



Roses in Rain ^U

and Other Poems

BY

Lilian Wooster Greaves

Author of

The Two Doves.



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Dedicated with a Daughter's warmest
affection to the
Best of Fathers,
W. H. Wooster.

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ROSES IN RAIN.

Wind-battered, storm-shattered the hour of
 their birth,
 Their bright petals blown o'er the face of
 the earth,
 All beaten and broken, forlorn and despised,
 In bitterness nursed, and in sorrow baptised,
 All shaken and shivering—their hope is in
 vain—
 Poor pitiful roses that bloomed in the rain.

II.

O gentle Rose-Mother, what sighing and
 sorrow
 Your heart had been spared, if, delayed till
 to-morrow,
 Your children came forth on a sweet sunny
 morning,
 Their radiance and beauty the wide world
 adorning ;
 And not as to-day, in the wild tempest
 tossing,

While hopeless weak arms on your breast
you are crossing.

III.

How wondrous the vision for earth's glad
beholding!

A million of roses in sunshine unfolding!

A-clambering and clustering—here crimson—
there creamy—

Pearl-petalled, moss-nested, all dainty and
dreamy—

Shell-tinted, bright blushing, or richest red
royal—

Creeping and clinging, or upright and loyal!

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IV.

O babes who are born while your land is at
war!

What sorrows are yours e'er life's brief hour
is o'er!

How bright and how brave might your
future have been

In happiest home-garden where love is serene.
But you drink with your mother's milk horror
and pain,

Till you die drenched in blood, as the roses
in rain.

V.

And the children brought forth in the city
of sin—

Is it tempest that kills them? or canker
within?

And what is their birthright, these waifs of
an hour?

The weakness that falls 'neath temptation's
fierce power ;

The wild winds of passion, the gutter's foul
stain—

Poor little slum-children—just roses in rain.

VI.

And you? Are you more blest, you babes
of to-day,

Whose fathers, forsaking the honoured old
way,

No longer are priests in the temple of home,
But leave you unwarned and unguided to
roam

Into places unholy, and temples profane?—
Poor little child-martyrs—just roses in rain.

VII.

Their fathers have failed them, their mothers
forgotten

That unto eternity they were begotten—

Then save, Church and State! oh most blest
 foster-mothers!
 And Charity, bearing the burdens of others,
 Oh save from destruction the child, soul and
 spirit,
 And give him the kingdom that he should
 inherit.

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VIII.

Sweet, sighing Rose-Mother, another glad
 morning
 A myriad gay blooms may your breast be
 adorning.
 In the war-ravished country, for woman's
 wild weeping
 Shall rise the thanksgiving psalm after the
 reaping.
 But till Love reigns triumphant in Home-life
 again,
 The children must perish, like roses in rain.

ECHOES OF THE SEA.

I sighed to the sea of my past, mis-spent ;
And the sad waves murmured, "Repent—
repent."

"O sea, how my spirit for pardon craves"—
I moaned, and the sea said "God saves—God
saves."

I spoke again of my present woes ;
And the sweet voice chanted "He knows—He
knows."

I told how the future was filled with fears ;
And the white waves whispered, "God
hears—God hears."

I told how I wrestled in tears and prayers ;
And soft came the murmur, "He cares—He
cares."

I spoke of my life's most bitter cup ;
And the blue sea answered, "Look up ;
look up."

And my every thought, as I lay on the sand,
The murmuring sea seemed to understand ;

Till I said, "Thy words in my heart shall
dwell" ;
And the warm waves echoed, "'Tis well—'tis
well."

SUMMER NIGHT THOUGHTS—"ON
THE LAND."

I.

The moon rose red, and my hopes fell dead—
I had longed for the quiet night;
For the healing power of the silent hour,
And the silvery pearl-flecked light.

II.

The day had been long, and war waged
strong
'Twixt man and the forest around.
His sole desire seemed for axe and fire
That destruction might abound.

III.

And my spirit grieved for the trees, bright
leaved,
With their kingly heads laid low;
For the tender things by the quiet springs
It had been my joy to know.

IV.

And the thought would come, 'mid the smoke
and hum—

Must there evermore be strife?
Is the last decree that death must be
Ere man can live his life?

V.

And I longed to rest on the peaceful breast
Of the white-robed angel, Night;
But the moon rose red, and my hopes fell
dead—

All things were touched with blight.,

VI.

A slow hour passed, and wearied at last
By the everlasting "Why?"
I slept awhile—then woke with a smile
For the white moon sailing high. ,

VII.

And I saw it all—how the smoky pall
Was only a man-made screen
That dimmed the light of the queen of night
Till she rose to a height serene.

VIII.

So we read God's plan thro' the mind of man,
 And our vision is overcast ;
 But clear and pure and strong to endure
 Rise truth and faith at last.

IX.

Man seeks by strife to order his life—
 Plants roses where wild-flowers grew—
 The beauty of pride for the beauty that died,
 And the roses shall perish too.

X.

Man seeks to plan for his brother-man
 How he shall worship or pray.
 The fires of his zeal hurt, and not heal ;
 But his "knowledge shall vanish away."

