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LIGHT IN
THE
SHADOWS





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LIGHT IN THE SHADOWS

By

VICTORIA A. MCKENZIE

BRETTON HALL

NEW YORK, N. Y.



In Memory of my Son

CLARENCE MCKENZIE



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HAVING met with life's shadows, these little verses came into my mind at various times like gleams of light. So I have written them in the hope that I may help others to see the light through the clouds that so often surround us.

THE title of "The Rift in the Clouds" appeared seemingly upon the page of a book I was reading, and the verses followed rapidly, then suddenly ceased.

LIFE is a battle we must all fight out unto the end. Catch all the little sunbeams and let go of the shadows, remembering that it is not always sunshine, neither is it always night.



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THE RIFT IN THE CLOUDS

There's a rift in the clouds for you, dear,
Just lean on God's strong arm;
The burden may be heavy, dear,
But it will not last for long.

The Sun is overcast now,
But only for a time,
God's everlasting love is near,
Always, and forever thine.

The tears that flow so freely now
Are the rain drops on the soul;
They will purify your heart, dear,
And make your spirit whole.

Put your hand in His, like a little child,
And wait, for His own good time,
When the rift in the clouds will widen, dear,
Where the Sun will forever shine.

“IN DUE TIME YE SHALL REAP, IF YE
FAINT NOT”

In this tempest-tossed Ocean,
Asking: Why are we here?
Surrounded by trouble
With hearts full of fear.

Our hands reaching out
To find some support,
We sink in deep waters
Catching at naught.

Shut your eyes to this world
With its trouble and pain;
In the Glory of God
We shall all live again.

Beyond this dark vale,
In a world full of light,
Cleansed in the fire
The tarnish made bright.

We will not consider,
When this life is done,
That the price was too high
For Eternal life won.

LIFE'S DUTY

Just a little bit of love,
Just a little tender care,
When the heart is aching badly
For the joy that is not there.
Just a little word of cheer,
A touch upon the arm,
Would prevent a lot of trouble
And would save from so much harm.

So much misunderstanding,
Things said and done in haste
On the impulse of the moment
Makes life a dreary waste.
Oh, can we not consider
That life has too much woe
For us to chafe and worry
Over things that are not so?

Try to be slow to anger
And lift up those who fall,
God's tired ones are everywhere,
Can't you try to help them all?
You are not here for pleasure
To trifle life away,
And in the day of harvest
What will you have to say?

Did you stop along life's wayside
To help a weak one stand?
When you met an erring sister
Did you offer her your hand?
Did you look for grief-marked faces
And think for a little while
How with a little effort
You could make that sad face smile?

This is Life's Work and Mission
When you hear the Master call:
"Have you gathered in my Harvest?"
No, I have no sheaves at all.
I was so very busy
I have not gathered one,
I threw it off to others
And I left *your work* undone.

“OH, DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING?”

Oh, Death, sweet messenger of rest,
Bringing the trusting soul home to its God,
To dwell forever with the Blest;
Oh, Death, sweet soother of all grief,
Wiping away all tears,
Bringing the weary soul relief,
Thou art no King of Terror but to those
Who, in their foolish blindness chose
A life of sin, and when God's faithful children see Thee nigh
They bid Thee gladly welcome, saying "Here, Lord, am I."
Ah, Death, they have maligned Thee who have dared to paint
Thine image as a skeleton and not a Saint;
They, in their blindness, see not Thine Angel face,
And in their ignorance know not that
Thou art sent through Grace.
If thou wast not, alas! what woe and endless suffering
Our poor frames would know,
To see beloved ones' sorrows have no end—
Ah, tell me, *then*, is death an enemy or friend?
And so God giveth His Beloved sleep,
Leaving bereaved ones for a time to weep,
And though the mourners in their grief grow faint,
Yet precious in God's sight, the death of every Saint
Life's battles ended, victory won,
Behold God's messenger to bid thee "Welcome Home."

GETHSEMANE

Has Death come in to rob you
Of those you hold most dear?
Is your heart all crushed and broken,
Because they are not here?
Does your soul cry out in anguish,
"Dear one, come back to me"?
Others share the pain with you
In your Gethsemane.

Are you very ill and suffering?
Is your body racked with pain?
Are you fighting for the health
That will never come again?
From beginning of existence
These things must ever be,
Remember, *you* are traveling
In your Gethsemane.

Are you deaf or dumb or crippled,
Or wishing you might be
More like your prosperous neighbor,
Or had sight, so you could see?
Nothing here will go just right,
For either you or me,
While we travel in the garden
That is Gethsemane.

When evening shadows fall on you,
And this short *life's day* dies,
'Tis but the setting of the sun,
To-morrow it will rise.
Where joy untold shall welcome us,
And troubles cease to be,
And God cries out: "'Tis time for you
To leave Gethsemane."

DESPONDENCY

Oh, why don't you up and be doing,
And what are you fretting about,
Because there are others enjoying
While you are alone and left out?

Only think of the sick and the suffering,
And those on their couches of pain;
What of those who are sightless and crippled,
That *you* should repine and complain?

Not everyone gathers the roses,
And even *they* have a thorn;
Whatever our troubles and sorrows,
They certainly have to be borne.

The lot of mankind is to suffer,
The infant cries out at its birth,
But it *smiles not*, till three months are over,
As if pain was its welcome to earth.

Our pleasures and joys quickly passing,
We think of *them*, but for a day,
But our pain and our griefs, oh, how lasting,
Just a thought brings the tears right away.

Now, what must we think from these lessons,
But that *this* is the wrong side of life,
Where we struggle to get an existence
In a world full of turmoil and strife.

So brace yourself up and march onward,
And think how much worse it could be,
When you see others sink under burdens,
Just say: "I'm so glad that's not *me*."

GRIEF

Speak to me with thy soul, beloved one,
Bring me out of this dark vale of grief;
Faith has grown weak within me,
In nothing can I find relief.
I would tear this veil asunder,
And would call you back to me.
I would cross the gulf that parts us,
To be with thee, to be with *thee!*

The road is very long and lonely,
I am filled with so much fear;
Give to me some sign or token,
To let me know that you are here.
I cannot live my life without you,
Give to me some word or touch,
Trusting, hoping, always waiting,
Is of me to ask *too* much!

THE ANSWER

Lift up your head, oh, you of little faith,
And know that death is birth
Unto another life beyond the grave.
Think of your life's work yet to do,
And what the Master will require of you.
Spend not the precious time in grief for me,
Thy life is short, but *mine*
A long eternity, a long eternity!

