

THE POETRY OF WILLIAM HEATH

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Abstract

The literature of the Victorian fin de siècle continues to engage scholars; one focus of contemporary research is the genre of working-class writers. This thesis presents a documentary edition of poetry constructed from a 116-year-old autographic manuscript by unknown author William Heath, including the manuscript's provenance, authorial biography, textual criticism, and a broad literary criticism. This thesis illustrates that much remains to be discovered within the voice of the unpublished 'everyman'. Heath's introspective language on faith and morality provide a singular glimpse into his interpretation of Victorian Leeds. By repositioning the manuscript from decaying textual artefact, through its preservation, transmission, and construction into this documentary edition, Heath's poetry is entered into the genre of nineteenth-century working-class poetry. Further, this edition forms a foundational text for further study which may explore Heath's tropes, language, and style which will extend our understanding of working-class poetry during the close of the Victorian era.

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For Grandpa

1. Preface

This graduate thesis is the result of the transmission of a text from my grandfather to me, a text that first held only personal value but one that I soon recognized holds considerable literary and scholarly worth, and as such it has afforded me this singular academic opportunity. What follows this preface is my graduate thesis consisting of a documentary edition based on an autographic manuscript of poetry by a William Heath which is dated between 1898 and 1903. Heath's manuscript was given to me by my family on behalf of my now deceased grandfather Ferdinand Rudolph Ollinger. When I accepted the manuscript from my family, it was understood that such acceptance was also my agreement to see the manuscript published as a volume of poetry, as my Grandfather had intended to do himself. My grandfather did not know the manuscript's author, nor did I, and it was through chance that he came to own it, a gift made to him by Heath's grandson Martin Harrison Grainger. I have no knowledge as to why Grainger gave his grandfather's manuscript to my grandfather.

I have situated this battered and time worn manuscript as a family heirloom for many decades, and as such it holds a particular place in my heart, as it did for my grandfather as well. I adore the nostalgia inherent in relics such as this manuscript, so it has occupied a place of privilege since I came to own it. While I hold no relation to the manuscript's author William Heath, the manuscript *is* bound to my memories of my grandfather and so it holds significant personal worth. Despite his flaws, my grandfather serves as an inspiration for me and many others because of his boundless optimism and service to his community.

I have fond memories from my childhood of my Grandfather bringing the frayed and aging manuscript from its place in his hall closet so that he may share it with me. The manuscript has sepia toned pages with worn and brittle edges, and a nondescript cover, but by the solicitous

way my grandfather held it I knew immediately that this book was of great meaning to him. This closet stored photographs, trophies, letters, and prize ribbons: memories of my grandfather and our family as it grew in Prince George, British Columbia. A vintage suitcase overflowed with black and white photos of parades, stock car races, skating on the pond, baseball tournaments, hunting, weddings, and homesteading. Treasured memories crowded the shelves. Grandfather shared these riches with me, and I pored over the photographs and other nostalgia, fascinated by the history of my family and how it blends with that of Prince George. I marvelled at photographs which captured how muscled my grandfather's arms were as he held my infant mother aloft, how the family farm that I loved took shape from a vast forest to rolling fields, the log barn, and my Grandmother's beloved gardens.

It is memories such as these that have instilled in me an appreciation for preserving and contemplating such artifacts which form the physical embodiments of our personal history, and thus the aging manuscript is a personal impetus in my graduate work. The manuscript's place in this trove of treasured memories illustrates that this text was one of my Grandfather's most valued items, indeed, the only text held in his collection. As this was the only text ever shared with me by my grandfather, I recognized it held significance for him, in that it reflected his own convictions. While my Grandfather was not an overtly religious man like William Heath, he did believe in his God, and he valued his personal integrity. What my Grandfather seemed to value most about Heath's poetry was the author's devotion, his reliance on his faith, and his constant striving to be a better man. My grandfather never realized his promise to Heath's grandson Martin Harrison Grainger to see the manuscript published and after he died the book was passed to me by his eldest daughter, who is my mother, Geraldine (Gerry) Loretta McLean, along with this unfulfilled promise of publication. As my grandfather rarely failed to accomplish any task, I

took on this promise in recognition of our meaningful relationship with the manuscript then retaining its identity as a family heirloom. It is this relationship, one founded on his teachings of meeting challenges with purpose and commitment and on dedication to one's personal growth, that has driven my desire to realize the publication of the manuscript.

In my earliest consideration of publishing the manuscript, I weighed its literary and academic value, and how I could best realize its publication. I committed myself to maintaining the tender honesty of the manuscript and to present Heath's manuscript in an accessible format. A manuscript such as Heath's provides further evidence regarding the breadth of late nineteenth century literature and the religious culture and socio-economic circumstances in which it was written. My recognition of the manuscript's literary value became the catalyst for this thesis. I now transmit the manuscript's identity from family heirloom to its current identity as a worthy subject of textual and literary criticism. This separation is the result of a thoughtful consideration of my own subjectivity in that I must subjugate my emotional link to the manuscript in order to fulfill my role as its objective editor and thus produce a scholarly edition in accordance with accepted contemporary norms of scholarly editing. In realizing a documentary edition based solely on Heath's manuscript and its contents, I relieve my principal concern regarding the manuscript as a textual artifact; its deteriorated condition demands immediate scholarly attention before it, and its knowledge, are lost to time.

Therefore, in its role as a literary text the decaying manuscript presents itself as a singular scholarly opportunity to preserve, in a documentary edition and thus through extensive textual criticism, biography, and literary criticism, the writing of this newly discovered Victorian fin de siècle working-class poet. As such, the holographic manuscript of William Heath is a notable literary discovery, and one that holds abundant scholarly opportunities because it contributes to

our expanding understanding of the literature of the late Victorian period, in particular that of the working-class poetic genre. Heath's writing reflects the influence of momentous late nineteenth century historical events and religious transformation. Of particular note is William Heath's anonymity in the widely known literature of the Victorian era's *fin de siècle*, and his social position as a working-class writer in which he depicts his expression of faith while living in late nineteenth century Leeds. Heath's poetic language is largely rooted in calls to God, and his poetry draws on a range of tropes, poetic forms, and rhyme schemes. The novelty of William Heath's manuscript and his singular poetic voice suggests that the canon of working-class poetry may allow for the submission of this, a documentary edition, realized from his extensive manuscript of poetry.

2. Introduction

The foundation of my thesis is a textual artifact dated from 1898 to 1903 which has been in my possession for the past several decades. This holographic manuscript of poetry by a William Heath is in a state of profound decay, and this thesis is, in part, the result of the text calling to me and demanding my scholarly attention before it fades into memory. The text consists of poetry defined as belonging to the working-class genre of the Victorian era's *fin de siècle*. Heath wrote at a historically intriguing time as late nineteenth century England saw a new wave of industrialization, evangelical revivalism, and continued advances in literacy as well as the literary dominance of the novel. A close reading of Heath's poetry, in particular his tropes of faith and morality, reveal his expressions of faith including his deeply personal relationship with God. Evident too is Heath's poetic responses to grief, battle, the innocence of childhood, and the fragility of life for which he urges compassion and solicitude.

As an example of working-class poetry, the manuscript holds relevant literary significance as this genre is the focus of current academic study, evidenced in the contemporary work of scholars Kirstie Blair and Charles LaPorte. Further, the poetry's themes and language reveal that while it can be considered working-class, it presents variations from the literature currently held within that genre. As a part of the literary richness which forms the Victorian era, the manuscript is rife with opportunities for academic research, such as exploring the influences of increasing literacy, Heath's expressions of grief, and how this poet endorses adhering to one's faith during religious upheaval, all of which can be found in Heath's often didactic lines. However, given the manuscript's state of continuous deterioration which will inevitably render it unintelligible, the most urgent scholarly attention required is a fulsome transcription guided by solid textual criticism and editorial apparatus. My editorial work forms the foundation of this documentary edition which will then serve as a critical foundational text for the future exploration of William Heath's poetry. It is the construction of this documentary edition which is central to this thesis.

My thesis consists of a documentary edition entirely focused on the autographic manuscript of poetry, and its textual contents, by the yet unknown fin de siècle Victorian writer named William Heath. A documentary edition is defined as being "a scholarly edition that presents the text of one source document and an apparatus recording editorial principles, variant readings, and the document's history" (Suarez 675). The manuscript's known provenance, a biographical context of the writer along side a transcription of the autographic manuscript and a comparative and descriptive analysis of select poems is included in this edition. In keeping with contemporary editorial practice, included too is a photographic facsimile of the manuscript and the numerous textual documents found in its pages. My thesis is theoretically informed by the

principles of textual criticism which seeks to recreate the manuscript through editing, and which also contributes to the critical conversation of working-class Victorian poetry. I also present my editorial apparatus, as defined by Chris Baldick, as being “textual notes, glossary, lists of variant readings, appendices, introductory explanations and other aids to the study of a *TEXT, provided in scholarly editions of literary works or historical documents” (18). These fundamental definitions of ‘documentary edition’ and ‘editorial apparatus’ provided by Suarez and Baldick respectfully serve as an introductory guide to my interpretation of my role and principal responsibilities as editor, my objectives in transcribing the manuscript, and the subsequent construction of this documentary edition.

Consequently, this documentary edition is supported and defined by my inclusion of the text’s provenance, a biography of its author, and an editorial apparatus including a secondary transcription where a thorough vetting of the initial transcription’s accuracy was conducted.

A photographic facsimile of the manuscript and its textual contents, and a broad literary criticism which captures the poetic essence of the work while stimulating the need for further study is also provided in this edition. As such, this documentary edition is well positioned as a foundational text for the further study of William Heath’s poetry.

Each poem in the manuscript presents a rare opportunity for exploration, in that Heath is a yet undiscovered poet and his poetry provides further insight into the late Victorian era. Many of Heath’s poems are intriguing because of their historical references: death in battle, the Second Boer War, Burmantoft’s Cemetery, evolving religious dogmas, or the artlessness of marketplace transactions in Victorian Leeds. Other poems are noteworthy because of their literary references and the way Heath echoes writers such as Alfred, Lord Tennyson. Still other poems capture seemingly humble acts of everyday life such as caring for children, illness, and learning to skate.

Heath's poetry offers a glimpse of working-class life in Leeds just at the turn of the century; the lines represent the feelings and thoughts experienced by William Heath. William Heath's manuscript contains over seventy poems that speak of faith and spirituality, personal strength, grief, war, and commonplace life.

The inscribed dates in the manuscript range from 1898 to 1903. Poetic forms include light verse (Abrams 102) as seen in "Cats," occasional poems such as "Round the Bivouac Fire," and elegy as seen in "Mother's Songs," while still other poems illustrate a spiritual and didactic theme. Indeed, the wide-ranging styles found in Heath's manuscript fit well in the literary richness of the Victorian era, particularly its *fin de siècle*: "I have spoken of Victorian poetry as if it were a coherent entity. To some degree it is, and even the most divergent poems maintain some family resemblance to each other; but its richness and variety should be emphasized" (Richards 4). The family resemblance which binds the poetry in *this* autographic manuscript together is the consistent theme of self-improvement and adherence to a relationship with God as well as the identifying language and poetic apparatuses which unify the poems. Just as the inside of the front cover denotes the work as Heath's by his signature and home address, so too does the last line of poetry: "To give my prayer in faith" ("What I'd like to hear," line 27). These words provide an apt summation of the poet's literary premise, at least that which is contained in this known manuscript.

The manuscript's poetic work by William Heath is transcribed and presented here in its entirety, with editorial notes which speak to emendations and literary points of interest. As the manuscript required significant editorial effort due the challenges in deciphering Heath's script, attention is given to the editorial decisions made in my reading. Following Heath's transcribed poetry, extensive appendices present the loose documents found in the manuscript; these

documents support the biographical and historical context of the edition which in turn supports its known provenance. A photographic facsimile of the entire manuscript follows, as well as photographs of all loose documents found in the manuscript when I received it from my family. Attribution of the manuscript to this particular William Heath is based on both the internal evidence contained within the manuscript, and externally as determined by my comprehensive research. Suarez asserts that determining and describing such evidence is required by the editor (491). It is beyond the scope of this thesis to complete an exhaustive poetic analysis of Heath's work; a close reading of the entirety of Heath's poetry is a worthy endeavour recommended for future scholarship. I do include a broad literary criticism of Heath's poetry, which serves as an introduction to his poetic style, including his tropes and language.

With the completion of this scholarly edition I fulfill the promise I made to my family to see William Heath's poetry published. While such an obligation is personally significant, I also submit this documentary edition of Victorian working-class poetry as an intriguing and worthy contribution to the study of Victorian literature, particularly that of the *fin de siècle* working-class genre. It is my sincere hope that further literary works by William Heath come to light because of this edition, and along with that further scholarship on a literary period which continues to offer revelations worthy of sustained study. Written during the Victorian era's *fin de siècle*, Heath's autographic manuscript provides a singular perspective into how this working-class man viewed his changing world and his place in it. The author's poetry and his story offer a unique scholarly opportunity to explore a rich manuscript of poetry, and one that also has a Canadian story because of Heath's immigration to Canada, and the discovery of his manuscript in the central interior of British Columbia decades after his death in Chilliwack, British Columbia and so many miles from his birthplace of Leeds, England.

3. Provenance of the Manuscript

Determining the provenance of the manuscript is based on the details of the manuscript's age, how my Grandfather had come to own this manuscript from William Heath's grandson Martin Harrison Grainger, and how it had come to me from my family. Therefore, my knowledge of the manuscript's provenance is limited to an attribution of ownership to that of William Heath (1857-1941), Heath's grandson Martin Harrison Grainger (1919- 1997), my grandfather Ferdinand Rudolph Ollinger (1912-2006), and myself (1966-). My grandfather, who resided in Prince George, British Columbia for most of his adult life, had told me that he was given the book at a remote fishing lodge near Fort Saint James, British Columbia. This lodge is remembered as the Middle River Lodge, or Grainger's Lodge, near Takla Lake in the central interior of British Columbia. The only known living participant at the gifting of the manuscript to my Grandfather is my Uncle, Garry Ollinger. Ollinger recalls that he was a young man, and that he had recently left the Canadian Navy when he went on the fishing trip with his father, Fernie Ollinger. The year was between 1963 and 1966. The name Grainger's Lodge proved to be a vital connection to the manuscript because of determinations made while compiling William Heath's biography. My Uncle can recall few details of the trip. However, he does clearly recall that Martin Harrison Grainger gave Heath's manuscript to my grandfather, with the understanding that my grandfather would see that it was published. This exchange likely occurred during a robust game of cards and a few Wood's Navy rum and cokes; a social custom enjoyed by my grandfather.

I find it curious that a book of poetry with a Leeds, England address has found its way to the growing city of Prince George, also in the central interior of British Columbia, and several hundred kilometres from the Middle River Lodge. While I can affirm that William Heath's

grandson resided near Fort Saint James, it remains unknown if the poet also resided in this region. The journey of the manuscript across the Atlantic Ocean, and then across Canada, is intriguing and telling as much of that story as I can is as important to me as seeing the poetry published. My biographical research culminated in determining the familial link between William Heath and Martin Harrison Grainger, as well as attributing authorship of the manuscript to a specific William Heath.

The inside of the manuscript's hard-back cover displays the name "William Heath" and the address of "17 Florence Grove, Ashley Road, Leeds," both written in ink which has faded considerably with time, and which provides proof of authorship. The foundation of my research into William Heath's story and that of the manuscript's provenance is laid by the inscription of this name and address. I also knew that my grandfather had come to own the manuscript in the mid-1960s at the fishing lodge known both as Grainger's Lodge and Middle River Lodge. These details, along with the dates between 1898 and 1903 included at the close of some of the poems, provided the only evidence with which I could begin detailing the manuscript's provenance, a portion of Heath's life journey, and with that some of the historical and literary significance of the manuscript.

As of 2019, the manuscript has been in Prince George for over fifty years and is now in my ownership. Prior to this, the manuscript spent decades with my Grandfather, and an unknown amount of time in the Fort Saint James area. Not documenting more of my grandfather's knowledge of the manuscript is lamentable; this omission has left me with only cursory details at hand as to the manuscript's provenance, and its origin, purpose, and personal meaning.

4. Biography of the Manuscript's Author, William Heath

I began my research on William Heath by writing a letter which explained my thesis to his former address at 17 Ashley Road, Florence Grove, Leeds in the fall of 2016. An online search (google.maps) reveals this address to be current. Regrettably, I did not receive any reply to that letter. I only held a small amount of hope in receiving a reply, but the enquiry formed an element of due diligence in my research. I eliminated the possibility of any potential Heath descendants at the address or a reply with some knowledge of his descendants, and thus the only known address of William Heath as a potential source of much needed biographical information was rejected. Determining the biography of William Heath serves two purposes which support the requirements of a documentary edition. First, ascertaining Heath's biography supports my account of the manuscript's provenance, an element required in documentary editions, specifically that requirement of the inclusion of the text's "history" (Suarez 675). Secondly, Heath's biography supports the determination of the manuscript's authorship as being that of this particular William Heath; historical data of the author will serve as foundational information to support future attributions of authorship by the same individual.

Considerations in correctly identifying William Heath as the putative author of the manuscript was the absence of any middle names and the dates inscribed in the manuscript, along with the Leeds address. By researching census records, I found a William Heath in a 1901 United Kingdom census record (Appendix E) which legally documents him as living at the Leeds address written in the manuscript. This census record confirmed that I was tracing the biography of the correct William Heath and that I could move forward with my biographical research based on this confirmation. By using this census information, I then traced William Heath's genealogy back to his parents and then forward to his descendants

using census documents and the Ancestry.ca website, which records historical and genealogical records. Further confirmation of the genealogy of William Heath is detailed and cross referenced in Ancestry.ca on three separately established family trees: Tourond, Jones, and Heath/Hall. I contacted available family members via the Ancestry.ca communication channel from these genealogical trees for further information: some individuals denied being descendants of William Heath, some did not reply to my messages, and some confirmed the genealogical details and were willing to engage but could not provide any further relevant information regarding William Heath. This supports further due diligence in my research into potential sources of biographical information and the possibility of further literature by William Heath; this research did not result in further factual revelations regarding Heath nor the existence of other literary works.

The biographical information about William Heath is supported by genealogical research and census records which determines authorship of the manuscript and will serve as foundational information should further literary work purported to be by William Heath come to light. Online research of the records held in the Historical Manuscripts Commission, also known as the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts, and which holds archival records of general historical interest, did not reveal a relevant William Heath (nationalarchives.uk). Rene Leidl of the Fort Saint James National Historic Site confirms that Martin Harrison Grainger did reside and die in the Fort Saint James area; Leidl does not possess any further information relevant to the literary work of William Heath in connection with Grainger, or in her organization's archives.

William Heath's parents were Abel and Matilda (nee Haslam) Heath, born in 1823 and 1824 respectively. At the time of the 1851 England census (Appendix A), the Heath family

lived at 3 Lower Hanover Street in Leeds and father Abel worked as a Coach Inspector. The Heath children included a son John (born 1843), a daughter Harriot (born 1847), and another daughter Matilda (born 1850). Ten years later, the 1861 England census reveals that Abel and Matilda were now both employed, the father as a Carriage Cleaner, and the mother as a Ragged School Matron, thus working in an institution which provided free instruction on literacy, religion, and industrial training to the disadvantaged children of Leeds (Lee par 1). Their son John still lived with the family at age eighteen and was employed as an engine cleaner. Sisters Harriet and Matilda were fourteen and eleven respectively. Another son, Abel, had joined the family in 1854 and age seven at the time of this census. William Heath also makes his first appearance on this census and was now age five. The family's employment centres on the rapidly growing railroad system for many decades, establishing William Heath's working-class social position.

William Heath was born on June 2 in either 1857 or 1858 (these years vary in United Kingdom census records), in Leeds, Yorkshire. The 1871 England census reveals a much different family composition with only William's parents and a now twenty-one-year-old Matilda residing in the home at 87 Richmond Street in Leeds. Abel Heath was now a Railway Porter and daughter Matilda worked as a Domestic Servant. Another 10 years would see a further dramatic family shift. The 1881 England Census reveals that William's parents, now aged fifty-seven, would share their home with two of their adult children. Abel still worked as a Railway Porter, and son William, now twenty-four and living at home, was also working on the railway as a Signaller. Abel and Matilda's daughter also shared the home with her small son Roland H. Campbell, age four. The family now lived at 13 Argyle View in Leeds. As a literate and educated member of the Leeds working class, Heath was evidence of significant social

change which became apparent at the end of the nineteenth century: “[I]t was a stimulating period. Sunday schools and day schools and adult education again turned the balance, so that there was a vigorous stratum of the working class, mostly self-educated, avid for books, information, and knowledge” (Gregg 255). The level of literacy evident in Heath’s poetry is likely the result of this cultural shift as suggested above by Gregg.

William would marry his wife, Hannah Wilby, when they were both twenty-five on September 14, 1881, in Leeds, Yorkshire. A West Yorkshire, England, Marriages and Banns record (Appendix B) for William and Hannah confirms that their marriage was registered in September 1881. William and Hannah had a son named Rowland Dyson Heath, born in June 1884, a daughter named Elsie Matilda born in June 1887, a daughter named Gladys born in 1890, and another daughter named Eleanor born in February 1896. The 1901 United Kingdom census record (Appendix E) reveals that Heath, working as a Railway Relief man, lived at 17 Florence Grove. This is the address that William Heath wrote on the inside cover of his manuscript. Heath was a member of the working class and thus likely earned between “twenty and thirty shillings a week, barely enough for rent and diet,” (Picard par. 2). In the evenings, Heath may have attended the Mechanic’s Institution or a Working Men’s College in an effort for self betterment (Picard par. 4). Heath’s home on Ashley Road was a short walk to Beckett Street Cemetery (also known as Burmantoft Cemetery) which he writes of in “Thoughts on Burmantofts Cemetery”; other poems in the manuscript also depict the Leeds community environs including the Leeds Market.

In 1911, William Heath was working as a Railway Lightman in Leeds, Yorkshire (1911 England Census, Appendix F). He and wife Hannah lived at 10 Manson Terrace, Cross Gates. Their fifteen-year-old daughter “Ella”, or Eleanor, lived with them; this daughter was the

family member who would provide me with the important connection between the manuscript and the fishing lodge my grandfather visited in the 1960s. Heath's mother Matilda Haslam Heath died July 19th, 1903 at the age of 79. This major life event suggests significant implications regarding the manuscript. The last date recorded in the manuscript is January 18, 1903; did Heath abandon his writing to care for his ailing mother? Further, Heath's manuscript contains two poems which illustrate the mother/son bond, and an abiding respect for the maternal figure. "Mother's Songs" (103) suggests that at the time he wrote this poem, his mother had already passed away: "That voice is hushed, Her song still lives / She's gone. But yet is here." (37-38). Another poem, "Grand Lad" (110), suggests that William may have been present at his mother's death: "Who held her hand until the last And gazed into her Eyes / Until the words were said, she's past, And gone to Paradise" (46-47). Of course, this assertion assumes these poems to be at least somewhat autobiographical. Because the next dated poem in the manuscript which follows these odes to his mother is dated 1900, and I know that his mother died in 1903, it is possible that William Heath wrote the poems at various times, and then made a compilation of his work in this bound manuscript. Given the passion and skill with which William wrote the poems in this manuscript, and his middle age at writing them, it is entirely possible that there is other poetry that William Heath wrote. Evidence to support this assertion includes the loose sheet undated poems which were inserted in the bound manuscript. Having thus established the identity of the poet, I was then able to trace his, and the manuscript's, journey from Leeds, England to British Columbia, Canada.

William Heath crossed the Atlantic to Canada in 1912 at age fifty-five, and it may be that he valued his manuscript enough to bring it with him on the long journey, or perhaps it was his wife or daughter who packed away the text on his behalf. This aspect of Heath's biography,

like so many other facets of his life, remain unclear. I can only speculate that there may be other unpublished poems either left behind in England, or somewhere in Canada. Heath's departure from Liverpool, England aboard the *Virginian* and his subsequent arrival in Halifax, Nova Scotia, on April 6, 1912, is supported by Passenger lists (Appendix G). Passenger lists served at that time as the official record of immigration for those arriving in Canada. While I have discovered how the manuscript and its author were transported from England to Canada, I do not know why they came, and this is immensely frustrating for me. On his arrival, Heath recorded that his profession in Canada would be farming, rather than a continuance of his known trade of railway work. At age 55, Heath must have been robust to undertake not only immigration but such laborious work as farming. I have discovered little else about William Heath's life in Canada despite extensive research, and that is profoundly disappointing. I do know that William Heath had a long marriage, and I surmise that this was his only marriage. I do not know if it was a happy or loving union; Heath's manuscript contains just one poem in which the speaker laments his wife and "Troubles of a Married Man" (199) was written with great humour. I am left to wonder whether there are other poems, poems that speak of his work on the railway in England, his decision to come to Canada and the voyage across the Atlantic Ocean, or his new career as a farmer. I wonder too if there are poems that speak of his arrival in a new country, his time on the prairies evidenced in Canadian census records, and his decision to settle in the Fraser Valley of British Columbia. The expression of feelings in his poetry suggests that he was deeply devoted to his relationship with God, and that he saw great wonder in the natural world and in music. I do not know if he ever intended to share his manuscript of poetry with others, and I hope that I have not betrayed him in doing so by producing this scholarly edition.

The Canadian Encyclopedia does not reveal a William Heath, eliminating the possibility of any further Canadian biographical information about William Heath, at least from this resource (Canadian Encyclopedia). On the arrival sheet which he completed when he landed in Canada, William Heath listed his religious denomination as Wesleyan, another detail which confirms that I was tracing the biography of the correct William Heath given the previously determined biographical information. Canadian census records reveal that William Heath lived in Merton, Battle River, Alberta around 1916 (Appendix H). William's son Rowland Dyson Heath had three sons with his wife Helen Bevin Granger. These three sons include a Lloyd Heath, born in 1917 in Ontario; Lloyd Heath does not have any known children according to Ancestry.ca. A second son, Victor Heath, was born around 1919 in Saskatchewan, and died in North Vancouver at the age of ninety-two with no known children, also according to Ancestry.ca. The third son, Norman Heath was born in Alberta in 1915; he died in 2003 in Lloydminster, Saskatchewan. Initially, I surmised that Rowland's wife Helen Bevin Granger was the "Granger" connection to Grainger's Lodge, but this would prove to be incorrect.

William and Hannah's daughter, Eleanor (Ella) Heath, was born in February 1895 in Riding, Northumberland, and she travelled with her parents to Canada. Eleanor married a James Grayer Grainger around 1917 in Alberta. They had four children, and Eleanor died on August 25, 1957, in Burns Lake, British Columbia, at the age of 61. This small community is geographically close to where the manuscript was given to my Grandfather. One of Eleanor's four children was Martin Harrison Grainger, born on May 21, 1919. Martin Grainger died on November 21, 1997, in Fort Saint James, British Columbia at age seventy-eight. This was the Martin Harrison Grainger who hosted my Grandfather and my Uncle at his fishing lodge in the

mid-1960s. This was the Martin Harrison Grainger who had given my Grandfather his own grandfather William Heath's manuscript, with the promise that it would be published. This Martin Harrison Grainger was William Heath's grandson, the link between the author's family and my own, as well as between Leeds, England, and Prince George, British Columbia. This lineage, this familiar story of immigration from Europe to Canada and the subsequent far-flung descendants, explains how an autographic manuscript from Leeds, England, came to be in the fishing lodge on the Middle River, British Columbia.

Online research of the records held in the Historical Manuscripts Commission, also known as the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts, and which holds archival records of general historical interest, did not reveal a relevant William Heath (nationalarchives.uk). Rene Leidl of the Fort Saint James National Historic Site confirms that Martin Harrison Grainger did reside and die in the Fort Saint James area; Leidl does not possess any further information relevant to the literary work of William Heath in connection with Grainger, or in her organization's archives.

Because Heath's manuscript contains a poem entitled "Burmantoft's Cemetery", which is geographically close to the address on Florence Grove in Leeds, England, I then extended my research to a historical society attached to this cemetery in the hopes of discovering relevant biographical and/or historical information. This research connected me to a local historian in Leeds, England; Alun Pugh leads the *Friends of Burmantoft Cemetery* preservation group. Pugh provided my contact information to the group, following his newsletters and talks in which he highlighted the connection between the cemetery and my research. Alun Pugh also reached out to another amateur historian named Leah Tourond who would provide me with further information regarding William Heath's time in Leeds; my research was of particular

interest to Tourond as she claims to be the wife of the late James Tourond, a great grandson of William Heath. Tourond states that her late husband is the son of Napoleon Pierre (Pete) and Barbara Lucille Grainger, and that Barbara was the daughter of James Grainger and Eleanor Heath. Tourond also provided contact information for another distant relative named John Dorsey, who is the descendant of Abel Heath via his son John Heath. Dorsey's understanding of the Heath lineage concurs with my own. John Dorsey has not replied to any further requests for contact by me, or to Leah Tourond. Tourond's knowledge of William Heath's family history concurs with my own research and further supports my assertions of provenance and authorship in that Eleanor was born in 1896 in Leeds. Tourond also indicates that Grainger lived for many years on the Middle River at the end of Takla Lake, and that to her knowledge he had some old books from England and that perhaps the manuscript was among these texts.

On August 17, 2017, I conducted a phone interview with a Fort Saint James resident named Joyce Helweg, a local historian who officiated Harrison's funeral services. Helweg was unable to provide any information regarding William Heath, his manuscript, or if Martin Grainger possessed any other literary works which belonged to his grandfather William Heath. In addition, as a local historian, Helweg advised me that the local residents who knew Grainger have all passed away, which quashed my hopes of conducting interviews with residents who may have known Grainger.

William's wife Hannah died on April 12, 1938, in Chilliwack, British Columbia, at the age of eighty-one. William and Hannah had been married fifty-six years. William died on November 10, 1941 at the age of eighty-five; he also died in Chilliwack, British Columbia. I have not found online obituaries for either William or Hannah Heath.

The biographical information about the manuscript's author is supported by genealogical research and census records which determines authorship of the manuscript and will serve as foundational information should further literary work by Heath come to light. Despite my research efforts, much remains undiscovered about the life of William Heath, and, more importantly, it remains unknown if there are other literary works or if the manuscript presented in this edition represents his sole literary endeavour. While I have been unable to determine a detailed biography of William Heath, I have established the manuscript's author and provenance to support this work as a documentary edition. It is my hope that this edition of William Heath's poetry will lead to the discovery of more material regarding the poet and his literary work and thus continued scholarship which will broaden our understanding of the poetry and life of William Heath, and that of Victorian England.

5. Textual Criticism and Editorial Apparatus

Principles

My role as editor is challenging in that while I have the privilege and autonomy of being the first and sole editor to engage with Heath's text in the discipline of textual criticism, I lack the insight of a practiced editor, and my editorial work does not have the benefit of previously edited versions of Heath's text. The overarching principle behind my editorial apparatus is informed by my intended goal of completing a scholarly and documentary edition of poetry based on the holographic (a document wholly written in the handwriting of the individual whose signature it bears) (merriam.webster.com) manuscript by William Heath in my possession. While his editorial and bibliographic studies focused almost exclusively on biblical texts, in his discussion on editorial practice David Noel Freedman (1922-2008) provides

guidance which I have applied to my own work: “So far as possible, it is necessary to discover, recover, and reconstruct the world in which that work was composed, and transfer all of that into the realm of the new reader, or vice versa, transport the contemporary reader into the world and culture in which the work has its proper place” (Freedman 229). Freedman’s notion of transportation and engagement between the text and the reader through such discovery, recovery, and reconstruction informs this documentary edition; textual criticism is further informed by the manuscript’s inherent historical data and biographical information. Notions of such textual transportation from author to reader parallel the physical transportation of the manuscript from England to Canada. Further guidance of my editorial principles is based in G. Thomas Tanselle’s definition of how the editorial apparatus must act as a device which results in a “formal presentation of a work’s textual history, with an emphasis on a list of variants ... [A] comprehensive apparatus allows a reader to reconstruct a work’s entire textual tradition” (Suarez 472). Therefore, my editorial apparatus is scaffolded by the understanding and transcription of the manuscript, its complex physical and textual history characteristics, and the inclusion of such details in the reconstruction of the text.

This scholarly edition of William Heath’s poetry is further and more ultimately defined and catalogued as a *documentary* edition, one “that presents the text of one source document and an apparatus recording editorial principles, variant readings, and the document’s history” (Suarez 675). In order to be qualified as a documentary edition, my work must include the text’s history, provenance, and a biography of its author. Further, my transcription of Heath’s manuscript must be considered diplomatic, an editorial designation which further delineates the scope of my editorial decisions in that I have represented “as closely as possible, the actual layout and forms of the document, including such features as abbreviations, punctuation, and capitalization”

(Suarez 1215). While scholarly editing is “the oldest scholarly activity in most cultures” (Greetham, *Scholarly Editing* 3), this endeavour marks *my* first foray into the discipline. I am aware of my status as a neophyte editor, particularly as I am the sole editor undertaking the significant task of creating a documentary edition of a holographic manuscript as my first editorial endeavour and so I proceed with prudence.

And so, my participation in Heath’s text as editor in the historical preparation, interpretation, and presentation of Heath’s manuscript (Eggert 190) is an effort to bring this heretofore unknown poet to academic light as well as to general readership interested in late Victorian poetry. Such participation is most humbling. In editing such a text, I am required to be “situated in a historical relation to the text’s transmissions” (McGann 18). The biography of William Heath, along with the textual and literary criticism of his poetry, provides this vital positioning and supports the construction of what I hope is a fulsome edition. Further, as I am creating a documentary edition, I am obliged to “preserve [the] document’s evidentiary value” and to “be cautious in my emendations” which has therefore limited my emendations to those incidents in the text where there is incoherence (Suarez 675). Any such incidents of textual incoherence are rare and related to Heath’s often puzzling style of script. These incidents are explained in the accidental and substantive section of this discussion on my editorial apparatus, or alternatively and based on exceptional occurrences of incoherence, in the editorial note following the relevant poem. Further preservation of the document’s evidentiary value, as suggested by Suarez, is found in the photographic facsimile as well as in the following description of the manuscript’s physical characteristics.

Heath’s manuscript offers extensive opportunities for literary criticism, and this is largely due to the diversity in poetic themes and the extensive historical and literary references.

However, there is an absolute absence of authorial explanatory notes in Heath's manuscript. In his discussion on editorial practice, Freedman illustrates that because of the absence of Heath's explanatory information, it is necessary for my apparatus to address potential gaps in a reader's conceivable comprehension:

While original authors occasionally provide explanatory information about the subject of their discourse, more often they assume that their readers share with them the cultural milieu, and they take for granted that the readers know a lot of things that, however, later and different readers are usually ignorant of. So along with translation there must be extensive explanation and elucidations. That means notes and comments. (29)

While much is known about fin de siècle Victorian literature, the study of working-class poetry is currently expanding. And so, in the absence of Heath's own knowledge and contribution on his discourse, annotations in the section that presents Heath's poetry provide relevant information on forms, themes, personas, and unfamiliar language. Further, as an unpublished author it remains unclear as to whether Heath had intended readers, and so it cannot be known what reader knowledge Heath may have considered relevant or present when he wrote his poetry.

My editorial decisions are based on the desire to present the autographic manuscript in a format that most closely resembles the original work where possible while bearing the constraints of converting ink script to computerized text in mind and with the consideration that no gain results from modernizing, and much is lost that is characteristic of the author.

One may safely say that nothing in the spelling, punctuation, capitalization, word-division, or paragraphing of nineteenth-century books is likely to cause a presentday [sic] reader any difficulty, whereas an attempt at modernization is certain to destroy a number of the values of the original. (Bowers 223)

While Bower's discussion on scholarly editions above is focused on nineteenth century American authors, his rationale aligns with my editorial aspiration to maintain, as much as possible, the characteristics of Heath's manuscript. Further, Bowers is correct in his argument that such textual characteristics do not exceedingly limit my ability to engage with Heath's text. One such example of variation in Heath's spelling which did not diminish my ability to engage with his text is found in his poem "Wandering. But not alone" (207) in which Heath writes "From There thou.ll gaze in *wraptured* awe." (emphasis mine line 21). Moreover, considerable effort spent in transcription was needed to avoid the loss of the manuscript's inimitable characteristics through any modernization; such characteristics serve to connect text to author and to position text in a specific historical context. Such painstaking transcription, an intense visual and cerebral concentration on the script, allowed for my complete immersion into the text, which in turn improved my access as the text's editor.

In his essay on producing reliable electronic texts, Peter L. Shillingsburg underscores the enormity of tasks required in the scholarly editing of a manuscript such as Heath's which further informs this documentary edition:

The study of genre, the author's other works, biography, cultural history, the history of ideas, all these are understood to extend our awareness of the contexts within which texts create and convey meaning. Even the physical embodiments of texts, the books themselves as paper, ink, and bindings, influence interpretations. (28)

Indeed, as a thing time worn which speaks to my love of such treasures, it is the physical embodiment of the manuscript which was the seed of this thesis. The critical elements itemized by Shillingsburg above have all been considered in my editorial apparatus, and as critical elements to be included in this documentary edition. Regrettably, I have not found any other

literary works by Heath and so I am unable to include the study of the author's other works, if they even exist.

Further, in making my editorial decisions I follow the widely accepted principles and conventions of the editing field as delineated by the "Modern Language Association's Guidelines for Editors of Scholarly Editions" (MLA.org) so that I may produce a reliable and appropriate text, and one that accurately represents Heath's manuscript. Because of the loss of Heath's script and the physical characteristics embedded in the manuscript during its transmission to my electronic transcription, my staging of Heath's text as a documentary edition is a "production performance of the work, rather than a reproduction" (Shillingsburg 33). While I lament the loss of these distinctive characteristics, it is not realistic to expect the retention of such elements. However, Shillingsburg's notion of performance is agreeable to my intent in the construction of this edition, in that I desire the transmission of Heath's poetry to an accessible format, and one that can be experienced by both general and academic readers. It is because of the manuscript's reproduction here that its further performances are made possible, and this documentary edition is perhaps one performance of the manuscript following many others. Ralph G. Williams proposes that a literary work cannot have a fixed and stable existence, as "...every enunciation or inscription, and every experience of a work is a *performance*, and is always by the very nature of time and attention partial and evanescent" (51). And so, this particular performance is specific to this time, and subject to my presentation of the text, and thus possesses its own characteristics which will be transformed with future performances and further understandings of working-class poets of the late nineteenth century, and that of William Heath's poetry.

Despite a foundational editorial apparatus, I present the transcription of Heath's poetry being mindful of my own potential for hubris as Marcus Walsh reminds us that "Transcription

always involves change and error, as well as a conscious process of editing” (156). To minimize such erroneous transcription and editorial decisions, further guidance on such decisions is informed by the scholarly literature on editorial principles as indicated throughout this description of my editorial apparatus. At its first conception, my intention for this editorial undertaking was to provide an elegantly simple and thus broadly accessible transcription of William Heath’s manuscript, with the audacious assumption that Heath may have desired to see his literary work in print. It is my awareness of the absence of Heath as author and as contributor to the publication process that predominately guides my editorial decisions towards both conservation of the manuscript and reproduction of its text in an accessible and relevant format while retaining as much of the manuscript’s textual characteristics as is possible.

In his essay on the evolution of editorial practice and its key contributors to the discipline, Walsh points out that for two of textual criticism’s most authoritative academics W. W. Greg and R. B. McKerrow “the editor seeks the author’s intended text, and is thus obliged to ‘exercise his judgement’ rather than fall back on ‘some arbitrary canon’” (160). Judgement in the creation of this edition leans heavily toward the manuscript’s preservation, rather than arbitrary editorial decisions which would alter the text. As I first considered the glaring absence of Heath, a lack of knowledge of the purpose of his manuscript and its personal meaning, and how Heath’s influence may have altered this documentary edition, my position was focused on any discernable authorial intention evident in the manuscript. From this vantage point, I must further deliberate on how an editorial approach which considers authorial intention remains contentious:

the editing of texts that are meant to represent or reconstruct an authorially intended version has been criticized for idealism, and for working against the endemic nature of textual instability. Such criticism, perceiving the creation of texts as fundamentally a

social action by collaborative forces in production--book designers, composers and printers, binders (and, according to some scholars, readers) --views the pursuit of authorial intention as an ultimate impossibility, or just one factor among many. The most extensive response to this general critique has been provided by Tanselle, who finds its premises exaggerated, arguing that the pursuit of an author's intention aims to discover not a perfect and ahistorical ideal text, but rather a contingent contribution towards understanding a work at one historical moment. (Suarez 494)

In consideration and acceptance of Tanselle's critique, I allow myself the academic autonomy to present here not the elusive 'ideal text' based on Heath's manuscript, but rather a carefully considered documentary edition, from this, the historical moment in which I have created this edition in the absence of its author. Gary Taylor stresses that the "absence of the author-- a discovery so revolutionary for postmodernist literary theory-- is, and has always been, the foundation of editing" (125). This concept is clear in that any 'present' author would likely desire to be involved in any production or representation of their work. I thus position Heath's absence as a natural progression in a text's evolution, one which allows for continued textual interpretation, presentation, and performance.

Authorial involvement is not possible here, which results in the text being represented in my own understanding as editor. Ralph G. Williams argues that even if authorial intention cannot be defined in a meaningful way, its pursuit still holds relevant literary value:

the fact that we cannot surely demonstrate that we can retrieve an author's intent need not drive us to the conclusion that it is uninteresting, illegitimate, and passé to interpret with that criterion in view. We have protocols of considerable subtlety for evaluating intent, and

that game seems not only a persistent cultural practice, but well worth the candle, where we do not grow fierce and dogmatic about it. (60)

Therefore, my editorial apparatus must consider Heath's absence, my possession of the manuscript, and my scant knowledge of the author; but notably, my foundation is also built on my consciousness of Heath's elegantly modest manuscript, its literary value, and my desire to replicate Heath's poetry in a documentary edition. Indeed, as suggested by Williams above, I consider this to be an editorial effort well worth the candle.

I keenly feel Heath's absence and his inability to participate fully in the publication of his work, particularly because I lack his textual insight and inspiration, as well as his permission to participate in his text in this way. It is not my intention to circumvent Heath's social influence in any way, but in some ways, I must set the author aside in order to complete this documentary edition in an effort to establish his poetry in the broad spectrum of Victorian fin de siècle literature. In order to accomplish this goal, I adhere to an approach suggested by George Bornstein in his discussion on editorial theory which supports my involvement in Heath's text and thus my editorial authority. Seeking and establishing editorial authority was crucial as Heath is the unknown author of literature worth academic attention. Bornstein illustrates that the editor should respect the original text while allowing for my editorial prudence:

At the simplest level, an approach emphasising social construction seeks to displace the absolute authority of the author over the text in favour of an authority more dispersed among those who actually bring the text to its published form-- the author, certainly, but also any collaborators, scribes, editors, designers, printers, or others involved in the process of primary production and dissemination. (Bornstein 4)

So, as Bornstein suggests, my authority as editor *does* bring the text to its published form as part of this documentary edition's social and literary presence. Hans Walter Gabler suggests that in order to be critical in my editorial practice, it is desirable that I consider and attempt to define Heath's intent: "Authorial intentions may be self-evident, or recognizable, or obscure, or indeterminable. To observe and respect them always plays a significant role in the business of critical editing" (211). I do not however intentionally displace the *authority* of Heath as author, but rather I assert that the production of his manuscript as a documentary edition of poetry is an *evolution* of its textual presence, from personal chronicle to publication; and thus, the edition represents not only a performance of Heath's literary effort, but also a continuation of its textual existence through its performance. The resulting edition is thus a literary collaboration between me, William Heath, and current and future readers.

As editor I provide a "diplomatic edition (i.e. a text faithfully transcribed from its appearance in a particular document)" (Walsh 157) which allows for the manuscript's presentation, particularly with the inclusion of the photographic facsimile of the manuscript and the correspondence found in it. Walsh's suggestion that transcription be done with faith is apt; my own transcription was a process of deliberation, consideration, and perseverance. Again, it is my intention that Heath's poetry be presented modestly, and with the same humble characteristics imbued in the guileless manuscript, rather than with an imposition of capricious decisions based on what might be limiting editorial conventions.

In my consideration of Heath's conceivable authorial intentions, I have attempted to establish "a collaboration between dead author and live editor. Editors literally inscribed themselves into the reading text" (Eggert 202). I insert myself into Heath's work deferentially but with intention, aware of my lack of Heath's permission to do so, but also in a literary

structure which offers extensive precedents that approve of my role as editor. Further, I do so in the contentious debate regarding authorial intention endemic in academia:

A major predicate of the work of McKerrow, Greg, Bowers, and Tanselle is that the goal of literary editorial enquiry is the text intended finally by the author. In an age where the concept of authorial intention, or rather its knowability and reconstructability [sic], has itself come under serious attack, this predicate has required sophisticated justification.

(Walsh 161)

My own such justification regarding authorial intention is centered on those editorial principles which I have previously described and which aim to reproduce Heath's text with few efforts toward modernization, and few emendations or alterations, recognizing that the manuscript is a document which is representative of the late Victorian era's fascination with literature and writing, and therefore, a historical document worthy of preservation.

My editorial apparatus also considers how my historical position is removed from that of Heath's own. Donald H. Reiman offers a critical comment on an appropriate editorial approach and which delineates this temporal divide:

There are two basic ways for an editor to mediate between an author and readers from another time and place: first, to modernize the text through emendations and, second, to print the original text, either reproduced precisely ("diplomatically") from a single authoritative document or established critically from a variety of early authorities ("witnesses"), and then to explain forms and usages that are unfamiliar to the readers addressed. (309)

As previously discussed, I have made limited emendations in order to minimize modernization of the text or make unnecessary alterations to its presentation in the manuscript. It is the second

approach recommended above by Reiman which I have employed, specifically that I have endeavoured to print the original text diplomatically via photographic facsimile and a typescript reproduction of the original text with precision. While my editing is predominately “diplomatic” as defined above, efforts at such modernization are limited to the transcription of the manuscript to an electronic version, then printed and published format with as few emendations as possible. By reproducing Heath’s crossed out words, misspellings, and grammatical errors in the documentary edition, I am retaining the manuscript’s identifying characteristics, and allowing for the reading and interpretation of Heath’s text by future readers, thus involving them in the societal, persistent, and vital role of the editorial process and a continuation of the manuscript’s textual performance.

The material source (manuscript) of this edition is reproduced in facsimile format (photographic record) as an integral part of this edition. The inclusion of the photographic facsimile serves as an essential evidentiary artifact should further literary works or manuscripts purportedly authored by William Heath be discovered in the future. Specifically, comparisons of script, accidentals, and signature variants allow for authorial attribution. Shillingsburg suggests that a photographic facsimile is a prudent and contemporary inclusion in this edition:

In fact, it is the integrity of rare and fragile materials that prompts many efforts to create microfilms of texts. Video preservation gives at least a visual sense of originals, and digital imaging can produce very high quality [sic] reproductions that are not susceptible to textual error since the record is one of the physical appearance of texts... (37)

Further scholarly work on William Heath will be dependent on such visual and thus tangible textual evidence; while I have attempted to accurately describe Heath’s script and accidentals, a visual comparison of Heath’s manuscript, script, accidentals, and signature variants against

newly discovered literary work potentially by Heath would be essential to any assertion that the authors are one and the same. Such an inclusion of photographic facsimile is relatively new in its acceptance as an editorial standard: “in academia, there are frequent calls for a reliance upon photographic facsimiles or electronic hypertexts instead of critical editions, and an even more widespread disregard, even derision, of textual studies” (Taylor 122). While I fully support the prudence of the photographic facsimile and have included it here in order to provide a thorough document, I also endorse significant efforts toward textual criticism, including those which are also included in this edition.

Accidentals and Substantives

Accidentals and substantives are “terms first used by Greg in his “Rationale of Copy-Text” to distinguish between two categories of textual expression” (Suarez 446). Accidentals, those elements comprising Heath’s punctuation, spelling, word division, paragraphing, emphasis, and poetic format have been retained in the documentary edition as they appear in the manuscript. Greg provides a guiding definition of these two terms: “substantives (those...that affect the author’s meaning, or the essence of his expression usually interpreted as the actual words used) and accidentals (spelling, punctuation, word-division, and the like, affecting mainly its formal presentation)” (Suarez 446). My assertion that any aspect of Heath’s text is relevant as an accidental or substantive is dependant on both my reading of the text and the particulars of the script. To this end, an accurate textual transcription was required first which would then allow for the establishment of a particular word or phrase as possessing an accidental or substantive element. Greetham provides guidance on the act of editorial reading: “a reading is viewed as possible and/or plausible by invoking the rules of linguistic grammaticality derivable from the

intratextual [sic] evidence of the actual utterances, and [sic] replaced if this context renders the reading inadmissible as a linear speech act” (292). I will address this notion of speech as a linear act in my technique employed while reading for transcription later, as it warrants particular attention but must follow the discussion of my editorial apparatus with regard to accidentals and substantives.

Where an accidental is determined based on editorial interpretation and through transcription, the decision is fully described in the annotation adjacent to that particular poem. In his discussion of Greg’s copy-text theory, Tanselle posits a question particularly germane to my own editorial approach to accidentals: “Is not the more reasonable approach, then, to presume, until contrary evidence is adduced, that a manuscript reflects the author’s intentions in accidentals, rather than to begin with the presumption that it does not?” (*Greg’s Theory of Copy-Text* 226). Because there are occasions in the manuscript where Heath has drawn a line through unwanted letters or words, it is Tanselle’s sensible basis that must inform my editorial decisions in that my presumption is that the manuscript, including such accidentals, reflects the author’s intention. In the absence of further authorial contribution or response, variant texts, proofs, or any other version of the manuscript, I position the manuscript as Heath’s final intention, at least until further evidence to the contrary should come to light. As Tanselle suggests, I have no reason to presume otherwise.

There are several accidentals which, while they are not always present in every poem, they are used often enough in Heath’s poetry to bear attention here. There are a few exceptional accidentals which will not be included here; rather they are noted in the Editor’s Notes following the pertinent poem as they warrant special attention best served in the context of the poem itself. Generally, I have retained all accidentals as these textual events capture Heath’s inimitable style,

inform the historical context of the poetry, support the attribution of Heath's authorship, and help to define the literary significance of the manuscript. Further, the retention of all accidentals provides for authorial association and textual comparisons should further literary works by William Heath be discovered.

The manuscript presents a challenge regarding the replication of the spacing between words, lines, and stanzas; I have attempted to replicate this spacing in my transcription as closely as possible but such spacing does remain an approximation due to constraints in word processing and the many variants in spacing in the manuscript. It is possible, at least in some instances, that the spacing employed by Heath is intended as a caesura. For example, in "Thoughts on Seeing a picture in Commional street" Heath may employ a caesura to emphasize the depth of feeling he has for mothers: "A Mother's Love divine." (line 48). Other spacing may simply indicate occasions where the author replenished his ink, or where the author did not intend any particular meaning with his spacing.

One punctuation mark variant warrants individual attention as its use is significant as it affects poetic rhythm and because its use is prolific throughout Heath's poetry; while the ends of most lines of poetry are marked with an ink stroke, it is unclear whether the mark represents a comma or a period. These ink marks made by Heath more closely resemble a period as there is no descending tail dropping below the script line. There are occasions where a comma is evidenced by its standard design, distinguished by the descending ink arc from the round ink mark which then continues below the printed line. Given these distinctions, I have transcribed relevant punctuation as being either a comma (as an ink mark indicated in the manuscript possesses a descending tail) or as a period (as an ink mark indicated in the manuscript not possessing a descending tail). This distinction is maintained despite grammatical forms which

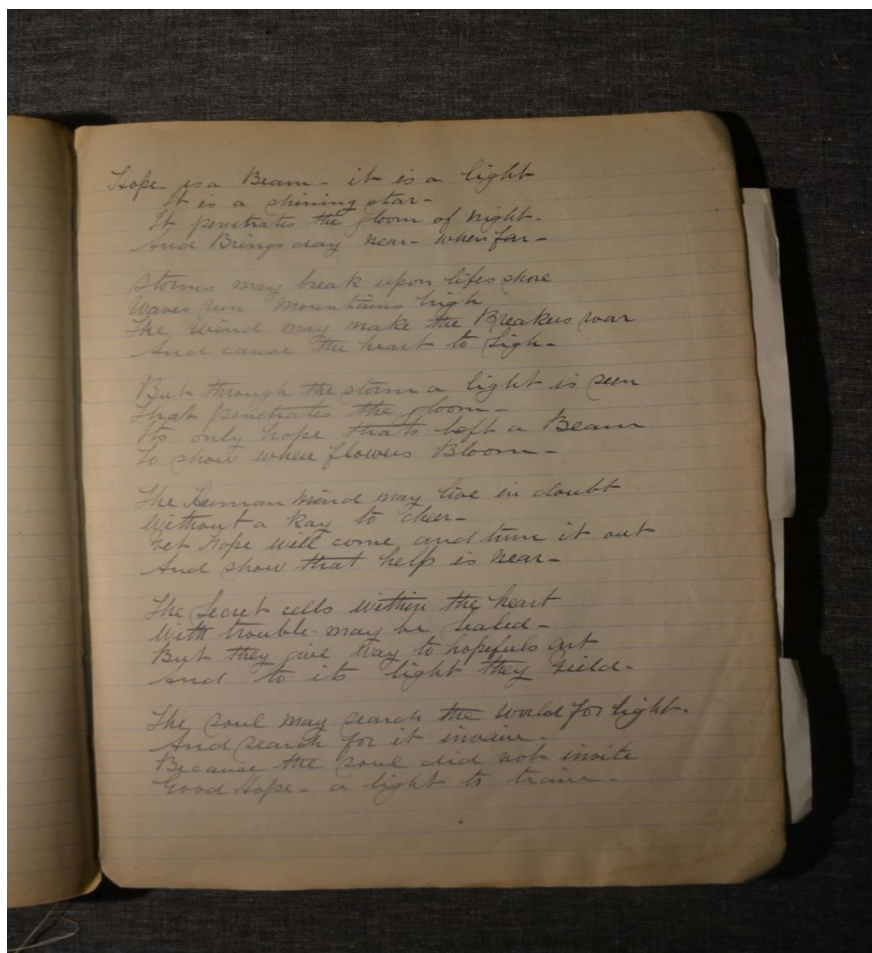
may support either a comma or a period. As an accidental, this punctuation provides evidentiary value in identifying Heath's script. Further, the retention of such an accidental is in line with my editorial position of avoiding arbitrary emendations. The size and shape of this punctuation mark also varies; on rare occasions the comma's descending arc line is larger than what is typically used to form a comma.