XI.

And pride of race, or creed, or place,
 Like tongues and prophets shall cease
 When the voice above speaks "God is love"
 And "In Me ye might have peace."

CLOVER.

"Clover, clover, answer me—
 Which are best—four leaves, or three?"
 And the clover blossom white,
 Smiling in the morning light,
 Answered, "Four I love the best—
 Fortune-favoured, fame-caressed;
 Sought for like a fairy spell,
 'Neath the hedge and round the well;
 Gathered from the common field,
 In a crested letter sealed;
 Sent away across the sea
 Like a wand of destiny;
 Treasured, honoured, near and far,
 My own, my bright four-pointed star!"

"Clover, at my garden door,
 Which are best—three leaves, or four?"
 And the clover at my feet,
 In the evening cool and sweet,
 Answered, "Now my day is done,
 Now my star his fame has won,
 Sad were I, and desolate
 In my corner by the gate,
 But for these, his three-leaved brothers,

Who, while he brought joy to others,
Nestled closely round my feet,
Sheltered me from noonday heat;
Sought no wondrous destiny,
Only stayed to comfort me."

"Clover, clover, answer me—
Which are best—four leaves, or three?"
And the clover, softly sighing,
Answered, "Now that I am dying,
One is far and many near.
He is precious, all are dear.
Four leaves seem to be completest;
Three leaves somehow seem the
sweetest."

Thus it is the wide world over—
Some will be the four-leaved clover,
Go where high awards await,
While others grace the cottage gate.
And high or lowly, great or small,
The God who made will bless them all.

SAINT SERIOUS.

Our sweet Saint Serious, with white wings
 furled,
 Treads with her tender feet this thorn-grown
 world.

So pure is she, we tremble lest she see
 And judge severely our iniquity ;
 And yet so gentle, when her lips reprove,
 We know it not, but deem she spoke of love.
 So calm, we think her like still mountain
 lakes,

But 'tis a river's mighty course she takes,
 And bears us onward in her spirit's course
 Till our weak streams are blended with her
 force.

So luminous her soul with light divine,
 We think no earthly thing for her can shine ;
 Yet in the mirror of her memory fair
 We gaze, and see ourselves reflected there.
 Our lives, our names, our hopes and doubts
 and cares

Enlist her sympathy and fill her prayers.

Angel! still keep those gleaming pinions
 furled ;

And tread with us this weary, thorn-grown
 world.

Still let thy life its onward journey take,
 Strong as a river, calm as mountain lake.
 Still love us, sweet Saint Serious, and we
 Shall stronger, better be because of thee.

THE VISION SPLENDID.

I.

Thou art my Vision Beauteous!

I see Thee everywhere.

Thou "chief among ten thousand"

Thou "altogether fair!"

The Christ in all the little children's faces;

His beauty in the flowers' hues and graces;

His shining in the tender skies above me;

His image in the eyes of those who love me.

Thou "Lily of the Valley,"

Thou "Star of peace" divine,

Thou Face of sweet compassion,

Blest Vision, Thou art mine.

II.

Thou art my Vision Glorious!

Thou many-crowned King!

Thou Royal Priest resplendent

In jewels glistening.

The sky's blue scroll records Thy wondrous
glory—

The cycling stars but punctuate the story.
Winter's white sheen shows Thy transfiguration,

And Autumn's "burning bush" Thy proclamation.

From morning's golden dawning
To sunset's ruddy fire,

Thou art my "Vision Splendid,"
And Thou my soul's desire.

III.

Thou art my Vision Holy,
Thou spotless lamb of God;
Thou Fire and Thou Refiner,
Thou living blossoming Rod.

Forever is Thy holiness before me—
Thy love the gleaming banner floating o'er
me;

Thy righteousness the robe Thy saints are
wearing;

Thy joy their happy faces all declaring.

O beckoning Hand of Jesus!

O pleading Face of love!

Be still my Vision Holy,

Till I dwell with Thee above.

"ALL THINGS TO ENJOY."

I.

While I look and love your lilies, they are
mine!

Golden hearts and waxen whiteness,
Fragrance rich and fairy lightness—
While my soul feeds on your lilies, they
are mine.

II.

Your nasturtiums nod 'good-morning' as I
pass.

All your garden glows in greeting;
All your flowers in merry meeting
Give me fellowship and friendship as I pass.

III.

While your baby smiles upon me she is mine.
Mine in all her dainty dearness,
In her sweet and tender nearness,
Laughter-lit and dimple-dented, she is mine!

IV.

There are jewels in the sky and in the grass
There is gold at sunset gleaming,
Silver in the moonlight streaming—
Precious things from arching sky to low
grass.

V.

Thanks be to the Giver, all are mine!
As each morn in light is breaking,
From His hand my cup I'm taking,
And enjoying all His riches—freely mine.

"LIKE AS WE."

(Heb. 4.15).

I.

The Master stood 'mid His angel band
 In one of His mansions fair;
 And He heard from over the golden
 strand
 Many a prayer.

