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The Net
of
LOVE

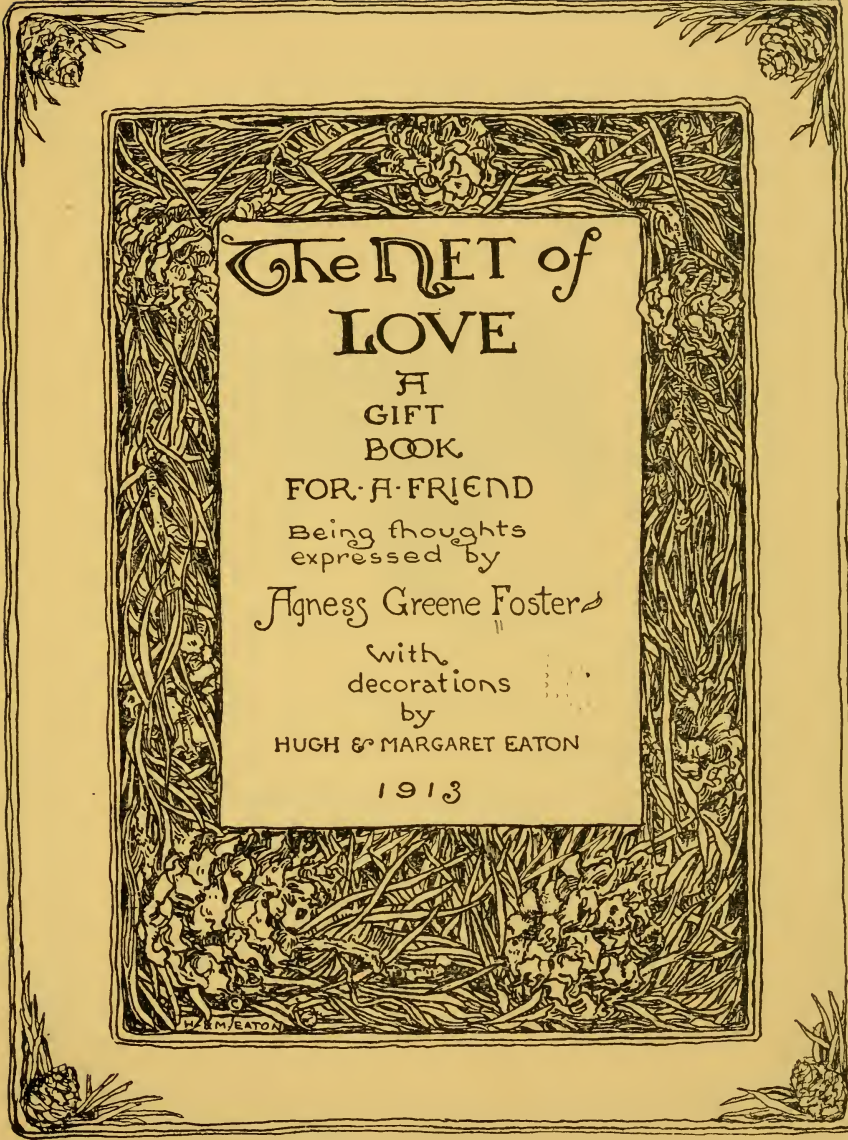
A GIFT BOOK
for
a

FRIEND

by AGNESS GREENE FOSTER







The NET of
LOVE

A
GIFT
BOOK

FOR A FRIEND

Being thoughts
expressed by

Agness Greene Foster

with
decorations
by

HUGH & MARGARET EATON

1913

H. M. EATON

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Contents

Raison D. Être

