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Yours truly
F. J. McDonald.

GREEN MOUNTAIN CHIMES.

✓
FRANK J. McDONALD.
"

Author of "Gail Donner," "Bellaire," etc.

BOSTON :
WILLIAM WALLACE RICH, PUBLISHER,
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Jan. 2, 1900.

THIS HUMBLE VOLUME

IS DEDICATED TO

MR. & MRS. "FRED" MARCY,
OF EDEN, VERMONT,

As a token of the author's remembrance and
appreciation of their friendship in the
past, as well as an expression of
admiration of their unpretentious
and substantial solicitude
for the welfare of those
overtaken by life's
attendant ills
and
misfortunes.

P R E F A C E .

IN THIS latest intrusion upon the Public, for a preliminary, an apology is deemed less advisable than an explanation in as much as concession might, in its repetition, fail to merit acceptance.

The chaos of diversity existing in the subsequent pages originated in the error of mingling with the polished children of sterner years, the ragged but no less loved urchins of an earlier creation, at the hazard of offence—even at the risk of condemnation by a people who was ever sought more to interest than to amuse.

Some of the verses, written at an age inconsistent with the themes represented, appear as rustic and uncouth as they did that troubled day when the untutored mind first attempted to voice the soul's refutation and repudiation of agencies delusive and detrimental to advancement—the heart's demonstrations of approval of the good and true and longing for the sapient and senative: others have been tinkered but with poor success. The rhythmic forge refused to mend with the steady

stroke of manhood, the springing shaft of youth. Out of the debris the battered remnants were plucked.

In the whole should ought be found of sufficient worth to merit the approbation of the reader — something to cheer earth's pilgrim, allay his fears, dispel his wrongs, lighten his cares, or deepen his interest of life and his love of fellowmen, the mission is not in vain.

F. J. M.

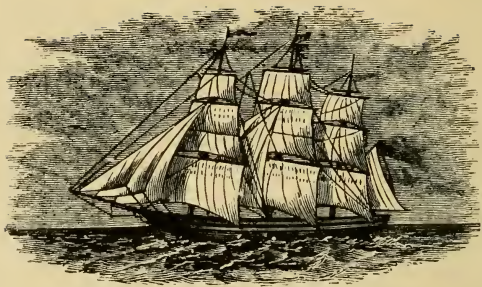
BOSTON, MASS., June 1st, 1899.



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“ Yet, give me the ship
That has breasted the gale ”

PAGE 15.

P O E M S .



FAITH.

If we believe like the child in the things unseen
All our fields and woods will be ever green,
The eye may feast on the gorgeous sheen,
And the loaded boughs will toward us lean.

HOPE.

It will still the throb of the bounding heart ;
It will dry the eye where the tear-drops start ;
It can free the breast from its pain and smart,
And cure the wound of earth's cruelest dart.

CHARITY.

From the burdened breast it will banish shame,
And the heart caress which a world could blame ;
It can light the soul with a brighter flame
Than the taper's glare in the hand of Fame.

LOVE.

It will bring a light to the darkened soul,
And in the brightness there unroll
The treasure-sheet of the poet's scroll,
And songs of rapture will from it roll.

UNLOOKED-FOR HAPPENINGS.

- The latest and greatest wonder
Is a thing of the long-ago
That was left to pass
By the motley mass
In the world's harassing flow.
- The grumbling and rumbling thunder
Leaves never a sign to show
That its fearful voice
Makes some land rejoice—
Some realm of ice and snow.
- The strongest and wrongest blunder
May deep in its bosom stow
Some good to come
To a sorrowing one—
Some blessing that none could know.
- The brightest and whitest is under,
Best seen when the winds will blow.
By the hand once stung
There's a taper hung,
And a signal swung below,
For others young,
With garlands hung
Near the joys among life's woe.
- The nearest and dearest flowers
Shall be missed from the heart's domain;
But at the last
When the night is passed—
The night of blast and pain—
- The maddest and gladest hours
Will return in an endless train,

And the soul bowed low
With care and woe
Will rejoice and glow again.
The oldest and coldest bowers
Will be loaded with flowers and grain
That will blush anew
In the morning dew
When the sky is blue again;
For unbidden and hidden powers
Are weighing the loss and the gain;
And the soul that was wrung,
Like the soul that had sung,
Will be sweetly swung from pain
With praises sung
By a garrulous tongue
When its hopes are young again.

ADVICE.

If the world is your debtor
It is hard to collect.
If there's something for nothing
You should strongly suspect;
On the bright shore of Promise
Many vessels have wrecked.
Beware of fast colors—the silk and the sheen;
Keep your gold and affections till the inside is seen.

With the laws of your rulers
You should ever comply;
Their day of compulsion
Will steal swiftly by;

There's a spring called The Future
 That never runs dry;
 Its waters can slacken the thirst of your cares,
 And wash from your bosom the grief that it bears.

If Piety's idol
 Be set up in town
 Where the column of Virtue
 Is slyly cast down,
 Don't scoff at the actions
 Of the supplicant clown,
 But point him, in kindness, to Chastity's way,
 And lead him to ponder before he will pray.

With the eye of affection
 View faults of mankind;
 Should your own rich apparel
 Be padded and lined,
 Spread out the silk mantle—
 The gem of your mind—
 O'er earth's straying children, that wander away,
 In the gloom of sin's shadow, from Virtue's bright ray.

If the soul be a-weary
 The only true rest
 Is in sharing with others
 The things that have blest,
 And in biding the promise
 Of Time's throbbing breast;
 Loud supplication may serve the weak mind,
 But the supplicant often has axes to grind.

If your day darkens quickly,
 And time hurries on,
 Gaze not disheartened
 Toward Life's horizon;

Night's darkest hour

Is just before dawn.

There was never a measure, even filled to the brim,
But held drops of Pleasure after Sorrow poured in.

MISPLACED TALENT.

One time in a town far away,
A man thought he must have his "say."

(He owned a good farm, by the way,)

His front name was Clayte,

While his mate's name was Kate,

And he often would prate

How the farming estate didn't pay.

So he sought to write verses one day,

He got out a book,

With an important look,

And was sure it had "took" right away.

He neglected his cattle ;

His wife fought the battle,

She never got rattled,

She earned the collateral to pay.

In a poetical sort of a way

He scoffed at her rural display,

He assured her the volume would pay,

And declared he had come out to stay.

The grammatical errors were "great"

Still his characters each had a mate ;

And they stood 'neath the stars,

By the gate or the bars ;

(Most always they stood by the gate)

But they stood there so late
 That he lost his estate,
 And the bread from the plate and the shelf;
 So, at last, to the mate of himself,
 He said "Patient Kate
 It is now rather late
 For your Clayte to 'git onto himself."
 For tarrying Fate
 No longer I'll wait,
 I'll "git a gait onto myself".

Now he drives home the kine as of yore,
 With no beam from the rhyme's soothing lore,
 With no dream of the bard's golden shore
 Where Fame's dames had pointed
 With thumbs double-jointed,
 He doesn't care to go there any more.

THE BRAVE HEART.

To do anything great
 We must labor on strong
 Till the sweetness of life is all past,
 At a maddening gait
 We must hurry along
 Heeding neither the storm nor the blast.

We may not stop to view
 The sweet roses of June,
 Nor list to the brook babbling by,
 For, so sure, if we do
 We shall learn the gay tune,
 And drop the world's task with a sigh.

Yet, give me the ship
That has breasted the gale
When the weaker their anchors let drop,
For I see in the dip
Of its white swelling sail,
A courage no tempest could stop.

It would chafe in the chains
Of increasing defeat
Till the links were all severed apart,
And then through the rains
And the summer's red heat
Strive on from the weaker apart.

Brave one on thy breast,
In earth's darkest night,
I behold blazing grand from afar,
In the place of thy rest,
Shining softly and bright,
The jewel of heaven's choice star.

LOST INNOCENCE.

Oft have I watched you
When you deemed no presence nigh,
Where buds of amber sipped the crystal dew,
And stars, none purer than your heart and eye,
Looked downward, smiling in the zephyr's breath,
On my spirit ling'ring by your earthly door,
For the soul's bright treasure, not for sin and death,
Evils which I now deplore.

You have lost that charm
Which innocence alone can give,
And although you have done me no harm,
If life should be lengthened—if we should live
Till the amorous sun refused to kiss again
The blushing cheek of this earthly shore,
I still would think of you with pain,
Never, never as of yore.

But on the throbbing breast of Time's distant isle,
Where all that is now shall forgotten be,
There will you greet me with the strange sweet smile
That first in its wonder drew my soul to thee,
With no mem'ry of the blight now sund'ring us apart,
Our barque will glide onward without sail or oar,
Down the stream of years, when my aching heart
Will know you as before.

THE LITTLE THINGS OF LIFE.

The simple coral working
In his cell so quietly
Rears up the lofty granite wall
Above the angry sea,
The forests and the rocks and hills,
With nature's voices rife,
Are calling out for men to heed
The little things of life.

The man who spends his energies
Accumulating shares,
And adding to his heavy load
Each day a host of cares,

Never realizes, in the
 Long-continued strife,
That the roses in man's pathway
 Are the little things of life.

When all too strong our hearts and souls
 Are centered upon gain,
The beauties of God's smiling earth
 Are scattered 'round in vain ;
We exchange the choicest treasures
 For the bawbles of the strife,
And never learn the value
 Of the little things of life.

When some one blessed with millions
 Rears a school or orphan home,
The people place his sculptured bust
 Upon the lofty dome.
The jingle of the penny,
 Bravely earned in Labor's strife,
Is stifled by the thunder
 Of the greater things of life.

The loud and shallow orator
 Will charm and often sway,
The crowd that never listens
 To what men of sense would say ;
The thunder of the cannon
 Drowns the voice of drum and fife,
Still, the sounds that lead the soldier
 Are the softer notes of life.

The warrior, at the nation's shrine,
 Is worshiped for the strife,
While no one lauds the valor

Of his patient, toiling wife ;
The sword holds higher honor
Than the scythe or pruning knife,
But the blocks that build a nation
Are the little things of life.

THE WORLD'S TREASURE.

World, I seek no favor from thy faithless hand,
Thou hast dealt harshly with me ; still I stand
Dauntless as before
That day on which I felt thy searing brand ;
From thy many wrongs, my future way is planned ;
I'll plod no farther in thy treacherous sand ;
I love thee no more.

When I sought thy altar for thy gifts divine,
In years gone by, of thy promise fine
I had not yet learned ;
The glit'ring bawbles on thy brazen shrine,
The tinsel fabrics of a storied Rhine,
The spurious brilliants from a fabled mine,
I should then have spurned.

In the murky waters of the darkened past
These worthless bawbles have long since been cast,
I seek them no more.
Of their transient grandeur I learned at last ;
It vanished quickly in the storm and blast ;
From its cursed memory, I hurry fast
To joys known before.

I search no farther in thy pilfered nest
 For shallow trinkets in a false garb dressed ;
 Trust in thee is dead.

The years already spent in earnest quest
 Have brought no rapture to my longing breast ;
 For all I suffered heed your own behest—
 Give to me a bed.

For this small measure, which thou canst not deny,
 Keep the soul's lost treasure, keep the heart's pure sigh,
 Thou hadst these from me.

