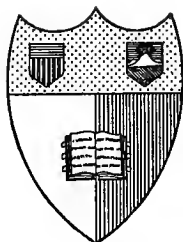


THE FOOTHILLS
OF PARNASSUS

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

PS
10:64
B3F6



Cornell University Library
Ithaca, New York

BOUGHT WITH THE INCOME OF THE
SAGE ENDOWMENT FUND
THE GIFT OF
HENRY W. SAGE

1891

Cornell University Library
PS 1064.B3F6

The foothills of Parnassus.



3 1924 022 058 287



Cornell University
Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

<http://www.archive.org/details/cu31924022058287>

THE FOOTHILLS OF PARNASSUS



THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

NEW YORK · BOSTON · CHICAGO · DALLAS
ATLANTA · SAN FRANCISCO

MACMILLAN & CO., LIMITED

LONDON · BOMBAY · CALCUTTA
MELBOURNE

THE MACMILLAN CO. OF CANADA, LTD.

TORONTO

THE FOOTHILLS OF PARNASSUS

BY
JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

New York
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
1914

All rights reserved

ES

13
29/27/17

w

A.374786

COPYRIGHT, 1914,

BY THE MACMILLAN COMPANY.

Set up and electrotyped. Published February, 1914.

Norwood Press
J. S. Cushing Co. — Berwick & Smith Co.
Norwood, Mass., U.S.A.

To

MARY GRAY BANGS

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE FOOTHILLS OF PARNASSUS	1
IN LYRIC VEIN :	
FOR THE DULL AND DREARY DAY	5
AS TO HONEY	7
ON BEING GOOD	8
COLOR-BLIND	9
TO AN AMERICAN BEAUTY	11
ON A BALMY DAY IN FERRUARY	12
THE HAZARD	13
AS TO LOVE	14
A CHANGE OF HEART	16
A PROTEST	17
MY SHARE	19
AN INFALLIBLE RECEIPT	20
TO A PASSING BREEZE	21
MY DOG	22
THE VERDICT	24
THE INVITATION	25
A HINT TO JULIA	26
THE FISHER-MAIDEN	27
A DREAM	29
MY STORES OF WEALTH	31
SMOKE-RINGS	33

Contents

	PAGE
DAPHNE'S FOOT	34
CUPID: BANKRUPT	35
THE CONSOLERS	37
LOVE, LAUGHTER, AND SONG	39
JUNE	41
THE LITTLE ELFMAN	43
THE ORIGIN OF THE KISS	44
LOVE'S DOMAIN	45
PHYLLIS: DISCIPLINARIAN	46
THE ROAD TO ARCADY	48
THE SONGS OF SPRING	50
 IN LIGHTER STRAIN:	
IN TROUTING TIME	55
THE NEW SPAN	57
THE KATYDIDS	59
ARCHERY	60
YE RIME OF YE KNIGHTLIE COWARD	62
MAUD MULLER	64
THE WISDOM OF THE SPHINX	65
AT THE OPERA	66
A LEAP-YEAR DILEMMA	67
PEGASUS: HIS SINECURE	68
THE END OF THE QUARREL	70
SIGHT SEEING	72
THE PLAINT OF UNCLE EBENEZER	74
INCORPORATED	76
THE WISDOM OF SILAS	78
TO FORTUNE: A PRAYER	80
THE UP-TO-DATE FARMER	81
DIPLOMACY	85
THE WORLD, DR.	89

Contents

	PAGE
THE JUNKMAN	91
FISHIN'	93
ON A STORMY MAY-DAY	95
A-E-I-O-U	96
A CONFESSION	98
A LEGEND OF THE STRAND	99
AS TO LINEAGE	101
THE PRANKSOME MUSES	102
FATE	103
THE SPECIALISTS	104
PHYLLIS AT THE CUSTOM HOUSE	106
THE CURRICULUM OF LOVE	108
 THE DEEPER NOTE :	
THE DEEPER NOTE	113
THE ROSE	114
IN ABSENTIA	115
THE WAITING INSTRUMENT	116
MIRACLES	117
THE DREAMER	118
A LOVE SONG	119
TO TIME	120
BETTER THAN GOLD	121
AS TO YESTERDAY	122
A VISION OF LOSS	123
AS TO OTHER WORLDS	125
MY ALLIES	126
INSPIRATION	128
ON LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY	129
IN JULY	130
THE TASK	131
THE FOUNT OF SONG	132

Contents

	PAGE
THE POET	133
IN THE MONTH OF FEBRUER	134
WHEN SPRING DAYS COME	136
THE LIGHTED WAY	137
THE THIEF	138
“THE HYPOCRETIC DAYS”	139
SIR KINDLY-THOUGHT	140
THE POET’S GRAVE	141
A FIRESIDE FANCY	142
THE JOY OF LIVING	143
TRANSPLANTED	144
THE SOUTHRON MESSENGER	145
MARCH	146
THE ALTERNATIVE	147
A WOODLAND EASTER	148
NATURE’S COMFORTERS	149
THE CATCH	150
THE SUNNY SIDE	151
THE HERITAGE	152
THE SONG OF THE ROSE	154
THE WEALTH OF THE ROAD	155
HUMOR	157
THE LIGHT OF LIGHTS	158
AS TO FEAR	160
THE EVER YOUNG	162
PLODDIN’ ALONG	164
THE GREENER BAY	165
THE JOYS OF RHYME	166
THE SEEING EYE	168
THE GATEWAY	169
THE CROWN OF WASHINGTON	170
THE BLESSED BLIND	171

Contents

	PAGE
TO MARK TWAIN	172
THE AFFINITIES	173
TO THE MUSE IN AUTUMN	174
CUI BONO?	175
SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY	176
AS TO THE LAW	177
'TWIXT FACT AND FANCY	178
MUSIC	179
THANKSGIVING DAY.	180
SERVICE	182
JOY SHARING	183
REPAYMENT	184
MY CREED	185
THE SUMMONS	186
GETTYSBURG FIFTY YEARS AFTER	187
PROFIT AND LOSS	190
ON A RAINY DAY IN A LIBRARY	193
S.O.S.	196

FOR permission to reprint some of the poems contained in this volume the author is indebted to the courtesy of the editors and publishers of *Munsey's Magazine*, *Harper's Magazine*, *The Century Magazine*, *Scribner's Magazine*, *Harper's Weekly*, *St. Nicholas*, and *Life*.

THE FOOTHILLS OF PARNASSUS

I MAY not hope to scale the loftier heights,
Full well I know !
Yet are there foothills with their rare delights,
And slopes below
Whereon a modest singer slight of skill,
And void of art,
May roam, and sing such measures as he will
From out his heart.

About him run the clearly blazoned ways
That still resound
With echoes of the songs that won the bays
Of Poets crowned,
And now and then if he but linger there
His soul may hear
Some note of beauty from those Singers rare
Of Yesteryear !

IN LYRIC VEIN

FOR THE DULL AND DREARY DAY

WHEN the frost is on the heather
And the skies are dark and grim,
And the bleak and wintry weather
Makes the light of Heaven dim,
None the less my soul rejoices,
For I have a little way
Of reserving bits of sunshine
For the dull and dreary day —
 Little bits of sunny hours,
 Little rifts of golden light ;
 Little hints of summer flowers
 Will illumine any night.
 Tiny bits of playful fun-beams
 Will light up your weary way,
 If you'll only save your sun-beams
 For the dull and dreary day !

When the cares of life befall me,
And the clouds above hang low,
There is nothing to appall me
As along my way I go.
Every trouble, every sorrow,
Like the sea-mists fades away
When you've saved your bits of sunshine
For the dull and dreary day —

For the Dull and Dreary Day

Little glints of gleaming treasure,
Little hints of mellow sheen ;
Matters not how small the measure —
Hold the spirit fresh and green.
Little rays like elfin-spun-beams
Full of frolic and of play,
Come to him who saves his sun-beams
For the dull and dreary day !

AS TO HONEY

FOR honey some prefer the bee,
But that is not the kind for me;
Though I admit the bee is fine
When working in the honey line,
And none denies the product's sweet
With tea, and cakes, and bread to eat.

The drop of syrup from the rose,
The sweets the heliotropes disclose,
The luscious drafts from hollyhocks,
From lilac and the golden phlox,
From honeysuckle, violet —
Ambrosial all — and yet — and yet —

When radiant Chloe casts her eye
On me with glances soft and shy,
And then, when no one's near to see,
Turns quickly and — well, kisses me —
No floral sweet the Queen Bee sips
Compares with that of Chloe's lips.

ON BEING GOOD

It is not easy to be good
At all times as one really should.
Temptations lie on every hand
That only saints can well withstand.
E'en though to virtue one's inclined
Old Satan will not stay behind.

One thing, however, is quite sure —
In one Commandment I'm secure
Since Daphne came to live next door
I find it difficult no more —
Stop laughing, Cupid! Naughty Elf! —
To love my neighbor as myself!

COLOR-BLIND

I'm color-blind as I can be.

I know not red from green.

I could not tell an amber sea

From one that's plain marine.

I could not tell you if you asked the color of my ink,

But well I know, though blind I be, that Daphne's
cheek is pink !

When sunset paints the evening skies

In wondrous symphonies,

And all the prism seems to rise

From out the misty seas,

I know not one from t'other, but I need not e'er be told

Despite this awful blindness that my Daphne's hair is
gold !

When autumn comes upon the scene

And with her frosty brush

Turns all the tender summer green

On hedge, and tree, and bush,

To gorgeous, flashing hues that seem by Titian's
genius spread,

I know it not, but I can see that Daphne's lips are red !

Color-Blind

And when the broad and kindly dome
Of heaven rears above,
And speaks of that supernal home
Where dwells eternal love,
They tell me it is azure, and I know they tell me true,
For love dwells deep in Daphne's eyes, and they are
azure too !

TO AN AMERICAN BEAUTY

My love's a rose,
A perfect flower.
Her beauty grows
With every hour.

And when she smiles,
A fragrance rare
My heart beguiles
With visions fair.

And when she pouts
At me forlorn,
I have no doubts
About the thorn !

ON A BALMY DAY IN FEBRUARY

O SLY, light-fingered Febrouaire,
You'll be in trouble soon !
I've watched you with a deal of care,
And seen you lure, purloin, and snare,
A day from May, and here and there
A bit of early June !

THE HAZARD

HE dared not ask a kiss
For fear that she'd not brook it,
But, eager still for bliss,
He boldly went and took it.

And now he's unaware
If she did like or spurn it,
For she, right then and there,
Compelled him to return it !

AS TO LOVE

'Tis said that Love when all is done
Is but "Two Hearts That Beat As One," —
Which I deny, for I have found
When Love to visit me comes round
The moment he comes through the door
He makes my heart beat like ten score,
And even more !

If I were teaching Love at school,
And to define it I were tasked,
I'd say
That 'tis an element, by no means cool,
That comes our way,
Both night and day,
Unsought, unasked,
And as a rule
Makes Man a Hero or a Fool,
And best of all it is so rich
He cares not which !

How shall I know him when we meet ?
Good lack, the answer is complete —
Sunshine or storm
The symptoms are, Heart overwarm,
A shivering spine, and truly Arctic feet !

As to Love

How tell one's Love? Ah, it were well
If so you rest beneath its spell
 To let its gold
 Remain untold,
For Love's a special kind of pelf
That soon or late must tell itself.
Yet if it must be told, why then
Intrust it not to tongue or pen —
The better plan, O Lover faint but true,
Is just to let your two eyes speak for you.

A CHANGE OF HEART

By day a bird I'd be,
And soar the heavens high with songs of glee,
But when the night doth fall,
And dreamy thoughts begin to call,
And birds that sing
Sleep with their heads beneath their wing,
Or in some frigid barn do woo repose
With only wisps of straw to warm their toes,
Or sink to rest
In some unroofed, uncomfortable nest,
I change my mind, and am content to be
Me !

A PROTEST

Hi, Nature ! Here's a word or two,
Flirtatious Dame, I'd have with you
Anent the way you twist and tack
About the patient Almanac,
And disarrange the Zodiac.

On Monday it was winter drear ;
On Tuesday all the atmosphere
Betokened spring, and Wednesday morn,
In minor key, and quite forlorn,
We got a note from autumn's horn.

On Thursday there was summer glow
In sundry breezes that did blow
Across the fields, yet Friday noon
Until the rising of the moon
Once more old winter sang his tune.

On Saturday 'twas spring again,
And I took out my fountain-pen
To write about the vernal pink,
But ere I had a chance to think
Back winter came and froze my ink !

A Protest

Now truly, Madame, I feel hurt
To note how giddily you flirt !
Pray have you heard — or haven't you ? —
That ancient proverb tried and true
About the old love and the new ?

MY SHARE

THE Poet sings her Buckled Shoe —
I much prefer her eyes of blue !

The Poet sings the Cup she sips —
I much prefer her smiling lips !

The Poet sings her Girdle chaste —
I much prefer her lissome waist !

The Poet sings her Locks aglow —
I much prefer the face below !

The Poet glorifies her Glove —
I much prefer the hand of Love !

The Poet hymns her waving Fan —
The cheek behind it suits my plan !

The Poet sings her frills of Lace —
I much prefer their resting place !

So, Poet, take the Fan, the Shoe,
The Laces, and the Girdle too.

Take thou the Gloves, the sweetened Cup —
I give them freely wholly up.

I'll never seek such flimsy pelf
When I can have the Maid herself !

AN INFALLIBLE RECEIPT

I'VE had to-day a pleasant whim
Of how to keep the heart in trim,
And running o'er with purest joy :
One day each week, become a boy !
Drop toil, and trouble, care, and woe,
And back to boyhood once more go —
Unless, perhaps, you chance to be
A woman — then the recipe
Is much the same : give o'er the whirl
Of present things, and be a girl !

TO A PASSING BREEZE

STAY, little Breeze, I prithee stay !
Come snuggle down, no longer stray.
There's sultry days in store for me,
And I would make a trade with thee.
Stay here and serve me in my need
And on sweet rose-leaves you may feed.
I'll keep a silvery stream at hand
To sing to you at your command.
I'll let you hum around the eaves,
Or flirt among the maple-leaves,
And if you'd like to roam at will
Among the pine trees on the hill
You've but to say so — and the bees
Will bring you honey when you please,
If through the summer you will rest
Right here with me, an honored guest,
With naught to do but blow about
Me when the summer sun is out.

MY DOG

I HAVE no dog, but it must be
Somewhere there's one belongs to me —
A little chap with wagging tail,
And dark brown eyes that never quail,
But look you through, and through, and through,
With love unspeakable, but true.

Somewhere it must be, I opine,
There is a little dog of mine
With cold black nose that sniffs around
In search of what things may be found
In pocket, or some nook hard by
Where I have hid them from his eye.

Somewhere my doggie pulls and tugs
The fringes of rebellious rugs,
Or with the mischief of the pup
Chews all my shoes and slippers up,
And when he's done it to the core
With eyes all eager pleads for more.