Another common accidental is Heath's grammatically erroneous and thus interchangeable use of homophones. Such accidentals are evidenced in words such as 'to' and 'too'. Heath often uses 'too' instead of the word 'to'. Similarly, Heath uses the words 'a' and 'an' incorrectly according to accepted rules of grammar. Another such accidental is Heath's use of "has" when the word "as" would be grammatically appropriate, and yet another, is the apparent misuse of the words 'past' and 'passed'. If one approaches these accidentals from a phonetics perspective, allowing for the potential regional accent that Heath may have had as a result of having spent most of his life in Leeds, England, there may have been no spoken difference between these words. In any case, these accidentals do little to diminish or significantly alter the substantive nature of the poems, but they do support textual evidence which confirms the text as Heath's own work based on such accidentals, as well as his style of script.

In my initial visual appraisal of the manuscript, I compared Heath's script to the most commonly used Copperplate cursive style used during the Victorian period; I found that the two scripts bore little similarity:

Aa Bb Cc Dd Ee
Ff Gg Hh Ii Jj
Kk Ll Mm Nn Oo
Pp Qq Rr Ss Tt
Uu Vv Ww Xx
Yy Zz

Sample of Copperplate Script (A Modern Day Scribe)



Sample of William Heath's Script

The decision of assigning a particular letter as being such in Heath's text required the use of careful logic and a critical and practiced eye after numerous readings of the script. My editorial decisions regarding Heath's script establish the poem's meaning in a lasting way: "In practice, however, editors frequently have to suspend judgement about what a particular ink squiggle in a holograph manuscript 'says' if at first they cannot read it. Once they decipher it, its material status as ink squiggle is immediately resigned for one of text" (Eggert 75). Therefore, I exercised caution in transcription because of the permanence of such editorial interpretations. Variations in the shape and style of a letter as well as variations in his use of ligatures between letters required the judicious transcription process which is described as part of my editorial

apparatus. It must also be noted that not all letters posed such a challenge and were thus easily transcribed; these letters contributed to the accurate reading of the written word as a unit.

Heath's script of a lower case 't' was determined based on the logical conclusion of its use in commonly used words such as 'at', 'the', 'to' and 'pilot'. The lower case 't' is seen as a characteristic straight up and down line with a small angle brush stroke up and forward to the next letter, with a variation of the cross being formed in the standard level fashion. Further determination of this letter as a lower case 't' is based on its context in a line of poetry. The poet's script of a lower case 's' is similarly deviant in that it is unlike the standard cursive 's'. Heath's lower case 's' is seen as a slightly angled and upwardly turned stroke with a sharp vertical downstroke. Heath's lower case 's' varies in the style of its uppermost portion in that it is sometimes quite rounded, and at other times it is drawn with a sharp point. The poet's lower case 's' and lower case 'r' are often similarly scribed and are thus differentiated utilizing the same approach as the lower case 't' as outlined above, in addition to contextualization of the reading in order to determine which letter is appropriate. Heath's lower case 'd' presents in the incorrect mirrored direction, thus appearing as a lower case 'b'. Accidentals such as these were often deciphered and subsequently determined based on phrases in Heath's poetry such as "day and night" which could not logically be transcribed as "bay and night". This variety of accidental determination through textual contextualization often informed transcription decisions.

The use of the apostrophe presents a further prevalent accidental; Heath often uses the possessive "s" when the plural "s" without an apostrophe would be grammatically correct according to convention. The apostrophe is sometimes written high on the printed manuscript line, and at other times it is written at or below the line. In many abbreviations Heath employs a large textual space between the word and a comma similarly placed on, above, or below the

printed line, perhaps employed in place of a grammatically required apostrophe mark. This mark appears on the lower script line and appears to be more like a period than a comma due to the lack of a descending ink arc. While many of Heath's accidentals relate to grammatical rules and are widespread throughout the manuscript, Heath's accidentals also extend to spelling variants and are limited in their occurrence.

Heath often uses the word "past" when the correctly spelled word would be "passed", as well as the word "belive" when "believe" would be the appropriate spelling. Similarly, Heath spells the word "wrapped" as "wraped", the word "secure" as "sequare", and the word "tongue" as "tounge". Variations in spelling may be consistent with acceptable nineteenth century variants, the result of the author's own understanding through education or habit of how these words were to be spelled, or simply spellings errors made in the intensity of composition. As noted previously, words have been transcribed as they appear in the manuscript as part of my editorial intent.

While it is not always the case, Heath sometimes spells "Angels" as "Angles". The Oxford English Dictionary does include the variation of the author's often used spelling of angel as angle. This variation's etymology is traced to both Old French *angele* and *angle*, both with a soft g (OED). Based on this information, my reading of the poem aloud took on an intensified meaning; this alternate softer pronunciation of the word provides a deeper lyricism and spirituality to the poetry. All variations in spelling have been retained in the transcription. I have thus employed the original-spelling apparatus of textual criticism with the intention of reproducing the source document accurately, in that I have avoided "silent alteration of spelling, capitalization, italicization, and punctuations" (Suarez 987). Such alterations are in conflict with my editorial intent to preserve the manuscript's inherent characteristics as much as possible.

The autographic signatures of William Heath provided at the end of many of his poems vary in form and content. In one such signature variation, Heath's signature is distinguished as a capitalized 'W' with a brisk, tight ligature to "Heath" resulting in the appearance which clearly reads as 'WHeath'. Unlike many signatures, each of the letters in William Heath's various signatures is easily transcribed which establishes each signed poem as his own work. Heath's signature often includes a bold, abbreviated brushstroke which forms an underline, but with more space between the signature and the line that can be reproduced as an underline electronically in a word document. Therefore, I refer readers to observe the signature in the photograph facsimile contained herein as a more definitive approach of inspecting his signature. William Heath's signature often appears in a larger font than that of the poetry, and at an almost perpendicular angle to the poem and the page's outer edge. Only one of poems in the manuscript, entitled "Round the Bivouac Fire," is noted as "Copied" and this poem does not include a signature. Another signature variant is seen as a capital 'W' linked to a lower-case m, or superscript, which is written at the upper right-hand corner of the 'W', then followed by Heath. Yet another signature variant is a 'W' followed by a small space and then a capitalized 'Heath', seen following six more poems. This signature is presented horizontally on the lined page and is also underlined. Yet another signature variant is found well into the manuscript following the poem titled "Thoughts while looking at the sky July 12th, 1900" and is the sole variant of its kind; placed horizontally on the page the signature has the addition of "composed by", followed by the traditional 'W' and 'Heath' which are ligatured. Heath's poem "A letter to George Lawson" is signed in full loose script as "William Heath"; eight other poems also include the author's full name in this style. Still another signature variant is found at the conclusion of "Thoughts after Lead Kindly Light" which notes that this poem was "Written by Wm Heath after reading Lead

Kindly light October 27th, 1900” and which references the popular hymn of the same name.

There is then inconsistency regarding how William Heath asserts his authorship via variations in his signature, as well as with the presence or absence of the date the poem may have been written or the date when it may have been transcribed by the author into the manuscript. As most of the poems do include a variant of a signature which is that of a William Heath or a W Heath, it is my position that the manuscript contains the work of one author, and that the manuscript is an autographic manuscript of one William Heath. My work is exclusively centered on this one manuscript; it is yet unknown if there are other literary works by William Heath, either published or in a manuscript form.

In bringing a yet unknown poet to academic light, I am particularly keen on the substantives in Heath’s poetry, as the elements affecting Heath’s meaning are rife with literary possibilities, and like his script, further serve to attribute the manuscript to him as its author. One significant substantive is Heath’s use of hymnal lines in his poetry. Such inclusion should not be considered plagiarism; Heath’s lifelong immersion in religious themes and practice largely imbedded this hymnal vernacular in his psyche and thus into his expression of feeling in poetry. Further, it can be argued that the use of hymns is intended to enable a fulsome reflection by Heath, rather than a deceitful exploitation of the literary work of another. One such example is evidenced in Heath’s poem “Mother’s Songs” where line 47 reads “Lead kindly light amid the Encircling gloom” which is identical, except for the punctuation, to the opening line of John Henry Newman’s hymn “Lead Kindly Light” which reads “Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom” (hymnary.org). As this line is singular and set apart from the previous and the following stanza, it is arguable that such positioning may amount to Heath’s version of a citation and thus his acknowledgement of the source of his poetic muse. Heath’s use of hymnal verse

lines is minimal and limited to a very few poems, and as such, can be defined as a substantive which lends meaning in that it draws the connection between Heath and the religious influences he experienced in Victorian England.

A description of unique substantives is included in the editor's notes adjacent to the poem in which they occur as they are best understood within the wider context of the relevant poem. I have explored *some* of the substantive meanings held in some of Heath's poems; as discussed previously, a close reading and exhaustive analysis of the entire manuscript is beyond the scope of this edition. Heath's manuscript does contain several apparent amendments made by the author which are evidenced as letters and/or words that have a line drawn through them with an alternative word then provided in the same script either above or below the discarded word; this indicates that Heath may have reviewed his writing making changes based on wording or his belief that the word was incorrectly spelled or applied in an erroneous context. For example, in line fifteen of "Grand Lad" Heath crosses out "wh" and then writes "went"; given the context of the line, the word "went" is grammatically and narratively logical which suggests that Heath recognizes that he began to spell the word 'went' incorrectly and made a subsequent correction. Consequently, it can be argued that when words are misspelled according to contemporary spelling rules, or when words are employed grammatically incorrectly, and they are *not* crossed out by the author, that either Heath did not observe the error, or that he did not believe that he had made an error in spelling or grammar.

As my editorial perspective is intended to represent and impart the author's work accurately and is traditionalist, I have kept my intrusion into the text as minimal as possible to present the text's particular meanings. As this manuscript is the only known version of the poetry, its status as William Heath's extant manuscript is established, and so has "paramount

authority” (Bowers 226). Further, I offer editorial notes adjacent to literary or historically significant poems in addition to the photographic facsimile, and in so doing combine the editorial approaches as outlined by Tanselle: “The first approach results in a photographic or other facsimile or in literal diplomatic transcriptions, the second in what are generally called “critical” editions (because their texts are the products of the critical judgment of editors)” (17). I thus offer what I am confident is a fulsome representation of the manuscript of poetry by William Heath, a judiciously considered and accurate transcription of his poetry. Such an approach is germane: “Ideological factors.... have in the past three decades strongly pushed editors of nineteenth-century prose toward reproducing the original text and annotating it” (Reiman 308). This approach is in line with my editorial aspiration to avoid significant alterations in my transmission of the original text and to produce my reproduction and performance of the text as meticulously as possible.

Sources and Orientations

As the manuscript in my possession is the only currently known version of Heath’s text and thus the solely accessible document containing Heath’s poetry, it serves as the authoritative text upon which this documentary edition is constructed. Therefore, the source material for this documentary edition of poetry by the long-deceased William Heath is textually limited to the rapidly decaying autographic manuscript which is dated between 1898 and 1903, along with the unattached paper documents found in the manuscript. As such, Heath’s manuscript presents a textual artifact which exists in a precarious and mutable state. My creation of this documentary edition is a transmission of his text. In his essay “I Shall Be Spoken: Textual

Boundaries, Authors, and Intent” Ralph G. Williams suggests the value in textual transmission due to the instability inherent in a text such as Heath’s:

The surface of a work is not stable: it changes, “ages” in complex ways in accordance with its materials and the conditions in which it finds itself. This fact has profound implications for how one responds to a work; the patina or smudge, and the damages that come with the years remind us of our distance from the artist and culture that created it, even without considering the matter of historical styles. (Williams 53)

Indeed, it is in the manuscript’s deterioration and graphic characteristics that, as editor, I seek to establish its identity, particularly its “patina”. Further, my editorial response to the work is in part due to what Williams describes above as the distance between myself and Heath, as well as the Victorian era. As a handwritten manuscript likely composed at the Victorian era’s conclusion, it may be representative of “the lucubration’s of many humbler authors who sought no audience beyond immediate friends and family, or whose themes were unacceptable to the press” (Love 115). It may be that my reading of the text, and my subsequent transcription, is the first time a reader has immersed themselves in the text in such an extended and meaningful manner. In other words, this is Heath’s text most recent performance, but certainly not its last as it now reaches out to a wider audience via this documentary edition.

A painstaking transcription of the entire manuscript over the course of many days was followed by a second equally systematic transcription over a year removed from the date of the primary effort. My intention with this temporal gap was to minimize remembered influences or decisions made during the first transcription having an impact on the second transcription. The transcription is the result of an effort to complete an accurate reading of the author’s challenging script, including the poet’s inconsistent use of ligatures, spelling, and grammar. Research was

required when a word was unknown to me; often these words were linked either to participants in the Boer War, religious figures, or musical terms. It was a significant challenge to transcribe Heath's handwriting; the faded script was foreign to me and deterioration of the manuscript made the task arduous. Following this first laborious transcription, I conducted a second transcription, this time reviewing the entire manuscript and then comparing against the preliminary transcribed version to ensure accuracy as well as to solidify editorial choices made in transcription. During this second transcription effort, I made further explanatory annotations which supported my editorial decisions. Again, the primary aim in transcription is to retain the authenticity and originality of the manuscript, with consideration of the author's time and place.

Because this documentary edition is constructed from the one source document, the work is rare in that most scholarly editing "depends usually upon different versions of published texts, often including author's manuscripts of works that were eventually published; almost never do they center on manuscripts of works not published in any form" (Bornstein 171). While this explanation suggests that my work is somewhat unique, this approach is based on the reasonable assumption that this manuscript has not in fact been published or that it exists in any other form, and as such, is the only source document. Other poetry by William Heath has not been found in common literary databases or periodical archives. Further, there is no indication in the manuscript that the work was published, or that it was prepared for publication. Based on the lack of evidence indicating any previously published literary work by William Heath, I further orientate my editorial perspective as one that would explore an autographic manuscript by an unknown author in the absence of other texts.

As previously discussed, I captured a photographic facsimile record of the manuscript as well as its textual contents which are included in this documentary editions. The transcription

process of Heath's text was labour intensive with many subsequent readings, repeated attempts at transcription and research forays to solidify my textual interpretation which were often due to incoherence embedded in the unusual script. In this digital age, it is a rare occasion to read handwritten script; I found that I was woefully unpracticed in the skill. To this end, reading the text was conducted with prodigious attention. I have edited guardedly to maintain the manuscript's authenticity: "The most conservative editorial approach to the problem of manuscript punctuation and word-division is, of course, to reproduce all the characteristics of the copy-text, no matter how inconsistent they may be" (Greetham 224). The conservative editorial approach I have employed here results in what I assert is an authentic presentation of the reproduced text.

One such characteristic of the text is the unique script style; deciphering and then transcribing many of Heath's written words required disassembling the words into individual letters, determining the identity of these individual letters, and then reassembling these letters into words. Many words are exceedingly difficult to transcribe due Heath's particular script, and so transcription required numerous readings, finding clarity from the poem's narrative and through the process of comparing difficult letters to those in known words. Heath employed a four-line script, with minuscules often possessing both ascenders and descenders (Greetham 171). Some of the letters can be easily deduced according to their shape which resemble both our modern script, the Copperplate script commonly used in Heath's time, and/or by the logical order of letters in common and often used words such as "the" and "God". However, there are many words which require painstaking analysis to ascertain what the author intended. This proved to be exceptionally difficult at times until I happened upon a most fruitful method of transcription, admittedly by chance.

By reading the poems aloud repeatedly, I came to have a more natural understanding of what was written without having to struggle or hazard guesses to determine the exact interpretation of a section of script because of the poet's rhythm and rhyme when heard aloud. Words that were at first unclear came to make perfect sense, so much so that I questioned how I could not have made out the word at my first reading. This initial happenstance success resulted in the establishment of a uniform editorial practice; my method of transcription was to read a stanza or four-line section aloud several times. This followed a broad reading of the entire poem during which I ascertained an overarching theme or sentiment which would often suggest, by logic, what a word may be, and during which I noted problematic areas of transcription. For example, if the poem spoke of seafaring, I could logically conclude a word such as "pilot" or "wave". I then used this method for all poems to ensure accuracy and which emphasized that this method was valid whenever the author's penmanship was such that I could not decipher a word or group of words. Rather than stop or pause at a troublesome section which could not easily be transcribed, I simply flowed past it in my reading, continuing to the next word that I could read easily, and then performed subsequent readings until an accurate transcription could be achieved. After reading a stanza or section aloud several times, and establishing a rhythm and flow of words, the indecipherable word would suddenly appear in perfect clarity, and could then be transcribed. For example, in Heath's poem "The Harbour is found" (114), I initially could not decipher line 61. On my initial readings and based on the text as it first appeared to my eye and thus my mind, I transcribed the line as "Ah man, ah now, ah might I'm thine" which seemed somewhat nonsensical in the narrative. After several readings utilizing the transcription technique described previously, and by examining the section in the larger context of the poem, I then correctly transcribed as "At morn, at noon, at night I'm thine". Using this process of reading

aloud for clarity was invaluable to the transcription process as I was then able to hear and “see” as well as lucidly read and thus transcribe what Heath had written.

While some poetic personas, antiquated words, or historically or religiously themed words in the poems were unknown to me, and Heath’s spelling, punctuation, and script were often atypical, these issues were not so difficult that the destruction of the text through modernization and excessive emendation was warranted. In other words, modernization of the text as seen in the manuscript might significantly alter the character, meaning or reading of the poetry rather than improve the reader’s ability to access the text. Therefore, such modernization seemed unwarranted and superfluous. Further, my editorial decision to avoid such modernization is in alignment with Greetham’s assertion that “all facets of a book’s history and presentation and reception are ultimately connected” (294) and thus facets are worthy of preservation and exploration.

Just as an autographic manuscript with variant spellings and scripts establishes it as part of literary history, the manuscript’s journey from Leeds, England, to British Columbia, Canada, and its physical presentation further cement its link as a physical object and a part of Canadian immigration history. To this end, I have endeavoured to capture the manuscript’s specific and intrinsic details and their nuances. Further, by establishing a biography of the author, I have connected the manuscript’s history and provenance to its textual presentation and positioned its current literary reception in the twenty-first century.

In this documentary edition, the poems are presented in the order in which they appear in Heath’s manuscript in an effort to replicate the manuscript and depict and preserve the intention of the author. Eggert submits that “Poets typically concern themselves with the ordering of poems in their published collections. They try to anticipate and guide the experience of their

readers, often ensuring thematic clusters” (198). While this edition is based on an autographic manuscript rather than a published collection, the poetry’s order remains relevant as it was determined by its author, William Heath. As such authorial concern about page order and visual presentation indicates authorial intent, I have maintained the page order as presented in Heath’s manuscript as recognition and acceptance of such intent.

The poems do not seem to be ordered to establish any thematic groups or to establish a wider narrative. Rather, the poem’s order takes the reader through a variety of poetic genres, themes, and moods. This array allows the reader an emotional reprieve at times, as light verse is often placed between intense poems of mourning or remembrance. Given that the manuscript holds few authorial corrections, and no marginalia or authorial notes, it may be that Heath’s manuscript represents his finished literary product, perhaps ready for consumption or perhaps even publication. Heath offers an albeit nebulous indication that his poems may one day be read in his poem titled “Thoughts of the Past” (169) in which he writes: “If som young man should read my words / That I now sit and write” (lines 45-48). However, it cannot be known if Heath’s manuscript was intended for print, publication, sharing amongst family, or for Heath’s own personal enjoyment. Regardless of these unknowns, it is appropriate to retain the poem’s order in my transcription as this replicates the manuscript most accurately. Further, I have endeavoured to convey in my transcription the poet’s placement on the page of each word and stanza, textual spacing, as well as signatures and dates when these have been included by the author. These efforts speak to my editorial commitment to seeking and incorporating elements of authorial intent when possible.

The numerous documents found in the manuscript not bound by its frayed page bindings are included in the appendix of this edition as an integral component of the edition’s source and

orientation, in the form of photographic facsimile. Those documents which are poems have also been transcribed following the same process as the poems in the manuscript. These documents contribute to the attribution of Heath as the manuscript's author and contribute to the biographical and historical information regarding the manuscript, including its provenance. The poems follow similar poetic conventions, themes, and genres as evidenced in the bound manuscript. All words, markings, and signatures found in these loosely held documents have been replicated where possible in the electronic transcription.

The manuscript contains several dates which Heath included at the end of several of the poems. In accordance with Greetham's guidelines on textual criticism I have included these as they are presented as a documentary edition should include, wherever possible, "the probable date and place of writing, followed by the general style of script, with specific indicators (characteristic letter-forms especially). Any idiosyncrasies or changes in the hand are to be noted" (154). While not all poems include a date, pages which *are* dated and held fixed in place by the manuscript's binding typically appear in chronological order. While most of the poems are dated May through October of 1900, there are several notable exceptions to this chronology. First, toward the end of the manuscript a poem titled "Oh it is cold" (221) is dated December 1898, over two years prior to the first dated poem in the manuscript. Secondly, a few of the final poems of the manuscript are dated March 18, 1901 and finally January 18, 1903. It is curious that Heath did not begin recording a date, in this case May 21, 1900, until the nineteenth poem found in the manuscript which is titled "Sacramental Service". The penultimate poem "What Christ sat on" (231) is dated January 18th, 1903.

I cannot be certain that the dates are indicative of the first conceptualization of each poem as well as its appearance in the manuscript, or if the dates mark the inclusion of previously

written poetry in this manuscript. There are some scenarios which come to mind regarding the lack of a date for many of the poems, specifically the first thirteen. First, that the author penned the poems over an unknown period, perhaps during much of his adult life, and then in 1900 saw some value in transcribing these poems into this single hard back paper workbook. As he filled the pages, he may have written new poems to which he added the date on which they were written. Conversely, it is also possible that the poet wrote all the poems on various dates and did not transcribe them into the workbook until after the last poem was written in 1903. Some of the poems are dated in a very short time frame, with several poems written one day after another. Given this condensed time frame for such a significant volume of work, and the observable fact that most of the poems do not have any corrections, it may be that the manuscript was intended to be a final edition and represents Heath's own transcription of his collected poems into this one volume. Because there are few corrections and an absence of authorial marginalia, this assumption may be the most likely. However, these scenarios are my own invention and remain as a hypothesis which remains to be proven or disproven.

The final poem contained in the bound manuscript does not include a date, and there is physical evidence which suggests that several pages of the manuscript may have been either torn away, or due to the manuscript's deterioration came away from the binding and have since been lost. Further, an *explicit* or "closing remarks at the end of a manuscript" (Greetham 50) is not present, but this may also have been either torn away or lost to the ravages of time. Just as the manuscript opens rather unceremoniously and without preamble or introduction, so too does it draw to a close without an explicit. Such simplicity must be assigned as a significant characteristic of the author William Heath.

The several loose documents which were included in the manuscript and are here presented in the appendices as photograph facsimiles, are not dated save for the four pages of “The Leeds Mercury” newspaper which is a special supplement printed on March 9th, 1901. This supplement is the newspaper’s own reprint from Saturday March 7th, 1801 (Appendix M). Neither the significance of the original printing date nor the reprint date can be determined based on the paper’s content. It remains unclear as to how the newspaper may relate to William Heath or his poetry despite a thorough inspection of the paper’s articles and advertisements. Another loose document is a handwritten note (Appendix J) which praises the virtues of William Heath, and bids him good fortune as he “sails for Canada’s shore”. This note does not appear to be in the hand of William Heath as it does not bear any of the characteristic script styles found in the bound manuscript. As the note is signed by one “A. Platelayer”, I initially assumed this to be an individual’s name which my research might reveal as someone biographically or historically significant. However, research reveals that “Platelayer” more likely refers to a term “used in Britain for the men who *laid* and maintained the ‘*plateways*’ that were primarily used for coal haulage in the early 19th century” (my emphasis, Platelayers.org par 1). Given Heath’s own occupation in the railroad industry, it is likely there that this personal connection was made, and which stimulated the play on words found in the note. While undoubtedly written by a caring friend based on the note’s sentiments, the signature is arguably a manufactured aptronym.

Yet another handwritten note (Appendix L), also not in Heath’s hand, indicates that the manuscript was shared with others on at least one occasion, in this instance as an offering of comfort, and which also offers the literary critique of “the lines are good”. While this note includes the names “Mrs. Farewell” and “Lura”, it is unsigned and undated. The name Farewell may also be an aptronym, based on Heath’s immigration to Canada and thus a play on ‘farewell’.

A blank sheet of lined paper (Appendix O) is also found in the manuscript, but it is not the same paper as the manuscript as it contains the watermark of a crown topping the words Imperial Strong 1111. The corner fragment (Appendix P) of the final pages of the manuscript is also found in its covers, allowing for further transcription of the final stanza of the poem “What I’d like to hear” (233). Five poems on unlined blank paper, assessed by me as being in the same hand as those in the manuscript as they present with similar script characteristics and accidentals, are presented in Appendices Q through to U. Three of these poems are signed by a W. Heath, one is signed by W. H. and the poem “Do-Ray-Me” does not contain a signature. Both the absence of the signature and the variations in signature style mirror these variations seen in the manuscript. These documents are not dated.

Of the poems which are on loose paper, “Hymn 457 Tennyson’s Sunset,” “Musing,” and “I’m an ignorant man” follow similar thematic veins, such as moral spirituality and introspection, to the poems found in the bound manuscript. Conversely, the poem “Mount Cheam” was likely written when Heath lived in Canada, and more specifically, during the time he resided in Chilliwack, British Columbia, which was toward the end of his life. Mount Cheam is found in the eastern portion of the Fraser Valley in the North Cascade mountain range and offers spectacular views from its heights (Vancouver Trails) and is thus in geographic proximity to Chilliwack. Despite this unique link to Heath’s life in Canada unseen in his other works, this poem also follows the same sentiments of much of his work, as it speaks of God’s artistry in nature and His profound mystery. There is also a typed untitled poem (Appendix N) on yet another style of blank paper signed “Yours respectfully, SILENCE”. This poem follows similar thematic elements such as pilots and flowers as seen in the bound manuscript. The final loose document (Appendix K) is another hand-written note celebrating an unknown individual’s

birthday. The script appears laboured in that the letters are poorly formed with numerous points where the script can be described as tremulous, and therefore its transcription is difficult. It too is unsigned and undated, and it does not appear to be in Heath's hand.

I assert that the manuscript is in the hand of a sole author, William Heath, and can be considered his autographic manuscript. It is unlikely that the individual claiming to be William Heath would sign his name to another person's work; such a deceitful act would be out of step with the content of the poems and the notes and letters regarding William Heath which are found in the manuscript which establish him as an ethical, moral and respectful man.

Physical Form and Appearance of the Manuscript

My examination of the manuscript falls in codicology, the "study of manuscripts as artifacts, as material objects carrying a text" (Greetham, *Textual Scholarship* 6). To that end, I handled the manuscript as such an artifact: minimally and with delicacy while still meeting the expected and required acute and detailed inspection. When handling the manuscript, I wore cotton gloves to avoid further damaging the pages and laid it flat on an even surface to avoid torque and tension on the already failing binding and pages. As an artifact, the manuscript establishes its physical literary presence, specifically in that "as an object made of paper used for writing, a manuscript bears witness to a hidden part of the genetic accomplishment: it shows the hard work required, in its material heaviness" (Bustarret 16-17). Thus, Heath's manuscript is much more than the physical aspect of a textual product as it also forms a social, historical, and literary identity, and one which has now been transmitted from autographic manuscript to documentary edition.

As a material literary object, the manuscript also exists as a representation of both the writer's considerable personal effort as well as the text's historical and social evolutions in that it represents a working-class Victorian experience which is now positioned in current academic study. Further, my initial and continued fascination with the manuscript as an artifact is also supported by current editorial approaches as outlined by Tanselle as he references the scholarship of D. F. McKenzie: "the sociology of the text [which] emphasizes typography, format, and other physical characteristics of the presentation of texts, which he sees not only as part of the social context of a work but also often as part of what the author intended" (27). While the manuscript is clearly much more than the tangible identity and sum of its pages, a complete editorial approach necessitates a discussion on its physicality, form, and appearance.

The collation of the manuscript, including the "statement of format, the statement of gatherings, the statement of signings, foliation, and pagination" (Greetham, *Textual Scholarship* 161) also includes the physical form of the manuscript and that of the assorted documents found in the manuscript. The manuscript itself, in the absence of Heath's poetry inscribed in ink, is a blank book consisting of a firm front and back cover with the manufactured print limited to fine light blue lines on its bound pages. There are no page number markings made, either at time of construction nor added by William Heath.

At over 117 years old, the manuscript is currently in extremely poor physical condition. The front and back "boards" (Suarez 539) or covers are made from a pressed paper material, akin to a firm cardboard. There is no evidence of the manuscript being a palimpsest, described as "documents containing two texts, one superscribed (sic) over erased earlier text" (Greetham 53). Each page presents as only containing the single poem which is clearly evidenced by each poem's ink markings and the absence on any of the pages of any visible traces of earlier works.

By carefully holding a random selection of pages to a bright light, I confirmed the absence of any previously inscribed text beyond what is visible as Heath's text. However, the script has faded dramatically even over the decade it has been in my possession.

Water stains and some blistering of the 'boards' forming the text's covers are clear on the inside front cover. If the exterior portion of the cover included manufacturer or decorative markings at one time, they are no longer visible to the naked eye. At construction, the manuscript's exterior cover was likely a dark green in colour, but it is now faded with both beige and green colours mottled together. There is a black outer fabric-like binding situated on the left of the manuscript, approximately one quarter inch in width and wrapping from the front to back cover in a solid vertical line which still holds the manuscript together but just; the interior of the manuscript reveals that most of the pages are separating from its failing binder. Four bands of beige tape were added at some point in an effort to bolster the manuscript's binding. This tape is deteriorating into long, loose, strings which are light beige in colour and which have a straw-like and waxy feel to them.

The dimensions of the manuscript are as follows: width: 7.5 inches, height 12.75 inches, and a thickness of 0.75 inches. The manuscript contains an inscription on the interior of the front board, consisting of William Heath's name and a residential address. The incipit or "first words of text" (Greetham 154) will be considered as "Sunday Schools" as there is no apparent introduction or forward to the manuscript. The seventy-two pages of the manuscript are a light beige in colour, with horizontal fine blue lines marking each quarter inch of page, upon which Heath has written his poetry. The page edges are brittle, and in many places portions of the page edges have broken away. In many places, there appears to be some type of staining which gives the page a translucent unctuous appearance.

There is a near complete separation of the front and back boards from the rest of the manuscript; the black ribbon outer binding and several of its strings are all that attach the two boards to the rest of the manuscript. Further, if the front cover is held horizontally and parallel to the manuscript pages below, such that the fabric black binding is taut, a gap appears indicating that a significant number of pages may be missing. Given this gap, it is entirely possible that there are pages missing, and therefore the existence of additional poetry, from the front of the manuscript. The manuscript does not include an index or a table of contents of any kind, and it must be considered that its “present state may possibly reflect a selective disposition adopted by the author in consideration of the posterity of his or her work” (Bustarret 18). There appears to be several pages missing from the end of the manuscript; this assertion is made not only because of the separation of the binding from the back cover, but also because of the torn final page and poem fragment. These missing pages may be due to the deterioration of the manuscript, or because they were physically removed from the binding.

The manuscript has spent approximately the previous fifty years in dark and dry storage, but without any supportive or protective enclosure, and without any efforts to control humidity. To my knowledge, the manuscript has never been afforded any appropriate preservation techniques. It is unclear at what point, or by whom, the tape was added to support the binding, but it does not appear to be part of the original manuscript. The iron gall ink has, in many places, taken on a pencil lead like colour. I refer to the writing in the manuscript as being in Heath’s “hand” and his hand alone, and that his “script” is distinctive (Greetham 172). Heath uses what might be his own interpretation of copperplate, “a style of calligraphic script of rounded, cursive letters” (Suarez 639). However, there are inconsistencies in Heath’s script, suggesting that as a cursive script it lacks some of the “primary concern for clarity and regularity of shape of

individual letterforms” (Suarez 652). Heath is inconsistent in his height of capital line, defined as that “imaginary line defining the height of the capitals in a fount” (Suarez 586). To Heath’s credit, he used a steady and evenly weighted hand; the transcription of the text was challenging due to the overall and generalized fading of the script, but it does not appear that there were areas where complete letters or words were absent due to failing ink. While I care for the manuscript as best I can in my home, I fear it that it will one day be illegible. I consider myself a conservator of this now decaying and fragile document, and so I present for publication a work without significant or intentional alterations which aims to preserve through reproduction the original manuscript with all the meaningful characteristics attributable to its author, William Heath.

Construction and Representation of the Documentary Edition of the Manuscript

I am ever mindful that it is my *privilege* not my right to share the literary work of William Heath. The retention of the unique characteristics of the manuscript is important; it is not my poetry and so it is not mine to alter in any arbitrary way. However, I am mindful of the fact that “each technology thus carries with it the possibility of determined or accidental variation.... every act of copying introduces new errors” (Greetham 289). While I have made carefully considered editorial decisions, every decision was made with an eye toward preservation and authenticity; determined variations have been avoided and I hope that accidental variations are few.

The inclusion of the photographic facsimile is intended to accurately represent the author’s penmanship, his signature variations, as well as characteristics unique to his hand. This effort will ensure that if further autographic manuscripts are unearthed, and may be attributed to this William Heath, that a means of verification via penmanship and signature may be afforded.

Further, this facsimile anticipates the eventual decay of the original manuscript while bearing in mind that “There can be no substitutes for the originals, of course, because every physical detail of the original documents is potentially relevant for interpreting the texts they contain.”

(Greetham, *Scholarly Editing* 18). Gabler provides further justification on the inclusion of a photographic record of the manuscript in the documentary edition: “Wherever the text, under the double control of the conventions of writing and of language, is unambiguous, the copy is wholly adequate as a control document to verify it” (214). Therefore, the facsimile record also serves as an additional point of access to Heath’s text, critical for any future scholarship regarding William Heath’s poetry. The manuscript now remains in dry, dark storage in an effort to decelerate its decay.

Heath’s script is distinctive in that it does not conform to the Copperplate style which was popular, but such deviation is not unexpected as the script of nineteenth-century writers was often “scrawled in a highly idiosyncratic hand without any pretensions to calligraphic style” (Greetham 213). The absence of heavily adorned script and the lack of illustration, introduction, or explicit in the manuscript all support this lack of pretension in Heath’s poetry. Greetham provides a description for script like Heath’s, in that his often-illegible script is that of a “free script” as opposed to a “set” or careful calligraphic style (171). The script provides insight into how Heath may or may not have intended to share his manuscript:

If a text has been written for private, commercial, or other quotidian activities, the scripts usually encourage a faster, more economical style, with much joining of letters, so that the pen did not have to be lifted from the writing material more often than would be necessary to refill it with ink. (Greetham 171)

Many of the pages in the manuscript are fully utilized, while others have large blank sections. Heath's script is decidedly economical, which suggests that the manuscript may have been intended to be a private journal of his own literary works rather than a document to be shared widely or for publication.

While I have photographed the entire manuscript and all its contents, the purpose of this endeavour was not only to create a reproduction from which to conduct my work so that further damage from handling the manuscript could be avoided. Rather, my intention was primarily to capture a visual record of the work for preservation. Greetham describes the value of such a visual record:

the most important type of non-critical edition is one which seeks to present a faithful version of a single document, with only minimal textual involvement by the editor. The most faithful of all (at least theoretically) is the *photographic reprint*, which presents a technically exact-- and, one trusts, unaltered and unretouched--facsimile of the original. This type of edition is for obvious reasons most commonly associated with manuscripts, where the scribal idiosyncrasies of, for example, abbreviation marks, letter- and word-spacing, letter-formation and relative letter-size could perhaps not be accurately displayed in a type-setting. (349)

Further, this photographic record serves to preserve the manuscript for authentication and reference, specifically the various signatures of the author as well as the intricacies and unique characteristics of Heath's penmanship and script style. While my transcription serves as a reproduction of the text, the photographic record provides an additional layer of evidence: "Modern photographic and photo reprint reproduction retains the textual record not as a transliteration, but as an image of the original inscription" (Gabler 214). I cautiously conducted

my work from the original manuscript to ensure that the photographic process did not alter, diminish, or invent any interfering marks. Further, as Greetham rightly argues,

it should go without saying that, especially in manuscript facsimiles, the photocopy should not be accepted as if it were the original. The facsimile fulfils a valid purpose (esthetic, historical, even scholarly), but it is no substitute for the examination of the manuscript itself, especially where this manuscript is to be the chosen copy-text for a scholarly edition. (350)

Greetham's emphasis on the value of my own study of the manuscript despite its fragility has been considered and employed in my editorial practice. As this documentary edition serves as a foundational text for future study of Heath's literature, such scrutiny of the manuscript was vital. Study and use of the original manuscript occurred over several months, for three distinct purposes: to create a photographic record of the manuscript, to transcribe the manuscript into a word document, and to repeat the transcription process to ensure accuracy in the first transcription.

Verbal Composition of the Text

My efforts are to preserve the author's accidentals as well as substantives and to avoid any changes, intentional or accidental. As much as possible, the accidentals present in the autographic manuscript have been replicated in the typed version, along with a description of them, in order to fully capture their intricacies. As part of the transcription process, I have not changed the spelling or punctuation of any part of the text; rather than altering the spelling or punctuation in an effort to bring these into conformity with modern current standards of orthography, the existing spelling and punctuation have been preserved as being distinct to the

standards at the time, and of the author's own intention. This is to retain the authenticity of the author's work, and to preserve any spelling and punctuation practices that may have formed Heath's formal or informal education.

Heath's use of capitalization is prolific, and it is difficult to ascertain his criteria for marking a word with a capital as it goes beyond the standard and contemporary rules of capitalization. Further, while it is often traditional in poetry to capitalize the first word of each line, Heath does not follow such a convention. Heath often capitalizes where appropriate according to standard capitalization rules, such as days of the week, proper names, titles of hymns, and place names. He is consistent in his capitalization of Heaven, and religious figures such as God and Jesus. Going beyond these commonly accepted rules, Heath uses capitals when writing of the notable or thematic elements of each poem. However, Heath's inconsistent capitalization is not unusual when one considers that "punctuation remains arbitrary and idiosyncratic until the eighteenth, or even the nineteenth century, and there are still local or national variants, with British to American usage" (Greetham 223). As with accidentals, I have consistently retained Heath's use of capitalization throughout my transcription of the manuscript. And so, I complete what Greetham refers to as "the 'real' business of textual scholarship: the reconstruction of an author's intended text and/or the production of a critical edition displaying this intention or some other version of the text" (8). More specifically, this documentary edition is intended to be a faithful representation of William Heath's poetry as it appears in his manuscript.

Literary Criticism

Given the considerable volume of poetry contained herein, it is beyond the scope of this edition to offer a close analytical reading of all poems. Rather, only a select and significant few poems will be discussed here in order to establish a literary sense of the poet in the context of the Victorian fin de siècle. I must admit to romanticizing the creation of the manuscript: imagining William Heath bent over the book's then pristine pages following his hard day's labour on the railway, perhaps under an incandescent light inside his brick terrace home, brow furrowed as he sought his soul for the right word, the right phrase which would capture his devotion and his sentiment. Heath's poetry instills such nostalgia for this bygone era where such a homely practice may have been commonplace. Heath had several poetic contemporaries and we see in his work notable literary influences from both the Romantic and Victorian period such as John Henry Newman and Alfred, Lord Tennyson, as well as influence from Christian religion largely in the form of Methodist Hymns. My scholarly engagement with Heath's manuscript as a documentary edition is timely: "Victorian working-class poetry has rapidly become an important subject for late twentieth and twenty-first century criticism, [with poems] beginning to encroach on the established 'canon' of Victorian poetry" (Blair 525). While the scope of this thesis cannot extend to a literary comparison of other working-class poets of the age, it does present the possibility of its legitimacy and appropriateness as an additional submission into the genre and study of working-class poetry, and as an *expansion* of that relatively new genre. Charles LaPorte points out that during the cultural changes of the Victorian period, writers explored the "'poetic' as a means of reimagining biblical inspiration and religious tradition" (par 1, "Victorian Poetry and the Shock of the Belated"). Heath certainly draws on Christian themes without framing his

spiritual poems within religious dogma. Rather, Heath frames his faith and relationship with God in traditional poetic formats and set in nature.

So, where does the poetry of William Heath fit in relation to what is one of the richest and most diverse literary periods in history? Heath leaves a humble manuscript to be sure, but as a newly unearthed example of working-class poetry likely written during the end of the Victorian era, it holds significant literary value as part of our expanding understanding of that genre. While it is certainly of academic worth that Heath's poetry be subjected to a critical analysis, it must also be considered that he may not have intended anyone to read, let alone examine and publish, his manuscript. Further, unlike many of his literary contemporaries including published working-class poets, there is no evidence to support that Heath published his work or that he benefited from the insights of the numerous literary critics of his day. However, it is likely that Heath, like many of his contemporaries, was aware of literature's broad appeal: "Men and women of all social ranks were readers, writers, and publishers, but a passion for the acquisition of literacy was particularly conspicuous in the working class" (Howsam 180). The construction and diversity of Heath's poetry suggests that he too was passionate about literature.

As noted, Heath's poetry is expressive, with many lines focused on introspection and self-analysis. Peter Gurney describes Victorian--era working-class writers: "Most were motivated by a pressing need to communicate their experience and expected little or no monetary reward for their labors" (52). Heath's biography reveals consistent employment with the railroad; even if he had published his poetry, his continued employment as a railway labourer indicates that it is unlikely that he would have supported his family by his pen, nor is it likely that he enjoyed a literary patronage. Heath offers such a diversity of poetic themes and literary

references that it can reasonably be assumed that he was well read, and that he had access to a range of literature in addition to the Bible and hymnals.

During the Victorian period, literature was an intrinsic part of everyday life: “By the 1860s publishing had become a major enterprise: books and periodicals were taken for granted as a cultural necessity” (Howsam 186). This suggests that Heath’s family likely enjoyed literature as a socially endorsed habit, particularly the reading of the Bible as Heath’s father was a member of the Temperance Movement and the family a part of the Wesleyan church. Richard D. Altick’s research suggests for railway labourers such as Heath, his position may have allowed him unfettered access to at least a small range of literary texts: “During the first years of their existence, English railways had leased their bookstall concessions to injured employees or their widows [and a] stock of newspapers, magazines [and] novels were added to the wares for sale” (301). Heath’s exposure to literature during his working career was likely unfettered due to the railway’s book industry, which included stalls selling a variety of texts, as well as the railway libraries, which were “lending libraries on railway premises established primarily for railway employees” (Suarez 1078). As a working-class member of Victorian society, and as a Wesleyan, it is probable that Heath read extensively: “The largest single group of lower-class readers was the Wesleyans... Wesleyans were expected to read as much as their leisure allowed” (Altick 35). Further evidence which suggests that Heath was likely to have read widely is found in Altick’s assertion that during the Victorian period the act of reading reached a highpoint:

In the middle class, the reading circle was the most familiar and beloved of domestic institutions; and as cheap printed matter became more accessible, hardly a family in Britain was without its little shelf of books and its sheaf of current periodicals, whether church papers or the latest hair-raising episodes concocted by Holywell Street hacks. (5)

Heath's knowledge is subsequently reflected in the literary influences present in his poetry. Perhaps encouraged by the wide range of genres available and the culturally sanctioned popularity of reading and writing, Heath, like so many of his contemporaries, applied his own hand to verse as an appropriate way to express his feelings by drawing on literature, life, and spirituality as his inspiration.

In his single stanza poem "All the worlds a stage, we are actors," (189) inspired by one of Shakespeare's best-known speeches (Wells) Heath's poetic subject actively reflects on the words of Shakespeare's Jaques. However, Heath's poetic personas are rarely as melancholic as Jaques. Rather, Heath's speakers, as in this poem, tend to reach an agreeable resolution of peace and comfort through a reliance upon and trust in God. Interestingly, Heath removes the gendered references and replaces them with the more socially inclusive "we", perhaps a nod toward the social change occurring in Victorian England.

Heath was but a child shortly after the literary group known as the Spasmodics enjoyed the zenith of their literary influence, which was an intriguing but brief literary diversion from the broader canon of the era. In his discussion of Mathew Arnold, LaPorte notes that "Presumably...the Spasmodics stick in Arnold's mind as the exemplar of poetic apologetics in the mid-century, devoted to the specifically religious power of poetry" (LaPorte 526). Further, the *Oxford Reference Online* describes the Spasmodic school of poets as one characterized by intense interior psychological drama, violence and verbosity, and by poets who leaned toward obscurity, pathetic fallacy, extravagant imagery, and lonely disallowed heroes (par 1). While Heath's poetry nods toward the Spasmodic's introspection, imagery, the power of faith, as well as some elements of pathetic fallacy, it is not extravagant, violence nor verbose. Heath's lines do

depict deeply felt spiritual convictions. Heath's poetry is far more spiritual than religious in nature, and further, there is nothing obscure about his relationship with God.

While only a few of Heath's poems are secular, the manuscript does not suggest that he was a political radical, nor does the manuscript contain inflammatory or accusatory social critiques or satire. Many Victorian working-class poets turned to the broadsheet as an outlet for their social outrage or more measured sentiments: "Protest against pauperism, industrial conditions and factory labour are common in broadside songs" (Armstrong 158). Nothing in Heath's manuscript suggests that he wrote on social ills, but there is evidence which suggests that he would have been a compassionate voice for the less fortunate. In "Whistling and Singing" (108) the poem's speaker enters an unknown ailing man's home and sings with him, thus offering him great spiritual comfort. Further, in a farewell note addressed to William Heath (Appendix J), the writer describes Heath as a "gentle man whose character is as clear as the light of day" (Platelay). However, this documentary edition is solely focused on the manuscript at hand; it is entirely possible that Heath did write for the broadsheets, speaking out on the low wages he himself may have earned as a labourer, but no record of such publication has been found at this time.

In this manuscript, Heath avoids topics which would have noticeably identified him as working-class or as a railway labourer. His poetry offers no form of grievance or ill will towards governance, working conditions, or socio-economic challenges. As his writing avoids these contentious issues, he separates himself from other working-class writers: "But although it would be true to say that there was always a divide between working-class and middle-class poetry, the resilience and expressiveness of urban poetry and the industrial ballad in particular is often

remarkable” (Armstrong 161). This suggests that despite this divide, Heath’s poetry does have something profound to say, and that his literary contribution possesses worth:

Although some working people wrote to understand themselves, with the characteristic splitting of the subjective self from the objective world that gave rise to the intense introspectivity [sic] of literary artists, most wrote unselfconsciously without the introspective or aesthetic ends that characterised the literary artists of Woolf’s generations. (Gagnier, *Subjectivities* 39)

There is an abundance of literary evidence in Heath’s manuscript that suggests Heath wrote to better understand himself in such an unselfconscious manner as described by Gagnier above, particularly through the lens of Heath’s poetic personae’s relationship with God. Heath writes of God in association with the natural world, particularly the sea and sky. Absent from the manuscript are tropes of romantic or sexual love, religious doubt, or malcontent with society or government. As Gagnier suggests above about the working class, Heath also appears to split his poetic persona from the exterior world of industrialized Leeds, but he does so without pretention and with an earnest simplicity in which he often emphasizes an uncompromising personal ethos:

Well may I close my sinful eye

And hide my blushing face

When sin in me is always nigh

And sin I always trace (“Sacramental Service” 142, 37-40)

Heath’s literary efforts, at least in this known manuscript, are largely focused on spiritual reflection as evidenced above; while sin and vice are often referenced, Heath does not elaborate as to what form these sinful acts might consist of, but rather, Heath suggests that there is an inherent and broad sinfulness in all men. Rather, Heath maintains his focus on the nature of God,

and God's enduring presence in life and nature. Heath utilizes various metaphors to explore spirituality and morality, from mirrors as seen in "Sacramental Service" to ships braving tumultuous oceans as seen in "The Harbour is Found" (114). Nature, spirituality, and self-analysis form the foundation of Heath's poetic inspiration.

Heath's literary work is defined by me as being a part of the working-class genre given his known profession as a railway labourer, and yet his writing differs from the "working-class poetry of broadside ballads and street songs for the barely literate which often took the workhouse and the factory as their theme" (Armstrong 30). Heath's poetry does not suggest political or social activism, or engage in discussions on labour rights, but rather it presents personae which are often intent on emotion and in seeking spiritual understanding. While Heath's poetry makes no reference to the socio-economic challenges facing his industrialized Victorian world, he is concerned with shifting social values, in particular vice and morality, and he employs poetry as a vehicle for expressing his concerns in a language which, at least in his understanding of literature, might garner attention and some amount of respect:

Also heard faintly by the middle-class writer and interpreted rashly (both then and now) as conservative forces, were the self-taught poets who worked in another tradition of literary language and often pastoral verse which used the dominant language and diction of educated poetry – though it often tended to be the language of eighteenth-century poetry – for their own purposes. (Armstrong 170)

Heath's writing is conservative, and while not identifiable as a member of the middle-class, Heath may have harboured the middle-classes' literary, if not their social, ambitions. Heath expresses this ambition in his often-pastoral verse, as evidenced in his poem "Thoughts while looking at the sky July 12th 1900" in which he reflects on God's creationary power:

Its Natures Hand that Colours found

Composed of Natures Blue

And white and Brown by Nature Bound

To this Blue that is true (151, 9-12)

While Heath delves into the pastoral, his diction most often remains informal, suggesting he did not necessarily lack formal education, but rather that he was a poet who values simplicity in language as an act of humility in the face of his God.

In language and theme Heath diverges from the widely held understanding of working-class poetry as a genre which often laments classism and unjust working conditions. Heath's biography establishes his long employment in England's railway industry, but his poetry is devoid of any mention of the railway. Unlike the railway and thus working-class poets Anderson and Aiken, Heath does not depict illustrations of horrific railway tragedies (Blair 35) in his poetry. Despite, or perhaps because of, the numerous and macabre railway horrors which occurred during the Victorian era, Heath does not draw on what might have been his first-hand experience in such traumatizing matters (Blair 36). Blair suggests that the "relatively neglected working-class poets offer us a sophisticated account of how rhythm might simultaneously collude with and celebrate the inhuman forces of industry, while also opposing them" (Blair 36). Heath's poetry does not depict any such commentary on social change. Perhaps Heath's silence on industrialization speaks more than if he chose to be a voice against the bleakness and pitfalls of a heavily mechanized Leeds; this silence differentiates Heath's poetry, and thus broadens our understanding of working-class poetry. Instead, Heath draws on the intense feelings as occasioned by faith and grief as topics for much of his poetry. Heath's poetry is thus an attempt to return to a more idyllic and pastoral existence, even if such a return was only in his mind and

in his poetry. If Heath's omission of railway themes and social protest was conscious, then his poetry further broadens the scope of the genre, and thus our knowledge of working-class poets during the Victorian fin-de-siècle, and perhaps the Victorian reader's literary interests.

Although there is no evidence to support that Heath's poetry was published, if he did intend to seek publication, perhaps in a local periodical, he may have considered the preferences of the reading Victorian public: "the well-constructed poem which combined thought and feeling; this was seen to be superior to the poetry in which thought and feeling were separated" (Watson xii). Many of Heath's poems *are* representative of this sentiment; Heath often utilizes a first-person perspective which is ideal for such expression of thought and feeling, and his poetic personae explore complex feelings with candour. Many of Heath's poems are steeped in self-reflection driven by the awesomeness of nature. Thoughtful reflections on scenes and events depict a persona attempting to make sense of grief and faith and often sets his poems in view of water and sky. Heath's manuscript is often didactic in that it can be read as a temperate moral guide which promotes the value of introspection and spiritual connection allowing for a successful navigation of life's moral pitfalls. And yet, the manuscript remains thematically diverse as Heath intersperses poems with historical accounts and light verse.

Given the diversity of the themes in his poetry, Heath's work fits very well into the literary expectations of the poets of his time:

...there are many kinds of Victorian poet. There is the poet who is continually preoccupied by the ultimate questions of man's purpose and belief, such as Tennyson, Arnold, or Hardy; there is the poet whose inspiration is found in nature and the seasons; there are the whimsical and satirical poets, the tender and gentle ones, poets of the Middle Ages, poets of Arthurian legend, poets of place, of battle, heroism, love, and loss.

The last of these is important, because Victorian poets are often concerned with loss, the loss of loved ones, of loved places, of youth, of a belief in God. (Watson xiv)

Heath's manuscript provides for many of these poetic examples which demonstrate his diversity as a Victorian poet, as well as his broad interests and depth of feeling regarding faith and personal loss. Apart from poetry focusing on the Middle Ages, legend, and sexual or romantic love, Heath's manuscript embodies a single poet who deals with virtually all of the themes suggested by Watson, and as he suggests, poems concerned with loss are prevalent. However, the preponderance of Heath's poetry focuses on faith and an adherence to a relationship with God, often depicted in the natural world.