I can give no tear-drop, for the source is dry ;
 Too long thy falseness filled this burning eye,
 For it to moisten at the last good-by
 Between me and thee.



NATURE'S POWER.

Oh, train of sacred music !
 Oh, summer-song of trees !
 The dancing of the rain-drops,
 The sunlight and the breeze,
 These powers of earnest gladness,
 Still falling 'round above,
 Will press the weary pilgrim
 When none else seem to love.

The whisp'ring, nodding branches,
 By dreary pathways placed,
 Will blot with glist'ning dewdrops
 The tracks by false feet traced.

The brooklet's gentle murmur,
 Like the cooing of the dove,
 Will speak the soul o'erburdened
 That none else seems to love.

In years of sorrow passing
 Things gleamed from Nature's breast,
 To the soul with Hope's-tree blasted,
 Are truest, dearest, best ;
 Despite the false world's promise
 These alone have power to move
 The heart, benumbed and weary,
 That will not—cannot love.

FARMER SMITH'S RELIGION.

Farmer Smith's religion
 Wasn't very orthodox,
 An' his quaint idee of dressin'
 Drove his pants inside his socks ;
 But the poor about the boro'
 Had free access to his ben,
 For his door was always opened
 To the call of honest men.

At the church he liked the sermon,
 And he liked to hear them sing,
 Only whin they talked o'burnin'
 That was quite another thing.
 He had looked the business over,
 But had failed to see the p'int,
 In the plan of their salvation
 There seemed somethin' out of j'int.



“To the soul with Hope’s-tree blasted.”

PAGE 20.

Now, in the course o' Natur',
 He could see the rise an' fall
 O' the mist-cloud an' the raindrop,
 Just the same for one an' all.
 They might preach agin' th' nat'ral
 Untill time for cutting hay,
 But he'd bet a load o' pumkins
 He should think the same old way.

There was somethin' sort o' soothin'
 In the singin' o' the hem,
 An' he often sot an' listened
 With his oldest daughter Clem' ;
 But whin it come to preachin'
 O' the spirit's future strife,
 He knowed their brains was muddled—
 Yes he knowed it on his life.

He had seen the corn and taters
 Grow and flourish fur a day,
 An' the next year, in the sunshine,
 Come and go the same old way ;
 He had seen his good wife, Marthy,
 Cross where none come back to tell,
 An' he didn't give a "hooter"
 'Bout the picter of their hell.

If the wonderous God o' mercy,
 'Bout whom they prayed and preached,
 Had fixed a place o' torture,
 Like the one the Bible teachd,
 For the souls of wives like Marthy
 Why, he wouldn't cut his hay,
 An' it wouldn't be surprisin'
 If the milk turned into whey.

But he'd go the same to meetin',
An' he'd listen to the plan
As meek as Deacon Spencer
Or his daughter, Mary Ann.
He liked to see the children,
An' to hear the choir sing,
But that idee of damnation,
No, that didn't go, by-jing.

He knowed it wasn't nat'ral
Jest fur him a common man,
Whin a servant tripped and stumbled
To adopt the Gospel's plan,
An' drive him to tarnation
Into everlasting pain ;
It looked so much like vengeance
That it did'nt fit his brain.

He'd gynn the poor his earnin's
An' his cattle an' his crop,
While the good folks prayed, and staid them
With a spiritual prop.
Not to work his own salvation
Did he spread his grain and hay,
He thought it more substantialer
Than jest to kneel and pray.

But if the Lord o' mercies
Couldn't see it as he did,
Fur the storied home in heaven
He should make no other bid.
He felt if heaven's Rulers
Dealt with everybody square,
They'd let him meet his Marthy
Though he wasn't much on prayer.

VERMONT.

Vermont, I love your fountains, grand,
Your fields of waving grain,
Your valleys and your mountains fanned
By blasts from old Champlain ;
I dearly love your forests where
My boyhood treasure grew,
In autumn Nature's limner, there,
Spread paints of every hue.
Your river crooks, your busy brooks
Sing sweetly in their glee,
And softer beams the eye that looks
Upon your verdancy.
The sons of Slavery's darksome strand,
Where whip and shambles daunt,
No longer stand a fettered band
In your fair land, Vermont.

The poet's pen may raise the boast
Of dynasties sublime ;
It may march the nation's slumb'ring host
Along the Vale of Time ;
But, in your rugged vineyard, fair,
I am content to stay,
And from September's bounty rare
Glean harvests sown in May.
Through all the strife, that years may bring,
Beneath the heavens blue
You'll gently press those slumbering
In robes of that same hue.
Of Ireland's fear, of England's beer
The laureate bard may vaunt,

But my weak cheer shall echo here
For ever-dear Vermont.

On Memory's highest branches grave
The letters V and t,
They stand for Truth and Virtue, save
The 'nitial-wounded tree.
The angry blasts which often hark
From Nature (stern old dame)
But fan the bosom's slumb'ring spark
To bright and deathless flame.
The virgin's cheek is brighter hued
When, on the driving blast,
Sweet Freedom's notes, with love imbued,
Is from her bosom cast
To hearts of swain, in meadows where
Is garnered every want ;
Their earnest prayer to lay them there
When done with care, Vermont.

When this poor spirit, lone, has crossed
To join the silent train,
May every hope of earth it lost
With Vermont's host remain.
When other pilgrims stray along
By Faith (fair mistress) led,
Oh, may the poet weave his song
Of sorrow near my bed !
Sweet then I'll rest in slumber strong,
Through Time's eternity,
Perchance to wake and join the throng
" My Country 'tis of Thee."
That rest, in dreams, your tow'ring hills,
Your vales and streams may haunt ;
Though the lethe no memory thrills,
I'll hear your rills, Vermont.

In this long rest, if vital breath
The silent tomb would brave ;
Oh, should the phantom Ship of Death
Sail back on Life's still'd wave,
And from its deck upon the strand,
To earth the freight return,
Still, in my bosom, Memory's brand
For you would brightly burn !
My wakened eye would wander high
In quest of mountains green,
If in the rivers flowing by
Appeared no rustic sheen.
From nature's string, on soaring wing,
Sweet strains my way would haunt
Till to your spring again I'd bring
My cup and sing, Vermont.

TWO KISSES.

I kissed her one night
In the moon's pale light—
I kissed her and then we parted.
She watched me journey into the night,
When I walked away in the moon's pale light,
With a heavy heart, but a footstep light,
Out on life's voyage started.

I kissed her one day
In the sunshine of May
Near the spot where we once had parted.
Her trembling heart on my bosom pressed
Confirmed the tale that her eyes expressed ;
Each heart knew it was greater blest
Than if we had never parted.

FEAR NOT.

Fear not in the coming morrow
A storm that may never break,
For, swift to the soul of sorrow,
Some joy a journey may take,
To assuage the gnawing canker,
And with potent finger caress,
And to break the dead chain of the anchor
Of sorrow and sin and distress.

The coldest and darkest shadow,
That the lowering heavens can cast,
In its passage over the meadow
Brings strength to the flowers and grass.
The blades that stand up the longest
Have been swayed and bent by the gale,
And the hearts that beat bravest and strongest
Have been scarred by the frost and the hail.

THE DIFFERENCE.

I knew a thoughtless, happy poet ;
He could sing but did't know it ;
He was good, but couldn't show it ;
When he drank, whew ! how he'd go it !
His praises, always very small,
Dwindled down to none at all.

I knew another—he was “in it ;”
He could pray “ a mile a minit ”
 He didn’t drink—he swore “ agin ” it ;
On the sly, though, how he’d “ pin it ! ”
 He got the praise of all ;
 The people loved him great and small.

I knew a man of forty-seven ;
If you owed him nine, he’d take eleven ;
He prayed, at times, from six till seven ;
He died, and went, of course, to Heaven,
 Everybody knew that well,
 The church proclaimed it in his knell.
There was another lived that way,
He didn’t make the poor man pay
Till after he had cut his hay,
He didn’t very often pray.
 When they pulled his funeral bell-cord
 Creed’s white finger pointed hellward.

THE GLADDEST SHOWERS.

Now summer showers brighten
 All the fields with all their flowers,
And the heart is filled with rapture
 While they fall ;
But the rain that fell in boyhood—
 In those swiftly-passing hours,
 Were the maddest, gladdest showers
 Of them all.

It danced upon the house-top,
And it whispered through the hours
Till the soul, wrapped deep in slumber,
Heard its call.
It broke with whispering gladness
All the night's dread, ominous powers,
The maddest, gladdest showers
Of them all.

What chains of love and friendship
Still bind with magic powers
The soul, though Time's cruel finger
Touches all.
Oh, brave hearts, crushed and broken,
I can hear your dumb grief spoken
In the maddest, gladdest showers
Of them all,

TO-MORROW.

To-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow,
To-morrow some hope may die.
Oh, glad to-morrow!
Oh, sad to-morrow!
To-morrow some joy may fly.

To-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow,
To-morrow, mysterious day!
The broken wing
And the conquered king
You have bidden go your way.

To-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow,
To-morrow some heart may break—
Some heart of care
That could not bear
The burdens a world would make.

To-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow,
To-morrow, dear, looked-for day,
Your cruel powers
Oft blight the flowers
That bloom along life's way.

To-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow,
To-morrow, sweet hope of life,
Your golden rays
Are born of days
Forgotten in toil and strife.

To-morrow, tomorrow, to-morrow,
To-morrow, oh, word of dread!
In your treach'rous hand
The things once planned
Lie now and forever dead.

To-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow,
To-morrow, sweet rill of song,
Your golden dreams—
Your hidden streams
Are bearing the weak along.

To-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow,
To-morrow some drooping flower
May find a rest
In your silent breast
Now broken by earth's power.

*PAT-RIOT-ISM.

They were talking very funny
 About politics and money—
 Of rhymes and stirring stories by the pleasant muses sung,
 When one struck an Irish ditty
 With a shade of Yankee pity,
 Then the other said, "Begorra, you had better hold your tongue.

"Faith, Oi'm in the mood for saying,
 Without hindrance or delaying,
 What Oi'd hesitate to banther if me temper wasn't riled."
 "Well, tell me, Mr. Connor,
 Upon your word of honor,
 The other ventured slowly to his partner while he smiled,

"Was it with an intent wicked
 That you held the Tariff 'Ticket
 In your fingers last election when your honest vote you polled?"
 It was not, and Oi'm sorry,
 It was owing to the hurry
 Of the business in me section—so it was, upon me sowl.

"But is it more nor human
 That Oi'd shelther me old woman
 From the chilly blasts of winther which on 'lection quickly ride
 We're both up near the eighties,
 And with buying, tay and praties
 Ain't Oi justified in kaping the good guvner on me side?"

*Patriotism.

Oi'll pray for his salvation
 If the divil takes the nation, —
 May the howly saints protict this ginerous man ;
 You'll not be such a soljer
 Whin you grow a little older,
 You will fall back sure, but nately from the van.

If you injure me care-rack-ter,
 Now or any time hereafther
 Oi'll post you as a blackguard, clayne and nate ;
 So moind, me friend, no capers,
 Shure, Oi'll find you out, Bejabers,
 And firninst the bar of justice you'll stand thrate."

IN A FEW MORE DAYS.

In a few more days
 Forgetfulness will come, and we
 Shall miss the rays—
 The fleets of youth — the childhood glee
 Will sail from sight on care's dark sea,
 The grander hopes of life will flee
 In a few more days.

