



THE TUFT OF FLOWERS

I went to turn the grass once after one
Who mowed it in the dew before the sun.

The dew was gone that made his blade so keen
Before I came to view the levelled scene.

I looked for him behind an isle of trees;
I listened for his whetstone on the breeze.

But he had gone his way, the grass all mown,
And I must be, as he had been, — alone,

"As all must be," I said within my heart,
"Whether they work together or apart."

But as I said it, swift there passed me by
On noiseless wing a bewildered butterfly,

Seeking with memories grown dim o'er night
Some resting flower of yesterday's delight.

And once I marked his flight go round and round,
As where some flower lay withering on the ground.

And then he flew as far as eye could see,
And then on tremulous wing came back to me.

I thought of questions that have no reply,
And would have turned to toss the grass to dry;

But he turned first, and led my eye to look
At a tall tuft of flowers beside a brook,

A leaping tongue of bloom the scythe had spared
Beside a reedy brook the scythe had bared.

I left my place to know them by their name,
Finding them butterfly weed when I came.

The mower in the dew had loved them thus,
Leaving them to flourish, not for us,

Nor yet to draw one thought of ours to him,
But from sheer morning gladness at the brim.

The butterfly and I had lit upon,
Nevertheless, a message from the dawn,

That made me hear the wakening birds around,
And hear his long scythe whispering to the
ground,

And feel a spirit kindred to my own;
So that henceforth I worked no more alone;

But glad with him, I worked as with his aid,
And weary, sought at noon with him the shade;

And dreaming, as it were, held brotherly speech
With one whose thought I had not hoped to reach.

"Men work together," I told him from the heart,
"Whether they work together or apart."

Robert Frost



"When the going gets tough, the tough get going."

John Diefenbaker.



THE WALK

He walked through the woods
and saw the merging
of the tall trunks
in the green distance,—
the undergrowth
of mottled green,
with sunlight and shadow,
and flowers starting

here and there
on the mottled ground;
he looked along
the green distance
and up towards
the greenly-laden
curving boughs
of the tall trees;

and down a slope,
as he walked onward
down the sloping
ground, he saw
in among
the green, broken.
the blue shimmering
of lake-water.

—W. W. E. R.



'THE SAWS WERE SHRIEKING'

The saws were shrieking
and cutting into
the clean white wood
of the spruce logs
or the tinted hemlock
that smells as sweet—
or stronger pine,
the white and the red.

A whirling saw
received the logs;
the sound was ominous
and shrill,
rising above
the duller roaring
of the mill's
machinery.

From the revolving
of the saw
came slices of clear wood,
newly sawn,
white pine and red,
or spruce and hemlock,
the sweet spruce,
and the sweet hemlock.

—W. W. E. R.



"I think it is a good thing to be connected with
any organization whose chief object is for the
mutual improvement of our homes and families."

Mrs. James Gardiner, first President
of Kemble Women's Institute.

