

Selected Poetry

COUNSEL.

Seek not in others sympathy,
But dwell
Alone in your own soul and free.
For well
Time teaches that no other mind
Or heart
Can with your own its real bliss find.
Apart,
Then, wander with your dreams, and know
As true—
Only that self within the self can go
With you.

—MARY DIXON THAYER, in the *Saturday Evening Post* (Philadelphia).

A WATER-LILY.

Oh! Lily white on you dark pool,
Serene and queenly fair,
How camest thou from out the gloom,
Sail'st thou on morning air?

What holdeth thee so regally—
Perhaps a fairy stair,
And on each step, mayhap a bud,
Awaiting summons there.

Ah! no, like some bright star art thou
Upon the water's breast:
Mute symbol of His loveliness,
God sends to make us blest.
—M. E. BEYTON, in the *Pilot* (Boston).

LIGHTS OUT.

I have come to the borders of sleep,
The unfathomable deep
Forest where all must lose
Their way, however straight,
Or winding, soon or late:
They cannot choose.

Many a road and track
That, since the dawn's first crack,
Up to the forest brink,
Deceived the travellers,
Suddenly now blurs,
And in they sink.

Here love ends,
Despair, ambition ends,
All pleasure and all trouble,
Although most sweet or bitter,
Here ends in sleep that is sweeter
Than tasks most noble.

There is not any hook
Or face of dearest look
That I would not turn from now
To go into the unknown
I must enter and leave alone
I know not how.

The tall forest towers:
Its cloudy foliage lowers
Ahead, shelf above shelf:
Its silence I hear and obey
That I may lose my way
And myself.

—EDWARD THOMAS, in *An Anthology of Modern Verse*.

RED CLAY.

God, keep me pleased with simple joys;
I must not sight the stars too long;
Nor yet forget that I am flesh,
Nor strain my ears for seraph's song.
The orchid is a bloom most rare,
Frail greenhouse beauty, gaily dressed—
That blush-rose growing by the gate
A common flower? I love it best.

Put on my lips a simple lay
That fellow-men may understand;
Not all may sense a symphony
Or fugue of Bach's sublimely grand.
But all may sing the dear home songs
And stroke the house cat on the hearth—
May sniff the scent of burning leaves
And love the smell of fresh-turned earth.

I am but Woman, born of Earth,
Fashioned from Adam's good red clay;
And, though my soul essays the skies,
My feet must tread the toilsome way
Of earthly paths: let me not lift
Learian wings that would not melt
Were they to soar too near the sun—
Life must be lived and loved and felt!
—LUCILLE EVANS, in the *Los Angeles Times Magazine*.

THE ROADSIDE.

They pass me in their seeming endless file,
Each with his face and figure all his own;
Age with its weariness, youth with its smile,
And each himself alone.

They pass on each to his elusive goal,
Or, maybe, fail and faint upon the way:
Each was, like me, a pilgrim human soul
Living his little day.

They all had dreams, like me, and all awoke
To find that day was made of harder stuff:
Their bubbles, like my own, when fairest
broke,
And all had pain enough.

Across their road some beams of sunshine
fell,
Then quick the shadows came and brought
the dark:
All pulled their bows and shot their arrows
well,
And not one hit the mark.

Now not a footfall on the silent road,
Here I am left alone beside the way:
And all I know is, *each had his own load*
To carry all the day.

—A. W., in the *Irish Catholic*.

DAY-DAWN.

The dawn-winds whispered through the corn,
Across the dew-drenched fields of morn;
And then the wild birds, in the trees,
Awoke to sing their melodies.

And from the foam-pale blossomed hedge
Dew dripped, and on the river's edge
Young willows seemed, with glances shy,
To watch the bubbles sailing by.

The sun rose o'er a dew-drenched world,
And at his touch the flowers unfurled;
But some slept on in beds of dew
Where ferns their faces hid from view.

Along the margin of a field,
Beneath a hedgerow, half concealed,
Primroses thrust their faces out,
As if to hear the cuckoo shout.

On hill and valley sunshine spilled,
Drinking the dew night had distilled;
Faint laughter rippled through the morn,
From the misty hills where streams are born.

The whins were veiled with gossamer,
And all the hedges were astir
With wildbird lute and beetles' horn,
As with fanfare the day was born.

—PARTICK DOHERTY, in the *Irish World*.

A HYMN.

How fair are the blue hills that call me away,
The gold of the gorse and the green of the sod!
If Love lends such splendor to things of a
day,
How fair the eternal must be, O my God!

The jily-faced Dawn with the gold in her
hair,
The call to the soul where the sea maketh
moan,
The birds in their cloisters at evening prayer,
With echoes responsive in the heart's
depths unknown!

The trills of the thrush and the songs of the
stream,
The joy of the lark as it soars to the skies,
The spires distilled by the roses that dream,
The roof of the night with its myriad eyes!

The gleam where the swallows on swiftest wing
fly,
The gleam of the corn-stalks that whisper
and nod,
The soft colored sign of the arch in the sky—
How sweet is Thy power and Thy goodness,
my God!

The spell of the sunset, the silence that
soothes,
When wake deepest feelings and most
solemn thought,
The hush o'er the hills and the valley that
broods,
When musings eternal come o'er us un-
sought!

I thought on the wealth of earth's beauties
untold—
God's sweet ministrations—as homeward I
trod,
And cried with a fervor of joy uncontrolled:
"How fair must Thy home be, my Father,
my God!"

—J. O'H., in an exchange.

E. S. Robson

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