

MANY OLD FAVORITES ARE COLLECTED BY CONTRIBUTORS

Other Readers of The Oregonian Furnish Missing Names of Authors or Verses That Slip Memory.

THE FOOL'S PRAYER (From An Old Scrap Book.)

The royal feast was done; the king Sought some new sport, to banish Strains that were old and worn...

"Tis not by guilt the onward sweep Of truth and right, O Lord, we pray; 'Tis by our follies that so long We hold the earth from heaven away."

"Our faults no tenderness should ask; The chastening stripes must cleanse them all; But for our blunders—oh, in shame Before the eyes of heaven we fall."

The room was hushed, in silence rose The king, and sought his gardens cool And walked apart, and whispered low: "Be merciful to me, a fool!"

ment lies at the foundation of all human happiness. CLEON AND I. Cleon hath a million acres, ne'er a penny; I have a million pennies, ne'er a acre...

Cleon, true, possesseth acres, but the landscape is; Half the charms to me it yieldeth money cannot buy.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur, free as thought am I; Cleon fees a score of doctors, need of none have I; Wealth surrounds me, care-environed, death may come, he'll find me ready-happier man am I.

LET VIRTUE BE YOUR AIM. BY C. JILLSON. Whatever he thy lot on earth— Thy mission here below, Though Fame may wreath her laurels fair...

LOOKING WITHIN. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Looking within myself, I note how thin A plank of station, chance or prosperous fate...

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM. The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters.



original," writes the contributor. "I'm not mistaken, this poem was credited to Thomas Campbell, but my copy of Campbell does not give it. I have forgotten the title."

When I was sure 'twas a white man, I thought, were he coming for ill, He'd surely approach with more caution.

UNDER THE DAISIES. I have just been learning the lesson of life, The sad, sad lesson of loving, And all of its power for pleasure and pain.

HOMESICK. (Author's name not given.) I want to go back to a day long dead; To my mother's knee and the simple prayer; 'Now I lay me down—' to the jeweled hours That were free from care.

Rev. W. S. Ralph, of Columbus, O., author of the following unique poem, wrote to a personal friend, giving the following brief history of its production.

So, now, my dear friend, do you wonder Since such a good reason I've given, Why I say I shan't care for the music, Unless there is whistling in heaven?

WHISTLING IN HEAVEN. You're surprised that I ever should say so? Just wait till the reason I've given Why I say I shan't care for the music, Unless there is whistling in heaven.

It was late in the autumn of '40: We had come from our far Eastern home, Ere the cold of the Winter should come.

So that our heads were scarce sheltered In under its roof, when our store Of provisions was almost exhausted, And husband must journey for more.

Well, husband just kissed me and I could scarcely suppress a deep groan, At the thought of remaining with baby So long in the house all alone.

And when the night came with its terror, To hide every ray of light, I hung up a quilt by the window, And alone dead with fright.

Very soon I heard footsteps approaching, Then came a peculiar dull thump, As if some one was heavily striking An axe in the top of a stump.

"We saw your husband go eastward, And made up our minds where he'd go, And I said to the rest of our people, That woman is surely lonesome, And I venture she's awfully lonesome, And though she may have no great fear,

"So, taking my ax on my shoulder, For fear that a savage might stray Across my path and need scalping, I started right down this way.

"And so here I am at your service; But if you don't want me to stay, Why, all you need do is to say so, And shouldering my ax, I'll away."

So, now, my dear friend, do you wonder Since such a good reason I've given, Why I say I shan't care for the music, Unless there is whistling in heaven?

George F. A. Walker contributed the concluding two stanzas of "Old Rover," a popular piece in the readers 50 years ago, of which the first two stanzas were

sent in the week before. The completed rhyme follows: OLD ROVER. Old Rover was the finest dog I ever knew a thing; His ears so quick, his feet so fleet, And such an honest face.

Charles B. Pye submits a collection of pleasing poems which his mother used to sing to him 50 years ago. The titles and the names of the authors he does not know.

Sitting lately at my window on a rainy day, Tim's I whiled away by watching all who passed that way.

The postman comes, delivers letters, sorely I'm afraid, Of public errands few are better, none so badly paid.

No one to sooth the sad heart of sorrow, No one to pity, plenty to scold, There's no one will ask: Does he live? Tomorrow, Shivering and shaking, out in the cold?

I stood on the shore, midst the weeping and sifting, Of friends that were parting, it may be forever; They gave a loud cheer when the good ship was sailing.

One face I saw smiling, while tears chased the other, It was but an infant whose smile I saw there, The babe and its home on the breast of its mother.

That morn to the wars went the husband and father, The tears of the mother fell fast on the child, I wept for the tears in mine own eyes, I spoke, and the infant looked upward and smiled.

SHAKESPEARE. That time of year thou mayest in me behold, When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang Upon those boughs which shake against the sky.

My life is like a cloud that rose This morn among the eastern hills, Its heights were pure as drifted snow, Its uneven folds were full.

JOHN ANDERSON. From my Jo, John, When we were first acquaint, Your looks were like the raven, Your bonny brow was bent; But now your brow is bald, John, And riffs that golden light display.

John Anderson my Jo, John, We clamb the hill together, And morn a eanty day, John, We've had w' me another, Now we main totter down, John, And sleep together at the foot, John Anderson my Jo.