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F. Ebbs-Canavan.

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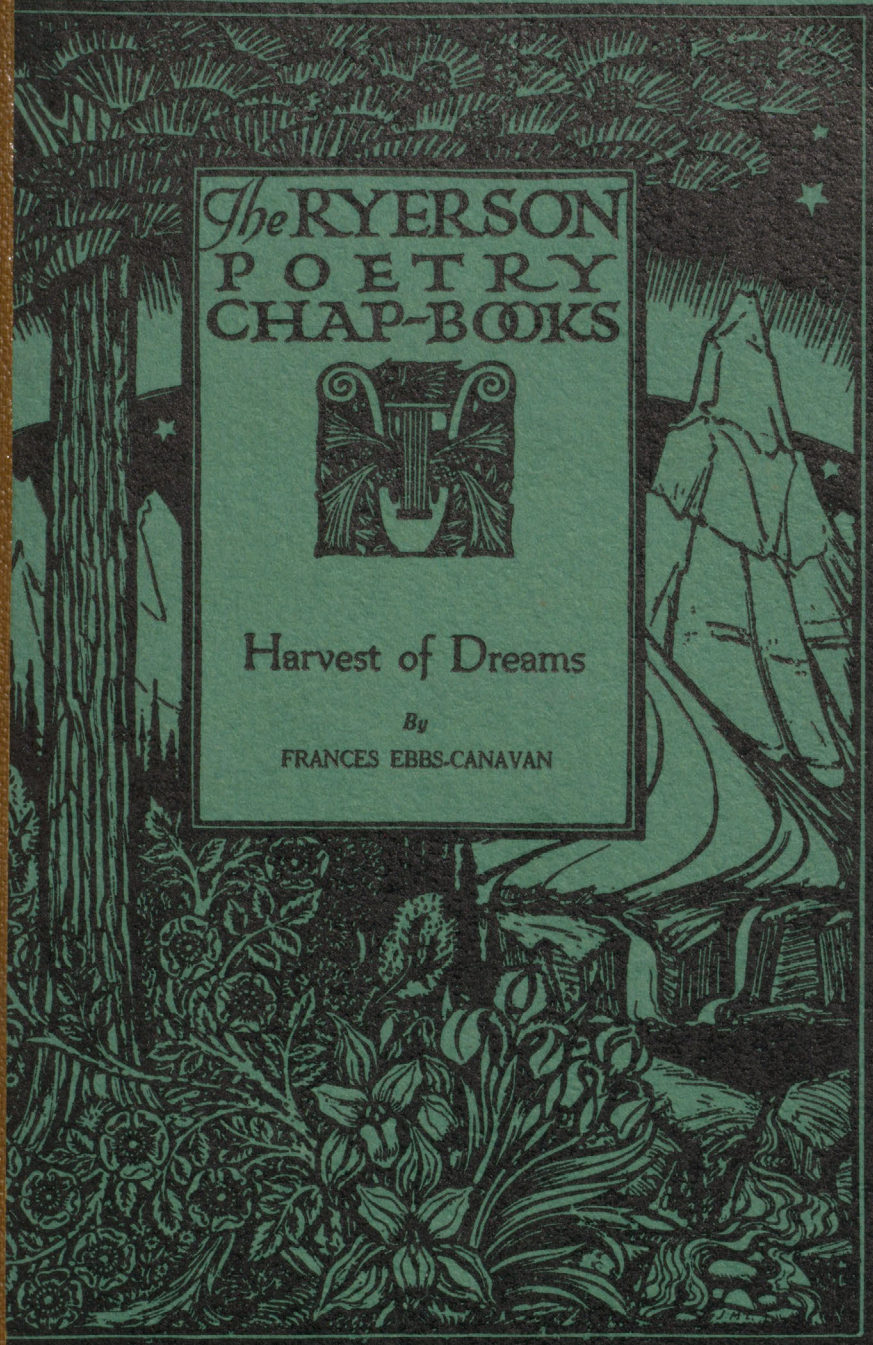
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Harvest of Dreams

