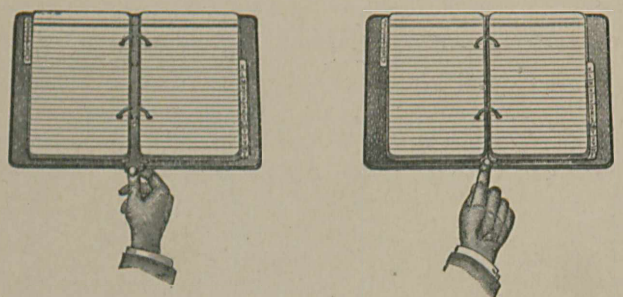


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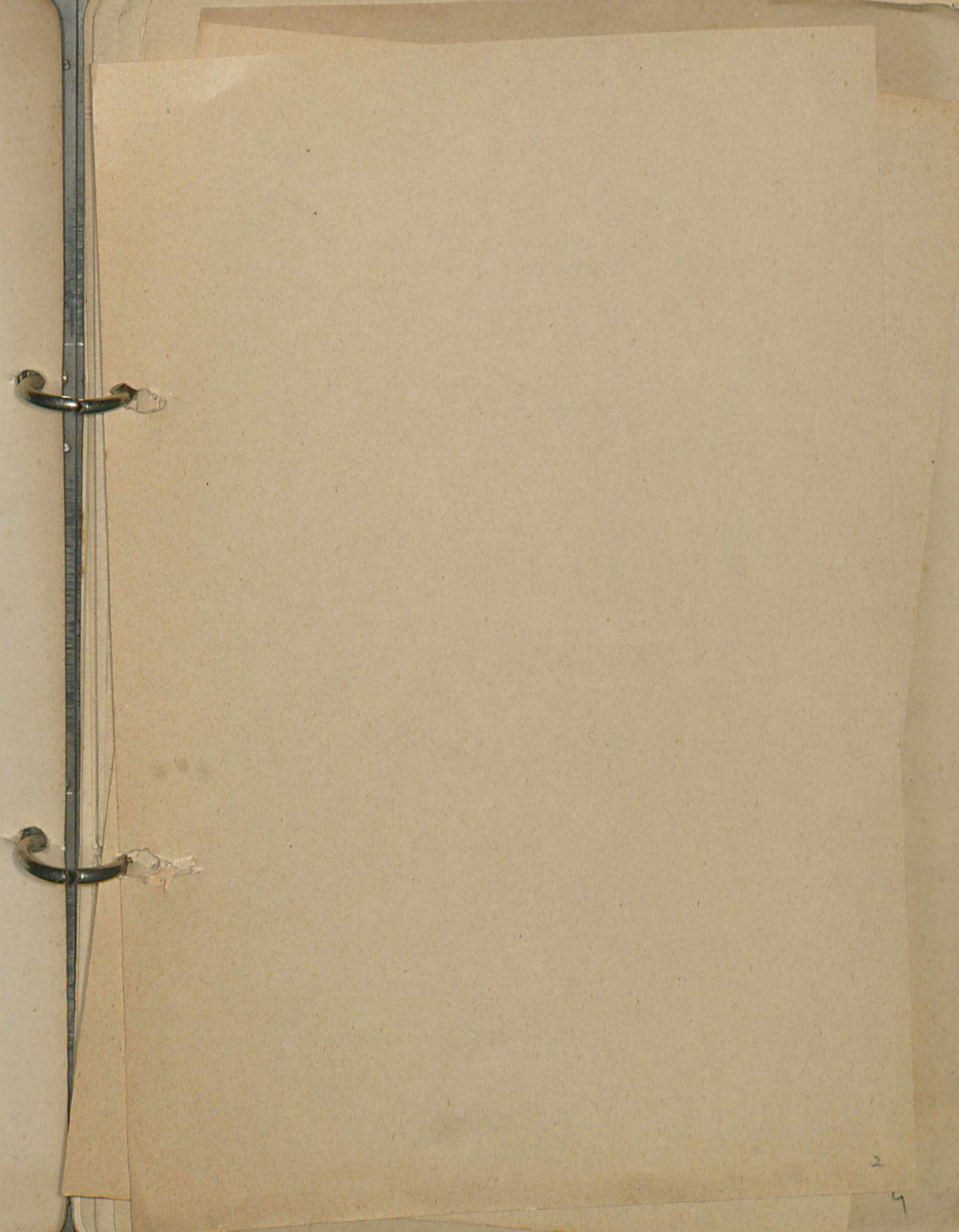
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JUVENILIA

E. A. Thomson

To Robert Browning.

