

















W. H. B. 1850

*Alice Cary*



THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
ALICE AND PHŒBE CARY

WITH A MEMORIAL OF THEIR LIVES

BY  
MARY CLEMMER



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## P R E F A C E .

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THE poems of Alice and Phœbe Cary were published in a joint volume during the life-time of the sisters ; the first venture was made in this way in 1849, and the large public interested in their songs has ever since instinctively connected writers, who, bound together by peculiar ties, were as akin and as divergent in their poetry as they were in their natures. Subsequently to the first venture, they issued their volumes of poetry separately, but after their death, the editor of their writings, Mrs. Mary Clemmer, again associated them. Her Memorial contained their later poems ; this volume was followed by the "Last Poems of Alice and Phœbe Cary," and finally by "Ballads for Little Folk," again a joint collection.

The poems, scattered thus through several volumes, are now brought together into a single volume, each writer having her own portion. To facilitate comparison and reference, it has been thought desirable to classify the poems upon a common plan which agrees substantially with that adopted by Mrs. Clemmer. The Memorial prepared by Mrs. Clemmer introduces the volume, and we add here the preface to the original edition.

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When at the request of the brothers of Alice and Phœbe Cary, I sat down to write a Memorial of their lives, and looking through the entire mass of their papers, found not a single word of their own referring in any personal way to themselves, every impulse of my heart impelled me to relinquish the task. To tell the story of any human life, even in its outward incidents, wisely and justly, is not an easy thing to do. But to attempt a fit memorial of two women whose lives must be chiefly interpreted by inward rather than outward events, and solely from personal knowledge and remembrance, was a responsibility that I was unwilling to assume. With the utter absence of any data of their own, it seemed to me that the lives of the Cary sisters could only be produced from the combined reminiscences of all their more intimate personal friends. Months were consumed in writing to, and in waiting for replies from, long-time friends of the sisters. All were willing, but alas ! they "had destroyed all letters," had forgotten "lots and lots of things that would have been interesting ;" they were preoccupied, or sick ; and, after months of waiting, I sat where I began, with the mass of Alice's and Phœbe's unedited papers before me, and not an added line for their lives, with a new request from their legatees and executors that I should go on with the Memorial.

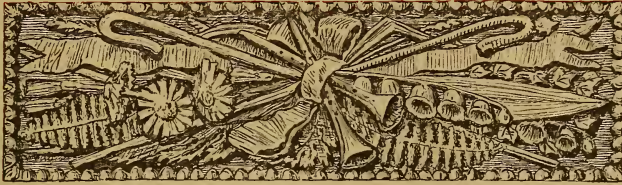
Here it is.

It has cost me more than labor. Every day I have buried my friends anew. Every line wrung from memory has deepened the wound of irreparable loss.

From beginning to end my one purpose has been, not to write a eulogy, but to write justly. In depicting their birthplace and early life in Ohio, I have quoted copiously from Phœbe's sketch of Alice, and Ada Carnahan's sketch of her Aunt Phœbe, both published in the (Boston) "Ladies' Repository," believing that that which pertained exclusively to their early family life could be more faithfully told by members of the family than by any one born outside of it. Save where full credit is given to others, I, alone, am responsible for the statements of this Memorial. Not a line in it has been recorded from "hearsay." Not a fact is given that I do not know to be true, either from my own personal knowledge, or from the lips of the women whose lives and characters it helps to represent. I make this statement as facts embodied by me before, in a newspaper article, have been publicly questioned. One writer went so far as to say in a public journal, that "As she would not willingly misrepresent her, Mrs. Clemmer must have misunderstood Alice Cary." I *never* misunderstood Alice Cary. She never uttered a word to me that I did not perfectly understand. I have never recorded a word of her that I did not know to be true; nor with any purpose but to do absolute justice to my dearest friend. This is a full and final reply to any query or doubt which this Memorial may suggest or call forth. All who read have a perfect right to criticise and to question; but I shall not feel any obligation to make further reply. Life is too short and too precious to spend it in privately answering persons who "wish to be assured that the Cary sisters were not Universalists," or who cultivate original theories concerning their character or life.

The poems following the Memorial have, with but three or four exceptions, never before been gathered within the covers of a book. The exceptions are Alice's "The Sure Witness," "One Dust," and "My Creed," all published before in the volume of her poems brought out by Hurd and Houghton in 1865, and reproduced here as special illustrations of her character, faith, and death.

In parting with a portion of the treasures and "pictures of memory," it has been difficult sometimes to decide which to give and which to retain. Many, too precious for any printed page, were nevertheless such a part of the true souls from whom they emanated, that to withhold them seemed like defrauding the living for the sake of the dead. Thus some incidents are given solely because they are necessary to the perfect portrayal of the nature which they concern. No fact has been told which has not this significance. No line has been written for the sake of writing it. But as I cease, I feel more keenly even than when I began, how inadequate is any one hand, however conscientious, to trace two lives so delicately and variously tinted, to portray two souls so finely veined with a many-shaded deep humanity.



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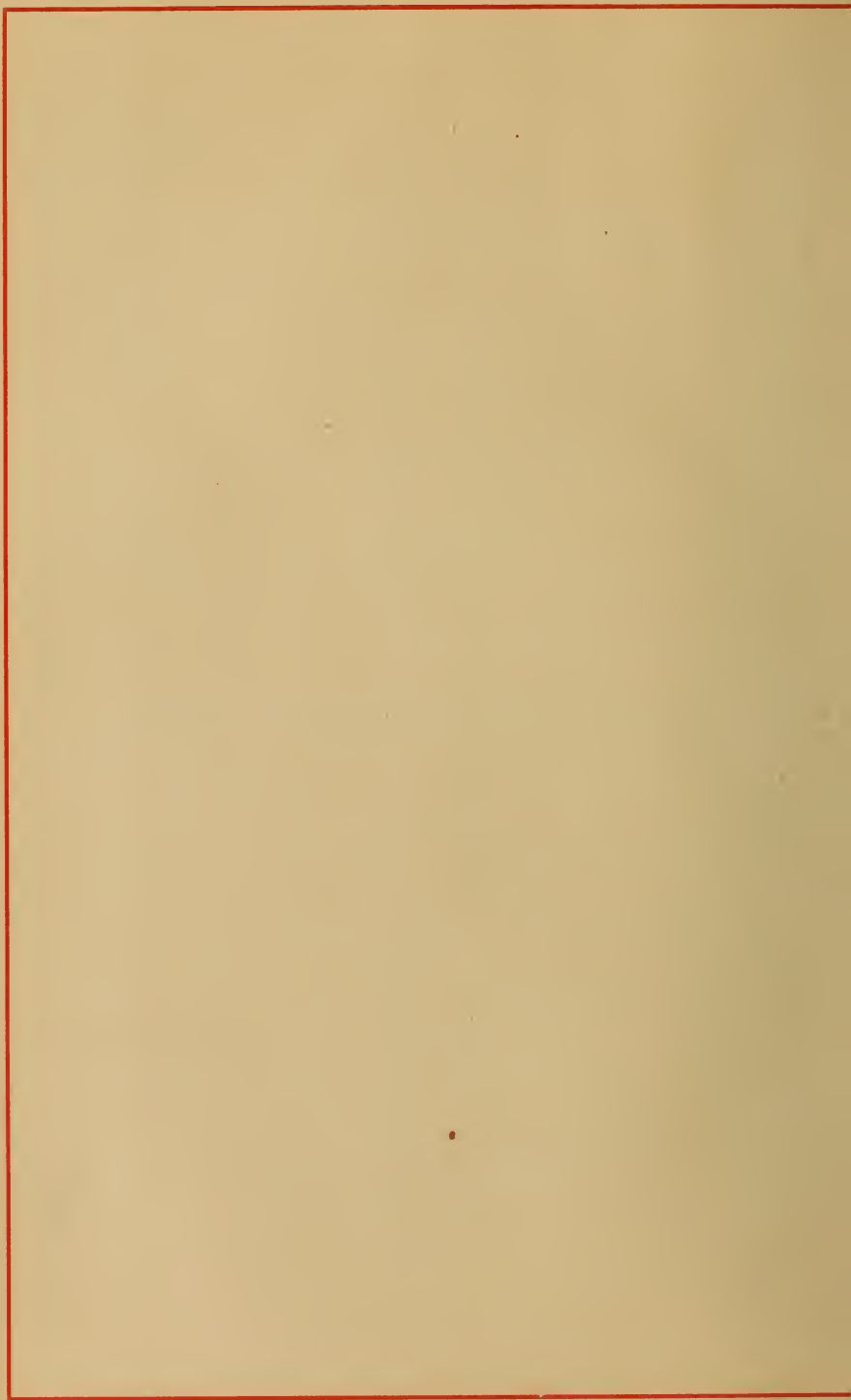


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A MEMORIAL  
OF  
ALICE AND PHŒBE CARY.





# A MEMORIAL

OF

## ALICE AND PHŒBE CARY.

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### CHAPTER I.

THE HOUSE OF THEIR BIRTH. — THEIR FATHER AND MOTHER. — ANCESTRY, CHILDHOOD, AND EARLY YOUTH.

IN a brown house, "low and small," on a farm in the Miami Valley, eight miles north of Cincinnati, Ohio, Alice Cary was born on the 26th day of April, 1820. In the same house, September 4, 1824, was born her sister and life-long companion, Phœbe.

This house appeared and reappeared in the verse of both sisters, till their last lines were written. Their affection for it was a deep and life-long emotion. Each sister, within the blinds of a city house, used to shut her eyes and listen till she thought she heard the rustle of the cherry-tree on the old roof, and smelled again the sweet-brier under the window. You will realize how perfectly it was daguerreotyped on Phœbe's heart when you follow two of the many pictures which she has left of it. Phœbe says: "The house was small, unpainted, without the slightest pretensions to architectural beauty. It was one story and a half in height, the front looking toward the west and separated from the high-road by a narrow strip of door-yard grass. A low porch ran across the north of the house, and from the steps of this a path of blue flagstones led to a cool, unfailing well of water a few yards distant. Close to

the walls, on two sides, and almost pushing their strong, thrifty boughs through the little attic window, flourished several fruitful apple and cherry trees; and a luxuriant sweet-brier, the only thing near that seemed designed solely for ornament, almost covered the other side of the house. Beyond the door-yard, and sloping toward the south, lay a small garden, with two straight rows of currant bushes dividing its entire length, and beds of vegetables laid out on either side. Close against the fence nearest the yard grew several varieties of roses, and a few hardy and common flowers bordered the walks. In one corner a thriving peach-tree threw in summer its shade over a row of beehives, and in another its withered mate was supported and quite hidden by a fragrant bower of hop vines. A little in the rear of the dwelling stood the ample, weather-beaten barn, the busy haunt of the restless swallows and quiet, comfortable doves, and in all seasons the never-failing resort of the children. A stately and symmetrical oak, which had been kindly spared from the forest when the clearing for the house was made, grew near it, and in the summer threw its thick, cool shadow over the road, making a grateful shade for the tired traveler, and a pleasant playground for the children, whose voices, now so many of them stilled, once made life and music there through all the live-long day."

## OUR HOMESTEAD.

Our old brown homestead reared its walls

From the wayside dust aloof,  
Where the apple-boughs could almost cast

Their fruit upon its roof ;  
And the cherry-tree so near it grew  
That, when awake I've lain  
In the lonesome nights, I've heard the limbs

As they creaked against the pane ;  
And those orchard trees ! oh, those orchard trees !

I've seen my little brothers rocked  
In their tops by the summer breeze.

The sweet-brier under the window-sill,  
Which the early birds made glad,  
And the damask rose by the garden fence,

Were all the flowers we had.  
I've looked at many a flower since then,  
Exotics rich and rare,

That to other eyes were lovelier,  
But not to me so fair ;  
For those roses bright ! oh, those roses bright !

I have twined them in my sister's locks  
That are hid in the dust from sight.

We had a well — a deep, old well,  
Where the spring was never dry,  
And the cool drops down from the mossy stones

Were falling constantly :  
And there never was water half so sweet  
As the draught which filled my cup,  
Drawn up to the curb by the rude, old sweep,

That my father's hand set up ;  
And that deep, old well ! oh, that deep, old well !

I remember now the plashing sound  
Of the bucket as it fell.

Our homestead had an ample hearth,  
Where at night we loved to meet ;  
There my mother's voice was always kind,

And her smile was always sweet ;  
And there I've sat on my father's knee,  
And watched his thoughtful brow,  
With my childish hand in his raven hair —

That hair is silver, now !

But that broad hearth's light ! oh, that broad hearth's light !

And my father's look, and my mother's smile,

They are in my heart, to-night !

In her "Order for a Picture," which was her favorite among all the poems she had ever written, Alice has given us another reflection of her first home upon earth, and its surroundings : —

"Oh, good painter, tell me true,  
Has your hand the cunning to draw  
Shapes of things that you never saw ?  
Aye ? Well, here is an order for you.

"Woods and cornfields, a little brown —

The picture must not be over-bright —

Yet all in the golden and gracious light

Of a cloud, when the summer sun is down.

Always and always, night and morn,  
Woods upon woods, with fields of corn  
Lying between them, not quite sere,

And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,  
When the wind can hardly find  
breathing-room

Under their tassels, — cattle near,  
Biting shorter the short, green grass,  
And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,  
With bluebirds twittering all around, —  
(Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound !) —

These, and the house where I was born,

Low and little, and black and old,  
With children many as it can hold,  
All at the windows open wide, —  
Heads and shoulders clear outside :  
And fair young faces all ablush :

Perhaps you may have seen, some day,

Roses crowding the self-same way,  
Out of a wilding, wayside bush."

In such a home were born Alice and Phœbe Cary ; Alice, the fourth, and Phœbe, the sixth child of Robert Cary and Elizabeth Jessup, his wife.

Phœbe, in her precious memorial of Alice, gives this picture of their father and mother : "Robert Cary was a man of superior intelligence, of sound principles, and blameless life. He

was very fond of reading, especially romances and poetry; but early poverty and the hard exigencies of pioneer life had left him no time for acquiring anything more than the mere rudiments of a common school education; and the consciousness of his want of culture, and an invincible diffidence born with him, gave him a shrinking, retiring manner, and a want of confidence in his own judgment, which was inherited to a large measure by his offspring. He was a tender, loving father, who sang his children to sleep with holy hymns, and habitually went about his work repeating the grand old Hebrew poets, and the sweet and precious promises of the New Testament of our Lord." Ada Carnahan, the child of Robert and Elizabeth Cary's oldest daughter, who inherits in no small degree the fine mental gifts of her family, in her admirable sketch of her Aunt Phœbe, published in the Boston "Ladies' Repository," says of this father of poets: "When he had no longer children in his arms, he still went on singing to himself, and held in his heart the words that he had so often repeated. For him the common life of a farmer was idealized into poetry; springtime and harvest were ever recurring miracles, and dumb animals became companionable. Horses and cattle loved him, and would follow him all over the farm, sure to receive at least a kind word or gentle pat, and perhaps a few grains of corn, or a lump of salt or sugar; and there was no colt so shy that would not eat out his hand, and rub its head caressingly against his shoulder. Of his children, Alice the most resembled him in person, and all the tender and close sympathy with nature, and with humanity, which in her found expression, had in him an existence as real, if voiceless. In his youth he must have been handsome. He was six feet in height, and well proportioned, with curling black hair, bright brown eyes, slightly aquiline nose, and remarkably beautiful teeth." Those who saw him in New York, in the home of his daughters, remember him a silver-haired, sad-eyed, soft-voiced patriarch, remarkable for the gentleness of his manners, and the emotional tenderness of his temperament. Tears rose to his eyes,

smiles flitted across his face, precisely as they did in the face of Alice. He was the prototype of Alice. In her was reproduced not only his form and features, but his mental, moral, and emotional nature. To see father and daughter together, one would involuntarily exclaim, "How alike!" They loved to be together. It was a delight to the father to take that long journey from the Western farm to the New York home. Here, for the first time, he found reproduced in reality many of the dreams of his youth. Nothing gave greater delight to his daughters than "to take father" to see pictures, to visit friends, and to join in evening receptions. In the latter he took especial pleasure, when he could sit in an arm-chair and survey the bright scene before him. He had poet eyes to see, and a poet's heart to feel the beauty of woman. Alice had a friend whom he never mentioned save as "your friend the pretty woman." He was informed, one evening, at a small party, that the beautiful young lady whom he was admiring, and who looked about twenty-five, was a happy matron and the mother of a grown-up son. His look of childlike amazement was irresistible. "Well, well," he exclaimed, "mothers of grown-up sons never looked as young as that in my day!"

The wife of this man, the mother of Alice and Phœbe Cary, was blue-eyed and beautiful. Her children lived to rise up and call her blessed. Alice said of her: "My mother was a woman of superior intellect and of good, well-ordered life. In my memory she stands apart from all others, wiser, purer, doing more, and living better than any other woman." And this is her portrait of her mother in her "Order for a Picture": —

"A lady, the loveliest ever the sun  
Looked down upon, you must paint for  
me:

Oh, if I only could make you see

The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,  
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle  
grace,

The woman's soul, and the angel's face  
That are beaming on me all the while,

I need not speak these foolish  
words:

Yet one word tells you all I would say,  
*She is my mother*: you will agree  
 That all the rest may be thrown away."

Phœbe said of her: "She was the wonder of my childhood. She is no less a wonder to me as I recall her now. How she did so much work, and yet did it well; how she reared carefully, and governed wisely, so large a family of children, and yet found time to develop by thought and reading a mind of unusual strength and clearness, is still a mystery to me. She was fond of history, politics, moral essays, biography, and works of religious controversy. Poetry she read, but cared little for fictitious literature. An exemplary housewife, a wise and kind mother, she left no duty unfulfilled, yet she found time, often at night, after every other member of the household was asleep, by reading, to keep herself informed of all the issues of the day, political, social, and religious." When we remember that the woman who kept herself informed of all the issues of the day, political, social, and religious, was the mother of nine children, a housewife, who performed the labor of her large household with her own hands; that she lived in a rural neighborhood, wherein personal and family topics were the supreme subjects of discussion, aloof from the larger interests and busy thoroughfares of men, we can form a juster estimate of the superiority of her natural powers, and the native breadth of her mind and heart.

Such were the father and mother of Alice and Phœbe Cary. From their father they inherited the poetic temperament, the love of nature, and of dumb creatures, their loving and pitying hearts, which were so large that they enfolded all breathing and unbreathing things. From their mother they inherited their interest in public affairs, their passion for justice, their devotion to truth and duty as they saw it, their clear perceptions, and sturdy common sense.

Blended with their personal love for their father and mother, was an ingenuous pride and delight in their ancestry.

They were proud of their descent. This was especially true of Phœbe. With all her personal modesty, which was very marked, pride of race was one of Phœbe Cary's distinguishing traits. She was proud of the Cary coat-of-arms, which hung framed in the little library in Twentieth Street; prouder still to trace her name from the true and gentle father who gave it to her, to the John Cary who taught the first Latin school in Plymouth, and from him to the gallant Sir Robert Cary, who vanquished a chevalier of Aragon, in the reign of Henry V., in Smithfield, London. A friend, in a former biographical sketch of the two sisters, referring to this knight, said that the genealogy which connected him with the American Cary family "is at best unverified." In private, Phœbe often referred to this published doubt with considerable feeling.

"Why do you care?" asked a friend. "The conqueror of the Knight of Aragon cannot make you more or less."

"But I *do* care," she said. "He was *my* ancestor it has been proved. He bore the same name as my own father. I don't like to have any doubt cast upon it. It is a great comfort to me to know that we sprung from a noble, not an ignoble race." This fact was so much to her in life, it seems but just that she should have the full benefit of it in death. Thus is given the entire story of the Knight of Aragon, as printed in Burke's "Heraldry," with the complete genealogy of the branch of the American Cary family to which Alice and Phœbe belong:—

John Cary, a lineal descendant of Sir Thomas Cary (a cousin of Queen Elizabeth), came to the Plymouth Colony in 1630, was prominent and influential among the Pilgrim Fathers. He was thoroughly educated—taught the first Latin class, and held important offices in the town and church. He married Elizabeth, a daughter of Francis Godfrey, in 1644. He died in Bridgewater, in 1681, aged 80 years.

#### SECOND GENERATION.

Joseph, the ninth child of John, born in Plymouth, in 1665, emigrated to



Connecticut, and was one of the original proprietors of the town of Windham. At the organization of the first church in Windham, in the year 1700, he was chosen deacon. He was a useful and very prominent man. He died in 1722.

#### THIRD GENERATION.

John, the fourth child of Joseph, born in Windham, Connecticut, June 23, 1695, married Hannah Thurston, resided in Windham, was a man of wealth and influence in the church and in public affairs. He died in 1776, aged 81 years.

#### FOURTH GENERATION.

Samuel, the ninth child of John, born June 13, 1734, graduated at Yale College in the class of 1755, was a physician, eminent in his profession; married Deliverance Grant, in Bolton, Connecticut, and emigrated to Lyme, New Hampshire, among the first colonists, where he died in 1784.

#### FIFTH GENERATION.

Christopher, the eldest child of Samuel, born February 25, 1763, joined the army at an early age, under Colonel Waite of New Hampshire; was taken prisoner by the British, and suffered great hardships. He married Elsie Terrel, at Lyme, New Hampshire, in 1784, removed with his family to Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1802, died at College Hill, Ohio, in 1837.

#### SIXTH GENERATION.

Robert, the second child of Christopher, born January 24, 1787, emigrated with his father to the Northwest Territory in 1802, settled upon a farm near Mount Healthy, Hamilton County, Ohio, married Elizabeth Jessup in 1814, was a soldier in the war of 1812, and was at Hull's surrender. He died in 1866. Their children were:—

1. Rowena, born 1814, married Car-nahan, died 1869.
2. Susan, born 1816, married Alex. Swift, died 1852.
3. Rhoda, born 1818, died 1833.
4. Alice, born 1820, died 1871.

5. Asa, born 1822, living at Mount Pleasant, Ohio.

6. Phœbe, born 1824, died 1871.

7. Warren, born 1826, living near Harrison, Ohio.

8. Lucy, born 1829, died 1833.

9. Elmira, born 1831, married Alex. Swift, and died 1862.

“In the beginning of the reign of Henry V., a certain knight-errant of Aragon, having passed through divers countries and performed many feats of arms, to his high commendation, arrived here in England, where he challenged any man of his rank and quality to make trial of his valor and skill in arms. This challenge Sir Robert Cary accepted, between whom a cruel encounter and a long and doubtful combat was waged in Smithfield, London. But at length this noble champion vanquished the presumptuous Aragonois, for which King Henry V. restored unto him a good part of his father's lands, which, for his loyalty to Richard II., he had been deprived by Henry IV., and authorized him to bear the arms of the Knight of Aragon, which the noble posterity continue to wear unto this day; for according to the laws of heraldry, whoever fairly in the field conquers his adversary, may justify the wearing of his arms.”

Phœbe had the Cary coat of arms engraved on a seal ring, which was taken from her finger after death.

You see that it happened to the Cary family, as to many another of long descent, that it emerged from the vicissitudes of time and toil, poor, possessing no finer weapon to vanquish hostile fate than the intrinsic temper of its inherited quality, the precious metal of honesty, industry, integrity, bravery, honor—in fine, true manhood. The great-grandfather of Alice and Phœbe, Samuel Cary, was graduated from Yale. A physician by profession, in Lyme, New Hampshire, he seems to have been the last of the manifold “Cary boys” who possessed the advantages of a liberal education. His eldest son, Christopher, entered the army of the Revolution at the age of eighteen. When peace was won, the young man received not money, but a land grant,

or warrant, in Hamilton County, Ohio, as his recompense. The necessity of poverty probably compelled Christopher to the lot of a tiller of the soil.

And even Phœbe, if she thought of it, must have acknowledged that this grandsire of hers, who went into the army of freedom to fight the battles of his country at eighteen, who, when liberty was won, went to struggle with the earth, to wrest from the wilderness a home for himself and his children, was an ancestor more worthy of her admiration and pride than even the doughty Sir Robert, who fought with and overcame the Knight of Aragon. The editor of the "Central Christian Advocate," in writing of the death of Alice, says:—

"We remember well her grandfather, and the house at the foot of the great hill, where his land grant was located. In early boyhood we often climbed the hills, and sometimes listened to the conversation of the somewhat rough and rugged soldier, whom we all called 'Uncle Christopher.'"

Robert Cary came with his father, Christopher, from New Hampshire to the wilderness of Ohio in 1803, at the age of fifteen. Says his granddaughter, Ada Carnahan: "They traveled in an emigrant wagon to Pittsfield, and descending the river on a flat-boat, arrived at Fort Washington. This was a thriving settlement, though its people had hardly ceased to depend on its fort for protection from the savages, who still infested the surrounding forests and made occasional incursions into its immediate neighborhood." Here, for several years, the family remained, before making a purchase of lands some eight miles north of the settlement, on what is still known as the Hamilton Road.

Robert Cary and Elizabeth Jessup were married January 13, 1814, and began their married life upon a quarter section of the original Cary purchase, the same land which will be remembered for many generations as the Clovernook of Alice Cary's stories. Again says Ada Carnahan: "In the comparatively short time that had elapsed, there had been most marvelous changes in all this vicinity. The red-man had disappeared. Log cabins

and their surrounding clearings were scattered all over the region, while here and there might be seen a more pretentious frame dwelling. One of the latter Robert Cary reared for his home, which it continued to be for eighteen years, during which his nine children were born. The farm upon which Robert and Elizabeth Cary began life was not, however, a gift, and it was the work of many laborious years to clear it from the incumbrance of debt—years which could not but make their impression upon their rising family, and inculcate those lessons of perseverance, industry, and economy, which are the very foundations of success." . . . .

"As is almost always the case in large families, the Cary children divided themselves into groups and couples, as age and disposition dictated. In this grouping, Alice and Phœbe, afterwards to be brought into such close communion of life and thought, were separated. Alice's passionate devotion in life and death to the sister next older than herself is well known, while Phœbe, standing between her two brothers, turned toward the younger of these, whom she made her constant playfellow. . . . The children were much together in the open air, and were intimately acquainted with every nook and corner of their father's farm. They gathered wild flowers in May-time, and nuts in October, and learned to love the company of trees and blossoms, birds and insects, and became deeply imbued with the love of nature. They were sensitive and imaginative, and it may well be that they, at least two of them, saw more beauty, and heard more melody in nature than every eye is open to perceive. As they grew older, this kind of holiday life was interrupted by occasional attendance upon the district school, and by instruction in such household employments as were deemed indispensable—in knitting, sewing, spinning, cooking, churning, etc. Of all these, Phœbe only became proficient in the first two. In both these she took pleasure up to the time of her last illness, and in both she was unusually dexterous and neat, as well as in penmanship, showing in these respects a

marked contrast to Alice. The school-house in which they gained the rudiments of an English education was distant a mile and a quarter from their home. The plain, one story brick building is still used for school purposes. This distance was always walked. Upon her last visit to this vicinity, in 1867, Phœbe Cary pointed out to me a goodly forest tree, growing at one side, but in the highway, and told how, when they were returning from school, one day, Alice found lying in the road a freshly cut switch, and picked it up, saying, 'Let us stick it in the ground and see if it will grow;' and immediately acting on her own suggestion, she stuck it in the ground; and there, after more than thirty-five years, it stood, a graceful and fitting monument to the gracious and tender nature which bade it live.

"In the autumn of 1832, by persevering industry and frugal living, the farm was at last paid for, and a new and more commodious dwelling erected for the reception of the family, grown too large to be longer sheltered by the old roof-tree. This new dwelling, which is still standing, is no more than the plainest of farm-houses, built at a time when the family were obliged to board the builders, and the bricks were burned on the spot; yet it represents a degree of comfort only attained after a long struggle."

"It cost many years of toil and privation — the new house. We thought it the beginning of better times. Instead, all the sickness and death in the family dates from the time that it was finished. It seems as if nothing but trouble and sorrow have come since," said Alice Cary, late in the autumn of 1869, to a friend, as her starry eyes shone out from her pallid face, amid the delicate laces of her pillow, in the chamber on Twentieth Street.

"Before that time I had two sources of unalloyed happiness: the companionship of my sister Rhoda, and the care of my little sister Lucy. I shall always think Rhoda was the most gifted of all our family. The stories that she used to tell me on our way home from school had in them the germ of the most wonderful novels — of better novels than we read nowa-

days. When we saw the house in sight, we would often sit down under a tree, that she might have more time to finish the story. My anxiety concerning the fate of the people in it was often so great I could not possibly wait to have it continued. At another time it would take her days together to tell one story. Rhoda was very handsome; her great, dark eyes would shine with excitement as she went on. For myself, by the time she had finished, I was usually dissolved in tears over the tragic fate of her heroes and heroines. Lucy was golden-haired and blue-eyed, the only one who looked like our mother. I was not fourteen when she died — I'm almost fifty, now. It may seem strange when I tell you that I don't believe that there has been an hour of any day since her death in which I have not thought of her and mourned for her. Strange, is n't it, that the life and death of a little child not three years old could take such a hold on another life? I have never lost the consciousness of the presence of that child.

"That makes me think of our ghost story. Almost every family *has* a ghost story, you know? Ours has more than one, but *the* one foreshadowed all the others."

"Do tell it to me," said the friend sitting by her bed.

"Well, the new house was just finished, but we had not moved into it. There had been a violent shower; father had come home from the field, and everybody had come in out of the rain. I think it was about four in the afternoon, when the storm ceased and the sun shone out. The new house stood on the edge of a ravine, and the sun was shining full upon it, when some one in the family called out and asked how Rhoda and Lucy came to be over in the new house, and the door open. Upon this all the rest of the family rushed to the front door, and there, across the ravine, in the open door of the new house, stood Rhoda with Lucy in her arms. Some one said, 'She must have come from the sugar camp, and has taken shelter there with Lucy from the rain.' Upon this another called out, 'Rhoda!' but she did not answer. While we were

gazing and talking and calling, Rhoda herself came down-stairs, where she had left Lucy fast asleep, and stood with us while we all saw, in the full blaze of the sun, the woman with the child in her arms slowly sink, sink, sink into the ground, until she disappeared from sight. Then a great silence fell upon us all. In our hearts we all believed it to be a warning of sorrow — of what, we knew not. When Rhoda and Lucy both died, then we knew. Rhoda died the next autumn, November 11; Lucy a month later, December 10, 1833. Father went directly over to the house and out into the road, but no human being, and not even a track, could be seen. Lucy has been seen many times since by different members of the family, in the same house, always in a red frock, like one she was very fond of wearing; the last time by my brother Warren's little boy, who had never heard the story. He came running in, saying that he had seen 'a little girl up-stairs, in a red dress.' He is dead now, and such a bright boy. Since the apparition in the door, never for one year has our family been free from the shadow of death. Ever since, some one of us has been dying." . . . .

"I don't like to think how much we are robbed of in this world by just the conditions of our life. How much better work I should have done, how much more success I might have won, if I had had a better opportunity in my youth. But for the first fourteen years of my life, it seemed as if there was actually nothing in existence but work. The whole family struggle was just for the right to live free from the curse of debt. My father worked early and late; my mother's work was never done. The mother of nine children, with no other help than that of their little hands, I shall always feel that she was taxed far beyond her strength, and died before her time. I have never felt myself to be the same that I was before Rhoda's death. Rhoda and I pined for beauty; but there was no beauty about our homely house, but that which nature gave us. We hungered and thirsted for knowledge; but there were not a dozen books on our family shelf, not a library within our

reach. There was little time to study, and had there been more, there was no chance to learn but in the district school-house, down the road. I never went to any other — not very much to that. It has been a long struggle. Now that I can afford to gather a few beautiful things about me, it is too late. My leisure I must spend here" (turning toward her pillow). "Do you know" (with a pathetic smile) "I seem to myself like a worn-out old ship, laid up from further use. I may be repaired a little; but I'll never be seaworthy again."

The friend, looking into her face, saw the dark eyes drowned in tears.

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## CHAPTER II.

### EARLY STRUGGLES AND SUCCESS.

THE deaths of Rhoda and Lucy Cary were followed by the decline and passing away of their mother, who died July 30, 1835. In 1837 Robert Cary married again. His second wife was a widow, suitable in years and childless. Had her temperament been different, her heart must have gone out in tenderness to the family of young, motherless girls toward whom she was now called to fill a mother's place. The limitations of her nature made this impossible. Such a mental and spiritual organism as theirs she could not comprehend, and with their attempted pursuits she had no sympathy. All time spent in study she considered wasted.

Alice, now seventeen, and Phœbe, thirteen, were beginning to write down in uncertain lines the spontaneous songs which seemed to sing themselves into being in their hearts and brains. A hard, uncultured, utilitarian woman, to whom work for work's sake was the ultimatum of life, could not fail to bring unhappiness to two such spirits, nor fail to sow discord in a household whose daily toil from birth had been lightened and brightened by an inborn idealism, and the unconscious presence of the very spirit of song. Ada Carnahan says: "Alice kept busily at work during the day, prosecuting her studies at

night. This was a fruitful source of dissension between herself and step-mother, who could not believe that burning candles for this purpose was either proper or profitable, that reading books was better than darning socks, or writing poems better than making bread. But the country girls, uncultured in mind and rustic in manners, not needing to be told the immense distance which separated them from the world of letters they longed to enter, would not be discouraged. If they must darn and bake, they would also study and write, and at last publish: if candles were denied them, a saucer of lard with a bit of rag for wick could and did serve instead, and so, for ten long years, they studied and wrote and published without pecuniary recompense; often discouraged and despondent, yet never despairing; lonely and grown over-sensitive, prone to think themselves neglected and slighted, yet hugging their solitude in unconscious superiority; looking out to the grave-yard on the near hill-side with a regret for the past, and over and beyond it into the unknown distance with hope for the future." Phœbe, speaking of the Cary sisters as if merely acquaintances, says: "They saw but few books or newspapers. On a small shelf of the cottage lay all the literary treasures of the family. These consisted of a Bible, Hymn Book, the 'History of the Jews,' 'Lewis and Clarke's Travels,' 'Pope's Essays,' and 'Charlotte Temple,' a romance founded on fact. There might have been one or two more, now forgotten, and there was, I know, a mutilated novel by an unknown hand, called the 'Black Penitents,' the mystery of whose fate (for the closing pages of the work were gone) was a life-long regret to Alice." Robert and Elizabeth Cary were early converts to Universalism, and the "Trumpet," says Phœbe, "read by them from the publication of its first numbers till the close of their lives, was for many years the only paper seen by Alice, and its Poet's Corner the food of her fancy, and source of her inspiration." Yet with such ill-selected and scanty food for the mind, and early trained to be helpful in a household where great needs and small resources left little time for anything but the

stern, practical part of life, these children began very early to see visions and to dream dreams. "At the age of fifteen Alice was left motherless, and, in one sense, companionless, her yet living sisters being too old or too young to fill the place left vacant in her life. The only sins of writing of which she seemed to have been guilty up to this time were occasional efforts to alter and improve the poetry in her school reader, and a few pages of original rhymes which broke the monotony of her copy-books. All ambition, and all love of the pursuits of life, seemed for a time to have died with her beloved sister. Her walks, which were now solitary, generally terminated at the little family burial-place, on a green hill that rose in sight of home." All these conditions and influences in her life must be considered in measuring her success, or in estimating the quality of her work. One of the severest criticisms passed on her early poems was that they were full of graves. Remembering the bereaved and lonely girl whose daily walk ended in the grave-yard on the hill-side, where her mother and sisters slept, how could her early song escape the shadow of death and the vibration of sorrow? With her, it was the utterance of actual loss, not the morbid sentimentalism of poetic youth. In after years, Phœbe often spoke of the new keen sensation of delight which she felt when, for the first time, she saw her own verses in print. "Oh, if they only could look like that now," she said to me within a year of her death; if they only could look like that now, it would be better than money." She was but fourteen when, without consulting even Alice, she sent a poem in secret to a Boston newspaper, and knew nothing of its acceptance till, to her astonishment, she saw it copied in a home (Cincinnati) paper. She laughed and cried over it. "I did not care any more if I were poor, or my clothes plain. Somebody cared enough for my verses to print them, and I was happy. I looked with compassion on my school-mates. You may know more than I do, I thought, but you can't write verses that are printed in a newspaper; but I kept my joy and triumph to myself."

Meanwhile Robert Cary built a new

house on the farm, to which he removed with his second wife, leaving Alice and Phœbe, their two brothers, and young sister Elmina, to live together in the old home. By this time newspapers and magazines, with a few new books, including the standard English poets, were added to the cottage library, while several clergymen and other persons of culture coming into the rural neighborhood, brought new society and more congenial associations to the sisters. Alice had begun to publish, and without hope of present reward was sending her verses through the land astray, they chiefly finding shelter in the periodicals and journals of the Universalist Church, with which she was most familiar, and in the daily and weekly journals of Cincinnati. The Boston "Ladies' Repository," the "Ladies' Repository" of Cincinnati, and "Graham's Magazine," were among the leading magazines which accepted and published her earlier verses. Phœbe says: "Alice's first literary adventure appeared in the 'Sentinel' (now 'Star of the West'), published in Cincinnati. It was entitled 'The Child of Sorrow,' and was written in her eighteenth year. The 'Star,' with the exception of an occasional contribution to some of the dailies of the same city, was for many years her only medium of publication. After the establishing of the 'National Era' at Washington in 1847, she wrote poetry regularly for its columns, and here she first tried her hand at prose, in a series of stories under a fictitious name. From Dr. Bailey of the 'Era' she received the first money ever earned by her pen — ten dollars sent as a gratuity, when she had written for him some months. She afterwards made a regular engagement to furnish him with contributions to his paper for a small stipulated sum." Even now the real note of a natural singer will penetrate through all the noise of our day, and arrest the step and fix the ear of many a pilgrim amid the multitude. This was far more strikingly the fact in 1850-51. Poets, so called, then were not so plenty as now; the congregation of singers so much smaller, any new voice holding in its compass one sweet note was heard and recognized at once. There had come a lull in the

national struggles. The tremendous events which have absorbed the emotion and consumed the energies of the nation for the last decade were only just beginning to show their first faint portents. Men of letters were at leisure, and ready to listen to any new voice in literature. Indeed, they were anxious and eager to see take form and substance in this country an American literature which should be acknowledged and honored abroad. Judging by the books of American authors which he has left behind, no one at that time could have been quite so much on the alert for new American poets and poetesses as Dr. Rufus W. Griswold. He generously set amid his "American Female Writers" names which perished like morning-glories, after their first outburst of song. He could not fail, then, to hear with delight those sweet strains of untutored music breaking from that valley of the West, heard now across all the land. The ballads and lyrics written by that saucer of lard with its rag flame, in the hours when others slept, were bringing back at last true echoes and sympathetic responses from kindred souls, throbbing out in the great world of which as yet these young singers knew nothing. Alice's "Pictures of Memory" had already been pronounced by Edgar Allan Poe to be one of the most musically perfect lyrics in the English language. The names of Alice and Phœbe Cary in the corners of newspapers and magazines, with the songs which followed, had fixed the attention and won the affection of some of the best minds and hearts in the land. Men of letters, among them John G. Whittier, had written the sisters words of appreciation and encouragement. In 1849, the editor of the "Tribune," Horace Greeley, visited them in their own home, and thus speaks of the interview: "I found them, on my first visit to Cincinnati, early in the summer of 1849; and the afternoon spent in their tidy cottage on 'Walnut Hills,' seven miles out of the city, in the company of congenial spirits, since departed, is among the greenest oases in my recollection of scenes and events long past."

In May, 1849, Phœbe writes: "Alice and I have been very busy collecting

and revising all our published poems, to send to New York. Rev. R. W. Griswold, quite a noted author, is going to publish them for us this summer, and we are to receive for them a hundred dollars. I don't know as I feel better or worse, as I don't think it will do us much good, or any one else. This little volume, entitled "Poems of Alice and Phœbe Cary," published by Moss and Brother of Philadelphia, was the first condensed result of their twelve years of study, privation, aspiration, labor, sorrow, and youth.

To the year 1850, Alice and Phœbe had never met any of their Eastern friends save Mr. Greeley. But after the publication of their little book, they went forth together to the land of promise, and beheld face to face, for the first time, the sympathetic souls who had sent them so many words of encouragement and praise. They went first to New York, from thence to Boston, and from Boston these women minstrels took their way to Amesbury, and all unknown, save by name, knocked at the door of the poet Whittier. Mr. Whittier has commemorated that visit by his touching poem of "The Singer," published after the death of Alice.

Years since (but names to me before),  
Two sisters sought at eve my door ;  
Two song-birds wandering from their nest,  
A gray old farm-house in the West.

Timid and young, the elder had  
Even then a smile too sweetly sad ;  
The crown of pain that all must wear  
Too early pressed her midnight hair.

Yet, ere the summer eve grew long,  
Her modest lips were sweet with song,  
A memory haunted all her words  
Of clover-fields and singing-birds.

Her dark, dilating eyes expressed  
The broad horizons of the West ;  
Her speech dropped prairie flowers ; the  
gold  
Of harvest wheat about her rolled.

Fore-doomed to song she seemed to me ;  
I queried not with destiny :  
I knew the trial and the need,  
Yet all the more, I said, God speed !

What could I other than I did ?  
Could I a singing-bird forbid ?

Deny the wind-stirred leaf ? Rebuke  
The music of the forest brook ?

She went with morning from my door ;  
But left me richer than before :  
Thenceforth I knew her voice of cheer,  
The welcome of her partial ear.

Years passed ; through all the land her  
name  
A pleasant household word became ;  
All felt behind the singer stood  
A sweet and gracious womanhood.

Her life was earnest work, not play ;  
Her tired feet climbed a weary way ;  
And even through her lightest strain  
We heard an undertone of pain.

Unseen of her, her fair fame grew,  
The good she did she rarely knew,  
Ungessed of her in life the love  
That rained its tears her grave above.

The friendship thus sympathetically begun between these tender, upright souls never waned while human life endured. To their last hour, Alice and Phœbe cherished for this great poet and good man the affection and devotion of sisters. Of this first visit Alice wrote : " I like him very much, and was sorry to say good-by." After an absence of three months the sisters returned to the West, which was nevermore to be their home.

In November of the same year (1850), Alice Cary, broken in health, sad in spirit, with little money, but with a will which no difficulty could daunt, an energy and patience which no pain or sorrow could overcome, started alone to seek her fortune, and to make for herself a place and home in the city of New York. Referring to this the year before her death, she said : " Ignorance stood me in the stead of courage. Had I known the great world as I have learned it since, I should not have dared ; but I did n't. Thus I came."

The intellectual life of neither man nor woman can be justly judged without a knowledge of the conditions which impelled that life and gave to it shape and substance. Alice Cary felt within her soul the divine impulse of genius, but hers was essentially a feminine soul, shy, loving, full of longings for home, overburdened with ten-

derness, capable of an unselfish, lifelong devotion to one. Whatever her mental or spiritual gifts, no mere ambition could ever have borne such a woman out into the world to seek and to make her fortune alone. Had Alice Cary married the man whom she then loved, she would never have come to New York at all, to coin the rare gifts of her brain and soul into money for shelter and bread. Business interests had brought into her western neighborhood a man at that time much her superior in years, culture, and fortune. Naturally he sought the society of a young, lovely woman so superior to her surroundings and associations. To Alice he was the man of men. It is doubtful if the most richly endowed man of the world whom she met afterwards in her larger sphere, ever wore to her the splendor of manhood which invested this king of her youth. Alice Cary loved this man, and in the profoundest sense she never loved another. A proud and prosperous family brought all their pride and power to bear on a son, to prevent his marrying a girl to them uneducated, rustic, and poor. "I waited for one who never came back," she said. "Yet I believed he would come, till I read in a paper his marriage to another. Can you think what life would be — loving one, waiting for one who would *never* come!"

He did come at last. His wife had died. Alice was dying. The gray-haired man sat down beside the gray-haired woman. Life had dealt prosperously with him, as is its wont with men. Suffering and death had taken all from her save the lustre of her wondrous eyes. From her wan and wasted face they shone upon him full of tenderness and youth. Thus they met with life behind them — they who parted plighted lovers when life was young. He was the man whom she forgave for her blighted and weary life, with a smile of parting as divine as ever lit the face of woman.

Alice Cary's was no weak nature. All its fine feminine gold was set in a will of iron. All its deep wells of tenderness were walled and held in by justice, common sense, and unyielding integrity. She outlived that sorrowful youth to speak of it with pity, to drop

a silent tear upon its memory as if it were the youth of another person. She lived to become preëminently one of the world's workers. She had many and flattering offers of marriage, but she never entered into a second engagement. With all her capacity for affection, hers was an eclectic and solitary soul. He who by the very patent of his nature was more to her than any other being could be, passed out from her life, but no other one ever took his place.

It was in this desolation of her youth that Alice Cary resolved to go to New York, and make a home and life-work for herself. Many sympathetic souls had sent back answering echoes to her songs. We may believe that to her lonely heart the voice of human praise was sweet. If it could not recall the first promise of her morning, at least it foretold that hers would be a busy, workful, and successful day. It cannot be said that she found herself alone in New York, for, from the first, her genius and true womanliness gathered around her a small circle of devoted friends. Women loved her,

"And men, who toiled in storm and sun,  
Found her their meet companion."

In the spring of 1851, she wrote to her sisters to join her, and in April, Phœbe and her lovely young sister, then scarcely twenty years of age, left Cincinnati and came to Alice. Of this departure of the three from the home nest, Phœbe says: "Without advice or counsel of any but themselves, they resolved to come to New York, and after the manner of children in the story-book, seek their fortune. Many sad and trying changes had come to the family, and home was not what it had been. They had comparative youth, though they were much older in years than in experience and knowledge of the world: they had pleasant visions of a home and name that might be earned by literary labor, and so the next spring the bold venture was made.

"Living in a very economical and humble way, writing for whatever papers would accept their contributions, and taking any remuneration that was offered, however small, they did from the first somehow manage to live with-



out debt, and with little obligation." To appreciate more perfectly the industry and frugality which enabled them to do this, we must know how much smaller, at that time, was the reward for all literary labor, than it is now. Speaking of their coming to make New York their home, in his sketch of the sisters in the "Eminent Women of the Age," Horace Greeley says:—

"I do not know at whose suggestion they resolved to migrate to this city, and attempt to live here by literary labor; it surely was not mine. If my judgment was ever invoked, I am sure I must have responded that the hazard seemed to me too great, the inducements inadequate. And, before you dissent from this opinion, be pleased to remember that we had then scarcely any periodical literature worthy of the name outside of the political and commercial journals. I doubt that so much money was paid, in the aggregate, for contributions to *all* the magazines and weeklies issued from this city, as were paid in 1870 by the 'Ledger' alone. Our magnificent system of dissemination by means of railroad trains and news companies was then in its infancy; when I started 'The New Yorker,' fifteen years earlier, it had no existence. It impeaches neither the discrimination, the justice, nor the enterprise, of the publishers of 1850, to say that they hardly paid for contributions a tithe of the prices now freely accorded to favorite writers; they paid what they could. I remember seeing Longfellow's grand 'Endymion' received in manuscript at the office of a popular and successful weekly, which paid fifteen dollars for it; a hundred such would now be quickly taken at one hundred and fifty dollars each, and the purchasers would look anxiously about them for more.

"Alice and Phœbe came among us, I have said, in 1850. They hired two or three modest rooms, in an unfashionable neighborhood, and set to work resolutely to earn a living by the pen."

The secret of the rare material success which attended them from the beginning is to be found in the fact that from the first they began to make a home: also in the fact that they pos-

sessed every attribute of character and habit necessary to the making of one. They had an unfeigned horror of "boarding." Any friend of theirs ever compelled to stay in a boarding-house was sure of an extra portion of their commiseration and sympathy. A home they must have, albeit it was up two flights of stairs. To the maintenance of this home they brought industry, frugality, and a hatred of debt. If they had money but to pay for a crust, then a crust must suffice. With their inflexible integrity they believed that they had no right to more, till they had money to pay for that more. Thus from the beginning to the end they always lived within their income. They never wore or had anything better than they could afford. With true feminine instinct, they made their little "flat" take on at once the cosiest look of home. A man-genius seeking the city, as they did, of course would have taken refuge in a boarding-house attic, and "enjoyed himself" in writing poems and leaders amid dirt and forlornity. Not so these women-poets. I have heard Alice tell how she papered one room with her own hands, and Phœbe how she painted the doors, framed the pictures, and "brightened up" things generally. Thus from the first they had a home, and by the very magnetism that made it bright, cheery, in truth a home, they drew around them friends who were their friends no less till they breathed their last sigh. One of these was Mr. Greeley. He always cherished for these sisters three the respect and affection which every true man instinctively feels for the true women who have their being within the circle of his life. In their friendship one religious faith, kindred pursuits, mutual friends, and long association strengthened and cemented the fraternal bond to the last. Mr. Greeley himself thus refers to their early teaparties.

"Being already an acquaintance, I called on the sisters soon after they had set up their household gods among us, and met them at intervals thereafter at their home or at the houses of mutual friends. Their parlor was not so large as some others, but quite as neat and cheerful; and the few literary persons, or artists, who occasion-

ally met at their informal invitation, to discuss with them a cup of tea and the newest books, poems, and events, might have found many more pretentious, but few more enjoyable gatherings. I have a dim recollection that the first of these little tea-parties was held up two flights of stairs, in one of the less fashionable sections of the city; but good things were said there that I recall with pleasure yet; while of some of the company, on whom I have not since set eyes, I cherish a pleasant and grateful remembrance. As their circumstances gradually, though slowly improved, by dint of diligent industry and judicious economy, they occupied more eligible quarters; and the modest dwelling they have for some years owned and improved, in the very heart of this emporium, has long been known to the literary guild, as combining one of the best private libraries with the sunniest drawing-room (even by gas-light) to be found between King's Bridge and the Battery."

Thus began in 1850-51 the life and work of Alice and Phœbe Cary in New York. The next year saw the coming out of Alice's first series of "Clovernook Papers." They were full of the freshness and fragrance of her native fields; full of simple, original, graphic pictures of the country life, and the men and women whom she knew best; full of the exquisite touches of a spontaneous, child-like genius, and they were gathered up as eagerly by the public as the children gather wild flowers. Their very simplicity and freshness won all hearts. They sold largely in this country and in Great Britain. English critics bestowed on them the highest and most discriminating praise, as pure products of American life and genius, while the press of this country universally acknowledged their delicious simplicity and originality. Alice published a second series in 1853, with unabated success, while in 1854, Ticknor and Fields published the "Clovernook Children," which were as popular with younger readers, as the "Papers" had been with their elders. In 1853, "Lyra and Other Poems, by Alice Cary," were published by Redfield. This vol-

ume called out some severe criticisms on the uniform sadness of its tone; one especially in "Putnam's Monthly," which caused Alice much pain. Nevertheless it was a successful book, and was brought out a second time complete, with the addition of "The Maiden of Tlascalca," a narrative poem of seventy-two pages, by Ticknor and Fields, in 1855. Alice's first novel, "Hagar, a Story of To-Day," was written for and appeared in the "Cincinnati Commercial," and was afterwards brought out by Redfield in 1852. "Married, Not Mated," appeared in 1856. "Pictures of Country Life, by Alice Cary," were published by Derby and Jackson in 1859. This book reproduced much of the freshness, the exquisite grace and naturalness, of her "Clovernook Papers." She was free on her native heath, when she painted rural scenery and rural life. These Papers were translated into French in Paris, and "The Literary Gazette" (London), which is not accustomed to flatter American authors, said: "Every tale in this book might be selected as evidence of some new beauty or unhackneyed grace. There is nothing feeble, nothing vulgar, and, above all, nothing unnatural or melodramatic. To the analytical subtlety and marvelous naturalness of the French school of romance she has added the purity and idealization of the home affections and home life belonging to the English, giving to both the American richness of color and vigor of outline, and her own individual power and loveliness."

"Lyrics and Hymns," with portrait, beautifully bound and illustrated, which still remain the standard selection of her poems, were issued by Hurd and Houghton, in 1866. In 186-, "The Lover's Diary," in exquisite form, and "Snow Berries, A Book for Young Folks," were bought by Ticknor and Fields. The same year a novel, "The Bishop's Son," which first appeared in the "Springfield (Mass.) Republican," was published by Carleton, New York. "The Born Thrall," a novel in which Alice hoped to embody her deepest thoughts and maturest convictions concerning the sorrows and wrongs of woman, was interrupted by her last sickness, while passing through the

"Revolution," and never finished. She left, beside, a completed novel in manuscript, not yet published. Thus, beside writing constantly for "Harper's Magazine," the "Atlantic Monthly," "Riverside Magazine," "New York Ledger," "New York Weekly," "New York Independent," "Packard's Monthly," and chance periodicals innumerable, which entreated her name for their pages, the active brain and soul of Alice Cary in twenty years produced eleven volumes, every word and thought of which was wrought from her own being, and every line of which was written by her own hand. In the same number of years, Phœbe, beside aiding in the editing of several books, the most important of which was "Hymns for All Christians," published by Hurd and Houghton in 1869, brought out "Poems and Parodies," published by Ticknor and Fields, 1854, and "Poems of Faith, Hope, and Love," issued by Hurd and Houghton in 1868. Beside, Alice and Phœbe left, at their death, poems enough uncollected to give each name two added volumes, one of each a book of Child-Poems. The disparity in the actual intellectual product of the two sisters, in the same number of years, is very striking. It is the result, not so much of mental inequality, as of the compelling will, energy, industry, and the patience of labor of the elder sister.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### THEIR HOME. — HABITS OF LIFE AND OF LABOR. — THE SUMMER OF 1869.

BEFORE 1856, Alice and Phœbe had removed to the pretty house in Twentieth Street, which was destined to be their last earthly home. Within a short time Alice bought this house, and was its sole owner at the time of her death. An English writer has said: "Single women can do little to form a circle; they can but adorn one when found." This certainly was never true of the two single women whose earthly days we are tracing. From the beginning, the house in Twentieth Street became the centre

of one of the choicest and most cosmopolitan circles in New York. The two sisters drew about them not only the best, but the most genial minds. True men and women equally found in each, companion, counselor, and friend. They met every true woman that came to them with sympathy and tenderness, feeling that they shared with her all the mutual toils and sorrows of womanhood. They met every true man, as brother, with an open, honest, believing gaze. Intensely interested in all great public questions, devoted their country, devoted to it, devoted to everything good and true; alive to everything of interest in politics, religion, literature, and society; the one pensive and tender, the other witty and gay, men of refinement, culture, and heart found in them the most delightful companions. Beside (which was much), no man welcome, was afraid to go to their house. Independent in their industry and resources, they asked few favors. They had no "designs," even the most harmless, on any living man. Men the most marriageable, or unmarriageable, could visit the Carys without fear or question. The atmosphere of the house was transparent as the sunshine. They loved women, they delighted in the society of agreeable men, and fearlessly said so. The weekly refreshment of the house was hospitality, its daily habit, labor. I have never known any other woman so systematically and persistently industrious as Alice Cary. Hers was truly the genius of patience. No obstacle ever daunted it, no pain ever stilled it, no weariness ever overcame it, till the last weariness of death. As Phœbe said, "The pen literally fell from her hand at last," and only then, because in the valley of the shadow of death, which she had already entered, she could no longer see to trace the trembling, uncertain lines. But few men or women could look back upon fifty years of more persistent industry. I doubt if she ever kept a diary, or wrote down a rule for her life. She did not need to do so; her life itself was the rule. There was a beautiful, yet touching uniformity in her days. Her pleasure was her labor. Of rest, recreation, amusement, as other women

sought these, she knew almost nothing. Her rest and recreation were the intervals from pain, in which she could labor. It was not always the labor of writing. No, sometimes it was making a cap, or trimming a bonnet, or rummaging to the depths of feminine boxes; yet no less it was work of some sort, never play. The only hour of rest any day brought, was the hour after dinner, the twilight hour, when one sister always came to the other's room, and with folded hands and low voices they talked over, almost always, the past, the friends loved, scattered, or gone before.

The morning might be for mirth, but the evening belonged to memory. All Alice's personal surroundings were dainty and womanly. It was no dreary den, in which she thought and wrought. It was a sunny room over the library, running the depth of the house, with windows at both ends. A carpet of woody tints, relieved with scarlet flowers, covered the floor. On the pale walls, tinted a delicate green, hung pictures, all of which had to her some personal association. Over the mantel hung an oil painting, called "Early Sorrow," the picture of a poor, wind-beaten young girl, her yellow hair blown about her face, and the rain of sorrow in her eyes, painted by a struggling, unfortunate artist, whom Alice had done more to help and encourage, than all other persons in the world.

Autumn leaves and sea-mosses imprisoned in frames, with rich Bohemian vases, adorned the black marble mantel. Beside the back window, within the alcove for which it had been expressly made, stood the bed, her couch of suffering and musing, and on which she died. The bedstead was of rosewood traced with a band of coral, and set with arabesques of gilt; its white coverlet and pillow-cases edged with delicate lace. Above it hung an exquisite engraving of Cupid, the gift of Mrs. Greeley, brought by her from Paris. At the foot of the bed hung a colored engraving of Rosa Bonheur's "Oxen," a farmer ploughing down the furrows of a rolling field. "It rests me," she would say; "I look at it, and live over my youth." Often in the afternoon, while taking her half hour's rest from

work, as she leaned back among the pillows, the dark eyes were lifted and fixed upon this picture. In the winter, curtains of fawn-colored satin, edged and tasseled with soft red, shaded this alcove from the front room. The front windows were hung with the same. Between them, a mirror reached from floor to ceiling.

Beside one of these windows stood Alice's desk. It was of rosewood, finely finished and commodious, a bureau, desk, and book-case combined. The drawers below were the receptacle of her beloved India shawls, for which she had the same love that some women have for diamonds, and others for rare paintings. The drawer of her desk contained her manuscript papers; the shelves above, the books that she was reading, and her books of reference; while above all hung a favorite landscape in water-colors. On the other side of the mantel-piece stood corresponding bureau and shelves, filled with books. Here were copies of her own and Phœbe's works, which never appeared in the library or drawing-room below. Above these bookshelves, hung an autumn landscape. On one side of the alcove there was an engraving of Correggio's "Christ;" on the other, a copy of "The Huguenot Lovers." Beside the hall door, opposite her desk, there hung a portrait in oil of their father, by the hand which painted "Early Sorrow;" on the other side of the door there was at one time a portrait of Phœbe. Easy chairs and foot-stools completed the furniture of this room, in which Alice Cary lived for fifteen years, the room in which she slowly and sadly relinquished life, and in which at last she died.

At the opposite end of the hall was a room which corresponded exactly with that of Alice, the room which had been Elmina's, in which she died, and which from her death was "Phœbe's room." Rich purple curtains used to hang from the alcove, shading the face of the lovely sufferer, and curtains of the same hue draped the windows. But Phœbe eschewed all draperies, and, summer or winter, nothing denser than white shades and the thinnest of lace curtains hung between her and the strongest sunshine. A bright red car-

pet, relieved by small medallions, covered the floor. Over the mantel-piece for a long time hung a superb copy of "The Huguenot Lovers," in a gilt frame. This was replaced at last by a copy of Turner, in oil, a resplendent Venetian scene. Beside the alcove hung the chromo of Whittier's "Bare-foot Boy," which was a great favorite with Phœbe, while clusters of flowers, in lithograph and water-colors, added to the bright-cheerfulness of the room. Between the windows was a full length mirror; on one side of the room was Phœbe's desk, of the same form and wood, though of a smaller size than that of Alice. In its appointments it was a perfect model of neatness. It was always absolutely in order; while, beside books, its shelves were ornamented with vases and other pretty trinkets. On the opposite side of the room stood a table, the receptacle of the latest newspapers, magazines, and novels, that, like the desk, was ever in order, and in addition to its freight of literature always made room for a work-basket well stocked with spools, scissors, and all the implements of an accomplished needle-woman.

Both sisters always retained their country habit of retiring and rising early; they were rarely out of bed after ten at night, and more rarely in it after six of the morning. Till the summer of 1869, Alice always rose and went to market, Phœbe getting up as early and going to her sewing. From that time till her death, Phœbe did the marketing, and the purchases of the day were all made before breakfast. From that date, though not equal to the exertion of dressing and going out, Alice arose no less early.

She was often at her desk by five o'clock A. M., rarely later than six. Not a week that she did not more than once tell us at the breakfast table that she had already written a poem that morning, sometimes more than one. Waking in the night, or before light, it was often her solace to weave her songs while others slept; and the first thing she did on rising was to write them down from memory. During Elmina's decline it had been the custom of Alice and Phœbe to meet the first thing in the morning by her bed, to ask

the dear one how she had rested, and to begin the communion of the day. From her death it was the habit of Phœbe to go directly to Alice as soon as she arose. Sitting down on the edge of the bed, each would tell the story of her night, though it was Alice who, being very wakeful, really had a story of pains and thoughts and dreams to tell. I spent the summer, autumn, and a part of the winter of 1869 with them, and the memories of those days are as unique as they are precious. "We three" met each morning at the breakfast table, in that pleasant, pictured dining-room, which so many remember. The same dainty china which made the Sunday evening teas so appetizing, made the breakfast table beautiful; often with the addition of a vase full of fresh flowers, brought by Phœbe from market. If Alice was able to be there at all, she had been able before coming down to deck her abundant locks with a dainty morning cap, brightened with pink ribbons, and, in her white robe and breakfast shawl, with its brilliant border, never looked lovelier than when pouring coffee for two ardent adorers of her own sex. She was always her brightest at this time. She had already done work enough to promise well for the rest of her day. She was glad to see us, glad to be able to be there, ready to tell us each our fortune anew, casting our horoscope afresh in her tea-cup each morning. Phœbe, in her street dress, just home from market, "had seen a sight," and had something funny to tell. More, she had any amount of funny things to tell. The wittiest Phœbe Cary that ever made delightful an evening drawing-room was tame, compared with this Phœbe Cary of the breakfast table, with only two women to listen to her, and to laugh till they cried and had strength to laugh no longer, over her irresistible remarks, which she made with the assumed solemnity of an owl. Then came the morning journals and the mail; and with discussing the state of the nation, growing "wrought up" over wrong and injustice everywhere, sharing the pleasant gossip of friends, the breakfast was often lengthened to a nearly two hours' sitting. Alice then went to

the kitchen to order her household for the day, when each of the three went to the silence and labor of her own room, seeing no more of each other, unless meeting over a chance cup of tea at lunch, till they reassembled at the dinner table, each to tell the pleasant part of the story of her day, and to repeat the delightful intercourse of the morning. After dinner there was a general adjournment to Alice's or Phœbe's room, as it might happen. It was at this time, usually, that each sister read to the other the poem that she had written or corrected and copied that day. I can see Phœbe now, softly opening the door with her neat manuscript in her hand. Sitting down beside Alice's couch, in a shy, deprecating, modest fashion, most winsome to behold, she would read in low voice the poem. We never criticised it. The appealing tones of our reader made the very thoughts of criticism impossible. If it was funny, we laughed; if it was sad, we cried, and our reader with us; and in either case she was entirely satisfied with the appreciation of her audience. Then Alice would slowly go to her desk, draw forth tumbled sheets of manuscript, the opposite of Phœbe's in their chirography, and, settling in her easy-chair, begin in a low, crooning tone, one of those quaint, wild ballads of hers, which long before had made her preëminently the balladist of America. Many of these I cannot see now without seeming to hear again the thrilling vibration of her voice, as we heard it when she read the song herself the very day that it flowed from heart and pen. Any time or anywhere, if I listen, I can hear her say, —

“ In the stormy waters of Galloway  
My boat had been idle the livelong  
day,  
Tossing and tumbling to and fro,  
For the wind was high and the tide  
was low.

“ The tide was low and the wind was  
high,  
And we were heavy, my heart and I,  
For not a traveler, all the day,  
Had crossed the ferry of Galloway.”

Phœbe's lays, when grave or sad, almost always savored of her native

soil and home life; but Alice, on the rhythm of her lyric, would bear us far out from the little room and the roaring streets, into the very lane of romance, to the days of chivalry and “flowery tapestry.” The knight and lady, the crumbling castle, the tumbling and rushing sea, became for the moment as real to us as to her.

The house below was as attractive as above.

A small, richly stained window at the head of the stairs flooded the small hall with gorgeous light. This hall was frescoed in panels of oak; floor and stairs covered with Brussels carpet of oak and scarlet tints. On its walls hung colored engravings of oxen, cows, and horses ploughing a field.

To the right of the front entrance stood, wide open, the door of the spacious parlor, within whose walls for more than fifteen years gathered weekly so many gifted and congenial souls. This parlor was a large square room with five windows, two back and two front, with a deep bay-window between. These windows were hung with lace, delicately embroidered, from which were looped back curtains of pale green brocatelle lined with white silk. On either embrasure of the bay-window, in Gothic, gold illuminated frames, stood two altar pieces, about three feet high, from an old church in Milan, each bearing on a field of gold an angel in azure and rosy vestments, one playing on a dulcimer, the other holding a golden palm. In antique letters in black, beneath, was written on one tablet Psalm cl. 3, and on the other, the succeeding verse of the same. A large oil-painting of sheep lying on a hill-side hung at one time over the white marble mantel; later, a fine Venetian scene from Turner, while on either side, very tall vases of ruby glass threw a wine-like hue on the silvery wall. On one side of the mantel there was a rosewood *étagère*, lined with mirrors, and decorated with vases and books. On the other side there was an exquisite copy in oil of Guido's “Aurora,” brought by a friend from Italy. Opposite the bay-window a very broad mirror rose from floor to ceiling.

Lovely Madonnas and other rare paintings covered the walls, some of

which had been placed there by friends who had no proper room for them. The carpet was of velvet in deep crimson and green; the chairs and sofas, which were luxurious, were also cushioned in velvet of various blending hues.

The most remarkable article in the room was the large centre table, made of many thousand mosaics of inlaid wood, each in its natural tint. Clusters of pansies, of the most perfect outline and hue, formed the border of the table, while the extreme edge was inlaid in tints scarce wider than a thread. It was a work of endless patience, and of the finest art. It was made by a poor Hungarian artist, who used nearly a whole life-time in this work of his hands. He brought it to this country hoping to realize for it a large sum, but was compelled by necessity, at last, to part with it for a small amount. It passed from various owners before it was bought by Alice Cary and placed in her parlor as its central shrine, around which gathered her choicest friends. Among the few books lying on a small stand within the bay-window was "Ballads of New England," written and presented by Whittier, with this inscription:—

TO ALICE AND PHŒBE CARY.

Who from the farm-field singing came,  
The song whose echo now is fame,  
And to the great false city took  
The honest hearts of Clovernook,  
And made their home beside the sea  
The trysting-place of Liberty.

From their old friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

*Christmas, 1869.*

Another was a dainty book in green and gold, entitled "The Golden Wedding," presented "To Phœbe Cary, with the kind regards of Joseph and Rebecca W. Taylor," the parents of Bayard Taylor.

Across the hall, opposite the parlor, was the library, which so many will remember as the very penetral of this home, in which "the precious few" were so wont to gather for converse and choice communion. These words recall one wild night of rain and storm, which had hindered everybody else

from coming but Mr. Greeley, when he said, in the hour before church, "Come, girls, let us read 'Morte d'Arthur;'" and, taking Tennyson from the book-case, read from beginning to end aloud, "The Passing of Arthur." Mr. Greeley's tones, full of deep feeling, I shall hear while memory endures, as he read:—

"Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?"

Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?

For now I see the true old times are dead,  
When every morning brought a noble chance,

And every chance brought out a noble knight.

But when the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved,

Which was an image of the mighty world;  
And I, the last, go forth companionless,

And the days darken round me, and the years,

Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge:

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,

And God fulfills Himself in many ways,  
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?

I have lived my life, and that which I have done

May He within Himself make pure! but thou,

If thou shouldst never see my face again,  
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought

by prayer  
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore,

let thy voice  
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.

For what are men better than sheep or goats

That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of

prayer,  
Both for themselves and those who call

them friend?

For so the whole round earth is every way  
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

But now farewell. I am going a long way—  
With these thou seest—if indeed I go—

(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)  
To the island-valley of Avilion;

Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,  
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies

Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard  
lawns

And bowery hollows crown'd with summer  
 sea,  
 Where I will heal me of my grievous  
 wound."

Alice settled far back in her easy-chair, listening with eloquent eyes. Phœbe sat on a low hassock, playing with the long necklace on her neck, every bead of which marked a friend's remembrance. Dear sisters! passed forever beyond the storm, we whom the storm even here has parted, may at least recall that hour of peace shared together!

This little library was furnished in oak, its walls frescoed in oak with panels of maroon shaded to crimson. Two windows faced the street, the opposite end being nearly taken up by a large window of stained glass in which gold and sapphire lights commingled. Opposite the hall door was a black marble mantel surmounted by a mirror set in ebony and gold. On either side, covering the entire length of the room, were open oaken book-shelves, filled with over a thousand volumes, the larger proportion handsome library editions of the standard books of the world. The windows were hung with satin curtains of an oaken tinge edged with maroon. Between them was a copy of the Cary coat-of-arms, of which Phœbe was so fond, richly framed. Below, a little gem in oil, of a Northampton (Massachusetts) scene, hung over a small table covered with a crimson cloth, on which lay a very large Family Bible. To the left of the front windows hung an oil portrait of Madame Le Brun, the famous French artist, from an original painting by herself, now hanging in the Florentine Museum. On the other side of the door hung, in oval frames, the portraits of Alice and Phœbe, painted not long after their arrival in New York. The marble-topped table before the stained glass window was piled with costly books, chiefly souvenirs from friends. Two deep arm-chairs were near, one cushioned in green, the other in blue velvet; the green, Alice's chair; the blue, Phœbe's. The Brussels carpet was the exact counterpart of the walls, shaded in oak, maroon and crimson. You have discovered before now, that the Cary home was never furnished

by an upholsterer? Its furniture, its trinkets and treasures, were the combined accumulation of twenty years. It was filled with keepsakes from friends, and some of its choicest articles had been bought at intervals, as she could afford to do so, by Alice at Marley's shop for antique furniture on Broadway, which she took extreme pleasure in visiting. Here, also, she could gratify her taste for old exquisite china, in which she took the keenest delight. Many who drank tea with her have not forgotten the delicate, egg-like cups out of which they drank it. She had a china tea-set in her possession over a hundred years old. Many have the impression that Phœbe was the house-keeper of this home. Until the summer of 1869, this was in no sense true. Beyond the occasional spontaneous preparation of a favorite dish, Phœbe had no care of the house. For nearly twenty years Alice arose, went to market, and laid out the entire household plan of the day, before Phœbe appeared at breakfast.

Alice Cary managed her house with quiet system and without ado. Her home was beautifully kept, the kitchen and garret as perfect in their appointments and as perfect in their order as her parlor. She was an indulgent mistress, respecting the rights of every person in her household as much as her own, and two servants (sisters) who were with her when she died, one of whom closed Phœbe's eyes in death, lived with her many years.

Phœbe did not "take to housework," but was a very queen of the needle. Over work-basket and cutting-board she reigned supreme, and here held Alice at disadvantage. Alice could trim a bonnet or make a cap to perfection; with these, the creative quality of her needle ended. A dress subdued her, and brought her a humble suppliant to the sewing-throne of Phœbe. There were at least two weeks in early spring, and two in the autumn, which were called "Miss Lyon's weeks," when Alice was literally under the paw of a lion. Miss Lyon was the dressmaker. She was quiet, kindly, artistic, and necessary; therefore, in her kingdom, an unmitigated tyrant. Literature did not dare to peep in on Miss Lyon's weeks,



or if it did, it was before she came, or while she was at breakfast. Books and papers she would not suffer in her sight after work began. She was always wanting "half a yard more" of something. She was always sending us out for "trimmings," and, as we rarely found the right ones, was continually sending us again. Poor Alice! she went out six times one hot morning to find a stick of braid, which Miss Lyon insisted should have a peculiar kink. Once back, we had to sit down beside her, to "try on" and to assist. If we did not, "we could not have our new frocks, that was all," for Miss Lyon "could not possibly go through them alone, and she had not another day, not one, before winter." Thus, while purgatory reigned on Alice's side of the house, Phœbe in hers sat enthroned in serene satisfaction. She was no slave to Miss Lyon, not she. On the contrary, while Miss Lyon snubbed us, she crossed the hall to consult Phœbe in a tone of deference, which (professionally) she never condescended to bestow on her victims. In Miss Lyon's days, nobody would have suspected that the house held a blue-stocking. Dry goods, shreds, and tags prevailed above stairs, and Alice's room looked like a first-class dressmaker's shop, in which Miss Lyon ruled between two forlorn apprentices. It is not easy to see Alice Cary in a comical light, and yet Alice Cary in Phœbe's door, holding up an unfinished sacque, in which she had sewed a sleeve upside down, and made one an inch shorter than the other, with her look of blended consternation and despair, *was* a comical sight. Phœbe was her only refuge in such a plight, and to rip the sleeve, trim it, right it, and baste it in again, was the work of a very few minutes for her deft fingers. Sacques, dresses, cloaks, and hats, all cut, and fitted, and made, came out from her hands absolutely perfect, to the wonder and envy of the unfortunates across the hall. Miss Lyon, always leaving her sceptre up-stairs, at the table was a sorrowful, communicative woman, who poured the story of her troubles, her loneliness, and poor health into sympathizing ears. She tormented us, but we liked her, and were sorry for her. We comforted her when she was

sick, and cried when she died, and remembered her with a sigh. It was a weary woman's poor little life after all! She too had her dream of future, home, and rest; but the money that she worked so hard to earn, and denied herself the necessities of life to save, she saved to will to a well-to-do relative who had neglected and forsaken her while she lived. By July, Miss Lyon's reign was over, but the kingdoms she had conquered were all visible, marked by the new dresses lying in a row on the bed in the little attic chamber. Alas! on that same bed some of them lay after Alice's death, untouched. The poor hand that made them, and knotted their dainty ribbons, and the lovely form that was to have worn them, both alike locked from all device in the fastness of the grave!

The only shadow resting on the house was that of sickness and hovering death. Nothing could have been more absolutely harmonious than the daily abiding intercourse of these sisters. This was not because they always thought alike, nor because they never in any way crossed each other, nor was it based on their devoted affection and perfect faith in each other alone. Persons may believe in each other, and love each other dearly, and yet live in a constant state of friction. It was chiefly because each cherished a most conscientious consideration for the peculiarities of the other, and because in the minutest particular they treated each other with absolute politeness. There is such an expression used as "society manner." These sisters had no manner for society more charming in the slightest particular, than they had for each other. No pun ever came into Phœbe's head too bright to be flashed over Alice, and Alice had no gentleness for strangers which she withheld from Phœbe. The perfect gentlewomen which they were in the parlor, they were always, under every circumstance. There was not a servant in the house, who, in his or her place, was not treated with as absolute a politeness as a guest in the parlor. This spirit of perfect breeding penetrated every word and act of the household. What Alice and Phœbe Cary were in their drawing-room, they

were always in the absolute privacy of their lives. Each obeyed one inflexible law. Whatever she felt or endured, because of it she was not to inflict any suffering upon her sister; no, not even if that sister had inadvertently been the cause of it. If she was "out of sorts," she went into her own room, shut her door and "had it out" by herself. Whatever shape her Apollyon might take, she fought with him, and slew him, alone. When she appeared outside, it might strike one that a new line of pain had for the moment lit upon her face; that was the only sign of the foe routed. The bright sally, the quiet smile, the perfection of gentle breeding were all there, undimmed and indestructible.

The first of July, Phœbe went to Waldemere, Bridgeport, Conn., to visit the family of Mr. P. T. Barnum, and then to Cambridge, to see Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Houghton; from thence to visit the family of Rev. Dr. B. F. Tefft in Bangor, Maine. Early in June, Alice had been persuaded to visit a beloved niece in the mountain region of Pennsylvania. She remained a week, and on her return told how the sweet country air and the smell of the woods had brought back her girlhood. "But I could not stay," she said; "I had so much to do." Nor would she be induced to go again, though loving friends urged, indeed entreated her to leave her desk, and the heat and turmoil of the city.

Physically and mentally she needed change and respite from the overstrain of too long continued toil. A summer in the country, at this crisis in her health, could not have failed to renovate, if not to restore life. But she clung to her home, her own room and surroundings, and to her work, and reluctantly Phœbe went forth to the kind friends awaiting her, alone. That was a mystical month that followed, that month of July. The very walls of the houses seemed changed into burning brass. The sun, uncooled by showers, rose and set, tracking all his course with a consuming fire. Everybody who could escape, had fled the city. During the entire month I do not remember that one person, not of the small household, crossed the threshold.

We closed blinds and doors, and *were alone*. Apart at work all day, we spent our evenings together. In those summer nights, with the blinds opened to let in a stray breeze from the bay, with no light but the fitful flicker of the lamp across the street, in the silence and dimness, feeling the whole world shut out and far away; then it was that the flood-gates of memory opened, and one received into her soul, with a depth and fullness and sacredness never to be expressed, that which was truly Alice Cary's life.

In August, Alice wrote to me at Newport: "Phœbe is still away, and I alone in the house; but busy as a bee from morning till night. I often hear it said that people, as they grow older, lose their interest in things around them; but this is not true of me. I take more interest in life, in all that concerns it, and in human beings, every year I live. If I fail of bringing something worthy to pass, I don't mean that it shall be for lack of energy or industry. I'm putting the house in order, and have such new and pleasant plans for the winter. Do hasten back, that I may tell you all about them." In two weeks I returned, and, going at once to her familiar room, she met me on the threshold without a word. As she kissed me, her tears fell upon my face; and, looking up, I saw the change in hers. The Indian summer of youth, which had made it so fair, four little weeks before, had now gone from it forever; the shadow of the grave reached it already.

"Since I wrote you," she said, "My only sister, save Phœbe, has died: and look at me!" She moved, and I saw that the graceful, swaying movement, so especially hers, was gone — that she was hopelessly lame.

Thus that first of September began the last, fierce struggle between life and death, which was to continue for seventeen months. Only God and his ministering angels know with what pangs that soul and body parted. I cannot think of it without a shudder and a sigh — a shudder for the agony, a sigh for that patient and tender and loving heart, so full of life and yearning amid the anguish of dissolving

nature. At first it seemed impossible that she could remain lame. Each day we said: "To-morrow you *must* come down-stairs again." But, save with crutches, she never walked again. In the beginning it seemed impossible for her to adjust her mind or habits to this fact, or to realize that she was not able to join the familiar circle around the Sunday evening tea-table. Yet the more impossible it became for her to participate personally, the more eager she became for the happiness of others. She would have us dress in her room, that she might refresh her eyes with bright colors; and leave the door of her room open, that she might hear the tones of dear, familiar voices coming up from below. When tea was cheering, and speech and laughter flowing freest, there was something inexpressibly touching in the thought of the woman who provided this cheer for so many, sitting by herself in a darkened room, sick and alone. Once, in going up to her, I found her weeping. "You should not have left the others," she said. "My only pleasure is in thinking that you are all happy down-stairs. But it makes me cry to think that I am done with it all; that in one sense I am as far away from you in health, as if I were already in eternity."

In the early dawn of a wintry morning, I went in to her bedside to say good-by. The burning hands outstretched, the tearful, beseeching eyes, the low voice burdened with loving farewell, are among the most precious and pathetic of all the treasures which faithful memory bears on to her in the land where she now is.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THEIR SUNDAY EVENING RECEPTIONS.

THE most resplendent social assemblies which the world has ever seen have been those in which philosophy, politics, and literature mingled with fortune, rank, beauty, grace, and wit. Nor was this commingling of dazzling human forces identical only with the Parisian *salon*. "Blue-stocking" in our day is synonymous only with a stiff,

stilted, queer literary woman of a dubious age. Yet the first blue-stocking, Elizabeth Montague, was a woman who dazzled with her wit, as well as by her beauty, and who blazed with diamonds at fourscore. A purely blue-stocking party, to-day, would doubtless give us sponge cake, weak tea, and the dreariest of driveling professional talk. Yet the first assemblies which bore the name of blue-stocking were made up of actors, divines, beaux, belles, the pious and the worldly, the learned and the fashionable, the titled and the lowly born. Here, in the drawing-room of Montague House, mingled gayly together, might have been seen volatile Mrs. Thrale, wise Hannah More, and foolish Fanny Burney; the Greek scholar, Elizabeth Carter, with Garrick, Johnson, Reynolds, Young, Beattie, Burke, Lord Kames, Lord Chatham, and Horace Walpole, with many others as personally brilliant if less renowned. One never thinks of calling a man a blue-stocking now; yet it was a man who first wore "cerulean hose" in a fashionable assembly — Dr. Stillingfleet, who was a sloven as well as a scholar. Admiral Boscawen, glancing at his gray-blue stockings, worn at one of Mrs. Montague's assemblies, gave it the name of the Blue-stocking Assembly, to indicate that the full dress, still indispensable to evening parties, might be dispensed with, if a person so chose, at Mrs. Montague's. A Frenchman, catching at the phrase, exclaimed, "*Ah! les bas bleus!*" And the title has clung to the literary woman ever since.

The nearest approach to the first ideal blue-stocking reception ever reached in this country was the Sunday evening receptions of Alice and Phœbe Cary. Here, for over fifteen years, in an unpretending home, gathered not only the most earnest, but many of the most brilliant Americans of our time. There are like assemblies still, wherein men and women rich in all fine gifts and graces meet and mingle; yet I doubt if there be one so catholic, so finely comprehensive, as to make it the rallying spot, the outraying centre of the artistic and literary life of the metropolis. Its central magnet lost, such a circle, once broken and scattered in all its

parts, cannot be easily regathered and bound. Society must wait till another soul, equally potent, sweet, unselfish, sympathetic, and centripetal, shall draw together once more its scattered forces in one common bond. For the relief of Puritan friends who are troubled that those receptions occurred on Sabbath evening, I must say they never hindered anybody from going to church. Horace Greeley, who never missed a Sabbath evening in this house when in the city, used to drink his two cups of sweetened milk and water, say his say, and then suddenly vanish, to go and speak at a temperance meeting, to listen to Dr. Chapin, or to write his Monday morning leader for the "Tribune." Sabbath evening was their reception evening because it was the only one which the sisters had invariably free from labor; and, as a rule, this was equally true of their guests. While her health permitted, Alice attended church regularly every Sunday morning, and till her last sickness Phœbe was a faithful church-goer; but Sabbath evening was their own and their friends'. In their receptions there was no formality, no rule of dress. You could come as simply or as finely arrayed as you chose. Your costly costume would not increase your welcome, nor your shabby attire place you at a discount. Indeed, if anything about you ever so remotely suggested poverty or loneliness, it would, at the earliest possible moment, bring Alice to your side. Her dark, gentle, tender eyes would make you feel at home at once. You would forget your clothes and yourself altogether, in a quiet, impersonal, friendly flow of talk which would begin at once between you. If a stranger, she would be sure not to leave you till Phœbe came, or till she had introduced you to some pleasant person, and you would not find yourself again alone during the evening. This was the distinctive characteristic of these Sunday evenings, that they opened welcoming doors to all sympathetic souls, without the slightest reference to the state of their finances or mere worldly condition.

"What queer people you do see at the Carys'! It is as good as a show!" exclaimed a merely fashionable woman.

"I have *no* desire to go to the Carys'," said a supercilious literary dame, "while they admit *such* people."

"Why, they are reputable, are they not?" was the astonished reply.

"For aught I know; but they are so odd, and they have no position — absolutely none."

"Then the more they must need friends, Alice and Phœbe think. They contradict Goldsmith's assertion: 'If you want friends, be sure *not to need them*.'"

Phœbe's attention was called one day to a young man, poor, little known, ungraceful in bearing, and stiff in manner, who had artistic tastes and a desire to know artistic people, and who sometimes came quietly into the little library, on Sunday evening, without any special invitation, but who no less was cordially received.

"— says she is astonished that you receive him," said a friend. "He is so pushing and presumptuous, and his family is very common."

"You tell —," said Phœbe, with a flash in her black eyes, "that we like him very much; that he is just as welcome here as she is, and we are always glad to see *her*."

There are centres of reunion still in New York, where literary, artistic, and cultured people meet: but we doubt if there is another wherein the poor and unknown, of aspiring tastes and refined sensibilities, could be so certain of an entire, unconscious welcome, untinged by even the suggestion of condescension or of patronage; where, in plain garb and with unformed manners, they could come and be at home. Yet the Sunday evening reception was by no means the rendezvous of the queer and ne'er-do-well alone. During the fifteen years or more in which it flourished, at the little house in Twentieth Street, it numbered among its guests and *habitue's* as many remarkable men and women as ever gathered around the abundant board at Streatham, or sat in the library of Strawberry Hill.

There was Horace Greeley, who so rarely missed a Sabbath evening at this house — a man in mind greater than Johnson, and in manners not unlike him; who will live in the future among the most famous of his contem-

poraries, as the man who, perhaps, more than any other, left his own distinctive, individual mark upon the times in which he lived. There was Oliver Johnson, rarely absent from that cheery tea-table, the apostle of human freedom, who stood in the van of its feeble guard when it cost much to do that; strong, earnest, brave, and true, a king of radicals, whose swiftest theories never outran his faith in God, his love for human nature, his self-abnegating devotion to his friends, even when his only reward was selfishness and unworthiness. There was Mary Ann Johnson, his wife, so recently translated, whose memory of simple, dignified, wise, and tender womanhood is a precious and imperishable legacy to all who ever knew and loved her. And Julia Deane, Alice Cary's beloved friend, golden-haired, matchless as a Grecian goddess. I see her now as I saw her first, in the radiance of her undimmed beauty, sitting by Whittier's side, great poet and gentle man, in his plain Friends' gard, yet worshipping, as man and poet must, the loveliness of woman! What a troop of names, more or less famous, arise as I recall those who at different times have mingled in those receptions! Bayard Taylor, with his gifted and lovely wife; the two married poets, Richard and Elizabeth Stoddard; Prof. R. W. Raymond, Robert Dale Owen, Justin McCarthy, Hon. Henry Wilson, Samuel Bowles, George Ripley, Edwin Whipple, Richard Kimball, Thomas B. Aldrich, Carpenter (the artist), Robert Chambers of Edinburgh, Robert Bonner of New York, a man as generous in nature and pure in character as he has been preëminently successful in acquiring wealth and fame, and who for many years, till their death, was the faithful friend of Alice and Phœbe. Among clergymen there were Rev. Dr. Abel Stevens, Methodist; Rev. Dr. Chapin, Universalist; Rev. Dr. Field, Presbyterian; Rev. Dr. Deems, Methodist. Whatever their theologies, all agreed in their faith in womanhood, as they found it embodied in Alice and Phœbe Cary. Among women much beloved by the sisters, who always had the *entrée* of their home, were Mary L. Booth, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Mary E.

Dodge, Mrs. Croly, Mrs. Victor, Mrs. Rayl, Mrs. Mary Stevens Robinson. I have not space for one tenth of the names I might recall — actors, artists, poets, clergymen, titled people from abroad, women of fashion, women of letters, women of home, the known and the unknown. In each type and class they found friends; and what better proof could be given of the richness of their humanity, that, without being narrowed by any, their hearts were large enough for all!

Perhaps neither sister could have attracted into one common circle so many minds, various, if not conflicting in their separate sphere of thought and action. Each sister was the counterpart of the other. To the sympathy, appreciation, tact, gentleness, and tenderness of Alice were added the wit and *bonhomie* and sparkling cheer of Phœbe. The combination was perfect for social effect and success.

Rev. Charles F. Deems, Phœbe's pastor at the time of her death, and the cherished and trusted friend of both sisters, at the request of its editor wrote for "Packard's Monthly," February, 1870, an article entitled "Alice and Phœbe Cary: Their Home and Friends," which contains so vivid a sketch of some of their Sunday evening visitors that I quote from it: —

"If they could all be gathered into one room, it would really be a sight to see all the people who have been attracted by these charming women during the years they have occupied this cozy home. Let us fancy that they are so collected.

"There is, *facile princeps* of their friends, Horace Greeley — not so very handsome, perhaps, but owing so much to his toilet! He is sitting in a listening or abstracted attitude, with his great, full head bent, or smiling all over his great baby face as he hears or tells something good; perhaps especially enjoying the famous Quaker sermon which Oliver Johnson, of the 'Independent,' is telling with such *friendly* accentuation, and with such command over his strong features, while all the company are at the point of explosion. That round-headed Professor of Rhetoric in the corner, who reads Shakespeare in a style that would make the

immortal William thrill if he could only hear him, is Professor Raymond. That slightly built man with a heavy moustache is Lord Adare, son of a Scotch earl; and the bonny, bright-eyed woman by his side is his wife — immensely pleased with Phœbe's frequent and rapid sallies of wit. And there are Robert Dale Owen, author of 'Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World,' and Edwin Whipple, the Boston essayist and lecturer, whose forehead doth so forcibly oppress all the rest of his face; and there, Samuel Bowles, of the 'Springfield Republican,' and author of 'Across the Continent;' and the nobly built and genial traveler, Colonel Thomas W. Knox, of the 'Sun,' who has charmed us so in print with his sketches of Russia and Siberia, and who can talk quite as well as he can write; and there, Justin McCarthy, formerly of the London 'Morning Star,' and author of 'My Enemy's Daughter;' and that handsome old gentleman, with the smile of the morning in his face, so courtly that you feel he should be some king's prime minister, and so venerable that he would give dignity to an archbishop's crozier, is Ole Bull, whose cunning hands have wrung ravishing music from the strings of the violin; and just beyond, burly and full of good nature, is Phineas T. Barnum, 'showman,' and more than that, with great brains, which would have made him notable in any department. If the public have had pleasure in seeing his shows, he has had pleasure in studying the public; and his knowledge of human nature makes him a most entertaining talker. If any have thought of him only as a 'humbucker,' let the profound regard he has for these sincere and honest ladies, whose guest he so often is, plead against all that he has confessed against himself in his autobiography. He 'does good by stealth, and blushes to find it fame,' but tells all the bad about himself unblushingly. A whole group of editors might be fancied — only that they have enough of each other 'down town,' and so in society seek some one else, and do not 'group:' for there are Dr. Field, the excellent editor of the 'Evangelist;' and Mr. Elliott and Mr.

Perry, of the 'Home Journal;' and Whitelaw Reid, of the 'Tribune;' and Mr. R. W. Gilder, of the 'Hours at Home;' and last but not least, Mr. Robert Bonner, of the 'Ledger,' of whom, seeing that I have never had literary and financial dealings with him on my own account, I may say that he has made illustrious the proverb, 'There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth.' The publishers are represented by Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh, who has so much 'Information for the People' that people need not be informed who he is; and George W. Carleton, the prince of publishers, whose elegant new book house, on Broadway, has already become the resort of literary and tasteful people.

"And then, what ladies have been in that house! How many of the most refined and noble women, whose names are unknown to fame, but whose minds and manners have given to society its aroma and beauty! How many whose names are known all over Christendom! If that of Elizabeth Cady Stanton suggests to a stranger — as, until I knew her, it certainly did to me — anything not beautifully feminine, how he will be disappointed when he sees her. She is quiet, self-poised, 'lady-like' — for she is a lady — plump as a partridge, of warm complexion, has a well formed head, adorned with white hair, put up unstiffly in puffs, and she would anywhere be taken for the mother of a governor or president, if governors and presidents were always gentlemen. I have studied Mrs. Stanton hours at a sitting, when she was presiding over a public meeting in the Cooper Union, when the brazen women who have brought such bad fame to the Woman's Rights movement were trying to secure 'the floor,' and gaunt fanatics of my own sex were contending with them for that 'privilege,' and the mob were hissing or shouting, and the tact with which Mrs. Stanton managed that whole assembly was a marvel. Except Henry Clay, of Kentucky, and Edward Stanly, formerly of North Carolina and now of California, she is the best presiding officer I have ever seen.

“And that nice little person with short curls, so admirably dressed, and self-sufficient, and handsome, not beautiful; her *tout ensemble* a combination of author, artist, actor—strong as a young man and sensitive as a young woman—is Anna Dickinson. And there, with so thoughtful a face, sits Mary L. Booth, industrious and accurate translator of huge volumes of French history and science, and now editor of ‘Harper’s Bazar.’ Her conversation is an intellectual treat. And there is Madame Le Vert, of Mobile, who in English and American society has so long held the place of ‘the most charming woman,’ without arousing the envy of any other woman, and who, therefore, must have an exceptional temperament; a lady who never says a very wise, or witty, or weak, or foolish thing, but whom you cannot speak with ten minutes without—weakly and foolishly it may be, but delightfully—feeling yourself to be both wise and witty. ‘It is not always May,’ even with Madame Le Vert. She has had losses and disappointments, and physical pain, and is no longer young, but she does marvelously draw the summer of her soul through the autumn months of her years. But space would fail if each lady were particularly described, from Kate Field, the brilliant journalist and lecturer, and ‘Jennie June’ (Mrs. Croly of ‘Demorest’s Magazine’), and Mary E. Dodge, of ‘Hearth and Home,’ who wrote ‘Hans Brinker’s Silver Skates,’ to the sallow, self-denying missionary sister from Cavalla, clad in the costume of ten years ago, now a stranger in her own land.

“Of the spiritual teachers, all are welcome at any time, from the Roman Catholic, John Jerome Hughes, and the eloquent Universalist, Chapin, to the adjective -yet-to-be-discovered Frothingham. The house of the Cary sisters is a Pantheon, a Polytechnic Institute, a room of the Committee on Reconstruction, a gathering place for the ecclesiastical and political Happy Family. Original abolitionists and *ab*-original secessionists meet pleasantly in a circle where everybody thinks, but nobody is tabooed for *what* he thinks.

“A great city is generally a mass of

cold, but there are always ‘warm places’ even in a huge metropolis; and strangers are peculiarly endowed with the instinct for detecting them. It is genuine goodness that does the warming. And this house is never cold!

“Thus is shown that these sisters are authors of more than books. Their influence in their home is beautiful and conservative and preservative.

“May they live forever!”



## CHAPTER V.

### ALICE CARY. — THE WOMAN.

YEARS ago, in an old academy in Massachusetts, its preceptor gave to a young girl a poem to learn for a Wednesday exercise. It began,—

“Of all the beautiful pictures  
That hang on Memory’s wall,  
Is one of a dim old forest,  
That seemeth best of all.”

After the girl had recited the poem to her teacher, he told her that Edgar Poe had said, and that he himself concurred in the opinion, that in rhythm it was one of the most perfect lyrics in the English language. He then proceeded to tell the story of the one who wrote it—of her life in her Western home, of the fact that she and her sister Phœbe had come to New York to seek their fortune, and to make a place for themselves in literature. It fell like a tale of romance on the girl’s heart; and from that hour she saved every utterance that she could find of Alice Cary’s, and spent much time thinking about her, till in a dim way she came to seem like a much-loved friend.

In 1857 the school girl, then a woman, whom actual life had already overtaken, sat for the first time in a New York drawing-room, and looked with attentive but by no means dazzled eyes upon a gathering assembly. It does not follow, because a person has done something remarkable, that he is, therefore, remarkable or even pleasant to look upon. Thus it happened that the young woman had numerous dis-

appointments that evening, as one by one names famous in literature and art were pronounced, and their owners for the first time took on the semblance of flesh and blood before her. Presently came into the room, and sat down beside her, a lady, whose eyes, in their first glance, and whose voice, in its first low tone, won her heart. Soft, sad, tender eyes they were, and the face from which they shone was lovely. Its features were fine, its complexion a colorless olive, lit with the lustrous brown eyes, softened still more by masses of waving dark hair, then untouched of gray, and, save by its own wealth, wholly unadorned. Her dress was as harmonious as her face. It was of pale gray satin, trimmed with folds of ruby velvet; a dress like herself and her life—soft and sad in the background, bordered with brightness. This was Alice Cary. Even then her face was a history, not a prophecy. Even then it bore the record of past suffering, and in the tender eyes there still lingered the shadow of many vanished dreams. Thus the story of the old academy was made real and doubly beautiful to the stranger. The Alice Cary whom she had imagined had never been quite so lovely as the Alice Cary whom she that moment saw. That evening began a friendship between two women on which, till its earthly close, no shadow ever fell.

As I sit here thinking of her, I realize how futile will be any effort of mine to make a memorial worthy of my friend. The woman in herself so far transcended any work of art that she ever wrought, any song (sweet as her songs were) that she ever sung, that even to attempt to put into words what she was seems hopeless. Yet it is an act of justice, no less than of love, that one who knew her in the sanctuary of her life should, at least, partly lift the veil which ever hung between the lovely soul and the world; that the women of this land may see more clearly the sister whom they have lost, who, in what she was herself, was so much more than in what she in mortal weakness was able to do—at once an example and glory to American womanhood. It must ever remain a grief to those who knew her and loved her best, that such

a soul as hers should have missed its highest earthly reward; but, if she can still live on as an incentive and a friend to those who remain, she at least is comforted now for all she suffered and all she missed here.

The life of one woman who has conquered her own spirit, who, alone and unassisted, through the mastery of her own will, has wrought out from the hardest and most adverse conditions a pure, sweet, and noble life, placed herself among the world's workers, made her heart and thought felt in ten thousand unknown homes—the life of one such woman is worth more to all living women, proves more for the possibilities of womanhood, for its final and finest advancement, its ultimate recognition and highest success, than ten thousand theories or eloquent orations on the theme. Such a woman was Alice Cary. Mentally and spiritually she was especially endowed with the rarest gifts; but no less, the lowliest of all her sisters may take on new faith and courage from her life. It may not be for you to sing till the whole land listens, but it is in your power, in a narrower sphere, to emulate the traits which brought the best success to her in her wider life.

Many personally impress us with the fact that they have wrought into the forms of art the very best in themselves. Whatever they may have embodied in form, color, or thought, we are sure that it is the most that they have to give, and in giving that, they are by so much themselves impoverished. In their own souls they hold nothing rarer in reserve. The opposite was true of Alice Cary. You could not know her without learning that the woman in herself was far greater and sweeter than anything that she had ever produced. You could not sit by her side, listening to the low, slow outflow of her thought, without longing that she might yet find the condition which would enable her to give it a fuller and finer expression than had ever yet been possible. You could not feel day by day the blended strength, generosity, charity, and tenderness of the living woman, without longing that a soul so complete might yet make an impression on the nation



to which it was born, that could never fade away. Her most powerful trait, the one which seemed the basis of her entire character, was her passion for justice, for in its intensity it rose to the height of a passion. Her utmost capacity for hate went out toward every form of oppression. If she ever seemed overwrought, it was for some wrong inflicted on somebody, very rarely on herself. She wanted everything, the meanest little bug at her feet, to have its chance, *all* the chance of its little life. That this so seldom could be, in this distorted world, was the abiding grief of her life. Early she ceased to suffer chiefly for herself; but to her latest breath she suffered for the sorrows of others. Phœbe truly said: "Constituted as she was, it was not possible for her to help taking upon herself, not only all the sorrows of her friends, but in some sense the tribulation and anguish that cometh upon every son and daughter of Adam. She was even unto the end planning great projects for the benefit of suffering humanity, and working with her might to be helpful to those near her; and when it seemed impossible that one suffering herself such manifold afflictions could think even of the needs of others."

It was this measureless capacity to know and feel everything that concerns human nature, this pity for all, this longing for justice and mercy to the lowest and the meanest thing that could breathe and suffer — this largeness lifting her above all littleness — this universality of soul, which made her in herself great as she was tender. Such a soul could not fail to feel, with deepest intensity, every sorrow and wrong inflicted upon her own sex. She loved women with a fullness of sympathy and tenderness never surpassed. She felt pity for their infirmities, and pride in their successes, feeling each to be in part her own. Believing that in wifelyhood, motherhood, and home, woman found her surest and holiest estate, all the more for this belief, her whole being rebelled against the caste in sex, which would prescribe the development of any individual soul, which would lay a single obstacle in the way of a toiling

and aspiring human being, which would degrade her place in the human race, because, with all her aspiration, toil, and suffering, she wore the form of woman. Every effort having for its object the help, advancement, and full enfranchisement of woman from every form of injustice, in Church, State, education, or at home, had her completest sympathy and coöperation. Yet she said: "I must work in my own way, and that is a very quiet one. My health, habits, and temperament make it impossible that I should mix in crowds, or act with great organizations. I must say my little say, and do my little do, at home!" These words add interest to the fact that Alice Cary was the first President of the first Woman's Club (now called Sorosis) formed in New York. The entire history of her relation with it is given in a private letter from Mrs. Jenny C. Croly, written since the death of Alice and Phœbe. As a testimonial of affection to them from a woman whom both sisters honored and loved, and as the history of *how* Alice Cary became President of a Woman's Club, which no other person could write, I take the liberty of quoting from this letter.

Mrs. Croly says: "Alice particularly I loved, and thank God for ever having known; she was so large and all-embracing in her kindness and charity, that her place must remain vacant; few women exist who could fill it.

"Much as those of us who knew the sisters thought we loved them, few realized the gap it would make in our lives when they were gone. Their loyalty, their truth, their steadfastness, their genial hospitality, their warmth of friendship, their devotion to each other, — the beautiful utterances of their quiet, patient, yet in some respects, suffering lives, which found their way to the world, all belonged to them, and seem almost to have died with them.

"It breaks my heart to remember how hard Phœbe tried to be 'brave' after Alice's death, as she thought her sister would wish to have her; how she opened the windows to let in the sunlight, filled her room with flowers, refused to put on mourning, because Alice had requested her not to do so,

and tried to interest herself in general schemes and plans for the advancement of women. But it was all of no use. She simply could not live after Alice was gone. 'I do not know what is the matter with me,' she said to me on one occasion; 'I have lain down, and it seems, because Alice is not there, there is no reason why I should get up. For thirty years I have gone straight to her bedside as soon as I arose in the morning, and wherever she is, I am sure she wants me now.' Could one think of these words without tears?

"In addition to the love I felt for them, I am proud of these two women, as women whose isolated lives were so simple and so pure, who gave back tenderness and devotion and loving charity, for the slights which society deals even to gifted, if lonely womanhood. Some mistaken impressions have been obtained in regard to Alice Cary, in consequence of the sudden termination of her alliance with 'Sosisis.' For her connection with the society at all, I alone am responsible. Some sort of organization among women was my hobby, and I had discussed it with her often at her Sunday evening receptions. She had sympathized, but always refused to take any active part on account of her ill health. When the society was actually formed, therefore, I applied first to Mrs. Parton to become its President, a post which she at first accepted, and afterwards refused for a personal reason. Desirous of having a literary club, with the name of a distinguished literary woman, I begged Alice Cary to accept the position. She found it difficult to refuse my urgent entreaties, but did so, until I rose in great agitation, saying, 'Alice Cary, think what faith, reverence, and affection thousands of women have given to you, and you will not even give to them your name.' I left the house hastily, and went back to my office, concealing hot tears of grief and disappointment behind my veil. A moment after I arrived there, to my astonishment she came in, sank down in a chair, breathless with her haste, and said, 'If my name is worth anything to woman, I have come to tell you to take it.' For answer I knelt

down at her feet, and kissed her hand over and over again. Dear Alice Cary! only the argument that she was withholding something she could give had any weight with her."

Alice took her seat as President of the Woman's Club, but from ill health and an instinctive disinclination personally to fill any place publicly, she very soon resigned. Nevertheless, though at times she differed from special methods adopted by its members, the Woman's Club (Sosisis), in its original intent, and in its possibilities as a source of mutual culture and help to women, always had her sympathy to her dying day. Her address on taking the chair of the Woman's Club, unique and entirely characteristic, I give as the first and last speech ever made by Alice Cary on a public occasion. Yet this public occasion of hers was a most genial and gracious one. In the sumptuous parlor of Delmonico's, in an easy chair, sat Alice Cary, surrounded by a party of ladies, while she read to them in her low, forceful tones the words of her address. Not an ungraceful or unfeminine thing was this to do, even the most prejudiced must acknowledge. "I believe in it," she said afterwards, "especially for any one who works best in concert with others, and to whom the attrition and stimulus of contact with other minds is necessary. To many women such a weekly convocation will be of the highest advantage, but so far as I personally am concerned, I enjoy better sitting up-stairs, chatting with a friend, while I trim a cap for Aunt Lamson."

But here is the speech: —

LADIES, — As it will not be expected of me to make speeches very often, hereafter, I think I may presume on your indulgence, if I take advantage of this one opportunity. Permit me, then, in the first place, to thank you for the honor you have done me in assigning to me the President's chair. Why I should have been chosen, when there are so many among you greatly more competent to fill the position, I am at a loss to understand; unless, indeed, it be owing to the fact that I am to most of you a stranger, and your imaginations have clothed me with qualities not my

due. This you would soon discover for yourselves; I mention it only to bespeak your forbearance, though in this regard, I ventured almost to anticipate your lenity, inasmuch as you all know how untrained to business habits, how ignorant of rules, and how unused to executive management most women are.

If I take my seat, therefore, without confidence, it is not without the hope of attaining, through your generous kindness and encouragement, to better things. "A Woman's Club! Who ever heard of the like! What do women want of a Club? Have you any aims or objects?" These are questions which have been propounded to me day after day, since this project was set afoot — by gentlemen, of course. And I have answered, that, in our humble way, we were striving to imitate their example. You have your exclusive clubs, I have said, and why should not we have ours? What is so promotive of your interests cannot be detrimental to us; and that you find these reunions helpful to yourselves, and beneficial to society, we cannot doubt.

You, gentlemen, profess to be our representatives, to represent us better than we could possibly represent ourselves; therefore, we argue, it cannot be that you are attracted by grand rooms, fine furniture, luxurious dinners and suppers, expensive wines and cigars, the bandying of poor jests, or the excitement of the gaming table. Such dishonoring suspicions as these are not to be entertained for a moment.

Of our own knowledge, I have said, we are not able to determine what special agencies you employ for your advantage and ours, in your deliberative assemblies, for it has not been thought best for our interests that we should even sit at your tables, much less to share your councils; and doubtless, therefore, in our blindness and ignorance, we have made some pitiful mistakes.

In the first place, we have "tipped the tea-pot." This is a hard saying, the head and front of the charges brought against us, and we cannot but acknowledge its justice and its force; we are, in fact, weighed down with shame and humiliation, and impelled, while we are

about it, to make full and free confession of all our wild and guilty fantasies. We have, then, to begin at the beginning, proposed the inculcation of deeper and broader ideas among women, proposed to teach them to think for themselves, and get their opinions at first hand, not so much because it is their right, as because it is their duty. We have also proposed to open out new avenues of employment to women, to make them less dependent and less burdensome, to lift them out of unwomanly self-distrust disqualifying diffidence, into womanly self-respect and self-knowledge: to teach each one to make all work honorable by doing the share that falls to her, or that she may work out to herself agreeably to her own special aptitude, cheerfully and faithfully, not going down to it, but bringing it up to her. We have proposed to enter our protest against all idle gossip, against all demoralizing and wicked waste of time; also against the follies and tyrannies of fashion, against all external impositions and disabilities; in short, against each and every thing that opposes the full development and use of the faculties conferred upon us by our Creator.

We have proposed to lessen the antagonisms existing at present between men and women, by the use of every rightful means in our power; by standing upon our divine warranty, and saying and doing what we are able to say and to do, without asking leave, and without suffering hindrance; not for the exclusive good of our own sex, for we hold that there is no exclusive, and no separate good; what injures my brother injures me, and what injures me injures him, if he could but be made to know it; it injures him, whether or not he is made to know it. Such, I have said, are some of our objects and aims. We do not pretend, as yet, to have carefully digested plans and clearly defined courses. We are as children feeling our way in the dark, for it must be remembered that it is not yet half a century since the free schools, even in the most enlightened portions of our country, were first opened to girls. How, then, should you expect of us the fullness of wisdom which you for whole centuries have been gathering from

schools, colleges, and the exclusive knowledge and management of affairs !

We admit our short-comings, but we do feel, gentlemen, that in spite of them, an honest, earnest, and unostentatious effort toward broader culture and nobler life is entitled to a heartier and more sympathetic recognition than we have as yet received from you anywhere : even our representatives here at home, the leaders of the New York press, have failed in that magnanimity which we have been accustomed to attribute to them.

If we could have foreseen the sneers and sarcasms with which we have been met, they of themselves would have constituted all-sufficient reasons for the establishment of this Woman's Club ; as it is, they have established a strong impulse towards its continuance and final perpetuity. But, ladies, these sneers and sarcasms are, after all, but so many acknowledgments of our power, and should and will stimulate us to braver assertion, to more persistent effort toward thorough and harmonious organization ; and concert and harmony are all that we need to make this enterprise, ultimately, a great power for good. Indeed, with such women as have already enrolled their names on our list, I, for my part, cannot believe failure possible.

Some of us cannot hope to see great results, for our feet are already on the downhill side of life ; the shadows are lengthening behind us and gathering before us, and ere long they will meet and close, and the places that have known us, know us no more. But if, when our poor work is done, any of those who come after us shall find in it some hint of usefulness toward nobler lives, and better and more enduring work, we, for ourselves, rest content.

The love, sympathy, and pity which Alice felt for the whole human race, she lavished with concentrated power on those near to her, the members of her own family, and all who had been drawn into the inner circle of her personal life. She had not a relative who did not share her solicitude and care. Of her young nieces, the daughters of Rowena and Susan Cary, she was es-

pecially fond. The house on Twentieth Street was often graced and brightened by their presence, and one, "little Alice," grew up almost as an own daughter in her home, giving in return, to both her aunts to their latest hour, a filial devotion and tenderness which the most loving daughter never surpassed.

No child ever called her mother, yet to the end of life the heart of motherhood beat strong within her breast. Her love for children never grew faint. She was especially fond of little girls, and was wont to send for her little friends to come and spend a day with her. This was a high privilege, but any little girl that came was at once put at her ease, and felt perfectly at home. She took the individuality of each child into her heart, and reproduced it in her intercourse with it, and in her songs and stories.

Her little girl visitors were sometimes silent ones. Going into her room one day, there was a row of photographs, all little girls, arranged before her on her desk.

"Whose little girls?" was the eager question.

"*Mine!*" was the answer, breaking into a laugh. "They are all Alice Carys ; take your choice. The only trouble they make me is, I can't possibly get time to write to them all, though I do try to, to the babies' mothers." All had been sent by strangers, fathers and mothers, photographs of the children named "Alice Cary."

It is this real love for children, as children, which has given to both Alice and Phœbe Cary's books for little folks, such genuine and abiding popularity.

No more touching proof could be given of Alice Cary's passionate sympathy with child nature, than her never-waning love for her own little sister Lucy. Though but three years old when she passed away, the impress of her child-soul was as vivid and powerful in her sister's heart after the lapse of thirty changeful years, as on the day that she died. It was more than sister mourning for sister, it was the woman yearning for the child whose vacant place in her life no other child had ever filled. The following lines,

more than Wordsworthian in their bare simplicity, are an unfeigned utterance of her deepest heart.

## MY LITTLE ONE.

At busy morn — at quiet noon —  
At evening sad and still,  
As wayward as the lawless mist  
That wanders where it will,  
She comes — my little one.

I cannot have a dream so wrought  
Of nothings, nor so wild  
With fantasies, but she is there,  
My heavenly-human child —  
My glad, gay little one.

She never spake a single word  
Of wisdom, I agree ;  
I loved her not for what she was,  
But what she was to me —  
My precious little one.

You might not call her beautiful,  
Nor haply was she so ;  
I loved her for the loveliness  
That I alone could know —  
My sweet-souled little one.

I say I loved, but that is wrong ;  
As if the love could change  
Because my dove hath got her wings,  
And taken wider range !  
Forgive, my little one.

I still can see her shining curls  
All tremulously fair,  
Like fifty yellow butterflies  
A-fluttering in the air :  
My angel little one.

I see her tender mouth, her eyes,  
Her garment softly bright,  
Like some fair cloud about the morn  
With roses all a-light :  
My deathless little one.

She had, in full, the keen sensitiveness of the poetic temperament. A harsh tone, even, would bring tears into her eyes ; a cold look would haunt her for days. It was an absolute grief to her to differ in opinion from any one she loved, although with her intensity of conviction this was sometimes inevitable. It pained her if two friends rose to any heat of temper in argument.

If this ever occurred in her own parlor, though it rarely did, she would refer to it with a pained regret for weeks afterwards. This fine sensitiveness of temperament was manifested in her extreme personal modesty, which, to the end of her life, impelled her to shrink from all personal publicity, and to avoid everything which could attract attention to herself. She felt strong in rectitude, in her sense of justice, in her will to do for herself and others ; but, in comparison with her friends, always plain and poor and lowly in person, attainment, and performance. Her standard of excellence, both in character and in work, was too high to admit of self-satisfaction. Her ideals in all things were absolutely perfect. She took no pride in *them*. She only sighed that with all her striving she could not reach them.

No better proof could be given of the lack of self-consciousness in both sisters, than the absence of all personal diaries, letters, and allusions to themselves among their effects. Amid the mass of their papers which remain, not a written line has either sister left referring personally to herself. They held the humblest opinion of their own epistolary powers, probably never wrote a letter in their lives for the mere sake of writing it, while they periodically sent requests to their friends to burn all letters from them in their possession. Thus, amid their large circle of friends, very few letters remain, and nearly all of these are of too personal a character to admit of extracts. Alice never wrote a letter save on business, or to a person whom she loved. These letters were written in snatches of time between her tasks at early morning, or in the evening. She had no leisure to discuss art, or new books, seldom current events. The letter was always a direct message from her heart to her friend. In nothing, save in her self-denial for their sakes, did she manifest her brooding tenderness and care for those she loved, more than in her personal letters.

The following extracts from private letters to one person, give an example of the letter-writing style which she held in such low esteem, and show what were the direct utterances of Alice Cary's heart in private to a friend. As

the expression of herself in a form of which so little remains, they are full of interest.

The first is dated September 3, 1866:—

“I have not forgotten you, though you might think so. The truth is, in the first place, my letters are very poor affairs, and in the next, I know it. So you see I do not like to essay my poor powers in that direction unless for a special reason, and such an one is my love for you. I think of you daily, indeed hourly, and wish you were only back among us. Can't you come for a little while this winter? . . . Go on! We need all the strong words for the right that can be uttered. We never needed them more, it seems to me. I am afraid you are lonesome. I know how lonesome I used to be in the country and alone. Alone, I mean, so far as the society to which one belongs is concerned. For we all need something outside of ourselves and our immediate family. I don't care how much they may be to us, we require it both for mind and body.

“I am here in my own room, just where you left me. How I wish you could come in. Would n't we talk? I see all our old friends, but I do so wish for you.

“I am very busy, never so busy in my life, but whether to good purpose or not, I cannot say. Did you read my story in the July and August numbers of the ‘Atlantic,’ ‘The Great Doctor’?”

“My poems are expected out this fall, but not in a shape to please me; the cuts are dreadfully done; they look like frights. So things go, nothing quite as we would have it in this world; let us hope we are nearing a better country. I could *tell* you a thousand things, but how can I write them?”

“You have seen that poor Mrs. — has passed from among us? Her poor little struggle of a life is ended. I trust she has found one more satisfactory. My struggle still goes on. I am writing stories and verses — I can't say poems.

“Write me, my dear, just from your heart.”

“The next letter bears the date of September 17, 1866:—

“My dear, I've taken time by the forelock, as they say. I am up before the sun.

“We had an interesting company last evening, among them Mr. Greeley, Mr. Beecher, and Robert Dale Owen. I thought of you, and wished you here. I am glad you are at work again; you *must* work, you have every encouragement. A word about my story. I had no design to write a word against the Methodists. I believe them to be just as good as any other people. But I had to put my characters in some Church, and as I lived among Methodists in my youth, I know much about their ways. But I have a good Methodist preacher to set against my poor one, as will appear in due time. I would not do so foolish or mean a thing as to attempt to write down, or to write up, any denomination. There is good in all; but human nature is human nature everywhere.

“Thank you for your kind offer about my poems. I shall certainly remember your goodness. I *do* want the book to get before the public, and not be left to die in its cradle. I can say this much for it, It is *mine*. It is what I have thought, what I have seen, lived, and felt myself, not through books, or through other persons. I have taken the wild woods, corn fields, school-houses, rustic boys and girls, whatever I know best that has helped to make me; and however poor, there is the result.

“I must see you somehow this winter, and your dear friend Mrs. —, whom I love without having seen.

“There is breakfast! God bless you, and for a little while, good-by.”

Another letter is dated October 21, 1866:—

. . . . “I am afraid you are sick or very sad, or I am sure I should have heard from you. I think of you *so* much, and always with tearful tenderness, for our souls are kindred. I am more than half sick. My cough, since the weather has changed, is very

troublesome, so that I cannot sleep nights, which is dreadful you know.

"Won't you write and tell me all about yourself? Somehow I feel worried about you, as if there were shadows all around you.

"The house was full of pleasant company last night, but I was too sick to share it.

"I have managed with Carleton about my books. He has been very generous to me. I like him, and you will. I am busy trying to do much more than I ought, but I seem to be driven by a demon to that end, and to what purpose! Who cares for my poor little work, when it is all done! What doth it profit under the sun! I am sad to-day, very sad, and I ought to go to you only with sunshine. I have just finished a long, lonely ballad. I wish I could read it to you. More than that, I wish I could walk with you in the sunshine, out among the falling leaves, and say just what comes into my heart to say. But you are *there*, and I am *here*, 'and the harbor bar keeps nearing.'"

The following is from a letter written a year later, January, 1867 : —

"Here am I again, in my corner, thinking of you and of many things of which we did not talk much. I felt a little hurt, at first, that I did not see you more, but I do not now. I know that it was just as you say. Never mind, I half think I will come again, I did enjoy the week in — so much. I want to begin just where I left off. Dear Mrs. —, she did so much for our comfort and pleasure. How I hope to do something for her *sometime*. And Mr. — too, how I like him. It always did me good to see his bright face come in; his very voice gave me confidence and — *what* word shall I use? I don't know, I only know it always helped me to see him.

"I've been working on a little book of poems, or a proposed book, rather, all day at my desk. It is now nearly night, and I am tired, but I got on pretty well; that's some comfort.

"I have not been well since my return, and the immense appetite I had in —, I left there."

The following bears a still later date : —

... "Thank you most kindly for your letter. If I had only received it earlier, I might have gone with my friends to —, but they had already left, and anyway it would not have been easy to leave, for the house is full of visitors. I would like to be with you these times, but you can't imagine how busy I am, and have to be, to keep things going. I have been pretty well all winter, or I don't know how I should have got along. I have done a great deal of work, such as it is. Tell me what you propose to do, and all about yourself. First of all, I hope you are well; that is the great thing. We have had very pleasant times this winter; I have so much wished you here to help us. I have seen a good deal of Miss Booth for the last few months, and like her much; have seen Ole Bull at home and elsewhere, and like him, as Anna Dickinson would say, 'excessively!' I have seen much also of the McCarthys of London. You know and like them both; so do I. I do believe I have written my whole letter about myself. Well, pay me back in my own coin; that is all I want. Give me some of those thoughts which go through your mind and heart, when you sit alone with your cheek in your hand.

"Mind, I don't mean to say that you have not done anything well. By no means. But *remember, your* best work you yet must do."

Another letter is dated November 24, 1868 : —

"Your kind letter came duly. How I thank you for all your affectionate thoughts of me! I have been thinking and thinking I would write, but it's the old story, I can't write anything worth the reading. If we could only see each other! But written words are so poor and empty! at any rate mine seem so, and I have not the gift to make them otherwise.

"You have been sick and sad. I am so sorry for both, if that could help you. I am not well, either. My dear sick sister has been with me for two months with L—. 'Little Alice' is

here now. I have had transient visitors all the time, — two calls for charity since I began this letter. So, my dear, you can see how some of my time, and much of my heart goes. You can imagine I have written very little, and as for reading, my mind is as blank as an idol's.

"I hope to come to — this winter, and that there we may see one another: but can't you *somehow* come to me, — so that we might steal an hour now and then? I think it would do you good, I am sure it would me. I think of you oftener than you would believe. I have not so many friends that I cannot keep them all in my heart all the time. Have you made your new dress? What are you doing? and hoping to do? Do write and tell me, if you can afford to get in return for good letters such chaff as I send.

"It seems to me, if I only had your years, I would hope everything; but think where I am! So near the night, where no man can work, nor woman either.

"Lastly, my dear, let me admonish you to stand more strongly by your own nature. God gave it to you. For that reason alone you should think well of it, and make the most of it. I say this because I think that your tender conscience is a little morbid, as well as tender. You hardly think that you have a right to God's best gifts, to the enjoyment of the free air and sunshine. Your little innocent delights you constantly buy at a great cost. When you have given the loaf, you hardly think you have a right to the crust. One part of your nature is all the time set against the other, and you take the self-sacrificing side. I know through what straits you are dragged. You could not be selfish if you would, and I would not have you so, if I could. But I do think that you should compel yourself to live a higher, more expansive, and expressive life. You are entitled to it. There is a cloud all the time between you and the sun, and even the soulless plants cannot live in the shade. I did not intend to write all this; somehow, it seemed to write itself. If I have said more than I ought, I pray you pardon me.

"The day is lovely. I wish we were

in the woods together, hearing the wind in the dead leaves, and getting from the quiet heart of our mother earth some of her tranquil rest. Good-by, my dear. May the Lord send his angels to abide with you."

Many have inquired concerning her belief in "Spiritualism." She was a spiritualist in the highest meaning of the much-abused term, as every spiritually minded person must be in some sense, and would be if no such thing as professional Spiritualism had ever existed. No one can believe in the New Testament, in God himself, and not be in this sense a spiritualist. One cannot have faith in another and better world, and not feel often that its border lies very near to this; so near, indeed, that our lost ones who have gone thither may come back to us, unseen, unheard, to walk as "ministering angels" by our sides. This is the spiritualism of Jesus and his disciples, and of holy men and women in all ages.

All Alice Cary's spiritual faith is uttered in these lines:—

"Laugh, you who never had  
Your dead come back; but do not take  
from me

The harmless comfort of my foolish  
dream:

That these our mortal eyes,  
Which outwardly reflect the earth and  
skies,

Do introvert upon eternity;  
And that the shapes you deem  
Imaginations just as clearly fall,  
Each from its own divine original,  
And through some subtle element of  
light,

Upon the inward spiritual eye,  
As do the things which round about  
them lie,

Gross and material, on the external  
sight."

She hated slavery in every form; she was capable of a burning indignation against every type of wrong; yet in her judgment of individuals she was full of charity and sympathy. I once expressed myself bitterly toward a person who had spoken of Alice most unkindly and falsely. "You would not feel



so, my dear, she said, "if you knew how unhappy she is. When I think how *very unhappy she must be herself*, to be willing to injure one who never harmed her, I can only pity her."

This intense tenderness, this yearning over everything human, with a pity and love inexpressible, made the very impulse and essence of her being. Surely, in this was she Christlike. Our Saviour wept over Jerusalem. How many tears did she, his disciple, shed for sorrowing humanity, for suffering womanhood. Nor were tears all she gave. The deepest longing of her life was to see human nature lifted from sin to holiness, from misery to happiness; every thought that she uttered, every deed she did, she prayed might help toward this end. To help somebody, no matter how lowly, to comfort the afflicted, to lift up the fallen, to share every blessing of her life with others, to live (even under the stress of pain and struggle) a life pure, large, in itself an inspiration—this, and more, was Alice Cary.

Filled with the spirit, and fulfilling the law of the Master in her daily life, is it not intolerant, little, and even mean, now she has passed away forever, to cast on the abstract creed of such a woman the shadow of question, much less of reproach?

Why should her "Dying Hymn" be less the hymn of a dying saint, if she did believe that the mercy of her Heavenly Father, and the atonement of Jesus Christ, would, in the fullness of eternity, redeem from sin, and gather into everlasting peace, the whole family of man? Justice tempered by love, the supreme attribute of her own nature, ran into her individual conception of God, and of his dealings with the human race. Grieving over the fact that ten thousands of her fellow creatures are cursed in their very birth, born into the world with the physical and spiritual taint of depraved generations entailed upon them, with neither the power nor opportunity, from the cradle to the grave, to break the chains of poverty and vice and rise to purity: she believed no less that the opportunity would come to every human being, that everything that God had made would have its chance; if not in this existence,

then in another. Without this faith, at times human life would have been to her intolerable. It was her soul's consolation to say:—

"Nay, but 't is not the end:  
God were not God, if such a thing  
could be;  
If not in time, then in eternity,  
There must be room for penitence to  
mend  
Life's broken chance, else noise of wars  
Would unmake heaven."

Phœbe, in settling the question of her religious faith, said:—

"Though singularly liberal and unsectarian in her views, she always preserved a strong attachment to the church of her parents, and, in the main, accepted its doctrines. Caring little for creeds and minor points, she most firmly believed in human brotherhood as taught by Jesus; and in a God whose loving kindness is so deep and so unchangeable, that there can never come a time to even the vilest sinner, in all the ages of eternity, when if he arise and go to Him, his Father will not see him afar off, and have compassion upon him. In this faith, which she has so often sung, she lived and wrought and hoped; and in this faith, which grew stronger, deeper, and more assured with years of sorrow and trial and sickness, she passed from death unto life."

The friends who shared so long the hospitality of her home, as they turn their eyes toward the closed doors of that home, finally bereft, well as they knew her and truly as they loved her, cannot dream of half the plans for their happiness and comfort that went out when that faithful heart ceased to beat. Nor was it of her friends only whom she thought. Long after suffering had separated her forever from the active world, she took just as keen an interest in its great affairs as if still participating in them. Even when the shadows of eternity were stealing over her, nothing that concerns this mortal life seemed to her paltry or unimportant. She wanted all her friends to come into her room and tell her everything about the life from which she was shut out. She took the deepest interest in everything human, from the grandest affair of state

to "poor old Mrs. Brown's last cap," which she persisted in making when so feeble that she could scarcely draw her needle through its lace. Yet this interest in human affairs did not shut from her gaze the things "unseen and eternal." She said to me one morning, after a night of suffering, "While you are all asleep, I lie here and think on the deep things of eternity, of the unknown life. I find I must leave it still with God, and trust Him!"

One of the last things she said to me was, "If you could see all the flowers brought into this room by friends *piled up*, it seems to me they would reach to heaven. I am certainly going toward it on flowery beds, if not beds of ease."

And her last words to me, with a radiant smile, were, "When you come back, you will find me so much better I shall come and stay with you a week. So we won't say good-by." Thus in one sense we never parted. Yet my only regret in thinking of her, is that life with its relentless obligations withheld me from her in her very last days. It is one of those unavailing regrets on which death has set his seal, and to which time can bring no reparation.

For her sake let me say what, as a woman, she could be, and was, to another. She found me with habits of thought and of action unformed, and with nearly all the life of womanhood before me. She taught me self help, courage, and faith. She showed me how I might help myself and help others. Wherever I went, I carried with me her love as a treasure and a staff. How many times I leaned upon it and grew strong. It never fell from me. It never failed me. No matter how life might serve me, I believed without a doubt that her friendship would never fail me; and it never did. If I faltered, she would believe in me no less. If I fell, her hand would be the first outstretched to lift me up. All the world might forsake me; yet would not she. I might become an outcast; yet no less would I find in her a shelter and a friend. Yet, saying this, I have not and said, have no power to say, what as a soul I owe to her.

These autumn days sharpen the keen sense of irreparable loss. These are the days that she loved; in whose

balsamic airs she basked, and renewed her life with ever fresh delight. These are the days in which she garnished her house for new reunions, in which she drew nearer to nature, nearer to her friends, nearer to her God. October is here, serene as of old; but she is not. Her house is inhabited by strangers. Her song is hushed. Her true heart is still. But life — the vast life whose mystery enthralled her — that remorselessly goes on. I laid a flower on her grave yesterday; so to-day I offer this poor memorial to her name, because I loved her.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### ALICE CARY. — THE WRITER.

As an artist in literature Alice Cary suffered, as so many women in this generation do, for lack of thorough mental discipline and those reserved stores of knowledge which must be gathered and garnered in youth. When the burden and the heat of the day came, when she needed them most, she had neither time nor strength to acquire them. Her early youth was spent chiefly in household drudgery. Her only chance for study was in dear snatches at books between her tasks, and by the kitchen fire through the long winter evenings. Referring to this period of her life, she said: —

"In my memory there are many long, dark years of labor at variance with my inclinations, of bereavement, of constant struggle, and of hope deferred."

Thus, when her life-work and work for life came, she did it under the most hampering disadvantages, and often amid bodily suffering which any ordinary woman would have made a sufficient excuse for absolute dependence upon others. Thus it was with her as with so many of her sisters. So much of woman's work is artistically poor, not from any poverty of gift, but for lack of that practical training of the faculties which is indispensable to the finest workmanship. The power is there, but not the perfect mastery of the power. Alice's natural endowment

of mind and soul was of the finest and rarest; yet as an artistic force, she used it timidly, and at times awkwardly. She never, to her dying hour, reached her own standard; never, in any form of art, satisfied herself.

About ten years ago she wrote to a friend in the West: "I am ashamed of my work. The great bulk of what I have written is poor stuff. Some of it, maybe, indicates ability to do better—that is about all. I think I am more simple and direct, less diffuse and encumbered with ornament than in former years, all, probably, because I have lived longer and thought more."

In dealing with two forces, hers was the touch of mastery. As an interpreter of the natural world she was unsurpassed. And when she spoke from her own, never did she fail to strike the key-note to the human heart. Her absorbing love for nature, inanimate and human, her oneness with it, made her what she was, a poet of the people. She knew more of principles than of persons, more of nature than of either. Her mind was introspective. Instinctively she drew the very life of the universe into her soul, and from her soul sent it forth into life again. By her nothing in nature is forgotten or passed by. "The luminous creatures of the air," the cunning workers of the ground, "the dwarfed flower," and the "drowning mote," each shares something of her great human love, which, brooding over the very ground, rises and merges into all things beautiful. One can only wonder at the reverent and observant faculties, the widely embracing heart, which makes so many of God's loves its own. The following is a verse in her truest vein:—

"Oh for a single hour  
To have life's knot of evil and self-blame

All straightened, all undone!  
As in the time when fancy had the power

The weariest and forlornest day to  
bless,

*At sight of any little common flower,  
That warmed her pallid fingers in  
the sun,  
And had no garment but her loveliness."*

After having lived in the city for twenty years, with not even a grassy plat of her own on which to rest her feet, the country sights and sounds, which made nearly thirty years of her life, faded into pictures of the past. In these days "life's tangled knot of evil," the phenomena of human existence, absorbed chiefly her heart and faculties. Much of the result of her questionings and replies we find in her "Thoughts and Theories." Even these are deeply veined with her passionate love of nature, though she speaks of it as a companion of the past. She says:—

"I thank Thee that my childhood's  
vanished days

Were cast in rural ways,  
Where I beheld, with gladness ever  
new,

That sort of vagrant dew  
Which lodges in the beggarly tents of  
such

Vile weeds as virtuous plants disdain  
to touch,

And with rough-bearded burs, night  
after night,

Upgathered by the morning, tender  
and true,

Into her clear, chaste light.

"Such ways I learned to know  
That free will cannot go

Outside of mercy; learned to bless  
his name

Whose revelations, ever thus re-  
newed

Along the varied year, in field and  
wood,

His loving care proclaim.

"I thank Thee that the grass and the  
red rose

Do what they can to tell  
How spirit through all forms of matter  
flows;

For every thistle by the common way,  
Wearing its homely beauty; for each  
spring

That, sweet and homeless, runneth  
where it will;

For night and day;  
For the alternate seasons,—every-  
thing

Pertaining to life's marvelous mira-  
cle."

But these later poems, with all their spiritual thought and insight, with all their tender retrospection, never equaled in freshness and fullness of melody, in a nameless rush of music, her first lyrics; those lyrics written when the young soul, attuned to every sound in nature, thrilling with the first consciousness of its visible and invisible life, like the reed of Pan, gave it all forth in music at the touch of every breeze. No wonder that so many pilgrims out in the world turned and listened to the first notes of a song so natural and "piercing sweet." To the dusty wayfarer the freedom and freshness and fullness of the winds and waves swept through it. Listen:—

"Do you hear the wild birds calling?  
Do you hear them, O my heart?  
Do you see the blue air falling  
From their rushing wings apart?"

"With young mosses they are flocking,  
For they hear the laughing breeze  
With dewy fingers rocking  
Their light cradles in the trees!"

And here is one of her early contributions to the "National Era," written before she was known to fame, and before she was paid money for her writing.

#### TO THE WINDS.

Talk to my heart, O winds —  
Talk to my heart to-night;  
My spirit always finds  
With you a new delight —  
Finds always new delight,  
In your silver talk at night.

Give me your soft embrace  
As you used to long ago,  
In your shadowy trysting-place,  
When you seemed to love me so —  
When you sweetly kissed me so,  
On the green hills, long ago.

Come up from your cool bed,  
In the stilly twilight sea,  
For the dearest hope lies dead  
That was ever dear to me;  
Come up from your cool bed,  
And we'll talk about the dead.

Tell me, for oft you go,  
Winds — lovely winds of night —  
About the chambers low,  
With sheets so dainty white,  
If they sleep through all the night  
In the beds so chill and white?

Talk to me, winds, and say  
If in the grave be rest,  
For, oh! Life's little day  
Is a weary one at best;  
Talk to my heart and say  
If Death will give me rest.

In her minor lyrics of this period, those singing of some sad human experience, we find the same intimate presence of natural objects, the same simple, inimitable pictures of country life. I was a young girl when the following stanzas first met my eye. The exquisite sensation which thrilled me when I read them, was among the never-to-be-forgotten experiences of a life-time. It was as if I had never read a poem before, and had but just received a new revelation of song; though the soul from whence it came was to me but a name.

Very pale lies Annie Clayville,  
Still her forehead, shadow-crowned,  
And the watchers hear her saying,  
As they softly tread around —  
"Go out, reapers! for the hill-tops  
Twinkle with the summer's heat;  
Lay from out your swinging cradles,  
Golden furrows of ripe wheat!  
While the little laughing children,  
Lightly mingling work with play,  
From between the long green win-  
rows  
Glean the sweetly-scented hay,  
Let your sickles shine like sunbeams  
In the silvery flowing rye;  
Ears grow heavy in the corn fields  
That will claim you by and by.  
Go out, reapers, with your sickles,  
Gather home the harvest store!  
Little gleaners, laughing gleaners,  
I shall go with you no more!"

Round the red moon of October,  
White and cold, the eve stars climb;  
Birds are gone, and flowers are dying —  
'T is a lonesome, lonesome time!  
Yellow leaves along the woodland  
Surge to drift; the elm-bough sways,

Creaking at the homestead window,  
 All the weary nights and days ;  
 Dismally the rain is falling,  
 Very dismally and cold !  
 Close within the village grave-yard,  
 By a heap of freshest ground,  
 With a simple, nameless head-stone,  
 Lies a low and narrow mound ;  
 And the brow of Annie Clayville  
 Is no longer shadow-crowned.  
 Rest thee, lost one ! rest thee calmly,  
 Glad to go where pain is o'er ;  
 Where they say not, through the night-  
 time,  
 " I am weary ! " any more.

In her verses " To an Early Swallow," written within a year or two of her death, we find lines which revive much of the exquisite imagery which made her earlier lyrics so remarkable. She says : —

My little bird of the air,  
 If thou dost know, then tell me the  
 sweet reason  
 Thou comest always, duly in thy season,  
 To build and pair.  
 For still we hear thee twittering round  
 the eaves,  
 Ere yet the attentive cloud of April  
 lowers,  
 Up from their darkened heath to call  
 the flowers,  
 Where, all the rough, hard weather,  
 They kept together,  
 Under their low brown roof of withered  
 leaves.

And for a moment still  
 Thy ever-tuneful bill,  
 And tell me, and I pray thee tell me  
 true,  
 If any cruel care thy bosom frets,  
 The while thou fittest ploughlike  
 through the air —  
 Thy wings so swift and slim,  
 Turned downward, darkly dim,  
 Like furrows on a ground of violets.

Nay, tell me not, my swallow,  
 But have thy pretty way,  
 And prosperously follow  
 The leading of the sunshine all the  
 day.  
 Thy virtuous example  
 Maketh my foolish questions answer  
 ample —

It is thy large delights keeps open  
 wide  
 Thy little mouth ; thou hast no pain  
 to hide ;  
 And when thou leavest all the green-  
 topped woods  
 Pining below, and with melodious floods  
 Flatterest the heavy clouds, it is, I  
 know,  
 Because, my bird, thou canst not choose  
 but go  
 Higher and ever higher  
 Into the purple fire  
 That lights the morning meadows with  
 heart's-ease,  
 And sticks the hill-sides full of prim-  
 roses.

But tell me, my good bird,  
 If thou canst tune thy tongue to any  
 word,  
 Wherewith to answer — pray thee tell  
 me this :  
 Where gottest thou thy song,  
 Still thrilling all day long,  
 Silvered to fragments by its very bliss !  
 Not, as I guess,  
 Of any whistling swain,  
 With cheek as richly russet as the grain  
 Sown in his furrows ; nor, I further  
 guess,  
 Of any shepherdess,  
 Whose tender heart did drag  
 Through the dim hollows of her golden  
 flag  
 After a faithless love — while far  
 and near,  
 The waterfalls, to hear,  
 Clung by their white arms to the cold,  
 deaf rocks,  
 And all the unkempt flocks  
 Strayed idly. Nay, I know,  
 If ever any love-lorn maid did blow  
 Of such a pitiful pipe, thou didst not get  
 In such sad wise thy heart to music set.

So, lower not down to me  
 From its high home thy ever-busy  
 wing ;  
 I know right well thy song was shaped  
 for thee  
 By His unwearying power  
 Who makes the days about the Easter  
 flower  
 Like gardens round the chamber of a  
 king.  
 And whether, when the sobering  
 year hath run

His brief course out, and thou away  
dost hie

To find thy pleasant summer company ;  
Or whether, my brown darling of the  
sun,

When first the South, to welcome up  
the May,

Hangs wide her saffron gate,  
And thou, from the uprising of the day  
Till eventide in shadow round thee  
closes,

Pourest thy joyance over field and  
wood,

As if thy very blood  
Were drawn from out the young hearts  
of the roses —

'T is all to celebrate,

And all to praise

The careful kindness of His gracious  
ways

Who builds the golden weather  
So tenderly about thy houseless  
brood —

Thy unfledged, homeless brood, and  
thee together.

Ah ! these are the sweet reasons,  
My little swimmer of the seas of air,  
Thou comest, goest, duly in thy sea-  
son ;

And furthermore, that all men every-  
where

May learn from thy enjoyment  
That that which maketh life most good  
and fair

Is heavenly employment.

In the very latest of her suffering days, Alice Cary longed with longings unutterable to bring back as a living presence to herself every scene which inspired those early songs. In her portfolio lie her last manuscripts just as she left them, copied, each one, several times, with a care and precision which, in her active and crowded days, she never attempted ; copied in the new chirography which she compelled her hand to acquire, a few months before it was laid upon her breast, idle at last, in the rest of death. These late songs breathe none of the faintness of death. Rather they ring with the first lyric fervor ; they cry out for, and call back, within the very shadow of the grave, the woman's first delights. Witness these in this "Cradle Song," cop-

ied three times by her own hand, and never before published.

CRADLE SONG.

All the air is white with snowing,  
Cold and white — cold and white ;  
Wide and wild the winds are blowing,  
Blowing, blowing wide and wild.

Sweet little child, sweet little child,  
Sleep, sleep, sleep little child :  
Earth is dark, but heaven is  
bright —

Sleep, sleep till the morning light :  
Some must watch, and some must  
weep,

And some, little baby, some may  
sleep :

So, good-night, sleep till light ;  
Lullaby, lullaby, and good-night !

Folded hands on the baby bosom,  
Cheek and mouth rose-red, rose-  
sweet ;

And like a bee's wing in a blossom,  
Beat, beat, beat and beat,  
So the heart keeps going, going,  
While the winds in the bitter snow-  
ing

Meet and cross — cross and meet —  
Heaping high, with many an eddy,  
Bars of stainless chalcedony

All in curves about the door,  
Where shall fall no more, no more,  
Longed-for steps, so light, so light.  
Little one, sleep till the moon is low,  
Sleep, and rock, and take your rest ;  
Winter clouds will snow and snow,  
And the winds blow east, and the  
winds blow west

Some must come, and some must go,  
And the earth be dark, and the heavens  
be bright :

Never fear, baby dear,  
Wrong things lose themselves in right ;  
Never fear, mother is here,  
Lullaby, lullaby, and good-night.

O good saint, that thus emboldenest  
Eyes bereaved to see, to-night,  
Cheek the rosiest, hair the goldenest,  
Ever gladdened the mother sight.  
Blessed art thou to hide the willow,  
Waiting and weeping over the dead,  
With the softest, silkenest pillow  
Ever illumined hair o'erspread.  
Never had cradle such a cover ;  
All my house with light it fills ;

Over and under, under and over,  
 'Broidered leaves of the daffodils !  
 All away from the winter weather,  
 Baby, wrapt in your 'broideries bright,  
 Sleep, nor watch any more for father —  
 Father will not come home to-night.  
 Angels now are round about him,  
 In the heavenly home on high ;  
 We must learn to do without him —  
 Some must live, and some must die.  
 Baby, sweetest ever was born,  
 Shut little blue eyes, sleep till morn :  
 Rock and sleep, and wait for the  
 light,

Father will not come home to-night.  
 Winter is wild, but winter closes ;  
 The snow in the nest of the bird will lie,  
 And the bird must have its little cry ;  
 Yet the saddest day doth swiftly run,  
 Up o'er the black cloud shines the sun,  
 And when the reign of the frost is done  
 The May will come with roses, roses —  
 Green-leaved grass, and red-leaved  
 roses —

Roses, roses, roses, roses,  
 Roses red, and lilies white.  
 Sleep little baby, sleep, sleep ;  
 Some must watch, and some must  
 weep ;  
 Sweetly sleep till the morning light,  
 Lullaby, lullaby, and good-night.

By its side lies another manuscript,  
 evidently written later. In it the same  
 erect, clear writing is attempted, but  
 the hand wavered and would not obey  
 the will ; the lines tremble, and at last  
 grow indistinct. The poem begun was  
 never finished. As the failing hand,  
 the yearning soul left it, word by word,  
 it is here given : —

Give me to see, though only in a dream,  
 Though only in an unsubstantial dream,  
 The dear old cradle lined with leaves of  
 moss,  
 And daily changed from cradle into  
 cross,  
 What time athwart its dull brown wood,  
 a beam  
 Slid from the gold deeps of the sunset  
 shore,  
 Making the blur of twilight white and  
 fair,  
 Like lilies quivering in the summer  
 air ;  
 And my low pillow like a rose full-  
 blown.

Oh, give mine eyes to see once more,  
 once more.

My longing eyes to see this one time  
 more,

The shadows trembling with the  
 wings of bats,  
 And dandelions dragging to the door,  
 And speckling all the grass about the  
 door,  
 With the thick spreading of their  
 starry mats.

Give me to see, I pray and can but  
 pray,

Oh, give me but to see to-day, to-day,  
 The little brown-walled house where I  
 was born ;  
 The gray old barn, the cattle-shed  
 close by,  
 The well-sweep, with its angle sharp  
 and high ;  
 The flax field, like a patch of fallen sky ;  
 The millet harvest, colored like the  
 corn,  
 Like to the ripe ears of the new husked  
 corn.

And give mine eyes to see among the  
 rest

This rustic picture, in among the rest,  
 For there and only there it doth belong,  
 I, at fourteen, and in my Sunday best,  
 Reading with voice unsteady my first  
 song,

The rugged verses of my first rude  
 song.

As a ballad writer she was never  
 equaled by any American man or wom-  
 an. She loved the ballad, and there  
 is ever in hers a *naïve*, arch grace of  
 utterance, inimitable. In the ballad,  
 hers was the very luxury of song. She  
 never waited for a rhyme. Her rhythm  
 rippled and ran with the fervor and  
 fullness of a mountain brook after the  
 springtime rains. Never quite over-  
 taking it, she yet leaped and ran and  
 sang with it in ever new delight.  
 What a wild thrilling rush is there in  
 such lines as these : —

"Haste, good boatman ! haste !" she  
 cried,

"And row me over the other side !"  
 And she stript from her finger the  
 shining ring,  
 And gave it me for the ferrying.

"Woe's me! my Lady, I may not go,  
For the wind is high and th' tide is  
low,  
And rocks like dragons lie in the  
wave, —  
Slip back on your finger the ring you  
gave!"

"Nay, nay! for the rocks will be  
melted down,  
And the waters, they never will let me  
drown,  
And the wind a pilot will prove to  
thee,  
For my dying lover, he waits for me!"

Then bridle-ribbon and silver spur  
She put in my hand, but I answered  
her:  
"The wind is high and the tide is  
low, —  
I must not, dare not, and will not  
go!"

Her face grew deadly white with pain,  
And she took her champing steed by  
th' mane,  
And bent his neck to th' ribbon and  
spur  
That lay in my hand, — but I answered  
her:

"Though you should proffer me twice  
and thrice  
Of ring and ribbon and steed the  
price, —  
The leave of kissing your lily-like  
hand!  
I never could row you safe to th'  
land."

"Then God have mercy!" she faintly  
cried,  
"For my lover is dying the other side!  
O cruel, O cruellest Gallaway,  
Be parted, and make me a path, I pray!"

Of a sudden, the sun shone large and  
bright  
As if he were staying away the night,  
And the rain on the river fell as sweet  
As the pitying tread of an angel's  
feet.

And spanning the water from edge to  
edge  
A rainbow stretched like a golden  
bridge,

And I put the rein in her hand so fair,  
And she sat in her saddle th' queen o'  
th' air.

And over the river, from edge to edge,  
She rode on the shifting and shimmer-  
ing bridge,  
And landing safe on the farther side, —  
"Love is thy conqueror, Death!" she  
cried.

The following is, perhaps, a more  
characteristic illustration of the pen-  
sive naturalness of her usual manner.  
Amid scores, it simply represents her  
utter ease of rhythm; the blended real-  
ism and idealism of her thoughts and  
feelings: —

And Margaret set her wheel aside,  
And breaking off her thread,  
Went forth into the harvest-field  
With her pail upon her head, —

Her pail of sweetest cedar-wood,  
With shining yellow bands,  
Through clover, lifting its red tops  
Almost unto her hands.

Her ditty flowing on the air,  
For she did not break her song,  
And the water dripping o'er th' grass,  
From her pail as she went along, —

Over the grass that said to her,  
Trembling through all its leaves,  
"A bright rose for some harvester  
To bind among his sheaves!"

And clouds of gay green grasshoppers  
Flew up the way she went,  
And beat their wings against their  
sides,  
And chirped their discontent.

And the blackbird left the piping of  
His amorous, airy glee,  
And put his head beneath his wing, —  
An evil sign to see.

The meadow-herbs, as if they felt  
Some secret wound, in showers  
Shook down their bright buds till her  
way  
Was ankle-deep with flowers.

Her personal acquaintance with all  
the flowers and herbs of wood and



field was as intimate as that she had with people. She never generalizes in writing of them, but sets each one in her verse as she would in a vase, with the most delicate consciousness of its blending lights and shades. A young Southern lady, who from childhood has been a loving student of Alice Cary's poetry, remarked at her funeral, that she believed she could find each flower of our Middle States, and many of those of the South, mentioned with appreciation in some part of Alice Cary's poems.

