

THE NATURE POET

with flowers  
of great value from  
his family garden.



FRANCIS HAROLD BUCKMAN.

My pal and partner  
for nine years.



PATTY LO LUSK.

The choicest  
flower from  
nature's

garden in the year  
nineteen hundred  
and thirty five.

NATURE POEMS  
BY  
BEECHER B. CONNER.



CONTENTS.

Introduction.	1
Foreword.	2
Poems.	3
Friendship.	4
A Glorious Land.	5
I Like To Take A Walk With You.	6
An Open Gate.	8
The Winding Road.	10
A Singing Brook.	12
The Winning Appeal Of A Tiny Flower.	14
I Love To Walk Through Fallen Leaves.	13
The Restless Waves.	17
Five Cents Worth Of Gum And A Smile.	19
I Love To See The Sun Come Up In The Morning.	21
A Little Bush Sparrow.	22
I Saw A Rainbow Out At Sea.	24
Gold.	25
It Rained In The Night.	27
Quietness At Eventide.	29
The Out Of Doors.	28
The Courtship On The Mountain Top.	30
My Little Black Hen.	32
Grand-Dad's Talking.	33
The Man And His Load. (By Mrs L.K.VanAllen.)	34
Friendship's Responce.	35

CONTENTS

Introduction.

Foreword.

Loans.

Friendship.

A Glorious Land.

I Like To Take A Walk With You.

An Open Gate.

The Winding Road.

A Singing Brook.

The Winning Aspect Of A Tiny Flower.

I Love To Walk Through Fallen Leaves.

The Restless Waves.

Five Centa Worth Of Gum And A Smile.

I Love To See The Sun Come Up In The Morning.

A Little Fresh Sparrow.

I Saw A Rainbow Out At Sea.

Gold.

It Rained In The Night.

Patience At Eventide.

The Out-Of-Door.

The Courtship On The Mountain Top.

My Little Black Hen.

Grand-Pad's Talking.

The Ten And His Lead. (By Mrs. L. J. VanAllen.)

Friendship's Response.



CONTENTS. - Cont.

I'm In Love.	37
The Little Lad With The Red-Topped Boots.	38
The Blue Jay's Call.	39
I'd Like To Go Back.	41
The Little School House At The Foot Of The Hill.	43
The Ol' Swimmin' Hole.	43
The Appeal Of The New Plowed Sod.	47
The Power Of Suggestion.	
The Old Home Place Is Sold.	49
The School Of Our Childhood Days.	51
Beside The Golden Gate.	53
An Answer To Patty Lo's Birthday Greeting.	53
The Birdie That Sings At Dawn.	56
Visitors.	57
The Sierra Songster.	58
The Peacefulness Of The Sierras.	59
On The Shore Of The Western Sea.	60



## INTRODUCTION.

In one of David Grayson's books he speaks of making an ax helve and says, "It's a good deal like writing a poem." Adding, "Some people imagine any fine thought is poetry, but there never was a greater mistake.

A fine thought to become poetry must be seasoned in the upper warm garrets of the mind for long and long, then it must be brought down and carved into words, shaped with emotion and polished with love, else it is no true poem."

"Poems," he says, "grow much like ax handles. You select a thought like you select a tree. It must grow in a certain place under certain conditions."

David Grayson found a strong, young straight tree about the size he needed, cut it down, shaped a handle out of it, put it in the garret to season, then one day brought it down and heated his ax between two stones. His wife's old hen stood around on one foot watching him, looking first out of one eye then out of the other. She asked innumerable questions and was generally disagreeable.

Grayson said, "I'm sorry madam but I have grown adamant to criticism. I have done my work as well as it lies in me to do it." He then thrust the handle into the ax, cooled it off so it shrunk about the wood, sandpapered it down and made as good a job as lay within his power, then tried it on the wood pile and said, "It serves the purpose."

"So with a poem or a bit of verse, if it serves its purpose who can ask more?"



INTRODUCTION

In one of David Grayson's books he speaks of making an axe believe and says, "It's a good deal like writing a poem." Adding, "Some people imagine any fine thought is poetry, but there never was a greater mistake."

A fine thought to become poetry must be seasoned in the upper warm parts of the mind for long and long, then it must be brought down and carved into words, shaped with emotion and polished with love, else it is no true poem. "Some," he says, "grow much like ax handles. You select a thought like you select a tree. It must grow in a certain place under certain conditions."

David Grayson found a strong young straight tree about the size he needed, cut it down, shaped a handle out of it, but it in the forest to season, then one day brought it down and heated his ax between two stones. His wife's old hen stood around on one foot watching him, looking first out of one eye then out of the other. She asked innumerable questions and was generally disagreeable.

Grayson said, "I'm sorry indeed but I have grown adamant to criticism. I have done my work as well as I live in me to do it." He then thrust the handle into the ax, cooled it off so it shrank about the wood, sandpapered it down and made a good job as lay within his power, then tried it on the wood pile and said, "It serves the purpose." "So with a poem or a bit of verse, if it serves the purpose who can ask more?"

FOREWORD.

These little poems have come to me as I have communed with God and with nature. Some I found in the mountain, some in the valley and some by the sea. They came to my mind in the morning, at evening time and in the night. This is a wonderful world in which we live and my prayer is, that all who read may be able to see some of God's wonders and beauties as He has revealed them to me.

*Peecher B. Connor.*



POEMS.

There are poems in the mountain and the sea,  
On the winding road and the lea,  
Poems in birds and bees and flowers,  
Crowding in through all the hours.

There are poems in brooks and rocks and trees,  
They float about on every breeze,  
They come with comfort every day  
Revealing God along the way.

## FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship is like a sweet scented flower  
Like a song bird that sings each day,  
It is generous, genial and helpful each hour  
In blessings bestowed on our way.



A GLORIOUS LAND.

With joy I tell of a glorious land  
Where open spaces are wide,  
Where winding roads and shimmering streams  
With mountains and trees abide.  
Near an ocean shore with its rolling waves  
And its sandy beach inviting,  
With the smell of the woods and shady nooks  
The glories of God uniting.  
The warming rays of the summer sun,  
The call of birds at evening,  
The cricket's song, the wind's caress,  
The welcome of friends, appealing.  
Where fellowship with those we love  
And the wonders of God bestowed,  
Make the world beautiful like heaven above  
And enrich our earthly abode.

I LIKE TO TAKE A WALK WITH YOU.

This world is a friendly way  
With beautiful spots here and there,  
And when we go out to walk each day  
We find paths that lead everywhere.

When I go out to take a walk  
I like a friend that's true,  
One who sees beauty and likes to talk -  
I like to go walking with you.

I like to walk down a shady path  
Where the trees overhead entwine,  
And hear your merry, hearty laugh  
A walk with you there, is fine.

I like to walk where Autumn leaves fall  
And spread a carpet on the ground,  
Up where the lure of the forests call  
Where beauty is all around.

I like to walk where winding roads go  
And walk on 'till we come to the end,  
Just saunter along, but not too slow,  
With you, because your'e a friend.

I like to walk where there is a view  
Far out over land and sea,  
And study the scene in the morning new  
As we walk, just you and me.

I like to walk in the sunset glow  
While the shadows creep long o'er the hill,  
And the shades of evening fall peaceful and slow  
As we watch them so silent and still



(A Walk With You)

I like to take a walk with you  
For you have eyes that see  
Beauty, in every blade of grass  
In flower, in rock and tree.

A walk with you when the day is done  
When the night birds sweetly call,  
A walk in the twilight is such fun,  
Just a leisurely walk, that is all.

I like to take a walk with you  
And hear your friendly voice,  
And talk of things both old and new  
In which we both rejoice.

We only walk with those we love  
In fair or stormy weather,  
What's richer on earth or in heaven above  
Than companionship together ?

This world is beautiful and fine  
If we have a friend that's true,  
I'd like to have a walk any time -  
If I could walk with you.

AN OPEN GATE.

Walking one evening along a winding street in one of Marin County's beautiful resident sections Mrs Conner and I beheld many attractives homes nestling peacefully beneath the overhanging branches of friendly trees, with beautiful shrubbery and gorgeous flowers blooming everywhere. To one of these homes was an open gate that swung in giving to me the thought for this little poem.

An open gate beside the road  
As we leisurely walked along,  
Directed the way to a humble abode  
Where friendship was true and strong.

It swung on hinges that opened in,  
It spoke a welcome complete.  
It stood there open, eager to win,  
And give comfort to tired feet.

It humbly said; "It may seem queer  
This welcome so simple and quaint,  
But I bid you enter without a fear  
And be happy without restraint."

"Here friends abide in the house by the road,  
They have purposes true and strong,  
I stand with a message for all that is good,  
To give cheer as you journey along."

An open gate! What lessons it brings,  
As we travel the highway of life,  
It gives hope and blesses the soul, for it sings  
And speaks of peace, not strife.



(An Open Gate.)

It shouts a merry, "How do you do ?"  
And chuckles with joy in its glee,  
It speaks of everything else that is true,  
It stands open for you and for me.

There are gates to homes, and gates to the heart,  
Gates that swing in day and night,  
May the gates of our lives in doing their part,  
Be friendly gates, cheerful and bright.

May they always swing in to the passer by,  
May they rest him awhile on his way,  
We can make this world happy if we try,  
Lets swing open our gates today.

THE WINDING ROAD.

