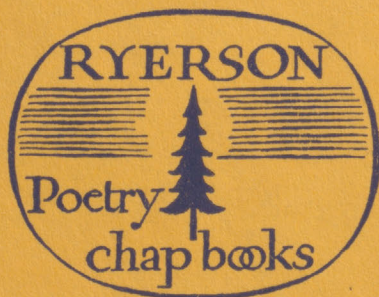
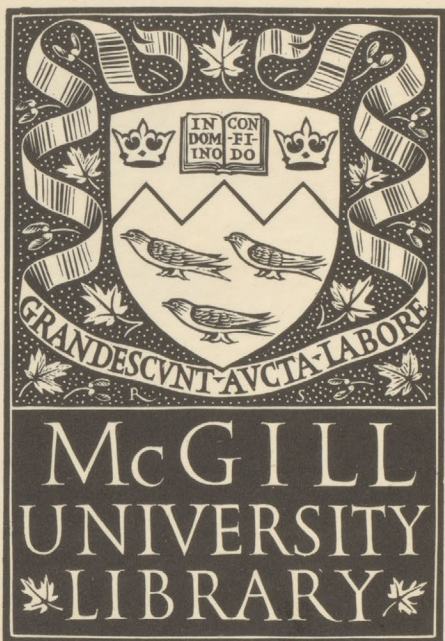