By

FRANCES EBBS-CANAVAN





*This is Chap-Book Number Sixty-Nine.*

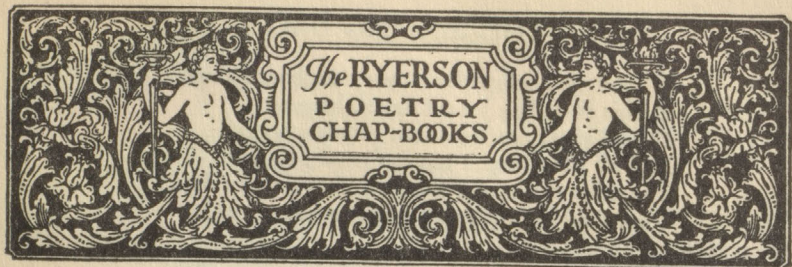
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# Harvest of Dreams

*By Frances Ebbs-Canavan*



## THE WAY

**W**E FOUND a little golden path  
Amid the broom,  
Its sheltering walls were high and green  
With yellow bloom;  
You said: "Life will be all like this,  
For you and me"—  
We followed down our little path,  
And reached the sea.



## THE SPUR

**W**EARY was I, though day was scarce begun,  
Fearful to lose with still the race to run,  
Courage adrift, from Hope too long deferred,  
Then called my heart, and, Love, you heard, you heard.

Heavy the task that seemed to bar my way,  
Lowering the clouds that hid the light of day,  
Unfaltering faith alone can spur to fame,  
Such was your gift, for, Love, you came, you came.



## THE SEWING BAG

IT HUNG below the nursery cupboard shelf,  
This little bag I used much, long ago;  
It held some needles and a thimble bright,  
And all the things a mother needs, to sew  
The miles of chance, stray stitches day by day,  
That steal her moments and her hours away.

And looking on the bag I see again  
My ragged Mary with her flying hair,  
Her face all flushed and damp with climbing trees,  
Her happy eyes quite free from any care.  
And Brother, far intent on other things,  
His busy fingers fashioning a boat,  
The while his pants lack buttons at the knee,  
And jagged rents bedeck his rumpled coat.  
And grave-eyed Ba, who smiles through lashes wet,  
Deploring so her brief skirt's hopeless sag,  
Which Brownie with his stockings filled with holes  
Admits he caught too hard, when playing tag.  
Wee Lambie-Boy is out upon the world,  
With sliding down a waxed and slippery board,  
While Toya shows some fresh three-cornered tears  
In garments which such gaps could ill afford.  
I wonder if I fretted at the sight,  
When all that merry band came trooping in,  
My ears now eagerly would hear the sounds  
That sometimes then I thought a very din;  
Since they no longer come for small repairs,  
Like little ships returning from the sea,  
The memories and the little bag of things,  
Alone of all those days, are left to me.



## WAITING

**T**HERE'S a warm and tender glow, dear,  
From the fire burning low, dear,  
And the shadows glance and lengthen,  
On the dimly lighted wall.

Ah, I wonder if you know, dear,  
How my days are passing slow, dear,  
Till my fond heart beats a welcome  
To your home-returning call.



## A SONG OF A SHIP

**S**OME DAY my ship is coming in,  
In truth I think the day's full soon,  
For swift it sailed before the dawn,  
And now 'tis long past noon, past noon,  
And now 'tis long past noon.

My ship's a shining little craft,  
With sails all wrought of Youth's fair dreams,  
And at its mast-head, cheerily,  
Hope's own bright star clear gleams, clear gleams,  
Hope's own bright star clear gleams.

Perchance it has not turned e'en yet,  
If trackless seas it still must roam,  
With sails so pure, and light so sure  
Its shortest way lies home, lies home,  
Its shortest way lies home.



