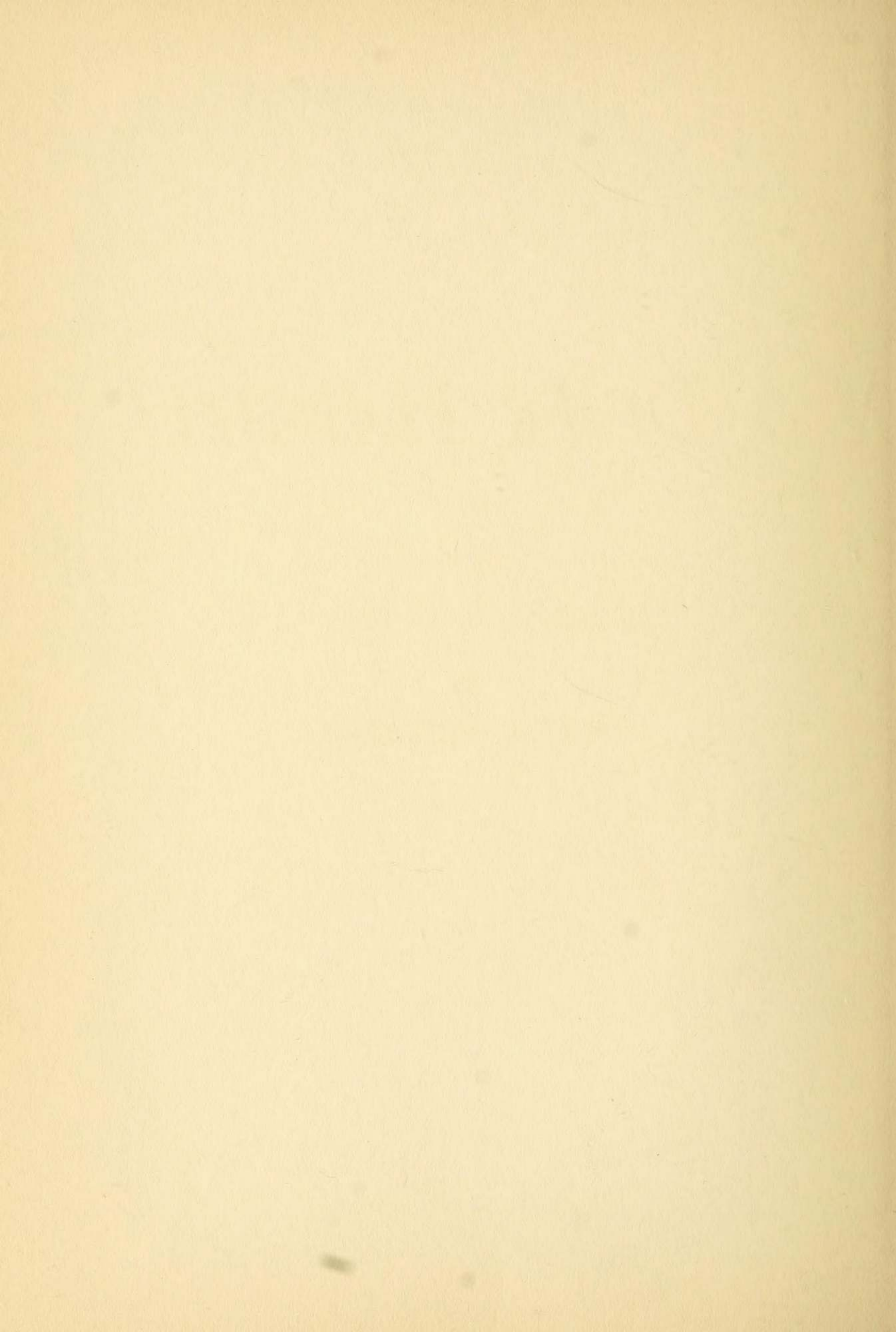




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DEAR HAWAII

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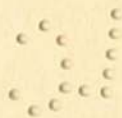
MAY L. RESTARICK

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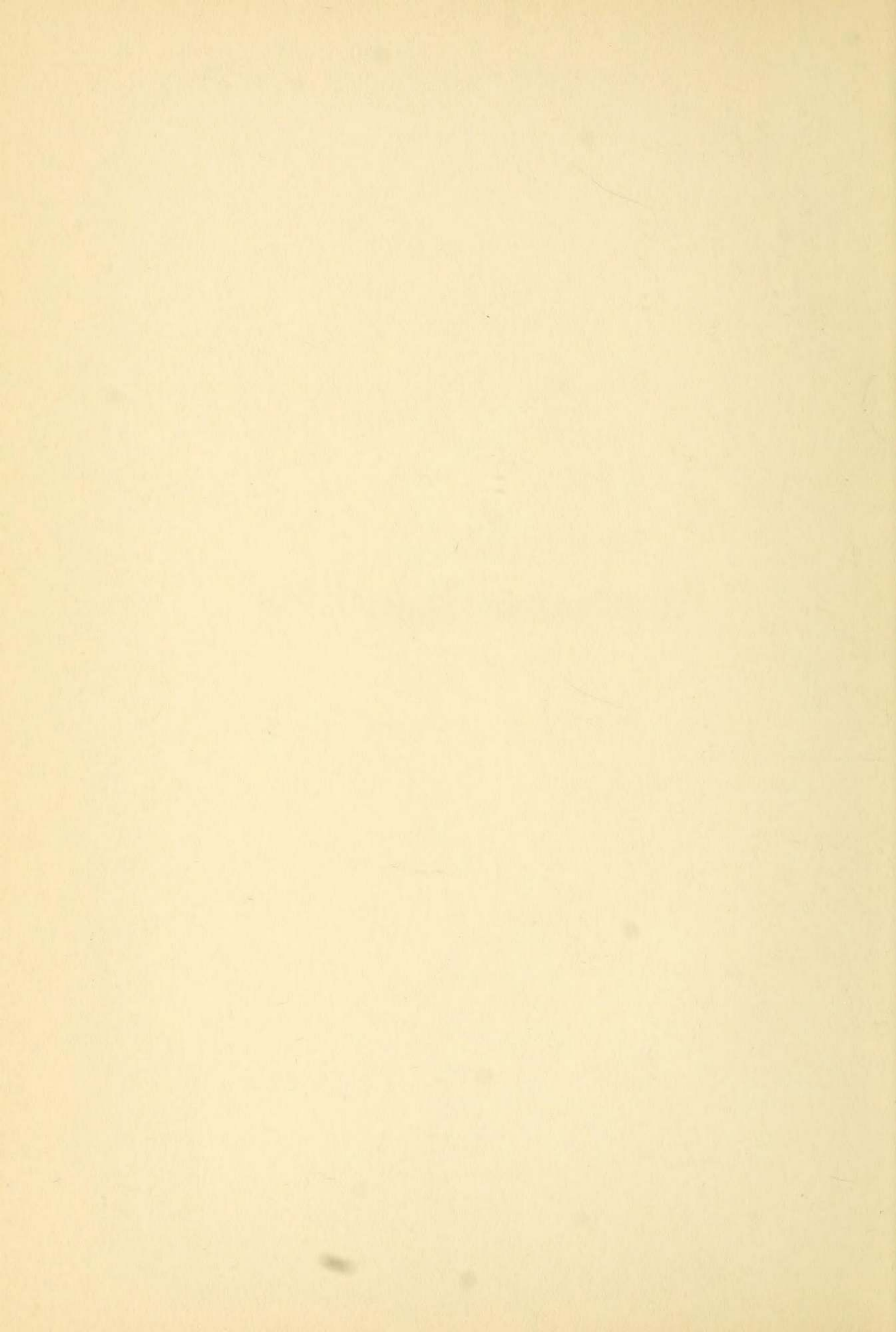
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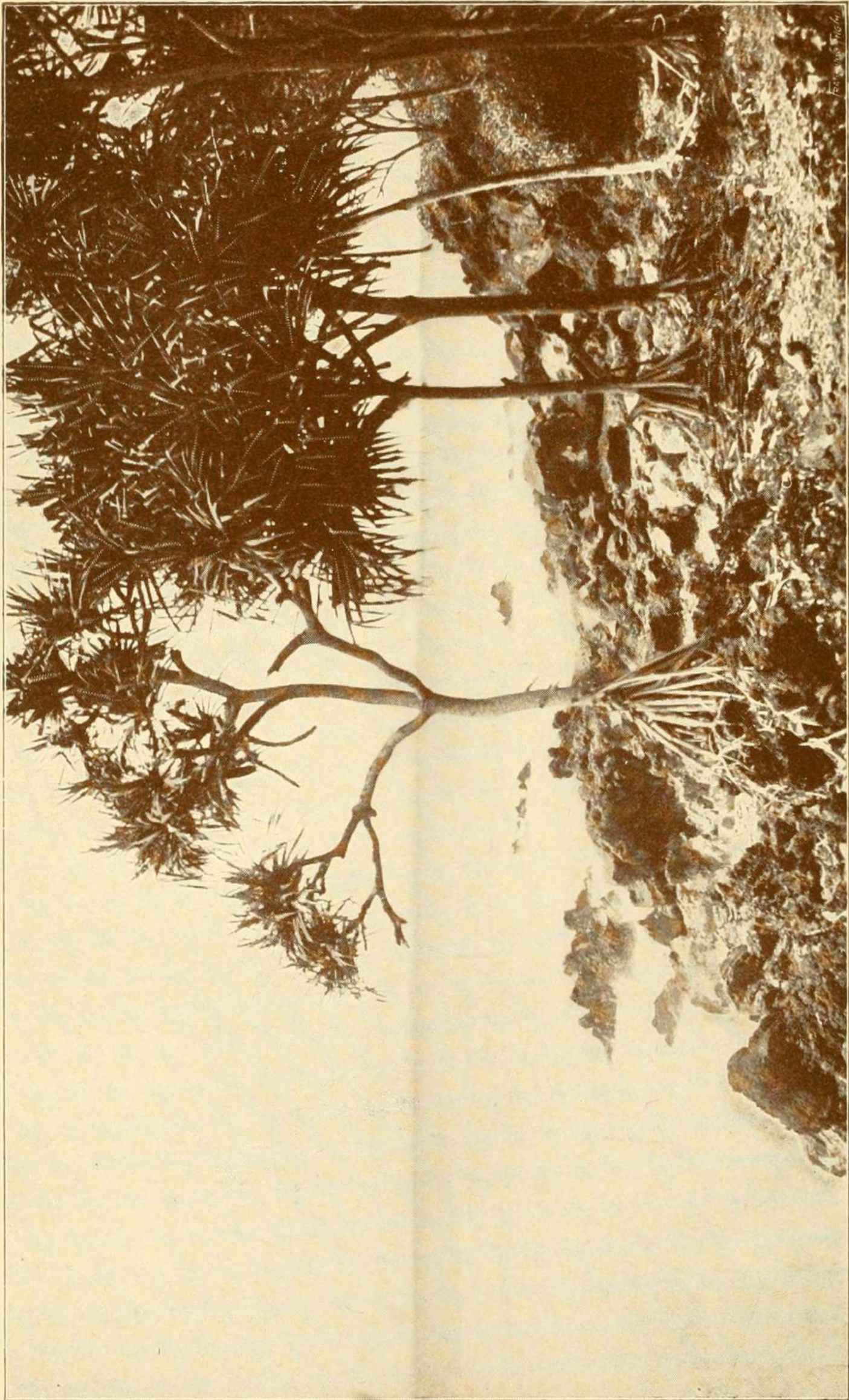
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To

