
POETRY
AND
PROSE

BY
J. H. WALLIS,
A.C.T., A.M., M.A.

MY BIBLE
TYPIFYING HUMANITY

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To

the pleasant memory
of the friends of my student days
especially
to the memory of my close friend
Sir Francis Newdegate, with memories
of the pleasant but not forgotten
past.

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 shall feel that my time has not been wasted.

Yours faithfully,

J. H. WALLIS,

Katanning,

Western Australia.

INTRODUCTION.

Here are some pages of humour and fun—
Please read them slowly and when you have done;
If you get pleasure by my little task
Well spent is your time, and that's all I ask;
For a dose of humour, drank now and then
Is good for the stomach of all wise men,
For this is truth—it's no idle chatter,
Sages all say—it's mind over matter.

To administer medicine to the sick heart in the shape of wit and humour is most assuredly being a good Samaritan. A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather. To make a sick man think he is dying, all that is necessary is to look half dead yourself. Open merriment is a safety valve to the heart and disposition. If overburdened with the noxious gases of care, pull the string of wit, up flies the valve of fun, and out go the troubles and vexations of life to the four winds of heaven.

THE POET'S DREAM.

If love, purest love, is a poet's dream,
Nothing is sordid, and nothing is mean:
It soars to the heights of beauteous things
And speaks of the treasures that life unswings.

This love delves down deep in the charms of life.
And sees human nature, in peace or strife;
It plucks out its sweetness, like gold from dross
And paints every picture with beautiful gloss.

Its purpose and aim, to be an uplift,
As all sunken souls, unaided, would drift —
The aim of a poet speaks for itself,
Speaking to you, as it speaks to myself.

TO ANYBODY.

There's always a funny side—keep this in view,
It may not be always quite easy to do;
Never dwell too long on the dark side of things,
For life holds vexations for beggars and kings;
We all have our worries, but try to perceive
There's brightness in comedy that will relieve;
Now tension and strain, by a humorous twist—
Quite often, this side of the picture is miss'd—
So when we're annoyed and are tempted to fume
Or perhaps we are plunged, deep into gloom,
There is a funny side, now never have doubt,
Then just try and turn the position about;
And when we can pass by the trifles that rile
And happen on something that brings up a smile—
We then will be living the life that we should
By turning the nasty things right into good
Though life has its problems, that plague us sometimes,
So think it out clearly while reading these lines,
For there's nothing to gain by being downcast
Then just keep smiling through, and make your joys last.

HAVE CONFIDENCE.

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 thing at a time.

Do not look for troubles 'till they come in view,
Don't waste time in gloom, when things are looking blue;
So keep a bright look out, with confidence and hope
Gaining vigour thereby, with trials you can cope.

Things that look dark today, test the stoutest heart,
Do not dread the outlook, be alert and smart.
Most of life's problems, are overcome with pluck,
Have a heart! Do your part! Do not trust to luck.

Keep a bright outlook—half the battle's won
Put your best self forward; never say "I'm done."
Cowards think like that; now don't let that be you,
Stand out bold, do your part; to yourself be true.

THE LADDER OF LIFE.

If we look at the ladder of life, we perceive—
That the ones at the bottom, have troubles that grieve,
If they try to mount upward, or try to advance,
There are others above, and won't give them a chance.

They may be despised through being down at the bottom,
By those higher up, who brand them as odium;
But if it should happen, that they did slip aside
And let go the ladder, it would lower their pride.

So in the ladder of life, we must believe
That upper and lower, can all things achieve,
For each are essential, to make a completion
And both in their place, to be worked with discretion.

Therefore, no one need think they can step all alone
We depend on each other, when all's said and done;
So in the game of life, don't play a lone hand,
If we all played up straight, this life would be grand.

METHOD.

Don't talk about to-morrow, give me the man to say
There's no time like the present, let's do this job today,
For maybe other troubles rise. This wants doing now,
So keep ahead of things then, less trouble's on your brow.

Try to keep ahead of things, don't say there's tomorrow
If you keep on saying this, 'twill be to your sorrow.
There always should be method along the daily way,
Leave nothing for tomorrow, that should be done today.

The slacker gets behind so, and is always in a fuddle
Putting off what should be done, and banking up for trouble,
Such people rail at fortune, and think their lot is hard,
They haven't played the game at all, accept a losing card.

We can command the present, the past we can't recall.
This motto is a good one, and fits unto us all,
That to do a thing in time and do it with a will
Will keep us right ahead of things, climbing up life's hill.

UNITY.

If all the world could be united
Into a common bond of love,
Our cherished hopes would not be blighted
Of the vast treasures from above.

If we could all be friends together
So many more would meet above,
For those with riches should endeavour
So to deserve the people's love.

For wealth and power doth divide us
Thus we cannot, united be
If all mankind were friends together
Then what sweet life to you and me.

For wealth or power ne'er can give
A happiness—beyond the grave
So a brotherhood should be our aim
And this, our universe to save.

Oh could we all see, the blissful time
As when created life began,
By such joyful, happy heights to climb.
With peace on earth, goodwill to man.

BE A SPORT.

In all the ages past and gone, sport levelled men the most,
For the best sportsmen always were just modest, without boast,
For arrogance and vanity, when coupled up with pride
Is sure to get a setback, whatever else betide.

Then always try to be a sport, take a licking rightly
For thus however smart you are, others may be sprightly,
Wherever men meet in contest, of any kind of skill,
The boaster never gets the best, his bragging comes to nil.

Assume a generous modesty—none can be quite sure,
Your best is all that you can give your standards to secure,
For king or peasant in all sport, stand equal in the tests,
The best among them prove the point, and there the matter
rests.

THE VOICE OF THE WIND.

The wind was howling plaintively outside the cottage door
With fitful gusts that seemed to be intent to dance and roar;
I'll do and dare, while here I toil, no man can say me nay,
I mean to revel here awhile, and then will bound away.

Inside the cot a cheerful ray, to meet the eye, I ween,
A flaring fire that seemed to say, 'tis cold outside and keen—
An old man sat with musing brow—his thoughts were far away,
Although he heard the wind outside, he thought he heard it say

I've travelled through the world and seen the state of all man-
kind
And noted how, in business keen, they do their bargains bind,
I see them pray, and play, and fight, I see them lust for gold.
Such stupid things, such sorry plight, not half could e'er be told.

Sometimes I blow a mighty gale, that fills mankind with fear
And so some damage to their goods, the things they prize so
dear;
At times I am a carrier fair, and on my wings with stealth
I bring to all creative life the blessings of good health.

They should lay treasures unto God, and not put faith in gold,
I to the world give warning voice, these simple truths I've told
Thus in the course of all my rounds, I play my part with glee
And give my service unto all, without a simple fee.

The old man sighed with calm content; his thoughts were those
of joy
For he could sense, the great intent, of blessings from on High,
That all of nature's wondrous acts were planned with noble ends
And man alone is blind to facts, while Godly power transcends.

BE FAIR AND BEWARE.

There's danger when a villain smiles,
Or tries to cheat you with his guiles—
Be on your guard against rich cheats
They're up to all such dextrous feats;

Beware.

So always analyze a smile
I know you'll find it worth your while,
You soon find out the honest thing—
A genuine smile, will leave no sting;

Beware.

A cunning smile is outward gloss,
To cover up their inner dross,
Assumed to put you off the track;
They use white paint, to cover black;

Beware.

The honest ones, are plain to read—
To cover fraud, they have no need,
It lays to us to emulate
A straight clear course for all to take;

Beware.