## SPRING CLEANING

**G**AY LADY MARCH relentlessly, with blustering and with  
blowing,  
Has made a merry month of it, Spring-cleaning night and day,  
And not a speck of useless dust, at least not of her knowing,  
But has been boldly put to rout or briskly swept away.

Wind-scattered are the old dead leaves that clung since bleak  
November,  
Grown weary of her heavy task, exhausted fell asleep.  
The promise of the opening buds March bids the world remember,  
As eagerly she half reveals their hidden secrets deep.

Now is she shedding tears of grief because her days are ended—  
For March goes out at midnight on the perfume-laden air;  
The silver birch a softly green and misty veil is lending,  
To bind about the splendour of her wildly flying hair. . . .

The last few lingering moments still she will not waste a-weeping,  
She's washing all the waking world with cleansing Springtime  
rain,  
Because, oh whisper gently now of lovely trysts a-keeping,  
Sweet green-clad April, smilingly, is coming home again.



## OCTOBER MADRIGAL

**O**CTOBER skies are high skies,  
All wide and deep and blue,  
So like my dear love's true eyes,  
Fulfilment shining through.  
So like my dear love's true eyes,  
Fulfilment shining through.

October smiles a blessing,  
Earth's harvests at her feet,  
And I would bring my life's best gifts,  
In tribute to my sweet.  
And I would bring my life's best gifts,  
In tribute to my sweet.



## SECRETS OF OCTOBER

**A**T LAST I've learned the secret of the cobwebs in October,  
I've wondered years about them, and you may have  
wondered too,

Why little spinning spiders, now the Summer days are over,  
Should dream of moths and butterflies and millers still to woo.

The spiders are the merchants of the dainty dames of Elfland,  
The hedgerows are their windows, and the branches of the trees;  
No longer are they waiting to entrap the flighty midges,  
They know full well 'tis slumber time for butterflies and bees.

The fogs and mists of Autumn, creeping up the dunes and  
headlands,  
Come journeying all laden with the treasures of the sea,  
For the little artist-spiders they are bringing to their gay stands  
Such rare and priceless jewels as a Fairy Queen's might be.

Then ah, the wondrous beauty of the cobwebs in October,  
When every strand is glorified with perfect pearls of dew,  
Each web a tiny bridal veil for winsome fairy faces,  
When the little spider-merchants proudly hang them out to view.



## INCOMPLETE

**S**OME days a strong, fine courage floods my soul,  
The will to conquer and the grace to do,  
The earth is but a spur, so sweet the goal,  
To urge me to fulfilment and to you.

Again there comes a weariness and pain,  
A longing for the days that can't come true,  
And earth is but a barren wind-swept plain,  
More drear and desolate for lack of you.



## A LIVING FIRE

OH YOU who dwell in the sheltered ways,  
With a surfeit of heart's desire,  
It's little you know of the joy and the glow  
Of tending a living fire.

Of bearing a burden of one-time trees,  
That have grown in the wind and the rain,  
To lay on the breadth of your cold grey hearth,  
To blossom and live again.

Of bringing an offering of forest wealth,  
With the garnered sunshine of years,  
To flood with a flickering, witching light  
The room where we vanquish fears.

And sometimes to find in the chilling dawn,  
In the light of some ember's glow,  
An echo of words that were sweet to the heart,  
Or a dream of the long ago.

Oh you who dwell in the sheltered ways,  
With a surfeit of heart's desire,  
I would you might know all the joy and the glow  
Of tending a living fire.



## AD LUCEM

TO-DAY I've lain aside my garb of mourning,  
My sad and solemn robes of dreary black,  
They made of me in very truth, an exile,  
And through it all I could not bring you back.

Again I choose the tender hues of Springtime,  
In memory of the unforgotten days,  
The happy glowing tints of glorious Summer,  
The Autumn's burnished bronze and dreamy haze.

