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POEMS BY THE EDITOR

Two Evenings.

GRAND LAKE STREAM, MAINE, 1874.

I sat alone in my chamber
While the rain was pouring fast,
And, without, in the gathering darkness

Whistled the shrilly blast;
The autumn had tinged the maples
With hues of crimson and gold,
While anon, through their quivering branches
The wind whistled hoarse and cold.

And the shadows came darkly stealing
O'er the morn of a saddened life,
With its burning fires of passion
And its surging winds of strife,
With its disappointments bitter
And longings unsatisfied.
Till I leaned down onto the casement
With my head in my hands and cried.

I'd pictured a rosy future
In the forest glades of Maine
The morning I and my mother
Boarded the west bound train,
And Nature spread out her banquet
And welcomed me to the feast
By forest and lake and streamlet,
Which grew as the years increased.

But, the eye may be charmed with Nature,
And the soul be thrilled with love
And wilding scenes and blissful dreams
Scant satisfaction prove.
When the heart is sad and yearning
For the love of human kind,
And you grope alone in the darkness.
With the light left far behind.

So, with thoughtless and rough companions,
Derided, misunderstood,
With many to teach me evil
And no one to teach me good.
With no place in the world about me,
Out of touch with the world outside,
Till I wished in my heart in my childhood
Like my brothers, I had died.

When the step of my dearling mother
R-sounded upon the stairs,
And she came in and sat beside me
And laid her hand on my hair;
And the clouds and darkness vanished
Like the mists before the sun,
And, my heart beat light to know at least.
That I was beloved by One.

FREDERICTON, N. B., 1904.

I sit alone in my chamber
While the rain is pouring fast,
In a time and a place quite distant
From the ones that I sat in last;
But, the spirit of Disappointment,
Of Longing, Despair and Doubt,
Go with me wherever I wander
And compass me round about.

And the shadows are swiftly stealing
Towards the eve of a blighted life,
With its unattained aspirations
And its outward and inward strife,
And I shudder at recollection
Of what the years have brought—
How a life that began with promise
Has almost been lived for nought.

When a step resounds on the stair way
And eager, hurrying feet
Resound, as my boy comes up to me
And takes on my lap a seat,
And my pulses quicken with pleasure
At the sight of my darling son,
And my heart leaps out with a joyous shout,
To know I'm beloved by One.

A Heroic Rescue.

My song of praise is not for him
On fields of Egypt or Transvaal,
Who bravely ventured life and limb
To hold a subject land in thrall;
Who heeding not the laws of God
In guilty glory to a throne
Strode, and with feet of iron trod
Upon the nations overthrown.

But rather for the man whose heart
Is bent to do his Maker's will—
Who bravely bears a noble part
To save a life instead of kill;
And such was Robin Cropley, who
In rescuing from a watery grave
A little child, the thanks of true
And honest citizens should have.

When little Martin Johnston fell
Into the dark and swollen wave,
There was no one the fact to tell
Or reach a helping hand to save,
Till Mr. Cropley came upon
The scene, and quick, without delay
Jumped in and brought him to the shore

And robbed the waters of their prey.
Men go in ecstasies when a great
Terrific battle has been fought
To satisfy our brutal hate,
And bring the laws of God to nought,
Roberts, a valiant general was
And fear his spirit never damped,
But fifteen hundred children died
Within his concentration camps,

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