O, Prince of Poets, I would come to thee,
When I am weary of the world's affairs,
When I am captured by the sinful snares
That cross my path and overshadow me.
For, when my eyes are blinded, thou canst see,
When I would weep thou smilst away my cares,
And all unknowing answerest my prayers;---
Till, like thy Pippa, with a spirit free
As God's sweet air I sing away my heart,
In joy at living in a world so fair.
And when I count my friends, I set apart
A shrine for thee. There in a shady nook
'Tis my delight to open up this book,
And find thy spirit waiting for me there.

E. A. T.

Easter Sunday 1913.

Autumn.

Sept. 1912.

I know that autumn is coming,
For I saw the black crows fly,
In an even + noisy procession
Across a cloud-ridden sky.

I heard the rush of the water
Along the flags of the quay.
And I saw the sail boats shuddering
Over a white, crested sea.

I know that autumn is coming
For at night I heard the rain
Come down thru the wastes of haze
And splash on my window pane.

The leaves are fallen in their bareness
There's a weariness in the wind.
The power of the sunlight has vanished
And at seven the world goes blind.

I know that autumn is coming
For my heart is heavy with pain
And I fear me that God may forget us
And never send Spiritings again.

Oh girls listen
Help me pray
You are heartless
Everyone
I just wish that
I could run!
Only last look
A parting glance
Tis my only
Only chance!
Good-bye classmates
Pray for me!
If I pass
I will be with C!!!

College Bells

(A Parody on E. Poe's 'The Bells')

Feb. 1907.

Hear the awful rising bells
Startling bells.
What a world of sleepiness their echoing
foretells.

How they jangle, jangle, jangle,
E'er the passing of the night
While their voices seem to brawle
And our sweet dreams roughly though
With the wickedest delight!

Keeping time, time, time
In a sort of Runic rhyme.

To the madning perseverance that sponta-
neously wells

From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,

From the jangling of the awful rising bells.
#

Hear the mellow dinner bells.
Charming bells!

What a world of dainty things their har-
mony foretells

All at once the day seems bright
Downstairs file we, in delight
As the gong the waiter becalms
Delicious tunes

And the same note e'er repeats
Then our dinner done we see + take out seat
Pulaf + Trunes!

O! the dinner how it smells
In us gratitude impels

To the dearest of the College
Bells, bells, bells

O! the bells, bells, bells, bells

Bells, bells, bells

The delicious, life-refreshing, dinner bells

Hear the dear retiring bells
Welcome bells!

What a gush of restfulness their harmony
foretells

In the drowsy time of night
Steady burn the fires bright
And they always seem to speak
Of the comfort we would seek
In our beds.

No more lessons can be done till the dawn
ing of the morrow.

Ended now are all our trials, all our
troubles, all our sorrow!

Oh! we feel so tired, tired
And our souls are fried, fried
We'll be studious + clever
And be naughty oh no! never

We say, when down we lay, our heads.
Oh the bells, bells, bells

What a tale their ringing tells
Of sweet dreams.

How our spirit sinks + swells
By the sinking + the swelling in the
story of the bells
Of the bells

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells
Bells, bells, bells

In the dear, reposeful, glad retiring bells.

An Appeal

March 1907.

(An imaginary story of one of the school girls falsely accused by Sir George Jeffreys.)

I stood before great England's judge,
I looked at him, and tried to smile,
My face was pale, my breath came fast
And I was trembling all the while.

I glanced around the solemn court.
I saw the jury, judge and all
I heard Sir Jeffreys' thundering voice;
I saw all cower at his call.

My schoolmates too, were fear beset
Some moaning & some weeping sore.
I then resolved that I alone
For grace & pity would implore.