Somewhere upon his hinder legs
My little doggie sits and begs,
And in a wistful minor tone
Pleads for the pleasures of the bone —
I pray it be his owner's whim
To yield, and grant the same to him.

My Dog

Somewhere a little dog doth wait,
It may be by some garden-gate.
With eyes alert and tail attent —
You know the kind of tail that's meant —
With stores of yelps of glad delight
To bid me welcome home at night.

Somewhere a little dog is seen,
His nose two shaggy paws between,
Flat on his stomach, one eye shut
Held fast in dreamy slumber, but
The other open, ready for
His master coming through the door.

THE VERDICT

PUCK, a-sitting on a hill,
Spied two lovers by the rill,
 Doing things that lovers do
 When their love is fond and true ;
Just a pressure of the hand,
Flash of eyes — you understand.
 Glancing toward the couple, he
 Cried, “What Fools these Mortals be !”

Later on he spied a pair —
Strephon strong, and Phyllis fair ;
 Deep affection in each heart,
 Yet their ways ran far apart.
He'd no courage for the test.
She deemed coldness for the best.
 Puck observed, impatiently :
 “O what Fools these Mortals be !”

I don't know what can be done
For to please this jeering one.
 If we do or if we don't ;
 If we will or if we won't ;
Spite of how we play the game
Still the verdict is the same.
 Hard to such a Fate to bow —
 Guess we're all Fools anyhow !

THE INVITATION

COME, Phyllis, to the countryside
As Strephon and his Chloe hied
Let you and I
Now quickly hie ;
And there, amid the clover gay,
And the wild-flowers on the way,
Beneath the green of arching trees,
To the rare music of the breeze,
Mixed with the songs of happy birds,
And the far crooning of the herds,
The sunbeams in their golden rout
All playing joyously about,
With all the scene
A-glint with sparkle and with sheen,
I'll show you how the true Bee sips
His honey from the Rose's lips,
And with their sweets
His bliss completes.
You be the Rose, and I, you see, —
Well, Phyllis dear, I'll be the Bee !

A HINT TO JULIA

“When as in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then methinks how sweetly flows
The liquefaction of her clothes.”

— HERRICK.

WHEN as in silks MY Julia goes,
Adorned with costly furbelows,
The which add to her stately air
And make her fairest of the fair,
My heart beats high, and I confess
To deep and passionate distress.
But all the same I turn aside —
I can't afford so rich a bride !

For pressing economic laws
Conspire to give my passion pause.
The cost of living is so great
I can't afford the wedded state,
When plus the rent, the bread, the milk,
I'd have to pay for all that silk —
But I'd propose if Julia'd go
For just a while in calico !

“The liquefaction” 's fair to see,
But “liquidation” bothers me !

THE FISHER-MAIDEN

I SAW a maid down by the sea,
And she was fishing merrily.
Her eye was blue, her cheek was fair,
The glint of sun lay in her hair ;
She cast her hook with jocund air,
 And laughed with glee
At all the fish that were to be.

 And I laughed too,
 For well I knew
No fish were in that special cove
Wherein she sought her treasure-trove ;
For maids had fished that spot before,
 For years galore,
And ne'er a fin had e'er emerged
From where those waters ebbed and surged.

I laughed at the futility
Of fishing thusly in that sea,
 And as my roar
 Broke on the shore
She turned and cast at me a glance —
'Twas now direct, and now askance —
 And then and there
 That maid so fair
That fished with such a jocund air,

The Fisher-Maiden

Made such a catch
As you would find it hard to match ;
For don't you see
The fish she caught was simple ME !

MORAL :

Don't laugh at maids down by the sea
If they be fishing fishlessly,
Lest it shall chance by some odd crook
Of Fate yourself shall get the hook,
And more or less
Land in a mess,
As I did there
The while she fished with jocund air
And let the warm sun kiss her hair !

A DREAM

DREAMED last night that Washington,
Hamilton and Jefferson,
 Came to visit me.
Lincoln came along likewise —
O those grave and kindly eyes ! —
 With the other three.

I was much disturbed at first
In such company immersed.
 Knew not what to say.
Seemed as though the gods had come
On a visit to my home.
 Wondered if they'd stay.

Felt as if four statues great
Full of pomp and regal state
 Sat about the room.
Got as nervous as a cat
Wondering what they were at —
 Soul was full of gloom.

But as moments passed along
Felt my spirits growing strong.
 Mr. Lincoln laughed.
Hamilton joked Washington,
Washington joked Jefferson ;
 Each the other chaffed.

A Dream

Lincoln slapped me on the back.
Hamilton gave me a whack.

Washington he grinned.
Jefferson got off a joke ;
Gave my ribs a gentle poke
As we sat and chinned.

Finally, when it was o'er,
And they vanished from my door,
He of Valley Forge,
As he put his chapeau on
Winked, and whispered, "By-by, John !"
I said, "Good-bye, George !"

Sort of felt that that queer dream
Gave my soul a pleasant gleam
Through the mists that blind,
Really great men after all
Live not on a pedestal
Far above their kind ;

Live not from their kin aloof
Using heaven for a roof,
Full of pomp and fuss,
But are full as they can be
Of a real Humanity
Like the rest — of us !

MY STORES OF WEALTH

I RECKONED up my wealth last night,
And found, to my surprise,
That I'm a millionaire all right,
Though maybe in disguise.
To look at me, I must confess,
No person sane would ever guess
I ranked among the wights that hold
A wondrous store of gold.

The list of my securities ?
Well, first of all put down
A taste for the simplicities —
Possession rare in town.
I get along on simple things,
And care naught for the pomp of Kings,
And in the quietest of ways
Prefer to pass my days.

Next I've abundant appetite ;
Digestion strong and good,
And three times daily take delight
In sitting at my food —
The which a billionaire I know
Would pay a million down or so
If he could have it for himself
Instead of all his pelf.

My Stores of Wealth

And finally one item small
With sparkling eyes of brown
Who shares with me what may befall
If Fortune smile or frown ;
Who bids me never to repine
Whatever pain or care be mine,
And daily makes me Master of
A blesséd world of Love !

SMOKE-RINGS

WHEN Phyllis took up cigarettes
I must confess to some regrets
To see the smoke-clouds float above
Those lips so fit for deeds of love ;
And for awhile, let me admit,
I fussed and fumed about a bit,
And prayed by all the smiling stars
She'd never take up strong cigars.

But as I watched the airy grace
With which she smoked, and how her face
Lit up with joy when fairy rings
Went flying off on misty wings ;
And noted too how daintily
She rolled a cigarette for me,
I ceased to fuss, and fume, and choke,
And let my wrath go up in smoke.

And now together as we stray
Along life's pleasant primrose way
We send forth little rings that rise
In linked chains up to the skies —
One ring from her, one ring from me,
Thus are they linked alternately —
A token proving with what art
We've each acquired the "Smoker's Heart."

DAPHNE'S FOOT

FAIR Daphne's foot's a dainty thing,
Like those the poets used to sing.
So small is it you'd hardly dream
It had sufficient breadth of beam
To bear the weight, however slight,
'Twas made to carry, day and night.

When out upon the ball-room floor
You see it gayly tripping o'er
The polished surface in the dance,
You wonder greatly if perchance
The elfin fairies of the moon
Have not prepared her dancing shoon.

When o'er the cold bleak pave it goes
'Mid hustling throngs, and drifting snows,
You stand aghast that such a rare
And fragile thing should venture there,
And as it nears the crossing's edge
You tremble at such sacrilege !

But O that foot ! What things I've said !
What thoughts unspeakable and dread —
When to the Opera I'm inclined,
And Daphne sitting just behind
Inserts her toe 'neath where I sit
And all unthinking wiggles it !

CUPID: BANKRUPT

'Tis sad, sad news I heard to-day —
Dan Cupid's fled the town ;
His bank has closed, and in the fray
Of failure has gone down.

For years poor Danny's kept the place,
And honored every bill
From men of every creed and race
Presented at his till.

But now the bank has closed its doors —
A scene of misery ;
And Cupid's skipped to other shores
In hopeless bankruptcy.

He had a vast reserve of love
Hid safely in his vault ;
There never was suggestion of
A possible default.

He owned a mine of richest ore —
True eighteen carat stuff —
And none who ever glimpsed the store
Could doubt he had enough.

Cupid: Bankrupt

But I, alas, yes, it was I
Who wrecked our banker fair;
It is a fact I can't deny —
I wrought that ruin there.

For when I first glimpsed Polly's eyes,
And fell beneath their sway,
I drew a draft of such a size
He simply couldn't pay!

THE CONSOLERS

WHEN Mistress Mab averts her eyes
And turns her face away from me,
And views with an assumed surprise
My heart's impetuosity,
I do not sit apart and mope,
And yield to fruitless lamentation
Like one bereft of every hope,
For Phyllis is my consolation.

When Phyllis looks with cold disdain
Upon my wooing, and avers
All hope to win her hand is vain
Because some other she prefers,
You'll find me not downcast with woe,⁷
A sufferer from love's prostration;
I merely take my hat and go
To Daphne for my consolation.

And then when Daphne tells me nay —
She likes me well, but that is all,
And hopes that in a friendly way
I'll still keep up my weekly call,
Think you I sit around and grieve
The finish of that sweet flirtation?
Not I! I run around to Eve
To find my meed of consolation.

The Consolers

When Eve denies she ever meant
To give me reason to suppose
She ever loved to such extent
She'd share my daily joys and woes,
No tears ooze from these eyes of mine,
Nor do I yield to dissipation,
I seek out Susan's eyes divine
And in them find my consolation.

So runs the tale. When dainty Sue
Frowns on my suit no dull regret
Fills up my days, for there are Prue,
And Maude, and Polly, and Babette,
And Jane, and Sarah, Betsy and
A never-ending congregation.
God placed fair maids on every hand
To fill the world with consolation.

LOVE, LAUGHTER, AND SONG

I'm going to laugh, I'm going to laugh,
I'm going to laugh,
Ha-ha !

E'en though the harvest be but chaff,
I'm going to laugh,
Ha-ha !

For laughter fills the heart with joy,
And kills the troubles that annoy,
And brings to age hopes of the boy —
Ha-ha !

I'm going to sing, I'm going to sing,
I'm going to sing,
Tra-la !

In face of sneer, and jeer, and fling,
I'm going to sing,
Tra-la !

For numbers rout the hosts of wrong,
And fill the spirit with a throng
Of joyous thoughts the whole day long —
Tra-la !

I'm going to love, I'm going to love,
I'm going to love
Always,

Love, Laughter, and Song

And thus I'll win life's treasure-trove —
I'm going to love
For aye!

For love spreads sunshine through the air,
And shields the soul from pain and care,
And spreads joy's largesse everywhere
We stray.

Love, song, and mirth — these are the three
Great blessings of this earth for me,
And that is why the whole day long
I love, and laugh, and sing my song!

JUNE

JUNE'S a-comin'! June's a-comin'! Comin' right
along!

I can hear the bees a-hummin' chock-a-block with song!
I can hear the birds a-floppin',
And the rosy buds a-poppin',
While the blossoms white are droppin'
In a snowy throng!

I can hear the bells a-ringin' in the steeples high
Tellin' how young Love's a-wingin', laughter in his eye,
As the brides and grooms a-smilin'
Walk the primrose way beguillin',
In their dreams of bliss a-whilin'
Honeyed hours by!

On the pike the tramps are trampin', void of every care,
Ready for whatever campin' turns up anywhere.
All around the lambs are blattin'
Like a lot o' kids a-chattin',
And as soft as fairy satin
Grows the mornin' air!

Dearest June I want to tell yer, you're the best there be!
When I see, or even smell yer, soul is full o' glee!
And no single day that passes
But the thought o' greenin' grasses,
Lovin' lads, and lovin' lasses,
Thrills the heart o' me!

June

Love's the word, and Love's the token, burden of our
tune;

Trademark ever true, unbroken, mornin', night, an'
noon. •

Love, and Life, and merry Laughter,

Echoin' through wood and rafter —

Naught before, ner nothin' after

Ever touches June !

✓

THE LITTLE ELFMAN

I MET a little Elfman once,
Down where the lilies blow.
I asked him why he was so small,
And why he didn't grow.

He slightly frowned, and with his eye
He looked me through and through —
"I'm just as big for me," said he,
"As you are big for you !"

THE ORIGIN OF THE KISS

HE saw her lips and deemed them roses fair.

A flower he strove to pluck, and it was this —

I have it from a fairy who was there

And saw it all while peeping from his lair —

Gave first to man that perfect flower of bliss

The Lover's kiss !

LOVE'S DOMAIN

FOR Government Republics I would choose,
Wherein the Star of Liberty doth shine ;
Where equal rights for all are all men's dues,
And every man's a King by right divine !

But when it comes to Love — Autocracy !
Avaunt, ye Brotherhoods ! Ye are but vain !
No equal rights in Chloe's heart for me —
I'd be the Czar of all that fair demesne !

PHYLLIS: DISCIPLINARIAN

PHYLLIS hath the strangest way
When from rectitude I stray
Into some by-path of sin
Of bestowing discipline.

Not a syllable of blame !
Not a scorching glance of flame !
Not a word, and not a look
Comes to summon me to book —

But, alas — oh, how it burns ! —
Straight to otherward she turns,
And for all that I can see
Never seems aware of me.

It is quite as though I were
In a world apart from her ;
On some planet void of mirth
Countless leagues away from earth.

Or as if — if there at all —
I were such an atom small
That nobody'd be aware
Of the fact that I was there.

Phyllis : Disciplinarian

Then, when I wax penitent,
'Neath this lashing punishment,
Her forgiveness is so sweet
That my lapse I oft repeat !

*'Tis so blissful being shriven
That I sin to be forgiven !*

THE ROAD TO ARCADY

Now tell me where is Arcady, is Arcady, is Arcady !
Now tell me where is Arcady, for that is where I'd be !

Is it beyond that golden line
That dazzles so these eyes of mine,
Far o'er the western sea ?
Or is it over yonder height
Whereon the sun is gleaming bright,
And smiling happily ?

*I've sought it, O this many a year —
I've sought it far, I've sought it near,
In days of joy, in days of drear —
My well-beloved Arcady !*

O Pilgrim fair to Arcady, to Arcady, to Arcady,
O Pilgrim unto Arcady, I'll point the way to thee !
Seek thou two deeply sparkling eyes
With hues as soft as summer skies,
And full of love and glee.
Two eyes that sparkle with delight,
And at your coming glisten bright
And twinkle merrily.

*For in their depths you'll find the way
To golden scenes and pastures gay,
To bowers where the love-birds play
In an enchanted Arcady !*

The Road to Arcady

O traveller to Arcady, to Arcady, to Arcady,
O traveller to Arcady, take heart indeed from me !

The road to Arcady is not
Along some dusty highway hot,
And full of misery ;
'Tis not a pathway drear, forlorn,
With weary stretch, and full of thorn,
Beyond some distant sea.

