
Tonight! Tonight! Tonight!

Soft! Soft! Softly we tread;
Softly we tread in the night;
Oft goes his head! Now he is dead!
Goodnight! Goodnight! Goodnight!

A Rose From Ann

In love thou camest thither,
O rose of darkest red!
For love I bore thee hither,
Yet slowly thou must wither
And so, thy life be shed

As incense, sweet, caressing,
From out thy deep-red heart;
Or perfumed sigh, expressing
A thought, to me distressing,
That soon, Ah soon! we part.

Against thy velvet petals
I press my lips, dear rose!
Thy breath my torn heart fettles,
And o'er my spirit settles
A calm and deep repose.

Thy red, red heart is glowing;
'Tis like the rich-hued wine;
Its fragrance now bestowing—
Its choicest perfume flowing,
Like nectar, into mine.

O lovely rose! thou'st dying;
Thy head bows low in death;
Thy petals, strewn are lying,
And tho' my heart is sighing.
There comes, as if replying,
Thy fragrant dying breath.

When I Am Gone

(To all my Children)

Remember all the fun we've had—
When times were good and times were bad!
So what's the use of being sad?

Don't Weep!

Remember all the songs we've sung
In years gone by, when we were young,
With harmony from heart and tongue—

Don't Weep!

Remember all the noise we made,
As many a queer charade we played,
And, every other escapade—

Don't Weep!

Remember, though our hearts were gay,
'Twas trust in God that cheered the day
And kept us in the narrow way—

Don't Weep!

Remember how we battled through,
From troubles old, to troubles new?
And still our joyful way pursue—

Don't Weep!

Remember how the love of God
Has brightened every step we trod,
And sanctified the chastening Rod—

Don't Weep!

Remember that the mighty bond
That bound us here still binds beyond!
So, why should any heart despond?

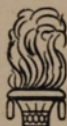
Don't Weep!

But journey on with faces bright,
With hearts unbowed, and footsteps light;
Be conquerors, in life's great fight;

Don't Weep!

And though my face you may not see
'Tis still my earnest prayer that we
Be linked in one big family—

Don't Weep!



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