I tried to speak, my lips were dumb
And begging mercy, raised my hands.
With visage harsh he tried to stop
Me, as I made my poor demands.

I looked the justice in the face
Right at his eyes, so stern & fierce
Whose angry lustre in their gaze
Seemed in my very soul to pierce.

Then, of a sudden I felt brave
And trembling leaved its fearful hold
I stood alone before the court
These were my words, I fear too bold

Triplets

Feb. 1908.

It's awfully hard to stay in school,
When others have vacation.
To have your days arranged by rule,
It's awfully hard to stay in school,
To keep your nerves & temper cool,
When tried to desperation!
It's awfully hard to stay in school
When others have vacation.

Little maid, with curly hair,
Will you dance with me?
We'll go whirling through the air,
Little maid with curly hair,
If they want to - let them stare.
We're together - what care we?
Little maid with curly hair,
Will you dance with me?

P. U. Welcome Song.

Oct. 1908.

Get again with joy we gather,
In congenial company,
Once again to sing the praises
Of our dear society.
And our hearts are true & loyal
Gladly, joyfully we sing—
P. B. J. U.
Sweetly let the chorus ring,
Over mountain over valley
Sweetly let the chorus ring.

Many members new we welcome
Amongst our number here tonight,
New willing hands to help us,
Many faces glad & bright.
And we bind with golden fetters
Everyone to these our letters—
P. B. J. U.

Keep the secret long & well
Cherish it with constant guarding,
Mysteries you may not tell.

Each new member brings her talent
Each one brings her loving heart,
Each one feels a fervent longing,
For P. U. to do her part.
With a new & fuller meaning
Will she sing these letters four
P. B. J. U.

And the name will sound more dear
As she takes her way thro' college
Every day and every year.

Fragment

November 1911

Dearest, I love the colour of your eyes -
A soft clear blue, like early summer skies
They are the open windows of your soul
I see a glimpse that I may judge the whole

Dearest, I love the blessing of your face,
There I may look at any time & trace
The records of a life so good & true
That I am spurred to higher things, anew.

Dearest, I love the sweetness of your smile
My heart is healed & comforted the while
I look upon it. If the world seems wrong
And I have failed, your smile will make
me strong.
-E. A. J.

The First Mad Day of Spring.

Apr. 4, 1911.

If I might be a poet bold,
To write some glowing rhyme,
But once in all the space of years,
Held fast by ruthless Time;
If I might choose a single day
The day on which to sing
My heart away. I think I'd choose
The first mad day of Spring!

That day when earth throes & flowers
As if expectant stand
Intent to catch a signal sent
By some life-giving hand
When skies are blue & breezes soft
As down, bestir the air.
When death is like a thing apart
And life seems one long prayer.

That day when gladness fills the veins
And lo! life's cares are flown.
The present hour claims every will
And pleasure ^{creates} as its own.
Would I could be a poet then
Ah! would that I could sing
My heart away. I'd give it all —
That first mad day of Spring!

I'd sing of buds that lope & bust
Of bees whose dainty stings
Prepares to suck the precious store
That summer's blossoms bring.
Of birds, whose overflowing hearts
Can find no song so sweet
That it can full express the joy

I love the quiet comfy time -
Before I go to bed,
The long, long days lie far behind
And dreamland lies ahead.

I see my wee bed all turned down
So show the sheets so white -
The clean soft pillow seems to say
"It's time to say goodnight."

[And on the table near at hand
There stands the lacy lamp
I hear the carriages go past,
Or patient horses stamp.]

I look out of the window pane
And see the twinkling lights
Of all the houses in the town
And whisper them goodnight

I wonder if the birds abroad
Are going to dreamland too
And if the flowers are shutting up
Their petals from the dew.

Then mother comes to tuck me up -
She sits down cozily
Beside my bed & tells me tales
Or sings a song to me.

I am so glad to go to bed
I've worked so hard all day
That I am tired of everything
- I cannot even play.

