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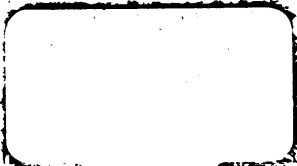
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THE  
HUIA'S  
HOMELAND.



ROSLYN.

KE14733



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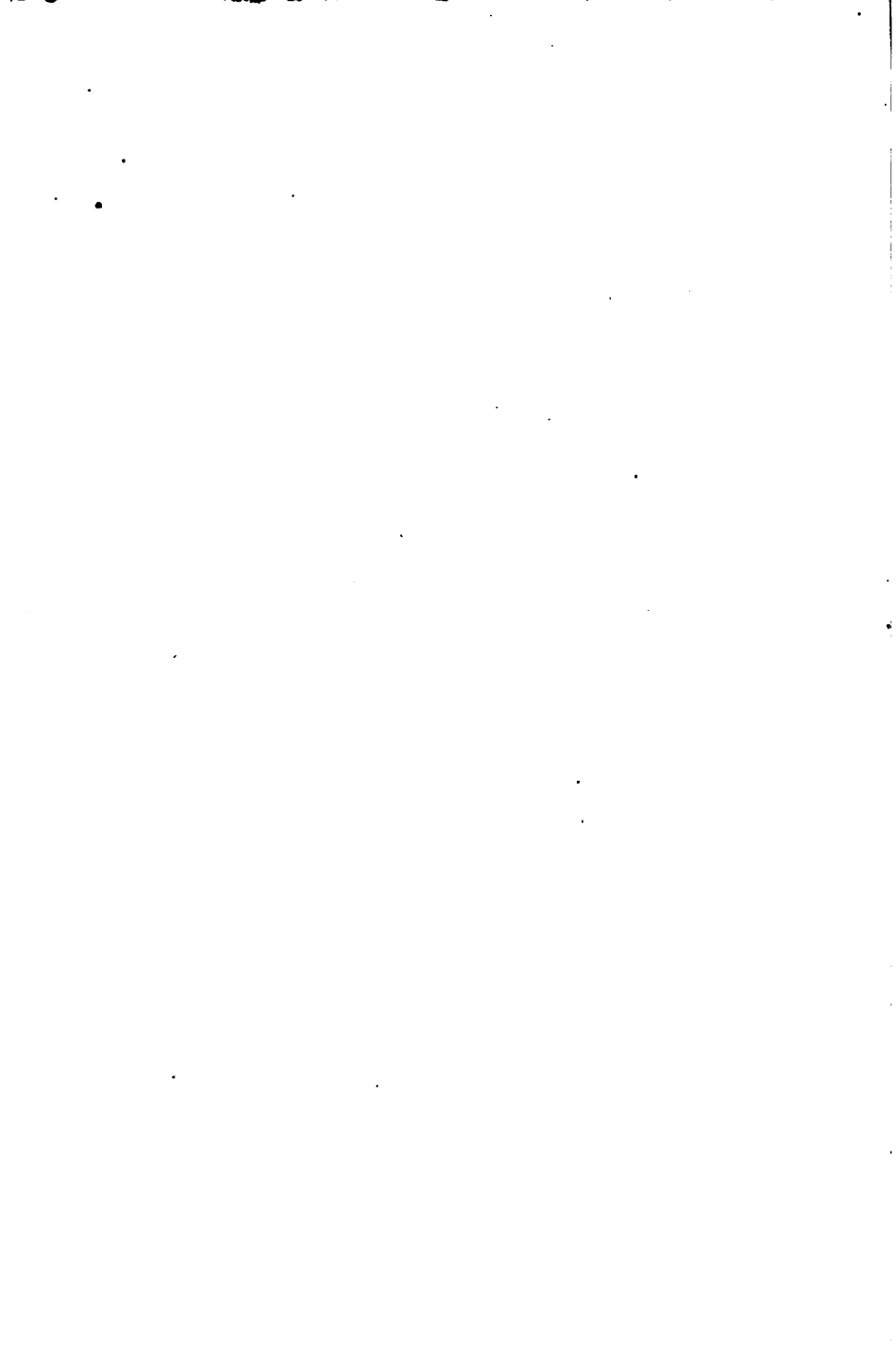
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THE HUIA'S HOMELAND,  
AND OTHER VERSES.



# THE HUIA'S HOMELAND,

*AND OTHER VERSES.*

BY  
ROSLYN.



LONDON:  
ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.  
1897.



KE14733 .



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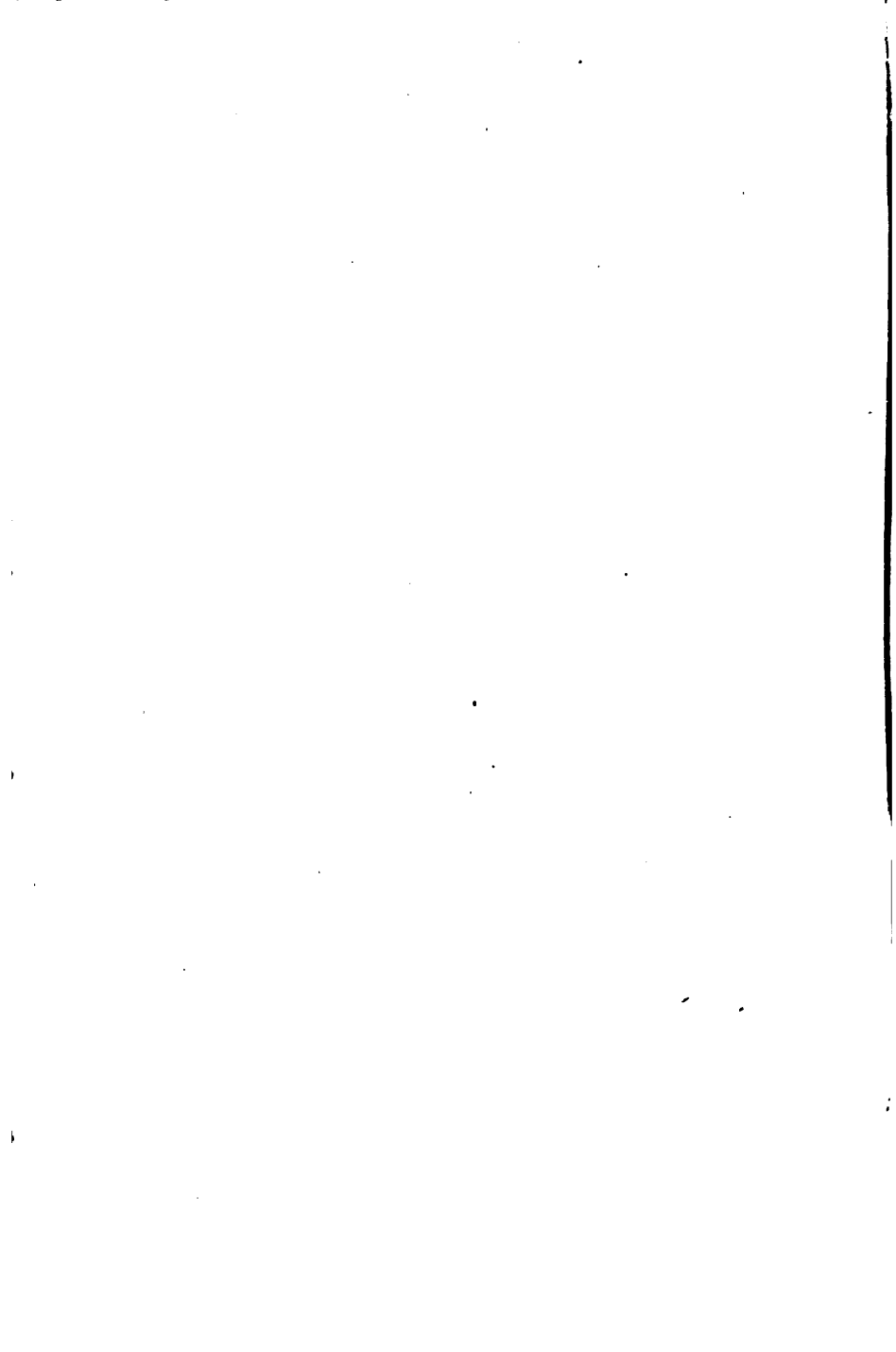
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*NEW ZEALAND POEMS.*



## INTRODUCTION.

OH, my Colonial Rhymelets !  
Is there waiting for you and me  
A hail-fellow-well-met greeting  
From fine folk far over the sea ?

Will they draw closer around them  
Their purple in Britain the Free,  
Hoarding their praise for their home-born,  
These fine folk far over the sea ?

Upraising proud, pencilled eyebrows  
Amazedly, 'Can this thing be  
Colony-born, and a Poet ?'  
Cry fine folk far over the sea.

Will they ignore our appéarance,  
That we from their presence may flee  
Like a subdued Cinderella,  
These fine folk from over the sea ?

Will there be never a kind word  
From those at the top of the tree,  
And never a 'Come up higher,'  
From fine folk far over the sea ?



Still, cheerily oh, my Rhymelets,  
Go hoping for sweet courtesie,  
Whispering of brighter Britain  
To fine folk far over the sea.

Earnest of life in the South-East  
(Like the kelp that came floating free  
Towards those tall Castilian vessels)  
To fine folk far over the sea.

---

## NEW ZEALAND.

### PAST.

FLAX, fern, and Nikau rustled in the breeze  
That far the bell-bird's liquid music bore  
Through golden-fruited, tall Karaka-trees,  
While blue waves murmured gently on the shore ;  
And mating with the mighty solitude  
The strange, gigantic moa stalked serene ;  
When entered on this ocean Eden green  
A tribe of stalwart natives, semi-nude,  
In frail canoes had crossed th' unsounded deep ;  
But here their paddles left the flashing foam :  
By turns they idly loll, fish, weave, and sleep,  
Or on th' ensanguined war-path roam,  
Idols grotesque adore, the wild, weird Haka tread,  
The supernatural and direful Tapu dread.

### PRESENT.

Anon there landed on this lovely isle  
Strong-sinewed Commerce and the Gospel fair,

Sublimely consecrate by holy prayer.  
The fertile hills and valleys sweetly smile,  
Majestic cities crown the heights with speed,  
While gallant ships in goodly harbours lie.  
Unnumbered flocks roam o'er the verdant mead,  
And church-spires point to heaven, calm and high.  
Two races mingle in the busy mart ;  
Two tongues are spoken by the sounding sea ;  
Two children share alike Zealandia's knee :  
Maori and Saxon nestle to her heart.  
From gnome-like haunts are borne earth's treasures rich  
and dear ;  
Bravely beneath the British flag glides year by year.

## FUTURE.

Dear isle ! surrounded by unfathomable depths of blue,  
Kept verdant by a thousand sparkling streams ;  
So may the social bounds be girded by the true,  
So irrigated by love's purest gleams,  
And what a glorious future shall be thine,  
Long as the Starry Cross shines on thy sea-girt strand,  
Till on the page of Time thy history grand,  
Inscribed in golden characters, shall shine !  
Rich in thine own resources, rich in friends,  
Peace in thy valleys, plenty on thy shore,  
Thy children seeking light and knowledge evermore ;  
Like dew the heavenly benison descends.  
Jewelled thy crown, and sceptre fair and free,  
Queen of the South Pacific, hail to thee !

## THE WAITEMATA.

OfT in fancy, oft in dreamland,  
I am gliding down the current  
Of our own broad Waitemata  
To the blue and boundless sea ;  
But the thought of severance tightens more  
The chords of love that bind me  
To the harbour of my native place  
And home of infancy.

With a lover's fond devotion I have pledged myself to  
hold thee

Ever first and ever dearest of all tides that ebb and  
flow.

Waitemata ! Sparkling Water ! who could look upon thy  
beauty

And grudge thee tribute, e'en apart from charms of  
long ago ?

Miles removed, I seem to see thee in the early summer  
morning,

With a thousand thousand mimic suns aglow in every  
wave ;

With each well-known bay and headland lying pic-  
turesquely round thee,

Where the white Manuka used to bloom and Toi-toi  
wave.

From the Watchman, tiny islet, like a sentinel in mid-  
stream,

Just abreast the caves that honeycomb the cliffs on  
Shelly Beach,

Where the old Pohutukawa spread their bright December  
blossoms

All so safely, tantalizingly, away above our reach.

Down to Birkenhead and Northcote, and the heights  
round Takapuna ;

Round the north shore with the Flagstaff Hill, the guns  
on the North Head ;

Till across the dark blue channel rises dear old Rangi-  
toto,

Though the sky no longer o'er its crest portentously  
grows red.

Waitemata, I must hold thee ever first and ever dearest  
Of all rivers that flow east or west beneath New Zealand  
skies ;

For upon thy dark blue waters, half in terror, half in  
pleasure,

I remember, I remember how I looked with baby eyes.

---

POHUTUKAWA.

'Tis not the holly red I sing

'Neath Albion's snowy skies ;

Nor yet the rose that blushes sweet

For lustrous Persian eyes ;

Nor yet the stately palm that waves

O'er Asiatic dome :

But the dear old native Christmas flower

Of my New Zealand home.

O'er-arched with blue in golden days  
On many a cliff and bight,  
With gnarled branches far outspread,  
Bedecked with tassels bright.  
I love thee well, I love thee well,  
Pohutukawa-tree ;  
From infancy a subtle spell  
Thy blossom cast o'er me.

Is it because I love the sea ?—  
The sea thou lovest so,  
Oft bending o'er until the depths  
Reflect thy crimson glow ;  
Or mad and merry little waves  
Veil thee with silver spray,  
Dancing in gayest elfin sport  
On some fair Christmas Day ?

If thou hadst bloomed on classic soil  
Where Sappho stirred the soul ;  
Or by the lone, wild Orcades  
Where Ossian's echoes roll ;  
Or even in the good old land  
When Royal Alfred sang,  
And baron's hall and lady's bower  
With merry music rang,

Thy fame had reached to other shores,  
And men had talked of thee,  
Our own Pohutukawa  
Beside the summer sea.

For worthy art thou meed of praise  
As myrtle-tree or lime,  
As olive-tree or sandalwood  
Of cloudless Orient clime.

But far amid the ocean wide,  
And far adown the days,  
Where shall we find the voice, the harp,  
To sound abroad thy praise?  
And yet right well we love to see  
Thy plummy, rich array,  
O tree of sunny mem'ries  
And Southern Christmas Day!

The green Karaka's golden fruit  
Is ripening in the sun;  
Red Rata wreathes the Kauri  
Where creeks in shadow run.  
The white clematis long ago  
Hath lost her starry flowers;  
Pohutukawa's crimson plumes  
Must deck our Christmas bowers.

---

#### THE HUIA\* FEATHER.

LEAVE the eagle to its eyrie  
In the skyey heights afar;  
Let the condor soar unnoticed  
O'er the swiftly-flying car.

\* Hoo-e-a.

*The Huia Feather*

Leave the gannet on the rough rock  
Of the Orkney Skerries free,  
While the Huia in homeland  
Claims a glance from thee and me.

Hark ! the thunderous ocean billows,  
Ceaseless surging night and day  
Round the lonely little island,  
Now in wrath, and then in play,  
Are the keepers of the garden  
Where this bird was wont to fly,  
In the Huia's own homeland,  
Through the halcyon days gone by.

Sacred feather to the Maori,  
Tapu to the chieftain's wear,  
Never dowager more haughty  
With the ostrich-plumèd hair,  
In the palaces of England,  
Than this child of nature rude,  
Dwelling in a Raupo Whare,  
Near the stately Kauri wood.

The Huia feather equals  
(In their unenlightened eyes)  
The strawberry leaves that glisten  
In the courts of Guelph or Guise.  
Pride of birth as overweening  
As in Don of haughty Spain  
Swells beneath the tattooed bosoms  
Of these children of the Main.

Theirs not the eagle's eyrie lone  
In its rocky heights afar ;  
Theirs not the condor soaring up  
O'er the swiftly-flying car ;  
But theirs the graceful Huia,  
For ages long unknown  
To the wide world, like its homeland  
Down in the temperate zone.

---

BUSH BALLAD.

AWAY in the dim New Zealand Bush,  
Where the Korimako sings,  
We rode, where the feathery Pungas spread  
And the graceful Rimu springs ;  
With hills to the east, and hills to the west,  
In billowing verdure clad,  
While the hidden force of the watercourse  
Was seen in the lush growth glad.

We rode by a valley of Nikaus, all  
Majestic, slender, and high,  
Crowned with their pendulous fronds, and tall  
As palms 'neath an Asian sky.  
With scarlet berries instead of dates,  
In the tender light serene,  
A vision of grace was that Nikau vale,  
Fit home for the fairy queen.

We rode by a valley of Pungas all,  
And watched as the wandering breeze



*Bush Ballad*

Whispered the stately and played with the small,  
Like a conqueror bland at ease.  
And down through the hush of the lonely Bush,  
Heard over the Kowhai float,  
Abruptly sweet as a silver bell,  
The Tui's repeated note.

Still gaily we rode right gaily on  
'Neath the overarching shade ;  
Over the giant roots so brown,  
Over the creeks, and up and down,  
Till we reached the Kauri glade.

But there we were fain to draw the rein,  
And, lingering, gaze with pride  
On each massive form which had braved the storm  
In brotherhood side by side.

Aurora's car ye may follow afar  
Without seeing sight so grand,  
Without feeling the spell of that far-away dell  
Where the kingly Kauris stand.

Oh, grimly gray on the sunniest day  
They rear their sun-seeking height,  
At the top to allow in each wide-spreading bough  
Close leafage to catch the light.

Through the summer's cheer, through winter drear,  
The winds and the zephyrs roam  
Down the grave pillared aisle, while the pale moon-  
beam's smile  
Illumines the fretted dome.

For like carven stone, through the long years grown,  
Symmetric and noble stands,  
With glory and power in each turret and tower,  
This temple not made by hands.

Ye may wander or rest from east to west,  
From north to south ye may go,  
Without feeling the spell of that lone charmed dell  
Where the kingly Kauris grow.

---

THE BIG KAURI, WAIOTAHU CREEK.

DEAR poet, who sang of the forest primeval,  
Leaving the gay world, I'd wander with thee—  
Ay, wander afar, where no castle medieval  
Rears its gray turrets on crags by the sea,  
Seeking the shade of the great Kauri-tree.

Enshrined in a temple of Nature's own making,  
Reared in its silence, impressive, profound,  
When axes, the echoes of Lebanon waking,  
Felled her proud cedars in scores to the ground,  
Thy leaves were unstirred by a treacherous sound.

When Gothic wolves ravaged the banks of old Tiber,  
When Druids' dread holocaust smirched Britain's sky,  
When the halter of Judas was growing green fibre,  
When zealous Crusaders to Achoe drew nigh,  
Undreamt of, remote, passed thy lone infancy.

When once-favoured Raleigh in prison lay pining,  
When Plymouth folk wept as the stanch *Mayflower*  
sailed,

When fires of rebellion from Versailles were shining,  
When vengeance the grim, frowning Bastille assailed,  
Earth-fed and sun-strengthened, thy stature prevailed.

When Liberty, outraged, in anger and sorrow,  
Blew her loud reveille o'er Florida's flowers,  
Each day was as calm as its placid to-morrow,  
Gliding white-souled through these virginal bowers :  
In soundless procession past thee trooped the hours.

O glory of nature ! O relic of ages !  
Firm as the granite thou seemest to be.  
Still harmlessly round thee the tempest oft rages ;  
Long may the fire-fiend be warded from thee,  
Long may the life-sap still rise in our tree !

Old England may boast of her oak-trees that flourish  
On woodland and lea, and exult in their fame ;  
California's bayou and cañon may nourish  
Proud Wellingtonia's unrivalled claim—  
Towards *thee* Thames hearts will beat ever the same.

Hist ! hark ! from thy top growth that melody falling,  
Dulcet, staccato, scarce heard, ere 'tis done—  
The shy Korimako its shyer mate calling  
With bell note to vespers at setting of sun,  
Ere Kiwi and Morepork cries have begun.

Dear poet, who sang of the forest primeval,  
Oh, had thy mantle but fallen on me—  
Even though I dwell where no castle medieval  
Rears its gray turrets on crags by the sea—  
Fame, like the Rata, had wreathed our grand tree.

---

OUR PEARL O' THE SEA.

SPEAK no more of Northern Christmas,  
With its ice and fleecy snow,  
Glowing log, and holly berries  
Wreathed with waxen mistletoe.  
Like a dream all unregretted,  
Let the wintry pleasures go.

Don the lightest, daintiest raiment  
Ere the sun has mounted high,  
Come and stand beside the river,  
Hear it murmuring softly by ;  
Through the trees bent greenly o'er it,  
Summer zephyrs sweetly sigh.

Mark the distant purple mountain  
Clearly outlined 'gainst the blue ;  
Hark the lark's ecstatic matin,  
And the woodland warbler's too,  
From the bush where Rata blossoms  
Richly crimson meet the view.

Bring incense, feed the sacred flame of patriotic fire—  
The *mana* of the Southern Cross might tune a Delphic  
lyre.

Now let the hardy Switzer sing Maggiore or Lucerne,  
And let the loyal Tyrolese toward his mountain turn ;  
With equal right *we* too shall point toward Earnslaw's  
silent snows,  
Or where her stately wardens guard Te Anau's calm  
repose.

Now let the dusky Cingalese his odorous island chant,  
And let high Quito's colonist his altitude still vaunt ;  
Blame, an you will, *our* honest pride in woods more safe,  
as fair,  
Or in the ozone richness of our ocean-gathered air.

Now let the nor'lander lay claim to myth of gnome and  
troll ;  
Let English *Will* in honeyed words depict Titania's  
rôle.

We have a fund of mystic lore as ever Yuletide knew,  
Of Riri, and of Taniwha in woods and waters blue.

And let the scornful sceptic rove throughout our con-  
fined bound,  
From north to south, from east to west, the coward be  
not found  
Who fails to fight for such a land in any hour of need,  
While glory holds the laurel wreath, to crown each  
valorous deed.

Let Britain boast the virile force of Norman, Saxon,  
Dane,  
To her good stock in this fair land we add another  
strain ;  
No Hereward more bravely stood, no William harder  
pressed,  
Than Heke, Rauparaha, with their Maori vim and zest.  
Bring incense, feed the sacred flame of patriotic fire—  
The *mana* of the Southern Cross might tune a Delphic  
lyre.

Our native or adopted isle, fair Pearl o' the Sea,  
Let north and south, and east and west, in fullest har-  
mony,  
Each voice a tender greeting that shall bind like golden  
chains  
Thy lonely shore to lands unseen while Christmas glad-  
ness reigns.

(There comes in answer on the wind, in fullest harmony,  
This fourfold Christmas greeting from our Pearl o' the  
Sea.)

NORTH.

From the banks of the Waitemata, with Pohutukawa  
bright,  
To the loved, the unforgotten, in the old home out of  
sight,  
Comes this softly-whispered message from the wanderer  
far away,  
'Angels guard them, God be with them and bless their  
Christmas Day.'

## SOUTH.

'To Taua Ata (We meet in the morning)  
The word of the Maori on eve of the fray :  
I send to my loved ones a colonist's greeting,  
In fond recollection of old Christmas Day.'

## EAST.

While the home of the Rimu, the isle of the Kiwi,  
Soft cradle of Toi, of flax and of fern ;  
Still men who have sought her look over the water,  
Their hearts to the motherland wistfully yearn,  
But not for the white snow, the red-berried holly,  
The blazing Yule log, and the wax mistletoe—  
For the far-away faces, the greeting so jolly,  
'A Merry Bright Christmas,' of long, long ago.

## WEST.

'Oh, friends so dear !  
If, in reply to Haremai (Come here),  
Ye *could* appear,  
Our instant cry would be,  
Kapai ('tis good) Tenakoe, ki te korero,  
Our Christmas and New Year.'

Thus, thus she binds her lonely shores by bright and  
golden chains,  
At gleeful Yule, to far-off Thule and neighbouring  
Austral plains.  
To rare, chill reach of Pamir, to low, warm Zuyder Zee,  
Goes forth this fourfold greeting of perfect harmony,  
This tribute from the ocean gem, our Pearl o' the Sea

THE WAIHOU.

PEACEFULLY, tranquilly, on to the sea—

Flow, river, flow ;

Music, thy soft dreamy murmur shall be—

Flow, river, flow.

Once on thy green banks I stood not alone ;

Once here I listened to friendship's sweet tone ;

Pleasure and sorrow since then I have known—

Flow, river, flow.

Time, like thy current, rolls ceaselessly on—

Flow, river, flow ;

Mournful or happy, the days soon are gone—

Flow, river, flow.

Sometimes how radiant is Life's azure sky,

Sometimes across it how sullen clouds fly!

Onward, like thee, through all change we must hie—

Flow, river, flow.

On to thy rest in the ocean of blue—

Flow, river, flow ;

Gliding so swiftly away beyond view—

Flow, river, flow.

Will every ripple keep sparkling and bright,

Glancing and flashing in golden sunlight ?

Nay, for soon cometh the shadowing night—

Flow, river, flow.



Sages find lessons of wisdom in thee—

Flow, river, flow ;

Memories fond have endeared thee to me—

Flow, river, flow.

There by thy side the dim twilight I'd spend ;

Well with my musing thy rhythm doth blend ;

Onward and nearer thou'lt be to my friend—

Flow, river, flow.

---

#### THE MISTLETOE.

OH, ho ! ho ! full well we know

England's waxen mistletoe !

Saucy smiles and laughter clear,

Christmas gladness, Christmas cheer,

Come and go full well we know,

Wreathed with waxen mistletoe.

Thou art red, and thou dost grow,

Our New Zealand mistletoe,

Where was never Druid hoar,

Far from merry England's shore ;

And yet, lo, we love thee so,

Crimson, coral mistletoe !

High and low for thee we go,

Our New Zealand mistletoe,

Through the virgin forest's gloom,

Past the ruddy Rata bloom,

Where no foot passed long ago,

Seeking thee, red mistletoe.