II.

"A child of Mine is in need," He said
 To a shining form at His side—
 "A child of Mine is in need of bread—
 Haste, and provide."

III.

And unto one on His other hand—
 "Lo! one of My little ones weeps,
 Alone and sad in a stranger's land—
 Stay till she sleeps.

IV.

"And one is forsaken, and one bereft,
 And one is groaning in pain;
 By the hand it loved best one heart is
 cleft.
 Bleeding in twain.

V.

"A worker is weary; another cast
down—

They have striven so hard for Me.
There is parting and loss in the busy
town,
Death on the sea.

VI.

"Go! take of My spirit, and comfort
them all;

Strengthen, sustain and cheer.
Slight not My children's feeblest call,
For all are dear."

VII.

Then all save one, on their pinions
bright,

The minist'ring angels flew,
Till the tears were dried, and the dark
made light;
Hopes born anew.

VIII.

Yet a sadder cry fell on the Master's
ear,

When He heard the anguished call—
"Is heaven so high that Thou can'st

not hear?—
Save! or I fall!"

IX.

And the angel arose with kindling eyes,
Saying, "Here am I, Lord; send
me;"
But the Master answered, "This defies
Thy ministry.

X.

"When I upon earth was tempted and
tried
By Satan's strongest power,
It was that I might more surely guide
Man in such hour.

XI.

"Many sweet acts hast thou often done
Unto My children dear;
But I fly Myself to my tempted one--
Tarry thou here."

XII.

And He who was tempted "Like as
we,"
Strengthened, upheld, sustained
That soul in its mortal agony,
Till the day was gained.

NEIGHBOURS.

I.

I've a neighbour o'er the way,
And I see at close of day
How her bright lamp flings a ray
O'er my path, and seems to say,
"Love is not so far away—
 Watch and pray."

II.

Do I read the lesson right?
God is love and Christ is light.
Heaven and earth in them unite—
So my heart grows strong and bright,
And my soul is mailed in might,
When I see my neighbour's light
 In the night.

HARVEST.

The everlasting miracle is being wrought
again.

The corns of wheat that, perishing 'neath
crumbled clods had lain,

Have risen to yield their sixty-fold ; and the
bare and sandy plain

In happy resurrection smiles, a field of
waving grain.

Thus many a lonely heart

Our Lord hath set apart ;

Hath called it for His own,

Hath had it tilled and sown ;

And while for him it yieldeth glad
increase,

It findeth for itself eternal peace.

II.

But oh! the fairy forest land, which like a
laughing maid

In flower-embroidered draperies is daintily
arrayed—

The trees that stand like stalwart sons—must

these be lowly laid?
 Must perish too the creatures bright that
 rested in their shade?
 Must there be always loss?
 And beauty be but dross?
 Must Nature pay the price
 In one burnt sacrifice?
 Must all her daughters die, her sons be
 slain
 Before her land can bring forth golden
 grain?

III.

Even so, from many a heart of flesh the
 idols must be cast,
 And overthrown the shrines whereat we
 worshipped in the past.
 Destroyed must be our leafy groves by fierce
 affliction's blast;
 And deep must sorrow's ploughshare cleave
 the ash-strewn soil at last.
 And when earth's joys are flown
 The precious seed is sown;
 And so the stricken field
 Her hundred-fold doth yield;

And findeth deeper life and higher praise
 Than she had known in all her joyous
 days.

IV.

O Lord of Harvest, hear the prayer we offer
 at Thy throne—
 Wild Nature's idols we have burned—her
 altars overthrown;
 And in our ploughed, prepared fields the
 living seed have sown;
 And humbly seek Thy mercy, Lord, to give
 us back our own
 With Thy divine increase,
 Thy blessing and Thy peace.
 "Give us our daily bread"
 That we may all be fed,
 And "blessed be the basket and the
 store"
 On Austral's sunny farms for evermore.

THE ROSES OF OLD.

I.

"Sweet as the smile of the morning
 Your radiant petals unfold,
 Breathing out fragrance and beauty
 Just like the red roses of old.

II.

"And yet you can tell me no secret—
 For me every tale has been told,
 Away in a dear Eastern garden
 By the beautiful roses of old.

III.

"Go, sigh upon Ella's fair bosom,
 Or smile from her bright head of gold ;
 I learned all my lessons in loving
 'Mid the royal red roses of old."

IV.

So saying, I called and adorned her,
 When up to the gate someone strolled,
 And smilingly gave her a handful
 Just like the red roses of old.

V.

And soon in his coat he was wearing
 The bloom from her bright head of gold ;
 So the roses can still tell me secrets,
 Like the glorious roses of old.

VIOLETS—WHITE OR BLUE?

Maybe the violets all were blue
 When they in Eden's garden grew.
 Straight stood they, mirroring the skies,
 Till they encountered Eve's sweet eyes;
 When, owning her more beauteous far
 Than bending sky or flashing star,
 They bowed in homage, sweet to sweet,
 And bent to kiss her fair white feet;
 But paled with fear as thro' the grass
 They saw the slimy serpent pass!