Cloud not my joy with useless tears,
Lean upon *Him* and lose your fears;
The road of life is not so very long,
Brace yourself up, take courage and be strong!
See, I have come to tell you this,
Smiling upon you from a realm of bliss,
Hoping to touch your heart and give it cheer,
To let you know that I am here, that I *am* here.

THE RAINBOW

Beautiful Rainbow,
Arc of the sky,
Your radiant colors
With each other vie.

Shaded and blended,
With artistic skill,
Glowing, then fading,
At Nature's sweet will.

Joining Heaven to Earth
With your great ribbon band,
Giving your beauty
To every land.

The sky has been weeping,
The Sun reappears,
See, a Rainbow created
Out of its tears.

So you see—In Life's Shadows,
Somewhere there may be
A bright shining Rainbow
For you and for me.

COMMUNION

Hold communion with your God,
Let your Soul go out to Him;
Forget you are upon this earth,
With its worry and its sin.
Listen to the "Still small Voice"
That to your Soul will speak,
Eternal riches come to him
Who earnestly will seek.
Open wide the heart-grieved gates,
Let the King of Glory in,
And you will know the Hope and Strength
That He alone can bring.

THE STAGE COACH OF LIFE

Jostling and swaying and bumping along,
Some getting off and some getting on;
Forward we go without power to stop,
At the call of the signal some of us drop,
Little and big, the great and the small,
The Stage Coach of Life makes room for us all.
The trip may be long, or the journey cut short,
But the coach rattles on as if it was sport;
If you wish to get off you will probably stay,
For none on this Coach can have their own way.
The choice is your own, which way you will go,
That one place is hot 'tis best you should know;
The time is not long and *you* must soon choose
Whether you'll win or whether you'll lose.
On this journey of life you make your own fate,
Think well where you finish before it's too late!

EGO

In a house of flesh I live, that is not *me*,
It has two windows from which I see.
I seem so sweet and lovely, and yet within
I might be wicked and as black as sin.

I might look homely, with a figure bent,
My youth and strength and beauty spent—
And yet within a soul sublime,
That can defy Eternity and Time.

What can we know of those on whom we look?
Their character is not an open book;
Attractiveness may be their only store,
Within is emptiness, and nothing more.

Look deeper upon those you think you like,
Much may be black that you believe is white
Within that form so fair to see,
This body that I wear. *That is not me!*

HOLD FAST

Hold fast to Hope,
Never despair;
Trouble is brewing
Everywhere.

Life is not always
The joy that it seems,
With its fine castle building
And happy Day Dreams.

'Tis wrestling and fighting
And gasping for life,
Though all do not share
In the struggle alike.

Very few can escape
Adversity's blasts.
When you see the storm gather
Brace yourself to hold fast.

Life's ship may be tossed
On the angry wave's crest.
Don't wreck it on shoals
Of your doubts and distress.

Hold fast like a captain,
See the battle well fought;
Cast your anchor of Hope
When you sail into port.

YOUR GARDEN

Plant flowers in the garden,
The Lord assigned to you,
Leave it not a barren waste,
But see what you can do
To cultivate the flowers
Of every virtue known,
For you will reap the harvest
Of seeds that you have sown.
Pass not by Words of Wisdom,
As you'd wipe them from a slate,
It is not chance, but you alone
Must work out your own fate.
Plant the flowers of good deeds
When you gather in your horde,
Let there be no noxious weeds
With your flowers for the Lord.

A DREAM OF THE BEYOND

I dreamed I entered in the world beyond,
Lovely angels all around were thronged;
Sounds so sublime had never fell on human ear,
Glory and joy was in that atmosphere.
Transcendent beauty and perfection reigned,
No one was sorrowful, no one there was pained;
They talked of all things present, but nothing of the past,
Some had been there for ages; all things were there to last.

There was a room of trophies, of agony and pain untold,
Of those who suffered unto death, and over all, behold!
A glorious halo, and a voice that sang
Of those who out of tribulation came,
And had made white their garments in the blood of Him,
Who on the Cross had paid the price of sin.
I bowed me to the ground and fell upon my knee,
Ashamed, and humbled, Lord what can I, offer thee?

WHERE GOD'S FLOWERS GROW

Are you seeking the flowers of peace and rest,
Discouraged with life, and sorely depressed?
You never will find them on soft banks of moss;
They only will grow at the foot of a cross.

GOD'S WILL

The day was bitter cold, but brilliant was the sun,
A man was walking with no rubbers on,
He slipped and fell, and badly hurt his head,
For many days he could not leave his bed.
His wife sat by him, giving tender care,
She spoke of pleasant things and stroked his hair.
"Why did this painful evil come to me?"
"It must have been the will of God," quoth she.

A girl was going to a public dance,
She wore but little clothes, her beauty to enhance;
She caught a serious cold, and anyone could guess
That it was due to paucity of dress.
She bitterly complained to her dear friend,
"Oh, why must God such evil send?"
She could not see why she should suffer so;
It was herself, not God, brought all this woe.

We eat and drink whatever suits our will,
If evil comes the Lord is blamed for all the ill;
In aerial ships man rises to the sky;
If he is killed they ask the reason why.
It was the Will of God, his time had come;
We all must humbly say: "God's will be done!"
The cost of our own folly we do not see,
And so, kind Providence, we put the blame on Thee.

WHAT'S THE USE?

No use, if we only live to die,
If this is all of life, why should we try
To travel on, so weary and depressed,
When we so easily could lay us down to rest?

Is it any use for flowers to bloom,
Seeing that they will fade so soon?
Do *they* ask why? They do their part so well
To please your eye and sense of smell.

Does not their fragrance and loveliness impart
Joy and pleasure to your downcast heart?
If there's no use in life, or what we have to bear,
Go study nature and learn it there.

Beauteous things that everywhere must meet your eye;
Even your sense of taste is pleased; and why
Should all these things exist to meet your need,
If you are only made to die? *'Tis strange, indeed!*

Suppose our Maker should say: "What's the use;
These beings use their tongues for my abuse,
My name they do profane, my laws defy,
They are not fit to live, and all should die.

"But there's a soul within the clay that I must save,
That being I created, that life I gave.
I send upon the earth refreshing rain,
I cherish everything, that it may live again."

You are God's heirs to an eternal crown,
If doubts assail you, you must crush them down.
Work out your coronation when this life is done,
You'll see the use of this life's conflict and be glad you won!

SEE WITH YOUR MIND

See with your mind,
And not through your eye;
The results are worth while,
If you only will try
To see with your mind
And not with your eye.