All who love Hawaii Nei

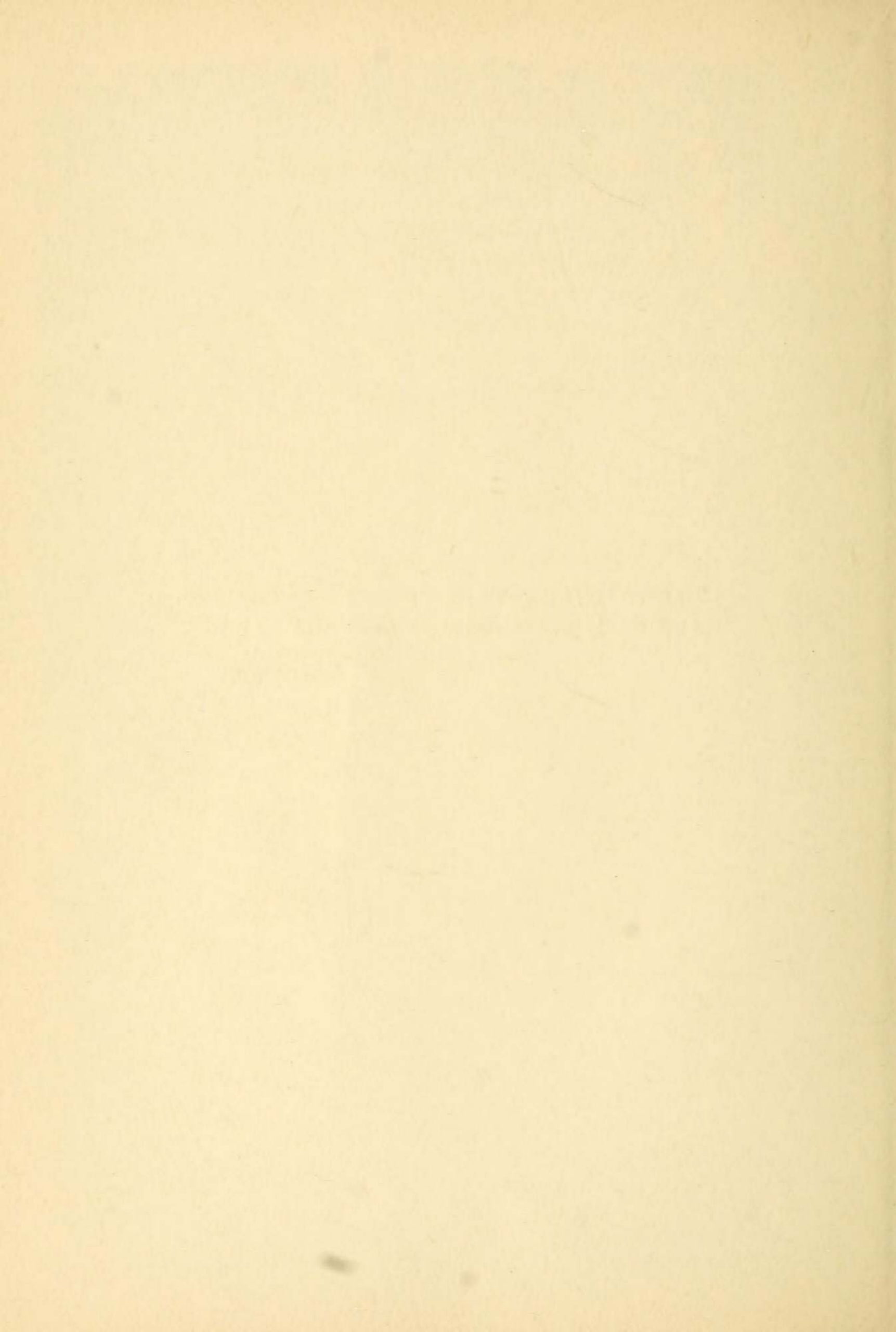




PUHALA TREES ON A HAWAIIAN SHORE

*“Where soft waves creep and shadows fall,
And God’s great peace is over all.”*

—M. C. Kittredge.



A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

CHRISTMAS carols and Christmas cheer,
Songs of gladness now greet the ear!
Deck the Altar with flowers fair!
Twine the pillars with garlands rare!
Fragrant *maille*, wreath and bring
To crown the Babe in a Manger, King!
Gladden the sorrowful! Sing or say,
The Prince of Peace was born this day!

CHRISTMAS ALOHA.

OVER the waters at sunset
Goes a song from Hawaii to thee!
May its burden of love find an echo
In the heart true and loyal to me!

Aloha! The olden time greeting
Unites us though distance divides!
At Christmas fond memory awakens
The love which forever abides!

A CHRISTMAS GREETING.

ONCE again, dear friends, we greet you,
On this Holy, Happy Day,
With the old familiar greeting,
In our own Hawaiian way;
Fond "Alohas" we would offer,
Twined with leis and garlands gay,
Fragrant flowers and Island Holly,
Bear our love this Christmas Day.

A WELCOME TO HAWAII.

WELCOME friends! A right glad welcome!
Flowers and *leis*, what gifts more meet!
Tokens of our fond Alohas,
Friends or strangers thus we greet!

Welcome friends to dear Hawaii!
Land of sunshine, land of dreams!
Here for you in life's bright noon-tide,
May Love shed his kindest beams!

LEI ALOHA.

TIS a soft and southern country
Where these fairy flowers bloom,
And they know that if they leave it,
The harsh North will be their tomb;
But they go with joy and gladness,
Bearing love at my behest,
To the friends who brought us brightness,
Such as they have never guessed.

They best carry our Aloha,
Tender, soulful message sweet,
In the language of Hawaii,
Thus we part and thus we meet!

A MESSAGE FROM HAWAII.

FROM the gales of the Northland, their icy breath
clinging,
Come away to Hawaii, where wild birds are
winging,
To that sweet, sunny Southland, where bright flowers
are springing!
At the foot of the rainbow Hawaii is flinging,
There lies the gold treasure sought from the beginning!

O'er seas blue as sapphire, where soft winds are blowing,
We send you this message from hearts overflowing:
"Aloha," dear friends! 'tis the old Island greeting,
For glad days or sad days, at parting or meeting!

HAWAII'S ENSIGN.

UNFURLING her colors, triumphantly flinging,
Her bow from the clouds, spanning ridges and
bringing
Such wealth of bright hopes, and good cheer without
measure!
To each and to all she pours out her gold treasure!

A SONG OF HAWAII.

DEAR Hawaii, land of dreams,
Rich in grand poetic themes,
Surely here the Muses dwell,
Tales of love in whispers tell!
Would-be poets stake their hopes,
Here to climb Parnassus slopes,
And attain an honored name
In Hawaii's Hall of Fame!

Tuneful lays the bards have sung,
Of these Isles, till every tongue
Chants their praise in unison!
Yet it still remains for one,
Who aspires to try his wings,
To soar higher while he sings!
Thus to others he unfolds
All the beauties he beholds!

Dear Hawaii, I would tell
Of thy charms I love so well—
Of the ocean's surge and roar,
As the waves break on the shore;
Billows rhythmically beat
On the coral at my feet,
And I almost hear the chime
Of th' eternal bells of Time!

Liquid sunshine, purpling mist,
Rainbow sprays, the sun has kissed,
Floating clouds their shadows throw,
On the valleys bright below!
Marvellous views from dizzy heights,
Perfect days and perfect nights,
These and more in bright array,
My poor pen cannot portray!

Clothed with verdure mountain steeps,
Fern-entangled forest deeps,
Waters leaping from the hills,
Winding streams and crystal rills!

* * * * *

Now in silent awe I turn
To the liquid fires that burn,
Where volcanic wrath is stored,
Hurled by Satan and his horde!

With the crater at my feet,
Paradise and Hades meet!
Paradise, where man may dwell
Safe, though bordering on Hell!
Here I see God's mighty Hand
Stretched forth over all the land!
Here His mighty power is shown,
Here His Sovereignty I own!