*But where there's love 'twixt man and maid,
A love that cannot die, nor fade,
You'll find the golden highway laid
That leads to Arcady !*

THE SONGS OF SPRING

I

THE silver brook came babbling down
From yonder hill-top's snowy crown,
And as he danced along
He filled the air with song ;
Right merrily
He sang, and thus sang he :
"The spring is here !
The path is clear
For me to course my way
Thro' woodland shade,
And ferny glade,
And o'er the mosses play ;
To dance and prank
Thro' flowery bank,
Down to the river free.
My heart's elate,
For there doth wait
The bride who loveth me,
Who'll sing
The gladsome songs of spring !"

II

The happy bird came flying North ;
Out of the Southland came he forth,

The Songs of Spring

And as he winged his way
He sang his roundelay.

Right joyously

He sang, and thus sang he :

“The spring hath come,

And winter numb

Hath sought his arctic home.

The cherry-tree

Hath sweets for me,

And blossoms frolicsome.

The forests deep

So long asleep

Now echo to the rhyme

Of chaps like me

Who've longed to see

The joyous Mating-time,

And sing

The gladsome songs of spring !”

III

The little bud came peeping out

To see what it was all about,

And when he spied the sky

His song went rising high.

Right daintily

He sang, and thus sang he :

“The days are soft,

The sun's aloft,

And soon will come the May.

The Songs of Spring

In dainty hues
In pinks and blues
We'll decorate her way.
With burgeoning
Of petalled wing,
We'll make her pathway sweet.
We'll fill the air
With fragrance rare
Of roses at her feet,
And sing
The gladsome songs of spring !”

IN LIGHTER STRAIN

IN TROUTING TIME

Now what care I for politics
And all their mad and foolish tricks,
And demagogic spouting ?
We've reached the time of year so glad
When men can drop the woe and gad
Of daily cares and go, my lad,
With rod and reel a-trouting !

Let business cares be what they may,
Let happen what may hap to-day
In all this world of doubting —
I have no care, for free am I
To take my rod, my reel, and fly,
And to the distant rilletts hie
To ease my soul in trouting !

Prue may be cross, and Bess unkind,
But naught I care ! I shall not mind
Their frowning and their pouting.
But from the social whirl I'll slip
And to the vales and hillsides skip,
And pool, and pond, and brooklet whip,
In gay and joyous trouting.

The rod, the reel, the hook, the line,
And leafy ways and fish for mine !

In Troutng Time

I'm off upon my outing,
'Mid byways peaceful and serene
Up in the hills so softly green
Where trouble never shows his mien
The while I'm at my trouting !

THE NEW SPAN

“Scientists now declare that the ultimate span of man’s years will be a hundred and fifty.”—Daily Paper.

If this the truth turns out to be
O what a lot of things we’ll see
’Twixt now and mid-next-century !
A subway built to Liverpool
Beneath the ocean deep and cool,
All made of glass that we may view
The mysteries beneath the blue !

An air-ship running to the moon
Where lovers all may go to spoon,
Its climate always May or June !
And possibly a branch to Mars,
And all the other smiling stars,
And for the chaps a-motoring
A speedway built on Saturn’s Ring !

New patent wings that we may fly
At will across the spreading sky,
Far up above the mountains high,
Without a fear we’ll bump our nose
Upon the peaks, or stub our toes
On jagged cliffs, or glacial heights —
A pastime glad for summer nights !

The New Span

Cares all abolished ! Woe a dearth !
And for a nation full of mirth,
UNITED STATES OF ALL THE EARTH !
And all the navies of the world
Beneath the Red Cross Flag unfurled,
Devoted to the Fresh Air Tots,
Whose hard-worked parents own no yachts !

A time that's glad, a time that's good —
A Universal Brotherhood,
When nobody's misunderstood !
A sort of general Christmas-tide,
With just Good Will on every side —
If these are things that are to be,
Bring on the years ! They'll do for me !

THE KATYDIDS

I WISH some Sage, some Philosophic Cid,
With knowledge of the facts, or some invention,
Would tell us what it was that Katy did
That causes all this eventide contention.
It must have been some very awful thing,
Some naughty deed of wickedness immortal,
The way the Dame's posterity doth sing
About it every eve around my portal.

At set of sun th' affirmatives begin,
Yet bring no evidence to help the trial.
Then t'other side for the defence put in
An everlasting chorus of denial.
And so it goes. They keep it up all night,
All thoughts of rest, or hope of verdict scorning,
With ne'er an end of any kind in sight
When routed from the forum by the morning.

It seems to me a foolish sort of row,
And sad to see so many thousands nettled,
When if we knew the charge perhaps somehow
It might be compromised or wholly settled.
At any rate I'm full of charity,
And all the shrieking crew can count upon it
Until the charge and proofs are brought to me
I shan't believe that Katy ever "done" it !

ARCHERY

“ARCHERY’S come in again !”

So the Sporting Writers shout.
I should like to know just when
Archery was ever out.
Long as I have been alive
Archers bold and archers fair
Have been ruthless with the drive
Of their arrows everywhere.

There is Polly — archery
Is her best accomplishment.
Scores a bull’s-eye clear and free
Every time her bow is bent.
True, an arrow seldom flies
When the lady snaps the chord —
She just merely lifts her eyes
And the hit is duly scored.

Then Myrtila — you should see
Fair Myrtila take a shot !
Makes her hits three out of three,
Not a miss in all the lot.
Myrtle’s arrows they are smiles,
Sped to pierce the human heart —
She, like Polly, uses wiles
Substituted for the dart.

Archery

Daphne too is champion
In the arts of archery.
She's a marvel on the run
Where the best of archers be.
Not a target in the world
But doth score when Daphne shoots,
Though no arrow e'er is hurled —
Glances are her substitutes.

'Ware these archer maids, O man !
They are too expert for you.
Watch and ward you if you can,
For their aim is deadly true.
You may think yourself the "beau"
In this little shooting game,
But you'll find before you know
You're the target just the same !

YE RIME OF YE KNIGHTLIE COWARD

“I WILL never love a coward !” quoth the Lady fair and bright.

“Then you’ll never love at all, Ma’am,” answered her the doughty Knight.

“Sometimes we know not where or when
You’ll surely find the best of men
 His back against the wall !
His noble heart distraught with fear,
The cry of foemen in his ear,
Who fights with savage lunge and leer
Because he feels that death is near
 And does not dare to fall !

“Sometimes we know not when or where
The coward lurks beneath the air
 Of knightliest cavalier.
Whatever things he seems to dare
Spring not from courage, tried and rare,
But that some doubting lady fair
 May not suspect his fear.

“The wight who never feared a space
Belongs not to the human race.
He never lost, he never won ;
Great deeds of might he may have done,

Ye Rime of Ye Knightlie Coward

But no achievement of the heart
Has ever fallen to his part ;
And no one enters perfect bliss
Who has not tasted cowardice,
As I now taste it, standing here,
Too cowardly, too filled with fear,
To throw Love's gauntlet down and dare
Your Ladyship, so loved, so fair,
To pick it up and face with me
The Tourney of What Is To Be !”

Whereon the Lady, 'spite of what she'd said
Herself the gauntlet threw straight at his head,
And later on, I'm told, they twain were wed.

“The way it came about,” quoth she, “was this :
None but the Brave confess to Cowardice ;
And I have always prayed my Lord might be
A Knight to others, but — afraid of me !”

MAUDE MULLER

MAUDE MULLER on a summer's day
Out in the meadows raked away.

The Judge came by just as of yore,
But when he gazed the meadows o'er

In search of Maude, so sweetly fair,
Was not aware that she was there,

And so with spirits much cast down
Kept sadly on his way to town.

The trouble was, the maid's new hat
She wore that day out on the flat

Loomed up so large both front and back
The Judge mistook it for a stack,

And never knew the lady gay
Was not another load of hay.

THE WISDOM OF THE SPHINX

I SOUGHT the Sphinx and asked advice
On how to woo a heart of ice.
She sat in silent majesty
And ne'er a word vouchsafed to me,
But with a cold and vacant stare
In frigid stillness rested there ;
But soon her answer cleft my pate —
Her pose replied, "IN PATIENCE WAIT !"

"How shall I circumvent," quoth I,
"The rival who is always nigh,
And fills my anxious soul with fear
Lest he shall win what I hold dear ?"
I pleaded hard, and still the same
Deep silence for my portion came ;
Yet soon I saw, to my delight,
The answer was, "SIT TIGHT ! SIT TIGHT !"

Again, encouraged, I drew near
And whispered in the Sphinx's ear :
"What need I most to win Babette,
On whom my dotting heart is set ?
What quality of strengthful men
Must I acquire to hope again ?"
Her glance went speeding o'er the land,
And there I found my answer — "SAND !"

AT THE OPERA

AYE, truth you speak, and I the words repeat —
The music at the Opera was sweet.
I've listened to the lowing of the herds,
I've sat enthralled by measures of the birds.
I've heard the lilt that penetrates the vale
When falling twilight spurs the Nightingale
To songs as sweet as ever those that ring
Through Heaven's streets when happy Angels sing.

Yet none of these hath ever seemed so rare
As those sweet measures, tuneful past compare,
That fell upon my listening ears last night,
And filled my soul with rapture and delight.
What Opera was it? Well, I cannot say
If it were Wagner, Verdi, or Bizet —
The music I refer to was the chime
Of Daphne's voice a-babbling all the time.

A LEAP-YEAR DILEMMA

Now what the dickens shall I do ?
I bring my cry for help to you —
On every side deep woe besets ;
My heart runs over with regrets,
For I'm the kind of chap, I trow,
That never learned to answer "No !"

Whate'er a maiden asks of me,
No matter what the favor be,
I always promptly answer "YES,"
And hence hath risen my distress —
Distress indeed of such a kind
That it has nearly wrecked my mind.

Last week I called on fair Babette,
On Susan, Bess, and dear Janette ;
On Genevieve, Matilda, Jane,
Priscilla, Prue, and Madeleine ;
And — how my poor heart whirls and whirrs —
EACH MAIDEN ASKED ME TO BE HERS !

'Twas "YES" to Bab, and "YES" to Prue ;
'Twas "YES" to Genevieve and Sue ;
'Twas "YES" to Madeleine, and "YES"
To Jane, Priscilla, Mat, and Bess —
And quite a dozen others too —
O what the dickens shall I do !

PEGASUS: HIS SINECURE

I MET old Pegasus to-day
While circling through the air ;
He seemed as frisky and as gay
As when the gods were there.
His sides were sleek, his eye was keen,
His mane was freshly groomed ;
His stride and sweep were just as clean
As when Parnassus bloomed.

I hailed him with a deal of joy,
For Pegasus and I,
Long years ago when I, a boy,
Aspired to soar the sky,
Were on good terms, and now and then
He'd tiptoe in at night
And take me from the realms of men
On some romantic flight.

"Dear Pegasus !" I gayly cried.
"My good old friend of yore,
In all your glory and your pride
You glad my eyes once more !
I feared you dead, or even worse,
Dear Pegasus, alack,
To judge from sundry modern verse
Hitched to some shabby hack !

Pegasus: His Sinecure

“I feared perhaps like steeds below,
Once sturdy, strong, and fleet,
You’d come upon those days of woe
That proved you obsolete ;
No longer driven by the hand
Of singers temerous
Whose labors in this day demand
An Auto-Pegasus !”

“Neigh ! Neigh !” he whinnied with a smile.
“I’m happy as can be.
I’ve got a new job of a style
That suits me to a T.
I’m stationed on these airy lanes —
A fairly easy berth —
To tow the stranded Aeroplanes
Back to the solid earth !”

THE END OF THE QUARREL

I PASSED her by with noisy tread,
But she, she never raised her head,
But read, and read, and read, and read.

She'd turn the pages o'er and o'er,
And on each printed line she'd pore
As if she'd never read before.

I hemmed, and coughed, and hummed an air ;
I sneezed, and stamped, and scraped my chair
To intimate that I was there.

But ne'er a glance gave she to me.
She simply read on steadily,
As wholly rapt as rapt could be.

And then I spoke, "My dearest Prue,"
Said I, "if I've offended you
I'm sorry, and if I but knew —"

She raised her head and with a glance
As distant as the coast of France —
The kind the poets call askance —

"Excuse me, sir," she said, so cold
I feared that I'd been overbold,
"I'm reading. I've no wish to scold —"

The End of the Quarrel

And then despite her angry frown
My laughter almost reached the town —
The book she held was upside down !

What I got then it were remiss
To set down in a verse like this ;
But it was sweet and rhymed with “bliss” !

SIGHT SEEING

I CLIMBED a tree so high one day
I saw around the world.
I saw the Bay of old Biscay,
And Spanish flags unfurled.
My vision wandered o'er the snow
And ice of Alpine peaks,
Then sought the tempered vales below
And lingered 'mongst the Greeks.

I looked across the broad Black Sea,
Past mountains of Thibet ;
And further to the Siamee,
And China's ocean wet.
Mine eye passed o'er the Philippines
To Honolulu fair,
And thence unto the lovely greens
Nigh Pasadena rare.

Thence eastward o'er the Rockies to
The Mississippi's shores,
Chicago next, then Buffalo,
Past where Niagara roars.
Across the State of York I peered
Through Adirondack spruce.
By Utica's green places veered,
Thence on to Syracuse.

Sight Seeing

Next Albany, and rare Cohoes,
Thence onward to the font
Whence doughty Ethan Allen rose,
The green hills of Vermont ;
Across New Hampshire's peaks so tall
My vision homeward sped,
And there, most welcome sight of all,
THE BACK OF MY OWN HEAD !

THE PLAINT OF UNCLE EBENEZER

I'm sort of tired of things that is ;
They're lackin' somewhat as to fizz.
There ain't no ginger in life's jar
With things a-goin' as they are.
The fault may be with me, and then
It may be otherwise again —
I ain't a-tryin' to fix no blame
Becuz all tastes about the same.

Howe'er it be I wish we might
Find things reversed a bit some night,
So that instead of as they be
They'd work towards the contrary.
I'd like to see some mountain rill
Have spunk enough to flow up hill,
So that old Nature might be shown
It had opinions of its own.

I'd like to see the settin' sun
Out in the East when day is done,
Just as a hint when goin' to bed
To prove it wasn't bigoted.
I'd like to hear a bull-frog sing
Like Nightingales upon the wing
Instead of that eternal "chunk"
With which he seeks his swampy bunk.

The Plaint of Uncle Ebenezer

A cat that barks ; a dog that miaows,
And when it comes to milkin' cows
'Twould cheer me up to get a pail
Of lemonade or ginger-ale ;
And if the bucket in the well
Would give up watter for a spell
And bring me up some fresh root-beer
There'd be no kick a-comin' here.

'Tain't discontent that's vexin' me
With life so everlastin'ly
But just a sort o' parchin' thirst
To get a peek at things reversed.
They've been the same so very long
A change would strike me pretty strong,
And though I'm makin' no complaint
For once I'd like 'em as they ain't !

INCORPORATED

SHE said on Monday she'd be mine
Forever and for aye.

On Tuesday with a smile divine
She said the same to Jay.

On Wednesday eve this maiden fair
Our hearts were set upon
Gave up a tress of golden hair
To pledge her troth to John.