Oh, ho ! ho ! thy leaflets show  
Hearts, my bonnie mistletoe ;  
North or south, destined to be  
Plant of love's sweet mystery.  
Blushes ! blushes ! Ah, these show  
Mem'ries of the mistletoe.

---

BELLS OF YULE.

A REVERIE.

WE hear not now from the belfry tower  
Those welcome sounds of long ago ;  
And we gaze not now in the twilight hour  
From our casements over the snow.  
Yet 'tis the time  
When the bells should chime  
Christmas ! glad Christmas ! in every clime.  
  
Far from the north and its pure, cold whiteness,  
Here in the radiant summer gay,  
All in the season of glowing brightness,  
Dawneth upon us Christmas Day.  
Flowers shed balm  
On the air so calm,  
Scarce stirring the fronds of the tall fern palm.  
  
Down on the shore we love to wander,  
Watching the blue waves come and go—

Alone, by the sounding sea, to ponder  
Over the days of long ago,  
When life's aim was play,  
And we used to say :  
'The pond will be frozen by Christmas Day.'

And we hail again a vision beaming  
Of youthful faces, dancing eyes,  
Ringlets, nutbrown, or golden gleaming,  
All from the vanished past arise,  
And the greeting sweet,  
That was only meet  
To render for us Christmas joy complete.

Our dreams were all of a future golden,  
Painted with never a shadow gray,  
When around the fire in the manor olden  
Story and song closed Christmas Day.  
And we see them all  
As the snowflakes fall  
'Gainst the window-pane, o'er the elm-trees tall.

How our heart in the mellow mirth rejoices,  
Once again with the joyous band !  
Sweet is the laughter of merry voices,  
Kindly the grasp of friendship's hand.  
In fancy we stray,  
Until far away  
We are spending a bygone Christmas Day.

But smile and sigh, for across the water  
Cometh the easy light canoe,

Steered not by Albion's blue-eyed daughter—  
Nay, by a maiden of darker hue.  
The vision dies,  
And 'neath Austral skies  
From dreams I wake with wond'ring eyes.

In the azure sky, the bright sun, shining,  
Gildeth the mountain, bush, and bay ;  
Eglantine, lilies, roses twining,  
Gather we here on Christmas Day ;  
The shamrock beneath,  
And a sprig of heath,  
Rata, Ti-tree, and fern for our wreath.

The orchards glow with the ruddy cherry,  
Clustering vine, fruit-laden tree :  
Oh, well may young and old be merry  
At Yule-tide in the Southern sea,  
Where o'er rock and rill,  
Over vale and hill,  
Reigns peace on earth, to men good-will !

We hear not now from the belfry tower  
The ringing chimes of long ago ;  
We may not see in the starry hour  
Through our casement the pure, soft snow.  
Yet the season dear  
Is as welcome here,  
And our 'Merrie Christmas !' as true and clear.

---

## AUSTRAL CHRISTMAS.

No softly-falling snowflakes,  
No holly-berried spray,  
No little Robin red-breast,  
To welcome Christmas Day ;

No glowing, blazing Yule-log,  
No shadows on the wall,  
No merry family party  
In the old English hall ;

No mistletoe hung slyly,  
Delight of naughty boys ;  
No Santa Claus, all fur-clad,  
To bring the children toys ;

No gentle, warm enfolding  
Of dainty forms and fair,  
And subsequent swift gliding  
O'er ice through keen, cold air ;

No snowdrift purely gleaming,  
No bright coruscant gem,  
No crystal that the Frost King  
Hath in his diadem ;

No wintry sky revealing  
The star to sailors dear ;  
No, these are only memories  
In Southern Hemisphere.

Of tropic blue and brightness  
The canopy o'erhead,  
And robed in ample verdure  
The hills and vales we tread.

The sunlit waves, foam-crested,  
Beneath the cliff their spray  
Fling o'er Pohutukawa  
In bloom on Christmas Day.

And oft the peal of laughter  
And tones of joyous glee  
Are heard in glades long sacred  
To sylvan minstrelsy,

Where the cool drip of water  
Hath aye a sweeter sound,  
And all the charms of woodland  
On every side abound.

But 'midst these summer pleasures  
The heart still seems to say :  
'Oh for the winter setting  
Of hallowed Christmas Day !'

But though the frame be different,  
The picture is the same :  
On hearts may it grave deeply  
The great Peace-bringer's name !

On friends near, dear, and distant,  
Beyond the ocean wide,  
May Heaven's goodwill blessing  
Descend this Christmas-tide.

## NOR'-EAST.

A SHEET of silver burnished bright,  
The tranquil waters of the bay  
Beneath the Cross\* and Crescent lay,  
A dazzling field of lavished light.

Dark loomed the guarding hills around,  
While on the charmèd silence far  
The surges thundered on the bar,  
With melancholy, rhythmic sound.

'Twas sweet, when summer roses bud,  
To wander on that lonely shore,  
Oft trembling 'neath the dash and roar  
Of the o'erwhelming ocean flood ;

To watch the crested billows rear  
In Titan sport their emerald wall ;  
Then let its gleaming glory fall,  
Awakening all the echoes near ;

Or from some jagged rock so lone  
Gaze on the restless, swirling sea  
In fascinated reverie,  
Chained by the force half hid, half shown ;

Or, turning from its baffled might,  
Here, seething foam-wreaths upward leap,  
There, up some dreary fissure sweep  
(God guide the coasting barque at night !) ;

\* Southern Cross and crescent moon.

To stroll along the level sand—  
Where, like a white cloud to the view,  
Disport a dainty feathered crew,  
Tame as the birds of Crusoe's strand—

And gather treasures of the sea :  
Each 'convoluted smooth-lipp'd shell'  
To listening ears strange tales will tell,  
Sweet charm for slumbering memory.

Still fancy sees the moonbeams shine,  
And hears the surges on the bar,  
Though changing years have merged them far  
Amid the mazes of Lang Syne.

---

THAMES, NEW ZEALAND.

THOUGH fairer lands be lying  
Beneath a brighter sun,  
The critic's shafts defying,  
Man loveth best but *One*.  
And we—yes, we will praise thee,  
Whoe'er our taste condemns,  
On the banks of the wide Hauraki,  
Our quartz, queer old Thames.

No Tuscan sky bends o'er thee,  
No cedar heights are thine,  
Thy valleys boast no vine rows,  
Thy meadows feed few kine.



And yet we praise thee, love thee,  
Whoe'er our taste condemns,  
On the banks of the wide Hauraki,  
Our quiet, quartz-veined Thames.

The gulf spreads wide and shallow,  
No sea of sapphire blue ;  
The clayey banks lie fallow,  
Nor shell nor rock in view.  
Nathless we praise thee, love thee,  
Whoe'er our taste condemns,  
On the banks of the wide Hauraki,  
Our unpretentious Thames.

Town by the western waters,  
Thou hold'st a treasure more  
Unique than any trophy  
Of precious golden ore.  
'Tis this which binds us to thee,  
Whoe'er our taste condemns,  
For there lies by the western waters  
Our *Dulce Domum* Thames.

---

### GOOD-BYE, COROMANDEL !

HEIGHO ! for it's over, our day among the fields,  
Resting amid the clover under the willow shields ;  
Heigho ! for the good-bye, however long delayed,  
It must be ' Farewell, farewell,' by lips reluctant said.

Good-bye, Coromandel, with sunny, sea-girt hills ;  
Dreams bring us back the music that murmurs in thy  
rills,

Paint the daisied meadows where we have been to-day,  
And all thy hawthorn hedges, a-blossom with white may.

Good-bye, Tokatea's fern slopes and harbour view ;  
Road that rises sunward, light feet ascend o'er you ;  
Good-bye, old Kapanga ; still yield the golden ore  
Toil has sought and won from thee full forty years or  
more.

Heigho ! for it's over, and heigho for the mood  
Of Sherwood's merry rover, the gallant Robin Hood !  
Ay, for the spell is broken, brief, bright, Romany hours,  
Lost with the western sunbeams, lost as the evening  
lowers.

Home, home we are steering, the waves and stars between ;  
'Three cheers for Coromandel, three for the Lincoln  
green !'

Heigho for the parting (the sea is deep and wide) !  
Hark how the mountains echo the farewell from the tide !

---

### CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

CHURCH bells ! church bells ! o'er hills and dells  
Ring near, ring far away ;  
Oh, mellow chimes of olden times,  
Sweet bells of Christmas Day !  
Ye gravely chime the flight of Time,  
While languor steeps our Southern clime.

Church bells ! church bells ! the music swells,  
By summer breezes sped.  
The good ships ride on the glittering tide,  
Blue bright, round the old North Head.  
From stem to poop the gay flags droop  
O'er many a gallant barque and sloop.

Church bells ! church bells ! your magic spells  
Have well-nigh wakened tears,  
As o'er the sea the spirit free  
Relives the vanished years,  
The blame and praise of bygone days  
All softened now by memory's haze.

Church bells ! church bells ! church bells ! church bells !  
The clouds hang dense and gray ;  
Now loud, now low, across the snow  
The floating echoes play.  
The holly-bough ! the mistletoe !  
The Christmas waits of long ago !

Church bells ! church bells ! how love impels  
True hearts ! Though far we stray  
On foreign shore, yet friends of yore  
Seem near on Christmas Day.  
Oh, they are near, as thought makes clear  
Affection's balance for the year.

O'er this lone island sunbeams troop  
To-day in golden mail ;  
In grove, on height, the flowers are bright,  
And verdant hill and dale ;  
While by the sea our Christmas-tree,  
In crimson, blushes gloriously.

Oh, bells of joy ! sweet bells of Yule!  
Ring long, and loud, and clear,  
Till hearts shall beat, and lips shall meet,  
And Arcady be here !  
Love shall hold sway while ye convey  
' Goodwill to men ' on Christmas Day.

---

WOODLAND WANDERINGS.

I ROAMED through the Bush to-day  
Where fantastic shadows fell,  
And over the boulders gray  
Rushed a creek through the ferny dell.

I climbed o'er the jagged ledge  
To watch the waterfall,  
With its far-down verdant sedge  
And stony, fern-clad wall.

Then across the fallen trees,  
With elastic step and fleet,  
While o'erhead there passed a breeze  
Intoning low and sweet.

Through lacing boughs wide spread,  
There glinted the summer sky,  
And crisply beneath my tread  
Rustled twigs and branches dry.

With shrinking hand I took  
Rare fragile ferns away  
From their home, a sheltered nook,  
Meet haunt for elf and fay.

*Woodland Wanderings*

'Twas a dell at a mountain's foot,  
And I strove to gain the height  
By clinging to many a root  
Of fibrous network tight.

There drooped the graceful fold  
Of the lithesome Rata vine ;  
Round trees majestic, old,  
Festoons of ivy twine.

I rested beneath the shade  
Of the Nikau's waving frond,  
In a wild romantic glade,  
While the world seemed far beyond ;

There heard a harp-like sound,  
So liquid, dulcet, clear,  
Chime with the stream's rebound,  
And knew the Tui near.

And a strangely restful calm  
O'er all did sweetly breathe,  
For care a sovereign balm,  
Excelling lotus wreath.

Then sportive Fancy led  
Staid, sober thoughts away ;  
How swift and far they sped  
'Twere difficult to say.

The mystic eager guide  
No halt nor tarrying made  
Where rapid rivers glide,  
Nor moor nor mountain stayed.

Oh, happy morning dreams,  
Still ending brightly, well,  
Creek, songster, sunny gleams,  
Your charms I cannot tell.

But safe within the heart,  
Enshrined 'mong treasures dear,  
A picture bright thou art  
To solace and to cheer.

---

## TO HÉLÈNE.

FAR from the home of the Rata-wreathed Kauri ;  
Far from the Bush, with its Nikau and fern ;  
Far from the beautiful land of the Maori ;  
Far from its lakes, clear as Alpine Lucerne ;  
Far from Hauraki's blue waters gleaming,  
Calm Kauaeranga soft treading the glade ;  
Far from Miranda's hill heights, where dreaming  
Western Aurora departing delayed ;  
Far from the crimson Pohutukawa treasure,  
Rich downy bloom, laurel-foliaged tree ;  
Far from the bell-bird's deep note of pleasure,  
Hélène smiles, far o'er the severing sea.  
Blossoms of joy her path sweetly strewing,  
Star-beams of comfort shed there from above,  
Bear on, proud billows, the mild zephyrs wooing.  
I charge ye, bear on this avowal of love !

Bear her this loyal affectionate greeting,  
Fondly remembered—alas ! though not near—  
Heralds of happiness, love never fleeting :  
Glad be her Christmas and fair her New Year.

---

## THE RATA.

RARE is the snowy Rata,  
The red blooms wild and free ;  
But the Aroha Rata,  
The crimson Southern Rata,  
Is one I love to see.

Go, stand upon the mountain,  
And gaze adown the steep  
Above the water's rushing ;  
It climbs the hillside blushing  
A conscious crimson deep.

Or penetrate the dense Bush,  
To witness, nothing loath,  
The stately tree sublimer,  
Or parasitic climber  
Twined round the Kauri growth.

So red, or white, or crimson,  
The Rata hath its sphere,  
On beetling rock, low valley,  
And crowded forest alley,  
Its island home doth cheer.

Rare is the snowy Rata,  
The red blooms wild and free ;  
But the Aroha Rata,  
The soft sweet Southern Rata,  
Stands highest in degree.

---

THE GOWAN'S MISSION.

'Twas not upon a Scottish brae  
It smiled ; the upturned face  
Could gaze upon no sweet bluebell,  
Nor list its chime in fairy dell,  
So full of airy grace.

No thistle reared its purple crest,  
Undauntedly and free ;  
No sweetly smelling yellow broom,  
Or fragrant woodruff's rare perfume,  
To tempt the roving bee.

No mountain heather, pink or white,  
Whispering solitude,  
Nor mavis lilting loud and clear ;  
No silent studious herd-boy near,  
Nor kye, of peaceful mood.

Severed from those associates,  
Where few would ever see  
Its look, so innocent of guile,  
Trusting, confiding wee exile,  
A gowan on the lea,



That far away from Albyn's shore  
Had its appointed lot ;  
A lone Pacific-bounded isle  
Was gladdened by its presence, while  
Thoughts of Lang Syne it brought ;

And thronging tender memories  
Of happy childish days ;  
Filial regard, fraternal love,  
And many a dear one now above,  
Beyond the weird life maze.

The church where pious fathers bowed  
In worship reverently,  
With its enclosure, verdant, calm,  
That often heard the solemn psalm,  
Devotion's melody ;

The gray and moss-grown monuments,  
That spoke departed worth,  
And many other hillocks green,  
With blanks in friendship's love-list seen,  
Change in the land of birth.

The peaceful, old-time air of home,  
And youthful fancies free ;  
A Scotchman's pride, Edina fair ;  
The Clyde, whose waves did onward bear  
His vessel to the sea.

All passed before the mental view  
With strange rapidity,  
As Scotland's patriotic child  
Found in a Southern climate mild  
A gowan on the lea.

Where healthful saline breezes float  
O'er a New Zealand hill,  
And hardy native Ti-tree grows,  
A creek adown its quartz-bed flows,  
To speed the crushing mill ;

While from the dense and sombre Bush  
Resounds the Tui's cry,  
Where graceful fern-trees seem to be  
Combining true humility  
With station proud and high.

The agile, lightly-bounding goats  
Cropping rich herbage near ;  
Blue, glancing, sunny, foam-flecked waves  
Reverberate in the rocky caves  
That on the coast appear.

O'erhead the clear and azure dome,  
Cloudless infinity ;  
Mingling of simple and sublime,  
Creation's voice and bloom of time,  
A gowan on the lea.

That little white and golden flower,  
Recalling Scotia's shore ;  
Where memory round each cherished spot  
Entwined a true forget-me-not,  
For happy days of yore.

Though ocean rolled for leagues between,  
Far distant all his kin,  
It stirred a fount of feeling deep,  
Freed from Reserve's grim castle-keep,  
A heart long pent therein.

Henceforth a kindlier sympathy  
Would in that bosom be ;  
With its God-given Evangel smile,  
Thus blessed and cheered the poor exile  
A gowan on the lea.

Each flower, so varied, lovable,  
Who would not learn from thee ?  
Fond clinging ivy, lily white,  
Sweet jasmine, rose, nor ever slight  
A gowan on the lea.

---

ON THE WHARF.

I SAT on the wharf one evening ;  
The fish in the stream leapt high ;  
Orion's shining armour  
Hung low in the western sky.

I sat on the wharf one evening,  
And looked on the eastern range  
Of hills, like tall masqueraders  
Disguised in their costume strange ;

While the well-known goldfields' music  
Fell pleasantly on the ear,  
The rhythmic beat of the stampers  
From batteries far and near.

I watched from the wharf one evening  
Till the silver moon was seen,  
Fairy-like the Gentle Annie  
And the Una Hill between.

Waking visions of days vanished,  
Ere the Pakeha came here ;  
Only the moon and the mountain  
Unchanged through each changing year.

Only the moon and the Moreporks  
Are now as they used to be,  
When the echoes weirdly answered  
To Ngatipo's revelry.

I gazed on the calm Hauraki,  
That bore on her heaving breast  
The hero of a hundred fights\*  
Long since ; but he is at rest.

Those lights to northward gleaming  
Alternately red and blue,  
Shine from our Rotomahana,  
And not from a war-canoe.

Then down on the wharf that evening  
We chatted right merrily  
Of men and women in plain prose,  
Without hint of poesie.

Yet down on the wharf that evening  
Thus our complex nature wrought  
In hearing, seeing, and speaking,  
While hoarding heart-deep thought.

\* Hongi Ika.

Buried deep like the richest ore,  
Which the trolls alone may view,  
Far too deep for the diamond drill,  
Let it screw, and screw, and screw!

---

## ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

THERE never was such a time before in this quiet town  
of ours.

There never was such a gathering of bridal bouquet  
flowers.

We have had many an Easter here, and very nice ones  
too,

But never an Easter yet with such hymeneal ado.

The talk has been nothing but trousseaux since Christmas  
time, and thus

The dear girls have had a picnic, but the men say,  
'Blooming fuss!'

There never was such a time before in this sleepy  
Thames of ours;

There never was such a gathering of bridal bouquet  
flowers.

I can't exactly tell you what has put it into the head  
Of so many Jocks and Jennies at this Easter to be wed;

But the fact remains, delightful fact, and as we wish them  
well,

I think that the verger should be told to ring St. George's  
bell.

For somehow we are all in this, even if we don't say so,  
Though it's just like those colonials *not* to ring the bell,  
you know.

Now when our hearts are all o'ercharged with joy, we  
need a 'went,'  
And the Easter chimes with wedding chimes in one  
could well be blent.

And when the passing years have rolled away with many  
a change,  
When the bride and groom no longer may by old  
Hauraki range,

Within their hearts this memory shall for aye be kept  
alive,  
'The Easter week when we were wed, at the Thames in  
ninety-five.'

---

BRIDE BELLS.

'And so endeth a wooing.'—E. B. BROWNING.

BRIDE bells! lily bells! and all the town must go  
Where bride bells and lily bells silver with their snow  
Youth's dream, lover's dream, while summer roses greet  
Love's power and joy's hour with their perfume sweet.

Bride bells! lily bells! a vision of pure grace  
Sistering the fairy flowers, a drooping maiden face.  
Bride bells and lily bells, orange blossoms pale,  
Clasping the diaphanous, softly flowing veil.

Bride bells ! lily bells ! a hush, a murmured prayer,  
Bended brows, solemn vows, a golden ring to wear.  
Bride bells ! lily bells ! white wreathing o'er her head ;  
Rainbow blossoms glow beneath her happy tread.  
Bride bells ! lily bells ! and to the pulsing strain  
Of Mendelssohn's glad heart-beats goes the bridal train.

---

### A CHRISTMAS COLLOQUY.

#### CHILDREN.

WE wonder if Christmas will *ever* be here !  
We wish we could keep it up twice every year.  
We look up the almanack daily to see  
When the dear happy holidays really will be.  
With money and mince-pies, oh, any amount !  
And parties and picnics beyond any count,  
No wonder we weary for such merry cheer :  
How nice if it came to us *twice* every year !

#### MOTHERS.

Just fancy, if Christmas again isn't here !  
And it's no time at all since we had it last year ;  
With its company, cooking and cleaning, and heat.  
We house-keeping mothers will all be dead beat,  
For everything comes with a rush, as they say,  
And a houseful of racketing children all day.  
Now, what a grand breathing-space we should have  
clear,  
If Christmas came only, say, each *second* year.

FATHERS.

The bachelors may well be gay.  
Our locks are growing thin and gray ;  
Each olive branch this time of year  
Mysteriously grows more dear.  
' Our new piano, dear papa,  
And the Axminster for mamma.'  
' A bicycle, I must have one,'  
The pet pipes forth. ' You know that gun,'  
The heir chimes in ; ' 'tis my desire  
That promise, sir, should not hang fire.'  
What mortal with such odds can cope ?  
Bank overdraft, then—Great P. slope !  
Till we hold shares in the Wahi,  
Let Christmas come *one* year in *three* !

CHILDREN.

Oh, mothers, you would not deprive  
Us of our joy !

MOTHERS.

Dear heart alive !  
You blessed, blessed children, no !  
We'll ice the cakes that truth to show,  
If fathers grudge you——

FATHERS.

Hold on, there !  
Don't make us kin to grizzly bear.  
Now, quit that hugging. Well, maybe  
We'll stand you one more Christmas-tree !



## THE WRECK OF THE 'WAIRARAPA.'

NE'ER before New Zealand's network of electric wire has  
told

Of such pitiful disaster round her wave-washed head-  
lands bold.

Years shall come, and years shall vanish, over smiling  
hill and dale

Ere from memory is banished this pathetic shipwreck  
tale.

Coming eastward, steaming westward, as the good ships  
take their way—

'That is where the *Wairarapa* struck the Barrier,' men  
will say.

And the child will clasp its mother with a childish face  
of dread,

As from passing deck she points it towards the nor'-west  
Miner's Head.

So the thrice-repeated story shall be still revived anew,  
While the Barrier bluffs uprear them, over forty fathoms  
blue,

And the east coast to the west coast chant in sister tones  
of woe :

'Here was wrecked the *Wairarapa* ; here, the *Orpheus*  
long ago.'

Which was sadder, late, or long since ? who dare choose  
in either case ?

Leave the transport with its heroes, and the *Wairarapa*  
trace.

See, in fancy, through the fog bank how she breasts her  
onward course !

Resolutely, all impervious of old Ocean's mantled force.  
Till the weary day a-waning, lovingly a mother smiled,  
To her heart her baby straining: 'We shall land to-morrow, child.'  
And the infant slept serenely, as the night winds upward bore  
O'er the voice of many waters Sabbath songs of homeland shore.  
Snug and safe lay many landsmen in their homes that fatal night,  
Hearing not the crash portentous, nor the wild cry of affright  
'Midst the boom and dash of surges underneath an ebon sky,  
As the hapless people wakened, God of Mercy! but to die!  
Life is sweet! veil, veil the anguish of that black tumultuous hour  
When the might of man was baffled by the elements' grim power.  
Oh! in thought we turn back shuddering; we can only pray and weep  
For the desolate survivors, with their grief for tears too deep.  
May God help them, and God spare us from the passionate, keen pain  
Of the ceaseless, hopeless yearning for the loved and lost again!  
May this mystery of suffering urge us onward by its smart  
Towards the Home that lies before us, where they meet but do not part!

44 *Emilie's Story of the Wreck of the 'Wairarapa'*

All New Zealand thrills with pity, many hearts love's  
vigil keep,  
While the coastal billows' foam-wreath over those who  
dreamless sleep,  
Like the immortelles of grief, shall lie around the  
Miner's Head  
Until the dawning of the day when the sea gives up  
her dead.

---

EMILIE'S STORY OF THE WRECK OF THE  
'WAIRARAPA.'

ON the twenty-eighth October, in the year o' ninety-four,  
We were in the *Wairarapa* off New Zealand's nor'-east  
shore.

All day long the fog had wrapped us, but we leaned, as  
lands-folk must,

On the knowledge of the captain, who had all our lives  
in trust ;

Even when the gloom of evening—darksome ally of  
the fog—

Rolled its serried cohorts round us, and they steered us  
by the log,

Thirteen and a half knots making. Onward, onward  
through the brine

Ran the gallant *Wairarapa*, best boat of the Union line.  
She was built in Denny's shipyard far away upon the  
Clyde,

Where Dumbarton's rock and castle stand in age-defying  
pride.

*Emilie's Story of the Wreck of the 'Wairarapa'* 45

Like a fair sea-bride she glided safely o'er the pathless  
blue,

To the shores of brighter Britain, first in eighteen  
eighty-two :

Sister to the *Manapouri*—household names to high and  
low,

Where the daily papers carry dates of the 'U.S.S. Co.'

We were due in Auckland Harbour on that foggy Sunday  
night,

Hoped to wake at Queen Street jetty with the early  
morning's light.

Some were singing on the steamer well-known words to  
well-known air,

'Shall we gather at the river?' who are now safe gathered  
there.

Laura Flavell shared my cabin with her comrade Annette  
Paul,

And at midnight from our slumbers we were startled,  
one and all,

By a *crash* which stopped the heart-beat! 'What has  
happened?' is the cry.

'Do not be afraid,' said Laura; 'we are both prepared  
to die.

God our Father will watch o'er us.' Then the Army  
lassie prayed,

Braced us for the unknown danger, like a soldier un-  
dismayed.

And we struggled up to main-deck, through the awful  
midnight gloom,

While the Army lassie's chorus rose above the breakers'  
boom ;

46 *Emilie's Story of the Wreck of the 'Wairarapa'*

Clinging fast to iron stanchions, face to face with Death  
at last,

Listening to the cries of anguish heard above the shriek-  
ing blast !

Helpless lay the stranded vessel, listing awfully to port—  
Horses, children, men and women victims for the wild  
waves' sport.

