

: Christmas :

1929

With Best Wishes

*It may appear a gruesome thing
My Christmas wish to send
With this sad tale; but all is well
That has a happy end.*

*And I just want to let you know
Who've been to me so kind
That Richard is himself again
Since tempered was the wind.*

*The Seasons' Greetings too I send
To friends both far and near,
May this that's coming be to you
A Happy, Happy Year.*

MAUDE E. ABBOTT.

900 Sherbrooke Street West
Montreal, Canada.

December, 1929.

Ad vitam resurgo

(October third, 1929).

Two great lights shining in the void
Of the black murky night,
Aeons ago — then crushing pain,
Voices, and trickling light.

"What happened?" Distant seemed my voice,
Far, far away from here.
"A motor knocked you down", I heard
In words close to my ear.

That strange dark night has slipped away
Into the hazy past
And of its fateful happenings
But two impressions last.

One is the stern reality
That life to death is near,
A swifter dash, a heavier crash,
And I had not been here.

What if the veil had parted been
The lute apart been riven ?
If consciousness had still remained
Forth from her fortress driven ?

What then beyond the void ? Ah this
Were yet a mystery,
Had the sweet hopes of yesterday
Passed out of history.

But if the silver cord **had** snapt,
Broken the golden bowl,
I think that still that unknown force
We dimly phrase the soul,

Attuned to fuller, clearer notes
In simpler, nobler chime,
Had yet new harmonies evoked
Unfettered then by time.

And what's the other deep impress
That lingers with me still ?
'Tis Dr. Penfield's quiet power
And his life-saving skill.

And that, through all these restful weeks
I've lain beneath his care,
The spirit of "The Chief", I've felt,
Pervading everywhere.

'Tis not alone his vigilance
And skill that make it so,
There's something human in the air,
That speaks of W. O.

And of that gift of sympathy
That lends to human skill
The touch divine that ministers
To Nature's healing will.

.
So thus you see it's been worth while
Knocked round a bit to be —
I've learned a Surgeon great to know
And sensed Eternity.

My Mind *

I

My mind is like a storied pile,
Far-flung, of regions vast,
Through which there winds, in pleasant maze,
The Present and the Past.

In dalliance still, I fain must lie
And dwell on mem'ry's store.
The while my retro-active thought
Breeds an enchanting lore.

For, where lone Sorrow grimly stood
There springs a sunlit bower,
And this, the place where lost hopes rest,
Is bursting into flower.

Victorious Thought, transmuting Fate,
Serenely mast'ring Fear,
How fair thy laws. How high thy seat
Close to the listening ear

Of Him, Whose power consummate
Conserves to us inviolate
The force that serves to correlate
And human hearts irradiate,
With cosmic rhythm.

* Written while recovering from a cerebral concussion.

II

But, in this vasty region, where
Can we discern sweet Knowledge fair ?

Behold, she lowly bends her head
Behind Experience' heavier tread,

She is not on the hill-tops seen
She lingers in the brae between.

She lends herself to every call,
She's like the sunlight on the wall.