This little poem has its setting in Mendocino County, Calif. where we traveled from mountain top views into majestic forests, winding our way around innumerable turns, through beautiful canyons, by singing brooks and into lovely little valleys, forty miles from Willits to the sea.

We came upon a winding road,  
It rambled on and on,  
Far over vale and hill it strode,  
So we <sup>thought it well</sup> asked to go along.

It was on the move, this vagabond,  
It was happy and 'twas gay,  
We wanted to follow it around,  
So we traveled down its way.

We listened to its urging voice  
And felt its strong allure,  
It made us smile and then rejoice,  
With it we felt secure.

It bade us up the mountain climb,  
Through shady nooks it led,  
And then it asked the sun to shine  
On us, from overhead.

It led us on where valleys sleep,  
Where flowers in beauty bloom.  
It scampered by dark canyons deep,  
Then out where soft winds croon.

It led through forests great and tall  
As majestically they stood,  
It spread rich beauty free for all  
With influences for good.



11

(The Winding Road)

It sped by sparkling, babbling brooks  
All singing on their way,  
To them it gave appealing looks  
And loved with them to play.

This road led on and on at will,  
It scampered up and down,  
At hide and seek around the hill  
It laughed without a frown.

'Twas such a friendly, winding road,  
It seemed to say with glee,  
"I'm glad to have you and your load  
Go with me to the sea."

"Come on," it said, "We'll have such fun  
Around this turn and that,  
Now down this steep descent let's run  
Then stop, and have a chat."

And so we came 'round many turns  
Along this road so fine,  
And even now our hearts still yearn  
To go with it another time.

This winding road, this friendly road,  
Was a joy indeed to greet,  
It gave us everything that's good  
With blessings all complete.



A SINGING BROOK.

We became acquainted with this Singing Brook at at the bottom of a seven mile grade, where we crossed a bridge on "The Winding Road," on our way from Willits to the Sea. As we sat beside it we admired its beauty, listened to its song and noted its mission of helpfulness and cheer.

A singing brook all bright and clear,  
Called out to me one day,  
"Come on, sit down beside me here,  
Come on, sit down and stay."

"I'll sing you a song, you'll not forget,  
In croonings soft and low,  
How glad I am that we have met,  
You'll love to listen, I know."

So I stopped beside this little brook  
As it sang its merry song  
Softly and sweetly in a shady nook  
While it leisurely ran along.

It sang to fern beds on the way,  
To moss covered rocks of green,  
With beauty spots of flowers all gay  
And quiet pools between.

It sang to overhanging boughs,  
It whispered greetings true,  
It told the sloping hillside how,  
'Twould dress it with verdure new.

It carressed the rocks that sat close by,  
Then laughed as it ran away,  
It mirrored the clouds up in the sky,  
'Twas always happy and gay.

It cast sly glances at the road,  
It shouted to the passer by,  
"I'm a traveler too, with no settled abode,  
You cant catch me if you try."



(A Singing Brook)

"I travel on both day and night,  
Through forests and canyons deep.  
I scamper and hurry with all my might  
I don't even take time to sleep."

"I love the birds that come to drink  
And sing sweet songs each day,  
I love the flowers on the brink  
Of my banks, where they bloom alway."

"I love the mountains and valleys green,  
They are all good friends to me,  
I love the forests all serene  
And I love the rolling sea."

"I'm a friendly sort of a rambling stream  
I am always happy and free,  
I love to give life, and I always mean  
To give, when you call upon me."

With a smile it said, "Let's be active and gay,  
Will you ramble with me along ?  
If you will, as we go on our way,  
We'll cheer the world with a song."

I arose and stood by the laughing brook  
With its influence so helpful and strong,  
Then I smiled and thanked it, as I took  
Its joy to carry along.

I said, "I'll scatter this joy out, far and wide,  
And I'll help the world to see,  
The lesson I learned as I stood beside  
A brook that was friendly to me.



THE WINNING APPEAL OF A TINY FLOWER.

As I walked alone near the shore, on the sands of the Western Sea, in a secluded nook away from the gaze of human eyes, I found a tiny, wee flower-golden, beautiful, wonderful. Having been kissed by the dews and warmed by the sunshine, it had bedecked itself in its richest hues and its little life was shining like a light. I stopped and gazed on its loveliness and it whispered its love to me and told me the secret of its little life, then God came and together we admired its beauty.

As I walked in the sands one Autumn day  
On the shore of the restless sea,  
A tiny wee flower in gorgeous array  
Made a winning appeal to me.

I stopped as I noticed its lovely hue,  
All golden, glorious and bright,  
Small though it was, with a message true,  
It was shining its little light.

Shining in beauteous splendor and power  
In the sands on the shore at my feet,  
Spreading its blessings for every hour,  
Blessings rich laden and sweet.

That little flower bloomed all alone,  
No one came its beauty to see,  
It lived but a day and its task was done,  
It was blooming for God, and me.



I LOVE TO WALK THROUGH FALLEN LEAVES.

This little poem was suggested during our walk one lovely evening in Marin County as the leaves came fluttering down along our way. The thought carries me back to my pastorate in Fruitvale, Oakland when with a longing for the country I would go down to a near by street and shuffle my feet through the leaves, fluttering down from the large poplar trees. Their rustle was musical and invigorating about my feet.

I like to walk through fallen leaves  
And hear them rustle at my feet,  
And see the carpet nature weaves  
With them, in patterns all complete.

I love to watch them floating down  
From off the trees that gave them birth.  
The pathway that I tread, they crown  
In spreading beauty on the earth.

In myriad colors they flutter down,  
Golden and crimson, too,  
In beautiful hues they spread around  
'Till all the world seems new.

They are clean and sweet and friendly like,  
They scamper down the way,  
It's nice to take an evening hike  
And watch the leaves at play.

They are gleeful and they're boisterous, too,  
They flirt and gambol with the breeze,  
If you are near, they'll sport with you  
Then hide themselves behind the trees.



## (Through Fallen Leaves)

The leaves are falling, falling down,  
 It's nice to take a walk  
 And hear them chatter on the ground  
 And listen to their friendly talk.

They <sup>seem to</sup> gladly make a pathway fair  
 For human feet to tread,  
 They fling sweet incense on the air  
 In carpets richly spread.

I like to walk through fallen leaves,  
 I love their friendly touch,  
 My soul with them in union breathes,  
 They help me, <sup>always</sup> so much.



THE RESTLESS WAVES.

Have you ever stood on the sea shore and watched the waves come rolling in, listened to the ~~rythme~~ <sup>rythm</sup> of their ceaseless song, admired their beauty, and wondered from whence they came, and why they never tire ? If so, you will enjoy this little poem.

The restless waves come rolling in  
They come from far at sea,  
I often wonder where they've been,  
And what message they have for me.

Have they come across from some other shore ?  
How long have they been on the way ?  
Will they turn again and go back once more ?  
And travel through night and day ?

Will they greet the ships that come and go ?  
Will they smile at the sunbeams bright ?  
Will they gambol and romp with the winds that blow ?  
Will they flirt with the stars at night ?

What mission have the restless waves ?  
Could they talk would they speak to me ?  
Would they tell of death or a power to save  
Far out on the rolling sea ?

I cannot tell, I do not know,  
I only greet them on the shore,  
I love to watch them come and go,  
I like to hear their mighty roar.

With splendor great they dash their spray  
Upon the rocks that lie close by,  
Then quickly turn and run away  
As though they did it on the sly.



(The Restless Waves)

For me, they love to toss and roll,  
They skip and dance with glee,  
They laugh and chase me as I stroll  
On the shore, of their beautiful sea.

They splash in splendor at my feet,  
They sometimes me embrace,  
The music of their voice is sweet  
As they kiss me on the face.

I love the rolling, restless waves  
That do God's purpose true,  
Like them, my longing spirit craves,  
To learn God's will to do.



FIVE CENTS WORTH OF GUM AND A SMILE.

In Weinstock and Lubin's store in Sacramento I stopped one day at a counter to buy some gum. I was waited on by a young lady with a natural, wonderful smile. The gum was soon gone but that smile will last down through the years. Wouldn't it be fine if we would try and do as much each day ?

I walked into a store one day,  
A purchase I wanted to make,  
So I stopped at a counter on my way  
With money for what I would take.

A nickle was all I had in my hand,  
I wanted some gum to chew,  
A charming young lady, obliging and kind,  
Said, "What can I do for you ?"

"Some gum," I said, "Miss, if you please,"  
She brought it and gave it to me  
With a smile as fresh as a Summer breeze,  
A smile that was lovely to see.

Five cents worth of gum and a smile,  
What a bargain I got that day,  
The gum I chewed for a little while  
But the smile I will keep away.

That happy girl, unconscious in part,  
Of her smiles so winning and free,  
Was doing her task with a merry heart,  
I'm so glad she smiled at me.

I want to carry that smile along,  
Like a sunbeam I want it to shine,  
I want to pass it on with a song  
It was so cheerful, helpful and fine.



(Gum And A Smile)

I want you to get it, I want you to smile,  
If you have a task to do  
As you travel along, mile upon mile,  
Carry a smile with you.

There's so much sorrow to make folks sad  
As we travel down life's highway,  
Let's get the habit of making them glad  
With smiles we give each day.

Five cents worth of gum and a smile,  
How bright this world would be  
If with each task we do, we'd smile,  
Just smile, so folks can see.



MORNING.

