

DESTINIES.

Where'er the path of man has led
O'er continents and oceans wide;
We find his mark on stone and soil,
Where he has lived and where he died.

The jungle hides his fitful way,
A glittering glacier oft his tomb;
And yet persistently he moves
To oft encompass his own doom.

Thousands of years have been his span
His kind have made the world their home;
Oft has he fallen , oft to rise,
And rising stumbles forth to roam.

From all this journeying o'er the world
We find in man a restless soul;
His endless search divine disquiet ,
Some other universe his goal.

He prays for peace: yet in himself
Oft peace is lost and oft betrayed.
Things once held dear he soon destroys
Gainst his own self he stands arrayed.

Yet out of vasty unknown past
Come signs at which we stop amazed
Man left behind in olden times
Achievements that now leave us dazed.

Destinies Copied by
type

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Thousands of years have been his span
His kind have made the world their home
Oft has he fallen as oft to rise
And rising ^{stagger} ~~one more~~ ~~in~~ foot to roam.

From all this journeying o'er the world
We find in man a restless soul
His endless search divine disquiet
Some other universe his goal

He prays for peace yet in himself
Oft peace is lost and oft betrayed
Things once held dear he soon destroys
Painst his own self he stands arrayed

Still out of vista unknown part
Lurks signs at which we stop amazed
Man ~~has~~ left behind in days and times
Achievements that ~~shall~~ leave us dazed

Though wars have left behind their scars
Destruction wrought on land and sea
Yet something lasts from out the din
That points the way for you and me.

The monuments that timeless last
Are never built by blasting scars
Humanity has but rarely gained
Through soul destroying raging wars.

But rather would the poet say
That wars are but a sickness cast
on the dim groping mind of man
Whose pall shall be cast off at last
^{discarded}

Then shall a light in beauty shine
Transcending all our mortal thought
And with a human love divine
We shall build anew and as we ought.

When hate has ~~failed to point the way~~
~~pointed out all our way~~
There is no other way but love.

When men shall take that way at last
Then force shall cease and peace will live
The glory of war we shall disprove.

Why thus? you ask and well you may.
Does the poet speak in present terms,
Are not men doomed, returned to clay,
Devoured at last by cleaning worms?

If that is so why do ye write
Of wars and fears and lasting death
If man is mortal and so weak
Is he afraid to draw a breath

When danger with its plannings ~~spread~~
is thrust before our eyes
Its coats of clean white clay

I saw a hill ^{right of way} about its walk ^{clear and neat}
set among the stone along life busy street
it was in a little farm yard quite
sheltered from the wind
and I knew the hills that loved the
moon to wonderfully heard

The barn looked warm and cozy
with a lean to for a dog
and by the little cabin was a
shovel for a dog

The hay was stacked so neatly I
knew pride had been at work
manifested in his ability to do chores
and run slick.

The house was painted mostly in
white and trimmed with blue
In its windows there were curtains
and flowers bloomed too

I knew the very tender hands were
for things within the home
That marriage the most perfect

Providence this a mansion grown beyond
man's control
But Canadian life and loveliness a
home with its own soul.

Such breath may be his last you say
Yet if this world is such a place
As you have said and rightly so
Why feared is man his death to face

The Book tells us that death is life
An open door which all pass through
Why frightened be at what we know
Or is faith weak too weak in you

Then be ye strong in faith and strongly stand
The product of a million years
This is the lasting goal of man
That he face death without his fears

Once man has proved by love divine
He has himself for better given
Death holds no terror no remorse
It is but one step from earth to heaven
For peace is not for us on earth
And was not meant for man to find
In useless lifelong search for it
He learns the love of all mankind

Norman Leslie Lumbell
March 14th / 48

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