1 The Net of Love

2 Build me a Cot

3 Question ~

4 Answer ~ ~

5 Lines to a Beautiful Woman

6 La Verite ~ ~

7 Above all - stand.

8 A lost Heart ~

9 Song of the Minstrel

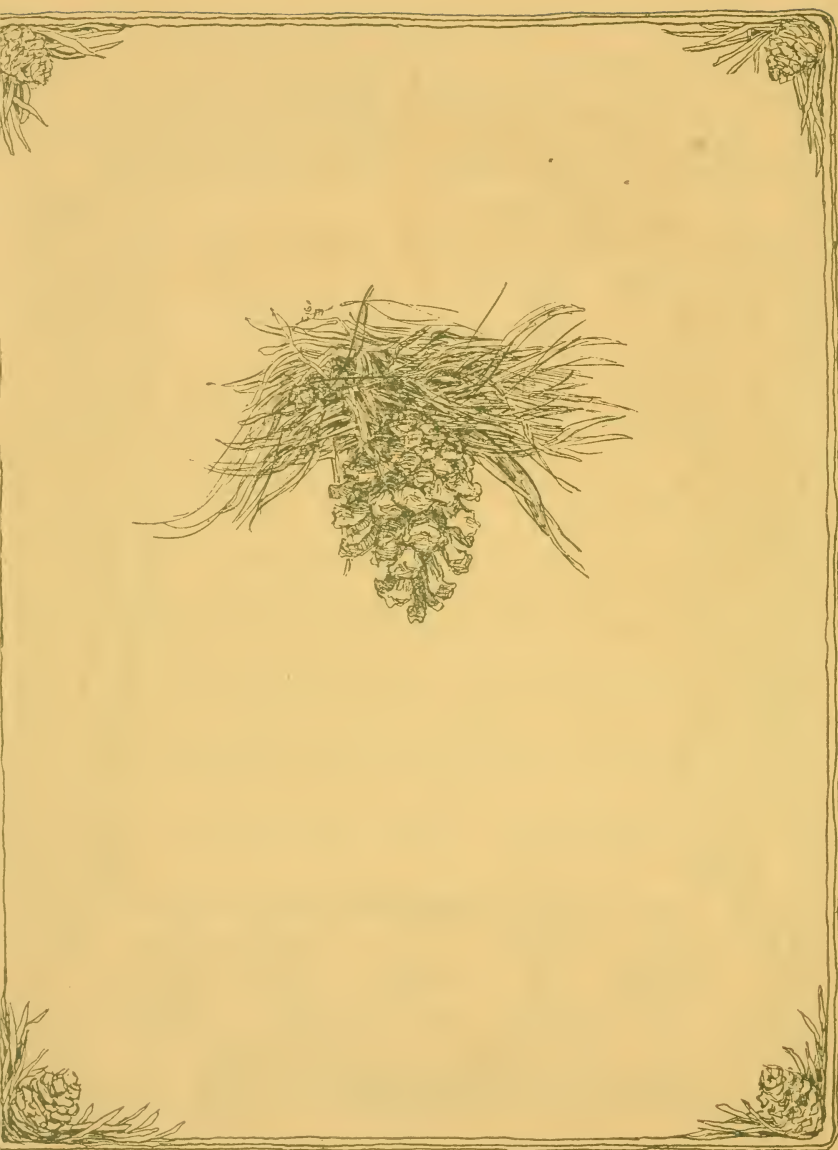
10 Omnia ~ ~
~finis~





Raison D'Être

The influence
of an
unexpected
greeting,
from absent almost
forgotten friends,
holds subtler
power than one
suspects so small
an act portends.