THE

I LOVE TO SEE THE SUN            IN

UP

COME

Mrs Conner and I were enjoying a visit in the bright, cheery apartments of Mrs Dorothy Skinner in Susanville, Calif. in October 1935 and one morning as the sun came cheerfully into our room this little poem came almost as quickly into my mind. The sun always shines in Susanville and that little apartment could well be called, The Sunshine Apartment, for it was always full of good cheer.

I love to see the sun come up in the morning  
 And the day start bright and clear,  
 With the bird songs he brings at dawning  
 Filling the world with cheer.

I love the breezes he causes to blow  
 So fresh with notes of glee,  
 I love the mists he causes to go  
 As they scamper from him and flee.

I love the tints of the eastern sky  
 The glow of the breaking day,  
 The dew drops that sparkle as diamonds, nigh,  
 Spreading beauty along the way.

*giving*  
 I love the freshness to nature he brings  
 The vigor he gives after sleep,  
 The shadows that far and wide he flings  
 As he comes his mission to keep.

I love to see the sun come up in the morning  
 And climb over the eastern hills,  
 All nature awaits with gladness his coming,  
 The earth with glory he fills.



## A LITTLE BUSH SPARROW.

How much joy the little birds give with their  
cheery songs. How thankful we are they are now  
protected and allowed to live their little lives.  
This would be a dreary world without song. This  
little sparrow sat in a thicket on the shore of the  
Western Sea singing lustily his vibrant song. He  
was accompanied by the flute like notes of the wind  
through the trees and the distant melodious strains  
of the rolling waves on the mighty deep. To him all  
the world was in tune.

A little bush sparrow sang a song one day  
On a limb in a thicket near,  
It seemed to him all the world was gay  
And he wanted the world to hear.

I wonder if he knew I was listening in,  
Or was his song to the brook close by ?  
Was he singing to a mate, his nearest of kin,  
Or to the sun up in the sky ?

He sat that day and lustily sang,  
In earth's symphony he had a great part,  
His song throughout that thicket rang,  
And he sang it right into my heart.

He mingled his voice with the song of the brook,  
While the wind on its harp sweetly played.  
The sunbeams danced and the leaves all shook  
With laughter, at the music <sup>he</sup> they made.

I've heard great symphonies in my time,  
Great choruses sing their lay,  
But I don't believe in any clime  
You can beat what I heard that day.



(A Little Bush Sparrow)

A little bush <sup>instruments</sup> sparrow singing a song.  
With earth's symphonies all in tune,  
I'm glad he sang when I happened along,  
But I'm sorry it ended so soon.

Yet a lesson I learned as I listened that day  
And ~~its~~ this - as we journey along,  
Having only a short time here to stay,  
We should cheer the world with our song.

Let's live in harmony with all that is good,  
With the wind, the birds and the flowers,  
We, like the sparrow can give joy if we would,  
Let's do it, in this wonderful world of ours.



I SAW A RAINBOW OUT AT SEA.

Mrs Conner and I were enjoying the comforts of a little cottage on the Mendocino Highway, near Casper on the coast. Our good friends the Toles and Bonners of Ukiah and Berkeley had given us the key. We were near a cozy little beach at the head of the bay where the waves were peaceful and quiet. Running out to sea on either side were jutting peninsulas widening the bay into the ocean and there the waves were boisterous and high. Looking out one lovely morning, with the jutting points of land on either side and the bay within forming as it were a partly framed picture, we beheld a beautiful rainbow beginning and ending in the sea.

*Extendms. from Monterey*

I saw a rainbow out at sea  
In wonderous beauty fair,  
And I found a message there for me  
In that emblem of beauty rare.

In myriad colors God placed it there  
And made a covenant with man,  
A symbol of His love and care  
That has been since time began.

As that rainbow spanned the mighty deep  
In its far reach toward the sky,  
I thought of the vigil God doth keep  
And His ever watchful eye.

As I stood and looked it seemed that day  
God always standeth near,  
He never goeth far away  
But waits our voice to hear.

So I asked, "Across my heart 'twould shine,  
That God would come anew  
And use my dark, beclouded mind  
To shine His splendors through."

If I could like the mists at sea  
Reflect the beauty of His love,  
I'm sure, unworthy though I be,  
He'd help me lead some soul above.



RAINBOW  
A  
SAW  
AT  
SEA

Mr. Connor and I were enjoying the comfort  
of a little cot on the Mendocino Highway, near  
Gasper on the coast. Our good friends the Toles and  
Bonners of Ukiah and Berkeley had given us the key.  
We were near a covey little beach at the head of the  
bay where the waves were peaceful and quiet. Lanning  
out to sea on either side were white gull  
widening the bay into the ocean and there the waves  
were listless and high. Looking out one lovely  
morning, with the jutting points of land on either  
side and the bay within forming as it were a partly  
framed picture, we beheld a beautiful rainbow  
beginning and ending in the sea.

I saw a rainbow out at sea  
In wondrous beauty fair,  
And I found a message there for me  
In that emblem of beauty rare.

In varied colors God placed it there  
And made a covenant with man,  
A symbol of His love and care  
That has been since time began.

As that rainbow spanned the mighty deep  
In its far reach toward the sky,  
I thought of the Vigil God doth keep  
And His ever watchful eye.

As I stood and looked it seemed that day  
God always stands near,  
He never goes far away  
But waits our voice to hear.

So I asked, "Across my heart 'twould shine  
That God would come anew  
And use my dark, beleaguered mind  
'To shine His splendore through."

If I could like the mist at sea  
Reflect the beauty of His love,  
I'm sure, unworthy though I be,  
He'd help me lead some soul above.



GOLD.

I went into my yard at Kentfield to rake the leaves from the lawn. The carpet spread before me golden and bright, was beautiful beyond compare. I felt like an intruder as I began my task. Finally gathering these golden leaves into a large pile I sat beside them and wrote this poem.

The sun came over the eastern hill  
A cloud hung in the sky,  
A meadow lark his song did trill  
A new Autumn day was nigh.

I looked out from my window, near,  
To my garden with flowers all 'round.  
I said, "What rustle is that I hear?  
Something's falling to the ground."

I could hardly believe what I beheld  
As my heart leaped high with joy,  
For here in the very place I dwelled  
Was gold without alloy.

My lawn with gold leaf, deep was spread,  
Wonderful, wonderful gold.  
Rich thoughts came crowding into my head  
With a story that cannot be told.

Gold, lavishly spread upon the ground,  
You hardly can believe it true,  
Yet I saw that gold come fluttering down,  
Beautiful, glorious, new.

I scuffed it on the lawn with my feet,  
I shuffled it all about.  
I said, "I've gold, my joy's complete,"  
So I gathered it up with a shout.

I raked it into a pile knee deep,  
I gloated over my store  
Of riches in gold for me to keep,  
A treasure forever more.



GOLD.

I went into my yard at Kentfield to rake the  
leaves from the lawn. The carpet spread before me  
golden and bright, was beautiful beyond compare.  
I felt like an intruder as I began my task. Finally  
gathering these golden leaves into a large pile I  
sat beside them and wrote this poem.

The sun came over the eastern hill  
A cloud hung in the sky,  
A meadow lark his song did trill  
A new Autumn day was nigh.

I looked out from my window, near,  
To my garden with flowers all 'round.  
I said, "That rattle is that I hear,  
Something's falling to the ground."

I could hardly believe what I beheld  
As my heart leaped high with joy,  
For here in the very place I dwelled  
Was gold without alloy.

My lawn with gold leaf, deep was spread,  
Wonderful, wonderful gold,  
Rich thoughts came crowding into my head  
With a story that cannot be told.

Gold, lavishly spread upon the ground,  
You hardly can believe it true,  
Yet I saw that gold come glittering down,  
Beautiful, glorious, new.

I scuffed it on the lawn with my feet,  
I shuddered it all about,  
I said, "I've gold, my joy's complete,"  
So I gathered it up with a shout.

I raked it into a pile knee deep,  
I glared over my store  
Of riches in gold for me to keep,  
A treasure forever more.



(Gold)

I sat right down beside my gold,  
And meditated in glee  
About folks who'll laugh when my story's told  
Of the riches that came to me.

For the gold that fluttered down from the trees  
And lay richly on the ground,  
Was fallen, golden leaves, *ym all*  
Spreading beauty all around.

So I'm going to give you a golden thought  
As I talk of nature's allure,  
Of the wonders great that nature has wrought,  
Always so lovely and pure.

The evening sky with its sunset hue,  
The hills, the valley, the glen,  
He decks in gorgeous garments, new,  
For the gaze of admiring men.

He clothes the forest with golden leaves,  
They flutter in the sky,  
They fall in splendor from the trees,  
On the ground in beauty, they lie.

So to you I bequeath a very great lot  
Of the gold that nature has given,  
The more I give, the more I've got,  
Its like the riches of heaven.

I love to share it, I give it to you,  
A great pile to take along,  
I want that you will scatter it too,  
Give it out with a smile and a song.



IT RAINED IN THE NIGHT.

A snow white cloud came in from the sea and pitched its tent on the mountain top. After nature had gone to sleep and while man was taking his rest, it quietly and peacefully slipped down through the canyons to the fields and country side and spread its copious drops over the sleeping earth. Then a gentle breeze from the north came bustling along and together they fled on the wings of the morning. That morning dawned beautiful and clear. The mountain smiled in its freshness and stood glorified to welcome the sun. As I looked upon the scene and rejoiced, with the mountain, the sun and the fields, I gave thanks unto Him who sendeth the rain in the night.