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Or maybe, once when years were young, the
 violets all were white,
 Till the angel of the flowers came down in
 morning's glowing light,
 To gather him a garland of the fairest
 flowers of all;
 And he chose the wee white flowers clustered
 near a garden wall.
 "My sweetest ones, the Master calls for you
 this sunny morn,
 One of His many palaces in glory to adorn."
 But, shrinking 'neath their tender leaves,
 they answered modestly,
 "Nay, surely, angel, there are flowers more
 beautiful than we."
 But tenderly the angel raised each humble
 drooping head,

And answered, "Nay, I love you more for
the modest words you've said.

The Master loveth nought so much as sweet
humility,

And He will say I rightly chose.—Dear ones,
look up to me."

And when they shyly raised their heads,
their gentle friend to view,

They caught the colour of his eyes; and
straightway they were blue.

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Or it maybe the first white violet bloom
Sprung into life amid the dreary gloom
Of yonder wilderness, where, long ago
The Baptist Prophet wandered to and fro,
And, fasting thro' that long and lonely Lent,
Cried out with earnest voice, "Repent!
Repent!"

Did violets then cast off their robes of blue,
And vow no more to wear so gay a hue?

Did they as nuns put on a snow-white veil?

Did they as saints a sinful world bewail?

Did they unite—a sinless sisterhood—

Yet ever humbly praying—"Make us good?"

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We cannot tell. We only hear
Their one sweet lesson year by year.

Ever they tell us, white or blue,

"Be meek and lowly, pure and true."

“HE IS BECOME MY SALVATION”

I.

This sin that doth so easily beset me—
 “My God! if Thou one moment should'st
 forget me!”—
 And on my face before my Lord I lay me;
 Not meriting, save that as judge He slay
 me;

II.

Yet, feeling that He did not wholly spurn
 me,
 But still would urge me, purge me, burn
 me, turn me,
 Again I cried “Oh do not, Lord, forsake me!
 In mercy take me, break me, and remake
 me!”

III.

How can I tell it all? the way He found me,
 Forgave me, saved me, put His arms around
 me;
 He named me, claimed me, on His shoulders
 bound me,
 And carried, married, owned, enthroned and
 crowned me!

IV.

My Saviour Shepherd, since Thy love has
 sought me,
 Since aiding me and shading me Thou'st
 brought me,
 Hast called me, led me, fed me, trained and
 taught me,
 Installed me in the mansion Thou hast
 bought me,

V.

Still, loving Shepherd, stay beside me, guide
 me ;
 Oh, lead and feed me ; when in danger hide
 me.
 Still prune and purge, receive me and
 restore me,
 And ever keep Thy banner floating o'er me.

VI.

Open mine eyes, that I may see I'm near
 Thee ;
 Open mine ears, and speak, that I may
 hear Thee.
 So shall I ever worship and adore Thee—
 My praise shall be continually before Thee.

“WHY QUESTION YE?”

I.

And does He save me by His death,
 Or by His resurrection?—
 I only know that by His love
 He'll bring me to perfection.

II.

And are the dead in Christ asleep,
 Or in some heaven faring?—
 I only know my soul He'll keep
 In a place of His preparing.

III.

And which is greater, prayer or faith,
 Beseeching or believing?—
 I only know that in His name
 Asking is receiving.

IV.

And is His coming still afar,
Or is the vision nearing?
I only know I've heard His voice,
And wait for His appearing.

V.

And will the kingdom be of earth,
Or in some constellation?—
Enough for me that Christ Himself
Is founder and foundation.

VI.

Lord, answer me just how Thou wilt—
Here or beyond the river.—
It is enough that "I am Thine,
And Thou art mine forever."

THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK.

When Mavis was baby, how happy were we!
 How wondrously, beauteously perfect was
 she!

No power could persuade us that ever again
 Such a wonderful being would bless the
 earth-plane.

And to two loving hearts from the hour of
 her birth

Our dear dainty Mavis was "queen of the
 earth."

II.

But to keep our bright angel from loneliness
 here,

Another sweet soul left the heavenly sphere,
 To dwell among mortals and everyday things,
 While ever retaining her halo and wings.

And golden-haired Gwennie, we soon had to
 own,

While doubling our pleasure, divided the
 throne.

III.

But both had to abdicate one merry May
 When a king came and conquered—our bonny
 boy Ray.

And tho' quite used to babies, we plainly
 could see

There had ne'er been a boy quite so clever
 as he.

And queens became handmaids, and all the
 home-land

Was ruled by his majesty's royal command.

IV.

And then to wee Alma how fond would I sing,
 "Fourth leaf to my shamrock, fourth gem in
 my ring."

"The flower of the flock," said her father
 to me—

And I, like a dutiful wife, would agree;
 While three little worshippers humbly bowed
 down

And handed her highness the sceptre and
 crown.

V.

And now there's another, all dimples and
smiles,

Ruling her kingdom with winningest wiles.

We're older in years and experience too—

Good judges by now ; and we tell you 'tis
true—

So write it and print it beyond a recall—

“Sweet Mary, the fairy's the flower of them
all.”