On Thursday Reginald came by,
And late on Thursday night
With softly whispered, loving sigh
She made his future bright.

On Friday James appeared, and she
Just as to us before
With beaming eyes declared she'd be
His own forevermore.

On Saturday 'twas Abraham
Who won her much-sought hand,
Although that morn she'd promised Sam
To meet him on the sand ;
And Sunday evening after church
Beneath the lunar glim
She promised rich old Billy Birch
That she'd be true to him.

Incorporated

And that is why we swains have met
Down by the summer sea
There in the damp and sodden wet
To form a Company —
To form THE PRUDENCE SYNDICATE,
And float a million shares,
A market for them to create
Amongst the millionaires.

Our Assets, one small bit of fluff
With mighty “taking” ways,
And hand that seems quite big enough
For sixty fiancés —
Step up, all ye who wish to win
A roomy heart and true,
And buy a block of “Common” in
AMALGAMATED PRUE!

THE WISDOM OF SILAS

FAITH? That's sure believin'
Things that look deceivin',
And their ways behoovin'
Though they can't be proven.

HOPE? That is a feelin'
That comes o'er ye stealin'
In the midst o' sorrer
You'll be gay tomorrer.

CHARITY? That's givin'
Suthin' of your livin'
To some one or other
Like he was your Brother.

VIRTUE? That is suthin'
That don't bring ye nuthin'
But a pleasant i-dee
That you're boney-fidee.

LOVE? That's suthin' funny,
Sort o' bright and sunny,
That comes up and nabs ye
When the right gal grabs ye.

The Wisdom of Silas

If ye get these five 'uns,
Keep 'em good and live 'uns,
Sure as I'm a sinner
You'll come out a winner !

TO FORTUNE: A PRAYER

HEAR, O Fortune, prithee hear —
To my pleading lend an ear :
I come asking not for gold
More than can my coffers hold ;
I seek not a bank-account
Of a fabulous amount ;
Jewels brilliant, gems galore,
I have little liking for !
I don't want of *£. s. d.*
So much that 'twill worry me ;
Acres broad, and real estate,
Vaults all bulging with the weight
Of the bonds of steel and oil
For which countless thousands toil.
Stocks that rise and stocks that fall
Don't appeal to me at all —
But the burden of my prayer
Is ENOUGH, and some to spare !

Give me this, with Love, and Song,
And I guess I'll get along.

THE UP-TO-DATE FARMER

HE was a farmer up to date. He knew each why and how.

He had pink ribbons on his gate, and straw hats for each cow.

He also had a Morris chair a-fastened to his plough.

He had a phonograph to call the wandering kine at e'en,
And all the grass upon his lawns was freshly painted
green —

A greener place than his I don't believe was ever seen.

Upon the scarecrow in the field he placed a beaver hat,
And on its feet were brand-new boots, each covered
with a spat;

And where the scarecrow's stomach was looked prosperous and fat.

The farm-hands all wore jackets red, and worked with
polished hoes,

And in the lapel of each coat was placed a Beauty Rose,
And little coons held parasols to shade each worker's
nose.

The wheels of all his whirring wains were tied to
gramophones

The Up-to-Date Farmer

That sounded pretty waltzes, 'stead of noisy creaks
and groans
When straining o'er the country roads of thank-ye-
marms and stones.

At eve when sunset's lovely glow made all the sky a
prism
He called the farm-hands with a horn and kept them
free of schism
With little talks on "Simple Life," "Sunshine," and
"Pragmatism."

His horses he provided all with bedsteads made of brass,
And every pillow 'neath their heads was made of fresh-
cut grass,
And those that couldn't sleep were lulled to rest with
laughing-gas.

The pigs were scrubbed with Silver Dust, and white-
washed white as snow,
And in each pen hung copies of rare paintings by
Rousseau,
With here and there a Whistler, or a lithographed Corot.

His sheep were never sheared at all — marcelled was
every hair,
And every ram upon the place had quite a polished
air —
By proper treatment e'en a goat becomes quite
debonair.

The Up-to-Date Farmer

The bulls were up on etiquette, and if by day or night
You met them strolling in the fields were ever most
polite —

I don't believe Lord Chesterfield was a more charming
sight.

And so with everything he had. This farmer up to
date

Had things as fine as fine could be from barn-yard to
the gate —

His hay-scales e'en were covered with a wash of nickel-
plate.

And though he seldom raised a bean, potato, or a
pea,

He waxed as fat and prosperous as one could wish to
be

Who tried to live the farmer's life, as did his wife and
he;

For thousands came from far and wide, on foot, by
train, a-wheel,

To see this wondrous farm of his, if it was truly real —
And these he charged ten dollars for a thirty-five cent
meal,

Until his coffers waxed as fat as those of Mr. Guelph —
He simply rolled in silver, gold, and other kinds of
pelf —

If so you don't believe it figure out the thing yourself.

The Up-to-Date Farmer

And then besides he added much each month unto his
means

By writing articles on BEETS, and THORNLESS LIMA
BEANS,

The which were snapped up eagerly, and used by
magazines.

From all of which I gather in a general sort of way
Those folks are talking foolishly who rise them up to
say

In accents full of sympathy that Farming doesn't pay.

DIPLOMACY

IF you know a little lady
With a tongue that's rather tart,
And a liking for the shady
Bits of gossip of the mart,
And she tells a tale about you
That she knows to be untrue,
Causing many folks to doubt you,
What is it that you should do?

No! You mustn't use the phrases you would use about
a man.

Turn and sound the lady's praises just as loudly as you
can.

Never call a dame "SAPPHIRA!" Such a course
would hardly pay.

'Twill be heaping coals to fire her, should you say:

"She is gifted with that elusive charm that is sometimes found in a woman endowed by Nature with a constitutional infirmity of verbal purpose."

Put it neatly, and discreetly,
Put it sweetly, with an air

Diplomacy

That you're saying something pleasant of your enemy
so fair.

Put it nicely, and concisely,
Put it wisely — with a twist —
And you'll gain a reputation as a great Diplomatist !

If you have a Taxicabby
With a granite sort of face,
And a muscle far from flabby,
As is frequently the case,
And he charges you a dollar
For a quarter mile or two,
And you feel you ought to holler —
What's the thing for you to do ?

No ! You mustn't use the phrases you would use to
smaller fry.

Chaps with such peculiar faces are a menace to the eye.
Never call the cabby "LOAFER !" Such a course
would hardly pay —

It will freeze that pirate Chauffeur should you say :

*" Really, my good sir, I had sup-
posed that Ali Baba and his Forty
Pals had passed over the Great Divide.
When did you all return ? "*

Put it neatly, and discreetly,
Put it sweetly, with an air

Diplomacy

That you're saying something pleasant — THEN FORGET
TO PAY YOUR FARE !

Do it chicly, politic-ly,
Fading quickly from his fist,
And you'll gain a reputation as a great Diplomatist !

If your friend has penned a novel
That you know is very bad,
There's no need to go and grovel
Just to make the fellow glad.
When he asks you if you like it,
And you wish to tell him true
That he really ought to hike it
Up the literary flue —

No! You mustn't use the phrases you would use to
give the hook

In the ordinary cases to a dull and stupid book.

Do not call his novel "DRIVEL!" Such a course
would hardly pay.

It will be a deal more civil should you say :

*" Yes, Henry, I've read your novel,
and by the way, while on that subject,
did you ever think of taking up
plumbing as a profession? They
tell me it is very profitable."*

Put it neatly, and discreetly,
Put it sweetly, with an air

Diplomacy

That you're saying something pleasant to a genius
rather rare.

Put it gently, innocently,

Incident'ly, hit or missed,

And you'll gain a reputation as a great Diplomatist !

THE WORLD, DR.

THE World owed me my share of bread,
My meed of joy and pleasure.
It owed me roof, and chair, and bed,
My share likewise of leisure.
It owed me clothing for my back,
And cash wherewith to fund it,
So I went out upon its track,
And night and day I dunned it.

With brain, and brawn, and energy,
My powers all releasing,
I dunned it on the land and sea,
With labor all unceasing.
I dunned it with the sweat of brow,
No chances ever scorning.
My hand was ever at the plough
With each recurrent morning.

No matter where the world lay hid
I constantly pursued it,
And what man could do that I did —
I threatened it and wooed it.
The debt it owed all fully paid
I constantly demanded,
Nor would I ever be gainsaid
When Mr. World seemed stranded.

The World, Dr.

The food was there, the joy was there ;
 The roof, the bed, the table,
And cash enough, and some to spare
 Like treasure in the fable ;
And back of all the needs of life
 In most abundant measure
Lay sweet relief from rush and strife
 In golden days of leisure.

And thus I dunned, and dunned, and dunned,
 Incessantly, untiring,
And soon instead of being shunned
 I found the World admiring.
And then it paid, and yet the more
 My credit balance showed me
There seemed in an increasing store
 No end to what it owed me !

ENVOY

The World is glad to pay its stakes,
 Nor wishes to reject them,
To every Creditor who takes
 The trouble to collect them.

THE JUNKMAN

A Literary Parable

NIBBS wrote for years, and years, and years —
Poor wight ! His harvest was but tears,
For every line he wrote, alack,
Came like a homing-pigeon back,
Until his dwelling was packed full
Of manuscripts unsalable,
And all his walls in endless strips
Were papered with rejection slips.

His cellar held quite twenty score
Of Tales of Love, and maybe more,
And every book-shelf in the place
Ran o'er with stories of the chase.
In bureau drawer, in trunk and chest,
In highboy, lowboy, packed and pressed,
Lay sketches, novelettes, and rhymes,
Which he had penned at sundry times,

He caught the measles, and at last
From out this vale of tears he passed ;
But where he went to none can say —
We only know he passed away.
His widow wed again, a wight
Who called the Junkman in one night,
And as waste-paper sold that store
Of stories Nibbs had struggled o'er.

The Junkman

'Twas then there dawned upon the land
A miracle of genius grand —
A man who'd never gone to school,
Yet reeled off tales as from a spool —
An endless spool at that, and who
Though rough the Muses fair could woo,
As did the bards of Queen Bett's age —
The JUNKMAN POET was the rage.

The Junkman's novels had a sale
That turned the Six Best Sellers pale,
And publishers in frenzied race
Outbid each other in the chase
For storied stuff he had to sell,
And those who got it did right well,
For everywhere folks raved the while
About the Junkman's "splendid style."

The moral? Well, I've sometimes thunk
He waxeth fat who deals in junk!

FISHIN'

DON'T ye talk to me of work !
I'm jest goin' fishin'
Where the speckled beauties lurk,
Round the pools a-swishin'.
Ne'er a thought have I of care,
Settin' on a green bank there,
Drinkin' in the soft June air,
Void of all ambition !

I don't care much what I ketch,
Long as I am anglin'.
What I carry, what I fetch,
On my string a-danglin'.
Makes no difference to me —
Some or none, whiche'er it be —
While I'm off there wholly free
From all scenes of wranglin'.

Fishin' ain't jest ketchin' fish
In a pond or river —
Though a fresh trout on a dish
Makes ye sort o' shiver —
Fishin's settin' on some spot
Where it's neither cold ner hot,
Without thinkin' on your lot —
Fortune, love, or liver.

Fishin'

Fishin's gettin' far away
From all noise and flurry ;
Gettin' off where you can play
Nothin's in a hurry ;
There to sort o' loaf, and set,
Blind to all the things that fret,
And forgettin' all regret,
Quarrils, cares, and worry.

Yessir ! I'll give up ambition,
And fer fame and fortune wishin'
Any day to go a-fishin' !

ON A STORMY MAY-DAY

MAY hath forgot her manners, I do fear —
This fairest child of all the gladsome year
Comes in with poutings, and with suller mien,
Instead of smiling like a vernal Queen.
She's weeping too, with frowns upon her brow,
And truly hath forgot her pleasant bow.
Egad ! I guess the reason for her woes,
Rude April leaving trod upon her toes !

A-E-I-O-U

A COMETH first, and all because
Of certain Alphabetic Laws.
We'd have no Alphabet to-day
If we had not that vowel *A*,
Because, it's just as sure as sin,
We can't have things that don't begin.

E cometh second, if you please,
Although some folks place first their *Ease*.
I love it well because, you see
If you have wit, it's half of *ME*;
Without it I should have no feet,
And nothing in the world to *Eat*.

I? Well, I'm rather fond of *I*
Although I work it strenuously.
'Tis somewhat personal, and it
Is quite the centre of all *Wit*.
And though you'll find it in distress
It's never wanting *Happ-i-ness*.

O is a vowel I admire —
Though what I owe is often dire!
And though 'tis Naught, it's part of gold;
'Tis in each Joy that we behold,
And Love could hardly be the same
If we'd no *O* to spell its name.

A-E-I-O-U

The last is *U*. Well, I should call
This vowel quite the best of all.
Let me have *U* and I'll give o'er
The blessings of the other four.
The reason? Ah, dear Heart, 'tis true!
It's just because, my Love, it's YOU!

A CONFESSION

SUCH matters it perhaps were best for us to hold sub
rosa,

Yet 'tother night when Prue I caught beneath the
mistletoe, sir,

I kissed her twice —

I kissed her thrice —

And every one SUB NOSA !

A LEGEND OF THE STRAND

'Tis said an author who had starved to death
Went walking some years after he had lost his breath
In spirit up Fleet Street, then down the Strand
And found himself before a Bookman's stand.

"What's this?" he mused, as in his hand

A book

He took.

"Dear me, my verse!" he cried, and kissed the tome.

"You killed me—cost me roof, and hearth, and home.

To publish you I spent

My last red cent,

But none would buy,

And I

Was soon the sorry shadow of my former self,

While you lay snugly on my dusty shelf.

Heigho!" he sighed.

"You were my pride,

And ruin!" Quoth the Book, "Not so—

You died too soon to really know.

I have become

A rarity, and worth a wondrous sum,

And through me now

You wear a bright green laurel on your brow!"

E'en as the volume spake

A mortal came, the little book did take,

And as the spirit watched him from the shade

Some twenty pounds for it he forthwith paid.

A Legend of the Strand

“Egad !” the author cried, as back he sped
To Hades, “I have resting on my head
Enough of hay entwined to feed a horse !
I’m proud of that — O yes, I am, of course.

But what a shame to decorate
An author’s pate
And leave his stomach to disintegrate !”

AS TO LINEAGE

“FIRST families” are very fine,
If one believes in caste.
’Tis very well to have a line
Of Ancestors for eons nine —
Fair Eve and Adam started mine —
But, take it first and last,
There’s little in a family tree
Whose fruit has gone to seed ;
’Tis better far for one to be
A mushroom minus pedigree,
But of the best variety
In character and deed.

My boast is not of how I trace
My line to noble Guelph,
Or other leaders in the race,
But how I’m going to win a place,
However fast or hot the pace,
As Ancestor myself :
So that, when all is over here,
Up in that realm of bliss,
My forebears back to Adam’s year
When I arrive will loudly cheer,
And whisper in their neighbors’ ear :
“WE’RE RELATIVES OF HIS !”

