

**OUINA'S CANOE & CHRISTMAS
OFFERING; FILLED WITH
FLOWERS FOR THE DARLINGS OF
EARTH; GIVEN THROUGH HER
MEDIUM, "WATER LILY"**

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Ouina's Canoe & Christmas Offering; Filled with Flowers for the Darlings of Earth; Given Through Her Medium, "Water Lily" by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond

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MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND

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OFFERING; FILLED WITH
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QUINA'S CANOE
AND
CHRISTMAS OFFERING.

Filled with Flowers for the Darlings
of Earth

Given through her Medium,
"WATER LILY,"
(MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.)



OTTUMWA, IOWA.
D. M. & N. P. FOX, PUBLISHERS.
1882.

DEDICATION.



TO THE LITTLE PEOPLE,
THE DARLINGS OF EARTH, FOR WHOM THESE STORIES AND
POEMS WERE GATHERED FROM MY GARDEN,
I DEDICATE THIS LITTLE BOOK.

QUINA.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1882,
By MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND,
In the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

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PREFACE.



This canoe, or little book, laden with flowers for the little ones, is the first *book* I have ever sent out. Many stories and poems have I written and spoken; more than fifty volumes would contain; and if my little canoe pleases you dear children, another will follow.

These are but wayside flowers; all my own garlands of a year, strung together without any special reason only to tell of the beautiful in everything, and lead the mind from *forms* and *words* of beauty, to the soul of the beautiful, which is divine.

Trusting my little boat to the streams and harbors of your loving thoughts, I send it forth as my "Christmas Gift," and my wish for a "Happy New Year" to you all.

QUINA.

QUINA'S CANOE
AND
CHRISTMAS STORIES.



DEDICATORY.

HAVE you seen the bright new moon,
Resting at twilight in the sky—
Did it not seem a white canoe
Floating out from the world on high?
The silver moon is my canoe
In which I bring bright flowers to you.

Have you seen it like a bended bow
Held by an unseen hand in heaven,
While silver arrows speed below
Swiftly, to light your way at even?
The bended bow is of Truth above,
The arrows are the rays of Love.

Have you seen the stars come forth
Like buttercups or daisies bright,
And twinkle softly toward the earth,
Kindling the darkness with their light?
The stars are like the angels' eyes
That shine on you from Paradise.

Have you watched for the flowers of spring
And seen the leaves and buds unfold—
And heard the wild birds twittering—
And spied the cowslips full of gold?
Your budding thoughts are like the spring,
And are like flowers the angels bring.

Have you seen the young bird try to fly,
And overhead and all around
The parent birds forever nigh—
To teach, to aid if on the ground?
So do your parents strive to guide—
So are your angels by your side.

Have you seen the rain-drops patter down,
And send you home and spoil your play,
And did you pause and with a frown
Wish all the rain would go away?
Raindrops are blessings to the flowers—
And tears often cleanse eyes like yours.

Have you ever watched the fleecy clouds
Like troops of shining angels come,
And think of little sister there
Or darling brother in that home?
And when you think of them as dead
They're close beside you here instead.

Have you ever felt like praying then
A little prayer for those you love—
For those who have no love? And when
You ask God's blessing from above,
Your prayer is like a star from heaven,
Or white flower by an angel given.

And did you ever think a thought
Or do a loving deed at play,
That made you softly sing and shout
And feel so happy all the day?
Your little angel friends come near
When you are kind and loving here.

So my canoe and all my flowers
Must be the white thoughts that I bring,
Must be those loving messages,
Must be these songs that I shall sing,
And if I have sweet thoughts from you
I'll take them home in my canoe.

My home is in the spirit state.
I live with angels in their home,
And what we have we must create:
So this is why to earth I come.
We build our homes with thoughts above,
We plant our bowers with seeds of love—

Not in the clouds, or stars, or moon,
But in your minds and in your hearts
I come. And you shall know me soon
By what my love to you imparts,
So let my meaning glimmer through
Pure thoughts must be my white canoe.