12

Best time

I have the great advantage
before I go to bed
The last day I sleep for hours
and the morning is bright

There is no need to be
to think the best is white
The same is the case with
the time to go to bed

[The first of the birds
The first of the birds
The first of the birds
The first of the birds]

The first of the birds
The first of the birds
The first of the birds
The first of the birds

The first of the birds
The first of the birds
The first of the birds
The first of the birds

The first of the birds
The first of the birds
The first of the birds
The first of the birds

The first of the birds
The first of the birds
The first of the birds
The first of the birds

And so I tightly close my eyes,
I never know just when
I fall asleep - till morning comes
And I wake up again.

S. G. D.

Mona Lisa

Oct. 1906.

I saw a woman sitting there before me,
Her idle hands upon her lap were crossed
As if she sat for artist-famed to paint her,
In fairest attitude and smile engrossed.

Her eyes were soft and sad like even twilight
Her mouth was smiling, yet beneath there lay
The shadow of a sorrow, as when sunshine
Thro' thinnest film of cloud doth find its way
[gleaming.]

Her neck and throat were bare + snow white
Against her hair, which parted fell adown
Upon her graceful shoulders, wrapping round
In tenderest embrace. The fields of brown

Were in the landscape far, in misty distance
Perhaps the famed artist put them there,
So that even Nature's scenes might well be
In every detail with his lady fair.

Composition Class.

EDT

Spring February 1905.

O Spring we hail thy gentle birth
Who comes to clothe this barren earth
You wake those who have slept so long
You bring the birds with joyous song.

The cold hard snows have fled away
With your bright sun, they cannot stay
You fill the universe with Love,
The earth beneath, the heaven above.

Your long bright sunbeams shyly creep
At each small flow'ret fast asleep
"Is time to rise, my sweetest one!"
They say "The happy Spring has come."

We love you, Spring the best of all,
The blossoms all obey your call.
We love you best and try to be
As happy, cheerful bright as thee.

EAT

Miss Loscadyan April 1905.

Wispering girls
Bobbing curls
Naughty glances
Happy dances
Loscadyan
Comes along
Peering look
Report book!!

My Flower Bed.

March 1905.

I have a little flower bed
Strewn with flowers many
Some are white and some are red.
I have a little flower bed
Many flowers there are bred
I would not part with any.
I have a little flower bed
Strewn with flowers many.

I dearly love my flowers sweet
Licked in colors bright and gay
That make a carpet at my feet
I dearly love my flowers sweet,
And fair in all the world did meet
Fragrant flowers such as they
I dearly love my flowers sweet
Licked in colors bright and gay.

EAT

The Solitary Mother
Jan. 1907

Listen! listen! do you hear?
Bells are ringing far and near
Bringing in the glad New Year
Joyfully!

Harken harken to their chime
In a soft harmonious rhyme
Waiting for old Father time
Faithfully.

Oh I hear the New Year's song
Sing by some gay phantom throng
And the pealing bells ring on,
Merrily.

Do you hear the wild rain beat
See the gleaming snow and sleet
Hear it falling in the street?
Dreadfully?

Do you see me sitting here
On this New Year's eve so drear
Holding close my baby dear
Watchfully?

Yes you see me sitting so
I am singing softly, low
And I watch the old year go
Mournfully.

How the wind howls round the room,
And the darkness cast a gloom,
And wild shadows round me loom,
Fearfully.

Continued

Shadows of the days gone by
When a maiden blithe was I
Glad days pass, the moments fly
Speedily

All those days are now but shades
'Tis but Love that never fades
Only Love my heart pervades
Happily.

Hear the clock is striking, hear!
Sleep my sweet one, banish fear
Mother'll watch till he comes dear
Patiently.

Listen! Listen! do you hear
Bells are ringing far and near
Bringing in the glad New Year
Joyfully.

EAT

Before an Exam (the parting words)
Jan 1907.

Give the minutes
Only five
Till the dread time
Shall arrive.
Feet are icy
Headache too
I know nothing,
Oh do you?
Who was born
In 1549
Charles the fifth or
Thomas More?
There, I knew it
What's the date
New York came
A full fledged state?
I please tell me
I shall die
I feel almost
Like I'd cry,
Can't you hear me
Pity me
Who discovered
The Caspian Sea?
Won't you listen
Goodness sake
Quiet girls!
What a noise you make
Here's my note book
Let me see
I must learn page
Page 33.
There's the bell!!
I'm lost I say!