THE PRANKSOME MUSES

THE Poet knew the Rules of Song,
And never got a measure wrong.
The Ploughman knew no laws of rhyme,
Yet was he singing all the time.
The Ploughman voiced his simple heart.
The Poet practised well his Art.

The twain Parnassus climbed one day
And met the Muses, so they say,
And when the wreaths were given out
The Poet got none, but the lout
Who sped the plough, by Helicon,
They put a pea-green laurel on !

FATE

WHAT care I if Fate hath written
What my destiny shall be ?
That's no reason to be sittin'
Down thro' all eternity.

I'll be up, and I'll be doin',
Careless of the by-and-by,
And, whatever Fate is brewin',
Have a finger in the pie !

THE SPECIALISTS

It was a blithe Conductor on an urban trolley-line,
His uniform was spandy, and his buttons they were fine.
I asked him would he tell me where I ought to leave
the tram

To get the nearest Ferry to North Central Rotterdam.
He paid me no attention but danced gayly down the
aisle

With very supercilious and irritating smile.

Again I put the question, and he coldly answered me :

*“When seeking information ask Conductor Twenty-
three!”*

His specialty I now saw well
Was merely jingling of a bell.

I rushed into a restaurant to get a hasty meal
And told the waiter I should like a little bit of veal.
He wandered off. An hour passed. I summoned him
once more,

And gave again the order I had given him before.
He gazed out through the window with a look quite
far away ;

About his lips a furtive smile was making a display.
“I’m very sorry,” he remarked. *“The veal-man isn’t
here.*

But when he comes I’ll tell him what you want avec plaisir.”
’Twas then I learned this precious clam
Served nothing else but pickled ham.

The Specialists

The pipes were bursting everywhere, and floods were
all about.

The parlor was so flooded the piano floated out.

The dining-room was deluged with a freshet so immense
It made the storied Ganges look like twenty-seven cents.

I quickly 'phoned the plumber, and he answered me at
once,

But acted like a copper-fastened, armor-plated dunce.

"Why don't you get to work?" I cried, so mad I scarce
could speak.

"You asked me what the matter was," said he, *"and
it's a leak."*

His sphere was of the special type
Of merely looking at a pipe.

Some time ago quite carelessly I fell into the sea.

The water was so deep and rough 'twas quite too much
for me.

I felt myself a-going down, and then with maddened
yelp

I called to some one on the shore imploring speedy help.

He waved his hand most affably and said he wished he
might

Do something that would help me in my most distress-
ing plight.

"I'm sorry, friend," he roared to me. *"I'd help you
if I could,*

But I'm devoting all my time to chopping kindling-wood."

And that is how it came to be

That I was drowned in the sea!

PHYLLIS AT THE CUSTOM HOUSE

SHE vowed she'd nothing to declare,
Altho' some forty trunks were there,
And all were filled with objects rare.

The Customs men pried ope the trunks
As solemn as a tribe of monks,
And things came out in solid chunks.

Tiaras, necklaces, and crowns ;
A baker's dozen Paris gowns
In lovely pinks, and blues, and browns.

Furs of all kinds from seals to cats ;
Three solid hampers filled with hats,
All held in place by wooden slats.

She'd stockings by the dozens — silk,
And open-work, and of that ilk,
As lacy and as white as milk.

And gloves — of gloves I sadly fear
She had enough for forty year —
I know they covered half the pier.

Phyllis at the Custom House

And laces — my, what lace they found !
’Twas hardly half of it unwound
Before it covered all around.

And lingerie — well, I don’t know
Just what she had, but this is so :
The pier seemed full of drifted snow !

And so it went, still more and more.
Those trunks revealed a wondrous store
Of lovely objects by the score.

And she as cool as she could be
Sat there and dimpled prettily
At the Inspectors and at me.

A picture of such virtue strong
That not a man in all that throng
Believed her capable of wrong.

“You call this **NOTHING**, Ma’am ?” they said.
She smiled and bowed her pretty head,
As free as Innocence from dread.

“Of course I do,” she made reply.
“They’re nothing” — here she winked her eye —
“ *Compared to what I didn’t buy !* ”

And I’ll be sworn, for it is true,
THOSE DAZED INSPECTORS LET HER THROUGH !

THE CURRICULUM OF LOVE

A College Professor has suggested the desirability of establishing a course in Love Making in our Universities.

— Daily Newspaper.

THEY'LL doubtless teach the maiden wise
How best to use her sparkling eyes,
And with a glance flashed through the dark
Unerringly to hit the mark.
They'll teach her, nathless, how to say
Her Lover "No" in such a way
That he'll discern in his distress
A "No" is oft a form of "YES."

They'll take a maiden free of guile
And teach her clearly how to smile
Flirtatiously, yet innocent
Of consequences consequent.
They'll lecture her on "Methods Sure
To hold a Wavering Swain Secure,"
And all the other sundry arts
To make her Bachelor of Hearts.

As for the lads, they'll teach them "Fine
Points of the Eternal Feminine";
They'll show them how, when they would please,
All maidens go by contraries;

The Curriculum of Love

How when they smile on other men
And turn from one, nine times in ten
That one they love, and do this thing
To tie him to their apron-string.

They'll teach them signals of alarms.
Just when and where to "take to arms,"
And how the eye that's turned away
Means "come again some other day";
How tears may be a sign of joy,
And frowns no more than a decoy;
And when great crises must be faced
How best to utilize the waist.

THE DEEPER NOTE

THE DEEPER NOTE

“ I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers.”
—HERRICK.

To sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and trees,
And all the rare things of the summer-tide,
When joy's a-wing upon the playful breeze,
And every prospect's smiling as a bride —
Aye, that were sweet ! All worthy themes for song.
Each speaks the bounty of a lavish earth —
The blessings rare that rightly do belong
To them that seek the treasuries of mirth.

Yet would I pause the while and seek a theme
In ways less smiling than the country-side.
In far-off scenes of stress I sometimes seem
To find a voice that will not be denied —
A voice that mid the arid scenes of woe
Still lifts itself on high in notes of cheer
Hath for my soul a richer, deeper glow
Than happy bird-notes in the morning clear.

Who sings amid the joyous fields of peace
Where all is sweet, and fresh, and lushly green,
But gives an inward happiness release,
And adds new glories to a gloried scene ;
But he whose song springs forth from care and strife,
Like an oasis in some desert plain,
His is the song that gives the hopeless life,
And thrills with living joy the heart of pain !

THE ROSE

THE Rose was born,
She bloomed, and died.
“A lot forlorn,”
Some mortal cried.

“A few brief days
Of life, a breath
Like summer haze,
And thence to death !”

Ah well, that's life !
Our years are brief.
Some joy, some strife,
And then relief.

How joyous she,
How free from woes,
To live, and be,
And die, a Rose !

IN ABSENTIA

ALONE? Not I, indeed! Though thou art gone,
And countless leagues between our paths we see,
I'm not, and never shall be, quite alone
The while one blissful thought
In memory caught
Of thee abides with me.

Mine eye still holds the glory of thy face.
Remembered smiles my solitude rejoice,
And in despite the ban of Time and Space
Within my soul I hear,
Still ringing clear,
The music of thy voice!

THE WAITING INSTRUMENT

I BLAME no man for failure here, for he
Who wins no crown is like an instrument
That silent waits the Master's touch to free
The noble numbers that within are pent.

Untouched and unawake, and still it stands,
Despite the glorious measures it contains —
Who knows but that in those diviner lands
'Twill swell the songs of Heaven with its strains ?

MIRACLES

YOU ask for miracles, my friend ? Ah, well,
Perhaps your eyes are blind and cannot see.
I seek them too, and find them, truth to tell,
Where'er I look, in sky, on hill, in dell,
And when the summer weaves its magic spell,
The Rose alone's a miracle to me !

THE DREAMER

CHIDE not the Dreamer, but more wisely hold
His dreams more precious than refined gold.
Had men not dreamed of greater things to be,
Then lesser things on every side we'd see.

The fancies of the bygone centuries
Are counted 'mongst to-day's realities
And form the firm foundation on which Youth
Doth surer rear the edifice of Truth !

A LOVE SONG

SPEAK not to me of parting here —
I will not have it so !
One of us may in some dread year,
Some year of chill and snow,
Pass on, but part ? By all above,
That we shall never do,
For you are all myself, my Love,
And I am one with you !

You may be called to some far spot,
On some blest errand bent,
And leave me here to moan my lot
In grievous discontent,
But parted ? Never ! Dire defeat
Dogs those who'd make us two,
For you are all myself, my Sweet,
And I am one with you !

My spirit intertwines with yours,
And yours is woof of mine,
And long as Love itself endures
'Twill find therein a shrine.
No earthly chance can tear apart,
Nor sever tie so true,
Whilst you are all myself, my Heart,
And I am one with you !

TO TIME

“TURN back, O Time !” the aged cry.

“O give us back the days gone by !”

“Haste thee, O Time !” the Youth implores,

“Fast lead me on to Fortune’s doors !”

For me, dear Time, I do but pray

That thou wilt linger here To-day !

BETTER THAN GOLD

THE Midas touch no blessing were
To him who loves the green
That 'neath the silken spring-time air
Lends lustre to the scene ;

Who loves the red of petalled rose,
The hues of blossoms glad ;
The beauty of the garden close
In vernal colors clad ;

The luscious cherry of the lips,
And pink cheeks of a maid,
Whereon the lover fondly sips
His nectar unafraid !

Now who would envy Midas much
And suffer all the loss
That needs must follow on the touch
That turns these sweets to dross ?

AS TO YESTERDAY

“All one dark yesterday.” — American Poet.

“DARK yesterdays?” Ah, say not so !
Our yesterdays have faded into night,
Yet are they bright,
And in the memory still they glow.
The voices of those yesterdays
Now hushed in silence still resound
In echoing roundelays
That in the heart abound.
The youth of other days now passed to age —
That is not dead
As some have said,
But with its light illumines our spirit page.
The friends of yesterday, no more
Beside us as they were in days of yore,
Still linger here in spirit, glorious,
A part of us,
Held safe within where neither grief nor pain
Can come to them again.
“Dark yesterdays?” call them not so.
Possessions, rather, full of light are they
That sorrow cannot touch, and woe
Can never take away !

A VISION OF LOSS

HERE in the midst of quiet sylvan scenes
All sweet with pine, and rich with lovely greens,
I dreamed last night a splendid City grew —
Broad boulevard, and gleaming avenue ;
And towering walls of stately palaces
Reared their proud height. Where yonder woodland is
A shining marble Temple lifted high
Its massy front in frigid majesty.

Where lurks the keen-eyed fox, great dwellings stood,
Wherein were housed a restless multitude
Of busy folk engaged in gainful toil,
Their haunted eyes all hungering for spoil.
The music of the countryside, the bird,
The lowing of the kine, no more was heard,
But everywhere the rumble, void of heart,
Of the incessant pressure of the mart.

Yon silver stream that flashes in its flight
Had vanished wholly from all mortal sight,
And passing o'er its one-time pebbly bed
Ran iron ways that bore on, overhead,
Huge steel-wrought carriages, filled to the full
With travellers, their faces tense and dull,
To beauty blinded in their daily meed
Of toilsome effort and of selfish deed.

A Vision of Loss

Yon fair expanse of lushly fertile fields
Bore naught of grain, but cold, reluctant yields
Of coined gold, and lanes where Nature's flowers
Shed fragrance over countless elfin bowers
Were bordered now with rows of shops that thrust
Their wares on throngs mad with the money-lust ;
And all the quiet of these vales of rest
Gave way to raucous shriekings of the quest.

Alas ! What dismal fate, ye scenes divine !
What horrific transformation thine !
Must Nature's Temples, void of strife and shame,
Give way to such things in fair Progress' name ?
Is it thy fate, O Woodland of my Soul,
To prosper thus, and thus to harbor dole ?
My heart grew heavy with a sodden pain,
And I awoke, and all was peace again.

AS TO OTHER WORLDS

WHATEVER other worlds may be,
Wherever be those realms of bliss,
I only hope that those I see
Will turn out half as good as this.
The grass cannot be greener there,
Nor any birds that sweeter sing,
Nor can there be a silkier air
Than that which comes with dawning spring.

Can summer breezes softer blow ?
Can any stars wear friendlier mien ?
Hath any embers richer glow
Than those that on my hearth are seen ?
Are flowers sweeter to the sense,
Can roses tell us more of love,
Or dress with more magnificence
In other worlds we know not of ?

Nowhere can sunbeams happier play
Than on this blessed earth we know ;
And even when the days are gray,
And all is hid in drift and snow,
What rarer joys can there beguile,
When twilight with its peace hath come,
Than that unfailing radiant smile
With which affection calls us home ?

MY ALLIES

THE world is gray, and bleak, and drear.
The trees are reft of leaves, and stark
Are standing yellow in the sere,
And round me hover spectres dark —
But what care I ?
Have I not still the smiling sky
So deeply blue
Of hue,
To send me hope from up on high ?

My cherished plans have gone astray,
And schemes with great ambition fraught
Have come to ruin in the fray,
And left me weary and distraught —
And yet afar
I see a friendly twinkling star,
That lures me still
With will
To labor where life's treasures are !

Give me the blessed stars, and skies,
With just a glimpse of sea besides,
Upon whose waves the sunlight lies,
And fades into the moonlit tides !

My Allies

Then shall I be
Unmoved by what Fate holds for me
Of weal or woe,
And do
The task that's mine exultantly !

INSPIRATION

GIVE me some green and grassy chair,
A boulder for my table,
And let the silken summer air
Sing me its song and fable.

I'll bid my fancy follow free
The breeze's inspiration,
And let my pen's whole effort be
From Nature's own dictation.

ON LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

A DAY of joy, a holiday !
A day in festal colors drest
To honor one who knew not play,
Nor ever tasted rest !

O Man of Sorrows, and of Tears,
Would we might bring to you
Back through the pathway of dead years
One touch of comfort true !

Would that your eyes might penetrate
The shadows in between,
Through all the clouds of war and hate,
And mists that intervene,

Into the hearts of all the throng
Of living men, to find
Your name and fame the first among
The treasures of mankind !

IN JULY

A SUMMER night, a summer sea —
The stars all twinkling joyously ;
A cooling breeze that wanders by
As soft as some poor lover's sigh ;
A flash of moth athwart the light ;
The moon a marvel to the sight ;
A touch of music on the air,
And balmy odors everywhere
To tell the story of the rose
That sleeps in yonder garden-close ;
And at my side the Only One
Since life began, till life is done —
Were all the world at hand to take
I would not from this dream awake !

THE TASK

THE deed that I would do
Involves no valor of the sword,
That in one moment mad of rue
Should earn for me some rich reward,
And cause posterity to rear,
Where an admiring world might see,
To pierce the upper heavens clear,
A bronze, or marble shaft to me ;
But in some corner of some squalid way
Where misery shall lurk to fight,
And bring the sunshine of a joyous day
To dawn on souls oppressed by night ;
To put unhappiness to flight,
And start
Some hopeless heart
Upon the road to hope ; or where distress
Hath dwelt, by acts of tenderness,
And words of courage, helpfulness, and cheer,
Drive out some mortal's fear,
And set him on his way to light !

