

# From Sea to Sea



J. Alda  
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L. ADDA NICHOLS BIGELOW.



# FROM SEA TO SEA

COMPLETE POEMS

Including

FANITA AND CARRISO, EASTWARD BOUND,  
DELPHINE, CHIMES OF THE MONTHS,  
SONNETS AND MISCELLANEOUS  
VERSE

By

L. ADDA NICHOLS BIGELOW



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TO THE MEMORY OF  
FATHER AND MOTHER  
THIS BOOK  
IS  
LOVINGLY DEDICATED



FROM SEA TO SEA.

*By the waves of the Atlantic  
By New England's rugged shore,  
By the mountains in their beauty  
With God's sunlight streaming o'er,  
I have written.*

*By the Great Lakes in their glory,  
By the rivers singing low,  
By the dearest old home fireside  
Where the sweetest pleasures grow,  
I have written.*

*By the smiling broad Pacific;  
By flowers that bloom perpetually,  
Where impartial nature giveth  
Her best gifts from Sea to Sea,  
I have written.*

1914.

L. A. N. B.



## FANITA AND CARRISO.

*An Indian Romance of Southern California.*

**B**RIGHT and beautiful Indian, maiden ;  
With eyes love-lit and heart love-laden,  
And lightly roaming day by day  
Through the long foot-path's winding way,  
Came Chief Cuyamaca's daughter,  
Came Fanita to the water  
Where bubbling springs and dashing spray  
Made music through the summer day.  
Thus softly stealing, fawn-like, free  
Forth from her father's broad tepee,  
Seeking if she might discover  
Him who proved her future lover ;  
Many hours in musing spent,  
Listless where the wild flowers sent  
Far and wide their perfume sweet ;  
And the lilies 'neath her feet  
Brought her day-dreams of content ;  
And hearts grew light where 'ere she went.  
This spot of all she loved the best ;  
And when the sun sank in the west,  
His parting gleams lit up the water  
And face of Cuyamaca's daughter,  
With light that's not on sea or land,  
Or for the heart to understand ;

*Page Seven*

And the Great Spirit brooded o'er  
The fading light on sea and shore.

O place of pleasure and of rest ;  
Where nature strove to do her best.  
Here the Indian tribes gave greeting,  
Here they held their council meeting,  
Here all the pow-wows and the race  
Between the scattered tribes took place ;  
At such a gathering one glad day  
Fond Cupid stopped upon his way ;  
While there, a neighboring Chieftain's son  
Had in his travels come upon  
This spot of nature's wondrous beauty,  
And oft again—but not from duty—  
He came to greet a maiden's face,  
The blithe Fanita of sweet grace ;  
With whom the warrior, tall and straight,  
The proud Carriso, mingled fate ;  
And pledged their never dying love  
Beneath the faithful stars above.

Ever alert, and quickly hearing,  
She knew his welcome footstep nearing ;  
And by the sweetly flowing fountain,  
From rocky crevices of mountain,  
And dashing wildly at their feet



As if inviting to repeat,  
They told again the tale of love  
While the Great Spirit smiled above ;  
And all things seemed to music set  
When Fanita and Carriso met.  
Be white or copper the color-name,  
The heart's affections beat the same ;  
And oft is laughter changed to tears,  
And happiness to anxious fears ;  
No life however bright and new,  
But has some shadows drifting through.

And so Fanita waited long  
One day ; and sadder grew her song,  
Because her lover had delayed  
His coming, till her heart dismayed  
Within her sank. But list ; she hears  
A coming footstep, but her fears  
Are not assuaged, for it is slow,  
Not like her lover's, with his bow  
And arrows, and the wild game sweet  
To throw in rapture at her feet.  
O Gitche Manito ! hear my plea,  
And bring Carriso safe to me !  
She looks, and lo ; her warrior stands  
With face grown pale and drooping hands  
Close by her side ; for he that day  
Had wounded been amidst a fray.

With trembling and with much alarm,  
She gently leads him by the arm ;  
And coming to their favorite seat  
By the cool waters flowing sweet,  
She bathes his head and fevered brow  
While listening to the story how  
He wounded came to be ; and then  
She bids him drink, and drink again  
Of this life-giving beverage pure,  
Nature's great remedy and cure.

Now bringing hope, dispelling fear,  
The Mission bells are ringing clear  
Far in the distance ; and recalls  
The lessons learned within its walls ;  
And o'er and o'er the anthem swells  
In music of the evening bells.  
For civilization thanks they give,  
And holy teachings how to live ;  
Thus many were the days they spent  
Beside the water ; all intent  
Was brave Fanita, to at length  
Restore Carriso to former strength.  
And when at last the glow of health  
Beamed from his face, 'twas more than wealth,  
The glad event was celebrated  
By numerous tribes that congregated  
To dedicate as sacred water

The power discovered by the daughter  
Of Cuyamaca ; henceforth a shrine  
To the Indians' god of medicine.

And now the wedding day draws near ;  
The morning breaks in sunlight clear ;  
'Tis known this day, both far and wide,  
Fanita will become a bride.

And for the feast of several days  
The clan some spacious wigwams raise,  
Surrounding which the camp-fires blaze,  
To welcome neighboring tribes that come ;  
And thus providing ample room  
Within, without, for rain or shine ;  
For race or rest, as each incline ;  
O proud Carriso ! strong and straight ;  
No prouder soul did ever fate  
Bless royally with loving mate.

To chieftain's son they honor give,  
And chieftain's daughter shall receive  
Rich gifts they bring in wild delight ;  
The choicest beads of wampum bright  
The fair Fanita will adorn  
With face aglow like blushing morn ;  
Bright woven mats and blankets they  
Bring as mementoes of the day ;

The swiftly passing hours enhance  
With many a game and sprightly dance.

Composing this luxurious feast,  
Were choicest fish and bird and beast ;  
Delicious game all smoking hot,  
Steamed fragrant from the boiling pot ;  
And plates refilled, oft passed around  
To groups on benches and on ground,  
And myths and legends quaint and old,  
With reminiscences were told.  
They smoked the peace-pipe with good cheer,  
That on each feast day was held dear.  
Midst ripening of the yellow maize,  
Crowning the shortened summer days,  
The joyful wedding feast-days end,  
But all good-fellowship extend.

Carriso and Fanita stand  
With eyes uplifted and clasped hand ;  
And listening to the music still  
Of the clear waters' gurgling rill ;  
While the sun's last golden ray  
Lights up anew the parting day.

\* \* \*

Many, many moons have gone ;  
And many settings of the sun ;  
Winter's cold and summer's heat

Have left dim traces of the feet  
That years ago had trod the dell,  
By sacred waters loved so well.

O California! rich in praise  
Of olden and of present days;  
Where once were desert weeds o'er grown  
Thriving hamlets and cities own;  
Through the Silver and Golden Gate  
Earth's richest products on thee wait;  
While many cities strong and free,  
Are guarding well the western sea.

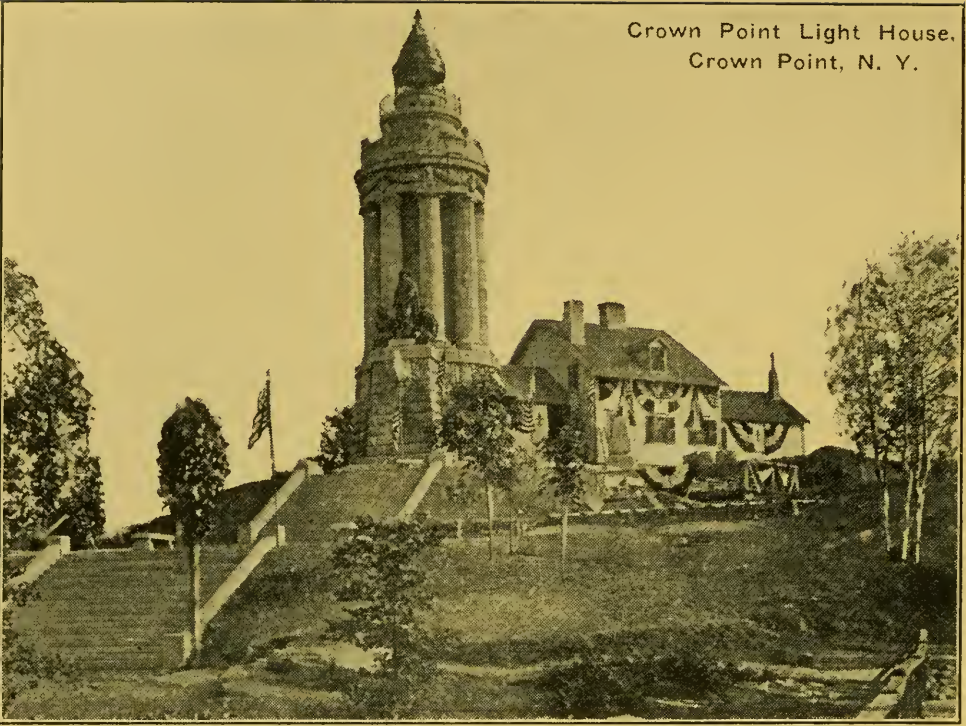
Long since, the white man, seeking, found  
This treasure-trove of priceless ground,  
And nature's medicated water  
Discovered by the Red man's daughter.  
They sought for gold; but greater wealth  
They found in nature's boon of health.  
The old-time famous mountain spring  
Now in this present time doth bring  
The glow of health to faded cheek  
Who of these healing waters drink;  
And pilgrims journey from afar  
Each year to test its merits rare;  
This purest gem of western isles,  
Nestled beneath the horizon's smiles;  
And where the birds' sweet melody

Echoes o'er mountains wild and free.  
The Orange and the Olive groves,  
The bright and ever blooming rose,  
The poppies and magnolias sweet,  
Lining the road to this retreat,  
Now greet the traveler on the way,  
And summer holds perpetual sway.  
This idyl of love is o'er and again  
Enacted by the children of men,  
In every clime beneath the sun  
Where love's romantic thread is spun ;  
And poets sing in every mart,  
The love-songs of the human heart.

The story is told ; laid down the pen ;  
But it comes to me as I ponder again ;  
The lovely vale, the mountains fair,  
Are real, and vanish not in air.  
The winding path, the sparkling stream,  
Are not an idle, fancy dream.  
The birds their corals sweet are singing,  
The distant Mission bells are ringing.



Crown Point Light House,  
Crown Point, N. Y.



„STAIR FALLS“, CROWN POINT, N. Y.



## EASTWARD-BOUND.

**J**UST as the sun's last lingering ray  
Was lighting up the close of day,  
And gilding vale and hill and tower  
With glory of the sunset hour,  
I bade adieu to the dear old home,  
A few short weeks afar to roam.  
Then seated in a coach of ease,  
And lightly fanned by summer breeze,  
Wild fancy at its will did stray,  
While we to Eastward rolled away.  
Fast flying almost as the wind,  
Home scenes were quickly left behind,  
New scenes to try, new friends to make,  
Hoping to give as well as take  
Blessings that make life brighter glow  
With sunshine only they can know  
Who live not for themselves alone,  
But others claims to freely own,  
And share with one great brotherhood  
The common ill and common good.  
Now when the morning sun arose  
In beauty o'er the hills and groves,  
We looked with wonder and surprise  
On nature's wond'rous mysteries,  
That dwell within Niagara's roar,

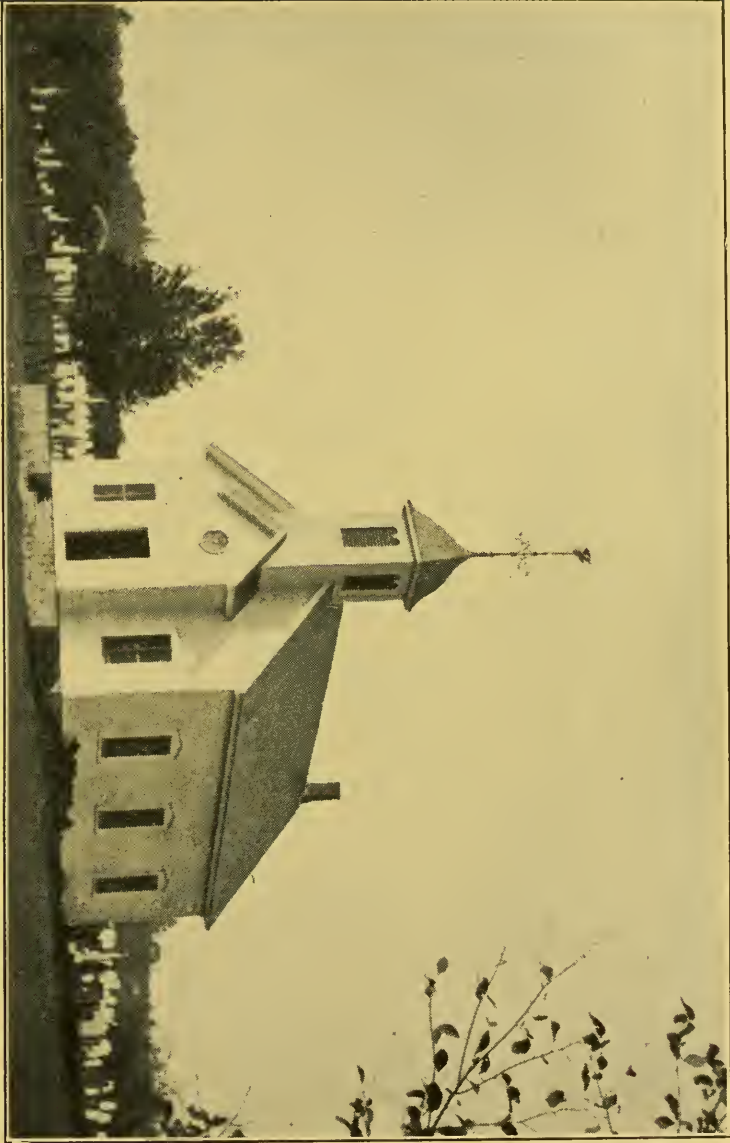
In glistening spray and wave-washed shore.  
Glorious music, grand and sweet!  
Mozart can not with it compete;  
Wonderful picture, made and planned  
Without the aid of human hand!  
In every wave, in every line  
Is seen the Master hand divine.  
To grand Niagara we bid adieu,  
And Eastward still our way pursue,  
Till Rochester's lofty heights appear;  
If thou seekest enterprise, behold it here!  
We enter now in the twilight grey,  
(Thinking of what the Scriptures say  
Of the savor of salt and of its use,)  
The wonderful city of Syracuse;  
And question if Lot's wife passed this way,  
She'd dare a command to disobey.  
Schenectady's ancient way-marks passed,  
To Saratoga we come at last;  
An Eden new, of beauties rare,  
Here greets the weary traveler.  
A few hours' ride and we reach the lake,  
Of the crowded car our leave we take,  
With the beautiful steamer "Vermont," in view  
O, gracious welcome we give to you,  
That brings us to our journey's end,  
For rest, when weary, is our dearest friend.  
Thus, when the third bright day had passed,

The hand of stranger friends we grasped ;  
But strangers they not long remained,  
For kindred hearts will beat the same.  
With them we tarried sweet rest to gain  
By the calm, blue waters of Lake Champlain ;  
With them we sought historic ground,  
And ever-varying pleasures found.  
The Ticonderoga Fort is seen,  
Strong reminder of what has been :  
Now crumbling, speaks of ancient wars,  
Battles lost and won and bloody scars ;  
But now the mountains smile in peace,  
The green fields yield their rich increase ;  
The cattle wading in the brook,  
Wear a calm, contented look ;  
And none would dream that 'ere before  
Was ought disturbed by cannon's roar ;  
In all this quiet place around  
Nature smiles with peace profound.  
O'er winding creek we crossed the bridge  
That leads up to old "Indian ridge :"  
Deeply shaded on either side  
With cedars tall and branches wide.  
And as we rode, my friend thus spoke :  
"Dost see that bare and ancient oak  
In yonder field alone?" he said,  
'Tis called "Put's Oak," of which you've read :  
That ancient oak of great renown,

The monarch of old Crown Point town.  
We almost imagined we could see  
The Indians tying to that tree  
Brave General Putnam ; and then again,  
Release that came by the bold Frenchman ;  
And thus in panoramic form  
Thro' by-gone years the troops are come,  
While fancy has the power to bring  
The past to present on pinioned wing.

An ne'er to be forgotten hour  
We spent within the light-house tower,  
Where the keeper, worn and grey,  
Had toiled through many a weary day  
For twenty years, to keep the light  
Thro' mists and darkness burning bright.  
How many from the storm-tossed wave,  
That light has been the means to save.  
When his pilgrimage here is o'er,  
May the beacon lights from the other shore,  
Kept brightly burning by an angel hand,  
Guide him safely to the spirit land.

I had often heard my mother tell  
Of the "old white meeting-house," loved so well,  
And closely linked with all the ways,  
And pleasant thoughts of girlhood days ;  
And eagerly I sought the spot



“THE OLD WHITE MEETING-HOUSE.”



That's with such hallowed memories fraught.  
Of the small, old-fashioned window panes,  
Scarcely a whole one now remains ;  
And sagging beam and rafter told,  
As plain as words "we're growing old."  
I entered alone this sacred ground,  
While solemn silence reigned around ;  
Gazing on vacant aisles and pews,  
And forsaken pulpit, thus I muse :  
How many in the by-gone years  
Have sought relief from griefs and cares  
Within these walls ; and long since fled  
To join the countless, peaceful dead.  
How many pilgrims old and young,  
Glad hymns of praises here have sung.  
The vacant gallery seemed to stare,  
And strangely ask, where are they? where?  
Then trooping up the musty aisles,  
Now casting shy, bewitching smiles,  
I see young men and maidens come,  
To this, their own loved Sabbath home.  
And hoary age on staff low bent,  
Has come with longings, and intent  
To hear from out the holy word,  
Some message new from their dear Lord ;  
Their faith to strengthen, and be blest  
With foretaste of the heavenly rest.  
Still loth to go, I lingering strayed

In the church-yard near where forms are laid  
Of generations past ; on stones  
Grown dark with age and moss o'er grown,  
I read, with eyes too used to weep,  
And wonder if the angels keep  
Their vigils sure through storm and tide,  
O'er buried treasures scattered wide.  
No satisfaction silence gives,  
While mystery in all things lives ;  
Frail man can only trust and wait,  
Until within the golden gate,  
Immortal life shall be attained,  
And mysteries shall be explained.  
With feelings of awe I took my way,  
From the "old meeting house" that summer day,  
Pondering long on what had been,  
Wondering still if ever again  
I shall pass this way in the coming years ;  
How much intervene of hopes and fears ;  
Ah, well it is we may not know  
How much of pain, how much of woe  
Shall meet us in the future ways,  
The joy or sorrow of coming days ;  
But trusting when this life is past,  
The haven of rest we'll reach at last.

How often in the cool of day,  
Were we inclined to stroll away,



Along the shady lakeside road,  
A half mile from our friend's abode,  
To a dear old farm-house, nestled there,  
Among green trees and flowers rare,  
The home of De Forrest; he, the good  
And well-beloved of the neighborhood;  
And in all the country 'round,  
The influence of his life is found;  
Through long and weary years of pain,  
A helpless sufferer he has lain,  
And many seek his bedside there,  
His words of faith and trust to hear;  
And thus in seeming solitude,  
He preaches to the multitude.  
An ardent admirer of genius, he,  
In every art and industry;  
And can of writers modern and old,  
The peculiarities of each unfold;  
And then with judgment true, descry  
The value of each with critic's eye;  
In the realm of books he wanders free,  
A passionate lover of poetry;  
And oft to while away the time,  
I said for him some simple rhyme  
Like this I penned one Sabbath day  
While musing in a quiet way:

## LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

O beautiful waters of Lake Champlain!  
That I've so longed to see,  
For in the days of long ago  
My mother dwelt by thee.

O lovely mountains that bound thy shores,  
In lofty grandeur rise;  
Thy summits seem to almost reach  
And kiss the vaulted skies.

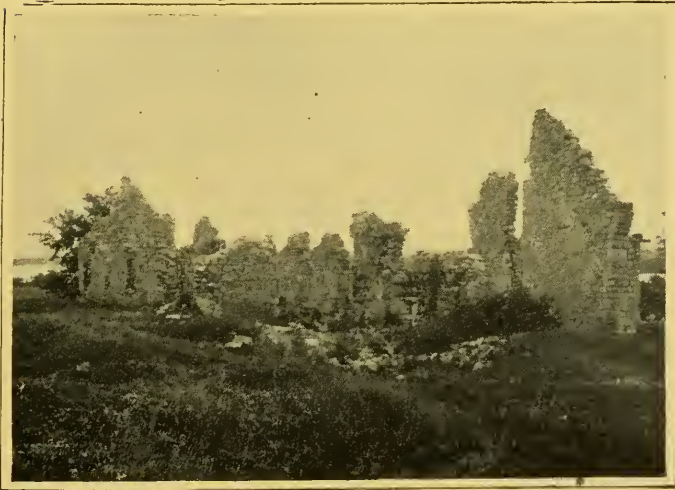
The lights and shadows o'er thy brow  
In fitful radiance play;  
So like the joys and griefs of life,  
So like life's fleeting day.

And still I gaze upon thy face  
O Lake, to me so dear,  
For the love of her who loved thee well  
In life's bright morning here.

The boats that glide upon thy waves  
Have all a charm for me;  
And the crumbling Fort of old Crown Point  
Speaks volumes of history.



FORT FREDERICK—CROWN POINT.



FORT TICONDEROGA.



I'll cherish these scenes within my heart,  
And take them as I roam,  
To the dearest spot in all the world,  
To Michigan my home.

I related how one morning fine,  
A boating party numbering nine,  
Sailed from Port Henry; lovely port!  
To "Camp Idylwilde" at Seven Mile Point.  
A picnic party, with dainties rare  
All stowed away with wond'rous care,  
In quantity as if t'were sent  
To feed a hungry regiment.  
No pains were spared, but all was done  
To make this day a happy one;  
And for its pleasures we mainly owed  
To one Evangelist, well beloved  
For all his constant toil and zeal,  
That Christ to men he might reveal.  
He talked of life that is to be  
As boundless as eternity.  
Then o'er the silvery waters rolled  
Glad songs of Zion, new and old.  
And something of the holiday,  
I told De Forrest in this way:

CAMP IDYLVILDE.

O thou lovely and quiet retreat!  
By nature richly blest;  
Our boat has glided o'er the waves  
To seek thy peaceful rest.

We leave all cumbering cares behind,  
To bask beneath thy shade  
O noble cedars tall and grand,  
That rule the leafy glade.

O stately rocks, that stretch their arms  
High o'er the ragged ledge,  
O'er nature's stairway winding down  
Close to the water's edge.

The waves low dashing at our feet,  
Doth sweetest music make,  
And murmuring softly seem to say,  
'Tis all for love's own sake;

To cheer the weary and the sad,  
We sing our ceaseless songs;  
To lift their drooping hearts to Him,  
To whom all praise belongs.

An ever eager listener here,  
Is dear Grandma of sunny cheer,  
And life as bright as morning sun,  
Tho' she's numbered summers eighty-one ;  
Long may she linger yet to bless  
This dear home with her cheerfulness ;  
While each one of this household, we  
Will cherish with fondest memory ;  
Whatever path in life we take,  
This bond of friendship naught shall break.  
For weeks we lingered this side the lake,  
'Ere we of friends our leave did take,  
And new scenes and recreations sought  
Among the mountains of old Vermont.  
And here, of friends, we found a score  
Whom we had never seen before ;  
And now their welcome missives bring  
Glad memories that fondly cling  
Around the heart's most sacred shrine,  
That knows no distance and no time.  
O Green Mountain State ; so rich with all  
Thy marble quarries, great and small ;  
How much of wealth the earth yields thee,  
And yet 'tis shared from sea to sea ;  
And sister states thy wealth partake,  
And in return send thee as great.  
And thus are nature's riches poured  
O'er all the earth, not all are stored  
By one or few ; but common good

Is given a common brotherhood.  
Thy mountain scenery rich and rare,  
And beauty of thy lakes I share ;  
Thy lovely forests of evergreen,  
Thy mountain pines of glowing sheen,  
Bright pictures make on memory's wall  
With pencil colors indelible.  
To the year eighteen hundred eighty-one,  
Many strange events have come ;  
Among them we witnessed the dark day\*  
That all o'er New England held sway.  
The birds, believing it was night,  
Refused to sing and ceased their flight ;  
A strange, weird light thro' darkness shone,  
Strangely all things it reflected on.  
The same phenomena in lesser degree,  
As the dark day of seventeen hundred eighty ;  
When Abraham Davenport, with form erect,  
Arose in the Legislature then met,  
And to Connecticut's Law-givers said :  
If this be the time when the sea yields its dead,  
And great judgment day of the Lord of Hosts,  
I propose for one, to be found at my post ;  
And as the day assumes night's mien,  
"I move you bring the candles in."  
Thus saying to all : Do your best,  
Then faithfully wait and trust the rest.

---

\*September 6, 1881.



I touch the old-time battle place  
Of Plattsburg: and from thence I trace  
My way to St. Lawrence; and linger here  
A few short days with kindred near.  
And o'er Deer river our boat we glide  
In the calm hour of eventide;  
And constantly find something new  
For restless feet and mind to do.  
To the place of interest that loudly calls,  
In and around dear Brasher Falls,  
I gladly hasten and learn the ways,  
And hear the tales of early days,  
From the lips of one of its pioneers,  
Now calmly past his four score years;  
Who pitched his tent in this same place  
When it was one vast wilderness;  
And made the richness of the land  
Abundance yield to labor's hand.  
I tread the same old paths where trod  
The loved ones, now gone home to God.  
I quench my thirst from out the spring  
Whence they quenched theirs; the murmuring  
Of the clear waters bubbling o'er,  
Seem echoes from the unseen shore.  
Now amply paid for all in quest,  
Toward the glowing, golden west,  
My thoughts, my anxious thoughts are found,  
For now at last, I'm homeward bound.

Seek we for pleasures far or near,  
Search we for treasures 'ere so dear,  
Nothing so near the heart will come,  
As tender thoughts of home, sweet home.  
From the transient one of our pilgrim stay,  
We look for the home that fades not away.  
1881.

### DELPHINE.

Note: For some of the thoughts and incidents contained in "Delphine" I am indebted to Rev. George H. Hepworth and Bishop Breyfogle.

L. A. N. B.

**H**ERE flows the smiling Manistee  
Leisurely onward toward the sea ;  
And winding through the hills along,  
Fills all the valley with sweet song  
Of rippling waves that smile and kiss  
Its own green banks with nature's bliss ;  
Until at last it pours its charms  
Into the broad Pacific's arms.  
Now mirrored in its depths so clear  
The fleecy, floating clouds appear ;  
And toward the setting of the sun  
Upon a summer afternoon,  
A glowing picture one oft sees

*Page Twenty-eight*

Reflected from o'erhanging trees  
From farther bank, like gleams of fire,—  
Naught's left of beauty to desire.  
Its waves doth many secrets keep  
For those who dream and those who weep ;  
And 'neath the bridge so grey and old  
Hath heard the story often told  
Of love and grief, of pain and loss,  
So deep that nothing but the Cross  
Of Calvary could heal and bless  
With its own balm of tenderness  
The weary hearts that long and wait  
The opening of the unseen gate.  
Dear Manistee! for aye flow on ;  
The pride of one small country town,  
That nestles by thy purling stream,  
Among the hills where poets dream ;  
And where life's nobler after-thought  
Outside the world of strife is wrought.

Here where the wheels of labor sound,  
And honest thought and peace abound,  
And laborers with the sinewy hand  
And stalwart frame respect command,  
Fair Delphine lies. What memories flame  
At mention of this cherished name ;  
Of faithful friends of other days  
Who dwelt among these quiet ways,

And by the social, bright fireside  
Exchange of thought new themes supplied.  
Thus while around the cheerful fire  
The huge logs burned still higher and higher  
And threw such genial glow apace  
As lighted up each eager face.

One friend by full consent had gained  
Name of "the Master"; for he reigned  
Unconsciously and with sweet zest;  
His years outnumbering the rest;  
And from the love-light in his eyes  
Bespoke a nature meekly wise.  
Of him it was devoutly said,  
Who much of God and nature read:  
"His present seems a dream to be,  
The future his reality."

A younger and a growing light  
See in this fireside group at night,  
George Markham; pastor in the place;  
Whose creed is written in his face;  
And you could read it from the start:  
"Heaven and earth not far apart."  
One person hard to be described,  
Who of full measure had imbibed  
Of gospel truth, of wit and grace,  
And in the group held central place.

A man who spoke in homely phrase,  
Uncultured, only in the ways  
Of heaven-taught truth; a speaker bold,  
Who won the hearts of young and old,  
David Rook; gardener and friend,  
Whose common work serves highest end.

One of this club of five we see  
A business man of high degree;  
While from the city for short stay  
Had to this fireside found his way.

And let us now acquaintance make  
With one McColl; all for the sake  
Of others who like him may roam,  
In darkness, and to light may come.

Invigorating breezes flow  
Through trees of pine, inviting so  
The seekers after health to try  
The simple remedies that lie  
In change and rest; thus some have come  
To make Delphine awhile their home;  
And list to woodland music free  
Beside the rippling Manistee.  
This guest, McColl, a sadness wore;  
Oppressive grief was brooding o'er

“You’ll talk ten minutes more or less,  
Then give it up for other theme,  
Or some more visionary dream.”

“Nay, nay, my friend, but rather I  
Had thought discourse to multiply;  
The theme so vast now on my hand  
Seems wonderfully to expand.

Now my belief, as you may know,  
Is in two worlds united so,  
Though one the other cannot see,  
In speaking distance they may be.”  
Then from his library shelf he took  
A well-worn, unpretending book,  
And from its pages to him read  
A little story, which, he said,  
Expressed his faith. It runs this way:  
There is an island, so they say,  
Inhabited by fishermen  
In low rude huts; and often when  
Through fog and mist they can’t discern  
Their own loved dwellings, nor dare turn  
Their boats too near the rocky shore,  
Their voice in song is wafted o’er;  
Then wives and sweethearts take again  
The next verse of the sweet refrain;  
And thus they know, though all unseen,  
That no great distance lies between;

And they can well with patience stay  
Until the mists are cleared away.  
"I can't accept it," hoarsely said  
His guest, and sadly shook his head;  
"The theory sounds well to read,  
But can't be true; ah, no, indeed!"

"But, friend, supposing it were true,  
Would it not be worth much to you?  
And do you not think it worth while  
To study it, and thus beguile  
Your weary hours of grief and pain,  
And from it consolation gain?  
And find it not unreasonable,  
But, rather, true and beautiful?  
If we can't rend the veil and see,  
It's no less true that there may be,  
Not far away, the other shore,  
And heavenly greetings wafted o'er;  
Beyond our human eyes to reach,  
Or human ears to hear the speech;  
But faith can see, and faith can hear,  
And thus bring unseen treasures near."

A gleam of hope a moment shone  
Across his face, and then was gone;  
With grasp of hand he said "Good night,"  
Then passed into the street from sight.

Now once a week, it was agreed,  
This friendly "Club of Delphine," freed  
From all restraint, should meet and share  
Each other's thoughts, and notes compare.  
The parsonage to be the place  
This genial company should grace;  
And from the pastor's study flow  
Rich blessings after years should know  
From "speaking meetings," if you please,  
Where each one felt at perfect ease,  
Discussing social topics when  
Seemed drawn that way, and now and then  
Of politics they took a view,  
All with good nature through and through.  
But mostly valued time was spent  
On higher themes, with the intent  
To help McColl, now in the night  
Of unbelief, to clearer sight.  
And one strong element to guide  
Was David Rook, who could divide  
The living truth in homely way;  
He sent his arrow swift to stay,  
Until beyond all argument  
His simple faith had gained assent.  
"Too much theology," would say  
Our gardener quaint and in his way,  
"And not enough religion found,  
Sometimes to hardly go around.



About the creeds Christ little said,  
But very much of *love* instead."  
The Master silent sat the while,  
And nodded with approving smile.

McColl then spoke: "I'd like to know,  
If you've a God that loves us so,  
Why He should such afflictions send,  
And weight of burden that it bend  
And crush our very life apart,  
And wrench and tear the human heart  
Till hope is dead, yet death won't come  
To free the soul with anguish dumb.  
Then you on love and faith expand;  
I surely cannot understand  
A faith so blind; but wonder, doubt,  
Concerning things past finding out."

"Well, now," said David, "let me tell  
An incident remembered well;  
Crossing a lake, some time ago,  
A fog and mist had settled low  
And thick about; we could not see  
Across the deck, and thought that we  
Were in much danger, when I went  
To see the Captain and give vent  
Unto my feelings of great fear;  
Where he was standing I drew near:

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'Are you not going at full speed?'  
'Certainly, my friend, there's need  
That I on time the trip should make;  
No cause that I the record break.'  
'Is it not dangerous?' I ask;  
For recklessness took him to task.  
'I care not for the fog,' said he,  
'The compass is our guide at sea;  
Always by that our course we take;  
'Twas never known to make mistake;  
Through fog and mist, through night and day,  
The needle always points one way.'  
'And can you tell me why 'tis so?'  
'I surely can't, nor do I know,  
And never yet have heard of one  
Could tell just how the work was done.'  
'And yet you trust your life, and feel  
Secure with that one bit of steel?'  
'Yes, every time; because I know  
It's o'er and o'er been proven true;  
Hundreds of years it has been tried,  
Has never failed, has never lied.  
The mighty ships the waters plow,  
Laden with wealth from stern to bow,  
And trusted to the needle's eye,  
Not knowing the wherefore nor why;  
We trust what we can't understand  
Each day we live, on sea or land.'

Thus spake the Captain. I withdrew,  
Knowing that what he said was true."

McColl sank back into his chair,  
Silent, but with more hopeful air ;  
George Markham stirred the waning fire,  
And while the sparks and flames rise higher  
And fill with cheerful light the room,  
Their conversation they resume,  
Led by the Master ; and with him  
The business man of mirth and vim  
The company oft entertained,  
And thus the interest never waned.  
The moments swiftly fly, and when  
The clock rang out the hour of ten,  
They rose to go : each one possessed  
A growing friendship for the rest.  
And David thought, but left unsaid—  
"To-night a cornerstone's been laid."

"To-morrow's sun shines on to-day ;  
Thus easily we climb the way  
That otherwise so rough and steep  
Our feet from stumbling could not keep.  
'Tis just ahead we look for rest,  
That makes the present stand the test ;  
And so with dauntless courage we  
Press on to final victory."

Thus spake the Master when around  
The hearth again the Club was found ;  
The thoughts that led to these remarks  
Were like the scattered flying sparks  
Brushed off when in the grate we turn  
The log to make it brighter burn.  
Each one contributed a share  
To make the hour a profit bear  
To one and all, each in his sphere,  
And thus the moments brought good cheer.  
They talked of ruling kings of earth,  
Of fame and wealth, and what they're worth.  
Then, running o'er with gratitude,  
Spoke David in his joyful mood :  
"My friends, I doubt if you can guess  
The wondrous riches I possess ;  
The beauty of the world is mine,  
The multitude of stars that shine,  
The moon with all her silvery light,  
And all the glories of the night ;  
The woodlands and the birds of song  
To me without reserve belong.  
Ah, yes! I own the Manistee,"  
Continued David, cheerily ;  
"The scenery along its banks  
I take and give the Father thanks ;  
And all the range of hills that rise,  
And over which the sunshine lies ;

While through the trees the crimson glow  
Lights up the peaceful vale below.  
With all the wealth of Croesus I  
Could not one-tenth these beauties buy  
That now I take as gift so free  
From God's own hand of love to me.  
They're mine to hold while life shall last,  
Then mine a heritage more vast.  
In Christ's last will and testament  
To me the blessed news was sent  
That to immortal life I'm heir,  
Within the many mansions fair  
Where He's prepared for me a place,  
And I shall see Him face to face.  
Thus to a blessed home in heaven  
To me a title deed is given ;  
A document no court can break ;  
Sealed with His name and for His sake  
Who on the Cross of Calvary  
Hath purchased this great wealth for me.  
This postscript doth the will attend :  
'Lo, I am with you to the end.'  
To David Rook the deed stands sure  
To mansions that for aye endure,  
Who dwells at present in Delphine,  
To him's addressed each precious line.  
O friends! can you now estimate  
The value of my great estate?"

George Markham smiled, for well he knew  
The words came from a heart that's true.  
But we shall equal heirship claim  
All in and through the one great name,  
He said; and thus the talk ran on  
Until the time was almost gone,  
And with reluctance must adjourn;  
But not until the coffee urn  
With steaming beverage passed around  
And glad recipients had found.

As when the faintest streaks of light,  
At early dawn, foretell the night  
Is fast receding, and the Star  
Of Morning shines above the bar  
Of growing crimson that will soon  
Be lost in the resplendent noon,  
So with McColl 'tis break of day;  
The shadows lift, and far away,  
Though dimly, he begins to see  
The meaning of faith's ministry.

"That we've a Friend," the Master said,  
Always in reach, has comforted  
More hearts than eloquence of prayer  
Addressed to One we know not where.  
The Man of Sorrows, knowing grief,  
Can best give human hearts relief;

And, perfect made through suffering,  
Can unto others healing bring ;  
Who triumphed in temptation's hour,  
Can to the tempted give like power ;  
And since with Christ the victory  
Was gained in dark Gethsemane,  
More than his miracles to us  
His earthly life and lifted Cross  
Whereon He paid redemption's price,  
The one great living sacrifice ;  
And thus to heaven was made complete  
The path where trod His sacred feet.  
His footprints through the ages trace  
That storms of centuries can't efface ;  
And in His steps whoever will  
May find the pathway shining still.  
Through prayer unuttered or expressed  
The prayerful heart is always blessed,  
And feels the Christ so near to them  
That they can touch His garment's hem ;  
To trust the leading of His hand  
A little child can understand."  
George Markham breathed a low "amen" ;  
McColl the same repeated ; then,  
With heart o'erflowing at the word,  
David added : "Yes, praise the Lord !"  
The Master's line of tender thought  
Had to the mind of Markham brought

Some promises that always shine  
From Revelation's sacred mine ;  
And so before his friends he brings  
The outline of his ponderings.

To him that overcometh, I  
With hidden manna will supply ;  
To him that hath an ear to hear  
The Spirit ever speaketh clear ;  
And they that understand shall own  
A new name written in white stone,  
Which no man knoweth saving he  
To whom's revealed the mystery ;  
The simple token of a friend  
That one the other doth commend.  
With rich embellishment is fraught  
Each wide-extending Scripture thought.  
When those in ancient Athens tried  
Acquittal gained, 'twas signified,  
And dicast's verdict was made known,  
Just by the white and unpierced stone.  
When each in turn his thought expressed,  
With growing interest manifest,  
David, in his peculiar way  
And emphasis, went on to say :  
"The world will never think the less  
Of those who live what they profess.  
'Tis grander far, my friends, to do,



Than merely to believe what's true.  
On truth that's practical the Book  
Has ever taught the world to look.  
So each strange face that meets my view,  
I simply think, I hope that you  
Are one whose swift and willing feet  
Are for the dear Lord's use made meet ;  
On mercy's errands oft will go,  
And thus your love to Him will show.  
Much of our sorrow we forget  
If busy for the King we're kept."

"O, is it true?" said, half aloud,  
McColl, as low his head was bowed ;  
"I really think I've selfish been,  
And can He count it less than sin?  
To turn about 'tis not too late,  
'For lo,' One says, 'I knock and wait.'"  
Whispered Markham: "His promise claim,  
And yours the white stone with new name."