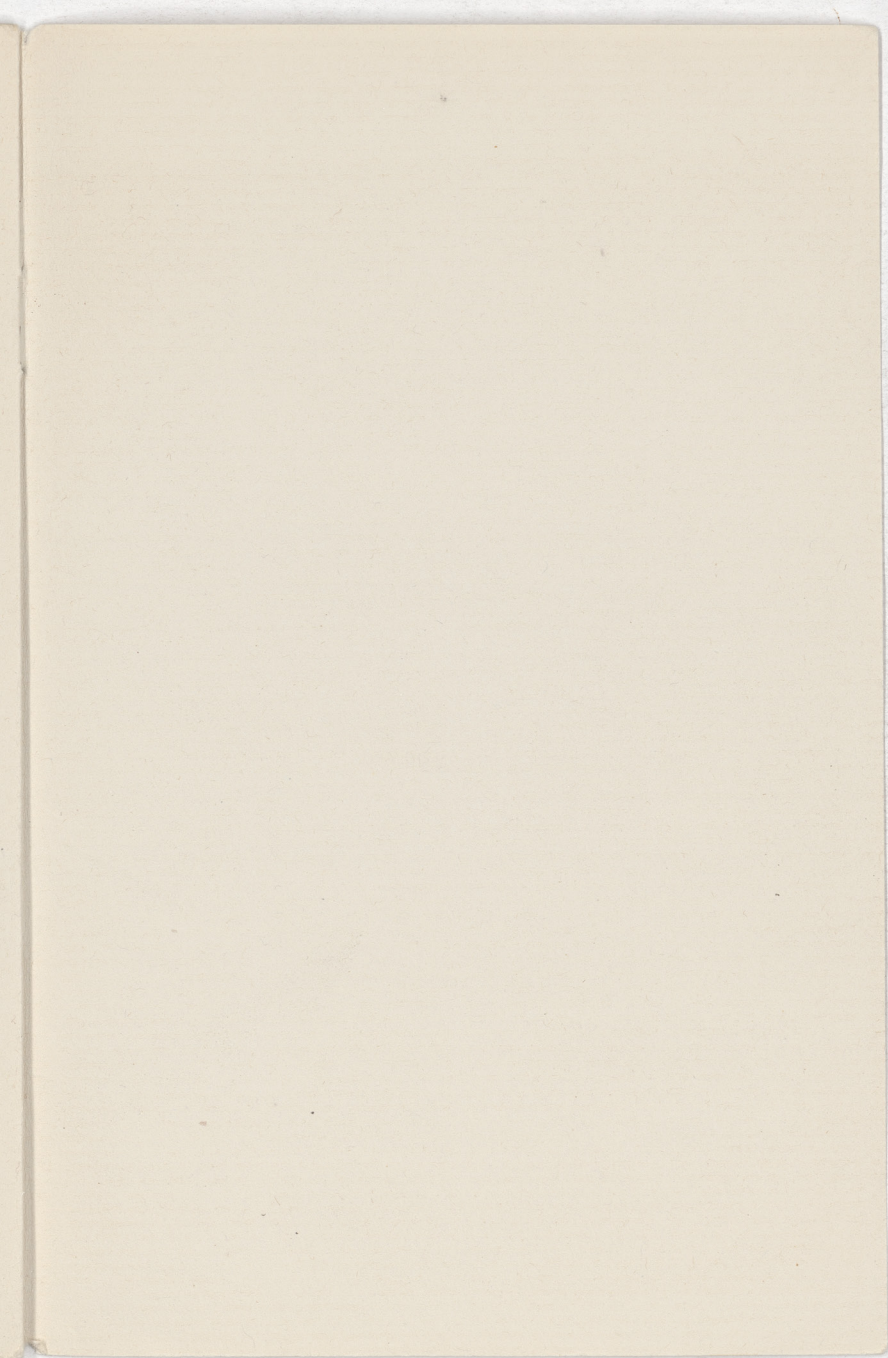
She to the air its freshness gives,
She is the light that in us lives.

She clothes our soul itself in dress
Of fair content, and godliness.

In detail, she evades our sight
In essence, she illumines the night.

M. E. A.

October 16th, 1929.



Pine Ave Motor Accident

: Christmas :

1930

With Best Wishes

*Again I send my Greetings true
In measured verse along,
I am no poet, yet my tale
Is surely worth a song.*

*So take this sheaf from Mem'ry's store !
Long may our friendship last,
And may the New Year bring to you
More joy than all the past !*

"Such is the Boc of Cattaro".

MAUDE E. ABBOTT.

900 Sherbrooke Street West,
Montreal, Canada.

Our Drive From Cetinje.

(Being an Adventure in Montenegro.)*

Along Dalmatia's stony coast
I came with speed by train,
From Wien to Spalato to meet
My two kind friends again.

Next day we motored inland to
Solano and Troquir,
Then slept another night at Spljet
And sailed off from her pier.

Adown the Adriatic blue,
Quaint Korcûla we passed,
Then in the flush of evening light
Ragusa reached at last.

Within her harbour's landlocked bay
She lay all fair unfurled,
Unchanged from centuries past, when she
Queened all this seagirt world.

Yet is she but the pearly gate
To regions lovelier still,
Where inland seas of deepest blue
Reflect each tree and hill.

And mountains sloping from their shores
Arise up, tier on tier,
All ending at their naked tops
In precipices sheer.

* On June 15th, 1929.

