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"Golden Gems"

from

"The Ozarks"



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Compliments of Mrs. ^{Luc} Layton
Yellville, Ark

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“Golden Gems”
from
“The Ozarks”



BY

MRS. SUE LAYTON

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H.E. W. 10 Apr 19

DEDICATED TO
MY CHILDREN

With the hope that
the motive which in-
spired me to write,
may inspire them to
a high and noble life



PREFACE

If I, thru this laboring pen of mine,
In some one higher hopes inspire,
And on the wings of no idle rhyme
Carry to some one a pure desire;

If, with words of sympathy, I can touch
The spring that unlocks human woe
In some one whose sorrow is such
That tears of relief refuse to flow;

Causing the pulse of thought to beat the quicker,
With strong vibrations, holy, divine,
And the lamp of faith that begins to flicker,
To shine with a radiance more sublime;

If this slow, busy, laboring pen,
In the mould and cast of thought
Can lighten the burden of weary men,
My labor with success is fraught.

If I live to make some sad face brighter,
And with a brave resolute heart
I help to make another's cross lighter,
And in life's drama act a noble part;

If, with an influence all divine,
Right against the wrong defend,
I help some one to rise and shine,
Who, God's counsel will attend;

If, some one drifting down the tide
O'er sin's dark shadowy main
I rescue, I'll be satisfied,
I will not have lived in vain.



CONTRIBUTIONS

A Tribute to President Wilson, July, 1916

Resolute, thoughtful and brave he stands,
Upon him the eyes of the world;
Responses he sends to war-swept lands
From the Stars and Stripes unfurled.

Protests in earnest are not in vain;
Adhering to principles true,
He wishes but right to maintain,
Dark passions of men to subdue.

Of his poise affairs are the test,
While he safeguards Columbia's weal.
In our leader we truly are blest,
Who can to mankind so appeal.

His people with him are in line,
Assured he leaves nothing undone
In fellowship lands to combine,
Their love and their trust having won.

Human rights he hopes to maintain,
By notes diplomatic and grave;
And relations of peace to retain,
And the pride of his country to save.

Still hopeful and prayerful, alert,
A type of the highest and best,
Ever seeking vain war to avert—
Oh, may he be strengthened and blest.

LINCOLN

The irony of fate destined him a place,
In his nation's history, where
The Northern and Southern race
Impartially his sympathy share.

Heaven from him hid the book of fate,
God kindly veiled the way,
Only the pages of the present state
Open before him lay.

Endeared to the human race,
By his almost infinite tenderness,
A great, gentle giant, sad of face,
A victim to lawlessness.

The nation's chief and wise counsellor,
Sleeps to awaken in this world no more,
While millions today the name revere,
Of him who did his best, peace to restore.

Those intensely human eyes,
And calm, strong, sad face,
In the memory of the people,
Have a perpetual abiding place.

THE RIVALS

Over boys in blue and boys in gray,
With a radiance of equal splendor,
The evening sun shed its bright ray,
With a touch impartially tender.

A soldier boy in uniform gray,
Standing in his tent door,
Whistling time and heartache away,
As he thinks of home once more.

With head erect, and spirit unbent,
Eyes full of defiant pride,
He views with envy the white tent
Over on the opposite side.

The soldier boy in uniform blue,
Smiles his face adorning,
Begins to whistle cheerily, too,
In tune no idle scorning.

The whistle had drifted away,
When notes of "Home, Sweet Home"
Were whistled by boy in gray,
Tune sweetest to patriots known.

To soothe the wounds that dormant lay,
'Neath grief and anguish wrought,
The band "Home, Sweet Home," began to play,
And both armies the melody caught.

Quick a good impulse to obey
That seems divinely sent,
The soldier boy in uniform gray
Passes over to the other tent.

THE BATTLE OF, PEA RIDGE, BETWEEN THE GRAY AND THE BLUE, IN MARCH, 1862

At Boston Mountain's rugged base,
Stands the historic Elkhorn,
Where Seigel and Curtis, face to face,
Were met by Price and VanDorn.

O'er purple summits far away,
Echoed angry sounds of war,
Sons of Illinois and Iowa,
Missouri, Texas and Arkansas,

Valiant sons of Tennessee,
Sons of Louisiana, flag unfurled,
For a country's liberty,
Having dared to face the world.

