

PS 3501

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1910







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1910

# A SOUVENIR

Each man has a message for  
his friends; but fortunate the  
man who can sing his message  
in verse and song!

DONALD KENT JOHNSTON.



Presented to

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With the Compliments of

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W. H. APPERLEY

*A Souvenir*

*By*

*W. H. Apperley, D. M.*  
" "

*Logan, Utah.*



*Earl & England Publishing Company*  
*May, 1910*

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PS3501  
P6356  
1910

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## *Introduction*

To My Dear Readers:

When you read my verse, may you find some thought expressed, that is in keeping with your own high ideals, is the wish of your friend,

W. H. APPERLEY.



## *To the Agricultural College of Utah*



YES, we have a College—the pride of  
all our land;  
'Tis here to bless our nation as long as it  
shall stand;  
It has gathered strength in silence, while na-  
ture seemed to sleep,  
And now it stands in glory and will while  
true hearts beat.

There is no other spot in all our favored  
land,  
Where our College on the hill in security  
could stand.  
And we thank the God of nations for plant-  
ing it aright,  
And loyal hearts will never try to find an-  
other site.

Our rich and happy State proclaims to every  
nation  
That we stand for truth and right and higher  
education.  
For here 'mid Nature's beauties, where virtue  
fills the air,  
Our College rears its spires, its light goes  
everywhere.

'Tis here our sons and daughters, real kings  
and queens of earth,  
May tread the path of wisdom and find their  
real worth.

The siren's voice is silenced; the Master's  
voice is heard

With a daily inspiration their hearts of  
hearts are stirred.

Send out the joyful tidings to nations far and  
near;

O sing, our College prospers, there is noth-  
ing now to fear.

It is planted safe and strong upon the solid  
rock,

To bless the unborn ages in God's most fa-  
vored spot.





LABOR IS LIFE  
AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE OF UTAH



*To the Presidents of the  
B. Y. C.*

Miss Ida Ione Cook.

You were the first to win our love,  
From Father's home you came,  
Direct from mansions built above,  
In golden deeds to write your name.

J. Z. Stewart.

O kind and trusting son of light,  
You live and work for truth and right.  
In love you taught the Golden Rule,  
With love you warmed each heart in school.

J. M. Tanner.

Your mind could penetrate the depths,  
Your soul could mount the skies;  
A purpose strong and deep and true,  
Gleamed from your dark brown eyes.

J. H. Paul.

Observing mind so quick to grasp.  
And read from Nature's book.  
Your soul will store whole volumes there  
From bird and flower and brook.

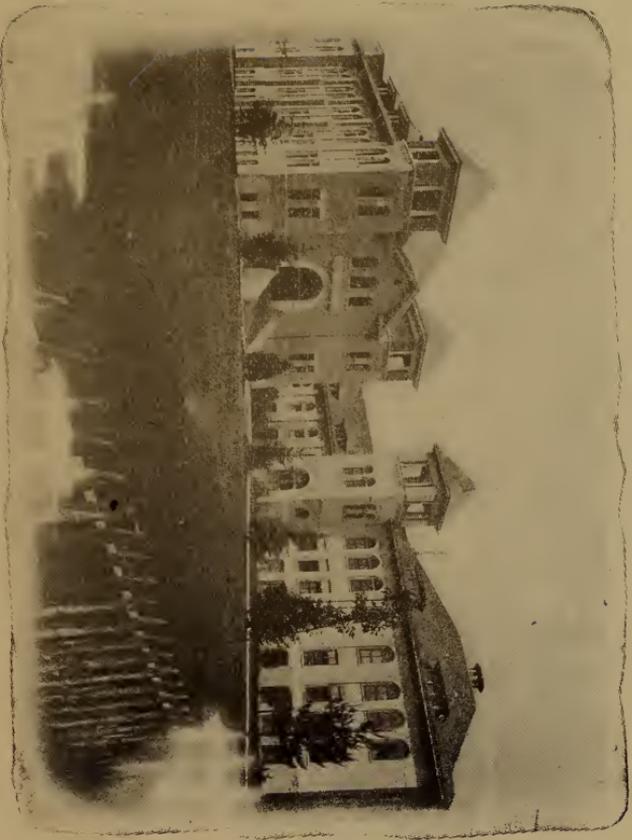
W. J. Kerr.

