Christmas
With Best Wishes

It may appear a gruesome thing
My Christmas wish to send
With this sad tale; but all is well
That has a happy end.

And I just want to let you know
Who've been so kind to me
That Richard is himself again
Since tempered was the wind.

The Seasons' Greetings too I send
To friends both far and near,
May this that's coming be to you
A Happy, Happy Year.

MAUDE E. ABBOTT.

900 Sherbrooke Street West
Montreal, Canada.

December, 1929.
Ad vitam resurgo

(October third, 1929).

Two great lights shining in the void
   Of the black murky night,
Aeons ago — then crushing pain,
   Voices, and trickling light.

“What happened?” Distant seemed my voice,
   Far, far away from here.
“A motor knocked you down”, I heard
   In words close to my ear.

That strange dark night has slipped away
   Into the hazy past
And of its fateful happenings
   But two impressions last.

One is the stern reality
   That life to death is near,
A swifter dash, a heavier crash,
   And I had not been here.

What if the veil had parted been
   The lute apart been riven?
If consciousness had still remained
   Forth from her fortress driven?

What then beyond the void? Ah this
   Were yet a mystery,
Had the sweet hopes of yesterday
   Passed out of history.
But if the silver cord had snapt,
Broken the golden bowl,
I think that still that unknown force
We dimly phrase the soul,
Attuned to fuller, clearer notes
In simpler, nobler chime,
Had yet new harmonies evoked
Unfettered then by time.
And what's the other deep impress
That lingers with me still?
"Tis Dr. Penfield's quiet power
And his life-saving skill.
And that, through all these restful weeks
I've lain beneath his care,
The spirit of "The Chief", I've felt,
Pervading everywhere.
"Tis not alone his vigilance
And skill that make it so,
There's something human in the air,
That speaks of W. O.
And of that gift of sympathy
That lends to human skill
The touch divine that ministers
To Nature's healing will.
So thus you see it's been worth while
Knocked round a bit to be —
I've learned a Surgeon great to know
And sensed Eternity.
My Mind*

I

My mind is like a storied pile,
Far-flung, of regions vast,
Through which there winds, in pleasant maze,
The Present and the Past.

In dalliance still, I fain must lie
And dwell on mem'ry's store.
The while my retro-active thought
Breeds an enchanting lore.

For, where lone Sorrow grimly stood
There springs a sunlit bower,
And this, the place where lost hopes rest,
Is bursting into flower.

Victorious Thought, transmuting Fate,
Serenely mast'ring Fear,
How fair thy laws. How high thy seat
Close to the listening ear

Of Him, Whose power consummate
Conserves to us inviolate
The force that serves to correlate
And human hearts irradiate,
With cosmic rhythm.

* Written while recovering from a cerebral concussion.
But, in this vasty region, where
Can we discern sweet Knowledge fair?

Behold, she lowly bends her head
Behind Experience's heavier tread,

She is not on the hill-tops seen
She lingers in the brae between.

She lends herself to every call,
She's like the sunlight on the wall.

She to the air its freshness gives,
She is the light that in us lives.

She clothes our soul itself in dress
Of fair content, and godliness.

In detail, she evades our sight
In essence, she illumes the night.

M. E. A.

October 16th, 1929.