*James K. Kenyon*

It rained in the night,  
 A welcome cloud came in from the sea.  
 It rested awhile on the mountain height  
 Then scattered rich blessings for you and me.

After its blessings were dropped here and there  
 The day dawned, and with beauty was crowned,  
 The leafless trees stood clean and bare,  
 And freshness was manifest all around.

A meadow lark gave cheer with his voice  
 As the sun arose smiling and bright,  
 All nature with him was glad to rejoice,  
 Because it had rained in the night.

The moss on the trees was fresh and green  
 The grass blades all danced in glee,  
 The atmosphere was clear and clean  
 And dew drops like diamonds were gorgeous to see.

The gentle breeze was balmy and kind  
 And God was walking near,  
 For in communion with nature we always find  
 He waiteth to speak, if we tarry to hear.



the mountains to the west, the hills to the east,  
and the valleys between them, all were covered in  
a soft, white snow, and the air was clear and  
bright.

The mountains were covered in a soft, white snow,  
and the hills to the east were covered in a  
soft, white snow, and the valleys between them  
were covered in a soft, white snow.

The mountains were covered in a soft, white snow,  
and the hills to the east were covered in a  
soft, white snow, and the valleys between them  
were covered in a soft, white snow.

The mountains were covered in a soft, white snow,  
and the hills to the east were covered in a  
soft, white snow, and the valleys between them  
were covered in a soft, white snow.

The mountains were covered in a soft, white snow,  
and the hills to the east were covered in a  
soft, white snow, and the valleys between them  
were covered in a soft, white snow.

The mountains were covered in a soft, white snow,  
and the hills to the east were covered in a  
soft, white snow, and the valleys between them  
were covered in a soft, white snow.



THE OUT OF DOORS.

I love the Out of Doors,  
 The flowers that bloom so gay,  
 The trees that stand sublime,  
 The birds that sing each day.  
 I love the mountain peaks, the  
                   roaming winding road,  
 The babbling stream and the sea,  
 With friends who live along the way,  
 God made them all for me.



QUIETNESS AT EVENTIDE.

We stood one evening at twilight near Kentfield in Marin County, looking across a little neck of Ross Valley. We were facing the beautiful Mt. Tamalpais standing like a sentinel out toward the sky, with its heavily wooded slopes and deep shadowed canyons. The sun had gone to rest. The outline of the mountain was distinct and clear, beyond which the wonderful tints of the closing day were painted in exquisite colors. A star came out on high, the tide was flowing toward the hill in the stream at our feet. A cricket sang his slumber song and a night bird called, then Mrs Conner said, "Quietness at eventide," and I had another poem.

Quietness at eventide,  
The sun had gone to rest,  
I saw him behind the mountain hide  
As he slipped out toward the west.

The mountain in his beauty stood,  
A star came out on high,  
And everything to me seemed good  
As I gazed on the western sky.

The trees in stately silence stood,  
The purple hues were deep,  
The night birds called out from the wood,  
The day had gone to sleep.

The cricket sang his slumber song,  
All else was serene and still.  
The incoming tide flowed gently on  
In the stream up toward the hill.

I stood in silence at the close of day,  
Another stood by my side,  
And as we listened, I heard her say,  
"Quietness at eventide."

Quietness at eventide,  
Comfort! 'Twill be comfort to know  
When that final day on earth shall close,  
In trustful quietness to go.



QUIETNESS AT EVENTIDE

We stood one evening at twilight near Kentfield  
in Marin County, looking across a little neck of Ross  
Valley. We were facing the beautiful Mt. Tamalpais  
standing like a sentinel out toward the sky, with its  
heavily wooded slopes and deep shadowed canyons. The  
sun had gone to rest. The outline of the mountain was  
distinct and clear, beyond which the wonderful tints  
of the closing day were painted in exquisite colors.  
A star came out on high, the tide was flowing toward  
the hill in the stream at our feet. A cricket sang his  
slumber song and a night bird called, then the conner  
said, "quietness at eventide," and I had another poem.

quietness at eventide,  
The sun had gone to rest,  
I saw him behind the mountain hide  
As he slipped out toward the west.

The mountain in his beauty stood,  
A star came out on high,  
And everything to me seemed good  
As I gazed on the western sky.

The trees in stately silence stood,  
The purple hues were deep,  
The night bird called out from the wood,  
The day had gone to sleep.

The cricket sang his slumber song,  
All else was serene and still,  
The incoming tide flowed gently on  
In the stream up toward the hill.

I stood in silence at the close of day,  
Another stood by my side,  
And as we listened, I heard her say,  
"quietness at eventide."

quietness at eventide,  
Comfort will be comfort to know  
That that first day on earth shall close,  
In peaceful quietness to go.



A COURTSHIP ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

At Kentfield, Marin Co., Cal. living at the foot of the beautiful Mt. Tamalpais, again it had rained in the night, I went out in the freshness of the morning air enraptured with the glorious dawn. A little white cloud nestled on the mountain top and as I watched it caressing the mountain this little poem came to mind.

I saw a cloud on the mountain height  
And I said, "What's it doing up there?"  
Then I remembered it had rained in the night  
And that cloud slipped up with the morning fair.

It cuddled so close to the mountain side  
That I couldn't help but know,  
It came to the mountain where it loved to abide,  
And to whisper in tones soft and low:-

"Old mountain dear, I looked up from the sea  
And I saw you so strong and true,  
That your beauty and majesty appealed to me,  
Till I just had to come and be with you."

" I love you because you are stately and high,  
With raiment all draped in canyons deep,  
I'm so glad you always stay close by  
And the secrets I tell, you always keep."

" I love your birds that to us, <sup>so sweetly</sup> do sing,  
Your lakes and streams so clear,  
I love your breezes because they bring  
The perfumes you lavishly use, old dear."

"I love to creep up and talk with you  
And view the landscape o'er,  
The valley below, the sparkling dew  
The glories afar, in abundant store."



(Courtship on Mt. top)

"My mountain, the love I have for you  
Was planned in heaven above,  
And though it is old, it also is new,  
This God given wonderful love."

"To each other <sup>now</sup> we will always be true,  
And because you can't come to me -  
Some night soon, ere the day is new,  
I'll slip off ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> come again from the sea."

So the cloud and the mountain a courtship had,  
Then the cloud slipped back to the sea,  
But the wind and the sun had peeked, and were glad,  
"And I peeked, but listen, don't tell on me."

Because I want to say, "If we here below,  
Could catch the spirit that did there abound,  
We would very soon find and would truly know  
That love and companionship from heaven comes down."



## MY LITTLE BLACK HEN.

You can make friends with almost any kind of an animal or bird and it is always nice to have them feel your interest in them, then they learn to know you and are not afraid. Susie my little black hen is always near me when I am around. She especially likes the big fat worms from the wood that I split each day.

I have a pretty, little black hen.  
She is gentle and neat and kind,  
She watches when I go 'round, and then  
She comes and follows close behind.

She's as pretty as a girl all decked with plumes,  
She is shiny and black like a crow,  
She cackles sometimes without any tune  
Because she has laid an egg, you know.

She's not a bird that just lives for style,  
She is active and busy all day,  
She walks a lot, scratches awhile,  
Then says, "I guess its time to lay."

She stands close by when I split the wood,  
Fat worms she eats by the score,  
She's a mighty fine hen, her disposition is good,  
But its worms she wants, more and more.

I'd rather have a hen like that  
Than a dog that's full of fleas,  
Or an ugly, yowling old tom cat,  
She's worth a lot more than either of these.

#So my little black hen, I'm all for you,  
I'm saying, "You mighty fine,  
Just go and lay me an egg or two  
And I'll be your friend all the time."



GRAND-DAD'S TALKING.

The sweetest note I ever heard,  
Was when our first little tot  
Woke up one morning at two, like a bird  
And cried for some dinner, she got.

Just a few days old was our baby girl  
We had named her Bertha Grace.  
My sakes! How she set our hearts in a whirl  
And made our fottsteps quicken a pace.

Through all the years she has been our delight  
She was helpful, as helpful could be,  
She grew up energetic and bright,  
A woman now lovely to see.

She's a mother now, with a babe of her own;  
Grand-dad's talking: "I wish you could hear  
Her babe as she coos in the very same tone  
As mother did, who was our baby dear."

This sweet little girlie, Patty Lo,  
Has a voice full of charm, though she can't speak a word,  
You'll understand why we love her so,  
When you think of the voice back there, we first heard.

I wish you could listen in some early morn  
When Patty Lo wakes, so happy and bright,  
You too would be glad for the day she was born  
With her laugh and chuckle and coo of delight.

How happy we are that God sent her here,  
She's worth more than all else today,  
She the sweetest, brightest and prettiest dear,  
Yes, its Grand-dad who's having his say.



GRAND-DAD'S TALKING

The sweetest note I ever heard,  
Was when our little tot  
Woke up one morning at two, like a bird  
And cried for some dinner, the cot.

Just a few days old was our baby girl,  
We had named her Bessie Grace,  
My asked: How she got our hearts in a whirl  
And made our tattlers quicken a pace.

Through all the years she has been our delight  
She was helpful, as helpful could be,  
She grew up energetic and bright,  
A woman now lovely to see.

She's a mother now, with a babe of her own;  
Grand-dad's talking: "I wish you could hear  
Her babe as she coos in the very same tone  
As mother did, who was our baby dear."