Erect like sceptered king who never knew  
defeat,  
You work and carve your way to victory  
complete.  
Like "England's greatest son," you smile on  
friend and foe;  
You have our thanks and love where ever you  
may go.

J. H. Linford.

Dear faithful one in you we see the hour  
brings forth the man  
Who was reserved by Father's care and came  
through Father's plan;  
Bright angels give you joy and peace, and  
guard you day and night,  
While all the mighty ones above, still aid you  
in the right.





WEST BUILDING AND NIBLEY HALL

The Brigham Young College stands for the right education of the hand, the head and the heart



## To My Fellow Workers

COMRADES, listen to my story,  
Listen to the song I sing;  
We must fight the battle bravely,  
We must soar on eagle wing.

While the Morning stars were singing,  
Ere the earth received its birth,  
We were chosen by the masters,  
Now we live to prove our worth.

Father, Mother, blessed us yonder,  
When we lived in realms of light,  
There we vowed to live for others,  
Here we stand for truth and right.

Yet we do not all remember,  
What we did on yonder shore,  
But our faithful silent teacher,  
Will reveal the light once more.

Deeply hid within our being,  
Is the record of the past,  
When we learn to love and listen,  
It will give us all we ask.

Let the stars sing on forever,  
Let the living waters flow,  
Let the angry tempests darken,  
Let our hearts with kindness glow.

Hear the music in the distance—  
Father's summons, mother's song;  
"Come our children we are waiting  
Join again our happy throng."

Wait a moment, we are coming,  
Coming home with songs of cheer.  
Father, Mother, we are coming  
When we see our pathway clear.

Comrades, let us stand united,  
While our hearts beat warm and true.  
We must work a moment longer,  
Ere we wing our flight anew.



## *To Angel Moroni.*

 ANGEL of light, of peace, and of love,  
The gospel restorer from realms above.  
You tell the Truth like the Dear One of old,  
The sweetest story that ever was told.

Awake, O blind world from thy long dull  
sleep,  
Come out of the darkness so cold and deep;  
The shadows of night are passing away,  
And morning's sweet promise gladdens the  
day.

And the fountain of love unsealed again,  
Now warms the hearts of the children of men,  
The voice of Moroni circles our sphere,  
And warm loyal souls the glad message hear.

Moroni. Moroni, Angel of light,  
Thou gavest to man new spiritual sight;  
The veil of Isis was parted by thee,  
No more to be closed till all men are free.

## Work

(To Dr. W. B. Parkinson.)

**W**ORK, work, work,  
O brother, strong and free,  
And I would that my pen could awaken  
A new love for work in thee.

'Tis well for the man with the hoe,  
To sing at his work all day;  
To sing and work, to work and sing,  
Drive care and want away.

Your brothers with faith work on,  
They carve their way with skill.  
With a magic touch of a master hand,  
You, too, may work your will.

Work, work, work,  
O son of the brave and free,  
And the grand success of a day that is dead,  
Will soon come back to thee.



Win by kindness and by silence.—Bishop  
L. A. Merrill.

## *A Bunch of Sweet Peas*

(To Mrs. D. L. Hendricksen)

**A**S I sat last night on my lawn so green,  
Mid shadows dark and sunlight sheen,  
I heard the voice of a real queen.  
Her voice so sweet on the balmy air,  
Spoke out "I've just a moment to spare,  
To see your room and how you are."

With step so light she sprang from her seat;  
In welcome tones I tried to speak,  
As I looked upon a face so sweet.  
Again she spoke and said, "If you please  
Accept these flowers—a bunch of sweet  
peas"—  
As the light of the stars fell through the  
leaves.

The flowers were put in a golden vase,  
On a little stand in a cosy place.  
Just near a mirrored angel face,  
A moment passed—the flowers spoke  
And told of love and joy and hope,  
And friendship strong as ribs of oak.

With morning light my eyes first fell  
Upon the flowers I love so well,  
When I heard the sound of a tiny bell,  
It said, "Awake from slumber deep  
And write in verse the thoughts I speak  
Of flowers rare and lady sweet."