SPRINGTIME.

Radiant light hath wreathed the earth
Robed the fields and flowers in gladness
Its new delights, its wondrous worth—
Away with griefs, away with sadness.

Such radiant sweet charm hath brought
To earth this glow of bright revealing;
And the mind takes joyous thought
Gives us glows of heavenly feeling.

For winter with its drear dull days
When nature takes its yearly slumber,
And clouds shut off the bright suns' rays
Its stores of beauty out of number.

'Tis like as though some Angel's strayed
To earth from heaven and waved a wand
Across the face of sleeping maid
And staying, arise and understand.

Listen to the voice of nature's call
To living atoms small and great
Whose mystic power doth us enthrall,
We awaken to a happy state.

Light of heart, we face the world
With all its darkness and its light
Filled with gladness, we are swirled
To realms that are forever bright.

TO THE BORONIA.

Just a simple silent flower,
So modest, yet so full of grace
And unadorned with silent power
Contained within its floral face.

'Tis of the fair Boronia's bloom
That hath this sweet exotic lure,
Its modest power doth assume
A standard—thus entrancing—pure.

Well, thou art the lady flower,
So like and true to perfect type
Engulfing us within thy bower
Thy simple, perfect beauty ripe.

Throughout the ages man has been
The bonded slave to beauty's thrills,
Inner sense's take alarms,
Beyond the horizon of ills.

So true and pure, beguiling sweet
Thou art begirt with regal dower
We lay our homage at your feet
Uncrowned queen of beauty's power.

THE LARK.

Hark to the lark, soaring high in the air,
As singing its tuneful melody clear;
How sweet the cadence, how grandly sublime,
Reminding us thus, of the blest springtime.

And while we are gazing upwards with joy
Reminding us of our Father on high:
He is the giver of all the good things;
And His is the fountain, whence it all springs.

For He has promised our wants to supply—
That summers return as winters pass by,
That seed-time and harvest, always should be
Cycling along to eternity.

Our cares pass us by like birds on the wing,
Hope takes its place, sweet solace to bring;
We feel we are cared for, by One above
And humbly acknowledge Heavenly love.

Our earthly abode, the lands and the seas
Contain priceless gifts, our wants to appease
Abuse them not, but cherish all favours
Discard any ills, but prize life's sweet savours.

KINDLINESS.

If by grace one is endowed with some special gift,
If one can lift some load that no other hand can lift,
If one can heal some wound that no other hand can heal,
Then we do something worthily and our best reveal.

Into a wounded world where troubled ones are weary
Plant a hope within their breasts, cheer the dull and dreary;
You can play a noble part, to help someone along,
There's melody within your heart—give the world a song.

If you can stand when all around about are falling,
You then can run with speed, when needy ones are calling,
If your torch can shed a light upon the darkest night,
You then can pay a worthy debt, thus by doing right.

If any gifts that you possess, then give those things away
To help along some other one—smooth their rough pathway
For riches are not gold or land, merchandise or marts,
The best of wealth we can know is found in human hearts.

Just see if you can make one heart a little lighter,
And just see if we have made a life a little brighter,
With your help you then will make their hands a little stronger,
You then will give them hopes, in life a little longer.

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 look out, 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 a heart, do your part, so not trust to luck.
Those who drop their bundle, soon are down and out.
Don't be pecking under, half the battle's won.
Put your best self forward, never say "I'm done."

ENERGY.

Do not cheat yourself, for surely, grief will pass away,
There'll be fairer times in future, just forget today;
But remember that a sorrow need not come in vain,
For we know the lesson taught us, far outweighs the pain.

We are cheered with this comfort, and we soon forget
Bitter truths, alas but matter, surely for regret;
Spurn it out, seek something more, turn to other things,
Do not nurse a caged sorrow, till the captive sings.

Things may be looking bad just now, worse than what they say,
Try to make the best of things, or beat them as you may;
For never have I read in books, or have I had ill-luck,
That didn't come out well, when met, with real honest pluck.

THE LOVER'S FLAME.

I think of thee, when in the gloom—
Of night, before the dawning grey,
As in my quiet lonely room
I kneel, in reverence, to pray;
While my devotions inward flame
Ascends above from whence it came;
I think of thee, tho' far away.

I think of thee, as with delight
And feel thy happy presence near;
I see thee with creative might—
O, life, O soul, thy smile grows dear—
Thine eyes, so meaningly and bright—
When shall I have thee in my sight,
My heart beats fast, I feel thee near.

I think of thee what e'er I do
And mark thy cheerful happy ways
The traces of thy form I view,
Which speak to me of happy days,
I know thy kindred spirit well
May it with me, forever dwell
Thy vision at my pillow stays.

THE VALUE OF YOUTH.

A happy age is one and twenty, robust health, pleasures plenty,
Would one have wealth to go with this, to make of life a perfect
bliss?

No, leave wealth out, unless it be, the wealth of love to cherish
thee

And holding out a gentle hand, directing out the snares to flee.
With magic wand it beckons on, thus showing we are not alone,
It bids us share our youthfulness, and give around a brighter
tone,

With kindly acts and strength to spare, and help someone in
need of care,

So twofold then our pleasures are, and magnified by what we
share.

The time is ours while youth contains a book to read, and
every page

Possesses lessons for our guides, and be of use throughout our
age,

For none can be forever young, and with lusty vigour render
So youth should be a joyous song, youthful blessings please
remember.

FUTURITY.

We have some dreams, some clouded hope
Beyond this life wherein we grope,
Some vision that we vaguely feel
And thus we cherish our ideal.

'Tis better far to feel that way
To cherish hope, than sense dismay,
With all its sordidness and care
We live in hope, and not despair.

At times the human mind is tried
By trials round about our side,
Then comes the test of inner self
With rays of light, that come by stealth.

We see the world, and its mankind
Staggering on with troubled mind,
Wrapped up in poor, frail mortal man
Blind to Heaven's diviner plan.

Thus in our schooling time on earth
One learns to value sacred worth—
So to us poor souls is given
Foretaste of the realms of heaven.

ECSTASY.

Men scorn to kiss another, and scarce will kiss a brother,
Women want a kiss so much they smack and kiss each other;
As from fairer realms above, with our thoughts a brother's bliss,
So our labour should be love, greeting with a holy kiss;
Nobler they who shut out self, and see some good in others,
Helping on their hopes in life, and all its darkness smothers;
Oh love can tell a truthful tale—'tis happiness to know
And radiant ecstasy assail, and inner glory show;
A peaceful love, deep in the heart, just a tender flower
That lifts its modest head apart from sequestered bower;
As love, only tells how truthfully, everything can hold
The smiling lips with joy impart—our tender thoughts unfold,
Sadness or strife can find no place, where loving hearts beat
true,

And tender joys make life's sweet pace, its skies are ever blue.

HOPE ON.

Odd things happen nowadays, brought about in various ways,
For the world is acting strange, with perplexing anxious days;
Who could, but some time ago, such envolvments have forseen
Who could guess that friend and foe could so queerly mixed
have been?

'Tis a wondrous thing and strange, rushing on—all in motion,
For all seem to move and change, like the stream to the ocean:
Nations rise and nations fall; money wasted—much unrest,
There's confusion with them all, the Devil's out, they're
possessed.

Spirits passing through the world, with fiendish force and
power,
Thrones and powers, twisted, curled, thus the outlook very dour;
Brighter times will come—they must, we can't always suffer
pain;
Wickedness will turn to dust—then the world will smile again.