A moment's silence ; when they drew  
Their chairs the fireside close to,  
The master led them in his way  
To view a picture by Doré  
That once he saw. With pictured word  
Their hearts with admiration stirred ;  
And when, within the gallery led,

The canvas he before them spread,  
So plain he made it they could trace  
The heart's desire upon each face.  
"The Vale of Tears,"—thus vividly  
Shows forth life's sad reality.  
The background dark, which is immense,  
A shadowy valley represents ;  
And at the entrance, clothed in white,  
The Savior stands, with form upright,  
Bearing a cross ; and with one hand  
Upraised ; by which we understand  
Is invitation ; arched around  
His head, soft rays of light are found,  
Thus symbolizing as we see  
Hope's presence even here may be.  
The middle and foreground are full  
Of a great number typical  
Of weary, heavy laden ones,  
From beggars e'en to kings on thrones.  
A king in glorious cloth of gold  
Turns in despair, and to behold  
Beseechingly Christ's face ; and near  
Him stands a Roman Emperor,  
Whose brow still bears the laurel wreath,  
With toga stained with blood beneath,  
From heart-wound by his enemies  
Inflicted through mad jealousies.  
The maimed, the halt, the blind are there ;

A dying mother to His care  
Commends her child of tender years,  
With pleading look and flowing tears.  
On solitary shelf of rock  
Despised and hated lepers flock ;  
And from whatever depth of loss,  
All look to Christ and to His Cross.  
Without a word of comment made  
Upon the picture thus portrayed,  
And made indelible within  
The mind of each, they now begin  
Their hats and overcoats to take,  
And with a hearty, warm hand-shake  
The club adjourns ; with a "good-night"  
They step out in the clear starlight.

God works through men ; and they who heed  
The great commission find indeed  
A satisfaction that extends  
And is complete in this : His friends.  
And he who lifts to purer air  
Of heaven a soul in deep despair  
Does work as high as angels do,  
And through a means they never knew.  
'Tis thus McColl has dared commend  
His life unto the world's best Friend ;  
And from the faith-light in his face  
Proves heaven a state as well as place ;

That near by is the heavenly home  
Where loved ones wait for him to come.  
By consecration full, all doubt  
Has from his heart been taken out,  
And heaven's all transcendent light  
Has swallowed up his darkest night.  
While his frail body still declines  
The help of breezes from the pines  
And from the hillsides that surround  
Dear Delphine; and while he's not found  
What here he sought that would make whole  
His earthly frame, yet for his soul  
He's found the rest longed for and sweet,  
The rest eternal, full, complete;  
And eager expectations shine  
Within his eyes words can't define.

How pleasantly and swiftly passed  
The weeks; and this must be the last  
Fond meeting, when the Club adjourns.  
Each guest unto his home returns  
Upon the morrow; so they this eve  
Mostly to reminiscence give.  
And hardly now do they begin  
When light refreshments are brought in;  
The fragrant coffee and the tea,  
Emblems of sociability;  
And thoughts of parting find no place

To mar the evening's cheerfulness.  
An added interest, by the way,  
This meeting holds; 'tis the birthday  
Of David Rook, who cheerily  
Proclaims that he is sixty-three;  
"In hailing distance now, almost,  
Of yonder shore and heavenly host."  
Congratulations all extend  
To him, their much respected friend;  
Whose noble, open, manly face  
Would banish gloom from any place;  
Who never let his left hand know  
Of aught of good his right would do;  
But often said, "Nothing is small;  
All things are great, for God made all.  
*That* life," he said, "is much like this,  
I think, except that I shall miss  
My rheumatism over there,  
And that, I know, I well can spare;  
And heaven's rest will be more dear  
For pain and loss we've suffered here."

"Since coming here I'm led to see  
All work is honored equally  
If honest and well done"—thus spake  
The man of business—"and I take  
Fresh courage, since 'the Master' said  
Religion and business should be wed;

That they are like the different strands  
Of one strong rope ; and if it stands  
United thus, it surely would  
Uphold the world and make it good.  
On church and warehouse God bestows  
An equal blessing ; and so those  
Who work in either must believe  
An equal recompense receive ;  
And what is preached on Sunday must  
On Monday be a sacred trust.  
All service true is for the Lord,  
And always brings its own reward.”  
“Speaking of service,” Markham said,  
“When but a child I often read  
And loved the legend sweet and old  
Of good St. Christopher, the bold,  
Tall giant at the river’s side,  
Where flows the mighty rolling tide ;  
And neither ford nor bridge is found  
To help the pilgrims hither bound  
All on their way to Rome ; no lack  
The faithful find ; for on his back  
Each one St. Christopher bears o’er  
The waters deep to farther shore.  
Prevailed upon he could not be  
To ever take the smallest fee  
When to the Holy City they  
Found help from him upon their way.

When in the service he'd grown old,  
One night, as winds blew fierce and cold,  
A plaintive voice and of a child  
Rang out upon the air so wild:  
'O, dear, good Saint, I thee implore  
To carry me the river o'er.'  
Though weary and in need of sleep,  
Nothing could from his loved work keep  
This faithful one; and so he takes  
The child upon his back, and makes,  
With staff in hand, as oft before,  
His passage to the other shore;  
But when mid-way the waters through  
So very great his burden grew,  
And heavier, till he almost sank  
Before he reached the farther bank.  
Great drops of sweat began to pour  
From off his brow as ne'er before.  
At last, with staggering footsteps, he  
Has reached the shore, and tenderly  
Upon the bank he places now  
The child; when lo, around his brow  
Beams suddenly a radiant light!  
The Savior of the world that night  
He carried on his shoulders broad,—  
The world's weight with the Son of God."

“Only a legend, but we find  
In it a golden truth enshrined ;  
That humble service meaneth much,  
And bringeth heaven and earth in touch ;  
And he who for his fellow cares  
Thus serves the Lord, though unawares.  
Dearer than legend to you and me  
Christ’s loving wayside ministry,  
Of which he bids us all partake,  
The work continue for His sake  
Who of His best gave to the few,  
Or only one, as like unto  
The lonely woman at the well,  
Who straightway doth the glad news tell.  
In all His weary journeyings  
The word of life He always brings,  
That each lone wayfarer may find  
In him a friend most wondrous kind.”  
“Ah, yes” then spake McColl, “and me,  
Like blind Bartimæus, makes to see ;  
And He who at the midnight hour  
To Nicodemus with such power  
The truth proclaimed, shall one day greet  
The whole glad world brought to His feet.”

Now with these words a silence reigned  
Until their thoughts the heights attained.  
And then, to break the magic spell



Of thoughtfulness that on them fell,  
The Master says: "There comes to me  
To-night a scene most vividly  
Of nature's untold grandeur vast;  
An impress made while life shall last.  
When through the Alps of Switzerland  
We journeyed, a congenial band,  
We climbed the glaciers with a guide;  
To him and to each other tied  
We made the slippery, steep ascent;  
But slowly, firmly as we went,  
Our guide a chiseled niche would make  
To place his foot, and bade us take  
Great caution, and to put within  
Each niche our foot where his had been;  
And thus our safety guaranteed  
By giving to his counsel heed.  
When at the height of ice and snow  
Our guide cried out, 'Now look below,  
And at your right!' The great abyss  
Of foaming waters seethe and hiss,  
And, dashing o'er their rocky bed,  
Thousands of feet beneath our tread,  
A dizziness bring to the brain;—  
When 'To your left, look up!' again  
Our guide pealed forth; a lofty height  
Of granite mountain met our sight;  
Thus firm, unmovable and grand,

It seemed like grasp of unseen hand  
To save us from the depths below,  
Where feet unguided else might go.  
And in the midst I pondered thus :  
That gulf, temptation is to us,  
Whose mighty waves would overwhelm  
Had we no Pilot at the helm.  
The mountain at the left, God's truth,  
A tower of strength to age and youth ;  
A sheltering rock in desert land,  
A refuge that for aye shall stand.  
Its depths all goodness underlies ;  
Its summit reaches to the skies.  
To find life's goal a surety is  
To place our feet where Christ placed His ;  
And in His footprints safely climb  
Above the changing waves of time."

The fire burns low within the grate ;  
Our social friends have lingered late ;  
And when, with slow, commanding power,  
The clock peals forth the midnight hour,  
The Delphine Club again adjourns ;  
Each to his separate way returns.

1900.

BORROWED.

THE deepest thoughts ne'er find a voice  
Till touched by sorrow!  
The sweetest music on the earth  
From grief we borrow.

The grandest truths that find a place  
On written pages  
Are found within or borrowed from  
The Book of Ages.

The clouds that send refreshing rain  
In bounteous portion  
Give back what they have borrowed from  
The mighty ocean.

Naught stands alone and separate  
In full completeness;  
The fragrant flower must yield to use  
Its honeyed sweetness.

New light from out the old-time truths  
To-day is springing;  
And echoes from the distant past  
Through earth are ringing.

As it has been, so it will be,  
And each to-morrow  
From out the golden yesterdays  
Makes haste to borrow.  
1885.

### A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

**I**T came and went so quickly,  
My sluggish soul saw not  
The Master stand and beckoning  
Toward one of humble lot.

And I rose not up to follow,  
So slow was I to see,  
Till the help I might have given  
Forever fled from me.

And often I am grieving,  
And longing all in vain  
For a blessed opportunity  
That will not come again.

Dear Lord! give Thine anointing,  
And make mine eyes to see;  
And make me swift in doing  
The work Thou givest me.  
1892.

A DOVE AT CHURCH.

*A True Incident.*

THE morning prayer was ended ;  
And as the pastor read  
Of the fulness of God's mercy,  
And the loving words Christ said,

Then tenderly applied them  
As a remedy for sin,  
Lo! at the open window  
A little dove flew in.

At the pastor's feet alighted,  
And looked up in his face,  
As if with approbation ;  
And sacred seemed the place.

O'er all the congregation  
A solemn stillness fell ;  
Each tender heart was melted  
By the calm and holy spell.

And then amidst the reading  
The pastor paused and said :  
May this dove be an omen  
Of good unto us led ;

As a message to this people,  
    Sent from the Father above,  
As a token of His pleasure  
    And everlasting love.

Thro' all the morning service  
    The dove as sentinel stood  
By the pulpit and the altar,  
    An interpreter of good.

After the benediction,  
    Lightly flew the bird,  
And rested on the shoulder  
    Of him who preached the word.

From thence upon the pulpit,  
    On the Bible perched at last ;  
And gently watched the people  
    As they slowly outward passed.

So like the calm that follows  
    After the storm doth cease,  
Comes the spirit as a dove,  
    With the olive-branch of peace.

## JESUS PASSED BY.

A famous man of letters sighed  
O'er many a problem deep,  
To which he'd given days of toil  
And hours of needed sleep.

The only world he knew was books,  
And not the world of men;  
Thus human pleading reached him not,  
Nor human woe nor pain.

While bending o'er his weary task,  
And lifting not his eye,  
Lo! all unheeded and unseen  
The loving Christ passed by.

And still he digged and delved to solve  
Unfathomed mystery;  
While all the throbbing world moved on,  
Nor paused his work to see.

Some fainted 'neath their burdens great  
For cheering words unsaid;  
But still he plied his heavy task  
With bowed and reverend head.

And dreamed not that the secret dwelt  
    In the multitude so vast,  
And in the heart of grief and care  
    The loving Christ had passed.

The rich man counted o'er his gold,  
    And longed and grasped for more ;  
And every day was added gain  
    To his ever growing store.

The months and years roll swiftly by  
    With an unvarying speed ;  
He never dreamed, with all his wealth,  
    That he was poor indeed.

And while he piled his treasures high,  
    And counted one by one,  
Behold a stranger fair had passed,  
    The Christ had come and gone.

So one and all, on some task bent,  
    We look not up, but down ;  
In raking earthly dust and straws  
    See not the lifted crown.

Thus blessed opportunities  
    Fail to attract the eye,  
And all unheeded till we feel  
    That Jesus has passed by.



## SUNDAY MORNING.

**E**ACH Sunday morn proclaims a risen Lord ;  
An oft recurring Easter day of light ;  
And o'er the quiet rural village rests  
Heaven's sweetest benediction at the dawn  
Of this God's holy day.

And when the sun,  
Advancing in his course, the zenith nears,  
The church-bell chimes call to the house of  
prayer.

No rich, no poor, but all with one accord  
As members of one household here unite  
In worship of the one great God of love.  
And with the organ's ringing tones are joined  
The voices of the worshipers in hymns  
Wedded to tunes that shall forever live,  
And will be sung till time shall be no more ;  
Dear "Arlington" and "Coronation" grand,  
That stirred the souls of saints of long ago.

Then in petitions at the throne of grace  
The pastor pleads for blessings on the flock :  
Have any wandered from the fold away ?  
Have any never known the love divine ?  
Are any weary with their load of sin ?  
It was for such the Shepherd gave His life.

O bring them back within the fold to-day,  
To rest beneath the shadow of the Cross ;  
And evermore Thy name shall have the praise.

The Scripture reading then the silence broke :  
“Let not your heart be troubled,” came the words,  
The blessed, tender words from John fourteen ;  
Through centuries sweet comfort have they  
brought  
To souls distressed ; and to the longing heart  
Glad promises of “many mansions” fair.

Through panes of tinted glass the sunlight  
streams  
And sheds a mellow light across the pews ;  
Lights up with peace the face of hoary age,  
And little children smile beneath the rays ;  
While every face bespeaks deep gratitude  
For blessings past and blessings of to-day ;  
True witnesses of God’s unchanging love.  
Now toward the sacred desk all eyes are turned  
For text recorded in the Book of books ;  
When lo, from John fourteen the pastor reads  
Christ’s words : I am the way, the truth, the life.  
“I am the way.” No other way is known  
Wherein earth’s pilgrims safe may journey on  
Through sorrow’s night or wild temptation’s  
storm

And reach at last the endless joys of home.  
"I am the truth." The question that of old  
Perplexed the sages oft is answered here  
Complete and full. Who knows the Christ  
    knows truth ;  
Then doubt no more, O troubled heart, but find  
In Him the mystery solved and be at peace.  
"I am the life." What is so dear as life,  
Or promise sweet as life that never ends?  
Rich gift from Him who died but rose again,  
And thus forever more hath power to say  
"I am the life."

    With closing hymn of praise,  
And with bowed heads the benediction given,  
The people pass from out the sacred place.  
One service less on earth for them to share ;  
One morning nearer to the courts above ;  
A little nearer to earth's journey's end ;  
And nearer loved ones lost from sight awhile,  
But loving still.

    O blessed Sabbath morn !  
We hail thy peaceful hours and hallowed joys ;  
The calm that reigns o'er nature's wide domain ;  
In pleasant pastures green the cattle graze,  
And groves are ringing with the song of birds.  
The bending forests and the blooming fields

Do but show forth the wisdom and the power  
That formed their grandeur and their beauty  
gave.

The azure sky through fleecy clouds looks down ;  
The day-star shines and over all is *peace*.

“THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF  
GIDEON.”

'T IS night ; and the hosts of Midian  
Are down in the valley asleep ;  
Their strong men dreaming of victory—  
Of glory they're waiting to reap.

Down in the valley of Jezreel,  
Asleep ; and their shields and spears  
Are glistening now in the moonlight,  
With naught suggestive of fears.

With their plunder and camels about them,  
The Midianites take their ease ;  
Nor dream of approaching danger,  
Or of God's allwise decrees.

O never did Mount Gilboa  
Stand witness to such a sight!—  
To so large a host stand sentinel,  
As on that eventful night.

But now the decisive moment  
Brings a small but conquering band ;  
And over the hills and valleys  
Sounds forth the startling command :

“The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!”  
Rings out on the clear night air ;  
With lamps and pitchers and trumpets,  
Lo ! Israel’s army draws near.

Only the faithful three hundred ;  
But sufficient to scatter the foe ;  
With God and the right in battle,  
All the enemy’s ranks lie low.

Behold ! the signal is given :  
“Blow ye the trumpets !” ’tis done ;  
And with the strangest artillery  
The soldiers of Gideon won.

“The sword of the Lord and of Gideon !”  
We may hear the call to-day ;  
While the sound of the Gospel trumpet  
Pears forth to prepare the way

For the coming and for the reigning  
    Of the Prince of Righteousness ;  
For the vanquishing of all evil,  
    And the blessed dawn of peace.

The brave are summoned and sifted,  
    For not in numbers lies strength ;  
But they whom the Lord hath chosen  
    Shall garner the harvest at length.

The few, like Gideon's army,  
    With Jehovah hath e'er sufficed ;  
And the earth becomes the kingdom  
    Of our Lord and of His Christ.

#### INASMUCH.

**I**NASMUCH as time is fleeting,  
    And eternity is long,  
Inasmuch as many sorrows  
    Intermingle with our song,  
We would better grasp the moments,  
    Use them as they swiftly fly,  
Making of them sheaves all golden  
    For the harvest by and by.

Inasmuch as good and evil  
    Wait each spirit at demand,  
Inasmuch as many falter,  
    Missing oft the guiding hand,  
We would better lend, if may be,  
    Our small aid while they are nigh,  
It will help to make the reaping  
    Sweeter in the by and by.

Inasmuch as 'mong life's roses  
    There is many an ugly thorn,  
Inasmuch as pain and pleasure  
    With each human soul are born,  
We would better pluck the roses,  
    Though the thorns may pierce us sore,  
We would better claim the treasures,  
    Make them ours forevermore.

Inasmuch as life is ever  
    Filled with conflicts fierce and strong,  
Inasmuch as truth will sometime  
    Surely vanquish all the wrong,  
We would better help to hasten  
    On the glad and joyous day ;  
It will make the resting sweeter  
    If we labor while we may.

Inasmuch as great achievements  
    Only can be won by few,  
Inasmuch as earthly laurels  
    May not come to me nor you,  
We would better do what labor  
    Daily meets us at each hand,  
Nor be idly waiting ever  
    For some greater to command.

Inasmuch as we have rendered  
    Good unto the least that be,  
"So, indeed," says Christ the Master  
    "Ye have done it unto Me."  
What reward more great or mighty  
    Need we ever hope to win,  
If with this most gracious welcome,  
    Pearly gates we enter in?

#### THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

**T**HE days are so short, said the toiler ;  
    It's hurry and worry and fret ;  
And the prize that waits my coming  
    Remains in the distance yet ;  
There's no rest for the brain so weary,  
    No rest for the aching feet ;



But they tell me on fame's high summit  
    The earth-life is made complete ;  
So I work and worry and struggle  
    From early morn until late ;—  
A voice beside him spoke softly,  
    The Angel of Patience said "*Wait.*"

The days are so long, said the idler ;  
    This world's a dreary old place ;  
There's nothing here worth the taking,  
    There's nothing but time will erase ;  
Even my dreams bring no pleasure,  
    A sham is the world of mankind ;  
Thus idly I wait for the ending  
    Of the farce where the players are blind ;  
This life is a great disappointment,  
    And failure in all things doth lurk ;—  
A voice beside him spoke loudly,  
    The Angel of Patience said "*Work.*"

The days are so sad, said the mourner,  
    The world's full of sorrow and grief ;  
All in vain do I look for the day-break,  
    And continually sigh for relief ;  
No joy do I find in the spring-time,  
    Nor beauty in summer's full bloom ;  
The earth is a great barren desert,  
    Naught's real but death and the tomb ;

The clouds hang so heavy above me,  
    There's surely more darkness than day;—  
A voice beside him spoke sweetly,  
    The Angel of Patience said "*Pray.*"

The days are so full, said the faithful;  
    And let them be short, sad or long,  
I'll do the best thing that's next to me,  
    And cheer all my labor with song;  
This dear old world's full of beauty,  
    The harvest is fruitful and fair;  
In waiting and working and praying,  
    I surely will gather my share  
To lay at the feet of the Master  
    In yonder bright heavenly home;—  
A voice beside him spoke gladly,  
    The Angel of Patience said "*Come.*"

#### WORDS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME.

**D**REAMING to-night in the firelight's glow,  
    Sweet saintly faces come and go,  
And through the years come softly stealing  
    The tender words my mother said,  
As she nightly kissed and tucked me  
    Close within my trundle bed:—

“Now darkness shades the distant hills,  
The little birds are hid and still ;  
And we a quiet sleep may take,  
For our Creator is awake.”

The childlike song my spirit thrills,—  
“Now darkness shades the distant hills ;”  
He who keeps the birds from falling  
    Keepeth thee through fear and pain ;  
And then soothingly and softly  
    Comes her gentle voice again :  
    “Tis sweet upon my little bed  
    To think the Savior guards my head ;  
    And He a helpless child can keep  
    Through all the silent hours of sleep.”

I backward turn the leaves and look  
At the first pages of life's book ;  
And now as then her words repeating :  
    “And He a helpless child can keep.”  
I calmly rest in childhood's faith  
    “Through all the silent hours of sleep.”  
    “Now darkness shades the distant hills,  
    The little birds are hid and still ;  
    And we a quiet sleep may take,  
    For our Creator is awake.”

## THE BENEDICTION.

“GRACE, mercy and peace,” the pastor said,  
At the close of the Sabbath day,  
“Be with you now and evermore.”

And the people went their way,  
From Sabbath rest to week-day work ;  
And I wondered if the spell  
Of the blessed benediction given  
Would guard their footsteps well  
From dangers seen and unseen oft  
That crowd a busy life ;  
Would the blessed peace of the Master calm  
The fever and the strife?

“Grace, mercy and peace,” three living words  
Of sweetness and of power ;  
O linger with us evermore,  
As on the Sabbath hour ;  
“Grace,” that giveth strength, when fails  
The help of human hand ;  
“Peace,” that calms the troubled heart,  
Ever at Christ’s command ;  
“Mercy,” that cometh from above,  
Earth’s weary ones to bless,  
And spreads o’er all its healing wings,  
The wings of tenderness.

CHIMES OF THE MONTHS.

*A day is but a little time,  
A week's but little more;  
And sweetly chime the months and years  
That span life's ocean o'er;  
And tho' they seem to swiftly flee,  
The minutes make eternity.*



## JANUARY.

**T**HO' cold without, within 'tis bright,  
And cheerily glows the great firelight ;  
A sacred place is the dear home spot,  
And winter has joys that summer has not.

Then blow ye winds, for what do we care,  
Tho' the grass is hid and the trees are bare ;  
While laughter and song and jests go round  
No happier place on earth is found.

For father and mother most heartily  
Join in the children's songs and glee ;  
Till the old clock strikes the evening sped,  
With a good-night kiss all hie to bed.

The lights are out, the house is still ;  
Only the wind is whistling shrill,  
While quick and sweet the young hearts go  
Down into dreamland soft and low.

To older hearts sad memories come  
Of lights gone out in a distant home ;  
But who forward look to joys on high  
That wait in the home of the "by and by."

## FEBRUARY.

THE sun from over the distant hills  
Rises to bid us good morning ;  
And says to winter, now aged grown,  
“Of approaching spring take warning.”

For soon your snowy robes will melt,  
And all your icy gorges ;  
While nature, ever faithful still,  
Is working at the forges.

Each season, welcome in its turn,  
Its allotted task performing ;  
As spring's forerunner we greeting give,  
Bright February morning.



MARCH.

**A**LTHOUGH the wind is blowing chill,  
And close we wrap our mantles, still  
The sun behind the cloud shines through,  
With promises forever true.

A violet nods its blue-capped head,  
And peeps from out its winter bed  
To tell us that the spring is near,  
And bid our hearts be of good cheer.

APRIL.

**L**AUGHING, tearful, saucy April!  
How you do deceive us;  
You make us think that summer's here,  
Then you almost freeze us.

Thus, true to life, you represent  
Changeable condition;  
But in the rosary of months  
Sweetly fill your mission.

MAY.

**S**ING to us, winds of this bright May day,  
In breathings soft and low ;  
Sing of the land of the far away,  
Where our weary and loved ones go.

Sing to us of the spring eternal,  
Of day that brings no night ;  
Beautiful May with breath supernal,  
Borne on the wings of light.

Sing us the songs of joy—not sorrow—  
Of peace, and love, and rest ;  
That echo back from the glad to-morrow,  
From the hill-tops of the blest.

## JUNE.

**M**ONTH of all the year the fairest,  
With foliage and flowers the rarest ;  
Nature spreads her charms complete  
While glorious spring and summer meet.

The roses in full dress appear,  
To crown the June queen of the year ;  
The waving grain nods an assent,  
And adds the crowning complement.

Emblem of man and womanhood ;  
The noon of life ; the greatest good  
To win and give, to do and dare,  
To toil and strive, and victory share.

All hail ! oh sunny month of June !  
Thy farewell must be said too soon ;  
But let thy brightness linger near  
And shed a light thro' all the year.

## JULY.

**T**HE noontide heat oppresses ; naught is heard  
To break the stillness of the sultry air  
Save the low song of the distant reapers ;  
Or a mother bird cooing to her mate  
O'er an empty nest ; the inmates all fled  
To grow and expand in a world-wide sphere.  
The daffodils have long since passed away,  
Their places give to summer blooms. The sun  
Now fades from sight beyond the western hills.  
The day is done ; and the cool evening air  
Resounds to the merry song of harvesters.

OCTOBER.

THE trees put off their dress of green  
For that of red and gold,  
Fair Nature changes oft her garb,  
But never once grows old.

In spring, renewed by winter's sleep,  
In autumn, grown mature ;  
From these, new strength and vigor reap,  
More firmly to endure.

Thus, human hearts 'mid changes oft :  
Anchored in love and truth,  
Thro' all the coming years shall live  
In never ending youth.

## NOVEMBER.

**S**WEET Indian summer and winter  
Meet in the old-time way ;  
The former soon bidding adieu,  
While the latter comes to stay.

A nation's grand Thanksgiving  
Crowns late the autumn days ;  
And ever shall stern November  
Receive our meed of praise.

While the fireside warmer glowing,  
With joy and mirth shall ring,  
'Till winter's hoary garments  
Shall melt in the warmth of spring.

DECEMBER.

O, joyous month of all the year  
All snowy robed and bright ;  
The month of Christ's nativity ;  
And dawn of glorious light.

And wafted down the ages still,  
The angels' song we hear ;  
And "peace on earth forever more"  
Shall greet the listening ear.

Peal forth your joy, O, Christmas bells !  
The earth shall aye remember  
The wondrous gift to all mankind  
Makes glad a bleak December.



## THE YEARS.

A year, to childhood, oh, how long!  
Will it ever come to an end?  
Will the days and weeks and lingering months  
Their silent march extend,  
As slowly on thro' the years to be  
As now they move? ah me, ah me!

A year, to middle age, how short!  
So quickly come and gone;  
Oh, that the hours would move more slow,  
For the work that must be done  
Ere the years of our life shall come to a close,  
And we earn the last and long repose.

The present mingles with the past,  
And silently steals away;  
To childhood slow, to manhood swift,  
But surely and for aye;  
While the deeds of our lives with hopes and  
fears.

Are stored away with the garnered years;

To reappear at the eventide,  
When the sunset gilds the lea,  
And a backward look reveals how brief  
Is life; ah me, ah me!

But there is unending life and song,  
And eternity is long, so long.

## WORDS.

*"For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shall be condemned." Matt. 12:37.*

**W**ORDS are such little things and yet so  
great  
Their influence is far beyond compute ;  
They bring forth praise or make the strongest  
mute ;  
Deep love by them is won and endless hate.  
Words lead to deeds, and come they soon or late,  
And good or ill they surely will bear fruit,  
Bitter or sweet invariably will suit  
The ends that from the thoughts originate.  
Stupendous things are words! oh, weigh them  
well ;  
Life is too short when once on outward wing  
To e're recall them to the harbor where  
They first saw light, and left the secret cell  
Of some tired brain, ever to wail or sing,  
Forever onward like the flight of prayer.  
1895.

## THE MEETING OF THE MAGI.

(From "Ben-Hur.")

*"Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him."*  
Matt. 2:1, 2.

'TIS noon, and o'er Arabia's desert sands  
A faithful dromedary makes his way,  
The pensive rider now dismounts to lay  
The noon-tide meal 'neath tent from distant lands.  
With head bowed low in prayer and with clasped  
hands  
He thanks the Father that he sees this day.  
Then peering in the distance sights the sway  
Of beast with pilgrim, and his heart expands  
With joy, to view his looked-for guest draw near ;  
Balthaser, the Egyptian, greeting gives  
To him from Hindustan. Another one,  
The third, a learned Greek, doth now appear ;  
All by the star are lead ; each trusts, believes  
And jorneys to the shrine of Mary's Son.  
1896.

## MIDNIGHT.

*"Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge."*

Ps. 19:2.

**A**LMOST as grand as noonday sun, now  
shines

The placid moon, high in the heavens to-night,  
Enfolding earth with calm and silvery light,  
And with solemnity of thought enshrines  
Our very soul, until it scarce divines

Whether the spell be earth or heavenly might ;  
Transfixed, we gaze upon the splendor bright  
That shrub and flower, that tree and dome en-  
twines.

Midnight! grandeur of silence we behold!

While o'er the sleeping world the moonlight  
gleams,  
In likeness to the land where streets are gold ;  
Whence comes the inspiration of our dreams ;  
And listening hear the angels' song of old  
That wafted o'er Judea's hills and streams.  
1894.

## ON THE HUDSON.

*"There is a river, the streams whereof shall make  
glad the city of God."*

Ps. 46:4.

THE early Autumn sun casts mellow rays,  
As down the broad and placid stream we  
glide;  
And golden-tinged, the mountains in their  
pride  
Majestic rise to guard the river's ways.  
In recollection long the traveler stays  
Amidst the beauteous scenes on either side;  
While history and legend still provide  
To make intense the grandeur nature sways.  
Fair hamlets nestle close in shady nooks  
That reach the water's edge. And oft to  
break  
The stillness of the scene, peals loud and  
clear  
The whistling locomotive as it crooks  
And winds round cliffs its rugged way to  
make,  
Then swiftly in the mountains disappear.  
1896.

## PAST NOON.

*“As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.*

*“For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.”*

Ps. 103: 15, 16.

*“My days are swifter than a weaver’s shuttle.”*

Job 7:6.

**A**ND can it be the noon of life is passed?  
I am a child at heart, and time stands still;  
At rosy dawn of life we roam at will,  
For o’er the years agone a charm is cast,  
And youth, if so ’tis willed, shall ever last,  
And all life’s noon and evening-time shall fill  
To overflowing, as the laughing rill  
Sings and flows on toward the ocean vast.  
Our life is measured not by days or years,  
But by the deeds we’ve done or left undone,  
And by our hopes, our sorrows and our tears,  
Our life is long or short at set of sun;  
But counting life by years, ah, soon, too soon,  
We sadly say our life is past its noon.  
1894.

## OMISSIONS.

*"Inasmuch as ye did it not."*

Matt. 25:45.

**F**OR words we might have said but did not say,  
For loving deeds undone in other years,  
Your eyes and mine oft look thro' blinding tears ;  
Since loved ones left us lonely by the way ;  
Vanished so silently, one long, sad day.

And now earth's curtain hides from other  
spheres,

And memory holds the sorrows of the years.

O words and deeds, why didst thou thus delay ?  
So much left out of life that should have been

Woven within the web to make it fair

And firm and bright in beauty all complete ;

And yet we trust, though marred and warped by  
sin,

The Judge in tender pity will forbear

When at the last we lay it at His feet.

1895.

## COMMISSIONS.

*"And if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." I John 2:1.*

O careless words we should have left unsaid;  
O thoughtless deeds we should have left  
undone;

We long when it is all too late to run  
And right the wrong where once our footsteps  
led,

Among the might-have-beens forever fled.

If we could but erase the page whereon  
We blindly wrote—the blurred and tear-stained  
one—

We'd make the record fair as any read.

If we could just leave out what pains us so

And mars the picture that our human hands  
Unskilled have tried to paint, and trembling know

The copy it resembles not, but stands

With all its blemishes before our view,

We vainly wish we might begin anew.

1895.



## SPRING MELODIES.

*"The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land."*

Songs of Solomon 2:12.

CLEARER than organ tones or sweet guitar,  
When nature wakes to bloom the early  
spring,  
And all God's choir of feathered songsters sing,  
Flows the rich melody o'er earth afar.  
Their throats, all tuned to glowing rapture, are  
O'erflowing with the melodies that bring  
The thoughts of peace and joy on outspread  
wing,  
And faith inspire where doubt and sin would  
mar.  
Sweetly they sing till late the shadows fall,  
And naught they seem to know of weariness;  
Then at the first faint hint of early day,  
Their carols sweet peal forth, encircling all  
Our waking hearts with life anew to bless,  
Inviting us to join their grateful lay.  
1894.

“SONGS IN THE NIGHT.”

*“Yet the Lord will command his loving kindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with me.”*

Ps. 42:8.

**S**ONGS in the night! songs in the night! when  
sleep  
Refuses oft the boon of rest to send,  
Solace of song doth o'er the spirit blend,  
And beauties new unfold, when shadows deep  
Shut out the light of day, and vigils keep;  
Then to the weary soul shall far transcend  
The songs of night to those of day, and lend  
A calm to pain, and cool the eyes that weep.  
Songs in the night! songs in the night! oh, come  
And linger oft by every couch of pain,  
In life or death the victory impart,  
If here they wait or speed to heavenly home;  
In either case in Christ 'tis only gain,  
Who satisfieth every longing heart.  
1894.

MT. AUBURN.

*“Go the way of all the earth; be thou strong therefore, and show thyself a man.”*

I Kings 2:2.

*“Behold therefore, I will gather thee unto thy fathers, and thou shalt be gathered into thy grave in peace.”*

2 Kings 22:20.

O sacred flowery paths that wind around  
The quiet resting places of the dead;  
O voiceless city where in awe we tread,  
In honor of the singers that have found  
In thee the peace that doth supreme abound.  
More lasting than the marble at their head,  
The inspiration of their page world-read,  
And making this a place of holy ground.  
O sweet Mount Auburn! while we linger still,  
We breathe our thanks that such have lived and  
died;  
That ever onward in a ceaseless flow,  
Their living thoughts the coming ages thrill  
With purpose true that shall for aye abide;  
And thus our earth to heaven shall nearer grow.  
1896.

## WINDS OF NOVEMBER.

*"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth."*

John 3:8.

NOW sadly sigh the winds through leafless  
trees,  
That lift their long bare arms in helplessness,  
As if imploring aid in dire distress,  
Like some sad soul adrift on dreary seas!  
A sense of loss on every passing breeze  
Steals o'er my heart, for treasures have grown  
less,  
And round about my path an emptiness;  
The cold wind moans and with the loss agrees.  
O human life! at once so full yet void;  
O memories! that cling to present tasks,  
O mysteries! all veiled to human eyes,  
Wherefore are hopes so ruthlessly destroyed?  
Though all unanswered yet the soul still asks,  
Then waits the revelation from the skies.  
1894.

## BLESSED.

*"Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy."*

Matt. 5:7.

O blessed are the eyes that can not see  
The faults that common are to all man-  
kind,

Blessed the eyes to imperfections blind,  
(May such be given, dear one, to you and me)  
But quick to see the beauty that makes free  
And glad the revelation all may find,  
Who search with faith and charity combined,  
For present good and that which is to be.

O blessed are the feet that willing run  
On mercy's errands to the sad, oppressed ;  
Blessed the hands that lay not burdens on  
Earth's weary ones belated and distressed ;  
Blessed the lips that speak the cheering word,  
By love inspired through Christ the living Lord.

1896.

## TO THE RIVER CHARLES.

*“A man that hath friends must show himself friendly: and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.”*

Prov. 18:24.

**H**ISTORIC stream! within thy depths I gaze,  
And strange, fond thoughts come to me  
o'er and o'er

Of many that have wandered on thy shore ;  
Of one who sang of thee in other days,  
And from his sweetest thoughts expressed his  
praise ;

And not his praise alone, but what is more,  
His heart's true love to thee he did outpour  
In memory of three friends\* who loved thy ways.

O River! silent flowing toward the sea,

Longfellow's pen has made thy name secure  
On lettered page a favored word to be,

And with the poet's name for aye, endure ;  
His face no more is mirrored in thy own ;

Thy waves receive from him no answering tone.

1899.

\*Longfellow's three intimate friends, Pelton, Agassiz, Sumner.

## CHRISTMAS.

*"For unto you is born this day in the city of David,  
a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."*

Luke 2:11.

THE sweetest word contained within the  
song  
The angels sung one night so long ago,  
That vibrates now the many centuries through,  
Is peace, sweet peace, oh, still the strain prolong  
Till good-will rules entire earth's troubled throng;  
Till weary hearts its deepest meaning know,  
And bless the source from whence all blessings  
flow,  
And keep the Christmas joy remaining long.  
Far in the East there shines a heavenly light,  
Lo, earth's dark night is breaking into day;  
The shadows flee before the Prince of Peace;  
And He of whom the prophets caught a sight,  
And saw in Him the only living way,  
Has come to bring the fettered soul release.  
1899.

## EASTER.

*"I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."*

John 11:25

O day of days! oh, glad, best day of all!  
When life immortal triumphs o'er the  
grave;  
Completing thus redemption's work to save  
From sin and death, that would the world en-  
thrall;  
Proclaiming Him the victor, who at call  
Left His high throne of majesty and gave  
Himself, no other great and pure tho' brave,  
Could bear the burden and redeem man's fall.  
O ring, glad Easter bells; your music pour  
O'er all the earth, and consolation give;  
For Christ is risen! repeat the story o'er,  
And man, yes man, forever more shall live;  
There is no death; the Lord is risen to-day;  
From every grave hath rolled the stone away.  
1896.



## CONTENTMENT.

*"But godliness with contentment is great gain."*

I Tim. 6:6.

**S**EEK it, oh, soul! it may be thou wilt find  
Sometime, some far glad day, the treasure  
rare

That never yet was thine; do not despair  
Tho' fate denies it thee till eyes are blind  
That once were bright with hope; the gold refined  
To twice ten times its wonted lustre fair,  
Can not with this rich gift of heaven compare  
In value which outweighs all joys combined.

Contentment! oh, what peace the word implies;  
Contentment! soar thou not beyond our reach;  
So incomplete without thy presence here  
Seems all our life; the goal to which we rise  
In our vain dreams, doth but the lesson teach  
That thou alone canst bring the two worlds  
near.

1899.

## A WINTER AFTERNOON.

*"Thou hast set all the borders of the earth: thou hast made summer and winter."*

Ps. 74:17.

**E**QUAL in splendor to the spring-time's glow,  
Is this, tho' brief, bright winter afternoon;  
While seems the sun to hurry all too soon  
Adown the western skies; and sinking low,  
Its parting gleams through leafless trees doth  
throw  
A beauty o'er the landscape, and attune  
All things to harmony, as perfect June  
Crowned queen of summer doth her gifts bestow.  
And now the light reflects on low headstones  
And marble shafts that in "God's acre" stand;  
Emblems of rest to weary souls at last;  
And pointing upward unto heavenly thrones,  
Speak through their silence of a better land,  
Whither the tribes of earth are gathering  
fast.  
1899.

## BIRDS.

*"Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God?"*

Luke 12:6.

WITHOUT the birds what would the woodlands be?

The flowers would wear a lonely look if they  
Should wake some morn and miss the joyous  
lay

From songsters that have filled the air with glee.  
Without the birds,—how sad the thought,—ah,  
me;

In vain would strive all nature to look gay;

No joy in spring if robins were away,  
And winter drear without the chickadee.

Dear gifts from God! flown out from his own  
hand,

Scattered abroad o'er field and hill and stream,  
To bless the world with hope, and faith in-  
spire.

Their song of gratitude fills all the land,

Turns weary care into a bright daydream,  
Takes from the soul its doubt and lifts it  
higher.

1899.

## THE NEW YEAR.

*"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness."*

Ps. 65:11.