Up from my cot—and I felt the thrill—  
As I put the peas on the window sill,  
While angels seemed my room to fill.  
But my poor words can not reveal  
One half of what my heart can feel;  
The deeper thoughts they but conceal.

Let flowers speak and warm hearts love,  
And thoughts divine come from above,  
Borne on the wings of the morning dove.  
And now I kneel and ask for light  
That I may walk this day aright,  
And meet my friends and flowers tonight.



## *To Fred Turner*

You're sixty-two today my friend  
Happy young and free,  
We get an inspiration  
When e'er we look on thee.

Live on, work on, smile on for aye  
In thy eternal youth,  
No frown can sit upon thy brow  
O soul of love and truth.

---

We add Friend Turner's Sentiment:  
"Speak of your fellowmen as you have found  
them, not by what the babbling tongue hath  
said."—Fred Turner.

## *The Builders.*

(To Dr. George Thomas and Wife.)

**W**E are building for the future,  
For the race that is to be,  
For the unborn sons and daughters  
In this land so broad and free.  
We build with all our wisdom,  
We build for truth and right,  
We build upon the solid rock,  
With the stars and stripes in sight.

We build for all the ages,  
That shall crown our land with peace,  
We build for those who love us,  
As our years of life increase,  
We build with faith and courage,  
We build by day and night,  
We build beneath great freedom's dome,  
With the stars and stripes in sight.

We build for every nation,  
We build for every race,  
We build with strength and virtue,  
With a smile upon our face.  
We build with song and laughter,  
We build with all our might  
We build upon fair freedom's soil,  
With the stars and stripes in sight.

We are building for the Master,  
Whose voice we daily hear,  
We are building for our God,  
We have nothing now to fear.

We are building—always building,  
Beneath a new born light,  
While we keep the hammers ringing,  
And the stars and stripes in sight.



## *To The Prophet Joseph.*

 PROPHET of Zion, our joy is in thee,  
The hero of ages, so wise and so free,  
We welcome the message you gave unto men;  
We welcome the light that is shining again.

All nations will honor and men will revere  
Our prophet and martyr, the Saint and the  
Seer;  
O soul of the west, a bright crown you have  
won,  
O bearer of light from the Father and Son!

The moan of the ocean, the song of the rill,  
The vine in the meadow, the pine on the hill,  
The rose in the garden, the moss on the shrine,  
All image the glories that symbolize thine.

Sweet prophet of Zion, so tender yet bold,  
Now mingles thy voice with the sages of old.  
In love and devotion we live for the right,  
We turn unto thee and we follow the light!



Our pleasure comes from service to others.  
—Miss Agnes Cassidy.

## *To Hon. Moses Thatcher*

**M** OSES Thatcher, we have listened to the  
music of your words;  
We have felt our hearts grow warmer at the  
magic of your voice,  
We have felt our lives grow brighter in the  
light your life has shed;  
We have felt the Holy Presence when your  
eye in silence spoke.  
When the lightning gleamed about you and  
the mighty thunders rolled,  
Like a god with soul undaunted, freedom's  
champion calm you stood.

Let us tell you how we love you for the free-  
dom that you brought,  
Let us tell you how you've helped us stand  
erect and trust in God.  
You have lived to bless your brothers and the  
cause you helped to win,  
You will live through all the ages in the  
hearts that beat for you,  
You will live through all the aeons in the lives  
that are to be.  
You will live when empires crumble, you will  
live while God is love.  
You have been a loving father, you have been  
a leader true,  
You have trod the path of sorrow, you have  
conquered mortal pride,  
You have fed the crying orphans—you have  
dried the widow's tears;  
You have opened wide the portals unto fairer  
realms than this.

O my brother, how I love you—how my heart-  
strings round you twine,  
You have made my life worth living by your  
generous thoughts and deeds.  
In the early days of Utah, when I scarce had  
bread to eat,  
And my soul cried out for knowledge, you  
supplied my every need.  
You brought blessings to our parents—you  
bought sunshine to our homes,  
You brought manna from the heavens, sweeter  
than the bread of old.

