

Volume I

ECHOES OF THE
FRONTIER:
A FINAL
REFLECTION

Poetry
Collection by
Ruth Horner
1894-1950



Welcome to Timeless Poems: A Collection of early frontier poetry

In the early 1900s, my great-grandmother, Ruth, embarked on a captivating literary journey—one that continues to inspire generations beyond her own. Born in November 1894 in Iowa, Ruth was a passionate lover of words, finding solace, wisdom, and encouragement in poetry. Though her time on this earth was brief—passing in 1950 at just 55 years old—her dedication to preserving poetry lives on.

With meticulous care, Ruth clipped poems and short stories from newspapers, preserving them in an antique ledger dating back to 1901. This book, now in my possession, is more than just a collection of aged paper and ink; it is a testament to the power of words to uplift, inspire, and heal. Among its pages, a personal inscription reads:

“Ruth Horner, Toronto, SD, October 1912.”

At just 18 years old, Ruth was already capturing the wisdom of the written word—three years before she married and built a life of her own.

This ledger unfolds like a literary tapestry, weaving together verses of encouragement, strength, and perseverance. Some poems are penned by celebrated authors, others by anonymous voices from a bygone era. Their origins remain uncertain, but their impact endures.

I feel a deep sense of responsibility to share this treasure with the world. In an age filled with uncertainty and challenges, these words of hope, resilience, and motivation remain as relevant as ever. Whether you are seeking inspiration, comfort, or a reminder of the enduring human spirit, I hope this collection of timeless poetry finds a place in your heart—just as it did for Ruth over a century ago.

May these words uplift you, just as they have for generations past.

— Keith King

www.TimelessPoem.com



Salvation

They woke me Sunday, and I looked
Out of my bed to see;
And then the way I felt rebuked
Suggested this to me:

Even the crudest curbstone prayer,
That rouses hearts anew,
Is nearer to the crystal stair
Than many a proper pew,

A dusty sleeve that touches death,
Soothing a fevered head
Is cleaner with a purer breath
Than vestments white and red

We who can stand aside and say,
"O, they accomplish good,"
Might ask if our God our way
As well is understood;

For, shocking less the sun and moon
Than melody that shirks,
Their band is not so out of tune,
As others of thy works!

But that's a sort of thing to me,
Too tough to think about;-
So back I went to bed, you see,
And idly wrote it out

-Witter Bynner

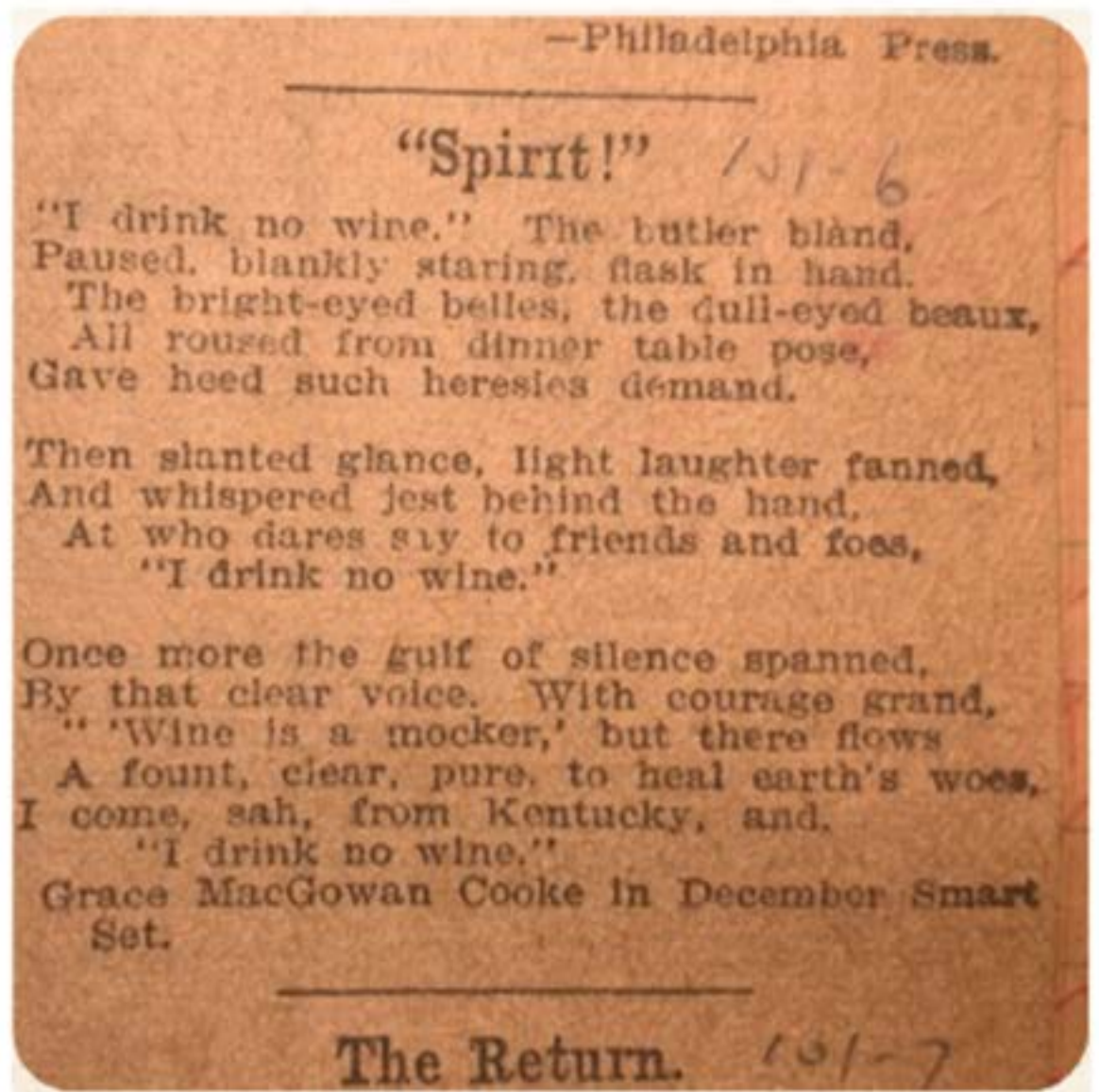


Land of the Leal

Where are the greenest fields and where
The sweetest winds that ever blow,
And where has Hope excluded Care
Wherever I may be with you

Where is the fair and sacred land
That holds my loyalty in fee?
Where I may lead you by the hand
And go the way you choose for me

-EE Kisar





Hope

Out somewhere from the darkness of the East
Three travelers come;
Content in what they fail to understand
Each moves across the heat-veiled desert sand
As though he held a chart within his hand;
Their fervor, by each hardship but increased,
Makes question dumb

These, strong in forceful trust of
some strange power
To guide aright,
Oft see a vision fill the star-lit wild
Where shine the features of the Virgin, mild;
They kneel in worship to the King, her child,
And trembling cry, ere comes the natal hour,
"Behold the light!"

Thus, on each barren life there shines some star
To cheer its night,
Some force deep sprung from sources
that will win
Hearts back to hope, although there lies within
But rotting wrecks of glories that have been
Thus each soul through the darkness finds afar
The guiding light

-Mabel Porter Pitts

Amateur Photography



I'm so used to Madge's ways
That to please her, I endeavor
Any work she does to praise—
Good or bad, I call it clever

I'd a fair stenographers
Quite a dear it seems a pity:
Madge a photograph of her
Made, and I pronounced it pretty

My stenographer has gone,
And the parting was not pleasant
Though I need another one,
Madge supplies the place at present

-Eugene C Dolson

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