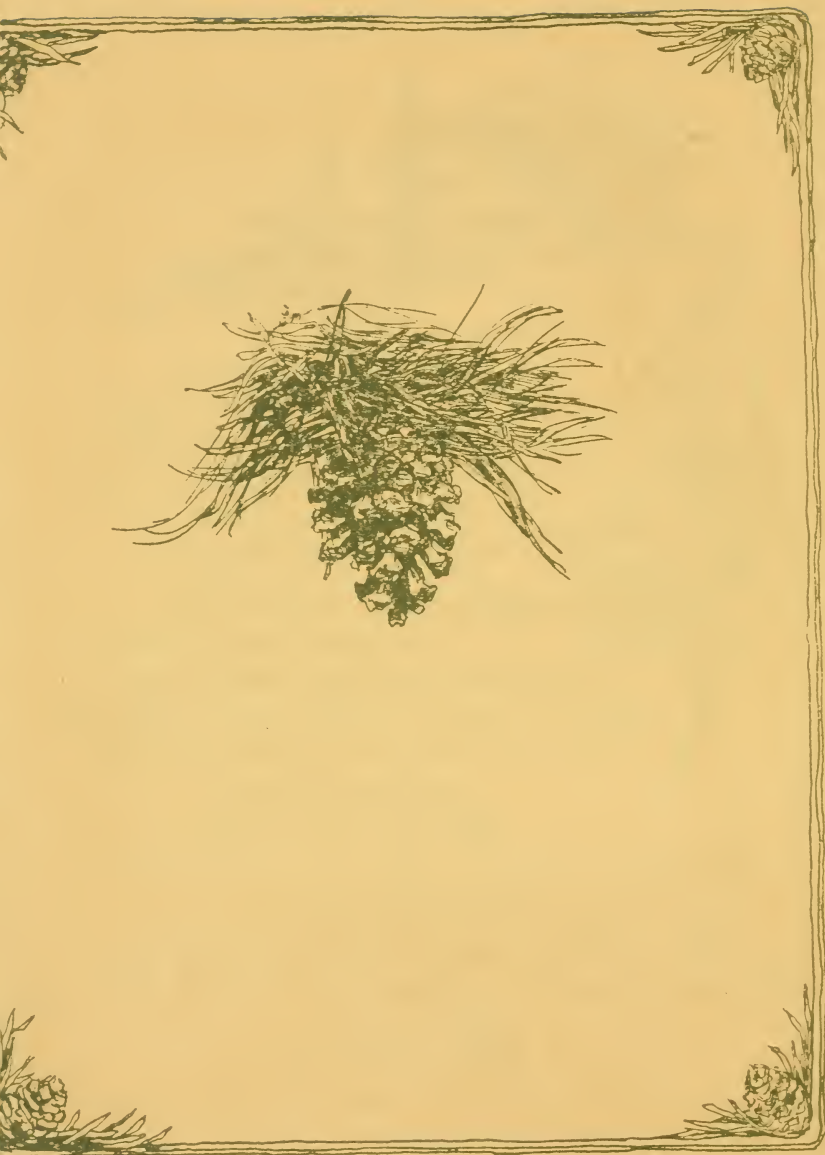




Build me a cot
in some quiet glade,
Away from the mortal thought:
Where I may in the silence think
Of things with all beauty fraught.
Every thought
With beauty fraught.

Thoughts that will bring
to some lonely heart
Gladness and joys sweet ring,
Where I may list to the lark's free note
Or rest whilst my brothers sing.
Gladness bring
Whilst others sing.

Build it so simple that none may seem
To seek it for worldly quest:
But if they enter by chance some day
May the peace there found lull their hearts to rest
In my nest
All is rest. ♪ ♪



Question

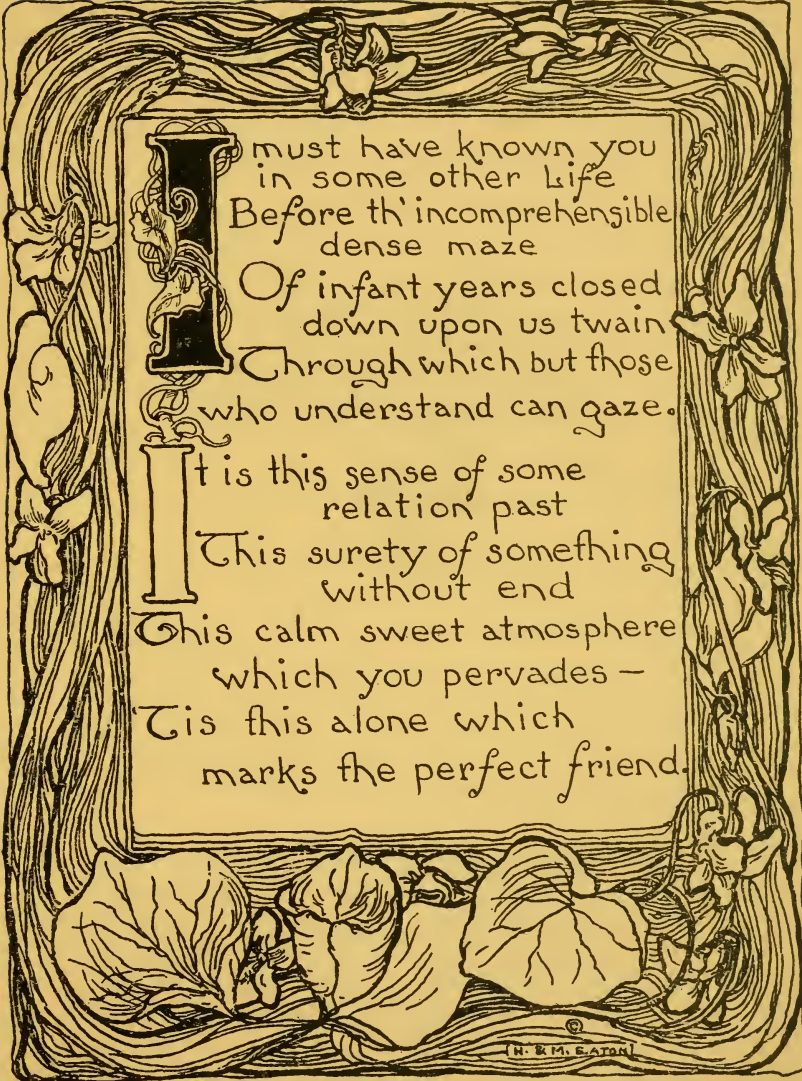
I've seen you seldom,
spoken to you less,
Yet oft you come
in fancy's guise
My musing hour to bless.