The eye can deceive you, and lead you astray,
Beguile and mislead you
To choose the wrong way;
You will make less mistakes, no need to ask why,
When you see through your mind,
And not with your eye.

See with your mind,
And let the eye go.
It sees only half of what you should know.
The eye looking out,
Says: "It's all right—to *me*,"
But the mind shakes her head: "Not so, *what I see*."

Let the mind be your guide,
Like a bright polar star,
Study and reason,
And know what you are;
Guard it, and polish, and make it shine bright,
And then you will see, and know that which is right.

A PROBLEM

When God sets my spirit free
Will He suffer me to see
The great and marvelous wonders
That in this world must be?

In the ocean's boundless deep,
Where the waters foam and leap,
Shall the spirit gaze in wonder,
While the body rests in sleep?

And the mysteries of Death,
Shall we grasp with failing breath,
While the soul within us rises
To its everlasting life?

Perchance in the new birth
We shall roam this mighty earth,
And understand hereafter
What this toilsome life is worth.

THE BODY AND THE SOUL

Only the cross bearers care for the serious things of life. It is our physical personality which appeals to the multitude; very few care to penetrate deep enough to become acquainted with the soul within its house of flesh.

The smallest trifle in this jarring contentious existence will close the doors to further acquaintance, and we fail to know *that ego*, which is our better self, and which must journey on, until perfected to dwell in the presence of its God.

And God is good to release our caged spirit, that it may achieve greater and better results than we can accomplish in this tempest-tossed world.

WHAT IS FAITH?

Something that we hope for, not always to receive,
Something that is often mighty hard to believe.
A mountain can be moved by faith, if you only have enough,
If you feel like doubting Thomas, you'll think that this is bluff.

Faith is like a vicious horse that often runs away,
We must get it by the bridle, if we would have it stay;
Its legs grow often very weak, we must sometimes use the rod,
We all must get a strong curb bit to keep it near to God.

Faith must always go on trust, it has no eyes for sight,
If we lose it we are bankrupts and in a sorry plight.
Deposits in the Bank of Faith may bring in interest slow.
The Bible says your treasure there will never from you go.

So ride your restive horse of Faith, watch out for every snare,
For he will rear and throw you before you are aware.
Choose for his feet the solid rock, where you can never fall,
Hold on to Faith *forever*, for God is over all!

THE SICK CHILD

Hold my hand, Mother,
When you are near;
I do not feel the pain,
I think that I am well again.

You are God's sick child,
With ills no human aid can cure.
Hold God's hand,
Feel that *His help* is sure.

The little one in love and faith,
Says: "Mother is near to me."
Say unto God: "Though Thou afflict,
Yet will I trust in Thee!"

THE PHONOGRAPH AND THE VITAGRAPH

While listening to a Victor
Did it ever seem to you
That you're making your own record
Of the things you say and do?
Looking at a Vitagraph,
Would you ever dare to meet
The things that you have said and done
Shown on that white sheet?

And when God puts your record
In His big phonograph,
Bringing you face to face with self,
Do you think you'd care to laugh?
This life is the first chapter
Of your life that is to be,
Let God's phonographic record
Sound like one sweet symphony.

RICHES

Do you pile your wealth like a mountain,
To see how rich you can be?
Have you aught to say when the Master asks:
"What have you done for Me?"

Are you a faithless steward,
With the wealth God's given to you?
Are you looking outside of the money pile
To see what good you can do?

Are there any homeless children,
Any suffering you can aid?
Or those turned out of house and home,
For the rent that is not paid!

Do you think the miser will escape
The punishment of God?
Be sure that he will pay a price
He cannot well afford.

Go forth with your bags of golden grain,
For those in need that you see,
And rejoice when you hear the Master say:
"Ye have done it unto Me."

WAITING

Waiting is hard, waiting is slow,
Time crawls along, when we want it to go.
How far looks the future, how brief is the past.
We must let go our pleasures, but our troubles *they* last.

Just analyze life and see what it means,
Much it consists of is plenty of dreams.
Time spent in eating, time spent in sleep,
Sitting by sick beds, night watches to keep.

From the hour we're born until we mature,
This brief space of life is not much to endure;
From old age to the grave is only a step,
And in that short time there is much we forget.

Summed up as a whole, the years are but few,
Of active brain work, and what we can do;
The Lord asks not much of our time, don't you see?
"Could ye not watch one hour with me?"
That watch is so short that you can afford
To give that brief hour in service to God.

HARD KNOCKS

Don't you mind the hard, hard knocking,
As you journey on your way,
On a road of rocks and stubbles,
And the hopes that turn to bubbles.
There is nothing you own here,
Not even what you hold most dear.

Don't let fretting turn you gray,
None of us are here to stay.
Hope, stayed in Pandora's box,
We must bump against the rocks.
Smile and wear a cheerful face;
You'll get strength to keep life's pace.

Do not mind your wounded feelings,
Or the words that hurt you sore,
You must brave life's mighty ocean,
Full of waves and much commotion.
Most of us have many sorrows,
We must look for bright to-morrows.

SELFISHNESS

Did you ever do for others,
Or ask why you should live?
Always to be getting, and never try to give.
Were you ever truly thankful
For the kindness you received?
Have you any names recorded,
Whose troubles you relieved?

Do you know it needs but little
To be happy and content?
Did you count the costly trifles
In the money you have spent?
Do you make your home unhappy, like an irritating sore,
With a constant ceaseless whining,
And always wanting more?

Do you ever once consider the gratitude you owe
To those who try to help you and every kindness show?
Do you work as hard for others
As others work for you?
Do you try to give them pleasure,
Or let them pleasure you?
Do you ever see *your* duty in helping others, too?

Oh, selfish heart, take warning, consider and be still,
Give up your needless wanting, suppress your mighty will.
Our lives are so uncertain
That the wounds you oft may give
Will rebound with deep contrition should the dear one cease
to live.
Repentant and remorseful, you can't undo the past,
So try to live for others, that sweet memories may last.

YOUTH AND AGE

Vain Youth was flaunting her head one day,
And fell in a terrible rage,
Because there was one who was coming to stay,
And the unwelcome guest was named Age.

Arrogant Youth, I will reason with you,
Just hold back your temper and rage,
'Tis folly, that is the companion of Youth,
But wisdom, that travels with Age.

How many mistakes you are making in life,
What thorns you will reap soon, forsooth,
And then with a knowledge, that comes all too late,
You will say 'twas the folly of youth.

