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Forget-me-not.

When spring from out earth's frozen bosom
Calls forth her treasures rich and rare,
Her hoarded wealth of bud and blossom
To meet and greet us every where,



Then comes in gardens fair and smiling,
And many a low and lonely spot,
With heavenly hopes our hearts beguiling,
Our lovely flower Forget-me-not.



M. A. Preston
Charlotte,
Wich

1890

Heed Not That Judge

I love not man the less because
 Of rash words spoken with his name,
 The faults that censorious mortals draw
 Are in themselves invidious flaws —
 For recognition, weak and lame
 In vain conceit and jealousy
 Full truthful, oft times sounds a word,
 When it to test Morality.
 It takes the guilt and leaves absurd
 The thought of recognizing speech —
 Vain language that doth harm to each.
 The judge who brawls the fault and creed
 Of fellow men, we should not heed,
 For zephyrus start electric storms
 That lay destruction where no harm,
 But peace and comfort did abound.
 The first one who can man decide
 Is he who hath no faults to hide —
 And he hath never yet been found

Suffolk, Va. Oct. 1891.

William R. Jacobs

Aut-5-262

A Pretty Dimpled Chin.

A pair of eyes may woo us with
 a serious look or gay,
 And a rosy mouth entice us -
 of pleasant words 'twill say,
 A handsome hand may hold our own
 clasped tenderly within,
 But nothing is so fetching as
 a pretty, dimpled chin.

Refrain.

A dimple in the chin's a charm -
 a kiss by angels given
 When its possessor came to earth
 exiled a while from heaven;
 And ever it should keep us
 from sorrow and from sin,
 But - there's nothing half so "fetching" as
 a pretty dimpled chin.

A pure, white brow may draw us
 and lift our throats above,
 And a snowy throat allure us
 with whisperings of love,
 A tress of dark or sunny hair
 our very hearts may win,
 But - nothing is so "fetching" as
 a pretty dimpled chin.

Refrain.

Laura Eugenie Brown.
 Little Rock, Ark. June, 1891.

To Eulalia.

No! The friendship that you proffer
Loses every charm for me.
Clasp the willing hand I offer,
Loosely, or fling it free.

Let the happy vows we plighted,
Like the rainbow arch above,
Partly broken, be united
In the golden light of love.

Or, by storms of passion driven,
Let this upward rolling cloud
Wrap the splendour of our heaven
In its black oblivious shroud.

For your friendship, though combining
All its power, all its art,
Like your love, will soon be shining
But an ember on the heart.

And the dying spark that lingers,
Fetful relic of the past,
Well but serve to burn Love's fingers
Ere it coldly winks its last.

Loosy words so lightly spoken
And so quickly proved untrue,
Shatter friendship and the token
Of our future is - adieu

M. A. Stewart
San Jose, Cal Oct 6th 1896.

The Prairie

Be thine the high mountain, where storms ever lower,
And winter in solitude reigns:

But mine be the prairie, where sunshine and shower,
Make genial the emerald plains.

Be thine the broad valley, where streams overflowing,
Bring terror, destruction and death:

But mine be the prairie, where flowers are blowing,
Perfuming the vales by their breath.

Be thine the wild ocean, where sea-wraiths give warning,
Of vessels engulfed with their crews:

But mine be the prairie, in tints of the morning,
Or evening's soft roseate hues.

Be thine the dense forest, where serpents are creeping,
And panther and wolverene stray:

But mine be the prairie, where wild deer are leaping,
And rabbit and antelope play.

W. M. Paxton.

Platte City, Mo. 1891.

To Minnie.

Were all the shells on oceans shore
Resounding with its ceaseless roar,
Their music might be grand,

sublime

A perfect and harmonious chime,
But yet the accents of thy voice
Would sooner make my heart glad,
And bind me with a sweeter spell
Than melody from tuted shell.

Were all the beauteous flowers that
blossom

To shed on me their rich perfume,
I'd rather share thy lasting love,
And meet thee in the realms above,
Than dwell among the fairest
flowers

That ever smiled 'mid Eden's bowers

Elizabeth Ann Dannelly

The - Tempest.

Heard ye not the tempest moan?
 Far winds, murmur, monotone?
 And the hissing splendors thrown,
 From the mighty hand of Love?
 Heard ye not the blazing line,
 Reach and kiss the mountain pine?
 Was it - from the hand divine,
 To the monarch of the zone?