This sweet little girl, Betty Jo,  
Has a voice full of charm, though she can't speak a word,  
You'll understand why we love her so,  
When you think of the voice back there, we first heard.

I wish you could listen in some early morn,  
When Betty Jo wakes, so happy and bright,  
You too would be glad for the day she was born  
With her laugh and chuckle and coo of delight.

How happy we are that God sent her here,  
She's worth more than all else today,  
She the sweetest, brightest and prettiest dear,  
Yes, it's Grand-dad who's having his say.



THE MAN AND HIS LOAD.  
(By Mrs L.K.VanAllen)

This poem was written by Mrs Dr. L.K.VanAllen  
of Ukiah in response to the Book of Nature Poems that  
I sent at Christmas time.

I am thinking today of a man whom I know  
Who carries a load on his back,  
Not the kind we think of as weary and worn  
Or the kind we see with a sack.

He smiles as he travels, whether duty or play,  
For he gives from his load as he goes,  
Young or old, rich or poor, they all seem the same,  
Good cheer he gives for their woes.

His load never lessens, but he feels not its weight,  
For to give is his object in life,  
He walks not alone on this journey to give  
Close beside him, so true, is his wife.

They have traveled for years on this mission of love,  
Never once turning back as they go,  
For their object in life is to give, not to take,  
Everyone is a friend, not a foe.

Now to end this short tale of the man and his load,  
This friend is a poet, you see.  
We have now in our home a book dearly loved,  
Which he aset to my family and me.

He tells of the birds and their wonderful song,  
He speaks of the open gate,  
He tells of the flowers he plucks by the way,  
The leaves as they fall to their fate.

But best of all, in this book that we love,  
Is the knowledge of friendship so true,  
We will read these words over and over again,  
Finding something each time that's quite new.



THE MAN AND HIS LOAD  
(By Mrs. I. K. VanAllen)

This poem was written by Mrs. I. K. VanAllen  
of Utah in response to the Book of Nature Poems that  
I sent at Christmas time.

I am thinking today of a man whom I know  
Who carries a load on his back,  
Not the kind we think of as weary and worn  
Or the kind we see with a sack.

He smiles as he travels, whether duty or play,  
For he lives from his load as he goes,  
Young or old, rich or poor, they all see the same,  
Good cheer he gives for their woes.

His load never lessens, but he feels not its weight,  
For to give is his object in life,  
He walks not alone on this journey to give  
Close beside him, so true, is his wife.

They have traveled for years on this mission of love,  
Never once turning back as they go,  
For their object in life is to give, not to take,  
Everyone is a friend, not a foe.

Now to end this short tale of the man and his load,  
This friend is a poet, you see,  
We have now in our home a book dearly loved,  
Which he sent to my family and me.

He tells of the birds and their wonderful song,  
He speaks of the open gate,  
He tells of the flowers he picks by the way,  
The leaves as they fall to their fate.

But best of all, in this book that we love,  
Is the knowledge of friendship so true,  
We will read these words over and over again,  
Finding something each time that's quite new.



FRIENDSHIP'S RESPONCE.

This poem was written for Mrs L.K.VanAllen after she with Doctor and Ruth had received my book of poems. In return Mrs Van. wrote me a lovely poem entitled, "The Man And His Load." This was my reply.

A friend has written a letter to me  
In responce to my verses I sent Christmas Day,  
When you know this friend you'll very soon see  
The value and beauty of what she can say.

She wrote me a poem of, A Man And His Load,"  
As he travels on Life's highway,  
Of the beauties he sees along the road,  
The brook, the clouds, the leaves at play.

Of the birds that help him to sing his song,  
Of the flowers that bloom by the way,  
Of the journey of years that hasn't seemed long  
Because loving service was given each day.

She speaks of the smiles that give good cheer,  
Of his wife and their mission of love,  
Of the hundreds of friends they both hold dear,  
Of the many they've helped to the mansions above.

And best of all of friendship true,  
Worth more than all else, this world bestows,  
She told to me and I'm telling to you,  
"There's a man with a load who gives as he goes."

That's true of many who love to serve  
Who sacrifice and toil each day,  
Who never from their purpose swerve,  
But give of their load along the way.



FRINDSHIP'S RESPONSE

This poem was written for Mrs. L. F. VanAllen  
after she with Doctor and Ruth had received my book  
of poems. In return the Van. wrote me a lovely poem  
entitled, "The Man And His Load." This was my reply.

A friend has written a letter to me  
in response to my verses I sent Christmas Day,  
when you know this friend you'll very soon see  
the virtue and beauty of what she can say.

She wrote me a poem of, "A Man And His Load,"  
in his travels on life's highway,  
of the beauties he sees along the road,  
the brook, the clouds, the leaves at play.

Of the birds that help him to sing his song,  
of the flowers that bloom by the way,  
of the journey of years that hasn't seemed long  
because loving service was given each day.

She speaks of the smiles that give good cheer,  
of his wife and their mission of love,  
of the hundreds of friends they both hold dear,  
of the many they've helped to the mansions above.

And best of all of friendship true,  
worth more than all else, this world bestows,  
she told to me and I'm telling to you,  
"There's a man with a load who lives as he goes."

That's true of many who love to serve  
who sacrifice and toil each day,  
who never from their purpose swerve,  
but give of their load along the way.



(Friendship's Responce)

So Mrs Van I'm thankful to you,  
You too, are a giver on life's highway,  
I'm thankful for your friendship true,  
And for the thoughts you so beautifully say.

For the years of fellowship we've had,  
For your home, wide open in welcome for all,  
For all your family and the fine Dad  
As you and he add cheer to each call.

I'm glad you liked the poems I sent,  
I hope helpful lessons they'll bring each day,  
When I wrote them and mailed them, really I meant  
They'd give blessings and comfort along the way.

Comfort in friendship that's like a sweet flower,  
Like a song bird that sings each day,  
Comfort that's genial and helpful each hour  
In blessings that will not, pass away.



## I'M IN LOVE.

I have a story I'd like to tell,  
It is one that will charm you I know,  
I've been deeply in love for quite a spell,  
With the sweetest girl, My! I love her so.

She has the prettiest face with deep blue eyes,  
And a smile that's lovely to see,  
You may think my telling it isn't wise,  
But she's also in love with me.

We sit in the kitchen and parlor too,  
We hold hands and make love each day,  
We say nice words and kiss and coo  
And with each other, we love to stay.

I've traveled around quite a lot,  
I've seen girls from every clime,  
But I'm here to tell you the one I've got  
Is the cutest and finest of the fine.

She puts her arms around my neck  
And hugs me, oh, so tight,  
Although my tie becomes a wreck,  
I hug her too, with all my might.

My wife found out I'm deeply in love  
But somehow she didn't object,  
And when I act like a turtle dove  
She doesn't seem to care a speck.

You are anxious I s'pose this girl to know  
You say, "Who is this darling dame?"  
Well, I'll tell you, Its Patty Lo,  
If you knew her, you'd say, "You're not to blame."

She's just a little more than nine months old,  
She's my grand-daughter, don't you see?  
Else I wouldn't be speaking in words so bold,  
As to tell you that I love her,- and she, loves me.



THE LITTLE LAD WITH RED-TOPPED BOOTS.

Looking out of the kitchen window toward the rail-road, one morning after it had rained in the night I saw a sweet little lad with a little gun and red-topped boots having a wonderful time wading in some mud-puddles close by.

I saw a little fellow just about two,  
Out there, on the rain-soaked ground,  
And I said: "Little fellow I was once like you  
When a mud-puddle could be found."

How well I remember the boots I had  
And how I waded over the top,  
Then when I came home, how I met Dad  
And he said, "No more boots, this wading must stop."

So I said; "Little fellow how fine you are  
With your gun and your red topped boots,  
But be careful and don't go to far  
And look out for that gun when it shoots."

A big dog came by, but to him 'twas a bear,  
He pulled up his gun and was ready to shoot,  
Again I said, "Look out little boy take care,"  
I was afraid he'd get blood on those red topped boots.

'Cause with him, I liked the boots with tops all red  
And the mud puddles I liked by the way,  
Yet I suspect when he got home, mother said,  
"Why did you hunt mud in which to play?"

That little man, I loved him so,  
With his gun and boots he seemed so bold,  
I hope as he grows up, through the mud he won't go  
But the future for him all good will hold.

How he thrilled me that day, that dear little boy,  
I hope in life's journey he'll learn to do right,  
As I watched him I said, He's mother's joy  
For her sake and his may his pathway be bright.



## THE BLUE JAY'S CALL.

This poem was written in June 1926 when I was pastor at Fruitvale, Oakland. It was just before Vacation time and as I worked in my garden one morning a blue jay flew over my head and lighting on top of the church steeple brought me a message of cheer. *spike*

I worked in my garden at the break of day  
 And was enjoying the morning so fair,  
 When a sausy blue jay flew over my head  
 And cried, "Come on with me if you dare,  
 I'll take you out to beckoning heights  
 Or else we'll go down by the sea,  
 Why do you stay in the city and toil?  
 Come, take a month off with me."

"We'll go to the country far away,  
 Up among the mountains and trees,  
 We'll bask in the sunshine and breath the air  
 Wafted in on the ocean breeze.  
 We'll drink from the spring with its waters sweet,  
 We'll watch the chipmunks play,  
 We'll gather wild flowers along the path  
 And be glad as long as you'll stay."  
*happy* *we*

*and* "And if you choose to go down by the sea  
 Where glorious sunsets are made,  
 We'll enjoy the song of the rolling waves,  
 With their friendly embrace on the strand as we wade.  
 We'll watch the ships that go sailing by,  
 We'll list to the sea birds call,  
 Dull care we'll cast to the fleeting winds  
 And forget that we ever knew him at all."