With banners floating high above,
Plunging into the turbulent tide,
Wrapped in the flag of their love,
McIntosh and McCullough died.

Leaving the songs of whispering pines,
On boyish brow no anxious dread,
Your father, children mine,
Fell in line, with the hero's tread.

With hope unsoiled by fear,
And for his country's right,
His voice he raised, to cheer
The stalwart in the fight.

(Continued on page eleven)

THE BATTLE OF PEA RIDGE, BETWEEN THE GRAY AND THE BLUE, IN MARCH, 1862

(Continued from page ten)

O'er mountain peaks and rugged gorge,
Hark! A sound, and lo! A sight,
A charge and counter charge,
A roar, a hiss, a lurid light.

Three days in the terrible fray,
Without helmet or shield,
Boys in blue and boys in gray,
Were in the wildest of the field.

General Price, the front forsook,
His place to vain VanDorn resigned,
Brave boys in gray, obstacles brook
To stay their faltering lines.

Comrades slain, a scattered host,
The heart-mist they brush from eye;
A day is spent, the fight is lost,
As battle's smoke unfurls on high.

As they met triumph, they met defeat,
The victors bravely won the field,
They proudly and honorably retreat,
To the boys in blue the laurels yield.

THE HEAVENS DECLARE THE GLORY OF GOD

At the call of mystic starless night,
God, dust into diamonds spun,
And the beautiful stars so bright
In the sky all directions run.

Millions of these sparking orbs,
Their nightly twinkle above begin,
Their sublimity all minds absorb,
As thru God's vast universe they spin.

From out their ethereal domain,
They blaze, gleam and shine,
And to the world proclaim
The wisdom of a Sovereign Divine.

Launched into space with other spheres,
Shines the star of Bethlehem,
That God sent to guide ancient seers,
And light the hearts of men.

We wonder how God's all-potent hand
Gave to midnight its splendor,
And with the poet exclaim: "What is man
That God should'st him remember."

WINTER

The hills have lost their beauty of bloom ;
Wild geese are traveling high ;
North winds sweep thro dells of gloom ;
Cold seems the stars in glittering sky.
The Frost King reigns o'er dancing reeds ;
No south breeze rustles thru violets sweet ;
The brooklet flows thru crystal beads
'Neath sparkling gems of hail and sleet.
At times our souls are tempest tossed,
And all the world seems dead.
Hearts are bound with fetters of frost
As they weep o'er pleasures fled.
Courage inspired by truth and love ;
Knowledge gained by sorrow and pain
Will set the stagnant pulse to move
And spirit of gladness revive again.

BEAUTY

Beauty is seen in advent and exit of moon,
In radiance of the soft night's glow,
It sleeps in the budding flowers of June,
And mingles where the wild vines grow.

It a brilliant web weaves
In the painted hue of butterfly wings,
And on rose and emerald leaves,
It rests as one of life's treasured things.

It beams from stars of a thousand rays,
Brighter than the moon's ethereal glow,
And sparkles in the brook that plays,
As it passes to the green valley below.

Beauty imprisoned in a band of gold
Shines in an artistic wedding ring,
And that strange, subtle vision in the soul
Of love and happiness sing.

WRITTEN TO A FRIEND ON NEW YEAR'S DAY
AFTER RECEIVING A BOOK

The little book was a sweet surprise, my friend,
And to you a New Year's greeting I send.
May joy which elevates, gladdens and brings cheer,
Be yours every day of the coming new year.

Joy does not happen, we find it, you know,
Ministering to all kinds of human woe.
Happiness is ours from yesterday's winning,
We can not sit down and wait its beginning.
There comes to all the springtime blossoms sweet,
The summer with its leafage and fervid heat,
Autumn with its heaps of garnered treasures,
Bracing winter with its social pleasures.
May the seasons, as swiftly they come and go,
God's richest blessings upon you bestow.

SPRING

Wind on wind and gale on gale,
March sounds a jubilant blast,
The noisy trumpets never fail,
Balmy Spring is here at last.

Sunshine sparkes in the rills,
Clouds balance and swing,
Snow melts on storm-swept hills,
While from a tree a robin sings.

April winds play hide and seek,
Leave no trace where they begun,
Coyness of other days seem bleak,
As we bask in rain and sun.

May's laughing winds of Spring,
Whirling blossoms on the trees,
Full of incense their censors swing,
Throwing perfume on every breeze.