In our hearts you live forever—love en-  
—throned can never die,  
Love and wisdom, truth and virtue, gem your  
crown for evermore.  
Once upon a distant mountain—we remember  
well the spot,  
Where you gave the gospel message to the  
Red Men gathered there;  
When you spoke of love and virtue, when you  
told of Christ the Babe,  
How their savage nature melted and their  
eyes spoke love divine.

Let the holy angels witness what we say and  
feel for you,  
Let the sacred records answer what you've  
said and done for man;  
Let the people of our nation know the story  
of your life;  
Let the future give the verdict, son of free-  
dom's cause sublime.

## *I Can and I Will*

(To Joseph Quinney, Jr.)

**I** CAN and I will is the song of my soul,  
I ride on the waves where the dark  
waters roll.

No dangers can daunt me, I welcome the blast,  
The war-guns are booming, no quarter I ask.

My heart is of oak, my ribs are of steel,  
A strength in the depths of my being I feel,  
That surges and urges me on in the fight,  
In the battle of life for the good and the right.

I can and I will is the birth-right I claim,  
My soul is unfettered, this truth I proclaim.  
O join me, my brothers, O speak the great  
word,  
And break all your shackles, be free as a bird.

I can and I will my life-work complete,  
Though briars and thorns grow under my feet.  
The pathway of roses is not for the brave,  
The coward may walk it, direct to his grave.

I can and I will is the cure for the blues,  
O try it and prove it and spread the good  
news.

Let the magical words leap warm from the  
heart,  
Then laugh as you see all your sorrows depart.

I can and I will is the motto of MEN,  
Go sing it aloud again and again.  
The ring of these words new courage will give,  
I can and I will is a song that will live.

## *To President Brigham Young*

REAT Brigham Young, thy honored name  
will live  
While grass grows green and stars give  
light;  
Thy wisdom came direct from realms above,  
A soul of truth and honor bright.

O leader of a people tried and true,  
A ray of light, star of the West,  
Thy name is carved athwart the clear blue  
sky,  
O man of God, we love thee best.

From exiles chains the saints were led by thee  
Into a Land of Promise rare,  
And here you raised your Country flag so  
dear;  
With friend and foe thy gifts did share.

Now bright around thee, play the beams of  
light,  
Our prophet true and hero King;  
Let thy great name resound for ages long,  
While all the stars thy glory sing.



Humanity is one great mutual improvement  
association.—A. E. Cranney.

## *My Prayer*

(To Rose.)

Infinite source of love and light,  
Guide now my weary steps aright;  
O lead me up from self to Thee,  
I beg this boon on bended knee.

Fill me with love for all created things,  
Attune my soul to the voice that ever sings;  
Thy matchless love—the music of the spheres,  
As weary time glides on through endless  
years.

Thy trusting child, I breathe Thy love divine,  
And in thy presence roam from clime to clime,  
No place in this wide universe is found,  
But that Thy love and light doth there  
abound.

While I remain within this form of clay,  
May I learn all my lessons day by day.  
O give me strength to bear my load aright,  
Whene'er my star shines not in darkest night.

My mother earth needs sun and rain,  
My soul must pass through joy and pain.  
I thank Thee, God, my will resign;  
Thy will be done to me and mine.

I pray Thee bless each friend, each foe,  
For all are Thine—both high and low;  
And all are mine in Thy great plan,  
Thy love gives life to flower, beast, man.

O teach me, Father, to be good within,  
To shun the downward path that leads to sin,  
And, as I bask in Thy Effulgent light,  
Onward and upward may I pursue my flight.



## *To President John Taylor*

**B**ROTHER Taylor, thinker, author,  
Ripest scholar of thy day;  
Faithful preacher, Great Law teacher—  
Thee, will loving friends obey.

Tender father, loyal leader—  
Thee we trust; wise one of earth!  
Warmer heart has never beat—  
Since the human soul had birth!

Golden crown thou wearest yonder,  
Rarest light illumines thy soul.  
Priceless gems, around thee gleaming—  
Shine while endless cycles roll.

Poet, prophet, dreamer, worker—  
Wear the crown you nobly won;  
Teach the Gods in yonder planets.  
Near the light of Kaleb's sun.