DEAR HAWAII.

DEAR HAWAII, skies a smiling,
And with tropic air beguiling,
Like a siren, lures from duty,
Friend or stranger, by her beauty!

Feathery ferns, their fronds uncurling,
Palms, their frond-like leaves unfurling,
Fringe the shore, and seaward bending,
Cocoa palms, their beauty lending.

Feathered songsters, gayly flying,
Flowering trees in color vieing,
Blossom-crowned, the fire-tree blazing,
Men in wonder, speechless, gazing!

Breadfruits, mangoes, plantains growing,
Bounteous harvests for the sowing!
Cane-stalks, proud, their light plumes waving,
Promise wealth the world is craving!

Fruits and flowers, their fragrance stealing,
Buds of promise, all revealing,
Through the fronds and fruits and flowers,
God's great love for us and ours!

Thanksgiving Day
in Hawaii.

A HAWAIIAN GREETING.

THOUGH 'tis only a nod as of greeting,
The violet gives as you pass,
Yet 'tis like a sweet smile at first meeting,
To the stranger who crosses your path!

Aloha! The scented breeze carries
The fragrance which friendship bestows!
This word in the memory tarries
Like the perfume distilled by the rose!

Then here's to the stranger at greeting,
A hand-shake both hearty and true,
Our tender Alohas repeating
Hawaii's sweet welcome to you!

'Tis a land of bright sunshine and flowers,
A Garden of Eden abloom!
You may dream in the shade of its bowers,
Where strangers may always find room!

Here the sunshine dispels clouds of sorrow,
As a sunburst disperses the dew!
May your dream of a brighter tomorrow
Be a sunburst of jewels for you!

HAWAII'S LOVE-CALL

DO you hear Hawaii calling,
Just as night is gently falling?
Then in dreams her charms revealing,
Comes the breath of flowers stealing!

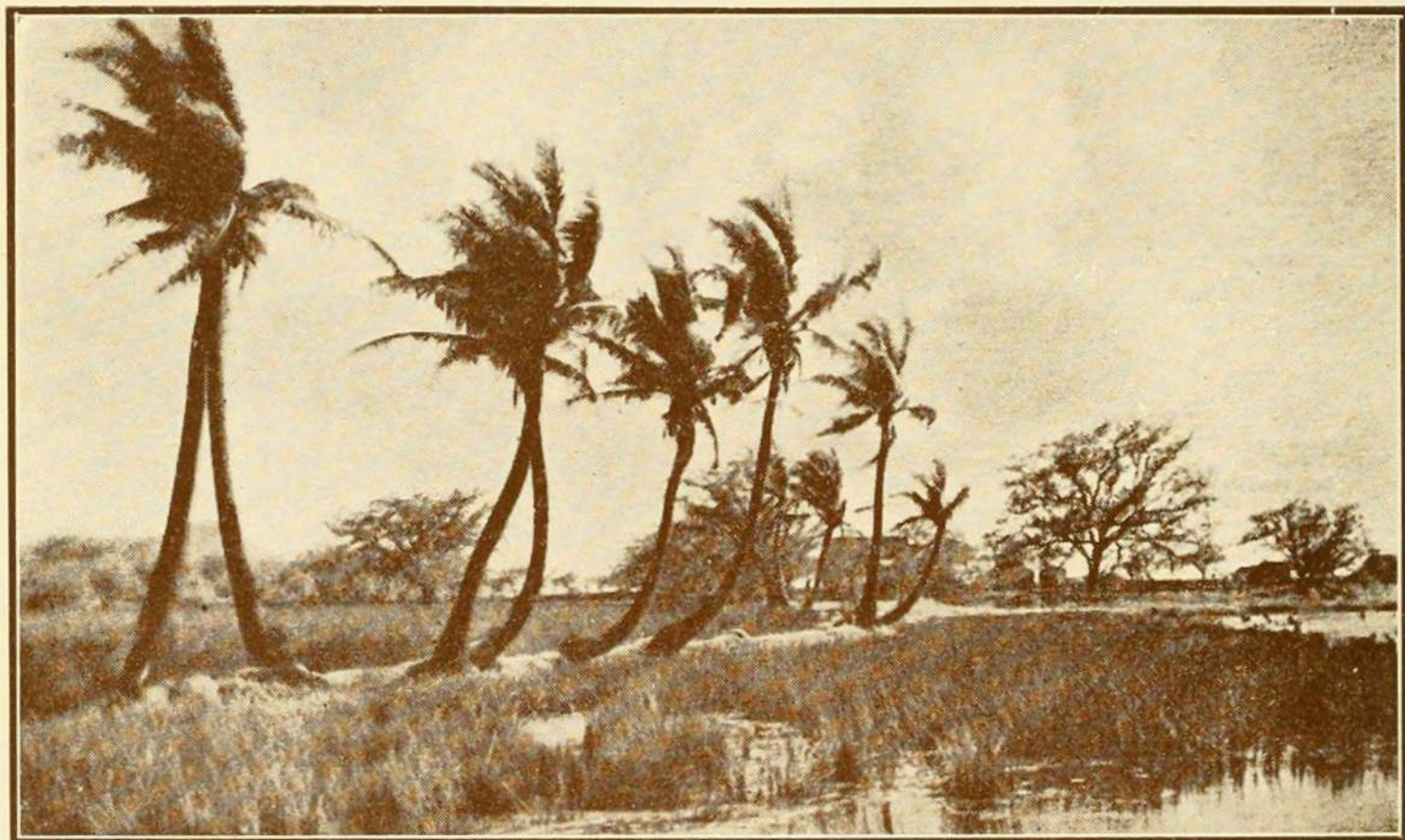
*Kamaaina, *malihini,
To her love-call each responds;
Binds with tender cords and makes them,
Willing slaves in captive bonds!

Her "Aloha" is her love-call,
Which she sends to one and all;
Sweet as any bird-note trilling,
Comes her message, clear and thrilling!


Taste the sheer delight of living,
New life to the pulses giving!
Feel her love, her joy in giving!
Love is warmth and life and living!

*Kamaaina, old resident.

*Malihini, new-comer.





COME WHERE THE TRADE WINDS BLOW.

 COME where the trade winds blow,
And the palm branches wave to and fro!
Where the moonbeams so bright
Shed their silvery light
On the waters and all below!

O come where the trade winds blow!
Their secret those only can know,
To whom they bring health,
More precious than wealth,
Or a gift-laden ship could bestow!

O come where the trade winds blow!
Where there's neither frost nor snow!
Fly with birds on the wing
To the land where 'tis Spring,
And the flowers of Paradise grow!

THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY.

 THE merry month of May!
When the flame-trees bloom so gay!
 All the world seems young today!
'Tis the merry month of May!

Warmth is in the tropic air,
Winds are soft and skies are fair!
From dull tasks and toilsome care,
Pleasure would our thoughts ensnare!

Queen of Months! No cold, no dearth!
Fragrant blossoms scent the earth!
Fill each hour with joy and mirth!
Let us celebrate her birth!


With all Nature let's be gay!
Birds sing sweet their roundelay!
On this flowery feast of May,
Keep we happy holiday!

NOVEMBER IN HAWAII.

(With apologies to Thomas Hood.)

NO threatening clouds, no stormy skies,
No frosty air that stings the eyes,
No fog that hides the sun for days,
No snow that blocks the traveler's ways;
No need of fires upon the hearth;
No blues—of mirthful hearts, no dearth;
No winds that howl and pierce one through,
No squeak of ghosts adown the flue!
No smoking chimneys causing wrath,
No bursting pipes—no freezing bath!
No falling leaves all brown and dead,
No cold, damp sheets, no icy bed!
No lack of flowers, fruits and trees,
No lack of sunshine, birds and bees!
No—vember!

MOONLIGHT AT WAIKIKI.

 RADIANT Moon, how far so e'er thou be,
Though leagues apart, canst thou see him and me?
And does my lover, gazing on thy face,
In memory recall the fond embrace?
Thou from above, our plighted vows didst bless,
Thou silent witness of our happiness!

Tell me, dear Moon, oh tell me how he fares,
And if, in dreams, he sighs for me, or cares
That I, so lonely, here my vigils keep,
With heavy eyelids, tears preventing sleep!
Upon the ocean, deep, the "Sailors' Friend,"
Keep watch, kind Moon, unto his journey's end!

As thou, transfigured, glorified, serene,
Dost pass through clouds and storms which intervene,
As thou hast power to touch each human heart,
So move my lover's being with thine art!
Look down on him, as thou didst look that night,
And fill his heart with hopes as chaste and bright!

THE BIRD AND THE KONA STORM.

TIS morning! and the raging storm of night
Is over, and the sun shines warm and bright!
A bird is perched upon my window sill!
He blithely sings, while all my world is still!
O little bird, with heart and spirits light,
What didst thou in the storm of yesternight?
Did God protect thee in thy fragile nest,
Though wind and rain and cold robbed thee of rest?
And art thou giving unto Him the praise,
While man, too dumb, his voice to Heaven to raise,
Accepts God's mercies daily without thought?
O little bird, a lesson thou hast taught!
O little bird, thy song hath touched my heart!
I will thank Him whose messenger thou art!
I, too, will sing His praise with all my power,
And homage pay, like thee, at this sweet hour!

WISHING.

GELLOW mangoes, hanging high,
Couldn't get them if I'd try,
Such a little boy am I!
Seems to me they touch the sky!
Kind of makes me want to cry!