Yet nothing in her music touches one so nearly as its manifold variations of the hymn of human life — now tender, pathetic, and patient; now grand with resignation and faith, uttered always with a child-like simplicity; telling, most of all, how the human heart can love and suffer, how it can believe and find rest. It was her all-embracing pity, her yearning love for the entire race of Adam, which made her song a personal power, an ever present consolation to thousands of human souls who never measured her by any rule of poetic art. A friend who had loved her long, writing of her after death, said: —

"Having passed one day from her chamber of anguish, musing upon her despondency at being thus laid aside from active employment, we recounted her words at the bedside of another sufferer, who had never seen the afflicted poet. The latter, in reply, drew her common-place book from beneath her pillow, and pointed to poem after poem by Alice Cary, which had been her solace during weary months and years of sickness and pain, and bade us give her greeting of gratitude to that unknown but beloved benefactor. Thus does the All-seeing Father bless our unconscious influence, and often make our seeming helplessness more potent for good than our best hours of purposed effort."

If the scrap-books of the land could to-day be drawn forth from their receptacles, we should find that Alice Cary has a place as a poet in the hearts of the people, which no mere critic in his grandeur has ever allowed. Nor would these scrap-books be solely

the property of "gushing" girls, and tearful women. The heart of man responds scarcely less to her music. One of the most eminent and learned of living statesmen remarked, since her death, "It seems as if I had read almost every poem that Alice Cary has ever written: at least my scrap-book is full of them."

There is no sadder inequality than that which exists often between the estimate an author places upon some work that has been wrought from his soul and brain, and the one placed on it by a careless reader, or the average public. It is the very tissue of being, the life-blood of one. To the other, often, it is but mere words; or, at most, an inartistic performance, whose best fate is to be superficially read and quickly forgotten. Nor is it the fault of this public that it is all unknowing of the time and tears, the patience and sorrow and love often inwrought in the book which it so lightly passes over. It has nothing to do with the individual life of the author; yet no less its thoughtless and sometimes unjust judgment makes one of the hard facts of human life. There never was a more touching illustration of this than in Alice Cary's feeling toward her little book of poems called "A Lover's Diary," published by Ticknor and Fields, in 1868, and the average reception of it. To the newspaper notices it seemed but a tame collection of love-songs, never thrilling and often wearisome. This was the most that it was to many. To her it was her soul's flower laid upon the grave of her darling — the young sister who for so many years was the soul of her soul and the life of her life. It is the portrait of this sister (though casting but a dim shadow of her living loveliness) which graces the front of the book; and the dedication below it, so simple, unfeigned, sorrowful, and loving, is one of the most touching utterances in literature.

Here, and not here!

When following care about my house I  
tread

Sadly, and all so slowly,  
There often seemeth to be round me  
spread

A blessed light, as if the place were  
 holy ;  
 And then thou art near.

Lost, and not lost !  
 When silence taketh in the night her  
 place,  
 And I my soul deliver  
 All to sweet dreaming of thy sovereign  
 grace,  
 I see the green hills on beyond the  
 river  
 Thy feet have crossed.

And so, my friend,  
 I have and hold thee all the while I  
 wait,  
 Musing and melancholy ;  
 And so these songs to thee I dedicate,  
 Whose song shall flow henceforth se-  
 rene and holy,  
 Life without end.

For dear, dear one,  
 Even as a traveler, doomed alone to  
 go  
 Through some wild wintry valley,  
 Takes in his poor, rude hand the way-  
 side snow  
 And shapes it to the likeness of a  
 lily,  
 So have I done ;

That while I wove  
 Lays that to men's minds haply might  
 recall  
 Some bower of bliss unsaddened,  
 Moulding and modulating one and all  
 Upon thy life, so many lives that glad-  
 dened  
 With light and love.

Elmina Cary, the youngest child of Robert and Elizabeth Cary, seemed to take the place in Alice's heart and care, filled by the little sister Lucy in her youth. Elmina, who was married in early girlhood to Mr. Alexander Swift of Cincinnati, in her health very soon showed symptoms of the family fate. Marked by death at twenty, she lingered eleven years. A portion of this time her home was in New York. The air of Cincinnati was harsh for her, and needing always in her decline the ministry of her sisters, she spent much time with them, and died in their home. She was especially dependent upon

Alice, as Phœbe says : " Greatly her junior, and of feeble frame, she was her peculiar care, a sister, child, and darling." She slowly faded from the earth, day by day growing lovelier to the last. She had the face and nature of Alice, touched with the softness of dependence, and the delicate contour of youth. She was of especial loveliness, with a face to inspire a painter : oval, olive-tinted, crowned with masses of dark hair, lit with a pair of dark eyes as steadfast as planets and as shining as stars. All innocence and tenderness, many friends of Alice and Phœbe remember this younger sister as the gentlest genius of their household. She possessed the gift divine of her family — was a poet in temperament and heart, as she must have been in utterance, had she lived. As it was, she wiled away many hours and years of pain in weaving together the ballads and hymns and artless stories of life, which thronged her heart and brain.

Wearing " the rose of womanhood " in perfect loveliness, she faded away from the world, leaving no sign save in the hearts that loved her. There are women striving now to gather into their ripening souls the grace of patience, and that bright serenity which is its finest charm, who feel that it is easier to reach because she lived and because they loved her. And there are men wrestling in the world, their days crowded with its weary affairs, who nevertheless carry this woman's memory like a flower in their hearts, thanking God for it. For no man finds in a woman's soul the revelation of a rarer self, receiving it into his heart as the incentive toward a better life, who ever loses it wholly, or who ever forgets the gentle face that was its visible type.

When, in 1862, she died, Alice wrote : " My darling is dead. My hands are empty ; my work seems done." From that hour, till the " Lover's Diary " was published in 1868, Alice, amid her arduous toils, was writing these songs in her praise, and for her sake.

When the book was done, she laid it in the hand of a friend, saying, with tears in her eyes, " It will be something to you, for you knew *her*." Its prevailing fault is its monotony. The

sameness of its rhythm, and the constant repetition of one name, is sure to tire a reader after a few consecutive pages, if he knows nothing of its history, and never knew or loved personally its subject. And yet no appreciator of true poetry can turn over its leaves without a constantly recurring sense of surprise at the exquisite beauty of phrase, and tenderness of rhythm running through the minor lyrics. Phœbe says of them: "I do not know how this book may affect others; but to me some of the poems have a most tearful and touching pathos. 'Mona Sick' is perhaps one of the saddest and sweetest." Read as the rhythmic utterance of absolute truth—the heart's real cry over a loved one dying, and that loved one a sister—what a sacred sound these lines take on!

"Low lying in her pallid pain,  
A flower that thirsts and dies for rain,  
I see her night and day:  
And every heart-beat is a cry,  
And every breath I breathe a sigh—  
Oh, for the May, the May!

• • • • •  
"All the dreaming is broken through;  
Both what is done and undone I rue.  
Nothing is steadfast and nothing true,  
But your love for me and my love for you,  
My dearest, dear little heart.

"The time is weary, the year is old,  
The light o' the lily burns close to the mould;  
The grave is cruel, the grave is cold,  
But the other side is the city of gold,  
My dearest, dear little heart."

Coldly as this little book was received at its publication, more of its lyrics are afloat on the great newspaper sea to-day than ever before; while several of them have been incorporated in standard books of poetry. There is one, than which Charles Kingsley or Alfred Tennyson never sang a sweeter, which has drifted to Europe and back, and been appropriated in a hundred ways, whose last stanza runs:—

"The fisher droppeth his net in the stream,  
And a hundred streams are the same as one;  
And the maiden dreameth her love-lit dream;  
And what is it all, when all is done?  
The net of the fisher the burden breaks,  
And always the dreaming the dreamer wakes."

It was in attempting to deal with more material and cruder forces that Alice Cary failed. In the more comprehensive sense, she never learned the world. In her novels, attempting to portray the faults and passions of men and women, we find her rudest work. Her mastery of quaintness, of fancy, of naturalistic beauty penetrated with pathetic longing, tinged with a clear psychological light, revealing the soul of nature and of human life from within, all give to her unaffected utterances an inexpressible charm. But the airy touch, the subtle insight, which translated into music the nature which she knew, stumbled and fell before the conflicting deformity of depraved humanity. The dainty imagination which decked her poetic forms with such exquisite grace could not stand in the stead of actual knowledge; usurping its prerogative, it degenerated into caricature. She held in herself the primal power to portray human life in its most complex relations, and most profound significance. She missed the leisure and the experience which together would have given her the mastery of that power. It wrestled with false, and sometimes unworthy material. The sorrows and wrongs of woman, the injustice of man, the highest possibilities of human nature, she longed to embody them all in the forms of enduring art. A life already nearly consumed, sickness, weariness, and death, said No. Her novels are strong with passages of intense feeling; we feel through them the surges of a wild, unchained power; but as broad, comprehensive portraitures of human life, as the finest exponents of the noble nature from which they emanated, they are often unworthy of

her. In interpreting nature, she never failed. Her "Clovernook Stories," her first in prose which reproduced perfectly the life that she knew, are pure idyls of country life and character, and in their fresh, original charm deserve their place amid the classics of English speech. In the utterance of natural emotion, crossed in its very pathos with psychical thought, surely she was never surpassed. I give an illustration from "An Old Maid's Story," in her "Pictures of Country Life."

"When he spoke of the great hereafter, when our souls that had crossed their mates, perhaps, and perhaps left them behind, or gone unconsciously before them, dissatisfied and longing and faltering all the time; and of the deep of joy they would enter into on recognizing fully and freely the other self, which, in this world, had been so poorly and vaguely comprehended, if at all; what delicious tremor, half fear and half fervor, thrilled all my being, and made me feel that the dust of time and the barriers of circumstance, the dreary pain of a life separated from all others, death itself, all were nothing but shadows passing between me and the eternal sunshine of love. I could afford to wait, I could afford to be patient under my burdens, and to go straight forward through all hard fates and fortunes, assured that I should know and be known at last, love and be loved in the fullness of a blessedness, which, even here, mixed with bitterness as it is, is the sweetest of all. What was it to me that my hair was black, and my step firm, while his hair to whom I listened so reverentially was white, and his step slow, if not feeble. What was it that he had more wisdom, and more experience than I, and what was it that he never said, 'You are faintly recognized, and I see a germ close-folded, which in the mysterious processes of God's Providence may unfold a great white flower.' We had but crossed each other in the long journey, and I was satisfied, for I felt that in our traversing up the ages, we should meet again."

Another strong quality in much of her prose is its sturdy common sense. In her the poetical temperament never

impinged on a keen, unclouded judgment. In dealing with all practical matters she was one of the most practical of women. She betrays this quality in the utter directness with which she meets and answers many questions concerning every-day life and character. The last article in prose which she ever wrote, printed in the "New York Independent," was thus referred to by its editor:—

"Lying upon her sick-bed, she who had never eaten the bread of idleness wrote for us the pungent denunciation of 'Shirks,' that appeared in the paper of February 2d. It was probably her very last article, and after that the weary hand that knew no shirking was still. She intended it to be the first of a series of 'semi-didactic articles'—so she wrote us."

It contained these words:—

"Blessed, indeed, is that roof-tree which has no fungus attachment, and blessed the house that has no dilapidated chair and third-rate bed reserved in some obscure corner for poor Uncle John, or Aunt Nancy! To be sure, there are Uncle Johns and Aunt Nancys who are honestly poor, and legitimately dependent—not guilty, but simply unfortunate. It is not of such, however, that I am discoursing; they will come under another head. It is of that sort that go not out, even through fasting and prayer—your '*truly-begotten shirks*.'

"Talk of divine rights! They are quite beyond that; they do not seek to justify themselves. 'Dick, the rascal, has more than he knows how to spend!' says John. 'He will never miss the little I shall eat and drink.' And so it happens that a lank, dirty, coarse-shirted man, with an ill-flavored budget under his arm, and poverty of blood—for he is poor all through—skulks into John's house some morning; and woe the day, for he never goes out. And after that, 'eternal vigilance is the price' at which his snuffy handkerchief, clay pipe, and queer old hat are kept out of the drawing-room.

"And after the same fashion Aunt Nancy quarters herself upon Susan; bringing with her, perhaps, a broken-boned and flyaway cotton umbrella, a

bandbox, and some old-fashioned duds that were the finery of her girlhood. There is some feeling of rebellion, some feeble effort toward riddance, on the part of the householders; but they are rich, and their doom is on them. And by and by things settle into unquiet quiet; and John and Nancy are tolerated, if not accepted — being, whenever their habitual aggressiveness is inordinately aggravated, gotten back with gentle force into their accustomed dens. Thus, facing no responsibility, assuming no position in society, nor even in the household, recognizing no duty, they are dragged along. And when that call comes to which they perforce must answer, Here am I — that event that happeneth unto all, for which there is no evasion and no substitute — they simply disappear. The world was no richer while they stayed, and it is no poorer now that they are gone. No single heart is bereft, even. The worm has eaten all the meat out of the shell, and has perished of the surfeit and of indolence; and why should mourners go about the streets?"

Alice Cary was emphatically a worker, yet she never for a moment believed that mere industry could supply the lack of a mental gift. In an article of great power written for "Packard's Monthly," she replied to Mr. Greeley on this subject, taking issue against him. It contained the following paragraph: —

"I do not believe that a man always passes, in the long run, for what he is worth. It seems to me a hard saying. The vision that the poet or the painter transcribes and leaves a joy and a wonder to all time, may, I believe, have come all the same to some poor, unlettered man, who, lacking the external faculty, so to speak, could not lay it in all its glorious shape and color on the canvas, or catch and hold it in the fastness of immortal verse. No, I cannot give up my comfortable faith, that in other worlds and far-off ages there will appear a shining multitude who shall, through death, have come to themselves, and have found expression denied them on earth: beautiful souls, whose bodies were their prisons — who stammered or stood dumb among their kind, bearing alone the

slights and disgraces of fortune, and all the while conscious, in their dread isolation, of being peers of the poets and the kings, and of all the royal men and women of the world."

Alice Cary lived to pass into that serene spiritual atmosphere which outlives the emotions and passions of youth; where, in having outlived its love and sorrow, its loss and longing, no shadow fell between her soul and the Illimitable Love. Her "Thoughts and Theories" and "Hymns," contained in the volume of her poems published by Hurd and Houghton, 1866, were chiefly the utterances of this period of her life. They called forth thousands of expressions of personal thanks and regard from all over the land, and yet they failed of universal recognition in the mere world of literature. They won little or no praise in places from whence she had a right to expect it. She considered them the best expressions of her mature power; and the comparatively cold reception which she thought they received, especially from some of her personal friends, was a cause of grief. Aside from all sympathy of friendship, my opinion is that these poems never received justice. Yet the cause was scarcely with friends or in the public; but was a part of the untoward conditions of her life. She was forced to write too much. Her name was seen in print too often. This is one of the heaviest penalties which genius incurs in earning its living by a pen. Its name comes to have a market value, and is sold and used for that. Mere newspaper work, if tolerably well done, can bear this test for a long time. But it is death to poetry to write it "on time," or to sell it in advance for a name. Necessity forced Alice to do this so often that, while her name never lost its hold upon the masses, it came to be rated lower in the estimation of critics, and in some sense her sweetest lyrics sink to the value of rhymes in the minds of her friends. Many loved Alice as a friend, who ranked her low as a poet; and she knew it. But, heavy as the outer tax upon it was, the deep inner spring of her inspiration never failed; from it chiefly flowed the poems in this book.

Yet the excess of her daily labor was so much taken from its chances of success. Some of her warmest personal friends scarcely took the trouble to look within its covers, to see whether it contained rhymes or poems. They drank tea at her table, they waxed eloquent in her parlor, they knew Alice that she was one of the noblest and sweetest of women; after that, what did it matter what she thought, or felt, or did!

They never dreamed that, when the lights were out, and the bright parlor closed, the woman sometimes sat down and wept for the word of encouragement that was not spoken, for the little meed of appreciation that was not proffered, which, could it have come from those whose judgment she valued, would have been new life and inspiration to her amid her ceaseless toil.

No less this book of poems holds in thought and utterance many of the elements of enduring existence. It must live, because it is poetry, embodying in exquisite rhythm and phrase the soul of nature and of human life; live in the heart of the future when we who criticised it, or passed it by, are dead and forgotten.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### ALICE'S LAST SUMMER.

WE have many proofs that a life devoted to letters is favorable to longevity in women. With all the anxiety and care of following literature as a profession, with all the toil of obtaining a livelihood by it, they have as a rule lived to venerable years. A passionate yearning for continued human existence was a ruling characteristic of Alice Cary to her last conscious hour. She had inherited a constitutional tendency from her mother, which was unfavorable to robust health or to long life. Yet with different habits of work and of life, established early and persistently pursued, even she might have won the longed for lease of life, and have added another to the list of venerable names, whom we delight to ven-

erate among women of letters. Truly, some proof of this is to be found in the fact that her brothers, sons of the same mother, who have spent their lives on and near the old homestead farm in active, out-door, farmer life, are to-day strong, healthy, and robust men.

Alice and Phœbe could not have been farmers, but in their twenty years of life in the city they could have followed, nearer than they did, the out-of-doors habits of their old country home. These barefooted rovers in country lanes, who grow up fostered by sunshine, air, and sky, the intimate friends of bees and birds, of horses and cows, of the cunning workers of the ground and the murmuring nations of the summer air; these lovers of common flowers with common names; these rural queens who reigned supreme in their own kingdom, whose richest revenue to the day of their death was drawn from the wealth of nature left so far behind, in the full flower of their womanhood came to the great city, and began a new life, which the vitality of the old enabled them to endure for twenty years, but which drew constantly on their vital springs, without adding one drop to the sources of physical health. To attain the highest success which they sought, they needed both the attrition and opportunities of the city. Had they added to this new life, for a third of every year, their old pastimes and old pursuits, they might have added years to their existence. But no human being, city bred, much less one country born, could have maintained the highest health or have prolonged existence in the hot air, with the sedentary habits, which made the daily life of Alice and Phœbe Cary for many years. The new life encroached upon the old vitality imperceptibly, and not until the very last year of their lives was either of them conscious of the fatal harm it had wrought. They exchanged the country habits and the familiar out-of-door haunts of the old farm for the roar of streets and the confining air of a city house. Moreover, modest as this house was, it took much money to support it in such a place. This was all to be earned by the pen, and for many years it was earned almost exclusively by Alice.

With her natural independence, her fear of financial obligation, her hatred of debt, her desire for a competency, her generous hospitality, it is easy to see how heavy was the yoke of work which she wore. Dear soul! she might have made it lighter, could she have believed it. As it was, even to the last she was never free from its weight. There came a time when her personal life was work, work, work. Then there was the shadow of death always on the house. Elmina, the youngest darling of all, was fading day by day from before their eyes. Her outings were infrequent and uncertain. The leisure moments of Alice and Phœbe were spent with her in her room. As she slowly faded, her sisters became more exclusively devoted to her. At last it came to pass that Alice rarely left the house except on some errand of necessity.

After Elmina's death, as the summers came round, she became more and more loth to leave her city home to go anywhere into the country. Not that her heart had let go of its old love of natural beauty, but because she came to dread journeys and the annoyance and inconvenience of traveling. What had been a necessity at times, during Elmina's life, remained a habit after her death. By this time Alice had herself merged into the invalid of the family. The crisis had come when nature demanded change, recreation, and rest. She turned her back on all. When her friends were away, scattered among the hills and by the sea, Alice, left alone behind her closed blinds, was working harder and more continuously than ever.

The stifling summers waxed and waned, the thermometer would rise and glare at 100°, cars and stages would rattle beneath her windows, but through all the fiery heat, through all the wearing thunder of the streets, the tireless brain held on its fearful tension, and would not let go. Phœbe would spend a month in the country, and return with sea-weeds and mountain mosses and glowing cheeks and eyes, as trophies; but not so would Alice. Not that she never left the city. She did sometimes, for a few days, but it was in a brief, protesting way, that had

neither time nor chance to work her help or cure. As the sedentary habits of her life increased, and the circulation of her blood lowered, she had recourse more and more to artificial heat, till at last she and Phœbe lived in a temperature which in itself was enough to make health impossible. In the relaxed condition inevitably produced by this furnace atmosphere, they were sometimes compelled to go into the out-door air, and more than one acute attack of sickness was the result to both sisters.

These years of protracted labor, unbroken by recreation, unblessed by the resuscitating touch of nature's healing hand, brought to Alice, shy and shrinking from birth, greater shrinking, keener suffering, and a more abiding loneliness. She was never selfishly isolated. There was never a moment in her life when tears did not spring to her eyes, and help from her hand at the sight of suffering in any living thing. She would go half-way to meet any true soul. She never failed in faith or devotion to her friends. No less as the years went on, she felt interiorly more and more alone; she shrank more into her own inward life, and more and more from all personal contact with the great unknown world outside of her own existence. She had settled so deeply into one groove of life and labor, there seemed to be no mortal power that could wrest her out of it. She worked much, but it was not work that harmed her; she was sick, but was not sick enough to die. The shadow of death, falling from her mother's life across so many of her sisters, was creeping slowly, surely up to her. No less there was a time when it was in her power to have gone beyond it, out into the sunshine. She needed sunshine; she needed fresher, freer, purer air; she needed change and rest. She needed a will, wiser and more potent than her own, to convince her of the inexorable laws of human life, and then compel her to their obedience. She could never have entirely escaped the inevitable penalty of hereditary law; but that she might have delayed it to the outer line which marks the allotted time of average human life, no

one finally believed more utterly than she did. Her disobedience of the laws of life was the result of circumstance, of condition and of temperament, rarely a willful fact; no less she paid the penalty — by her so reluctantly, so protestingly, so pathetically paid — her life.

At last, all that she had she would have given for her life, her human life, but it was too late. I dwell on the fact, for thousands are following her example, and are hurrying on to her fate. We hear so much of people dying of work. Yet work rarely kills man or woman. If it is work at all, it is work done in violation of the primeval laws of life; it is work which a compelling will wrings out from a dying or overtaxed body.

Another summer — her last; the ceaseless, eager worker, how was it with her now? The low, quick rustle of her garments was no longer heard upon the stairs. The graceful form no longer bent over her desk; the face no longer turned from it, with the old thrilling glance of welcome, to the favored comer allowed to pass the guarded door sacred to consecrated toil.

That winter of mortal anguish had done more to wreck Alice Cary, than all the years which she had lived before. The rounded contours were wasted, the abundant locks, just touched with gray, were bleached white, the colorless skin was tightly drawn upon the features; for the first time she looked a wreck of her former self. Yet she was a beautiful wreck; the splendor of her eyes made her that. No agony, no grief, had been able to make their lustre less; till they closed in death, their tender glory never went out. She was almost a helpless prisoner now. She could not take a step save on crutches. She could not stir without help. Yet that which no power of entreaty could move her to do the summer before, she now longed to do at any hazard. The thunder of the streets had become intolerable to her tortured nerves and brain. The very friends who had urged her to leave the city the year before, now believed, in her helpless condition, that her going would be im-

possible. No less she went, — first to Northampton.

A correspondent of the "New York Tribune" writes thus of her appearance at Round Hill: —

"Alice, during a few weeks past, has been used to sit on the same east porch, when the sunsets have been particularly fine, and then the cane-seat rocking-chair of the dark-eyed poetess has become a sort of throne. A respectful little group has always been gathered about it, and whenever it used to be whispered about of an evening, that Alice Cary had come out, somehow the tide of promenaders used to set more and more in that direction, but always in a quiet and reticent manner, just to get a glimpse of her, you know, while accidentally passing her chair. I believe that she dropped among the Round Hill people early one day in August, and was so quiet that she was regarded as a sort of myth by most of the frequenters of the place, never going into the dining-room nor into the great parlor, bigger than a barn; but the people said she was there, and that she invested the house with an unusual interest. Her city home, however snugly appointed, cannot, I am sure, compensate one like her for the loss of country air, country sights, and country sounds." This writer apparently realized not her helpless state. At that time she could not rise in her chair to take her crutches without assistance. Yet as she sat there with the scarlet shawl thrown over her white robe, contrasting so vividly with palid face and brilliant eyes, she made a lovely picture, to which many allusions have been made in public print since she passed away. The following is from Laura Redden ("Howard Glyndon"), a woman who, under life-long affliction, embodies in her own character the beautiful patience and peace which she felt so intuitively and perfectly in our friend.

"I knew her in every way, except through her own personality. I knew her through others; through her writings; through the interpretation of my own heart; and I remember very well, that once, when broken in health and saddened in spirit, I felt an undefina-



ble impulse to go to her, and knew that it would do me good to do so. But I stopped, and asked myself, 'Will it do *her* any good? What can I give in return for what I take?' And I dismissed the impulse as selfish. I had, in spirit, gone up to the very door that stood between us, and after hesitating, as I stood beside it, I went away. But while I stood there, I thought of the meek, sweet sufferer on the other side. 'She has so much more to crush her than I have, but she does not let herself be crushed,' I said. Then I felt ashamed and went away, resolving to murmur less, and to struggle more for strength and patience. I really believe that standing on the other side of the door did me almost as much good as going in would have done.

"Later, when I came to Northampton, I found that she was under the same roof with me. But when some one said, 'Would you like to see her?' and it seemed as if the door stood ajar, I drew back, without knowing why, and said, 'No, not now.'

"Once, when I sat reading under the trees, she came out leaning upon her two friends, one on each side. They spread a gay shawl on the grass for her, and she sat there under the shining light which came through the trees, and enjoyed the delicious calm of a cool, summer, Sabbath afternoon. How pale and worn and weak she looked, but how bright and unselfish through it all! I watched her, unseen, and I prayed very earnestly that God would bless the pure country air and the country quiet to her. She thought then that they made her better; but there were greener pastures and purer breezes in store for her, and she was not to stay long away from them.

"I remember another evening that she came out on the east porch, and sat long in the dusk of the twilight. I sat so close that my garments brushed hers — but in the dark — quiet, unseen, and unknown; and I was glad to have it so. Somehow there was an undefinable charm in holding this relation to a person in whom I had so large an interest. It was so much better to feel that I knew her than it would have

been to realize that she knew me. It seemed as if formal words would have taken away all this charm. Whenever my hand was upon the handle of the door, I drew it away again and said, 'Wait!'

"When I heard the next morning that she was gone, I was sorry — not sorry that I had not spoken to her, but only sorry that she was gone. The place had lost half its beauty for me."

Alice, who had promised a dear friend to visit her in her home in Northern Vermont, went thither from Northampton. Faithful hands served her, strong, gentle arms bore her on, in this last struggle for life. "How I was ever to get out of the cars, I did not know; the thought of it filled me with dread and terror," she said, "but there was — to lift me out and carry me to the carriage. I never felt a jar, and when I sat down in the bay-window, and saw the view before it, and felt the loving kindness which enveloped me, it seemed as if I had reached heaven."

These words are written in that room in which she sat by the window where she afterwards wrote her "Invalid's Plea." From this bay-window in which she sat, she looked through a vista of maples out upon a broad expanse of meadow-lawn, whose velvet turf is of the most vivid malachite green, softened on its farther edge by a grove wherein the shades of spruce and pine, elm and maple, contrast and blend. Beyond these woods Lake Memphremagog sets its glittering shield between the hills. On its farther side green mountains arise till they hold the white clouds on their heads. Below, Jay Peak stands over four thousand feet above the sea, while above Owl's Head soars over three thousand, covered with forest to its summit. It is a picture fit for Paradise. Yet it is but one glimpse amid many of the inexpressible beauty of this lake and mountain country of the North. She, sitting here, looked out upon this consummate scene; looked with her tender, steadfast eyes across these emerald meadows, to the lake shining upon her through the opening hills, to the mountains smiling down on her from the distant heaven, their keen amethyst

notching the deep, deep blue of a cloudless sky. The splendor of this northern world fell upon her like a new, divine revelation. The tonic in its atmosphere touched her feeble pulses; the peace brooding in its stillness penetrated her aching brain with the promise of a new life. Without, the world was full of tranquillity; within, it was full of affection and the words of loving kindness. Then she wondered (and her wonder was sad with a hopeless regret) why summer after summer she had lingered in her city home, till the crash and roar of the streets, coming through her open windows, had filled body and brain with torture.

"How blind I was!" she exclaimed. "I said that I could not take the time from my work; and now life has neither time nor work left for me. How much more, how much better I could have worked, had I rested. If I am spared, how differently I will do. I will come here every summer, and *live*."

Alas! before another summer, the winter snow had wrapped her forever from the earthly sight of this unutterable beauty.

Hers from the beginning was the fatal mistake of so many brain-workers — that all time given to refreshment and rest is so much taken from the results of labor; forgetting, or not realizing, that the finer the instrument, the more fatal the effects of undue strain, the more imperative the necessity of avoiding over-wear and the perpetual jar of discordant conditions; forgetting, also, that the rarest flowering of the brain has its root in silence and beauty and rest.

Here in this window, whither she, wasted and suffering, had been borne by gentle arms, our dear friend wrote her "Invalid's Plea," one of the most touching of her many touching lyrics:

"O Summer! my beautiful, beautiful  
Summer,  
I look in thy face and I long so to  
live;  
But ah! hast thou room for an idle  
new-comer,  
With all things to take and with nothing  
to give?  
With all things to take of thy dear  
loving kindness —

The wine of thy sunshine, the dew of  
thy air;  
And with nothing to give but the deaf-  
ness and blindness  
Begot in the depths of an utter despair?  
The little green grasshopper, weak as  
we deem her,  
Chirps day in and out for the sweet  
right to live;  
And canst thou, O Summer! make  
room for a dreamer,  
With all things to take and with nothing  
to give —  
Room only to wrap her hot cheeks in  
thy shadows,  
And all on thy daisy-fringed pillow to  
lie,  
And dream of the gates of the glori-  
ous meadows,  
Where never a rose of the roses shall  
die?"

## CHAPTER VIII.

### ALICE'S DEATH AND BURIAL.

WHEN a dear one, dying willingly, lets go of life, the loosened hands by so much reconcile us to their going. It was not so with Alice. Through physical suffering almost beyond precedent, through days and nights and years of hopeless illness, she yet clung to this life. Not through any lack of faith in the other and higher; but because it seemed to her that she had not yet exhausted the possibilities, the fullness, and sweetness of this. She thought that there was a fruition in life, in its labor, its love, which she had never realized; and even in dying she longed for it.

The autumn before her death, in a poem entitled, "The Flight of the Birds," she uttered this prayer: —

"Therefore I pray, and can but pray,  
Lord, keep and bring them back when  
May  
Shall come, with shining train,  
Thick 'broiderèd with leaves of wheat,  
And butterflies, and field-pinks sweet,  
And yellow bees, and rain.

"Yea, bring them back across the seas  
In clouds of golden witnesses —  
The grand, the grave, the gay;

And if thy holy will it be,  
Keep me alive, once more to see  
The glad and glorious day."

It could not be. "The golden witness" could only chant their spring music above her couch of final rest. Yet within one month of death, she was busier than ever with plans of happiness for others. "Oh! if God only *could* let me live ten years longer," she said; "it seems as if I would n't ask for any more time. I would live such a different life. I would never shut myself up in myself again. *Then* I would do something for my friends!"

Phoebe, writing of her last days, says:—

"Though loving and prizing whatever is good and lovely here, and keeping firm and tender hold of the things that are seen, yet she always reached one hand to grasp the unseen and eternal. She believed that God is not far from any one of us, and that the sweet communion of friends who are only separated by the shadowy curtain of death, might still remain unbroken.

"During her last year of illness she delighted much in the visits of her friends; entered with keenest zest into their hopes and plans, and liked to hear of all that was going on in the world from which she was now shut. She talked much of a better country with those who came to talk to her upon the land to which her steps drew near; and so catholic and free from prejudice was her spirit, that many of those friends whom she loved best, and with whom she held the most sacred communion, differed widely from herself in their religious faith.

"She loved to listen to the reading of poetry and of pleasant stories, but not latterly to anything of an exciting or painful nature; and often wanted to hear the most tender and comforting chapters of the Gospels, especially those which tell of the Saviour's love for women. At the beginning of each month she had been accustomed for some time to furnishing a poem to one of our city papers. On the first of that month of which she never saw the ending, she was unable to write or even to dictate. A whole week had gone by,

when, speaking suddenly one day with something of the old energy, she asked to be placed in her chair, and to have her portfolio, saying, "That article must be ready to-day." She was helped from the bed as she desired, and though unable to sit up without being carefully supported, she completed the task to which she had set herself. The last stanza she wrote reads thus:—

"As the poor panting hart to the  
water-brook runs,  
As the water-brook runs to the sea,  
So earth's fainting daughters and fam-  
ishing sons,  
O Fountain of Love, run to Thee!"

"The writing is trembling and uncertain, and the pen literally fell from her hand; for the long shadows of eternity were stealing over her, and she was very near the place where it is too dark for mortal eyes to see, and where there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge."

She had written earlier what she herself called "A Dying Hymn," and it was a consolation to her to repeat it to herself in her moments of deepest agony.

Earth, with its dark and dreadful ills,  
Recedes, and fades away;  
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly hills:  
Ye gates of death, give way!

My soul is full of whispered song;  
My blindness is my sight;  
The shadows that I feared so long  
Are all alive with light.

The while my pulses faintly beat,  
My faith doth so abound,  
I feel grow firm beneath my feet  
The green, immortal ground.

That faith to me a courage gives,  
Low as the grave to go:  
I know that my Redeemer lives—  
That I shall live I know.

The palace walls I almost see  
Where dwells my Lord and King;  
O grave! where is thy victory?  
O death! where is thy sting?

As her strength failed, she grew more

and more fond of the hymns of her childhood, and frequently asked her friends to sing such hymns as, Jesus, Lover of my soul," "Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive," "A charge to keep I have;" and she loved to have them sung to old tunes.

Her frequent quotation from Holy Scripture, when in intense pain, was, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

On Tuesday, February 7, she wrote her last poem, the last line of which is, "The rainbow comes but with the cloud." Even after that, she attempted in her bed to make a cap for an aged woman who greatly loved her, and whose sobs in the Church of the Stranger, when her death was announced, moved the whole audience to tears. But her fingers failed, and the needle stands in the unfinished cap; for her own crown was ready, and she could not stay away from her coronation. She fell in a deep sleep, out of which she once exclaimed, "I want to go away." She passed away as she had always desired — waking into the better land out of a slumber in this. "For so He giveth his beloved sleep."

The last published words that Phœbe ever wrote of her sister were these: "Life was to Alice Cary no holiday, and though her skies had gracious hours of sunshine, they had also many dark and heavy clouds; and going back in memory now, I cannot recall a time when, looking upon her face, even during the deepest slumber that she ever knew, I could not see there the sad characters of weariness and pain; until I beheld her at last resting from her labors in that sweet, untroubled sleep which God giveth his beloved."

When, February 13, 1870, the telegraphic dispatch swept through the land saying, "Alice Cary died yesterday. She will be buried to-morrow, from the Church of the Stranger," the announcement was followed by a simultaneous outburst of sorrow. Almost every journal throughout the country published a biographical sketch, accompanied with expressions of personal loss. In hundreds of these notices, still preserved, the remarkable feature is that no matter how remote the journal in which each was pub-

lished, it is more an expression of individual sorrow at the departure of a beloved friend, than of mere regret at the death of an author. Thus, quoting at random, we find whole columns of her life beginning with sentences like these: "With a sense of bereavement that we cannot express, we record the death of our dear friend, Alice Cary."

"The bare mention of the death of Alice Cary will be sadly sufficient to cause a feeling of sorrow in many a household in every part of the country."

"A woman who could stand up for her rights without arousing the animosities of others, who was a philanthropist without either cant, affectation, or bitterness, who wrote many true poems, but lived one sweeter and truer than she ever wrote; such was our universally beloved Alice Cary. May He that giveth his beloved peace, give us, who knew her beautiful life, the grace to imitate it."

"She had created for herself many friends whom she never saw, and many who had never seen her until they beheld her lying in her last sleep in the house of prayer. Among these was one gentleman well known in scientific circles, — a man supposed to have little of poetic juice in the dry composition of his nature. He surprised a friend who sat near him, by his exhibition of feeling while the address was delivered; and at the close, in explanation of his great emotion, he said: 'I have read every line that woman ever published. I have never spoken to her; but I tell you she was the largest-hearted woman that ever lived!'"

A letter from New York to the "Boston Post," dated February 15, 1870, contains the following allusions to her funeral: —

"Dear Alice Cary, sweet singer of the heart, is gone. New York was shrouded in snow when her gentle face was shut away from human sight forever. In the plain little Church of the Stranger, with her true friend, Dr. Deems, officiating, and many other true friends gathered around in mourning silence, with streets all muffled into sympathetic stillness by the heavy drifting snow, and deep, strong sorrow ris-

ing from hearts to eyes, the sad funeral rites were performed. Rarely has a more touching scene been witnessed than that which separated Alice Cary from the world that loved her. Many of those present were moved to tears, though only one was bound to her by kinship. That one was her sister Phœbe, her constant companion from childhood, and more than her sister — her second self — through thirty years of literary trial. The little church was filled with literary friends who had grown warmly attached to both during their twenty years' residence in New York. All the members of Sorosis were present to pay a final tribute to her who had been their first President. Many prominent journalists and authors were also there, forgetful, for the time, of all but the solemn sadness around them. Near the rosewood coffin that contained the body of the sweet poet, sat Horace Greeley, Bayard Taylor, Richard B. Kimball, Oliver Johnson, P. T. Barnum, Frank B. Carpenter, A. J. Johnson, and Dr. W. W. Hall, who, for near and special friendship during her life, were chosen to be nearest to her to the grave. When the sad rites of the Church were concluded, the body was borne forth and taken to Greenwood Cemetery, the snow still falling heavily, and covering all things with a pure white shroud. It seemed as though nature were in sympathy with human sorrow, till the grave was closed, for then the snow almost ceased, though the sky remained dark, and the silence continued. And thus the mortal part of Alice Cary was laid at rest forever."

Horace Greeley, speaking in private of her obsequies, said that such a funeral never before gathered in New York in honor of any woman, or man either; that he never saw before in any one assembly of the kind, so many distinguished men and women, so many known and so many unknown.

One of the greatest scholars of his time, sitting there, shed a silent tear for the sister-woman who, alone, unassisted, in life and death had honored human nature; while a few seats off wept aloud the women, poor and old, who had lived upon her tender bounty.

The next morning's issue of the

"Tribune" gave the following report of the funeral:

#### ALICE CARY'S FUNERAL.

The funeral of Miss Alice Cary took place at the Church of the Stranger, on Mercer Street, at one o'clock yesterday afternoon; and, despite the severe snow-storm which must have prevented many from coming, was attended by a very large number of the friends and admirers of the deceased poet. The service opened with an organ voluntary from the "Messiah," followed by the anthem, "Vital Spark of Heavenly Flame." Dr. Deems, the pastor of the Church, read a selection from the 15th chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians, and then said:—

"I have not thought of a single word to say to you to-day, and I do not know that it is necessary to say one word more than is set down in the Church service. Most of us knew and loved Alice Cary, and to those who did not know her, my words would fail in describing the sweetness and gentleness of her disposition and temper. It seems, indeed, that instead of standing here, I, too, should be sitting there among the mourners."

The speaker then described the patience with which she had borne her last sickness, and told how he had been by her side when the pain was so intense, that the prints of her fingernails would be left in the palm of his hand as he was holding hers. But she never made a complaint.

"She was a parishioner," said he, "who came very close to my heart in her suffering and sorrow. I saw how good and true she was, and the interest she had in all the work I had in hand; and I feel as if an assistant had died out of my family. The people of my congregation who did not know her, ought to be glad that I did. How many traits of tenderness have come before you here, how many observations have I been able to make to you, because I had been with her! To-day I can only make my lament over her as you do, in the simplicity of affection. Men loved Alice Cary, and women loved her. When a man loves

a woman, it is of nature: when a woman loves a woman, it is of grace — of the grace that woman makes by her loveliness; and it is one of the finest things that can be said of Alice Cary, that she had such troops of friends of her own sex. On the public side of her life she had honor, on the private side, honor and tenderest affection.

“And now she has gone from our mortal sight, but not from the eyes of our souls. She is gone from her pain, as she desired to die, in sleep, and after a deep slumber she has passed into the morning of immortality. The last time I saw her, I took down her works and alighted on this passage, so full of consonance with the anthems just sung by the choir, and almost like a prophecy of the manner in which she passed away: —

“‘My soul is full of whispered song,  
My blindness is my sight;  
The shadows that I feared so long  
Are all alive with light.’

“There was one thing in Alice Cary of which we had better remind ourselves now, because many of us are working-people, and people who work very much with our brains; and I see a number of young people who are come, out of tenderness to her memory, to the church to-day, and there may be among them literary people just commencing their career, and they say, ‘Would I could write so beautifully and so easily as she did!’ It was not easily done. She did nothing easily; but in all this that we read she was an earnest worker; she was faithful, painstaking, careful of improving herself, up to the last moment of her life. Yesterday I looked into the drawer, and the last piece of MS. she wrote turned up, and I said to Phœbe, ‘That is copied;’ and she said, ‘No, that is Alice’s writing.’ It was so exceedingly plain, it looked like print in large type, though she wrote a very wretched hand. But her sister told me that when she came to be so weak that she could n’t write much any longer, she began to practice like a little girl, to learn to form all her letters anew. She worked to the very last, not only with the brains, but the fingers.

“When Phœbe wrote me last Sunday that she was alone, and that Alice was gone, I could n’t help telling my people, and there was a sob heard that went through the congregation. It was from an old lady, a friend of hers, who often told me about her, and spoke of her nobility of soul. Alice Cary once thought of making a cap for her, and she said, ‘I will make a cap for Mrs. Brown,’ but her fingers ached so, and her arm became so tired, she had to drop it; and the needle is sticking in that unfinished cap now, just as she left it. She would have finished it, but they had finished her own crown in glory, and she could n’t stay away from her coronation. And we will keep that cap with care; and I think Jesus will remind her of it, and say, ‘Child, inasmuch as you did it to one of the least ones, you did it unto me.’ Should I speak for hours, I could only tell you how I loved her. She came to me in the winter of my fortunes, when I had very few friends, and I loved her, and will revere her memory forever — forever. And now I will not shed a tear for Alice Cary; I am glad she is gone. I felt at once like saying, ‘Thanks be to God,’ when I heard that the pain was over; and it was so delightful to go to stand over her, and see her face without a single frown, and to think, ‘She is gone to her Father and my Father;’ and into his hands I commit her.”

After the Episcopal Burial Service had been read, the choir sang a hymn composed by Miss Phœbe Cary, called, “What Sweetly Solemn Thoughts.” Then the friends of Alice Cary were requested to look upon her for the last time. The body was taken to Greenwood Cemetery for interment. The pall-bearers were Horace Greeley, Bayard Taylor, P. T. Barnum, Oliver Johnson, Dr. W. F. Holcombe, A. J. Johnson, F. B. Carpenter, and Richard B. Kimball. Among the persons present were Wm. Ross Wallace, the Rev. O. B. Frothingham, the Rev. C. F. Lee, the Rev. Dr. Cookman, James Parton, Fanny Fern, Mrs. Professor Botta, Theodore Tilton, Dr. Hallock, Mrs. Croly, Mrs. Wilbour, John Savage, George Ripley, and many others.

The casket was plain, having merely a silver plate, on which was inscribed: "Alice Cary. A. D. 1820; A. D. 1871."

At a special meeting of Sorosis, yesterday morning, the following preamble and resolutions were read and adopted:—

"In Miss Cary's inaugural address to Sorosis, occurs a passage made memorable by the late sad event. After enlarging upon her own hopes and wishes concerning the growth and position which women should yet attain, and the manner in which they should yet vindicate themselves against all unjust charges, she said: 'Some of us cannot hope to see great results, for our feet are already on the downhill side of life. The shadows are lengthening behind us and gathering before us, and ere long they will meet and close, and the places that have known us shall no us know more. But if, when our poor work is done, any of those who come after us shall find in it some hint of usefulness toward nobler lives, and better and more enduring work, we for ourselves rest content.'

"Sooner, perhaps, than she then thought, the way began to narrow, and her feet to falter on the road which leads to immortal life; and,

"Whereas, This change, so feelingly alluded to by Miss Cary, has finally overtaken her in the midst of her labors; therefore,

"Resolved, That in her removal this Society not only mourns the loss of its first President and most gifted member, but sympathizes with all womanhood in the loss of an earnest helper and most devoted friend.

"Resolved, That her exceeding kindness, her enlarged charity, her absolute unselfishness, her wonderful patience, her cordial recognition of every good word and work, endeared her inexpressibly to her friends; while her genius commanded the warmest admiration of all those capable of appreciating sweetest expression married to noblest thought.

"Resolved, That her loyalty to woman, and her unceasing industry, shall incite us to renewed earnestness of effort, each in our own appointed place, to hasten the time when women shall

receive recognition not only as honest and reliable workers, but as a class faithful and true to each other.

"Resolved, That in presenting our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved and lonely sister, we add the loving hope, that even as the shadows have been swept from the bright, upward pathway of the departed spirit, they may also be dispelled from her sorrowing heart, by an abiding faith in that Love which ordereth all things well."

Rev. Henry M. Field, long a kind friend to both sisters, in a sketch of Alice in the "New York Evangelist," thus referred both to Mr. Greeley and the funeral of Alice:—

"No wonder Mr. Greeley felt so deeply the death of one who had been to him as a sister, that he followed so tenderly at her bier, and in spite of the terrible snow-storm that was raging, insisted on following her remains to Greenwood, determined not to leave them till they were laid in their last resting-place. She was buried on Tuesday, amid one of the most violent storms of the winter. It seems sad to leave one we love in such desolation. But the storms cannot disturb her repose. There let her sleep, sweet, gentle spirit, child of nature and of song. The spring will come, and the grass grow green on her grave, and the flowers bloom, emblems of the resurrection unto life everlasting."

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## CHAPTER IX.

### PHŒBE CARY.—THE WRITER.

No singer was ever more thoroughly identified with her own songs than Phœbe Cary. With but few exceptions, they distilled the deepest and sweetest music of her soul. They uttered, besides, the cheerful philosophy which life had taught her, and the sunny faith which lifted her out of the dark region of doubt and fear, to rest forever in the loving kindness of her Heavenly Father. There were few things that she ever wrote for which she cared more personally than for her "Woman's Conclusions." The thought and the regret came to her

sometimes, as they do to most of us, that in the utmost sense her life was incomplete — unfulfilled. Often and long she pondered on this phase of existence; and her "Woman's Conclusions," copied below, were in reality her final conclusions concerning that problem of human fate which has baffled so many.

A WOMAN'S CONCLUSIONS.

I said, if I might go back again  
 To the very hour and place of my  
 birth;  
 Might have my life whatever I chose,  
 And live it in any part of the earth;  
 Put perfect sunshine into my sky,  
 Banish the shadow of sorrow and  
 doubt;  
 Have all my happiness multiplied,  
 And all my suffering stricken out;  
 If I could have known, in the years  
 now gone,  
 The best that a woman comes to  
 know;  
 Could have had whatever will make  
 her blest,  
 Or whatever she thinks will make  
 her so:  
 Have found the highest and purest bliss  
 That the bridal-wreath and ring in-  
 close;  
 And gained the one out of all the world,  
 That my heart as well as my reason  
 chose;  
 And if this had been, and I stood to-  
 night  
 By my children, lying asleep in their  
 beds,  
 And could count in my prayers, for a  
 rosary,  
 The shining row of their golden  
 heads;  
 Yea! I said, if a miracle such as this  
 Could be wrought for me, at my bid-  
 ding, still  
 I would choose to have my past as it is,  
 And to let my future come as it will!  
 I would not make the path I have trod  
 More pleasant or even, more straight  
 or wide;

Nor change my course the breadth of  
 a hair,  
 This way or that way, to either side.

My past is mine, and I take it all;  
 Its weakness — its folly, if you please;  
 Nay, even my sins, if you come to that,  
 May have been my helps, not hin-  
 drances!

If I saved my body from the flames  
 Because that once I had burned my  
 hand:  
 Or kept myself from a greater sin  
 By doing a less — you will under-  
 stand;

It was better I suffered a little pain,  
 Better I sinned for a little time,  
 If the smarting warned me back from  
 death,  
 And the sting of sin withheld from  
 crime.

Who knows its strength, by trial, will  
 know  
 What strength must be set against a  
 sin;  
 And how temptation is overcome  
 He has learned, who has felt its  
 power within!

And who knows how a life at the last  
 may show?  
 Why, look at the moon from where  
 we stand!  
 Opaque, uneven, you say; yet it shines,  
 A luminous sphere, complete and  
 grand.

So let my past stand, just as it stands,  
 And let me now, as I may, grow old;  
 I am what I am, and my life for me  
 Is the best — or it had not been, I  
 hold.

The guarded castle, the lady in her  
 bower, the tumbling sea, the ship-  
 wrecked mariner, were as real to Alice  
 as to herself when she yielded to the  
 luxury of ballad singing. But in Phœ-  
 be the imaginative faculty was less pre-  
 vailing; it rose to flood-tide only at  
 intervals. The dual nature which she  
 inherited from her father and mother  
 were not interfused, as in Alice, but  
 distinct and keenly defined. Through  
 one nature, Phœbe Cary was the most



literal of human beings. Never did there live such a disenchanter. Hold up to her, in her literal, every-day mood, your most precious dream, and in an instant, by a single rapier of a sentence, she would thrust it through, and strip it of the last vestige of glamour, and you see nothing before you but a cold, staring fact, ridiculous or dismal. It was this tenacious grip on reality, this keen sense of the ludicrous in the relation between words and things, which made her the most spontaneous of punsters, and a very queen of parodists. Her parodies are unsurpassed. An example of this literal faculty by which she could instantaneously transmute a spiritual emotion into a material fact, is found in a verse from her parody on Longfellow's beautiful lyric: —

"I see the lights of the village  
Gleam through the rain and mist,  
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,  
That my soul cannot resist;  
A feeling of sadness and longing  
That is not akin to pain,  
And resembles sorrow only  
As the mist resembles rain."

Phœbe preserves all the sadness and tenderness of the original, while she transfers it without effort from the psychological yearning of the soul, into the region of physical necessity, from heart-longing to stomach-longing, in the travesty: —

"I see the lights of the baker  
Gleam through the rain and mist,  
And a feeling of something comes  
o'er me,  
That my steps cannot resist;  
A feeling of something like longing,  
And slightly akin to pain,  
That resembles hunger more than  
The mist resembles rain."

"Maud Muller" is one of the most sentimental as well as one of the most exquisite of modern ballads, yet what it prompts in Phœbe is not a tear for the faded woman sitting under the chimney log, nor a sigh for the judge who wholly deserves his fate, nor even an alas! for the "might have been." It prompts in her, as the most natural antithesis in the world, —

KATE KETCHEM.

Kate Ketchem on a winter's night  
Went to a party dressed in white.

Her chignon in a net of gold  
Was about as large as they ever sold.

Gayly she went, because her "pap"  
Was supposed to be a rich old chap.

But when by chance her glances fell  
On a friend who had lately married  
well,

Her spirits sunk, and a vague unrest  
And a nameless longing filled her  
breast —

A wish she would n't have had made  
known,  
To have an establishment of her  
own.

Tom Fudge came slowly through the  
throng,  
With chestnut hair, worn pretty long.

He saw Kate Ketchem in the crowd,  
And knowing her slightly, stopped  
and bowed;

Then asked her to give him a single  
flower,  
Saying he 'd think it a priceless dower.

Out from those with which she was  
decked,  
She took the poorest she could select,

And blushed as she gave it, looking  
down  
To call attention to her gown.

"Thanks," said Fudge, and he thought  
how dear  
Flowers must be at that time of year.

Then several charming remarks he  
made,  
Asked if she sang, or danced, or  
played;

And being exhausted, inquired  
whether  
She thought it was going to be pleas-  
ant weather.

And Kate displayed her "jewelry,"  
And dropped her lashes becomingly ;

And listened, with no attempt to dis-  
guise  
The admiration in her eyes.

At last, like one who has nothing to  
say,  
He turned around and walked away.

Kate Ketchem smiled, and said, " You  
bet  
I'll catch that Fudge and his money  
yet.

" He's rich enough to keep me in  
clothes,  
And I think I could manage him as  
I chose.

" He could aid my father as well as  
not,  
And buy my brother a splendid yacht.

" My mother for money should never  
fret,  
And all it cried for, the baby should  
get.

" And after that, with what he could  
spare,  
I'd make a show at a charity fair."

Tom Fudge looked back as he crossed  
the sill,  
And saw Kate Ketchem standing  
still.

" A girl more suited to my mind  
It is n't an easy thing to find ;

" And everything that she has to wear  
Proves her rich as she is fair.

" Would she were mine, and I to-day  
Had the old man's cash my debts to  
pay !

" No creditors with a long account,  
No tradesmen wanting ' that little  
amount ; '

" But all my scores paid up when due  
By a father-in-law as rich as a Jew !"

But he thought of her brother not  
worth a straw

And her mother, that would be his, in  
law ;

So, undecided, he walked along,  
And Kate was left alone in the throng.

But a lawyer smiled, whom he sought  
by stealth,  
To ascertain old Ketchem's wealth ;

And as for Kate she schemed and  
planned  
Till one of the dancers claimed her  
hand.

He married her for her father's cash ;  
She married him to cut a dash.

But as to paying his debts, do you  
know,  
The father could n't see it so ;

And at hints for help, Kate's hazel  
eyes  
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

And when Tom thought of the way  
he had wed,  
He longed for a single life instead,

And closed his eyes in a sulky mood,  
Regretting the days of his bachelor-  
hood ;

And said, in a sort of reckless vein,  
" I'd like to see her catch me again,

" If I were free, as on that night  
When I saw Kate Ketchem dressed  
in white !"

She wedded him to be rich and gay ;  
But husband and children did n't  
pay.

He was n't the prize she hoped to  
draw,  
And would n't live with his mother-in-  
law.

And oft when she had to coax and  
pout,  
In order to get him to take her out,

She thought how very attentive and  
bright  
He seemed at the party that winter's  
night ;

Of his laugh, as soft as a breeze of  
the south  
(’T was now on the other side of his  
mouth);

How he praised her dress and gems  
in his talk,  
As he took a careful account of stock.

Sometimes she hated the very  
walls —  
Hated her friends, her dinners, and  
calls;

Till her weak affection, to hatred  
turned,  
Like a dying tallow-candle burned.

And for him who sat there, her peace  
to mar,  
Smoking his everlasting cigar —

He was n’t the man she thought she  
saw,  
And grief was duty, and hate was law.

So she took up her burden with a  
groan,  
Saying only, “I might have known!”

Alas for Kate! and alas for Fudge!  
Though I do not owe them any  
grudge;

And alas for any who find to their  
shame  
That two can play at their little game!

For of all hard things to bear and  
grin,  
The hardest is knowing you’re taken  
in.

Ah, well, as a general thing, we fret  
About the one we did n’t get;

But I think we need n’t make a fuss,  
If the one we don’t want did n’t get  
us.

Her dual nature is strikingly illustrated in many of her poems. Purely naturalistic in their conception, as they rise they are touched and glorified with the supernatural. It does not blend with the essence of her song, while that of Alice is all suffused with it. The form and flavor of the latter’s

verse is often mystical. Her sympathies are deeply human, her love of nature a passion; yet it is the psychological sense which impresses her most deeply in all natural and human phenomena. Phœbe has little of this exquisite pantheism. It is not the soul in nature which she instinctively feels first; it is its association with human experiences. The field, the wood, the old garden, the swallows under the eaves, the cherry-tree on the roof — she never wearies of going back to them; all are precious to her for their personal remembrances. It is while she broods over the past, while the tenderest memories of her life come thronging back into her heart, that the muse of Phœbe Cary rises to its finest and sweetest strains. With a less subtle fancy than Alice, a less suffusive and delicate imagination in embodying human passion, she has a dramatic force often, which her sister seldom manifests. The lyric rush in Alice comes with the winds and waves; it sings of nature’s moods, interprets nature’s voices; in her utterance of human experience it is the tender, the plaintive, the pathetic, which prevail. The dramatic instinct in Phœbe kindles in depicting human passion, and rises with exultant lyrical ring as if it were so strong within her that it would be uttered. Thus some of her ballads are powerful in conception, and wonderfully dramatic in expression. The finest example of this we have in her “Prairie Lamp,” a poem full of tragic energy. What a rhythmic swell we feel through these lines: —

“And hark! there is something strange  
about,

For my dull old blood is stirred;  
That was n’t the feet of the storm with-  
out,

Nor the voice of the storm I heard!

“’T is my boy! he is coming home, he  
is near,

Or I could not hear him pass;  
For his step is as light as the step of  
the deer

On the velvet prairie grass.’

“She rose — she stood erect, serene;  
She swiftly crossed the floor,

And the hand of the wind, or a hand  
unseen,  
Threw open wide the door.

“Through the portal rushed the cruel  
blast,  
With a wail on its awful swell;  
As she cried, ‘My boy, you have come  
at last,’  
And prone o’er the threshold fell.

“And the stranger heard no other  
sound,  
And saw no form appear;  
But whoever came at midnight found  
Her lamp was burning clear!”

“The Lady Jaqueline,” one of the  
very finest of her ballads, expresses a  
quality characteristic of herself. It is  
full of personal fire, and yet in utter-  
ance it has the quaintness and sonorous-  
ness of an old ballad master.

“False and fickle, or fair and sweet,  
I care not for the rest,  
The lover that knelt last night at my  
feet  
Was the bravest and the best;  
Let them perish all, for their power has  
waned,  
And their glory waxèd dim;  
They were well enough when they lived  
and reigned,  
But never was one like him!  
And never one from the past would I  
bring  
Again, and call him mine;  
*The King is dead, long live the King!*  
Said the Lady Jaqueline.”

Nothing could be more dramatic than  
this gradation from exultation in the  
new, to a yet tender remembrance of  
the old.

“And yet it almost makes me weep,  
Aye! weep, and cry, alas!  
When I think of one who lies asleep  
Down under the quiet grass.  
For he loved me well, and I loved  
again,  
And low in homage bent,  
And prayed for his long and prosper-  
ous reign,  
In our realm of sweet content.  
But not to the dead may the living  
cling,

Nor kneel at an empty shrine;  
*The King is dead, long live the King!*  
Said the Lady Jaqueline.

“Yea, all my lovers and kings that were  
Are dead, and hid away  
In the past, as in a sepulchre,  
Shut up till the judgment day.  
False or fickle, or weak or wed,  
They are all alike to me;  
And mine eyes no more can be misled,  
They have looked on royalty!  
Then bring me wine, and garlands  
bring  
For my king of the right divine;  
*The King is dead, long live the King!*  
Said the Lady Jaqueline.”

Equally powerful is she in the ex-  
pression of personal experience. Her  
friend Dr. Deems said that it always  
took his breath away to read her.

#### DEAD LOVE.

We are face to face, and between us  
here  
Is the love we thought could never  
die;  
Why has it only lived a year?  
Who has murdered it—you or I?

No matter who—the deed was done  
By one or both, and there it lies;  
The smile from the lip forever gone,  
And darkness over the beautiful eyes.

Our love is dead, and our hope is  
wrecked;  
So what does it profit to talk and rave,  
Whether it perished by my neglect,  
Or whether your cruelty dug its  
grave!

Why should you say that I am to blame,  
Or why should I charge the sin on  
you?

Our love is before us all the same,  
And the guilt of it lies between us  
two.

We have praised our love for its beauty  
and grace;  
Now we stand here, and hardly dare  
To turn the face-cloth back from the  
face,  
And see the thing that is hidden  
there.

Yet look ! ah, that heart has beat its  
last,  
And the beautiful life of our life is  
o'er,  
And when we have buried and left the  
past,  
We two, together, can walk no more.

You might stretch yourself on the dead  
and weep,  
And pray as the prophet prayed, in  
pain ;  
But not like him could you break the  
sleep,  
And bring the soul to the clay again.

Its head in my bosom I can lay,  
And shower my woe there, kiss on  
kiss,  
But there never was resurrection-day  
In the world for a love so dead as  
this !

And, since we cannot lessen the sin  
By mourning over the deed we did,  
Let us draw the winding-sheet up to  
the chin,  
Aye, up till the death-blind eyes are  
hid !

No American poet has ever shown  
more passion, pathos, and tenderness  
combined, than we find embodied in  
many of the minor love poems of  
Phœbe Cary. Not only the "Dead  
Love," but the little poem which fol-  
lows, is an example of these qualities.

ALAS !

Since, if you stood by my side to-day,  
Only our hands could meet,  
What matter if half the weary world  
Lies out between our feet ?

That I am here by the lonesome sea,  
You by the pleasant Rhine ?  
Our hearts were just as far apart,  
If I held your hand in mine !

Therefore, with never a backward  
glance,  
I leave the past behind ;  
And standing here by the sea alone,  
I give it to the wind.

I give it all to the cruel wind,  
And I have no word to say ;

Yet, alas ! to be as we have been,  
And to be as we are to-day !

The literal quality of Phœbe's mind  
showed itself in her undoubting faith  
in spiritual communion, as it did in  
everything else. She would remark,  
" I think — just came into the room ;  
I feel her presence as distinctly as I  
do yours," speaking of one who long  
before had passed into spirit life. She  
"knew that the dead came back," she  
said " just as she knew that she  
thought, or saw, or knew anything  
else." It was simply a fact which she  
stated literally and unexcitedly as she  
would any other. " It was not any  
more wonderful to her," she said,  
" that she could see and perceive with  
her soul, than that she was able to dis-  
cern objects through her eyeballs." Never  
were any words which she ut-  
tered more literally true to her than  
these : —

" The veil of flesh that hid  
Is softly drawn aside ;  
*More clearly I behold them now,  
Than those who never died.*"

Nor must this simple faith of these  
sisters in communion with spirits be  
confounded with any mere modern  
delusion. They inherited this belief  
from their parents. There had been  
no moment in their conscious exist-  
ence, when they did not believe in this  
New Testament faith, that the dead  
are ministering spirits sent forth of  
God, to the heirs of salvation. Never  
did woman live possessed of a more  
sturdy common sense than Phœbe  
Cary. Nevertheless she spoke con-  
stantly of sympathy and communion  
with those whom death had taken, pre-  
cisely as she spoke of intercourse with  
the living. To her, life held no verity  
more blessed than that which finds ex-  
pression in her

BORDER-LAND.

I know you are always by my side,  
And I know you love me, Winifred,  
dear ;  
For I never called on you since you  
died,  
But you answered tenderly, I am  
here !

So come from the misty shadows, where  
 You came last night and the night  
 before ;

Put back the veil of your golden hair,  
 And let me look in your face once  
 more.

Ah ! it is you ; with that brow of truth,  
 Ever too pure for the least disguise ;  
 With the same dear smile on the loving  
 mouth,  
 And the same sweet light in the ten-  
 der eyes.

You are my own, my darling still ;  
 So do not vanish or turn aside ;  
 Wait till my eyes have had their fill,  
 Wait till my heart is pacified !

You have left the light of your higher  
 place ;  
 And ever thoughtful, and kind, and  
 good,  
 You come with your old familiar face,  
 And not with the look of your angel-  
 hood.

Still the touch of your hand is soft and  
 light,  
 And your voice is gentle, and kind,  
 and low ;  
 And the very roses you wear to-night  
 You wore in the summers long  
 ago.

O World ! you may tell me I dream or  
 rave,  
 So long as my darling comes to  
 prove  
 That the feet of the spirit cross the  
 grave,  
 And the loving live, and the living  
 love !

Perhaps the utterances of her soul  
 which have most deeply impressed  
 others, and by which she will be longest  
 remembered, are her religious poems.  
 They are among the rarest in the Eng-  
 lish tongue, as felicitous in utterance  
 as they are devout and helpful in spirit.  
 It is the soul of their melody, more  
 than the melody itself, which makes us  
 glad. It is the faith in the good, vis-  
 ible and invisible ; the lark-like hope  
 that soars and sings so high with such  
 spontaneity of delight ; the love brood-  
 ing over the lowliest things, yet yearn-

ing out toward God's eternities, rest-  
 ing in his love at last, which make the  
 inspiration of all these hymns.

Hers was a loving and a believing  
 soul. Day by day she walked with  
 God. In no hour was He far from her.  
 As natural as to breathe was it for her  
 to lift her heart to the heart of all-em-  
 bracing Love, whether she sat in her  
 chamber alone, or went forth to meet  
 Him in the outer world. From her  
 hymns we take in the tonic of a healthy,  
 hearty, happy soul. Like the simples  
 which we draw forth from nature's soil,  
 they are full of savor and healing.  
 How we feel these in her

#### FIELD PREACHING.

I have been out to-day in field and  
 wood,  
 Listening to praises sweet, and counsel  
 good,  
 Such as a little child had understood,  
 That, in its tender youth,  
 Discerns the simple eloquence of  
 truth.

The modest blossoms, crowding round  
 my way,  
 Though they had nothing great or  
 grand to say,  
 Gave out their fragrance to the wind  
 all day ;  
 Because his loving breath,  
 With soft persistence, won them back  
 from death.

The stately maize, a fair and goodly  
 sight,  
 With serried spear-points bristling  
 sharp and bright,  
 Shook out his yellow tresses, for de-  
 light,  
 To all their tawny length,  
 Like Samson, glorifying in his lusty  
 strength.

And every little bird upon the tree,  
 Ruffling his plumage bright, for ec-  
 stasy,  
 Sang in the wild insanity of glee ;  
 And seemed, in the same lays,  
 Calling his mate, and uttering songs of  
 praise.

The golden grasshopper did chirp and  
 sing ;

The plain bee, busy with her house-keeping,  
Kept humming cheerfully upon the wing,  
As if she understood  
That, with contentment, labor was a good.

I saw each creature, in his own best place,  
To the Creator lift a smiling face,  
Praising continually his wondrous grace ;  
As if the best of all  
Life's countless blessings was to live at all !

So, with a book of sermons, plain and true,  
Hid in my heart, where I might turn them through,  
I went home softly, through the falling dew,  
Still listening, rapt and calm,  
To Nature giving out her evening psalm.

While, far along the west, mine eyes discerned,  
Where, lit by God, the fires of sunset burned,  
The tree-tops, unconsumed, to flame were turned ;  
And I, in that great hush,  
Talked with his angels in each burning bush !

The hymn of Phœbe Cary, by which she is most widely known is her

NEARER HOME.

One sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er ;  
I am nearer home to-day  
Than I ever have been before ;

Nearer my Father's house,  
Where the many mansions be ;  
Nearer the great white throne,  
Nearer the crystal sea ;

Nearer the bound of life,  
Where we lay our burdens down ;  
Nearer leaving the cross,  
Nearer gaining the crown.

But lying darkly between,  
Winding down through the night,  
Is the silent, unknown stream,  
That leads at last to the light.

Closer and closer my steps  
Come to the dread abysm :  
Closer Death to my lips  
Presses the awful chrism.

Oh, if my mortal feet  
Have almost gained the brink ;  
If it be I am nearer home  
Even to-day than I think ;

Father, perfect my trust ;  
Let my spirit feel in death  
That her feet are firmly set  
On the rock of a living faith !

Yet like Alice with her " Pictures of Memory," she did not set a high intellectual value upon it. Until within a year or two of her death she was not conscious of its universal popularity. Before that time this lovely pilgrim of a hymn had wandered over the world, pausing at many thresholds, filling with " sweetly solemn thoughts " how many Christian hearts ! It had been printed on Sabbath-school cards, embodied in books of sacred song, pasted into scrap-books, read with tearful eyes by patient invalids in twilight sick chambers, and by brave yet tender souls at their hey-déy, on whose wistful eyes faint visions of their immortal home must sometimes dawn, even amid the dimness of this clouded world.

Within the last year of her life, Phœbe heard of an incident connected with this hymn, which made her happier while she lived.

" A gentleman in China, intrusted with packages for a young man from his friends in the United States, learned that he would probably be found in a certain gambling-house. He went thither, but not seeing the young man, sat down and waited, in the hope that he might come in. The place was a bedlam of noises, men getting angry over their cards, and frequently coming to blows. Near him sat two men — one young, the other forty years of age. They were betting

and drinking in a terrible way, the older one giving utterance continually to the foulest profanity. Two games had been finished, the young man losing each time. The third game, with fresh bottles of brandy, had just begun, and the young man sat lazily back in his chair while the oldest shuffled his cards. The man was a long time dealing the cards, and the young man, looking carelessly about the room, began to hum a tune. He went on, till at length he began to sing the hymn of Phœbe Cary, above quoted. The words," says the writer of the story, "repeated in such a vile place, at first made me shudder. A Sabbath-school hymn in a gambling den! But while the young man sang, the elder stopped dealing the cards, stared at the singer a moment, and, throwing the cards on the floor, exclaimed, —

"Harry, where did you learn that tune?"

"What tune?"

"Why, that one you've been singing."

"The young man said he did not know what he had been singing, when the elder repeated the words, with tears in his eyes, and the young man said he had learned them in a Sunday-school in America.

"Come," said the elder, getting up; 'come Harry; here's what I won from you; go and use it for some good purpose. As for me, as God sees me, I have played my last game, and drank my last bottle. I have misled you, Harry, and I am sorry. Give me your hand, my boy, and say that, for old America's sake, if for no other, you will quit this infernal business.'"

The gentleman who tells the story (originally published in "The Boston Daily News") saw these two men leave the gambling-house together, and walk away arm in arm; and he remarks, "It must be a source of great joy to Miss Cary to know that her lines, which have comforted so many Christian hearts, have been the means of awakening in the breast of two tempted and erring men on the other side of the globe, a resolution to lead a better life."

It was a "great joy" to the writer.

In a private letter to an aged friend in New York, with the story inclosed, she added: —

"I inclose the hymn and the story for you, not because I am vain of the notice, but because I thought *you* would feel a peculiar interest in them when you know the hymn was written eighteen years ago (1852) in your house. I composed it in the little back third story bedroom, one Sunday morning, after coming from church; and it makes me very happy to think that any word I could say has done a little good in the world."

After the death of Phœbe, the following letter was received at the "New York Tribune" office.

#### SEQUEL TO THE GAMBLERS' STORY.

*To the Editor of the Tribune.*

SIR: Having noticed in the columns of the "Tribune" a biographical sketch of Phœbe Cary, which contained an incident from my letters from China, I think that the sequel to the story of the "Gamblers" may interest her many friends.

The old man spoken of in the anecdote has returned to California, and has become a *hard-working Christian* man, while "Harry" has renounced gambling and all its attendant vices. The incident having gone the rounds of the press, the old man saw it, and finding its "credit," wrote to me about it. Thus Phœbe Cary's poem, "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," etc., has saved from ruin at least two who seldom or never entered a house of worship. I am yours,

RUSSELL H. CONWELL.

*Traveller Office, Boston, Aug. 9, 1871.*

In her latest hymns, although they express all the old love, all the old fullness of faith, we feel through them a vibration of grief, like one tone in a happy voice quivering with tears. Thus she cries in her very last hymn, "Resurgam:" —

"O mine eyes, be not so tearful;  
Drooping spirit, rise, be cheerful;  
Heavy soul, why art thou fearful?"



"Nature's sepulchre is breaking,  
And the earth, her gloom forsaking,  
Into life and light is waking.

"Oh, the weakness and the madness  
Of a heart that holdeth sadness  
When all else is light and gladness !

"Though thy treasure death hath taken,  
They that sleep are not forsaken,  
They shall hear the trump, and waken.

"Shall not He who life supplieth  
To the dead seed, where it lieth,  
Quicken also man, who dieth ?

"Yea, the power of death was ended  
When He, who to hell descended,  
Rose, and up to heaven ascended.

"Rise, my soul, then, from dejection,  
See in nature the reflection  
Of the dear Lord's resurrection.

"Let this promise leave thee never :  
*If the might of death I sever,  
Ye shall also live forever !*"

In "Dreams and Realities," a poem published in "Harper's Bazar" after Phœbe's death, she exclaims :—

"If still they kept their earthly place,  
The friends I held in my embrace,  
And gave to death, alas !  
Could I have learned that clear calm  
faith  
That looks beyond the bounds of death,  
And almost longs to pass ?"

Thus, through the heavy cloud of human loss and longing the lark-like song arose into the very precinct of celestial light, sweet with unflinching faith and undying love to the very last. The timid soul that fainted in its mortal house grew reassured and calm, rising to the realization of eternal verities. The world is better because this woman lived, and loved, and believed. She wrote, not to blazon her own being upon the world, not to drop upon the weary multitude the weight of an oppressive personality. She drew from the deep wells of an unconscious and overflowing love the bright waters of refreshment and health. Her subtler insight, her finer intuition, her larger

trust, her more buoyant hope, are the world's helpers, all. The simplest word of such a soul thrills with an inexpressible life. It helps to make us braver, stronger, more patient, and more glad. We fulfill the lowest task more perfectly, are more loyal to our duty, more loving to each other and to God, in the turmoil of the world, in the wearing care of the house, in sorrow as well as in joy, if by a single word we are drawn nearer to the all-encircling and everlasting Love. To do this, as a writer, was the mission of Phœbe Cary. Perhaps no lines which she has written express more characteristically or perfectly her devout and childlike faith in a loving Father's ordering of her earthly life, than the poem which closes her "Poems of Faith, Hope, and Love."

## RECONCILED.

O years, gone down into the past ;  
What pleasant memories come to  
me,  
Of your untroubled days of peace,  
And hours almost of ecstasy !

Yet would I have no moon stand still,  
Where life's most pleasant valleys  
lie ;  
Nor wheel the planet of the day  
Back on his pathway through the  
sky.

For though, when youthful pleasures  
died,  
My youth itself went with them,  
too ;  
To-day, ay ! even this very hour,  
Is the best time I ever knew.

Not that my Father gives to me  
More blessings than in days gone  
by ;  
Dropping in my uplifted hands  
All things for which I blindly cry :

But that his plans and purposes  
Have grown to me less strange and  
dim ;  
And where I cannot understand,  
I trust the issues unto Him.

And, spite of many broken dreams,  
This have I truly learned to say, —

The prayers I thought unanswered  
once,

Were answered in God's own best  
way.

And though some dearly cherished  
hopes

Perished untimely ere their birth,  
Yet have I been beloved and blessed  
Beyond the measure of my worth.

And sometimes in my hours of grief,  
For moments I have come to stand  
Where, in the sorrows on me laid  
I felt a loving Father's hand.

And I have learned the weakest ones  
Are kept securest from life's harms ;  
And that the tender lambs alone  
Are carried in the Shepherd's arms.

And sitting by the wayside blind,  
He is the nearest to the light,  
Who crieth out most earnestly,  
" Lord, that I might receive my  
sight ! "

O feet, grown weary as ye walk,  
Where down life's hill my pathway  
lies,

What care I, while my soul can mount,  
As the young eagle mounts the skies!

O eyes, with weeping faded out,  
What matters it how dim ye be ?  
My inner vision sweeps, untired,  
The reaches of eternity !

O death, most dreaded power of all,  
When the last moment comes, and  
thou

Darkenest the windows of my soul,  
Through which I look on nature  
now ;

Yea, when mortality dissolves,  
Shall I not meet thine hour unawed ?  
My house eternal in the heavens  
Is lighted by the smile of God !

—◆—  
CHAPTER X.

PHŒBE CARY. — THE WOMAN.

THE wittiest woman in America is  
dead. There are others who say many

brilliant things ; but I doubt if there is  
another so spontaneously and pointedly  
witty, in the sense that Sidney Smith  
was witty, as Phœbe Cary. The draw-  
back to almost everybody's wit and rep-  
artee is that it so often seems pre-  
meditated. It is a fearful chill to a  
laugh to know that it is being watched  
for, and had been prepared beforehand.  
But there was an absolute charm in  
Phœbe's wit ; it was spontaneous, so  
coruscating, so " pat." Then it was  
full of the delight of a perpetual sur-  
prise. She was just as witty at break-  
fast as she was at dinner, and would  
say something just as astonishingly  
bright to one companion, and she a  
woman, as to a roomful of cultivated  
men, doing their best to parry her flash-  
ings cimitars of speech. Though so lib-  
erally endowed with the poetic utterance  
and insight, she first beheld every object  
literally, not a ray of glamour about it ;  
she saw its practical and ludicrous re-  
lations first, and from this absolutely  
matter-of-fact perception came the  
sparkling utterance which saw it,  
caught it, played with it, and held it  
up in the same instant. It is pleasant  
to think of a friend who made you  
laugh so many happy times, but who  
never made you weep.

For instantaneously as her arrow of  
wit came, it sprung from too kind a  
heart ever to be tipped with a sting.  
There was always a prevailing vein of  
good nature in her most satirical or  
caustic remarks. Indeed, satire and  
sarcasm rarely sought vent in her glitter-  
ing speech : it was fun, sheer fun,  
usually, as kindly innocent in spirit as  
it was ludicrous and brilliant in utter-  
ance. But a flash of wit, like a flash of  
lightning, can only be remembered, it  
cannot be reproduced. Its very marvel  
lies in its spontaneity and evanescence ;  
its power is in being struck from  
the present. Divorced from that, the  
keenest representation of it seems cold  
and dead. We read over the few re-  
maining sentences which attempt to  
embody the repartees and *bon mots* of  
the most famous wits of society, such  
as Beau Nash, Beau Brummel, Madame  
Du Deffand, and Lady Mary Montagu ;  
we wonder at the poverty of these me-  
morials of their fame. Thus it must  
be with Phœbe Cary. Her most brill-

iant sallies were perfectly unpremeditated, and by herself never repeated, or remembered. When she was in her best moods, they came like flashes of heat lightning, like a rush of meteors, so suddenly and constantly you were dazzled while you were delighted, and afterward found it difficult to single out any distinct flash, or separate meteor from the multitude. A niece of Phœbe says that when a school-girl she often thought of writing down in a book the marvelous things which she heard her Aunt Phœbe say every day. Had she carried out her resolution, her book would now be the largest volume of Phœbe Cary's thoughts. As it is, this most wonderful of all her gifts can only be represented by a few stray sentences, gleaned here and there from the faithful memories of loving friends; each one invariably adding, "Oh, if I had only taken down the many wonderfully bright things that I heard her say." She had a necklace made of different articles which her friends had given her; from one there was a marble, from another a curious nut from the East, from another a piece of amber, from another a ball of malachite or crystal, and so on, till the necklace consisted of more than fifty beads, and, when open, stretched to a length of nearly four feet.

She often wore this necklace on Sunday evenings, and while in conversation would frequently occupy her fingers in toying with the beads. "One evening a friend told her that she looked, with her necklace, like an Indian princess; she replied that the only difference was that the Indian had a string of scalps in place of beads. She said that she thought that the best place for her friends was to hang about her neck, and with this belief she had constructed the necklace, and compelled her friends to join it. Some of her friends used to tell her that she ought to have a short-hand reporter as a familiar spirit, to jot down her sharp sayings, and give them out to the world. But she replied that it would not be to her taste to be short-handed down to fame; she preferred the lady with the trump, though she thought the aforesaid lady would be more attractive, and give a

better name to her favorites, if she dressed in the costume of the period."

A friend tells how, at a little party, where fun rose to a great height, one quiet person was suddenly attacked by a gay lady with the question, "Why don't you laugh? You sit there just like a post!"

"There! she called you a post; why don't you rail at her?" was Phœbe's instantaneous exclamation.

Another tells how, at a dinner-table where wine flowed freely, some one asked the sisters what wines they kept.

"Oh!" said Phœbe, "we drink Heidsick; but we keep mum."

Mr. P. T. Barnum mentioned to her that the skeleton man and the fat woman, then on exhibition in the city, were married.

"I suppose they loved through thick and thin," answered Phœbe.

"On one occasion, when Phœbe was at the Museum, looking about at the curiosities," says Mr. Barnum, "I preceded her, and had passed down a couple of steps. She, intently watching a big anaconda in a case at the top of the stairs, walked off (not noticing them), and fell. I was just in time to catch her in my arms, and save her from a severe bruising.

"I am more lucky than that first woman was, who fell through the influence of the serpent," said Phœbe, as she recovered herself."

Being one day at Wood's Museum, she asked Mr. Barnum to show her the "Infernal Regions," advertised to be represented there. On inquiring, he found that they were out of order, and said, —

"The Infernal Regions have vanished; but never mind, Phœbe, you will see them in time."

"No, in eternity," was the lightning-like reply.

On one occasion a certain well-known actor, then recently deceased, and more conspicuous for his professional skill than for his private virtues, was discussed. "We shall never," remarked some one, "see — again."

"No," quickly responded Phœbe; "not unless we go to the pit."

Says Oliver Johnson in his last tribute to her, in the "Tribune: " —

"Her religious sentiments were deep and strong, her faith in the Eternal Goodness unwavering. Educated in the faith of Universalism, she believed to the last in the final salvation of all God's children. On this subject she spoke to the writer with great distinctness and emphasis only a few weeks before her death; and once she indicated her faith by repeating with approbation the remark of one who said, in reply to the argument in favor of endless misery, 'Well, if God ever sends me into such misery, I know He will give me a constitution to bear it.'"

On entering a shop one day, she asked the clerk to show her a lady's cap. He understood her to say "a baby's cap."

"What is the child's age?" he inquired.

"Forty!" exclaimed Phœbe, in a tone which made the young man jump with amazement.

Among her papers there is an envelope that she has left behind, on which, in her own hand, is written one word: "*Fun!*" It is packed with little squibs of rhyme and travesty, evidently written for her own amusement, and thrust here out of sight, as unworthy to be seen by any eyes but her own. But they are so characteristic, and so illustrative of the quality of her mind which we are considering, that I am tempted to give two of them: not that either of the two is as funny as those left in the envelope; but because it trenches upon less pointedly absurd themes. One is,

#### MORAL LESSONS.

BY AMOS KEATER.

How doth the little busy flea  
Improve each awful jump;  
And mark her progress as she goes,  
By many an itching lump!

How skillfully she does her "sell;"  
How neat she bites our backs,  
And labors hard to keep her well  
Beyond the reach of whacks!

I, too, in games of chance and skill,  
By Satan would be led;

For if you're always sitting still,  
You cannot get ahead.

To lively back-biting and sich,  
My great ambition tends;  
Thus would I make me fat and rich  
By living off my friends.

The other bears no title:—

Go on, my friend, speak freely, pray;  
Don't stop till you have said your say;  
But, after you are tired to death,  
And pause to take a little breath,  
I'll name a dish I think is one  
To which no justice can be done!

It is n't pastry, old and rich,  
Nor onions, garlic, chives, and sich;  
Not cheese that moves with lively pace,  
It is n't even *Sweitzer Kase*:  
It is n't ham, that's old and strong,  
Nor sausage kept a month too long;  
It is n't beefsteak, fried in lard,  
Nor boiled potatoes when they're hard  
(All food unfit for Goth or Celt);  
It is n't fit even when they're smelt;  
It ain't what Chinamen call nice,  
Although they dote on rats and mice;  
For, speaking honestly and truly,  
I would n't give it to a Coolie!  
I would n't vally even a pup,  
If he could stoop to eat it up;  
Nor give my enemy a bit,  
Although he sot and cried for it.  
Recall all pizen food and slop  
At stations where the rail-cars stop;  
It's more than each and all of these,  
By just about sixteen degrees.  
It has no nutriment, it's trash!  
It's meaner than the meanest hash,  
And sourer twenty thousand times,  
Than lemons, vinegar, and limes:  
It's what I hate the man who eats;  
It's poor, cold, cussed, pickled beets!"

I pause in these quotations with a sense of pain. The written line is such a feeble reflection of the living words which flashed from the speaking woman, so tiny a ray of that abounding light, that bounteous life, from earth gone out!

The same powerful sense of justice, the same delicate honor, the sensitive conscience, the tender sympathies, which prevailed in the nature of Alice, were also dominant in Phœbe.

She not only wanted every breathing thing to have its little mortal chance, but, so far as she felt able to assist, it *had* it. She was especially sympathetic to the aged and the young, yet her heart went out to the helpless, the poor, the oppressed everywhere.

One of her most marked traits was a fine sense of honor which pervaded her minutest acts. This was manifested in her personal relations with others, in the utter absence of all curiosity. If ever a woman lived who absolutely "minded her own business, and let that of other people alone," it was Phœbe Cary. If ever mortal lived who thoroughly respected the individual life and rights of others, it was Phœbe Cary. From the prevailing "little-nesses" which Margaret Fuller Ossoli says are the curse of women, she was almost entirely free.

Her conscience ruled her in the words of her mouth, the meditations of her heart, and the minutest acts of her life. To do anything which she knew to be wrong would have been an impossibility to Phœbe Cary. This acute and ever accusing-conscience, combined with a lowly estimate of every power of her own, even her power of being good, filled her with a deep and pervading humility. She was not only modest, she was humble; not in any cringing or ignoble sense, but with an abiding consciousness that it was not possible for her to attain to her own standard of excellence in anything. These qualities, together, produced a blended timidity of nature and feeling, which was manifested even in her religious experience. Her apprehension of God as the universal and all-loving Father was deep and comprehensive. Her belief in Christ as an all-sufficient Saviour was sure and sufficing. Her faith and hope in them soared and sang in the sunshine of abiding trust. But the moment she thought of herself, she felt all unworthiness. It was her last thought, uttered in her last words, "O God, have mercy on my soul!"

As it is to all self-distrusting persons, personal approbation was dear to her. The personal responses which many of her poems called forth made her genuinely happy, and were to her,

often, the most precious recompense of her labor. Nothing could have been more ingenuous or modest than the pleasure which she showed at any spontaneous response from another heart, called out by some poem of her own. She did not set a high value on herself, but if others valued her, she was glad. If she received the assurance that in any way her words had helped another human being, she was happier still. This happiness probably never rose to such fullness from the same cause, as when the incident of the two wanderers in China, and her hymn, "Nearer Home," first met her eyes in a newspaper.

While she frankly said that she was happy in believing that she came of good lineage, no one on earth was more ready to say,—

"A man's a man, for a' that,"

whatever the shadow might be which rested on his birth or ancestry. Of sycophancy and snobbery she was incapable. She took the most literal measure of every human being whom she gauged at all, and the valuation was precisely what the individual made it, without reference to any antecedent whatever. Shams collapsed in the presence of this truthful soul, and pretense withered away under her cool, measuring gaze. Mere wealth had no patent which could command her respect, and poverty no sorrow that did not possess her sympathy and pity. "I have felt so poor myself," she said; "I have cried in the street because I was poor. I am so much *nearer* to poor people than to rich ones."

The child of such parents, Phœbe, as well as Alice, could scarcely help growing up to be the advocate of every good word and work. Phœbe's pen, as well as her life, was ever dedicated to temperance, to human rights, to religion, to all true progress. It was impossible that such a woman should not have been devoted to all the best interests of her own sex. She believed religiously in the social, mental, and civil enfranchisement of woman. She hated caste in sex as she hated any other caste rooted in injustice, and the degradation of human nature. She believed it to be the human right of

every woman to develop the power that God has given her, and to fulfill her destiny as a human creature, — free as man is free. Yet it was in woman *as* woman that she believed. She herself was one of the most womanly of women. What she longed to see educated to a finer and fuller supremacy in woman, was feminine, not masculine strength. As she believed in man's, she believed no less in woman's kingdom. Her very clearly defined ideas and feelings on this subject can in no way be so perfectly expressed as in her own words, published in the "New York Tribune."

## ADVICE GRATIS TO CERTAIN WOMEN.

BY A WOMAN.

Oh, my strong-minded sisters, aspiring to vote,  
And to row with your brothers, all in the same boat,  
When you come out to speak to the public your mind,  
Leave your tricks, and your airs, and your graces behind!

For instance, when you by the world would be seen  
As reporter, or editor (first-class, I mean),  
I think — just to come to the point in one line —  
What you write will be finer, if 't is not too fine.

Pray, don't let the thread of your subject be strung  
With "golden," and "shimmer,"  
"sweet," "filter," and "flung ;"  
Nor compel, by your style, all your readers to guess  
You've been looking up words Webster marks *obs*.

And another thing : whatever else you may say,  
Do keep personalities out of the way ;  
Don't try every sentence to make people see  
What a dear, charming creature the writer must be !

Leave out affectations and pretty appeals ;

Don't "drag yourself in by the neck and the heels,"

Your dear little boots, and your gloves ;  
and take heed,

Nor pull your curls over men's eyes while they read.

Don't mistake me ; I mean that the public's not home,

You must do as the Romans do, when you're in Rome ;

I would have you be womanly, while you are wise ;

'T is the weak and the womanish tricks I despise.

On the other hand : don't write and dress in such styles

As astonish the natives, and frighten the isles ;

Do look, on the platform, so folks in the show

Need n't ask, "Which are lions, and which tigers ?" you know !

"'T is a good thing to write, and to rule in the state,

But to be a true, womanly woman is great :

And if ever you come to be that, 't will be when

You can cease to be babies, nor try to be men !

After months of solicitation from those connected with it, and at the earnest entreaty of Alice, she became at one time the assistant editor of the "Revolution." But the responsibility was always distasteful to her, and after a few months' trial, she relinquished it with a sense of utter relief.

She, like Alice, was unfitted by natural temperament and disposition for all personal publicity. But in private intercourse, at home or abroad, her convictions on all subjects were earnestly and fearlessly expressed.

Although so uncompromising in her convictions, Phœbe very rarely aroused antagonism in her expression of them. If she uttered them at all, it was in a form which commanded merriment, if not belief. The truth which many another might unfold in an hour's decla-

mation, she would sheathe in witty rhyme, in whose lines it would run and sparkle as it never could have done in bald prose.

In the following lines we find her usual manner of expressing a truth, which so many others offer in a form harsh and repelling. Phœbe, who had just written these lines, brought them in, and read them one day to Alice, who was too ill to sit up. The turn of her words, and the tones of her voice, combined, were irresistible, and in a moment the beating rain outside, and the weary pain within were forgotten in merriment. Thus the truth of the rhyme, which from many another nature would have shot forth in garrulous fault-finding or expostulation, in the dress wherewith Phœbe decked it, amused far more than it exasperated, although the keenness of its edge was in no wise dulled or obscured.

WAS HE HENPECKED ?

"I'll tell you what it is, my dear,"

Said Mrs. Dorking, proudly,

"I do not like that chanticleer  
Who crows o'er us so loudly.

"And since I must his laws obey,  
And have him walk before me,

I'd rather like to have my say  
Of who should lord it o'er me."

"*You'd like to vote?*" he answered  
slow,

"Why, treasure of my treasures,  
What can you, or what should you  
know

Of public men, or measures ?

"Of course, you have ability,  
Of nothing am I surer ;

You're quite as wise, perhaps, as I ;  
You're better, too, and purer.

"I'd have you just for mine alone ;  
Nay, so do I adore you,

I'd put you queen upon a throne,  
And bow myself before you."

"*You'd put me! you?* now that is  
what

I do not want, precisely ;  
I want myself to choose the spot  
That I can fill most wisely."

"My dear, you're talking like a goose —  
*Unhently*, and improper" —  
But here again her words broke loose,  
In vain he tried to stop her :

"I tell you, though she never spoke  
So you could understand her,  
A goose knows when she wears a  
yoke,  
As quickly as a gander."

"Why, bless my soul! what would  
you do ?  
Write out a diagnosis ?  
Speak equal rights? join with their  
crew  
And dine with the Sorosis ?

"And shall I live to see it, then —  
My wife a public teacher ?  
And would you be a crowing hen —  
That dreadful unsexed creature ?"

"Why, as to that, I do not know ;  
Nor see why you should fear it ;  
If I can crow, why let me crow,  
If I can't, then you won't hear it !"

"Now, why," he said, "can't such as  
you  
Accept what we assign them ?  
You have your rights, 'tis very true,  
But then, we should define them !

"We would not peck you cruelly,  
We would not buy and sell you ;  
And you, *in turn*, should think, and  
be,  
And do, just what we tell you !

"I do not want you made, my dear,  
The subject of rude men's jest ;  
I like you in your proper sphere,  
The circle of a hen's nest !

"I'd keep you in the chicken-yard,  
Safe, honored, and respected ;  
From all that makes us rough and  
hard,  
Your sex should be protected."

"Pray, did it ever make you sick ?  
Have I gone to the dickens ?  
Because you let me scratch and pick  
Both for myself and chickens ?"

"Oh, that's a different thing, you know,  
Such duties are parental ;

But for some work to do, you'd grow  
Quite weak and sentimental."

"Ah! yes, it's well for you to talk  
About a parent's duty!  
Who keeps your chickens from the  
hawk?  
Who stays in nights, my beauty?"

"But, madam, you may go each hour,  
Lord bless your pretty faces!  
We'll give you anything, but power  
And honor, trust and places.

"We'd keep it hidden from your sight  
How public scenes are carried;  
Why, men are coarse, and swear, and  
fight"—  
"I know it, dear; I'm married!"

"Why, now you gabble like a fool;  
But what's the use of talking?  
'Tis yours to serve, and mine to rule,  
I tell you, Mrs. Dorking!"

"Oh, yes," she said, "you've all the  
sense;  
Your sex are very knowing;  
Yet some of you are on the fence,  
And only good at crowing."

"Ah! preciouslest of precious souls,  
Your words with sorrow fill me;  
To see you voting at the polls  
I really think would kill me.

"To mourn my home's lost sanctity;  
To feel you did not love me;  
And worse, to see you fly so high,  
And have you roost above me!"

"Now, what you fear in equal rights  
I think you've told precisely;  
*That's just about the 'place it lights,'*  
Said Mrs. Dorking wisely.

Phœbe was very fond of children. Like Alice, she always had her special pets and darlings among the children of her friends. She was interested in all childhood, but, unlike Alice, she preferred little boys to little girls. All her child lyrics are exceptionally happy, going straight to the understanding and hearts of little folk. She addresses them ever as dear little friends, jolly little comrades, never in a mother-tone; while in Alice, we feel constantly the

yearning of the mother-heart. *Her* utterances to children thrill through and through with mother-love, its tenderness, its exultation. It is often difficult to realize that she is not the mother of the child to whom she speaks and of whose loveliness she sings.

Phœbe had a childlike love of decoration. Not that she was ever satisfied with her looks. She had the same distrust of her personal appearance that she had of her personal powers. Nevertheless she had a passionate love of ornaments.

Alice delighted in ample robes, rich fabrics, India shawls, and wore very few jewels. But Phœbe would wear two bracelets on one arm, from the sheer delight of looking on them. The Oriental warmth of her temperament was revealed in her delight in gleaming gems. She loved them for their own sakes. There were ardors of her heart which seemed to find their counterpart in the imprisoned, yet inextinguishable fires of precious stones. She would watch and muse over them, moment after moment, as if in a dream. Her senses, pure and strong, were the avenues of keen and swift delights. If her conscience was stern, her heart was warm, and her capacity for joy immeasurable. The flashing of a jewel, the odor of a flower, the face of youth, the subtle effluence of outraying beauty, the touch of a hand, the moulding of a perfect arm, everything which revealed, in sight or sound or form, the more subtle and secret significance of matter, moved a nature powerful in its passionate sensibility.

To her dying hour she was a child in many ways. The Phœbe Cary who faced the world was dignified, self-contained, and self-controlled. But the child-heart avenged itself for what the world had cost it, when it came back to its own sole self. The last great struggle, in which alone it essayed to meet and conquer sorrow, snapped the cord of life. Thus in the slightest things, often, Phœbe could not bear disappointment any better than a child. No matter how bravely she tried, afterwards, in greater or less degree, she always went through the reaction of complete prostration. Often a disappointment like missing a train of cars, having a



journey put off, or even a pleasant evening out deferred, would send her to her room in floods of tears. To be sure, she made no ado. The door was shut, and nobody was allowed to hear the wailing, nor were any comments made on it afterwards. Nevertheless, when she appeared again, two or three, at least, always knew that "Phœbe had had her cry, and felt better."

Modest and reticent in herself, yet merry and witty in her conversation with men, her habitual manner to the women whom she loved was most endearing. Without the shallow "gush," and insipid surface effervescence of sentimental adjectives, which in many women take the place, and attempt to hide the lack, of any deep affection, Phœbe was full of loving little ways, dear to remember. She had a fashion of smoothing back your hair from your forehead, as if you were a child; and of coming and standing beside you, with her hand laid upon your shoulder in a caressing touch. This action of hers was especially comforting and assuring. It was not a startling, nervous hand resting on your shoulder. It was deep, dimpled, and abiding. It rested, soothed, and helped you at once. It came with a caress, and left you with a laugh. For by that time its owner had surely said something which had changed the entire current of your thoughts and feeling, if you had been woe-begone and lonesome when she came.

Emerson says, "All mankind love a lover;" and Phœbe Cary surely did. But rarely in any solemn, heart-tearing way.

"Believe me," she said once, "I never loved any man well enough to lie awake half an hour, to be miserable about him."

"I *do* believe you," said Alice. "It would be hard to believe it, were you to say you ever had."

Till within a few years of her death, it was only a distant adorer that Phœbe desired, a *cavalier servente*, who would escort her to public places occasionally, pay her chivalric homage on Sabbath evenings, and through the week retire to his affairs, leaving her "unbothered" to attend to hers. Her ideal of marriage was most exalted; and she

would deliberately have chosen to have lived "solitary to her dying day," rather than to have entered that sacred state, without the assurance that its highest and purest happiness would have been hers.

"I prefer my own life to that of the mass of married people that I see," she would say; "it is a dreary material life that they seem to me to live, no inspiration of the deepest love in it. And yet I believe that true marriage holds the highest and purest possibilities of human happiness." It was a perfectly characteristic reply that she made to the person who asked her if she had ever been disappointed in her affections:—

"No; but a great many of my married friends have."

Equally characteristic was her answer to the erratic officer of our late war, who invited her to drive with him, and improved the opportunity it gave to ask her to marry him. She requested a short time to consider.

"No," said the peremptory hero. "Now, or never."

"Never!" was the response.

We may believe that the "never" did not lose in vim from the fact, known to her, that the same daring adorer had offered his name and fame no less ardently, but a few days before, to her sister Alice.

They parted at the Twentieth Street door forever. He died not long after, of wounds received in battle.

Phœbe was as innocently fond of admiration as she was of decoration. She was never vain of it, but always delighted when she received it. She received much. When it culminated in an offer of marriage, as it repeatedly did, Phœbe invariably said, "No, I thank you: I like you heartily; but I don't want to marry anybody." The result was, her lover remained her friend. If he married, his wife became her friend; and the two women exchanged visits on the most cordial terms. There was not an atom of sentimentality, in the form that young Sparkler calls "nonsense," in the character of Phœbe Cary.

During the last ten years of her life, the woman's heart asserted itself in behalf of the woman's life. In 1867,

an offer of marriage was made her by a gentleman eminent in the world of letters, a man of the most refined nature, extensive culture, and real piety. She felt a deep and true affection for him, as he did for her. The vision of a new life and home shone brightly in upon the shadow which disease and death had hung over her own.

Although unconsciously, Alice had already entered the Valley of Death, and when, with her failing strength, the loss of Phœbe suddenly confronted her, she shrank back appalled. "I suppose I shall be sustained, if *worst comes to worst!*" she wrote; "but I am very sad now." Phœbe looked into the face of her lover, and every impulse of her heart said, "Yes;" she looked into the face of her sister, and her lips said without faltering, "No." Making the sacrifice, she made it cheerfully, and without ado. I doubt if Alice, to her dying day, realized how much Phœbe relinquished in her own heart, when she sacrificed the prospect of this new life for her sake.

Referring to it once, Phœbe said, "When I saw how Alice felt, I could not leave her. If I had married, I should have gone to my own home; now she could never live anywhere but in her own house. I could not leave her alone. She has given so much to me, I said, I will give the rest of my life to her. It is right. I would not have it otherwise. Yet when I think of it, I am sure I have never lived out my full nature, have never lived a complete life. My life is an appendage to that of Alice. It is my nature and fate to walk second to her. I have less of everything that is worth having, than she; less power, less money, fewer friends.

"Sometimes I feel a yearning to have a life my very own; my own house, and work, and friends; and to feel myself the centre of all. I feel now that it is never to be. Oh, if you knew how I carry her on my heart! If she goes down town, I am anxious till she comes back. I am so afraid some harm will happen *to her*. Think of it! for more than thirty years our house has never been free from the sound of that cough. One by one, all have had it, and gone, but we two.

Now, when I am alone, I have that constant dread on me about Alice. Of course I could not leave her. Yet (with a pathetic smile) I am sure *we* would have been very happy. Don't you think so?" Taking a picture from the inner drawer of her desk, she gazed on it long. "Yes, I am *sure* of it," she said, as she slowly put it back.

Through the teachings of her parents, and the promptings of her own soul, Phœbe Cary believed in the final restoration, from sin to happiness, of the entire human race, through the love of the Father and the atonement of Jesus Christ. Her faith in God, her love for humanity, never wavered. No less, through her very temperament, her dependent soul needed all the support of outward form, as well as of inward grace. Alice could worship and be happy in the solitude of her own room; but Phœbe wanted all the accessions of the Church service. She was deeply devotional. In her unostentatious devoutness, there was a touch of the old Covenantant's spirit. In her utter dependence on the mercy and love of God, there was an absolute humility of heart, touching to see.

Although she believed in the final restoration of the human race to holiness, she believed no less in extreme penalties for sin. She expected punishment for every evil deed she did, not only here but hereafter. This belief, with her own natural timidity and humility, explains every cry that she ever uttered for divine mercy, even to the last.

How much more to her was the Spirit of the Divine Master than the tenets of any creed, we may know from the fact that for many years of her life in New York, she was a member of the Church of the Pilgrims (Congregational), its pastor, Dr. Cheever, her dear friend: while at the time of her death she was a regular attendant at an independent church (the Church of the Stranger), and with its pastor, Rev. Dr. Deems, was the associate editor of "Hymns for all Christians." Faith, hope, and love — love for God, love for her fellow-creatures — were the prevailing elements of her religious faith and experience. In the belief

and practice of these she lived and died, a brilliant, devout, humble, loving, and lovable woman.

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CHAPTER XI.

PHŒBE'S LAST SUMMER. — DEATH AND BURIAL.

THERE is something inexpressibly sad in the very thought of Phœbe's last summer. One must marvel at the providence of God, which demanded of a soul so dependent upon the ministries of love, so clinging in every fibre of its being, that it should go down into the awful shadow, and confront death alone. Though hard, it would have been easier for Alice to have met such a fate. Yet it was not Alice, it was Phœbe, who died alone. She not only was alone, but sadder still, she knew it. In the very last days she said, "I am dying alone."

The general impression is that with a constitution exceptional in her family, in robust health, she was suddenly smitten, and, without warning, died. This is far from the truth. Even in the summer of 1869, she complained of symptoms which proved to be the forerunners of fatal disease. More than once she exclaimed, "Oh this heaviness, this lethargy which comes over me, as if I could never move again! I wonder what it is!" But Alice was so confirmedly, and every day becoming so hopelessly the invalid of the household, Phœbe's ailments were ignored by herself, and scarcely known to her friends. In the presence of the mortal agony which had settled on her sister's frame, Phœbe had neither heart nor desire to speak of the low, dull pain already creeping about her own heart. Her first anxiety was to spare her sister every external cause for solicitude or care.

Nevertheless, there were times when her own mortality was too strong for her, and in the December before the death of Alice, she lay for many days in the little room adjoining, sick almost unto death, with one form of the disease of which, at last, she died. While convalescing from this attack, I

found her one day lying on a sofa in Alice's room, while Alice, in an arm-chair, was sitting by her side. It was one of Alice's "best days." Not two months before her death, after days and nights of anguish which no language can portray, she yet had life enough left to be seated in that arm-chair, dressed in white, wrapped in a snowy lamb's-wool shawl, with a dainty cap, brave with pink ribbons, on her head. Moving against the back of the chair, she at last pushed this jaunty cap on one side, when Phœbe looked up from her pillow, and said with a sudden laugh, "Alice, you have no idea what a *rakish* appearance you present. I'll get you the hand-glass that you may see how you wear your cap." And this remark was the first of a series of happy sallies which passed between these two, stricken and smitten, yet tossing to and fro sunny words, as if neither had a sorrow, and as if all life stretched fair and bright before them.

Phœbe probably never knew, in this world, to what awful tension her body and soul were strained, in living through the suffering of Alice, and beholding her die.

She herself said: "It seems to me that a cord stretches from Alice's heart to mine; nothing can hurt her that does not hurt me." That that cord was severed at death, no one can believe. Beyond the grave Alice drew her still, till she drew her into the skies.

After her sister's death she remarked to a friend, "Alice, when she was here, always absorbed me, and she absorbs me still; I feel her constantly drawing me."

You have read how, after seeing the body of her sister laid beneath the snow in Greenwood, Phœbe came back to the empty home, let the sunshine in, filled the desolate room with flowers, and laid down to sleep on the couch near that of Alice, which she had occupied through all her last sickness; how she rose with the purpose and will to work, to prepare a new edition of all her sister's writings,—not to sit down in objectless grief, but to do all that her sister would, and she believed, did still desire her to do. There was not a touch of morbidness

in her nature. By birthright hers was an open, honest, sunshiny soul. The very effluence of her music sprang from the inspiration of truth, faith, and love. In herself she had everything left to live for. Mentally, she had not yet risen to the fullness of her powers. She was still in the prime of a rich, attractive womanhood; her black hair untouched of gray, her hazel eyes sparkling as ever, her cheeks as dimpled as a baby's, her smile, even with its droop of sadness, more winsome than of old. To her own little store were now added her sister's possessions. Save a few legacies and mementos, everything of which she died possessed, Alice had bestowed upon Phœbe. The house was hers; she its sole mistress, possessed of a life competency. All Alice's friends were hers now in a double sense; for they loved her for herself, and her sister also. She sat enshrined in a tenderer and deeper sympathy than had ever enveloped her before; her fame was growing, offering her every promise of a more brilliant and enduring repute in the world of letters; her position as the leader of a most brilliant and intellectual society was never so assured. Dear soul! life had come to her, why should she not be sunshiny and brave? Nobody had left her, not even her dead; were not Alice and Elmina, and all her lost ones, going in and out with her, supporting her, cheering her? why should she be bowed down and sorrowful? No less that realistic nature, that tenacious heart, cried out for the old, tangible fellowship, for the face to face communion, the touch of the hand, the tender, brooding smile, even for the old moan of pain telling of the human presence. Alice was there—yes, she believed it; yet it was with spiritual insight, not with the old mortal vision, that she beheld her. She was all womanly, made for deep household loves. With all her sweet beliefs, she was alone.

"Alice left me this morning, and I am in the world alone," was the message she sent me, hundreds of miles away, the day that Alice died.

Everything was hers, but what did it avail now? There was no Alice waiting on her couch, no Alice at the

table, no Alice to pour out long, sweet songs in her ear; the soul of her soul had passed from her. She tried to see the light, but the light of her life had gone out.

Phœbe's resolution was to go on with her own life-work, not as if her sister had not died, but as if in passing away she had left a double work for her to perform. She felt that she had not only her own, but Alice's works to revise and edit, Alice's name to honor and perpetuate. For the first time in her life, the impulse, the energy to do, was to come from herself alone. It could not be. Unconsciously she drooped. There was no Alice to whom to read what she had written. No Alice to live through and for, as she lived through her and for her for so many years. The tension of those years of watching and of ceaseless anxiety broken, the reaction of unutterable weariness and helplessness told how fearful had been their strain. She did not quiescently yield to it. She went out and sought her friends. She called her friends in to her. She did all in her power to shake off the lethargy stealing upon her; not only to believe, but to feel, that she had much left to live for. In vain. She who had so loved to live, who by her physical as well as mental constitution could take delight in simple existence; she who was in sympathy with every hope and fear which animates humanity, came to herself at last, to find that her real interest had all been transferred to the beloved objects who had passed within the veil of the unseen and eternal.

Possessing, as she believed she did, "the old Cary constitution," with a vital hold on life which no other of her sisters had possessed, she made her plans in expectation of long life. And yet, when attacked with what seemed to be slight illness, when her physician spoke hopefully to her of recovery, she replied, "that she knew of no reason why she should *not* recover, except that she neither found, nor could excite, any desire in herself to do so; and this she said with a sort of wonder." Sickness, grief, it was not in her power to bear. They struck at once to the very core of life. She grew gray in a few weeks. She began to

look strangely like Alice. Her own sparkling expression was gone ; and in the stead, her whole face took on the pathetic, appealing look of her sister. This resemblance increased till she died. "She grew just like Miss Alice," said Maria, her nurse, after her death. "She grew just like her in looks, and in all her ways. Sometimes it seemed as if she *was* Miss Alice."

The week before she was taken sick, returning to New York, I called upon her at once. She was well, and out attending the meeting of a convention. I left a message that, as it would be impossible for me to come again for some time, I should await her promised visit in my own home. Weeks passed, in which a task I was bound in honor to perform by a certain time, withheld me from everything else, even from the reading of newspapers. Yet in the midst of it the thought of Phœbe often came to me, and I felt almost hurt at her non-appearance. Long after its date, a miscarried letter, written by the hand of another, came to me, telling of her sickness. When it reached me, she had already gone to Newport. I answered it, telling her that had I known of her state, I should have left everything and come to her, as I was still ready to do. Carrying the letter down to post without delay, I took up the "Tribune," and the first line on which my eye rested was, "The death of Phœbe Cary."

A short time before, Mrs. Clymer, the niece who had all her life-time been as a daughter to Alice and Phœbe, stood over the death-bed of her only brother. She closed his eyes for the last time, to lie down on her own bed of suffering, to which she was bound for weeks. Lying there, she learned of the sickness of her aunt Phœbe, but nothing of its degree ; the latter withholding it from her. As soon as she was able to sit up, she left Cincinnati for Newport. Reaching New York, and stopping at the house on Twentieth Street for tidings, she was met with the telegram of her aunt's death.

Such were the inexorable circumstances which withheld two who loved her, from her in her last hours ; a fact, the very memory of which, to them,

must be an unavailing and life-long sorrow. Thus it was with nearly all of her friends ; they were out of the city, far from her, and scarcely knew of her sickness until they read the announcement of her death.

She felt it keenly ; and in her last loneliness her loving heart would call out, "Where are all my friends?" Yet at no time was she wholly bereft of the ministrations of affection. Hon. Thomas Jenckes, of Providence, Rhode Island, and Mr. Francis Nye, of New York, the friend and executor of both Alice and herself, made every arrangement for her conveyance to Newport. She was accompanied thither by a devoted lady friend, and followed thither by another, who remained with her till after her death. Mr. Oliver Johnson made the journey to Newport expressly to see his old friend in her lonely and suffering state. The lady who was with her to the last, Mrs. Mary Stevens Robinson, daughter of Rev. Dr. Abel Stevens of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who, beside her nurse Maria, is the only person living who can tell truly of Phœbe Cary's last hours, has, at the request of the writer, kindly sent the following graphic personal recollections of Phœbe, and a record of those sad days at Newport. She says : —

"I first met with Phœbe Cary in the winter of 1853-54. She was still young and striking in her appearance, with keen, merry, black eyes, full of intelligence and spirit, a full, well-proportioned figure, and very characteristic in gesture, aspect, and dress. She was fond of high colors, red, orange, etc., and talked well and rapidly. She was entirely feminine in demeanor, careful, in the main, of the sensibilities of those whom she addressed, though so warm by nature, and so quick in her thought, as to be sometimes thrown off guard on this point, in the ardor of discussion. My father was at this period editor of a magazine, and Alice was one of his contributors. As we lived in the same neighborhood, we exchanged frequent visits with the sisters ; we attending their evening receptions, and they our unceremonious social gatherings. At these companies Phœbe's conversation was more with gentlemen than with ladies ; partly because she liked them

better, and partly because they were sure to be entertained by her ; but she maintained invariably a gentle reserve, was never 'carried away' in the ardor or brilliancy of talking. Her wit had no sting, her frankness and sincerity were those of a child, and she was always 'pure womanly.' In remarks upon persons and their performances, she was free and discriminating. Herein it was perhaps less habitual for her to use restraint, than it was with Alice. The latter was carefully, conscientiously just and generous. She was content only to give full credit for whatever was commendable in others, or in what they accomplished.

"Our removal from town, and other interferences, interrupted this acquaintance, until, one spring day some five or six years ago, I chanced to meet Phœbe in a store, on the quest of shopping, like myself. We exchanged warm greetings, talked perhaps for five minutes ; but instead of the usual formulas, her words were so fresh and piquant that I recall them even now. I mentioned the fact of my father's being pastor of a Methodist church at Mamaroneck. 'I don't belong among the Methodists,' said Phœbe, in her reply, 'but whenever I feel my heart getting chilly, I go to a meeting of your people,—any kind of a meeting. Their warmth is genuine and irresistible. It is contagious, too, and has crept inside other walls than your own.'

"When I asked her to visit us, she answered in her ready way : 'Well, if you will, I will come to-morrow. Alice is away, and I can leave now, better than when she comes back.'

"Yes, Alice was away. I discovered afterward that this cheery soul, who could sing songs, get books into market, and whose plenitude of spirits was apparently unailing, whose very gait, at once smooth and rapid, expressed swift and direct force, this hearty, happy woman, pined somewhat when severed from her mate. In the stillness of the house her gayety drooped, and she had no one to think of. The tender curves of her mouth, the arch of her eyelids, something round and child-like in the whole contour, betokened this dependence of affection in her.

"She came to us on the morrow,

told numberless stories and jests, talked with her habitual earnestness, bordering on vehemence when the conversation turned on spiritualism (apologizing afterward, fearing she had 'forgotten herself'), and seemed heartily to enjoy everything connected with her visit. We were all comfortable in her presence, and utterly ignored that slight constraint one often experiences along with the pleasure of having a guest in the house. The second day was rainy, so she could not ride out, as we had planned, to see the scenes of the neighborhood. But she fell to discoursing on the charms of a wet day in a country house, the fresh, growing verdure without, the open fire, the friendly aspect of a library, the converse on men, women, and books, till we ceased to regret the weather, and congratulated ourselves silently through the day, saying, 'What a happy time, what a charming rainy day we are having !'

"In the course of conversation some one remarked her resemblance to Sappho, as she is known to us by the bust, and by descriptions ; the olive-brown tint, the stature rather under size, the low brow, etc. Phœbe accepted the comparison smilingly, in silence, but with a natural, modest pleasure. She won the favor of a child, the only one in the family. He wanted a poem, but dared not ask for it. Later, when the request reached her ears, she sent him some simple, characteristic verses upon himself.

"During this visit, as often afterward, I could but note the rapid movement of her mind. She thought quickly, spoke quickly ; never chattering nonsense, nor filling spaces of conversation with phrases, but always racy, healthful utterances, full of sense, wit, and vigor. Her natural simplicity never forsook her ; something of rural life, of virgin soil, the clear breeziness of Western plains was suggested by her character, as manifested in speech, aspect, and manner.

"After this visit I did not see her again till the day of Alice's funeral. There, her extreme but restrained grief touched my heart ; for Death had entered my own door, and borne away my best-beloved. When she turned from her last look at her sister's face, and

was supported by friends to her seat, it was plain that this bereavement had taken hold of the roots of her life, had drowned its bases in tears. I sent a note of sympathy, not wishing to intrude upon her sorrow. But some weeks later, hearing that she was much alone, and needed society, I called one evening, and continued my visits weekly and finally daily, up to her last departure from town. In some measure, she recovered her natural flow of spirits. Once, speaking of the Franco-German war, I said that the French more than any other nation were tainted with the virus of Roman corruption, as evident in the latter (Roman) empire, instancing their epicurism, sensuality, cruelty, ostentation, luxury, etc.

"I see," said Phœbe, "you think they are still in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity."

"She liked to talk of love and marriage, though entirely reticent of her own *affaires du cœur*; and she was not without them. On those subjects she spoke with a woman's heart, and conceived the noblest ideals of them.

"Whenever I write a story, often when only a poem," she said once, "it must turn upon love."

"One evening, the first birthday of Alice after her death, I made one of a tea-party of four at the little house where so many guests had been so charmingly entertained. An elderly widow, Mrs. C——, who stayed with Phœbe after Alice's death, an old friend, Miss Mary B——, Phœbe, and myself surrounded the table. The snug dining-room, the old-fashioned tea-service, the quaint china, the light biscuit, sweet butter, all the dishes *comme il faut*, everything bespeaking a carefully-ordered domestic life—I am sure you can recall similar evenings full of the same delightful impressions. We had jellied chicken that Phœbe had tried for the first time, for the occasion, and with entire success. We gossiped over our fragrant tea, and smiled at ourselves, a gathering of lone women; and all agreed that the hostess was less like an old maid than any of the others. Cheerful she was, in truth, much like her natural self; yet in the evening, sitting apart with Miss B——, she confessed that the absence of Alice affected

her seriously; that when she tried to write, no words would come; that failing here, she turned to household affairs, but could scarcely accomplish anything. Every morning her first thought on waking was, 'Here is another leaden day to get through with; it will be precisely like yesterday, and such will be all days in all time to come!'

"Plainly the watching and anxiety of the previous year had jarred her nerves. They were firmly set by nature, but through her illness their attenuation became extremely painful; they grew sharp and fine as the worn strings of an instrument; it was as if one could see them stretched too long, and too tensely—about to snap, as they did, indeed, at last.

"One Wednesday afternoon I stopped at the door, and hearing that she was lying down, I simply left a bouquet with my love. When next I called, she entered the room with a poem about my flowers, the last verses she ever wrote, about the last paper that she touched with a pen. It seems that on the day of my former call she had given the morning to a memorial article of Alice (for the 'Ladies' Repository' of Boston) and being quite worn out when it was done, lay down to rest. My flowers were brought freshly-cut, moistened by some drops of a spring shower, and set on a stand by her lounge. She looked at them a few minutes, rose quickly, 'as if quite rested,' Mrs. C—— said, was gone about twenty minutes in the opposite room, and returned with this pretty resolution of thanks.

"Shortly afterward we attended the anniversary of one of the Woman Suffrage Societies, where we heard Mrs. Livermore, Grace Greenwood, Dr. Eggleston, Mrs. Howe, Lucy Stone, and others. Miss Cary's interest in the movement was strong, and her remarks on the speakers just, and admirably to the point. She was then apparently as well and as cheerful as usual.

"The following Sunday she passed in New Jersey, with her friends, Mrs. Victor and Mrs. Rayl. On her return, Monday, she was seized with a chill, which recurred more or less regularly for upwards of three weeks. They were

extremely severe; the suffering and exhaustion, for the time, were like those of death itself. Her appetite grew capricious, and soon failed altogether. We tried to tempt it by following her fancies; but as soon as a new dish or drink was brought, she ceased to care for it. A stomachic cough connected with a derangement of the liver, that was common to the entire family, and imperfect sleep, combined to undermine her strength. She suffered no pain, but an appalling misery, attended with extreme depression of spirits. She lamented often her lonely and forlorn condition, and said her illness was 'quite as much in the mind as in the body.' This however, was an attendant symptom of her malady.

"After seeing her at the time of Alice's funeral, most of her friends were too busy in the affairs of spring, etc., to make visits; and she had been ill for several weeks, before any of them knew of her affliction. I visited her daily, answered her correspondence, read much aloud, laughed and chatted; did anything I could to alleviate the mortal weariness that had come over her. She confessed to no confidence in any medical aid. Invalids had not been wanting in the family; and no physician or medicine had availed for them. She thought that when they were so ill as to need the regular visits of a physician, they were subjects for death. Occasionally the old vigor would shine forth for a day; but it was sure to be followed by a relapse.

"On one of these better evenings, her friends, Miss Mary L. Booth and Mrs. Wright, called to see her. She lay on her lounge, and talked with much of her former vivacity; recounted an accident that had happened some nights previously. Feeling restless and feverish, she had risen in the dark and made her way to the bath-room, wishing to bathe her head. In the dark she fell, hit her head against a chair with such force as to cut it, fainted, and lay insensible till restored to consciousness by the air from an open window. She then crept back to her couch, and was found quite exhausted in the morning. This serious accident she related with all the lightness it would admit, and actually made sport of some of the details.

"'You have read in sensation stories of heroines weltering in their gore,' she said; I understand now exactly what that means, for I lay and weltered in my gore for the best of the night, and it was a very disagreeable proceeding: I never want to welter again.'

"As her strength declined each day instead of mending, she was possessed of a desire to go away, and was persuaded that an entire change would be of benefit. But in her invalid state she was unwilling to impose herself on any of her friends. Finally we persuaded her to accept a very cordial invitation from Mrs. H. O. Houghton of Cambridge, Mass., wife of Mr. Houghton, the publisher. Preparations were made for the journey; but on the day appointed for it, she was too ill to be moved from her room, and the plan was abandoned.

"We then considered several places, deciding at last upon Newport, as offering homelike quarters, with two single ladies, sisters, of a Quaker family with whom I was acquainted. It was arranged for Mr. Jenckes (of Providence) and Mrs. Rayl to escort her thither, while I was to follow a fortnight later. The journey taxed her severely, and prostrated her to such an extent for some days after her arrival, that her life was despaired of. The air, that we hoped would prove medicinal, was thought to be too strong for her shattered frame, though the house stands a mile from the sea. Whether it was too strong or not, I cannot tell; she herself chose it in preference to mountain air; but she sank steadily after reaching Newport, and was too feeble to bear removal. She had been for nearly three months without regular or healthful rest. She ate and drank almost nothing, could not lie down, but sat most of the time in a chair, leaning forward, supported on pillows, or was propped up in the bed. From dawn till eight or nine o'clock she was in the sharpest misery; for the rest she sat with closed eyes in a semi-stupor, from which she would arouse when addressed.

"Reading and conversation were given over. But one day I found Mr. Whittier's poem on Alice, in 'The Atlantic,' 'The Singer,' and read it at her request. When I had half done I



paused, thinking she had fallen asleep ; but she lifted her eyes, and asked why I did not go on. 'It was all one could wish or ask for,' she said, on hearing it to the close.

"Such nursing as she required was very simple. To fan away the flies, give the medicine at regular hours, change her position frequently, lift her from the chair to the bed and back again, and bathe her swollen feet in salt water ; this was nearly all that could be done. Of food and drink she took very little, and that mainly cold milk, beef tea, or iced claret. Some two or three times the doctor's prescriptions were too powerful for her exhausted frame, and caused severe pain, accompanied with delirium. She would then rave at Maria and myself, upbraiding us as the cause of her sufferings ; but the frenzy past, she was gentle and sweet, like her usual self. One evening, in a paroxysm of this sort, she begged to be laid on the floor, and after expostulating in vain, we spread a quilt down, and laid her on it. Here she remained for above two hours, I standing over her, and by slow degrees lifting her back to the bed. But these sad aberrations were not frequent nor lasting. They ceased with the harmful medicines.

"Many persons in Newport, learning of her illness called to leave their condolences ; among others, Mr. Higginson, and Mrs. Parton. Her friend Oliver Johnson called twice, and though almost too weak to speak, she saw him both times. The first was on Saturday, when he promised to call again the next day. The tears rolled down his face as he beheld her altered aspect ; her reception of him was most affectionate. On Sunday evening she seemed quite improved ; told the doctor she believed she had begun to get well, and wanted to be all dressed for Mr. Johnson's call : but for that preparation she was not equal. I had not been out for some time, therefore went to church in the morning, leaving her with Maria. On my return I found her still comfortable, though extremely restless, wishing to be moved every five or ten minutes. 'Don't mind if you pull me limb from limb,' she said quite placidly. 'Pull me about,' was

her constant request. I repeated much of the sermon, and she commented on it in her naturally rapid manner. All this day she was more or less talkative. She saw Mr. Johnson, who left with her a nosegay of sweet-peas of rare varieties. Their odor was that of sweet apples, and this I spoke of. 'Who said anything of sweet apples ?' she asked, lifting her eyes. When I made the comparison again, she buried her face repeatedly in the flowers, crushing them in her strong desire to extract their fragrance. She thought she would like a sweet apple, but, when it was brought, could only smell of it. That afternoon, sitting on the edge of the bed, she kissed and caressed Maria, talked of how they would go home, went over pleasantly every detail of the anticipated journey as a child would talk of it, and seemed altogether so tranquil and comfortable that any one unaware of her low state might have hoped for convalescence. But we could entertain no such hope.

"The restlessness increased all the next day, though in other respects she remained comfortable. Several times I lifted her alone from the chair to the bed, though how, I can hardly tell now. It was something I could do better than the others, for they invariably hurt her ; but generally Maria helped me. In the evening her restlessness increased, so that she could not lie still a moment. I was quite worn out, and for the first time, went early to a little room on the floor above, leaving a written report for the doctor, who generally called at eleven. I noticed when I went up-stairs that the moon was shining, and that all was perfectly still ; not so much as a leaf was stirring. I lay quiet, but awake ; heard the doctor enter, and go into her room.

"Suddenly a gust of wind wailed through the house, and blew my door shut. A moment after I heard Phœbe's voice in a faint but piercing cry, and some one came up for me. I was two or three minutes in putting on a wrapper, etc., in the room adjoining hers, but all was still in there. When I entered, her eyes were closed, and the repose of death was settling on her brow. The death throes had seized her, but it lasted for a moment only, and for this I gave

thanks even at that hour, for she had such fear of pain; and though she suffered much, yet of actual pain she had but little from the beginning to this last hour. This was mercifully ordered in view of her peculiar inability to bear acute suffering. After death, her face, almost immediately, wore a tranquil smile — a smile as through tears of sunlight shining through rain; and though I saw it no more after the last offices of the hour were rendered, I was told that till the coffin-lid closed finally upon it, this repose remained stamped there. Thus passed away one of the dearest souls that God ever set on the earth."

Maria's story of that hour which she spent alone with Phœbe, Phœbe's last hour in this world, is most touching. "She could not lie down, but she was so restless," said Maria; "she kept saying to me, 'Maria, put my hair back. There! — that is just as —'s hand used to feel on my forehead — so gentle. And to think that you and I are in the world alone — that after all, I've nobody but *you*, Maria? Everybody else gone so far away. Where *are* my friends? Well, when we go back we won't live alone any longer, will we? We won't live alone as we did last spring. We'll open the house and fill it, won't we, Maria? . . . 'But if you go back, and I don't know, don't let me look ugly to my friends; go out and buy me a white dress. All my life I've wanted to wear a white dress, and I never could because I was so dark. I think I could wear one *then*. Put it on me yourself, Maria, and cover me all over with flowers, so I shall not look gloomy and dreadful to anybody who looks on me for the last time.'"

Thus she talked, one moment as if they were going back to life and the old home on Twentieth Street, with uttered yearnings for friends, and an outreaching toward a mortal future full of sunshine and human companionship; the next, speaking as if her death were certain, the feminine instinct of decoration, the longing to look pleasant to those she loved, strong even in dissolution.

The loving heart was mightier than all. She would suddenly stop her low, rapid utterances, and stretching out her arms throw them around Maria's

neck, covering her face with caresses and kisses, ending always with the words: "You and I are all alone, Maria. *After all, I've nobody but you!*" bestowing upon her in that moment some of her most precious personal treasures.

Without an instant's warning the death throes came. She knew it. Throwing up her arms in instinctive fright, this loving, believing, but timid soul, who had never stood alone in all her mortal life, as she felt herself drifting out into the unknown, the eternal, starting on the awful passage from whence there is no return cried, in a low, piercing voice, "O God, have mercy on my soul!" and died.

She had her wish. The white robe that she had so longed all her life to wear, fell in fleecy folds about her in death. She slept amid flowers, fresh and fragrant. The tender heart whose depth of affection had never been fully seen or felt within its outward shield of resplendent wit, now shone through and transfigured every feature. Every lineament was smiling, childlike, loving. She had her wish. No look on the living face of Phœbe Cary was ever so sweet as the last.

Phœbe Cary died at Newport, Rhode Island, Monday, July 31, 1871. Her body was brought to the empty house on Twentieth Street, New York, and from thence was taken for funeral services to All Souls Church, corner of Fourth Avenue and Twentieth Street, whose congregation, coming and going, Phœbe had so often watched from her chamber window, with emotions of affection. Her funeral was attended by her four nieces, by the few of her many friends at that time left in the heated city, and by a goodly company of strangers to whom her name was dear. The services were intrusted to the Rev. A. G. Laurie, a Scottish Universalist clergyman, and Rev. Bernard Peters, both old and dear friends of the Cary family, the former having known Phœbe from childhood. The "New York Tribune," speaking of the solemnities, said: —

"The body was placed in the centre aisle, near the chancel, the organ playing a dirge. When the attendants had arranged the final details, and the last

strains of music were dying away, a cloud that had obscured the sun passed from before it, and the whole church was illumined by soft, golden tints, seemingly indicative of the glory which awaited the peaceful spirit that had so recently passed away."

At the conclusion of Mr. Laurie's affectionate and tearful address, he read Phœbe's hymn, "Nearer Home," which was sung by the choir, who also sang the following hymn, written by the officiating clergyman:—

O stricken heart, what spell shall move thee,

What charm shall lift that grief away,  
Which, like a leaden mist above thee,  
Shuts out the shining of the day?

Is out of sight the friend unto thee  
'Fore every friend that sat the first?  
Let not her silence thus undo thee;  
The blank of Death is not its worst.

And never shade of wrong lay on her;  
She loved her kith, her kind, her God,  
And from her mind returned the Donor  
Rich harvest for the seed He sowed.

She died in stress of love and duty,  
On others spent her work and will;  
Unself—O Christ, thy chiefest beauty  
Was hers, and she is with Thee still.

Then, smitten heart, renew thy gladness:  
Rejoice that thou canst not forget;  
In every pulse, with solemn sadness,  
Unseen, but present, feel her yet.

Horace Greeley and others went as far as they could with this dear friend on her long journey. When they saw all that was mortal of this last sister of her race laid in Greenwood, and turned back to her empty house, they realized with unspoken sorrow that its last light had gone out, and that the home in Twentieth Street was left desolate forever.

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## CHAPTER XII.

### THE SISTERS COMPARED. — THEIR LAST RESTING-PLACE.

It is impossible to estimate either sister without any reference to the other, — as impossible as to tell what a

husband and wife, modified in habit and character by many years of wedded life, would have been had they never lived together.

Alice Cary was remarkable for the fullness and tenderness of her emotional nature, and for the depth and fidelity of her affections; through these she was all softness and gentleness. But mentally she was a strong woman — strong in will, energy, industry, and patience; through these she faced fate with a masculine strength of courage and endurance. It was not easy, but her will was strong enough to compel her life to do noble service.

Phœbe, mentally and emotionally, was in every attribute essentially feminine. The terror of her mortal life was responsibility. It seemed absolutely necessary to her existence to know that somebody stood between her and all the inexorable demands and exigencies of this world. "I believe a consciousness of responsibility could kill Phœbe Cary, even if she were in perfect health," said Alice. "She does not wish to feel responsibility for anything, not even for the saving of her own soul; for that reason alone she would be a Roman Catholic if she could, and lay the whole burden of her salvation on the Church. Unfortunately for her comfort, the literalness of her mind makes that impossible."

Alice Cary was preëminently, and in the highest and finest sense, an attractive woman. She was beloved of women. Young girls were drawn toward her in a sort of idolatry, and she was universally beloved of men. No man could come within the sphere of her presence without feeling all that was most tender, chivalric, and true in his manhood, instinctively going forth toward the woman by his side. It was the fine potent power of her femininity, her gentleness, and sincerity, her tenderness and purity, which inspired all that was most tender and reverent in him. This feeling of sacred affection for Alice Cary was felt by all men who were her friends, no matter how various or conflicting their tastes might be in other things. When the loveliness of her face was not that of youth, there were artists who used to go to her

house Sabbath evening after Sabbath evening, "just to look upon her face." Said one, "It grows more beautiful every year."

Alice was tall and graceful, with a suggestion of majesty in her simple mien. Her dark eyes were of a wonderful softness and beauty, with a fathomless depth of tenderness in their expression, which men and even women love. Yet there were not wanting lines of firmness and energy about the feminine mouth, and there was an impression of silent power pervading her very gentleness. Phœbe had all the soft contours, the complexion, hair, and eyes, of a Spanish woman. And with her sparkle and repartee she had besides a Spaniard's languors. She was slightly below ordinary height; full, without being heavy in outline. The prevailing expression of Alice's countenance was one of sadness, pervaded with extreme sweetness; but Phœbe's black eyes sparkled as she talked, and even when her face was in repose there was upon it the trace of a smile. Alice dressed with rich simplicity, and in the most resplendent drawing-room would have been noticed as one of the most elegant women in it. Phœbe, in her more animated moments, would have been marked for her dark, brilliant beauty, and would have reminded you of an Oriental princess in the warm brightness of her colors, and the distinctive character of her ornaments.

The mental contrasts of the sisters were as marked as their physical. Alike in tastes and aspiration, they were unlike in temperament, in their habit of thought and of action. Each, in her own way, out of her own life, sacrificed much to the other, — how much only God and their own souls knew. Out of this mutual sacrifice was welded a bond stronger and closer than many sisters know; through their life-long association, their sympathy, their very sisterhood, it drew them nearer and nearer together to the end. It produced at last an identification of existence such as we see where the natures of husband and wife have become perfectly assimilated because their life and fate are one.

Notwithstanding the unity of their pursuits, the identity of their interests,

their utter devotion to each other, outside of this dual life each sister lived distinctly and separately her own existence. Each respected absolutely the personal peculiarities of the other, and never consciously intruded upon them. Each thought and wrought in as absolute solitude as if she alone were in the house. The results of the labor they shared together; but not the labor. Each respected so much the idiosyncrasies of the other's mind, that neither ever thought of criticising the other's work. If one offered a suggestion, it was because the other requested her to do so.

Both had ways that at times were not altogether satisfactory to the other. Each accepted them as a part of the cross that she must bear for her sister, and she did not complain, nor did it cause any bitterness. For example, Alice's tireless energy and unswerving will at times wearied Phœbe, though she found in both the staff and support of her life, while Phœbe's inertia was a much more perpetual trial to Alice. She recognized the fact that she could not make the active law of her own being that of Phœbe's, and acquiesced, but not always with inward resignation.

According to Phœbe's own testimony, Alice used mind and body unsparingly whenever she could compel them to obey her will. With all a woman's softness, she met the responsibilities of life as a man meets them. She never stopped to inquire whether she felt like doing a task, no matter how disagreeable it might be. If it was to be done she did it, and without words and without delay.

It was Phœbe, the protected and sheltered one, who consulted her moods. Perhaps this was scarcely a fault; she obeyed the law of her being and the law of her life in this. Had she compelled her powers to produce a given amount of work, as Alice did, without doubt it would proportionately have depreciated in quality. Absolute necessity did not force her to such toil, therefore she instinctively avoided it. Beside, a most touching humility always held her back from testing her powers to the utmost.

The same self-depreciation was

strong in Alice; but her aspiration, her will to do her best, with the impelling demands of life, were so much stronger, that neither brain nor hand were ever for a moment idle. She placed the highest estimate on Phœbe's brilliant wit, clear vision, and apt and shrewd suggestiveness, as well as on her poetical genius. The former, especially, she thought a mine unworked, and for years urged and encouraged Phœbe to test the growing opportunities of correspondence of critical and editorial writing which journalism opened to women. But Phœbe was not to be persuaded even by the necessities of the occasion, or the eloquence of her sister. She continued to coruscate in the little parlor, to fill the air with the flashes of a most exquisite wit, but she never turned it to any material account. When a song came singing through her brain, she would leave her sewing, or her novel, and go and write it down. Yet for a period of eight years she wrote comparatively nothing. In referring to this period she often said: "I thought that I should never write again. I had nothing to say, and felt an unutterable heaviness. If I did write anything it did not seem to me worth copying, much less reading." The causes of this mental barrenness were probably purely physical and temperamental. It is doubtful if in any effective degree it was in her power to help it.

No less those were years in which the burden of life weighed sorely and heavily on Alice. Often she felt herself stagger under the weights of life. She felt her strength failing. No less she knew that she must carry them alone, that there was no one on earth to help her.

Phœbe outlived that period of mental inactivity. The war seemed to arouse and quicken all her nature. For the last five years of her life her genius was almost as productive as that of Alice. Her very best poems, with a few exceptions, were written within that period. To the delight of her friends and the joy of her sister, her powers seemed continually to increase, her song to grow sweeter and fuller to the end. Had she lived ten

years longer, without a doubt she would have risen to a height never attained by her before. Believing her sister always with her, it would have been as if the song of Alice was added to her own.

Through nearly all their lives Phœbe had materially, intellectually, and spiritually depended upon Alice. Though Phœbe had the more robust health, it was Alice who had the more resolute spirit. Over all the long and toilsome road from poverty to competence, it was Phœbe who leaned on Alice. It was Alice who bore the burden and heat of the day, and who smoothed the paths for her sister's feet. Not that she was idle, and did nothing; but she paused, and doubted, and waited by the way. Tears dimmed the lovely eyes of the elder, how often; pain and weariness would have stayed her steps, but her high heart said, "Nay." Necessity said, "You must not!" She went on, she led her sister on, till they came to a height where both stood side by side. Then, the painful journey done, in the evening shadow it was Alice who leaned on Phœbe, and leaning thus, she died.

But Phœbe lived through and for Alice so long, when she looked and saw her no more, the very impulse and power to live were gone. She sank and died, because she could not live on, in a world where her sister was not.

Turning to the right, after entering Greenwood, a short walk brings you to an embowered slope, crowned by a grassy lot, on whose lowly gate is inscribed the one word: "Cary."

Within, side by side, are three mounds, of equal length, unmarked save by one low head-stone, whose velvet turf holds a few withering flowers, the only token of the loving remembrance of the living for the sleepers who rest below. Elmira, Phœbe, and Alice! names precious to womanhood, names worthy of the tenderest love of the highest manhood. Far from their kindred, here these sisters three sleep at last together. Here the pilgrim feet are stayed. Here the eager brains and tireless hands at last are idle. Here the passionate, tender, yearning hearts are forever still. On one side you hear the murmur and

moan of the great metropolis, the turmoil and anguish of human life never stilled. On the other, Ocean chants a perpetual requiem. As you listen, you are sure that it holds that in its call which is eternal; sure that there is that in you which can never end; sure that the love, and devotion, and divine intelligence of the women whom you mourn, still survive; that they whom you loved in all the infirmity of their human state, await you now, redeemed, and glorified, and immortal.

The autumn leaves fall on their graves in tender showers. The spring leaves, the summer flowers, bud and bloom around them in beauty ever renewed. The air is penetrated with sunshine and with song. The place is full of the brightness that Phœbe loved, full of the soothing shade and peace so dear to Elmina and to Alice.

Farewell, beloved trinity!

The words which Whittier wrote for Alice, this hour belong alike to each one:—

“God giveth quietness at last!  
The common way that all have passed  
She went, with mortal yearnings fond,  
To fuller life and love beyond.

“Fold the rapt soul in your embrace,  
My dear ones! Give the singer place.  
To you, to her—I know not where—  
I lift the silence of a prayer.

“For only thus our own we find;  
The gone before, the left behind,  
All mortal voices die between;  
The unheard reaches the unseen.

“Again the blackbirds sing: the streams  
Wake, laughing, from their winter dreams,

And tremble in the April showers  
The tassels of the maple flowers.

“But not for her has spring renewed,  
The sweet surprises of the wood;  
And bird and flowers are lost to her  
Who was their best interpreter!

“What to shut eyes has God revealed?  
What hear the ears that death had sealed?  
What undreamed beauty passing show,  
Requites the loss of all we know?

“O silent land, to which we move,  
Enough if there alone be love;  
And mortal need can ne'er outgrow  
What it is waiting to bestow!

“O white soul! from that far-off shore  
Float some sweet song the waters o'er;  
Our faith confirm, our fears dispel,  
With the old voice we loved so well!”

In the days of her early youth Phœbe wrote:—

“Let your warm hands chill not, slipping

From my fingers' icy tips;  
Be there not the touch of kisses  
On my uncaressing lips;  
Let no kindness see the blindness  
Of my eyes' last, long eclipse.  
Never think of me as lying

By the dismal mould o'erspread:  
But about the soft white pillow  
Folded underneath my head,  
And of summer flowers weaving  
Their rich broidery o'er my bed.

Think of the immortal spirit  
Living up above the sky,  
And of how my face is wearing  
Light of immortality;  
Looking earthward, is o'erleaning  
The white bastion of the sky.”



ALICE CARY'S POEMS.

## TO THE SPIRIT OF SONG.

### APOLOGY.

[*Prefacing the volume of Ballads, Lyrics, and Hymns published in 1865.*]

O EVER true and comfortable mate,  
For whom my love outwore the fleeting red  
Of my young cheeks, nor did one jot abate,  
I pray thee now, as by a dying bed,  
Wait yet a little longer! Hear me tell  
How much my will transcends my feeble powers :  
As one with blind eyes feeling out in flowers  
Their tender hues, or, with no skill to spell  
His poor, poor name, but only makes his mark,  
And guesses at the sunshine in the dark,  
So I have been. A sense of things divine  
Lying broad above the little things I knew,  
The while I made my poems for a sign  
Of the great melodies I felt were true.  
Pray thee accept my sad apology,  
Sweet master, mending, as we go along,  
My homely fortunes with a thread of song,  
That all my years harmoniously may run ;  
Less by the tasks accomplished judging me,  
Than by the better things I would have done.  
I would not lose thy gracious company  
Out of my house and heart for all the good  
Besides, that ever comes to womanhood, —  
And this is much : I know what I resign,  
But at that great price I would have thee mine.





## BALLADS AND NARRATIVE POEMS.

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### THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

INTO the house ran Lettice,  
With hair so long and so bright,  
Crying, "Mother! Johnny has 'listed!  
He has 'listed into the fight!"

"Don't talk so wild, little Lettice!"  
And she smoothed her darling's  
brow,

"'T is true! you'll see — as true can  
be —  
He told me so just now!"

"Ah, that's a likely story!  
Why, darling, don't you see,  
If Johnny had 'listed into the war  
He would tell your father and me!"

"But he is going to go, mother,  
Whether it's right or wrong;  
He is thinking of it all the while,  
And he won't be with us long."

"Our Johnny going to go to the war!"  
"Aye, aye, and the time is near;  
He said, when the corn was once in the  
ground,  
We could n't keep him here!"

"Hush, child! your brother Johnny  
Meant to give you a fright."  
"Mother, he'll go, — I tell you I know  
He's listed into the fight!"

"Plucking a rose from the bush, he  
said,  
Before its leaves were black  
He'd have have a soldier's cap on his  
head,  
And a knapsack on his back!"

"A dream! a dream! little Lettice,  
A wild dream of the night;  
Go find and fetch your brother in,  
And he will set us right."

So out of the house ran Lettice,  
Calling near and far, —  
"Johnny, tell me, and tell me true,  
Are you going to go to the war?"

At last she came and found him  
In the dusty cattle-close,  
Whistling Hail Columbia,  
And beating time with his rose.

The rose he broke from the bush, when  
he said,  
Before its leaves were black  
He'd have a soldier's cap on his  
head,  
And a knapsack on his back.

Then all in gay mock-anger,  
He plucked her by the sleeve,  
Saying, "Dear little, sweet little rebel,  
I am going, by your leave!"

"O Johnny! Johnny!" low he stooped,  
And kissed her wet cheeks dry,  
And took her golden head in his hands,  
And told her he would not die.

"But, Letty, if anything happens —  
There won't!" and he spoke more  
low —

"But if anything should, you must be  
twice as good  
As you are, to mother, you know!"

"Not but that you are good, Letty,  
As good as you can be;"

But then you know it might be so,  
You'd have to be good for me !”

So straight to the house they went, his  
cheeks

Flushing under his brim ;  
And his two broad-shouldered oxen  
Turned their great eyes after him.

That night in the good old farmstead  
Was many a sob of pain ;

“ O Johnny, stay ! if you go away,  
It will never be home again !”

But Time its still sure comfort lent,  
Crawling, crawling past,  
And Johnny's gallant regiment  
Was going to march at last.

And steadying up her stricken soul,  
The mother turned about,  
Took what was Johnny's from the  
drawer  
And shook the rose-leaves out ;

And brought the cap she had lined  
with silk,  
And strapped his knapsack on,  
And her heart, though it bled, was  
proud as she said,  
“ You would hardly know our John !”

Another year, and the roses  
Were bright on the bush by the  
door ;  
And into the house ran Lettice,  
Her pale cheeks glad once more.

“ O mother ! news has come to-day !  
'T is flying all about ;  
Our John's regiment, they say,  
Is all to be mustered out !

“ O mother, you must buy me a dress,  
And ribbons of blue and buff !  
Oh what shall we say to make the day  
Merry and mad enough !

“ The brightest day that ever yet  
The sweet sun looked upon,  
When we shall be dressed in our very  
best,  
To welcome home our John !”

So up and down ran Lettice,  
And all the farmstead rung  
With where he would set his bayonet,  
And where his cap would be hung !

And the mother put away her look  
Of weary, waiting gloom,  
And a feast was set and the neighbors  
met  
To welcome Johnny home.

The good old father silent stood,  
With his eager face at the pane,  
And Lettice was out at the door to shout  
When she saw him in the lane.

And by and by, a soldier  
Came o'er the grassy hill ;  
It was not he they looked to see,  
And every heart stood still.

He brought them Johnny's knapsack,  
'T was all that he could do,  
And the cap he had worn begrimed and  
torn,  
With a bullet-hole straight through !

#### RUTH AND I.

It was not day, and was not night ;  
The eve had just begun to light,  
Along the lovely west,  
His golden candles, one by one,  
And girded up with clouds, the sun  
Was sunken to his rest.

Between the furrows, brown and dry,  
We walked in silence — Ruth and I ;  
We two had been, since morn  
Began her tender tunes to beat  
Upon the May-leaves young and sweet,  
Together, planting corn.

Homeward the evening cattle went  
In patient, slow, full-fed content,  
Led by a rough, strong steer,  
His forehead all with burs thick set,  
His horns of silver tipped with jet,  
And shapeless shadow, near.

With timid, half-reluctant grace,  
Like lovers in some favored place,  
The light and darkness met,  
And the air trembled, near and far,  
With many a little tuneful jar  
Of milk-pans being set.

We heard the house-maids at their  
cares,  
Pouring their hearts out unawares  
In some sad poet's ditty,

And heard the fluttering echoes round  
Reply like souls all softly drowned  
In heavenly love and pity.

All sights, all sounds in earth and air  
Were of the sweetest ; everywhere  
Ear, eye, and heart were fed ;  
The grass with one small burning  
flower  
Blushed bright, as if the elves that hour  
Their coats thereon had spread.

One moment, where we crossed the  
brook  
Two little sunburnt hands I took, —  
Why did I let them go ?  
I've been since then in many a land,  
Touched, held, kissed many a fairer  
hand,  
But none that thrilled me so.

Why, when the bliss Heaven for us  
made  
Is in our very bosoms laid,  
Should we be all unmoved,  
And walk, as now do Ruth and I,  
'Twi'x't th' world's furrows, brown and  
dry,  
Unloving and unloved ?

#### HAGEN WALDER.

THE day, with a cold, dead color  
Was rising over the hill,  
When little Hagen Walder  
Went out to grind in th' mill.

All vainly the light in zigzags  
Fell through the frozen leaves,  
And like a broi'dery of gold  
Shone on his ragged sleeves.

No mother had he to brighten  
His cheek with a kiss, and say,  
" 'T is cold for my little Hagen  
To grind in the mill to-day."

And that was why the north winds  
Seemed all in his path to meet,  
And why the stones were so cruel  
And sharp beneath his feet.

And that was why he hid his face  
So oft, despite his will,  
Against the necks of the oxen  
That turned the wheel of th' mill.