Spring is now coming to a close,
All things in May have wings,
Bees now hover on June's rose,
And the Summer bird sings.

Willows green, elms in bloom,
All earth is quietly at rest,
Ready for her guest, sunny June,
Her beautifying colorist.

THE WHITE-WINGED SQUADRON

“Oh, send the white-winged ship flying!”
Is Cuba’s message to you and me.
“We are starving, hundreds dying.
The sight of bread is heaven to see.
We dream of bread in our sleep
But wake with famished lips to weep.”

Oh, the agony of such a death
Can not be told by mortal breath!
A loving mother, like yours and mine,
Just across the channel you’ll find
With a ghastly look in her sunken eye
And a skeleton babe on her arm to die.

Land of America, three grains of corn
Would keep the little life till morn.
A hundred pennies from out your store
Would give their mothers hope once more;
Mothers, who sit in dark despair
With pleading eyes raised to heaven in prayer.

(Continued on page eighteen)

THE WHITE-WINGED SQUADRON

(Continued from page seventeen)

Noble sons of Arkansas

Shall the pangs of hunger continue to gnaw
At the heart of Cubans for lack of bread
Like a wolf fierce for blood that is red?
Knowing all the pain and all the grief,
Will you not help to give relief?

The bread that you throw to your dogs at night
To them would be a blessed sight.
There is abundance in this grand old State
To flood the gallant ship with freight.
May they leave our sun-kissed shore
Laden with bread and return for more.

Then speed, ye white-winged ships, away
Like the dawn of morn where sunbeams play
With the foam flickering at your prow,
Go swiftly to those who are perishing now,
And carry our offering so freely given
With message of love and blessing of heaven.

YOUTH'S DREAM

Years hasten away with noiseless flight,
In fairyland there's no measure of time,
Valentine day will soon drift into sight,
Day of days, of love, song and rhyme.

Far from the city of Vanity Fair
Is the fairyland of home, sweet home,
Where love builds castles in the air,
Dreaming of the land of yet to come.

There are no words fashioned to tell
Fancy and imagination's dreams,
Of angels roving midst beds of asphodel,
Where the starlight faintly gleams.

Journeying through the land of all the time
To the celestial land of yet to come,
Fairy cloud ships sail the sky line,
Gleaming like polished silver in the sun.

Dream on, youth's dreams are bright;
Dream of all things lovely and gay,
Ere the marvelous visions of the night
Vanish into the land of yesterday.

OVERLAND TRIP

Yellville to Harrison

By deep ravines, cloven through hills,
Songs from blue bird, thrush and swallow,
Mingle with murmuring, half noisless rills,
As we pass through the glen and the hollow.

Wildbrier roses, holly and mistletoe,
Hang in festoons from boughs of trees,
And redbuds with pinkish glow,
Are swayed by every breeze.

Beautiful, bubbling springs upburst,
With no cessation of flow,
To quench the weary travelers' thirst,
As on their journey they go.

In passing the school houses on wooded hill
Maidens, with honeysuckle in silken hair,
Make hearts with true loving fancy to thrill
With visions so bright and fair.

Students in some remote nooks,
In deep passionate meditation,
Making good with pencils and books,
Their tomorrow's recitation.

Into peaceful valleys at last,
No longer in solitude bound,
We quietly, with gladness pass,
Into our neighboring town.

As the sun sinks in the west,
Our day's journey at an end,
We are the welcome guests
Of our dear, sweet friend.

A DAUGHTER'S TRIBUTE TO HER MOTHER

Mother mine in the venerable age
Of life's decline I love you so ;
In my heart is a lyric page
Of the yesterdays of long ago.

Through the golden days of youth
On which the sun seemed ever to shine,
You guided me into ways of truth,
Surrounding me with love divine.

When girlhood dreams were sweet
And I struggled to be kind and good,
Ere age came on with weary feet,
I remember your devoted motherhood.
Mother mine in the afterglow
Of mothering years, thy love I know.

Your voice like song of bird
That made the old roof-tree ring,
Is soft and sweet today when heard
As in childhood's happy spring.

As soft and tender as a clinging vine
I hold you in a loving clasp,
While your arms around me twine
In adamantine grasp.

When out on life's battlefield alone,
When the final shadows fall,
To paths of peace you've made your own,
May I hear thy voice call.
Mother mine, in the afterglow
Of mothering years, thy love I know.