THINE.

Little in this world of ours, goes as we would have it go.
What avail then careful hours, care or trouble, tears or woe;
Life's rich colours beaming bright, on this shrouded veil of earth
Doth allure with meteor light, though in truth of little worth.

Thus with sorrow driven home, 'twould be torture and suspense
With no will of ours we roam, with no will we travel hence;
So along the stream of time, with its busy life around,
Throughout the world in every clime, prize the blessings you
have found!

My nameless friend have you ever thought how pleasant and
altogether lovely would be a life of entire sincerity, married to
perfect unselfish love. The wildest stories of magic skill or
fairy power, could not equal the miracle that would be wrought
by such a life, for it would change the hollowness of veiled and
restless souls into a place of divine communion.

If buoyantly launched on the changeful tide, with whirling
course to steer,
You saw in your course go side by side a smile, or a pitiful tear:
Such garlands of hope would by you float, enriched from the
world's great store,
So the brightest gem is the good-life boat, that carries you safely
o'er.

CONTENTMENT.

Laugh and the world laughs with you is a maxim old and true,
In modern times or foreign climes, it rings forever new;
So just keep on with smiling, and the pathway in our lives,
Is turned to best advantage, with some profit it contrives.

So do away with troubles now, and scrap the wretched lot,
For when they are hugged too closely, leave on our lives a blot;
Of course this means that you and me must push our cares
aside,

So don't let troubles sink too deep, let brighter thoughts abide,

For underneath the darkest cloud, a brighter spot is hid—
Though life is short, a happy thought will come up at our bid;
Our destiny is with us still, and to a large extent,
We all can have the best in life, by smiles and calm content!

VISIONS OF YOUTH.

Shadows mingle with the sunshine of life
As onward in their course, by rough or smooth,
Like gusts of passion, oft in futile strife,
With music to the beating heart to soothe.

For oft is seen, the purple cloud, so fair,
As peeping through the far off distant rift,
So like all hopes and wishes, that we share,
When gladness comes along, we bless the gift.

Thus, in the blushing dawn of youthful hopes,
As in the springtime, like to man or maid;
When peeping through the horizon, denotes
The clear triumphant gateway thus display'd,

With gladden'd heart and hope, fully going,
Thus it breaks all its dark clouds asunder:
Seeing a sky of dazzling blue showing—
And all blessings of this life, a wonder:

The dreams of youth, with gusts of passion's play,
And glimpses of enchantment, vaguely felt;
It doth enthral, with a deviner ray—
And doubting visions fade away and melt.

MEDITATION.

Away from the maddening crowd, to roam the countryside,
And sense the peacefulness around, and woo sweet nature's
pride,

The luscious grass, the flowers gay, also the growing grain,
And hail the works of nature with the sunshine and the rain.

A calm serenity is here, no bitter hate or strife—
One feels at peace with all the world, we taste a better life,
And looking up among the trees, where happy birds are seen,
So joyful in their calm content, with happiness serene.

'Tis grand to be alone like this, and leave the busy world,
Forgetting all our trials past—to higher realms are swirled;
A sigh arises from within, also a thrill of joy,
Herein we feel the presence of, our Father up on high.

And what is given by His hand, to mortals here below,
If we would be more grateful, and thus our homage show;
There'd be no envy, strife or greed, or any act to hurt,
And life would then go gayly on, and happiness assert.

When we can sense our blessings thus, and live an inner life,
And fortify ourselves, and gain strength to endure all strife;
Thus to converse with Nature's charm, and view His stores
unrolled—

This is not solitude at all, but glory to behold.

KINDLY CONSIDERATION.

There is no lack of kindness in this world of ours
It's only in our blindness we gather thorns for flowers;
We still go trampling onward, pushing one another,
For thus we miss a better state, hailing each as brother.

There seems a lack of kindness—doubt among mankind,
As in a darkness brooding, which can make the vision blind;
There is kindness tingling inside of every soul
And we might be mingling in a perfect kindred whole.

But while mankind will hanker for the golden dust,
It sets up a selfish canker, and it creates a rust;
There better life is strangled, covet takes its place,
And humble souls and weaklings, are ousted from the race.

Only in our blindness, we miss the peaceful dove—
If all hearts were filled with kindness, and overflowed with love;
As many souls are lowly, and feel oppressions touch,
So we should feel for others, and not for self so much!

UNITY IS STRENGTH.

We know it is well to have vigour, and perhaps to be counted
a star,
But deeds that are marched with rigour, they will show the
world just what you are;
Don't go a lone hand in the game of life, but work with a much
bigger scheme,
For the deeds that count in the world today, will show how you
work with the team;
Friends may surround you and mark you as great, or may have
you marked out for fame,
Your work must go round with your working mate, or you
never will win the game,
For the work in life is never done well if you act with a selfish
dream,
For the strife is lost, or the battle won by the unity in the team.

RICHES.

If you haven't a heartache under your coat,
And conscience is clear—just you please to take note;
Your actions and doings have been above board,
No regretful dealings of malice or fraud;
Then you are rich.

But if you are burden'd with conscience of sin,
That if the load hurts, and you feel it within;
If your dealings are shady—won't bear the light,
And you don't make an effort to put matters right;
Then you are poor.

There's no middle course, its one or the other,
It lays to yourself all mis'ry to smother;
When everything's right and your pathway is clear,
Life rolls blythly anward, with blessings to cheer;
Then you are rich.

BE HOPEFUL.

Do not be downcast with sorrow,
Surely grief will pass away;
Hope that fairer times tomorrow
Will come smiling on our way.

Do not bend to sorrow's presence,
For despondency gives pain,
'Tis a lesson we should treasure—
Courage says "Look up again."

Cheer thyself with this sweet comfort,
Though the outlook's drear and sad;
There's treasures waiting to be sought,
Just stored up, to make us glad.

It is ours to chase the brightness
That is shining through the gloom—
Seek it with all speed and lightness,
'Tis for all—a priceless boon.

Be not cheated then with sorrow,
Sweep all bitter griefs away;
And sweet times will surely follow,
Helping us upon our way.

WONDER AND BLUNDER.

The greatest wonder of the age is man's inventive strides in science,
Never in the world did man engage, in things that give such great reliance;
The numerous things that science gives, the wondrous helps in human life,
Should guard us well, our wants relieve, and not be helps in wars and strife.
Alas, this age has made a blunder, producing things we'd be best without,
That leave us all to think and wonder, and fills us with conflicting doubt;
For time and thought is thus expended, in products that imperil life,
Its evil orbit is extended, venturing down a tortuous drive.
With good things to cure all human ills, bad things to deal out suffering,
Are strongly mixed up like drugs and pills. To get things right would take some shuffling—
We can only wait the issue, thus hoping good will thrive, and bad things die,
Happiness and safety serving us—these ends gained we all could live with joy!

SNOBBERY.

The meanest creatures strutting round wherever human beings dwell,
That hold aloof as though they're gods—of course we know them very well;
We call them snobs, and well we may, their superciliousness is such
That seems to say, "You're only clay"; however, that don't matter much.
It's much more likely the reverse. Their pride is but a paltry show,
They look as though they owned the world—We're scarcely fit for them to know;
It's likely that they have not got much more than they stand upright in,
They put on airs and look you down, as though you were but dirt to them.
Detestable as they must be, to everyone who sees more clear,
And has no vain or lofty airs, but live upright without a fear,
Such people are a living lie of God's design to mortal man,
But craven spirits such as theirs are vain and empty, just a sham.
If you look close beneath the mask, and scan their upstart golden gloss,
You will see through their emptiness, and all its rotten, worthless dross;
For man should be God's noblest work, just honest, truthful, pure and good—
To magnify His grand design, and just be living as they should.