Lo! the stately head is bowed,
 And the giant-winged cloud,
 Flaps its banners, long and loud,
 Round the torn and bleeding stem.
 Telling to a whisper low,
 Ling'ring, as if loth to go,
 Weeping - o'er that fatal blow,
 Hark! the chanted requiem.

Sleep! O Sleep! thou forest king!
 Fand' no more, by tempestaving,
 Lowly, where the blossoms spring,
 And the chirping crickets call.
 Lowly, tis the monarchs fate,
 With the neck of earth to mate,
 Brothers of one common state,
 Provide must surely have its fall.

Charles. Henry. Forster.

Poesy.

Ah, Poesy! Heaven-born gift divine!
 A joy supreme at morn or set of sun;
 A solace to the weary-hearted one;
 A presence pure, beneficent, benign,
 Whose influence doth every thought refine.
 Thy imagery hath excellence outdone,
 And Love in thee an added charm hath won.
 Of all things beautiful thou art the shrine.
 Thy votaries are found in every clime;
 Even lauded Genius waits uncrowned till thou
 Hast placed thy fairest gems upon his brow.
 Thy grand creations live throughout all time.
 Aspiring souls, that ever upward climb,
 Reach thy far height - & find a power sublime.

Helen Field Comstock.

The Sea.

When wilt thou rest, O Sea!
 Thou of the restless heart,
 Grand in thy majesty,
 Wailing thy lost, apart!

Thy sorrows will not cease.
 There is no rest for thee,
 No one to speak thee peace,
 As Christ to Galilee.

And thou hast heard, when time
 Shall be henceforth no more,
 In the celestial clime,
 No ocean-surge will roar.

Thou, who art now so fair,
 With crested wave in sun,
 Thou, with the heart of care,
 Forevermore, undone!

Mighty and grand and strong,
 Majestic, wild and free,
 Can an eternal song
 Be perfect without thee!

Luella D. Smith.

Hudson-on-Hudson. May, 1891-

"Inter Folia Fructus."

Inscribed in a copy of Whittier's Poems,
 a Birthday Greeting

Between these leaves a fruitage grows,
 Which with eternal sunshine glows;
 It cheers the heart, delights the eye,
 And teaches what paternal ties
 God's thoughts, in nature's care, disclose.
 Besides this harvest which bestows
 On all refreshment and repose,
 For you another hidden lies
 Between these leaves: —

Friendship, untouched by winter snows;
 Ripened affection, which outgrows
 This earthly clime, and death defies;
 And memories; — these but comprise
 A tithe of what my thoughts enclose
 Between these leaves.

James D. White.

Kind Words
 As messengers of peace,
 Unto our lives they come,
 Bringing sweet release
 To many a weary one.

Deep in our hearts they lie
 Treasures that never fade,
 Whose brightness by and by
 Lightens the darkest shade.

Mrs. M. B. Burgess & Cline
 Hazel City, Wis.

Heavenly Ministries

A smile upon the face of Love
 (My low sick couch above)
 Woke me from sleep one happy day,
 It filled the room
 With-sudden bloom,
 It made the winter May!

A bird lit on the window sill,
 And for a crumb sent forth a trill
 Of happy song. Our lonely nest,
 Heart-touched by its sweet tiny guest,
 Thrilled through and through
 As toward the blue
 The songster flew.

It was the too-still nest of home
 Whence one had flown
 Away — alone!
 A home where death had come.

We watched the bird till lost to sight
 And, somehow, dawn rose on our night;
 A chastened peace fell thro' the air,
 We hardly dared to say twas there,
 But from far heights fell wafting down
 The shimmering of a Crown!

Isadore G. Jeffery

Our lives are as the Days that go

our lives are as the days that go
 Or bright with sun or dark with cloud.
 They bring to men or weal or woe
 And bless or blight the circling crowd
 Blest is the life that is hid with God,
 Whose pathway is a ray of light
 To heal the Stroke of Time's rough rod
 And make the gloomy world's heart bright.