A PICTURE OF LIFE

He sits by the window reading
Responses to messages sweet;
The swiftness of time unheeding,
As it goes with footsteps fleet.

Time onward rapidly speeding,
Light falls on the printed page,
While in life he is succeeding,
On his face are the marks of age.

He sits by the window reading
Wisdom's book of happy thought;
Tho' sweet reflections conceding,
In his heart a change is wrought.

By love divine far exceeding,
The love of wife by his side;
'Tis the love of a Christ bleeding,
Who, for him was crucified.

He sits by the window reading,
There's a glow in the sunlit sky,
As earth from him is receding,
He reads of a sweet by and by.

From the isles where memories lie,
He goes where green islands are,
And there's only a breath of a sigh,
As he crosses the golden bar.

IN MEMORY OF MY HUSBAND

Who entered into rest on April 15, 1903

All nature smiled, the day was fair,
Alas! in the home was a vacant chair,
The old house was shuttered from the day,
Mourning souls hid their faces away.

Sorrow, its dark shadow around them threw,
'Ere the sun had risen to kiss the dew,
Words were powerless to soothe and allay,
Heart beats of anguish on the fatal day.

When, with pure love and real devotion,
Deep and boundless as the unfathomable ocean,
We clasped the hand of the pulseless one,
And fervently prayed "God's will be done."

THE OLD ELM

There's a dear old elm 'twixt window and street,
Planted by a father whose labors are o'er,
While underneath its wide branches we meet,
The older we grow, we love it but the more.

When the children come and winds blow free,
Tripping home o'er the green grassy sward,
How dear to their hearts, the ancestral tree,
That stands in the old homestead yard.

The red bird whistles: Chee, chee, chee, chee,
And the toad sets catarrhal note going,
While the strong, graceful limbs of the tree
Crack in their passion for growing.

Like the tree of strong, graceful limb,
That stands in light and shade,
May we peacefully rest in him,
Who all things beautiful has made.

THE WIDOWED MOTHER

In pensive mood, in a darkening room,
Living in lonely widow-hood,
Watching sun sink into evening gloom,
Silent and sad a mother stood.

She often marked her neighbor's dwelling,
Where mother bird and nestlings play,
Intense grief her bosom swelling,
As the last of the brood fly away.

Sad for a joy that comes and goes,
Nay, she does not question why,
Every devoted mother bird knows
Her desolate heart cry.

MOTHERS' DAY

1913.

Dedicated to Frank Pace of Little Rock:

I gathered a red carnation,
Shook from it the crystal spray,
Thought of the men of our nation,
Who wore them on mothers' day.

As from it fell the pearly dew,
I thought of the son in his home,
Who claims title to mothers, two:
His wife's mother, and his own.

Thinking of the sacred relation
Of mother to son, he wrote:
"The emblem of adoration,
I'm wearing on lapel of coat."

Wearing buds with reverence due,
Pure and sweet their incense rise,
Fragrant with love for mothers two,
Bound together by kindred ties.

As he journeys on his way,
Bright be the path he'll tread,
And may he on another mothers' day,
Wear carnations red.

Fearing naught that time may bring,
In the prime of manhood's fray,
May love, like an unchanging spring,
Keep bright and sacred, mothers' day.

THANKFUL GUS

Everything around home is looking good,
That old wood box just full of wood,
Grandma cooking pumpkin pies, red and yellow,
Smelling good to a hungry little fellow;
There's a nice pudding that with goodies swell,
If a fellow was sick it would make him well;
A good look in Alice's soft brown eyes,
Speaks to me of dried pumpkin pies;
I am so hungry I'm about to faint,
Grandma's got dyspepsia—glad I ain't;
Company coming, as an invited guest,
Royal friends from East and West;
Mother eats nothing but bread and tea,
Grandma's got dyspepsia, glad it ain't me.

GUS LAYTON'S SOLILOQUY

We chicks meet father with hasty skip,
When he comes home carrying his grip,
'Tis wonderful the things he can pack
In that old grip for me and Jack,
As with our gifts he folds between
Some things nice for baby Florene,
Each chick wants the leadership,
When he comes home carrying his grip.
Off from home he thinks of us three,
One-year-old Florene, Jack and me;
In his hand the grip to and fro swings,
Holding for us wonderful things,
And it catches our hearts in its thrall,
When father brings it into the hall;
'Tis there he'll unlock the old grip,
When he gets home off that business trip,
And it always does a message bear
Of a father's loving thought and care,
As thoughtful and loving as he,
And the best child wins the leadership,
When he comes home carrying his grip.