Great men leave their impress on the generations that follow.—Congressman Joseph Howell.

## Our Country

To Prof. J. H. Paul, My Ideal Teacher.

**B**REATHES there a man with soul on fire,  
Whose thought and word and deed  
inspire,  
Who always to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land,  
Wherever human foot may tread?  
If such there breathe go crown him now,  
And place the laurel on his brow,  
For he is king of all his race,  
And with the Gods deserves a place.  
Boundless his wealth, his titles high,  
A true born son of earth and sky.  
Go seek this man from shore to shore,  
His name will live for evermore.  
And long as our old earth shall stand,  
And moon and stars revolve and shine,  
O sing his praise from clime to clime.



The man who is cruel to an animal may  
some time have to be imprisoned in an animal  
form to meet the law of justice.—Charles M.  
Harris.

## *President Wilford Woodruff*

**D**EAR Brother Woodruff, Z'ion's modest one  
So constant, wise and true, a friend  
to man,  
And near and dear to thy great loving heart  
Stood the Gospel plan.

O gifted son of light, in vision clear  
You saw flowers bloom neath fairer skies  
than ours;  
And walked and talked with ancient prophets  
wise,  
Under nature's bowers.

Thy voice so sweet and clear and full of life,  
Was like the breath of God, relieving  
pain;  
It woke the hills and vales on England's  
shore—  
Music's sweetest strain.

On thee, and such as thee, we build our trust,  
Accept our love, our hearts are thine,  
sweet one,  
Our hopes, our faith are centered all on thee,  
Father's faithful son.



All good things comé from living a clean  
life.—A. M. Fleming.

## To President William Budge

(On His Eightieth Birthday.)



MAN of God, O soul of truth,  
You wear the crown of immortal youth.  
The light of your eye, and the song of your  
soul  
Grow clearer and sweeter as swift the years  
roll.

O brother, O friend, and defender of right,  
You have brought to the world both freedom  
and light.  
You have trod in the steps of the Master we  
love,  
Your wisdom and strength have come from  
above.

The years and the cycles may all pass away,  
The sun and the stars may die and decay,  
But you will live on—you never can die,  
O son of Immortals, the earth, and the sky.

To planets celestial your spirit may soar,  
And earth or her children may see you no  
more,  
But a ray of your love will cast light on the  
road  
To lead us all back to our Parents' abode.



A better system will give better success.  
—C. Z. Harris.

## To President Snow

**L**ORENZO Snow, thy name can never die,  
O poet sweet—prophet of the Most High  
Thy voice was heard in nations far and near,  
So like the sound of music sweet and clear.

The Scattered sheep of Israel knew it well,  
A soft and deep and rich-toned silver bell;  
Into the fold of Christ the great ones came;  
All thanks to thee—thrice honored be thy  
name.

And now, in thy bright home of joy complete,  
Dost thou still sing the Gospel song so sweet?  
Do peace, and love of truth still fill thy  
breast?  
In thy bright sphere do faithful ones find rest?

Methinks I hear thy answer soft and clear,  
“The Saints of God have nothing here to fear,  
Still burns within my breast the love of truth,  
’Tis here we find and prize immortal truth.”



Do it now and do it right.—B. F. Riter.

## To Bishop B. G. Thatcher

(Read by James A. Langton in Farewell  
Party.)

**B**ROTHER Thatcher, list a moment  
To a parting word tonight;  
In our heart of hearts we love you,  
And we know our hearts are right.

You were born with many graces  
Born with a prophetic sight;  
Born to bless your distant brothers,  
Born to lead them to the light.

You were chosen by the Masters  
In the royal courts above,  
To fulfill a mighty mission,  
To receive the crown of love.

Onward ever be your motto,  
Faith and works will win your crown;  
Kind in thought and word and action,  
Till your course of life is run.

Grand-son of a mighty prophet,  
Fathered by a noble sire;  
Taught by mother all the precepts,  
That a Christian life inspire.

We shall miss your song of gladness,  
We shall miss your word of cheer;  
But we oft shall see your image,  
In our mental vision clear.