In these, and in the pure white of the Winter,  
You seem to dwell beside me through the years,  
And so to-day for once, dear, and for ever,  
I've lain aside my black and dried my tears.



## THE LIGHT DIVINE

**M**Y LADY'S eyes would search her mirror's depths,  
Her Easter hat rests lightly on her hair;  
Save for the discontent about her lips,  
My lady's face indeed were passing fair.

My lady's limousine is at the curb,  
Her high-heeled shoes click sharply through the hall,  
And so she's gone to play a game of bridge,  
To shop a bit or pay an idle call.

Then from the basement of the silent house,  
A heavy foot-fall echoes on the stair,  
A weary woman comes with new-washed clothes,  
Her thin form bent, her face deep-lined with care.

She gives her limp blanched standards to the breeze,  
Then scents the first sweet breath of early Spring,  
A light divine transforming beauty lends,  
Her tired heart again begins to sing.



## WHEN MISCHA ELMAN PLAYED

**H**E RAISED his slender wizard's bow,  
Its fall with grace and subtle ease  
Set free the songs of birds at dawn,  
The rustle of the Summer trees.

And many little wanton brooks  
Ran rippling on their care-free way,  
And sunlight lay on quiet pools,  
And life seemed good, for it was day.

Then all the stinging thoughts of night,  
And all the blighted hopes of years,  
Were cleansed, and soothed, and purified,  
In one sweet rush of pent-up tears.

Loud boomed the plaudits of the throng,  
Like waves from some full-swelling sea,  
When Elman with his magic wand  
Bewitched the soul of Melody.



## SO WOULD MY LOVE

OVER the wall of your sheltered garden  
Sunlight is painting a rainbow of dew;  
So would my love, of its warmth and its glory,  
Fashion a pathway resplendent for you.

Over the wall of your sheltered garden  
Cometh a wind, and the flowers bend low;  
So would my love, going eager before you,  
Clear all the ways that your footsteps shall know.

Over the wall of your sheltered garden  
Storm-clouds are gathered to herald the rain;  
So would my love, from the chill and the shadows,  
Bring but new freshness and blooming again.

Over the wall of your sheltered garden  
Softly the moonlight descends like a charm,  
So would my love, all your bright life enclosing,  
Hold you, enfold you, and shield you from harm.



## THE WAYFARERS

POETRY and Poverty went faring forth one day,  
Poetry was all for joy and singing by the way;  
Poverty went haltingly, decrepid, parched, forlorn,  
Poetry drank eagerly the dew from leaf and thorn.  
Those who passed them slightly could neither know nor care  
How Poverty and Poetry the self-same path must share.

Poverty fell shuddering and shrank from being seen,  
Poetry sang cheerily, for leaves and trees were green,  
"What can keep the spirit sad, when Spring is in the air?"  
Poverty came muttering on: "Oh, child, your feet are bare."  
So upon the broad highway, spite of wind and weather,  
Poverty and Poetry went faring forth together.

One by bitter wisdom taught, with misery in her eyes,  
One whose vision saw aloft the glory of the skies.



## STANDING ALONE

To the Douglas fir near Beacon Hill Park, which was cut down on  
February 6, 1934, to make a straight road to the sea.

**B**RAVE lone survivor of a vanished day,  
Last hoary Chieftain of a forest clan,  
In bold defiance of a changing world,  
Must thou, too, fall before destructive man?

The ceaseless onward march of centuries  
Has left thy long life's story still untold,  
Thou who hast called a royal truce with Time,  
Majestic, calm, erect, and very old.

The storms of ages beat about thy head,  
And tempests smote thee as their rage broke free,  
While with the music of the winds and waves,  
Thy boughs sang wild fierce sagas to the sea.

And those who know thee best have envied long  
Thy lofty intercourse with stars and sky,  
Have loved thy form clear-etched against the clouds  
In fleecy moonlit grandeur drifting by.