VI.

Oh blessed be mother-love, holy and pure,

That grows by dividing, is strong to endure.

And blest be the babies, the joy of the earth ;

And blest be the homes that rejoice at their
birth.

And blest be the hearts that believe, without
mock

That each precious babe is “the flower of
the flock.”

SUMMER'S FAREWELL.

Her sweet brief reign was ended, and in
showers
Of soft warm tears she wept her fond
farewell ;
And one by one the solemn, silent hours
Kissed her wet face with grief too deep
to tell.

II.

The mournful mornings wore a veil of mist ;
Day drew full soon her blinds of twilight
grey ;
The evening breeze must wander where it
list—
Earth cared not, since fair Summer must
away.

III.

And Autumn in her rustling robe of red,
Her crown of gold upon her tawny hair,
Laid her brown hand upon the stricken head,
And whispered, "Why these tears, my
sister fair ?

IV.

"Fret not the faithful hearts who love you so.
'Tis not forever you are called away.
Smile, sister mine, once more before you go ;
Make glad the weeping hours, the doleful
day."

V.

So Summer smiled again amid her tears,
And gentle Autumn stood aside a space,
That Earth might whisper in the rosy ears,
And kiss once more the tender, lovely face.

VI.

And so the Earth's beloved went away—
Earth loved the Summer best while still
a child ;
But loved her most, when, only yesterday
She looked up thro' her falling tears and
smiled.

SCOUT!

Scout! Look out!
 There's an enemy about!
 There's a foeman stalking round,
 Sowing weeds in garden ground—
 Scout! Look out!

II.

Scout! Be pure.
 Only thus can you endure.
 In the camp of your young heart
 Let no evil thought have part.
 Scout! Be pure.

III.

Scout! Beware!
 Halt! Who goes there?
 Flash your light on passers-by—
 Give no entrance to a lie—
 Scout! Beware!

IV.

Scout! Salute!
 Courtesy is pleasant fruit.
 Honour to your leader bring—
 To your master, God, and king—
 Scout! Salute!

V.

“Be prepared”;
 Ready folks are never scared.
 Be not taken unawares,

But by watchfulness and prayers,
 "Be prepared."

VI.

Mind you smile!
 Broadest grin for hardest mile.
 Whistle o'er the stony ways,
 Brightest be on dullest days.
 Mind you smile!

VII.

Play the game!
 "Scout" must be a brother's name.
 Wide world o'er, when scout meets
 scout,
 Know a comrade is about—
 Play the game!

VIII.

Play the man!
 Do a good turn when you can.
 By kindness and by courtesy,
 By knighthood and by chivalry,
 Play the man!

IX.

Scout! Watch out!
 What's the enemy about?
 Is your heart all calm and sure?
 Is your motive high and pure?
 Scout! Watch out!

DYING.

The mother lays her sleeping baby down
 With light soft kiss, and lingering
 embrace.

The lids are closed upon the eyes of brown,
 The light has faded from the silent face.

Yet sighs she not, nor weeps,
 Well knowing he but sleeps,
 And morning shall renew his strength
 and grace.

II.

And evening soothes the weary day to rest ;
 With dainty jewelled hands she softly lays
 Her mantle o'er the cradle in the west—

All crimson 'tis, and shot with golden rays.

Yet yields she not to sorrow ;

Full well she knows to-morrow
 Day shall awake again to joy and praise.

III.

And tender Autumn through the forest
 glides,
 And when the chilling showers begin to
 fall,
 The languid summer in her bed she hides,
 Till life departs. Then lovingly a pall
 Of leaves all gold and red
 She weaves to robe her dead ;
 Yet knows she'll wake again at spring's
 glad call.

IV.

So let it be with me when I am dying—
 My mother's kiss, the evening's sunset
 smile.
 So let me lie, like summer softly lying,
 With autumn's flaming leaves for funeral
 pile.
 There shall be "light at even,"
 And a glad morn in heaven—
 Weep not, fond hearts,—'tis but "a little
 while."

HIDDEN TREASURE.

I.

Mother, in her garden kneeling,
 Planting hyacinths one day—
 Jim, a tiny toddler, stealing
 All her precious bulbs away.

II.

“Come and bring them back,” cries
 mother—
 “No,” says Jim, “me wants them
 all—
 Little ones for marbles, mother,
 And the big one for a ball.

III.

“You don’t want them, mum ; you only
 Hide them in the dirty ground ;
 Little Jim is awful lonely—
 Let me wheel them round and
 round.”

IV.

Mother buys them back with kisses,
 Gives him one to call his own,
 Then with loving words dismisses
 Baby Jim, and works alone.

V.

Soon the autumn sunshine passes,
 Soon the merry winter flies—
 Soon among the tender grasses
 Blossoms ope their starry eyes.

VI.

"Jim," says Mother, "where's your ball,
dear?"—

"Where are yours, Mum?—mine's
gone dead!"—

"Come with me, and see them all,
dear,
Blooming in my garden bed.

VII.