BE GENTLE.

Be gentle, it is better so,
To make a friend than make a foe.
For true affection's voice is sweet,
Proclaims the vows of true hearts beat;
Speak gently, 'tis a simple act,
It's grace and modesty—a fact,
So soothing to a weary heart,
Its blessedness doth hope impart.

Speak gently to a little child
With loving accents, soft and mild,
And gain its love and trust in thee,
So fill its heart with happy glee;
Thus to the young, be ever kind,
To little faults be somewhat blind,
For as they journey on through life
They may have bitter pain or strife.

And to the aged ones we meet,
Place care and comfort at their feet,
For as their time on earth draws near,
Use acts to them, their hearts to cheer;
Alike be kindly to the poor,
Consider what they may endure,
So always do a kindly deed,
For this is where they stand in need.

And to the erring ones be kind,
For there may be some good behind;
We may not judge why they are so,
Then plant some trust and let it grow;
There's always hope while lives do last,
To blot out a regretted past,
Be gentle then, this little thing
Is the best anthem we can sing.

THE HAPPINESS OF LOVE.

Do not idly scorn the proverb, saying that all love is blind,
For 'tis known this passion gives us glimpses of a higher kind;
Most of life's delights are hidden, deftly screened or out of sight,

Till the moment they are bidden, with their lustrous rays of light.

All the good we see in others, pure love doth illuminate,
Shows up bright and darkness smothered, opens wide the pearly gate;

This condensed and mystic essence, such as purest love can give,

Soothes and blesses with its presence, makes us happy, glad to live.

What would life be to us mortals, if we were bereft of love?
We'd be right outside the portals of the haven up above;
Simply wanderers, isolated, dwelling in a desert drear,
Banished from the lovers pathway, sharing not the brighter sphere.

'Tis not barred from any mortal, nor is it a right conferred,
And the choice is ours to reach it, through our love, with others shared;

We can chase and we can capture, thus we get a deeper sight,
And unroll the veil of rapture, leading to a higher light.

They who conquer and subdue the tendencies to selfishness,
Have found the pathway to pursue, that leads to early happiness;
Life to us is what we make it, none are slaves, but all are free;
Do not throw away the chances, love, and you will loved be.

THE ESSENTIAL STATE.

To be unblest by truth sublime
The paths of life in danger lie,
While they who keep its holy line
Joyful live, and fear not to die.

It merely means to them a change,
This passing on, from mortal sphere—
To travel on through life's rough range
And seeing all things bright and clear.

But sad the plight of unbelief
With those who scorn all holy creeds,
They stand condemned, a paltry thief,
Cheating themselves of future needs.

To think this life is all that counts
Is but a sorry outlook—sad—
And puts a stop to higher mounts
That should make all its creatures glad.

KINDLINESS.

Oh never let us lightly throw a dart or shaft to wound another,
So never, never let us show unkind acts unto a brother.

All have the power but he who doth act, that he may witness pain

Has broke the laws of charity, that ne'er inflicts a pang in vain.
'Tis better to awaken joy, on sorrows wounding to subdue,
But not to wound or to annoy, is part of virtue's lesson too;
Peace flowing from the realms above, should be our aim to brighten life,

Thus all man's labours should be love, shunning evil and avoiding strife;

Show me the one who takes this stand, who never tries to hurt another,

For this is noble, sublime, grand, surely is a friendly brother!

SENTIMENT—In Prose and Verse.

A beautiful sentiment which could with perfect fitness be used at the baptism of an infant:—

Little babe you have entered the world weeping while all around you smile, contrive to live so that you may depart smiling, while all around you weep, for it is as natural to die as it is natural to be born and to live.

A place in the world awaits them, each have a part to play,
The past and the future don't count, in the face of the stress today;

The past is but an empty flask, the future none can know,
Let worthy efforts be your task, as through the world you go.

RAIN, BOUNTEOUS RAIN.

We rejoice in the rain that's good for the crops—
But how about the rain that spoils the good frocks;
Well the rain makes the crops that bring in the cash,
We may then buy new frocks—to make us look flash.

So a bounteous rain brings joy with its fall,
And its not for the few, but comes for us all;
So that all may have food and raiment to wear,
Without it we all would be filled with despair.

Though our patience is tried when parched is the earth,
And all vegetation is feeling the dearth;
Our sorrow and moanings so soon are forgot,
For when down comes the rain, it brightens our lot.

It's good to remember that when we're downcast—
To have hope smiling through—not dwell on the past;
So always have hopes that things will be righted,
Most of us mortals are rather short sighted.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

Why don't we do as a brotherhood should do,
And why can't we cherish the loving and true;
So why should we struggle, just for self alone,
The ills of the past, may the future atone.

To labour and love is not lowly, but great,
Life's blessings are not in wealth or estate;
'Tis best to be rich in affections stronghold,
For its possession is brighter than gold.

Though all have a terrible foe to subdue,
If we make up our minds to carry us through;
We'll break all barriers that keep us apart,
Our pilot is "Hope" and encircles the heart.

Forgive and forget—Why should we be lonely?
Why should we feel the chilling wind only;
Have some kindly thought and affection to live
Some act that says plainly, forget and forgive.

OUR DUTY.

What is our duty here, my friend,
While life and health is ours to spend,
Thus grateful that, with life we're blest,
And so to mingle with the rest
To scatter fragrance as we go,
So like the flowers around us grow.

The choicest flowers we should tend,
This is our duty here, my friend,
Choose those that give such sweet perfume
And wait around with cheerful tune;
Avoid the thorns and snags in life,
And never do engage in strife.

So thus to live, that when the sun
Shines on our name, and says "Well done"
'Ere we go hence, and sink from sight,
We taste the sweets of mercy's might;
For acts and deeds the harvest brings
And deep within all memory clings.

REVERIE.

Truly ours is a beautiful world, though sometimes we know
not what to think of it. Sometimes it is all gladness and sun-
shine, and that Heaven is not far off, and then it changes
suddenly, and is dark and sorrowful, and the clouds shut out
the sky. In the lives of the saddest of us there are bright days
like this, when we feel we could take the world in our arms.
Then comes the gloomy hours, our fires seem to have gone out,
for every heart has its secret sorrows which the world knows
not, and a person is often thought dull, when it is sadness that
is abiding within.

THE STRAIGHT PATH.

The changing cloud with fitful gleam, things are not always
what they seem,
For troubles melt or pass away, and then we greet a brighter
day;
The ups and downs of human life are dealt with best when
shunning strife,
The brightest cloud, dear to the heart, is seeing right to do our
part.
Judge rightly, in all things be just, for trials come, as come they
must:
No mean advantage ever take, as reputations are at stake—
It may be yours, it may be mine—there's always danger on the
line,
Look out for signals, then go straight—the road is clear, you
need not wait!

INTEGRITY.

Search well thy heart, for none can know
What thoughts that from the mind may flow;
What pain or grief may lay therein,
Thus check what there may lead to sin.

Be slow to act without due thought,
For hastiness hath evil wrought;
So pray unceasingly for strength
To never go past wisdom's length.

Judge not others, but so judge thyself
For error may have come by stealth;
To blind the reason, and if so
Be careful then, and cautious go.