Is it because, perchance,
of me you think
That the vast space between us
is thus spanned
And formed is friendships link?

Naught can obstruct the growth
of thoughts we sow,
Nor distance place a barrier
to time;

So let us rest, some day —
somewhere we'll know
What makes a friend.



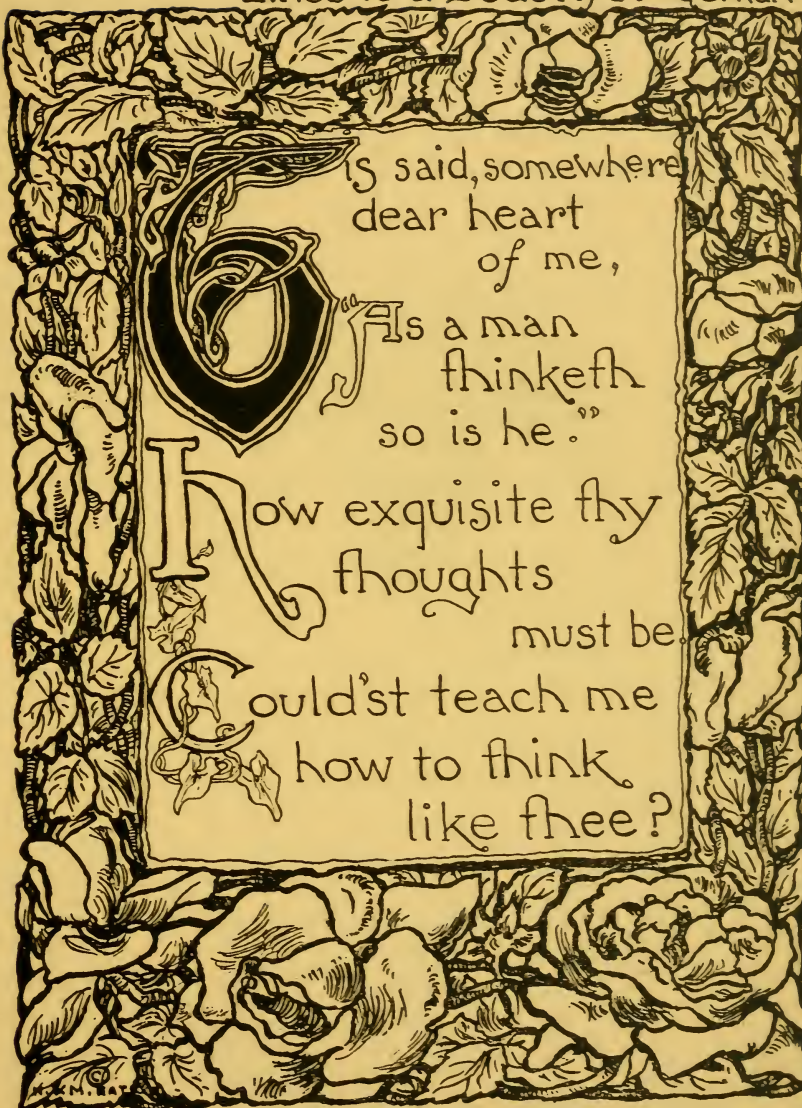


I must have known you
in some other life
Before th' incomprehensible
dense maze
Of infant years closed
down upon us twain
Through which but those
who understand can gaze.