WHAT does the new year hold for you and me,  
We ask; the portals swinging outward stand  
Inviting us to tread an unknown land;  
The tasks awaiting us we may not see,  
Enough for us to know they will not be  
More than our strength to meet the sure demand  
That day by day revealed and near at hand  
Shall lighten till we greet them joyfully.  
Along the New Year road will roses grow,  
Likewise the weeds, and we may take our choice  
Of which we gather as we pass along.  
To good or bad, God still permits to flow  
A free-will power; we sigh or we rejoice,  
And make life's years a burden or a song.  
1902.

## MY CHOICE.

*"The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork."*

Ps. 19:1

WHAT picture do you love the best of all,  
That ever Artist's hand did paint with  
skill

In colors bright or softened tints that thrill  
Your very being oft as you recall  
The wondrous lights and shades that seem to  
fall

So lightly from the Artist's brush, and still  
Speak of the patience that must e're fulfill  
The great demand and pay the price—not small—  
That genius asks of all her children dear?  
Which picture do you like the best, and why?  
By any painter, high, low, far or near,  
That thrills the soul with joy or brings a tear?  
My choice is on the canvas of the sky;  
A sunrise in the spring-time of the year.

1903.

## THE FIRE UPON THE HEARTH.

*"The fire shall ever be burning upon the altar; it shall never go out."*

Lev. 6:13.

O brightly glows the fire upon the hearth  
Within my neighbor's kitchen, so close by  
I raise my shades in early morn that I  
May catch the inspiration and the worth  
Of homely cheer, good-will, and sparkling mirth  
That gives the day a goodly start; for why  
Should hearts be sad when light is in the sky  
And on your neighbor's hearth? if yours shines  
forth

In unison with theirs and nature's own.

As in the ancient time the altar fires  
Each morn replenished went not out, but shone  
An emblem of the life that love inspires;  
So faith can see through sorrow and through  
mirth,

The fire of hope burn brightly on the hearth.

1903.

## SUNSET LAND.

*"Therefore thy gates shall be open continually; they shall not be shut day nor night; that men may bring unto thee the forces of the Gentiles, and that their kings may be brought."*

Isa. 60:11.

**A**ND now the sun in splendor sinks to rest  
Beside the Golden Gate in evening's glow;  
In that far land where gentle breezes blow,  
And summer rules the year supremely blest.  
Thou canst not, wanderer, in all thy quest  
A place more Eden-like e'er hope to know  
Than this fair spot that charms the traveler so,  
Of roses in perpetual beauty dressed.  
Beyond Sierras' snow-capped heights where rolls  
The broad Pacific in the sunset land;  
The land of palms, high reaching, stately,  
free;  
Where rhythmic songs of waves with songs of  
souls  
Keep step with time through onward marches  
grand,  
And where the "green cross"\* looks upon the  
sea.

\*A large cross of evergreen trees on the mountain-side by Joaquin Miller's home, Oakland, Cal.

## A MEMORY.

*"Behold, at the bank of the river were very many trees on the one side and on the other."*

Ezek. 47:7.

NO stream so fair as that which glided by  
Our childhood's sunny home. No banks  
so green  
In all these after years were ever seen  
As those on which we strayed, so broad and high ;  
No trees or flowers e'er looked toward summer  
sky  
On hills so bright or shady vales serene  
As dear Grand River sang its way between ;  
Search as we may, we find not, nor need try.  
There oft the Indians came and pitched their  
tent ;  
And named the little village Saranac ;  
And baskets wove, and fished along the  
banks,  
Where blushing red the sweet thorn-apples bent.  
As all these early scenes to me come back,  
I clasp the pleasant memory with thanks.  
1903.



## TRIUMPH.

*"Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us  
to triumph in Christ."*

2 Cor. 2:14.

**B**UILDS and rebuilds the faithful bird its nest,  
When thoughtless hands destroy the precious home ;

No time it wastes to sigh or idly roam ;  
But works until triumphant it shall rest.

And so the dauntless spirit in its quest

Knows no defeat, though often it may come,

No entrance finds or solitary room

Within a life with pure ambition blest.

Who does his best shall at the last prevail ;

And count the failure blest of yesterday,

Which giveth strength to a determined will.

Then work, though oft it be thy fate to fail ;

Amidst the battles lost along the way

Be it thy power, oh, soul, to triumph still.

1903.

## BEYOND THE SUNSET.

**D**EAR Grandma sits in her big arm-chair,  
And two cherished friends are ever near ;  
Her Bible and knitting, companions meet  
For a face so calm and a life so sweet.

Swiftly the needles go 'round as she knits,  
With smiles and words of cheer, as she sits  
In her own loved corner ; while all o'er the room  
Her presence sheds light and summer bloom.

From her heart rises incense of grateful prayer  
To the Father above for His constant care ;  
For food and raiment, for home and friends ;  
For last days brightest as her journey ends.

And now as the twilight hour draws near,  
The children gather, sweet words to hear  
From her dear lips, out the Book of books ;  
And their interest is seen in their earnest looks.

For they say she knows every word from cre-  
ation  
Clear down thro' the book of Revelation ;  
Such beautiful stories they prize more than gold,  
Of the prophets and kings and martyrs of old.

Dear Children; she says, as often before,  
As she opens her treasures of golden lore,  
I've been reading in this blessed Book to-day  
Of a beautiful country far away;

Far beyond the sunset's golden dyes,  
Beyond the glory of the western skies;  
And a gleam of the city comes down to me,  
As its light reflects on the Crystal sea.

While reading and dreaming in this old arm-  
chair,  
I've almost imagined that I was there,  
In that land that hath no need of the sun,  
Nor moon nor stars to shine upon;

For the Lamb is the light thereof; and they  
Who dwell therein go never astray.  
And fast they are gathering from east and west,  
From north and south, to this land of the blest.

The rich and poor, the high and the low,  
All are one in the kingdom of Christ you know;  
And some thro' great tribulation have come,  
Their robes washed white, and safe at home.

Friends long parted there meet again,  
And join in the chorus: "To Him that was slain."  
For the portals of Heaven are open and free  
Through the offering made on Calvary.

And now dear Johnie, and Katie and Nell,  
My earth-life is fading; I soon shall dwell  
In that longed-for home; oh be faithful and true,  
For I shall be watching and waiting for you.  
1876.

### FAREWELL TO 1876.

**D**RAW close thy curtain, dear Old Year!  
Around the wrong, the sigh, the tear,  
That oft has marked thy months and days  
In clouded and mysterious ways;  
While sorrow's banner darkly waves  
O'er saddened hearts and new made graves,  
Now buried be all loss and crime,  
And covered with the mantle Time.  
But joyous days as well as drear,  
Have often marked thy pathway here.  
The great Centennial of a Nation's birth  
Reveals its glory and its worth.  
Many have come from foreign lands,  
With friendly greeting clasped glad hands;  
And own that still their aims are one  
With every nation 'neath the sun.  
Draw close thy curtain now, Old Year!  
Behold the New already here;  
But let the sunshine peeping through,  
Still bless the Old and light the New.

HAVING OR NOT HAVING.

WHAT if the world is pressing,  
And seeking wealth to gain ;  
What if they grasp the treasure,  
Shall I murmur or complain,  
Because I can not boast  
Of pockets filled with gold,  
When alas, so soon of all  
The parting will be told?  
Ah no ! this fleeting life  
Will soon be over past ;  
Then having or not having,  
What matters it at last ?

What if my dwelling here  
Is but an humble home ;  
While perhaps my neighbors  
Claim yonder palace dome ;  
The same narrow earth-bed  
Is waiting them and me,  
We'll share the same mansions  
In yon eternity ;  
For we know this brief life  
Will soon be over past ;  
Then having or not having,  
What matters it at last ?

Give me but pleasant smiles,  
And grasp of friendly hands,  
With loving thoughts and deeds,  
And keep your houses and lands ;  
I ask not earthly wealth,  
But true wealth of the soul,  
The more it gives it has,  
And is by faith made whole.  
For all our earthly wealth  
Will soon be over past,  
Then having or not having,  
What matters it at last ?  
1877

#### FAITH.

**T**HERE are three angels, strong and bright,  
Who guide the true of earth ;  
And tho' they love the haunts of men,  
They are of heavenly birth.

The first in this blest trinity  
Is Faith ; and without this  
The other two would fail to lead  
In ways of perfect bliss.

Where 'ere you see Hope's smiling face,  
    There Faith has been before ;  
Wherever Love an entrance makes,  
    Faith first must ope the door.

For who could love his fellow man  
    Without first faith in him?  
If not for this the future would  
    Remain a pathway dim.

It unlocks the door to human hearts,  
    And proves the powers therein.  
It grasps all deep and hidden treasures,  
    The real though unseen.

It points from earth's long weary day  
    To endless rest above ;  
It draws aside for us the curtain  
    Where dwells eternal love.

We'll keep this guiding angel near  
    Till left to sight alone ;  
When we shall see as we are seen,  
    And know as we are known.

## HOPE.

**H** OPE; thou bright and morning star!  
We catch thy glorious beams afar,  
And bring thee near;  
The light that doth in darkness shine,  
We hail thy mercy all divine,  
Thy presence here.

When on life's sea we're tempest tost,  
And 'neath the waves are almost lost,  
Hope's anchor bright  
Shall chase the darksome clouds away,  
And bring the golden dawn of day  
That follows night.

The sad and sorrowing ones of earth,  
Thou lead'st to joys of holier birth  
Than here are found;  
We leave the things that are behind,  
And forward press with eager mind,  
With one glad bound,

We grasp the fruit on eden's shore,  
And wonder, praise and wonder more  
That we so long



Should cling to gloomy days when past,  
And many drear forebodings cast  
    Instead of song.

There is a sphere where Hope doth glow,  
When fades the light, and all below  
    In darkness seems ;  
Then to the winds our doubts we give,  
For 'tis a blessedness to live  
    In the land of dreams.

Immortal Hope! steadfast and sure ;  
Firm as the rocks shalt thou endure  
    When time's no more.  
In everlasting youth arrayed,  
In the land where flowers never fade,  
    The evergreen shore.

### LOVE.

**L**OVE! thou greatest of the three  
    Blest ties to mortals given ;  
The richest treasure earth has known,  
    The dearest theme in heaven.

Thou art the sure foundation stone ;  
All without thee, alas,  
Become as tinkling cymbals are,  
Or like the sounding brass.

'Twas Love that called from yonder throne  
The brightest heaven could give ;  
And Love the great atonement made,  
Through which the world shall live.

'Tis Love that soothes the troubled heart,  
That wipes the falling tear ;  
That bids the shadows quickly fly,  
And brings the sunshine near.

Sweet charity ; that oft doth save  
A wayward soul from death ;  
That hides a multitude of sins,  
And softly whispering saith :

There yet is hope for thee, through Him  
Who sendeth gentle rain  
Upon the just and the unjust,  
On good and bad the same.

That all may know one God doth reign,  
Whose nature all is love ;  
Till His will be done upon the earth  
As it is by angels above.

1877

SARANAC.

**H**OME of my childhood! in my dreams  
I'm with you as of yore;  
I view again your hills and vales,—  
Grand River's lovely shore.

And mid the scenes of other days  
I'm roaming at my will;  
Gathering flowers by the river's bank,  
Listening to the water mill.

I grasp the hand of old-time friends  
In imaginary meeting:  
And may I wake some day to find  
It real in happy greeting.

With untiring feet again I climb  
To the school-house on the hill;  
I con the lessons with those I loved,  
So dear to memory still.

The play-ground throngs with youthful forms,  
All full of life and joy;  
Thro' memory's hall their voices ring,  
That time can not destroy.

Where are they now, while thus I muse?  
I hear thro' the twilight dim:  
Some are in the world's great strife,  
And some are gone to Him,

Who giveth His beloved rest,  
When burdens are too great;  
And blessed welcome unto such,  
At Heaven's golden gate.

Yes, many years have past and gone!  
Full many a change has come;  
But still my heart doth cling to thee,  
My early, cherished home.  
1878

## GROWTH.

**A**LL rare and lovely flowers that grow,  
Come through a process long and slow,  
To their maturing;  
The golden rays of the summer sun,  
The gentle showers one by one,  
Must oft lend a hand 'ere the work is done,  
Their growth securing.

But the weeds grow up as it were in a day,  
With far less use of the sun's bright ray,  
    Or patient wooing ;  
And these immortal souls of ours,  
Thro' a process long like rarest flowers,  
Rise to bloom in radiant bowers  
    Of noble doing.

1878

COME BACK TO ME, OH MUSE!

COME back to me, oh Muse! why slumberest  
    thou so long?  
    Come to my heavy soul, new life awake ;  
    Of a sunnier clime may I fresh visions take,  
And in the land of poesy grasp new power of  
    song.

The earth is full of beauty, the air of mystic  
    strains ;  
    If the spirit, sight and sound doth not with-  
    hold ;  
    And thro' the mist and darkness the pure  
    gold  
Of truth doth glitter, and echo forth its sweet  
    refrains.

Through all doth mystery reign; in it we live  
and die;

Ah, which is more mysterious, life or death?  
And does life end when ends this fleeting  
breath?

Stop, doubting heart, and list while all things  
make reply,

And with united voice affirm, that all things live;  
That life begun can never, never end;  
That heart with heart in fellowship doth  
blend,

The unseen with the seen, and inspiration give.

And this we know, that He who rules with  
supreme power,

And in the human soul strange longings set,  
That here or there, somehow they must be  
met;

And can His noblest work be creatures of an  
hour?

1879

TO GRETA.

*On Her Third Birthday.*

**D**ARLING Greta! may you know  
Naught of care or sorrow;  
But may the angels bring to you  
Many a glad to-morrow.

And in the years that are to come  
May thy soul lose none its beauty;  
But may it be your highest aim  
To walk the path of duty.  
1878

IN MEMORY OF——

**R**EST thee, weary pilgrim,  
All thy earth work o'er;  
Free from care and sorrow,  
Rest thee evermore.

In thy Father's kingdom,  
In thy home above,  
Where the storms ne'er rageth,  
Rest thee in His love.

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SERVING.

**T**HEY serve their Maker most and best,  
Who serve their fellow man;  
For works do more than gilded words  
To fill His wondrous plan.

And he who does a kindly deed,  
Said Jesus tenderly,  
To any weary child of earth,  
Doth do it unto me.

Oh blessed truth, and all sublime!  
O noblest form of prayer;  
Inspire our hearts with holy zeal,  
To live and do and dare.  
1878



ON VISITING THE CEMETERY AT  
SARANAC.

After many years again I tread  
Your walks, oh city of the dead,  
    That's ever dear to me ;  
Years with precious memories fraught,  
The wondrous changes time has wrought,  
What might have been and yet is not  
    Makes life a mystery.

Cherished names of my life a part,  
Graven on stone and on the heart,  
    Oh names so dear to me ;  
I read again and repeat them o'er  
Till echo wafts them to the other shore,  
And re-echoes a plaintive "nevermore,"  
    O death thou mystery.

I pause beside a fresh made mound,  
And sunny thoughts come gathering 'round,  
    O may they linger ever,  
Of her my school-mate friend ; for years  
We had not met ; but when all tears  
Give place to joy, in holier spheres  
    We'll clasp glad hands forever.

Side by side lie the young and old,  
Resting alike life's story told  
    With heaven's brightest number ;  
We grasp the future when angels may  
Roll the stone from the grave away,  
And we stand in the light of eternal day  
    To love and praise and wonder.

They are not dead ! our friends of old ;  
In the sunny clime of the upper fold,—  
    O blessed exaltation !  
They wait us each with sweet surprise,  
In the glorious land beyond the skies ;  
We'll share with them the glad sunrise  
    Of all our expectation.  
1878

THE NORTH TO THE SOUTH.

*"Let Brotherly Love Continue."*

We have heard your cry of anguish,  
We have heard your wail of woe,  
From the sunny southland coming,  
To where the northern streamlets flow.

To your sad despairing message  
Swiftly speeds the answer back ;  
Gifts to cheer and soothe and comfort  
Follow quickly in its track.

While we pray the all-wise Father  
Death's hand to stay, our brothers spare ;  
We'll not forget that while He hears  
He bids us answer our own prayer.

May this wide scourge that so demands  
Our aid and sympathy to-day,  
Forever bind in brotherhood,  
Forever blend the Blue and Gray.

Written at the time of the yellow fever pestilence  
in the south, 1878.

## THE CROSS.

**A**S the sun rises out of the darkness of night  
And over the hills of the morning,  
With all its beams of golden light,  
The earth in beauty adorning:  
So into the saddest heart that beats,  
Borne down with grief and sorrow,  
Comes the hallowed light of the Cross and brings  
Glad hope of a brighter morrow.

Beneath its healing shadows rest  
Earth's pilgrims worn and weary,  
A refuge sure from heat or cold  
On every pathway dreary.  
To youth and age, to rich and poor,  
To the unlearned and sages,  
It comes with light and saving power,  
And brightens with the ages.  
1879

## LONGING.

For voices that we long to hear,  
For footsteps that will ne'er draw near  
    We've listened long ;  
And the words of cheer we'd bring,  
And the notes of joy we'd sing,  
    Die in our song.

For the sunny smiles of cheer  
That greeted once our coming here,  
    We wait in vain ;  
And the hard routine of life  
We dread with all its anxious strife  
    To take again.

IN MEMORIAM.

*Amos P. Nichols.*

O winds of summer! whisper low  
Your requiem o'er the dead;  
Alas, the death-angel hath visited us,  
And joy from our home has fled:  
How drearily the days go by,  
For Father's gone,  
And sad and lone  
We watch with tear-dimmed eye,  
But watch in vain his coming here;—  
We listen for his footfall,  
And the welcome ring of the garden gate;  
But sadness is over all.  
Ah me! we know not how well  
We love our own  
Till they are gone,  
Then vainly strive to tell.  
The old arm-chair now vacant stands,  
But speaks of other days;  
Thoughts of the past cling thick around,  
And ever with it stays:  
Dear old arm-chair! so blest  
With memories glad,  
And memories sad,  
Of him who's gone to rest.

Thy favorite flowers, the morning-glories  
    Bloom close around the door ;  
“Emblems of purity” thou hast said,  
    And clearly as before  
Thy words come back anew,  
    And shed a light  
    E’en thro’ the night  
Of earth, to life more true.

Thy loving counsel and advice,  
    Thy life of integrity,  
We’ll follow till this life shall close  
    And dawns eternity.  
A legacy better than gold,  
    Thy children claim  
    Thy cherished name,  
And richer a thousand fold.

We’ll work and wait ; and when some day  
    Low sinks the sun in the west,  
And we hear thro’ the twilight the Master say :  
    “Weary ones, enter thy rest ;”  
With joy—not sadness—we’ll come,  
    To meet thee there,  
    Heaven’s bliss to share,  
Reunited and all at home.

1879

“IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.”

O F all the words with meaning freighted,  
From the depths of love or hatred,  
Of all sad words that e’re were spoken  
From the heart with sorrow broken,  
Come, oh Whittier, from thy pen,  
The immortal words, “It might have been.”

To the heart all worn and weary,  
Groping in the darkness dreary,  
Come the words unsought, unbidden,  
To the outer world all hidden,  
Written as with an iron pen,  
The saddest of words, “It might have been.”

To the soul with anguish riven,  
From deepest hell or highest heaven,  
Like a thunder-bolt ’tis hurled  
From the unseen, unknown world,  
Repeating o’er and o’er again  
The cruel words, “It might have been.”

Pilgrim, o’er life’s desert roaming,  
Seest thou thro’ the distant gloaming  
The camp-fires on the sunset shore,  
Where thou shalt rest, and nevermore  
The sad words pierce thy soul again,  
Nor murmur once “It might have been.”

1880

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## MORNING-GLORIES.

**P**EEPING thro' the cottage window,  
Climbing o'er the door,  
Hiding in the waving grass,  
Lovely flowers so pure,  
Greet us with the rising sun,  
E're the day's toil is begun.

Glistening with the early dew,  
Pink and blue and white;  
Silent messengers so true  
Of the world of light,  
Teach us by thy magic spell  
How to live, and that how well.

When the blazing sun of noon  
Casts its scorching heat,  
Fairy fingers gently fold  
Thy petals pure and sweet,  
And with twilight's dewy splendor  
Guard thy couch a presence tender.  
1880

## AN EASY PLACE.

*A young man wrote to Henry Ward Beecher for an easy situation. To which Mr. Beecher replied: "Don't be an editor, if you would be easy. Do not try the law. Avoid school-keeping. Keep out of the pulpit. Let alone all ships, stores, shops and merchandise. Abhor politics. Keep away from lawyers. Don't practice medicine. Be not a farmer nor a mechanic; neither a soldier nor a sailor. Don't study. Don't think. Don't work. None of them are easy. O my friend you are in a very hard world! I know of but one real easy place in it. That is the grave. Work wins!"*

**A**N easy place, did you say, young man?  
How strangely sounds the word;  
Of an easy place for a thinking soul,  
Alas, I've never heard.

'Tis work that wins in a world like this,  
That fills our ships and stores  
With merchandise; and honor brings  
To home and foreign shores.

'Tis work that fills the broad'ning fields  
    With ripened mellow grain ;  
And he who seeks thro' indolence  
    For wealth, will seek in vain.

'Tis faithful labor of hand and brain  
    That fills high places of trust ;  
And you had better—now bear in mind—  
    You better wear out than rust.

For the years of our life are numbered  
    By deeds, and not by years ;  
And oft the path is marked by thorns,  
    And oft bedewed with tears.

Rest is not sweet that toil's not earned,  
    Where 'ere you search, my boy ;  
And true happiness is only reached  
    Thro' honorable employ.

1880

TO LEORA HALL.

Dost thou remember, friend of mine,  
Dear school-mate of the olden time,  
That one bright summer afternoon?  
'Twas in the sunny month of June,  
To my childhood home you came to play,—  
Ah, many changes since that day!  
We played “keep house” and “visit” too,  
As children I suppose will do  
As long as children there remain,  
For childhood ever is the same.  
'Twas growing late when first we heard  
The chirping of a tiny bird;  
Some wandering nestling that no doubt  
Against its mother's will flew out  
To try, ah foolish little thing,  
Too soon the strength of its new wings.  
And you and I with anxious eyes  
Were eager to secure the prize;  
With careful step we chased it, each,  
But still it kept *just out of reach*,  
As many times now older grown  
We reach for treasures that are flown.  
Just then a school-boy passing by,  
Joined in the search, as low, then high,  
It flew among the lilac bushes,

Or hid beneath the waving grasses.  
Ere we knew it, the sun had set,  
And you must go ; but lingered yet,  
And to the little boy you said :  
“If you find the bird,”—a moment read  
The struggle past ;—“If you find the bird,  
Give it to her,” was the loving word  
That revealed unselfishness and love,  
The gift of heart all gifts above.  
Years have past since last we met,  
But memory fondly lingers yet  
Around that one bright afternoon,  
Sweet echo of the days long gone.  
But would not, were it in my power,  
Live o’er again bright childhood’s hour,  
For greater joys than these await  
My longing soul at heaven’s gate,  
And loved ones in the spirit land  
Are waiting me with beckoning hand.

1880

## BANQUET OF THE POETS.

**A**LL who have lived, and sung, and died,  
Are living with us yet ;  
The past and present blend in one,  
Are stars that never set.

As once its own forever its own  
A proud world gladly boasts ;  
Then fill these vacant chairs around,  
Welcome, dear guests and ghosts.

All hail to sunny Scotland's own  
Immortal youthful bard !  
Whose loving, tender thoughts, have thrilled  
The great pulse of a world.

Fresh from his plow and native fields,  
The bonny green fields of Ayr,  
The merry songs the plowman sung  
Seem echoing everywhere.

We see a peasant's lowly home,  
Cheerful with warmth and light ;  
And the picture stands before us now,  
Of "The Cotter's Saturday Night."

Now softly unto our listening ear,  
Upon the breeze is borne,  
The plaintive but immortal words:  
"Man was made to mourn."

But Scotland boasts another bard,  
And memory quickly turns,  
And links the name of Walter Scott,  
With that of Robert Burns.

And "Marmion" in grandeur stands  
Before our wondering eyes;  
And the lovely "Lady of the Lake"  
Doth in mystic beauty rise.

And Goldsmith, ah, more generous heart  
Ne'er blest this world of ours;  
While "The Traveler" and "Deserted Village"  
Give proof of wondrous powers.

Shakespeare, Byron, Moor and Cowper,  
Names to the world so dear  
With Hemans, Cook, and Browning, all  
Forever linger here.

Death's unknown to such as these,  
They live and speak to-day  
As in the years of long ago  
They walked the earthly way.

The smiling face of Jean Ingelow  
We greet with "Songs of Seven;"  
Picturing life from infancy  
To the final home in heaven.

Make room around the fireside now,  
Within its glowing light,  
For two sweet singers that have made  
A sinful world more bright.

Bringing new light and holier joys  
To every heart and home,  
The hallowed peaceful influence  
Of the Cary sisters come.

And the "Order for a picture," list,  
We almost hear it given;  
And then, "One sweetly solemn thought"  
Leads one day nearer heaven.

And our beloved Quaker poet,  
O favorite one draw near!  
And sit you by the glowing fire  
That "Snow-Bound" pictures here.

To the dreamer of "Evangeline"  
All hearty welcome give;  
With the "Song of Hiawatha" may  
Thy name forever live.



To him whose eloquence hath given  
    "Kathrina" and "Bitter-Sweet,"  
An eager listening world doth own,  
    And bring a tribute meet.

And he who crowns the fair "May Queen,"  
    And tells "Enoch Arden's" fate,  
With Bryant, Holmes and Lowell join  
    To hold the banquet late.

From east and west, from north and south,  
    They join in one grand song,  
Of peace and freedom, truth and right  
    To lift the world along.  
1881

## MY FATHER'S PICTURE.

*"Oh that those lips had language! Life hath  
passed  
With me but roughly since I saw thee last."  
—Cowper.*

O could those lips but speak to me,  
What message would they bring;  
What comfort to my lonely heart  
So long been sorrowing;  
I gaze upon thy earnest face,  
And bless the hand of Art,  
That thus preserves thy sacred form,—  
O may we never part,  
My picture true, of one so dear,  
So like thyself it seems,  
That I forget that thou art here,  
Alas, but in my dreams,  
Sometimes I almost think I see  
The look of pity there,  
And hear a low voice whispering say:  
Dear child, in thy despair  
Look thou unto the heavenly hills,  
Where joy and peace await,  
And labor till the close of day,  
Then at the beautiful gate

I'll be the first to welcome thee  
    To mansions of the blest,  
Where weary feet and hands and heart,  
    Forevermore shall rest.  
1881

### A PRAYER.

*Written for the last day of school, and repeated  
by a little girl.*

O Thou who dwell'st above the sky,  
    And rules the starry worlds on high,  
Dwell thou within our hearts to-day,  
And hear, oh Father, while we pray.

Thou who hearest the raven's cry,  
No sparrow falls without Thine eye;  
Thy children guide through life's short day,  
And bless, oh Father, while we pray.

May teachers, scholars, one and all  
Be gathered at Thy great roll-call,  
In mansions sure, no more to stray,  
Thro' Christ our Lord, we humbly pray.  
1881

IN MEMORY OF MRS. ANNA BIGELOW.

When the summer days were longest,  
When the harvest grew the strongest  
    And busy hum  
Of labor seeming all unceasing,  
And ever busy cares increasing  
    In field and home,

When the loving mother finds  
So much in little hearts and minds  
    To shape and lead,  
From the work she loves the best,  
There seems no time to stop or rest  
    For constant need.

But lo! within that cheerful home  
A sad unwelcome guest has come,  
    And sudden night;  
And the mother's step grows slow,  
And the lamp of life burns low,  
    Then takes its flight.

And you watch, but watch in vain,  
For the loved comes not again;  
    The sunny smile  
That met you in the days of yore,

Will greet you here, ah never more,  
And yet the while,

Thro' the shadowy mists of night  
Steadily beams the beacon light,  
And echoes roll  
From the sunset land of bliss,  
The spirit world so close to this,  
Home of the soul.  
1881

### SEEKING.

From life's cares and turmoil  
Seeking to be free,  
By the lofty mountains,  
By the summer sea,  
We pitch our tent  
For a day and night,  
Not satisfied quite,  
Nor quite content.

Toward a stranger land,  
Seeking something new,  
Lingering in the valleys,  
In the twilight dew

We pitch our tent ;  
Not finding rest  
In all our quest,  
Nor quite content.

By the old home fireside,  
In its flickering glow,  
Through the mists of years  
Loved forms come and go,—  
We pitch our tent,  
To find them gone,  
The heart forlorn,  
And ne'er content.

Toward the golden gateway  
Of the sunset land,  
Close upon its borders,  
Now with weary hand  
We pitch our tent ;  
Till thro' the portal  
Of life immortal  
We find content.

1882

PANSIES.

**M**ODEST, sparkling little pansies!  
We greet your knowing faces,  
Peeping through the weeds and briers  
With the loveliest graces.

Have ye journeyed here so early  
To tell us spring is near?  
Come before more lofty flowers  
Dare to venture here?

Didst leave, to face the chilling winds,  
Your own warm winter bed,  
Sweet messengers to weary hearts,  
On love's errand sped?

Ah, pansies dear, we welcome you!  
So early and late to stay,  
Until the cold and wintry winds  
Shall summon you away.

More stately flowers by and by  
Will grace the garden bed;  
In grandeur they will bloom and grow,  
But soon, alas, they're fled.

Ye are here to bid them welcome,  
And say a kind farewell ;  
To soothe them while they fade and die,  
So deep your magic spell.

I love you for the sake of one  
Whose favorites ye are ;  
Because I know within that breast,  
A faithful heart beats there.  
1882

#### CASTLES IN THE AIR.

COME sit beside me here, old friend,  
A while forget your care ;  
And let us as in childhood's days  
Build castles in the air.

Forget the years that intervene,  
The hard wrought and the real ;  
And just for one short day, my friend,  
We'll live in the ideal.

Forget that time with ruthless hand  
Has streaked our hair with grey :  
And we'll live o'er the joys again,  
That memory holds to-day.



The castles filled with glittering wealth,  
The fame of wondrous story,  
We'll rear again beneath the rays  
Of imaginative glory.

The ship we looked for long ago,  
In all our youthful sport,  
May even now (ah, yes you smile,)  
Be rounding into port.

Fled are the fondest hopes, my friend,  
Of what we'd do and dare;  
And dreams that lent a charm to life  
Have vanished into air.

And life is filled with vain regrets  
From rise to set of sun:  
For what we said, and left unsaid,  
And did, and left undone.

But sit beside me here, old friend,  
Awhile forget your care;  
And let us as in days long gone,  
Build castles in the air.  
1882.

TO ADA D. BARNETT.

*On the Event of Her Graduating.*

*June 30, 1882.*

THE years all laden are bringing  
From out their garner's vast,  
To lay at the feet of the present  
The wealth of the glorious past ;  
While the future beckons with glowing lights,  
To follow on to loftier heights.

Pearls come alone by diving ;  
Treasures must ever be sought ;  
Knowledge alone comes by striving ;  
All of value by labor is bought.  
Ambition points and leads the way,  
That all who search may find to-day.

Thus you, dear one, have learned  
That knowledge is true power ;  
And studious days and nights  
Have brought this longed-for hour ;  
And now while glows the bright June sun,  
You take the laurels nobly won.

One year ago I thought  
    To bring a tribute meet,  
When you the German course  
    Had mastered all complete ;  
But then my muse forgot to sing,  
And thus delayed the offering.

Now I bring the two in one  
    Upon this festive day ;  
When in the English course  
    You bear the palm away.  
True labor never can be lost,  
And all of value pays the cost.

And in life's great high school  
    May you true wisdom show ;  
In works of love excel,  
    And in soul beauty grow ;  
With fields so broad and laborers few,  
For willing hands there's much to do.

## PHANTOMS.

O F all the many phantoms  
That pass before my view,  
The visions of past hours,  
All vanish like the dew ;  
They tarry not on all the way,  
Save one, that one abides for aye.

The hours of joy how fleeting,  
That seemed so like to last ;  
The hours of pain and pleasure  
Have hurried by as fast ;  
But one remaineth, *You can't forget* ;  
Whispers still the voice Regret.

The hours of thought and study,  
The seeking after fame,  
The gaining or the losing  
The treasure of a name ;  
They vanish and quickly are forgot,  
Are gone and yet we mourn them not.

The hours of idle dreaming  
On long gone summer days,  
All pass in dim procession,  
And melt before my gaze ;  
When all are gone there lingers yet  
The dark, sad spirit of Regret.

1882.

A SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL, GONE.

*In Memory of Mrs. Mina Bigelow.*

**S**TRIKE low, oh harps of Zion!  
Your sweetest, tenderest tone;  
For one we love lies sleeping,  
Yes, one we love is gone.

A voice that swelled the anthems  
In earthly courts of song,  
Is hushed on earth forever,  
In silence deep and long.

But listen! for the echoes  
Come nearer than before;  
And louder still and stronger  
Across the golden shore.

It is the song of welcome  
The angels sing for one  
Whose faithfulness well merits  
The blest applaud "well done."

That life of sunny brightness  
Has left its impress true,  
And marked the path to heaven  
With many a radiant hue.

A monument more precious  
Than any Art could rear,  
She leaves of blessed memory  
To all who knew her here.  
1882.

### CHRIST AND NICODEMUS.

'T IS night, and o'er Jerusalem,  
The moon's effulgent ray  
Lights up its homes and narrow streets,  
After the toil of day.

And those who've labored until eve,  
Or sought amusement's place,  
Are gone unto their several homes,  
Are wrapped in sleep's embrace.

But night, that seeks to give to all  
The blessed boon of rest,  
Finds many an eyelid still unclosed,  
And many a troubled breast.

Thus was it that eventful night,  
Within a ruler's heart ;  
The wondrous truths that he had heard  
Had bidden sleep depart.

Within that same old city's walls  
    There dwelt all quietly,  
Another Ruler in whose life  
    A world's redemption lay.

More than eighteen hundred years  
    Have passed away since then,  
All quietly that Hebrew leader,  
    Deemed wise and learned of men,

Strode out into the stilly night,  
    All unobserved to be;  
The anxious thoughts that stirred his soul  
    Were like the raging sea.

A member of the Sanhedrin,  
    And master of Israel,  
Now seeks by night to learn of One  
    Who doth the tempest still.

Then spake the Master of life to him:  
    "The wind thou hearest blow,  
But canst not tell from whence it comes  
    Nor whither doth it go."

E'en so the Spirit tho' unseen,  
    Doth move the hearts of men  
Unto repentance and good works,  
    Thus they are born again.  
1882.

TO WHOM SHALL WE GO?

*Then said Jesus unto the twelve: Will ye also  
go away?*

*Then Simon Peter answered him, Lord to whom  
shall we go?*

*Thou hast the words of eternal life. John 6:  
67-68.*

**T**O whom shall we go, oh Christ, but to Thee!  
Who hast promised forever a refuge to be,  
To all who seek truly life eternal to know,  
If not unto Thee, to whom shall we go?

The words that Thou speakest are spirit and life;  
Sweet rest to the weary amid the world's strife;  
We seek for our comfort Thy peace but to know,  
If not to Thee, Lord, to whom shall we go?

None who have sought Thee were e're led astray,  
Thy love and Thy law teach the one perfect way;  
A guide safe and steadfast to pilgrims below,  
Then if not unto Thee, to whom shall we go?

Thou who stillest the waves of the rough Galilee,  
And the still wilder waves of life's human sea,  
To the tempest-tossed soul speak gently and low,  
For if not unto Thee, to whom shall we go?



Thou of whom wrote the priests and prophets of  
old,  
Thy coming and mission with joy long foretold;  
They owned and were blest Thy salvation to  
know,  
Then if not unto Thee, to whom shall we go?

O Master divine! teach the world while they say:  
"Lo here and lo there," that *Thou* art the way;  
That Thy love inexhaustible ever doth flow,  
Then if not unto Thee, to whom shall we go?  
1883.

INSCRIBED TO—

**J**UST beyond death's hidden portal  
In the light of perfect day,  
Where the shadows never darken,  
Where the golden sunbeams stay,  
There your darling waits to greet you,  
In our Father's home above,  
Safely anchored in the refuge  
Of His everlasting love.

## THE CLOUDS ON THE OTHER SIDE.

*A little boy whose brother had died a short time before was looking at the clouds one bright afternoon when he said to his mother: "I wonder if Vonnie sees the clouds on the other side."*

O sweet, questioning mind of childhood!  
Your thoughts are as our own;  
You speak the longings that older hearts  
Have never yet outgrown.

We look up at the stars at night,  
And pale moon's silvery ray,  
That lights the fleecy, floating clouds,  
And wondering away—

Where is it that the spirit dwells?  
Is it in realms afar?  
Beyond the shining noon-day sun,  
Beyond the farthest star?

Ah, we are children, nothing more;  
And when we've crossed earth's tide,  
We trust that somewhere we shall see  
The clouds on the other side.  
1883.

## EASTER.

**B**RING Easter Lilies to adorn  
The temple of our Lord ;  
Bring treasures of sweet promises  
From out the written word :  
And let the joyful anthems ring  
In honor of our risen King.

For lo! the night of death is past,  
The day-star shines on high ;  
For Christ has risen from the dead,  
And man shall never die ;  
Ring out for joy oh Easter bells,  
Of life immortal your music tells.

While Faith divides the darkest cloud,  
And views the perfect day,  
From every tomb the angels roll  
The heavy stone away ;  
And now the portals open stand,  
That lead unto the better land.  
1883.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

WERE I a painter, I would paint  
These mountains wreathed in glory ;  
Were I a poet I would tell  
In rhyme a glowing story.

I'd paint the sunlight on thy brow,  
And shadows as they meet ;  
The rocks that penetrate thy side,  
The waters cool and sweet,

That trickle o'er the stony crags  
To the shady vale below ;  
That makes the violets lift their heads,  
And the daisies bloom and grow.

I'd tell the secrets of the winds  
That come each summer day,  
To kiss the dew from off thy brow,  
And scatter the mists away.

I'd tell of fairies, whose abode  
Is in these quiet dells ;  
That here the spirit of the air  
In solemn grandeur dwells.

Were I a painter, thy beauties I'd paint,  
    In sunrise and sunset glow ;  
Were I a poet thy lays I'd sing—  
    Were I painter and poet you know.  
1883.

'TIS BETTER TO TRUST THAN DOUBT.

**T** IS better to trust than doubt ;  
    'Tis better to love than hate ;  
'Tis better to labor on,  
Than idly stand and wait.

The hour of death will come  
Full soon enough to all ;  
Then happy if golden sheaves  
We bring at the Master's call.  
1883.

## MY WORK-BASKET.

**M**Y basket—oh priceless treasure!  
It holds far more for me,  
Than if within were glistening  
Rich gems from o'er the sea.

When by it, I am dwelling  
In memory's holy retreat;  
For the loving heart that gave it  
Has long since ceased to beat.

With thimble, needle and thread,  
Come thoughts of other years;  
Till I hardly see the stitches,  
Thro' the mist of blinding tears.

Token of a dear father's love,  
And prompter to industry;  
How much as sorrow's healer,  
We owe, oh toil, to thee.

So into the garment I make,  
Go threads of hope and love;  
Till I'm carried away in my dream,  
All earthly cares above.

As away from self while musing,  
Unconsciously I drift,  
Come thoughts of rest and heaven,  
With this, my basket gift.  
1883.

REST NOT.

**R**EST not, for the day is waning ;  
Rest not, for the night comes on,  
O heart, with so much to do !  
O think not of complaining,  
For 'ere the sun goes down  
Much is required of you.

TO MRS. L. C. HULL.

**Y**OU ask me to write you a poem,  
Dear friend, and I answer yes ;  
Muse, whisper to me,  
What theme it shall be,  
That shall best my love express.  
That shall wing its way over hill and vale,  
To comfort and cheer and bless.