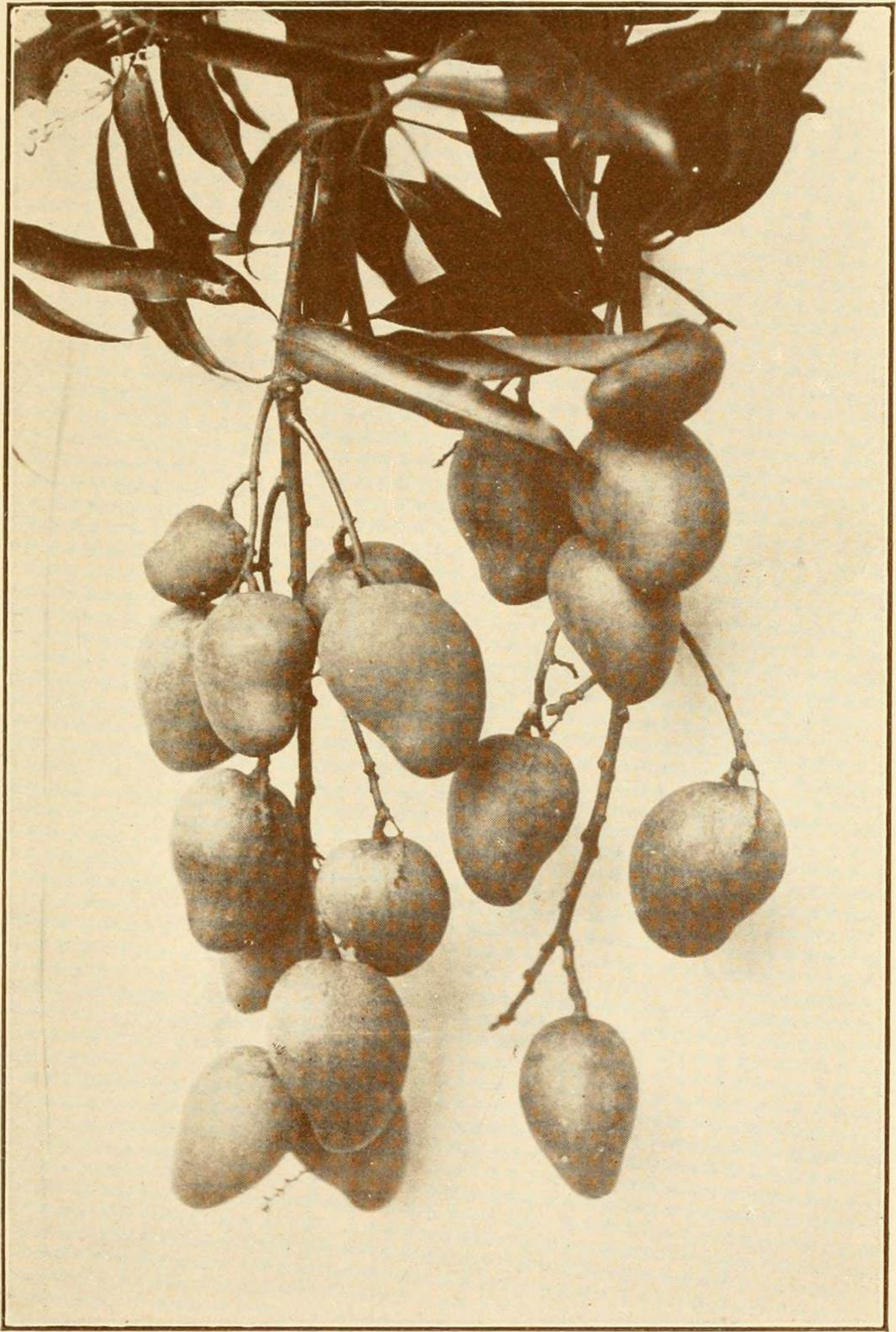
Do you think I'll ever be
Tall and big as Daddy? Gee!
Wait a bit and you shall see
"Boy" that once was "little me"
Climbing up a mango tree!

Tell you what I'd like to be—
Wish I were a honey bee,
Or a mynah bird so free,
Nesting in a mango tree,
Looking down on folks like me!

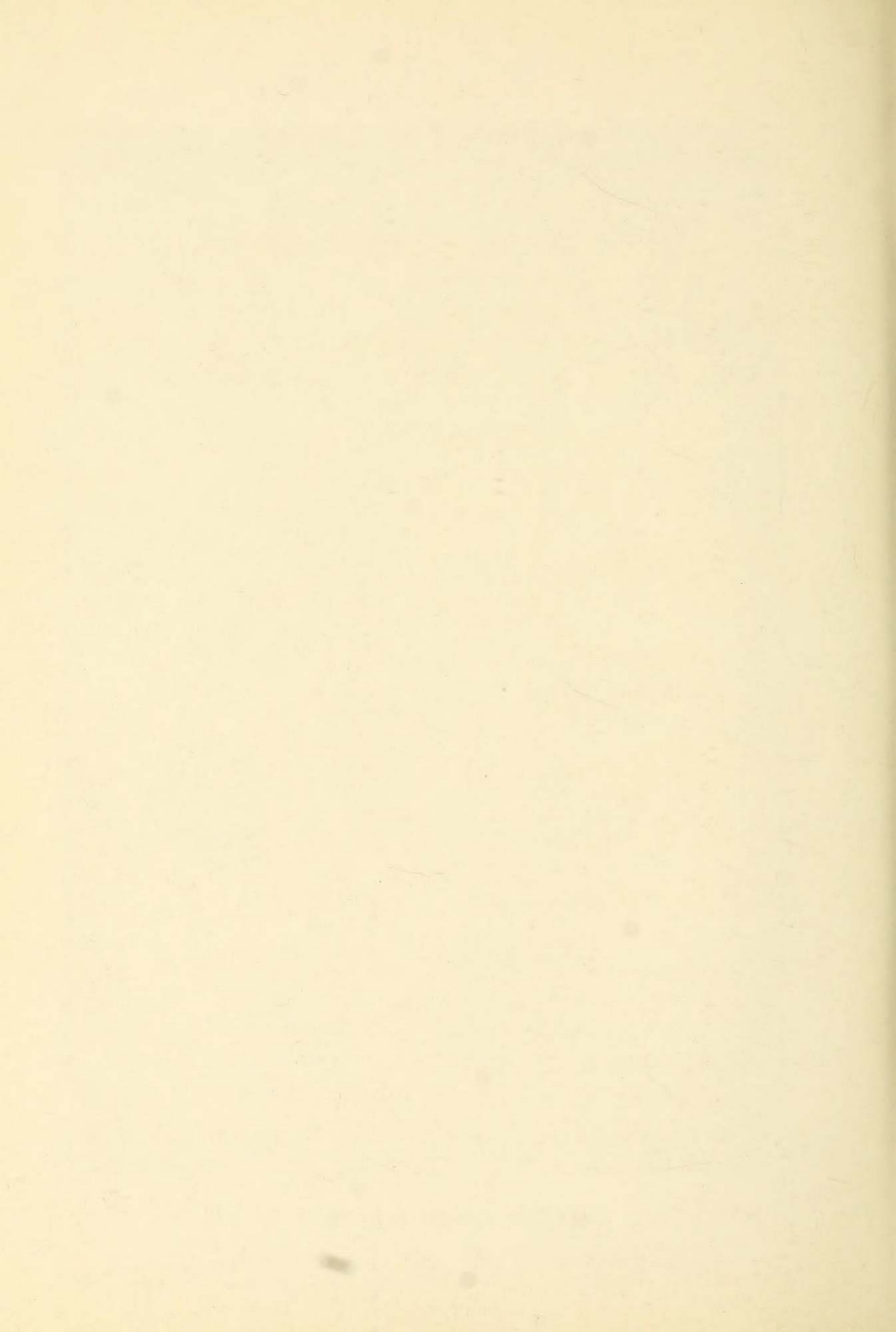
Oh such fun could not be beat!
I would have the grandest treat,
All the mangoes I could eat,
Ripe and juicy, nice and sweet!
Wouldn't that be joy complete?

Queer what grown-ups wish to be!
Father takes me 'cross his knee,
Spanks for climbing up a tree!
Yet he says he wishes he
Were a little boy like me!

NOTE: Written for my grandson Henry Restarick Withington.



"Yellow mangoes hanging high!"



THE CORAL TREE.

(*Erythrina*)

THE coral tree is abloom, abloom!
Its fragrance rare, as of sweet perfume,
Fills the air!
In Paradise, 'tis said it grew!
Where else could flowers of such bright hue,
Bloom so fair!
'Twas not till Krishna, Hindus say,
Stole it from Eden's bright array,
That India saw it spring to birth,
On the Earth!
In brilliant colors it is dressed!
An artist's brush could paint it best,
But not I!
Leaves trifoliate—emerald sheen—
Spikes uplifted 'bove the green,
Towards the sky!
Yellow blossoms, of the shade
Mellow apricots are made!
There's a dash of scarlet too,
Of the Robin Redbreast hue,
Flaming red!
With its wealth of red and gold,
With its legend centuries old,
Comes this gift to you and me,
To the bird, the ant, the bee,
Beauteous tree!
And I do believe 'tis true,
That in Eden once it grew,
Do not you?

THE TAMARIND TREE.

FROM my window, ah me! what is there to see,
As weary I lie and mournfully sigh,
A moaning with pain, seeking comfort in vain!

There's a tamarind tree, that's all I can see,
Obstructing my view of the earth and sky too!
What is there for me in a tamarind tree?

There is life, I observe! In each limb's graceful curve,
What beauty and strength! Who can measure the length
Or the height of desire, to which trees aspire?

To humans akin, a power from within,
Down deep in the root, the tiniest shoot
Has this spark of desire to climb higher and higher!

The stream and the rill feel the urge and the thrill!
Metaphysical man, since creation began,
Calls it soul—and the sign of the essence Divine!

