

POETRY
AND
PROSE

by
J. H. WALLIS, A.M., M.A.

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Preface

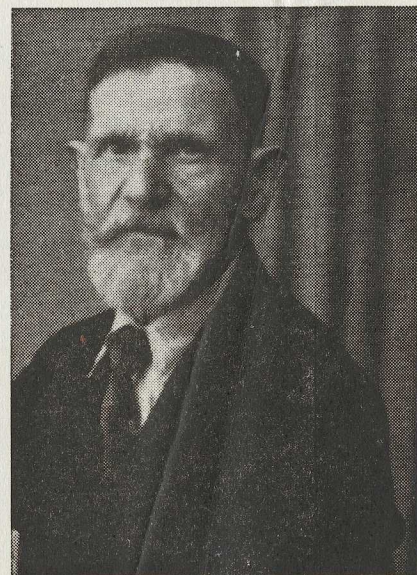
In submitting this volume of poetry and prose to my readers, I have endeavoured to try and cater for the various minds of readers, but I fully realise that humanity as a whole are somewhat varied in their ideas, as for instance, some are always sad and gloomy in their ideas while others are more cheerful,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

Yours faithfully,

J. H. WALLIS,

Katanning,

Western Australia.



J. H. Wallis

NEVER DESPAIR.

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

AUSTRALIA.

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

QUIET SERENITY.

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

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

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

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

SWEET HARBINGERS OF SPRING.

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

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

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

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

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

THE STRIFE FOR RIGHT.

Ours is the strife which justice draws,
Ours is the true and generous cause
Of pure and honest human laws

We make this cause the first.
With noble minds and fervent heart,
We feel we're destined for the part
To triumph in the warrior's art
In pious cause to burst.

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

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

And we who view the daily skies
Behold the sun in glory rise,
And follow with exulting eyes
A proud meridian height.

And on all grateful country's breast
Thus may the sun descend to rest,
Beaming through the golden west
With a future pure and bright.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF LIFE.

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

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

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

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

LIFE'S DAILY CHART.

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

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

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

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

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

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

FRAILITY.

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

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

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

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

IT MATTERS NOT.

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

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

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

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

ARITHMETIC OF LIFE.

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

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

DEAL OUT SOME LOVE.

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

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

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

FRIENDLY ACTS.

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

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

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

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

TREASURES.

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

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

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

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

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

THE PRESENT—AND THE FUTURE.

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

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

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

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

NEW YEAR GREETINGS.

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

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

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

TRUE LOVE.

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

LIFE'S JOYS AND SORROWS.

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

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

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

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

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

GUIDING THOUGHTS.

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

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

THE CLIMAX.

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

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

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

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

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

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

PHANTOMS OF LIFE.

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

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

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

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

TACT.

(In prose and verse).

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

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

EARTH THOU ART, AND UNTO EARTH SHALL RETURN.

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

Just simply dust.

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

Now they are earth.

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

But now are earth.

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

Earth, simply earth?

THE VOICES OF NATURE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

WILLINGNESS.

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

CHARACTERS.

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

DREAMY THOUGHTS.

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

RESOLVES.

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

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

PROGRESSION.

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

ANYBODY'S CHOICE.

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

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

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

INQUIRE WITHIN.

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

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

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

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

NEVER QUIT.

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

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

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

HEAVENLY HOME.

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

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

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

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

AN EPISTLE.

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

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

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

DON'T QUARREL WITH LIFE.

Don't quarrel with life, be it ever so sad,
But look for the moments when joys may be had.
If sorrows are deep — let us try to forego
And dream of enchantment, with beautiful glow

Sweet, fond recollections of days that are gone,
'Tis human to muse on, when silent and lone.
With the spirits that live, and smile through our tears,
They bring back the sunshine of happier years.

Don't quarrel with life, plant a garden of roses,
Though we lose the bright sun when soft evening closes.
If one blossom fades, do not cherish a thorn,
Let us patiently wait the coming of dawn.

We know that not always much pleasure will bring
Like roses about us that bloom in the spring.
With joy and with sorrow, with hopes and with fears
Are pulses that strike the sweet music of years.