In all things make a thorough search,
Pick out good where bad may lurk,
This is the crown where justice acts
To straighten out all life's compacts.

Then act as though this task may be
The very last assigned to thee;
That should thou never judge the more
Thou may not this last act deplore!

FOR THE CHILDREN.

Dear children, get a sound moral and literary education—
useful learning for sails, and integrity for ballast, then set out
on the sea of life and your voyage will be prosperous in the
best sense of the word.

There's Doctor Air, you can find him anywhere,
There's Doctor Quiet—he's not found everywhere.
There's Doctor Walker, and his fiat,
Good Doctor Right, with simple diet.

One day I planted an inch,
Just enough room, at a pinch,
I dusted the ground with soot,
The next day it grew a foot
And, before the ground got hard,
It had grown about a yard.
Folks came to see it for miles,
Their faces lit up with smiles.
It grew so well and so strong,
And still it grows, all day long!

Faith is the name of my tree,
Hope is the harvest to be,
Charity mounts all others,
Everything bad it smothers!

FOR THE CHILDREN

(Of all Ages).

Dear children, there is a secret lock in every human heart,
if we only knew how to find the key. Believe me it is not lost,
but it should be the task to search for it, then when found, open
wide the doors of joy.

Time is—the present moment to employ,
Time was—is past—you cannot it enjoy.
Time future—is not and may never be—
Time present—is the only time for thee.

Time now, is just the time for all to think.
Time next, is surely the connecting link.
Time then, will be for all of us to act—
Time always shows and helps, in life's compact.

BE CHEERFUL.

To be cheerful is not always easy, to be patient is much harder
still,
So just make up your mind to be happy—we all can do this if
we will;
For we'll find it pays best to be kindly, though we all may have
worries—a few—
If we bring up a smile and be cheerful, then this will make
others smile with you.

So brace up and look a bit pleasant, although maybe you feel
a bit down,
For good humour is always contagious—it would banish your
friends if you frown;
And this is a thing we cannot afford, as all need a help from each
other,
Joyful and happy we then carry on, and any dull cares we'll
smother.

A GOOD CHILD'S MOTTO.

A bit of chaff, a bit of oats—these go well together;
Also with thick or thinner coats, suited to the weather.
A hearty laugh, a cheerful smile, making life completer,
With robust health, a priceful wealth, everything is sweeter.

A bit of toil and then a rest—all cares are put aside;
The ship of life goes gaily on, across the ocean wide.
A bit of merriment at times, taken in small doses
With careful use and no abuse, makes our bed of roses.

A bit of fun that's well begun, and does not go too far,
Is just a tonic in our lives, that's like a shining star.
A bit of everything that's good, included in the list
So there we have the thing complete, nothing here is missed.

Unless you're feeling thirsty, and want a drop of beer,
Or may be its a cup of tea, your weary hearts to cheer,
Whichever suits your fancy most, the choice is all your own,
So take your pick, and do it quick, to suit both flesh and bone.

A SHORT ESSAY ON SELF-CONFIDENCE.

In Prose and Verse.

Experience teaches that frequently as self-confidence is denounced by some, there are faults far less dangerous than a timid distrust and self-depreciation. The powers that are intrusted to us we should value highly and with profound reverence. We know that God has given to all of us far greater talents than any of us can say that we fully employ, and far greater than we have conscientiously improved, and so:—

A bit of opposition's good, and to us all it is a help
To spur us onward in the world, and train us to rely on self:
For hardship is the native soil of true manhood's self
reliance,
By head and hands united toil, opposition's straight defiance.
So keep not standing fixed and rooted, briskly venture,
briskly roam
With head and hands where'er thou use it, hath a purpose
of its own.
But live joyously if you can, and don't topple down with
cares,
So stand up boldly and be a man, as you tread along life's
stairs.

SENTIMENT.

Sentiment has its pains as well as its pleasures. Even our affections in the long run are expensive commodities. We cannot marry without increasing our expenditure, and the friend with whom we were on such cordial terms in his time of prosperity naturally look to us for assistance when overtaken by adversity. Indeed we cannot give way to any pleasurable emotion without reasonably expecting to have to pay something for it in some shape or other. Money rules everything. It enters into every relation in life—it sparkles in the cup of joy, disgusts our palate on the bed of sickness, and screws up our coffins when dead. It is so closely allied to us that there is nothing we receive with more avidity, or surrender with more reluctance, although its possession can at times play us some fantastic tricks. Its possession can be the foundation of hospitality to others. On the other hand it can be used to play a noble part in sentiment. Yet notwithstanding the old proverb that poverty is no crime, yet, to be without money is set down by the world as being devoid of principle.

ESSAYS.

WHY SHOULD LABOUR BE DRUDGERY?

Drudgery is one thing, true labour is another. No man has any right to be a drudge. I doubt if any man was made for that. If true to himself, he can be something more. The seeds of something more are in him. In his very nature there await faculties to be unfolded which he has no right to neglect—intellectual, moral and religious. He can lift himself above the sense of want or of fortune. He can feel his immorality and become what God intended him to be. In any kind of labour or business he can find sphere for the exercise of these, his greatest faculties. It shows therefore that no one should merely live and labour to get merely a living, for that is what must be drudgery. Drudgery is not merely by the hands, nor to any class of occupation, for there are intellectual and fashionable drudges, and there are hard working humble labourers, more free, more dignified, and more manly in all they do, or look, or think, than any who look down on them. Some soil their hands with the earth; others soil their minds indelibly by the pride and vanity which keeps their hands so delicate. The true man stoops to conquer! The vain man carries his head aloft and therefore misses the solid beauties of existence!

EDUCATION OF LABOUR.

The improvement of the intellects fits the working man for passing through that transition which is associated with brute labour, to the sphere of intellectual labour. Mere muscular force is giving way to the power of higher forces by the union of intellect with hand. Where it required in the past a dozen slaves to grind the corn for a good sized household, the same number through developed intelligence can supply sixty thousand people. Thus science and industry are becoming so intimately united that the practical servant of industry must, by its education, conduct its efforts on scientific principles. This can be brought about by training the intellect into fitness for appreciating the special knowledge acquired in early life, and advancing step by step as the mind becomes more receptive and praiseworthy ambition takes the place where in the past only brainless toil existed.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

No human being comes into this world without increasing or diminishing human happiness, not only of the present but of every subsequent age of humanity. No one can detach himself from this connection. There is no sequestered spot in the universe to which he can retract from his relations to others or where he can withdraw the influence of his existence. Everywhere his presence or his absence will be felt. The undoubted fact is that we are all of us forming character. Whose? Our own, or others. Both—and in this momentous fact lies the peril and the responsibility of our existence. Who is sufficient for the thought?

To be rich—the shortest way to be rich is not by enlarging our estate, but by restricting our desires and by leaving the beaten tracks and going into bye tracks.

Mankind is a dupe-able animal. Quacks in medicine, Quacks in religion, Quacks in politics. Know this and act upon this knowledge, there is scarcely anyone who may not be caught, like a fish, with a hook.

Indolence is or seems to be the hereditary sin in human nature. Pride or luxury or egotism? No! I say indolence. Those who conquer indolence will conquer all the rest, for all good principals would fail without mental activity and alertness, for there is a secret draw in every heart if we only know how to touch the spring.

He who gives a trifle meanly is meaner than the trifle. All affectation is the attempt to appear rich. We give away nothing so generously, and receive nothing so reluctantly as advice.

As fools are necessary to the exaltation of great men so also is jealously essential to the maintenance of the most selfish passion.

