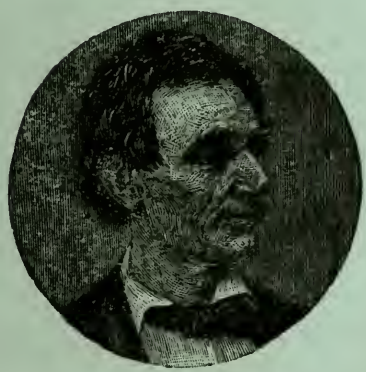


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Abraham Lincoln, The Marginal Man,  
And Other Poems



BY  
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Abraham Lincoln, the Marginal Man,

Born.

Possibilities fine.

Leave wide margins by his life's line.

Dead?

The night is not at hand.

Glories yet for this Marginal Man.

Remembering the phrase, but not the reference  
to Abraham Lincoln as a marginal man.

## Abraham Lincoln, Pioneer

Abraham Lincoln,  
Man of Nations,  
Pioneer of Civilization.

With heart as large as the human race,  
Democracy written in his face;  
With an eye that's rarely seen,  
Flaming love beams.  
We love thee, too,  
Abraham Lincoln,  
Man of Nations,  
Pioneer of Civilization.

## Pioneers of Civilization

Those who dwell in lonely places,  
Those who pioneer the Nation,  
Men of every station,  
Men of fine vocation,  
Content to dwell alone.  
Quite unknown save by the Lord,  
By Him all known and adored.

This their joy of life  
Amidst the frontier strife:—  
Influence shed upon the few.  
Life exuberant, true.  
Known by the Lord of Nations  
As Pioneers of Civilization.

## Hyphenated Music

Blow, lads, blow,  
Martial music for a show!  
Bulge your cheeks,  
Bulge your eyes,  
Blowing hard from morn till night.  
Surely martial music's right!

Drum, lads, drum,  
Martial music! Make it hum!  
Pound your ear-drums,  
Pound your drums,  
Pounding till the day is done,  
Pounding on till kingdom come.

Blow, lads, blow,  
Blow for country—not for show.  
Bulge your cheeks,  
Bulge your eyes,  
Till you see Old Glory rise.  
Finest standard of the skies!

Drum, lads, drum.  
Drum from now till kingdom come.  
Pound the snare-drum,  
Pound the bass,  
Till your ear-drums split in two,  
For your country and for you.

On seeing two buglers and two drummers,  
mere youths, playing martial music advertising  
a show.

## Backsliding

### FIRST SUNDAY

The day is bright,  
Our hearts are light,  
How can we go to church!  
    The days of rain  
    Are not in vain.  
Holy, they to the Lord remain.

With chauffeur and wife,  
As happy as life,  
Our children with us, too,  
    For the sun does shine  
    And the road is fine—  
What else could a churchman do?

### SECOND SUNDAY

The day is dreary,  
The rain uncheery,  
How can we go to church!  
    The days of light  
    Are all just right.  
Holy, they to the Lord of might.

We'll doze by the fire  
And think of the choir,  
The children may stay at home, too.  
    For the day that's dreary  
    Makes us all so weary—  
What else could church-folks do?

## Lonely

I am so awfully lonely  
I don't know what to do,  
And I got hold of lonesomeness  
A-thinkin' now of you.

I wonder what the ache is  
In the region of my heart.  
It must be that you and I  
Are miles and miles apart.

Now when are you a'comin',  
That I may see my dear,  
And feel the comfort in my soul  
That's there when you are near.



### September Humidity

You know it in the morning  
When first you ope your eyes,  
A kind o' achy feeling  
That tells you not to rise.

You know it at the noon-day  
When the dinner's pretty bad .  
You know it in the evening—  
The worst you ever had.

You're glad the day is over,  
If such days are to come,  
And hope it will be ages,  
'Ere you see another one.

Along the Atlantic Coast.

## The Rim and the Center

On the outer edge  
Of the press  
Are the brothers of the Central Man:  
"He is mad, we'll take him home,"  
They said.

On the outer edge  
Of the crowd,  
Midst street's noisy throng  
Stands an unbeliever  
Watching the Preacher.  
"He's a fool—not for me!"  
Said he.

On the rim  
Of the world,  
Stand the heathen millions  
Wonderingly.  
"Come unto me—come to my tryst,"  
Calls the Christ.

In the center,  
Close to the heart  
Of the lovely Christ Divine,  
Find me, the world's fool.  
"Christ, highest of the high,"  
Say I.

## The Salvation Army Band

A wondrous bit of music  
Was played this afternoon;  
The Salvation Army Band  
Came marching to a tune.

The occasion was a funeral—  
A soldier of the Lord—  
The tune the band was playing  
Made all of one accord.

My soul, it lived in Heaven,  
Where blessed saints abide;  
I fellowshiped with heavenly ones,  
For whom the Savior died.

This band of earth's Salvationists—  
To sin how they have died!  
How glad I was to see them  
And know the Blood applied.

A God who can redeem  
Mankind from all its crime,  
Is the God who has the victories  
In every land and clime.

Grant then to me such music—  
With its world redeeming songs—  
There's nothing like it anywhere  
To save my soul from wrong.

Grant then to me such music  
While on this earth of strife,  
And I shall never know the line  
Twist earth's and heaven's life.

On hearing the Salvation Army Band in  
Rochester, N. Y., on their way to bury a com-  
rade.

## The Dells of God

There is a place upon the earth  
Which opens, in surprise,  
The wondrous realms of glory  
To every Christian's eyes.  
It is the place of precious grace,  
Where the Spirit splits the skies.

Angels of joy,  
Upon the ladder, heaven sent,  
In these dells of God,  
Where the Gospel's trenchant,  
Where the Spirit lifts,  
And the great trees wave acknowledgment.

A summer's day in Highland Park, Rochester,  
N. Y.

## Struggling Children

Two little daughters with a bag of coal,  
Pulling and tugging with all their soul.  
Master Christ, enthroned patiently,  
When shall end such iniquity!

This family's road is hard and rough,  
Though the earth is fruitful—for all enough.  
When shall the State arise with might  
And feed and clothe its citizens right.

If men must strive for things at all,  
Let strife be for the food of the soul.  
A struggle for ideals is worth the while—  
But who can bless the struggling child.

On seeing two little girls, on a hot summer's  
day dragging a bag of coal from freight yards,  
in Yonkers, N. Y.

### Blessings on the Baby!

Of all the cunning little things,  
So sweet and pure and lovely,  
I take this baby in my arms,  
And thank the Lord for all its charms,  
And watch and coo,  
And make ado,  
With lovely baby.

For all the blessed hopeful ways,  
Of Christian men and brothers,  
I ask for baby in my arms,  
I ask the Lord of all men's charms,  
May this child grow,  
And come to know  
The joy of loving others.

## Birthdays

This is the day of all the days,  
And this the lovely morn,  
On which your many, many friends,  
Give thanks that you were born.

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## The New Year

Watch the clock on New Year's eve,  
Watch the old year take his leave;  
He's been good, old chap, to you,  
Brought you fortune, as to few.

Greet the new year with a smile,  
He is born to you a child;  
Bring him up in simplest ways,  
Help him bravely end his days.

## Perfect Love

Why should I write of the whole of life  
When but part of life is done;  
But I can write of the whole of love,  
For the whole of love is come.

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## At Calvary

When sin did its worst—at Calvary—  
God kept his faith in men;  
When love did its best—at Calvary—  
Why shouldn't we love Him then?



## Evening Is Morning

It is always evening to some of earth's folks,  
To others the same evening is morning.

When we stand by our dead,

It surely is night—

To them it surely is morning.



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