Value your life it's a delicate blossom
To all who would hold this gem in their bosom.
It buds in our cradle and glows in our youth
It kneels at the altar of innocent truth.

Go win those fair kisses — go take it's fair hand
It leads one at length to a beautiful land.
Through autumn and summer, and gladly will sing
For our winter departs, and leaves us with spring.

THE IDEAL MAN.

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

RESPECTABILITY.

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

ACTIVE EMPLOYMENT.

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

QUESTION.

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

ANSWER.

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

ECONOMY.

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

RESOLUTION.

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

PAGANISM.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SANCTIMONIOUS HYPOCRITES.

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

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

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

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

THESE TIMES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE DISTURBED WORLD.

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

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

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

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

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

NIL DESPERANDUM.

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

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

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

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

REMEMBRANCES.

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

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

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

ELYSIUM.

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

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

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

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

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

EFFORTS.

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

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

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

REMEMBRANCES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

AVARICE.

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

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

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

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

CHANGES OF TIME.

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

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

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

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

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

VANITY.

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

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

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

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

VANITY (or False Pride)

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

THE LOOM OF LIFE.

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

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

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

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

TODAY AND TOMORROW.

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

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

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

RESOLVES.

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

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

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

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

ODE. — LOVE.

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

WILLINGNESS.

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

GLEANINGS OF WISDOM.

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

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

How beautiful are the smiles of innocence.

How enduring the sympathies of love.

How sweet the solace of friendship.

How touching the tears of affection.

These combined are the true poetry of humanity.

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

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

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

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

A DREAM.

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

THE SANDS OF TIME.

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

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

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

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

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

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

LIFE.

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

LOVING KINDNESS.

(Prose and Verse).

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

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

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

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

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

THE POWERS OF THOUGHT.

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

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

ABOUT JOKES.

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

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

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

SELF RELIANCE.

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

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

THE INEXPLICABLE.

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

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

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

A SOLILOQUY.

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

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

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

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

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

ENQUIRY.

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

SATANIC PARTNERSHIP.

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

WAR.

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

DEAL KINDLY.

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

GOLDEN HOPE.

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

VANITY OF WEALTH.

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

BE HOPEFUL.

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

DESTINY.

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

FERVOUR.

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

THEN—NOW—AND ALWAYS.

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

THE ATOMS.

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

VAIN DELUSIONS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

LIKELY PITFALLS.

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

MEDITATION.

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

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

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

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

INQUIRE WITHIN.

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

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

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

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

EXAMPLES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE TENDERNESS OF LOVE.

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

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

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

IT THIS YOU?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LONELINESS IN A CROWD.

If thou wouldst enlarge thy view
Poor world-worn sorrowing screw,
Then turn to nature and to that alone,
When sick with others' follies and thine own.

For some are dull and stupid,
They miss the darts of cupid,
Their lethargic narrow minds are cramped,
Groping through life with their spirits damped.

These are lonely in a crowd,—
Fail to see a brighter cloud,
When this is sensed, this barrier can
Illumine the inner life of mortal man.

FLOWERS.

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

CHRISTIANITY.

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

PRESENT PROBLEMS.

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

ANALYSIS.

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

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

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

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

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

Its a good thing to remember,
This better thing to do,
To work with the construction band
Than idle wrecking crew,

CONDUCT.

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

FLEETING MOMENTS.

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

HOPES.

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

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

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

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

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

SONNET ("The Faded Rose")

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

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

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

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

CARRY ON.

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

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

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

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

MUTUALITY.

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

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

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

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

PEACEFULNESS.

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

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

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

RESOLUTIONS.

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

QUESTION:

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

ANSWER—

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

FORTITUDE

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

CLEAR INTELLECT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

PHILOSOPHY.

(A FEW REMARKS ABOUT LITTLE THINGS).

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

THE FORCE OF PURPOSE.

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

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

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

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

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

A FEW THOUGHTS.

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

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

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

PERSEVERANCE.

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

A GREAT MAN.

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

WISHES.

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

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

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

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

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

SERENITY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MOTTOS.

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

THESE DAYS.

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

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

PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

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

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

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

GENTLENESS.

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

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

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