In a few more days
 The things we sought by earnest stroke,
 That men might praise —
 The sermon that we loudly spoke,
 The solemn vow, the promise broke
 Will vanish in oblivion's smoke
 In a few more days.

In a few more days
 The hand that we so fondly pressed,
The flowers, the Mays
 The form that we had oft caressed,
 In beauty's garb so gaily dressed
 These, all, will know a truer rest
In a few more days.

In a few more days
 The heart which many gems has lost,
Without Hope's rays
 Will near the stream where they have crossed
 And view the waves which oft have tossed
 The choicest freight of earthly cost,
In a few more days.

In a few more days
 The eyes that long have wept will close ;
Their weary gaze
 Will search no more afar for those
 Forms that lie 'neath deep'ning snows ;
 The sleepless heart will know repose
In a few more days.

CHANGE.

An aged man in the waning light,
 Sat with his dog and cat
His thoughts went back to a by-gone night
 When a loved one near him sat.
Side by side through the summer heat
They had brushed the dews with hurrying feet.



“Farmer Smith’s religion
Wasn’t very orthodox.”

PAGE 20.



But now the feet in the worn shoes
Forgot all that weariness,
And the heart, borne back on memory's cruise,
Glowed 'neath the torn vest.
There glistened the pearls of Love and Woe
On the shabby garlands of long ago.

With a trembling hand on his forehead braced
He watched the visions pass by,
Among them a maiden with beauty graced,
And love in her sparkling eye,
Clad in garments of purest white ;
He knew her—the bride of another night !

The firelight flickered, the picture passed,
The watcher shivered and sighed,
Then arose in the room and feebly asked
Why this loved one, too, had died.
“It is only a boon in the ruling plan,”
Spoke a voice from the gloom to the poor old man.

“The change so strange is not fraught with pain,
And it raises the burden of age ;
To the sorrowing soul it opens again
The wonderful childhood page.
The seed of the fruit and the golden grain,
When garnered with care, will live again.

“There's life in death, and there's joy in pain,
To the restless heart, and the fevered brain,
What was before will be again ;
The links are sound in the golden chain,
And the source of love will never drain ;
The hand of Death, with a sad refrain,
Only turns Life's pages over again.”

WHEN WE ARE RICH.

While you have a shining dollar
 You may realize a wish ;
Should the sum grow any smaller
 You must turn out in the ditch ;
On a million, you can "waller"
 With your front feet in the dish ;
And your friends can bawl and holler
 " In the swim" with larger fish ;
They can stretch a trifle taller,
 And pretend they, too, are rich ;
In your footsteps they can "foller"
 With a regimental hitch.

In the sanctum of Salvation
 You may have the cushioned seat,
And assured of your approbation,
 You may lie or steal or cheat.
Folks will "Mister" your relation,
 If his Christian name is "Pete ;"
And on every great occasion,
 He can ride and drag his feet.

In the wilds of Education
 You won't have to toil and sweat :
On your anserine oration
 Your predacious boss will bet.
At the highest female station
 You will be the ladies' pet ;
You can give a long vacation
 To all those who tease or fret ;

When they get you out of patience
All you have to say is "Get,"
Or just call upon the nation
To drive out the "tarnal set."
At the fashionable libation
Near your plate the wine they'll set ;
There's no fear of condemnation,
For the preachers' prayer you'll get ;
And the lord of all creation
You can buy or sell or let.

You can gather the collection
At the meeting or the mass ;
And all your poor connection
You can easily let pass.
You need not fear detection
You may sport with every lass,
It won't injure your complexion
If you use a little brass ;
You'll be chosen at election,
When all know you are an ass ;
In a Democratic section,
You may walk upon the grass ;
You don't have to be perfection
To reach Heaven on a pass.

WHEN WE GROW OLD.

There's a burden more to bear
Of sorrow, grief and care ;
Each step a higher stair
Awaits the weary soul.

There's a larger debt to pay,
While darker grows the way,
This is why some watch and pray
 When they grow old.

The maiden was a lass,
The years more quickly pass,
E'en the flowers change, alas!
 In winter's cold.
Still again the roses bloom
On the long-forgotten tomb,
Sunlight seeks the silent room
 When we grow old.

Some bind their sorrows fast,
To the splintered, broken mast,
And drift out from the Past
 So dark and cold ;
Others raise the voice and sing
Praise to Heaven and a King
Where to fold the weary wing
 When they grow old.

Each December has its June,—
Every evening has a noon ;
Shall night be left no moon
 With light of gold ?
Still remains Youth's golden day,
Where the troubled throng may stay,
Where the weary feet will stray
 When we grow old.

THE ALTARS OF MEN.

I sat by the hearth of an unknown world
When the years of life began,
And watched the smoke as it grandly curled
From the altars built by man.
The pleasant spot where I sat was bright;
And through all the livelong day,
My soul was filled with a glowing light,
And the stars made the night like day.
I was happy then for I had not been
To the altars of men to pray.

But the time soon came when a dimpled hand
Beckoned me far away.
I plodded on through the deepening sand
Till the close of that summer day;
In the gloom of eve, I neared the gate
Whose key was easily turned,
And found myself by the golden plate
Where worldly incense burned.
Then I knew not the fame, nor the gilded name
Of the dame my steps had turned.

I thought me again of the happy day,
And longed my way to trace;
How sadly and soon it had passed away
In the world's uneven race!
Then Love, a siren of the realm new,
Touched me with her wand,
She gave me a seat in her cushioned pew —
She smiled on me, and fawned;
Then she grew, 'neath the sky of blue'
Something new and grand.

But all through that night in the arms of love
My soul could find no rest ;
The moon moved the same in the heavens above,
But a fire burned in my breast.
Then I sought out Fame, and beheld her there
All beautiful to the sight ;
And my lips quick moved in an earnest prayer
To direct my thoughts aright.
But all had gone before the dawn ;
There was none in the morning light.

Then Wealth, with its treasure all untold,
Lifted my trembling hand,
And filled the palm with a shower of gold,
On the wrist placed a glit'ring band.
In the visions grand, of a restless sleep,
I waited for the dawn ;
But awoke in the morn and began to weep,
For the treasure all was gone.
It was then a dream ; and the morning beam
With a silent gleam moved on.

With sorrow rife in my aching breast,
I fled from the hateful place,
And sadly sought a haven of rest
In the earlier happy grace.
Over the hills I could see, afar,
Youth's beauteous, flow'ry dell ;
But the clouds of Age covered moon and star,
And the storm of years then fell.
I gazed on the sky, with a failing eye,
And began to cry in the dell.

In the absent hour, my early joy
Had passed from earth away ;

The sweet content of the thoughtless boy
Had fled in that eager day.
With a feeble voice, I called again
In the storm of the darksome day ;
But a voice from the smoke of the altars of men
Said the joy had gone to stay —
That the perfect joy, of the trustful boy,
Was a toy not found alway.

LET ME SLEEP.

With the things I love the best
Let me sleep.
In Nature's solemn breast
Let me sleep.
In the dell with flowers dressed ;
By the moon and stars caressed ;
Where the song-bird builds his nest
Let me sleep.

Chorus:

Earthly shadows o'er my heavy eyelids creep,
Let me sleep.
Let me sleep upon the shore where waves may weep.
In silence strong and deep,
Where stars their still watch keep,
I would toil and weep no more ;
Stronger hearts may sow and reap ;
With the friends I loved before
Let me sleep.

After all the strife is past,
Let me sleep.
In darkness deep and fast
Let me sleep.
With the sails off every mast,
With the anchor safely cast ;
Heedless of the chilling blast,
Let me sleep.

In dreams of things gone by
Let me sleep.
For no vanished hope I sigh,
Let me sleep.
All we love must fade and die ; —
Darker clouds are drawing nigh,
Sleep will dry the weeping eye,
Let me sleep.

As a rest from toil and care,
Let me sleep.
Softly through the noontide glare,
Let me sleep.
Hopes now lost are surely there ;
To escape the tempter's snare,
Close beside the true and fair,
Let me sleep.

Fold these timid, weary hands ;
Let me sleep.
Bind the heart with iron bands ;
Let me sleep.
Cool the brow with zephyr fans,
Drive away all earthly plans ;
This inheritance is man's ;
Let me sleep.

Bear all earthly hopes away—
 Let me sleep.
Through the beauty of the day,
 Let me sleep.
Where the billows dash the spray,
Where the pilgrim feet may stray,
In the dawn so still and grey
 Let me sleep.

Close this dim and aching eye,
 Let me sleep.
Through the night of by-and-by,
 Let me sleep.
In sweet slumber would I lie
On the wing that soars so high,
Where the brooklet babbles by,
 Let me sleep.

All the lost will be again,
 Let me sleep.
There will come no throb of pain,
 Let me sleep,
It will mend the riven chain,
And the strengthened links again
Can bind the fevered brain,
 Let me sleep.

BETTER GO AROUND.

A man once started boldly out
To cross to Fortune's shore.
Although he heard the favored shout,
No way could he get o'er.

He saw the boasted treasure shine
 Across the river's tide;
But by the world's tempestuous Rhine
 His efforts were defied.
Though oft, in youthful dreams of play
 He'd crossed it at a bound ;
Strange in Age's weary way
 He'd have to go around.

He started honest in the fight
 To mount the golden throne ;
And labored hard both day and night
 To make the world his own.
He always walked the narrow path
 If he was not alone,
But kept aloof the threatening wrath
 And never did atone.
At last he crossed the laws' swift stream,
 And when his tracks were found,
He wished he'd followed Virtue's beam,
 And always gone around.

Too soon came on the tide of years,
 He wished his ways to change ;
He stepped at last, despite of fears,
 Where earth's white-robed ones range.
The worldly hand had held him oft
 Beneath those angels' tread,
But in Religion's rays so soft
 He safe, sought Glory's bed.
He bribed the priest and saintly band
 To help him o'er the sound ;
But when Old Satan took his hand
 He wished that he'd gone 'round.

WHO WOULD CARE TO LIVE?

When cruel clouds of earth
 The steep paths darken,
And the Star of Youth no light will give ;
When to no voice of mirth
 The soul will harken,
Who would care to live !

When the heart, once warm,
 Is chilled with sorrow,
What but sleep can any respite give ?
It can free from harm—
 From the dread to-morrow,
Who would care to live !

When all the songs are sung,
 And all the words are spoken,
What is there more the world can give ?
When the soul is wrung
 And the heart is broken
Who would care to live !

YOU CANNOT BRIBE THE SOUL.

When the heart is dull with pleasure,
Or with pain and care is cold,
Still remains the inward treasure
 For you cannot bribe the soul.

Thoughts and dreams, unspoken,
Run down memory's chain unbroken
From the never-broken measure made of old.

The baby's waxen fingers
 Touch again the mother's breast,
In the memory that lingers
 Round the form so sweetly pressed.
On the tides of pain or gladness
Will come back each joy or sadness,
That the life with patient fingers once caressed.