Such is the Boc of Cattaro.
And so, Paul said he thought
We should not travel on by boat,
But drive we surely ought.

Accordingly, at break of dawn
Upon the Sunday morn
We motored off from our Hotel
Tooting a lordly horn.

Quite far we drove through fertile fields
And smiling landscape fair
Of fruited trees and flowering leas,
That scented rich the air.

At last we reached again the sea
And gained the wooded shore
Where it runs inland as the "Boc"
Some thirty miles or more.

The sun rose in a cloudless heaven,
Some pretty hamlets lay
On islands green that broke the sheen
Of the translucent bay.

On our left hand the mountains high
Their tree-clad slopes upreared
While to our right in the smooth sea
Their shadows clear appeared.

At last we reached that well known spot,
The town of Cattaro,
Where tourists come by boat, and then
To Montenegro go.

To breakfast in the small inn first,
We our attention lent
And then, en route for Cetinje,
Began the steep ascent.

By serpentine the way led up
In many a winding curve
That broke the cliff's bare face and made
It for the roadway serve.

But when we on our upward course
Some forty turns had passed,
And the wide earth unrolled below
In panorama vast.

Quite suddenly the scene beneath
Was hidden from our sight
By clouds that spread beneath our trail
A canopy of white.

Alone in space, meseemed, we drove,
Then, through a mountain-pass,
We dropped into the valley, where
Was born King Nicholas.

Neguc this town; we stood at last
On Montenegrin land,
We saw some men and girls go past
In peasant costumes grand.

But, higher still, a second range
Athwart this valley lay,
Which we must cross before we reached
The town of Cetinje.

Anew we scaled a beetling height
By many a graded turn,
Small children threw us flowers and we
Dropped pennies in return.

Then suddenly the road led *down*
And fair below us lay
The fertile basin, capped by hills,
In which lay Cetinje.

Her Royal Palace first we sought,
Quite simple 'twas and bare,
But portraits fine of bygone Dukes
And Royalties hung there.

And then, in great King Peter's Church
We saw where from on high,
To kill four hundred thousand Turks
Four hundred Greeks did die.

In that grim fight with Turkish hordes
That swept from coast to coast,
But never conquered this wild land;
As is their proudest boast.

Then entered we a house where lay
In bas-relief a plan
Of Montenegro hill-tops till
Albania began.

Under our sight she lay, far flung,
This mountain country vast,
Her scattered towns at eagle height,
Brave kingdom of the Past.

We ate a frugal luncheon at
A primitive hotel,
And had just started homeward when
The first few raindrops fell.

At first 'twas just a drizzle, but,
When we had left the plain
And started on that first descent
It turned to drenching rain.

"Don't fear", said Paul, "we have a good
And competent chauffeur
If he sees fit to drive in this
We may feel quite secure."

Great confidence I had in Paul,
But I confess I thought,
As round those perilous curves we swung,
That our last end we'd sought.

For in those sluicing sheets of rain
The road ran off in pools;
Our dripping clothing in the car
Ran all about in drools.

The thunder rolled above our heads,
The lightning split the sky,
Its zigzag fork blazed in our eyes,
It struck a tree near by.

But all things have an end; and when
The storm was nearly spent
We reached the town of Neguc, and
To its old Road-house went.

With other storm-stayed wayfarers
We watched the rain subside
The lightning flashes harmless grow,
The while our coats we dried.

Then suddenly the sun shone out
The Alpine storm was o'er
With the last rays of sunset we
Ragusa reached once more.

Three hundred kilometers odd
We back and forth had driven,
And high above the clouds we'd seen
By storm the mountains riven.

But all that strange day's happenings
Were sunk in commonplace,
Compared with that one thrilling hour
When we'd stood face to face.

With Nature's grand artillery,
That leapt the crags among,
Exhilaration banished fear
As to her heights we clung.

Exultant, we had shared her wrath,
We'd seen her powers revealed,
We'd felt her pulses beat in ours
With every clap that pealed.

So, when to Montenegrin heights,
Sweet Mem'ry turns again,
We think of Nature's cataclysm
In her wild gift of rain.