Oh, that long, long night of terror, every nerve and  
muscle strained,

Drenched with salt spray, fiercely holding the precarious  
footing gained !

Oh, the breaking of the gray dawn ! Oh, the death  
freight of the sea !

Woe, instead of joyous welcome ; wailing in the place  
of glee !

Oh, the glooming of the gray rock, where the billows  
thunder loud !

Oh, the bonnie and the blooming with the sea-weed for  
their shroud !

Oh, that cry, 'Will no one help me?' in a piteous  
mother tone !

Frantic, round her tender infants wildly is her death-  
clasp thrown.

O'er the boiling, surging waters, see, at last a rope they  
throw

To the rocks from off the rigging ; o'er this line of life  
who'll go ?

Oh, the *distance* was a trifle—like a broad street, it  
might be ;

But just there the billows thundered in their fury  
terribly.

*Emilie's Story of the Wreck of the 'Wairarapa' 47*

I was first to leave the steamer. 'Oh, do hurry!' Laura  
cried,  
As I scrambled from the rigging and the Army captain's  
side.  
'Now's your time!' the purser shouted, and I caught the  
friendly rope  
While the wild waves battered o'er me, grudging e'en  
this forlorn hope.  
I had almost battled halfway—it was slow work, hand  
o'er hand—  
When at last my right hand failed me, but I heard a  
voice from land,  
'Hold on if you can; I'll save you!' and an engineer  
swam out.  
But the waves were loath to loose me, at their mercy  
tossed about.  
Blind, exhausted, I was rescued, and my slumbering  
senses woke  
As across the angry waters came the other women folk.  
There I saw the Army lassie, with the voice of prayer  
and song,  
Lose *her* hold, through tribulation passing to the  
white-robed throng.  
Yet another, fain to follow o'er the ropeway from the  
wreck,  
In the effort failed, drawn backward lifeless o'er the  
submerged deck.  
*We* were safe upon the Barrier on that tragic Monday  
morn,  
But surrounded by the saddest, strangest sounds, and  
sights forlorn.

48 *Emilie's Story of the Wreck of the 'Wairarapa'*

Here a mother clasped dead babies to her cold but  
faithful breast ;  
There, with wide but sightless blue eyes, lay a youth like  
one at rest  
On the rocky ledge, affording barely room for live or  
dead ;  
While a thousand feet above us sheerly rose the Miner's  
Head.  
Bruised and battered, nearly naked on that perilous  
margin, we—  
While the *Wairarapa's* flotsam strewed the gray and  
troubled sea—  
We were saved to reach the city, and the homes where  
dear ones dwell—  
Saved to shed the tears of pity, saved to breathe a last  
farewell  
O'er the *Wairarapa's* victims sleeping 'neath the Barrier  
swell.

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HINAKI, THE LAST OF THE NGATIPOA.

THE ALARM.

WHEN darkling clouds come scudding up an erstwhile  
quiet sky,  
The Kea and the Kotoku shriek, for the storm is nigh ;  
Thus, when a wave of rumour o'er old Totara swept,  
The women toiled, the warriors danced, who lately  
dreamed and slept ;  
While here and there, with mystic air, the old 'Tohunga  
crept.

The Kai was cooked, the trenches dug, the palisades made strong,  
The Whares thatched, the arrows tipped, while o'er the bustling throng  
The weird Teterē's tocsin wail, adown the Pah and through the vale,  
Swept mournfully along ;  
And watchful outposts on the height, beneath the morning star,  
Lay listening ; but they only heard the waves wash o'er the bar.  
'Twas in the good and gallant days when Might atop would be,  
And Might (or Hongi Ika) was coming o'er the sea,  
With Tupara and Toa—ay, forty hundred gay—  
Mad with the lust of conquest fast coming from the bay,  
To wipe the Ngatipoa from Hauraki clean away.

THE ARRIVAL.

In the gray of the dawning, upborne by the tide  
Of the north-western waters, they came in their pride,  
The flower of Ngaphui—Ngaphui the dread,  
With Hongi, the scourge of the North, at their head ;  
As set as the lion when stalking the prey,  
As keen as the wolves of the winter, were they.

Oh, the dash of the rowers was timely and brave,  
In their gorgeous canoes on the clear morning wave,



When the scores of Ngaphui, with laughter and song,  
As a great Waka Taua came sweeping along ;  
But the joy of the demon looked out from their eyes,  
On the height of Totara, their coveted prize.

The dreaded Ngaphui urged on each canoe  
Till they rocked in the shallows abreast Tararu,  
And the noise of debarking was borne on the breeze,  
Like Tawhiri Matea's voice in the trees,  
To the Ngatipo iwi, who heard it afar,  
And heard not Hauraki break over its bar.

Arouse thee, Hinaki ! thou Toa, arouse !  
Avert the black doom from thy favourite spouse ;  
Let the wood-pigeon mate with the hawk an she will,  
Ere the bloody Ngaphui sets foot on thy hill.  
Sound, sound the Tetera, let offerings be made  
To Tumatauenga, invoking his aid.

The tide of the Waihou is but for an hour,  
But once may the Miro hang red in its bower,  
And the fate of thy Hapu is trembling now,  
Like the dewed web of spider, wind-blown, on the bough.  
Be brave, Ngatipoa ! let the Taua arrive,  
Yet dare them to enter Totara alive.

Hinaki comes down from the hill to the plain,  
Where the clear Kauaeranga winds down to the main,  
By its margin to stand, and its ford to defend  
From the passage of Hongi, his false whilome friend,  
Whose thousands have come by the Pipi-strewn beach,  
Past the swamp of the Raupe and grove of the peach.

THE ASSAULT.

There face to face they stood,  
Those men of might and blood ;  
Drawn up in rank and row,  
Foe glared on glaring foe ;  
While Death, in victor mood,  
Prepared his field to mow.  
Quick hurtling overhead,  
Ngaphui's bullets sped ;  
In terrible reply,  
Ngatipoa's arrows fly ;  
While savagely resounds  
The mighty battle-cry :  
'Whai mai ! whai mai !'  
The falcon's quarry thou,  
Hinaki, fend thee now !  
Ngapuhi seeks thy head  
To grace his wave-washed prow.  
'Whai mai ! whai mai !'  
Hinaki leads his Ngatipoa true,  
'Whai mai !' his Mere Pounamau  
Swings terrible to view ;  
While Hongi aims, and fails,  
Yet aims his Taupara anew.  
(The stately Kauri pine may breast  
A hundred winters' might,  
Yet 'neath the blighting fire of heaven  
Fall prostrate in a night.)  
The lead of Hongi's Taupara  
Lays on Te Papa low,  
The noblest Toa of his race,

Who dealt no coward blow.  
Hinaka falls, the leader  
Of the gallant Ngatipoa !  
The fierce Ngaphui, prompted  
By the Atua of Te Po,  
With ' Na, na, Mate Rawa !'  
Springs on his fallen foe.  
Now, by those eyes, and by that blood,  
New might shall Hongi know ;  
The hopes of Ngatipoa  
Low with Hinaki lay.  
Ngaphui pressed. Some fell, some fled,  
None left to bear away  
Seven hundred corpses, doomed to be  
Vindictive Hongi's prey.

THE AMNESTY.

Ngaphui have sung their victor song,  
Ngaphui have danced their Haka dread ;  
And now round their midnight fires they throng,  
Ngaphui with ghoulisn orgies red.  
'Tis hell let loose on the lovely land,  
Yet are they alert in their devilish glee,  
For behind Totara a little band  
Remains of their doughty enemy.  
Will they hold, or fight to the bitter end ?  
Aue ! aue ! with a flag of truce,  
To the fiend incarnate, lo ! they send :  
Totara to Hongi its gates will loose.

Aue ! aue ! for the Pah so strong,  
That never a foe had forced his way ;  
Through it Pekarangi's Horo throng  
To the trench where its Toas safely lay.

Aue ! aue ! for that Pah was doomed  
When the grim Ngaphui a footing found.  
Its last hath the weird Tetera boomed,  
For the Ngatipo from Totara mound.

They seal a peace by the midnight fire,  
By the bones of their desecrated dead,  
And the gluttoned conquerors wreak their ire  
In insults heaped on each eyeless head.

THE ATROCITY.

Aue ! aue ! 'twas a tranquil night  
When the hundreds four of the Ngatipo  
Had looked adown on the quivering light  
Of the fires that blazed by the stream below.

Aweary with carnage, loss, and grief,  
Secure in their truce they sank to rest.  
Ngaphui arose. Like the autumn leaf,  
Each Ngatipo fell on Totara's breast.

THE ABANDONED ACRES.

Skies keep their colour, and streams their course,  
Though the deeds of men are as dark as hell ;  
But desolate lies Totara Pah,  
Wahi Tapu, since Hinaki fell.

## HAURAKI, THE NGAPHUI.

I WILL tell you in this story, hardly altered from the  
Maori,

How the Chief of the Hikutu, young Hauraki, came to  
die.

Honour looks not on his colour whose life deeds are  
deeds of valour,

For all men are reckoned equally by her impartial eye.

After fighting at Tumata, Walker gathered up his  
wounded,

And Hauraki came to help him, with thirteen picked  
Hikutu ;

In the Kainga of Okaihau he had left one hundred  
warriors,

As the allied foes, Kawiti and the Kapotai, well knew.

Kororareka saw Walker and the red-coats steal to battle,  
With the friendly natives following, to give a push  
behind,

Up the clear Waikare River ; but the wild-duck's scream  
betrayed them,

As the scent of the intruders came toward it on the  
wind.

The Kapotai seized their rifles with a sense of coming  
trouble,

And shouted through the darkness : ' Are you Maori  
warriors ? then

We will give you battle here. If it be the English  
soldiers,

We will straightway leave Kapotai Pah for the red-  
coated men.'

So discreetly in the dawning all the Kapotai deserted,  
When their Pah, with all their porkers, Walker promptly  
took as Utu,

For the sack of Kororareka, and also in atonement  
For the bothering and blundering at Te Taumata Tutu.

When the Pah was duly plundered, Walker followed the  
Kapotai,  
Who in full retreat had vanished down the friendly  
forest shade ;

Walker, Mohi, then, and Repa, with three hundred men  
pursued them,  
Till they turned and fought like tiger-cats a long time  
undismayed.

Then the Chief of the Hikutu, with his thirteen men  
about him,

In a shady path fell foul of the young Chief of Kapotai ;  
As the first thirteen faced sixty, a most tragic fight  
resulted,

And Hauraki's rifle picked them off, till some began to  
fly.

' Fly away like the wood-pigeon !' cried the scornful young  
Hauraki ;

' Fly away and feed on berries : I have taken your land,  
see !'

Then a slave of the Kapotai said, 'Hauraki is a noble,  
Born Chief Te Hikutu, Rarawa, and of Te Ngati-  
kuri.'

But out Hari the Kapotai chief cried loudly to Hauraki :  
'Swim you away on backs of fish, as there is no land  
for you here.'

And like valiant young heroes then these two Tino  
Tangata

Each resolved to part with life before they gave up  
honour dear.

In the very act of loading, Hari fired upon Hauraki,  
And the bullet passed with swiftness through his breast,  
out at his back ;

Yet he fell not, and, still standing, took another cap  
and fixed it,

While the proud Kapotai staggered—dead—at the  
ensuing crack.

'Thus, I die not unrevenged !' cried the valorous Hauraki ;  
But his strength deserting, slowly he sank down upon  
the ground ;

Quick two men of the Hikutu came to raise their fallen  
leader,

And as tenderly they led him down the forest gloom  
profound ;

While the Kapotai with reverence bore away their Rangi-  
tira,

And then rushed, enraged at his death, upon Hauraki's  
few,

Who, swift turning, fled before them (they were only eight  
in number) ;

And the foremost, as they fled, o'ertook their chief and  
comrades two.

Like a father cried Hauraki : ' Do not stay by me, my  
children ;

Only place me in the long fern, and alone I there  
shall die ;

While ye go and tell my kinsman, brave Tamiti Te  
Walka,

Who will bear me hence, and let my bones by all my  
kindred lie.'

So they placed him in the long fern, and then one by one  
knelt by him,

For the last time rubbing noses, as each Hikutu well  
knew

That no braver and no better Maori chief than this  
Hauraki

Could wear the Huia feather or swing Mere Pounamaui.

Bitter tears fell fast, while bullets whistled randomly  
around them,

For the cordon of the Kapotai kept up a running fire,  
Which returning, quick they dashed through, led by  
Kaipo and Te Pake :

Thus they swiftly bore to Walker their loved chieftain's  
last desire.

From the clear ground by the river all the red-coats were  
embarking,

And Te Waka's soul was troubled when he heard their  
doleful tale ;



When he ran to beg the Pahekas' assistance for the rescue,

The interpreter had vanished, and unheard he had to sail.

For the Kapotai came swarming down the banks of the Waikare,

Hotly peppering the departing Waka Taua from the shore ;

Safely back to Kororareka went Tamiti Te Waka

With his friendlies, and the Pahekas who regimentals wore.

In the thick fern of the forest, *one* lay lonely until midnight,

And the night was cold about him, for the heavy rain came down ;

Still, the wounded warrior died not, though his spirit writhed with anguish,

Lest the foe should find him living, and destroy his great renown.

As he lay he saw the Atua of his great ancestor Toa,

And the shade addressed Hauraki in stern accents, crying : ' Rise !

Wilt thou, my descendant,' quoth it, ' here be taken without effort ?

In the mind the body's strength is : Te Hikutu chief, arise !'

So Hauraki rose, and travelled slowly on that dreary midnight,

Till upon the river he set forth within a small canoe,

And he pulled towards Kororareka until his craft turned  
over,

Then, with life too quickly ebbing, crept ashore with  
much ado,

Where a Paheka relation gladly took him and concealed  
him,

Till brave Tamiti Te Waka came next day and took  
him on

To Okaihau, where the doctors vainly tried to cure with  
medicine ;

From thence borne to Hokianga, whence his spirit  
soon was gone.

When Hauraki died, his body was laid out at Wirinake,

To be seen by his relations, Ngaphui and Rarawa ;

As they sang the mournful Pihe there, the chiefs rose up  
in order,

And they praised the dead. These are the words of  
the chief Te Anu.

Bounding back and forth before the corpse, with spear in  
hand, he shouted :

‘ Farewell, farewell, Hauraki ! go on, taking hence with  
you

Hospitality and kindness, generosity and valour.

None are left behind to fill the place that vacant now  
we view.

‘ Yet your death was noble, noble ! with your own hand  
you revenged,

As you saved yourself, without the help or aid of any  
man ;

True, your life was short, but so it is with heroes ; oh  
Hauraki,  
Farewell ! farewell !' he wildly cried, in the night gloom,  
as he ran.

By the river sat the young wife and the sister of Hauraki,  
In the darkness weeping ever, weeping soft and  
silently ;  
With their nimble fingers spinning the strong thread  
themselves to strangle,  
And the flax that they were spinning thus, for tears,  
they could not see.

When the sister of Hauraki saw the full moon grandly  
rising,  
She broke silence and lamented : ' It is well, O Moon,  
with thee,  
Coming back from death, and spreading light upon the  
little wavelets ;  
As it reappears, " Behold the moon ! behold the moon !"  
say we.

' Grief and pain within my heart are springing upward from  
a fountain,  
For the dead of this world come not, they return to us  
no more.

Grief and pain within my heart are springing upward like  
a fountain ;

For relief, to death I hasten, my poor spirit is so sore.'

Then the kindred of Hauraki barely turned them from  
their purpose,

But the wife was won to waiting for her helpless orphan  
child ;

While the broken-hearted sister hugged the sharp blade  
of her sorrow,  
Till the severed life-cord set her free from all her  
anguish wild.

But the wife remained to rear the son for future days of  
fighting,  
And she called him Maiki, from the hill where rose  
the flagstaff high,  
Even the cutting down of which began the sadly drawn-  
out struggle  
Of the war in North New Zealand, which caused  
Hikutu to die.

So they bore their chieftain's body to the Cave of Ramaroa,  
In the lonely mountain ranges, thus fulfilling his desire;  
There they left him long to slumber, in the midst of his  
dead kindred,  
While a party of three hundred men Paura Mamae  
fire.

They were Hikutu, Rarawa, and the Ngatikuri people,  
And these bravely took their way within the land of  
Kapotai :

Paura Mamae they carried, and destroyed the cultivations,  
Unmolested by the owners, in the forest hiding shy.

For they knew this was a party of the people of Hauraki,  
Who were bearing Patu Mamae, and therefore would  
not fight ;

So the Taua reached the very spot where Hikutu was  
wounded,  
And they fired there many volleys for the dead man,  
which was right.

Then the Hikutu went backward unmolested to their country :

The behaviour of the Kapotai in this was just and good,

For it was not fear that kept them from resenting this intrusion ;

In respect for the departed, and for grief, aloof they stood.

When the gallant Hone Heke heard how death had claimed Hauraki,

'Now it matters not,' said he, 'if in this war I'm also slain,

For the Ngaphui have not a chief ranked higher than Hauraki.'

Let his kinsman's tribute justify, and close this hero strain.

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### THE LEGEND OF HINEMOA.

HEARKEN, friends, to this quaint idyl,  
From the love-lore of the Maori,  
From the ancient native records,  
Of the maiden Hinemoa,  
Of the Rotorua beauty,  
Of the beautiful Wahine :  
Straight, yet lissome as the sapling  
Growing graceful by the river ;  
Hinemoa with the fine eyes

Dark as midnight's gloom unfathomed,  
While a star of light illumed them—  
Eyes that drew the gaze of others ;  
Held them, as the old Tohunga,  
But in sweeter thralldom held them,  
By their spell of sweeter magic.  
Maiden with the midnight tresses  
Glossy as the Tui's plumage ;  
With the lithe form and the fleet foot ;  
With the witching smile revealing  
Milk-white teeth, 'twixt lips of coral.  
This alluring child of Nature  
Stole the hearts of all the young men,  
Won the love of all the warriors ;  
Left her sisters of the Hapu,  
Left her sisters all behind her.  
While they strove for admiration,  
She obtained it without effort,  
Beauty's undisputed birthright.  
Sunbeam of the Raupo Whare,  
Queen of maidens, gay, alluring,  
In a land of merry maidens,  
Her land called Te Ika a Maui—  
Where the skies are blue in summer,  
Where the winter passes swiftly,  
Where the mountains rise majestic,  
Where the vales are green as emerald,  
Where the lakes are gems of turquoise,  
And the falls shower glittering diamonds ;  
Where the rivers, like fond children,  
Hasten toward their father Ocean.

Island home of Hinemoa—  
Where the Bush is grand and gloomy,  
With the massive stately Kauri,  
With the Matai and Totara,  
With the Kowhai and the Hinau,  
With the Rata and the Rimu—  
Twining Rata, drooping Rimu ;  
Densely grown, with Rangiora  
Showing silvery in the distance,  
When the spring winds hurry through it.  
And the Raupo by the river  
Bends its thousand, thousand rushes  
As the morning wind sweeps o'er it,  
When the creamy Toi-toi  
Waves its soft and plummy feathers,  
Downward drooping o'er the Raupo.  
Such the swamps where moorhens wander,  
Where the wingless Kiwis wander  
Through the silent starlit watches ;  
Such the swamps where lurk the spirits,  
Good and evil spirits also :  
So the sire of Hinemoa  
Taught his little dark-eyed daughter ;  
Taught her, too, the chanting mournful  
Sung to ward away the Taipo—  
Sung to ward away the spirits  
Lurking in the Bush or flax-swamp ;  
For the spirits flee from music  
As the wild beast shuns the camp-fire.  
Such the lore, and such the legends,  
Hinemoa heard in childhood,

In her own sequestered Hapu  
On the shores of Rotorua—  
Rotorua famed in story,  
Rotorua praised in poem,  
Giving back the blue of heaven,  
Flashing back the golden sunbeams,  
Murmuring softly in the twilight,  
Mirror for the constellations,  
Southern Cross and bright Orion ;  
Beautiful in summer moonlight,  
Fairy, dreamlike in the moonlight ;  
With its island and its cascades,  
With its depths and sandy shallows,  
With its terraces and geysers,  
With its fringe of softest verdure,  
Fringe of varied fern and Nikau.  
In this realm of scenes entrancing  
Dwelt the maiden Hinemoa,  
Watched the dawning of the daylight  
From the little Raupo Whare,  
Watched the sun peep o'er the mountain,  
Kiss the vale, and leave it smiling,  
Glint across the lake and level.  
Hinemoa heard the birds sing  
In the Bush all dark and dewy,  
Heard the shining cuckoo's welcome  
To the tender flowers of springtime—  
Pretty Pipiwharauoa !  
Fostered by Te Riroriro ;  
Heard the long-tailed swallow also,  
Heard the Te Kohoperoa,



In the winter-time a lizard,  
In the summer-time a swallow,  
Say the ancient Maori legends,  
Say the treasured old traditions.  
Hinemoa heard the birds sing  
In the Bush all dark and dewy,  
Heard the Tui and the bell-bird,  
Heard the bell-bird's liquid music,  
Heard the Korimako calling—  
Just as sweet, more faintly, softly,  
Breathed her lover's flute at evening,  
Tutanekai's flute melodious.  
Tutanekai's tribe and people  
Lived not on the ample mainland,  
But upon the little island  
In the lake of Rotorua.  
Tutanekai of the island  
Loved the beauty of the mainland,  
With a love that lives in story.  
But between them lay deep waters—  
Deep of jealousy and envy :  
For the people of the mainland  
Hated those upon the island,  
Came between fair Hinemoa  
And her lover Tutanekai.  
So the lovers met in secret,  
On this fashion met they nightly.  
When the darkness softly shrouded  
Lake and mountain, rock and geyser,  
Evening's mantle thrown around them,  
Then the quick ears of the maiden

Heard a little strain of music,  
Heard a plaintive strain of music  
Borne across the listening water,  
From the little lonely island.  
(Love, inventive, laughs at locksmiths—  
Laughs at lakes, and every hindrance.)  
From the mainland swiftly, softly,  
Issued then upon the waters,  
With a noiseless, dreamy motion,  
With a cautious, gliding motion,  
Hinemoa's barque of Kauri,  
Braving darkness, braving danger,  
Fear absorbed in love all-powerful ;  
Nightly the intrepid beauty  
Answered Tutanekai's signal.  
But one night the signal sounded  
Often, often, louder, fainter,  
O'er the lake of Rotorua,  
O'er the hushed and listening water.  
Tutanekai watched and waited  
Long, and longer, for his loved one,  
Breathed a strain of dulcet music,  
Hushed the strain of dulcet music,  
Listening for the dip of paddles  
In the Rotorua waters,  
In the lake of Rotorua ;  
Tried to pierce the veil of darkness,  
Tried to see young Hinemoa,  
Tried to see her boat of Kauri ;  
But, in answer to his music,  
He but heard the Morepork, Morepork,

Heard the owl still calling Morepork  
From the dense Bush, from the mainland,  
When, all suddenly, beside him,  
Suddenly, and close beside him,  
On the margin of the island,  
On the white beach of the island,  
From the shadowy Rotorua,  
From the lake called Rotorua,  
Rose the beauteous Hinemoa,  
Rose the dauntless Hinemoa ;  
Rose this feminine Leander,  
Happier than poor Leander ;  
Rose this water-wraith, this vision—  
Fairer than the famous mermaid,  
Like a water-nymph or naiad ;  
Stood before him in her beauty,  
Shy, and graceful as the white crane,  
Beautiful as the young wild hawk,  
By her presence on the island  
Telling more than words could ever  
All the love within her young heart.  
Had it not o'ercome her weakness,  
Overcome her woman weakness,  
Overcome her fears and fancies,  
Nerved her with a desperate courage,  
When her lover's signal sounded,  
And she found that friends and parents  
Had removed canoe and paddles,  
Left her none to cross the lake with ?  
Then the dauntless Maori maiden  
Lost no time in useless wailing,

Quickly made a simple life-belt,  
Made of empty gourds a life-belt,  
Girt it silently about her,  
Left the mainland in the darkness  
For the island in the darkness ;  
Boldly swam across the water,  
Swam across the gloomy water,  
O'er the mighty Rotorua,  
O'er the lake of Rotorua.  
Guided only by the music,  
Hinemoa swam on bravely  
Through the dark and heaving water,  
Till she reached the lonely island,  
Reached the Rotorua island ;  
Then uprose before her lover  
In her innocence and beauty,  
In the silence 'mid the shadows—  
Gladly welcomed, fondly vested  
In a woven mat of feathers,  
In a mat of golden feathers ;  
Then conducted to his Whare,  
His true wife to be henceforward.  
Drama fair of Rotorua,  
Drama of the days departed,  
Of the beauteous Hinemoa  
And the noble Tutanekai,  
From the love-lore of the Maori,  
From the ancient Maori legends,  
Told by chiefs with tattooed faces,  
Told by lithesome dusky maidens,  
Told by youths of manly grandeur,

Who count backwards in their lineage  
To the noble Tutanekai  
And the peerless Hinemoa.

---

### TE AROHA.

Oft have I gazed on the lofty Te Aroha,  
Lovingly scanning its conical crest,  
Dark bush-clad ravines, and steep, rugged inclines,  
Empurpled when sunset was gilding the west.

Oh, could I picture thy calm, regal beauty,  
In dignity queen-like, majestic, alone ;  
Delicate mist-veil and cloud-wreath adorning,  
Rich sapphire the canopy over thy throne.

Royally decked in a vesture of purple,  
Welcoming daily the lustrous morn ;  
Ever the same, though wild winds are raging,  
And storm-clouds of boding tempest forewarn.

Perfect in outline, pride of the valley,  
Verdantly lovely, in sunshine arrayed ;  
High elevation, and weirdly deep crevasse,  
Where waters rush on in perpetual shade.

Well do I love thee, noble Te Aroha ;  
Fervent emotion thy grandeur doth wake,  
Charging my bosom with undefined feeling :  
Pleasure and sadness, joy-thrill and heart-ache.

Why thus attractive, strangely alluring ?