And in the blackness of the night's despair,  
Great bridge across the silence of the years,  
Thy patient watching, strong as Faith in God,  
Would calm the world's unrest, and quell its fears.

And in the stillness of the Springtime dawn,  
And in the noontide of the Summer's heat,  
Thy gentle whisperings soothe the troubled heart,  
As breezes stir a melody most sweet.

Now must they slay thee in thy silent might,  
And bring thee low within their little ken,  
Thou who hast borne thy noble standard high,  
So far above the haunts and hopes of men?



## AT THE TURN OF THE TIDE

THE sky is grey and the sands are grey,  
And the ripples steal in from the sea,  
And I would that the slow incoming tide  
Were bringing you home to me.

The sky is gold and the sands are gold,  
And the waves slip back to the sea,  
And I would that the full out-flowing tide  
Could bear me away to thee.



## THE GARDEN

VANISHED is my garden now and what do I recall of it?  
Whispering trees, and hollyhocks, and lawns aglint with dew,  
Faint sweet scents of mignonette, of lavender and jasmine,  
Crimson rambler-roses,—but the charm of it was you.

Other Springs may wake the bulbs, the snowdrops and the  
crocus,  
Daffodils will glow again and wallflowers bloom anew;  
Summer days may deck it all with garlands of wisteria,  
Ah, but, dear, the soul of it—the soul of it was You.



## MOVING DAY

WHENE'ER I see a moving van, a-lumbering down the way,  
With household gods, and goddesses, in wild and weird  
array,  
I gaily place where none shall see, a-top the crazy load,  
Just one thing more, then watch it go, so slowly down the road.

It's such a little trifling thing, as thin and light as air,  
That none shall mark its added weight, and none shall know it's  
there  
But when the load is lifted off, some silent rooms to grace,  
I hope my tiny unseen gift may find a homey place.

It's just a little kindly wish, and half of it's a prayer,  
That happiness may go along, and meet the family there.



## THE HOUSE ACROSS THE WAY

WHEN I am tired of my toys, or it's a rainy day,  
I climb into this chair and watch the house across the way.  
It's such a splendid great big house, I'm sure it's nice inside,  
With lots of room to romp and run, and places dark to hide.

I've made up stories, such a lot, of how the children play,  
And how their mother loves them, in the house across the way.  
To-day I saw a motor come, I said "They're going to drive,"  
And so I watched and waited here—I play that there are five.

At last the door was opened and a woman old and grey  
Came down the steps, and by herself I saw her drive away.  
It seemed a shame to go to drive and leave them all alone,  
So when the motor came again I waited near the stone.

The lady looked at me and smiled. I said "I hope they're well?"  
She took my hand and asked me things, and so I had to tell  
The stories I had made about her children and their play,  
And how their mother loved them in her house across the way.

The lady said that sometimes she had made up stories too,  
And just like mine, the best of them had never quite come true.  
She said she lived alone with dreams—it seemed so strange to  
say—  
With dreams of little children in her house across the way.



## JAPONICA IN APRIL

WITH poet's mind, and heavenly guided hands,  
Inspired gardener of a distant day,  
You set Japonica about your door,  
To woo the Spring and lure our hearts away.

That humming-birds, bright jewelled thoughts of God,  
Like joy might flash across my window-pane,  
Their throbbing music wake long cherished dreams,  
As pure and fleeting as the April rain.



## MY TALISMAN

**N**OW the morning sunshine is fair and warm,  
At the gracious hour of eight,  
And the firm little grip of a soft little hand  
Holds tight till we reach the gate.

There's a gay little wave as I turn in the road,  
A little voice calls: "Good-bye,"  
And the proudest of kings in the whole of the earth  
Was never so proud as I.

So I face the world with the strength of ten,  
And straight and clear lies the way  
For the firm little grip of a soft little hand  
Has closed on my heart for aye.



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