(The Blue Jay's Call)

"Come on if you dare," the blue jay cried,  
 "Come on you city guy,  
 You've toiled a year, come out in the air,  
 Come out on the mountain high.  
 Come away from the city with all its noise  
 Come on, give your brain a rest,  
 Come out and enjoy God's out-of-doors,  
 Come on, listen to my <sup>request</sup> behest."

So we're packing our grip to take the trip  
 Lots of joy we'll carry along,  
 We'll go to the mountain and down by the sea,  
 We'll listen to their happy song.  
 We thank the blue jay for his call,  
 We are glad he came our way,  
 We are going out to enjoy it all  
 And for a full month we'll stay.



## I'D LIKE TO GO BACK.

The thoughts in this poem carry me back to my earliest childhood when we lived on the old Evey place, at the head of Napa Valley (and I was a little boy.) *John*

I'd like to go back to the farm,  
Where I was a little boy  
And cracked rocks in the old creek bed  
With a heart that was light with joy.

I'd like to go back to the farm  
With the sound of the woods so near,  
Where the merry whistle of the babbling brook  
Filled my boyish heart with cheer.

Back where we listened to the bird's sweet song  
And the cheery whistle of the quail,  
Where the gray-squirrel ran for cover  
With the swish of his bushy tail.

Back where father followed the plow,  
With the black birds chattering glee,  
Where the crows flew over in lonely flight,  
And we followed along, my brother and me.

Back to the farm where the cows came home  
At the close of the summer day,  
Down to the barn with the hired man  
Where we played in the new mown hay.

Back where we trudged a mile to school  
To the friends we loved in May,  
To the swimmin' hole by the old clay bank,  
To the flowers along the way.

To the friendly trees, to the willows high,  
To each old familiar place.  
To the spreading fields inviting,  
To the lane where we use to race.



I'D LIKE TO GO BACK

The thoughts in this poem carry me back to my earliest childhood when we lived on the old L'vay place at the head of L'vay Valley and I was a little boy.

I'd like to go back to the farm,  
Where I was a little boy  
And cracked rocks in the old creek bed  
With a heart that was light with joy.

I'd like to go back to the farm  
With the sound of the woods so near,  
Where the merry whistle of the babbling brook  
Filled my boyish heart with cheer.

Back where we listened to the bird's sweet song  
And the cheery whistle of the quail,  
Where the gray-squirrel ran for cover  
With the swish of his bushy tail.

Back where father followed the plow,  
With the black birds chattering glee,  
Where the crows flew over in lonely flight,  
And he followed along, my brother and me.

Back to the farm where the cows came home  
At the close of the summer day,  
Down to the barn with the hired man  
Where we played in the new mown hay.

Back where we tramped a mile to school  
To the friends we loved in May,  
To the swains' hole by the old clay bank,  
To the flowers along the way.

To the friendly trees, to the willow high,  
To each old familiar place,  
To the spreading fields inviting,  
To the fans where we use to race.



## (I'd Like To Go Back.)

Back where the dog by the old front gate  
Watched and waited each day,  
'Till we came bounding home from school  
Always happy and gay.

Back to the house when the day was done  
And the supper was pippin' hot,  
Where mother welcomed us with a smile  
Back to the lovin' we got.

But we can't go back to the old farm sight,  
We must wend our onward way,  
We must help to cheer the lives we touch  
We must seek to brighten each day.

We must ever press on and upward <sup>we will</sup>  
O'er life's ever changing plain,  
With memories dear and hopes sincere  
To the home that will not change. *ever remain*



THE LITTLE SCHOOL HOUSE AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL.

The thoughts contained in this little poem center around the old Bennett School House at the head of Napa Valley, in the late seventies. I began my school days here when I was about five years old. One morning my mother clothed me in a little gingham dress. kissed me good-bye and sent me with my older brother and sister, along the creek and across the fields to this cherished spot that now only exists on the pages of memory's album. Cherished because of the happy associations and cemented friendships of childhood's happy days.

My mind wanders back in happy thought  
To an old familiar place,  
Where I stand in memory at a cherished spot  
And think of by-gone days.  
That place so familiar, so friendly, so dear,  
Fills my heart and mind with a thrill,  
Its the place where childhood's friendships began,  
The little school house at the foot of the hill.

That little brown school house I'll never forget,  
With its wide open door of greeting,  
The seats and desks where we boys and girls sat,  
To learn 'ritin', 'rithmetic and readin'.  
The long platform at the end of the room,  
With the teacher and desk in the center,  
How I'd like to go into that place once again,  
And bid my old friends come, and enter.

The wide open window looking out toward the hill,  
Where the wind kissed the pine trees in passing;  
Its sweet laden breath abides with me still,  
As it gently came in with out asking.  
The sun painted pictures out there in the trees,  
Where the birds sang anthems at will,  
And the little brown squirrels hunted nuts in the leaves  
Near the little school house at the foot of the hill.



THE LITTLE SCHOOL HOUSE AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL

The thoughts contained in this little poem center  
around the old Bennett School House at the head of Maple  
Valley, in the late seventies. I began my school days  
here when I was about five years old. One morning my  
mother clothed me in a littleingham dress, kissed me  
good-bye and sent me with my other brother and sister  
along the creek and across the fields to this cherished  
spot that now only exists on the pages of memory's album.  
I cherished because of the happy associations and cemented  
friendships of childhood's happy days.

My mind wanders back in happy thought  
To an old familiar place,  
Where I stand in memory at a cherished spot  
And think of by-gone days.  
That place so familiar, so friendly, so dear,  
Fills my heart and mind with a thrill,  
It's the place where childhood's friendships began,  
The little school house at the foot of the hill.

That little brown school house I'll never forget,  
With its wide open door of greeting,  
The seats and desks where we boys and girls sat,  
To learn 'riting, 'rithmetic and reading,  
The long platform at the end of the room,  
With the teacher and desk in the center,  
How I'd like to go into that place once again,  
And did my old friends come and enter.

The wide open window looking out toward the hill,  
Where the wind kissed the pine trees in passing;  
The sweet laden breath rides with us still,  
As it gently came in with out sighing,  
The sun painted pictures out there in the trees,  
Where the birds sang anthems at will,  
And the little brown squirrels hunched nuts in the leaves,  
Near the little school house at the foot of the hill.



(The Little School House)

I like to think of the games we played,  
When recess time came around.  
The trees that gave us their friendly shade  
After a chase of deer and hound.  
The merry laugh and the cheery face  
The voices we loved, (some now still,)  
But they live in our hearts, memory carries them on  
From the little school house at the foot of the hill.

I like to think how at noon-day we fared  
When we sat on the hill-side for dinner,  
And opened our ~~pails~~ <sup>lunches</sup> by mother prepared,  
It was then that each was a winner.  
Those were banquets fit for a king,  
There was plenty our hunger to still,  
I'd give much for a meal as appealing as then,  
Near the little school house at the foot of the hill.

Fond memories dear, how they cheer us on,  
We rejoice in the riches they give;  
The friendships of youth are the ones that are strong,  
Others fail, but these always live.  
I'm glad for the school-day friends I love,  
These with joy my cup do fill  
As I cherish the memory of those here and above,  
From the little school house, at the foot of the hill.



THE OL' SWIMMIN' HOLE.

This poem was written in July 1928. I was spending my vacation at the old home in Calistoga and one morning took a walk across the field and up along the stream to The Ol' Swimmin' Hole where as a boy more than forty years back I often went with other boys to enjoy that familiar boyhood sport.

On the old home place in the edge of town  
When I was a barefoot lad,  
The rows of corn I hoed up and down,  
And hated the job I had.  
The sun was hot and the weeds were high  
And the creek was not far away,  
With The Ol' Swimmin' Hole, that beckoned me,  
Where I wanted to go and stay. *play*

I knew the boys were gathered there  
On the banks of that friendly stream,  
Enjoying life without a care,  
While I hoed, and sweat, and steamed.  
I remember how I slipped away  
And along the fence I stole,  
To get with the gang where I loved to be  
Up at The Ol' Swimmin' Hole.

*any also*

Those days were the happiest days of all  
When the only cares I had, *I might have*  
Were the thoughts that ~~on~~ a sun burned back  
I might get a ~~lickin'~~ *lickin'* from Dad.  
I had run away and the corn wasn't hoed,  
But with the boys in the sand I had, had a roll,  
With a refreshing dip in the waters cold,  
As we plunged in The Ol' Swimmin' Hole.

The suits we wore were brown and bare,  
Our covering a coat of tan,  
But those days of joy were beyond compare  
We know it better now, than, then.  
Those days were happy along that stream  
Where together we used to stroll  
And peel off our duds to be the first one in,  
Up at The Ol' Swimmin' Hole.



## (Ol' Swimmin' Hole)

Well, forty years and more have gone,  
Since I trod that bare-foot way  
And heard the shouts of boyish glee  
And joined in the sports so gay.  
So the other morn when the sun was hot,  
Across the fields I stole,  
To view once more the familiar spot  
Up at The Ol' Swimmin' Hole.