A husband that drinks, and the home is a wreck,
All the trouble that now has begun,
Older judgment was scorned, you had your own way,
You married while you were so young.

A wife, *she* is traveling the gay white way,
Thinks living is just to have fun;
She cares not for either her children or home,
Because she is giddy and young.

And soon you will find when you've nothing to show
But the grievous mistakes made in Youth;
You will then come to know that to Age you must go
For knowledge and wisdom and truth.

The butterfly life must soon come to an end,
With its folly, and ruin complete,
While Age looks on, with a pitying eye,
LO! Youth comes to kneel at her feet.

Age is only the dress that we wear,
The soul within us is young;
And when you have crossed the bar of your youth,
It is then that real life is begun.

LYING

Why should you scorn a liar,
When we ourselves can lie?
We all can do our fibbing,
Now what's the reason why?

We often see in others
The faults which we condemn,
We never look within us
To see if we're like them.

We see such faults and errors,
It's funny, I am sure,
That while we judge of others,
Ourselves we never cure.

If you call someone a liar,
Just think that this is true.
You've often told a falsehood,
So you're a liar, *too*.

MISUNDERSTOOD

(Criticism on a book)

We sometimes fail in life because of lack of love and sympathy,
And being pushed to that for which we have a deep antipathy.
Coldness can turn a loving heart to ice,
To be allowed to eat and live does not for such a one suffice.

COMMON SENSE

Why don't people have the courage,
Why don't they have the sense,
To know some things are nothing better,
Because of the expense?

Have God's flowers much less beauty,
At a corner store?
Does He send His best to Phorley,
That he can charge you more?

Must your flower be an orchid,
Because the price is high?
Perhaps you cannot well afford it,
To seem so you must try.

Costly raiment must you have,
That bears a gilded name;
Something that is out of sight
For expensiveness and fame?

Piffany, must he sell you silver
For a wedding show,
When you could buy for much less price
If elsewhere you would go?

It may be quite the fashion,
But do you think it's nice
That everything you wear or do
Is valued for its price?

Why should you feel embarrassed
To take a lunch at Kild's?
Because, although the food is good,
It is no place for styles.

Try to go on common sense,
And do not once forget
That you might be helping others
With examples that you set.

Foolishness so rules our lives,
We are in sorry plight,
That we have no strength or courage
To do what we know is right.

Vanity and pride, I know,
Is surely much to blame,
If you set the pace for common sense,
Others might do the same.

NEVER

Never keep your friends talking at an open door exposed to the draught, while you are protected by your wraps.

Never repeat what you hear, or give the name of the person who has told you a bit of gossip; bear in mind that the person talking to you is trusting your discretion and your honor.

Never ask personal questions, or inquire about matters that might wound the feelings of your friends.

Never fall in love with a man who has no position or prospects in life, and then bring him home to Pa to support.

Never marry a girl for her pretty face and fluffy ruffles. If you do not look at her qualities you will pave the way for future unhappiness.

Never do foolish and imprudent things. The consequences of your acts fall, not only upon you, but upon those who must suffer with you; it is your duty to think of others.

Never stay so long on an evening call that your friends turn to take a sly look at the clock.

Never spend your money before you have earned it and paid your bills; it is not yours to spend until you have paid your debts.

Never borrow money and *forget* to return it; your creditors do not forget; they might not like to remind you of it if the amount is small, but be sure they will take your rating and will measure your size.

Never say of others that they are close and mean; you do not know their affairs, or what they may be doing for others.

Never please your appetite at the expense of your health; the price is high, and sooner or later Nature will collect her dues, which may even be your life.

Never for a silly fashion risk your precious health; your pretty looks will not be with you long if through your imprudence you become an invalid.

Never play cards for money, and thus lead your male friends to become gamblers, and waste their hard earnings. Women should ennoble men and encourage them to what is good and right. You will not sustain me in this, but if your children become gamblers, remember that *you* set the example.

Never make this world's pleasure the principle of your life, for the day of reckoning will come and *then*—what?

Never regret the good you have done because of ingratitude, for in the doing you yourself grow in grace, and if you have helped others out of a tight place the consciousness of this is of itself a reward.

Never make promises or engagements and fail to keep them, or *telephone*; never forget these good nevers, if adhered to, they will add greatly to your comfort, and certainly benefit others.



SUNBEAMS



THE INDEPENDENT MAN

(Written in 1872)

(On hearing an argument that men could *buy* all they needed in life)

How very oft we hear men say,
"So long as we can pay our way,
So long as on ourselves depend,
We never need a wife or friend."
My boasting friend, if this is true,
I never would dispute with you.
But if some facts you can deny,
I'll give you all a chance to try.

Beginning at his very birth,
Of all the helpless things on earth,
'Tis manhood in its infancy,
Asleep upon a mother's knee.
And now the babe a man becomes,
Forgetting that a mother's arms
Have sheltered him from every ill,
In childhood, manhood, constant still.

Behold him now—a man of means,
How proudly on himself he leans.
He seeks his room, five stories high,
Such as a lonely man would buy.
The waiter comes, wipes off the dust,
Into that waiter's hands he thrusts
A dollar, for the kindly deed, *be*
For which, of course, he must feed.

And now, the hours to beguile,
Takes out his paper, reads awhile;
For he expects some friends to dine,
Smoke his cigars, and drink his wine;
Now soon a knock, he thinks he knows,
'Tis only Mary with his clothes;
Money again, he looks forlorn,
"When will these plagued pests be gone?"

He turns to put his clothing by,
And lo! new troubles meet his eye;
Behold his shirts, the buttons gone,
Money again to sew them on.
Now sickness comes, with aching head,
He throws himself upon his bed.
Yet, with a little tender care,
Not many days would he be there.

That *tender care*—but why those cries?
Lo! money every comfort buys.
Has care a value set so high,
That 'tis beyond your means to buy?
Ah! man, you will not own 'tis true
There's much that cash won't buy for you.
The loving look in woman's eye
Is something money cannot buy.

A cheerful home and pleasant smile,
That greets you after daily toil,
Have these no value to your eye?
Say, man, can money *all* things buy?
Ah! no, you are dependent still
On woman's care and woman's will,
And though creation's boasted Lord,
Can't purchase freedom with your hoard.

THERE WAS A FOOL

A lady of means was walking abroad,
When she met a bright man by the way;
He was jaunty and young, with a face full of fun,
So dapper and winsome and gay.

Said he unto her: "I am down in the mud,
In a ditch where I cannot get out;
Won't you put out your hand?" And his smile was so bland
That she scarce knew what she was about.