To him who living lifts his race
 To see & know the sweeter ways
 Of his good Master, death is grace
 And plenitude of endless praise
 The wide circumference of soul
 That circles through the lives of men
 To bless with fellowship the whole
 Finds death but life begun again
 God rules - the Maker of all things
 He crowns the toiler with His rest.
 A blessed life in death still brings
 The blessings of all blessings best.

Louisville, Ky. Marcus Blakey Almond
 May 29th 1891

Sonnet

Inscribed to Senator Justin S. Morrill
on His Eightieth Birthday,

In musty book of Egypt's laws, I read:
Let every action in fair balance weigh,
The truth make manifest as clear as day,
Suspend the verdict over man it said,
That no one be adjudged till he be dead;
So that throughout all time no mortal may,
The justice of a record closed, gainsay,
Nor cast a doubt o'er flood of light thus shed.

I shut the book replete with ancient lore,
It seemed to me I knew a man being,
To whom his country safely could assign,
An honored name, still living - and add more
To record fair, that no one could malign,
Of Statesman, who this day has reached fourscore.

April 14th 1890. Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren

The Sweetest Eyes.

Which are the sweetest-eyes, to you,

The brown, where fire and languor meet,
The merry laughing eyes of blue,
Or black, with glances shy and fleet?

Or opaline, with changeful hue,
Or gray, where mind with beauty meets,
Or violet, so soft and true,
Tell me, which are the sweetest-eyes?

My darling bent her sunny head
"Her radiant-face seemed half divine
The sweetest-eyes to see," I said,
"Are there that look with love in mine"

Mary A. Denison.

Washington D.C.
June 8th, 1891.

Pa 1982

The Past and Present

While contemplating on the past
 The year that's fled and gone
 There's many things we did neglect
 And duties left undone

Many kind words we might have ^{said}
 Good deeds we might have done
 But the time can't be recalled
 The year of ninty one

Then let kind word from each one flow
 And good acts not be few
 That joy and happiness reign supream
 In Eighteen ninty two

For when we each our duties do
 In word and deed to all
 Reflection on the past is sweet
 No wish for time recalled

Wm Rice

~ A Love Song. ~

Why do I love thee so, sweetheart?
I cannot tell, Love knows no why
It cannot reason, but I know
The love I bear thee cannot die.

How do I know I love thee, dear?
Love's signs are known to all the world;
I plain, that he who runs may read,
His banner always is unfurled.

When thou art gone, dear heart, I see
No beauty in the fairest things,
No melody in song of birds,
No music in their rustling wings.

How do I know I love thee, dear?
By what thou'rt made, the world to me,
By the new joy I find in life,
By all I mean, my life to be.

By deeming all of woman-kind
Perfect and pure, because of thee—
By finding life worth living, dear,
I know thou'rt all the world to me.

Florence A. Jones.
Hampton, Iowa May 27. 1891.

The Sleeper

She sleeps! the strife of life is done
 And all its warnings cease;
 The sleeper that fair and faultless one
 Has entered into peace
 And tender recollection keeps
 Its watch o'er one who softly sleeps.

She wakes! for as the shadows fall
 From her young soul away;
 She answers to the morning call
 Of God's eternal day
 And endless daytime brightly breaks
 For one who in her Saviour wakes.

Margaret Hunt Brisbane

Vickroy Miss-

To, a young poet.

If you wish, to be a bard,
 You must study well, and hard;
 But, all this, I must confess,
 Will not make, you a success:
 'Tis a gift, or natural thought,
 Something which, can not be bought;
 Though you strive, with might, and main
 You can not, renown attain,
 Without this, inherent gift,
 Words to use, and thoughts, to sift:
 So, if power, you lack, to rhyme,
 Better wait, a little time,
 And not do; - like this my plan
 Poetize before, you can.

Louman A. Ferris
 Oct. 5. 1891. Bernhards Bay, N. Y.

On Awaking from Sleep.

The night came on, I laid me down -
 I closed my eyes and sweetly slept;
 The hours went by to me unknown,
 And still I was in safety kept.
 What power preserved and guarded me,
 Unconscious thus of all around?
 Who touched me that I 'woke to see
 The light of morn, and new life found?

The globe on which I dwell revolved
 With even pace the sun to meet;
 The night was into day resolved -
 Whose beauties now my vision great.
 O God! Thou art; or, I were not -
 Thy power preserves the world and me:
 Thee would I own in every thought,
 And to Thy name all glory be!