And that was why the tear-drops  
So oft did fall and stand  
Upon their silken coats that were  
As white as a lady's hand.

So little Hagen Walder  
Looked at the sea and th' sky,  
And wished that he were a salmon,  
In the silver waves to lie ;

And wished that he were an eagle,  
Away through th' air to soar,  
Where never the groaning mill-wheel  
Might vex him any more :

And wished that he were a pirate,  
To burn some cottage down,  
And warm himself ; or that he were  
A market-lad in the town,

With bowls of bright red strawber-  
ries  
Shining on his stall,  
And that some gentle maiden  
Would come and buy them all !

So little Hagen Walder  
Passed, as the story says,  
Through dreams, as through a golden  
gate,  
Into realities.

And when the years changed places,  
Like the billows, bright and still,  
In th' ocean, Hagen Walder  
Was the master of the mill.

And all his bowls of strawberries  
Were not so fine a show  
As are his boys and girls at church  
Sitting in a row !

#### OUR SCHOOL-MASTER.

WE used to think it was so queer  
To see him, in his thin gray hair,  
Sticking our quills behind his ear,  
And straight forgetting they were  
there.

We used to think it was so strange  
That he should twist *such* hair to  
curls,  
And that his wrinkled cheek should  
change  
Its color like a bashful girl's.

Our foolish mirth defied all rule,  
As glances, each of each, we stole,  
The morning that he wore to school  
A rose-bud in his button-hole.

And very sagely we agreed  
That such a dunce was never  
known —

*Fifty!* and trying still to read  
Love-verses with a tender tone!

No joyous smile would ever stir  
Our sober looks, we often said,  
If we were but a School-master,  
And had, withal, his old white head.

One day we cut his knotty staff  
Nearly in two, and each and all  
Of us declared that we should laugh  
To see it break and let him fall.

Upon his old pine desk we drew  
His picture — pitiful to see,  
Wrinkled and bald — half false, half  
true,  
And wrote beneath it, Twenty-three!

Next day came eight o'clock and nine,  
But *he* came not: our pulses quick  
With play, we said it would be fine  
If the old School-master were sick.

And still the beech-trees bear the scars  
Of wounds which we that morning  
made,  
Cutting their silvery bark to stars  
Whereon to count the games we played.

At last, as tired as we could be,  
Upon a clay-bank, strangely still,  
We sat down in a row to see  
His worn-out hat come up the hill.

'T was hanging up at home — a quill  
Notched down, and sticking in the  
band,  
And leaned against his arm-chair, still  
His staff was waiting for his hand.

Across his feet his threadbare coat  
Was lying, stuffed with many a roll  
Of "copy-plates," and, sad to note,  
A dead rose in the button-hole.

And he no more might take his place  
Our lessons and our lives to plan:  
Cold Death had kissed the wrinkled face  
Of that most gentle gentleman.

Ah me, what bitter tears made blind  
Our young eyes, for our thoughtless  
sin,

As two and two we walked behind  
The long black coffin he was in.

And all, sad women now, and men  
With wrinkles and gray hairs, can see  
How he might wear a rose-bud then,  
And read love-verses tenderly.

#### THE GRAY SWAN.

"OH tell me, sailor, tell me true,  
Is my little lad, my Elihu,  
A-sailing with your ship?"  
The sailor's eyes were dim with dew, —  
"Your little lad, your Elihu?"  
He said, with trembling lip, —  
"What little lad? what ship?"

"What little lad! as if there could be  
Another such an one as he!  
What little lad, do you say?  
Why, Elihu, that took to the sea  
The moment I put him off my knee!  
It was just the other day  
The *Gray Swan* sailed away."

"The other day?" the sailor's eyes  
Stood open with a great surprise, —  
"The other day? the *Swan*?"  
His heart began in his throat to rise.  
"Aye, aye, sir, here in the cupboard  
lies  
The jacket he had on."  
"And so your lad is gone?"

"Gone with the *Swan*." "And did  
she stand  
With her anchor clutching hold of the  
sand,  
For a month, and never stir?"  
"Why, to be sure! I've seen from the  
land,  
Like a lover kissing his lady's hand,  
The wild sea kissing her, —  
A sight to remember, sir."

"But, my good mother, do you know  
All this was twenty years ago?  
I stood on the *Gray Swan's* deck,  
And to that lad I saw you throw,  
Taking it off, as it might be, so!  
The kerchief from your neck,"  
"Aye, and he'll bring it back!"

“And did the little lawless lad  
That has made you sick and made you  
sick,  
Sail with the *Gray Swan's* crew?”  
“Lawless! the man is going mad!  
The best boy ever mother had,—  
Be sure he sailed with the crew!  
What would you have him do?”

“And he has never written line,  
Nor sent you word, nor made you  
sign  
To say he was alive?”  
“Hold! if 't was wrong, the wrong is  
mine;  
Besides, he may be in the brine,  
And could he write from the  
grave?  
Tut, man! what would you  
have?”

“Gone twenty years,—a long, long  
cruise,—  
'T was wicked thus your love to  
abuse;  
But if the lad still live,  
And come back home, think you you  
can  
Forgive him?” — “Miserable man,  
You're mad as the sea,—you  
rave,—  
What have I to forgive?”

The sailor twitched his shirt so blue,  
And from within his bosom drew  
The kerchief. She was wild.  
“My God! my Father! is it true?  
My little lad, my Élihu!  
My blessed boy, my child!  
My dead, my living child!”

#### THE WASHERWOMAN.

At the north end of our village stands,  
With gable black and high,  
A weather-beaten house,—I've stopt  
Often as I went by,

To see the strip of bleaching grass  
Slipped brightly in between  
The long straight rows of hollyhocks,  
And currant-bushes green;

The clumsy bench beside the door,  
And oaken washing-tub,  
Where poor old Rachel used to stand,  
And rub, and rub, and rub!

Her blue-checked apron speckled with  
The suds, so snowy white;  
From morning when I went to school  
Till I went home at night,

She never took her sunburnt arms  
Out of the steaming tub:  
We used to say 't was weary work  
Only to hear her rub.

With sleeves stretched straight upon  
the grass  
The washed shirts used to lie;  
By dozens I have counted them  
Some days, as I went by.

The burly blacksmith, battering at  
His red-hot iron bands,  
Would make a joke of wishing that  
He had old Rachel's hands!

And when the sharp and ringing  
strokes  
Had doubled up his shoe,  
As crooked as old Rachel's back,  
He used to say 't would do.

And every village housewife, with  
A conscience clear and light,  
Would send for her to come and  
wash  
An hour or two at night!

Her hair beneath her cotton cap  
Grew silver white and thin;  
And the deep furrows in her face  
Ploughed all the roses in.

Yet patiently she kept at work,—  
We school-girls used to say  
The smile about her sunken mouth  
Would quite go out some day.

Nobody ever thought the spark  
That in her sad eyes shone,  
Burned outward from a living soul  
Immortal as their own.

And though a tender flush some-  
times  
Into her cheek would start,  
Nobody dreamed old Rachel had  
A woman's loving heart!

At last she left her heaps of clothes  
One quiet autumn day,  
And stript from off her sunburnt arms  
The weary suds away;

That night within her moonlit door  
 She sat alone, — her chin  
 Sunk in her hand, — her eyes shut up,  
 As if to look within.

Her face uplifted to the star  
 That stood so sweet and low  
 Against old crazy Peter's house —  
 (He loved her long ago !)

Her heart had worn her body to  
 A handful of poor dust, —  
 Her soul was gone to be arrayed  
 In marriage-robcs, I trust.

#### GROWING RICH.

AND why are you pale, my Nora?  
 And why do you sigh and fret?  
 The black ewe had twin lambs to-day,  
 And we shall be rich folk yet.

Do you mind the clover-ridge, Nora,  
 That slopes to the crooked stream?  
 The brown cow pastured there this  
 week,  
 And her milk is sweet as cream.

The old gray mare that last year fell  
 As thin as any ghost,  
 Is getting a new white coat, and looks  
 As young as her colt, almost.

And if the corn-land should do well,  
 And so, please God, it may,  
 I'll buy the white-faced bull a bell,  
 To make the meadows gay.

I know we are growing rich, Johnny,  
 And that is why I fret,  
 For my little brother Phil is down  
 In the dismal coal-pit yet.

And when the sunshine sets in th'  
 corn,  
 The tassels green and gay,  
 It will not touch my father's eyes,  
 That are going blind, they say.

But if I were not sad for him,  
 Nor yet for little Phil,  
 Why, darling Molly's hand, last year,  
 Was cut off in the mill.

And so, nor mare nor brown milch-  
 cow,  
 Nor lambs can joy impart,

For the blind old man and th' mill and  
 mine  
 Are all upon my heart.

#### SANDY MACLEOD.

WHEN I think of the weary nights and  
 days  
 Of poor, hard-working folk, always  
 I see, with his head on his bosom  
 bowed,  
 The luckless shoemaker, Sandy Mac-  
 leod.

Jeering school-boys used to say  
 His chimney would never be raked  
 away  
 By the moon, and you by a jest so  
 rough  
 May know that his cabin was low  
 enough.

Nothing throve with him; his colt and  
 cow  
 Got their living, he did n't know how, —  
 Yokes on their scraggy necks swinging  
 about,  
 Beating and bruising them year in and  
 out.

Out at the elbow he used to go, —  
 Alas for him that he did not know  
 The way to make poverty regal, — not  
 he,  
 If such way under the sun there be.

Sundays all day in the door he sat,  
 A string of withered-up crape on his  
 hat,  
 The crown half fallen against his head,  
 And half sewed in with a shoemaker's  
 thread.

Sometimes with his hard and toil-worn  
 hand  
 He would smooth and straighten th'  
 faded band,  
 Thinking perhaps of a little mound  
 Black with nettles the long year round.

Blacksmith and carpenter, both were  
 poor,  
 And there was the school-master who,  
 to be sure,  
 Had seen rough weather, but after all  
 When they met Sandy he went to the  
 wall.

His wife was a lady, they used to  
say,  
Repenting at leisure her wedding day,  
And that she was come of a race too  
proud  
E'er beat to have mated with Sandy Mac-  
leod!

So fretting she sat from December to  
June,  
While Sandy, poor soul, to a funeral  
tune  
Would beat out his hard, heavy leather,  
until  
He set himself up, and got strength to  
be still.

It was not the full moon that made it  
so light  
In the poor little dwelling of Sandy  
one night,  
It was not the candles all shining  
around, —  
Ah, no! 't was the light of the day he  
had found.

#### THE PICTURE-BOOK.

THE black walnut-logs in the chim-  
ney  
Made ruddy the house with their  
light,  
And the pool in the hollow was covered  
With ice like a lid, — it was night;

And Roslyn and I were together, —  
I know now the pleased look he  
wore,  
And the shapes of the shadows that  
checkered  
The hard yellow planks of the floor;

And how, when the wind stirred the  
candle,  
Affrighted they ran from its gleams,  
And crept up the wall to the ceiling  
Of cedar, and hid by the beams.

There were books on the mantel-shelf,  
dusty,  
And shut, and I see in my mind,  
The pink-colored primer of pictures  
We stood on our tiptoes to find.

We opened the leaves where a camel  
Was seen on a sand-covered track,

A-snuffing for water, and bearing  
A great bag of gold on his back;

And talked of the free flowing rivers  
A tithe of his burden would buy,  
And said, when the lips of the sunshine  
Had sucked his last water-skin dry;

With thick breath and mouth gaping  
open,  
And red eyes a-strain in his head,  
His bones would push out as if buzzards  
Had picked him before he was dead!

Then turned the leaf over, and finding  
A palace that banners made gay,  
Forgot the bright splendor of roses  
That shone through our windows in  
May;

And sighed for the great beds of princes,  
While pillows for him and for me  
Lay soft among ripples of ruffles  
As sweet and as white as could be.

And sighed for their valleys, forgetting  
How warmly the morning sun kissed  
Our hills, as they shrugged their green  
shoulders  
Above the white sheets of the mist.

Their carpets of dyed wool were softer,  
We said, than the planks of our floor,  
Forgetting the flowers that in summer  
Spread out their gold mats at our door.

The storm spit its wrath in the chimney,  
And blew the cold ashes aside,  
And only one poor little faggot  
Hung out its red tongue as it died,

When Roslyn and I through the dark-  
ness  
Crept off to our shivering beds,  
A thousand vague fancies and wishes  
Still wildly astir in our heads:

Not guessing that we, too, were straying  
In thought on a sand-covered track,  
Like the camel a-dying for water,  
And bearing the gold on his back.

#### A WALK THROUGH THE SNOW.

I WALKED from our wild north country  
once,  
In a driving storm of snow;

Forty and seven miles in a day —  
 You smile, — do you think it slow?  
 You would n't if ever you had ploughed  
 Through a storm like that, I trow.

There was n't a cloud as big as my  
 hand,  
 The summer before, in the sky;  
 The grass in th' meadows was ground  
 to dust,  
 The springs and wells went dry;  
 We must have corn, and three stout men  
 Were picked to go and buy.

Well, I was one; two bags I swung  
 Across my shoulder, so!  
 And kissed my wife and boys, — their  
 eyes  
 Were blind to see me go.  
 'T was a bitter day, and just as th' sun  
 Went down, we met the snow!

At first we whistled and laughed and  
 sung,  
 Our blood so nimbly stirred;  
 But as the snow-clogs dragged at our  
 feet,  
 And the air grew black and blurred,  
 We walked together for miles and  
 miles,  
 And did not speak a word!

I never saw a wilder storm:  
 It blew and beat with a will;  
 Beside me, like two men of sleet,  
 Walked my two mates, until  
 They fell asleep in their armor of ice,  
 And both of them stood still.

I knew that they were warm enough,  
 And yet I could not bear  
 To strip them of their cloaks; their  
 eyes  
 Were open and a-stare;  
 And so I laid their hands across  
 Their breasts, and left them there.

And ran, — O Lord, I cannot tell  
 How fast! in my dismay  
 I thought the fences and the trees —  
 The cattle, where they lay  
 So black against their stacks of snow —  
 All swam the other way!

And when at dawn I saw a hut,  
 With smoke upcurling wide,  
 I thought it must have been my mates  
 That lived, and I that died;

'T was heaven to see through th' frosty  
 panes  
 The warm, red cheeks inside!

#### THE WATER-BEARER.

'T WAS in the middle of summer,  
 And burning hot the sun,  
 That Margaret sat on the low-roofed  
 porch,  
 A-singing as she spun:

Singing a ditty of slighted love,  
 That shook with every note  
 The softly shining hair that fell  
 In ripples round her throat.

The changeful color of her cheek  
 At a breath would fall and rise,  
 And even th' sunny lights of hope  
 Made shadows in her eyes.

Beneath the snowy petticoat  
 You guessed the feet were bare,  
 By the slippers near her on the floor, —  
 A dainty little pair.

She loved the low and tender tones  
 The wearied summer yields,  
 When out of her wheaten leash she  
 slips  
 And strays into frosty fields.

And better than th' time that all  
 The air with music fills,  
 She loved the little sheltered nest  
 Alive with yellow bills.

But why delay my tale, to make  
 A poem in her praise?  
 Enough that truth and virtue shone  
 In all her modest ways.

'T was noon-day when the housewife  
 said,  
 "Now, Margaret, leave undone  
 Your task of spinning-work, and set  
 Your wheel out of the sun;

"And tie your slippers on, and take  
 The cedar-pail with bands  
 Yellow as gold, and bear to the field  
 Cool water for the hands!"

And Margaret set her wheel aside,  
 And breaking off her thread,



Went forth into the harvest-field  
With her pail upon her head, —

Her pail of sweetest cedar-wood,  
With shining yellow bands,  
Through clover reaching its red tops  
Almost into her hands.

Her ditty flowing on the air,  
For she did not break her song,  
And the water dripping o'er th' grass,  
From her pail as she went along, —

Over the grass that said to her,  
Trembling through all its leaves,  
“A bright rose for some harvester  
To bind among his sheaves !”

And clouds of gay green grasshoppers  
Flew up the way she went,  
And beat their wings against their  
sides,  
And chirped their discontent.

And the blackbird left the piping of  
His amorous, airy glee,  
And put his head beneath his wing, —  
An evil sign to see.

The meadow-herbs, as if they felt  
Some secret wound, in showers  
Shook down their bright buds till her  
way  
Was ankle-deep with flowers.

But Margaret never heard th' voice  
That sighed in th' grassy leaves,  
“A bright rose for some harvester  
To bind among his sheaves !”

Nor saw the clouds of grasshoppers  
Along her path arise,  
Nor th' daisy hang her head aside  
And shut her golden eyes.

She never saw the blackbird when  
He hushed his amorous glee,  
And put his head beneath his wing, —  
That evil sign to see.

Nor did she know the meadow-herbs  
Shook down their buds in showers  
To choke her pathway, though her  
feet  
Were ankle-deep in flowers.

But humming still of slighted love,  
That shook at every note

The softly shining hair that fell  
In ripples round her throat,

She came 'twixt winrows heaped as  
high,  
And higher than her waist,  
And under a bush of sassafras  
The cedar-pail she placed.

And with the drops like starry rain  
A-glittering in her hair,  
She gave to every harvester  
His cool and grateful share.

But there was one with eyes so sweet  
Beneath his shady brim,  
That thrice within the cedar-pail  
She dipped her cup for him !

What wonder if a young man's heart  
Should feel her beauty's charm,  
And in his fancy clasp her like  
The sheaf within his arm ;

What wonder if his tender looks,  
That seemed the sweet disguise  
Of sweeter things unsaid, should make  
A picture in her eyes !

What wonder if the single rose  
That graced her cheek erewhile,  
Deepened its cloudy crimson, till  
It doubled in his smile !

Ah me ! the housewife never said,  
Again, when Margaret spun, —  
“Now leave your task a while, and set  
Your wheel out of the sun ;

“And tie your slippers on, and take  
The pail with yellow bands,  
And bear into the harvest-field  
Cool water for the hands.”

For every day, and twice a-day,  
Did Margaret break her thread,  
And singing, hasten to the field,  
With her pail upon her head, —

Her pail of sweetest cedar-wood,  
And shining yellow bands, —  
For all her care was now to bear  
Cool water to the hands.

What marvel if the young man's love  
Unfolded leaf by leaf,  
Until within his arms ere long  
He clasped her like a sheaf !

What marvel if 't was Margaret's heart  
 With fondest hopes that beat,  
 While th' young man's fancy idly lay  
 As his sickle in the wheat.

That, while her thought flew, maiden-  
 like,

To years of marriage bliss,  
 His lay like a bee in a flower, shut up  
 Within the moment's kiss !

What marvel if his love grew cold,  
 And fell off leaf by leaf,  
 And that her heart was choked to death,  
 Like the rose within his sheaf.

When autumn filled her lap with leaves,  
 Yellow, and cold, and wet,  
 The bands of th' pail turned black, and  
 th' wheel  
 On the porch-side, idle set.

And Margaret's hair was combed and  
 tied

Under a cap of lace,  
 And th' housewife held the baby up  
 To kiss her quiet face ;

And all the sunburnt harvesters  
 Stood round the door, — each one  
 Telling of some good word or deed  
 That she had said or done.

Nay, there was one that pulled about  
 His face his shady brim,  
 As if it were his kiss, not Death's,  
 That made her eyes so dim.

And while the tearful women told  
 That when they pinned her shroud,  
 One tress from th' ripples round her  
 neck  
 Was gone, he wept aloud ;

And answered, pulling down his brim  
 Until he could not see,  
 It was some ghost that stole the tress,  
 For that it was not he !

'T is years since on the cedar-pail  
 The yellow bands grew black, —  
 'T is years since in the harvest-field  
 They turned th' green sod back

To give poor Margaret room, and all  
 Who chance that way to pass,  
 May see at the head of her narrow bed  
 A bush of sassafras.

Yet often in the time o' th' year  
 When the hay is mown and spread,  
 There walks a maid in th' midnight  
 shade  
 With a pail upon her head.

#### THE BEST JUDGMENT.

GET up, my little handmaid,  
 And see what you will see ;  
 The stubble-fields and all the fields  
 Are white as they can be.

Put on your crimson cashmere,  
 And hood so soft and warm,  
 With all its woolen linings,  
 And never heed the storm.

For you must find the miller  
 In the west of Wertburg-town,  
 And bring me meal to feed my cows,  
 Before the sun is down.

Then woke the little handmaid,  
 From sleeping on her arm,  
 And took her crimson cashmere,  
 And hood with woolen warm ;

And bridle, with its buckles  
 Of silver, from the wall,  
 And rode until the golden sun  
 Was sloping to his fall.

Then on the miller's door-stone,  
 In the west of Wertburg-town,  
 She dropt the bridle from her hands,  
 And quietly slid down.

And when to her sweet face her beast  
 Turned round, as if he said,  
 "How cold I am !" she took her hood  
 And put it on his head.

Soft spoke she to the miller,  
 "Nine cows are stalled at home,  
 And hither for three bags of meal,  
 To feed them, I am come."

Now when the miller saw the price  
 She brought was not by half  
 Enough to buy three bags of meal,  
 He filled up two with chaff.

The night was wild and windy,  
 The moon was thin and old,  
 As home the little handmaid rode  
 All shivering with the cold,

Beside the river, black with ice,  
And through the lonesome wood ;  
The snow upon her hair the while  
A-gathering like a hood.

And when beside the roof-tree  
Her good beast neighed aloud,  
Her pretty crimson cashmere  
Was whiter than a shroud.

“ Get down, you silly handmaid,”  
The old dame cried, “ get down, —  
You’ve been a long time riding  
From the west of Wertburg-town ! ”

And from her oaken settle  
Forth hobbled she amain, —  
Alas ! the slender little hands  
Were frozen to the rein.

Then came the neighbors, one and all,  
With melancholy brows,  
Mourning because the dame had lost  
The keeper of her cows.

And cursing the rich miller,  
In blind, misguided zeal,  
Because he sent two bags of chaff  
And only one of meal.

Dear Lord, how little man’s award  
The right or wrong attest,  
And he who judges least, I think,  
Is he who judges best.

#### HUGH THORNDYKE.

EGALTON’S hills are sunny,  
And brave with oak and pine,  
And Egalton’s sons and daughters  
Are tall and straight and fine.

The harvests in the summer  
Cover the land like a smile,  
For Egalton’s men and women  
Are busy all the while.

’T is merry in the mowing  
To see the great swath fall,  
And the little laughing maidens  
Raking, one and all.

Their heads like golden lilies  
Shining over the hay,  
And every one among them  
As sweet as a rose in May.

And yet despite the favor  
Which Heaven doth thus allot,  
Egalton has its goblin,  
As what good land has not ?

Hugh Thorndyke—(peace be with him,  
He is not living now) —  
Was tempted by this creature  
One day to leave his plow,

And sit beside the furrow  
In a shadow cool and sweet,  
For the lying goblin told him  
That *he* would sow his wheat.

And told him this, moreover,  
That if he would not mind,  
His house should burn to ashes,  
His children be struck blind !

So, trusting half, half frightened,  
Poor Hugh with many a groan  
Waited beside the furrow,  
But the wheat was never sown.

And when the fields about him  
Grew white, — with very shame  
He told his story, giving  
The goblin all the blame.

Now Hugh’s wife loved her husband,  
And when he told her this,  
She took his brawny hands in hers  
And gave them each a kiss,

Saying, we ourselves this goblin  
Shall straightway lay to rest, —  
The more he does his worst, dear  
Hugh,  
The more we ’ll do our best !

To work they went, and all turned out  
Just as the good wife said,  
And Hugh was blest, — his corn that  
year,  
Grew higher than his head.

They sing a song in Egalton  
Hugh made there, long ago,  
Which says that honest love and work  
Are all we need below.

#### FAITHLESS.

SEVEN great windows looking seaward,  
Seven smooth columns white and  
high ;

Here it was we made our bright plans,  
Mildred Jocelyn and I.

Soft and sweet the water murmured  
By yon stone wall, low and gray,  
'T was the moonlight and the mid-  
night  
Of the middle of the May.

On the porch, now dark and lonesome,  
Sat we as the hours went by,  
Fearing nothing, hoping all things,  
Mildred Jocelyn and I.

Singing low and pleasant ditties,  
Kept the tireless wind his way,  
Through the moonlight and the mid-  
night  
Of the middle of the May.

Not for sake of pleasant ditties,  
Such as winds may sing or sigh,  
Sat we on the porch together,  
Mildred Jocelyn and I.

Shrilly crew the cock so watchful,  
Answering to the watch-dog's bay,  
In the moonlight and the midnight  
Of the middle of the May.

Had the gates of Heaven been open  
We would then have passed them by,  
Well content with earthly pleasures,  
Mildred Jocelyn and I.

I have seen the bees thick-flying, —  
Azure-winged and ringed with gold ;  
I have seen the sheep from washing  
Come back snowy to the fold ;

And her hair was bright as bees are,  
Bees with shining golden bands ;  
And no wool was ever whiter  
Than her little dimpled hands.

Oft we promised to be lovers,  
Howe'er fate our faith should try ;  
Giving kisses back for kisses,  
Mildred Jocelyn and I.

Tears, sad tears, be stayed from fall-  
ing ;  
Ye can bring no faintest ray  
From the moonlight and the midnight  
Of the middle of the May.

If some friend would come and tell me,  
"On your Mildred's eyes so blue

Grass has grown, but on her death-bed  
She was saying prayers for you ;"

Here beside the smooth white columns  
I should not so grieve to-day,  
For the moonlight and the midnight  
Of the middle of the May.

#### MY FADED SHAWL.

TELL you a story, do you say ?  
Whatever my wits remember ?  
Well, going down to the woods one day  
Through the winds o' the wild No-  
vember,  
I met a lad, called Charley.

We lived on the crest o' the Krumley  
ridge,  
And I was a farmer's daughter,  
And under the hill by the Krumley  
bridge  
Of the crazy Krumley water,  
Lived this poor lad, Charley.

Right well I knew his ruddy cheek,  
And step as light as a feather,  
Although we never were used to speak,  
And never to play together,  
I and this poor lad Charley.

So, when I saw him hurrying down  
My path, will you believe me ?  
I knit my brow to an ugly frown, —  
Forgive me, oh forgive me !  
Sweet shade of little Charley.

The dull clouds dropped their skirts of  
snow  
On the hills, and made them colder ;  
I was only twelve years old, or so,  
And may be a twelve-month older  
Was Charley, dearest Charley.

A faded shawl, with flowers o' blue,  
All tenderly and fairly  
Enwrought by his mother's hand, I  
knew,  
He wore that day, my Charley,  
My little love, my Charley.

His great glad eyes with light were lit  
Like the dewy light o' the morning ;  
His homespun jacket, not a whit  
Less proudly, for my scorning,  
He wore, brave-hearted Charley.

I bore a pitcher, — 't was our pride, —  
At the fair my father won it,  
And consciously I turned the side  
With the golden lilies on it,  
To dazzle the eyes o' Charley.

This pitcher, and a milk-white loaf,  
Piping hot from the platter,  
When, where the path turned sharply  
off  
To the crazy Krumley water,  
I came upon my Charley.

He smiled, — my pulses never stirred  
From their still and steady measures,  
Till the wind came flapping down like  
a bird  
And caught away my treasures.  
“ Help me, O Charley ! Charley !

My loaf, my golden lilies gone ! ”  
My heart was all a-flutter ;  
For I saw them whirling on and on  
To the frozen Krumley water,  
And then I saw my Charley,

The frayed and faded shawl from his  
neck  
Unknot, with a quick, wise cunning,  
And speckled with snow-flakes, toss it  
back,  
That he might be free for running.  
My good, great-hearted Charley.

I laid it softly on my arm,  
I warmed it in my bosom,  
And traced each broider-stitch to the  
form  
Of its wilding model blossom,  
For sake of my gentle Charley.

Away, away ! like a shadow fleet !  
The air was thick and blinding ;  
The icy stones were under his feet,  
And the way was steep and winding.  
Come back ! come back my Char-  
ley !

He waved his ragged cap in the air,  
My childish fears to scatter ;  
Dear Lord, was it Charley ? Was he  
there,  
On th' treacherous crust o' th' water ?  
No more ! 't is death ! my Char-  
ley.

The thin blue glittering sheet of ice  
Bends, breaks, and falls asunder ;

His arms are lifted once, and twice !  
My God ! he is going under !  
He is drowned ! he is dead ! my  
Charley.

The wild call stops, — the blood runs  
chill ;  
I dash the tears from my lashes,  
And strain my gaze to th' foot o' th'  
hill, —  
Who flies so fast through the rushes ?  
My drownèd love ? my Charley ?

My brain is wild, — I laugh, I cry, —  
The chill blood thaws and rallies ;  
What holds he thus, so safe and high ?  
My loaf ? and my golden lilies ?  
Charley ! my sweet, sweet Char-  
ley !

Across my mad brain word on word  
Of tenderness went whirling ;  
I kissed him, called him my little bird  
O' th' woods, my dove, my darling, —  
My true, true love, my Charley.

In what sweet phrases he replied  
I know not now — no matter —  
This only, that he would have died  
In the crazy Krumley water  
To win my praise, — dear Char-  
ley !

He took the frayed and faded shawl,  
For his sake warmed all over,  
And wrapped me round and round with  
all  
The tenderness of a lover, —  
My best, my bravest Charley !

And when his shoes o' the snows were  
full, —  
Aye, full to their tops, — a-smiling  
He said they were lined with a fleece  
o' wool,  
The pain o' th' frost beguiling.  
Was ever a lad like Charley ?

So down the slope o' th' Krumley  
ridge.  
Our hands locked fast together,  
And over the crazy Krumley bridge,  
We went through the freezing weath-  
er, —  
I and my drownèd Charley.

The corn fields all of ears were bare ;  
But the stalks, so bright and brittle,

And the black and empty husks were  
there  
For the mouths of the hungry cattle.  
We passed them, I and Charley.

And passed the willow-tree that went  
With the wind, as light as a feather,  
And th' two proud oaks with their  
shoulders bent  
Till their faces came together, —  
Whispering, I said to Charley :

The hollow sycamore, so white,  
The old gum, straight and solemn,  
With never the curve of a root in sight ;  
But set in the ground like a col-  
umn, —  
I, prattling to my Charley.

We left behind the sumach hedge,  
And the waste of stubble crossing,  
Came at last to the dusky edge  
Of the woods, so wildly tossing, —  
I and my quiet Charley.

Ankle-deep in the leaves we stood, —  
The leaves that were brown as leather  
And saw the choppers chopping the  
wood, —  
Seven rough men together, —  
I and my drooping Charley.

I see him now as I saw him stand  
With my loaf — he had hardly won  
it —  
And the beautiful pitcher in his hand,  
With the golden lilies on it, —  
My little saint — my Charley.

The stubs were burning hear and there,  
The winds the fierce flames blowing,  
And the arms o' th' choppers, brown  
and bare,  
Now up, now down are going, —  
I turn to them from Charley.

Right merrily the echoes ring  
From the sturdy work a-doing,  
And as the woodsmen chop, they sing  
Of the girls that they are wooing.  
O what a song for Charley !

This way an elm begins to lop,  
And that, its balance losing,  
And the squirrel comes from his nest  
in the top,  
And sits in the boughs a-musing.  
What ails my little Charley ?

The loaf from out his hand he drops,  
His eyelid flutters, closes ;  
He tries to speak, he whispers, stops, —  
His mouth its rose-red loses, —  
One look, just one, my Charley.

And now his white and frozen cheek  
Each wild-eyed chopper fixes,  
And never a man is heard to speak  
As they set their steel-blue axes,  
And haste to the help o' Charley !

Say, what does your beautiful pitcher  
hold ?  
Come tell us if you can, sir !  
The chopper's question was loud and  
bold,  
But never a sign nor answer :  
All fast asleep was Charley.

The stubs are burning low to th' earth,  
The winds the fierce flames flaring,  
And now to the edge of the crystal  
hearth  
The men in their arms are bearing  
The clay-cold body of Charley.

O'er heart, o'er temple those rude  
hands go,  
Each hand as light as a brother's,  
As they gather about him in the snow,  
Like a company of mothers, —  
My dead, my darling Charley.

Before them all (my heart grew bold,)  
From off my trembling bosom.  
I unwound the mantle, fold by fold,  
All for my blighted blossom,  
My sweet white flower, — my Char-  
ley.

I have tokens large, I have tokens small  
Of all my life's lost pleasures.  
But that poor frayed and faded shawl  
Is the treasure of my treasures, —  
The first, last gift of Charley.

#### OLD CHUMS.

Is it you, Jack ? Old boy, is it really  
you ?  
I should n't have known you but that  
I was told  
You might be expected : — pray how  
do you do ?  
But what, under heaven, has made  
you so old ?

Your hair ! why, you 've only a little  
gray fuzz !

And your beard 's white ! but that  
can be beautifully dyed ;  
And your legs are n't but just half as  
long as they was ;  
And then — stars and garters ! your  
vest is so wide !

Is that your hand ? Lord, how I envied  
you that

In the time of our courting, — so soft  
and so small,  
And now it is callous inside, and so  
fat, —  
Well, you beat the very old deuce,  
that is all.

Turn round ! let me look at you ! is n't  
it odd,

How strange in a few years a fellow's  
chum grows !  
Your eye is shrunk up like a bean in a  
pod,  
And what are these lines branching  
out from your nose ?

Your back has gone up and your shoul-  
ders gone down,

And all the old roses are under the  
plough ;  
Why, Jack, if we 'd happened to meet  
about town,  
I would n't have known you from  
Adam, I vow !

You 've had trouble, have you ? I 'm  
sorry ; but John,

All trouble sits lightly at your time  
of life.  
How 's Billy, my namesake ? You don't  
say he 's gone  
To the war, John, and that you have  
buried your wife ?

Poor Katharine ! so she has left you —  
ah me !

I thought she would live to be fifty,  
or more.

What is it you tell me ? She *was* fifty-  
three !

Oh no, Jack ! she was n't so much, by  
a score !

Well, there 's little Katy, — was that  
her name, John ?

She 'll rule your house one of these  
days like a queen.

*That* baby ! good Lord ! is she married  
and gone ?

With a Jack ten years old ! and a Katy  
fourteen !

Then I give it up ! Why, you 're  
younger than I

By ten or twelve years, and to think  
you 've come back

A sober old graybeard, just ready to  
die !

I don't understand how it is — do  
you, Jack ?

I 've got all my faculties yet, sound and  
bright ;

Slight failure my eyes are beginning  
to hint ;

But still, with my spectacles on, and a  
light

'Twi'x't them and the page, I can  
read any print.

My hearing *is* dull, and my leg is more  
spare,

Perhaps, than it was when I beat  
you at ball ;

My breath gives out, too, if I go up a  
stair, —

But nothing worth mentioning, noth-  
ing at all !

My hair is just turning a little you  
see,

And lately I 've put on a broader-  
brimmed hat

Than I wore at your wedding, but you  
will agree,

Old fellow, I look all the better for  
that.

I 'm sometimes a little rheumatic, 't is  
true,

And my nose is n't quite on a  
straight line, they say ;

For all that, I don't think I 've changed  
much, do you ?

And I don't feel a day older, Jack,  
not a day.

#### THE SHOEMAKER.

Now the hickory with its hum  
Cheers the wild and rainy weather,  
And the shoemaker has come  
With his lapstone, last, and leather.

With his head as white as wool,  
 With the wrinkles getting bolder,  
 And his heart with news as full  
 As the wallet on his shoulder.

How the children's hearts will beat,  
 How their eyes will shine with pleasure  
 As he sets their little feet,  
 Bare and rosy, in his measure,

And how, behind his chair,  
 They will steal grave looks to summon,  
 As he ties away his hair  
 From his forehead, like a woman.

When he tells the merry news  
 How their eyes will laugh and glisten,  
 While the mother binds the shoes  
 And they gather round and listen.

But each one, leaning low  
 On his lapstone, will be crying,  
 As he tells how little Jo,  
 With a broken back is dying.

Of the way he came to fall  
 In the flowery April weather,  
 Of the new shoes on the wall  
 That are hanging, tied together.

How the face of little Jo  
 Has grown white, and they who love him  
 See the shadows come and go,  
 As if angels flew above him.

And the old shoemaker, true  
 To the woe of the disaster,  
 Will uplift his apron blue  
 To his eyes, then work the faster.

#### TO THE WIND.

STEER hither, rough old mariner,  
 Keeping your jolly crew  
 Beating about in the seas of life, —  
 Steer hither, and tell me true  
 About my little son Maximus,  
 Who sailed away with you!

Seven and twenty years ago  
 He came to us, — ah me!

The snow that fell that whistling night  
 Was not so pure as he,  
 And I was rich enough, I trow,  
 When I took him on my knee.

I was rich enough, and when I met  
 A man, unthrift and lorn,  
 Whom I a hundred times had met  
 With less of pity than scorn,  
 I opened my purse, — it was well for him  
 That Maximus was born!

We have five boys at home, erect  
 And straight of limb, and tall,  
 Gentle, and loving all that God  
 Has made, or great or small,  
 But Maximus, our youngest born,  
 Was the gentlest of them all!

Yet was he brave, — they all are  
 brave,  
 Not one for favor or frown  
 That fears to set his strength against  
 The bravest of the town,  
 But this, our little Maximus,  
 Could fight when he was down.

Six darling boys! not one of all,  
 If we had had to choose,  
 Could we have singled from the rest  
 To sail on such a cruise,  
 But surely little Maximus  
 Was not the one to lose!

His hair divided into slips,  
 And tumbled every way, —  
 His mother always called them curls,  
 She has one to this day, —  
 And th' nails of his hands were thin  
 and red  
 As the leaves of a rose in May.

Steer hither, rough mariner, and bring  
 Some news of our little lad, —  
 If he be anywhere out of th' grave  
 It will make his mother glad,  
 Tho' he grieved her more with his  
 waywardness  
 Than all the boys she had.

I know it was against himself,  
 For he was good and kind,  
 That he left us, though he saw our eyes  
 With tears, for his sake, blind, —  
 Oh how can you give to such as he,  
 Your nature, willful wind!



## LITTLE CYRUS.

EMILY MAYFIELD all the day  
 Sits and rocks her cradle alone,  
 And never a neighbor comes to say  
 How pretty little Cyrus has grown.

Meechly Emily's head is hung,  
 Many a sigh from her bosom breaks,  
 And ne'er such pitiful tune was sung  
 As that her lowly lullaby makes.

Near where the village school-house  
 stands,  
 On the grass by the mossy spring,  
 Merry children are linking hands,  
 But little Cyrus is not in the ring.

"They might make room for me, if  
 they tried,"  
 He thinks as he listens to call and  
 shout,  
 And his eyes so pretty are open wide,  
 Wondering why they have left him  
 out.

Nightly hurrying home they go,  
 Each, of the praise he has had to  
 boast  
 But never an honor can Cyrus show,  
 And yet he studies his book the most.

Little Cyrus is out in the hay, —  
 Not where the clover is sweet and  
 red,  
 With mates of his tender years at play,  
 But where the stubble is sharp, in-  
 stead,

And every flowerless shrub and tree  
 That takes the twinkling noontide  
 heat,  
 Is dry and dusty as it can be ;  
 There with his tired, sunburnt feet

Dragging wearily, Cyrus goes,  
 Trying to sing as the others do,  
 But never the stoutest hand that mows  
 Says, "It is work too hard for you,

Little Cyrus, your hands so small  
 Bleed with straining to keep your  
 place,  
 And the look that says I must bear it  
 all  
 Is sadder than tears in your childish  
 face :

So give me your knotty swath to mow,  
 And rest a while on the shady sward,  
 Else your body will crooked grow,  
 Little Cyrus, from working hard."

If he could listen to words like that,  
 The stubble would not be half so  
 rough  
 To his naked feet, and his ragged hat  
 Would shield him from sunshine well  
 enough.

But ne'er a moment the mowers check  
 Song or whistle, to think of him,  
 With blisters burning over his neck,  
 Under his straw hat's ragged brim.

So, stooping over the field he goes,  
 With none to pity if he complain,  
 And so the crook in his body grows,  
 And he never can stand up straight  
 again.

The cattle lie down in the lane so  
 still, —  
 The scythes in the apple-tree shine  
 bright,  
 And Cyrus sits on the ashen sill  
 Watching the motes, in the streaks  
 of light,

Quietly slanting out of the sky,  
 Over the hill to the porch so low,  
 Wondering if in the world on high  
 There will be any briery fields to  
 mow.

Emily Mayfield, pale and weak,  
 Steals to his side in the light so dim,  
 And the single rose in his swarthy  
 cheek  
 Grows double, the while she says to  
 him, —

Little Cyrus, 't is many a day  
 Since one with just your own sweet  
 eyes,  
 And a voice as rich as a bird's in May,  
 (Gently she kisses the boy and  
 sighs,)

Here on the porch when the work was  
 done,  
 Sat with a young girl, (not like me,)  
 Her heart was light as the wool she  
 spun,  
 And her laughter merry as it could  
 be ;

Her hair was silken, he used to say,  
 When they sat on the porch-side,  
 "woeful when,"  
 And I know the clover you mowed to-  
 day  
 Was not more red than her cheeks  
 were then.

He told her many a story wild,  
 Like this, perhaps, which I tell to  
 you,  
 And she was a woman less than child,  
 And thought whatever he said was  
 true.

From home and kindred,—ah me, ah  
 me!  
 With only her faith in his love, she  
 fled,  
 'T was all like a dreaming, and when  
 she could see  
 She owned she was sinful and prayed  
 to be dead.

But always, however long she may  
 live,  
 Desolate, desolate, she shall re-  
 pine,  
 And so with no love to receive or to  
 give,  
 Her face is as sad and as wrinkled  
 as mine.

Little Cyrus, trembling, lays  
 His head on his mother's knee to  
 cry,  
 And kissing his sunburnt cheek, she  
 says,  
 "Hush, my darling, it was not I."

#### FIFTEEN AND FIFTY.

COME, darling, put your frown aside!  
 I own my fault, 't is true, 't is true,  
 There is one picture that I hide,  
 Even away from you!

Why, then, I do not love you? Nay,  
 You wrong me there, my pretty one:  
 Remember you are in your May;  
 My summer days are done,

My autumn days are come, in truth,  
 And blighting frosts begin to fall;  
 You are the sunny light of youth,  
 That glorifies it all.

Even when winter clouds shall break  
 In storms, I shall not mind, my  
 dear,  
 For you within my heart shall make  
 The springtime of the year!

In short, life did its best for me,  
 When first our paths together ran;  
 But I had lived, you will agree,  
 One life, ere yours began.

I must have smiled, I must have wept,  
 Ere mirth or moan could do you  
 wrong;  
 But come, and see the picture, kept  
 Hidden away so long!

The walk will not be strange nor far,—  
 Across the meadow, toward the tree  
 From whose thick top one silver star  
 Uplifting slow, you see.

So darling, we have gained the hight  
 Where lights and shadows softly  
 meet;  
 Rest you a moment,—full in sight,  
 My picture lies complete.

A hill-side dark, with woods behind,  
 A strip of emerald grass before,—  
 A homely house; some trees that blind  
 Window, and wall, and door.

A singing streamlet,—either side  
 Bordered with flowers, geraniums  
 gay,  
 And pinks, with red mouths open wide  
 For sunshine, all the day.

A tasseled corn field on one hand,  
 And on the other meadows green,  
 With angles of bright harvest bend  
 Wedged sunnily between.

A world of smiling ways and walks,  
 The hop-vines twisting through the  
 pales,  
 The crimson cups o' the hollyhocks,  
 The lilies, in white veils;

The porch with morning-glories gay,  
 And sunken step, the well-sweep tall,  
 The barn, with roof 'twixt black and  
 gray,  
 And warpt, wind-shaken wall;

The garden with the fence of stone,  
 The lane so dusky at the close,

The door-yard gate all overgrown  
With one wild smothering rose ;

The honeysuckle that has blown  
His trumpet till his throat is red,  
And the wild swallow, mateless flown  
Under the lonesome shed ;

The corn, with bean-pods showing  
through,  
The fields that to the sunset lean,  
The crooked paths along the dew,  
Telling of flocks unseen.

The bird in scarlet-colored coat  
Flying about the apple-tree ;  
The new moon in her shallow boat,  
Sailing alone, you see :

The aspen at the window-pane, —  
The pair of bluebirds on the  
peach, —  
The yellow waves of ripening grain, —  
You see them all and each.

The shadows stretching to the door,  
From far-off hills, and nearer trees,  
I cannot show you any more, —  
The landscape holds but these.

And yet, my darling, after all  
'T is not *my* picture you behold ;  
Your house is ruined near to fall, —  
Your flowers are dew and mould.

I wish that you could only see,  
While the glad garden shines its best,  
The little rose that was to me  
The queen of all the rest.

The bluebirds, — he with scarlet  
wings, —  
The silver brook, the sunset glow,  
To me are but the signs of things  
The landscape cannot show.

That old house was our home — not  
*ours !*  
You were not born — how could it  
be ?  
That window where you see the flow-  
ers,  
Is where she watched for me,

So pale, so patient, night by night,  
Her eyes upon this pathway here,  
Until at last I came in sight, —  
Nay, do not frown, my dear,

That was another world ! and so  
Between us there can be no strife ;  
I was but twenty, you must know,  
And she my baby-wife !

Twin violets by a shady brook  
Were like her eyes, — their beaute-  
ousness  
Was in a rainy, moonlight look  
Of tears and tenderness.

Her fingers had a dewy touch ;  
Grace was in all her modest ways ;  
Forgive my praising her so much, —  
She cannot hear my praise.

Beneath the window where you see  
The trembling, tearful flowers, she  
lay,  
Her arms as if they reached for me, —  
Her hair put smooth away.

The closed mouth still smiling sweet,  
The waxen eyelids, drooping low,  
The marriage-slippers on the feet, —  
The marriage-dress of snow !

And still, as in my dreams, I do,  
I kiss the sweet white hands, the  
eyes ;  
My heart with pain is broken anew,  
My soul with sorrow dies.

It was, they said, her spirit's birth, —  
That she was gone, a saint to be ;  
Alas ! a poor, pale piece of earth  
Was all that I could see.

In tears, my darling ! that fair brow  
With jealous shadows overrun ?  
A score of flowers upon one bough  
May bloom as well as one !

This ragged bush, from spring to  
fall  
Stands here with living glories lit ;  
And every flower a-blush, with all  
That doth belong to it !

Look on it ! learn the lesson then, —  
No more than we evoke, is ours !  
The great law holdeth good with men,  
The same as with the flowers.

And if that lost, that sweet white hand  
Had never blessed me with its light,  
You had not been, you understand,  
More than you are to-night.

This foolish pride that women have  
 To play upon us, — to enthral,  
 To absorb, doth hinder what they  
 crave, —  
 Their being loved at all !

Never the mistress of the arts  
 They practice on us, still again  
 And o'er again, they wring our hearts  
 With pain that giveth pain !

They make their tyranny a boast,  
 And in their petulance will not see  
 That he is always bound the most,  
 Who in the most is free !

They prize us more for what they screen  
 From censure, than for what is best ;  
 And you, my darling, at fifteen,  
 Why, you are like the rest !

Your arms would find me now, though I  
 Were low as ever guilt can fall ;  
 And that, my little love, is why  
 I love you, after all !

Smiling ! " the pain is worth the cost,  
 That wins a homily so wise ? "  
 Ah, little tyrant, I am lost,  
 When thus you tyrannize.

### JENNY DUNLEATH.

JENNY DUNLEATH coming back to the  
 town ?  
 What ! coming back here for good, and  
 for all ?  
 Well, that 's the last thing for Jenny  
 to do, —  
 I 'd go to the ends of the earth, —  
 would n't you ?  
 Before I 'd come back ! She 'll be  
 pushed to the wall.  
 Some slips, I can tell her, are never  
 lived down,  
 And she ought to know it. It 's really  
 true.  
 You think, that she 's coming ? How  
 dreadfully bold !  
 But one don't know what will be done,  
 nowadays,  
 And Jenny was never the girl to be  
 moved  
 By what the world said of her. What  
 she approved,  
 She would do, in despite of its blame  
 or its praise.

She ought to be wiser by this time —  
 let 's see ;  
 Why, sure as you live, she is forty  
 years old !  
 The day I was married she stood up  
 with me,  
 And *my* Kate is twenty : ah yes, it must  
 be  
 That Jenny is forty, at least — forty-  
 three,  
 It may be, or four. She was older, I  
 know,  
 A good deal, when she was bridesmaid,  
 than I,  
 And that 's twenty years, now, and  
 longer, ago ;  
 So if she intends to come back and  
 deny  
 Her age, as 't is likely she will, I can  
 show  
 The plain honest truth, by the age of  
 my Kate,  
 And I will, too ! To see an old maid  
 tell a lie,  
 Just to seem to be young, is a thing that  
 I hate.

You thought we were friends ? No,  
 my dear, not at all !  
 'T is true we were friendly, as friendli-  
 ness goes,  
 But one gets one's friends as one  
 chooses one's clothes,  
 And just as the fashion goes out, lets  
 them fall.  
 I will not deny we were often together  
 About the time Jenny was in her high  
 feather ;  
 And she *was* a beauty ! No rose of  
 the May  
 Looked ever so lovely as she on the  
 day  
 I was married. She, somehow, could  
 grace  
 Whatever thing touched her. The  
 knots of soft lace  
 On her little white shoes, — the gay  
 cap that half hid  
 Her womanly forehead, — the bright  
 hair that slid  
 Like sunshine adown her bare shoul-  
 ders, — the gauze  
 That rippled about her sweet arms, just  
 because  
 'T was Jenny that wore it, — the flower  
 in her belt, —  
 No matter what color, 't was fittest, you  
 felt.

If she sighed, if she smiled, if she  
 played with her fan,  
 A sort of religious coquettishness ran  
 Through it all, — a bewitching and  
 wildering way,  
 All tearfully tender and graciously  
 gay.  
 If e'er you were foolish in word or in  
 speech,  
 The approval she gave with her serious  
 eyes  
 Would make your own foolishness  
 seem to you wise ;  
 So all from her magical presence, and  
 each,  
 Went happy away : 't was her art to  
 confer  
 A self-love, that ended in your loving  
 her.

And so she is coming back here ! a  
 mishap  
 To her friends, if she have any friends,  
 one would say.  
 Well, well, she can't take her old place  
 in the lap  
 Of holiday fortune : her head must be  
 gray ;  
 And those dazzling cheeks ! I would  
 just like to see  
 How she looks, if I could without her  
 seeing me.

To think of the Jenny Dunleath that I  
 knew,  
 A dreary old maid with nobody to love  
 her, —  
 Her hair silver-white and no roof-tree  
 above her, —  
 One ought to have pity upon her, —  
 't is true !  
 But I never liked her ; in truth, I was  
 glad  
 In my own secret heart when she came  
 to her fall ;  
 When praise of her meekness was ring-  
 ing the loudest  
 I always would say she was proud as  
 the proudest ;  
 That meekness was only a trick that  
 she had, —  
 She was too proud to seem to be proud,  
 that was all.

She stood up with me, I was saying :  
 that day  
 Was the last of her going abroad for  
 long years ;

I never had seen her so bright and so  
 gay,  
 Yet, spite of the lightness, I had my  
 own fears  
 That all was not well with her : 't was  
 but her pride  
 Made her sing the old songs when they  
 asked her to sing,  
 For when it was done with, and we  
 were aside,  
 A look wan and weary came over her  
 brow,  
 And still I can feel just as if it were  
 now,  
 How she slipped up and down on my  
 finger, the ring,  
 And so hid her face in my bosom and  
 cried.

When the fiddlers were come, and  
 young Archibald Mill  
 Was dancing with Hetty, I saw how it  
 was ;  
 Nor was I misled when she said she  
 was ill,  
 For the dews were not standing so  
 thick in the grass  
 As the drops on her cheeks. So you  
 never have heard  
 How she fell in disgrace with young  
 Archibald ! No ?  
 I won't be the first, then, to whisper a  
 word, —  
 Poor thing ! if she only repent, let it  
 go !

Let it go ! let what go ? My good  
 madam, I pray,  
 Whereof do I stand here accused ? I  
 would know, —  
 I am Jenny Dunleath, that you knew  
 long ago,  
 A dreary old maid, and unloved, as you  
 say :  
 God keep you, my sister, from know-  
 ing such woe !  
 Forty years old, madam, that I agree,  
 The roses washed out of my cheeks by  
 the tears ;  
 And counting my barren and desolate  
 years  
 By the bright little heads dropping  
 over your knee,  
 You look on my sorrow with scorn, it  
 appears.

Well, smile, if you can, as you hold up  
 in sight

Your matronly honors, for all men to see ;  
 But I cannot discern, madam, what there can be  
 To move your proud mirth, in the wildness of night  
 Falling round me ; no hearth for my coming alight, —  
 No rosy-red cheeks at the windows for me.

My love is my shame, — in your love you are crowned, —  
 But as we are women, our natures are one ;  
 By need of its nature, the dew and the sun  
 Belong to the poorest, pale flower o' the ground.  
 And think you that He who created the heart  
 Has struck it all helpless and hopeless apart  
 From these lesser works ? Nay, I hold He has bound  
 Our rights with our needs in so sacred a knot,  
 We cannot undo them with any mere lie ;  
 Nay, more, my proud lady, — the love you have got,  
 May belong to another as dreary as I !  
 You have all the world's recognition, — your bond, —  
 But have you that better right, lying beyond ? —  
 Agreement with Conscience ? — that sanction whereby  
 You can live in the face of the cruelest scorns ?  
 Aye, set your bare bosom against the sharp thorns  
 Of jealousy, hatred, — against all the harms  
 Bad fortune can gather, — and say, With these arms  
 About me, I stand here to live and to die !  
 I take you to keep for my patron and saint,  
 And you shall be bound by that sweetest constraint  
 Of a liberty wide as the love that you give ;  
 And so to the glory of God we will live,

Through health and through sickness, dear lover and friend,  
 Through light and through darkness, — through all, to the end !

Let it go ! Let what go ? Make me answer, I pray.  
 You were speaking just now of some terrible fall, —  
 My love for young Archibald Mill, — is that all ?  
 I loved him with all my young heart, as you say, —  
 Nay, what is more, madam, I love him to-day, —  
 My cheeks thin and wan, and my hair gray on gray !  
 And so I am bold to come back to the town,  
 In hope that at last I may lay my bones down,  
 And have the green grasses blow over my face,  
 Among the old hills where my love had its birth !  
 If love were a trifle, the morning to grace,  
 And fade when the night came, why, what were it worth ?

He is married ! and I am come hither too late ?  
 Your vision misleads you, — so pray you, untie  
 That knot from your sweet brow, — I come here to die,  
 And not make a moan for the chances of fate !  
 I know that all love that is true is divine,  
 And when this low incident, Time, shall have sped,  
 I know the desire of my soul shall be mine, —  
 That, weary, or wounded, or dying, or dead,  
 The end is secure, so I bear the estate —  
 Despised of the world's favored women — and wait.

#### TRICKSEY'S RING.

O WHAT a day it was to us, —  
 My wits were upside down,

When cousin Joseph Nicholas  
Came visiting from town!

His curls they were so smooth and  
bright,  
His frills they were so fine,  
I thought perhaps the stars that night  
Would be ashamed to shine.

But when the dews had touched the  
grass,  
They came out, large and small,  
As if our cousin Nicholas  
Had not been there at all!

Our old house never seemed to me  
So poor and mean a thing  
As then, and just because that he  
Was come a-visiting!

I never thought the sun prolonged  
His light a single whit  
Too much, till then, nor thought he  
wronged  
My face, by kissing it.

But now I sought to pull my dress  
Of faded homespun down,  
Because my cousin Nicholas  
Would see my feet were brown.

The butterflies — bright airy things —  
From off the lilac buds  
I scared, for having on their wings  
The shadows of the woods.

I thought my straight and jet black hair  
Was almost a disgrace,  
Since Joseph Nicholas had fair  
Smooth curls about his face.

I wished our rosy window sprays  
Were laces, dropping down,  
That he might think we knew the ways  
Of rich folks in the town.

I wished the twittering swallow had  
A finer tune to sing,  
Since such a stylish city lad  
Was come a-visiting.

I wished the hedges, as they swayed,  
Were each a solid wall,  
And that our grassy lane were made  
A market street withal.

I wished the drooping heads of rye,  
Set full of silver dews,

Were silken tassels all to tie  
The ribbons of his shoes!

And when, by homely household slight,  
They called me Tricksey True,  
I thought my cheeks would blaze, in  
spite  
Of all that I could do.

Tricksey! — that name would surely be  
A shock to ears polite;  
In short I thought that nothing we  
Could say or do was right.

For injured pride I could have wept,  
Until my heart and I  
Fell musing how my mother kept  
So equable and high.

She did not cast her eyelids down,  
Ashamed of being poor;  
To her a gay young man from town,  
Was no discomfiture.

She revered honor's sacred laws  
As much, aye more than he,  
And was not put about because  
He had more gold than she;

But held her house beneath a hand  
As steady and serene,  
As though it were a palace, and  
As though she were a queen.

And when she set our silver cup  
Upon the cloth of snow,  
For Nicholas, I lifted up  
My timid eyes, I know;

And saw a ring, as needs I must,  
Upon his finger shine;  
O how I longed to have it just  
A minute upon mine!

I thought of fairy folk that led  
Their lives in sylvan shades,  
And brought fine things, as I had read,  
To little rustic maids.

And so I mused within my heart,  
How I would search about  
The fields and woodlands, for my part,  
Till I should spy them out.

And so when down the western sky  
The sun had dropped at last,  
Right softly and right cunningly  
From out the house I passed.

It was as if awake I dreamed,  
 All Nature was so sweet  
 The small round dandelions seemed  
 Like stars beneath my feet.

Fresh greenness as I went along  
 The grass did seem to take,  
 And birds beyond the time of song  
 Kept singing for my sake.

The dew o'erran the lily's cup,  
 The ground-moss shone so well,  
 That if the sky were down or up,  
 Was hard for me to tell.

I never felt my heart to sit  
 So lightly on its throne ;  
 Ah, who knew what would come of  
 it,  
 With fairy folk alone !

An hour, — another hour went by,  
 All harmless arts I tried,  
 And tried in vain, and wearily  
 My hopes within me died.

No tent of moonshine, and no ring  
 Of dancers could I find, —  
 The fairy rich folk and their king  
 For once would be unkind !

My spirit, nameless fear oppressed ;  
 My courage went adrift,  
 As all out of the low dark west  
 The clouds began to lift.

I lost my way within the wood, —  
 The path I could not guess,  
 When, Heaven be praised, before me  
 stood  
 My cousin Nicholas !

Right tenderly within his arm  
 My shrinking hand he drew ;  
 He spoke so low, "these damps will  
 harm  
 My little Tricksey True."

I know not how it was : my shame  
 In new delight was drowned ;  
 His accent gave my rustic name  
 Almost a royal sound.

He bent his cheek against my face, —  
 He whispered in my ear,  
 "Why came you to this dismal place ?  
 Tell me, my little dear !"

Betwixt the boughs that o'er us hung  
 The light began to fall ;  
 His praises loosed my silent tongue, —  
 At last I told him all.

I felt his lips my forehead touch ;  
 I shook and could not stand ;  
 The ring I coveted so much  
 Was shining on my hand !

We talked about the little elves  
 And fairies of the grove,  
 And then we talked about ourselves,  
 And then we talked of love.

'T was at the ending of the lane, —  
 The garden yet to pass,  
 I offered back his ring again  
 To my good Nicholas.

"Dear Tricksey, don't you understand,  
 You foolish little thing,"  
 He said, "that I must have the hand,  
 As well as have the ring?"

"To-night — just now ! I pray you  
 wait !  
 The hand is little worth !"  
 "Nay darling — now ! we're at the  
 gate !"  
 And so he had them both !

#### CRAZY CHRISTOPHER.

NEIGHORED by a maple wood,  
 Dim and dusty, old and low ;  
 Thus our little school-house stood,  
 Two and twenty years ago.

On the roof of clapboards, dried  
 Smoothly in the summer heat,  
 Of the hundred boys that tried,  
 Never one could keep his feet.

Near the door the cross-roads were,  
 A stone's throw, perhaps, away,  
 And to read the sign-board there,  
 Made a pastime every day.

He who turned the index down,  
 So it pointed on the sign  
 To the nearest market-town,  
 Was, we thought, a painter fine :

And the childish wonder rose,  
 As we gazed with puzzled looks



On the letters, good as those  
Printed in our spelling-books.

Near it was a well, — how deep !  
With its bucket warped and dry,  
Broken curb, and leaning sweep,  
And a plum-tree growing by,

Which, with low and tangly top,  
Made the grass so bright and cool,  
Travelers would sometimes stop,  
For a half-hour's rest — in school,

Not an eye could keep the place  
Of the lesson then, — intent  
Each to con the stranger's face,  
And to see the road he went.

Scattered are we far and wide, —  
Careless, curious children then ;  
Wanderers some, and some have died ;  
Some, thank God, are honest men.

But, as playmates, large or small,  
Noisy, thoughtful, or demure,  
I can see them, one and all,  
The great world in miniature.

Common flowers, with common names,  
Filled the woods and meadows  
round :

Dandelions with their flames  
Smothered flat against the ground ;

Mullein stocks, with gray braids set  
Full of yellow ; thistles speared ;  
Violets, purple near to jet ;  
Crowfoot, and the old-man's-beard.

And along the dusty way,  
Thick as prints of naked feet,  
Iron-weeds and fennel gay  
Blossomed in the summer heat.

Hedges of wild blackberries,  
Pears, and honey-locusts tall,  
Spice-wood, and "good apple-trees,"  
Well enough we knew them all.

But the ripest blackberries,  
Nor the mulleins topped with gold,  
Peach nor honey-locust trees,  
Nor the flowers, when all are told,

Pleased us like the cabin, near  
Which a silver river ran,  
And where lived, for many a year,  
Christopher, the crazy man.

Hair as white as snow he had,  
Mixing with a beard that fell  
Down his breast ; if he were mad,  
Passed our little wits to tell.

In his eyes' unfathomed blue  
Burned a ray so clear and bright,  
Oftentimes we said we knew  
It would shame the candlelight.

Mystic was the life he led ;  
Picking herbs in secret nooks, —  
Finding, as the old folks said,  
"Tongues in trees and books in  
brooks."

Waking sometimes in the gloom  
Of the solemn middle night,  
He had seen his narrow room  
Full of angels dressed in white ;

So he said in all good faith,  
And one day, with tearful eye,  
Told us that he heard old Death  
Sharpening his scythe, close by.

Whether it were prophecy,  
Or a dream, I cannot say ;  
But good little Emily  
Died the evening of that day.

In the woods, where up and down  
We had searched, and only seen  
Adder's-tongue, with dull, dead  
brown,  
Mottled with the heavy green ;

May-apples, or wild birds sweet,  
Going through the shadows dim,  
Spirits, with white, noiseless feet,  
Walked, he said, and talked with  
him.

"What is all the toiling for,  
And the spinning?" he would  
say :

"See the lilies at my door, —  
Never dressed a queen as they.

"He who gives the ravens food  
For our wants as well will care ;  
O my children ! He is good, —  
Better than your fathers are."

So he lived from year to year,  
Never toiling, mystery-clad, —  
Spirits, if they did appear,  
Being all the friends he had.

Alternating seasons sped,  
And there fell no night so rough,  
But his cabin fire, he said,  
Made it light and warm enough.

Soft and slow our steps would be,  
As the silver river ran,  
Days when we had been to see  
Christopher, the crazy man.

Soft and slow, to number o'er  
The delights he said he had ;  
Wondering always, more and more,  
Whether he were wise or mad.

On a hill-side next the sun,  
Where the school-boys quiet keep,  
And to seed the clovers run,  
He is lying, fast asleep.

But at last (to Heaven be praise),  
Gabriel his bed will find,  
Giving love for lonely days,  
And for visions, his right mind.

Sometimes, when I think about  
How he lived among the flowers,  
Gently going in and out,  
With no cares nor fretful hours, —

Of the deep serene of light,  
In his blue, unfathomed eyes, —  
Seems the childish fancy right,  
That could half believe him wise.

#### THE FERRY OF GALLAWAY.

In the stormy waters of Galloway  
My boat had been idle the livelong  
day,  
Tossing and tumbling to and fro,  
For the wind was high and the tide was  
low.

The tide was low and the wind was  
high,  
And we were heavy, my heart and I,  
For not a traveler all the day  
Had crossed the ferry of Galloway.

At set o' th' sun, the clouds out-  
spread  
Like wings of darkness overhead,  
When, out o' th' west, my eyes took  
heed  
Of a lady, riding at full speed.

The hoof-strokes struck on the flinty  
hill  
Like silver ringing on silver, till  
I saw the veil in her fair hand float,  
And flutter a signal for my boat.

The waves ran backward as if 'ware  
Of a presence more than mortal fair,  
And my little craft leaned down and  
lay  
With her side to th' sands o' th' Galla-  
way.

"Haste, good boatman ! haste !" she  
cried,  
"And row me over the other side !"  
And she stript from her finger the  
shining ring,  
And gave it me for the ferrying.

"Woe 's me ! my Lady, I may not go,  
For the wind is high and th' tide is low,  
And rocks like dragons lie in the  
wave, —  
Slip back on your finger the ring you  
gave !"

"Nay, nay ! for the rocks will be  
melted down,  
And the waters, they never will let me  
drown,  
And the wind a pilot will prove to  
thee,  
For my dying lover, he waits for me !"

Then bridle-ribbon and silver spur  
She put in my hand, but I answered  
her :

"The wind is high and the tide is  
low, —  
I must not, dare not, and will not go !"

Her face grew deadly white with pain,  
And she took her champing steed by  
th' mane,  
And bent his neck to th' ribbon and  
spur  
That lay in my hand, — but I answered  
her :

"Though you should proffer me twice  
and thrice  
Of ring and ribbon and steed, the  
price, —  
The leave of kissing your lily-like  
hand !  
I never could row you safe to th'  
land."

"Then God have mercy!" she faintly  
cried,

"For my lover is dying the other side!  
O cruel, O cruellest Gallaway,  
Be parted, and make me a path, I  
pray!"

Of a sudden, the sun shone large and  
bright  
As if he were staying away the night,  
And the rain on the river fell as sweet  
As the pitying tread of an angel's feet.

And spanning the water from edge to  
edge  
A rainbow stretched like a golden  
bridge,  
And I put the rein in her hand so fair,  
And she sat in her saddle, th' queen  
o' th' air.

And over the river, from edge to edge,  
She rode on the shifting and shimmer-  
ing bridge,  
And landing safe on the farther side, —  
"Love is thy conqueror, Death!" she  
cried.

#### REVOLUTIONARY STORY.

"GOOD mother, what quaint legend are  
you reading,  
In that old-fashioned book?  
Beside your door I've been this half-  
hour pleading  
All vainly for one look.

"About your chair the little birds fly  
bolder  
Than in the woods they fly,  
With heads dropt slantwise, as if o'er  
your shoulder  
They read as they went by;

"Each with his glossy collar ruffling  
double  
Around his neck so slim,  
Even as with that atmosphere of  
trouble,  
Through which our blessings swim.

"Is it that years throw on us chillier  
shadows,  
The longer time they run,  
That, with your sad face fronting yon-  
der meadows,  
You creep into the sun?

"I'll sit upon the ground and hear  
your story."

Sadly she shook her head,  
And, pushing back the thin, white veil  
of glory  
'Twixt her and heaven, she said:

"Ah! wondering child, I knew not of  
your pleading;  
My thoughts were chained, indeed,  
Upon my book, and yet what you call  
reading  
I have no skill to read.

"There was a time once when I had a  
lover;  
Why look you in such doubt?  
True, I am old now — ninety years and  
over:"  
A crumpled flower fell out

From 'twixt the book-leaves. "Seventy  
years they've pressed it:  
'T was like a living flame,  
When he that plucked it, by the pluck-  
ing blessed it;"  
I knew the smile that came,

And flickered on her lips in wannish  
splendor,  
Was lighted at that flower,  
For even yet its radiance, faint and  
tender,  
Reached to its primal hour.

"God bless you! seventy years since  
it was gathered?"  
"Aye: I remember well;"  
And in her old hand, palsy-struck, and  
withered,  
She held it up to smell.

"And is it true, as poets say, good  
mother,  
That love can never die?  
And that for all it gives unto another  
It grows the richer?" "Aye,

"The white wall-brier, from spring till  
summer closes,  
All the great world around,  
Hangs by its thorny arms to keep its  
roses  
From off the low, black ground;

"And love is like it: sufferings but try  
it;  
Death but evokes the might

That, all, too mighty to be thwarted by it,  
Breaks through into the light."

"Then frosty age may wrap about its  
bosom  
The light of fires long dead?"

Kissing the piece of dust she called a  
blossom,  
She shut the book, and said:

"You see yon ash-tree with its thick  
leaves, blowing  
The blue side out? (Great Power,  
Keep its head green!) My sweetheart,  
in the mowing  
Beneath it found my flower.

"A mile off all that day the shots were  
flying,  
And mothers, from the door,  
Looked for the sons, who, on their faces  
lying,  
Would come home never more.

"Across the battle-field the dogs went  
whining;  
I saw, from where I stood,  
Horses with quivering flanks, and  
strained eyes, shining  
Like thin skins full of blood.

"Brave fellows we had then: there was  
my neighbor, —  
The British lines he saw;  
Took his old scythe and ground it to a  
sabre,  
And mowed them down like straw!

"And there were women, then, of giant  
spirit, —  
Nay, though the blushes start,  
The garments their degenerate race in-  
herit  
Hang loose about the heart.

"Where was I, child? how is my story  
going?"

"Why, where by yonder tree  
With leaves so rough your sweetheart,  
in the mowing,  
Gathered your flower!" "Ah me!

"My poor lad dreamed not of the red-  
coat devil,  
That, just for pastime, drew  
To his bright epaulet his musket level,  
And shot him through and through.

"Beside him I was kneeling the next  
minute;

From the red grass he took  
The shattered hand up, and the flower  
was in it  
You saw within my book."

"He died." "Then you have seen  
some stormy weather?"

"Aye, more of foul than fair;  
And all the snows we should have  
shared together  
Have fallen on my hair."

"And has your life been worth the liv-  
ing, mother,

With all its sorrows?" "Aye,  
I'd live it o'er again, were there no  
other,  
For this one memory."

I answered soft, — I felt the place was  
holy —

One maxim stands approved:  
"They know the best of life, however  
lowly,  
Who ever have been loved."

#### THE DAUGHTER.

ALACK, it is a dismal night —  
In gusts of thin and vapory light  
The moonshine overbloweth quite  
The fretful bosom of the storm,  
That beats against, but cannot harm  
The lady, whose chaste thoughts do  
charm

Better than pious fast or prayer  
The evil spells and sprites of air —  
In sooth, were she in saintly care  
Safer she could not be than now  
With truth's white crown upon her  
brow —

So sovereign, innocence, art thou.  
Just in the green top of a hedge  
That runs along a valley's edge  
One star has thrust a golden wedge,  
And all the sky beside is drear —  
It were no cowardice to fear  
If some belated traveler near,  
To visionary fancies born,  
Should see upon the moor, forlorn,  
With spiky thistle burs and thorn;  
The lovely lady silent go,  
Not on a "palfrey white as snow,"  
But with sad eyes and footsteps slow;  
And softly leading by the hand  
An old man who has nearly spanned,

With his white hairs, life's latest sand.  
 Hope in her faint heart newly thrills  
 As down a barren reach of hills  
 Before her fly two whippoorwills ;  
 But the gray owl keeps up his wail —  
 His feathers ruffled in the gale,  
 Drowning almost their dulcet tale.  
 Often the harmless flock she sees  
 Lying white along the grassy leas,  
 Like lily-bells weighed down with bees.  
 And now and then the moonlight snake  
 Curles up its white folds, for her sake,  
 Closer within the poison brake.  
 But still she keeps her lonesome way,  
 Or if she pauses, 't is to say  
 Some word of comfort, else to pray.  
 What doth the gentle lady here  
 Within a wood so dark and drear,  
 Nor hermit's lodge nor castle near ?  
 See in the distance robed and crowned  
 A prince with all his chiefs around,  
 And like sweet light o'er sombre ground  
 A meek and lovely lady, there  
 Proffering her earnest, piteous prayer  
 For an old man with silver hair.  
 But what of evil he hath done,  
 O'erclouding beauty's April sun,  
 I know not — nor if lost or won,  
 The lady's pleading, sweet and low —  
 About her pilgrimage of woe,  
 Is all that I shall ever know.

THE MIGHT OF LOVE.

“THERE is work, good man, for you  
 to-day !”

So the wife of Jamie cried.

“For a ship at Garl'ston, on Solway,  
 Is beached, and her coal's to be got  
 away

At the ebbing time of tide.”

“And, lassie, would you have me start,  
 And make for Solway sands ?

You know that I, for my poor part,  
 To help me, have nor horse nor cart —  
 I have only just my hands !”

“But, Jamie, be not, till ye try,  
 Of honest chances balked ;  
 For, mind ye, man, I'll prophesy  
 That while the old ship's high and dry  
 Her master'll have her calked.”

And far and near the men were pressed,  
 As the wife saw in her dreams.

“Aye,” Jamie said, “she knew the  
 best,”

As he went under with the rest  
 To calk the open seams.

And while the outward-flowing tide  
 Moaned like a dirge of woe,  
 The ship's mate from the beach-belt  
 cried :

“Her hull is heeling toward the side  
 Where the men are at work be-  
 low !”

And the cartmen, wild and open-eyed,  
 Made for the Solway sands —  
 Men heaving men like coals aside,  
 For now it was the master cried :  
 “Run for your lives, all hands !”

Like dead leaves in the sudden swell  
 Of the storm, upon that shout,  
 Brown hands went fluttering up and fell,  
 As, grazed by the sinking planks, pell  
 mell  
 The men came hurtling out !

Thank God, thank God, the peril's past !  
 “No ! no !” with blanching lip,  
 The master cries. “One man, the last,  
 Is caught, drawn in, and grappled fast  
 Betwixt the sands and the ship !”

“Back, back, all hands ! Get what you  
 can —  
 Or pick, or oar, or stave.”

This way and that they breathless ran,  
 And came and fell to, every man,  
 To dig him out of his grave !

“Too slow ! too slow ! The weight  
 will kill !

Up make your hawsers fast !”  
 Then every man took hold with a will —  
 A long pull and a strong pull — still  
 With never a stir o' th' mast !

“Out with the cargo !” Then they go  
 At it with might and main.

“Back to the sands ! too slow, too slow !  
 He 's dying, dying ! yet, heave ho !  
 Heave ho ! there, once again !”

And now on the beach at Garl'ston  
 stood

A woman whose pale brow wore  
 Its love like a queenly crown ; and the  
 blood

Ran curdled and cold as she watched  
 the flood

That was racing in to the shore.

On, on it trampled, stride by stride.  
 It was death to stand and wait :  
 And all that were free threw picks aside,  
 And came up dripping out o' th' tide,  
 And left the doomed to his fate.

But lo ! the great sea trembling stands ;  
 Then, crawling under the ship,  
 As if for the sake of the two white  
 hands  
 Reaching over the wild, wet sands,  
 Slackened that terrible grip.

“ Come to me, Jamie ! God grants the  
 way.”  
 She cries, “ for lovers to meet.”  
 And the sea, so cruel, grew kind, they  
 say.  
 And, wrapping him tenderly round with  
 spray,  
 Laid him dead at her feet.

“ THE GRACE WIFE OF KEITH.”

No whit is gained, do you say to me,  
 In a hundred years, nor in two nor  
 three,  
 In wise things, nor in holy —  
 No whit since Bacon trod his ways,  
 And William Shakespæare wrote his  
 plays !  
 Aye, aye, the world moves slowly.

But here is a lesson, man, to heed ;  
 I have marked the pages, open and  
 read :  
 We are yet enough unloving,  
 Given to evil and prone to fall,  
 But the record will show you, after all,  
 That still the world keeps moving.

All in the times of the good King  
 James —  
 I have marked the deeds and their  
 doers' names.  
 And over my pencil drawing —  
 One Geillis Duncan standeth the first  
 For helping of “ anie kinde sick ” ac-  
 cursed,  
 And doomed, without trial, to  
 “ *thrawing*.”

Read of her torturers given their scope  
 Of wrenching and binding her head  
 with a rope,  
 Of taunting her word and her honor,

And of searching her body sae pure  
 and fair  
 From the lady-white feet to the gouden  
 hair  
 For the wizard's mark upon her !

Of how through fair coaxings and ago-  
 nies' dread  
 She came to acknowledge whatever  
 they said,  
 And, lastly, her shaken wits losing,  
 To prattle from nonsense and blas-  
 phemies wild  
 To the silly entreaties and tears of a  
 child,  
 And then to the fatal accusing.

First naming Euphemia Macalzean,  
 A lord's young daughter, and fair as a  
 queen :  
 Then Agnes, whose wisdom sur-  
 passed her :  
 “ Grace Wyff of Keith,” so her sentence  
 lies,  
 “ Adjudged at Holyrood under the eyes  
 Of the King, her royal master.”

Oh, think of this Grace wife, fine and  
 tall,  
 With a witch's bridle tied to the wall !  
 Her peril and pain enhancing  
 With owning the lie that on Hallowmas  
 Eve  
 She with a witch crew sailed in a sieve  
 To Berwick Church, for a dancing !

Think of her owning, through brain-  
 sick fright  
 How Geillis a Jew's-harp played that  
 night,  
 And of Majesty sending speedy  
 Across the border and far away  
 For that same Geillis to dance and play,  
 Of infernal news made greedy !

Think of her true tongue made to tell  
 How she had raised a dog from a well  
 To conjure a Lady's daughters :  
 And how she had gript him neck and  
 skin,  
 And, growling, thrust him down and in  
 To his hiding under the waters !

How Rob the Rower, so stout and  
 brave,  
 Helped her rifle a dead man's grave,  
 And how, with enchantments arming,  
 Husbands false she had put in chains,

And gone to the beds of women in  
pains  
And brought them through by charm-  
ing !

Think of her owning that out at sea  
The Devil had marked her on the knee,  
And think of the prelates round her  
Twitching backward their old gray  
hairs  
And bowing themselves to their awful  
prayers  
Before they took her and bound her !

The world moves ! Witch-fires, say  
what you will  
Are lighted no more on the Castle Hill  
By the breath of a crazy story ;  
Nor are men riven at horses' tails,  
Or done to death through pincered  
nails,  
In the name of God and his glory.

The world moves on ! Say what you  
can,  
No more may a maiden's love for a man,  
Into scorn and hatred turning,  
Wrap him in rosin stiff and stark,  
And roll him along like a log in its bark  
To the place of fiery burning.

And such like things were done in the  
days  
When one Will Shakespeare wrote his  
plays ;  
And when Bacon thought, for a  
wonder :  
And when Luther had hurled, at the  
spirit's call,  
Inkstand, Bible, himself, and all  
At the head of the Papal thunder.

### JOHNNY RIGHT.

JOHNNY RIGHT, his hand was brown,  
And so was his honest, open face,  
For the sunshine kissed him up and  
down,  
But Johnny counted all for grace ;  
And when he looked in the glass at  
night  
He said that brown was as good as  
white !

A little farm our Johnny owned,  
Some pasture-fields, both green and  
good,

A bit of pleasant garden ground,  
A meadow, and a strip of wood.  
" Enough for any man," said John,  
" To earn his livelihood upon !"

Two oxen, speckled red and white,  
And a cow that gave him a pail of  
milk,  
He combed and curried morn and night  
Until their coats were as soft as silk.  
" Cattle on all the hills," said he,  
" Could give no more of joy to me."

He never thought the world was wrong  
Because rough weather chanced a  
day ;  
" The night is always hedged along  
With daybreak roses, he would say ;  
He did not ask for manna, but said,  
" Give me but strength — I will get the  
bread !"

Kindly he took for good and all  
Whatever fortune chanced to bring,  
And he never wished that spring were  
fall,  
And he never wished that fall were  
spring ;  
But set the plough with a joy akin  
To the joy of putting the sickle in.

He never stopped to sigh " Oho !"  
Because of the ground he needs must  
till,  
For he knew right well that a man must  
sow  
Before he can reap, and he sowed  
with a will ;  
And still as he went to his rye-straw  
bed,  
" Work brings the sweetest of rest," he  
said.

Johnny's house was little and low,  
And his fare was hard ; and that was  
why  
He used to say, with his cheeks aglow,  
That he must keep his heart up high :  
Aye, keep it high, and keep it light !  
He used to say — wise Johnny Right !

He never fancied one was two ;  
But according to his strength he  
planned,  
And oft to his Meggy would say he  
knew  
That gold was gold, and sand was  
sand ;

And that each was good and best in its  
place,  
For he counted everything for grace.

Now Meggy Right was Meggy Wrong,  
For things with her went all awry ;  
She always found the day too long  
Or the day too short, and would  
mope and sigh ;  
For, somehow, the time and place that  
were,  
Were never the time and place for her !

" O Johnny, Johnny ! " she used to say,  
If she saw a cloud in the sky at  
morn.

" There will be a hurricane to-day ; "  
Or, " The rain will come and drench  
the corn ! "

And Johnny would answer with a smile,  
" Wait, dear Meggy, wait for a while ! "

And often before an ear was lost,  
Or a single hope of the harvest gone,  
She would cry, " Suppose there should  
fall a frost,

What should we do then, John, O  
John ! "

And Johnny would answer, rubbing  
his thumbs,

" Wait, dear Meggy, wait till it comes ! "

But when she saw the first gray hair,  
Her hands together she wrung and  
wrung,  
And cried, in her wicked and weak de-  
spair,

" Ah, for the day when we both were  
young ! "

And Johnny answered, kissing her  
brow,

" Then was then, Meg — now is  
now ! "

And when he spectacles put on,  
And read at ease the paper through,  
She whimpered, " Oh, hard-hearted  
John,

It is n't the way you used to do ! "

And Johnny, wiser than wiser men,  
Said, " Now is now, Meg — then was  
then ! "

So night and day, with this and that,  
She gave a bitter to all the bliss,  
Now for Johnny to give her a hat,  
And now for Johnny to give her a  
kiss,

Till, patience failing, he cried, " Peg,  
Peg !  
You 're enough to turn a man's head,  
Meg ! "

Oh, then she fell into despair —  
No coaxing could her temper mend ;  
For her part now she did n't care  
How soon her sad life had an end.  
And Johnny, sneering, made reply,  
" Well, Meg, don't die before you  
die ! "

Then foolish Meg began to scold,  
And call her Johnny ugly names ;  
She wished the little farm was sold,  
And that she had no household  
claims.

So that she might go and starve or beg,  
And Johnny answered, " O Meg,  
Meg ! "

Ah, yes, she did — she did n't care !  
That were a living to prefer ;  
What had she left to save despair ?  
A man that did n't care for her !  
Indeed, in truth she 'd rather go !  
" Don't, Meg," says Johnny, " don't  
say so ! "

She left his stockings all undarned,  
She set his supper for him cold ;  
And every day she said she yearned  
To have the hateful homestead sold.  
She could n't live, and would n't try !  
John only answered with a sigh.

Passing the tavern one cold night,  
Says Johnny, " I 've a mind to stop,  
It looks so cheery and so bright  
Within, and take a little drop,  
And then I'll go straight home to  
Meg."

There was the serpent in the egg.

He stopped, alas, alas for John.  
That careless step foredoomed his  
fall.

Next year the little farm was gone, —  
Corn fields and cattle, house and all ;  
And Meggy learned too late, too late,  
Her own self had evoked her fate.

#### THE SETTLER'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

IN a patch of clearing, scarcely more  
Than his brawny double hands,



With woods behind and woods before,  
The Settler's cabin stands ;  
A little, low, and lonesome shed,  
With a roof of clapboards overhead.

Aye, low, so low the wind-warped eave  
Hangs close against the door ;  
You might almost stretch a bishop's  
sleeve  
From the rafter to the floor ;  
And the window is not too large, a  
whit,  
For a lady's veil to curtain it.

The roof-tree's bent and knotty knees  
By the Settler's axe are braced,  
And the door-yard fence is three felled  
trees  
With their bare arms interlaced ;  
And a grape-vine, shaggy and rough  
and red,  
Swings from the well-sweep's high,  
sharp head.

And among the stubs, all charred and  
black,  
Away to the distant huts,  
Winds in and out the wagon-track,  
Cut full of zigzag ruts :  
And down and down to the sluggish  
pond,  
And through and up to the swamps  
beyond.

And do you ask beneath such thatch  
What heart or hope may be ?  
Just pull the string of the wooden  
latch,  
And see what you shall see :  
A hearth-stone broad and warm and  
wide,  
With master and mistress either side.

And 'twixt them, in the radiant glow,  
Prattling of Christmas joys,  
With faces in a shining row,  
Six children, girls and boys ;  
And in the cradle a head half-hid  
By the shaggy wolf-skin coverlid.

For the baby sleeps in the shaded  
light  
As gently as a lamb,  
And two little stockings, scarlet bright,  
Are hanging 'gainst the jamb ;  
And the yellow cat lies all of a curl  
In the lap of a two-years' blue-eyed  
girl.

On the dresser, saved for weeks and  
weeks,  
A hamper of apples stands,  
And some are red as the children's  
cheeks,  
And some are brown as their hands ;  
For cakes and apples must stead, you  
see,  
The rich man's costlier Christmas-tree.

A clock that looks like a skeleton,  
From the corner ticks out bold ;  
And that never was such a clock to  
run  
You would hardly need be told,  
If you were to see the glances proud  
Drawn toward it when it strikes so  
loud.

The Settler's rifle, bright and brown,  
Hangs high on the rafter-hooks.  
And swinging a hand's breadth lower  
down  
Is a modest shelf of books ;  
Bible and Hymn-book, thumbed all  
through,  
"Baxter's Call," and a novel or two.

"Peter Wilkins," "The Bloody  
Hand,"  
"The Sailor's Bride and Bark,"  
"Jerusalem and the Holy Land,"  
"The Travels of Lewis and Clarke :"  
Some tracts : among them, "The Milk-  
maid's Fall,"  
"Pleasure Punished," and "Death at  
a Ball."

A branch of sumach, shining bright,  
And a stag-horn, deck the wall,  
With a string of birds'-eggs, blue and  
white,  
Beneath. But after all,  
You will say the six little heads in a  
row  
By the hearth-stone make the prettiest  
show.

The boldest urchin dares not stir ;  
But each heart, be sure, rebels  
As the father taps on the newspaper  
With his brass-bowed spectacles ;  
And knitting-needle with needle clicks  
As the mother waits for the politics.

He has rubbed the glass and rubbed  
the bow,  
And now is a fearful pause :

"Come, Molly!" he says, "come Sue,  
come Joe,  
And I'll tell you of Santa Claus!"  
How the faces shine with glad surprise,  
As if the souls looked out of the eyes.

In a trice the dozen ruddy legs  
Are bare; and speckled and brown  
And blue and gray, from the wall-side  
peg

The stockings dangle down;  
And the baby with wondering eyes,  
looks out  
To see what the clatter is all about.

"And what will Santa Claus bring?"  
they tease,

"And, say, is he tall and fair?"  
While the younger climb the good  
man's knees,

And the elder scale his chair;  
And the mother jogs the cradle, and  
tries  
The charm of the dear old lullabies.

So happily the hours fly past,  
'T is pity to have them o'er;  
But the rusty weights of the clock, at  
last

Are dragging near the floor;  
And the knitting-needles, one and all,  
Are stuck in the round, red knitting-  
ball.

Now, all of a sudden the father twirls  
The empty apple-plate;

"Old Santa Claus don't like his girls  
And boys to be up so late!"

He says, "And I'll warrant our star-  
faced cow,  
He's waiting astride o' the chimney  
now."

Down the back of his chair they slide,  
They slide down arm and knee:

"If Santa Claus is indeed outside,  
He sha'n't be kept for me!"

Cry one and all; and away they go,  
Hurrying, flurrying, six in a row.

In the mother's eyes are happy tears  
As she sees them flutter away;

"My man," she says, "it is sixteen  
years

Since our blessed wedding-day;  
And I would n't think it but just a year  
If it was n't for all these children  
here."

And then they talk of what they will  
do

As the years shall come and go;  
Of schooling for little Molly and Sue,  
And of land for John and Joe;  
And Dick is so wise, and Dolly so  
fair,

"They," says the mother, "will have  
luck to spare!"

"Aye, aye, good wife, that's clear,  
that's clear!"

Then, with eyes on the cradle bent,  
"And what if he in the wolf-skin  
here

Turned out to be President?  
Just think! Oh, would n't it be  
fine,—

Such fortune for your boy and mine!"

She stopped—her heart with hope  
elate—

And kissed the golden head:  
Then, with the brawny hand of her  
mate

Folded in hers, she said:  
"Walls as narrow, and a roof as low,  
Have sheltered a President, you  
know."

And then they said they would work  
and wait,

The good, sweet-hearted pair—  
You must have pulled the latch-string  
straight,

Had you in truth been there,  
Feeling that you were not by leave  
At the Settler's hearth that Christmas  
Eve.

#### THE OLD STORY.

THE waiting-women wait at her feet,  
And the day is fading into the night,  
And close at her pillow, and round and  
sweet,

The red rose burns like a lamp  
alight,

And under and over the gray mists  
fold;

And down and down from the mossy  
eaves,

And down from the sycamore's long  
wild leaves

The slow rain droppeth so cold, so  
cold.

Ah! never had sleeper a sleep so fair ;

And the waiting-women that weep around,  
Have taken the combs from her golden hair,

And it slideth over her face to the ground.

They have hidden the light from her lovely eyes ;

And down from the eaves where the mosses grow

The rain is dripping so slow, so slow,

And the night wind cries and cries and cries.

From her hand they have taken the shining ring,

They have brought the linen her shroud to make :

Oh, the lark she was never so loath to sing,

And the morn she was never so loath to awake !

And at their sewing they hear the rain, —

Drip-drop, drip-drop over the eaves,  
And drip-drop over the sycamore leaves,

As if there would never be sunshine again.

The mourning train to the grave have gone,

And the waiting women are here and are there,

With birds at the windows, and gleams of the sun,

Making the chamber of death to be fair.

And under and over the mist unlaps,

And ruby and amethyst burn through the gray,

And driest bushes grow green with spray,

And the dimpled water its glad hands claps.

The leaves of the sycamore dance and wave,

And the mourners put off the mourning shows :

And over the pathway down to the grave

The long grass blows and blows and blows.

And every drip-drop rounds to a flower,

And love in the heart of the young man springs,

And the hands of the maidens shine with rings,

As if all life were a festival hour.

#### BALDER'S WIFE.

HER casement like a watchful eye  
From the face of the wall looks down,

Lashed round with ivy vines so dry,

And with ivy leaves so brown.

Her golden head in her lily hand

Like a star in the spray o' th' sea,

And wearily rocking to and fro,

She sings so sweet and she sings so low

To the little babe on her knee.

But let her sing what tune she may,

Never so light and never so gay,

It slips and slides and dies away

To the moan of the willow water.

Like some bright honey-hearted rose

That the wild wind rudely mocks,

She blooms from the dawn to the day's sweet close

Hemmed in with a world of rocks.

The livelong night she doth not stir,

But keeps at her casement lorn,

And the skirts of the darkness shine with her

As they shine with the light o' the morn

And all who pass may hear her lay,

But let it be what tune it may,

It slips and slides and dies away

To the moan of the willow water.

And there, within that one-eyed tower,

Lashed round with the ivy brown.

She droops like some unpitied flower

That the rain-fall washes down :

The damp o' th' dew in her golden hair,

Her cheek like the spray o' th' sea,

And wearily rocking to and fro

She sings so sweet and she sings so low

To the little babe on her knee.

But let her sing what tune she may,

Never so glad and never so gay,

It slips and slides and dies away

To the moan of the willow water.

## AT REHEARSAL.

O Cousin Kit MacDonald,  
I've been all the day among  
The places and the faces  
That we knew when we were young ;

And, like a hope that shineth down  
The shadow of its fears,  
I found this bit of color on  
The groundwork of the years.

So with words I tried to paint it,  
All so merry and so bright —  
And here, my Kit MacDonald,  
Is the picture light on light.

It was night — the cows were stabled,  
And the sheep were in their fold,  
And our garret had a double roof —  
Pearl all across the gold.

The winds were gay as dancers —  
We could hear them waltz and whirl  
Above the roof of yellow pine,  
And the other roof of pearl.

We had gathered sticks from the snow-  
drift,  
And now that the fire was lit,  
We made a ring about the hearth  
And watched for you, dear Kit.

We planned our pleasant pastimes,  
But never a game begun —  
For Cousin Kit was the leader  
Of all the frolic and fun.

With moss and with bark, for his sake,  
The fire we strove to mend —  
For the fore-stick, blazing at middle,  
Was frosty at either end ;

But after all of the blowing  
Till our cheeks were puffed and red,  
No warm glow lighted the umber  
Of the rafters overhead ;

And after all of the mending,  
We could not choose but see  
That the little low, square window  
Was as dark as dark could be.

The chill crept in from our fingers  
Till our hearts grew fairly numb —  
Oh, what if he should n't see the light,  
And what if he should n't come !

Then pale-cheeked little Annie,  
With a hand behind her ear  
Slipt out of the ring and listened  
To learn if his step were near ;

And Philip followed, striding  
Through the garret to and fro —  
To show us that our Cousin Kit  
Was marching through the snow ;

While Rose stood all a-tiptoe,  
With face to the window pressed,  
To spy him, haply, over the hill,  
And tell the news to the rest.

And at last there was shout and laugh-  
ter,  
And the watching all was done —  
For Kit came limping and whimpering,  
And the playing was begun.

"A poor old man, good neighbors,  
Who has nearly lost his sight,  
Has come," he said, "to eat your bread,  
And lodge by your fire to-night.

"I have no wife nor children,  
And the night is bitter cold ;  
And you see (he showed the snow on  
his hair) —  
You see I am very old !"

"We have seen your face too often,  
Old Mr. Kit," we said ;  
"How comes it that you're houseless —  
And why are you starved for bread ?

"Because you were thriftless and lazy,  
And would not plough nor sow ;  
And because you drank at the tavern —  
Ah ! that is why, you know !

"We don't give beggars lodging,  
And we want our fire and bread ;  
And so good-day, and go your way,  
Old Mr. Kit," we said.

Then showing his ragged jacket,  
He said that his money was spent —  
And said he was old, and the night was  
cold,  
And with body doubly bent

He reached his empty hat to us,  
And then he wiped his eye,  
And said he had n't a friend in the  
world  
That would give him room to die.

“But it was n't for you,” we answered,  
 “That our hearth to-night was lit.”  
 And so we turned him out o' the  
 house —  
 O Kit, my Cousin Kit !

As I sit here painting over  
 The night, and the fire, and the snow,  
 And all your boyish make-believe  
 In that garret rude and low,

My heart is broken within me,  
 For my love must needs allow  
*That you were at the rehearsal then  
 Of the part you are playing now.*

#### THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE.

PEACE ! for my brain is on the rack !  
 Peace of your idle prattling, John !  
 Ere peep o' daylight he was gone :  
 And my thoughts they run as wild and  
 black  
 As the clouds in the sky, from fear to  
 fear.  
 Mother o' mercy ! would he were  
 here —  
 Oh ! would that he only were safely  
 here —  
 Would that I knew he would ever come  
 back !  
 Yet surely he will come anon ;  
 Let 's see — the clock is almost on  
 The stroke o' ten. Even ere it strike,  
 His hand will be at the latch belike.  
 Set up his chair in the corner, John,  
 Add a fresh log, and stir the coals :  
 We can afford it, I reckon, yet.  
 The night is chilly and wild and wet,  
 And all the fishers' wives, poor souls,  
 Must watch and wait ! There are  
 elsewhere  
 Burdens heavy as mine to bear,  
 Though not so bitter. It was my fret  
 And worry that sent him to his boat.  
 Here, Johnny, come kneel down by  
 me,  
 And pray the best man keep afloat  
 That ever trusted his life at sea !  
 So : let your pretty head be bowed,  
 Like a stricken flower, upon my knee ;  
 And when you come to the sweet,  
 sweet word  
 Of *best*, my little one — my bird,  
 Say it over twice, and say it loud.

I do not dare to lift my eyes  
 To our meek Master in the skies ;  
 For it was my wicked pride, alas !  
 That brought me to the heavy pass  
 Of weary waiting and listening sad  
 To the winds as they drearily drift and  
 drive.

So pray in your praying for me, my lad !  
 Oh ! if he were there in the chair you  
 set,  
 With never a silvery fish in his net,  
 I'd be the happiest woman alive !

But he will come ere long, I know :  
 Here, Johnny, put your hand in mine,  
 And climb up to my shoulder — so :  
 Upon the cupboard's highest shelf  
 You'll see a bottle of good old wine —  
 I pressed the berry-juice myself.  
 Ah ! how it sparkles in the light,  
 To make us loath to break the seal ;  
 But though its warm red life could feel,  
 We would not spare it — not to-night !

Another hour ! and he comes not yet :  
 And I hear the long waves wash the  
 beach,  
 With the moan of a drowning man in  
 each.

And the star of hope is near to set.  
 The proudest lady in all the land  
 That sits in her chamber fine and high,  
 That sits in her chamber large and  
 grand,

I would not envy to-night — not I —  
 If I had his cold wet locks in my hand,  
 To make them warm and to make them  
 dry,

And to comb them with my fingers free  
 From the clinging sea-weed and the  
 sand

Washing over them, it may be.  
 Ah ! how should I envy the lady fair  
 With white arms hidden in folds of  
 lace,

If my dear old fisher were sitting there,  
 His pipe in his hand, and his sun-  
 brown face

Turning this way and that to me,  
 As I broiled the salmon and steeped  
 the tea.

O empty heart ! and O empty chair !  
 My boy, my Johnny, say over your  
 prayer ;  
 And straight to the words I told you  
 keep,  
 Till you pass the best man out on the  
 deep,

And then say this: If thou grantest,  
Lord,  
That he come back alive, and with fish  
in his net,  
The church shall have them for her  
reward,

And we, of our thankfulness, will set  
A day for fasting and scourge and pain.  
Hark! hark to the crazy winds again!  
The tide is high as high can be,  
The waters are boiling over the bar,  
And drawing under them near and far  
The low black land. Ah me! ah me!  
I can only think of the mad, mad sea;  
I can only think, and think, and think  
How quickly a foundered boat would  
sink,

And how soon the stoutest arms would  
fail.

'T is all of my worry and all of my fret,  
For I brewed the bitter draught I  
drink:

I teased for a foolish, flimsy veil.  
And teased and teased for a spangled  
gown,

And to have a holiday in the town.  
There was only just one way, one way,  
And he mended his net and trimmed  
his sail,

And trusted his life to the pitiless sea,  
My dear old fisher, for love of me,  
When a better wife would have said  
him nay;

And so my folly forlorn I bewail.  
Hark! Midnight! All the hearth is  
dim

And cold; but sure we need not strive  
To keep it warm and bright for him—  
He never will come back alive.

I hear the creak of masts a-strain,  
As the mad winds rush madly on.  
Kneel down and say yet once again  
The prayer I told you a while ago;  
And be not loud, my boy, my John—  
Nay, it befits us to be low—  
Nor yet so straight to the wording  
keep,

As I did give you charge before:  
The best man ever was on the deep  
Pray for; and say the best twice o'er.  
But when through our blessed Re-  
deemer you say  
The sweet supplication for him that's  
away,

That saints bring him back to us savèd  
from ill,

Add this to the Father: If so be Thy  
will.

And I, lest again my temptation assail,  
Will yield to my chast'ning, and cover  
up head  
With blackness of darkness, instead of  
the veil

I pined for in worry and pined for in  
fret,

Till my good man was fain to be gone  
with his net

Where but the winds scolded. Now  
get from your knees,

For I, from the depths of contrition,  
have said

The Amen before you. And we'll to  
the seas:

Belike some kind wave may be wash-  
ing ashore,

With coils of rope and salt sea-weed,  
some sign

To be as a letter sent out of the brine  
To tell us the last news—to say if he  
struck

On the rocks and went down—but  
hush! breathe not, my lad.

O sweet Lord of Mercy! my brain is  
gone mad!

Or that was the tune that he whistles  
for luck!

Run! run to the door! open wide—  
wider yet!

He is there!—he is here! and my  
arms are outspread

I am clasping and kissing his hands  
rough and brown.

Are you living? or are you the ghost  
of my dead?

'T is all of my worry and all of my  
fret;

Ashamed in his bosom I hung down  
my head.

He has been with his fishes to sell in  
the town,

For I see, snugly wrapt in the folds of  
his net,

The hindering veil and the spangled  
new gown.

#### MAID AND MAN.

ALL in the gay and golden weather,  
Two fair travelers, maid and man,  
Sailed in a birchen boat together,

And sailed the way that the river  
ran:

The sun was low, not set, and the west  
Was colored like a robin's breast.

The moon was moving sweetly o'er  
them,

And her shadow, in the waves afloat,  
Moved softly on and on before them

Like a silver swan, that drew their  
boat;

And they were lovers, and well content,  
Sailing the way the river went.

And these two saw in her grassy bower  
As they sailed the way the river run,  
A little, modest, slim-necked flower

Nodding and nodding up to the sun,  
And they made about her a little song  
And sung it as they sailed along :

"Pull down the grass about your  
bosom,

Nor look at the sun in the royal  
sky,

'T is dangerous, dangerous, little blossom,

You are so low, and he is so high —

'T is dangerous nodding up to him,  
He is so bright, and you are so dim !"

Sweetly over, and sadly under,

They turned the tune as they sailed  
along,

And they did not see the cloud, for a  
wonder,

Break in the water, the shape of the  
swan :

Nor yet, for a wonder, see at all  
The river narrowing toward the fall.

"Be warned, my beauty — 't is not the  
fashion

Of the king to wed with the waiting-  
maid —

Make not from sleep his fiery passion,  
But turn your red cheek into the  
shade —

The dew is a-tremble to kiss your  
eyes —

And there is but danger in the skies !"

Close on the precipice rang the ditty,

But they looked behind them, and  
not before,

And went down singing their doleful  
pity

About the blossom safe on the  
shore —

"There is danger, danger ! frail one,  
list !"

Backward whirled in the whirling mist.

### THE DOUBLE SKEIN.

UP ere the throstle is out of the thorn,  
Or the east a-blush with a rosy  
break,

For she wakens earlier now of a morn ;  
Earlier now than she used to wake,  
Such troublous moanings the sea-  
waves make.

She leans to her distaff a weary brow,  
And her cheeks seem ready the flax  
to burn,

And the wheel in her hand turns  
heavier now ;

Heavier now than it used to turn,  
When strong hands helped her the  
brook to earn.

She lists to the school-boy's laugh and  
shout,

And her eyes have the old expectant  
gleam ;

And she draws the fine thread out and  
out,

Till it drags her back from her ten-  
der dream,

And wide and homeless the world  
doth seem.

Over the fields to the sands so brown,  
And over the sands to the restless  
tides

She looks, and her heart tilts up and  
down ;

Up and down with the boat as it  
rides,

And she cries, "God steady the  
hand that guides !"

She watches the lights from the sea-  
cliffs go,

Bedazed with a wonder of vague sur-  
prise,

For the sun seems now to be always  
low,

And never to rise as he used to  
rise —

The gracious glory of land and  
skies.

She shrinks from the pattered splash of  
the rain,

For it taps not now as it used to  
do,

Like a tearful Spirit of Love at the  
pane,

And the gray mist sweeping across  
the blue  
Never so lightly, chills her through.

So spins she ever a double skein,  
And the thread on her finger all eyes  
may see,  
But the other is spun in her whirling  
brain  
And out of the sea-fog over the sea,  
For still with its treasure the heart  
will be.

### SELFISH SORROW.

THE house lay snug as a robin's nest  
Beneath its sheltering tree,  
And a field of flowers was toward the  
west,

And toward the east the sea,  
Where a belt of weedy and wet black  
sand  
Was always pushing in to the land,

And with her face away from the sun  
And toward the sea so wild,  
The grandam sat, and spun and spun,  
And never heeded the child,  
So wistfully waiting beside her chair,  
More than she heeded the bird of the  
air.

Fret and fret, and spin and spin,  
With her face the way of the sea :  
And whether the tide were out or in,  
A-sighing, "Woe is me !"  
In spite of the waiting and wistful eyes  
Pleading so sweetly against the sighs.

And spin, spin, and fret, fret,  
And at last the day was done,  
And the light of the fire went out and  
met  
The light o' the setting sun.  
"It will be a stormy night — ah me !"  
Sighed the grandam, looking at the  
sea.

"Oh, no, it is n't a-going to rain !"  
Cries the dove-eyed little girl,  
Pressing her cheek to the window-  
pane  
And pulling her hair out of curl.  
But the grandam answered with a sigh,  
Just as she answered the cricket's cry,

"If it rains, let it rain ; we shall not  
drown !"

Says the child, so glad and gay ;  
"The leaves of the aspen are blowing  
down :

A sign of fair weather, they say !"  
And the grandam moaned, as if the  
sea  
Were beating her life out, "Woe is  
me !"

The heart of the dove-eyed little girl  
Began in her throat to rise,  
And she says, pulling golden curl upon  
curl

All over her face and her eyes.  
"I wish we were out of sight of the  
sea !"

And the grandam answered, "Woe is  
me !"

The sun in a sudden darkness slid,  
The winds began to plain,  
And all the flowery field was hid  
With the cold gray mist and the  
rain.

Then knelt the child on the hearth so  
low,  
And blew the embers all aglow.

On one small hand so lily white  
She propped her golden head,  
And lying along the rosy light  
She took her book and read :  
And the grandam heard her laughter  
low,  
As she rocked in the shadows to and  
fro.

At length she put her spectacles on  
And drew the book to her knee :  
"And does it tell," she said, "about  
John,  
My lad, who was lost at sea ?"  
"Why, no," says the child, turning  
face about,  
"T is a fairy tale : shall I read it  
out ?"

The grandam lowlier bent upon  
The page as it lay on her knee :  
"No, not if it does n't tell about John,"  
She says, "who was lost at sea."  
And the little girl, with a saddened  
face,  
Shut her hair in the leaves to keep the  
place.



And climbing up and over the chair,  
 The way that her sweet heart led,  
 She put one arm, so round and fair,  
 Like a crown, on the old gray head.  
 "So, child," says the grandam — keep-  
 ing on  
 With her thoughts — "your book  
 does n't tell about John?"

"No, ma'am, it tells of a fairy old  
 Who lived in a daffodil bell,  
 And who had a heart so hard and  
 cold  
 That she kept the dew to sell;  
 And when a butterfly wanted a drink,  
 How much did she ask him, do you  
 think?"

"O foolish child, I cannot tell,  
 May be a crown, or so."  
 "But the fairy lived in a daffodil bell,  
 And could n't hoard crowns, you  
 know!"  
 And the grandam answered — her  
 thought joined on  
 To the old thought — "Not a word  
 about John?"

"But grandam" — "Nay, for pity's  
 sake  
 Don't vex me about your crown,  
 But say if the ribs of a ship should  
 break  
 And the ship's crew all go down  
 Of a night like this, how long it would  
 take  
 For a strong-limbed lad to drown!"

"But, grandam," — "Nay, have done,"  
 she said,  
 "With your fairy and her crown!  
 Besides, your arm upon my head  
 Is heavy; get you down!"  
 "O ma'am, I'm so sorry to give you a  
 pain!"  
 And the child kissed the wrinkled face  
 time and again.

And then she told the story through  
 Of the fairy of the dell,  
 Who sold God's blessed gift of the dew  
 When it was n't hers to sell,  
 And who shut the sweet light all away  
 With her thick black wings, and pined  
 all day.

And how at last God struck her blind.  
 The grandam wiped a tear,

And then she said, "I should n't mind  
 If you read to me now, my dear!"  
 And the little girl, with a wondering  
 look,  
 Slipped her golden hair from the leaves  
 of the book.

As the grandam pulled her down to  
 her knee,  
 And pressed her close in her arm,  
 And kissing her, said, "Run out and  
 see  
 If there is n't a lull in the storm!  
 I think the moon, or at least some star,  
 Must shine, and the wind grows faint  
 and far."

Next day again the grandam spun,  
 And oh, how sweet were the hours!  
 For she sat at the window toward the  
 sun,  
 And next the field of flowers,  
 And never looked at the long gray sea,  
 Nor sighed for her lad that was lost,  
 "Ah me!"

#### THE EDGE OF DOOM.

HEART - SICK, homeless, weak, and  
 weary,  
 On the edge of doom she stands,  
 Fighting back the wily Tempter  
 With her trembling woman's hands.  
 On her lip a moan of pleading,  
 In her eyes a look of pain,  
 Men and women, men and women,  
 Shall her cry go up in vain?

On the edge of doom and darkness —  
 Darker, deeper than the grave —  
 Off with pride, that devil's virtue!  
 While there yet is time to save,  
 Clinging for her life, and shrinking  
 Lower, lower from your frown:  
 Men and women, men and women,  
 Will you, can you, crowd her down?

On that head, so early faded,  
 Pitiless the rains have beat;  
 Famine down the pavements tracked  
 her  
 By her bruised and bleeding feet.  
 Through the years, sweet old Naomi,  
 Lead her in the gleaners' way;  
 Boaz, oh, command your young men  
 To reproach her not, I pray.

Face to face with shame and insult  
 Since she drew her baby-breath,  
 Were it strange to find her knock-  
 ing

At the cruel door of death ?  
 Were it strange if she should par-  
 ley

With the great arch-fiend of sin ?  
 Open wide, O gates of mercy,  
 Wider, wider ! — let her in !

Ah ! my proud and scornful lady,  
 Lapped in laces fair and fine,  
 But for God's good grace and mercy  
 Such a fate as hers were thine.  
 Therefore, breaking combs of honey,  
 Breaking loaves of snowy bread,  
 If she ask a crumb, I charge you  
 Give her not a stone instead.

Never lullaby, sung softly,  
 Made her silken cradle stir ;  
 Never ring of gay young playmates  
 Opened to make room for her !  
 Therefore, winds, sing up your sweet-  
 est,

Rocking lightly on the leaves ;  
 And, O reapers, careless reapers,  
 Let her glean among your sheaves !

Never mother, by her pillow,  
 Knelt and taught her how to say,  
 Lead me not into temptation,  
 Give me daily bread this day.  
 Therefore, reapers, while the corn-  
 stalks

To your shining sickles lean,  
 Drop, oh drop some golden handfuls —  
 Let her freely come and glean !

Never mellow furrows crumbled  
 Softly to her childish tread —  
 She but sowed in stony places,  
 And the seed is choked and dead.  
 Therefore, let her rest among you  
 When the sunbeams fiercely shine —  
 Barley reapers, let her with you  
 Dip her morsel in the wine !

And entreat her not to leave you  
 When the harvest week is o'er,  
 Nor depart from following after,  
 Even to the threshing-floor.  
 But when stars through fields of  
 shadow

Shepherd in the evening gray,  
 Fill her veil with beaten measures,  
 Send her empty not away.

Then the city round about her,  
 As she moveth by, shall stir  
 As it moved to meet Naomi  
 Home from famine — yea, for her !  
 And the Lord, whose name is Mercy,  
 Steadfast by your deed shall stand,  
 And shall make her even as Rachel,  
 Even as Leah, to the land.

### THE CHOPPER'S CHILD.

A STORY FOR THANKSGIVING DAY.

THE smoke of the Indian Summer  
 Darkened and doubled the rills,  
 And the ripe corn, like a sunset,  
 Shimmered along the hills ;  
 Like a gracious glowing sunset,  
 Interlaced with the rainbow light  
 Of vanishing wings a-trailing  
 And trembling out of sight ;

As, with the brier-buds gleaming  
 In her darling, dimpled hands,  
 Toddling slow adown the sheep-paths  
 Of the yellow stubble-lands —  
 Her sweet eyes full of the shadows  
 Of the woodland, darkly brown —  
 Came the chopper's little daughter,  
 In her simple hood and gown.

Behind her streamed the splendors  
 Of the oaks and elms so grand,  
 Before her gleamed the gardens  
 Of the rich man of the land ;  
 Gardens about whose gateways  
 The gloomy ivy swayed,  
 Setting all her heart a-tremble  
 As she struck within their shade.

Now the chopper's lowly cabin  
 It lay nestled in the wood,  
 And the dwelling of the rich man  
 By the open highway stood,  
 With its pleasant porches facing  
 All against the morning hills,  
 And each separate window shining  
 Like a bed of daffodils.

Up above the tallest poplars  
 In its stateliness it rose,  
 With its carved and curious gables,  
 And its marble porticoes ;  
 But she did not see the grandeur,  
 And she thought her father's oaks  
 Were finer than the cedars  
 Clipt so close along the walks.

So, in that full confiding  
 The unworldly only know,  
 Through the gateway, down the garden,  
 Up the marble portico,  
 Her bare feet brown as bees' wings,  
 And her hands of brier-buds full,  
 On, along the fleecy crimson  
 Of the carpets of dyed wool,

With a modest glance uplifted  
 Through the lashes drooping down,  
 Came the chopper's little daughter,  
 In her simple hood and gown ;  
 Still and steady, like a shadow  
 Sliding inward from the wood,  
 Till before the lady-mistress  
 Of the house, at last, she stood.

Oh, as sweet as summer sunshine  
 Was that lady-dame to see,  
 With the chopper's little daughter,  
 Like a shadow at her knee !  
 Oh, green as leaves of clover  
 Were the broideries of her train,  
 And her hand it shone with jewels  
 Like a lily with the rain.

And the priest before the altar,  
 As she swam along the aisle,  
 Reading out the sacred lesson,  
 Read it consciously, the while ;  
 The long roll of the organ  
 Drew across a silken stir,  
 And when he named a saint, it was  
 As if he named but her.

But the chopper's child undazzled  
 In her lady-presence stood —  
 (She was born amid the spendors  
 Of the glorious autumn wood) —  
 And so sweetly and serenely  
 Met the cold and careless face,  
 Her own alive with blushes,  
 E'en as one who gives a grace ;

As she said, the accents falling  
 In a pretty, childish way :  
 "To-morrow, then to-morrow  
 Will have brought Thanksgiving day ;  
 And my mother will be happy,  
 And be honored, so she said,  
 To have the landlord's lady  
 Taste her honey and her bread."

Then slowly spake the lady,  
 As disdainfully she smiled,  
 "Live you not in yonder cabin ?  
 Are you not the chopper's child ?

And your foolish mother bids me  
 To Thanksgiving, do you say ?  
 What is it, little starveling,  
 That you give your thanks for,  
 pray?"

One bashful moment's silence —  
 Then hushing up her pain,  
 And sweetness growing out of it  
 As the rose does out of rain —  
 She stript the woolen kerchief  
 From off her shining head.  
 As one might strip the outer husk  
 From the golden ear, and said :

"What have we to give thanks for ?  
 Why, just for daily bread !"  
 And then, with all her little pride  
 A-blushing out so red —  
 "Perhaps, too, that the sunshine  
 Can come and lie on our floor,  
 With none of your icy columns  
 To shut it from the door !"

"What have we to give thanks for ?"  
 And a smile illumed her tears,  
 As a star the broken vapors,  
 When it suddenly appears ;  
 And she answered, all her bosom  
 Throbbing up and down so fast :  
 "Because my poor sick brother  
 Is asleep at last, at last.

"Asleep beneath the daisies :  
 But when the drenching rain  
 Has put them out, we know the dew  
 Will light them up again ;  
 And we make and keep Thanksgiving  
 With the best the house affords,  
 Since, if we live, or if we die,  
 We know we are the Lord's :

"That out his hands of mercy  
 Not the least of us can fall ;  
 But we have ten thousand blessings,  
 And I cannot name them all !  
 Oh, see them yourself, good madam —  
 I will come and show you the way —  
 After the morrow, the morrow again  
 Will be the great, glad day."

And, tucking up her tresses  
 In the kerchief of gray wool,  
 Where they gleamed like golden wood-  
 lights  
 In the autumn mists so dull,  
 She crossed the crimson carpets,  
 With her rose-buds in her hands,

And, climbing up the sheep-paths  
Of the yellow stubble-lands,

Passed the marsh wherein the starlings  
Shut so close their horny bills,  
And lighted with her loveliness  
The gateway of the hills.  
Oh, the eagle has the sunshine,  
And his way is grand and still ;  
But the lark can turn the cloud into  
A temple when she will !

That evening, when the corn fields  
Had lost the rainbow light  
Of vanishing wings a-trailing  
And trembling out of sight,  
Apart from her great possessions  
And from all the world apart,  
Knelt the lady-wife and mistress  
Of the rich man's house and heart.

Knelt she, all her spirit broken,  
And the shame she could not speak,  
Burning out upon the darkness  
From the fires upon her cheek ;  
And prayed the Lord of the harvest  
To make her meek and mild,  
And as faithful in Thanksgiving  
As the chopper's little child.

#### THE DEAD-HOUSE.

IN the dead of night to the Dead-house,  
She cometh — a maiden fair —  
By the feet so slight and slender,  
By the hand so white and tender,  
And by the silken and shining lengths  
Of the girlish, golden hair,  
Dragging under and over  
The arms of the men that bear.  
Oh ! make of your pity a cover,  
And softly, silently bear :  
Perhaps for the sake of a lover,  
Loved all too well, she is there !

IN the dead of night to the Dead-house !  
So lovely and so lorn —  
Straighten the tangled tresses,  
They have known a mother's kisses,  
And hide with their shining veil of  
grace  
The sightless eyes and the pale, sad  
face  
From men and women's scorn.  
Aye, veil the poor face over,  
And softly, silently bear :

Perhaps for the sake of a lover,  
Loved all too well, she is there.

IN the dead of night to the Dead-house !  
Bear her in from the street :  
The watch at his watching found  
her —  
Ah ! say it low nor wound her,  
For though the heart in the bosom  
Has ceased to throb and beat,  
Speak low, when you say how they  
found her  
Buried alive in the sleet.  
Speak low, and make her a cover  
All out of her shining hair :  
Perhaps for the sake of a lover,  
Loved all too well, she was there.

Desolate left in the Dead-house !  
Your cruel judgments spare,  
Ye know not why she is there :  
Be slow to pronounce your "*mene*,"  
Remember the Magdalene ;  
Be slow with your harsh award —  
Remember the Magdalene ;  
Remember the dear, dear Lord !  
Holy, and high above her,  
By the length of her sin and shame,  
He could take her and love her —  
Praise to his precious name.

With oil of gentle mercy  
The tide of your censure stem ;  
Have ye no scarlet sinning ?  
No need for yourselves of winning  
Those sweetest words man ever spake  
In all the world for pity's sake,  
Those words the heardest heart that  
break :  
"Neither do I condemn."

IN the light of morn to the Dead-  
house  
There cometh a man so old —  
"My child !" he cries ; "I will wake  
her ;  
Close, close in my arms I will take  
her,  
And bear her back on my shoulder,  
My poor stray lamb to the fold !  
How came she in this dreadful place ?"  
And he stoops and puts away from the  
face  
The queenly cover of gold.  
"No, no !" he says, "it is not my  
girl !"  
As he lifts the tresses curl by curl,  
"She was never so pale and cold !"

In the light of morn in the Dead-house,  
 He prattleth like a child —  
 “No, no!” he says, “it cannot be —  
 Her sweet eyes would have answered  
 me,

And her sweet mouth must have  
 smiled —

She would have asked for her mother,  
 And for the good little brother

That thought it pastime and pleasure  
 To be up and at work for her.

And she doth not smile nor stir.”

And then, with his arms outspread  
 From the slender feet to the head,

He taketh the fearful measure.

“No, no!” he says, “she would wake  
 and smile” —

But he listens breathless all the while  
 If haply the heart may beat,

And tenderly with trembling hands  
 Out of the shining silken bands

Combs the frozen sleet.

In the light of morn in the Dead-house,  
 He prattleth on and on —

“As like her mother’s as can be  
 These two white hands; but if ’twere  
 she

Who out of our house is gone,  
 I must have found here by her side

He to whom she was promised bride:  
 And yet this way along the sleet

We tracked the little wandering feet.

And yesterday, her mother said,  
 When she waked and called her from  
 her bed,

She looked like one a dream had  
 crazed —

Her mother thought the sunshine  
 dazed,

And thought it childish passion

That made her, when she knelt to pray,  
 Falter, and be afraid to say,

Lord, keep us from temptation.

And I bethink, the mother said —  
 (What puts such thoughts into my  
 head?)

That never once the live-long day  
 Her darling sung the old love-lay

That ’t was her use to sing and hum  
 As hums the bee to the blossom;

And that when night was nearly come  
 She took from its place in her bosom

The picture worn and cherished long,  
 And as if that had done her wrong,

Or, as if in sudden ire,

And it were something to abhor,  
 She laid it, not as she used at night

Among the rose-leaves in the drawer,  
 But out of her bosom and out of sight  
 With its face against the fire.

“But why should I torment my heart  
 (And the tear from his cheek he  
 dashes)

As if such thoughts had any part  
 With these pale, piteous ashes?”

He opens the lids, and the eyes are  
 blue,

“But these are frost and my child’s  
 were dew!

No, no! it is not my poor lost girl.”

And he takes the tresses curl by curl  
 And tenderly feels them over.

“If it were she, the watch I know  
 Would never have dragged her out  
 of the snow —

Why, where should be her lover!”

And down the face and bosom fair  
 He spread the long loose flood of hair,

And left her in the Dead-house there,  
 All under her queenly cover.

#### ONE MOMENT.

ONE moment, to strictly run out by the  
 sands —

Time, in the old way just to say the  
 old saying —

Enough for your giving — enough  
 for my playing

The hope of a life in your sinless white  
 hands —

‘To call you my sweetheart, and ask  
 you to be

My fond little fairy and live by the  
 sea!

Five minutes — ten — twenty! but lit-  
 tle to spare,

Yet enough to repeat, in the homely  
 old fashion,

A story of true love, unfrenzied with  
 passion —

To say, “Will you make my rough  
 weather be fair,

And give me each day your red  
 cheek to be kissed?”

My dear one, my darling, my rose of  
 the mist?”

An half hour! — would I dare say  
 longer yet —

And the time (is so much you will  
 yield to my wishes).

When luck-thriven fishermen draw  
 their last fishes,  
 Whose silver sleek sides in the sea  
 dripping net,  
 And speckles of red gold, and scales  
 thin and crisp,  
 Through the fog-drizzle shine like a  
 Will-o'-the-wisp.

An hour! nay more — until star after  
 star  
 Takes his watch while the west-wind  
 through shadows thick falling,  
 Holds parley, in moans, with the tide,  
 outward crawling,  
 And licking the long shaggy back of  
 the bar,  
 As if in lamenting some ship gone  
 aground,  
 Or sailor, love-lorn, in the dead  
 waters drowned.

Two hours! and not a hair's breadth  
 from the grace  
 Of your innocent trust would I any  
 more vary  
 Than rob of her lilies the virginal  
 Mary;  
 But just in my two hands would hold  
 your fair face,  
 And look in your dove-eyes, and ask  
 you to be  
 My good little housewife, and live by  
 the sea!

Till midnight! till morning! old Time  
 has fleet wings,  
 And the space will be brief, so my  
 courage to steady,  
 As say, "Who weds me may not be  
 a fine lady  
 With silk gowns to wear, and twenty  
 gold rings,  
 But with only a nest in the rocks,  
 leaving me  
 Her praises to sing as I sail on the  
 sea."

I would buy her a wheel, and some flax-  
 wisps, and wool,  
 So when the wild gusts of the winter  
 were blowing,  
 And poor little bird-nest half hid in  
 the snowing.  
 The time never need to be dreary nor  
 dull —  
 But smiling the brighter, the darker  
 the day,

Her sunshine would scatter the  
 shadows away.

At eve, when the mist, like a shawl of  
 fine lace,  
 Wrapt her softly about, like a queen  
 in her splendor,  
 She still would sing over old sea-  
 songs, so tender,  
 To keep her in mind of her sailor's  
 brown face —  
 Of his distance and danger, and  
 make her to be  
 His good little housewife content by  
 the sea.

Believe me, sweet sweetheart, they have  
 but hard lives  
 Who go down to sea in great ships,  
 never knowing  
 How soon cruel waves o'er their  
 heads will be flowing  
 And fatherless children, and true-  
 hearted wives,  
 The place of their dead never see,  
 never know —  
 But the nest waits, my darling, ah!  
 say, will you go?

#### THE FLAX-BEATER.

"Now give me your burden if burden  
 you bear,"  
 So the flax-beater said,  
 "And press out and wring out the rain  
 from your hair,  
 And come into my shed;  
 The sweetest sweet-milk you shall  
 have for your fare,  
 And the whitest white-bread,  
 With a sheaf of the goldenest straw  
 for your bed;  
 Then give me your burden, if burden  
 you bear,  
 And come into my shed!

"I make bold to press my poor lodg-  
 ing and fare.  
 For the wood-path is lone,  
 Aye, lonely and dark as a dungeon-  
 house stair,  
 And jagged with stone.  
 Sheer down the wild hills, and with  
 thorn-brush o'ergrown,  
 I have lost it myself in despite of my  
 care,

Though I 'm used to rough ways and  
 have courage to spare ;  
 And then, my good friend, if the truth  
 must be known,  
 The huts of the settlers that stand here  
 and there  
 Are as rude as my own.

“ The night will be black when the day  
 shall have gone ;  
 'T is the old of the moon,  
 And the winds will blow stiff, and more  
 stiffly right on,  
 By the cry of the loon ;  
 Those terrible storm-harps, the oaks,  
 are in tune,  
 That creaking will fall to a crashing  
 anon ;  
 For the sake of your pitiful, poor little  
 one.  
 You cannot, good woman, have lodging  
 too soon !

“ Hark ! thunder ! and see how the  
 waters are piled,  
 Cloud on cloud, overhead ;  
 Mayhap I 'm too bold, but I once had a  
 child —  
 Sweet lady, she 's dead —  
 The daffodil growing so bright and so  
 wild  
 At the door of my shed  
 Is not yet so bright as her glad golden  
 head,  
 And her smile ! ah, if you could have  
 seen how she smiled !  
 But what need of praises,—you too  
 have a child ! ”  
 So the flax-beater said.

“ Ah, the soft summer-days, they were  
 all just as one,  
 And how swiftly they sped ;  
 When the daisy scarce bent to her  
 fairy-like tread,  
 And the wife, as she sat at her wheel  
 in the sun,  
 Sang sea-songs and ditties of true-love  
 that run  
 All as smooth as her thread ;  
 When her darling was gone then the  
 singing was done,  
 And she sewed her a shroud of the flax  
 she had spun,  
 And a cap for her head.

“ See, that cloud running over the last  
 little star,

Like a great inky blot,  
 And now, in the low river hollows  
 afar,  
 You can hear the wild waters through  
 driftwood and bar,  
 Boil up like a pot ;  
 It is as if the wide world was at war,  
 So give me your burden, if such you  
 have got,  
 And come to my shed, for you must,  
 will or not.”

“ Get gone you old man ! I 've no bur-  
 den to bear ;  
 You at best are misled !  
 And as for the rain, let it fall on my  
 hair ;  
 Is that so much to dread,  
 That I should be begging for lodging  
 and fare  
 At a flax-beater's shed ?  
 Get gone, and have done with your in-  
 solent stare,  
 And keep your gold straw, if you  
 leave me instead  
 But the ground for my bed ! ”  
 'T was thus the strange woman with  
 wringing wet hair  
 In her wretchedness said.

“ No burden ! and what is it then that  
 I trace  
 Wrapt so close in your shawl ?  
 I remember the look of the dear little  
 face,  
 And remember the look of the head,  
 round and small,  
 That I saw once for all  
 Under thin, filmy folds, like the folds  
 of your shawl ! ”  
 “ Why, then, 't is my bride-veil and  
 gown, have the grace  
 To believe — they are rolled in my  
 kerchief of lace ;  
 And that, old man, is all ! ”

“ Woman ! woman ! bethink what it is  
 that you say,  
 Lest it bring you to harm.  
 A bride-veil and gown are not hid  
 such a way  
 As the thing in your arm ! ”  
 “ My good man, my dear man, remem-  
 ber, I pray,  
 What trifles were sacred your own  
 wedding day,  
 And leave me my bride-veil and gown  
 hid away

From the fret of the storm.  
Oh, soften your heart to accept what I  
say —  
It is these, only these that I have in  
my arm !”

“Only these ! just a touch of this  
thing, and I know  
That my thoughts were misled !  
But why turn you pale ? and why  
tremble you so ?

If it be as you said,  
You have nothing from me nor from  
mortal to dread.”

Her voice fell to sobs, and she hung  
down her head,  
Hugged his knees, kissed his hands,  
kissed his feet as she said :

“Now spare me, oh spare me this  
death-dealing blow,  
And give me your cold, coldest pity,  
instead ;

I was crazed, and I spake you a lie in  
my woe ;

I am bearing my dead,  
To bury it out of my sight, you must  
know ;

But, good and sweet sir, I am wed,  
I am wed !”

“Unswathe you the corpse, then, and  
give it to me,

If that all be so well ;  
But what are these slender blue marks  
that I see

At the throat ? Can you tell ?”

“The kisses I gave it as it lay on my  
knee !”

“And dare you, false woman, to lie so  
to me ?”

“Why, then 't was the spell  
And work of a demon that came out of  
hell.”

“Now God give you mercy, if mercy  
there be,

For the angels that fell,  
Because, if there came up a demon  
from hell,  
That demon was thee !”

#### COTTAGE AND HALL.

WITH eyes to her sewing-work dropped  
down,

And with hair in a tangled shower,  
And with roses kissed by the sun, so  
brown,

Young Janey sat in her bower —  
A garden nook with work and book ;  
And the bars that crossed her girl-  
ish gown

Were as blue as the flaxen flower.  
And her little heart it beat and beat,  
Till the work shook on her knee,  
For the golden combs are not so  
sweet

To the honey-fasting bee  
As to her her thoughts of Alexis.

And across a good green piece of  
wood,

And across a field of flowers,  
A modest, lowly house there stood  
That held her eyes for hours —  
A cottage low, hid under the snow  
Of cherry and bean-vine flowers.  
Sometimes it held her all day long,  
For there at her distaff bent,  
And spinning a double thread of song  
And of wool, in her sweet content,  
Sat the mother of young Alexis.

And Janey turned things in and out,  
As foolish maids will do.

What could the song be all about ?  
Yet well enough she knew  
That while the fingers drew the wool  
As fine as fine could be,  
The loving mother-heart was full  
Of her boy gone to sea —  
Her blue-eyed boy, her pride and joy,  
On the cold and cruel sea —  
Her darling boy, Alexis.

And beyond the good green piece of  
wood,

And the field of flowers so gay,  
Among its ancient oaks there stood,  
With gables high and gray,  
A lofty hall, where mistress of all  
She might dance the night away.  
And as she sat and sewed her seam  
In the garden bower that day  
Alike from seam and alike from dream  
Her truant thoughts would stray ;  
It would be so fine like a lady to shine,  
And to dance the night away !  
And oh, and alas for Alexis !

And suns have risen and suns gone  
down

On cherry and bean-vine bowers,  
And the tangled curls o'er the eyes  
dove-brown

They fall no more in showers ;



Nor are there bars in the homespun  
gown

As blue as the flaxen flowers.  
Aye, winter wind and winter rain  
Have beaten away the bowers,  
And little Janey is Lady Jane,  
And dances away the hours !  
Maidens she hath to play and sing,  
And her mother's house and land  
Could never buy the jeweled ring  
She wears on her lily hand —  
The hand that is false to Alexis !

Ah, bright were the sweet young  
cheeks and eyes,

And the silken gown was gay,  
When first to the hall as mistress of  
all

She came on her wedding-day.  
"Now where, my bride," says the  
groom in pride —

"Now where will your chamber be ?"  
And from wall to wall she praises all,  
But chooses the one by the sea !  
And the suns they rise and the suns  
they set,

But she rarely sees their gleam,  
For often her eyes with tears are wet.  
And the sewing-work is unfinished  
yet,  
And so is the girlish dream.

For when her ladies gird at her,  
And her lord is cold and stern,  
Old memories in her heart must stir,  
And she cannot choose but mourn  
For the gentle boy, Alexis !

And alway, when the dance is done,  
And her weary feet are free,  
She sits in her chamber all alone  
At the window next the sea,  
And combs her shining tresses down  
By the light of the fading stars,  
And may be thinks of her homespun  
gown

With the pretty flax-flower bars.  
For when the foam of wintry gales  
Runs white along the blue,  
Hearing the rattle of stiffened sails,  
She trembles through and through,  
And may be thinks of Alexis.

#### THE MINES OF AVONDALE.

OLD Death proclaims a holocaust —  
Two hundred men must die !

And he cometh not like a thief in the  
night,

But with banners lifted high.  
He calleth the North wind out o' th'  
North

To blow him a signal blast,  
And to plough the air with a fiery  
share,

And to sow the sparks, broadcast.  
No fear hath he of the arm of flesh,  
And he maketh the winds to cry,  
Let come who will to this awful hill  
And his strength against me try !

So quick those sparks along the land  
Into blades of flame have sprung ;  
So quick the piteous face of Heaven  
With a veil of black is hung :

And men are telling the news with  
words,

And women with tears and sighs,  
And the children with the frightened  
souls

That are staring from their eyes.  
"Death, death is holding a holocaust !  
And never was seen such pyre —  
Head packed to head and above them  
spread

Full forty feet of fire !"

From hill to hill-top runs the cry.

Through farm and village and town,  
And high and higher — "The mine's  
on fire !

Two hundred men sealed down !  
And not with the dewy hand o' th' earth,  
And not with the leaves of the  
trees —

Nor is it the waves that roof their  
graves —

Oh no, it is none of these —  
From sight and sound walled round  
and round —

For God's sake haste to the pyre !  
In the black coal-beds, and above their  
heads

Full forty feet of fire !"

And now the villages swarm like bees,  
And the miners catch the sound,  
And climb to the land with their picks  
in hand

From their chambers in the ground.  
For high and low and rich and poor,  
To a holy instinct true,  
Stand forth as if all hearts were  
one

And a-tremble through and through.

On, side by side they roll like a tide,  
 And the voice grows high and higher,  
 "Come woe, come weal, we must break  
 the seal  
 Of that forty feet of fire."

Now cries of fear, shrill, far and near,  
 And a palsy shakes the hands,  
 And the blood runs cold, for behold,  
 behold

The gap where the enemy stands !  
 Oh, never had painter scenes to paint  
 So ghastly and grim as these —  
 Mothers that comfortless sit on the  
 ground

With their babies on their knees ;  
 The brown-cheeked lad and the maid  
 as sad

As the grandame and the sire,  
 And 'twixt them all and their loved,  
 that wall —

That terrible wall of fire !

And the grapple begins and the fore-  
 most set

Their lives against death's laws,  
 And the blazing timbers catch in their  
 arms

And bear them off like straws.  
 They have lowered the flaunting flag  
 from its place —

They will die in the gap, or save ;  
 For this they have done, whate'er be  
 won —

They have conquered fear of the  
 grave.

They have baffled — have driven the  
 enemy,

And with better courage strive ;  
 "Who knoweth," they say, "God's  
 mercy to-day,

And the souls He may save alive !"

So now the hands have digged through  
 the brands —

They can see the awful stairs,  
 And there falls a hush that is only  
 stirred

By the weeping women's prayers.  
 "Now who will peril his limb and life,  
 In the damps of the dreadful mine ?"

"I, I, and I !" a dozen cry,  
 As they forward step from line !  
 And down from the light and out o' th'  
 sight,

Man after man they go,  
 And now arise th' unanswered cries  
 As they beat on the doors below.

And night came down — what a woeful  
 night !

To the youths and maidens fair,  
 What a night in the lives of the miners'  
 wives

At the gate of a dumb despair.  
 And the stars have set their solemn  
 watch

In silence o'er the hill,  
 And the children sleep and the women  
 weep,

And the workers work with a will.  
 And so the hours drag on and on,  
 And so the night goes by,  
 And at last the east is gray with dawn,  
 And the sun is in the sky.

Hark, hark ! the barricades are down,  
 The torchlights farther spread,  
 The doubt is past — they are found at  
 last —

Dead, dead ! two hundred dead !  
 Face, close to face, in a long embrace,  
 And the young and the faded hair —  
 Gold over the snow as if meant to show  
 Love stayed beyond despair.

Two hundred men at yester morn  
 With the work of the world to strive ;  
 Two hundred yet when the day was set,  
 And not a soul alive !

Oh, long the brawny Plymouth men,  
 As they sit by their winter fires,  
 Shall tell the tale of Avondale  
 And its awful pyre of pyres.  
 Shall hush their breath and tell how  
 Death

His flag did wildly wave,  
 And how in shrouds of smoky clouds  
 The miners fought in their graves.  
 And how in a still procession

They passed from that fearful glen,  
 And there shall be wail in Avondale,  
 For the brave two hundred men.

#### THE VICTORY OF PERRY.

SEPTEMBER 10TH, 1813.

LIFT up the years ! lift up the years,  
 Whose shadows around us spread ;  
 Let us tribute pay to the brave to-day  
 Who are half a century dead.

Oh, not with tears — no, not with tears,  
 The grateful nation comes,

But with flags out-thrown, and bugles  
blown,  
And the martial roll of drums !

Beat up, beat up ! till memory glows  
And sets our hearts aflame !  
Ah, they did well in the fight who fell,  
And we leave them to their fame ;

Their fame, that larger, grander grows  
As time runs into the past,  
For the Erie-waves chant over their  
graves,  
And shall, while the world shall last.

O beautiful cities of the Lake,  
As ye sit by your peaceful shore,  
Make glad and sing till the echoes  
ring,  
For our brave young Commodore !

He knew your stormy oaks to take  
And their ribs into ships contrive,  
And to set them so fine in battle line,  
With their timbers yet alive.<sup>1</sup>

We see our squadron lie in the Bay  
Where it lay so long ago,  
And hear the cry from the mast-head  
high,  
Three times, and three, " *Sail ho !* "

Through half a century to-day  
We hear the signal of fight —  
" *Get under way ! Get under way !*  
*The enemy is in sight !* "

Our hearts leap up — our pulses thrill,  
As the boatswains' pipes of joy  
So loudly play o'er the dash o' the  
spray,  
" *All hands up anchor ahoy !* "

Now all is still, aye, deathly still ;  
The enemy's guns are in view !  
" *To the royal fore !* " cries the Com-  
modore,  
And up run the lilies and blue.<sup>2</sup>

And hark to the cry, the great glad  
cry, —  
All a-tremble the squadron stands —

<sup>1</sup> Perry, it will be remembered, cut down the trees, built and launched the ships of his fleet, all within three months.

<sup>2</sup> The famous fighting flag was inscribed with the immortal words of the dying Lawrence, in large white letters on a blue ground, legible throughout the squadron.

From lip to lip, " *Don't give up the  
ship !* "  
And then " *To quarters, all hands !* "

An hour, an awful hour drags by —  
There 's a shot from the enemy's  
gun !  
" *More sail ! More sail ! Let the can-  
ister hail !* "

Cries Perry, and forward, as one,  
*Caledonia, Lawrence, and Scorpion*, all  
Bear down and stand fast, till the  
flood  
Away from their track sends the scared  
billows back  
With their faces bedabbled in blood.

The *Queen*<sup>1</sup> and her allies their broad-  
sides let fall —  
Oh, the *Lawrence* is riddled with  
storms —  
Where is Perry ? afloat ! he is safe in  
his boat,  
And his battle-flag up in his arms !

The bullets they hiss and the English-  
men shout —  
Oh, the *Lawrence* is sinking, a  
wreck —  
But with flag yet a-swing like a great  
bloody wing  
Perry treads the *Niagara's* deck !

With a wave of his hand he has wheeled  
her about —  
Oh, the nation is holding its breath —  
Headforemost he goes in the midst of  
his foes  
And breaks them and rakes them to  
death !

And lo, the enemy, after the fray,  
On the deck that his dead have lined,  
With his sword-hilt before to our Com-  
modore,  
And his war-dogs in leash behind !

And well, the nation does well to-day,  
Setting her bugles to blow,  
And her drums to beat for the glorious  
fleet  
That humbled her haughty foe.

Ah, well to come with her autumn  
flowers,  
A tribute for the brave

<sup>1</sup> *Queen Charlotte* of the British line.

Who died to make our Erie Lake  
Echo through every wave —

*"We've met the enemy and they're  
ours!"*

And who died, that we might stand,  
A country free and mistress at Sea  
As well as on the Land.

#### THE WINDOW JUST OVER THE STREET.

I SIT in my sorrow a-weary, alone ;  
I have nothing sweet to hope or re-  
member,  
For the spring o' th' year and of life  
has flown ;  
'T is the wildest night o' the wild  
December,  
And dark in my spirit and dark in  
my chamber.

I sit and list to the steps in the street,  
Going and coming, and coming and  
going,  
And the winds at my shutter they blow  
and beat ;  
'T is the middle of night and the  
clouds are snowing ;  
And the winds are bitterly beating  
and blowing.

I list to the steps as they come and  
go,  
And list to the winds that are beat-  
ing and blowing,  
And my heart sinks down so low, so  
low ;  
No step is stayed from me by the  
snowing,  
Nor stayed by the wind so bitterly  
blowing.

I think of the ships that are out at  
sea,  
Of the wheels in th' cold, black wa-  
ters turning ;  
Not one of the ships beareth news to  
me,  
And my head is sick, and my heart  
is yearning,  
As I think of the wheels in the black  
waters turning.

Of the mother I think, by her sick  
baby's bed,

Away in her cabin as lonesome and  
dreary,  
And little and low as the flax-breaker's  
shed ;  
Of her patience so sweet, and her  
silence so weary,  
With cries of the hungry wolf hid in  
the prairie.

I think of all things in the world that  
are sad ;  
Of children in homesick and com-  
fortless places ;  
Of prisons, of dungeons, of men that  
are mad ;  
Of wicked, unwomanly light in the  
faces  
Of women that fortune has wronged  
with disgraces.

I think of a dear little sun-lighted head,  
That came where no hand of us all  
could deliver ;  
And crazed with the cruellest pain went  
to bed  
Where the sheets were the foam-  
fretted waves of the river ;  
Poor darling ! may God in his mercy  
forgive her.

The footsteps grow faint and more  
faint in the snow ;  
I put back the curtain in very de-  
spairing ;  
The masts creak and groan as th'  
winds come and go ;  
And the light in the light-house all  
weirdly is flaring ;  
But what glory is this, in the gloom  
of despairing !

I see at the window just over the  
street,  
A maid in the lamplight her love-  
letter reading.  
Her red mouth is smiling, her news is  
so sweet :  
And the heart in my bosom is cured  
of its bleeding,  
As I look on the maiden her love-  
letter reading.

She has finished the letter, and folding  
it, kisses,  
And hides it — a secret too sacred  
to know ;  
And now in the hearth-light she softly  
undresses :

A vision of grace in the roseate  
glow,  
I see her unbinding the braids of her  
tresses.

And now as she stoops to the ribbon  
that fastens

Her slipper, they tumble o'er shoul-  
der and face ;

And now, as she patters in bare feet,  
she hastens

To gather them up in a fillet of lace ;  
And now she is gone, but in fancy I  
trace

The lavendered linen updrawn, the  
round arm

Half sunk in the counterpane's  
broidered roses,

Revealing the exquisite outline of  
form ;

A willowy wonder of grace that re-  
poses

Beneath the white counterpane,  
fleecy with roses.

I see the small hand lying over the  
heart,

Where the passionate dreams are so  
sweet in their sally ;

The fair little fingers they tremble and  
part,

As part to th' warm waves the leaves  
of the lily,

And they play with her hand like the  
waves with the lily.

In white fleecy flowers, the queen o'  
the flowers !

What to her is the world with its  
bad, bitter weather ?

Wide she opens her arms — ah, her  
world is not ours !

And now she has closed them and  
clasped them together —

What to her is our world, with its  
clouds and rough weather ?

Hark ! midnight ! the winds and the  
snows blow and beat ;

I drop down the curtain and say to  
my sorrow,

Thank God for the window just over  
the street ;

Thank God there is always a light  
whence to borrow

When darkness is darkest, and sor-  
row most sorrow.

## A FABLE OF CLOUD-LAND.

Two clouds in the early morning  
Came sailing up the sky —  
'T was summer, and the meadow-lands  
Were brown and baked and dry.

And the higher cloud was large and  
black,

And of a scornful mind,  
And he sailed as though he turned his  
back

On the smaller one behind.

At length, in a voice of thunder,

He said to his mate so small,  
" If I was n't a bigger cloud than you,  
I would n't be one at all ! "

And the little cloud that held her  
place

So low along the sky,  
Grew red, then purple, in the face,  
And then she began to cry !

And the great cloud thundered out  
again

As loud as loud could be,  
" Lag lowly still, and cry if you will,  
I'm going to go to sea ! "

" The land don't give me back a smile,  
I will leave it to the sun,  
And will show you something worth  
your while,  
Before the day is done ! "

So off he ran, without a stop,  
Upon his sea voyage bent,  
And he never shed a single drop  
On the dry land as he went.

And directly came a rumble  
Along the air so dim ;  
And then a crash, and then a dash,  
And the sea had swallowed him !

" I don't make any stir at all,"  
Said the little cloud, with a sigh,  
And her tears began like rain to fall  
On the meadows parched and dry.

And over the rye and the barley  
They fell and fell all day,  
And soft and sweet on the fields of  
wheat,  
Till she wept her heart away.

And the bean-flowers and the buck-  
wheat,  
They scented all the air,  
And in the time of the harvest  
There was bread enough and to  
spare.

I know a man like that great cloud  
As much as he can live,  
And he gives his alms with thunder-  
cloud  
Where there is no need to give.

And I know a woman who doth keep  
Where praise comes not at all,  
Like the modest cloud that could but  
weep  
Because she was so small.

The name of the one the poor will  
bless  
When her day shall cease to be,  
And the other will fall as profitless  
As the cloud did in the sea.

#### BARBARA AT THE WINDOW.

CLOSE at the window-pane Barbara  
stands :  
The walls o' th' dingy old house are  
aglow ;  
Pressing her cheeks are her two little  
hands,  
Drooping her eyelids so meek and so  
low.

What do you see little Barbara ? Say !  
The walls o' th' dingy old house are  
aglow ;  
The leaves they are down, and the  
birds are away,  
And lilac and rosebush are white  
with the snow.

An hour the sun has been out o' th'  
west ;  
The walls o' th' poor little house are  
aglow ;  
Come, Barbara, come to th' hearth with  
th' rest,  
Right gayly she tosses her curls for  
a " No ! "

The grandmother sits in her straw-  
bottom chair ;  
And rafter and wall they are brightly  
aglow ;

The dear little mother is knitting a pair  
Of scarlet-wool stockings tipt white  
at th' toe.

A glad girl and boy are at play by her  
knee ;  
The walls o' th' poor little house are  
aglow !  
Now driving th' crickets, for cows, in  
their glee,  
Now rolling the yarn-balls o' scarlet  
and snow.

And now they are fishers, with nets in  
the stream ;  
And rafter and wall o' the house are  
aglow ;  
Or sleeping, or waking, their lives are  
a dream ;  
But what seeth Barbara, there in the  
snow ?

And th' voice of Barbara ringeth out  
clear ;  
The walls, the rough rafters, how  
brightly they glow ;  
If you will believe me, I see you all  
here !  
Our dear little room seemeth double,  
you know.

The fire, the tea-kettle swung on the  
crane ;  
And rafter and wall with the candle  
aglow ;  
Grandmother and mother, right over  
again !  
And Peter, and Katharine, all in the  
snow.