"Just help me a little and you I'll adore,
And love as you never was loved before;
I'll be your best friend, believe in me, honey;
I'll give you my love if you'll lend me your money."

So the bargain was made and sealed on the spot,
And off to his home he flew like a shot.
Now, dear, we will climb to fame and renown,
While we're climbing up she's climbing down.

When we have what we want we will give the cold freeze,
And ask her how she could ever believe
That it was for herself, and not for her money,
And all the fine words were but taffy and honey.

When you've crossed on the bridge to money-filled banks,
Be sure you forget to whom you owe thanks;
Leave your ladders and bridges to learn their sad fate,
That they trusted too much, and got wisdom too late.

AN ENTERED APPRENTICE

(Written in 1887)

There was a man in our town,
A Mason he would be;
He longed to join with anxious heart
That strange fraternity.

He went about among his friends,
A character to win,
That this mysterious brotherhood
Might surely take him in.

He surely is a man of *strength*,
And *wisdom*, you will find;
In fact, for *Truth* and bravery
He'll never stand behind.

Deal gently with this Pilgrim
When you get him on the square,
For the checkered hardships of his life
Have greatly thinned his hair.

With staff in hand and feet so bare,
Upon his bended knees,
Waiting upon that chilly floor,
Will surely make him sneeze.

With solemn sound the anthems rise,
And paler grows his face;
But for the bandage on his eyes,
He would surely see the place.

Rise up a Brother Mason,
And take you up a brick,
Plaster it well with mortar,
That it may surely stick.

'Tis thus our ancient Brotherhood
Is bound in union firm,
That from its oaths and secrets
No faithless man may turn.

And in this mystic order
Treat everybody square,
For your comrades are your equals
And *Level* with you there.

And to the craft do honor,
Wherever you are found;
Let *Goodness, Truth* and *Wisdom*
All *Compass* you around.

Guard well its hidden secrets,
And keep your solemn vow,
Or you don't know what may happen,
As the Masons own you now.

And fear you now forever
The one All-seeing *Eye*,
Who watches all your actions
When no one else is nigh.

And, brethren, do not wound him
On the vulnerable part
Of his palpitating organ,
For the ladies want—*His Heart*.

AUNT HEPHZIBAH'S OPINION OF MATRIMONY

(Written in 1880)

Now, it's surprisin' strange how gals do take to matrimony. Jist as nateral as a baby takes to teethin'. Law sakes, I never was so sot on havin' beaux as they be nowadays. I could got married as well as other gals, if I'd had a mind to. There was Jim Sykes, he kept company with me a long time, and I sot great store by him; he had a heap of larnin', but no money in his pockets, and gals is fools as don't better themselves, accordin' to my way o' thinkin'.

Now, it's one thing for a man to marry, and jist another thing for a gal to marry. Men be most exactin' critters, jist like my big funnel in the kitchen, always ready to take more.

They are never satisfied, for all you may do for 'em, they never cry enough.

I'd like to see the man that ever thought his wife did enough for him. Law sakes, I never seed a man yet as wasn't all the time growlin' about his shirt buttons bein' off, or his dinners not fit to eat, or the children makin' too much noise.

It hain't much account to him that his wife has to spend whole days with the fretful children or walkin' the floor with 'em o' nights to keep him from bein' distarbed; 'tain't much wonder if his breakfast ain't too well cooked when his wife's a'most ready to go to sleep over it.

I know lovers is awful devoted critters, but when they git married their devotion, like a balky horse, comes to a sudden stop.

I know'd lots of fellers as would been willin' to eat raw potatoes when they went to supper at their sweethearts', and would sword they never eat nothin' so nice, but *afterwards*, they swore 'cause nothin' was *nice enough*.

Well, gals is foolish things; they think marryin' is to feed on kisses and blisses through all their lives. They be jist like mice playin' around a trap, and don't know nothin' about it 'til they be ketched.

I was a sight too smart to be ketched in any such trap, and when I see folks takin' on about their cross husbands and bad servants, I always says to myself, Hephzibah, them troubles is none o' yourn; them belongs to folks as thinks a heap o' matrimony, but for myself, I never had no opinion of it.

AUNT HEPHZIBAH'S SECOND LETTER

(Written in 1880)

In my last letter I spoke my mind about gals marryin', but I hain't said nothin' about t'other side. If I'd been a man I would get married jist as soon as I had enough to keep body and soul together, for somehow a man without a home and nobody to look after him is an awful forlorn critter.

No one seems to take account of him unless it is the gals and they daren't make too much of him lest he might think they were in love with him, for men is mighty conceited, and their naters is so contrary that it hain't safe for a gal to show her feelin's.

Now, in the boardin' house what I live in, all the married folks has the first floor, some single women has the upper floors, but they put all the single men up garret, and a nice sight their rooms is. Bottles of hair ile and hair dye, shavin' papers, broken combs is scattered over the tilet table. The lookin' glass covered with dust in all the corners with jist a bit polished in the middle, big enough to see your face in. Shoes, slippers and siled socks is layin' about the carpet as never felt a broom in many days, and lots of times their beds is never made 'til it's a most time to git in 'em; besides they must be a sickly set, for I seed a heap of black bottles with Bitters writ on 'em; I took down one from the cupboard and smelt it, and though I don't like to speak nothin' evil of no one, yet I can't help sayin' that it did smell a sight like lick.

The feller that has the room over mine is subject to rheumatiz, and it does try my feelin's to hear him a-groanin' and takin' on all by himself; sometimes his bachelor friends come to see him, but they fill his room so full of smoke from their cigars that he has to thump and yell for some one to open the winder to let it out. No sich life would suit me if I was a man, for I'd a sight rather have a smart pretty gal runnin' to meet me when I come home, with a hot dinner ready for me to eat. Of course she'd always have a smilin' face when I was 'round, for if she came to me whinin' about her troubles I'd jist clap on my hat and quit the house like all the rest of them selfish bein's, leastwise I'd have someone to keep my room tidy, and mend my clothes.

Men is men and a single life for sich hain't no life at all and specially since I seed them ere bottle o' Bitters I can't help thinkin' that the poor sickly critters need someone to nurse 'em.

AUNT HEPHZIBAH'S OPINION ON MODERN HEATING AND REGISTERS

(Written in 1880)

Now, if there's one thing I can't abide, it's them holes in the floor called "registers" an' I do believe they help toward much domestic unhappiness. What is home without a fireside? It's jist like a face that never wears a smile. Jist to think how many weary, fretful husbands have been coaxed into good humor by a cheerin' blazin' fire. How many quarrels have been peacefully settled, and how many couples made happy while their eyes have been fixed upon the blazin' coals. Oh, I can tell you a bright fire does somethin' more than warm the body; it softens and warms the heart. What histories are writ in those dancin' flames, what tales those glowin' embers could tell!