Heath's poetry often contains a persona who is engaged in self- reflection, one who is intent on seeking moral clarity through spiritual inspiration or guidance, and revelations in nature. The subjects of these poems, usually framed in a first-person perspective, often encounter an opportunity to reaffirm their faith in God, set in either a natural setting such as a storm or at sea, or during a period of reflection while grieving a personal loss. In the poem "Thoughts while looking at the sky July 12 1900" Heath unites God and nature, conceiving of God's hand holding a paint brush, creating a spiritually inspired scene which serves to reaffirm the speaker's belief that God is masterful:

But this is nature. not a dream.

I view Its Hallowed sight.

My mind is wraped in what I've seen

That fills me with delight.

In thy presence my head I bow

I cannot understand

This nature's picture ere below

drawn by nature's Hand.

So full of mystery. Yet there thou art

In nature's grand array (151, 33-42)

The speaker's tone is reverential as he bows his head in God's presence; Heath's repetitive trope of admittance to the knowledge of God through nature fits well in Victorian culture. The subjects in Heath's poetry have spiritual encounters which occur during quiet contemplation on the wonders of nature, and as the result of personal reflection on music or personal grief. What is absent from Heath's manuscript is any reference to scripture or spiritual encounters in a religious setting such as a church. Rather, Heath asserts man's ability to cultivate a personal relationship with God through dialogue, the acceptance of God as a personal compass through personal action and morality, and this dialogue is set in nature or home.

More than simply a means of self-expression, Heath's poems often possess a didactic nature, albeit in the form of Heath's gentle persuasion to shun vice and embrace morality. Heath's poetry possesses a consistent theme of self-improvement, thoughtful consideration of God's influence, and morality, expressing an understanding that "each man would answer for his actions, good or bad, gaining praise or blame" (Reader 9). Heath's poetry resides in a common societal framework which dominated much of Victorian culture; a large part of this ethos centered on how "Moral standards, as the expressed will of God, could not be flouted without grave impiety, a point of view which emphasizes the element of authoritarianism in the Victorian outlook" (Reader 7). God's moral authority and man's need to abide with Him is evident in many of Heath's poems. For example, in "The Harbour is found", an intimate conversation ensures the speaker's salvation through a relationship with God: "What is thy name my Friend / I

answered sinner. And asked my way / He said. Thy steps I will attend” (114, 34-36). Often presented in a first-person narrative as in these lines, Heath’s poetic personae often strive to reinforce the relationship between man and God through contemplation, the avoidance of vice, and the need to fulfill moral obligations not just to God, but to all mankind for His sake.

In the poem “Principle” the desired trait of man’s purity as a means of gaining God’s grace is evident:

Thou art a meaning deep and strong
 Thou dwells in heart and mind.
 Sometimes thou says to vice begone
 I will some virtues find.
 I know that man is frail and weak
 But with me He is strong.
 And with my strength He guides his feet
 Away from what is wrong. (155, 1-8)

While the inspiration for these sentiments is likely drawn from scripture or from hymnals, Heath’s language and tone is sincere, and artless in its simplicity and its lack of puritanical qualities. The absence of any language which suggests damnation, God’s great wrath, or lines of scripture emphasizes a deeply intimate relationship between man and God, and one devoid of artifice. Heath offers little commentary on the growing diversity of religious cultures, including an increase in the number of Victorians of the Jewish faith “as a result of migrants escaping persecution in Russia and eastern Europe” (English-heritage.org), unrest in the Church of England, or any poetic reaction to the leaps in scientific knowledge. Heath’s poetry often remains cloistered as he seeks simplicity; in the absence of the dates at the conclusion of some of

the poems or his numerous references to the Boer War, one might think the lines were written a century earlier. While I cannot definitively assert that Heath was an ascetic, his poetry certainly suggests a simple life in which personal pleasure is drawn from the endowment of God's grace.

Based on the intimacy of Heath's poetic expression, a supposition could be made that the poetry is predominately autobiographical rather than based on fictitious literary personas.

However, in his examination of the Victorian mind, Ekbert Faas argues that, at least ontologically, poetic personae such as Heath's cannot be truly identified as the subject despite the intensity of his feelings (88) but rather, Heath's poetic personae can be considered as "standing in for mankind in general" (Faas 93). Much of Heath's work reads as the "poet express[ing] himself spontaneously and sincerely" (Faas 84). Heath's poetic response to one of John Henry Newman's most well-known poems, written in 1833, bears exploration in order to better understand this sincere expression.

Heath's poem "Thoughts after Lead Kindly Light Sky" provides a candid articulation of feeling: "Now, I can see as I ne.er did before / A light I hold" (214, 1- 2). As Heath was born in 1856, he was likely very familiar with Newman's "The Pillar of the Cloud", also known as "Lead Kindly Light". Owen Cummings points out the popularity of Newman's poem: "So many others in Victorian England found real solace in this poem, including Queen Victoria herself to whom it was read as she lay dying" (22). Bernadette Waterman Ward suggests that Newman's poetry possessed an intrinsic comfort in its rhythm which contributes to its appeal:

Rhythmic speech stirs an unconscious sense of trust and familiarity, partly, no doubt because we learned the rhythms of speech by trusting and trusting in things we did not yet understand. In fact, the relationship that must be the foundation of rhythm is that

which Newman identified as the origin of our ability to accept mystery. The deepest mystery is the mystery of God's relationship to us. (95)

Heath's poetry also relies on a similar cadence which may have given him spiritual ease in its writing. For Heath, it may be that accessing his relationship to God was enhanced by means of the pathway created by the rhythm of his own poetry. Perhaps influenced by Newman, Heath's poetry references light and the presence of God extensively; Heath mentions light over one hundred times in his manuscript.

Like Newman, Heath may have sought light and thus solace in poetry due to his rapidly changing world: "Gloom, as Newman saw it, abounded socially, politically and religiously. Liberalism affected religion and the church" (O. Cummings 20). Heath's call to the light as God's favour continues in his response to Newman's poem, a declaration of clarity through God's grace: "I see thy face that brings me to a smile / Who's Beams I feel that Keeps my Soul from Guile" (11- 12). In Ward's reading, Newman's "The Pillar of the Cloud" is in possession of a

thing wanting, of a lack of completeness, is carried out not only by the meter, but by the images and the implied argument. The poem's imagery suggests a lost child, who cannot even be responsible for more than a step at a time, yet the speaker is clearly one who has a long and regretted past. (95)

Such imagery is evident: "o'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till/ the night is gone" (lines 16-17 Hymnary.org). Newman's influence is evident in several of Heath's poems, which also contain images of being lost in darkness which is later dispelled by God's light, available to those who welcome God's presence:

Yet. in the dark and silent night

There is a ray of coming light
 To those that only wait
 We see the lights sweet gentle Beam
 Sometimes awake. also in dream

We can its Beams partake. ("A Letter to Mr George Lawson 161,13-18)

Heath rarely employs multi-syllabic words, or complex rhyme schemes, which imbues his lines with innocence and grace, and which positions his poetry as accessible. Newman wrote "Lead Kindly Light" while reflecting on his own life and mortality during a serious illness. It cannot be known how old Heath was when he first read "Lead, Kindly light" but his response poem, along with the many other poems in which Heath frames darkness as transforming to light through sincere self-reflection, suggest that Newman's writing may have had a lasting effect on his spirituality and his means of expressing his faith. Further, such influence is evidenced as Heath includes the title of Newman's poem at the conclusion of his own.

This acknowledgement is one of a few occasions in the manuscript where Heath designates the source of his inspiration. Ian Bradley explains that "Newman wrote this outstanding piece of devotional poetry at a time when he was feeling physically exhausted and intellectually bewildered by the first stirrings of those doubts and convictions that were to take him fifteen years later into the Roman Catholic Church" (233). Heath's response poem does not suggest such a crisis of faith, but rather an affirmation of God as moral guide: "I'll walk by Thee and hold of thy Hand / Because my soul is now at thy command" (Thoughts after lead Kindly light, 5- 6). Heath's poetry does not echo Newman's conflicted feelings about the state of the Church of England, or the country's religious unrest. Of note is Heath's indication at the conclusion of his poem that his response came "after *reading* Lead Kindly light" (my emphasis)

as Newman's poem was also set to music. Perhaps Heath had sung the hymn in church, and then revisited the text for deeper understanding through reading.

However, one poem with its lengthy title "The Japanese Minister from Washington going Home asked Professor Max Muller for a new Religion for Japan. But must not recommend Christianity wanted a New Religion" (220) speaks of how openly individuals were questioning faith, in particular Christianity, and that Heath rejects such modernity: "No. new Religion we require. But of the old will share / From the new we must retire. And Clasp the old by prayer" (21-22). It is likely that Heath is referencing the German scholar and Orientalist Friedrich Max Muller, who studied the origins of belief systems. I could not determine who the subject of the poem, this Japanese Minister, is in reference to.

Bradley notes of hymns that "they are perhaps the strongest expression of the folk religions" (2). For Heath, hymns appear to be spiritually accessible, perhaps more so than scripture; hymns and music are often reflected in his poetry and hymnal references are present while biblical text, characters, and scripture are not. Heath adheres to spiritual tropes as his poetic personae engage in thoughtful reflection, a weighing of their devout and moral state while they reflect on grief or the splendour of nature. Evident in his poetry are notions of ethical actions and purity of mind and intent as an inherent part of his personal ethos, but one should and must rely on support from God. Such deeply felt spiritual fervour was not uncommon for those living in Heath's era:

No one will ever understand Victorian England who does not appreciate that among highly civilized, in contradistinction to more primitive countries, it was one of the most religious that the world has known. Moreover, its particular type of Christianity laid a peculiarly direct emphasis upon conduct; for, though it recognized both grace and faith

as essentials to salvation, it was in practice also very largely a doctrine of salvation by works. (Ensor 137)

Given this moral authority prevalent in society, Heath's literary focus on faith reflects his engagement in his wider society, particularly his concern with morality and faithfulness. Further, even though he was evidently an unpublished author, it is likely that Heath was well read and drew poetic inspiration from various literary sources: "Religious literature formed the largest single category of books published in Britain" (Altick 33). As Heath was raised by a father who was entrenched in the Leeds Temperance Movement, and who was also a Methodist (Newnham), religion likely dominated Heath's childhood and formed the development of his personal doctrine, embedded in his psyche and then reflected in his poetry.

In his exploration of Victorian poetry and the concurrent rise of psychiatry, Faas draws on the work of two Victorian era physicians, Phillipe Pinel and Alexander Crichton who both studied and wrote on psychiatry. Faas provides insight into the psychological aspects of Victorian era consciousness, and thus provides some insight into why self-analysis is reflected in and informs much of Heath's poetry and why his poetic personae engage in the practice:

By the time Crichton and Pinel wrote their treatises of insanity, self-analysis, of course, had long ceased to be limited to the thoughtful and sensitive few. Like nothing else, perhaps, it was the all-consuming passion of the age. Poets, therefore, would not have had to consult with psychologists nor psychologists with poets about what their obsession told them so clearly. (58)

In the titles of Heath's poetry, the word 'Thought' is found on eleven occasions. Heath demonstrates such a consultation through self-analysis, and his speaker possesses the clarity which Faas references:

But when my private thoughts do pause
 And view my inmost mind.
 I always find some broken Laws.
 That's left a pain behind
 I then review what I have done
 And bring them all in view
 The penetrating Searching sun
 Just finds my virtues few. ("Faults" 146, 5-12).

In these lines, as suggested by Faas, Heath's speaker finds that the existence of impure thoughts can be found easily in one's mind. Heath's poetry often suggests that he supports the notion that Man is inherently evil, and only through faith and a sincere relationship with God can he find salvation. In "Faults", as in all of Heath's poetry, the speaker does find salvation at the poem's conclusion: "And yet it came at my demands / For mercy took my part" (55-56). Like many late Victorians facing significant religious and social change, Heath seems to adhere to the belief that "a world without God was a world without author or plot" (Slinn 46). The trope of appraising one's morality and finding it lacking is common in Heath's poetry; repetition serves to entrench Heath's feelings and unites his poetry in a trope which largely defines his manuscript. As a conscious effort, Heath's manuscript may have served as his own talisman against depravity; by writing the words he seemed to believe these sentiments bolstered his belief system and became entrenched in his reality.

The notion of moral insanity may have been a real fear of Heath; his literary focus is often on self-improvement via self-reflection, as evidenced here in his poem "I Thought on my ways and turned my feet unto thy Testimonies":

I looked into the vaults of Thought

And a look within.

There on the Ground was what I sought.

some ways coiled up with sin. (218, 25-29)

Heath paints a stark and troubling image: a snake wound around the speaker's impure thoughts, establishing its unwanted residence in the recesses of his mind. However, as always in Heath's poetry is also the possibility of salvation through faith. Heath's poems always conclude with grace, such is the depth of his faith. For Heath, like many Victorians, the definition of insanity may have been synonymous with personal depravity and thus his mind required near constant surveillance: "To, J. Bower Harrison, writing in 1850, insanity is 'far from showing itself merely in hallucinations and illusions, as is commonly supposed. Often the first overt act of insanity is one of moral delinquency or extravagance'" (Faas 45). Given that advances in mental science and an increased understanding of mental illness were rapidly becoming entrenched in Victorian society, and given Heath's own Temperance and Wesleyan influences, it can be expected that his poetry reflects such strong desires toward morality. Further, Slinn asserts that Victorian poetry is a "literary discourse whereby the self and its primary human concerns (truth, perception, morality, feeling) become produced through the conditions of textual process" (2). For Heath, that textual process results in a manuscript of poetry which portrays the intimate self, and his expressions of concern regarding the human spiritual condition.

Many of Heath's poems are a call to God; Heath often positions God as a pilot who guides one through the trials of life, and as a necessary but wholly amenable moral companion. In his literary endeavour, Heath embodies the habit of many of his contemporaries:

The mid-Victorians still called God into the reckonings whenever they needed him. It was not only the family which was a “sacred institution”. Thousands of sermons of every denomination proclaimed that the whole English social system rested not only on divine sanction but on the particular operations of Providence. (Briggs 12)

Heath writes of this protection by God in nature often, perhaps most elegantly in his poem entitled “The flowers Christ represents” (134), in which Heath writes of various flowers and their association with Christ’s benevolent love and protection; roses are Christ’s tears, ivy His friendship, heliotrope ensures devotion, and the lily reminds us of man’s innate sinfulness. Many of Heath’s poems are overtly spiritual and Christian in nature, and while his poetry offers diversity in language and subject matter, there remains throughout a subtle religious lens which still reflects on humanity and its relationship to God. One such genre is that of the glories and horrors of war and loss of life in battle and the subsequent grief it engenders.

There are several historical events and persons of note which Heath writes of in his poetry. Most significantly, Heath writes of the Second Boer War and its associated battles at Bloemfontein, Glencoe Hill, and Mafeking. Notable historical figures included in these poems are Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger, Field Marshal Lord Frederick Roberts, and Boer General Pieter A. Cronje. While his comment is in reference to the Crimean War, Armstrong’s assertion rings true for Heath’s reflection on the Boer War: “It is not surprising that those in and close to the working class should have felt so strongly, and written so directly, about the war, for it was *their* war” (Armstrong 230). Heath references specific historical figures and places which demonstrate the depth of his feeling regarding the Boer War, and its influence on his psyche as he reflects on events which occurred far from home. In his poem “Round the Bivouac fire” (116) Heath’s use of a noteworthy and repeated line at irregular intervals throughout the poem is both

chilling and tragic: “Thou art great as God of Battles. Thou are best as God of Peace” (12, 40, 64, 72). This is a bleak appeal to God made by bloodied soldiers; absent is the gloss of war’s glorious victories. Pointedly, this line ends the poem, and Heath has underlined the words to further emphasize his feeling.

In close concert to his expression of feelings about war and its ravages, are those poems which speak to loss through death, and the subsequent grief experienced by those left behind. Heath portrays mourning such loss with a simple elegance, and while he expresses that comfort can be found through faith, he does not frame such comfort in a contrite or glib fashion. Rather, his poetic personae are realists who succumb to the grief as they seek salvation through solace found in their relationship to God. In this manner, Heath offers an unvarnished truth about sorrow, and while faith can be comforting, grief cannot be fully overcome. Heath writes of grief often using modest and accessible language: “Most importantly, the defensive post-Romantic poet who would indulge in elegiac grief knows how hard it is to frame an authentic truth; an introspective age that prizes absolute emotional honesty understands how difficult the verbal conveyance of that ideal can become” (Joseph 16). Indeed, Heath represents the challenge of truly depicting grief through language as he depicts a mother’s unimaginable grief at losing a child. In a “A Mother’s Grief” (136) he portrays a despairing mother, who has lost both husband and son to battle, with a conciseness that belies the depth of emotion it embodies: “Just pray for a Heart Broken Mother / Who silently mourns for her son” (43-44). Further evidence of Heath’s particularly poignant writing on grief is evidenced in his poem “Thoughts on Seeing a Picture in Communion Street”:

But Ho. that of that poor Mother
As she looked at that child

That look was deeper than a Lover's
 That look it had no guile.
 That Mothers face I see just now
 In all its pangs of grief
 Also the care upon Her brow
 That told of anguish deep. (130, 29-36)

By urging the reader to consider the mother's facial expression, Heath reinforces the need for morality through community, through social connection and concern which bonds humanity. As evidenced in these two poems, the principal feeling Heath wishes to convey by depicting grief is one of inspiring compassion in others. If Heath's poetry is considered as didactic in nature, his words achieves a feeling of care and moral duty, while avoiding any air of condescension.

As discussed previously, Heath's poetry is influenced by his own life and literary experiences, and the inspiration of Alfred, Lord Tennyson as a "cultural phenomenon" (Tucker 1) is no exception. As a private rather than public poet such as Tennyson, Heath likely did not have to endure the same critical scrutiny and social pressure to produce literature that Tennyson bore. Rather, it is likely that Heath was able to explore his own craft without recrimination. Like other staunch supporters of Tennyson, Heath may have written considering "the spheres of private feeling and public mission" (Tucker 4). Blair suggests how a working-class poet such as Heath, perhaps by being brought forward as in this documentary edition, can posthumously add their literary presence to the now widening literary Victorian era literary canon: "The concept of "hybridity" might be useful in exploring works that blend the voice of a working-class author with more established voices, whether through allusion, quotation, parody, or a less definable sense of linguistic and formal influence" (Blair 526). Heath's literary inspiration was not solely

from Christianity, but the trope of spirituality largely governs his language, as does his practice of setting his poems in nature.

In his poem “Hymn 457 Tennyson’s Sunset” (238), Heath blends a Christian hymn in his contemplative response to Tennyson’s “Crossing the Bar” (Tennyson 1122). It is unclear if this poem is the result of inspiration drawn from “Crossing the Bar” and a love of hymnals, or if Heath is also referencing a hymn called Hymn 457, which can be found in the Wesleyan Hymnal (Hymnary.org), in addition to Tennyson’s poem. William Heath’s undated poem is handwritten on an unlined white sheet, loose from the manuscript and found in its covers. A watermark is not apparent on the page, and it was at some point folded into six rectangles, perhaps to fit into a jacket pocket. Given this information, the age at which Heath wrote this response to Tennyson cannot be determined, or that it was written while still in England. It may be that he, like Tennyson, wrote it at an advanced age while reflecting on his own life, perhaps even while in Canada. Heath would have been in his early thirties when he first read “Crossing the Bar” as Tennyson wrote the poem in 1889. Hymnary.org, a repository of over one million hymn texts, reveals that Hymn 457, in addition to being included in the Wesleyan hymnal, is referenced 369 times. Given Heath’s religious background, it is likely that Heath is referencing the Wesleyan variant of this hymn. As Heath’s “Hymn 457 Tennyson’s Sunset” pays homage to Tennyson himself, the poem is worthy of further analysis in the form of a comparison to Tennyson’s “Crossing the Bar” (Kermode 478). Such a comparison is suggestive of the academic value which remains to be discovered via an extensive literary criticism of Heath’s poetry.

Both poems consist of quatrains with an alternate rhyme scheme; Heath provides six quatrains while Tennyson’s poem comprises of four quatrains. Heath, in a deliberate fashion, sets each stanza in alternating position on the page, in a zig-zag fashion. Tennyson’s speaker muses

on his pending death, and thus his transition from the mortal plain to eternity, and as he is “put out to sea” (4) he finds his peace. Conversely, Heath portrays Tennyson himself, an imagining of the poet laureate’s death in the metaphor of a sunset over the sea. Heath positions Tennyson as an old man pondering a “Harbour so placid and still”; he is a tranquil man as he considers eternity and his acceptance at allowing God as his Pilot to take “command” (17). Heath positions Tennyson as a man who is “moving home” (24). The two poems take on a distinctive meaning if considered to be occurring concurrently: Heath observing Tennyson’s ultimate reward as Tennyson readies himself for death. Moreover, Heath’s poem demonstrates the reach of the poet laureate’s influence, and his literary reflection from the sphere of working-class poetry. Heath’s poem may be seen as a logical and fitting literary response to the famed poet who, like Heath, considered his relationship with God in much of his poetry. Poetry in which faith is a primary focus was a natural choice for Heath, particularly with regard to Tennyson’s literary influence:

In Tennyson’s time religious debate became general, with the spread of education, the growth of scientific knowledge and publishing, and the inability of the Anglican Church to cope with the rate of social and demographic change. Engagement with matters of ‘faith and doubt’ seemed a responsible move for a poet. (Sinfield 234)

Heath did not engage with topics of social injustice like many of his contemporary working-class poets; he preferred to continue with topics of faith made popular earlier in the century, as evidenced in the writing of Tennyson. Bradley notes that Tennyson positioned God as a guide to his life’s course: “This last hymn, which Tennyson entitled ‘Crossing the Bar’, was written in the poet’s eighty-first year. He later explained his reference in it to the Pilot as ‘that Divine and Unseen who is always guarding us’ (369). Perhaps influenced by Tennyson, Heath also refers to

God as his Pilot in several poems, including “The Harbour is found” in which God “proved a Pilot true” (114, 12), and “My Thoughts on A Christian Life, And End,” in which Heath positions God as his ship’s Pilot in the absence of its Captain: “And if He leaves us for a time the Pilot takes the bridge / And be the weather wet or fine, The sail Himself He rigs” (163, 9-10). Heath also writes of the Pilot in “The Love of Christ”: “And prayer are words right from the Heart. / That’s Piloted by thought” (179, 45-46). Heath also references the Bar in his poem “The Radiant Face”: “When you and I stand at the Bar. / And Christ our only trust” (lines 67-68). Even as Heath relies on the language of faith, sentiment, colour, and light, his tone remains conversational and his speakers are accessible to the reader.

Donald Hair explains that poetic language was critical to Tennyson, and this value is also evident in Heath’s poetry: “Voice, then, is central to Tennyson’s understanding of language. The varied tones of the human voice are the expression of passions and emotions, which are natural to us, and which link us with nature, which also has a voice. The task of the poet is to take the power he shares with nature and articulate it” (Hair 74). The elements of nature, particularly the sky, flowers, streams, and the ocean are endemic in Heath’s poetry, and comprise familiar language throughout the manuscript. Just as spirituality unites the manuscript, so too does Heath’s fascination with nature’s impossible beauty, the colours and sounds of the natural world. In “Wandering but not Alone,” Heath establishes man’s spirituality in the natural world, a profound connection between spirituality and God’s creation:

God. we say by name.

And nature answers to his call

For God hold’s nature’s frame.

If He withholds his might Hand

Chaos and darkness reigns.

For God has nature at command

As He does nature train. (207, 42-48)

Nature and God are intertwined, and Heath's text rarely separates the two; when Heath speaks of God, it is often in the language referencing the natural world. Like Tennyson, Heath uses the voice of his poetic personae, combined with the awe-inspiring natural world, to establish intense feeling within his poetry. Reflections on God and spirituality while gazing at the sky, a flower, and the ocean abound in Heath's work, scenes far removed from his work on the railway, and his home in industrialized Leeds. Heath imbues his speakers with a hypersensitivity; their senses are alive and attuned to God's work in nature: "Victorians in particular valorized the sense of sight over the other senses as *the* privileged door of perception unto the noumenal, as *the* entrée in Tennyson's case to the realm of spirit" (Joseph 49). Again, there is a tangible influence from Tennyson in Heath's poetry as Heath draws his poetic language from nature's elements:

...it is also clear that Tennyson apprehended nature aurally, and that he heard in nature a voice. Not articulate speech, at least initially, but expressive sounds which seemed like the raw material, or the basis, of language. The voices of wind, water, and birds turn up in the poetry and in the Memoir more frequently than any others, and the voice of the sea oftenest of all. The sea has an astonishing range of tones: it whispers, murmurs, moans, thunders, and roars. (Hair 67)

In Heath's poem "Faith. Hope. And Charity", his speaker engages all senses as he "plucks the growing weed" (225, 12) and can "view things out of Sight" (21) while light "penetrates the gloom of night" (27) and storms "break upon life's shore" (29) by Hair abound in Heath's manuscript and reinforce his communion with nature as a spiritual experience, reinforced by the

absence of any mention of finding spirituality in closed doors, such as those of a church. As noted, Heath's poetry is written in subtle and accessible language, but much remains to be gleaned from his lines. The textual criticism presented here has provided a broad understanding of William Heath's poetry, and these select poems illustrate central tropes and literary influences. However, the manuscript is extensive and has complexities which remain unexplored. Further performances of Heath's work will reveal other influences and meanings held in his words.

7. Conclusion

Given the manuscript's current state of decay, and the cost prohibitive processes which are incurred when preserving an aging paper manuscript such as Heath's, I am painfully aware of its potential obliteration as a physical object. Costs associated with the preservation of this manuscript have been estimated by librarians to be in the range of several thousand dollars for the preservation itself, and such efforts would also require secure shipping and potential travel costs so that I, as editor, could oversee its preservation. For now, the manuscript will continue to exist as a textual artifact, one that has now enjoyed a thorough and extensive scholarly examination which has transmitted it to another textual form. Further, the knowledge of the manuscript's existence remains embedded in my own family history and now firmly and tangibly as a scholarly effort. And so, its continued existence is, if not in its original state as an autographic manuscript, now secure in this completed documentary edition which has transcribed and contextualized its history and its words and preserved its visual presence in its photographic facsimile.

The manuscript's author has now been definitively identified, and while much is not known about William Heath, the manuscript and its author are once again and forever united by the construction of this documentary edition. This edition allows for the manuscript's future performance as its own entity, but with the manuscript firmly providing its foundation. Brian Cummings suggests the manuscript's future in that "regardless of the material survival of a physical copy or artefact, a book is something immortal and imperishable" (63). There is consolation in B. Cummings' assertion that Heath's text will not vanish, and in my insertion of the manuscript into academia which assigns it a new physicality and permanence. Further, my transmission of Heath's manuscript to a published and digital form allows for his poetry to be read, reflected on, and studied within the wider canon of Victorian literature by reaching a wider audience that the manuscript could as a physical object. As Heath's poem often speaks to faith, those who read his lines may find comfort and calm. I have spoken of textual performance, and by completing this documentary edition William Heath's manuscript has certainly experienced a prolonged and intense act. B. Cummings also asserts that "A book is a physical object, yet it also signifies something abstract, the words and the meanings collected within it" (63). Indeed, as the manuscript lay on my bookshelf for so many years, it had a physicality which weighed upon me and demanded that I provide it a wider audience. Even then, the manuscript had a voice which called to me seeking my engagement and providing it a space for its next performance. Yet it is also possessing a collection of meanings, gained throughout its provenance and in its role as an object of literary study. This collection of meanings includes the manuscript's identity as family heirloom, but also its contemporary relevance as a subject of literary discourse which will provide insight into the nuanced period in which it was written. As Cummings suggests above, it

is these abstract qualities which permeate the manuscript with a great deal of intrigue and nostalgia.

While there is some limitation to what this edition represents as it represents “a witness to its source... not the work itself” (Shillingsburg 37), the edition is the most suitable vehicle in which to transmit the manuscript into the present day. It is also for this reason that a thorough photographic facsimile was included in this edition as even the most attentive transcription cannot serve as a replacement for the visual performance of the text. The manuscript will always retain its allure as a physical object; with all its frayed and fading characteristics it draws one to its fragility and the textual promise it holds. The photographic facsimile of the manuscript allows for engagement with these elements and which can allow for the continued visual performance of Heath’s poetry in the absence of the manuscript itself.

In my first engagement with Heath’s manuscript, I existed as a witness to its potential as a subject of literary worth, and as witness it was my responsibility to tell the manuscript’s truth, and to facilitate its continued performance in an academic setting. As editor, I have captured and preserved the work of William Heath in this edition, with my editorial focus being on creating a relevant, accessible, and foundational text from which further study can be structured. Still, I am cautioned by an assertion made by George Bornstein: “we cannot hope through textual scholarship to recover an ideal text like a well-wrought urn, but only to increase the self-awareness and internal consistency of the choices that we make in our own time” (2). While my decision to construct a documentary edition based on William Heath’s manuscript remains what I assert to be the soundest choice, I must, as Bornstein suggests, be cognizant of that text’s inherent limitations. While this edition does not fully recover Heath’s manuscript in that its inherent charm as a textual artifact cannot be transmitted, its elements serve to preserve the text and allow its transmission into this time.

It is my hope that the editorial choices I have made while creating this documentary edition of the poetry of William Heath will shed further light on the Victorian fin de siècle's genre of working-class poetry. The creation of this documentary edition is a worthy study in and of itself, but it also serves to provide a foundational text which is relevant to contemporary and expanding literary studies of that period. I find great satisfaction knowing that Heath's poetry can now reach an audience beyond myself, and that I have fulfilled my promise to my family. More than this, following its veiled identity as my family's sentimental heirloom, I have repositioned the manuscript's identity as a literary artifact worthy of scholarly attention. I have transmitted the autographic manuscript by William Heath into its rightful place within academia, specifically by introducing the text to the genre of Victorian fin de siècle working-class poetry in the form of this documentary edition.

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Sunday Schools

Sunday schools are well played out
 At least some people say.
 They . ll have to close without a doubt
 As they will never pay.

They say a child can not take in
 Such queer and foolish notions
 Say what you will there is no sin
 And nothing called devotion.

But let us see if they are right.
 I think that they are wrong
 I have just now in my Sight
 A Girl. that's passed and gone.

She came one night to our School
 To the service for the young
 She said I placed Her on a stool
 Until the prayer was done.

++

She to the school next Sunday came
 I met Her at the door
 And Mr. Bickers took her name
 Then placed Her with some more.

++I took her Hand and stroked her Hair

Editor's note: This poem appears to be either unfinished or incomplete; the last line is single and thus at odds with the four-line stanza and ABAB rhyme scheme. Further, there are six blank available lines following the final line on the manuscript's page which is ample room to complete the stanza. The double crosses prior to the penultimate stanza and preceding the last line are curious and appear here as closely marked as possible in the manuscript. The author's intention regarding the cross marks is unclear. These markings are not found elsewhere in the manuscript, nor on any of the loose documents held in the manuscript. Of note is the fact that all words referring to the female character are capitalized. Heath speaks to the religious tumult of the Victorian era with the poem's opening lines.
 Unsigned. Undated.

Untitled

Bloemfontein lay just like a bog
 For Empty were the trench
 When some one shouted here comes Bobs
 When in walked bear old French.
 The union jack was hoisted high
 The Lion roared once more
 That roar it went up to the sky
 As it ne . er did before.
 The Lions brought from little Wales
 The scottish Lions too
 Are vexed when they do wag their tails
 We know their Bark is true.
 The Irish Bark it is a Yell
 We . ve heard it on the Boggs
 The Irish Lion we know will
 And so does little Bobs.
 Kitchener. Mac. was at the front
 Canadians came up well
 Astrealia came up in the Hunt
 And turned the Boers pell mell
 dont tread tail upon the Lions tail
 That tail will make you sob
 Remember Brittions never fail.
 With Buller. Mac or Bobs.
 We . ll give Three cheers and a loud Hurrah.
 And shake all by the Hand.
 I mean the Powerful grand Jack Tar's
 That made so grand a stand.
 Just put your patriots at one side.
 And smile upon the men.
 That fought and Bleed and even died
 To capture Cronk's den.

W. Heath

Editor's note: This poem is untitled in the manuscript, and the addition of the poem's designation as being untitled is my own. The author's signature is included; it is placed in the lower most right-hand corner of the page on an upward seventy-degree angle reaching up in line with the final four lines of the poem. This may be because the author used the full page and there was not additional space at the bottom for his signature. The last word appears to begin with a lower case "b" but it is logical that the word be transcribed as den as opposed to ben, given the narrative of the poem. "Jack Tar" proved a difficult term to transcribe given the script; as Jack Tar is a common term used by the British Empire in reference to seamen, it's transcription also fits the narrative of the poem. Australia has a curious spelling; Astrealia appears to be an accidental of the author. Similarly, I cannot determine the author's source of spelling Brittons as Brittions. It may be just an unintended pen stroke or form of ligature between letters; in other

words, such as “always” and “and” the formation of the letter A is typical of modern script, while in the word “Brittons” it is closer to an “O”. The author’s spelling of Britain is thus a significant accidental which positions it as a notable attribute of the author. The positioning of the apostrophe in contracted words appears here as it does in the manuscript, placed at the top of the descending line. “Bobs” is a reference Field Marshal Lord Frederick Sleigh Roberts of Kandahar, and Cronje can be identified as Boer General Pieter A. Cronje (britishbattles.com). Signed. Undated.

Mother's Songs

The Influence of a good old song
To marvelous to behold
I will bring up days that's passed and gone
And bring up tales untold

If some one sings that grand refrain
That Brittan rules the waves
Its sung. and sung and Sung again
With never can be slaves

But if some one should sing a Song
That we did hear at Home
our memory soon will travel on
And make our minds to roam

To days when Mother used to sing
When we sat on Her knee
When that dear voice did always bring
A Calmness sure and free

We like to sing those Hallowed Rhymes
They are to memory dear
They make our Eyes with tears to shine
And brings my Mother near

Although we stood around the Grave
Of Mother that did sing
Her songs we now so often crave
That peace and comfort brings

I now can see that Hallowed form
Just rocking in a Chair
sometimes at night. sometimes at morn
I fancy she . s still there

But no. those days are past and gone
And vacant is the Chair
But Yet I hear my Mother's song
My Mother must be there

Ha. no. its only memorys wings
That . s floating in the past
And by its aid Her songs do bring
And clings so very fast.

That voice is hushed. Her song still lives
 She's gone. But yet is here
 The chair is there But yet it gives
 A Song we love so dear

She use to rock and sing this song
 mid pleasures and palaces

That song it always starts a tear
 And makes me see my Mother
 I fancy now Her voice I hear
 As she strikes up another

Lead kindly light amid the Encircling gloom

Ha. no. My thoughts have lead me wild
 Its only fancies dream
 I fancied I was then a child
 When Mother could be seen

Mother I know in Heaven thou art
 I fancied thee Just here
 My fancy did a tear just start
 I thought thy voice was near

Thou art not here. But Yet thy songs
 They haunt me day and night
 Sometimes they tell me I am wrong
 And show me what is right

will
 The songs thou sang. I now ~~do~~ sing
 I will not sing. no other
 The songs thou sang. they always bring
 me. very near my Mother.

So let us sing those simple Rhymes
 Though simple they may be
 Sweet memories. Will. us then Entwine
 And Mother's face we.ll see.

End

Editor's Note: The penultimate stanza contains one of the few corrections made by the author in the manuscript; the word "will" replaces "do" which has one small brush stroke through it, with "will" added directly above it. As seen before with Heath's signature, this poem's signature is also placed toward the bottom right corner of the page, on an upward sharp angle, despite the author having sufficient room to sign the poem at a line below. The signature is of much lighter grey hue, suggesting that the signature may have been written in another ink, or perhaps with a lighter hand. Of note is the apostrophe included in the last line's "Mother"; it has been transcribed here as per the manuscript but unlike most of Heath's apostrophes, this is marked in the standard position on the page line. The thirteenth stanza is comprised of just the one line, and the penultimate word is transcribed as Encircling, although it clearly begins with an upper-case E, the remainder of the word cannot be transcribed with surety. Arguably, this word could be Evening, Encircling, or Exciting based on the indiscernible script. However, a strong argument can be made for it being "Encircling" which follows the hymn of the same name and its lyrics written in 1833 by John Henry Newman and published broadly in hymnals during the Victorian era. At nearly three full manuscript pages, this is one of Heath's longest poems suggesting that his relationship with his mother was a significant one, in his life. Further, as replicated here, Heath employs four-line, two line, and one-line stanzas as well as various amounts of indention, demonstrating diverseness in his poetic form.

Signed. Undated.

A Lost Child

One day while walking to my Home
 Across an open space
 A Lady met me with a moan
 And sadness on Her face

She said. Have you seen a little Boy
 I've lost mine. Oh dear me
 I left him playing with his toys
 Where ever can He be

He . s not down there. I saw no one
 He . s perhaps gone down that lane
 dont you fret, you .ll find your son
 He . ll turn up right again

Then off she ran and shouted out
 To a lady that stood bye
 Our Willies lost there is no doubt
 And there she gave a Sigh

I thought poor thing. Her heart is sad
 That lost child must be dear
 To that poor woman nearly Mad
 It made me shed a tear

But oh the scene I saw just there
 The child clasped by his Mother
 She kissed the child again. again
 More purer than any Lover

I turned away. and wiped my Eyes
 A Lump came in my throat
 The sight it made me give a sigh
 That sight had struck a note

That told me how a Mother feels
 When she has lost a child
 And when its found. How it she shields
 And clasps it all the while

A Father's Love is good. But rough
 A Mother's love how fine
 A Father's way is rather bruff
 A Mother's way divine

Gentle. Kind. And always true
 A Guide. A shield. A Balm
 A Mother's love is always true
 We all have felt its charms

Oh may we honour in our day
 The Mothers' of our Land
 Some day we . ll find she's gone away
 And miss Her guiding Hand
 our turn to go will come at Last
 A union there will be
 For Mother's Hand her child shall grasp
 I hope that child is me

W Heath

Editor's Note: In the first line of the third stanza, an ink blot is apparent, marking what was likely the beginning of the third word "down". There are six lines of unused page following the fifth stanza; it is unclear why the author continued the poem on the following page. The author's signature is again found in the bottom corner and set at almost a perpendicular angle to the poem, at the outermost edge of the page, and again appears in a lighter hue than that of the poem. The final line of the poem is positioned at the very bottom of the page.
 Signed. Undated.

Whistling and Singing

One Monday morn at one am,
 A many years ago.
 It was my custom often then.
 To be out late you Know.
 I use to whistle and to sing,
 While walking through the street.
 I use to make the streets fair sing
 For singing is so sweet.
 I then approached an open door.
 The inmates were all up.
 A woman came and stood before
 Me, a question she did put.
 Will you come into my Home.
 My Husband wants to see,
 The man that whistles when alone
 Or sings so merrily.
 I stept into the House at once.
 A man was Laid in Bed
 He said. You . have more than once.
 My Eyes with tears to shed.
 I've been laid here for many weeks.
 I cannot sleep at night.
 But as you.ve past with songs so sweet.
 Its made my Heart so light.
 God bless you Lad. and bless your songs.
 And bless your whistle too.
 Its made the nights to pass along
 I know those songs are true.

Last Sunday morn when you went bye,
 You sung. Lead kindly light.
 And when you.d gone I had a try.
 To sing it in the night.
 But I.ve a favourite Hymn. You know.
 I think its one You like
 Because as you.ve passed too and frou.
 You.ve sung it with delight.
 He tried to sing me just a line
 To let me know the Hymn.
 I knew at once the tune and time.
 This Hymn I then did sing.
 In darky shades if thou appear.
 My dawning has begun
 Thou art my souls bright morning star

And thou my rising sun.
 The Tears they rolled down that mans face.
 He shouted Yes. its true.
 And in His face. there Christ I trace.
 I felt Christ's presence too.
 And as I left. He took my Hand.
 And said, God Bless you Friend.
 someday we'll join the Heavenly Band.
 where pleasures never End.
 If we can sing. then let us sing.
 If whistle. whistle bright.
 As song. or whistle it may bring.
 A Blessing in the night.

W Heath

Editor's Note: As seen with previous poems, Heath's signature is angled sharply and set to the outer margins of the page, despite there being ample room below the final line for a signature. The signature appears as a lighter hue of ink, and it is unclear as to why. The hymn suggested by the ill man, known to the poem's speaker, and suggested by the two lines "In darky shades if thou appear. / My dawning has begun" can be found in Hymn 75 in the 1791 printed work by C. Wheeler in Manchester titled "The Church Catechism, Hymns, Prayers, Etc. for the Use of the Sunday School at Ardwick; and Also for the Chapel". It cannot be determined that Heath would have learned the lines from Wheeler's work, or some other source. Further, Heath's quote, if that indeed was his intention, varies from that of the text which reads: "In darkeft fhades if thou appear, / My dawning is begun;" (Wheeler 118). The next two lines are identical to those in Wheeler's text, allowing for the archaic f applied for s. As seen elsewhere, the first letter of dawning appears to be a script "b" rather than a "d" but it is logical that the author meant for the word to read "dawning" based on the narrative of the poem. Signed. Undated.

Grand Lad

Who nursed me in my Early days
 And shielded me from harm
 And sung to me those childish lays
 That soothed my fear's alarms.

my Mother

Who said just stop that awful noise
 And let us have some peace
 I never heard such noisy Boyes
 stop it. will you please.

my Father

Who said I ate a pot of Jam
 And daubed the Cat with lard
 And saw me jump behind the tram
 To ride a few of Yards.

our Polly

Who said I got up in the night
 When all were laid in Bed
 And ~~wh~~ went down stairs without a light
 To get a slice of Bread

our Jack

What do they call that little Boy
 That said I broke a pain
 And ran away with all his toys
 And threw them down a drain.

Tommy Smith

Although my Father. sister, Brother
 And Tommy smith as well
 Complained and always told my mother
 She only said. Har. well.

He is a mischief Lad I know
 His Eye with mischief shine's
 Although He's always in a row
 I can't forget he's mine

Who went and stood beside the Bed
 And stooped to Kiss His mother
 The very Lad whom people said
 He's always in a bother.

I am Lad

Who was it lifted Mother up
 When she was ill in Bed
 And tried to give Her Just a sup
 And stroked Her aching head.

This Lad

Who held her hand until the last
 And gazed into her Eyes
 Until the words were said. she's past
 And gone to paradise Same Lad

Who Knelt beside that Hallowed spot
 And flowers did Entwine
 This mischief Lad that ne.er forgot
 His Mother that said mine. GrandLad

dont say that mischief Boys are bad
 They have a tender heart
 Remember they are only Lads
 Just try and take their part poor Lads

W Heath

Editor's Notes: Ancestry records reveal that William had a brother named John. Jack is a common nickname for John, so this poem may be based on his own childhood. However, the name Polly cannot be linked to any known family member. Again, Heath's use of capitalization is seemingly meant to emphasize some words over others, but it is also arguable that Heath does not intend any emphasis with or without capitalization, and that these variations are coincidental. Heath also uses the word "mischief" rather than "mischievous" which would be more grammatically appropriate. As seen with other poems, Heath's signature is found angled on the lower most corner of the page.
 Signed. Undated.

The Captain

On the north East coast off Scotland
 A storm was raging high
 The wind was blowing to the Land
 And lighting lit the sky
 Those on the Land. they could discern
 A schooner. toiling on
 The waves they washed Her stem to stern
 That made them cry. she's gone
 The Rocks were standing right ahead
 Just in the schooner's track
 when all at once the Captain said
~~said~~ we'll go right on her back
 The Crew assembled around the mast
 They saw all hope was gone
 They'd done their best until the last
 Then put the life belts on
 Just then the Captains voice was heard
 Amidst the awful roar
 Men. Just let us pray a word
 We're going down that's sure
 unless the Lord will hear our prayer
 Oh Lord. do save this ship
 Our souls we know are in thy care
 Thou art almighty Yet
 Now Lads. Let's Join in our Last song
 And sing it from the Heart
 You know that God is always stong
 He may Yet take our part

They knelt upon that wave washed back
 To Heaven. they turned their face
 But on that deck. there Christ they met
 And gave them help and grace

They sang. Hide me Ho my saviour hide
 Till the storm of Life is past
 Safe into the haven guide
 Ho. receive my soul at Last
 But when they looked. the ship had past
 And left the rocks behind
 They knelt again around the mast

And sang these very lines.
 Plenteous grace with thee is found
 Grace to cover all my sins
 Let the healing stream abound
 With the shadow of thy wings
 The Captain went and marked the chart
 With words we've oft times sung
 And these are they we'll try and start
 To sing with heart and tongue
 Rock of Ages Cleft for me
 Let me Hide myself in thee
 Let the water and the Blood
 From thy river side which flows
 Be of sin the double cure
 Safe from wrath and make me pure
 The Captain took me by the Hand
 And said God does hear prayer
 Because that day off Scottish Land
 He came to us out there

W Heath

Editor's Note: Lines 33 through 36 and 41 through to line 43 appear to be from a hymn titled "Jesus, Lover of my soul" with the lyrics attributed to Charles Wesley (Hymnary.org). Of note, Heath has replaced the hymn's lyric of "O" with "Ho". Line 49 through line 54 are arguably from a hymn titled "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me" with lyrics attributed to Augustus Toplady, written in 1776 (Hymnary.org). Heath's use of the two manuscript pages on which this poem is found is curious; line 28 is followed by four unused lines, and line 32 is followed by one blank line. The quoted lyrics from the hymn "Jesus, Lover of my soul" are presented in a stanza form, as replicated here, while the quoted lines from the hymn "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me" are included in the poem with no delineation. Yet again, Heath's signature is found at an extreme angle in the lower most right-hand corner of the page.
 Signed. Undated.

The Harbour is found

I've found the Harbour for my heart
 For it to Harbour in
 To shield myself from all that's dark
 From storms that's caused by sin
 Though storms should come. and trials too
 I'm safe from all the waves
 God is my Father. Christ is true
 He's snatched me from the Grave
 My sails were blown from off the masts
 I'd lost my bearings too
 But Christ. He took me in his grasp
 He's proved a Pilot true
 I nearly got upon the Rocks
 Was drifting with the tide
 My Barge received a sudden shock
 By waves that came broadside
 But on the waves I saw a Man
 Approaching near my Barge
 He saw my helpless state. and ran
 And bid my fears depart
 He took the Helm in His own hand
 And caused the waves to fall
 The winds did ease. I saw the Land
 It was the Harbour wall
 My Barge. it glided through the mouth
 We anchored in the calm
 And then I heard the Pilot shout
 Put in the oil and Balm
 My heart was full. my Eyes as well
 I asked Him for his name
 When He did answer go and tell
 I heal the sick and Lame
 My name is peace. He then did say
 What is thy name. my Friend
 I answered sinner., and asked my way
 He said. thy steps I will attend
 The Tears came rolling down my face
 And thanks came to my heart
 As he supplied me with His grace
 My tears were forced to start
 Weep I must. and weep I will
 Why should I stay my tears

He made my heart with grace to thrill
 And took away my fears
 My Barge is safe. Im anchored now
 Im lashed against the shore
 Im lashed with prayer and solemn vows
 This Pilot I adore
 I cannot dry my falling tears
 My tears they will not stop
 For I am Free and nought to fear
 He.s brought me to the top
 I now can view myself from there
 The shoals__ and rocks within
 I can sail past. with ease by prayer
 Because the Pilot.s in
 Oh soul of mine. Oh Breathe the air
 And catch that Holy Breath
 The Breath of life that's known by prayer
 That carries me through death
 At morn. at noon. at night I.m thine
 I'm thine no matter where
 As peace and love on me now shines
 For Christ has answered prayer.

End

W Heath

Signed. Undated.

Round the Bivouac fire

Round the bivouac fire. at midnight. Lay the weary warrior Band.
 Bloody were their spears with slaughter: gore was each Hero's hand.
 For the ghastly fight was ended: from each soul a whisper came
 God of Battles: we have triumphed: Hallowed be thy might name

It was beautiful at midnight. when the Bloody war was done.
 When the Battle clashed no longer. And no longer blazed the sun.
 Calmly. in the balmy starlight. to repose outwearied limbs
 Not a sound to stir the stillness. save the sound of Holy Hymns

Thou has given us the glory. Thou hast cast our foes to shame
 God of Battles we have triumphed. Hallowed be thy might name
 Thou hast given us the Glory: thou hast bade our troubles cease
 Thou art great as God of Battles. Thou art best as God of Peace.

Peaceful was the world around them: in the peaceful summer sky.
 Watched the sentry stars above them, like the look of angel Eyes.
 Shone the sentinel stars in splendour on each slumbering heroes Head.
 And the moonlight gleamed in Glory on the dying and the dead.

Rosily wore the night to morning: cheerily. at their Hearts desire
 Sang the soldiers songs of Triumphed. round the ruddy bivouac Fire.
 Flushed their faces were with glory. strong were they. and Brave .and tall.
 But the tender tears of childhood bathed the bravest face of all.

Pensive, by the gleaming Fire light. mute the lonely warrior stood.
 In his Hand a paper grasp He. Scrawled with letters. Large and crude.
 In His gory Hands he grasped it. and the Tender childly Fear.
 From the manly bosom welling. Bathed the blood upon his spear.

Silent wore the night to morning: silent at their hearts desire.
 Watching lay the weary warriors. round the gleaming bivouac fire.
 What.s the news from England. comrade: what the sorry news for thee.
 From the Friends we left behind us. and our Home beyond the sea

Then the gory paper oped He. Scrawled with Letter. crude and wild
 Little news from England comrade. tis a letter from my child
 From our merry babes in England. welcome is the news. they said
 And the soldiers lay in silence. while the warrior rose and read.

Oh my Father: what has kept you. you are nigh three years away
 It was snow time when you left us. it was morn o new Years Day
 Good. by. Baby. until summer. or till christmas time. you said
 Oh my Father what has kept you. Summer. Christmas twice have fled

Mother says your war his holy- that you bear a noble name
 That you fight for God and Honour. and to shield our home from shame
 But I often hear her praying. mark all war. O End. to cease
 Thou art great as God of Battles. Thou are best as God of peace

Nigh and morn I pray for Father, in the sunny morning hours
 I am often in the garden. I have sown your name in flowers
 Like your coat. in flowers of scarlet. all in tulips. soldier red.
 Come. before the flowers are faded. come before your name is dead.

Little brother died at Christmas: Mother told me not to tell.
 But I think it better Father. for you said. The dead are well.
 He was buried side of Mary. Mother since has never smiled.
 Till we meet. good bye. dear Father. From your little loving child.

Silent wore the night to morning. silent at their souls desire
 Lay the warriors lost in dreaming round the dying bivouac fire
 Home were they once more. in England. miles were they from wars alarms
 Hark. the sudden Bugle sounding. Hark the cry. to arms. Too Arms.

but from ambush. out from thicket. charged the foreman through the plain
 Up. my warriors. arm my heros. strike for God. and Home again.
 For our Honer. our Babes. our country. and the ruddy morning light
 Flared on brandished falchions bloody still we gore of Yester night

Purple grew the plain with slaughter, steed and rider, side by side.
 And the crimson day of carnage in a crimson sun set dried
 Shuddering on the field of Battle, glimpsed the starlight overhead
 And the moonlight Ghostlike. glimmered on the dying and the dead.

Faint and few around the firelight. were the stretched. outwearied limbs
 Faint and few the hero voices that up rose in holy Hymns
 Few the warriors Left to whisper. Thou hast cast our foes to shame
 God of Battles. we have triumphed. Hallowed be thy mighty name.

On the purple slain of slaughter. who is this that smiles in rest.
 With a shred of gory paper lying on His mangled breast.
 Nought remaining. save a fragment. Scrawled with letters crude and wild
 Till we meet. good by. Dear Father. from your little loving child

Raise him softly. Lift him gently. staunch his life blood ebbing slow

He is breathing. He is whispering. what is this He murmurs now.
 Saved. my child. my Home. my country. Father. give my pangs relief
 Thou art great as God of Battles. Thou are best as God of peace.

End

Copied

Editor's note: In line 21, the word "Fire" appears above and between "gleaming light", suggesting that this word was added later. In line 30, the ink marking between "morn" and "new Years Day" is noteworthy; the mark appears as a small oval and may indicate an ampersand or may be an incomplete "on". As it most closely resembles a lower case "o", I have included that single letter in transcription. In line 65, the unusual phrase "slain of slaughter" is found; it is arguable that the poet intended this phrase to be plain of slaughter. However, the script is clear in that the first letter of "slain" is as definite an "s" as that of the word "slaughter", and other words in the manuscript that clearly contain the letter "s". As it is undoubtedly an "s" beginning the word "slain" I have retained this accidental as it is written. In line 56, the phrase "brandished falchions" refers to a weapon typically used between the 13th and 16th century. It is unclear from the poem as to whether it represents a historical battle or a fictional one, despite clues that it is an English army battling on foreign land for more than two years. In the ninth stanza, the child's letter suggests that Father was expected home by Christmas; this suggest that it references the Second or Great Boer War: "the British public expected it to be over by Christmas" (Thomas Pakenham 9). The inclusion of the word "Copied" at the poem's end is curious as it is the only poem in the manuscript to do so. Due to this nod toward the poem being a possible reproduction as well as the absence of the author's signature, it may be that this poem is the work of another author. However, this assertion cannot be confirmed; there are many other poems that also do not include the author's signature. However, none of the other poems included the word "Copied". Further, "Copied" is placed in the lower right-hand corner of the page and is placed on a forty-five-degree angle, in a similar fashion to Heath's signature seen elsewhere in the manuscript. While the theme and spirit of this poem are like that of many of the other works in the manuscript that are signed by the author, this poem is more sophisticated in its complexity of language, rhythm, and theme. Further, it is one of the longest poems, and has the longest lines of all the poems. The poem draws heavily on Christian scripture with repeated references to a God of peace as well as battle, God's intervention on behalf of the righteous, God's name as being hallowed, and the endowment of glory. The poem's accidentals, particularly unusual spelling such as "Honer" rather than honour, and the use of a period like mark where a comma would seem more appropriate, are like those seen in poems throughout the manuscript. It is my assertion that this poem is the work of William Heath, and that the word "copied" is because the author composed this poem at a different time and place, and then included it in this manuscript. Unsigned. Undated.