Mountain magnetic, the charm now unfold ;

'Tis not the wealth thou long hast been storing

Of minerals precious and glittering gold.

'Tis not the narrow, romantic, lone pathways,

Leading the ambitious traveller high,

Over the rock-face, through dim-lighted woodland,

Where startled hawks, Moreporks, and shy Tuis fly.

'Tis not the view of the vast fertile valley,

Where bright winding Waihou meanders along,

As seen from thy summit a picturesque landscape,

When sylvan choirs warble their sweet vesper song.

'Tis not the twilight, though often I tarried,

Watching eve shadows reluctantly fall ;

Thou art more grand when in darkness enveloped,

'Neath stars, while the night hush is resting on all.

\* \* \* \* \*

Much in this life unexplained and mysterious,

Ever neglected, unnoticed, we find ;

Add to the list thy strange fascination :

The days of oracular fame have declined.

Yet when by distance and change widely sundered,

Nor longer permitted thy proud form to see,

Aye unforgotten, a chord deep and loyal

Shall waken, Te Aroha, at mention of thee.

---

THE THAMES, NEW ZEALAND, AND THE  
TRAVELLER.

ONCE upon a time a stranger came strolling down this  
way,

And, if you will believe it, was just cool enough to say

This was the bleakest, barrenest, drear, desolated spot  
That eyes could see, or feet could tread, in all his travelled  
lot.

The place was perpendicular, and breathed on by the  
sea ;

Its people, patient, hopeful, were a mixed community.

He left this brilliant forecast too, for Shortland and  
Grahamstown,

That the mines would some fine day collapse, and bring  
the mountains down ;

And all the sea-birds therefore get back their territorie,  
But the nestlings won't be hatched awhile for this gay  
jubilee.

A pretty picture, truly, of our social seaside home !  
Some knowledge of the classics should be taught the folks  
who roam.

Then perhaps they'd give up telling such little tales as  
these,

Lest swiftly-moving Nemesis their sorry soul should  
seize.

Well, to resume. The visitor in days of Auld Lang  
Syne

Toiled his distinguished self unto the Caledonian Mine.

The bud had not unfolded then its wealth of wondrous  
bloom,

Or shall we say the comet's blaze had not dashed through  
the gloom ?

Not then the wonder of the age, and not then known as  
great,

Though later yielding golden ore in breath-arresting  
weight.

Up on the barren mountain-side, a dark and dreary hole,  
Its entrance seemed a home for winds, the sea-bird, and  
the mole.

Yet on that seaward mountain-side, through that low  
dirty door,

The wealth of Croesus was brought forth as in Arabian  
lore.

Yes ; through that gloomy portal, and across that mullock  
gray,

The shortest cut discovered yet to El Dorado lay.

The young moon lit the workings and the new moon o'er  
the field

Beheld the people's wonder at unprecedented yield.

Of a ton of molten metal, pure gold refined by fire,  
Ten thousand pounds per diem, surpassed the heart's  
desire.



74 *The Thames, New Zealand, and the Traveller*

'Beyond the dreams of avarice,' to use old Johnson's  
phrase,  
Was the palmy golden output in Caledonian days.  
'The silver Thames' trips lightly from the Londoner's  
glib tongue,  
But 'Barkis isn't willin'' to have discredit flung  
On *our* Thames beyond the tropics, where old Taipari  
takes due ;  
Throw out the Bill in toto, let its D's be one or two.  
So there ! you needn't tell us ; for we quite refuse to  
hear  
About a 'clammy, sticky, moist, oppressive atmosphere.'  
We wonder at you, really ; why, the record of that mine  
Wove round us here a halo that for evermore shall shine.  
The wide world cannot beat it, even if it match the same :  
The Thames became historic in its Caledonian Claim.

---

THE CLEMATIS.

WHAT words are meet to describe the sweet  
Perfume, or the contour so fine,  
Of each pale bloom in the greenwood gloom,  
Upon the clematis vine ?  
So rath and fair on the keen spring air,  
High-born as the crocus is low ;  
With mystic grace in their quiet place  
Clematis clusters blow.

Bloom for a bride, unshadowed beside

The blanche of the pearly gem ;

Chastely divine in colour, design,

They glisten in earth's diadem.

Herald of Spring ! now the birds may sing,

For joy that winter is o'er,

With days so chill, and a glad life-thrill

Awakes with the blossoms hoar.

In bright young eyes, 'neath the changeful skies,

They waken an innocent glee,

Straining afar, in quest of the star

Blooms, gemming some forest tree.

Through glen and grove of the Bush they rove,

Where the ferns grow rank and strong ;

Then gather and go with their prize of snow,

Light-hearted, jubilant throng.

Words fail to paint or convey the faint

Perfume, and the contour so fine,

Of each pale bloom in the greenwood gloom

Upon the clematis vine.

---

#### THE MINER'S LETTER.

*Christmas Eve, 1884.*

OLD MATE,—With fingers little used to implement so  
light,

I grasp the pen, and leave the pick half ruefully to-night,  
When toilers of the Bush and mine enjoy a brief reprieve ;

While through the streets, and up and down, the country  
people throng the town,  
To keep up Christmas Eve.  
Things aren't looking over-bright down here away just  
while I write ;  
For we by Fortune, fickle queen ! right heartlessly have  
jilted been.  
Old mate, perhaps you may have heard how we've been  
duped by hope deferred.  
The hope that in a week or two we'd reap a harvest  
fair,  
A mirage in the desert proved—a castle in the air.  
You know the adage of spilt milk is excellent advice,  
But after years and years of toil without the handicap of  
vice,  
To end as poor as parish mice—well, mate, it's hardly  
nice !  
My word ! they have been changing years, on this once  
famous field,  
Since back a quarter and a score, waiting our turn to go  
ashore,  
We stood together on the bridge, packed in the crowded  
little *Midge*.  
The peach-grove spread along the flat, the creeks  
wound through it free ;  
D'ye mind the log where first we sat and drank our  
digger's tea ?  
Then following the winding creek, which prattled down  
its way,  
And with the sun played hide-and-seek 'neath verdant  
bough and spray.

High on the slope, with pick and spade, we cleared our  
twelve by ten,  
And by the Rata's crimson shade pitched canvas there  
and then.  
Like mushrooms springing through the green, the white  
tents rose around ;  
From morn till eve, a busy scene, the valley rang with  
sound  
Of pick and axe, and jolly bass ; for hope was at the  
helm !  
To-day there's not a blessed trace of all that fairy  
realm ;  
There's nothing left of all the grove ; the creeks through  
culverts flow,  
While English cabbages are raised where Raupo used to  
grow ;  
And we've seen many an up and down, even since *you*  
gave it best,  
Of boom and bust, fat calves, dry crust ; now stumped  
up like the rest !  
In Tookey's days, bless you, old mate ! we thought the  
Thames would be  
By this time clad invulnerable in golden panoply.  
Ah, poor Achilles ! (I mean Thames), misfortune pierced  
thy heel ;  
When will our stranded vessel float again on even  
keel ?  
For 'Caledonian,' 'Golden Crown,' lent but a passing  
light :  
The 'Red Queen' and the 'Cure' have gone back to  
primeval night ;

The 'Bright Smile' long has ceased to haunt investor  
mockingly.

(What batteries rusting lie !)

Few are the favoured who can claim 'divs.' from the  
'Waiotahi.'

I doubt not, too, but you have learned of our side-swims,  
old man,

From Waiomo up to rough Wahi—Puff! flashing in the  
pan !

Things aren't looking over-bright down here away just  
now ;

But Christmas brings back thoughts of friends and days  
that used to be,

When some poor beggar like myself falls into reverie.

And so, with fingers little used to implement so light

(Denied by miles of sea and land both word of mouth  
and grip of hand),

With pen and ink I write.

We may not roll in Croesus' wealth, but work for all we  
spend ;

Still, money cannot purchase health, nor yet a trusty friend !

Then am I rich, therefore elate, with little need to grieve :

Remember me, as I do thee, old mate, this Christmas  
Eve.

---

#### YELLOW KOWHAI.

KOWHAI ! Kowhai ! see the yellow Kowhai,

Thousand petals falling like Danae's rain ;

Airily and lightly, in summer brightly,

Kowhai ! Kowhai ! upon the battle plain.

Totara Kowhai ! Totara Kowhai !

A-blooming where old Hongi and brave Hinaki met ;  
In the Wahi Tapu, sacred to the stranger,  
Ngaphui's bones there, unremoved, lie yet.

Totara Kowhai, Totara Kowhai,

Time will break the Tapu, and man will cut the tree ;  
But we will wander o'er hill and dale and find thee,  
Howe'er so secret thy retreat may be.

---

RED KOWHAI.

MAGNIFICENT in showy bloom,  
All lavishly displayed  
Down the dim aisles of greenwood gloom,  
Or in the sunny glade.

The ' fuchsia of the parrot's beak '  
In vulgar parlance known ;  
Brazil or bright Tahiti might  
Well claim it for their own.

Standing with rich effect between  
The trees less gaily dressed,  
Its countless glowing clusters are  
By their own weight depressed.

The vivid hue, the languid grace,  
Of tropic life is seen  
In its voluptuous lovely form  
And listless, langorous mien.

The torrid sun, by Mother Earth,  
Hath offspring like to thee !  
But Nature works a miracle  
In this isle of the sea,

And rears without such fervent heat,  
Or bowers of serpent guile,  
The opulence that richly crowns  
Our own New Zealand isle.

---

MANUKA.

Acres on acres of low, hilly, poor land  
Is the Manuka's peculiar domain ;  
Acres on acres like heath on the moorland,  
White with its blossom, like snow on the plain.

Acres on acres to battle a path through,  
Growing o'erhead like the tall pampas-grass,  
Wirily branched with prickly foliage ;  
Woe worth the day when the stranger shall pass !

Acres on acres, and acres on acres,  
Fire hath swept clean through the length of the land ;  
But the Manuka will ne'er be demolished  
Until old Neptune comes over the strand.

Acres on acres like heath o' the moorland,  
White with its blossom, like snow on the plain ;  
For the fair sunlighted land of the Maori  
Is the Manuka's peculiar domain.

## ZEALANDIA.

SHE's just a poor little, dear little dot  
Amid seas by herself out here ;  
The old world loveth her, heedeth her not,  
And turns to her a deaf ear.

Although like an innocent child she cries  
With pathos, ' Do look at me !'  
Lyndyn stares past her with Sphinx-like eyes  
Down South to the berg-bound sea.

If she could perch on a mighty pile  
Of her sins and sorrows rolled  
Through ages together, reeking vile,  
The claimant her own might hold.

But she is too young and lacks history ;  
Her Muses unsoiled can show  
To any new-comer who cares to see  
Her christening robes of snow.

They listen not to the wooing talk,  
Of the lone little mid-sea maid ;  
But with lofty dignity past they stalk,  
In the cosmic grand parade.

When the bloom of the fruit is gone for aye,  
Perchance they will term it sweet,  
And dream of the virgin snow that to-day  
They trample beneath their feet.



82     *Allan, the Bugler of the Fifty-eighth*

For her day will come, and the blasé world  
To the blooming rose will sue,  
When its velvet petals are all uncurled  
By the sunlight and the dew.

The child may be scorned, but the woman grown  
Shall avenge these slighted days,  
When wooers shall kneel at her jewelled throne  
And poets shall sing her praise.

And then, no longer a poor little dot  
'Mid seas by herself out here,  
But an ocean queen, she'll abate not a jot  
Of homage from every sphere.

---

ALLAN, THE BUGLER OF THE FIFTY-  
EIGHTH.

OH for the pen of Macaulay !  
For worthy of its employ  
Is the tragic tale  
Of the old Hutt Vale,  
And the fall of the bugler boy.

In early days of our Sovereign,  
Rose-coloured and full of joy,  
There was need to fight  
For our island bright,  
And need for the bugler boy.

The danger that dogs a soldier,  
His slumber cannot destroy ;  
The Fifty-eighth slept  
While the Maori crept  
Anear to the bugler boy.

Adown in the old Hutt Valley,  
The scout was cute and coy,  
He clove the right arm  
That could spread the alarm,  
And crippled the bugler boy,

Who seized with his left the bugle,  
Intrepid and brave envoy ;  
From the fern so damp  
All the sleeping camp  
Arose. But the bugler boy

Would blow no more for the battle,  
No more for the brave convoy ;  
But what prouder boast  
Than ' Died at his post '   
Craves soldier or bugler boy ?

Thus fell as gallant a hero  
As Greek 'neath the walls of Troy.  
The honour cost dear,  
But we cherish here  
The name of the bugler boy.

The old Fifty-eighth have vanished ;  
Strange hands with that bugle toy ;  
While New Zealand still  
Receives with a thrill  
The tale of the bugler boy.

## GOD'S ACRE BY THE SEA.

TARARU, THAMES, NEW ZEALAND.

WITH the restless waves beneath it,  
And the dark pines overhead,  
The path winds up the hillside  
To this city of the dead,  
Where the loved, the unforgotten,  
From earth's care and sorrow free,  
Are the mute and mystic tenants  
Of God's Acre by the sea.

Smoothly there the grass is tended,  
And the oleander pale,  
With the sombre pine and cypress,  
Bears the brunt of many a gale;  
While the fragrant flow'rets echo  
Sweet, 'In loving memory,'  
O'er those quiet resting-places  
In God's Acre by the sea.

When the sun behind the mountains  
Sinks down in his phoenix pyre,  
In the words of Holy Canon,  
'Mingled, as it were, with fire,  
A sea of glass 'beneath it lies,  
Where a prophet's gaze might see  
Heaven's ransomed hosts assembling,  
Clad in victor panoply.

While no human habitation  
And no sign of life are near,  
But the sound of many waters  
Breaking on the listening ear,  
With a whisper in its volume  
Of the vast eternity,  
Till the hot tears dim the vision  
In God's Acre by the sea.

Sighs may wake, and tears may tremble:  
God is just—His will is best ;  
Leave thy loved ones in His keeping,  
Where the weary are at rest.  
Say, in patient resignation,  
' They shall not return to me ;  
I shall go to those I mourn for,  
In God's Acre by the sea.'

Look toward the great reunion,  
Drawing nearer each heart-beat,  
When the loving and the severed  
Never more to part shall meet.  
For the ancient graves shall yield them,  
Roused to immortality,  
When the joy of Resurrection  
Thrills God's Acre by the sea.

---

## TO A SCOTCH THISTLE,

BLOOMING ON THE COAST OF NEW ZEALAND.

ROYAL thistle, armed thistle, Scotland's emblem dear,  
Before my mind a vision sweeps  
Of men who forded troublous deeps,  
Their standard of the truth to rear ;  
But, thistle, art not homesick here ?  
This is no broom-clad heathy fell,  
Around thee ocean surges swell ;  
These woods gave not thy Bruce a bier.  
Yet on New Zealand's sunny shore  
Thou wear'st thy purple with the regal grace  
I often marked in happy days of yore,  
When wont my Scotia's honoured strand to pace.  
Ah ! dear old thistle, thou art proof to me  
That independent Truth's at home on both sides of the  
sea.

## GLOSSARY.

ATUA—Spirit.

'Aue!'—Exclamation, *e.g.*, Alas !

Hapu—Family.

Hauraki—Also called, as chief of that tribe, Hikutu.

Hikutu—A tribe of the Ngaphui.

Hokianga—Settlement, North-west New Zealand.

Hone Heke — The Maori malcontent who began the war  
in North New Zealand in 1845.

Hongi Ika—The great warrior chief of New Zealand.

Huia Feather—A decoration denoting a chief.

Iwi—Tribe.

Kai—Food.

Kaipo and Te Pake—Hauraki's cousins.

Kaka—War-dance.

Kapotai—Native tribe at feud with Hikutu.

Kauaeranga—River.

Kea—Parrot.

Kororareka—Bay of Islands.

Kotuku—White crane.

Maiki—Flagstaff Hill, Kororareka.

Mere Pounamau—Greenstone axe.

Miri Miro—Red berries.

'Na ! Na ! Mate Rawa'—Exultant cry on the fall of a foe.

Ngaphui—Great Northern tribe.

Ngatikuru—Ditto.

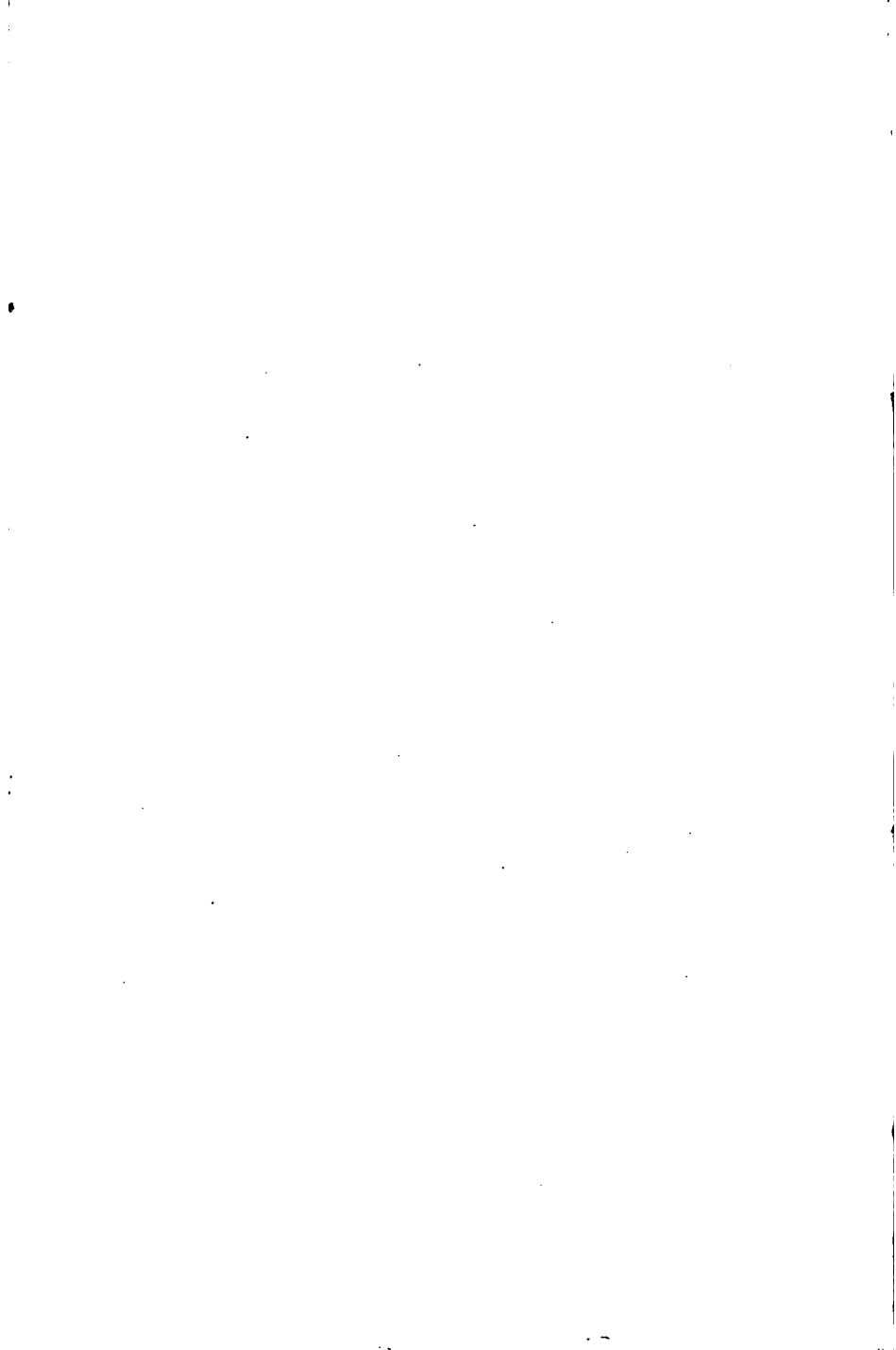
Ngatipoa—Hauraki tribe.

North-western Waters—Hauraki Gulf.

- Okaihau—Maori village.  
Patu Mamae—Weapons of grief.  
Paura Mamae—Powder of pain or grief.  
Pihe—Chant for the dead.  
Rangitira—Chief.  
Rarawa—A tribe.  
Raupo—Marsh-rush.  
Tamiti Te Waka (Walker)—Thomas Walker, friendly native.  
Tawhiri Matea—God of the Winds.  
Te Papa—The Earth.  
Te Po—The nether world.  
Te Taumata] Tutu—A Maori Pah from which the English were repulsed with loss by Hone Heke.  
Tetere—War-trumpet.  
Toa—A hero warrior.  
Tohunga—Priest.  
Totara—Deserted Pah, South-east Thames Valley.  
Tumatauenga—God of War.  
Tupara—Double-barrelled gun.  
Wahi Tapu—Burial-ground.  
Waihou—River.  
Waka Taua—War-party.  
'Whai Mai!'—Battle-cry.  
Whare—Raupo dwelling.

*NARRATIVE POEMS.*





### BENEATH THE PINES.

SOMEWHERE beyond the purple western mountains  
Lie gloomy woods of aromatic pine,  
Where music skyward springs in fairy fountains,  
From wingèd things like voices nigh Divine.

One bygone day of memory unfading  
I heard that bird-song, till it thrilled me through,  
Beneath the mystic pine-trees, sombre shading,  
With sunlit vistas and faint gleams of blue.

The fallen needles made a carpet soundless,  
Where on and on with noiseless steps we went ;  
Ay, we went on, and my deep love was boundless  
For her who on mine arm confiding leant.

Again I see the sunny ringlets clustered  
About that beautiful, pure, tranquil brow ;  
Again behold, with dewy gladness lustred,  
The deep blue eyes I sigh for vainly now.

The birds heard not our accents soft or thrilling,  
Saw not her blush, nor heard her quick-drawn breath,  
With their wild melody the woodland filling,  
The while we promised to be true till death.

A sword I wore, and to my land stood plighted ;  
The bugle sounded—could the soldier stay ?  
Dearly to me the country's wrongs were righted,  
Dearly to me and thee, my blue-eyed May.

\* \* \* \* \*

Far from the battle, wounded, almost dying,  
The stranger bore, with kindly Christian care,  
One who for long, but dimly conscious lying,  
In all the world's transactions had no share.

Through all this length of silence sad and dreary,  
No beam of comfort reached my forest flower ;  
She pined and pined in solitude away,  
Then slowly faded in her woodland bower.

Far in the solemn shade we loved so dearly,  
She found a quiet rest long, long ago ;  
While on this starry night the ocean clearly  
Murmurs upon the distant shore I know.

Yet I, a lonely, heart-scarred exile, wander,  
And mark my shining locks, long since turned gray,  
With eastern morn and western evening ponder  
Still on the fate that kept from me my May.

The golden light upon her grave now gleaming  
Will shortly glisten tenderly on mine ;  
For aye they haunt my hours of pensive dreaming,  
Those gloomy woods of aromatic pine.

---

THE TEST.

WAITING long

For her dear one's slow arriving,  
Love in absence living, thriving,  
While her thoughts were far away ;  
Yet the maiden day by day  
Lightened lonesome with a song,  
Calmly, bravely, waiting long.

Waiting long,

For the years came, never bringing  
Him she loved. At last her singing  
Grew less joyous : had he broken  
Plighted troth ? Time gave no token ;  
Hopes and fears alternate throng  
Hearts thus tried by waiting long.

Waiting long,

Weary of this patience-tasking ;  
Others came, affection asking.  
Why should she thus lovelorn linger ?  
Hymen's circlet bound her finger !  
Constancy had needs be strong  
To survive this waiting long.

---

DEMOSTHENES.

WILL ye listen, brothers, sisters, in this aggrandizing age,  
To a lesson well worth learning from the old Hellenic  
sage ?

Taught, perhaps, one golden noontide, in that art-realm  
long ago,

While his statuesque compatriots were pacing to and  
fro,

By fair home or pillared temple, and the Agora's gay  
crowd,

With indifference born of usage, heard his passionate  
utterance loud.

E'en the young Athenian students, with but little show of  
grace,

Left the study of philosophy for some sweet passing face.

As the master saw their heedlessness, he hushed the  
fervid strain,

To cry : ' Ye men of ancient Greece, there once were  
travellers twain.

' Intent upon a journey long o'er deserts vast and wide,  
The richer man procured an ass whereon at ease to ride.

' Then safely on his sturdy mount to issue forth essayed,  
When, lo ! the poor man walked beside within the grateful  
shade

' Cast by the rider and his steed. The exalted grudged  
to see

This fellow walking in the cool, while in the sun broiled  
he.

' Both enter on a wordy war, assailing fierce and fast  
This point : Who owns the substance owns the shadow  
by it cast.'

Forgetting Iolanthe's charms, the young men gathered  
nigh ;  
The merchant ceased his chaffering, the buyer ceased to  
buy.

A sea of eager faces toward the orator turn now,  
But scorn is in the lightning glance beneath that clouded  
brow.

Bursting in thundering irony, ' Minerva's sons thus pass  
Disdainfully the pearls of truth for the shadow of an ass.'

---

A LEGEND.

FROM the region of the roses, where the bulbuls sweetly  
sing,

Runs the Jewish legend, beautiful as old,  
One was called to wander westward, where the mighty  
cedars spring

Through the snows of Palestina, pure and cold.

O'er the drear Arabian desert, with its Asiatic glare,  
Where the simoon and the vulture waken dread,  
By bleaching bones surrounded, mocked by mirage falsely  
fair,

Lay the path the lonely traveller must tread.

So with weary feet and aching heart from day to day he  
went,

Till six measures of his journey lay behind,  
When before him unexpectedly a hospitable tent  
Offered shelter and refreshment, free and kind.

Like a sweet foretaste of Canaan in that dry and arid  
land,

There he found a grateful respite from the heat,  
And in vision saw the hills and dales, and kissed the  
hallowed strand

Where the tideless waters murmur low and sweet.

Once again he trod six measures—lo! another tent  
appeared :

He was greeted as men greet a trusty friend.