M. E. A.

With Best Wishes

Again I send my Greetings true
To scattered ones along
I am no poet, yet my tale
Is surely worth a song

: Christmas :

1930

Maudie E. Abbott

380 St. Lawrence Street West
Montreal, Canada

TRIP TO GREECE with Det Mrs Paul White

1030

Српска

With Best Wishes

Again I send my Greetings true
In measured verse along,
I am no poet, yet my tale
Is surely worth a song.

So take this sheaf from Mem'ry's store !
Long may our friendship last,
And may the New Year bring to you
More joy than all the past !

"Such is the Boc of Cattaro"

MAUDE E. ABBOTT.

900 Sherbrooke Street West.
Montreal, Canada.

Our Drive From Cetinje.

*(Being an Adventure in Montenegro.)**

Along Dalmatia's stony coast
I came with speed by train,
From Wien to Spalato to meet
My two kind friends again.

Next day we motored inland to
Solano and Troquir,
Then slept another night at Spljet
And sailed off from her pier.

Adown the Adriatic blue,
Quaint Korčula we passed,
Then in the flush of evening light
Ragusa reached at last.

Within her harbour's landlocked bay
She lay all fair unfurled,
Unchanged from centuries past, when she
Queened all this seagirt world.

Yet is she but the pearly gate
To regions lovelier still,
Where inland seas of deepest blue
Reflect each tree and hill.

And mountains sloping from their shores
Arise up, tier on tier,
All ending at their naked tops
In precipices sheer.

* On June 15th. 1929.

Our Return from Corsica.

(Being an Adventure in Montenegro.)

Along Delmatia's stony coast
I came with speed by train,
From Wina to Spalato to meet
My two kind friends again.

Next day we motored inland to
Solano and Trogue,
Then slept another night at Spier,
And sailed off from her pier.

Adown the Adriatic blue,
Quaint Kiondia we passed,
Then in the flush of evening light
Ragusa reached at last.

Within her harbour's landlocked bay
She lay all fair undisturbed,
Unchanged from centuries past, when she
Queened all this seagirt world.

Yet is she but the peer's gate
To regions lovelier still,
Where inland seats of deepest blue
Reflect each tree and hill.

And mountains sloping from their shores
Arise up, tier on tier,
All ending at their naked tops
In precipitous sheer.

Such is the Boc of Cattaro.
And so, Paul said he thought
We should not travel on by boat,
But drive we surely ought.

Accordingly, at break of dawn
Upon the Sunday morn
We motored off from our Hotel
Tooting a lordly horn.

Quite far we drove through fertile fields
And smiling landscape fair
Of fruited trees and flowering leas,
That scented rich the air.

At last we reached again the sea
And gained the wooded shore
Where it runs inland as the "Boc"
Some thirty miles or more.

The sun rose in a cloudless heaven,
Some pretty hamlets lay
On islands green that broke the sheen
Of the translucent bay.

On our left hand the mountains high
Their tree-clad slopes upreared
While to our right in the smooth sea
Their shadows clear appeared.

At last we reached that well known spot,
The town of Cattaro,
Where tourists come by boat, and then
To Montenegro go.

Such is the lot of Calvary
And so Paul said he thought
We should not travel on the boat
But drive we surely ought

Accordingly at break of dawn
Upon the Sunday morn
We started off from our hotel
Tossing a lovely horn

Quite far we drove through terrible beds
And mooring landscape far
Of twisted trees and howling sea
That seemed to hiss the air

At last we reached again the sea
And found the wooded shore
Where it was said the "fox"
Some thirty miles or more

The sea now is a shadowy bay
Some thirty miles far
On which you can look the shore
Of the transitory day

On our left hand the mountains high
Their tree-clad slopes upturned
While to our right in the moonlight sea
Their shadows clear appeared

At last we reached that well known spot
The town of Calvary
Where tonight come ye here, and then
To Montenegro go

Anew we scaled a beetling height
By many a graded turn,
Small children threw us flowers and we
Dropped pennies in return.

Then suddenly the road led *down*
And fair below us lay
The fertile basin, capped by hills,
In which lay Cetinje.

Her Royal Palace first we sought,
Quite simple 'twas and bare,
But portraits fine of bygone Dukes
And Royalties hung there.

And then, in great King Peter's Church
We saw where from on high,
To kill four hundred thousand Turks
Four hundred Greeks did die.