Friend and brother, speed you onward,  
Take our love and keep it warm;  
Angel footsteps guide you ever,  
God protect you from all harm.



## *To President Joseph F. Smith*

**F**UTURE bards will sing thy praises,  
Prophet whom the world has sought,  
Unborn nations will revere thee,  
And sing thy deeds so nobly wrought.

Last one of the mystic seven,  
All their virtues in thee born,  
Let thy great example teach us,  
And keep our hearts both true and warm.

Let thy golden precepts teach us,  
Let thy honored name long live,  
Let the nations hear thy message,  
And take the gift thou has to give.

Lion-hearted brother Joseph,  
Like an oak-tree thou dost stand,  
Yet thy heart is full of blessings,  
O greatest prophet in our land.



In the teachings of Jesus is the key to all  
the problems of life.—Jös. E. Cardon.

## To Apostle Charles C. Rich

(Read by President Joseph R. Shepherd in  
Paris, Bear Lake, on His One Hundredth  
Anniversary.)

**W**E part the veil of Isis and speak to  
thee today,  
O hero of the ages, freed from thy form of  
clay.  
In thy new home of ether where other suns  
give light,  
Thy soul is mounting upward, contending for  
the right.

Thy deeds will live for ever, writ in the  
hearts of men;  
To-day we chant thy praises, join in the glad  
refrain.  
Ten thousand hearts beat warmly at mention  
of thy name;  
O prophet, saint and soldier, the world shall  
know thy fame.

O father of a nation of loyal sons so free,  
And daughters clothed in beauty, we give  
our thanks to thee  
For parentage so noble in father true as steel  
Thy name shall be our watchword thy pres-  
ence to reveal.

Shine on, O star of splendor, still plead with  
gods for men,  
Till with thy Elder Brother you come to  
earth again,

In trailing robes of glory with the redeemed  
of earth,  
When man shall be exalted and claim his  
higher birth.



### *To J. V. Allen*

**B**ROTHER Allen, I remember,  
When you opened wide your purse,  
Giving freely without asking,  
All I needed of your store.

I was then almost a stranger,  
But the spirit warmed your heart,  
And you listened to its promptings,  
As your better nature spoke.

I can never pay you, Brother,  
I can only love, and pray  
That the Father's choicest blessings,  
May be yours for evermore.



Every one should be honest because it is  
right, not for the reason that it is the best  
policy.—H. E. Hatch.

## *Day Break on Temple Hill, Logan*

(To Dr. Weston Vernon and Wife)

**T**HE stars are fading one by one the  
clouds are tinged with red,  
The light gleams on the mountain peaks, as  
night and morning wed.  
A thousand lights from windows shine, ten  
thousand hearts beat warm,  
All nature wakes from sweet repose to greet  
this perfect morn.

The sleeping fields of glistening snow above  
the meadows green,  
Are Nature's royal diadem—the fairest ever  
seen.  
And the winding Logan river like a thread of  
silvery light,  
Reflects the full orb'd dreamy moon, the  
fairy queen of night.

And now the glorious king of day with heal-  
ing in his wings  
Just peers above the mountain tops, as all  
creation sings.  
The Temple spires, the College Dome, the  
firesides of the brave  
Lie nestled neath the giant pines, whose  
lofty pennants wave.

And now the lazy white fleeced clouds, that  
float athwart the sky,  
Reveal the mystic depths of blue to the up-  
turned grateful eye.

O wondrous scene! O beauties rare! O land  
of light and love,  
Smile on through all the years to come, fair  
Eden from above.



## *To Margaret*

**U**NDER England's leafy bowers,  
When you played so free from care,  
Child of promise in the gloaming,  
Of your morn so rich and rare,

All your future passed before me,  
All your joys and sorrows too,  
Blended in a picture perfect,  
Under arch of softened blue.

Then you fed the birds and fishes,  
Then you placed your hand in mine;  
Age and youth then walked together,  
All my being wrapt in thine.

Years have glided on their mission,  
Bringing all I saw for you,  
Now transformed into the woman,  
Classic features kind and true.



Be an Optimist. Work and play—Joseph  
Odell.

## *If We Knew*

(To Miss Agnes Cassidy.)