"Blue and red and pink and creamy,
Waxen white, and wondrous fair,
From the 'dirty ground,' my Jimmy,
They have risen to blossom there."

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VIII.

Friend, did God once plant some
pleasure

For a season from your sight,
Soon you'll see your hidden treasure
Rise again in blossoms bright.

IX.

But if God your prayer had granted,
Soon your joy had met its doom—
If that bulb had not been planted,
Could you hope to see the bloom?

FAIRIES.

You have heard of the fairies whose wonderful wands
Can turn into gold the dead leaves in our hands ;
Can change into castles the clay cottage homes,
And for thatched roofs and chimneys give turrets and domes.
There are fairies who into our secret souls creep,
And open the doors where our silent hopes sleep ;
There are fairies who promise, and fairies who tease ;
There are fairies who threaten, and fairies who please ;
There are fairies of midnight and fairies of noon,
But the fairest fairy I know is the Moon.

We believe when she tells us that life should be glad,
That the world is not weary, the sea is not sad.
With a halo of beauty the mountain she crowns ;

With a glamour of glory the forest surrounds.
 Making silver from sea-spray, and diamonds
 from snow—
 She's the airiest fairest fairy I know.

She makes pearls from the pebbles that lie
 at our feet,
 And a magical bower of each sylvan retreat,
 Where we gaze into eyes that look tender
 and true,
 And deem them—well—something far more
 than mere blue ;
 For that witch of a Moon has her spell o'er
 us thrown,
 And our hearts and our loves are no longer
 our own ;
 For the blue eyes have claimed them beyond
 our recall—
 Yes, the Moon is the witchingest witch of
 them all.

We are deaf to the doubts that assailed us
 before ;
 Our fearing and hoping and waiting are o'er.
 We bask in the beauty of moonshine and
 love,
 And worship devoutly th' enchantress above.
 And what if to-morrow shall open our eyes ?
 And the morning shall bring us the saddest
 surprise ?

And we find there are rocks in the silvery
sea?

And a dear dead brown bird at the foot of
the tree?—

Away with the thought! “He is true! he
is true!”

And we gaze in the eyes so much more than
mere blue.

“If he leaves me to-night, he will come again
soon”—

Yes, the winningest, witchingest witch is the
Moon.

So we linger a little in moonshine and love,
And worship devoutly th’ enchantress above,
As she turns into jewels the frost-covered
wall,

And weaves a gay mantle of splendour o’er
all;

And the two gates of heaven are sweet eyes
of blue

That gaze in our own—ah! so tender and
true;

And the sea still is silvered, the pebble
impearled

By the fairest fairy in all the wide world.

THE UN-ATTAINED.

Long years ago in dreams a strange sweet
voice

Said unto me, "Take up thy pen, and
write

A song that shall of all songs be the choice,
And fill the hearts of all men with
delight."

And in my soul I pondered long and oft
Where I the wondrous harmonies might
learn—

The strain sublime, the cadence low and soft,
Rich chords of triumph, tender tones that
yearn.

What marvellous word-painting must I do
To fitly with the magic music wed!
How could I write interpretation true
Of all my inner keener sense had read?

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'Twas a feast for the eye to remember,
When, as guest to the fair forest queen,
Thro' the garlanded gates of September
Came Spring, in her garments of green.

Gay banners of blossom were flying
This laughing young fairy to greet;
Sweet welcome the zephyrs were sighing
The stream sang its bliss at her feet.

And a grand jubilate of rapture
 Rang out from a chorus of birds ;
 But the few thoughts my spirit could capture
 Can never be put into words.

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I roamed where the summer had gladdened
 the earth
 With lavishly bountiful hand ;
 And a joy that was deeper and sweeter than
 mirth
 Lay soft on the thrice-blessed land.

And the bonnie brown bird in her tiny
 brown nest,
 As it swung from the frailest of boughs,
 Thought her home the dearest and safest
 and best,
 As a maid thinks her lover's fond vows.

'Neath a sunshade of fern and a lattice of
 leaves,
 Until noon lay the dew-gems of morn ;
 Like the love that still worships and trusts
 and believes,
 Thro' the heat of a world's cruel scorn.

And the earth gave her life to the beautiful
 flowers,
 And the flowers gave their love to the
 light ;

But the deepest delight of those glad summer hours

I never could utter nor write.

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Where the sea on pebbly beaches
Murmurs endless tuneful speeches,
I wandered long and lone ;
Feeling every strange emotion
Of the ever-changing ocean—
Learning every tone.

Watching sunny surface flashes,
Foamy leaps and sportive dashes
Of the dancing waves ;
Heedless in their careless gladness
Of their underlying sadness ;
Forgetting they are graves.

Then again I heard the moaning,
And the sobbing and the groaning
Of the sea in pain ;
Shrinking as the wind abused her,
Threatened, tortured and ill-used her,
Till the wounded main

Rose in furious indignation,
Shrieked in clamorous protestation,
Howled in maddened rage ;
Scattered frightened sands around her,
Clutched the rocky cliffs that bound her,
Like lion in a cage.