Three boys sat on that familiar bank  
One had a hook and line,  
And one put his hand in and tried the stream,  
Then said, "Come on in, the water's fine."  
Then quickly in his coat of tan,  
He was gliding with a nimble stroll—  
As I did, before I became a man,  
Up in The Ol' Swimmin' Hole.

Forty years is a long, long time  
And those boys of my dreams are now men,  
They are out somewhere in this big, big world,  
And will never meet again, as then.  
But I wonder if when Life's task is done,  
And in heaven we take a stroll,  
Will we find on the banks of the "River of Life,"  
As delightful a place as that Ol' Swimmin' Hole.



THE APPEAL OF THE NEW PLOWED SOD.

*of the Fruitvale ch*

This poem was written when I was pastor in Oakland, being appointed the second time to the Fruitvale Church. In my new American magazine I found a picture with an accompanying article, showing a country road near a field surrounded by an old rail fence. In this field was a boy trying for the first time to hold a plow in the ground. A kindly man walking along asked the boy for the privilege of teaching him how to hold the plow, in the ground. The whole affair brought back memories of when I was in the position of that boy, so with a restless longing for the country and the old plowed field, I sat down and wrote this poem.

The March winds are beginning to blow  
And the birds have returned again,  
The trees are beautifully arrayed,  
And there are signs of Spring-time rain.  
The smell of blooming flowers is sweet  
And the sun is trying to shine,  
And a restless feeling to my soul creeps in.  
Because of the glad Spring-time.

My thoughts go back to my boyhood days  
Where I followed the field around,  
I liked the smell of the up-turned sod  
As I trudged through the mellow ground.  
The meadow lark and the black birds song  
Were always music to me,  
And I like-wise enjoyed the Spring-time flowers  
That were a gorgeous array to see.

My world was small in those happy days  
The cares of my life were few,  
And I used to wonder how long I'd plow  
And if I'd ever get through.  
I was at it early and worked 'till late  
But I went to my task with a song,  
And I had visions as I followed the plow  
And walked down the furrow so long.

I thought of the world with all its needs  
And the demand for men who toil,  
And wondered if out there in the great somewhere,  
I would some day till the soil.  
I thought of the city with its teeming throngs  
And I said, "Perchance some day  
A boy like me will trudge along  
And help the crowd on its way."



(The New Plowed Sod)

Well, I left the plow and I found my place,  
And I mixed in the bustling crowd;  
I talked to men of the pathway of life  
And I told them the way to God.  
I know the way of the city great  
And the burdens men have to bear,  
I've been jostled and pushed by the eager throng  
Traveling to the Great Some-where.

I've grown tired in the task allotted to me  
Down where the marts of trade are known,  
More weary than when I followed the plow  
Because of a task never done.  
Not tired of the task, but in the job,  
Of bearing the burdens of men,  
Who will always get weary as they trudge along,  
'Till they arrive at the journey's end.

The city is busy and noisy and great,  
Its a field for the plowman true,  
There is soil to be turned and seed to be sown  
And harvests to be gathered, too,  
I'm glad I've plowed in the souls of men  
And I've followed the furrows along,  
I want to plow the whole field through  
And keep on 'till the task is done.

*what I  
and*

And when I get through with the city throng  
Of plowing the souls of men,  
I'd like to have time to go back to the farm,  
Back where I first began.  
To smell again the upturned sod,  
To hear the blackbirds sing,  
To see the wild flowers by the old rail fence  
And have a drink from the spring.

And if a boy I should find, who is following the plow  
And perhaps is tired and slow,  
I'll ask him to let me drive once more  
And around the furrow I'll go.  
Then I'll tell him there to be true to his task  
And do the best he can,  
Then I'll also tell him of the greater task  
Of plowing the souls of men.



THE OLD HOME PLACE IS SOLD.

The old home in Calistoga, Napa Co., stood at the corner of Cedar and Berry Streets for more than sixty five years. It was built sometime in the late sixties by Rev. H. C. Tallman and used as a Methodist Parsonage. Father bought it about the year 1882 and for more than fifty years we called it home.

The old home place that was our is sold,  
I had an interest in it a long, long time,  
The place I loved as it grew old  
No more can I say now, "It is mine."

Many times I thought of that dear old home  
As it stood on the corner there,  
And I knew the time would have to come  
When it would pass from under our care.

More than fifty years I called it home,  
"That's a long, long time," you say,  
I've traveled around some, but where e're I'd roam  
I could always come back there and stay.

That place held everything worth while  
In the fifty years that are gone,  
And while it wasn't much for style,  
It was really what we called it, - "Home."

Some people live in a mansion fine,  
But a home they never have known;  
For a place of real comfort give me any time  
As humble a place as that old home.

The welcome at that old front door  
Was generous and gracious too see,  
I've entered many of both rich and poor,  
But this was the best for me.

It had lots of cheer and its love was true,  
There was satisfaction, comfort and song,  
If those walls could talk, they would tell to you,  
A story both wholesome and long.



(Old Home Place Sold)

The friends and neighbors who stepped within  
As they passed through that humble door,  
Were always invited to come again,  
And they entered there by the score.

The spirit within was what made it home  
When Dad and Mother were there,  
But it was different after they were gone  
For those rooms became silent and bare.

They say, "The old house has been torn down,  
And the lumber taken away,"  
But the spirit of that home will always abound,  
It lives in our hearts and is there to stay.

Memories give courage as we travel along,  
They abide with values untold,  
They still remain when all else is gone,  
But unlike us, they never grow old.

That old home had its place and finished its task  
Its influence will continue to live,  
For one better I would not ask  
All in life I needed, it had to give.



THE SCHOOL OF OUR CHILDHOOD DAYS.

This poem is about the Grammar School in Calistoga that we attended in our youth. It was built in 1869 It had two rooms and a large hall through which we entered. In the latter part of 1930 it was torn down to make way for a larger and more modern brick school.

They are building a new school house on our street  
~~And~~ they've taken the old house away.  
 The one so familiar where we use to meet,  
 "Lived its life," so some people say.

They said, "It's old, it's value is gone,  
 Its inadequate for the youth of today,  
 Its not modern, it stayed too long,  
 Tear it down, get it out of the way."

As they moved it back to make room for the new,  
 Many memories came trooping my way,  
 And I said, "It's old, I know that is true  
 But I'd like to have seen it stay."

For sixty years it stood in its place  
 That school of our childhood day,  
 But now they say, "Its in disgrace  
 Its old, we can't keep it always."

The story it tells is one of worth  
 In the lives it instructed and blessed,  
 And the friendships of value to which it gave birth,  
 Are the greatest on earth, and the best.

It suited us fine when we were young,  
 Its stove kept us warm and gay,  
 And the cup at the pump from which we drank,  
 Had no germs to scare us away.

We remember the teachers and the lessons they taught  
 And the Friday afternoon declamation,  
 How we spelled and spelled until we got caught  
 On burlesque or defalcation.



THE SCHOOL OF OUR CHILDHOOD DAYS

This poem is about the Grammar School in California that we attended in our youth. It was built in 1880. It had two rooms and a large hall through which we entered. In the latter part of 1930 it was torn down to make way for a larger and more modern brick school.

They are building a new school house on our street  
And they've taken the old house away.  
The one so familiar where we used to meet,  
"Lives its life," so some people say.

They said, "It's old, it's value is gone,  
It's inadequate for the youth of today,  
It's not modern, it's stayed too long,  
Tear it down, get it out of the way."

As they moved it back to make room for the new  
Many memories came flooding my way,  
And I said, "It's old, I know that is true,  
But I'd like to have seen it stay."

For sixty years it stood in its place  
That school of our childhood days,  
But now they say, "It's in disgrace,  
It's old, we can't keep it away."

The story it tells is one of worth  
In the lives it instructed and blessed,  
And the friendship of value to which it gave birth,  
The greatest on earth, and the best.

It suited us fine when we were young,  
Its stove kept us warm and dry,  
And the cup at the pump from which we drank  
Had no germs to scare us away.

To remember the teachers and the lessons they taught  
And the happy afternoon devotion,  
How we applied and applied until we got caught  
On our passage on devotion.



## (School Of Childhood Day)

The games we played when recess <sup>Time</sup> came,  
 The girls we loved -ah me!  
 They ~~turned us down~~, we were not to blame,  
 They were so winning <sup>name</sup> and lovely - you see.

Those childish fancies had their place,  
 The <sup>pull</sup> of those years has proved true,  
 We were planning then, to enter life's race  
 Though we knew not what we would do.

Where are they now, those friends of our youth  
 Who were all so happy and gay?  
 Many roads they have taken and some forsooth,  
 Have gone their homeward way.

But the tie that binds holds us here, and there,  
 It was tied in the days long gone,  
 So after these years we have come to declare -  
 That tie still holds us strong.

Let the youth of today have the school that is new,  
 We rejoice in those memories rare,  
 Of that old school house with its friendships true  
 And the tie that binds us there.

Down all  
 them



## BESIDE THE GOLDEN GATE.

My brother and family live in a beautiful home on the south shore of the Golden Gate, half way between Mile Rock Light House and the Golden Gate Bridge. The inspiration for this poem came while looking through the great plate glass window to the beautiful view below and beyond.

On the slopes of El Camino Del Mar  
Beside the Golden Gate,  
I sat in a stately mansion, not far  
From out, where the ebbing tides wait.

I rejoiced in the beauty of the day out there,  
The sun was warm and bright;  
I loved the blue of the sky so fair  
And the sea was like a mirror of light.