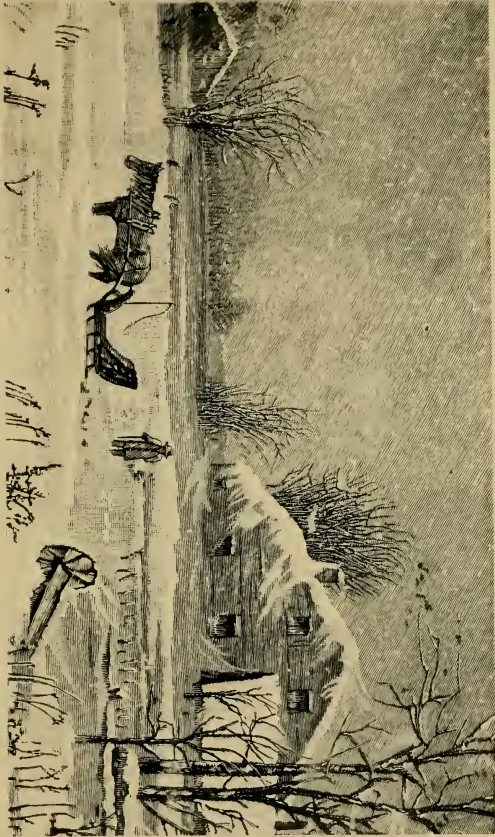
In the days of strength and beauty
 To the glowing heart may come,
The harsh voice of some duty
 Left an earlier time undone.
With a strange menacing power
It can blight the fairest flower—
Hide its sweetest beauty from the sun.

Unseen hands will weigh and measure,
 In a scale of highest mould,
Every grain of pain or pleasure
 That the heart has bought or sold,
To be kept forever ready
In a balance sure and steady,
That will gain a pain or pleasure for the soul.



GIVE BACK THE PAST.

O, World, in your hurry,
 One brief moment spare



“The angry blasts which often hark
From Nature (stern old dame).”

To bring me the treasures
I left in your care.
You promised to keep them
In your bosom locked fast,
I will ask nothing further—
Just the things of the Past.

Have you hidden them deeply
In Eternity's breast
Where the soul with Death's secret
Makes its own earnest quest?
Wealth, Fame and Honor
Before you I cast,—
Hide them forever
But give back the Past.

I gave you the sweetness
From Love's dimpled hand,
And also the jewels
In Friendship's bright band ;
Now I come humbled
And wearied at last
From searching your darkness
For the things of the Past.

Their long-absent beauties
May cost many sighs—
May borrow a teardrop
From these aching eyes,
While over my spirit
That sweet spell is cast
When round it are gathered
Those things of the Past.

Yet would I have them—
 Caress them once more ;
They'll bring back the voices
 From Youth's silent shore
Where ships ride at anchor
 Never heeding the blast—
I seek nothing further,
 Just the things of the Past.

YOUTH.

Youth, could I with thee remain,
Early hopes would keep the stain
 Of the world away.
On the wave of Manhood's sea,
There my dim eye now must be ;
In the race no longer free,
Sadly I turn back to thee,
 Lost and fledged day.

For the things so good and true
I have often given you,
 Without a word or sigh,
Lead me, World, from Fame and Power ;
Sing me back for one sweet hour ;
Let me hear an April shower ;
Let me pluck from May the flower
 Which I oft passed by.

Humbly here alone I stand—
Take my outstretched, trembling hand ;
 Lead me far away

To the streams so swift and clear,
 To the woods so brown and sear,
 'Mong the leaves to laugh and cheer,
 With the friends so true and dear
 Let me once more stray.

Quench the flick'ring lamp of Fame,
 Hide the gilded, worldly name,
 Take the band of pow'r—
 These are yours without a sigh.
 Sever now the weakened tie
 If this eager, aching eye
 May view the fields of days gone by
 Just one little hour.

APOSTROPHE TO MEMORY.

(From "Gail Donner.")

O, Memory! beautiful river
 Of the checkered Past; bearer of a
 Canvas designed not by earthly skills!
 You have led the heart, growing cold 'neath
 The slant beams of life's descending sun,
 Back where the vertical rays make it
 Pulse and glow again. You have turned
 The barque from the barren Iceland of
 Age, and anchored it again on that
 Flow'r-strewn shore of youth, from whence it once
 Drifted calmly and unconsciously
 Away.

You have made the captive in
 His dungeon feel in the hard, cold stone,

On which his head reclined, the pulsing
 Of a heart which oft bear for him in
 The snowy bosom where his burning
 Temples once were pillowed, and, in the
 Clank of his broken chain, you sang him
 Away to the glad hearthstone of his
 Happy home.

You have permitted the
 Lover to fondle again the hand
 Rudely snatched by death from his caress.
 You have led the exile back over
 The seas—back to the “pleasant hillsides”
 Of his native land—back to the spot
 Where he had dreamed and where he had sighed,
 Where he had laughed and where he had cried—
 Back to the old home, to the churchyard,
 To the tomb; and allowed his eye to
 Behold, and his longing arms to press,
 Once more, the beloved forms of by-gone
 And receding years.

YOUTH.

Oh, dancing, laughing river,
 On your mossy bank I'll stay,
 And with loved ones pluck the violets
 While you chatter on your way.

AGE.

Oh, dark and treach'rous river
 On your restless breast to-day,
 I behold the phantom barges
 Bearing all my hopes away.

THE OLD ELM TREE.

In thy presence majestic
 What joys come to me !
My heart seeks thy shadows,
 Near thee I would be.
For one hour, dear lost one,
 To stray back with thee
In the cool, shifting shadows
 Of the old elm tree.

We played there as children
 With no care or fear ;
We first whispered friendship
 Then something more dear
Till at night in my slumbers
 My dreams were of thee
And my pillow was resting
 Near the old elm tree.

To-day, love, I viewed it
 With a heart sad and sore ;
Its branches were waving
 The same as of yore ;
The leaves faintly whispered,
 My darling, of thee,
But sad is the story
 Of the old elm tree.

Its leaves have not fallen
 But the branches are dried ;
The rain-drops were falling ;

I sat down and cried.
My heart was enraptured,
For, again, young and free,
We met there together
Near the old elm tree.

There thrilled in my bosom
A rapture no less
Than that of the by-gone
When it knew your caress.
From the clover sweet sounded
The hum of the bee ;
And birds sang once more
In the old elm tree.

The wind from the meadow
Through the dry branches sighed ;
It told the sad story
That the tree, too, had died.
I awoke from my gladness,
And looked, love, for thee,
Alas ! you had vanished
From the old elm tree.

APOSTROPHE TO PRAYER.

(From "Gail Donner. ")

Oh, Prayer ! thou who hast cast a
Ray of comfort into the
Darkest affliction, soothed the
Deepest wounds of the crush'd and
Broken heart, and revived the

Smould'ring embers of hope burnt
Low on Despair's desolate
Hearthstone, around which the chill'd
And weary soul still lingered,
Are thy words, framed and uttered
Here, emblazoned with a hand
Of fire on that tablet
Beyond the horizon where
The sun of life's day must set?
Make answer you whose knee has
Bended in both Youth's trustful
Morning, and the doubting night
Of Age.

LOST.

I strayed by Time's great ocean strand,
And watched while Nature's tide
Bore along the rich, the grand,
The beggar by their side.

There I saw in the waters' mirth,
The treasures the tide had claimed
Borne swift along by the shore of earth,
The bad, the good, the famed.

With them appeared on the billows' crest
The things of by-gone years—
The hopes and joys a life had blessed:
Life's sorrow and toil and tears.

Once on the deck of a passing bark,
As I stood by the river cold,

Among the specters, grim and dark,
 Appeared a kindred soul.

This vessel with timbers staunch and strong
 Passed down the dashing stream—
There came from its deck a mournful song,
 And the sound of its turning beam.

My eye, with a wistful, longing stare,
 Followed the ensign white
Till clouds wrapped the river everywhere
 In a mantel dark as night.

Then whispered a voice, in sorrow deep,
 “Earth’s child you have gone astray;
Here on the strand to-morrow keep
 Your vigil begun to-day.”



SAILING ON THE WATERS OF SIN.

Are you sailing your ark on the waters of sin
Where the wrecks of sorrow and shame have been?
If so, stray captain, turn in, turn in
 To the harbor of safe repose,
Where your boat will be rocked by the zephyrs of
 spring
By the shore where the robin dips his wing,
Where the seas are calm and no fog bells ring,
 And there comes no winter of snows.

Tear the darksome flag from the splintered mast.
Oh, hark you not to the rushing blast?

Change your course ere the day is past,
 And the hope of your voyage is lost.
Quick mend the torn sail and catch the rushing tide,
And pass the crafts that slowly ride :
Sail swiftly away to Virtue's side
 Where billows have never tossed.

Dangerous rocks in your pathway lay ;
You see them not in your darksome day ;
Their sullen peaks dash up the spray
 That calm in Youth's sunshine tossed.
Oh, straying one hurry fast away
While the light on your prow is born of day ;
Night will come to stay always,
 And the blessings of life will be lost.

NOT ALL.

The was once a man but now he is dead,
 He owned both houses and lands,
He owned deep mines of silver and lead,
 And claims with the golden sands.
He owned a square on the river street
 And two on the avenue,
And the smile for his tenants was not so sweet
 On the day when their rents were due.
He was reckoned as solid by the crowd
 As a stone in the Chinese wall,
But the simple tailor that made his shroud
 Knew he didn't own it all.

A maiden sat in the dying light,
Her fingers touched the keys,
She sang everything that was "out of sight,"
But here listeners still would tease.
She sang "Come Home" and "The Boys in Blue,"
"I Whistle and Watch for Kate,"
"Will you be true?" and "I Love but You,"
"And Don't Stay out too Late,"
"My Old Cabin Home," and "Baby-Mine,"
"Maggie May," and "After the Ball,"
But they knew when she left out "I'll Be Thine,"
That she had not sung them all.

A man there was not very good,
But his face had Wisdom's look,
He read the myst'ries of field and wood
Like the page of an open book.
He had learned the tablets of Greece and Rome,
Likewise the cards that win—
Too many times he had stayed from home
To find what "might have been."
He knew how the muscles work the bone,
And why the apples fall,
But his mother-in-law soon made him own
That he didn't know it all.

Still one more son of Adam's race,
With no fortune but his pride,
Sought in a rich man's dwelling place
An heiress for a bride.
With tales of his love and his handsome home
He filled the trusting ears,
Till the maiden's heart was loath to roam
With an absence of all fears.

He soon fooled her, then turned about
And entered the father's stall,
But he knew, when the old man kicked him out,
That he had not fooled them all.

Another, a shepherd of a flock,
Watched all his lambs with care,
Each day and hour, like a solid rock,
He prayed for them a prayer.
He loved the rich and the poor the same,
The modern and the quaint,
The simp'ring lass and the statély dame,
The sinner and the saint,
He loved his wife and the choir-girl,
Miss Bates and Mrs. Ball,
And when he "skipped" with the hired-girl
They knew he loved them all.

A gentleman of other times
Sought out the throne of grace.
He had learned in hymns and tales and rhymes
How this had saved the race.
He had been, of course, in earlier days
What aunts style "Quite a boy,"
But now he wished to mend his ways,
And to enter into joy.
Like this, the friends gone on before
Had 'risen from their fall,
But he learned, on reaching the other shore,
That it had not saved them all.

WHISPERING VOICES.