THE FOUNT OF SONG

Go, Singer ! Seek the woods and dales ;
Seek thou the mountain heights, the vales ;
List to the music of the breeze,
The songs of birds, the whispering trees ;
Breathe in the silken summer air ;
Take in the essence of the fair
Deep summer skies that spread above
By day, and seize the treasure-trove
That falls from those eternal heights
 On starry nights.
The language of the flowers learn ;
The fairies seek amid the fern ;
Bid all the brooks that woo the sea
Unfold their secrets unto thee —
All things that whisper to the heart
And Nature's messages impart,
 Seize thou, and then
 Take up thy pen,
And weave them in thy song alway
And thou shalt wear the everlasting bay !

THE POET

THE Poet starved, yet, faithful to the end,
His lines held food for brothers in despair,
And in his cheerless attic coign he penned
The lines of cheer that killed another's care !

IN THE MONTH OF FEBRUEER

In the month of Februeer
Poets' songs are sad and drear —
 Biting winds, and chilling mists ;
 Life is seen through amethysts —
 Darkly purple Februeer !

In the month of Februeer,
In the yellow and the sere,
 Singers see but little worth
 On the dark and dreary earth —
 Sombre season of the year.

Poor old month of Februeer !
How they love to gibe and jeer —
 Those who're eager and alert
 For the things that sting and hurt —
 Can't deny them, Februeer !

Yet I love thee, Februeer.
I can see the things that cheer —
 Little samples of the spring,
 Hints of songs the birds will sing
 When the April days appear.

In the meadow, on the mere,
Here and there a grassy spear,

In the Month of Februeer

Now and then a promise of
Coming flowers full of love —
In these days of Februeer.

Only needs an eye and ear
With the wish to see and hear.
What we seek we ever find —
Sordid things, or blessings kind,
In the month of Februeer !

WHEN SPRING DAYS COME

WHEN spring days come and I have naught to do,
I love to rest beneath some spreading tree,
And gaze aloft into the dreamy blue
And think of all the wonders sweet and true
A gracious Father hath prepared for me —
The earth all fair upon whose verdant breast
I lie at rest ;
The freshness of the morn, the joyous birds,
The tuneful lowing of the distant herds ;
The lovely mysteries
Of budding trees ;
The dawning beauties of the garden-close,
The violet, the daffodill, the rose ;
The misty hills now greening in the sun ;
The twilight lengthening when day is done —
These gifts divine
All, all are mine,
To take, to use, and fitly to enjoy,
Whatever may annoy.
Wherefore in spring I love to rest and brood
On gratitude !

THE LIGHTED WAY

LET those who will sound notes of dull despair,
And fill with lamentation all the air —
For me, let it be mine alway to send
The cheery note of Love, unto this end :
That they who on some path of darkness grope
May find their way to Light through gleams of Hope.

THE THIEF

Who robs me of my purse is welcome to his gain.
Who taketh from my fame doth naught to cause me pain.
Who rifles me of love takes naught of mine away
For true love once possessed remains secure for aye.

Who robs me of my name need fear no harm from me
If only I am sure of my integrity,
But he who steals my faith — ah, he's indeed a thief
Who robs a trusting human soul of its Belief !

“THE HYPOCRITIC DAYS”

“Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days.” — EMERSON.

WHY do you speak of “hypocritic days”?
Are days dissembling then, prone to deceit,
And given o’er to falsely cunning ways
That threaten mischief when they seem most sweet?

For once, my best loved Poet, do you seem
To me to stumble in your path of light —
The days indulge no hypocritic dream
To lure mankind from peace to depths of night.

’Tis we, not they, who make them what they are.
They come to us of guile and pretence free:
Clean, clear, and spotless on the calendar,
God’s Messengers of Opportunity!

SIR KINDLY-THOUGHT

O KINDLY-THOUGHT, go straightway forth,
Fly East, and West, and South, and North.

Cheer downcast hearts, and take surcease
To troubled souls that yearn for peace.

Wax great, O Kindly-Thought, with use !
Be Joy's St. George, nor call a truce

In battling care ! With shaft of light
Slay thou the Dragon of the Night !

THE POET'S GRAVE

“HERE lies a Poet !” Nay ! There lies a stone !

Here lies perhaps a useless, mortal frame,
An inert mass of weary dust and bone

That once hath borne a glorious singer's name.

But he, the Poet, lives, nor e'er shall pass
From out the joyous and imperishable throng
Of those who put the love of lad and lass,
The grandeur of the sea, the green of grass,
The voice of birds, the beauty of the flowers,
The happiness and peace of quiet hours,
The music of the winter-wind, the thrill
Of spring-tide, and the babbling mountain rill,
The glories all sublime of Motherhood,
And Brotherhood,
The joy of living, and the heart of man
Within the span
Of Godlike song !

A FIRESIDE FANCY

THE dancing flames as from the logs they fly,
And upward leap as though to seek the sky,
Seem like the souls of fallen pines to me,
Eager, elate, at thought of being free ;
And now and then a soft, scarce-whispered hiss
That greets the ear suggests a parting kiss —
Or is't the sigh of one who at the last
Recalls some blissful moment of the past ?

THE JOY OF LIVING

DAME Fortune passed him by with sullen frown,
But he, with joy of living so beguiled,
Within his heart was not at all cast down,
And as she went her way looked on and smiled.

TRANSPLANTED

O SEND me some soul from the city street
To plant in my garden fair,
Some poor little wight with his weary feet,
His rags and his touselled hair.

I will plant his roots in the moist sweet earth,
I'll bathe him in soft sunshine,
I'll water his leaves with innocent mirth
Out here in this close of mine.

I'll give him the air of the countryside,
The health of the piney hills ;
The rapturous sweets of the eventide,
The songs of the birds and rills.

And he'll blossom forth like a lovely rose,
In beauty, and thought, and deed,
Not lost in the city's dark whirl of woes,
A sad little human weed !

THE SOUTHRON MESSENGER

MR. SOUTHWIND came a-soughing
Gently through the stark-limbed trees —
Came so far he seemed a-puffing,
Slightly shaky in his knees ;

But a pleasant message carried
From the land where he was born,
To the fields by winter harried,
In the Northland all forlorn.

“All your friends the birds send greeting
From the Southland,” whispered he.
“Looking forward to the meeting
That will very shortly be.

“And the hosts of fragrant flowers
Send their kindest love, and say
They are counting up the hours
Till the glad home-coming day.”

And it seemed the cold, gray meadows,
And the sleeping stark-limbed trees,
Brightened mid the wintry shadows
At the Southwind's messages.

MARCH

COMETH March with wind and rain ;
Cometh March with sun and shine ;
Cometh March the bold again —
Weather sombre ; weather fine.

Here a bit of autumn shows ;
Here a bit of spring appears ;
Here a touch of summer-gloves
Drives away the winter's tears.

What is March ? 'Tis neither spring,
Winter, summer, nor the fall.
Singing now, now murmuring.
Little touches of them all.

Bits of trouble, bits of joy ;
Days of peace and days of strife ;
Frowning, smiling, pushing, coy —
March, epitome of life !

THE ALTERNATIVE

THIS thing of brass is here ;
 These things of stone abide ;
These blocks of marble rear
 Their cold and sculptured pride.

These things of wroughten steel
 Of centuries long dead,
Their presence still reveal
 Despite the ages sped.

Impassionate and still,
 Insensate all are they ;
Untouched by joy or ill,
 As lifeless mortal clay.

Durst say 'tis Nature's plan
 That these shall live for aye,
The while the Soul of Man
 Alone shall sink and die ?

The Soul of Man that breathes,
 And strives with Godlike might ;
The Soul that loves, and wreathes
 The world in bays of light ?

Durst say that this is truth ?
 Then better far that we
Give o'er the dreams of youth,
 And stone and iron be !

A WOODLAND EASTER

'Tis Easter morn, a day of loveliness.

The earth, and sky, and sea, are bright of mien.
All Nature dons its fairest gala dress,
And everywhere white blossoms deck the scene.

The birds the Easter carols blithely sing.

The swelling chorus echoes through the dells,
And with her joyous message dawning spring
The story of the Resurrection tells.

All things look upward to the heavens high ;

In offerings of praise each bears its part,
And deep within my woodland dwelling I
Find Easter chimes are ringing in my heart.

NATURE'S COMFORTERS

WHAT though my plodding pen may fail,
And all my lines seem poor, and pale ?
I know what's in my heart to say,
And that illumines all my day ;
And in the wood the tall pines form
An audience steadfast and warm ;
And as my halting measures rise
The breezes answer with their sighs ;
The birds make answer to my song
Despite my note is far from strong ;
And in the hills an Echo free
Repeats my measures after me !

THE CATCH

I'VE enjoyed the chase to-day
Through the woodland wild.
Fortune in a lavish way
Hath my heart beguiled.

I have filled my game-bag well —
Better than I thought.
Fat and teeming it doth swell
With the things I sought.

Songs of birds, and songs of trees.
Gentle whisperings of the breeze.
Splendid mess of mountain air.
Odors of wild-flowers rare.
Happy thoughts that grew apace
As I watched the rillets race.
Wondrous pictures in the skies.
Vistas soft for tired eyes.
Hints of peace, and hints of rest.
Gorgeous colors in the west.
Stores of gold flung far and wide
O'er the gleaming country-side,
As the sun smiled on the scene,
Lighting up the forest green.

O the joy, the glad delight,
O the taste of bliss,
Making homeward through the night
With a catch like this !

THE SUNNY SIDE

LIFE holds no woes for me ! I know full well,
 However evil things may seem to me to-day,
Some future joy is certain to dispel
 The clouds that lower darkly on my way.
And I have noted that one taste of bliss,
 E'en though 'tis but a taste, hath joyous meed
To compensate for all that goes amiss
 On which a soul in sorrow long may feed.
No night e'er was whose darkness did not fade ;
 No storm e'er raged whose course was not soon run ;
And so my soul, by troubles undismayed,
 Doth simply wait the coming of the sun.

THE HERITAGE

WHEN so a heavy rod shall rise to smite me,
And sore afflictions come to sear my soul,
When complications round about affright me,
And clouds of sorrow from all sides uproll ;
When trial waits my gaze at every turning,
And chill misunderstanding greets my deed,
And spite of all the thirst for good that's burning
Within my heart finds no responsive heed ;

When sturdy friends I've counted on are wanting ;
When enemies rejoice to see me fall ;
And o'er my troubled spirit gray the haunting
Fears of a ruin imminent appall ;
When all my days are days of gloom and sadness,
And where was light no hint of light appears ;
When every hope I hold to seems but madness,
And they who used to praise now turn to sneers ;

Still in my breast despite its load of sorrow,
Despite the pressure of o'erwhelming care,
I sense the thrilling joy of a to-morrow
Whose dawn shall lighten up the darkness there.
I sense a moment nigh, when, woe abating,
I'll tread the path that leads on to release,
And find a cure for troubles dire awaiting
Safe in the everlasting arms of Peace.

The Heritage

For Life and Love so close are interweaving
That none can live and yet be portionless ;
And days must come with hours all retrieving
The dreary years of unfound happiness ;
And he whose share of Love is not yet ready,
Whose measure of its joy is yet unknown,
Need only keep his Faith both sure and steady
To come sometime, somewhere, into his own !

THE SONG OF THE ROSE

I AM the Rose, the promise of the spring
That winter's frosty chains, so withering,
Cannot avail, whate'er their power be,
To hold the soul for aye in slavery.

A messenger to spirits bowed in care,
The hopeless and oppressed, am I, and rare
The message that I spread throughout the land —
"Hold fast thy Faith! Release is close at hand!"

A messenger of Love, likewise, am I.
I hold the kiss of sun, the zephyr's sigh;
The loving whisper of the breeze that fills
The lonely heart with life's divinest thrills!

And they that pass along the thorny way,
Their fortunes fallen on an evil day,
Despite my flaunting pride, they call me good
Because my friendly nod speaks brotherhood!

The glowing colors of the dawn are mine.
The gloried hues of sunset all combine
To clothe me in a vestiture all blent
With peace, and joy, and rapture, and content!

And when the fragrance of my presence seeks
The spring and summer air, it but bespeaks
The meed of all, in sorrow or in mirth,
The everlasting sweetness of the earth!

THE WEALTH OF THE ROAD

O GIVE me for treasure no gems of the Ind,
But just the rich gifts of the sun and the wind ;
My lungs full of ozone, my soul full of glee —
The wealth of the Road is the treasure for me !

Who cares for the gold, for the bonds and the stocks,
Hid deep in the grip of some steel-armored box,
When out on the highway when twilight comes by
He seizes the sunset that blazons the sky ?

What riches are they that are measured by pence
And wrung from a toil that is selfish and tense,
Compared to the wealth of a soul that is free
And roams o'er the broad open highway with me ?

What silver of dross in the realm of the mart,
All cold, unresponsive to soul or to heart,
Can give to the spirit of man such a thrill
As comes from the silvery song of the rill ?

Mankind to the full of my powers I'll serve,
But seek my rewards, not in shattering nerve,
With gold for my pay, but the rich stores of love
That stream from the hand of my God up above !

The gold of the dawn — that is ever mine own —
I spend like a prodigal set on a throne,

The Wealth of the Road

And yet when 'tis spent, all the greater my thrift —
One gains in the giving of this blessed gift !

For music the birds, and the whispering breeze ;
For bed some soft spot where the pine lures to ease ;
For comrades God's creatures that prank everywhere ;
For books the rare fancies that throb in the air !

And 'stead of rich robes made of fabric so gay
That men in their winning dare death on the way,
Content is my heart, and my meed is delight,
In clothing my soul in the mantle of night.

Seek ye, if ye will, the cold treasures of earth —
I'll take for my share all the joy and the mirth
Of freedom that comes with no trials to goad
To him who's content with the Wealth of the Road !

HUMOR

“Humor dwells with sanity, common sense, and truth.”

— BISHOP BREWSTER.

HUMOR dwells with sanity,
Truth, and common sense.
Humor is humanity,
Sympathy intense.

Humor always laughs with you,
Never at you ; she
Loves the fun that's sweet and true,
And of malice free.

Humor paints the flying fad,
Folly of the day,
As it is, the good or bad,
In a kindly way.

There behind her smiling mien,
In her twinkling eyes,
Purpose true is ever seen,
Seriousness lies.

Hers the tender mother-touch,
Easing all distress ;
Teaching e'en tho' smiling much ;
Moulding with caress.

THE LIGHT OF LIGHTS

THE City lights are fair to see,
And seem to twinkle merrily,
To tell of joyous bits of life
Amid the turmoil and the strife.
Like myriad stars they flash and gleam,
A never-ending golden stream,
And yet for all their mellow glow
They cannot gild the City's woe.