Children love the bright fireside; the aged love to sit beside it and lovers desire no better light as they gaze upon the dancin' sparks as they fly up the chimney. Indeed 'tis but a race between them to see which can do the most sparkin'.

Now, I want to know if you can say as much for them little square holes in the corner; hain't I seen folks strivin' to warm their toes while their fingers was freezin'; hain't I seen two people blue in the face with the cold so very perlite that neither could go to the corner to get warm because the square hole with its iron gratin' couldn't accommodate both at the same time.

The family settin' room is not the fashion now; each room has its own register and each person can sit by himself. The parlor is large, cheerless and gloomy, and folks soon take the tone of the room and grow dull, and, in fact, it's little wonder that old maids are so plentiful, for there's nothin' to thaw out the young folks and warm them into sentiment. If you want to keep the family well together, and settle Mary Jane well for life, you must have a bright fireside and not them 'ere holes in the floor.

THE FOXY LAWYER

The foxy lawyer is a man to fear,
For every word he speaks his price is dear;
A double horse he often rides,
In many cases he is on both sides.
He'll call your enemy the blackest sinner,
Then watch him sneak him out to dinner.

He will defend an angel or a devil,
For all to him are on an equal level.
His hands on both sides of the fight to win,
Be sure of *this*, that he will dump *you* in.
The law is really such a treacherous art,
From law and lawyers you better keep apart.

THE WITNESS

(A true incident on the case of a friend)

There was a maid sat in the witness chair,
She was not young, for she had snow-white hair.
Her eyes were shining as she looked around,
Gazing at judge and lawyers with their air profound.

“What is your age?” the lawyer asked with pompous air.
“I do not know; to *that* I cannot swear.”
“Is it because your youth is gone
That you forget?” he asked with caustic scorn.

“My day of birth is *hearsay*. I know that I was *there*,
But of my advent I was not then aware.
I can but testify to what is so,
Of me, my age, you surely cannot know.”

The lawyer led the witness where
He thought to get her in a clever snare.
He talked of figures, and he named a date,
To get her in a highly nervous state.

“To pass upon your figures, I should not try,
I would not know if you were more correct than I;
I was a failure at arithmetic,
Working at figures always made me sick.”

This friend, did she not come to grief on knowing you?
That might have happened sooner had she met *you, too*.
The lawyer's face then puckered in a frown,
“From off that witness chair you'd best get down!”

A TRUE EXPERIENCE IN KILD'S RESTAURANT

A lady was walking one bright summer day,
On the most crowded side of upper Broadway.
She inflated with pride, and I scarcely dare mention,
How she came to receive such unwonted attention.
For everyone looked and smiled in her face,
And feeling much flattered, she slackened her pace;
She was sure they had read of the able address
That she made at the club, and then gave to the press.
So she raised her head higher and looked back again,
"This homage," thought she, "is due to my brain."
Alas, and alas, how great was the fall!
Her pride and conceit was the cause of it all;
Had her head been less high, and her gaze been more humble,
She might not have had such a terrible tumble.
The attention received was not due to the press,
But to Kild's paper napkin pinned up on her dress.
The reason their faces were turned into smiles,
They saw by the flag—she had eaten at Kild's.
And when she got home and looked into the glass,
She wondered how people could possibly pass
A lady in such a forlorn situation,
A lady of fame and such fine reputation;
Not one look of warning, not one word to save,
A poor sister woman from an error so grave.
But laughing and looking, their faces in smiles,
They left to her fate this poor victim of Kild's.

THE PSYCHIC AND THE BOOK THAT NEVER CAME

(To the tune of "Where's the Wife?")

There's a *house* with *Psychic* on the door,
There's a noise to fill your heart with awe.
There are forms in every place you look,
And a record is written in a book.

There's a *great big horn*, in a corner by the wall,
It can sing and talk and howl and squall;
In fact, they will soon convince you all
That a ghost can beat you playing ball.

The psychic keeps you quiet *with a look*,
All the money from your pockets that they took,
They will tell you, it is written in the book;
But the book, where's the book?
Everybody's here but the book.

There are those who believe it not at all,
Others think they can see it on the wall.
But the book will make it straight, if it does not come too late,
The Crook, and the book, and the money that they took,
Everything is gone with the book;
Buy the book, get the book,
The psychics are all here, but *where's the book?*

A POSTAL CARD—THE PELICAN

(From a friend)

A funny old bird is the Pelican;
His bill can hold more than his Belican,
He can tote in his beak enough food for a week,
I can't understand how the Helican.

ANSWER

Dear friend, the pelican is here,
Much pleased am I to see,
That though you were so far away,
You had a thought for me.

The inner shrine of your kind heart
Is opened to my view.
I'd not have known but for that bird
I had a friend so true.

His belican be stuffed with food,
To make his body grow;
But we will stuff our hearts with love,
And let each other know.

Does Satan work to stir up strife,
And get us by the ear?
I'm very sure in Helican,
But he shan't do it here.

LADY BROWN

Have you met the Lady Brown,
So well known in this town?
Do you ask what sort of person she might be?
Let me whisper in your ear,
And I'll tell you, "never fear,"
She is one that you'll remember when you see.

If you have any tricks, any error in your ways,
Anything that you are doing on the sly,
She will smile on you so sweetly,
And will corner you so neatly,
She will catch you as a spider would a fly.

She is down on every crime,
And would make the world sublime,
And raise us to a Godlike dizzy height;
If your doings are not straight,
I will pity your sad fate,
I'll know *then* that you have met the Lady Brown.

THE FASHION OF 1916

The foolish fashion of the day much takes us by surprise,
That men should like to see it worn
By their daughters and their wives.

Immodesty of dress, I think, must surely shape the mind,
If you cannot see this staring fact,
I think you must be blind.

Women and girls, has virtue fled, are you of shame bereft?
That your clothes forsake you, piece by piece,
Until there's little left.

Do you think it is a compliment to get a vulgar stare?
On your bare form from neck to waist,
For lack of clothing there.

From Babylon to ancient Rome,
Their women were a shame;
Is your ambition drifting there—do you wish to be the same?

Doubtless there is beauty
In your lovely neck and arms,
But modesty of mind and dress is part of women's charms.

JACK, WHOSE WIFE WAS OUT OF TOWN

O Jack, he traveled many miles,
To see his wife one day;
He told her he would take a bath,
And would not go away.