In that grim fight with Turkish hordes
That swept from coast to coast,
But never conquered this wild land;
As is their proudest boast.

Then entered we a house where lay
In bas-relief a plan
Of Montenegro hill-tops till
Albania began.

Under our sight she lay, far flung,
This mountain country vast,
Her scattered towns at eagle height,
Brave kingdom of the Past.

As we reached a beeting height
By many a graded turn,
Small children threw us flowers and we
Drooped pennies in return.

Then suddenly the road led down
And far below us lay
The fertile basin, capped by hills
In which lay Canispa.

Her Royal Palace first we sought,
Quite simple, low and bare,
But portents here of bygone days
And Royalities hung there.

And there, in great King Peter's Church
We saw where from on high
To fill four hundred thousand Turks
Four hundred Greeks did die.

In that grim fight with Turkish hordes
That swept from coast to coast,
But never conquered this wild land;
As is their proudest boast.

Then entered we a house where lay
In bar-ruled a plan
Of Montenegro hill-tops till
Albania began.

Under our right side lay, far long,
The mountain country vast,
Her scattered towers at eagle height,
Her kingdom of the Past.

Anew we scaled a beetling height
By many a graded turn,
Small children threw us flowers and we
Dropped pennies in return.

Then suddenly the road led *down*
And fair below us lay
The fertile basin, capped by hills,
In which lay Cetinje.

Her Royal Palace first we sought,
Quite simple 'twas and bare,
But portraits fine of bygone Dukes
And Royalties hung there.

And then, in great King Peter's Church
We saw where from on high,
To kill four hundred thousand Turks
Four hundred Greeks did die.

In that grim fight with Turkish hordes
That swept from coast to coast,
But never conquered this wild land:
As is their proudest boast.

Then entered we a house where lay
In bas-relief a plan
Of Montenegro hill-tops till
Albania began.

Under our sight she lay, far flung,
This mountain country vast,
Her scattered towns at eagle height,
Brave kingdom of the Past.

Now we scaled a bounding height
By many a grassy slope,
Small children threw us flowers and we
Drooped branches in return.

Then suddenly the road led down
And far below us lay
The little basin, capped by hills
In which lay Canis.

His Royal Palace, that we sought,
Quite simple, warm and bare,
But pretentious for its position. Dukes
And Princes hung there.

And then, in front King Peter's Church,
We saw where Peter lay.
To his feet knelt thousands of Turks
Four hundred Greeks and one.

In that great night when Turkish borders
That swept from coast to coast,
But never conquered this wild land,
As is their proverb boast.

Then entered we a house where lay
The departed prince,
Of Montenegro till now till
Albania began.

Under our right the lay, far hung,
The mountain country vast,
The scattered towns at night bright,
The Kingdom of the Past.

We at
A
And l
T

At f
V
And

"D"
If

G
A

We ate a frugal luncheon at
A primitive hotel,
And had just started homeward when
The first few raindrops fell.

At first 'twas just a drizzle, but,
When we had left the plain
And started on that first descent
It turned to drenching rain.

"Don't fear", said Paul, "we have a good
And competent chauffeur
If he sees fit to drive in this
We may feel quite secure."

Great confidence I had in Paul,
But I confess I thought,
As round those perilous curves we swung,
That our last end we'd sought.

For in those sluicing sheets of rain
The road ran off in pools;
Our dripping clothing in the car
Ran all about in drools.

The thunder rolled above our heads,
The lightning split the sky,
Its zigzag fork blazed in our eyes,
It struck a tree near by.

But all things have an end; and when
The storm was nearly spent
We reached the town of Neguc, and
To its old Road-house went.

We ate a frugal luncheon at
A primitive hotel,
And had just started homeward when
The first low sandstorm fell.

At first 'twas just a drizzle, but
When we had left the plain
And started on that first descent
It turned to driving rain.

"Don't fear," said Paul, "we have a good
And competent chauffeur;
If he sees fit to drive in this
We may feel quite secure."

Great confidence I had in Paul,
But I confess I thought,
As round those perilous curves we swung,
That our last ride we'd sought.

For in those shining sheets of rain
The road ran off in pools;
Our dripping clothing in the car
Ran all about in circles.