It is this sense of some
relation past
This surety of something
without end
This calm sweet atmosphere
which you pervades -
'Tis this alone which
marks the perfect friend.



Lines to a Beautiful Woman.



God is said, somewhere
dear heart
of me,

As a man
thinketh
so is he."

How exquisite thy
thoughts
must be.

Could'st teach me
how to think
like thee?



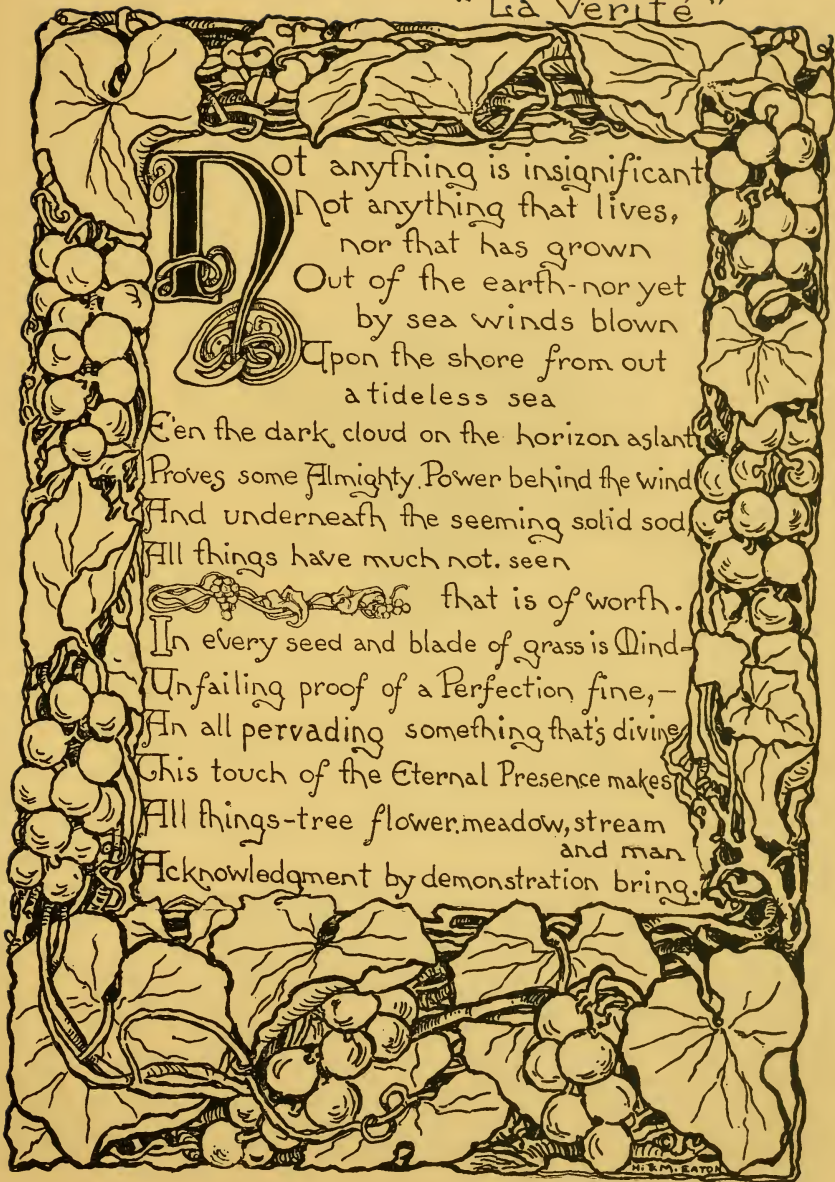
"La Verité"

Not anything is insignificant
Not anything that lives,
nor that has grown
Out of the earth-nor yet
by sea winds blown
Upon the shore from out
a tideless sea

E'en the dark cloud on the horizon aslant
Proves some Almighty Power behind the wind
And underneath the seeming solid sod
All things have much not seen

that is of worth.