There are voices in the twilight
 Whispering tales of long ago,
Of the happy days of summer,
 Of the winter and its snow :
Telling stories of the springtime
 When the heart is all aglow :
Speaking sadly of the autumn
 When the flowers cease to grow.

I have listened oft at even
 To these voices strange but true,
When our spirits knit together
 While the flowers sipped the dew ;
The heart then had no shadow,
 For our sky was always blue.
Whispering zephyrs told the flowers
 Every secret that we knew,

Even now I long for evening,
 For the time when work is done,
Then down among the shadows,
 When the hills have crossed the sun,
I can listen to the voices,
 All of you, dear, absent one :
First I met you there at even
 When the work of day was done

The tale is now of sadness,
 But down in my bosom deep
There is a restless longing
 For the words the zephyrs keep :



“ With the friends so true and dear.”

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Their whispers cool the fever
 In the heart that will not sleep.
Once the flowers smiled and nodded,
 They now bow down to weep.

Still the voices and the shadows
 About my heart entwine
The thrill of those sweet moments
 When I held your hand in mine,
While the bee sang in the clover
 Where he came at dusk to dine,
When with downcast eye you whispered
 You would be forever mine.

The hours now are longer,
 Darker hill-tops hide the sun ;
And the trill of some rude finger
 Over Nature's harp-strings run,
Singing ever songs of sadness,
 All of you my absent one,
Still, I long and sigh for evening
 When the cares of day are done.

WHERE ARE THEY.

Where is the heart that used to beat ?
 The heart is tired and laid away.
Where is the cart that crossed the street ?
 The cart is fired—It didn't pay.

Where are the feet with the soft, slow fall?
The feet are resting—they fare the best.
Where is the seat by the garden wall?
The seat is vacant—he confessed.

Where is the voice so sweet and clear?
The voice is hushed by a silent call.
Where is the choice that we made last year?
The choice? — it turned out nothing at all.

Where is the maid that we used to court?
The maid went off with another “feller.”
Where is the squirrel that we shot for sport?
The squirrel? — he’s in the schoolboy’s speller.

Where is the prayer that we used to pray?
The prayer is forgotten, it had its day.
Where is the hair that we parted gay?
The hair was transient — it didn’t stay.

Where is there “square” that we used to play?
The square is rounded — it didn’t pay.
Where is the fare we used to pay?
The fare? — the conductor perhaps will say.

Where is the seven hairs we shaved?
The seven whitened one by one.
Where are the eleven dimes we saved?
The eleven dimes were spent for fun.

Where is the haven whose streets are paved?
The haven is crowded if there be one,
Where is the craven who feared the grave?
The craven? — he’s loading his great, big gun.

VIRTUE.

Earthly pilgrim there's a jewel
 Found within the aching breast
That can still your fevered longing —
 Charm the tired heart to rest.
It is Virtue's precious treasure,
 And the subject with it blessed
Is more wealthy than his monarch
 In a crown of diamonds dressed.

It can drive away the anguish
 When the mortal, fleeting breath
Vainly seeks a ray to light it
 On the unknown road of death.
When the years of life are gathered
 Near the entrance of the tomb
That soul by Virtue lighted
 Needs no brighter sun or moon.

Oh youth! in happy springtime
 Guard this gem of price untold,
With the key of manhood lock it
 In the fastness of your soul,
Along life's dang'rous journey
 Grasp the key with zealous hand
Lest you lose it in the darkness
 Of the world's cruel drifting sand.

Happy maiden keep this treasure
 Safe within your snowy breast ;
To maintain earth's sweetest pleasure
 You are given this behest.

On your bright face of beauty
I behold its beams at play
Like the gold-light on the lily
From the distant lamp of day.

Sweet Virtue, in earth's darkness,
I have seen your shining wing
Strew the drearest path of winter
With the blossoms of the spring,
I have seen you load Life's autumn
With the fruits of youthful years,
And drive from its December
All the doubts and cares and fears.

While your bosom holds this treasure,
Child of earth and earth's dark cares,
Your feet need never falter
On life's road of pits and snares ;
When the clouds and shadows gather
It will brighten up the way ;
Though the night be dark and stormy
It can make it as the day.

Like the nestlings in the tree-top—
Safe from Evil's dreaded crest
Are your hopes and dreams forever
Held in Virtue's sweet caress.
Threat'ning clouds may beat around you,
Light'nings flash and thunders roar,
But while Virtue guides your footsteps
You are safe forevermore.

QUESTION.

In Nature's breast or where'er thou art
Almighty and controlling power
Before which falters
The trembling heart of man,
In the darkened watch of life's little hour
Can the blaze of altars
Effect thy all-wise plan,
Of which man's structure is the grandest part ?

Oppressed with fear from the source that gave it
birth,
Can the timid and despairing soul
By tears and prayers
Gain a place apart from the gath'ring throng,
And gaze forever on the walls of gold
With no fears, no cares,
Or does the same inheritance to all belong,
Unchanged, forever, like the laws of earth ?

Or when done with earth and every earthly pain
If the loved ones should fail
To timely meet us
In the distant land,
Could our spirits prevail
On those who greet us
To take our trembling hand
And lead us on to life again ?

ANSWER.

When the thread of life unwinds once more
There will be childhood's joys again,
Manhood's passing strength,
Youth's brief hour of play :
Once more the long days of pain,
Diminishing in length :
Grief and joy always —
Nothing new — all as before.

There will be no quest of friend or foe,
All as before will love ;
The babe from its mother
Will the bliss conceive,
Then some will point above :
While still and still another
Will come and will leave,
Again each trav'ler will the journey know.

How often our spirits have passed through
This stage of sleep called death,
In the ages gone by,
No voice has come to tell.
While for the fleeting breath
We feebly yearn and cry
All in the plan is well,
Nothing in its course is changed or new.

THE LITTLE APPLETREE.

One day in Life's bright Springtime,
When the world was full of glee,
I went into the meadow
Some of Nature's work to see,
And beheld a host of apples
On a little appletree.

Through Life's summertime I watched them,
Kissed by breezes from the sea,—
Often since, in earth's dark journey,
All my aching eye could see
Was that host of shining apples
On the little apple-tree.

With future dreams beguiling
Still my bounding heart would hush
While the fairy artist, smiling,
Touched them with his flaming brush.
The font of Youth was gushing,
But the blast of Time's decree,
Came in the Autumn rushing
And shook that appletree.

When the Wreck of Hope lay tossing
Out on Care's rough wintry sea,
Once more Youth's shore, in crossing,
I beheld but not with glee,
For, alas, there were no apples,
Neither was there any tree.

But I trust when Time is ended
That my waking eye may see
All the glad and sad hearts blended,
In the great Eternity,
Like that host of rosy apples
On the little appletree.

A HOPE.

I had a hope in the earlier time,
The boyhood years had flecked it.
It was born aloft in their tenderer clime.
The morning dews had decked it ;
I had listened oft to its sweetest chime,
But no power below could its sweet breath save —
It could not be protected
And I only know the joy it gave
When my soul at first suspected
'That the power of death it could easily brave.

That hope was lost in a darkened sky ;
My mind was sore affected ;
The stars were dim, but they saw it die,
And gladly would have checked it.
The sorrowing moon heard its parting sigh —
She saw it fade without knowing why—
Without knowing what had wrecked it,
And beneath a cloud began to cry.
The stars had not suspected
That a thing so fair could droop and die.

THE BROOK.

Little brook in the downward journey,
I have heard in your garrulous lays,
Your voice loud and harsh in the springtime —
Low and sweet in the autumn days.
Sing softly and slowly
While the months and years go by
Sing sadly and lowly
For everything must die.

You told me the story of boyhood,
With what gladness I listened then !
But soon you grew strong in the flood-tide,
And you sang the harsh story of men.
Sing sweetly and gladly :
I would have no jarring cry :
Sing hoarsely and sadly
For everything must die.

Sing me a song of one absent
Of the light in her downcast eye,
As it rested once on your ripples,
And the love-laden barks sailing by.
Sing wildly and madly,
Winds in the branches sigh :
Sing lowly and sadly
For everything must die.

LAMENTING.

Oh, had I known that you could stay
Only one—just one short day,
My heart would now be much less sore :
Had I guessed before, before
That you must go so soon away
From earthly friends and hopes to stay.

The punishment I did inflict
And ev'ry rule laid down so strict
With hopes to guide to manhood's way,
And bring enjoyment to the day
When your own hand would dare life's tide,
Had I but known, were cast aside.

My eyes were blind, I did not see
The hand to lead you far from me.
Oh, what cared I for things you spoiled !
Oh, what cared I for garments soiled !
The first have vanished from the years ;
The last are washed clean with my tears.

BERRIES IN THE GRASS.

The friends of youth—dear, happy band
Come back again to-day
March in review, hand clasped in hand—
How soon you went away !

But one sweet recollection stays,
 When out from school *en masse*
We rushed at noon from all the plays
 For berries in the grass.

How precious were the moments then
 In that brief space called "noon!"
I hear the teacher's call again—
 The bumblebees' slow tune;
Again I hear the mischief planned,
 And see the blushing lass
A-searching while I held her hand
 For berries in the grass.

And Sundays from the pious lay,
 And from the preacher's smile
Our hearts were often led away
 By Fascination's wile;
No creed on earth could stay the tide,
 The sermon and the mass
Oft failed alike to fully hide
 Those berries in the grass.

But since, in life's dark, troubled day,
 From pathways sloping down,
How many souls are lead away
 By those same hands so brown!
The angel of the record book
 Will let some charges pass
If in the heavens there's a nook
 With berries in the grass.

Out in the world's great fertile field
 Some seeds must ever fall
From off the weeds that sin will yield
 Among the grasses tall;

Some eyes will stay both sad and blind
 Till night comes on, alas !
 Many searchers fail to find
 The berries in the grass.

Oh, may we early search with care
 The fields of Truth and Right,
 And share with those in pastures bare
 Our dipper-full at night ;
 Then while Faith's sunbeams light the west
 The hopeless ones that pass
 Will see the fruit and with the rest
 Search berries in the grass.



TRUE PRAYER.

You fellers from the college stage
 An' seminary school
 Can't never soften up the breast
 Of this old country fool ;
 Your studied sanctimony
 An' your orthodoxal show
 Can't never reach the pint that's sore,
 You've never felt the blow.

A-dressin' an' a-shakin' hands
 An' ridin' on the train
 Don't make a feller fit to soothe
 The heart's dull, aching pain ;



"I used to walk that distance."

You've got to walk an' bear the load
Of sorrow, care an' woe
Along life's dark an' rugged road —
You've got to feel the blow.

Of course its kind of pleasant like
To listen to your song:
It makes the heart slow up a bit
What's thumpin' all day long.
And I hope you'll reap a harvest
From the kernels that you sow,
An' work as eager later on,
An' never feel no blow.

An' sence we've come to argufy
The liftin' thing in prayer,
The feller what ain't had no grief,
I gamble, don't git there.
There ain't no histin' upwards :
He may kneel an' let er go,
But list'nin' sinners want to bet
That he ain't felt no blow.

The kind of prayin' sinners feel
Comes up from burdened souls —
From hearts what have gone bankrupt
Payin' out Love's earthly tolls —
From fountains in the longin' breast
What gush an' overflow —
From bosoms with their grief untold
What often felt the blow.