A Little Child

The child is tired with playing about.
 It simply lays its head
 It is not troubled with doubt
 As its simple prayer is said
 Lord pity me a little child
 And teach me how to pray
 And though I cannot count my sins
 Just take them all away
 It is then carried to its bed
 And on the pillow lays its head
 And soon is fast asleep
 A Gentle smile creeps oer its face
 That has a touch of heavenly grace
 So innocent_____ yet so deep
 No thought of trouble or of care
 Of which. it has not yet a share
 To interfere with sleep
 It simply lays and sleeps away
 The night. until the dawn of day
 The sleep to it is sweet
 At early morn when it as dawned
 The Hour. its presence it adorns
 With child like fear and love
 It creeps up to your weary face
 Says dada. we must say grace
 So Innocent. Yet so pure
 It touches a chord in your own heart
 And to your Eyes a tear does start
 And silently endured.
 You think. Ho if my days that now are past
 And sounding Years bring nigh the Last
 Had been as pure as thou
 My heart Just now would not be pained
 Nor would my head be hung with shame
 At my past life just now

 Ho breathe on me thy Holy breath
 And may my heart to sin be deaf
 Ho. breathe on me Just now
 And as a child so Just so mild
 But with that same sweet loving smile
 Accept my proffered love

Unsigned. Undated.

My Dream

I had a dream. A frightful dream
 It haunts my troubled brow.
 In that dream myself was seen
 How vile my heart is now
 My hopes were wrecked. my life was sad
 I'd done a sinful act
 That made my wife to go right mad
 And people shuned my track
 My children turned their back on me
 They would not see my face
 With sin. I'd made myself too free
 My past life sad to trace
 My friends they cut me like a knife
 They would not even speak
 I thought I'd end my very life
 My trouble was so deep
 A Friend at last came to my aid
 With tears. and cries. and prayer
 Until my past began to fade
 I awoke Just then and there
 I knew my wife was fast asleep
 My children likewise too
 I could not help but start and weep.
 And thought_____ if this were true.
 And even now upon my mind
 That dream has left a mark
 Like sin. it always leaves behind
 A pain. that cant depart.
 The soul. and mind within my frame
 By sin. can be so sad
 That it may turn the Human brain
 As my dream nearly had
 But Ho the springs of Holy Joy
 The calmness in the Heart
 An Holy thought. It ne.er annoys
 Nor leaves an aching smart
 There is no pain from Holy fear.
 The mind knows what is rest
 A Holy life is very dear
 By God is always blest
 The Human soul with pure thoughts
 We cannot tell its worth
 Its not a dream. it cant be bought
 Yet it may have a Birth

In this poor Heart thats had a dream
That now is wide awake
A pure life is always seen
By God. For Jesus sake.

W Heath

Signed. Undated.

What Man Eats

The food we get when first we come
Upon this stage of life
It must be good. we've all had some
Tis milk. we thought it nice.

We there do start with milk and Bread
Of course it should be boiled
Because a child on raw milk feed.
Its stomach will be spoiled.

In time we get a little tea.
Of course its mixed with water.
But its not always good to see.
When drinking from a saucer.

But then in Ernest we do start.
And Eat Just what we like.
I'll tell you if you'll only hark.
To what I say to night.

They bring us Beef and Mutton too.
Potatoes. Cabbage as well
perhaps a little Irish stew
I think stew is a sell

Some call it Hash to get it passed
But call it what you like
I think this stew is often hashed
Both morning noon. and night

Yorkshire pudding. apple pie.
or sago in a dish.
It all comes right we cant deny.
sometimes they give us fish.

But man was Born to Eat to live.
And so He gets his share.
so if attention you will give,
I'll call there name with care.

Beef. Mutton. Cabbage and Peas.
 Berry and plum pie.
 Yorkshire pudding if you please.
 Cow heel and pigs fry.

Pork. Ham. and potted meat.
 And salmon in a tin.
 Tripe sometimes it is a treat.
 But Hash we cant take in.

A Bit of beer that make sound queer____
 And Bacon that is fried.
 But stew or Hash we always fear.
 And so we pass it bye.

Peas are good. and pancakes too
 And so is fresh made Butter
 Milk is good if not too Blue
 But Hash we always cut her

Jam tarts and Currant Bump.
 And Custards they will do.
 Lemon cheese we Eat like fun.
 But Hash it turns us Blue.

Roast Duck. or Rabbit pie.
 Is Just the thing for me.
 But if its hash Im rather shy.
 As we can not agree.

Hash is hash, Just let it pass.
 And let me have some Ham.
 But when its hash I think its hash.
 I.d rather have some Lamb.

They say that hash and stew are good.
 I know its good for trade.
 But when its hash you always should.
 Just tell of what its made.

So if you give me one invite
 To dine when I.ve no cash.
 Upon my word. I'll get a fright
 If you do hand me hash.

Begon, thou mass of Boiled potates

Begon, thou mass of hash
Begon, thy name I fairly hate
Begon., thou tater Hash

W Heath

Editor's Note: "What Man Eats" provides one of the few poetic examples where Heath departs from his characteristic focus on faithfulness and virtue and delves into wit. Heath's description of a working-class Victorian diet provides insight into the fare of the Victorian period, albeit with a droll but refreshing twist. Included in this poem are further examples of accidental spellings such as "Begon", "potates", and "can not" which define Heath's work. Again, we find Heath's signature on the lower most right corner of the page, angled upward, with the end portion of the signature underlined.
Undated. Signed.

The British Lion

One day. a man got such a fright
His name was Mr Kruger
He thought He would the British bite
In fact He would pursue her.
He quoted scripture all the time
But mixed it with decit
But those two things you cant combine
They will not mix so neat
The thought came into his poor Head
This Land shall be for Boers
But oh dear me at Last tis said
The British Lion roared.
He wagged His tail and pawed the ground.
And waited for a chance
To see which way He had to Bound
And Make the Boers to dance.
The British lion had some whelps
Locked up in Cronjes Jungle
It looked which way to give them help
And tried. But had to grumble.
The Boers they Barked from off the Heights
Of Magersfontein where they Lay
The British Lion was in sight
But Boers and Lion stood at Bay.
But one old Lion known as Bobs
He played them such a trick
This move it made them fairly sob
For Bobs He is a brick.
This Lion went a long way out
To spy the young whelps track
The Boers they found without a doubt
That Kimberly whelps were back
To Freedom. that did mean a lot
The Boers. Their freedom robbed
The Boers a name they've not forgot
His name is little Bobs.
The Boers then left and off they went
But hard upon their track
Came little Bobs whose mind was bent
To bring poor Cronje back.

The Lions worked to left and right
 And then to right and left
 Also in rear they came in sight
 In front He roared with Zest.
 Just then He made an awful spring.
 And got His paw well down
 Until the Boers were wedged right in
 By Lions all around.
 They caught poor Cronje and His men
 As they were in a Fog
 And took them to the Lions den
 The Den of Little Bobs.
 But other Boers then came in sight along.
 To see what could be done
 But French He gave them such a song
 And made them fairly run.
 Towards Bloomfontins open door
 But Kruger stood out there
 He stood aghast. His Heart was sore
 For Boers ran everywhere.
 The Lion came upon that scene
 And gave an awful roar
 That frightened Krurer and poor Steyn
 And all the other Boers.

Editor's note: Heaths deftly weaves patriotism and witticisms to provide this albeit biased account of a key battle during the Second Boer War. In line 22, the poem references Magersfontein; the Battle of Magersfontein occurred on December 11, 1899 near the Modder River in the North West of Cape Colony and was a massive defeat of the English at the hands of Cronje's Boers (britishbattles.com). This poem references several Boer War key players, including "Cronje" or the Boer General Pieter A. 'Piet' Cronje, "Bobs" or Field Marshal Lord Frederick Sleigh Roberts of Kandahar, and "Bloomfontins", or Bloemfontein, a key location in the Boer War (history.net). Additionally, Heath references a "Krurer" in the penultimate line; this may be a reference to President S.J. Paulus Kruger (Fransjohan Pretorius 26). "Bobs", who inspired English admiration, was also written of by Rudyard Kipling in three poems, most notably "Bobs" which was published in the Pall Mall Gazette, December 1893 (Alastair Wilson par 3). It appears that this would be the conclusion of this poem, but the narrative ends rather abruptly. The next poem is untitled, and appears to begin at some mid poem state, referencing a feminine character which is in "statue and in grace". It is unclear from the manuscript if pages were removed or fell out. There is no evidence of torn edges in the innermost binding of the manuscript. While no date or signature for this poem is evident in the manuscript, based on the poem's detailed description of the Boer War, it must have been written after at least the battle at Bloemfontein, which occurred in March 1900 (history.net). The first page of the manuscript is not bound and is found loose. The first poem is titled "Sunday Schools", and the overleaf is an untitled poem with its first line referencing Bloomfontin and follows the Second Boer War battle there. It may be that this loose page is misplaced, and should fall later with the manuscript, and

form part of the poem titled “The British Lion”. This placement would then provide the title of “Sunday Schools” for the following poem which traces the death of a young girl.
Unsigned. Undated.

Untitled

She grew as only Growth can grow
 In stature and in grace
 And by Her life and ways did show
 That she had Christ Embraced.

But just as womanhood was in sight.
 Affliction laid its Hand.
 On that young frame with all its might
 In fact it fairly ran.

But has she lay upon Her bed.
 Her Face was full of smiles
 But on day to a Friend she said
 Oh. Yes. Im recognized

Oh no. to me it is not hard to die
 As Christ is always near
 You must not weep you must not sigh
 As I have nought to fear.

I soon shall be at peace and rest
 I do so want to go
 As Christ has me so often Blest
 Good Night. I'll meet you too.

Her spirit left that mortal frame
 And winged its upward flight
 To realms of Bliss where she became
 A Witness at the right.

The mortal form was there enclosed
 And laid amongst the clay
 But to my mind. a thought arose
 That Child had learnt to pray.

All this took place Just at this spot
 In Newtown. which did bring
 A Girl we knew. we've not forgot
 Her name was minnie spring

God bless our school. we still will sing
 Ho lead us kindly light
 Just has thou did this Minnie Spring
 To Heaven that's calm and bright.

Then. its not true what people say
Its true. A Child takes in
Its true. This Girl ~~did~~ she learn to pray
For Christ called Minnie spring

W Heath

Editor's note: This poem is untitled, and it may be not a complete poem, but rather a large fragment. It is unclear from the manuscript's inner most binding if there are pages missing. The significance of the place name Newton is unclear; there is a great number of Newtons in England.

Signed. Undated.

Thoughts on Seeing a picture in
Communional street

One day. while walking through the streets
 And looking in shop windows
 I saw a picture Ho so neat
 That told of artists fingers.
 The picture was a garden plot
 The flowers in full bloom
 Composed of Lilies and forgetmenots
 And Blossom in perfume.
 Amon the grass I saw a chair
 A Child was in it layed
 By Mothers hands with tender care
 And there it still remained
 Just at the gate an old man past
 With sethye in his right hand
 And looking up the garden path
 To where the chair did stand.
 The Mother came to see Her child
 That she had left alright
 And found the child with face so mild
 That gave Her such a fright.
 The child had gone to its repose
 Where gone can ere return
 It looked so calm. Yet so composed
 Not like death thats stern.
 But calmness. Peace on that young face
 At rest. from all its pains
 I looked again. but could not trace
 A mark of sin, or shame.
 But Ho. that of that poor Mother
 As she looked at that child
 That look was deeper than a Lover's
 That look it had no guile.
 That Mothers face I see just now
 In all its pangs of grief
 Also the care upon Her brow
 That told of anguish deep.
 I turned my Back upon that scene
 But yet. my mind was fixed
 On that dear Face. that I had seen
 That morn at Half past six.
 we see the Tears from Mother's Eyes
 we cannot see Her heart
 We do ~~kn~~o-not know those heavy sighs

When child and mother parts.
But this we know. Her heart is true
Her mind with goodness shines
A Mothers Love is always new
A Mother's Love divine.
When ere you see a Mother's Tears
Just lift a silent prayer
That God may stand so very near
That she may feel His care
And when we go to our rest
May this be in the Book
He breathed a prayer that I did bless
When Mother's part He took

W Heath

Signed. Undated.

Cats

They say that we should always love
 Of course. I have my doubts
 They say that love is like a dove
 It always will get out.
 There's things I like and things I don't
 But what I like I'll tell
 I don't believe in don't and won't
 It does not sound so well
 I like a Home that's always clean
 And full of pleasant smiles
 But if there's frowns I'm often seen
 Just missing for a while
 I cannot say I love a child
 That's yelling all the day
 It makes me get to very wild
 With its. Yay. Yay. Yay.
 I cannot say I love a dog.
 That always likes to Bite
 I'd rather hit it with a clog.
 When it comes in my sight
 I cannot say I love the man
 That calls for income tax
 Last time He called He fairly ran
 The speed it stopped His watch
 Now just you fancy some fine man
 When you are fast asleep
 A man to stand a blow a Horn
 Right in your very street
 Out of your Bed of course you get
 And feeling for a match
 Instead of match. a chair is met
 Your Big toe nearly smashed
 You cannot love that nasty man
 You'd wish He ne'er were Born
 And hatred in your Breast would form
 To smash the man and Horn.
 Suppose you had a Garden plot
 And full of nice sweet flowers
 Roses. Lilies. Forgetmenots
 And little shady bowers

And some old Cat comes crawling on
 All through your flowery bed
 And all at once He sings a song
 Enough to wake the dead
 And knock the flower pots off the stands
 And pulls up all the soil
 You could not stroke it with your Hands
 And on your Knees to coil
 No. You.d race that Cat with all your might
 And hit it with a Brick
 And set the dog to get a bite
 Shouting. catching His kick.
 That cat you.d hate and always would
 You could not love that Cat
 I know you.d think it was no good
 To love a thing like that.
 A Yelling Child I cannot bear
 A Biting dog I dread
 A nasty Horn I always fear
 And Cats I wish were dead.
 I love a Child that does not cry
 I like a faithful dog.
 A nasty Horn I.d like it shied
 Into a dirty Bog.
 But Cats. No cats. those nasty cats
 I mean those that do fight
 Not with mice. or even Rats
 But those that fight a night
 I.d put them all in one Large barn
 In some deserted spot.
 And paint this sign. they.ll do no harm
 As they are all forgot
 This is the Home of fighting Cats
 They.re all packed in this shed
 They cant get out. we.ve seen to that
 Because they all are dead
 So rest in peace. Their fightings done.
 You ne.ver will say whats that.
 Their days is past. we.ve had the fun
 With all the Screaming Cats.

Unsigned. Undated.

The flowers Christ represents

We view the fields from where we stand.
 White Clover. we behold.
 Our thought they gather in a Band
 For Clover.s. tale is told.
 It means remember. think of me.
 Then Hope. will come in view.
 Think of me. we then agree
 To be both firm and true.
 The Rose that's white it has a scent
 Its fragrance is most sweet.
 We little know that it was sent
 By Him that once did weep.
 I.m worthy of our noble mind
 The white rose calls to you.
 To let your heart be so Entwined
 That grace may you pursue.
 The Ivy clings so very fast
 Sound Friendship it does mean.
 And clings. and clings so very fast
 When nothing Else is seen.
 And thus we see its meaning
 Of friendship's honest grasp.
 Like Christ is always leaning
 From first until the last.
 It brings our minds until we see
 grand Heliotrope so bold.
 And makes the Heart so good and free
 As we devotion hold.
 And thus we see the passion flower.
 That means through faith. I will
 From now. be under Christs own power
 That He my heart may thrill.
 But has we near the flowers named.
 And grasp what they do mean.
 Our thoughts. begin to be so trained
 That God is often seen.
 But how to write on one I ~~ve seen~~ see
 Its depth. and meaning too.

Think of Me

I.m worthy of you

Friendship

Devotion

I feel as if I.d rather flee
 Its meaning is so true.
 The water lily is so white
 We stand against some stream.
 And try to reach with all our might
 A Lily we have seen.
 And if we grasp it in our Hand.
 It soon by us is spo~~o~~iled.
 It is too white for any man
 Who.s heart by sin is spoiled.
 There.s only one upon this Earth
 Thats worthy of this flower.
 It is a Child. Just from its Birth
 That.s brought loves gentle power.
 The Child is clean in natures mind.
 It has no thought of wrong.
 Its like a Lily. pure. refined
 Where sin has never gone.
 But yet. we may approach this flower
 And touch its tender stem.
 And has we touch. there comes a shower
 That grace can only send.
 The Ivy. Clover. and white rose.
 And Lily. pure and white.
 Suggests. Inspires. also propose
 That man shall Christ invite.
 but gaze upon a flowery Bed
 Without a serious thought.
 Be careful how this life you tread
 Or flowers to you are nought.
 But say I will an Ivy Be.
 An Heliotrope I like.
 This life will then be rich and free
 And like a Lily. white.
 And when this life Just like a flower.
 Begins to droop and fade.
 Around your Heart will be a power
 That never can decay.
 You.ll fix your Eye on something white,
 The Mind. will be at rest.
 That white will be an Heavenly light
 By Lilies own request.

Purity of Heart

application

Wm Heath

Signed. Undated.

A Mother's Grief

When you speak of a Battle as glorious.
 When you loudly praise Victories won.
 do you ever think of the heart broken Mother
 Who silently mourns for Her son.

that
 He was all I had she cries.
 He was my comfort and Joy.
 Oh. why did they take him from me
 Oh. why did they slay my Boy.

His Father fell fighting for homeland,
 When my Boy was but a mere child.
 And manys the time He has cheered me
 When grief seemed to be driving me wild.

His innocent. Happy. Boyish ways.
 His constant prattling tounge
 Has bidden one take heart again
 When my mind was well nigh unstrung.

And nightly I prayed by his little Bed,
 For God's blessing to crown his sweet sleep.
 And from all trials great or small
 My darling Boy to Keep.

And when He grew into Manhood.
 No longer a thoughtless Lad
 I watched him gaze ~~upon~~ for hours upon
 The likeness of his Dad.

Whilst I unfolded the history.
 Of his father long since dead.
 Who for his Queen and country
 His noble Blood had shed.

I did not for one moment think
 Of what the cost would be,
 Until at last it was too late
 And my Boy was torn from me.

For the gallant deeds of his father
 Inspired his Youthful Breast.
 And soon. Alas. too soon for me
 He joined in with the rest.

And now I gaze on a vacant chair.
 He never more can fill.
 For my Boy. the Idol of my heart
 Was slain at Glencoe Hill.

When you speak of the glories of Battles
 of each gallant victory won.
 Just pray for a Heart Broken Mother,
 Who silently mourns for her son.

W Heath

Editor's Note: The reference to a battle at Glencoe Hill may be a reference to the Massacre of Glencoe, which took place in the highlands of Scotland in 1692 (britanica.com). Given Heath's other poetry which references the Boer War, the Glencoe Hill in this poem is more likely a reference to the first battle of the Great Boer War, the Battle of Talana Hill, also known as the Battle of Dundee and the Battle at Glencoe Hill which occurred during October of 1899. This elegiac poem of young lost in battle may pay tribute to the fifty-one British casualties during this battle. A further 150 men were captured. (britishbattles.com). Signed. Undated.

Tears tell tales

We see the child stand round the grave
 And tears are falling fast.
 She's weeping for those whom she craves
 That's gone from Home at last.
 We see the prisoner in the back.
 And tears are streaming down.
 That Handsome Lad who's mind is shocked
 Now Justice on him found
 We see the child that wandered far
 Away from mother's love ~~and~~ so dear.
 Its childish ways are now so marred
 That brings it childish tears.
 We stand upon some lending stage.
 And watch the people pass
 Until our minds become Engaged
 On Scenes that always last.
 We see a strong and stalwart man
 Upon a liners deck.
 With tears that down his cheeks fair ran
 That left his cheeks all wet.
 He waves His hand to those on shore
 And wipes ~~his~~ his tearful Eye.
 Because He may not see no more
 Those that have said good Bye.
 But Yet. there is another sight.
 That is not often seen,
 And tears just tell of what is right
 And what those tears do mean.
 That sight is one that makes God smile.
 The sight is Just a man.
 That on His Knees for Just a while
 Who's prayer God has just formed,
 And as the prayer does upward go
 His tears begin to fall
 Not tears of pain. or trouble. no.
 Nor tears that's known to all.
 The man Just weeps. He cant tell why.
 He simply prays. and weeps.
 Those tears they tell that Christ is nigh
 The shepherd of the sheep.
 Just gaze into that weeping face
 And see the upturned Eye.
 You'll find that face is full of grace
 That no one can deny.

Those are the tears thats never lost.
The Father see's those tears.
He knows alone what they have cost
To God they are so dear.
When ere you see a person weep.
Be careful how you tread.
Be thoughtful. wise. someone may Keep
Your thoughts. and words you.ve said.
Just let a silent tear roll down.
It never will be lost.
Some day you.ll find it on a Crown
Its worth. and what it cost.
These word may be fixed on that tear
This tear was caught be me.
It glistened with an Holy fear
When on His private knee

W Heath

Signed. Undated.

Relief of Mafeking Friday May 19th

City Square

I stood and watched a Crowd of men
 Of various types and shapes.
 And has I watched, I heard just then
 A sound that always takes.
 I watched those men. they all stood still.
 And listened too that sound.
 That came with sweetest notes that thrill
 The soul that Honours Bound.
 The song that came upon the air
 Was on they heard before
 Some hummed the Tune just then and there.
 For song our Hearts adore.
 This song came floating in the air
 And all took up its strain.
 And has they sang with Head.s all bare
 This was the grand refrain
 shall old acquaintance be forgot
 And never brought to mind.
 We.ll take the cup of Kindness yet
 For the days of old Land syne.
 The reason of this Happy throng
 Was news. of sweetest Joy.
 That told of Mafeking safe and strong
 That had been so annoyed.
 Someone shouted Three times three.
 And then a grand Hurrah.
 This day is Mafeking sound and free
 The Enemy's scattered far.
 But in that crowd that was a man
 That struck a splendid chord.
 That touched the Heart. the song fair fanned
 A song we all adore
 So long thy power hath blest me
 sun it still will lead me on
 on moor and Fen or Craig and torrent till
 The night is gone.
 my voice it Joined in with the rest
 I could not keep it Back.
 I thought how we had been so blest
 Under the union Jack.
 God bless the land we love so dear.
 May Righteousness abound.

May peace and love always be near
 prosperity be found.
 It will be so when we have men
 Of Baden powell's stamp.
 That Kept the Boers from powell.'s den
 And made them Homeward tramp.
 The union Jack it still does fly
 May it always be seen
 And Blest by Him that.s always nigh
 That.s Blest our gracious queen.
 God bless our Land. our native land
 The Land's that's always been
 Surrounded ~~th~~ By the guiding Hand
 That gave us such a Queen.

Editor's Note: The rejoicing Heath describes here is confirmed in the Pall Mall Gazette of Saturday, May 19, 1900 which describes the "roar of cheering" as well as "waving flags and handkerchiefs" (Britishnewspapersarchive.co). Richard Cavendish also notes that the relief was "greeted with hysterical rejoicing in Britain after the disasters of the earlier days of the war. Riotous flag-waving crowds sang, danced and cheered themselves hoarse for hours on end" (53). The patriotism Heath writes of here is juxtaposed with other poems which depict the hardships and personal loss which accompany war.
 Unsigned. Undated.

Sacramental Service

We stand in front and gaze upon
A Glass composed of Earth.
And we can see our features from
This glass that shows us dirt.
But yet there is a looking glass
That ne.er by man were made.
Composed of prayer from First to last
And Hung in private shades.
We Kneel in front. and gaze into
This glass. that does reflect
The marks. That always are so true
When sin our Hearts have met.
And has we trace the many spots.
We stand. and gaze in awe
Because these marks that we have got
Are there by broken Laws.
We weep in private. at the Thought
That we have been so wild.
And gaze into this glass which sought
Reflection. good. and mild.
And has we gaze. we always find
An hatred. deep and strong.
Fixed. and firm in our minds
That self is always wrong.
We gaze into that Hallowed glass
A Face. we do behold.
That Face is always first and last
When we devotion hold.
I see that Face by my Hearts Eye.
That Face. it has no mark.
That face. I find is always nigh
When pure is the Heart.
Behold that Face. That holy Face.
That face whose lines you read.
That face where sin you cannot trace
That face we all do need.
Well may I close my sinful Eye.
And hide my blushing face.
When sin in me is always nigh
And sin I always trace.
I can be clean, not like that Face.
I can be pure. But how.
By gazing on what I now trace
Ho Lord accept my vow.

Breathe on my sinful soul. Oh do.
And on my ~~min~~ . Heart. oh trace
And find something I ~~know~~ know thats true
A smile from that dear face

W Heath May 21 1900

Signed. Dated.

Music

Thou gentle. soothing. Hallowed sound.
 That floats upon the air.
 A lodgement in my heart thou's found
 T.was carried there by prayer.
 Thy graceful. Healing Christ like Balm
 Restore's to Life the dead.
 Thou makes the storm to be a calm
 And cheers the drooping Head.
 Music. Thou art a native not of Earth
 Thy native place is Heaven.
 On Earth. we do not Know thy worth
 By God to us was given.
 We.ll sing the same sweet gentle strain
 Inhale thy Heavenly Breeze.
 so that thy notes may come again
 Through Him whom we believe.
 Music. Thy charms to me are Dear.
 Music. Thou's touched my Heart.
 Music. Thy Friendship is sincere
 And healing is thine art.
 Where there's music I will dwell.
 I.ll worship at its shrine.
 And with my voice its love I'll tell
 And breathe its air divine.
 The Angles know thy gentle art.
 They sent some notes to Earth.
 That found a Home in some poor Heart
 The day of Jesu's Birth.
 Ho soul of mine. Just catch that sound.
 Inhale its sweetest Breath.
 so that thy music may be found
 In my poor soul at Death.
 No discord will my life then hear.
 My voice will never tire.
 I.ll sing the songs I love so dear
 That does my soul inspire.
 Thou purefying Holy flame
 Refining is thy theme.
 Thy touch it always is the same
 Awake. likewise in Dream.
 Be near. and be my constant guest.
 I ne.er from thee will part.
 I ask. I crave at Christs request
 To Harmonize my heart.

Thy notes will carry me above
 on wings of sweetest air.
 And bye thy stream thats full of love
 I.ll decorate with prayer.
 I.ll weave my prayer around thy notes
 With songs of Holy Breath.
 so that thy spirit may denote
 That music knows no death.
 come near and ~~be my~~ bless me when awake.
 come near me in my sleep.
 come near me for my saviours sake
 Thy Virtues are so sweet.
 And when this life is past in song.
 I.ll still thy life inhale
 For pure then shall be my tounge
 To sing the Heavenly scale.

WHeath July 2nd 1900

Signed. Dated.

Faults

My faults and failings I never see.
 I.m always in the right.
 Myself from wrong. I'm always free
 s selfish is my Sight.
 But when my ~~Thoughts~~ private thoughts do pause
 And view my inmost mind.
 I always first some broken Laws
 That.s left a pain behind.
 I then review what I have done
 And bring them all in view.
 The penetrating Searching sun
 Just finds my virtues few.
 It shows to me my feeble frame.
 My mind my will. how weak.
 It make.s me know I am to blame
 Myself I cannot keep.
 It brings in Sight a perfect Tree.
 And on it Branches laid.
 Are Virtues which by Faith I see
 Thats never known to fade.
 I see the Tree. I.ll take a root.
 And plant it in my heart
 Then ask the Master just to look
 And of his life impart.
 I cannot make that root take hold
 Unless its watched with care.
 Because the soil may be too cold
 Unless its warmed with prayer.
 I.ll shield it from the cold north wind
 And let it face the East.
 So that the sun on it may shine
 That it may so increase
 The Foliage of this pure Tree.
 Are peace. and love. and grace.
 You smell the Fruit ere it you see
 And so the Tree you trace.
 Just pull a bit of that fine Branch.
 When mercy is so thick
 For mercy ~~Ja~~ does the heart Entrance
 When mind and Heart are Sick.
 The shield your Eyes from selfish love
 And pluck the Branch of pure.
 You.ll see it if you look above
 Tis easy too secure.

I've touched it. nay I've let it slip.
 My Hands they were not clean.
 I'll try that Branch to grip
 As Mercy can be seen.
 The wind of prayer has carried it
 And made it swing past me.
 Not past. I caught a Bit
 When reaching from my knee.
 Its white. too white for my poor hands.
 Too clean for my poor heart.
 And Yet it came at my demands
 For mercy took my part.
 Oh may the fragrance of thy Breath
 Keep me clean and white.
 So that in life. also in death
 This Branch may be in Sight.
 I'll fix thee with my private prayer.
 Encompass Thee in love
 And with my life. I'll try to share
 Thy fruit I see above.

WHeath
 July 2nd
 1900.

Love, pure Love

It staggers when there are vile thoughts.
 It Blushes like a flower.
 It has to grow. it cant be bought
 And grows in shady Bowers.
 It will not grow with seed of vice.
 Because they are unclean.
 It wont be forced. you may Entice
 Its gentle soothing Beam.
 Its stem. and roots are always white.
 Its leaves are white has well.
 You see its radiance in the night
 Its fragrance you can tell.
 You cannot soil it with your grasp.
 Your Heart it must be clean.
 If unclean, it stands aghast
 When unclean Thoughts are seen.
 Its only seen by pure Eyes.
 For pure is its name.
 It flys away with dread surprise
 When there's a touch of shame.
 Ho. unalloyed. and pure love
 Come let me dream of thee.
 Just let thy nature from above
 Sow some seeds in me.
 I.d like too dream of what thou art.
 I.d like thee in my life
 I.d like thee in my weeping Heart
 Thy self I will Entice.
 I.ll muse. and cherish Thee with grace.
 Enclose thee round with prayer.
 So I may always see thy Face
 And of thy goodness share.
 Will thou never visit me.
 Will thou never come.
 I have been waiting long for thee
 And searched the course thou's run.
 Ha's I see thou's Hovering near.
 Just rest thyself on me.
 I.ll feed thee with a love sincere
 Come. let us agree.
 I.ll wash thy Table with my Tears.
 Attend thee with my prayer.
 Thy call shall have attentive Ears
 Thy sweetness let me share

W Heath
July 2nd 1900

Signed. Dated.

Sabbath Day

How sweet. serene the day of Rest,
 Reviving is its air.
 Calm and peaceful it requests
 It turns away stern care.
 It brings into the Human mind
 Invigorating Thought.
 Until the Hand of God we find
 That we have often sought.
 It makes our vision clear. and bright.
 Until our Eyes can see
 Not far away. but near our sight
 Christ the rich. The free.
 God rested on the seventh day
 And Hallowed it with grace.
 And by His smile He caused a ray
 Of Bliss that we may trace
 Ho sabbath day. thou art a peace
 Thy Beams are full of light.
 We crave thy light may never cease
 To shine upon our sight.
 We'll shield thee with a wall of prayer
 Avoid that which is wrong.
 So that thy sabbath we may share
 And trim it with our song.
 Thou art a stream of Holy rest.
 Thy Breeze from Heaven came
 Thou came at once at God's request
 That Breeze is still the same.
 We feel that Breeze when at the shrine.
 So soothing is thy rest.
 It makes us know what is divine
 As thy day is the Best.
 Ho. Holy Sabbath. we will Entwine
 Around thine Hallowed Day
 Our Earnest prayers with love combine
 That thou may ne'er decay.
 And when our Earthly sabbath's o'er.
 Our souls to Thee shall bring
 Our feeble thanks. and Thee adore
 Our maker and our King.

W Heath June 3rd 1900

Signed. Dated.

Thoughts while looking at the sky July 12th 1900

Painters may try to paint a scene
 Their soul may be on fire
 But they cant paint what I now see
 That does my thoughts inspire
 No Canvas can be found so Large
 No paints however mixed
 Can this picture now Enlarge
 That does my Thoughts transfixed.
 Its Natures Hand that Colours found
 Composed of Natures Blue
 And white and Brown by Nature Bound
 To this Blue that is true.
 The sky serene. with tints of green
 Have the sky so fine
 I now can trace what it does mean
 The painter is divine.
 Could I but fathom Yond dark cloud
 Could I just climb its height
 In my might I.d cry aloud
 The painter is in sight.
 No one can paint like nature's Hand
 No Brush was ever made
 No mind can grasp this picture stand
 Thats never known to fade.
 This sky. it purifies the mind
 And makes the sight more clear
 We find the sky is Just combined
 By one whose pictures dear.
 They are so dear. they cant be bought
 They only can be seen
 These pictures have been often sought
 By painters in a dream.
 But this is nature. not a dream.
 I view Its Hallowed sight.
 My mind is wraped in what I.ve seen
 That fills me with delight.
 In thy presence my head I bow
 I cannot understand
 This natures picture ere below
 Thats drawn by natures Hand.
 So full of mystery. Yet there thou art
 In natures grand array
 Thy Beauty never will depart
 Or fade. no Yet decay

Finished at 12.0 noon at the open awful Thunder storm

See over

storm

Grand. Sublime. Ho what a sight.
 The lightnings vivid flash
 The Thunder roars with awful might
 Thats followed by a crash.
 No one can paint a Thunder clap
 Or even seen the cause
 This picture does my soul Enwrap
 For these are natures Laws.
 You cannot catch a lightning streak
 Its speed was never told.
 The lightning. Thunder. Nature keeps
 When it is warm and cold.
 We ll breathe the name of God with care
 Our whole life should combine
 To ask who can this God compare
 For He is all divine.
 While on the Earth we.ll Breathe thy air,.
 Which is thy Holy Breath.
 Our Thoughts shall now ascend in prayer
 To God that knows no death.

Composed by W Heath July 13 1900

Editor's note: This is may be two separate poems, or a larger poem with two distinct parts, with the overarching theme of the unsettling nature of a storm which links them. The words "see over" are the author's own, and the portion titled "storm" appears on the other side of the page to the first part.
 Signed. Dated.

Keep Smiling

When ere you see a little child
 Just help it in its play.
 T.will make you gentle meek. and mild
 And will some Joys repay.
 Remember you were once a child
 And someone played with you
 Although those days have past awhile
 They do some scenes renew.
 A merry child is free from care
 It does not know whats wrong.
 It only knows the Bright. the fair
 And innocent its tounge.
 What we are our child will be
 Its full of Imatation.
 It only copies what it sees
 It is God.s own Creation.
 A ugly child was never Born
 For what is pure is good.
 And what is good should not be shown
 Until its understood.
 A Child is simple. Blithe and free
 It does not know a care.
 Then let us take it on our knee
 And of its sweetness share
 Although I.m old I once were Young
 Although I.m old. I hear
 A gentle sound from Mother's Tounge
 That was a smile sincere
 Therefore if man should like a smile
 A child must love one too
 So let us smile upon a child
 Because its love is true.
 A smile is cheaper than a frown
 It brings us Joys untold.
 But if we frown it Just brings down
 A feeling that is cold.
 Then always smile on those thats Young.
 And smile on age as well.
 And when thy smiles on Earth are done
 A tale too thee I tell.

Then let us smile in word and Deed
 Our Thought to with smiles aspire
 To ~~drop~~ drop a smile on those in need

And then too Heaven retire.

WHeath July 16th 1900

Editor's note: I have retained the author's spelling of tongue as tounge. The OED Oxford English Dictionary advises that "The natural modern English repr. Of Old English *tunge* would be *tung*, as in *lung*, *rung*, *sung* (and as the word is actually pronounced); but the Middle English device of writing *on* for *un* brought in the alternative *tonge* with variants *tounge*, *townge*..... The spelling *tongue* is thus neither etymological nor phonetic and is only in a very small degree historical." (OED)
Signed. Dated

Principle

Thou art a meaning deep and strong
 Thou dwells in heart and mind.
 Sometimes thou says to vice begone
 I will some virtues find.
 I know that man is frail and weak
 But with me He is strong.
 And with my strength He guides his feet
 Away from what is wrong.
 I build around where I do dwell
 A wall composed of care
 I never tknew the man that fell
 When guided by my prayer
 Temptation comes to every one
 No matter who they be.
 But with my no at once its done
 For principle is free.
 A fool can travel with the tide
 When principle is gone.
 But when I help I always guide
 Against the tide thats on.
 I.ve never lost a single soul
 Although the storm may rage.
 The winds may blow the billows roll
 But I their strength can gauge
 With my no. the Tempter.s gone
 My path is clear from strife.
 My No is full of manly song
 That sings to me Through life.
 Just clasp my virtues to my Heart.
 I.ll be thy constant Friend.
 I never will from Thee depart
 As strength I always send.
 (Resolve) Come. I will thy life inhale
 Come Principle too me
 I.ll be a man although Im frail
 I.ll be a man thats free
 Upright. Noble. free from vice
 Free from Human woe.
 Guided by thy good advice
 The advice known as no.
 Success to what I now have done
 May peace and Hope combine
 To make my life a noble one
 By principle's Divine

W Heath 16th July 1900

Signed. Dated.

A Letter to Mr George Cooper

You said I.d set your soul on fire
 By thought.s I put in words.
 It only proves that we inspire
 Someone by what theyve heard.
 We each Express in our own way
 Our thoughts. our life in deeds
 Therefore my Friend a moment stay
 And pluck the growing weeds.
 The spring of Thought will there arise
 Thou.ll catch the rhymes flame
 And to thine Heart with glad surprise
 Will come thy rhyme again.
 Take up thy pen and let it write
 And let thy Ink be Thought.
 Then on thy paper put a light
 That is so often sought.
 On thy desk where thou does lean
 Just dust it with sincere.
 Thy writing then will always mean
 The pure spring is near.
 What is our Rhyme unless its clean.
 It is not fit to read
 Its like a Fever that does mean
 Contagious is the seed.
 But if our Thoughts do rise and soar
 On wings of pure air.
 some Heart or mind that may be sore
 May find a solace there.
 Then let the fire of thy thought
 Be kindled by thine Heart.
 Thou must. Thou should. Thou really ought
 To take a rhymes part.
 we ne.er shall come this way again
 so let us always try.
 To write our Thoughts in such a way
 That they may never dry.
 Think and write while thou as time
 Then when thy days are past
 Thy thoughts in words that Thou as Rhymed
 Be on thy Tombstone cast.

Here lies a man. That put His thoughts
 In words. and made them Rhyme
 Although He.s gone. His Rhyme is sought

By those with pure minds

WHeath July 14th 1900

Editor's Note: The Mr. George Cooper in this poem may refer to the American Christian hymn writer (1840-1927) (Hymnary.org). However, this is only supposition as no concrete relationship between the poem and a specific George Cooper can be determined based on the poem's text.

Signed. Dated.

Thoughts while in Bed

Im laid upon this Bed of pain
 And all is quiet within
 My Thoughts they crowd upon the Brain
 That Bitterness does bring
 I.m thinking what I have not done
 Although I vowed I.d do.
 To be both firm and true to me
 That has ~~been~~ to me been true.
 My past it haunts me like a Ghost
 Its there both day and night
 I cannot say with any boast
 That sin is not in Sight.
 The vileness of my Evil heart
 Disturbs my peace of mind.
 Although not seen. I feel its smart
 That.s left remorse behind.
 Remorse for past deeds I have done
 I cant remove its strains
 I cant remove a single one
 The past. my mind sustains.
 But. Though my mind does look in rear
 And though it is so pained
 There is a voice I often hear
 That ne.er by sin was stained.
 That voice is speaking now to me
 Ho Heart. Just take me in.
 I am He that liveth Free
 Thou cleanseth all thy sin.
 I love them that love me
 And those that seek shall find.
 Come unto me and be ye free
 And peace rest on your mind.
 Come in. Thou Heavenly gentle dove
 And be my constant guest.
 I feel thy unction from above
 That came at Christs request.
 Sit on the Throne of my poor Heart
 And let me Bathe thy feet.
 With Tears of Joy because thou art
 My Hallowed mercy seat.
 Could I but always live Just here
 Where all is pure within.
 Could I but always be sincere
 And always free from Sin.

But thou art hold of my poor ~~Heart~~ Hand
 And Thou art in my Heart
 Around me thou does always stand
 And where I am Thou art.
 Then. I can always live like this
 If self be left behind
 And I may always have this Bliss
 That in my Heart I find.

Love. and peace. I see thy form.
 Mercy all in white
 Ho let these virtues me adorn
 Thou gently kindly light.

WHeath July 17th 1900

Signed. Dated.

A Letter to Mr George Lawson

When you are laid upon Your Bed
 Some thoughts may come into your Head
 Some in gloom and some in light
 Some may perplex and cause you fear
 And to your Eyes may come a tear
 And to our Hopes a Blight

No one may see or hear or know
 The pain of mind while ere below.
 All caused by passing Thought.
 And thus you keep all in your Breast
 That robs you of your Earthly rest
 That you have often sought.

Yet. in the dark and silent night
 There is a ray of coming light
 To those that only wait
 We see the lights sweet gentle Beam
 Sometimes awake. also in dream
 We can its Beams partake.

Therefore we ll try and trace the Beam
 From when it comes. not when its seen
 But when is out of Sight
 The clouds they gather oer our Head
 We see them with a fear and dread
 But yet there is a light.

That light is flashed with Faithful Hope
 That does some help at once denote
 Its flashed upon our way.
 We see the shadow of that light.
 Its not a shadow. Its too Bright
 This shining gentle ray.

The sun may be kept from our Sight
 But yet it sheds its glorious light
 It never stops to rest.
 It sheds its Beams on You and me
 Its course is always rich and free
 So pure is His Breast.

We.ll gather round that shining light
 That comes upon our faithful sight

And let its rays impart
 A sweetness to our Hearts and Mind
 So that some day its rays may find
 An Heaven in our Heart.

Ho ray of light Be thou my Friend
 And let thy rays just now decend
 And always on us shine
 And if this Heart be touched with fear
 Just let thy ray of Hope be near
 And round our Heart Entwine.

Our fear at once will disappear
 If Thou Ho ray of Hope be near
 Ho rest on us Just now
 And bless us with thine Holy ray
 With Hopefuls cup so That it may
 put strength in our love.

Ray of light turn on thy Beams.
 And let it rest upon our dreams
 And on us when awake.
 Then we.ll feel its heat
 Awake. Asleep. nay at this Hour
 Just for Jesu's sake.

William Heath July 18th. 1900.

Editor's Note: It is unclear who the George Lawson referenced in the poem is; research suggests that this name is far too prevalent to support even potential subjects that would be related to the poem.
 Signed. Dated

MY THOUGHTS ON A CHRISTIAN LIFE, AND END.

It is a journey we all make, And bound to make the trip,
We can't forsake, the trip we take, We must stick to the ship,
Until the harbour we are in, And safely from the storm,
We must throw overboard the sin, Of formality and form.
The Captain points us to the land, That we can just discern,
He points to us the shifting sand, And says of me ye learn
To sail the craft o'er sunken rocks, To shun the breakers too,
Although the crew sometimes may mock, the Captain's always true.
And if He leaves us for a time, the Pilot takes the bridge,
And be the weather wet or fine, The sail Himself He rigs,
Until the sails are all stretched out, And also full of wind,
He cries aloud, just tack about, The harbour we shall win,
He cries, behold the harbour lights, Just steady that main sail,
We see the land, it is in sight, Christ never never fails.
And as the harbour mouth we reach, There's friends to shake the hand,
And on the shore they all beseech, Just view the promised land.
And then we hear them all strike up, We'll part no never more,
We know that bitter's been the cup, But now you're on the shore.
We all shall sing, Oh bless His name, He's brought me home at last,
I was afraid when first He came, But He did hold me fast,
We then shall sit just at His feet, And gaze into that face,
And bathe His feet just as we weep, And thank Him for His grace.
But we must take some on the trip, We cannot go alone,
Our scholars we want in the ship, To take them with us home.

(2)

Oh Lord, my God, just smile down here, And on us put thine hand,
Oh bless our scholars, direct their fears, And help them all to land,
Oh breathe just now on these young hearts, And guide them all through
life,
And cleanse their hearts from sin that smarts, Their minds from evil
strife
Then we'll sing with loudest notes, The blessings of the cross,
And Lincoln Field's shall still denote That sin is only dross.

Type written by Miss Floori Hagraves

W Heath Feb 16th 1900

Editor's Note: This poem is type written on blank paper and glued into the manuscript. The type ink is of a blue-purple hue, with double spacing between each word. The note indicating that the poem was type written is handwritten in black ink, as is the signature and date. The end of lines 27 and 28 reach the outmost edge of the page, which would explain why "life" and "strife" are positioned below these lines. The significance of "Lincoln Field" in the final line is unclear; it may reference Lincoln's Inn Field, a historical garden square in London which has been described as a "place of evil repute, and the scene of bloody execution" (historicengland.org).
Signed. Dated.

My Thoughts on Sacred Song.

Ho the pure delight of Sacred song.
 Thy worth no one can tell
 We sometimes gather in a Throng
 That we thy charms may swell.

Thine Hallowed. Holy soothing Thrill
 Has set my soul on Fire
 By thy strain my soul did fill
 With music.s sweet desire

I love to feel thy Healing Balm
 Not simply in my Ears
 But in my Heart when false alarms
 Have caused me rising fears

I.ll weave around thy sacred scale
 A wreath of Heartfelt song
 So that thy presence may prevail
 In Heart. in mind. On Tounge.

Let thy abode be my rest.
 That rest my constant care
 Thy Harmony my souls own guest
 Thy notes ~~my private~~ prayer
 sent up with

Then. no discord shall I hear.
 I shall always repeat
 My smiles. my Tears shall be sincere
 If I thy spirit meet.

My tears shall water has the dew
 The seed.s that music.s sown.
 And all my song shall Thee pursue
 To guard Thee as my own.

I love thee. Thou knows I do.
 Thou purifying stream.
 In my soul I now renew
 What thy songs do mean.

I.ll raise my voice in Loudest praise
 Of thy refreshing strain.
 So that someone may hear my Lays

That song can only train.

I would not do without Thee.
 I would not if I might.
 Thy home to me is Rich and free
 That shows my path a light.

Gentle. Holy tender sound.
 Thy Friendship is sincere.
 Thou soothes the Heart that thou hast as found
 And checks the rising fear.

I never will from Thee depart
 Although my Voice may fail.
 In my Heart I'll sing a part
 Of Music's Hallowed Scale.

Written after hearing Mr Bishop preach July 22nd
 for the last time.

Wm Heath

Signed. Dated.

My Thoughts after Singing 67 Hymn

Wesleys

I may this moment be set free
 From sins that I retain
 That keeps me from a look at Thee
 That always is the same
 Why should I retain what.s bad
 My mind would be more pure
 Although not seen. It would be glad
 To make my life sequare
 Therefore from now, away Ye Vice
 I will be free from wrong.
 Thy grace my Heart it shall entice.
 Away. my sins begon.
 Now. I soar to realms of light
 The picture is serene.
 I did not know these splendid sights
 That I by Faith have seen.
 What Kept this Sight away from me.
 What covered up my sight
 T.was only self that I could see
 That Kept me from the right.
 Now I breathe the Heavenly air
 And soar on wings of Faith.
 So That the smoke of my poor prayer
 An upward flight may take.
 I never Thought it half like this.
 This peace none can compare.
 Its gates are known as perfect bliss
 That opens unto prayer.
 As I past inside the gate
 They then were closed behind.
 That kept back sin and sealed their fate
 While I new scenes did find.
 I saw a path where lilies grew
 The Emblems of the pure.
 And round my soul the Angles drew
 To keep me more sequare
 They sang to me in strains so sweet
 That caused my falling tears.
 And as I wept. I saw a street
 And marked___ to those Sincere.
 I Entered. trembling all the time
 As Everything was white
 When Loo a Friend came up behind
 And lead me to the Right.

I Kissed this Friend upon the Cheek.
 And looked into His face.
 And there I fell right at His feet
 As Christ I then had traced.
 My voice then Joined in with the rest.
 Accompanied by my Tear.
 Because I found I was the Guest
 Of Christ the most sincere.
 I wondered how I got up there.
 And thought I must have roamed
 Just has the Angles swing thru Air
 Known here as Home Sweet Home.
 And thus on Earth we all may sing
 As sweet as those above
 If not in voice. our Hearts may wing
 To realms of Pure Love.
 But I am here. I am not there.
 But Yet I may aspire
 To sing those songs through fervent prayer
 And Help the Heavenly Choir

Editor's note: I believe that the word square is intended to mean secure; both times the word is used in the poem it is written in the same fashion and appears to suit both the meaning of the lines and the rhyme pattern. In a Wesleyan hymnal, Hymn 67 begins with the lines "How weak the thoughts, and vain / Of self-deluding men" in a section of the Hymnal titled "5. Describing Heaven" (69 Everett).
 Unsigned. Undated.

Thoughts of the past.

The past has set my Brain at work
 That.s known as serious Thought
 Sometimes they please. Sometimes they hurt
 The feelings they have brought.
 The feeling always do depend
 Upon the life that.s past.
 When foolishness has been our bend
 The actions always last.
 If we could only start again
 In all the Bloom of Youth
 And know just then what now remains
 We.d know more of the truth.
 Ha.s Yoyth. thou lives in shallow dreams
 Thou does not know the hue
 Thou only grasps what it does seem
 And Black is sometimes Blue.
 If thou would only read and think
 Thou.d miss a deal of pain.
 That man now has as Black as Ink
 So serious Thoughts maintain.
 To look at time that has to come
 Looks very far away.
 But when its past. thou.ll think its run
 Its like a Dream of Day
 Life is like a pleasant trip
 Before the trip's begun.
 But when its past the Joys have skipped
 The path that Youth has run.
 The old man says be careful Lad
 As Hedges have got Ears.
 And while thou Laughs. The Hedge is sad
 It knows the danger.s near.
 Just lend thy inexperienced Ears
 And listen too the aged.
 Thou.ll find their words to be sincere
 So life by then is gauged.
 And when thy Tears have all run bye
 And thy Thoughts do reflect.
 Advice thou.ll give to someone nigh
 Like this. Mind thy step.
 And thus we gain from someone.s past.
 That.s found the Rocks of Life
 So That our life may ne.er be cast
 In trouble. pain and strife.

If some Young Man should read my words
That I now site and write
I hope they will his Thoughts disturb
As my thoughts are tonight.

WHeath

Editor's note: as with the entire manuscript, any spelling errors have been retained. The word "youth" appears twice in poem, once as Yoyth and again as Youth. The script for the words is identical, particularly the "y" and the "th" which suggests both are intended to be "youth" but one with a spelling error, which I have not corrected.
Signed. Undated.

A Letter to Mr George booker
Love + Lust

There are some things upon this Earth
That man could never Buy
Some speak of one in nought but mirth
Its presence they deny
They say that Love is nought but lust.
The mind that does so think
Is full of Vice. that brings on rust
That snaps the Human link.
Vice it saps the Human frame
destroys what God has Blest.
A Blight is always in its train
And death is Vice's own guest.
But Love. Builds up the Human frame
Accepts what God has blest
A flowery path is in its train
That brings a pure guest.
I pity in my Inmost soul
A person with no love
His mind and life is in the dark
While love gets light above.
If I dont know a certain thing
Must I say it is not there.
If I do. someone may bring
And lay it out quit bare.
suppose there was no Human love
This world would be an Hell.
Our Thoughts would never rise above
The Breath that Vice does smell
But love. it is no fancy dream
It is to those thats Blind
Its spring is not what it may seem
To those that vice do find.
Ha. no love is pure from the spring
And pure in its stream
And where it goes it always brings
A sacredness serene
While Vice is dirty at the spring
And filthy in its stream
And when it goes it always does bring
A bruse that can be seen.
Love is White. Vice is Black.
How opposite they are.
Love has peace upon its back

While Vice does always mar.
 I've seen this love in all its Bloom
 I've seen it in the flower
 Its always pure and knows no gloom
 But Built like Castle Towers.
 I've seen this Vice on dark red lips
 That Breathes a rotting air
 That cuts the Frame Bit by Bit
 Its stench none can compare
 The Kiss of Love as got God's smile
 And watched by Angle's Band.
 Its clean and white and has no guile.
 And Blest by God's ~~Ha~~ own Hand.

Love..I've seen it. So have You
 unless you are too Blind
 Therefore this love we know is true
 We .ll leave all Vice behind

W Heath July 23rd 1900

Editor's Note: The two manuscript pages which contain this poem contain what appears to be water damage, with numerous ink spots and smears. While the damage made transcription challenging, it did not hinder an accurate rendering. It is unclear who the George Cooper referenced in the poem is; research suggests that this name is far too prevalent to support even potential subjects that would be related to the poem.
 Signed. Dated.

