

ODD MOMENTS

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Odd moments by Edna Boyden

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EDNA BOYDEN

ODD MOMENTS

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BY
EDNA BOYDEN, M. A.



CHRISTMAS, 1908
COCHRANE PUBLISHING CO.
NEW YORK

13088A

To My Dear
FATHER AND MOTHER

WAVE
BOY
WAVE

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By EDNA BOYDEN, M. A.

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DUTY.

I.

Each one has here a duty to perform;
God sent each here
To make the world the better by his life,
Each day, each year:

II.

Tho' some may traverse Fame's bright paths, 'mid praise
Lie down to rest;
Yet some must lead a life obscure and plain.
God knows what's best.

III.

So do whate'er thy hand shall find to do,
With all thy might,
If lowly tasks or high God sends, and know
All will be right.

A SPRING MORNING IN THE COUNTRY.

WHAT can compare with the joy of a spring morning in the country? To be awakened by the sunrise hymn of the birds—those dear little travelers who, with the robin and the bluebird in the lead, have just returned from their winter sojourn in the sunny South! To throw open the

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window in the early morning and listen to their sweet, clear notes as they gaily greet the rising sun!

To walk abroad early in the day, across the spongy meadows where the grass has just the faintest touch of green; to welcome gladly each little, swelling bud on the brown, bare trees, as one ascends the winding path through a stretch of woods to search for the first hepatica and to hear the never-ceasing rushing of the hillside stream swollen from the melting snow!

To climb higher and higher until the summit is reached and there to pause and feel the gentle breeze of spring fanning the cheek, while one breathes in the sweet, woody odors never so fragrant and delicate as in springtime.

Not merely to see and hear and breathe in the beauty but to *feel* it in an inexpressible way! The splendor, the grandeur, the solemnity of it all! The deepening of one's love of Nature and of Nature's God! The sense of nearness to the Great Creator, He "Who made this splendor!"

The inspiration! The power received from a deepened appreciation of Nature, that enables one to do a better day's work on returning to the daily duties of life!

This is enjoying to its fullest extent the early hours of a spring morning in the country!

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THE JOYS OF AN AUTUMN RAMBLE.

Is there anything more enjoyable in autumn, to a lover of Nature, than a solitary ramble through the woods? When one's daily toil is over, what a pleasure it is to stroll along a country road until the path through one's favorite stretch of woods is reached! The air is bracing and sweet with a most peculiar, pleasant odor of dying leaves, that rustle with a show of life, beneath one's tread and then fall back to Mother Earth in a calm, complaisant kind of way, ready to die, their beautiful gorgeous tints of red and yellow fast fading into a sombre brown. Their gay companions who still linger on the branches, rival in perfection of coloring the most brilliant sunset one has ever witnessed. A gentle breeze stirs them and slowly some of their number flutter downward like a gay company of birds with brilliant plumage.

A few late flowers, such as goldenrod and wild asters, still blossom along the path. One cannot refrain from comparing the warm, pleasant sunshine with the dull, wintry skies that are coming and the present splendor and brilliancy of the landscape with the sad, gray woods of winter where the wind will blow cold and bleak among the naked branches. "Fain would we linger" in the charming season of autumn. But that cannot be. Like the little brook that one meets in one's ramble, our course must be "onward, ever onward."

As an old friend one greets this little stream swollen now to a mighty, rushing current. Truly it is in the autumn that "brooks from woods begin to rise." How