

LEAFLETS FROM NATIVE WOODS

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Leaflets from Native Woods by H. M. Holmes

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H. M. HOLMES

**LEAFLETS FROM
NATIVE WOODS**

LEAFLETS

—FROM—

Native Woods.

—BY H. M. HOLMES.—

Every life is a book—Experiences are leaves.

"As face answereth to face in water, so the heart of man to man."

CAMBRIDGE, ILLS.:
B. W. SEATON, PRINTER, CHIEF OFFICE.
1888.
V65

INVOCATION.

Come! gentle Muse, whose potent spell,
O'er field and prairie, wood and dell,
Hung from my early childhood days
My own New England's dreamy haze;
Like her blue summits, which appear
To mount and blend in upper sphere;
Thy fantasies in wayside walks—
Suggestions thine in simple talks—
Lifted many a hillock low
To simulate the mountain's brow,
And bent the glory of the sky
Through rainbow-tinted ministry;
I cull thy flowers along the path,
Some starry blooms the valley hath—
More, heavy with the dew of tears
Droop like Spring's early harbingers;
Come, twine them with a subtle grace,
Give each its fitting form and place,
Among the modest borders let
Some fragrant immortelle be set,
That through the fading symbol yet,
Heart may to heart perpetuate
The living sympathy which claims
Infinite kinship—heavenly aims—
And love, which tips each cloudy night
With the gilt edge of perfect light.

THE ROBIN'S PLEA.

Come, now, and take your pay
Out of my tuneful throat,
For fruit you so deplore ;
Hark ! would you change that note ?

Up in this sheltered nook
My little mate and I,
Our modest leaf-thatched hut
Constructed quietly.

And while the fabric grew
With honestest intent,
Right early every morn
We paid our daily rent.

We hung the slender wall
With its soft lining round,
And then, adventurously,
Glanced out to view the ground.

Among the spreading boughs
These cherries, rosy-cheeked,
A week or more have been
Playing at hide and seek.

J. V. N.

We tasted them, of course,
With innocent, bird-like trust,
Grateful, we thought perchance
You planted them for us.

And as abroad I flew
To feast my wondering eyes
On nature, and to take
Some healthful exercise,

Sweet berries I espied,
Shaped like your thimble, Miss,
And many a dainty meal
They've given me ere this.

Those currants, white and red,
Hanging so plenteously,
I surely thought there were
Enough for you and me.

And while your garden fed
Our modest appetite,
Unto another sense
We ministered delight.

Waking our choicest songs
Each swift succeeding day,
Enlivening your toil
With sweetest melody.

Away on yonder tree
Owned by your neighbor, there,

I saw the cherries thick
As ever green leaves were.

And over all there hung
A delicate fleecy net,
With wonder, ill concealed,
Questioned the use of it.

Suspended by a cord,
A little pendent bell
Discoursed, at sundry times
Sounds sweet and musical.

But these conveniences
I now begin to see
Were not the kind attentions
They were supposed to be,

For once my daily round
As I essayed to take,
I heard a murmuring voice
In tones none could mistake,

Saying, "these saucy birds
Will all this fruit destroy ;
Oh ! dear ! my very life
They constantly annoy."

Then followed hasty words
And harsher epithets,
Such as one having heard
Not easily forgets.

Surprised and greatly shocked,
Conscious of honest mind,
I plead, I have not been
At all to theft inclined.

'Tis but a fair exchange,
And well and wisely planned,
That we, in turn for favor
Some service render man.

And may the great All-Father
Appreciation give,
E'en of the humblest creatures
His bounty makes to live.

MY EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

What is this mystery that broods
Over Nature? Winter no longer reigns,—
But earth and sky are heavy with portent;
Some subtle force seems wrestling with this
vast
Inertia; not the threatening earthquake,
But a change as absolute, silently
Creeps through the deep arteries of our great
Common mother, and this March morn is all
Aquiver with the tremulous thrill

Of new awakening life. No bud—no leaf—
But from a giant heart the vital
Current of a living world connects
Through countless pulses. Steadily the won-
drous

Organism perfects its circulation:
Sweet and sacred is this ominous hush
To those who year on year tenderly kept
The birthdays of the violets, and learned
The tokens by which the ferns unfurl their
Curious fronds. With what expectant joy
Our conscious hearts throb through this dor-
mant

Period, detecting in clouds and winds
Harbingers of animate loveliness,
Strength, and power. How great and rich
in reserved

Resources the friend whom we call Nature;
Is there in human life something akin
To her's? Is this forecast of earnestness
Analogous to the mysterious
Possession of inert matter by some
Mighty soul? Is then my dream of girlhood
Broken? Is it time to lay aside the dear
Delights of childhood hours for sterner tasks?
Woman hath work to do. The world hath
need

Of diligent hands and loving hearts,
But something pleads not yet. Others have
left

Flowery paths and hastened forth to chosen
Toil. Not yet! not yet! Oh! little wicket