The beacon lights upon the shore
Shine brightly all the waters o'er,
And guide the sailor on the sea
Into the port where he would be.
Yet as they flash across the night,
Despite their gleaming, golden bright,
They call me not, but bid me veer
My course from dangers lurking near !

The stars of Heaven brightly shine
Athwart the blue, so vast, divine,
And whisper of great mysteries
In realms man's vision never sees.
They stir the soul, and yet I find
No messages of any kind
That lodgment win within the heart,
So far are they and I apart !

The Light of Lights

But there's a light on yonder hill
That killeth care, and driveth ill,
And haunting fear, whate'er it be,
Forth from this human heart of me —
The light seen through the window-pane
That welcomes me back home again,
Where there is one who bids me share
The joys of love abiding there !

Ah, Light of Home ! When day is done,
And the rest hour hath begun,
Of all the lights of land or sea
Thou art the fairest light to me !
Dim tho' thou art, still is thy gold
The richest treasure life doth hold —
It glorifies the blackest zone,
And bids the heart come to its own !

AS TO FEAR

WHEN I'm afloat in a cockle-shell,
Confronted by the raging swell
Of ocean in a roaring gale,
If I'm alone I have no fear
Of what awaits, in woe or cheer,
If into port or not I sail.

'Tis good to match the might of me
Against the raging of the sea,
Whatever be the ultimate ;
Within my heart and soul to find
To fight the wiles of tide and wind
A courage eager and elate.

Mine is the loss if loss comes by !
Mine is the bliss of Victory !
Mine is the woe, and mine the gain !
Mine is the joy that comes apace
To victors in the stormy race —
If conquered mine is all the pain !

But when another sitteth near,
'Tis then my heart grows chill with fear,
And dangers looming high appall.
The waves with overwhelming height
Seem dreadful in their awful might,
As round about they rise and fall.

As to Fear

And tremblingly I run my race,
With frenzied heart, and pallid face,
 And darkling terror is my meed —
Not that I fear the raging sea,
But lest a perfect Faith in me
 Shall find me wanting in the deed !

THE EVER YOUNG

HE was a mighty pleasant sight,
This aged, snowy-headed wight,
Who though his knees were badly sprung
At seventy was still so young
That in his heart still rang the lays
He sang back in his boyhood days.

His step was slow, and insecure.
His sight was not completely sure,
Yet from his eyes a soul looked out
He'd ever kept so free from doubt
That it was matter small to him
To find his vision growing dim.

He'd made a vow back in his youth
That come what would of joy or ruth,
That come what would of peace or pain,
Of days all bright, of hours of rain,
He'd use his heart to store away
One bit of sunshine every day.

This vow he kept, and year by year
He added to his stock of cheer,
And strange to say, though it is true,
Each stored-up sun-ray doubly grew
Until to-day his stores of pelf
Are rivals to the sun itself.

The Ever Young

Ah, dear old friend ! What joy to see
A wight whose score is seventy,
Deep in the winter of his life,
So full of light, so free from strife,
That in his presence there doth ring
The notes of everlasting spring !

PLODDIN' ALONG

WORKIN' ahead, jest a-ploddin' along,
Payin' no heed to the buffet and blow ;
Heart in my labor, and soul in my song,
Doin' the best thet I can as I go.

Never quite satisfied, allers serene.
Tryin' to make each to-day a success.
Hopin' to win for my laurel the green
Given by some one I've helped in his stress.

Hopin' to win not illustrious fame
Echoin' down to the uttermost year,
But in the heart of my neighbor a name
Cherished, beloved, because of its cheer.

Workin' ahead, jest a-ploddin' along.
Careless o' critics, abidin' the test.
Fearin' perhaps, but a-hopin' my song
Allers 'll show me a-doin' my best !

THE GREENER BAY

HE dipped his pen in golden light,
And wrote what lay within his heart,
His eyes averted from the night,
And never paused to think of art.

He missed the laurel of renown ;
He failed to win the highest goal,
Yet on his brow he wears the crown
That comes to him who saves a soul.

For one all heedless of his form,
Sunk in the depths of grim despair,
Found in his lines a message warm
That led to Peace from realms of Care !

THE JOYS OF RHYME

HOWEVER dark the night,
Night rhymes with light !

Despite the clouded sun
Sun rhymes with fun !

However sharp the dart
Dart rhymes with heart !

However drab the scene
Scene rhymes with green !

Despite the wintry day
Day rhymes with May !

However great my fear
Fear rhymes with cheer !

However harsh the wrong
Wrong rhymes with song !

However far the goal
Goal rhymes with soul !

Despite the killing pace
Pace rhymes with grace !

The Joys of Rhyme

However chill the storm
Storm rhymes with warm !

However hard the strife
Strife rhymes with Life !

THE SEEING EYE

SMALL things and humble greatest lessons hold,
Which to the seeing eye they soon unfold —
As on some thorny road my way I pass
I get new courage from a blade of grass,
Which 'mid the turmoil and the weeds that kill
Holds fearlessly its course appointed still.

THE GATEWAY

DEATH somehow doth not seem to be a thing
To me of terror and of shuddering,
But just a gateway opening upon
New fields, new scenes, and new ideas anon —
Or if 'tis not, who holds it blessing cheap
To lie at rest in peaceful, dreamless, sleep?

THE CROWN OF WASHINGTON

HE loved his trees, his flowers, and the yields
Of lush green meadows, and the harvest fields.
The soul within him yearned for paths of peace.
His prayer was ever that grim war might cease,
That back once more, there in his vernal bowers,
He might enjoy the rest of tranquil hours,
And train his vines, and till his fertile lands

With his own hands ;

That where the tocsin sounded there might swell
The mellow chimes of some cathedral bell

To summon man from toil.

For warlike spoil

He had no temper, yet at Duty's call
Wife, home, and flowers, peace and comfort, all
He sadly left lest Honor be undone,
Nor e'er knew rest again ! O Washington,
No crown of gold alight with jewelled sheen
Adorns thy brow, but one as fresh and green
As were the scenes you loved — the laurel leaf,
The diadem of our Unselfish Chief !

THE BLESSED BLIND

THEY say that Love, poor little Love, is blind.

'Twas Milton's fate to be likewise, and he
Deep in his soul the stores of wealth divined
That crowned his brow with Immortality.

So Love, of sight bereft, with eyes of Soul
Still wends his way, and serves his Godlike part,
And age on age leads mortals to the goal
Where lie the richest treasures of the heart !

TO MARK TWAIN

On His Seventieth Birthday

HERE'S to the Prince of Wits !
Here's to his Seventy Years !
Time, the fugacious, flits
Over this vale of tears,
Yet never a mark leaves in its train
To dimmer the loyal love for Twain
In the warp and woof of the hearts of those
 Whose sorrows and woes,
 Whose trials and pain,
Have vanished like smoke into thinnest air
'Neath the magic touch of his genius rare !
 God give him power
 For every hour
Of peace he has brought where storm-clouds lower !
 God give him a day
 For every ray
Of light he has shed on sorrow's way !
 God give him a year
 For every fear
His blithesome spirit has turned to cheer,
And his Seventy Years will straightway be
But the end of a promising infancy !

THE AFFINITIES

I KNOW, my Heart, that in some far-off age
Before this world sprang from chaotic strife
Both you and I, on some primeval stage,
Together faced the woes and joys of life.
Not two, but one, were we back there in space
When You were I, and I was You, in truth,
Through chaos rushing in the seething race
In union blest as now are Love and Youth !

I know it as I know on this rare night
That yonder stars, that coruscate on high,
Are fair to see, and with their golden light
The arching vault of heaven glorify.
I know it as I know that love is sweet.
'Tis sure to me as that the sun will rise
And on the morrow once again will greet
The dawning day with hints of Paradise !

I knew it when first on this joyous earth
We met, and felt again the wondrous thrill
With which Love weaves the moment of rebirth
Of something lost in far-off days of ill.
'Twas like a coming home to one whose days
In wandering and weariness were spent,
To find amid the once accustomed ways
A perfect bliss, and unalloyed content.

TO THE MUSE IN AUTUMN

AWAKE, O Muse, from this dull lethargy
Of doleful thoughts to sweet reality !
The Autumn spells not death as thou dost say ;
'Tis not the harbinger of drear dismay,
Forebodings dark, reflections dire and sad,
But fitting time for themes all gay and glad !
'Tis twilight of the year, the eventide —
The time for hearth-stones, genial and wide ;
The time when blazing logs begin to weave
Their wondrous spells for weary ones at eve,
When at the earlier setting of the sun,
They pause at last from labors nobly done ;
Refreshment time that fitly leads us on
To dreamy hours of rest that come anon.
Awake ! Be glad ! Give doleful thoughts surcease,
And sing the Joys of Twilight and of Peace !

CUI BONO ?

SUCH wondrous Faith in my own powers have I
That I can move a mountain if I choose.
But that's a task I don't intend to try.
I love to have the mountain standing by,
With paths to lead me nearer to the sky —
So what's the use ?

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY

To-DAY was Shakespeare born !
Upon a day like this it must have been :
 A golden morn,
 Fields decked in vernal green ;
The birds full-throated sound their songs of glee
 And with one voice
 Rejoice ;
A wondrous glory rests upon the sea,
 The whiles
 The heavens are all smiles,
 And earth doth wear
 A jocund air,
 And all is glad and gay —
The Muses' greatest son was born to-day !

AS TO THE LAW

WHAT volumes of immensity
To hold Man's Statutes do we see !
A never-ending list of Musts
To curb our universal lusts !
And Shalts and Shalt Nots, tiers on tiers,
As endless as the eternal years !

So fraught are these with tricky phrase,
In warp and woof so shot with haze
On every side are Sages seen
Perplexed to tell us what they mean —
Each Hall of Justice is a hive
Of bees that on Contention thrive.

What woeful work is thine, O Man,
To weave so vast a legal span
To bridge the troubles that intrude !
What impudent ineptitude,
When God, who knew the needs of Men,
Put all His Law in Statutes Ten !

'TWIXT FACT AND FANCY

OFTIMES as through some forest glade
My step hath strayed,
And I observe the beauties of the scene :
The bowers soft and green,
Wherein some elfin band perchance hath played ;
Or where the wood-nymphs dwell,
And weave their fairy-spell ;
While here and there a glint of sun shines down,
And penetrates its leafy crown,
And from the upper hills,
The music of the rills,
Entrancing, clear,
Enchant the ear,
I wonder where, deep-hid from mortal eyes,
The fine-spun line 'twixt fact and fancy lies ?

MUSIC

WHEN things go wrong
I find it helps along
To pause and sing some pleasant little song.

When things go right
It adds to my delight
Again to give those tuneful measures flight.

Sunshine, or rain,
'Tis Music's mission plain
To add to joy and take away from pain !

THANKSGIVING DAY

FOR all the gracious gifts in harvests fair
In things material whose goodly share
 I richly prize ;
For man's abundant wealth that lies in sight,
And for the sense of power and of might
With which to meet my foe, and fight the fight,
 My thanks arise.

But for the richer gifts of Love and Peace
That bring the soul a sense of sweet release
 From pressing care ;
For mercies shown ; for greater growth of soul ;
For light when clouds of deadly dark uproll
To point the way to some more lofty goal,
 And lead us there ;

For broader human sympathy ; for tears
Of Brotherhood to ease another's fears,
 And cheer his way ;
For seeing eyes ; and shoulders fit to bear
The burdens of our fellows in despair,
And right good will to help them in their care
 When times are gray ;

Thanksgiving Day

For men of heart and soul inclined
To honors of a lowlier, meeker kind,
 With grace endued ;
Who seek all dire injustices to mend,
To guide the hopeless to some hopeful end,
Not this alone, but all my days, I spend
 In gratitude !

SERVICE

To serve another's WILL —
That's not for me !
My heart is not athrill
For slavery.

To serve another's NEED
Right heartily,
In thought, and word, and deed —
That's liberty !

JOY SHARING

WITH all the joys that everywhere abound,
In earth, in sky, on sea, in vibrant air,
Where God's great gifts are in abundance found,
What pity 'tis all men have not their share !

God grant that 'mid these gifts that fall to me,
In all the plenteous stores that on me press,
May come an eye my Brother's lack to see
And will to share with him my plenteousness !

REPAYMENT

April 4th, 1913.

MY son, who's twenty-five years old to-day,
Hath not forgot his old-time, boyish way
Whene'er we meet, despite his mannish pride,
Of snuggling down contented at my side.
He kisses me with an affection true
Just as in childhood he was wont to do ;
And as he gained in days that used to be
A blessed sense of his security,
And felt himself protected from all harms
 Within his Father's arms,
So I by his caress with strength endued
Find my own confidence in self renewed,
And go forth stronger for what lies ahead,
Be it of good, or be it aught of dread.
I gave him of my Manhood ; he, in truth,
Now in my Age repays the gift in Youth !

MY CREED

IN building up my Creed
To help me in my trials
The things that most I heed
Are not the vain denials
That occupy the mind
Of Critics most devout,
Negations of a kind
That do but strengthen Doubt.

But rather Truths that rise
Whatever clouds uproll,
Eternal as the skies,
To satisfy the Soul —
The Affirmations of
A God in all I see,
Whose never-failing Love
Commands my fealty.

THE SUMMONS

Now come the Christmas chimes to summon me
From sluggish ease and cynic thoughts of doubt
To deeds of kindly Opportunity
That on all sides of us now lie about ;
To spread the Gospel of Good Will to all,
To sing the songs of Peace upon the mart,
And fill with spirit of high festival
To overflowing every human heart.

To carry hope to hopeless ones, and ease
The sufferings of grievous helplessness ;
To carry joy to those whose miseries
Have plunged them in a maelstrom of distress ;
To lavish Light on Darkness, drying tears ;
To enter into homes of them that grieve,
And with the touch of sympathy the fears
Of brothers in affliction dread relieve.

That is the song those Christmas chimes ring forth !
That is the summons sent to those who hear,
Borne on the crispy air from out the north
Upon this morn so thrilling in its cheer.
Let him who hath of his possessions spend
Not stores of gold, but Love in fullest play —
He wins the greatest treasure in the end
Who Lives as well as Gives his Christmas Day !

GETTYSBURG FIFTY YEARS AFTER

I

'Tis fifty years, my Brother, since on that fatal day,
Confronting one another in grim war's dread array,
The Gray and Blue with courage true
Met on this field for deeds of rue,
To slaughter and to slay !

Hate filled our eyes then, Brother, and rage enthralled
each heart —

A rage that naught could smother, and drove us mad,
apart.

Each fought for right as right he knew,
'And as we fought our madness grew,
And poisoned every dart.

Blood-lust was on us, Brother. We writhed beneath its
spell,

And sons of the same mother beneath its madness fell.
We maimed, and lamed, and blindly slew —
Each did the deed he had to do
Nor knew that it was Hell !

The skies grew lurid overhead,
As shot and shell with carnage dread

Gettysburg Fifty Years After

Their sanguinary horrors spread,
And scarlet grew the meadows green,
And great streams babbled o'er the scene,
And every stream was red !

II

To-day we meet again, Brother, upon that self-same
field.