Westminster, Md. James Thomas Ward.
 Aug. 21st 1891.

Success.

The following lines ~~upon Success~~
are taken from an Ode to the Alumni
of my Alma Mater! —

Our friends upon Commencement day,
Brought flowers which they gave,
To show respect for all that love,
We were supposed to have,

Their petals faded, one by one,
Have fallen from the stem;
And, like the honors we received,
No one now cares for them;

But in the scrambling fight of life
Each one must fight alone
Upon himself must base his hope
Make that the solid stone,

The busy world don't care if we
Have diplomas by the score;
Tis real merit, pluck, and worth,
Required, and nothing more!

Henry E. Ragsdale,
Nov 19, 1870.

Fate.

Within the shadow of a mighty tree
 A floweret grew,
 As fair and beautiful as one could see
 The whole world through.

The birds sang love to it the honey-bee
 Assailed its heart;
 The love-lorn zephyrs whispered plaintively
 Their woes apart.

But vain and fruitless were their plaints and sigh
 It might not be,
 The floweret gazed, with ever longing eyes,
 Up to the tree

But, ah! The tree gazed only at the sky,
 With yearnings sweet,
 Near noticing the lonely flowerets sigh
 Low at its feet.

Dufus Cyrene Macdonald

Boston, April 30th 1887

Emancipation

Heart doors, long shut, swing softly now ajar —
 While o'er the world this dream moon blooms in light
 And Memories with mistful eyes and white
 Calm brows just touched with gloom steal forth afar
 Down dream ways still. No rude new cares now mar
 The echoes of their eerie talk, nor fright
 Their timid steps. They fill the purple night
 With elfin song — the face of each a star.

But lo! the emerald glow of moonset pale
 Receives within its crystal brim the rose
 Ofushing dawn. Up, shepherd! safe in the doore
 Of night fast closing, far from out the vale
 Where shadows flee, thy starry flock now hail.
 'Tis truchant day! let Spiritu Pasto repose

C. H. Fuge.

Night on The Cumberland.

When night drops low o'er gainst day,
 And stars slip half their jewels down
 From out the gorgeous Milky-way,
 The Cardinals of God's Court;

I lie upon the utmost rim
 Of mount Raritan's mysterious heights,
 And far below I see the dim
 And distant dancing Sparta lights.

When silence keeps a tryst with rest,
 Save when the Kildee's startled cry,
 Breaks o'er the ridge's loun crest,
 With oars of Gulet's wing close by;

And burring beetles idly float -
 Dullea grants in a land of ease -
 And whippoorwill's lamenting note
 Goes sobbing thro' the sombre trees;

When dark, shadow shroud the world -
 Above the Wild-cat's gleaming bars,
 And fire-flies flash their belted gold,
 The wand'ring ghosts of fallen stars;

O' Cumberland! thy restful night,
 I greet as falls the evening's glow,
 And bid the world a fair good night,
 And then to Isles of Dreamland go.

Celburne, Texas.

James Graham

Agnosticism.

From unknown China a soul came into flesh,
 Naught can it tell us of the place it left.
 O'er of by pushing hands, or if by drift
 It made Earth's shore, and motion to ^{heart} faint
 Will question, why?

Ten, ten, and pain, divide up the many days,
 To life as one forgets enough to exist,
 The strong pursue, the weak must pain distrust,
 Shall this ere change into a better way?
 Out, if so, where?

A vision that silent and mysterious sea,
 Which all movements surround the world,
 In this chilling north flows, and the sea is parted,
 Life passes on into the great — To be
 Still questioning, where?

John E. Robson

The Country School

Forty little lassos fifty little boys,

Hidious in their chatter fearful in their noise,-

Climbing o'er fences, coming through the lane,

Rushing up the valley, dashing o'er the plain,-

All on in a hurry, disregarding rules,

Rozey, red, and breathless tumbling into school!

Children of the wealthy, Children of the poor,

On a common level seek a common door.

Laughers effervescent, full of mirth and glee;

'Full of fun and frolic spiced with scelerity

Some are bold and daring, some a little shy,

Half grown lads and lassos courting "on the sly."