2.17.1

Continued

"If there be any God in heaven
Who loves mankind both rich & poor
Whose voice is heard in thunders roll
And mighty ocean's ceaseless roar,

Then let him come & justice give,
And curse the brute that sitteth there!
Tho' thou canst hurt the innocent
Before God's eye Ah! wilt thou dare?

Is this our England? blessed Isle
Where Freedom's trumpet long to sound
And liberty surrounds its walls
And justice, mercy, peace abound?

O! may the curse of our just God
Fall on thy head thou cruel man.
Thou hast thy way in life on earth.
Remember! think, how brief the span.

I can but speak, I have no strength
Thy word can tell me where I stand
But God is on my side, I know
My cry will ring thro' all the land

And England shame upon thyself!
Is this to be endured yet
If so, I prophecy with truth
The country's powers already set.

Ah smile thou foul, foul judge
Ah smile at but a schoolgirl's call,
But I say before all here,
This year shall see thy mighty fall."

Continued)

'Twas all I said, & like a flood
That surges up with thundering war
I seemed to lose myself & power,
And darkness came, I knew no more.

When I awoke, I lay alone
Twas evening and the setting sun
Glanced sadly in. The vesper bells
Told every man, the day was done.

This is my story, nothing much
A simple girl who spoke her mind.
But proof there is that good was done
For, such another justice find!

To Grace -
Two friends.

Feb. 1908

The first lived in a Western chime
Beneath the southern skies.
The light of youth was in her face,
And sunshine in her eyes.
The summer breezes kissed her cheeks,
And put two roses there.
And people whispered as they past;
'Ah! she is wondrous fair!'
Her heart was warm & wild & free,
She dashed o'er prairies wide,
And freedom flew along with her,
And youth rode by her side.
All day the sunlight shone on her
It made her glad & gay,
She stopped to gather as she past,
Life's pleasures, on her way.

The second lived in Eastern land,
Afar across the sea,
Beneath the crescent & the star,
Beneath the cypress tree.
The ruins of a bygone day,
Lay round on every side.
The signs of ancient victories,
Of pomp & fallen pride. 15
The spirits of departed years,
They whispered in her ear
For gotten tales of long ago,
Untold by sage & seer.

She told the winds that passed along
To take a message sweet
Unto her friend across the sea,
And lay it at her feet.

The kindly breezes bore it on,
Until they reached her door,
And, saying softly in her ear,
"She loves you" - blew no more

EAT

Alma Mater.

June "Maryland my Maryland."

At the center of the world,
All the lands around thee
Orient and Occident
With their best have crowned thee.
Chorus: -

O our College tried & true
We will love thee ever
Alma Mater and the blue,
We'll forget thee never.

At thy feet the Bosphorus,
Lies in all its beauty & glory
'Neath the towers & the mosques
Famed in song & story. Chorus.

From the shores of Greece we come
And from Danube's waters.
Or from ancient Ararat
We - thy loyal daughters. Chorus.

Though we wander far away,
We will love thee ever
Lessons deep we've learnt from thee
To forget - no never. Chorus.

Miss Prime's
composition

P. B. T. U. Song.

All hail those joyous time of Spring!
The time of fragrant flowers,
Thou makest earth with joy to sing;
Refresh her with showers.
In Spring in robes of pink + green,
In June in darker hues she's seen,
But spring in her bright sheen -
Is our time of pink + green

P. B. T. U. our letters four
What mysteries they involve!
Their meaning is a problem sore,
Which none but we, can solve.
Then let us guard with greatest care,
These words which none with us may share
In loyal hearts + purpose true
Our colors pink + green.

We'll hold our colors true + long
In heart, their secret cherish.
And never while the world we roam,
Our love for them shall perish.
Then to our letters we'll be true
And ne'er read P. B. T. U.
And sing aloud the praises
Which Pink + Green upraises.

2nd

Bosphorus Blue.

1. The joys of the days in Scutari
Are many + varied tows.
None flow so deep in the memory
As those of the blue Bosphorus.

