

**AUTUMN LEAVES FROM AN
EASTERN MAPLE; A
COLLECTION OF SONGS AND
VERSES FOR THE HOME FOLKS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649527151

Autumn Leaves from an Eastern Maple; A Collection of Songs and Verses for the Home Folks
by Mrs. Lucina Moon

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

MRS. LUCINA MOON

**AUTUMN LEAVES FROM AN
EASTERN MAPLE; A
COLLECTION OF SONGS AND
VERSES FOR THE HOME FOLKS**

TO MISS
ABRILLIA



*Yours Faithfully
Mrs. Lucina Mavin.*

AUTUMN LEAVES

FROM
AN EASTERN MAPLE

A Collection of Songs and Verses
for the Home Folks

BY
Mrs. Lucina Moon



Copyright 1922
By Mrs. Lucina Moon

PACIFIC UNION COLLEGE PRESS
ST. HELENA, CALIF.

DEDICATION

TO the memory of my beloved mother who, though asleep these many years, yet speaks to me still by her early prayers and counsel;

TO the dear friends who have helped me by their kind words of encouragement and assistance;

And to my dear young people, hoping that in this modest little volume they may find some word of help or cheer which shall be to them a stepping-stone to the higher life, and that we may each one be ready to answer when the "Home Call" shall sound;

This booklet is Dedicated.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

70 .vmlj



The Snow Lesson

'Twas New Year's morning, and the sky was clouded
And still o'er all a robe of whiteness shone,
For in the night our Father spread a blanket
O'er field and forest green and bushes prone,
O'er muddy places, for the time forgotten,
The frowning crag, the tall ferns bending low,
Where tender hands tucked in around the edges
A lovely mantle of the purest snow.

All nature on that morning woke rejoicing,
For how could we poor mortals fail to see
The emblem of pure lives writ out before us,
So plainly it was meant for you and me;
A robe of charity spread o'er our failings,
A blessing from His hands we all may know
That, scarred by sin, unworthy all by nature,
We may at last be cleansed as white as snow.

I wonder if the children in the homeland,
And they who now have grown to manhood's prime,
Who year by year this wondrous magic ponder
Have learned its lesson in the winter time.
Here where so seldom come beautiful snow-storms,
A blessing follows as they come and go.
O may we all soon learn full well the lesson
So kindly given in the spotless snow.

And when with earth the sky itself seems blending
As 'round us eddy snowflakes in the air,
They'll be to us a type of joy unending,
The bliss and purity we'll have "up there."
And though so soon their forms shall melt and vanish,
Their beauty trodden in the grime below,
Yet in our thoughts their lesson sweet we'll cherish
And ask that He may make us "white as snow."

Our Boys

I love the boys, with their rush and noise,
And their hearts brimming o'er with fun;
And their hearty shout on the air rings out
As from school they homeward run.
Such a romping, rollicking lot of boys,
With their rosy faces, but then
We must always remember, in spite of it all,
That these boys of ours make men.

"What shall it be?" the parents ask,
As over his couch they bend.
"Shall he carry the noble burden of work
For others till time shall end?
Or shall he to those in darkness
Send the truth with tongue or pen?"
We must always remember they will grow up,
Our boys will surely make men.

Shall a life of pleasure his soul beguile,
With no thought of the world's great need?
Or with face alight with heavenly smile,
Fill his life with the kindly deed?
There's no room for the sluggard or trifler now,
But for honest boys, and then
No matter where their ways may lead,
We'll be glad that our boys made men.

There are many thorns for the little feet,
And pitfalls for care-free youth;
There are sins that stick in the human heart,
There are ways of goodness and truth.
Which road shall it be? The road of despair?
Or the road of purity? Then
We shall not regret though the years will fly,
If our boys make noble men.