Into the bathtub he did go,
And while he splashed about,
He was thinking fast and thinking hard
How he could soon get out.

The distance it was very far,
And cost a lot of money,
To simply come to take a bath
Was surely very funny!

And when he got his clothing on,
He called out for his car;
"I'll hie me back to old New York,
Though it was twice as far."

He rushed quite frantic to the door,
His chauffeur for to find;
Alas! both car and man were gone,
And he was left behind.

In deep despair he turned about,
His hand up to his head.
He threw himself between the sheets
And fell asleep in bed.

Next day he to the city went,
For weeks he never came,
He soon will need another bath,
And then he'll come again.

Oh, could he not a washing get?
That would cost much less money;
It makes us think, with many a wink,
At which end was his honey.

Now, wives, take warning from this hint,
And travel not too far,
So when your husband needs a bath
He will not need his car.

THE TONGUE

An unruly little member is the tongue.
It is foolish, wise and witty, soft or strong.
Its health is never flagging,
It is coaxing, it is nagging—but
That little tongue will chatter right along.

It decides a lover's fate, commands in every state,
Can make mischief and tell stories that are wrong.
It cares not for results
Or anyone's repulse,
For that little tongue will sputter right along.

It can swear, or pray, or praise,
Raise a row or sing a song.
It can drive you to distraction and despair.
That little piece of flesh can cause so much distress,
And goes tattling, gossip gabbing right along.

It has coats of many colors,
Wearing none of them too long.
It can roll a piece of scandal to a pulp.
That tongue does not give out; it knows what it's about;
It goes coaxing, scolding, rattling right along.

THE MISCHIEF MAKER

Madam Gossip's always busy,
She talks the people dizzy.
But they must tell no word
Of the scandal *she* has heard.
She goes about the town,
To run her neighbors down.
They won't tell what she said,
Lest it fall upon her head.
So they shield the scandalmonger,
And the mischief it grows stronger.
The poor victim does not know
What it is that hurt her so
When her friends all pass her by
With a cold stare in the eye.

Worse than yellow fever
Is this gossip and deceiver;
She distorts what you may say,
And will twist things her own way.
Will part the firmest friends,
For her mischief never ends.
If you would escape this dread,
Cut such a person dead.
She's attractive, she is smiling,
Your confidence beguiling.
There are none to whom she's true,
So be sure, she won't spare *you*.
She'll hear what you may say,
Then give it dead away.

A LOVER

Dear little maiden, look on me,
I'm your sweetheart, can't you see?
Why so bashful need you be?
I'll sing to you: "I love but thee."

I would love you if I could,
Pa give consent? He never would.
Most people say you are not good,
That your mother starves for needed food.

My money I have saved for you;
Mother can have her own share too.
I'll buy you dresses all brand new,
And will be always tender and true.

I could not take you in my life,
Such stories in the air are rife,
That you lived with one, in constant strife.
Kind Sir, I know, you *have*—a wife.

THE KING OF ACTORS

Where does he live? Who knows?
Over all the globe he goes.
He stands beside you—
Yet you will not see
His subtle form, or know 'tis he.
Most gently will he stoop
To kiss your cheek;
So weak his voice you scarce
Can hear him speak.
The very zephyrs he will put to shame.
Both *Terror* and *Welcome*
Greet his name.
The mariner is hauling down his sails,
His coming all the crew bewails;
But in the dry and arid lands
They welcome him
With outstretched hands.
Grand Actor; playing like a child,
Then turning to a beast,
So fierce and wild,
Saving one's life, and *then*,
With deadly breath,
Hurling his victims to their death.
Strong is his arm with might,
Swift and fatal are his blows;
Trees, like feathers, in the air he throws.
Then, see him, a gentle nurse,
Watching the cradle under the trees,
Rocking it to and fro in the breeze.
Of all the Actors in the Hall of Fame,
The wind can beat them all at their own game.
All other actors they must have their sleep,
But he the midnight watch will keep.
'Tis oft his pleasure to destroy,
The world to *him* is one big toy.

COOK YOUR HUSBAND

Cook your husband, just like food,
He's a tempting morsel if he is good.
If your seasoning is not quite right
He's very apt to claw and bite.
You cannot cook them all the same—
Some roast like meat, and some you stuff like game.
Never in your plans be fickle;
Husbands will not keep in pickle.
Some I would not roast or baste
In a quick oven, or too much haste.
Never put them in a stew—
You cannot use them if you do.
If angered when they're not well fed,
Like crabs and lobsters, they will turn quite red.
They never should be served with sauce;
That makes them tough and mean and cross.
Use lots of sugar to keep him sweet,
Let your home and self look very neat.
Of food he feeds the best on kisses;
Your absence home he always misses.
Garnish him well with words of honey.
But never ask for too much money.
When cooking never fall asleep;
A watchful eye you need to keep.
If you gently simmer, and use no strife,
You may enjoy him all your life.
Husbands and wives, when rightly used,
Are dainty dishes if not abused.



P O E M S

By

Clarence McKenzie



NIGHT

Night comes with its mantle and softly again
Enfolds with its shadows each mountain and plain;
Like a spectre the old earth now fades from our sight,
And is silently robed in the darkness of night.

An infinite peace seems o'er nature to spread,
As rest travels the world with its life-giving tread;
The wind sinks to slumber, and lulled into rest
Is the game in the covey and the bird on the nest.

All nature responds to the beauties of night,
And the stars in the heavens their lamps again light;
The feverish pulse of humanity slows,
And in peace and contentment man seeks his repose.

The noise of the city fast dying away
Is a proof that there also night holds his full sway;
In silence Dame Nature awaits day's advance,
When the old earth again will awake from its trance.

And calmly o'er all the moon watches on high,
Like a sentinel pacing his rounds through the sky;
How lovingly, too, in the parched earth's embrace,
Clings the dew, that refreshingly moistens its face.

Humanity wearied with toil of the day,
Is eased of its burdens and its cares charmed away;
And strengthened and fitted for life's daily fight
Is the whole of Creation by magical night.

ACROSS THE RIVER

Another friend has gone before,
Has crossed the silent river,
And stands upon the other shore,
Freed from this world forever.

Why sad the hearts of those who loved,
The one that's parted from them?
The absent friend, now gone above,
Will not forget earth's loved ones.

Though missing is a much loved face,
Though gone is earth's chief treasure,
Be comforted, there is a place
Where all will dwell together.