Chorus:

Roll on, roll on, beautiful Bosph deep blue
Roll on roll on beautiful Bosphorus blue.

2. As we float in a lovely graceful caique,
Or in a steamer embark
No words can express as we speak them
The impress of eye + of heart.

Chorus.

3. And when college days are all over
And we leave the Bosphorus then,
We'll think of the pleasures that hover,
And long so to taste them again.

Chorus.

4. By towers + strong walls protected
Across the swift waters wide
A college here is erected
Where brothers + cousins reside.

Chorus.

5. Because of the fortifications
We never can go there alone,
To inspect the boys' educations
Without a severe chaperon.

Chorus

Roll for us Bosph. bet. our colleges to go
Roll for us Bosph. as often we come + go.

EAT

King's

Contab. 1910.

Cambridge May 1910

Doest thou remember, oh my best beloved
How long ago - in quaint old Contab town
We met? and on a rainy winter's eve
We walked to King's together - you & I?
'Twas in the time when we had scarcely known
For long, that marvellous host of new born love
We did not dare to whisper what we dreamed
Nor even to acknowledge to ourselves
The strange new feelings, tipping at our hearts

The night was damp & chill, I well recall
The lamps a-down the narrow streets shone out
In misty, haloed dimness & around
The drizzling rain poned down incessantly.
We did not mind - to weather & the world
We seemed oblivious. Huddled we wound
Our way together, thru the college gate,
Emblazoned with the carvings of the Kings,
Now wholly hidden by the veil of night.
We stopped before the chapel's massive door
And saw, in wonder how its slender spires
Shot up ward in the darkness to the sky,
That, in its bosom showed us ghim'ing
Not moon. Instead a black & mighty vault.
We paused a moment in the spacious porch,
Ere entering; perhaps to get our minds
Attuned to what we hoped to hear & see
Within the sacred precincts just ahead.
We entered. All the place was dim & dark.
The porous roof that oft at other times
We loved to gaze on, was entirely lost
In inky blackness far above our heads.
In front - in vista, like a road to heaven
Stood rows of ^{tablets} candles on the stalls

(continued)

In double line. They lighted up the books
That open lay, at the Magnificat.
We sought for seats far back, where other eyes
Could hardly fathom the surrounding gloom;
And waited silently with bated breath
For music, song & service to begin.

The chapel timepiece chimed the hour of five.
And scarce had its vibrations died away
Upon the quivering air, when suddenly
The deep-mouthed organ rolled its pean forth.
The hand that guided it, with wondrous skill
Gave power to the lifeless thing, to tell
Of heights the soul of man was searching for
Of beauty that awaited him in heaven
Of God - & mysteries of life & Death!
The choir boys, clothed in the surpluses
Sweet-cheeked faces, comely English lads
Came in, in reverent processional,
And took their seats. The inner door was closed
And ~~the~~ ^{there was} ~~was~~ left to darkness deeper than before.
The service sounded fainter. How & then
We caught the echo of a phrase & presently
The distant choir burst into glad song -
A song of praise & triumph unto God -
A song of joyous life & gratitude.
It died into a sound scarce audible
And lost itself ^{at last} against the walls of hall.
And millioned windows of the wide-faced
The chanting of the priest, the low response
Of people in the church, the evening psalm
The singing of the anthem, piercing sweet,
All mingled with our thro'ts of love & life
And held us bound together - one in heart.

(Continued)

The service ended. Out into the damp
and darkness of the misty night we passed
Each feeling things too deep for common words
In silence walked we back into the street,
And in amongst the busy hurry up crowd
Of black-poured youths.

Two things we have ^{night} that
A fuller knowledge of the mystery divine
A greater love for God - And by that love
Our own had blossomed strong & beautiful!

E. Q. 7.

Have you ever been angry with life + its woes
And denied the co-existence of truth?
I have - many times. It is then that I've cried
For the beautiful days of my youth.

And I longed, with the longing that comes when you're ^{old}
to return thru the magical door
But lo! it was bolted with ^{and} strong iron bars
of ^(years) life - I could enter no more!
_{I had tried.}

EAT

Quatrain.

Apr. 1911.