Ah! this legend is a lesson, by diplomacy veneered :

Can we read it unsuspecting to the end?

Yea, O friends, the spikenard lieth in its alabaster tomb :

Must its fragrance ever lie concealed, unknown?

Are your hands too weak, or will-less? Break the box :  
and the perfume—

Richer than all Cashmere's roses—is your own.

---

### DONA ROSARIO.

THE ENGLISH OFFICER'S SPANISH LOVE.

I LOVED her so,

And now through sunny sweet Seville

In dreary dreams go straying.

The air is calm, transparent, still ;

The fragrance floats o'er dale and hill ;

The fountains still are playing—

Rosario !

And yet they know  
She's mute as long-forgotten vow,  
The singing bird departed ;  
The little barge with silver prow  
Has drifted from its moorings now,  
And I am broken-hearted—  
Rosario !

Full richly blow  
The scarlet blossoms ever bright ;  
I shun them, feeling lonely ;  
The myrtle boughs of green and white  
Are all defaced by sorrow's blight,  
For flowerets whisper only,  
Rosario !

Yet sad tears flow,  
Perchance ease thus mine aching eyes,  
So long, so vainly straining ;  
The star has set, no more to rise—  
No dawn is stealing up the skies ;  
But, ah ! this heart-restraining—  
Rosario !

Love laid thee low.  
Oh, bitter thought ! Forgive me, sweet ;  
I could not help obeying  
Impulse which led me to thy feet.  
Alas ! the Spanish sire's conceit,  
Thy swift death-doom conveying—  
Rosario !



'Twas long ago ;  
Yet even now they fire my brain,  
His words no mercy showing ;  
Lived not the man who thee might gain  
Unless the proudest blood of Spain  
In all his veins were flowing—  
Rosario !

I did not go,  
I would not leave the sunny shore,  
Still hoping, trusting, fearing ;  
Some time thy constant spirit bore  
Its woes, though I saw nevermore  
Earth's sight to me most cheering—  
Rosario !

Rosario !  
The name I breathe in twilight hour,  
And 'neath the noontide splendour,  
Though far from Andalusian bower,  
And far from antique Moorish tower,  
Till life I too surrender—  
Rosario !

---

## VIOLA.

### THE ITALIAN MOUNTAINEER.

SUNSET upon the mountain,  
Sunset across the plain ;  
The waters of the fountain  
Fall in iridescent rain ;

Adown the valley gleaming  
The silver river twines:  
A truce to thoughtful dreaming,  
Viola, 'neath the vines.

Sweet, to my suit give heeding,  
Touch lightly the guitar;  
And let its love-notes, pleading,  
Herald the Evening Star;  
Let time, unheard, pass gliding  
The while thy head reclines  
Upon my breast, confiding,  
Viola, 'neath the vines.

Ah, cara mia! never  
More lovely didst thou seem;  
Enshrined now for ever,  
My fancy's fairest dream.  
Ginevra's charms are many;  
In grace Bianca shines;  
Save thee, I see not any,  
Viola, 'neath the vines.

At church, at market, often  
They speak of maidens fair,  
Of eyes that glow and soften,  
And braids of silken hair.  
Then aye will thought go winging  
To where this heart divines  
The birds are round thee singing,  
Viola, 'neath the vines.

How often have I pondered  
Upon that happy day,  
When heedlessly I wandered  
Far from the mountain way ;  
Until, bewildered, straying  
Beyond protected lines,  
Dear Fate ! I heard thee playing,  
Viola, 'neath the vines.

The dreaded bandit proving  
A father proud and mild,  
My very heart-depths moving  
His lone and lovely child.  
Beauty and sweetness, blending,  
Sing ere the day declines,  
Thy lover fond attending,  
Viola, 'neath the vines.

---

#### EIGHTEENTH OF JUNE, 1815.

THROUGH smoke-obsured atmosphere, war-couriers  
prancing,  
Artillery's sharp and incessant resound ;  
Swords from the scabbard drawn, cruelly glancing,  
Cannon-balls ploughing the crimson-stained ground—  
Such the grim horrors thy dark dawning knew,  
Eighteenth of June, upon great Waterloo.

There rode the man whose brief brilliant glory,  
Like some mystic comet, woke wonder and awe,

For oh ! but its lustre was fleeting and gory,  
And ever remembered by those who once saw ;  
The smoke of the powder concealed it from view,  
It dazzled no more after dark Waterloo.

And Erin her warrior lovingly claimeth,  
Whose proud independence and zeal for the right,  
And fortitude dauntless, cowardice shameth ;  
There, equal participant in the stern fight,  
Was Prussia's redoubtable general too,  
Hero-triumvirate of grand Waterloo.

That glorious victory, 'gainst all denying,  
Still they describe it in accents of pride ;  
The chained eagle pined on St. Helena dying ;  
And many a lone widow pressed to her side  
The wondering infant, whose soldier sire true  
Would never return from dead-strewn Waterloo.

The poniard of pain, unseen, piercing keenly,  
In many a once merry heart quivered deep ;  
Grass over many a grave flourished greenly,  
Where, weary of weeping for sorrow, they sleep ;  
Grief unrelentlessly fair victims slew,  
Their death but the issue of sad Waterloo.

Yet may our charter be free, independent,  
With ' Live and let live ' as our watchword of peace,  
Right, all-victorious, maintain the ascendant ;  
Soon may the carnage of dreadful war cease,  
Yearly thy memory inspiring anew  
Loyalty, fealty, royal Waterloo.



*REFLECTIVE POEMS.*



### FRIENDSHIP.

BRILLIANT diamonds and glittering ore  
Earth's myriad dayless caverns keep,  
While azure ocean treasures deep  
Its gleaming pearl and coral store.

Thousands of lovely flowers awake  
The early summer sun to greet  
And yield their odour-offerings sweet,  
While singing birds their nest forsake.

The tuneful warbled hymn of praise,  
When crystal beads of trembling dew  
Each leaf and blade of verdure strew,  
The wind-harp of the greenwood maze ;

Proud ocean's anthem, deep and grand ;  
The echoes of the past, that dwell  
In the low cadence of the shell ;  
The moonlight calm o'er sea and land,

May charm the eye and please the ear,  
And oft a noble mission fill ;  
Bright, restful thoughts as they instil  
Have all their worth, and all are dear.



As blessings with this life to end,  
Happy the man who values all ;  
But happier who his own can call  
High heaven's best boon—a friend.

God-honoured title, grand and true,  
Here from self all thought extending,  
And each noble feature blending  
'To gladly spend, be spent for you'—

Faint echo of that Life Divine  
Which once its hallowing influence shed  
Where Palestina's olives spread,  
Where flourished Cana's fruitful vine.

Self-abnegating, deathless love,  
With tireless, ever-active zeal  
For others' woe, for others' weal,  
Ah ! this all cometh from above.

The pearl and coral, ore and gem,  
Are richly luminous and rare,  
Yet not with constancy compare ;  
It shines in heaven's diadem.

Brighter than aught of earth below,  
Than Nature's music far more sweet,  
Pure, holy friendship is replete  
With graces angels love and know.

Wealth's golden dower how many miss,  
Yet all through life might smiling go,  
And pleasure feel, with hearts aglow,  
Could they but claim this unbought bliss.

Misfortune's shadow may descend,  
The rose-strewn path grow dark to view ;  
With hand-clasp closer, firm and true,  
Nearer to thee will walk thy friend.

For all the virtues sweetly blend,  
Right lovingly as rose-leaves fold,  
This perfect character to mould—  
A faithful, constant, tender friend.

---

#### MIDNIGHT MUSING.

'Tis midnight hour, and sleepless yet !  
Mysterious look the stars, and cold ;  
The soft gloom cloak, of many a fold,  
Once more hath o'er the world's heart met.  
If that heart pulsates sad and slow,  
Oppressed beneath a weight of woe,  
Or gaily boundeth free and light,  
'Tis hidden, hidden by the night :  
Bright buds of hope, fair blooms of joy,  
Growing 'neath sunlight, spoiled by blight ;  
Pure pleasure, with its pain alloy,  
Come all before the mental sight ;  
How thought exults in regal power  
Oft in the solemn midnight hour !

---

**'THINE OWN FRIEND.'**

No marvel that I love it well ;  
My heart the hidden worth can tell  
Which in this simple phrase doth dwell,  
    'Thine own friend.'

When joys take flight, grief's raven wing  
Its shadow on life's path may fling ;  
Then welcomely these true words ring,  
    'Thine own friend.'

A pledge of sympathy most dear,  
A star at midnight, shining clear,  
Sweet anodyne for lonely fear,  
    'Thine own friend.'

A clasp that doth securely hold  
A volume grand of love untold,  
Fair Virtue in this form behold,  
    'Thine own friend.'

The beauty of the sky's deep blue,  
The sunbeam's warm and golden hue,  
Meet in this character so true,  
    'Thine own friend.'

'Change is the burden of our race ;'  
The inevitable bravely face,  
If in thy love hath still a place  
    'Thine own friend.'

In spite of care, of grief or pain,  
A full reward and prize ye gain  
Who prove what's in this sweet refrain,  
    'Thine own friend.'

A title graven, graven deep  
On hearts, effaced not by death's sleep ;  
Heaven gave thee, and for thee will keep,  
    'Thine own friend.'

---

#### REMINISCENCE.

A Musing fit came o'er me  
    In the hour of starlight clear,  
And the viewless fairy, Fancy,  
    With her magic wand was near ;  
I felt the unseen presence  
    Of the wonder-working fay,  
As the curtains closely veiling  
    The past were drawn away.

With joy I hailed the vision  
    Of many a bygone scene,  
Where light and shade, combining,  
    Produced effect serene ;  
The pictures varied widely,  
    But could equally enthrall,  
And memories of friendship  
    Lent an untold charm to all.

Rambles 'neath the silvery moonlight,  
When much was said, more felt,  
As we watched the star of evening,  
And Orion's jewelled belt ;  
Exciting merry rambles  
In quest of treasures new,  
By the creeks, where fern and Nikau  
In wild luxuriance grew.

Anon, upon the bosom  
Of the blue and rippling sea,  
I saw the barque glide onward  
With its goodly company,  
Their happy laughter ringing  
Upon the morning air,  
While blithe and mirthful speeches  
Told the banishment of care.

Again the social gathering,  
When kindlier beamed the smile  
Affectionate, as cultured  
Song and converse time beguile ;  
While through the open casement  
The breath of summer came,  
Or youthful faces brightened  
By the ruddy winter flame.

Some unexpected meeting,  
When joy played hide-and-seek,  
In guileless, winsome fashion  
O'er lip and dimpling cheek ;

The sorrow-shrouded parting,  
Farewell, bedewed with tears,  
The fond and lingering hand-clasp  
Of sympathy, that cheers.

The wistful, earnest glances  
Across the surging deep,  
The tireless watch for tidings  
That constancy doth keep ;  
Her sacred cherished heart-vow  
Of ' Mizpah,' breathing oft  
Like sweet refrain of music  
In echoing cadence soft.

The dear familiar faces  
And voices to mine ear  
Love attuned harmonious  
I seemed to see, to hear ;  
Relived again such gladness,  
And for the time forgot  
'Twas nothing but a shadow  
Whose reality was not.

I tarried long, unwearied,  
For the retrospect was sweet  
By the tide of recollection,  
Whose forceful waves still beat  
On the shore that gives strange echo,  
Where illusive phantoms glide,  
Though no life-barque finds haven,  
Or at anchor there doth ride.

A changeful, varied region  
Where sometimes shadows spread  
A gloom o'er all surroundings,  
When joy and hope have fled ;  
As oft the glowing sunbeams  
Noontide refulgence cast,  
With glory halo circling  
This mystic realm—the Past.

But Fancy's spell was broken,  
As another geni came,  
Recalled me to the present  
In duty's august name ;  
The stars still twinkle brightly  
In the tranquil evening sky,  
And musically rippled  
A mountain creek hard by.

Although 'twas calm and peaceful,  
An involuntary sigh  
Proclaimed regretful feeling,  
How happy moments fly.  
Yet still may fond remembrance  
A source of pleasure be,  
When starlight hours or gloaming  
Are spent in reverie.

---

## COMPARISON.

THE days of our years, the days of our years,  
Alike with their record of smiles and tears,  
Advance and recede like waves on the shore ;  
Engulfed in the past, we behold them no more.

And some days are like to the deep sea wave  
That often caressingly, gently doth lave  
The shell-strewn sand, and, e'er gliding away,  
Makes polished and gleaming each pebble-stone  
gray.

So glad days roll on o'er the strand of time,  
When happiness ringeth a sweet, clear chime,  
And the heart unfolds like some fair sea-flower  
'Neath the sunbeams that fall in a golden shower.

But let summer wane, in the autumn eve  
How sadly the dark sunless waters heave !  
Unsparkling and cold they creep in with a moan,  
And retire, leaving darker each rock and stone.

So seasons of trouble with sorrow rife  
Approach in this changeable human life ;  
The bravest oft shrink from a nameless pain,  
For heart-wounds may heal, but the scars remain.

How wildly the storm-winds in winter rave,  
How sadly they wail o'er the sailor's grave !  
When the hurricane rages, 'mid lightning-lit gloom,  
Oh, many a gallant barque meets her doom !



As in the sad night of bereavement and woe,  
When the mourner his impotent frailty doth know,  
In the deafening turbulent surge of despair  
The buffeted soul can scarce think a prayer.

But, oh ! in the silence of dawning to be,  
When the sunrise illumines the wonderful sea,  
And life-full each bright-crested wavelet appears,  
The glory and gladness banish all fears.

And such may the morn of eternity be,  
When the shadows of time and mortality flee ;  
A life bright, unending as night's starry spheres,  
Begin when we've numbered the days of our years !

---

#### SELF-COMMUNING.

STRANGE heart of mine, light heart of mine !  
No humming-bird in warm sunshine,  
Flitting on radiant tireless wing  
Where flowers of tropic beauty spring,  
Could be more gay than oft thou art,  
My buoyant, joyous, merry heart.

Strange heart of mine, fond heart of mine,  
That e'en a look, a word, a sign,  
Can so with voiceless gladness fill ;  
A harp whose every chord doth thrill  
Responsive to a skilful touch,  
And all its music yields to such.

Strange heart of mine, sad heart of mine,  
Who can thy varying moods define ?  
One hour elastic, bright, care-free,  
The next a load may rest on thee ;  
For oft o'er griefs thyself didst make,  
Poor wayward heart, thou hast to ache.

Strange heart of mine, weak heart of mine,  
Unbroken calm will ne'er be thine  
Till pain and sorrow flee away,  
And love supreme alone has sway.  
No cup of joy is brimming here ;  
This is a restless, changing sphere.

Strange heart of mine, frail heart of mine  
The sun must in the west decline ;  
How transient are the flowers of spring !  
The birds of summer soon take wing,  
Autumnal glories quickly go,  
And dream-like melts the winter snow.

Strange heart of mine, blest heart of mine,  
Formed by the all-wise Hand Divine,  
To feel pain's smart, yet know love's power,  
Plant of the sunshine and the shower,  
Fitted for both, contented rest :  
Thy Maker sends thee what is best.

All things are mutable below :  
If joy-tides ebb, they also flow ;  
Ecstatic bliss and numbing pain  
Perchance thou'lt know, and know again.  
God help thee bear the bitter part,  
And consecrate the sweet, poor heart.

## DREAMING.

SLEEP weighs down the weary eyelids,  
Silence takes her ebon throne,  
While her thronging voiceless courtiers  
Fill the rooms whence sound hath flown.

Gloomy Silence, grim usurper  
Of the cheerful day-queen Sound,  
Hath in fetters all the vassals  
Of her merry rival bound,

Save two active little pages,  
Thought and Memory, who defy  
Every effort made to bind them  
Into hushed captivity.

They, unawed by elfin gambols,  
Revel in the court of Night,  
Waking lute and harp, but softly  
Laugh at Silence' vaunted might.

Though their footfall no one heareth,  
And the charmed music dies  
Echoless, I hear them nightly  
As I rest with closed eyes.

Then such varied charming stories  
Do the merry pages tell,  
That with bated breath I listen,  
For they please my fancy well.

And their words of tender cadence  
Widely wake, and thrill the heart,  
Where like cooing doves they enter  
As its portals fly apart.

---

REST.

THE moonlighted tide ripples soft on the shore,  
The hurry and turmoil of daylight are o'er ;  
Its dull weight of care be removed from thy breast,  
Kind Heaven assign thee the blessing of rest.

Sweet incense doth rise on the dew-laden air,  
The fragrant flower-offering of perfume most rare ;  
Fair Peace on the brow of tired Nature hath pressed  
A kiss that hath soothed her serenely to rest.

Should angels unfold their broad pinions all bright,  
And swiftly descend on some mission of light,  
May they, as they hover above thy pure nest,  
With smiles of affection make sweeter thy rest.

The streamlet aye runs through the green flowery lea,  
The river flows on in the dark to the sea,  
Like thought in the mind, and like love in the breast,  
Still active, alert, during seasons of rest.

We shrink from the chill of the grave and the shroud,  
We sport in the sunshine and mourn 'neath the cloud ;  
Regret that Aurora should sink in the west,  
And yet her departure brings slumber and rest.

In slumber refreshing may night-watches fleet,  
 With dreams of high purpose and comfort replete,  
 And, life's long endeavour achieved, 'mid the blest  
 The laurel and olive crowned victor find rest.

---

## 'GOOD-NIGHT.'

'To each and all a fair "Good-night."—SCOTT.

'GOOD-NIGHT?'

So, hand firm clasping hand,  
 We meetly close the day,  
 Unconscious that the angel-band  
 Bend down to hear us say  
 'Good-night'  
 In tender tones, or grave, or light;  
 For in their paradise all bright  
 They never, never say 'Good-night.'

'Good-night?'

From cot and curtained-bed  
 The sweet child-accents come—  
 Tired sprites who love to tread  
 Where daisies grow and brown bees hum—  
 'Good-night.'  
 In rosy dreams each past delight  
 Again will bless their happy sight,  
 So drowsily they lisp, 'Good-night.'

' Good-night,'  
With parent kisses sealed  
    Ere nestlings seek to fly ;  
On tented battle-field  
    Sounds like the spirit of a sigh,  
    ' Good-night.'  
A day's work done 'gainst peaceful right,  
A day of spreading dire heart-blight,  
Then War laughs mockingly, ' Good-night.'

    ' Good-night :'  
The sailor, blithe and gay,  
    On Ocean's heaving breast,  
Calls, as, bedrenched with spray,  
    He seeks his welcome hammock rest,  
    ' Good-night.'  
Ay, mountain waves, loud winds, despite,  
Perchance aloft the cherub bright  
Finds music in poor Jack's ' Good-night.'

    ' Good-night,'  
The silver stars proclaim  
    In their own grand, soft speech,  
While woodland warblers frame  
    And utter in the twilight, each,  
    ' Good-night.'  
With sudden, daring, darting flight  
From blackthorn hedge to cedar height,  
They twitter, chirp, or trill, ' Good-night.'

‘ Good-night :’  
In clasp, or glance, or tone,  
As fittest may appear,  
Love renders to its own,  
Nor willingly omits the dear  
‘ Good-night.’  
’Tis evergreen, and never trite,  
When loving lips or pens indite  
The courteous and sincere ‘ Good-night.’

---

## VISIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

VISIONS of childhood, fair radiant glories,  
Come again, come again, charm me anew !  
Thoughts of the long ago, fancy-wove stories,  
Bright fairy flowerets my path again strew !

Just like the musical far-away chiming  
Of vesper bells borne over woodland and lea,  
The words ‘ Long ago,’ with a low plaintive rhyming,  
Half sadly, half sweetly, come whisp’ring to me.

When the whole world was Eden, a garden of beauty ;  
Life, a long vista of sunlight and song ;  
The future, enjoyment unfettered by duty—  
Grown-up folk never were censured for wrong !

Later, shy musings of purest heart pleasure,  
That some day, ay, some day, would doubtless come  
true,

When love, so peculiarly woman's best treasure,  
O'er all would be casting its own rosy hue.

Time has converted that future to present,  
Years have resolved it again into past ;  
Shall I confess it all wondrously pleasant ?  
Say young impressions are truthful and last ?

Yet a real gift is this habit of painting  
What is to come in our fanciful way ;  
Else would the traveller, depressed oft, be fainting,  
Certain of rough roads and sky ever gray.

Visions of childhood, rainbow-hued, airy,  
If evanescent, how bright was your glow !  
Not a deceiver, but most benign fairy,  
Was Hope, the magician of long, long ago.

---

### SHADOWS.

SHADOWS fall

On the path where sunshine glowing  
Lingered once where flowers were growing,  
Life a halcyon summer day :  
Sudden on the traveller's way  
Shadows fall.



**Shadows fall**

On the face so gaily smiling  
With a witchery beguiling ;  
Grief and woe the heart assail :  
O'er the features like a veil  
Shadows fall.

**Shadows fall**

When the hours of day are closing,  
Man from care and toil reposing,  
Wearied frames their strength regaining :  
Lest we should be sad complaining,  
Shadows fall.

---

**'ALL'S FOR THE BEST.'**

IN youth's merry morning the mother would say,  
' All's for the best,'  
Kindly consoling when things looked not gay,  
' All's for the best.'  
E'en though the rain should in torrents descend,  
Lightning the masses of ebon cloud rend,  
Trust aye in Providence till life shall end :  
' All's for the best.'

Strangers remarked with a moralist air,  
' All's for the best ;'  
Like a Will-o'-the-wisp, how it danced here and there !  
' All's for the best.'

Ministers solemn exhorted and prayed,  
Teachers loquacious untiringly said  
(Though full conviction to me yet delayed),  
    'All's for the best.'

Simple the phrase, and the words sounded good,  
    'All's for the best ;'  
Mere words I thought them in many a mood,  
    'All's for the best.'

Trees so abundant like cross-wood they grew,  
Waiting each mortal the world ever knew ;  
Faith must develop to accent this true :  
    'All's for the best.'

Trials must come ere there's reason to sigh,  
    'All's for the best ;'  
Bright hopes dethroned in obscurity die,  
    'All's for the best'—

Uttered sometimes in a deep earnest tone,  
Uttered perchance in a low plaintive moan,  
Fruit of experience differently grown,  
    'All's for the best.'

Truthful confession befitting the wise,  
    'All's for the best ;'  
Wings for the spirit despondent to rise,  
    'All's for the best ;'  
Rainbow bright spanning each cloud of woe,  
Oil in the vessel when famine lies low ;  
Father, Creator, through life may I know  
    'All's for the best.'

## WOULD YOU ?

Would you have Eden flowers bloom round your path ?  
Would you reap merrily love's aftermath ?  
Would you live joyously ? would you be gay ?  
Wed where you must wed, and not where you may.

Would you drink deeply the nectar of life ?  
Would you be happy as husband or wife,  
Laughing at dark clouds on winter's drear day ?  
Wed where you must wed, and not where you may.

Would you help forward the fair foretold time ?  
Would you hear earth's bells ring one happy chime ?  
Would you be tranquil when feeble and gray ?  
Wed where you must wed, and not where you may.

Then like a garden the desert shall be ;  
Then thou mayest smile at the stormiest sea.  
Drive not the Sibylline warning away :  
Wed where you *must* wed, and not where you may.

---

TRIFLES.

ONLY a little singing-bird on a little swaying bough ;  
Only a little burst of song and a little silence now.

Only a little wistful sigh for the pale compressed lips  
part ;  
Only a little wave of joy swept o'er a human heart.

Only a little thought of home to a banished weary soul ;  
Only a breath of awaiting bliss when the years of exile  
roll.

Only a little flight of doves 'neath the bright blue summer  
sky ;

Only a gleam of white as on to their greenwood home  
they hie.

Only a message of mystic grace for a spirit in deep  
despair,

To plume again its weary wings for the Sinless City fair.

---

SYMPATHY.

It rose on my vision a beautiful star,  
Long years undiscovered, unknown ;  
Since then on my pathway, though shining afar,  
Its light hath been constantly thrown.

If its rays were less warm than the sunny day beams,  
They were softer and fairer to see ;  
Upon my horizon it glistened in dreams,  
And aye grew the dearer to me.

But I knew it a star, and so far, far away,  
Nor oft mourned the distance between ;  
My bosom was gladdened and thrilled by its ray,  
Life might have passed lacking this sheen.

'Twas dearer to me in its far-distant height  
Than a diamond had been in my hand ;  
No monarch e'er owned a possession more bright,  
Wealth could not its lustre command.

If sometimes its light showed my pathway all lone,  
The revealing perchance woke a sigh ;  
But Thought soon again to the starlight had flown,  
And Regret never mounted so high.

---

#### THE NIGHT-WATCHES.

A RESTFUL calm appears to reign ;  
The holy hush of night  
Hath blessed our weary world again,  
And curtained out the light,  
Stilling the busy din of day  
In happy dreams and sleep—  
That priceless boon to childhood gay  
And mourners used to weep.

Yet many aching eyelids wait  
In vain the pressure light  
Of Slumber to alleviate  
Their pain and straining sight,  
While faithful watchers by the bed  
With bitter anguish feel  
That love availeth not the dread  
Invader's wounds to heal.

To those who by the couch of pain  
Attentive vigil keep,  
To bathe the fevered brow again,  
To watch the troubled sleep,  
To soothe the weary, weary moan,  
To softly combat fears,  
To sorrow, weep and pray alone  
To Him who ever hears,

The march of time at measured pace  
Moves joyless, mutely on ;  
Grief-laden minutes, in their place  
Hours mournful, woebegone,  
Ne'er halting, pass with steady beat,  
A melancholy train,  
Night-echoes weird and strange repeat  
Its sole accompanying strain.

---

RESPONSIVE.

SWEET is the sounding echo  
That wakes in the silent vale  
When the horn of the mountain herd-boy  
Has rung out its wild, weird tale !  
Sweet the soft, whispering answer  
Of leaves to the night-wind's sigh ;  
Sweet the response of the song-bird  
To a plaintive lilt hard by.