MY HOUSEHOLD TREASURES

Down this line of life at Elm Grove
I open a gate to haunts of love,
Where glances are oft' backward cast
To girlhood days, long ages past;
When love's siren voice lured me away
To help the man in uniform gray,
Life's stern destiny to bravely meet
After the South had suffered defeat.

Our first-born was a little girl,
Named for the famous Edna Earl,
The girl St. Elmo gave a key
To unlock a desk of mystery,
Whose forbearance and self-repression
Taught him a life-time lesson,
Devotion to her grandsire years ago
Was like that of the child of St. Elmo;
Lofty thoughts of heavenly things
To her sweet consolation brings,
As she journeys on to the goal,
Awaiting every immortal soul.

Our second child, a boy frail and fair,
With mild, blue eyes and golden hair,
Who lived to sweetly lisp our name,
When for him the angels came.

All home rules were now lain aside,
A wee girl replaced the boy who died,
Gifted with strong persuasive powers
That so often overruled ours.
Music and all the grand works of art
Touched the sacred feeling of her heart.

(Continued on page thirty)

MY HOUSEHOLD TREASURES

(Continued from page twenty-nine)

In sportive plays of innocent fun
She played like the breezes play in the sun ;
To duty nearest, whatever it may be
She gives her best efforts, full and free.

Born to us on a glad New Year's day,
Another wee girl, with eyes of bluest gray,
Like the pearly drops in the crystal dew.
It seemed that she would vanish from view,
In spite of our care ; in spite of all bands
It seemed that she would slip from our hands.
Soon the white of the lily left her face,
The pink of the rose took its place ;
Her ambitious spirit and student's eye
Was our consolation by and by ;
Through her energy and mental power
We were sustained in sorrow's hour.
She's now the mother of a small boy,
Who, Grandmother's visits does vastly enjoy.

In eighteen hundred and eighty-one,
There was born to us another small son.
A merry twinkle in his eyes play
Like twinkles in eyes of man in gray.
He, for love's shrine, was called to bear a cross,
Mourning a faithful father's loss ;
With a steadfast, unbending will
He's trying his father's place to fill.
A spirit attune to melodies sweet,
Rhythmic gifts his symphony complete.
Two little boys with eyes of brown,
In his household now are found ;
May purest honor their hearts inspire
Worthy of their noble grandsire.

(Continued on page thirty-one)

MY HOUSEHOLD TREASURES

(Continued from page thirty)

In eighteen hundred and eighty-five
Another little boy in our home arrives ;
His eyes had the same sparkle of fun, too,
That was in the father's eyes of blue ;
But in them was painted a brown,
The color in Mother's eyes found.
Honor is his pathway of pride,
And in him you can confide ;
He'll never fail his Mother,
Or ever fail his only brother ;
With lofty, exalted and sincere aims,
The people's confidence he gains.
He has a wife and little elf,
He dearly loves more than himself.

In eighteen hundred and eighty-seven,
To us another little girl was given,
Who always found so much blue in the sky
We often questioned and wondered why ;
Light in shadows and shadows in light,
She would sing with much delight ;
Her heart was full of love for all ;
Her pet kitten would spring at her call.
She's now the mother of two tiny girls,
With dimpled hands and golden curls,
Sweet Billy Ruth and Mary Sue
You'll find in a home that is good and true.

DEDICATED TO GROVER JAMES, JOPLIN,
MISSOURI

You've bravely answered duty's call;
You've gained the plaudit: "Well done;"
That gives you joyance, more than all
Life's victories you have ever won.

Love and duty are mixed with life's alloy;
You've a will to plan, to conquer the unknown;
You've labored for the highest earthly joy,
With a spirit God inspired, yet still your own.

May no regretful fancies you assail
In life's autumn which comes all too soon,
May re-living memories of good prevail,
Sending richness to thy life's afternoon.

DEDICATED TO M. R. DAVIDSON, MONTICELLO,
ILLINOIS

The reunion festival at Old Mt. Zion,
Was a grand, enjoyable affair,
I should have gone—obstacles defying,
And mingled with my comrades there.