Sometimes when these people pray
 This hard old heart is numb :
 For it the tongues of Natur'
 In the world below is dumb.
 Their prayin' makes me see agin
 The friends what had to go,
 A-lookin' jest the same as whin
 I felt the partin' blow.

MEET ME AT THE STATION WITH THE TEAM.

Farewell to toil and sorrow,
 I am going East to-morrow,
 I'll visit you on Sunday,
 Oh, the hope seems like a dream !
 I must start back here on Monday,
 I can just stay over Sunday
 If you'll meet me at the station with the team.

I'm tired now with thinking,
 And the stars they all keep winking,
 In the hush I hear the murmur of the brook,
 Dear, busy stream,
 And again I see you sitting
 By the hearthstone, mother knitting—
 Be sure to meet me early with the team.

I used to walk that distance ;
 Then the snows made no resistance,
 And the winds were only playful
 Like the sun's caressing beam.

Guess I'm getting lazy,
Then I romped with Sport and Daisy—
I know you'll meet me early with the team.

While I sang here in El Paso,
The boys that wield the lasso
Filled ev'ry aisle and corner
Till the scene seemed like a dream.
I smiled of course and nodded
Ev'ry time the crowd applauded,
But my thoughts were at the station and the team.

I have charmed the western cities
With my simple strains and ditties,
But alas! the praise and plaudits,
How idle they all seem!
In my soul's most bright endeavor
Friends and home were present ever,
Oh, don't forget to meet me with the team.

I cannot sleep from thinking,
As the moon is slowly sinking,
How you'll bless me Sabbath morning
While the bells ring out the theme
Of the heavy cross and Savior;
You'll forgive my past behavior
When you meet me at the station with the team.

My mind has been so busy
That my head is sick and dizzy,
I have hoped and longed to meet you,
But I know it is a dream,
Good-by, alas! forever,
Voices tell me I will never
See you at the station with the team.

AFTER HE HAD GONE.

After he had gone

 I missed him.

 Though I never cried nor kissed him,
His path my sun shone on.

 My relentless heart was sore ;
 And the pain grew more and more
After he had gone.

After he had gone,

 I remembered,

 In the web of life, dismembered
Threads he often labored on ;

 And stronger longings, day by day,
 Began to break the warp away
After he had gone.

 After he had gone

 His smile remained ;

 It grew more beautiful and more it pained
The heart it rested on.

 My thoughts, grown less for others' woes
 Began to break my own repose
After he had gone.

After he had gone

 The friendless spoke his name,

 And asked each other why he never came,
Or why he stayed so long.

 My days are lonely— the night is gloom ;
 For my breaking heart the world changed soon
After he had gone.

After he had gone
Past hopes and fears
Came back and caught my blinding tears,
While mem'ry would fawn,
Until his sins and faults were small;
Oh, could I tell him what I suffered, all,
After he had gone.

THE LIGHT OF HOME.

Out on life's stream, as it dashes along,
We try to steer our barques aright,
With hearts unburdened and filled with song
We drift along in the light.

We are eager to reach the Isle of Tears,
In the ocean of Care and Woe
Where all the crafts on the stream of years
With their treasures of youth must go.

On that desolate shore forever more
Are strewn the hopes of youth,
The waves dash o'er the scattered store
Of love and trust and truth.

Dear sailor blythe on your voyage of life
Be not eager to reach this isle.
Keep in sight the beacon light
Of parents and home awhile.

On the home's bright shore there's a silver oar
And the waters are calm and blue,
And there's ne'er a night, but a beacon light
Shines clear and bright for you.

CHANGES.

Don't think because you're talking loud
That others will not talk ;
Don't laugh because you're riding proud,
And poorer people walk.
Time's hand may lift the fairest crown
And in a year or two,
The neighbors you are throwing down
May have a chance at you.
And he whose faults you made to glare —
Whose head you helped to bow
May sit behind the same old mare
That you are driving now.

Dear traveler on life's crooked road,
Into your wagon strong,
Take up the weary brother's load
And carry it along ;
And waste no time by making halts
To tell the friends you see
The story of that pilgrim's faults—
His sins and misery ;
Then when the world's calamity
Your own poor soul will cheat,
The same bright flame of charity
Will light your faltering feet.

WHEN TO PRAY.

De topick, dearest Christian folks,
 What I shall 'spound ter-day,
 Am 'bout de mortal subjec'
 Whin a nigger ought to pray.
 De tex' am in de gospel
 Whah Mars Jonah et de whale,
 An' den dun gone an' baiged hees wife.
 Fo' her to go hees bail.
 Now bes' belubbed bredren
 Dis heah pint am cleah as day ;
 Ef yo' sin yo' boun' to sass de Lo'd
 Each time yo' 'tempt to pray.

Ef yo' niggahs mines yo' kenshence
 You'll be nebbah in de lerch,
 An' yo' shell go to Hebben, shuah,
 Do' yo' may jine no cherch.
 Dis fac' yo' deah, ole pastah
 Hab ben preachin' many a day,
 While you cubbit some fine hen-roost
 Dere am no need fo' to pray.
 Yo' may jine de cherch an' holler
 Till yo' lungs am weak an' soah,
 But so long's yo' lub dem chickens
 Yo' deah Lo'd wunt heah no moah.

Ebbery niggah has a kenshence,
 De bredren will confess ;
 An' ef de cullahed people
 Mines dat whisper in dere bres',

Da may nebah jine no cherches —
 Da may stay to hum an' pray,
 An' de Lo'd what heahs the chickens squack
 Will heark to what da' say ;
 An' when dere called up yendah,
 Whar de angel pints his rod,
 Da wunt hab to do much lying
 Fur to settle wif dere God.

Yo'll fo'gib me, bes' belubbed,
 Fo' de liberty I take.
 Dere's one mo' obsuwation
 While de bredren am awake.
 Ef yo' ebbah lift a chicken,
 Do' no mortal heahed him squeal,
 Done ax de Lo'd in hebben
 To come down and bless dat meal.
 It was bettah fo' yo' mortal soul
 To fasted night an' day
 Den to strip yo' naboah's chicken roost
 An' den preswume to pray.

De Christians into God's deal house,
 Ob late, all pray so strong,
 It am pesky hard fo' dis ole man,
 To gess whose gwin' wrong.
 An' whin de meetin's obah,
 Ef de bruddah, blessed wif meat,
 Will invite Miss Eldah Johnsing
 An' her man, day'll gladly eat.
 Aldo' some Christian peoples
 Passed de parsonage ruddah late,
 Dis mawnin' yo' deah pastah
 Foun' no offerin' at de gate,

TWO APPLES.

An apple hung on an appletree ;
He said to his fellows " just look at me ;
I am the highest up of you all,
And I mean to hang on this branch till fall."

A large bug sat on the slender stem ;
He braced his feet, then coughed, " A-hem ! "
The apple fell in the swaying grass,
And the hungry boy ate it up, alas !

Another swung on an humbler bough ;
If it hasn't fallen, it hangs there now.
When the breezes tossed the branch around,
It was never far above the ground.

And was safe in the lesson that life will teach :
The gath'rer of apples would higher reach.
And was well content, for if at all
It dropped, it didn't have far to fall.

DESPONDENCY AND HOPE.

Life's harp, thy finest string is broken ;
No rapture springs from thy refrain ;
The joys of which thy voice hast spoken
Are changed forever into pain.

Now at eve the night wind sweeping
O'er thy bosom as of old
Sends a hoarse-voiced anthem creeping
To the portals of the soul.

Oh, some day while the world is making
Heavier purdens, extra cares —
Some day when this heart is breaking
Tune again thy raptuous airs!
Throb once more beneath the finger
Moved by friendship, thrill'd with love;
Lead the soul, doomed here to linger,
To hope again and look above.

PULL AGAINST THE STREAM.

Oh, seaman on the world's high tide
Drop not your oars to-day!
Lift in the anchor from the side,
And bravely pull away.
Why should you now sit stupefied
In life's bewild'ring dream?
Once more unload your bark of pride,
And pull against the stream.

At first the current may be strong,
But firmly grasp the oar,
And push your vessel right along
Safe toward the verdant shore.

And later all the flood and foam
Will not so mighty seem :
The arm grows strong in sight of home
That pulls against the stream.

The sullen rock and cateract
May sometimes come in view ;
But, though the strong oars bend and crack,
Just put your vessel through.
Though night be dark with wind and rain,
When comes the morning beam,
Your eye will meet new fields of grain, —
Just pull against the stream.

And when the flood of spring is gone—
When all the leaves are brown,
And heavier freights of age come on
To load your vessel down,
That boat will ride by golden shores
With safe and steady beam,
Because in youth you grasped the oars
And pulled against the stream.

Point me the youth without a home
Whose heart is brave and true,
And in some distant day to come
I'll show in turn to you
A man, who, though his course was slow,
And marked by Virtue's beam,
Outstripped the crafts of pride and show
On life's uncertain stream.

WHAT WE ALL LIKE TO HEAR.

Jack, sing us a song if you please, sir,
The camp is so quiet to-night ;
You always knew singing and music
And things that can put the heart right.
Sing something not all of the city :
Take a verse, Jack, that's likely to cheer ;
Have a brook and some trees and a cottage—
Sing something we all like to hear.

Forgive me for being particular,
But somehow my heart is not light,
And the songs of the gay and the worldly
Would make it more heavy to-night.
Here at the mines we're all equal,
But East, and it always seemed queer,
How you, Jack, above and beyond us,
Said and sang what we all liked to hear.

There's " Big Bill " of the shaft called the Dorris,
That one with his hand on his head—
They named the mine after his woman,
And to-night the news came that she's dead.
Sing a verse if you can, Jack, and in it
Have it go that there's nothing to fear ;
When we're dead all the sorrow is ended—
Sing something we all like to hear.

There's the parson that brought Bill the message,
He don't seem many duties to shirk ;



“ And when the flood of spring is gone.”

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If you can fix it all right in the rhyming
Just give him a lift in his work.
I won't charge your mind with my longings,
You know which direction to steer,
And if I had never insisted
You'd sing what we all like to hear.

The sinner with no friend to turn to
Never felt that you pointed him out
Though he knew from the start to the finish
You gladly would turn him about.
Sing to-night, Jack, though gathered around you
Are hearts that this world cannot cheer,
They will struggle more hopefully onward ;
Sing something we all like to hear.

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT.

It was late one Christmas ev'ning
In a crowded thoroughfare,
On the corner where an arc-light
Cast around a lambant glare
Where the stream of Life flowed onward,
Growing large that happy day,
That a minstrel's simple ballad
Stayed the feet that passed that way.

It was not so much the music
That withheld the list'ning throng
Back from the simple deeds of love
Their hearts had planned so long ;

Not the faded, upturned features
 Lighted by the arc-light flame,
But the voice with something in its tone
 The list'ners could not name.

Not many of Art's bravuras
 Were accorded to the strain,
Yet each hearer, in his bosom,
 Felt a joy akin to pain.
And when the Christmas chiming
 Added rapture to the spell,
The master spoke his servant
 A more kindly "Fare thee well."

And the handsome, rich-dressed ladies
 From their coupes nodded 'round
To the pretty maidens, standing
 On the corner humbly gowned.
Then a goodly shower of silver
 Fell around the singer's feet,
But he heeded not the jingle
 On the frozen, city street.