I admired the hills on the opposite shore  
With Tamalpais in the back-ground high,  
Point Reyes and Duxberry Reef, still lower  
Mingled their beauty with the western sky.

I saw a wonderful fog bank far at sea,  
I watched the evening tide come in,  
And as they both rolled in to me  
I wondered which would win.

There were fishing boats coming in for the night,  
Air planes were soaring high,  
Many ships passed in and out- A beautiful sight  
As I gazed on that Gate close by.

As night came on and it grew dark,  
The lights on the shore shone bright,  
And I said: "May the captain who steers his bark  
Ride safely in, by each guiding light.

On Mile Rock I saw a beaming light  
And one at Fort Mason farther out;  
On the bridge they shone- red, green and white,  
Friendly sentinals for ships that go in and out.



## (Beside The Golden Gate)

The sea birds were wending their homeward way  
To a place of safety and rest,  
They had been out foraging all the day  
And were now flying back toward the west.

The wonderful sea, the mountains high,  
The day so beautiful and fair,  
With the fog, the ships and the birds that fly  
All told me- God was there.

He watches over the Golden Gate,  
He guides the mariner through,  
He gives power to the tides that wait,  
He piles up the fog banks, too.

He directs the course of the birds that fly,  
He calms the raging sea;  
With golden tints He paints the sky  
For the admiration of you and me.

The Golden Gate with portals wide  
Stands open in welcome all the time,  
And the ships of the world come in on the tide  
With people from every nation and clime.

How like the heavenly Golden Gate  
Through which we enter to the farther shore,  
Its wide enough for the nations great  
And through it pass both rich and poor.

And as we pass in through the Golden Gate  
The Gate with portals wide,  
Under golden skies, our Pilot great,  
Through waters calm will stand, close by our side.



AN ANSWER TO PATTY LO'S  
BIRTHDAY GREETING.  
MARCH 6, 1936.

Patty Lo my sweet baby dear,  
Your lovely picture came today;  
To my birthday it gave much cheer  
And shed beams of sunshine on my way.

I'm so glad from you as the sender  
Came your sweet, helpful message so true,  
"To love is to remember  
And I love to remember you."

"To Grand-pa," you said, "From Patty Lo,"  
How that set my mind in a whirl,  
I'm happy sweetheart, you love me so  
And I tell you now, you're my very best girl.

I love your picture you sent to me,  
I love your sweet smile so bright,  
I love your tousled head to see  
And your eyes so blue like beams of light.

You have a winning way that appeals to my heart,  
So I'm sending loads of love to you,  
For in my love you have a great part  
And its as deep as your eyes are blue.

You're Grand-pa's darling, my baby dear,  
You're the most wonderful girlie I know,

And I'm going to tell folks far and near  
How sweet you are, -'cause I love you so.



THE BIRDIE THAT SINGS AT DAWN.

At Kentfield, Marin Co., near my bed room window,  
in a tree close by, through the Winter and Spring  
a little bird, each morning as the day has begun to  
dawn warbled his sweet strains of melodious song.  
He has taught me many wonderful lessons of happiness  
and joy. How I wish I could tell him what a blessing  
he has been.

---

Outside my window each morning at dawn,  
A wee little birdie sits and sings,  
In exuberant tones he trills his song,  
Great joy with the day he brings.

The wind wafts his message out on the air,  
It comes floating in to me on the breeze,  
How glad I am he sings out there  
From his home in one of the trees.

With the first peep of dawn he warbles his strain,  
And the sunbeams dance and urge him on;  
As the day grows brighter, again and again  
This melody maker continues his song.

There's no dismal strain in the song he sings,  
He lives to make the world bright,  
That's why each morn as the day begins  
He sings his sweet song of delight.

Let you and me, like the birdie out there  
Scatter sunbeams of song around,  
Then we too will help to drive away care,  
And make each day with joy abound.



VISITORS.

This poem was written at Big Bend Camp in the Sierras near Donner Summit. A beautiful stream was singing close by; The mountains were climbing beyond, a song bird sang his morning lay accompanied by the soft rattle of the wind in the pines, the morning sun was lovely and bright and as we ate our morning meal the little visitors of whom we write came in. \_\_\_\_\_

Some little visitors called today  
They were cheerful and friendly though a little shy,  
They ran in from their home across the way  
To our camp, up in the Sierras high.

They came frolicking in, happy and free  
Playing tag and chasing each other on the way.  
They were beautifully dressed and lovely to see  
So we told them we'd like to have them stay.

They were full of antics and brimming with fun  
And like youngsters, they were happy and gay;  
They would wrestle and tumble and up the trees run  
To make us laugh as we watched them play.

It was breakfast time so we asked them to dine  
With us, near a stream that was singing a song;  
They accepted our offer and said it was fine  
Then asked would we give them some food to carry along.

So we cheerfully gave them some cookies and bread  
Those frolicking chipmunks who came our way;  
We hope again by their hunger led  
They will come to see us another day.



58

THE SIERRA SONGSTER.

This Sierra Songster had his abode on the edge of the rollicking stream at Big Bend Camp in the High Sierras where we spent a lovely week.

In the high Sierras I pitched my tent  
Near a rollicking stream and some friendly trees,  
Great rocks stood as sentinals near my abode  
And music from everywhere came in on the breeze.

There were mountains high on every side  
And magnificent trees reached out toward the sky,  
I wondered and marveled and pondered at these  
With nature's sweet harmonies always close by.

The wind sang its sooting and comforting song  
The stream had a melody that never waned,  
The squirrels in the trees chirped to their mates  
And birds everywhere sang sweetly their strain.

The very air was vibrant with song,  
The clouds overhead entered in with a roar  
The sunbeams seemed like musical strings  
As they accompanied a singer I heard next door.

He sat on a limb close by my tent  
From early morn 'till late at night,  
And around my camp his melody rang  
As he sweetly sang his song of delight.

He seemed to know I liked his song  
~~'Cause~~ he came and sang to me each day,  
How thankful I am for his melodious strains  
For they cheered and helped me on my way.

He trilled and he warbled and he sang his best,  
He was giving out melody all the time,  
He filled his place in this big, big world  
With a song that was worthy of any clime.

How I enjoyed his singing, out there by the stream,  
Perhaps he thought the whole world could hear,  
He was truly a messenger of sunshine and joy  
As he lustily sang his sweet song of cheer.

This world is filled with melodious song  
And there's a place for you and me to fill,  
Let's find it and with a faith that is strong  
Fling out musical sunbeams- we can if we will.



THE PEACEFULNESS OF THE SIERRAS.

Wrapped in the embrace of the fastnesses of the high mountains with the singing of the stream close by, the gentle whisperings of the zephyrs through the trees and the bright sparkle of the stars overhead, the sweet lullabys of the night w~~o~~ked us to quiet slumber and peaceful rest.

---

Up in the Sierras far from town  
I pitched my tent near a friendly stream,  
And there for awhile I settled down  
In peaceful quiet to rest and dream.

The mountains high with granite walls,  
The beautiful trees in gorgeous array,  
The chipmunks gay, the birds with their calls  
And the wild flowers beauty, made me want to stay.

The air was clean and wholesome and light,  
The wind whispered messages through the trees,  
The mountain stream sang its song of delight  
And the rays of the sun, warmed and mellowed the breeze.

A quaff from the brook like an elixir of life  
Gave vigor and strength each day,  
The majesty of the mountains without any strife  
Made me feel, man should also live that way.

The sunbeams dancing, the stars one sees,  
The stillness, the wonder, the beauty so fair,  
The fleecy white clouds- all of these  
Told me, God is close by up there.

At night as I lay me down to sleep  
The stream sang its song at its best,  
The stars over my slumber a vigil did keep  
As the wind lulled me sweetly to rest.

The wind and the stream and the stars stayed awake  
While in slumber I closed my eyes tight,  
In quietness and peace my rest I did take  
With God and all nature, keeping watch through the night.



ON THE SHORE OF THE WESTERN SEA.

I stood alone one evening in Humboldt Co, on the shore of the open sea. Trinidad Head was at my right with its flashing light. The crescent moon hung in the sky at my left, the sun had gone to rest and the far sky line over the turbulent deep with its myriad colorings reflected through the mists from above, made a picture one can never forget.

On a sand dune high at evening time  
On the shore of the Western Sea,  
I stood and gazed on the broad expanse  
Of waters deep, like eternity.

O the feelings of wonder that mastered me  
As the sun sank out of sight,  
For I silently watched the turbulent waves  
As I stood alone, on the shore that night.

The gilded reflection from the evening sky  
Made the waters a vast, vast sea of gold,  
And the moon in the mists of its purple sphere  
Added beauty that can never be told.

The myriad shades of coloring rare  
In that far away look o'er the briny deep,  
Those heaving swells so rythmetic and full  
Made an impress my mind will always keep.

The crescent moon in the evening mists  
The ceaseless beat of the waves on the shore,  
My tranquil feeling as I gazed on the scene  
Made me say, "With beauty like this, who could count himself poor."

*J. May*

In ecstasy I cried- "God is mindful of man,  
Else He would not o'er-whelm me with this wonderful view;  
At the close of the day He stood by me there  
And He said, -"This is all for you, for you."

My friend, this is a beautiful world,  
Every day God paints scenes like that, out there,  
Have you opened your eyes? Is your vision keen?  
If so- He will reveal wonders and beauty beyond compare.





Hope you liked the poems.

A smile, a song, a word of cheer  
will give joy and comfort  
through all the year.