The life of a tree has its lesson for me!
To work out His plan, God's commands were to man,
For beauty or use, "Increase and produce!"

There are blossoms for bees, and rocked by the breeze,
Are fledglings at rest in their soft leafy nest,
But the fruit of the tree is for you and for me!

From the heat of the sun, the parched, weary one
May be quenched of his thirst, and be tenderly nursed
Back to life in its shade, till the fierce hours fade!

Oh a wonderful tree is the tamarind tree!
A gift from his God, to a child of the sod!
For you and for me, lives the tamarind tree!

TO AN EASTER LILY.

A HIDDEN thought in the heart of God!
A life upspringing beneath the sod!
A shape and a form pushing up thro' the clod!
A face looking up to the face of its God!

With sunshine and air and room to grow,
Refreshed from above, sustained from below,
With strength to meet every wind that blows
And calm endurance against its foes,

To burst at last into glorious bloom,
Its mission fulfilled, and then—to make room
For others to come in the self-same way!
Awaiting a yet more glorious day,

With obedient trust in a loving God,
It sleeps in its bed just under the sod,
Neither fearing nor feeling the weight of a clod,
To awake to new life at the call of its God!

THE TULIP TREE.

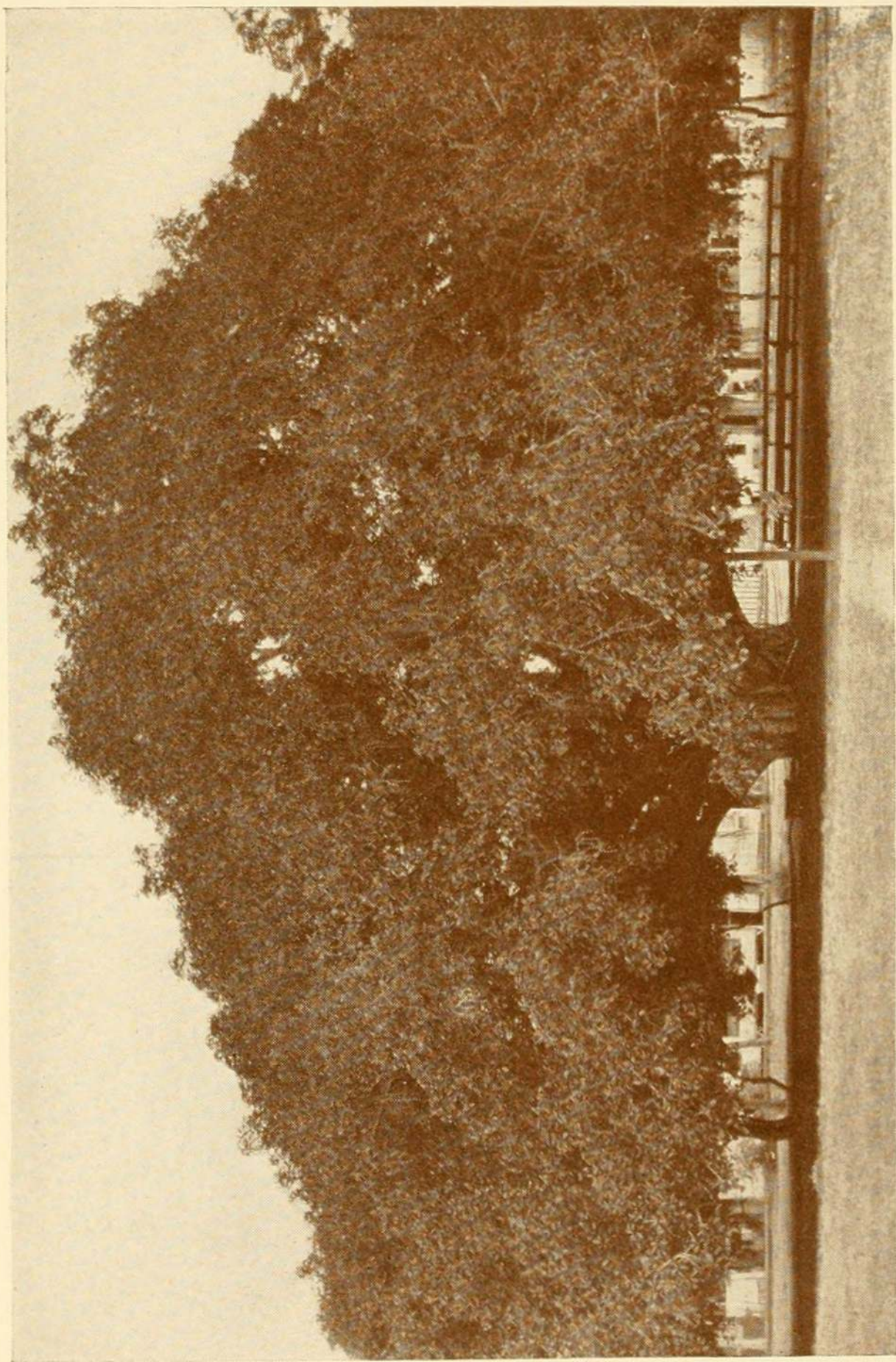
(*Liriodendron tulipifera*)

MARK, the honey-bees are buzzing,
And as busy as can be,
I can hear them in my garden,
What they're up to I must see!
Why, they're flying in a bee-line
About forty thousand strong!
Such a swarming, such a buzzing,
Not a laggard in the throng!

'Tis the tulip-tree they've scented!
See, 'tis gloriously abloom!
Every blossom, honey-laden,
Sends out ravishing perfume!
They are wiser far than we are,
For they've found the tulip-cup!
There's a feast in every chalice,
Nectar rare and sweet to sup!

Oh what warmth of pleasing colors,
Red and orange greet the eye!
And its wealth of bright green foliage
Holds and thrills the passers-by!

Treasures from the flowery kingdom,
Such, Hawaii brings to birth,
Making this dear Land of Sunshine,
A rare Beauty Spot of Earth!
Where, outside of Eden, blooming,
Could be found such beauteous sights!
Fancy! Trees of flaming tulips!
In this Garden of Delights!



THE BANYAN TREE

“Thine outstretched arms proclaim the largess of thy charity!”

TO THE BANYAN TREE.

SPEAK, mighty Banyan, speak and tell me how
Thou camest here! Who planted thee and watched
Thy tender shoots expanding in the sun!
Long since, that form of clay has turned to dust,
But thou, endowed with life, still livest on!
Nor is the knowledge given to mortal man
Whereby he measures thy allotted span!

Art symbol of the life immortal? Speak!
And tell me how thou gatherest strength on strength,
In spite of storm and stress and passing years,
While man, so early baffled in the strife,
Bends 'neath the weight of his brief span of life,
And, hoary-headed, feeble child of dust,
He passes on—to Nature yields his place
To other weaklings of his short-lived race.

God's purpose in creating thee, I see,
To minister to man's necessity,
To satisfy his sense of beauty, yet,
Though life and death be wrapped in mystery,
I would know more—I only know in part—
I would that I might know thy power
To propagate thyself. Thy wondrous roots
Suspended from thy branches, poised mid-air,
To earth descending, there to reproduce
In kind, another giant tree, another link
To strengthen and to bind the family group
Into a mighty whole.

Thine outstretched arms
Proclaim the largess of thy charity!
Though thou hast sheltered kings and princelings, yet,
On rich and poor thy benediction falls!
The tired traveler, spent, seeks not in vain
Thy refuge from the heat and wind and rain.

I would that I might learn from thee to live!
Deep-rooted, grounded in the soil of faith,
May I, too, grow in peace and charity!
Oh may I learn to follow good desires!
To spread the truth, protect the weak,
To stand upright when cruel storms assail!
To count it joy, with no reward in view,
To serve the humblest of God's creatures here!
To so deflect life's burning rays that fall,
As to bring light and shade and happiness to all!

HIBISCUS

HAPPINESS you scatter, here and everywhere,
Island flower we love you for your beauty rare!
Blooming in the sunshine, drinking in the dew,
In the hedges hiding—every shade and hue!
Softly drooping, nodding, in the high hedge-row,
Curtains closing tightly, as the sun drops low!
Under skies that love you, bloom on pretty one,
Scattering rays of brightness, like the morning sun!

MY PINK HIBISCUS.

LIKE a coy and dainty maiden
Is my pink hibiscus bloom!
Blushes on her cheeks betray her,
As she peeps into my room!

At my window she's been watching,
Ever since the early dawn!
Waiting patiently to greet me,
While I dreamed and slumbered on!

Talk about Miss Fluffy Ruffles!
My bright maid you must confess,
Is the charmer and the winner,
In her fresh, pink morning dress!


All her loveliness appealing,
Fills my soul with pure delight,
And the longing to possess her
Captivates and holds me quite!

Shaking off the glistening dew-drops,
As I reach for one caress,
Playfully she sprays me over,
As my lips to hers I press!

Close beside me, little nosegay,
To inspire me, you must stay!
Just a glance in your direction
Makes hearts happy, light and gay!