Shall I sing of faith and hope,  
In response to the loving request?  
    No, I sing to-day  
    A sweeter lay,  
The blessed song of rest ;  
Of all the promises to mortals given,  
This seemeth to me the best.

Two years have passed since first  
We grasped each other's hand ;  
    Two fleeting years  
    Of joy and tears  
That mark earth's checkered strand ;  
While friendship's ties have dearer grown,  
And stronger the silken band.

The drowsy hum of bees  
This summer afternoon,  
    The singing bird  
    In the distance heard,  
The cricket's monotonous tune,  
Carries me back to the old farm-house,  
Half dreaming, I reach so soon ;



And hear the cheery voice  
Of one who's there no more ;  
    Whose weary feet  
    Have reached the street  
Of gold, on the other shore ;  
And waits to give us a welcome there  
When the storms of life are o'er.

I seem him again to-day,  
His face all beaming with joy ;  
    Now freed at last,  
    Death's portal passed,  
In triumph, your darling boy  
Has reached the longed for home and rest,  
A messenger in heaven's employ.

Perhaps in the hush of evening,  
Or in the calm noontide,  
    His presence dear,  
    Unseen yet near,  
Doth hope inspire, and guide  
Thy footsteps thro' earth's gloomy way  
To joys that shall abide.

Not wealth, nor glory, nor fame,  
Can calm the human breast,  
                  Like this I send  
                  To you my friend,  
The thought I love the best,  
That comes anon to the weary soul,  
"He giveth his loved ones rest."  
          1883.

### OUR OLD CLOCK.

**T**ICKING away thro' the changing years,  
    Patiently ticking, thro' joy and tears;  
Heard in the solemn midnight hour,  
When thought o'er sleep usurps its power,  
Or when pain prevents from sleeping,  
Still faithfully its vigils keeping,—  
    Ticking way, ticking away,  
    Steadily ticking away.

That old time-piece has long since come  
To be a part of the dear old home;  
Ticking away for years the same  
When to us loss or prosperity came;  
Steadily ever the pendulum swung  
When heart and life were light and young—  
    Ticking away, ticking away,  
    Faithfully ticking away.

When e're we wished the time more slow,  
Or longed more rapidly to have it go,  
Across the patient, honest face  
Never a change could we there trace;  
Steadily marking the minutes and hours,  
"Time never yields to earthly powers."

It seemed to say, while ticking away,  
Faithfully ticking away.

Ticking away when the prattling child  
Had hushed his merry laugh so wild,  
Through weariness had ceased to play,  
Flown on the wings of light away;  
Sad were the hearts that tenderly yearned  
For the little one that ne'er returned.

Still the old clock kept ticking away,  
Steadily ticking away.

When the death-angel laid his hand  
Upon the head of our household band,  
When our loving father's step grew slow,  
When fainter beat the pulse and low,  
Through the hours of anxious fears,  
Through our anguish and bitter tears,  
Still faithfully ticking, ticking away,  
Steadily ticking away.

Ticking away while the years sped by,  
And again death's angel hovered nigh ;  
From the home below to the home above  
Our darling mother of tenderest love  
He gently bears, with the message given,  
One less on earth, one more in heaven ;  
    While the old clock kept ticking away,  
        Faithfully ticking away.

Ticking 'ere I who penned this lay  
Had looked upon the light of day ;  
As, faithfully at the hour of birth,  
So may it when departs from earth  
This weary heart, and loved ones come  
To bear my waiting spirit home,  
    Be ticking away, ticking away,  
        Faithfully, ticking away.  
1883-1888.

WHILE THERE ARE SORROWING SOULS  
TO COMFORT.

**W**HILE there are sorrowing souls to com-  
fort,  
While there are rugged paths to smooth,  
While there are wrongs to be resisted,  
While there are suffering hearts to soothe,  
O rest ye not, but smooth  
The rugged way, and soothe.

While there are harvests all ungarnered,  
And while the reapers still are few,  
There's some part none else may master,  
For 'twas meant for only you ;  
A work among the few,  
Only meant for you.  
1882.

AT EVENTIDE.

*"At evening time it shall be light."*

WHEN the hands have grown weary with  
labor,  
And the heart grown weary with care,  
When the last kind act to our neighbor  
Is finished with many a prayer,  
When the rosy light of the morning  
Is merged in the straight high noon,  
And the noontide hastens to mingle  
In the twilight, how be it so soon,  
'Tis sweet to rest from all labor,  
Though morning and noon are blest,  
The grandest hour of our life-time  
Is the evening hour of rest.  
1883.

## MEMORY IS POSSESSION.

AH, is it true that all is mine  
That memory holds so dear?  
That all that filled the years gone by  
Still is lingering here?

Yes, all is mine to hold and keep  
Safe from the cold world's storms;  
O memory, what a treasury  
Thou hold'st of vanished forms!

And yet, and yet when I look back,  
And turn thy pages o'er,  
Comes many a sigh and vain regret,  
And many a "nevermore."

But surely would not if I could  
Forget the past, though I  
Would gladly smoothe the wrinkled leaves,  
Or pass them quickly by.

With every retrospective look  
Comes joy and grief in turn;  
In every record of good and ill  
A blessing I discern.

O, memory is a sacred book,  
    Tho' tear-stained many a line ;  
Its hidden depths true riches hold  
    For worshippers at its shrine.  
1883.

ONE YEAR MORE IN SCHOOL.\*

**O**NE year more in school is ended,  
    The rugged school of life ;  
Another year's experience  
    In its cares and strife.  
Have we such advancement made  
That we take a higher grade?  
  
All the great world is the school-house,  
    The pupils all mankind ;  
The teachers are all society,  
    The tasks are a varied kind.  
Thro' winter and summer the term extends,  
Saturday and Sunday until life ends.  
  
The days and weeks of seasons four,  
    Have witnessed as we passed  
In and out the school-house door,  
    Each day, until the last  
Day of the year ; and you and I  
Still the unending tasks do ply.

\*Suggested by a sermon by Prof. David Swing in the  
"Weekly Magazine," Dec. 29, 1883.



Some of the teachers are justly kind,  
    And some indeed severe ;  
We pay tuition and regular fees,  
    With extra charges each year.  
Advanced or backward, weak or strong,  
To this one school we all belong.

In all the weeks and months gone by,  
    Many have passed above us ;  
And we have learned it o'er and o'er,  
    There are but few who love us ;  
But still life's tasks remain to do,  
And we must choose the false or true.

And when we reach the higher school  
    In mansions fair above,  
And pass the last examination  
    By Him whose name is Love  
Life's lessons hard to learn and bear  
Will be made plain by the Master there.

AMONG THE ISLANDS OF THE ST.  
LAWRENCE.

**F**LOW on, oh River deep and wide!  
Thy face all rippling with smiles,  
We glide o'er thy waves that proudly guard  
Thy beautiful Thousand Isles.

And ask, was ever an Eden so fair?  
As in admiration we stand,  
And view the wondrous feast that's spread  
By nature's generous hand.

The marvelous wisdom and grandeur here,  
That shine in every line,  
Reveal a power all infinite,  
And a love that's all divine.

Grand, the picture! o'er isles and waves  
The glorious sunlight streams;  
And equal beauty we own is given  
When kissed by the moon's pale beams;

And the lights of Alexandria Bay  
Shine o'er the glistening deep;  
While heavenly benedictions seem  
The heart and mind to keep.

O beautiful River! in majesty flow ;  
    Thy islands thy secrets share,  
And join in voiceless eloquence,  
    In endless praise and prayer.  
1884.

### MY BIRTHDAY.

**N**OW, soul of mine, list patiently,  
    For I've somewhat to question thee,  
    Of all thy years now gone,  
Now what account hast thou to give?  
What has it profited thee to live?  
What does the world from thee receive?  
    Of good what hast thou done?

Stern and momentous is the truth ;  
But thou must meet it all, forsooth,  
    Thou canst not from it flee ;  
'Tis far more solemn to live than die,  
To bear life's burdens than lay them by,  
And swiftly the years and moments fly  
    To join eternity.

I bring thee to strict account to-day ;  
Ah, you tremble, and well you may,  
    At duty's stern demands.  
Has sorrow e're been made the less?  
Have burdened hearts in sore distress  
Had ever cause thy name to bless,  
    For help from thy weak hands?

If not, oh count thy years as lost ;  
Thus far a failure ; what e're the cost  
    In vain is all the strife ;  
The strongest life-work of a soul  
Is made of small things that control  
And form at last the one grand whole  
    Of a successful life.

1884.

OUR MOTHER'S GOLDEN WEDDING  
DAY.

*Sept. 24, 1884.*

Fifty years have passed away,  
And brought thy golden wedding day.  
Fifty years! ah, doth the time  
Seem long or brief, since in thy prime  
And youthful vigor thou didst give  
Thy heart and hand to faithful live  
'Thro' weal and woe, thro' storm and shine,  
That close life's pathway doth entwine,  
With one true, noble, manly heart  
That naught but death, stern death, could part?

Thy life hath much of hardship known,  
And many joys to claim thine own;  
Thro' more than three score years and ten  
Thou hast walked the earthly ways of men;  
Thy children with thy presence blest,  
Now ask that heaven's blessings rest  
Richly on thy declining years  
As the golden sunset hour appears.  
By faith we view a world more fair,  
And father waits for mother there.

## WORK.

**N**O blessing like work for the hand and brain ;  
Though the task be plied o'er and o'er  
again ;

Great antidote for sorrow and gloom,  
And for discontent leaves little room.  
As we rub and rinse on a washing day,  
So may the stain be washed away  
That the week has gathered on heart and mind,  
That darkens the soul as a window blind.

As we hang our clothes in the air to dry,  
In the rays of the sun from a cloudless sky,  
Till they become all pure and white,  
All spotless made by the clear sunlight,  
May the cleansing power of light divine  
Penetrate to the inmost shrine  
Of the true soul life ; till it shall be  
Cleansed like linen from impurity.

As with broom in hand we brush away  
The cobwebs that gather day by day  
In the rooms of our dwelling ; so may we  
The webs of dark superstition see,  
And selfishness, and thoughts of ill,  
And then remove from the chamber still  
Of the inner life ; till the calm retreat  
Would for the communion of spirits be meet.

A blessing on work for bodily health ;  
A blessing on work for true soul wealth ;  
Forever active as the restless sea,  
If free from rust our lives would be.  
Forever attaining, if never attained :  
Better to strive, if never is gained  
The goal of ambition ; soon cometh the best  
Reward of all ; for after work, rest.

1884.

#### A GLIMPSE OF GREECE.

*Read at an Alumni meeting of the C. L. S. C.*

**O**NCE more within our banquet hall  
Classmates and guests respond to call ;  
With faithfulness and grasp of hand  
Gathers our old Chautauqua band.

This yearly meeting brings again  
Thoughts of the past, and in its train  
The works of those all students seek  
Of many a noble gifted Greek.

The foot-prints of the years long gone  
Remain, the glory of past renown ;  
And heroes great return to stand  
As sentinels to every land.

*Page One Hundred Eighty-three*

Much they have wrought ; the echoes still  
Reverberate thro' the world, and thrill  
Humanity with stronger thought,  
Of good and ill with wisdom fraught.

We hear while in our homes of peace  
The loud war-cry of ancient Greece ;  
With wondering eyes we look upon  
The battle plain of Marathon.

Or in a calmer state, we view  
The silver Olive groves that grew  
Along Ilissus' shining stream,  
A picture seen as in a dream.

On Athens a world its honor pours,  
Mother of poets and philosophers ;  
Her ancient temples e'en to-day  
Are beautiful in their decay.

As great in letters as e'er in wars,  
As famed in Art as true to Mars.  
And all her wealth shines out to-day  
While thro' the ages it lights the way.

O mystery of the years that bring  
The past to present, thy praise we sing !  
While the years that are and are to be  
Blend in the mystery of eternity.



## THE SECRET OF A HAPPY LIFE.

*Written for Children's Day, June 1885, and  
spoken by Glenn H. Young.*

**W**ELCOME here, sweet birds and flowers!  
How you cheer these hearts of ours;  
If you could speak, what would you say  
To all the children here to-day?

I will listen, yes listen well  
If now the secret you will tell  
Of a good and happy life. Is it this?  
(Now tell me if aright I guess).

Speak kind words and good deeds do,  
If you'd have others kind to you;  
Keep your heart from sin and strife,  
And yours will be a happy life.

## EXPERIENCE.

O experience! truly thy teachings are dear ;  
Paid by many a heart-ache, many a tear ;  
Thy inexorable law admits no reprieve,  
Thou hast wounded, but hast not power to re-  
lieve.

We bring our complaints but thou heed'st them  
not ;  
Lives the past in the present, and never a jot  
Can it e'er be removed ; twixt life and the tomb  
All else stands aside to make for it room.

I had thought to bury it ;—I said from this day,  
Carefully, silently will I lay it away ;  
Surely the present with its work and its care  
Is enough for earth-weary mortals to bear.

I'll bury it safe, yes I'll bury it deep ;  
Forevermore in oblivion's dark sleep ;  
The rocks for a sepulcher shall hide it from view,  
Now sad reminder, adieu, and adieu.

Then I turned me away at duty's stern call ;  
For alas time fleeth ; and soon over all  
The shades of night falleth, and sweet rest at  
last ;—  
But ah ! preceding is the silent past.

Spectre-like in our pathway it glides on before,  
And anon it whispers, "sad heart, nevermore!"  
A constant companion I'll be to the end,  
Severe tho' I am, all own me as friend.

If my teaching is heeded, a safeguard 'twill be,  
Keeping the present and the future free  
From the wrecks of the past; then despise it not,  
The inevitable bitter of earthly lot.

1885.

AFTER.

AFTER the longing and waiting,  
Cometh the blessing of peace;  
After the toil and striving,  
The glad surcease.

Why should we dread the coming,  
The coming of one so blest?  
The angel alone that bringeth  
The one true rest.

We mourn for the loved departed,  
We listen, but all in vain,  
For the voices and the footsteps  
That never again,

We'll greet in the dear home circle ;  
    For alas, the vacant chair ;  
And the vacancies that meet us,  
    Yes, everywhere.

O time! That's called so fleeting,  
    And yet is fully long,  
For the grief that's always mingled  
    With every song.

O bring thy balm of healing,  
    For sorrows great to bear !  
The losses and the crosses  
    That mortals share.

And looking up and onward,  
    We'll hail the dawning day,  
When the weary night of shadows  
    Shall flee away.

And in the land immortal,  
    Our earthly journey past,  
We'll sing when reunited,  
    All home at last.  
1885.

## SATURDAY NIGHT.

**A**NOTHER milestone along life's way,  
Another Saturday night;  
We pause amid earth's dust and toil,  
And take a backward flight.

How quickly all the seven days  
Are come, and backward rolled  
Into the ocean of eternity,—  
And soon life's story's told.

We open the portals of the past,  
Its conflicts there we meet;  
And there we view life's battle-ground,  
Its victory and defeat.

Like as the sunshine peeping through  
Dark clouds on an April day,  
Are the changing scenes of human life,  
Hope's blossoms and decay.

'To-night I'm treading the silences  
Of a vast, echoless shore;  
And vainly look for a vanished face  
That greets me here no more.

The mists, on a long ago Saturday night,  
Gathered thickly o'er the way,  
And we could not see while we said adieu,  
In the twilight dim and grey.

And now we're waiting for the dawning  
To pierce the dark clouds through,  
Where our eyes have strained to catch a gleam  
Of the City's golden hue.

For the gates so quickly ope and shut,  
We could not trace the way ;  
And the darkness of that Saturday night  
Has never cleared away.  
1885.

#### DANDELIONS.

**A**LL along the dusty roadside,  
This army of golden heads,  
Wrapped in mantles of shining green,  
Peep from their grassy beds ;

To cheer the weary passer-by,  
And remind that May is here ;  
That nature's last cold fetter now  
Is burst in sunny cheer.

They're sparkling in the meadows broad,  
And on the verdant hills ;  
They look as if they really tried  
To outshine the daffodils.

By fence and hedge-row peeping through,  
And by the mossy stream,  
They're listening to the brooklet's song  
In trilling fancy's dream.

A wish of childhood often comes,  
That they were gold indeed ;  
I'd fill my apron full, and then  
Would satisfy all need.

Alas, their glory soon departs !  
The gold turns to decay ;  
And soon their light and feathery down  
Like chaff is blown away.

So like are they to human life,  
Its glory and its fame ;  
To-day it shines,—to-morrow gone,—  
The echo of a name.  
1885.

## WAITING.

*"They also serve who only stand and wait."*

**O** words of courage given when strength shall  
fail ;  
When loss and disappointment hedge the way ;  
When harvest fields stretch out beyond the reach  
Of souls who fain would toil the livelong day ;  
When willing hands would serve the prompting  
heart,  
Nor cease from early morn till evening late,  
Must find content and comfort in the thought,  
"They also serve who only stand and wait."

They serve who wait the wherefore and the why  
With patience ; and with cheerfulness conceal  
The longing to understand life's problem strange,  
That eternity alone can e'er reveal.  
O weariest of the weary ! when death shall come,  
The angels beck'ning you through heaven's gate,  
Will whisper unto you the secret why  
"They also serve who only stand and wait."  
1885.



*Tune "A Thousand Years."*

**T**ELL it with joy and songs of gladness!  
Our fathers fought and banished fears,  
To give us this land of liberty,  
Land of the free a hundred years.

Chorus :

A hundred years our own America!  
'Tis the glad day of jubilee;  
Hail it with joy ye noble freemen!  
Send the glad song o'er land and sea.

List to the bells of freedom pealing  
Up thro' the memory of days of yore;  
Old customs we welcome back again,  
And dreaming, we live the old time o'er.

O glorious pride and boast of a nation,  
That claims a Lincoln and Washington;  
We link the names of heroes to-day  
With those of a hundred years ago.

WE THANK THEE.—THANKSGIVING  
HYMN.

*Words set to music by O. S. Grinnell.*

**F**OR the shadows and the sunshine,  
For the pearly drops of rain,  
For the spring-time and the harvest,  
For the rich and golden grain,  
O Lord, we thank Thee.

For the gift of peace and plenty,  
Over all our land to-day;  
For the gospel's light and freedom  
Moving onward in its way,  
O Lord, we thank Thee.

For the grace that brings us nearer  
To the mansions sure above;  
For the calm and peaceful refuge  
Of Thy great eternal love,  
O Lord, we thank Thee.

COME TO ME.

*Words set to music by O. S. Grinnell.*

**H**EAR the glorious invitation!  
Burdened soul it is to thee;  
To the weary heavy laden,  
Christ is saying "Come to me."

Ye who perish on the highways,  
Fainting for the bread of life,  
Here is food and home and shelter,  
Here is rest from care and strife.

All who thirst for living water,  
Hither come, there yet is room;  
The rich and poor of every nation,  
"Whosoever will may come."  
1877.

“IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY.”

*This poem was suggested by an article with the same title in the “Christian Union” or rather it is that article in rhyme.*

“**N**O,” said the lawyer solemnly,  
“I shall not press your claim;  
Tho’ it should bring a mine of wealth,  
Ten fold increase my fame.”

“Why speak you so,” his client said;  
“You cannot frightened be;  
Has the old fellow begged so hard  
You could not stand his plea?”

“Well yes, he did beg rather hard,  
But to me said not a word;  
’Twas another person he addressed,  
It happened that I heard.

And how it came I will relate,  
And then you can withdraw  
The case; or other than me employ  
To execute the law.

I easily found the house, as you said ;  
    And knocked at the outer door,  
Which stood ajar ; but they did not hear,  
    Was about to knock once more,

As into the little hall I stepped,  
    And saw upon a bed  
In a cozy room, a woman ill,  
    High pillowed her silvered head.

She looked so like my own dear mother,  
    As last on earth I saw,  
I speechless there and powerless stood  
    In deep and solemn awe.

'Come father' she said, 'I'm ready now,'  
    An old man knelt by the bed,  
And offered an earnest, heart-felt prayer,  
    And this is the way he plead :

'Thou knowest how much, O God in heaven,  
    We've suffered, poor mother and me  
To whatever is thy righteous will  
    Submissive we will be.

Thou knowest that there is none to blame ;  
    Had but one boy been spared  
In our old age'—his voice then broke,—  
    'How differently we'd fared.'

Just then a white hand stole from out  
The coverlet thin, and moved  
Softly over his snowy hair,  
His deeper feeling soothed.

Then he went on to say that 'naught  
Could be so sharp again,  
As parting with those noble sons  
Upon the battle-plain ;

Unless the mother should be taken,  
On that he dared not dwell ;  
But soon found comfort in the thought,  
Thou doest all things well.

And all Thy promises we claim,  
Thou'lt not forsake or leave ;  
That to the alms-house we must go  
Dear Lord, we can but grieve.

And if consistent with Thy will  
Deliver us from such place ;  
Nevertheless Thy will be done ;  
Sufficient is Thy grace.'

And then he asked a blessing on  
Those about to demand  
Justice ; and that they might be led  
By God's own guiding hand."

Said the client, "my mother used to sing,  
Way back in childhood's day,  
I almost hear it now, 'God moves  
In a mysterious way.'

Now you may call again, my friend,  
And 'mother and him' please tell,  
The claim is satisfactorily met,  
And they may continue to dwell,

In the dear old home where years they've spent  
In sorrow and in joy;  
Tho' they're bereft 'tis freely given  
By some one else's boy."

"On those conditions I'll take the case;"  
Then smiling he turned to say  
"I'll tell them the claim has all been met  
'In a mysterious way.'"  
1885.

## WATCHING AND WAITING.

I 'VE strained my eyes to see him,\*  
And my ears to hear his voice ;  
In vain I've looked and listened  
For a sign that would rejoice  
My sad heart in the shadows  
Of the misty vale of time,  
That would lighten life's great burden,  
And put music in my rhyme.

The years have numbered seven  
In their silent onward tread,  
Since we left the last fond impress  
Of the kiss upon our dead ;  
Seven times, oh summer sunshine !  
Seven times, oh winter cold !  
You have come and brought no message  
That the mystery would unfold.

At midnight and the noontide,  
At the rise and set of sun,  
In the twilight soft and tender  
When the summer day was done ;  
When the winter's snow lay coldly,  
When it vanished in the spring,  
Thro' all the seasons' changes  
I've been watching, listening.

*\*The author's father.*



But now I'm only waiting,  
And fain would fill the space  
With working for the Master  
In any way or place ;  
For the meeting when the shadows  
Have passed from out the sky,  
Will be sweeter for life's labor,  
And the resting by and by.

READ TO ME, DARLING.

**R**EAD to me darling, I'm weary to-night,—  
Softly now in the fading light ;  
Read not of heroes of Greece or Rome,  
But a quiet song of peace and home.

Read to me darling, I'm lonely to-night,  
And e'en the stars shed a gloomy light ;  
Read soothingly now, that I may forget  
For a little while a life's regret.

Read to me darling, I'm sad to-night—  
Of Him who shed a wondrous light,  
Who joined unknown the troubled two  
On the way to Emmaus long years ago.

Read to me darling, oh read it again,  
Of One acquainted with grief and pain;  
Of Him who wept o'er Lazarus' grave,  
Of Him who stilled the wild sea wave.

Read to me darling, I'm weary to-night,  
Read soft and low in the calm twilight;  
For a little while I'll try to forget,  
O sad heart, full of a vain regret.  
1885.

## WHAT DO THEY SAY?

*Words set to music by O. S. Grinnell.*

**T**HERE are people who cordially greet me,  
In the shop in the store on the street;  
And they hail me with hearty good pleasure  
Whenever we happen to meet;  
And if kind fortune has blest me,  
And some small favor has shown,  
They say they are glad, but I wonder  
O what do they say when I'm gone?

*Page Two Hundred Two*

Chorus :

O what do they say when I'm gone, when I'm  
gone?

Pray what do they say when I'm gone?  
Do they speak of me ill, do they speak with good  
will,

O what do they say when I'm gone?

Never once do they speak of my failings,  
And their words never savor of blame ;  
But the faults and mistakes of my neighbor  
They eagerly haste to proclaim.

And thus they censure the absent  
For something he's said or he's done ;  
It makes me to wonder and ponder,  
O what do they say when I'm gone?

Whenever I call at their dwelling  
I am met with bright smiles at the door ;  
And to sup or to dine they entreat me,  
Regretting I've not called before ;  
They secretly wish my departure,  
Their smiles are but falsely put on,  
They sigh with relief a good riddance,  
And say they are glad when I'm gone.

If one gift should be prized above others  
    In this changeable world of ours,  
That will scatter the darkness with sunlight,  
    And strew the wild desert with flowers,  
'Tis owning of friends true and faithful,  
    Whose words are depended upon,  
Who never will cause us to wonder  
    O what do they say when I'm gone.  
1886.

TO ASHLEY AND SIRA BIGELOW.

*On the 10th Anniversary of their wedding.*

OVER the mountains, the hills and streams,  
    This message of love I send you ;  
And on this your anniversary  
    May the blessing of peace attend you.  
May you with many friends be blest  
And love be your abiding guest.

May all the pleasures of years gone by  
    Stand forth in bright array ;  
While all past sorrows, pain and tears,  
    In the distance fade away.  
May the present be a token true  
Of future bliss in store for you.

In the harvest field of your sunny home  
    May you reap life's richest joys ;  
And the sweetest music that you shall hear  
    Be the merry laugh of your boys.  
And prove that whereso e'er you roam  
There is no place so dear as home.

May all that the years have brought to you  
    Unfold in wisdom and love ;  
While the blessings of faith and hope and peace  
    Shine down from the Father above ;  
And may you see on your pilgrim way  
Many returns of this joyous day.  
    1886.

#### THE NEST 'NEATH THE PORCH.

**I** watched with pleasure two little birds,  
    When early spring had come,  
That under the shady vine-clad porch  
    Had come to make their home.

For days they toiled on faithfully,  
    Till the nest complete was there ;  
I looked one day and saw within  
    Four little blue eggs fair.

I said, the children I'll not tell  
    Just now ; though well I knew  
They would not harm the little things,  
    But with eager love and true,

I feared that they would watch too close,  
    Oft anxiously would peer  
Within the nest, and thus would drive  
    The birds away in fear.

I thought, when the little prisons burst  
    And set the captives free,  
The secret I'd the children tell,  
    And join their childish glee.

Alas for hopes ! one morn I found  
    That eggs and nest and all  
Were gone ; and not a vestige left,  
    Nor e'en a bird's sad call.

How oft the cherished hopes of life  
    Are likewise swept away,  
How much of desolation wrought  
    In just one fleeting day.

To-day the winter winds blow chill,  
    And swiftly flies the snow ;  
My thoughts are with the nest and porch,  
    And the days of long ago.

1886.

ISAAC MOORE.

*The Hermit of Schroon Lake.*

TELL another story did you say,  
A story that's honest and true?  
Well children, if you'll keep quite still,  
Just such I'll tell to you.

"Once on a time," long time ago,  
Yes, fifty years and more,  
A Hermit dwelt in a low rude hut,  
In a quiet nook, on the shore

Of a beautiful lake that winds among  
The mountains towering high;  
While in the distance village spires  
Looked hopeful toward the sky.

So near and yet so far from men,  
He dwelt alone; the grounds  
About his hut no foot oft pressed  
Save his and his faithful hounds.

He sometimes would return and roam  
The streets of his native town,  
And beg his bread from door to door  
Until the sun went down.

With crutch and cane he made his way,  
For but one leg had he ;  
And with his dogs and gun was formed  
This strange, sad company

For well he loved the hunter's prey,  
The forest wide to roam ;  
And finally he made for life  
Their solitude his home.

With wondering pity many watched  
Him wander from their door ;  
And sighed as to their work they turned,  
Alas, poor Isaac Moore !

There came a time his visits ceased ;  
No more he begged for bread ;  
For lo, the heart had ceased to beat,  
Alone in his cabin—dead.

And was he always thus you ask,  
So poor and sad and lone ?  
Ah, no ! dear children, I've been told  
That in his youth there shone

No brighter intellect than his  
In the country far or near ;  
And in his college class he stood  
Almost without a peer.



'Twas with high honors he went forth,  
I fear without an aim ;  
And 'twas through idle melancholy  
To this sad plight he came.

Alas, for loss of moral worth,  
That should be gathered in  
To the treasury of the world's great wealth ;  
Alas for the might have been.

Now this the moral we may draw ;  
Life's duties never shirk ;  
For all its sorrows, cares and grief,  
There is no cure like Work.

Choose early some plain path in life,  
And ne'er from it be turned ;  
Remember naught of value is,  
Unless 'tis rightly earned.

#### WHERE HAST THOU GLEANED TO-DAY?

'T IS eventide ; the reapers now  
Have gone unto their homes ;  
And with an ephah of barley gleaned,  
Ruth to Naomi comes.

O loving one! in Boaz' field  
    I see thee gleaning still;  
I see thy love's unselfishness  
    Thy faithful vows fulfill.

And as Naomi said to Ruth,  
    So say I unto thee:  
Where hast thou gleaned to-day, oh heart,  
    What will the record be?

Now as the shades of evening fall,  
    And darkness veils the land,  
Canst thou recall one loving deed  
    As coming from thy hand?

Or hast thou given expression to  
    One tender thought to cheer  
The hearts with care and sorrow pressed,  
    That daily meet thee here?

On every hand life's golden grain  
    Bends low about thy way;  
Hast thou an idler been, oh soul,  
    Where hast thou gleaned to-day?

THE LITTLE BOY THAT LOVES ME.

**S**WEETER than any fairies  
That roam the woodland dells ;  
Sweeter his voice than music  
That rings from their silver bells ;  
The little boy that loves me.

Brighter his eyes than sunbeams  
That kiss his cheek of tan ;  
And he's six years old to-day,  
Fast growing to be a man,  
The little boy that loves me.

His last words are "I love you,"  
As he seeks the night's repose ;  
And scarce the words are uttered,  
When into dream-land goes  
The little boy that loves me.

O angels ! guide and guard him ;  
And keep him pure as now,  
When future years shall leave  
Their mark upon the brow  
Of the little boy that loves me.  
1886.

UNUTTERED.

THERE'S a joy too high for utterance ;  
A gladness too deep for speech ;  
There are heights and depths and breadths  
That only in spirit we reach.

There are songs that are never sung,  
There are words that are never said ;  
There are griefs that remain unknown  
Till the aching heart lies dead.

There are chords that are never touched,  
The chords of the silent song ;  
The music the low sweet whisper  
From the Infinite borne along,

Adown thro' the golden sunbeams,  
Or the twilight hushed and dim,  
Like the peace of a benediction,  
Or pause that follows a hymn.

From the dome of the starry sky  
To the depths of the rolling sea,  
Is the wondrous dwelling place,  
Of unuttered mystery.  
1886.

POEM.

*Read at the Bigelow family reunion held at Worcester, Mass., June 2, 1887.*

WHEN ancient Greece in glory shone,  
In wealth of splendor and renown,  
The mother, all the world avers,  
Of poets and philosophers,  
The source to which our wealth we owe  
Of culture, that her hands bestow.  
Herodotus with well-earned fame  
As father of all history, came  
To entertain Olympia's guests  
With records of far-reaching quests,  
Of topics wide and manifold,  
Of countries and of heroes bold.  
Between the games and heated race,  
They listened with attentive grace  
To all the wonders of the age  
As told them by the honored sage.  
And as all Hellas older grew  
In wealth of art and letters too,  
With culture that ne'er fails to please,  
Came the historian Thucydides.  
Tho' art and literature shone,  
Worthy the record, handing down

*Page Two Hundred Thirteen*

To generations yet to be,  
A rich and lasting legacy ;  
With treasures rare to search and find,  
One theme alone filled all his mind ;  
Nought could attract from near or far,  
Save the Peloponnesian War.

And so dear friends, we gather here,  
Drawn by one theme from far and near ;  
From north and south, from east and west,  
From every home that each loves best,  
We gather here a kindred host,  
From Maine to Californian coast,  
To form acquaintance new, tho' late,  
'Mid glories of the Old Bay State ;  
That justly claims with glowing pride,  
Much that has made her fame world-wide.  
Birth-place of many of true worth,  
Whose zeal and wisdom bless the earth.  
And ancient land-marks here abound,  
Our fathers made historic ground ;  
An open door to freedom's land  
Dear Plymouth Rock for aye shall stand.  
The Old South Church in peace and war  
Shines out an ever guiding star.  
Your hearts with patriotism thrill  
When thoughts arise of Bunker Hill ;  
While old and young delight to hear

Of the Midnight Ride of Paul Revere.  
You boast all things as "done up brown,"  
E'en to the witches of Salem town ;  
Rejoice in progress of to-day,  
With superstition passed away.  
Now 'round the fire-side love to tell  
Of what in olden times befell ;  
How in seventeen-hundred seventy-three  
In Boston Harbor they steeped the tea ;  
So strong they made it Old Britain shrank,  
Nor called the nectar sweet she drank.  
The greatest Tea-party e'er was known,  
In any country or any zone ;  
It proved a nation strong for right,  
That dares oppression with her might.

Now lest the prelude longer be  
Than all the line of ancestry,  
We leave these thoughts and hasten on  
To descendants numerous of John,  
Who first into New England came,  
And here diffused the honored name.  
And farther back we still may go  
To trace the name of Bigelow ;  
When Henry Third on England's throne  
Did reign, e'en then the name was known  
'Tis changed somewhat from Baguley  
To the Yankee style it wears to-day.

Richard, Lord of Baguley, came,  
His race per custom took the name.  
When Henry Seventh affairs controlled,  
Ralph De Baguley, we are told,  
Was then the Lord of Allerton Hall ;  
The history we with pride recall ;  
And then we read that later on,  
His great-grandson, the aforesaid John,  
At an early day sailed o'er the sea,  
Curious to explore this "faire countrie."  
He closely followed the Pilgrim band,  
And made a home in the same fair land.  
Now from the broad Atlantic's foam  
To the far Pacific, where e'er you roam  
That name you'll meet ; and often find  
In places of trust and honor enshrined  
That name ; and may it ever be  
Unsullied by impurity.  
With honest pride the name we own,  
As handed down from father to son ;  
May each esteem the privilege dear,  
To keep the record shining clear.  
We boast a royal ancestry ;  
But that makes neither you nor me ;  
On individual worth alone  
We build a structure all our own ;  
And for its failures more or less  
Responsibility must confess.



As well might each and all begin  
To plead excuse by Adam's sin,  
As that a noble ancestry  
Makes up a life's deficiency.  
O lasting prize of valor, won  
By Massachusetts' noble son!  
Time-honored Worcester proudly gave  
Colonel Timothy Bigelow, the brave;  
Man of strong heart and iron will,  
Who nobly fought at Bunker Hill,  
With Revolutionary fame  
For aye shall shine the cherished name.

Now thanks to him whose generous hand  
Has welcomed this fraternal band;  
The anniversary of whose birth,  
We celebrate with songs and mirth.  
May this meeting emblematic be  
Of the great home-gathering, where we  
With all the loved ones gone before  
From Father's house go out no more.

## SEVEN YEARS OLD.

**S**EVEN times one are seven; now know,  
O rollicking happy boy,  
You've reached the first milestone to-day,  
And life's without alloy.  
When three times seven years you scan,  
Behold, the boy will be a man.

Seven times one are seven; ah me;  
The baby is outgrown;  
We could not stay the years since we  
Said one times one is one.  
With fond hopes we the future plan,  
When the boy of seven will be a man.  
July 10, 1887.

## ALL FOR YOU.

*Written for music.*

**T**HERE'S a refuge secure from the wintry  
blast;  
There's an anchor of hope when the waves beat  
fast;  
There's a haven of rest for the weary soul,  
And a message of peace, "Christ maketh thee  
whole."

*Page Two Hundred Eighteen*

There's a river of life all sparkling and bright,  
Where our thirst may be quenched, our souls be  
    made white ;  
There's a banquet ready ; where all may be fed  
From the bounties of heaven with life-giving  
    bread.

Then oh soul, fly for refuge without delay,  
Where the Saviour now waits to bless thee to-  
    day,  
With the riches of grace and heavenly love,  
And to crown thee an heir to mansions above.  
    1887.

#### DID WE BUT KNOW.

**D**ID we but know the conflicts  
    In many a human breast,  
Did we know the unseen sorrow  
    That gives them such unrest,  
I think we would be kinder,  
    More tenderness would show,  
Remembering we have only  
    A little way to go.

Did we but know the struggles  
That some way come to all,  
Some bravely overcoming,  
While others yield and fall ;  
I think we'd have more charity,  
To chide would be more slow,  
While knowing we have only  
A little way to go.

Did we but know the trials  
In secret patience borne ;  
Or know the heart was aching  
While smiles the face has worn,  
We'd stay the words of censure  
That add to human woe,  
Remembering we have only  
A little way to go.  
1887.

IN THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH.

I'VE journeyed oft in thought before,  
Where now to-day I see  
This old-time structure, rich in lore  
Of varied history.

Its service in the years gone by  
The written page lights o'er ;  
By poets sung, revered and loved,  
A hundred years and more.

No more the people as of old  
For worship gather here ;  
But view with fond and eager eyes  
The old-time relics dear,\*

That find a home and refuge where  
These sacred walls inclose ;  
Where Warren's eloquence gave power  
In vanquishing our foes.

One ancient piece † I linger by,  
And fondly gaze upon ;  
Used by a soldier brave and true,  
A century ago.

Long may this spire point heavenward !  
These walls securely stand ;  
An emblem true of liberty,—  
An independent land.  
1887.

\*The old South Church is now used as a museum of ancient relics.

†A small copper Tea-kettle used by Col. Timothy Bigelow in the war of the Revolution.

BRYANT.

*Read before Nashville Chautauqua Circle on  
Bryant's day.—Nov.—1887.*

**T**O him who words of courage gave  
When first our cause had birth;  
We bring on this memorial day,  
As tribute to his worth  
Our hearts' best offering of praise  
And love; and own the might,  
And power and wisdom of his pen,  
And loyalty to right.

Nature's great poet! well beloved  
By all Chautauquans true;  
In every state from east and west,  
In foreign countries too;  
All meet to celebrate this day  
Of proud New England's son;  
Beloved and claimed by every land,  
Because our aim is one.

In one decade our ranks have grown  
    To tens of thousands strong ;  
Lovers of truth and knowledge all,  
    Who join this mighty throng.  
The power for good no human pen  
    Can fully estimate ;  
We simply say the work is grand,  
    The influence is great.

TO MISS MATTIE L. SEAVER.

*On her 12th birthday, with a copy of Jean Inge-  
low's poems Feb. 9, 1888.*

**M**AY each returning birthday bring  
    Bright joys afresh to you ;  
And may your heart be always young,  
    Your life be always true.  
While friends and schoolmates join to make  
    This day remembered long ;  
And fill the hours with sportive glee,  
    With glad and happy song,  
I ask for you a blessing rich,  
    And great in magnitude ;  
It is that you be ever blest  
    With joy of doing good.

## I WOULD RATHER.

I ask not for wisdom to pen  
The classics of Greece and Rome ;  
But rather to me there be given  
The sweet inspiration from heaven,  
To cheer the sad children of men  
With songs of rest and home.

I ask not an undying name  
Through future ages to shine ;  
But rather that feet grown weary  
Along life's pilgrimage dreary,  
Be quickened ; and hearts touched to flame  
By a tender song of mine.

I ask not the victory to share  
Of vain ambition and strife ;  
But rather for zeal to labor  
With love to friend and neighbor,  
And mutual burdens bear  
In the common ways of life.  
1887.



## MAKING THE DARK DAY BRIGHT.

**T**HE day is dark, the clouds hang low  
And hide the face of the sun.  
The rain comes down, the wind blows chill;  
Now what is to be done?  
When the sun withholds his golden light  
How can we make the dark day bright?