The beauty of the blossoming haw-
thorn tree,
The vastness of the ocean's wide
expanse
The ^{conage} faith of ^{the} armed warrior's
trusty lance —
All this cannot express my
love for thee.

E.A.J.

April 1911

Sunset at Constantinople.

The city of the crescent lies enwrapp'd
In glowing colours of the setting sun;
Like some fair flower that in its dying bloom
Pours forth its sweeteners, ere its day is done.
The sun behind its screen of filmy clouds
Drops down in molten fire, of red & gold
And leaves the towers, the white & domed mosques
In beautiful light man trembles to behold.

The rosey flush spreads o'er the Bosphorus
And mingles with the silver of the stream
That bears upon its changeful shimmering
breat

A caïque - like a picture in a dream.
The rowers' tired limbs move wearily
With motion slow & rhythmical they sway.
The drops that distil from their dripping oars
Are tangled with the light of dying day.

The banks on either side are sinking fast
In to the night; but here & there are seen
The glimmer of a palace or beyond
A cypress grove that fades to sombre green.
The slender minarets are tipped with fire
The evening star that rises scarce can vie
With them for brilliancy at first. But soon
The star is left triumphant in the sky.

The shrieking crows in long processional
Flock cypress-ward. A silence fills the air
When suddenly there falls upon the ear
The calling of the muezzin to prayer.

Cambridge
Memories — Cantab 1910.
Jan. 1911.

Do you remember long ago
On quiet Sunday nights
When corridors were void & still
We turned down all the lights?
And sat in dying twilight
Five figures grouped around
The open fire, whose crackles made
A soft & friendly sound?
The fire from the glowing coals
Cast shadows on the wall.
While out of doors we heard the rain
In gentle cadence fall.
Each moment of those long yonder days
Comes back to me once more.
It all seems real to me again.
I've but to touch the door
And I can see them sitting there.
There's Tip, a graceful pile
Upon the bed, & on the floor,
Sits Tommy, with her smile!
Right near the fire, hands outstretched
To catch the warmth & glow
Is Pat, the stern philosopher.
Indeed we'd have to go
For many miles before we'd find
Another such as she.
With sternest gaze thru spectacles
She smiles reprovingly.
Then Taffy — spread upon a chair
Her feet in charming pose
Upon the bed. A silent lass
She never makes a noise,
Unless some unexpected wit-
Comes sailing in her ken.

(Continued)

Their souls would fair reflect.

I'd snip of mirth & happiness
I'd snip of youth & love

Of hopes that turn our sordid minds
To think on things above.

My noblest thro'ts, my best endeavors
An offering I'd bring.

I'd snip my very heart away
That first mad day of Spring!

(S.D.)

(continued)

She gets the giggles. Ah I fear
She is not silent then!
There's still one more that I can see.
With one leg tucked away
Sits Burmie; by some she's called
A "shukite", so they say.
Her hair is golden, soft & bright

I see the fire dance
Upon it - in the fitful shade
I see it glint & glaze.

These are the five. They come to talk
Of many serious things
Of love, of friends, of work, of play
Of cabbages — and kings.

Discussions rise to fever height
And dip so pounds with strength

Then Tom corroborates her tale
And supplements at length.

Then Tom chips in with some ideal
The rest reply in haste.

"Ideals are Tommie's weaknesses

"But we have better taste!"

Next Burmie takes up "marriages"

She is reproved by Pat
Severely. And in woe she cries,
"Exit I — squashed flat!"

We talk of why exams are long
And why the dons are cross
And if the Arab went away!!

How much we'd feel her loss!!
We talk of undergraduates

And why they wear green socks
Discuss the latest fad in hats,
The newest style in frocks.

(continued)

We wonder if we'll get an A
In essays for the week
We question why Miss Blessin smokes
And "Do Miss Lodge a freak?"
And why our Beauty rolls her eyes
And why Miss Evelyn smiles
With everlasting cheerfulness,
To banish earthly trials.
An hour or so the talk goes on
How eloquent, now dull.
Until the hostess tactfully
Perceives a gentle lull.
Out comes the jovial cocoa jug
The circle closer draws
Around the open fireplace
And in the pleasant pause
Each serious maid abandons words
And down, a social race.
A business air, a happy smile
Illuminates each face.
The cakes & biscuits are produced
The cocoa measured out
Each member seats herself in state
'twixt cushions spread about.
At length the cocoa really boils
'Tis poured into each cup.
The maids in well deserved content
May then begin to sup.
Oh staid! I tell of what is said
Above the cocoa's steam
It is not for the vulgar crowd
To know the text or theme.
What secrets & what burning thro'ts
Are told in confidence!