Many times upon that corner
 With his trusty violin,
Had he raised a simple melody
 Above the city's din.
He had stood upon that corner
 Often when his choicest lay
Went out to melt the gen'rous heart
 Upon its worldly way.

But to-night the silver rested
 Where it fell upon the stone

Till its jingle in the Christmas air
Was stifled by a groan.
The minstrel strangely smiled upon
The donors 'round him pressed,
He had clasped the old, worn fiddle
Very tender to his breast.

Then down upon the pavement
The loved instrument he laid,
And softly kneeling by its side
Bent over it and prayed.
The words grew faint and fainter ;
Lower sunk the bowing head,
Till someone, kinder than the rest,
Drew near and found him dead.

The Christmas moon had sunk from sight
Above the frozen pall,
And from the silent vaults of night
The snows began to fall.
The crowd departing through the drift,
From where he lay in state,
Knew that the minstrel's Christmas gift
Had come a day too late.

LACK OF LEADERS.

The general who leads in the battle,
And fires and loads with his might,
Soon learns that the soldier will follow
Who could not be driven to fight.
On the marches of life — in life's conflicts,
By the troops turning backward, we know,

In the van there's a vacancy often ;
 Those driven don't hanker to go.

You may tell of the beautiful city,
 And urge doubting mortals to rest
 All their hopes and their cares and their burdens
 In that far-away land of the blest ;
 But should you show some inclination
 Yourself to stay anchored below,
 Your life and its labors are wasted ;
 It were better you never said go.

The pilgrim with sin for his burden ;
 The outcast with longings and fears
 Both watch in earth's darkness for beacons
 To flash o'er the waste of the years.
 Who lives right his everyday actions
 Will be the true signals to show
 That he is a leader, and many
 Will follow him eager to go.

SAYING AND DOING.

One mans come onto Chestercole *
 What anybody's fraid ;
 Them person scare almos' to kill
 Jes so long she stayed.

She call them how she sail Lachine
 Down one big cat-er-act,
 An' how large hedge pig come sam' nights
 Right on top her back.

* Colchester.

She tell she hant almos' ben scare
With tree big Hingin man,
An' how she don't run way that thing
Provided if she can.

She swap wrong horse's man off
To Mon-re-al nas fair,
An' come to home without them rap,
Her wife don't any scare.

She ask his wife good-mornay,
He call him good-mornay too,
Then bose of it shake off his hand
An' tell it how you do.

Don't you forget it no plac,
You ain't afraid of me.
You got the wrong spoke to it
She jes the sam's I be.

But she mak some work to St. Alban
One plac on top the wood,
An' those gentlemans what boss that jobs
Can't thought she's pretty good.

He's one nas plac to work for,
But she can't want her no tall;
She pack his police off right up
An' come on Mon-re-al.

ONE SEQUEL.

You mak some talk to Chestercole,
Some more on some else one,
That persons can't look like it
You hant work any bun.

An' if she tell great many talks,
Lak sam's she mak before,
She's come to home on Mon-re-al,
An' don't went back some more.

NELLY.

Sad is the autumn grandeur now,
The leaves of red and brown
Resemble earthly hopes and joys
As silent they fall down.
But to my soul they bring the cheer—
The bliss of Memory's spell
That made the days of autumn dear
The year I courted Nell.

'Tis strange in all of man's affairs
How much a word may do—
How it can bind two hearts in one,
Or break a heart in two.

The friends we counted in that year
Were very prone to tell
The simple faults my life possessed —
The failings found in Nell.

I'm certain as the days go on
My loneliness and grief
Have vanished in the lesson
Of the withered, falling leaf,
And that the tongues of slander,
Which have stopped our wedding bell,
Did a kindness not intended
For myself, perhaps, and Nell.

For, now, although we're parted,
And my heart is aching so,
The heavier load of earthly cares
Won't crush her heart I know ;
The leaves that rustle in the gale
Won't break the lethean spell,
The tomb is deaf to every tale
That parted me and Nell.

The thoughtless words that have the pow'r
To check the force of love,
And bring destruction to the flower
Born but to bloom above,
Might have started at the chiming
Of our silvery, wedding bell,
And darkened ev'ry pathway
In the world for me and Nell.

A SONG.

Sing a little ditty
Full of love and pity
 As the days fly by.
The simple strain may reach some ear,
Calm some bosom filled with fear ;
It may start again the tear
 From the fountain dry.

Sing it loud or lowly
It will be a message holy
 To thy lonely friend.
His heavy load will lighter be
If it reach his storm-tossed sea,
With the anthem of the bee,
 Sweet the notes will blend.

Sing for souls that's weary,
Sing for hearts that's cheery
 There's gems in every part.
Sing it in the darksome night,
Sing it when the morn is bright,
In the darkness or the light,
 It will reach some heart.

MORAL.

One evening, while dining, sly Reynard
 Was asked by his children, sweet,
Why their table quite frequently empty
 Was laden with two kinds of meat.
"You should not have had this," said the father,
 " Had the robin not warbled and talked ;
Nor this," said he, meaning some crow meat,
 " If the other kept still when she squawked."

THERE WILL BE.

There will be days — Oh, yes there will !
When softest rays can't drive the chill
From lonely ways.

There will be nights — yes, nights of pain
With dreadful sights, where Hope is slain
On golden heights.

There will be friends with hearts as true
As steel that bends to break in two
Whose friendship ends.

There will be love, so deep and strong,
Its pow'r can move the world along,
That flees above.

FOR GOLD.

While without the blast is hurling
Heavy drops against the pane,
To my chamber forms are furling
From the darkness and the rain.

From the by-gone streams are rolling,
Streams of bliss without alloy ;
And in dreams, I feel me strolling
Through some field of early joy.

Once you guessed, in days forever
 Gone beyond the heart's recall,
 That this soul would wander, never,
 From your simple beauty's thrall.

Fool, in night's full flowing fountain,
 While you slept your sluggish sleep,
 It was trav'ling o'er the mountain,
 Through the desert, on the deep.

It has seen the Frost King blacken
 Whitest blossoms with his breath,
 It has watched the spring beam slacken
 Off old Winter's coil of death.

While your idle spirit doted
 On the rest the night would bring,
 Mine, in airy barks, has floated
 Down the stream from Nature's spring.

Yes, you say the band is holding
 Through the years that are to come.
 Your words but start the scolding
 Of a tongue that should be dumb.

When the vulgar file has grated
 Through the stretched and rotten cord,
 When the carnal lust is sated
 There will end your poor reward.

Is your palace home much brighter
 Than our love-dream's happy cot?
 Is your master's soul made whiter
 By your virtue cheaply bought?

Strange but true, in this wrong union,
You will give him for his gold
Not true woman's sweet communion—
Not the treasure of your soul.

And when your troubled billows
On the shore of love will fall
You will wake with dampened pillows—
Wake and grieve and loath it all.

True I've grieved some at our parting,
But down deep in springs that last
There's a balm for all that smarting—
There's a lethe for all the past.

Once in glit'ring jew'ls I trusted,
But those gems, that seemed so true
To the boyhood eye, were rusted
Like your heart-strings, thro' and thro'.

Should the gold on which you doted
Ever fail to satisfy
Turn for comfort to the bloated,
Leering form and bloodshot eye.

O, if to your bridal morning
Some less horrid fate had crossed—
Would to God some potent warning
Reached the soul e'er all was lost !

Had the witch above her caldron
Shaken once her raven head
From the dreadful, lasting thraldom
Your poor heart might then have sped.

Your fair hand points me gladly
 To some sweet day of the past,
But I sit and listen sadly
 To the raindrops falling fast.

Do not strive to hide this sorrow
 From the heart that knows your pain ;
Gladly of it would I borrow
 Till your peace would come again.

Only once I saw it flitting
 In the wounded bosom's sigh ;
Often though I've seen it sitting
 In your faded cheek and eye.

In past days how we wondered
 At the crushed heart's halting breath
Never guessing that an hundred
 Pains approached more grim than death.

When your love first filled earth's river
 With a thousand beauteous ships,
Could I know that gold would ever
 Buy the kisses of your lips ?

I forgive you now and ever
 This most deep and bitter wrong,
In the future I will never
 Sing a discontented song.

Though through earthly halls with gladness
 We are doomed to never roam,
We may leave the things of madness
 In their fast-decaying home.



“ Have a brook and some trees and a cottage.”

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SING ME A SONG.

Sing me a song of remembrance,
Awaken this erring mind
With a strain made of fond recollections
That are still with my heart-strings twined.
Sing it softly and slowly,
The wounds of the past to bind.
Sing it wildly — madly,
Now I would listen long ;
Sing it sweetly — gladly ;
Happy one, sing me a song.

Sing me a song of the blighting world,
Of its bitter, searing frost ;
Sing me a song of hearts aglow
That a shadow never crossed ;
Sing me a song of a shattered bark
By the angry billows tossed.
Sing sadly of its torn sail—
Of the timbers once so strong ;
I hear afar in the rushing gale,
Happy one your sweet song.

Sing me a song of the ev'ning—
Of the twilight pure and fair ;
Sing me a song of morning
When the heart is free from care ;
Sing me a song more earnest
Of the busy noontide glare.
Tinge each note with sorrow ;
Lead me on with the throng—
On to the glad to-morrow ;
Happy one sing me a song.

Sing me a song of a lifetime—
Of its transient hopes and fears—
Of the joys in the early springtime,
Of the winter of grief and tears,
Of a voice in anguish calling
For the by-gone, vanished years.
In this I seek to borrow
Respite from hours long ;
The lay of the world is sorrow ;
Happy one sing me a song.

DESTINY.

Whate'er the world may take or give
We move and breathe and strive and live
Until we die.
Time turns the glass with steady hand
While Fate, relentless, smiling bland,
Touches every pilgrim with his wand—
The gay, the stricken marches down the strand
With laugh or sigh.

He that never sought but won the prize ;
He who turns for comfort to the skies
Have failed alike.
Fate is the monitor that cast the dies ;
In life and worlds but so much lies ;
The friends, the loved, the cherished ties—
All hopes of man until he dies
Grim fate may strike.

Mark yon beggar with his head bowed down ;
See the monarch with his gilded crown ;
 Fate made the change.
In the quiet hamlet, in the busy town ;
On the brightest future Destiny may frown,
And bring the monarch to the level of the clown,
Or elevate the creature lowest down ;
 There is no range.

So when thy hopes are strong and high
Repine not, pilgrim, should they swiftly fly,
 Press on again.
In time Fate's frown may pass thee by,
Or drive the dark cloud from thy sky.
Unseen crowns are sometimes nigh ;
To-day beside thee one may lie
 Hidden from men.

DON'T GIVE UP.

If you have failed to find the glory
It is but the old, old story ;
 If disguised it passed you by,
Do not fold your hands and cry,
Do not heave a lasting sigh ;
With new courage once more try.

Though you've failed again, again,
In that done by other men,
 Where'er your lines are cast
You will conquer all at last ;
Friend press onward strong and fast ;
Never heed the darkened past.

Though the skies may smile or frown,
In your strength be not cast down.
If your feet have gone astray
Struggle back the darkened way ;
Higher hopes will always pay ;
Keep in sight the height alway.

Have you viewed the silent strand ?
Lo, the wrecks that weakness manned !
See the mast that once amain
Answered to the anchor chain ;
Look again and once again.
Ah, your bosom feels the pain !