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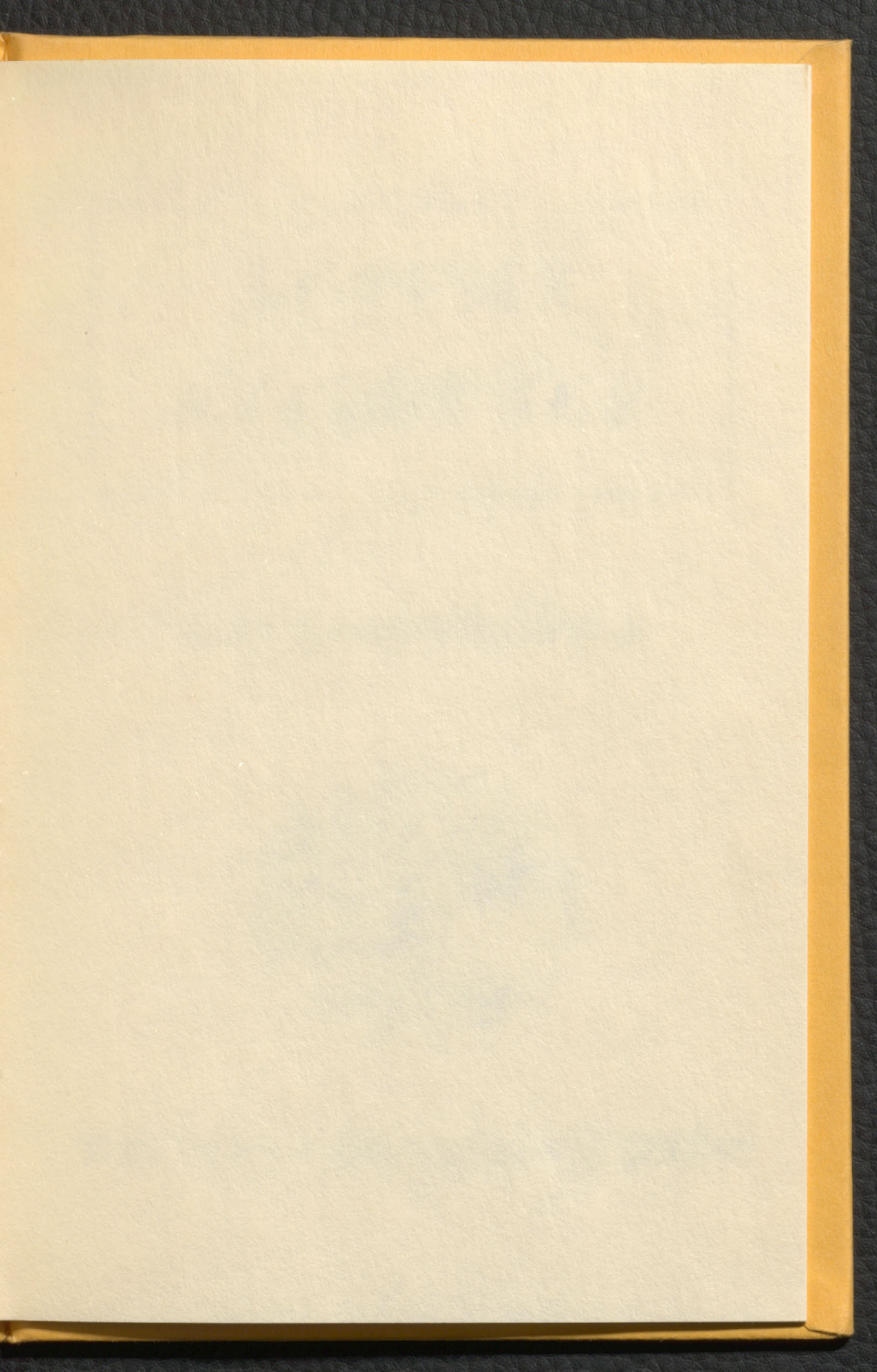
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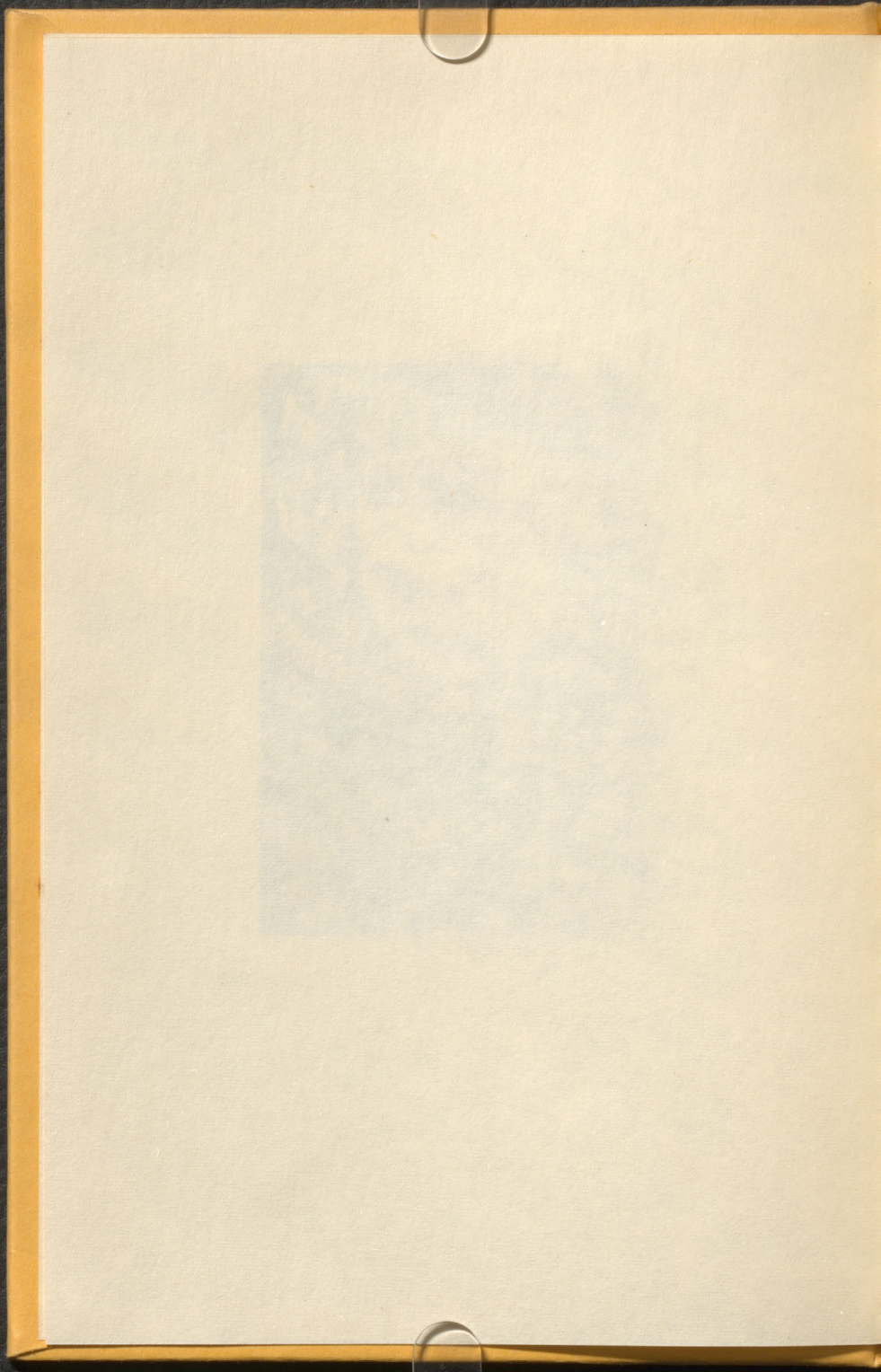


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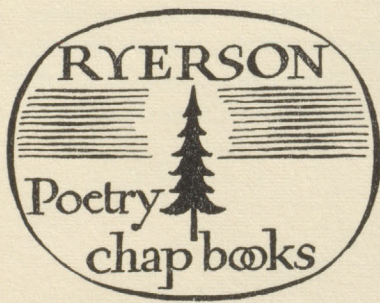
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AUTUMN
AFFLUENCE

MARY NASMYTH MATHESON



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AUTUMN AFFLUENCE

THE PASSING YEARS

WHO is this with me—friend or foe—
Stalking beside me unawares
And often whispering as I go:
“I while away your daily cares.
I was the mellowing influence when
I walked with you far down the years
Making your perilous pathway plain
And drying many bitter tears?”