The artist said: "I'll paint to-day,  
Bright flowers and golden grain,  
And summer skies, and bending fruit,  
And boats upon the main.  
My brush shall yield its tints of light,  
Thus will I make the dark day bright."

The poet said: "I'll write to-day,  
My best and sweetest song;  
And it will bless some lonely heart,  
I know has waited long  
For words that only I may write,  
Thus will I make the dark day bright."

The singer said: "I'll sing to-day  
My own best notes of cheer;  
Behind the clouds somewhere I know  
The sun is shining clear;  
And music e'er shall bring delight,  
Thus will I make the dark day bright."

The artist paints, the poet writes,  
The singer sings his lay;  
The morrow will be fairer still  
For dark clouds of to-day;  
For all who will may shed some light,  
And thus make every dark day bright.  
1888.

MOTHER, HOME, HEAVEN.

**M**OTHER! sweet and soothing name,  
That calms our childish fears;  
Mother! sacred, sweeter still  
When come life's later years.

Home! O blessed refuge where  
From care and strife we come;  
Richly blest with mother love,  
No place so dear as home..

Heaven! harbor where our bark  
Shall anchor tempest driven;  
To find at last our joy complete,  
In Mother, Home, and Heaven.  
1888.

## HALLOWE'EN.

WE are looking, backward looking,  
On this peaceful Hallowe'en,  
To the lights upon the hill-tops  
That in ancient times were seen.

Long ago, before the wise men  
Saw the brilliant Eastern Star,  
That proclaimed the Savior's coming,—  
In the age more distant far,

Was a festival appointed  
By the Druids, priests of old ;  
That each year was celebrated,  
Faithfully, as we are told.

Now gay groups of lads and lasses  
Still commemorate with cheer ;  
And we know as in the old time,  
Fairies must be hovering near.

Nature gently draws the curtain  
O'er the golden harvest joys,  
While we pray that heaven's blessings  
Guard and guide our girls and boys.  
1888.

EASTER MORNING.

THE glorious morn of hope shines forth,  
The night has fled away ;  
For Christ has risen and has turned  
The darkness into day.

And evermore from earth to heaven  
Is stretched a golden chain ;  
Its mighty links can ne'er be riven,  
Nor darkness reign again.

Ring! ring oh Easter bells your joy!  
And bloom ye lilies sweet ;  
And breathe, oh human hearts, your love,  
And oft the theme repeat.

For Christ is risen, oh day of days,  
All radiant with glory!  
And men and angels, earth and heaven,  
Unite to tell the story.  
1888.

PRESENT DAYS ARE BEST.

SOME sigh for childhood's golden days  
So quickly vanished ;  
And mourn the childish innocence  
The years have banished.

Some long for their departed youth,  
With all its pleasure ;  
Nor dream that the advancing years  
Can fill the measure.

Some sigh for early love and bliss,  
And miss the nearer ;  
Nor know that later love is best  
And much the dearer.

I would not be a child again,  
Were to me given  
The power to backward turn the years,—  
And distance heaven.

I would not give maturer thought  
For youthful vision ;  
Nor all the labor years have wrought  
With its blest mission.

The present days are far the best  
Of all our knowing ;  
And days to come, from these, we trust,  
Are brighter glowing.  
1889.

### GRANDMA'S BIRTHDAY.

*June 2, 1889.*

**S**LOW her step has grown and weary,  
But her heart is just as cheery  
As in the days ago ;  
And her ever sunny smile  
Cheers and blesses us, the while  
The years are gliding on,  
That bring her nearer rest and heaven ;  
To-day dear grandma's ninety-seven.

She is sweetly retrospecting,  
On her youthful days reflecting,  
That seem to her so near ;  
The past and future she is linking,  
Of the present scarcely thinking,  
Now she can almost hear  
The opening golden gates of heaven,  
For to-day she is ninety-seven.

Many years she's toiled ne'er fainting.  
Now she's only watching, waiting  
    To hear the welcome "Come,"  
And receive her loved one's greeting  
Where no parting follows meeting,  
    In the heavenly home ;  
Yes, dear grandma's ninety-seven,  
Closely comes the breath of heaven.

#### WORKING WITH GOD.

*If I can put one touch of a rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman, I shall feel that I have worked with God.—George Macdonald.*

**I**F life is made brighter,  
    And laughter more free,  
If pain is made lighter  
    By presence of thee,  
Deem not thy life useless,  
    Nor count it as vain,  
Nor labor as fruitless,  
    If so it regain  
A smile to the weary,  
    And hope to the sad,

The way that is dreary  
Once more making glad,  
And lifting toward heaven  
Sad mortals that plod,  
Thine, joy that is given  
Thus working with God.  
1889.

### TRUE AMBITION.

*To the class of 1889 of Nashville high school.*

**S**TRIVE not at a bound to reach the heights,  
But serve on the way thereto ;  
From the lower round to the ladder's top  
A step at a time pursue.

For not by him of the greatest speed  
Is won the race of renown ;  
But by him who heedeth the fable old  
Of pilgrims to Boston town.

He wins no prize who faints by the way  
Because it is rough and steep ;  
But faithfully on through perils oft,  
Unwavering step must keep.



You finish but to begin; for life's  
Great lessons are never done;  
Each night shall find new tasks that wait  
The rising of the sun.

And closed doors shall open wide  
To the touch of a magic key  
That true ambition holds in power  
And offers now to thee.

LETTER TO THE THIRD REUNION OF  
THE BIGELOW FAMILY, AUG. 14, 1889.

**A**S many miles divide us  
This glad reunion day,  
And mountains, lakes and rivers  
Still hold their right of way,  
Nor e'er contract to lessen  
The distance that denies  
My presence with you, joining  
In closer kindred ties,  
I send you this brief missive  
That travels cheaper far  
Than could the humble writer  
In any kind of car;

And use our faithful servant,  
The ever willing pen,  
Regrets to you conveying,  
And when they've reached you, then  
Just add unto them wishes  
For your happiness to-day ;  
Fond memories may it bear  
To bless your future way.  
Successful be your efforts  
In all you seek to know  
Pertaining to the family  
And tribes of Bigelow.

## FIFTY YEARS.

*To Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Elitharp on their golden  
wedding, Jan. 1, 1890.*

**Y**OU backward look across the years,  
The years so swiftly flown ;  
And all the treasures they have held  
To-day are still your own ;  
Fond memory never lets depart  
True riches from the loving heart.

The dear old homestead still is yours ;  
    More sacred grown each day ;  
Where you for half a century  
    Have journeyed on life's way.  
And children's children rise to bless,  
And own your tender faithfulness.

Life's sweetest pleasures here you've found  
    That make an earthly home ;  
And sorrow's dark'ning shadows oft  
    Within these walls have come ;  
Thus many joys and many tears  
Are woven in these fifty years.

The children come from far and near  
    Their childhood scenes to greet ;  
And own that naught the world can give  
    To them is half so sweet  
As joys within the dear home nest,  
By father and mother richly blest.

Now may life's golden sunset be  
    Far brighter than its noon ;  
And may your evening hours of rest  
    Be heaven's most precious boon ;  
Till joined with loved ones in the spheres  
Where time is measured not by years.

AT MY WEST WINDOW.

*"There are two sides to a story."  
Likewise there are two views of a picture.*

“YOUR view said a friend, from the west,”  
one day

“Is very unpleasant ; for over the way  
Are tumble-down buildings, barn and shed,  
What a wretched scene is here outspread.”

“’Tis true” I replied, “but near at hand  
And just beyond is a scene more grand  
Than ever artist’s skill could paint,  
Or mortal plan in colors quaint.

“For there the rosy sunset streams  
Thro’ verdant trees ; the golden gleams  
Light the hills and valleys below  
With every tint of a full rainbow.

“I gaze with joy on the glorious sight  
Of the western sky in the fading light ;  
O’er looking the gloom that lies between,  
Enraptured with the radiant scene.

“Thus might we overlook the strife,  
The cares, the ills and griefs of life,  
And catch a view of the world of bliss  
That lies just over the border of this.”

1890.





MT. MANSFIELD.

## SUNRISE ON THE MOUNTAINS.

**D**EAR old Vermont! Thy mountains grand,  
Rock-bound arise, majestic stand.  
Thy whispering forests rest serene  
In light and shade, in gold and green:  
At sunrise on the mountains.

Long, long ago—can I forget  
That golden morn that haunts me yet?  
That glowing panorama drawn  
On nature's canvas at the dawn—  
At sunrise on the mountains.

From farm-house old, at early light,  
We rose to greet the glorious sight;  
That radiant sunburst's grand surprise  
That opened on our wondering eyes,  
At sunrise on the mountains.

Dost thou reflect the rays divine  
That from the Heavenly mansions shine—  
Where never mortal foot hath trod  
The vast, eternal, hills of God?  
O sunrise on the mountains!  
1890.

POEM.

*Read at the Nichols family Reunion at Grand  
Ledge, Mich., August 13, 1890.*

**L**ONG ago from o'er the ocean,  
To this broad, inviting shore,  
We are told there came four brothers  
Who the name of Nichols bore.

They were strong and sturdy Welshmen,  
And our ancestors were they ;  
And a few in glad reunion  
Of their descendants meet to-day.

Of the lineage so ancient  
We have nearly lost all trace ;  
More than two centuries have passed  
Since here they found an honored place.

We read that a colony from Wales,  
(But all unknown to us by name)  
In sixteen-hundred eighty-five,  
To Radnor, Pennsylvania, came.



And by their zeal and industry  
    Soon a Meeting-house they reared ;  
That stands a monument to-day,  
    By history and song endeared.

“Old St. David’s at Radnor,” sung  
    By our beloved Longfellow’s muse ;  
The ivy climbs the gray stone walls,  
    Guarding well its years of use.

Our only theme to-day shall be  
    The name we love of later years ;  
And one branch of the family,  
    That the Michigan pioneers.

Here our fathers felled the forests,  
    Here they planted humble homes ;  
Where blooms a paradise to-day—  
    Sure recompense to labor comes.

They were not deprived of music,  
    Even in that early day ;  
For the wolves gave nightly concerts,  
    Howling care and sleep away.

Oft the children were awakened  
    At the early morning light,  
By music of the falling trees,  
    By the woodman’s axe and might.

Long and tedious was the journey  
    In the old-time to the mill ;  
Only Indian trails to guide them,  
    By the forest, vale, and hill.

And the mothers, just as zealous,  
    Late and early filled the hours  
With work within doors and without,  
    Aiding with their utmost powers.

Hardships many and privations,  
    Brought rich comforts to the door  
Of their children's children ; and they  
    Homage pay to days of yore.

Kindred of the house of David  
    And his brother Truman, here  
Meet we uncles, aunts and cousins,  
    Old and young with hearty cheer.

While we listen to the stories  
    Of the old-time and the new,  
Of privations and of pleasures,  
    We the past and present view.

We can claim among our number  
    Lawyers, doctors, merchants too ;  
And ministers to guide the craft  
    Ever onward to the true.

By our name are represented  
All professions now in vogue ;  
Unless from other tribes we differ  
There must be at least one—rogue.

Thus to illustrate the story  
Of the one black sheep so lone,  
That will persistently invade  
Every flock, as each must own.

And we claim as noble manhood,  
And as noble womanhood,  
In our ranks as any other ;  
Lives, unselfish, true and good.

Lives that bravely stand the conflict  
In earth's sorrow, toil and care ;  
Never faltering, ever ready  
Faithfully to do and dare.

Greet we all with words of courage,  
While we meet, then go our way,  
Trusting each be wiser, better  
For the blessings of the day.

Nature smiles in radiant beauty  
Where the sparkling waters flow,  
Of Grand River, loved and cherished  
In the days of long ago.

'Neath the shadow of the ledges  
Of the rocks all towering high,  
Islands green and boats of pleasure  
Meet and greet the charmed eye.

May this day of sunny brightness  
Tinge with light all days to come ;  
May its sacred memories ever  
Dwell within each heart and home ;

Till we meet where glad reunions  
Nevermore shall broken be,  
In our Father's many mansions,  
Close beside the Crystal sea.

## WHAT YOU CAN HAVE.

**I**F you haven't beautiful eyes, dear,  
To win admiration and praise,  
Nor beautiful golden hair, dear,  
You can have winning ways.

If you haven't beautiful hands, dear,  
They can be willing and true,  
And goodness is better than beauty, dear,  
Ever the whole world through.

If you haven't a beautiful face, dear,  
The world calls fair and sweet,  
You can have an honest smile, dear,  
Earth's weary ones to greet.

If you haven't beautiful clothes, dear,  
Nor jewels rich and rare,  
You can have kindly words, dear,  
For all, and every where.

If you haven't a stately dwelling, dear  
All filled with earthly gain,  
You can have your heart a temple, dear,  
Where the Prince of Peace will reign.  
1890.

THE CENTURY'S LAST DECADE.

WE are standing on the threshold  
Of the Century's last decade ;  
And we hail the glorious dawning  
Of its fast approaching morning,  
While we view the progress made,

Of a nation growing stronger  
As the Century's growing old ;  
And the nine decades behind us  
Do but earnestly remind us  
What the future yet may hold.

Unto it the key is given  
To the treasury of the past ;  
With it unknown mines shall open,  
As the present giveth token,  
Yielding up its riches vast.

Lo ! the distant bells are ringing,  
And a mighty host appears ;  
Thought and labor step are keeping ;  
While the golden harvest reaping  
Crowns the Century's closing years.  
1891.

## CROSSING THE RUBICON.

*To the class of 1891 of Nashville High School.*

**T**O the threshold of life's labor  
Swift the years have led you on ;  
Are you ready for the conflict,  
Having crossed the Rubicon ?

Have you now declared for battle  
As did Cæsar anciently ?  
But with intellectual weapons  
May you gain the victory.

Where neither plebeian nor patrician,  
But true worth alone shall rule ;  
Where with equal chance for winning,  
You have entered life's great school.

And we give you joyous greeting,  
To your work but just begun ;  
While we ask for richest blessings  
On the class of Ninety-one.

THE KING'S BUSINESS.

*"The King's business requires haste."*

**M**AKE haste, O soul, to do the bidding  
Of heaven's royal King;  
For golden sheaves to-day are waiting,  
Thy hand alone may bring;  
Let not the bounteous harvest waste,  
"The King's business requires haste."

Make haste, O soul, for weary ones  
Are fainting by the way,  
It may be for a cheering word  
That only thou canst say;  
Then neither time nor talent waste,  
"The King's business requires haste."

Make haste, O soul, and tarry not,  
The message sweet to give,  
Of rest and peace and tenderness,  
That dying ones may live;  
That all may living waters taste,  
"The King's business requires haste."

1891.



NASHVILLE CHAUTAUQUA CLASS OF  
1888.

*Read at the first Alumni meeting December 8,  
1891.*

'T WAS not in sunny days of youth,  
    But, nearing its equator  
Was life, when first we grasped the hand  
    Of dear old Alma Mater.

Boys will be boys and girls be girls,  
    Tho' hair be streaked with gray ;  
And each renews his youth again  
    On glad Alumni day.

With Plato long and hard we wrestled,  
    While Socrates near by,  
Was beaming on us steadily  
    With searching critic's eye.

Ah, how we racked our poor old brains  
    With leading Greek and Roman,  
And never stopped until we scanned  
    The scenes on Boston Common.

*Page Two Hundred Forty-seven*

And when to rest from deeper thought,  
    With slight imagination,  
We all were dining on roast pig,  
    With Charles Lamb's dissertation.

Now some are east and some are west,  
    And thus our number's broken,  
But written messages breathe forth  
    Of true class love the token.

We'll sing Chautauqua's worthy praise,  
    For rich the feast she's giving  
To young and old who fain would seek,  
    And strive for nobler living.

Her banquet halls shall echo loud  
    With pleasure earned by labor ;  
And universal knowledge claim  
    All mankind as neighbor.

We live again the by-gone years,  
    Midst lessons and debate ;  
And ever bright in memory keep  
    Class ties of Eighty-eight.

## LILACS.

**D**EAR blossoms, so early to come,  
When spring-time covers the land ;  
Thy lofty but pale-tinted bloom  
Doth make the heart to expand  
With thoughts that are noble and pure  
As thy own sweet delicate hue ;  
And thus in the spring-time early,  
We sing a glad welcome to you.

And oft to the dear old homestead  
You take me on memory's wing,  
Where father and mother so loved you,  
And welcomed the blossoms of spring ;  
And now in their home over yonder  
Where joys are pure as the snow,  
I wonder if lilacs immortal  
On the hills of eternity grow.

I love to think that earth's beauty  
In added lustre will shine,  
In transcendent glory of heaven,  
Where both worlds join to combine  
The works of a loving Creator ;  
And that flowers familiar here,  
Will bloom in undying verdure  
In the beautiful land over there.  
1892.

## THE RAINBOW.

THE light reflects thro' nature's tears,  
Behold the rainbow bright ;  
Each tint a precious promise holds,  
Could we but see aright.

And not alone one promise each,  
But seventy times the seven ;  
Our earth is daily looking up  
To take the gifts of heaven.

Seed-time and harvest, sun and rain,  
Through all succeeding years ;  
The summer's heat, the winter's cold,  
The spring-time's dewy tears,

Shall hasten bud and blossom forth  
To bless the homes of men ;  
And nevermore shall swelling flood  
Destroy the world again.

His promises forevermore  
Will sure and steadfast be ;  
Recorded in the Book of books,  
Bequeathed to you and me.

Bright bow of promise to each and all,  
Bright legacy from above ;  
In seven bright tints resplendent shine  
The Father's infinite love.

Red, orange, yellow, green and blue,  
With indigo and violet blend ;  
Wrought by artistic hand divine,  
All human arts transcend.

The red a promise of victory  
If faithful to the last ;  
To such a crown of life is given  
When earthly warfare's past.

The orange, promise of length of days,  
Long life and happiness,  
To those who walk in wisdom's ways,  
And onward, upward press.

The yellow, of wealth in the city where  
The walls are of jasper made ;  
With precious stones and diamonds rare  
Are the twelve foundations laid.

The green, a promise of endless youth,  
With new glories to unfold ;  
Where leaves ne'er wither nor flowers fade,  
And the dwellers never grow old.

Blue, the promise of eternal truth,  
    Makes free the children of men ;  
And bread upon the waters cast  
    Will surely return again.

Indigo, promise of joy and peace,  
    Of endless life and rest :  
Of a rock of refuge unto all  
    By storm or heat oppressed.

Violet, promise of royal robes  
    For children of the King  
Through faith, who conquer in his name,  
    Shall songs of triumph sing.

As doth this token of old, so may  
    Our lives as sweetly blend  
In colors rich for the life that is,  
    And the one that ne'er shall end.  
1892.

JUNIOR CLASS SONG OF 1892.

*Tune: "Drifting with the Tide."*

**I**N the dear old school-room gathered,  
While the years are gliding by ;  
Brave in heart and strong in purpose,  
On the prize we've fixed our eye ;  
And we'll ne'er give o'er the battle  
Till we sing the victor's lay,  
And the portals open for us—waiting,  
We are waiting, waiting for the day.

We are waiting for the day,  
We are waiting for the day,  
When the portals shall swing open—waiting,  
We are waiting, waiting for the day.

We are drinking at the fountain,  
And new beauties there we see,  
Daily giving inspiration  
To our class of Ninety-three ;  
And the goal for which we're aiming  
Sheds a light upon our way  
Till the portals open for us—waiting,  
We are waiting, waiting for the day.

HOW THE WOMEN EARNED A DOLLAR  
EACH TOWARD THE PARSONAGE.

THE women met and spake  
They one unto another,  
Saying, something must be done  
In some way or other,  
For all know a parsonage  
Our Church is greatly needing,  
And if we give the subject  
A little serious heeding,  
And if we each and all  
Become more enterprising,  
We'll soon behold the structure  
Before our eyes uprising.  
And so they all decided  
While counseling together,  
They would each earn a dollar ;  
And no matter whether  
The work be hard or easy,  
Or be in fine or homely,  
Only so it be respectable,  
Surely honest and comely ;  
And for this purpose, each  
Her mite would contribute ;  
Earnestly hoping friends  
And neighbors would distribute



Their work of various kinds  
    Among this band of workers,  
Being readily convinced  
    There were none among them shirkers.  
Quickly some betook them  
    To various kinds of sewing,  
To carpet-rags and patching,  
    To handkerchiefs ; well knowing  
These things are very useful ;  
    And no ambition lacking,  
Some went to selling pop-corn,  
    And some to boot-blackening ;  
Others to washing buggies,  
    Selling eggs, and baking ;  
In every honest way  
    An honest dollar making.  
Some did many ironings,  
    Went out to house-cleaning,  
Never stopping to consult  
    Which way their tastes were leaning,  
Some roamed the woods for flowers,  
    And sold them in boquets ;  
Thus proving where there's a will  
    There are also many ways.  
Found a ready sale for greens  
    At a popular hotel ;  
Old bottles cleaned and scoured,  
    Sold equally as well

To patronizing doctors  
    Who bought them by the score,  
And used them as effectually  
    As if never used before.  
Horse-radish found a market,  
    And brought the meagre prize  
To martyrs at the grater,  
    With tearful streaming eyes.  
One worker earned her dollar  
    In tender care she's taken  
Of a brood of little pigs,  
    By their mother all forsaken ;  
The care was all too tender,  
    For e're the work was done,  
Amidst their fair surroundings,  
    They all died but one.  
At an enterprising factory  
    One fortunately found  
That paper-rags, the best  
    Brought two cents per pound ;  
Others in teaching music,  
    In knitting and crocheting,  
And thus in various ways  
    Their tact and skill displaying ;  
So very numerous, I  
    Have not the time to mention,  
Nor lay them all before  
    Your very kind attention ;

But trusting this sufficient  
    To prove to all the wise  
The great unyielding power  
    Of woman's enterprise.  
1892.

EVA.

*For her fiftieth birthday.*  
*July, 3, 1892.*

**T**HE storm-king heralds his coming  
    In thundering tones afar ;  
Battles with fierce steels clashing,  
    Proclaim the clamor of war ;  
We list to the tumult of the spheres,  
But softly, silently pass the years.

To-day concludes the story  
    A half a century's told ;  
Many the threads of sombre  
    The golden threads enfold ;  
A woven fabric life appears,  
With lights and shades at fifty years.

*Page Two Hundred Fifty-seven*

In childhood looking forward,  
    How endless seemed the way ;  
But now in backward looking,  
    'Tis but an yesterday ;  
Thro' varied changes time endears  
A faithful friend at fifty years.

The cherished home of childhood  
    At dear old Saranac,  
With youthful friends and pleasures  
    Comes softly stealing back ;  
You live again devoid of fears,  
Life's morning o'er at fifty years.

How rich and rare the paintings  
    On memory's wall you see,  
Of loved and vanished faces,  
    A blessed company ;  
Their waiting welcome in yonder spheres,  
Shall cheer to-day thy fifty years.

AT NOONTIDE.

**L** ORD, grant us a noon-day blessing,  
That maketh our burdens light ;  
One calm sweet hour of resting  
Between the morning and night.

The earth and our souls are thirsty,  
And hungry for bread from above ;  
Reach down, O Father, in mercy,  
Thine infinite arms of love.

Grant Thy peace and forgiveness  
To us in our toil mid-way ;  
For the help our souls most needeth,  
We crave in the heat of the day.

Strength to win in the conflict  
We plead at the noontide hour ;  
When human hearts are faintest,  
Come Thou in sweetness and power.

O, grant us a noon-day blessing  
That shall brighten the afternoon,  
And be as a song at night-time,  
A song the angels attune.  
1892.

## RETROSPECT.

WHEN we are gathered home to heaven  
In the beautiful home of God,  
I think, my friend, we will retrospect  
On the earthly paths we've trod.

When our tired feet are rested quite,  
From travel of weary years ;  
When our eyes are bathed with heavenly light,  
That here were dimmed with tears,

I think we then will backward look,  
And wonder how it could be,  
That ever we fainted by the way,  
That ever we could not see,

That just above us, and beyond  
The worry and care and strife,  
There 'waited us at the pearly gates  
A crown of endless life ;

And wonder that we quickened not  
Our slow and lagging pace  
At the thought of rest, of joy and home,  
At the end of the crowded race.

Thus, when we're gathered home to heaven,  
In the beautiful home of God,  
I think, my friend, we will retrospect  
On the earthly paths we've trod.  
1892.

TO OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

**D**EAR poet, thou hast lived to be  
    “The last leaf upon the tree”  
    Of poet friends ;  
One by one they’ve left thy side,  
Borne out upon the unseen tide  
    Where earth-life ends.

And yet thou art not left alone,  
For loving hearts in every zone  
    Their greeting give,  
With blessings on thy life of cheer,  
That long has been a blessing here,  
    And still dost live.

Crowned with a love that’s always young,  
And with the immortal gift of song,  
    Sweet bard sing on ;  
Thy unseen friends shall join the lay,  
Thy poet friends of yesterday,  
    Whose words ring on.  
1892.

AT DAY-BREAK.

THE hour seems fleetest,  
The birds sing sweetest  
At break of day ;  
Visions the clearest,  
And truths the dearest  
Light up the way.

Flowers the fairest  
In beauty the rarest,  
Shine thro' the dew ;  
The light is breaking,  
And hearts are waking  
To life anew.

The glorious morning  
The earth adorning,  
Breaks forth in praise ;  
O! sacred in power,  
O! holiest hour,  
Light all our days.  
1892.



MARY AND ATLANTA.

PATIENCE and faithfulness I found  
    Within two sisters' lives ;  
Enthroned in loving loyalty  
    That time and change survives.

Mary, thro' years of weary pain  
    From patience never swerves ;  
Atlanta, with true sister love  
    Ever faithfully serves.

And thus thro' many months and years,  
    While one by one have gone  
From out this household, there remain  
    Two hearts that beat as one.

O patience rare! devotion true!  
    That angels must admire,  
And in their admiration add  
    New notes unto their lyre.  
1892.

SO LITTLE TIME BETWEEN.

**S**O little time between  
The morning and the night ;  
Our task is but begun  
When comes the waning light.

So little time between  
The year's first day and last ;  
So brief a life appears  
When that brief life is past.  
1893.

DREAMLAND.

**I**NTO the unknown land of sleep we go  
Each night a stranger, and the morning's  
glow  
Explaineth not the silent realms we press,  
Wandering conscious of our unconsciousness  
Midst realms of unreality ;  
O dreamland strange! thou land of mystery.  
1893.

CHRIST IS RISEN.

*"He is not here. He is risen."*

**A**T earliest dawning,  
On Easter morning,  
The birds repeat  
In carols sweet,  
Christ is risen.

The valleys are ringing  
With brooklets singing  
And flowers repeat  
The story sweet,  
Christ is risen.  
1893.

HEAR THE ROBINS SING.

**I**F thy heart is sad and dreary  
When nature welcomes spring,  
I pray thee just to stop awhile  
And hear the robins sing.

If for loved ones thou art grieving,  
Borne off on angel's wing,  
I pray thee now to list awhile  
And hear the robins sing.

New joy, new life and happiness  
Within thy heart shall spring,  
If only thou wilt wait awhile  
And hear the robins sing.  
1893.

## POOR AND RICH.

**P**OOR indeed is the millionaire  
With houses and lands and rent,  
Poor indeed with his coffers of gold,  
If he has not content.

Rich indeed is the poorest one  
Whose life in toil is spent,  
If with his toil and poverty,  
He's blest with sweet content.  
1893.

## BOOKS.

**W**HEN other friendships fail me,  
Prove faithless and untrue,  
I turn with satisfaction,  
Dear, changeless books, to you.  
1893.

## COLUMBIA'S INVITATION.

*The World's Exposition at Chicago.*

COLUMBIA extends her hand  
To friends across the seas ;  
A welcome on her banner proud,  
Floats out on every breeze.

In honor of four hundred years  
Of life's prosperity,  
A full grown nation spreads her board  
For all humanity.

And asks that guests their treasures bring,  
Their work of brain and hand ;  
While nature adds her wondrous store,  
Of gems from every land.

The mighty intellect of man  
Whose research never ends,  
But thirsts for broader fields to find,  
For knowledge that extends,

Through greatest possibilities  
Of earth and air and sea,  
Forever onward in the course  
To richest destiny.

Thus all the arts and sciences  
True witness of his skill,  
In every land beneath the sun  
Attest his mighty will.

And not alone the works of man,  
But man himself, from shores  
Strange and remote, shall here awhile  
Live and dispense his stores.

And thus shall every tribe of earth  
Be gathered in one place,  
That a curious world may see and learn  
The diversities of race.

From farthest eastern gates of morn,  
And past the sunset's glow,  
From Labrador to Egypt, still  
They come in ceaseless flow.

And so to foreign lands we give  
Glad welcome to our own;  
Our valleys, streams and mountain heights  
A grand and royal throne.  
1893.

## ON THE SEA.

THE moonlight kisses the sea,  
The waves look up to the sky ;  
The sailor is longing for home,  
And shoreward turns his eye.

The stars shine on and on  
In their own high sea of blue ;  
The night is gently sprinkling  
The tired earth with dew.

And on the sea of life,  
Its ever restless tide,  
We're sailors one and all  
O'er waters deep and wide.

We're sailing on and on,  
And soon we'll sight the land ;  
Each eventide shall bring us  
Nearer the verdant strand.

The moonlight kisses the sea,  
The waves look up to the sky ;  
The sailor is longing for home,  
And heavenward lifts his eye.  
1893.



## THE UNATTAINABLE.

*"There is always something unattainable, and that this is so is one of the profoundest blessings of life."*

*"The desire of the moth for the star nerves its wings for loftiest flight."*

**B**ECAUSE we do not know,  
Because we cannot tell,  
More fervently we seek  
The goal invisible;  
And life's Olympics urge us on  
To higher heights and richer crown.

Because of mystery  
That all our ways surround,  
Because each day and hour  
We tread on mystic ground,  
We strive with keener eyes to see  
The glories of the time to be.

Thus toward the unattained  
We urge our weary feet;  
And heights of full completeness  
Beckon the incomplete;  
Until forgetting all life's bars,  
Our flight is upward toward the stars.  
1894.

HOMESICK FOR MOTHER AND HEAVEN.

I'M homesick for mother and heaven,  
For her dear loving smile and her voice;  
And I wonder how long 'ere she greet me  
In the land where the weary rejoice.

I long for her hands to caress me,  
Her dear patient hands true and kind;  
Like magic they calmed the heart's fever,  
None like them on earth do I find.

Her words and her footsteps were music,  
Far sweeter than any I hear;  
And with naught but music celestial,  
Can the melody ever compare.

My feet are so weary, earth weary,  
The road so uneven and rough;  
O when shall we meet by life's river  
And she whisper, "dear child, 'tis enough."  
1894.

## ONLY FOUR LINES.

ONLY four lines was the poem,  
But I thought as I read it o'er,  
That a book of a hundred pages,  
Of truth, could contain no more.  
It brought to me rest, soul weary,  
A jewel to prize and to keep,  
And so in the midst of my sorrow  
I smiled and forgot to weep.

## THE STORY OF A STAR.

A star from the kitchen window a woman  
saw at early even,  
And straightway her thoughts from earth were  
lifted unto heaven ;  
And the heavy burdens of the day were forgot-  
ten in the light  
Of the beautiful star that seemed to sing of the  
glories of the night ;  
Her heart grew young her footstep free, her  
thoughts were roaming afar,  
And many wonderful things she saw in the face  
of the glittering star.

The friends of youth with joy and song, she saw  
in pictures fair,  
Had come again to cheer her heart and drive  
away her care;  
There broad green fields and meadows sweet  
that bubbling streams run through,  
And flowers like those of childhood's days all  
kissed with sparkling dew.  
The star said softly "dearer than these and bet-  
ter yet shall be  
The days to come, and the future life in the  
great eternity."

An orphan looked up with sad deep eyes to the  
same sweet star and said:  
"I wonder how far the journey would be to yon-  
der bright home led:  
Do father and mother live with you there and  
share your shining light,  
And do they look with pitying eyes on their  
lonely child to-night?"  
Then quickly down from the star, a chain of gold-  
en links there fell  
Of faith and love and hope that ever shall guard  
the lone one well.

An artist by his easel pondered with picture half  
complete,  
And quite discouraged for the lack of inspiration  
meet ;  
While just above the curtain folds at early even-  
tide.  
A saucy, twinkling star peeped in, arousing all  
his pride :  
He saw within its splendors rare high mountains  
and deep streams,  
Then eager with his brush in hand, with skill  
portrayed his dreams.

A poet left his song unsung, because, he said 'tis  
clear  
The world with song is over-fraught and none  
my notes would hear.  
Just then the brightest star of all showed other  
stars near by,  
One crowded not the other in the firmament on  
high :  
With hope he took his pen in hand and wrote a  
simple lay,  
Some heart was waiting for the words that only  
he could say.

A theologian in his study weary and sad at heart,  
Had striven many years to gain of knowledge a  
larger part;  
This day from early dawn he'd toiled and now  
'twas late at night;  
He turned him from his study lamp, and from the  
dim firelight,  
To look out at the window, while his thoughts  
were wandering far,  
And in the darkness he beheld the twinkling of  
a star.

And musing on the beauty of the scenes that  
come to view,  
On the old historic pictures that now seem  
wondrous new,  
And o'er the surface of the star in panoramic  
form,  
There dips a boat on Galilee, in a wild terrific  
storm.  
As he sees the lightning glimmer and hears the  
thunder's din,  
There comes the calm assurance that the Master  
sleeps within.

And the angry waves seen tossing the little ship  
now cease ;  
For behold, the voice of the Master speaks the  
tempest into peace.  
Now fast the scene is changing, and there ap-  
pears a quiet home  
Upon Mount Olive's eastern slope, where Christ  
the Lord doth come  
A welcome guest at Bethany when weary he oft  
would turn,  
And the favored and happy household would sit  
at his feet and learn.

A teacher said at the close of day, I fear 'tis all  
in vain ;  
No fruit of my labor do I see the heights I can't  
attain.  
Then in the light of a star he saw fair groups  
of children stand ;  
And in the midst a form resplendent in bless-  
ing lays His hand  
Upon each little head, and then tenderly hears  
him speak :  
"Likewise must ye become who the Kingdom of  
heaven seek."

1894.

LINES.

*Impromptu.*

**D**ON'T try to do all the singing  
In this great world of ours ;  
Nor monopolize the sunshine,  
Nor gather all the flowers.

Leave some to thy fellow pilgrims,  
There's enough for all to share ;  
With all the pleasures given  
There's still enough of care.

Don't try to keep all the blessings,  
But scatter them as you go ;  
In the midst of all our comforts  
There remains enough of woe.  
1894.



POPPIES AMONG THE CORN.

'TIS the smile of nature, the poet thought,  
    Enraptured with the scene ;  
The wave of mingling colors rich,  
    The scarlet among the green.  
But the farmer took a different view,  
    A look forlorn,  
    A look of scorn  
He gave to the poppies among the corn.

The beauty side to the artist eye  
    Was the only one revealed ;  
He gathered then the harvest of sight,  
    Nor thought of the later yield ;  
While the farmer pondered on the soil  
    A look forlorn,  
    A look of scorn  
He gave to the poppies among the corn.

We miss the light of present days,  
    We mar it with borrowed care ;  
And often better than we think,  
    The future harvests are.  
But the farmer sighed o'er the crop to come,  
    A look forlorn,  
    A look of scorn  
He gave to the poppies among the corn.  
1894.

## CHERISHED WORDS.

*Inscribed to Mrs. Caroline E. Smith.*

**H**OW we cherish the thoughtful words  
That were spoken by loved ones gone ;  
They have power to solace our grief,  
As they come to us ever anon.

They were loving words to cheer us  
'Ere they fled from our sight away ;  
They strengthen us for life's burdens,  
While we ponder them night and day.

When the world crowds hard with its care,  
And we falter amidst the strife,  
Then we think of their tender words  
And peace again comes to our life.

“The voice that is hushed yet speaketh,”  
‡ The “silence is louder than speech ;”  
We listen enwapt with wonder,  
And we live in the thoughts they teach.  
1894.

## ONE SUMMER DAY.

*Read at the Nichols' family reunion Aug. 21,  
1894.*

**N**OW paint me a picture, oh artist I pray,  
Of a joyous picnic on a summer day;  
As I shall describe it look sharply about,  
And paint me the picture with nothing left out.

The place of location, a green leafy dell,  
Where the hills and the rocks are guarding it  
well,  
The ledges o'er hanging a beautiful stream,  
Of a sweeter ideal no fairy could dream.

The boats that glide over its wavelets so fair  
Send musical ripples upon the soft air;  
And over the islands of beauty and calm  
Is wafted the incense of heaven's own balm.

And now the gay revellers are gathering about,  
One day from dull care to be freely shut out;  
Not all of them young, nor what you'd call fair,  
'Tis a gathering of kindred from near and from  
far.

*Page Two Hundred Eighty-one*

There are children and youth, middle aged and  
old ;

—There artist, I've made a mistake ! for I'm told  
That this generation and tribe here to-day  
Forever remain fair and youthful and gay.

You may paint a few wrinkles in faces at ease,  
But in painting their hearts paint them young if  
you please

For the youngest and merriest that here appears  
Are the ones that have passed greatest number  
of years.

The table with richest of bounties is spread,  
A young man past eighty you see at the head ;  
With blessings implored and thanks duly given,  
This day is a foretaste of reunion in heaven.

There are tales of the old-times mixed with the  
new ;

Now which times are best ? We must leave it to  
you

Who have tested them all, and think you will say  
The *old* were best then, and the *new* best to-day.

With songs and good cheer the hours swiftly fly,  
And soon each must say to the other "Good-bye;"  
When another year's passed and this gathering  
    you see,  
How many chairs vacant, think you Artist,  
    there'll be?

But you're not to paint what in future may come ;  
Only this day's pleasures, as sweet groves we  
    roam,  
And sit on the banks of Grand River so dear,  
And look in the faces of loved ones met here.

We'll not borrow trouble, it comes plenty soon ;  
At evening it may be, at morning or noon ;  
But trusting in this, that whatever befall,  
One kind loving Father is caring for all.

EVEN ME.

I love to think the words Christ spoke  
To His disciples by the sea,  
That even now those loving words  
He speaks to me.

I love to think as He visits oft  
The hillside home at Bethany,  
That in my home, like guest of old,  
He visits me.

I love to think the words that made  
Poor blind Bartimaeus to see,  
Christ speaks to all earth's blinded ones,  
And speaks to me.

I love to think the words of power  
That calmed the waves of Galilee,  
In all the fiercest storms of life  
Bring peace to me.

I love to think, as He met the two  
Toward Emmaus, and made them see  
New scripture truths, that even so  
He speaks to me.

And as they begged the Master then,  
As night drew on, their guest to be,  
Even so with longing heart I plead,  
Abide with me.

1894.

## THE PAST.

*"There are some who want to get rid of all their past; who if they could would begin all over again; but you must learn, you must let God teach you that the only way to get rid of your past is to get a future out of it."—Phillips Brooks.*

**I**S your past all full of mistakes,  
Would you like to begin again?  
Does it haunt you with vain regrets,  
And bring to you sorrow and pain?

Would you like to blot it all out  
Just as if it never had been?  
Would you like to try it over,  
And think you could perfect it then?

Ah, well, as that never can be,  
Thrice blessed is he who can find  
The sweet in the bitter, and see  
The good, though with evil combined.

From saddest mistakes of the past  
The sweetest of poems are born;  
The bright inspiration of thought  
Oft comes from the heart grief torn.

And tears into jewels may turn,  
As lessons of charity come;—  
To make the best use of the past,  
Is to get a future therefrom.  
1894.

### MUST AND MAY.

**W**E meet life's troubles because we must;  
We triumph because we may;  
Forever sure the promise stands;  
Thy strength shall be as thy day.