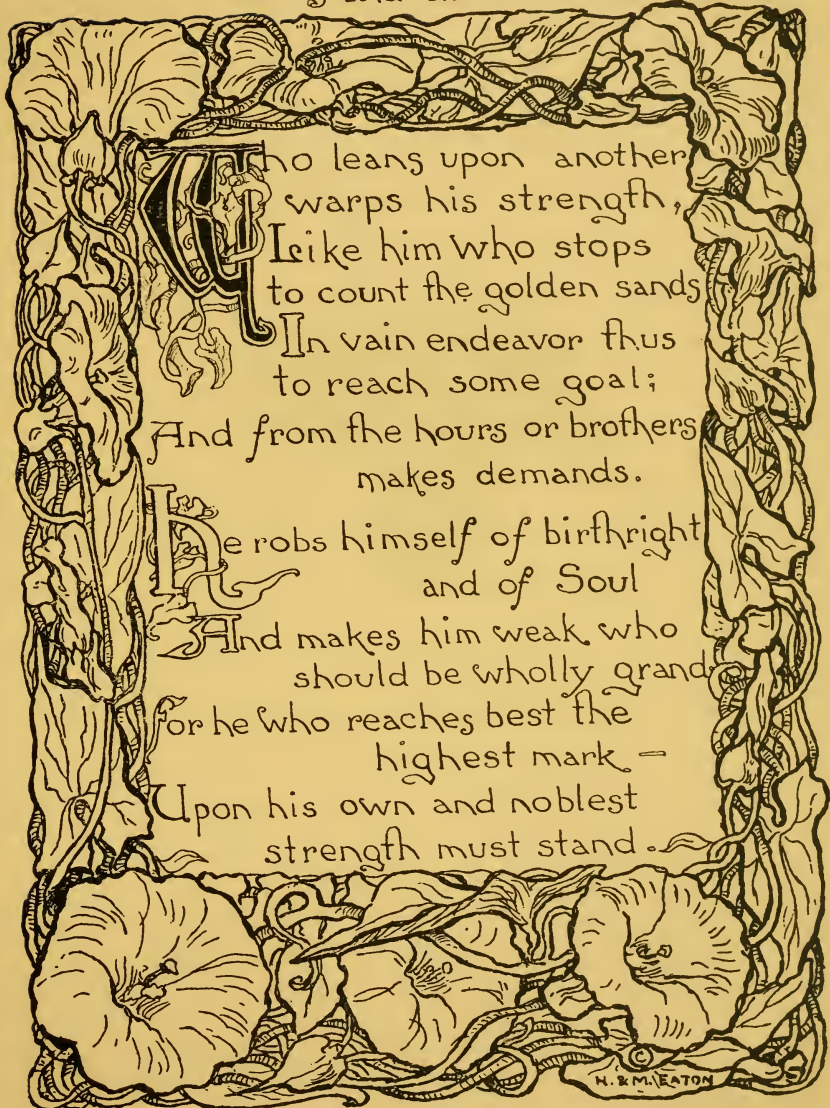
In every seed and blade of grass is Wind-
Unfailing proof of a Perfection fine,-
An all pervading something that's divine
His touch of the Eternal Presence makes
All things-tree flower, meadow, stream
and man
Acknowledgment by demonstration bring.



H. M. EATON




“And above all—Stand.”



Who leans upon another
warps his strength,
Like him who stops
to count the golden sands
In vain endeavor thus
to reach some goal;
And from the hours or brothers
makes demands.

He robs himself of birthright
and of Soul
And makes him weak who
should be wholly grand
For he who reaches best the
highest mark —
Upon his own and noblest
strength must stand.





A Lost Heart

H woe-oh wee
How can it be
My heart has gone
Outside of me.

A lassie fair
With curlie hair
Snatched it away
The other day.

Allack-: alas
Go have it pass
I do not care
I want that lass.