I WILL.

There are two words in our language which stand out in bold relief—like kings on a chequer board, and with great force, the words "I will". There is strength depth and solidity, decision, confidence, and power in the round ringing tone which characterises its delivery. It talks to you of triumphs over difficulties, of victory in the face of discouragement, of will, of promise, of strength to perform; of lofty and daring enterprise; of unfettered inspiration and the thousands of impulses by which man can master impediments in the way of progression and successful achievement.

Rightly used and not abused, it gives us victory here,
Never doubt—be not confused, it can drive and scatter fear.

Truth gives a sense of security to the feeblest man, as lying marks the insecurity of the strongest. The truthful man has but one answer to give his questioners, one story to tell them, one face to show them, and nobody's face to fear.

BITS AND PIECES.

We consider this a very ironical remark when people say that blacksmiths forge and steel every day, so we suppose that is the reason why they go on strike so much.

There are three classes of people everywhere. There's the progressive, the retrograde, the stationary; thus children say what they do; old people what they have done, and fools what they wish to do.

The most candid disposition will find it necessary in his intercourse with others, on some occasions to conceal what he does feel and on others, to conceal what he does not feel.

Nature of itself is far from hostile, therefore the apparent way to survive is to work with and not against it. The main struggle is against self, and when we realise this, and then only, will we learn that existence is worth fighting for.

A smile is something that is wealth—
To others just as well as self.

"JUST SMILE"

Just live and count the happy hours,
Be strewn with pleasure rife,
Avoid the thorns take joyous flowers
For thus we see the inner life,
And soon forget the troubles past,
No future ones we borrow;
The gloom behind our backs we cast,
So do not hoard a sorrow.

One hour of pleasure is worth more
Than hours consumed in tears,
Such moments should be in the fore
To live and grow to years;
For darkness is a shroud to me,
I ever welcome rays of light,
And with its joyous memory
Existence then is bright.

Give me the light, mayhap it be
But twilight of the past;
'Tis of more priceless worth to me
Than gloom be on it cast.
I choose then but the happy hours,
Think not of cares, or strife,
But like the sunshine, mid the showers
We'll then have more of life.

So after reading through these lines,
Just stop and think awhile;
That though there may be trying times
There's just a chance to smile;
It's worth it—and it greatly helps
To make life worth the living.
So ne'er despair, and thus yourselves
Will get the best that life is giving.

CHEERFULNESS.

The thing that goes the furthest to make life worth our while,
Costing least, but doing most, is just a pleasant smile,
Call up a smile, look pleasant, be cheerful, kind and sweet,
Always see the sunny side, thus making life complete.

For what is life worth to us, if we are always sad?
It then would be a burden, so try and be more glad.
The choice is ours, get the best, and have a smile at call;
Let the stings of life go by, with profit unto all.

We always meet with someone who wrongly looks at life,
Who fail to see they're losing time when they cherish strife.
They miss a lot of happiness—but don't let that be you;
Go smiling on life's journey, and to yourself be true.

Have a heart to do your part, it gets its own reward,
And never sink below the brink of life's sweetest chord.
Turn troubles into trifles throughout life's changeful length,
And face the daily round with smiles to give you strength.

Among my friends and acquaintances I have a peculiar list of names, some of which I herewith enumerate. Thus, Law and MacLaw, a Chancellor, a Hall and a Booth, a Foreman, a Hindman and a Hardyman, a Pott, a Kettle, a Swallow, a Bird, and a Singer, a Swan, a Martin, and a Throatie, an Auld, an Elder, two Youngs and a Youngson, three Scotts, a Welsh, a Fleming, a French, and two Poles, two Walkers, two Trotters, and three Pattens, a Hawthorn, a Rose and a Berry, two Burnsides, one Burns, and a Fisher, a Church, and an Abby, and Small, a Long, and a Large, a More, and two Longmores, a Bird, a Cox, and a Combe, two Chains, and several Links, a Lyon and two Foxes, a Child, and a Bairnsfather, one Goodchild, and two Darlings, three Hills two Craigs, and one Glen with a Shepherd and a Crook, two Gardeners with lots of Flowers, a Taylor and a Hunter, a Butcher and a Skinner, Sands and Sandyland, two Woods, a Blackwood, a Woodman, two Foresters, one Parker, a Hunt and a Trail, two Bells and a host of Campbells, two Wrights and several Coopers, two Mercers, and a Draper and three Glovers, Gentle and Manners, a Storie and a Rymer, a Bruce and a Wallace, a Nelson and a Howe with Whites, Blacks, Browns and Greens innumerable, several Grovers, two Musgroves and a Wingrove.

THE HELPING HAND.

In this century of sensation we get a daily thrill,
And troubles are not hard to find; we always have our fill.
So if your pockets are well lined, and you have a bit to spare,
Now don't forget the one who's down, and needs another's care.
So give your help to those who're down, and help them into line;
Remember, when you give your mite, that poverty's no crime.
Although your fortune's bright today, it may not be to-morrow,
Do your best for some poor souls, to lift them out of sorrow.
Then smooth the pathway for someone, and do it with a will,
And never push a man because he's going down the hill.
A brighter, better world would be, if we could banish sadness
And scatter sunshine round about, dealing out some gladness.

SPRINGTIME.

The countryside to me in Spring
Shines out a wondrous, lovely thing.
With keen delight on scenes I dwell,
As basking in a dreamy spell—
Such magic as the Spring can raise
From Winter's cold and dreary days,
When rural nature is at rest
With stores of treasure in her breast.

But now I read in Nature's book
And gaze therein with earnest look;
The bursting leaf, the flowers gay,
Rejoicing in the light of day.
Such wondrous gifts of God are given,
Their like to us foretells of Heaven;
For human lives are Winter-bound,
Until more light by them is found.

Among our friends, among our foes,
The flower speaks out where'er it grows.
Seize upon truth when'er 'tis found—
On Christian or on Heathen ground.
So ramble on and happy be,
With all the gladness you can see,
Rejoicing in a glad refrain;
The glorious Spring is here again.

COURAGE.

It may not be a poet's place
To touch upon nations' madness,
But with regret we have to face
Conflicting, anxious sadness;
Thus this course of discontent
And bitter jealous feeling,
Grasping powers, vile intent,
Which sends this sad world reeling.

Pleasanter the task would be
To pen some brighter lines of hope;
Facts are such that we must see
There are difficulties to cope;
We must get into a stride
Far different from the present trend,
Surely leading down a slide
For troubles at the other end.

Darkest clouds may oft contain
A silver lining and, if so,
Greet the sunshine and the rain,
Uphold the right, our courage show;
This world by God was gift to man
With blessings, not to be abused,
Space for all and every clan,
To use it with his best infused.

At this stage what do we find?
The wisest men at their wits' end,
Plotting schemes that fall behind,
For evil with the good won't blend.
Constant daily startling news
That tells of bitter hate and strife.
Surely the Devil is let loose
And disregarding human life.

Take heart of grace and live that so
You then all bold will face the odds;
With sacred faith and fervent glow
You'll miss the blows from ruthless rods
Storms may come but pass you by,
And history itself repeats;
By vicious act the wicked die,
The world will gain without such cheats.

DUTY.

Some say this world's a rotten sphere,
And plagued with sore distress,
That we are sent to suffer here
(What! By the God of kindness?)
But since the world seems gone astray,
Shall it be so for ever?
Are we to stand still and obey
Its desolation? Never!