Sweet, sweet is the language of Ocean,  
The waves in their own dream tone  
Confidingly telling each other  
The secrets they treasure alone.  
Sweet, sweet is the thrilling music  
The minstrel's fingers awake,  
The grand harp's reply impassioned,  
For love or for glory's sake.

Sweet, sweet are these true, deep responses ;  
But, ah ! there's a sweetness beyond,  
When the sigh, breathing possible heartache,  
Meeteth sympathy earnest and fond ;  
When the half-uttered sorrow or trouble  
To the friend proven trusty and true  
Elicits kind comfort or counsel,  
Though the words be low spoken and few.

The valley had given no echo  
Had the Alpen horn never been blown ;  
The leaves had not tenderly rustled  
Had the night-wind not uttered that moan ;  
No waves to the seashore had whispered  
Had the moon not been powerful and fair ;  
The harp chords emitted no music  
Had the minstrel's hand not rested there ;  
The pure gold of sympathy often  
In the heart's mine unheeded remained  
Had the owner not searched for some treasure  
When the needy one sadly complained.

DESOLATING WAR.

WHILST around the hearth they throng,  
Prattling babes and children fair,  
Whilst you sing the cradle song,  
Whilst you lisp the evening prayer,  
Father, mother, spare a thought  
For the woe that war hath brought.

Think of firesides dark and cold,  
Think of rooms where silence throbs,  
From the dawn till day grows old,  
Echoing then with heart-wrung sobs—  
Homes that once like thine were bright  
With youthful glee and love's own light :

Where the lonely parents weep  
For the gallant lads and brave  
Who in distant Afric sleep  
In the soldier's unknown grave.  
Ah, the babes they fondly reared,  
Dying, wounded men, uncheered !

While your happy children throw  
Loving arms about you tight,  
Whispering childish nothings low,  
Laughing, kissing, fond good-night—  
Merry, winsome, blithely gay,  
Growing dearer day by day.



*Desolating War*

They were children once, as dear,  
With life's dawning just as bright,  
Who on field of battle drear,  
None to wish them last good-night,  
In the prime of manhood lay,  
Till the life-tide ebbed away.

Though the snowy dove of peace  
In your household yet remains,  
Cruel vultures seldom cease  
Hovering o'er the battle-plains.  
Oh, remember sons who fall  
'Neath the assegai or ball.

Nor forget the hearts forlorn,  
Parents once by bright hopes blest,  
Now awaiting but the morn  
When the weary shall find rest ;  
For the soldier's kindred pray,  
And the soldier far away.

*SENTIMENTAL POEMS.*



### DRIFTING CLOUDS.

TWILIGHT o'er the glen and river,  
Rose-tints fading from the west,  
Greenwood boughs and branches quiver,  
Song-birds seek their downy nest ;  
Half unconsciously I shiver,  
Gazing on your wild unrest,  
Drifting clouds.

All the azure calmness veiling,  
Shrouding all the deep-blue sky,  
Like a phantom fleet fast sailing  
Mutely, mystically, by ;  
Mournful as the night-wind's wailing,  
Where Norwegian forests lie—  
Drifting clouds.

On, doomed things ! flit onward ever,  
Rising but to glide from view  
(Like some baseless error, never  
Hiding long the good and true) ;  
Us from light no longer sever.  
On, and let the stars shine through,  
Drifting clouds,

Spectral sorrows, grim and towering,  
Darken life's horizon bright ;  
Airy hopes, at morning flowering,  
Trail upon the mould at night :  
Still, brave heart, no craven cowering ;  
Faith's vocation is to slight  
Drifting clouds.

---

LOVE IS STRONG.

THOUGH mighty barriers intervene,  
Like mountains ever crowned with snow,  
Though boundless oceans roll between,  
Though broadest rivers swiftly flow,  
Love is strong.

Though sun-scorched deserts lone and wide  
May stretch in solitude away,  
Though Nature's winding-sheet may hide  
Her once-bright face from tearful Day,  
Love is strong.

Though insurmountable may seem  
The various obstacles of time,  
No rolling river fordless deem,  
Nor mountain-crest too steep to climb—  
Love is strong.

Hearts once together truly knit  
United must through life remain ;

Though hurrying years like phantoms flit,  
With countless changes in their train,  
Love is strong.

Ah ! when the pressure of a hand  
Can thrill the heart, nor speech require ;  
A glance, far more than rhetoric grand,  
Deep, sympathetic trust inspire,  
Love is strong.

Nor mountains great nor oceans vast  
Can such heart-union sever ;  
While vainly blows each adverse blast,  
This heaven-lit flame burns ever—  
Love is strong.

A passion deathless as the soul ;  
A bright and perfect golden chain ;  
An anchor fixed, where never roll  
The billows of a storm-swept main—  
Love is strong.

Ay, strong to work and strong to wait ;  
Strong to resist the gaunt decay ;  
Serenely strong to smile at fate,  
And o'er the heart-realm hold its sway—  
Love is strong.

It cheereth hope, to rest adds calm,  
And wakes a wordless spirit-glow ;  
For all life's ills a sovereign balm,  
This precious fact so good to know—  
Love is strong.

## AUREOLA.

'WRITE me a letter,' someone said.  
I answered 'Yes,' and, lo!  
Request and Promise, clasping hands,  
Wed in this sunset glow.

The tide has ebbd ; the gleaming sands  
Are flushed with ruby dye ;  
Darkly the far-off western hills  
Are outlined on the sky.

No fishing-sail o'er all the bay,  
Nor speck of cloud on high ;  
With snowy flash of widespread wings  
The sea-gulls homeward fly.

Beneath the window roses pale  
Breathe out their perfume rare ;  
And children's voices, clear and sweet,  
Ring on the evening air.

Across the meadow green and wide  
Their small feet, loitering, tread,  
Delaying long as e'er they can  
Th' unwelcome hour for bed ;

While lovers leave the crowd behind  
To pace the silent shore,  
Exchanging vows of constancy—  
The old, old story o'er.

This sunset hour, this mellow calm,  
Is rife with beauty true ;  
Write *me* a letter, sweetheart mine—  
I've written one to you !

---

## FATED.

He asked her once to wed him,  
But she laughed, and said, ' Nay, nay !'  
He sighed, and sighing left her,  
To return another day.

He asked her twice to wed him,  
But she shook her wilful head,  
Though he pleaded by the living  
And the memory of the dead.

He asked her thrice to wed him.  
Oh, she grew so cold and still !  
Was it destiny extorted  
From those poor, pale lips ' I will ' ?

With hand and voice she wedded,  
Naught else could she bestow ;  
Her heart went o'er the ocean  
With her love of long ago.

Now Death has claimed the wooer  
And the half-reluctant bride,  
And the true love of her girlhood,  
Whom she wounded in her pride.



They sleep, full widely severed ;  
Rest far apart all three.  
Oh, heaven's light is needed  
To illumine life's mystery !

---

## RIRO-RIRO.

A GRAY, gray day, my darling,  
And the wind goes sweeping by,  
Low sighing through the glooming fire  
And the pine-trees dark and high.  
A gray, gray day, my darling,  
For yesterday, with you,  
The sunshine left the mountains  
And crossed the waters blue.  
  
A gray, gray day, my darling !  
As I stood alone, alone,  
Watching the vessel bear away  
The dearest I have known,  
A cloud came o'er the brightness  
Of the golden sun above,  
And half the life from pulse and heart  
Seemed lost with thee, my love.  
  
Thy voice in day-dreams cheers me,  
It bids my sadness flee  
In cadences that waken  
Alone, dear love, for me.

But minutes pass with lingering pace,  
The hours seem come to stay,  
And Nature's secret sympathy  
Breathes in this gray, gray day.

---

## MIGNON.

How shall I tell thee how dearly I hold thee ?  
How shall I prove all my fond statements true ?  
Convince and convert thee, my sceptical darling,  
Girl that I love as I love very few ?

How shall I show thee the sympathy tender,  
Wistful and delicate, hiding from view,  
Yet glad in thy happiness, sad in thy sorrow,  
Girl that I love as I love very few ?

How shall I give thee the help of a true heart ?  
How the young life with old courage endue,  
Right brave for the combat, and bold for the battle,  
Girl that I love as I love very few ?

Oh, could I shield thee from sorrow and suffering,  
Let one experience answer for two ;  
Aye stand between thee and the fires of temptation,  
Girl that I love as I love very few !

Oh, could I plant for thy gathering sweet violets,  
Leaving no room for the hemlock and rue ;  
Give thee life's nectar set free from its poison,  
Girl that I love as I love very few !

Willing and ready all this—ay, and much more—  
Love makes the loving heart eager to do.  
Vain wishes! May God in His mercy surround thee,  
Girl that I love as I love very few.

---

### THE UNFORGOTTEN.

I SAT with the gladsome, blithe, and gay,  
When a silence swept the throng ;  
Not a whisper fell 'neath the magic spell  
Of a maiden's silvery song.

' He was a curly-haired laddie.'  
As the clear notes, echoing, ring,  
In my heart, a door, half ivied o'er,  
Flew wide, for she touched the spring.

' He was a curly-haired laddie.'  
Ah yes ! and again I could see  
The bonnie brown eyes, now wistful, now wise,  
Now dancing with mischievous glee !

' He was a curly-haired laddie,'  
And I loved with his curls to play,  
Till I think he knew they were pretty, and grew  
Half vain, in an innocent way.

' He was a curly-haired laddie,'  
Laid low in his proud young strength—  
So still in the gloom of the darkened room,  
The restless one quiet at length.

'He was a curly-haired laddie,'  
And my tears fell thickly and fast  
O'er the boyish head in the narrow bed,  
When I saw it resting last.

'He was a curly-haired laddie,'  
Yet he never had seemed so tall  
Till his funeral day, with the snow-white may  
And violet wreaths for a pall.

'He was a curly-haired laddie.'  
Though the tender voice ceased to thrill,  
I thought with a sigh of the days gone by,  
Of a grave on the quiet hill.

---

SUMMER.

GOLDEN time, with its scent of hay  
And winds that wake the clover ;  
Pale-blue sky with its fringe of gray,  
Haze o' pearl on the far-away,  
Sunshine all things over.

Sunlight flashing on mountain stream,  
Gilding the noisome alley,  
Shining where river-lilies dream,  
Where weary city toilers teem,  
And o'er the lone Bush valley.

Under the weeping willows' shade  
Frolic the children merry ;  
Daringly down the brooklet wade,  
Gather the flower, then leave it to fade,  
To grasp the brighter berry.

Faint from the farm beyond the sea  
The chanticleer's shrill crowing ;  
In waving grasses to the knee,  
Beside the creek, the cattle see ;  
Hark to the lazy lowing !

List ! from the upland tinkling bells,  
Now loud, and then more faintly ;  
Moon-daisies smile on fair, free fells ;  
Ferns gravely bow in lowly dells  
Where stony brooks sing quaintly.

In broad veranda's cool retreat,  
The air with fragrance laden,  
Where trailing vine and woodbine sweet  
Hide cosy nook for lovers meet,  
Dream youth and winsome maiden.

Oh, golden time ! sweet-scented hay  
And wind that stirs the clover ;  
The pale-blue sky just tinted gray,  
The pearly haze far, far away,  
And sunshine all things over !

Horizon hills all purple dark,  
 The nearer Bush still dewy ;  
 The watchful collie's well-known bark,  
 His struggling flock alert to mark,  
 A brief note from the Tui.

Adown the dusty road the wain  
 With groaning wheels toils slowly ;  
 For poor must work, for needful gain,  
 Though rich may at their ease remain  
 And scorn the toiler lowly.

Yet dear to all this golden time,  
 The scent of hay and clover,  
 The church bells and the wedding chime,  
 The landward breath of ocean rime,  
 The sunshine all things over.

---

THE SAILOR'S TRYST.

Soon on the boundless blue sea, love,  
 The warm-hearted sailor will be ;  
 But promise that you will keep tryst, love,  
 In the star-lighted silence with me.

My hand may not fold over thine, love,  
 Nor those dear eyes seek fondly mine own ;  
 Yet in thought will you nightly keep tryst, love,  
 Till the time we are severed has flown ?

When the tide ripples soft on the strand, love,  
And the hamlet is lying at rest,  
With the hills around it on guard, love,  
Will you think of me then, in the west?

At ten o'clock every night, love,  
Will you promise and truly keep  
This tryst with your sailor lad, love,  
Though he's far on the billowy deep?

And then, when the wind blows fair, love,  
And the tranquil moonbeams play  
On the grand and fathomless main, love,  
Your sailor's heart will be gay.

Or let the Storm-king wage, love,  
Fierce battle upon the sea,  
I'll ne'er be so fearless and brave, love,  
As when keeping mute tryst with thee.

The deck of my gallant barque, love,  
We may not pace side by side ;  
For leagues of ocean and land, love,  
The truest friends will divide.

But affection and trust like ours, love,  
Such barriers cannot destroy ;  
So pledge me ere parting to keep, love,  
This tryst with your sailor boy.

And my heart at the trysting hour, love,  
Will grow lighter, though no one will know  
'Tis because my good angel shares, love,  
That watch on deck or below.

And now farewell for a while, love ;  
God bless you, my darling, my pride !  
Remember the nightly tryst, love,  
Till I claim you, my winsome wee bride.

---

PLIGHTED, YET PARTED.

THAT eve adown the hawthorn lane,  
My Gwendolyne !  
The moonlight silvered sea and plain,  
And sky serene :  
Fair stars benevolent above,  
The atmosphere ecstatic love.  
We pledged our faith for all the years ;  
For us the future held no fears,  
My Gwendolyne !  
Fringed lids had veiled those soft blue eyes,  
My Gwendolyne !  
Thy name I spoke, and saw them rise  
With shyest mien.  
Again I feel the subtle spell  
That gloaming cast o'er hill and dell ;  
Once more behold thy love-lit face  
Upturned with all its floweret grace,  
My Gwendolyne !  
Sweet life ! the world ! ay, more to me,  
My Gwendolyne !



My heart is longing so for thee  
With fervour keen.  
Why was I far upon the deep ?  
Had I but seen thee fall asleep !  
Asleep ? Nay, nay, I do but dream ;  
Clouds only veil my bright sunbeam,  
My Gwendolyne !

The hawthorn lane ? Yes ; but so lone,  
My Gwendolyne !  
Unconscious of my bitter moan  
In churchyard green.  
Thou wert my joys, my griefs, to share ;  
I would that winter had made bare  
The hedge of all those blossoms white  
That breathe of thee and that blest night,  
My Gwendolyne !

The plaintive, clear-toned nightingale,  
My Gwendolyne !  
With melody now thrills the dale,  
The while I lean  
Against the spreading beechen tree  
That heard the vows I plighted thee.  
Oh, love ! my love ! could I once more  
But clasp and call thee, as of yore,  
' My Gwendolyne !'

How much the heart can bear, nor break,  
My Gwendolyne !  
But not till death shall cease to ache  
This heart, I ween !

The flowers, the birds, the stars above,  
Recall but give not back my love ;  
And though it aggravate the pain,  
I cannot shun the hawthorn lane,  
My Gwendolyne !

Oh, oft I wonder with a sigh,  
My Gwendolyne !  
Had Death not sundered you and I,  
What might have been !  
For our pure love had not its birth,  
Nor drew its nourishment, from earth ;  
And, though awhile removed from view,  
Our troth-plight holds for ever true,  
My Gwendolyne !

---

‘IS IT A DREAM?’

‘Is it a dream?’ The words were low,  
Yet oft the accents dear  
Were gently, kindly cadenced so  
To mine attentive ear.

Come back again from out the past,  
O springtide evening fair !  
The pleasant hours that could not last  
A golden halo wear.

'Is it a dream?' Again I see  
The silver moonbeams shed  
Upon the river and the lea  
A radiance pale, far-spread.

'Is it a dream?' The night was still ;  
Each footfall served to break  
The charmed silence on the hill  
And rippling echoes wake.

'Is it a dream?' The tall trees threw  
Their shadows on our way ;  
And fragrant by the pathway grew  
White clusters of the may.

'Is it a dream?' 'Twas not, and yet  
Dream-like it seemed to fly ;  
Nathless, with unfeigned joy we met,  
Reluctant said good-bye.

The simple words whene'er I hear  
In moonlight calm I seem ;  
While someone to my side draws near :  
Ah ! *then* it *is* a dream.

---

#### ANNIE'S BIRTHDAY.

THE golden sands are sinking  
In the glass of Father Time,  
And childhood's merry, merry bells  
Have rung their latest chime.

Her bonny boat is now afloat  
Where deeper waters run :  
For, don't you know, our Annie  
To-day is twenty-one.

The years have been the fairies  
That have spirited away  
The little child, and left us here  
A woman grown to-day.  
Though we may pine for auld lang syne,  
Alas ! the deed is done,  
And we cannot keep our Annie  
From being twenty-one.

Nor would the hearts that love her ;  
Here our weird we each must dree,  
And a woman's power goes farther  
Than oftentimes we see.  
Rich be her dower, glad be each hour  
From dawn till set of sun ;  
Good wishes ! for our Annie  
To-day is twenty-one.

The sparkling ore of friendship,  
The pure bright gold of love,  
Fill her coffers to o'erflowing.  
May the smile of Heaven above  
Illumine bright with silver light  
The journey just begun !  
God bless her ! for our Annie  
To-day is twenty-one.

## FAIRIES AND FLOWERS.

## A BIRTHDAY TRIBUTE.

THIS little garland, sweet and fair,  
By friendly fingers twined ;  
I send with loving thoughts for thee  
Beyond the ocean broad and free ;  
And, fancy aided, canst thou see  
The birthday greeting it doth bear,  
All cheeringly designed ?

Behold ! the wreath's foundation green,  
Ferns from the dear, dear isle ;  
White jasmine stars 'mongst them behold,  
Pale-pink rosebuds of waxen mould,  
Sprays of the soft laburnum's gold,  
Geranium leaves of silver sheen,  
Forget-me-not's true smile.

I've wreathed them well, blooms pure and sweet—  
Ay, list this secret too :  
A fairy dwells in every flower,  
With such a dainty witching power  
To render lightsome every hour,  
And all the coming year replete  
With happiness for you.

A very lily-handed train,  
Welcome them every one ;  
With rosy morn they shall appear,

At ebon night still hover near,  
And all the twelve months of the year  
The sweetest ministrants remain  
That ever woman won.

Permit me, I would call by name  
Each winning little fay.  
Sincerity the ferns amid ;  
And Purity 'mid jasmine hid ;  
The rose of Sweetness none can rid ;  
Joy laugheth in laburnum's flame,  
That mimic glad sun-ray.

Within the silvery foliage find  
Calm Resignation dwell ;  
Forget-me-not hath its own sprite,  
From flower to heart oft taking flight :  
Love, beautiful, bewitching, bright—  
Perchance erratic, always kind ;  
You know my fairies well.

A fancied chaplet for thy brow,  
From friendship far away,  
Accept, and lasting be its grace ;  
Nor mythical the elfin race—  
Fair maids of honour, to your place !  
My princess, onward, upward now,  
Each added bright birthday.

---

## . FOR SOMEBODY'S BIRTHDAY.

He who speeds the planets shining,  
Safe 'mid pure and pathless space ;  
He who leads the ivy, twining,  
On the oak its trust to place,  
In His merciful designing  
Guide thee this new year of grace.

He who built the mountain rearing,  
O'er the clouds ; formed each green dell ;  
Taught the birds their notes endearing ;  
Lined the lustrous rainbow, shall  
This year, in His goodness cheering,  
For thee order all things well.

He who stays the ocean's swelling,  
Drops the benediction dew,  
Gives the eagle proud his dwelling,  
And the violet meek her hue,  
The All-Father, love compelling,  
Daily thy soul-strength renew.

Like an infant calmly sleeping,  
Like a sea-bird on the wave—  
Care-free, from each moment reaping  
Gladness, knowing He who gave  
Past and present still is keeping  
Safe thy future, gay or grave.

Yes ; I wish thee every pleasure  
    Rose-hued greetings thus convey,  
And to Love's most precious treasure  
    ' Open sesame ' would say,  
Willing thee a golden measure,  
    Dear, upon thy natal day.

---

YOU AND I.

FAR away in the south, dear,  
    The hills rose dim and blue,  
As, leaving the western glories,  
    We wandered the meadows through.

The cattle amid the clover  
    Came nearer to see us pass,  
And a vesper song rose upward  
    From the lark hid in the grass.

We loitered on the bridge, dear,  
    In the shadow of the trees,  
While the flowing tide ran dimpling  
    Before the whispering breeze.

We lingered long by the pathway  
    Where the eglantine grew wild,  
With its wealth of fairy blossom,  
    And you laughed like any child



As the nosegay we two gathered  
Grew for little hand too much,  
While a hundred fragrant petals  
Floated down at every touch.

On, where the yellow buttercups  
Laid a spreading cloth of gold,  
Till the crescent moon had ventured  
From a pink cloud's sheltering fold.

Still onward to the hawthorn hedge  
Went wandering you and I,  
Till the stars were shining o'er us  
In our dark-blue Southern sky.

'Tis a poor and outline sketch, dear,  
Of a bright September walk,  
Minus its sweet addenda, too—  
Your quaint, informal talk ;

A clue in the maze of memory  
To the past as years go by,  
When the walk and talk no longer  
Can be shared by you and I.

*MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.*



### BURIED AT SEA.

LOVER of ocean waves,  
In ocean's coral caves  
Sleep thy last sleep.  
Far in these stormless bowers,  
Whilst through life's changeful hours,  
'Midst earth's fast-fading flowers,  
We smile and weep,  
Sleep, lady, sleep. -

Swiftly the good ships go,  
Winged by the winds that blow  
From east to west ;  
But thou wilt hear no more  
Surges that speak the shore,  
Thrilling in days of yore  
Thy gentle breast ;  
Rest, lady, rest.

Spirit attuned to bliss  
As gem to sunbeam's kiss,  
Light as sea-foam,  
Freed now from mortal mould,

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Raptured, heaven's scenes behold,  
Pure, bright as pearl and gold ;  
Thou hast reached home,  
No more to roam.

---

THE BLIND MAN'S DEFINITION OF  
FRIENDSHIP.

He never saw the bright expanse  
Of star-bespangled sky,  
Or marked the graceful airy flight  
Of singing birds on high ;  
He never saw the rainbow arch,  
Or curious ocean shell,  
Nor viewed with reverent tenderness  
The blossoms of the dell.

He ne'er had hailed day's harbinger,  
The star of early morn ;  
And never saw the glitter of  
The dewdrops on the thorn,  
Or the quiver in the greenwood  
When the leaves and zephyrs play,  
Nor the western sunset crimson  
Fade into quiet gray ;

The verdant mead, the mountains high,  
The ever-changeful sea ;  
The floating clouds that shadowed oft  
The heathy moorland free ;

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The butterfly amongst the flowers,  
The fields of waving grain ;  
The antlered deer beside the lake,  
The pearly drops of rain ;

The glance made eloquent by love,  
And childhood's dimpling smile,  
Were each unseen by one who walked  
In darkness all the while.  
The windows of his soul were closed,  
His eyes devoid of sight ;  
As child and boy and man he lived  
In one perpetual night.

Yet, asked true friendship to define,  
' 'Tis like the sun,' replied,  
' Whose genial warmth and cheering rays  
The blind are not denied.'  
Though seeing not the golden orb,  
He felt its influence kind ;  
What grander definition  
Of friendship can we find ?

---

THE EMIGRANT'S RETROSPECT.

A PANORAMA fair and grand  
Appears at touch of memory's wand,  
While I sit fondly musing o'er  
A letter from my native shore,  
Enclosing Scottish bracken.

*The Emigrant's Retrospect*

Passing before me, bright and clear,  
Scenes to the exile ever dear :  
A winding verdant lowland dell,  
Where fair serenity doth dwell  
Secure 'mong Scottish bracken.

Noise and din are here unknown,  
The stones with moss are overgrown ;  
Yon burn that flows its course along,  
Aye murmuring its own sweet song,  
Bedews the Scottish bracken.

The gloomy pass, the sombre glen,  
Rocks seldom trod by feet of men,  
The sloping brae, the dizzy height,  
That catches first the dawning light,  
Are clad in Scottish bracken.

Superior seem their air and mien,  
Whose lives are passed near such a scene ;  
The stalwart Gael, who wraps his breast  
In tartan plaid, sinks calm to rest  
Upon the Scottish bracken.

The noble roebuck, bounding free,  
Wears all the stamp of liberty ;  
Roams idly through the summer day,  
Or gracefully disports in play  
Amongst the Scottish bracken.

Perchance across these lonely moors  
The love of sport the traveller lures,  
Seen by the red-deer sentry's eye,  
Who warns the antlered herd that hie  
    With speed o'er Scottish bracken.

Bright Cora Linn, whose sparkling spray  
Gleams like the diamond in Sol's ray ;  
Which either bank with emerald sheen  
Appears to frame, but, closer seen,  
    Reveals the Scottish bracken.

His insignificance man feels  
'Mid scenes like these, and humbly kneels  
To Nature's God, whose sovereign hand  
Created Caledonia's land,  
    And also Scottish bracken.

---

#### THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

O'ER the ocean, out of soundings,  
Speeds the good ship on her way,  
As unswerving as the lean hound  
    Coursing on the scent of prey.

On the deck in semi-darkness,  
    Drawn there by the power of song,  
Round the captain's cabin cluster  
    Passengers, a motley throng.



*The Captain's Story*

Little for the words of Zion  
Do the merry worldlings care ;  
Yet with deep-sea camaraderie  
Lightly 'la, la,' through the air.

Till the Christian captain, laughing  
Like a sailor bold and free,  
Stopped the hymn and idle humming  
With 'Well, this brings back to me

' Just an incident that happened  
In the days which vanished are,  
As I lay to for the pilot  
Outside of the harbour bar.

' Up he came and took possession.  
As we slowly forged ahead,  
" Captain, put a man out," said he,  
" In the chains, to drop the lead."