They came from city, country and town,
Meet life's maze whate'er fate may bring,
Wearing an ensign, the scholar's renown,
And bearing a record befitting a king.

And if the olden days were happy—
Happier far the present time.
If the noon of youth was sunny—
Sunnier far is manhood's prime.

There's a charm to me in the vision,
While I dream—memory leads the way,
Opens the bars to youth elysium,
Brings a picture of yesterday.

I seem to see the dense crowd quiver,
Through all its lengthening line,
As old tried friends break bread together,
And talk of the days of Auld Lang Syne.

Many faltering feet are there,
Moving to measures soft and slow,
To some good old familiar air,
Sung more than fifty years ago.

Alert the ear catches the trill,
Like tremor of song in loving refrain,
Awake recurrent forces that thrill,
And we live the old days over again.

(Continued on page thirty-four)

DEDICATED TO M. R. DAVIDSON,
MONTICELLO, ILL.

(Continued from page thirty-three)

From out realms of vanished gladness
There floats sweet echoes soft and low,
That cheer life's twilight sadness,
And unseen faces come and go.

The school of old-fashioned lore,
Precepts ennobling taught,
And the dream, sweet days of yore,
Now fills our every thought.

The play-ground that marks the place,
Dear to memory beyond compare,
A by-gone presence, face to face,
Will always meet you there.

REPLY OF M. R. DAVIDSON.

Thanks to you, my dear old friend,
For the lines you dedicate to me,
And so I cheerful greetings send,
And trust you are from cares set free.

Do you remember the old love-song,
The song of the whip-poor-will,
And the lovely strains of "The Mocking Bird,"
Which we all sang with a will?

Those were lyres from the heart,
The songs of the Long Ago,
And the memory of them will ne'er depart,
Because we loved them so.

TO HON. J. C. FLOYD

In Washington's legislative hall,
Amidst the restless, busy throng,
A man endowed with wisdom's power,
With principles deep and strong.
From his heart, brain and pen,
Words easily find their way,
To the hearts of honest men,
And their best impulse sway.
Words that a wonderful influence impart,
Worth and significance hold,
When loyal heart speaks to heart,
And soul intermingles with soul.
His name interwoven with state,
Is now unsurpassed by none,
In Washington, grand and great,
Our Congressman victories won.

TO MRS. WILSON, AT CONWAY

Written on Easter Sunday, after the death of her husband

God's sunlight touched your forehead like a crown,
When by a memorial window you sat down,
Struggling o'er sorrow a victory to win,
While the choir sang an Easter hymn.
Easter lilies with hearts of gold,
Clustering around chancel a tale told,
Beautifully wrapped in petals of white,
Sweet messengers of beauty and light.
Halleluiah, sang the choir, He is risen
Out of the tomb of death's gloomy prison,
Flowers and music this Easter-tide,
Are for you who must abide;
'Neath God's wing you find solace,
Joy not born of earth shines in your face,
While a vision before you appears,
Of lonely days and weary years.

IN MEMORY OF LITTLE GUS BERRY

With the light of heaven in his eye,
In that land of light and joy
No more to suffer, no more to die,
We behold our Angel boy.

IN MEMORY OF RENA MAY GLASS

The season of light and of beauty is past,
On the air floats the tones of a tolling bell,
For the bright little spirit of Rena May Glass,
Angels have borne to their heavenly dell.

The space of her life was hardly a span,
Just a frail little flower in life's early spring
But to Father and Mother and Presley and Dan,
The sweetest of memories around it will cling.

Could you pierce the dark clouds that now intervene,
And view the broad sweep of God's heavenly plain,
Your darling sweet child would clearly be seen,
Watching and waiting to greet you again.

Your sweet little girl that brought only good,
Living now undismayed by life's restless tides,
In the beauty and freedom of deathless childhood,
As a ministering spirit, in your home still abides.

TO CORA WILLIAMS

There is no union here of hearts,
Severed are the tenderest ties,
Out of grief that makes tear drops start,
May thy sad spirit now arise,
And in softer measures sing;
As you tread upward to the light,
Sacrifices to God's altar you bring
Will be pleasing in His sight,
Life's mystèries before you expand.
Why your boy in boyhood prime
Was called away to the spirit land
Is a question hard to define;
May sorrow's bitter tears
Burst into flowers of hope and trust,
And all the coming, weary years
Bloom above his sleeping dust.