Sweet Barbara, standing so close to th'  
pane,  
With the walls o' th' little house  
brightly aglow ;  
You will only see everything over again,  
Whatever you see, and wherever you  
go !

#### BARBARA IN THE MEADOW.

THE morn is hanging her fire-fringed  
veil,  
Made of the mist, o'er the walnut  
boughs,  
And Barbara, with her cedar pail,  
Comes to the meadow to call the  
cows.

"The little people that live in the air  
Are not for my human hands to  
wrong,"

Says Barbara, and her loving prayer  
Takes them up as it goes along.

Gay sings the miller, and Barbara's  
mouth

Purses with echoes it will not repeat,  
And the rose on her cheek hath a May-  
day's growth

In the line with the ending, "I love  
you, sweet."

Yonder the mill is, small and white,  
Hung like a vapor among the rocks —  
Good spirits say to her morn and night,  
"Barbara, Barbara! stay with your  
flocks."

Stay for the treasures you have to keep,  
Cherish the love that you know is  
true ;

Though stars should shine in the tears  
you weep,  
They never would come out of heaven  
to you.

And were you to follow the violet veins  
Over the hills — to the ends of the  
earth,

Barbara, what would you get for your  
pains,  
More than your true-love's love is  
worth ?

So, never a thought about braver mills,  
Of prouder lovers your dreaming  
cease ;

A world is shut in among these hills —  
Stay in it, Barbara, stay, for your  
peace !

#### BALLAD OF UNCLE JOE.

WHEN I was young — it seems as  
though

There never were such when —  
There lived a man that now I know  
Was just the best of men ;  
I'll name him to you, "Uncle Joe,"  
For so we called him then.

A poor man he, that for his bread  
Must work with might and main.  
The humble roof above his head  
Scarce kept him from the rain ;

But so his dog and he were fed,  
He sought no other gain.

His steel-blue axe, it was his pride,  
And over wood and wave  
Its music rang out far and wide,  
His strokes they were so brave ;  
Excepting that some neighbor died,  
And then he dug his grave.

And whether it were wife or child,  
An old man, or a maid,  
An infant that had hardly smiled,  
Or youth, so lowly laid,  
The yellow earth was always piled  
Above them by his spade.

For spade he had, and grubbing-hoe,  
And hence the people said  
It was not much that Uncle Joe  
Should bury all the dead ;  
So rich and poor, and high and low,  
He made them each a bed.

The funeral-bell was like a jog  
Upon his wits, they say,  
That made him leave his half-cut log  
At any time of day,  
And whistle to his brindle dog  
And light his pipe of clay.

When winter winds around him drave  
And made the snow-flakes spin,  
I've seen him — for he did not save  
His strength, for thick nor thin —  
His bare head just above the grave  
That he was standing in.

His simple mind was almost dark  
To school-lore, that is true ;  
The wisdom he had gained at work  
Was nearly all he knew ;  
But ah, the way he made his mark  
Was honest, through and through.

'T was not among the rulers then  
That he in council sat ;  
They used to say that with his pen  
His fingers were not pat ;  
But he was still a gentleman  
For all and all of that.

The preacher in his silken gown  
Was not so well at ease  
As he, with collar lopping down  
And patches at his knees,  
The envy of our little town,  
He had n't a soul to please ;

Nor wife nor brother, chick nor child,  
 Nor any kith nor kin.  
 Perhaps the townsfolk were beguiled  
 And the envy was a sin,  
 But his look of sweetness when he  
 smiled  
 Betokened joy within.

He sometimes took his holiday,  
 And 't was a pleasant sight  
 To see him smoke his pipe of clay,  
 As if all the world went right,  
 While his brindle dog beside him lay  
 A-winking at the light.

He took his holiday, and so  
 His face with gladness shone ;  
 But, ah ! I cannot make you know  
 One bliss he held alone,  
 Unless the heart of Uncle Joe  
 Were beating in your own !

He had an old cracked violin,  
 And I just may whisper you  
 The music was so weak and thin  
 'T was like to an ado,  
 As he drew the long bow out and in  
 To all the tune he knew.

From January on till June,  
 And back again to snow,  
 Or in the tender light o' the moon,  
 Or by the hearth-fire's glow,  
 To that old-fashioned, crazy tune  
 He made his elbow go !

Ah ! then his smile would come so  
 sweet  
 It brightened all the air,  
 And heel and toe would beat and beat  
 Till the ground of grass was bare,  
 As if that little lady feet  
 Were dancing with him there !

His finger nails, so bruised and flat,  
 Would grow in this employ  
 To such a rosy roundness that  
 He almost seemed a boy,  
 And even the old crape on his hat  
 Would tremble as with joy.

So, digging graves, and chopping  
 wood,  
 He spent the busy day,  
 And always, as a wise man should,  
 Kept evil thoughts at bay ;  
 For when he could not speak the good,  
 He had n't a word to say.

And so the years in shine and storm  
 Went by, as years will go,  
 Until at last his palsied arm  
 Could hardly draw the bow ;  
 Until he crooked through all his form,  
 Much like his grubbing-hoe.

And then his axe he deeply set,  
 And on the wall-side pegs  
 Hung hoe and spade ; no fear nor fret  
 That life was at the dregs.  
 But walked about of a warm day yet,  
 With his dog between his legs.

Sometimes, as one who almost grieves,  
 His memory would recall  
 The merry-making Christmas Eves,  
 The frolic, and the ball.  
 Till his hands would shake like with-  
 ered leaves  
 And his pipe go out and fall.

Then all his face would grow as  
 bright —  
 So I have oft heard say —  
 As if that, being lost in the night,  
 He saw the dawn o' the day ;  
 As if from a churlish, chilling height  
 He saw the light o' the May.

One winter night the fiddle-bow  
 His fingers ceased to tease,  
 And they found him by the morning  
 glow  
 Beneath his door-yard trees,  
 Wrapt in the ermine of the snow,  
 And royally at ease.

What matter that the winds were  
 wild !  
 He did not hear their din,  
 But hugging, as it were his child,  
 Against his grizzly chin,  
 The treasure of his life, he smiled,  
 For all was peace within.

And when they drew the vest apart  
 To fold the hands away,  
 They found a picture past all art  
 Of painting, so they say ;  
 And they turned the face upon the  
 heart,  
 And left it where it lay.

And one, a boy with golden head,  
 Made haste and strung full soon  
 The crazy viol ; for he said,  
 Mayhap beneath the moon



They danced sometime a merry tread  
To the belovèd tune.

And many an eye with tears was dim  
The while his corse they bore ;  
No hands had ever worked for him  
Since he was born before ;  
Nor could there come an hour so grim  
That he should need them more.

The viol, ready tuned to play,  
The sadly-silent bow,  
The axe, the pipe of yellow clay,  
Are in his grave so low ;  
And there is nothing more to say  
Of poor old Uncle Joe.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

HER voice was tender as a lullaby,  
Making you think of milk-white  
dews that creep  
Among th' mid-May violets, when  
they lie,  
All in yellow moonlight fast asleep.

Aye, tender as that most melodious tone  
The lark has, when within some  
covert dim  
With leaves, he talks with morning all  
alone,  
Persuading her to rise and come to  
him.

Shy in her ways ; her father's cattle  
knew —  
No neighbor half so well — her  
footstep light,  
For by the pond where mint and mal-  
lows grew  
Always she came and called them  
home at night.

A sad, low pond that cut the field in  
two  
Wherein they ran, and never billow  
sent  
To play with any breeze, but still with-  
drew  
Into itself, in wrinkled, dull content.

And here, through mint and mallows  
she would stray,  
Musing the while she called, as it  
might be  
On th' cold clouds, or winds that with  
rough gray  
Shingled the landward slope of the  
near sea.

God knows ! not I, on what she mused  
o' nights  
Straying about the pond : she had  
no woe  
To think upon, they said, nor such de-  
lights  
As maids are wont to hide. I only  
know

We do not know the weakness or the  
worth  
Of any one : th' Sun as he will may  
trim  
His golden lights ; he cannot see the  
earth  
He loves, but on the side she turns  
to him.

I only know that when this lonesome  
pond  
Lifted the buried lilies from its  
breast  
One warm, wet day (I nothing know  
beyond),  
It lifted her white face up with the  
rest.





## POEMS OF THOUGHT AND FEELING.

### ON SEEING A DROWNING MOTH.

POOR little moth! thy summer sports  
were done,  
Had I not happened by this pool to lie ;  
But thou hast pierced my conscience  
very sore  
With thy vain flounderings, so come  
ashore  
In the safe hollow of my helpful hand, —  
Rest thee a little on the warm, dry  
sand,  
Then crawling out into the friendly  
sun,  
As best thou mayest, get thy wet wings  
dry.  
Aye, it has touched my conscience, little  
moth,  
To see thy bright wings made for other  
use,  
Haply for just a moment's chance  
abuse,  
Dragging thee, thus, to death ; yet am  
I loath  
To heed the lesson, for I fain would lie  
Along the margin of this water low  
And watch the sunshine run in tender  
gleams  
Down the gray elders — watch those  
flowers of light, —  
If flowers they be, and not the golden  
dreams  
Left in her grassy pillows by the  
night, —  
The dandelions, that trim the shadows  
so,  
And watch the wild flag, with her eyes  
of blue  
Wide open for the sun to look into, —  
Her green skirts laid along the wind,  
and she,  
As if to mar fair fortune wantonly,

Wading along the water, half her  
height.  
Fain would I lie, with arms across my  
breast,  
As quiet as yon wood-duck on her nest,  
That sits the livelong day with ruffled  
quills,  
Waiting to see the little yellow bills  
Breach the white walls about them, —  
would that I  
Could find out some sweet charm  
wherewith to buy  
A too uneasy conscience, — then would  
Rest  
Gather and fold me to itself ; and last,  
Forgetting the hereafter and the past,  
My soul would have the present for its  
guest,  
And grow immortal.

So, my little fool,  
Thou 'rt back upon the water ! Lord !  
how vain  
The strife to save or man or moth from  
pain  
Merited justly, — having thy wild way  
To travel all the air, thou comest here  
To try with spongy feet the treacher-  
ous pool ;  
Well, thou at least hast made one truth  
more clear, —  
Men make their fate, and do not fate  
obey.

### GOOD AND EVIL.

The evil that men do lives after them,  
The good is oft interred with their bones.  
JULIUS CÆSAR.

ONCE when the messenger that stays  
For all, beside me stood,

I mused on what great Shakespeare  
says  
Of evil and of good.

And shall the evil I have done  
Live after me? I said;  
When lo! a splendor like the sun  
Shone round about my bed.

And a sweet spirit of the skies  
Near me, yet all apart,  
In whispers like the low wind's sighs,  
Spake to my listening heart;

Saying, your poet, revered thus,  
For once hath been unwise;  
The good we do lives after us,  
The evil 't is that dies!

Evil is earthy, of the earth, —  
A thing of pain and crime,  
That scarcely sends a shadow forth  
Beyond the bounds of time.

But good, in substance, dwells above  
This discontented sphere,  
Extending only, through God's love,  
Uncertain shadows here.

## STROLLER'S SONG.

THE clouds all round the sky are black,  
As it never would shine again;  
But I 'll sling my wallet over my back,  
And trudge in spite of the rain!

And if there rise no star to guide  
My feet when day is gone,  
I 'll shift my wallet the other side,  
And trudge right on and on.

For this of a truth I always note,  
And shape my course thereby,  
That Nature has never an overcoat  
To keep her furrows dry.

And how should the hills be clothed  
with grain,  
The vales with flowers be crowned,  
But for the chain of the silver rain  
That draws them out of the ground!

So I will trudge with heart elate,  
And feet with courage shod,  
For that which men call chance and fate  
Is the handiwork of God.

There 's time for the night as well as  
the morn,  
For the dark as the shining sky;  
The grain of the corn and the flower  
unborn  
Have rights as well as I.

## A LESSON.

ONE autumn-time I went into the  
woods  
When Nature grieves,  
And wails the drying up of the bright  
floods  
Of summer leaves.

The rose had drawn the green quilt of  
the grass  
Over her head,  
And, taking off her pretty, rustling  
dress,  
Had gone to bed.

And, while the wind went ruffling  
through her bower  
To do her harm,  
She lay and slept away the frosty hour,  
All safe and warm.

The little bird that came when May was  
new,  
And sang her best,  
Had gone, — I put my double hand into  
Her chilly nest.

Then, sitting down beneath a naked  
tree,  
I looked about, —  
Saying, in these, if there a lesson be,  
I 'll spy it out.

And presently the teaching that was  
meant  
I thought I saw, —  
That I, in trial, should patiently consent  
To God's great law.

HE spoils his house and throws his  
pains away  
Who, as the sun veers, builds his  
windows o'er,  
For, should he wait, the Light, some  
time of day,  
Would come and sit beside him in  
his door.

## ON SEEING A WILD BIRD.

BEAUTIFUL symbol of a freer life,  
Knowing no purpose, and yet true to  
one ;

Would I could learn thy wisdom, I  
who run  
This way and that, striving against my  
strife.

No fancy vague, no object half un-  
known,

Diverts thee from thyself. By stops  
and starts

I live the while by little broken parts  
A thousand lives, — not one of all, my  
own.

Thou sing'st thy full heart out, and low  
or high

Flyest at pleasure ; who of us can say  
He lives his inmost self e'en for a  
day,  
And does the thing he would ? alas,  
not I.

We hesitate, go backward, and return,  
And when the earth with living sun-  
shine gleams,

We make a darkness round us with  
our dreams,  
And wait for that which we ourselves  
should earn.

For we shall work out answers to our  
needs

If we have continuity of will  
To hold our shifting purposes until  
They germinate, and bring forth fruit  
in deeds.

We ask and hope too much, — too  
lightly press

Toward the end sought, and haply  
learn, at length,

That we have vainly dissipated  
strength

Which, concentrated, would have  
brought success.

But Truth is sure, and can afford to  
wait

Our slow perception, (error ebbs and  
flows :)

*Her* essence is eternal, and she knows  
The world must swing round to her,  
soon or late.

## RICH, THOUGH POOR.

RED in the east the morning broke,  
And in three chambers three men  
woke ;

One through curtains wove that night  
In the loom of the spider, saw the light  
Lighting the rafters black and old,  
And sighed for the genii to make them  
gold.

One in a chamber, high and fair,  
With paneled ceilings, enameled rare,  
On the purple canopy of his bed  
Saw the light with a sluggard's dread,  
And buried his sullen and sickly face  
Deep in his pillow fringed with lace.

One, from a low and grassy bed,  
With the golden air for a coverlet ;  
No ornaments had he to wear  
But his curling beard and his coal-black  
hair ;  
His wealth was his acres, and oxen  
twain,  
And health was his cheerful chamber-  
lain.

Night fell stormy — "Woe is me !"  
Sighed so wearily two of the three ;  
"The corn I planted to-day will  
sprout,"  
Said one, "and the roses be blushing  
out ;"  
And his heart with its joyful hope o'er-  
ran :  
Think you he was the poorest man ?

—◆—

STILL from the unsatisfying quest  
To know the final plan,  
I turn my soul to what is best  
In nature and in man.

—◆—

THE glance that doth thy neighbor  
doubt

Turn thou, O man, within,  
And see if it will not bring out  
Some unsuspected sin.

To hide from shame the branded brow,  
Make broad thy charity,  
And judge no man, except as thou  
Wouldst have him judge of thee.

## SIXTEEN.

SUPPOSE your hand with power supplied, —  
 Say, would you slip it 'neath my hair,  
 And turn it to the golden side  
 Of sixteen years? Suppose you dare?

And I stood here with smiling mouth,  
 Red cheeks, and hands all softly white,  
 Exceeding beautiful with youth,  
 And that some sly, consenting sprite,

Brought dreams as bright as dreams can be,  
 To keep the shadows from my brow,  
 And plucked down hearts to pleasure me,  
 As you would roses from a bough;

What could I do then? idly wear —  
 While all my mates went on before —  
 The bashful looks and golden hair  
 Of sixteen years, and nothing more!

Nay, done with youth is my desire,  
 To Time I give no false abuse,  
 Experience is the marvelous fire  
 That welds our knowledge into use.

And all its fires of heart, or brain,  
 Where purpose into power was wrought,  
 I'd bear, and gladly bear again,  
 Rather than be put back one thought.

So sigh no more, my gentle friend,  
 That I have reached the time of day  
 When white hairs come, and heart-beats send  
 No blushes through the cheeks astray.

For, could you mould my destiny  
 As clay within your loving hand,  
 I'd leave my youth's sweet company,  
 And suffer back to where I stand.

## PRAYER FOR LIGHT.

OH what is Thy will toward us mortals,  
 Most Holy and High?

Shall we die unto life while we 're living?  
 Or die while we die?

Can we serve Thee and wait on Thee only  
 In cells, dark and low?  
 Must the altars we build Thee be built with  
 The stones of our woe?

Shall we only attain the great measures  
 Of grace and of bliss  
 In the life that awaits us, by cruelly  
 Warring on this?

Or, may we still watch while we work,  
 and  
 Be glad while we pray?  
 So reverent, we cast the poor shows of  
 Our reverence away!

Shall the nature thou gav'st us, pronouncing it  
 Good, and not ill,  
 Be warped by our pride or our passion  
 Outside of Thy will?

Shall the sins which we do in our blindness  
 Thy mercy transcend,  
 And drag us down deeper and deeper  
 Through worlds without end?

Or, are we stayed back in sure limits,  
 And Thou, high above,  
 O'erruling our trials for our triumph,  
 Our hatreds for love?

And is each soul rising, though slowly,  
 As onward it fares,  
 And are life's good things and its evil  
 The steps in the stairs?

All day with my heart and my spirit,  
 In fear and in awe,  
 I strive to feel out through my darkness  
 Thy light and Thy law.

And this, when the sun from his shining  
 Goes sadly away,  
 And the moon looketh out of her chamber,  
 Is all I can say;

That He who foresaw of transgression  
The might and the length,  
Has fashioned the law to exceed not  
Our poor human strength !

## THE UNCUT LEAF.

You think I do not love you ! Why,  
Because I have my secret grief?  
Because in reading I pass by,  
Time and again, the uncut leaf ?

One rainy night you read to me  
In some old book, I know not what,  
About the woods of Eldersie,  
And a great hunt — I have forgot

What all the story was — ah, well,  
It touched me, and I felt the pain  
With which the poor dumb creature fell  
To his weak knees, then rose again,

And shuddering, dying, turned about,  
Lifted his antlered head in pride,  
And from his wounded face shook out  
The bloody arrows ere he died !

That night I almost dared, I think,  
To cut the leaf, and let the sun  
Shine in upon the mouldy ink, —  
You ask me why it was not done.

Because I rather feel than know  
The truth which every soul receives  
From kindred souls that long ago  
You read me through the double  
leaves !

So pray you, leave my tears to blot  
The record of my secret grief,  
And though I know you know, seem not  
Ever to see the uncut leaf.

## THE MIGHT OF TRUTH.

WE are proclaimed, even against our  
wills —

If we are silent, then our silence  
speaks —  
Children from tumbling on the summer-  
hills

Come home with roses rooted in their  
cheeks.  
I think no man can make his lie hold  
good, —  
One way or other, truth is understood.

The still sweet influence of a life of  
prayer

Quickens their hearts who never bow  
the knee, —  
So come fresh draughts of living inland  
air

To weary homesick men, far out at  
sea.  
Acquaint thyself with God, O man, and  
lo !  
His light shall, like a garment, round  
thee flow.

The selfishness that with our lives has  
grown,  
Though outward grace its full expres-  
sion bar,

Will crop out here and there like belts  
of stone  
From shallow soil, discovering what  
we are.

The thing most specious cannot stead  
the true, —  
Who would appear clean, must be clean  
all through.

In vain doth Satan say, " My heart is  
glad,  
I wear of Paradise the morning  
gem ; "

While on his brow, magnificently sad,  
Hangs like a crag his blasted diadem.  
Still doth the truth the hollow lie invest,  
And all the immortal ruin stands con-  
fessed.

## TWO TRAVELERS.

Two travelers, meeting by the way,  
Arose, and at the peep of day  
Brake bread, paid reckoning, and they  
say

Set out together, and so trode  
Till where upon the forking road  
A gray and good old man abode.

There each began his heart to strip,  
And all that light companionship  
That cometh of the eye and lip

Had sudden end, for each began  
To ask the gray and good old man  
Whither the roads before them ran.

One, as they saw, was shining bright,

With such a great and gracious light,  
It seemed that heaven must be in sight.

"This," said the old man, "doth begin  
Full sweetly, but its end is in  
The dark and desert-place of sin.

"And this, that seemeth all to lie  
In gloomy shadow, — by-and-by,  
Maketh the gateway of the sky.

"Bide ye a little ; fast and pray,  
And 'twixt the good and evil way,  
Choose ye, my brethren, this day."

And as the day was at the close  
The two wayfaring men arose,  
And each the road that pleased him  
chose.

One took the pathway that began  
So brightly, and so smoothly ran  
Through flowery fields,—deluded man !

Ere long he saw, alas ! alas !  
All darkly, and as through a glass,  
Flames, and not flowers, along the  
grass.

Then shadows round about him fell,  
And in his soul he knew full well  
His feet were taking hold on hell.

He tried all vainly to retrace  
His pathway ; horrors blocked the  
place,  
And demons mocked him to his face.

Broken in spirit, crushed in pride,  
One morning by the highway-side  
He fell, and all unfriended, died.

The other, after fast and prayer,  
Pursued the road that seemed less fair,  
And peace went with him, unaware.

And when the old man saw where lay  
The traveler's choice, he said, "I pray,  
Take this to help you on the way ;"

And gave to him a lovely book,  
Wherein for guidance he must look,  
He told him, if the path should crook.

And so, through labyrinths of shade,  
When terror pressed, or doubt dis-  
mayed,  
He walked in armor all arrayed.

So, over pitfalls traveled he,  
And passed the gates of harlotry,  
Safe with his heavenly company.

And when the road did low descend,  
He found a good inn, and a friend,  
And made a comfortable end.

#### THE BLIND TRAVELER.

A POOR blind man was traveling one  
day,  
The guiding staff from out his hand  
was gone,  
And the road crooked, so he lost his  
way,  
And the night fell, and a great storm  
came on.

He was not, therefore, troubled and  
afraid,  
Nor did he vex the silence with his  
cries,  
But on the rainy grass his cheek he  
laid,  
And waited for the morning sun to  
rise.

Saying to his heart, — Be still, my  
heart, and wait,  
For if a good man happen to go by,  
He will not leave us to our dark estate  
And the cold cover of the storm, to  
die ;

But he will sweetly take us by the hand,  
And lead us back into the straight  
highway ;  
Full soon the clouds will have evan-  
ished, and  
All the wide east be blazoned with  
the day.

And we are like that blind man, all of  
us, —  
Benighted, lost ! But while the storm  
doth fall  
Shall we not stay our sinking hearts  
up, thus, —  
Above us there is One who sees it  
all ;

And if His name be Love, as we are  
told,  
He will not leave us to unequal strife ;  
But to that city with the streets of gold  
Bring us, and give us everlasting life.

## MY GOOD ANGEL.

VERY simple are my pleasures, —  
 O good angel, stay with me,  
 While I number what they be, —  
 Easy 't is to count my treasures.

Easy 't is, — they are not many :  
 Friends for love and company,  
 O good angel grant to me ;  
 Strength to work ; and is there any

Man or woman, evil seeing  
 In my daily walk and way,  
 Grant, and give me grace to pray  
 For a less imperfect being.

Grant a larger light, and better,  
 To inform my foe and me,  
 So we quickly shall agree ;  
 Grant forgiveness to my debtor.

Make my heart, I pray, of kindness  
 Always full, as clouds of showers ;  
 Keep my mortal eyes from blindness ;  
 I would see the sun and flowers.

From temptation pray deliver ;  
 And, good angel, grant to me  
 That my heart be grateful ever :  
 Herein all my askings be.

## CARE.

CARE is like a husbandman  
 Who doth guard our treasures :  
 And the while, all ways he can,  
 Spoils our harmless pleasures.

Loving hearts and laughing brows,  
 Most he seeks to plunder,  
 And each furrow that he ploughs  
 Turns the roses under.

## MORE LIFE.

WHEN spring-time prospers in the  
 grass,  
 And fills the vales with tender bloom,  
 And light winds whisper as they pass  
 Of sunnier days to come :

In spite of all the joy she brings  
 To flood and field, to hill and grove,

This is the song my spirit sings, —  
 More light, more life, more love !

And when, her time fulfilled, she goes  
 So gently from her vernal place,  
 And meadow wide and woodland glows  
 With sober summer grace :

When on the stalk the ear is set,  
 With all the harvest promise bright,  
 My spirit sings the old song yet, —  
 More love, more life, more light.

When stubble takes the place of grain,  
 And shrunken streams steal slow  
 along,  
 And all the faded woods complain  
 Like one who suffers wrong ;

When fires are lit, and everywhere  
 The pleasures of the household rife,  
 My song is solemnized to prayer, —  
 More love, more light, more life !

## CONTRADICTORY.

WE contradictory creatures  
 Have something in us alien to our  
 birth,  
 That doth suffuse us with the infinite,  
 While downward through our nat-  
 ures  
 Run adverse thoughts, that only find  
 delight  
 In the poor perishable things of  
 earth.

Blindly we feel about  
 Our little circle, — ever on the quest  
 Of knowledge, which is only, at the  
 best,  
 Pushing the boundaries of our ignor-  
 ance out.

But while we know all things are mira-  
 cles,  
 And that we cannot set  
 An ear of corn, nor tell a blade of grass  
 The way to grow, our vanity o'erswells  
 The limit of our wisdom, and we yet  
 Audaciously o'erpass  
 This narrow promontory  
 Of low, dark land, into the unseen  
 glory,  
 And with unhallowed zeal  
 Unto our fellow-men God's judgments  
 deal.



Sometimes along the gloom  
 We meet a traveler, striking hands  
 with whom,  
 Maketh a little sweet and tender light  
 To bless our sight,  
 And change the clouds around us and  
 above  
 Into celestial shapes, — and this is  
 love.

Morn cometh, trailing storms,  
 Even while she wakes a thousand  
 grateful psalms  
 And with her golden calms  
 All the wide valley fills ;  
 Darkly they lie below  
 The purple fire, — the glow,  
 Where, on the high tops of the eastern  
 hills,  
 She rests her cloudy arms.

And we are like the morning, —  
 heavenly light  
 Blowing about our heads, and th' dumb  
 night  
 Before us and behind us ; ceaseless  
 ills  
 Make up our years ; and as from off  
 the hills  
 The white mists melt, and leave them  
 bare and rough,  
 So melt from us the fancies of our  
 youth  
 Until we stand against the last black  
 truth  
 Naked and cold, and desolate enough.

## THIS IS ALL.

TRYING, trying — always trying —  
 Falling down to save a fall ;  
 Living by the dint of dying, —  
 This is all !

Giving, giving — always giving —  
 Gathering just abroad to cast ;  
 Dying by the dint of living  
 At the last !

Sighing, smiling — smiling, sighing —  
 Sun in shade, and shade in sun ;  
 Dying, living — living, dying —  
 Both in one !

Hoping in our very fearing,  
 Striving hard against our strife ;

Drifting in the stead of steering, —  
 This is life !

Seeming to believe in seeming,  
 Half disproving, to approve ;  
 Knowing that we dream, in dream-  
 ing, —  
 This is love !

Being in our weakness stronger, —  
 Living where there is no breath ;  
 Feeling harm can harm no longer, —  
 This is death.

## IN VAIN.

Down the peach-tree slid  
 The milk-white drops of th' dew,  
 All in that merry time of th' year  
 When the world is made anew.

The daisy dressed in white,  
 The paw-paw flower in brown,  
 And th' violet sat by her lover, th'  
 brook,  
 With her golden eyelids down.

Gayly its own best hue  
 Shone in each leaf and stem, —  
 Gayly the children rolled on th' grass,  
 With their shadows after them.

I said, Be sweet for me,  
 O little wild flowers ! for I  
 Have larger need, and shut in myself,  
 I wither and waste and die !

Pity me, sing for me !  
 I cried to the tuneful bird ;  
 My heart is full of th' spirit of song,  
 And I cannot sing a word !

Like a buried stream that longs  
 Through th' upper world to run,  
 And kiss the dawn in her rosy mouth,  
 And lie in th' light of th' sun ;

So in me, is my soul,  
 Wasting in darkness the hours,  
 Ever fretted and sullen and sad  
 With a sense of its unused powers.

In vain ! each little flower  
 Must be sweet for itself, nor part  
 With its white or brown, and every  
 bird  
 Must sing from its own full heart.

## BEST, TO THE BEST.

THE wind blows where it listeth,  
 Out of the east and west,  
 And the sinner's way is as dark as  
 death,  
 And life is best, to the best.

The touch of evil corrupteth ;  
 Tarry not on its track ;  
 The grass where the serpent crawls is  
 stirred  
 As if it grew on his back.

To know the beauty of cleanness  
 The heart must be clean and sweet ;  
 We must love our neighbor to get his  
 his love, —  
 As we measure, he will mete.

Cold black crusts to the beggar,  
 A cloak of rags and woe ;  
 And the furrows are warm to the sower's  
 feet,  
 And his bread is white as snow.

Can blind eyes see the even,  
 As he hangs on th' days' soft close,  
 Like a lusty boy on his mother's  
 neck,  
 Bright in the face as a rose ?

The grave is cold and cruel, —  
 Rest, pregnant with unrest ;  
 And woman must moan and man must  
 groan ;  
 But life is best, to the best.

## THORNS.

I DO not think the Providence un-  
 kind  
 That gives its bad things to this life  
 of ours ;  
 They are the thorns whereby we, travel-  
 ers blind,  
 Feel out our flowers.

I think hate shows the quality of  
 love, —  
 That wrong attests that somewhere  
 there is right :  
 Do not the darkest shadows serve to  
 prove  
 The power of light ?

On tyrannous ways the feet of Freedom  
 press ;  
 The green bough broken off, lets  
 sunshine in ;  
 And where sin is, aboundeth righteous-  
 ness,  
 Much more than sin.

Man cannot be all selfish ; separate  
 good  
 Is nowhere found beneath the shin-  
 ing sun :  
 All adverse interests, truly understood,  
 Resolve to one !

I do believe all worship doth ascend, —  
 Whether from temple floors by hea-  
 then trod,  
 Or from the shrines where Christian  
 praises blend, —  
 To the true God,

Blessed forever : that His love pre-  
 pares  
 The raven's food ; the sparrow's fall  
 doth see ;  
 And, simple, sinful as I am, He cares  
 Even for me.

## OLD ADAM.

THE wind is blowing cold from the  
 west,  
 And your hair is gray and thin ;  
 Come in, old Adam, and shut the  
 door, —  
 Come in, old Adam, come in !  
 "The wind is blowing out o' the west,  
 Cold, cold, and my hair is thin ;  
 But it is not there, that face so fair,  
 And why should I go in ?"

The wind is blowing cold from the  
 west ;  
 The day is almost gone ;  
 The cock is abed, the cattle fed,  
 And the night is coming on !  
 Come in, old Adam, and shut the door,  
 And leave without your care.  
 "Nay, nay, for the sun of my life is  
 down,  
 And the night is everywhere."

The cricket chirps, and your chair is  
 set  
 Where the fire shines warm and  
 clear :

Come in, old Adam, and you will forget

It is not the spring o' the year.  
Come in! the wind blows wild from the west,

And your hair is gray and thin.  
" 'T is not there now, that sweet, sweet brow,  
And why should I go in? "

## SOMETIMES.

SOMETIMES for days  
Along the fields that I of time have leased,  
I go, nor find a single leaf increased ;  
And hopeless, graze  
With forehead stooping downward like a beast.

O heavy hours !  
My life seems all a failure, and I sigh,  
What is there left for me to do, but die ?

So small my powers  
That I can only stretch them to a cry !

But while I stretch  
What strength I have, though only to a cry,  
I gain an utterance that men know me by ;  
Create, and fetch  
A something out of chaos, — that is I.

Good comes to pass  
We know not when nor how, for, looking to  
What seemed a barren waste, there starts to view  
Some bunch of grass,  
Or snarl of violets, shining with the dew.

I do believe  
The very impotence to pray, is prayer ;  
The hope that all will end, is in despair,  
And while we grieve,  
Comfort abideth with us, unaware.

Too much of joy is sorrowful,  
So cares must needs abound ;  
The vine that bears too many flowers  
Will trail upon the ground.

## THE SEA-SIDE CAVE.

" A bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings tell the matter."

AT the dead of night by the side of the Sea

I met my gray-haired enemy, —  
The glittering light of his serpent eye  
Was all I had to see him by.

At the dead of night, and stormy weather

We went into a cave together, —  
Into a cave by the side of the Sea,  
And — he never came out with me !

The flower that up through the April mould

Comes like a miser dragging his gold,  
Never made spot of earth so bright  
As was the ground in the cave that night.

Dead of night, and stormy weather !  
Who should see us going together  
Under the black and dripping stone  
Of the cave from whence I came alone !

Next day as my boy sat on my knee  
He picked the gray hairs off from me,  
And told with eyes brimful of fear  
How a bird in the meadow near

Over her clay-built nest had spread  
Sticks and leaves all bloody red,  
Brought from a cave by the side of the Sea  
Where some murdered man must be.

## THE MEASURE OF TIME.

A BREATH, like the wind's breath, may carry  
A name far and wide,  
But the measure of time does not tally  
With any man's pride.

'T is not a wild chorus of praises,  
Nor chance, nor yet fate, —  
'T is the greatness born with him, and in him,  
That makes the man great.

And when in the calm self-possession  
That birthright confers,  
The man is stretched out to her measure,  
Fame claims him for hers.

Too proud too fall back on achievement,  
With work in his sight,  
His triumph may not overtake him  
This side of the night.

And men, with his honors about them,  
His grave-mound may pass,  
Nor dream what a great heart lies under  
Its short knotty grass.

But though he has lived thus unprospered,  
And died thus, alone,  
His face may not always be hid by  
A hand-breadth of stone.

The long years are wiser than any  
Wise day of them all,  
And the hero at last shall stand upright, —  
The base image fall.

The counterfeit may for a season  
Deceive the wide earth,  
But the lie, waxing great, comes to  
labor.  
And truth has its birth.

#### IDLE FEARS.

In my lost childhood old folks said to me,  
“Now is the time and season of your bliss ;  
All joy is in the hope of joy to be,  
Not in possession ; and in after years  
You will look back with longing sighs  
and tears  
To the young days when you from care  
were free.”  
It was not true ; they nurtured idle  
fears ;  
I never saw so good a day as this !

And youth and I have parted : long ago  
I looked into my glass, and saw one  
day  
A little silver line that told me so :  
At first I shut my eyes and cried, and then

I hid it under girlish flowers, but when  
Persuasion would not make my mate to  
stay,  
I bowed my faded head, and said,  
“Amen !”  
And all my peace is since she went  
away.

My window opens toward the autumn  
woods ;  
I see the ghosts of thistles walk the air  
O'er the long, level stubble-land that  
broods ;  
Beneath the herbless rocks that jutting  
lie,  
Summer has gathered her white family  
Of shrinking daisies ; all the hills are  
bare,  
And in the meadows not a limb of buds  
Through the brown bushes showeth  
anywhere.

Dear, beauteous season, we must say  
good-bye,  
And can afford to, we have been so  
blest,  
And farewells suit the time ; the year  
doth lie  
With cloudy skirts composed, and pallid  
face  
Hid under yellow leaves, with touching  
grace,  
So that her bright-haired sweetheart of  
the sky  
The image of her prime may not dis-  
place.

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Do not look for wrong and evil —  
You will find them if you do ;  
As you measure for your neighbor  
He will measure back to you.

Look for goodness, look for gladness,  
You will meet them all the while ;  
If you bring a smiling visage  
To the glass, you meet a smile.

---

OUR unwise purposes are wisely  
crossed ;  
Being small ourselves, we must essay  
small things :  
Th' adventurous mote, with wide,  
outwearied wings  
Crawling across a water-drop, is lost.

## HINTS.

Two thirsty travelers chanced one day  
to meet

Where a spring bubbled from the  
burning sand ;

One drank out of the hollow of his  
hand,  
And found the water very cool and  
sweet.

The other waited for a smith to beat  
And fashion for his use a golden cup ;  
And while he waited, fainting in the  
heat,

The sunshine came and drank the  
fountain up !

In a green field two little flowers there  
were,

And both were fair in th' face and  
tender-eyed ;

One took the light and dew that  
heaven supplied,  
And all the summer gusts were sweet  
with her.

The other, to her nature false, denied  
That she had any need of sun and  
dew,

And hung her silly head, and sickly  
grew,  
And frayed and faded, all untimely died.

A vine o' th' bean, that had been early  
wed

To a tall peach, conceiving that he  
hid

Her glories from the world, unwisely  
slid  
Out of his arms, and vainly chafing,  
said :

" This fellow is an enemy of mine,  
And dwarfs me with his shade : " she  
would not see

That she was made a vine, and not a  
tree,  
And that a tree is stronger than a vine.

## TO A STAGNANT RIVER.

O RIVER, why lie with your beautiful  
face

To the hill ? Can you move him away  
from his place ?

You may moan, — you may clasp him  
with soft arms forever, —  
He will still be a flinty hill, — you be a  
river.

'T is willful, 't is wicked to waste in de-  
spair

The treasure so many are dying to  
share,

The gifts that we have, Heaven lends  
for right using,  
And not for ignoring, and not for abus-  
ing.

Let the moss have his love, and the  
grass and the dew, —

By God's law he cannot be mated with  
you.

His friend is the stubble, his life is the  
dust,

You are not what you would, — you  
must be what you must.

If into his keeping your fortune you  
cast,

I tell you the end will be hatred at  
last,

Or death through stagnation ; your rest  
is in motion ;

The aim of your being, the cloud and  
the ocean.

Love cannot be love, with itself set at  
strife ;

To sin against Nature is death and not  
life.

You may freeze in the shadow or seethe  
in the sun,

But the oil and the water will not be at  
one.

Your pride and your peace, when this  
passion is crossed,

Will pay for the struggle whatever it  
cost ;

But though earth dissolve, though the  
heavens should fall,

To yourself, your Creator, be true first  
of all.

APART from the woes that are dead  
and gone,

And the shadow of future care,  
The heaviest yoke of the present hour  
Is easy enough to bear.

## COUNSEL.

SEEK not to walk by borrowed light,  
But keep unto thine own :  
Do what thou doest with thy might,  
And trust thyself alone !

Work for some good, nor idly lie  
Within the human hive ;  
And though the outward man should  
die,  
Keep thou the heart alive !

Strive not to banish pain and doubt,  
In pleasure's noisy din ;  
The peace thou seekest for without  
Is only found within.

If fortune disregard thy claim,  
By worth, her slight attest ;  
Nor blush and hang the head for shame  
When thou hast done thy best.

What thy experience teaches true,  
Be vigilant to heed ;  
The wisdom that we suffer to,  
Is wiser than a creed.

Disdain neglect, ignore despair,  
On loves and friendships gone  
Plant thou thy feet, as on a stair,  
And mount right up and on !

## LATENT LIFE.

THOUGH never shown by word or deed,  
Within us lies some germ of power,  
As lies unguessed, within the seed,  
The latent flower.

And under every common sense  
That doth its daily use fulfill,  
There lies another, more intense,  
And beauteous still.

This dusty house, wherein is shrined  
The soul, is but the counterfeit  
Of that which shall be, more refined,  
And exquisite.

The light which to our sight belongs,  
Enfolds a light more broad and clear ;  
Music but intimates the songs  
We do not hear.

The fond embrace, the tender kiss  
Which love to its expression brings,  
Are but the husk the chrysalis  
Wears on its wings.

The vigor falling to decay,  
Hopes, impulses that fade and die,  
Are but the layers peeled away  
From life more high.

When death shall come and disallow  
These rough and ugly masks we  
wear,  
I think, that we shall be as now, —  
Only more fair.

And He who makes his love to be  
Always around me, sure and calm,  
Sees what is possible to me,  
Not what I am.

## HOW AND WHERE.

How are we living ?  
Like herbs in a garden that stand in a  
row,  
And have nothing to do but to stand  
there and grow ?  
Our powers of perceiving  
So dull and so dead,  
They simply extend to the objects  
about us, —  
The moth, having all his dark pleasure  
without us, —  
The worm in his bed !

If thus we are living,  
And fading and falling, and rotting,  
alas ! —  
Like the grass, or the flowers that grow  
in the grass, —  
Is life worth our having ?  
The insect a-humming —  
The wild bird is better, that sings as  
it flies, —  
The ox, that turns up his great face to  
the skies,  
When the thunder is coming.

Where are we living ?  
In passion, and pain, and remorse do  
we dwell, —  
Creating, yet terribly hating, our hell ?  
No triumph achieving ?  
No grossness refining ?

The wild tree does more ; for his coat  
of rough barks  
He trims with green mosses, and  
checks with the marks  
Of the long summer shining.

We 're dying, not living :  
Our senses shut up, and our hearts  
faint and cold ;  
Upholding old things just because they  
are old ;  
Our good spirits grieving,  
We suffer our springs  
Of promise to pass without sowing the  
land,  
And hungry and sad in the harvest-  
time stand,  
Expecting good things !

## THE FELLED TREE.

THEY set me up, and bade me stand  
Beside a dark, dark sea,  
In the befogged, low-lying land  
Of this mortality.

I slipped my roots round the stony  
soil  
Like rings on the hand of a bride,  
And my boughs took hold of the sum-  
mer's smile  
And grew out green and wide.

Crooked, and shaggy on all sides,  
I was homeliest of trees,  
But the cattle rubbed their speckled  
hides  
Against my knotty knees ;

And lambs, in white rows on the grass,  
Lay down within my shade ;  
So I knew, all homely as I was,  
For a good use I was made.

And my contentment served me well ;  
My heart grew strong and sweet,  
And my shaggy bark cracked off and  
fell  
In layers at my feet.

I felt when the darkest storm was rife  
The day of its wrath was brief,  
And that I drew from the centre of life  
The life of my smallest leaf.

At last a woodman came one day  
With axe to a sharp edge ground,

And hewed at my heart till I stood  
a-sway,  
But I never felt the wound.

I knew immortal seed was sown  
Within me at my birth,  
And I fell without a single groan,  
With my green face to the earth.

Now all men pity me, and must,  
Who see me lie so low,  
But the Power that changes me to  
dust  
Is the same that made me grow.

## A DREAM.

I DREAMED I had a plot of ground,  
Once when I chanced asleep to drop,  
And that a green hedge fenced it  
round,  
Cloudy with roses at the top.

I saw a hundred mornings rise, —  
So far a little dream may reach, —  
And spring with summer in her eyes  
Making the chiefest charm of each.

A thousand vines were climbing o'er  
The hedge, I thought, but as I tried  
To pull them down, for evermore  
The flowers dropt off the other side !

Waking, I said, these things are signs  
Sent to instruct us that 't is ours  
Duly to keep and dress our vines, —  
Waiting in patience for the flowers.

And when the angel feared of all  
Across my hearth its shadow spread,  
The rose that climbed my garden wall  
Has bloomed the other side, I said.

## WORK.

DOWN and up, and up and down,  
Over and over and over ;  
Turn in the little seed, dry and brown,  
Turn out the bright red clover.  
Work, and the sun your work will  
share,  
And the rain in its time will fall ;  
For Nature, she worketh everywhere,  
And the grace of God through all.

With hand on the spade and heart in  
the sky,  
Dress the ground, and till it ;  
Turn in the little seed, brown and  
dry,

Turn out the golden millet.  
Work, and your house shall be duly  
fed ;

Work, and rest shall be won ;  
I hold that a man had better be dead  
Than alive, when his work is done !

Down and up, and up and down,  
On the hill-top, low in the valley ;  
Turn in the little seed, dry and brown,  
Turn out the rose and lily.

Work with a plan, or without a plan,  
And your ends they shall be shaped  
true ;

Work, and learn at first hand, like a  
man, —

The best way to *know* is to *do* !

Down and up till life shall close,  
Ceasing not your praises ;  
Turn in the wild white winter snows,  
Turn out the sweet spring daisies.  
Work, and the sun your work will  
share,

And the rain in its time will fall ;  
For Nature, she worketh everywhere,  
And the grace of God through all.

#### COMFORT.

BOATMAN, boatman ! my brain is wild,  
As wild as the stormy seas ;  
My poor little child, my sweet little  
child,  
Is a corpse upon my knees.

No holy choir to sing so low,  
No priest to kneel in prayer,  
No tire-woman to help me sew  
A cap for his golden hair.

Dropping his oars in the rainy sea,  
The pious boatman cried,  
Not without Him who is life to thee  
Could the little child have died !

His grace the same, and the same His  
power,  
Demanding our love and trust,  
Whether He makes of the dust a flower,  
Or changes a flower to dust.

On the land and the water, all in all,  
The strength to be still or pray,  
To blight the leaves in their time to fall,  
Or light up the hills with May.

#### FAITH AND WORKS.

NOT what we think, but what we *do*,  
Makes saints of us : all stiff and cold,  
The outlines of the corpse show  
through  
The cloth of gold.

And in despite the outward sin, —  
Despite belief with creeds at strife, —  
The principle of love within  
Leavens the life.

For, 't is for fancied good, I claim,  
That men do wrong, — not wrong's  
desire ;  
Wrapping themselves, as 't were, in  
flame  
To cheat the fire.

Not what God gives, but what He  
takes,  
Uplifts us to the holiest height ;  
On truth's rough crags life's current  
breaks  
To diamond light.

From transient evil I do trust  
That we a final good shall draw ;  
That in confusion, death, and dust  
Are light and law.

That He whose glory shines among  
The eternal stars, descends to mark  
This foolish little atom swung  
Loose in the dark.

But though I should not thus receive  
A sense of order and control,  
My God, I could not disbelieve  
My sense of soul.

For though, alas ! I can but see  
A hand's breadth backward, or before,  
I *am*, and since I *am*, must be  
For evermore.

#### THE RUSTIC PAINTER.

HIS sheep went idly over the hills, —  
Idly down and up, —



As he sat and painted his sweetheart's  
face  
On a little ivory cup.

All round him roses lay in the grass  
That were hardly out of buds ;  
For sake of her mouth and cheek, I  
knew  
He had murdered them in the woods.

The ant, that good little housekeeper,  
Was not at work so hard ;  
And yet the semblance of a smile  
Was all of his reward :

And the golden-belted gentleman  
That travels in the air,  
Hummed not so sweet to the clover-  
buds  
As he to his picture there.

The while for his ivory cup he made  
An easel of his knee,  
And painted his little sweetheart's face  
Truly and tenderly.

Thus we are marking on all our work  
Whatever we have of grace ;  
As the rustic painted his ivory cup  
With his little sweetheart's face.

## ONE OF MANY.

I KNEW a man — I know him still  
In part, in all I ever knew, —  
Whose life runs counter to his will,  
Leaving the things he fain would do,

Undone. His hopes are shapes of  
sands,  
That cannot with themselves agree ;  
As one whose eager outstretched hands  
Take hold on water — so is he.

Fame is a bauble, to his ken ;  
Mirth cannot move his aspect grim ;  
The holidays of other men  
Are only battle-days to him.

He locks his heart within his breast,  
Believing life to such as he  
Is but a change of ills, at best, —  
A crossed and crazy tragedy.

His cheek is wan ; his limbs are faint  
With fetters which they never wore ;

No wheel that ever crushed a saint,  
But breaks *his* body o'er and o'er.

Though woman's grace he never sought  
By tender look, or word of praise,  
He dwells upon her in his thought,  
With all a lover's lingering phrase.

A very martyr to the truth,  
All that 's best in him is belied ;  
Humble, yet proud withal ; in sooth  
His pride is his disdain of pride.

He sees in what he does amiss  
A continuity of ill ;  
The next life dropping out of this,  
Stained with its many colors still.

His kindest pity is for those  
Who are the slaves of guilty lusts ;  
And virtue, shining till it shows  
Another's frailty, he distrusts.

Nature, he holds, since time began  
Has been reviled, — misunderstood ;  
And that we first must love a man  
To judge him, — be he bad or good.

Often his path is crook'd and low.  
And is so in his own despite ;  
For still the path he meant to go  
Runs straight, and level with the  
right.

No heart has he to strive with fate  
For less things than our great men  
gone  
Achieved, who, with their single weight,  
Turned Time's slow wheels a century  
on.

His waiting silence is his prayer ;  
His darkness is his plea for light ;  
And loving all men everywhere  
He lives, a more than anchorite.

O friends, if you this man should  
see,  
Be not your scorn too hardly hurled,  
Believe me, whatsoever he be,  
There be more like him in the world.

## THE SHADOW.

ONE summer night,  
The full moon, 'tired in her golden  
cloak,

Did beckon me, I thought ; and I  
 awoke,  
 And saw a light,  
  
 Most soft and fair,  
 Shine in the brook, as if, in love's dis-  
 tress,  
 The parting sun had shear'd a dazzling  
 tress.  
 And left it there.

Toward the sweet banks  
 Of the bright stream straightly I bent  
 my way ;  
 And in my heart good thoughts the  
 while did stay,  
 Giving God thanks.

The wheat-stocks stood  
 Along the field like little fairy men,  
 And mists stole, white and bashful,  
 through the glen,  
 As maidens would.

In rich content  
 My soul was growing toward immortal  
 height,  
 When, lo ! I saw that by me, through  
 the light,  
 A shadow went.

I stopped, afraid :  
 It was the bad sign of some evil  
 done :  
 That stopping, too, right swiftly did I  
 run ;  
 So did the shade.

At length I drew  
 Close to the bank of the delightful  
 brook,  
 And sitting in the moonshine, turn'd  
 to look ;  
 It sat there too.

Ere long I spied  
 A weed with goodly flowers upon its  
 top :  
 And when I saw that such sweet things  
 did drop  
 Black shadows, cried, —

Lo ! I have found,  
 Hid in this ugly riddle, a good sign ;  
 My life is twofold, earthly and di-  
 vine, —  
 Buried and crown'd.

Sown darkly ; raised  
 Light within light, when death from  
 mortal soil  
 Undresses me, and makes me spirit-  
 ual ; —  
 Dear Lord, be praised.

#### THE UNWISE CHOICE.

Two young men, when I was poor,  
 Came and stood at my open door ;

One said to me, " I have gold to give ; "  
 And one, " I will love you while I live ! "

My sight was dazzled ; woe's the day !  
 And I sent the poor young man away ;

Sent him away, I know not where,  
 And my heart went with him, unaware.

He did not give me any sighs,  
 But he left his picture in my eyes ;

And in my eyes it has always been :  
 I have no heart to keep it in !

Beside the lane with hedges sweet,  
 Where we parted, never more to meet,

He pulled a flower of love's own hue,  
 And where it had been came out two !

And in th' grass where he stood, for  
 years,  
 The dews of th' morning looked like  
 tears.

Still smiles the house where I was born  
 Among its fields of wheat and corn.

Wheat and corn that strangers bind, —  
 I reap as I sowed, and I sowed to th'  
 wind.

As one who feels the truth break  
 through  
 His dream, and knows his dream un-  
 true,

I live where splendors shine, and sigh,  
 For the peace that splendor cannot  
 buy ;

Sigh for the day I was rich tho' poor,  
 And saw th' two young men at my door !

## PROVIDENCE.

"From seeming evil, still educing good."

THE stone upon the wayside seed that  
fell,  
And kept the spring rain from it,  
kept it too  
From the bird's mouth; and in that  
silent cell

It quickened, after many days, and  
grew,  
Till, by-and-by, a rose, a single one,  
Lifted its little face into the sun.

It chanced a wicked man approached  
one day,  
And saw the tender piteous look it  
wore:  
Perhaps one like it somewhere far  
away  
Grew in a garden-bed, or by the  
door  
That he in childish days had played  
around,  
For his knees, trembling, sunk upon  
the ground.

Then, o'er this piece of bleeding  
earth, the tears  
Of penitence were wrung, until at  
last  
The golden key of love, that sin for  
years  
In his unquiet soul had rusted fast,  
Was loosened, and his heart, that very  
hour,  
Opened to God's good sunshine, like a  
flower.

## THE LIVING PRESENT.

FRIENDS, let us slight no pleasant  
spring  
That bubbles up in life's dry sands,  
And yet be careful what good thing  
We touch with sacrilegious hands.

Our blessings should be *sought*, not  
*claimed*, —  
Cherished, not watched with jealous  
eye;  
Love is too precious to be named,  
Save with a reverence deep and  
high.

In all that lives, exists the power  
To avenge the invasion of its right;  
We cannot bruise and break our flower,  
And have our flower, alive and  
bright.

Let us think less of what appears, —  
More of what *is*; for this, hold I,  
It is the sentence no man hears  
That makes us live, or makes us die.

Trust hearsay less; seek more to  
prove  
And know if things be what they  
seem;  
Not sink supinely in some groove,  
And hope and hope, and dream and  
dream.

Some days must needs be full of  
gloom,  
Yet must we use them as we may;  
Talk less about the years to come, —  
Live, love, and labor more, to-day.

What our hand findeth, do with might;  
Ask less for help, but stand or fall,  
Each one of us, in life's great fight,  
As if himself and God were all.

## THE WEAVER'S DREAM.

HE sat all alone in his dark little room,  
His fingers aweary with work at the  
loom,  
His eyes seeing not the fine threads,  
for the tears,  
As he carefully counted the months  
and the years  
He had been a poor weaver.

Not a traveler went on the dusty high-  
way,  
But he thought, "He has nothing to  
do but be gay;"  
No matter how burdened or bent he  
might be,  
The weaver believed him more happy  
than he,  
And sighed at his weaving.

He saw not the roses so sweet and so  
red  
That looked through his window; he  
thought to be dead  
And carried away from his dark little  
room,

Wrapt up in the linen he had in his  
loom,  
Were better than weaving.

Just then a white angel came out of the  
skies,  
And shut up his senses, and sealed up  
his eyes,  
And bore him away from the work at  
his loom  
In a vision, and left him alone by the  
tomb  
Of his dear little daughter.

"My darling!" he cries, "what a  
blessing was mine!  
How I sinned, having you, against  
goodness divine!  
Awake! O my lost one, my sweet  
one, awake!  
And I never, as long as I live, for your  
sake,  
Will sigh at my weaving!"

The sunset was gilding his low little  
room  
When the weaver awoke from his  
dream at the loom,  
And close at his knee saw a dear little  
head  
Alight with long curls, — she was liv-  
ing, not dead, —  
His pride and his treasure.

He winds the fine thread on his shut-  
tle anew,  
(At thought of his blessing 't was easy  
to do,)  
And sings as he weaves, for the joy in  
his breast,  
Peace cometh of striving, and labor is  
rest:  
Grown wise was the weaver.

#### NOT NOW.

THE path of duty I clearly trace,  
I stand with conscience face to face,  
And all her pleas allow;  
Calling and crying the while for  
grace, —  
"Some other time, and some other  
place:  
Oh, not to-day; not now!"

I know 't is a demon boding ill,  
I know I have power to do if I will,

And I put my hand to th' plough;  
I have fair, sweet seeds in my barn,  
and lo!

When all the furrows are ready to sow,  
The voice says, "Oh, not now!"

My peace I sell at the price of woe;  
In heart and in spirit I suffer so,  
The anguish wrings my brow;  
But still I linger and cry for grace, —  
"Some other time, and some other  
place:  
Oh, not to-day; not now!"

I talk to my stubborn heart and say,  
The work I must do I will do to-day;  
I will make to the Lord a vow:  
And I will not rest and I will not sleep  
Till the vow I have vowed I rise and  
keep;  
And the demon cries, "Not now!"

And so the days and the years go by,  
And so I register lie upon lie,  
And break with Heaven my vow;  
For when I would boldly take my stand,  
This terrible demon stays my hand, —  
"Oh, not to-day; not now!"

#### CRAGS.

THERE was a good and reverend man  
Whose day of life, serene and bright,  
Was wearing hard upon the gloom  
Beyond which we can see no light.

And as his vision back to morn,  
And forward to the evening sped,  
He bowed himself upon his staff,  
And with his heart communing, said:

From mystery on to mystery  
My way has been; yet as I near  
The eternal shore, against the sky  
These crags of truth stand sharp and  
clear.

Where'er its hidden fountain be,  
Time is a many-colored jet  
Of good and evil, light and shade,  
And we evoke the things we get.

The hues that our to-morrows wear  
Are by our yesterdays forecast;  
Our future takes into itself  
The true impression of our past.

The attrition of conflicting thoughts  
To clear conclusions, wears the  
groove ;

The love that seems to die, dies not,  
But is absorbed in larger love.

We cannot cramp ourselves unharmed,  
In bonds of iron, nor of creeds :  
The rights that rightfully belong  
To man, are measured by his needs.

The daisy is entitled to  
The nurture of the dew and light ;  
The green house of the grasshopper  
In his by Nature's sacred right.

## MAN.

IN what a kingly fashion man doth  
dwell :

He hath but to prefer  
His want, and Nature, like a servitor,  
Maketh him answer with some miracle.

And yet his thoughts do keep along  
the ground,  
And neither leap nor run,  
Though capable to climb above the  
sun ;  
He seemeth free, and yet is strangely  
bound.

What name would suit his case, or great  
or small ?

Poor, but exceeding proud ;  
Importunate and still, humble and  
loud ;  
Most wise, and yet most ignorant,  
withal.

The world that lieth in the golden air,  
Like a great emerald,  
Knoweth the law by which she is  
upheld,  
And in her motions keepeth steady  
there.

But in his foolishness proud man defies  
The law, wherewith is bound  
The peace he seeks, and fluttering  
moth-like round  
Some dangerous light, experimenting,  
dies.

And all his subtle reasoning can obtain  
To tell his fortune by,

Is only that he liveth and must die,  
And dieth in the hope to live again.

## TO SOLITUDE.

I AM weary of the working.  
Weary of the long day's heat ;  
To thy comfortable bosom,  
Wilt thou take me, spirit sweet ?

Weary of the long, blind struggle  
For a pathway bright and high, —  
Weary of the dimly dying  
Hopes that never quite all die.

Weary searching a bad cipher  
For a good that must be meant ;  
Discontent with being weary, —  
Weary with my discontent.

I am weary of the trusting  
Where my trusts but torments prove ;  
Wilt thou keep faith with me ? wilt  
thou  
Be my true and tender love ?

I am weary drifting, driving  
Like a helmless bark at sea ;  
Kindly, comfortable spirit.  
Wilt thou give thyself to me ?

Give thy birds to sing me sonnets ?  
Give thy winds my cheeks to kiss ?  
And thy mossy rocks to stand for  
The memorials of our bliss ?

I in reverence will hold thee,  
Never vexed with jealous ills,  
Though thy wild and wimpling waters  
Wind about a thousand hills.

## THE LAW OF LIBERTY.

THIS extent hath freedom's ground, —  
In my freedom I am bound  
Never any soul to wound.

Not my own : it is not mine,  
Lord, except to make it thine,  
By good works through grace divine.

Not another's : Thou alone  
Keapest judgment for thine own ;  
Only unto Thee is known

What to pity, what to blame ;  
How the fierce temptation came :  
What is honor, what is shame.

Right is bound in this — to win  
Good till injury begin ;  
That, and only that, is sin.

Selfish good may not befall  
Any man, or great or small ;  
Best for one is best for all.

And who vainly doth desire  
Good through evil to acquire,  
In his bosom taketh fire.

Wronging no man. Lord, nor Thee  
Vexing, I do pray to be  
In my soul, my body, free.

Free to freely leave behind  
When the better things I find,  
Worsèr things, howe'er enshrined.

So that pain may peace enhance,  
And through every change and chance,  
I upon myself, advance.

#### MY CREED.

I HOLD that Christian grace abounds  
Where charity is seen ; that when  
We climb to Heaven, 't is on the rounds  
Of love to men.

I hold all else, named piety,  
A selfish scheme, a vain pretense ;  
Where centre is not — can there be  
Circumference ?

This I moreover hold, and dare  
Affirm where'er my rhyme may go, —  
Whatever things be sweet or fair,  
Love makes them so.

Whether it be the lullabies  
That charm to rest the nursling bird,  
Or that sweet confidence of sighs  
And blushes, made without a word.

Whether the dazzling and the flush  
Of softly sumptuous garden bowers,  
Or by some cabin door, a bush  
Of gazing flowers.

'T is not the wide phylactery,  
Nor stubborn fast, nor stated prayers,

That make us saints : we judge the tree  
By what it bears.

And when a man can live apart  
From works, on theologic trust,  
I know the blood about his heart  
Is dry as dust.

#### OPEN SECRETS.

THE truth lies round about us, all  
Too closely to be sought, —  
So open to our vision that  
'T is hidden to our thought.

We know not what the glories  
Of the grass, the flower, may be ;  
We needs must struggle for the sight  
Of what we always see.

Waiting for storms and whirlwinds,  
And to have a sign appear,  
We deem not God is speaking in  
The still small voice we hear.

In reasoning proud, blind leaders of  
The blind, through life we go,  
And do not know the things we see,  
Nor see the things we know.

Single and indivisible,  
We pass from change to change,  
Familiar with the strangest things,  
And with familiar, strange.

We make the light through which we  
see  
The light, and make the dark :  
To hear the lark sing, we must be  
At heaven's gate with the lark.

#### THE SADDEST SIGHT.

As one that leadeth a blind man  
In a city, to and fro,  
Thought, even so,  
Leadeth me still wherever it will  
Through scenes of joy and woe.

I have seen Lear, his white head  
crowned  
With poor straws, playing King ;  
And, wearying  
Her cheeks' young flowers "with true-  
love showers,"  
I have heard Ophelia sing.

I have been in battles, and I have seen  
 Stones at the martyrs hurled, —  
 Seen th' flames curled  
 Round foreheads bold, and lips whence  
 rolled  
 The litanies of the world.

But of all sad sights that ever I saw,  
 The saddest under the sun,  
 Is a little one,  
 Whose poor pale face was despoiled of  
 grace  
 Ere yet its life begun.

No glimpse of the good green Nature  
 To gladden with sweet surprise  
 The staring eyes,  
 That only have seen, close walls be-  
 tween,  
 A hand-breadth of the skies.

Ah, never a bird is heard to sing  
 At the windows under ground,  
 The long year round ;  
 There, never the morn on her pipes of  
 corn  
 Maketh a cheerful sound.

Oh, little white cloud of witnesses  
 Against your parentage,  
 May Heaven assuage  
 The woes that wait on your dark es-  
 tate, —  
 Orphaned orphanage.

#### THE BRIDAL HOUR.

“ THE moon's gray tent is up : another  
 hour,  
 And yet another one will bring the  
 time  
 To which, through many cares and  
 checks, so slowly,  
 The golden day did climb. ”

“ Take all the books away, and let no  
 noises  
 Be in the house while softly I un-  
 dress  
 My soul from broideries of disguise,  
 and wait for  
 My own true love's caress.

“ The sweetest sound will tire to-night ;  
 the dewdrops  
 Setting the green ears in the corn  
 and wheat,

Would make a discord in the heart  
 attuned to  
 The bridegroom's coming feet.

“ Love ! blessed Love ! if we could  
 hang our walls with  
 The splendors of a thousand rosy  
 Mays,  
 Surely they would not shine so well as  
 thou dost,  
 Lighting our dusty days.

“ Without thee, what a dim and woeful  
 story  
 Our years would be, oh, excellence  
 sublime !  
 Slip of the life eternal, brightly grow-  
 ing  
 In the low soil of time ! ”

#### IDLE.

I HEARD the gay spring coming,  
 I saw the clover blooming,  
 Red and white along the mead-  
 ows ;  
 Red and white along the streams ;  
 I heard the bluebird singing,  
 I saw the green grass springing,  
 All as I lay a-dreaming, —  
 A-dreaming idle dreams.

I heard the ploughman's whistle,  
 I saw the rough burr thistle  
 In the sharp teeth of the har-  
 row, —  
 Saw the summer's yellow gleams  
 In the walnuts, in the fennel,  
 In the mulleins, lined with flannel,  
 All as I lay a-dreaming, —  
 A-dreaming idle dreams.

I felt the warm, bright weather ;  
 Saw the harvest, — saw them gather  
 Corn and millet, wheat and apples, —  
 Saw the gray barns with their seams  
 Pressing wide, — the bare-armed shear-  
 ers, —  
 The ruddy water-bearers, —  
 All as I lay a-dreaming, —  
 A-dreaming idle dreams.

The bluebird and her nestling  
 Flew away ; the leaves fell rustling,  
 The cold rain killed the roses,  
 The sun withdrew his beams ;

No creature cared about me,  
The world could do without me,  
All as I lay a-dreaming, —  
A-dreaming idle dreams.

GOD IS LOVE.

AH, there are mighty things under the  
sun,  
Great deeds have been acted, great  
words have been said,  
Not just uplifting some fortunate one,  
But lifting up all men the more by a  
head.

Aye, the more by the head, and the  
shoulders too !  
Ten thousand may sin, and a thou-  
sand may fall,  
And it may have been me, and it yet  
may be you,  
But the angel in one proves the angel  
in all.

And whatever is mighty, whatever is  
high,  
Lifting men, lifting woman their nat-  
ures above,  
And close to the kinship they hold to  
the sky,  
Why, this I affirm, that its essence  
is Love.

The poorest, the meanest has right to  
his share —  
For the life of his heart, for the strength  
of his hand,  
'Tis the sinew of work, 'tis the spirit  
of prayer —  
And here, and God help me, I take  
up my stand.

No pain but it hushes to peace in its  
arms,  
No pale cheek it cannot with kisses  
make bright,  
Its wonder of splendors has made the  
world's storms  
To shine as with rainbows, since  
first there was light.

Go, bring me whatever the poets have  
praised,  
The mantles of queens, the red roses  
of May,

I'll match them, I care not how grandly  
emblazed,  
With the love of the beggar who sits  
by the way.

When I think of the gifts that have  
honored Love's shrine —  
Heart, hope, soul, and body, all  
mortal can give —  
For the sake of a passion superbly  
divine,  
I am glad, nay, and more, I am proud  
that I live !

Fair women have made them espousals  
with death,  
And through the white flames as  
through lilies have trod,  
And men have with cloven tongues  
preached for their faith,  
And held up their hands, stiff with  
thumb-screws, to God.

I have seen a great people its vantage  
defer  
To the love that had moved it as love  
only can,  
A whole nation stooping with con-  
science astir  
To a chattel with crop ears, and call-  
ing it man.

Compared, O my beautiful Country, to  
thee,  
In this tenderest touch of the man-  
acled hand,  
The tops of the pyramids sink to the  
sea,  
And the thrones of the earth slide to-  
gether like sand.

Immortal with beauty and vital with  
youth,  
Thou standest, O Love, as thou al-  
ways hast stood  
From the wastes of the ages, proclaim-  
ing this truth,  
All peoples and nations are made of  
one blood.

Ennobled by scoffing and honored by  
shame,  
The chiefest of great ones, the crown  
and the head,  
Attested by miracles done in thy name  
For the blind, for the lame, for the  
sick and the dead.



Because He in all things was tempted  
 like me,  
 Through the sweet human hope, by  
 the cross that He bore,  
 For the love which so much to the  
 Marys could be,  
 Christ Jesus the man, not the God,  
 I adore.

## LIFE'S MYSTERIES.

ROUND and round the wheel doth run,  
 And now doth rise, and now doth  
 fall;

How many lives we live in one,  
 And how much less than one, in all !

The past as present as to-day —  
 How strange, how wonderful ! it  
 seems

A player playing in a play,  
 A dreamer dreaming that he dreams !

But when the mind through devious  
 glooms

Drifts onward to the dark amain,  
 Her wand stern Conscience reassumes,  
 And holds us to ourselves again.

Vague reminiscences come back  
 Of things we seem, in part, to have  
 known.

And Fancy pieces what they lack  
 With shreds and colors all her own.

Fancy, whose wing so high can soar,  
 Whose vision hath so broad a glance,  
 We feel sometimes as if no more  
 Amenable to change and chance.

And yet, one tiny thread being broke —  
 One idol taken from our hands,  
 The eternal hills roll up like smoke,  
 The earth's foundations shake like  
 sands !

Ah ! how the colder pulse still starts  
 To think of that one hour sublime,  
 We hugged heaven down into our  
 hearts,  
 And clutched eternity in time !

When love's dear eyes first looked in  
 ours,  
 When love's dear brows were strange  
 to frowns,

When all the stars were burning flowers  
 That we might pluck and wear for  
 crowns.

We cannot choose but cry and cry —  
 Oh, that its joys we might repeat !  
 When just its mutability  
 Made all the sweetness of it sweet.

Close to the precipice's brink  
 We press, look down, and, while we  
 quail  
 From the bad thought we dare not  
 think,  
 Lift curiously the awful veil.

We do the thing we would not do —  
 Our wills being set against our wills,  
 And suffer o'er and o'er anew  
 The penalty our peace that kills.

Great God, we know not what we know  
 Or what we are, or are to be !  
 We only trust we cannot go  
 Through sin's disgrace outside of  
 thee.

And trust that though we are driven in  
 And forced upon the name to call  
 At last, by very strength of sin,  
 Thou wilt have mercy on us all !



WE are the mariners, and God the Sea,  
 And though we make false reckon-  
 ings, and run  
 Wide of a righteous course, and are  
 undone,  
 Out of his deeps of love we cannot be.

For by those heavy strokes we misname  
 ill,  
 Through the fierce fire of sin, through  
 tempering doubt,  
 Our natures more and more are beaten  
 out  
 To perfecter reflections of his will !



THE best man should never pass by  
 The worst, but to brotherhood true,  
 Entreat him thus gently, "Lo, I  
 Am tempted in all things as you."

Of one dust all peoples are made,  
 One sky doth above them extend,

And whether through sunshine or shade  
Their paths run, they meet at the end.

And whatever his honors may be, —  
Of riches, or genius, or blood,  
God never made any man free  
To find out a separate good.

## PLEDGES.

SOMETIMES the softness of the embrac-  
ing air,

The tender beauty of the grass and  
sky,  
The look of still repose the mountains  
wear,

The sea-waves that beside each  
other lie  
Contented in the sun — the flowery  
gleams

Of gardens by the doors of cottages,  
The sweet, delusive blessedness of  
dreams,

The pleasant murmurs of the forest  
trees

Clinging to one another — all I see,  
And hear, and all that fancy paints,  
Do touch me with a deep humility,  
And make me be ashamed of my  
complaints.

Then, in my meditations, I resolve  
That I will never, while I live, again  
Ruffle the graceful ministries of love  
With brows distrustful, or with  
wishes vain.

Then I make pledges to my heart and  
say

We two will live serenely hence-  
forth ;

For what is all the outward beauty  
worth,

The golden opening of the sweetest  
day

That ever shone, if we arise to hide,  
Not from ourselves, but from men's  
eyes away,

The last night's petulance unpacified !

## PROVERBS IN RHYME.

TIME makes us eagle-eyed :  
Our fantasies befriend us in our  
youth,  
And build the shadowy tents wherein  
we hide  
Out of the glare of truth.

Make no haste to despise  
The proud of spirit : ofttimes pride  
but is  
An armor worn to shield from insolent  
eyes  
Our human weaknesses.

Be slow to blame his course  
Or name him coward who disdains to  
fight :  
Courage is just a blind impelling force,  
And often wrong as right.

Condemn not her whose hours  
Are not all given to spinning nor to  
care :  
Has not God planted every path with  
flowers  
Whose end is to be fair ?

Think not that he is cold  
Who runneth not your proffered  
hand to touch :  
On feeling's heights 't is wise the step  
to hold  
From trembling overmuch ;

And though its household sweets  
Affection may through daily channels  
give,  
The heart is chary, and ecstatic beats  
Once only while we live.

## FAME.

FAME guards the wreath we call a  
crown

With other wreaths of fire,  
And dragging this or that man down  
Will not raise you the higher !  
Fear not too much the open seas,  
Nor yet yourself misdoubt ;  
Clear the bright wake of geniuses,  
Then steadily steer out.  
That wicked men in league should  
be

To push your craft aside,  
Is not the hint of modesty,  
But the poor conceit of pride.

## GENIUS.

A CUNNING and curious splendor,  
That glorifies commonest things —  
Palissy, with clay from the river,  
Moulds cups for the tables of kings.

A marvel of sweet and wise madness,  
That passes our skill to define ;  
It clothes the poor peasant with grandeur,  
And turns his rude hut to a shrine.

Full many a dear little daisy  
Had passed from the light of the sun,  
Ere Burns, with his pen and his ploughshare,  
Upturned and immortalled *that* one.

And just with a touch of its magic  
It gives to the poet's rough rhyme  
A *something* that makes the world listen,  
And will, to the ending of time.

It puts a great price upon shadows —  
Holds visions, all rubies above,  
And shreds of old tapestries pieces  
To legends of glory and love.

The ruin it builds into beauty,  
Uplifting the low-lying towers,  
Makes green the waste place with a garden,  
And shapes the dead dust into flowers.

It shows us the lovely court ladies,  
All shining in lace and brocade ;  
The knights, for their gloves who did battle,  
In terrible armor arrayed.

It gives to the gray head a glory,  
And grace to the eyelids that weep,  
And makes our last enemy even,  
To be as the brother of sleep.

A marvel of madness celestial,  
That causes the weed at our feet,  
The thistle that grows at the wayside,  
To somehow look strange and be sweet.

No heirs hath it, neither ancestry ;  
But just as it listeth, and when,  
It seals with its own royal signet  
The foreheads of women and men.

#### IN BONDS.

WHILE shines the sun, the storm even then  
Has struck his bargain with the sea —

Oh, lives of women, lives of men,  
How pressed, how poor, how pinched  
ye be !

It is as if, having granted power  
Almost omnipotent to man,  
Heaven grudged the splendor of the dower,  
And going back upon her plan,

Mortised his free feet in the ground,  
Closed him in walls of ignorance,  
And all the soul within him bound  
In the dull hindrances of sense.

Hence, while he goads his will to rise,  
As one his fallen ox might urge,  
The conflict of the impatient cries  
Within him wastes him like a scourge.

Even as dreams his days depart,  
His work no sure foundation forms,  
Immortal yearnings in his heart,  
And empty shadows in his arms !

It is as if, being come to land,  
Some pestilence, with fingers black,  
Loosed from the wheel the master hand  
And drove the homesick vessel back ;

As if the nurslings of his care  
Chilled him to death with their embrace ;  
As if that she he held most fair  
Turned round and mocked him to his face.

And thus he stands, and ever stands,  
Tempted without and torn within ;  
Ashes of ashes in his hands,  
Famished and faint, and sick with sin.

Seeing the cross, and not the crown ;  
The o'erwhelming flood, and not the ark ;  
Till gap by gap his faith throws down  
Its guards, and leaves him to the dark.

And when the last dear hope has fled,  
And all is weary, dreary pain,  
That enemy, most darkly dread,  
Grows pitiful, and snaps the chain.

## NOBILITY.

TRUE worth is in *being*, not *seeming*, —  
 In doing each day that goes by  
 Some little good — not in the dream-  
 ing

Of great things to do by and by.  
 For whatever men say in blindness,  
 And spite of the fancies of youth,  
 There's nothing so kindly as kind-  
 ness,  
 And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we meas-  
 ure —

We cannot do wrong and feel right,  
 Nor can we give pain and gain pleas-  
 ure,

For justice avenges each slight.  
 The air for the wing of the sparrow,  
 The bush for the robin and wren,  
 But alway the path that is narrow  
 And straight, for the children of  
 men.

'T is not in the pages of story  
 The heart of its ills to beguile,  
 Though he who makes courtship to  
 glory

Gives all that he hath for her smile.  
 For when from her heights he has won  
 her,

Alas ! it is only to prove  
 That nothing's so sacred as honor,  
 And nothing so loyal as love !

We cannot make bargains for blisses,  
 Nor catch them like fishes in nets ;  
 And sometimes the thing our life  
 misses,

Helps more than the thing which it  
 gets.

For good lieth not in pursuing,  
 Nor gaining of great nor of small,  
 But just in the doing, and doing  
 As we would be done by, is all.

Through envy, through malice, through  
 hating,

Against the world, early and late,  
 No jot of our courage abating —  
 Our part is to work and to wait.  
 And slight is the sting of his trouble  
 Whose winnings are less than his  
 worth ;  
 For he who is honest is noble,  
 Whatever his fortunes or birth.

## TO THE MUSE.

PHANTOMS come and crowd me thick,  
 And my heart is sick, so sick ;  
 Kindness no more refresh  
 Brain nor body, mind nor flesh.  
 Good Muse, sweet Muse, comfort me  
 With thy heavenly company.

Thieves beset me on my way,  
 Day and night and night and day,  
 Stealing all the lovely light  
 That did make my dreams so bright.  
 Good Muse, sweet Muse, hide my  
 treasures  
 High among immortal pleasures.

Friendship's watch is weary grown,  
 And I lie alone, alone ;  
 Love against me flower-like closes,  
 Blushing, opening toward the roses.  
 Good Muse, sweet Muse, keep my friend  
 To the sad and sunless end.

Oh, the darkness of the estate  
 Where I, stript and bleeding, wait,  
 Torn with thorns and with wild woe,  
 In my house of dust so low !  
 Good Muse, sweet Muse, make my faith  
 Strong to triumph over death.

Rock me both at morns and eves  
 In a cradle lined with leaves —  
 Light as winds that stir the willows  
 Stir my hard and heavy pillows.  
 Good Muse, sweet Muse, rock me soft,  
 Till my thoughts soar all aloft.

Seal my eyes from earthly things  
 With the shadow of thy wings,  
 Fill with songs the wildering spaces,  
 Till I see the old, old faces,  
 Rise forever, on forever —  
 Good Muse, sweet Muse, leave me  
 never.

HER voice was sweet and low ; her face  
 No words can make appear,  
 For it looked out of heaven but long  
 enough  
 To leave a shadow here.

And I only knew that I saw the face,  
 And saw the shadow fall,  
 And that she carried my heart away  
 And keeps it ; that is all.

## NO RING.

WHAT is it that doth spoil the fair  
adorning  
With which her body she would dig-  
nify,  
When from her bed she rises in the  
morning  
To comb, and plait, and tie  
Her hair with ribbons, colored like the  
sky?

What is it that her pleasure discom-  
poses  
When she would sit and sing the  
sun away —  
Making her see dead roses in red  
roses,  
And in the downfall gray  
A blight that seems the world to over-  
lay?

What is it makes the trembling look of  
trouble  
About her tender mouth and eyelids  
fair?  
Ah me, ah me! she feels her heart  
beat double,  
Without the mother's prayer,  
And her wild fears are more than she  
can bear.

To the poor sightless lark new powers  
are given,  
Not only with a golden tongue to  
sing,  
But still to make her wavering way  
toward heaven  
With undiscerning wing;  
But what to her doth her sick sorrow  
bring?

Her days she turns, and yet keeps  
overturning,  
And her flesh shrinks as if she felt  
the rod;  
For 'gainst her will she thinks hard  
things concerning  
The everlasting God,  
And longs to be insensate like the  
clod.

Sweet Heaven, be pitiful! rain down  
upon her  
The saintly charities ordained for  
such;

She was so poor in everything but  
honor,  
And she loved much — loved  
much!  
Would, Lord, she had thy garment's  
hem to touch.

Haply, it was the hungry heart within  
her,  
The woman's heart, denied its nat-  
ural right,  
That made her the thing men call sin-  
ner,  
Even in her own despite:  
Lord, that her judges might receive  
their sight!

## TEXT AND MORAL.

FULL early in that dewy time of year  
When wheat and barley fields are  
gay and green,  
And when the flag uplifts his dull gray  
spear,  
And cowslips in their yellow coats  
are seen,  
And every grass-tuft by the common  
ways  
Holdeth some red-mouthed flower to  
give it praise:

Just as the dawn was at that primal hour  
That brings such tender golden  
sweetness in,  
Ere yet the sun had left his eastern  
bower  
And set upon the hills his rounded  
chin,  
I heard a little song — three notes —  
not more —  
Plained like a low petition at my door.

And all that day and other days I heard  
The same low asking note, and then  
I found  
My beggar in the likeness of a bird.  
Surely, I said, she hideth some deep  
wound  
Under the speckled beauty of her  
wing,  
That she doth seem to rather cry than  
sing.

Haply some treacherous man, and evil-  
eyed,  
Hath spoiled her nest or snared her  
lovely mate,

But while I spoke, a bird unharmed I  
spied

High in the elm-top, all his heart  
elate,  
And splitting with its joy his shining  
bill,  
Unmindful of that low, sad "trill-a-  
trill!"

At sunset came my boys with cheeks  
ablush,

And fairly flying on their arms and  
legs,  
To tell that they had found within a  
bush  
A bird's-nest, lined with little rose-  
leaf eggs!

Then, inly musing, I renewed my  
quest  
Knowing that no bird singeth on her  
nest.

And still, the softest morns, the sweet-  
est eves,

And when from out the midnight  
blue and still,  
The tender moon looked in between  
the leaves,  
That little, plaining, pleading trill-a-  
trill!  
Would tremble out, and fall away, and  
fade,  
And so I mused and mused, until I  
made

A text at last of the melodious cry,  
And drew this moral (was it fetched  
too far?)

Life's inequalities so underlie  
The things we have, so rest in what  
we are,

That each must steadfast to his nature  
keep,  
And one must soar and sing, and one  
must weep.

#### TO MY FRIEND.

If we should see one sowing seed  
With patient care and toil and pain,  
Then to some other garden speed  
And sow again;

And so right on from day to day,  
And so right on through months and  
years,

Watering the furrows all the way  
With rain of tears;

Ne'er gladdened by the yellowing top  
Of harvest, nor of ripened rose,  
Till suddenly the plough should stop, —  
The work-day close;

Should we not, as hte day ran by,  
Wonder to see him take no ease,  
And cry at nightfall, "Vanity  
Of Vanities!"

And yet 't is thus, my friend, the hours  
And days go by, with you and me.  
We, too, are sowing seeds of flowers  
We never see.

Sometimes we sow in soil of sin;  
Sometimes where choking thorns  
abound;  
And sometimes cast our good seed in  
Dry, stony ground.

Our stalks spring up and fade and die  
Under the burning noontide heat,  
And hopes and plans about us lie  
All incomplete;

And as the toilsome days go by  
Unrespited with flowery ease,  
Angels may cry out, "Vanity  
Of Vanities!"

Oh, when, fruitionless, the night  
Descends upon our day of ills,  
God grant we find our harvests white  
On heavenly hills.

#### ONE OF MANY.

BECAUSE I have not done the things I  
know

I ought to do, my very soul is sad;  
And furthermore, because that I have  
had  
Delights that should have made to  
overflow

My cup of gladness, and have not  
been glad.

All in the midst of plenty, poor I live;  
My house, my friend, with heavy  
heart I see,  
As if that mine they were not meant  
to be;

For of the sweetness of the things I  
have  
A churlish conscience dispossesses  
me.

I do desire, nay, long, to put my powers  
To better service than I yet have  
done —  
Not hither, thither, without purpose  
run,  
And gather just a handful of the flowers,  
And catch a little sunlight of the sun.

Lamenting all the night and all the day  
Occasion lost, and losing in lament  
The golden chances that I know  
were meant

For wiser uses — asking overpay  
When nothing has been earned, and  
all was lent.

Keeping in dim and desolated ways,  
And where the wild winds whistle  
loud and shrill  
Through leafless bushes, and the  
birds are still,  
And where the lights are lights of other  
days —  
A sad insanity o'ermastering will.

And saddest of the sadness is to know  
It is not fortune's fault, but only  
mine,  
That far away the hills of roses  
shine —  
And far away the pipes of pleasure  
blow —  
That we, and not our stars, our fates  
assign.

## LIGHT.

BE not much troubled about many  
things,  
Fear often hath no whit of substance  
in it,  
And lives but just a minute ;  
While from the very snow the wheat-  
blade springs.  
And light is like a flower,  
That bursts in full leaf from the darkest  
hour.  
And He who made the night,  
Made, too, the flowery sweetness of  
the light.  
Be it thy task, through his good grace,  
to win it.

## TRUST.

SOMETIMES when hopes have vanished,  
one and all,  
Soft lights drop round about me in  
their stead,  
As if there had been cast across  
Heaven's wall  
Handfuls of roses down upon my  
bed ;  
Then through my darkness pleasures  
come in crowds,  
Shining like larks' wings in the sombre  
clouds,

And I am fed with sweetness, as of  
dew  
Strained through the leaves of pan-  
sies at day dawn ;  
But not the flowery lights that over-  
strew  
The bed my weary body rests upon,  
Is it that maketh all my house so  
bright,  
And feedeth all my soul with such de-  
light.

Nay, ne'er could heavenly, veritable  
flowers  
Make the rude time to run so  
smoothly by,  
And tie with amity the alien hours,  
As might some maiden, with her rib-  
bon, tie  
A bunch of homely posies into one,  
Making all fair, when none were fair  
alone.

But lying disenchanted of my fear,  
'Neath the gold borders of my  
"coverlid"  
So overstrown, I feel my flesh so near  
Things lovely, that, my body being  
hid  
Out of the sunshine, shall not harm en-  
dure,  
But mix with daisies, and grow fair  
and pure.

Oh, comfortable thought ! yet not of  
this  
Get I the peace that drieth all my  
tears ;  
For, wrapped within this truth, another  
is  
Sweeter and stronger to dispel my  
fears :

If through its change my flesh shall  
 death defy  
 Surely my soul shall not be left to die.

Our God, who taketh knowledge of the  
 flowers  
 Making our bodies change to things  
 so fine,  
 Knoweth the insatiate longings that  
 are ours,  
 For fadeless blooms and suns that  
 always shine.  
 His name is Love, and love can work  
 no ill ;  
 Hence, though He slay me, I will trust  
 Him still.

## LIFE.

SOLITUDE — Life is inviolate soli-  
 tude —

Never was truth so apart from the  
 dreaming  
 As lieth the selfhood inside of the  
 seeming,  
 Guarded with triple shield out of all  
 quest,  
 So that the sisterhood nearest and  
 sweetest,  
 So that the brotherhood kindest,  
 completest,  
 Is but an exchanging of signals at best.

Desolate — Life is so dreary and deso-  
 late —

Women and men in the crowd meet  
 and mingle,  
 Yet with itself every soul standeth  
 single,  
 Deep out of sympathy moaning its  
 moan —  
 Holding and having its brief exulta-  
 tion —  
 Making its lonesome and low lamen-  
 tation —  
 Fighting its terrible conflicts alone.

Separate — Life is so sad and so sep-  
 arate —

Under love's ceiling with roses for  
 lining,  
 Heart mates with heart in a tender  
 entwining.  
 Yet never the sweet cup of love filleth  
 full —  
 Eye looks in eye with a questioning  
 wonder,

Why are we thus in our meeting  
 asunder ?

Why are our pulses so slow and so dull ?

Fruitless, fruitionless — Life is frui-  
 tionless —

Never the heaped up and generous  
 measure —

Never the substance of satisfied  
 pleasure —

Never the moment with rapture elate —

But draining the chalice, we long for  
 the chalice,

And live as an alien inside of our  
 palace,

Bereft of our title and deeds of estate.

Pitiful — Life is so poor and so pitiful —

Cometh the cloud on the goldenest  
 weather —

Briefly the man and his youth stay  
 together —

Falleth the frost ere the harvest is in,  
 And conscience descends from the  
 open aggression

To timid and troubled and tearful  
 concession,

And downward and down into parley  
 with sin.

Purposeless — Life is so wayward and  
 purposeless —

Always before us the object is shift-  
 ing.

Always the means and the method  
 are drifting,

We rue what is done — what is undone  
 deplore —

More striving for high things than  
 things that are holy.

And so we go down to the valley so  
 lowly

Wherein there is work, and device  
 never more.

Vanity, vanity — all would be vanity,  
 Whether in seeking or getting our  
 pleasures —

Whether in spending or hoarding  
 our treasures —

Whether in indolence, whether in  
 strife —

Whether in feasting and whether in  
 fasting,

But for our faith in the Love ever-  
 lasting —

But for the life that is better than life.



PLEA FOR CHARITY.

IF one had never seen the full completeness  
 Of the round year, but tarried half  
 the way,  
 How should he guess the fair and flowery  
 sweetness  
 That cometh with the May —  
 Guess of the bloom, and of the rainy  
 sweetness  
 That come in with the May !

Suppose he had but heard the winds  
 a-blowing,  
 And seen the brooks in icy chains  
 fast bound,  
 How should he guess that waters in  
 their flowing  
 Could make so glad a sound —  
 Guess how their silver tongues should  
 be set going  
 To such a tuneful sound !

Suppose he had not seen the bluebirds  
 winging,  
 Nor seen the day set, nor the morn-  
 ing rise,  
 Nor seen the golden balancing and  
 swinging  
 Of the gay butterflies —  
 Who could paint April pictures, worth  
 the bringing  
 To notice of his eyes ?

Suppose he had not seen the living  
 daisies,  
 Nor seen the rose, so glorious and  
 bright,  
 Were it not better than your far-off  
 praises  
 Of all their lovely light,  
 To give his hands the holding of the  
 daisies,  
 And of the roses bright ?

O Christian man, deal gently with the  
 sinner —  
 Think what an utter wintry waste is  
 his  
 Whose heart of love has never been  
 the winner,  
 To know how sweet it is —  
 Be pitiful, O Christian, to the sin-  
 ner,  
 Think what a world is his !

He never heard the lisping and the  
 trembling  
 Of Eden's gracious leaves about his  
 head —  
 His mirth is nothing but the poor dis-  
 sembling  
 Of a great soul unfed —  
 Oh, bring him where the Eden-leaves  
 are trembling,  
 And give him heavenly bread.

As Winter doth her shriveled branches  
 cover  
 With greenness, knowing spring-  
 time's soft desire,  
 Even so the soul, knowing Jesus for a  
 lover,  
 Puts on a new attire —  
 A garment fair as snow, to meet the  
 Lover  
 Who bids her come up higher.

SECOND SIGHT.

MY thoughts, I fear, run less to right  
 than wrong,  
 And I am selfish, sinful, being hu-  
 man ;  
 But yet sometimes an impulse sweet  
 and strong  
 Touches my heart, for I am still a  
 woman ;  
 And yesterday, beside my cradle sit-  
 ting,  
 And broidering lilies through my  
 lullabies,  
 My heart stirred in me, just as if the  
 flitting  
 Of some chance angel touched me,  
 and my eyes  
 Filled all at once to tender overflow-  
 ing,  
 And my song ended — breaking up  
 in sighs ;  
 I could not see the lilies I was sew-  
 ing  
 For the hot tears, thick coming to  
 my eyes.

The unborn years, like rose-leaves in a  
 flame,  
 Shriveled together, and this vision  
 came,  
 For I was gifted with a second see-  
 ing :

'T was night, and darkly terrible with  
storms,  
And I beheld my cherished darling  
fleeing  
In all her lily broideries from my  
arms —  
A babe no longer. Wild the wind was  
blowing,  
And the snows round her soddened as  
they fell ;  
And when a whisper told me she was  
going  
That way wherein the feet take hold  
on hell,  
I could not cry, I could not speak nor  
stir,  
Held in mute torture by my love of  
her.

We make the least ado o'er greatest  
troubles ;  
Our very anguish doth our anguish  
drown ;  
The sea forms only just a few faint  
bubbles  
Of stifled breathing when a ship goes  
down.

'T was but a moment — then the merry  
laughter  
Of my sweet baby on the nurse's  
knee  
Rippled across the mists of fantasy ;  
And sunshine, stretching like a golden  
rafter  
From cornice on to cornice o'er my  
head,  
Scattered the darkness, and my  
vision fled.

Times fall when Fate just misses of  
her blows,  
And, being warned, the victim slips  
aside ;  
And thus it was with me — the idle  
shows,  
The foolish pomp of vanity and  
pride.  
The work of cunning hands and curious  
looms,  
Shining about my house like poppy-  
blooms,  
Like poppy-blooms had drowsed me,  
heart and brain ;  
And all the currents of my blood were  
setting  
To that bad dullness that is worse  
than pain.

The moth will spoil the garment with  
its fretting  
Surer and faster than the work-day  
wear.  
The quickening vision came — not all  
too late :  
I saw that there were griefs for me  
to share,  
And the poor worldling missed the  
worldling's fate.

There was my baby — there was I, the  
mother,  
Broidering my lilies by the golden  
gleam  
Of the glad sunshine ; but was there  
no other  
Fleeing, as fled the phantom in my  
dream ?  
Were there no hearts, because of their  
great loving,  
Bound to the wheel of torture past all  
moving ?  
No storms of awful sorrow to be  
stemmed ?  
Yea, out of my own heart I stood  
condemned.

Leaving the silken splendor of my  
rooms,  
The sunshine stretching like a  
golden rafter  
From cornice on to cornice, and the  
laughter  
Of my sweet baby on the nurse's  
knee,  
Calling me back, and almost keeping  
me —  
Leaving my windows bright with flow-  
ery blooms,  
I passed adown my broad embla-  
zoned hall,  
Along the soft mats, tufted thick  
across —  
Scarlet and green, like roses grown  
with moss ;  
And parting from my pleasures, one  
and all,  
Threaded my way through many a nar-  
row street,  
From whose low cellars, lit with  
scanty embers,  
Came great-eyed children, with bare,  
shivering feet,  
And wondered at me, through the  
doors gaped wide,  
Till they were crowded back, or  
pushed aside,

By some lean-elbowed man, or flabby  
 crone,  
 Upon whose foreheads discontent had  
 grown,  
 As grows the mildew on decaying  
 timbers.

"All thine is mine," came to me from  
 the fall  
 Of every beggar's footstep, and the  
 glooms  
 That hung around held yet this other  
 call :

"Who to himself lives only is not liv-  
 ing ;  
 He hath no gain who does not get by  
 giving."

And so I came beneath the cold gray  
 wall

That shapes the awful prison of the  
 Tombs.

Humility had been my gentle guide —  
 I saw her not, a heavenly spirit  
 she —

And when the fearful door swung open  
 wide

I heard her pleasant steps go in with  
 me.

Oh for a tongue, and oh ! for words to  
 tell

Of the young creature, masked with  
 sinful guise,

That stood before me in her narrow  
 cell

And dragged my heart out with her  
 pleading eyes.

I shook from head to foot, and could  
 not stir —

Afraid, but not so much afraid of her  
 As of myself — made like her — of one  
 dust,

And holding an immortal soul in trust  
 The same as she — perhaps not even  
 so good,

Tempted with her temptations. Was 't  
 for me

To hold myself apart and call her sin-  
 ner ?

Not so ; and silent, face to face we  
 stood,

And as some traveler in the night be-  
 lated

Waits for the star he knows must rise,  
 so I

Patient within the prison darkness  
 waited,

Trusting to see the better self within  
 her

Rise from the ruins of her womanhood.

Nor did I wait in vain. At last, at  
 last,

Her eager hand reached forth and held  
 me fast,

And drawing just a little broken  
 breath,

As if she stood upon that narrow  
 ground

That lies a-tremble betwixt life and  
 death,

Her yearning, fearful soul expression  
 found :

"I'm dying — dying, and your dewy  
 hand

Is like the shadow to the sickly plant  
 Whose root is in the dry and burning  
 sand.

Pity, sweet Pity — that is what I  
 want.

You bring it — ah ! you would not, if  
 you knew.

I clasped her closer : "Friend, dear  
 friend, I do !

I know it all — from first to last," I  
 said.

"'T was but a blind, mistaken search  
 for good ;

Premeditated evil never led

To this sad end." As one entranced  
 she stood,

And I went on : "Nay, but 't is not  
 the end :

God were not God if such a thing  
 could be —

If not in time, then in eternity,  
 There must be room for penitence to  
 mend

Life's broken chance, else noise of wars  
 Would unmake heaven.

The shadows of the bars  
 That darkened the poor face like dev-  
 ils' fingers

Faded away, and still in memory lingers  
 The look of tender, tearful, glad sur-  
 prise

That brought the saint's soul to the  
 sinner's eyes.

Life out of death ; it seemed to me as  
 when

The anchor, clutching, holds the  
 driven ship,

And to the cry scarce formed upon  
her lip,  
"Lord God be praised!" I answered  
with "Amen."

## LIFE'S ROSES.

WHEN the morning first uncloses,  
And before the mists are gone,  
All the hills seem bright with roses,  
Just a little farther on!

Roses red as wings of starlings,  
And with diamond dew-drops wet;  
"Wait," says Patience, "wait, my dar-  
lings —

Wait a little longer yet!"  
So, with eager, upturned faces,  
Wait the children for the hours  
That shall bring them to the places  
Of the tantalizing flowers.

Wild with wonder, sweet with guesses,  
Vexed with only fleeting fears;  
So the broader day advances,  
And the twilight disappears.  
Hands begin to clutch at posies,  
Eyes to flash with new delight,  
And the roses, oh! the roses,  
Burning, blushing full in sight!

Now with bosoms softly beating,  
Heart in heart, and hand in hand,  
Youths and maids together meeting  
Crowd the flowery harvest land.  
Not a thought of rainy weather,  
Nor of thorns to sting and grieve,  
Gather, gather, gather, gather,  
All the care is what to leave!

Noon to afternoon advances,  
Rosy red grows russet brown;  
Sad eyes turn to backward glances,  
So the sun of youth goes down.  
And as rose by rose is withered,  
Sober sight begins to find

Many a false heart has been gath-  
ered,  
Many a true one left behind.  
Hands are clasped with fainter hold-  
ing,  
Unfilled souls begin to sigh  
For the golden, glad unfolding  
Of the morn beyond the sky.

## SECRET WRITING.

FROM the outward world about us,  
From the hurry and the din,  
Oh, how little do we gather  
Of the other world within!  
For the brow may wear upon it  
All the seeming of repose  
When the brain is worn and weary,  
And the mind oppressed with woes:  
And the eye may shine and sparkle  
As it were with pleasure's glow,  
When 't is only just the flashing  
Of the fires of pain below.  
And the tongue may have the sweetness  
That doth seem of bliss a part,  
When 't is only just the tremble  
Of the weak and wounded heart.  
Oh, the cheek may have the color  
Of the red rose, with the rest,  
When 't is only just the hectic  
Of the dying leaf, at best.

But when the hearth is kindled,  
And the house is hushed at night —  
Ah, then the secret writing  
Of the spirit comes to light!  
Through the mother's light caressing  
Of the baby on her knee,  
We see the mystic writing  
That she does not know we see —  
By the love-light as it flashes  
In her tender-lidded eyes,  
We know if that her vision rest  
On earth, or in the skies;  
And by the song she chooses,  
By the very tune she sings,  
We know if that her heart be set  
On seen, or unseen things.

Oh, when the hearth is kindled —  
When the house is hushed — 't is then  
We see the hidden springs that move  
The open deeds of men.  
As the father turns the lesson  
For the boy or girl to learn,  
We perceive the inner letters  
That he knows not we discern.  
For either by the deed he does,  
Or that he leaves undone,  
We find and trace the channels  
Where his thoughts and feelings run.  
And often as the unconscious act,  
Or smile, or word we scan,  
Our hearts revoke the judgments  
We have passed upon the man.

Sometimes we find that he who says  
 The least about his faith,  
 Has steadfastness and sanctity  
 To suffer unto death ;  
 And find that he who prays aloud  
 With ostentatious mien,  
 Prays only to be heard of men,  
 And only to be seen.  
 For when the hearth is kindled,  
 And the house is hushed at night—  
 Ah, then the secret writing  
 Of the spirit comes to light.

## DREAMS.

OFTEN I sit and spend my hour,  
 Linking my dreams from heart to  
 brain,  
 And as the child joins flower to flower,  
 Then breaks and joins them on again,

Casting the bright ones in disgrace,  
 And weaving pale ones in their stead,  
 Changing the honors and the place  
 Of white and scarlet, blue and red ;

And finding after all his pains  
 Of sorting and selecting dyes,  
 No single chain of all the chains  
 The fond caprice that satisfies ;

So I from all things bright and brave,  
 Select what brightest, bravest seems,  
 And, with the utmost skill I have,  
 Contrive the fashion of my dreams.

Sometimes ambitious thoughts abound,  
 And then I draw my pattern bold,  
 And have my shuttle only wound  
 With silken threads or threads of  
 gold.

Sometimes my heart reproaches me,  
 And mesh from cunning mesh I pull,  
 And weave in sad humility  
 With flaxen threads or threads of  
 wool.

For here the hue too brightly gleams,  
 And there the grain too dark is cast,  
 And so no dream of all my dreams  
 Is ever finished, first, or last.

And looking back upon my past  
 Thronged with so many a wasted  
 hour,

I think that I should fear to cast  
 My fortunes if I had the power.

And think that he is mainly wise,  
 Who takes what comes of good or ill,  
 Trusting that wisdom underlies  
 And worketh in the end — His will.

## MY POET.

AH, could I my poet only draw  
 In lines of a living light,  
 You would say that Shakespeare never  
 saw  
 In his dreams a fairer sight.

Along the bright crisp grass where by  
 A beautiful water lay,  
 We walked — my fancies and I —  
 One morn in the early May.

And there, betwixt the water sweet  
 And the gay and grassy land,  
 I found the print of two little feet  
 Upon the silvery sand.

These following, and following on,  
 Allured by the place and time,  
 I, all of a sudden, came upon  
 This poet of my rhyme.

Betwixt my hands I longed to take  
 His two cheeks brown with tan,  
 To kiss him for my true love's sake,  
 And call him a little man.

A rustic of the rustics he,  
 By every look and sign,  
 And I knew, when he turned his face  
 to me,  
 'T was his spirit made him fine.

His ignorance he had sweetly turned  
 Into uses passing words :  
 He had cut a pipe of corn, and learned  
 Thereon to talk to the birds.

And now it was the bluebird's trill,  
 Now the blackbird on the thorn,  
 Now a speckle-breast, or tawny-bill  
 That answered his pipe of corn,

And now, though he turned him north  
 and south,  
 And called upon bird by bird,  
 There was never a little golden mouth  
 Would answer him back a word.

For all, from the red-bird bold and gay,  
To the linnætt dull and plain,  
Had fallen on beds of the leafy spray,  
To listen in envious pain.

"Ah, do as you like, my golden quill ;"  
So he said, for his wise share ;  
"And the same to you, my tawny-bill,  
There are pleasures everywhere."

Then his heart fell in him dancing so,  
It spun to his cheek the red,  
As he spied himself in the wave below  
A-standing on his head.

Ah, could I but this picture draw,  
Thus glad by his nature's right,  
You would say that Shakespeare never  
saw  
In his dreams a fairer sight.

WRITTEN ON THE FOURTH OF  
JULY, 1864.

ONCE more, despite the noise of wars,  
And the smoke gathering fold on  
fold,  
Our daisies set their stainless stars  
Against the sunshine's cloth of gold.

Lord, make us feel, if so thou will,  
The blessings crowning us to-day,  
And the yet greater blessing still,  
Of blessings thou hast taken away.

Unworthy of the favors lent,  
We fell into apostasy ;  
And lo ! our country's chastisement  
Has brought her to herself, and thee !

Nearer by all this grief than when  
She dared her weak ones to oppress,  
And played away her States to men  
Who scorned her for her foolishness.

Oh, bless for us this holiday,  
Men keep like children loose from  
school,  
And put it in their hearts, we pray,  
To choose them rulers fit to rule.

Good men, who shall their country's  
pride  
And honor to their own prefer ;  
Her sinews to their hearts so tied  
That they can only live through her.

Men sturdy — of discerning eyes,  
And souls to apprehend the right ;  
Not with their little light so wise  
They set themselves against thy light.

Men of small reverence for names,  
Courageous, and of fortitude  
To put aside the narrow aims  
Of factor, for the public good.

Men loving justice for the race,  
Not for the great ones, and the few,  
Less studious of outward grace  
Than careful to be clean all through.

Men holding state, not self, the first,  
Ready when all the deep is tossed  
With storms, and worst is come to  
worst,  
To save the Ship at any cost.

Men upright, and of steady knees,  
That only to the truth will bow ;  
Lord, help us choose such men as these,  
For only such can save us now.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FOULLY ASSASSINATED, APRIL, 1865.—IN-  
SCRIBED TO PUNCH.

No glittering chaplet brought from  
other lands !  
As in his life, this man, in death, is  
ours ;  
His own loved prairies o'er his "gaunt  
gnarled hands"  
Have fitly drawn their sheet of sum-  
mer flowers !

What need hath he now of a tardy  
crown,  
His name from mocking jest and  
sneer to save ?  
When every ploughman turns his fur-  
row down  
As soft as though it fell upon his  
grave.

He was a man whose like the world  
again  
Shall never see, to vex with blame or  
praise ;  
The landmarks that attest his bright,  
brief reign  
Are battles, not the pomps of gala-  
days !

The grandest leader of the grandest war

That ever time in history gave a place ;

What were the tinsel flattery of a star  
To such a breast ! or what a ribbon's grace !

'T is to th' *man*, and th' man's honest worth,

The nation's loyalty in tears up-springs ;

Through him the soil of labor shines henceforth

High o'er the silken broideries of kings.

The mechanism of external forms —

The shrifts that courtiers put their bodies through,

Were alien ways to him — his brawny arms

Had other work than posturing to do !

Born of the people, well he knew to grasp

The wants and wishes of the weak and small ;

Therefore we hold him with no shadowy clasp —

Therefore his name is household to us all.

Therefore we love him with a love apart

From any fawning love of pedigree —  
His was the royal soul and mind and heart —

Not the poor outward shows of royalty.

Forgive us then, O friends, if we are slow

To meet your recognition of his worth —

We're jealous of the very tears that flow

From eyes that never loved a humble hearth.

SAVED.

No tears for him ! his light was not *your* light ;

From earth to heaven his spirit went and came,

Seeing, where ye but saw the blank,  
black night,

The golden breaking of the day of fame.

Faded by the diviner life, and worn,  
Dust has returned to dust, and what

ye see

Is but the ruined house wherein were borne

The birth-pangs of his immortality.

Hither and thither drifting drearily,  
The glory of serener worlds he won,

As some strange shifting column of the sea

Catches the steadfast splendor of the sun.

What was your shallow love ? or what the gleam

Of smiles that chance and accident could chill,

To him whose soul could make its mate a dream,

And wander through the universe at will ?

When your weak hearts to stormy passion woke,

His from its loftier bent was only stirred,

As is the broad green bosom of the oak

By the light flutter of the summer bird.

His joys, in realms forbidden to you, he sought,

And bodiless servitors, at his commands,

Hovered about the watchfires of his thought

On the dim borders of poetic lands.

The times he lived in, like a hard, dark wall,

He grandly painted with his woes and wrongs —

Come nearer, friends, and see how brightly all

Is joined with silvery mortises of songs.

Weep for yourselves bereft, but not for him ;

Wrong reaches to the compensating right,

And clouds that make the day of genius  
dim,  
Shine at the sunset with eternal light.

## SPENT AND MISSPENT.

STAY yet a little longer in the sky,  
O golden color of the evening sun !  
Let not the sweet day in its sweetness  
die,  
While my day's work is only just  
begun.

Counting the happy chances strewn  
about  
Thick as the leaves, and saying which  
was best,  
The rosy lights of morning all went  
out,  
And it was burning noon, and time to  
rest.

Then leaning low upon a piece of shade,  
Fringed round with violets and pan-  
sies sweet,  
My heart and I, I said, will be delayed,  
And plan our work while cools the  
sultry heat.

Deep in the hills, and out of silence  
vast,  
A waterfall played up his silver tune ;  
My plans lost purpose, fell to dreams at  
last,  
And held me late into the afternoon.

But when the idle pleasure ceased to  
please,  
And I awoke, and not a plan was  
planned,  
Just as a drowning man at what he  
sees  
Catches for life, I caught the thing  
at hand.

And so life's little work-day hour has  
all  
Been spent and misspent doing what  
I could,

And in regrets and efforts to recall  
The chance of having, being, what I  
would.

And so sometimes I cannot choose but  
cry,  
Seeing my late-sown flowers are  
hardly set —  
O darkening color of the evening sky,  
Spare me the day a little longer yet !

## LAST AND BEST.

SOMETIMES, when rude, cold shadows  
run  
Across whatever light I see ;  
When all the work that I have done,  
Or can do, seems but vanity ;

I strive, nor vainly strive, to get  
Some little heart's ease from the day  
When all the weariness and fret  
Shall vanish from my life away ;

For I, with grandeur clothed upon,  
Shall lie in state and take my rest,  
And all my household, strangers grown,  
Shall hold me for an honored guest.

But ere that day when all is set  
In order, very still and grand,  
And while my feet are lingering yet  
Along this troubled border-land,

What things will be the first to fade,  
And down to utter darkness sink ?  
The treasures that my hands have laid  
Where moth and rust corrupt, I think.

And Love will be the last to wait  
And light my gloom with gracious  
gleams ;  
For Love lies nearer heaven's glad gate,  
Than all imagination dreams.

Aye, when my soul its mask shall drop,  
The twain to be no more at one,  
Love, with its prayers, shall bear me up  
Beyond the lark's wings, and the sun.





## POEMS OF NATURE AND HOME.

### IF AND IF.

IF I were a painter, I could paint  
The dwarfed and straggling wood,  
And the hill-side where the meeting-  
house

With the wooden belfry stood,  
A dozen steps from the door, — alone,  
On four square pillars of rough gray  
stone.

We school-boys used to write our names  
With our finger-tips each day  
In th' dust o' th' cross-beams, — once  
it shone,

I have heard the old folks say,  
(Praising the time past, as old folks  
will),  
Like a pillar o' fire on the side o' th' hill.

I could paint the lonesome lime-kilns,  
And the lime-burners, wild and  
proud,  
Their red sleeves gleaming in the  
smoke

Like a rainbow in a cloud, —  
Their huts by the brook, and their  
mimicking crew —  
Making believe to be lime-burners too !

I could paint the brawny wood-cutter,  
With the patches at his knees, —  
He 's been asleep these twenty years,  
Among his friends, the trees :  
The day that he died, the best oak o'  
the wood  
Came up by the roots, and he lies  
where it stood.

I could paint the blacksmith's dingy  
shop, —  
Its sign, a pillar of smoke ;

The farm-horse halt, the rough-haired  
colt,  
And the jade with her neck in a yoke ;  
The pony that made to himself a law,  
And would n't go under the saddle, nor  
draw !

The poor old mare at the door-post,  
With joints as stiff as its pegs, —  
Her one white eye, and her neck  
awry, —

Trembling the flies from her legs,  
And the thriftless farmer that used to  
stand  
And curry her ribs with a kindly hand.

I could paint his quaint old-fashioned  
house,  
With its windows, square and small,  
And the seams of clay running every  
way

Between the stones o' the wall :  
The roof, with furrows of mosses green,  
And new bright shingles set between.

The oven, bulging big behind,  
And the narrow porch before,  
And the weather-cock for ornament  
On the pole beside the door ;  
And th' row of milk-pans, shining  
bright  
As silver, in the summer light.

And I could paint his girls and boys,  
Each and every one,  
Hepzibah sweet, with her little bare  
feet,

And Shubal, the stalwart son,  
And wife and mother, with homespun  
gown,  
And roses beginning to shade into  
brown.

I could paint the garden, with its  
paths  
Cut smooth, and running straight, —  
The gray sage bed, the poppies red,  
And the lady-grass at the gate, —  
The black warped slab with its hive of  
bees,  
In the corner, under the apple-trees.

I could paint the fields, in the middle  
hush  
Of winter, bleak and bare,  
Some snow like a lamb that is caught  
in a bush,  
Hanging here and there, —  
The mildewed haystacks, all a-top,  
And the old dead stub with the crow  
at the top.

The cow, with a board across her eyes,  
And her udder dry as dust,  
Her hide so brown, her horn turned  
down,  
And her nose the color of rust, —  
The walnut-tree so stiff and high,  
With its black bark twisted all awry.

The hill-side, and the small space set  
With broken palings round, —  
The long loose grass, and the little  
grave  
With the head-stone on the ground,  
And the willow, like the spirit of grace  
Bending tenderly over the place.

The miller's face, half smile, half  
frown,  
Were a picture I could paint,  
And the mill, with gable steep and  
brown,  
And dripping wheel aslant, —  
The weather-beaten door, set wide,  
And the heaps of meal-bags either  
side.

The timbers cracked to gaping seams,  
The swallows' clay-built nests,  
And the rows of doves that sit on the  
beams  
With plump and glossy breasts, —  
The bear by his post sitting upright to  
eat,  
With half of his clumsy legs in his  
feet.

I could paint the mill-stream, cut in  
two  
By the heat o' the summer skies,

And the sand-bar, with its long brown  
back,  
And round and bubbly eyes,  
And the bridge, that hung so high o'er  
the tide,  
Creaking and swinging from side to  
side.

The miller's pretty little wife,  
In the cottage that she loves, —  
Her hand so white, and her step so  
light,  
And her eyes as brown as th' dove's,  
Her tiny waist, and belt of blue,  
And her hair that almost dazzles you.

I could paint the White-Hawk tavern,  
flanked  
With broken and wind-warped sheds,  
And the rock where the black clouds  
used to sit,  
And trim their watery heads  
With little sprinkles of shining light,  
Night and morning, morning and night.

The road, where slow and wearily,  
The dusty teamster came, —  
The sign on its post and the round-  
faced host,  
And the high arched door, aflame  
With trumpet-flowers, — the well-  
sweep, high,  
And the flowing water-trough, close  
by.

If I were a painter, and if my hand  
Were cunning, as it is not,  
I could paint you a picture that would  
stand  
When all the rest were forgot ;  
But why should I tell you what it would  
be ?  
I never shall paint it, nor you ever see.

#### AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE.

OH, good painter, tell me true,  
Has your hand the cunning to draw  
Shapes of things that you never  
saw ?  
Aye ? Well, here is an order for you.

Woods and corn fields, a little brown, —  
The picture must not be over-  
bright, —  
Yet all in the golden and gracious  
light

Of a cloud, when the summer sun is  
down.

Always and always, night and morn,  
Woods upon woods, with fields of  
corn

Lying between them, not quite  
sere,

And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,  
When the wind can hardly find breath-  
ing-room

Under their tassels, — cattle near,  
Biting shorter the short green grass,  
And a hedge of sumach and sassa-  
fras,

With bluebirds twittering all around, —  
(Ah, good painter, you can't paint  
sound!) —

These, and the house where I was  
born,

Low and little, and black and old,  
With children, many as it can hold,  
All at the windows, open wide, —  
Heads and shoulders clear outside,  
And fair young faces all ablush :

Perhaps you may have seen, some  
day,

Roses crowding the self-same way,  
Out of a wilding, wayside bush.

Listen closer. When you have done  
With woods and corn fields and  
grazing herds,

A lady, the loveliest ever the sun  
Looked down upon you must paint for  
me :

Oh, if I only could make you see  
The clear blue eyes, the tender  
smile,

The sovereign sweetness, the gentle  
grace,

The woman's soul, and the angel's  
face

That are beaming on me all the  
while,

I need not speak these foolish  
words :

Yet one word tells you all I would  
say, —

She is my mother : you will agree  
That all the rest may be thrown  
away.

Two little urchins at her knee  
You must paint, sir : one like me, —

The other with a clearer brow,  
And the light of his adventurous eyes  
Flashing with boldest enterprise :

At ten years old he went to sea, —

God knoweth if he be living  
now, —

He sailed in the good ship *Com-  
modore*,

Nobody ever crossed her track  
To bring us news, and she never came  
back.

Ah, it is twenty long years and more  
Since that old ship went out of the bay  
With my great-hearted brother on  
her deck :

I watched him till he shrank to a  
speck,  
And his face was toward me all the  
way.

Bright his hair was, a golden brown,  
The time we stood at our mother's  
knee :

That beauteous head, if it did go down,  
Carried sunshine into the sea !

Out in the fields one summer night  
We were together, half afraid

Of the corn-leaves' rustling, and of  
the shade

Of the high hills, stretching so  
still and far, —

Loitering till after the low little light  
Of the candle shone through the open  
door,

And over the hay-stack's pointed top,  
All of a tremble and ready to drop,

The first half-hour, the great  
yellow star,

That we, with staring, ignorant eyes,  
Had often and often watched to see

Propped and held in its place in the  
skies

By the fork of a tall red mulberry-tree,  
Which close in the edge of our flax-  
field grew, —

Dead at the top, — just one branch full  
Of leaves, notched round, and lined  
with wool,

From which it tenderly shook the  
dew

Over our heads, when we came to play  
In its hand-breadth of shadow, day after  
day.

Afraid to go home, sir ; for one of  
us bore

A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled  
eggs, —

The other, a bird, held fast by the  
legs,

Not so big as a straw of wheat :  
The berries we gave her she would n't  
eat,

But cried and cried, till we held her  
bill,  
So slim and shining, to keep her still.

At last we stood at our mother's knee.

Do you think, sir, if you try,  
You can paint the look of a lie?

If you can, pray have the grace  
To put it solely in the face

Of the urchin that is likest me :

I think 't was solely mine, indeed :

But that's no matter, — paint it so ;

The eyes of our mother — (take  
good heed) —

Looking not on the nestful of eggs,  
Nor the fluttering bird, held so fast by  
the legs,

But straight through our faces down to  
our lies,

And, oh, with such injured, reproachful  
surprise !

I felt my heart bleed where that  
glance went, as though

A sharp blade struck through it.

You, sir, know

That you on the canvas are to re-  
peat

Things that are fairest, things most  
sweet, —

Woods and corn fields and mulberry-  
tree, —

The mother, — the lads, with their  
bird, at her knee :

But, oh, that look of reproachful  
woe !

High as the heavens your name I 'll  
shout,

If you paint me the picture, and leave  
that out.

#### THE SUMMER STORM.

At noon-time I stood in the door-way  
to see

The spots, burnt like blisters, as white  
as could be,

Along the near meadow, shoved in like  
a wedge

Betwixt the high-road, and the stubble-  
land's edge.

The leaves of the elm-tree were dusty  
and brown,

The birds sat with shut eyes and wings  
hanging down,

The corn reached its blades out, as if  
in the pain  
Of crisping and scorching it felt for the  
rain.

Their meek faces turning away from  
the sun,

The cows waded up to their flanks in  
the run,

The sheep, so herd-loving, divided  
their flocks,

And singly lay down by the sides of  
the rocks.

At sunset there rose and stood black  
in the east

A cloud with the forehead and horns of  
a beast,

That quick to the zenith went higher  
and higher,

With feet that were thunder and eyes  
that were fire.

Then came a hot sough, like a gust of  
his breath,

And the leaves took the tremble and  
whiteness of death, —

The dog, to his master, from kennel  
and kin,

Came whining and shaking, with back  
crouching in.

At twilight the darkness was fearful to  
see :

“Make room,” cried the children, “O  
mother, for me !”

As climbing her chair and her lap, with  
alarm,

And whisper, — “Was ever there seen  
such a storm !”

At morning, the run where the cows  
cooled their flanks

Had washed up a hedge of white roots  
from its banks ;

The turnpike was left a blue streak,  
and each side

The gutters like rivers ran muddy and  
wide.

The barefooted lad started merry to  
school,

And the way was the nearest that led  
through the pool ;

The red-bird wore never so shining a  
coat,

Nor the pigeon so glossy a ring on her  
throat.

The teamster sat straight in his place,  
 for the nonce,  
 And sang to his sweetheart and team,  
 both at once ;  
 And neighbors shook hands o'er the  
 fences that day,  
 And talked of their homesteads instead  
 of their hay.

## THE SPECIAL DARLING.

ALONG the grassy lane one day,  
 Outside the dull old-fashioned town,  
 A dozen children were at play ;  
 From noontide till the even-fall,  
 Curly-heads flaxen and curly-heads  
 brown  
 Were busily bobbing up and down  
 Behind the blackberry wall.

And near these merry-makers wild  
 A piteous little creature was,  
 With face unlike the face of a child, —  
 Eyes fixed, and seeming frozen still,  
 And legs all doubled up in th' grass,  
 Disjointed from his will.

No dream deceived his dreary hours,  
 Nor made him merry nor made him  
 grave ;  
 He did not hear the children call,  
 Tumbling under the blackberry-wall,  
 With shoulders white with flowers ;  
 But sat with great wide eyes one way,  
 And body limberly a-sway,  
 Like a water-plant in a wave.

He did not hear the little stir  
 The ants made, working in their hills,  
 Nor see the pale, gray daffodils  
 Lifting about him their dull points,  
 Nor yet the curious grasshopper  
 Transport his green and angular joints  
 From bush to bush. Poor simple  
 boy, —  
 His senses cheated of their birth,  
 He might as well have grown in th'  
 earth,  
 For all he knew of joy.

Near where the children took their  
 fill  
 Of play, outside the dull old town,  
 And neighbored by a wide-flanked hill,  
 Where mists like phantoms up and  
 down

Moved all the time, a homestead was,  
 With window toward the plot of grass  
 Where sat this child, and oft and  
 again  
 Tender eyes peered through the  
 pane,  
 Whose glances still were dim,  
 Till leaping under the blackberry-  
 wall,  
 Curly-heads flaxen, brown and all,  
 They rested at last on him.

Ah, who shall say but that such love  
 Is the type of His who made us all,  
 And that from the Kingdom up above  
 The eyes that note the sparrow's fall,  
 O'er the incapable, weak and small,  
 Watch with tenderest care :  
 Such is my hope and prayer.

## A DREAM OF HOME.

SUNSET ! a hush is on the air,  
 Their gray old heads the mountains  
 bare,  
 As if the winds were saying prayer.

The woodland, with its broad, green  
 wing,  
 Shuts close the insect whispering,  
 And lo ! the sea gets up to sing.

The day's last splendor fades and dies,  
 And shadows one by one arise,  
 To light the candles of the skies.

O wild flowers, wet with tearful dew,  
 O woods, with starlight shining  
 through !  
 My heart is back to-night with you !

I know each beech and maple tree,  
 Each climbing brier and shrub I see, —  
 Like friends they stand to welcome me.

Musing, I go along the streams,  
 Sweetly believing in my dreams ;  
 For Fancy like a prophet seems.

Footsteps beside me tread the sod  
 As in the twilights gone they trod ;  
 And I unlearn my doubts, thank God !

Unlearn my doubts, forget my fears,  
 And that bad carelessness that sears,  
 And makes me older than my years.

I hear a dear, familiar tone,  
A loving hand is in my own,  
And earth seems made for me alone.

If I my fortunes could have planned,  
I would not have let go that hand ;  
But they must fall who learn to stand.

And how to blend life's varied hues,  
What ill to find, what good to lose,  
My Father knoweth best to choose.

#### EVENING PASTIMES.

SITTING by my fire alone,  
When the winds are rough and cold,  
And I feel myself grow old  
Thinking of the summers flown,

I have many a harmless art  
To beguile the tedious time :  
Sometimes reading some old rhyme  
I already know by heart ;

Sometimes singing over words  
Which in youth's dear day gone by  
Sounded sweet, so sweet that I  
Had no praises for the birds.

Then, from off its secret shelf  
I from dust and moth remove  
The old garment of my love,  
In the which I wrap myself.

And a little while am vain ;  
But its rose hue will not bear  
The sad light of faded hair ;  
So I fold it up again,

More in patience than regret  
Not a leaf the forest through  
But is sung and whispered to.  
I shall wear that garment yet.

#### FADED LEAVES.

THE hills are bright with maples yet ;  
But down the level land  
The beech leaves rustle in the wind  
As dry and brown as sand.

The clouds in bars of rusty red  
Along the hill-tops glow,  
And in the still, sharp air, the frost  
Is like a dream of snow.

The berries of the brier-rose  
Have lost their rounded pride :  
The bitter-sweet chrysanthemums  
Are drooping heavy-eyed.

The cricket grows more friendly now,  
The dormouse sly and wise,  
Hiding away in the disgrace  
Of nature, from men's eyes.

The pigeons in black wavering lines  
Are swinging toward the sun ;  
And all the wide and withered fields  
Proclaim the summer done.

His store of nuts and acorns now  
The squirrel hastes to gain,  
And sets his house in order for  
The winter's dreary reign.

'T is time to light the evening fire,  
To read good books, to sing  
The low and lovely songs that breathe  
Of the eternal spring.

#### THE LIGHT OF DAYS GONE BY.

SOME comfort when all else is night,  
About his fortune plays,  
Who sets his dark to-days in the light  
Of the sunnier yesterdays.

In memory of joy that 's been  
Something of joy is, still ;  
Where no dew is, we may dabble in  
A dream of the dew at will.

All with the dusty city's throng  
Walled round, I mused to-day  
Of flowery sheets lying white along  
The pleasant grass of the way.

Under the hedge by the brawling brook  
I heard the woodpecker's tap.  
And the drunken trills of the blackbirds  
shook  
The sassafras leaves in my lap.

I thought of the rainy morning air  
Dropping down through the pine,  
Of furrows fresh from the shining  
share,  
And smelling sweeter than wine.

Of the soft, thick moss, and how it grew  
With silver beads imperaled,

In the well that we used to think ran  
through  
To the other side of the world.

I thought of the old barn set about  
With its stacks of sweet, dry hay;  
Of the swallows flying in and out  
Through the gables, steep and gray;

Thought of the golden hum of the bees,  
Of the cocks with their heads so  
high,  
Making it morn in the tops of the  
trees  
Before it was morn in the sky.

And of the home, of the dear old home,  
With its brown and rose-bound wall,  
Where we fancied death could never  
come —  
I thought of it more than of all.

Each childish play-ground memory  
claims,  
Telling me here, and thus,  
We called to the echoes by their names,  
Till we made them answer us.

Thank God, when other power decays,  
And other pleasures die,  
We still may set our dark to-days.  
In the light of days gone by.

## A SEA SONG.

COME, make for me a little song —  
'T was so a spirit said to me —  
And make it just four verses long,  
And made it sweet as it can be,  
And make it all about the sea.

Sing me about the wild waste shore,  
Where, long and long ago, with me  
You watched the silver sails that bore  
The great, strong ships across the  
sea —  
The blue, the bright, the boundless  
sea.

Sing me about the plans we planned:  
How one of those good ships should  
be  
My way to find some flowery land  
Away beyond the misty sea,  
Where, alway, you should live with  
me.

Sing, lastly, how our hearts were caught  
Up into heaven, because that we  
Knew not the flowery land we sought  
Lay all beyond that other sea —  
That soundless, sailless, solemn sea.

## SERMONS IN STONES.

FLOWER of the deep red zone,  
Rain the fine light about thee, near and  
far,  
Hold the wide earth, so as the evening  
star  
Holdeth all heaven, alone,  
And with thy wondrous glory make  
men see  
His greater glory who did fashion thee!

Sing, little goldfinch, sing!  
Make the rough billows lift their curly  
ears  
And listen, fill the violet's eyes with  
tears,  
Make the green leaves to swing  
As in a dance, when thou dost hie  
along,  
Showing the sweetness whence thou  
get'st thy song.

O daisies of the hills,  
When winds do pipe to charm ye, be  
not slow.  
Crowd up, crowd up, and make your  
shoulders show  
White o'er the daffodils!  
Yea, shadow forth through your excel-  
ling grace  
With whom ye have held counsel face  
to face.

Fill full our desire,  
Gray grasses; trick your lowly stems  
with green,  
And wear your splendors even as a  
queen  
Weareth her soft attire.  
Unfold the cunning mystery of de-  
sign  
That combs out all your skirts to rib-  
bons fine.

And O my heart, my heart,  
Be careful to go strewing in and out  
Thy way with good deeds, lest it come  
about  
That when thou shalt depart,

No low lamenting tongue be found to say,  
The world is poorer since thou went'st away !

Thou shouldst not idly beat,  
While beauty draweth good men's thoughts to prayer  
Even as the bird's wing draweth out the air,

But make so fair and sweet  
Thy house of clay, some dusk shall spread about,  
When death unlocks the door and lets thee out.

#### MY PICTURE.

AH, how the eye on the picture stops  
Where the lights of memory shine !  
My friend, to thee I will leave the sea,

If only this be mine,  
For the thought of the breeze in the tops of the trees  
Stirs my blood like wine !

I will leave the sea and leave the ships,  
And the light-house, taper and tall,  
The bar so low, whence the fishers go,  
And the fishers' wives and all,  
If thou wilt agree to leave to me  
This picture for my wall.

I leave thee all the palaces,  
With their turrets in the sky —  
The hunting-grounds, the hawks and hounds —  
They please nor ear nor eye ;  
But the sturdy strokes on the sides o' the oaks  
Make my pulses fly.

The old cathedral, filling all  
The street with its shadow brown,  
The organ grand, and the choiring band,  
And the priest with his shaven crown ;  
'T is the wail of the hymn in the wild-wood dim,  
That bends and bows me down.

The shepherd piping to his flock  
In the merry month of the May,

The lady fair with the golden hair,  
And the knight so gallant and gay —  
For the wood so drear that is pictured here,  
I give them all away.

I give the cities and give the sea,  
The ships and the bar so low,  
And fishers and wives whose dreary lives  
Speak from the canvas so ;  
And for all of these I must have the trees —  
The trees on the hills of snow !

And shall we be agreed, my friend ?  
Shall it stand as I have said ?  
For the sake of the shade wherein I played,  
And for the sake of my dead,  
That lie so low on the hills of snow,  
Shall it be as I have said ?

#### MORNING IN THE MOUNTAINS.

MORN on the mountains ! streaks of roseate light  
Up the high east athwart the shadows run ;  
The last low star fades softly out of sight,  
And the gray mists go forth to meet the sun.

And now from every sheltering shrub and vine,  
And thicket wild with many a tangled spray,  
And from the birch and elm and rough-browed pine,  
The birds begin to serenade the day.

And now the cock his sleepy harem thrills  
With clarion calls, and down the flowery dells ;  
And from their mossy hollows in the hills ;  
The sheep have started all their tinkling bells.

Lo, the great sun ! and Nature everywhere  
Is all alive, and sweet as she can be ;  
A thousand happy sounds are in the air,  
A thousand by the rivers and the sea.



The dipping oar, the boatman's cheer-  
ful horn,  
The well-sweep, creaking in its rise  
and fall ;  
And pleasantly along the springing  
corn,  
The music of the ploughshare, best  
of all, —

The insect's little hum, the whirl and  
beat  
Of myriad wings, the mower's song  
so blithe,  
The patter of the school-boy's naked  
feet,  
The joyous ringing of the whetted  
scythe, —

The low of kine, the falling meadow  
bar,  
The teamster's whistle gay, the dron-  
ing round  
Of the wet mill-wheel, and the tuneful  
jar  
Of hollow milk-pans, swell the gen-  
eral sound.

And by the sea, and in each vale and  
glen  
Are happy sights, as well as sounds  
to hear,  
The world of things, and the great  
world of men,  
All, all is busy, busy far and near.

The ant is hard at work, and every-  
where  
The bee is balanced on her wings so  
brown ;  
And the black spider on her slender  
stair  
Is running down and up, and up and  
down.

The pine-wood smoke in bright, fantas-  
tic curls,  
Above the low-roofed homestead  
sweeps away,  
And o'er the groups of merry boys and  
girls  
That pick the berries bright, or rake  
the hay.

Morn on the mountains ! the enkindling  
skies,  
The flowery fields, the meadows, and  
the sea,

All are so fair, the heart within me cries,  
How good, how wondrous good our  
God must be.

## THE THISTLE FLOWER.

My homely flower that blooms along  
The dry and dusty ways,  
I have a mind to make a song,  
And make it in thy praise ;  
For thou art favored of my heart,  
Humble and outcast as thou art.

Though never with the plants of grace  
In garden borders set,  
Full often have I seen thy face  
With tender tear-drops wet,  
And seen thy gray and ragged sleeves  
All wringing with them, morns and  
eves.

Albeit thou livest in a bush  
Of such unsightly form,  
Thou hast not any need to blush —  
Thou hast thine own sweet charm ;  
And for that charm I love thee so,  
And not for any outward show.

The iron-weed, so straight and fine, '  
Above thy head may rise,  
And all in glossy purple shine ;  
But to my partial eyes  
It cannot harm thee — thou hast still  
A place no finer flower can fill.

The fennel, she is courted at  
The porch-side and the door —  
Thou hast no lovers, and for that  
I love thee all the more ;  
Only the wind and rain to be  
Thy friends, and keep thee company.

So, being left to take thine ease  
Behind thy thorny wall,  
Thy little head with vanities  
Has not been turned at all,  
And all field beauties give me grace  
To praise thee to thy very face.

So, thou shalt evermore belong  
To me from this sweet hour,  
And I will take thee for my song,  
And take thee for my flower,  
And by the great, and proud, and high  
Unenvied, we will live and die.

## MY DARLINGS.

My Rose, so red and round,  
My Daisy, darling of the summer  
weather,  
You must go down now, and keep  
house together,  
Low underground!

O little silver line  
Of meadow water, ere the cloud rise  
darkling,  
Slip out of sight, and with your comely  
sparkling  
Make their hearth shine.

Leaves of the garden bowers,  
The frost is coming soon,— your prime  
is over;  
So gently fall, and make a soft, warm  
cover  
To house my flowers.

Lithe willow, too, forego  
The crown that makes you queen of  
woodland graces,  
Nor leave the winds to shear the lady  
tresses  
From your drooped brow.

Oak, held by strength apart  
From all the trees, stop now your stems  
from growing,  
And send the sap, while yet 't is bravely  
flowing,  
Back to your heart.

And ere the autumn sleet  
Freeze into ice, or sift to bitter snow-  
ing,  
Make compact with your peers for  
overstrowing  
My darlings sweet.

So when their sleepy eyes  
Shall be unlocked by May with rainy  
kisses,  
They to the sweet renewal of old  
blisses  
Refreshed may rise.

Lord, in that evil day  
When my own wicked thoughts like  
thieves waylay me,  
Or when pricked conscience rises up  
to slay me,  
Shield me, I pray.

Aye, when the storm shall drive,  
Spread thy two blessed hands like  
leaves above me,  
And with thy great love, though none  
else should love me,  
Save me alive!

Heal with thy peace my strife;  
And as the poet with his golden vers-  
ing  
Lights his low house, give me, thy  
praise rehearsing,  
To light my life.

Shed down thy grace in showers,  
And if some roots of good, at thy ap-  
pearing,  
Be found in me, transplant them for the  
rearing  
Of heavenly flowers.

## THE FIELD SWEET-BRIER.

I LOVE the flowers that come about  
with spring,  
And whether they be scarlet, white,  
or blue,  
It mattereth to me not anything;  
For when I see them full of sun and  
dew,  
My heart doth get so full with its de-  
light,  
I know not blue from red, nor red from  
white.

Sometimes I choose the lily, without  
stain;  
The royal rose sometimes the best I  
call;  
Then the low daisy, dancing with the  
rain,  
Doth seem to me the finest flower of  
all;  
And yet if only one could bloom for  
me—  
I know right well what flower that one  
would be!

Yea, so I think my native wilding  
brier,  
With just her thin four leaves, and  
stem so rough,  
Could, with her sweetness, give me my  
desire,  
Aye, all my life long give me sweets  
enough;

For though she be not vaunted to excel,  
She in all modest grace aboundeth well.

And I would have no whit the less content,  
Because she hath not won the poet's voice,

To pluck her little stars for ornament,  
And that no man were poorer for my choice,

Since she perforce must shine above the rest

In comely looks, because I love her best!

When fancy taketh wing, and wills to go  
Where all selected glories blush and bloom,

I search and find the flower that used to grow

Close by the door-stone of the dear old home —

The flower whose knitted roots we did divide

For sad transplanting, when the mother died.

All of the early and the latter May,  
And through the windless heats of middle June,

Our green-armed brier held for us day by day,

The morning coolness till the afternoon;

And every bird that took his grateful share,

Sang with a heavenlier tongue than elsewhere.

And when from out the west the low sun shone,

It used to make our pulses leap and thrill

To see her lift her shadows from the stone,

And push it in among us o'er the sill —

O'erstrow with flowers, and then push softly in,

As if she were our very kith and kin.

So, seeing still at evening's golden close

This shadow with our childish shadows blend,

We came to love our simple four-leaved rose,

As if she were a sister or a friend.

And if my eyes all flowers but one must lose,  
Our wild sweet-brier would be the one to choose.

### THE LITTLE HOUSE ON THE HILL.

O MEMORY, be sweet to me —

Take, take all else at will,  
So thou but leave me safe and sound,  
Without a token my heart to wound,  
The little house on the hill!

Take all of best from east to west,  
So thou but leave me still  
The chamber, where in the starry light

I used to lie awake at night  
And list to the whip-poor-will.

Take violet-bed, and rose-tree red,  
And the purple flags by the mill,  
The meadow gay, and the garden-ground,

But leave, oh leave me safe and sound  
The little house on the hill!

The daisy-lane, and the dove's low plain

And the cuckoo's tender bill,  
Take one and all, but leave the dreams  
That turned the rafters to golden beams,

In the little house on the hill!

The gables brown, they have tumbled down,

And dry is the brook by the mill;  
The sheets I used with care to keep  
Have wrapt my dead for the last long sleep,

In the valley, low and still.

But, Memory, be sweet to me,  
And build the walls, at will,  
Of the chamber where I used to mark,  
So softly rippling over the dark,  
The song of the whip-poor-will!

Ah, Memory, be sweet to me!

All other fountains chill;  
But leave that song so weird and wild,  
Dear as its life to the heart of the child,

In the little house on the hill!

## THE OLD HOUSE.

My little birds, with backs as brown  
 As sand, and throats as white as  
 frost,  
 I've searched the summer up and  
 down,  
 And think the other birds have lost  
 The tunes you sang, so sweet, so low,  
 About the old house, long ago.

My little flowers, that with your bloom  
 So hid the grass you grew upon,  
 A child's foot scarce had any room  
 Between you, — are you dead and  
 gone?  
 I've searched through fields and gar-  
 dens rare,  
 Nor found your likeness anywhere.

My little hearts, that beat so high  
 With love to God, and trust in men,  
 Oh, come to me, and say if I  
 But dream, or was I dreaming then,  
 What time we sat within the glow  
 Of the old house hearth, long ago?

My little hearts, so fond, so true,  
 I searched the world all far and  
 wide,  
 And never found the like of you:  
 God grant we meet the other side  
 The darkness 'twixt us now that  
 stands,  
 In that new house not made with  
 hands!

## THE BLACKBIRD.

"I could not think so plain a bird  
 Could sing so fine a song."

ONE on another against the wall  
 Pile up the books, — I am done with  
 them all!  
 I shall be wise, if I ever am wise,  
 Out of my own ears, and of my own  
 eyes.

One day of the woods and their balmy  
 light, —  
 One hour on the top of a breezy hill,  
 Where in the sassafras all out of sight  
 The blackbird is splitting his slen-  
 der bill  
 For the ease of his heart!

Do you think if he said  
 I will sing like this bird with the mud-  
 colored back  
 And the two little spots of gold over  
 his eyes,  
 Or like to this shy little creature that  
 flies  
 So low to the ground, with the ame-  
 thyst rings  
 About her small throat, — all alive  
 when she sings  
 With a glitter of shivering green, —  
 for the rest,  
 Gray shading to gray, with the sheen  
 of her breast  
 Half rose and half fawn, —  
 Or like this one so proud,  
 That flutters so restless, and cries out  
 so loud,  
 With stiff horny beak and a topknotted  
 head,  
 And a lining of scarlet laid under his  
 wings, —  
 Do you think, if he said, "I'm  
 ashamed to be black!"  
 That he could have shaken the sassa-  
 fras-tree  
 As he does with the song he was born  
 to? not he!

## CRADLE SONG.

ALL by the sides of the wide wild river  
 Surging sad through the sodden land,  
 There be the black reeds washing to-  
 gether —  
 Washing together in rain and sand;  
 Going, blowing, flowing, together —  
 Rough are the winds, and the tide  
 runs high —  
 Hush little babe in thy silken cradle —  
 Lull lull, lull lull, lull lullaby!

Father is riding home, little baby,  
 Riding home through the wind and  
 rain;  
 Flinty hoofs on the flag stems beating  
 Thrum like a flail on the golden  
 grain.  
 All in the wild, wet reeds of the low-  
 lands,  
 Dashed and plashed with the freezing  
 foam,  
 There be the blood-red wings of the  
 starlings  
 Shining to light and lead him home.

Spurring hard o'er the grass-gray  
ridges —

Slacking rein in the low, wet land,  
Where be the black reeds washing to-  
gether —

Washing together in rain and sand.  
Down of the yellow-throated creeper —  
Plumes of the woodcock, green and  
black —

Boughs of salix, and combs of honey —  
These be the gifts he is bearing back.

Yester morning four sweet ground-  
doves

Sung so gay to their nest in the  
wall —

Oh, by the moaning, and oh, by the  
droning,

The wild, wild water is over them all !  
Come, O morning, come with thy roses,  
Flame like a burning bush in the  
sky —

Hush, little babe, in thy silken cradle —  
Lull lull, lull lull, lull lullaby !

#### GOING TO COURT.

THE farm-lad quarried from the mow  
The golden bundles, hastily,  
And, giving oxen, colt, and cow  
Their separate portions, he was free.

Then, emptying all the sweet delight  
Of his young heart into his eyes,  
As if he might not go that night,  
He lingered, looking at the skies.

The evening's silver plough had gone  
Through twilight's bank of yellow  
haze,

And turned two little stars thereon —  
Still artfully he stayed to praise

The hedge-row's bloom — the trickling  
run —

The crooked lane, and valley low —  
Each pleasant walk, indeed, save one,  
And that the way he meant to go !

In truth, for Nature's simple shows  
He had no thoughts that night, to  
spare,

In vain to please his eyes, the rose  
Climbed redly out upon the air.

The bean-flower, in her white attire  
Displayed in vain her modest charms,

And apple-blossoms, all on fire,  
Fell uninvited in his arms.

When Annie raked the summer hay  
Last year, a little thorn he drew  
Out of her white hand, such a way,  
It pierced his heart all through and  
through.

Poor farmer-lad ! could he that night  
Have seen how fortune's leaves were  
writ,

His eyes had emptied all their light  
Back to his heart, and broken it.

#### ON THE SEA.

I WILL call her when she comes to me  
My lily, and not my wife,  
So whitely and so tenderly  
She was set in my stormy life.

In vain her gentle eyes to please  
The year had done her best,  
Setting her tides of crocuses  
All softly toward the west :

The bright west, where our love was  
born  
And grew to perfect bloom,  
And where the broad leaves of the  
corn  
Hang low about her tomb.

I hid from men my cruel wound  
And sailed away on the sea,  
But like waves around some hulk  
aground  
Her love enfoldeth me.

My clumsy hands are cracked and  
brown ;  
My chin is rough as a bur,  
But under the dry husk soft as down  
Lieth my love for her.

One night when storms were in the  
sky —  
Sailing away on the sea,  
I dreamed that I was doomed to die,  
And that she came to me.

They bound my eyes, but I had sight  
And saw her take that hour  
My head so bright in her apron white  
As if it had been a flower !

No child when I sit alone at night  
 Comes climbing on my knee,  
 But I dream of love and my heart is  
 light  
 As I sail away on the sea.

## A FRAGMENT.

It was a sandy level wherein stood  
 The old and lonesome house ; far as  
 the eye  
 Could measure, on the green back of  
 the wood,  
 The smoke lay always, low and lazily.

Down the high gable windows, all one  
 way,  
 Hung the long, drowsy curtains, and  
 across  
 The sunken shingles, where the rain  
 would stay,  
 The roof was ridged, a hand's  
 breadth deep, with moss.

The place was all so still you would  
 have said  
 The picture of the Summer, drawn,  
 should be  
 With golden ears, laid back against  
 her head,  
 And listening to the far, low-lying sea.

But from the rock, rough-grained and  
 icy-crowned,  
 Some little flower from out some  
 cleft will rise ;  
 And in this quiet land my love I found,  
 With all their soft light, sleepy, in  
 her eyes.

No bush to lure a bird to sing to her —  
 In depths of calm the gnats' faint  
 hum was drowned,  
 And the wind's voice was like a little stir  
 Of the uneasy silence, not like sound.

No tender trembles of the dew at close  
 Of day, — at morn, no insect choir ;  
 No sweet bees at sweet work about the  
 rose,  
 Like little housewife fairies round  
 their fire.

And yet the place, suffused with her,  
 seemed fair —  
 Ah, I would be immortal, could I  
 write

How from her forehead fell the shining  
 hair,  
 As morning falls from heaven — so  
 bright ! so bright.

## SHADOWS.

WHEN I see the long wild briars  
 Waving in the winds like fires,  
 See the green skirts of the maples  
 Barred with scarlet and with gold,  
 See the sunflower, heavy-hearted,  
 Shadows then from days departed  
 Come and with their tender trembles  
 Wrap my bosom, fold on fold.

I can hear sweet invitations  
 Through the sobbing, sad vibrations  
 Of the winds that follow, follow,  
 As from self I seek to fly —  
 Come up hither ! come up hither !  
 Leave the rough and rainy weather !  
 Come up where the royal roses  
 Never fade and never die !

'T was when May was blushing, bloom-  
 ing,  
 Brown bee, bluebirds, singing, hum-  
 ming,  
 That we built and walled our cham-  
 ber  
 With the emerald of leaves ;  
 Made our bed of yellow mosses,  
 Soft as pile of silken flosses,  
 Dreamed our dreams in dewy bright-  
 ness  
 Radiant like the morns and eves.

And it was when woods were gleaming,  
 And when clouds were wildly stream-  
 ing  
 Gray and umber, white and ember,  
 Streaming in the north wind's breath,  
 That my little rose-mouthed blossom  
 Fell and faded on my bosom,  
 Cankered by the coming coldness,  
 Blighted by the frosts of death.

Therefore, when I see the shadows,  
 Drifting in across the meadows,  
 See the troops of summer wild birds  
 Flying from us, cloud on cloud,  
 Memory with that May-time lingers,  
 And I seem to feel the fingers  
 Of my lost and lovely darling  
 Wrap my heart up in her shroud.

## APRIL.

THE wild and windy March once more  
Has shut his gates of sleet,  
And given us back the April-time,  
So fickle and so sweet.

Now blighting with our fears, our  
hopes —  
Now kindling hopes with fears —  
Now softly weeping through her  
smiles —  
Now smiling through her tears.

Ah, month that comes with rainbows  
crowned,  
And golden shadows dressed —  
Constant to her inconstancy,  
And faithful to unrest.

The swallows 'round the homestead  
eaves —  
The bluebirds in the bowers  
Twitter their sweet songs for thy sake,  
Gay mother of the flowers.

The brooks that moaned but yester-  
day  
Through bunches of dead grass,  
Climb up their banks with dimpled  
hands,  
And watch to see thee pass.

The willow, for thy grace's sake,  
Has dressed with tender spray,  
And all the rivers send their mists  
To meet thee on the way.

The morning sets her rosy clouds  
Like hedges in the sky,  
And o'er and o'er their dear old tunes  
The winds of evening try.

Before another week has gone,  
Each bush, and shrub, and tree,  
Will be as full of buds and leaves  
As ever it can be.

I welcome thee with all my heart,  
Glad herald of the spring,  
And yet I cannot choose but think  
Of all thou dost not bring.

The violet opes her eyes beneath  
The dew-fall and the rain —  
But oh, the tender, drooping lids  
That open not again !

Thou set'st the red familiar rose  
Beside the household door,  
But oh, the friends, the sweet, sweet  
friends  
Thou bringest back no more !

But shall I mourn that thou no more  
A short-lived joy can bring,  
Since death has lifted up the gates  
Of their eternal spring ?

