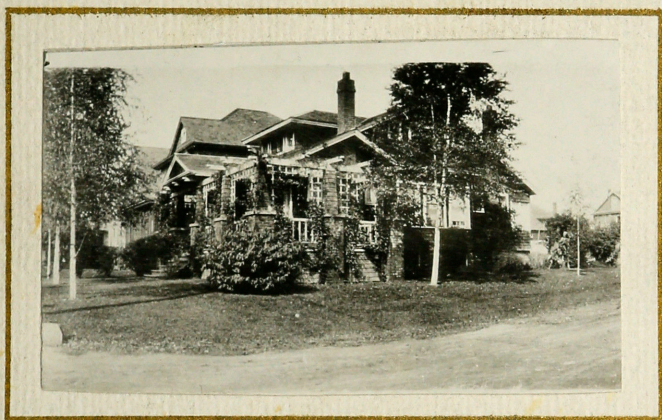


Rememberings



Tanpa Cottage
[White Birches]
Burlington, Ontario

—To those who receive this simple gift
of words—kissed with the fragrant dew
of friendship—may it bring to your
hearts recollections of paths well-trodden
and perfumed with the rich incense of
Comrade-ship.—

Margaret Rhynas

Sincerely Yours
Margaret Rhynas.

Salutations

May Good Health befriend you.

May Good Fortune richly lend you.

May Good Friends attend you.

May God remain with you and may
God go with you--

May the Grace of our Lord, Jesus Christ be
with you and yours throughout
the year's journey

Margaret Rhynas

Recollections

At this season of the year it seems the silver latch-strings run riot, opening all the doors of Memory and diffusing fragrance of by-gone days and ways.

We are like honey-bees, flitting from one blossom to another—some dripping with the dew of sorrow—others breathing of clover and honeysuckle. We drink deeply and fill the cups of Memory anew to feed the perhaps heavy demands on this sweet nectar, during the coming spare times when we pour this golden liquid lavishly upon our Sacred Shrines.

Hospitality

During the 365 days of the year, lights from little windows blink a friendly welcome to Friend and Stranger.

The hearth glows with radiance and warmth—even the chimney reeks a welcome, with its tower of smoke trying to reach the very stars. The atmosphere speaks of Good Fellowship, Charitableness, Kindness and Cheer—an honest effort of man's humanity toward mankind—thus making our lives happy and helping to make others happy also.

Margaret Rhynas

Wise and Otherwise

It is unwise to crowd into one day of the year all the kind greetings, gifts and interchanges of friendly acts and speeches—God gave us the world and all the lovely months of the year with their varying beauty and atmosphere, in which to be generous according to the several needs, and a chance to grow in stature and wisdom, keeping our hearts full to overflowing with compassion and mercy toward our fellowmen.

So, why spoil this glorious and sacred season, and over-work your mind and body and that of your fellow-traveller in a mad rush for mending broken friendships, forgotten and much neglected arrears in promises, friendliness and good will?

The mending of all these broken ties and nearly forgotten friendships, cannot all be mended on Christmas Eve—the welding must be done throughout the entire year.

Let us be a little kinder—our eyes a little blinder—the hand-clasp more firm and warm—our words of condemnation as deeply buried as the sea—let kindly speech be set free toward Friend and Foe.

Margaret Rhynas

Christmas Memories

I'm making Christmas parcels of every size and hue,
And sending them to all the folks, especially to you—
Some are tied with gratitude, and O, what memories hide,
Some have snowy-locks and evergreen inside—
Some have happy days with many joys and kisses,
Some have dear, dear Santa tip-toeing in his slippers—
Some have Sacred places—here a halo I will place;
Some have tiny squirming ways done up with dainty
lace—
I gather them in armfuls and hug them to my heart,
And then I start delivering them to every lonely mart.
We'll open them together, and O, what joy 'twill be,
And then the parcels are all gone and there is only
Me.

Margaret Rhynas

Snow Crystals

Methinks the Jasper City must have come to earth to-night,
The trees are making music and the earth is gauzy
white;
O'er hill and dale and lake and woods, the sparkling
jewels shine,
And lacy crystals nod and gleam in beauty most sub-
lime.
From steeple high to lonely cot the angels' wings unfold,
And scatter bits of fairy flakes and specks of shining
gold;
The stars hold sweet communion and the clouds depart to
pray,
The moon a benediction gives to pilgrims on their
way;
Methinks God must be satisfied with all the earth to-night,
For everything is swept so clean and shining in the
light;
And tiny baby tear-drops and fairy fancies hide
Along the drooping evergreens from all the country-
side.

Margaret Rhynas

Trees

We talk about our motor cars and chesterfields so grand,
But do we ever pause to laud the trees throughout our
land?

Where would we be from land to sea
If good old trees were not to be?

Our houses, churches, ships and food, our heat
Our railway trains—our news,
Our rivers, streams—would not obey
If good old trees were not to be.

Where would the artist get the cue for landscape, lanes
and streams—
The glow of sunset through the leaves?
Where would old mother earth regain her strength for
garden plot, and country life restore,
If good old trees were not to be?

How could the birds and kine and squirrels and bees
All shelter 'neath the friendly leaves
And tall poles stand and hold the wires through storm
and rain
And carry words of joy and pain
If good old trees were not to be?

So when I think of Heaven-land and its sublimity
I seem to see tall swaying trees and little birds all gold
and white,
And tiny stars—all through the leaves
And moonbeams smiling through the sky.
I just can't think that I could lie at rest
If good old trees were not to be.

And when I'm gone I want a grand old tree
A sentinel to keep watch over me,
And golden Maples shedding friendly leaves to shelter me;
An evergreen to stay—to speak of immortality.
How could I rest in peace
If good old trees were not to be.

Margaret Rhynas

Message to Canada

Canada, our own, our native land;
Canada, for thee we'll ever stand;
Canada, thy men are strong and free;
Canada, we stand on guard for thee.

Canada, the land that gave us birth;
Canada, the freest land on earth;
Canada, rich mines and forest trees;
Canada, wheat fields our great earth yields.

Canada, rich maple leaves thy crest;
Canada, strong virile race thy quest;
Canada, our nation proudly gave,
Canada, thy sons both strong and brave.

Canada, we boast our love and true.
Canada, for King and Empire, too;
Canada, no land will ever be,
Canada, prouder of heritage than we.

Canada, join voice and soul and sing,
Canada, God bless our gracious King;
Canada, fear God and honor right;
Canada, stand fast with all thy might.

Margaret Rhynas

Young Canada's Message to The Motherland

Hello—Bognor—hello—

We want to speak to Craigwell, you know,

To the King—

A message we're sending, of love without ending,

And our gratitude show.

It is Young Canada speaking.

Please say—

We are all shouting, "Hip—hip—hurrah,

For the King at Craigwell is going to get well,

So we're happy to-day—hip hurrah."

Will you hurry this message to him?

And please give our love to the Queen,

Who so constant and faithful has been.

It is a very brief message, 'tis true,

But it's from loyal hearts, through and through—

Now please—hold the way,

For our message to-day, to the King.

Did you get it quite clear?

We love and good wishes send

To the Nation's Very Best Friend.

Margaret Rhynas

December the twenty-fifth

Keeping tryst with the wise men, and
the star, and loved ones and friends
both near and far.—

Margaret Rhynas