My Thoughts on Heaven

No Rich or poor. No pain or gloom
 No Thoughts of what is past
 No faded flower. But all in Bloom
 Whose fragrance always last.
 No Aged with wrinkles on the Face
 No weak and tottering steps.
 Which way you look. you always trace
 A peace with no regrets.
 They never ask about your health
 Good night is never said.
 They do not know the use of wealth
 And strange to what is dead.
 No sinking sun behind the west.
 No rising in the East.
 God is the Host. they are the guests
 Whose's praises never cease.
 The soul is robed in splendid white
 The air they Breathe serene
 Their wealth consists of calm delight
 And life is always seen.
 The sun is always shining Bright
 Thats focused on a Face.
 That throws an Halo of Delight.
 Whose shadow we Embrace.
 They know no shadow They see the Face
 Almighty God is near.
 We only trace His saving grace
 That comes from filial fear.
 They talk to Christ. we talk in dream
 But they sit By his side
 While we drink the passing stream
 With Cups that sometimes dry.
 Just fancy no pain or sighs no fear
 No secret Thoughts to crush.
 The very Thought brings Heaven near
 While we are still of dust.
 I fancy I now see that Face
 Almighty God is near
 I do not trace. I have His grace
 Whose's wings have caught my fear.
 They talk to Christ, and I will too
 But not in fancies dream.
 But calm. and Thoughtful I. ll renew
 My place against the stream.

I will inhale its healthy air.
 Enjoy the Hallowed scene
 And that stream shall float my prayer
 To Him That I have seen.
 He'll take my prayer and hold it up
 To see what it contains.
 Then Hand to me devotions Cup
 That I may drink again.
 He got my prayer. I got the Cup
 And Christ stood at my side
 To give me strength to lift it up
 Before the stream went Bye.
 Where is Heaven. It must be here
 I can its Glories see.
 I can the Angles song Just hear
 Thats come to sing to me.
 I'll sing down here. While you sing there
 We'll sing the same sweet theme
 My part must be a fervent prayer
 To Christ on whom I lean
 WHeath July 25 1900

Signed. Dated.

Thoughts in Burmantofts Cemetry
 July 25th 1900

If all the Tears that have been shed
 On this most sacred spot
 Could all be gather in a Bed
 Their depth could not begot
 If all the sighs that have been drawn
 Could all be gathered up.
 There weigh would crush the dew of morn
 Through natures waiting Cup.
 If all the Hearts that.s gathered here
 Thats heaved an unseen sigh
 Could tell their tales of Hearts own fear
 They.d reach unto the sky.
 Blighted Hopes. a painful mind
 A life that has been crushed
 Is what the place has left behind
 There's nothing here but dust.
 These stones Just mark the resting place
 Of those's thats run this life
 They must remain. They cant retrace
 The steps of those behind
 But Yet. This soil it just contains
 The Frame that always dies
 There is a Hope that still remains
 That.s not built up on sighs
 Here the Tear falls to the Ground
 And lost to those thats near.
 But there is one that stands around
 Whose Hand has caught that Tear
 He takes that Tear on wings of Love
 And carries it away
 Then stores it up in Heaven above
 And brings it out some day
 And when its brought and put in right
 An Halo shines on it
 A voice then comes so sweet and light
 And says. My Crown it Fits.
 The Blighted Hopes. If they are wraped
 In garments known as grace
 Christ always will supply the sap
 That grace can only trace.
 The Birds are singing in the Trees.
 They do not know of death
 Their voice does always doubts relive

So pure is their Breath.
 The weepin willow Bends Her bough
 Towards the Wreath thats laid
 That marks the spot of Broken vows
 That are now in the grave.
 But from the grave some will arise
 And hear a welcome sound
 That comes Through space know here as sky
 Thy Hope. a pardon's found
 Then let us hold onto this Hope
 With Faith's Tenacious grasp
 It will at last to us denote
 An anchor firm and fast
 And in this when I must be laid
 And wait until the morn
 When that blast by God is made
 To waken this poor form.
 My chance of Mercy will be past
 My boon I then shall hear
 I'll take the Chance before its past
 And worship more sincere.
 Ho Lord. My God. My heart inspire
 My Mind Ho purify
 So That at death I may retire
 Where thou art always nigh
 No sin will I have in my Heart.
 No Vile Thoughts in my mind
 I want to be clean as thou art
 In life. and death combined.

Then when I hear that awful blast
 At morn. or noon. or night
 Thy Hand may take me in thy grasp
 And Clothe me all in white

July 26th 1900 William Heath

Editor's Note: The cemetery referenced here is of note as it is in close geographical proximity to the Heath's residences in Leeds, England. Both of Heath's parents, Abel and Matilda, are buried here, near the burial plot of Jabez Tunnicliff, founder of the Temperance Movement in Leeds. Heath's opening line suggesting the number of tears shed is pointed; nearly 200,000 souls have been interred in this cemetery. (beckettstreetcemetery.org) Signed. Dated.

The Radiant Face

How often have we gazed upon
 A face that speaks of Health.
 With tints of Red that Face had on
 Was natures Riches Wealth.
 We see the Bloom upon the Cheek
 That speaks of coming Ills
 That in the Face it always seeks
 To print
 Yet, There is a Bloom. Ho such a Bloom
 That rushes too the Face.
 It has a radiance like the moon
 Whose Beams we often trace.
 That Blush or Bloom can only come
 Where sin has never Been.
 If sin comes. The Blush then runs
 And tells Just what it means.
 That Blush it is the sweetest Flower
 Thats sought by Angles wings.
 Although its tender. Yet has power
 To make a pure spring.
 If they should find a Blushing ray.
 They shield it from the cold
 They take that Blush and fly away
 To Christ. The shepherd's fold.
 They plant it where it can be seen.
 In God.s most Sacred spot.
 Then. those that see it knows it means
 Theres not on it a Blot.
 We.ve seen the Blush on Maidens Cheeks
 Thats rushed Just like a flood
 Thats forced its way new soil to seek
 And stirred up dirty mud.
 This Tender. Holy. pure blush
 It makes the Face more sweet.
 If there's sin. That Blush has crushed
 When sin that Blush it meets.
 In Holy scripture it is found
 In letters plain but dear.
 Take off thy shoes, tis Hallowed ground
 And God they found was near.
 Thus the Blush is Rich and dear.
 By God's love it is bound.
 Keep down your sin when Blush is near
 For Christ that Blush has found.

Dont say a word. or do a thing
 That Brings a painful blush
 Into that heart it leaves a sting
 That is the cause of rust.
 speak to a maiden in pure words
 And let your Thoughts be pure
 If you speak do not disturb
 A Heart from sin secure.
 The Blush is God's own Heavenly bloom,
 The Human Heart the ground
 Where grows the Blush with sweet perfume
 That decks the virtues found.
 Ho may we witness in our time
 A reverence for that blush
 And may we always Keep in mind
 That sin a Blush will crush.
 When ere you see it in full bloom.
 Around its tints Entwine
 A Sacredness ~~that~~ prayer of Rich perfume
 That God may on it shine.
 And when you plead. Just have your prayer
 Like lilies that are white
 Then our prayer may have a share
 To Keep That Blush in sight.

When you and I stand at the Bar.
 And Christ our only trust.
 Christ may say we ne . er did mar
 A Holy. pure. Blush.

W Heath July 31st 1900

Signed. Dated.

The Love of Christ

Tenacious. Firm. sublime is love
 If Wisdom has it sway.
 Its watered by the dew above
 That cannot be said nay.
 No matter what may go or come
 This love is always sure.
 And if alarmed it simply runs
 That it may love the more.
 I speak of Love. a sacred love
 A love that.s always pure.
 A love whos Leids are from above
 That makes the Heart secure.
 keeps
 Love it is not Human passion.
 For passion is a curse.
 And love will mould and always fashion
 A Heart By love's own nurse.
 It will not spring up in a day.
 Nor will it always grow.
 It has no Vice. and yet it may
 Some Holy Virtues show.
 Imagination sees what's wrong.
 And love see.s what is right.
 It is not always on the Tounge
 Although it is in Sight.
 It lifts. restores a heavy heart.
 To life. it is a Balm.
 Its Virtues are to heal a smart
 And make a storm a Calm.
 Its like a Bud who's leaves are pressed
 Against each tender leaf.
 And when the sun does it caress
 It opens out so neat.
 Thus. pure love does always press
 Towards a pure love.
 Its only there where it can rest
 Before it soars above.
 It cannot Breathe an Impure Air.
 Or anything thats Vile.
 This purity none can compare
 Or have a sweeter smile.
 Those that live where it is pure
 May always have a share
 But those that.s vile will not secure

A seed. for love is prayer.
 And prayer are words right from the Heart.
 Thats Piloted by thought.
 Caused by the spirit God imparts
 when Christ by men are sought.
 Thus the Love is God.s own stream
 whose Banks are Hallowed grace.
 On its Current there shines a Beam
 When Christ is always traced.
 Approach this stream with Thought and care.
 You.ll on its waters trace.
 An Halo which you see by prayer
 That shines from Christs sweet Face.

Aug 5th 1900
 W Heath

Editor's note: In line 11, Heath writes "Leid" which I assert is the misspelled word "Lied" which refers to a typical 19th century German art song, which balances the piano and voice. The OED defines it as "A type of German song, especially of the Romantic period, typically for solo voice with piano accompaniment". In line 12, Heath crossed out the word "makes" and replaced it just below the manuscript line with a printed "keep", which falls just above line 13's "is". One of the few corrections made in the manuscript, it is unique in the replacement word is in print rather than script.
 Signed. Dated.

Satisfied

What ere I wish. What ere I get.
 Im never satisfied.
 It always leaves me with regrets
 That brings a rising sigh.
 I use to Think when in my Youth
 What I should try to be.
 I did not know the Bitter truth
 I thought. But could not see.
 I've built my Castles in the air.
 And furnished them throughout.
 But facts has laid those Castles bare
 And scattered dreams about.
 I Built my Castles all of stone.
 By Fancy. all cemented.
 Now. Im left with facts alone
 That makes me discontented
 I find that Castles are not built
 With stone of fancies dream.
 As facts they force up to the hilt
 For facts they will be seen.
 Sometimes the sky has looked all clear.
 No clouds of coming pain
 Could be seen. Yet they were near
 And others in there train.
 I sometimes sit in silent thought.
 And view the troubles past.
 I must be honest, some I've bought
 Whose sting will always last.
 What I have bought they sting the worst.
 So they have touched the Heart.
 which proves that man may buy a curse
 That never will depart.
 Some have been handed down to me
 Inherited. some say.
 Inheritance I do agree
 For it is natures way.
 Yet. there is a gleam of hope
 Within the Human grasp.
 Whose rays do always help denote
 That sure. and firm and fast.
 That help. Begins with serious thought
 Of what I am. and why.
 Then. perplexities are brought
 That brings divine Ears nigh.

That Ear. is sensitive to sound
 Can Ear the rising sigh
 Can Ear the Tear fall on the ground
 Can Ear the Private Cry.
 Then. God sends a soothing word
 Like these of Ancient times.
 Keep thine Heart. Be not disturbed
 I.m near with Help Divine.
 Then New Thoughts come into the mind
 New feelings in the soul.
 Old desires are left behind
 For Christ has got control.
 We Then do revel in those words
 Blessed is the Heart thats pure.
 Keep thine Heart. be not disturbed
 I.ll Keep thee firm. secure.
 We walk by Faith not by sight
 And Hope just hands the Cup
 Thats full of grace both day and night
 That we may always sup.
 sweet is thy help. sweet is thy love
 sweet is thy smiling face.
 sweet is thy smile from Heaven above
 sweet is thy healing grace.
 Now. I see what I did not.
 Now. I feel Thee nigh
 Now. I know Im not forgot
 That makes me satisfied

William Heath August 21st 1900

Signed. Dated.

Early Impressions

My Mother took me to a class
 When I was but a child.
 Although the days and Years are past
 Its followed me all the while.
 The Leader asked my Mother to pray
 She prayed. and wept as well.
 My Infant Eyes they did betray
 My fears. , my my heart as well.
 I wept to see my Mother weep.
 The Leader stroked my Head.
 He tried to dry my Youthful cheek
 Until Her prayer was said.
 she stopped her prayer. and dried Her tears.
 And soothed my troubled Breast.
 she kissed away my trembling fears
 And soothed my mind to rest.
 Those Years are gone. Its memorys dear
 I am no longer strange
 I've met in class for twenty Years
 And there I still remain
 I've wept as Mother did
 I've prayed and sang as well.
 Tis there from sin I've oft times hid
 And of my saviour tell.
 How He has cleansed my Heart from sin.
 My mind from Evil Thoughts.
 And by His love. my soul did win
 A peace I often sought.
 And now I revel in His grace
 His grace I revel in.
 I want to see that Holy face
 That ne'er was marked by sin.
 My Face is marked. my mind has well.
 But Christ was always clean.
 Oh. may my life and actions tell
 I'm cleaner than I've been.
 I trace all this to Years gone by
 When in my Infant days.
 When Mother prayed as well as cried
 Impressions deep it laid.
 Oh. Mother's take your Child to grace
 And also grace to Child.
 You'll find that grace is in his face
 Both Gentle. Meek. And Mild.

William Heath August 22, 1900

Editor's note: Heath's accidental "Weped" was retained throughout rather than the correct spelling of wept. Heath may have spelled the word this way with great intention, as it is a natural progression from "weeper", or one who cries. The class that Heath refers to is likely one with a religious theme; Heath's father Abel Heath was a leader in the Leeds Temperance Society, and the family were staunch Methodists.

Signed. Dated

On the sands at Scarbro August 11th 1900

While sitting by the ceaseless waves
 That washed towards the shore
 I could not help but be amazed
 At waves that simply roared.
 There in the offing lay a smack
 With nets paid out for Fish
 And other Boats they had to Tac,
 That they ~~might miss~~ the smack might miss
 I thought. that is the way of life
 No matter where we be
 we have to tac to miss the strife
 That floats about so free.
 we all have got a net laid out
 That we might catch something.
 And when its caught we are in doubt
 The pleasure it may bring.
 The nets sometimes are made to wide
 The Fish if caught. has gone
 Of course the Fisher gives a sigh
 Because His net was wrong.
 some people fish to catch some health
 some people fish for naught but rest.
 While other's fish for naught but wealth
 For they think wealth the best.
 of all the fishers I have known
 There's one thats always sore
 The net is one of great renown
 And always catches more.
 The net is made of pure Band
 That's wrapped Hands of grace
 when it is hauled. it brings on Land
 Something where God is traced.
 In that net you see it laid
 And nothing else you see
 Its white. and pure. never fades
 And caught on Private Knee.
 Its hauled up with a Chain of Prayer
 whose links are made of grace
 It never rust-rusts There's too much care
 To Keep it in its place.
 We'll let our chain of prayer run out
 Attached to nets of grace
 Then haul it up without a doubt
 And purity thus trace.

Then when the net is hauled once more
 we'll look into the net.
 Then take it out and view it oer
 And pray the more to get.
 Thus in life we always try
 To catch or gain a prize
 Then let us try while hope is nigh
 To have our nets right size.

William Heath

Editor's note: The title's location is difficult to decipher and transcribe from the manuscript; the "Scar" portion is quite clear, but the following letters can be read as either "bro" or "bo" or even "tro" if the fifth letter is read as an unsigned "t". This confusion is not due to deterioration of ink or paper, but rather due to the lack of clarity in the script. There does exist a Scarbro beach in Perth, Australia. There is a Scarborough Beach in England, located near North Yorkshire. It is more likely that this latter beach is the scene which Heath writes of, using an abbreviated form of the beach's name.
 Signed. Dated in Title.

Thoughts are never in Prison

Those walls that are composed of stone
 Are known as prison Cell's.
 To Keep the Prisoner from His home
 Because from Laws He fell.
 It only Keeps the Human frame
 Thoughts are never Locked.
 Except the Thinker Keeps the same
 And even then they knock.
 No walls however strong or Thick
 Can keep Thoughts in a Cell.
 They fly away through stone or Brick
 The Goaler knows that well.
 The Hands may pick the oakum string
 And Keep His Cell all clean.
 Yet. while He picks his thoughts take wing
 Although the Gaoler's seen.
 The Thoughts they bring back what they like
 That satisfies there taste.
 If Thoughts are good they bring back light
 That stamps it on the Face.
 who ere did live on pure Thoughts
 That had an ugly face
 No. Human nature wont be Bought
 Or favorites Embrace.
 Pure Thoughts brings pure air
 That pushes purer ways.
 And pure ways none can compare
 So they do ne.er decay.
 Vile Thoughts live on vice and wrong
 That Blights the flower of man.
 Who's offspring is an Impure tounge
 That goodness cannot span.
 But thoughts thats clean they wing there flight
 Return with Ladened wings.
 Thats full of Hope and calm delight
 With Tender voice it sings
 Thus we.ll let our Thoughts now fly
 On wings of pure air.
 When they return we.ll gather nigh
 And build them sound with prayer.
 Therefore my Thoughts basked in the sun.
 And hear the songs Divine.
 Then when thy tale to me is done
 I.ll soar to sweeter climes

William Heath
August 26th 1900

Editor's Notes: In the thirteenth line, the word preceding "string" was challenging to transcribe. Initially, the first letter was read as either a "d" or a "b", followed by the letters a k e and finally either "m" or "n". As this combination did not provide a suitable word, the word was initially transcribed as "darken". As this transcription did not fit the narrative of the poem, research into string used in Victorian prisons was conducted. Based on this research, the word was revealed to be "oakum", which the picking of was hard labour done by prisoners. Prisoners were required to untwist and unroll old rope (nationalarchives.gov.uk/education)
Signed. Dated.

All the worlds a stage, we are actors

How true those lines. Yes very true
 We each do act a part.
 What ere we do we must pass through
 Experiance of lifes art.
 The one that prompts mistakes when made
 Stands just behind the scenes.
 Insists upon attentionpaid
 Although some pain it means.
 We cannot put the prompter down
 His voice it will be heard.
 No matter how we fret or frown
 The prompter's not disturbed.
 He goes on with his daily task
 Can read the Heart and mind.
 He never does a question ask
 And so is Thought unkind.
 No matter where we go. or be.
 The prompter's dog's the steps.
 Just like a Hound who's scent is free
 The scent He always get.
 Then why not listen to his call
 When first the voice be heard.
 Because the prompter does know all
 Both private thought and word.
 We.ll listen too (ink blot) thy promptings now
 Obey thy word and will.
 And by thy promptings keep our vow
 And thus our vow fulfill.

William Heath.

August 26th 1900

Signed. Dated.

Harmony. Sweet Harmony

I know thy name. and where thou dwells
 Thy Name brings peace and calm
 The Human mind may find thy wells
 That are an Healing balm.

I never thought thou'd dwell in me
 When thou became my guest
 I Thought thou only came to see
 My Home. at my request.

But when thou came in all thy bloom
 Thou purified the air.
 Thine Hallowed Breath dispersed the gloom
 That sweetened my Lifes share.

Thy Treble Voice sang out the song
 I listened too thy sound
 When low I heard the Alto's tounge
 so sweet. Yet so profound.

My soul was wraped in silent awe
 When Bass and Tenor came.
 And wrapped there voice in music's Law
 That brought out Harmony's name

My soul was full of strange delight
 My mind in calm repose.
 I.d found the spring of Heavenly light
 So thy sweet songs arose.

I now may drink at thy sweet shrine
 Inhale thy sweetest air
 My Heart and mind may always find
 A peace and comfort there.

Although my Voice may soon be gone
 And feeble be my frame
 I still may love these Hallowed songs
 With Hearts own prayerful Scale.

But some day I do hope to sing
 A part in which I love.
 I.ll send a prayer on Faiths strong wings
 To Harmonys Home above.

I know my voice it is not sweet.
 But ye. I may EnJoy
 Thy presence. when thy songs I meet
 That brings an Hallowed Joy.

I'll nurse and cherish Thee with Grace
 And clothe Thee round with prayer
 That I thy sweetness may so trace
 And thus get my own share.

I'll wash thy table with my tears.
 And serve Thee with my heart.
 I'll sing thy notes with Holy fear
 And Angles hear my part.

W Heath Sept 6th 1900

Editor's note: When Heath writes the word "wrapped" he usually spells it with one "p", but in this poem the word is spelled correctly the one time. Heath's spelling of angels is seen here as in other poems as "angles".
 Signed. Dated.

Sacred Spot

Some think the ground a sacred spot
 Where lies the dead remains
 They plant they rose. Forgetmenot
 There love is still the same
 We each do look with different Eye
 Our tastes are not alike
 They are has varied as the sky
 That changes day and night
 Yet. There.s a place to me most dear
 More Sacred than the Grave
 For in that place I never fear
 Who's peace I often crave
 It is the school the sunday school
 That is a sacred spot
 And round it hover's God's own rule
 Who's smile the school has got.
 Tis there we seen the Handsome Face
 Thats not been marked by sin
 And purity we there do trace
 When those Young Hearts we win.
 Tis there we see the Happy smile
 That has no touch ofshame
 Who's Youthful Beams we see awhile
 And Virtues we can name
 Tis there we see the light Young feet
 And how they nimbly tread
 How some dress tells they are neat
 And modest By their Head.
 Tis like a Garden in full Bloom
 With roses Sweet and Rare
 That has a rich and sweet perfume
 That purifies the air

W Heath Sept 7th 1900

Signed. Dated.

Cries heard in Leeds Market

Oranges sweet. oh come and Buy.
 I'll take a dozen please
 Now you Gents your strength Just try
 Powder for Bugs and flees.
 Country Butter. New laid Eggs
 Now Ladies Just taste That
 Iron Ware and wooden pegs
 A shilling for this Hat
 Time and Margin a penny a Bunch
 One penny for this sage
 Take that Bunch Just for once
 Three Bob for a Linnet cage.
 Now Ladies and Gentlemen with Bad livers
 These Pills will remove all pain
 Now Just for once a trial give us
 You cannot try in vain
 Lumbago. Gout. Rumatic darts
 This ointment will relive
 It also will remove all warts
 All pain at once will leave
 A grand Gold watch for 7/6
 And all in good repair
 Grand rhubarb a penny a stick
 Rabbits. Eighteen pence a pair
 Sold again they still will come
 They know I sell good stuff
 A penny a stick that chewing gum
 Who'll buy this splendid muff.
 Cabbages. Taters a Bob a score
 TwoLemons for a penny
 Ten Yards of carpet for a floor
 Come buy I have.nt many.
 Beef and mutton come sot it out
 There's no American here
 It is all English there's no doubt
 Cider and Ginger Beer.
 Fresh Haddocks. Herring. place and Ling
 Fresh Cod. who will buy
 Now my Ladies buy something
 I know you'll want a fry
 All German Birds I have in stock
 Hullo. Hullo she Bumps
 The noted shop for Best Mint Rock
 T.will cure all kinds of mumps.

Sixpence a pound good Brandy snap
 There all good sheffield knives
 Try the patent mouse traps
 Cockle.s and mussels .alive
 Vill you fie dis fair of foots?
 I vill take two and six
 Tuppence for dis Turkey root
 Tis good ven you are sick
 Some will shout Hie up Hot peas
 I draw a line at That
 Now my Friends If you please
 I.ll stop I think I.m flat

WHeath
Sept 7th 1900

Editor's note: The inclusion of the lines of broken English, with an apparent accent applied via Heath's language, is unique to this poem. This inclusion of an accent, along with the reference to a "lied" in a preceding poem, suggests a potential German influence or interest in the author's life.

Signed. Dated.

Mother's Remarks to a child

Har bless they Handsome pretty face.
 Thou art my darling Boy
 Thou art a credit to thy race
 My own. my little Joy.
 Well. I declare. Thou mucky Brat.
 I washed and made Thee clean
 Thou like a little trailing Rat
 Where ever has been.
 Thou's daubed all over with lump of muck
 I'm sick. I am for sure.
 It always was and is my luck
 Thou likes to roll on t floor.
 Thous always climbing on to chairs
 Wilt thou Lad sit still
 And dont thee let one see thee dare
 To swallow any pills
 Come here my Lad. thou makes me glad
 To see thy little smile
 Thou art the picture of tee dad
 I love my Bonny child
 Now get the Tea. Thats a boy
~~Thou knows Im forced to Bake~~
 And here's thy little cake
 And here.s thy little Box of toys
 Thou knows Im forced to Bake
 Thou's done it now. Thou's spilt all lot
 I never saw such Bairns
 Thou makes me feel right boiling hot
 Thous always doing Harm
 Come. dry thee Tears, and sit on t rug
 And here.s thee tea and cake
 Well I never He's smashed his mug
 Thou makes my heart fair ache
 Now Charlie Lad Just play with John
 And mind that Bowl of dough
 I want to speak to Mrs. Long
 Hie. I Just thought so.
 Now thou's in Bonny plight
 Thous upset dough on t rug
 Oh I wish it was Just night
 I.ll bet I.d see thee snug
 Thou.s spilt the Tea and smashed the pot
 And tumbled down Three steps
 Come to my arms thou little clot

Thou's still thee Mammass pet.
 Now hush love. dont cry love
 The Mamma is not cross
 Thou is thee Mommys little dove.
 Here.s thy little Hos.
 Well come. Thou wants to have a sleep
 I know Thou s tired Lad
 Now Just thee shut thy little peeps
 He.s off. I am so glad.
 I would not like to loose that Lad
 For a million pounds or more
 He mac's me mad. He macs me glad
 Listen. He.s opening Bedroom door.
 Im coming love. now stop Just There
 Oh I am so glad
 Thou did not dare to come down stairs
 Hurrah, Here's thy dad

WHeath

Sept 9th 1900

Editor's Note: In this humorous imagining of a Mother's love and exasperation at parenting a small child, Heath provides a glimpse into working class Victorian family life, as well as the nuances of language replicated in his writing as well as colloquialisms which may be attributed to Leeds.
 Signed. Dated.

Kissing. What it means

The puriest Kiss that I have seen
Was done by Mother's lips.
You cannot gauge what it does mean
Her love it always grips

Just watch a Mother kiss her child
Her kiss knows nothing wrong
Its full of love. Not for a while
But all her whole life long.

She puts her Arms around the child
And hugge's it too her breast.
And kisses it has well as smiles
That brings a loving Guest.

She gazes in those Infant Eyes
And sees her Image there
Then plants a Kiss that never dies
Upon that cheek so fair

And when the child is wrapped in sleep
She'll creep up too that Bed
Then ~~bro~~ Bows her Head that face to meet
The she Her love may shed

A lovers kiss may be alright
Also one from a Friend.
But both of those are not as bright
As what a Mother sends.

A Mother's kiss is full of grace
That never losses power.
It brings a peace we all may trace
That blooms Just like a flower.

Dont treat a Mother's kiss with mirth
Just plant it round with prayer.
For God alone knows what its worth
For purity is There.

And what is pure blooms from the pure
Thats Sacred in its Breath.
That makes the life the more Secure
For kisses know no death.

When Mother kisses let us pray
That God may crown with Bliss.
That Mother's kiss. so that He may
Just smile on Mothers kiss.

Wm Heath

September 10th 1900

Signed. Dated.

Troubles of a Married Man

One nigh . my child it cried so hard
I got out of my Bed.
But when I walked about a Yard
I knocked my poor old Head.

of course I tried to ~~get~~ light the Gas
The matches were not there.
I groped about until at Last
I tumbled down the stairs.

of course I was not wide awake
When I got out of Bed.
But I ~~awake~~ awoke and no mistake
When Thump went my poor Head.

I got the matches. struck a light.
Then put it too the gas.
But oh dear me I got a fright
As I the Globe had smashed.

Of course the Child kept crying on
In fact it would not stop.
I nursed it. coxed it. Hummed a song
T.was wound up like a Clock.

I put some sugar in its mouth
And thought now that will do.
When oh dear me. it gave a shout.
And turned its face right Blue.

At last my wife got out of Bed
And ran down stairs to see.
But trod upon a tac instead
That she had left for me.

She said I was a ~~Crew~~ man
Cruel
I'd tried to kill the child.
When loo that child it there began
To Laugh. I did feel wild.

I left Her with the child to muse
While I once more retired.
Into another room I burst

That was a storey higher.

But in that room I saw some stars
That is not often seen.
If They are seen you don't see Mar's
But stars are what I mean.

My wife had left some Soap about
Upon that Bedroom floor.
I found That soap without a doubt
And slipped Bang at the door.

I got in Bed and rubbed my Head
And rubbed my shins as well.
I was so glad I had two Beds
For there asleep I fell.

When you retire for the night
Have matches Just at Hand.
so if you want to get a light
T.will save your Head a Bang.

Dont get up when half asleep
It is a sad mistake.
If you do I think you.ll meet
A door. That will awake.

Don't let your wife leave soap about
And always have your way.
(If you can) I have my doubts
Your wife a word may say.

Let her say Just what she likes.
It will relive her mind.
You dont speak But strike a light
Or stars I think you.ll find.

William Heath
September 10th 1900

Signed. Dated.

What is art.

To get a Brush and paint a Scene
 Requires care and thought
 The ~~picture then~~ subject then it must be seen
 Before it can be wrought.
 Therefore the picture must be there
 In mind. Or Natures own.
 Then the ~~eavas~~ canvas is laid bare
 On what the picture's shown.
 A sculptor works on stone or wood
 To form a Human face.
 Then when its done we think its good
 For there fine art we trace.
 Man. walks with Camera in his hand
 To snap a passing Scene.
 For Art He has at his ~~coma~~ command
 That imatates whats seen.
 But painters only imatates a Scene.
 They cannot paint a Thought.
 They ~~only~~ paint what Eye or Thought has seen
 Or work what Thought has sought.
 They imatates thats all they do.
 But is that really art.
 Accomplishment I think more true
 So that is mans own part.
 But art. I think it is Divine.
 The Brush is God's own Hand.
 The Human soul the canvas find
 And Hope. the painters stand.
 When once the painter makes a mark.
 The colours never fade.
 Although the frame decays and parts
 You trace the picture made.
 The artist likes to paint a scene
 With Back ground rather dark.
 Then Brings in front what may be seen
 The Artist's private mark.
 He puts the light shade too the dark.
 Then gently brings in white.
 Until the artist shows the art
 Of changing Black to Bright.
 You see my Thoughts in all this Rhyme
 The picture is the Heart.
 That can reflect on Art divine
 Who's colours ne.er depart.

We all are Artists of a kind.
And pupils we have got.
But if the shades are all divine
The Subjects ne.er forgot.
He brings the subject out so clear.
That proves how fine the art.
We then approach the picture near.
And read the pure in Heart.
We all may call that picture mine
And look the subject through.
Then as we look a light divine
Will prove the picture true.
I'll take a Copy. give me one.
I'll Keep it clear of dust.
Just send it with Thy Holy Son
I Know He will me trust.

William Heath Oct 2nd 1900

Signed. Dated.

Blows and Wounds

How many Blows we get in life
 Some pains the Human mind.
 And wounds the feelings like a knife
 That leaves a mark behind.
 The flesh sometimes receives a Blow
 That smarts Just for a time.
 It may be healed. Yet we behold
 The Scars its left behind.
 But there are wounds that are not seen.
 And deep and cruel too.
 The wounds are deep and very keen
 That travels this life Through.
 The deepest wounds are in the Heart.
 Where springs the stream of sighs.
 That runs to rivers deep and dark
 Where Human help's not nigh.
 Yet. help may come to that dark stream
 And lift the falling Sigh.
 And heal the place where Sighs have been
 With Balm that God supplies.
 The wound when found is wrapped by Hands
 That's full of healing grace.
 That makes the Heart to understand
 The presence of a Face.
 That Face Just smiles upon the wound.
 Which does take in that smile.
 Then grace around the Heart is Bound
 By nurse that's meek and mild.
 A wounded heart may not be seen.
 By those that's near by.
 They cannot tell what it does mean
 Or hear the rising Sigh.
~~There is an Eye~~
 A wounded heart it may be seen
 By one that's always nigh.
 Because His Eye has Healing Keen
 That sees the rising Sigh.

Oh wounded heart let in the Balm
 And dry thy falling tear.
 T. will sooth thy heart with Hallowed calm
 Its Help is so sincere.

September 28th 1900

William Heath

Signed. Dated.

Man was made in the Image of God

No other thing upon the Earth
 No matter where it be.
 Can. like man be of such worth
 Or think. or act so free.
 The mind may wander where it will
 Can touch the Hills divine.
 And get a sight of that which fills
 The soul. by what it finds.
 The Beast.s that wander in the field
 Are under mans Command.
 They always did and still do yield
 Unto the words of man.
 Man we know is God's design
 And perfect He was made.
 Upon Him God did put a Sign
 His Image on Him laid.
 The Bad and Vile are in the ~~heart~~ mind
 That blunts the tender heart.
 As the Thoughts. so man we find
 Composed of Dying parts.
 The soul we know it has a spring
 That runs into a stream.
 Until a course is found that Brings
 An Image that is seen.
 The Image shines upon the soul
 Then Breathes on it a Breath.
 And through that Breath the soul is told
 That it shall know no Death.
 Soul Immortal. approach with care
 That Image which we trace.
~~And ask~~ Just Enter on the steps of prayer
 And see thy makers Face.

September 29th, 1900
 Wm Heath

Signed. Dated.

Not_____Alone

Tis 2. am. the sky is Black.
 No drifting clouds I see.
 But stars I see that point a track
 That points a way tome.
 Why should those stars be always out
 Although not always seen.
 I cannot answer without doubt
 But light I think they mean.
 The clouds pass from the moons bright face
 That throws a Beam of light.
 And by that Beam we always trace
 An Heavenly light at night.
 No Lamp surrounds the moons sweet light.
 No wick. or oil it needs.
 And Yet thou shines both day and night
 And thus the world thou feeds.
 The sun is peeping in the East
 The moon now in the west.
 Oh. what a sight for thought to feast
 On natures welcome guest.
 A streak of Brown. a streak of grey
 Adorns that Lake of green.
 That tells me this is Early day
 That is no fancy dream.
 This picture purifies the Thought
 Brings Heavenly Scenes so near.
 And its aid the soul is caught
 On wings of filelfear.
 It fills the soul with calm delight.
 The Heart vibrates with love.
 It fills the mind with Hallowed light
 I only seen above

Wm Heath September 26th 1900

Editor's note: In line four, the final word reads as "tome". I believe that the intended reading is "to me", but as the author joins the two words via a firm ligature, I have retained that ligature in the signature. Similarly, in line 28, the final word reads as "filelfear", and it likely that the intended reading is "filial fear" but as there is a continuous flow of ink from the letter f through to the final r, the transcription is replicated as "filelfear". As spelling errors have been retained, I assert that "filelfear" is meant to mean filial.
 Signed. Dated.

Wandering. But not alone

I.m all alone. nay. not alone.
 My Thoughts now visit me.
 They make me wish I could atone
 For what my Thoughts now see.
 Although I.m shielded in this tree
 From Everybodys gaze.
 I know my Thoughts now visit me
 That make.s me so amazed.
 I cannot get away from Thought
 No matter what I do.
 It haunts my mind where ere I walk
 And makes me learn the Tree.
 I've tried to cover up thy stream
 But Nature stayed my Hand.
 And made me learn what thou did mean
 when thou did me command.
 Therefore my Thoughts, Basked in the light,
 And climb the Heights Divine.
 Because. from there thou.ll get a sight
 Of what Thou.s left behind.
 From There thou.ll gaze in wraptured awe.
 And gaze on natures face.
 Tis there thou.ll find that nature's Law
 Is God.s own Hand we trace.
 Look at that cloud Just oer thy Head.
 It is an Heavenly Blue.
 Then at the right are tints of Red
 That tell thee Nature's true.
 There in the distance is a green.
 Thats framed in clouds of white
 The frame is shadowed by a Cream
 That does ~~the~~ Green unite.
 with
 Beneath that cream right far away
 Are clouds like passing smoke.
 That's drifting to the suns Bright rays
 Enfolds them like a Book.
 Now Thought. who put those clouds in Bright array.
 who made that cloud like snow.
 If thou knows. I beg. I pray
 That Thou should let me know.
 A Hand divine created all.
 God. we say by name.
 And nature answers to his call

For God hold's nature's frame.
If He withholds his might Hand
Chaos and darkness reigns.
For God has nature at command
As He does nature train.

September 25 1900

W Heath

Signed. Dated.

Saturday night September 29th 1900

11. o clock. in one short hour
 Will dawn the sabbath day.
 Our feet shall wander to a tower
 Where voice is heard to pray.
 Even now my Thoughts are there.
 I hear those Hallowed songs.
 That rise and fall upon the air
 From That Harmonious Throng.
 Refreshing are those ~~seare~~ Sacred Scenes
 For strength they do supply.
 They even bring into our dreams
 A taste of grace gone bye.
 The Memory can bring up the past
 That gives the Heart a feast.
 And so a stream is found at Last
 Who's current never cease.
 And thus we take before we get.
 Are there before we go.
 The songs now come that I have met
 They will not be said no.
 Oh Sabbath day. Calm sabbath day.
 On me they Cloak put on.
 And as our Hearts begin to pray
 Just trim them with thy song.
 As we Enter at thy shrine
 Direct our Thoughts above
 And as we pray let light divine
 spread in our Hearts thy love
 Infuse thy Healing Christ like Balm,
 Thy guiding Hand point on
 To where the stream of Holy calm
 Flows on with Sacred song.
 Oh. sabbath day. Calm Sabbath day.
 Thou lowly day of rest.
 I ask. I beg. I even pray
 Thou.ll be my constant Guest.

following day after Evening Service.

I walked into the House of prayer
 And saw a splendid sight.
 There were some flowers rich and rare
 That helped to make all Bright.
 We all stood up to raise our voice

In sweet and Hallowed Hymns.
 The very sound made all rejoice
 That Holy pleasure brings.
 The preacher said in voice most clear
 God. does always love.
 And has He spoke we felt love near .
 Who's dews fell from above.
 Our souls they soared to realms of Bliss.
 They plucked the fruits Divine
 And drank the Juice we oft had wish
 That left his love behind.
 It touched the spring where flows the tear
 The Channel was the Cheek.
 That carried all the dews of fear
 When soul and God do meet.
 No Human Hand can paint the Scene
 No Thought how ever fine
 Can that Sight paint on a Scene
 God. only paints divine
 Hallowed be thy Holy Name.
 Pure. is thy love.
 And now thy love my heart shall train.
 With love from God above.

W Heath

Signed. Dated in Title.

Learning to skate

I thought I.d like to learn to skate
 Ho it looked such grand fun.
 But little did I know my fate
 When skating I had done.
 I put the skates upon my feet
 Then tried to stand upright.
 Of course I tried to do it neat
 As Ladies were in Sight.
 My left Leg went towards the south
 My Right unto the west.
 I found I had without a doubt
 To seek a place to rest.
 I tried once more to stand upright
 Just has a Lady passed.
 But slipped. I grabbed with all my might
 And down I went at Last.
 I saw some stars while on my Back
 Not stars thats in the sky
 But stars that shine upon a track
 That darts from Head to Eye
 I got some Breath and nerve as well
 And Kept my Knees right firm.
 Then at it I did go pell mell
 As I did want to learn.
 The speed I went was simply grand
 Just floating on in space.
 It was the height of Joy Just fanned
 Just like a splendid race.
 But oh dear me. I lost my Hat.
 I lost my Head as well.
 I tried to turn my feet like that
 And Through the Ice I fell.
 I Bobbed about Just like a fish
 Till some one pulled me out.
 Then some one said they only wished
 They had not heard me shout.
 The cold went to my very ~~Bones~~ Bones
 I hailed a Handsome Cab.
 But what I heard Just made me moan
 Not one. It cant be had.
 I had to walk in that sad plight
 With urchins round in scores.
 One Young Lad. He was a tyke

He said I was a Boer.
 I ran to get out of their Sight
 They ran and gathered more.
 They shouted. Laughed with all their might
 As they ne.er did before.
 But when my wife Just Gazed on me
 And saw my dirty plight.
 She would not let me in you see
 She Said I was not right.
 I.ve played at football. Broke my Leg.
 With Biking had a fall.
 But skating Broke my poor old Head
 For skating beats them all.
 It shoots one leg right out in front
 The other slides right back.
 Your Body then performs a stunt
 Upon a new made track.
 My ribs. and Leggs are now all right
 But Yet I can relate
 The story of that awful night
 The night I learnt to skate.
 Begone thou nasty skating thing.
 Begon. thy name I hate.
 For peace and love they Just took wing
 When I began to skate

October 6th 1900

WHeath

Signed. Dated.

A Thought

I like to see a Handsome face
 That sin did never mark
 For in that Face something we trace
 That death can never part.
 We cannot trace it in a man
 In woman it is found
 But in a Child we always can
 Just find a peace profound
 Just gaze into a Young Girls Eye
 You'll find what I do mean.
 For there it is none can deny
 A Sacredness serene
 Gentle. Sweet. a Searching look
 Whose Beams are full of grace
 Her life you read Just like a Book
 And thus Her Virtue's trace
 No Car. or Thought of what is wrong
 She trips her lithesome feet
 And sings a snatch of some sweet song
 That tells the Friends she Keeps
 Oh. my merry Handsome Friend
 Keep clear of sin and Guile.
 Be care less thy way should End
 Where peace does never smile
 Keep thy heart Just like a flower
 Who's leafs close when its night.
 And open with the Suns warm power
 That floods the Earth with light.
 Then thy fragrance will be sweet
 Thy radiance be the pure
 Then in the End thy soul shall meet
 A Heaven that is secure.

W Heath Oct 23rd 1900

Signed. Dated.

Thoughts after lead Kindly light

Now, I can see as I ne.er did before
 I light I hold
 My Heart is calm because I thee adore
 I.m of thy fold
 I.ll walk by Thee and take hold of thy Hand
 Because my soul is now at thy command

I . now can pray. oh what a glorious Thought
 still lead me on
 I . love to choose thy way that thou has taught
 . me to walk on
 I . see thy face that brings to me a smile
 Who's Beams I feel that Keeps my Soul from Guile

Thy power hath ~~blessed~~ found the Secrets of my heart
 Through Holy song.
 I.ll Bathe thy feet with Tears that now do start
 For Sin has gone
 I.ll take the fruit that grew on trees divine
 Inhale with prayer the sweetness I now find.

Written by Wm Heath
 after reading Lead Kindly light
October 27th 1900

Editor's Note: It is likely that Heath references yet another hymn/poem by John Henry Newman entitled "Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom" or "The Pillar of the Cloud" written in 1833 and which speaks to Newman's personal feelings regarding challenges in his church and his desire to continue his passionate work in that same church. The hymn was extremely popular in England during the Victorian period. (hymnary.org). In Heath's poem of reflection, the stanza takes on a novel format, as does his closing signature which includes his inspiration for the poem. Heath also draws on the formality of Newman's work with his extensive use of thee, thou, and thy. Also of note is Heath's notation of "after reading" as Newman's work was set to music. Heath's poem does not contain any direct quotes from the hymn.
 Signed. Dated.

Must submit to pain

How varied is the Human face
 We. ne.er see two alike
 of course some features we can trace
 That brings a name in sight

The nose that tells you of conceit.
 The Lip of discontent
 Also a lip we sometimes meet
 on those that have contempt

The doubtful Eye Just speaks a word
 The Knick of Lusts own passion
 Also a look that is absurd
 Thats brought by pride and fashion

The Haughty walk we've seen as well
 For it Just tells a tale
 In fact our ways do always tell
 Just our nature fails

But hatred. malice and all faults
 Are brought unto a stand.
 When pain Just comes and crys out halt
 We answer pains command.

I know my failings that I do
 But where are they Just now.
 I do not want them to renew
 There friendship or their vow.

What made this change in mind and heart
 Why Just a racking pain
 I wish it would with faults depart
 But. oh its there again.

I cannot walk with ease or grace
 I cannot stand upright
 Because a pain does me Embrace
 And faults have taken flight

Oh haughty man. what is they worth
 Thy soul can only rise
 Thy frame right from thy very Birth
 Was doomed to pain and Sighs

I know thy failings are thy own
 But they may be set free
 If only self will faults disown
 Then free from vice thou. ll be

Thou cannot do it by thyself
 But there is such a stream
 That can supply some Private help
 For by that stream I.ve been

That stream is only caught by prayer
 When on thy private Knee
 The stream will come Just then and there
 And vice will be set free.

Get by that stream. let prayer take wing
 A current thou may trace
 Thats full of Virtues that may bring
 Thee too thy makers face

Written while Lumbago had me

Wm Heath October 25th 1900

Signed. Dated.

Oh my saviour

Thou doth clothe my soul in love
 Hear my Humble prayer
 Thou doth point me to above
 Tells me Home is there
 I can see thy guiding hand
 Grace my soul as now command
 Thou my souls own saviour
 I now Thee may share

Let me see thy pure Face
 Let me be like Thee
 Clean and white no sin can trace
 Just like Thee I.d be
 Then my soul will do no wrong
 Clean and pure shall be my tounge
 Thou art still my saviour
 Guide and Keep me free

Oh I want to be like Thee
 Yes thou knows I do
 When no wrong thy Eye can see
 Just like Thee as true
 Then I.ll have a pure heart
 Know my saviours Private mark
 Yes thou art my saviour
 And I know it too

WHeath

Oct 27th
 1900

Signed. Dated.

I Thought on my ways and turned my feet
unto thy Testimonies

I Brought my Thoughts unto a stand
 And some I then turned out.
 While others I would understand
 That had been full of doubt.

My ways I then did look at
 With Thoughts own searching light.
 And found my ways lead too a trap
 That Kept me from the right.

I could desern another's faults.
 Forgetting that I had
 Just hid right down in my own Vaults
 The seeds of ways right Bad.

I saw upon a Brother's Sight
 A note. so large. so queer.
 Yet in my Eye a Beam shone Bright
 Reflecting Insincere.

But when my ways Engaged my Thoughts
 I was surprised to find
 How my faults my heart had sought
 And Cherished in my mind.

I looked into the vaults of Thought
 And a look within.
 There on the Ground was what I sought.
 some ways coiled up with sin.

Those ways arose and tried to hide
 Behind a Brother's faults
 They could not hide although they tried
 As light to them cried halt.

They hated there and stood in line.
 I counted them to see
 How many ways had light divine,
 And those from sin marked free.

I got some help and turned all out
 They fought to get within
 The struggle was one full of doubt

For nature tried to win.

A Friend that helped. held out his Hand.
I grasped it then and there
He then my ways did Just command
For He had heard my prayer.

He changed the nature of my Heart
And taught me how to pray.
Then on my ways He put his mark
As they were then His way.

November 11th 1900

WHeath

Signed. Dated.

The Japanese Minister from Washington going Home asked Professor Max Muller for a
new Religion for Japan. But must not recommend Christianity
wanted a New Religion

They say religion is too old. They want one that is new.
But new Religion cannot hold. its virtue's are so few
The New Religion cannot check The Private sins of man
For Vice is only what it gets and vice it always can
It satisfies a mind depraved. Pollutes the stream of Thought
And tries to crush a soul that's Saved. By Vice that it has sought
It never shed a drop of Blood, For Blood it never had.
Its full of Bad. Knows no Good. And never cheered the Sad.
An healing Balm it has not got. For wounds are what it makes.
A rising sigh it sees not. And Blessings it forsakes.
The old Religion shed some Blood. And wounds it wants to heal
It shuns the Bad. Collects the Good. And for a sinner feels.
Its Virtues finds a trembling heart. And hears a private prayer.
It sees a tear ere it does start. and gathers it with care.
It helps a soul to keep from sin. And runs too it with grace.
And on a Wound pours Balm right in. That helps the Human race.
It help a mind that knows distress and lets it feel a love
That soothes the mind to Holy rest. And shows it Heaven above.
This old Religion has a spring. Where Christ is always nigh.
And if a Cup you only Bring He will not pass you bye
No. new Religion we require. But of the old will share.
From the new we must retire. And Clasp the old by prayer.

November 14th 1900 WHeath

Editor's Note: Heath's title inspiration for this poem is detailed in his title. However, it is unclear as to who the Japanese Minister is, or on what occasion said Minister consulted with Muller regarding religion. It is likely that Heath is referencing the German scholar and Orientalist Friedrich Max Muller, who moved from Germany to England in 1846. Muller died in England on October 28, 1900 and was a noted scholar of comparative religion, language, and mythology. Muller's views on religion were drawn from German idealism and focused on the origins of belief systems; his ideas were challenged by scholars and religious leaders (brittanica.com/biography). In the work "The Life and Letters of The Right Honourable Friedrich Max Muller", edited by his wife Georgina Adelaide Grenfell, there are clues to the inspiration for this poem, but the specific event suggested by the poem's title could not be determined. However, it is clear from the text on Muller's life that he lectured extensively, resided in England for much of his life, and that he engaged in robust communication with individuals from around the world. The text also indicates that the early part of August 1900 was the last period during which Max Muller was active following a lengthy illness.

Oh it is cold

I.m starved to death. I am for sure
Will you always shut that door
It Blows right at my Back.
My flesh Just now is all Goose bumps.
also my teeth they Jump. Jump. Jump
Get me my Slippers Jack.

I.ve coughed and Sneezed and fairly Barked
All this day from morn to dark
Until I.m fairly done.
My nose I.ve wiped above a Bit
I really thought I.d have a fit
No. I want no rum

I.ll have some Kompo Boiling hot
Just make me some I.ll drink all lot
shut that door
You have no sense I do declare
get me that cushion off that chair
I.ve asked for one before

My nose is running like a tap
This Handkerchief is like a mat
And oh my nose is sore
When I get warm I.ll go to Bed
This cold I think in in my head
shut that door

I.ll rub my legs with olive oil
I think I.m going to have a Boil
Oh. I do feel Bad
I cannot eat. I cannot sleep.
And oh how cold is my poor feet
Kompo let me have

You cant have been as Bad as me
If you have you.d all agree
To do your very Best
To Keep that door shut all the time
But no you think it very fine
To leave it wide I guess

I.ll go to Bed. I will for sure
Then I know you.ll shut that door

And Keep all snug and warm
 If your Back did ache like mine
 I know youd make a pretty shine
 If cold came to your arms

Im sweating now. But oh this cough
 If nearly sends my Head right off
 But Kompo is grand stuff
 Ive drunk a quart if I.ve drunk ought
 I.m glad a Bottle I have Bought
 Nay. I think I.ve sipped Enough

Shut that door I.ve told you before
 dont you open it any more
 Before I go to Bed
 That door is shut. Keep it shut
 Hullos who's there. it Mother's fool
 good night I said.

With Blankets. sheets and Heavy rugs
 I made my self so very snug
 I soon began to snore
 I woke. as I began to shout.
 This of course you.ll fairly doubt
 shut that door

W Heath Dec 1898

Editor's Note: The date of this poem positions it well outside of the chronological order followed thus far, suggesting it was written over two years prior to the preceding poem but over three years prior to the following poem. The drink referenced in Heath's poem was difficult to transcribe due to script style, but "Kompo" was confirmed based on research which suggests that Heath is referring to "Dr. White's Kompo, supplied by J.F. White and Co. of Leeds, which was a well-known cold remedy containing 6.42 % alcohol, oils of cinnamon and cloves, salicylic acid, and eucalyptus gum. (1543, 1544. British Medical Journal)
 Signed. Dated.

Music's Influences

Music must be heaven Born
Transplanted down to Earth
That brings to man the dawn of morn
As thought it brings to Birth.

Its tones. they find the aching heart
And soothes in unto rest.
Its spirit does at once impart
An Holy Hallowed guest

Its power. always draws and clings
Like Ivy round a Tree
And we may feel its healing wings
For Heaven sent it free.

Where'er it goes. it leaves behind
some seed that is divine.
And when its gone we still may find
Its chords. the Heart entwine.

Its spirit enters private ground
where lies a sleeping past.
Awakes to life what it has found.
sustains it too the last.

It calls to mind what Mother Sang
Though she has gone to rest.
The heart may feel an heavy pang
At music's own request.

The Angels sang. a Child is born
And we repeat that strain
That cheers some heart that feels forlorn
And thus a peace regain.

The chords of music we will prize
And nurish them with care
The heart and voice they shall arise
To heaven. on wings of prayer.

Then when our soul at God's command
An upward flight may take.
The Heavenly choir around may stand
And sing us through the gate.

Around the notes of Music's shrine
we'll decorate with love.
Then Harmonize with light divine
With chords from Christ above.

What God has sent. we will return.
Christ shall give the tone.
And thus by music we may learn
What Angels sing at Home.

WHeath March 18th 1901

Signed. Dated.

Faith. Hope. And Charity.

Faith is trust that holds the hand
Although it would hang down.
For strength it always can demand
Though Human Nature frown.

It is an help in time of need.
It leads man up to hope.
Its not the fruit. Its not the Seed
But will the fruit denote.

It sees the ground. Knows the soil.
And brings in View the Seed.
That Hope shine up on loves Sweet toil
It plucks the growing weed.

When man would fail. it lifts Him up.,
And strength it will supply.
It points to Hope to fill the Cup.
When man would droop and die.

It can desern the weakest spot.
The drooping heart will cheer.
May bring a light man has forgot
And bring hope very near.

It brings to View things out of Sight.
A substances man may feel.
It is a Witness. Brings to light
Facts it will reveal.

Hope. is a Beam. it is a light
It is a shining star.
It penetrates the gloom of night.
And Brings day near. when far.

Storms may break upon lifes shore
Waves run mountains high
The Wind may make the Breakers roar
And cause the heart to Sigh.

But through the storm a light is seen
That penetrates the gloom.
Its only hope I left a Beam
To show where flowers Bloom.

The Human mind may live in doubt
 Without a Ray to cheer.
 Yet hope will come and turn it out
 And show that help is near.

The Secret cells within the heart
 With trouble may be Sealed.
 But they give way to hopefuls art
 And to its light they yield.

The soul may search the world for light
 And search for it invain.
 Because the soul did not invite
 Good Hope. a light to train.

Hope stands near. it is Sincere.
 It never leads astray.
 Its Radiant Beams take old of fear
 And leads it far away.