## POPPIES.

O LADIES, softly fair,  
Who curl and comb your hair,  
And deck your dainty bodies, eve and  
morn,  
With pearls and flowery spray,  
And knots of ribbons gay,  
As if ye were for idlesse only born :  
Hearken to Wisdom's call —  
What are ye, after all,  
But foolish poppies in among the corn !

Whose lives but parts repeat —  
Whose little dancing feet  
Swim lightly as the silverly mists of  
morn :  
Whose pretty palms unclose  
Like some fresh dewy rose,  
For dainty dalliance, not for distaffs  
born ;  
Hearken to Wisdom's call —  
What are ye, after all,  
But flaunting poppies in among the  
corn !

O women, sad of face,  
Whose crowns of girlish grace  
Sin has plucked off, and left ye all for-  
lorn —  
Whose pleasures do not please —  
Whose hearts have no hearts'-  
ease —  
Whose seeming honor is of honor  
shorn :  
Hearken to Wisdom's call —  
What are ye, one and all,  
But painted poppies in among the corn !

Women, to name whose name  
All good men blush for shame,  
And bad men even, with the speech of  
scorn ;  
Who have nor sacred sight  
For Vesta's lamps so white,

Nor hearing for old Triton's wreathèd  
horn:  
Oh, hark to Wisdom's call —  
What are ye, one and all,  
But poison poppies in among the corn !

Women, who will not cease  
From toil, nor be at peace  
Either at purple eve or yellowing morn,  
But drive with pitiless hand,  
Your ploughshares through the  
land  
Quick with the lives of daisies yet un-  
born :  
Hearken to Wisdom's call —  
What are ye, after all,  
But troublous poppies in among the  
corn !

Blighting with fretful looks  
The tender-tasseled stocks —  
Sweeping your wide-floored barns with  
sighs forlorn  
About the unfilled grains  
And starving hunger-pains  
That on the morrow, haply, shall be  
borne :  
Oh, hark to Wisdom's call —  
What are ye, after all,  
But forward poppies in among the  
corn !

O virgins, whose pure eyes  
Hold commerce with the skies —  
Whose lives lament that ever ye were  
born ;  
The cross whose joy to wear  
Never the rose, but only just the thorn :  
Hearken to Wisdom's call —  
What are ye, after all,  
Better than poppies in among the corn !

What better ? who abuse  
The gifts wise women use,  
With locks sheared off, and bosoms  
scourged and torn :  
Lapping your veils so white  
Betwixt ye and the light,  
Composed in heaven's sweet cisterns,  
morn by morn :  
Oh, hark to Wisdom's call —  
What are ye, after all  
Better than poppies in among the corn !

O women, rare and fine,  
Whose mouths are red with wine  
Of kisses of your children, night and  
morn,

Whose ways are virtue's ways —  
Whose good works are your  
praise —  
Whose hearts hold nothing God has  
made in scorn :  
Though Fame may never call  
Your names, ye are, for all,  
The Ruths that stand breast-high amid  
the corn !

Your steadfast love and sure  
Makes all beside it poor ;  
Your cares like royal ornaments are  
worn ;  
Wise women ! what so sweet,  
So queenly, so complete  
To name ye by, since ever one was  
born ?  
Since she, whom poets call,  
The sweetest of you all,  
First gleaned with Boaz in among the  
corn.

#### A SEA SONG.

NOR far nor near grew shrub nor  
tree,  
The bare hills stood up bleak behind,  
And in between the marsh weeds gray  
Some tawny-colored sand-drift lay,  
Opening a pathway to the sea,  
The which I took to please my mind.

In full sight of the open seas  
A patch of flowers I chance to find,  
As if the May, being thereabout,  
Had from her apron spilled them out ;  
And there I lay and took my ease,  
And made a song to please my mind.

Sweet bed ! if you should live full  
long,  
A sweeter you will never find —  
Some flowers were red, and some were  
white ;  
And in their low and tender light  
I meditated on my song,  
Fitting the words to please my mind.

Some sea-waves on the sands up-  
thrown,  
And left there by the wanton wind,  
With lips all curled in homesick pain  
For the old mother's arms again,  
Moved me, and to their piteous moan  
I set the tune to please my mind.



But now I would in very truth  
 The flowers I had not chanced to find,  
 Nor lain their speckled leaves along,  
 Nor set to that sad tune my song ;  
 For that which pleased my careless  
 youth  
 It faileth now to please my mind.

And this thing I do know for true,  
 A truer you will never find,  
 No false step e'er so lightly rung  
 But that some echo giving tongue  
 Did like a hound all steps pursue,  
 Until the world was left behind.

## WINTER AND SUMMER.

THE winter goes and the summer  
 comes,  
 And the cloud descends in warm,  
 wet showers ;  
 The grass grows green where the frost  
 has been,  
 And waste and wayside are fringed  
 with flowers.

The winter goes and the summer  
 comes,  
 And the merry bluebirds twitter and  
 trill,  
 And the swallow swings on his steel-  
 blue wings,  
 This way and that way, at wildest  
 will.

The winter goes and the summer  
 comes,  
 And the swallow he swingeth no  
 more aloft,  
 And the bluebird's breast swells out of  
 her nest,  
 And the horniest bill of them all  
 grows soft.

The summer goes and the winter  
 comes,  
 And the daisy dies and the daffodil  
 dies,  
 And the softest bill grows horny and  
 still,  
 And the days set dimly and dimly  
 rise.

The summer goes and the winter  
 comes  
 And the red fire fades from the  
 heart o' th' rose,

And the snow lies white where the  
 grass was bright,  
 And the wild wind bitterly blows and  
 blows.

The winter comes and the winter  
 stays,  
 Aye, cold and long and long and  
 cold,  
 And the pulses beat to the weary feet,  
 And the head feels sick and the  
 heart grows cold.

The winter comes and the winter  
 stays,  
 And all the glory behind us lies,  
 The cheery light drops into the night,  
 And the snow drifts over our sight-  
 less eyes.

## AUTUMN.

SHORTER and shorter now the twilight  
 clips  
 The days, as through the sunset  
 gates they crowd,  
 And Summer from her golden collar  
 slips  
 And strays through stubble-fields,  
 and moans aloud,

Save when by fits the warmer air de-  
 ceives,  
 And, stealing hopeful to some shel-  
 tered bower,  
 She lies on pillows of the yellow  
 leaves,  
 And tries the old tunes over for an  
 hour.

The wind, whose tender whisper in the  
 May  
 Set all the young blooms listening  
 through th' grove,  
 Sits rustling in the faded boughs to-  
 day  
 And makes his cold and unsuccess-  
 ful love.

The rose has taken off her tire of  
 red —  
 The mullein-stalk its yellow stars  
 have lost,  
 And the proud meadow-pink hangs  
 down her head  
 Against earth's chilly bosom, witched  
 with frost.

The robin, that was busy all the June,  
 Before the sun had kissed the top-  
 most bough,  
 Catching our hearts up in his golden  
 tune,  
 Has given place to the brown cricket  
 now.

The very cock crows lonesomely at  
 morn —  
 Each flag and fern the shrinking  
 stream divides —  
 Uneasy cattle low, and lambs forlorn  
 Creep to their strawy sheds with  
 nettled sides.

Shut up the door : who loves me must  
 not look  
 Upon the withered world, but haste  
 to bring  
 His lighted candle, and his story-book,  
 And live with me the poetry of  
 spring.

#### DAMARIS.

YOU know th' forks of th' road, and  
 th' brown mill ?  
 And how th' mill-stream, where th'  
 three elms grow,  
 Flattens its curly head and slips be-  
 low  
 That shelf of rocks which juts from  
 out th' hill ?

You know th' field of sandstone, red  
 and gray,  
 Sloped to th' south ? and where th'  
 sign-post stands,  
 Silently lifting up its two black  
 hands  
 To point th' uneasy traveler on his  
 way ?

You must remember the long rippling  
 ridge  
 Of rye, that cut the level land in two,  
 And changed from blue to green,  
 from green to blue,  
 Summer after summer ? And th' one-  
 arched bridge,

Under the which, with joy surpassing  
 words,  
 We stole to see beneath the speckled  
 breast

Of th' wild mother, all the clay-  
 built nest  
 Set round with shining heads of little  
 birds.

Well, midway 'twixt th' rye-ridge and  
 th' mill,  
 In the old house with windows to the  
 morn,  
 The village beauty, Damaris, was  
 born —  
 There lives, in "maiden meditation,"  
 still.

Stop you and mark, if you that way  
 should pass,  
 The old, familiar quince and apple-  
 trees,  
 Chafing against the wall with every  
 breeze,  
 And at the door the flag-stones, set in  
 grass.

There is the sunflower, with her starry  
 face  
 Leaned to her love ; and there, with  
 pride elate,  
 The prince's-feather — at th' garden-  
 gate  
 The green-haired plants, all gracious  
 in their place.

You'll think you have not been an  
 hour away —  
 Seeing the stones, th' flowers, the  
 knotty trees,  
 And 'twixt the palings, strings of  
 yellow bees,  
 Shining like streaks of light — but,  
 welladay !

If Damaris happen at the modest  
 door,  
 In gown of silver gray and cap of  
 snow —  
 Your May-day sweetheart, forty  
 years ago —  
 The brief delusion can delude no  
 more.

#### A LESSON.

WOODLAND, green and gay with dew,  
 Here, to-day, I pledge anew  
 All the love I gave to you

When my heart was young and glad,

And in dress of homespun plaid,  
Bright as any flower you had,

Through your bushy ways I trod,  
Or, lay hushed upon your sod  
With my silence praising God.

Never sighing for the town —  
Never giving back a frown  
To the sun that kissed me brown.

When my hopes were of such stuff,  
That my days, though crude enough,  
Were with golden gladness rough —

Timid creatures of the air —  
Little ground-mice, shy and fair —  
You were friendly with me there.

Beeches gray, and solemn firs,  
Thickets full of bees and burs,  
You were then my school-masters,

Teaching me as best you could,  
How the evil by the good —  
Thorns by flowers must be construed.

Rivulets of silvery sound,  
Searching close, I always found  
Fretting over stony ground.

And in hollows, cold and wet,  
Violets purpled into jet  
As if bad blood had been let ;

While in every sunny place,  
Each one wore upon her face  
Looks of true and tender grace.

Leaning from the hedge-row wall,  
Gave the rose her sweets to all,  
Like a royal prodigal.

And the lily, priestly white,  
Made a little saintly light  
In her chapel out of sight.

Heedless how the spider spun —  
Heedless of the brook that run  
Boldly winking at the sun.

When the autumn clouds did pack  
Hue on hue, unto that black  
That's bluish, like a serpent's back,

Emptying all their cisterns out,  
While the winds in fear and doubt  
Whirled like dervises about,

And the mushroom, brown and dry,  
On the meadow's face did lie,  
Shrunken like an evil eye —

Shrunken all its fleshy skin,  
Like a lid that wrinkles in  
Where an eyeball once had been.

How my soul within me cried,  
As along the woodland side  
All the flowers fell sick and died.

But when Spring returned, she said,  
"They were sleeping, and not dead —  
Thus must light and darkness wed."

Since that lesson, even death  
Lies upon the glass of faith,  
Like the dimness of a breath.

#### KATRINA ON THE PORCH.

A BIT OF TURNER PUT INTO WORDS.

AN old, old house by the side of the  
sea,  
And never a picture poet would  
paint ;  
But I hold the woman above the  
saint,  
And the light of the hearth is more to  
me  
Than shimmer of air-built castle.

It fits as it grew to the landscape  
there —  
One hardly feels as he stands aloof  
Where the sandstone ends, and the  
red slate roof  
Juts over the window, low and square,  
That looks on the wild sea-water.

From the top of the hill so green and  
high  
There slopeth a level of golden moss,  
That bars of scarlet and amber cross,  
And rolling out to the farther sky  
Is the world of wild sea-water.

Some starved grape-vineyards round  
about —  
A zigzag road cut deep with ruts —  
A little cluster of fisher's huts,  
And the black sand scalloping in and  
out  
'Twixt th' land and th' wild sea-  
water.

Gray fragments of some border towers,  
 Flat, pellmell on a circling mound,  
 With a furrow deeply worn all round  
 By the feet of children through the  
 flowers,  
 And all by the wild sea-water.

And there, from the silvery break o' th'  
 day  
 Till the evening purple drops to the  
 land,  
 She sits with her cheek like a rose in  
 her hand,  
 And her sad and wistful eyes one  
 way —  
 The way of the wild sea-water.

And there, from night till the yellowing  
 morn  
 Falls over the huts and th' scallops  
 of sand —  
 A tangle of curls like a torch in her  
 hand —  
 She sits and maketh her moan so  
 lorn,  
 With the moan of the wild sea-water.

Only a study for homely eyes,  
 And never a picture poet would  
 paint ;  
 But I hold the woman above the  
 saint,  
 And the light of the humblest hearth I  
 prize  
 O'er the luminous air-built castle.

#### THE WEST COUNTRY.

HAVE you been in our wild west coun-  
 try ? then  
 You have often had to pass  
 Its cabins lying like birds' nests in  
 The wild green prairie grass.

Have you seen the women forget their  
 wheels

As they sat at the door to spin —  
 Have you seen the darning fall away  
 From their fingers worn and thin,

As they asked you news of the vil-  
 lages

Where they were used to be,  
 Gay girls at work in the factories  
 With their lovers gone to sea !

Ah, have you thought of the brav-  
 ery

That no loud praise provokes —  
 Of the tragedies acted in the lives  
 Of poor, hard-working folks !

Of the little more, and the little  
 more

Of hardship which they press  
 Upon their own tired hands to make  
 The toil for the children less :

And not in vain ; for many a lad  
 Born to rough work and ways,  
 Strips off his ragged coat, and makes  
 Men clothe him with their praise.

#### THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

WHEN skies are growing warm and  
 bright,

And in the woodland bowers  
 The Spring-time in her pale, faint  
 robes

Is calling up the flowers,  
 When all with naked little feet  
 The children in the morn  
 Go forth, and in the furrows drop  
 The seeds of yellow corn ;  
 What a beautiful embodiment  
 Of ease devoid of pride  
 Is the good old-fashioned homestead,  
 With its doors set open wide !

But when the happiest time is come,  
 That to the year belongs,  
 When all the vales are filled with gold  
 And all the air with songs ;  
 When fields of yet unripened grain,  
 And yet ungarnered stores  
 Remind the thrifty husbandman  
 Of ampler threshing-floors,  
 How pleasant, from the din and dust  
 Of the thoroughfare aloof,  
 Stands the old-fashioned homestead,  
 With steep and mossy roof !

When home the woodsman plods with  
 axe

Upon his shoulder swung,  
 And in the knotted apple-tree  
 Are scythe and sickle hung ;  
 When low about her clay-built nest  
 The mother swallow trills,  
 And decorously slow, the cows  
 Are wending down the hills ;

What a blessed picture of comfort  
 In the evening shadows red,  
 Is the good old-fashioned homestead,  
 With its bounteous table spread !

And when the winds moan wildly,  
 When the woods are bare and brown,  
 And when the swallow's clay-built  
 nest

From the rafter crumbles down ;  
 When all the untrod garden-paths  
 Are heaped with frozen leaves,  
 And icicles, like silver spikes,  
 Are set along the eaves ;  
 Then when the book from the shelf is  
 brought,

And the fire-lights shine and play,  
 In the good old-fashioned homestead,  
 Is the farmer's holiday !

But whether the brooks be fringed  
 with flowers,

Or whether the dead leaves fall,  
 And whether the air be full of songs,  
 Or never a song at all,  
 And whether the vines of the straw-  
 berries

Or frosts through the grasses run,  
 And whether it rain or whether it  
 shine

Is all to me as one,  
 For bright as brightest sunshine  
 The light of memory streams  
 Round the old-fashioned homestead,  
 Where I dreamed my dream of  
 dreams !

#### CONTRADICTION.

I LOVE the deep quiet — all buried in  
 leaves,  
 To sit the day long just as idle as  
 air,

Till the spider grows tame at my elbow,  
 and weaves,  
 And toadstools come up in a row  
 round my chair.

I love the new furrows — the cones of  
 the pine,

The grasshopper's chirp, and the  
 hum of the mote ;  
 And short pasture-grass where the  
 clover-blooms shine  
 Like red buttons set on a holiday  
 coat.

Flocks packed in the hollows — the  
 droning of bees,  
 The stubble so brittle — the damp  
 and flat fen ;

Old homesteads I love, in their clusters  
 of trees,  
 And children and books, but not  
 women nor men.

Yet, strange contradiction ! I live in  
 the sound

Of a sea-girdled city — 't is thus that  
 it fell,

And years, oh, how many ! have gone  
 since I bound

A sheaf for the harvest, or drank at  
 a well.

And if, kindly reader, one moment you  
 wait

To measure the poor little niche that  
 you fill,

I think you will own it is custom or fate  
 That has made you the creature you  
 are, not your will.

#### MY DREAM OF DREAMS.

ALONE within my house I sit ;  
 The lights are not for me,  
 The music, nor the mirth ; and yet  
 I lack not company.

So gayly go the gay to meet,  
 Nor wait my griefs to mend —  
 My entertainment is more sweet  
 Than thine, to-night, my friend.

Whilst thou, one blossom in thy hand,  
 Bewail'st my weary hours,  
 Upon my native hills I stand  
 Waist-deep among the flowers.

I envy not a joy of thine ;  
 For while I sit apart  
 Soft summer, oh, fond friend of mine,  
 Is with me in my heart.

Aye, aye, I'm young to-night once  
 more ;

The years their hold have loosed,  
 And on the dear old homestead door  
 I'm watching, as I used,

The sunset hang its scarlet fringe  
 Along the low white clouds,

While, radiant with their tender tinge,  
My visions come in crowds.

The doves fly homeward over me,  
The red rose bravely gleams,  
And first and last and midst I see  
The dream of all my dreams.

I need not say what dream it was,  
Nor how in life's lost hours  
It made the glory of the grass  
The splendor of the flowers.

I need not wait to paint its glow  
With rainbow light nor sun ;  
Who ever loved that did not know  
There is no dream but one ?

My frosty locks grow bright and brown ;  
My step is light once more ;  
The world now dropping darkly down  
Comes greenly up before.

Comes greenly up before my eyes,  
With gracious splendor clad,  
That world which now behind me  
lies  
So darkly dim, so sad.

Shot over with the purpling morn,  
I see the long mists roll,  
And hear beneath the tasseled corn  
The winds make tender dole.

I hear, and all my pulses rouse  
And give back trembling thrills,  
The farm-boy calling with his cows  
The echoes from the hills.

So soft the plashing of the rain  
Upon the peach-tree leaves,  
It hardly breaks the silvery skein  
The dark-browed spider weaves.

The grasshopper so faintly cries  
Beneath the dock's round burs  
That in the shadow where she lies  
The silence scarcely stirs.

Bright tangles of the wings of birds  
Along the thickets shine,  
But oh, how poor are common words  
To tell of bliss divine !

So let thy soft tears cease to fall,  
My friend, nor longer wait ;  
I have my recompense for all  
Thou pitiest in my fate,

The joys thou hold'st within thy glance  
Thou canst not make to last ;  
Mine are uplifted to romance —  
Immortal, changeless, fast.

When pleasures fly too far aloof,  
Or pain too sorely crowds,  
I go and sit beneath my roof  
Of golden morning clouds.

There back to life my dead hope starts,  
And well her pledge redeems,  
As close within my heart of hearts  
I hug my dream of dreams.

#### IN THE DARK.

HAS the spring come back, my darling,  
Has the long and soaking rain  
Been moulded into the tender leaves  
Of the gay and growing grain —  
The leaves so sweet of barley and  
wheat  
All moulded out of the rain ?  
Oh, and I would I could see them grow,  
Oh, and I would I could see them blow,  
All over field and plain —  
The billows sweet of barley and wheat  
All moulded out of the rain.

Are the flowers dressed out, my dar-  
ling,  
In their kerchiefs plain or bright —  
The groundwort gay, and the lady of  
May,  
In her petticoat pink and white ?  
The fair little flowers, the rare little  
flowers,  
Taking and making the light ?  
Oh, and I would I could see them all,  
The little and low, the proud and tall,  
In their kerchiefs brave and bright,  
Stealing out of the morns and eves,  
To braid embroidery round their  
leaves,  
The gold and scarlet light.

Have the birds come back, my darling,  
The birds from over the sea ?  
Are they cooing and courting together  
In bush and bower and tree ?  
The mad little birds, the glad little  
birds,  
The birds from over the sea !  
Oh, and I would I could hear them  
sing,

Oh, and I would I could see them  
swing  
In the top of our garden tree !  
The mad little birds, the glad little  
birds,  
The birds from over the sea !

Are they building their nests, my dar-  
ling,  
In the stubble, brittle and brown ?  
Are they gathering threads, and silken  
shreds,  
And wisps of wool and down,  
With their silver throats and speckled  
coats,  
And eyes so bright and so brown ?  
Oh, and I would I could see them make  
And line their nests for love's sweet  
sake,  
With shreds of wool and down,  
With their eyes so bright and brown !

## AN INVALID'S PLEA.

O SUMMER ! my beautiful, beautiful  
summer !  
I look in thy face, and I long so to  
live ;  
But ah ! hast thou room for an idle new-  
comer,  
With all things to take, and with  
nothing to give ?  
With all things to take of thy dear  
loving-kindness,  
The wine of thy sunshine, the dew of  
thy air ;  
And with nothing to give but the deaf-  
ness and blindness  
Begot in the depths of an utter de-  
spair ?  
As if the gay harvester meant but to  
screen her,  
The black spider sits in her low loom,  
and weaves :  
A lesson of trust to the tender-eyed  
gleaner  
That bears in her brown arms the  
gold of the sheaves.  
The blue-bird that trills her low lay in  
the bushes  
Provokes from the robin a merrier  
glee ;

The rose pays the sun for his kiss with  
her blushes,  
And all things pay tithes to thee —  
all things but me.

At even, the fire-flies trim with their  
glimmers  
The wild, weedy skirts of the field  
and the wood ;  
At morning, those dear little yellow-  
winged swimmers,  
The butterflies, hasten to make their  
place good.  
The violet, always so white and so  
saintly ;  
The cardinal, warming the frost with  
her blaze ;  
The ant, keeping house at her sand-  
hearth so quaintly  
Reproaches my idle and indolent  
ways.

When o'er the high east the red morn-  
ing is breaking,  
And driving the amber of starlight  
behind,  
The land of enchantment I leave, on  
awaking,  
Is not so enchanted as that which I  
find.  
And when the low west by the sunset  
is flattered,  
And locust and katydid sing up their  
best,  
Peace comes to my thoughts, that were  
used to be fluttered,  
Like doves when an eagle's wing  
darkens their nest.

The green little grasshopper, weak as  
we deem her,  
Chirps, day in and out, for the sweet  
right to live ;  
And canst thou, O summer ! make room  
for a dreamer,  
With all things to take, and with  
nothing to give ?  
Room only to wrap her hot cheeks in  
thy shadows,  
And all on thy daisy-fringed pillows  
to lie,  
And dream of the gates of the glorious  
meadows,  
Where never a rose of the roses  
shall die !



## POEMS OF LOVE.

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### THE BRIDAL VEIL.

WE 'RE married, they say, and you  
think you have won me, —  
Well, take this white veil from my head,  
and look on me ;  
Here 's matter to vex you, and matter  
to grieve you,  
Here 's doubt to distrust you, and faith  
to believe you, —  
I am all as you see, common earth,  
common dew ;  
Be wary, and mould me to roses, not  
rue !

Ah ! shake out the filmy thing, fold  
after fold,  
And see if you have me to keep and to  
hold, —  
Look close on my heart — see the worst  
of its sinning, —  
It is not yours to-day for the yesterday's  
winning —  
The past is not mine — I am too proud  
to borrow —  
You must grow to new heights if I love  
you to-morrow.

We 're married ! I 'm plighted to hold  
up your praises,  
As the turf at your feet does its hand-  
ful of daisies ;  
That way lies my honor, — my pathway  
of pride,  
But, mark you, if greener grass grow  
either side,  
I shall know it, and keeping in body  
with you,  
Shall walk in my spirit with feet on the  
dew !

We 're married ! Oh, pray that our  
love do not fail !

I have wings flattened down and hid  
under my veil :  
They are subtle as light — you can  
never undo them,  
And swift in their flight — you can  
never pursue them,  
And spite of all claspings, and spite of  
all bands,  
I can slip like a shadow, a dream, from  
your hands.

Nay, call me not cruel, and fear not to  
take me,  
I am yours for my life-time, to be what  
you make me, —  
To wear my white veil for a sign, or a  
cover,  
As you shall be proven my lord, or my  
lover ;  
A cover for peace that is dead, or a  
token  
Of bliss that can never be written or  
spoken.

### PITILESS FATE.

I SAW in my dream a wonderful stream,  
And over the stream was a bridge so  
slender,  
And over the white there was scarlet  
light,  
And over the scarlet a golden splen-  
dor.

And beyond the bridge was a goodly  
ridge  
Where bees made honey and corn  
was growing,  
And down that way through the gold  
and gray  
A gay young man in a boat was row-  
ing.



I could see from the shore that a rose  
he wore

Stuck in his button-hole, rare as the  
rarest,  
And singing a song and rowing along,  
I guessed his face to be fair as the  
fairest.

And all by the corn where the bees at  
morn

Made combs of honey — with breath-  
ing bated,  
I saw by the stream (it was only a  
dream)

A lovely lady that watched and  
waited.

There were fair green leaves in her  
silken sleeves,

And loose her locks in the winds  
were blowing,  
And she kissed to land with her milk-  
white hand

The gay young man in the boat a-row-  
ing.

And all so light in her apron white  
She caught the little red rose he cast  
her,

And, "Haste!" she cried, with her  
arms so wide,

"Haste, sweetheart, haste!" but the  
boat was past her.

And the gray so cold ran over the  
gold,

And she sighed with only the winds  
to hear her —

"He loves me still, and he rowed with  
a will,

But pitiless Fate, not he, was steer-  
er!"

And there till the morn blushed over  
the corn,

And over the bees in their sweet  
combs humming,  
Her locks with the dew drenched  
through and through

She watched and waited for her false  
love's coming!

But the maid to-day who reads my lay  
May keep her young heart light as a  
feather —

It was only a dream, the bridge and  
the stream,

And lady and lover, and all together.

## THE LOVER'S INTERDICT.

STOP, traveler, just a moment at my  
gate,

And I will give you news so very  
sweet

That you will thank me. Where the  
branches meet

Across your road, and droop, as with  
the weight

Of shadows laid upon them, pause, I  
pray,

And turn aside a little from your  
way.

You see the drooping branches over-  
spread

With shadows, as I told you — look  
you now

To the high elm-tree with the dead  
white bough

Loose swinging out of joint, and there,  
with head

Tricked out with scarlet, pouring his  
wild lay,

You see a blackbird: turn your step  
that way.

Holding along the honeysuckle hedge,  
Make for the meadows lying down  
so low;

Ah! now I need not say that you  
must go

No farther than that little silver wedge  
Of daisy-land, pushed inward by the  
flood

Betwixt the hills — you could not, if  
you would.

For you will see there, as the sun goes  
down,

And freckles all the daisy leaves  
with gold,

A little maiden, in their evening  
fold

Penning two lambs — her soft, fawn-  
colored gown

Tucked over hems of violet, by a  
hand

Dainty as any lady's in the land.

Such gracious light she will about her  
bring,

That, when the day, being wedded  
to the shade,

Wears the moon's circle, blushing,  
as the maid

Blushes to wear the unused marriage-  
ring,  
And all the quickened clouds do fall  
astir  
With daffodils, your thoughts will  
stay with her.

No ornaments but her two sapphire  
eyes,  
And the twin roses in her cheeks  
that grow,  
The nice-set pearls, that make so  
fine a show

When that she either softly smiles or  
sighs,  
And the long tresses, colored like a  
bee —  
Brown, with a sunlight shimmer.  
You will see,

When you have ceased to watch the  
airy spring  
Of her white feet, a fallen beech  
hard by,  
The yellow earth about the gnarled  
roots dry,  
And if you hide there, you will hear  
her sing  
That song Kit Marlowe made so  
long ago —  
"Come live with me, and be my  
love," you know.

Dear soul, you would not be at heav-  
en's high gate  
Among the larks, that constellated  
hour,  
Nor locked alone in some green-  
hearted bower  
Among the nightingales, being in your  
fate,  
By fortune's sweet selection, graced  
above  
All grace, to hear that — Come, and  
be my love !

But when the singer singeth down the  
sweets  
To that most maiden-like and lovely  
bed —  
All out of soft persuasive roses  
spread —  
You must not touch the fair and flow-  
ery sheets  
Even in your thought! and from  
your perfect bliss  
I furthermore must interdict you  
this :

When all the wayward mists, because  
of her,  
Lie in their white wings, moveless,  
on the air,  
You must not let the loose net of her  
hair  
Drag your heart to her! nor from  
hushed breath stir  
Out of your sacred hiding. As you  
guess  
She is my love — this woodland  
shepherdess.

The cap, the clasps, the kirtle fringed  
along  
With myrtles, as the hand of dear  
old Kit  
Did of his cunning pleasure broider  
it,  
To ornament that dulcet piece of song  
Immortalled with refrains of — Live  
with me !  
These to your fancy, one and all are  
free.

But, favored traveler, ere you quit my  
gate,  
Promise to hold it, in your mind to  
be  
Enamored only of the melody,  
Else will I pray that all yon woody  
weight  
Of branch and shadow, as you pass  
along,  
Crush you among the echoes of the  
song.

#### SNOWED UNDER.

COME let us talk together,  
While the sunset fades and dies,  
And, darling, look into my heart,  
And not into my eyes.

Let us sit and talk together  
In the old, familiar place,  
But look deep down into my heart,  
Not up into my face.

And with tender pity shield me —  
I am just a withered bough —  
I was used to have your praises,  
And you cannot praise me now.

You would nip the blushing roses ;  
They were blighted long ago,

But the precious roots, my darling,  
Are alive beneath the snow.

And in the coming spring-time  
They will all to beauty start —  
Oh, look not in my face, beloved,  
But only in my heart!

You will not find the little buds,  
So tender and so bright;  
They are snowed so deeply under,  
They will never come to light.

So look, I pray you, in my heart,  
And not into my face,  
And think about that coming spring  
Of greenness and of grace,

When from the winter-laden bough  
The weight of snow shall drop  
away,  
And give it strength to spring into  
The life of endless May.

## AN EMBLEM.

WHAT is my little sweetheart like,  
d' you say?

A simple question, yet a hard, to  
answer;  
But I will tell you in my stammering  
way  
The best I can, sir.

When I was young — that's neither  
here nor there —

I read, and reading made my eyelids  
glisten;  
But I'll repeat the story, if you care  
To stay and listen.

A wild rose, born within a modest  
glen,  
And sheltered by the leaves of thorny  
bushes,  
Drooped, being commended to the eyes  
of men,  
And died of blushes.

Now, if there were — and one may well  
suppose

There never was a flower of such  
rare splendor,  
Much less a rudely nurtured wilding  
rose,  
Withal so tender —

But say there were; what is a rose the  
less,

When all from east to west the May  
is blazing,  
That any tuneful bard her face should  
miss,  
And give her praising?

Yet say there did, and that her heart  
did break,  
As tells the romance of my early  
reading,  
Then I that fair, fond flower for em-  
blem take —  
Sir, are you heeding? —

Aye, say there were, and that she spent  
her days  
In ignorance of her proud poetic  
glory;  
Only her soft death making to the praise  
Of her brief story:

Even such a wild, bright flower, and so  
apart  
In her low modest house, my little  
maid is —  
Sweet-hearted, shy, and strange to all  
the art  
Of your fine ladies.

So tender, that to death she needs must  
grieve,  
Stabbed by the glances of bold eyes,  
is certain;  
Take you the emblem, then, and give  
me leave  
To drop the curtain.

## QUEEN OF ROSES.

My little love hath made  
A garden that all sweetest sweetness  
holds,  
And there for hours upon a piece of  
shade  
Fringed round with marjoram and  
marigolds,  
She lieth dreaming, on her arm of  
pearl,  
My pretty little love — my garden-  
girl.

The walks are one and all  
Enriched along their borders with wild  
mint,

And pinks, and gilliflowers, both  
 large and small ;  
 But where her little feet do leave a  
 print,  
 Whether on grass or ground, it doth  
 displace  
 And make of non-effect all other  
 grace.

Her speech is all so fair  
 The winds disgraced, do from her pres-  
 ence run,  
 And when she combeth loose her  
 heavenly hair  
 She giveth entertainment to the sun.  
 Oh, just to touch the least of all thy  
 curls,  
 My golden head — my queen of gar-  
 den-girls.

Her shawl-corners of snow  
 Like wings drop down about her when  
 she stands  
 And never queen's lace made so fair  
 a show  
 As that doth, knitted in her two white  
 hands ;  
 The while some sudden look of cold  
 surprisè  
 Shoots like an angry comet to her  
 eyes.

When she doth walk abroad  
 Her subject flowers do one and all  
 arise ;  
 The low ones housèd meekly in the  
 sod  
 Do kiss her feet — the lofty ones, her  
 eyes.  
 Oh sad for him whose seeing hath  
 not seen  
 My rose of roses, and my heart's  
 dear queen.

I 'm tying all my hours  
 With sighs together — "Welladay ! ah  
 me !"  
 Because I cannot choose nor words,  
 nor flowers,  
 Wherewith to lure my love to marry  
 me !  
 I'll ask her what the wretched man  
 must say  
 Who loves a saint, and woo her just  
 that way.

Else in some honeyed phrase  
 I'll fit a barb no clearest sight can see,

And toss it up and down all cunning  
 ways,  
 Until I catch and drag her heart to me !  
 Ah, then I'll tease her, for my life of  
 pain,  
 For she shall never have it back  
 again.

#### NOW AND THEN.

"SING me a song, my nightingale,  
 Hid in among the twilight flowers ;  
 And make it low," he said, "I pray,  
 And make it sweet." But she said,  
 "Nay ;  
 Come when the morn begins to trail  
 Her golden glories o'er the gray —  
 Morn is the time for love's all-hail !"  
 He said, "The morning is not ours !

"Then give me back, my heart's de-  
 light,  
 Hid in among the twilight flowers,  
 The kiss I gave you yesterday —  
 See how the moon this way has leant,  
 As if to yield a soft consent.  
 Surely," he said, "you will requite  
 My love in this ?" But she said,  
 "Nay."  
 "Yea, now," he said. But she said,  
 "Hush !  
 And come to me at morning-blush."  
 He said, "The morning is not ours !

"But say, at least, you love me, love.  
 Hid in among the twilight flowers ;  
 No winds are listening, far or near —  
 The sleepy doves will never hear."  
 "Ah, leave me in my sacred glen ;  
 And when the saffron morn shall  
 close  
 Her misty arms about the rose,  
 Come, and my speech, my thought  
 shall prove —  
 Not now," she said ; "not now, but  
 then."  
 He said, "The morning is not ours !"

#### THE LADY TO THE LOVER.

SINCE thou wouldst have me show  
 In what sweet way our love appears  
 to me,  
 Think of sweet ways, the sweetest  
 that can be,

And thou may'st partly dream, but  
 canst not know :  
 For out of heaven no bliss —  
 Disshadowed lies, like this,  
 Therefore similitudes thou must forego.

Thou seem'st myself's lost part,  
 That hath, in a new compact, dearer  
 close ;  
 And if that thou shouldst take a  
 broken rose  
 And fit the leaves again about the heart,  
 That mended flower would be  
 A poor, faint sign to thee  
 Of how one's self about the other grows.

Think of the sun and dew  
 Walled in some little house of leaves  
 from sight,  
 Each from the other taking, giving  
 light,  
 And interpenetrated through and  
 through :  
 Feeding, and fed upon —  
 All given, and nothing gone,  
 And thou art still as far as day from  
 night.

Sweeter than honey-comb  
 To little hungry bees, when rude  
 winds blow :  
 Brighter than wayside window-lights  
 that glow  
 Through the cold rain, to one that has  
 no home :  
 But out of heaven, no bliss  
 Disshadowed lies, like this, —  
 Therefore similitudes thou must forego.

#### LOVE'S SECRET SPRINGS.

IN asking how I came to choose  
 This flower that makes my brow to  
 shine,  
 You seem to say, you did not lose  
 Your choice, my friend, when I had  
 mine !  
 And by your lifted brow, exclaim,  
 "What charms have charmed you?  
 name their name !"

Nay, pardon me — I cannot say  
 These are the charms, and those the  
 powers,  
 And being in a trance one day,  
 I took her for my flower of flowers.

Love doth not flatter what he gives —  
 But here, sir, are some negatives.

'T is not the little milk-white hands  
 That grace whatever work they do ;  
 'T is not the braided silken bands  
 That shade the eyes of tender blue ;  
 And not the voice so low and sweet  
 That holds me captive at her feet.

'T is not in frowns, knit up with smiles,  
 Wherewith she scolds me for my sins,  
 Nor yet in tricky ways nor wiles  
 That I can say true love begins !  
 Out of such soil it did not grow ;  
 It was, — and that is all I know.

'T is not her twinkling feet so small,  
 Nor shoulder glancing from her  
 sleeve,  
 Nor yet her virtues, one nor all —  
 Love were not love to ask our leave ;  
 She was not wooed, nor was I won —  
 What draws the dew-drop to the sun ?

Pardon me, then, I cannot tell, —  
 Nor can you hope to understand, —  
 Why I should love my love so well ;  
 Nor how, upon this border land,  
 It fell that she should go with me  
 Through time into eternity.

#### AT SEA.

BROWN-FACED sailor, tell me true —  
 Our ship I fear is but illy thriving,  
 Some clouds are black and some are  
 blue,  
 The women are huddled together  
 below,  
 Above the captain treads to and fro ;  
 Tell me, for who shall tell but you,  
 Whither away our ship is driving !

The wind is blowing a storm this way,  
 The bubbles in my face are wink-  
 ing —  
 'T is growing dark in the middle of day  
 And I cannot see the good green land,  
 Nor a ridge of rock, nor a belt of sand ;  
 Oh, kind sailor, speak and say,  
 How long might a little boat be sink-  
 ing ?

More saucily the bubbles wink ;  
 God's mercy keep us from foul  
 weather,

And from drought with nothing but  
brine to drink.

I dreamed of a ship with her ribs stove  
in,

Last night, and waking thought of my  
sin ;

How long would a strong man swim,  
d' y' think,

If we were all in th' sea together ?

The sailor frowned a bitter frown,

And answered, "Aye, there will be  
foul weather, —

All men must die, and some must  
drown,

And there is n't water enough in the sea  
To cleanse a sinner like you or me ;

O Lord, the ships I 've seen go down,  
Crew and captain and all together !"

The sailor smiled a smile of cheer,

And looked at me a look of wonder,  
And said, as he wiped away a tear,

"Forty years I 've been off the land  
And God has held me safe in his hand :

He ruleth the storm — He is with us  
here,

And his love for us no sin can sun-  
der."

#### A CONFESSION.

I KNOW a little damsel

As light of foot as the air,

And with smile as gay

As th' sun o' th' May

And clouds of golden hair.

She sings with the larks at morning,

And sings with the doves at e'en,

And her cheeks they shine

Like a rose on the vine,

And her name is Charlamine.

To plague me and to please me

She knows a thousand arts,

And against my will

I love her still

With all my heart of hearts !

I know another damsel

With eyelids lowly weighed,

And so pale is she

That she seems to me

Like a blossom blown in the shade.

Her hands are white as charity,

And her voice is low and sweet,

And she runneth quick

To the sinful and sick,

And her name is Marguerite.

The broken and bowed in spirit

She maketh straight and whole,

And I sit at her knee

And she sings to me,

And I love her with my soul.

I know a lofty lady,

And her name is Heleanore.

And th' king o' the sky

In her lap doth lie

When she sitteth at her door.

Her shoulder is curved like an eagle's  
wing

When he riseth on his way,

And my two little maids

They lay in braids

Her dark locks day by day.

Her heart in the folds of her ker-  
chief

It doth not fall or rise,

And afar I wait

At her royal gate,

And I love her with my eyes !

Now you that are wise in love-lore,

Come teach your arts to me,

For each of the darling damsels

Is as sweet as she can be !

And if I wed with Charlamine

Of the airy little feet.

I shall sicken and sigh,

I shall droop and die,

For my gentle Marguerite !

And if I wed with Marguerite,

Whom I so much adore,

I shall long to go

From her hand of snow

To my Lady Heleanore !

And if I wed with Heleanore,

Whom with my eyes I love,

'Gainst all that is right,

In my own despite,

I shall false and faithless prove.

#### EASTER BRIDAL SONG.

HASTE, little fingers, haste, haste !

Haste, little fingers, pearly ;

And all along the slender waist,

And up and down the silken sleeves

Knot the darling and dainty leaves,

And wind o' the south, blow light and

fast,

And bring the flowers so early !

Low, droop low, my tender eyes,  
 Low, and all demurely,  
 And make the shining seams to run  
 Like little streaks o' th' morning sun  
 Through silver clouds so purely ;  
 And fall, sweet rain, fall out o' th' skies,  
 And bring the flowers so early !

Push, little hands, from the bended  
 face,  
 The tresses crumpled curly,  
 And stitch the hem in the frill of snow  
 And give to the veil its misty flow,  
 And melt, ye frosts, so surly ;  
 And shine out, spring, with your days  
 of grace,  
 And bring the flowers so early !

#### PRODIGAL'S PLEA.

SHINE down, little head, so fair,  
 From thy window in the wall ;  
 Oh, my slighted golden hair,  
 Like the sunshine round me fall —  
 Little head, so fair, so bright,  
 Fill my darkness with thy light !

Reach me down thy helping hand,  
 Little sweetheart, good and true ;  
 Shamed, and self-condemned, I stand,  
 And wilt thou condemn me too ?  
 Soilure of sin, be sure  
 Cannot harm thy hand so pure.

With thy quiet, calm my cry  
 Pleading to thee from afar.  
 Is it not enough that I  
 With myself should be at war ?  
 With thy cleanness, cleanse my blood ;  
 With thy goodness, make me good.

Eyes that loved me once, I pray,  
 Be not crueller than death ;  
 Hide each sharp-edged glance away  
 Underneath its tender sheath !  
 Make me not, sweet eyes, with scorn  
 Mourn that ever I was born !

Oh, my roses ! are ye dead ;  
 That in love's delicious day,  
 Used to flower out ripe and red,  
 Fast as kisses plucked away ?  
 Turn thy pale cheek, little wife ;  
 Let me warm them back to life.

I have wandered, oh, so far !  
 From the way of truth and right ;

Shine out for my guiding star,  
 Little head, so dear and bright ;  
 Dust of sin is on my brow —  
 Good enough for both, art thou !

#### THE SEAL FISHER'S WIFE.

THE west shines out through lines of  
 jet,  
 Like the side of a fish through the  
 fisher's net,  
 Silver and golden-brown ;  
 And rocking the cradle, she sings so  
 low,  
 As backward and forward, and to and  
 fro,  
 She cards the wool for her gown.

She sings her sweetest, she sings her  
 best,  
 And all the silver fades in the west,  
 And all the golden-brown,  
 And lowly leaning cradle across,  
 She mends the fire with faggots and  
 moss,  
 And cards the wool for her gown.

Gray and cold, and cold and gray,  
 Over the look-out and over the bay,  
 The sleet comes sliding down,  
 And the blaze of the faggots flickers  
 thin,  
 And the wind is beating the ice-  
 blocks in,  
 As she cards the wool for her gown.

The fisher's boats in the ice are crushed.  
 And now her lullaby-song is hushed, —  
 For sighs the singing drown, —  
 And all, with fingers stiff and cold,  
 She covers the cradle, fold on fold,  
 With the carded wool of her gown.

And there — the cards upon her knee,  
 And her eyes wide open toward the sea,  
 Where the fisher's boats went  
 down —  
 They found her all as cold as sleet,  
 And her baby smiling up so sweet,  
 From the carded wool of her gown.

#### CARMIA.

My Carmia, my life, my saint,  
 No flower is sweet enough to paint  
 Thy sweet, sweet face for me !

The rose-leaf nails, the slender wrist,  
The hand, the whitest ever kissed —  
Dear Carmia, what has Raphael missed  
In never seeing thee!

Oh to be back among the days  
Wherein she blessed me with her  
praise —

She knew not how to frown!  
The memory of that time doth seem  
Like dreaming of a lovely dream,  
Or like a golden broider-seam  
Stitched in some homely gown.

No silken skein is half so soft  
As those long locks I combed so oft —  
No tender tearful skies —  
No violet darkling into jet —  
And all with daybreak dew-drops  
wet —  
No star, when first the sun is set,  
Is like my Carmia's eyes.

But not the dainty little wrist,  
Nor hand, the whitest ever kissed,  
Nor face, so sweet to see,  
Nor words of praise, that so did bless,  
Nor rose-leaf nail, nor silken tress,  
Made her so dear to me.

'T was nothing my poor words can tell,  
Nor charm of chance, nor magic spell  
To wane, and waste, and fall —  
I loved her to the utmost strain  
Of heart and soul and mind and brain,  
And Carmia loved me back again,  
And that is all-and-all!

#### EPITHALAMIUM.

In the pleasant spring-time weather —  
Rosy morns and purple eyes —  
When the little birds together  
Sit and sing among the leaves,  
Then it seems as if the shadows,  
With their interlacing boughs,  
Had been hung above the meadows  
For the plighting of their vows!

In the lighter, warmer weather,  
When the music softly rests,  
And they go to work together  
For the building of their nests;  
Then the branches, for a wonder,  
Seem uplifted everywhere,  
To be props and pillars under  
Little houses in the air.

But when we see the meeting  
Of the lives that are to run  
Henceforward to the beating  
Of two hearts that are as one,  
When we hear the holy taking  
Of the vows that cannot break,  
Then it seems as if the making  
Of the world was for their sake.

#### JENNIE.

Now tell me all my fate, Jennie,—  
Why need I plainer speak?  
For you see my foolish heart has bled  
Its secret in my cheek!

You must not leave me thus, Jennie,—  
You will not, when you know,  
It is my life you're treading on  
At every step you go.

Ah, should you smile as now, Jennie,  
When the wintry weather blows,  
The daisy, waking out of sleep,  
Would come up through the snows.

Shall our house be on the hill, Jennie,  
Where the sumach hedges grow?  
You must kiss me, darling, if it's yes,  
And kiss me if it's no.

It shall be very fine — the door  
With bean-vines overrun,  
And th' window toward the harvest-  
field  
Where first our love begun.

What marvel that I could not mow  
When you came to rake the hay,  
For I cannot speak your name, Jennie,  
If I've nothing else to say.

Nor is it strange that when I saw  
Your sweet face in a frown,  
I hung my scythe in the apple-tree,  
And thought the sun was down.

For when you sung the tune that ends  
With such a golden ring,  
The lark was made ashamed, and sat  
With her head beneath her wing.

You need not try to speak, Jennie,  
You blush and tremble so,  
But kiss me, darling, if it's yes,  
And kiss me if it's no!



## MIRIAM.

LIKE to that little homely flower  
That never from her rough house  
stirs

While summer lasts, but sits and combs  
The sunbeams with her purple burs,

So, kept she in her house content  
While love's bright summer with her  
stayed ;

But change works change, and since  
she met

A shadow from the land of shade ;

The ghost of that wild flower that  
sits

In her rough house, and never stirs  
While summer lasts, has not a face  
So dead of meaning, as is hers.

In vain the pitying year puts on  
Her rose-red mornings, for like  
streams

Lost from the sunlight under banks  
Of wintry darkness, are her dreams.

In vain among their clouds of green  
The wild birds sing — she says with  
tears

Their sweet tongues stammer in the  
tunes

They sang so well in other years.

Her home in ruins lies, and thorns  
Choke with their briery arms, the  
door ;

What matter, says she, since that love  
Will cross the threshold, never more.



O WINDS ! ye are too rough, too  
rough !

O spring ! thou art not long enough  
For sweetness ; and for thee,

O love ! thou still must overpass  
Time's low and dark and narrow glass,  
And fill eternity.





## POEMS OF GRIEF AND CONSOLATION.

### MOURN NOT.

O MOURNER, mourn not vanished  
light,  
But fix your fearful hopes above ;  
The watcher, through the long, dark  
night,  
Shall see the daybreak of God's  
love.

A land all green and bright and fair,  
Lies just beyond this vale of tears,  
And we shall meet, immortal there,  
The pleasures of our mortal years.

He who to death has doomed our race,  
With steadfast faith our souls has  
armed,  
And made us children of his grace  
To go into the grave, unharmed.

The storm may beat, the night may  
close,  
The face may change, the blood run  
chill,  
But his great love no limit knows,  
And therefore we should fear no ill.

Dust as we are, and steeped in guilt,  
How strange, how wondrous, how  
divine,  
That He hath for us mansions built,  
Where everlasting splendors shine.

Our days with beauty let us trim,  
As Nature trims with flowers the  
sod ;  
Giving the glory all to Him, —  
Our Friend, our Father, and our  
God.

### CONSOLATION.

O FRIENDS, we are drawing nearer  
home  
As day by day goes by ;  
Nearer the fields of fadeless bloom,  
The joys that never die.

Ye doubting souls, from doubt be  
free, —  
Ye mourners, mourn no more,  
For every wave of death's dark sea  
Breaks on that blissful shore.

God's ways are high above our  
ways, —  
So shall we learn at length,  
And tune our lives to sing his praise  
With all our mind, might, strength.

About our devious paths of ill  
He sets his stern decrees,  
And works the wonder of his will  
Through pains and promises.

Strange are the mysteries He employs,  
Yet we his love will trust,  
Though it should blight our dearest  
joys,  
And bruise us into dust.

### UNDER THE SHADOW.

MY sorrowing friend, arise and go  
About thy house with patient care ;  
The hand that bows thy head so low  
Will bear the ills thou canst not  
bear.

Arise, and all thy tasks fulfill,  
And as thy day thy strength shall  
be ;

Were there no power beyond the ill,  
The ill could not have come to thee.

Though cloud and storm encompass  
thee,

Be not afflicted nor afraid ;  
Thou knowest the shadow could not  
be

Were there no sun beyond the  
shade.

For thy beloved, dead and gone,  
Let sweet, not bitter, tears be shed ;  
Nor "open thy dark saying on  
The harp," as though thy faith were  
dead.

Couldst thou even have them reap-  
pear

In bodies plain to mortal sense,  
How were the miracle more clear  
To bring them than to take them  
hence ?

Then let thy soul cry in thee thus  
No more, nor let thine eyes thus  
weep ;

Nothing can be withdrawn from us  
That we have any need to keep.

Arise, and seek some height to gain  
From life's dark lesson day by day,  
Not just rehearse its peace and pain —  
A wearied actor at the play.

Nor grieve that will so much transcends  
Thy feeble powers, but in content  
Do what thou canst, and leave the ends  
And issues with the Omnipotent.

Dust as thou art, and born to woe,  
Seeing darkly, and as through a glass,  
He made thee thus to be, for lo !

He made the grass, and flower of  
grass.

The tempest's cry, the thunder's moan,  
The waste of waters, wild and dim,  
The still small voice thou hear'st  
alone —

All, all alike interpret Him.

Arise, my friend, and go about  
Thy darkened house with cheerful  
feet ;

Yield not one jot to fear nor doubt,  
But, baffled, broken, still repeat :

" 'T is mine to work, and not to win ;  
The soul must wait to have her  
wings :

Even time is but a landmark in  
The great eternity of things.

" Is it so much that thou below,  
O heart, shouldst fail of thy desire,  
When death, as we believe and know,  
Is but a call to come up higher ? "

#### LOST LILIES.

SHOW you her picture ? Here it lies !  
Hands of lilies, and lily-like brow ;  
Mouth that is bright as a rose, and eyes  
That are just the soul's sweetest  
overflow.

Darling shoulders, softly pale,  
Borne by the undulating play  
Of the life below, up out of their veil,  
Like lilies out o' the waves o' the  
May.

Throat as white as the throat of a swan,  
And all as proudly graceful held ;  
Fair, bare bosom, " clothed upon  
With chastity," like the lady of eld.

Tender lids, that drooping down,  
Chide your glances overbold ;  
Fair, with a golden gleam in the brown,  
And brown again in the gleamy gold.

These on your eyes like a splendor fall,  
And you marvel not at my love, I  
see :

But it was not one, and it was not all,  
That made her the angel she was to  
me.

So shut the picture and put it away.  
Your fancy is only thus misled ;  
What can the dull, cold semblance say,  
When the spirit and life of the life is  
fled ?

Seven long years, and seven again,  
And three to the seven — a weary  
space —

The weary fingers of the rain  
Have drawn the daisies over her face.

Seven and seven years, and three,  
 The leaves have faded to death in the  
 frost,  
 Since the shadow that made for me  
 The world a shadow my pathway  
 crossed.

And now and then some meteor gleam  
 Has broken the gloom of my life  
 apart,  
 Or the only thread of some raveled  
 dream  
 Has slid like sunshine in my heart.

But never a planet, steady and still,  
 And never a rainbow, brave and  
 fine,  
 And never the flowery head of a hill  
 Has made the cloud of my life to  
 shine.

Yet God is love ! and this I trust,  
 Though summer is over and sweet-  
 ness done,  
 That all my lilies are safe, in the  
 dust,  
 As they were in the glow of the great,  
 glad sun.

Yea, God is love, and love is might !  
 Mighty as surely to keep as to  
 make ;  
 And the sleepers, sleeping in death's  
 dark night,  
 In the resurrection of life shall  
 wake.

#### A WONDER.

STILL always groweth in me the great  
 wonder,  
 When all the fields are blushing like  
 the dawn,  
 And only one poor little flower ploughed  
 under,  
 That I can see no flowers, that one  
 being gone :  
 No flower of all, because of one be-  
 ing gone.

Aye, ever in me groweth the great  
 wonder,  
 When all the hills are shining, white  
 and red,  
 And only one poor little flower ploughed  
 under,

That it were all as one if all were  
 dead :  
 Aye, all as one if all the flowers were  
 dead.

I cannot feel the beauty of the roses ;  
 Their soft leaves seem to me but  
 layers of dust ;  
 Out of my opening hand each blessing  
 closes :  
 Nothing is left to me but my hope  
 and trust,  
 Nothing but heavenly hope and heav-  
 enly trust.

I get no sweetness of the sweetest  
 places ;  
 My house, my friends no longer com-  
 fort me ;  
 Strange somehow grow the old familiar  
 faces ;  
 For I can nothing have, not having  
 thee :  
 All my possessions I possessed  
 through thee.

Having, I have them not — strange  
 contradiction !  
 Heaven needs must cast its shadow  
 on our earth ;  
 Yea, drown us in the waters of afflic-  
 tion  
 Breast high, to make us know our  
 treasure's worth,  
 To make us know how much our love  
 is worth.

And while I mourn, the anguish of my  
 story  
 Breaks, as the wave breaks on the  
 hindering bar :  
 Thou art but hidden in the deeps of  
 glory,  
 Even as the sunshine hides the les-  
 sening star,  
 And with true love I love thee from  
 afar.

I know our Father must be good, not  
 evil,  
 And murmur not, for faith's sake, at  
 my ill ;  
 Nor at the mystery of the working  
 cavil,  
 That somehow bindeth all things in  
 his will,  
 And, though He slay me, makes me  
 trust Him still.

## MOST BELOVED.

My heart thou makest void, and full ;  
Thou giv'st, thou tak'st away my  
care ;

O most beloved ! most beautiful !  
I miss, and find thee everywhere !

In the sweet water, as it flows ;  
The winds, that kiss me as they  
pass ;  
The starry shadow of the rose,  
Sitting beside her on the grass ;

The daffodilly trying to bless  
With better light the beauteous air ;  
The lily, wearing the white dress  
Of sanctuary, to be more fair ;

The lithe-armed, dainty-fingered brier,  
That in the woods, so dim and  
drear,  
Lights up betimes her tender fire  
To soothe the homesick pioneer ;

The moth, his brown sails balancing  
Along the stubble, crisp and dry ;  
The ground-flower, with a blood-red  
ring  
On either hand ; the pewet's cry ;

The friendly robin's gracious note ;  
The hills, with curious weeds o'er-  
run ;  
The althea, in her crimson coat  
Tricked out to please the wearied  
sun ;

The dandelion, whose golden share  
Is set before the rustic's plough ;  
The hum of insects in the air ;  
The blooming bush ; the withered  
bough ;

The coming on of eve ; the springs  
Of daybreak, soft and silver bright ;  
The frost, that with rough, rugged  
wings  
Blows down the cankered buds ; the  
white,

Long drifts of winter snow ; the heat  
Of August falling still and wide ;  
Broad corn fields ; one chance stalk of  
wheat,  
Standing with bright head hung  
aside :

All things, my darling, all things seem  
In some strange way to speak of  
thee ;  
Nothing is half so much a dream,  
Nothing so much reality.

## MY DARLINGS.

WHEN steps are hurrying homeward,  
And night the world o'erspreads,  
And I see at the open windows  
The shining of little heads,  
I think of you, my darlings,  
In your low and lonesome beds.

And when the latch is lifted,  
And I hear the voices glad,  
I feel my arms more empty,  
My heart more widely sad ;  
For we measure dearth of blessings  
By the blessings we have had.

But sometimes in sweet visions  
My faith to sight expands,  
And with my babes in his bosom,  
My Lord before me stands,  
And I feel on my head bowed lowly  
The touches of little hands.

Then pain is lost in patience,  
And tears no longer flow :  
They are only dead to the sorrow  
And sin of life, I know ;  
For if they were not immortal  
My love would make them so.

## IN DESPAIR.

I KNOW not what the world may be, —  
For since I have nor hopes nor fears,  
All things seem strange and far to me,  
As though I had sailed on some sad  
sea,  
For years and years, and years and  
years !

Sailed through blind mists, you under-  
stand,  
And leagues of bleak and bitter  
foam ;  
Seeing belts of rock and bars of sand,  
But never a strip of flowery land,  
And never the light of hearth or  
home.

All day and night, all night and day,  
 I sit in my darkened house alone ;  
 Come thou, whose laughter sounds so  
 gay,  
 Come hither, for charity come ! and  
 say  
 What flowers are faded, and what  
 are blown.

Does the great, glad sun, as he used  
 to, rise ?  
 Or is it always a weary night ?  
 A shadow has fallen across my eyes,  
 Come hither and tell me about the  
 skies, —  
 Are there drops of rain ? are there  
 drops of light ?

Keep not, dear heart, so far away,  
 With thy laughter light and laughter  
 low,  
 But come to my darkened house, I  
 pray,  
 And tell me what of the fields to-  
 day, —  
 Or lilies, or snow ? or lilies, or  
 snow ?

Do the hulls of the ripe nuts hang  
 apart ?  
 Do the leaves of the locust drop in the  
 well ?  
 Or is it the time for the buds to start ?  
 O gay little heart, O little gay heart,  
 Come hither and tell, come hither  
 and tell !

The day of my hope is cold and dead,  
 The sun is down and the light is  
 gone ;  
 Come hither thou of the roses red,  
 Of the gay, glad heart, and the golden  
 head,  
 And tell of the dawn, of the dew and  
 the dawn.

#### WAIT.

Go not far in the land of light !  
 A little while by the golden gate,  
 Lest that I lose you out of sight,  
 Wait, my darling, wait.

Forever now from your happy eyes  
 Life's scenic picture has passed  
 away ;

You have entered into realities,  
 And I am yet at the play !

Yet at the play of time — through all,  
 Thinking of you, and your high es-  
 tate ;  
 A little while, and the curtain will  
 fall —  
 Wait, my darling, wait !

Mine is a dreary part to do —  
 A mask of mirth on a mourning  
 brow ;  
 The chance approval, the flower or  
 two,  
 Are nothing — nothing now !

The last sad act is drawing on ;  
 A little while by the golden gate  
 Of the holy heaven to which you are  
 gone,  
 Wait, my darling, wait.

#### THE OTHER SIDE.

I DREAMED I had a plot of ground.  
 Once on a time, as story saith,  
 All closed in and closed round  
 With a great wall, as black as  
 death.

I saw a hundred mornings break,  
 So far a little dream may reach ;  
 And, like a blush on some fair cheek,  
 The spring-time mantling over each.

Sweet vines o'erhung, like vernal  
 floods,  
 The wall, I thought, and though I  
 spied  
 The glorious promise of the buds,  
 They only bloomed the other side.

Tears, torments, darkened all my  
 ground,  
 Yet Heaven, by starts, above me  
 gleamed ;  
 I saw, with senses strangely bound,  
 And in my dreaming knew I  
 dreamed.

Saying to my heart, these things are  
 signs  
 Sent to instruct us that 't is ours  
 Duly to dress and keep our vines,  
 Waiting in patience for the flowers.

But when the angel, feared by all,  
 Across my hearth his shadow spread,  
 The rose that climbed my garden wall  
 Had bloomed, the other side, I said.

## A WINTRY WASTE.

THE boughs they blow across the  
 pane,  
 And my heart is stirred with sudden  
 joy,  
 For I think 't is the shadow of my  
 boy,  
 My long lost boy, come home again  
 To love, and to live with me ;  
 And I put the work from off my knee,  
 And open the door with eager haste —  
 There lieth the cold, wild winter waste,  
 And that is all I see !

The boughs they drag against the  
 eaves,  
 I hear them early, I hear them late,  
 And I think 't is the latch of the door-  
 yard gate.

Or a step on the frozen leaves.  
 And I say to my heart, he is slow, he  
 is slow,  
 And I call him loud and I call him  
 low,  
 And listen, and listen, again and  
 again,  
 And I see the wild shadows go over  
 the pane.  
 And the dead leaves, as they fall,  
 I hear, and that is all.

But fancy only half deceives —  
 My joys are counterfeits of joy,  
 For I know he never will come, my  
 boy ;

And I see through my make-be-  
 lieves,  
 Only the wintry waste of snow,  
 Where he lieth so cold, and lieth so  
 low,

And so far from the light and me :  
 And boughs go over the window-pane,  
 And drag on the lonely eaves, in  
 vain, —

That waste is all I see.

## THE SHADOW.

IN vain the morning trims her brows,  
 A shadow all the sunshine shrouds ;

The moon at evening vainly ploughs  
 Her golden furrows in the clouds.

In vain the morn her splendor hath ;  
 The stars, in vain, their gracious  
 cheer ;

There moves a phantom on my path,  
 A shapeless phantom that I fear.

The summer wears a weary smile,  
 A weary hum the woodland fills ;  
 The dusty road looks tired the while  
 It climbs along the sleepy hills.

Still do I strive to build my song  
 Against this grim aggressive gloom ;  
 O hope, I say, be strong, be strong !  
 Some special, saving grace must  
 come.

I sit and talk of sunnier skies,  
 Of flowers with healing in their  
 gleams,  
 But still the shapeless shadow flies  
 Before me to the land of dreams.

O friends of mine, who sit dismayed  
 And watch, I cry, with bated breath ;  
 Yet from their answering shrink afraid,  
 Lest that they name the name of  
 Death.

## HOW PEACE CAME.

As the still hours toward midnight  
 wore,  
 She called to me — her voice was  
 low  
 And soft as snow that falls in  
 snow —  
 She called my name, and nothing  
 more.

Sleeping, I felt the life-blood stir  
 With piercing anguish all my  
 heart —  
 I felt my dreams like curtains part,  
 And straightway passed through them  
 to her.

Yet, 'twixt my answer and her call,  
 My thoughts had time enough to  
 run  
 Through everything that I had done  
 From my youth upward. One and  
 all.

The harmful words which I had said —  
 The sinful thoughts, the looks untrue,  
 Straight into fearful phantoms grew,  
 And ranged themselves about her bed.

Weeping, I called her names most sweet,  
 But still the phantoms, evil-eyed,  
 Between us stood, and though I died,  
 I could not even touch her feet.

My soul within me seemed to groan —  
 My cheek was burning up with shame —  
 I called each dark deed by its name,  
 And humbly owned it for my own.

My tongue was loosed — my heart was free —  
 I took the little shining head  
 Betwixt my palms — the phantoms fled.  
 And Heaven was moved, and came to me.

## BE STILL.

COME, bring me wild pinks from the valleys,  
 Ablaze with the fire o' the sun —  
 No poor little pitiful lilies  
 That speak of a life that is done !

And open the windows to lighten  
 The wearisome chamber of pain —  
 The eyes of my darling will brighten  
 To see the green hill-tops again.

Choose tunes with a lullaby flowing,  
 And sing through the watches you keep  
 Be soft with your coming and going —  
 Be soft ! she is falling asleep.

Ah, what would my life be without her !  
 Pray God that I never may know !  
 Dear friends, as you gather about her,  
 Be low with your weeping — be low.

Be low, oh, be low with your weeping !  
 Your sobs would be sorrow to her ;  
 I tremble lest while she is sleeping  
 A rose on her pillow should stir.

Sing slower, sing softer and slower !  
 Her sweet cheek is losing its red —  
 Sing low, aye, sing lower and lower —  
 Be still, oh, be still ! She is dead.

## VANISHED.

OUT of the wild and weary night  
 I see the morning softly rise,  
 But oh, my lovely, lovely eyes !  
 The world is dim without your light.

I see the young buds break and start  
 To fresher life when frosts are o'er,  
 But oh, my rose-red mouth ! no more  
 Will kiss of yours delight my heart.

The worm that knows nor hope nor trust  
 Comes forth with glorious wings  
 dispread,  
 But oh, my little golden head !  
 I see you only in the dust.

I hear the calling of the lark,  
 Despite the cloud, despite the rain ;  
 But oh, my snow-white hands ! in vain  
 I search to find you through the dark.

When the strong whirlwind's rage is o'er,  
 A whisper bids the land rejoice ;  
 But oh, my gentle, gentle voice  
 Your music gladdens me no more.

But though no earthly joy dispel  
 This gloom that fills my life with woe,  
 My sweetest, and my best ! I know  
 That you are still alive and well.

Alive and well : oh, blissful thought !  
 In some sweet clime, I know not where ;  
 I only know that you are there,  
 And sickness, pain, and death are not.

## SAFE.

AH, she was not an angel to adore,  
 She was not perfect — she was only this :  
 A woman to be prattled to, to kiss,  
 To praise with all sweet praises, and before



Whose face you never were ashamed to lay  
The affections of your pride away.

I have kept Fancy traveling to and fro  
Full many an hour, to find what name were best,  
If there were any sweeter than the rest,  
That I might always call my darling so ;  
And this of woman seems to me the sweetest,  
The finest, the most gracious, the completest.

The dust she wore about her I agree  
Was poor and sickly, even to make you sad,  
But this rough world we live in never had

An ornament more excellent than she ;  
The earthly dress was all so frail that you  
Could see the beauteous spirit shining through.

Not what she was, but what she was to me  
Is what I fain would tell — from her was drawn

The softness of the eve, the light of dawn ;

With her and for her I could only see  
What things were sweet and sensible and pure ;  
Now all is dull, slow guessing, nothing sure.

My sorrow with this comfort yet is stilled —

I do not dread to hear the winter stir

His wild winds up — I have no fear for her :

And all my love could never hope to build

A place so sweet beneath heaven's arch of blue,

As she by death has been elected to.

#### WAITING.

AH yes, I see the sunshine play,  
I hear the robin's cheerful call,  
But I am thinking of the day  
My darling left me — that is all.

I do not grieve for her — ah no !  
To her the way is clear, I trust ;  
But for myself I grieve, so low,  
So weak, so in, and of the dust.

And for my sadness I am sad —  
I would be gay if so I might,  
But she was all the joy I had —  
My life, my love, my heart's delight,

We came together to the door  
Of our sweet home that is to be,  
And knowing, she went in before,  
To put on marriage robes for me.

'T is weary work to wait so long,  
But true love knows not how to doubt ;  
God's wisdom fashions seeming wrong,  
That we may find right meanings out.

#### INTIMATIONS.

THERE is hovering about me  
A power so sweet, so sweet,  
That I know, despite my sorrow,  
We assuredly shall meet.  
I know, and thus the darkness  
In between us, is defied,  
That death is but a shadow  
With the sunshine either side.

The world is very weary,  
But I never cease to know  
That still there is a border-land  
Where spirits come and go ;  
For you send me intimations  
In the morning's gentle beams,  
And at night you come and meet me  
In the golden gate of dreams.

I am desolate and dreary,  
But mortal pain and doubt  
Are blessings, and our part it is  
To find their meanings out :  
To find their blessed meanings,  
And to wait in hope and trust,  
Till our gracious Lord and Master  
Shall redeem us from the dust.

#### THE GREAT QUESTION.

"How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?"

THE waves, they are wildly heaving,  
And bearing me out from the shore,

And I know of the things I am leaving,  
 But not of the things before.  
 O Lord of love, whom the shape of a  
 dove  
 Came down and hovered o'er,  
 Descend to-night with heavenly light,  
 And show me the farther shore.

There is midnight darkness o'er me,  
 And 't is light, more light, I crave ;  
 The billows behind and before me  
 Are gaping, each with a grave :  
 Descend to-night, O Lord of might,  
 Who died our souls to save ;  
 Descend to-night, my Lord, my Light,  
 And walk with me on the wave !

My heart is heavy to breaking  
 Because of the mourners' sighs,  
 For they cannot see the awak'ning,  
 Nor the body with which we arise.  
 Thou, who for sake of men didst break  
 The awful seal of the tomb—  
 Show them the way into life, I pray,  
 And the body with which we come !

Comfort their pain and pining  
 For the nearly wasted sands,  
 With the many mansions shining  
 In the house not made with hands :  
 And help them by faith to see through  
 death  
 To that brighter and better shore,  
 Where they never shall weep who are  
 fallen asleep  
 And never be sick any more.



WHAT comfort, when with clouds of  
 woe  
 The heart is burdened, and must  
 weep,  
 To feel that pain must end, — to know,  
 "He giveth his beloved sleep."

When in the mid-day march we meet  
 The outstretched shadows of the  
 night,  
 The promise, how divinely sweet,  
 "At even-time it shall be light."





## RELIGIOUS POEMS AND HYMNS.

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### THANKSGIVING.

FOR the sharp conflicts I have had  
with sin,  
Wherein,  
I have been wedged and pressed  
Nigh unto death, I thank thee, with  
the rest  
Of my befallings, Lord, of brighter  
guise,  
And named by mortals, good,  
Which to my hungry heart have given  
food,  
Or costly entertainment to my eyes.

For I can only see,  
With spirit truly reconciled to thee,  
In the sad evils with our lives that  
blend,  
A means, and not an end :

Since thou wert free  
To do thy will — knewest the bitter  
worth  
Of sin, and all its possibility,  
Ere that, by thy decree,  
The ancient silence of eternity  
Was broken by the music of man's  
birth.

Therefore I lay my brows  
Discrowned of youth, within thy gra-  
cious hands,  
Or rise while daybreak dew is on the  
boughs  
To strew thy road with sweets, for thy  
commands  
Do make the current of my life to run  
Through lost and cavernous ways,  
Bordered with cloudy days,  
In its slow working out into the sun.

Hills, clap your hands, and all ye mount-  
ains, shout :  
Hie, fainting hart, to where the waters  
flow ;  
Children of men, put off your fear and  
doubt ;  
The Lord who chasteneth, loveth you,  
for, lo !  
The wild herb's wounded stalk He  
cares about,  
And shields the ravens when the rough  
winds blow ;  
He sendeth down the drop of shining  
dew  
To light the daisy from her house  
of death,  
And shall He, then, forget the like of  
you,  
O ye, of little faith !

He speaketh to the willing soul and  
heart  
By dreams, and in the visions of the  
night,  
And happy is the man who, for his part,  
Rejoiceth in the light  
Of all his revelations, whether found  
In the old books, so sacredly upbound,  
And clasped with golden clasps, or  
whether writ  
Through later instillations of his  
power,  
Where he that runneth still perceiveth it  
Illuminating every humble flower  
That springeth from the ground.

His testimony all the time is sure ;  
The smallest star that keepeth in the  
night  
His silver candle bright,  
And every deed of good that anywhere

Maketh the hands of holy women white ;  
 All sweet religious work, all earnest  
 prayer,  
 Of uttered, or unutterable speech ;  
 Whatever things are peaceable and  
 pure,  
 Whatever things are right,  
 These are his witnesses, aye, all and  
 each !

Thrice happy is the man who doth  
 obey  
 The Lord of love, through love ; who  
 fears to break  
 The righteous law for th' law's right-  
 eous sake ;  
 And who, by daily use of blessings,  
 gives  
 Thanks for the daily blessings he re-  
 ceives ;  
 His spirit grown so reverent, it dares  
 Cast the poor shows of reverence away,  
 Believing they  
 More glorify the Giver, who partake  
 Of his good gifts, than they who fast  
 and make  
 Burnt offerings and Pharisaic prayers.

The wintry snows that blind  
 The air, and blight what things were  
 glorified  
 By summer's reign, we do not think  
 unkind  
 When that we see them changed, afar  
 and wide,  
 To rain, that, fretting in the rose's face,  
 Brings out a softer grace,  
 And makes the troops of rustic daffo-  
 dils  
 Shake out their yellow skirts along the  
 hills,  
 And all the valleys blush from side to  
 side.

And as we climb the stair,  
 Of rough and ugly fortune, by the props  
 Of faith and charity, and hope and  
 prayer.  
 To the serene and beauteous mountain-  
 tops  
 Of our best human possibility,  
 Where haunts the spirit of eternity,  
 The world below looks fair, —  
 Its seeming inequalities subdued,  
 And level, all, to purposes of good.

I thank thee, gracious Lord,  
 For the divine award

Of strength that helps me up the heavy  
 heights  
 Of mortal sorrow, where, through tears  
 forlorn,  
 My eyes get glimpses of the authentic  
 lights  
 Of love's eternal morn.

For thereby do I trust  
 That our afflictions springs not from  
 the dust,  
 And that they are not sent  
 In arbitrary chastisement,  
 Nor as avengers to put out the light  
 And let our souls loose in some damnéd  
 night  
 That holds the balance of thy glory,  
 just ;  
 But rather, that as lessons they are  
 meant,  
 And as the fire tempers the iron, so  
 Are we refined by woe.

I thank thee for my common blessings,  
 still  
 Rained through thy will  
 Upon my head ; the air  
 That knows so many tunes which grief  
 beguile,  
 Breathing its light love to me every-  
 where,  
 And that will still be kissing all the  
 while,

I thank thee that my childhood's van-  
 ished days  
 Were cast in rural ways,  
 Where I beheld, with gladness ever  
 new,  
 That sort of vagrant dew  
 Which lodges in the beggarly tents of  
 such  
 Vile weeds as virtuous plants disdain to  
 touch,  
 And with rough-bearded burs, night  
 after night,  
 Uppgathered by the morning, tender and  
 true,  
 Into her clear, chaste light.

Such ways I learned to know  
 That free will cannot go  
 Outside of mercy ; learned to bless  
 his name  
 Whose revelations, ever thus renewed  
 Along the varied year, in field and  
 wood,  
 His loving care proclaim.

I thank thee that the grass and the red  
rose

Do what they can to tell  
How spirit through all forms of matter  
flows ;

For every thistle by the common way  
Wearing its homely beauty, — for each  
spring

That sweet and homeless, runneth  
where it will, —

For night and day,  
For the alternate seasons, — every-  
thing

Pertaining to life's marvelous miracle.

Even for the lowly flower  
That, living, dwarfed and bent  
Under some beetling rock, in gloom  
profound,

Far from her pretty sisters of the  
ground,

And shut from sun and shower,  
Seemeth endowed with human discon-  
tent.

Ah ! what a tender hold  
She taketh of us in our own despite, —  
A sadly-solemn creature,  
Crooked, despoiled of nature,  
Leaning from out the shadows, dull and  
cold,  
To lay her little white face in the  
light.

The chopper going by her rude abode,  
Thinks of his own rough hut, his old  
wife's smile,

And of the bare young feet  
That run through th' frost to meet  
His coming, and forgets the weary load  
Of sticks that bends his shoulders down  
the while.

I thank thee, Lord, that Nature is so  
wise,

So capable of painting in men's eyes  
Pictures whose airy hues

Do blend and interfuse  
With all the darkness that about us  
lies, —

That clearly in our hearts  
Her law she writes,

Reserving cunning past our mortal arts,  
Whereby she is avenged for all her  
slights.

And I would make thanksgiving  
For the sweet, double living,

That gives the pleasures that have  
passed away,  
The sweetness and the sunshine of  
to-day.

I see the furrows ploughed and see  
them planted,

See the young cornstalks rising green  
and fair ;

Mute things are friendly, and I am ac-  
quainted

With all the luminous creatures of  
the air ;

And with the cunning workers of the  
ground

That have their trades born with  
them, and with all

The insects, large and small,  
That fill the summer with a wave of  
sound.

I watch the wood-bird line  
Her pretty nest, with eyes that never  
tire,

And watch the sunbeams trail their  
wisps of fire

Along the bloomless bushes, till they  
shine.

The violet, gathering up her tender  
blue

From th' dull ground, is a good sight  
to see ;

And it delighteth me  
To have the mushroom push his round  
head through

The dry and brittle stubble, as I pass,  
His smooth and shining coat, half rose  
half fawn,

But just put on ;  
And to have April slip her showery  
grass

Under my feet, as she was used to do,  
In the dear spring-times gone.

I make the brook, my Nile,  
And hour by hour beguile,

Tracking its devious course  
Through briery banks to its mysterious

source,  
That I discover, always, at my will, —  
A little silver star,

Under the shaggy forehead of some  
hill,

From traveled ways afar.

Forgetting wind and flood,  
I build my house of unsubstantial sand,

Shaping the roof upon my double hand,

And setting up the dry and sliding  
grains,  
With infinite pains,  
In the similitude  
Of beam and rafter, — then  
Where to the ground the dock its broad  
leaf crooks,  
I hunt long whiles to find the little  
men  
That I have read of in my story-books.

Often, in lawless wise,  
Some obvious work of duty I delay,  
Taking my fill  
Of an uneasy liberty, and still  
Close shutting up my eyes,  
As though it were not given me to  
see  
The avenging ghost of opportunity  
Thus slighted, far away.

I linger when I know  
That I should forward go;  
Now, haply for the katydid's wild shrill,  
Now listening to the low,  
Dull noise of mill-wheels — counting,  
now, the row  
Of clouds about the shoulder of the  
hill.

My heart anew rejoices  
In th' old familiar voices  
That come back to me like a lulla-  
by;  
Now 't is the church-bell's call,  
And now a teamster's whistle, — now,  
perhaps,  
The silvery lapse  
Of waters in among the reeds that  
meet;  
And now, down-dropping to a whis-  
per fall,  
Some milkmaid, chiding with love's  
privilege,  
Through the green wall  
Of the dividing hedge,  
And the so sadly eloquent reply  
Of the belated cow-boy, low and  
sweet.

I see, as in a dream,  
The farmer plodding home behind  
his team,  
With all the tired shadows following,  
And see him standing in his threshing-  
floor,  
The hungry cattle gathered in a ring  
About the great barn-door.

I see him in the sowing,  
And see him in the mowing,  
The air about him thick with gray-  
winged moths;  
The day's work nearly over,  
And the long meadow ridged with  
double swaths  
Of sunset-light and clover.

When falls the time of solemn Sabbath  
rest,  
In all he has of best  
I see him going (for he never fails)  
To church, in either equitable hand  
A shining little one, and all his band  
Trooping about him like a flock of  
quails.  
With necks bowed low, and hid to half  
their length  
Under the jutting load of new-made hay,  
I see the oxen give their liberal strength  
Day after day,  
And see the mower stay  
His scythe, and leave a patch of grass  
to spread  
Its shelter round the bed  
Of the poor frightened ground-bird in his  
way.

I see the joyous vine,  
And see the wheat set up its rustling  
spears,  
And see the sun with golden fingers  
sign  
The promise of full ears.

I see the slender moon  
Time after time grow old and round in  
th' face,  
And see the autumn take the sum-  
mer's place,  
And shake the ripe nuts down,  
In their thick, bitter hulls of green and  
brown,  
To make the periods of the school-  
boy's tune;  
I see the apples, with their russet  
cheeks  
Shaming the wealth of June;  
And see the bean-pods, gay with pur-  
ple freaks,  
And all the hills with yellow leaves o'er-  
blown,  
As through the fading woods I walk  
alone,  
And hear the wind o'erhead  
Touching the joyless boughs and mak-  
ing moan,

Like some old crone,  
Who on her withered fingers counts  
her dead.

I hear the beetle's hum, and see the  
gnats  
Sagging along the air in strings of  
jet,  
And from their stubs I see the weak-  
eyed bats  
Flying an hour before the sun is set.

Picture on picture crowds,  
And by the gray and priestlike silence  
led,  
Comes the first star through evening's  
steely gates  
And chides the day to bed  
Within the ruddy curtains of the  
clouds :

So gently com'st thou, Death,  
To him who waits,  
In the assurance of our blessed faith,  
To be acquainted with thy quiet arms,  
His good deeds, great and small,  
Bulld about him like a silver  
wall,  
And bearing back the deluge of alarms.

The mother doth not tenderer appear  
When, from her heart her tired darling  
laid,  
She trims his cradle all about with  
shade,  
And will not kiss his sleepy eyes for  
fear.

I see the windows of the homestead  
bright  
With the warm evening light,  
And by the winter fire  
I see the gray-haired sire  
Serenely sitting.

Forgetful of the work-day toil and care,  
The old wife by his elbow, at her knit-  
ting ;

The cricket on the hearth-stone sing-  
ing shrill,

And the spoiled darling of the house at  
will

Climbing the good man's chair,  
A furtive glimpse to catch  
Of her fair face in his round silver  
watch,

That she in her high privilege must  
wear,  
And listen to the music that is in  
it,  
Though only for a minute.

I thank thee, Lord, for every saddest  
cross ;  
Gain comes to us through loss,  
The while we go,  
Blind travelers holding by the wall of  
time,  
And seeking out through woe  
The things that are eternal and sublime.

Ah ! sad are they of whom no poet  
writes

Nor ever any story-teller hears, —  
The childless mothers, who on lone-  
some nights

Sit by their fires and weep, having the  
chores

Done for the day, and time enough to  
see

All the wide floors  
Swept clean of playthings ; they, as  
needs must be,  
Have time enough for tears.

But there are griefs more sad  
Than ever any childless mother had, —  
You know them, who do smother Nat-  
ure's cries

Under poor masks  
Of smiling, slow despair, —  
Who put your white and unadorning  
hair

Out of your way, and keep at homely  
tasks,

Unblest with any praises of men's eyes,  
Till Death comes to you with his pit-  
eous care,

And to unmarriageable beds you go,  
Saying, " It is not much : 't is well, if so  
We only be made fair  
And looks of love await us when we  
rise."

My cross is not as hard as theirs to  
bear.

And yet alike to me are storms, or  
calms ;

My life's young joy,  
The brown-cheeked farmer-boy,  
Who led the daisies with him like his  
lambs, —

Carved his sweet picture on my milk-  
ing-pail,

And cut my name upon his threshing-  
flail,

One day stopped singing at his plough ;  
alas !

Before that summer-time was gone, the  
grass

Had choked the path which to the  
 sheep-field led,  
 Where I had watched him tread  
 So oft on evening's trail,—  
 A shining oat-sheaf balanced on his  
 head,  
 And nodding to the gale.

Rough wintry weather came, and when  
 it sped,  
 The emerald wave  
 Swelling above my little sweetheart's  
 grave,  
 With such bright, bubbly flowers was  
 set about,  
 I thought he blew them out,  
 And so took comfort that he was not  
 dead.

For I was of a rude and ignorant  
 crew,  
 And hence believed whatever things I  
 saw  
 Were the expression of a hidden law ;  
 And, with a wisdom wiser than I knew,  
 Evoked the simple meanings out  
 of things  
 By childlike questionings.

And he they named with shudderings  
 of fear  
 Had never, in his life, been half so  
 near  
 As when I sat all day with cheeks un-  
 kissed,  
 And listened to the whisper, very low,  
 That said our love above death's wave  
 of woe  
 Was joined together like the seamless  
 mist.

God's yea and nay  
 Are not so far away,  
 I said, but I can hear them when I  
 please ;  
 Nor could I understand  
 Their doubting faith, who only touch  
 his hand  
 Across the blind, bewildering centu-  
 ries.

And often yet, upon the shining track  
 Of the old faith, come back  
 My childish fancies, never quite sub-  
 dued ;  
 And when the sunset shuts up in the  
 wood  
 The whispery sweetness of uncertainty,

And Night, with misty locks that  
 loosely drop  
 About his ears, brings rest, a welcome  
 boon,  
 Playing his pipe with many a starry  
 stop  
 That makes a golden snarling in his  
 tune ;

I see my little lad  
 Under the leafy shelter of the boughs,  
 Driving his noiseless, visionary cows,  
 Clad in a beauty I alone can see :  
 Laugh, you, who never had  
 Your dead come back, but do not take  
 from me  
 The harmless comfort of my foolish  
 dream,  
 That these, our mortal eyes,  
 Which outwardly reflect the earth and  
 skies  
 Do introvert upon eternity :

And that the shapes you deem  
 Imaginations, just as clearly fall ;  
 Each from its own divine original,  
 And through some subtle element of  
 light,  
 Upon the inward, spiritual eye,  
 As do the things which round about  
 them lie,  
 Gross and material, on the external  
 sight.

—◆—  
 HOPE in our hearts doth only stay  
 Like a traveler at an inn,  
 Who riseth up at the break of day  
 His journey to begin.

Faith, when her soul has known the  
 blight  
 Of noisy doubts and fears,  
 Goes thenceforward clad in the light  
 Of the still eternal years.

Truth is truth : *no more* in the prayers  
 Of the righteous Pharisee ;  
*No less* in the humblest sinner that  
 wears  
 This poor mortality.

But Love is greatest of all : *no loss*  
 Can shadow its face with gloom,—  
 As glorious hanging on the cross  
 As breaking out of the tomb.



## MORNING.

WAKE, Dillie, my darling, and kiss me,  
The daybreak is nigh, —  
I can see, through the half-open curtain,  
A strip of blue sky.

Yon lake, in her valley-bed lying,  
Looks fair as a bride,  
And pushes, to greet the sun's coming,  
The mist sheets aside.

The birds, to the wood-temple flying,  
Their matins to chant,  
Are chirping their love to each other,  
With wings dropt aslant.

Not a tree, that the morning's bright edges  
With silver illumines,  
But trembles and stirs with its pleasure  
Through all its green plumes.

Wake, Dillie, and join in the praises  
All nature doth give ;  
Clap hands, and rejoice in the goodness  
That leaves you to live.

For what is the world in her glory  
To that which thou art ?  
Thank God for the soul that is in you, —  
Thank God for your heart !

The world that had never a lover  
Her bright face to kiss, —  
With her splendors of stars and of noontides  
How poor is her bliss !

Wake, Dillie, — the white vest of morning  
With crimson is laced ;  
And why should delights of God's giving  
Be running to waste !

Full measures, pressed down, are awaiting  
Our provident use ;  
And is there no sin in neglecting  
As well as abuse ?

The cornstalk exults in its tassel,  
The flint in its spark, —

And shall the seed planted within me  
Rot out in the dark ?

Shall I be ashamed to give culture  
To what God has sown ?  
When nature asks bread, shall I offer  
A serpent, or stone ?

For could I out-weary its yearnings  
By fasting, or pain, —  
Would life have a better fulfillment,  
Or death have a gain ?

Nay, God will not leave us unanswered  
In any true need ;  
His will may be writ in an instinct,  
As well as a creed.

And, Dillie, my darling, believe me,  
*That* life is the best,  
That, loving here, truly and sweetly,  
With Him leaves the rest.

Its head to the sweep of the whirlwind  
The wise willow suits, —  
While the oak, that's too stubborn for bending,  
Comes up by the roots.

Such lessons, each day, round about us,  
Our good Mother writes, —  
To show us that Nature, in some way,  
Averages her slights.

## ONE DUST.

THOU, under Satan's fierce control,  
Shall Heaven its final rest bestow ?  
I know not, but I know a soul  
That might have fallen as darkly low.

I judge thee not, what depths of ill  
Soe'er thy feet have found, or trod ;  
I know a spirit and a will  
As weak, but for the grace of God.

Shalt thou with full-day laborers stand,  
Who hardly canst have pruned one vine ?

I know not, but I know a hand  
With an infirmity like thine.

Shalt thou who hast with scoffers part,  
E'er wear the crown the Christian wears ?

I know not, but I know a heart  
As flinty, but for tears and prayers.

Have mercy, O thou Crucified !  
 For even while I name thy name,  
 I know a tongue that might have  
 lied  
 Like Peter's, and am bowed with  
 shame.

Fighters of good fights, — just, un-  
 just, —  
 The weak who faint, the frail who  
 fall, —  
 Of one blood, of the self-same dust,  
 Thou, God of love, hast made them  
 all.

## SIGNS OF GRACE.

COME thou, my heavy soul, and lay  
 Thy sorrows all aside,  
 And let us see, if so we may,  
 How God is glorified.

Forget the storms that darkly beat,  
 Forget the woe and crime,  
 And tie of consolations sweet  
 A posie for the time.

Some blessed token everywhere  
 Doth grace to men allow ;  
 The daisy sets her silver share  
 Beside the rustic's plough.

The wintry wind that naked strips  
 The bushes, stoopeth low,  
 And round their rugged arms enwraps  
 The fleeces of the snow.

The blackbird, idly whistling till  
 The storm begins to pour,  
 Finds ever with his golden bill  
 A hospitable door.

From love, and love's protecting power  
 We cannot go apart ;  
 The shadows round the fainting flower  
 Rebuke the drooping heart.

Our strivings are not reckoned less,  
 Although we fail to win ;  
 The lily wears a royal dress,  
 And yet she doth not spin.

So, soul, forget thy evil days,  
 Thy sorrow lay aside,  
 And strive to see in all his ways  
 How God is glorified.

## JANUARY.

THE year has lost its leaves again,  
 The world looks old and grim ;  
 God folds his robe of glory thus,  
 That we may see but Him.

And all his stormy messengers,  
 That come with whirlwind breath,  
 Beat out our chaff of vanity,  
 And leave the grains of faith.

We will not feel, while summer waits  
 Her rich delights to share,  
 What sinners, miserably bad, —  
 How weak and poor we are.

We tread through fields of speckled  
 flowers  
 As if we did not know  
 Our Father made them beautiful,  
 Because He loves us so.

We hold his splendors in our hands  
 As if we held the dust,  
 And deal his judgment, as if man  
 Than God could be more just.

We seek, in prayers and penances,  
 To do the martyr's part,  
 Remembering not, the promises  
 Are to the pure in heart.

From evil and forbidden things,  
 Some good we think to win,  
 And to the last analysis  
 Experiment with sin.

We seek no oil in summer time  
 Our winter lamp to trim,  
 But strive to bring God down to us,  
 More than to rise to Him.

And when that He is nearest, most  
 Our weak complaints we raise,  
 Lacking the wisdom to perceive  
 The mystery of his ways.

For, when drawn closest to himself,  
 Then least his love we mark ;  
 The very wings that shelter us  
 From peril, make it dark.

Sometimes He takes his hands from us,  
 When storms the loudest blow,  
 That we may learn how weak, alone, —  
 How strong in Him, we grow.

Through the cross iron of our free  
will

And fate, we plead for light,  
As if God gave us not enough  
To do our work aright.

We will not see, but madly take  
The wrong and crooked path,  
And in our own hearts light the fires  
Of a consuming wrath.

The fashion of his Providence  
Our way is so above,  
We serve Him most who take the  
most  
Of his exhaustless love.

We serve Him in the good we do,  
The blessings we embrace,  
Not lighting farthing candles for  
The palace of his grace.

He has no need of our poor aid  
His purpose to pursue;  
'T is for our pleasure, not for his,  
That we his work must do.

Then blow, O wild winds, as ye list,  
And let the world look grim, —  
God folds his robe of glory thus  
That we may see but Him.

## ALONE.

WHAT shall I do when I stand in my  
place,  
Unclothed of this garment of cloud  
and dust,  
Unclothed of this garment of selfish  
lust,  
With my Maker, face to face?

What shall I say for my worldly pride?  
What for the things I have done and  
*not* done?  
There will be no cloud then over the  
sun,  
And no grave wherein to hide.

No time for waiting, no time for  
prayer, —  
No friend that with me my life-path  
trod  
To help me, — only my soul and my  
God,  
And all my sins laid bare.

No dear human pity, no low loving  
speech,

About me that terrible day shall there  
be,  
Remitted back into myself, I shall see  
All sweetest things out of reach.

But why should I tremble before th'  
unknown,  
And put off the blushing and shame?  
Now, — to-day!  
The friend close beside me seems  
far, far away,  
And I stand at God's judgment alone!

## A PRAYER.

I HAVE been little used to frame  
Wishes to speech and call it prayer;  
To-day, my Father, in thy name,  
I ask to have my soul stript bare  
Of all its vain pretense, — to see  
Myself, as I am seen by thee.

I want to know how much the pain  
And passion here, its powers abate;  
To take its thoughts, a tangled skein,  
And stretch them out all smooth and  
straight;  
To track its wavering course through  
sin  
And sorrow, to its origin.

I want to know if in the night  
Of evil, grace doth so abound,  
That from its darkness we draw light,  
As flowers do beauty from the  
ground;  
Or, if the sins of time shall be  
The shadows of eternity.

I want, though only for an hour,  
To be myself, — to get more near  
The wondrous mystery and power  
Of love, whose echoes floating here,  
Between us and the waiting grave,  
Make all of light, of heaven, we have.

## COUNSEL.

THOUGH sin hath marked thy brother's  
brow  
Love him in sin's despite,  
But for his darkness, haply thou  
Hadst never known the light.

Be thou an angel to his life,  
 And not a demon grim,—  
 Since with himself he is at strife,  
 Oh be at peace with him.

Speak gently of his evil ways  
 And all his pleas allow,  
 For since he knows not why he strays  
 From virtue, how shouldst thou?

Love him, though all thy love he slights,  
 For ah, thou canst not say  
 But that his prayerless days and nights  
 Have taught thee how to pray.

Outside themselves all things have  
 laws,  
 The atom and the sun,—  
 Thou art thyself, perhaps, the cause  
 Of sins which he has done.

If guiltless thou, why surely then  
 Thy place is by his side,—  
 It was for sinners, not just men,  
 That Christ the Saviour died.

#### SUPPLICATION.

DEAR gracious Lord, if that thy pain  
 Doth make me well, if I have strayed  
 Past mercy, let my hands be laid  
 One in the other: not in vain  
 Would I be dressed, Lord, in the  
 beauteous clay  
 Which thou did'st put away.

But if thou yet canst find in me  
 A vine, though trailing on the  
 ground,  
 That might be straightened up, and  
 bound  
 To any good, so let it be;  
 And, haply at the last, some tendriling  
 ring  
 Unto thy hand shall cling.

I have been too much used, I know,  
 To tell my needs in fretful words.  
 The clamoring of the silly birds,  
 Impatient for their wings to grow,  
 Has thy forgiveness; O my blessed  
 Lord,  
 The like to me accord.

Of grace, as much as will complete  
 Thy will in me, I pray thee for;

Even as a rose shut in a drawer,  
 That maketh all about it sweet,  
 I would be, rather than the cedar,  
 fine,  
 Help me, thou Power divine.

Fill thou my heart with love as full  
 As any lily with the rain;  
 Unteach me ever to complain,  
 And make my scarlet sins as wool;  
 Yea, wash me, even with sorrows,  
 clean and fair,  
 As lightnings do the air.

#### PUTTING OFF THE ARMOR.

WHY weep ye for the falling  
 Of the transient twilight gloom?  
 I am weary of the journey,  
 And have come in sight of home.

I can see a white procession  
 Sweep melodiously along,  
 And I would not have your mourning  
 Drown the sweetness of their song.

The battle-strife is ended;  
 I have scaled the hindering wall,  
 And am putting off the armor  
 Of the soldier — that is all!

Would you hide me from my pleasures?  
 Would you hold me from my rest?  
 From my serving and my waiting  
 I am called to be a guest!

Of its heavy, hurtful burdens  
 Now my spirit is released:  
 I am done with fasts and scourges,  
 And am bidden to the feast.

While you see the sun descending,  
 While you lose me in the night,  
 Lo, the heavenly morn is breaking,  
 And my soul is in the light.

I from faith to sight am rising  
 While in deeps of doubt you sink;  
 'T is the glory that divides us,  
 Not the darkness, as you think.

Then lift up your drooping eyelids,  
 And take heart of better cheer;  
 'T is the cloud of coming spirits  
 Makes the shadows that ye fear.

Oh, they come to bear me upward  
To the mansion of the sky,  
And to change as I am changing  
Is to live, and not to die ;

Is to leave the pain, the sickness,  
And the smiting of the rod,  
And to dwell among the angels,  
In the City of our God.

## FORGIVENESS.

O THOU who dost the sinner meet,  
Fearing his garment's hem,  
Think of the Master, and repeat,  
"Neither do I condemn!"  
And while the eager rabble stay,  
Their storms of wrath to pour,  
Think of the Master still, and say,  
"Go thou, and sin no more!"

## THE GOLDEN MEAN.

LEST to evil ways I run  
When I go abroad,  
Shine about me, like the sun,  
O my gracious Lord!  
Make the clouds, with silver glow-  
ing,  
Like a mist of lilies blowing  
O'er the summer sward;  
And mine eyes keep thou from be-  
ing  
Ever satisfied with seeing,  
O my light, my Lord!

Lest my thoughts on discontent  
Should in sleep be fed,  
Make the darkness like a tent  
Round about my bed:  
Sweet as honey to the taster,  
Make my dreams be, O my Master,  
Sweet as honey, ere it loses  
Spice of meadow-blooms,  
While the taster tastes the roses  
In the golden combs.

Lest I live in lowly ease,  
Or in lofty scorn,  
Make me like the strawberries  
That run among the corn;  
Grateful in the shadows keeping,  
Of the broad leaves o'er me sweep-  
ing;

In the gold crop's stead, to render  
Some small berries, red and tender,  
Like the blushing morn.

Lest that pain to pain be placed —  
Weary day to day,  
Let me sit at good men's feasts  
When the house is gay:  
Let my heart beat up to measures  
Of all comfortable pleasures,  
Till the morning gray,  
O'er the eastern hill-tops glancing,  
Sets the woodlands all to dancing,  
And scares night away.

Lest that I in vain pretense  
Careless live and move,  
Heart and mind, and soul and sense,  
Quicken thou with love!  
Fold its music over, under,  
Breath of flute and boom of thunder,  
Nor make satisfied my hearing  
As I go on, nearing, nearing  
Him whose name is Love.

## THE FIRE BY THE SEA.

THERE were seven fishers, with nets  
in their hands,  
And they walked and talked by the  
sea-side sands;  
Yet sweet as the sweet dew-fall  
The words they spake, though they  
spake so low,  
Across the long, dim centuries, flow,  
And we know them, one and all —  
Aye! know them and love them all.

Seven sad men in the days of old,  
And one was gentle, and one was bold,  
And they walked with downward  
eyes;  
The bold was Peter, the gentle was  
John,  
And they all were sad, for the Lord was  
gone,  
And they knew not if He would  
rise —  
Knew not if the dead would rise.

The livelong night, till the moon went  
out  
In the drowning waters, they beat  
about;  
Beat slow through the fog their way;  
And the sails drooped down with  
wringing wet,

And no man drew but an empty net,  
And now 't was the break of the  
day —  
The great, glad break of the day.

“Cast in your nets on the other side !”  
(’T was Jesus speaking across the tide ;)   
And they cast and were dragging  
hard ;  
But that disciple whom Jesus loved  
Cried straightway out, for his heart was  
moved :  
“ It is our risen Lord —  
Our Master, and our Lord ! ”

Then Simon, girding his fisher’s coat,  
Went over the nets and out of the  
boat —  
Aye ! first of them all was he ;  
Repenting sore the denial past.  
He feared no longer his heart to cast  
Like an anchor into the sea —  
Down deep in the hungry sea.

And the others, through the mists so  
dim,  
In a little ship came after him,  
Dragging their net through the tide ;  
And when they had gotten close to the  
land  
They saw a fire of coals on the sand,  
And, with arms of love so wide,  
Jesus, the crucified !

’T is long, and long, and long ago  
Since the rosy lights began to flow  
O’er the hills of Galilee ;  
And with eager eyes and lifted hands  
The seven fishers saw on the sands  
The fire of coals by the sea —  
On the wet, wild sands by the sea.

’T is long ago, yet faith in our souls  
Is kindled just by that fire of coals  
That streamed o’er the mists of the  
sea ;  
Where Peter, girding his fisher’s coat,  
Went over the nets and out of the boat,  
To answer, “ Lov’st thou me ? ”  
Thrice over, “ Lov’st thou me ? ”

#### THE SURE WITNESS.

THE solemn wood had spread  
Shadows around my head ;  
“ Curtains they are,” I said,

“ Hung dim and still about the house  
of prayer.”  
Softly among the limbs,  
Turning the leaves of hymns,  
I heard the winds, and asked if God  
were there.  
No voice replied, but while I listening  
stood,  
Sweet peace made holy hushes through  
the wood.

With ruddy, open hand,  
I saw the wild rose stand  
Beside the green gate of the summer  
hills ;  
And pulling at her dress,  
I cried, “ Sweet hermitess,  
Hast thou beheld Him who the dew  
distills ? ”  
No voice replied, but while I listening  
bent,  
Her gracious beauty made my heart  
content.

The moon in splendor shone ;  
“ She walketh heaven alone,  
And seeth all things,” to myself I  
mused :  
“ Hast thou beheld Him, then,  
Who hides Himself from men  
In that great power through nature in-  
terfused ? ”  
No speech made answer, and no sign  
appeared,  
But in the silence I was soothed and  
cheered.

Waking one time, strange awe  
Thrilling my soul, I saw  
A kingly splendor round about the  
night ;  
Such cunning work the hand  
Of spinner never planned, —  
The finest wool may not be washed so  
white.  
“ Hast thou come out of heaven ? ” I  
asked ; and lo !  
The snow was all the answer of the  
snow.

Then my heart said, “ Give o’er ;  
Question no more, no more !  
The wind, the snow-storm, the wild  
hermit flower,  
The illuminated air,  
The pleasure after prayer,  
Proclaim the unoriginated Power !

The mystery that hides Him here and there,  
Bears the sure witness He is everywhere."

## A PENITENT'S PLEA.

LIKE a child that is lost  
From its home in the night,  
I grope through the darkness  
And cry for the light ;  
Yea, all that is in me  
Cries out for the day —  
Come Jesus, my Master,  
Illumine my way !

In the conflicts that pass  
'Twixt my soul and my God,  
I walk as one walketh  
A fire-path, unshod ;  
And in my despairing  
Sit dumb by the way —  
Come Jesus, my Master,  
And heal me, I pray !

I know the fierce flames  
Will not cease to uproll,  
Till thou rainest the dew  
Of thy love on my soul ;  
And I know the dumb spirit  
Will never depart,  
Till thou comest and makest  
Thy house in my heart.

My thoughts lie within me  
As waste as the sands ;  
Oh make them be musical  
Strings in thy hands !  
My sins, red as scarlet,  
Wash white as a fleece —  
Come Jesus, my Master,  
And give me thy peace !

## LOVE IS LIFE.

OUR days are few and full of strife ;  
Like leaves our pleasures fade and fall ;  
But Thou who art the all in all,  
Thy name is Love, and love is Life !

We walk in sleep and think we see ;  
Our little lives are clothed with dreams ;  
For that to us which substance seems  
Is shadow, 'twixt ourselves and thee.

We are immortal now, and here,  
Chances and changes, night and day,  
Are landmarks in the eternal way ;  
Our fear is all we have to fear.

Our lives are dew-drops in thy sun ;  
Thou breakest them, and lo ! we see  
A thousand gracious shapes of thee, —  
A thousand shapes, instead of one.

The soul that drifts all darkly dim  
Through floods that seem outside of grace,  
Is only surging toward the place  
Which thou hast made and meant for him.

For this we hold, — ill could not be  
Were there no power beyond the ill ;  
Our wills are held within thy will ;  
The ends of goodness rest with thee.

Fall storms of winter as you may,  
The dry boughs in the warm spring rain  
Shall put their green leaves forth again,  
And surely we are more than they.



THY works, O Lord, interpret thee,  
And through them all thy love is shown ;  
Flowing about us like a sea,  
Yet steadfast as the eternal throne.

Out of the light that runneth through  
Thy hand, the lily's dress is spun ;  
Thine is the brightness of the dew,  
And thine the glory of the sun.



OUR God is love, and that which we  
miscall  
Evil, in this good world that He has  
made,  
Is meant to be a little tender shade  
Between us and His glory, — that is  
all ;  
And he who loves the best his fellow-  
man  
Is loving God, the holiest way he  
can.

## TIME.

WHAT is time, O glorious Giver,  
With its restlessness and might,  
But a lost and wandering river  
Working back into the light ?

Every gloomy rock that troubles  
Its smooth passage, strikes to life  
Beautiful and joyous bubbles  
That are only born through strife.

Overhung with mist-like shadows,  
Stretch its shores away, away,  
To the long, delightful meadows  
Shining with immortal May :

Where its moaning reaches never,  
Passion, pain, or fear to move,  
And the changes bring us ever  
Sabbaths and new moons of love.

## SUPPLICATION.

O THOU, who all my life hast crowned  
With better things than I could  
ask,  
Be it to-day my humble task  
To own from depths of grief pro-  
found,  
The many sins, which darken through  
What little good I do.

I have been too much used, I own,  
To tell my needs in fretful words ;  
The clamoring of the silly birds,  
Impatient till their wings be grown,  
Have thy forgiveness. O my blessed  
Lord,  
The like to me accord.

Of grace, as much as will complete  
Thy will in me, I pray thee for ;  
Even as a rose shut in a drawer  
That maketh all about it sweet,  
I would be, rather than the cedar  
fine :  
Help me, thou Power divine.

With charity fill thou my heart,  
As summer fills the grass with dews,  
And as th' year itself renews  
In th' sun, when winter days depart,  
Blessed forever, grant thou me  
To be renewed in thee.

## WHITHER.

ALL the time my soul is calling,  
" Whither, whither do I go ?"  
For my days like leaves are falling  
From my tree of life below.

Who will come and be my lover !  
Who is strong enough to save,  
When that I am leaning over  
The dark silence of the grave ?

Wherefore should my soul be calling,  
" Whither, whither do I go ?"  
For my days like leaves are falling  
In the hand of God, I know.

As the seasons touch their ending,  
As the dim years fade and flee,  
Let me rather still be sending  
Some good deed to plead for me.

Then, though none should stay to weep  
me,  
Lover-like, within the shade,  
He will hold me, He will keep me,  
And I will not be afraid.

## SURE ANCHOR.

OUT of the heavens come down to me,  
O Lord, and hear my earnest prayer ;  
On life above the life I see  
Fix thou my soul, and keep it there.

The richest joys of earth are poor ;  
The fairest forms are all unfair ;  
On what is peaceable and pure  
Set thou my heart, and keep it there.

Pride builds her house upon the sand ;  
Ambition treads the spider's stair ;  
On whatsoever things will stand  
Set thou my feet, and keep them  
there.

The past is vanished in the past ;  
The future doth a shadow wear ;  
On whatsoever things are fast  
Fix thou mine eyes, and keep them  
there.

In spite of slander's tongue, in spite  
Of burdens grievous hard to bear,  
To whatsoever things are right  
Set thou my hand, and keep it there.



Life is a little troubled breath,  
 Love but another name for care ;  
 Lord, anchor thou my hope and faith  
 In things eternal, — only there.

## REMEMBER.

In thy time, and times of mourning,  
 When grief doeth all she can  
 To hide the prosperous sunshine,  
 Remember this, O man, —  
 "He setteth an end to darkness."

Sad saint, of the world forgotten,  
 Who workest thy work apart,  
 Take thou this promise for comfort,  
 And hold it in thy heart, —  
 "He searcheth out all perfection."

O foolish and faithless sailor,  
 When the ship is driven away,  
 When the waves forget their places,  
 And the anchor will not stay, —  
 "He weigheth the waters by measure."

O outcast, homeless, bewildered,  
 Let now thy murmurs be still,  
 Go in at the gates of gladness  
 And eat of the feast at will, —  
 "For wisdom is better than riches."

O diligent, diligent sower,  
 Who sowest thy seed in vain,  
 When the corn in the ear is withered,  
 And the young flax dies for rain, —  
 "Through rocks He cutteth out rivers."

## ADELIED.

UNPRAISED but of my simple rhymes,  
 She pined from life and died,  
 The softest of all April times  
 That storm and shine divide.

The swallow twittered within reach  
 Impatient of the rain,  
 And the red blossoms of the peach  
 Blew down against the pane.

When, feeling that life's wasting sands  
 Were wearing into hours,  
 She took her long locks in her hands  
 And gathered out the flowers.

The day was nearly on the close,  
 And on the eave in sight,

The doves were gathered in white rows  
 With bosoms to the light ;

When first my sorrow flowed to rhymes  
 For gentle Adelled —  
 The light of thrice five April times  
 Had kissed her when she died.

## SUNDAY MORNING.

O DAY to sweet religious thought  
 So wisely set apart,  
 Back to the silent strength of life  
 Help thou my wavering heart.

Nor let the obtrusive lies of sense  
 My meditations draw  
 From the composed, majestic realm  
 Of everlasting law.

Break down whatever hindering shapes  
 I see, or seem to see,  
 And make my soul acquainted with  
 Celestial company.

Beyond the wintry waste of death  
 Shine fields of heavenly light ;  
 Let not this incident of time  
 Absorb me from their sight.

I know these outward forms wherein  
 So much my hopes I stay,  
 Are but the shadowy hints of that  
 Which cannot pass away.

That just outside the work-day path  
 By man's volition trod,  
 Lie the resistless issues of  
 The things ordained of God.

## IN THE DARK.

OUT of the earthly years we live  
 How small a profit springs ;  
 I cannot think but life should give  
 Higher and better things.

The very ground whereon we tread  
 Is clothed to please our sight ;  
 I cannot think that we have read  
 Our dusty lesson right.

So little comfort we receive,  
 Except through what we see,

I cannot think we half believe  
Our immortality.

We disallow and trample so  
The rights of poor weak men,  
I cannot think we feel and know  
They are our brethren.

So rarely our affections move  
Without a selfish guard,  
I cannot think we know that love  
Is all of love's reward.

To him who smites, the cheek is turned  
With such a slow consent,  
I cannot think that we have learned  
The holy Testament.

Blind, ignorant, we grope along  
A path misunderstood,  
Mingling with folly and with wrong  
Some providential good.

Striving with vain and idle strife  
In outward shows to live,  
We famish, knowing not that life  
Has better things to give.

#### PARTING SONG.

THE long day is closing,  
Ah, why should you weep?  
'T is thus that God gives  
His beloved ones sleep.

I see the wide water  
So deep and so black, —  
Love waits me beyond it, —  
I would not go back!

I would not go back  
Where its joys scarce may gleam, —  
Where even in dreaming  
We know that we dream;

For though life filled for me  
All measures of bliss,  
Has it anything better  
Or sweeter than this?

I would not go back  
To the torment of fear, —  
To the wastes of uncomf'ort  
When home is so near.

Each night is a prison-bar  
Broken and gone, —

Each morning a golden gate,  
On, — farther on!

On, on toward the city  
So shining and fair;  
And He that hath loved me —  
Died for me — is there.

#### THE HEAVEN THAT 'S HERE.

MY God, I feel thy wondrous might  
In Nature's various shows, —  
The whirlwind's breath, — the tender  
light  
Of the rejoicing rose.

For doth not that same power enfold  
Whatever things are new,  
Which shone about the saints of old  
And struck the seas in two?

Ashamed, I veil my fearful eyes  
From this, thy earthly reign;  
What shall I do when I arise  
From death, but die again!

What shall I do but prostrate fall  
Before the splendor there,  
That here, so dazzles me through all  
The dusty robes I wear.

Life's outward and material laws, —  
Love, sunshine, all things bright, —  
Are curtains which thy mercy draws  
To shield us from that light.

I falter when I try to seek  
The world which these conceal;  
I stammer when I fain would speak  
The reverence that I feel.

I dare not pray to thee to give  
That heaven which shall appear;  
My cry is, Help me, thou, to live  
Within the heaven that 's here.



AMONG the pitfalls in our way  
The best of us walk blindly;  
O man, be wary! watch and pray,  
And judge your brother kindly.

Help back his feet, if they have slid,  
Nor count him still your debtor;  
Perhaps the very wrong he did  
Has made yourself the better.

## THE STREAM OF LIFE.

THE stream of life is going dry ;  
 Thank God, that more and more  
 I see the golden sands, which I  
 Could never see before.

The banks are dark with graves of  
 friends ;  
 Thank God, for faith sublime  
 In the eternity that sends  
 Its shadows into time.

The flowers are gone that with their  
 glow  
 Of sunshine filled the grass ;  
 Thank God, they were but dim and  
 low  
 Reflections in a glass.

The autumn winds are blowing chill ;  
 The summer warmth is done ;  
 Thank God, the little dew-drop still  
 Is drawn into the sun.

Strange stream, to be exhaled so fast  
 In cloudy cares and tears ;  
 Thank God, that it should shine at  
 last  
 Along the immortal years.

## DEAD AND ALIVE.

TILL I learned to love thy name,  
 Lord, thy grace denying,  
 I was lost in sin and shame,  
 Dying, dying, dying !

Nothing could the world impart ;  
 Darkness held no morrow ;  
 In my soul and in my heart  
 Sorrow, sorrow, sorrow !

All the blossoms came to blight ;  
 Noon was dull and dreary ;  
 Night and day, and day and night,  
 Weary, weary, weary !

When I learned to love thy name,  
 Peace beyond all measure  
 Came, and in the stead of shame,  
 Pleasure, pleasure, pleasure !

Winds may beat, and storms may fall,  
 Thou, the meek and lowly,

Reignest, and I sing through all, —  
 Holy, holy, holy !

Life may henceforth never be  
 Like a dismal story,  
 For beyond its bound I see  
 Glory, glory, glory !

## INVOCATION.

COME down to us, help and heal us,  
 Thou that once life's pathway trod,  
 Knowing all its gloom and glory, —  
 Son of man, and Son of God.

Come down to us, help and heal us,  
 When our hopes before us flee ;  
 Thou hast been a man of sorrows,  
 Tried and tempted, even as we.

By the weakness of our nature,  
 By the burdens of our care,  
 Steady up our fainting courage, —  
 Save, oh save us from despair !

By the still and strong temptation  
 Of consenting hearts within ;  
 By the power of outward evil,  
 Save, oh save us from our sin !

By the infirm and bowed together, —  
 By the demons far and near, —  
 By all sick and sad possessions,  
 Save, oh save us from our fear !

From the dim and dreary doubting  
 That with faith a warfare make,  
 Save us, through thy sweet compas-  
 sion, —  
 Save us, for thy own name's sake.

And when all of life is finished  
 To the last low fainting breath,  
 Meet us in the awful shadows,  
 And deliver us from death.

## LIFE OF LIFE.

To Him who is the Life of life,  
 My soul its vows would pay ;  
 He leads the flowery seasons on,  
 And gives the storm its way.

The winds run backward to their caves  
 At his divine command, —

And the great deep He folds within  
The hollow of his hand.

He clothes the grass, He makes the  
rose  
To wear her good attire ;  
The moon He gives her patient grace,  
And all the stars their fire.

He hears the hungry raven's cry,  
And sends her young their food,  
And through our evil intimates  
His purposes of good.

He stretches out the north, He binds  
The tempest in his care ;  
The mountains cannot strike their  
roots  
So deep He is not there.

Hid in the garment of his works,  
We feel his presence still  
With us, and through us fashioning  
The mystery of his will.

#### MERCIES.

LEST the great glory from on high  
Should make our senses swim,  
Our blessèd Lord hath spread the sky  
Between ourselves and Him.

He made the Sabbath shine before  
The work-days and the care,  
And set about its golden door  
The messengers of prayer.

Across our earthly pleasures fled  
He sends his heavenly light,  
Like morning streaming broad and red  
Adown the skirts of night.

He nearest comes when most his face  
Is wrapt in clouds of gloom ;  
The firmest pillars of his grace  
Are planted in the tomb.

Oh shall we not the power of sin  
And vanity withstand,  
When thus our Father holds us in  
The hollow of his hand ?

#### PLEASURE AND PAIN.

PLEASURE and pain walk hand in hand,  
Each is the other's poise ;

The borders of the silent land  
Are full of troubled noise.

While harvests yellow as the day  
In plenteous billows roll,  
Men go about in blank dismay,  
Hungry of heart and soul.

Like chance-sown weeds they grow,  
and drift  
On to the drowning main ;  
Oh, for a lever that would lift  
Thought to a higher plane !

Sin is destructive : he is dead  
Whose soul is lost to truth ;  
While virtue makes the hoary head  
Bright with eternal youth.

There is a courage that partakes  
Of cowardice ; a high  
And honest-hearted fear that makes  
The man afraid to lie.

When no low thoughts of self intrude,  
Angels adjust our rights ;  
And love that seeks its selfish good  
Dies in its own delights.

How much we take, — how little give, —  
Yet every life is meant  
To help all lives ; each man should live  
For all men's betterment.

#### MYSTERIES.

CLOUDS, with a little light between ;  
Pain, passion, fear, and doubt, —  
What voice shall tell me what they  
mean ?  
I cannot find them out !

Hopeless my task is, to begin,  
Who fail with all my power,  
To read the crimson lettering in  
The modest meadow flower.

Death, with shut eyes and icy cheek,  
Bearing that bitter cup ;  
Oh, who is wise enough to speak,  
And break its silence up !

Or read the evil writing on  
The wall of good, for, oh,  
The more my reason shines upon  
Its lines, the less I know :

Or show how dust became a rose,  
And what it is above  
All mysteries that doth compose  
Discordance into love.

I only know that wisdom planned,  
And that it is my part  
To trust, who cannot understand  
The beating of my heart.

## LYRIC.

THOU givest, Lord, to Nature law,  
And she in turn doth give  
Her poorest flower a right to draw  
Whate'er she needs to live.

The dews upon her forehead fall,  
The sunbeams round her lean,  
And dress her humble form with all  
The glory of a queen.

In thickets wild, in woodland bow-  
ers,  
By waysides, everywhere,  
The plainest flower of all the flowers  
Is shining with thy care.

And shall I, through my fear and  
doubt,  
Be less than one of these,  
And come from seeking thee without  
By blessed influences ?

Thou who hast crowned my life with  
powers  
So large, — so high above  
The fairest flower of all the flowers, —  
Forbid it by thy love.

## TRUST.

AWAY with all life's memories,  
Away with hopes, away !  
Lord, take me up into thy love,  
And keep me there to-day.

I cannot trust to mortal eyes  
My weakness and my sin :  
Temptations He alone can judge,  
Who knows what they have been.

But I can trust Him who provides  
The thirsty ground with dew,

And round the wounded beetle builds  
His grassy house anew.

For the same hand that smites with  
pain,  
And sends the wintry snows,  
Doth mould the frozen clod again  
Into the summer rose.

My soul is melted by that love,  
So tender and so true ;  
I can but cry, My Lord and God,  
What wilt thou have me do ?

My blessings all come back to me,  
And round about me stand ;  
Help me to climb their dizzy stairs  
Until I touch thy hand.

## ALL IN ALL.

AWEARY, wounded unto death, —  
Unfavoured of men's eyes,  
I have a house not made with hands,  
Eternal, in the skies.

A house where but the steps of faith  
Through the white light have trod,  
Steadfast among the mansions of  
The City of our God.

There never shall the sun go down  
From the lamenting day ;  
There storms shall never rise to beat  
The light of love away.

There living streams through deathless  
flowers  
Are flowing free and wide ;  
There souls that thirsted here below  
Drink, and are satisfied.

I know my longing shall be filled  
When this weak, wasting clay  
Is folded like a garment from  
My soul, and laid away.

I know it by th' immortal hopes  
That wrestle down my fear, —  
By all the awful mysteries  
That hide heaven from us here.

Oh what a blissful heritage  
On such as I to fall ;  
Possessed of thee, my Lord and God,  
I am possessed of all.

## THE PURE IN HEART.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see  
God."

I ASKED the angels in my prayer,  
With bitter tears and pains,  
To show mine eyes the kingdom where  
The Lord of glory reigns.

I said, My way with doubt is dim,  
My heart is sick with fear ;  
Oh come, and help me build to Him  
A tabernacle here !

The storms of sorrow wildly beat,  
The clouds with death are chill ;  
I long to hear his voice so sweet,  
Who whispered, "Peace ; be still !"

The angels said, God giveth you  
His love, — what more is ours ?  
And even as the gentle dew  
Descends upon the flowers,

His grace descends ; and, as of old,  
He walks with man apart,  
Keeping the promise as foretold,  
With all the pure in heart.

Thou needst not ask the angels where  
His habitations be ;  
Keep thou thy spirit clean and fair,  
And He shall dwell with thee.

## UNSATISFIED.

COME out from heaven, O Lord, and be  
my guide.  
Come, I implore ;  
To my dark questionings unsatisfied,  
Leave me no more, —  
No more, O Lord, no more !

Forgetting how my nights and how my  
days  
Run sweetly by, —  
Forgetting that thy ways above our  
ways  
Are all so high, —  
I cry, and ever cry —

Since that thou leavest not the wildest  
glen,  
For flowers to wait,

How leavest thou the hearts of living  
men  
So desolate, —  
So darkly desolate ?

Thou keepest safe beneath the wintry  
snow  
The little seed,  
And leavest under all its weights of  
woe,  
The heart to bleed,  
And vainly, vainly plead.

In the dry root thou stirrest up the  
sap ;  
At thy commands  
Cometh the rain, and all the bushes  
clap  
Their rosy hands :  
Man only, thirsting, stands.

Is it for envy, or from wrath that  
springs  
From foolish pride,  
Thou leavest him to his dark question-  
ings  
Unsatisfied, —  
Always unsatisfied ?

## MORE LIFE.

WHEN spring-time prospers in the  
grass,  
And fills the vales with tender bloom,  
And light winds whisper as they pass  
Of sunnier days to come ;

In spite of all the joy she brings  
To flood and field, to hill and grove,  
This is the song my spirit sings, —  
More light, more life, more love !

And when, her time fulfilled, she goes  
So gently from her vernal place,  
And all the outstretched landscape  
glows  
With sober summer grace ;

When on the stalk the ear is set,  
With all the harvest promise bright,  
My spirit sings the old song yet, —  
More love, more life, more light !

When stubble takes the place of grain,  
And shrunken streams steal slow  
along,

And all the faded woods complain  
Like one who suffers wrong ;

When fires are lit, and everywhere  
The pleasures of the household rife,  
My song is solemnized to prayer, —  
More love, more light, more life !

## LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

DARKNESS, blind darkness every way,  
With low illuminings of light ;  
Hints, intimations of the day  
That never breaks to full, clear light.

High longing for a larger light  
Urges us onward o'er life's hill ;  
Low fear of darkness and of night  
Presses us back and holds us still.

So while to Hope we give one hand,  
The other hand to Fear we lend ;  
And thus 'twixt high and low we stand,  
Waiting and wavering to the end.

Eager for some ungoten good,  
We mind the false and miss the true ;  
Leaving undone the things we would,  
We do the things we would not do.

For ill in good and good in ill,  
The verity, the thing that seems, —  
They run into each other still,  
Like dreams in truth, like truth in  
dreams.

Seeing the world with sin imbued,  
We trust that in the eternal plan  
Some little drop of brightest blood  
Runs through the darkest heart of  
man.

Living afar from what is near,  
Uplooking while we downward tend ;  
In light and shadow, hope and fear,  
We sin and suffer to the end.

## SUBSTANCE.

EACH fearful storm that o'er us rolls,  
Each path of peril trod,  
Is but a means whereby our souls  
Acquaint themselves with God.

Our want and weakness, shame and sin,  
His pitying kindness prove ;  
And all our lives are folded in  
The mystery of his love.

The grassy land, the flowering trees,  
The waters, wild and dim, —  
These are the cloud of witnesses  
That testify of Him.

His sun is shining, sure and fast,  
O'er all our nights of dread ;  
Our darkness by his light, at last  
Shall be interpreted.

No promise shall He fail to keep  
Until we see his face ;  
E'en death is but a tender sleep  
In the eternal race.

Time's empty shadow cheats our eyes,  
But all the heavens declare  
The substance of the things we prize  
Is there and only there.

## LIFE'S MYSTERY.

LIFE'S sadly solemn mystery  
Hangs o'er me like a weight ;  
The glorious longing to be free,  
The gloomy bars of fate.

Alternately the good and ill,  
The light and dark, are strung ;  
Fountains of love within my heart,  
And hate upon my tongue.

Beneath my feet the unstable ground,  
Above my head the skies ;  
Immortal longings in my soul,  
And death before my eyes.

No purely pure, and perfect good,  
No high, unhindered power ;  
A beauteous promise in the bud,  
And mildew on the flower.

The glad, green brightness of the  
spring ;  
The summer, soft and warm ;  
The faded autumn's fluttering gold,  
The whirlwind and the storm.

To find some sure interpreter  
My spirit vainly tries ;  
I only know that God is love,  
And know that love is wise.

## FOR SELF-HELP.

MASTER, I do not ask that thou  
 With milk and wine my table spread,  
 So much, as for the will to plough  
 And sow my fields, and earn my  
 bread ;  
 Lest at thy coming I be found  
 A useless cumberer of the ground.

I do not ask that thou wilt bless  
 With gifts of heavenly sort my day,  
 So much, as that my hands may dress  
 The borders of my lowly way  
 With constant deeds of good and right,  
 Thereby reflecting heavenly light.

I do not ask that thou shouldst lift  
 My feet to mountain-heights sub-  
 lime,  
 So much, as for the heavenly gift  
 Of strength, with which myself may  
 climb,  
 Making the power thou madest mine  
 For using, by that use, divine.

I do not ask that there may flow  
 Glory about me from the skies ;  
 The knowledge, that doth knowledge  
 know ;  
 The wisdom that is not too wise  
 To see in all things good and fair,  
 Thy love attested, is my prayer.

## DYING HYMN.

EARTH, with its dark and dreadful ills,  
 Recedes, and fades away ;  
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly hills ;  
 Ye gates of death, give way !

My soul is full of whispered song ;  
 My blindness is my sight :  
 The shadows that I feared so long  
 Are all alive with light.

The while my pulses faintly beat,  
 My faith doth so abound,  
 I feel grow firm beneath my feet  
 The green immortal ground.

That faith to me a courage gives,  
 Low as the grave, to go ;  
 I know that my Redeemer lives :  
 That I shall live, I know.

The palace walls I almost see,  
 Where dwells my Lord and King ;  
 O grave, where is thy victory !  
 O death, where is thy sting !

## EXTREMITIES.

WHEN the mildew's blight we see  
 Over all the harvest spread,  
 Humbly, Lord, we cry to thee,  
 Give, oh give us, daily bread !  
 But the full and plenteous ears  
 Many a time we reap with tears.

When the whirlwind rocks the land,  
 When the gathering clouds alarm,  
 Lord, within thy sheltering hand,  
 Hide, oh hide us from the storm !  
 So with trembling souls we cry,  
 Till the cloud and noise pass by.

When our pleasures fade away,  
 When our hopes delusive prove,  
 Prostrate at thy feet we pray,  
 Shield, oh shield us with thy love !  
 But, our anxious plea allowed,  
 We grow petulant and proud.

When life's little day turns dull,  
 When the avenging shades be-  
 gin,  
 Save us, O most Merciful,  
 Save us, save us from our sin !  
 So, the last dread foe being near,  
 We entreat thee, through our fear.

Ere the dark our light efface,  
 Ere our pleasure fleeth far,  
 Make us worthier of thy grace,  
 Stubborn rebels that we are ;  
 While our good days round us shine,  
 O our Father, make us thine.

## HERE AND THERE.

HERE is the sorrow, the sighing,  
 Here are the cloud and the night ;  
 Here is the sickness, the dying,  
 There are the life and the light !

Here is the fading, the wasting,  
 The foe that so watchfully waits ;  
 There are the hills everlasting,  
 The city with beautiful gates.



Here are the locks growing hoary,  
The glass with the vanishing sands ;  
There are the crown and the glory,  
The house that is made not with hands.

Here is the longing, the vision,  
The hopes that so swiftly remove ;  
There is the blessed fruition,  
The feast, and the fullness of love.

Here are the heart-strings a-tremble  
And here is the chastening rod ;  
There is the song and the cymbal,  
And there is our Father and God.

#### THE DAWN OF PEACE.

AFTER the cloud and the whirlwind,  
After the long, dark night,  
After the dull, slow marches,  
And the thick, tumultuous fight,  
Thank God, we see the lifting  
Of the golden, glorious light !

After the sorrowful partings,  
After the sickening fear,  
And after the bitter sealing  
With blood, of year to year,  
Thank God, the light is breaking ;  
Thank God, the day is here !

The land is filled with mourning  
For husbands and brothers slain,  
But a hymn of glad thanksgiving  
Rises over the pain ;  
Thank God, our gallant soldiers  
Have not gone down in vain !

The cloud is spent ; the whirlwind  
That vexed the night is past ;  
And the day whose blessed dawn-  
ing  
We see, shall surely last,  
Till all the broken fetters  
To ploughshares shall be cast !

When over the field of battle  
The grass grows green, and when  
The Spirit of Peace shall have planted  
Her olives once again,  
Oh, how the hosts of the people  
Shall cry, Amen, Amen !

#### OCCASIONAL.

OUR mightiest in our midst is slain ;  
The mourners weep around,  
Broken and bowed with bitter pain,  
And bleeding through his wound.

Prostrate, o'erwhelmed, with anguish  
torn,  
We cry, great God, for aid ;  
Night fell upon us, even at morn,  
And we are sore afraid.

Afraid of our infirmities,  
In this, our woeful woe, —  
Afraid to breast the bloody seas  
That hard against us flow.

The sword we sheathed, our enemy  
Has bared, and struck us through ;  
And heart, and soul, and spirit cry,  
What wilt thou have us do !

Be with our country in this grief  
That lies across her path,  
Lest that she mourn her martyred  
chief  
With an unrighteous wrath.

Give her that steadfast faith and trust  
That look through all, to Thee ;  
And in her mercy keep her just,  
And through her justice, free.

WHY should our spirits be opprest  
When days of darkness fall ?  
Our Father knoweth what is best,  
And He hath made them all.

He made them, and to all their length  
Set parallels of gain ;  
We gather from our pain the strength  
To rise above our pain.

All, all beneath the shining sun  
Is vanity and dust ;  
Help us, O high and holy One,  
To fix in thee our trust ;

And in the change, and interfuse  
Of change, with every hour,  
To recognize the shifting hues  
Of never-changing Power.



## POEMS FOR CHILDREN.

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### THE LITTLE BLACKSMITH.

WE heard his hammer all day long  
On the anvil ring and ring,  
But he always came when the sun  
went down  
To sit on the gate and sing.

His little hands so hard and brown  
Crossed idly on his knee,  
And straw hat lopping over cheeks  
As red as they could be ;

His blue and faded jacket trimmed  
With signs of work, — his feet  
All bare and fair upon the grass,  
He made a picture sweet.

For still his shoes, with iron shod,  
On the smithy-wall he hung ;  
As forth he came when the sun went  
down,  
And sat on the gate and sung.

The whistling rustic tending cows,  
Would keep in pastures near,  
And half the busy villagers  
Lean from their doors to hear.

And from the time the bluebirds  
came  
And made the hedges bright,  
Until the stubble yellow grew,  
He never missed a night.

The hammer's stroke on the anvil  
filled  
His heart with a happy ring,  
And that was why, when the sun went  
down,  
He came to the gate to sing.

### LITTLE CHILDREN.

BLESSINGS, blessings on the beds  
Whose white pillows softly bear,  
Rows of little shining heads  
That have never known a care.

Pity for the heart that bleeds  
In the homestead desolate  
Where no little troubling needs  
Make the weary working wait.

Safely, safely to the fold  
Bring them wheresoe'er they be,  
Thou, who saidst of them, of old,  
"Suffer them to come to me."

### A CHRISTMAS STORY.

TO BE READ BY ALL WHO DEAL HARDLY  
WITH YOUNG CHILDREN.

#### PART I.

UP, Gregory ! the cloudy east  
Is bright with the break o' the day ;  
'T is time to yoke our cattle, and time  
To eat our crust and away.  
Up, out o' your bed ! for the rosy red  
Will soon be growing gray.

Aye, straight to your feet, my lazy lad,  
And button your jacket on —  
Already neighbor Joe is afield,  
And so is our neighbor John —  
The golden light is turned to white,  
And 't is time that we were gone !

Nay, leave your shoes hung high and  
dry —  
Do you fear a little sleet ?

Your mother to-day is not by half  
So dainty with her feet,  
And I'll warrant you she had n't a shoe  
At your age upon her feet!

What! shiv'ring on an April day?  
Why this is pretty news!  
The frosts before an hour will all  
Be melted into dews,  
And Christmas week will do, I think,  
To talk about your shoes!

Waiting to brew another cup  
Of porridge? sure you're mad —  
One cup at your age, Gregory,  
And precious small, I had.  
We cannot bake the Christmas cake  
At such a rate, my lad!

Out, out at once! and on with the yoke,  
Your feet will never freeze!  
The sun before we have done a stroke  
Will be in the tops o' the trees.  
A-Christmas Day you may eat and play  
As much as ever you please!

So out of the house, and into the sleet,  
With his jacket open wide,  
Went pale and patient Gregory —  
All present joy denied —  
And yoked his team like one in a dream,  
Hungry and sleepy-eyed.

## PART II.

It seemed to our little harvester  
He could hear the shadows creep;  
For the scythe lay idle in the grass,  
And the reaper had ceased to reap.  
'T was the burning noon of the leafy  
June,  
And the birds were all asleep.

And he seemed to rather see than hear  
The wind through the long leaves  
draw,  
As he sat and notched the stops along  
His pipe of hollow straw.  
On Christmas Day he had planned to  
play  
His tune without a flaw.

Upon his sleeve the spider's web  
Hung loose like points of lace,  
And he looked like a picture painted  
there,  
He was so full of grace.

For his cheeks they shone as if there  
had blown  
Fresh roses in his face.

Ah, never on his lady's arm  
A lover's hand was laid  
With touches soft as his upon  
The flute that he had made,  
As he bent his ear and watched to hear  
The sweet, low tune he played.

But all at once from out his cheek  
The light o' the roses fled —  
He had heard a coming step that  
crushed  
The daisies 'neath its tread.  
O happiness! thou art held by less  
Than the spider's tiniest thread!

A moment, and the old harsh call  
Had broken his silver tune,  
And with his sickle all as bright  
And bent as the early moon,  
He cut his way through the thick set hay  
In the burning heat o' the June.

As one who by a river stands,  
Weary and worn and sad,  
And sees the flowers the other side —  
So was it with the lad.  
There was Christmas light in his dream  
at night,  
But a dream was all he had.

Work, work in the light o' th' rosy  
morns,  
Work, work in the dusky eves;  
For now they must plough, and now  
they must plant,  
And now they must bind the sheaves.  
And far away was the holiday  
All under the Christmas leaves.

For still it brought the same old cry,  
If he would rest or play,  
Some other week, or month, or year,  
But not now — not to-day!  
Nor feast, nor flower, for th' passing  
hour,  
But all for the far away.

## PART III.

Now Christmas came, and Gregory  
With the dawn was broad awake;  
But there was the crumple cow to milk,  
And there was the cheese to make;

And so it was noon ere he went to the  
town  
To buy the Christmas cake.

“You’ll leave your warm, new coat at  
home,  
And keep it fresh and bright  
To wear,” the careful old man said,  
“When you come back to-night.”  
“Aye,” answered the lad, for his heart  
was glad,  
And he whistled out o’ their sight.

The frugal couple sat by the fire  
And talked the hours away,  
Turning over the years like leaves  
To the friends of their wedding-  
day—  
Saying who was wed, and who was  
dead,  
And who was growing gray.

And so at last the day went by,  
As, somehow, all days will ;  
And when the evening winds began  
To blow up wild and shrill,  
They looked to see if their Gregory  
Were coming across the hill.

They saw the snow-cloud on the sky,  
With its rough and ragged edge,  
And thought of the river running high,  
And thought of the broken bridge ;  
But they did not see their Gregory  
Keeping his morning’s pledge !

The old wife rose, her fear to hide,  
And set the house aright,  
But oft she paused at the window  
side,  
And looked out on the night.  
The candles fine, they were all a-shine,  
But they could not make it light.

The very clock ticked mournfully,  
And the cricket was not glad,  
And to the old folks sitting alone,  
The time was, oh ! so sad ;  
For the Christmas light, it lacked that  
night  
The cheeks of their little lad.

The winds and the woods fall wrestling  
now,  
And they cry, as the storm draws  
near,  
“If Gregory were but home alive,  
He should not work all this year !”

For they saw him dead in the river’s  
bed,  
Through the surges of their fear.

Of ghosts that walk o’ nights they tell—  
A sorry Christmas theme—  
And of signs and tokens in the air,  
And of many a warning dream,  
Till the bough at the pane through th’  
sleet and rain  
Drags like a corpse in a stream.

There was the warm, new coat unworn,  
And the flute of straw unplayed ;  
And these were dreadfuller than ghosts  
To make their souls afraid,  
As the years that were gone came one  
by one,  
And their slights before them laid.

The Easter days and the Christmas  
days  
Bereft of their sweet employ,  
And working and waiting through  
them all  
Their little pale-eyed boy,  
Looking away to the holiday  
That should bring the promised joy.

“God’s mercy on us !” cried they  
both,  
“We have been so blind and deaf ;  
And justly are our gray heads bowed  
To the very grave with grief.”  
But hark ! is ’t the rain that taps at the  
pane,  
Or the fluttering, falling leaf ?

Nay, fluttering leaf, nor snow, nor rain,  
However hard they strive,  
Can make a sound so sweet and soft,  
Like a bee’s wing in the hive.  
Joy ! joy ! oh joy ! it is their boy !  
Safe, home, in their arms alive !

Ah, never was there pair so rich  
As they that night, I trow,  
And never a lad in all the world  
With a merrier pipe to blow,  
Nor Christmas light that shone so  
bright  
At midnight on the snow.

## NOVEMBER.

THE leaves are fading and falling,  
The winds are rough and wild,

The birds have ceased their calling,  
But let me tell you, my child,

Though day by day, as it closes,  
Doth darker and colder grow,  
The roots of the bright red roses  
Will keep alive in the snow.

And when the winter is over,  
The boughs will get new leaves,  
The quail come back to the clover,  
And the swallow back to the eaves.

The robin will wear on his bosom  
A vest that is bright and new,  
And the loveliest way-side blossom  
Will shine with the sun and dew.

The leaves to-day are whirling,  
The brooks are all dry and dumb,  
But let me tell you, my darling,  
The spring will be sure to come.

There must be rough, cold weather,  
And winds and rains so wild ;  
Not all good things together  
Come to us here, my child.

So, when some dear joy loses  
Its beauteous summer glow,  
Think how the roots of the roses  
Are kept alive in the snow.

#### MAKE-BELIEVE.

ALL upon a summer day,  
Seven children, girls and boys,  
Raking in the meadow hay,  
Waked the echoes with their noise.

You must know them by their names —  
Fanny Field and Mary,  
Benjamin and Susan James,  
Joe and John M'Clary.

Then a child, so very small,  
She was only come for play —  
Little Miss Matilda May,  
And you have them one and all.

'T was a pretty sight to see —  
Seven girls and boys together  
Raking in the summer weather,  
Merry as they well could be !

But one lad that we must own  
Many a lad has represented,

Doing well, was not contented  
To let well enough alone !

This was Master Benny James,  
Brother, you will see, to Sue,  
If you glance along the names  
As I set them down for you.

Out he spoke — this Benjamin —  
Standing with his lazy back  
Close against a fragrant stack.  
Out and up he spoke, and then  
Called with much ado and noise  
All the seven girls and boys  
From their raking in the hay —  
Fanny Field and Mary,  
Sister Sue and Tilly May,  
Joe and John M'Clary.

Two by two, and one by one  
Turned upon their work their  
backs,  
And with skip, and hop, and run  
In and out among the stacks,

Came with faces flushed and red  
As the flowers along the glen,  
And began to question Ben,  
Who made answer back, and said —  
Speaking out so very loud —  
Holding up his head so proud,  
As he leaned his lazy back  
Close against the fragrant stack :

" Listen will you, girls and boys !  
This is what I have to say —  
I 've invented a new play !"  
Then they cried with merry noise —  
" Tell us all about it, Ben !"  
And he answered — " First of all,  
All we boys, or large or small,  
Must pretend that we are men !

" And you girls, Fan, Sue, and Molly,  
Must pretend that you 're birds,  
And must chirp and sing your  
words —  
Never was there play so jolly !

" I 'm to be called Captain Gray,  
And, of course, the rest of you  
All must do as I shall say."  
Here he called his sister Sue,  
Telling her she must be blue,  
And must answer to her name  
When the call of Bluebird came.

Fanny Field must be a Jay,  
And the rest — no matter what —

Anything that they were not !  
 Mary might be Tilly May,  
 And Matilda, as for her,  
 She might be a Grasshopper !

All cried out, "Oh, what a play !"  
 Fanny Field and Mary,  
 Susy James and Tilly May,  
 Joe and John M'Clary.

Here Ben said he was not Ben  
 Any more, but Captain Gray !  
 And gave order first — "My men,  
 Forward ! march ! and rake the  
 hay !"

Then he told his sister Sue  
 She must go and do the same,  
 But, forgetting she was blue,  
 Called her by her proper name.

Loud enough laughed Susan then,  
 And declared she would not say  
 Any longer Captain Gray,  
 But would only call him Ben !

This was such a dreadful falling  
 Ben got angry, and alas,  
 Made the matter worse, by calling  
 Little Tilly, Hoppergrass !

Fanny Field, he did make out  
 To call Jay-bird, once or twice,  
 And, in turn, she flew about,  
 Chirping very wild and nice.

Once she tried to make a wing,  
 Holding wide her linsey gown,  
 And went flapping up and down,  
 Laughing so she could n't sing.

But the captain to obey  
 When he called her Tilly May,  
 Was too hard for Mary,  
 And Matilda — praise to her —  
 Could not play the grasshopper,  
 But in honesty of heart,  
 Quite forgetful of her part,  
 Spoke to John M'Clary !

Thus the hay-making went on,  
 Very bad and very slow —  
 All the worse that Joe and John  
 Now were Mister John and Joe !

Work is work, and play is play,  
 And the two will not be one ;

Therefore half the meadow-hay  
 Lay unraked at set of sun.

Then the farmer who had hired  
 All the seven girls and boys,  
 Being out of heart, and tired  
 With no work and much of noise,

Came upon them all at once,  
 And made havoc of their play.  
 Calling Benjamin a dunce,  
 In the stead of Captain Gray !

So to make excuse, in part,  
 For the unraked field of hay,  
 Tilly — bless her honest heart !  
 Up and told about the play.

How that Benny, discontented  
 With the work of raking hay,  
 Of his own head had invented  
 Such a pretty, pretty play !

"Benny calls it Make-believe !"  
 Tilly said, with cheeks aglow,  
 "Not at all, sir, to deceive,  
 But to make things fine, you know?"

Then she said, that he might see  
 Just how charming it must be,  
 "Fanny Field, sir, is a jay,  
 And her sister Mary,  
 Is myself, Matilda May,  
 Joe and John M'Clary,  
 Mister Joe and Mister John —  
 Sue a bluebird and so on  
 Up to lofty Captain Gray.  
 Oh it is the funniest play !  
 Would n't you like to play it, sir ?  
 I was just a grasshopper,  
 But I could n't play my part !  
 Hopping, I was sure to fall —  
 Somehow, 't was not in my heart,  
 But 't was very nice, for all !"

Looking in the farmer's eyes,  
 All a-tiptoe stood the child ;  
 Half in kindness he smiled,  
 Half in pitiful surprise.

Then he said, "My little friends,"  
 Calling one by one their names,  
 Fanny Field and Mary,  
 Benjamin and Susan James,  
 Joe and John M'Clary,  
 And Matilda — "Life's great ends  
 Are not gained by make-believe.

This you all must learn at length,  
Lies are weak and truth is strong,  
And as much as you deceive,  
Just so much you lose of strength —  
Right is right, and wrong is wrong.

"If 't is hay you want to make,  
Mind this, every one of you!  
You must call a rake, a rake,  
And must use it smartly, too.

"Oh, be honest through and through!  
Cherish truth until it grows,  
And through all your being shows  
Like the sunshine in the dew!

"Using power is getting power —  
He that giveth seldom lacks,  
Doing right, wrong done retrieves."  
Then the children turned their backs  
On their foolish make-believes.  
And in just a single hour  
Filled the meadow full of stacks!

And as home they went that night,  
Each and all had double pay  
For the raking of that hay,  
And the best pay was delight.

And I think without a doubt,  
If they lived they all became  
Wiser women, wiser men  
For the lesson learned that day  
Simple-hearted Tilly May,  
Fanny Field and Mary.

Susan James and Benjamin,  
Joe and John M'Clary,  
Leaving in their lives the game  
Of the make-believing out;  
Yes, I think so, without doubt.

#### A NUT HARD TO CRACK.

SAYS John to his mother, "Look here!  
look here!  
For my brain is on the rack —  
I have gotten a nut as smooth to the  
sight  
As the shell of an egg, and as fair and  
white,  
Except for a streak of black.  
Why that should mar it I can't make  
clear."  
And Johnny's mother replied, "My  
dear,  
Your nut will be hard to crack."

John, calling louder, "Look here! look  
here!

I want to get on the track,  
And trace the meaning, for never a nut  
Had outside fairer than this one, but  
For this ugly streak of black!  
I can't for my life its use make clear."  
And Johnny's mother replied, "My  
dear,  
Your nut will be hard to crack."

Then John, indignant, "Look here!  
look here!

And he gave the hammer a thwack;  
And there was the nut quite broke in  
two,  
And all across it, and through and  
through,  
The damaging streak of black!  
"It grew with his growth," he says,  
"that 's clear,  
But why!" And his mother replied,  
"My dear,  
That nut will be hard to crack."

Then John, in anger, "Look here!  
look here!

You may have your wisdom back.  
The nut *is* cracked — broke all to  
splint,  
But it does n't give me even a hint  
Toward showing *why* the black  
Should spoil the else sweet meat."  
"My dear,"  
Says Johnny's mother, "it 's very clear  
Your nut will be hard to crack.

"For, John, whichever way we steer,  
There is evil on our track;  
And whence it came, or how it fell,  
No wisest man of all can tell.  
We only know that black  
Is mixed with white, and pain with  
bliss,  
So all that I can say is this,  
Your nut will be hard to crack."

#### HIDE AND SEEK.

As I sit and watch at the window-pane  
The light in the sunset skies,  
The pictures rise in my heart and  
brain,  
As the stars do in the skies.

Among the rest, doth rise and pass,  
With the blue smoke curling o'er,

The house I was born in, with the grass  
And roses round the door.

I see the well-sweep, rough and brown,  
And I hear the creaking tell  
Of the bucket going up and down  
On the stony sides of the well.

I see the cows, by the water-side —  
Red Lily, and Pink, and Star, —  
And the oxen with their horns so wide,  
Close locked in playful war.