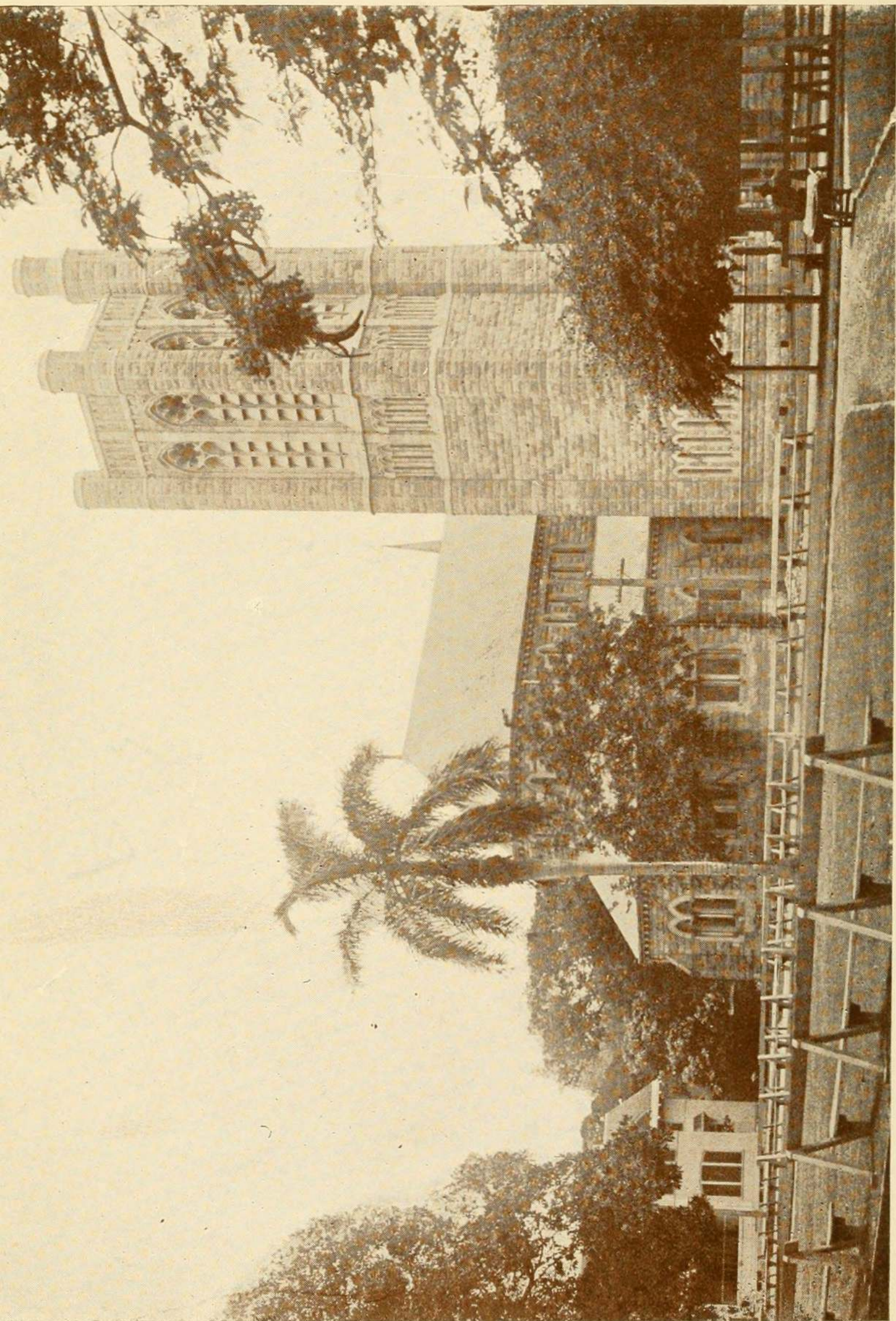
THE ROSE OF SHARON.

(*Hibiscus Syriacus*)

 ROSE OF SHARON, Type of Christ, thou art!
Honored, enshrined, I hold thee in my heart,
Fit symbol of the Sacred Name! In thee
I see His innocence and purity!
So virgin pure and white and undefiled
At birth! So like the blessed, Holy Child!

Like Him who changed the water into wine,
God works in thee a miracle divine!
Changed by the sun's warmth-giving rays, a flush
Of pink, that makes the fairest rose to blush,
Is thine! So God hath wrought in thee, sweet flower,
A miracle to prove His mighty power!

Like Christ, thou shedd'st thy fragrance one brief day,
By men rejected, then, and flung away!
Like Him, untouched by earth's polluting breath,
Yet early garnered by the Hand of Death!
But, like Him, too, with power to rise again,
To stir with love and hope, anew, the hearts of men!



*“There stands the Tower in memory of the dead!
The Church where men adore the King of Kings!”*

THE LONE PALM IN EMMA SQUARE.

THE king of palms, I rear my royal head,
And take a broad survey of men and things;
O'er hallowed ground I view Time's measured
tread,

And sigh to mark the change each cycle brings!

There stands the Tower in memory of the dead!

The Church where men adore the King of Kings!

There words of praise and prayer are daily said,

And anthems loud the white-robed choir sings.

Beneath my shade the laughing children play;

Of every race I've watched them come and go!

I've looked on prince and pauper by the way!

Heard many a lover's tale and tale of woe!

And once I saw a man resolved to die!

I waved my branches wildly to and fro,

Which caused him to look up and sadly sigh!

In gazing upward, hope was born anew!

As on the Cross he cast his troubled eye,

Despair forsook him and he stronger grew!

The tolling bell proclaimed the hour of prayer—

He rose and joined the throng that worshipped there.

EPIPHANY BELL.

Written for Epiphany Church, Kaimuki, on the dedication of the bell.

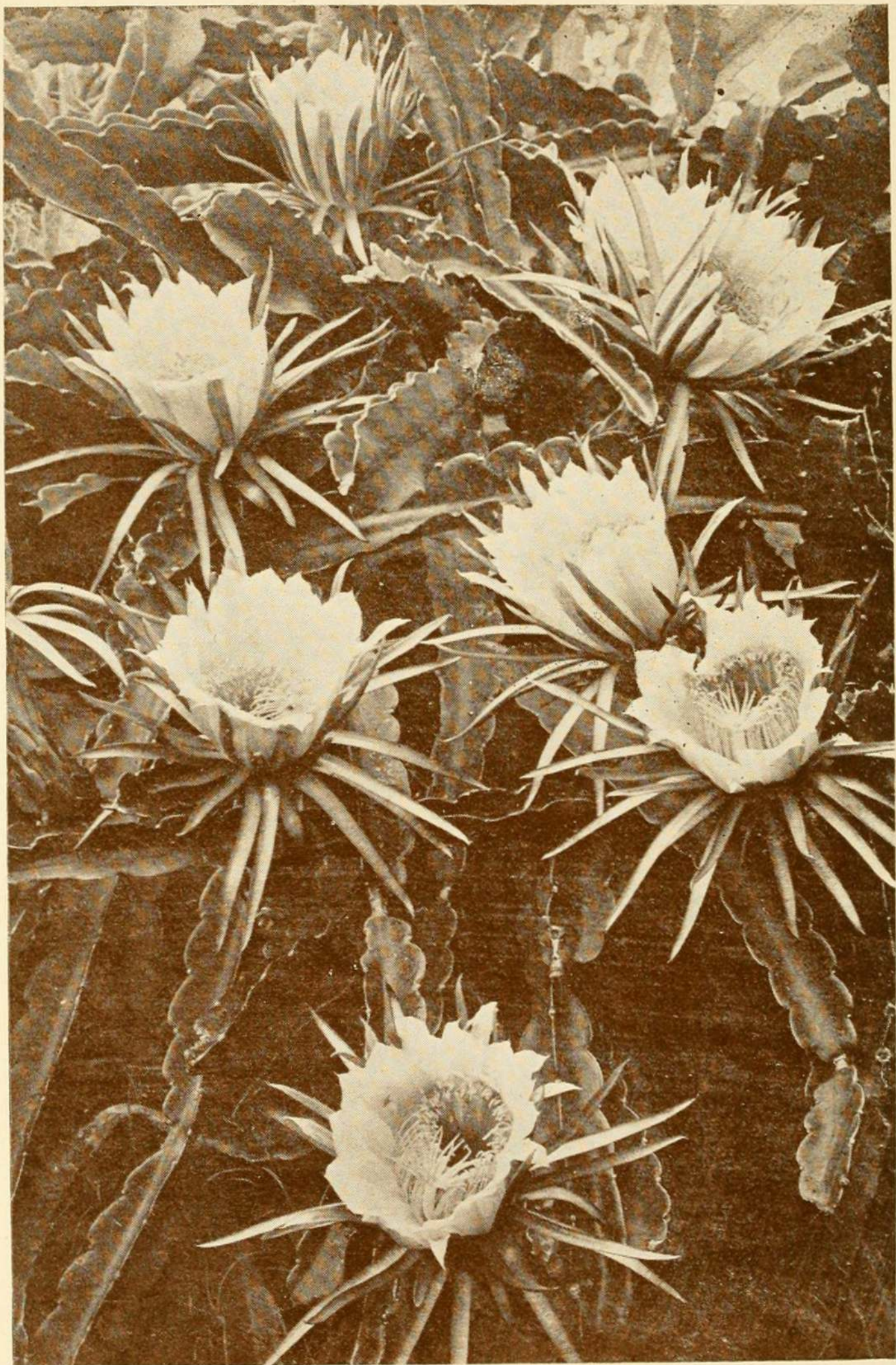
RING out your glad message, Epiphany Bell!
Till your echoes resound over hill, glade and dell!

Christ's Gospel proclaim, that in peace we should dwell,
With love toward God and our neighbor as well!
Speak out with new power, God's goodness to tell!

Ring out your great message, Epiphany Bell!
In deep tones and solemn, to sinful man tell,
His soul's greatest need, since first Adam fell,
To worship his God! O Epiphany Bell!
Call to prayer and to praise and confession as well!

Ring out your great message, Epiphany Bell!
For weddings and feast-days, your gladdest notes swell!
For Death, tolling slowly, a funeral knell!
Send out voice of warning, Epiphany Bell!
The short span of life, take heed that ye tell!

Ring out your glad message, Epiphany Bell!
At Easter and Christmas, your glad tidings tell!
The children obey you, and love you so well!
And the hearts of their elders, how proudly they swell,
As memories come thronging, Epiphany Bell!



THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS

THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS

WONDROUS flower, so radiant, pure and bright,
Thou bloomest but to brighten one dark night!

O lovely flower, your mission is performed!

Though born to bloom and fade away so soon,
To die, ere youth's bright sun had reached its noon,
Yet message straight from God to me you brought—
The secret of true happiness I sought!

For others, e'en so brief a space to live,
Though it were pain and sacrifice to give
One's self, one's all, to ease another's pain,
'Twere worth it all such joy and bliss to gain!
To lose one's self in God's eternal love,
Is LIFE not Death—ETERNAL LIFE above!

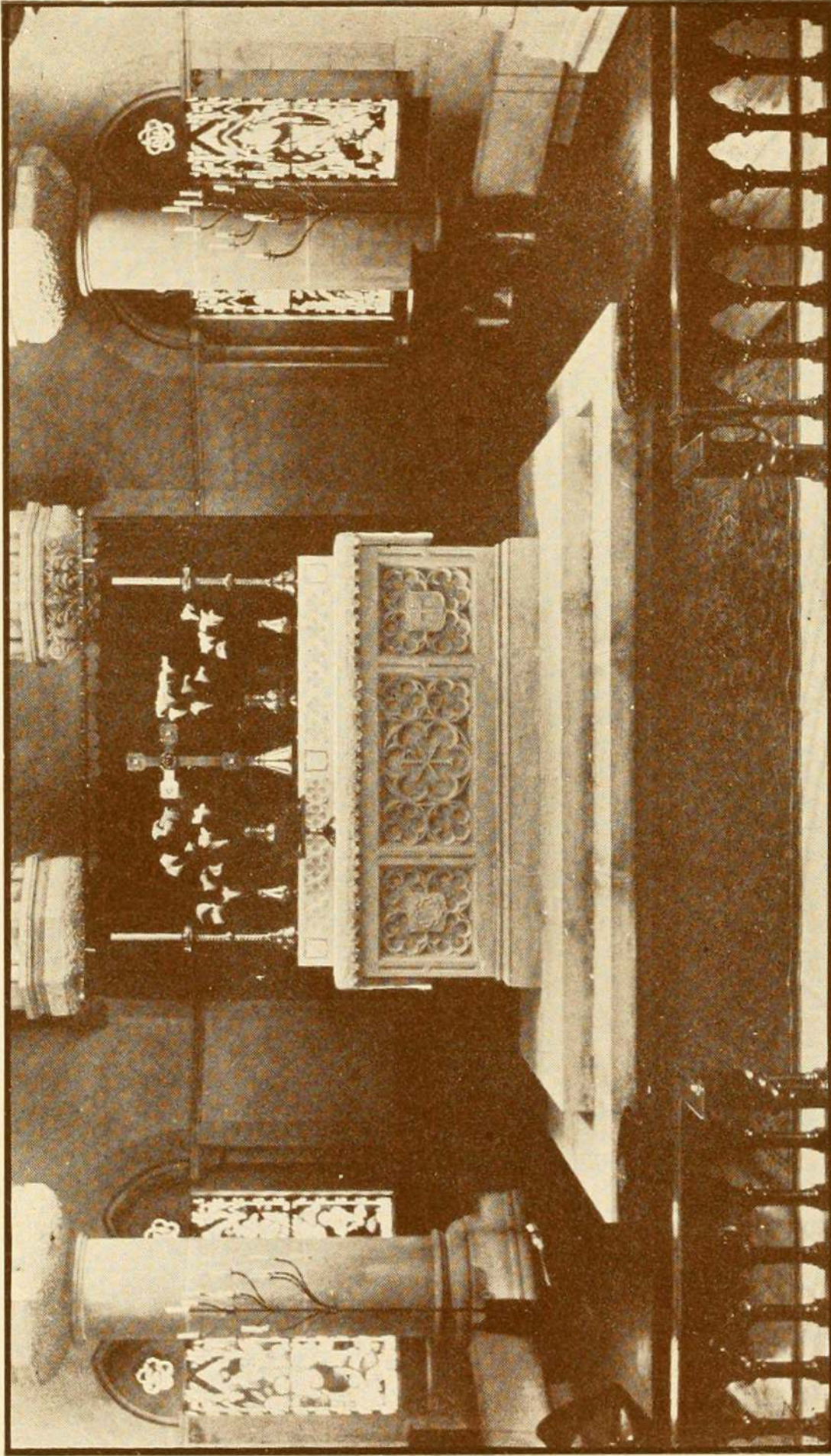
THE CALL OF HAWAII NEI.

T WAS the call of a voice by night and day,
That bade me come away
From the land of storms, without delay,
To the land of Hawaii *nei!*

'Twas here I found rest for heart and soul!
At last I have reached the goal!
For I know that Heaven is not far away
From the land of Hawaii *nei!*

'Twas here I found the freedom I sought
From care and anxious thought!
Here I feel so near to God when I pray,
In the land of Hawaii *nei!*


I shall hear a Voice again, "Come away!"
And I shall not fear to obey,
For heaven is only a step away
From the land of Hawaii *nei!*



THE ALTAR IN ST. ANDREW'S CATHEDRAL

*“Thy bride to God's high altar, thou didst lead,
And on thy lips thy marriage vows didst take!”*

ST. ANDREW'S CATHEDRAL.

 PILGRIM from afar, come worship here,
Where East meets West, where customs old and
new
Are blended in sweet harmony, in tune
With Nature sweet, whose music charms the ear
Attuned to beauty and the sacred art!
Where Spring and Summer, joined in wedlock, pour
Their blessings on mankind of every race!
Come, breathe the Heaven-scented air of Home,
O pilgrim, at the shrine of Mother Church!
"The Spirit and the Bride say Come," and kneel
On bended knee before God's Altar there!
Renew the solemn vows thou once didst take!
As babe, thy sponsors prayed and vowed their vows!
As youth, thy Confirmation vows didst make!
And at the Holy Table didst receive
The Heavenly Food, of which thou didst partake
To strengthen and confirm the inner man!
And then to man's estate, when thou hadst come,
Thy bride, to God's high Altar, thou didst lead,
And on thy lips thy marriage vows didst take!
For all the joys and blessings from God's Hand,
O come, in reverence humbly bow thy head!
Come, kneel and worship Him enshrined within
This holy Temple, sacred to His Name,
To rise refreshed in heart and mind and soul,
To meet the world with all its care and woe!

SUNRISE ON HALEAKALA.*

AT sunrise as I scaled the heights
of Haleakala,
With rapturous joy my eyes beheld
God's great phenomena!

Above the clouds! Clear azure blue!
By naught my sky o'ercast—
Below—a billowy mass of foam,
Upon an ocean vast!

Huge islands reared their rocky crests
Against that sky of blue,
And tiny wavelets dashing there,
Showed mists of rainbow hue!

My senses thus deceived gazed on!
The picture at my feet,
Allured me more than Heaven's sweet calm,
Or breath of morn, most sweet!


Beneath her fleecy counterpane,
The Earth, all slumbering, lay,
Till hot with passion's breath, the Sun
Her mantle snatched away!

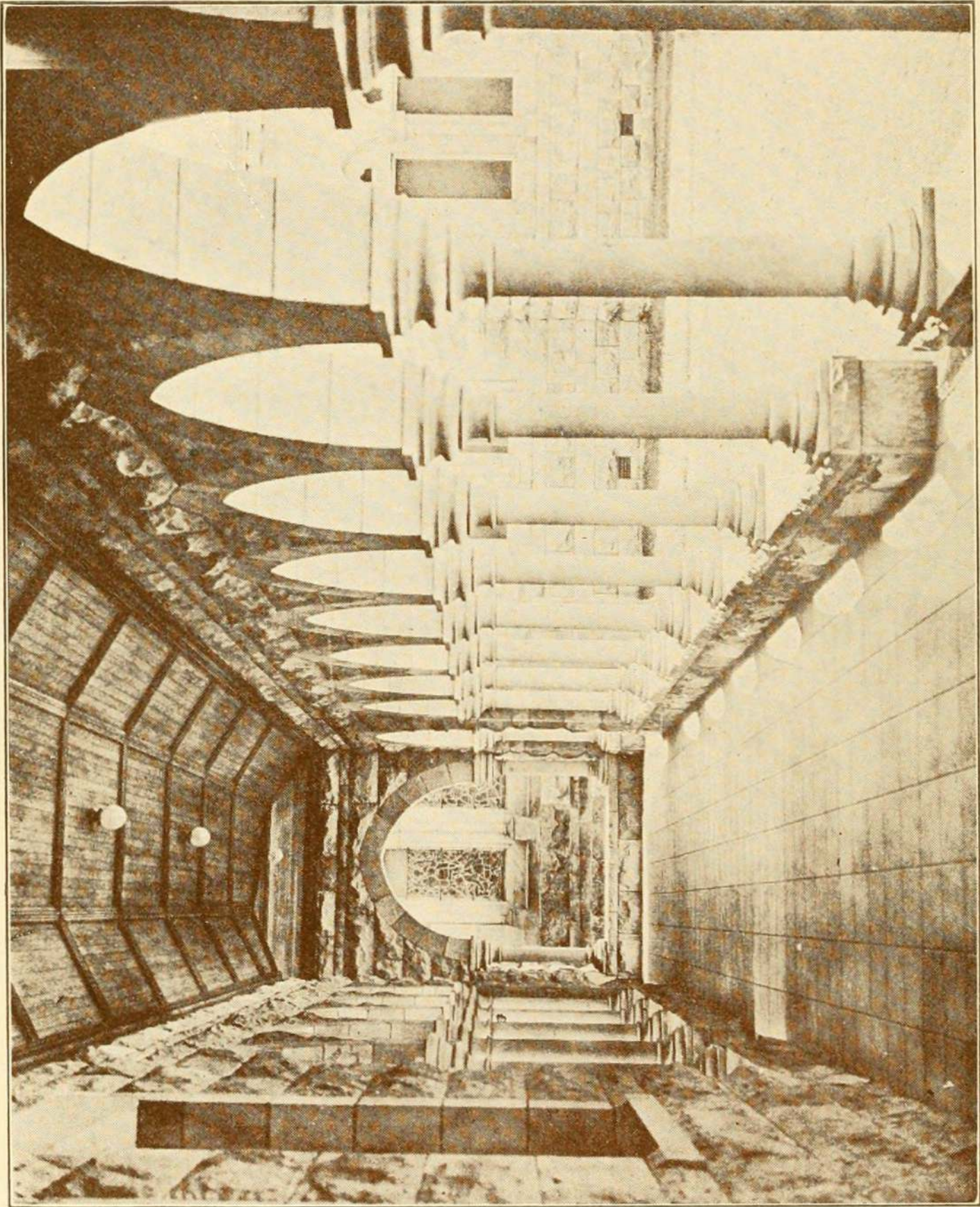
A maiden blush spread o'er her cheek
 To find her covering gone,
The lover's kiss awoke in her
 The roseate flush of DAWN!