If we knew just who we are, and where we've  
lived before,  
If we knew the home we're reaching upon  
the Golden shore,  
Our eyes would see more beauties, our hearts  
would feel the thrill,  
And our minds would be in tune with the  
Universal Will.

If we knew the wealth within us—the mines  
of purest gold,  
The sparkling gems of wisdom and the poems  
new and old,  
We would let our lives unfold as the petals  
of the rose,  
That grows in richest soil where the silvery  
fountain flows.

If we knew the cause of pain and the  
language that it speaks,  
If we knew the wounds we give when our  
better nature sleeps,  
We would always act in kindness and dry  
our brother's tears,  
While our hearts would be attuned to the  
music of the spheres.

If we knew just why we came and why we  
cannot stay,  
If we knew the angel voices that speak to us  
each day,

We would work and wait and listen for the  
Master's loving call,  
As we fill life's holy mission with love to one  
and all.

If we knew the Christ within us, that is  
waiting to be born,  
If we knew the friends so near us with loyal  
hearts so warm,  
And the mystery of our being and God's  
eternal plan,  
We would see our image growing into the  
Perfect man.



## *Rest*

(To E. W. Robinson.)

**R**EST, rest, rest,  
And gather up strength for the day,  
Or the tired nerves and the aching brain  
Must die and pass away.

The greed for fame and for gold,  
Kills love and joy and peace;  
Then rest your limbs and quiet your brain,  
And the years of your life shall increase.

Strive not for wealth or for fame,  
But drink from the depths of your soul,  
And quiet your mind in silence so deep,  
And read from the unwritten scroll.

Rest, rest, rest,  
And all that is yours shall come;  
The wind and the waves as you rest and sleep  
Will surely bring your own.

## What We Love

(To the School Children of America.)

**W**E love the trees, the flowers, the birds,  
The running streams, the lowing herds,  
We love the ocean grand and great,  
We love each mountain, star and lake.

We love our parents kind and true,  
We love our daily tasks to do.  
We love our teachers, every one;  
We do not slight our books for fun.

We love our school-room made of brick  
Its lofty towers and walls so thick,  
We love to hear our schoolroom bell,  
We love to drink at the flowing well.

We love our land so broad and free,  
The stars and stripes we love to see.  
We love to sing and talk and play,  
We love to drive dull care away.

We love our God with all our might,  
We love the good, the true, the right.  
We love all things below, Above;  
Our hearts are filled with boundless love.



We should be governed by principle rather  
than by emotion.—J. T. Caine, Jr.

## To Aaron DeWitt.

OD'S choicest gift is thine, dear friend,  
Sweet bard of modern days;  
The healing balm found in thy lines,  
Calls out our warmest praise.

When hours of gloom fall on the heart,  
And the bitter cup is near,  
Thy loving words and soothing lines,  
Dispel all pain and fear.

A thousand hearts in our loved land,  
Beat warm for one so true.  
Ten thousand souls set free from earth,  
Have smiles and love for you.

Live long, sweet bard, to bless thy kind,  
Sweet peace be ever thine.  
No truer bard will ever sing  
Adown the stream of time.



Do it yourself and reap the reward.—John  
A. McAlister.

## *We Reap as We Sow*

(To Prof. Wilhelm Fogelberg and Family.)

**I**F we would reap a harvest of ripened,  
golden grain,

We must sow the golden seed, and give the  
sun and rain;

For 'tis a law of nature, that we reap  
whate'er we sow,

And if the seeds are useless, the weeds and  
thistles grow.

We sowed in Old Atlantis, some seeds of  
Truth and Light,

And now we reap the harvest with sickles  
gleaming bright,

But still we must keep sowing, for ages yet  
to come,

And we may reap the harvest beneath some  
unborn sun.

Then let us sow in kindness, good seeds from  
a loving heart,

And keep the soil moistened—in patience do  
our part,

And wait to do the reaping in ages yet to be,  
When Love shall be the watchword and hu-  
manity be free.

Then sound the joyful tidings to nations near  
and far,

Send out Love's warm vibration from earth  
to every star,

And let the Great Life pulsate till every  
world shall know,

That men and angels everywhere must reap  
just what they sow.