I see the field where the mowers stand  
In the clover-flowers, knee-deep ;  
And the one with his head upon his  
hand,  
In the locust-shade asleep.

I see beneath his shady brim,  
The heavy eyelids sealed,  
And the mowers stopping to look at him,  
As they mow across the field.

I hear the bluebird's twit-te-tweet !  
And the robin's whistle blithe ;  
And then I see him spring to his feet,  
And take up his shining scythe.

I see the barn with the door swung  
out, —  
Still dark with its mildew streak, —  
And the stacks, and the bushes all  
about,  
Where we played at Hide and Seek !

I see and count the rafters o'er,  
'Neath which the swallow sails,  
And I see the sheaves on the thresh-  
ing-floor,  
And the threshers with the flails.

I hear the merry shout and laugh  
Of the careless boys and girls,  
As the wind-mill drops the golden  
chaff,  
Like sunshine in their curls.

The shadow of all the years that stand  
'Twixt me and my childhood's day,  
I strip like a glove from off my hand,  
And am there with the rest at play.

Out there, half hid in its leafy screen,  
I can see a rose-red cheek,  
And up in the hay-mow I catch the  
sheen  
Of the darling head I seek.

Just where that whoop was smothered  
low,

I have seen the branches stir ;  
It is there that Margaret hides, I know,  
And away I chase for her !

And now with curls that toss so  
wide

They shade his eyes like a brim,  
Runs Dick for a safer place to hide,  
And I turn and chase for him !

And rounding close by the jutting  
stack,

Where it hangs in a rustling sheet,  
In spite of the body that presses back,  
I espy two tell-tale feet !

Now all at once with a reckless shout,  
Alphonse from his covert springs,  
And whizzes by, with his elbows out,  
Like a pair of sturdy wings.

Then Charley leaps from the cattle-  
rack,

And spins at so wild a pace,  
The grass seems fairly swimming back  
As he shouts, "I am home ! Base !  
Base !"

While modest Mary, shy as a nun,  
Keeps close by the grape-vine wall,  
And waits, and waits, till our game is  
done,  
And never is found at all.

But suddenly, at my crimson pane,  
The lights grow dim and die,  
And the pictures fade from heart and  
brain,  
As the stars do from the sky.

The bundles slide from the threshing-  
floor,

And the mill no longer whirls,  
And I find my playmates now no more  
By their shining cheeks and curls.

I call them far, and I call them wide,  
From the prairie, and over the sea,  
"Oh why do you tarry, and where do  
you hide ?"

But they may not answer me.

God grant that when the sunset sky  
Of my life shall cease to glow,  
I may find them waiting me on high,  
As I waited them below.



## THREE BUGS.

THREE little bugs in a basket,  
And hardly room for *two*!  
And one was yellow, and one was black,  
And one like me, or you.  
The space was small, no doubt, for all;  
But what should *three* bugs do?

Three little bugs in a basket,  
And hardly crumbs for two;  
And all were selfish in their hearts,  
The same as I or you;  
So the strong ones said, "We will eat  
the bread,  
And that is what we 'll do."

Three little bugs in a basket,  
And the beds but two would hold;  
So they all three fell to quarreling —  
The white, and black, and the gold;  
And two of the bugs got under the rugs,  
And *one* was out in the cold!

So he that was left in the basket,  
Without a crumb to chew,  
Or a thread to wrap himself withal,  
When the wind across him blew,  
Pulled one of the rugs from one of the  
bugs,  
And so the quarrel grew!

And so there was *war* in the basket,  
Ah, pity, 't is, 't is true!  
But he that was frozen and starved at  
last,  
A strength from his weakness drew,  
And pulled the rugs from *both* of the  
bugs,  
And killed and *ate* them, too!

Now, when bugs live in a basket,  
Though more than it well can hold,  
It seems to me they had better agree —  
The white, and the black, and the  
gold —  
And share what comes of the beds and  
crumbs,  
And leave no bug in the cold!

WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO  
TURN UP.

"AND why do you throw down your  
hoe by the way  
As if that furrow were done?"

It was the good farmer, Bartholomew  
Grey,  
That spoke on this wise to his son.

Now Barty, the younger, was not very  
bad,  
But he did n't take kindly to work,  
And the father had oftentimes said of  
the lad  
That the thing he did best was to  
shirk!

It was early in May, and a beautiful  
morn —  
The rosebuds tipt softly with red —  
The pea putting on her white bloom,  
and the corn  
Being just gotten up out of bed.

And after the first little break of the  
day  
Had broadened itself on the blue,  
The provident farmer, Bartholomew  
Grey,  
Had driven afield through the dew.

His brown mare, Fair Fanny, in collar  
and harness  
Went before him, so sturdy and  
stout,  
And ere the sun's fire yet had kindled  
to flames,  
They had furrowed the field twice  
about.

And still as they came to the southerly  
slope  
He reined in Fair Fanny, with  
Whoa!  
And gazed toward the homestead, and  
gazed, in the hope  
Of seeing young Barty — but no!

"Asleep yet?" he said — "in a minute  
the horn  
That shall call to the breakfast, will  
sound,  
And all these long rows of the tender  
young corn  
Left choking, and ploughed in the  
ground!"

Now this was the work, which the far-  
mer had planned  
For Barty — a task kindly meant,  
To follow the plough, with the hoe in  
his hand,  
And to set up the stalks as he went.

But not till the minutes to hours had  
run,  
And the heat was aglow far and wide,  
Did he see his slow-footed and sleepy-  
eyed son  
A-dragging his hoe by his side.

Midway of the corn field he stopped,  
gaped around ;

“ What use is there working ? ” says  
he,  
And saying so, threw himself flat on the  
ground

In the shade of a wide-spreading tree.

And this was the time that Bartholo-  
mew Grey,  
Fearing bad things might come to  
the worst,

Drew rein on Fair Fanny, the sweat  
wiped away,  
And spoke as we quoted at first.

He had thought to have given the lad  
such a start

As would bring him at once to his  
feet,

And he stood in the furrow, amazed, as  
young Bart,  
Lying lazy, and smiling so sweet,

Replied — “ The world owes me a liv-  
ing, you see,

And something, or sooner or late,  
I’m certain as can be, will turn up for  
me,

And I am contented to wait ! ”

“ My son,” says the farmer, “ take this  
to your heart,

For to live in the world is to learn,  
The good things that *turn up* are for  
the most part

The things we ourselves help to turn !

“ So boy, if you want to be sure of  
your bread

Ere the good time of working is  
gone,

Brush the cobwebs of nonsense all out  
of your head,

And take up your hoe, and move on ! ”

#### SUPPOSE.

How dreary would the meadows be  
In the pleasant summer light,

Suppose there was n’t a bird to sing.  
And suppose the grass was white !

And dreary would the garden be,  
With all its flowery trees,  
Suppose there were no butterflies,  
And suppose there were no bees.

And what would all the beauty be,  
And what the song that cheers,  
Suppose we had n’t any eyes,  
And suppose we had n’t ears ?

For though the grass were gay and  
green,

And song-birds filled the glen,  
And the air were purple with butter-  
flies,

What good would they do us then ?

Ah, think of it, my little friends ;  
And when some pleasure flies,  
Why, let it go, and still be glad  
That you have your ears and eyes.

#### A GOOD RULE.

A FARMER, who owned a fine orchard,  
one day

Went out with his sons to take a sur-  
vey,

The time of the year being April or  
May.

The buds were beginning to break into  
bloom,

The air all about him was rich with  
perfume,

And nothing, at first, waked a feeling  
of gloom.

But all at once, going from this place  
to that,

He shaded his eyes with the brim of  
his hat,

Saying, “ Here is a tree dying out, that  
is flat ! ”

He called his sons, Joseph and John,  
and said he,

“ This sweeting, you know, was my  
favorite tree —

Just look at the top now, and see what  
you see !

“ The blossoms are blighted, and, sure  
as you live,

It won't have a bushel of apples to give !

What ails it ? the rest of the trees seem to thrive.

“Run, boys, bring hither your tools, and don't stop,  
But take every branch that is falling alop,  
And saw it out quickly, from bottom to top !”

“Yes, father,” they said, and away they both ran —  
For they always said *father*, and never *old man*,  
And for my part I don't see how good children can.

And before a half hour of the morning was gone,  
They were back in the orchard, both Joseph and John,  
And presently all the dead branches were sawn.

“Well, boys,” said the farmer, “I think, for my share,  
If the rain and the sunshine but second our care,  
The old sweeting yet will be driven to bear !”

And so when a month, may be more, had gone by,  
And borne out the June, and brought in the July,  
He came back the luck of the pruning to try.

And lo ! when the sweeting was reached, it was found  
That windfalls enough were strewn over the ground,  
But never an apple all blushing and sound.

Then the farmer said, shaping his motions to suit,  
First up to the boughs and then down to the fruit,  
“Come Johnny, come Joseph, and dig to the root !”

And straightway they came with their spades and their hoes,  
And threw off their jackets, and shouting, “Here goes !”

They dugged down and down with the sturdiest blows.

And, by and by, Joseph his grubbing-hoe drew  
From the earth and the roots, crying,  
“Father, look ! do !”  
And he pointed his words with the toe of his shoe !

And the farmer said, shaping a gesture to suit,  
“I see why our sweeting has brought us no fruit —  
There 's a worm sucking out all the sap at the root !”

Then John took his spade with an awful grimace,  
And lifted the ugly thing out of its place,  
And put the loose earth back in very short space.

And when the next year came, it only is fair  
To say, that the sweeting rewarded the care,  
And bore them good apples, enough and to spare.

And now, my dear children, whenever you see  
A life that is profitless, think of that tree :  
For ten chances to one, you 'll find there will be

Some habit of evil indulged day by day,  
And hid as the earth-worm was hid in the clay,  
That is steadily sapping the life-blood away.

The fruit, when the blossom is blighted, will fall ;  
The sin will be searched out, no matter how small ;  
So, what you 're ashamed to do, don't do at all.

#### TO MOTHER FAIRIE.

GOOD old mother Fairie,  
Sitting by your fire,  
Have you any little folk  
You would like to hire ?

I want no chubby drudges  
 To milk, and churn, and spin,  
 Nor old and wrinkled Brownies,  
 With grisly beards, and thin :

But patient little people,  
 With hands of busy care,  
 And gentle speech, and loving hearts ;  
 Say, have you such to spare ?

I know a poor, pale body,  
 Who cannot sleep at night,  
 And I want the little people  
 To keep her chamber bright ;

To chase away the shadows  
 That make her moan and weep,  
 To sing her loving lullabies,  
 And kiss her eyes asleep.

And when in dreams she reaches  
 For pleasures dead and gone,  
 To hold her wasted fingers,  
 And make the rings stay on.

They must be very cunning  
 To make the future shine  
 Like leaves, and flowers, and strawber-  
 ries,  
 A-growing on one vine.

Good old mother Fairie,  
 Since my need you know,  
 Tell me, have you any folk  
 Wise enough to go ?

#### BARBARA BLUE.

THERE was an old woman  
 Named Barbara Blue,  
 But not the old woman  
 Who lived in a shoe,  
 And did n't know what  
 With her children to do.

For she that I tell of  
 Lived all alone,  
 A miserly creature  
 As ever was known.  
 And had never a chick  
 Or child of her own.

She kept very still,  
 Some said she was meek ;  
 Others said she was only  
 Too stingy to speak ;

That her little dog fed  
 On one bone for a week !

She made apple-pies,  
 And she made them so tart  
 That the mouths of the children  
 Who ate them would smart ;  
 And these she went peddling  
 About in a cart.

One day, on her travels,  
 She happened to meet  
 A farmer, who said  
 He had apples so sweet  
 That all the town's-people  
 Would have them to eat.

"And how do you sell them ?"  
 Says Barbara Blue.  
 "Why, if you want only  
 A bushel or two,"  
 Says the farmer, "I don't mind  
 To give them to you."

"What ! give me a bushel ?"  
 Cries Barbara Blue,  
 "A bushel of apples,  
 And sweet apples, too !"  
 "Be sure," says the farmer,  
 "Be sure, ma'am, I do."

And then he said if she  
 Would give him a tart  
 (She had a great basket full  
 There in her cart),  
 He would show her the orchard,  
 And then they would part.

So she picked out a little one,  
 Burnt at the top,  
 And held it a moment,  
 And then let it drop,  
 And then said she had n't  
 A moment to stop,  
 And drove her old horse  
 Away, hippity hop !

One night when the air was  
 All blind with the snow,  
 Dame Barbara, driving  
 So soft and so slow  
 That the farmer her whereabouts  
 Never would know,

Went after the apples ;  
 And avarice grew  
 When she saw their red coats,  
 Till, before she was through,

She took twenty bushels,  
Instead of the two !

She filled the cart full,  
And she heaped it a-top,  
And if just an apple  
Fell off, she would stop,  
And then drive ahead again,  
Hippity hop !

Her horse now would stumble,  
And now he would fall,  
And where the high river-bank  
Sloped like a wall,  
Sheer down, they went over it,  
Apples and all !

## TAKE CARE.

LITTLE children, you must seek  
Rather to be good than wise,  
For the thoughts you do not speak  
Shine out in your cheeks and eyes.

If you think that you can be  
Cross or cruel, and look fair,  
Let me tell you how to see  
You are quite mistaken there.

Go and stand before the glass,  
And some ugly thought contrive,  
And my word will come to pass  
Just as sure as you 're alive !

What you have, and what you lack,  
All the same as what you wear,  
You will see reflected back ;  
So, my little folks, take care !

And not only in the glass  
Will your secrets come to view ;  
All beholders, as they pass,  
Will perceive and know them too.

Goodness shows in blushes bright,  
Or in eyelids dropping down,  
Like a violet from the light ;  
Badness, in a sneer or frown.

Out of sight, my boys and girls,  
Every root of beauty starts ;  
So think less about your curls,  
More about your minds and hearts.

Cherish what is good, and drive  
Evil thoughts and feelings far ;

For, as sure as you 're alive,  
You will show for what you are.

## THE GRATEFUL SWAN.

ONE day, a poor peddler,  
Who carried a pack,  
Felt something come  
Flippity-flop on his back.

He looked east and west,  
He turned white, he turned red,  
Then bent his back lower,  
And traveled ahead.

The sun was gone down  
When he entered his door,  
And loosened the straps  
From his shoulders once more.

Then up sprang his wife,  
Crying, " Bless your heart, John,  
Here, sitting atop of your pack,  
Is a swan.

" A wing like a lily,  
A beak like a rose ;  
Now good luck go with her  
Wherever she goes ! "

" Dear me ! " cried the peddler,  
" What fullness of crop !  
No wonder I felt her  
Come flippity-flop ! "

" I 'll bet you, good wife,  
All the weight of my pack,  
I 've carried that bird  
For ten miles on my back ! "

" Perhaps," the wife answered,  
" She 'll lay a gold egg  
To pay you ; but, bless me !  
She 's broken a leg. "

Then went to the cupboard,  
And brought from the shelf  
A part of the supper  
She 'd meant for herself.

Of course two such nurses  
Effected a cure ;  
One leg stiff, but better  
Than none, to be sure !

" No wonder," says John,  
As she stood there a-lop,

"That I should have felt her  
Come flippity-flop!"

Then straight to his pack  
For a bandage he ran,  
While Jannet, the good wife,  
To splints broke her fan;

And, thinking no longer  
About the gold egg,  
All tenderly held her  
And bound up the leg;

All summer they lived  
Thus together — the swan,  
And peddler and peddler's wife  
Jannet and John.

At length, when the leaves  
In the garden grew brown,  
The bird came one day  
With her head hanging down;

And told her kind master  
And mistress so dear,  
She was going to leave them  
Perhaps for a year.

"What mean you?" cried Jannet,  
"What mean you?" cried John.  
"You will see, if I ever  
Come back," said the swan.

And so, with the tears  
Rolling down, drip-a-drop,  
She lifted her snowy wings,  
Flippity-flop!

And sailed away, stretching  
Her legs and her neck,  
Till all they could see  
Was a little white speck.

Then Jannet said, turning  
Her eyes upon John,  
But speaking, no doubt,  
Of the bird that was gone:

"A wing like a lily,  
A beak like a rose;  
And good luck go with her  
Wherever she goes!"

The winter was weary,  
But vanished at last,  
As all winters will do;  
And when it was past,

And doffies beginning  
To show their bright heads,  
One day as our Jannet  
Was making the beds —

The beds in the garden,  
I'd have you to know,  
She saw in the distance  
A speck white as snow.

She saw it sail nearer  
And nearer, then stop  
And land in her garden path,  
Flippity-flop!

One moment of wonder,  
Then cried she, "O John!  
As true as you're living, man,  
Here is our swan!"

"And by her sleek feathers,  
She comes from the south;  
But what thing is this  
Shining so in her mouth?"

"A diamond!" cried Johnny;  
The swan nearer drew,  
And dropped it in Jannet's  
Nice apron of blue;

Then held up the mended leg  
Quite to her crop,  
And danced her great wings  
About, flippity-flop!

"I never beheld such a bird  
In my life!"  
Cried Johnny, the peddler;  
"Nor I!" said his wife.

#### A SHORT SERMON.

CHILDREN, who read my lay,  
Thus much I have to say:  
Each day, and every day,  
Do what is right!  
Right things, in great and small;  
Then, though the sky should fall,  
Sun, moon, and stars, and all,  
You shall have light!

This further I would say:  
Be you tempted as you may,  
Each day, and every day,  
Speak what is true!

True things, in great and small ;  
Then, though the sky should fall,  
Sun, moon, and stars, and all,  
Heaven would show through !

Figs, as you see and know,  
Do not out of thistles grow ;  
And, though the blossoms blow  
White on the tree,  
Grapes never, never yet  
On the limbs of thorns were set ;  
So, if you a good would get,  
Good you must be !

Life's journey, through and through,  
Speaking what is just and true ;  
Doing what is right to do  
Unto one and all,  
When you work and when you play,  
Each day, and every day ;  
Then peace shall gild your way,  
Though the sky should fall.

#### STORY OF A BLACKBIRD.

COME, gather round me, children,  
Who just as you please would do,  
And hear me tell what fate befell,  
A blackbird that I knew.

He lived one year in our orchard,  
From spring till fall, you see,  
And swung and swung, and sung and  
sung,  
In the top of the highest tree.

He had a blood-red top-knot,  
And wings that were tipped to  
match :  
And he held his head as if he said,  
" I 'm a fellow hard to catch ! "

And never built himself a nest,  
Nor took a mate — not he !  
But swung and swung, and sung and  
sung,  
In the top of the highest tree.

And yet, the little bluebird,  
So modest and so shy,  
Could beat him to death with a single  
breath,  
If she had but a mind to try.

And the honest, friendly robin,  
That went in a russet coat,

Though he was n't the bird that sung to  
be heard,  
Had twice as golden a throat.

But robin, bluebird, and all the birds,  
Were afraid as they could be ;  
He looked so proud and sung so loud,  
Atop of the highest tree.

We often said, we children,  
He only wants to be seen !  
For his bosom set like a piece of jet,  
In the glossy leaves of green.

He dressed his feathers again and  
again,  
Till the oil did fairly run,  
And the tuft on his head, of bright  
blood-red,  
Like a ruby shone in the sun.

But summer lasts not always,  
And the leaves they faded brown ;  
And when the breeze went over the  
trees,  
They fluttered down and down.

The robin, and wren, and bluebird,  
They sought a kindlier clime ;  
But the blackbird cried, in his foolish  
pride,  
" I 'll see my own good time ! "

And whistled, whistled, and whistled,  
Perhaps to hide his pain ;  
Until, one day, the air grew gray,  
With the slant of the dull, slow rain.

And then, wing-tip and top-knot,  
They lost their blood-red shine ;  
Unhoused to be, in the top of a tree,  
Was not so very fine !

At first he covered and shivered,  
And then he ceased to sing,  
And then he spread about his head,  
One drenched and dripping wing.

And stiffer winds at sunset,  
Began to beat and blow ;  
And next daylight the ground was  
white  
With a good inch-depth of snow !

And oh, for the foolish blackbird,  
That had n't a house for his head !  
The bitter sleet began at his feet  
And chilled and killed him dead !

And the rabbit, when he saw him,  
 Enrapt in his snowy shroud.  
 Let drop his ears and said, with tears,  
 "This comes of being proud."

## FAIRY-FOLK.

THE story-books have told you  
 Of the fairy-folks so nice,  
 That make them leathern aprons  
 Of the ears of little mice ;  
 And wear the leaves of roses,  
 Like a cap upon their heads,  
 And sleep at night on thistle-down,  
 Instead of feather beds !

These stories, too, have told you,  
 No doubt to your surprise,  
 That the fairies ride in coaches  
 That are drawn by butterflies ;  
 And come into your chambers,  
 When you are locked in dreams,  
 And right across your counterpanes  
 Make bold to drive their teams ;  
 And that they heap your pillows  
 With their gifts of rings and pearls ;  
 But do not heed such idle tales,  
 My little boys and girls.

There are no fairy-folk that ride  
 About the world at night.  
 Who give you rings and other things,  
 To pay for doing right.  
 But if you do to others what  
 You'd have them do to you,  
 You'll be as blest as if the best  
 Of story-books were true.

## BURIED GOLD.

In a little bird's-nest of a house,  
 About the color of a mouse,  
 And low, and quaint, and square —  
 Twenty feet, perhaps, in all —  
 With never a chamber nor a hall,  
 There lived a queer old pair  
 Once on a time. They are dead and  
 gone ;  
 But in their day their names were John  
 And Emeline Adair.

John used to sit and take his ease,  
 With two great patches at his knees,  
 And spectacles on his nose.  
 With a bit of twine or other thread,

That met behind his heavy head  
 And tied the big brass bows.

His jacket was a snuffy brown,  
 His coat was just a farmer's gown,  
 That once had been bright blue ;  
 But the oldest man could hardly say  
 When it was not less blue than gray,  
 It was frayed and faded such a way,  
 And both the elbows through !

But, somehow or other, Emeline  
 Went dressed in silks and laces fine ;  
 She was proud and high of head,  
 And she used to go, and go, and go,  
 Through mud and mire, and rain and  
 snow,  
 Visiting high and visiting low,  
 As idle gossips will you know ;  
 And many a thing that was n't so  
 She told, the neighbors said.

Amongst the rest that her husband  
 John,  
 Though his gown was poor to look  
 upon,  
 And his trowsers patched and old,  
 Had money to spend, and money to  
 spare.  
 As sure as her name was Mrs. Adair ;  
 And though she said it, who say it  
 should not,  
 Somewhere back or front of their lot,  
 He had buried her iron dinner-pot,  
 A pewter pan, and she did n't know  
 what  
 Beside, chock-full of gold !

Well, by and by her tongue got still,  
 That had clattered and clattered like a  
 mill,  
 Little for good, and a good deal for ill,  
 Having all her life-time had her will —  
 The poor old woman died :  
 And John, when he missed the whirl  
 and whirl  
 Of her goosey-gabble, refused to stir,  
 But moped till he broke his heart for  
 her :  
 And they laid him by her side.

And lo ! his neighbors, young and old,  
 Who had heard about the pot of gold  
 Of which old Mrs. Adair had told,  
 Got spades, and picks, and bars.  
 You would have thought, had you seen  
 them dig,  
 Sage and simple, little and big,



Up and down and across the lot,  
They expected not only to find the pot  
And the pan, but the moon and stars !

Just one, and only one man stayed  
At home and plied an honest trade,  
Contented to be told  
How they digged down under the shed,  
And up and out through the turnip-bed,  
Turning every inch of the lot,  
And never finding sign of the pot  
That was buried full of gold !

And when ten years were come and  
gone,  
And poor old Emeline and John  
Had nearly been forgot,  
This careful, quiet man that stayed  
At home and plied an honest trade,  
Was the owner of the lot —  
Such luck to industry doth fall.  
And he built a house with a stately hall,  
Full fifty feet from wall to wall :

And the foolish ones were envious  
That he should be rewarded thus  
Upon the very spot  
Where they had digged their strength  
away,  
Day and night, till their heads were  
gray.

In search of the pan and pot  
Which Mrs. Emeline Adair  
Had made believe were buried there,  
As buried they were not.

#### RECIPE FOR AN APPETITE.

My lad, who sits at breakfast  
With forehead in a frown,  
Because the chop is under-done,  
And the fritter over-brown, —

Just leave your dainty mincing,  
And take, to mend your fare,  
A slice of golden sunshine,  
And a cup of the morning air.

And when you have eat and drunken,  
If you want a little fun,  
Throw by your jacket of broadcloth,  
And take an up-hill run.

And what with one and the other  
You will be so strong and gay,  
That work will be only a pleasure  
Through all the rest of the day.

And when it is time for supper,  
Your bread and milk will be  
As sweet as a comb of honey.  
Will you try my recipe ?

#### THE PIG AND THE HEN.

THE pig and the hen,  
They both got in one pen,  
And the hen said she would n't go out.  
" Mistress Hen," says the pig,  
" Don't you be quite so big !"  
And he gave her a push with his snout.

" You are rough, and you 're fat,  
But who cares for all that ;  
I will stay if I choose." says the hen.  
" No, mistress, no longer !"  
Says pig : " I 'm the stronger,  
And mean to be boss of my pen !"

Then the hen cackled out  
Just as close to his snout  
As she dare : " You 're an ill-natured  
brute ;  
And if I had the corn,  
Just as sure as I 'm born,  
I would send you to starve or to root !"

" But you don't own the cribs ;  
So I think that my ribs  
Will be never the leaner for you :  
This trough is my trough,  
And the sooner you 're off,"  
Says the pig, " why the better you 'll  
do !"

" You 're not a bit fair,  
And you 're cross as a bear :  
What harm do I do in your pen ?  
But a pig is a pig,  
And I don't care a fig  
For the worst you can say," says the  
hen.

Says the pig, " You will care  
If I *act* like a bear  
And tear your two wings from your  
neck."

" What a nice little pen  
You have got !" says the hen,  
Beginning to scratch and to peck.

Now the pig stood amazed,  
And the bristles, upraised  
A moment past, fell down so sleek.  
" Neighbor Biddy," says he,

"If you'll just allow me,  
I will show you a nice place to pick!"

So she followed him off,  
And they ate from one trough —  
They had quarreled for nothing, they  
saw;  
And when they had fed,  
"Neighbor Hen," the pig said,  
"Won't you stay here and roost in my  
straw?"

"No, I thank you; you see  
That I sleep in a tree,"  
Says the hen; "but I *must* go away;  
So a grateful good-by."  
"Make your home in my sty,"  
Says the pig, "and come in every day."

Now my child will not miss  
The true moral of this  
Little story of anger and strife;  
For a word spoken soft  
Will turn enemies oft  
Into friends that will stay friends for  
life.

#### SPIDER AND FLY.

ONCE when morn was flowing in,  
Broader, redder, wider,  
In her house with walls so thin  
That they could not hide her,  
Just as she would never spin,  
Sat a little spider —  
Sat she on her silver stairs,  
Meek as if she said her prayers.

Came a fly, whose wings had been  
Making circles wider,  
Having but the buzz and din  
Of herself to guide her.  
Nearer to these walls so thin,  
Nearer to the spider,  
Sitting on her silver stairs,  
Meek as if she said her prayers.

Said the silly fly, "Too long  
Malice has belied her;  
How should she do any wrong,  
With no walls to hide her?"  
So she buzzed her pretty song  
To the wily spider,  
Sitting on her silver stairs  
Meek as though she said her prayers.

But in spite her modest mien,  
Had the fly but eyed her  
Close enough, she would have seen  
Fame had not belied her —  
That, as she had always been,  
She was still a spider;  
And that she was not at prayers,  
Sitting on her silver stairs.

#### A LESSON OF MERCY.

A BOY named Peter  
Found once in the road  
All harmless and helpless,  
A poor little toad;

And ran to his playmate,  
And all out of breath  
Cried, "John, come and help,  
And we'll stone him to death!"

And picking up stones,  
The two went on the run,  
Saying, one to the other,  
"Oh won't we have fun?"

Thus primed and all ready,  
They 'd got nearly back,  
When a donkey came  
Dragging a cart on the track.

Now the cart was as much  
As the donkey could draw,  
And he came with his head  
Hanging down; so he saw,

All harmless and helpless,  
The poor little toad,  
A-taking his morning nap  
Right in the road.

He shivered at first,  
Then he drew back his leg,  
And set up his ears,  
Never moving a peg.

Then he gave the poor toad,  
With his warm nose a dump,  
And he woke and got off  
With a hop and a jump.

And then with an eye  
Turned on Peter and John,  
And hanging his homely head  
Down, he went on.

"We can't kill him now, John,"  
Says Peter, "that 's flat,  
In the face of an eye and  
An action like that !"

"For my part, I have n't  
The heart to," says John ;  
"But the load is too heavy  
That donkey has on :

"Let 's help him ;" so both lads  
Set off with a will  
And came up with the cart  
At the foot of the hill.

And when each a shoulder  
Had put to the wheel,  
They helped the poor donkey  
A wonderful deal.

When they got to the top  
Back again they both run,  
Agreeing they never  
Had had better fun.

#### THE FLOWER SPIDER.<sup>1</sup>

YOU 'VE read of a spider, I suppose,  
Dear children, or been told,  
That has a back as red as a rose,  
And legs as yellow as gold.

Well, one of these fine creatures ran  
In a bed of flowers, you see,  
Until a drop of dew in the sun  
Was hardly as bright as she.

Her two plump sides, they were be-  
sprent  
With speckles of all dyes,  
And little shimmering streaks were  
bent  
Like rainbows round her eyes.

Well, when she saw her legs a-shine,  
And her back as red as a rose,  
She thought that she herself was fine  
Because she had fine clothes !

Then wild she grew, like one possessed,  
For she thought, upon my word,  
That she was n't a spider with the  
rest,  
And set up for a bird !

<sup>1</sup> A spider that lives among flowers, and takes its color from them.

Aye, for a humming-bird at that !  
And the summer day all through,  
With her head in a tulip-bell she sat,  
The same as the hum-birds do.

She had her little foolish day,  
But her pride was doomed to fall,  
And what do you think she had to pay  
In the ending of it all ?

Just this ; on dew she could not sup,  
And she could not sup on pride,  
And so, with her head in the tulip cup,  
She starved until she died !

For in despite of the golden legs,  
And the back as red as a rose,  
With what is hatched from the spider's  
eggs  
The spider's nature goes !

#### DAN AND DIMPLE, AND HOW THEY QUARRELED.

To begin, in things quite simple  
Quarrels scarcely ever fail —  
And they fell out, Dan and Dimple,  
All about a horse's tail !

So that by and by the quarrel  
Quite broke up and spoiled their  
play ;  
Danny said the tail was sorrel,  
Dimple said that it was gray !

"Gray !" said Danny, "you are sim-  
ple !"  
"Just as gray as mother's shawl !"  
"And that 's red !" Said saucy Dim-  
ple,  
"You're a fool, and that is all !"

Then the sister and the brother —  
As indeed they scarce could fail,  
In such anger, struck each other —  
All about the horse's tail !

"Red !" cried Dimple, speaking loudly,  
"How you play at fast and loose !"  
"Yes," said Danny, still more proudly,  
"When I'm playing with a goose !"

In between them came the mother :  
"What is all this fuss about ?"  
Then the sister and the brother  
Told the story, out and out.

And she answered, " I must label  
Each of you a little dunce,  
Since to look into the stable  
Would have settled it at once ! "

Forth ran Dan with Dimple after,  
And full soon came hurrying back  
Shouting, all aglee with laughter,  
That the horse's tail was black !

So they both agreed to profit  
By the lesson they had learned,  
And to tell each other of it  
Often as the fit returned.

#### TO A HONEY-BEE.

" BUSY-BODY, busy-body,  
Always on the wing,  
Wait a bit, where you have lit,  
And tell me why you sing."

Up, and in the air again,  
Flap, flap, flap !  
And now she stops, and now she drops  
Into the rose's lap.

" Come, just a minute come,  
From your rose so red."  
Hum, hum, hum, hum —  
That was all she said.

Busy-body, busy-body,  
Always light and gay,  
It seems to me, for all I see,  
Your work is only play.

And now the day is sinking to  
The goldenest of eves,  
And she doth creep for quiet sleep  
Among the lily-leaves.

" Come, just a moment come,  
From your snowy bed."  
Hum, hum, hum, hum —  
That was all she said.

But, the while I mused, I learned  
The secret of her way :  
Do my part with cheerful heart,  
And turn my work to play.

#### AT THE TAVERN.

" WHAT 'LL you have, John ?  
Cider or gin ?

Or something stronger ?  
Walk right in.  
Hurry up, landlord,  
With main and might,  
And don't make a thirsty man  
Wait all night !

" Not any cider ?  
And ale won't do.  
A brandy-smasher, then,  
Glasses for two !  
And mind you, landlord,  
Mix it strong,  
And don't keep us waiting here  
All night long !

" Not any brandy ?  
Landlord, drum  
Something or other up.  
Got any rum ?  
Step about lively !  
Hot and strong,  
And don't keep us waiting here  
All night long !

" Not any toddy ?  
Not the least little bit ?  
Whiskey and water, then,  
That must be it !  
Step about, landlord,  
We 're all right,  
And don't make a thirsty man  
Wait all night ! "

" What 's wrong now, John ?  
Come, sit down.  
Don't you like white sugar ?  
Then have brown.  
And, landlord, hark ye,  
Cigars and a light,  
And don't keep us waiting here  
Quite all night ! "

" What 'll I have, man ?  
The right, to be sure,  
To keep all the sense that  
God gave me secure !  
The right to myself, man,  
And, in the next place,  
The right to look all  
Honest men in the face !

" So, waiter, you need not  
Be off on the run  
Till I 've countermanded  
All orders but one :  
No liquor, no sugar,  
Nor brown, nor yet white,

And don't fetch cigars in,  
And don't fetch a light !

"We're on our way home  
To our children and wives,  
And would n't stay plaguing them  
Not for our lives ;  
Fetch only the water,  
The rest is all wrong,  
We can't take the chances  
Of staying too long."

## WHAT A BIRD TAUGHT.

"WHY do you come to my apple-tree,  
Little bird so gray ?"  
Twit-twit, twit-twit, twit-twit-twee !  
That was all he would say.

"Why do you lock your rosy feet  
So closely round the spray ?"  
Twit-twit, twit-twit, twit-tweet !  
That was all he would say.

"Why on the topmost bough do you  
get,  
Little bird so gray ?"  
Twit-twit-twee ! twit-twit-twit !  
That was all he would say.

"Where is your mate ? come answer  
me,  
Little bird so gray ?"  
Twit-twit-twit ! twit-twit-twee !  
That was all he would say.

"And has she little rosy feet ?  
And is her body gray ?"  
Twit-twit-twee ! twit-twit-twit !  
That was all he would say.

"And will she come with you and  
sit  
In my apple-tree some day ?"  
Twit-twit-twee ! twit-twit-twit !  
He said as he flew away.

"Twit-twit ! twit-twit ! twit ! tweet !"  
Why, what in that should be  
To make it seem so very sweet ?  
And then it came to me.

This little wilding of the wood,  
With wing so gray and fleet,  
Did just the best for you he could,  
And that is why 't was sweet.

## OLD MAXIMS.

I THINK there are some maxims  
Under the sun,  
Scarce worth preservation ;  
But here, boys, is one  
So sound and so simple  
'T is worth while to know ;  
And all in the single line,  
"Hoe your own row !"

If you want to have riches,  
And want to have friends,  
Don't trample the means down  
And look for the ends ;  
But always remember  
Wherever you go,  
The wisdom of practicing,  
"Hoe your own row !"

Don't just sit and pray  
For increase of your store,  
But work ; who will help himself,  
Heaven helps more.  
The weeds while you're sleep-  
ing,  
Will come up and grow,  
But if you would have the  
Full ear, you must hoe !

Nor will it do only  
To hoe out the weeds,  
You must make your ground mel-  
low  
And put in the seeds ;  
And when the young blade  
Pushes through, you must know  
There is nothing will strengthen  
Its growth like the hoe !

There 's no use of saying  
What will be, will be ;  
Once try it, my lack-brain,  
And see what you 'll see !  
Why, just small potatoes,  
And few in a row ;  
You 'd better take hold then,  
And honestly hoe !

A good many workers  
I've known in my time —  
Some builders of houses,  
Some builders of rhyme ;  
And they that were prospered,  
Were prospered, I know,  
By the intent and meaning of  
"Hoe your own row !"

I 've known, too, a good many  
 Idlers, who said,  
 "I 've right to my living,  
 The world owes me bread!"  
 A *right!* lazy lubber!  
 A thousand times No!  
 'T is his, and his only  
 Who hoes his own row.

## PETER GREY.

HONEST little Peter Grey  
 Keeps at work the livelong day,  
 For his mother is as poor as a mouse;  
 Now running up and down  
 Doing errands in the town,  
 And now doing chores about the house.

The boys along the street  
 Often call him Hungry Pete,  
 Because that his face is so pale;  
 And ask, by way of jest,  
 If his ragged coat and vest  
 And his old-fashioned hat are for sale.

But little Peter Grey  
 Never any shape nor way  
 Doth evil for evil return;  
 He is finer than his clothes,  
 And no matter where he goes  
 There is some one the fact to discern.

You might think a sneer, mayhap,  
 Just a feather in your cap,  
 If you saw him being pushed to the  
 wall;  
 But my proudly-foolish friend,  
 You might find out in the end  
 You had sneered at your betters, after  
 all.

He is climbing up his way  
 On life's ladder day by day;  
 And you who, to laugh at him, stop  
 On the lower rounds, will wake,  
 If I do not much mistake,  
 To find him sitting snug at the top.

## A SERMON

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

DON'T ever go hunting for pleasures —  
 They cannot be found thus I know;  
 Nor yet fall a-digging for treasures,  
 Unless with the spade and the hoe!

The bee has to work for the honey,  
 The drone has no right to the food,  
 And he who has not earned his money  
 Will get out of his money no good.

The ant builds her house with her  
 labor,  
 The squirrel looks out for his mast,  
 And he who depends on his neighbor  
 Will never have friends, first or last.

In short, 't is no better than thieving,  
 Though *thief* is a harsh name to call;  
 Good things to be always receiving,  
 And never to give back at all.

And do not put off till to-morrow  
 The thing that you ought to do now,  
 But first set the share in the furrow,  
 And then set your hand to the  
 plough.

The time is too short to be waiting,  
 The day maketh haste to the night,  
 And it's just as hard work to be  
 hating  
 Your work as to do it outright.

Know this, too, before you are older,  
 And all the fresh morning is gone,  
 Who puts to the world's wheel a  
 shoulder  
 Is he that will move the world on!

Don't weary out will with delaying,  
 And when you are crowded, don't  
 stop;  
 Believe me there's truth in the saying:  
 "There always is room at the top."

To conscience be true, and to man  
 true,  
 Keep faith, hope, and love, in your  
 breast,  
 And when you have done all you can  
 do,  
 Why, then you may trust for the rest.

## TELLING FORTUNES.

"Be not among wine-bibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh; for the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty; and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags." — PROV. xxiii. 20, 21.

I'LL tell you two fortunes, my fine  
 little lad,  
 For you to accept or refuse.

The one of them good, and the other  
 one bad ;  
 Now hear them, and say which you  
 choose !

I see by my gift, within reach of your  
 hand,  
 A fortune right fair to behold ;  
 A house and a hundred good acres of  
 land,  
 With harvest fields yellow as gold.

I see a great orchard, the boughs hang-  
 ing down  
 With apples of russet and red ;  
 I see droves of cattle, some white and  
 brown,  
 But all of them sleek and well-fed.

I see doves and swallows about the  
 barn doors,  
 See the fanning-mill whirling so  
 fast,  
 See men that are threshing the wheat  
 on the floors ;  
 And now the bright picture is past !

And I see, rising dismally up in the  
 place  
 Of the beautiful house and the land,  
 A man with a fire-red nose on his  
 face,  
 And a little brown jug in his hand !

Oh ! if you beheld him, my lad, you  
 would wish  
 That he were less wretched to see ;  
 For his boot-toes, they gape like the  
 mouth of a fish,  
 And his trousers are out at the knee !

In walking he staggers, now this way,  
 now that,  
 And his eyes they stand out like a  
 bug's,  
 And he wears an old coat and a bat-  
 tered-in hat,  
 And I think that the fault is the  
 jug's !

For our text says the drunkard shall  
 come to be poor,  
 And drowsiness clothes men with  
 rags ;  
 And he does n't look much like a man,  
 I am sure,  
 Who has honest hard cash in his  
 bags.

Now which will you choose ? to be  
 thrifty and snug,  
 And to be right side up with your  
 dish ;  
 Or to go with your eyes like the eyes  
 of a bug,  
 And your shoes like the mouth of a  
 fish !

#### THE WISE FAIRY.

ONCE, in a rough, wild country,  
 On the other side of the sea,  
 There lived a dear little fairy,  
 And her home was in a tree.  
 A dear little, queer little fairy,  
 And as rich as she could be.

To northward and to southward,  
 She could overlook the land,  
 And that was why she had her house  
 In a tree, you understand.  
 For she was the friend of the friend-  
 less,  
 And her heart was in her hand.

And when she saw poor women  
 Patiently, day by day,  
 Spinning, spinning, and spinning  
 Their lonesome lives away,  
 She would hide in the flax of their dis-  
 taffs  
 A lump of gold, they say.

And when she saw poor ditchers,  
 Knee-deep in some wet dyke,  
 Digging, digging, and digging,  
 To their very graves, belike,  
 She would hide a shining lump of gold  
 Where their spades would be sure to  
 strike.

And when she saw poor children  
 Their goats from the pastures take,  
 Or saw them milking and milking,  
 Till their arms were ready to break,  
 What a plashing in their milking-  
 pails  
 Her gifts of gold would make !

Sometimes in the night, a fisher  
 Would hear her sweet low call,  
 And all at once a salmon of gold  
 Right out of his net would fall ;  
 But what I have to tell you  
 Is the strangest thing of all.

If any ditcher, or fisher.  
Or child, or spinner old,  
Bought shoes for his feet, or bread to eat,

Or a coat to keep from the cold,  
The gift of the good old fairy  
Was always trusty gold.

But if a ditcher, or fisher,  
Or spinner, or child so gay,  
Bought jewels, or wine, or silks so fine,  
Or staked his pleasure at play,  
The fairy's gold in his very hold  
Would turn to a lump of clay.

So, by and by the people  
Got open their stupid eyes :  
" We must learn to spend to some good  
end,"

They said, " if we are wise ;  
'T is not in the gold we waste or hold,  
That a golden blessing lies."

#### A CHILD'S WISDOM.

WHEN the cares of day are ended,  
And I take my evening rest,  
Of the windows of my chamber  
This is that I love the best ;  
This one facing to the hill-tops  
And the orchards of the west.

All the woodlands, dim and dusky,  
All the fields of waving grain,  
All the valleys sprinkled over  
With the drops of sunlit rain,  
I can see them through the twilight,  
Sitting here beside my pane.

I can see the hilly places,  
With the sheep-paths trod across ;  
See the fountains by the waysides,  
Each one in her house of moss,  
Holding up the mist above her  
Like a skein of silken floss.

Garden corners bright with roses,  
Garden borders set with mint,  
Garden beds, wherein the maidens  
Sow their seeds, as love doth hint,  
To some rhyme of mystic charming  
That shall come back all in print.

Ah ! with what a world of blushes  
Then they read it through and  
through,

Weeding out the tangled sentence  
From the commas of the dew :  
Little ladies, choose ye wisely,  
Lest some day the choice ye rue.

I can see a troop of children,  
Merry-hearted boys and girls,  
Eyes of light and eyes of darkness,  
Feet of coral, legs of pearls,  
Racing toward the morning school-  
house  
Half a head before their curls.

One from all the rest I single,  
Not for brighter mouth or eyes,  
Not for being sweet and simple,  
Not for being sage and wise :  
With my whole full heart I loved him,  
And therein my secret lies.

Cheeks as brown as sun could kiss  
them,  
All in careless homespun dressed,  
Eager for the romp or wrestle,  
Just a rustic with the rest :  
Who shall say what love is made of ?  
'T is enough I loved him best.

Haply, Effie loved me better —  
She with arms so lily fair,  
In her sadness, in her gladness,  
Stealing round me unaware ;  
Dusky shadows of the cairngorms  
All among her golden hair.

Haply, so did willful Annie,  
With the tender eyes and mouth,  
And the languors and the angers  
Of her birth-land of the South :  
Still my darling was my darling —  
" I can love," I said, " for both."

So I left the pleasure-places,  
Gayest, gladdest, best of all —  
Hedge-row mazes, lanes of daisies,  
Bluebirds' twitter, blackbirds' call —  
For the robbing of the crow's nest,  
For the games of race and ball.

So I left my book of poems  
Lying in the hawthorn's shade,  
Milky flowers sometimes for hours  
Drifting down the page unread.  
" He was found a better poet ;  
I will read with him," I said.

Thus he led me, hither, thither,  
To his young heart's wild content,



Where so surly and so curly,  
 With his black horns round him bent,  
 Fed the ram that ruled the meadow —  
 For where'er he called I went :

Where the old oak, black and blasted,  
 Trembled on his knotty knees,  
 Where the nettle teased the cattle,  
 Where the wild crab-apple trees  
 Blushed with bitter fruit to mock us ;  
 'T was not I that was to please :

Where the ox, with horn for pushing,  
 Chafed within his prison stall ;  
 Where the long-leaved poison-ivy  
 Clambered up the broken wall :  
 Ah ! no matter, still I loved him  
 First and last and best of all.

When before the frowning master  
 Late and lagging in we came,  
 I would stand up straight before him,  
 And would take my even blame :  
 Ah ! my darling was my darling ;  
 Good or bad 't was all the same.

One day, when the lowering storm-  
 cloud  
 South and east began to frown,  
 Flat along the waves of grasses,  
 Like a swimmer, he lay down,  
 With his head propped up and resting  
 On his two arms strong and brown.

On the sloping ridge behind us  
 Shone the yet ungarnered sheaves ;  
 Round about us ran the shadows  
 Of the overhanging leaves,  
 Rustling in the wind as softly  
 As a lady's silken sleeves.

Where a sudden notch before us  
 Made a gateway in the hill,

And a sense of desolation  
 Seemed the very air to fill,  
 There beneath the weeping willows  
 Lay the grave-yard, hushed and still.

Pointing over to the shoulders  
 Of the head-stones, white and high,  
 Said I, in his bright face looking,  
 " Think you you shall ever lie  
 In among those weeping willows ?"  
 " No !" he said, " I cannot die !"

" Cannot die ? my little darling,  
 'T is the way we all must go !"  
 Then the bold bright spirit in him  
 Setting all his cheek aglow,  
 He repeated still the answer,  
 " I shall never die, I know !"

" Wait and think. On yonder hill-  
 side  
 There are graves as short as you.  
 Death is strong." — " But He who  
 made Death  
 Is as strong, and stronger too.  
 Death may take me, God will wake  
 me,  
 And will make me live anew."

Since we sat within the elm shade  
 Talking as the storm came on,  
 Many a blessed hope has vanished,  
 Many a year has come and gone ;  
 But that simple, sweet believing  
 Is the staff I lean upon.

From my arms, so closely clasping,  
 Long ago my darling fled ;  
 Morning brightness makes no light-  
 ness  
 In the darkness where I tread :  
 He is lost, and I am lonely,  
 But I know he is not dead.



the fact that the *de facto* and *de jure* exchange rates are not equal. The *de facto* exchange rate is the rate at which the market actually trades, while the *de jure* exchange rate is the rate at which the market would trade if there were no exchange controls.

There are two reasons why the *de facto* exchange rate is not equal to the *de jure* exchange rate. First, there are exchange controls in place, which prevent the market from trading at the *de jure* exchange rate. Second, there are exchange controls in place, which prevent the market from trading at the *de facto* exchange rate. The exchange controls are in place because the government wants to maintain a fixed exchange rate.

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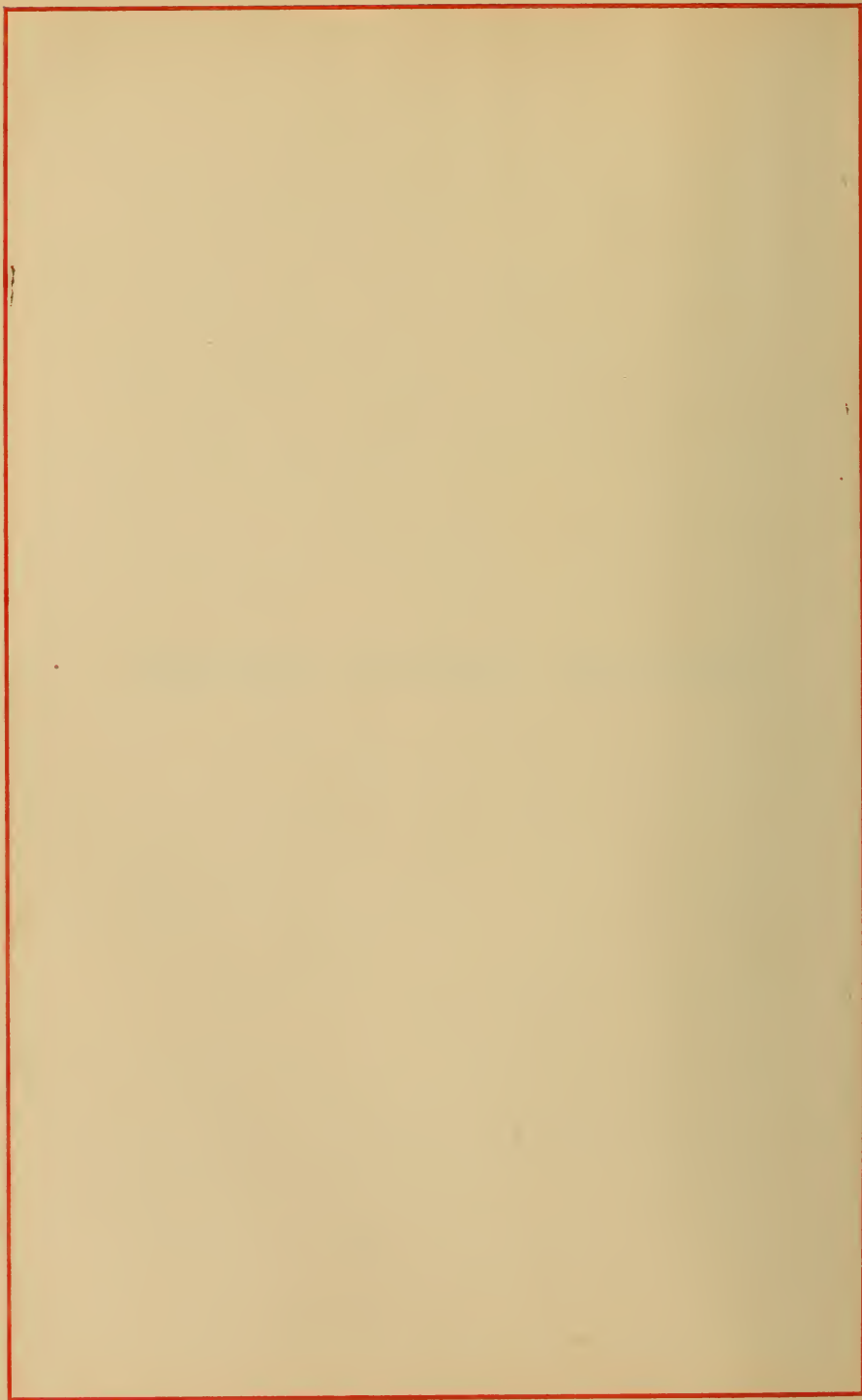
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PHŒBE CARY'S POEMS.







Phoebe Cary.



## BALLADS AND NARRATIVE POEMS.

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### DOVECOTE MILL.

#### THE HOMESTEAD.

FROM the old Squire's dwelling, gloomy  
and grand,  
Stretching away on either hand,  
Lie fields of broad and fertile land.

Acres on acres everywhere  
The look of smiling plenty wear,  
That tells of the master's thoughtful  
care.

Here blossoms the clover, white and  
red,  
Here the heavy oats in a tangle spread ;  
And the millet\* lifts her golden head.

And, ripening, closely neighbored by  
Fields of barley and pale white rye,  
The yellow wheat grows strong and  
high.

And near, untried through the summer  
days,  
Lifting their spears in the sun's fierce  
blaze,  
Stand the bearded ranks of the maize.

Straying over the side of the hill,  
Here the sheep run to and fro at will,  
Nibbling of short green grass their  
fill.

Sleek cows down the pasture take their  
ways,  
Or lie in the shade through the sultry  
days,  
Idle, and too full-fed to graze.

Ah, you might wander far and wide,  
Nor find a spot in the country side,  
So fair to see as our valley's pride !

How, just beyond, if it will not tire  
Your feet to climb this green knoll  
higher,  
We can see the pretty village spire ;

And, mystic haunt of the whippoor-  
wills,  
The wood, that all the background fills,  
Crowning the tops to the mill-creek  
hills.

There, miles away, like a faint blue line,  
Whenever the day is clear and fine  
You can see the track of a river shine.

Near it a city hides unseen,  
Shut close the verdant hills between,  
As an acorn set in its cup of green.

And right beneath, at the foot of the  
hill,  
The little creek flows swift and still,  
That turns the wheel of Dovecote Mill.

Nearer the grand old house one sees  
Fair rows of thrifty apple-trees,  
And tall straight pears, o'ertopping  
these.

And down at the foot of the garden,  
low,  
On a rustic bench, a pretty show,  
White bee-hives, standing in a row.

Here trimmed in sprigs with blossoms,  
each  
Of the little bees in easy reach,  
Hang the boughs of the plum and  
peach.

At the garden's head are poplars, tall,  
And peacocks, making their harsh  
loud call,  
Sun themselves all day on the wall.

And here you will find on every hand  
Walks, and fountains, and statues  
grand,  
And trees from many a foreign land.

And flowers, that only the learned can  
name,  
Here glow and burn like a gorgeous  
flame,  
Putting the poor man's blooms to  
shame.

Far away from their native air  
The Norway pines their green dress  
wear ;  
And larches swing their long loose hair.

Near the porch grows the broad catal-  
pa tree  
And o'er it the grand wistaria,  
Born to the purple of royalty.

There looking the same for a weary  
while, —  
'T was built in this heavy, gloomy  
style, —  
Stands the mansion, a grand old pile.

Always closed, as it is to-day,  
And the proud Squire, so the neigh-  
bors say,  
Frowns each unwelcome guest away.

Though some who knew him long ago,  
If you ask, will shake their heads of  
snow,  
And tell you he was not always so,

Though grave and quiet at any time, —  
But that now, his head in manhood's  
prime,  
Is growing white as the winter's rime.

#### THE GARDENER'S HOME.

WELL, you have seen it — a tempting  
spot !  
Now come with me through the or-  
chard plot  
And down the lane to the gardener's  
cot.

Look where it hides almost unseen,  
And peeps the sheltering vines be-  
tween,  
Like a white flower out of a bush of  
green.

Cosy as nest of a bird inside,  
Here is no room for show or pride,  
And the open door swings free and  
wide.

Across the well-worn stepping-stone,  
With sweet ground-ivy half o'ergrown,  
You may pass, as if the house were  
your own.

You are welcome here to come or stay,  
For to all the host has enough to say ;  
And the good-wife smiles in a pleasant  
way.

'T is a pretty place to see in the time,  
When the vines in bloom o'er the rude  
walls climb,  
And Nature laughs in her joyful prime.

Bordered by roses, early and late,  
A narrow graveled walk leads straight  
Up to the door from the rustic gate.

Here the lilac flings her perfume wide,  
And the sweet-brier, up to the lattice  
tied,  
Seems trying to push herself inside.

A little off to the right, one sees  
Some black and sturdy walnut-trees,  
And locusts, whose white flowers scent  
the breeze.

And the Dovecote Mill stands just be-  
yond,  
With its dull red walls, and the dron-  
ing sound  
Of the slow wheel, turning round and  
round.

Here the full creek rushes noisily,  
Though oft in summer it runs half dry,  
And its song is only a lullaby.

But the prettiest sight when all is done,  
That the eye or mind can rest upon,  
Or in the house or out in the sun ; —

And whatever beside you may have  
met,  
The picture you will not soon forget, —  
Is little Bethy, the gardener's pet.

Ever his honest laughing eyes  
Beam with a new and glad surprise,  
At the wit of her childish, quaint re-  
plies.



While the mother seems with a love  
more deep  
To guard her always, awake or asleep,  
As one with a sacred trust to keep.

Here in the square room, parlor and  
hall,  
Stand the stiff-backed chairs against  
the wall,  
And the clock in the corner, straight  
and tall.

Ranged on the cupboard shelf in sight,  
Glistens the china, snowy white,  
And the spoons and platters, bur-  
nished bright.

Oft will a bird, or a butterfly dare  
To venture in through the window,  
bare,  
And opened wide for the summer air.

And sitting near it you may feel  
Faint scent of herbs from the garden  
steal,  
And catch the sound of the miller's  
wheel.

With wife and child, and his plot to  
till,  
Here the gardener lives contented still,  
Let the world outside go on as it will.

#### THE MILL.

With cobwebs and dust on the win-  
dow spread,  
On the walls and the rafters overhead,  
Rises the old mill, rusty red.

Grim as the man who calls it his own,  
Outside, from the gray foundation  
stone  
To the roof with spongy moss o'er-  
grown.

Through a loop-hole made in the gable  
high,  
In and out like arrows fly  
The slender swallows, swift and shy.

And with bosoms purple, brown, and  
white,  
Along the eaves, in the shimmering  
light,  
Sits a row of doves from morn till  
night.

Less quiet far is the place within,  
Where the falling meal o'erruns the  
bin,  
And you hear the busy stir and din.

Grave is the miller's mien and pace,  
But his boy, with ruddy, laughing face,  
Is good to see in this sombre place.

And little Bethy will say to you,  
That he is good and brave and true,  
And the wisest boy you ever knew!

"Why Robert," she says, "was never  
heard  
To speak a cross or a wicked word,  
And he would n't injure even a bird!"

And he, with boyish love and pride,  
Ever since she could walk by his side,  
Has been her playmate and her guide.

For he lived in the world three years  
before  
Bethy her baby beauty wore;  
And is taller than she by a head or  
more.

Up the plank and over the sill,  
In and out at their childish will,  
They played about the old red mill.

They watched the mice through the  
corn-sacks steal,  
The steady shower of the snowy meal,  
And the water falling over the wheel.

They loved to stray in the garden walks,  
Bordered by stately hollyhocks  
And pinks and odorous marigold stalks.

Where lilies and tulips stood in line  
By the candytuft and the columbine,  
And lady-grass, like a ribbon fine.

Where the daffodil wore her golden  
lace,  
And the prince's-feather blushed in the  
face,  
And the cockscomb looked as vain as  
his race.

And here, as gay as the birds in the  
bowers,  
Our children lived through their life's  
first hours,  
And grew till their heads o'ertopped  
the flowers.

## SUGAR-MAKING.

Swiftly onward the seasons flew,  
And enough to see and enough to do  
Our children found the long year  
through.

They played in the hay when the fields  
were mowed,  
With the sun-burnt harvesters they  
rode  
Home to the barn a-top of the load,

When her fragrant fruit the orchard  
shed,  
They helped to gather the apples spread  
On the soft grass — yellow, russet, and  
red.

Down hill in winter they used to slide,  
And over the frozen mill-creek glide,  
Or play by the great bright fire inside

The house; or sit in the chimney  
nook,  
Pleased for the hundredth time to look  
Over the self-same picture-book.

Castles and men of snow they made,  
And fed with crumbs the robins, that  
stayed  
Near the house — half tame, and half  
afraid.

So ever the winter-time flew fast,  
And after the cold short months were  
past  
Came the sugar-making on at last.

'T was just ere the old folks used to  
say,  
"Now the oaks are turning gray,  
'T is time for the farmer to plant away!"

Before the early bluebird was there;  
Or down by the brook the willow fair  
Loosed to the winds her yellow hair.

Ah! then there was life and fun enough,  
In making the "spile" and setting the  
trough,  
And all, till the time of the "stirring  
off."

They followed the sturdy hired man,  
With his brawny arms and face of  
tan,

Who gathered the sap each day as it  
ran,

And they thought it a very funny sight,  
The yoke that he wore, like "Buck and  
Bright,"  
Across his shoulders, broad, upright.

They watched the fires, with awe pro-  
found,  
Go lapping the great black kettles  
round,  
And out the chimney, with rushing  
sound.

They loved the noise of the brook, that  
slid  
Swift under its icy, broken lid,  
And they knew where that delicate  
flower was hid,

That first in March her head upheaves;  
And they found the tender "adam-and-  
eves"  
Beneath their bower of glossy leaves.

They gathered spice-wood and ginseng  
roots,  
And the boy could fashion whistles  
and flutes  
Out of the paw-pan and walnut shoots.

So every season its pleasure found;  
Though the children never strayed be-  
yond  
The dear old hills that hemmed them  
round.

## THE PLAYMATES.

Behind the cottage the mill-creek  
flowed,  
And before it, white and winding,  
showed  
The narrow track of the winter road,

The creek when low, showed a sandy  
floor,  
And many a green old sycamore  
Threw its shade in summer from shore  
to shore.

And just a quiet country lane,  
Fringed close by fields of grass and  
grain,  
Was the crooked road that crossed the  
plain.

Out of the fragrant fennel's bed  
On its bank, the purple iron-weed  
spread  
Her broad top over the mullein's head.

Off through the straggling town it  
wound,  
Then led you down to beech-wood  
pond,  
And up to the school-house, just be-  
yond.

Not far away was a wood's deep shade  
Where, larger grown, the boy and maid,  
Searching for flowers and berries,  
strayed,

And oft they went the field-paths  
through,  
Where all the things she liked he knew,  
And the very places where they grew.

The hidden nook where Nature set  
The wind-flower and the violet,  
And the mountain-fringe in hollows wet.

The solomon's-seal, of gold so fine,  
And the king-cup, holding its dewy  
wine  
Up to the crownèd dandelion.

He gathered the ripe nuts in the fall,  
And berries that grew by fence and  
wall  
So high she could not reach them at all.

The fruit of the hawthorn, black and  
red,  
Wild grapes, and the hip that came in-  
stead,  
Of the sweet wild roses, faded and dead.

Then the curious ways of birds he knew,  
And where they lived the season  
through,  
And how they built, and sang, and flew.

Sometimes the boughs he bended  
down,  
And Bethy counted with eyes that  
shone,  
Eggs, white and speckled, blue and  
brown.

And oft they watched with wondering  
eye  
The swallows, up on the rafters high  
Teaching their timid young to fly.

For many a dull and rainy day  
They wiled the hours till night away  
Up in the mow on the scented hay.

And many a dress was soiled and  
torn  
In climbing about the dusty barn  
And up to the lofts of wheat and corn.

For they loved to hear on the roof, the  
rain,  
And to count the bins, again and again,  
Heaped with their treasures of golden  
grain.

They played with the maize's sword-  
like leaves,  
And tossed the rye and the oaten  
sheaves.  
In autumn piled to the very eaves.

They peeped in the stalls where the cat-  
tle fed,  
They fixed their swing to the beam  
o'erhead, —  
Turned the wind-mill, huge, and round,  
and red.

And the treasure of treasures, the pet  
and toy,  
The source alike of his care and joy,  
Was the timid girl to the brave bright  
boy.

When they went to school, her hand he  
took,  
Lead her, and helped her over stile and  
brook,  
And carried her basket, slate, and book.

And he was a scholar, if Bethy said  
true,  
The hardest book he could read right  
through,  
And there was n't a "sum" that he  
could n't "do!"

Oh, youth, whatever we lose or se-  
cure,  
One good we can all keep safe and  
sure,  
Who remember a childhood, happy and  
pure!

And hard indeed must a man be made,  
By the toil and traffic of gain and trade,  
Who loves not the spot where a boy he  
played.

And I pity that woman, or grave or gay,  
 Who keeps not fresh in her heart alway  
 The tender dreams of her life's young  
 day !

THE SCHOOL.

Swiftly the seasons sped away,  
 And soon to our children came the day  
 When their life had work as well as  
 play.

When they trudged each morn to the  
 school-house set  
 Where the winter road and the high-  
 way met —  
 Ah ! how plainly I see it yet !

With its noisy play-ground trampled  
 so  
 By the quick feet, running to and fro,  
 That not a blade of grass could grow.

And the maple-grove across the road,  
 The hollow where the cool spring  
 flowed,  
 And greenly the mint and calamus  
 showed.

And the house — unpainted, dingy,  
 low,  
 Shielded a little from sun and snow,  
 By its three stiff locusts, in a row.

I can see the floor, all dusty and bare,  
 The benches hacked, the drawings rare  
 On the walls, and the master's desk and  
 chair :

And himself, not withered, cross, and  
 grim,  
 But a youth, well-favored, shy, and  
 slim ;  
 More awed by the girls than they by  
 him.

With a poet's eye and a lover's voice,  
 Unused to the ways of rustic boys,  
 And shrinking from all rude speech  
 and noise.

Where is he ? Where should we find  
 again  
 The children who played together  
 there ?  
 If alive, sad women and thoughtful  
 men :

Where now is Eleanor proud and fine ?  
 And where is dark-eyed Angivine,  
 Rebecca, Annie, and Caroline ?

And timid Lucy with pale gold hair,  
 And soft brown eyes that unaware  
 Drew your heart to her, and held it  
 there ?

There was blushing Rose, the beauty  
 and pride  
 Of her home, and all the country side ;  
 She was the first we loved who died.

And the joy and pride of our life's  
 young years,  
 The one we loved without doubts or  
 fears,  
 Alas ! to-day he is named with tears.

And Alice, with quiet, thoughtful way  
 Yet joining always in fun and play,  
 God knows she is changed enough to-  
 day !

I think of the boy no father claimed,  
 Of him, a fall from the swing had  
 lamed,  
 And the girl whose hand in the mill  
 was maimed.

And the lad too sick and sad to play,  
 Who ceased to come to school one  
 day,  
 And on the next he had passed away.

And I know the look the master  
 wore  
 When he told us our mate of the day  
 before  
 Would never be with us any more !

And how on a grassy slope he was  
 laid —  
 We could see the place from where we  
 played —  
 A sight to make young hearts afraid.

Sometimes we went by two and three,  
 And read on his tombstone thought-  
 fully,  
 " As I am now so you must be."

Brothers with brothers fighting, slain,  
 From out those school-boys some have  
 lain  
 Their bones to bleach on the battle-  
 plain.

Some have wandered o'er lands and seas,  
Some haply sit in families,  
With children's children on their knees.

Some may have gone in sin astray,  
Many asleep by their kindred lay,  
Dust to dust, till the judgment day !

## YOUTH AND MAIDEN.

A half score years have sped away  
Since Robert and Bethy used to play  
About the yard and the mill, all day.

For time must go, whatever we do ;  
And the boy as it went, to manhood  
grew,  
Steady and honest, good and true.

Going on with the mill, when his father  
died ;  
He lived untempted there, untried,  
Knowing little of life beside.

Striving not to be rich or great,  
Never questioning fortune or fate,  
Contented slowly to earn, and wait.

Doing the work that was near his hand,  
Still of Bethy he thought and planned,  
To him the flower of all the land.

And tall shy Bethy more quiet seems,  
With a tenderer light her soft eye  
beams,  
And her thoughts are vague as the  
dream of dreams.

Oft she sings in an undertone  
Of fears and sorrows not her own. —  
The pains that love-lorn maids have  
known.

Does she think as she breathes the  
tender sigh,  
Of the lover that 's coming, by and  
by ?  
If she will not tell you, how should I ?

And when she walks in the evening  
bland  
Over the rich Squire's pleasant land,  
Does she long to be a lady, grand,

And to have her fingers, soft and white,  
Lie in her lap, with jewels bright,

And with never a task from morn till  
night ?

Often, walking about the place,  
With bended head and thoughtful face,  
She meets the owner face to face.

Sometimes he eyes her wistfully,  
As blushing with rustic modesty,  
She drops him a pretty courtesy,

And looks as if inclined to say  
Some friendly word to bid her stay,  
Then, silent, turns abrupt away.

And though to speak she never dares,  
She is sad to think that no one cares  
For the lonely man, with thin gray  
hairs.

The good-wife, just as the girl was  
grown,  
Went from the places she had known,  
And the gardener and Bethy live alone.

## THE COUNTRY GRAVE-YARD.

So she goes sometimes past Dovecote  
Mill,  
To the place of humble graves on the  
hill,  
Where the mother rests in the shadows  
still.

Here, sleeping well as the sons of  
fame,  
Lie youth and maiden, sire and dame,  
With never a record but their name.

And some, their very names forgot,  
Not even a stone to mark the spot,  
Yet sleep in peace ; so it matters not !

Here lieth one, who shouldered his  
gun,  
When the news was brought from Lex-  
ington ;  
And laid it down, when peace was  
won.

Still he wore his coat of " army blue,"  
Silver buckles on knee and shoe,  
And sometimes even his good sword,  
too.

For however the world might change  
or gaze,

He kept his ancient dress and ways,  
Nor learned the fashion of modern  
days.

But here he had laid aside his staff,  
And you read half-worn, and guessed  
it half

His quaint and self-made epitaph, —

“ Stoop down, my friends, and view his  
dust

Who turned out one among the first  
To secure the rights you hold in trust.

“ Support the Constitution, plain !  
By being united we form the chain  
That binds the tyrant o'er the main ! ”

Here from the good dead shut away  
By a dismal paling, broken and gray,  
Down in the loneliest corner lay,

A baby, dead in its life's first spring,  
And its hapless mother, a fair sad thing,  
Who never wore a wedding ring !

Often the maiden's steps are led  
Away to a lonely, grassy bed,  
With a marble headstone at its head :

And carved there for memorial,  
Half hid by the willow branches' fall,  
The one word, “ Mercy,” that is all.

Whether her life had praise or blame,  
All that was told was just the same,  
She was a woman, this her name.

What beside there was naught to show,  
Though always Bethy longed to know  
The story of her who slept below.

What had she been ere she joined the  
dead ; —  
Was she bowed with years, or young  
instead ;  
Was she a maiden, or was she wed ?

Never another footstep here  
But the maiden's seemed to come a-  
near,  
Yet flowers were blooming from year  
to year.

Something, whether of good or harm,  
Down to the dead one, like a charm  
Drew the living heart, fresh and  
warm ;

Yet haunts more cheerful our Bethy  
had,  
For youth loves not the things that  
are sad,  
But turns to the hopeful and the glad.

Though somehow she has grown more  
shy,  
More silent than in days gone by,  
Whenever the tall young miller is  
nigh.

As they walk together, grave and  
slow,  
No longer hand in hand they go :  
Who can tell what has changed them  
so ?

Till the sea shall cease to kiss the  
shore,  
Till men and maidens shall be no  
more,  
'T is the same old story, o'er and  
o'er.

Secret hoping, and secret fears,  
Blushing and sighing, smiles and tears,  
The charm and the glory of life's young  
years !

#### WOONG.

Now in the waning autumn days  
The dull red sun, with lurid blaze,  
Shines through the soft and smoky  
haze.

Fallen across the garden bed,  
Many a flower that reared its head  
Proudly in summer, lies stiff and dead.

The pinks and roses have ceased to  
blossom,  
The foxgloves stand in a long black  
row,  
And the daffodils perished long ago.

Now the poplar rears his yellow spire,  
The maple lights his funeral pyre,  
And the dog-wood burns like a bush of  
fire.

The harvest fields are bare again,  
The barns are filled to the full with  
grain  
And the orchard trees of their load  
complain.

Huge sacks of corn o'er the floor are  
strewn,  
And Dovecote Mill grinds on and on,  
And the miller's work seems never  
done.

But now 'tis the Sabbath eve, and  
still  
For a little while is the noisy mill,  
And Robert is free to go where he will.

But think or do whatever he may,  
The face of Bethy he sees alway  
Just as she looked in the choir to-day.

And as his thoughts the picture paint,  
The hope within his heart grows faint,  
As it might before a passionless saint.

Looking away from the book on her  
knees,  
Pretty Bethy at sunset sees,  
Some one under the sycamore trees,

Walking and musing slow, apart ; —  
But why should the blood with sudden  
start,  
Leap to her cheek from her foolish  
heart ?

Oh, if he came now, and if he spake,  
What answer should she, could she  
make ?  
This was the way her thought would  
take.

Now, troubled maid on the cottage sill,  
Be wise, and keep your pulses still,  
He has turned, he is coming up the  
hill !

How he spake, or she made reply,  
How she came on his breast to lie,  
She could not tell you, better than I.

But when the stars came out in the  
skies  
He has told his love, in whispered  
sighs,  
And she has answered, with downcast  
eyes.

For somehow, since the world went  
round,  
For men who are simple, or men pro-  
found,  
Hath a time and a way to woo been  
found.

And maids, for a thousand, thousand  
years,  
With trusting hopes, or trembling fears  
Have answered blushing through  
smiles and tears.

And why should these two lovers have  
more  
Of thoughtless folly or wisdom's lore  
Than all the world who have lived be-  
fore ?

Nay, she gives her hand to him who  
won  
Her heart, and she says, when this is  
done,  
There is no other under the sun

Could be to her what he hath been ;  
For he to her girlish fancy then  
Was the only man in the world of men.

She is ready to take his hand and  
name,  
For better or worse, for honor or  
blame ; —  
God grant it may alway be the same.

## PLIGHTED.

Oh, the tender joy of those autumn  
hours,  
When fancy clothed with spring the  
bowers,  
And the dead leaves under the feet  
seemed flowers !

Oh, the blessed, blessed days of youth,  
When the heart is filled with gentle  
ruth,  
And lovers take their dreams for truth.

Oh, the hopes they had, and the plans  
they planned,  
The man and the maid, as hand in  
hand,  
They walked in a fair, enchanted land !

Marred with no jealousy, fear, or doubt,  
At worst, but a little pet or pout,  
Just for the "making up," no doubt !

Have I said how looked our wood  
nymph, wild ?  
And how in these days she always  
smiled,  
Guileless and glad as a little child ?

Her voice had a tender pleading tone,  
 She was just a rose-bud, almost grown  
 And before its leaves are fully blown.

Graceful and tall as a lily fair,  
 The peach lent the bloom to her  
 blushes rare,  
 And the thrush the brown of her rip-  
 pling hair.

Colored with violet, blue were her  
 eyes,  
 Stolen from the breeze her gentle sighs,  
 And her soul was borrowed from the  
 skies.

And you, if a man, could hardly fail,  
 If you saw her tripping down the  
 dale,  
 To think her a Princess of fairy tale ;

Doomed for a time by charm or spell,  
 Deep in some lonely, haunted dell,  
 With mischief-loving elves to dwell.

Or bound for a season, body and soul,  
 Underneath a great green knoll,  
 To live alone with a wicked Troll.

You would have feared her form so  
 slight  
 Would vanish into the air or light,  
 Or sudden, sink in the earth from  
 sight.

And you must have looked, and longed  
 to see  
 The handsome Prince who should set  
 her free  
 Come riding his good steed gallantly.

Just as fair as the good year's prime,  
 To our lovers was the cold and rime,  
 For their bright lives had no winter-  
 time.

The drifts might pile, and the winds  
 might blow,  
 Still, up from the mill to the cottage,  
 low,  
 There was a straight path cut through  
 the snow.

And it only added another charm  
 To the cheerful hearth, secure and  
 warm,  
 To hear on the roof and pane, the  
 storm.

Sometimes Bethy would lightly say,  
 Partly in earnest, partly in play, —  
 "I wish it would never again be  
 May!"

And he would answer, half pleased,  
 half tried,  
 As he drew her nearer to his side,  
 "Nay, nay, for in spring I shall have  
 my bride."

And she 'd cry in a pretty childish pet,  
 "Ah! then you must have whom you  
 can get ;  
 I shall not marry for ages yet."

Then gravely he 'd shake his head at  
 this :  
 But things went never so far amiss  
 They were not righted at last by a kiss.

And so the seasons sped merry and  
 fast,  
 And the budding spring-time came,  
 and passed,  
 And the wedding day was set at last.

With never a quarrel, scarce a fear,  
 Each to the other growing more dear,  
 They kept their wooing a whole sweet  
 year.

#### WEDDED.

In the village church where a child she  
 was led,  
 Where a maiden she sang in the choir  
 o'erhead,  
 There were Bethy and Robert wed.

Strong, yet tender and good looked he,  
 As he took her almost reverently,  
 And she was a pleasant sight to see.

And men and women, far and wide,  
 Came from village and country side  
 To wish them joy and to greet the  
 bride.

The friends who knew them since they  
 were born,  
 Each with his best and bravest worn  
 Did honor to them on their marriage  
 morn.

But one at the church was heard to  
 say :



"The Squire, whom none has seen to-day,  
Might have given the bride away,

"Yet his is a face 't were best to miss;  
And what could he do at a time like this,  
But be a cloud on its happiness?"

"So let him stay with his gloom and pride,  
For he is not fit to sit beside  
The wedding guests, or to kiss the bride."

But Bethy, her heart was soft you know,  
To herself, as she heard it, whispered low,  
"Who knows what sorrow has made him so?"

And looking away towards the gloomy hall,  
And then at the bridegroom fine and tall,  
She said, "I wish he had come for all!"

Home through the green and shady lane,  
The way their childish feet had ta'en,  
They came as man and wife again.

Just to the low old cottage here,  
Among the friends and places dear  
(For the gardener was not dead a year).

And why, as the great do, should they range?  
They needs must find enough of change,  
They are come to a world that is new and strange.

Lovingly eventide comes on,  
The feast is eaten, the friends are gone,  
And wife and husband are left alone.

In kindly parting they have prest  
The hand of every lingering guest,  
And now they shut us out with the rest.

Oh, joy too sacred to look upon,  
The very angels may leave alone,  
Two happy souls by love made one!

But whatever they gain or whatever they miss,  
The poor have no time in a world like this,  
To waste in sorrow or happiness.

For men who have their bread to earn  
Must plant and gather and grind the corn,  
And the miller goes to the mill at morn.

He blushes a little, it may be,  
As with jokes about his family  
The rough hands tease him merrily.

But lightly, gayly, as he replies,  
A braver, prouder light in his eyes  
Shows that he loves and can guard his prize.

And the voice o'er the roar of the mill-wheel heard,  
In the house is as soft in every word,  
As if the wife were some timid bird;

And he strokes her hair as we handle such  
Dear things that we love to pet so much,  
And yet are half afraid to touch.

And Bethy, pretty, young, and gay,  
Trying the strange new matron way,  
Seems to "make believe," like a child at play,

In and out the whole day long,  
At work in the house, or her flowers among,  
You scarce can hear the birds for her song.

Though many times does she steal, I ween,  
A glance at the mill, the blinds between,  
Blushing, and careful not to be seen.

But busy with sewing, broom, or meal,  
Swiftly away the moments steal,  
And she hears the last slow turn of the wheel.

And the miller glad, but tired and slow,  
Comes, looking white as the man of snow  
They made in the winter, long ago.

Oft the cottage door is opened wide,  
 Before his hand the latch has tried,  
 By the eager wife who waits inside.

Though sometimes out from a hiding-  
 place,  
 She slyly peeps, when he comes, to  
 trace  
 The puzzled wonder of his face.

And she loves to see the glad sur-  
 prise,  
 That, when from her secret nook she  
 flies,  
 Shines in his happy, laughing eyes.

And he, before from his hand she slips,  
 Leaves the mark on her waist of finger  
 tips,  
 And powders her pretty face and lips.

#### THE BABY.

O'er the miller's cottage the seasons  
 glide,  
 And at the next year's Christmas-tide  
 We see her a mother, we saw a bride.

All in the spring was the brown flax  
 spun,  
 All in the summer it bleached in the  
 sun ;  
 In the autumn days was the sewing  
 done.

And just when the Babe was born of  
 old,  
 Close wrapped in many a dainty fold,  
 She gave the mother her babe to hold.

Ah, sweetly the maiden's ditties rung,  
 And sweet was the song the young  
 wife sung ;  
 But never trembled yet on her tongue,

Such tender notes as the lullabies,  
 That now beside the cradle rise  
 Where softly sleeping the baby lies.

And the child has made the father grow  
 Prouder, as all who see may know,  
 Than he was of his bride, a year ago.

He kinder too has grown to all,  
 And oft as the gloomy shadows fall,  
 He speaks of the Squire in his lonely  
 hall.

And Bethy, even more tender grown,  
 Says, almost with tears in her tone,  
 How he 's growing old in his home  
 alone.

For now, that her life is so bright and  
 fair,  
 She thinks of all men with griefs to  
 bear ;  
 And of sorrowful women everywhere,

Who sit with empty hands to hold,  
 And weep for babies dead and cold,—  
 And of such as never had babes to  
 hold.

So the miller and wife live on in their  
 cot  
 Untroubled, content with what they  
 have got ;—  
 Hath the whole wide world a happier  
 lot ?

And the neighbors all about declare,  
 That never a better, handsomer pair,  
 Are seen at market, church, or fair.

So free from envy, pride, or guile,  
 They keep their rustic simple style,  
 And bask in fortune's kindest smile.

Though time and tide must go as they  
 will,  
 And change must even cross the sill  
 Of the happy Miller of Dovecote Mill.

#### THE FATHER.

Hushed is the even-song of the bird,  
 Naught but the katydid is heard,  
 And the sound of leaves by the night  
 wind stirred.

Swarms of fireflies rise and shine  
 Out of the green grass, short and fine,  
 Where, dotting the meadows, sleep the  
 kine.

And the bees, done flying to and fro,  
 In the fields of buckwheat, white as  
 snow,  
 Cling to the hive, in a long black row.

Closed are the pink and the poppy red,  
 And the lily near them hangs her head,  
 And the camomile sleeps on the garden  
 bed.

The wheel is still that has turned all  
 day,  
 And the mill stream runs unvexed  
 away,  
 Under the thin mist, cool and gray,

And the little vine-clad home in the  
 dell  
 With this quiet beauty suiteth well,  
 For it seems a place where peace should  
 dwell.

And sitting to-night on the cottage sill  
 Is the wife of the Miller of Dovecote  
 Mill, —  
 Quiet Bethy, thoughtful and still.

As she hears the cricket chirping low,  
 And the pendulum swinging to and fro,  
 And the child in the cradle, breathing  
 slow ;

Are her thoughts with her baby, fast  
 asleep,  
 Or do they wander away, and keep  
 With him she waits for as night grows  
 deep ?

Or are they back to the days gone by,  
 When free as the birds that swing and  
 fly,  
 She lived with never a care or tie ?

Ah ! who of us all has ever known  
 The hidden thought and the under-  
 tone  
 Of the bosom nearest to our own !

For the one we deemed devoid of art  
 May have lain and dreamed on our  
 trusting heart  
 The dreams in which we had no part !

And Bethy, the honest miller's wife,  
 Whom he loves as he loves his very  
 life,  
 May be with him and herself at strife.

For she was only a child that day,  
 When she gave her hand in the church  
 away,  
 And the friends who loved her used to  
 say, —

(For you know she was the country's  
 pride.)

If she ever had had a suitor beside  
 She might not be such a willing bride !

Though never one would hint but he  
 Was as true and good and fair as  
 she,

They wondered still that the match  
 should be,

And said, were she like a lady drest,  
 There was not a fairer, east nor west ; —  
 And yet it might be all for the best !

So who can guess her thoughts as her  
 sight

Rests on the road-track, dusty and  
 white,

The way the miller must come to-night !

Up in his gloomy house on the hill,  
 He lies in his chamber, white and  
 still, —

The Squire, who owns the Dovecote  
 Mill.

What hath the rich man been in his  
 day ?

“ Hard and cruel and stern, alway ; ” —  
 This is the thing his neighbors say,

“ Silent and grim as a man could  
 be ; ” —

But the miller's wife, says, tenderly,  
 “ He has always a smile for the babe  
 and me.”

But whatever he was, in days gone  
 by,

Let us stand in his presence reverently,  
 For to him the great change draweth  
 nigh.

There the light is dim, and the June  
 winds blow

The heavy curtains to and fro,  
 And the watchers, near him, whisper  
 low.

Something the sick man asks from his  
 bed ;

Is it the leech or the priest ? they  
 said.

“ Nay, bring me Bethy, here,” he said.

“ Have you not heard me ; will you  
 not heed ;

Go to the miller's wife with speed,  
 And tell her the dying of her hath  
 need.”

Slowly the watchers shook the head,  
They knew that his poor wits wanderèd :

“ Yet, now let him have his way,” they said.

So when the turn of the night has come,  
She stands at his bedside, frightened,  
dumb,  
Holding his fingers, cold and numb.

He has sent the watchers and nurse away,  
And now he is keeping death at bay,  
Till he rids his soul of what he would say.

“ Now, hear me, Bethy, I am not wild,  
As I hope to God to be reconciled,  
I am thy father — thou my child !

“ I loved a maiden, the noblest one  
That ever the good sun shone upon :  
I had wealth and honors, she had none.

“ And when I wooed her, she answered me, —  
‘ Nay, I am too humble to wed with thee,  
Let me rather thine handmaid be ! ’

“ From home with me, for love, she fled  
The night that in secret we were wed ;  
And she kept the secret, living and dead.

“ Serving for wages duly paid,  
In my home she lived, as an humble maid,  
Till under the grass of the churchyard laid.

“ Twenty years has remorse been fed,  
Twenty years has she lain there dead,  
With her sweet name Mercy, at her head.

“ How you came to the world was known  
But to the gardener’s wife alone,  
Who took, and reared you up as her own.

“ Though conscience whispered, early and late,

Your child is worthy a higher fate,  
Still shame and pride said, always, wait.

“ But alas ! a debt unpaid grows vast.  
And whether it come, or slow or fast,  
The day of reckoning comes at last.

“ So, all there was left to do, I have done,  
And the gold and the acres I have won  
Shall come to you with the morning’s sun.

“ And may this atone ; oh would that it might,  
And lessen the guilt of my soul to-night,  
For the one great wrong that I cannot right.”

Scarcely the daughter breathed or stirred,  
As she listened close for another word :  
But “ Mercy ! ” was all that she ever heard.

She clung to his breast, she bade him stay,  
But ere the words to her lips found way,  
She knew the thing that she held was clay.

All that she had was a father’s gold,  
Never his kind warm hand to hold,  
Never a kiss till his lips were cold !

#### THE WIFE.

Brightly the morning sunshine glowed,  
As slowly, thoughtfully, Bethy trode  
Towards the mill by the winter road.

Now she sees the mansion proud and gray,  
And its goodly acres stretching away,  
And she knows that these are hers to-day.

Glad visions surely before her rise,  
For bright in her cheek the color lies,  
And a strange new light in her tender eyes.

Now she is rich, and a lady born,  
Does she think of her last year's wed-  
ding morn,  
And the house where she came a bride,  
with scorn ?

And to him, unfit for a lady, grand,  
To whom she gave her willing hand,  
Though he brought her neither house  
nor land ?

How will she meet him ? what is his  
fate,  
Who eager leans o'er the rustic gate  
To watch her coming ? Hush and  
wait !

No word she says as over the sill,  
And into the cottage low and still,  
She walks by the Miller of Dovecote  
Mill.

Why does she tremble, the goodman's  
dame,  
And turn away as she speaks his  
name ?  
Is it for love, or alas ! for shame ?

"Last night," she says, "as I watched  
for thee,  
Came those from the great house hur-  
riedly,  
Who said that the master sent for me :

"That his life was burned to a feeble  
flame,  
But sleeping or waking all the same,  
And day and night he called my name.

"So I followed wondering, where they  
led,  
And half bewildered, half in dread,  
I stood at midnight by his bed.

"What matter, to tell what he said  
again ;  
The dreams perchance of a wandering  
brain !  
Only one thing is sure and plain.

"Of his gold and land and houses  
fine,  
All that he had, to-day is thine,  
Since in dying he made them mine.

"I would that the gift were in thy  
name,  
Yet mine or thine it is all the same ;

And we must not speak of the dead  
with blame.

"And who but thee should be his heir ?  
Thou hast served him ever with faith-  
ful care,  
And he had no son his name to bear !"

Slowly, as one who marveled still,  
Answered the Miller of Dovecote Mill,  
" 'T is a puzzle, tell it how you will,

"Why his child could never better fare  
Than thou, with wealth enough and to  
spare,  
For it is not I but thou who art heir.

" 'T is not so strange it should come  
to thee,  
Thou wert fit for a lady, as all could  
see,  
And rich or poor, too good for me."

Meek before him she bowed her head ;  
"I want nor honor nor gold," she said,  
"I take my lot as it is instead.

"Keep gold and lands and houses fine,  
But give me thy love, as I give thee  
mine,  
And my wealth shall still be more than  
thine !

"And if I had been in a mansion bred,  
And not in a humble cot," she said,  
"I think we two should still have wed.

"For if I had owned the acres grand,  
Instead of the gardener's scanty land,  
I had given them all for thy heart and  
hand.

"So, heiress or lady, what you will,  
This only title I covet still,  
Wife of the Miller of Dovecote Mill !"

#### A BALLAD OF LAUDERDALE.

A SHEPHERD'S child young Barbara  
grew,  
A wild flower of the vale ;  
While gallant Duncan was the heir  
Of the Laird of Lauderdale.

He sat at ease in bower and hall  
With ladies gay and fine ;

She led her father's sheep at morn,  
At eve she milked the kine.

O'er field and fell his steed he rode,  
The foremost in the race ;  
She bounded graceful as the deer  
He followed in the chase.

Yet oft he left his pleasant friends,  
And, musing, walked apart ;  
For vague unrest and soft desire  
Were stirring in his heart.

One morn, when others merrily  
Wound horn within the wood,  
He on the hill-side strayed alone,  
In tender, thoughtful mood.

And there, with yellow snooded hair,  
And plaid about her flung,  
Tending her pretty flock of sheep,  
Fair Barbara sat and sung.

The very heath-flower bent to hear,  
The echoes seemed to pause,  
As sweet and clear the maiden sang  
The song of " Leader Haughs."

And, while young Duncan, gazing,  
stood  
Enchanted by the sound,  
He from the arrows of her eyes  
Received a mortal wound !

" Sweet maid," he cried, " the first  
whose power  
Hath ever held me fast :  
Now take my love, or scorn my love,  
You still shall be the last !"

She felt her heart with pity move,  
Yet hope within her died ;  
She knew her friendless poverty,  
She knew his wealth and pride.

" Alas ! your father's scorn," she said,  
" Alas ! my humble state."  
" 'T were pity," Duncan gayly cried,  
But love were strong as hate !"

He took her little trembling hand,  
He kissed her fears away ;  
" Whate'er the morrow brings," he  
said,  
" We 'll live and love to-day !"

So all the summer through they met,  
Nor thought what might betide,

Till the purple heather all about  
The hills grew brown and died.

One eve they, parting, lingered long  
Together in the dell,  
When suddenly a shadow black  
As fate between them fell.

The hot blood rushed to Duncan's  
brow,  
The maiden's cheek grew pale,  
For right across their pathway frowned  
The Laird of Lauderdale.

Ah ! cruel was the word he spake,  
And cruel was his deed ;  
He would not see the maiden's face,  
Nor hear the lover plead.

He called his followers, in wrath,  
They came in haste and fright ;  
They tore the youth from out her arms,  
They bore him from her sight.

And he at eve may come no more ;  
Her song no more she trills ;  
Her cheek is whiter than the lambs  
She leads along the hills.

For Barbara now is left alone  
Through all the weary hours,  
While Duncan pines a prisoner, fast  
Within his father's towers.

And autumn goes, and spring-time  
comes,  
And Duncan, true and bold,  
Has scorned alike his father's threats  
And bribes of land and gold.

And autumn goes, and spring-time  
comes,  
And Barbara sings and smiles :  
" 'T is fair for love," she softly says,  
" To use love's arts and wiles."

No other counselor hath she  
But her own sweet constancy ;  
Yet hath her wit devised a way  
To set her true love free.

One night, when slumber brooded deep  
O'er all the peaceful glen,  
She baked a cake, the like of which  
Was never baked till then.

For first she took a slender cord,  
And wound it close and small ;

Then in the barley bannock safe  
She hid the mystic ball.

Next morn her father missed his  
child,  
He searched the valley round ;  
But not a maid like her within  
Twice twenty miles was found.

For she hath ta'en the maiden snood  
And the bright curls from her head,  
And now she wears the bonnet blue  
Of a shepherd lad instead.

And she hath crossed the silent hills,  
And crossed the lonely vale ;  
And safe at morn she stands before  
The towers of Lauderdale.

And not a hand is raised to harm  
The pretty youth and tall,  
With just a bannock in his scrip,  
Who stands without the wall.

Careless awhile *he* wanders round,  
But when the daylight dies  
*He* comes and stands beneath the  
tower  
Where faithful Duncan lies.

Fond man ! nor sunset dyes he sees,  
Nor stars come out above ;  
His thoughts are all upon the hills,  
Where first he learned to love ;

When suddenly he hears a voice,  
That makes his pulses start —  
A sweet voice singing "Leader  
Haughs,"  
The song that won his heart.

He leans across the casement high ;  
A minstrel boy he spies :  
He knows the maiden of his love  
Through all her strange disguise !

She made a sign, she spake no word,  
And never a word spake he ;  
She took the bannock from her scrip  
And brake it on her knee !

She threw the slender cord aloft,  
He caught and made it fast ;  
One moment more and he is safe,  
Free as the winds at last !

No time is this for speech or kiss,  
No time for aught but flight ;

His good steed standing in the stall  
Must bear them far to-night.

So swiftly Duncan brought him forth,  
He mounted hastily ;  
" Now, set your foot on mine," he said,  
" And give your hand to me ! "

He lifts her up ; they sweep the hills,  
They ford the foaming beck ;  
He kisses soft the loving hands  
That cling about his neck.

In vain at morn the Laird, in wrath,  
Would follow where they fled ;  
They're o'er the Border, far away,  
Before the east is red.

And when the third day's sun at eve  
Puts on his purple state,  
Brave Duncan checks his foaming steed  
Before his father's gate.

Out came the Laird, with cruel look,  
With quick and angry stride ;  
When at his feet down knelt his son,  
With Barbara at his side,

" Forgive me, father," low he said,  
No single word she spake ;  
But the tender face she lifted up  
Plead for her lover's sake.

She raised to him her trembling hands,  
In her eyes the tears were bright,  
And any but a heart of stone  
Had melted at the sight.

" Let love," cried Duncan, " bear the  
blame,  
Love would not be denied ;  
Fast were we wedded yestermorn,  
I bring you here my bride ! "

Then the Laird looked down into her  
eyes,  
And his tears were near to fall ;  
He raised them both from off the  
ground,  
He led them toward the Hall.

Wondering the mute retainers stood,  
" Why give you not," he said,  
" The homage due unto my son,  
And to her whom he hath wed ? "

Then every knee was lowly bent,  
And every head was bare ;

"Long live," they cried, "his fair young  
bride,  
And our master's honored heir !

Years come and go, and in his stall  
The good steed idly stands ;  
The Laird is laid with his line to rest,  
By his children's loving hands.

And now within the castle proud  
They lead a happy life ;  
For he is Laird of Lauderdale,  
And she his Lady wife.

And oft, when hand in hand they sit,  
And watch the day depart,  
She sings the song of "Leader  
Haughs,"  
The song that won his heart !

#### THE THREE WRENS.

MR. WREN and his dear began early  
one year —  
They were married, of course, on St.  
Valentine's Day, —  
To build such a nest as was safest and  
best,  
And to get it all finished and ready  
by May.

Their house, snug and fine, they set up  
in a vine  
That sheltered a cottage from sun-  
shine and heat :

Mrs. Wren said : "I am sure, this is  
nice and secure ;  
And besides, I can see in the house,  
or the street."

Mr. Wren, who began, like a wise mar-  
ried man,  
To check his mate's weak inclination  
to roam,  
Shook his little brown head, and re-  
provingly said :  
"My dear, you had better be looking  
at home.

"You 'll be trying the street pretty  
soon with your feet,  
And neglecting your house and my  
comfort, no doubt,  
And you 'll find a pretext for a call on  
them next,  
If you watch to see what other folks  
are about.

"There 's your own home to see, and  
besides there is me,  
And this visiting neighbors is non-  
sense and stuff !  
You would like to know why ? well,  
you 'd better not try ; —  
I don't choose to have you, and that  
is enough !"

Mrs. Wren did not say she would have  
her own way, —  
In fact, she seemed wonderfully meek  
and serene ;  
But she thought, I am sure, though she  
looked so demure,  
"Well I don't care ; I think you 're  
most awfully mean !"

Mr. Wren soon flew off, thinking, likely  
enough,  
I could manage a dozen such creat-  
ures with ease ;  
She began to reflect, I see what you  
expect,  
But if I know myself, I shall look  
where I please !

However, at night, when he came from  
his flight,  
Both acted as if there was nothing  
amiss :  
Put a wing o'er their head, and went  
chirping to bed,  
To dream of a summer of sunshine  
and bliss.

I need scarcely remark, they were up  
with the lark,  
And by noon they were tired of work  
without play ;  
And thought it was best for the present  
to rest,  
And then finish their task in the cool  
of the day.

So, concealed by the leaves that grew  
thick to the eaves,  
He shut himself in, and he shut the  
world out : —  
"Now," said she, "he 's asleep, I will  
just take a peep  
In the cottage, and see what the folks  
are about."

Then she looked very sly, from her  
perch safe and high,  
Through the great open window, left  
wide for the sun ;



And she said: "I can't see what the danger can be,  
I am sure here is nothing to fear or to shun!

"There's an old stupid cat, half asleep on the mat,  
But I think she's too lazy to stir or to walk; —

Oh, you just want to show your importance, I know,  
But you can't frighten me, Mr. Wren, with your talk!

"Now to have my own will, I'll step down on that sill;  
I'm not an inquisitive person — oh, no;

I don't want to see what's improper for me,  
But I like to find out for myself that it's so."

Then this rash little wren hopped on farther again,  
And grown bolder, flew in, and sat perched on a chair;  
Saying, "What there is here that is dreadful or queer,  
I have n't been able to find, I declare.

"Well, I wish for your sake, Mr. Wren, you would wake,  
And see what effect all your warning has had;

Ah! I'll call up that cat, and we'll have a nice chat,  
And rouse him with talking — oh, won't he be mad!"

So she cried, loud and clear, "Good-day, Tabby, my dear!  
I think neighbors a neighborly feeling should show."

"How your friendliness charms," said Puss: "come to my arms,  
I have had my eye on you some time, do you know!"

Something like a sharp snap broke that moment his nap,  
And Mr. Wren said, with a stretch and a wink:

"I suppose, dear, your sleep has been tranquil and deep;  
I just lost myself for a moment, I think.

"Why! she's gone, I declare! well, I'd like to know where?"

And his head up and down peering round him he dips;  
All he saw in the gloom of the shadowy room,

Was an innocent cat meekly licking her lips!

"'Tis too bad she's away; for, of course, I can't stay,"

Said the great Mr. Wren, "shut in this little space:

We must come and must go, but these females, you know,  
Never need any changes of work or of place.

And then he began, like a badly-used man,

To twitter and chirp with an impatient cry;

But soon pausing, sang out, "She's gone off in a pout,

But if she prefers being alone, so do I!

"Yet the place is quite still, so I'll whistle until

She returns to her home full of shame and remorse;

I'm not lonesome at all, but it's no harm to call;

She'll come back fast enough when she hears me, of course!"

So he started his tune, but broke off very soon,

As if he'd been wasting his time, like a dunce;

For he suddenly caught at a very wise thought,

And he altered his whole plan of action at once.

"Now, that cat," he exclaimed, "may be wrongfully blamed;

And since it's a delicate matter to broach,

I don't say of her, that she is not *sans peur*;

But I'm sure in this matter she's not *sans reproche*!

"Ah! I can't love a wren, as I loved her, again,

But I'll try to be manly and act as I ought;

And the birds in the trees, like the fish  
in the seas,  
May be just as good ones as ever  
were caught.

“And if one in the hand, as all men  
understand,  
Is worth two in the bush,” Mr. Wren  
gravely said,  
“Then it seems to me plain, by that  
same rule again,  
That a bird in the bush is worth  
two that are dead.”

So he dropped his sad note, and he  
smoothed down his coat,  
Till his late-ruffled plumage shone  
glossy and bright ;  
And light as a breeze, through the fields  
and the trees,  
He floated and caroled till lost to  
the sight.

And in no longer time than it takes for  
my rhyme, —  
Now would you believe it ? and is n't  
it strange ! —  
He returned all elate, bringing home a  
new mate :  
But birds are but birds, and are given  
to change.

Of course, larger folks are quite crushed  
by such strokes,  
And never are guilty of like fickle  
freaks ; —  
Ah ! a bird's woe is brief, but our great  
human grief  
Will sometimes affect us for days  
and for weeks !

But this does not belong of good right  
to my song,  
For I started to tell about birds and  
their kind ;  
So I'll say Mr. Wren, when he married  
again,  
Took a wife who had not an inquiring  
mind.

For he said what was true : “Mrs.  
Wren, number two,  
You would not have had such good  
fortune, my dear,  
If the first, who is dead, had believed  
what I said,  
And contented herself in her own  
proper sphere.”

Now, to some it might seem like the  
very extreme  
Of folly to ask what you know very  
well ;

But this Mrs. Wren did, and behaved  
as he bid,  
Never asking the wherefore, and he  
did n't tell.

Yes, this meek little bird never thought,  
never stirred,  
Without craving leave in the proper-  
est way :  
She said, with the rest, “Shall I sit on  
my nest  
For three weeks or thirteen ? I'll  
do just as you say !”

Now I think, in the main, it is best to  
explain  
The right and the reason of what we  
command ;  
But he would n't, not he ; a poor female  
was she,  
And he was a male bird as large as  
your hand !

And one more thing, I find, is borne in  
on my mind :  
Mr. Wren may be right, but it seems  
to me strange,  
That while both his grief and his love  
were so brief,  
He should claim such devotion and  
trust in exchange !

And yet I've been told, that with birds  
young and old,  
All the males should direct, all the  
females obey ;  
Though, to speak for a bird, so at least  
I have heard,  
You must *be* one : — as I never was,  
I can't say !

#### DOROTHY'S DOWER.

IN THREE PARTS.

##### PART I.

“MY sweetest Dorothy,” said John,  
Of course before the wedding,  
As metaphorically he stood,  
His gold upon her shedding,  
“Whatever thing you wish or want  
Shall be hereafter granted,

For all my worldly goods are yours."  
The fellow was enchanted!

"About that little dower you have,  
You thought might yet come handy,  
Throw it away, do what you please,  
Spend it on sugar-candy!  
I like your sweet, dependent ways,  
I love you when you tease me;  
The more you ask, the more you spend,  
The better you will please me."

## PART II.

"Confound it, Dorothy!" said John,  
"I have n't got it by me.  
You have n't, have you, spent that sum,  
The dower from Aunt Jemima?  
*No*; well that's sensible for you;  
This fix is most unpleasant;  
But money's tight, so just take yours  
And use it for the present.  
Now I must go — to — meet a man!  
By George! I'll have to borrow!  
Lend me a twenty — that's all right!  
I'll pay you back to-morrow."

## PART III.

"Madam," says John to Dorothy,  
And past her rudely pushes,  
"You think a man is made of gold,  
And money grows on bushes!  
*Tom's shoes! your doctor!* Can't you  
now  
Get up some new disaster?  
You and your children are enough  
To break John Jacob Astor.  
Where's what you had yourself when I  
Was fool enough to court you?  
*That little sum*, till you got me,  
'T was what had to support you!"  
"It's lent and gone, not very far;  
Pray don't be apprehensive."  
"*Lent!* I've had use enough for it:  
My family is expensive.  
I did n't, as a woman would,  
Spend it on sugar-candy!"  
"No, John, I think the most of it  
Went for cigars and brandy!"

## BLACK RANALD.

IN the time when the little flowers are  
born,  
The joyfulest time of the year,

Fair Marion from the Hall rode forth  
To chase the fleet red deer.

She moved among her comely maids  
With such a stately mien  
That they seemed like humble violets  
By the side of a lily queen.

For she, of beauties fair, was named  
The fairest in the land;  
And lovelorn youths had pined and  
died  
For the clasp of her lady hand.

But never suitor yet had pressed  
Her dainty finger-tips;  
And never cheek that wore a beard  
Had touched her maiden lips.

She laughed and danced, she laughed  
and sang;  
She bade her lovers wait;  
Till the gallant Stuart Græme, one  
morn,  
Checked rein at her father's gate.

She blushed and sighed; she laughed  
no more;  
She sang a low refrain;  
And, when the bold young Stuart  
wooded,  
He did not woo in vain.

And now, as to the chase she rides,  
Across her father's land,  
She wears a bright betrothal ring  
Upon her snowy hand.

She loosed the rein, she touched the  
flank  
Of her royal red-roan steed.  
"Now, who among my friends," she  
said,  
"Will vie with me in speed?"

She looked at Græme before them all,  
Though her face was rosy red.  
"He who can catch me as I ride  
Shall be my squire," she said.

Away! they scarce can follow  
Even with their eager eyes;  
She clears the stream, she skims the  
plain  
Swift as the swallow flies.

Alack! no charger in the train  
Can match with hers to-day;

The very deer-hounds, left behind,  
Are yelling in dismay.

Far out upon the lonely moor  
Her speed she checks at last ;  
One single horseman follows her,  
With hoof-strokes gaining fast.

She 's smiling softly to herself,  
She 's speaking soft and low :  
"None but the gallant Stuart Græme  
Could follow where I go !"

She wheels her horse ; she sees a sight  
That makes her pulses stand ;  
Her very cheek, but now so red,  
Grows whiter than her hand.

For, while no friend she sees the way  
Her frightened eyes look back,  
Black Ranald, of the Haunted Tower,  
Is close upon her track !

He 's gained her side ; he 's seized her  
rein —  
The cruellest man in the land ;  
And he has clasped her virgin waist  
With his wicked, wicked hand.

She feels his breath upon her face,  
She hears his mocking tone,  
As he lifts her from her red-roan steed  
And sets her on his own.

"Proud Mistress Marion," he cries,  
"In spite of all your scorn,  
Black Ranald is your squire to-day,  
He 'll be your lord at morn !"

She hears no more, she sees no more,  
For many a weary hour,  
Till from her deadly swoon she wakes  
In Ranald's Haunted Tower.

For, in the highest turret there,  
With never a friend in call,  
He has tied her hands with a silver  
chain  
And bound them to the wall.

She fears no ghosts that haunt the dark,  
But she fears the coming dawn ;  
And her heart grows sick when at day  
she hears  
The prison-bolts withdrawn.

She summons all her strength, as they  
Who for the headsman wait ;

And she prays to every virgin saint  
To help her in her strait ;

For she sees her jailer cross the sill.  
"Now, if you will wed with me,"  
He said, "henceforth of my house and  
land  
You shall queen and ruler be."

"Bold Ranald of the Tower," she said,  
"With heart as black as your name,  
I will only be the bride of Death  
Or the bride of Stuart Græme.

"I will make the coldest, darkest bed  
In the dismal church-yard mine,  
And lay me down to sleep in it,  
Or ever I sleep in thine !"

"I shall tame you yet, proud girl," he  
cried,  
"For you shall not be free,  
Nor bread nor wine shall pass your  
lips  
Till you vow to wed with me !"

She turned ; she laughed in his very  
face :  
"Sir Knave, your threats are vain ;  
Nor bread nor wine shall pass my lips  
Till I am free again !"

He echoed back her mocking laugh,  
He turned him on his heel ;  
When something smote upon his ear  
Like the ringing clang of steel.

The bolts are snapped ; the strong  
door falls ;  
The Græme is standing there ;  
And a hundred armed men at his back  
Are swarming up the stair !

Black Ranald put his horn to his lips  
And blew a warning note.  
"Your followers lie," brave Stuart  
said,  
"Six deep within the moat !

"Alone, a prisoner in your tower,  
Now yield, or you are dead !"  
Black Ranald gnashed his teeth in  
rage,  
"I yield to none," he said.

They drew their swords. "Now die  
the death,"  
Said Græme, "you merit well."

And as he spake, at Marion's feet  
The lifeless Ranald fell.

The Stuart raised the death-pale maid ;  
He broke her silver chain ;  
He bore her down, and set her safe  
On her good red-roan again.

Now closely at his side she rides,  
Nor heeds them one and all ;  
And his hand ne'er quits her bridle-rein  
Till they reach her father's Hall.

Then the glad sire clasps that hand in  
his own,  
While the tears to his beard drop  
slow ;  
" You have saved my child and rid the  
land,"  
He cries, " of a cruel foe ;

" And if this maiden say not nay," —  
Her cheeks burned like a flame, —  
" Then you shall be my son to-night,  
And she shall bear your name."

They have set the lights in every room ;  
They have spread the wedding-feast ;  
And from the neighboring cloister's  
cell  
They have brought the holy priest.

And she is a captive once again —  
The timid, tender dove !  
For she slipped the silver chain to  
wear  
The golden chain of love !

Sweet Marion, under her snow-white  
veil,  
Stands fast by her captor's side,  
As he binds her hands with the mar-  
riage-ring  
And kisses her first, a bride !

### THE LEAK IN THE DIKE.

A STORY OF HOLLAND.

THE good dame looked from her cot-  
tage  
At the close of the pleasant day,  
And cheerily called to her little son  
Outside the door at play :  
" Come, Peter, come ! I want you to  
go,  
While there is light to see,

To the hut of the blind old man who  
lives  
Across the dike, for me ;  
And take these cakes I made for him —  
They are hot and smoking yet ;  
You have time enough to go and come  
Before the sun is set."

Then the good-wife turned to her  
labor,  
Humming a simple song,  
And thought of her husband, working  
hard  
At the sluices all day long ;  
And set the turf a-blazing,  
And brought the coarse black bread ;  
That he might find a fire at night,  
And find the table spread.

And Peter left the brother,  
With whom all day he had played,  
And the sister who had watched their  
sports  
In the willow's tender shade ;  
And told them they'd see him back  
before

They saw a star in sight,  
Though he would n't be afraid to go  
In the very darkest night !  
For he was a brave, bright fellow,  
With eye and conscience clear ;  
He could do whatever a boy might do,  
And he had not learned to fear.  
Why, he would n't have robbed a bird's  
nest,  
Nor brought a stork to harm,  
Though never a law in Holland  
Had stood to stay his arm !

And now, with his face all glowing,  
And eyes as bright as the day  
With the thoughts of his pleasant  
errand,  
He trudged along the way ;  
And soon his joyous prattle  
Made glad a lonesome place —  
Alas ! if only the blind old man  
Could have seen that happy face !  
Yet he somehow caught the brightness  
Which his voice and presence lent ;  
And he felt the sunshine come and go  
As Peter came and went.

And now, as the day was sinking,  
And the winds began to rise,  
The mother looked from her door  
again,  
Shading her anxious eyes ;

And saw the shadows deepen  
 And birds to their homes come  
 back,  
 But never a sign of Peter  
 Along the level track.  
 But she said : " He will come at morn-  
 ing,  
 So I need not fret or grieve —  
 Though it is n't like my boy at all  
 To stay without my leave."

But where was the child delaying ?  
 On the homeward way was he,  
 And across the dike while the sun was  
 up  
 An hour above the sea.  
 He was stopping now to gather flow-  
 ers,  
 Now listening to the sound,  
 As the angry waters dashed themselves  
 Against their narrow bound.  
 " Ah ! well for us," said Peter,  
 " That the gates are good and strong,  
 And my father tends them carefully,  
 Or they would not hold you long !  
 You're a wicked sea," said Peter ;  
 " I know why you fret and chafe ;  
 You would like to spoil our lands and  
 homes ;  
 But our sluices keep you safe !"

But hark ! Through the noise of wa-  
 ters  
 Comes a low, clear, trickling sound ;  
 And the child's face pales with terror,  
 And his blossoms drop to the  
 ground.  
 He is up the bank in a moment,  
 And, stealing through the sand,  
 He sees a stream not yet so large  
 As his slender, childish hand.  
 'Tis a leak in the dike ! He is but a  
 boy,  
 Unused to fearful scenes ;  
 But, young as he is, he has learned to  
 know  
 The dreadful thing that means.  
 A leak in the dike ! The stoutest  
 heart  
 Grows faint that cry to hear,  
 And the bravest man in all the land  
 Turns white with mortal fear.  
 For he knows the smallest leak may  
 grow  
 To a flood in a single night ;  
 And he knows the strength of the  
 cruel sea  
 When loosed in its angry might.

And the boy ! He has seen the  
 danger,  
 And, shouting a wild alarm,  
 He forces back the weight of the sea  
 With the strength of his single arm !  
 He listens for the joyful sound  
 Of a footstep passing nigh ;  
 And lays his ear to the ground, to  
 catch  
 The answer to his cry.  
 And he hears the rough winds blowing,  
 And the waters rise and fall,  
 But never an answer comes to him,  
 Save the echo of his call.  
 He sees no hope, no succor,  
 His feeble voice is lost ;  
 Yet what shall he do but watch and  
 wait,  
 Though he perish at his post !

So, faintly calling and crying  
 Till the sun is under the sea ;  
 Crying and moaning till the stars  
 Come out for company ;  
 He thinks of his brother and sister,  
 Asleep in their safe warm bed ;  
 He thinks of his father and mother,  
 Of himself as dying — and dead ;  
 And of how, when the night is over,  
 They must come and find him at  
 last :  
 But he never thinks he can leave the  
 place  
 Where duty holds him fast.

The good dame in the cottage  
 Is up and astir with the light,  
 For the thought of her little Peter  
 Has been with her all night.  
 And now she watches the pathway,  
 As yester eve she had done ;  
 But what does she see so strange and  
 black  
 Against the rising sun ?  
 Her neighbors are bearing between  
 them  
 Something straight to her door ;  
 Her child is coming home, but not  
 As he ever came before !

" He is dead !" she cries ; " my dar-  
 ling !"  
 And the startled father hears,  
 And comes and looks the way she  
 looks,  
 And fears the thing she fears :  
 Till a glad shout from the bearers  
 Thrills the stricken man and wife —

"Give thanks, for your son has saved  
our land,  
And God has saved his life!"  
So, there in the morning sunshine  
They knelt about the boy;  
And every head was bared and bent  
In tearful, reverent joy.

'T is many a year since then : but still,  
When the sea roars like a flood.  
Their boys are taught what a boy can do  
Who is brave and true and good.  
For every man in that country  
Takes his son by the hand,  
And tells him of little Peter,  
Whose courage saved the land.

They have many a valiant hero,  
Remembered through the years :  
But never one whose name so oft  
Is named with loving tears.  
And his deed shall be sung by the  
cradle,  
And told to the child on the knee,  
So long as the dikes of Holland  
Divide the land from the sea !

#### THE LANDLORD OF THE BLUE HEN.

ONCE, a long time ago, so good stories  
begin,  
There stood by a roadside an old-fashion-  
ed inn ;  
An inn, which the landlord had named  
"The Blue Hen,"  
While he, by his neighbors, was called  
"Uncle Ben ;"

At least, they quite often addressed  
him that way  
When ready to drink but not ready to  
pay ;  
Though when he insisted on having the  
cash,  
They went off, muttering "Rummy,"  
and "Old Brandy Smash."

He sold barrels of liquor, but still the  
old "Hen"  
Seemed never to flourish, and neither  
did "Ben ;"  
For he drank up the profits, as every  
one knew,  
Even those who were drinking their  
profits up, too.

So, with all they could drink, and with  
all they could pay,  
The landlord grew poorer and poorer  
each day ;  
Men said, as he took down the gin  
from the shelf,  
"The steadiest customer there was  
himself."

There was hardly a man living in the  
same street  
But had too much to drink and too little  
to eat ;  
The women about the old "Hen" got  
the blues ;  
The girls had no bonnets, the boys had  
no shoes.

When a poor fellow died, he was borne  
on his bier  
By his comrades, whose hands shook  
with brandy and fear ;  
For of course, they were terribly fright-  
ened, and yet,  
They went back to "The Blue Hen"  
to drink and forget !

There was one jovial farmer who  
could n't get by  
The door of "The Blue Hen" without  
feeling dry ;  
One day he discovered his purse grow-  
ing light,  
"There must be a leak somewhere,"  
he said. He was right !

Then there was the blacksmith (the  
best ever known  
Folks said, if he'd only let liquor  
alone)  
Let his forge cool so often, at last he  
forgot  
To heat up his iron and strike when  
't was hot.

Once a miller, going home from "The  
Blue Hen," 't was said,  
While his wife sat and wept by his sick  
baby's bed,  
Had made a false step, and slept all  
night alone  
In the bed of the river, instead of his  
own.

Even poor "Ben" himself could not  
drink of the cup  
Of fire forever without burning up ;

He grew sick, fell to raving, declared  
that he knew  
No doctors could help him ; and they  
said so, too.

He told those about him, the ghosts of  
the men  
Who used in their life-times to haunt  
"The Blue Hen,  
Had come back each one bringing his  
children and wife,  
And trying to frighten him out of his  
life.

Now he thought he was burning ; the  
very next breath  
He shivered and cried, he was freezing  
to death ;  
That the peddler lay by him, who, long  
years ago,  
Was put out of "The Blue Hen," and  
died in the snow.

He said that the blacksmith who turned  
to a sot,  
Laid him out on an anvil and beat him,  
red-hot ;  
That the builder, who swallowed his  
brandy fourth proof,  
Was pitching him downward, head first,  
from the roof.

At last he grew frantic ; he clutched at  
the sheet,  
And cried that the miller had hold of  
his feet ;  
Then leaped from his bed with a ter-  
rible scream,  
That the dead man was dragging him  
under the stream.

Then he ran, and so swift that no  
mortal could save ;  
He went over the bank and went under  
the wave ;  
And his poor lifeless body next morn-  
ing was found  
In the very same spot where the miller  
was drowned.

"'T was n't liquor that killed him," some  
said, "that was plain ;  
He was crazy, and sober folks might  
be insane !"

"'T was *delirium tremens*," the cor-  
oner said,  
But whatever it was, he was certainly  
dead !

### THE KING'S JEWEL.

'T WAS a night to make the bravest  
Shrink from the tempest's breath,  
For the winter snows were bitter,  
And the winds were cruel as death.

All day on the roofs of Warsaw  
Had the white storm sifted down  
Till it almost hid the humble huts  
Of the poor, outside the town.

And it beat upon one low cottage  
With a sort of reckless spite  
As if to add to their wretchedness  
Who sat by its hearth that night ;

Where Dorby, the Polish peasant,  
Took his pale wife by the hand,  
And told her that when the morrow  
came  
They would have no home in the land.

No human hand would aid him  
With the rent that was due at morn ;  
And his cold, hard-hearted landlord  
Had spurned his prayers with scorn.

Then the poor man took his Bible,  
And read, while his eyes grew dim,  
To see if any comfort  
Were written there for him ;

When he suddenly heard a knocking  
On the casement, soft and light ;  
It was n't the storm ; but what else  
could be  
Abroad in such a night ?

Then he went and opened the window,  
But for wonder scarce could speak,  
As a bird flew in with a jeweled ring  
Held flashing in his beak.

'T is the bird I trained, said Dorby,  
And that is the precious ring,  
That once I saw on the royal hand  
Of our good and gracious King.

And if birds, as our lesson tells us,  
Once came with food to men,  
Who knows, said the foolish peasant,  
But they might be sent again !

So he hopefully went with the morn-  
ing,  
And knocked at the palace gate,



And gave to the King the jewel  
They had searched for long and late.

And when he had heard the story  
Which the peasant had to tell ;  
He gave him a fruitful garden,  
And a home wherein to dwell.

And Dorby wrote o'er the doorway  
These words that all might see :  
"Thou hast called on the Lord in  
trouble,  
And He hath delivered thee !"

## EDGAR'S WIFE.

I KNOW that Edgar's kind and good,  
And I know my home is fine,  
If I only could live in it, mother,  
And only could make it mine.

You need not look at me and smile,  
In such a strange, sad way ;  
I am not out of my head at all,  
And I know just what I say.

I know that Edgar freely gives  
Whate'er he thinks will please ;  
But it's what we love that brings us  
good,  
And my heart is not in these.

Oh, I wish I could stand where the  
maples  
Drop their shadows, cool and dim ;  
Or lie in the sweet red clover,  
Where I walked, but not with him !

Nay, you need not mind me, mother,  
I love him — or at the worst,  
I try to shut the past from my heart ;  
But you know he was not the first !

And I strive to make him feel my life  
Is his, and here, as I ought ;  
But he never can come into the world  
That I live in, in my thought.

For whether I wake, or whether I sleep,  
It is always just the same ;  
I am far away to the time that was,  
Or the time that never came.

Sometimes I walk in the paradise,  
That, alas ! was not to be ;  
Sometimes I sit the whole night long  
A child on my father's knee ;

And when my sweet sad fancies run  
Unheeded as they list,  
They go and search about to find  
The things my life has missed.

Aye ! this love is a tyrant always,  
And whether for evil or good,  
Neither comes nor goes for our bid-  
ding, —  
But I've done the best I could.

And Edgar's a worthy man I know,  
And I know my house is fine ;  
But I never shall live in it, mother,  
And I never shall make it mine !

## THE FICKLE DAY.

LAST night, when the sweet young  
moon shone clear  
In her hall of starry splendor,  
I said what a maiden loves to hear,  
To a maiden true and tender.  
She promised to walk with me at noon,  
In the meadow red with clover ;  
And I set her words to a pleasant tune,  
And sang them over and over.  
So awake in the early dawn I lay,  
And heard the stir and humming  
The glad earth makes when her or-  
chestra  
Of a thousand birds is coming.

I saw the waning lights in the skies  
Blown out by the breath of morn-  
ing ;  
And the morn grow pale as a maid who  
dies,  
When her loving wins but scorn-  
ing.  
And I said, the day will never rise ;  
On her cloudy couch she lingers,  
Still pressing the lids of her sweet  
blue eyes  
Close shut with her rosy fingers.  
But she rose at last, and stood arrayed  
Like a queen for a royal crowning,  
And I thought her look was never  
made  
For changing or for frowning.

But alas for the dreams that round us  
play !  
For the plans of mortal making !  
And alas for the false and fickle day  
That looked so fair at waking !

For suddenly on the world she frowned,  
 Till the birds grew still in their  
 places,  
 And the blossoms turned their eyes on  
 the ground  
 To hide their frightened faces.  
 And the light grew checkered where it  
 lay,  
 Across the hill and meadow,  
 For she hid her sunny hair away  
 Under a net of shadow.

And close in the folds of a cloudy veil,  
 Her altered beauty keeping,  
 She breathed a low and lonesome wail,  
 And softly fell a-weeping.  
 And now, my dream of the time to be,  
 My beautiful dream is over ;  
 For no maiden will walk at noon with  
 me  
 In the meadow red with clover.  
 And within and without I feel and see  
 But woeful, weary weather ;  
 Ah ! wretched day ; ah ! wretched me —  
 We well may weep together !

#### THE MAID OF KIRCONNEL.

FAIR Kirtle, hastening to the sea,  
 Through lands of sunniest green,  
 But for thy tender witchery  
 " Fair Helen of Kirconnel lea,"  
 A happier fate had seen.  
 And wood-bower sweet, whose vines  
 displayed  
 A royal wreath of flowers ;  
 Why did you lure the dreaming maid,  
 So oft beneath your haunted shade,  
 To pass the charmed hours ?  
 For hidden, like the feathery choir,  
 There from the noontide's glance,  
 She lit the heart's first vestal fire,  
 And fed its flame of soft desire,  
 With dreams of old romance.  
 Poor, frightened doe, that sought the  
 shade  
 Of that sequestered place ;  
 And led the tender, timid maid,  
 Blushing, surprised, and half afraid,  
 To meet the hunter's face.  
 Not thine the fault, but thine the deed,  
 Blind, harmless innocent ;

When to that bosom, doomed to bleed,  
 With cruel, swift, unerring speed,  
 The fatal arrow went.

Why came no warning voice to save,  
 No cry upon the blast,  
 When Helen fair, and Fleming brave,  
 Sat on the dead Kirconnel's grave,  
 And spake, and kissed their last ?

O Mary, gone in life's young bloom,  
 O " Mary of the lea,"  
 Couldst thou not leave one hour the  
 tomb,  
 To save her from that hapless doom,  
 So soon to sleep by thee ?

Vain, vain, to say what might have been,  
 Or strive with cruel Fate ;  
 Evil the world hath entered in,  
 And sin is death, and death is sin,  
 And love must trust and wait.

For here the crown of lovers true  
 Still hides its flowers beneath —  
 The sharpest thorns that ever grew,  
 The thorns that pierce us through and  
 through,  
 And make us bleed to death !

#### SAINT MACARIUS OF THE DESERT.

GOOD Saint Macarius, full of grace,  
 And happy as none but a saint can  
 be,  
 Abode in his cell, in a desert place,  
 With only angels for company ;  
 And fasting daily till vesper time,  
 And praying oft till the hour of prime ;  
 He wept so freely for all the sin  
 That ever had stained his soul below,  
 That, though the hue of his guilt had  
 been  
 As scarlet, it must have changed to  
 snow.

The Tempter scarce could charm his  
 sight  
 Who came transformed to an angel of  
 light ;  
 The demons that pursued his track  
 He sent to a fiercer torment back ;  
 And he wearied, with fast and penance  
 grim,  
 The fiends that were sent to weary him,

Until at last it came about  
That he vanquished the fiercest of  
Satan's brood,  
And the powers of darkness, tired out,  
Had left the anchoret unsubdued.

Yet I marvel what they could have  
been  
The sins that he strove to wash  
away ;

For he had fled from the haunts of  
men

In the pure, sweet dawn of his man-  
hood's day.

But surely now they were all forgiven,  
For alone in the desert, for sixty  
years,

He had eat of its scant herbs morn  
and even,

And black bread, moistened with  
bitter tears.

Yet so cunning and subtle is the mesh  
For the souls of the unwary laid,

And so strong is the power of the  
world and flesh,

That the very elect have been be-  
trayed.

And therefore even our holy saint,  
When fast and penance and watch  
were done,

Made often bitter and loud complaint  
Of the artful wiles of the Evil One.

For he found that none may flee from  
his ire,

Or find a refuge and safe retreat,  
In the time when Satan doth desire

To have and to sift the soul like  
wheat.

Good Saint Macarius, having passed  
The long, hot hours of the day in  
prayer,

Rose once an hungered, after a fast  
That was long for even a saint to  
bear.

And looking without, where the shad-  
ows fell —

'T was a sight most rare in that  
lonely place —

Just at the door of his humble cell  
He saw a stranger face to face,

Who greeted him in a tender tone,  
That fell on his weary heart like

balm,  
As graciously from out his own

He dropped in the hermit's open  
palm

A cluster plucked from a fruitful vine,  
Ripe and ruddy, and full of wine.

"Thanks," said the saint, for his  
heart was glad,

"My blessing take for a righteous  
deed ;

'T is the very gift I would have had  
For one in his sore distress and  
need."

Then, seizing a staff in his eager hand,  
He hurried over the burning sand,

To a cell where a holy brother lay,  
Wasting and dying day by day,

And gave, his dying thirst to slake.  
The fruit 't were a sin for himself to  
take.

Alas ! the fainting hermit said,  
To the holy brother who watched his  
bed,

Short at the worst can be my stay  
In this vile and wretched house of  
clay ;

For my night is almost done below,  
And at break of day I must rise and  
go,

Shall I yield at last the flesh to please,  
And lose my soul for a moment's ease ?

Nay, take this gift to my precious son,  
Whose weary journey is scarce begun,  
For the burden of penance and fast  
and prayer

Is a heavier thing for the young to  
bear.

Therefore his sin were not as mine,  
Though he ate the pleasant fruit of the  
vine.

So, before another hour had gone,  
The will of the dying man was done ;

And the fair young monk, who had  
come to dwell

For the good of his soul in a desert-  
cell,

Had bound the sandals on his feet,  
And drawn his hood about his head,

And, bearing the cluster ripe and  
sweet,

Was crossing the desert with cheer-  
ful tread.

For he said, 'T were well that an aged  
saint

Should break his fast with fruits like  
these :

But I in my vigor dare not taint  
My soul with self-indulgencies.

And the holy father whom I seek,  
By praying and fasting oft and long,  
I fear me makes the flesh too weak  
To keep the spirit brave and strong.

At the day-break Saint Macarius rose  
From his peaceful sleep with conscience clear.

And lo ! the youngest monk of those  
Who lived in a desert-cell drew near ;

And, greeting his father in the Lord,  
Passed reverently the open door.

And again the hermit had on his board  
The fruit untouched as it was before.

Then Saint Macarius joyful raised  
His thankful eyes and hands to heaven,

And cried aloud : "The saints be praised

That unto all my sons was given  
Such strength that, tempted as they  
have been,

Not a single soul hath yielded to sin."

And then, though he had not broken  
fast,

The lure was firmly put aside ;  
And in the future, as in the past,

A self-denying man to the last,  
Good Saint Macarius lived and died.  
And he never tasted the fruit of the  
vine,

Till he went to a righteous man's  
reward,

And took of the heavenly bread and  
wine

New in the kingdom of the Lord.

#### FAIR ELEANOR.

WHEN the birds were mating and  
building

To the sound of a pleasant tune,  
Fair Eleanor sat on the porch and spun  
All the long bright afternoon.

She wound the flax on the distaff,  
She spun it fine and strong ;  
She sung as it slipped through her  
hands, and this

Was the burden of her song :  
"I sit here spinning, spinning,  
And my heart beats joyfully,  
Though my lover is riding away from  
me

To his home by the hills of the sea."

When the shining skeins were finished,  
And the loom its work had done,  
Fair Eleanor brought her linen out  
To spread on the grass in the sun.

She sprinkled it over with water,  
She turned and bleached it white ;

And still she sung, and the burden  
Was gay, as her heart was light :

"O sun, keep shining, shining !

O web, bleach white for me !  
For now my lover is riding back  
From his home by the hills of the  
sea."

When the sun, through the leaves of  
autumn,

Burned with a dull-red flame,  
Fair Eleanor had made the robes

To wear when her lover came.  
And she stood at the open clothes-  
press,

And the roses burned in her face,  
As she strewed with roses and lavender

Her folded linen and lace ;  
And she murmured softly, softly :

"My bridegroom draws near to me,  
And we shall ride back together  
To his home by the hills of the  
sea."

When the desolate clouds of winter  
Shrouded the face of the sun,  
Then the fair, fair Eleanor, wedded,  
Was dressed in the robes she had  
spun.

But never again in music  
Did her silent lips dispart,  
Though her lover came from his home  
by the sea,

And clasped her to his heart ;  
Though he cried, as he kissed and  
kissed her,

Till his sobs through the house  
were heard —

Ah, she was too happy where she had  
gone,

I ween, to answer a word !

#### BREAKING THE ROADS.

ABOUT the cottage, cold and white,  
The snow-drifts heap the ground ;  
Through its curtains closely drawn to-  
night

There scarcely steals a sound.

The task is done that patient hands  
 Through all the day have plied ;  
 And the flax-wheel, with its loosened  
 bands,  
 Is idly set aside.

Above the hearth-fire's pleasant glare,  
 Sings now the streaming spout ;  
 The housewife, at her evening care,  
 Is passing in and out.

And still as here and there she flits,  
 With cheerful, bustling sound,  
 Musing, her daughter silent sits,  
 With eyes upon the ground.

A maiden, womanly and true,  
 Sweet as the mountain-rose ;  
 No fairer form than hers ere grew  
 Amid the winter snows.

A rosy mouth, and o'er her brow  
 Brown, smoothly-braided hair,  
 Surely the youth beside her now  
 Must covet flower so fair.

For bashfulness she dare not meet  
 His eyes that keep their place,  
 So steadfastly and long in sweet  
 Perusal of her face.

Herself is Lucy's only charm,  
 To make her prized or sought ;  
 And Ralph hath but the goodly farm  
 Whereon his fathers wrought.

He, with his neighbors, toiling slow  
 To-day till sunset's gleam,  
 Breaking a road-track through the  
 snow,  
 Has urged his patient team.

They came at morn from every home,  
 They have labored cheerily ;  
 They have cut a way through the  
 snowy foam,  
 As a good ship cuts the sea.

And when his tired friends were gone,  
 Their pleasant labors o'er,  
 Ralph stayed to make a path, alone,  
 To Lucy's cottage-door.

The thankful dame her friend must  
 press  
 To share her hearth's warm blaze :  
 What could the daughter give him less  
 Than words of grateful praise ?

And now the board has given its cheer,  
 The eve has nearly gone,  
 Yet by the hearth-fire bright and clear  
 The youth still lingers on.

The mother rouses from her nap,  
 Her task awhile she keeps ;  
 At last, with knitting on her lap,  
 Tired nature calmly sleeps.

Then Lucy, bringing from the shelf  
 Apples that mock her cheeks,  
 Falls working busily herself,  
 And half in whisper speaks.

And Ralph, for very bashfulness,  
 Is held a moment mute ;  
 Then drawing near, he takes in his  
 The hand that pares the fruit.

Then Lucy strives to draw away  
 Her hand, yet kindly too,  
 And half in his she lets it stay, —  
 She knows not what to do.

"Darling," he cries, with flushing  
 cheek,  
 "Forego awhile your task ;  
 Lift up your downcast eyes and speak,  
 'Tis but a word I ask !"

He sees the color rise and wane  
 Upon the maiden's face ;  
 Then with a kiss he sets again  
 The red rose in its place.

The mother wakes in strange surprise,  
 And wondering looks about, —  
 "How careless, Lucy dear," she cries ;  
 "You've let the fire go out !"

Then Lucy turned her face away,  
 She did not even speak ;  
 But she looked as if the live coals lay  
 A-burning in her cheek.

"Ralph," said the dame, "you ne'er  
 before  
 Played such a double part :  
 Have you made the way both to my  
 door  
 And to my daughter's heart ?"

"I've tried my best," cried happy  
 Ralph,  
 "And if she 'll be my wife,  
 I'll make a pathway smooth and safe  
 For my darling all her life !"

All winter from his home to that  
Where Lucy lived content,  
Along a path made hard and straight,  
Her lover came and went.

And when spring smiled in all her  
bowers,  
And birds sang far and wide,  
He trod a pathway through the flowers,  
And led her home a bride !

#### THE CHRISTMAS SHEAF.

"Now, good-wife, bring your precious  
hoard,"

The Norland farmer cried ;  
"And heap the hearth, and heap the  
board,  
For the blessed Christmas-tide.

"And bid the children fetch," he said,  
"The last ripe sheaf of wheat,  
And set it on the roof o'erhead,  
That the birds may come and eat.

"And this we do for his dear sake,  
The Master kind and good,  
Who, of the loaves He blest and brake,  
Fed all the multitude."

Then Fredrica, and Franz, and Paul,  
When they heard their father's  
words,

Put up the sheaf, and one and all  
Seemed merry as the birds.

Till suddenly the maiden sighed,  
The boys were hushed in fear,  
As, covering all her face, she cried,  
"If Hansei were but here !"

And when, at dark, about the hearth  
They gathered still and slow,  
You heard no more the childish mirth  
So loud an hour ago.

And on their tender cheeks the tears  
Shone in the flickering light ;  
For they were four in other years  
Who are but three to-night.

And tears are in the mother's tone ;  
As she speaks, she trembles, too :  
"Come, children, come, for the supper's  
done,  
And your father waits for you."

Then Fredrica, and Franz, and Paul,  
Stood each beside his chair ;  
The boys were comely lads, and tall,  
The girl was good and fair.

The father's hand was raised to crave  
A grace before the meat,  
When the daughter spake ; her words  
were brave  
But her voice was low and sweet :

"Dear father, should we give the  
wheat  
To all the birds of the air ?  
Shall we let the kite and the raven eat  
Such choice and dainty fare ?

"For if to-morrow from our store  
We drive them not away,  
The good little birds will get no more  
Than the evil birds of prey."

"Nay, nay, my child," he gravely  
said,  
"You have spoken to your shame,  
For the good, good Father overhead,  
"Feeds all the birds the same.

"He hears the ravens when they cry,  
He keeps the fowls of the air ;  
And a single sparrow cannot lie  
On the ground without his care."

"Yea, father, yea ; and tell me this," —  
Her words came fast and wild, —  
"Are not a thousand sparrows less  
To Him than a single child ?

"Even though it sinned and strayed  
from home ?"  
The father groaned in pain  
As she cried, "oh, let our Hansei come  
And live with us again !

"I know he did what was not right" —  
Sadly he shook his head ;  
"If he knew I longed for him to-night,  
He would not come," he said.

"He went from me in wrath and pride ;  
God ! shield him tenderly !  
For I hear the wild wind cry outside,  
Like a soul in agony."

"Nay, it is a soul !" Oh, eagerly  
The maiden answered then ;  
"And, father, what if it should be he,  
Come back to us again !"

She stops — the portal open flies ;  
 Her fear is turned to joy ;  
 "Hansei !" the startled father cries ;  
 And the mother sobs, " My boy ! "

'T is a bowed and humbled man they  
 greet,  
 With loving lips and eyes,  
 Who fain would kneel at his father's  
 feet,  
 But he softly bids him rise ;

And he says, " I bless thee, O mine  
 own ;  
 Yea, and thou shalt be blest ! "   
 While the happy mother holds her son  
 Like a baby on her breast.

Their house and love again to share  
 The Prodigal has come !  
 And now there will be no empty chair,  
 Nor empty heart in their home.

And they think, as they see their joy  
 and pride  
 Safe back in the sheltering fold,  
 Of the child that was born at Christ-  
 mas-tide  
 In Bethlehem of old.

And all the hours glide swift away  
 With loving, hopeful words,  
 Till the Christmas sheaf at break of  
 day  
 Is alive with happy birds !

### LITTLE GOTTLIEB.

#### A CHRISTMAS STORY.

ACROSS the German Ocean,  
 In a country far from our own,  
 Once, a poor little boy, named Gottlieb,  
 Lived with his mother alone.

They dwelt in the part of a village  
 Where the houses were poor and  
 small,  
 But the home of little Gottlieb,  
 Was the poorest one of all.

He was not large enough to work,  
 And his mother could do no more

[NOTE. — In Norway the last sheaf from the har-  
 vest field is never threshed, but it is always reserved  
 till Christmas Eve, when it is set up on the roof as a  
 feast for the hungry birds.]

(Though she scarcely laid her knitting  
 down)  
 Than keep the wolf from the door.

She had to take their threadbare clothes,  
 And turn, and patch, and darn ;  
 For never any woman yet  
 Grew rich by knitting yarn.

And oft at night, beside her chair,  
 Would Gottlieb sit, and plan  
 The wonderful things he would do for  
 her,  
 When he grew to be a man.

One night she sat and knitted,  
 And Gottlieb sat and dreamed,  
 When a happy fancy all at once  
 Upon his vision beamed.

'T was only a week till Christmas,  
 And Gottlieb knew that then  
 The Christ-child, who was born that  
 day,  
 Sent down good gifts to men.

But he said, " He will never find us,  
 Our home is so mean and small.  
 And we, who have most need of them,  
 Will get no gifts at all."

When all at once, a happy light  
 Came into his eyes so blue,  
 And lighted up his face with smiles,  
 As he thought what he could do.

Next day when the postman's letters  
 Came from all over the land ;  
 Came one for the Christ-child, written  
 In a child's poor trembling hand.

You may think he was sorely puzzled  
 What in the world to do ;  
 So he went to the Burgomaster,  
 As the wisest man he knew.

And when they opened the letter,  
 They stood almost dismayed  
 That such a little child should dare  
 To ask the Lord for aid.

Then the Burgomaster stammered,  
 And scarce knew what to speak,  
 And hastily he brushed aside  
 A drop, like a tear, from his cheek.

Then up he spoke right gruffly,  
 And turned himself about :

This must be a very foolish boy,  
And a small one, too, no doubt."

But when six rosy children  
That night about him pressed,  
Poor, trusting little Gottlieb  
Stood near him, with the rest.

And he heard his simple, touching  
prayer,  
Through all their noisy play ;  
Though he tried his very best to put  
The thought of him away.

A wise and learned man was he,  
Men called him good and just ;  
But his wisdom seemed like foolish-  
ness,  
By that weak child's simple trust.

Now when the morn of Christmas  
came  
And the long, long week was done,  
Poor Gottlieb, who scarce could sleep,  
Rose up before the sun,

And hastened to his mother,  
But he scarce might speak for fear,  
When he saw her wondering look, and  
saw  
The Burgomaster near.

He was n't afraid of the Holy Babe,  
Nor his mother, meek and mild ;  
But he felt as if so great a man  
Had never been a child.

Amazed the poor child looked, to find  
The hearth was piled with wood,  
And the table, never full before,  
Was heaped with dainty food.

Then half to hide from himself the  
truth  
The Burgomaster said,  
While the mother blessed him on her  
knees,  
And Gottlieb shook for dread :

"Nay, give no thanks, my good dame,  
To such as me for aid,  
Be grateful to your little son,  
And the Lord to whom he prayed !"

Then turning round to Gottlieb,  
"Your written prayer, you see,  
Come not to whom it was addressed,  
It only came to me !

"'T was but a foolish thing you did,  
As you must understand ;  
For though the gifts are yours, you  
know,  
You have them from my hand."

Then Gottlieb answered fearlessly,  
Where he humbly stood apart,  
"But the Christ-child sent them all the  
same,  
He put the thought in your heart !"

#### A MONKISH LEGEND.

BEAUTIFUL stories, by tongue and pen,  
Are told of holy women and men,  
Who have heard, entranced in some  
lonely cell,  
The things not lawful for lip to tell ;  
And seen, when their souls were caught  
away,  
What they might not say.

But one of the sweetest in tale or  
rhyme  
Is told of a monk of the olden time,  
Who read all day in his sacred nook  
The words of the good Saint Austin's  
book,  
Where he tells of the city of God, that  
best  
Last place of rest.

Sighing, the holy father said,  
As he shut the volume he had read :  
"Methinks if heaven shall only be  
A Sabbath long as eternity,  
Its bliss will at last be a weary reign,  
And its peace be pain."

So he wandered, musing under his  
hood,  
Far into the depths of a solemn wood ;  
Where a bird was singing, so soft and  
clear,  
That he paused and listened with  
charmèd ear ;  
Listened, nor knew, while thus intent,  
How the moments went.

But the music ceased, and the sweet  
spell broke,  
And as if from a guilty dream he  
woke,  
That holy man, and he cried aghast,  
"Mea culpa ! an hour has passed,



And I have not counted my beads, nor  
prayed  
To the saints for aid !”

Then, amazed he fled ; but his horror  
grew,  
For the wood was strange, and the  
pathway new ;  
Yet, with trembling step, he hurried  
on,  
Till at last the open plain was won,  
Where, grim and black, o'er the vale  
around,  
The convent frowned.

“ Holy Saint Austin ! ” cried the monk,  
And down on the ground for terror  
sunk ;  
For lo ! the convent, tower, and cell,  
Sacred crucifix, blessèd bell,  
Had passed away, and in their stead,  
Was a ruin spread.

In that hour, while the rapture held  
him fast,  
A century had come and passed ;  
And he rose an altered man, and went  
His way, and knew what the vision  
meant ;  
For a mighty truth, till then unknown,  
By that trance was shown.

And he saw how the saints, with their  
Lord, shall say.  
A thousand years are but as a day ;  
Since bliss itself must grow from bliss,  
And holiness from holiness ;  
And love, while eternity's ages move,  
Cannot tire of love !

#### ARTHUR'S WIFE.

I 'm getting better, Miriam, though it  
tires me yet to speak ;  
And the fever, clinging to me, keeps  
me spiritless and weak,  
And leaves me with a headache always  
when it passes off ;  
But I 'm better, almost well at last, ex-  
cept this wretched cough !

I should have passed the livelong day  
alone here but for you ;  
For Arthur never comes till night, he  
has so much to do !

And so sometimes I lie and think, till  
my heart seems nigh to burst,  
Of the hope that lit my future, when I  
I watched his coming first.

I wonder why it is that now he does  
not seem the same ;  
Perhaps my fancy is at fault, and he is  
not to blame ;  
It surely cannot be because he has me  
always near,  
For I feared and felt it long before the  
time he brought me here.

Yet still, I said, his wife will charm  
each shadow from his brow,  
What can I do to win his love, or  
prove my loving now ?  
So I waited, studying patiently his  
every look and thought ;  
But I fear that I shall never learn to  
please him as I ought.

I 've tried so many ways, to smooth his  
path where it was rough,  
But I always either do too much, or fail  
to do enough ;  
And at times, as if it wearied him, he  
pushes off my arm —  
The very things that used to please  
have somehow lost their charm.

Once, when I wore a pretty gown, a  
gown he use to praise,  
I asked him, laughing, if I seemed the  
sweetheart of old days.  
He did not know the dress, and said,  
he never could have told,  
'T was not that unbecoming one, which  
made me look so old !

I cannot tell how anything I do may  
seems to him.  
Sometimes he thinks me childish, and  
sometimes stiff and prim ;  
Yet you must not think I blame him,  
dear ; I could not wrong him  
so —  
He is very good to me, and I am  
happy, too, you know !

But I am often troublesome, and sick  
too much, I fear,  
And sometimes let the children cry  
when he is home to hear.  
Ah me ! if I should leave them, with  
no other care than his !

Yet he says his love is wiser than my  
foolish fondness is.

I think he 'd care about the babe. I  
called him Arthur, too —  
Hoping to please him when I said, I  
named him, love, for you !  
He never noticed any child of mine, ex-  
cept this one,  
So the girls would only have to do as  
they have always done.

Give me my wrapper, Miriam. Help  
me a little, dear !  
When Arthur comes home, vexed and  
tired, he must not find me  
here.  
Why, I can even go down-stairs : I al-  
ways make the tea.  
He does not like that any one should  
wait on him but me.

He never sees me lying down when he  
is home, you know,  
And I seldom tell him how I feel, he  
hates to hear it so ;  
Yet I 'm sure he grieves in secret at  
the thought that I may die,  
Though he often laughs at me, and  
says, "You 're stronger now  
than I."

Perhaps there are some men who love  
more than they ever say :  
He does not show his feelings, but that  
may not be his way.  
Why, how foolishly I 'm talking, when  
I know he 's good and kind !  
But we women always ask too much ;  
more than we ever find.

My slippers, Miriam ! No, not those ;  
bring me the easy pair.  
I surely heard the door below ; I hear  
him on the stair !  
There comes the old, sharp pain again,  
that almost makes me frown ;  
And it seems to me I always cough  
when I try to keep it down.

Ah, Arthur ! take this chair of mine ; I  
feel so well and strong ;  
Besides, I am getting tired of it — I 've  
sat here all day long.  
Poor dear ! you work so hard for me,  
and I 'm so useless, too !  
A trouble to myself, and, worse, a  
trouble now to you.

## GRACIE.

GRACIE rises with a light  
In her clear face like the sun,  
Like the regal, crownèd sun  
That at morning meets her sight :  
Mirthful, merry little one,  
Happy, hopeful little one ;  
What has made her day so bright ?

Who her sweet thoughts shall divine,  
As she draweth water up,  
Water from the well-spring up ?  
What hath made the draught so fine,  
That she drinketh of the cup,  
Of the dewy, dripping cup,  
As if tasting royal wine ?

Tripping up and down the stair,  
Hers are pleasant tasks to-day,  
Hers are easy tasks to-day ;  
Done without a thought of care,  
Something makes her work but play,  
All her work delightful play,  
And the time a holiday.