Forgot is every pain, Brother, in newborn Love re-
vealed.

The Blue and Gray, in glad array,
Stand face to face as on that day,
And every wound is healed !

The madness of the fray, Brother, the blindness of the
fight,

Like to that dreadful day, Brother, have faded in the
night,

And hand in hand the Spirit band
As well as we together stand,
Together face the Light !

E'en as the blood we shed, Brother, the blood of warriors
true

In one stream mingled red, Brother, and sped thence to
the blue,

All blent in blessed unity,
So in a Union blest run we
To face what we've to do !

Gettysburg Fifty Years After

III

Gone is the rage that filled our hearts.

Gone is the hate that dulled our eyes,
And here where flew envenomed darts

The Palm of Peace Fraternal lies.

Where Brother once his Brother slew,

And grim war dimmed the skies above,
Once more we come, the Gray, the Blue,
To hold a Festival of Love !

PROFIT AND LOSS

HERE are the treasures I have won :
A sense of Duty sometimes done ;
A pleasing taste of présent fame ;
The goodly solace of a name
That men speak well of here and there ;
And gold enough to banish care ;
A place in the community
Wherein my neighbors speak of me
As one who's made use of his days
In doing good in divers ways ;
Who has not wasted fleeting hours,
Nor idly spent his stock of powers
On things of trivial intent ;
A retrospect of shadows blent
With many a vista flashed with gold,
In which rare scenes of bliss unfold
And turn to jewels e'en the tears
That dimmed the eyes in yesteryears.

The cost has been the loss of skies
That promised many a noble prize ;
The loss of spring-time in the heart,
Of Youth the all-essential part ;
The loss of eagerness to meet
The unknown perils of the street ;

Profit and Loss

The dimming of Ambition's light ;
A greater sense of coming night ;
The loss of thrilled expectancy
When thinking on what is to be ;
On what to-morrow holds in store
Upon its dark untrodden shore ;
The loss of dreams of deeds to do ;
The love of all things strange and new —
All these possessions rare are lost,
Forever gone to swell the cost
Of life and all the hard-won bays
That crown me in my latter days.

The balance ? Strike it if you will.
Find it of good, or find it ill —
I vex me not with balances
To see if loss or profit is.
I've joyed in joys, and grieved in tears.
The light and shadow of the years
Have kept me ever in their reach,
As night and day each follows each.
Great happiness and woes have come,
Like summers fair and winters numb.
Great peace has filled my soul, and strife
Has had its portion of my life,
And as I draw nigh to the end,
And think of enemy and friend,
Of helpmate fair, of bliss and grief,
Of flowers dead, and buds in leaf,

Profit and Loss

Of troubles, trials, blessings, gifts ;
Of plans, ambitions, failures, shifts,
I would not cast the balance up
If sweet or bitter be the cup,
But am content, whate'er befall —
I'm grateful to have lived at all !

ON A RAINY DAY IN A LIBRARY

WHEN falls the gentle summer rain,
And caution bids us stay within,
I vex me not with thoughts of pain
That I may not the hillsides win ;
That I may not the country roam
At will, and speed o'er hill and dale,
But rest contentedly at home
With stores of wealth that never fail.

A miner I become, and here
Surrounded by vast lodes of thought,
Great messages in woe or cheer
From out recesses hid are brought —
A nugget now of Wisdom's gold
From Sages past perhaps I find,
Or possibly some ledge will hold
Soul-metal of some rarer kind.

Would I commune with lyric bird
In glowing ecstasies of song ?
Here are the Poets' numbers heard
That to the heavenly choir belong.
The songs that tell of youthful dreams ;
The songs that sing undying love,
And through the cloud-rifts grant us gleams
Of our immortal treasure-trove

On a Rainy Day in a Library

Or do I seek adventure swift,
Some knightly deed of prowess rare,
Mine eye to otherward I shift
And that I seek awaits me there —
The heroes of a doughty age,
Greece, Rome, or mediæval France,
Wait on the turning of some page
In tourney bold, or courtly dance.

Their loves, their hates, I share them both.
In perils I am at their side.
When war's afoot I'm nothing loath
To mount and forth to battle ride;
And when some feat of arms is done
By Cavalier for Ladye Fayre,
The smiling prizes nobly won
Are mine as well as his to share.

On enterprise of pirate sort,
Again, I freely may embark,
Nor later fear the ill-report
That follows bloody deeds and dark;
But fearless of all consequence
To life, or limb, or good-repute,
I join in the incontinence
Of shambles for the sake of loot.

Or be my mood of nobler cast,
And wider, stranger worlds my quest,

On a Rainy Day in a Library

Before, or eke behind, some mast
I seek discovery with the best —
Columbus, Ponce, De Soto — all
The heroes of a valiant mould
Within some cover wait my call
To do again the deeds of old.

Or best of all, if so I will
To seek a more ennobling zone,
And walk with men inspiring still,
The greatest souls the world hath known,
From all the list of truly great
'Tis mine to choose my company ;
To join them in their gloried state,
Or share their grim Gethsemane.

When falls the gentle summer rain,
And caution bids us stay within,
I vex me not with murmurs vain
That I the hillsides may not win ;
But here within these quiet nooks,
Content as Omar 'neath his vine,
I roam through my belovéd books,
And all the universe is mine.

S.O.S.

In the code of Wireless Telegraphy the letters S.O.S. are the signal of Distress.

“S.O.S. ! S.O.S. !”
Comes the signal of distress
Everywhere we list we hear
Some one sounding in his fear,
“S.O.S.”
If it happen on the sea
Instantly
Comes the answer, ringing clear,
“Hold your spirits full of cheer !
We are hastening o’er the wave,
And will save !
Hidden in the misty haze
Of dread ocean’s stormy ways
We will find you and extend
Helping hand unto the end ;
Hand to lift you safely o’er
Raging waters to the shore.
Keep your courage undismayed !
Let your hearts rest unafraid —
We have heard your cry of fear
Ringing through the atmosphere,
And with loving eagerness
O’er the waters on we press,
Answering your S.O.S. !”

S.O.S.

If it happen on the land
Where is then the helping hand ?
From the homes of penury,
From the vales of misery,
From the lair of sodden grief
Comes the pleading for relief,
 “S.O.S. ! S.O.S. !
Help us in our helplessness —
 S.O.S. !”

Sounding daily in our ears
From the haunts of human tears,
Echoing on every side
From the ever-rising tide
Comes the call for tenderness —
 “S.O.S. !”

Grinding chance, and human ills ;
Shattered hope that numbs and kills ;
Human derelicts are there,
Sinking, sinking, in despair,
 To the grave ;
In their awful loneliness,
Crying, sobbing, “S.O.S. !
Come in charity to save !
 From the spring
Of thy blessings haste to bring
Comfort to the comfortless —
 S.O.S. ! S.O.S. !”

Women, children, in the crush,
Trampled in the maddened rush,

S.O.S.

For some bare necessity
Cry aloud incessantly,
In their groaning wretchedness,
“S.O.S. !”

Here's a human soul beset
In the purlieus of regret —
Tangled up, enmeshed within
Webs of Sin —

Hear his signal of distress !
Hear his wailing S.O.S. !

“Hasten ye !

Save me from this beggary —
Beggary of soul and heart !

I, alas, have lost my chart,
And am drifting o'er the sea
To the ports of slavery

Ransomless —

S.O.S. ! S.O.S. !

Round my soul the waters rise
Shutting out the blue of skies ;
Shutting out the Father's face
In the fathomless disgrace —
Will ye leave me in my stress
Fatherless ?

Leave me not unto this fate !
Come before it is too late —
Ere a human soul shall sink,
Slipping, slipping, o'er the brink,

S.O.S.

In the snare
Of despair,
Lost for aye to righteousness —
S.O.S. ! S.O.S. !”

O the signals ! O the calls !
Flashing o'er these city walls
From the realms of ugliness
That upon us ever press
With their pleading S.O.S. !
Cries of children in despond —
Motherless !
To the helping hands beyond —
“S.O.S. !”

Pleading ever for release !
Pleading for one taste of peace !
Little ones that blindly grope
In a hopeless quest for hope !
Pleading for a sure relief
From the waves of sin and grief !
Human vessels, one and all,
Sending out their piteous call —
Shall they find us pitiless,
When they sound their S.O.S. ?

Do we heed them ? Do we list
To those voices in the mist
On the land ?
Have we lent the helping hand
To our Brothers in despair
Everywhere ?

S.O.S.

Do we send them words of cheer,
Bidding them forget their fear,
With a message sounding clear —
“Hold your courage undismayed !
Keep your spirits unafraid !
We are hastening o’er the wave,
 And will save !
We will come in Brotherhood,
And our boats are staunch, and good,
Laden deep with Love and Hope
For the weary souls that grope
 In the sea
Of despair and misery —
Laden deep with tenderness,
Bringing comfort in your stress,
Answering your S.O.S. !”

THE following pages contain advertisements
of recent important poetry.

IMPORTANT BOOKS OF POETRY

Three New Books
By JOHN MASEFIELD

SALT WATER BALLADS

Cloth. 12mo. \$1.00 net. Postpaid \$1.10.

"Masefield has prisoned in verse the spirit of life at sea."—*New York Sun.*

A MAINSAIL HAUL

Cloth. 12mo. \$1.25 net. Postpaid \$1.36.

"There is strength about everything Masefield writes that compels the feeling that he has an inward eye on which he draws to shape new films of old pictures. In these pictures is freshness combined with power."—*New York Globe.*

THE TRAGEDY OF POMPEY

Preparing.

A vigorous, vivid and convincing play, in the virile and impressive vein associated with Mr. Masefield's striking poetic gifts.

PUBLISHED BY

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
64-66 Fifth Avenue New York

IMPORTANT BOOKS OF POETRY

New Editions of
JOHN MASEFIELD'S
Other Works

THE DAFFODIL FIELDS

Second Edition. \$1.25 net.

"Neither in the design nor in the telling did, or could, 'Enoch Arden' come near the artistic truth of 'The Daffodil Fields.'"—Sir QUILLER-COUCH, *Cambridge University.*

**THE STORY OF A ROUND-HOUSE,
AND OTHER POEMS**

New and Revised Edition. \$1.30 net.

"The story of that rounding of the Horn! Never in prose has the sea been so tremendously described."—*Chicago Evening Post.*

**THE EVERLASTING MERCY and THE
WIDOW IN THE BYE STREET**

(Awarded the Royal Society of Literature's prize of \$500.)

New and Revised Edition. \$1.25 net.

"Mr. Masefield comes like a flash of light across contemporary English poetry. The improbable has been accomplished; he has made poetry out of the very material that has refused to yield it for almost a score of years."—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

PUBLISHED BY

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

64-66 Fifth Avenue

New York

IMPORTANT BOOKS OF POETRY

By
WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

Daily Bread

*New Edition. Three volumes in one. Cloth, 12mo.
\$1.25 net.*

"A Millet in word-painting who writes with a terrible simplicity is Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, born in Hexham, England, in 1878, of whom Canon Cheyne wrote: 'A new poet of the people has risen up among us.' The story of a soul is written as plainly in 'Daily Bread' as in 'The Divine Comedy' and in 'Paradise Lost.'"—*The Outlook*.

Fires

Cloth. 12mo. \$1.25 net.

"In 'Fires' as in 'Daily Bread,' the fundamental note is human sympathy with the whole of life. Impressive as these dramas are, it is in their cumulative effect that they are chiefly powerful."—*Atlantic Monthly*.

Womenkind

Cloth. 12mo. \$1.25 net.

"Mr. Gibson is a genuine singer of his own day and turns into appealing harmony the world's harshly jarring notes of poverty and pain."—*The Outlook*.

PUBLISHED BY

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

64-66 Fifth Avenue

New York

IMPORTANT BOOKS OF POETRY

By HERMANN HAGEDORN POEMS AND BALLADS

Cloth. 12mo. \$1.00 net

"His is perhaps the most confident of the prophecies of our new poets, for he has seen most clearly the poetry in the new life. His song is full of the spirit of youth and hope. . . . It is the song that the new century needs. His verse is strong and flexible and has an ease, a naturalness, a rhythm that is rare in young poets. In many of his shorter lyrics he recalls Heine."—*Boston Transcript*.

By FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS MYSELF AND I *Cloth. 12mo. \$1.00 net*

"For some years the poems of Miss Davies have attracted wide attention in the best periodicals. That note of wistful mysticism which shimmers in almost every line gives her art a distinction that is bound to make its appeal. In this first book—where every verse is significant—Miss Davis has achieved very beautiful and serious poetry."

—*Boston Transcript*.

By JOHN HELSTON APHRODITE AND OTHER POEMS

Cloth. 12mo. \$1.25 net.

This book introduces another poet of promise to the verse-lovers of this country. It is of interest to learn that Mr. Helston, who for several years was an operative mechanic in electrical works, has created a remarkable impression in England where much is expected of him. This volume, characterized by verse of rare beauty, presents his most representative work, ranging from the long descriptive title-poem to shorter lyrics.

PUBLISHED BY

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

64-66 Fifth Avenue

New York

THE WORKS OF RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Nobel Prizeman in Literature, 1913

- GITANJALI** (Song Offerings). A Collection of Prose Translations made by the author from the original Bengali \$1.40 net
- THE GARDENER.** Poems of Youth \$1.25 net
- THE CRESCENT MOON.** Child Poems. (Colored Ill.) \$1.25 net
- SADHANA: THE REALIZATION OF LIFE.** A volume of essays \$1.25 net

All four by Rabindranath Tagore, translated by the author from the original Bengali.

Rabindranath Tagore is the Hindu poet and preacher to whom the Nobel Prize was recently awarded. . . .

I would commend these volumes, and especially the one entitled "Sadhana," the collection of essays, to all intelligent readers. I know of nothing, except it be Maeterlinck, in the whole modern range of the literature of the inner life that can compare with them.

There are no preachers nor writers upon spiritual topics, whether in Europe or America, that have the depth of insight, the quickness of religious apperception, combined with the intellectual honesty and scientific clearness of Tagore. . . .

Here is a book from a master, free as the air, with a mind universal as the sunshine. He writes, of course, from the standpoint of the Hindu. But, strange to say, his spirit and teaching come nearer to Jesus, as we find Him in the Gospels, than any modern Christian writer I know.

He does for the average reader what Bergson and Eucken are doing for scholars; he rescues the soul and its faculties from their enslavement to logic-chopping. He shows us the way back to Nature and her spiritual voices.

He rebukes our materialistic, wealth-mad, Western life with the dignity and authority of one of the old Hebrew prophets. . . .

He opens up the meaning of life. He makes us feel the redeeming fact that life is tremendous, a worth-while adventure. "Everything has sprung from immortal life and is vibrating with life. LIFE IS IMMENSE." . . .

Tagore is a great human being. His heart is warm with love. His thoughts are pure and high as the galaxy.

(Copyright, 1913, by Frank Crane.) Reprinted by permission from the *New York Globe*, Dec. 18, 1913.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Publishers

64-66 Fifth Avenue

New York



3

•