We lift life's burdens because we must;  
We sing because we may;  
Faithfully swings the old earth 'round,  
And night's no longer than day.

We weep and laugh, we doubt and trust;  
Thus glide the years away;  
Some things we do because we must,  
And some because we may.  
1894.



OUT OF THE OLD HOME.

NINETEEN years in the dear old home!  
Now out of it into the new;  
What shall we take and what shall we leave  
Of these years we've journeyed through?  
We'll try to leave all doubts and fears,  
And take the joy of the blessed years.

Our father's smiles and words of cheer  
We'll take wherever we go;  
And try to forget the sad farewell  
We said in the long ago;  
And look for joy the morning will bring,  
In the land of flowers and endless spring.

We'll take our mother's tenderest love,  
Her abiding trust and faith,  
That made the most of this earthly life,  
And that triumphed over death.  
These memories sweet like the morning dew,  
We take from the old house into the new.

My dear old Home! so sweet, so sad;  
One scared earthly shrine;  
Tho' stranger feet now tread your floors,  
I still shall call you mine;  
Tho' faces strange from the windows meet  
Mine as I pass along the street.

1894.

THE ENDING OF THE SUMMER.

O the ending of the summer!  
O the shortened fleeting days!  
We are standing retrospecting,  
At the parting of the ways;  
In the closing summer days,  
The ending of the summer.

O the seed-time and the harvest!  
Quickly vanished through life's maze;  
Wherefore have ye left us wondering,  
At the parting of the ways?  
In the closing summer days,  
The ending of the summer.

O the magnitude of moments!  
O the value of the days,  
As we view them when they've left us  
At the parting of the ways;  
In the closing summer days,  
The ending of the summer.  
1894.

## SEPTEMBER DAYS.

THE calm September days have come,  
The mellow light on field and home  
Brings restfulness ;  
The bending fruit on tree and vine,  
The varied harvest all combine  
To give and bless.

The merry school-boy's laugh and shout  
Upon the quiet air rings out,  
For school's begun ;  
With hope and aspiration high,  
Ambition in his sparkling eye,  
And thought and fun.

The waving plumes of golden-rod  
By stream and roadside bend and nod,  
Saying, remember  
That we our annual visit make,  
And bid you all the joy partake  
Of sweet September.  
1894.

OUT OF SIGHT.

**S**MILE not my boy or girl  
At raiment homely and worn;  
It may be a king  
Might envy the ring  
Of good-will that 'neath it is borne.

Under the faded garments,  
Under the patches profuse,  
There may be a heart  
Acts well its part,  
And is to the world of use.

There is a meat that perisheth,  
And vestments that decay;  
But a soul that's clad  
With truth, makes glad  
A life of endless day.  
1894.

“I CAN AND I WILL.”

“I can and I will” have broken down  
Many a barrier for peasant or crown.

“I can and I will” have proven true  
That what has been done one still can do.

Real or imagined, chained or unchained,  
The lion is passed and the goal attained.

No mountain too high or stream too deep  
To be climbed or forded for those who keep

These giants strong whom the fates obey,  
As companions along the world’s highway.

“I can and I will” a dauntless pair,  
Will make their way through foul or fair—

Wonderful, mighty, conquering host,  
Who never yet a battle have lost.

“I can and I will” shall never retreat,  
But make a path for the faithful feet.

1894.

TO WHITTIER.

WHEN I attempt to speak thy praise,  
Dear poet of the quiet ways,  
My lips are dumb. Thy words have thrilled  
My soul from childhood; and oft stilled  
My sad unrest. Thy simple faith  
Hath made beautiful life and death;  
And all the chords of doubt hath rent  
With thy sweet spirit of content.

I wonder what great, glad surprise  
Was waiting thy dear loving eyes  
When to heaven thy soul took flight,  
And all thy faith was lost in sight.  
Enough for thee, as here, so there,  
The blessedness of answered prayer;  
For all soul longings earth denied  
Thy Father's love hath satisfied.

1894.

WHERE THE TWO WAYS MEET.

O for a glimpse of the unseen land,  
And the loved ones gone before us!  
O for a clasp of the dear, dear hands,  
And a sound of the heavenly chorus!

Methinks 'twould lighten earth's lonely way,  
To see, through the mists, the ending;  
And view above faith's mountain top  
The infinite beauty blending.

If our impatient feet could stand  
For a moment at the meeting  
Of the earthly with the heavenly way,  
And hear the angels' greeting,

It might be we could face life's storms  
Through the fleeting years with pleasure,  
Knowing at last our aching hearts  
Receive of love full measure.  
1894.

## AUTUMN.

*"The melancholy days have come  
The saddest of the year."—Bryant.*

THE leaves are gently falling  
This calm October morn ;  
The ground with frost is sparkling  
'Neath rays of Autumn sun.

There's sadness in the beauty  
Of the richly tinted leaves ;  
And for the summer dying  
Dear kindly nature grieves.

There's promise of the spring-time,  
The years have proved it true  
The seed-time and the harvest  
Unfailing life renew.

And by the golden fruitage  
Piled high and broad about,  
We trust the earth's abundance,  
We trust and never doubt.  
1894.



## TOPSY, TONY AND TURK.

**D**EAR old Topsy, faithful and true,  
Long traversed the country through and  
through

With her master, the doctor, when life was new ;  
Helped gather his wealth, the first and the best,  
And earned for herself an evening of rest.

Now kind hands care for the old horse dear ;  
For her, dainty morsels often appear ;  
Kind words and caresses, and sometimes a tear ;  
Worn out in the service, intelligent, true,  
It must be a future is waiting for you.

Dear, Tony, the bird, our household pet,  
With sweetest of melodies charms us yet,  
And drives away care and worry and fret ;  
He left long ago his south-land home  
To sing in the land where snow-storms come.

Many a year with us he has passed,  
And each year we think it may be the last ;  
And always the thought a shadow will cast.  
Some dear ones who loved him have passed away  
To a fairer land and a perfect day.

Then Turk, the dog, of our love claims a share ;  
His young master thinks no others compare  
In dog-like qualities, knowing and rare.  
Thus round about us lovingly lurk  
Our three pets, Topsy, Tony and Turk.  
1894.

### FETTERED.

**U**NFASTEN your boat, my friend,  
Break loose from the mud and sand ;  
You never can sail the deep  
With your boat still fast to land.

Unwind the string, my boy,  
If you your kite would fly ;  
You never can test its flight  
If wound and held close by.

Break loose thy fetters, oh soul,  
Thy struggles are all in vain ;  
With chords of life earth-bound  
Thou'lt never the heights attain.  
1895.

WHEN JESUS CAME TO BETHLEHEM.

THERE was joy and there was sadness,  
Just the same as here and now :  
There was want and there was sorrow,  
There was many an aching brow,  
When Jesus came to Bethlehem.

Some were longing for His coming,  
Waiting for the healing hand ;  
Some were doubting, some believing,  
But His fame spread through the land,  
When Jesus came to Bethlehem.

Love He gave like to no other ;  
Take it ; it is thine and mine ;  
Words He spoke as no man speaketh,  
Words of life and power divine,  
When Jesus came to Bethlehem.

Hearts grown faint and weary, rested ;  
Lips once dumb broke forth in praise ;  
And the children shared His blessing  
While He walked the earthly ways,  
When Jesus came to Bethlehem.

Multitudes to-day are pressing,  
Just as eagerly to know,  
And to drink of living fountains,  
As nineteen hundred years ago,  
When Jesus came to Bethlehem.

Dearer grows the old, old story,  
As the ages roll away ;  
Time's fulfilling all the promise,  
In whom a world's redemption lay,  
When Jesus came to Bethlehem.

O sacred land of Palestine !  
The winding paths and hills where trod,  
Through noontide heat and twilight hour,  
The ever blessed Son of God,  
Jesus who came to Bethlehem.  
1894.

IN MEMORY OF IRVING BOSTON.

*Who perished in the waves, with a young boy  
(Clayton Barnes) whom he tried to rescue, while  
skating on the river, Dec. 4, 1894.*

WE wondered that the moon and stars so  
calmly could look down;  
With undiminished splendor shine upon our  
stricken town;  
When on that lonely winter night, with unrelent-  
ing breath,  
And without one moment's warning, came the  
icy hand of death,  
Taking one in early manhood, and one he tried  
to save,  
A helpless form when sinking 'neath the cold  
and cruel wave.

The night was still; the fleecy clouds rolled silent  
on their way;  
Did they know that hearts were breaking at the  
close of that sad day?  
Could they look down and weep not o'er the  
desolation wrought?  
In one short hour from mirth to grief so many  
hearts were brought.

The mortal and immortal land how short a step  
divides  
Here the weeping and the waiting ; there endless  
life abides.

“THE MASTER IS COME, AND CALLETH  
FOR THEE.”

O ye with idle, folded hands ;  
O ye with downcast eyes and sad ;  
Even to you the message glad,  
With light and life and hope expands—  
“The Master is come, and calleth for thee.”

Even to you in lonely retreat,  
Long o'er shadowed by hope deferred,  
Cometh the soul-inspiring word,  
The annunciation tenderly sweet :  
“The Master is come, and calleth for thee.”

Awake, arise ! bright dawns the day ;  
The east is glowing with golden light,  
The night is spent, the hours take flight ;  
Haste to respond, dream not of delay,  
“The Master is come, and calleth for thee.”  
1895.

IN MEMORIAM.

*Mrs. Maud M. Hough-Holly.*

**A**N angel paused beside the couch where lay  
One young in years, but faint with suffer-  
ing.

He touched with pitying hand the tired eyes,  
That closed forevermore in peace and rest ;  
Then to the silence of the unseen world  
A new life entered in.

Another touched  
The seamless robe and henceforth was made  
whole.

And now by living streams in blooming fields,  
Beyond the gates of morn, beckons a hand ;  
And sad hearts comforted smile and look up.  
1895.

THE ANGELUS.

*"Angelus Domini nuntiavit mariae."*

**H**E comes, of whom the prophets long foretold,  
To break the bondage of a world in sin,  
A Prince victorious, though crowned with thorns,  
And pierced with nails and with the cruel spear.  
In token of His coming, oh sweet bell,

*Page Three Hundred One*

Repeat the glad announcement o'er and o'er  
As first 'twas spoken unto Mary when  
A waiting world sought a deliverer.  
Ave Maria! Sweet Angelus, peal forth  
At early sunrise and the noontide hour,  
And when the shades of evening veil the land;  
Wherever there is toiling, let it cease,  
And faithful hearts lift unto heaven a prayer,  
For lo, He comes! He comes! the hills rejoice  
And into singing break.

The mountains leap,  
Floods clap their hands! For soon, ah soon, the  
earth

The sacred impress of His feet shall bear  
Who saves a world and brings it back to God,  
And gives to man a resurrection morn.  
O honored angel, Gabriel! to be  
The bearer of the message that has rung,  
With glowing tenderness adown the years,  
And yet shall sound through ages long to come,  
And tell the story of the Prince of Peace,  
The great redemption wrought on Calvary.  
1895.



ODE.

*Inscribed to the I. O. O. F. by the author, in  
memory of her father who was a devoted mem-  
ber of the Order.*

Tune: Ellesdie.

**I**N the love that reaches outward  
To a brother in his need,  
Be he stranger or of kindred  
May he find us friends indeed.  
As the shepherd lad of Judah,  
And the king's prince royal son,  
Prove that friendship knows no station,  
But true hearts may beat as one.

By our words and worthy actions  
We the golden links commend;  
Friendship, Love and Truth the token  
Of the cause that we defend.  
Till Odd-Fellowship's grand mission  
Reaches all both high and low;  
And the weary heavy laden  
Shall its blessed influence know.

As lived Jonathan and David  
    Firmly joined in heart and hand,  
So we pledge our sacred honor,  
    By our brothers true to stand ;  
Till from labor to refreshment  
    In the kingdom of the blest,  
We are called to join our loved ones  
    Gone before us into rest.  
1895.

#### OPENING ODE.

*Written for Alumni meetings of Nashville high school. Tune—Marching through Georgia.*

**S**ING the song of gladness now and with a purpose true ;  
Sing it with a right good-will and in the spirit too ;  
Sing the chorus loud and long just as we used to do,  
    While we were school-mates together.

Chorus :

We come ! we come ! our Alma Mater dear ;  
All Hail ! all Hail ! oh sound the bugle clear ;  
So we sang the chorus loud that echoed far and near,  
    While we were school-mates together.

Hail our own America, her public schools our  
pride;  
Dotting every hill and vale o'er all our country  
wide;  
Sing her praise as then we sang it, like the roll-  
ing tide;  
While we were school-mates together.  
1895.

### CLOSING ODE.

*Written for Alumni meetings of Nashville high  
school. Tune: "America."*

**W**E now must say "good-night;"  
The happy hours take flight,  
And we must part,  
To greet the coming day,  
And duty's call obey,  
O may she ever sway  
Each trusting heart.

Until we meet again;—  
O let the sweet refrain  
Our souls entwine;  
May peace our steps attend,  
May each dear school-mate friend  
Be kept unto the end  
By love divine.

*Page Three Hundred Five*

Again we say "Good-night ;"  
The golden hours take flight,  
    And part we must  
Grateful for old school-days,  
Now with the voice of praise  
Our hearts to God we raise,  
    In Him we trust.  
1895.

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE MOON.

O pale-faced moon! you are looking to-night  
    On a grave that is far away,  
Near the Ocean waves that lull to sleep  
    The weary at close of day.

On the graves at our side you are looking down,  
    And you span the pathway between ;  
The mountains and streams are only a step,  
    All wrapt in thy silvery sheen.

No distance to thee are the graves apart,  
    And thy beams do the earth embrace ;  
Do you pity, we wonder, the aching hearts,  
    That to-night look up in thy face?

O beautiful moon! you are looking at once  
On the mirth and grief of a day;  
So closely gathered with wings of thought  
Are the near and the far away.  
1895.

“REST, AND BE THANKFUL.”

*Written for a sleeping room.*

*“When thou liest down, thou shalt not be  
afraid: yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep  
shall be sweet.”—Prov. III-24.*

*“The Lord will command his loving kindness  
in the day-time, and in the night his song shall  
be with me.”—Psalms XLII-8.*

REST thee now, oh pilgrim weary;  
Sweetly sleep till morning light;  
He who slumbers not will guard thee,  
Safely keep thee through the night;  
“Rest and be thankful.”

Art thou care-worn mind or body,  
’Neath this shelter find repose;  
Take no trouble for the morrow,  
Now let peace thine eye-lids close.  
“Rest, and be thankful.”

1895.

OUR MATTIE.

**B**LITHESOME little maiden fair,  
Bright blue eyes and golden hair,  
Breezy as a June day rare ;  
Our Mattie.

Sweet her voice in song doth ring,  
Clear as bluebird on the wing,  
Or as robin in the Spring :  
Our Mattie.

But the years move on apace,  
And in laughing childhood's place,  
A stately maiden form doth grace  
Our Mattie.

While life still is bright and new,  
Silently like morning dew,  
Swiftly vanishes from view,  
Our Mattie.

He who calms life's fiercest storms,  
Speaking peace through earth's alarms,  
Folds in Everlasting Arms  
Our Mattie.

1895.

## MAKE HASTE.

**I**F you've anything to say  
To make this old world better,  
Be it word of cheer or warning,  
    In lecture, sermon, letter,  
You would better say it quickly,  
    For the great impatient throng  
Will not tarry long to listen ;  
    But perchance a strain of song,  
Or a loving message spoken,  
    May follow as they go,—  
May lighten some great sorrow  
    Or secret load of woe.  
The days are growing shorter  
    And the years are growing less ;  
Less time to live and labor,  
    And humanity to bless ;  
Then let the weary toilers  
    Oft catch a note of cheer ;  
Nor withhold the word of comfort  
    Till the ears no longer hear  
Into which you thought to pour  
    Some day your sweetest song,  
For the last of a great multitude  
    Will soon have passed along ;  
For the good that comes to-morrow  
    The world will never wait ;  
Unless to-day you're working,  
    It may be all too late.

## THE GLAD NEWS.

**T**ELL it again—and yet once more—  
Repeat the glad news o'er and o'er,  
How He, the wondrous Son of God  
The earthly pathway chose and trod;—  
The Christ acquainted with our grief,  
Who came to bring the world relief;  
That “whosoever will” may know  
The love wherewith He loved us so,  
That even He on Calvary  
Hath died for sinners such as we.  
1895.

## IF.

**I**F one sad face that I have never seen  
Should brighten at some written thought of  
mine;  
If one sad heart should be made strangely glad  
By tender word, or simple, trusting line  
That I have penned, I'll hence forth be content,  
And truly glad that I the message sent.  
1895.



## POSTPONED.

A deep impression came to seek  
An only chance some words to speak ;  
But we the time postponed instead,  
And so the words were never said.

A glad new thought our being filled,  
And for a time our spirit thrilled ;  
Careless the thought away we flung,  
And so the song was never sung.

We planned to do a kindly deed,  
Our heart was drawn to one in need ;  
That one was gone ere set of sun,  
And so the deed was never done.

1895.

A FRIEND.\*

O canst thou tell the worth of one true friend?  
Not one in name alone when skies are fair,  
When life is light and glad with fleeting mirth;  
But one who faithful proves when sorrow comes,  
And all around our pathway seemeth dark;  
O such an one was she whose form we lay  
Beneath the winter's snow.

Whose cheery voice  
Is stilled. Hands folded in eternal rest.  
Whose spirit hears the Master say "well done."  
Our human hearts repeat the words "well done;"  
A loving mother and a constant friend.

\*Mrs. Adelaide Powles, Died Jan. 2, 1896.

TO A BIRD SINGING AT TWILIGHT.

WHISPER it low, sweet evening bird,  
Be calm in your delight ;  
Let not your joy now overflow,  
For I am sad to-night.

O happy bird, sing soft and low,  
For darling mother's gone ;  
And father's chair has vacant been  
These many years and lone.

Then let your notes be low and sweet,  
Perhaps they'll come again,  
And at this sacred twilight hour  
Will calm my grief and pain.

O joyous bird ! can you be glad,  
When I am longing so  
For love that's gone ? at least unseen,  
Nor can the mystery know.

And yet I would not have you cease  
Your glad and merry lay ;  
Sometime, may be, I'll join your song—  
Perhaps—some other day.  
1892.

## THE ROAD-SIDE FLOWER.

A dust-mantled flower by the road-side bent,  
Drooping with thirst, its life nearly spent ;  
A thoughtful child from the spring came along  
With pitcher in hand, and paused in her song.

A look of pity she gave to the flower,  
Then tipped her pitcher, whence came a shower  
Of sparkling water that washed from the stem  
And the leaves, the dust that was smothering  
them.

It reached to the roots new vigor to give,  
And that moment the flower decided to live ;  
It lifted once more its face to the sun,  
And thus said : "thank you" my sweet little one.

Hearts weak and weary on life's dusty way,  
Are drooping and dying ; oh give them to-day  
A soul-cheering word, such help they implore ;  
Tip your full cup of blessings and let it run o'er.  
1896.

“THE EARLY CALLED.”

*In memory of Florence McGregor.*

*“And early called how blest are they  
Who wait in heaven their harvest day.”—Whit-  
tier.*

**B**EFORE the feet had tired grown,  
Before the heart had sorrow known,  
Or weariness ;  
Before the shadows veiled the skies,  
Or grief had dimmed the sparkling eyes,  
Or joys grown less,

Within the presence of the King,  
Her young devoted life to bring  
Was summoned soon ;  
She leaves to us a memory dear,  
Of love and faithfulness while here,  
A blessed boon.

Her earthly life in years was brief  
But long in that it lengtheneth  
Through coming days,  
By influence enduring long,  
Vibrating as a holy song,  
Now and always.

To Christ, the heavenly Master's will,  
Whose voice can speak the tempest still,  
    We yield our own ;  
Until the bright, glad day shall come  
When all the loved are gathered home  
    Around the throne.  
1896.

SOMEWHERE.

**I**F the song is left unfinished  
    When we must go ;  
If the task is incomplete  
    We longed to do,  
Life's purposes unfulfilled ;  
    What then? what then? you ask :  
Sometime we'll finish the song,  
    Somewhere complete the task.  
1896.

AT SIXTY YEARS.

*Inscribed to my sister Meda.*

THE sun is slanting toward the west,  
On life's steep hill;  
The afternoon yields treasures best,  
To those who will.

The anxious throb of noon-tide hour  
Is left behind;  
The soul is given greater power  
New joys to find.

The morning sun with all its glow,  
Is not so sweet  
As that which points to vales below,  
For weary feet.

And yet beyond, the glistening dome  
More real seems,  
Till we shall find the heavenly home  
Outshines our dreams.  
1896.

IN THE VALE AND ON THE HILL.

FROM the city in the vale to the city on the  
hill

They are taking one by one, their silent way ;  
One by one the faces disappear from sight,  
Till we question if there isn't more night  
than day.

There is weeping in the vale, there is peace upon  
the hill,  
And sometimes we fain would join the silent  
throng ;  
There's loneliness and longing in hearts within  
the vale,  
And there's sadness even in the merriest  
song.

They are sweetly resting in the city on the hill  
That o'er looks the dwellings in the vale be-  
low ;  
Be patient weary toilers only a little while,  
To the city on the hill ye all shall go.  
1896.



IN WILD-ROSE TIME.

**W**HEN the wild roses bloom by the road-side,  
Wafting their fragrance on the air,  
Come trooping up the scenes of our childhood,  
We're lost in the vision sweet and fair ;  
For care takes flight,  
And hope grows bright  
When the wild roses bloom.

The wild roses glisten through the dew-drops,  
Bidding us to smile through our tears ;  
And they come as the bright, happy land-marks,  
Numbering the blessings and the years ;  
While care takes flight,  
And hope grows bright  
When the wild roses bloom.

1896.

WHEN THE BIRDS COME BACK.

WHEN the birds come back  
From their winter retreat,  
And the glad air rings  
With their music sweet,  
We know the spring is come ;  
And the April breeze  
Tells the budding trees  
To burst in snowy bloom,  
When the birds come back.

When the birds come back  
In their choral glee,  
And all nature joins  
In the melody,  
We know the summer is near ;  
And soon, ah ! soon,  
The roses of June  
In splendor will appear,  
When the birds come back.

When the birds come back  
The days seem brief,  
With the fullness of joy  
In flower and leaf ;  
We plead for summer to stay,  
But all in vain,  
For soon again  
The autumn is on the way,  
When the birds come back.  
1896.

## YESTERDAYS.

### *A True Incident.*

**S**HE lived in the past when life was new,  
With courage strong and with much to do ;  
Forgetting her age and burden of years,  
She hurried one day midst seeming fears,

In the scorching sun, thro' the garden gate,  
Down the dusty road crying "little one wait !"  
"O baby, dear baby, come back !" she said :—  
She was calling her child then fifty years dead ;

Whom she thought in playing had wandered  
    away,  
As she hastened to seek the feet gone astray.  
O power of memory! O vision sublime!  
Defying the sway of the scepter of time.

Led tenderly back to her quiet retreat,  
Exhausted she reached her accustomed seat;  
"The Lord is my shepherd," she sweetly said,  
As she bent on her staff her weary head.

"I never shall want, for He leadeth me  
In pastures green where still waters be;  
His goodness and mercy follow me still,  
And forevermore in His house I will dwell."

The aged pilgrim at the end of life's road,  
Remembered her youth and the word of the  
    Lord.

"There's a literature of the passing hour,  
But this is the literature of power."

1896

## DON QUIXOTE.

A knight in royal armor clad,  
In the chivalrous days of yore,  
Went forth in pomp and dignity,  
The marvelous to explore ;

And make immortal by famous deeds  
His name through coming time ;  
Through adventures and misadventures oft,  
He reached the height sublime.

With his attendant Sancho Panza,  
Who nearly his equal proved,  
And the much exalted Dulcimea  
Of imagination loved.

Brave Don Quixote de la Mancha  
As chief knight-errant dwells,  
In all the varied Spanish lore  
Of romance quite excels.

O Genius bright of modern days !  
How great your debts remain  
To Cervantes, to myths and knights,  
For Castles built in Spain.  
1896.

SLEEPING AND WAKING.

*“He giveth His angels charge of those who sleep,  
But He himself watches with those who wake.”*

**T**O the eyes that are sealed in slumber,  
Cometh the peace,  
And sweet release  
From toil of the day ; this the number  
Angels watch o'er  
Magic to pour  
Till the day dawns once more.

With those who in night hours are waking,  
Whose eyes refuse  
The balm to use,  
That gladly sweet rest would be taking ;  
The Lord doth stay,  
A guest alway,  
Through the night as the day.  
1896.

## KADESH-BARNEA.

*"We came to Kadesh-Barnea."—Deut. 1:19.*

O foolish Israelites ! we're prone to say ;  
When thus so near the fruitful promised  
land,  
To e'er turn back to Egypt's loneliness,  
And weary wanderings and bondage hard ;  
When God—thy God—whose words have never  
failed,  
To thee, O Israel, to thee hath said :  
Thou art well able to possess the land.  
Why halt ye now upon the border line,  
When through long marches thou at last hast  
come  
So near to Canaan's land, e'en to Kadesh.  
If difficulties lie before thy path,  
Far greater ones thou hast but just passed  
through ;  
Forward is victory and joy at last ;  
Backward, the wilderness and Egypt's night.

Mistaken choice! that down the ages sounds  
A warning clear to nations and to men;  
For every human soul sometime has come,  
Or come they will, to Kadesh-Barnea.  
Important crisis in life's destiny;  
Breathless the angels wait, oh soul, to see  
If at Kadesh thou art lingering still—  
If thou shalt onward press to reach the land  
Whose gateway opens at the touch of Him  
Who trod alone His dark Gethsemane,  
And purchased life for thee on Calvary's mount.

This land of faith and trust lies just beyond  
Kadesh-Barnea. Haste thee to possess it.  
Its vales and hills are laden with rich fruit,  
Ripened by breezes wafted hither o'er  
Celestial seas, and shedding fragrance rare  
Through groves and glens of this our mortal life;  
And yielding foretastes sweet of what shall be  
Beyond the mystic vale which we call death.

1896.



THOU HAST MADE THE EARTH BEAU-  
TIFUL.

WHEN robed in snow or emerald green,  
When decked with frost or flowers,  
Most beautiful, O God of heaven,  
Thou hast made this world of ours.

When Daphne wakes the waiting day,  
When Apollo's arrows fly,  
And when Selene's silver rays  
Illumine earth and sky;

As swiftly pass the seasons each,  
Some glad surprise is given;  
So beautiful Thou hast made the earth,  
O wondrous God of heaven.  
Written at Sunrise Dec. 23, 1896.

## TOWARD THE HEIGHTS.

*To the Class of 1897 of Nashville high school.*

**S**INCE the world was young and Sappho sung  
    'Neath Aphrodite's sway,  
And wove her dreams by Lesbian streams,  
    To charm the world away,

The human mind has been inclined  
    To search for hidden lore ;  
And reaching up takes Nike's cup  
    Of victory running o'er.

With much attained, more to be gained,  
    Your first success is won ;  
The open doors to endless stores  
    Shall urge your footsteps on.

May labor's skill and dauntless will  
    Your future life-work leaven ;  
And lead to heights, as beacon lights,  
    The Class of Ninety-seven.

## HE IS RISEN.

**H**E is risen! Hallelujah!  
Christ the Lord is risen to-day;  
Triumphs over death and darkness,  
Bids our sorrows flee away.

He is risen! Hallelujah!  
O'er the earth the tidings spread:  
Joy and peace and life immortal;  
Lo, He lives who once was dead.  
1897.

## IF I HAVE MY WISH.

**I**F in the world to come my wish I have,  
It will not be the gift of perfect bliss;  
But what my careless heart has overlooked,  
The simple joys I might have had in this.

If in the world to come my wish I have,  
It will not be the place that's near the throne;  
But just to do the things that here I missed;  
And be forever with my loved and own.  
1897.

## MY TIME TO DIE.

I often thought in years gone by,  
That when it came my time to die,  
I'd like to go when trees and flowers  
Made beautiful this world of ours ;  
And when the birds in spring-time song  
Their notes of love and joy prolong ;  
And given my choice, was sure that I  
Would choose this time of all to die.

But now I think were I to go  
When earth is wrapped in robes of snow,  
(Emblem of purity which heaven  
Grants to souls of sins forgiven.)  
I'd be as glad, and make no choice  
When I shall hear the welcome voice ;  
But when the Master calls, may I  
Find that the sweet, best time to die.

1897.

THE ROSEBUD IN THE SNOW.

**I**T lay in the snow at my feet—  
A beautiful rosebud red,  
From flower-laden casket fallen,  
As they tenderly carried the dead  
From out the home where art, supreme  
Had reigned for years, a loving theme.

It lay in the snow at my feet,  
As if 'twere a message given,  
Flung back from the portals unseen,  
A token of hope and of heaven:  
I plucked it from its snowy bed,  
While faith spake low: There are no dead!  
1897.

LONGING FOR HOME.

*"O to be in England now that April's there."—  
Robert Browning.*

O to be at home! wherever that may be!  
In the fairest clime of all, be it either side  
the sea;  
When first the spring awakens, when first the  
home thrush sings,  
With all the richness deep of the melody it brings;  
For there the birds sing sweeter and fairer flow-  
ers bloom,  
There nature smiles serener than any place we  
roam;  
You'll never find such beauty all the wide world  
over  
As glistens through the dew-drops on the blos-  
somed clover  
In one's own native land, around the old home  
door,  
Where the golden sunbeams a special light shed  
o'er;  
The wanderer longs for home wherever it may  
be,  
The mansion or the cottage, on either side the  
sea.

1897.

TO MRS. NELLIE BANKS.

*On her Thirtieth birthday Anniversary.*

*Written for Mrs. G. A. Truman.*

**S**TAY for a moment, oh flying years!  
And tell me is it true  
That this is the thirtieth since our Nell  
Was introduced to you?

She's a mother now, tho' it seems but a day  
Since she, a child like her own,  
With prattling tongue and sparkling eyes,  
With glee filled all our home.

How quickly grown a maiden tall,  
With ambition's glowing pride;  
Then all too soon from our home went out  
A youthful, happy bride.

Tenderly cherished by loving friends,  
With husband, daughter and son  
May each return of the festive day  
Be ever the brightest one.

Speed, messenger, over hill and vale!  
This token of love convey  
To yonder sunny, southern clime,  
To greet her natal day.

While closely on the wings of thought  
We'll follow in your flight;  
For time and distance are as naught  
When loving hearts unite.  
1897.



ALL HAIL TO GLAD EASTER.

**A**LL hail to glad Easter!  
Its joy and its light  
Bring hope to the weary  
And scatters our night.

For lo, He is risen!  
Hath conquered the grave;  
Yes, Jesus is risen,  
The mighty to save.  
1898.

EXCHANGED.  
IN MEMORY OF—

**E**XCHANGED;—the weariness of waiting,  
Earth's sorrow and its care,  
For the meeting and the greeting  
Of loved ones over there.

Exchanged;—the loneliness and longing,  
And joys of earth's brief day,  
For the treasures and the pleasures  
That never pass away.  
1898.

## HANNAH IN THE PEW.

**A**S calm as the morning and sweetly serene,  
I always shall see her as now,  
The faint streaks of sunlight are stealing within,  
And playing in wreathes on the brow  
Of Hannah sitting there in the pew.

At the glad ring of bells the people come in,  
And the minister ponders them o'er;  
Some looking so weary and some fresh and fair,  
As they're entering score after score,  
While Hannah sits there in the pew.

And if the sermon God's wrath should foretell,  
Or the message be mercy and love,  
The same deep confidence beams in her eye,  
While her soul drinks peace from above;  
Dear Hannah sitting there in the pew.

The Sabbaths will come and the Sabbaths will go,  
Then the faces that come will be strange,  
In place of familiar ones that we know,  
And sadly I muse on the change,  
While Hannah sits there in the pew.  
1898.

AMELIA.

I know a maid from Erin's land,  
Where green the Shamrock grows ;  
And pray each day the good fates may  
Protect her from all foes ;  
Our own Amelia ;  
For a happy hit and Irish wit  
Just turn to our Amelia.

No son of Esculapius  
Can give so good prescription,  
To cure the woes and scatter foes  
Of all sorts of description,  
As our Amelia ;  
For a happy hit and Irish wit  
Just turn to our Amelia.

And so this maid from Erin's land  
Shall be a joy forever ;  
To banish fear and bring good cheer,  
No one is like her ever ;  
Our own Amelia ;  
For a happy hit and Irish wit  
Just turn to our Amelia.  
1898.

FRIENDS.

*Inscribed to John W. Scribner.*

**L**ONG years ago I journeyed far  
To a city by the sea ;  
And many were the faces strange  
That met and greeted me ;  
In days to come we gave them naught  
But just a kindly passing thought.

How many that we call our friends  
Are only such in name ;  
We meet them oft in common ways,  
But life remains the same ;  
No inspiration do they give  
To help to make it grand to live.

But two I met as strangers then,  
In friendship's mystic ties  
Have grown and strengthened with the years ;  
Are all that word implies ;  
Such friendship ever lives and thrills,  
As firm and lasting as the hills.

In sunny home of peace and wealth,  
    And where true love abides,  
I found my friends ; and each to each  
    We're more than all besides ;  
Earth has no joys where e'er you roam,  
So sweet as dwells within such home.

The years pass swiftly like a dream,  
    And change comes everywhere ;  
One friend is gone ; and safe beyond  
    Awaits the other there.  
This thought shall bring thro' tears a smile :  
Not dead but lost from sight awhile.

May you, my friend, whose hand and brain  
    Have never idle been,  
To countless ones extending help,  
    And causing right to win,  
For many years still live and bless  
This dear old world with usefulness.  
1898.

## THORN-APPLES.

THE leaves are tinged with red and gold,  
The hills with beauty glow ;  
The hazel-nuts are turning brown,—  
We girls know where they grow.

The sweet thorn-apples bending low,  
Are blushing in the sun,  
Awaiting swiftly coming feet  
When the school-day is done.

Delicious is the flavor rare,  
This fruit we pluck and eat ;  
All nature smiles and careless throws  
Her jewels at our feet.

The gay sun-bonnets, pink and blue  
Are tossed upon the grass ;  
And sun-burned faces speak the joy  
Of every merry lass.

I wonder if thorn-apples will  
Forever taste as sweet,  
As now when out the school-house door  
We run with nimble feet,

To gather, eat, and throw away  
From an exhaustless store;  
While woods are ringing with the shout  
Of young hearts running o'er.

And when we climbed those dear old hills,  
Our faces all aglow,  
O tell me now can it be true  
'Twas forty years ago?  
1898.

“I WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS.”

**B**ECAUSE of the song the angels sing,  
Because of the wonderful message they  
bring,  
I wish you a Merry Christmas.

Because of the brilliant Bethlehem Star  
That led wise men from the East afar,  
I wish you a Merry Christmas.

Because of their adoration paid  
To the infant King in the manger laid,  
I wish you a Merry Christmas.

*Page Three Hundred Forty-one*

Because all Heaven on earth looked down  
That Christmas night in the ancient town,  
I wish you a Merry Christmas.

Because of the gift from the Father above  
Of Christ the Lord and redeeming love,  
I wish you a Merry Christmas.

Because for you and for me He came,  
Salvation to bring in His own dear name,  
I wish you a Merry Christmas.  
1898.

#### FAREWELL OLD YEAR.

**F**AREWELL old year! your "Good-night" is  
said;  
We clasp your lids like a book that is read;  
For future reference lay it away,  
The Encyclopedia finished to-day.  
Dec. 31, 1898.



CHRIST AT JACOB'S WELL.

**F**ROM Jerusalem to Galilee  
The Savior journeys forth;  
And through Samaria needs must go  
To Cana farther north.

Weary and worn, He sits to rest  
By Jacob's well of old;  
While He to one a sinner called  
Doth saving truth unfold.

Who drinks of this shall thirst again;  
But water I will give  
Shall be a living fountain pure,  
By which the soul shall live.

Didst thou but know the gift of God,  
And Him who speaks to thee,  
Thou wouldst have asked and He would give  
This living water free.

O Son of God, with gift divine  
Our thirsty souls supply!  
While unto this exhaustless fount  
Earth's weary ones draw nigh.  
1899.

POEMS FOR THE G. A. R.  
1883-1891.

AROUND THE CAMP-FIRE.

*Jefferd's Post No. 82 G. A. R., Feb. 2 1883.*

YOU gather, comrades, this festive night,  
'Neath freedom's warmth and glow,  
To tell the tales and sing the songs  
Of twenty years ago.

So pile the camp-fire high, my boys,  
And warm you by its blaze ;  
For here's to health and happiness,  
And glory of by-gone days.

For lo, the right prevailed ; and peace  
For years her wings has spread  
Over a nation of living power,  
And graves of noble dead.

For freedom, truth and equal rights,  
In faith and valor true,  
And for our nation undivided,  
Fought the brave boys in blue.

In memory you may pitch again  
Your tents ; and in the camp,  
Talk of dear ones and loved homes,  
Forgetting the cold and damp.

The troops in long procession rise  
By fair Potomac's shore ;  
Immortal made by heroes brave,  
And sacred by their gore.

The Valley of the Shenandoah  
Has wondrous things to tell,  
Of victories many and defeats,  
Of losses known too well.

The long array of battles come,  
And pass in grand review ;  
Ah, would that they were only dreams !  
Alas, you know them true.

From Fort Sumter to Gettysburg,  
And Sherman's march to the sea,  
The echo of the cannon's roar,  
Through ages yet to be,

Shall tell of struggles hard and long,  
Of courage to the last ;  
Until the glorious stripes and stars,  
Flung out from every mast,

Proclaimed to all both far and near,  
That right had gained the day;  
And that our country's darkest night  
Had forever passed away.

\* \* \* \*

When for soldiers the call was given,  
You answered, "here am I;"  
Many came back, many were left  
In a far strange land to die.

Your eyes grow dim while you think of those,  
From your side forever fled;  
Who left the ranks of the living brave  
For the army of the dead.

They reached the end of their homeward  
march,—  
Safe home on the evergreen shore,  
They're singing the songs of freedom there,  
And victory evermore.

And when the last roll-call is read  
By the infinite voice of love,  
May you answer "here," without the loss  
Of one, in the army above.

## OUR FALLEN HEROES.

*Written for Decoration Day, May 30, 1883.*

**W**HERE ne'er is seen the smoke of battle,  
Where ne'er is heard the cannon's roar,  
Wrapped in peace and snowy mantles,  
Rest the weary evermore.

From the long and dreary marches,  
From the raging battle's din,  
Safe within the heavenly mansions,  
The true and tried are gathered in.

'Neath the lilies of the valley,  
And the violet's purple hue,  
Where roses and forget-me-nots  
Mingle perfume with the dew,

Rest the forms of valiant soldiers,  
That a nation's proud to own,  
And whose fame will still be cherished  
When crumble monuments of stone.

Silently, with tents all folded ;  
Departed, ne'er to come again ;  
And the camp-fires last faint ember  
Has died out upon the plain.

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In the twilight soft and tender,  
Up through memory's dim ravine,  
Comes the tramping of the soldiers,  
And the starry banners gleam.

And strong forts rise up before us,  
Fields of victory and defeat ;  
Loss and gain are in the struggle,  
Triumph here and failure meet.

See the lonely sentinel pacing  
Faithfully his weary round,  
While o'er the way dark prison walls,  
That cast their shadows on the ground,

Tell the tales of want and suffering,  
Tales that only soldiers know,  
Who left all for love of country,  
And bravely went to meet the foe.

Hear the tramping, distant tramping,  
Echoing footsteps from afar ;  
Thundering guns and steady drum-beats  
Filling thick the misty air.