Soon again I heard her sighing,
 Like an anguished spirit crying
 To be loved again ;
 Saw her bring her costly treasure,
 Lay it with a tearful pleasure
 On the sandy plain ;

Heard her make her peace completely,
 Murmuring gratefully and sweetly,
 Fully reconciled ;
 Smiling back to smiling heaven,
 Humbly glad to be forgiven,
 Like a wayward child.

And the thoughts she seemed to teach me,
 In a dream they seemed to reach me,
 Blending with my soul.
 But my pen could ne'er portray them,
 And for lips of mine to say them
 Were beyond control.

I have seen a fleecy cloud-veil thrown across
 a sky of blue,
 Half concealing, half reavealing all its
 wondrous glorious hue.
 I have seen a radiant rainbow, emblem of
 eternal peace,
 Dip into the surging ocean till the strife was
 fain to cease ;

And nature's favourite child, the sun, sink
 gloriously to rest
 With his 'coat of many colours' wrapped
 around his glowing breast.
 Or I've watched the 'luring moonbeams fling
 their shimmering shafts of light,
 Like a silver ladder leading up to regions
 pure and bright.
 Lightning flash, and roar of thunder, all have
 come within my ken,
 For the changeful skies above us have as
 many moods as men ;
 From the blush of early morning till the
 hush of midnight calm,
 With the sullen gloom of tempest, or the
 twilight's soothing balm ;
 Thro' an endless maze of beauty is my
 tranced spirit led,
 But, tho' I should write forever, something
 still would be unsaid.

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How faulty the pen, and how helpless the
 tongue
 When strongest emotions arise in the
 breast ;
 The sweetest of songs that has ever been
 sung
 Is only a key to the vast unexpressed.

The prayer that a fond mother breathes for
 her son,

God knows is too deep and too tender
for speech.

The rapture of silence when two are as one,
Not all of the words in the language can
reach.

The sorrow at parting, the grief and the
tears ;

The pride when a brother we love has
been brave ;

The meeting again after absence of years ;
The anguish of soul as we weep o'er a
grave ;

The bliss of forgiving the deepest of wrong ;
The burden that's borne for the sake of a
friend ;

The joy of success when we've laboured for
long ;
The dream of devotion that never shall
end.

What words can express them? What
language but tears

Can fathom the depths of a pure loving
breast?

Or the love that grows deeper and sweeter
with years—

Life's crown of contentment—the “better
than best?”

MY FAVOURITE SONG.

Play it again, dearest, play it again,
 That beautiful, delicate, favourite strain,
 Throbbing with heart-beats and pulsing with
 love,
 Sweet as the nightingale, tender as dove ;
 Now lang'rous with longing, now whisp'ring
 soft fears,
 Now rapturous with passion, now melting
 in tears.

Play it again for me, softly and low—
 Play as you played in the sweet long ago.
 Not only the ivory keys do you press,
 But keys in my heart that you never would
 guess
 Would answer again to the touch of your
 hand,
 Like the quivering reeds you so fully
 command.

Play it again in its sadness and sweetness,
 Play it once more in its grand incomplete-
 ness.
 Its tones may be true and its cadence
 unbroken,
 But it leaves us a longing that cannot be
 spoken ;

A sigh for the past when our spirits were
purer,
A thought for the days when our heaven
seemed surer.

Play it again with its love and its longing,
While into our hearts come sweet memories
thronging ;
And up from their depths spring the hopes
that were dying
When the world's weary burden our spirits
was trying.
Call up with your dear hands the notes that
enthralled me
When first from my maidenly dreaming you
called me.

And play once again with your soul in your
playing,
The song that we loved when "we two went
a-maying" ;
And I will sit near you, my soul in my
listening,
My heart beating love-beats, my happy eyes
glistening
To see your dear fingers blend sweetness and
sadness,
As life ever mingles the grief and the
gladness.

ANGEL OF DREAMS.

Angel of dreams, how beautiful thou art,
 Standing within the portals of my heart;
 Folding thy silken wings awhile to rest,
 Seeking a bidding-place within my breast.
 Gentle art thou—I think thee wondrous kind
 As thou revealest to my sleepless mind
 (Freed from the prostrate form by slumber
 bound)

Fair flowers that bloom in Hope's enchanted
 ground.

Plants all too frail and delicate to bear
 Reason's fierce winds and Logic's noonday
 glare.

Fancy's blithe birds, who daily silence keep,
 Now fill with melody the halls of sleep.
 The mind, unfettered by its bonds of clay,
 Listens enchanted to each magic lay.

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Angel of dreams, how oft thy silent hand
 Conjures bright scenes as with a fairy's
 wand—

My absent lover, sighed for thro' the day,
 Kisses my lips and promises to stay.

The long-sought letter from a distant land
 All writ in golden ink is in my hand.

The home and friends Fate called me to
 resign

At thy soft whisper, once again are mine.