IN MEMORY OF MOTHER BERRY

Closed, the dear eyes now sightless and dim,
Yet, her dear words we in memory keep;
"Jesus will guide you, if you love and trust him,"
When mother has peacefully fallen asleep.

She whispered, "God bless you all, good night,"
And through the beautiful roadway of prayer,
She journeyed to the mystical goal, out of sight,
To join the many loved ones awaiting her there.

FOR NEVILLE LAYTON

May you quaff joy's full measure,
And on others, blessings bestow,
May your bosom thrill with pleasure,
Mine now can never hope to know;
To all here now within your range.
You've been always so loyal and true,
May no dark angel you estrange
From loved ones looking to you.
In joy's path, hand in hand with duty,
As down the walks of life you glide,
May you meet happiness in all her beauty,
At the close of each evening tide.

DEDICATED TO BROTHER JIM WILSON,
YELLVILLE, ARK.

Brother, do you now remember,
Childhood's happy, jolly day,
When love so sincere and tender
Adorned and cheered our way?

Do you to memory now recall,
Mother's face of placid beauty,
Father's wise counsel to all,
Who taught us life was duty?

Is there now on memory's wall,
An image of a sister frail,
Slender, graceful and tall,
Singing like a nightingale?

Do you recall, Brother Will,
Who conquered his pride,
As through the streets of Yellville,
On his shoulder we would ride?

(Continued on page forty-two)

DEDICATED TO BROTHER JIM WILSON,
YELLVILLE, ARK.

(Continued from page forty-one)

Is there a picture in your eye
Of one of the prettiest little girls,
Who would sometimes cry
When you caught her by her curls?

Do you think of old, black Joe,
Our protector and king,
Who from the path shoveled snow,
While camp meeting songs he'd sing?

Do you now remember
The little snow-bird trap
In the days of December,
That fell with a click and snap?

Do memories of yesteryear
Bring you joy as in days of yore,
Or is sorrow's eye glazed with a tear,
Now noon-day hope is yours no more?

TO AMANDA OF SOUTH DAKOTA

Patiently the journey of life you pursue,
Our latter days bring nothing new,
Tender your face and calm your eyes,
Above all human sorrow you rise;
Observant of life's momentous way,
With right views of life's declining day,
The present time you at once employ,
Suffering no past your peace to annoy;
God's mighty purpose your thoughts engage,
While you pass into a serene old age,
Nothing from the narrow way can entice
One whose life is hid with God in Christ.

ALMA

Alma, thee I love and in thee I trust,
A word, a look, a smile like thine,
Recall thy Mother's from the dust,
Who was more than friend of mine.

Your eyes wear the dove-like blue,
Filled with love's royal measure,
Like your mother's eyes of darker hue,
The resemblance gives me pleasure.

The mist from tear drops blight,
Ne'er has dimmed thine eyes,
They sparkle with a pure light,
That all darkness and sin defies.

We pray God grant her request,
That his love may burn and shine,
In the hearts of the motherless,
She dying left behind.

ROSA

You passed out from our home a bride,
A stronger love won you away,
Now, distance us today divide,
Here, you could no longer stay.

Now, in motherhood's beauty and pride,
Four little hearts are yours today,
And in and out your home they glide,
To cheer you on life's busy way.

Painted as artists only can paint,
Pictures hang in our room,
So artistic and so quaint,
They chase away the gloom.

Pictures drawn from your own outlining,
With faithful hands so true,
In them is a beauty so refining,
They make me think of you.

DEDICATED TO LEONE AVEY

April 10, 1916

In artistic tracery, Leone;
Outlines full of girlish grace—
Beauties to you unknown, show in
Your blue eyes and pictured face.

Out of childhood's springtime,
Upon your smiling face,
In every sweeping line,
Innocence and love we trace.

No more in your forest home
With Fairy Folk you'll play;
All your childhood's dreams, Leone,
On youth's fair shrine now lay.

On border-land of womanhood
We invoke for thee, Leone,
Blessings that come to the good
Who reap as they have sown.

TO ALICE

Thy pathway has not always been in bloom
You have had much of life's sorrow
But the beautiful spirit you assume
Makes us think of bright to-morrow.