Then labour for a better time,
With all your might and thought;
Believe me, 'tis a truth sublime,
Dark plots will come to nought,
In Eden's vale the world began,
A place of love and gladness,
But beauty may be marred by man,
By crimes and selfish madness.

This world contains a goodly store
Of everything that's needful,
For all can well be cater'd for,
So we should all be cheerful.
Probe Nature's heart to its red core,
There's more of good than evil,
And man, down-trampled man, is more
Of angel than of devil!

Then let us to the world's good give,
As God is ever giving;
Prepare to die, prepare to live,
We then know what is living.
So prize the world for what it is,
And gladly hail its beauty,
So close your eyes to darkling spots,
And nobly do your duty.

THE JUNGLE.

I was in the quiet jungle land, that stood throughout the ages,
Where all its creatures roam'd at will, contented in their places.
There was always food in plenty, to suit their various needs,
Without the thought of mutiny, or wretched, hurtful deeds.
One class of creature dwelt therein, somewhat in human form;
They were very apish creatures, but never were forlorn.
Not having any worded tongue, they managed well without,
By wordless grunts and gestures, which suited them, no doubt.
Year in, year out, their lives were spent in caring for their needs,
Without the tricks of politics, or any other creeds,
No need there was of railways there, nor telegraphic use;
Inventions do not trouble them—their minds are too obtuse.

THE WORLD OF MAN.

See in the outer busy world, where human beings dwell,
With arts and crafts and sciences, too numerous to tell,
With things to hurt and things to tease, and all with sorrow
blended;
It should have reached a stage by now, where chaos would be
ended.
Humanity has got the power to make this world our Eden,
But avaricious minds detour, far lower than the heathen.
With minds debased by worldly gains, they scramble for top
place,
And never heed the under dog, but oust him from the race.
With regal power, or armed force, a thorny road is trod,
It fails to see the surer way, that leads us unto God,
Wherein lie peace and happiness; 'twould be like heaven then,
And man could sing the glad refrain: "Peace on earth, good
will to men."

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,
And ask ourselves a question then—perhaps we're mostly fools—
'Tis not of our selection this, we're other people's tools.
And once the plague volition gains, our thoughts in panic go,
Our protestations all in vain, it brings us down in woe,
"Give to us peace!" is what we pray, "and quiet, happy life,
And not the pains administered 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 its net,
And though they have no say in things, must suffer most regret.
And while so-minded people are to take things secondhand,
'Tis sad to see their hopeless state, and tyrant power 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 yourselves 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 fail'd us yet,
And plod along your daily lives, do nothing to regret.

CHEERIO!

We're a town but not a city, although we have a Pope,
We also have a Bishop, Priest, and Dean to give us Hope;
Likewise Parsons, Clark and Squires along with Deacons too,
They're here to do their Tapping, so they do a Tappor two.

And there are Old and Young and Strong, though so Hale and
Hearty,
They do their Dash and spend their Cash, like old Jim McLarty;
There's the Coopers and the Joiners, and also lots of Smiths,
The Wrights as well as Carpenters, and none of them are myths.

Rose and Pink and Scarlet Flowers, strewn neath the Trees and
Woods.
The Marigold and Lilly, Bold, mixed up with nature's Goods.
There's the Lion, Leopard, Badger, also the cunning Fox,
With Rams and Lambs and Wooleys, also the crowing Cox.

Outside the town are Hills and Dales, with Gulleys, Lakes and
Brooks,
With Waters, Rivers, Sands and Stones, like-Wise the shady
Nooks.
Then Potters Large and Pieces Small, with Bright new Tanners
too,
We've Millers and the Bakers and Butchers quite a Few.

Now Gee! Watts this about the Laws, and its Strong Hand and
Fist,
The Sargent and Constable included in the list.
So when we smite our Fellows hard, we get it in the Neck,
There's Solomon and Daniel to keep us all in check.

Our Courts and Jails, where Law prevails, and all is calm and
Sweet,
We've Parkes to put our Carrs in, so all is snug and Neet;
So in this sunny Land of ours, whose gentle Breeze is Bliss,
We sometimes have an infant Gale, then get a roughish kiss.

There's Caterers for all our Needs, as well as all our Cares,
We don't deal with the Clothier, Freemantle pays our fares.
Now come with me inside our Banks, and cash those cheques I
Drew,
I think you'll all be happy then, so here's a bright adieu.
It's Orr-Reeve-Orr but not Goode bye until we Meet again,
We've had a Jolly trot around, with Joy to banish Payne,
May this New Year give us good health, and happiness obtain,
I take a fond farewell once more until we meet again.

CHEERIO AGAIN!

'Twas not so very long ago we parted by the Banks,
I didn't ride the motor car but went along on shanks.
I walked across the Drawbridge, and feeling Bright and Jolly,
It was a Blythe and Savoury time, Minus any Folly.
Although there may be trying times that make us rather Wild,
'Twas not a time for Grizzling just like a petted Child;
There were Pebbles on the pathway along the road I took,
I hadn't gone so very Farr before I met with Snook.
I felt inclined to Crotch because he looked so Sharp and Smart,
He always was so dandified, a trap for gentle Harts,
But do not be mistaken for he's not a Ladyman,
He's just a Little quiet chap, so like our dear Old Pam.
And now let me your Sheppard be, to guide you up that Hill,
It's not so far, Sweet Cousin, so don't say you are ill,
Now don't you Cuss or Speak aloud, for yonder is the Hall,
So step it out and bounce along, just like a tennis Ball.
Well bless my Sole, there's old Jack Green, I think he's after
Botts,

And when he's caught a few of them he'll put them in the Potts.
I'll bet a Shilling I am Wright, and not a Penny less,
And so you see per Chance, that I was right at my first guess.
We'll send you off to Coventry for a roofing Slater,
I know we'll have a Goodwin then, or else a little later,
So cheer up, Jack, we must push on, we have no time to waste,
We've lots of things ahead of us, that all have to be faced.
We used to put our Best Coates on when off to Collingwood,
But how Wood that be anyhow, if there should be a Flood.
We'd have to whistle like a Bird, and pay the Price to Syd,
And change our Taylor quickly, as we'd acted like a Kidd.
We then caught up with Jimmy Old, and Old Jim Young, of
course,

I knew quite well by Watt they said, they'd Been to buy a horse.
We Bale'd them up and had some jokes, as good as any toffee,
They laughed aloud and said they'd seek our old friend Dinny
Coffey.

It's funny what there is to see, when we are out to Gaze,
So don't find fault, my Bonny Mann, Butt give him all your
praise,
I'm feeling rather Peck-ish now, so I must have some lunch,
And after that I'll take a rest, and Garner more fresh Punch.

SEQUEL TO "CHEERIO"!

It's nice to feel so fresh again, as after forty winks,
We then get up and make a dash onto the golfing links.
Among the guests encountered there, one was a Nobel Duke,
With Priestly Abbot looking on, to see who made a fluke.
While talking to a Marquis there, 'twas then we Herd a Bell;
We did not care a hang for golf, so started off Pell mell.
The afternoon was rather warm, I felt that I would choke—
Who should we meet on the way but old friend Georgie Doak!
We Hedg'd away from Sherlock Holmes, along the Dale we
went

And rested in a quiet vale, for we were almost spent;
So after sitting there awhile, to cure us from our ills,
It dawned upon us both that we were dry about the gills.
I said "Your Pennant do not Plume, for you are only Shell;
I'll do a dash for Texaco—so come along as Well.
A Treasure I might chance upon, as sure as my name's Todd.
I'll always be a lucky man, so help me Tommy Dodd.
We went a-Long quite leisurely, not like a racing Starr.
Of course, we kept our dignity, to not our beauty Marr,
For people they are Moody Birds and keep their thoughts
within,

They don't see half the fun of life, not like old Father Flynn.
In times gone by we went the Pace, just like a first-class trotter,
But now we take things steadily, just simply Pitter, Potter.
We now go like a dear Goodchild, so happy, bright and gay,
And be not like the silly ass, chew thistles all the day.
We've lots of better things to eat, so put them in your book,
With Garlic, Onion, Leake and Sage, so let us off and Cook.
We'll take a nice, fat Bunny home from the nearest Warren,
For then you'll have a Sav'ry dish—and none of these are
foreign.