When you no longer bound to clay,
To earth, mid sin and sorrow,
Can, in the Throne's Celestial ray,
Find peace and joy forever.

Then can our interchange of thought,
With souls of kindred feeling,
Be unrestrained; when sanctified
Are all by Christ's sweet healing.

The harbor of the other side
Is thronged with friends rejoicing.
We'll wait for death's mysterious oar
To row us through the offing.

Life's billows then will meet death's stream,
Be calm; the danger's past,
And in the haven, safe, is seen
That friend, to greet, at last.

SUNSET

The radiant sun is sinking fast
Behind the summit of a distant hill.
The clouds in brilliancy surpass
A painter's skill.

The golden rays touch up the skies,
And paint each evening cloud a different hue,
With glowing colors nature tries
Her skill anew.

In peace days orb is laid to rest,
But ere it sinks to sleep, its loving light
Upon earth's upturned face has pressed
A sweet good-night!

The crimson light that edged the clouds
Is changed for lining of a darker hue,
And mournful earth in darkness shrouds
Its face from view.

LIFE

What is life, with its shuttles of sorrow,
That constantly cross o'er our path?
Do we live for to-day or to-morrow?
Is success all we seek as we pass?

The loom of our work is from heaven,
The patterns we get from on high,
And the skeins that we have are deriven
From our lives, though *how tangled they lie.*

Who will pick out the knots of misfortune?
Who will straighten each thread of the past?
Can we hope to take back at the wishing
The die we so carelessly cast?

The colors, besides, of *our choosing.*
In the future we find to our cost,
With the time we are recklessly losing,
Will be put down against us as lost.

May the warp and the woof of your living
Be so clearly and carefully wrought,
That a crown at the end, in the giving,
May be yours for life's battles well fought.

FLIRTATION

What is flirtation really?
How could I tell you that?
But in the smiles you see its wiles,
And when one lifts his hat.

'Tis walking in the moonlight,
'Tis buttoning on a glove,
'Tis lips that speak of plays next week
While eyes are talking love.

'Tis meeting in the ballroom,
'Tis whirling in the dance,
'Tis something hid by the eyelid,
More than a passing glance.

'Tis lingering in the doorway,
'Tis sitting on the stair,
'Tis ardent lips on finger tips,
When Mother is not there.

'Tis parting when it's over,
And one goes home to sleep;
Best joys must end, ta, ta, my friend,
But *one* goes home to weep.

CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT'S A KISS?

Can you tell me what's a kiss,
You who do not know that bliss?
What's the reason that the heart,
When 'tis pierced by Cupid's dart,
Finds that wound a pleasure?
Why the pressure of her hand,
When upon the stoop you stand,
And the parting words she said,
Ringing now within your head,
Do you so fondly treasure?

How her thoughts you try to know,
And each look you treasure so;
By the light within her eyes,
The sweet secret you surmise,
That perhaps she loves you.
Let the cynics scoff at love,
That passion from above,
Those who feel that magic spell
Would not exchange or sell
For aught that you could give or do.

Many people pass their life
In this world of constant strife,
Thinking wealth and fame of name,
Is the greatest thing to gain.
Poor misguided creatures,
There is beyond their sight
A world of pure delight,
But their avaricious souls
Bar them from life's happiest goal
And its finest features.

POOR LITTLE SAINT VAL

In the bachelor apartments,
Where I've lived so long alone,
I found one eve a valentine
Sent by some fair unknown.

Among my books and pipes it lay,
Mid dust of countless days,
I wondered what Miss Prue would say,
With all her dainty ways.

Perchance 'twas sent in jest by Kate,
Or, then again, by Ruth;
I knew so many charming girls,
How could I guess the truth?

And so I lit a cigarette,
While wondering which I loved,
And solved the problem of the heart
By dining at the club.

DISENCHANTED

A dainty maiden in a fetching gown
I chanced to meet one day upon Broadway.
My ardent glance she answered with a frown,
As still I looked she turned her head away.

To speak to her I longed, but did not dare;
Sweet innocence was writ upon her brow—
That night she danced behind the footlights' glare,
Brazen and painted as you see her now.

“A SPECTATOR.”

KISSING

Near a girl's fair cheek is waiting,
For a man with courage strong,
Bold enough to risk in taking
All reproaches as to wrong.
Let him take the kiss he wanted
From those ruby lips so fair,
And with courage still undaunted,
Looking out for Madam Mere.

If 'tis sweet as he may find it,
He another yet may take;
For the moment is propitious,
And the prize is worth the stake.
Kiss her once—nay, kiss her often,
Though the blustering maid object,
Though she call you "bad" and "horrid,"
And the meanest of your sex.

Afterward—then ask her pardon,
When you've had the stolen sweets,
Tell her you'll return the kisses
Which you snatched from those soft cheeks.
Ask her then for her forgiveness,
Tell her you'll ne'er do it more;
And to make the bargain binding,
Kiss her as you did before.

SHE'S A FLIRT

She displays a tiny glove
And a dainty little love
Of a shoe;
And she wears her hat a-tilt,
Over bangs that never wilt,
In the dew.

She sports a witching gown,
With a ruffle up and down
On the skirt.
She is gentle, she is sly,
But there's mischief in her eye.
She's a flirt!

THE BRIEFLESS BARRISTER

The briefless barrister sits in his chair,
And ponders and thinks with a great deal of care,
And frowns and looks grave, and ruffles his hair,
On the case of a client who came to his lair,
But there isn't a penny in it.

The papers look well, that lay scattered around,
With their backs of blue and language profound.
But there isn't a claim in the lot that is sound,
On which can be based a good legal ground
To try the case, or to win it.

The books on the shelves in their garments of dust,
From the New York Reports to the Treatise on Trusts.
And the case of our worthy friend Rust,
Still stand in their places, for surely there must
Be business before one can use them.

The courthouse and judges, but names, seem to him,
The prospects of pleading are fast growing dim.
Winning distinction and ducats looks thin,
The face of Dame Fortune looks uncommonly grim
To our worthy young practising lawyer.

THE BIRTHDAY

We send with this Birthday remembrance
This token of love unexpressed;
Our wishes that many such milestones
May be yours, and with hopes for the best.

In the present, and all life's to-morrows,
May happiness, too, be your share,
Protected from trouble and sorrows,
This is always and ever our prayer.

May life's pathways, as o'er them you travel,
With joy and contentment be spread,
Then the hearts of loved ones will be happy
With feelings too deep to be said.

But remember we always are with you
In feeling and thought and in deed,
And will strive to make all birthdays happy,
And in *this* may we hope to succeed.



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