But we wake us from our dreaming,  
For the cruel war is past ;  
While the conqueror and the conquered  
Share one blessed peace at last.

And the bugle's call to duty  
    Ne'er shall break their deep repose ;  
Nevermore on guard or picket,  
    In that land where are no foes.

They are resting from their labors,  
    But their works remain to tell,  
That to preserve our country's honor,  
    And the dear old flag, they fell.

And to-day we bring our offerings,  
    Floral gifts to sacred dust ;  
While their deeds that never perish  
    We forever hold in trust.

Many more, (ah, just as brave ones)  
    Who never sword or saber bore,  
But who faced life's trying battles  
    With a courage we adore,

These to-day we would remember,  
    And our floral tribute bring ;  
For of all earth's noble heroes  
    Never cease the bards to sing.

Soldiers all who met but bravely  
    Life's great work, with purpose true ;  
And who did with zeal untiring  
    What so e'er they found to do.

Many 'neath the daisies resting,  
Martyrs to the world unknown;  
Now their blest reward receiving  
Closest to the great white throne.

So we leave their bodies sleeping  
'Neath the flowers and the sod;  
While their spirits dwell forever  
With the angels and with God.

### THE BOYS IN BLUE.

*Written for Decoration Day, May 30, 1884.*

LOOKING backward to-day, through smiles  
and tears,  
Looking back through the vista of twenty years,  
To the Boys in Blue, who side by side  
Boldly fought for freedom, and bled and died,  
That our Country's honor unstained should be,  
And forever unfurled the flag of the free.

Looking back to the war-cloud that darkened our  
way,  
To the strong hope that waited an Easter day,  
Now in its fruition, in triumph we sing,  
But in notes soft and tender, as backward wing  
Our thoughts to the fallen, the brave and true,  
Sacred to the memory of the Boys in Blue.



Looking back to the old camp-ground to-day,  
On familiar faces long since passed away ;  
The cause they defended we'll ever maintain,  
'Tis sealed with the blood of ten thousand slain ;  
With garlands of flowers we strew their graves,  
That dot our land like a broad sea of waves.

Their swords are all sheathed, the bugle is still ;  
The marches are ended ; they're resting at will,  
At home, in the land where no furlough shall end,  
Where forever united are kindred and friend ;  
Their works still remain of the loyal and true,  
Enshrined in our hearts, the brave Boys in Blue.

Looking back, then forward and upward and on,  
To the grand camping-ground when earth-work  
    is done ;  
Where the sunset's gold tinges river and shore,  
And the sad cry of war shall be heard nevermore ;  
Where no foes shall molest thro' eternity's day,  
And forever at peace, the Blue and the Gray.

THROUGH OLD VIRGINIA.

*Read at G. A. R. Camp-fire, Feb. 15, 1888.*

'T WAS in the early autumn days,  
When fields were ripe with corn,  
And summer's golden fruitage waits  
The reapers; and the morn  
Was bright with dewy freshness rare,  
From early rains and late,  
As we crossed Ohio's sparkling stream  
To the old Virginia State.

The mountains lift their tow'ring heads  
O'er many a cabin home,  
Whose dwellers all have liberty  
At will to go and come.  
Many a Sambo great and small  
The passing travelers see,  
Revealing their smiling visages  
Of the shiniest ebony.

From many an old plantation rings  
    The banjo and the song ;  
And grateful hymns of praises rise  
    For freedom lived so long.  
For near a quarter century  
    Has Peace her pinions spread  
O'er valley and o'er mountain range,  
    And equal blessings shed.

O Freedom! blessed theme to all ;  
    Thrice blessed unto those  
Who once knew not the precious boon  
    Nor wealth it doth disclose.  
From mountain, vale and hamlet floats  
    The joyous jubilee,  
Proclaiming now and evermore  
    Columbia's children free.

Now on to Richmond we pursue  
    Our journey, there to find  
Much of interest old and new,  
    That failed not to remind  
Of by-gone days, of hard-fought fields,  
    'Neath storms and burning sun,  
Ere the cause of liberty and right  
    The final victory won.

We gaze with wondering eyes where once  
    The old slave market stood,  
And ponder on the traffic dark,  
    Of human flesh and blood.  
And Libby Prison's dark'ning walls  
    Still cast a sick'ning gloom,  
And musty floors and ceilings breathe  
    Of a once living tomb.

The grass is waving green where once  
    The sword and sabre shone ;  
The years have scarcely left a trace  
    Of conflicts lost or won ;  
For nature kindly covers o'er  
    The past of good and ill ;  
But human hearts keep yesterdays,  
    In memory treasured still.

Through Shenandoah Valley fair,  
    And by the winding streams,  
Of other days and other times  
    The listless traveler dreams ;  
How once our noble Boys in Blue  
    Here weary marches tread ;  
Some homeward came, and some, alas,  
    Were numbered with the dead.

But let affliction's hand be laid  
    The North or South upon,  
And messages of brother love  
    And quick relief are borne.  
No more let war's destroying hand  
    Our glorious states divide ;  
The Union all inseparable,  
    Our strength, our wealth, our pride.

The blue Potomac waters roll  
    And glisten in the sun,  
As to America's sacred shrine  
    Our boat is gliding on.  
Our own beloved Washington ;  
    His dear Mount Vernon home ;  
Rejoice ! O favored land, rejoice  
    To claim them as your own.

#### A TRIBUTE TO GENERAL SHERMAN.

*Written for a Memorial Service, March 21, 1891.*

**A**T the bugle call from the land unseen,  
    Our heroes one by one,  
Are gathering home to fill the ranks  
    Of the army beyond the sun ;  
Where they rest in the peace of victory gained,  
On evergreen fields by battles unstained.

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A tribute we bring of honor due  
    To a leader beloved and gone,  
Whose deeds will live as a monument  
    Forever in history and song;  
And whose hope in our Country's darkest night  
Flashed forth as a meteor strong and bright.

At the great battle of Pittsburg Landing,—  
    Through that fearful Sabbath day,  
A support to Grant who led the host  
    That conquered in the fray;  
Thus his courage at Shiloh leading forth,  
Brought victory to the army of the north.

To the President he this message sent  
    One December long ago:  
"The city of Savannah as a Christmas gift  
    I beg to present to you,  
With numerous bales of cotton in store,  
And ammunition and guns of war."

On the battle-field, and in the march  
    From Atlanta to the sea,  
He revealed in every time and place  
    Most enduring loyalty  
To the government he loved so well,  
Its laws maintained what e'er befell.

On history's page in living light  
Doth the name of Sherman stand;  
He among the bravest of the brave  
Whose valor saved the land,  
And unfurled the banner of the free,  
That proudly waves from sea to sea.

IN THE ADIRONDACKS AND OTHER  
POEMS.

IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

**H**ERE the mountains lift in grandeur  
Peak on peak their lofty forms;  
Seemingly defying ever  
Summer's heat and winter's storms.

Here fond nature has expended  
Wealth of ages to complete  
All the beauty round about us,  
Wondrously our eyes to greet.

From tall oaks in breezes bending,  
In the deep, vast solitude,  
To the sweet wood-violets blooming  
In the middle of the road.

And the grasses gently waving,  
Nod and woo the violets sweet;  
Till we wonder which is grander  
God's works above or 'neath our feet.



To a sacred shrine we journey,  
    Where North Elba's mountains rise,  
And the roses bloom in beauty  
    O'er the grave where John Brown lies.

On this summer day we ponder  
    O'er a sad one long gone by,  
When his form found place of resting  
    'Neath a cloudy, wintry sky.

Now Lake Placid in the distance  
    Murmurs in the bright June sun,  
As if telling of the victory  
    This forerunner hastened on.

While the streamlets singing onward  
    Through the valleys as they wind,  
Are giving inspiration ever  
    For the treasures thought may find.

Hunters love these mountain forests,  
    As did Murray in the days  
When but few were seeking pleasure  
    In the solitude's deep ways.

Many an Izaak Walton wanders  
    Leisurely with hook and line,  
And the speckled trout are gathered,  
    On which travelers love to dine.

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And the peaceful air of nature  
Lends a calm to weary brains,  
While it clearer vision giveth  
Of the heights that truth attains.

Grand Mt. Marcy towers above us ;  
Whiteface looks in calmness down  
On the rugged scenes of beauty,  
Sparkling waves and sunlit town.

Lakes and rivers, vales and hill-tops,  
Trickling rills and mountain springs,  
Make a grand and mighty chorus  
In the song that nature sings.  
1899.

SUNRISE ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

NOW the sun peeps o'er the mountains,  
And a golden path again  
Makes across the sparkling waters  
Of the dear old Lake Champlain ;  
Tinging all the clouds with beauty,  
And encircling far and wide  
Casts its tints upon the surface  
Where we see in calmness glide  
A little boat with paddles glistening  
As they dip the waters fair,  
And sweet memories round me cluster,  
Wafted on the morning air.

Port Henry, N. Y., 4 a. m. July 14, 1899.

MOONLIGHT ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

O clear and bright,  
The fair moonlight  
Is dancing o'er the water ;  
Lights up the boat  
Where fishers float,  
The finny tribes to slaughter.

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Now sweet and clear,  
Is wafted near  
The merry strains of rowers,  
Who send along  
Good cheer in song  
To those upon the shores.

The moon so bright,  
In borrowed light,  
Unto the waves is lending;  
Naught shines alone,  
But all must own  
The greater love extending.

Thus from the source  
Of light in force,  
Is passed along the treasure;  
We drink and live,  
We take and give,  
But can't exhaust the measure.

Port Henry, N. Y., July 24, 1899.

## THE ST. REGIS.

WHERE the bobolink is singing  
In the quiet afternoon ;  
By the bonny blue St. Regis,  
Singing there his sweetest tune,

Let me in my dreams still linger  
Underneath the spreading trees ;  
While the waters softly murmur  
To the whisperings of the breeze.

Let me wander through the woodland  
Where the flowers thickly bloom ;  
Tread again the winding pathway,  
Until unawares I come,

To a spring that's bubbling ever,  
Clear and sparkling at my feet ;  
And I drink to memories sacred  
In this blessed, calm retreat.

Flow on, oh waters of St. Regis !  
Sing, oh bobolink, your song ;  
Through the morning, noon and twilight,  
Still your happy strains prolong.  
1899.

THE OLD CORNER CUPBOARD.

*Tune: "The Old Oaken Bucket."*

**H**OW fondly I think of the old corner cup-  
board,  
The dearest triangle my childhood e'er knew ;  
The dainties within it my young eyes discovered  
When hunger impelled me to bring them to  
view.  
How oft in my dreams I'm beholding the treas-  
ure,  
The old kitchen corner where long it has  
stood ;  
Behind its plain doors a bountiful measure  
The young heart pronounced most deliciously  
good.  
The old corner cupboard ; the dear corner cup-  
board ;  
The cupboard that held everything that was  
good.

The high polished cupboards the grand rooms  
adorning,  
Have no such a charm even now to my eye;  
The old corner cupboard, for that I am longing,  
In which I oft found a sweet turnover pie.  
The ginger-bread waiting the hungry ones coming,  
The ginger-bread bars that all temptingly  
stood  
In rows on the broad shelf, and oh what a humming,  
When childhood pronounced it deliciously  
good.  
The old corner cupboard; the dear corner cupboard;  
The cupboard that held everything that was  
good.  
1899.

## THE SUBWAY.

**F**OR a comfortable ride on a summer day,  
I pray you just enter the great Subway.

The greatest invention this century's found  
Of traveling the city by way under ground.

There are stations to stop at, to get off and on,  
There are tracks running hither, and thither and  
yon,

All beneath the great whirl of a city far famed,  
Great city of Boston, by all proudly named.

For modern improvements by all 'tis agreed  
The Hub of the Universe takes the lead.  
1899.



## THE MESSAGE OF THE LEAVES.

A shower of leaves came floating  
One warm October day,  
Into the house of worship  
A message to convey  
To the listening congregation,  
While the pastor preached the Word,—  
And the lesson of the leaves  
How many of them heard?

The air was like the summer ;  
The sunshine and the breeze  
Came through the open window  
With a message from the trees,  
Written in red and amber,  
That life is like the leaf,  
So full of changing colors,  
And of duration brief.

And that the roseate sunset  
Is richer than the noon ;  
To the day that's full of labor  
The eve comes not too soon ;  
And so on this Sunday morning  
As the leaves came floating down,  
They seemed to me like jewels  
To be woven in a crown.  
1899.

## THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

WE hear the stately stepping of the century  
drawing near ;  
Then pause, ye busy nations, and render hearty  
cheer,  
And a welcome that shall vibrate through a hun-  
dred years to come,  
When the present generations shall all be gath-  
ered home.

Favored are we in living when two great centur-  
ies meet ;  
To hail the one's glad coming, and witness the  
retreat  
Of years of vast achievements surpassing any  
age ;  
To be henceforth exalted on history's crowded  
page.

What legacies bequeathing, dear old unto the  
new,  
In giving nobler manhood, and womanhood more  
true ;  
And living power grown stronger to crush  
whate're remains  
Of evil, till each nation to purity attains.

And now upon the threshold expectantly we stand  
And await the swinging portals of a massive  
structure grand ;  
Shine forth O Twentieth Century! rich with  
prophetic light ;  
And make all earthly kingdoms the glory of  
God's might.  
Dec. 22, 1900.

GATHER THE ROSES WHILE THEY  
BLOOM.

*Translated from the German.*

**G**ATHER the roses while they bloom,  
And as you gather sing ;  
Remember to-morrow is not to-day  
And time is on the wing.

Opportunities come but once,  
And joy of good deeds bring ;  
Improve the moments as they fly,  
For time is on the wing.

Live happily, I counsel you,  
Nor let life's record bring  
Regrets for helpful deeds undone,  
For time is on the wing.  
1901.

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## THE MOUNTAINS OF THE NORTHWEST.

O grand and lofty mountain heights!  
O river sparkling blue!  
Had I the wisdom of the gods  
I'd pay a tribute true,

To untold grandeur you possess  
That thrills the human soul;  
And speaks the All-creative power  
That underlies the whole.

The red men now though numbering few  
Still roam the valleys free;  
And find a shelter in the hills  
That bound the western sea.

The snow-capped heights on emerald vales  
In majesty look down;  
Unconsciously in silent pride,  
To wear so pure a crown.

Like gold and silver shine the stones  
Within the gurgling stream;  
While mountain torrents dashing down,  
Complete the sweet day-dream.

And so these simple words we give  
Of praise but half expressed;  
While swiftly on through changing scenes  
We span the far Northwest.

Written on the train on the Canadian Pacific  
Railroad, August 26, 1901.

### SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

**T**HE Ocean breeze through the Golden Gate,  
Fans the glistening waves of the Bay,  
As we cross and re-cross from shore to shore  
In the calm of a summer day.

Like a moving city the sails appear  
When silently gliding by,  
Now near and far, between and beyond,  
Where the great ships anchored lie.

For a world of commerce comes and goes,  
And it rests securely there,  
'Ere the voyage begins and when it ends,  
In the land-locked harbor fair.

O beautiful Bay! we linger still,  
    When the moon and the stars aglow,  
Shine out in the boundless sea above  
    On the trackless sea below.

And San Francisco, guarding thy shore,  
    Sends a thousand sparkling gleams  
From her stately domes and lofty towers,  
    Like a fairy city of dreams.

While responding lights across the Bay  
    An encircling glory form  
Of steadfast rays thro' the silent night,  
    And of beacon lights in the storm.  
1901.

IN MEMORY OF DR. W. H. YOUNG.

**W**EARY? Yes, so the Master thought;  
    And in his calling overwrought;  
    Thus seeing, He  
Brought unto him a sweet release,  
And sealed it with His perfect peace,  
    For aye to be.

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Faithful? Yes, even unto death ;  
And labored with his latest breath  
    For friend and foe ;  
To heal the body and the mind,  
And sympathy for all mankind,  
    To freely show.

Resting? Ah, yes, the weary feet  
Have passed into the silent street,  
    And wayside inn ;  
The weary hands that never knew  
Before, a rest so calm and true,  
    Have folded been.

Working? Oh, yes, he's working still ;  
But in the land where none are ill,  
    Or ever tired ;—  
Vast realms of beauty to explore,  
And knowledge gain forevermore,  
    Heaven inspired.  
1901.

“I WISH YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR.”

**B**ECAUSE of faith in the promise true ;  
As the old year's been, will be the new,  
I wish you a Happy New Year.

Because of sun and refreshing showers,  
Seed-time and harvest for aye to be ours,  
I wish you a Happy New Year.

Because of time that has lengthened life  
Another year in the world's great strife,  
I wish you a Happy New Year.

Because of work that is ours to do,  
To fight the wrong and uphold the true,  
I wish you a Happy New Year.

Because of gifts that come from above,  
Of faith and hope and abiding love,  
I wish you a Happy New Year.

Because the future beckons away  
To broader fields and a grander day,  
I wish you a Happy New Year.  
1901.



WHEN GOD SENDS THE ROBINS BACK.

**T**HERE is new life in the air  
When the winter bleak and bare  
Vanishes with all its care,  
And God sends the robins back.

There is new joy round the home  
When these gentle songsters come  
In our northern groves to roam,  
When God sends the robins back.

Every green tree vocal is  
With the spring-time melodies  
Floating out on every breeze  
When God sends the robins back.

Catch the message that they bring ;  
Let your soul mount up and sing  
With the glories of the spring,  
When God sends the robins back.  
1903.

## OUR PASTOR.

*Written for Mrs. G. A. Richards, and recited at  
a banquet.*

I'M thinking of a pleasant dream,  
That I'll relate to you :  
For as the seasons come and go  
'Tis all becoming true.

Its of a church in search of one  
Who should its pastor be ;  
To break to them the bread of life,  
And preach a gospel free.

To visit homes of sorrow where  
No ray of light is seen ;  
And midst them and the darkness throw  
God's blessed light between.

The messages of hope and love  
Like holy ointment pour ;  
And close at last the weary eyes,  
When earthly life is o'er.

And those who wander from the right,  
In loving counsel bring,  
To rest their weary hearts, and drink  
At love's eternal spring.

To laugh with those who laugh, and be  
    One with the great or least ;  
And be a welcome, joyous guest,  
    At many a wedding feast.

As such an one to me and mine  
    He came one spring-time fair,  
And joined our hearts that beat as one,  
    Life's good or ill to share.

And swift or slow, in joy or pain,  
    The silent years glide by ;  
And sweetly still the memory clings,  
    And brightens all our sky.

Our church an offering brings to-night  
    Of love and thankfulness,  
To him who well deserves our trust  
    For all his help to bless

In lifting burdens or in song,  
    To bear an equal part  
With those whose leader he has been  
    In life's full, busy mart.

From day to day the work goes on ;  
    Rich blessings from it flow ;  
The dream's fulfilled in him we chose  
    Past fifteen years ago.  
    1904.

MT. SHASTA.

**A** GAINST the back-ground of the western  
sky,

On this fair summer morn, while mellow light  
Lies peacefully upon its snow-clad brow,  
Beams grand Mount Shasta, close beneath the  
clouds,

Like some great thought of God, to earth sent  
down,

To lift the longing soul of man heavenward ;  
And linking nature with the vast unseen.  
Majestic sentinel ! sun-bathed and white !  
Singing the silent song too deep for words.

We journey on, and slowly now recedes  
The great mount from our view, and distance  
sheds

A halo soft upon the parting scene.  
Once stamped indelibly upon the mind  
Thus favored with the all-transporting view,  
It dwells henceforth in higher altitudes.

1904.

### A PRAYER.

O pitying Christ! O Son of God;  
Who once the earthly pathway trod;  
Thro' blazing sun of noon-tide heat  
Didst walk the Galilean street;  
Didst know with human life so brief,  
The depths of sorrow and of grief;  
Hear thou my prayer, thy grace impart;  
In faith unfaltering keep my heart;  
Thro' stifling heat on life's highway  
Be thou, O Christ, my guide and stay.

1904.

### A FRAGMENT.

WHEN feet grow weary and when faith ebbs  
low,  
When hearts once strong bend low beneath  
the weight  
Of untold burdens, seemingly too great  
To bear; they yet must trust where none can  
know.

And thus shall hope the rifted clouds shine  
through,  
Like morning's smile upon the face of night;  
Bidding the darkness flee before the light  
Of coming joy, when life is lived anew.

1903.

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## NOT MINE.

**I**F works that my frail hands have done,  
Or words my lips have spoken ;  
Have cheered an earth-worn traveler,  
Or healed a heart that's broken ;  
The works and words were not my own,  
But only His through me made known.  
1905.

## THE MESSAGE.

**T**HE message is written ; the pen laid down ;  
The weary heart is at rest ;  
But onward forever the message speeds,  
O'er valley and mountain crest ;  
Will we know, sometime in the far-off age,  
The blessing that went with the written page?  
1905.

WISDOM IS STRENGTH.

*To the Class of 1905 of the Nashville high school.*

VASTLY higher flies the arrow,  
Though reaching not the stars,—  
When 'tis aimed by skilful fingers,  
And eyes that mount the bars.

There's a distant goal brought nearer  
Each day at set of sun,  
If wisely mounting barriers,  
You daily journey on.

A battle field of Marathon  
You'll reach upon the way;  
May the wisdom of Miltiades  
Be yours to win the day.

May rich rewards, through loving deeds,  
That shall all time survive,  
Come in abundant blessings to  
The Class of Nineteen-five.

## MARQUITA.

**M**IDST singing of birds in the early morn,  
In the time of blossoms and waving corn,  
A little maiden, weary, forlorn,  
    First oped her wondering eyes ;  
And all the choir in the leafy trees  
A message sent on the summer breeze,  
    A joyful, sweet surprise,  
        Marquita, little Marquita.

The fairies danced the flower lanes through,  
Their bare feet wet with the morning dew,  
A greeting to give to a world all new,  
    With mysteries all the way.  
Then the sun came over the hills of the east  
Just as the stars their twinkling ceased,  
    And said: Behold the day!  
        Marquita, little Marquita !  
July 1905.



ONE AFTERNOON.

'T IS a quiet afternoon ;  
    And the winter sunshine falls  
Softly on the pictured walls ;  
On faces gone ;  
And I'm alone  
This afternoon.  
But the dear old clock rings clear,  
As it has for many a year,  
Counting the hours,  
And vanished powers ;  
And I'm alone  
This afternoon.  
Ah, soul, alone ? may it not be  
You have some guests you do not see  
Who spend this quiet hour with thee  
This afternoon ?  
I'm not alone ;  
And the winter sunshine falls  
Softly on the pictured walls ;  
I'm not alone.  
    December 1905.

LINES.

WE live our life and pass along ;  
A life of shadow and of song ;  
For joy is often mixed with tears  
Along the silent march of years ;  
But if we choose the rugged right,  
At evening time it shall be light.  
1906.

TO CASSIUS L. GLASGOW.

*Senator from 15th Senatorial District, Michigan.*

*(Written for Mrs. McDerby in reply to his lines  
on returning a Shoe sent out for a Church Col-  
lection.)*

“ONCE upon a time” as all good story-  
tellers say ;  
A religious little darkey knelt by a pile of wood  
to pray.  
And in his zeal he prayed the Lord, if he were  
not sincere,  
That great wood-pile might fall right now, yes,  
now, upon him here.

Some listening little urchins who were not so very  
good,  
His prayer began to answer quick by tumbling of  
the wood ;  
Then in frightened agitation, he cried ; "O Lord  
I pray,  
Jes take dis little nigger as he mean, not as he  
say."

Now owing to our modesty, lest we with beggars  
clash,  
We simply and politely, just hinted at the cash.  
At your request, this shoe anew its journey will  
begin ;  
And please accept our hearty thanks for cash you  
place within.  
1905.

NOT "TOO LATE," BUT "TOO SOON."

**I**F reward for labor tarries  
Days and years till past life's noon ;  
Say not 'tis "Too Late," despairing,  
Smile and say, it is "Too Soon."  
1906.

BE HOPEFUL.

**B**E hopeful, tho' the sky seems brass ;  
Be cheerful, for the storm will pass ;  
Be calm, tho' waves are dashing high,  
Have faith in God to live or die.  
1906.

FIFTY YEARS.

*To Mr. and Mrs. George W. Nash.  
September 11, 1906.*

**F**IVE decades of changing time  
Have fled, since you together  
First started out to face life's facts,  
Thro' fair or stormy weather.  
Five happy years of life had past  
When Freedom blew her startling blast.

The call for patriots came to hearts  
Where loyalty was planted ;  
And one must go ; one guard the home,  
Till peace our land was granted.  
One battled for our Country's right ;  
The other kept the home fire bright.

No cloud so dark as we are told  
    But has a silver lining ;  
And somewhere in this world of ours  
    The sun is always shining ;  
And so thro' darkest clouds of war  
Behold the gleaming of hope's star.

And reunited once again,  
    You've journeyed on, receiving  
Sweet benedictions by the way  
    That come to hearts believing ;  
And trusting that the future will  
Your fondest hopes at last fulfil.

Your children come again to-day,  
    With loving thoughts and tender,  
Of all their childhood's treasured days,  
    That fondly they remember ;  
And now as then, they still may share  
Father's and mother's faithful care.

All peacefully the years glide by  
    Adown the sunset river ;  
And richest blessings daily flow  
    From heaven's loving giver.  
May only brightest memories be  
With you this golden jubilee.

1906.

MY WINDOW IN THRUMS.\*

THERE'S a place where I sit in the winter  
days,  
While I watch and muse on the different ways  
Of the passers by,  
With a thoughtful eye,  
And I call it my window in Thrums.

Such wonderful things from my window I see  
While reading the faces that look up at me ;  
And guessing the pain,  
The loss or the gain ;  
While I sit by my window in Thrums.

They're coming from school with a happy stride,  
My dear little neighbors on either side ;  
With a laugh and shout,  
For school is out,  
While I sit by my window in Thrums.

I see the procession of factory hands,  
Who are helping to make the wealth of all lands,  
With their brawn and brain,  
In an endless train ;  
As I sit by my window in Thrums.

\* Suggested by Barrie's "Window in Thrums."

Forgetting the present and into the past,  
Dwelling in shadowy realms so vast,  
    I'm dreaming away,  
    On a winter's day,  
While I sit by my window in Thrums.

And visions of many a Leeby and Jess  
Thronging my memory gently press ;  
    And Hendry will come,  
    And Jamie will roam,  
As I sit by my window in Thrums.

We're climbing life's pathway, and some glad  
    day  
We shall reach the window at top of the brae,  
    With transporting view  
    Of the City that's new,  
And our ideal window past Thrums.  
1907.

## CORPUS CHRISTI.

**F**OR situation how beautiful,  
O, Queen of the Lone Star State!  
The sparkling waters of the Bay,  
Have crowned and made thee great:

A rich inheritance is thine,  
That nature fair bestows;  
And heaps her treasures in thy lap,  
That with her wealth o'er flows.

Corpus Christi! O sacred name  
That ancient Rome holds dear;  
With festivals of thankfulness,  
That yearly reappear.

We'll wreathe thy name with immortelles,  
Fair City by the sea;  
Where healthful breezes bring to all,  
A sense of liberty,

And those 'a-weary rest awhile;  
And eager youth makes bold,  
To grasp its opportunities  
To win, to have and hold.  
1907.



## THE SWEETEST SONG.

**S**ING me a song at the twilight hour,  
When the day has been weary and sad ;  
A song bringing peace and restfulness,  
And the secret of being glad ;  
While up through the years of mists and tears,  
Faint melodies sweetly roll,  
O the strain prolong of the sweetest song  
"Jesus, Lover of my soul!"

Sing me a song at the twilight hour,  
When the storm has raged all day ;  
And the rifted clouds at sunset smile,  
To brighten the darkened way ;  
And up through the years of mists and tears,  
Faint melodies sweetly roll,  
O the strain prolong of the sweetest song  
"Jesus, Lover of my soul!"  
1907.

TO MR. AND MRS. H. A. BROOKS.

*On their forty-fifth wedding anniversary.*

*July 12, 1907.*

WE'VE come to remind you, your friends of  
old,  
You're rapidly nearing the milestone of gold ;  
But pause 'ere you reach it, to bid you good cheer,  
While bright reminiscences bring our hearts near,  
And help us remain forever and aye  
Well at heart and young, tho' our hair is grey.

The joy of life's morning to-day you review,  
And live o'er again the years that were new ;  
And see in the picture a bride of nineteen,  
Whose wedding and birthday mingled have been  
In glad anniversaries, the record appears,  
In traveling the pathway of forty-five years.

All labor was sweet on the dear old farm,  
In the house or outdoors, in sunshine and storm ;  
And the forward look overcame all ill ;  
Love lightened the toil, as love with hope will ;  
Thus the years sped by, and changes have come,  
And in this fair village you made a new home.

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There is always work for the faithful to do,  
To make the world better while journeying  
through ;  
To remember all good, all ill to forget,  
Makes a high standard of life to be met.  
No life is all sunshine ; there's sadness and tears,  
As you have well learned in these forty-five years.

There are peaceful shades along the highway,  
Where we rest from the toil and heat of the day ;  
And fond recollections, like songs in the night,  
That strengthen our souls for the battles we  
fight.  
And we build our thoughts that blossom in deeds,  
To cheer this lonely old world in its needs.

As the years increase, your friends multiply,  
And make more luminous the sunset sky ;  
Till you almost catch a gleam from the land  
Where loved ones await you with beckoning  
hand ;  
And your only child in that sunny clime  
Glad greeting will give past the shores of time.

## THE TEACHING OF THE TREES.

I N Jotham's parable of old,  
The trees went forth to seek a king  
To rule and reign the forest o'er,  
And take the homage they would bring.

The olive tree refused to reign;  
It could not well its fatness leave  
Wherewith were honored God and man,  
Its blessings manifold would give.

The fig tree next they asked to rule,  
But it preferred its own work true;  
"Should I forsake my sweetness all  
To be promoted over you?"

In vain they sought the humble vine,  
That in its own loved work was blest;  
The richness of its juice to yield,  
And bring the weary hope and rest.

Then to the bramble said the trees,  
"Come thou, reign over us." If ye  
In truth anoint me King, then let  
Your trust within my shadow be.

And if sincerely thou hast done,  
    Rejoice; if not, a fire shall run  
From out the bramble and destroy  
    The cedars great of Lebanon.

The lesson of content, oh soul,  
    Learn thou from nature's harmonies;  
And working in thy own best way  
    Accept the message of the trees.

Like cedars broad or giant oaks,  
    Our own life work may not extend;  
But in a smaller range may give  
    As peaceful shade to foe or friend.

The rustling of the mulberry trees  
    The listening ear may hear to-day,  
And as King David did of old,  
    With boldness enter in the fray.

Then rest us when the victory's won  
    By waters cool, 'neath spreading trees;  
And catch the message brought to us,  
    And wafted on the passing breeze.  
1907.

## CHRISTMAS IN CALIFORNIA.

**T**HE dry earth welcomes the showers of rain ;  
And the fields respond with the coming  
grain ;

And breezes soft like the breath of May,  
Usher in the holy Christmas day ;  
Then the sunbeams play in letters of gold,  
To tell again the sweet story of old.

The perfume of lilies floats on the air,  
And roses are blossoming everywhere ;  
While the orange groves are joining with them,  
In telling the story of Bethlehem ;  
Of good will to men, and peace upon earth ;  
Echoing down from the day of His birth.

With nature around me in spring's array,  
I dream of the snow-land far away ;  
And I hear the jingle of merry sleigh-bells  
On the frosty air, and the music swells  
With the joyfulness of the Christmas time,  
And the shouts of happy young life in its prime.

I'm dreaming, dreaming till the notes die away,  
And the dear little birds that have sung all day  
Have folded their wings for the night's repose ;  
And into His keeping who careth for those  
We yield ourselves, and our thanks never cease,  
That all over the world is the Christmas peace.

1907. Petaluma, California.

*Page Three Hundred Ninety-six*

## THE SIERRAS.

O blue Sierras! of which poets have sung,  
Since ever the clime and mountains were  
young.

No pen can o'er draw thy beauties serene  
When Autumn has painted bright tints with  
the green.

Thy snow-capped summits in majesty stand,  
A glory forever of the sunset land.

## THE POINSETTA.

THE Poinsetta flaming red,  
Its wealth of beauty far doth spread,  
In decorating banks of green  
With richest contrast ever seen.  
O flower rare! you must have sprung  
From out some fairy land, among  
The dainty elves that made your leaves  
A shelter when some danger grieves  
Their mystic hearts, and they have found  
A refuge sure when foes surround.  
Did you desert their hidden home  
For broader fields o'er which to roam,  
And make our human ills grow less  
By musing on your loveliness?

Jan. 30, 1908.

## SAN DIEGO.

WE journeyed through the orange groves,  
Where the wealth of nature glows  
In beauty wide  
On every side  
And came to San Diego.

Fair city of the Silver Gate!  
We find in thee a joy to wait,  
Where summer stays,  
And winter days  
Come not to San Diego.

On Coronado beach we stroll,  
And see the broad Pacific roll  
Close to our feet  
With music sweet,  
All dear to San Diego.

A ship is sighted in distress  
From foreign shore; with speediness  
Help brings it through  
All safe into  
The Bay of San Diego.



A royal welcome waits to greet  
The coming of the Evans fleet ;  
Red, white, and blue,  
The standard true  
Of loyal San Diego.

The fair magnolia here we see,  
While the bougainvillea free,  
Is climbing o'er  
The porch and door  
Of homes in San Diego.

Its beauties as the years go by  
Cease not to grow and multiply ;  
While flowers rare,  
And salt sea air,  
Bring joy to San Diego.

San Diego, Cal.  
February, 1908.

JACK.

**F**OR unwavering faithfulness,  
And for devotion true,  
More than his equal you'll not find,  
If you search the whole world through,  
Than our dog Jack.

His sympathy in trouble shows,  
To help he tries his best ;  
For loyalty of loving heart  
He oft has stood the test,  
Our dear dog Jack.

For many months and far from home,  
I've longed to see his face ;  
And greet the wagging of his tail,  
With his expressive grace.  
Our dear dog Jack.

Feb. 15, 1908.

San Diego, Cal. Jack died April 2, before  
the writer reached home.

SUNSET ON POINT LOMA.

O vision of beauty that bursts on our sight!  
Encircling Point Loma with radiant light;  
And the sunset hues on sky and on sea  
Maketh forever a sweet memory.  
March 9, 1908.

SAN DIEGO PUBLIC LIBRARY.

O place of peace and comfort!  
My hungry heart oft delves,  
And finds its greatest pleasure  
From your richly laden shelves.

The stranger here finds welcome;  
The student, precious lore;  
All go their way rejoicing,  
And blessings on thee pour.  
March 14, 1908.  
San Diego, Cal.

## OLD MEXICO.

*A trip to Tia Juana.*

WITH a coach and four  
Of the old-fashioned kind ;  
A Mexican driver in front,  
And a jolly crowd behind,  
We journeyed along,  
A tourist band, Hi, Ho !  
Into Old Mexico.

Coaches one, two, three,  
As full as could be ;  
A Mexican driver ahead  
Of a laughing crowd and free ;  
We journeyed along,  
A tourist band, Hi, Ho !  
Into Old Mexico.

Each coach of four  
Was full to the door,  
When we left the boundary line,  
And the United States behind,  
And forded the streams  
Like pleasant dreams,  
As we journeyed along,  
A tourist band, Hi, Ho !  
Into Old Mexico.  
March 14, 1908.

## THE FOURTH OF JULY.

**W**E hail with rejoicing the Fourth of July ;  
With the stars and stripes proudly wav-  
ing on high.  
Our Nation's glad birthday again celebrate,  
With union of heart and union of state.

The day that our forefathers gave we will keep ;  
Nor stain with dishonor the land where they  
sleep.

The document signed by statesmen of old,  
Grows dear as the years its teachings unfold.

And on each glorious Fourth of July  
From sea unto sea songs of freedom rise high ;  
To flags of all nations we give honor due,  
But loyally stand by the red, white and blue.  
1908.

## THOUGHTS OF SAN DIEGO.

**O**F the sunset land where the orange grows,  
And the sweet magnolias bloom ;  
Of a wilderness of roses rare  
    Sending out a rich perfume ;  
I'm thinking to-night, and I long to be  
For a little while by the western sea.

Of the chimes that ring on the evening air  
    In melody far and wide ;  
Calling the weary to the house of prayer,  
    To rest at the eventide ;  
I'm thinking to-night, and I long to be  
For a little while by the sunset sea.  
    June 1908.

## THE LITTLE PINK SUNBONNET.

**L**OOKING back through the vista of change-  
ful years,  
A little pink sunbonnet often appears ;  
With the wearer running and skipping along,  
To mingle with playmates in a happy throng ;  
With school-book in hand—and a mother's warm  
    kiss—  
How oft to my mind comes a picture like this.

Quick to learn—and forget—sad be it to say,  
Brought her many regrets in a later day,  
As the years flew swift as the years will do,  
And the little maiden to womanhood grew,  
With life-work begun and with it the cares  
That struggling humanity constantly bears.

With the task that at evening was found incom-  
plete,  
The fresh dew of morning brought strength to  
compete ;  
For the noontide of life, oh Master we pray,  
Give courage to toilers in midst of the fray !  
And the child with the pink sunbonnet outgrown,  
Much of life's sweet and life's bitter has known.

O'er a pathway winding through vale and o'er  
hill  
The angel of patience is beckoning still ;  
'Tis sweet to be weary that rest we may gain,  
Like the sunshine that follows a long dreary rain ;  
'Tis best to have striven though often we fail,  
For new strength is given to hearts that prevail.

There's a spring-time in life as joyous and free  
As the blithe bird that sings in yonder green tree;  
The buds and the blossoms in nature's array  
Sets the world rejoicing in beautiful May;  
The glad angel of hope makes the heart beat  
    high,  
And God paints a sunrise in his own bright sky.

The dawn tarries not, and the sun bursts forth  
In the noontide splendor of glorious worth;  
Thus the noonday of life is a blessing more rare  
In fullness of service than the morning fair;  
If there be conflicts One speaks peace to thee,  
As once to the waves of the rough Galilee.

As brilliant as morning is the sunset glow;  
O child of the pink sunbonnet dost know  
The Father is leading to the streets of gold?  
And the heart that trusts Him doth never grow  
    old?  
Of Life never ending triumphantly sing;  
Rejoice and be glad then oh child of the King.  
    October 1908.



TO MR. AND MRS. LEVI BIGELOW.

*On their Golden Wedding.*

*November 7, 1908.*

**T**HIS message of love over vales and hills  
We send upon its way ;  
And may it a joyful greeting be  
Your Golden Wedding day.  
May your heart and life be always young,  
And tuned to many a happy song  
That's come within to stay.

Old time has played us many a trick  
To make us think we're old ;  
We'll not believe it, no matter at all  
How often we are told.  
The days will come and the days will go,  
And be they speeding or be they slow,  
New interest they unfold.

When the golden days of Autumn come  
To crown the harvest year,  
In a glowing robe of varied hues  
The mountains all appear ;  
And brightly as when Creation spoke,  
And they into joyous being woke,  
And never have grown sear.

*Page Four Hundred Seven*

All the fifty golden wedded years,  
    By dear old Lake Champlain  
You've lived; and its sparkling waters fair  
    Have brought you earthly gain;  
And with it the sacred memories glad,  
More valued than other treasures had,  
    And life-long will remain.

The lake by the Indians rightly called  
    "Gate of the Country" here  
Between the lofty Adirondacks  
    And the Green Mountains near;  
With a history far surpassing all  
American lakes either great or small,  
    And to Americans dear.

Still across its waves the light-house shines,  
    And vast but crumbling walls  
Of the Crown Point forts; and dwellers near  
    Its history oft recalls;  
And dream of the past by the firelight's glow,  
Of defeats and victories; 'tis always so—  
    And wake when the bugle calls.