Beautiful faces are those that smile
When there are many burdens to bear,
You weary hours in life's duties beguile
While sympathy with others you share.

Now as tender, near and fond
As mother feels, so is the bond
That links and closely binds
Your future destiny with mine.

MARY SUE

In our hearts she's filling a place,
 Charming us with her baby glee,
Daintily showing each baby grace,
 As she sits content on mother's knee.
Her eyes of tenderest blue,
 Pink and rose blushes we trace,
On the rosy cheek of Mary Sue,
 Sleeping in mother's loving embrace,
The eagle-blue eyes melt away,
 Cozy and close to heart-beat warm,
Two little hands have ceased to play,
 Sleeping peacefully on mother's arm;
Come fairies, guard our little girl,
 Bear her back from isles of bliss,
Whispering dreams of the other world,
 When she awakes again to this.

TO GUS WALTON

In a world your boyish life has found
May good agencies you now surround
In God's wide field and expansive moor
May you walk in paths that are secure
A silver lining in every cloud trace
When shadows with sunshine interlace
In the realm of thought may you find
The books best suited to your mind
In your young heart reign a desire
A great and good name to acquire
Worth more than all the glittering gold
The rich man's coffers of wealth may hold.

TO LONNIE BERRY

You'll soon leave boyhood's port behind,
Your restless feet are marching with time,
May the star of hope shed its bright ray,
Far down the future's broadening way.
Near to God and far from life's alloy,
May you always walk by faith, my boy.
When strong temptations you assail,
May no dark evil thought prevail,
God bless you boy, always walk upright.
May all your ways be pure, be bright,
From Wisdom's path never may you stray,
Into forbidden haunts so far away.
A Mother's love no words can express,
Reward it now and her life bless.

FRED

This is a beautiful life, my boy,
 May no evil forces in your heart reign,
A life too beautiful to impair and destroy,
 As you climb the ladder of fame.

A beautiful character you'll build,
 If on heavenly wisdom you'll rely,
And life's missions safely fill,
 As days and months go by.

O, may you from your life separate,
 While working in life's vast mine,
The dross, jealousy, passion and hate,
 That thy heart's gold may shine.

FLORENE

I know a little rosy cheek girl,
Whose eyes have a merry gleam,
There's nothing dearer in all the world,
Than brow-eyed, laughing Florene.

A chubby chum so very happy and wise,
Full of merriment and play,
Chasing bright winged butterflies,
Little truant so jolly and gay.

Her dear little peach-bloom hands,
And a heart full of love and a kiss,
Not for the riches of wonderful land,
Would we part with our home's bliss.

TO FRANK PACE, JR.

In the Capital of our State,
In the beautiful city of roses
With lips and cheeks roseate
A small boy on a couch reposes.

Bridle and reins he'll take
When in Grandmother's home,
Something in her seems to awake
Loud echoes in his tone.

Grown up systems of etiquette
Now for all time are cast away,
Grandmother's darling restless pet
At her table must laugh and play.

Chastisement he does not fear
Grandmother's heart is mellow,
And she will in time appear
To protect the little fellow.

Grandmother thoroughly understands
Papa's beloved sonny boy,
And his small mischief guided hands
She will always clasp with joy.

DEDICATED TO CAM BERRY

May a Father's influence far reaching,
Lure thee back to boyhood's past,
To gather up his righteous teaching,
Chain thy soul and hold thee fast.

May the love of God thy life control,
Early training surpass all worldly lore,
Win thee from thy self-set goal,
That you may a risen Christ adore.

Thru' spiritual light today you're seeing,
Beautiful precepts the scriptures teach,
Interwoven in the fabric of your being,
Are Bible truths you could not impeach.

May the prayer of love and faith prevail,
Your heart open responsive to its call,
Ere you meet the Boatman pale,
May a Father's mantle on thee fall.

AN ACROSTIC

Hope and faith and love,
Each a gift of God's grace;
Love, the greatest of the three,
Endows thy smiling face.
Near thee ever be those you love,
As you wait with joy coming years,
Love out of mystic realms above
Ever shine thru the valley of fears.
Nothing can above it ever rise,
Ever may it shine in thy brown eyes;
Love's law threads every heart
And works purity of soul within.
Youth, faith and hope may depart,
'Tis love that stays, victory to win,
O! Charity, ray of sunshine set apart,
Now as the weapon of thy heart.









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