Bathed in a flood of crimson light,
 Love's mantle round her thrown,
Through tremulous eyes her soul spoke out,
 Responsive to his own!

*Greatest extinct crater on earth. Elevation, 10,032 ft.; circumference, 20 miles; length, 7.48 miles; width, 2.37 miles. Situated on the Island of Maui.

OUR WEDDING DAY.

 HAPPY day, when, each to each,
As Christ and Holy Church doth teach,
We pledged our troth, and, kneeling there,
At God's high Altar breathed a prayer,
For grace throughout this earthly life,
Our vows to keep as man and wife;
For love like Thine which casts out fear,
For trust and faith and hope to cheer,
When shadows, such as come to all,
Across our pathway chance to fall,
Thy Benediction on us pour!
Lord help us love Thee more and more!



THE CATHEDRAL CLOISTERS

THE CATHEDRAL CLOISTERS.

MUSING in the moonlit cloisters
Ghost-like shadows, flitful, play!
Ghost-like forms familiar pass me,
Visions as of yesterday!

Thro' the dim, arched, pillared portals
Comes the sound of voices sweet,
O'er the hard resounding pavement,
Comes the tramp of many feet!

Now the white robed choirs are singing
Angels' songs on earth again!
Sweet the Christ-Child's message bringing
Peace on earth good will to men!

Hark the bell is slowly tolling!
Now with soft and solemn tread,
Choirs in tones of deepest mourning,
Chant their requiems for the dead!

All is hushed in mournful silence,
Christ the Lord is crucified!
Children of the Church are keeping
Fast and vigil by His side!

Once again the vision changes!
Calvary's solemn march is o'er,
Resurrection hymns are telling
Of the life forevermore!

Easter joy and Easter gladness!
Christian banners lifted high!
Children out of heathen nations,
Praising God, are marching by!

All triumphantly are singing,
Christ is risen, we hear them say!
Victory over death is ringing
Over all the world today!

TO THE HONEYMOON VOYAGERS.

A FAIRY CANOE with just room for two,
The voyage begins, friends are wishing for you,
Fair winds and bright skies as you journey along!
But should storms assail, with a shout and a song,
Firm grasp of the helm, and a heave-ho, my mate,
Firm faith and strong courage will steer your bark
straight!

Though waters be dark or waters be blue,
With the lode-star of love kept ever in view,
Over dangerous rocks, thro' tempests that roar,
May you anchor at last on the beautiful shore
Of these Fortunate Isles where the red, white and blue,
The stripes and the stars wave a welcome to you!

THOSE SUNSETS IN HAWAII.

THE afterglow of sunset thrills,
Its crimson warmth paints sea and sky!
With rapturous bliss my being fills,
I'm dreaming of Hawaii!

So lingers in my heart the glow
Of warmth, dear one, which fills my sky,
The love you gave so long ago,
Like sunsets in Hawaii!

I would portray with brush or pen,
Those sunsets in a flaming sky!
My memory paints them all again,
Those sunsets in Hawaii!

I feel their magic spell and seem
Beneath those tropic skies to lie,
By day and night I fondly dream
Of sunsets in Hawaii!

THE DYING DAY.

UPON a couch of gold the dying day
Breathed its last breath and sank away
In slumber sweet, and as its soul took flight,
The moon and stars came out and lent their light,
To point the way to worlds unknown to men.
Upward it flew straight to its God again!
Life's little day on earth shall fade away,
But lives to shine unto the Perfect Day!

A NEW YEAR'S THOUGHT AT SUNSET.

MAY the New Year's last sun be as bright
As this which marks the Old Year's hour of
flight!

'Tis fitting that a coach of gold should be
His chariot, for His Majesty, tonight,
Ascends to realms of Everlasting Light!

Old Year, though gone to join those other years
We mourn as lost, disperse our doubts and fears,
That we may greet the New Year unafraid!
Be as our Guiding Star, shine through our tears,
Till hope is born, and Perfect Day appears!

GREETINGS TO THE NEW YEAR.

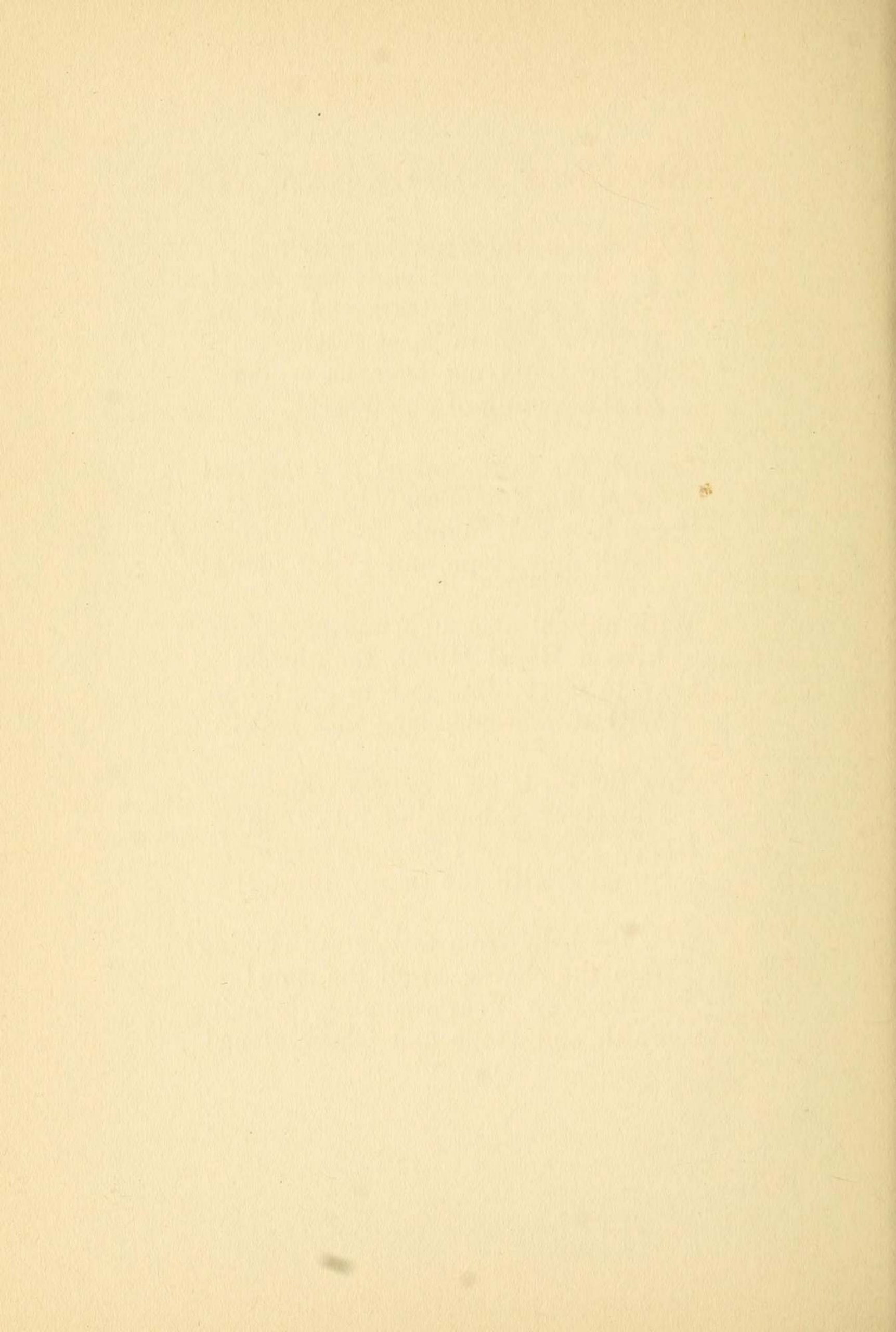
GES, the Old Year lies a dying,
As the sunset gilds the West!
But away with tears and sighing,
He'll be glad to be at rest!
Sure he would not have us crying
At the coming of our Guest!

Launch the boat, unfurl the rigging!
Greet the New Year with a song!
Speed him Fair Winds, for he's bringing
Faith and Hope and Cheer along!

With a lightsome step and springing,
Like a Royal Guest, the throng
Goes to meet him, goes to greet him,
With a welcome, loud and long!

Now the birds his way are winging,
Now they're bursting into song!
Happy New Year! they are singing,
Singing with the happy throng!

Now the bells from towers are ringing!
Join the chorus, swell the song!
For the New Year's coming, bringing
Faith and Hope and Cheer along!



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