Oh Beam of Hope. Thou Heavenly light.
 Thou light within the gloom.
 I would just now thyself invite
 To make my hope to Bloom.

Storms may gather oer my Head.
 The waves of Trouble roll.
 But Hope will show me where to tread
 It can the waves control.

When mornings light dispels the night
 Be Thou my mornings Guest.
 To entertain my soul with light
 My Heart and mind to test.

I will Build an altar here.
 And Hope on Guard shall stand.
 So That it may bring Heaven near
 And calm delight command.

But Charity. it is divine
 Arrayed in Robes of White.
 Its seeks to save. it doth Entwine
 And lead from wrong to right.

It seeks for Virtues. not for Vice.

And ne.er upbrades the wrong.
 When Virtues found it doth entice
 To paths of Holy song.

Charity. has many names.
 And every one is sweet.
 Because they never look for shame
 Its virtues they do seek.

Mercy is its Gentle frame.
 And kindness is the Art.
 But love is Just the artist name
 And Charity its mark.

It is a Nurse with gentle hand.
 That soothes the storms of strife.
 For healing power it doth command
 And leads from death to life.

It is Chaste. perfect. true.
 It never was defiled.
 God alone keeps it secure.
 By Nature it is mild.

It never turns aside from pain.
 But takes its sweetest Balm.
 Helps the fallen. hides the shame
 For Charitys a Charm.

It fragrance is so rich and sweet.
 That none can it compare.
 It purifies the air we meet
 For Charity is Care.

Kindness. Mercy. adorned with love.
 Are Emblems of the True.
 And Charity is Heavens dove,
 It gently comes in view.

It Breathes an atmosphere divine.
 And flies on wings of prayer.
 Return to Earth from Yonder clime
 Its attributes to share.

You cannot soil it if you try.
 Its always clean and white.

For pure it came from the sky
To lead to morning light.

Faith will come into the Mind,
And Hope the heart will cheer.
And Charity the soul will Bind
To make a love sincere.

It is a picture God has made.,
And framed in Heaven above.
Its perfect colours cannot fade
Because its watch by love.

Hang that picture in thy Home
And Keep it clear of dust.
Then Charity will be a Throne.
Of Rest. and peace and Trust.

Editor's Note: Heath's reference to faith, hope, and charity is arguably a reference to 1 Corinthians 13:13, as per the King James Bible Version (biblehub).
Unsigned. Undated.

What I have seen

I've seen the waves run mountains high
 Seen the lightings flash.
 Heard the wind go rushing bye
 And Thunders loudly crash.

I've seen the snow fall gently down
 Seen the dew and rain.
 Felt the sun shines golden crown
 And walked through fields of grain.

I've seen the Labourer in the field
 Attending too the plough
 Turning up what frosts have sealed
 preparing seeds to Sow.

I've seen the harvest gathered in
 partaken of the Same.
 Seen the Lark rise up and Sing
 Its praises to Exclaim.

Seen the Buds. and the flowers.
 The Trees with Luscious fruit.
 I've searched about for natures powers
 In fields and sky and Books.

But I had to say I could not find
 The powers that I sought.
 Until I utilized my mind
 And found the powers sought.

The powers sought I found was God
 The God that doth create.
 For Nature shows me where He trod
 With marks I cant mistake

The ocean with its wide Expanse
 Also the rising Sun
 Are pictures. perfect at a glance
 That proves what God has done.

But has I think about the Seed
 Thats planted in the Earth.
 Just proves to me That very deed
 That God alone gives Birth.

Where is this God. where can He be
I would so like to know.
If I knew I.d try and see
The God that nature knows.

I.ve found this God through Nature's Art.
Thats pointed out to me.
That in the mind. in the heart
This God we feel and see.

Therefore Heaven is on Earth.
Not in the Bright blue sky.
For on this Earth God brings to Birth
A love that cannot die.

WHeath. Jan 18th 1903

Signed. Dated.

What Christ sat on.

Upon the mountain Side he stood
And preached the word of life.
His whole life long was doing good
That often brought Him strife.

No Carpet for His weary feet
No velvet where He sat.
He preached that souls a peace might meet
And pride He preached right at.

No Scarlet Robe adorned His form.
His rostrum anywhere.
He preached to Hearts that felt forlorn
His love He gave a share.

Sometimes He stood upon a ship
Also on the Sands.
I never heard He had one bit
Of pile on which to stand.

No Human Choir gave him help.
No organ at His side
But simply stood just by Himself
Through life until He died.

But we must have Just in the rear
An organ Rich and Sweet.
Also a Choir very near
Whoses Singing is a treat

Our ~~wrship~~ worship has to be on pile
or velvet. Red or Blue.
Yet. sometimes this is only guile
That proves we are not true.

God will hear a praying heart
Knelt on wood or stone
His Grace He will at once impart
And make that heart His home.

Pile may be easy too kneel on.
And velvet catch the Eye.
They do not help an Hallowed song
Or prove that Christ is nigh.

He sees the tear. the rising Sigh.
He'll catch the rising prayer.
Although no pile or velvets nigh
His love the heart may share.

He wants the worship from the heart
That He a seat may find
Not where velvet is a part
But in a pure mind

The wearer of a pair of Clogs
Or even naked feet
Can find the path that Christ has trod
And sit down at His feet.

WHeath Jan 18th 1903

Signed. Dated.

What I'd like to hear

The Heavenly choir I.d like to hear
To learn the Tunes they sing.
Holy Rapture must appear
Has soon as they begin.

Discard they will never make
Their Harmony Sublime.
They.ll swell. Retard. then just partake
The pleasures most divine.

Their music Books I.d like to see
And see the writters name.
Their Instruments I think must be
Of Holy Hallowed fame.

I know one Glee they often Sing
Its in the Natural Rey.
They sing it when they see the King
For Christ composed ~~that~~ glee.
this.

I sent my Son from Heaven to Earth
To lead my lost one.s Home.
Those have found what Christ is worth
That sit around the Throne.

No care. or pain they ever feel
No anguish in the heart
Joy and peace has got my Seal
To show my private mark.

| | |
|---------------------------------|--|
| I now have found the Song... | they sing (upper right-hand corner fragment, torn |
| page) | |
| Christ brought there... me | (upper right-hand corner fragment, torn page) |
| To give my prayer in faith..... | Holy Wing (upper right han corner fragment, torn |
| page) | |
| That I may sing that | Glee (upper right-hand corner fragment, rest of page |
| torn | away) |

Editor's note: This concludes the content of the bound manuscript and it is obvious from the binding and remaining attached page fragment that at least two pages have been torn away, leaving the final poem as a fragment. The tear is rough, and it unclear if the tear was intentional but it does not appear to be due to deterioration to the page.

Unsigned. Undated.

End of text held in the bound manuscript

Poems found on loose papers found in the bound manuscript:

Yet there's Buds beneath that Frost
 And the Staff will watch the Sun
 Hear to calling Buds to come
 And will help each gentle Flower,
 Morning- Noon- and Evening Hour
 Till those Banks are dressed sublime
 In robes no Artist could design
 Holders of a N. E. Pass
 Strangers, while those Banks you pass
 Let the Staff know you are there
 By praising them for skill and care
 Then you'll "Pilot" them across
 The Bar of doubt, and Winter's Frost
 Hope will there be in their eyes
 And you their pilot to their Prize
 The Judges there will want to know
 How they watch those Banks in Snow,
 The Staff will say, we watch the Sun
 And hear it whisper- Buds- Come.

Yours respectfully,

"SILENCE"

Editor's Note: This type written poem is found on one sheet of beige coloured paper in the bound manuscript. The paper is unlined and unlike that of the pages in the manuscript. The

paper does contain a faint watermark which provides the name St. Cuthberts. St. Cuthberts is an active papermill which dates back to the 1700s in Somerset, England (St Cuthberts Mill). As it is unsigned and type written, I cannot definitely attribute this poem to William Heath.
Signed: Silence. Undated.

Mount Cheam

I cannot paint the break of day.
or sketch the shades of night.

(1)

They come. But how they go away
Is far beyond my sight.

It is a maze to my poor mind
The Artist must be near.

(2)

Each shade and shadow both combine
To prove the moulder there.

Deep is the mystery of this world
Far deeper than the sea.

(3)

The moulder's flag we see unfurled
As Break of day we See.

The shades of night. wrapt in gloom
he woven by some power

(4)

That moves the shuttle in the Loom
To make a genter flower.

Artist. Take me by the hand.

Thy woven scenes are in the sky

Captain. Thy work is me.

(6) And in the cold green Sod.

(5)

Lift the curtain Thou has't planned. No man can frame wats pasy
Im lost in mystery. They must be done by God.

WH

Editor's Note: While Heath's script has consistently provided a challenge in transcription, this loose poem written on blank paper sees a script that is laboured. Many words, such as "genter" and "pasy" cannot be accurately transcribed. The paper is unlined and unlike that of the manuscript; there is no watermark and the page edges are clean and even. Mount Cheam is found near Chiliwack, British Columbia. This location suggests that the poem was written when Heath resided in this community.
Signed. Undated.

Hymn 457 _____ Tennyson's Sunset

I see the old man on the hill side.
 Watching the restless see.
 Musing on scenes far and wide
 His thoughts on Eternity.

_____ The Harbour so placid and still
 Waves of the sea near and far
 Were rolling and tossing at will
 But. never could cross the bar.

The lights at the Harbour mouth.
 The Bell rang on the old rock
 are signs to clear him of doubt
 That He would land at the dock.

_____ He gazed on evenings twilight.
 And heard the wild billows roar.
 He knew He'd see the morning light
 Where farewells are no more.

The Pilot had taken command
 And Chart and compas could see.
 The old man saw the promised land
 The Rock of Ages see.

He was not in a passing dream.
 Just musing in silence alone.
 The lights and Harbour he had seen.
 For He was moving Home.

WHeath

Editor's Note: This handwritten poem on loose paper also has a script which appears to be laboured. The paper is unlike others found in the manuscript, does not contain a watermark, and at one time it was folded into six partitions. The literary reference to Tennyson is strong in that Heath names the poet laureate in the title and follows a similar theme of guidance by God, and an eventual acceptance into the sanctuary of Heaven as man's eventual home seen in Tennyson's work.
 Signed. Undated.

Musing

Its very easy to sit and talk
 Another thing to think.
 I wonder now how do I walk
 How do I use this ink.
 How does the mind show me the way.
 Do they tell my eyes.
 How it is done I cannot say.
 Its nature big surprise.
 There are wonders I the grass
 Also in the trees.
 Seasons come. Seasons pass
 But. What directs all these.
 There must be some great moving power.
 A moulder out of Sight.
 That puts the fragrance in each flower
 Unfolds the shades of night.
 The maker of this perfect realm
 Its hand I've never seen.
 Yet. some power must hold the helm
 To guide the worlds machine.
 We see no wheels. no map. no Sign.
 We see the rising Sun.
 Or Saw the drawings done.
 Drawings. Model. Moulder too.
 The flowers and thi Sod
 All natures pictures that we view
 All works that's made by God.

Do you wonder why we sing
 The praises of creation.
 We'll see the map of everything
~~The wonders of Crator Creation.~~
 And know what is Creation

WH

Editor's Note: Like other loose poems, Heath's writing appears laboured in this poem. Found on a single sheet of blank paper without watermark, the edges are clean and straight, and the paper was at one time folded into six partitions. The poem is placed quite close to the left-hand edge and consumes the entire length of the page. The final five lines and signature are placed vertically to the remainder of the poem in the lower right-hand corner of the page. Signed. Undated.

I.m an ignorant man.

I cannot point the break of day
 Explain the shades of night.
 They come . But. how they go away
 Is far beyond my sight.

It is a maze to my poor mind
 The Artist must be near
 Each shade. each shadow all combine
 To prove the Artist near.

Deep is the mystery of this world.
 Far deeper than the Sea.
 The Artist's flag we see unfurled
 So Break of day we see.

The shades of night clothed in gloom
 Are woven by some power.
 That moves the shuttle in the loom
 To make a gentle flower.

Artist. take me by the hand.
 Explain thy works to me.
 Lift the curtain Thou has't planed
 I.m lost in mystery.

They woven scenes are in the sky.
 Beneath the cold green Sod.
 No man can frame what.s passing by
 They must be done by God.

WHeath

Editor's Note: This poem is also found on loose unlined paper which does not contain a watermark. It was also folded at one time into six partitions. Heath's poems "I. an ignorant man" and "Mount Cheam" are nearly identical; only lines six, seven, eight, eleven, thirteen, twenty-two each contain a minor word variation such as "moulder" and artis" being used interchangeably. There is no evidence which suggests which poem was written first as neither is dated.

Do - Ray - Me .

A Cat came singing at my dorr. Do. Ray . Me.
 I'd often heard him sing before . Do. Ray. Me.
 My Cat it tried to answer back
 But struck a note that sounded flat
 But . Im at once He answered back. Do. Ray. Me.

Tom then yelled oh do come out. Sol. Fah. Ray.
 I've a song we should try out. La. Fa. Ray.
 Then my Cat it struck B. sharp.
 A Dog came round and gave a Bark
 Then sang an obligato Smart Sol. Fa. Ray.

That Dog had gone a splendid tone. And Breath control.
 He got his grace note from a Bone. Spencers sold.
 He never could sing the messiah
 From spencers store would not retire
 I never knew that dog to tire Eating Sausage Rolls.

To hear that Dogrun up the Scale Sustaining C.
 And hear both Cats start in a wail Yelling B.
 was enough to wake the dead
 And give us men a fine Bold head.
 But relief when it was said. Do. Ray. me.

I raced that dog across our Lawn. He'd lost the Key
 It was a pity He'd been Born. He dreaded me.
 I think He must have burst a tyre
 or His tonsils got on fire
 A Hammer made him fast retire And Do. Ray. me.

When the night is dark and drear. And you in Bed.
 And some Cats are Yelling near. Words are said.
 Words that have no mellow tone.
 Words that penetrate thru Bone.
 Words that make you moan and groan. And wish all Cats were dead.

Editor's Note: This poem is on unique paper as it is longer than all others at legal size. The paper is unsigned, without watermark, and was once folded into eight partitions. On the reverse side of the page is the word "C ats" with a strike underline and appears to be written in pencil rather than in ink. The script of the poem, like that of the other loose page poems, appears to be laboured. The script appears to be in Heath's hand, as despite the poem being unsigned I

attribute the poem as that of William Heath. This assertion is based on the nature of the script, the poem's rhythm, theme, and language being in line with that of signed poems written by William Heath.

Unsigned. Undated.

9. Appendices

Appendix A: 1851 United Kingdom Census Record: Abel and Matilda Heath at Lower Hanover Street

[illegible]

Appendix B: West Yorkshire, Non-Conformist Records, 1646-1985 for William Heath

| BAPTISMS solemnized in the PARK CHAPEL, Leeds, in the County of York. | | | | | | | |
|---|-----------------------------|-------------------------|---------------------|--------------------|--------------------------------|------------|-------------------------------------|
| When Born. | When Baptized. | Child's Christian Name. | Parents' Name. | | Quality, Trade, or Profession. | Abode. | By whom the Ceremony was Performed. |
| | | | Christian. | Surname. | | | |
| 1854 Oct 12 No. 26 | 1855 March 6 | John Williams | Joseph and Sarah | Broomfield Painter | Carl St. | James Mark | |
| July 26. 1855 No. 27 | August 29th — do | Mary Ellen | William & Louisa | Glass Painter | Chatterbox. | McPheerson | |
| Sept 27 1855 No. 28 | Sept 30 | John Hay | Christopher & Eliza | Sherrin Weaver | Chatterbox Street | H. H. H. | |
| Dec 11 th 1855 No. 29 | Jan 6 th 1856 | Mary | Thomas & Mary Ann | Spinning | Street | W. Dawson | |
| Dec 27 1856 No. 30 | Jan 11 1856 | Richard | Richard & Eliza | Colours | St. John's | W. Dawson | |

W. Dawson & Son, Printers, 25, Top of Wharfedale, Leeds.

| When Born. | When Baptized. | Child's Christian Name. | Parents' Name. | | Quality, Trade, or Profession. | Abode. | By whom the Ceremony was Performed. |
|------------------------------|-------------------|-------------------------|--------------------|-------------|--------------------------------|-------------|-------------------------------------|
| | | | Christian. | Surname. | | | |
| 1856 7th March No. 31 | 1856 25th Mar | Mary Jane | John & Mary Ann | Walker | Joiner | St. John's | W. Dawson |
| 1856 11th April No. 32 | 1856 16 June | William | John & Mary Ann | W. H. W. H. | W. H. W. H. | W. H. W. H. | W. Dawson |
| June 22 1856 No. 33 | — 25th | William | Abel & Matilda | Heath | Roadway | Harrogate | W. Dawson |
| 1856 June 22nd No. 34 | July 9th 1856 | George | George & Thomas | George | W. H. W. H. | W. H. W. H. | W. Dawson |
| 1856 July 18th No. 35 | Sept 18th 1856 | Emily | Thomas & Elizabeth | Michael | Proctor | Chatterbox | W. Dawson |

W. Dawson & Son, Printers, 25, Top of Wharfedale, Leeds.

Appendix C: 1891 England Census for William Heath at 5 Chapman Street

Administrative County of Leeds The undermentioned Houses are situate within the Boundaries of the Leeds Municipal Borough of Leeds Municipal Ward of North Road Urban Sanitary District of Leeds Town or Village or Hamlet of Leeds Rural Sanitary District of Leeds Parliamentary Borough or Division of Leeds Electoral District of Leeds Page 13

| No. of Schedule | ROAD, STREET, &c., and No. or NAME of HOUSE | HOUSES | NAME and Surname of each Person | RELATION to Head of Family | CON- DITION as to Marriage | AGE last Birthday of | PROFESSION or OCCUPATION | WHERE BORN | (1) Date and Date of Birth (2) Date of Birth (3) Date of Birth |
|--|---|--------|---------------------------------|----------------------------|-------------------------------------|----------------------------|--------------------------|----------------------|--|
| P1 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John Harrison | Head | Married | 56 | Builder | Yorkshire - Bradford | |
| P2 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | William H. O. | Son | Single | 21 | Book Binder | York | |
| P3 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John A. O. | Wife | Married | 21 | Book Binder | York | |
| P4 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | Henry O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P5 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P6 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P7 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P8 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P9 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P10 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P11 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P12 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P13 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P14 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P15 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P16 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P17 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P18 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P19 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P20 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P21 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P22 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P23 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P24 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P25 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P26 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P27 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P28 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P29 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P30 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P31 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P32 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P33 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P34 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P35 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P36 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P37 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P38 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P39 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P40 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P41 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P42 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P43 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P44 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P45 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P46 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P47 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P48 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P49 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P50 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P51 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P52 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P53 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P54 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P55 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P56 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P57 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P58 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P59 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P60 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P61 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P62 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P63 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P64 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P65 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P66 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P67 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P68 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P69 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P70 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P71 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P72 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P73 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P74 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P75 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P76 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P77 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P78 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P79 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P80 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P81 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P82 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P83 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P84 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P85 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P86 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P87 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P88 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P89 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P90 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P91 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P92 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P93 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P94 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P95 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P96 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P97 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P98 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P99 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| P100 | 5 Chapman St. | 1 | John O. | Son | Single | 12 | Book Binder | York | |
| Total of Houses and of Tenements with less than Five Rooms ... | 11 | 11 | Total of Males and Females... | | | 15 | 16 | | |

Note.—Draw the pen through each of the words of the headings as are inappropriate.

Reference: **RG12/3695**

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Appendix D : West Yorkshire, England, Marriages and Banns Record

Page 136

1887. Marriage solemnized at the Parish Church in the Parish of Leeds, in the County of York.

| No. | When Married. | Name and Surname. | Age. | Condition. | Rank or Profession. | Residence at the time of Marriage. | Father's Name and Surname. | Rank or Profession of Father. |
|-----|---------------|-------------------|------|------------|---------------------|------------------------------------|----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 271 | September 14 | William Heath | 25 | Single | Railway | Aspley New | Wm Heath | Railway Porter |
| | 1887 | Samuel Wilby | 24 | Single | Printer | Buckett Street | William Wilby | Brickmaker |

Married in the Parish Church according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Established Church, by Samuel or after Samuel by me, E. J. Birch, Registrar of Marriages.

This Marriage was solemnized between us, William Heath in the Presence of us, Samuel Wilby William Wilby Elizabeth Paul.

1887. Marriage solemnized at the Parish Church in the Parish of Leeds, in the County of York.

| No. | When Married. | Name and Surname. | Age. | Condition. | Rank or Profession. | Residence at the time of Marriage. | Father's Name and Surname. | Rank or Profession of Father. |
|-----|---------------|-------------------|------|------------|---------------------|------------------------------------|----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 272 | September 15 | Richard Brocock | 22 | Single | Cloth Cutter | Call Lane | Frederick Brocock | Cloth Cutter |
| | 1887 | Maud Towland | 17 | Single | Printer | Chadwick Street | Levin Towland | Contractor |

Married in the Parish Church according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Established Church, by Samuel or after Samuel by me, E. J. Birch, Registrar of Marriages.

This Marriage was solemnized between us, Richard Brocock in the Presence of us, Maud Towland Frederick Brocock + Maud Towland's mark.

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1 2 3 4 5 cms
Inches

Reference

P 68/5/92

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YORKSHIRE ARCHIVE SERVICE

Appendix E : 1901 England Census for William and Hannah Heath: 17 Florence Grove

| Administrative County | | The undermentioned House are situate within the boundaries of the | | | | | | | | | | Page - 18 | |
|--------------------------------|---|---|---|-----------------------------------|----------------------------|-------------------|-------------------------------|----------------------------------|--------------------|-------------------------------|--|-----------|--|
| Civil Parish | Registration Parish | County Borough, Municipal Borough, or Urban District | Ward of Municipal Borough or Urban District | Parliamentary Borough or Division | Town or Village or Hamlet | | | | | | | | |
| <i>St. John's North Church</i> | <i>Barnesley</i> | <i>Leeds</i> | <i>North Leeds</i> | <i>North Leeds</i> | | | | | | | | | |
| No. | ROAD, STREET, No. and Name of HOUSE | ROOFS Uninhabited In number of Rooms other than kitchen | In number of Rooms other than kitchen | Name and Surname of each Person | RELATION to Head of Family | Age last Birthday | PROFESSION OR OCCUPATION | Employed, Writer, or Own account | If Working at Home | WEEKS BORN | (1) Deaf and Dumb (2) Blind (3) Lame (4) Inebriate, feeble-minded | | |
| 116 | <i>Thames Terrace</i> | 1 | | <i>Pearce Page</i> | Head M | 40 | <i>Landscape Architect</i> | <i>Mortice</i> | | <i>North's West Yorkshire</i> | | | |
| | | | | <i>Susan do</i> | Wife F | 40 | | | | <i>do - Yorkshire</i> | | | |
| | | | | <i>Horace do</i> | Son M | 11 | | | | <i>do - do</i> | | | |
| | | | | <i>Eugene do</i> | Son M | 9 | | | | <i>do - Leeds</i> | | | |
| | | | | <i>James do</i> | Son M | 7 | | | | <i>do - do</i> | | | |
| 117 | <i>do</i> | 1 | | <i>Hannah Russell</i> | Head W | 33 | <i>Black Weaver</i> | <i>Mortice</i> | | <i>do - do</i> | | | |
| | | | | <i>William do</i> | Male M | 31 | | | | <i>do - do</i> | | | |
| | | | | <i>Frederick do</i> | Son M | 11 | | | | <i>do - do</i> | | | |
| 118 | <i>do</i> | 1 | | <i>Arthur Wilson</i> | Head M | 32 | <i>Book Binder</i> | <i>Mortice</i> | | <i>North's - Leeds</i> | | | |
| | | | | <i>Joseph do</i> | Male M | 32 | | | | <i>do - do</i> | | | |
| | | | | <i>James Wilson do</i> | Son M | 4 | | | | <i>do - do</i> | | | |
| | | | | <i>Eugene do</i> | Son M | 8 | | | | <i>do - do</i> | | | |
| 119 | <i>do</i> | 1 | | <i>Thomas Halliday</i> | Head M | 46 | <i>Engineering Conductor</i> | <i>Mortice</i> | | <i>do - Northallerton</i> | | | |
| | | | | <i>James do</i> | Male M | 45 | | | | <i>do - Northallerton</i> | | | |
| | | | | <i>Nobel do</i> | Son M | 11 | <i>Chemist & Druggist</i> | <i>Mortice</i> | | <i>North's - Leeds</i> | | | |
| | | | | <i>James do</i> | Son M | 9 | <i>Chapman & Sons</i> | <i>Mortice</i> | | <i>do - do</i> | | | |
| | | | | <i>Edmund do</i> | Son M | 11 | <i>Manufacturer - Driller</i> | <i>Mortice</i> | | <i>do - do</i> | | | |
| | | | | <i>James do</i> | Son M | 4 | | | | <i>do - do</i> | | | |
| 120 | <i>do</i> | 1 | | <i>William Jones</i> | Head M | 40 | <i>Railway Porter</i> | <i>Mortice</i> | | <i>do - do</i> | | | |
| | | | | <i>Harriet do</i> | Wife F | 43 | | | | <i>do - Bowdler Street</i> | | | |
| | | | | <i>Frederick B. do</i> | Son M | 16 | <i>Junior Civil Engineer</i> | <i>Mortice</i> | | <i>do - Leeds</i> | | | |
| | | | | <i>John do</i> | Son M | 13 | | | | <i>do - do</i> | | | |
| 121 | <i>do</i> | 1 | | <i>William Robinson</i> | Head M | 29 | <i>General Painter</i> | <i>Mortice</i> | | <i>do - do</i> | | | |
| | | | | <i>George do</i> | Male M | 24 | | | | <i>do - do</i> | | | |
| | | | | <i>Willie do</i> | Son M | 5 | | | | <i>do - do</i> | | | |
| | | | | <i>James do</i> | Son M | 3 | | | | <i>do - do</i> | | | |
| | | | | <i>Robert do</i> | Son M | 2 | | | | <i>do - do</i> | | | |
| | | | | <i>Lucas do</i> | Son M | 1 | | | | <i>do - do</i> | | | |
| 6 | Total of Schedules of Houses and of Tenements with less than Five Rooms | 6 | | Total of Males and of Females | | 1375 | | | | | | | |

Note—Draw your pen through such words of the headings as are inapplicable.

Appendix F: 1911 Census of England and Wales, William, Hannah, and Ella Heath, no address

CENSUS OF ENGLAND AND WALES, 1911.

Before writing on this Schedule please read the Examples and the Instructions given on the other side of the paper, as well as the headings of the Columns. The entries should be written in Ink.

The contents of the Schedule will be treated as confidential. Strict care will be taken that no information is disclosed with regard to individual persons. The returns are not to be used for proof of age, as in connection with Old Age Pensions, or for any other purpose than the preparation of Statistical Tables.

Number of Schedules 22
(To be filled up by the Enumerator after completion)

| NAME AND SURNAME | RELATIONSHIP to Head of Family | AGE last Birthday | PARTICULARS as to MARRIAGE | | PROFESSION or OCCUPATION of Person aged ten years and upwards | | BIRTHPLACE of every person | NATIONALITY of every person born in a Foreign Country | INFIRMITY. |
|------------------|--------------------------------|-------------------|---|---|---|---|----------------------------|---|------------|
| | | | State, for each Married Woman entered on this Schedule, the number of— Children born alive to her since her marriage. (If no children born alive write "None" in Column 7.) | Children born alive to her since her marriage. (If no children born alive write "None" in Column 7.) | Personal Occupation. | Industry or Service with which worker is connected. | | | |
| 1. William Heath | Head | 54 | | | Travelling Salesman | 514 N. 25 | World | English | 036 |
| 2. Hannah Heath | Wife | 54 | 29 | 6 | | | | English | 036 |
| 3. Ella Heath | Daughter | 15 | | 6 | | | | English | 036 |
| 4. | | | | | | | | | |
| 5. | | | | | | | | | |
| 6. | | | | | | | | | |
| 7. | | | | | | | | | |
| 8. | | | | | | | | | |
| 9. | | | | | | | | | |
| 10. | | | | | | | | | |
| 11. | | | | | | | | | |
| 12. | | | | | | | | | |
| 13. | | | | | | | | | |
| 14. | | | | | | | | | |
| 15. | | | | | | | | | |

(To be filled up by the Enumerator.)

(To be filled up by, or on behalf of, the Head of Family or other person in occupation, or in charge, of this dwelling.)

I declare that this Schedule is correctly filled up to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Signature: *William Heath*
Postal Address: *10 Mansfield St. London W.1*

Appendix G: Canadian Passenger List, confirming William Heath's arrival in Canada

Page No. 9

INSTRUCTIONS TO PURSERS.—Each passenger should be given a card indicating the number of sheets and line on sheet on which name is to be found. Columns 2, 20 and 21 are to be filled in by the Immigration Agent at the Port of Landing.

| NAME IN FULL | AGE | SEX | MARRIAGE | IF SO | COUNTRY OF BIRTH | RACE OF PEOPLE | DESTINATION | WHAT WAS YOUR OCCUPATION IN COUNTRY FROM WHICH YOU CAME? | WHAT IS YOUR INTENDED OCCUPATION IN CANADA? | IF SO | | | RELIGIOUS DENOMINATION |
|-------------------|-----|-----|----------|-------|------------------|----------------|-------------|--|---|-------|-------|-------|------------------------|
| | | | | | | | | | | Wife | Child | Other | |
| 8870. J. J. Jones | 37 | M | No | | England | Eng | Random A/V | haver | haver | Yes | | | haver |
| 8871. K. K. K. | 39 | | | | | | Random A/V | haver | haver | Yes | | | haver |
| 8872. R. R. R. | 21 | S | | | | | Random A/V | haver | haver | Yes | | | haver |
| 8873. A. A. A. | 25 | | | | | | Random A/V | haver | haver | Yes | | | haver |
| 8874. B. B. B. | 21 | | | | | | Random A/V | haver | haver | Yes | | | haver |
| 8875. C. C. C. | 21 | | | | | | Random A/V | haver | haver | Yes | | | haver |
| 8876. D. D. D. | 21 | | | | | | Random A/V | haver | haver | Yes | | | haver |
| 8877. E. E. E. | 21 | | | | | | Random A/V | haver | haver | Yes | | | haver |
| 8878. F. F. F. | 21 | | | | | | Random A/V | haver | haver | Yes | | | haver |
| 8879. G. G. G. | 21 | | | | | | Random A/V | haver | haver | Yes | | | haver |
| 8880. H. H. H. | 21 | | | | | | Random A/V | haver | haver | Yes | | | haver |
| 8881. I. I. I. | 21 | | | | | | Random A/V | haver | haver | Yes | | | haver |
| 8882. J. J. J. | 21 | | | | | | Random A/V | haver | haver | Yes | | | haver |
| 8883. K. K. K. | 21 | | | | | | Random A/V | haver | haver | Yes | | | haver |
| 8884. L. L. L. | 21 | | | | | | Random A/V | haver | haver | Yes | | | haver |
| 8885. M. M. M. | 21 | | | | | | Random A/V | haver | haver | Yes | | | haver |
| 8886. N. N. N. | 21 | | | | | | Random A/V | haver | haver | Yes | | | haver |
| 8887. O. O. O. | 21 | | | | | | Random A/V | haver | haver | Yes | | | haver |
| 8888. P. P. P. | 21 | | | | | | Random A/V | haver | haver | Yes | | | haver |
| 8889. Q. Q. Q. | 21 | | | | | | Random A/V | haver | haver | Yes | | | haver |
| 8890. R. R. R. | 21 | | | | | | Random A/V | haver | haver | Yes | | | haver |
| 8891. S. S. S. | 21 | | | | | | Random A/V | haver | haver | Yes | | | haver |
| 8892. T. T. T. | 21 | | | | | | Random A/V | haver | haver | Yes | | | haver |
| 8893. U. U. U. | 21 | | | | | | Random A/V | haver | haver | Yes | | | haver |
| 8894. V. V. V. | 21 | | | | | | Random A/V | haver | haver | Yes | | | haver |
| 8895. W. W. W. | 21 | | | | | | Random A/V | haver | haver | Yes | | | haver |
| 8896. X. X. X. | 21 | | | | | | Random A/V | haver | haver | Yes | | | haver |
| 8897. Y. Y. Y. | 21 | | | | | | Random A/V | haver | haver | Yes | | | haver |
| 8898. Z. Z. Z. | 21 | | | | | | Random A/V | haver | haver | Yes | | | haver |
| 8899. A. A. A. | 21 | | | | | | Random A/V | haver | haver | Yes | | | haver |
| 8900. B. B. B. | 21 | | | | | | Random A/V | haver | haver | Yes | | | haver |

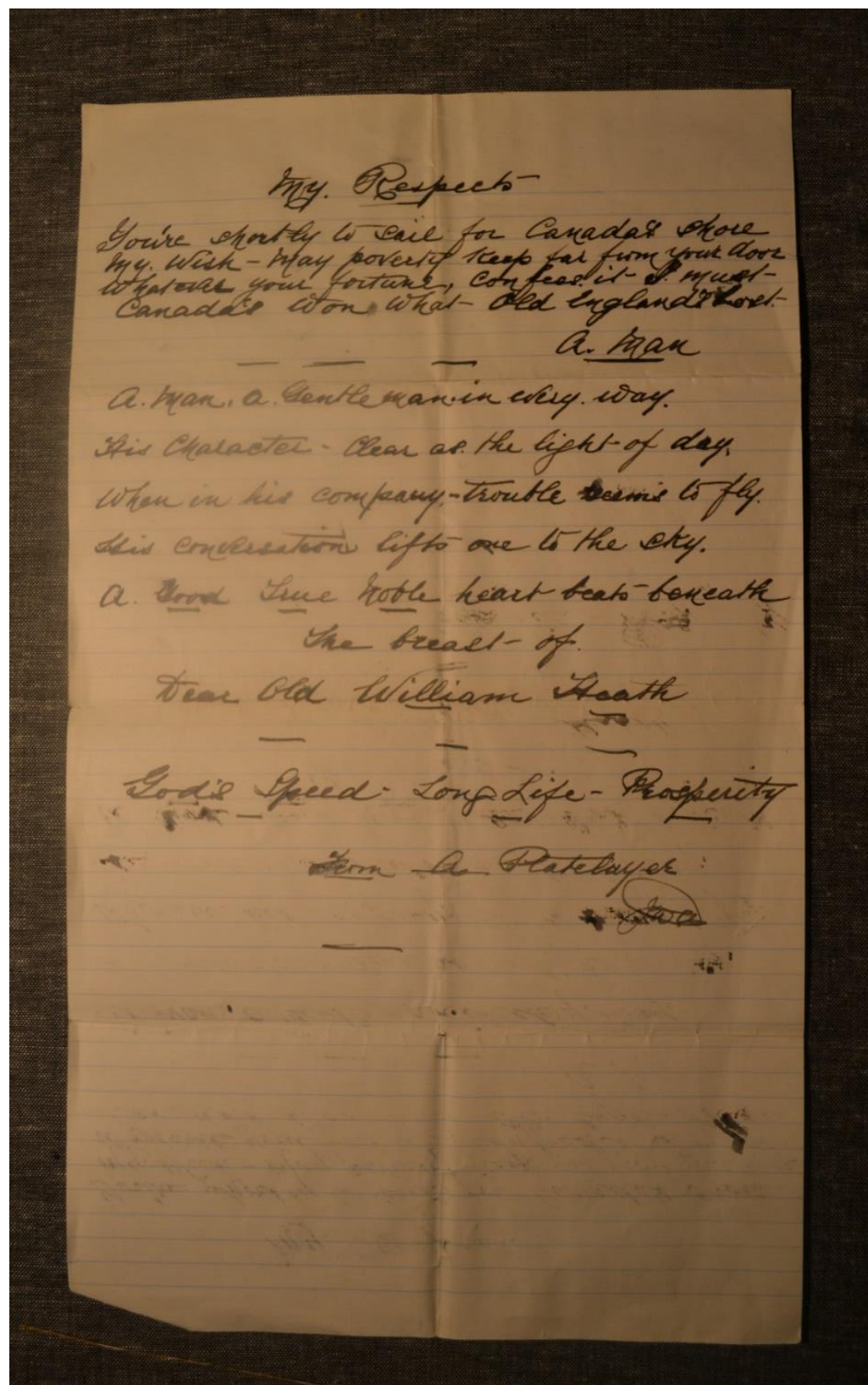
Appendix H: 1916 Canada Census of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta for William

Heath

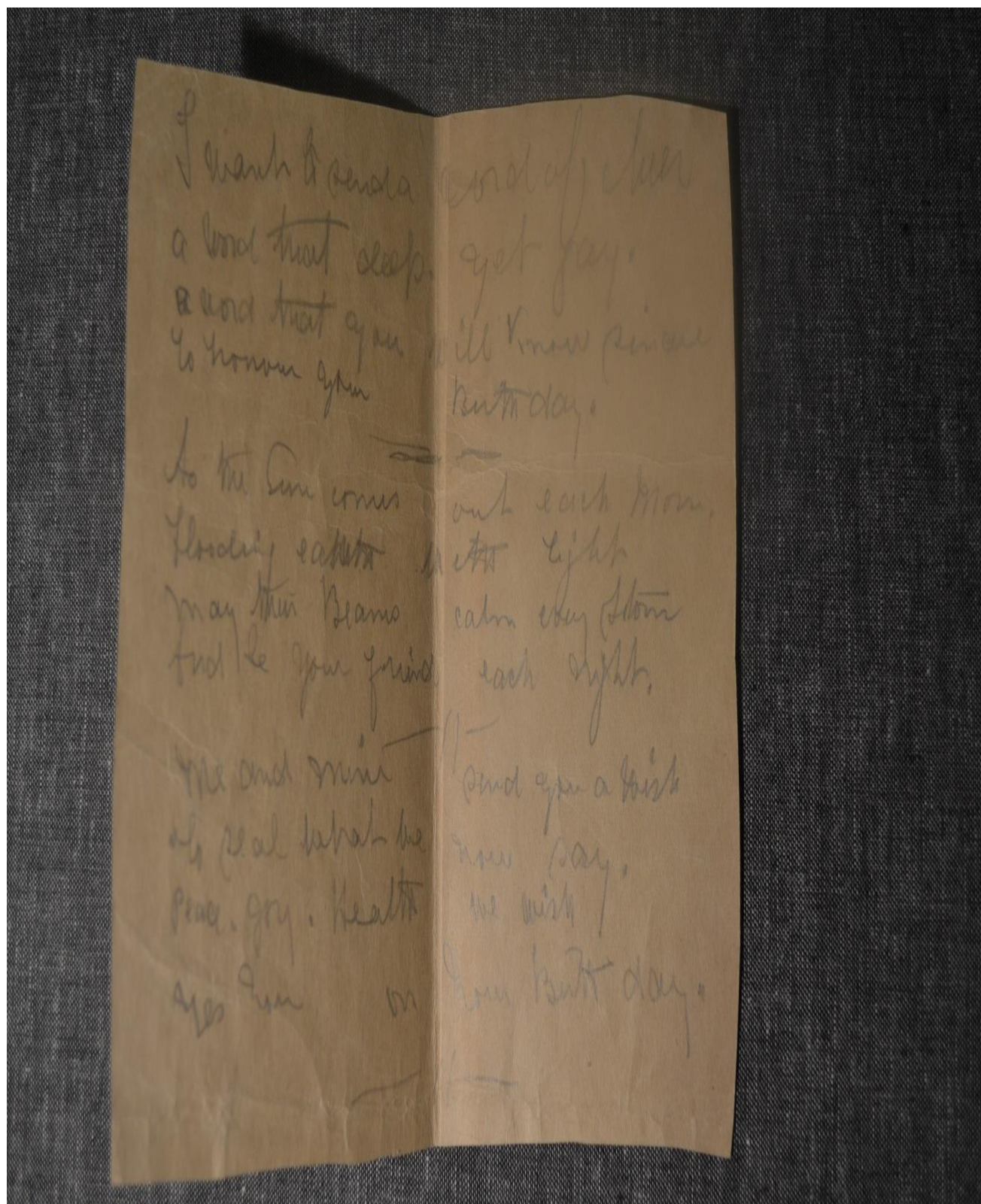
[illegible]

Appendix I: William and Hannah Heath

Appendix J: Handwritten note, found loose in the manuscript



Appendix K: handwritten note



Appendix L:

M^r Farewell was upset & crying & Lura
was going out & gave her Mother this
poetry or Verse I should say.

I guess it is from The Christian Science.
"Happiness is not the sport of circumstances
or dependant upon another's whims.
But is forever wedded to true God lik-
ness & spiritual understanding.
Therefore within the reach of us all."

It is hard not to be effected with another's whims
imitate. But I think the lines are good & thought
you would like them.

Appendix M: The Leeds Mercury Newspaper

[illegible]

Appendix N: Untitled Poem, found loose in the manuscript

Yet there's Buds beneath that Frost
And the Staff will watch the Sun
Hear ti calling Buds to come
And will help each gentle Flower,
Morning- Noon- and Evening hour
Till those Banks are dressed sublime
In robes no Artist could design
Holders of a N. E. Pass
Strangers, while those Banks you pass
Let the Staff know you are there
By praising them for skill and care
Then you'll "Pilot" them across
The Bar of doubt, and Winter's Frost
None will there be in their eyes
And you their pilot to their Prize
The Judges there will want to know
How they watch those Banks in Snow,
The Staff will say, we watch the Sun
And hear it whisper- Buds- Come.

Yours respectfully,

"SILENCE"

The Autographic Manuscript of William Heath

William Heath

27 Florence Grove

Ashley Road

Leeds

Sunday Schools

Sunday schools are well played out -
At least some people say -
They'll have to close within a doubt
As they will never pay.

They say a child can not take in
Such queer and foolish notions
Say what you will there is no sin
And nothing called devotion.

But let us see if they are right -
I think that they are wrong
I have just now in my list
A girl - that's passed and gone.

She came one night to our school
To the service for the young
She came & placed her on a stool
Until the prayer was done.

+ +

She to the school next Sunday came
I met her at the door
And Mr. Pickens took her name
Then placed her with some more.

+ + I took her hand and stroked her hair

Bloomfortin lay just like a dog
 For empty men the trench
 When some one shouted here come Bobo
 When he walked over the trench -
 The Union Jack was hoisted high
 The Lion roared once more
 That roar it went up to the sky
 As it we did before -
 The Lions brought from Little Wales
 The Scottish Lions too
 Are used when they do wag their tails
 We know their bark is true -
 The Irish Bark it is a yell
 We hear it on the Bopps
 The Irish Lion we know well
 And so does Little Bobo -
 Kitchener Mac - was at the front
 Canadians came up well
 Australia came up in the hunt
 And turned the Boers fell well
 Don't tread upon the Lion's tail
 That tail will make you fall
 Remember Britons never fail -
 With Buller Mac or Bobo -
 We'll give you cheer and a loud hurrah -
 And shake all by the hand
 From the Powerful Prince Jack Tar
 That made so grand a stand -
 Just put your patients at one side -
 And smile upon the men -
 That fought and bled and men died
 To capture Spang's Ben -

W. H. Heath

Mother's Songs

The Influence of a good old song
Is marvelous to behold
I will bring up days that's passed and gone
And bring up folk and tone

I come one thing that pains to rain
That Britain rules the waves
To sing and sing and sing again
With never can be done

But if some one should sing a song
That we did hear at home
Our memory will soon travel on
And make our minds to roam

Is days when Mother use to sing
When we sat on her knee
When that dear voice did always ring
A calmness came and free

We like to sing those lullaby rhymes
They are so charming clear
They make our eyes with tears to shine
And brings my Mother near

Although we stood around the grave
Of Mother that did sing
The songs we now so often hear
For peace and comfort bring

I now can see that Lalla's form
 Just looking in a chair
 Sometimes at night sometimes at noon
 I fancy she's still there

Knots in those days are past and gone
 And vacant is the chair
 But yet I hear my Mother's song
 My Mother must be there

Yes, yes, it's only humming wings
 That's floating in the past
 And by its and her songs are being
 And things so very fast.

That voice is hushed. Her song still lives
 She's gone. But yet is here
 The chair is there But yet it gives
 A song we love so dear

She used to rock and sing this song
 And plumes and palaces

That song it always starts a tear
 And makes me see my Mother
 I fancy now her voice I hear
 As she strikes up another

Lead kindly light amid the evening gloom

Oh- no- my thought have lead me wild
 Its only fancied dream
 I fancied I was then a child
 When mother could be seen

Mother, I know in Heaven thou art
 I fancied thee just here
 My father did a tear just start
 I thought thy voice was near

Thou art not here - But let thy songs
 Be heard on Day and Night
 Sometimes they tell me I am wrong
 And show me what is right

The songs thou sang. I now ^{will} sing.
 I will not sing - No other
 The songs thou sang. they always bring
 me, they hear my Mother.

So let us sing those simple Rhymes
 Though simple they may be
 Sweet Memories. will us then inspire
 And Mother's face we all see.

End

M. Scott

A Lost child

One day while walking to my home
Across an open space
A lady met me with a frown
And sadness on her face

She said - Have you seen a little boy
Like last time - Oh dear me
I felt him playing with his toys
When ever can he be

He's not down there. I saw no one
Up perhaps gone down that Lane
You can tell - you'll find him soon
He'll turn up right again

Then off she ran and shouted out
To a lady that stood by
Her Willie lost there is no doubt
And then she gave a sigh

I thought poor thing - Her heart is sad
That lost child must be dead
Is that poor woman nearly mad
It made me shed a tear

But oh the scene I saw just then
 The child clasped by its Mother
 She kissed the child again - again
 More pure than any love

I turned away - and wiped my eyes
 A lump came in my throat
 The sight it made me give a sigh
 That sight had struck a note

That told me how a Mother feels
 When she has lost a child
 And when it founds how it the child's
 And clasps it all the while

A Father's love is good - But rough
 A Mother's love how fine
 A Father's way is rather rough
 A Mother's way divine

Gentle - kind - and always true
 A Guide - a shield - a Balm
 A Mother's love is always true
 We all have felt its charms

Oh may we honour in our day
 The Mother of our Land
 Some day we'll find she's gone away
 And miss her guiding hand
 Our turn to go will come at last
 A Union there will be
 For Mother's Hand her child shall grasp
 I hope that child is me

Whistling and Singing

One Monday morn at one am -
 A many years ago.
 It was my custom often then -
 To be out late you know -
 To use the whistle and to sing -
 While walking through the street -
 To make the street fair ring
 Oh songs so sweet -
 Then I walked an open door -
 The inmates were all so -
 A woman came and stood before
 Me - A question she did put -
 Will you come into my home -
 My husband wants to see -
 The man that whistles when alone
 Or sings so merrily -
 I leapt into the house at once -
 A man was laid in bed
 He said - I am sicker than once -
 My eyes with tears to shed -
 I have been laid here for many weeks -
 I cannot sleep at night -
 But as you are past with songs so sweet -
 To make my heart so light -
 God bless you Lord - and bless your songs -
 And bless your whistle too -
 To make the night to pass along
 I know those songs are true -

Last Monday morn when you were here
 You sang - Lead Kindly Light.
 And when you & you I had a try
 To sing it in the night.
 But I am a favorite hymn - you know.
 I think its one you like
 Because as you are passing too and fro.
 You are singing it with delight.
 He tried to sing one just a time
 so let me know the hymn.
 I knew at once the tune and time.
 This hymn I then did sing.
 In darker shades if that appear.
 My singing has begun
 Then art my candle light morning star
 And then my rising sun -
 The tears they rolled down that man face -
 He chanted - Yes - its true.
 And in his face - there Christ I trace -
 I felt Christ's presence too.
 And as I left - he took my hand -
 And said - God bless you friend.
 Some day we'll join the Heavenly Band.
 When pleasures never end.
 I see you sing - then let us sing.
 Of whiskeys - whiskeys tonight.
 As song or whiskeys it may bring.
 A Blessing in the night.

Wheat

Grand Lads

Who nursed me in my early days
And shielded me from harm
And sung to me those childish lays
That soothed my fears & alarms. my Mother

Who said just stop that awful noise
And let us have some peace
I once heard such wailing noises
Stop it - will you please. my Father

Who said I ate a pot of jam
And drenched the cat with Lard
And ran one pump behind the Lam
To ride a few of Lards. our Polly

Who said I got up in the night
When all were laid in Bed
And went down stairs without a light
To get a slice of Bread. our Jack

What do they call that little boy
That said I broke a pain
And ran away with all his toys
And threw them down a drain. Tommy Smith

Although my Father - Sister - Brother
And Tommy Smith as well
Complained and always told my Mother
She only said - Har - well.

He is a mischievous Lad I know
 His eye with mischievous glint
 Although he's always in a row
 I can't forget he's mine

Who went and stood beside the Bed
 And stroked to kiss his mother
 The very Lad whom people said
 He's always in a bother. Same Lad

Who was it lifted her up
 When she was ill in Bed
 And tried to give her just a cup
 And stroked her aching head. This Lad

Who held her hand until the last
 And gazed into her eyes
 Until the words were said. She's past
 And gone to paradise Same Lad

Who knelt beside that pallid spot
 And flowers did entwine
 This mischievous Lad that we all forget
 His mother that since mine. Same Lad

Don't say that mischievous boys are bad
 They have a tender heart
 Remember there are only Lads
 Just try and take their part

For Lads

W. W. W.

The Captain

On the north east coast off Scotland
 A storm was raging high
 The wind was blowing to the land
 And lightning lit the sky
 Those on the land - they could discern
 A schooner - toiling on
 The waves they washed her stern to stern
 That made them cry - she's gone
 The Rocks were standing right ahead
 Just in the schooner's track
 When all at once the Captain said
 "We'll go first on her back"
 The crew assembled around the deck
 They saw all hope was gone
 They at once then bent until the last
 Then put the life belts on
 Just then the Captain's voice was heard
 "Amidst the awful roar
 Men - just let us pray a word
 We're going down that's our
 Unless the Lord will hear our prayer
 Oh Lord - do save this ship
 But could we know are in thy care
 Thou art almighty God
 Now Lord - let's join in one last cry
 And give it from the heart -
 You know that God is always true
 He may let take our part

They knelt upon that wave washed beach
 To Heaven - they turned their face
 But on that beach - then Christ they met
 And gave them help and grace

They sang - Hide me O my Captain hide
 Till the storm of life is past
 Safe into the Haven guide
 O my Captain my soul at last
 But when they looked - The ship had past
 And left the rocks behind
 They knelt again around the mast
 And sang these very lines.
 O hidden place with thee is found
 A place to cover all my sins
 Let the healing stream abound
 With the shadow of thy wings
 The Captain went and marked the chart
 With words we see oft times say
 And these are they we all try and start
 To join with heart and tongue
 Rock of Ages left for me
 Let me hide myself in thee
 Let the water and the Blood
 From thy seven fountains flow
 Be of sin the double cure
 Safe from wrath and make me pure
 The Captain took me by the hand
 And said God does hear prayer
 Because that day off Pelish Land
 He came to us out there

W. Heath

The Harbour is found

I found the Harbour for my heart
 For it to Harbour in
 To shield myself from all that dark
 From storms that caused my sin
 Though storms should come - and trials too
 I'm safe from all the waves
 God is my Father - Christ is true
 He's given me one from the Cross
 My sails were blown from off the mast
 I'd lost my bearings too
 But Christ - He took me in his grasp
 He's found a Pilot true
 I nearly got upon the Rocks
 Was drifting with the tide
 My Barge received a sudden shock
 By waves that came broadside
 But on the waves I saw a Man
 Approaching near my Barge
 He saw my helpless state - and ran
 And bid my fears depart
 He took the helm in his own hand
 And caused the waves to fall
 The winds did ease - I saw the Land
 It was the Harbour wall
 My Barge - it glided through the mouth
 And anchored in the calm
 And then I heard the Pilot shout
 Put in the oil and balm
 My heart was full - my Eyes as well
 I asked him for his name
 When he did answer - and tell
 I heal the sick and lame

My name is Peace - He then did say
 What is thy name - my friend
 I answered him - and asked my way
 He said - thy steps I will attend
 His tears came rolling down my face
 And thanks came to my heart
 As he supplied me with his grace
 My tears were forced to start
 Weep I must - and weep I will
 Why should I stay my tears
 He made my heart with peace to still
 And took away my fears
 My Barge is safe - I'm anchored now
 I'm lashed against the shore
 I'm lashed with prayer and solemn vow
 This Pilot I adore
 I cannot dry my falling tears
 My tears they will not stop
 For I am free and taught to fear
 He's brought me to the top
 I now can view myself from there
 The shoals - and rocks within
 I can sail past - with ease by prayer
 Because the Pilot's in
 Ah soul of mine - Ah breathe the air
 And catch that Holy Breath
 The Breath of Life that's known by prayer
 That carries one through death
 Ah now - ah now - at night I'm thine
 I'm thine as matter when
 As peace and love on me now shine
 In Christ has answered prayer

since
 1874

Round the Bonfire

'Round the Bonfire fire at midnight. Lay the weary Warrior Band.
 Bloody men their spears set to laughter: joy was each Hero's hand.
 For the bloody fight was ended: from each soul a whisper came.
 'God of Battles: we have triumphed'. Hallowed be thy might name.

'Twas beautiful at midnight, when the bloody war was done -
 When the battle clashed no longer. And no longer blazed the gun -
 Loosely - in the fading starlight - to repose our tired limbs
 Not a sound to stir the stillness. came the sound of Holy Hymns

Thou hast given us the glory - Thou hast cast our foes to shame
 'God of Battles: we have triumphed'. Hallowed be thy might name
 Thou hast given us the glory: Thou hast bade our troubles cease
 Thou art great as God of Battles. Thou art best as God of Peace.