And her lips make melody,  
Like a silver-ringing rill,  
Like a laughing, leaping rill :  
Then she breaks off suddenly ;  
But her heart seems singing still,  
Beating out its music still,  
Though it beateth silently.

And I wonder what she thinks ;  
Only to herself she speaks,  
Very low and soft she speaks.  
As she plants the scarlet pinks,  
Something plants them in her cheeks,  
Sets them blushing in her cheeks.  
How I wonder what she thinks !

To a bruised vine she goes ;  
Tenderly she does her part,  
Carefully she does her part,  
As if, while she bound the rose,  
She were binding up a heart,  
Binding up a broken heart.  
Doth she think but of the rose ?

Bringing odorous leaf and flower  
To her bird she comes elate,  
Comes as one, with step elate,  
Cometh in a happy hour  
To a true and tender mate.  
Doth she think of such a mate ?  
Is she trimming cage and bower ?

How she loves the flower she brings !  
 See her press her lips to this,  
 Press her rosy mouth to this,  
 In a kiss that clings and clings.  
 Hath the maiden learned that kiss,  
 Learned that lingering, loving kiss,  
 From such cold insensate things ?

What has changed our pretty one ?  
 A new light is in her eyes,  
 In her downcast, drooping eyes,  
 As she walks beneath the moon.  
 What has waked those piteous sighs,  
 Waked her touching, tender sighs ?  
 Has love found her out so soon ?

Even her mother wonderingly  
 Saith : " How strange our darling  
 seems,  
 How unlike herself she seems."  
 And I answer : " Oft we see  
 Women living as in dreams,  
 When love comes into their dreams.  
 What if hers such dreaming be ? "

But she says, undoubtingly :  
 " Whatsoever else it mean,  
 This it surely cannot mean.  
 Gracie is a babe to me,  
 Just a child of scarce sixteen,  
 And it seems but yestere'en  
 That she sat upon my knee."

Ah wise mother ! if you proved  
 Lover never crossed her way,  
 I would think the self-same way.  
 Ever since the world has moved,  
 Babes seemed women in a day ;  
 And, alas ! and welladay !  
 Men have wooed and maidens loved !

POOR MARGARET.

We always called her " poor Margaret,"  
 And spoke about her in mournful  
 phrase ;  
 And so she comes to my memory yet  
 As she seemed to me in my childish  
 days.

For in that which changing, waxeth old,  
 In things which perish, we saw her  
 poor,  
 But we never saw the wealth untold,  
 She kept where treasures alone en-  
 dure.

We saw her wrinkled, and pale, and  
 thin.  
 And bowed with toil, but we could  
 not see  
 That her patient spirit grew straight  
 within,  
 In the power of its upright purity.

Over and over, every day,  
 Bleaching her linen in sun and rain,  
 We saw her turn it until it lay  
 As white on the grass as the snow  
 had lain ;

But we could not see how her Father's  
 smile,  
 Shining over her spirit there,  
 Was whitening for her all the while  
 The spotless raiment his people  
 wear.

She crimped and folded, smooth and  
 nice,  
 All our sister's clothes, when she  
 came to wed, —  
 (Alas ! that she only wore them twice,  
 Once when living, and once when  
 dead !)

And we said, she can have no wedding-  
 day ;  
 Speaking sorrowfully, under our  
 breath ;  
 While her thoughts were all where they  
 give away  
 No brides to lovers, and none to  
 death.

Poor Margaret ! she sleeps now under  
 the sod,  
 And the ills of her mortal life are  
 past ;  
 But heir with her Saviour, and heir of  
 God,  
 She is rich in her Father's House at  
 last.

LADY MARJORY.

THE Lady Marjory lay on her bed,  
 Though the clock had struck the  
 hour of noon.  
 And her cheek on the pillow burned as  
 red  
 As the bleeding heart of a rose in  
 June ;

Like the shimmer and gleam of a  
golden mist  
Shone her yellow hair in the cham-  
ber dim ;  
And a fairer hand was never kissed  
Than hers, with its fingers white and  
slim.

She spake to her women, suddenly, —  
“ I have lain here long enough,” she  
said ;

“ Lain here a year, by night and day,  
And I hate the pillow, and hate the  
bed.

So carry me where I used to sit,  
I am not much for your arms to hold ;  
Strange phantoms now through my  
fancy flit,  
And my head is hot and my feet are  
cold ! ”

They sat her up once more in her chair,  
And Alice, behind her, grew pale  
with dread

As she combed and combed her lady's  
hair,

For the fever never left her head.  
And before her, Rose on a humble seat  
Sat, but her young face wore no  
smile,

As she held in her lap her mistress'  
feet  
And chafed them tenderly all the  
while.

“ Once I saw,” said the lady, “ a saintly  
nun,

Who turned from the world and its  
pleasures vain ; —

When they clipped her tresses, one by  
one,

How it must have eased her aching  
brain !

If it ached and burned as mine does  
now,

And they cooled it thus, it was worth  
the price ; —

Good Alice, lay your hand on my brow,  
For my head is fire and my feet are  
ice ! ”

So the patient Alice stood in her place  
For hours behind her mistress' chair,  
Bathing her fevered brow and face,  
Parting and combing her golden hair :  
And Rose, whose cheek belied her  
name,  
Sitting before her, awed and still,

Kept at her hopeless task the same  
Till she felt, through all her frame,  
the chill.

“ How my thoughts,” the Lady Mar-  
jory said,

“ Go slipping into the past once  
more ;

As the beads we are stringing slide  
down a thread,

When we drop the end along the  
floor :

Only a moment past, they slid  
Thus into the old time, dim and  
sweet ;

I was where the honeysuckles hid  
My head and the daisies hid my feet.

I heard my Philip's step again,  
I felt the thrill of his kiss on my  
brow ;

Ah ! my cheek was not so crimson  
then,

Nor my feet in the daisies cold as  
now !

“ Dizzily still my senses swim,  
I am far away in a fairy land ;

To the night when first I danced with  
him,

And felt his look, as he touched my  
hand ;

Then my cheeks were bright with the  
flush and glow

Of the joy that made the hours so  
fleet ;

And my feet were rosy with warmth I  
know,

As time to the music they lightly beat.

“ 'T is strange how the things I re-  
member, seem

Blended together, and nothing plain ;  
A dream is like truth, and truth like a  
dream,

With this terrible fever in my brain.  
But of all the visions that ever I had,

There is one returns to plague me  
most ;

If it were not false it would drive me  
mad,

Haunting me thus, like an evil ghost.

“ It came to me first a year ago,  
Though I never have told a soul be-  
fore,

But I dreamed, in the dead of the  
night, you know,

That under the vines beside the door,

I watched for a step I did not hear,  
 Stayed for a kiss I did not feel ;  
 But I heard a something hiss in my ear  
 Words that I shudder still to reveal.  
 I made no sound, and I gave no start,  
 But I stood as the dead on the sea-  
 floor stand,  
 While the demon's words fell slow on  
 my heart  
 As burning drops from a torturer's  
 hand.

“*Your Philip* stays,’ it said, ‘to-night,  
 Where dark eyes hold him with  
 magic spell ;  
 Eyes from the stars that caught their  
 light,  
 Not from some pretty blue flower's  
 bell !  
 With raven tresses he waits to play,  
 They have bound him fast as a bird  
 in a snare,  
 Did you think to hold him more than a  
 day  
 In the feeble mesh of your yellow  
 hair ?

“*Flowers or pearls in your tresses*  
 twist,  
 As your fancy suits you, smile or  
 sigh ;  
 Or give your dainty hand to be kissed  
 By other lips, and he will not die :  
 Hide your eyes in the veil of a nun,  
 Weep till the rose in your cheek is  
 dim ;  
 Or turn to any beneath the sun,  
 Henceforth it is all the same to  
 him !’

“This was before I took my bed ; —  
 Do you think a dream could make  
 me ill,  
 Could put a fever in my head,  
 And touch my feet with an icy chill ?  
 Yet I've hardly been myself I know  
 At times since then, for before my  
 eyes  
 The wildest visions come and go,  
 Full of all wicked and cruel lies.

“Once the peal of marriage-bells, with-  
 out,  
 Fell, or seemed to fall on my ear ;  
 And I thought you went, and softly  
 shut  
 The window, so that I might not  
 hear ;

That you turned from my eager look  
 away,  
 And sadly bent your eyes on the  
 ground,  
 As if you said, 'tis his wedding-day,  
 And her heart will break if she hears  
 the sound.

“And dreaming once, I dreamed I  
 woke,  
 And heard you whisper, close at  
 hand,  
 Men said, Sir Philip's heart was broke,  
 Since he gave himself for his wife's  
 broad land ;  
 That he smiled on none, but frowned  
 instead,  
 As he stalked through his halls, like  
 a ghost forlorn ;  
 And the nurse who had held him, a  
 baby, said,  
 He had better have died in the day  
 he was born !”

So, till the low sun, fading, cast  
 Across her chamber his dying beams,  
 The Lady Marjory lived in the past.  
 Telling her women of all her dreams.  
 Then she changed ; — “I am almost  
 well,” she said,  
 “I feel so strangely free from pain ;  
 Oh, if only the fever would leave my  
 head,  
 And if only my feet were warm again !  
 And something whispers me, clear and  
 low,  
 I shall soon be done with lying there,  
 So to-morrow, when I am better, you  
 know,  
 You must come, good Alice, and  
 dress my hair.

“We will give Sir Philip a glad sur-  
 prise,  
 He will come, I know, at morn or  
 night ;  
 And I want the help of your hands and  
 eyes  
 To dress me daintily all in white ;  
 Bring snowy lilies for my hair ; —  
 And, Rose, when all the rest is done,  
 Take from my satin slippers the pair  
 That are softest and whitest, and put  
 them on.  
 But take me to bed now, where in the  
 past  
 You have placed me many a time  
 and oft ;

I am so tired, I think at last  
I shall sleep, if the pillow is cool and  
soft."

So the patient Alice took her head,  
And the sweet Rose took her mis-  
tress' feet,  
And they laid her tenderly on the bed,  
And smoothed the pillow, and  
smoothed the sheet.  
Then she wearily closed her eyes, they  
say,  
On this world, with all its sorrow  
and sin ;  
And her head and her heart at the  
break of day,  
Were as cold as ever her feet had  
been !

#### THE OLD MAN'S DARLING.

So I'm "crazy," in loving a man of  
three-score ;  
Why, I never had come to my senses  
before.  
But I'm doubtful of yours, if your're  
thinking to prove  
My insanity, just by the fact of my love.  
You would like to know what are his  
wonderful wiles ?  
Only delicate praises, and flattering  
smiles !  
'T is no spell of enchantment, no magi-  
cal art,  
But the way he says "darling," that  
goes to my heart.  
Yes, he's "sixty," I cannot dispute  
with you there.  
But you'd make him a hundred, I  
think, if you dare :  
And I'm glad all his folly of first love  
is past,  
Since I'm sure, of the two, it is best to  
be last.  
"His hair is as white as the snow-  
drift," you say ;  
Then I never shall see it change slowly  
to gray ;  
But I almost could wish, for his dear  
sake alone,  
That my tresses were nearer the hue  
of his own.

"He can't see ;" then I'll help him to  
see and to hear,  
If it's needful, you know, I can sit very  
near ;  
And he's young enough yet to inter-  
pret the tone  
Of a heart that is beating up close to  
his own.

I "must aid him ;" ah ! that is my  
pleasure and pride,  
I should love him for this if for noth-  
ing beside ;  
And though I've more reasons than I  
can recall.  
Yet the one that "he needs me" is  
strongest of all.

So, if I'm insane, you will own, I am  
sure,  
That the case is so hopeless it's past  
any cure ;  
And, besides, it is acting no very wise  
part,  
To be treating the head for disease of  
the heart.

And if anything could make a woman  
believe  
That no dream can delude, and no  
fancy deceive ;  
That she never knew lover's enchant-  
ment before,  
It's being the darling of one of three-  
score !

#### A TENT SCENE.

OUR generals sat in their tent one  
night,  
On the Mississippi's banks,  
Where Vicksburg sullenly still held out  
Against the assaulting ranks.  
They could hear the firing as they  
talked,  
Long after set of sun ;  
And the blended noise of a thousand  
guns  
In the distance seemed as one.  
All at once Sherman started to his  
feet,  
And listened to the roar,  
His practiced ear had caught a sound,  
That he had not heard before.

"They have mounted another gun on the walls ;  
'Tis new," he said " I know ;  
I can tell the voice of a gun, as a man  
Can tell the voice of his foe !

"What ! not a soul of you hears but me ?  
No matter, I am right ;  
Bring me my horse ! I must silence this  
Before I sleep to-night !"

He was gone : and they listened to the ring  
Of hoofs on the distant track ;  
Then talked and wondered for a while, —  
In an hour he was back.

"Well, General ! what is the news ?"  
they cried,  
As he entered flush and worn ;  
"We have picked their gunners off, and the gun  
Will be dislodged at morn !"

#### THE LADY JAQUELINE.

"FALSE and fickle, or fair and sweet,  
I care not for the rest,  
The lover that knelt last night at my feet  
Was the bravest and the best.  
Let them perish all, for their power has waned,  
And their glory waxèd dim ;  
They were well enough while they lived and reigned,  
But never was one like him !  
And never one from the past would I bring  
Again, and call him mine : —  
*The King is dead, long live the King !*"  
Said the Lady Jaqueline.

"In the old, old days, when life was new,  
And the world upon me smiled,  
A pretty, dainty lover I had,  
Whom I loved with the heart of a child.  
When the buried sun of yesterday  
Comes back from the shadows dim,  
Then may his love return to me,  
And the love I had for him !

But since to-day hath a better thing  
To give, I'll ne'er repine ; —  
*The King is dead, long live the King !*"  
Said the Lady Jaqueline.

"And yet it almost makes me weep,  
Aye ! weep, and cry, alas !  
When I think of one who lies asleep  
Down under the quiet grass.  
For he loved me well, and I loved again,  
And low in homage bent,  
And prayed for his long and prosperous reign,  
In our realm of sweet content.  
But not to the dead may the living cling,  
Nor kneel at an empty shrine : —  
*The King is dead, long live the King !*"  
Said the Lady Jaqueline.

"Once, caught by the sheen of stars  
and lace,  
I bowed for a single day,  
To a poor pretender, mean and base,  
Unfit for place or sway.  
That must have been the work of a spell,  
For the foolish glamour fled,  
As the sceptre from his weak hand fell,  
And the crown from his feeble head ;  
But homage true at last I bring  
To this rightful lord of mine, —  
*The King is dead, long live the King !*"  
Said the Lady Jaqueline.

"By the hand of one I held most dear,  
And called my liege, my own !  
I was set aside in a single year,  
And a new queen shares his throne.  
To him who is false, and him who is wed,  
Shall I give my fealty ?  
Nay, the dead one is not half so dead  
As the false one is to me !  
My faith to the faithful now I bring,  
The faithless I resign ; —  
*The King is dead, long live the King !*"  
Said the Lady Jaqueline.

"Yea, all my lovers and kings that were  
Are dead, and hid away,  
In the past, as in a sepulchre,  
Shut up till the judgment day.  
False or fickle, or weak or wed,  
They are all alike to me ;

And mine eyes no more can be misled, —

They have looked on royalty !  
Then bring me wine, and garlands bring

For my king of the right divine ; —  
*The King is dead, long live the King !*  
Said the Lady Jaqueline.

#### THE WIFE'S CHRISTMAS.

How can you speak to me so, Charlie !  
It is n't kind, nor right ;  
You would n't have talked a year ago,  
As you have done to-night.

You are sorry to see me sit and cry,  
Like a baby vexed, you say ;  
When you did n't know I wanted a gift,  
Nor think about the day !

But I'm not like a baby. Charlie,  
Crying for something fine ;  
Only a loving woman pained,  
Could shed such tears as mine.

For every Christmas time till now —  
And that is why I grieve —  
It was you that wanted to give, Charlie,  
More than I to receive.

And all I ever had from you  
I have carefully laid aside ;  
From the first June rose you pulled for me,  
To the veil I wore as a bride.

And I wouldn't have cared to-night,  
Charlie,  
How poor the gift or small ;  
If you only had brought me something to show  
That you thought of me at all.

The merest trifle of any kind,  
That I could keep or wear ;  
A flimsy bit of lace for my neck,  
Or a ribbon for my hair.

Some pretty story of lovers true,  
Or a book of pleasant rhyme :  
A flower, or a holly branch, to mark  
The blessed Christmas time.

But to be forgotten, Charlie !  
'T is that that brings the tear ;

And just to think, that I have n't been  
Your wife but a single year !

#### COMING ROUND.

'T is all right, as I knew it would be  
by and by ;  
We have kissed and made up again,  
Archie and I ;  
And that quarrel, or nonsense, whatever you will,  
I think makes us love more devotedly still.

The trouble was all upon my side, you know ;  
I'm exacting sometimes, rather foolishly so ;  
And let any one tell me the veriest lie  
About Archie, I'm sure to get angry and cry.

Things will go on between us again  
just the same, —  
For as *he* explains matters he was n't to blame ;  
But 't is useless to tell you ; I can't make you see  
How it was, quite as plainly as he has made me.

You thought " I would make him come round when we met !"  
You thought " there were slights I could never forget !"  
Oh you did ! let me tell you, my dear,  
to your face,  
That your thinking these things does n't alter the case !

You " can tell what I said ?" I don't wish you to tell !  
You know what a temper I have, very well ;  
That I'm sometimes unjust to my friends who are best ;  
But *you 've* turned against Archie the same as the rest !

" Why has n't he written ? what kept him so still ?" —  
His silence was sorely against his own will ;  
He has faults, that I own ; but he, he would n't deceive ;  
He was ill, or was busy, — was both, I believe !



Did he flirt with that *lady*? I s'pose I  
 should say,  
 Why, yes, — when she threw herself  
 right in the way ;  
 He was led off, was foolish, but that is  
 the worst, —  
 And she was to blame for it all, from  
 the first.

And he 's so glad to come back again,  
 and to find  
 A woman once more with a heart and  
 a mind ;  
 For though others may please and  
 amuse for an hour,  
 I hold all his future — his life — in my  
 power !

And now, if things don't go persist-  
 ently wrong,  
 Our destinies cannot be parted for  
 long ;  
 For he said he would give me his for-  
 tune and name, —  
 Not those words, but he told me what  
 meant just the same.

So what could I do, after all, at the  
 last,  
 But just ask him to pardon my doubts  
 in the past ;  
 For though *he* had been wrong, I  
 should still, all the same,  
 Rather take it myself than let him bear  
 the blame.

And, poor fellow! he felt so bad, I  
 could not bear  
 To drive him by cruelty quite to de-  
 spair ;

And so, to confess the whole truth,  
 when I found  
 He was willing to do so himself, *I* came  
 round !

#### THE LAMP ON THE PRAIRIE.

THE grass lies flat beneath the wind  
 That is loosed in its angry might,  
 Where a man is wandering, faint and  
 blind,  
 On the prairie, lost at night.

No soft, sweet light of moon or star,  
 No sound but the tempest's tramp ;  
 When suddenly he sees afar  
 The flame of a friendly lamp !

And hope revives his failing strength,  
 He struggles on, succeeds, —  
 He nears a humble roof at length,  
 And loud for its shelter pleads.

And a voice replies, "Whoever you be  
 That knock so loud at my door,  
 Come in, come in ! and bide with me  
 Till this dreadful storm is o'er.

"And no wilder, fiercer time in March  
 Have I seen since I was born ;  
 If a wolf for shelter sought my porch  
 To-night, he might lie till morn."

As he enters, there meets the stran-  
 ger's gaze  
 One bowed by many a year, —  
 A woman, alone by the hearth's bright  
 blaze,  
 Tending her lamp anear.

"Right glad will I come," he said, "for  
 the sweep  
 Of the wind is keen and strong ;  
 But tell me, good neighbor, why you  
 keep  
 Your fire ablaze so long ?

"You dwell so far from the beaten way  
 It might burn for many a night ;  
 And only belated men, astray,  
 Would ever see the light."

"Aye, aye, 't is true as you have said,  
 But few this way have crossed ;  
 But why should not fires be lit and  
 fed  
 For the sake of men who are lost ?

"There are women enough to smile  
 when they come,  
 Enough to watch and pray  
 For those who never were lost from  
 home,  
 And never were out of the way.

"And hard it were if there were not  
 some  
 To love and welcome back  
 The poor misguided souls who have  
 gone  
 Aside from the beaten track.

"And if a clear and steady light  
 In my home had always shone,  
 My own good boy had sat to-night  
 By the hearth, where I sit alone.

- “ But alas ! there was no faintest spark  
The night when he should have  
come ;  
And what had he, when the pane was  
dark,  
To guide his footsteps home ?
- “ But since, each night that comes and  
goes,  
My beacon fires I burn ;  
For no one knows but he lives, nor  
knows  
The time when he may return ! ”
- “ And a lonesome life you must have  
had,  
Good neighbor, but tell me, pray,  
How old when he went was your little  
lad ?  
And how long has he been away ? ”
- “ ’T is thirty years. by my reckoning,  
Since he sat here last with me ;  
And he was but twenty in the spring, —  
He was only a boy, you see !
- “ And though never yet has my fire  
been low,  
Nor my lamp in the window dim,  
It seems not long to be waiting so,  
Nor much to do for him !
- “ And if mine eyes may see the lad  
But in death, ’t is enough of joy ;  
What mother on earth would not be  
glad  
To wait for such a boy !
- “ You think ’t is long to watch at home,  
Talking with fear and doubt !  
But long is the time that a son may  
roam  
Ere he tire his mother out !
- “ And if you had seen my good boy  
go,  
As I saw him go from home,  
With a promise to come at night, you  
would know  
That, some good night, he would  
come.”
- “ But suppose he perished where never  
pass  
E’ en the feet of the hunter bold,  
His bones might bleach in the prairie  
grass  
Unseen till the world is old ! ”
- “ Aye, he might have died : you answer  
well  
And truly, friend, he might ;  
And this good old earth on which we  
dwell  
Might come to an end to-night !
- “ But I know that here in its place, in-  
stead,  
It will firm and fast remain ;  
And I know that my son, alive or dead,  
Will return to me again !
- “ So your idle fancies have no power  
To move me or appall ;  
He is likelier now to come in an hour  
Than never to come at all !
- “ And he shall find me watching yet,  
Return whenever he may ;  
My house has been in order set  
For his coming many a day.
- “ You were rightly shamed if his young  
feet crossed  
That threshold stone to-night,  
For your foolish words, that he might  
be lost,  
And his bones be hid from sight !
- “ And oh, if I heard his light step  
fall,  
If I saw him at night or morn  
Far off, I should know my son from  
all  
The sons that ever were born.
- “ And, hark ! there is something strange  
about,  
For my dull old blood is stirred :  
That was n’t the feet of the storm with-  
out,  
Nor the voice of the storm I heard !
- “ It was but the wind ! nay, friend, be  
still,  
Do you think that the night wind’s  
breath  
Through my very soul could send a  
thrill  
Like the blast of the angel, Death ?
- “ ’T is my boy ! he is coming home, he  
is near  
Or I could not hear him pass ;  
For his step is as light as the step of  
the deer  
On the velvet prairie grass.

“How the tempest roars! how my  
cabin rocks!  
Yet I hear him through the din;  
Lo! he stands without the door—he  
knocks—  
I must rise and let him in!”

She rose, she stood erect, serene;  
She swiftly crossed the floor;  
And the hand of the wind, or a hand  
unseen,  
Threw open wide the door.

Through the portal rushed the cruel  
blast,  
With a wail on its awful swell;  
As she cried, “My boy, you have come  
at last!”  
And prone o’er the threshold fell.

And the stranger heard no other sound,  
And saw no form appear;  
But whoever came at the midnight  
found  
Her lamp was burning clear!





## POEMS OF THOUGHT AND FEELING.

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### A WEARY HEART.

YE winds, that talk among the pines,  
In pity whisper soft and low ;  
And from my trailing garden vines,  
Bear the faint odors as ye go ;

Take fragrance from the orchard trees,  
From the meek violet in the dell ;  
Gather the honey that the bees  
Had left you in the lily's bell ;

Pass tenderly as lovers pass,  
Stoop to the clover-blooms your  
wings,  
Find out the daisies in the grass,  
The sweets of all insensate things ;

With muffled feet, o'er beds of flowers,  
Go through the valley to the height,  
Where frowning walls and lofty towers  
Shut in a weary heart to-night ;

Go comfort her, who fain would give  
Her wealth below, her hopes above,  
For the wild freedom that ye have  
To kiss the humblest flower ye love !

### COMING HOME.

O BROTHERS and sisters, growing old,  
Do you all remember yet  
That home, in the shade of the rus-  
tling trees,  
Where once our household met ?

Do you know how we used to come  
from school,  
Through the summer's pleasant heat ;  
With the yellow fennel's golden dust  
On our tired little feet ?

And how sometimes in an idle mood  
We loitered by the way ;  
And stopped in the woods to gather  
flowers  
And in the fields to play ;

Till warned by the deep'ning shadow's  
fall,  
That told of the coming night,  
We climbed to the top of the last, long  
hill,  
And saw our home in sight !

And, brothers and sisters, older now  
Than she whose life is o'er,  
Do you think of the mother's loving  
face,  
That looked from the open door ?

Alas, for the changing things of  
time ;  
That home in the dust is low ;  
And that loving smile was hid from  
us,  
In the darkness, long ago !

And we have come to life's last hill,  
From which our weary eyes  
Can almost look on the home that  
shines  
Eternal in the skies.

So, brothers and sisters, as we go,  
Still let us move as one,  
Always together keeping step,  
Till the march of life is done.

For that mother, who waited for us  
here,  
Wearing a smile so sweet,  
Now waits on the hills of paradise  
For her children's coming feet !

## HIDDEN SORROW.

HE has gone at last ; yet I could not  
see

When he passed to his final rest ;  
For he dropped asleep as quietly  
As the moon drops out of the west.

And I only saw, though I kept my  
place,

That his mortal life was o'er,  
By the look of peace across his face,  
That never was there before.

Sorrow he surely had in the past,  
Yet he uttered never a breath ;  
His lips were sealed in life as fast  
As you see them sealed in death.

Why he went from the world I do not  
know,

Hiding a grief so deep ;  
But I think, if he ever had told his  
woe,  
He had found a better sleep.

For our trouble must some time see  
the light,

And our anguish will have way ;  
And the infant, crying out in the night,  
Reveals what it hid by day.

And just like a needful, sweet relief  
To that bursting heart it seems,  
When the little child's unspoken grief  
Runs into its pretty dreams.

And I think, though his face looks  
hushed and mild,

And his slumber seems so deep,  
He will sob in his grave, as a little  
child  
Keeps sobbing on in its sleep.

## A WOMAN'S CONCLUSIONS.

I SAID if I might go back again  
To the very hour and place of my  
birth ;

Might have my life whatever I chose,  
And live it in any part of the earth ;

Put perfect sunshine into my sky,  
Banish the shadow of sorrow and  
doubt ;

Have all my happiness multiplied,  
And all my suffering stricken out ;

If I could have known in the years  
now gone,

The best that a woman comes to  
know ;

Could have had whatever will make  
her blest,

Or whatever she thinks will make  
her so ;

Have found the highest and purest  
bliss

That the bridal-wreath and ring in-  
close ;

And gained the one out of all the  
world,

That my heart as well as my reason  
chose ;

And if this had been, and I stood to-  
night

By my children, lying asleep in their  
beds

And could count in my prayers, for a  
rosary,

The shining row of their golden  
heads ;

Yea ! I said, if a miracle such as this  
Could be wrought for me, at my bid-  
ding, still

I would choose to have my past as it  
is,

And to let my future come as it will !

I would not make the path I have  
trod

More pleasant or even, more straight  
or wide ;

Nor change my course the breadth of  
a hair,

This way or that way, to either side.

My past is mine, and I take it all ;  
Its weakness — its folly, if you  
please ;

Nay, even my sins, if you come to that,  
May have been my helps, not hin-  
drances !

If I saved my body from the flames  
Because that once I had burned my  
hand ;

Or kept myself from a greater sin  
By doing a less — you will under-  
stand ;

It was better I suffered a little pain,  
 Better I sinned for a little time,  
 If the smarting warned me back from  
 death,  
 And the sting of sin withheld from  
 crime.

Who knows his strength, by trial, will  
 know  
 What strength must be set against a  
 sin :  
 And how temptation is overcome  
*He* has learned, who has felt its  
 power within !

And who knows how a life at the last  
 may show ?  
 Why, look at the moon from where  
 we stand !  
 Opaque, uneven, you say ; yet it shines,  
 A luminous sphere, complete and  
 grand !

So let my past stand, just as it stands,  
 And let me now, as I may, grow old ;  
 I am what I am, and my life for me  
 Is the best—or it had not been, I  
 hold.

## ANSWERED.

I THOUGHT to find some healing clime  
 For her I loved ; she found that  
 shore.  
 That city, whose inhabitants  
 Are sick and sorrowful no more.

I asked for human love for her ;  
 The Loving knew how best to still  
 The infinite yearning of a heart,  
 Which but infinity could fill.

Such sweet communion had been ours  
 I prayed that it might never end ;  
 My prayer is more than answered ;  
 now  
 I have an angel for my friend.

I wished for perfect peace, to soothe  
 The troubled anguish of her breast ;  
 And, numbered with the loved and  
 called.  
 She entered on untroubled rest.

Life was so fair a thing to her,  
 I wept and pleaded for its stay.

My wish was granted me, for lo !  
 She hath eternal life to-day.

## DISENCHANTED.

THE time has come, as I knew it must,  
 She said, when we should part,  
 But I ceased to love when I ceased to  
 trust,  
 And you cannot break my heart.

Nay, I know not even if I am sad,  
 And it must be for the best,  
 Since you only take what I thought I  
 had,  
 And leave to me the rest.

Not all the stars of my hope are set,  
 Though one is in eclipse ;  
 And I know there is truth in the wide  
 world yet  
 If it be not on your lips.

And though I have loved you, who can  
 tell  
 If you ever had been so dear,  
 But that my heart was prodigal  
 Of its wealth, and you were near.

I brought each rich and beautiful thing  
 From my love's great treasury ;  
 And I thought in myself to make a king  
 With the robes of royalty.

But you lightly laid my honors down,  
 And you taught me thus to know,  
 Not every head can wear the crown  
 That the hands of love bestow.

So, take whatever you can from me,  
 And leave me as you will ;  
 The dear romance and the poesy  
 Were mine, and I have them still.

I have them still ; and even now,  
 When my fancy has her way,  
 She can make a king of such as thou,  
 Or a god of common clay.

## ALAS !

SINCE, if you stood by my side to-day,  
 Only our hands could meet,  
 What matter that half the weary world  
 Lies out between our feet ;

That I am here by the lonesome sea,  
 You by the pleasant Rhine? —  
 Our hearts were just as far apart  
 If I held your hand in mine!

Therefore, with never a backward  
 glance,  
 I leave the past behind;  
 And standing here by the sea alone,  
 I give it to the wind.

I give it all to the cruel wind,  
 And I have no word to say;  
 Yet, alas! to be as we have been,  
 And to be as we are to-day!

## MOTHER AND SON.

BRIGHTLY for him the future smiled,  
 The world was all untried;  
 He had been a boy, almost a child,  
 In your household till he died.

And you saw him, young and strong  
 and fair,  
 But yesterday depart;  
 And you now know he is lying there  
 Shot to death through the heart!

Alas, for the step so proud and true  
 That struck on the war-path's track;  
 Alas, to go, as he went from you,  
 And to come, as they brought him  
 back!

One shining curl from that bright young  
 head,  
 Held sacred in your home,  
 Is all you will have to keep in his stead  
 In the years that are to come.

You may claim of his beauty and his  
 youth  
 Only this little part —  
 It is not much with which to stanch  
 The wound in a mother's heart!

It is not much with which to dry  
 The bitter tears that flow;  
 Not much in your empty hands to lie  
 As the seasons come and go.

Yet he has not lived and died in vain,  
 For proudly you may say,  
 He has left a name, with never a stain  
 For your tears to wash away.

And evermore shall your life be blest,  
 Though your treasures now are few,  
 Since you gave for your country's good  
 the best  
 God ever gave to you!

## THEODORA.

By that name you will not know her,  
 But if words of mine can show her  
 In such way that you may see  
 How she doth appear to me;  
 If, attending you shall find  
 The fair picture in my mind,  
 You will think this title meetest,  
 Gift of God, the best and sweetest.

All her free, impulsive acting,  
 Is so charming, so distracting,  
 Lovers think her made, I know,  
 Only for a play-fellow.  
 Coral lips, concealing pearls,  
 Hath she, 'twixt dark rows of curls;  
 And her words, dropt soft and slowly,  
 Seem half ravishing, half holy.

She is for a saint too human,  
 Yet too saintly for a woman;  
 Something childish in her face  
 Blended with maturer grace,  
 Shows a nature pure and good,  
 Perfected by motherhood; —  
 Eyes Madonna-like, love-laden,  
 Holier than befit a maiden.

Simple in her faith unshrinking,  
 Wise as sages in her thinking;  
 Showing in her artless speech  
 All she of herself can teach;  
 Hiding love and thought profound,  
 In such depths as none may sound;  
 One, though known and comprehended,  
 Yet with wondrous mystery blended.

Sitting meekly and serenely,  
 Sitting in a state most queenly;  
 Knowing, though dethroned, dis-  
 crowned,  
 That her kingdom shall be found;  
 That her Father's child must be  
 Heir of immortality;  
 This is still her highest merit.  
 That she ruleth her own spirit.

Thou to whom is given this treasure,  
 Guard it, love it without measure;

If forgotten it should lie  
 In a weak hand carelessly,  
 Thou mayst wake to miss and weep,  
 That which thou didst fail to keep :  
 Crying, when the gift is taken,  
 " I am desolate, forsaken ! "

## UP AND DOWN.

THE sun of a sweet summer morning  
 Smiled joyously down from the sky,  
 As we climbed up the mountain to-  
 gether, —

My charming companion and I ;  
 The wild birds that live in the bushes  
 Sang love, without fear or disguise,  
 And the flowers, with soft, blushing  
 faces,  
 Looked love from their wide-open  
 eyes.

In and out, through the sunshine and  
 shadow,

We went where the odors are sweet ;  
 And the pathway that led from the val-  
 ley

Was pleasant and soft to our feet :  
 And while we were hopefully talking —  
 For our hearts and our thoughts  
 seemed in tune —

Unaware, we had climbed to the sum-  
 mit,

And the sun of the morning, to noon.

For my genial and pleasant companion  
 Was so kind and so helpful the while,  
 That I felt how the path of a life-time  
 Might be brightened and cheered by  
 his smile ;

And how blest, with his care and his  
 guidance,

Some true, loving woman might be, —  
 Of course never hoping or wishing  
 Such fortune would happen to me !

We spoke of life, death, truth, and  
 friendship. —

Things hoped for, below and above,  
 And then sitting down at the summit,  
 We talked about loving, and love ;  
 And he told me the years of his life-  
 time

Till now had been barren and drear,  
 In tones that were touching and ten-  
 der

As exquisite music to hear.

And I saw in the eyes looking on me,  
 A meaning that could not be hid,  
 Till I blushed — oh, it makes me so  
 angry,

Even now, to remember I did ! —  
 As, taking my hand, he drew nearer,  
 And said, in his tenderest tone,  
 'T was like the dear hand that so often  
 Had lovingly lain in his own.

And that, 't was not flattery only,  
 But honest and merited praise,  
 To say I resembled his sweetheart  
 Sometimes in my words and my ways.  
 That I had the same womanly feelings,  
 My thoughts were as noble and high ;  
 But that she was a trifle, say, fairer,  
 And a year or two younger than I.

Then he told me my welfare was dearer  
 To him than I might understand,  
 And he wished he knew any one worthy  
 To claim such a prize as my hand ;  
 And his darling, I surely must love her,  
 Because she was charming and good,  
 And because she had made him so  
 happy ;

And I said I was sure that I  
 should —

That nothing could make me so happy  
 As seeing him happy ; but then  
 I was wretchedly tired and stupid,  
 And wished myself back in the glen.  
 That the sun, so delightful at morning,  
 Burned now with a merciless flame ;  
 And I dreaded again to go over  
 The long, weary way that we came.

So we started to go down the mount-  
 ain ;

But the wild birds, the poor silly  
 things,  
 Had finished their season of courting,  
 And put their heads under their  
 wings ;

And the flowers that opened at morn-  
 ing,

All blushing with joy and surprise,  
 Had turned from the sun's burning  
 glances,

And sleepily shut up their eyes.

Everything I had thought so delight-  
 ful

Was gone, leaving scarcely a trace ;  
 And even my charming companion  
 Grew stupid and quite commonplace.



He was not the same man that I  
thought him —

I can't divine why ; but at once,  
The fellow, who had been so charm-  
ing  
Was changed from a dear to a dunce.

But if any young man needs advising,  
Let me whisper a word in his  
ear : —

Don't talk of the lady that 's absent  
Too much to the lady that 's near.  
My kindness is disinterested ;  
So in speaking to me never mind ;  
But the course I advise you to follow  
Is safe, as a rule, you will find.

You may talk about love in the ab-  
stract,

Say the ladies are charming and  
dear ;

But you need not select an example,  
Nor say she is there, or is here.

When it comes to that last applica-  
tion,

Just leave it entirely out,  
And give to the lady that 's present  
The benefit still of the doubt !

#### BEYOND.

WHEN you would have sweet flowers  
to smell and hold,

You do not seek them underneath the  
cold

Close-knitted sod, that hides away the  
mould ;

Where in the spring-time past  
The precious seed was cast.

Not down, but up, you turn your eager  
eyes ;

You find in summer the fair flowery  
prize

On the green stalk, that reaches to-  
wards the skies,

And, bending down its top,  
Gather the fragrant crop.

If you would find the goal of some pure  
rill,

That, following her unrestrained will,  
Runs laughing down the bright slope  
of the hill,

Or, with a serious mien,  
Walks through the valley green,

You do not seek the spot where she  
was born,

The cavernous mountain chamber, dim,  
forlorn,

That never saw the fair face of the  
morn,

Where she, with wailing sound,  
First started from the ground ;

But rather will you track her windings  
free,

To where at last she rushes eagerly  
Into the white arms of her love, the  
sea,

And hides in his embrace  
The rapture on her face !

If, from the branches of a neighboring  
tree,

A bird some morn were missing sud-  
denly,

That all the summer sang for ecstasy,  
And made your season seem

Like a melodious dream,

You would not search about the leaf-  
less dell,

In places where the nestling used to  
dwell,

To find the white walls of her broken  
shell,

Thinking your child of air,  
Your winged joy, was there !

But rather, hurrying from the autumn  
gale,

Your feet would follow summer's flow-  
ery trail

To find her spicy grove, and odorous  
vale ;

Knowing that birds and song  
To pleasant climes belong.

Then wherefore, when you see a soul  
set free

From this poor seed of its mortality,  
And know you sow not that which is  
to be,

Watch you about the tomb,  
For the immortal bloom ?

Search for your flowers in the celestial  
grove,

Look for your precious stream of  
human love

In the unfathomable sea above ;

Follow your missing bird,  
Where songs are always heard !

## FAVORED.

UPON her cheek such color glows,  
 And in her eye such light appears,  
 As comes, and only comes to those,  
 Whose hearts are all untouched by  
 years.

Yet half her wealth she doth not see,  
 Nor half the kindness Heaven hath  
 shown,  
 She never felt the poverty  
 Of souls less favored than her own.

When all is hers that life can give,  
 How can she tell how drear it seems  
 To those, uncomforted, who live  
 In dreaming of their vanished  
 dreams.

Supplied beyond her greatest need  
 With lavish hoard of love and trust,  
 How shall she pity such as feed  
 On hearts that years have turned to  
 dust ?

When sighs are smothered down, and  
 lost  
 In tenderest kisses ere they start,  
 What knows she of the bitter cost  
 Of hiding sorrow in the heart ?

While fondest care each wish supplies,  
 And heart-strings for her frowning  
 break,  
 What can she know of one who dies  
 For love she scarcely deigns to take ?

What should she know ? No weak  
 complaint,  
 No cry of pain should come to her,  
 If mine were all the woes I print,  
 And she could be my comforter !

## WOMEN.

'T is a sad truth, yet 't is a truth  
 That does not need the proving :  
 They give their hearts away, unasked,  
 And are not loved for loving.

Striving to win a little back,  
 For all they feel they hide it ;  
 And lips that tremble with their love,  
 In trembling have denied it.

Sometimes they deem the kiss and  
 smile  
 Is life and love's beginning ;  
 While he who wins the heart away,  
 Is satisfied with winning.

Sometimes they think they have not  
 found  
 The right one for their mating ;  
 And go on till the hair is white,  
 And eyes are blind with waiting.

And if the mortal tarry still,  
 They fill their lamps, undying ;  
 And till the midnight wait to hear  
 The "Heavenly Bridegroom" cry-  
 ing.

For while she lives, the best of them  
 Is less a saint than woman ;  
 And when her lips ask love divine,  
 Her heart asks love that 's human !

## THE ONLY ORNAMENT.

EVEN as a child too well she knew  
 Her lack of loveliness and grace ;  
 So, like an unprized weed she grew,  
 Grudging the meanest flower its face.

Often with tears her sad eyes filled,  
 Watching the plainest birds that went  
 About her home to pair, and build  
 Their humble nests in sweet content.

No melody was in her words :  
 You thought her, as she passed  
 along,  
 As brown and homely as the birds  
 She envied, but without their song.

She saw, and sighed to see how glad  
 Earth makes her fair and favored  
 child ;  
 While all the beauty that she had  
 Was in her smile, nor oft she smiled.

So seasons passed her and were gone,  
 She musing by herself apart ;  
 Till the vague longing that is known  
 To woman came into her heart.

That feeling born when fancy teems  
 With all that makes this life a good,  
 Came to her, with its wondrous dreams,  
 That bless and trouble maidenhood.

She would have deemed it joy to sit  
 In any home, or great or small,  
 Could she have hoped to brighten it  
 For one who thought of her at all.

At night, or in some secret place,  
 She used to think, with tender pain,  
 How infants love the mother's face,  
 And know not if 't is fair or plain.

She longed to feast her hungry eyes  
 On anything her own could please ;  
 To sing soft, loving lullabies  
 To children lying on her knees.

And yet beyond the world she went,  
 Unmissed, as if she had not been,  
 Taking her only ornament,  
 A meek and quiet soul within.

None ever knew her heart was pained,  
 Or that she grieved to live unsought ;  
 They deemed her cold and self-con-  
 tained,  
 Contented in her realm of thought.

Her patient life, when it was o'er,  
 Was one that all the world approved ;  
 Some marveled at, some pitied her,  
 But neither man nor woman loved.

Even little children felt the same ;  
 Were shy of her, from awe or fear ;—  
 I wonder if she knew they came,  
 And scattered roses on her bier !

## EQUALITY.

MOST favored lady in the land,  
 I well can bear your scorn or pride ;  
 For in all truest wealth, to-day,  
 I stand an equal by your side !

No better parentage have you, —  
 One is our Father, one our Friend ;  
 The same inheritance awaits  
 Our claiming, at the journey's end.

No broader flight your thought can  
 take, —  
 Faith on no firmer basis rest ;  
 Nor can the dreams of fancy wake  
 A sweeter tumult in your breast.

Life may to you bring every good,  
 Which from a Father's hand can  
 fall ;

But if true lips have said to me,  
 "I love you," I have known it all !

## EBB-TIDE.

WITH her white face full of agony,  
 Under her dripping locks,  
 I hear the wretched, restless sea,  
 Complaining to the rocks.

Helplessly in her great despair,  
 She shudders on the sand,  
 The bright weeds dropping from her  
 hair,  
 And the pale shells from her hand.

'T is pitiful thus to see her lie,  
 With her beating, heaving breast,  
 Here, where she fell, when cast aside,  
 Sobbing herself to rest.

Alas, alas ! for the foolish sea,  
 Why was there none to say :  
 The wave that strikes on the heartless  
 stone  
 Must break and fall away ?

Why could she not have known that  
 this  
 Would be her fate at length ;—  
 For the hand, unheld, must slip at last,  
 Though it cling with love's own  
 strength ?

## HAPPY WOMEN.

IMPATIENT women, as you wait  
 In cheerful homes to-night, to hear  
 The sound of steps that, soon or late,  
 Shall come as music to your ear ;

Forget yourselves a little while,  
 And think in pity of the pain  
 Of women who will never smile  
 To hear a coming step again.

With babes that in their cradle sleep,  
 Or cling to you in perfect trust ;  
 Think of the mothers left to weep,  
 Their babies lying in the dust.

And when the step you wait for comes,  
 And all your world is full of light,  
 O women, safe in happy homes,  
 Pray for all lonesome souls to-night !

## LOSS AND GAIN.

LIFE grows better every day,  
 If we live in deed and truth ;  
 So I am not used to grieve  
 For the vanished joys of youth.

For though early hopes may die,  
 Early dreams be rudely crossed ;  
 Of the past we still can keep  
 Treasures more than we have lost.

For if we but try to gain  
 Life's best good, and hold it fast,  
 We grow very rich in love  
 Ere our mortal days are past.

Rich in golden stores of thought,  
 Hopes that give us wealth untold ;  
 Rich in all sweet memories,  
 That grow dearer, growing old.

For when we have lived and loved,  
 Tasted suffering and bliss,  
 All the common things of life  
 Have been sanctified by this.

What my eyes behold to-day  
 Of this good world is not all,  
 Earth and sky are crowded full  
 Of the beauties they recall.

When I watch the sunset now,  
 As its glories change and glow,  
 I can see the light of suns  
 That were faded long ago.

When I look up to the stars,  
 I find burning overhead  
 All the stars that ever shone  
 In the nights that now are dead.

And a loving, tender word,  
 Dropping from the lips of truth,  
 Brings each dear remembered tone  
 Echoing backward from my youth.

When I meet a human face,  
 Lit for me with light divine,  
 I recall all loving eyes  
 That have ever answered mine.

Therefore, they who were my friends  
 Never can be changed or old ;  
 For the beauty of their youth  
 Fond remembrance well can hold.

And even they whose feet here crossed  
 O'er the noiseless, calm abyss,  
 To the better shore which seemed  
 Once so far away from this ;

Are to me as dwelling now  
 Just across a pleasant stream,  
 Over which they come and go,  
 As we journey in a dream.

## A PRAYER.

I ASK not wealth, but power to take  
 And use the things I have aright,  
 Not years, but wisdom that shall make  
 My life a profit and delight.

I ask not, that for me, the plan  
 Of good and ill be set aside ;  
 But that the common lot of man  
 Be nobly borne, and glorified.

I know I may not always keep  
 My steps in places green and sweet,  
 Nor find the pathway of the deep  
 A path of safety for my feet ;

But pray, that when the tempest's  
 breath  
 Shall fiercely sweep my way about,  
 I make not shipwreck of my faith  
 In the unbottomed sea of doubt ;

And that, though it be mine to know  
 How hard the stoniest pillow seems,  
 Good angels still may come and go,  
 About the places of my dreams.

I do not ask for love below,  
 That friends shall never be es-  
 tranged ;  
 But for the power of loving, so  
 My heart may keep its youth un-  
 changed.

Youth, joy, wealth — Fate I give thee  
 these ;  
 Leave faith and hope till life is past ;  
 And leave my heart's best impulses  
 Fresh and unailing to the last !

## MEMORIAL.

TOILING early, and toiling late,  
 Though her name was never heard,

To the least of her Saviour's little ones,  
She meekly ministered, —

Publishing good news to the poor ;  
She came to their homes unsought,  
And her feet on the hills were beautiful,  
For the blessings which they brought.

Such a perfect life as liers, again,  
In the world we may not see ;  
For her heart was full of love, and her  
hands  
Were full of charity.

Oh woe for us ! cried the weak and  
poor,  
And the weary ones made moan ;  
And the mourners went about the  
streets,  
When she went to her home alone.

And, seeing her go from the field of  
life,  
From toiling, early and late,  
We said, What good has she gained,  
to show  
For a sacrifice so great ?

We might have learned from the hus-  
bandman  
To wait more patiently,  
Since his seed of wheat lies under the  
snow,  
Not quickened, except it die.

For when we raised our eyes again  
From their sorrow's wintry night,  
We saw how the deeds of good she hid  
Were pushing up to the light.

And still the precious seed she showed,  
In patient, sorrowing trust,  
Though not for her mortal eyes to see,  
Comes blossoming out of the dust.

#### THE HARMLESS LUXURY.

HER skies, of whom I sing, are hung  
With sad clouds, dropping saddest  
tears ;  
Yet some white days, like pearls, are  
strung  
Upon the dark thread of her years.

And as remembrance turns to slip  
Through fingers fond the treasures  
rare.

Ever her thankful heart and lip  
Run over into song and prayer.

With joys more exquisite and deep  
Than hers, she knows this good  
world teems,  
Yet only asks that she may keep  
The harmless luxury of dreams.

Thankful that, though her life has lost  
The best it hoped, the best it willed,  
Her sweetest dream has not been  
crossed,  
Or worse — but only half fulfilled.

And that beside her still, to wile  
Her thought from sad and sober  
truth,  
Are Hope and Fancy, all the while  
Feeding her heart's eternal youth.

And who shall say that they who close  
Their eyes to Hope and Fancy's  
beams,  
Are living truer lives than those,  
The dreamers, who believe their  
dreams

#### TRIED AND TRUE.

OUR life is like a march, where some  
Fall early from the ranks, and die ;  
And some, when times of conflict  
come,  
Go over to the enemy.

And he who halts upon the way —  
Wearied in spirit and in frame —  
To call his roll of friends, will find  
How few make answer to their name !

And those who share our youth and  
joy,  
Not always keep our love and trust,  
When days of awful anguish bow  
Our heads with sorrow to the dust.

My friend ! in such a fearful hour,  
When heart and spirit sank dis-  
mayed,  
From thee the words of comfort  
came —  
From thee, the true and tender aid.

Therefore, though many another friend  
With youth and youthful pleasure  
goes,

Thou art of such as I would have  
Walk with me till life's solemn close.

Yea, with me when earth's trials are  
done,—  
If I be found, when these shall  
cease,

Worthy to stand with those who wear  
White raiment on the hills of peace.

## PEACE.

O LAND, of every land the best—  
O Land, whose glory shall increase ;  
Now in your whitest raiment drest  
For the great festival of peace :

Take from your flag its fold of gloom,  
And let it float undimmed above,  
Till over all our vales shall bloom  
The sacred colors that we love.

On mountain high, in valley low,  
Set Freedom's living fires to burn ;  
Until the midnight sky shall show  
A redder pathway than the morn.

Welcome, with shouts of joy and pride,  
Your veterans from the war-path's  
track ;  
You gave your boys, untrained, un-  
tried ;  
You bring them men and heroes  
back !

And shed no tear, though think you  
must  
With sorrow of the martyred band ;  
Not even for him whose hallowed dust  
Has made our prairies holy land.

Though by the places where they  
fell,  
The places that are sacred ground,  
Death, like a sullen sentinel,  
Paces his everlasting round.

Yet when they set their country free  
And gave her traitors fitting doom,  
They left their last great enemy,  
Baffled, beside an empty tomb.

Not there, but risen, redeemed, they  
go  
Where all the paths are sweet with  
flowers ;

They fought to give us peace, and lo !  
They gained a better peace than  
ours.

## SUNSET.

AWAY in the dim and distant past  
That little valley lies,  
Where the clouds that dimmed life's  
morning hours  
Were tinged with hope's sweet dyes.

That peaceful spot from which I looked  
To the future—unaware  
That the heat and burden of the day  
Were meant for me to bear.

Alas, alas ! I have borne the heat,  
To the burden learned to bow ;  
For I stand on the top of the hill of  
life,  
And I see the sunset now !

I stand on the top, but I look not back  
To the way behind me spread ;  
Not to the path my feet have trod,  
But the path they still must tread.

And straight and plain before my gaze  
The certain future lies ;  
But my sun grows larger all the while  
As he travels down the skies.

Yea, the sun of my hope grows large  
and grand ;  
For, with my childish years,  
I have left the mist that dimmed my  
sight,  
I have left my doubts and fears.

And I have gained in hope and trust,  
Till the future looks so bright,  
That, letting go of the hand of Faith,  
I walk, at times, by sight.

For we only feel that faith is life,  
And death is the fear of death,  
When we suffer up to the solemn  
heights  
Of a true and living faith.

When we do not say, the dead shall  
rise  
At the resurrection's call ;  
But when we trust in the Lord, and  
know  
That we cannot die at all !

## APOLOGY.

NAY, darling, darling, do not frown,  
Nor call my words unkind :  
For my speech was but an idle jest,  
As idle as the wind.

And now that I see your tender heart,  
By my thoughtlessness is grieved,  
I suffer both for the pain I gave,  
And the pain that you received.

For if ever I have a thought of you,  
That cold or cruel seems,  
I have murdered my peace, and robbed  
my sleep  
Of the joy of its happy dreams.

And when I have brought a cloud of  
grief  
To your sweet face unaware,  
Its shadow covers all my sky  
With the blackness of despair.

And if in your pillow I have set  
But one sharp thorn, alone,  
That cruel, careless deed, transplants  
A thousand to my own.

I grieve with your grief, I die in your  
frown,  
In your joy alone I live ;  
And the blow that it pained your heart  
to feel,  
I would break my own to give !

## THE SHADOW.

SHE was so good, we thought before  
she died  
To see new glory on her path de-  
scend ;  
And could not tell, till she has gone  
inside,  
Why there was darkness at her  
journey's end.

And then we saw that she had stood,  
of late,  
So near the entrance to that holy  
place,  
That, from the Eternal City's open  
gate,  
The awful shadow fell across her  
face.

## MORNING AND AFTERNOON.

FAIR girl, the light of whose morning  
keeps  
The flush of its dawning glow,  
Do you ask why that faded woman  
weeps,  
Whose sun is sinking low ?

You look to the future, on, above,  
She only looks to the past ;  
You are dreaming your first sweet  
dream of love,  
And she has dreamed her last.

You watch for feet that are yet to tread  
With yours, on a pleasant track ;  
She hears but the echoes dull and  
dread  
Of feet that come not back.

You are passing up the flowery slope  
She left so long ago ;  
Your rainbows shine through the drops  
of hope,  
And hers through the drops of woe.

Your night in its visions glides away  
And at morn you live them o'er ;  
From her dreams by night and dreams  
by day  
She has waked to dream no more.

You are reaching forth with spirit  
glad  
To hopes that are still untried ;  
She is burying the hopes she had,  
That have slipped from her arms and  
died.

You think of the good, for you in store,  
Which the future yet will send ;  
While she, she knows it were well for  
her  
If she made a peaceful end !

## LIVING BY FAITH.

WHEN the way we should tread runs  
evenly on,  
And light as of noonday is over it all,  
'T is strange how our feet will turn  
aside  
To paths where we needs must grope  
and fall ;

How we suffer, knowing it all the while,  
 Some phantom between ourselves  
 and the light,  
 That shuts in disastrous, strange  
 eclipse,  
 The very powers of sense and sight.

Yet we live so, all of us, I think,  
 Hiding whatever of truth we choose,  
 And deceiving ourselves with a subtilty  
 That never a soul but our own could  
 use.

We see the love in another's eyes,  
 Where our own, reflected, is back-  
 ward sent :

Or we hear a tone, that is not in a  
 tone,  
 And find a meaning that is not meant.

We put our faith in the help of those  
 Who never have been a help at all ;  
 And lean on an object that all the while  
 We know we are holding back from  
 its fall !

When words seem thoughtless, or deed  
 unkind,  
 We are soothed with the kind intent  
 instead ;  
 And we say of the absent, silent one :  
 He is faithful—but he is sick, or  
 dead !

We have loved some dear familiar  
 step,  
 That once in its fall was firm and  
 clear ;  
 And that household music's sweetest  
 sound  
 Came fainter every day to our ear ;

And then we have talked of the far-  
 away—  
 Of the springs to come and the years  
 to be,  
 When the rose should bloom in our  
 dear one's cheek,  
 And her feet should tread in the  
 meadows free !

We have turned from death, to speak  
 of life,  
 When we knew that earthly hope was  
 past ;  
 Yet thinking that somehow, God would  
 work  
 A miracle for us, to the last.

We have seen the bed of a cherished  
 friend  
 Pushing daily nearer and nearer,  
 till  
 It stood at the very edge of the grave,  
 And we looked across and beyond it,  
 still.

Aye, more than this—we have come  
 and gazed  
 Down where that dear one's mortal  
 part  
 Was lowered forever away from our  
 sight ;  
 And we did not die of a broken  
 heart.

Are we blind ! nay, we know the world  
 unknown  
 Is all we would make the present  
 seem ;  
 That our Father keeps, till his own  
 good time,  
 The things we dream of, and more  
 than we dream.

For we shall not sleep ; but we shall  
 be changed ;  
 And when that change at the last is  
 made,  
 We shall bring realities face to face  
 With 'our souls, and we shall not be  
 afraid.

#### MY LADY.

As violets, modest, tender-eyed,  
 The light of their beauty love to hide  
 In deepest solitudes ;  
 Even thus, to dwell unseen, she chose,  
 My flower of womanhood, my rose,  
 My lady of the woods !

Full of the deepest, truest thought,  
 Doing the very things she ought,  
 Stooping to all good deeds :  
 Her eyes too pure to shrink from such,  
 And her hands too clean to fear the  
 touch  
 Of the sinfulest in his needs.

There is no line of beauty or grace  
 That was not found in her pleasant  
 face,  
 And no heart can ever stir,  
 With a sense of human wants and  
 needs,



With promptings unto the holiest  
deeds,  
But had their birth in her.

With never a taint of the world's un-  
truth,  
She lived from infancy to youth,  
From youth to womanhood :  
Taking no soil in the ways she trod,  
But pure as she came from the hand of  
God,  
Before His face she stood.

My sweetest darling, my tenderest  
care !  
The hardest thing that I have to bear  
Is to know my work is past ;  
That nothing now I can say or do  
Will bring any comfort or aid to  
you, —  
I have said and done the last.

Yet I know I never was good enough,  
That my tenderest efforts were all too  
rough  
To help a soul so fine ;  
So the loviagest angel among them  
all,  
Whose touches fell, with the softest  
fall,  
Has pushed my hand from thine !

## PASSING FEET.

ALL these hours she sits and counts,  
As they pass her slow and sad,  
Are the headsmen cutting off  
Every flower of hope she had ;

And the feet that come and go  
In the darkness past her door,  
If they trod upon her heart,  
Could not pain it any more.

Friends hastening now to friends,  
Faster as the night grows late ;  
Through all places men can go,  
To all homes where women wait.

Some are pressing through the wood  
Where the path is faint and new ;  
Some strike out a shorter way,  
Across meadows wet with dew.

Some, along the highway's track,  
Music to their footsteps keep ;

Some are pushing into port,  
From their exile on the deep.

But the hope she had at eve  
From her wretched soul has fled ;  
For the lamp of love she lit  
Has burned useless, and is dead.

So the feet that come and go,  
In the darkness past her door,  
If they trod upon her heart  
Could not pain it any more !

## MY RICHES.

THERE is no comfort in the world  
But I, in thought, have known ;  
No bliss for any human heart,  
I have not dreamed my own ;  
And fancied joys may sometimes be  
More real than reality.

I have a house in which to live,  
Pleasant, and fair, and good,  
Its hearth is crowned with warmth and  
light,  
Its board with daintiest food.  
And I, when tired with care or doubt,  
Go in and shut my sorrows out.

I have a father, one whose care  
Goes with me where I roam ;  
A mother, waiting anxiously  
To see her child come home ;  
And sisters, from whose tender eyes  
The love in mine hath sweet replies.

I have a friend, who sees in me  
What none beside can see,  
Not faultless, but as firm and true,  
And pure, as man may be ;  
A friend, whose love is never dim,  
And I can never change to him.

My boys are very gentle boys,  
And after they are grown,  
They're nobler, better, braver men  
Than any I have known !  
And all my girls are fair and good  
From infancy to womanhood.

So with few blessings in the world  
That men can see or name,  
Home, love, and all that love can bring  
My mind has power to claim ;  
And life can never cease to be  
A good and pleasant thing to me.

## FIGS OF THISTLES.

As laborers set in a vineyard  
 Are we set in life's field,  
 To plant and to garner the harvest  
 Our future shall yield.

And never since harvests were ripened,  
 Or laborers born,  
 Have men gathered figs of the thistle,  
 Or grapes of the thorn !

Even he who has faithfully scattered  
 Clean seed in the ground,  
 Has seen, where the green blade was  
 growing,  
 Tares of evil abound.

Our labor ends not with the plant-  
 ing,  
 Sure watch must we keep,  
 For the enemy sows in the night-time  
 While husbandmen sleep.

And sins, all unsought and unbidden,  
 Take root in the mind ;  
 As the weeds grow, to choke up the  
 blossoms  
 Chance-sown by the wind.

But no good crop, our hands never  
 planted,  
 Doth Providence send ;  
 Nor doth that which we planted have  
 increase  
 Till we water and tend.

By our fruits, whether good, whether  
 evil,  
 At last are we shown ;  
 And he who has nothing to gather,  
 By his lack shall be known.

And no useless creature escapeth  
 His righteous reward ;  
 For the tree or the soul that is barren  
 Is cursed of the Lord !

## IMPATIENCE.

WILL the mocking daylight never be  
 done :  
 Is the moon her hour forgetting ?  
 O weary sun ! O merciless sun !  
 You have grown so slow in setting !

And yet, if the days could come and  
 go  
 As fast as I count them over,  
 They would seem to me like years, I  
 know,  
 Till they brought me back my lover.

Down through the valleys, down to the  
 south,  
 O west wind, go with fleetness,  
 Kiss, with your daintiest kisses, his  
 mouth,  
 And bring to me all its sweetness.

Go when he lieth in slumber deep,  
 And put your arms about him,  
 And hear if he whisper my name in his  
 sleep,  
 And tell him, I die without him.

O birds, that sail in the air like ships,  
 To me such discord bringing,  
 If you heard the sound of my lover's  
 lips,  
 You would be ashamed of your sing-  
 ing !

O rose, from whose heart such a crim-  
 son rain  
 Up to your soft cheek gushes,  
 You never could show your face again,  
 If you saw my lover's blushes !

O hateful stars, in hateful skies,  
 Can you think your light is tender,  
 When you steal it all from my lover's  
 eyes,  
 And shine with a borrowed splen-  
 dor ?

O sun, going over the western wall,  
 If you stay there none will heed you ;  
 For why should you rise or shine at  
 all  
 When he is not here to need you ?

Will the mocking daylight never be  
 done ?  
 Is the moon her hour forgetting ?  
 O weary sun ! O merciless sun !  
 You have grown so slow in setting !

## THOU AND I.

STRANGE, strange for thee and me,  
 Sadly afar ;

Thou safe beyond, above,  
 I 'neath the star ;  
 Thou where flowers deathless spring,  
 I where they fade ;  
 Thou in God's paradise,  
 I 'mid time's shade !

Thou where each gale breathes balm,  
 I tempest-tossed ;  
 Thou where true joy is found,  
 I where 't is lost ;  
 Thou counting ages thine,  
 I not the morrow ;  
 Thou learning more of bliss,  
 I more of sorrow.

Thou in eternal peace,  
 I 'mid earth's strife ;  
 Thou where care hath no name,  
 I where 't is life ;  
 Thou without need of hope,  
 I where 't is vain ;  
 Thou with wings dropping light,  
 I with time's chain.

Strange, strange for thee and me,  
 Loved, loving ever ;  
 Thou by Life's deathless fount,  
 I near Death's river ;  
 Thou winning Wisdom's love,  
 I strength to trust ;  
 Thou 'mid the seraphim,  
 I in the dust !

#### NOBODY'S CHILD.

ONLY a newsboy, under the light  
 Of the lamp-post plying his trade in  
 vain ;  
 Men are too busy to stop to-night,  
 Hurrying home through the sleet and  
 rain.  
 Never since dark a paper sold ;  
 Where shall he sleep, or how be fed ?

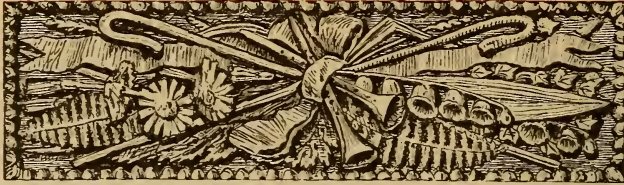
He thinks as he shivers there in the  
 cold,  
 While happy children are safe abed.

Is it strange if he turns about  
 With angry words, then comes to  
 blows,  
 When his little neighbor, just sold out,  
 Tossing his pennies, past him goes ?  
 "Stop!" — some one looks at him,  
 sweet and mild,  
 And the voice that speaks is a tender  
 one :  
 "You should not strike such a little  
 child,  
 And you should not use such words,  
 my son !"

Is it his anger or his fears  
 That have hushed his voice and  
 stopped his arm ?  
 "Don't tremble," these are the words  
 he hears ;  
 "Do you think that I would do you  
 harm ?"  
 "It is n't that," and the hand drops  
 down ;  
 "I would n't care for kicks and  
 blows ;  
 But nobody ever called me son,  
 Because I 'm nobody's child, I  
 s'pose."

O men ! as ye careless pass along,  
 Remember the love that has cared  
 for you ;  
 And blush for the awful shame and  
 wrong  
 Of a world where such a thing could  
 be true !  
 Think what the child at your knee had  
 been  
 If thus on life's lonely billows tossed ;  
 And who shall bear the weight of the  
 sin,  
 If one of these "little ones" be lost !





## POEMS OF NATURE AND HOME.

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### AN APRIL WELCOME.

COME up, April, through the valley,  
In your robes of beauty drest,  
Come and wake your flowery children  
From their wintry beds of rest ;  
Come and overblow them softly  
With the sweet breath of the south ;  
Drop upon them, warm and loving,  
Tenderest kisses of your mouth.

Touch them with your rosy fingers,  
Wake them with your pleasant tread,  
Push away the leaf-brown covers,  
Over all their faces spread ;  
Tell them how the sun is waiting  
Longer daily in the skies,  
Looking for the bright uplifting  
Of their softly-fringed eyes.

Call the crow-foot and the crocus,  
Call the pale anemone,  
Call the violet and the daisy,  
Clothed with careful modesty ;  
Seek the low and humble blossoms,  
Of their beauties unaware,  
Let the dandelion and fennel,  
Show their shining yellow hair.

Bid the little homely sparrows  
Chirping, in the cold and rain,  
Their impatient sweet complaining,  
Sing out from their hearts again ;  
Bid them set themselves to mating,  
Cooling love in softest words,  
Crowd their nests, all cold and empty,  
Full of little callow birds.

Come up, April, through the valley,  
Where the fountain sleeps to-day,  
Let him, freed from icy fetters,  
Go rejoicing on his way ;  
Through the flower-enameled meadows  
Let him run his laughing race,

Making love to all the blossoms  
That o'erleant and kiss his face.

But not birds and blossoms only,  
Not alone the streams complain,  
Men and maidens too are calling,  
Come up, April, come again !  
Waiting with the sweet impatience  
Of a lover for the hours  
They shall set the tender beauty  
Of thy feet among the flowers !

### MY NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE.

IN the years that now are dead and  
gone —  
Aye, dead, but ne'er forgot —  
My neighbor's stately house looked  
down  
On the walls of my humble cot.

I had my flowers and trees, 't is true,  
But they looked not fine and tall  
As my neighbor's flowers and trees,  
that grew  
On the other side of the wall.

Through the autumn leaves his ripe  
fruits gleamed  
With richer tints than mine,  
And his grapes in the summer sun-  
shine seemed  
More full of precious wine.

Through garden walk and bower I  
stray  
Unbidden now and free ;  
For my neighbor long has passed  
away,  
And his wealth has come to me.

I pace those stately halls at last,  
But a darker shadow falls

Within the house than once it cast  
On my lowly cottage walls.

I pluck the fruit, the wine I waste,  
I drag through the weary hours ;  
But the fruit is bitter to my taste,  
And I tire of the scent of flowers.

And I 'd take my poverty instead  
And all that I have resign,  
To feel as I felt when I coveted  
The wealth that now is mine.

#### THE FORTUNE IN THE DAISY.

OF what are you dreaming, my pretty  
maid,  
With your feet in the summer clover ?  
Ah ! you need not hang your modest  
head :  
I know 't is about your lover.

I know by the blushes on your cheek,  
Though you strive to hide the  
token ;  
And I know because you will not  
speak,  
The thought that is unspoken.

You are counting the petals, one by  
one,  
Of your dainty, dewy posies,  
To find from their number, when 't is  
done,  
The secret it discloses.

You would see if he comes with gold  
and land —  
The lover that is to woo you ;  
Or only brings his heart and his hand,  
For your heart and your hand to sue  
you.

Beware, beware, what you say and do,  
Fair maid, with your feet in the  
clover ;  
For the poorest man that comes to  
woo,  
May be the richest lover !

Since not by outward show and sign  
Can you reckon worth's true meas-  
ure,  
Who only is rich in soul and mind,  
May offer the greatest treasure.

Ah ! there never was power in gems  
alone  
To bind a brow from aching ;  
Nor strength enough in a jeweled  
zone  
To hold a heart from breaking.

Then be not caught by the sheen and  
glare  
Of worldly wealth and splendor ;  
But speak him soft, and speak him  
fair,  
Whose heart is true and tender.

You may wear your virtues as a  
crown.  
As you walk through life serenely ;  
And grace your simple rustic gown  
With a beauty more than queenly —

Though only one for you shall care,  
One only speak your praises ;  
And you never wear, in your shining  
hair,  
A richer flower than daisies !

#### A PICTURE.

HER brown hair plainly put away  
Under her broad hat's rustic brim ;  
That threw across her placid brow  
Its veil-like shadow, cool and dim :

Her shut lips sweet as if they moved  
Only to accents good and true ;  
Her eyes down-dropt, yet bright and  
clear  
As violets shining out of dew :

And folded close together now  
The tender hands that seemed to  
prove  
Their wondrous fitness to perform  
The works of charitable love.

Such is her picture, but too fair  
For pencil or for pen to paint ;  
For who could show you all in one  
The child, the woman, and the saint ?

I needs must fail ; for mortal hand  
Her full completeness may not  
trace.  
Whose meek and quiet spirit gives  
Heaven's beauty to an earthly face !

## FAITH.

DEAR, gentle Faith! on the sheltered porch

She used to sit by the hour,  
As still and white as the whitest rose  
That graced the vines of her bower.  
She watched the motes in the sun, the bees,

And the glad birds come and go ;  
The butterflies, and the children bright  
That chased them to and fro.  
She saw them happy, one and all,  
And she said that God was good ;  
Though she never had walked on the  
sweet green grass,  
And, alas ! she never would !

She saw the happy maid fulfill  
Her woman's destiny ;  
The trusting bride on the lover's arm,  
And the babe on the mother's  
knee.  
She folded meek, her empty hands,  
And she blest them, all and each,  
While the treasure that she coveted  
Was put beyond her reach.

"Yea, if God wills it so," she said,  
"Even so 't is mine to live.  
What to withhold He knoweth best,  
As well as what to give !"

At last, for her, the very sight  
Of the good, fair earth was done.  
She could not reach the porch, nor  
see  
The grass, nor the motes in the  
sun ;

Yet still her smile of sweet content  
Made heavenly all the place,  
As if they sat about her bed  
Who see the Father's face ;  
For to his will she bent her head,  
As bends to the rain the rose.  
"We know not what is best," she said ;  
"We only know He knows !"

Poor, crippled Faith! glad, happy  
Faith !  
Even in affliction blest ;  
For she made the cross we thought so  
hard  
A sweet support and rest.  
Wise, trusting Faith! when she gave  
her hand

To One we could not see,  
She told us all she was happier  
Than we could ever be.  
And we knew she thought how her feet,  
that ne'er  
On the good, green earth had trod,  
Would walk at last on the lily-beds  
That bloom in the smile of God !

## TO AN ELF ON A BUTTERCUP.

CUNNING little fairy,  
Where the breezes blow,  
Rocking in a buttercup,  
Lightly to and fro ;  
Little folks for nothing  
Look not so demure :  
You are planning mischief,  
I am very sure !

You will soon be dancing  
Down beside the spring ;  
On the velvet meadow,  
In a fairy ring ;  
Spoiling where the ewes feed  
All the tender grass ;  
And making charmed circles,  
Mortals dare not pass.

Darkening light where lovers  
Modest sit apart,  
You will kiss the maiden,  
With your wicked art ;  
Make her think her wooer  
Woefully to blame ;  
Through her frowns and blushes  
Crying out, "For shame !"

Ah ! my little fairy,  
With your mystic charms,  
You have slipped the infant  
From its mother's arms ;  
And have left a changeling  
In its place at night ;  
While you turned the mortal  
To a tricky sprite.

Thus you mix folks up so,  
Wicked, willful elf ;  
Never one of us can know  
If he be himself :  
And sitting here and telling  
Of the tricks you do ;  
I wonder whether I am I,  
Or whether I am you !

## PROVIDENCE.

"AH! what will become of the lily,  
When the summer-time is dead?  
Must she lay her spotless robes away,  
And hide in the dust her head?"

"My child, the hand that bows her  
head  
Can lift it up anew;  
And weave another shining robe  
Of sunshine and of dew."

"But, father, what will the sparrows  
do?  
Though they chirp so blithe and  
bold,  
When the shelter of the leaves is  
gone  
They must perish with the cold."

"The sparrows are little things, my  
child,  
And the cold is hard to bear;  
Yet never one of these shall fall  
Without our Father's care."

"But how will the tender lambs be  
clothed?  
For you know the shepherd said,  
He must take their fleeces all away,  
For us to wear instead."

"They are warm enough to-day, my  
child,  
And so soon their fleeces grow,  
They each will have another one  
Before they feel the snow."

"I know you will keep me, father;  
That I shall be clothed and fed;  
But suppose that I were lost from  
home,  
Oh, suppose that you were dead!"

"My child, there is One who seeks  
you,  
No matter where you roam;  
And you may not stray so far away,  
That He cannot bring you home."

"For you have a better Father,  
In a better home above;  
And the very hairs of your precious  
head  
Are numbered by His love!"

## OLD PICTURES.

OLD pictures, faded long, to-night  
Come out revealed by memory's  
gleam;  
And years of checkered dark and  
light  
Vanish behind me like a dream.

I see the cottage, brown and low,  
The rustic porch, the roof-tree's  
shade,  
And all the place where long ago  
A group of happy children played.

I see the brother, bravest, best,  
The prompt to act, the bold to  
speak;  
The baby, dear and honored guest!  
The timid sister, shy and meek."

I see her loving face who oft  
Watched, that their slumbers might  
be sweet;  
And his whose dear hand made so soft  
The path for all their tender feet.

I see, far off, the woods whose  
screen  
Bounded the little world we knew;  
And near, in fairy rings of green,  
The grass that round the door-stones  
grew.

I watch at morn the oxen come,  
And bow their meek necks to the  
yoke;  
Or stand at noontide, patient, dumb,  
In the great shadow of the oak.

The barn with crowded mows of hay,  
And roof upheld by golden sheaves;  
Its rows of doves, at close of day,  
Cooing together on the eaves.

I see, above the garden-beds,  
The bee at work with laden wing;  
The dandelions' yellow heads  
Crowding about the orchard spring;

The little, sweet-voiced, homely thrush;  
The field-lark, with her speckled  
breast;  
The finches in the currant-bush;  
And where the bluebirds hid their  
nest.

I see the comely apple-trees,  
In spring, a-blush with blossoms  
sweet ;

Or, bending with the autumn breeze,  
Shake down their ripe fruits at our  
feet.

I see, when hurtling through the air  
The arrows of the winter fly,  
And all the frozen earth lies bare,  
A group about the hearth draw nigh,

Of little ones that never tire  
Of stories told and told again ;

I see the pictures in the fire,  
The firelight pictures in the pane.

I almost feel the stir and buzz  
Of day ; the evening's holy calm ;  
Yea, all that made me what I was,  
And helped to make me what I am.

Then lo ! it dies, as died our youth ;  
And things so strange about me  
seem,

I know not what should be the truth,  
Nor whether I would wake or dream.

I have not found to-day so vain,  
Nor yesterday so fair and good,  
That I would have my life again,  
And live it over if I could.

Not every hope for me has proved  
A house on weak foundation built ;  
I have not seen the feet I loved  
Caught in the awful snares of guilt.

But when I see the paths so hard  
Kept soft and smooth in days gone  
by ;

The lives that years have made or  
marred,  
Out of my loneliness I cry :

Oh, for the friends that made so bright  
The days, alas ! too soon to wane !

Oh, but to be one hour to-night  
Set in their midst, a child again !

#### THE PLAYMATES.

Two careless, happy children,  
Up when the east was red,  
And never tired and never still  
Till the sun had gone to bed ;

Helping the winds in winter  
To toss the snows about ;  
Gathering the early flowers,  
When spring-time called them out ;  
Playing among the windrows  
Where the mowers mowed the hay ;  
Finding the place where the skylark  
Had hidden her nest away ;  
Treading the cool, damp furrows  
Behind the shining plough ;  
Up in the barn with the swallows,  
And sliding over the mow ;  
Pleased with the same old stories,  
Heard a thousand times ;  
Believing all the wonders  
Written in tales or rhymes ;  
Counting the hours in summer  
When even a day seemed long ;  
Counting the hours in winter  
Till the time of leaves and song.  
Thinking it took forever  
For little children to grow,  
And that seventy years of a life-time  
Never could come and go.  
Oh, I know they were happier chil-  
dren  
Than the world again may see,  
For one was my little playmate,  
And one, ah ! one was me !

A sad-faced man and woman,  
Leagues and leagues apart,  
Doing their work as best they may  
With weary hand and heart ;  
Shrinking from winter's tempests,  
And summer's burning heat ;  
Thinking that skies were brighter  
And flowers were once more sweet ;  
Wondering why the skylark  
So early tries his wings ;  
And if green fields are hidden  
Beyond the gate where he sings !  
Feeling that time is slipping  
Faster and faster away ;  
That a day is but as a moment,  
And the years of life as a day ;  
Seeing the heights and places  
Others have reached and won ;  
Sighing o'er things accomplished,  
And things that are left undone ;  
And yet still trusting, somehow,  
In his own good time to become  
Again as little children.

In their Heavenly Father's home ;  
One crowding memories backward,  
In the busy, restless mart,  
One pondering on them ever,  
And keeping them in her heart ;



Going on by their separate pathways  
To the same eternity —  
And one of these is my playmate,  
And one, alas ! is me !

“THE BAREFOOT BOY.”

AH ! “Barefoot Boy !” you have led  
me back

O'er the waste of years profound,  
To the still, sweet spots, which memory  
Hath kept as haunted ground.

You have led me back to the western  
hills,

Where I played through the summer  
hours ;

And called my little playmate up,  
To stand among the flowers.

We are hand in hand in the fields  
again,

We are treading through the dew !  
And not the poet's “barefoot boy,”

Nor him the artist drew,  
Is half so brave and bold and good,

Though bright their colors glow,  
As the darling playmate that I had  
And lost, so long ago !

I touch the spring-time's tender grass,  
I find the daisy buds ;

I feel the shadows deep and cool,  
In the heart of the summer woods ;

I see the ripened autumn nuts,  
Like thick hail strew the earth ;

I catch the fall of the winter snow,  
And the glow of the cheerful hearth !

But alas ! my playmate, loved and lost,  
My heart is full of tears,  
For the dead and buried hopes, that are  
more

Than our dead and buried years :  
And I cannot see the poet's rhymes,  
Nor the lines the artist drew,

But only the boy that held my hand,  
And led my feet through the dew !

WINTER FLOWERS.

THOUGH Nature's lonesome, leafless  
bowers,

With winter's awful snows are  
white,

The tender smell of leaves and flowers  
Makes May-time in my room to-  
night :

While some, in homeless poverty,  
Shrink moaning from the bitter  
blast ;

What am I, that my lines should be  
In good and pleasant places cast ?

When other souls despairing stand,  
And plead with famished lips to-day,  
Why is it that a loving hand  
Should scatter blossoms in my way ?

O flowers, with soft and dewy eyes,  
To God my gratitude reveal ;  
Send up your incense to the skies,  
And utter, for me, what I feel !

O innocent roses, in your buds  
Hiding for very modesty ;  
O violets, smelling of the woods,  
Thank Him, with all your sweets for  
me !

And tell him, I would give this hour  
All that is mine of good beside,  
To have the pure heart of a flower,  
That has no stain of sin to hide.

MARCH CROCUSES.

O FICKLE and uncertain March,  
How could you have the heart,  
To make the tender crocuses  
From their beds untimely start ?

Those foolish, unsuspecting flowers,  
Too credulous to see  
That the sweetest promises of March  
Are not May's certainty.

When you smiled a few short hours  
ago,

What said your whisper, light,  
That made them lift their pretty heads  
So hopeful and so bright ?

I could not catch a single word,  
But I saw your light caress :  
And heard your rough voice softened  
down

To a lover's tenderness.

O cruel and perfidious month,  
It makes me sick and sad,

To think how yesterday your smile  
Made all the blossoms glad !

O trustful, unsuspecting flowers,  
It breaks my heart to know,  
That all your golden heads to-day  
Are underneath the snow !

HOMESICK.

COMFORT me with apples !  
I am sick unto death, I am sad to despair ;  
My trouble is more than my strength  
is to bear :  
Back again to the green hills that first  
met my sight  
I come, as a child to its mother, to-  
night ; —  
Comfort me with apples !

Comfort me with apples !  
Bring the ripe mellow fruit from the  
early "sweet bough," —  
(Is the tree that we used to climb grow-  
ing there now ?)  
And "russets," whose cheeks are as  
freckled and dun  
As the cheeks of the children that play  
in the sun ; —  
Comfort me with apples !

Comfort me with apples !  
Gather those streaked with red, that  
we named "morning-light."  
Our good father set, when his hair had  
grown white,  
The tree, though he said when he  
planted the root,  
"The hands of another shall gather  
the fruit ;" —  
Comfort me with apples !

Comfort me with apples !  
Go down to the end of the orchard, and  
bring  
The fair "lady-fingers" that grew by  
the spring ;  
Pale "bell-flowers," and "pippins," all  
burnished with gold,  
Like the fruit the Hesperides guarded  
of old ; —  
Comfort me with apples !

Comfort me with apples !  
Get the sweet "junietta," so loved by  
the bees,

And the "pearmain," that grew on the  
queen of the trees ;  
And close by the brook, where they  
hang ripe and lush,  
Go and shake down the best of them  
all. — "maiden's-blush ;" —  
Comfort me with apples !

Comfort me with apples !  
For lo ! I am sick ; I am sad and op-  
prest ;  
I come back to the place where, a child,  
I was blest.  
Hope is false, love is vain, for the old  
things I sigh ;  
And if these cannot comfort me, then  
I must die !  
Comfort me with apples !

"FIELD PREACHING."

I HAVE been out to-day in field and  
wood,  
Listening to praises sweet and counsel  
good  
Such as a little child had understood,  
That, in its tender youth,  
Discerns the simple eloquence of truth.  
The modest blossoms, crowding round  
my way,  
Though they had nothing great or  
grand to say,  
Gave out their fragrance to the wind  
all day ;  
Because his loving breath,  
With soft persistence, won them back  
from death.

And the right royal lily, putting on  
Her robes, more rich than those of  
Solomon,  
Opened her gorgeous missal in the  
sun,  
And thanked Him, soft and low,  
Whose gracious, liberal hand had  
clothed her so.

When wearied, on the meadow-grass I  
sank :  
So narrow was the rill from which I  
drank,  
An infant might have stepped from  
bank to bank :  
And the tall rushes near  
Lapping together, hid its waters clear.

Yet to the ocean joyously it went ;  
 And rippling in the fullness of content,  
 Watered the pretty flowers that o'er it leant :  
 For all the banks were spread  
 With delicate flowers that on its bounty fed.

The stately maize, a fair and goodly sight,  
 With serried spear-points bristling sharp and bright.  
 Shook out his yellow tresses, for delight,  
 To all their tawny length,  
 Like Samson, glorying in his lusty strength.

And every little bird upon the tree,  
 Ruffling his plumage bright, for ecstasy,  
 Sang in the wild insanity of glee ;  
 And seemed, in the same lays,  
 Calling his mate and uttering songs of praise.

The golden grasshopper did chirp and sing ;  
 The plain bee, busy with her house-keeping,  
 Kept humming cheerfully upon the wing.  
 As if she understood  
 That, with contentment, labor was a good.

I saw each creature, in his own best place,  
 To the Creator lift a smiling face,  
 Praising continually his wondrous grace :  
 As if the best of all  
 Life's countless blessings was to live at all !

So with a book of sermons, plain and true,  
 Hid in my heart, where I might turn them through,  
 I went home softly, through the falling dew,  
 Still listening, rapt and calm,  
 To Nature giving out her evening psalm.

While, far along the west, mine eyes discerned,

Where, lit by God, the fires of sunset burned,  
 The tree-tops, unconsumed, to flame were turned ;  
 And I, in that great hush,  
 Talked with his angels in each burning bush !

## GATHERING BLACKBERRIES.

LITTLE Daisy smiling wakes  
 From her sleep as morning breaks,  
 Why, she knoweth well ;  
 Yet if you should ask her, surely  
 She would answer you demurely,  
 That she cannot tell.

Careful Daisy, with no sound,  
 Slips her white feet to the ground,  
 Saying, very low,  
 She must rise and help her mother,  
 And be ready, if her brother  
 Needs her aid, to go !

Foolish Daisy, o'er her lips  
 Only that poor falsehood slips.  
 Truth is in her cheeks ;  
 Her own words cannot deceive her,  
 Her own heart will not believe her  
 In a blush it speaks.

Daisy knows that, when the heat  
 Dries the dew upon the wheat,  
 She will be away ;  
 She and Ernest, just another  
 Who, she says, is like a brother,  
 Making holiday.

For the blackberries to-day  
 Will be ripe, the reapers say,  
 Ripe as they can be ;  
 And not wholly for the pleasure,  
 But lest others find the treasure,  
 She must go and see.

Eager Daisy, at the gate  
 Meeting Ernest, scarce can wait,  
 But she checks her heart ;  
 And she says, her soft eyes beam-  
 ing  
 With an innocent, grave seeming ;  
 " Is it time to start ? "

Cunning Daisy tries to go  
 Very womanly and slow,  
 And to act so well

That, if any one had seen them,  
With the dusty road between them,  
What was there to tell ?

Happy Daisy, when they gain  
The green windings of the lane,  
Where the hedge is thick ;  
For they find, beneath its shadow,  
Wild sweet roses in the meadow,  
More than they can pick.

Bending low, and rising higher,  
Scarlet pinks their lamps of fire  
Lightly swing about ;  
And the wind that blows them over  
Out of sight among the clover,  
Seems to blow them out !

Doubting Daisy, as she hies  
Toward the field of berries, cries :  
" What if they be red ? "  
Black and ripe they find them rather,  
Black and ripe enough to gather,  
As the reapers said.

Lucky Daisy, Ernest finds  
Berries for her in the vines,  
Hidden where she stands ;  
And with fearless arm he pushes  
Back the cruel, briery bushes,  
That would hurt her hands.

He would have her hold her cup  
Just for him to fill it up,  
But away she trips ;  
Picking daintily, she lingers  
Till she dyes her pretty fingers  
Redder than her lips.

Thoughtful Daisy, what she hears,  
What she hopes, or what she fears,  
Who of us can tell ?  
For if, going home, she carries  
Richer treasure than her berries,  
She will guard it well !

Puzzled Daisy does not know  
Why the sun, who rises slow,  
Hurries overhead ;  
He, that lingered at the morning,  
Drops at night with scarce a warn-  
ing  
On his cloudy bed.

All too narrow at the start  
Seemed the path, they kept apart,  
Though the way was rough :

Now the path, that through the hollow  
Closely side by side they follow,  
Seemeth wide enough.

Hopeful Daisy, will the days  
That are brightening to her gaze  
Brighter grow than this ?  
Will she, mornings without number,  
Wake up restless from her slumber,  
Just for happiness ?

Will the friend so kind to-day,  
Always push the thorns away,  
With which earth is rife ?  
Will he be her true, true lover,  
Will he make her cup run over  
With the wine of life ?

Blessèd Daisy, will she be,  
If above mortality  
Thus she stands apart ;  
Cursèd, if the hand, unsparing,  
Let the thorns fly backward, tearing  
All her bleeding heart !

Periled Daisy, none can know  
What the future has to show ;  
There must come what must ;  
But, if blessings be forbidden,  
Let the truth awhile be hidden —  
Let her hope and trust.

Let all women born to weep,  
Their heart's breaking — all who keep  
Hearts still young and whole,  
Pray, as fearing no denying,  
Pray with me, as for the dying,  
For this maiden's soul !

#### OUR HOMESTEAD.

OUR old brown homestead reared its  
walls  
From the way-side dust aloof,  
Where the apple-boughs could almost  
cast  
Their fruit upon its roof ;  
And the cherry-tree so near it grew  
That when awake I 've lain  
In the lonesome nights, I 've heard the  
limbs  
As they creaked against the pane ;  
And those orchard trees, oh those or-  
chard trees !  
I 've seen my little brothers rocked  
In their tops by the summer breeze.

The sweet-brier, under the window-sill,  
Which the early birds made glad,  
And the damask rose, by the garden-  
fence,

Were all the flowers we had.  
I've looked at many a flower since  
then,

Exotics rich and rare,  
That to other eyes were lovelier  
But not to me so fair ;  
For those roses bright, oh those roses  
bright !

I have twined them in my sister's  
locks,  
That are hid in the dust from sight.

We had a well, a deep old well,  
Where the spring was never dry,  
And the cool drops down from the  
mossy stones

Were falling constantly ;  
And there never was water half so sweet  
As the draught which filled my cup,  
Drawn up to the curb by the rude old  
sweep

That my father's hand set up.  
And that deep old well, oh that deep  
old well !

I remember now the plashing sound  
Of the bucket as it fell.

Our homestead had an ample hearth,  
Where at night we loved to meet ;  
There my mother's voice was always  
kind,

And her smile was always sweet ;  
And there I've sat on my father's  
knee,

And watched his thoughtful brow,  
With my childish hand in his raven  
hair, —

That hair is silver now !  
But that broad hearth's light, oh that  
broad hearth's light !

And my father's look, and my mother's  
smile,

They are in my heart to-night !

#### SPRING AFTER THE WAR.

COME, loveliest season of the year,  
And every quickened pulse shall beat,  
Your footsteps in the grass to hear,  
And feel your kisses, soft and sweet !

Come, and bestow new happiness  
Upon the heart that hopeful thrills ;

Sing with the lips that sing for bliss,  
And laugh with children on the hills.

Lead dancing streams through mead-  
ows green,  
And in the deep, deserted dells  
Where poets love to walk unseen,  
Plant flowers, with all delicious  
smells.

To humble cabins kindly go,  
And train your shady vines, to creep  
About the porches, cool and low,  
Where mothers rock their babes to  
sleep.

But come with hushed and reverent  
tread,  
And bring your gifts, most pure and  
sweet,  
To hallowed places where our dead  
Are sleeping underneath your feet.

There let the turf be lightly pressed,  
And be your tears that softly flow  
The sweetest, and the sacredest,  
That ever pity shed for woe !

Scatter your holiest drop of dew,  
Sing hymns of sacred melody ;  
And keep your choicest flowers to strew  
The places where our heroes lie.

But most of all, go watch about  
The unknown beds of such as sleep,  
Where love can never find them out,  
Nor faithful friendship come to weep.

Go where the ocean moans and cries,  
For those her waters hide from  
sight ;  
And where the billows heave and rise,  
Scatter the flowery foam-wreaths,  
white.

Aye, all your dearest treasures keep ;  
We shall not miss them, but instead  
Will give them joyfully, to heap  
The holy altars of our dead !

The poet from his wood-paths wild,  
I know will take his sweetest flower,  
The mother, singing to her child,  
Will strip the green vines from her  
bower ;

The poor man from his garden bed  
The unpretending blooms will spare ;

The lover give the roses red  
He gathered for his darling's hair.

Yea, all thy gifts we love and prize  
We ask thee reverently to bring,  
And lay them on the darkened eyes,  
That wait their everlasting spring!

#### THE BOOK OF NATURE.

WE scarce could doubt our Father's  
power,  
Though his greatness were untold  
In the sacred record made for us  
By the prophet-bards of old.

We must have felt his watchfulness  
About us everywhere ;  
Though we had not learned, in the  
Holy Word,  
How He keeps us in his care.

I almost think we should know his  
love,  
And dream of his pardoning grace,  
If we never had read how the Saviour  
came,  
To die for a sinful race.

For the sweetest parables of truth  
In our daily pathway lie,  
And we read, without interpreter,  
The writing on the sky.

The ravens, fed when they clamor,  
teach  
The human heart to trust ;  
And the rain of goodness speaks, as it  
falls  
On the unjust and the just.

The sunshine drops, like a leaf of gold,  
From the book of light above ;  
And the lily's missal is written full  
Of the words of a Father's love.

So, when we turn from the sacred  
page  
Where the holy record lies,  
And its gracious plans and promises  
Are hidden from our eyes ;

One open volume still is ours,  
To read and understand ;  
And its living characters are writ  
By our Father's loving hand !

#### SUGAR-MAKING.

THE crocus rose from her snowy bed  
As she felt the spring's caresses,  
And the willow from her graceful head  
Shook out her yellow tresses.

Through the crumbling walls of his icy  
cell  
Stole the brook, a happy rover ;  
And he made a noise like a silver bell  
In running under and over.

The earth was pushing the old dead  
grass  
With lily hand from her bosom,  
And the sweet brown buds of the sas-  
safras  
Could scarcely hide the blossom.

And breaking nature's solitude  
Came the axe strokes clearly ring-  
ing,  
For the chopper was busy in the wood  
Ere the early birds were singing.

All day the hardy settler now  
At his tasks was toiling steady ;  
His fields were cleared, and his shin-  
ing plow  
Was set by the furrow ready.

And down in the woods, where the sun  
appeared  
Through the naked branches break-  
ing,  
His rustic cabin had been reared  
For the time of sugar-making.

And now, as about it he came and  
went,  
Cheerfully planning and toiling,  
His good child sat there, with eyes in-  
tent  
On the fire and the kettles boiling.

With the beauty Nature gave as her  
dower,  
And the artless grace she taught her,  
The woods could boast no fairer flower,  
Than Rose, the settler's daughter.

She watched the pleasant fire anear,  
And her father coming and going,  
And her thoughts were all as sweet and  
clear  
As the drops his pail o'erflowing.

For she scarce had dreamed of earthly  
ills,  
And love had never found her :  
She lived shut in by the pleasant hills  
That stood as a guard around her ;

And she might have lived the self-same  
way  
Through all the springs to follow,  
But for a youth, who came one day  
Across her in the hollow.

He did not look like a wicked man,  
And yet, when he saw that blossom,  
He said, " I will steal this Rose if I can,  
And hide it in my bosom."

That he could be tired you had not  
guessed  
Had you seen him lightly walking ;  
But he must have been, for he stopped  
to rest  
So long that they fell to talking.

Alas ! he was athirst, he said,  
Yet he feared there was no slaking  
The deep and quenchless thirst he had  
For a draught beyond his taking.

Then she filled the cup and gave to  
him,  
The settler's blushing daughter,  
And he looked at her across the brim  
As he slowly drank the water.

And he sighed as he put the cup away,  
For lips and soul were drinking ;  
But what he drew from her eyes that  
day  
Was the sweetest, to his thinking.

I do not know if her love awoke  
Before his words awoke it ;  
If she guessed at his before he spoke,  
Or not until he spoke it.

But howsoe'er she made it known,  
And howsoe'er he told her,  
Each unto each the heart had shown  
When the year was little older.

For oft he came her voice to hear,  
And to taste of the sugar-water ;  
And she was a settler's wife next year  
Who had been a settler's daughter.

And now their days are fair and fleet  
As the days of sugar weather,  
While they drink the water, clear and  
sweet,  
Of the cup of life together.

#### SPRING FLOWERS.<sup>1</sup>

O SWEET and charitable friend,  
Your gift of fragrant bloom  
Has brought the spring-time and the  
woods,  
To cheer my lonesome room.

It rests my weary, aching eyes,  
And soothes my heart and brain ;  
To see the tender green of the leaves,  
And the blossoms wet with rain.

I know not which I love the most,  
Nor which the comeliest shows,  
The timid, bashful violet,  
Or the royal-hearted rose :

The pansy in her purple dress,  
The pink with cheek of red,  
Or the faint, fair heliotrope, who hangs,  
Like a bashful maid, her head.

For I love and prize you one and all,  
From the least low bloom of spring  
To the lily fair, whose clothes outshine  
The raiment of a king.

And when my soul considers these,  
The sweet, the grand, the gay,  
I marvel how we shall be clothed  
With fairer robes than they ;

And almost long to sleep, and rise  
And gain that fadeless shore,  
And put immortal splendor on,  
And live, to die no more.

<sup>1</sup> The last poem written by Phæbe Cary.



## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

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### AMY'S LOVE-LETTER.

TURNING some papers carelessly  
That were hid away in a desk  
unused,  
I came upon something yesterday  
O'er which I pondered and mused :

A letter, faded now and dim,  
And stained in places, as if by tears ;  
And yet I had hardly thought of him  
Who traced its pages for years.

Though once the happy tears made  
dim  
My eyes, and my blushing cheeks  
grew hot,  
To have but a single word from him,  
Fond or foolish, no matter what.

If he ever quoted another's rhymes,  
Poor in themselves and common-  
place,  
I said them over a thousand times,  
As if he had lent them a grace.

The single color that pleased his taste  
Was the only one I would have, or  
wear,  
Even in the girdle about my waist  
Or the ribbon that bound my hair.

Then my flowers were the self-same  
kind and hue ;  
And yet how strangely one forgets —  
I cannot think which one of the two  
It was. or roses or violets !

But oh, the visions I knew and nursed,  
While I walked in a world unseen  
before !

For my world began when I knew him  
first,  
And must end when he came no  
more.

We would have died for each other's  
sake,  
Would have given all else in the  
world below ;  
And we said and thought that our  
hearts would break  
When we parted, years ago.

How the pain as well as the rapture  
seems  
A shadowy thing I scarce recall,  
Passed wholly out of my life and  
dreams,  
As though it had never been at all.

And is this the end, and is here the  
grave  
Of our steadfast love and our change-  
less faith  
About which the poets sing and rave,  
Naming it strong as death ?

At least 't is what mine has come to  
at last,  
Stript of all charm and all dis-  
guise :  
And I wonder if, when he thinks of the  
past,  
He thinks we were foolish or wise ?

Well, I am content, so it matters  
not ;  
And, speaking about him, some one  
said —  
I wish I could only remember what —  
But he 's either married or dead.



## DO YOU BLAME HER ?

NE'ER lover spake in tenderer words,  
While mine were calm, unbroken ;  
Though I suffered all the pain I gave  
In the No, so firmly spoken.

I marvel what he would think of me,  
Who called it a cruel sentence.  
If he knew I had almost learned to day  
What it is to feel repentance.

For it seems like a strange perversity,  
And blind beyond excusing,  
To lose the thing we could have kept,  
And after, mourn the losing.

And this, the prize I might have won,  
Was worth a queen's obtaining ;  
And one, if far beyond my reach,  
I had sighed, perchance, for gaining.

And I know — ah ! no one knows so  
well.

Though my heart is far from break-  
ing —  
'T was a loving heart, and an honest  
hand,  
I might have had for the taking.

And yet, though never one beside  
Has place in my thought above him,  
I only like him when he is by,  
'T is when he is gone I love him.

Sadly of absence poets sing,  
And timid lovers fear it ;  
But an idol has been worshiped less  
Sometimes when we came too near  
it.

And for him my fancy throws to-day  
A thousand graces o'er him ;  
For he seems a god when he stands  
afar  
And I kneel in my thought before  
him.

But if he were here, and knelt to me  
With a lover's fond persistence,  
Would the halo brighten to my eyes  
That crowns him now in the dis-  
tance ?

Could I change the words I have said,  
and say  
Till one of us two shall perish,

Forsaking others, I take this man  
Alone, to love and to cherish ?

Alas ! whatever beside to-day  
I might dream like a fond romancer,  
I know my heart so well that I know  
I should give him the self-same  
answer.

## SONG.

LAUGH out, O stream, from your bed  
of green,  
Where you lie in the sun's embrace ;  
And talk to the reeds that o'er you lean  
To touch your dimpled face ;  
But let your talk be sweet as it will,  
And your laughter be as gay,  
You cannot laugh as I laugh in my  
heart,  
For my lover will come to-day !

Sing sweet, little bird, sing out to your  
mate  
That hides in the leafy grove ;  
Sing clear and tell him for him you  
wait,  
And tell him of all your love ;  
But though you sing till you shake the  
buds  
And the tender leaves of May,  
My spirit thrills with a sweeter song,  
For my lover must come to-day !

Come up, O winds, come up from the  
south  
With eager hurrying feet,  
And kiss your red rose on her mouth  
In the bower where she blushes  
sweet ;  
But you cannot kiss your darling  
flower.  
Though you clasp her as you may,  
As I kiss in my thought the lover dear  
I shall hold in my arms to-day !

## SOMEBODY'S LOVERS.

Too meek by half was he who came  
A-wooing me one morn.  
For he thought so little of himself  
I learned to share his scorn.

At night I had a suitor, vain  
As the vainest in the land ;

Almost he seemed to condescend  
In the offer of his hand.

In one who pressed his suit I missed  
Courage and manly pride ;  
And how could I think of such a one  
As a leader and a guide ?

And then there came a worshiper  
With such undoubting trust,  
That when he knelt he seemed not  
worth  
Upraising from the dust.

The next was never in the wrong,  
Was not too smooth nor rough ;  
So faultless and so good was he,  
That that was fault enough.

But one, the last of all who came,  
I know not how to paint ;  
No angel do I seem to him —  
He scarcely calls me saint !

He hath such sins and weaknesses  
As mortal man befall ;  
He hath a thousand faults, and yet  
I love him with them all !

He never asked me yea nor nay,  
Nor knelt to me one hour ;  
But he took my heart, and holds my  
heart  
With a lover's tender power.

And I bow, as needs I must, and say,  
In proud humility,  
Love's might is right, and I yield at  
last  
To manhood's royalty !

#### ON THE RIVER.

DARLING, while the tender moon  
Of this soft, delicious June,  
Watches o'er thee like a lover ;  
While we journey to the sea,  
Silently,  
Let me tell my story over.

Ah ! how clear before my sight  
Rises up that summer night,  
When I told thee first my passion ;  
And the little crimson streak,  
In thy cheek,  
Showed thy love in comeliest fashion.

When I pleaded for reply,  
Silent lip and downcast eye,  
Turning from me both dissembled ;  
But the lily hand that shone  
In mine own,  
Like a lily softly trembled.

And the pretty words that passed  
O'er thy coral lips at last,  
Still as precious pearls I treasure ;  
And the payment lovers give,  
While I live,  
Shall be given thee without measure.

For I may not offer thee  
Such poor words as mine must be ;  
I perforce must speak my blisses  
In the language of mine eyes,  
Mixed with sighs,  
And the tender speech of kisses.

Heart, encompassed in my heart !  
Hopeful, happy as thou art,  
Will I keep and ne'er forsake thee ;  
Yea, my love shall hold thee fast,  
Till the last.  
So that heaven alone can take thee !

And if sorrow ever spread  
Threatening showers o'er thy head,  
All about thee will I gather,  
Whatsoever things are bright,  
That thy sight  
May be tempted earthward rather ;

From thy pathway, for love's sake,  
Carefully my hand will take,  
Every thorn anear it growing ;  
And my lamb within my arms,  
Safe from harms,  
Will I shield when winds are blowing.

Fairest woman, holiest saint !  
If my words of praise could paint  
Thee, as liberal Nature made thee ;  
All who saw my picture, sweet,  
Would repeat,  
" He who painted, loved the lady ! "

Has the wide world anything  
Thou wilt take or I may bring,  
I will treat no work disdainful ;  
Set me some true lover's task,  
Dearest, ask  
Any service, sweet or painful.

If it please thee, over me,  
Practice petty tyranny,

Punish me as for misdoing,  
 Let me make of penitence  
 Sad pretense,  
 At thy feet for pardon suing.

Darling, all our life must be,  
 Thou with me, and I with thee,  
 Calm as this delicious weather;  
 We will keep our honeymoon  
 Every June,  
 Voyaging through life together.

You and me, we used to say,  
 We were two but yesterday;  
 We were as the sea and river;  
 Now our lives have all the sweetness,  
 And completeness  
 Of two souls made one forever!

## INCONSTANCY.

ALL in a dreary April day,  
 When the light of my sky was  
 changed to gloom,  
 My first love drooped and faded away,  
 While I sorrowed over its waning  
 bloom.

And I buried it, saying bitterly,  
 As I watered its grave with a rain of  
 tears:  
 "No flower of love will bloom for me  
 Save this one, dead in my early  
 years!"

But the May-time pushes the April out,  
 And the summer of life succeeds the  
 May;  
 And the heaviest clouds of grief and  
 doubt,  
 In weeping, weep themselves away.

And ere I had ceased to mourn above  
 My cherished flower's untimely tomb,  
 Right out of the grave of that buried  
 love  
 There sprang another and fairer  
 bloom.

And I cried, "Sleep softly, my per-  
 ished rose,  
 My pretty bud of an April hour;  
 While I live in the beauty that burns  
 and glows,  
 In the summer heart of my passion  
 flower!"

## LOVE CANNOT DIE.

ONCE, when my youth was in its flower,  
 I lived in an enchanted bower,  
 Unvexed with fear or care,  
 With one who made my world so bright,  
 I thought no darkness and no blight  
 Could ever enter there

I have no friend like that to-day,  
 The very bower has passed away;  
 It was not what it seemed;  
 I know in all the world of men  
 There is not and there ne'er has been,  
 That one of whom I dreamed!

And one I loved and called my friend,  
 And hoped to walk with to the end,  
 And on the better shore,  
 Has changed so cruelly that she,  
 Out of my years that are to be,  
 Is lost for evermore.

With his dear eyes in death shut fast,  
 Sleeps one who loved me to the last,  
 Beneath the church-yard stone;  
 Yet hath his spirit always been  
 Near me to cheer the world wherein  
 I seem to walk alone.

There was a little golden head  
 A few brief seasons pillowed  
 Softly my own beside;  
 That pillow long has been unprest—  
 That child yet sleeps upon my breast  
 As though she had not died,

And seeing that I always hold  
 Mine earthly loves, in love's sweet fold,  
 I thus have learned to know,  
 That He, whose tenderness divine  
 Surpasses every thought of mine,  
 Will never let me go.

Yea, thou, whose love, so strong, so  
 great,  
 Nor life nor death can separate  
 From souls within thy care;  
 I know that though in heaven I dwell,  
 Or go to make my bed in hell,  
 Thou still art with me there!

## HELPLESS.

YOU never said a word to me  
 That was cruel, under the sun;

It is n't the things you do, darling,  
But the things you leave undone.

If you could but know a wish or want  
You would grant it joyfully ;  
Ah ! that is the worst of all, darling,  
That you cannot know nor see.

For favors free alone are sweet,  
Not those that we must seek ;  
If you loved as I love you, darling,  
I would not need to speak.

But to-day I am helpless as a child  
That must be led along ;  
Then put your hand in mine, dar-  
ling,  
And make me brave and strong.

There's a heavy care upon my mind,  
A trouble on my brain :  
Now gently stroke my hair, darling,  
And take away the pain.

I feel a weight within my breast,  
As if all had gone amiss ;  
Oh, kiss me with your lips, darling,  
And fill my heart with bliss.

Enough ! no deeper joy than this  
For souls below is given ;  
Now take me in your arms, darling,  
And lift me up to heaven !

#### MY HELPER.

WE stood, my soul and I,  
In fearful jeopardy,  
The while the fire and tempest passed  
us by.

For I was pushed by fate  
Into that fearful strait,  
Where there was nothing but to stand  
and wait.

I had no company —  
The world was dark to me :  
Whence any light might come I could  
not see.

I lacked each common good,  
Nor raiment had nor food ;  
The earth seemed slipping from me  
where I stood.

One who had wealth essayed ;  
Gold in my hand he laid ;  
He proffered all his treasures for my  
aid.

Yet from his gilded roof,  
I needs must stand aloof ;  
I could not put his kindness to the  
proof.

One who had wisdom, said,  
" By me be taught and led,  
And thou, thyself, mayst win both  
home and bread.

Too strong and wise was he,  
Too far away from me,  
To help me in my great necessity.

Came one, with modest guise,  
With tender, downcast eyes,  
With voice as sweet as mothers' lul-  
labies.

Softly his words did fall.  
" My riches are so small  
I cannot give thee anything at all.

" I cannot guide thy way,  
As wiser mortals may ;  
But all my true heart at thy feet I  
lay."

No more earth seemed to move,  
The skies grew bright above ;  
He gave me everything, who gave me  
love !

I had sweet company,  
Food, raiment, luxury ;  
Had all the world — had heaven come  
down to me !

And now such peace is mine,  
Surely a light divine  
Must make my face with holiest joy to  
shine.

So that my heart's delight  
Is published in men's sight ;  
And night and day I cry, and day and  
night ;

O soul, no more alone,  
Such bliss as thine is known  
But to the angels nearest love's white  
throne !

## FAITHFUL.

FAINTER and fainter may fall on my ear  
The voice that is sweeter than music  
to hear ;  
More and more eagerly then will I list,  
That never a word or an accent be  
missed.

Slower and slower the footstep may  
grow,  
Whose fall is the pleasantest sound  
that I know ;  
Quicker and quicker my glad heart  
shall learn  
To catch its faint echo and bless its  
return.

Whiter and whiter may turn with each  
day  
The locks that so sadly are changing  
to gray ;  
Dearer and dearer shall these seem to  
me,  
The fewer and whiter and thinner they  
be.

Weaker and weaker may be the light  
clasp  
Of the hand that I hold so secure in  
my grasp ;  
Stronger and stronger my own to the  
last  
Will cling to it, holding it tenderly fast.

Darker and darker above thee may  
spread  
The clouds of a fate that is hopeless  
and dread ;  
Brighter and brighter the sun of my  
love  
Will shine, all the shadows and mists  
to remove.

Envy and malice thy life may assail,  
Favor and fortune and friendship may  
fail ;  
But perfect and sure, and undying  
shall be  
The trust of this heart that is centred  
in thee !

## THE LAST ACT.

A WRETCHED farce is our life at best,  
A weariness under the sun ;

I am sick of the part I have to play,  
And I would that it were done.

I would that all the smiles and sighs  
Of its mimic scenes could end ;  
That we could see the curtain fall  
On the last poor act, my friend !

Thin, faded hair, a beard of snow,  
A thoughtful, furrowed brow ;  
And this is all the world can see  
When it looks upon you now.

And I, it almost makes me smile,  
'T is counterfeit so true,  
To see how Time hath got me up  
For the part I have to do.

'T is strange that we can keep in mind,  
Through all this tedious play,  
The way we needs must act and look,  
And the words that we should say.

And I marvel if the young and gay  
Believe us sad and old ;  
If they think our pulses slow and calm,  
And our feelings dead and cold !

But I cannot hide myself from you,  
Be the semblance e'er so good ;  
For under it all and through it all  
You would know the womanhood.

And you cannot make me doubt your  
truth,  
For all your strange disguise ;  
For the soul is drawn through your  
tender voice,  
And the heart through the loving  
eyes.

And I see, where other eyes behold  
Thin, whitened locks fall down,  
A god-like head, that proudly wears  
Its curls like a royal crown.

And I see the smile of the tender lip,  
'Neath its manly fringe of jet,  
That won my heart, when I had a  
heart,  
And that holds and keeps it yet.

Ah ! how shall we act this wretched  
part  
Till its weary, weary close ?  
For our souls are young, we are lovers  
yet,  
For all our shams and shows !

Let us go and lay our masks aside  
 In that cool and green retreat,  
 That is softly curtained from the  
 world  
 By the daisies fair and sweet.

And far away from this weary life,  
 In the light of Love's white throne,  
 We shall see, at last, as we are seen,  
 And know as we are known !

## TRUE LOVE.

I THINK true love is never blind,  
 But rather brings an added light ;  
 An inner vision quick to find  
 The beauties hid from common  
 sight.

No soul can ever clearly see  
 Another's highest, noblest part ;  
 Save through the sweet philosophy  
 And loving wisdom of the heart.

Your unanointed eyes shall fall  
 On him who fills my world with  
 light ;  
 You do not see my friend at all,  
 You see what hides him from your  
 sight.

I see the feet that fain would climb,  
 You, but the steps that turn astray :  
 I see the soul unharmed, sublime ;  
 You, but the garment, and the clay.

You see a mortal, weak, misled,  
 Dwarfed ever by the earthly clod ;  
 I see how manhood, perfected,  
 May reach the stature of a god.

Blinded I stood, as now you stand,  
 Till on mine eyes, with touches  
 sweet,  
 Love, the deliverer, laid his hand,  
 And lo ! I worship at his feet !

## COMPLAINT.

"THOUGH we were parted, or though  
 he had died,"  
 She said, " I could bear the worst,  
 If he only had loved me at the last,  
 As he loved me at the first.

"But woe is me !" said the hapless  
 maid,  
 "That ever a lover came ;  
 Since he who lit in my heart the fire,  
 Has failed to tend the flame.

"Ah ! why did he pour in my life's  
 poor cup  
 A nectar so divine,  
 If he had no power to fill it up  
 With a draught as pure and fine ?

"Why did he give me one holiday,  
 Then send me back to toil ?  
 Why did he set a lamp in my house,  
 And leave it lacking oil ?

"Why did he plant the rose in my  
 cheeks  
 When he knew it could not thrive —  
 That the dew of kisses, only, keeps  
 The true blush-rose alive ?

"If he tired so soon of the song I sung  
 In our love's delicious June,  
 Why did he set the thoughts of my  
 heart  
 All to one blessed tune ?

"Oh, if he were either true or false,  
 My torment might have end :  
 He hath been, for a lover, too unkind ;  
 Too loving for a friend !

"And there is not a soul in all the  
 world  
 So wretched as mine must be,  
 For I cannot live on his love," she said,  
 "Nor die of his cruelty."

## DOVES' EYES.

THERE are eyes that look through us,  
 With the power to undo us,  
 Eyes of the loveliest, tenderest blue,  
 Clear as the heavens and as truthful  
 too ;  
 But these are not my love's eyes,  
 For, behold, he hath doves' eyes !

There are eyes half defiant,  
 Half meek and compliant ;  
 Black eyes, with a wondrous, witching  
 charm  
 To bring us good or to work us harm ;  
 But these are not my love's eyes,  
 For, behold he hath doves' eyes !

There are eyes to our feeling  
 Forever appealing ;  
 Eyes of a helpless, pleading brown,  
 That into our very souls look down ;  
 But these are not my love's eyes,  
 For, behold, he hath doves' eyes !

Oh eyes, dearest, sweetest,  
 In beauty completest ;  
 Whose perfectness cannot be told in a  
 word, —  
 Clear and deep as the eyes of a soft,  
 brooding bird ;  
 These, these are my love's eyes,  
 For, behold, he hath doves' eyes !

## THE HUNTER'S WIFE.

My head is sick and my heart is faint,  
 I am wearied out with my own complaint.

Answer me, come to me, then ;  
 For, lo ! I have pleaded by everything  
 My brain could dream, or my lips could  
 sing.

I have called you lover, and called you  
 king,  
 And man of the race of men !

Come to me glad, and I will be  
 glad ;

But if you are weary, or if you are  
 sad,

I will be patient and meek,  
 Nor word, nor smile will I seem to  
 crave ;

But I 'll sit and wait, like an Eastern  
 slave,

Or wife, in the lodge of an Indian  
 brave,

In silence, till you speak.

Come, for the power of life and death  
 Hangs for me on the lightest breath

Of the lips that I believe ;  
 Only pause by the cooling lake,  
 Till your weary mule her thirst shall  
 slake ;

'T were a fearful thing if a heart should  
 break

And you held its sweet reprieve !

Sleep lightly under the loving moon ;  
 Rise with the morning, and ride till  
 noon ;

Ride till the stars are above !

And as you distance the mountain  
 herds,  
 And shame the flight of the summer  
 birds,  
 Say softly over the tenderest words  
 The poets have sung of love.

You will come — you are coming — a  
 thousand miles  
 Away, I can see you press through the  
 aisles

Of the forest, cool and gray ;  
 And my lips shall be dumb till our lips  
 have met,  
 For never skill of a mortal yet,  
 To mortal words such music set,  
 As beats in my heart to-day !

## LOVERS AND SWEETHEARTS.

FAIR youth, too timid to lift your eyes  
 To the maiden with downcast look,  
 As you mingle the gold and brown of  
 your curls

Together over a book ;  
 A fluttering hope that she dare not name  
 Her trembling bosom heaves ;  
 And your heart is thrilled, when your  
 fingers meet,  
 As you softly turn the leaves.

Perchance you two will walk alone  
 Next year at some sweet day's close,  
 And your talk will fall to a tenderer  
 tone,

As you liken her cheek to a rose ;  
 And then her face will flush and glow,  
 With a hopeful, happy red :  
 Outblushing all the flowers that grow  
 Anear in the garden-bed.

If you plead for hope, she may bashful  
 drop

Her head on your shoulder, low ;  
 And you will be lovers and sweethearts  
 then

As youths and maidens go :  
 Lovers and sweethearts, dreaming  
 dreams,

And seeing visions that please.  
 With never a thought that life is made  
 Of great realities ;

That the cords of love must be strong  
 as death

Which hold and keep a heart,

Not daisy-chains, that snap in the breeze,

Or break with their weight apart ;  
For the pretty colors of youth's fair morn

Fade out from the noonday sky ;  
And blushing loves, in the roses born,  
Alas ! with the roses die !

But the love, that when youth's morn is past,

Still sweet and true survives,  
Is the faith we need to lean upon

In the crises of our lives :  
The love that shines in the eyes grown dim,

In the voice that trembles speaks ;  
And sees the roses, that a year ago  
Withered and died in our cheeks ;

That sheds a halo round us still,  
Of soft immortal light,  
When we change youth's golden coronal

For a crown of silver white :  
A love for sickness and for health,  
For rapture and for tears ;  
That will live for us, and bear with us  
Through all our mortal years.

And such there is ; there are lovers here.

On the brink of the grave that stand,  
Who shall cross to the hills beyond,  
and walk

Forever hand in hand !  
Pray, youth and maid, that your end be theirs.

Who are joined no more to part ;  
For death comes not to the living soul,  
Nor age to the loving heart !

#### THE ROSE.

THE sun, who smiles wherever he goes,  
Till the flowers all smile again,  
Fell in love one day with a bashful rose.

That had been a bud till then.

So he pushed back the folds of the soft green hood

That covered her modest grace,  
And kissed her as only the bold sun could.

Till the crimson burned in her face.

But woe for the day when his golden hair

Tangled her heart in a net ;  
And woe for the night of her dark despair,

When her cheek with tears was wet !

For she loved him as only a young rose could :

And he left her crushed and weak,  
Striving in vain with her faded hood  
To cover her burning cheek.

#### ARCHIE.

OH to be back in the cool summer shadow

Of that old maple-tree down in the meadow ;

Watching the smiles that grew dearer and dearer.

Listening to lips that drew nearer and nearer ;

Oh to be back in the crimson-topped clover,

Sitting again with my Archie, my lover !

Oh for the time when I felt his caresses

Smoothing away from my forehead the tresses ;

When up from my heart to my cheek went the blushes,

As he said that my voice was as sweet as the thrush's ;

As he told me, my eyes were bewitchingly jetty,

And I answered, 't was only my love made them pretty !

Talk not of maiden reserve or of duty

Or hide from my vision such visions of beauty ;

Pulses above may beat calmly and even, —

We have been fashioned for earth, and not heaven :

Angels are perfect, I am but a woman ;  
Saints may be passionless, Archie is human.

Say not that heaven hath tenderer blisses

To her on whose brow drops the soft rain of kisses ;



Preach not the promise of priests or  
 evangels,—  
 Loved-crowned, who asks for the  
 crown of the angels?  
 Yea, all that the wall of pure jasper in-  
 closes,  
 Takes not the sweetness from sweet  
 bridal roses!

Tell me, that when all this life shall be  
 over,  
 I shall still love him, and he be my  
 lover;  
 That mid flowers more fragrant than  
 clover or heather  
 My Archie and I shall be always to-  
 gether,  
 Loving eternally, met ne'er to sever,  
 Then you may tell me of heaven for-  
 ever.

## A DAY DREAM.

IF fancy do not all deceive,  
 If dreams have any truth,  
 Thy love must summon back to me  
 The glories of my youth;  
 For if but hope unto my thought  
 Such transformation brings,  
 May not fruition have the power  
 To change all outward things!

Come, then, and look into mine eyes  
 Till faith hath left no doubt;  
 So shalt thou set in them a light  
 That never can go out;  
 Or lay thy hand upon my hair,  
 And keep it black as night;  
 The tresses that had felt that touch  
 Would shame to turn to white.

To me it were no miracle,  
 If, when I hear thee speak,  
 Lilies around my neck should bloom  
 And roses in my cheek;  
 Or if the joy of thy caress,  
 The wonder of thy smiles,  
 Smoothed all my forehead out again  
 As perfect as a child's.

My lip is trembling with such bliss  
 As mortal never heard;  
 My heart, exulting to itself,  
 Keeps singing like a bird;  
 And while about my tasks I go  
 Quietly all the day,

I could laugh out, as children laugh,  
 Upon the hills at play.

O thou, whom fancy brings to me  
 With morning's earliest beams,  
 Who walkest with me down the night,  
 The paradise of dreams:  
 I charge thee, by the power of love,  
 To answer to love's call;  
 Wake me to perfect happiness,  
 Or wake me not at all!

## THE PRIZE.

HOPE wafts my bark, and round my  
 way  
 Her pleasant sunshine lies;  
 For I sail with a royal argosy  
 To win a royal prize.

A maiden sits in her loveliness  
 On the shore of a distant stream,  
 And over the waters at her feet  
 The lilies float, and dream.

She reaches down, and draws them in,  
 With a hand that hath no stain;  
 And that lily of all the lilies, her hand,  
 Is the prize I go to gain.

Her hair in a yellow flood falls down  
 From her forehead low and white;  
 I would bathe in its billowy gold, and  
 dream,  
 In its sea of soft delight.

Her cheek is as fair as a tender flower,  
 When its blushing leaves dispart;  
 Oh, my rose of the world, my regal  
 rose,  
 I must wear you on my heart!

I must kiss your lips, so sweetly closed  
 O'er their pearly treasures fair;  
 Or strike on their coral reef, and sink  
 In the waves of my dark despair!

## A WOMAN'S ANSWER.

"LOVE thee?" Thou canst not ask of  
 me  
 So freely as I fain would give;  
 'Tis woman's great necessity  
 To love so long as she shall live;  
 Therefore, if thou dost lovely prove,  
 I cannot choose but give thee love!

“Honor thee?” By her reverence  
 The truest woman best is known;  
 She needs must honor where she finds  
 A nature loftier than her own;  
 I shall not turn from thee away,  
 Unless I find my idol clay!

“Obey?” Doth not the stronger will  
 The weaker govern and restrain?  
 Most sweet obedience woman yields  
 Where wisdom, power, manhood  
 reign.  
 I’ll give thee, if thou canst control,  
 The meek submission of my soul!

Henceforward all my life shall be  
 Moulded and fashioned by thine own;  
 If wisdom, power, and constancy  
 In all thy words and deeds are shown;  
 Whether my vow be yea or nay,  
 I’ll “love, and honor, and obey.”

#### IN ABSENCE.

WATCH her kindly, stars;  
 From the sweet protecting skies  
 Follow her with tender eyes,  
 Look so lovingly that she  
 Cannot choose but think of me:  
 Watch her kindly, stars!

Soothe her sweetly, night:  
 On her eyes, o’erwearied, press  
 The tired lids with light caress;  
 Let that shadowy hand of thine  
 Ever in her dreams seem mine:  
 Soothe her sweetly, night!

Wake her gently, morn:  
 Let the notes of early birds  
 Seem like love’s melodious words;  
 Every pleasant sound my dear,  
 When she stirs from sleep should hear:  
 Wake her gently, morn!

Kiss her softly, winds:  
 Softly, that she may not miss  
 Any sweet, accustomed bliss;  
 On her lips, her eyes, her face,  
 Till I come to take your place,  
 Kiss and kiss her, winds!

#### ENCHANTMENT.

HER cup of life with joy is full,  
 And her heart is thrilling so

That the beaker shakes in her trem-  
 bling hand.  
 Till its sweet drops overflow.

All day she walks as in a trance:  
 And the thought she does not speak,  
 But tries to hide from the world away,  
 Burns out in her tell-tale cheek.

And often from her dreams of night  
 She wakes to consciousness,  
 As the golden thread of her slumber  
 breaks  
 With the burden of its bliss.

She is almost troubled with the wealth  
 Of a joy so great and good,  
 That she may not keep it to herself,  
 Nor tell it if she would.

’T is strange that this should come to  
 one  
 Who, all her life before,  
 Content in her quiet household ways,  
 Has asked for nothing more.

And stranger, that he, in whom the  
 power,  
 The wonderful magic lay,  
 That has changed her world to a para-  
 dise,  
 Was a man but yesterday!

#### WOODED AND WON.

THE maiden has listened to loving  
 words,  
 She has seen a heart like a flower  
 unclose;  
 And yet she would almost hide its  
 truth,  
 And shut the leaves of the blushing  
 rose.

For the spell of enchantment is broken  
 now,  
 And all the future is seen so clear,  
 That she longs for the very longing  
 gone,  
 For the restless pleasure of hope  
 and fear.

She stands so close to her painting  
 now  
 That its smallest failings are re-  
 vealed, —

Ah, that beautiful picture, that looked  
 so sweet,  
 By the misty distance half concealed !

"Alas," she says, "can it then be true  
 That all is vanity, as they preach, —  
 That the good is in striving after the good,  
 And the best is the thing we never reach ?

"Are not the sweetest words we can speak :  
 'It is mine, and I hold my treasure fast ?'  
 And the saddest wrung from the human heart :  
 'It might have been, but the time is past ?'

"I do not know, and I will not say,  
 But yet of a truth it seems to me,  
 I would give my certain knowledge back  
 For my hope, with its sweet uncertainty !"

#### LOVE'S RECOMPENSE.

HER heart was light as human heart  
 can be,  
 When blushing she listened to the praise  
 Of him who talked of love in those sweet days  
 When first she kept a lover's company.  
 That was hope's spring-time ; now its flowers are dead,  
 And she, grown tired of life before its close,  
 Weaves melancholy stories out of woes,  
 Across whose dismal threads her heart has bled.

Yet even for such we need not quite despair  
 Since from our wrong God can bring forth his right ;  
 And He, though all are precious in his sight,  
 Doth give the uncared-for his peculiar care.

So, in the good life that shall follow this,  
 He, being love, may make her love to be  
 One golden thread, spun out eternally,  
 Through her white fingers, trembling with their bliss.

#### JEALOUSY.

I LOVE my love so well, I would  
 There were no eyes but mine that could  
 See my sweet piece of womanhood,  
 And marvel of delight.

I dread that even the sun should rise ;  
 That bold, bright rover of the skies,  
 Who dares to touch her closed eyes,  
 And put her dreams to flight.

No maid could be more kind to me,  
 No truer maiden lives than she,  
 But yet I die of jealousy,  
 A thousand deaths in one.

I cannot bear to see her stop,  
 With her soft hand a flower to crop ;  
 I envy even the clover-top  
 Her dear foot treads upon.

How cruel in my sight to bless  
 Even her bird with the caress  
 Of fingers that I dare not press, —  
 Those lady fingers, white ;

That nestle oft in that dear place  
 Between her pillow and her face,  
 And, never asking leave or grace,  
 Caress her cheek at night !

'T is torture more than I can bear  
 To see the wanton summer air  
 Lift the bright tresses of her hair,  
 And careless let them fall.

The wind that through the roses slips,  
 And every sparkling dew-drop sips,  
 Without rebuke may kiss her lips,  
 The sweetest rose of all.

I envy, on her neck of snow,  
 The white pearls hanging in a row,  
 The opals on her heart that glow  
 Flushed with a tender red.

I would not, in her chamber fair,  
The curious stars should see her, where  
I, even in thought, may scarcely dare  
For reverence to tread.

O maiden, hear and answer me  
In kindness or in cruelty ;  
Tell me to live or let me die,  
I cry, and cry again !

Give me to touch one golden tress,  
Give me thy white hand to caress,  
Give me thy red, red lips to press,  
And ease my jealous pain !

## SONG.

I SEE him part the careless throng,  
I catch his eager eye ;  
He hurries towards me where I wait ; —  
Beat high, my heart, beat high !

I feel the glow upon my cheek,  
And all my pulses thrill ;  
He sees me, passes careless by ; —  
Be still, my heart, be still !

He takes another hand than mine,  
It trembles for his sake ;  
I see his joy, I feel my doom ; —  
Break, oh my heart-strings, break !

## I CANNOT TELL.

ONCE, being charmèd by thy smile,  
And listening to thy praises, such  
As women, hearing all the while,  
I think could never hear too much, —

I had a pleasing fantasy  
Of souls that meet, and meeting  
blend,  
And hearing that same dream from  
thee,  
I said I loved thee, O my friend !

That was the flood-tide of my youth,  
And now its calm waves backward  
flow :

I cannot tell if it were truth,  
If what I feel be love, or no.

My days and nights pass pleasantly,  
Serenely on my seasons glide,

And though I think and dream of  
thee,  
I dream of many things beside.

Most eagerly thy praise is sought,  
'T is sweet to meet, and sad to part ;  
But all my best and deepest thought  
Is hidden from thee in my heart.

And still the while a charm or spell  
Half holds, and will not let me go ;  
'T is strange, and yet I cannot tell  
If what I feel be love, or no !

## DEAD LOVE.

WE are face to face, and between us  
here  
Is the love we thought could never  
die ;  
Why has it only lived a year ?  
Who has murdered it — you or I ?

No matter who — the deed was done  
By one or both, and there it lies ;  
The smile from the lip forever gone,  
And darkness over the beautiful eyes.

Our love is dead, and our hope is  
wrecked ;  
So what does it profit to talk and  
rave,  
Whether it perished by my neglect,  
Or whether your cruelty dug its  
grave !

Why should you say that I am to  
blame,  
Or why should I charge the sin on  
you ?  
Our work is before us all the same,  
And the guilt of it lies between us  
two.

We have praised our love for its beauty  
and grace ;  
Now we stand here, and hardly dare  
To turn the face-cloth back from the  
face,  
And see the thing that is hidden  
there.

Yet look ! ah, that heart has beat its  
last,  
And the beautiful life of our life is  
o'er,

And when we have buried and left the  
past,  
We two, together, can walk no more.  
You might stretch yourself on the dead,  
and weep,  
And pray as the Prophet prayed, in  
pain ;  
But not like him could you break the  
sleep,  
And bring the soul to the clay again.  
Its head in my bosom I can lay,  
And shower my woe there, kiss on  
kiss,  
But there never was resurrection-day  
In the world for a love so dead as this  
And, since we cannot lessen the sin  
By mourning over the deed we did,  
Let us draw the winding-sheet up to  
the chin,  
Aye, up till the death-blind eyes are  
hid !

## MY FRIEND.

O my friend, O my dearly belovèd !  
Do you feel, do you know,  
How the times and the seasons are  
going ;  
Are they weary and slow ?  
Does it seem to you long, in the  
heavens,  
My true, tender mate,  
Since here we were living together,  
Where dying I wait ?  
'T is three years, as we count by the  
spring-times,  
By the birth of the flowers,  
What are years, aye ! eternities even,  
To love such as ours ?  
Side by side are we still, though a  
shadow  
Between us doth fall ;  
We are parted, and yet are not parted,  
Not wholly, and all.  
For still you are round and about me,  
Almost in my reach,  
Though I miss the old pleasant com-  
munion  
Of smile and of speech.  
And I long to hear what you are seeing,  
And what you have done,  
Since the earth faded out from your  
vision,  
And the heavens begun ;

Since you dropped off the darkening  
fillet  
Of clay from your sight,  
And opened your eyes upon glory  
Ineffably bright !  
Though little my life has accomplished,  
My poor hands have wrought ;  
I have lived what has seemed to be  
ages  
In feeling and thought,  
Since the time when our path grew so  
narrow,  
So near the unknown,  
That I turned back from following  
after,  
And you went on alone.  
For we speak of you cheerfully, al-  
ways,  
As journeying on ;  
Not as one who is dead do we name  
you ;  
We say, you are gone.  
For how could we speak of you sadly,  
We, who watched while the grace  
Of eternity's wonderful beauty  
Grew over your face !

Do we call the star lost that is hidden  
In the great light of morn ?  
Or fashion a shroud for the young  
child  
In the day it is born ?  
Yet behold this were wise to their folly,  
Who mourn, sore distressed,  
When a soul, that is summoned, be-  
lieving,  
Enters into its rest !  
And for you, never any more sweetly  
Went to rest, true and deep,  
Since the first of our Lord's blessèd  
martyrs,  
Having prayed, fell asleep.  
What to you was the change, the tran-  
sition,  
When looking before,  
You felt that the places which knew you  
Should know you no more ?  
Did the soul rise exultant, ecstatic ?  
Did it cry, all is well ?  
What it was to the left and the loving  
We only can tell.  
'T was as if one took from us sweet  
roses  
And we caught their last breath ;  
'T was like anything beautiful pass-  
ing, —  
It was not like death !

Like the flight of a bird, when still  
 rising,  
 And singing aloud,  
 He goes towards the summer-time,  
 over  
 The top of the cloud.  
 Now seen and now lost in the distance,  
 Borne up and along,  
 From the sight of the eyes that are  
 watching  
 On a trail of sweet song.  
 As sometimes, in the midst of the  
 blackness,  
 A great shining spark  
 Flames up from the wick of a candle,  
 Blown out in the dark ;  
 So while we were watching and wait-  
 ing,  
 'Twixt hoping and doubt,  
 The light of the soul flashed upon us,  
 When we thought it gone out.  
 And we scarce could believe it forever  
 Withdrawn from our sight.  
 When the cold lifeless ashes before us  
 Fell silent and white !  
 Ah ! the strength of your love was so  
 wondrous,  
 So great was its sway,  
 It forced back the spirit half-parted  
 Away from the clay ;  
 In its dread of the great separation,  
 For not then did we know,  
 Love can never be left, O beloved,  
 And never can go !

As when from some beautiful case-  
 ment  
 Illumined at night,  
 While we steadfastly gaze on its bright-  
 ness,  
 A hand takes the light ;  
 And our eyes still transfixed by the  
 splendor  
 Look earnestly on,  
 At the place where we lately beheld  
 it,  
 Even when it has gone :  
 So we looked in your soul's darkening  
 windows,  
 Those luminous eyes,  
 Till the light taken from them fell on  
 us  
 From out of the skies !  
 Though you wore something earthly  
 about you  
 That once we called you,  
 A robe all transparent, and brightened  
 By the soul shining through :

Yet when you had dropped it in going,  
 'T was but yours for a day,  
 Safe back in the bosom of nature  
 We laid it away.  
 Strewing over it odorous blossoms  
 Their perfume to shed,  
 But you never were buried beneath  
 them,  
 And never were dead !  
 What we brought there and left for the  
 darkness  
 Forever to hide,  
 Was but precious because you had  
 worn it,  
 And put it aside.  
 As a garment might be, you had fash-  
 ioned  
 In exquisite taste ;  
 A book which your touch had made  
 sacred,  
 A flower you had graced.  
 For all that was yours we hold precious,  
 We keep for your sake  
 Every relic our saint on her journey  
 Has not needed to take.

Who that knew what your spirit,  
 though fettered,  
 Aspired to, adored,  
 When as far as the body would loose it  
 It mounted and soared ;  
 What soul in the world that had loved  
 you,  
 Or known you aright,  
 Would look for you down in the dark-  
 ness.  
 Not up in the light ?  
 Why, the seed in the ground that we  
 planted,  
 And left there to die,  
 Being quickened, breaks out of its  
 prison,  
 And grows towards the sky.  
 The small fire that but slowly was kin-  
 dled,  
 And feebly begun,  
 Gaining strength as it burns, flashes  
 upward,  
 And mounts to the sun.  
 And could such a soul, free for ascend-  
 ing,  
 Could that luminous spark,  
 Blown to flame by the breath of Jeho-  
 vah,  
 Go out in the dark ?  
 Doth the bird stay behind when the  
 window  
 Wide open is set ?

Or, freed from the snare of the fowler,  
Hasten back to his net ?

And you pined in the flesh, being bur-  
dened

By its great weight of ills,  
As a slave, who has tasted wild free-  
dom,

Still pines for the hills.  
And therefore it is that I seek you  
In full, open day,

Where the universe stretches the far-  
thest

From darkness away.  
And think of you always as rising  
And spurning the gloom ;

All the width of infinity keeping  
'Twixt yourself and the tomb !

Sometimes in white raiment I see you,  
Treading higher and higher,

On the great sea of glass, ever shining,  
And mingled with fire.

With the crown and the harp of the  
victor,

Exultant you stand ;  
And the melody drops, as if jewels  
Dropped off from your hand.

You walk in that beautiful city,  
Adorned as a bride,

Whose twelve gates of pearl are for-  
ever

Opened freely and wide.  
Whose walls upon jasper foundations  
Shall firmly endure ;

Set with topaz, and beryl, and sapphire,  
And amethyst pure.

You are where there is not any dying,  
Any pain, any cries ;

And God's hand has wiped softly for-  
ever,

The tears from your eyes :  
For if spirits because of much loving  
Come nearest the throne,

You must be with the saints and the  
children

Our Lord calls his own !

Sometimes you are led in green past-  
ures,

The sweetest and best ;  
Sometimes as a lamb in the bosom  
Of Jesus you rest.

Where you linger the spiciest odors  
Of paradise blow,

And under your feet drifts of blossoms  
Lie soft as the snow.

If you follow the life-giving river,  
Or rest on its bank,

You are set round by troops of white  
lilies,

In rank after rank.  
And the loveliest things, and the fair-  
est,

That near you are seen  
Seem as beautiful handmaids, who  
wait on

The step of a queen.  
For always, wherever I see you,

Below or above,  
I think all the good which surrounds  
you

Is born of your love.  
And the best place is that where I find  
you,

The best thing what you do ;  
For you seem to have fashioned the  
heaven

That was fashioned for you !

But as from his essence and nature  
Our God, ever blest,

Cannot do anything for his children  
But that which is best ;

And till He hath gathered them to  
Him,

In the heavens above,  
Cannot joy over them as one singing,  
Nor rest in his love ;

So you, who have drawn from his  
goodness

Your portion of good,  
Must help where your hand can be  
helpful,

Cannot rest if you would ;  
For you could not be happy in heaven,  
By glory shut in.

While any soul whom you might com-  
fort

Should suffer and sin.  
So unto the heirs of salvation  
Have you freely appeared ;

And the earth by your sweet ministra-  
tion

Is brightened and cheered.

I am sure you are near to the dying !  
For often we mark

A smile on their faces, whose brightness  
Lights the soul through the dark ;

Sure, that you have for man in his  
direst

Necessity cared ;  
Preparing him then for whatever  
The Lord hath prepared.

So, whenever you tenderly loosen  
A hand from our grasp,

We feel, you can hold it and keep it  
 More safe in your clasp ;  
 And that he, whose dear smile for a  
 season  
 Our love must resign,  
 Gains the infinite comfort and sweet-  
 ness  
 Of love such as thine.

Yea, lost mortal, immortal forever !  
 And saved evermore !  
 You revisit the world and the people,  
 That saw you of yore.  
 To the sorrowful house, to the death-  
 room,  
 The prison and tomb,  
 You come, as on wings of the morning,  
 To scatter the gloom.  
 Wherever in desolate places  
 Earth's misery abides ;  
 Wherever in dark habitations  
 Her cruelty hides ;  
 If there the good seek for the wretched,  
 And lessen their woes,  
 Surely they are led on by the angels,  
 And you are of those.

In the holds of oppression, where cap-  
 tives  
 Sit silent and weep,  
 Your face as the face of a seraph  
 Has shined in their sleep :  
 And your white hand away from the  
 dungeon  
 His free step has led,  
 When the slave slipped his feet from  
 the fetters,  
 And the man rose instead ;  
 Free, at least in his dreams and his  
 visions,  
 That one to behold,  
 Who walked through the billows of  
 fire  
 With the faithful of old.  
 And what are the walls of the prison,  
 The rack and the rod,  
 To him, who in thought and in spirit,  
 Bows only to God ?  
 If his doors are swung back by the  
 angels  
 That visit his sleep —  
 If his singing ascend at the midnight,  
 Triumphant and deep ;  
 He is freer than they who have bound  
 him,  
 For his spirit may rise  
 And as far as infinity reaches  
 May travel the skies !

And who knows but the wide world of  
 slumber  
 Is real as it seems ?  
 God giveth them sleep, his beloved,  
 And in sleep giveth dreams !  
 And happy are we if such visions  
 Our souls can receive ;  
 If we sleep at the gateway of heaven,  
 And wake and believe.  
 If angels for us on that ladder  
 Ascend and descend,  
 Whose top reaches into the heavens,  
 With God at the end !  
 If our souls can raise up for a Bethel  
 E'en the great stone that lies  
 At the mouth of the sepulchre, hiding  
 Our dead from our eyes !  
 But alas ! if our sight be withholden,  
 If faithless, bereft,  
 We stoop down, looking in at the grave-  
 clothes  
 The Risen hath left ;  
 And see not the face of the angel  
 All dazzling and white,  
 Who points us away from the dark-  
 ness,  
 And up to the light !  
 And alas ! when our Helper is pass-  
 ing,  
 If then we delay,  
 To cast off the hindering garments  
 And follow his way !  
 Yet how blindly humanity gropeth,  
 While clad in this veil ;  
 When we seek for the truths that are  
 nearest,  
 How often we fail.  
 How little we learn of each other,  
 How little we teach ;  
 How poorly the wisest interpret  
 The look and the speech !  
 Only that which in nearest communion  
 We give and receive,  
 That which spirit to spirit imparteth,  
 Can we know and believe.  
 Thus I know that you live, live for-  
 ever,  
 Free from death, free from harms ;  
 For in dreams of the night, and at  
 noonday  
 Have you been in my arms !  
 And I know that, when I shall be like  
 you,  
 We shall meet face to face ;  
 That all souls, who are joined by affec-  
 tion.  
 Are joined by God's grace ;



And that, O my dearly belovèd,  
 But the Father above,  
 Who made us and joined us can part  
 us ;  
 And He cannot for love.

## DREAMS AND REALITIES.

O ROSAMOND, thou fair and good,  
 And perfect flower of womanhood,  
 Thou royal rose of June,  
 Why didst thou droop before thy time ?  
 Why wither in thy first sweet prime ?  
 Why didst thou die so soon ?

For looking backward through my tears  
 On thee, and on my wasted years,  
 I cannot choose but say,  
 If thou hadst lived to be my guide,  
 Or thou hadst lived and I had died,  
 'T were better far to-day.

O child of light, O golden head —  
 Bright sunbeam for one moment shed  
 Upon life's lonely way —  
 Why didst thou vanish from our sight ?  
 Could they not spare my little light  
 From heaven's unclouded day ?

O friend so true, O friend so good —  
 Thou one dream of my maidenhood,  
 That gave youth all its charms —  
 What had I done, or what hadst thou,  
 That through this lonesome world till  
 now  
 We walk with empty arms ?

And yet, had this poor soul been fed  
 With all it loved and coveted —  
 Had life been always fair —  
 Would these dear dreams that ne'er  
 depart,  
 That thrill with bliss my inmost heart,  
 Forever tremble there ?

If still they kept their earthly place,  
 The friends I held in my embrace,  
 And gave to death, alas !  
 Could I have learned that clear, calm  
 faith  
 That looks beyond the bounds of death,  
 And almost longs to pass ?

Sometimes, I think, the things we see  
 Are shadows of the things to be ;  
 That what we plan we build ;  
 That every hope that hath been crossed,  
 And every dream we thought was lost,  
 In heaven shall be fulfilled ;

That even the children of the brain  
 Have not been born and died in vain,  
 Though here unclothed and dumb ;  
 But on some brighter, better shore  
 They live, embodied evermore,  
 And wait for us to come.

And when on that last day we rise,  
 Caught up between the earth and skies,  
 Then shall we hear our Lord  
 Say, " Thou hast done with doubt and  
 death ;  
 Henceforth, according to thy faith,  
 Shall be thy faith's reward."





## RELIGIOUS POEMS AND HYMNS.

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### NEARER HOME.

ONE sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er ;  
I am nearer home to-day  
Than I ever have been before ;

Nearer my Father's house,  
Where the many mansions be ;  
Nearer the great white throne,  
Nearer the crystal sea ;

Nearer the bound of life,  
Where we lay our burdens down ;  
Nearer leaving the cross,  
Nearer gaining the crown !

But lying darkly between,  
Winding down through the night,  
Is the silent, unknown stream,  
That leads at last to the light.

Closer and closer my steps  
Come to the dread abysm :  
Closer Death to my lips  
Presses the awful chrisim.

Oh, if my mortal feet  
Have almost gained the brink ;  
If it be I am nearer home  
Even to-day than I think ;

Father, perfect my trust ;  
Let my spirit feel in death,  
That her feet are firmly set  
On the rock of a living faith !

### MANY MANSIONS.

HER silver lamp half-filled with oil,  
Night came, to still the day's turmoil,  
And bring a respite from its toil.

Gliding about with noiseless tread,  
Her white sheets on the ground she  
spread,  
That wearied men might go to bed.

No watch was there for me to keep,  
Yet could I neither rest nor sleep,  
A recent loss had struck so deep.

I felt as if Omnipotence  
Had given us no full recompense  
For all the ills of time and sense.

So I went, wandering silently,  
Where a great river sought the sea ;  
And fashioned out the life to be.

It was not drawn from book or creed,  
And yet, in very truth and deed,  
It answered to my greatest need.

And satisfied myself, I thought,  
A heaven so good and perfect ought  
To give to each what all have sought.

Near where I slowly chanced to stray,  
A youth, and old man, worn and  
gray,  
Down through the silence took their  
way ;

And the night brought within my  
reach,  
As each made answer unto each,  
Some portion of their earnest speech.

The patriarch said : " Of all we know,  
Or all that we can dream below,  
Of that far land to which we go,

" This one assurance hath expressed,  
To me, its blessedness the best —  
' He giveth his beloved rest.' "

And the youth answered: "If it be  
A place of inactivity,  
It cannot be a heaven to me.

"Surely its joy must be to lack  
These hindrances that keep us back  
From rising on a shining track ;

"Where each shall find his own true  
height,  
Though in our place, and in our light,  
We differ as the stars of night."

I listened, till they ceased to speak ;  
And my heart answered, faint and  
weak,  
Their heaven is not the heaven I seek !

Yet their discourse awoke again  
Some hidden memories that had lain  
Long undisturbed within my brain.

For oft, when bowed earth's care be-  
neath,  
I had asked others of their faith  
In the life following after death ;

And what that better world could be,  
Where, from mortality set free,  
We put on immortality.