Angel of dreams, art thou the friend of
 Death,
 That he at thy request will quicken breath,
 And lay within my arms, all close and warm,
 My long-lost sister's ever beauteous form?
 And does he love thee, that at thy request
 He calls his loved ones from their bright
 homes blest,
 And bids them come, with sweet caress and
 smile
 To cheer poor mortals for a little while?
 And dost thou love me, thus to come at
 night,
 Painting sweet hopes, recalling memories
 bright?
 Singing thy fleeting promises of bliss?
 Giving my lips a momentary kiss?
 And is it kind, when Reason, Sense and Will
 Bid me forget—to quicken Memory still?
 To see my soul all day in anxious fight,
 Then quietly undo her work at night?
 To heal my every wound before I wake
 So that at morn my heart afresh may break?

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Angel of dreams, fold up thy magic chart,
 Withdraw thy presence from my stricken
 heart.

Fly to some soul whose day without a care
 Shall find in thee but a continuance fair
 Of pleasant thought, and innocent delight,

Of daily joys and memories pure and bright.
 Sing to that soul of joys upon the way—
 Let her awake and find them in the day.
 Breathe in her willing ear Love's word of
 charm—

Let her awake within Love's circling arm.
 Lead her whose head is pillowed on Love's
 breast

Thro' all the enchanted regions of the blest ;
 Thro' flower-decked fields all jewelled o'er
 with dew—

So she may wake to find her dreams come
 true.

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But oh ! disturb not thou my shroud of sleep ;
 Lay me within the grave of slumber deep,
 And call not forth one spirit of the past,
 Nor one false hope the future may forecast.
 Th' exacting present cruelly demands
 Unceasing service at my weary hands ;
 So when they lie at rest, oh lift them not
 To touch one chord that would be best forgot.
 Oh heal not every wound before I wake,
 Then leave my heart at morn afresh to break.

WE WAIT FOR THEE.

Our fathers tell us of their northern land,
Where mighty forests penitently stand,
And through the solemn silent wintry days
To pitying heaven their mute petitions raise.
As souls convinced of sin put far away
The gaudy things that pleased them yesterday,

So the repentant trees drop one by one
The leaves that danced and glittered in the
sun.

Those autumn leaves that they had thought
were gold,

As ashes now the prostrate roots enfold.
And oh! how bitterly, how sad were shed,
Like tears of blood, those last few leaves of
red.

And in their shivering limbs they feel the
breath

Of winter, as it were the touch of death.
To pitying heaven their naked arms they
raise ;

For souls crave pardon ere they sing of
praise ;

And heaven, that never yet was sought in
vain,

Looks down upon their nakedness and pain ;

And in celestial raptures of delight

Enfolds them in a wondrous robe of white,

Which covers all the ashes of their grief,

And warms and nourishes faith's inward leaf,

Which in the glad new life to be shall
spread,

Unmindful of past pleasures lost or dead ;

But glorying, trusting in the heaven above,

Counts life, death, joy or sorrow, all as love.

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Our own beloved forest never dies,

But, 'neath the smile of tender southern
skies,

Our winter is but waiting for the spring ;

And, all expectant of the blossoming,

The whispering leaves still hang upon the
spray,

And tell each other of a coming day.

The sap of strength is in the dancing bough

That crowns with gloomy green the moun-
tain's brow.

In silent joy the feathery wattles hold

Spring's promise of her lavish gifts of gold.

The leaves are on the creeper's clinging arms,

Tho' still they 'wait the starry flowers'
charms.

A trembling hope of some great joy to be,
Thrills thro' each drooping fern and whis-
pering tree.

Our Austral forest, like a sighing bride,
Who 'waits her lover from the ocean tide,
Wrapped in her softly-rustling robe of green,
Lifts to the smiling skies her brow serene
All thro' the weary, waiting, wintry hours,
And dreams of him whose coming brings
the flowers ;

And listens, longing for her absent lord,
And waits expectant for the magic word.
The tender touch, the balmy breath of spring,
Her lord and love, her bridegroom and her
king.

Not yet he comes—and still thro' many days
She longs and listens, loves and hopes and
prays,

Yet never doubts that he will come at last,
And o'er her form his radiant mantle cast.
Then shall her brow with clematis be
wreathed ;

Then shall her trembling hopes in song be
breathed ;

Her snowy hands with wattle gold be filled ;

Her every pulse with glad new life be
thrilled.

* * *

Even so, Lord Jesus, wait our souls for
Thee—

We look and list in sweet expectancy—
Not as in that first agony of grief,
When, like the tree that shed its last lone
leaf,

We could but lift despairing arms, and cry,
"Forgive and save us, Master, or we die!"

But in the bliss of fellowship with Thee,
As one whose letters come from oversea,
Yet looking forward to a closer tie,

A fuller, sweeter blessing by and bye ;

As bride who waits her lover, richly gowned,

But is not yet with orange-blossom crowned,

So wait we, Lord, in sweet communion here,
Yet ever dreaming of a joy more dear,

When Thou shalt come in glory from the
skies,

And our glad souls in rapture shall arise ;

Our trembling hopes fulfilled, our waiting
o'er,

To see and be with Thee for evermore.

10-2-25
11-1-25
12-1-25