The SONG of the MINSTREL

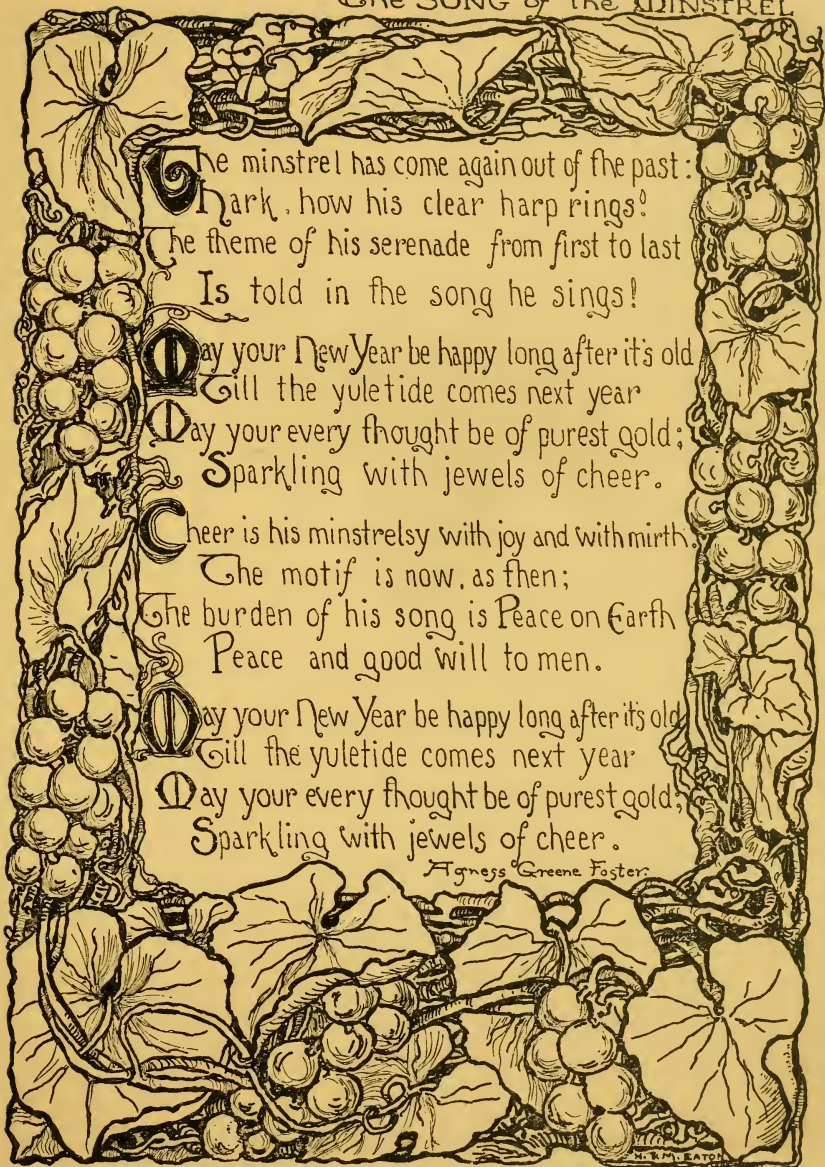
The minstrel has come again out of the past:
Hark, how his clear harp rings!
The theme of his serenade from first to last
Is told in the song he sings!

May your New Year be happy long after it's old
Till the yuletide comes next year
May your every thought be of purest gold;
Sparkling with jewels of cheer.

Cheer is his minstrelsy with joy and with mirth.
The motif is now, as then;
The burden of his song is Peace on Earth
Peace and good will to men.

May your New Year be happy long after it's old
Till the yuletide comes next year
May your every thought be of purest gold;
Sparkling with jewels of cheer.

Agness Greene Foster

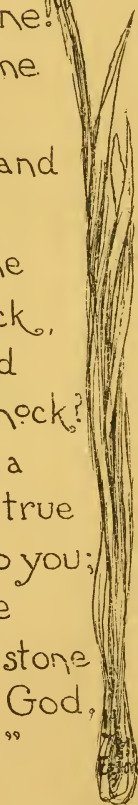




Omnia



An angel said—in a
dream of mine
“There’s nothing real
that is not divine!
Then I asked him to tell me
what was true
Of men and of things in and
out of view;
Of the sky, the sea and the
mighty rock,
Of thunder and storm and
the lightning shock?
His answer strange had a
ring that was true
“There is no me,”—said he—“no you;
There’s nothing real here
neither man nor stone
There’s nothing real but God,
Just God Alone!”



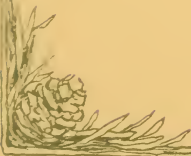




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