(Continued)

What-tales of guesswork + awe
And mystery intense!

Enough. A voice is heard to say
"D'you know, it's past eleven,
"And if to-morrow you would shine
"You must be up by seven."

Time passes + the days that were
Can never be again.

But we can thank the gentle fates
At least they once have been.

Sweet memories that crowd our mind
Sweets tho'ts of Cantab days.

What is the thing you love the best?
The Brotherhood — always
E.O.D.

The Magical Door

Feb. 1912.

I remember the beautiful days of my youth
when the world was a wonderful place -
where soon I might go, thru a magical door
to run with the best, in the Race.

I thought it was full of the finest & best
that fame has, almost at hand
like horses of old, I shaded my eyes
to gaze on my ^{a new} promised land.

I pictured the glory & splendour I'd see
the greatness & goodness in store. youth
And I longed, with the foolhardy longing of
to ride thru the magical door.

I heard people speak of a pitiless world
there were warnings. I brushed them aside
I was strong, I was brave, I could vie with
I felt like a king in my pride. the best.

I dreamed my wild dreams. I wove my sweet
I built fairy castles in Spain. that
(And tho' they have vanished, I will not believe
that ever I built them in vain.)

For I entered at last, thru the magical door
by our eager soul was the key.
It was wonderful - oh - but so different, so strange
not at all as I dreamed it would be!

Have you ever felt weary, hopeless & sad
at a world that you cannot make right?
When your hopes grow so dim, they almost are gone
like the sun - at the coming of night.

(Continued)

The mournful cry goes out across the stream
It wakens echoes on the further shore
It fills the heart with peace unfeigned
'Tis over too soon. And silence falls once more
E. A. J.

Sonnet.

May 1911.

When we are old & shadows in our way
grow deeper, with the fast advancing years
will death still hold for us its wonted pair?
Whose terror marred our youth's most
joyful day?

Will that almighty spirit - death whose
sway
we tremble, still demand our burning
tears

And bitter anguish as in former years?
He thinks 'twill not be so. Our feeble clay
will rise to nobler heights, when we are
old.

The head of death, in youth we feared to
know
will lose its horror. Then the awful

will be our truest friend. And he will
hold

us closely, till with him all unafraid

The bliss of life eternal to behold.
E.A.D.

Recitations.

(Cont.)

1. The Romance of the Swans Nest Mrs. Browning.
2. The Destruction of Sennacherib Byron
3. Lady Clare Tennyson
4. The Erl King Goethe (Scott's trans.)
5. The Charge of the Light Brigade Tennyson.
6. King Robert of Sicily Longfellow.
7. The Idyll of the Carp Stobson.
8. Quarrel scene in Julius Caesar Act IV Scene III Shakespeare.
9. Ode to the North-east Wind Kingsley.
10. The Defense of Lucknow Tennyson
11. The Revenge Tennyson
12. Killed at the Ford Longfellow.
13. The Top and the Ball Anderson.
14. Paul Revere's Ride Longfellow.
15. Aunt Phillis's Bonnet G. Eliot.

Sonnet.

Mar. 23. 1913.
Easter Sunday.

To Robert Browning.

Oh Prince of Poets, I would come to
thee,

When I am weary of the world's
affairs

When I am captured by the sinful
snares

That cross my path & overshadow
me.

For, when my eyes are blinded, thou
canst see,

When I would weep, thou smilest
away my cares,

And all unknowing, answerest my
prayers--

See, like thy Pippa, with a spirit
free

As God's sweet air, I sing away my
heart

In joy at living in a world so fair.

And when I count my friends, I set
apart

A shrine for thee. There, in a shady
nook

'Tis my delight to open up this book,
And find thy spirit waiting for
me there.

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