The thunder rolled above our heads,
The lightning split the sky,
In zigzag fork-blades in our eyes,
It struck a tree near by.

But all things have an end; and when
The storm was nearly spent
We reached the town of Nogon, and
To its old Road-house went.

With other storm-tossed wayfarers
We watched the rain subside
The lightning flashes hushed away
The while our camp we shared

Then suddenly the sun shone out
The Alpine storm was o'er
With the last rays of sunset we
Fragrant scented our way

There hushed the lightning out
We back and forth had driven
And high above the clouds we'd seen
By storm the mountain river

But all that strange day's happenings
Were sunk in commonplace
Compared with that one thrilling hour
When we'd stood face to face

With Nature's grand artillery
That loosed the crash around
Exultation hushed her
As to her heights we clung

Fasten, we had shared her wrath
We'd seen her powers revealed
We'd felt her power beat in ours
With every clasp that pressed

So, when to mountain heights
Sweet memory's tones again
We think of Nature's cathedra
Is not wild with joy

M. E. A.

With other storm-stayed wayfarers
We watched the rain subside
The lightning flashes harmless grow,
The while our coats we dried.

Then suddenly the sun shone out
The Alpine storm was o'er
With the last rays of sunset we
Ragusa reached once more.

Three hundred kilometers odd
We back and forth had driven,
And high above the clouds we'd seen
By storm the mountains riven.

But all that strange day's happenings
Were sunk in commonplace,
Compared with that one thrilling hour
When we'd stood face to face.

With Nature's grand artillery,
That leapt the crags among,
Exhilaration banished fear
As to her heights we clung.

Exultant, we had shared her wrath,
We'd seen her powers revealed,
We'd felt her pulses beat in ours
With every clap that pealed.

So, when to Montenegrin heights,
Sweet Mem'ry turns again,
We think of Nature's cataclysm
In her wild gift of rain.

M. E. A.

S

With Best Wishes

It may appear a gruesome thing
My Christmas wish to send
With this sad tale; but all is well
That has a happy end.

And I just want to let you know
What's been on my mind

: Christmas :

The Season's Greetings too I send
To friends both far and near,
May this that's coming be to you
A Happy, Happy Year.

MAUDE E. ABBOTT

805 Sherbrooke Street West
Montreal, Canada

December, 1929.

Maude Abbott X'mas Card Mimeographed in Gold
1929 - Pine Ave Motor Accident letters

Christmas :

1890

With Best Wishes

*It may appear a gruesome thing
My Christmas wish to send
With this sad tale; but all is well
That has a happy end.*

*And I just want to let you know
Who've been to me so kind
That Richard is himself again
Since tempered was the wind.*

*The Seasons' Greetings too I send
To friends both far and near,
May this that's coming be to you
A Happy, Happy Year.*

MAUDE E. ABBOTT.

900 Sherbrooke Street West
Montreal, Canada.

December, 1929.

With Best Wishes

It may appear a commonplace thing
My Christmas wish to send
With this sad tale; but all is well
That has a happy end

And I just want to let you know
What's been to me to find
That Richard is happily again
Since I parted with the wind

The Season's Greetings too I send
To friends both far and near
May this that's coming be to you
A Happy Happy Year

MAUDE E. ABBOTT

900 Sherbrooke Street West
Montreal, Canada

December, 1920.

I come back to life
Ad vitam resurgo

(October third, 1929).

Two great lights shining in the void
Of the black murky night,
Aeons ago then crushing pain,
Voices, and trickling light

"What happened?" Distant seemed my voice,
Far, far away from here.
"A motor knocked you down", I heard
In words close to my ear.

That strange dark night has slipped away
Into the hazy past
And of its fateful happenings
But two impressions last.

One is the stern reality
That life to death is near.
A swifter dash, a heavier crash,
And I had not been here.

What if the veil had parted been
The lute apart been given?
If consciousness had still remained
Forth from her fortress driven?

What then beyond the void? Ah this
Were yet a mystery.
Had the sweet hopes of yesterday
Passed out of history.

So bright the morning

(1870-1871)

Two great lights shone in the east
Of the world's night,
And now, when the sun is low,
The stars are bright.