We bring, dear friends, congratulations  
    For fifty years well spent;  
While your children and grand-children come  
    To crown this glad event.  
May sorrows grow less, and joys grow more,  
As you near the lights on the other shore,  
    With the Pilot heaven sent.



STEAMER "VERMONT"—LAKE CHAMPLAIN.



AUGUSTA STILLWELL.

**A** SLEEP among the flowers ;  
O tired heart take thy rest !  
With courage strong thou hast labored long,  
And now art fully blest ;  
O tired heart take thy rest.

O life of sacrifice  
That's now forever free !  
Thy wealth of thought with love inwrought  
Has crowned thee royally.  
O tired heart take thy rest.  
December 1908.

AN INVITATION.

*To the Nashville Home-coming.  
August 9-14, 1909.*

COME back, old friends, come back  
To scenes of your early home;  
From your many wanderings come,  
And just for a few brief days  
We'll ponder the old-time ways.  
Come back, dear friends, come back.

Come back, old friends, come back,  
When the harvest time is here,  
And the fruitage brings good cheer;  
While the kettle sings its song  
On the hearth for which you long  
Come back, dear friends, come back.

Come back, old friends, come back,  
You will meet a glad surprise  
In the growing industries,  
And along commercial lines,  
Through which faithful labor shines.  
Come back, dear friends, come back.

Come back, old friends, come back,  
Fair the parks and fountains glow  
In the town you used to know.  
And fine architecture stands,  
Workmanship of skilful hands.  
Come back, dear friends, come back.

Come back, old friends, come back,  
For the sake of days gone by,  
Where were born ambitions high ;  
And the place with flowers spread,  
Where you laid your sacred dead.  
Come back, dear friends, come back.

Come back, old friends, come back,  
Midst the beauty of the hills  
And the music of the rills,  
We will celebrate the days  
In the good old-fashioned ways,  
Come back, dear friends, come back.

Come back, old friends, come back,  
Unexpectedly you'll meet  
And familiar faces greet  
As you roam the dear old town,  
Asking Heaven's blessings down.  
Come back, dear friends, come back.

SARANAC FIFTY YEARS AGO.

NOT a classical tale of old Greece or Rome,  
Am I bringing to you to-day ;  
But a simple song of the dear old home,  
And a glimpse of the far away ;  
As we waken anew the memories glad  
And silently pass the memories sad  
Of fifty years ago.

O the magical charm of an old-time voice,  
And the thrill of the clasping hand !  
That stretches across the length of the years,  
And that reaches our childhood land ;  
And we're roaming again by hill and stream  
Where oft we have roamed in many a dream  
Since fifty years ago.

All folded away with my attic treasures  
Are valentines faded and old ;  
At the old school desk so sily written  
In poetic effusions bold :  
"O my pen is poor and my ink is pale,"  
But—you know the rest of the loving tale  
Of fifty years ago.



Through many a joyous winter's eve  
    We danced on the broad kitchen floor,  
To the music of a single violin—  
    O the rapturous strains of yore,  
Will ever again be music so sweet  
As that we kept time to with nimble feet,  
    Near fifty years ago?

When moonlight flooded the snow-clad earth,  
    And the jolly sleigh-loads met,  
And the merry voices chimed with the bells—  
    I can hear their wild laughter yet—  
Were muffled in robes in bottom of sleighs  
The dear boys and girls of other days,  
    Of fifty years ago.

Thus merrily off to the spelling school  
    Or some party of glad surprise  
Where we played "the miller" and "needle's eye"  
    Forgetful of time as it flies,  
Till sleigh-bells jingle, and homeward bound  
Is the happiest crowd that ever was found  
    Since fifty years ago.

When the full, rich days of Autumn came,  
    And the hazel-nuts were found ;  
The ripe thorn-apples were bending low  
    All their branches to the ground ;  
O delicious fruit ! oh the golden days !  
They have left a brightness through memory's  
    ways,  
    Since fifty years ago.

The Indians loved all these wooded dells,  
    And to them we owe the dear name  
"Saranac—river that flows under rock."  
    'Tis sparkling with beauty aflame.  
No more do they visit these green banks where  
    we  
The smoke of their wigwams delighted to see  
    Some fifty years ago.

How many would answer to roll-call to-day,  
    If gathered in school as of old ;  
How many familiar faces would we  
    Of teachers and pupils behold ;  
To be sure our hair may be somewhat gray,  
But our hearts are as young in every way  
    As fifty years ago.

To you who linger in the old home town,  
Our congratulations we bring;  
Its growth and prosperity you have earned;  
Its beauties and praises we sing.  
Dear old Saranac! Grand River, so dear!  
Forever, forever my heart's with you here,  
As fifty years ago.  
August 1909.

#### CONCEALED.

**A** CHING hearts and smiling faces!  
We meet them every day;  
And the grace that keeps grief hidden,  
Along earth's saddened way.

Cheerful words and silent sorrow!  
God bless such souls alway;  
With the peace past understanding,  
The peace that comes to stay.  
September 1909.

## KATYDID.

**T**HE time of the Katydid has come ;  
    Reminding us that the Autumn is near ;  
    The summer foliage is growing sear ;  
And we think the strange, long thoughts that  
    roam.

A pensiveness is filling the air,  
    And we wonder what poor Katy did,  
    And what she didn't if she was bid,  
And if the accusation is fair ?

The morning passes and the noontide too ;  
    All too soon the shortened daylight falls ;  
    And the summer twilight fast recalls  
All that Katy did and she didn't do.

The question appeals, we must answer each,  
    When comes the close of the busy day ;  
    Have we done or missed the good in our  
    way,  
And what does the faithful Katydid teach ?  
    August 1909.

## A STRAY THOUGHT.

O where is the thought that came knocking one  
day  
At the door of my heart, and then flew away?  
I just caught a glimpse and thought I would seize  
And clothe it in language my fancy to please.

So much of confusion and unrest of mind,  
No place of abode could the helpful thought find;  
And I have been searching for many a day  
For the treasure that flew so quickly away.

I wonder if it to the mountains took flight;  
Or lodged in the valley all hidden from sight;  
Or found it a far better refuge of rest,  
Safely sheltered within some lone, troubled  
breast.

Am sure that with it a rich blessing went;  
A message from Heaven on love's errand sent;  
And I am much poorer since losing that day  
The glad thought that from me sped swiftly  
away.

December 1909.

## WORTH WHILE.

**T**O cheer a heart cast down,  
To brush away a frown,  
Point upward to a crown,  
Is worth while.

To live and just be glad  
For all of life you've had,  
Though some of it be sad,  
Is worth while.

To speak a helpful word  
By which a soul is stirred  
To do, by having heard,  
Is worth while.

To wake the sleeping powers,  
To fill the golden hours  
With true work truly ours,  
Is worth while.

To help the world to be  
In closer touch with thee,  
O man of Galilee!  
Is worth while.  
December 1909.

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

O mighty man and statesman thou!  
A patriot born to lead;  
Our country's great deliverer,  
And friend in time of need.

Thy greatness with simplicity  
Has won a world to thee;  
And taught the people honest worth  
Is more than chivalry.

The golden bells of freedom rang  
With no uncertain sound;  
Thy hand was at the nation's helm,  
Thy feet on sacred ground.

And millions soon with shackles gone,  
Thanked thee for liberty;  
And dearer through the years shall grow  
The freedom wrought by thee.

We greet again thy natal day  
With banners all unfurled;  
The praises that we render thee  
Have echoed round the world.

O Lincoln, thou art all our own!  
And yet we're proud to know  
That other nations love thee well,  
And honors doth bestow.

While history-laden years go by  
Thy fame shall ne'er be less;  
And coming ages shall revere  
Thy great heart's tenderness.  
February 12, 1910.



IN THE HAND OF THE POTTER.

*Jer. 18:3,4.*

**N**OT repaired, but made new, O Master divine!  
Do with my heart as the potter with clay;  
'Tis marred with many a sinful design;  
O make it anew in Thy likeness I pray.

The seams and the scars no polish can hide;  
The wheels of Thy grace must fashion it  
right;  
Till within it Thy image reflected abide  
And evermore make it a dwelling of light.  
1910.

LINES.

*Inscribed to the "King's Daughters" of Nashville,  
Michigan.*

**G**OD bless the cheerful sunshine band!  
The daughters of the King!  
For all the joy to saddened hearts  
And darkened homes they bring.

Whose tender ministries of love  
To suffering ones have given  
New inspiration "In His Name,"  
And nearer view of heaven.

God bless the willing sunshine band!  
While busy days go by;  
And feet, made beautiful and swift,  
On mercy's errands fly.  
1910.

THE WELL BY THE GATE.

*O that one would give me drink of the water of  
the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate. II  
Samuel, 23:15.*

**A** drink from the well by the gate!  
Repeat it again while I wait  
For the vision to come  
Of a long past home,  
And I wait  
For a drink from the well  
By the gate.

For the Bethlehem well we long ;  
And weave the story in song ;  
As did David of yore ;  
And for water implore  
While we wait  
For a drink from the well  
By the gate.

By the caves of Adullam to-day,  
We journey on life's highway ;  
For the water we long  
With its splashing song,  
As we wait  
For a drink from the well  
By the gate.

July 1910.

*Page Four Hundred Twenty-three*

THE LITTLE BROWN COTTAGE.

UNDER the arms of the blue beach tree,  
Loftily waving wide and free  
Nestles a cozy cottage brown,  
Just in the edge of the little town.

An ideal place to dream and rest,  
And read the books you love the best  
In a shady nook on a summer's day,  
And drive all worldly care away.

While rippling o'er the placid lake  
Come strains of music oft to break  
The stillness deep, and echoes sweet  
The notes continue to repeat.

The sunlight dancing through the trees  
Keeping step with the summer breeze  
Shedding o'er all a halo sweet,  
Hath made this harbor of rest complete.  
September 1910.

THE LITTLE CHURCH AMONG THE  
HILLS.

THERE'S a picture of peace that has come to  
stay

With me as I journey the rest of life's way ;  
'Twas painted one bright October day  
In the little church among the hills.

The sun through colored panes shone through,  
Lighting the forms of worshippers few,  
And a glory shone through every pew  
In the little church among the hills.

And He who dwelt in the far away days,  
And lighted the rough Judean ways,  
Gave inspiration to songs of praise  
In the little church among the hills.

The drive through the glen that afternoon  
Was bright as any in flowery June:  
The Autumn leaves were all in tune  
To the little church among the hills.

The squirrels sped swift on the way before,  
Gathering in for the winter's store ;  
While sunlight and shadows their beauty pour  
'Round the little church among the hills.

Van Vlack, Ont., Can.

October 1910.

*Page Four Hundred Twenty-five*

MARGARET.

THE lustre that's lighted shines in her face  
With radiant beauty and simple grace;  
The deeply sad eyes where the far and near  
met,—  
Beautiful, dreamy Margaret.

The daily toil and the many cares  
Of the dear home life she patiently bears;  
Increasing demands all tenderly met,—  
Beautiful, faithful Margaret.

Occasional lights her features stir,  
As if the angels whispered to her;  
And listening, all worldly things forget,—  
Beautiful, saintly Margaret.

November 1910.

BY THE GEORGIAN BAY.

THE beach is long and wide and smooth ;  
And like a velvet carpet spread ;  
No sound there came from horses' hoofs  
That lightly o'er the surface sped.

The morn is rich in Autumn sun,  
Deep calm and peace our spirit laves ;  
No sound is heard upon the air  
Except the music of the waves.

Or some lone bird that thrills his song,  
And tunes it to the grandeur near ;  
While woods in bright apparel stand,—  
God's great cathedral gleaming here.

We cross the Nottawassaga bridge,  
Pass church and school-house on the way  
Smiling amidst the broad farm lands  
That placid in the sunlight lay.

As my young friend beside me sat,  
Explaining as we rode along,  
In his most interesting way,  
Our hearts with nature joined in song.  
1910.

## MAYFIELD.

THE sky betokened storm ; and thus delayed  
Decision of the farmer and his friends  
But inclination and not weather ruled  
And so it was decided we should go—  
Though seven miles away—that afternoon  
To Mayfield Church.

Historic, sacred place !  
It never yet had been my lot to see ;  
And when the farmer's faithful team drew up  
We soon filled every seat—excepting one  
We saved, to gather in along the way  
A friend who waiting hailed us joyfully.—  
The rich Canadian farms our eyes surveyed ;  
Abundant harvests had been garnered safe ;  
And this the season's joyful festival.  
And glad thanksgivings rise from every heart.  
And now at last there comes upon our view  
The Scottish Church ; of structure fine and  
strong ;  
For years had been a land-mark well beloved.  
And close beneath its sheltering walls we see  
The stones that mark the resting places dear  
Of loved ones lost to sight a little while ;  
And waiting just beyond the mystic veil  
Have left a trail of light the way to cheer.  
On entering this house of worship fair







The shining words upon the wall we read,  
That faced us as within the pew we sat:  
"The Lord is in His holy temple" and  
"Let all the earth keep silence before Him."

I had a friend\* who in the olden days  
Called this his home. In early manhood's prime  
He sang among the choir in Mayfield Church.  
And in those days he taught the public school,—  
As teacher, held in loving memory still  
For good works wrought, impressed on youthful  
minds.—

And then in broader fields of real life work,  
Through years of toil and tender ministries,  
Became a skilled physician; and excelled  
In every way his great profession led.  
And in the midst of life's activities  
Was called to higher glories all unseen.  
And so that afternoon a vision came;  
I saw him there who long had been among  
The choir invisible. My thoughts were all  
Of him who worshipped there in other years;  
And so the service doubly sacred seemed.

Surrounded by green fields and meadows broad,  
Midst all of nature's holy ministries,  
What place so hallowed by the dear Christ's love  
And peace divine, as is the country church.

\* Dr. W. H. Young. At Church here.  
Oct. 9, 1910.

*Page Four Hundred Twenty-nine*

BELLFOUNTAIN.

O VER the Caledon mountains,  
Down in the beautiful vale,  
Nestles a village as cozy  
As those in a fairy tale.

Where the mountain streams are singing  
All day their wonderful song;  
And never the heart grows weary,  
And there's never a day too long.

Peaceful and lovely Bellfountain!  
We're longing to tarry with thee;  
Thy cottages fair and restful  
Are inviting to "bide a wee."

Gladly we'd bide without fretting,  
Through many a bright summer day;  
Drinking thy deep inspiration,  
To broaden, and brighten life's way.  
1910.

WILLIAM S. BARNETT.

'T WAS said he was one whom the children  
    loved,  
    And would gladly run to meet ;  
And sometimes to soothe a crying child  
    He was seen to cross the street.

And this—to a stalwart business man  
    With duties and cares not a few,  
And to whom for counsel many came—  
    Is a tribute loving and true.

Through life he has proven many times  
    A friend that's a friend in need ;  
His memory will live through coming years  
    In many a worthy deed.

When monuments crumble and grow old,  
    And engravings deep are gone,  
From heart to heart through the ages still  
    Kindly words and deeds live on.  
    January 1911.

A JOYFUL EASTER.

**B**ECAUSE the angel has rolled away  
The stone from the grave where the dear  
Lord lay,  
I wish you a joyful Easter.

Because, on that far-away, early morn,  
A glorious hope for the world was born,  
I wish you a joyful Easter.

Because on the cross the price was paid—  
Redemption full for the world was made,  
I wish you a joyful Easter.

Because the Lord is risen indeed,  
And life immortal the message we read,  
I wish you a joyful Easter.

Because His mission was made complete  
On that Easter morn 'midst lilies sweet,  
I wish you a joyful Easter.

Because He hath died, and lives again,  
Forevermore in triumph to reign,  
I wish you a joyful Easter.  
1911.

BENJAMIN HATHAWAY.

A master mind among the few  
Whose pages brim with sparkling thought,  
In heights and depths with life inwrought,  
To him who reads for broader view.

A singer who sang of human needs ;  
The inner life's demands, and why,  
And whence the human soul's supply,  
And love that filleth all the creeds.

Student of nature, whose listening ear  
Caught the message of flower and tree ;  
The notes of wild bird, gladsome, free ;  
The wordless music ringing clear.

“The League of the Iroquois” shall stand,  
A monument that will endure ;  
Of workmanship in Literature ;  
And proudly owned by any land.

His knowledge of the wealth that lies  
In well-tilled soil and fruitful seed,  
Has been a blessing, met the need  
A skilful test alway supplies.

Hast lived and gone ; art living still !  
Through tireless work of hand and brain  
Thou didst true eminence attain ;  
Then rested at the Father's will.

O Michigan ! our well-loved State !  
Fail never thou his praise to sing ;  
But to his memory tribute bring ;  
For such as he, hath made thee great.  
April 1911.

#### A GIFT OF ROSES.

*To the W. C. T. U.—Nashville, Michigan.*

I thank you for the sympathy  
Your kindly deed discloses ;  
I thank you for your thought of me,  
And gift of roses.

A door there is that stands ajar,  
To hearts where love reposes ;  
Thus double fragrance fills the air  
From gift of roses.  
June 1911.



## THE CALIFORNIA POPPY.

**O** sun-born flower of the Golden State!  
Artists and poets have vied to create  
Thy likeness of beauty with brush and with pen,  
To gladden forever the vision of men.

But nature, on canvas of hillside and plain  
Has multiplied grandeur no art could attain,  
With buds and with blossoms like nuggets of  
gold,

Dotting the landscape with beauty untold.

December 1911.

“ON THE POSY SIDE.”

*To Gertrude Hortense Powers—Four Years Old.*

DEAR little child with the laughing eyes,  
Always beaming with a sweet surprise;  
Heart full of gladness, sunshine and song,  
Clasping my hand as we walk along.

“I’m on the posy side” she said:  
“All the time,” and the sunny head  
Was turned toward me as the flowery way  
We passed on the morn of a summer day.

Dear little friend! may you always keep—  
While you journey life’s pathway rough and  
steep—  
As much as may be “on the posy side,”  
Trusting the hand of the unseen Guide.

When the way seems dark and the pathway long  
Light it with hope and cheer it with song;  
Till we meet some day in Heaven’s bright clime,  
And walk “on the posy side all the time.”  
December 1911.

## SAN MIGUEL.

**G**OOD morning to you San Miguel!  
With brow adorned with shining frill  
Of early light and sparkling dew,  
To greet again the earth made new.

Midst mountain range in sunlight drest  
Towers thy form above the rest ;  
So near and yet so far away,  
Thy measured distance who can say.

King of the mountains by the sea!  
Where San Diego looks on thee ;  
And lofty peaks and valleys wide  
Share in thy glory and thy pride.

December 1911.

## THE WHITE-COVERED WAGON.

I'M thinking to-day, as often before,  
Of a childish longing and dream  
To ride in a white-covered wagon afar,  
Through woodland, valley and stream.

To sleep in a white-covered wagon at night ;  
To breakfast the roadside along ;  
Delighted the early sunlight to greet,  
And the wild birds' jubilant song.

And to rest, when the noon-tide overtakes,  
'Neath the shade of a spreading tree ;  
And quench our thirst from a sparkling spring,  
While we lunch ; a jolly crowd we.

Then onward again till the twilight creeps  
And covers the land, and we share  
Our evening meal, while the birds gone to sleep  
Leave a stillness in earth and air.

Thus many the days and weeks would I ride  
In the white-covered wagon quaint ;  
Till my childish longing was satisfied  
With pictures my fancy would paint.

\* \* \*

A procession of years has passed along ;  
And the child's dream unfulfilled ;  
It has vanished with dreams of later years  
And the castles we fain would build.  
1912.

TO MR. AND MRS. H. A. BROOKS.

*July 12, 1912.*

**A**S the sun lights up the hill-tops  
On his journey toward the west ;  
And the evening twilight lingers  
With a benediction blest,

May life's afternoon and evening  
Gilded be with deepest peace ;  
And the wealth of love most tender  
Be yours now and never cease.

Fly, message mine, o'er mountain peaks !  
O'er desert wide and far away,  
To my dear friends, and wish them joy  
On this, their Golden Wedding Day.

## TWO PICTURES.

**T**HE wind is blowing wild without!  
The snow is drifting high;  
The feathery flakes are whirling fast  
And leaden is the sky.

Adown the chimney roars the blast!  
The doors and windows quake;  
A moaning through the crevices,  
Like nature's heart would break.

Tempestuous is the outer world!  
The north wind sweeps the trees,  
And throws their snowy mantle off  
Like playthings on the breeze.

But brightly shine the lights within  
The Kingdom of the home;  
And love-lit faces beam with joy  
When evening pleasures come.

With song and laughter gather they  
Around the hearth-stone bright,  
That's all aglow with warmth and cheer,  
Despite the winter's night.  
1912.

TO CHALMERS WEBER.

*In Lockwood Hospital, Petoskey, Mich.*

“THE sunshine of the hospital”  
They named one little boy,  
Because he greeted everyone  
With eyes that beamed with joy;  
As in his cot he patient lay  
Through many a weary night and day.

“The sunshine of the hospital!”  
O, rightly named is he;  
For all who meet him bear away  
A pleasant memory.  
And those, with him in suffering near,  
He comforts with his words of cheer.

Dear “sunshine” of the hospital!  
I’ve never seen your face;  
But I have learned from those who know,  
Of your loving trustfulness.  
May Jesus in his arms enfold  
And bless you, as He blest of old.  
1912.

“POOR RICHARD SAYS.”

*A part of a Club paper on Benjamin Franklin.*

AN old-time valued almanac,  
For years the people's guide,  
Is quoted still as precepts wise,  
Ben Franklin did provide;  
And gave them as “Poor Richard says;”  
And so from first to last  
The homely sayings we accept  
As arguments clinched fast.

Buy nothing that you do not need  
Just because 'tis cheap;  
This teaching of my childhood days  
I seem compelled to keep;  
And when the store windows blaze,  
And wonders catch the eye,  
I think of what poor Richard says,  
And pass the bargains by.



Satins and velvets we are told  
Put out the kitchen fire ;  
Extravagance we're taught to shun,  
To nobler things aspire.  
Paying too dear for the whistle, when  
A purchase poor we've made  
Is quoted for our benefit  
Too late to give us aid.

A word to the wise sufficient is ;  
Poor Richard says, also  
Small leaks will sink the greatest ship.  
Don't "send", in business "go."  
Don't squander time ; it is the stuff  
Of which our life is made ;  
And rather than to rise in debt  
Go supperless to bed.

A sleeping fox will never catch  
The poultry we are told ;  
And God helps those who help themselves  
Is true for young and old.  
We're warned when people flatter us  
They have an ax to grind ;  
If these, and many more we keep  
We'll have a well-filled mind.  
1912.

## HAZEL-NUTS.

### *A Day Dream.*

THE hazel-nuts were turning brown ;  
And school was out at four ;  
The golden-tinted Autumn trees  
Made beauty running o'er.

The crumpled leaves beneath the feet  
Made music all its own ;  
As swiftly sped the feet away  
Where nuts were thickest grown.

The shouts of glee from childhood's lips  
With echoes filled the air ;  
For life was new ; the day was bright ;  
And gladness everywhere.

While comes this happy scene again,  
And short the way appears,  
I'm looking through a vista long  
Of nearly fifty years.  
1912.

A GLAD THANKSGIVING.

**B**ECAUSE of the gifts from the Father's hand  
In blessings abundant on sea and land,  
I wish you a glad Thanksgiving.

Because of the fields of golden grain,  
The sunshine, the clouds and the welcome rain,  
I wish you a glad Thanksgiving.

Because of the fruit of the vine and tree  
Now crowning the Autumn gloriously,  
I wish you a glad Thanksgiving.

Because of the homes and bright firesides  
Where faith in its beauty ever abides,  
I wish you a glad Thanksgiving.

Because in a part of the world's great song  
We may strike some chords as we pass along,  
I wish you a glad Thanksgiving.

Because of our flag that waves above  
Our native land and the homes we love,  
I wish you a glad Thanksgiving.  
1912.

“HAVE CROSSED THE BRIDGE SINCE  
THEN.”

*To my School-mate—Anna Hill.*

YOU have crossed the bridge since then, dear  
friend ;

Since then ;

And many faces new and strange

You've met since then ;

And many the years and wide the range

You've traversed while joy and sadness blend,

Since then ; since then.

The bridge is there and the sun still shines ;

Since then ;

There are other feet tripping lightly o'er,

In glee since then ;

And gathering pebbles on either shore—

But sweet the memory our soul inshrines,

Since then ; since then.

Back to the bridge and childhood's days,

Since then,

We've wandered oft in many a dream

Alas, since then !

Our faces mirrored in the crystal stream,

Lived o'er and again the old-time ways ;

Since then ; since then.

1912.

## FRIENDSHIP.

**F**RIENDSHIP; what is it? and what makes  
a friend?

What invisible, mystical tie  
(You can't understand it, neither can I)  
That makes one soul with another soul blend?

This rare, priceless gem, how shall we test?  
'Tis known by the clear, unmistakable ring  
When thrown on the mettle of loss to bring  
Like the rustle of angel wings, life's best.

Were friendship canceled from this old earth,  
We'd count life's struggles as all in vain;  
And naught worth the while to which to at-  
tain;  
And all the world's honors of little worth.  
1913.

LA MESA.

O beautiful La Mesa!  
Sweet semblance of Paradise;  
Thy peaceful hills and valleys  
Give rest to weary eyes.

And hearts o'er burdened, longing  
For quiet and retreat,  
May find within thy precinct  
The heart's desire complete.

The stately palms and olives  
Guard well thy winding ways;  
And the charm extends and deepens;  
And the picture comes and stays.

Dear place of meditation  
With nature on the throne—  
The fair heights of La Mesa,  
And valley of El Cajon.  
May 1913.

## LOST.

**H**OW much of the joy in the music  
That thrilled us in other days ;  
How many the hopes then builded,  
Are lost in the tangled ways  
Of life, as we journey onward ;—  
But, we'll find them again, e'er long,  
In the land where they never grow weary,  
And there's never a sigh with the song.

The tenderest words and the love-light  
Carelessly slipped from our hold ;  
And darksome regrets of a lifetime  
Hold place of the treasures of old ;  
They are lost to our clasp and vision,  
But, we'll find them again, e'er long,  
In the land where they never grow weary,  
And there's never a sigh with the song.  
1913.

## THE MOCKING BIRD.

**T**HE trill, the call, the jubilee,  
And all sweet songs he sings to me;  
Rich melodies that o'er and o'er  
Are wafted through the open door.

O mocking bird! dear mocking bird!  
Gathering all that thou hast heard,  
And weaving in a medley grand,  
That all who love thee understand.  
1913.

## THE UNFINISHED VOLUME.

**T**HIS earth-life's a volume unfinished;  
A tale that is only half told;  
Laid by in the midst of a sentence,  
Elsewhere to grow and unfold.



REV. JOHN DOANE.

**H**E dwells within our hearts,  
Though he's vanished from our sight ;  
And the pathway that he journeyed  
    Leadeth into broader light,  
    He is not dead ;  
But transferred to higher realms,  
    Where his labors will expand ;  
By earthly ills untrammelled,  
    He works with freer hand.  
    He is not dead.

He lives within the lives  
    Of the youthful band he trained ;  
Their minds were being lifted  
    Toward the heights that he attained.  
    He leads them still.  
The beauty of his teaching  
    And influence will extend  
Through all their future years,  
    And their work with his will blend.  
    He leads them still.

We are better by the contact  
    Of his noble life with ours ;  
And the world is made the brighter  
    By his intellectual powers.  
    The one named Christ  
Had touched his lips, inspiring  
    With words of love, to speak  
The message of redemption  
    To weary souls who seek  
    The one named Christ.  
1913.

“THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES.”

ON the summit of the Andes,  
Upon the boundary line,  
Between the two republics  
    Of Chile and Argentine  
Stands a statue of the Christ ;  
    A majestic monument ;  
Their treaty of peace forever  
    To constantly represent.

On the pedestal of granite  
    These words inscribed we see :  
Sooner these mountains crumble  
    Into dust than broken be  
The peace we've sworn forever  
    At Christ the Redeemer's feet ;  
And Chileans and Argentines  
    The Bethlehem song repeat,

Of peace and good-will to men ;  
    And never more shall strife  
And wars and insurrections  
    Prevail to mar their life,  
While high upon the mountains  
    The face of Christ looks down ;  
One hand the cross uplifting,  
    One pointing toward the crown.  
1913.

AN OCTOBER DAY AT LEHR RANCH.

A perfect day! to charm the eye  
Are fleecy clouds in bluest sky;  
To charm the ear, the birds' glad lay  
Rings o'er Ramona heights away;  
From early dawn their carols sweet  
Have made the day with joy complete.

The mountains, circled far around  
Seem clasping hands on earth's play-ground;  
Upon each lofty glowing peak  
The lights and shades play hide and seek;  
And in the sunrise and sunset  
They make a foreground none forget.

Beneath the pine and mulberry trees  
In rustic seats we take our ease;  
And read, perchance, some favorite book,  
Just suited to this fairy nook;  
Till pleasant call shall bid us "come;"  
The feast is spread, for all there's room.

The moon shines down from starry sky,  
While nature sings her lullaby;  
And human hearts are dreaming long  
Of distant friends and old-time song;  
And be they glad, or be they lone,  
God still keeps watch above His own.

1913.

THE OLD RED TABLE-CLOTH.

**B**RING out the old red table-cloth,  
And spread the feast upon it ;  
Bring out the old-time dishes too,  
Most happily to join it.

We'll live again the old days o'er  
Through keen imagination ;  
While we make room for vanished ones—  
The dear old home's foundation.

Bring out the old red table-cloth !  
So blest with memories olden ;  
To honor this Thanksgiving day  
Of harvests rich and golden.  
1913.

IN APPLE BLOSSOM TIME IN MICHIGAN.

THE orchards white with apple blooms  
Proclaim that May her reign resumes.  
Was ever picture quite so fair,  
Or e'er such fragrance in the air?  
The winter's gone: the spring is here;  
And Michigan is full of cheer  
    In apple blossom time.  
In apple blossom time! in apple blossom time!  
The winter's gone; the spring is here;  
And Michigan is full of cheer  
    In apple blossom time.

We sing our native State's glad choice  
While nature adds her own sweet voice;  
And in her ways and works profound  
When all the months have rolled around  
We hail with joy the beauty rare  
That meets and greets us everywhere  
    In apple blossom time.  
In apple blossom time! in apple blossom time!  
We hail with joy the beauty rare  
That meets and greets us everywhere  
    In apple blossom time.

On hill side and in valleys green,  
And where her rivers flow serene ;  
And where the Great Lakes bound her shores,  
And wealth of commerce here outpours,  
This flower of fruitage leads the van  
In Michigan, my Michigan  
    In apple blossom time.  
In apple blossom time ! in apple blossom time !  
This flower of fruitage leads the van  
In Michigan, my Michigan  
    In apple blossom time.  
1913.

THE BAY OF SAN DIEGO.

**S**LOW the weaving of thy destiny,  
O Harbor of the Sun!  
Slow shining through the centuries  
The golden threads are spun.

And now thy gates are open to  
The commerce of the world;  
The earth's industrial banners o'er  
Thy waters are unfurled.

Since the days when Junipero  
With longing, eager eyes,  
Watched the ship around Point Loma  
Bringing starved ones supplies,

Thy great future's been in making  
For the present to disclose;  
While the ships of all the nations  
In thee find safe repose.

Beautiful Bay of San Diego!  
Blest Harbor of the Sun.  
From the portals of the Panama  
First homage now is won.  
1914.





BAY OF SAN DIEGO.



AT MOODY'S GRAVE.

*Northfield, Massachusetts—May 25, 1914.*

NO lofty shaft of granite stands,  
Nor masonry of skilful hands  
To mark the place;  
But monuments of living power,  
Where life and thought thrill every hour,  
His work to trace.

These mark the place where Moody sleeps;  
And where the guardian angel keeps  
His vigil sure;  
On "Round-top" 'neath a sky serene,  
Where nature wraps her mantle green,  
He rests secure.

Not here the soul! In broader spheres  
He's working through unending years  
To tell the love  
And greatness of the Father's gift,  
Earth's wandering ones to save and lift  
To things above.

THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD FOR PEACE.

*Tune: "John Brown."*

*1814 The Centenary of the signing of the Treaty  
of Ghent. 1914.*

THERE'S music in the atmosphere, there rolls  
a mighty song;  
A multitude of voices from a glad triumphant  
throng;  
The coming of the jubilee our hearts have waited  
long,  
The whole wide world for peace.

Chorus :

Glory! glory hallelujah!

Glory! glory hallelujah!

Glory! glory hallelujah!

The whole wide world for Peace.

Not only does Great Britain and America unite,  
But other lands are joining ranks as we uphold  
the right;  
Their footsteps will be guided by the sure and  
shining light;  
The whole wide world for Peace.

We'll print upon our banners and we'll publish  
far and wide  
That peace in all our borders shall forevermore  
abide;  
We're under marching orders with the whole  
world by our side;  
The whole wide world for Peace.

The flags of all the nations cover one great  
brotherhood;  
The greatest height to be attained is that of do-  
ing good;  
And all the praise and glory we will render unto  
God;  
The whole wide world for Peace.

AT CAMP IN ROCKPORT.

A WAY from the haunts of men, to rest,  
To muse and wander, as we love best ;  
Away to the mountains wild and free,  
Sallied forth a little company  
Of kindred souls, for a few days sport  
At the camp in the forest of dear Rockport.

Where the stately maples bend their heads  
O'er the winding paths where the camper treads  
Through the silent grandeur of the woods,  
Where naught to mar its peace intrudes.  
'Tis God's great temple, with nature's choir  
To lift our aspirations higher.

We sleep in the camp ; we wake in the light  
Of a summer morning dawning bright ;  
With the sunlight sifting through the trees  
Like threads of gold on the whispering breeze ;  
O, the sweet content and rapturous bliss  
To dwell for a while in a place like this.

1914.

SELECTIONS FROM A BOOK OF EARLY  
POEMS.

*To my Sister Eva.*

JUST a few thoughts in dream and song,  
That, lingering, I gathered while passing  
along  
Through shadowy mazes, by sunny hillsides ;  
Through scenes ever changing, to that which  
abides ;  
I noted them down as the muse whispered to me,  
And bring them now as an offering to thee ;  
Whose life-work has been the young mind to  
teach,  
And inspire the soul after knowledge to reach,  
May thy labor here a true monument stand,  
When you reap the reward in the bright summer  
land.  
1875.

## LOOKING AHEAD.

LOOKING ahead, through sunshine or sorrow;

Looking ahead to a brighter to-morrow;  
When wearily plodding in the march of life,  
Or battling for right in the world's great strife,  
Life would be dreary; Hope would be dead;  
If we were not constantly

Looking ahead.

No matter how rough the bleak wind blows,  
No matter how bright the sunshine glows;  
For the days that are coming, we eagerly wait;  
For the future alone holds the key of their fate;  
Life would be dreary; Hope would be dead,  
If we were not constantly

Looking ahead.

Looking ahead when clouds seem unbroken,  
Through doubts and fears, and thoughts unspoken,

Looking ahead through the tempest's wild roar,  
To the rest that cometh on yon bright shore.  
Life would be dreary; Hope would be dead,  
If we were not constantly

Looking ahead.

1873.



THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

**N**OT in the busy noontide hour,  
With the world aglow, not then ;  
Nor with the pomp of an earthly king,  
Came the mighty Savior of men.

But when night's lovely mantle lay  
O'er Judea's hills and plain,  
The world was wrapped in sleep's embrace,  
And holy silence reigned,

Angel voices bring the tidings  
Of the great Redeemer's birth ;  
Peace and good-will forevermore  
To the inhabitants of earth.

Then wise men came from the East afar  
O'er mountain, hill, and glen,  
Safe guided by one shining star,  
The star of Bethlehem.

It guides their weary, aching feet,  
To a poor and lonely manger,  
Where with gold, frankincense and myrrh,  
They present the heavenly stranger.

O shepherds! yours a favored lot,  
That beautiful song to hear ;  
And we, to-night, while listening still  
The joyous notes bring near.

1871.

TO THE NEW YEAR.

**H**AIL to the glad new year!  
With song and hearty cheer,  
Welcome thy coming here,  
    The sweet bells ring;  
Childhood with fond delight,  
And youth with footstep light,  
Old age with calmness bright  
    Their tribute bring.

See noble manhood stand  
In dignity all grand,  
Offering thee his hand  
    With words of cheer;  
Welcome with all thy cares,  
Laden with many prayers  
Which joy and sorrow shares,  
    Welcome! New Year.

Bring with thee noble works,  
True manhood never shirks,  
Nor idle fancy lurks  
    In his brain;  
Ambition will ever rise  
To grasp the glorious prize,  
And to earth bring Paradise,  
    Nor strive in vain.

Let sorrowing ones of earth  
Rejoice now at thy birth;  
To them be of priceless worth,  
    Better than gold;  
To those now deep in sin  
To truth and goodness win,  
And a nobler life begin,  
    In thee unfold.

Let truth put wrong to flight,  
Let sunshine vanquish night,  
Let virtue with her might  
    In love draw near;  
In one triumphant song  
Roll the joyful notes along,  
How right has conquered wrong  
    This Glad New Year.  
1872.

## THE WEAVER.

A weaver sat busily weaving; weaving  
From morn through the weary day;  
Weaving the gloomy threads of black,  
And the tangled threads of gray.

A gloom spread over all his work,  
Like that upon his face;  
For passion there was monarch firm,  
And thus o'er shadowed the place,

While he steadily worked from morn till night,  
The same routine to keep,  
He worked till at last he nodded, one day,  
He nodded and fell asleep.

And he dreamed a very beautiful dream,  
For angels came, and lo,  
The idle shuttle they quietly took,  
Quickly passed it to and fro;

Weaving many a shining stripe  
Of bright and golden gleam;  
And working with such cheerful faces  
The dreamer smiled in his dream.

Then joyfully he awoke and said:  
Never again from this day  
Will I weave any more the gloomy black  
Or the tangled threads of gray;

But I'll gather the gleams of sunshine oft  
To weave in this web of life;  
I'll gather the gold from out the dross,  
And the love that outlives strife.

I'll weave kind words with every thread,  
Pure thoughts complete the filling,  
While good deeds strengthen the work as a whole,  
Like heavenly dews distilling.

And in life's calm, or in its storm,  
Bright will the colors be,  
Since led by Him whose voice stilled  
The waves of Galilee.  
1872.

ALL AT HOME.

**B**LOW winds of winter! we heed you not,  
For our fire glows warm and bright;  
Trouble and care find no place here,  
For we're all at home to-night,  
And happily the moments glide;  
Father, Mother,  
Sister, Brother,  
All gathered 'round the old fireside.

Our father's step is quick and light  
As in the days gone by;  
But silver threads take the place of brown,  
And dimmer grows his eye;  
But his heart is ever young;  
With laugh so free,  
And hearty glee  
He welcomes the children home.

The table groans beneath the load  
Of a bountiful repast,  
Prepared by our mother's loving hand,  
Love faithful to the last;  
And our eldest sister dear,  
Who helped to bear  
The burden and care  
Of our home for many a year,

Is here to-night and her presence sheds  
    Joy through every room ;  
And our elder brother, generous and true,  
    Forgetting his care has come  
To gladden our household band ;  
    And another  
    Sister and brother,  
With cheerful heart and hand,

Long have labored truths to impart  
    From wisdom's golden lore ;  
May their presence bless our fireside  
    In many gatherings more.  
These four new homes have made ;  
    But the youngest,  
    She our dearest  
Clings with me to the old homestead.

Six children at home to-night ! and one  
    Long years ago sought rest ;  
He weary grew ere his little feet  
    Life's thorny way had pressed,  
And a refuge found in heaven,  
    He dwells to-night  
    In realms of light,  
Still, we count the number—seven.  
    1875.





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