' Forthwith, at his august bidding,  
There a sailor took his way ;  
Presently we heard his basso ;  
Roared the pilot, " What d'ye say ?"

' Back again in measured cadence  
Came an answer on the wind :  
Was it Cingalese, or Chinese ?  
English words we could not find.

' Stormed the pilot, grinned the seamen,  
As he swooped on Jacky Tar :  
" Here, you lubber ! quit this fooling ;  
Jokes with me can go too far.

“What d’ye mean by such humbugging?  
By the deep, is’t seven or nine?”  
Cried the sailor in amazement:  
“Sir, I knows nor word nor sign

“O’ this here song. Howsumdever,  
‘La, la,’ to the tune goes fine;  
So I sings, ‘La, la, la, la, la,’  
Every time I heaves the line!”

Laughed the passengers that evening,  
Sailing o’er the summer sea;  
Brother! sister! find the moral  
If one lurks in this for thee.

---

#### THE ROSE PETAL.

‘COME, tell us a story of ancient time;  
Come, give us a legend quaint and true,  
And on silken thread of the smoothest rhyme  
Deftly string us old pearls anew.’

‘My story is not of the belted knight,  
Nor yet of his booted squire so brave;  
’Tis not of gay tourney in ladies’ sight,  
Nor of smuggler bold in secret cave.

‘In bygone days smiled a city fair  
’Neath a sky of blue and amber blent;  
Gay were its gardens, the balmy air  
Of orange groves was redolent.

The myrtle pale and crimson rose  
Graced not alone its terraced hills,  
But witchingly their charms disclose  
Where shadows fall and silence thrills ;  
As high o'er all the buildings near,  
A massive pile of age-gray stone,  
The dim monastic cloisters rear  
Their walls and belfry ivy-grown.  
A hush lay o'er it all the day,  
Nor open stood the pond'rous door ;  
No children in its garden play,  
Where many a bud the rose-trees bore ;  
But some had climbed the old stone wall,  
There blushed and trembled, shy and sweet,  
As from their elevation tall  
They viewed the narrow gloomy street,  
Where oft the pretty blossoms saw  
The Brethren mutely come and go,  
Alike apparelled with an awe  
Which veiled the nature hid below.  
A grave-browed band of men were they ;  
Who passed a quiet, studious life  
Within their monastery gray,  
Eschewing world turmoil and strife.  
Its libraries were rich and old ;  
No marvel many a student sighed  
A dweller there to be enrolled,  
Wisdom and grace to gain beside ;  
For but a few, a favoured few  
Paced musingly its corridor,

And rarely there did accent new  
Join vesper hymn and heavenward soar.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis after sunset : shadows long  
The cypress-trees and belfry throw ;  
A nightingale's sweet mournful song  
Is heard, while stars and fire-flies glow.  
With hasty strides a handsome youth  
Approaches, and upon the door  
Knocks long and loud, as if in sooth  
A warrant from the King he bore.  
An agèd porter opes with care ;  
The stranger, with entreating mien,  
Craves entrance and enrolment there  
With ardour passionate and keen.  
The old man wears a dubious face,  
Then noiselessly within retreats.  
The suppliant still maintains his place,  
But anxiously his young heart beats—  
Accepted or refused his prayer ?  
The porter comes with measured tread,  
An answer bearing with due care  
(The night breeze stirred the roses red)  
On parchment page. In silence still  
He raised a crystal goblet clear,  
Brimmed from the sparkling mountain rill,  
Too full to hold another tear.  
The stranger checked a rising moan,  
But sadly drooped his noble head,  
When, fluttering on the steps of stone,  
A death-doomed rosy petal bled.

As quick as thought he caught it up,  
And with a sweet ingenuous smile  
Placed it upon the brimming cup.

The old man, wondering, gazed meanwhile ;  
For not one limpid drop o'erflowed,

Yet there the petal floating was.  
The act such quick perception showed,  
It gained him entrance and applause.  
They passed away ; things mundane must—

That house, those men of long ago,  
From dust returned again to dust,  
Have ages past been lying low.  
Yet while there blooms the myrtle pale,  
Young hearts may love to ponder o'er  
This rosy Continental tale,  
Found amidst old monastic lore.

' And this is a story of ancient time,  
And this is a record both quaint and true ;  
And thus and thus on the thread of rhyme  
I've deftly strung the old pearls anew.'

---

#### THE BARGE BIER.

SLOW through the blue waves gliding to fair Italia's shore,  
A barge steers onward, freighted as ne'er was barge  
before—

From Island Ischia steering, a city fair laid low  
In mournful desolation by one tremendous blow :

Smiled on by skies sun-radiant, kissed by the rippling sea,  
By aromatic breezes fanned, softly, dreamily.

The home of mirth and music, of hearts and voices gay,  
Was sunny Southern Ischia, a realm 'neath summer's  
    sway,

Until, without a warning, her night of doom came round,  
And Ischia fell in ruins, while earthquake shook the  
    ground.

The halls and marble pillars, the lofty towers and domes,  
Fair palaces, foul prisons, rich men's and beggars'  
    homes—

All rocking, reeling, crashing, chaotic, awful scene  
Of ruin and destruction, where gaiety had been.

But, oh, the groan of anguish, the wail of human woe,  
That pierced the starry silence in Ischia's overthrow !  
For lovely forms and living, the young, gay, fair, and  
    bold,

Lay bleeding, mangled, dying, in agonies untold :  
The husband fond and tender, the gentle, clinging wife,  
The maiden and the stripling, and those of flickering life,  
The father and the mother, the little children dear ;  
For Ischia's hapless infants blush not to drop a tear—  
All buried in the ruins of Ischia in the sea,  
Whose waves all night sobbed round her, like mourners,  
    drearily.

A willing band of workers came with the light of day  
To search the fallen city, from Naples' beauteous bay.  
And, ah ! methinks the searchers walked with a reverent  
    tread,

A horror lingering over this city of the dead.

They bore the lifeless bodies in barges o'er the tide,

In holy ground to lay them fair Italy beside.  
And one barge bier had surely a burden sad and fair ;  
A score of infant bodies seemed calmly sleeping there.  
The little hapless children were shrouded for the tomb  
By strangers who wept sadly their early, awful doom.  
The solemn cypress shadows full many an infant grave,  
And still the sunlight glistens upon the azure wave.  
Still glide the laden barges across that rippling sea,  
But Heaven forbend they ever bier-barges more shall be !  
Thy tragic fate, O Ischia ! shall long in memory live,  
And pity to thy sorrows a kindly tribute give,  
While parents tell their children how angels on one day  
Bore many little orphans at once from earth away.

---

HOPE.

WITH a morning breeze from the rippling sea,  
This is the message that bird and bee,  
Trilling and humming right merrily,  
Bring me over the daisied lea,  
‘ Hope on, hope ever.’

This is the message that bird and flower,  
Each so rich in its beauty dower,  
Whisper to me in the springtide hour  
With strangely sweet and thrilling power,  
‘ Hope on, hope ever.’

This is the message the stars of night  
On the sky in silvery tracery write ;  
With a feeling of glad and quick delight  
I know in the silence, and read aright,  
‘ Hope on, hope ever.’

While the tide of life fills every vein,  
Hearts throb with pleasure or ache with pain,  
Sweeter than music’s witching strain,  
Let this be for aye its bright refrain,  
‘ Hope on, hope ever.’

Why should the heart its grand birthright miss,  
When a world of beauty and bloom like this  
Is only a love-word, a letter-sent kiss,  
Of Almighty affection ? For realized bliss  
Hope on, hope ever.

---

MOONRISE.

At the close of a cloudy autumnal day,  
From my window I looked through the twilight gray  
To the hills that darkly defyingly tower  
Like bulwarks of strength in that shadowy hour.

When softly above them the curtains gray  
Of dark-veiling clouds were half drawn away,  
Revealing bright Hesperus, luminous, clear,  
The star of the evening, to sad hearts dear.



But while I gazed on that peerless star,  
As brightly its tender beams glistened afar,  
The leaden hue of the sky was gone,  
And a fairy-like vision before me shone.

While numbers of vast, mighty glaciers there  
Gleamed icily forth in the still, cold air,  
The stars, like diamonds of worth untold,  
Shimmered through Night's dark mantle-fold.

'Twas weirdly lovely, this cloudland scene,  
Enthralling its beautiful snowy sheen ;  
And, all enchained in a calm profound,  
The heavens seemed all enchanted ground.

Yet the picture was but a dissolving view,  
And it faded away in the sky's deep blue,  
Where, in silvery splendour, fitly bedight,  
Smiled, royally gracious, the fair Queen of Night.

---

#### ANNUAL MEMORIES.

'Just a year ago to-day !'  
Was my earliest waking thought ;  
How the bright hours fled away,  
All with joy and pleasure fraught !  
Morning—meeting, sunshine, gladness ;  
Evening—parting, shadows, sadness.

Just a year ago to-day  
Kind looks and voices sweet,  
Congenial friendship, banter gay,  
Made time unnoticed fleet—  
Sunbeams glinting on the laving  
Stream o'erhung by branches waving.

Just a year ago to-day  
We watched a moonlit sky,  
And o'er it sombre clouds and gray  
Gather, with eerie sigh,  
Until Luna's gentle shining  
Lent to each a silver lining.

Just a year ago to-day !  
What changes 'Time hath brought  
To numbers who, then blithe and gay,  
United joyance sought ;  
But, severed now, no longer share  
Rural delights and pleasures rare.

Just a year ago to-day !  
How fondly we recall,  
As circling seasons haste away,  
Life's bright hours dear to all !  
In grief or mirth how oft we say :  
'Ay, just a year ago to-day !'

---

## PRAY ONE FOR ANOTHER.

O God, bless my dear one,  
For Thine is the might,  
With gifts beyond purchase ;  
Shed Heaven's own light  
Of pardon and guidance  
And peace on her way ;  
O God, bless my dear one  
I earnestly pray.

O God, bless my dear one ;  
May every day bring  
New graces to view  
In the child of a King ;  
Give her love, give her hope,  
Give her patience to be  
With lip and with life  
A bright witness for Thee.

O God, bless my dear one ;  
May self daily die,  
And 'Thy will, not mine,'  
Bring the Paraclete nigh—  
Sweet Comforter, with her  
Abiding alway ;  
O God, bless my dear one  
I earnestly pray.

---

THE INNER LIFE.

THE dawnlight first, then sunny noon,  
Rain and a clouded sky ;  
The shades of evening mantling soon,  
The night-wind moaning by ;  
The silent stars lone watchers bent  
Above the world asleep ;  
Of days so brief and quickly spent,  
What record should I keep ?

Poor Thought, a captive too the while,  
Expression free denied,  
The loneliness just to beguile,  
Her necromancy tried ;  
And summoned back fair vanished hours,  
In golden sunshine dight,  
Blue sky o'erarching rosy bowers,  
Full heart-beats of delight.

Forgot her fetters, for she lay  
Meantime so 'tranced and still,  
Their jarring clank was charmed away—  
She seemed to move at will ;  
Reflected many a smile sincere,  
To accents kind replied ;  
Stood by the winding river clear,  
And climbed the mountain-side ;

Engaged in converse sweet and grave,  
As friend oft holds with friend ;  
For life is transient—weak or brave,  
To all soon comes the end ;  
But far beyond the dark confines  
Of man's cold narrow bed,  
E'en where eternal glory shines,  
Was Thought triumphant led.

No wrong, regret, or absence there  
Shall cause a tear or sigh ;  
This beacon shineth calm and fair  
When storm-waves billow high.  
Such musing mine from day to day :  
Dost think me glad or gloomy, pray ?

---

#### FLORA'S SPELL.

BRING, bring the pure, sweet lily bell,  
Bring ferns pearled with the brooklet's spray,  
Bring the red rose and snow-white may,  
Shy violets from the greenwood dell.

Bring stems of waxen fuchsia pale,  
Forget-me-nots and daisies too,  
Carnations bright of many a hue,  
Verbena perfuming the gale.

Bring guelder-rose, a mock snowball,  
Scarlet geranium's glory grand,  
The myrtle from Italia's strand,  
And ivy from the crumbling wall.

Bring slender bowing columbine  
Pansies with pretty upturned face,  
And, with its own peculiar grace,  
The English honeysuckle twine.

Now hie to fields we gleaned of old,  
While sings the lark far overhead,  
Bring corn-flowers blue and poppies red,  
And wheat-ears from the harvest-gold.

Then, from her river-home so fair,  
Dwelling aloof from blossoms gay,  
That lovely fragile naiad fay,  
The water-lily, gently bear.

From lonely road and quiet heath  
Bring golden broom, pink eglantine,  
And of the green, fantastic vine  
Bring, bring a long and leafy wreath.

Then blend them all, the beauteous flowers  
From field and garden, stream and vale ;  
Contrast their colours, rich and pale,  
And homage yield to Flora's powers.

---

## MYSTIC MESSENGERS.

OH, rarely welcome lovely flowers,  
With dark-green leaves and petals bright,  
To one who through no garden bowers  
Can wander now with keen delight.

Roses of perfect form, rich hue,  
Pink and carmine, damask, gold ;  
Shy snowy buds just peeping through  
Their graceful moss-veil's parted fold.

Dark dewy violets that bring  
Again by their dear perfume back  
Thoughts of many a deep joy-spring,  
Clear-welling by life's dusty track.

And gracing all the fragrant bloom,  
Their lace-like fronds set round,  
Ferns gathered from the woodland gloom,  
In loved seclusion found.

Thus safely mile on mile conveyed,  
Pure, fragile, scented treasures here—  
In peerless beauty fair arrayed,  
With potency the heart to cheer.

Now to the languid evening air  
Your sweet life-breathings lend,  
An influence refined and rare,  
While starlight dews descend.

Fragrance and loveliness combined,  
Both felt and valued words beyond ;  
Still more than these in thee I find,  
Sweet floral tribute—friendship fond.

---

## COMMONPLACES.

OH DEAR ! oh dear ! when out walking to-day  
I happened to meet a friend by the way ;  
My cheeks grew crimson, I felt them glow ;  
But it wasn't that which vexed me so.

I paused, so he bowed and raised his hat,  
Shook hands, and stood for a minute's chat ;  
But although a deal I wanted to say,  
My thoughts all suddenly flew away.

The sky was deep blue, and bright sunshine lay  
Like cloth of gold on the land-locked bay ;  
The children were quietly busy in school ;  
The trees in the street cast a shadow cool.

And there we were standing, oh dear ! oh dear !  
What makes one so foolish at times appear ?  
For all I could say was, ' How do you do ?'  
And, ' Is not the sky remarkably blue ?'

I glanced in his face ; with unspoken thought  
The earnest eyes were merrily fraught ;  
I grew more fluttered—I don't know why—  
And wished him a very brief good-bye.



Why can't I be calmly composed when I please,  
And act like a rational mortal at ease?  
He was nearly tempted to laugh at me there ;  
It's very provoking, I sadly declare.

The heart 'neath my cloak, the brain 'neath my hat,  
In unison throbbed and went pit-a-pat ;  
For I felt so much, but he didn't know,  
And thought, 'What a goose she is !'—heigho !

But little's the good to sigh or fret ;  
For if to-morrow again we met,  
I suppose, after shaking hands together,  
I'd surely exclaim, 'What beautiful weather !'

---

ABSENT.

TO-NIGHT it rose in sweetness,  
The sacred evening song,  
Harmonious the completeness  
Of words both sweet and strong.  
But sudden thought came, bringing  
A shadow o'er my heart :  
A silence in the singing—  
One voice sustained no part.

A strangely dreary feeling  
Does absence often make,  
When sombre thoughts, joy stealing,  
Occasion sad heartache.

The heart grows glad or lonely,  
Will sorrow or rejoice,  
At sound or silence only  
Of one familiar voice.

---

THE TWO CITIES.

OH, the city was sunlit, the city was grand,  
And a varied hurrying throng  
Down its ample streets to the busy strand  
Were talking and hastening along.

And the faces ! Ah ! mostly the stranger met  
But, in passing, a quiet stare,  
Or not even a look—and yet, and yet,  
They were brothers and sisters fair !

But all so eagerly pressing on,  
For pleasure, or profit, or pelf ;  
And on many a brow, as God's sunlight shone,  
Was revealed a dark brand, Self.

The banker and the merchant prince drew nigh,  
The lord and the titled peer ;  
In her carriage the duchess proud went by,  
Gazed on with a smile or a sneer.

The sailor ashore, who had wondering seen  
The lovely Auroral glow,  
Dense tropical forests and islands green,  
With a coral base below ;

The soldier, who often alert had stood  
In the bitter winter night,  
By the dreary plain or lurking wood,  
On the eve of the direful fight ;

The pensive student, the artist pale,  
The toiling, tired artizan,  
The rustic, just come from his native dale,  
And crowds 'neath society's ban—

All eagerly hurrying, pressing on,  
For pleasure, or profit, or pelf ;  
And many a brow, where the sunlight shone,  
Was marred with that brand of Self.

And so from the city I hastened away,  
For a weight oppressed my heart ;  
At the smile of its mirthful, the laugh of its gay,  
I felt as if tears would start.

To a widely different scene I fled,  
To the silent city's calm ;  
Where, emblem of life, the acacia spread,  
And blossoms exhaled sweet balm.

It was thronged as the other city had been :  
All hurried there, here all reposed ;  
And many had slumbered long, I ween,  
While other eyes only had closed.

Though their lips were sealed by death for time,  
And their forms concealed from view, "  
I learned their ages, names, and clime  
Of birth ; their virtues too.

On polished marble, ivory white  
Or dusky veined, I stayed and read—  
O'er one small grave of Birdie's flight :  
    'Come unto Me, the Saviour said;'

And o'er another, violets white  
And sweet moss-roses seemed to say  
That e'en to sorrow's gloomy night  
    Hope's blessed star could lend a ray.

The carven cross, the dainty wreath,  
Pure buds, dark ivy, lilies fair,  
Affectionate remembrance breathe  
    For dear ones past all earthly care.

These quiet graves and fragrant flowers  
Beneath the shadowing trees,  
Were more to me than pleasure's bowers  
    Of unreal, guileful ease.

---

## COMMON-SENSE AND TRUE LOVE.

COMMON-SENSE and True Love  
Met on a summer's day,  
And Common-sense to True Love  
    Half jeeringly did say :

    'Prithee, any letters  
    From dearest dear who's gone ?'  
    'Told you so,' smiled Common-sense,  
    When True Love blushed, 'Not one.'

Common-sense laughed lightly,  
‘Tis out of sight and mind ;’  
But True Love answered bravely,  
‘Wrong, wrong, as you will find.

‘Dearest dear is busy,  
And time so fast slips by.’  
‘No excuse,’ cried Common-sense;  
‘You know it well as I.

‘Dearest dear is fickle  
Comes nearer to the truth ;  
Hand and glove with someone else—  
Ofttimes the way in youth.’

‘Hold ! enough !’ cried True Love,  
‘Doubt dearest dear ! Look you,  
I’d sooner cut connection  
With Common-sense ! Adieu.’

---

#### TRUE BLUE.

‘MESSMATES, the western sun sinks low,  
The breeze is fresh, the wet sands glow ;  
Up with the anchor—yo, heave ho !

‘Here’s to the life of a rover free,  
The fate that bade us follow the sea,  
In a hearty British three times three !

'To the Viking, with locks of ruddy gold,  
Loud chanting his saga, sage and bold,  
Over the swan's bath in days of old.

'And we are as keen as he to face  
A field where the silver moonbeams trace  
Our only path in the mettlesome race.

'Give us our ship, with stays and spars,  
Towards El Dorado, by heaven's stars,  
We'd steer with any Cordovan tars.

'Then, ho ! my lads, for the dashing spray,  
With at times 'Avast !' at times 'Belay !'  
The white sails fill, and she scuds away.

'And what if some day we come to grief  
On the shifting sands or sunken reef,  
Unmarked as falleth a forest leaf ?

'With many gallanter crews, I ween,  
Mayhap we shall slumber calm, serene,  
As under the churchyard hillocks green—

'All in the fate of a rover free,  
Sailing the pathless, the deep blue sea,  
A hero worthy of three times three !'

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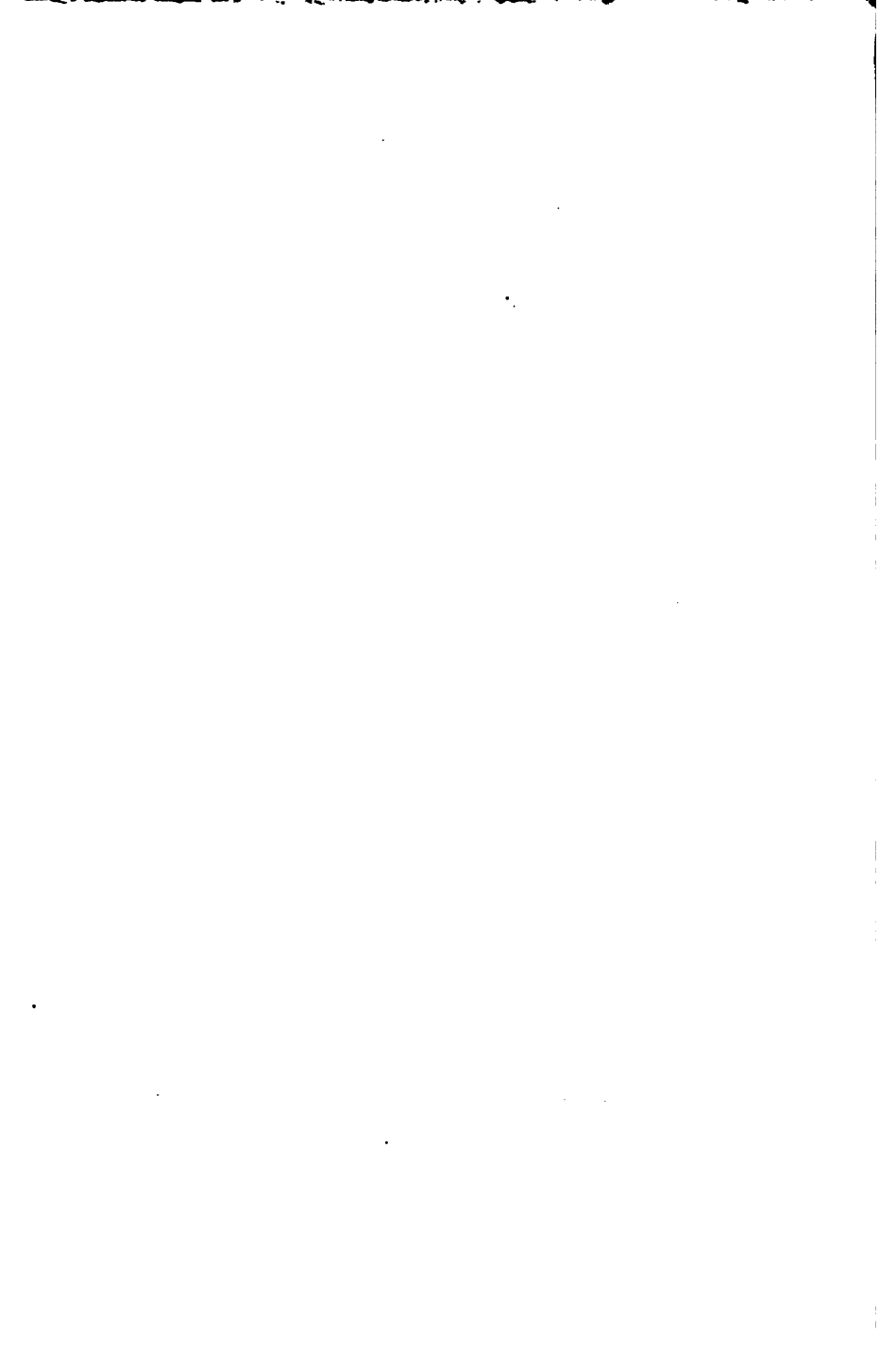
*To A——*

TO A——.

THE breath of your sweetbriar, Annie,  
Through my room is floating free—  
Pure odorous scent of summer-time,  
By riverside and lea.  
The perfume of the eglantine  
Lives long in memory,  
So sweet ! but your remembrance, dear,  
Is sweeter still to me.  
Softer than those pink petals far,  
More sweet than their rich perfume,  
Were the gentle thoughts they wakened  
In the twilight's gathering gloom.  
Oh, fair are the wildwood blossoms,  
But brief is their fragrant day ;  
Yet the loving word and thoughtful deed,  
Fairer flowerets by life's way,  
Like rare and fadeless immortelles,  
Have beauty that lasts for aye.

*SACRED POEMS.*





**'COME YE APART.'**

**'THEY** gathered themselves together,'  
A valiant little band,  
Back from evangelizing  
At Jesus' direct command.

**'They** gathered themselves together,'  
And their Master's presence sought;  
They told Him all that they had done,  
And also what they had taught.

Their feet were wayworn and aching,  
They were weary men confest,  
When, 'Come ye apart,' said Jesus—  
Yea, 'Come ye apart, and rest.'

Oh, joy to serve such a Master,  
Infirmities treating so!  
No scorn for His feeble workmen,  
But pity, the Lord doth show.

Who would not for this be weary,  
Most willingly work or wait,  
Toiling in sowing or reaping  
From dawn till the hours grow late?

Art working for this same Jesus  
In toil and heat of to-day?  
Like the brave Apostles, seek Him,  
And surely, as once did they,

Thou wilt lose the sense of languor  
From heart and brain oppressed,  
When 'Come ye apart,' saith Jesus—  
Now, 'Come ye apart, and rest.'

Tell Him how the work goes forward,  
Whatever thou knowest done  
Or said in the name of Jesus,  
God's only begotten Son.

Tell Him, for He loves to hear it,  
Over land so dry and bare,  
How the seed was duly scattered  
By the hands of Faith and Prayer ;

Where fear forbade you to scatter,  
Lest fowls of the air should prey.  
And, telling it all to Jesus,  
Be sure He will gently say,

With love, which drew the beloved  
Disciple to lean on His breast,  
'Now, come ye apart a little,  
Apart by yourselves, and rest.'