And each in his reply had shown  
That he had shaped and made his  
own  
By the best things which he had  
known :

Or fashioned it to heal the woe  
Of some great sorrow, which below  
It was his hapless lot to know.

A mother once had said to me,  
Over her dead : " My heaven will be  
An undivided family."

One sick with mortal doubts and fears,  
With looking blindly through her tears,  
The way that she had looked for years,

Told me : " That world could have no  
pain,  
Since there we should not wait in vain  
For feet that will not come again."

A lover dreamed that heaven would  
be  
Life's hour of perfect ecstasy,  
Drawn out into eternity !

Men bending to their hopeless doom,  
Toiling as in a living tomb,  
Down shafts of everlasting gloom,

Out of the dark had answered me :  
" Where there is light for us to see  
Each other's faces, heaven must be."

An aged man, who bowed his head  
With reverence o'er the page, and read  
The words that ancient prophets said,

Talked of a glory never dim.  
Of the veiled face of cherubim,  
And harp, and everlasting hymn ;—

Saw golden streets and glittering tow-  
ers —  
Saw peaceful valleys, white with flow-  
ers,  
Kept never-ending Sabbath hours.

One, who the cruel sea had crossed,  
And seen, through billows madly  
tossed,  
Great shipwrecks, where brave souls  
were lost.

Thus of the final voyage spake :  
" Coming to heaven must be to make  
Safe port, and no more journeys take."

And now their words of various kind  
Come back to my bewildered mind,  
And my faith staggered, faint and  
blind,

One moment ; then this truth seemed  
plain,  
These have not trusted God in vain ;  
To ask of Him must be to gain.

Every imaginable good,  
We, erring, sinful, mortal, would  
Give me beloved, if we could ;

And shall not He, whose care en-  
folds  
Our life, and all our way controls,  
Yet satisfy our longing souls ?

Since mortal step hath never been,  
And mortal eye hath never seen,  
Past death's impenetrable screen,

Who shall dare limit Him above,  
Or tell the ways in which He 'll prove  
Unto his children all his love ?

Then joy through all my being spread,  
And, comforted myself, I said :  
O weary world, be comforted !

Souls, in your quest of bliss grown  
weak —  
Souls, whose great woe no words can  
speak —  
Not always shall ye vainly seek !

Men whose whole lives have been a  
night,  
Shall come from darkness to the light ;  
Wanderers shall hail the land in sight.

Old saints, and martyrs of the Lamb,  
Shall rise to sing their triumph psalm,  
And wear the crown, and bear the palm.

And the pale mourner, with bowed  
head,  
Who, for the living lost, or dead,  
Here weeps, shall there be gently  
led,

To feel, in that celestial place,  
The tears wiped softly from her face,  
And know love's comforting embrace.

So shall we all, who groan in this,  
Find, in that new life's perfectness,  
Our own peculiar heaven of bliss —

More glorious than our faith believed,  
Brighter than dreams our hope has  
weaved,  
Better than all our hearts conceived.

Therefore will I wait patiently,  
Trusting, where all God's mansions  
be  
There hath been one prepared for me ;

And go down calmly to death's tide,  
Knowing, when on the other side  
I wake, I shall be satisfied.

#### THE SPIRITUAL BODY.

I HAVE a heavenly home,  
To which my soul may come,  
And where forever safe it may abide ;  
Firmly and sure it stands,  
That house not made with hands,  
And garnished as a chamber for a  
bride !

'T is such as angels use,  
Such as good men would choose ;  
It hath all fair and pleasant things in  
sight :  
Its walls as white and fine  
As polished ivory shine,  
And through its windows comes celest-  
tial light.

'T is builded fair and good,  
In the similitude  
Of the most royal palace of a king ;  
And sorrow may not come  
Into that heavenly home,  
Nor pain, nor death, nor any evil thing.

Near it that stream doth pass  
Whose waters, clear as glass,  
Make glad the city of our God with  
song ;  
Whose banks are fair as those  
Whereon stray milk-white does,  
Feeding among the lilies all day long.

And friends who once were here  
Abide in dwellings near ;  
They went up thither on a heavenly  
road ;  
While I, though warned to go,  
Yet linger here below,  
Clinging to a most miserable abode.

The evil blasts drive in  
Through chinks, which time and sin  
Have battered in my wretched house  
of clay ;  
Yet in so vile a place,  
Poor, unadorned with grace  
I choose to live, or rather choose to  
stay.

And here I make my moan  
About the days now gone,  
About the souls passed on to their re-  
ward ;  
The souls that now have come  
Into a better home,  
And sit in heavenly places with their  
Lord.

'T is strange that I should cling  
To this despised thing,  
To this poor dwelling crumbling round  
my head :  
Making myself content  
In a low tenement  
After my joys and friends alike are  
fled !

Yet I shall not, I know,  
 Be ready hence to go,  
 And dwell in my good palace, fair and  
 whole,  
 Till unrelenting Death  
 Blows with his icy breath  
 Upon my naked and unsheltered soul !

## A GOOD DAY.

EARTH seems as peaceful and as  
 bright

As if the year that might not stay,  
 Had made a sweet pause in her flight,  
 To keep another Sabbath day.

And I, as past the moments roll,  
 Forgetting human fear and doubt.  
 Hold better Sabbath, in my soul,  
 Than that which Nature holds with-  
 out.

Help me, O Lord, if I shall see  
 Times when I walk from hope apart,  
 Till all my days but seem to be  
 The troubled week-days of the heart.

Help me to find, in seasons past,  
 The hours that have been good or  
 fair,  
 And bid remembrance hold them fast,  
 To keep me wholly from despair.

Help me to look behind, before,  
 To make my past and future form  
 A bow of promise, meeting o'er  
 The darkness of my day of storm.

## HYMN.

How dare I in thy courts appear,  
 Or raise to thee my voice !  
 I only serve thee, Lord, with fear,  
 With trembling I rejoice.

I have not all forgot thy word,  
 Nor wholly gone astray ;  
 I follow thee, but oh, my Lord,  
 So faint, so far away !

That thou wilt pardon and receive  
 Of sinners even the chief,  
 Lord, I believe, — Lord, I believe ;  
 Help thou mine unbelief !

## DRAWING WATER.

HE had drunk from founts of pleas-  
 ure,  
 And his thirst returned again ;  
 He had hewn out broken cisterns,  
 And behold ! his work was vain.

And he said, " Life is a desert,  
 Hot, and measureless, and dry ;  
 And God will not give me water,  
 Though I strive, and faint, and die."

Then he heard a voice make answer,  
 " Rise and roll the stone away ;  
 Sweet and precious springs lie hidden  
 In thy pathway every day."

And he said, his heart was sinful,  
 Very sinful was his speech :  
 " All the cooling wells I thirst for  
 Are too deep for me to reach."

But the voice cried, " Hope and labor ;  
 Doubt and idleness is death ;  
 Shape a clear and goodly vessel,  
 With the patient hands of faith."

So he wrought and shaped the vessel,  
 Looked, and lo ! a well was there ;  
 And he drew up living water,  
 With a golden chain of prayer.

## TOO LATE.

BLESSINGS, alas ! unmerited,  
 Freely as evening dews are shed  
 Each day on my unworthy head.

So that my very sins but prove  
 The sinlessness of Him above  
 And his unutterable love.

And yet, as if no ear took heed,  
 Not what I ask, but what I need,  
 Comes down in answer, when I plead.

So that my heart with anguish cries,  
 My soul almost within me dies,  
 'T wixt what God gives, and what de-  
 nies.

For howsœ'er with good it teems,  
 The life accomplished never seems  
 The blest fulfillment of its dreams.

Therefore, when nearest happiness,  
I only say, The thing I miss —  
That would have perfected my bliss !

When harvests great are mine to reap,  
Too late, too late ! I sit and weep,  
My best beloved lies asleep !

Sometimes my griefs are hard to bear,  
Sometimes my comforts I would share,  
And the one dearest is not there.

That which is mine to-day, I know,  
Had made a paradise below,  
Only a little year ago.

The sunshine we then did crave,  
As having almost power to save,  
Keeps now the greenness of a grave.

To have our dear one safe from gloom.  
We planned a fair and pleasant room,  
And lo ! Fate builded up a tomb.

An empty heart, with cries unstilled,  
An empty house, with love unfilled,  
These are the things our Father willed.

And bowing to Him, as we must,  
Whose name is Love, whose way is  
just,  
We have no refuge, but our trust.

#### RETROSPECT.

O LOVING One, O Bounteous One,  
What have I not received from thee,  
Throughout the seasons that have gone  
Into the past eternity !

For looking backward through the year,  
Along the way my feet have pressed,  
I see sweet places everywhere,  
Sweet places, where my soul had rest.

And, though some human hopes of mine  
Are dead, and buried from my sight,  
Yet from their graves immortal flow-  
ers  
Have sprung, and blossomed into  
light.

Body, and heart, and soul, have been  
Fed by the most convenient food ;  
My nights are peaceful all the while,  
And all my mortal days are good.

My sorrows have not been so light,  
The chastening hand I could not  
trace ;  
Nor have my blessings been so great  
That they have hid my Father's face.

#### HUMAN AND DIVINE.

VILE, and deformed by sin I stand,  
A creature earthy of the earth ;  
Yet fashioned by God's perfect hand,  
And in his likeness at my birth.

Here in a wretched land I roam,  
As one who had no home but this ;  
Yet am invited to become  
Partaker in a world of bliss.

A tenement of misery,  
Of clay is this to which I cling :  
A royal palace waits for me,  
Built by the pleasure of my King !

My heavenly birthright I forsake, —  
An outcast, and unreconciled ;  
The manner of his love doth make  
My Father own me as his child.

Shortened by reason of man's wrong,  
My evil days I here bemoan ;  
Yet know my life must last as long  
As his, who struck it from his own.

Turned wholly am I from the way, —  
Lost, and eternally undone ;  
I am of those, though gone astray,  
The Father seeketh through the  
Son.

I wander in a maze of fear,  
Hid in impenetrable night,  
Afar from God — and yet so near,  
He keeps me always in his sight.

I am as dross, and less than dross,  
Worthless as worthlessness can be ;  
I am so precious that the cross  
Darkened the universe for me !

I am unfit, even from the dust,  
Master ! to kiss thy garment's hem :  
I am so dear, that thou, though just,  
Wilt not despise me nor condemn.

Accounted am I as the least  
Of creatures valueless and mean ;

Yet heaven's own joy shall be increased  
If e'er repentance wash me clean.

Naked, ashamed, I hide my face,  
All seamed by guilt's defacing scars ;  
I may be clothed with righteousness  
Above the brightness of the stars.

Lord, I do fear that I shall go  
Where death and darkness wait for  
me ;  
Lord, I believe, and therefore know  
I have eternal life in thee !

## OVER-PAYMENT.

I TOOK a little good seed in my hand,  
And cast it tearfully upon the land ;  
Saying, of this the fowls of heaven shall  
eat,  
Or the sun scorch it with his burning  
heat.

Yet I, who sowed, oppressed by doubts  
and fears,  
Rejoicing gathered in the ripened ears ;  
For when the harvest turned the fields  
to gold,  
Mine yielded back to me a thousand-  
fold.

A little child begged humbly at my  
door ;  
Small was the gift I gave her, being  
poor,  
But let my heart go with it : therefore  
we  
Were both made richer by that charity.

My soul with grief was darkened, I was  
bowed  
Beneath the shadow of an awful cloud ;  
When one, whose sky was wholly over-  
spread,  
Came to me asking to be comforted.

It roused me from my weak and selfish  
fears ;  
It dried my own to dry another's tears ;  
The bow, to which I pointed in his skies,  
Set all my cloud with sweetest promises.

Once, seeing the inevitable way  
My feet must tread, through difficult  
places lay ;  
I cannot go alone. I cried, dismayed, —  
I faint, I fail, I perish, without aid !

Yet, when I looked to see if help were  
nigh,  
A creature weaker, wretcheder than I,  
One on whose head life's fiercest storms  
had beat,  
Clung to my garments, falling at my  
feet.

I saw, I paused no more : my courage  
found,  
I stooped and raised her gently from  
the ground :  
Through every peril safe I passed at  
length,  
For she who leaned upon me gave me  
strength.

Once, when I hid my wretched self  
from Him,  
My Father's brightness seemed with-  
drawn and dim :  
But when I lifted up mine eyes I learned  
His face to those who seek is always  
turned.

A half-unwilling sacrifice I made :  
Ten thousand blessings on my head  
were laid :  
I asked a comforting spirit to descend :  
God made Himself my comforter and  
friend.

I sought his mercy in a faltering  
prayer,  
And lo ! his infinite tenderness and  
care,  
Like a great sea, that hath no ebbing  
tide,  
Encompassed me with love on every  
side !

## VAIN REPENTANCE.

Do we not say, forgive us, Lord,  
Oft when too well we understand  
Our sorrow is not such as thou  
Requiest at the sinner's hand ?

Have we not sought thy face in tears,  
When our desire hath rather been  
Deliverance from the punishment,  
Than full deliverance from the sin ?

Alas ! we mourn because we fain  
Would keep the things we should re-  
sign :

And pray, because we cannot pray —  
Not my rebellious will, but thine !

## IN EXTREMITY.

THINK on him, Lord ! we ask thy aid  
In life's most dreaded extremity :  
For evil days have come to him,  
Who in his youth remembered thee.

Look on him, Lord ! for heart and flesh,  
Alike, must fail without thy grace :  
Part back the clouds, that he may see  
The brightness of his Father's face.

Speak to him, Lord ! as thou didst talk  
To Adam, in the Garden's shade,  
And grant it unto him to hear  
Thy voice, and not to be afraid.

Support him, Lord ! that he may come,  
Leaning on thee, in faith sublime,  
Up to that awful landmark, set  
Between eternity and time.

And, Lord ! if it must be that we  
Shall walk with him no more below,  
Reach out of heaven thy loving hand,  
And lead him where we cannot go.

## PECCAVI.

I HAVE sinned, I have sinned, before  
thee, the Most Holy !  
And I come as a penitent, bowing down  
lowly,  
With my lips making freely their awful  
admission,  
And mine eyes raining bitterest tears  
of contrition ;  
And I cry unto thee, with my mouth in  
the dust :  
O God ! be not just !

O God ! be not just ; but be merciful  
rather, —  
Let me see not the face of my Judge  
but my Father :  
A sinner, a culprit, I stand self-con-  
victed,  
Yet the pardoning power is thine un-  
restricted ;

I am weak ; thou art strong : in thy  
goodness and might,  
Let my sentence be light !

I have turned from all gifts which thy  
kindness supplied me,  
Because of the one which thy wisdom  
denied me :

I have bandaged mine eyes — yea,  
mine own hands have bound me ;  
I have made me a darkness, when light  
was around me :

And I cry by the way-side : O Lord  
that I might  
Receive back my sight !

For the sake of my guilt, may my guilt  
be forgiven,  
And because mine iniquities mount  
unto heaven !

Let my sins, which are crimson, be  
snow in their brightness ;  
Let my sins, which are scarlet, be wool  
in their whiteness.

I am out of the way, and my soul is  
dismayed —  
I am lost, and afraid.

I have sinned, and against Him whose  
justice may doom me ;  
Insulted his power whose wrath can  
consume me :

Yet, by that blest name by which angels  
adore Him —  
That name through which mortals may  
dare come before Him —  
I come, saying only, My Father above,  
My God, be thou Love !

## CHRISTMAS.

O TIME by holy prophets long fore-  
told,  
Time waited for by saints in days of  
old,  
O sweet, auspicious morn  
When Christ, the Lord, was born !

Again the fixed changes of the year  
Have brought that season to the world  
most dear,  
When angels, all aflame,  
Bringing good tidings came.

Again we think of her, the meek, the  
mild,



The dove-eyed mother of the holy  
Child,  
The chosen, and the best,  
Among all women blest.

We think about the shepherds, who,  
dismayed,  
Fell on their faces, trembling and  
afraid,  
Until they heard the cry,  
Glory to God on high !

And we remember those who from  
afar  
Followed the changing glory of the star  
To where its light was shed  
Upon the sacred head :

And how each trembling, awe-struck  
worshiper  
Brought gifts of gold and frankincense  
and myrrh,  
And spread them on the ground  
In reverence profound.

We think what joy it would have been  
to share  
In their high privilege who came to  
bear  
Sweet spice and costly gem  
To Christ, in Bethlehem.

And in that thought we half forget that  
He  
Is wheresoe'er we seek Him earnestly ;  
Still filling every place  
With sweet, abounding grace.

And though in garments of the flesh,  
as then,  
No more He walks this sinful earth  
with men,  
The poor, to Him most dear,  
Are always with us here.

And He saith, Inasmuch as ye shall  
take  
Good to these little ones for my dear  
sake,  
In that same measure ye  
Have brought it unto me !

Therefore, O men in prosperous homes  
who live,  
Having all blessings earthly wealth can  
give,  
Remember their sad doom  
For whom there is no room —

No room in any home, in any bed,  
No soft white pillow waiting for the  
head,  
And spare from treasures great  
To help their low estate.

Mothers whose sons fill all your homes  
with light,  
Think of the sons who once made  
homes as bright,  
Now laid in sleep profound  
On some sad battle-ground ;

And into darkened dwellings come with  
cheer,  
With pitying hand to wipe the falling  
tear,  
Comfort for Christ's dear sake  
To childless mothers take !

Children whose lives are blest with  
love untold,  
Whose gifts are greater than your arms  
can hold,  
Think of the child who stands  
To-day with empty hands !

Go fill them up, and you will also fill  
Their empty hearts, that lie so cold  
and still,  
And brighten longing eyes  
With grateful, glad surprise.

May all who have, at this blest season  
seek  
His precious little ones, the poor and  
weak,  
In joyful, sweet accord,  
Thus lending to the Lord.

Yea, Crucified Redeemer, who didst  
give  
Thy toil, thy tears, thy life, that we  
might live.  
Thy Spirit grant, that we  
May live one day for thee !

#### COMPENSATION.

CROOKED and dwarfed the tree must  
stay,  
Nor lift its green head to the day,  
Till useless growths are lopped away,

And thus doth human nature do ;  
Till it hath careful pruning too,  
It cannot grow up straight and true.

For, but for chastenings severe,  
No soul could ever tell how near  
God comes, to whom He loveth, here.

Without life's ills, we could not feel  
The blessed change from woe to weal ;  
Only the wounded limb can heal.

The sick and suffering learn below,  
That which the whole can never know,  
Of the soft hand that soothes their woe.

And never man is blest as he,  
Who, freed from some infirmity,  
Rejoices in his liberty.

He sees, with new and glad surprise,  
The world that round about him lies,  
Who slips the bandage from his eyes ;

And comes from where he long hath  
lain,  
Comes from the darkness and the pain,  
Out into God's full light again.

They only know who wait in fear  
The music of a footstep near,  
Falling upon the listening ear.

And life's great depths are soonest  
stirred  
In him who hath but seldom heard  
The magic of a loving word.

Joy after grief is more complete ;  
And kisses never fall so sweet  
As when long-parted lovers meet.

One who is little used to such,  
Surely can tell us best how much  
There is in a kind smile or touch.

'Tis like the spring wind from the  
south,  
Or water to the fevered mouth,  
Or sweet rain falling after drouth.

By him the deepest rest is won  
Who toils beneath the noonday sun  
Faithful until his work is done.

And watchers through the weary night  
Have learned how pleasantly the light  
Of morning breaks upon the sight.

Perchance the jewel seems most fair  
To him whose patient toil and care  
Has brought it to the upper air.

And other lips can never taste  
A draught like that he finds at last  
Who seeks it in the burning waste.

When to the mother's arms is lent,  
That sweet reward for suffering sent  
To her, from the Omnipotent,

I think its helpless, pleading cry  
Touches her heart more tenderly,  
Because of her past agony.

We learn at last how good and brave  
Was the dear friend we could not save,  
When he has slipped into the grave.

And after he has come to hide  
Our lambs upon the other side,  
We know our Shepherd and our Guide.

And thus, by ways not understood,  
Out of each dark vicissitude,  
God brings us compensating good.

For Faith is perfected by fears,  
And souls renew their youth with years,  
And Love looks into heaven through  
tears.

#### RECONCILED.

O YEARS, gone down into the past ;  
What pleasant memories come to me,  
Of your untroubled days of peace,  
And hours almost of ecstasy !

Yet would I have no moon stand still  
Where life's most pleasant valleys  
lie ;  
Nor wheel the planet of the day  
Back on his pathway through the sky.

For though, when youthful pleasures  
died,  
My youth itself went with them, too ;  
To-day, aye ! even this very hour,  
Is the best time I ever knew.

Not that my Father gives to me  
More blessings than in days gone  
by ;  
Dropping in my uplifted hands  
All things for which I blindly cry :

But that his plans and purposes  
Have grown to me less strange and  
dim ;

And where I cannot understand,  
I trust the issues unto Him.

And, spite of many broken dreams,  
This have I truly learned to say, —  
The prayers I thought unanswered  
once,  
Were answered in God's own best  
way.

And though some dearly cherished  
hopes  
Perished untimely ere their birth,  
Yet have I been beloved and blessed  
Beyond the measure of my worth.

And sometimes in my hours of grief,  
For moments I have come to stand  
Where in the sorrows on me laid,  
I felt a loving Father's hand.

And I have learned, the weakest  
ones  
Are kept securest from life's harms ;  
And that the tender lambs alone  
Are carried in the Shepherd's arms.

And, sitting by the way-side, blind,  
He is the nearest to the light,  
Who crieth out most earnestly,  
"Lord, that I might receive my  
sight !"

O feet, grown weary as ye walk,  
Where down life's hill my pathway  
lies,  
What care I, while my soul can  
mount,  
As the young eagle mounts the  
skies !

O eyes, with weeping faded out,  
What matters it how dim ye be !  
My inner vision sweeps untired  
The reaches of eternity !

O Death, most dreaded power of all,  
When the last moment comes, and  
thou  
Darkenest the windows of my soul,  
Through which I look on Nature  
now ;

Yea, when mortality dissolves,  
Shall I not meet thine hour un-  
awed ?  
My house eternal in the heavens  
Is lighted by the smile of God !

## THOU KNOWEST.

LORD, with what body do they come  
Who in corruption here are sown,  
When with humiliation done,  
They wear the likeness of thine  
own ?

Lord, of what manner didst thou make  
The fruits upon life's healing tree ?  
Where flows that water we may take  
And thirst not through eternity ?

Where lie the beds of lilies prest  
By virgins whiter than their snow ?  
What can we liken to the rest  
Thy well-belovèd yet shall know ?

And where no moon shall shine by  
night,  
No sun shall rise and take his place,  
How shall we look upon the light,  
O Lamb of God, that lights thy  
face ?

How shall we speak our joy that  
day  
We stand upon the peaceful shore,  
Where blest inhabitants shall say,  
Lo ! we are sick and sad no more ?

What anthems shall they raise to  
thee,  
The host upon the other side ?  
What will our depths of rapture be  
When heart and soul are satisfied ?

How will life seem when fear, nor  
dread,  
Nor mortal weakness chains our  
powers ;  
When sin is crushed, and death is  
dead,  
And all eternity is ours ?

When, with our lover and our spouse,  
We shall as angels be above,  
And plight no troths and breathe no  
vows,  
How shall we tell and prove our love ?

How can we take in faith thy hand,  
And walk the way that we must  
tread ?

How can we trust and understand  
That Christ will raise us from the  
dead ?

We cannot see nor know to-day,  
 For He hath made us of the dust ;  
 We can but wait his time, and say,  
 Even though He slay me, will I  
 trust !

Swift to the dead we hasten now,  
 And know not even the way we go ;  
 Yet quick and dead are thine, and  
 thou —  
 Thou knowest all we do not know !

## CHRISTMAS.

THIS happy day, whose risen sun  
 Shall set not through eternity,  
 This holy day when Christ, the Lord,  
 Took on Him our humanity,

For little children everywhere  
 A joyous season still we make ;  
 We bring our precious gifts to them,  
 Even for the dear child Jesus' sake.

The glory from the manger shed,  
 Wherein the lowly Saviour lay,  
 Shines as a halo round the head  
 Of every human child to-day.

And each unconscious infant sleeps  
 Intrusted to his guardian care ;  
 Hears his dear name in cradle hymns,  
 And lips it in its earliest prayer.

Thou blessed Babe of Bethlehem !  
 Whose life we love, whose name we  
 laud ;  
 Thou Brother, through whose poverty,  
 We have become the heirs of God ;

Thou sorrowful, yet tempted Man —  
 Tempted in all things like as we,  
 Treading with tender, human feet,  
 The sharp, rough way of Calvary ;

We do remember how, by thee,  
 The sick were healed, the halting  
 led ;  
 How thou didst take the little ones  
 And pour thy blessings on their  
 head.

We know for what unworthy men  
 Thou once didst deign to toil and  
 live ;  
 What weak and sinful women thou  
 Didst love, and pity, and forgive.

And, Lord, if to the sick and poor  
 We go with generous hearts to-day,  
 Or in forbidden places seek  
 For such as wander from the way ;

And by our loving words or deeds  
 Make this a hallowed time to them ;  
 Though we ourselves be found un-  
 meet,  
 For sin, to touch thy garment's hem ;

Wilt thou not, for thy wondrous grace,  
 And for thy tender charity,  
 Accept the good we do to these,  
 As we had done it unto thee ?

And for the precious little ones,  
 Here from their native heaven astray,  
 Strong in their very helplessness,  
 To lead us in the better way ;

If we shall make thy natal day  
 A season of delight to these,  
 A season always crowded full  
 Of sweet and pleasant memories ;

Wilt thou not grant us to forget  
 Awhile our weight of care and pain,  
 And in their joys, bring back their joy  
 Of early innocence again ?

O holy Child, about whose bed  
 The virgin mother softly trod ;  
 Dead once, yet living evermore,  
 O Son of Mary, and of God !

If any act that we can do,  
 If any thought of ours is right,  
 If any prayer we lift to thee,  
 May find acceptance in thy sight,

Hear us, and give to us, to-day,  
 In answer to our earnest cries,  
 Some portion of that sacred love  
 That drew thee to us from the  
 skies !

## PRODIGALS.

AGAIN, in the Book of Books, to-day  
 I read of that Prodigal, far away  
 In the centuries ago,  
 Who took the portion that to him fell,  
 And went from friends and home to  
 dwell  
 In a distant land alone.

And when his riotous living was done,  
 And his course of foolish pleasure run,  
 And a fearful famine rose,  
 He fain would have fed with the very  
 swine,  
 And no man gave him bread nor wine,  
 For his friends were changed to foes.

And I thought, when at last his state  
 he knew

What a little thing he had to do,  
 To win again his place :  
 Only the madness of sin to learn,  
 To come to himself, repent, and turn,  
 And seek his father's face.

Then I thought however vile we are,  
 Not one of us hath strayed so far  
 From the things that are good and  
 pure,

But if to gain his home he tried,  
 He would find the portal open wide,  
 And find his welcome sure.

My fellow-sinners, though you dwell  
 In haunts where the feet take hold on  
 hell,

Where the downward way is plain ;  
 Think, who is waiting for you at home,  
 Repent, and come to yourself, and  
 come

To your Father's house again !

Say, out of the depths of humility,  
 " I have lost the claim of a child on  
 thee,

I would serve thee with the least !"  
 And He will a royal robe prepare,  
 He will call you son, and call you heir ;  
 And seat you at the feast.

Yea, fellow-sinner, rise to-day,  
 And run till He meets you on the way,  
 Till you hear the glad words said, —  
 " *Let joy through all the heavens re-*  
*sound,*

*For this, my son, who was lost is*  
*found,*  
*And he lives who once was dead."*

#### ST. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

IN the shade of the cloister, long ago —  
 They are dead and buried for cent-  
 uries —

The pious monks walked to and fro,  
 Talking of holy mysteries.

By a blameless life and penance hard,  
 Each brother there had proved his  
 call ;

But the one we name the St. Bernard  
 Was the sweetest soul among them  
 all.

And oft as a silence on them fell,  
 He would pause, and listen, and  
 whisper low,

" There is One who waits for me in my  
 cell ;

I hear Him calling, and I must go !"

No charm of human fellowship  
 His soul from its dearest love can  
 bind ;

With a "*Jesu Dulcis*" on his lip,  
 He leaves all else that is sweet be-  
 hind.

The only hand that he longs to take,  
 Pierced, from the cross is reaching  
 down ;

And the head he loves, for his dear  
 sake

Was wounded once with a thorny  
 crown.

Ah ! men and brethren, He whose  
 call

Drew that holy monk with a power  
 divine,

Was the One who is calling for us  
 all,

Was the Friend of sinners — yours  
 and mine !

From the sleep of the cradle to the  
 grave,

From the first low cry till the lip is  
 dumb,

Ready to help us, and strong to save,  
 He is calling, and waiting till we  
 come.

Lord ! teach us always thy voice to  
 know,

And to turn to thee from the world  
 beside,

Prepared when our time has come to  
 go,

Whether at morn or eventide.

And to say when the heavens are rent  
 in twain,

When suns are darkened, and stars  
 shall flee,

Lo! thou hast not called for us in  
vain,  
And we shall not call in vain for  
thee!

#### THE WIDOW'S THANKSGIVING.

OF the precious years of my life, to-  
day  
I count another one;  
And I thank thee, Lord, for the light  
is good,  
And 't is sweet to see the sun.

To watch the seasons as they pass,  
Their wondrous wealth unfold,  
Till the silvery treasures of the snow  
Are changed to the harvest's gold.

For kindly still does the teeming  
earth  
Her stores of plenty yield,  
Whether we come to bind the sheaves,  
Or only to glean in the field.

And dwelling in such a pleasant land,  
Though poor in goods and friends,  
We may still be rich, if we live con-  
tent  
With what our Father sends.

If we feel that life is a blessed thing—  
A boon to be desired;  
And where not much to us is given,  
Not much will be required;

And keep our natures sweet with the  
sense  
Of fervent gratitude,  
That we have been left to live in the  
world,  
And to know that God is good!

And since there is naught of all we  
have,  
That we have not received:  
Shall we dare, though our treasures be  
reclaimed,  
To call ourselves bereaved?

For 't is easy to walk by sight in the  
day:  
'T is the night that tries our faith;  
And what is that worth if we render  
thanks  
For life and not for death?

Lo! I glean alone! and the children,  
Lord,  
Thou gavest unto me,  
Have one by one fled out of my arms,  
And into eternity.

Aye, the last and the bravest of them  
died  
In prison, far away;  
And no man, of his sepulchre,  
Knoweth the place to-day.

Yet is not mine the bitterness  
Of the soul that doth repent;  
If I had it now to do again,  
I would bless him that he went.

There are many writ in the book of life  
Whose graves are marked unknown;  
For his country and his God he died,  
And He will know his own!

In the ranks he fought; but he stood  
the first  
And bravest in the lines;  
And no fairer, brighter name than his  
On the roll of honor shines.

And because he faltered not, nor failed  
In the march, nor under fire;  
His great promotion came at last,  
In the call to go up higher.

Fair wives, whose homes are guarded  
round  
By love's securities:  
Mothers, who gather all your flock  
At night about your knees;

Thrice happy, happy girls, who hold  
The hand of your lovers fast;  
Widows, who keep an only son  
To be your stay to the last:

You never felt, though you give God  
thanks  
For his blessings day by day,  
That perfect peace which blesses Him  
For the good He takes away;

The joy of a soul that even in pain  
Beholds his love's decrees,  
Who sets the solitary ones  
In the midst of families.

Lord, help me still, at the midnight  
hour,  
My lamp of faith to trim;

And so sing from my heart, at the  
break of day,  
A glad thanksgiving hymn :

Nor doubt thy love, though my earthly  
joys  
Were narrowed down to this one,  
So long as the sweet day shines for  
me,  
And mine eyes behold the sun.

## VIA CRUCIS, VIA LUCIS.

QUESTIONING, blind, unsatisfied,  
Out of the dark my spirit cried, —  
Wherefore for sinners, lost, undone,  
Gave the Father his only Son ?

Clear and sweet there came reply, —  
Out of my soul or out of the sky  
A voice like music answered : —  
*God so loved the world,* it said.

Could not the Lord from heaven give aid ?  
Why was He born of the mother-maid ?  
*Only the Son of man could be  
Touched with man's infirmity !*

Why must He lay his infant head  
In the manger, where the beasts were  
fed ?  
*So that the poorest here might cry,  
My Lord was as lowly born as I !*

Why for friends did He choose to  
know  
Sinners and harlots here below ?  
*Not to the righteous did He come,  
But to find and bring the wanderers  
home.*

He was tempted ? *Yes, He sounded  
then  
All that hides in the hearts of men ;  
And He knoweth, when we intercede,  
How to succor our souls in their need.*

Why should they whom He called his  
own,  
Deny, betray Him, leave Him alone ?  
*That He might know their direst pain,  
Who have trusted human love in vain !*

Must He needs have washed the  
traitor's feet  
Ere his abasement was made complete ?

*Yea, for women have thus laid down  
Their hearts for a Judas to trample  
on !*

By one cup might He not drink less ;  
Nor lose one drop of the bitterness ;  
Must He suffer, though without blame,  
Stripes and buffeting, scorn and  
shame ?

Alas ! and wherefore should it be  
That He must die on Calvary ;  
Must bear the pain and the cruel  
thrust,  
Till his heart with its very anguish  
burst ?

*That martyrs, dying for his name,  
Whether by cross, or flood, or flame,  
Might know they were called to bear no  
more  
Than He, their blessed Master, bore.*

What did He feel in that last dread  
cry ?  
*The height and the depth of agony !  
All the anguish a mortal can,  
Who dies forsaken of God and man !*

Is there no way to Him at last  
But that where His bleeding feet have  
passed ?  
*Did he not to his followers say,  
I am the Life, the Light, the Way ?*

*Yea, and still from the heavens He  
saith  
The gate of life is the gate of death ;  
Peace is the crown of faith's good  
fight,  
And the way of the cross is the way of  
light !*

## HYMN.

COME down, O Lord, and with us  
live !

For here with tender, earnest call,  
The gospel thou didst freely give,  
We freely offer unto all.

Come, with such power and saving  
grace,

That we shall cry, with one accord,  
"How sweet and awful is this place, —  
This sacred temple of the Lord."

Let friend and stranger, one in thee,  
 Feel with such power thy Spirit  
 move,

That every man's own speech shall be,  
 The sweet eternal speech of love.

Yea, fill us with the Holy Ghost,  
 Let burning hearts and tongues be  
 given,

Make this a day of Pentecost,  
 A foretaste of the bliss of heaven !

#### OF ONE FLESH.

A MAN he was who loved the good,  
 Yet strayed in crooked ways apart ;  
 He could not do the thing he would,  
 Because of evil in his heart.

He saw men garner wealth and fame,  
 Ripe in due time, a precious load ;  
 He fainted ere the harvest came,  
 And failed to gather what he sowed.

He looked if haply grapes had grown  
 On the wild thorns that choked his  
 vines ;  
 When clear the truth before him shone  
 He sought for wonders and for  
 signs.

Others Faith's sheltered harbor found,  
 The while his bark was tossed  
 about ;  
 Drifting and dragging anchor round  
 The troubled, shoreless sea of doubt.

Where he would win, he could not  
 choose  
 But yield to weakness and despair ;  
 He ran as they who fear to lose,  
 And fought as one who beats the  
 air.

Walking where hosts of souls have  
 passed,  
 By faith and hope made strong and  
 brave,

He, groping, stumbled at the last,  
 And blindly fell across the grave.

Yet speak of him in charity,  
 O man ! nor write of blame one  
 line ;

Say that thou wert not such as he —  
 He was thy brother, and was mine !

#### TEACH US TO WAIT !

WHY are we so impatient of delay,  
 Longing forever for the time to be ?  
 For thus we live to-morrow in to-  
 day,

Yea, sad to-morrows we may never  
 see.

We are too hasty ; are not reconciled  
 To let kind Nature do her work  
 alone :

We plant our seed, and like a foolish  
 child

We dig it up to see if it has grown.

The good that is to be we covet now,  
 We cannot wait for the appointed  
 hour ;

Before the fruit is ripe, we shake the  
 bough,  
 And seize the bud that folds away  
 the flower.

When midnight darkness reigns we do  
 not see

That the sad night is mother of the  
 morn ;

We cannot think our own sharp  
 agony

May be the birth-pang of a joy un-  
 born.

Into the dust we see our idols cast,  
 And cry, that death has triumphed,  
 life is void !

We do not trust the promise, that the  
 last

Of all our enemies shall be de-  
 stroyed !

With rest almost in sight the spirit  
 faints,

And heart and flesh grow weary at the  
 last ;

Our feet would walk the city of the  
 saints,

Even before the silent gate is passed.

Teach us to wait until thou shalt ap-  
 pear —

To know that all thy ways and times  
 are just ;

Thou seest that we do believe, and  
 fear,

Lord, make us also to believe and  
 trust !



## IN HIS ARMS.

IF when thy children, O my friend,  
Were clasped by thee, in love's embrace,  
Their guardian angels, that in heaven  
Always behold the Father's face ;

Thine earthly home, on shining wings,  
Had entered, as of old they came,  
To grant to these whatever good,  
Thou shouldst desire, in Jesus' name ; —

Or as the loving sinner came,  
And worshiped when He sat at meat,  
Couldst thou, thyself have come to Him,  
And bowed thy forehead to his feet ;

And prayed Him by that tender love,  
He feels for those to whom He came,  
To give to thy beloved ones,  
The best thou couldst desire or name ; —

What couldst thou ask so great as this,  
Out of his love's rich treasury,  
That He should take them in his arms,  
And bless, and keep them safe for thee ?

Ah ! favored friend, nor faith, nor prayers,  
Nor richest offering ever brought  
A token of the Saviour's love  
So sweet, as thou hast gained unsought !

—◆—  
THE heart is not satisfied :  
For more than the world can give it pleads ;  
It has infinite wants and infinite needs ;  
And its every beat is an awful cry  
For love that never can change nor die ;  
The heart is not satisfied !

## UNBELIEF.

FAITHLESS, perverse, and blind,  
We sit in our house of fear,

When the winter of sorrow comes to  
our souls,  
And the days of our life are drear.

For when in darkness and clouds  
The way of God is concealed,  
We doubt the words of his promises,  
And the glory to be revealed.

We do but trust in part ;  
We grope in the dark alone ;  
Lord, when shall we see thee as thou art,  
And know as we are known ?

When shall we live to thee  
And die to thee, resigned,  
Nor fear to hide what we would keep,  
And lose what we would find ?

For we doubt our Father's care,  
We cover our faces and cry,  
If a little cloud, like the hand of a man,  
Darkens the face of our sky.

We judge of his perfect day  
By our life's poor glimmering spark ;  
And measure eternity's circle  
By the segment of an arc.

We say, they have taken our Lord,  
And we know not where He lies,  
When the light of his resurrection morn  
Is breaking out of the skies.

And we stumble at last when we come  
On the brink of the grave to stand ;  
As if the souls that are born of his love  
Could slip their Father's hand ?

## THE VISION ON THE MOUNT.

OH, if this living soul, that many a time  
Above the low things of the earth doth  
climb,

Up to the mountain-top of faith sublime,  
If she could only stay  
In that high place always,  
And hear, in reverence bowed,  
God's voice behind the cloud :

Or if descending to the earth again  
Its lesson in the heart might still remain :

If we could keep the vision, clear and plain,

Nor let one jot escape,  
So that we still might shape  
Our lives to deeds sublime  
By that exalted time :

Ah ! what a world were ours to journey  
through !

What deeds of love and mercy we  
should do :

Making our lives so beautiful and true,  
That in our face would shine  
The light of love divine,  
Showing that we had stood  
Upon the mount of God.

But earthy of the earth, we downward  
tend,  
From the pure height of faith our feet  
descend,

The hour of exaltation hath its end.  
And we, alas ! forget,  
In life's turmoil and fret,  
The pattern to us shown,  
When on the mount alone.

Yea, we forget the rapture we had  
known,  
Forget the voice that talked to us alone,  
Forget the brightness past, the cloud  
that shone ;  
We have no need to veil  
Our faces, dim and pale,  
So soon from out them dies  
The sweet light of the skies.

We come down from the height where  
we have been,  
And build our tabernacles low and  
mean,  
Not by the pattern in the vision seen  
Remembering no more,  
When once the hour is o'er,  
How in the safe cleft of the rock on  
high,  
The shadow of the Lord has passed us  
by.

#### A CANTICLE.

BE with me, O Lord, when my life  
hath increase  
Of the riches that make it complete ;  
When, favored, I walk in the pathway  
of peace,  
That is pleasant and safe to the feet :  
Be with me and keep me, when all the  
day long

Delight hath no taint of alloy ;  
When my heart runneth over with  
laughter and song,  
And my cup with the fullness of  
joy.

Be with me, O Lord, when I make my  
complaint

Because of my sorrow and care ;  
Take the weight from my soul, that is  
ready to faint,  
And give me thy burden to bear.  
If the sun of the desert at noontide, in  
wrath

Descends on my shelterless head,  
Be thou the cool shadow and rock in  
the path  
Of a land that is weary to tread.

In the season of sorest affliction and  
dread,

When my soul is encompassed with  
fears,  
Till I lie in the darkness awake on my  
bed,

And water my pillow with tears ;  
When lonely and sick, for the tender  
delight

Of thy comforting presence I pray,  
Come into my chamber, O Lord, in the  
night,  
And stay till the break of the day.

Through the devious paths of the world  
be my guide,

Till its trials, and its dangers are  
past ;  
If I walk through the furnace, be thou  
by my side,

Be my rod and my staff to the last.  
When my cruelest enemy presses me  
hard

To my last earthly refuge and rest —  
Put thy arms underneath and about me,  
O Lord,

Let me lie tenderly on thy breast.

Come down when in silence I slumber  
alone,

When the death seal is set on mine  
eyes ;  
Break open the sepulchre, roll off the  
stone,

And bear me away to the skies.  
Lord, lay me to rest by the river, that  
bright

From the throne of thy glory doth  
flow ;

Where the odorous beds of the lilies  
are white  
And the roses of paradise blow !

### THE CRY OF THE HEART AND FLESH.

WHEN her mind was sore bewildered,  
And her feet were gone astray,  
When she saw no fiery column,  
And no cloud before her way, —  
Then, with earnest supplication,  
To the mighty One she prayed,  
“Thou for whom we were created,  
And by whom the worlds were  
made, —  
By thy pity for our weakness,  
By thy wisdom and thy might,  
Son of God, Divine Redeemer !  
Guide and keep me in the right !”

When Faith had broke her moorings,  
And upon a sea of doubt,  
Her soul with fear and darkness  
Was compassed round about ;  
Then she said, “O Elder Brother !  
By thy human nature, when  
Thou wert made to be in all things  
Like unto the sons of men ;  
By the hour of thy temptation,  
By thy one forsaken cry,  
Son of God and man ! have mercy,  
Send thy light down from on high !”

When her very heart was broken,  
Bearing more than it could bear,  
Then she clasped her anguish, crying,  
In her passionate despair, —  
“Thou who wert beloved of women,  
And who gav'st them love again,  
By the strength of thine affection,  
By its rapture and its pain,  
Son of God and Son of woman !  
Lo ! 't is now the eventide !  
Come from heaven, O sacred lover !  
With thine handmaid to abide ;  
Come down as the bridegroom cometh  
From his chamber to the bride !”

### OUR PATTERN.

A WEAVER sat one day at his loom,  
Among the colors bright,  
With the pattern for his copying  
Hung fair and plain in sight.

But the weaver's thoughts were wander-  
ing  
Away on a distant track,  
As he threw the shuttle in his hand  
Wearily forward and back.

And he turned his dim eyes to the  
ground,  
And tears fell on the woof,  
For his thoughts, alas ! were not with  
his home,  
Nor the wife beneath its roof ;

When her voice recalled him suddenly  
To himself, as she sadly said :  
“Ah ! woe is me ! for your work is  
spoiled,  
And what will we do for bread ?”

And then the weaver looked, and saw  
His work must be undone ;  
For the threads were wrong, and the  
colors dimmed,  
Where the bitter tears had run.

“Alack, alack !” said the weaver,  
“And this had all been right  
If I had not looked at my work, but  
kept  
The pattern in my sight !”

Ah ! sad it was for the weaver,  
And sad for his luckless wife :  
And sad will it be for us, if we say,  
At the end of our task of life :

“The colors that we had to weave  
Were bright in our early years :  
But we wove the tissue wrong, and  
stained  
The woof with bitter tears.

“We wove a web of doubt and fear —  
Not faith, and hope, and love —  
Because we looked at our work, and not  
At our Pattern up above !”

### THE EARTHLY HOUSE.

“Ye are the temple of God. . . . If any man de-  
file the temple of God, him will God destroy ; for the  
temple of God is holy.” — I CORINTHIANS iii. 16,  
17.

ONCE — in the ages that have passed  
away,  
Since the fair morning of that fairest  
day,

When earth, in all her innocent beauty,  
 stood  
 Near her Creator, and He called her  
 good —  
 He who had weighed the planets in his  
 hand,  
 And dropped them in the places where  
 they stand,  
 Builded a little temple white and fair,  
 And of a workmanship so fine and rare  
 Even the star that led to Bethlehem  
 Had not the value of this wondrous  
 gem.

Then, that its strength and beauty  
 might endure,  
 He placed within, to keep it clean and  
 pure,  
 A living human soul. To him He said :  
 " This is the temple which my hands  
 have made  
 To be thy dwelling-place, or foul or  
 fair,  
 As thou shalt make it by neglect or  
 care.  
 Mar or deface this temple's sacred wall,  
 And swift destruction on the work shall  
 fall :  
 Preserve it perfect in its purity,  
 And God Himself shall come and dwell  
 with thee ! "

Then he for whom that holy place was  
 built,  
 Fair as a palace — ah, what fearful  
 guilt ! —  
 Grew, after tending it a little while,  
 Careless, then reckless, and then wholly  
 vile.  
 The evil spirits came and dwelt with  
 him ;  
 The walls decayed, and through the  
 windows dim  
 He saw not this world's beauty any  
 more,  
 Heard no good angel knocking at his  
 door ;  
 And all his house, because of sin and  
 crime,  
 Tumbled and fell in ruin ere its time.

Oh, men and brethren ! we who live  
 to-day  
 In dwellings made by God, though  
 made of clay,  
 Have these our mortal bodies ever been  
 Kept fit for Him who made them pure  
 and clean ;

Or was that soul in evil sunk so deep,  
 He spoiled the temple he was set to  
 keep,  
 And turned to wastefulness and to  
 abuse  
 The tastes and passions that were  
 meant for use ;  
 So like ourselves, that we, afraid, might  
 cry :  
 " Lord, who destroyest the temple — is  
 it I ? "

#### YE DID IT UNTO ME.

SINNER, careless, proud, and cold,  
 Straying from the sheltering fold,  
 Hast thou thought how patiently  
 The Good Shepherd follows thee ;  
 Still with tireless, toiling feet,  
 Through the tempest and the heat —  
 Thought upon that yearning breast,  
 Where He fain would have thee rest,  
 And of all its tender pain,  
 While He seeks for thee in vain ?

Dost thou know what He must feel,  
 Making vainly his appeal :  
 When He knocketh at thy door  
 Present entrance to implore ;  
 Saying, " *Open unto Me,*  
*I will come and sup with thee* " —  
 Forced to turn away at last  
 From the portal shut and fast ?  
 Wilt thou careless slumber on,  
 Even till thy Lord has gone,  
 Heedless of his high behest,  
 His desire to be thy guest ?

Sinner, sinner, dost thou know  
 What it is to slight Him so ?  
 Sitting careless by the sea  
 While He calleth, " *Follow me* " ;  
 Sleeping, thoughtless, unaware  
 Of his agonizing prayer,  
 While thy sins his soul o'erpower,  
 And thou canst not watch one hour ?  
 Our infirmities He bore,  
 And our mortal form He wore ;  
 Yea, our Lord was made to be  
 Here in all things like as we,  
 And, that pardon we might win,  
 He, the sinless, bare our sin !

Sinner, though He comes no more  
 Faint and fasting to thy door,  
 His disciples here instead  
 Thou canst give the cup and bread.

If his lambs thou dost not feed,  
 He it is that feels their need :  
 He that suffers their distress,  
 Hunger, thirst, and weariness :  
 He that loving them again  
 Beareth all their bitter pain !  
 Canst thou then so reckless prove,  
 Canst thou, darest thou slight his  
 love ?

Do not, sinner, for thy sake  
 Make Him still the cross to take,  
 And ascend again for thee  
 Dark and dreadful Calvary !  
 Do not set the crown of pain  
 On that sacred head again ;  
 Open all afresh and wide  
 Closèd wounds in hands and side.  
 Do not, do not scorn his name,  
 Putting Him to open shame !

Oh, by all the love He knew,  
 For his followers, dear and true ;  
 By the sacred tears He wept  
 At the tomb where Lazarus slept ;  
 By Gethsemane's bitter cry,  
 That the cup might pass Him by ;  
 By that wail of agony,  
*Why hast thou forsaken me ?*  
 By that last and heaviest stroke,  
 When his heart for sinners broke,  
 Do not let Him lose the price  
 Of his awful sacrifice !

#### THE SINNER AT THE CROSS.

HELPLESS before the cross I lay,  
 With all to lose, or all to win,  
 My steps had wandered from the way,  
 My soul was burdened with her sin ;  
 I spoke no word, I made no plea,  
 But this, *Be merciful to me !*

To meet his gaze, I could not brook,  
 Who for my sake ascended there ;  
 I could not bear the angry look  
 My dear offended Lord must wear ;  
 Remembering how I had denied  
 His name, my heart within me died.

Almost I heard his awful voice,  
 Sounding above my head in wrath ;  
 Fixing my everlasting choice  
 With such as tread the downward  
 path ;  
 I waited for the words, *Depart  
 From me, accursed as thou art !*

One moment, all the world was stilled,  
 Then, He who saw my anguish,  
 spoke ;  
 I heard, I breathed, my pulses thrilled,  
 And heart, and brain, and soul  
 awoke ;  
 No scorn, no wrath was in that tone,  
 But pitying love, and love alone !

“And dost thou know, and love not  
 me.”  
 He said, “when I have loved thee  
 so ;

It was for guilty men like thee  
 I came into this world of woe ;  
 To save the lost I lived and died,  
 For sinners was I crucified.”

The fountain of my tears was dried,  
 My eyes were lifted from the dust :  
 “Jesus ! my blessed Lord ! I cried,  
 And is it thou, I feared to trust ?  
 And art thou He, I deemed my foe ;  
 The Friend to whom I dared not  
 go ?

“How could I shrink from such as  
 thou,  
 Divine Redeemer, as thou art !  
 I know thy loving kindness now,  
 I see thy wounded, bleeding heart ;  
 I know that thou didst give me thine,  
 And all that thou dost ask is mine !

“My Lord, my God ! I know at last  
 Whose mercy I have dared offend ;  
 I own thee now, I hold thee fast,  
 My Brother, Lover, and my Friend !  
 Take me and clasp me to thy breast,  
 Bless me again, and keep me blest !

“Thou art the man, who ne'er re-  
 fused  
 With sinful men to sit at meat ;  
 Who spake to her who was accused  
 Of men, and trembling at thy feet,  
 As lips had never spoke before,  
*Go uncondemned, and sin no more.*

“Dear Lord ! not all eternity  
 Thy image from my heart can  
 move,  
 When thou didst turn and look on  
 me,  
 When first I heard thy words of  
 love ;  
*Repent, believe, and thou shalt be,  
 To-night in Paradise with me.”*

## THE HEIR.

AN orphan, through the world  
Unfriended did I roam,  
I knew not that my Father lived,  
Nor that I had a home.

No kindred might I claim,  
No lover sought for me ;  
Mine was a solitary life,  
Set in no family.

I yielded to despair,  
I sorrowed night and morn —  
I cried, " Ah ! good it were for me,  
If I had not been born ! "

At midnight came a man —  
He knocked upon my door ;  
He spake such tender words as man  
Ne'er spake to me before.

I rose to let him in,  
I shook with fear and dread ;  
A lamp was shining in his hand,  
A brightness round his head.

" And who art thou," I cried ;  
" I scarce for awe might speak ;  
And why for such a wretch as I  
Dost thou at midnight seek ? "

" Though thou hast strayed," He  
said,  
" From me thou couldst not flee ;  
I am thy Brother and thy Friend,  
And thou shalt share with me ! "

" For me thou hast not sought,  
I sought thee everywhere ;  
Thou hast a Father and a home,  
With mansions grand and fair.

" To thine inheritance  
I came thy soul to bring ;  
Thou art the royal heir of heaven —  
The daughter of the King ! "

## REALITIES.

THINGS that I have to hold and keep,  
ah ! these  
Are not the treasures to my heart  
most dear ;

Though many sweet and precious  
promises  
Have had their sweet fulfillment,  
even here.

And yet to others, what I name my  
own  
Poor unrealities and shows might  
seem ;  
Since my best house hath no founda-  
tion-stone.  
My tenderest lover is a tender dream.

And would you learn who leads me, if  
below  
I choose the good or from the ill for-  
bear ?  
A little child *He* suffered long ago  
To come unto his arms, and keeps  
her there !

The alms I *give* the beggar at my  
gate  
I do but *lend* to One who thrice re-  
pays ;  
The only heavenly bread I ever ate  
Came back to find me, after many  
days.

The single friend whose presence can-  
not fail,  
Whose face I always see without dis-  
guise,  
Went down into the grave and left the  
veil  
Of mortal flesh that hid her from my  
eyes !

My clearest way is that which faith  
hath shown,  
Not that in which by sight I daily  
move ;  
And the most precious thing my soul  
hath known  
Is that which passeth knowledge,  
God's dear love.

## HYMN.

WHEN the world no solace gives,  
When in deep distress I groan ;  
When my lover and my friend  
Leave me with my grief alone ;  
When a weary land I tread,  
Fainting for the rocks and springs,

Overshadow me, O Lord,  
With the comfort of thy wings!

When my heart and flesh shall fail,  
When I yield my mortal breath,  
When I gather up my feet,  
Icy with the chill of death;  
Strengthen and sustain me, Lord,  
With thine all-sufficient grace:  
Overlean my dying bed  
With the sweetness of thy face!

When the pang, the strife is past,  
When my spirit mounts on high,  
Catch me up in thine embrace,  
In thy bosom let me lie!  
Freed from sin and freed from death,  
Hid with thee, in heaven above,  
Oversplendor me, O God,  
With the glory of thy love.

## WOUNDED

O MEN, with wounded souls,  
O women, with broken hearts,  
That have suffered since ever the world  
was made,  
And nobly borne your parts;

Suffered and borne as well  
As the martyrs whom we name,  
That went rejoicing home, through  
flood,  
Or singing through the flame;

Ye have had of Him reward  
For your battles fought and won,  
Who giveth his beloved rest  
When the day of their work is  
done.

Ye have changed for perfect peace  
The pain of the ways ye trod;  
And laid your burdens softly down,  
At the merciful feet of God!

## A CRY OF THE HEART.

OH, for a mind more clear to see,  
A hand to work more earnestly  
For every good intent;  
Oh, for a Peter's fiery zeal,  
His conscience always quick to feel,  
And instant to repent!

Oh, for a faith more strong and true  
Than that which doubting Thomas  
knew,  
A faith assured and clear;  
To know that He who for us died,  
Rejected, scorned, and crucified,  
Lives, and is with us here.

Oh, for the blessing shed upon  
That humble, loving, sinful one,  
Who, when He sat at meat,  
With precious store of ointment came;  
Hid from her Lord her face for shame,  
And laid it on his feet.

Oh, for that look of pity seen  
By her, the guilty Magdalene,  
Who stood her Judge before;  
And listening, for her comfort heard,  
The tender, sweet, forgiving word:—  
*Go thou, and sin no more!*

Oh, to have stood with James and  
John,  
Where brightness round the Saviour  
shone,  
Whiter than light of day;  
When by the voice and cloud dismayed,  
They fell upon the ground afraid,  
And wist not what to say.

Oh, to have been the favored guest,  
That leaned at supper on his breast,  
And heard his dear Lord say:  
*He who shall testify of Me,  
The Comforter, ye may not see  
Except I go away.*

Oh, for the honor won by her,  
Who early to the sepulchre  
Hastened in tearful gloom;  
To whom He gave his high behest,  
To tell to Peter and the rest,  
Their Lord had left the tomb.

Oh, for the vision that sufficed  
That first blest martyr after Christ,  
And gave a peace so deep,  
That while he saw with raptured eyes  
Jesus with God in Paradise,  
He, praying, feel asleep.

But if such heights I may not gain,  
O thou, to whom no soul in vain  
Or cries, or makes complaints;  
This only favor grant to me,—  
That I of sinners chief, may be  
The least of all thy saints!



## POEMS OF GRIEF AND CONSOLATION.

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### EARTH TO EARTH.

His hands with earthly work are done,  
His feet are done with roving ;  
We bring him now to thee and ask,  
The loved to take the loving.

Part back thy mantle, fringed with  
green,  
Broidered with leaf and blossom,  
And lay him tenderly to sleep,  
Dear Earth, upon thy bosom.

Thy cheerful birds, thy liberal flowers,  
Thy woods and waters only  
Gave him their sweet companionship  
And made his hours less lonely.

Though friendship never blest his way,  
And love denied her blisses ;  
No flower concealed her face from him,  
No wind withheld her kisses.

Nor man hath sighed, nor woman wept  
To go their ways without him ;  
So, lying here, he still will have  
His truest friends about him.

Then part thy mantle, fringed with  
green,  
Broidered with leaf and blossom,  
And lay him tenderly to sleep,  
Dear Earth, upon thy bosom !

### THE UNHONORED.

ALAS, alas ! how many sighs  
Are breathed for his sad fate, who  
dies  
With triumph dawning on his eyes.

What thousands for the soldier weep,  
From his first battle gone to sleep  
That slumber which is long and deep.

But who about his fate can tell,  
Who struggled manfully and well ;  
Yet fainted on the march, and fell ?

Or who above his rest makes moan,  
Who dies in the sick-tent alone —  
“ Only a private, name unknown ! ”

What tears down Pity's cheek have run  
For poets singing in the sun,  
Stopped suddenly, their song half done.

But for the hosts of souls below,  
Who to eternal silence go,  
Hiding their great unspoken woe ;

Who sees amid their ranks go down,  
Heroes, that never won renown,  
And martyrs, with no martyr's crown ?

Unrecognized, a poet slips  
Into death's total, long eclipse,  
With breaking heart, and wordless  
lips ;

And never any brother true  
Utters the praise that was his due —  
“ This man was greater than ye knew ! ”

No maiden by his grave appears,  
Crying out in long after years,  
“ I would have loved him,” through her  
tears.

We weep for her, untimely dead,  
Who would have pressed the marriage-  
bed,  
Yet to death's chamber went instead.



But who deploras the sadder fate,  
Of her who finds no mortal mate,  
And lives and dies most desolate ?

Alas ! 't is sorrowful to know  
That she who finds least love below,  
Finds least pity for her woe.

Hard is her fate who feels life past,  
When loving hands still hold her  
fast,  
And loving eyes watch to the last.

But she, whose lids no kisses prest,  
Who crossed her own hands on her  
breast,  
And went to her eternal rest ;

She had so sad a lot below,  
That her unutterable woe  
Only the pitying God can know !

When little hands are dropped away  
From the warm bosom where they  
lay,  
And the poor mother holds but clay ;

What human lip that does not moan,  
What heart that does not inly groan,  
And make such suffering its own ?

Yet, sitting mute in their despair,  
With their unnoticed griefs to bear,  
Are childless women everywhere ;

Who never knew, nor understood,  
That which is woman's greatest good,  
The sacredness of motherhood.

But putting down their hopes and  
fears,  
Claiming no pity and no tears,  
They live the measure of their years.

They see age stealing on apace,  
And put the gray hairs from their  
face,  
No children's fingers shall displace !

Though grief hath many a form and  
show,  
I think that unloved women know  
The very bottom of life's woe !

And that the God, who pitying sees,  
Hath yet a recompense for these,  
Kept in the long eternities !

## JENNIE.

You have sent me from her tomb  
A poor withered flower to keep,  
Broken off in perfect bloom,  
Such as hers, who lies asleep —  
Underneath the roses lies,  
Hidden from your mortal eyes,  
Never from your heart concealed,  
Always to your soul revealed.

Oh, to think, as day and night  
Come and go, and go and come,  
How the smile which was its light  
Hath been darkened in your home !  
Oh, to think that those dear eyes,  
Copied from the summer skies,  
Could have veiled their heavenly blue  
From the sunshine, and from you !

Oh, to have that tender mouth,  
With its loveliness complete,  
Shut up in its budding youth  
From all kisses, fond and sweet !  
Fairest blossom, red and rare,  
Could not with her lips compare ;  
Yea, her mouth's young beauty shamed  
All the roses ever named.

Why God hid her from your sight,  
Leaving anguish in her place,  
At the noonday sent the night,  
Night that almost hid his face,  
Not to us is fully shown,  
Not to mortals can be known,  
Though they strive, through tears and  
doubt,  
Still to guess his meaning out.

Full of mystery 't is, and yet  
If you clasped still those charms,  
Mother, might you not forget  
Mothers who have empty arms ?  
If you satisfied in her  
Every want and every need,  
Could you be a comforter  
To the hearts that moan and bleed ?

Take this solace for your woe :  
God's love never groweth dim ;  
All of goodness that you know,  
All your loving comes from him !  
You say, " She has gone to death !"  
Very tenderly, God saith :  
" Better so ; I make her mine,  
And my love exceedeth thine !"

COWPER'S CONSOLATION.<sup>1</sup>

HE knew what mortals know when tried  
By suffering's worst and last extreme ;

He knew the ecstasy allied  
To bliss supreme.

Souls, hanging on his melody,  
Have caught his rapture of belief ;  
The heart of all humanity  
Has felt his grief.

In sweet compassion and in love  
Poets about his tomb have trod ;  
And softly hung their wreaths above  
The hallowed sod.

His hymns of victory, clear and strong,  
Over the hosts of sin and doubt,  
Still make the Christian's battle-song,  
And triumph-shout.

Tasting sometimes his Father's grace,  
Yet for wise purposes allowed  
Seldom to see the "smiling face"  
Behind the cloud ;

Surely when he was left the prey  
Of torments only Heaven can still,  
"God moved in a mysterious way"  
To work his will.

Yet many a soul through life has trod  
Untroubled o'er securest ground,  
Nor knew that "closer walk with  
God"  
His footsteps found.

With its great load of grief to bear,  
The reed, though bruised, might not  
break ;  
God did not leave him to despair,  
Nor quite forsake.

The pillow by his tear-drops wet,  
The stoniest couch that heard his  
cries,  
Had near a golden ladder set  
That touched the skies.

<sup>1</sup> The most important events of Cowper's latter years were audibly announced to him before they occurred. We find him writing of Mrs. Unwin's "approaching and sudden death," when her health, although feeble, was not such as to occasion alarm. His lucid intervals, and the return of his disorder, were announced to him in the same remarkable manner. — Cowper's *Audible Illusions*.

And at the morning on his bed,  
And in sweet visions of the night,  
Angels, descending, comforted  
His soul with light.

Standing upon the hither side,  
How few of all the earthly host  
Have signaled those whose feet have  
trod  
The heavenly coast.

Yet his it was at times to see,  
In glimpses faint and half-revealed,  
That strange and awful mystery  
By death concealed.

And, as the glory thus discerned  
His heart desired, with strong  
desire ;  
By seraphs touched, his sad lips burned  
With sacred fire.

As ravens to Elijah bare,  
At morn and eve, the promised  
bread ;  
So by the spirits of the air  
His soul was fed.

And, even as the prophet rose  
Triumphant on the flames of love,  
The fiery chariot of his woes  
Bore him above.

Oh, shed no tears for such a lot,  
Nor deem he passed uncheered,  
alone ;  
He walked with God, and he was  
not,  
God took his own !

## TWICE SMITTEN.

O DOUBLY-BOWED and bruised reed,  
What can I offer in thy need ?

O heart, twice broken with its grief,  
What words of mine can bring re-  
lief ?

O soul, o'erwhelmed with woe again,  
How can I soothe thy bitter pain ?

Abashed and still, I stand and see  
Thy sorrow's awful majesty.

Only dumb silence may convey  
That which my lip can never say.

I cannot comfort thee at all ;  
On the Great Comforter I call ;

Praying that He may make thee see  
How near He hath been drawn to  
thee.

For unto man the angel guest  
Still comes through gates of suffering  
best ;

And most our Heavenly Father cares  
For whom He smites, not whom He  
spares.

So, to his chastening meekly bow,  
Thou art of his beloved now !

#### BORDER-LAND.

I KNOW you are always by my side  
And I know you love me, Winifred  
dear,  
For I never called on you since you  
died,  
But you answered, tenderly, I am  
here !

So come from the misty shadows,  
where  
You came last night, and the night  
before,  
Put back the veil of your golden  
hair,  
And let me look in your face once  
more.

Ah ! it is you ; with that brow of truth,  
Ever too pure for the least disguise ;  
With the same dear smile on the loving  
mouth,  
And the same sweet light in the tender  
eyes.

You are my own, my darling still,  
So do not vanish or turn aside,  
Wait till my eyes have had their fill, —  
Wait till my heart is pacified !

You have left the light of your higher  
place,  
And ever thoughtful, and kind, and  
good,  
You come with your old familiar face,  
And not with the look of your angel-  
hood.

Still the touch of your hand is soft and  
light,  
And your voice is gentle, and kind,  
and low,  
And the very roses you wear to-night,  
You were in the summers long ago.

O world, you may tell me I dream or  
rave,  
So long as my darling comes to prove  
That the feet of the spirit cross the  
grave.  
And the loving live, and the living  
love !

#### THE LAST BED.

'T WAS a lonesome couch we came to  
spread  
For her, when her little life was o'er,  
And a narrower one than any bed  
Whereon she had ever slept before.

And we feared that she could not slum-  
ber so,  
As we stood about her when all was  
done,  
For the pillow seemed too hard and  
low  
For her precious head to rest upon.

But, when we had followed her two by  
two,  
And lowered her down there where  
she lies,  
There was nothing left for us to do,  
But to hide it all from our tearful  
eyes.

So we softly and tenderly spread be-  
tween  
Our face and the face our love re-  
grets,  
A covering, woven of leafy green,  
And spotted over with violets.

#### LIGHT.

WHILE I had mine eyes, I feared ;  
The heavens in wrath seemed  
bowed ;  
I look, and the sun with a smile breaks  
forth,  
And a rainbow spans the cloud.

I thought the winter was here,  
That the earth was cold and bare,  
But I feel the coming of birds and  
flowers,  
And the spring-time in the air.

I said that all the lips  
I ever had kissed were dumb ;  
That my dearest ones were dead and  
gone,  
And never a friend would come.

But I hear a voice as sweet  
As the fall of summer showers ;  
And the grave that yawned at my very  
feet  
Is filled to the top with flowers !

As if 't were the midnight hour,  
I sat with gloom opprest ;  
When a light was breaking out of the  
east,  
And shining unto the west.

I heard the angels call  
Across from the beautiful shore ;  
And I saw a look in my darling's  
eyes,  
That never was there before.

Transfigured, lost to me,  
She had slipped from my embrace ;  
Now lo ! I hold her fast once more,  
With the light of God on her  
face !

#### WAITING THE CHANGE.

I HAVE no moan to make,  
No bitter tears to shed ;  
No heart, that for rebellious grief,  
Will not be comforted.

There is no friend of mine  
Laid in the earth to sleep ;  
No grave, or green or heaped afresh,  
By which I stand and weep.

Though some, whose presence once  
Sweet comfort round me shed,

Here in the body walk no more  
The way that I must tread,

Not they, but what they wore  
Went to the house of fear ;  
They were the incorruptible,  
They left corruption here.

The veil of flesh that hid  
Is softly drawn aside ;  
More clearly I behold them now  
Than those who never died.

Who died ! what means that word  
Of men so much abhorred ?  
Caught up in clouds of heaven to be  
Forever with the Lord !

To give this body, racked  
With mortal ills and cares,  
For one as glorious and as fair,  
As our Redeemer wears ;

To leave our shame and sin,  
Our hunger and disgrace ;  
To come unto ourselves, to turn  
And find our Father's face ;

To run, to leap, to walk,  
To quit our beds of pain,  
And live where the inhabitants  
Are never sick again ;

To sit no longer dumb,  
Nor halt, nor blind ; to rise —  
To praise the Healer with our tongue,  
And see him with our eyes ;

To leave cold winter snows,  
And burning summer heats,  
And walk in soft, white, tender light,  
About the golden streets.

Thank God ! for all my loved,  
That out of pain and care,  
Have safely reached the heavenly  
heights.  
And stay to meet me there !

Not these I mourn : I know  
Their joy by faith sublime —  
But for myself, that still below  
Must wait my appointed time.



## PERSONAL POEMS.

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### READY.

LOADED with gallant soldiers,  
A boat shot in to the land,  
And lay at the right of Rodman's  
Point,  
With her keel upon the sand.

Lightly, gayly, they came to shore,  
And never a man afraid,  
When sudden the enemy opened fire,  
From his deadly ambushade.

Each man fell flat on the bottom  
Of the boat : and the captain said :  
" If we lie here, we all are captured,  
And the first who moves is dead ! "

Then out spoke a negro sailor,  
No slavish soul had he :  
" Somebody 's got to die, boys,  
And it might as well be me ! "

Firmly he rose, and fearlessly  
Stepped out into the tide :  
He pushed the vessel safely off,  
Then fell across her side :

Fell, pierced by a dozen bullets,  
As the boat swung clear and free : —  
But there was n't a man of them that  
day  
Who was fitter to die than he !

### DICKENS.

" ONE story more," the whole world  
cried,  
The great magician smiled in doubt :  
" I am so tired that, if I tried,  
I fear I could not tell it out."

" But one is all we ask," they said ;  
" You surely cannot faint nor fail." —  
Again he raised his weary head,  
And slow began the witching tale.

The fierce debater's tongue grew mute,  
Wise men were silent for his sake ;  
The poet threw aside his lute,  
And paused enraptured while he  
spake.

The proudest lady in the land  
Forgot that praise and power were  
sweet ;  
She dropped the jewels from her  
hand,  
And sat enchanted at his feet.

Lovers, with clasped hands lightly  
prest,  
Saw Hope's sweet blossoms bud and  
bloom :

Men, hastening to their final rest,  
Stopped, half-enraptured with the  
tomb.

Children, with locks of brown and  
gold,  
Gathered about like flocks of birds ;  
The poor, whose story he had told,  
Drew near and loved him for his  
words.

His eye burns bright, his voice is  
strong,  
A waiting people eager stands ;  
Men on the outskirts of the throng  
Interpret him to distant lands.

When lo ! his accents, faltering, fall ;  
The nations, awe-struck, hold their  
breath :

The great magician, loved of all,  
Has sunk to slumber, tired to death !

His human eyes in blind eclipse  
Are from the world forever sealed ;  
The "mystery" trembling on his lips  
Shall never, never be revealed.

Yet who would miss that tale half told,  
Though weird and strange, or sweet  
and true ;  
Who care to listen to the old,  
If he could hear the strange and  
new ?

Alas ! alas ! it cannot be ;  
We too must sleep and change and  
rise,  
To learn the eternal mystery  
That dawned upon his waking eyes !

#### THADDEUS STEVENS.

AN eye with the piercing eagle's fire,  
Not the look of the gentle dove ;  
Not his the form that men admire,  
Nor the face that tender women  
love.

Working first for his daily bread  
With the humblest toilers of the  
earth ;  
Never walking with free, proud tread —  
Crippled and halting from his birth.

Wearing outside a thorny suit  
Of sharp, sarcastic, stinging power ;  
Sweet at the core as sweetest fruit,  
Or inmost heart of fragrant flower.

Fierce and trenchant, the haughty foe  
Felt his words like a sword of flame ;  
But to the humble, poor, and low  
Soft as a woman's his accents came.

Not his the closest, tenderest friend —  
No children blessed his lonely way ;  
But down in his heart until the end  
The tender dream of his boyhood  
lay.

His mother's faith he held not fast ;  
But he loved her living, mourned her  
dead,  
And he kept her memory to the last  
As green as the sod above her bed.

He held as sacred in his home  
Whatever things she wrought or  
planned,  
And never suffered change to come  
To the work of her "industrious  
hand."

For her who pillowed first his head  
He heaped with a wealth of flowers  
the grave,  
While he chose to sleep in an un-  
marked bed,  
By his Master's humblest poor — the  
slave.<sup>1</sup>

Suppose he swerved from the straight-  
est course —  
That the things he should not do he  
did —  
That he hid from the eyes of mortals,  
close,  
Such sins as you and I have hid ?

Or suppose him worse than you ; what  
then ?  
Judge not, lest you be judged for sin !  
One said who knew the hearts of men :  
Who loveth much shall a pardon win.

The Prince of Glory for sinners bled ;  
His soul was bought with a royal  
price ;  
And his beautified feet on flowers may  
tread  
To-day with his Lord in Paradise.

#### JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

GREAT master of the poet's art !  
Surely the sources of thy powers  
Lie in that true and tender heart  
Whose every utterance touches ours.

For, better than thy words, that glow  
With sunset dyes or noontide heat,  
That count the treasures of the snow,  
Or paint the blossoms at our feet,

Are those that teach the sorrowing  
how  
To lay aside their fear and doubt,

<sup>1</sup> Thaddeus Stevens, who cared nothing about his own burial-place, except that the spot should be one from which the humblest of his fellow-creatures were not excluded, left by will one thousand dollars to beautify and adorn the grave of his mother.

And in submissive love to bow  
To love that passeth finding out.

And thou for such hast come to be  
In every home an honored guest —  
Even from the cities by the sea  
To the broad prairies of the West.

Thy lays have cheered the humble  
home  
Where men who prayed for freedom  
knelt;

And women, in their anguish dumb,  
Have heard thee utter what they felt.

And thou hast battled for the right  
With many a brave and trenchant  
word.

And shown us how the pen may fight  
A mightier battle than the sword.

And therefore men in coming years  
Shall chant thy praises loud and  
long ;

And woman name thee through their  
tears  
A poet greater than his song.

But not thy strains, with courage rife,  
Nor holiest hymns, shall rank above  
The rhythmic beauty of thy life,  
Itself a canticle of love !

#### THE HERO OF FORT WAGNER.

FORT Wagner ! that is a place for us  
To remember well, my lad !  
For us, who were under the guns, and  
know  
The bloody work we had.

I should not speak to one so young,  
Perhaps, as I do to you ;  
But you are a soldier's son, my boy,  
And you know what soldiers do.

And when peace comes to our land  
again,  
And your father sits in his home,  
You will hear such tales of war as this,  
For many a year to come.

We were repulsed from the Fort, you  
know,  
And saw our heroes fall,  
Till the dead were piled in bloody heaps  
Under the frowning wall.

Yet crushed as we were and beaten  
back,

Our spirits never bowed ;  
And gallant deeds that day were done  
To make a soldier proud.

Brave men were there, for their coun-  
try's sake  
To spend their latest breath ;  
But the bravest was one who gave his  
life  
And his body after death.

No greater words than his dying ones  
Have been spoken under the sun ;  
Not even his, who brought the news  
On the field at Ratisbon.

I was pressing up, to try if yet  
Our men might take the place,  
And my feet had slipped in his oozing  
blood  
Before I saw his face.

His face ! it was black as the skies  
o'erhead  
With the smoke of the angry guns ;  
And a gash in his bosom showed the  
work  
Of our country's traitor sons.

Your pardon, my poor boy ! I said,  
I did not see you here ;  
But I will not hurt you as I pass ;  
I 'll have a care ; no fear !

He smiled ; he had only strength to  
say  
These words, and that was all :  
" I 'm done gone, Massa ; step on me ;  
And you can scale the wall ! "

#### GARIBALDI IN PIEDMONT.

HEMME*D* in by the hosts of the Aus-  
trians,  
No succor at hand,  
Adown the green passes of Piedmont,  
That beautiful land,  
Moves a patriot band.

Two long days and nights, watchful,  
sleepless,  
Have they ridden nor yet  
Checked the rein, though the feet of  
their horses,

In the ripe vineyard set,  
By its wine have been wet.

What know they of weariness, hun-  
ger,  
What good can they lack,  
While they follow their brave Garibaldi,  
Who never turns back,  
Never halts on his track ?

By the Austrians outnumbered, sur-  
rounded,  
On left and on right ;  
Strong and fearless he moves as a  
giant,  
Who rouses to fight  
From the slumbers of night.

So, over the paths of Orfano,  
His brave horsemen tread,  
Long after the sun, halting wearied,  
Hath hidden his head  
In his tent-folds of red.

Every man with his eye on his leader,  
Whom a spell must have bound,  
For he rideth as still as the shadow,  
That keeps step on the ground,  
In a silence profound.

With the harmony Nature is breathing,  
His soul is in tune ;  
He is bathed in a bath of the splen-  
dor  
Of the beautiful moon,  
Of the air soft as June !

But what sound meets the ear of the  
soldier ;  
What menacing tone ?  
For look ! how the horse and the rider  
Have suddenly grown  
As if carved in stone.

Leaning down toward that fair grove of  
olives  
He waits ; doth it mean  
That he catches the tramp of the Aus-  
trians,  
That his quick eye hath seen  
Their bayonets' sheen ?

Nay ! there, where the thick leaves  
about her  
By the music are stirred,  
Sits a nightingale singing her rapture,  
And the hero hath heard  
But the voice of a bird !

A hero ! aye, more than a hero  
By this he appears ;  
A man, with a heart that is tender,  
Unhardened by years ;  
Who shall tell what he hears ?

Not the voice of the nightingale only,  
Floating soft on the breeze,  
But the music of dear human voices,  
And blended with these  
The sound of the seas.

Ah, the sea, the dear sea ! from the  
cradle  
She took him to rest ;  
Leaping out from the arms of his  
mother,  
He went to her breast  
And was softly caressed.

Perchance he is back on her bosom,  
Safe from fear or alarms,  
Clasping close as of old that first mis-  
tress  
Whose wonderful charms  
Drew him down to her arms.

By the memories that come with that  
singing  
His soul has been wiled  
Far away from the danger of battle ;  
Transported, beguiled,  
He again is a child,

Sitting down at the feet of the mother,  
Whose prayers are the charm  
That ever in conflict and peril  
Has strengthened his arm,  
And kept him from harm.

Nay, who knows but his spirit that mo-  
ment  
Was gone in its quest  
Of that bright bird of paradise, vanished  
Too soon from the nest  
Where her lover was blest !

For unerring the soul finds its kindred,  
Below or above ;  
And, as over the great waste of waters  
To her mate goes the dove,  
So love seeks its love.

Did he see her first blush, burning  
softly  
His kisses beneath ;  
Or her dear look of love, when he held  
her



Disputing with Death  
For the last precious breath ?

Lost Anita ! sweet vision of beauty,  
Too sacred to tell  
Is the tale of her dear life, that, hidden  
In his heart's deepest cell,  
Is kept safely and well.

And what matter his dreams ! He  
whose bosom  
With such rapture can glow  
Hath something within him more sacred  
Than the hero may show,  
Or the patriot know.

And this praise, for man or for hero,  
The best were, in sooth ;  
His heart, through life's conflict and  
peril,  
Has kept its first truth,  
And the dreams of its youth.

## JOHN BROWN.

MEN silenced on his faithful lips  
Words of resistless truth and pow-  
er ; —

Those words, reëchoing now, have made  
The gathering war-cry of the hour.

They thought to darken down in blood  
The light of freedom's burning rays ;  
The beacon-fires we tend to-day  
Were lit in that undying blaze.

They took the earthly prop and staff  
Out of an unresisting hand ;  
God came, and led him safely on,  
By ways they could not understand.

They knew not, when from his old eyes  
They shut the world for evermore,  
The ladder by which angels come  
Rests firmly on the dungeon's floor.

They deemed no vision bright could  
cheer  
His stony couch and prison ward ;  
He slept to dream of Heaven, and rose  
To build a Bethel to the Lord !

They showed to his unshrinking gaze  
The " sentence " men have paled to  
see ;  
He read God's writing of " reprieve,"  
And grant of endless liberty.

They tried to conquer and subdue  
By marshaled power and bitter hate ;  
The simple manhood of the man  
Was braver than an armèd state.

They hoped at last to make him feel  
The felon's shame, and felon's dread ;  
And lo ! the martyr's crown of joy  
Settled forever on his head !

## OTWAY.

POET, whose lays our memory still  
Back from the past is bringing,  
Whose sweetest songs were in thy life  
And never in thy singing ;

For chords thy hand had scarcely  
touched  
By death were rudely broken,  
And poems, trembling on thy lip,  
Alas ! were never spoken.

We say thy words of hope and cheer  
When hope of ours would languish,  
And keep them always in our hearts  
For comfort in our anguish.

Yet not for thee we mourn as those  
Who feel by God forsaken ;  
We would rejoice that thou wert lent,  
Nor weep that thou wert taken.

For thou didst lead us up from earth  
To walk in fields elysian,  
And show to us the heavenly shore  
In many a raptured vision.

Thy faith was strong from earth's last  
trial  
The spirit to deliver,  
And throw a golden bridge across  
Death's dark and silent river ;

A bridge, where fearless thou didst  
pass  
The stern and awful warder,  
And enter with triumphant songs  
Upon the heavenly border.

Oh, for a harp like thine to sing  
The songs that are immortal ;  
Oh, for a faith like thine to cross  
The everlasting portal !

Then might we tell to all the world  
Redemption's wondrous story ;

Go down to death as thou didst go,  
And up from death to glory.

OUR GOOD PRESIDENT.

OUR sun hath gone down at the noon-  
day,  
The heavens are black ;  
And over the morning, the shadows  
Of night-time are back.

Stop the proud boasting mouth of the  
cannon ;  
Hush the mirth and the shout : —  
God is God ! and the ways of Jehovah  
Are past finding out.

Lo ! the beautiful feet on the mount-  
ains,  
That yesterday stood,  
The white feet that came with glad  
tidings  
Are dabbled in blood.

The Nation that firmly was settling  
The crown on her head,  
Sits like Rizpah, in sackcloth and  
ashes,  
And watches her dead.

Who is dead ? who, unmoved by our  
wailing,  
Is lying so low ?  
O my Land, stricken dumb in your  
anguish,  
Do you feel, do you know,

That the hand which reached out of  
the darkness  
Hath taken the whole ;

Yea, the arm and the head of the peo-  
ple, —  
The heart and the soul ?

And that heart, o'er whose dread aw-  
ful silence  
A nation has wept ;  
Was the truest, and gentlest, and  
sweetest,  
A man ever kept.

Why, he heard from the dungeons, the  
rice-fields,  
The dark holds of ships  
Every faint, feeble cry which oppres-  
sion  
Smothered down on men's lips.

In her furnace, the centuries had  
welded  
Their fetter and chain ;  
And like withes, in the hands of his  
purpose,  
He snapped them in twain.

Who can be what he was to the peo-  
ple, —  
What he was to the state ?  
Shall the ages bring to us another  
As good and as great ?

Our hearts with their anguish are  
broken,  
Our wet eyes are dim ;  
For us is the loss and the sorrow,  
The triumph for him !

For, ere this, face to face with his  
Father  
Our martyr hath stood ;  
Giving into his hand a white record,  
With its great seal of blood !





## POËMS FOR CHILDREN.

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### TO THE CHILDREN.

DEAR little children, where'er you be,  
Who are watched and cherished tenderly

By father and by mother :  
Who are comforted by the love that lies

In the kindly depths of a sister's eyes,  
Or the helpful words of a brother :

I charge you by the years to come,  
When some shall be far away from your home,

And some shall be gone forever :  
By all you will have to feel at the last,  
When you stand alone and think of the past,

That you speak unkindly never !

For cruel words, nay, even less,  
Words spoken only in thoughtlessness,

Nor kept against you after ;  
If they made the face of a mother sad,

Or a tender sister's heart less glad,  
Or checked a brother's laughter :

Will rise again, and they will be heard,  
And every thoughtless, foolish word

That ever your lips have spoken,  
After the lapse of years and years,  
Will wring from you such bitter tears  
As fall when the heart is broken.

May you never, never have to say,  
When a wave from the past on some dreary day

Its wrecks at your feet is strewing,  
" My father had not been bowed so low,

Nor my mother left us long ago,  
But for deeds of my misdoing ! "

May you never stand alone to weep  
Where a little sister lies asleep,

With the flowery turf upon her,  
And know you would have gone down to the dead

To save one curl of her shining head  
From sorrow or dishonor :

Yet have to think, with bitter tears,  
Of some little sin of your childish years,

Till your soul is anguish-riven ;  
And cry, when there comes no word or smile,

" I sinned, but I loved you all the while,  
And I wait to be forgiven ! "

May you never say of a brother dear,  
" Did I do enough to aid and cheer,

Did I try to help and guide him ?  
Now the snares of the world about him lie,

And if unhonored he live and die,  
I shall wish I were dead beside him ! "

Dear little innocent, precious ones,  
Be loving, dutiful daughters and sons,  
To father and to mother :

And, to save yourselves from the bitter pain

That comes when regret and remorse are vain,

Be good to one another !

### GRISELDA GOOSE.

NEAR to a farm-house, and bordered round

By a meadow, sweet with clover,  
There lay as clear and smooth a pond  
As ever a goose swam over.

The farmer had failures in corn and hops,  
 From drought and various reasons ;  
 But his geese had never failed in their crops  
 In the very worst of seasons.

And he had a flock, that any day  
 • Could defy all sneers and slanders ;  
 They were certainly handsome, — that  
 is to say,  
 They were handsome for geese and ganders !

And, once upon a time, in spring,  
 A goose hatched out another, —  
 The softest, cunningest, downiest thing,  
 That ever gladdened a mother.

There was never such a gosling born,  
 So the geese cried out by dozens ;  
 She was praised and petted, night and morn,  
 By aunts, and uncles, and cousins.

She must have a name with a lofty sound,  
 Said all, when they beheld her ;  
 So they proudly led her down to the pond,  
 And christened her, Griselda !

Now you think, no doubt, such love  
 and pride,  
 Must perfectly content her ;  
 That she grew to goosehood satisfied  
 To be what Nature meant her.

But folk with gifts will find it out,  
 Though the world neglects that  
 duty ;  
 And a lovely female will seldom doubt,  
 Though others may, her beauty !

And if she had thought herself a fright,  
 And been content with her station,  
 She would n't have had a story to write,  
 Nor I, my occupation.

But indeed the truth compels me to  
 own,  
 Whoever may be offended,  
 That my heroine's vanity was shown  
 Ere her gosling days were ended.

When the mother tried to teach the  
 art  
 Of swimming to her daughter,

She said that she did n't like to  
 start,  
 Because it ruffled the water.

“My stars !” cried the parent, “do I  
 dream,  
 Or do I rightly hear her ?  
 Can it be she would rather sit still on  
 the stream,  
 Than spoil her beautiful mirror ?”

Yet, if any creature could be so  
 fond  
 Of herself, as to reach insanity,  
 A goose, who lives on a glassy pond,  
 Has most excuse for such vanity !

And I do not agree with those who  
 said  
 They would glory in her disgraces ;  
 Hers is n't the only goose's head  
 That ever was turned by praises.

And Griselda swallowed all their  
 praise :  
 Though she said to her doting  
 mother,  
 “Still, a goose is a goose, to the end  
 of her days,  
 From one side of the world to the  
 other !

“And as to my name it is well enough  
 To say, or sing, or whistle ;  
 But you just wait till I'm old and  
 tough,  
 And you'll see they will call me  
 Gristle !”

So she went, for the most of the time,  
 alone,  
 Because she was such a scoffer ;  
 And, awful to tell ! she was nearly  
 grown  
 Before she received an offer !

“Nobody will have her, that is  
 clear,”  
 Said those who spitefully eyed her ;  
 Though they knew every gander, far  
 and near.  
 Was dying to waddle beside her.

And some of those that she used to  
 slight,  
 Now come to matronly honor,  
 Began to feel that they had a right  
 To quite look down upon her.

And some she had jilted were heard to declare,

“ I do not understand her ;  
And I should n't wonder, and should n't care,  
If she never got a gander ! ”

But she said so all could overhear, —  
And she hoped their ears might tingle, —  
“ If she could n't marry above their sphere,  
She preferred remaining single ! ”

She was praised and flattered to her face,  
And blamed when she was not present ;  
And between her friends and foes, her place  
Was anything but pleasant.

One day she learned what gave her a fright,  
And a fit of deep dejection ;  
And she said to herself, that come what might,  
She would cut the whole connection.

The farmer's wife to the geese proposed,  
Their spending the day in the stable ;  
And the younger ones, left out, supposed  
She would set an extra table.

So they watched and waited till day was done,  
With curiosity burning :  
For it was n't till after set of sun,  
That they saw them back returning.

Slowly they came, and each was bowed  
As if some disgrace was upon her ;  
They didn't look as those who are proud  
Of an unexpected honor !

Each told the naked truth : 't was a shock,  
But who that saw, could doubt her ?  
They had plucked the pluckiest goose  
Of the flock,  
Of all the down about her.

Said Miss Griselda, “ That 's my doom,

If I stay another season ; ”  
So she thought she 'd leave her roosting room ;  
And I think she had some reason.

Besides, there was something else she feared :

For oft in a kind of flurry,  
A goose mysteriously disappeared,  
And did n't come back in a hurry.

And scattered afterwards on the ground, —

Such things there is no mistaking, —  
Familiar looking bones were found,  
Which set her own a quaking.

She said, “ There is danger if I stay,  
From which there are none exempted ;  
So, though I perish in getting away,  
The thing shall be attempted.”

And, perfectly satisfied about  
Her claims to a foreign mission,  
She slipped away, and started out  
On a secret expedition.

And oh ! how her bosom swelled with pride ;

How eager hope upbore her ;  
As floating down the stream, she spied  
A broad lake spread before her.

And bearing towards her, fair and white,

The pleasant breezes courting,  
A flock of swans came full in sight,  
On the crystal waters sporting.

She saw the lake spread clear and wide,  
And the rich man's stately dwelling,

And felt the thrill of hope and pride  
Her very gizzard swelling.

“ These swans,” she said, “ are quite unknown,

Even to their ranks and stations ;  
Yet I think I need not fear to own  
Such looking birds for relations.

“ Besides, no birds that walk on lawns  
Are made for common uses ;  
Men do not take their pick of swans  
In the way they do of *gooses*.

"Blanch Swan! I think I'll take that name,  
Nor be ashamed to wear it;  
Griselda Goose! that sounds so tame  
And low, I cannot bear it!"

Thought she, the brave deserve to win,  
And only they can do it:  
So she made her plan, and sailed right in,  
Determined to go through it.

Straight up she went to the biggest swan,  
The one who talked the loudest;  
For she knew the secret of getting on  
Was standing up with the proudest.

"Madam," she said, "I am glad you're home,  
And I hope to know you better;  
You're an aunt of mine, I think, but I come  
With an introductory letter."

Then she fumbled, and said, "I've lost the thing!  
No matter! I can quote it;  
And here 's the pen," and she raised her wing,  
"With which Lord Swansdown wrote it.

"Of course you never heard of me,  
As I'm rather below your station;  
But a lady famed like yourself, you see,  
Is known to all creation."

Then to herself the old swan said,  
"Such talk 's not reprehensible;  
Indeed, for a creature country-bred,  
She 's very shrewd and sensible."

Griselda saw how her flattery took,  
And cried, on the silence breaking,  
"You see I have the family look,  
My neck there is no mistaking.

"It does n't compare with yours; you know  
I've a touch of the democracy;  
While your style and manner plainly show  
Your perfect aristocracy."

Such happy flattery did the thing:  
Though the young swans doubtfully eyed her,

My Lady took her under her wing,  
And kept her close beside her.

And Griselda tried at ease to appear,  
And forget the home she had quitted;  
For she told herself she had reached a sphere  
At last for which she was fitted.

Though she had some fits of common sense,  
And at times grew quite dejected;  
For she was n't deceived by her own pretense,  
And she knew what others suspected.

If ever she went alone to stray,  
Some pert young swan to tease her  
Would ask, in a patronizing way,  
If their poor home did n't please her?

Sometimes when a party went to sail  
On the lake, in pleasant weather,  
As if she was not within the pale,  
She was left out altogether.

And then she would take a haughty tone,  
As if she scorned them, maybe;  
But often she hid in the weeds alone,  
And cried like a homesick baby.

One day when she had gone to her room,  
With the plea that she was ailing,  
They asked some rather gay birds to come  
For the day, and try the sailing.

But they said, "She will surely hear the stir,  
So we'll have to let her know it;  
Of course we are all ashamed of her,  
But it will not do to show it."

So one of them went to her, and said,  
With a sort of stately rustle:  
"I suppose you would rather spare your head  
Than join in our noise and bustle!"

"If you wish to send the slightest excuse,  
I'll be very happy to take it;  
And I hope you're not such a little goose  
As to hesitate to make it!"

Too well Griselda understood ;  
 And said, " Though my pain 's dis-  
 tressing,  
 I think the change will do me good,  
 And I do not mind the dressing."

'T was the " little goose " that made  
 her mad,  
 So mad she would n't refuse her ;  
 Though she saw from the first how very  
 glad  
 Her friend would be to excuse her.

She had overdone the thing, poor swan !  
 As her ill success had shown her ;  
 Shot quite beyond the mark, and her  
 gun  
 Recoiled and hit the owner.

" Don't you think," she cried, " I 've  
 done my best ;  
 But as sure as I 'm a sinner,  
 That little dowdy, frightfully dressed,  
 Is coming down to dinner !

" I tried in every way to show  
 That I thought it an impropriety ;  
 But I s'pose the creature does n't know  
 The manners of good society !"

Griselda thought, " If it comes to that,  
 With the weapon she takes I 'll meet  
 her.

She 's sharp, but I 'll give her tit for tat,  
 And I think that I can beat her."

So she came among them quite at ease,  
 By her very look contriving  
 To say, " I 'm certain there 's nothing  
 could please  
 You so much as my arriving."

And her friend contrived to whisper  
 low,  
 As she made her genuflexion :  
 " A country cousin of ours, you know ;  
 A very distant connection !

" She has n't much of an air, you see,  
 And is rather new to the city ;  
 Aunt took her up quite from charity,  
 And keeps her just from pity."

But Griselda paid her, fair and square,  
 For all her sneers and scorning ;  
 And " the *fête* was quite a successful  
 affair,"  
 So the papers said next morning.

And yet she cried at the close of day,  
 Till the lake almost ran over,  
 To think what a price she had to pay  
 To get into a sphere above her.

" Alas !" she said, " that our common  
 sense  
 Should be lost when others flatter ;  
 I was born a goose, and no pretense  
 Will change or help the matter !"

At last she did nothing but mope and  
 fret,  
 And think of effecting a clearance !  
 She got as low as a lady can get, —  
 She did n't regard her appearance !

She got her pretty pink slippers soiled  
 By wearing them out in bad weather ;  
 And as for her feathers, they were not  
 oiled  
 Sometimes for a week together.

Had she seen just how to bring it about,  
 She would have left in a minute ;  
 But she found it was harder getting  
 out  
 Of trouble than getting in it.

She looked down at the fish with en-  
 vious eyes,  
 Because each mother's daughter,  
 Content in her element, never tries  
 To keep her head above water !

She wished she was by some good luck,  
 Turned into a salmon finny ;  
 Into a chicken, or into a duck :  
 She wished herself in Guinea.

One day the Keeper came to the lake,  
 And if he did n't dissemble,  
 She saw that to her he meant to take,  
 In a way that made her tremble.

With a chill of fear her feathers  
 shook,  
 Although to her friend she boasted  
 He had such a warm, admiring look,  
 That she feared she should be roast-  
 ed ;

And that for very modesty's sake,  
 Since nothing else could shield her,  
 She would go to the other end of the  
 lake,  
 And stay till the night concealed  
 her.

So, taking no leave, she stole away,  
 And nobody cared or missed her ;  
 But the geese on the pond were sur-  
 prised, next day,  
 By the sight of their missing sister.

She told them she strayed too far and  
 got lost ;  
 And though being from home had  
 pained her,  
 Some wealthy friends that she came  
 across,  
 Against her will detained her.

But it leaked from the lake, or a bird  
 of the air  
 Had carried to them the matter ;  
 For even before her, her story was  
 there,  
 And they all looked doubtfully at  
 her.

Poor Griselda ! unprotected, alone,  
 By their slights and sneers was  
 nettled ;  
 For all the friends that her youth had  
 known  
 Were respectably married and  
 settled ;

Or all but one, — a poor old coot,  
 That she used to scorn for a lover ;  
 He was shabbier now, and had lost a  
 foot,  
 That a cart-wheel had run over.

But she said, " There is but one thing  
 to be done  
 For stopping sneers and slanders ;  
 For a lame excuse is better than none,  
 And so is the lamest of ganders ! "

So she married him, but do you know,  
 They did not cease to flout her ;  
 For she somehow could n't make it  
 go  
 With herself, nor those about her.

They spoke of it with scornful lip,  
 Though they did n't exactly drop her ;  
 As if 't was a limited partnership,  
 And not a marriage proper.

And yet in truth I 'm bound to say  
 Her state was a little better ;  
 Though I heard her friend say yester-  
 day  
 To another one, who met her, —

" Oh, I saw old Gristle Goose to-night,  
 (Of course I did not seek it) ;  
 I suppose she is really Mrs. White,  
 Though it sticks in my crop to speak  
 it ! "

#### THE ROBIN'S NEST.

JENNY BROWN has as pretty a house of  
 her own  
 As ever a bird need to want, I should  
 think ;  
 And the sheltering vine that about it  
 had grown,  
 Half hid it in green leaves and roses  
 of pink.

As she never looked shabby, or seemed  
 out of date,  
 It was surely enough, though she  
 had but one dress ;  
 And Robin, the fellow she took for her  
 mate,  
 Was quite constant — that is, for a  
 Robin, I guess.

Jenny Brown had four birdies, the cun-  
 ningest things  
 That ever peeped back to a mother-  
 bird's call ;  
 That only could flutter their soft downy  
 wings,  
 And open their mouths to take food  
 — that was all.

Now I dare say you think she was  
 happy and gay,  
 And she was almost always con-  
 tented ; but yet,  
 Though I know you will hardly be-  
 lieve what I say,  
 Sometimes she would ruffle her feath-  
 ers and fret.

One day, tired of flying about in the  
 heat.  
 She came home in her crossest and  
 sulkiest mood ;  
 And though she brought back not a  
 morsel to eat,  
 She pecked little Robin for crying  
 for food.

Just then Robin came and looked in  
 through the trees,  
 And saw with a quick glance that all  
 was not right,



But he sung out as cheerful and gay as  
you please :

“Why, Jenny, dear Jenny, how are  
you to-night?”

It made her more angry to see him so  
calm,

While she suffered all that a bird  
could endure ;

And she answered, “‘How am I?’  
who cares how I am?”

It is n't you, Robin, for one, I am  
sure !

“You know I've been tied here day in  
and day out,

Till I'm tired almost of my home  
and my life,

While you — you go carelessly roving  
about,

And singing to every one else but  
your wife.”

Then Robin replied : “Little reason  
you've got

To complain of me, Jenny ; wherever  
I roam

I still think of you, and your quieter  
lot,

And wish 't was my place to stay  
here at home.

“And as to my singing, I give you my  
word,

'T is in concert, and always in public,  
beside ;

For excepting yourself, there is no lady-  
bird

Knows the softest and loveliest  
notes I have tried.

“And, Jenny,” — and here he spoke  
tenderly quite,

As with head drooped aside he drew  
nearer and stood, —

“I heard some sad news as I came  
home to-night,

About our poor neighbors that live  
in the wood.

“You know Nelly Jay, that wild,  
thoughtless young thing,

Who takes in her children and home  
no delight,

But early and late is abroad on the  
wing,

To chatter and gossip from morning  
till night, —

“Well, yesterday, just after noon, she  
went out,

And strayed till the sun had gone  
down in the west ;

Complaining to some of her friends,  
I've no doubt,

Of the trouble she had taking care of  
her nest ;

“And her sweet little Nelly, — you've  
seen her, my dear,

The brightest and sprightliest bird  
of them all,

The age of our Jenny, I think, very  
near,

Tumbled out of the nest and was  
killed by the fall.

“I saw the poor thing lying stiff on the  
ground,

With its little wing broke and the  
film o'er its eyes,

While the mother was flying distract-  
edly round

And startling the wood with her pit-  
eous cries.

“As I stopped, just to say a kind, com-  
forting word,

I thought how my own home was  
guarded and blessed ;

For, Jenny, my darling, my beauty, my  
bird,

I knew I should find you content in  
the nest !

“And how are our birdies ? — the dear  
little things ;

How softly and snugly asleep they  
are laid ;

But don't fold them quite so close un-  
der your wings,

Or you'll kill them with kindness,  
my pet, I'm afraid.

“And, Jenny, I'll stay with them now,  
— nay, I must,

• While you go out a moment, and take  
the fresh air ;

You sit here too much by yourself, I  
mistrust,

And are quite overburdened with  
work and with care.

“What, you don't want to go ! you  
want nothing so long

As your dear little ones and your  
Robin are here ?

Then I'll stay with you, Jenny, and  
sing the old song  
I sang when I courted you — shall I,  
my dear ? ”

## RAIN AND SUNSHINE.

I WAS out in the country  
To feel the sweet spring,  
I was out in the country  
To hear the birds sing ;  
To bask in the sunshine,  
Breathe air pure and sweet,  
And walk where the blossoms  
Grew under my feet.

So at morning I woke  
While my chamber was dark,  
And was up — or I should have been —  
Up with the lark,  
Only no lark was rising ;  
And never a throat  
Of bird since the morning  
Had uttered a note.

It was raining, and sadly  
I gazed on the skies,  
Saying, “ Nothing is left us  
To gladden our eyes ;  
And no pleasanter sound  
Than this drip on the pane ! ”  
When I caught a soft patter  
That was not the rain.

First I heard the light falling  
Of feet on the stair,  
Then the voice of a child  
Ringing clear through the air,  
And with eyes wide awake,  
And curls tumbled about,  
Came Freddy, the darling,  
With laugh and with shout.

No longer we heeded  
The rain or the gloom ;  
His smile, like the sunshine,  
Illumined the room ;  
We missed not the birds  
While his glad voice was nigh :  
His lips were our roses,  
His eyes were our sky.

Sweet pet of the household,  
And hope of each heart,  
God keep thee, dear Freddy,  
As pure as thou art,

And make thee, when changes  
And sorrows shall come,  
The comfort and sweetness  
And sunshine of home !

## BABY'S RING.

MOTHER'S quite distracted,  
Sister's in despair ;  
All the household is astir,  
Searching everywhere.  
Every nook must be explored,  
Every corner scanned —  
Baby's lost the tiny ring  
From her little hand.

Surely never such a babe  
Made a mother glad ;  
Never such a dainty hand  
Any baby had !  
Smallest ring was ever made  
Off her finger slips ;  
She should have a fairy's ring  
For such rosy tips.

When she comes to womanhood,  
If she keeps so fair,  
She will surely wear the ring  
Maidens love to wear :  
And lest she should lose it then,  
(She 'll be wise and deep)  
She will give to somebody  
Ring and hand to keep.

## DON'T GIVE UP.

IF you tried and have not won,  
Never stop for crying ;  
All that's great and good is done  
Just by patient trying.

Though young birds, in flying, fall,  
Still their wings grow stronger ;  
And the next time they can keep  
Up a little longer.

Though the sturdy oak has known  
Many a blast that bowed her,  
She has risen again, and grown  
Loftier and prouder.

If by easy work you beat,  
Who the more will prize you ?  
Gaining victory from defeat,  
That's the test that tries you !

## THE GOOD LITTLE SISTER.

THAT was a bitter winter  
When Jenny was four years old  
And lived in a lonely farm-house —  
Bitter, and long, and cold.

The crops had been a failure —  
In the barns there was room to spare ;  
And Jenny's hard-working father  
Was full of anxious care.

Neither his wife nor children  
Knew lack of fire or bread ;  
They had whatever was needful,  
Were sheltered, and clothed, and fed.

But the mother, alas ! was ailing —  
'T was a struggle just to live ;  
And they scarce had even hopeful  
words,  
Or cheerful smiles to give.

A good, kind man was the father,  
He loved his girls and boys ;  
But he whose hands are his riches  
Has little for gifts and toys.

So when it drew near the season  
That makes the world so glad —  
When Jenny knew 't was the time for  
gifts,  
Her childish heart was sad.

For she thought, "I shall get no present  
When Christmas comes, I am sure ;"  
Ah ! the poor man's child learns early  
Just what it means to be poor.

Yet still on the holy even  
As she sat by the hearth-stone  
bright,  
And her sister told good stories,  
Her heart grew almost light.

For the hopeful skies of childhood  
Are never quite o'ercast ;  
And she said, "Who knows but some-  
how,  
Something will come at last !"

Lo, before she went to her pillow,  
Her pretty stockings were tied  
Safely together and slyly hung,  
Close to the chimney side.

There was little room for hoping,  
One would say who had lived more  
years ;  
Yet the faith of the child is wiser  
Sometimes than our doubts and fears.

Jenny had a good little sister,  
Very big to her childish eyes,  
Who was womanly, sweet, and patient,  
And kind as she was wise.

And she had thought of this Christmas,  
And the little it could bring,  
Ever since the crops were half de-  
stroyed  
By the freset in the spring.

So the sweetest nuts of the autumn  
She had safely hidden away ;  
And the ripest and reddest apples  
Hoarded for many a day.

And last she mixed some seed-cakes  
(Jenny was sleeping then),  
And moulded them grotesquely,  
Like birds, and beasts, and men.

Then she slipped them into the stock-  
ings,  
And smiled to think about  
The joyful wonder of her pet,  
When she found and poured them  
out.

And you could n't have seen next  
morning  
A gladder child in the land  
Than that humble farmer's daughter,  
With her simple gifts in her hand.

And the loving sister? ah ! you know  
How blessèd 't is to give ;  
And they who think of others most  
Are the happiest folks that live !

She had done what she could, my chil-  
dren,  
To brighten that Christmas Day ;  
And whether her heart or Jenny's  
Was lightest, it is hard to say.

And this, if you have but little,  
Is what I would say to you :  
Make all you can of that little —  
Do all the good you can do.

And though your gifts may be humble,  
Let no little child, I pray,

Find only an empty stocking  
On the morn of the Christmas Day !

'T is years and years since that sister  
Went to dwell with the just ;  
And over her body the roses  
Blossom and turn to dust.

And Jenny 's a happy woman,  
With wealth enough and to spare ;  
And every year her lap is filled  
With presents fine and rare.

But whenever she thanks the givers  
For favors great and small,  
She thinks of the good little sister  
Who gave her more than they all !

#### NOW.

IF something waits, and you should  
now  
Begin and go right through it,  
Don't think, if 't is put off a day,  
You 'll not mind to do it.

Waste not moments, no nor words,  
In telling what you could do  
Some other time ; the present is  
For doing what you should do.

Don't do right unwillingly,  
And stop to plan and measure ;  
'T is working with the heart and soul,  
That makes our duty pleasure.

#### THE CHICKEN'S MISTAKE.

A LITTLE downy chicken one day  
Asked leave to go on the water,  
Where she saw a duck with her brood  
at play,  
Swimming and splashing about her.

Indeed, she began to peep and cry,  
When her mother would n't let her :  
" If the ducks can swim there, why  
can't I ;  
Are they any bigger or better ? "

Then the old hen answered, " Listen to  
me,  
And hush your foolish talking ;  
Just look at your feet, and you will see  
They were only made for walking."

But chicky wistfully eyed the brook,  
And did n't half believe her,  
For she seemed to say, by a knowing  
look,  
" Such stories could n't deceive her."

And as her mother was scratching the  
ground,  
She muttered lower and lower,  
" I know I can go there and not be  
drowned,  
And so I think I 'll show her."

Then she made a plunge, where the  
stream was deep,  
And saw too late her blunder ;  
For she had n't hardly time to peep  
Till her foolish head went under.

And now I hope her fate will show  
The child, my story reading,  
That those who are older sometimes  
know  
What you will do well in heeding,

That each content in his place should  
dwell,  
And envy not his brother ;  
And any part that is acted well,  
Is just as good as another.

For we all have our proper sphere be-  
low,  
And this is a truth worth knowing,  
You will come to grief if you try to go  
Where you never were made for  
going !

#### EFFIE'S REASONS.

TELL me, Effie, while you are sitting,  
Cosily beside me here,  
Talking all about your brothers,  
Which you like the best, my dear.

" Tom is good sometimes," said Effie,  
" Good as any boy can be ;  
But at other times he does n't  
Seem to care a bit for me.

" Half the days he will not help me,  
Though the way to school is rough ;  
Nor assist me with my lessons,  
When he knows them well enough.

" But, of course, I love him dearly —  
He 's a brother like the rest, "

Though I know he 's not the best one ;  
And I do not love him best.

" Now there 's Charlie, my big brother,  
Oh ! he 's always just as kind !  
All day I may ask him questions,  
And he does n't seem to mind.

" He with every lesson helps me,  
And he 's sure to take my part ;  
So I think I ought to love him —  
And I do with all my heart.

" But there 's cunning little Neddy —  
Well, he 's not so *awful* good ;  
But he never seems to mean it  
When he answers cross or rude.

" Sometimes, half in fun, he strikes me,  
Just, I mean, a little blow ;  
But he 'd never, never do it  
If he thought it hurt, I know.

" Then again he 's nice and pleasant,  
Coaxing me and kissing me ;  
When he wants to ask a favor,  
He 's as good as he can be.

" He can't help me with my lessons,  
He has hardly learned to spell ;  
But in everything I help him,  
And I like it just as well.

" He is never good as Charlie ;  
Naughtier oft than Tom, I know ;  
But for all that I love him,  
Just because I love him so ! "

## FEATHERS.

You restless, curious little Jo,  
I have told you all the stories I know,  
Written in poem or fable ;  
I have turned them over, and let you  
look  
At everything like a picture-book  
Upon my desk or table.

I think it 's enough to drive one wild  
To be shut up with a single child,  
And try for a day to please her.  
Oh, dear me ! what does a mother do,  
Especially one who lives in a shoe,  
And has a dozen to tease her ?

" Aha ! I 've found the very thing,"  
I cried, as I saw the beautiful wing

Of a bird, and I said demurely :  
" Now, if you 'll be good the rest of the  
day,

I 'll give you a bird with which to play ;  
You know what a bird is, surely ? "

" Oh, yes ! " and she opened wide her  
eyes,

" A bird is alive, and sings and flies ; "  
Then, folding her hands together,  
She archly shook her wise little head,  
And, looking very innocent, said,  
" I know a bird from a feather ! "

Well ! of all the smart things uttered  
yet  
By a baby three years old, my pet !

It 's enough to frighten your mother.  
Why, I 've seen women — yes, and  
men,

Who have lived for threescore years  
and ten,

Who did n't know one from the  
other !

Now there is Kitty, past sixteen —  
The one with the soldier beau, I mean —  
When he makes his bayonet rattle,  
And acts so bravely on parade,  
She thinks he would n't be afraid  
In the very front of battle.

But yet, if I were allowed to guess,  
I should say her soldier was all in the  
dress,

And you 'll find my guess is the right  
one.

If ever he has to meet the foe,  
The first, and only feather he 'll show  
That day will be a white one.

There 's Mrs. Pie, in her gorgeous  
plumes ;  
Why, half the folks who visit her  
rooms,

Because she is dressed so finely  
And holds herself at the highest price,  
Pronounce her a bird of paradise,  
And say she sings divinely ;

While many a one, with a sweeter lay,  
Because her feathers are plain and  
gray,

The world's approval misses,  
And only gets its scorn and abuse ;  
She is called a failure, and called a  
goose,

And her song is met with hisses.

Men will stick as many plumes on  
their head  
As an Indian chief who has bravely  
shed

The blood of a hostile nation,  
When all the killing they've done or  
seen  
Was killing themselves — that is, I  
mean

In the public estimation.

When Tom to his pretty wife was wed,  
"She's fuss and feathers," people  
said,

That any woman could borrow :  
And sure enough, her feathers fell,  
Though the fuss was the genuine arti-  
cle,

As Tom has found to his sorrow.

When Mrs. Butterfly, who was a grub,  
First got her wings, she was such a  
snob,

She scorned the folks around her,  
And made, as she said, the feathers fly ;  
But when she fell, she had gone so high,  
She was smashed as flat as a flounder.

Alas, alas ! my little Jo,  
I'm sorry to tell it, and sorry it's so ;  
But as to deceiving, I scorn to.

And I only hope that when you are  
grown

You will keep the wonderful wisdom  
you've shown,

Nor lose the wit you were born to.

But whether folks, so wise when they're  
small,

Can ever live to grow up at all,  
Is one of the doubtful whethers.

I'm sure it happens but seldom,  
though,

Or there wouldn't be so many, you  
know,

Who can't tell birds from feathers.

#### THE PRAIRIE ON FIRE.

THE long grass burned brown  
In the summer's fierce heat,  
Snaps brittle and dry

'Neath the traveler's feet,  
As over the prairie.

Through all the long day,  
His white, tent-like wagon  
Moves slow on its way.

Safe and snug with the goods  
Are the little ones stowed,  
And the big boys trudge on  
By the team in the road ;  
While his sweet, patient wife,  
With the babe on her breast,  
Sees their new home in fancy,  
And longs for its rest.

But hark ! in the distance  
That dull, trampling tread ;

And see how the sky  
Has grown suddenly red !  
What has lighted the west  
At the hour of noon ?

It is not the sunset,  
It is not the moon !

The horses are rearing  
And snorting with fear,  
And over the prairie  
Come flying the deer  
With hot smoking haunches,  
And eyes rolling back,  
As if the fierce hunter  
Were hard on their track.

The mother clasps closer  
The babe on her arm,  
While the children cling to her  
In wildest alarm ;  
And the father speaks low  
As the red light mounts higher :  
"We are lost ! we are lost !  
'T is the prairie on fire !"

The boys, terror-stricken,  
Stand still, all but one :  
He has seen in a moment  
The thing to be done ;  
He has lighted the grass,  
The quick flames leap in air ;  
And the pathway before them  
Lies blackened and bare.

How the fire-fiend behind  
Rushes on in his power ;  
But nothing is left  
For his wrath to devour.  
On the scarred smoking earth  
They stand safe, every one,  
While the flames in the distance  
Sweep harmlessly on.

Then reverently under  
The wide sky they kneel,  
With spirits too thankful  
To speak what they feel ;

But the father in silence  
Is blessing his boy,  
While the mother and children  
Are weeping for joy.

## DAPPLEDUN.

A LITTLE boy who, strange to say,  
Was called by the name of John,  
Once bought himself a little horse  
To ride behind, and upon.

A handsomer beast you never saw,  
He was so sleek and fat ;  
"He has but a single fault," said John,  
"And a trifling one at that."

His mane and tail grew thick and long,  
He was quick to trot or run ;  
His coat was yellow, flecked with  
brown ;  
John called him Dappledun.

He never kicked and never bit ;  
In harness well he drew ;  
But this was the single foolish thing  
That Dappledun would do.

He ran in clover up to his knees,  
His trough was filled with stuff ;  
Yet he 'd jump the neighbor's fence,  
and act  
As if he had n't enough.

If he only could have been content  
With his feed of oats and hay,  
Poor headstrong, foolish Dappledun  
Had been alive to-day.

But one night when his rack was filled  
With what he ought to eat,  
He thrust his nose out of his stall,  
And into a bin of wheat.

And there he ate, and ate, and ate,  
And when he reached the tank  
Where Johnny watered him next morn,  
He drank, and drank, and drank.

And when that night John carried him  
The sweet hay from the rick,  
He lay and groaned, and groaned, and  
groaned,  
For Dappledun was sick.

And when another morning came  
And John rose from his bed

And went to water Dappledun,  
Poor Dappledun was dead !

## SUPPOSE !

SUPPOSE, my little lady,  
Your doll should break her head,  
Could you make it whole by crying  
Till your eyes and nose are red ?  
And would n't it be pleasanter  
To treat it as a joke ;  
And say you 're glad "'T was Dolly's  
And not your head that broke ?"

Suppose you 're dressed for walking,  
And the rain comes pouring down,  
Will it clear off any sooner  
Because you scold and frown ?  
And would n't it be nicer  
For you to smile than pout,  
And so make sunshine in the house  
When there is none without ?

Suppose your task, my little man,  
Is very hard to get,  
Will it make it any easier  
For you to sit and fret ?  
And would n't it be wiser  
Than waiting like a dunce,  
To go to work in earnest  
And learn the thing at once ?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,  
And some a coach and pair,  
Will it tire you less while walking  
To say, "It is n't fair ?"  
And would n't it be nobler  
To keep your temper sweet,  
And in your heart be thankful  
You can walk upon your feet ?

And suppose the world don't please  
you,  
Nor the way some people do,  
Do you think the whole creation  
Will be altered just for you ?  
And is n't it, my boy or girl,  
The wisest, bravest plan,  
Whatever comes, or does n't come,  
To do the best you can ?

## A LEGEND OF THE NORTHLAND.

AWAY, away in the Northland,  
Where the hours of the day are few,

And the nights are so long in winter,  
They cannot sleep them through ;

Where they harness the swift reindeer  
To the sledges, when it snows ;  
And the children look like bear's cubs  
In their funny, furry clothes :

They tell them a curious story —  
I don't believe 't is true ;  
And yet you may learn a lesson  
If I tell the tale to you.

Once, when the good Saint Peter  
Lived in the world below,  
And walked about it, preaching,  
Just as he did, you know ;

He came to the door of a cottage,  
In traveling round the earth,  
Where a little woman was making  
cakes,  
And baking them on the hearth ;

And being faint with fasting,  
For the day was almost done,  
He asked her, from her store of cakes,  
To give him a single one.

So she made a very little cake,  
But as it baking lay,  
She looked at it, and thought it seemed  
Too large to give away.

Therefore she kneaded another,  
And still a smaller one ;  
But it looked, when she turned it  
over,  
As large as the first had done.

Then she took a tiny scrap of dough,  
And rolled and rolled it flat ;  
And baked it thin as a wafer —  
But she could n't part with that.

For she said, " My cakes that seem too  
small  
When I eat of them myself,  
Are yet too large to give away."  
So she put them on the shelf.

Then good Saint Peter grew angry,  
For he was hungry and faint ;  
And surely such a woman  
Was enough to provoke a saint.

And he said, " You are far too selfish  
To dwell in a human form,

To have both food and shelter,  
And fire to keep you warm.

" Now, you shall build as the birds do,  
And shall get your scanty food  
By boring, and boring, and boring,  
All day in the hard dry wood."

Then up she went through the chim-  
ney,  
Never speaking a word,  
And out of the top flew a woodpecker,  
For she was changed to a bird.

She had a scarlet cap on her head,  
And that was left the same,  
But all the rest of her clothes were  
burned  
Black as a coal in the flame.

And every country school-boy  
Has seen her in the wood ;  
Where she lives in the trees till this  
very day,  
Boring and boring for food.

And this is the lesson she teaches :  
Live not for yourself alone,  
Lest the needs you will not pity  
Shall one day be your own.

Give plenty of what is given to you,  
Listen to pity's call ;  
Don't think the little you give is great,  
And the much you get is small.

Now, my little boy, remember that,  
And try to be kind and good,  
When you see the woodpecker's sooty  
dress,  
And see her scarlet hood.

You may n't be changed to a bird,  
though you live  
As selfishly as you can ;  
But you will be changed to a smaller  
thing —  
A mean and selfish man.

#### EASY LESSONS.

COME, little children, come with me,  
Where the winds are singing merrily,  
As they toss the crimson clover ;  
We 'll walk on the hills and by the  
brooks,



And I'll show you stories in prettier  
books

Than the ones you are poring over.

Do you think you could learn to sing a  
song,

Though you drummed and hummed it  
all day long,

Till hands and brains were aching,  
That would match the clear, untutored  
notes

That drop from the pretty, tender  
throats

Of birds, when the day is breaking ?

Did you ever read, on any page,  
Though written with all the wisdom of  
age,

And all the truth of preaching,  
Any lesson that taught you so plain  
Content with your humble work and  
gain,

As the golden bee is teaching ?

For see, as she floats on her airy wings,  
How she sings and works, and works  
and sings,

Never stopping nor staying ;  
Showing us clearly what to do  
To make of duty a pleasure, too,  
And to make our work but playing.

Do you suppose that a book can tell  
Maxims of prudence, half so well .

As the little ant, who is telling  
To man, as she patiently goes and  
comes,  
Bearing her precious grains and  
crumbs,

How want is kept from the dwell-  
ing ?

Whatever a story can teach to you  
Of the good a little thing may do,

The hidden brook is showing,  
Whose quiet way is only seen  
Because of its banks, so fresh and  
green,

And the flowers beside it growing.

If we go where the golden lily grows, .  
Where, clothed in raiment fine, she  
glows

Like a king in all his glory,  
And ponder over each precious leaf,  
We shall find there, written bright and  
brief,

The words of a wondrous story.

We shall learn the beautiful lesson  
there

That our Heavenly Father's loving  
care,

Even the lily winneth ;  
For rich in beauty thus she stands,  
Arrayed by his gracious, tender hands,  
Though she toileth not, nor spinneth.

There is n't a blossom under our feet,  
But has some teaching, short and  
sweet,

That is richly worth the knowing ;  
And the roughest hedge, or the sharp-  
est thorn,

Is blest with a power to guard or warn,  
If we will but heed its showing.

So do not spoil your happy looks  
By poring always over your books,  
Written by scholars and sages ;  
For there 's many a lesson in brooks or  
birds,

Told in plainer and prettier words  
Than those in your printed pages.

And yet, I would not have you think  
No wisdom comes through pen and  
ink,

And all books are dull and dreary ;  
For not all of life can be pleasant  
play,  
Nor every day a holiday,  
And tasks must be hard and weary.

And that is the very reason why  
I would have you learn from earth and  
sky

Their lessons of good, and heed  
them :

For there our Father, with loving hand,  
Writes truths that a child may under-  
stand,

So plain that a child can read them.

#### OBEDIENCE.

If you 're told to do a thing,  
And mean to do it really ;  
Never let it be by halves ;  
Do it fully, freely !

Do not make a poor excuse,  
Waiting, weak, unsteady ;  
All obedience worth the name,  
Must be prompt and ready.

## THE CROW'S CHILDREN.

A HUNTSMAN, bearing his gun a-field,  
Went whistling merrily ;  
When he heard the blackest of black  
crows

Call out from a withered tree :

“ You are going to kill the thievish  
birds,  
And I would if I were you ;  
But you mus n't touch my family,  
Whatever else you do ! ”

“ I 'm only going to kill the birds  
That are eating up my crop ;  
And if your young ones do such things,  
Be sure they 'll have to stop.”

“ Oh,” said the crow, “ my children  
Are the best ones ever born ;  
There is n't one among them all  
Would steal a grain of corn.”

“ But how shall I know which ones  
they are ?  
Do they resemble you ? ”  
“ Oh no,” said the crow, “ they 're the  
prettiest birds,  
And the whitest that ever flew ! ”

So off went the sportsman, whistling,  
And off, too, went his gun ;  
And its startling echoes never ceased  
Again till the day was done.

And the old crow sat untroubled,  
Cawing away in her nook ;  
For she said, “ He 'll never kill my  
birds,

Since I told him how they look.

“ Now there 's the hawk, my neighbor,  
She 'll see what she will see, soon ;  
And that saucy whistling blackbird  
May have to change his tune ! ”

When, lo ! she saw the hunter  
Taking his homeward track,  
With a string of crows as long as his  
gun,  
Hanging down his back.

“ Alack, alack ! ” said the mother,  
“ What in the world have you done ?  
You promised to spare my pretty birds,  
And you 've killed them every one.”

“ Your birds ! ” said the puzzled hunter ;  
“ Why, I found them in my corn ;  
And besides, they are black and ugly  
As any that ever were born ! ”

“ Get out of my sight, you stupid ! ”  
Said the angriest of crows ;  
“ How good and fair her children are,  
There 's none but a parent knows ! ”

“ Ah ! I see, I see,” said the hunter,  
“ But not as you do, quite ;  
It takes a mother to be so blind  
She can't tell black from white ! ”

## HIVES AND HOMES.

WHEN March has gone with his cruel  
wind,  
That frightens back the swallow,  
And the pleasant April sun has shined  
Out through her showery clouds, we find  
Pale blooms in the wood and hollow.

But after the darling May awakes,  
Bedecked with flowers like a fairy ;  
About the meadows and streams and  
lakes  
She drops them every step she takes,  
For she has too many to carry.

And when June has set in the leafy  
trees  
Her bird-tunes all a-ringing,  
Wherever a blossom nods in the breeze  
The good, contented, cheerful bees  
Are found at work and singing.

Ah, the wise little bees ! they know  
how to live,  
Each one in peace with his neighbor ;  
For though they dwell in a narrow  
hive,  
They never seem too thick to thrive,  
Nor so many they spoil their labor.

And well may they sing a pleasant tune,  
Since their life has such complete-  
ness ;

Their hay is made in the sun of June,  
And every moon is a honeymoon,  
And home a home of sweetness.

The golden belts they wear each day  
Are lighter than belts of money ;

And making work as pleasant as play,  
The stings of life they give away,  
And only keep the honey.

They are teaching lessons, good and true,

To each idle drone and beauty,  
And, my youthful friends, if any of you  
Should think (though, of course, you  
never do)

Of love, and home, and duty —

And yet it often happens, you know,  
True to the very letter,  
That youths and maidens, when they  
grow,

Swarm off from the dear old hive and go  
To another, for worse or better !

So you 'd better learn that this life of  
ours

Is not all show and glitter,  
And skillfully use your noblest powers  
To suck the sweets from its poison  
flowers,

And leave behind the bitter.

But wherever you stay, or wherever you  
roam,

In the days while you live in clover,  
You should gather your honey and  
bring it home.

Because the winter will surely come,  
When the summer of life is over.

#### NORA'S CHARM.

'T WAS the fisher's wife at her neigh-  
bor's door,

And she cried, as she wrung her  
hands,

" O Nora, get your cloak and hood,  
And haste with me o'er the sands."

Now a kind man was the fisherman,  
And a lucky man was he ;

And never a steadier sailed away  
'From the Bay of Cromarty.

And the wife had plenty on her board,  
And the babe in her arms was fair ;  
But her heart was always full of fear,  
And her brow was black with care.

And she stood at her neighbor's door  
and cried,

" Oh, woe is me this night !

For the fairies have stolen my pretty  
babe,  
And left me an ugly sprite.

" My pretty babe, that was more than  
all

The wealth of the world to me :  
With his coral lips, and his hair of  
gold,  
And his teeth like pearls of the sea !

" I went to look for his father's boat,  
When I heard the stroke of the  
oar ;

And I left him cooing soft in his bed,  
As the bird in her nest by the door.

" And there was the father fair in sight,  
And pulling hard to the land ;  
And my foot was back o'er the sill  
again,

Ere his keel had struck the sand.

" But the fairies had time to steal my  
babe,

And leave me in his place  
A restless imp, with a wicked grin,  
And never a smile on his face."

And Nora took her cloak and hood,  
And softly by the hand  
She led the fisher's wife through the  
night,  
Across the yellow sand.

" Nay, do not rave, and talk so wild ;"  
'T was Nora thus that spoke ;

" We must have our wits to work  
against  
The arts of fairy folk.

" There 's a charm to help us in our  
need,

But its power we cannot try,  
With the black cloud hanging o'er the  
brow,  
And the salt tear in the eye.

" For wicked things may gibe and grin  
With noisy jeer and shout :  
But the joyous peal of a happy laugh  
Has power to drive them out.

" And if this sprite we can but please,  
Till he laughs with merry glee,  
We shall break the spell that holds  
him here,  
And keeps the babe from your knee."

So the mother wiped her tears away,  
 And patiently and long  
 They plied the restless, stubborn imp  
 With cunning trick and song.

They blew a blast on the fisher's  
 horn,  
 Each curious prank they tried ;  
 They rocked the cradle where he lay,  
 As a boat is rocked on the tide.

But there the hateful creature kept,  
 In place of the human child ;  
 And never once his writhing ceased,  
 And never once he smiled.

Then Nora cried, " Take yonder egg  
 That lies upon the shelf,  
 And make of it two hollow cups,  
 Like tiny cups of delf."

And the mother took the sea-mew's  
 egg,  
 And broke in twain the shell,  
 And made of it two tiny cups,  
 And filled them at the well.

She filled them up as Nora bade,  
 And set them on the coals :  
 And the imp grew still, for he ne'er had  
 seen  
 In fairy-land such bowls.

And when the water bubbled and  
 boiled,  
 Like a fountain in its play,  
 Mirth bubbled up to his lips, and he  
 laughed  
 Till he laughed himself away !

And the mother turned about, and  
 felt  
 The heart in her bosom leap ;  
 For the imp was gone, and there in his  
 place  
 Lay her baby fast asleep.

And Nora said to her neighbor, " Now  
 There sure can be no doubt  
 But a merry heart and a merry laugh  
 Drive evil spirits out !

" And who can say but the dismal  
 frown  
 And the doleful sigh are the sin  
 That keeps the good from our homes  
 and hearts,  
 And lets the evil in ! "

### THEY DID N'T THINK.

ONCE a trap was baited  
 With a piece of cheese ;  
 It tickled so a little mouse  
 It almost made him sneeze ;  
 An old rat said, " There 's danger,  
 Be careful where you go !"  
 " Nonsense ! " said the other,  
 " I don't think you know ! "  
 So he walked in boldly —  
 Nobody in sight ;  
 First he took a nibble,  
 Then he took a bite ;  
 Close the trap together  
 Snapped as quick as wink,  
 Catching mousey fast there,  
 'Cause he did n't think.

Once a little turkey,  
 Fond of her own way,  
 Would n't ask the old ones  
 Where to go or stay ;  
 She said, " I 'm not a baby,  
 Here I am half-grown ;  
 Surely I am big enough  
 To run about alone ! "  
 Off she went, but somebody  
 Hiding saw her pass ;  
 Soon like snow her feathers  
 Covered all the grass.  
 So she made a supper  
 For a sly young mink,  
 'Cause she was so headstrong  
 That she would n't think.

Once there was a robin  
 Lived outside the door,  
 Who wanted to go inside  
 And hop upon the floor  
 " Ho, no," said the mother,  
 " You must stay with me ;  
 Little birds are safest  
 Sitting in a tree."  
 " I don't care," said Robin,  
 And gave his tail a fling,  
 " I don't think the old folks  
 Know quite everything."  
 Down he flew, and Kitty seized him,  
 Before he 'd time to blink.  
 " Oh," he cried, " I 'm sorry,  
 But I did n't think."

Now, my little children,  
 You who read this song,  
 Don't you see what trouble  
 Comes of thinking wrong ?

And can't you take a warning  
 From their dreadful fate  
 Who began their thinking  
 When it was too late?  
 Don't think there's always safety  
 Where no danger shows,  
 Don't suppose you know more  
 Than anybody knows;  
 But when you're warned of ruin,  
 Pause upon the brink,  
 And don't go under headlong,  
 'Cause you did n't think.

## AJAX.

OLD Ajax was a faithful dog,  
 Of the best and bravest sort;  
 And we made a friend and pet of him,  
 And called him "Jax," for short.  
 He served us well for many a year,  
 But at last there came a day  
 When, a superannuated dog,  
 In the sun he idly lay.

And though as kindly as before  
 He still was housed and fed,  
 We brought a younger, sprightlier dog  
 For service in his stead.  
 Poor "Jax!" he knew and felt it all,  
 As well as you or I;  
 He laid his head on his trembling paws,  
 And his whine was like a cry.

And then he rose: he would not stay  
 Near where the intruder stayed;  
 He took the other side of the house,  
 Though that was in the shade.  
 And he never answered when we called,  
 He would not touch his bone;  
 'T was more than he could bear to have  
 A rival near his throne.

We tried to soothe his wounded pride  
 By every kindly art;  
 But if ever creature did, poor "Jax"  
 Died of a broken heart.  
 Alas! he would not learn the truth,  
 He was not still a pup;  
 That every dog must have his day,  
 And then must give it up!

"KEEP A STIFF UPPER LIP!"

THERE has something gone wrong  
 My brave boy, it appears,

For I see your proud struggle  
 To keep back the tears.  
 That is right. When you cannot  
 Give trouble the slip,  
 Then bear it, still keeping  
 "A stiff upper lip!"

Though you cannot escape  
 Disappointment and care,  
 The next best thing to do  
 Is to learn how to bear.  
 If when for life's prizes  
 You're running, you trip,  
 Get up, start again —  
 "Keep a stiff upper lip!"

Let your hands and your conscience  
 Be honest and clean;  
 Scorn to touch or to think of  
 The thing that is mean;  
 But hold on to the pure  
 And the right with firm grip,  
 And though hard be the task,  
 "Keep a stiff upper lip!"

Through childhood, through manhood,  
 Through life to the end,  
 Struggle bravely and stand  
 By your colors, my friend.  
 Only yield when you must;  
 Never "give up the ship,"  
 But fight on to the last  
 "With a stiff upper lip!"

## WHAT THE FROGS SING.

"I've got such a cold I cannot sing,"  
 Said a bull-frog living close to the  
 spring, —

"And it keeps me all the time so hoarse,  
 That my voice is very bass of course.  
 I hate to live in this nasty bog;  
 It is n't fit for a decent frog:  
 Now there's that bird, just hear the  
 note

So soft and sweet, from out her throat."  
 He said, as a thrush in the tree above  
 Was trilling her liquid song of love:  
 "And what pretty feathers on her back,  
 While mine is mottled, yellow and  
 black;

And then for moving she has her wings,  
 They must be very handy things; —  
 And this all comes, as one may see,  
 Just from living up in a tree;  
 She'd look as queer as I do, I'll bet,  
 If she had to live down here in the wet,

And be as hoarse, if doomed to tramp  
About all day where her feet got damp.

“As the world is managed, I do declare,  
Things do not seem exactly fair;  
For instance, here on the ground I lie,  
While the bird lives up there, high and  
dry;  
Some frogs may n't care, perhaps they  
don't,  
But I can't stand such things and I  
won't;  
So I'll see if I can't make a rise.  
Who knows what he can do till he  
tries?”

So this cunning frog he winked his eye,  
He was lying low and playing sly;  
For he did not want the frogs about  
To find his precious secret out:  
But when they were all in the mud  
a-bed,  
And the thrush in her wing had hid her  
head,

Then Mr. Bull his legs uncurled,  
And began to take a start in the world.  
’T was from the foot of the tree to hop,  
But how was he to reach the top?  
For it was n't fun, as he learned in time,  
To climb with feet not made to climb;  
And twenty times he fell on his head,  
But he would n't give it up, he said,  
For nobody saw him in the dark.  
So he clutched once more at the scraggy  
bark,

And just as the stars were growing dim,  
He sat and swung on the topmost limb;  
He was damp with sweat from foot to  
head;

“Why it's wet enough up here,” he said,  
“And I've been nicely fooled, I see,  
In thinking it dry to live in a tree.  
Why what with the rain, and with the  
dews,  
I shall have more water than I can  
use!”

And so he sat there, gay as a grig,  
And saw the sun rise bright and big;  
And when he caught the thrush's note,  
He, too, began to tune his throat;  
But his style of music seemed to sound  
Even worse than it did on the ground;  
So all the frightened birds took wing,  
And he felt, himself, that it was n't the  
thing,

Though he said, “I don't believe what  
I've heard  
That a frog in a tree won't be a bird.”

But soon the sun rose higher and  
higher,  
And froggy's back got drier and drier.  
Till he thought perhaps it might be  
better,

If the place was just a little wetter;  
But when he felt the mid-day glare,  
He said “high life was a poor affair!”  
No wings on his back were coming out,  
He did n't feel even a feather sprout;  
He could n't sing; and began to see  
He was just a bull-frog up a tree;  
But he feared the sneers of his friends  
in the bog,

For he was proud as any other frog;  
And he knew, if they saw him coming  
down,

He would be the laugh and jest of the  
town.

So he waited there, while his poor dry  
back

Seemed burning up, and ready to  
crack:

His yellow sides looked pale and dim,  
And his eyes with tears began to swim,  
And he said, “You learn when you  
come to roam,

That nature is nature, and home is  
home.”

And when at last the sun was gone,  
And the shadows cool were stealing  
on,

With many a slow and feeble hop  
He got himself away from the top;  
He reached the trunk, and then with a  
bound

He landed safely on the ground,  
And managed back to the spring to  
creep,

While all his friends were fast asleep.  
Next morning, those who were sitting  
near,

Saw that he looked a little queer,  
So they asked, hoping to have some  
fun,

Where he had been, and what he had  
done.

Now, though our hero scorned to lie,  
He thought he had a right to be sly;  
For, said he, if the fellows find me out,  
I'd better have been “up the spout.”  
So he told them he'd been *very dry*,  
And, to own the truth, *got rather high!*

Then all the frogs about the spring  
Began at once this song to sing:  
First high it rose, and then it sunk:—

"A frog - got - drunk - got - drunk - got -  
drunk —  
We 'll - search - the - spring - for - his - whis -  
key - jug —  
Ka - chee, ka - chi, ka - cho, ka - chug !"  
And my story's true, as you may know,  
For still the bull-frogs sing just so ;  
But that Mr. Bull was up a tree.  
There 's nobody knows but himself and  
me.

## THE HUNCHBACK.

If he walked he could not keep beside  
The lads that were straight and well ;  
And yet, poor boy, how hard he tried,  
There 's none of us can tell.  
To get himself in trim for school  
Was weary work, and slow ;  
And once his thoughtless brother said,  
"You 're never ready, Joe !"

He sat in the sun, against the wall,  
When the rest were blithe and gay ;  
For he could not run and catch the ball  
Nor join in the noisy play.  
And first or last he would not share  
In a quarrel or a fight ;  
But he was prompt enough to say,  
"No, boys, it is n't right !"

And when a lad o'er a puzzling "sum"  
Perplexed his head in doubt,  
Poor little, patient, hunchbacked Joe,  
Could always help him out.  
And surely as the time came round  
To read, define, and spell,  
Poor little Joe was ready first,  
And knew his lessons well.

And not a child in Sunday-school  
Was half so quick as he,  
To tell who blessed the children once  
And took them on his knee.  
And if you could but draw him out,  
'T was good to hear him talk  
Of Him who made the blind to see  
And caused the lame to walk.

When sick upon his bed he lay,  
He uttered no complaint ;  
For scarce in patient gentleness  
Was he behind a saint.  
And when the summons came, that  
soon  
Or late must come to all,

Poor little, happy, hunchbacked Joe,  
Was ready for the call.

## THE ENVIOUS WREN.

ON the ground lived a hen,  
In a tree lived a wren,  
Who picked up her food here and  
there ;  
While biddy had wheat  
And all nice things to eat.  
Said the wren, I declare, 't is n't fair !"

"It is really too bad !"  
She exclaimed — she was mad —  
"To go out when it is raining this way !  
And to earn what you eat,  
Does n't make your food sweet,  
In spite of what some folks may say.

"Now there is that hen,"  
Said this cross little wren,  
"She 's fed till she 's fat as a drum ;  
While I strive and sweat  
For each bug that I get,  
And nobody gives me a crumb.

"I can't see for my life  
Why the old farmer's wife  
Treats her so much better than me ;  
Suppose on the ground  
I hop carelessly round  
For a while, and just see what I 'll  
see."

Said this 'cute little wren,  
"I 'll make friends with the hen,  
And perhaps she will ask me to stay ;  
And then upon bread  
Every day I 'd be fed,  
And life would be nothing but play."

So down flew the wren.  
"Stop to tea," said the hen ;  
And soon biddy's supper was sent ;  
But scarce stopping to taste,  
The poor bird left in haste,  
And this was the reason she went :

When the farmer's kind dame  
To the poultry-yard came,  
She said — and the wren shook with  
fright —  
"Biddy 's so fat she 'll do  
For a pie or a stew,  
And I guess I shall kill her to-night."

## THE HAPPY LITTLE WIFE.

"Now, Gudhand, have you sold the  
cow

You took this morn to town ?  
And did you get the silver groats  
In your hand, paid safely down ?

"And yet I hardly need to ask ;  
You hardly need to tell ;  
For I see by the cheerful face you  
bring,  
That you have done right well."

"Well ! I did not exactly sell her,  
Nor give her away, of course ;  
But I'll tell you what I did, good wife,  
I swapped her for a horse."

"A horse ! Oh, Gudhand, you have  
done  
Just what will please me best,  
For now we can have a carriage,  
And ride as well as the rest."

"Nay, not so fast, my good dame,  
We shall not want a gig :  
I had not ridden half a mile  
Till I swapped my horse for a pig."

"That's just the thing," she answered,  
"I would have done myself :  
We can have a fitch of bacon now  
To put upon the shelf."

"And when our neighbors come to  
dine  
With us, they'll have a treat ;  
There is no need that we should  
ride,  
But there is that we should eat."

"Alack ! alack !" said Gudhand,  
"I fear you'll change your note,  
When I tell you I have n't got the  
pig —  
I swapped him for a goat."

"Now, bless us !" cried the good wife,  
"You manage things so well ;  
What I should ever do with a pig  
I'm sure I cannot tell."

"If I put my bacon on the shelf,  
Or put it in the pot,  
The folks would point at us and say  
'They eat up all they've got !'

"But a good milch goat, ah ! that's  
the thing

I've wanted all my life ;  
And now we'll have both milk and  
cheese,"

Cried the happy little wife.

"Nay, not so fast," said Gudhand,  
"You make too long a leap ;  
When I found I could n't drive my  
goat,  
I swapped him for a sheep."

"A sheep, my dear ! you must have  
tried  
To suit me all the time ;  
'T would plague me so to have a  
goat,  
Because the things will climb !

"But a sheep ! the wool will make us  
clothes  
To keep us from the cold ;  
Run out, my dear, this very night,  
And build for him a fold."

"Nay, wife, it is n't me that cares  
If he be penned or loosed :  
I do not own the sheep at all,  
I swapped him for a goose."

"There, Gudhand, I am so relieved ;  
It almost made me sick  
To think that I should have the  
wool  
To clip, and wash, and pick !

"'T is cheaper, too, to buy our clothes,  
Than make them up at home ;  
And I have n't got a spinning-wheel,  
Nor got a carding-comb."

"But a goose ! I love the taste of  
goose,  
When roasted nice and brown ;  
And then we want a feather bed,  
And pillows stuffed with down."

"Now stop a bit," cried Gudhand,  
"Your tongue runs like a clock ;  
The goose is neither here nor there,  
I swapped him for a cock."

"Dear me, you manage everything  
As I would have it done ;  
We'll know now when to stir our  
stumps,  
And rise before the sun."



"A goose would be quite trouble-  
some

For me to roast and stuff ;  
And then our pillows and our beds  
You know, are soft enough."

"Well, soft or hard," said Gudhand,  
"I guess they 'll have to do ;  
And that we 'll have to wake at morn,  
Without the crowing, too !

"For you know I could n't travel  
All day with naught to eat ;  
So I took a shilling for my cock,  
And bought myself some meat."

"That was the wisest thing of all,"  
Said the good wife, fond and true ;

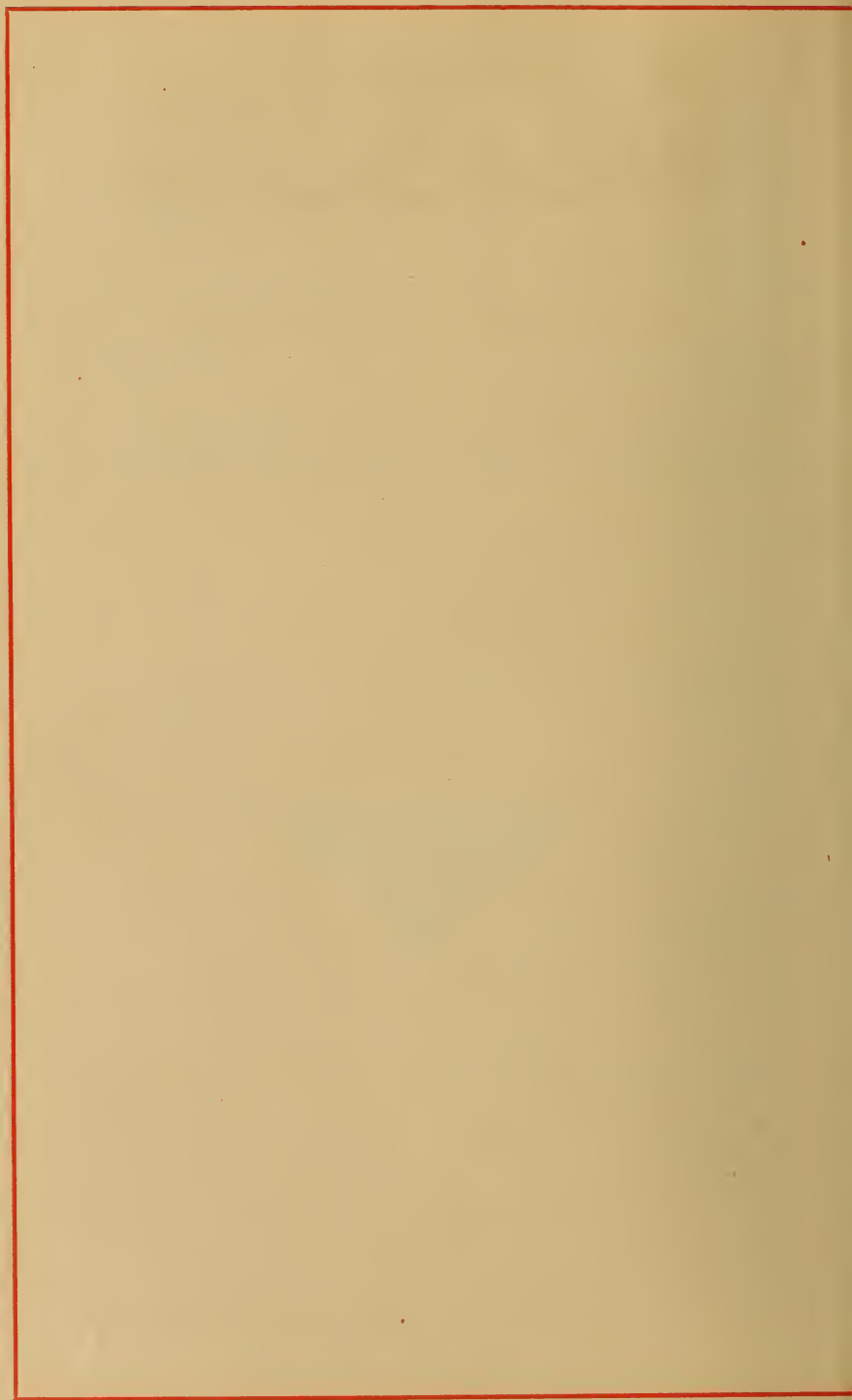
"You do just after my own heart,  
Whatever thing you do.

"We do not want a cock to crow,  
Nor want a clock to strike ;  
Thank God that we may lie in bed  
As long now as we like !"

And then she took him by the beard  
That fell about his throat,  
And said, "*While you are mine, I  
want  
Nor goose, nor swine, nor goat !*"

And so the wife kissed Gudhand,  
And Gudhand kissed his wife ;  
And they promised to each other  
To be all in all through life.







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