Peaceful was the world around them: in the peaceful summer sky
 Watched the penting stars above them - like the look of Angel Eyes -
 Shone the penting stars in splendour on each slumbering Hero's Head.
 And the moonlight gleamed in glory on the lying and the dead.

Roarings were the night's to morning: cheerily at their hearts desire
 Came the colours of triumph - round the smouldering Bonfire fire.
 Flushed their faces were with glory - strong were they, and brave, and tall.
 But the tender tears of childhood battered the bravest face of all.

Pensive by the gleaming ^{fire} light. When the lonely warrior stood -
 In his hand a paper grasp he - crawled with letters large and crude -
 With his grey hands he grasped it. and the tender childish fear -
 From the manly breast welling. bathed the blood upon his face.

Silent were the night to evening: silent at their heart to desire.
 Watching lay the weary warriors, round the gleaming, burning fire.
 What is the news from England, comrade? What the early news for thee
 From the friends we left behind us, and our home beyond the sea.

Then the gory paper opened, crawled with letters, crude and wild
 Little news from England, comrade - to a letter from my child
 From our merry babes in England. Welcome is the news, they said
 And the golden lay in silence, while the warrior poor and dead.

O my father: what has kept you, you are rich three years away
 It was some time when you left us, it was born a new year day
 Good-bye, baby, until summer, or till Christmas time, you said
 O my father, what has kept you, summer, Christmas twice have fled

Mother says you was his only - that you bear a noble name
 That you fight for God and Honor, and to guide our home from shame
 But I often hear her praying, make all war, O God, to cease
 Then at last an end of battles, I want not a God of peace

Night and noon I pray for father: in the sunny morning hours
 I am often in the garden, I have sown your name in flowers.
 Like your coat, in flowers of scarlet - all in tulips, (colours red)
 Come, before the flowers are faded, come before your name is dead.

Little brother died at Christmas: Mother told me not to tell.
 But I think it better father, for you said, the dead are well.
 He was buried side of Mary, brother since has never smiled.
 Tell me well, good bye, dear father, from your little loving child.

Liek down the night to morning. Liek at their couch desire
 say the warriors look in dreaming. Come the dying, the final
 come were they, one place. In England. This were they from wars alarms
 mark. The sudden bright coming. Dark the day. To arm. To arms.

Up from ambush. up from thickets. charged the foremen through the plain
 dip. my banner. my hero. strike for God. and home again.
 for our homes. our babies. our country. and the purple morning light
 flared on brandished falchions bloody still the gods of Easter night

Purple grew the plain with slaughter. steel and fixer. side by side
 And the crimson day of carnage in a crimson sun set died
 glimmering on the field of battle. glimmered the starlight overhead
 And the moonlight. That like glimmered on the dying and the dead.

Sink and rise around the twilight. swell the stretched. outbreathed limbs
 Sink and rise the hero voices that up rose in holy hymns
 Saw the warriors left to whisper. How had each our foes to shame
 God of battles. we have triumphed. followed in thy mighty name -

On the purple plain of slaughter. who is this that smiles in death.
 With a sheet of grey paper lying on his tangled breast.
 Knight remaining. came a fragment. Scrawled with letters crude and wild
 I will meet. good bye. Dear Father. from your little Green Child

Raise him softly. lift him gently. Staunch his life blood ebbing slow
 He is breathing. He is whispering. What is this he murmurs now.
 Land. my child. my home. my country. Father give my people (I wish
 Thou art great as God of battles. Thou art best as God of peace

End

Leifried

A Little Child

The child is tired with playing about.
 It simply lays its head
 It is not troubled with a doubt
 As its simple prayer is said
 Lord - pity me a little child
 And teach me how to pray
 And though I cannot comprehend
 Just take them all away
 It is then carried to its bed
 And on the pillow lays its head
 And soon is fast asleep
 A gentle smile creeps over its face
 That has a touch of heavenly grace
 So innocent - yet so deep
 No thought of trouble or of care
 Of which - it has not yet a share
 To interfere with sleep
 It simply lays and sleeps away
 The night - until the dawn of day
 The sleep to it is sweet
 At early morn when it is awakened
 The hour - its presence it adorns
 With child like fear and love
 It creeps up to your weary face
 Says dada - we must say grace
 So innocent - yet so pure
 It touches a chord in your own heart
 And to your eyes a tear does start
 And silently endowed -
 You think - No - if my days that now are past
 And founding years bring nigh the last
 Had been as pure as thou

My heart just now would not be pained
 Nor would my head be hung with shame
 Oh my past life just now

I breathe on one the holy breath
 And on my heart the sin be deep
 No breathe on one just now
 And as a child go with no child
 But with that same sweet loving smile
 Accept my proffered love

My Dream

I had a dream - a light that dream -
 It haunts my troubled brow
 In that dream myself was seen
 How vile my heart is now
 My hopes were wrecked - my life was lost
 I'd done a sinful act
 That made my wife to right and
 And people turned my track
 The children turned their back on me
 They would not see my face
 With sin - I'd made myself too free
 My past life cast to trace
 My friends they cut me like a knife
 They would not even speak
 I thought I'd end my very life
 My trouble was so deep

A friend at last came to my aid
 With tears - and eyes - and prayer
 While my past began to fade
 I awoke just then and there
 I knew my wife was fast asleep
 My children likewise too
 I could not help but start and weep.
 And thought - if this were true -
 And even came upon my mind
 That dream has left a mark
 Like sin - it always leaves behind
 A pain - that can't depart.
 The soul - and mind within my frame
 By sin - can be so sad
 That it may turn the human train
 As my dream nearly had
 But for the springs of Holy Joy
 The calmness in the heart
 An holy thought - it set us on our way
 Nor leaves an aching heart
 There is no pain from holy fear -
 The kind knows what is best
 A holy life is very dear
 By God is always blest
 The human soul with pure thoughts
 We cannot tell its worth
 It's not a dream - it can't be bought
 Yet it may have a birth
 In this poor flesh that's had a dream
 That now is wide awake
 A pure life is always seen
 By God - for Jesus sake

W. H. North

What I am Eats

All food we get when first we come
upon this stage of life
Is much in food - we all had come
In milk - we thought it nice.

We then do start with milk and bread
Of course it should be boiled
Because a child on raw milk feed -
His stomach will be spoiled.

In time we get a little tea.
Of course it mixed with water.
But it's not always good to see.
When drinking from a canister.

But then in earnest we do start.
And eat just what we like.
I'll tell you if you'll only hear.
To what I say to night.

They bring us Beef and Mutton too.
Potatoes Cabbage as well
perhaps a little Irish stew
I think stew is a cell.

Some call it hash to get it passed
But call it what you like
I think this stew is often hashed
Both morning noon - and night

Yorkshire pudding - apple pie -
 Or Pigs in a Dish -
 It all comes right we can't deny -
 Sometimes they give us fish -

But man was born to eat to live -
 And so he ate his share -
 As if attention you will give -
 I'll call these names with care -

Beef, Mutton, Cabbage and Peas -
 Perry and plum pie -
 Yorkshire pudding if you please -
 Cow heel and pigs fry -

Pork, Ham, and potted meat -
 And salmon in a tin -
 Well sometimes it is a treat -
 But hash we can't take in -

A Bit of Beer that make round gulls -
 And Bacon that is fried -
 But stew or hash we always fear -
 And so we pass it by -

Peas are good - and pancakes too
 And so is fresh made Butter
 Milk is good if not too Blue
 But Hash we always cut her

Sam harts and Currant Bump-
 And Cucumbers they will eat -
 Lemon cheese we eat like fun -
 But Hash it turns us Blue.

Roast duck. or Rabbit pie -
 Is just the thing for me -
 But if it's hash in rather shy -
 As we can not agree -

Hash is hash - just let it pass -
 And let me have some Ham -
 But when it's hash I think it's hash -
 I'd rather have some Lamb -

They say that hash and stew are good -
 I know it's good for food -
 But when it's hash you always should -
 Just tell of what it's made -

So if you give me one invite
 To dine when I am so cash -
 Upon my word I'll get a fright
 If you do hand me hash -

Begin - then mass of Boiled potatoes -
 Begin - then mass of hash
 Begin - they name it fairly hate
 Begin - then later hash

W. H. H.

The British Lion

One day - a man got such a fight
 His name was Mr. Ranger
 He thought he would the British bite
 In fact he would pursue him -
 He quoted scripture all the time
 But missed it with deceit
 But these two things you can't combine
 They will not mix or meet -
 The thought came into his poor head
 This cannot shall be for Boers
 But all day one at each his side
 The British Lion roared -
 He wagged his tail and pawed the ground -
 And waited for a chance
 To see which way he had to bound
 And make the Boers to dance -
 The British Lion had some whistles
 Locked up in Groggs jungle
 He looked which way to give them bells
 And tried - But had to fumble -
 The Boers they barked from off the heights
 Of Majapuntin when they lay
 The British Lion was in sight
 But Boers and Lion stood at Bay -
 But one old lion known as Bobo
 He played them such a trick
 His name it made them fairly sob
 For Bobo he is a trick -
 This Lion went a long way out
 To spy the Boers whistles track
 The Boers they found without a doubt
 That Kimberley whistles were back

To freedom - That did mean a lot
 The Boos - Their Freedom robbed
 The Boos a name they had forgot
 His name is 'Little' Bobo -
 The Boos then left and off they went
 But hard upon their track
 Came little Bobo who's mind was bent
 To bring poor Brome back -
 He first wanted to left and right
 And then to right and left
 Also in rear they came in sight
 In front he waited with his foot
 Just then he made an awful spring -
 And put his paw well down
 Until the Boos were dived right in
 By lions all around -
 They caught poor Brome and his men
 As they were in a fog
 And took them to the Lions Den
 The Den of Little Bobo -
 But after Boos then came in sight along -
 To see what could be done
 But then he gave them such a pang
 And made them fairly run -
 Towards Bloomington's open door
 But Kuger stood on there
 He stood aghast - His heart was sore
 For Boos ran everywhere -
 The lion came upon that scene
 And gave an awful roar
 That frightened Kuger and poor Steyn
 And all the other Boos -

She grew as only youth can grow
 In stature and in grace
 And by her life and ways did show
 That she had Christ embraced -

But such as womanhood was in sight
 Affliction laid its hand -
 On that young frame with all its might
 In fact it fairly ran -

But how she lay upon her bed -
 Her face was full of smiles
 But on day to a friend she said
 Oh, yes - I'm reconciled

Oh yes - to me it is not hard to die
 As Christ is always near
 You must not weep you must not sigh
 As I have taught to fear -

I soon shall be at peace and rest
 I do so want to go
 As Christ has me so often blessed -
 Good night I'll meet you too -

Her spirit left that mortal frame
 And winged its upward flight
 To realms of bliss where she became
 A witness at the right -

The mortal form was then enclosed
 And laid amongst the clay
 But to my mind - a thought arose
 That child had learn'd to pray -

All this took place just at this spot
 In New town - which once bring
 A girl we knew - we see not forgot
 Her name was Minnie Spring

God bless our School - we still will sing
 To lead us kindly light
 Just has there died this Minnie Spring
 To heaven that's calm and bright -

Yes - it's not true what people say
 To true - a child takes in
 To true - this girl did she learn to pray
 For Christ called Minnie Spring -

W. H. H.

Thoughts on Seeing a picture in
Commonwealth Street

One day - while walking through the streets
And looking in shop windows
I saw a picture so sweet
That told of artist's fingers -
The picture was a garden plot
The flowers in full bloom
Composed of lilies and forget-me-nots
And blossom in perfume -
Among the grass I saw a chair
A child - was in it, lay
The mother's hands with tender care
But then it all remained -
Just at the gate an old man past
With a key in his right hand
And looking up the garden path
To where the chair once stood -
The mother came to see her child
That she had left alone -
And found the child with face so cold
That gave her such a fright -
The child had gone to its repose
Where none can ever return
It looked so calm - yet so composed
Not like death that's stern -
But calmness - Peace on that young face
At rest - from all its pains
I looked again - but could not trace
A mark of pain - or shame -
But no - that of that poor mother
As she looked at that child
That look was deeper than a Lover's
That look it had no guile -

That mother's face I see just now
 In all its pangs of grief
 Also the care upon her brow
 That told of anguish deep -
 I turned my back upon that scene
 But yet - my mind was fixed
 By that dear face - that I had seen
 That known at half past six -
 I see the tears from mother's eyes
 We cannot see her heart
 We do know not know those heavy sighs
 When child and mother part -
 But this we know - Her heart is true
 Her mind with goodness shines
 A mother's love is always true
 A mother's love divine -
 When you can see a mother's face
 Just lift a silent prayer
 That God may stand so very near
 That you may feel his care
 And when we go to our rest
 May this be in the Book
 He breathed a prayer that I did bless
 When mother's part he took

W. H. H.

Cato

They say that we should always love
 of course. I have my doubts
 They say that love is like a bone
 It always will get out.
 There's things I like and things I don't
 But what I like I'll tell
 I don't believe in dumb and dumb
 It does not sound so well
 I like a horse that's always clean
 And full of pleasant smells
 But if there's prours too often seen
 Just missing for a while
 I cannot say I love a child
 That's getting all the day
 It makes one get to very wild
 With its - Gay - Gay - Gay -
 I cannot say I love a dog
 That always likes to Bite.
 I'd rather hit it with a dog
 When it comes in my sight
 I cannot say I love the man
 That calls for income tax
 Last time he called he fairly ran
 He speed it stopped his watch
 Now just you fancy come from
 When you are fast asleep
 A man to stand and blow a horn
 Right in your very chest
 But if your Bed of course you get
 And feeling for a match
 Instead of match. a chair is met
 You say too nearly connected

You cannot Love that Rasty Horn
 You - or wish the less were born
 And hatred in your breast would fain
 To crush the Horn and Horn -
 Suppose you had a Garden plot
 And full of nice sweet flowers
 Roses - Lilies - Forget-me-nots
 And little shady bowers
 And some old cat comes crawling on
 And through your flower beds
 And all at once the rings are gone
 Enough to make the birds
 And knock the flower pots off the stoops
 And pull up all the soil
 You could not stroke it with your hands
 And on your knees to coil
 No - You - or force that cat with all your might
 And hit it with a stick
 And set the dog to get a bite
 Chasing - catching his kick -
 That cat you - or hate and always would
 You could not Love that cat
 I know you - or think it was no good
 To Love a thing like that
 A Gelling Child I cannot bear
 A Biting dog I dread
 A Rasty Horn I always fear
 And cats I think were dead -
 I Love a Child that does not cry
 I like a faithful dog -
 A Rasty Horn I'd like it shield
 Into a dirty dog.

But cats. No cats - those ready cats
 I mean those that do fight
 Not with mice - or even rats
 But those that fight a fight
 I'd put them all in one large barn
 In some deserted spot -
 And paint this sign - they'll do no harm
 As they are all forgot
 This is the home of fighting cats
 They're all packed in this shed
 They can't get out - we see it that
 Because they all are dead
 So rest in peace - their fighting done -
 You see we will pay what's that.
 Their days is past - we had the fun
 With all the scraming cats

The flowers which represent

We see the fields from where we stand -

White flower - we behold -

Our thoughts they gather in a band
For flower - truth is told.

It means remember - think of one -

Then hope will come in time -

Think of one - we then agree

To be both firm and true -

The rose that white it has a scent

Its fragrance is most sweet -

We little know that it was sent

By him that our sins weep -

Am worthy of your noble mind

The white rose calls to you -

To let your heart be so entwined

That you may you pursue -

The very clings so very fast

Round friendship it does mean -

And clings and clings so very fast

When nothing else is seen -

And thus we see its meaning

Of friendship's honest grasp -

Like Christ is always leaning

From first until the last -

It brings our minds until we see

From Heliotrope so bold -

And makes the heart so good and free

As the Devotion hold -

And thus we see the passion flower -

That means through faith I will

From now - be under Christ's own power

That the very heart may thrill -

Think of me

I am worthy of you

Friendship

Devotion

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But has we hear the flowers named -
 And grasp what they do mean -
 Our thoughts begin to be so trained
 That God is often seen -
 But how to write or see I can see
 Its depth and meaning too -
 I feel as if I'd rather see
 The meaning in its true -
 The water lily is so white
 We stand against some stream -
 And try to reach with all our might
 A lily we have seen -
 And if we grasp it in our hand -
 The room by us is so soiled -
 It is too white for any man
 Whose heart by sin is soiled -
 There's only one upon this earth
 That's worthy of this flower -
 It is a child - just from its birth
 That's brought - loves gentle power -
 The child is clean in Nature's mind -
 It has no thought of wrong -
 It's like a lily - pure - refined
 When sin has never gone -
 But yet - we may approach this flower
 And touch its tender stem -
 And has we touch - there comes a shame
 That grace can only cure -
 The lily - flower - and white rose -
 And lily - pure and white -
 Suggests - Inopius also propose
 That man shall Christ invite -

Purity of Heart

Don't gaze upon a flowery bed
 Without a curious thought -
 Be careful how this life you tread
 Or flowers to you are caught -
 But say I will an try be - application
 An Heliotrope I like -
 This life will then be rich and free
 And like a Lily white -
 And when this life just like a flower -
 Begins to droop and fade -
 Around your heart will be a power
 That never can decay -
 You'll fix your eye on something white -
 The mind - will be at rest -
 That white will be an Heavenly light -
 By Lilies own request -

Wm Heath

A Mother's Grief

When you speak of a Battle as glorious -
 When you know of brave Victories won -
 Do you ever think of the heart broken Mother
 Who silently mourns for her son -

He was all I had she cries -
 He was my comfort and joy -
 Oh why did they take him from me
 Oh why did they slay my Boy -

His Father fell fighting for his land -
 When my Boy was but a new child -
 And through the time he has cheered me
 When grief seemed to be driving me wild -

His innocent happy - boyish ways -
 His constant prattling tongue
 Has bidden me take heart again
 When my mind was well nigh smothering -

And right by I prayed by his little Bed -
 For God's blessing to crown his sweet sleep -
 And from all trials great or small
 My darling Boy to keep -

And when he grew into Manhood -
 No longer a thoughtless Lad
 I watched him gaze upon for hours upon
 The likeness of his Dad -

Which I unfold the history -
 of his father long since dead -
 fight for his Queen and country -
 his noble blood had shed -

He did not for one moment think
 of what the cost would be -
 until at last it was too late
 And my boy was torn from me -

For the gallant deeds of his father
 inspired his youthful breast -
 And now - alas - too soon for me
 He joined in with the rest -

And now gaze on a vacant chair -
 No other sign can tell -
 For my boy - the idol of my heart
 Was slain at Glencoe Hill -

When you speak of the glories of battle
 of each gallant victory won -
 Just pray for a heart broken mother -
 who silently mourns for her son -

W. Heath

Tears tell tales

We see the child stand round the grave
 And tears are falling fast -
 She's weeping for those whom she craves
 That's gone from home at last -
 We see the prisoner in the dock -
 And tears are streaming down -
 That handsome face whose mind is checked
 Now faster on him frown -
 We see the child that's wandered far
 Away from mother's love and dear -
 Its childish ways are now so hard
 That brings it childish tears -
 We stand upon some landing stage -
 And watch the people pass
 Until our minds become engaged
 On faces that always last -
 We see a strong and stalwart man
 Upon a liner's deck -
 With tears that down his cheeks pour
 That left his cheeks all wet -
 He waves his hand to those on shore
 And wipes his tearful eye -
 Because he may not see no more
 Those that have said good bye -
 But yet there is another sight -
 That is not often seen -
 And tears fast tell of what is right
 And what those tears do mean -
 That sight is one that makes God smile -
 The sight is just a man -
 That on his knees for just a while
 Whose prayer God has just heard -

And as the prayer does upward go
 His tears begin to fall
 Not tears of pain - or trouble - no -
 Not tears that's known to all -
 He knows just weeps - he can't tell why -
 He simply prays - and weeps -
 Those tears they tell that Christ is nigh
 The shepherd of the sheep -
 Pushes face into that weeping face
 And in the upturned eye -
 You'll find that face is full of grace
 That no one can deny -
 Those are the tears that's never lost -
 He rather cries those tears -
 He knows alone what they have cost
 Is true they are so dear -
 When ever you see a person weep -
 Be careful how you tread -
 Be thoughtful - wise - someone may keep
 Your thoughts - and words you've said -
 Yet let a silent tear roll down -
 It never will be lost -
 Some day you'll find it on a Crown
 Its worth - and what it cost -
 These words may be fixed on that tear
 This tear was caught by me -
 He listened with an holy fear
 When on his private knee

W. H. C.

Relief of Mafeking Friday May 19th
City Square

I stood and watched a band of men
 of various types and shapes -
 And now I watched - I heard just then
 A sound that always takes -
 I watched those men - they all stood still -
 And listened to that sound -
 That came with sweetest notes that thrill
 The soul that London's bound -
 The song that came upon the air
 Was one they heard before -
 Some hummed the tune just then and there -
 For song on hearts arose -
 This song came floating in the air
 And all took up its strain -
 And now they sang with glad all here
 This was the grand refrain
 Shall old acquaintance be forgot
 And never brought to mind -
 We'll take the Cup of Kindness yet
 For the days of old Lang Syne -
 The reason of this happy throng
 Was news - of sweetest joy -
 That told of Mafeking safe and strong
 That had been so annoyed -
 Cornion shouted three times three -
 And then a grand Hurrah -
 This day is Mafeking sound and free
 The Enemy's scattered far -

But in that crowd that was a man
 That struck a splendid chord -
 That touched the heart - the song fair famed
 A song we all adore
 So long they pause with bliss one
 Can it still dwell dead on on
 Or move and live on spring and truant till
 The night is gone -
 The voice it joined in with the rest
 I could not keep it back -
 I thought how we had been so bliss
 Under the Union Jack -
 God bless the land we love so dear -
 May righteousness abound -
 May peace and love always be near
 Prosperity be found -
 It will be so when we have men
 Of Baden Powell's stamp -
 That kept the Boers from Powell's den
 And made them homeward tramp -
 The Union Jack it still does fly
 May it always be seen
 And bless by him that's always right
 That's bless our gracious Queen -
 God bless our land - our Nation Land
 The Land that's always been
 Surround'd by thy guiding Hand
 That gave us such a Queen -

Sacramental Service

We stand in front and gaze upon
 A glass composed of earth -
 And we can see our features from
 This glass that shows no dirt.
 But yet there is a looking glass
 That we see by our own dear knowledge -
 Composed of prayer from first to last
 And hung in private shades -
 We kneel in front and gaze into
 This glass - that does reflect
 The marks that always are so true
 When sin our hearts have met -
 And has the trace the many spots -
 We stand - and gaze in awe
 Because the marks that we have got
 We there by broken laws -
 We weep in private at the thought
 That we have been so wild -
 And gaze into this glass which caught
 Reflection - good - and wild -
 And has we gaze - we always find
 An hatred - deep and strong -
 Fierce - and firm in our minds
 That self is always wrong -
 We gaze into that hallowed glass
 A face - we do behold -
 That face is always first and last
 When we our vision hold -
 To see that face by our hearts eye -
 That face - it has no mark -
 That face - I find is always right
 When pure is the heart -

Behold that face - That holy face -
 That face whose lines you trace -
 That face when sin you cannot trace
 That face we all do need -
 Well pray I close my sinful eye -
 And hide my clenching face -
 When sin is there is always sign
 And sin I always trace -
 I can be clean - Not like that face -
 I can be pure - But how -
 By gazing on what I now trace
 No more except my face -
 Breathe on my sinful soul - Oh do -
 And on my ~~own~~ heart - Oh trace
 And find something I ~~never~~ know that true
 A smile from that dear face

W. Heath May 21 1900

Music

Thou gentle. soothing. Lullaby sound.
 That floats upon the air -
 A lodgement in my heart thou'st found
 I was carried there by prayer -
 Thy graceful. Healing Christ-like Balm
 Rest me to life the dead -
 Thou endures the storm to be a calm
 And cheers the drooping dead -

Music - Thou art a native not of Earth
 Thy native place is Heaven -
 On Earth we do not know thy worth
 By God to us was given -
 We'll sing the same sweet gentle strain
 In hark thy Heavenly Breeze -
 So that thy notes may come again
 Through him whom we believe -

Music - Thy charms to one are dear -

Music - Thou'st touched my heart -

Music - Thy Friendship is sincere
 And healing is thine art -

Where there's music I will dwell -

I'll worship at its shrine -

And with my voice its love I'll tell

And breathe its air divine -

The Angels know thy gentle art -

They sent some notes to Earth -

That found a home in some poor heart

The day of Jesus' Birth -

No soul of mine - just catch that sound -

Inhale its sweetest Breath -

So that thy music may be found

In my poor soul at last -

As diocad will my life then near -
 My voice will never tire -
 I'll sing the songs I love so dear
 That bless my soul inspire -
 Thou purifying Holy flame
 Refining to thy theme -
 Thy touch it always is the same
 Awake - like water in dream -
 Be near - and be my constant guest -
 I never from thee will part -
 I ask, I crave at Christ's request
 To harmonize my heart -
 Thy notes will carry me above
 On wings of sweetest air -
 And like thy stream that's full of love
 I'll decorate with prayer -
 I'll weave my prayer around thy notes
 With songs of Holy Breath -
 So that thy spirit may denote
 That music knows no death -
 Come near and be my Bless one when awake -
 Come near me in my sleep -
 Come near me for my savours sake
 Thy virtues are so sweet -
 And when this life is past in song -
 I'll still thy life inhale
 For here then shall be my truage
 To sing the Heavenly scale

W. Heath July 2nd 1900

Faults

My faults and failings I never see -
 I'm always in the right -
 Myself from wrong - I'm always free
 So selfish is my sight -
 But when my ~~thoughts~~ private thoughts do pause
 And view my inward mind -
 I always find some broken laws
 That's left a pain behind -
 I then review what I have done
 And bring them all in view -
 The penetrating searching sun
 Just finds my virtues few -
 It shows to me my feeble frame -
 My kind - my will - how weak -
 It makes me know I am to blame
 Myself I cannot keep -
 It brings in light a perfect tree -
 And on its branches laid
 Are virtues which by faith I see
 That never known to fade -
 I see the tree - I'll take a root -
 And plant it in my heart -
 Then ask the Master just to look
 And of his life impart -
 I cannot make that root take hold
 Unless it's watched with care -
 Because the soil may be too cold
 Unless it's warmed by prayer -
 I'll shield it from the cold north wind
 And let it face the east -
 So that the sun on it may shine
 That it may so increase -

The foliage of this pine tree -
 are peace - and love - and grace -
 I smell the fruit ere it you see
 And as the tree you trace
 Just pull a bit of that fine branch -
 When mercy is so thick -
 For mercy too does the heart entrance -
 When kind and heart are sick -
 She shield your eyes from selfish love
 And fetch the Branch of peace -
 You'll see it if you look above
 It's easy to be seen -
 I've touched it - nay I've let it slip -
 My hands they were not clean -
 I'll try that Branch to wipe
 For mercy can be seen -
 The kind of prayer has carried it
 And made it swing past me -
 Not past - I caught a bit
 When reaching from my knee
 To white - too white for my poor hands -
 Too clean for my poor heart -
 And let it come at my demands
 For mercy took my part -
 It may the fragrance of thy breath
 Keep me clean and white -
 As thou art life - also in death
 This branch may be in sight -
 I'll try thee with my private prayer -
 In company thou art love
 And with my life - I'll try to share
 My fruit I see above -

W. B. Smith
 July 1880

Love - pure Love

It stammers when there are vile thoughts -
 It blushes like a flower -
 It has to grow - it can't be bought
 And grows in shady bowers -
 It will not grow with seeds of lies -
 Because they are unclean -
 It won't be forced - you may induce
 Its gentle smiling beam -
 Its stem and roots are always white -
 Its leaves are white as well -
 You see its radiance in the night
 Its fragrance you can feel -
 You cannot soil it with your grasp -
 Your heart it must be clean -
 If unclean - It stands apart
 When unclean thoughts are seen -
 Its only seen by pure eyes -
 For pure is its name -
 It flies away with dread surprise
 When there's a touch of shame -
 So unalloyed - and pure love
 Come let me dream of thee -
 Just let thy nature flow from above
 Give some seeds in me -
 I'd like to dream of what thou art -
 I'd like thee in my life
 I'd like thee in my sleeping heart
 Thyself I will induce -
 Let mine - and cherish thee with care -
 Enclose thee round with prayer -
 So I may always see thy face
 And of thy goodness share -

Sabbath Day

How sweet - serene the Day of Rest -
 Reviving is its air -
 Calm and peaceful it requests
 It turns away stern care -
 It brings into the human mind
 Invigorating Thought -
 Until the Land of God we find
 That we have often sought -
 It makes our vision clear - and bright -
 Until our eyes can see
 Not far away - but near our right -
 Behind the veil - the free -
 God rested on the seventh day
 And hallowed it with grace -
 And by his smile he caused a ray
 Of bliss that we may trace
 To Sabbath Day - than art a place -
 Thy beams are full of light -
 We crave thy light may never cease
 To shine upon our sight -
 We'll shield thee with a wall of prayer
 Avoid that which is wrong -
 So that thy Sabbath we may share
 And trim it with our song -
 Than art a stream of holy rest -
 Thy Breeze from heaven came
 Thou came at once at God's request
 That Breeze is still the same -
 We feel that Breeze when at the shrine -
 As soothing is thy rest -
 It makes us know what is divine
 As thy Day is the Best -

In Holy Sabbath, we will Entwine
 Name & time Hallows Day
 Our earnest prayer with Love combine
 That there may ne'er decay -
 And when our earthly Sabbath's o'er -
 Our souls to Thee shall bring
 Our humble thanks - and Thee adore
 Our Maker and our King -

W. Heath June 3rd 1900

Thought while looking at the sky July 12th 1900

Painter may try to paint a scene
 Their paint may be on fire
 But they can't paint what I now see
 That does my thoughts inspire
 No canvas can be found so large
 No paint however mixed
 Can this picture now enlarge
 That does my thoughts transform.
 To Nature's hand that colours found
 Composed of Nature's Blue
 And white and Brown by Nature bound
 To this blue that is true -
 The sky serene - with tints of green
 Save the sky as fine
 How can trace what it does mean
 The painter is divine -

Could I but fathom those dark clouds
 Could I just climb its heights
 In my night I cry aloud
 The painter is in sight -
 No one can paint like Nature's Hand
 No Brush was ever made
 No Mind can grasp this picture & stand
 That never known to fade -
 This sky - It purifies the Mind
 And makes the sight more clear
 We find the sky is just combined
 By one whose pictures bear -
 They are so dear - they can't be bought
 They only can be seen
 These pictures have been often sought
 By painters in a dream -
 But this is Nature - Not a Dream -
 I've in its hallowed light -
 My Mind is wrapped in what I see
 That fills me with delight -
 In my presence my head & bow
 I cannot understand
 This Nature's picture see below
 That's drawn by Nature's Hand -
 As full of mystery - Get there then art
 In Nature's grand array
 Thy Beauty never will depart
 It fades - No Get away -

Finished at 12.0 noon at 6.0 pm awful thunder storm

In over

Storm

Grand - sublime - So what a light -
 The lightning's blinding flash
 The thunder roars with awful might -
 That followed by a crash -
 No one can paint a thunder clap
 To even see the cause
 No picture ever could envelop
 For these are Nature's Laws -
 We cannot catch a lightning streak
 Its speed was never told -
 The lightning - thunder - Nature keeps
 When it is warm and cold -
 We all breathe the name of God with care
 Our whole life should combine
 To ask who can this God compare
 For He is all Divine -
 While on the Earth we all breathe the air -
 Which is thy Holy Breath -
 Our thoughts shall now ascend in prayer
 To God that knows no death -

Composed by W. H. C. July 13th 1900

Keep Smiling

When ever you see a little child
 Just help it in its play -
 It will make you gentle sweet - and kind
 And will some joys repay -
 Remember you were once a child
 And some one played with you
 Although those days have past awhile
 They do some scenes renew -
 A every child is free from care
 It does not know what's wrong -
 It only knows the Bright - the fair
 And innocent its tongue -
 What we are our child will be
 Its full of imitation -
 It only copies what it sees
 It is God's own creation -
 A ugly child was never born
 For what is pure is good -
 And what is good should not be shorn
 Until its understood -
 A child is simple - Blithe and free
 It does not know a care -
 Then let us take it on our knee
 And of its sweetness share
 Although I'm old I once was young
 Although I'm old - I hear
 A gentle sound from Mother's tongue
 That was a smile sincere
 Therefore if an am child like a smile
 A child must love me too
 So let us smile upon a child
 Because its love is true -

A smile is cheaper than a frown
 It brings us joys untold -
 But if we frown it just brings down
 A feeling that is cold -
 Then always smile on those that pass by -
 And smile on age as well -
 And when thy smiles on Earth are done
 A tale too true they all tell -

Then let us smile in word and deed
 Our thoughts with smiles aspire
 To drop drop a smile on those in need
 And then the Heaven prize -

Wheatth July 16th 1900

Principle

I am out a meaning deep and strong
 I dwell in heart and mind -
 Sometimes I say to thee be gone
 I will some virtues find -
 I know that I am frail and weak
 But with one I am strong -
 And with my strength I guide my feet
 Away from what is wrong -
 I build around me as I dwell
 A wall composed of care
 I fear the man that fell
 When guided by my prayer
 Temptation comes to every one
 No matter who they be -
 But with my No at once it done
 In principle is free -
 A fool can travel with the tide
 When principle is gone -
 But when I help I always guide
 Against the tide that on -
 I have ever lost a single soul
 Although the storm may rage -
 The winds may blow the billows roll
 But I their strength can gauge
 With my No - The tempter's gone
 My path is clear from strife -
 My No is full of beauty song
 That rings to me through life -
 Just clasp my virtues to my heart -
 Let be thy constant friend -
 I come with you far distant
 As strength I always find -

(Resolve) Come. I will thy life inhale
 Come Principle to one
 I'll be a Man although I'm frail
 I'll be a Man that's free
 Upright. Noble. free from vice
 Free from human woe.
 Guided by thy good advice
 In advice known as one
 Success to what I now have done
 My peace and hope combine
 To make my life a noble one
 By principles Divine

W. Heath 16th July 1900

A Letter to Mr. F. C. Cooper

One voice I'd set your soul on fire
 By thought & put in words -
 The only poems that we inspire
 Come one by what they've heard -
 We each express in our own way
 Our thoughts - our life in deeds
 Therefore my friend a moment stay
 And pluck the growing weeds -
 The spring of thought will then arise
 Shall catch the Rhymes flame
 And to thine heart with glad surprise
 Will come thy Rhyme again -
 Take up thy pen and let it write
 And let thy ink be thought -
 Then on thy paper put a light
 That is so often caught -
 On thy desk where thou dost lean
 Just dust it with sincere -
 Thy writing then will always mean
 The pure spring is near -
 What is our Rhyme unless it's clean -
 It is not fit to read
 It's like a fever that does burn
 Even to pains in the head -
 But if our thoughts do pierce and soar
 On wings of pure air -
 Come Heart or Mind that may be sore
 May find a palace there -
 Then let the fire of thy thought
 Be kindled by thine Heart -
 Thou must - Thou shouldst - Thou really ought
 To take a Rhyming part -

We yet - er shall come this way again
 So let us always try -
 To write our thoughts in such a way
 That they may ever dry -
 Sink and write while there is time
 Then when the days are past
 The thought in words that have as rhyme
 Be on the tombstone cast -

Here lies a man - that put his thoughts
 In words - and made them rhyme
 Although he's gone - his rhyme is sought
 By those with pure minds

Wheatth July 17th 1900

Thoughts while in Bed

I am laid upon this bed of pain
 And all is quiet within
 My thoughts they crowd upon the brain
 That Bitterness does bring
 I am then King what I have not done
 Although I would I do -
 To be both firm and true to one
 That has been to me been true -
 The past it haunts me like a ghost
 As true both day and night
 I cannot say with any boast
 That sin is not in sight -
 The silence of my evil heart
 Disturbs my place of mind -
 Although not seen - I feel its smart
 That's left remorse behind -
 Remorse for past deeds I have done
 I can't remove its stains
 I can't remove a single one
 The past - my mind sustains -
 But - though my mind does look in fear
 And though it is so pained
 There is a voice I often hear
 That all - or by sin was stained -
 That voice is speaking now to me
 To heart - just take all in -
 I am he that liveth free
 That cleanseth all thy sin -
 I love them that love me
 And those that seek shall find -
 Come in to me and be free
 And place flesh on your mind -

Come in - Thou heavenly gentle being
 And be my constant guest -
 I feel thyunction from above
 Thou come at Christ's request -
 Sit on the throne of my poor heart
 And let one battle thy great
 death, love of God because thou art
 my hallowed mercy seat.
 Could I but always live just here
 when all is pure within -
 Could I but always be sincere
 And always free from sin -
 But thou art hold of my poor heart hand
 And thou art in my heart
 Around me thou does always stand
 And when I am from thou art -
 Then - I can always live like this
 I can't be left behind
 And I may always have the Bless
 That in my heart I find.

Love - and peace - Ever thy own -
 Mercy all my white
 No let these virtues one adorn
 Thou give the kindly light.

W. Heatt July 17th 1900

A Letter to Mr. J. J. Lawson

When you are laid upon your bed
 Come thoughts may come into your head
 Come in gloom and come in light
 Come may purple and cause your fear
 And to your eyes may come a tear
 And to your hopes a blight

No one may see a tear or know
 The pain of mind while in below
 All caused by passing thoughts
 And thus you keep all in your breast
 Light to you of your earthly rest
 That you have after caught

Yet in the dark and silent night
 There is a ray of coming light
 To those that only wait
 We see the light's sweet pink beam
 Come times awake also in dream
 We see its beams partake

Therefore we'll try and trace the beam
 From whence it comes but when it's seen
 But when it's out of sight
 The clouds then gather on our head
 We see them with a fear and dread
 But yet there is a light

That light is flashed with faithful hope
 That does come help at once denote
 To flashed upon our way -
 We see the shadow of that light -
 It's not a shadow - It's too bright
 This shining gentle ray -

The sun may be kept from our light
 But let it shed its shining light
 It never stops to rest -
 It sheds its beams on far and near
 Its power is always rich and free
 As pure as his breast -

We'll gather round that shining light
 That comes upon our faithful sight
 And let its rays impart
 A sweetness to our hearts and kind
 So that some day its rays may find
 A heaven in our heart -

No ray of light be than my friend
 And let thy rays just draw around
 And always on us shine
 And if this heart be touched with fear
 Just let thy ray of hope be near
 And round our heart - Entwine

Our fear at once will disappear
 If from the rays of hope we hear
 Thy voice on us just now
 And bless us with thine holy ray
 With hopeful cups so that it may
 put strength in our hand.

Ray of light turn on thy Beams -
 And let it rest upon our dreams
 And on us when awake -
 Then we'll feel its healing power
 Awake - asleep - Ray at this hour
 Just for Jesus' sake -

William Heath July 15th 1900.

MY THOUGHTS ON A CHRISTIAN LIFE, AND END.

It is a journey we all make, And bound to make the trip,
 We can't forsake, the trip we take, We must stick to the ship,
 Until the harbour we are in, And safely from the storm,
 We must throw overboard the sin, Of formality and form.
 The Captain points us to the land, That we can just discern,
 He points to us the shifting sand, And says of me ye learn
 To shun the craft o'er sunken rocks, To shun the breakers too,
 Although the crew sometimes may mock, the Captain's always true.
 And if He leaves us for a time, the Pilot takes the bridge,
 And be the weather wet or fine, The sail Himself He rigs,
 Until the sails are all stretched out, And also full of wind,
 He cries aloud, just tack about, The harbour we shall win,
 He cries, behold the harbour lights, Just steady that main sail,
 We see the land, it is in sight, Christ never never fails.
 And as the harbour mouth we reach, There's friends to shake the hand,
 And on the shore they all beseech, Just view the promised land.
 And then we hear them all strike up, We'll part no never more,
 We know that bitter's been the cup, But now you're on the shore.
 We all shall sing, Oh bless His name, He's brought me home at last,
 I was afraid when first He came, But He did hold me fast.
 We then shall sit just at His feet, And gaze into that face,
 And bathe His feet just as we weep, And thank Him for His grace.
 But we must take some on the trip, We cannot go alone,
 Our scholars we want in the ship, To take them with us home.

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Oh Lord, my God, just smile down here, And on us put thine hand,
 Oh bless our scholars, direct their fears, And help them all to land,
 Oh breathe just now on these young hearts, And guide them all through
 And cleanse their hearts from sin that smarts, Their minds from evil ^{life,} strife,
 Then we'll sing with loudest notes, The blessings of the cross,
 And Lincoln Field's shall still denote That sin is only dross.

Type written by Miss Flori Hagganes

Wheat 7th 16th 1900

My Thoughts on Sacred Song-

To the pure delight of Sacred song -
 Thy worth no one can tell
 We sometimes gather in a throng
 That we thy charms may swell -

Thine hallowed - holy soothing Thrill
 Has set my soul on fire
 For thy strain my soul did fill
 With music's sweet desire

I love to feel thy Healing Balm
 Set simply in my ears
 But in my heart when false alarms
 Have caused me rising fears

I'll wear around thy Sacred Scale
 A wreath of Heartfelt Song
 By that thy presence may prevail
 In heart - in mind - on tongue -

Let thy abode be my rest -
 That rest my constant care
 Thy harmony my souls own rest
 Thy notes my ^{and up with} ~~passing~~ prayer

Then - no discord shall I hear -
 I shall always repeat
 My praise - my love shall be sincere
 If thy spirit meet -

My Love
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My Love shall water has the dew
 The seed: that Music's sown -
 And all my Song shall thee pursue
 To guard thee as my own -

I love thee - than knows I do -
 Than purifying stream -
 In my soul I now renew
 What thy songs do mean -

I'll praise my Lord in Loudest praise
 Of thy refreshing stream -
 So that someone may hear my Lays
 That song can only train -

I would not do without thee -
 I would not if I might -
 Thy name to one is Rich and free
 That shows my path a light -

Gentle - Holy Tender soul -
 Thy friendship is sincere -
 Thou smooths the heart that thou hast found
 And checks the rising fear -

Forever will from thee depart
 Although my voice may fail -
 In my heart I'll sing a part
 Of Music's Hallowed Hall

Written after tea night Bishop's parade July 22nd 1891
 for the last time.

Wm. Lenth

My thoughts after (singing) 67. hymn Wesley

I may this moment be set free
 From sins that detain
 That keeps one from a look at Thee
 That always is the same
 Thy chamber I'll enter what's there
 My mind would be more pure
 Although not seen - I would be glad
 To make any life require
 Auster from here - away be vice
 I will be free from wrong -
 Thy grace my heart it shall entice.
 Away - my sins be gone -
 Now - I see the realm of light
 The picture is serene -
 I did not know these splendour lights
 That thy faith have seen -
 What light this light away from me -
 What could up my light
 Was only self that I could see
 What light one from the light -
 Now I breathe the heavenly air
 And soar on wings of faith -
 So that the noise of my poor prayer
 In upward flight may take -
 I never thought it half like this -
 This peace none can compare -
 Its gates are known as perfect bliss
 That opens unto prayer -
 As I pass inside the gate
 They turn men closed behind -
 That kept back sin and sealed their fate
 While I now scenes did find -

I saw a path when Lilies grew
 The Emblems of the pure -
 And found my soul the Angels drew
 To keep me on a square
 They sang to me in strains so sweet
 That I could not my falling ears -
 And as I wept - I saw a star
 Not marked - to those sincere -
 I tried - trembling all the time
 As everything was white -
 When some kind hand came up behind
 And laid me to the right -
 I laid this hand upon the cheek -
 And looked into his face -
 And there I felt light at his feet
 As Christ I then had traced -
 His voice then joined in with the rest -
 Accompanied by my ear -
 Because I found I was the Guest
 Of Christ the most sincere -
 I wondered how I got up there -
 And thought I must have learned
 Just that the Angels sang the air
 Known here as home sweet home -
 And thus on earth we all may sing
 As sweet as those above
 To God in voice - our hearts may bring
 To realms of pure love -
 But I am here - I am not there
 But O that I may aspire
 To sing those songs of praise and prayer
 And help the heavenly choir

Shrapnel of the fract-

Just lend thy inexperienced ears
 And listen to the aged -
 Thou'lt find their words to be precious
 As life by them is saved -
 And when thy tears have all run dry
 And thy thoughts do reflect -
 How well thou'lt join to someone now
 Like this - Mind thy steps -
 And thus we run from someone's past -
 That's found the Rocks of Life
 So that our life may never be cast
 In trouble - pain and strife -

If some Counselor should read my words
 That I now fit and write
 I hope they will his thoughts disturb
 As my thoughts are tonight -

W. H. H. H.

A Letter to Mr. George Cooper
and + Lust

There are some things upon this Earth
That man could never bring
Could speak of our air brought but death
To presence they deny
They say that love is brought but Lust.
The kind that does so think
Is full of vice - that brings on rust
That snaps the human link -
Vice it rips the human frame
Destroys what God has blessed -
A blight is always in its train
And death is vice's own guest -
But Love - Builds up the human frame
Accepts what God has blessed
A flowering path - is in its train
That brings a pure guest -
I feel in my earnest soul
A person with no love
His mind and life is in the dark
While love gets light above
If I don't know a certain thing
Much I say it is not there
If I do - someone may try
And say it out just here -
Suppose there was no human love
This world would be an Hell -
Our thoughts would never pierce above
The blight that vice does sell
But love - it is no fancy dream
It is to those that's blind
The spring is not what it may seem
To those that vice do find.

So. no Love is pure from the spring
 And pure in its stream
 And where it goes it always brings
 A sacrosanct scene
 While Vice is dirty at the spring
 And filthy in its stream
 And when it goes it always does bring
 A curse that comes when seen
 Love is white - Vice is Black
 How opposite they are
 Love has peace upon its back
 While Vice does always war
 I see pure Love in all its bloom
 I see it in the flower
 It always pure and knows no storm
 But built like castle towers
 I see pure Vice on back and lips
 That flatters a flattering air
 That cuts the flame but by bit
 It stings some can compare
 The kiss of Love has got God's smile
 And watched by angels' band
 Its clean and white and has no guile
 And blessed by God's own hand

Love - I see it. So have you
 Unless you are too blind
 Therefore this Love we know is true
 We'll leave all Vice behind

W. H. H. July 23rd 1900

My Thoughts on Heaven

No Rich or poor - No pain or gloom
 No Thoughts of what is past
 No faded flower - But all in Bloom
 Whose fragrance always last -
 No aged with wrinkles on the face
 No weak and tottering steps -
 Which may you look - You always trace
 A peace with no regrets -
 They never ask about your health
 Good night is never sent -
 They do not know the use of wealth
 Only strange to what is dead -
 No sinking from behind the west -
 No rising in the East -
 God is the Host - they are the guests
 Whose's prayers never cease -
 The sun is radiated in splendid white
 All on the Breasts serene
 Their wealth consists of calm delight
 And life is always seen -
 The sun is always shining Bright
 That focused on a face -
 That throws an halo of delight -
 Whose shadow we embrace -
 They know no shadow they see the face
 Almighty God is near -
 We only trace his coming race
 That comes from filial fear -
 They talk to Christ - we talk in vain
 But they sit by his side
 While we drink the passing stream
 With cups that sometimes dry -

Just fancy for pain or sins no fear
 No need - thoughts to crush -
 The very thought brings Heaven near
 While we are still of dust -
 I fancy I now see that Face
 Whom I had lost is near
 I do not trace - I have His grace
 Whose wings have caught my fear -
 They talk to Christ - and I will too
 But not in fancy's dream -
 But calm - and thoughtful I'll renew
 My place against the storm -
 I will inhale its healthy air -
 Enjoy the hallowed scene
 And that stream shall float my prayer
 To Him that I have seen -
 He'll take my prayer and hold it up
 To see what it contains -
 Then hands to one Creation's cup
 That I may drink again -
 He got my prayer - I got the cup
 And Christ stood along side
 To give me strength to lift it up
 Before the stream went by -
 Where is Heaven - It must be here
 I can't to glory see -
 I can the angels ring just hear
 That's come to sing to me -
 I'll ring down here - while you ring there
 We'll ring the same sweet theme
 My part must be a fervent prayer
 To Christ on whom I lean

Wheat July 25 1900

Thoughts in Burman's Cemetery
July 26th 1900

If all the tears that have been shed
On this sweet sacred spot
Could all be gather'd in a bowl
Their depth could not be got
If all the cypresses that have been drawn
Could all be gathered up -
Their weight would crush the back of man
Many a flower waiting here -
If all the hearts that's gathered here
That tremble on unseen wings
Could tell their tale of woe to our fear
They'd reach unto the sky -
Religious hopes - a painful mind
A life that has been crushed
In what the place has left behind
There's nothing here but dust -
These stones just mark the resting place
Of those that's run this life
They must remain - they can't retreat
The steps of those behind
But God - His coil it just contains
The frame that always dies
There is a hope that still remains
That's not built up on rights
See the tear falls to the ground
And lost to those that's near -
But there is one that stands around
Whose hand has caught that tear

He takes that tear on wings of Love
 And carries it away
 Then stores it up in Heaven above
 And brings it out some day
 And when its brought and put in light
 An Halo shines on it
 A Choir then comes so sweet and light
 And says - My Crown it fits -
 The Blighted hopes - If they are wrapped
 In garments known as Grace -
 Shall always will supply the caps
 That Grace can only trace -
 The Birds are singing in the trees -
 They do not know of death
 Their lower class always doubt to believe
 As seen in their breath -
 The weeping Willow bends her bough
 Towards the Wreath that hangs
 That marks the spot of Broken bough
 That an hour in the grave
 But from the grave come will arise
 And hear a welcome sound
 That comes through space know here as they
 They hope - a pardon's found
 Then let us hold on to this hope
 With faith's tenacious grasp
 It will at last to us denote
 An anchor firm and fast
 And is this when death be laid
 And wait until the morn
 When that blast by God is made
 To wake this poor form

My chance of Mercy will be past
 If soon I then shall hear
 I'll take the chance before its past
 Longest worship ever since -
 O Lord - my God - my heart inspire
 My mind to purify
 So that at death I may retire
 When there are always sighs
 As you will I have in my heart -
 As little thoughts in my mind
 I want to be clean as thou art
 In life - and death combined -

Then when I hear that awful blast
 At noon - or noon - or night
 Thy hands may take me in thy grasp
 And blot me all in white

July 26th 1900 William Heath

The Blushing Face

How often have we gazed upon
 A face that speaks of health -
 With tints of red that face had on
 Was nature's richest health.
 We see the bloom upon the cheek
 That speaks of coming life
 That in the face it always seeks
 To print
 Ah - there is a bloom - its richest bloom
 That pushes to the face -
 It has a passion like the moon
 Whose beams we often trace -
 That blush or bloom can only come
 When pain has never been -
 If pain comes - the blush then turns
 And tells just what it means -
 That blush it is the sweetest flower
 That's caught by angel wings -
 Although its tender - yet has power
 To make a pain spring -
 If they should find a blushing day -
 They shield it from the cold
 They take that blush and fly away
 To Christ - the shepherd's fold -
 They plant it where it can be seen -
 In God's most sacred spot -
 Then - those that see it know its meaning
 There's not on it a blot -
 We see the blush on maiden's cheek
 That pushes just like a flood
 That forces its way new soil to seek
 And turns up dirty mud -

This Lender - Holy - pure Blush
 It makes the Face more sweet -
 If there's sin - That Blush has crushed
 When sin that Blush it meets -
 In holy scripture it is found
 In letters plain but dear -
 Take off thy glass - the Hallowed ground
 And see they found was near -
 Thus the Blush is Rich and dear -
 By God's Love it is found -
 Keep down your sin when Blush is near
 In which that Blush has found -
 Don't say a word - or do a thing
 That brings a painful blush
 Into that heart it leaves a sting
 That is the cause of rust -
 Speak to a Maiden in pure words
 And let your thoughts be pure
 If you speak do not distrust
 Your heart from sin secure -
 The Blush is God's own heavenly bloom -
 The human heart the ground
 When grows the Blush with sweet perfume
 That decks the virtues found -
 Is may we witness in our time
 A reverence for that blush
 And may we always keep in mind
 That even a Blush will crush -

When you see it in full bloom -
 Around its tinted perfume
 A sacredness that Prayer of Kiosk perfume
 That God may on it shine -
 And when you please - Just have your prayer
 Like lilies that are white
 When our prayer may have a share
 To keep that blush in sight -

When you and I stand at the Bar -
 And blanch our only trust -
 Christ may say we are - or did ever
 A holy - pure - Blush -

Wheat July 31st 1920

The Love of Christ

Inacious - Tim - Sublime is Love
 If wisdom has it away -
 Is mastered by the few above
 That cannot be said may -
 No matter what may go or come
 This Love is always true -
 And if alarmed it simply runs
 Spoke it may love the most
 A Love of Love - a sacred Love
 A Love that's always true -
 A Love whose leads are from above
 A Love that's the most secure -
 One it is not human passion -
 For passion is a curse -
 And Love will mould and always fashion
 A heart by Love's own nurse -
 It will not spring up in a day -
 Nor will it always grow -
 It has no Vice - and yet it may
 Come to Virtues show -
 Imagination sees what's wrong -
 And Love sees what is right -
 It is not always on the tongue
 Although it is in sight -
 It lifts - pictures a heavy heart -
 To life - it is a Balm -
 The Virtues are to heat a smelt
 And make a storm a calm -
 To like a Bud whose leaves are pressed
 Against each tender leaf -
 And when the Sun does it comes
 It opens out its heart -

Thus - pure Love does always press
 towards a pure Love -
 It's only then when it can rest
 Before it soars above -
 It cannot Breathe an Impure Air -
 Or anything that vile -
 This purity none can compare
 Or have a greater smile -
 Those that live where it is pure
 May always have a share
 But those that vile will not come
 A piece - for Love is prayer -
 And prayer are words right from the Heart -
 That Purge by thought -
 Caused by the spirit's good impact
 When thought by God are caught -
 Thus the Love is God's own stream
 Whose Banks are hallowed place -
 On its current there shines a Beam
 When Christ is always traced -
 Approach this stream with thought and care -
 Fall on its waters trace -
 An Halo which can see by prayer
 That shines from Christ's sweet face -

Aug 5th 1900
 Wm Heath

Satisfied

What ere I wish - what ere I get.
 I'm ever satisfied.
 It always leaves one with regrets
 That brings a rising sigh -
 I use to think when in my youth
 What I should try to be -
 I did not know the Bitter truth
 I thought - But could not see -
 I've built my castles in the air.
 And furnished them throughout -
 But facts has laid those castles bare
 And scattered dreams about -
 I built my castles all of stone -
 By fancy - all cemented -
 Now - I'm left with facts alone
 That makes one dis-contented
 I find that castles are not built
 With stone of fancies dream -
 As facts they force up to the hilt
 For facts they will be seen -
 Sometimes the sky has looked all clear -
 No clouds of coming pain
 Could be seen - But they were near
 And other's in their train -
 I sometimes sit in silent thought -
 And view the troubles past -
 I must be honest - Come to me tonight
 Whose sting will always last -

What I have bought they sting the worst -
 As they have touched the heart -
 Which proves that man may buy a curse
 That never will depart -
 Some have been handed down to me
 Inherited - some say -
 Inheritance I do agree
 For it is Nature's way -
 Yet there is a gleam of hope
 Within the human grasp -
 Whose rays do always help denote
 That pure - and firm and fast -
 That helps - Begins with serious thought
 Of what I am - and why -
 Then - perplexities are brought
 That bring divine ears high -
 That ear - is sensitive to sound
 Can ear the rising sigh
 Can ear the ear fall on the ground
 Can ear the Private cry -
 Then - God sends a soothing word
 Like those of Ancient times -
 Keep thine heart - be not disturbed
 I'm here with help divine -
 Then new thoughts come into the mind
 New feelings in the soul -
 Old desires are left behind
 For Christ has got control -
 We then do revel in those words
 Blessed is the heart that's pure -
 Keep thine heart - be not disturbed
 I'll keep thee firm - Amen -

We walk by faith not by sight
 And hope just transmits the light
 That's full of race both day and night
 That we may always sup-
 Sweet is thy help - sweet is thy love
 Sweet is thy smiling face -
 Sweet is thy smile from Heaven above
 Sweet is thy healing grace -
 Now - I see what I did not -
 Now - I feel thee right
 Now - I know I'm not forgot
 That makes one satisfied

William Heath August 21st 1900

Early Impressions

My Mother took me to a class
 When I was but a child -
 Although the days and years are past
 She followed me all the while -
 The Leader asked my Mother to pray
 She prayed - and wept as well -
 My Infant Eyes they did betray
 My fears - my very heart as well -
 I wept to see my Mother weep -
 The Leader stroked my head -
 He tried to dry my youthful cheeks
 Until his prayer was said -
 She stopped her prayer - and dried her tears -
 And soothed my troubled Breast -
 She kissed away my trembling fears
 And soothed my mind to rest -

Peace has gone. Its memory dear
 I am no longer strange
 I met in class for twenty years
 And then I still remain
 As useful as Mother did
 I am prayed and sang as well -
 Is there from sin I am oft times bid
 And of my Carwin tell -
 How He has cleansed my heart from sin -
 My mind from evil thoughts -
 And by His love - my soul did win
 I pray I often caught
 And now I dwell in His face
 His grace I dwell in -
 I want to see that Holy face
 That He - er was marked by sin -
 My face is marked - my mind has well -
 But Christ was always clean -
 Oh may my life and actions tell
 I'm cleaner than I've been -
 I trace all this to years gone by
 When in my infant days -
 When Mother prayed as well as lived
 Impressions deep it laid -
 Ah - Mother's love gave birth to grace
 And also road to Child -
 You'll find that grace is in His face
 Both Gentle - meek - and kind -

William Heath August 22nd 1920

On the Cando at Seabro August 11 ¹⁸⁹⁰

While sitting by the ceasless waves
 That washed towards the shore
 I could not help but be amazed
 At waves that simply roared.
 There in the offing lay a smack
 With nets paid out for fish
 And at the boats they had to tie.
 That the right ~~idea~~ ^{idea} the smack right ^{idea} ^{idea}
 I thought that is the way of life
 No matter where we be
 We have to tie to this the stripe
 That floats about so free.
 We all have got a net laid out
 That we might catch something.
 And when it's caught we are in doubt
 If pleasure it may bring.
 The nets sometimes are made too wide
 The fish if caught has gone
 Of course the fisher gives a sigh
 Because his net was wrong.
 Some people fish to catch some health
 Some fish for wealth but not for health.
 While others fish for wealth but not for health
 For they think wealth the best.
 Of all the fishers I have known
 There's one that's always sure
 The net is one of great renown
 And always catches more.
 The net is made of fine Band
 That's wrapped with hands of grace
 When it is hauled - it brings on land
 Something where God is traced.