What bright stars! What bright stars!
For the world's night
A moment bright, and then I heard
In words close to my ear

That voice which night has hushed away
Into the past,
And in the bright morning
But two moments late

One in the world's night
That life in death is near
A mother's death, a mother's death,
And I had not been there

What if the soul had passed away
The life that was there
If consciousness had still remained
Forth from her father's door

What then beyond the veil? All this
Were but a mystery
Had the sweet hours of yesterday
Passed out of history

But if the silver cord had snapt,
Broken the golden bowl,
I think that still that unknown force
We dimly phrase the soul.

Attuned to fuller, clearer notes
In simpler, nobler chime,
Had yet new harmonies evoked
Unfettered then by time.

And what's the other deep impress
That lingers with me still?
'Tis Dr. Penfield's quiet power
And his life-saving skill.

And that, through all these restful weeks
I've lain beneath his care,
The spirit of "The Chief", I've felt,
Pervading everywhere.

'Tis not alone his vigilance
And skill that make it so,
There's something human in the air,
That speaks of W. O.

And of that gift of sympathy
That lends to human skill
The touch divine that ministers
To Nature's healing will.

So thus you see it's been worth while
Knocked round a bit to be —
I've learned a Surgeon great to know
And sensed Eternity.

Wm Osler

But if the silver cord had snapped,
Broken the golden bowl,
I think that still that unknown force
We dimly praise the soul.

Attuned to fuller, clearer notes,
In simpler, nobler chime,
Had you now harmonies evoked
Unthought then by time.

And what's the other deep impress
That lingers with me still?
To Dr. Foxford's quiet power
And his life-saving skill.

And that, through all those restless weeks
I've lain beneath his care,
The quest of "The Christ," I've felt,
Pervading everywhere.

To not alone his vigilance
And skill that make it so,
There's something human in the air,
That speaks of W. O.

And of that gift of sympathy
That leads to human skill,
The touch divine that ministers
To Nature's healing will.

So that you see it's born worth while
Knocked round a bit to be —
I've learned a Surgeon great to know
And need hardly.

My Mind*

I

My mind is like a storied pile,
Far-flung, of regions vast,
Through which there winds, in pleasant maze,
The Present and the Past.

In dalliance still, I fain must lie
And dwell on mem'ry's store.
The while my retro-active thought
Breeds an enchanting lore.

For, where lone Sorrow grimly stood
There springs a sunlit bower,
And this, the place where lost hopes rest,
Is bursting into flower.

Victorious Thought, transmuting Fate,
Serenely mast'ring Fear,
How fair thy laws. How high thy seat
Close to the listening ear

Of Him, Whose power consummate
Conserves to us inviolate
The force that serves to correlate
And human hearts irradiate,
With cosmic rhythm.

* Written while recovering from a cerebral concussion.

My Willing

My mind is like a stored gate,
Far-flung of regions vast,
Through which the winds in pleasant mate,
The Present and the Past.

In dalliance still, I late must be
And dwell on man's story,
The while my retro-active thought
Breeds an enchanting lore.

For, where lone sorrow grimly stood,
There springs a subtle power,
And thus, the place where hope's rest
Is bursting into flower.

Victorious Thought, transmuting Fate,
Sternly man's Fate,
How fair thy law. How high thy seat
Close to the listening ear.

O Him, whose power consummate
Conserves to us inviolate
The force that serves to create
And human hearts inviolate,
With cosmic rhythm.

II

But, in this vasty region, where
Can we discern sweet Knowledge fair ?

Behold, she lowly bends her head
Behind Experience' heavier tread,

She is not on the hill-tops seen
She lingers in the brae between.

She lends herself to every call,
She's like the sunlight on the wall

She to the air its freshness gives,
She is the light that in us lives.

She clothes our soul itself in dress
Of fair content, and godliness.

In detail, she evades our sight
In essence, she illumines the night

M. E. A.

October 16th, 1929.

6

Let us the very region where
Can we find sweet knowledge (all)

Behind the lowly bench but behind
Behind E. Lawrence's better trust

She is not on the hill-top now
She lingers in the time between

She waits herself to every call
She's like the sunlight on the wall

She to the air its freshness gives
She is the light that is in trees

She clothes our world itself in dress
Of fair content, and goodness

In detail she creates our sight
In essence she brings the night

W E A

October 1928

9