---

BENEDICITE.

You heard no sound save the low 'Good-night,'  
But a prayer-thought sprang on its upward flight  
From the heart of a fond and faithful friend  
To the throne of the King who will answer send,

As the gentle dew or the plenteous rain ;  
For never a prayer is breathed in vain,  
Is breathed too often, in His kind ear  
For the friends we love—God bless you, dear !

---

THE HEAVENLY VISION.

MORE radiant than the golden ray  
At noontide's fervid hour,  
Suddenly on the traveller's way,  
In strange and mystic power,  
Over the old Damascus road  
The heavenly vision shone :  
The prince of preachers owned its might  
Before Agrippa's throne.

Over their daisied meadowlands,  
To childhood's happy eyes,  
Perhaps to-morrow or to-day  
That vision may arise ;  
Or ' where the brook and river meet,'  
While wistful linger yet  
Our much-loved youths and maidens fair,  
That vision may be met.

Above the tender mother's path,  
Hedged in by cherished cares,  
Retarded, still, like aftermath,  
May seal her many prayers.

And e'en o'er manhood's graver brow,  
Deprived of life's first glow,  
The vision, like a midnight star,  
New lustre may bestow.

Oh, be not disobedient, friend,  
Whate'er thy case may be ;  
Bind on thy sandals and arise  
When Jesus calleth thee.

'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do ?'  
And He will answer make :  
'Deny thyself; come, follow Me,  
Cross-bearer for My sake.'

Over the old Damascus road  
The heavenly vision shone ;  
A second time it shall appear  
Upon the great white throne.  
While rocks may rend and mountains flee,  
With Paul, oh, happy men  
Who, pointing to the past, can say  
'Not disobedient' then !

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#### CONSECRATION HYMNS.

##### I.

No more the costly golden band  
Upon the priestly brow,  
With 'Holiness unto the Lord,'  
Confronts Thy people now.

On us, Thy later chosen priests,  
Canst Thou yet, Father, see  
That sacred record over all  
Our lives, our work for Thee?

‘Thou art in heaven, and we on earth,’  
Our words may well be few ;  
But, by Thy promised Spirit led,  
Oh, let them all be true !  
What can we render unto Thee  
For great things Thou hast done,  
But chiefly for that greatest gift  
Of Thy belovèd Son ?

Our fairest works Thy purer eyes  
Sin-stainèd all must see—  
Poor worthless dross, without the touch  
Of Christ’s love alchemy.  
For His belovèd sake well pleased,  
Thou wilt not turn away  
From offering which the poorest child  
Shall on Thine altar lay.

And, thus emboldened, we draw near—  
’Tis all of mercy due—  
For Christ and for the Church He loves  
Whatever we can do.  
As Thou shalt give us grace, O Lord,  
Behold a willing band  
Whose work lies here, whose rest remains  
Even in Immanuel’s Land.

## II.

IN the name of Jesus met,  
    Purposed once again to lay  
On God's altar love the gift,  
    Love the debt we ne'er can pay.

Christ has called us, well we know,  
    As the fisher folk of yore—  
Called from sunny Galilee,  
    Or beside Gennesareth's shore.

Teach us rightly how to give  
    Love and reverence, Lord, to Thee ;  
Claim Thy guerdon, ' Where I am  
    Shall also My servant be.'

Let not any wilful sin  
    From our hearts e'er thrust Thee out,  
Nor like cold mist intervene  
    Faithless thought or dream of doubt.

' Of Thine own we offer Thee,'  
    Lord, our body, spirit, soul ;  
Let our threefold nature be  
    Subject to Thy blest control.

Wills so wayward, make them Thine ;  
    Hearts deceitful, keep them true ;  
Thou art able—this Thy word,  
    ' I, the Lord, make all things new.'

'Of Thine own we offer Thee,'  
Trusting in Thy strength alone ;  
Lead us on to victory,  
Till we stand before Thy throne.

III.

JESUS, Master, at Thy bidding  
Once to Thee we came ;  
Now behold us here assembled  
In Thy name.

Thine by right and by redemption,  
Gladly offer we  
Dedicated lives and service  
Unto Thee.

Let our words and meditations,  
Though unworthy, prove  
Acceptable in Thy presence,  
Proof of love.

Lord, enlighten Thou our darkness,  
Light of heaven and men ;  
Burnish us till we reflect it  
Back again ;

Till our lives bring honour to Thee,  
Like a flag unfurled,  
In our name of Christ's disciples,  
From the world.



Let the world take knowledge of us,  
We would have it so,  
While we follow in Thy footsteps,  
Lord, below.

Give us prudence, give us patience,  
Give us charity ;  
Yea, conformed to Thy dear likeness  
Let us be.

Bearing with clean hands unwearied  
Vessels of the Lord,  
See Him to our numbers adding  
With accord.

To the Father, Son, and Spirit,  
Holy Trinity,  
Dedicated lives and service  
Offer we.

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### THE JOY OF THE LORD.

TRUE joy lies not in spending  
A life of selfish ease ;  
The hands that grasp at pleasure  
Would fain a shadow seize.  
It comes when Jesu gives us  
A sense of sin forgiven,  
As gentle and as holy  
As dove descent from heaven.

It comes in ample measure  
When, like our Pattern meek,  
The wayward and the wandering  
With loving zeal we seek:  
When daily sacrifices  
For Christ's dear sake are made;  
When time and love and talents  
Are on the altar laid.

A boon denied not any  
Who follow this plain rule:  
'Ask, and ye shall receive it,  
That your joy may be full.'  
Alas that our dear Master  
Could lay such charge as this:  
'Ye have not, for ye ask not,  
Or, asking, ask amiss'!

Are Christians so o'erburdened  
With bliss of earth below  
That heavenly benedictions  
They willingly forego?  
Oh, let us, brothers, sisters,  
Turn to the Lord, and pray  
That joy of His own sending  
May fill our hearts to-day!

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**'HELP, LORD!'**

IN memory of Thy days below,  
When Thou didst sore temptation know,  
Come to my side—yea, even so :  
Oh, Jesu, succour me !

I, too, am in a desert drear ;  
All others far, but Satan near ;  
And I, so frail, the tempter fear :  
Oh, Jesu, succour me !

Sin woos me on with winning guise,  
Turn Thou away my tempted eyes,  
Way of escape Thou canst devise :  
Oh, Jesu, succour me !

Satan is wide awake, alert ;  
Thine own elect lest He pervert,  
Each poisoned shaft avert, avert :  
Oh, Jesu, succour me !

Who sympathizest, knowing all,  
Forecast the shame which follows fall,  
The half-forgotten vow recall :  
Oh, Jesu, succour me !

'Sin shall not have dominion,' this  
O'er-crown of all material bliss,  
By Thee supported, none shall miss :  
Oh, Jesu, succour me !

THE EUCHARIST.

CHRIST JESUS our Passover  
Is sacrificed for us,  
And from sin's cruel bondage  
He hath redeemèd thus.  
Then give the best to Jesus,  
The upper furnished room,  
And let us keep with gladness  
This feast until He come.

'Tis Jesus, our Passover,  
We ever look to now ;  
Before our glorious Master,  
Let us, His servants, bow.  
The upper room for Jesus,  
A heart enlarged by love,  
By heavenly mediation  
Raised earthly cares above.

For since we have accepted  
Redemption free and royal,  
Our sins are all forgiven—  
Oh, let us then be loyal !  
With care let us make ready  
To keep this feast with Him,  
And emulate the reverence  
Of veiled cherubim.

The upper room for Jesus,  
A sweet consistent life ;  
Though in the world, not of it,  
Calm 'mid its surging strife.

A meek and quiet spirit  
Where other graces meet ;  
A room for Jesus furnished  
By the blest Paraclete.

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## GETHSEMANE.

GETHSEMANE, thy garden  
Hath been, and still must be,  
The solemn antechamber  
To mournful Calvary.

For was there ever sorrow  
In all this world of woe  
Like that which 'neath thine olives  
Bowed our Immanuel low ?

The ages past and passing  
All hear with bated breath  
Thine echo of soul anguish  
Exceeding unto death ;

That cry of cries, ' My Father !'  
Wrung from God's only Son,  
' Let this cup pass ; but, nathless,  
Thy will, not Mine, be done.'

Hate met his love's proffers,  
Rejected and despised ;  
Yet for His very scoffers  
Salvation He devised.

Upon the deed of Jesus  
Hung every debtor's fate ;  
He suffered to release us  
And open heaven's gate.

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## ASPIRATIONS.

'We are just as good as we want to be,'  
Said one, but I argue, No !  
In our better moments each one of us  
Would be whiter than the snow.

We would rise and reach to an angel height,  
The life that is hid with God,  
And be as the Sinless, whose holy feet  
The dolorous pathway trod.

We may lapse, and lie at our ease awhile,  
To a lower plane decline ;  
But we come to ourselves in that far land,  
And know we are herding swine—

Whence ever and aye to the Father's home  
Turn wistfully straining eyes ;  
While lips not as pure as they fain would be  
Are saying, 'I will arise.'

We are not as good as we want to be,  
Our Father the truth doth know ;  
'The robe, and the ring, and the welcome home,  
To these our desires shall grow.

## THE TEACHER'S GREETING.

'I HAVE clasped thy hand in greeting,  
In parting, many a time,  
As we met, through rain or sunshine,  
On the day when church bells chime ;  
In many a mood and moment  
Have I looked into thine eyes,  
Pondering o'er the hallowed pages  
Wherein all true wisdom lies.

But the days and weeks are gliding  
Into years that hurry past,  
With the parting of the ways to face,  
For thou and I at last ;  
And the outward life that wraps us,  
With the soul-life none may see,  
Is our daily preparation  
For a long eternity.

But when these mutual meeting-times  
For us shall be no more,  
Like a lamp unto thy pathway  
Prove the Scriptures learned of yore.  
Ay, when the old-time teacher  
Shall a faded memory be,  
May God bring the old-time lessons,  
Unforgotten, back to thee !

Grant us certain meeting somewhere  
In the heavenly homeland, when  
The grand Alleluia anthem  
Shall receive our glad 'Amen.'

## BETHEL.

No shelter the wanderer weary befriending,  
A desolate plain and the evening descending ;  
A stone for a pillow, soon calmly he's sleeping,  
The stars in the azure vault tender watch keeping.

No fond mother's kiss on his fair forehead resting,  
Is loneliness with terror the young heart investing ?  
Like sweet benediction the night dews are falling ;  
He hears not the evil beast hungrily calling.

His sins and his sorrows all sweetly forgetting,  
Kind sleep to these proud waves the ' No further '  
setting ;

Beyond all imaginings lovely and thrilling,  
A vision with wonder the dreamer is filling :

A ladder low earth and high heaven uniting,  
To regions of glory a stairway inviting,  
And glorious seraphs, God's fairest designing,  
Descend to the spot where the lad is reclining ;

But ever return to their holy residing,  
On earth though appearing, yet never abiding.  
He gazed on the radiance till daylight was breaking,  
Then lost the fair vision, from slumber awaking.

Not lost it, not lost it ; the beautiful beaming  
Is lustrous as ever, immortal its gleaming ;  
In early devotion the fugitive, bending,  
Felt round him a wonderful Presence extending.



'None other than God's house,' his reverent saying,  
The portal of heaven, meet place, then, for praying !  
Still through our lives may glad Bethel keep telling  
A way of access to the Father's pure dwelling.

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#### HER DYING PRAYER.

'God of Jacob, bridge the river !'  
Recording angels bore the prayer  
Away, away !

Within the pearly portals white,  
Within the walls of jasper bright,  
Within the city of pure light,  
'Tis kept for aye.

'God of Jacob, bridge the river !'  
True faith and love were in that cry,  
Though low and faint.  
Her feet might tread life's road no more,  
Nor distant gleamed the golden shore ;  
But darkly rolled death's stream before  
The aged saint.

'God of Jacob, bridge the river !'  
Petition short, most quaintly sweet,  
And heard on high.  
The gracious guarding Power made known  
To him who pillowed on a stone  
His weary head, when sad and lone,  
Is ever nigh.

'God of Jacob, bridge the river !'  
Rejoicing seraphs winged their flight  
    To that chill shore,  
And with a smile she fell asleep.  
What if the tide were dark and deep?  
He gave His angels charge to keep,  
    And bridged it o'er.

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THE UPHILL PATH.

On the uphill path, thou dear one,  
    Weary. Yet do not despair,  
For the Lord's amen is certain  
    To each conscientious prayer ;  
And prayer is arising for thee  
    When little thou mayest dream—  
In the chill of early starlight,  
    Or high noontide's golden gleam.

On the uphill path, thou dear one,  
    Is often a sense of loss ;  
The tender vow of the evening  
    Breaks under the morning's cross.  
Resolves end only in failures,  
    Till the heart grows numb or sore,  
And the reckless thought is harboured :  
    'What use in attempting more?'

*The Uphill Path*

Keep the uphill path, thou dear one,  
Though baffled and passion-tossed ;  
Of all whom the Lord hath chosen  
Not one can ever be lost.  
How do I know *thou* art chosen ?  
Because He hath given thee power  
To trust in the Name of Jesus,  
The Name that is 'an high tower.'

Keep the uphill path, thou dear one ;  
The King hath gone to prepare  
Thy place in the 'many mansions' ;  
It surely will lead thee there.  
Our trials would seem as nothing  
If Jesus to us could show  
The terrible Dolorosa  
Which He turned not from below.

On the uphill path, thou dear one,  
Who fall can yet rise again ;  
In the peace of the hereafter  
Recompense for the present strain  
Thou shalt find. Remember, dear one,  
The promise 'to him that hath.'  
The dear Lord lead and guide thee  
Along on the uphill path !

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ECHOES OF PATMOS,

I.

'ISLE that is callèd Patmos,'

Set in the *Ægean* sea,

The sainted exile prison,

My spirit turns toward thee.

O Patmos ! rocky Patmos !

Who would not exiled be,

If thy sea-girt seclusion

Brought sight of Deity ?

What music, Isle of Patmos,

Can ravish human ear

Like the soul-stirring measure

Of thy belovèd seer ?

Thrice-blessed eyes once gazing

On the *Ægean* blue,

When, blinding in its beauty,

Heaven burst upon their view !

And in her bridal whiteness,

With pomp of pure array,

Whose earth-excelling brightness

Mere words may not convey,

That high and holy city,

The New Jerusalem,

Where Israel shall be folded

When God shall dwell with them !

Behold ! but no more sorrow—

These words are faithful, true ;

No tears, no pain, no crying ;  
God shall make all things new.  
While he that overcometh  
Shall be to God a son,  
And all things shall inherit,  
Saith the most Holy One.

## II.

‘WRITE, the Spirit saith unto the Churches’—  
Words that have pierced the ages come to me ;  
And I seem to stand on rocky Patmos,  
Looking across the blue Ægean sea.

‘Write, the Spirit saith unto the Churches :  
To him that overcometh, yea, to him,  
Will I give to eat the fruit supernal,  
Once guarded by the flaming cherubim,

‘Of the Tree of Life, whose fruits supernal  
Ripen amidst the Paradise of God.’  
Press on, my soul, the path thus set before thee,  
That path which Jesu, born of Mary, trod.

‘Saith the Spirit also to the Churches :  
Yea, he that overcometh shall be free  
From that woe, all present woe transcending ;  
O’er such the second death shall powerless be.’

‘Hear yet, saith the Spirit to the Churches :  
Who overcometh will I give to eat  
Of the bread of angels, hidden manna,  
Supplying spirit sustenance most sweet.

'He that overcometh shall be clothed  
In raiment snowy white, and free from spot ;  
And his name, confessed before My Father,  
From out the Book of Life I will not blot.

'And I will grant to him that overcometh—  
This crowning glory shall be his alone—  
To share with Me the conqueror's glory,  
Even as I My Father's highest throne.'

Brothers ! how the words prophetic thrill us,  
Expanding life's horizon verily,  
As we scan with the beloved disciple  
The unveiled aisles of dim Eternity.

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**'PASSETH AWAY.'**

BARREN and brown and bare,  
'Neath long-continued glare  
Of summer sunshine, lie upland and moor.  
No more the wild bird sings  
Beside the pleasant springs,  
Nor grain rewards the tillage of the poor.

And yet there hath been found  
Upon the parchèd ground  
An earnest of good things, the early dew ;  
While rain as to bestow  
Came softly, gray and low,  
The morning cloud beneath the solemn blue.

Illusory—to flit !  
' *Passeth away* ' is writ  
Both of the early dew and morning cloud :  
Like transitory dream,  
Whose bright illusive gleam  
Is lost, as gladness wakes us crying loud.

How oft in youth's heyday  
The dew of promise may  
With morning clouds bespeak a plenteous rain,  
To foster dormant seeds  
Of holy words and deeds  
To blessed harvest, even amidst earth's pain.

O soul ! where are thy sheaves ?  
Hast thou nothing but leaves ?  
A retrospect of promise unfulfilled ?  
Work—it is yet to-day !  
Retrieve without delay,  
Ere death that wayward heart of thine hath stilled.

Arid and brown and bare,  
'Neath long-continued glare  
Of summer sunshine, moor and upland lie.  
Yet may God's latter rain  
Revive these wastes again,  
Though early dew and morning cloud have both  
passed by.

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GOD IS LOVE.

Oh, precious words, exceeding sweet,

God is Love !

Poor pilgrims 'neath earth's toil and heat,

God is Love !

Grieve not your hearts with woes of time ;

Behold by faith a sinless clime,

And with glad voices swell the chime,

God is Love !

This lightens every heavy cross—

God is Love !

This lessens every bitter loss—

God is Love !

Oh, let us trust a Father's hand

To lead us through this foreign land ;

His guidance will this song command,

God is Love !

If dry and parched the desert be,

God is Love !

The rock may waters yield for thee—

God is Love !

The graceful palm may sheltering rise,

The cloud o'erveil too ardent skies,

Each morning bring thee fresh supplies—

God is Love !

On Hermon falls the twilight dew—

God is Love !

Flowers bloom in valleys hid from view—

God is Love.



Fair nightly stars that gleam and glow,  
Yon crescent moon which seems to grow,  
Proclaim to all who watch below,  
God is Love !

The soul this of angelic lays,  
God is Love !  
The keynote of all mortal praise,  
God is Love !

We have a Father ever near,  
An Elder Brother true and dear,  
A Comforter. Farewell, lone Fear ;  
God is Love !

Oh, spread this truth—yes, spread it wide—  
God is Love !  
Where felons pine, where kings reside,  
God is Love !

Go, tell the sailor on the wave ;  
Go, tell the patriot soldier brave ;  
Go, tell the mourner at the grave,  
God is Love !

In golden letters trace it bright,  
God is Love !  
On youthful hearts be swift to write,  
God is Love !  
Inscribe it on our banners high,  
Our pass to realms beyond the sky ;  
Rejoice to live, nor dread to die—  
God is Love !

## BEYOND.

WE think, then with a sigh reswathe the thought,  
And leave it once more to repose within its soul  
recess.

We are so finite, all in vain our efforts to compress  
The mighty God's Hereafter, glory fraught  
Within our tiny span, our shadowed Now ;  
And yet ' I know that my Redeemer liveth ' oft we  
say.

Oh, risen Christ, with faith endow  
To trust for what shall be ! But day by day  
Familiarize us with Thy home ;  
That, far outsoaring bird that highest flies,  
Our singing souls may daily seek the skies,  
Ennobled, love the calm blue dome,  
And thus in heaven's proximity await  
The ' Enter in,' the wide-thrown pearly gate.

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## IN HEAVEN.

OH, weep no more, and do not grieve  
For the dear one gone before ;  
But only another bright link perceive  
In the chain which the God of love doth weave  
'Twixt earth and the glory we may not conceive,  
Where sorrow and sighing are o'er—  
In Heaven.

Love can smile when a brighter lot  
Than its own to another falls.  
Unselfish, its loss, deprivation, forgot,  
And oft'ner in spirit drawn towards the spot  
Where its object is, than the blank where 'tis not.  
Rejoice, if separation calls  
To Heaven.

Then, sigh no more. Ye loved him well ;  
Why share not in your thought  
His fadeless joy, who for ever shall dwell  
In the home where each pure immortal will tell  
With celestial, triumphant tone, ' It is well !'  
Eternal life, bliss-fraught,  
In Heaven ?

Where he ever walks in the light  
Of the City, unknowing care,  
All purity blest : for the garments white  
Of its dwellers are spotless ; no darksome night  
May conceal from view one glist'ning sight,  
Or the gates of pearl so fair,  
In Heaven.

Glad, tearless land, bright, cloudless land—  
Realm of unbroken peace ;  
'Mid the faithful and true from every strand ;  
Finite no longer, O destiny grand !  
But a member enrolled of the holy band  
Whose praises never cease  
In Heaven.

Think of the voice whose accents long  
In memory you may hear,  
Now fervently joining the full sweet song  
Which the happy redeemed delight to prolong—  
A wondrous swell of music strong,  
To listening seraphs dear,  
In Heaven !

Think how his kindling spirit thrills  
To know as he is known,  
While Christ all promises there fulfils,  
And all life's mysterious, seeming ills  
Reveals ; his soul with gratitude fills  
As plainly. All is shown  
In Heaven.

Citizen of this radiant place,  
With the noblest list of friends :  
Stephen, with still more angelic face,  
The Apostle who kept the course in life's race—  
A glorious company filling the place,  
Their social converse blends  
In Heaven,

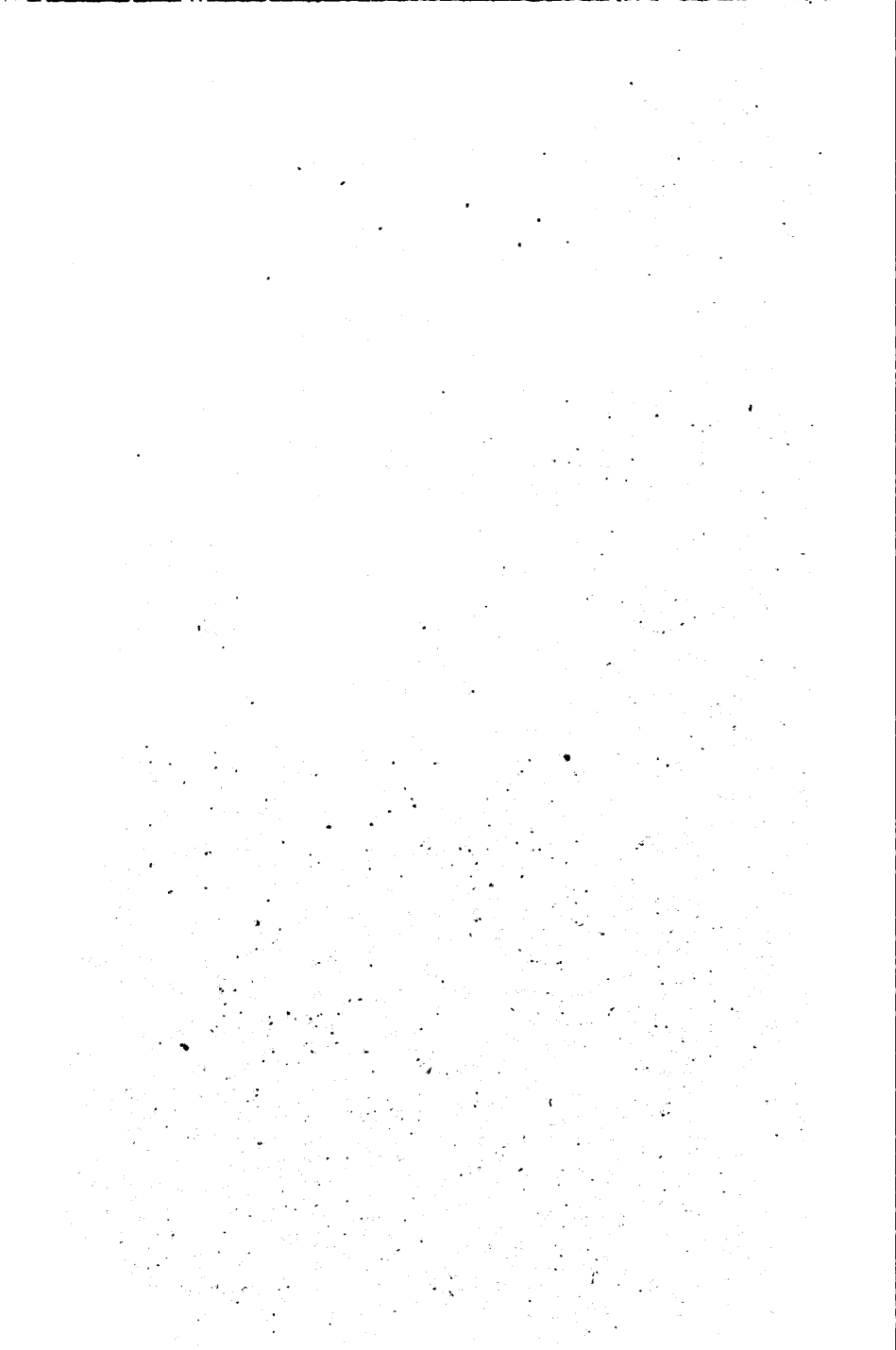
Could he return and now unfold  
The bliss laid up in store,  
Too poor were our earthly words and cold  
To depict the brightness, compared to gold  
And crystal clear, or the dazzling mould  
Of forms the throne before,  
In Heaven.

Ye would not wish him to forego  
One strain of the holy song  
For the jarring discord of human woe,  
The trouble and pain and care to know,  
'Neath the clouds, and shadows that longer grow,  
Or to leave the holy throng  
In Heaven.

For they who enter once that rest  
With earth and time are done.  
Ye know him happy there and blest :  
Let this assurance calm your breast ;  
Enjoy the Saviour's peace bequest  
Till tranquil joy is won  
In Heaven.

THE END.







HW 25AT 2