In that Net you see it laid
 And nothing else you see
 Its white - and pure - never fades
 And caught on Private Line -
 Its hauled up with a Chain of Prayer
 Whose links are made of Grace
 It never gets loose there: too much care
 To keep it in its place -
 We'll let our chain of prayer run out
 Attached to bits of Grace
 Then haul it up without a doubt
 And purity thus trace -
 Then when the net is hauled once more
 We'll look into the Net -
 Then take it out and view it o'er
 And pray the more to get -
 Thus in life we always try
 To catch or gain a prize
 Then let us try while hope is nigh
 To have our nets right size -

William Heath

Thoughts are never in Prison

Those walls that are composed of stone
 Can't know as prison bells -
 To keep the prisoner from his home
 Because from home he fell -
 It only keeps the human frame
 Thoughts are never locked -
 Except the thinker keeps the cage
 And even then they knock -
 Its walls however strong or thick
 Can't keep thoughts in a cell -
 They fly away through stone or brick
 The ether knows that well -
 The sands may pick the broken string
 And keep his cell all clean -
 Yet while he picks his thoughts take wing
 Although the sand is seen -
 The thoughts they bring back what they like
 That satisfies their taste -
 If thoughts are good they bring back light
 That stamps it on the face -
 Who we did live on pure thoughts
 That had an ugly face
 No - Human Nature won't be brought
 Or favorite embrace -
 Pure thoughts bring pure air
 That pushes purer ways -
 And pure ways none can compare
 So they do not decay -
 While thoughts live on vice and wrong
 That brightens the flower of man -
 Whose offspring is an impure tongue
 That goodness cannot span -

But
 But
 That
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 In
 The
 Tell

But thoughts that clean they wing their flight
 Return with laden wings -
 That full of hope and calm delight
 With tender love it sings
 Thus we'll let our thoughts now fly
 On wings of pure air -
 When they return we'll gather sigh
 And build them round with prayer -
 Therefore our thoughts basked in the sun -
 And hear the songs divine -
 Then when the tale to one is done
 I'll soar to sweeter climes

William Heath
 August 26th 1900

All the world's a stage - we are actors

How true those lines. Ours very true
 We each do act a part -
 What in we do we must pass through
 Experience of life's art -
 The one that prompts mistakes when made
 Stands just behind the scenes -
 Transits upon attention paid
 Although some pain it means -
 We cannot put the prompter down
 His voice it will be heard -
 No matter how we fret or frown
 The prompter's not disturbed -
 He goes on with his daily task
 Can read the heart and mind -
 He never does a question ask
 And so is thought unkind -
 No matter where we go - or be -
 The prompter stops the steps -
 Just like a hound who's cent is free
 The cent he always gets -
 Then why not listen to his call
 When first the voice is heard -
 Because the prompter does know all
 Both private thought and word -
 We'll listen too - the promptings now
 Obey thy word and will -
 And by thy promptings keep our ban
 And thus our ban fulfill -

William Heath - August 26th 1900

Harmony. Sweet Harmony

I know thy name - and where thou dwells
 Thy name brings peace and calm
 The human mind may find thy wells
 That are an healing balm -

I never thought thou'd dwell in me
 When thou became my guest
 I thought thou only came to see
 My home - at my request -

But when thou came in all thy bloom
 Thou purified the air -
 Thine hallowed breath dispelled the gloom
 That sweetened my life's care -

The noble voice sang out the song
 I listened too thy sound
 When too I heard the alto's tongue
 So sweet - yet so profound -

My soul was wrapt in silent awe
 When base and tenor came -
 And wappol there voice in music saw
 That brought out Harmony's name

My soul was full of strange delight
 My mind in calm repose -
 I found the opening of heavenly light
 As thy sweet songs arose -

I can may drink at thy sweet chime
 Inhale thy sweetest air
 My heart and kind may always find
 A peace and comfort there.

Although my voice may soon be gone
 And feeble be my frame
 I still may love these hallowed songs
 With hearts own prayerful flame -

But some day I do hope to sing
 A part in which I love -
 I'll send a prayer on faith's strong wings
 To heavenly home above -

I know my voice it is not sweet -
 But let I may enjoy
 Thy presence when thy songs I meet
 That bring an hallowed joy -

I'll love and cherish thee with grace
 And clothe thee round with prayer
 That thy sweetness may go trace
 And thus get my own share -

I'll wash thy table with my tears -
 And serve thee with my heart -
 I'll sing thy notes with holy fear
 And angels hear my part

Wheat Sept 6th 1900

Sacred spot

Come think the ground a sacred spot
 Where lies the Dead perma-nent
 They plant the Rose - Forget-me-not
 Still love is still the same
 We each do look with different eye
 Our tastes are not alike
 They are has varied as the sky
 That changes Day and night
 Yet - There's a place to me most dear
 More sacred than the Grave
 For in that place I never fear
 Whose peace I often crave
 'Tis the school the Sunday school
 That is a sacred spot -
 And round it hover's God's own people
 Whose smile the school has got -
 'Tis there we see the handsome face
 That's not been marked by sin
 And purity we there do trace
 When those young hearts we win -
 'Tis there we see the happy smile
 That has no touch of shame
 Whose youthful beams we see awhile
 And virtues we can name
 'Tis there we see the light young feet
 And how they trimly tread
 How some Obed tells they are neat
 And modest bow their head -
 'Tis like a Garden in full bloom
 With roses sweet and rare
 That has a rich and sweet perfume
 That purifies the air

W. L. G. Sept 7th 1900

Goods heard in Leeds Market

Dances sweet - oh come and buy -
 I'll take a dozen please
 Now you Gent to your strength just try
 Powder for Boys and girls -
 Country Butter - new laid Eggs
 Now Ladies just taste that
 Hog hair and wooden peep
 A chilling for this heat
 Linen and Krays in a penny a Bunch
 One penny for this Page
 Take that Bunch just for once
 Mill Bat for a dinner cage -
 Now Ladies and gentlemen with Bad Lines
 These Pills will remove all pain
 Now just for once a trial give us
 You cannot try in vain
 Gumbags - Loob - Rheumatic darts
 This ointment will relieve
 It also will remove all warts
 All pain at once will leave
 A grand cold water for 7/6
 And all in good repair
 Grand Shrub a penny a stick -
 Rabbits - Eighteen pence a pair
 Cold again they still will come
 They know I sell good stuff
 A penny a stick that cheques pain
 Who'll buy this splendid Knuff -
 Cabbages - Lettuce a Bat a cone
 Two Lemons for a penny
 Ten Yards of carpet for a floor
 Come try I have at many

Beef and Butter come eat it out
 There's no American here
 It is all English there's no doubt
 Cider and Lager Beer -
 Fresh Haddockes - Kewing - Polace and Ling
 Fresh Cod. Pike will buy
 Now my ladies buy something
 I know you'll thank a friend
 All human Birds I have in stock
 Hullo. Hullo che Bumps
 The Police Shop for Best Drink (look)
 I will cure all kinds of Bumps.
 Sixpence a pound for Brandy Snaps
 Here all good cheffield Knives
 Try the patent Canvas traps
 Locks and Keys - a line
 Will you get dis pair of Boots
 I will take two angie for
 Sixpence for dis Turkey foot
 tis saved Ben you are sick
 Come will you get dis up hat peas
 I draw a line at that
 Now my friends if you please
 I'll stop I think for that

W. Heath
 Sept 7th 1900

Mother's Remarks to a child

- How bless thy handsome pretty face.
 You art my darling boy
 You art a credit to thy race
 My own - my little joy -
 Well declare - You knuckly brat -
 Precious and ready like clean
 You like a little trailing cat
 When ever has than seen -
 You's clambled all over with Lumps of Kneak
 You pick - I am for sure -
 It always was and is my luck
 You likes to roll on t floor -
 You's always climbing on to chairs
 Well than Lord pit still
 Just don't the let one see thee bite
 To swallow any pills
 Come here my Lord - thou makes me glad
 To see thy little smile
 You art the picture of the race
 I am my young child
 How get the tea - That's a day
 You know I'm afraid to Bake
 And here's thy little cake
 And here's thy little box of toys
 You know I'm afraid to Bake
 You's done it now. You's split all fat
 I never saw such pains
 You makes me feel right foiling hat
 You's always doing harm
 Come - dry thee face - and pit on thy
 And here's the tea and cake
 Well I never see's smashed his mug
 You makes my heart fair ache

Now Charlie Lad just play with him
 And round that bowl of dough
 I want to speak to Mrs. Long
 He - I just thought so -
 Now then's in a bonny flight
 Thump upset dough on the rug
 As I wish it was just right
 I'll let it see the ring
 Thump's spilt the tea and smashed the pot
 And tumbled down three steps
 Come to my Mrs. then little dot
 Thump's still the Kramma's pet -
 Now hush now - don't cry now
 The Kramma is out cross
 Thump is the Kramma's little dam -
 Thump's the little Lad -
 Well come - Thump wants to have a clup
 I know Thump's kind Lad
 Now just there chub the little pups
 He's off - I am so glad -
 I should not like to lose that Lad
 For a Mullin pounds or more
 He's one Lad - He's one Lad
 Listen - He's opening Bedroom door -
 I'm coming now - Now stop just there
 As I am so glad
 Thump did not dare to come down stairs
 Hush - Thump's the Lad

W. Heath

Sept 9. 12 1900

Kissing. what it means

- The purest Kiss that I have seen -
- Was done by Mother's Lips -
- You cannot fancy what it does mean
- Her love it always gives
- Just Watch a Mother Kiss her child
- Her Kiss knows nothing wrong -
- Its full of love - not for a while
- But all her whole life long -
- She puts her Arms around the child
- And hugs it to her breast -
- And kisses it as well as smiles
- That brings a loving sweet -
- She gazes in those Infant Eyes
- And sees her Image there
- Then plants a Kiss that never dies
- Upon that cheek so fair
- And when the child is wrapped in sleep
- She'll creep up to that Bed
- And too draws her Head that face to meet
- And she her love may shed
- A pure Kiss may be a light
- Kissing you from a friend -
- But both of those are not as bright
- As what a Mother sends -

A Mother's kiss is full of grace
 That never loses power -
 It brings a peace we all may trace
 That blooms just like a flower -

Don't treat a Mother's kiss with mirth
 Just plant it round with prayer -
 For God alone knows what its worth
 In purity is there -

And what is pure blooms from the pure
 That sacred in its truth -
 That makes the life the more secure
 In kisses knows no death -

When Mother kisses let us pray
 That God may crown with bliss -
 That Mother's Kiss - so that He may
 Just smile on Mother's kiss -

Wm. Heath

September 10th 1900

Troubles of a Married Man

One night - my child it cried so hard
I got out of my Bed -
But when I walked about a moor
I knocked my poor old head -

Of course I tried to get light the Gas
The matches were not there -
I fiddled about until at last
I tumbled down the stairs -

Of course I was not wide awake
When I got out of Bed -
But I ~~awoke~~ awoke and so mistake
When I bump went my poor head -

I got the matches - struck a light -
Then put it to the Gas -
But oh dear one I got a fright
As I the Globe had cracked -

Of course the child kept crying on
By fast it would not stop -
I comforted it - cooed it - hummed a song
Was wound up like a clock -

I put some sugar in its cradle
And thought now that will do -
When oh dear one - it gave a shunt
And turned its face right blue -

At last my wife got out of Bed
and ran down stairs to see -
But trod upon a toe instead
That she had left for me -

She said I was a ~~good~~ ^{rough} man
I tried to kill ^{the} child -
When I saw that child it ~~made~~ ^{made} began
To laugh - I did feel wild -

I left her with the child to nurse
While I once more retired -
In to another room I burst
That was a story higher -

But in that room I saw some stars
That is not after seen -
If they are seen you don't see 'em
But stars are what I mean -

My wife had left some soap about
Upon that bedroom floor -
I found that soap without a doubt
And clipped bang at the door -

I got in Bed and rubbed my Head
And rubbed my shins as well -
I was so glad I had two beds
For then asleep I fell -

When you retire for the night
 Have matches just at hand -
 If you want to get a light
 It will save your head a bang -

Don't get up when half asleep
 It is a bad mistake -
 If you do I think you'll meet
 A foe - That will awake -

Don't let your wife learn soap about
 And always have your money -
 If you can I have my doubts
 Your wife a word among say -

Let her say just what she likes -
 It will please her mind -
 You don't speak but strike a light
 A star I think you'll find -

William Heath

September 10th 1900

What is art-

To get a Brush and paint a Scene
 Requires care and thought
 The ~~picture~~ ~~then~~ subject ~~then~~ it must be seen
 Before it can be wrought-
 Therefore the picture must be there
 In mind - or Nature's own -
 Then the ~~canvas~~ canvas is laid bare
 On what the picture's shown -
 A sculptor works on stone or wood
 To form a human face -
 Then when it's done we think it good
 For there fine art we trace -
 You - walks with camera in his hand
 To snap a passing scene -
 For art he has at his ~~own~~ command
 That imitates what's seen -
 But painters only imitate a scene -
 They cannot paint a thought -
 They only paint what eye or thought has seen
 Or work what thought has sought -
 They imitate that's all they do -
 But is that really art -
 Accomplishment I think more true
 So that is man's own part -
 But art - I think it is divine -
 The Brush is God's own hand -
 The human soul the canvas find
 And hope - the painter's stand -
 When once the painter makes a mark -
 The colours never fade -
 Although the frame decays and parts
 You trace the picture made -

The artist likes to paint a scene
 With back ground rather dark -
 Then brings in front what may be seen
 The artist's private mark -
 He puts the light shade too the back -
 Then partly brings in white -
 Until the artist shows the art
 Of changing black to bright -
 You see my thoughts in all this rhyme
 The picture is the heart -
 That can reflect an Art divine
 Whose colours ne-er depart -
 We all are Artists of a kind -
 And pupils we have got -
 But if the shades are all Divine
 The Subjects ne-er forgot -
 He brings the subject out so clear -
 That proves how fine the art -
 We then approach the picture near -
 And read the scene in heart
 We all may call that picture mine
 And look the subject through -
 Then as we look a light Divine
 Will prove the picture true -
 I'll take a copy - give one one -
 I'll keep it clear of dust -
 Just send it with my Holy Son
 I know He will one trust -

William Watts Oct 2nd 1900

Blows and Wounds

How many blows we get in life
 Some pain the human mind -
 And wounds the feelings like a knife
 That leaves a mark behind -
 The flesh sometimes receives a blow
 That smart's just for a time -
 It may be healed - let me behold
 The scars its left behind -
 But there are wounds that are not seen -
 And deep and cruel too -
 The wounds are deep and very keen
 That travel this life through -
 The deepest wounds are in the heart -
 Where springs the stream of life -
 That runs so pure deep and dark
 Where human help's not nigh -
 Wh. help may come to that dark stream
 And lift the falling light -
 And heal the place where lights have been
 With balm that God supplies -
 The wound when found is wrapped by hands
 That full of healing grace -
 That makes the heart to understand
 The presence of a Face -
 That face just smiles upon the wound -
 Which does take in that smile -
 Then grace around the heart is bound
 By pure that quick and mild -
 A wounded heart may not be seen -
 By those that's near by -
 They cannot tell what it does mean
 Or near the rising light -

There is an Eye
 A wounded heart it may be seen
 By one that always sighs -
 Because his eyes has Healing Keen
 That sees the rising Light -

Oh wounded heart let in the Balm
 And dry thy fallen tear -
 I will soothe thy heart with hallowed calm
 The Deep is so sincere -

September 26th 1900
William Watts

Man was made in the Image of God.

Is other thing upon the Earth
 Is matter where it be -
 Can - like man be of such worth
 Or think - or act so free -
 The mind may wander where it will
 Can touch the Hills divine -
 And get a sight of that which fills
 The soul - by what it finds -
 The Beast that wanders in the field
 Are under Man's command -
 They always did and still do quail
 Unto the Words of Man -
 May we know is God's design
 And perfect He was made -
 Upon Him God did put a sign
 His Image on Him laid -

The Bad and vile are in the ~~Heart~~ Mind
 That blunts the tender heart -
 As the thought - as man we find
 Composed of Dying parts -
 The soul we know it has a spring
 That runs into a stream -
 Until a course is found that brings
 An Image that is seen -
 The Image shines upon the soul
 Then Breathes on it a Breath -
 And through that Breath the soul is told
 That it shall know no Death -
 Soul Immortal - approach with care
 That Image which we trace -
 And ask Just Enter on the steps of prayer
 And see thy Maker's Face -

September 29th 1900
 Wm. Heath

Not Alone

It is 2 - am - the sky is black -
 No drifting clouds I see -
 But stars I see that point a track
 That points a way to me -
 Why should those stars be always out -
 Although not always seen -
 I cannot answer without doubt
 But light I think they mean -
 The clouds pass from the Moon's light face
 That throws a beam of light -
 And by that beam we always trace
 An heavenly light at night -
 No lamp surrounds the Moon's sweet light -
 No wick - or oil it needs -
 And yet than shines both day and night
 And thus the world than feeds -
 The sun is peeping in the East
 The Moon now in the West -
 Ah - what a sight for thought to feast
 On Nature's welcome feast -
 A streak of Brown - or streak of grey
 Colors that take of green -
 That tells me this is early day
 That is no fancy dream -
 This picture purifies the thought
 Brings heaven by scene's so near -
 And its aid the soul is caught
 On wings of filial fear -
 It fills the soul with calm delight -
 The heart vibrates with love -
 It fills the mind with hallowed light
 That only seen above

Wm Heath September 26 to 1900

Mandering - But not alone

I am all alone - say - not alone -
 My thoughts now visit me -
 They make me wish I could atone
 For what my thoughts now see -
 Although I am shielded in the tree
 From everybodys gaze -
 I know my thoughts now visit me
 That makes me so amazed -
 I cannot get away from thought
 No matter what I do -
 It haunts my mind when ever I walk
 And makes me learn the tree -
 I've tried to cover up my stream
 But Nature stayed my hand -
 And made me learn what thou did mean
 When thou didst give command -
 Therefore my thoughts - Backed in the light -
 And climb the Heights Divine -
 Because - from there thou'll get a sight
 Of what thou's left behind -
 From there thou'll gaze in Wap-tured awe -
 And gaze on Nature's Face -
 'Tis there thou'll find that Nature's Law
 By Gods own hand we trace -
 Look at that cloud just over thy head -
 It is an Heavenly Blue -
 Then at the right are tints of Red
 That tell thee Nature's true -
 Then in the distance is a Green -
 That framed in clouds of white
 The frame is shadowed by a Cream
 That does the Green define -
 With

Beneath that cream light far away
 the clouds like passing smoke -
 That drifting to the suns Bright rays
 Enfold them like a Book -
 New thought - who put those clouds in Bright array -
 who made that cloud like snow -
 If then know - I beg - I pray
 That thou shouldst deign to know -
 O Lord Divine created all -
 God - we can say thy name -
 And Nature answers to his call
 In God holds Nature's frame -
 If He withholds his might hand
 Chaos and Carcass reigns -
 For God has Nature at command
 As He does Nature train -

September 25 1900

Wheaton

Saturday Night September 29th 1900.

11 o'clock - in one short hour
 We'll dawn the Sabbath Day -
 Our feet shall wander to a Tower
 Where voice is heard to pray -
 Even now our thoughts are there -
 I hear those hallowed songs -
 That rise and fall upon the air
 From that Harmonious throng -
 Refreshing are those sacred scenes
 For strength they do supply -
 They even bring into our dreams
 A taste of peace gone by -
 The memory can bring up the past
 That gives the heart a feast -
 And so a stream is found at last
 Whose currents never cease -
 And thus we take before we get -
 All there before we go -
 The songs now come that I have met
 They will not be paid as -
 On Sabbath Day - halm Sabbath Day -
 On one thy bloak feet on -
 And as our hearts begin to pray
 Just trim them with thy song -
 So we enter at thy shrine
 Direct our thoughts alone
 And as we pray let light divine
 Spread in our hearts thy love
 Infuse thy healing Christ like Balm -
 Thy guiding hand point on
 To where the stream of holy calm
 Flows on with sacred song -

Oh - Sabbath Day - Balm Sabbath Day -
 Show lowly Day of rest -
 Ask - I beg - I even pray
 Thou - ll be my constant guest -

following Day after evening Service -

I walked into the house of prayer
 And saw a splendide sight -
 There were some flowers pick and care
 That helped to make all Right -
 We all stood up to raise our voice
 In sweet and hallelued hymns - "
 The song sound made all rejoice
 That holy pleasure brings -
 The preacher said in voice most clear
 God - does always live -
 And has the spoke we felt love hear -
 Whose dew fell from above -
 Our souls they round to realms of Bliss -
 They plucked the fruits divine
 And drank the juice we oft had wish
 That left this love behind -
 It touched the spring when flows the tear
 The channel was the cheek -
 That carried all the tears of fear
 When soul and God do meet -
 No human hand can paint the scene
 No thought how our fine
 Can that light paint on a scene
 And - only paints divine

Hallowed be thy holy name -
 Praise - is thy love -
 And now thy love my heart shall train -
 With love from God above

W. Heath

Learning to skate

I thought I'd like to learn to skate
 So I looked such praise from -
 But little did I know my fate
 When skating I had done -
 I put the skates upon my feet
 Then tried to stand upright -
 Of course I tried to do it best
 No ladies were in sight -
 My left leg went towards the south
 My right leg to the west -
 I found I had without a doubt
 To seek a place to rest -
 I tried once more to stand upright
 Just as a lady passed -
 But slipped - I rubbed with all my might
 And down I went at last -
 I saw some stars while on my back
 Not stars that are in the sky -
 But stars that shine upon a track
 That came from head to eye

I got some Quarts and some as well
 And kept my knees right firm -
 Then at it I did & fell well
 As I did want to learn -
 The child I went into simply proud
 Just floating on in space -
 It was the height of joy just jawed
 Just like a splendid race -
 But oh dear one - I lost my hat -
 I lost my head as well -
 I tried to turn my feet like that
 And through the ice I fell -
 I jabbed about just like a fish
 And some one pulled me up -
 Then some one said they only wished
 They had not heard me shout -
 He cold went to my very bones
 I wanted a handsome babe -
 But what I heard just made me scream
 Not one - I can't be had -
 I had to walk in that cold flight
 With nothing round in circles -
 One young lad - he was a tyke
 He said I was a Baw -
 I ran to get out of their sight
 They ran and gathered more -
 They shouted & laughed with all their might
 As they were out of sight -
 But when my wife just layed on me
 And saw my dirty flight -
 She would not let me in your ear
 She said I was not right -

I've played at football broke my leg -
 With Biking had a fall -
 But skating broke my poor old head
 for skating beats them all -
 It shoots one leg right out in front -
 the other slides right back -
 your body then performs a chaunt
 upon a new made track -
 in fits and starts on now all right -
 But God I can skate -
 The story of that awful night
 the night I learnt to skate -
 Beyond that nasty skating thing -
 Beyond that name I hate -
 for peace and love they just took wing
 when I began to skate -

October 6th 1900

W. Heath

A Thought

I like to see a handsome face
 That can out-serve a mark
 For in that face something we trace
 That death can never part.
 We cannot trace it in a man
 In woman it is found
 But in a child we always can
 Just find a peace profound
 Just gaze into a young girl's eye
 You'll find what I do mean -
 Or then it is none can deny.
 A beautiful serene
 Gentle - sweet - a searching look
 Whom becomes are full of grace
 Her life you read just like a book
 And thus her virtue & trace
 Is clear - or thought of what is wrong
 She trips her little come feet
 And sings a snatch of some sweet song
 That tells the friends she keeps
 Oh - my merry handsome friend
 Keep clear of sin and guile -
 Be sure the way should end
 Where peace does never smile
 Keep thy heart just like a flower
 Whose leaves close when it's night -
 And open with the sun's warm power
 That floods the earth with light -
 Then thy fragrance will be sweet
 Thy radiance be the pure
 Then in the end thy soul shall meet
 A Heaven that is secure

Wheaton Oct 23rd 1900

Thoughts after Leade Kindly Light.

Now. I can see as I see did before
 I light I hold
 My heart is calm because I see adore
 I am of thy fold
 I'll walk by thee and take hold of thy Hand
 Because my soul is now at thy command
 I now can pray - oh what a glorious thought
 Still lead me on
 I love to choose thy way that thou has taught
 me to walk on
 I see thy face that brings to me a smile
 Whose beams I feel that keeps my soul from guile
 Thy power hath blessed found the secrets of my heart
 Through Holy song -
 I'll bathe thy feet with tears that now do start
 For sin has gone
 I'll take the fruit that grew on trees divine
 Inhale with prayer the sweetness I now find.

Written by Wm Heath
 after reading Leade Kindly Light
 October 27th 1900

Must submit to pain
 How varied is the human face
 One - two - or three are two alike
 Of course some features we can trace
 That bring a name in sight

The nose that tells you of conceit -
 The lip of discontent
 Has a lip we sometimes meet
 On those that have contempt

The doubtful eye just speaks a word
 The knee of lust and passion
 Has a look that is absurd
 That's brought by pride and fashion

The Haughty walk we see as well
 For it just tells a tale
 In fact our ways do always tell
 Just our nature fails

But Nature - Nature and all faults
 Are brought into a stand -
 When pain just comes and cries out halt
 We answer pain's command.

I know my failings that I do
 But when are they just now -
 I do not want them to renew
 Their friendship or their power.

What made this change in mind and heart
 Why just a packing pain
 I wish it would with fault to depart
 But oh it's there again.

I cannot walk with ease or grace
 I cannot stand upright
 Because a pain does me embrace
 And fault to have taken flight

O haughty man - what is thy worth
 Thy soul can only rise
 Thy pain light from thy very birth
 Was doomed to pain and sighs

I know thy failings are thy own
 But they may be set free
 If only self will faults disown
 Then free from vice thou'll be

Thou cannot do it by thyself
 But there is such a stream
 That can supply some private help
 For by that stream I've been

That stream is only caught by prayer
 When on thy private knee
 The stream will come just then and there
 And vice will be set free.

Let by that stream - let prayer to be bring
 A current that may trace
 A path full of virtues that may bring
 All to thy Maker's face

Written while Lumbago had me

Wm. Heath October 25th 1900

Oh my Carion

Then death clothe my soul in love
 Hear my humble prayer
 Then death point to one above
 Tells me home is there
 I can see thy guiding hand
 Trace my path as now command
 Then my soul runs carion
 I know full many others

Let me see thy pure face
 Let me be like thee
 Clean and white as sin can trace
 Just like thee for he
 Then my soul will do no wrong
 Clean and pure shall be my tongue
 Then art still my carion
 Guide and keep me free

Oh I want to be like thee
 Yes thou know I do
 When no wrong thy eye can see
 Just like thee as true
 Then I'll have a pure heart
 Know my carion Private heart
 Yes thou art my carion
 And I know it too

W. H. Hatt

Oct 24th
 1900

I thought on my ways and turned my feet
unto thy lecture.

I brought my thoughts unto a stand
and come I then turned out.
While others I could understand
that had been full of doubt.

My ways I then did look at
With thoughts our searching light.
And found my ways lead to a trap
that kept me from the right.

I could discern another fault.
Forgetting that I had
gone this right down in my own fault
the leads of ways right bad.

I saw upon a Brother's light
to me - so large - so clear.
It in my eye a beam shone bright
Reflecting business.

But when my ways engaged my thoughts
I was surprised to find
how my faults my heart had caught
and cherished in my mind.

I looked into the vaults of thought
 And a look within -
 There on the ground was what I sought -
 Some ways coiled up with sin -

Those ways arose and tried to hide
 Behind a Brother's fault
 They could not hide although they tried
 As light to them could not -

They hated there and stood in line -
 I counted them to see
 How many ways had light divine
 And those from sin were free -

I got some help and turned all out
 They fought to get within
 The struggle was one full of doubt
 For Nature tried to win -

I found that helped - held out his hand -
 I asked it then and there
 At that my ways did not command
 For he had heard my prayer -

He changed the Nature of my heart
 And taught me how to pray
 Then on my ways he put his mark
 As they were then no way -

November 11th 1900 R. B. Harts

The Japanese Minister from Washington
asked Professor Max Muller for a New Religion for
Japan. But must not recommend Christianity.
Want a New Religion

They say religion is too old. They want one that is new.
But New Religion cannot hold. It distorts our feet.
The New Religion cannot cure the Private sins of Man
For vice is only what it gets and vice it always can
It creates a mind depraved. Pollutes the stream of thought
And tries to make a soul that's saved. By lies that it has forged
It has shed a drop of blood. For blood it needs to shed.
To fill of Balm. Knows no cure. And never cures the soul.
No healing Balm it has not got. For wounds are what it makes.
A rising evil it does not. And blessing it forsakes.
The old Religion shed some blood. And wounds it wants to heal
It cures the soul. Collects the good. And for a finner feels.
To virtue find a trembling heart. And hears a private prayer.
It sees a tear as it does start. And gathers it with care.
It helps a soul to keep from sin. And runs too it with grace.
And on a wound pours Balm right in. That helps the human race.
It helps a mind that knows distress and lets it feel a tone
That soothes the mind to holy rest. And shows it heaven above.
This old Religion has a spring. Where Christ is always right.
And if a Cup you only bring he will not pass you by.
No. New Religion we require. But of the old will share.
From the New we must retire. And clasp the old by prayer.

November 14 1900 W. H. C. W. H. C.

Oh it is cold

I'm starved to death - I am for sure
Will you always shut that door
It blows right at my back -
My flesh just now is all goose bumps.
Also my teeth they jump - jump - jump
Let me my slippery Jack -

I've coughed and sneezed and fairly barked
All this day from morn to eve
Until I'm fairly done -
My nose has wiped about a bit
I really thought I'd have a fit
No - I want no fun

I'll have some Pumps boiling hot
Just make me some I'll drink all hot
Shut that door
You have no sense I do declare
Get me that cushion off that chair
I've asked for one before

My nose is running like a tap
This handkerchief is like a hat
And oh my nose is sore
When I get warm I'll go to bed
This cold I think is in my head
Shut that door

I'll rub my legs with olive oil
 I think I'm going to have a cold
 Ah. I do feel bad
 I cannot eat. I cannot sleep.
 Just oh how cold is my poor feet
 I'm so let me have

You can't have been as bad as me
 If you had your all agree
 To do your very best
 To keep that door shut all the time
 But no you think it very fine
 To leave it wide & pass

I'll go to bed. I will for sure
 When I know you'll shut that door
 And keep all snug and warm
 By your back and arm like mine
 You know you a snorer a pretty shine
 If cold came to your arms

I'm sweating now. But oh the cough
 It nearly sends my head right off
 But Romps is grand stuff
 I've drunk a quart of beer drunk right
 I'm glad a bottle I have bought
 May. I think I've puffed enough

Shut
 down
 before
 that
 tulle
 good

With
 some
 I too
 I will
 This is
 Chas

Shut that door I've told you before
 Don't you open it any more
 Before I go to bed
 That door is shut. Keep it shut
 And who's there - it's weather, foul
 And night is here.

With Blankets - shut and heavy fugs
 I made my self so very snug
 I soon began to snore
 I woke - as I began to snore
 This of course you'll fairly snort
 Shut that door -

W. H. H. 1000

Music's Influence

Music must be heaven born
Transplanted down to Earth
That brings to man the dawn of Morn
So thought it brings to birth.

Its tones - they find the aching heart
And soothe it unto rest.
Its spirit does at once impart
An holy hallowed quest.

Its power - always draws and clings
Like honey round a tree
And we may feel its healing wings
For heaven sent it free.

Wherever it goes - it leaves behind
Some seed that is divine -
And when it's gone we still may find
Its chords - the heart entwined -

Its spirit enters private ground
Where lies a sleeping past -
Awakes to life what it has found -
Sustains it to the last.

It calls to mind what better Lang
Though she has gone to rest -
The heart may feel an heavy pang
At music's own request.

The Angels sang - a lullaby is born
 And we repeat that strain
 That cheers some hearts that feel forlorn
 And thus a peace again -

The chords of music we will seize
 And gush them with care
 The heart and voice they shall arise
 To heaven - on wings of prayer -

Then when our soul at God's command
 For upward flight may take -
 The heavenly choir around may stand
 And ring us through the gate -

Around the gates of Music's shrine
 We'll decorate with love -
 Then hallow with light divine
 With chords from Christ above -

What God has sent - we will return -
 Christ shall give the tone -
 And thus by music we pray learn
 What Angels sing at home -

W. Heath March 18th 1901

Faith - Hope - and Charity.

Faith is trust that holds the hand
Although it would hang down -
For strength it always can command
Through human nature frown -

It is our help in time of need.
It leads man up to hope -
It's not the fruit - it's not the seed
But well the fruit denote -

It sees the ground - knows the soil -
And brings in here the seed -
That hope shine up on low sweet soil
It plucks the growing weed -

When man would fail - it lifts him up -
And strength it will supply -
It points to hope to fill the cup -
When man would droop and die -

It can discern the weakest spot -
The drooping heart will cheer -
May bring a light man has forgot
And bring hope very near -

It brings to view things out of sight -
Substances man may feel -
It is a witness - Brings to light
Facts it will reveal -

Hope is a Beam - it is a light
 It is a shining star -
 It penetrates the gloom of night -
 And Brings day near - when far -

Storms may break upon life's shore
 Waves run Mountains high
 The Wind may make the Breakers roar
 And cause the heart to sigh -

But through the storm a light is seen
 That penetrates the gloom -
 Its only hope that left a Beam
 To show where flowers bloom -

The human mind may live in doubt
 Without a Ray to cheer -
 Yet Hope will come and turn it out
 And show that help is near -

The secret cells within the heart
 With trouble may be sealed -
 But they give way to hopefuls art
 And to its light they yield -

The soul may search the world for light -
 And search for it in vain -
 Because the soul did not invite
 Good Hope - a light to train -

Hope stands near - it is sincere -
 It never leads astray -
 Its Radiant Beams take off of fear
 And leads it far away -

Oh Beam of Hope - Thou Heavenly light -
 Thou light within the gloom -
 I would just now myself invite
 To make my hope to bloom -

Storms may gather over my Head -
 The waves of trouble roll -
 But Hope will show me where to tread
 It can the waves control -

When Mornings light dispels the night -
 Be thou my Mornings Guest -
 To entertain my soul with light
 My Heart and mind to test -

I will build an altar here -
 And Hope on Guard shall stand -
 So that it may bring Heaven near
 And calm delight command -

But Charity - it is divine
 Prayed in Robes of White -
 It seeks to save - it doth Entwine
 And leads from Wrong to Right -

It seeks for Virtues - not for Vice -
 And ne'er upbraides the Wrong -
 When Virtues found it doth entice
 To paths of Holy Cong -

Charity has many Names -
 And every one is Sweet -
 Because they never look for shame
 To Virtues they do seek -

Mercy is its Gentle frame -
 And Kindness is the Art -
 But Love is just the Artist's Name
 And Charity its Mark -

It is a Nurse with gentle hand -
 That sooths the Storms of Strife -
 For healing power it doth command
 And leads from death to Life -

It is Chaste - perfect - true -
 It never was defiled -
 God alone keeps it pure -
 By Nature it is Mild -

It never turns aside from pain -
 But takes it sweetest Balm -
 Helps the fallen - hides the shame
 For charity a charm -

Its fragrance is so rich and sweet
 That none can it compare -
 It purifies the air we meet
 For charity is true -

Kindness - Mercy - adorned with love -
 Are emblems of the true -
 And charity is Heavens dove -
 Its journey comes in view -

It breathes an atmosphere divine -
 And flies on wings of prayer -
 Returns to Earth from yonder clime
 Its attributes to share -

You cannot soil it if you try -
 Its always clean and white -
 For pure it came from the sky
 To lead to morning light -

Faith will come into the mind -
 And Hope the heart will cheer -
 And charity the soul will bind
 To make a love sincere -

It is a picture God has made -
and framed in Heaven above -
Its perfect colours cannot fade
Because its watch is Love -

Hang that picture in thy home -
and keep it clear of dust -
Then community will be a home -
of Rest - and peace and Trust -

What I have seen

I have seen the waves run mountains high
 Seen the lightnings flash -
 Heard the voice so pushing by
 And thunder loudly crash -

I have seen the snow fall gently down
 Seen the dew and rain -
 Felt the sun shines golden crown
 And walked through fields of grain -

I have seen the labourer in the field
 Attending to the plough
 turning up what frost have sealed
 preparing seeds to sow -

I have seen the harvest gathered in
 partaken of the same -
 Seen the Lark rise up and sing
 its praises to acclaim -

Seen the birds - and the flowers -
 The trees with luscious fruit -
 I have searched about for Nature's powers
 In fields and sky and books -

But had to say I could not find
 The powers that I sought -
 Until I whitened my mind
 And found the powers sought -

The power I caught I found was God
 The God that doth create.
 For Nature shows me where He trod
 With Marks I can't mistake

The ocean with its wide expanse
 Also the rising sun
 Are pictures - perfect at a glance
 That prove what God has done -

But has I think about the seed
 That's planted in the earth -
 Just proves to me that very deed
 That God alone gives birth.

Where is this God - where can He be
 I would so like to know.
 If I knew I'd try and see
 The God that Nature knows -

I've found this God through Nature's art -
 That's pointed out to me -
 That in the mind - in the heart
 This God we feel and see -

Therefore Heaven is on Earth -
 Not in the bright blue sky -
 For on this Earth God brings to Birth
 A love that cannot die -

W. Heath. Jan 18th 1903

What Christ sat on.

Upon the Mountain side he stood
And preached the word of life.
His whole life long was doing good
That often brought him strife.

No Carpet for his weary feet
No velvet where he sat.
He preached that souls a peace might meet
And peace he preached right at.

No Scarlet Robe adorned his form.
His position any where.
He preached to Herods that felt forlorn
His love he gave a share.

Sometimes He stood upon a ship
Aloft on the Sands.
I never heard He had one bit
Of pile on which to stand.

No Human Choir gave him help.
No organ at his side
But simply stood just by Himself
Through life until He died.

But we must have just in the place
An organ rich and sweet.
Aloft a Choir very near
Whose singing is a treat.

Our ~~worship~~ worship has to be on pile
or velvet. Red or Blue.

But sometimes this is only guile
That proves we are not true.

God will hear a praying heart
Knelt on wood or stone
His Grace He will at once impart
And make that heart His home.

Pile may be easy to kneel on -
And velvet catch the eye -
They do not help an Hallowed song
Or prove that Christ is nigh.

He sees the tear - the rising sigh -
He'll catch the rising prayer -
Although no pile or velvet nigh
His Love the heart may share.

He wants the worship from the heart
That He a great way find
Not where velvet is a part
But in a pure mind

The wear of a pair of Clogs
Or even naked feet
Can find the path that Christ has trod
And sit down at His feet

Wheatth Jan 15th 1903

What I do like

The heavenly choir I do
 To learn the tunes the
 holy Rapture must appe
 has soon as they begin

Because they will never make
 their harmony sublime.
 They all dwell - instead - then just partake
 the pleasure most divine.

Their music books I do like to see
 And see the letters same -
 Their Instruments I think must be
 of holy Hallows name -

I know one Glee they often sing
 It is the Natural Key -
 They sing it when they see the King
 For which composed ~~that~~ ^{this} glee -

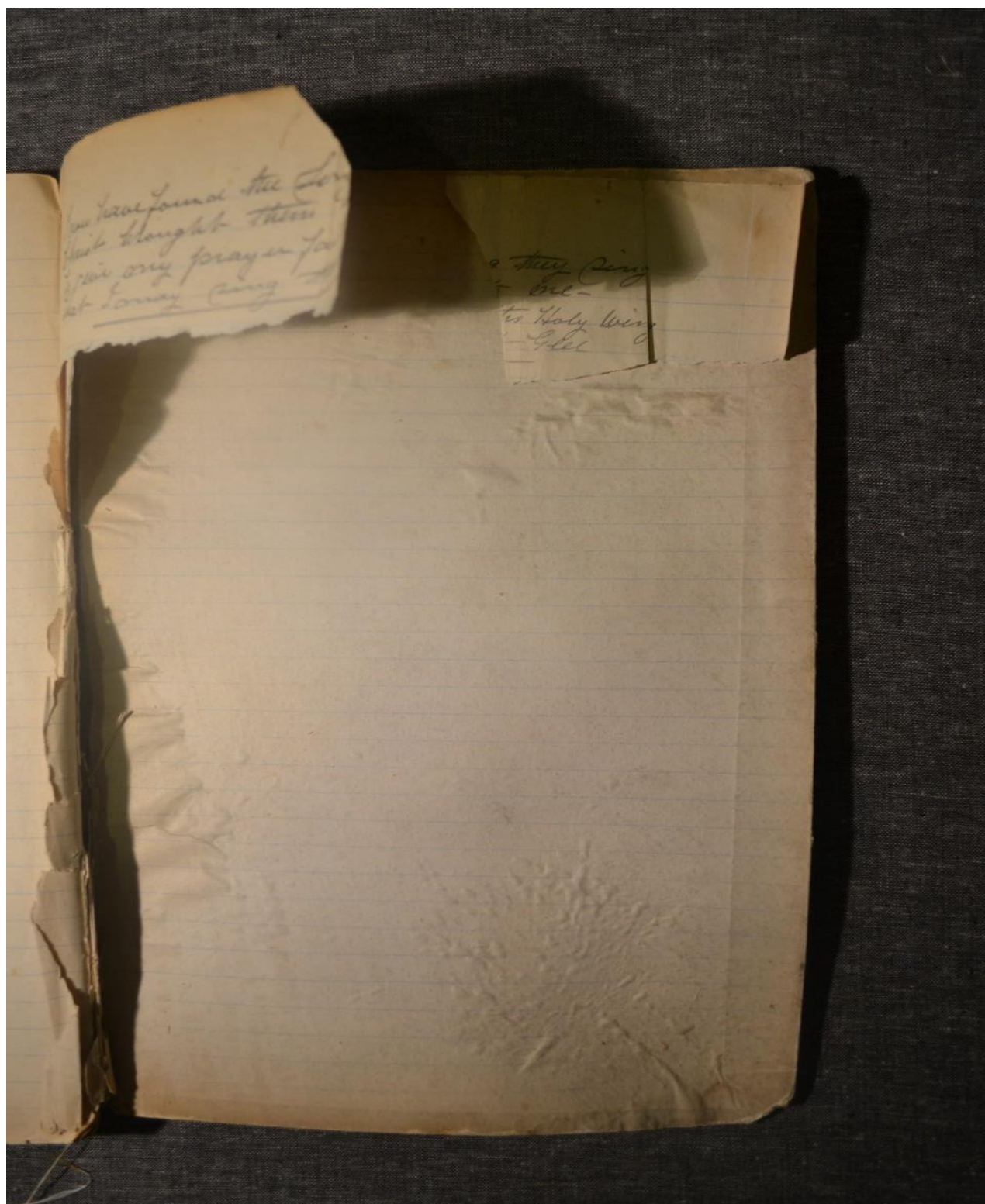
I send my Son from Heaven to Earth
 To lead my lost ones home -
 Those have found what Christ is worth
 That sit around the Throne -

No care or pain they ever feel
 No anguish in the heart
 Joy and peace has got my seal
 To show my private mark -

I see
 Watch
 In my
 His th

The li
 The B
 men
 That

The Po
 And
 He ad
 The R



musings

It's very easy to sit and talk
 Another thing to think.
 I wonder now how do I walk
 How do I use this ink.
 How does the wind show me the way.
 Do they tell my eyes.
 How it is done I cannot say.
 The nature's big surprise -
 There are wonders in the grass
 Also in the trees -
 Seasons come - Seasons pass
 But - What directs all these -
 There must be some great moving power.
 A wonder out of sight.
 That puts the fragrance in each flower
 Unfolds the shades of night.
 The maker of this perfect world
 His hand I've never seen.
 Yet - Some power must hold the wheel
 To guide the world's machine.
 We see no wheels - no map - no sign.
 We see the rising sun -
 Who ever saw the world's design
 Or saw the drawings done.
 Planning - Model - Moulder too.
 The flowers and the leaf
 Are nature's pictures that we view
 Are works that made by God.

As you wonder why the pin
 The power of creation.
 We see the trap of everything
 The wonder of ~~creation~~ creation.
 And know what is creation
 Not

Hymn 457. Lenny's Sunset

I see the old man on the hill side -

Watching the waters rise -

Musing on scenes far and wide

His thoughts on Eternity.

The Harbour as placid and still
Waves of the sea near and far
were rolling and racing at will
But - never could cross the bar -

The lights at the Harbour mouth -

The Bell Rang on the old Rock

then signs to clear him of doubt

That he would land at the dock.

He gazed on evening twilight.

And heard the wild willows roar.

He knew not all the morning light

Where farewells are so sore.

The Pilot had taken command

And chart and compass could tell -

The old man saw the promised land

The Rock of Ages see -

He was not in a passing dream.

Just musing in silence alone.

The lights and Harbour he had seen

For he was near Home -

W. H. Smith

Mount Cheam.

I cannot paint the break of day -

Or sketch the shades of night -

(1) They come - But how they go away

To far beyond my sight -

It is a riddle to my poor mind

The Artist must be near -

(2) Each shade and shadow both combine
To prove the shoulder there -

Deep is the mystery of this world

Far deeper than the sea -

(3) The shoulder's flag we see unfurled
To break of day the sea -

The shades of night, wrapt in gloom

Are woven by some power

(4) That moves the shuttle in the loom
To make a gentle flower -

Artist - take me by the hand. Thy woven scenes are in the sky

(5) Explain Thy work to me. (6) And in the cold green sea -
I lift the curtain thou hast planned. No man can frame what's passing
Too lost in mystery - They must be done by God. Baye

Wt

Do - Ray - me -

A bat came singing at my door - Do - Ray - me -
I'd often heard him sing before - Do - Ray - me -

My bat it tried to answer back

But struck a note that sounded flat

But - Tom bat once he answered back - Do - Ray - me -

Tom then yelled at do come out - Tal - Tah - Ray -

For a song he should try out - La - Tah - Ray -

Then my bat it struck B. sharp.

A dog came round and gave a bark

Then sang an obligato smart - Tal - Ta - Ray -

That dog had gone a splendid tone - And Bpsath control -

He got his grace note from a horn - Spencer cold -

He never could sing the Messiah

From Spencer's store would not retire

For he knew that dog to tire - Eating Tanager Walls -

To hear that dog run up the scale - Sustaining C -

And hear both bats start in a wail - Yelling B -

Was enough to wake the dead

And give us men a fine Bald Head -

But relief when it was said - Do - Ray - me -

I passed that dog across our lawn - He'd lost the key

It was a pity He'd been Born - He dreaded me -

I think he must have burst a tyre

Or his towels got on fire

A Hammer made him fast retire - and Do - Ray - me -

When the night is dark and dear - And you in bed -

And come bats are yelling near - Words are scarce -

Words that have no mellow tone.

Words that penetrate the bone.

Words that make you shiver and groan - And wish all bats were dead.

I'm an ignorant man.

I cannot paint the break of day
 Explain the shades of night.
 They come - But how they go away
 So far beyond my sight.

It is a maze to my poor mind
 The Artist must be near
 Each shade - each shadow will combine
 To prove the Artist near.

Deep is the mystery of this world.
 Far deeper than the sea -
 The Artist's flag we see unfurled
 As Break of day we see.

The shades of night clothed in gloom
 Are woven by some power.
 That moves the shuttle in the loom
 To make a gentle flower.

Artist - take me by the hand.
 Explain thy works to me -
 Lift the curtain I have hitherto planned
 I'm lost in mystery.

Thy woven scenes are in the sky.
 Beneath the cold green sod -
 No man can frame what's passing by
 They must be done by God.

W. G. C. 1890

I am an ignorant man.

I cannot paint the break of day
 Explain the shades of night.
 They come - But how they go away
 So far beyond my sight.

It is a maze to my poor mind
 The Artist must be near
 Each shade - each shadow all combine
 To prove the Artist near.

Deep is the mystery of this world.
 Far deeper than the sea -
 The Artist's flag we see unfurled
 As Break of day we see.

The shades of night clothed in gloom
 Are woven by some power.
 That moves the shuttle in the loom
 To make a gentle flower.

Artist - take me by the hand.
 Explain thy works to me -
 Lift the curtain I have least planned
 I am lost in mystery.

Thy woven scenes are in the sky.
 Beneath the color given God -
 No man can frame what is passing by
 They must be done by God.

W. G. W.

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