“I did not know you”, faltered I,
I thought of you as foe, not friend,
You stole my days so stealthily
And yet methinks ere journey’s end
You made me gentle, tolerant—
Who hoped along Life’s ways to find
Something discovered as I went
Of “dross consumed”, of “gold refined”.

SUDDEN STORM

SOMETIMES the mind begins serene
To plan once more the daily round,
Then in a twinkling all that's been
Or is to be makes a profound

And changing picture of the scene,
As winds blow wildly through the trees
(Where naught had stirred their quiet green),
Now strive to rob them of their leaves:

So unpredictable our day
Hidden behind the future's screen
When winds of circumstance dismay
Our once-complacent planned routine!

ANCHORAGE

I WOULD be humble when success may come;
I would be proud when failure marks my way;
I would be steadfast, following the sum
And total tenor of my little day.

No wavering pathway let me follow here,
No violent urgency take me by force,
But let my goal be ever bright and clear
As I with dauntless aim pursue my course.

No lofty rank may be my final goal,
No startling epitaph some might have planned—
But let them say, "His was the steadfast soul,
Absorbed, intent upon the task at hand".

YOUNG LOVE AND OLD

MY DEAR, tonight I could rebel
That you must go so far away
And that we two must say farewell
Unknowing if another day
Shall bring our paths to cross again—
Or if beyond this hidden pain
We may in future somehow find
A kindlier fate than now designed.

And yet we know 'tis better far
To challenge not the ways of Fate
Because these ways just as they are
May circumvent before too late
This pattern of our heart's swift climb
Beyond the rectitude of Time!

.

*We went to gather berries
All on a summer day
(How should I know I'd care he's
Now fifty miles away?)
And yet that evening ere our pails
Were filled up to the brim
My heart was following all the trails
To tender thoughts of him.*

*This morn like others gleaming
Is fashioning the day
All blue and gold and gleaming
Upon its sunward way;
How could I know when Time was spent
Yea, five decades away—
That I would weep because he went
Just fifty miles away!*

NO RETURN

I DO not think that I shall come again
Since Age may not permit me to return,
And should I come, I might bring only pain
Instead of joys for which we two would yearn.
Can we expect the candle to re-burn
That Youth had kindled—oh, so long ago?
I might not be the friend you could discern,
Nor you the one whom I had loved to know.

So we shall meet not at each other's door,
Nor timidly nor with great courage call
The one upon the other, but begin
To gather in our memories and to store
Them in our heart's best room as we recall
Sweet treasures that old Friendship garnered in.

SANCTUARY

HE IS the light, the guidance and the loving
Of every circumstance that comes our way
His is the standard by which all are proving
Success or failure of their common day.

In His wake comes the spiritual dower
Of Heaven to earth within the wondering spheres
And His the magnitude of hidden Power
Controlling countless changes of the years.

How can our minds, so finite, grasp His splendor?
How can our hearts, bewildered, know His grace?
He only learns them who will strive to render
True service in this Life of Commonplace.

ASPEN BEACH, ALBERTA

O TREMBLING aspen, waving
 To and fro,
What are the fears that make you
 Tremble so?
Is it the lonely hours
 When the throng
Of pleasure-seekers merry
 Are all gone?
Vespers no longer mingling
 With your prayer
When voices on the water
 Silent are?
Is it the long, deep silence
 Over all
When summer wanes, and autumn
 Days befall?
Is it the winter coming
 Merciless?
Do your blanched leaves betoken
 This distress?
O trembling aspen, make not
 This ado—
For summer suns will smile
 Again on you
When spring shall come from out
 The chilling blast
And reassurance for you
 New joy at last.

EVENING

WHEN you have come the house is emptied quite
Of all the drab disguises of the day.

Faint sunbeams creep across the room to light
The shadows gathered while you were away;
Each sombre Silence leaves his chair that Cheer
May be enthroned and regnant in his place,
The muffled clock gives forth a ticking clear
And through the house there is no longer trace

Of aught I dreaded in those haunting hours
When so remote to me seemed your return.
But, now you've come, my garden's wreathed in flowers
And glowing fires on inner altars burn;
What metes it that we spend the day apart
If, when night falls all is so changed, dear heart?

AUTUMN AFFLUENCE

DEAR, on this quiet eve we turn the leaf
Of this worn book—so nearly at an end—
Knowing with vast regret and sometime grief
Our time, in nature's course, cannot extend
Beyond the winter scene. But do not long
That spring return within a flowery maze
Made radiant by choruses of song
Nor covet later summer's noontide blaze,

Which had their use, their charm, their one-time
phase.

So let us not now mourn the bright hours fled
But in the culmination of these days
Ponder our garnerings, which in their stead
Bring fruit and harvest to the well-stored bin
To welcome these first days of winter in.

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Lorne Pierce—Editor

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