While the torrent downward pours
Take the weaker hand in yours.
Should your comrade's footsteps stop
Be you his safe, sure prop ;
Help him onward to the top ;
Never let your courage drop.

PRAYER.

Power unseen I once more pray thee
Make anew this erring sight,
Lead my tired, strug'ling spirit
From the world's eternal night.

If to earthly sense be given
Glimpse of visions of the sky,
Drop the magic mirage nearer
To this eager, gazing eye.

THE OLD MAN'S MAXIMS.

Learn a little every day,
Let each person have his "say,"
Don't spend all your time that way.

Though your master be a Turk
Sing and whistle while you work,
Never, never, never shirk.

Do your duty every time ;
Fill your contract to a dime.
A little cheating leads to crime.

Deal the same with one and all—
Same with Peter, same with Paul,
Though you stumble, yes and fall.

Cheer the soul that Passion sways ;
Point it back to summer days ;
Lead it right with purer lays.

Should these maxims meet your eye,
Child of sorrow then do try
To be better on the sly.

Be kind to thy wayward neighbor,
Be true to thy friend in need,
For friend and foe alike will go
In the field to scatter seed.

When the pall of grief is on thee,
And thy head is bended low,
The thirst of these, which thou didst appease
Thy lips shall not long know.

Out from life's pure fountain
The waters will flow again
From sources deep, of a hidden sleep,
Down deep in the hearts of men.

Thy cloudy day will bring a ray
Rich in the tints of love,
Like the light of stars through twilight bars:
Descending from above.

REGRET.

Back of a hill in a pretty dell,
Where a brooklet babbled all the day,
A lassie lived, I knew her well ;
Often at eve I passed that way.

A laddie lived on the other side,
Now he has gone far, far away.
He pled with the lassie to be his bride,
But neither yes nor no would she say.

So one day fair when the ships set sail,
The laddie thought he would take a ride.
The lassie wept in the rising gale,
For all that she loved went out with the tide.

And later a vessel's shattered form
Bore down and anchored in the bay.
The seamen told of a mighty storm—
Of a sailor laddie washed away.

First the step of the maid was light,
 And the hillside echoed with her lay,
 But later her rosy lip grew white,
 And her cheek like the lily that blooms in May

And now in the still of the summer night,
 The maiden, though worn and old is she,
 Comes when the moon is shining bright,
 And stands on the shore to watch the sea.

IT ISN'T THAT WAY.

There's no need to pray for him, Mister ;
 I know he was " swift " on the street,
 But he always has loved his sick mother,
 An' buyed her the victuals she eat.
 Come if you wish, sir, and see him ;
 His mother will like you to stay ;
 But as fur prayin' fur Jim to be happy,
 I tell you it isn't that way.

How did it happen? I'll tell you.
 The car was just crossin' the street,
 An' somebody's bad little young one
 Sot there on the track lookin' sweet.
 Jim rushed through the crowd but he stumbled.
 You may come should you wish, sir, an' pray,
 If you think though that Jim was " a bad one,"
 I tell you it isn't that way.

There he is, Mister ; come near him.
 You see on his face there's a smile.
 Us boys " chipped " an' brought up some flowers,
 But we're all worse than Jim by a " pile."

You prob'ly think prayin' will help him,
An' his mother will want you to pray,
But we blacked boots together since winter,
An' I tell you it isn't that way.

He never would keep back a penny
If I was away from the stand,
An' when we slept out on the common
He laid his coat down in the sand.
He never complained when we carried him
Away from the track there to-day.
You may ask the good angels to help him;
But I tell you it isn't that way.

Say, I've seen Jim, when tired an' hungry,
Buy up with the nickles he'd saved
Nice dainty things for his mother.
Jim never got sassy or raved.
He didn't pretend to be good though;
No Mister, that wasn't his "lay."
You may do as you wish about prayin'
But I tell you it isn't that way.

No, he never went into no churches;
His coat an' his shoes wasn't gay.
But here in the garret, on Sundays,
Jim with his mother would stay.
You think that could keep him from Heaven?
Well, now look a-here, Mister, say;
You may think so, but I don't believe it.
I tell you it isn't that way.

THE VOICE OF CONSCIENCE.

The man of brain and common sense,
Who gives each fellowman
A just and equal recompense,
And does the best he can,
Needs small assistance from the creed
Dependent on a shrine
Where fainting sinners go to feed
On Superstition's vine.

True, earnest prayer has ever stayed
The fleeting hopes of man,
And on his bosom often laid
The fullness of his plan.
But 'round the hearth, if prayer be said,
Outside let deeds be done,
So that the Youth will ne'er be led
This sacred Font to shun.

Man's vaunted good can ne'er deceive
Wise list'ners very long,
Most shallow exhibitions leave
Impressions of a wrong,
While honest, heartfelt sympathy
Moves silent to the point
Where Sin's attendant misery
Leaves Nature out of joint.

There is no stumbling blindly on,
Such teachings are untrue:
Where're the sinner's feet have gone
His conscience pointed true.
No mortal ever went astray
Without this warning voice
To urge him to the better way,
Although he made the choice.

The soul once introduced to sin
But sets, as days roll on,
A snare, in trusting to begin
Sometime white robes to don.
'Tis best, methinks, all time to try
The "still, small voice" to heed
For weeks and months and years rush by
Like life, on Time's swift steed.

And every action, every word
On this terrestrial ball
In soaring onward, all unheard,
Works good or ill to all.
The millions yet for earth to hail
Will sorrow or rejoice
In that proportion as we fail
To hear the Conscience Voice.

Old Custom's laws have set the pace,
And Custom's voice has still'd
Dissenting murmurs of the race
Whenever it so will'd.
Where'er the stronger class has gone,
The weak, with sigh and groan,
Right in that pathway stumbled on
Afraid to be alone.

Still, in this age of deep research,
The sages, passing by,
Steer clear of Custom's airy perch
Lest he should blind their eye.
And he, fair target for their scorn,
Views, haughtily their route ;
And while he taunts them with his horn,
They seldom dare to shoot.

O, for the day when ev'ry man
Will have a thought apart
From Custom's detrimental plan !
When Virtue, Skill and Art
Will not be driven east and west,
As far as they can go,
From gilded streets, where Wealth is dressed
To look at Fashion's show.

Yes, for a day when Conscience's voice
Will turn the wayward back,
And for the spirit's earthly choice
Mark one straight, narrow track.
Then Superstition's magic wand
Will not be waved so strong,
Or drop from out the withered hand
That swayed the world so long.

By actions, not by words, we swing
The sweetest bell that's swung.
Oh, wherefore judge of Life's deep spring
By force of throat and lung ?
Both in the temple and the street —
In the most holy place,
Some will pretend, who pray for meat,
To pray alone for grace.

This, mixed with Superstition's drug,
 Makes up a draught for man
That causes him to fondly hug
 Deception's empty can.
And worse than all, more to enslave,
 This slow-decaying force
Has made the weak fanatic rave
 About the world's divorce.

The heart with powers, in its deep,
 By God and Nature planned,
Has often poured down in a heap,
 Its wealth upon the sand,
Where many thousands stand and view
 The priceless, wasted store,
To come next day, themselves, and strew
 Their own gems on that shore.

When voice of Conscience does begin
 By mortals to be heard,
Dark, blighting shadows charged with sin
 Will vanish at its word.
Old Superstitions still deceive
 The sagest in the strife,
And bind the hands that would unweave
 The tangled web of life.

Let every thinker own with shame
 While creeping from the mire,
That man's mad folly fanned to flame
 The Inquisition fire.
And those who prate of grace and love
 To earn a livelihood,
Let them seek favor from above,
 Themselves, by doing good.



“ So one day fair when the ships set sail.”

PAGE 98.



The tongue, with many tales of hell
And old satanic strife,
Bars youth from understanding well
The motives of his life ;
For while Deception drives her pair
And pictures Truth a lie,
Meek Virtue pays her regular fare,
And Custom winks his eye.

The eyes, that stop to look around
In every field behold
Some sleek and sanctimonious hound
Upon the track of gold.
He never whines nor yelps-aloud
His course to give away,
But barks and whimpers in the crowd
To fascinate his prey.

A thousand swinging tongues will prate,
A million voices buzz,
Yet, man should form his estimate
Of man by what man does.
Right minds, on God's great mission sent,
Should life's wrong phase disclose,
And never read man's temperment
All, in his noisy shows.

Let honest voices raise the praise
Of him who strives for right
Till Virtue's torches, all ablaze,
Light Superstition's night.
Then doubting mortals, with all speed,
Will wisely make a choice
Between some dim sepulchral creed
And Conscience's living voice.

YOU COULD NOT KNOW.

I gaze at your picture and often sigh
For the touch of your hand—for the days gone by.
I long to be near you once again
Away from the vulgar strife of men.
But though you would ever be kind and good,
You would not know and you never could.

The brook would not sing the same sad song
For you as for me, as we strayed along;
Your eye would not see in the bearded sheaf —
In the drooping flow'r and falling leaf —
The sure decay mine often would;
You would not know and you never could.

You would whisper freely your simple thought
Of friends and fashions — of dresses bought.
Your eye might sparkle — your fair cheek burn
When to grief and wrong that thought would turn,
You perhaps would cry in this deeper mood,
Still you would not know and you never could.

Your ear has not heard Nature's finest string,
Your lips have not tasted at Life's deep spring.
There has not been in your temperate soul
Love's tropic heat nor Hate's arctic cold.
Your feet have not wandered where mine have stood,
You would not know and you never could.

No grief has strengthened your calm desire,
Nor fanned into flame the passions' fire.
Your small delight of life's pictured page
Is a childish joy in the breast of age.
Though for all you are pure and good,
You would not know and you never could.

Your heart has trusted in song and prayer,
While mine unbidden strayed far from there,
Into the wilderness of strife—
Into the jungles of Death and Life.
You have never wandered from Faith's greenwood ;
You would not know and you never could.

MY FIRST DISTRICT SCHOOL.

We all look back on days gone by
When some fair, heavenly hand
Hung every gloomy hall of life
With pictures strangely grand.
Thus glowed earth's walls when starting out,
With register and rule,
I proudly sought the world's applause
In my first district school.

That time committeemen were grand,
We early heard from them :
The knowledge that they could command
Amazed the youth — a-hem !
They all had sailed on Learning's sea ;
Myself, adrift, a fool,
Saw with sinking heart the end
Of my first district school.

Still hours and days went on apace
 Until inquisitive youth
Began to struggle at the font
 With confidence and truth.
The second week were cast away
 The birch and hardwood rule,
From thence Love did the governing
 In my first district school

The superintendent came one day,
 A man with knowledge stored.
Each time a scholar sadly tripped
 He looked a trifle bored.
It seemed like some wierd phantasy ;
 Myself (unwilling too),
Lived through an age that afternoon,
 In my first district school.

But now of all that's done and learned
 I know at last the worth,
And feel that sweet remembrance
 Is man's best book on earth.
In it I view again the forms
 On haggled bench and stool
Impatient for the toil to end
 Like those in life's great school.

Strange everything of earth must end,
 And now naught can I say
Upon this page, dear absent friends
 To picture that "last day."
I humbly trust that all who mind
 The great and golden rule
Will hail with equal joy the close
 Of life's rough training school.



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