## To Ida on Receiving Her Picture.

 RAY of light, O star of love,  
O angel sweet and fair;  
No other one in all this earth,  
With thee can e'er compare.

I sit entranced before thine eyes;  
They speak again to me,  
As oft they spoke in earlier years,  
When you danced upon my knee.

I live again those happy days,  
When e'er I look on thee.  
Fond memory to her record true,  
Brings all the past to me.

Shine on, O Star, and yet thy light,  
Still guide my erring feet,  
Until that happy day shall come,  
When I my star shall meet.

And may the other stars above,  
Still give their light to thee,  
And fill thy life with love complete,  
My daughter dear to me.



We can't afford to do a mean act.—E. P.  
Bacon.

## To Walter.

**S**MILING, charming Walter,  
Man of wide renown,  
Truthful, honest, Walter,  
Worthy of a crown.

Walter is a songster,  
Graceful as a knight;  
Calm in times of danger.  
Champion of the right.

Walter is a lover,  
Heart as true as steel,  
Constant, faithful, Walter,  
Woman's true ideal.

Walter never gossips,  
Walter loves his queen;  
Walter's words are golden,  
Walter's life is clean.

Have you met my Walter?  
Have you heard him speak?  
Music never sounded  
Half so clear and sweet.

When you see my Walter,  
You will sing his praise.  
Walter's form will haunt you  
All your happy days.



We can afford to be liberal minded.— Supt.  
A. Molyneau.

## To George L. Farrell

(On His 81st Birthday.)

**W**HO earns h's bread by honest toil?  
Who brings great wealth out of the soil?  
Who always smiles and goes his way,  
And has a loving word to say?

G. L. Farrell.

Who loves his sons and daughters too,  
A nation of the brave and true?  
Who loves the truth, the good, the right?  
Who always walks toward the light?

G. L. Farrell.

Who does each day his daily task?  
Who always gives to those who ask?  
Who keeps his youth though years may roll?  
Who is a self-progressive soul?

G. L. Farrell.



Now is the time to aid the cause of education.—Dr. I. P. Stewart.

## To Fred.

**M**Y FRED is a charming fellow,  
As true and as kind as a Knight,  
He lives in an ideal world,

The champion of truth and of right.  
His step is the step of a man,  
His song is the song of a bird,  
The music that comes from his soul,  
Is the sweetest that ever was heard.

My Fred is a lover so true,  
Devoting his life to his queen,  
My Fred is king among men,  
His equal may never be seen.  
A father of true boys and girls,  
A friend in the hour of need,  
A worker, a thinker, a carver  
Of many a golden deed.

My Fred wears an angel smile;  
He wears it by night and by day,  
No cloud can ever arise,  
That will drive his smile away;  
You may call on Fred in the morning,  
You may call on Fred at noon,  
You may call when day declineth,  
His smile will banish a'l gloom.

My Fred will be pleased with the e lines,  
He will know they are written for him,  
His soul will set them to music,  
And the greatest of singers will sing.  
The question will never be asked  
Which Fred gave birth to these lines?  
Tis the Fred who has smiled on you  
The lover of my poor rhymes.

## *A Recent Incident.*

(To Attorney George Q. Rich.)

**I**N ruminat'ion deep and strong,  
The lawyer stood upon his lawn.  
When lo! a friend came strolling by;  
At this the lawyer raised his eye,  
And said in accents kind and clear:  
"Come in and drink a glass of beer;"  
For all is well with me to-day,  
And while we drink this hour away,  
The world may spin and men may fret,  
While all our sorrows we forget.  
Now drink again; this glass is warming.  
We'll be O. K. to-morrow morning.  
My wife is out and yours in Frisco;  
Well, good-bye friend, if you must go."



I believe that the soul of nature answers  
every true prayer.—Ira A. Cole.

JUN 9 1910

*To Our Friends  
Everywhere*

Look upon Cache Valley the beautiful, with her gardens, fruits, and flowers; list to the melody of her mountain streams, the song of her birds, and the hum of industry in all her villages and towns; feel the warm heart-throb of her liberty loving people, then join her in her march to a higher civilization.

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Logan, Utah.

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