I had an idea the other day, a Vague and funny thing;
Perhaps I'd been a-dreaming that I was with the King.
I soon found out when I awoke, and stood upon my feet,
That tho' there may be bitter things, we've others that are
Sweet.

I Weaver lot of Yarn and Twine to bind my little Chant,
So with this dope I hope you'll Cope and pardon you will Grant.
I hear the magpies calling out, or maybe it's a Dawe,
So close your Box, pull up your sox, I'll see you all some Moore.

BITS AND PIECES.

If punishment is to make school boys smart, a whipping
certainly does make them smarter.

A vegetable head is when a person has carrotty hair, a
reddish turnip nose, and a sage look. He then is truly rural.

There's Doctor Air, you can find him everywhere,
There's Doctor Quiet, you don't find him anywhere,
There's Doctor Walker, Doctor Run, with their fiat—
That puts you alright—with simple diet.

Poetry permits the indulgence of many metaphorical
ideas; how about this one:—
With eyes of flashing fire, majestic he arose,
And hurled defiance through his double-barrelled nose,

A queer looking fellow looked in at an auction room the
other day and asked the auctioneer: "Can I bid sir?" "Cer-
tainly" was the reply. "Well then," said the fellow, "I bid you
good-day" and walked off.

It is thought and seems satisfactorily proved that the for-
bidden fruit that tempted Eve in the garden was not the apple,
but an onion, for Eve having tasted it, Adam was compelled in
self-defence to partake of it also, and in obedience to that great
law of nature, even observed to the present day by all married
couples, is, that if one takes onions, the other must do the same.

When Adam got tired of finding names for his numerous
descendants, he said: "Let all the others be named Smith."

While passing along the road the other day, there were two
er-er-gentlemen, somewhat the worse for having had too long a
conversation with Mr. Barleycorn or perhaps Captain Whiskey.
Just as we approached, one of them plunged into the gutter.
His companion assisted him to rise, and commenced to rub the
dirt from his coat. "You're rubbing him down, eh?" said we.
"Not exactly," he replied, "only scraping an acquaintance."

"I say, you know Stone, don't you?"
"Oh yes, he's a good fellow, in fact he's a brick."

A LITTLE HUMOROUS LECTURE TO "MY DEARS"

My dears, love is like a prison—it's a deal easier to get into than it is to get out again. There are thousands of ways of the former, but as for the latter, it can't be done no ways. Take my advice, my dears. If men were to pay for everything they broke, they wouldn't be so fond of breaking their hearts for every pretty girl they saw. The fortunes of a millionaire could not stand against such a ruinous amount of breakages. Why, I have known a man's heart break as often as an American bank, and yet he would open the next day with the same brass plate on his face, on which you could plainly read "Assurance", and his heart would go on issuing the same amount of false notes as before. Besides, what becomes of all their broken hearts, I should like to know? Where do they go to? Along with the old moons, I suppose, or they may be keeping company with all the pins that are lost, each heart being stuck through with a pin, like curious insects in a museum. There is no need to tell you how to choose a husband, but this I will tell you, that husbands differ as much as geese, but the softest mind is not always the worst. The softer your husband, the more pliable you will find him, and all the easier to twist him round your little finger. I will conclude my dears, with giving you a few rules with regard to the choice of a husband, that is if you are going on a trip to the United States.

If a man wipes his shoes on the doormat before coming into the room, you may be sure he will make a good domestic husband.

If a man puts his handkerchief on his knees while taking his tea, you may be sure he will be a prudent husband.

The man, my dears, who puts on good boots and is careful about wrapping himself up before venturing into the night air, not unfrequently makes a good invalid husband, that mostly stays at home, and is easily comforted, with slops.

The man who watches the kettle and prevents it boiling over will not fail, my dears, in his married state, in exercising the same care in always keeping the pot boiling.

The man who doesn't take tea, and stands with his back to the fire, I would not advise you to marry, not for love or money, decidedly not for love.

But the man who, when tea is over, is discovered to have had none, is sure to make a good husband. Patience like his deserves to be rewarded with the best of wives, and the best of mothers-in-law. My dears, when you meet with such a man, do your utmost to marry him. In the severest winter he would not mind going to bed first.

BITS AND PIECES.

The man who travels a thousand miles in a hundred hours may be tolerably quick, but he is nothing to the woman who can keep up with the fashions.

What a shame! A certain lady wrote to her lover begging him to send her some money, then added a postscript saying she felt ashamed of the request made in the letter, that she had sent the servant after the postman to get it back, but she could not overtake him.

An Irishman complained the other day that the doctor so kept stuffing him with drugs, that begorra he was sick for a week, after he was quite well.

A City Miss, just recently married to a farmer, was called upon by a neighbouring farmer to get the loan of a plough for a short time. "I'm sure you could have it" was the reply, "if my husband was at home, but I don't know where he keeps it. But," she added, "There's the cart over in the yard. Perhaps you could manage with that until my husband comes home?"

EVENING.

As the golden sun was sinking
In a glorious western sky;
And the evening star was shining—
Like a diamond, in the sky.

Zephyr's creeping on so calmly
With its murmuring, soft and low;
In a language—hinting mystery—
Yet, with rich treasures, to bestow.

Soon the moonbeams gently creeping
Casting silvery light around,
O'er the bush and meadows sweeping,
In its journey o'er the ground.

Showing us that each day's labour
With its own appointed sway,
That all life is here—by favour
Shines bright awhile, then fades away.

BITS OF WISDOM.

The richest person in the world is the one who has not a single heartache under his coat, or a dismal memory in his whole being; those who are not burdened with self reproaches, but go through life singing merrily and happily, trustful, these are the bona fide wealthy. Money is only an agent; it is a useful friend but a treacherous foe.

Behave with generous modesty,
None can be quite sure
Your best is all that you can give—
Such standards then are pure.

BLIND JUSTICE.

It is not always in the lower ranks around
That therein is the greatest vandalism found;
For poverty, or want, do often tempt astray,
And jungle laws, take hold, and have their ruthless sway.

But in the higher ranks in life, we often see
Acts of fraud performed with all impunity;
Justice, or law, is somewhat blind, to those high up,
They seldom have to taste, the dregs, of bitter cup.

Their high position with its loftiness, doth oft—
Enable them to do vile acts, quite sleek and soft;
But if the ones low down in life, should make a slip
However small it be, they are hauled up quick.

Yet the world wonders why the poor do err at times
They have examples set by those in higher lines,
The one is called appropriation, the other theft
Some laws are here we know, but justice, goes adrift.

And therein lays the curse, that's rampant through the world
Laws for the poor, and laws for the rich—twisted, curled,
We know there's nothing new in this, alas
Throughout all time, there's been the simple trusting ass.