Boy in busy-woley scarcely yet eleven,

Making pretty speeches to a girl of seven,-

Rapid little gallant, roguish little Jay

Then is no mistaking aforesaid Amice

The boys go to the left, to the right - the lassos

Let a tete disturbed mourn'd again in classes

Dainty little Misses gallant little Hans

Unbeknown to teacher pass their bit of dross

Smiling little uncles, blooming little lassos

With their ruzle eyes seeing all that passes

Order not in order. Jolly, werry mile!

It surely must be pleasant teaching country school

Thos. M. Clarke

Henry Hastings Sibley.

In mettled youth the stalwart pioneer
 Who broke the forests; scaled the dizzy steep;
 Taught the awart savage justice to revere,
 And plumed the path of empire wide and deep.

In early Manhood builder of the State —
 A leader and a martyr, laying down
 The rod and rifle for the realer seat
 Of legislator, and the civic crown.

In life's rich Prime the soldier, when strong arm
 Forperilled thousands wrought deliverance,
 Whose cool and prudent prowess quelled alarm
 As quailed the foe before his angry glance.

In stately Age the counsellor and friend.
 The splendid model of our men to be,
 Sereest sage. Gentlest of gentlemen,
 Rare autumn ripening summer's fulgency.

His past secure in history's golden row,
 Honored and loved through all life's shining span,
 His future safe. Late be he ours to mourn —
 The first and noblest Minnesotian.

St Paul, June 6, 1888. Henry Hastings

Fourth of July.

What glitters in the sunlight so gay
 The star spangled banner of this nations day
 All over this country from every dome
 Where bufaloes and indians used to roam

Hark, songs, shouts and the sweet music strain
 This desert now waving with the golden grain
 All is waving in glorious calmly motion
 Canons roar, fier display from Ocean to Ocean

This motion of progress with increasing speed
 Dear american citizens, never retreat
 In our age of the mighty steel
 Let's push along the progressing wheel

G. A. W. Boedecker
 Bucklin Kansas
 July July The 4th 1891

Remembrance.

Whenever alone I stray,
 Adown that shady path where merrily
 We rambled many a day,
 Each flower and leaflet seems instinct with thee,
 Though thou art far away;
 And spurning all the spaces that divide,
 I still in fancy linger at thy side.

I will remember thee;
 And when before our Father's throne in prayer,
 I humbly bow the knee,
 I'll ask for thee all blessings rich and rare,
 As thou, too, dost for me;
 So maybe God, who notes the sparrow even,
 Will write our names together up in heaven.

Viola G. Smith,
 Mapleton, Iowa.

I Need Thee Every Hour

I need Thee every hour!
 Now hear me while I pray;
 And by Thy loving power,
 Recall me when I stray.

When night shall hide my sky
 And I in darkness grieve,
 No other helper nigh,
 Be Thou my friend and hope.

Pass me not by I plead!
 At all times, everywhere,
 My helpless soul hath need
 Of Thy unsleeping care.

Rebecca G. Holden .

Smyrna Me Oct. 6 1891

Consolation.

'Tis said that when we need them most,
 Our Summer friends take sudden flight,
 And leave us only with the ghost
 Of lost delight.

While hopes are high, and no alloy
 Beclouds our path in life's bright noon,
 They cluster round with love and joy,
 Like flowers in June.

But when our fortunes' all decay,
 When care and sorrow wring the heart,
 Like Autumn leaves they fade away
 And soon depart.

In vain we clasp our trembling hands
 With pleading eyes, and tear-wet faces;
 They're gone "like foot-prints on the sands",
 And leave us traces.

Then let us place our trust on High;
 That when deserted, sad, and lone,
 Our "Faith can see with lifted eye"
 Our Heavenly Home.

Frances Birdsall Stearns.

Some Sweet Day

There are many ills in life
 And there's many a care and strife
 And there's trials to endure
 But the prize is also sure;
 And the journey may not be
 Just as plain as plain can be
 But strive on 'twill surely pay
 Some Sweet day.

There's many a pain and ache
 And there's so very much at stake
 Life at best is full of care
 And we always have our share
 But strive to gain that haven
 Where palms and crowns are given
 Yes: strive on 'twill surely pay
 Some sweet day.

Your ^{hands} with toil are weary
 The days are dull and dreary;
 Harsh words are sometimes said
 Piercing heart and aching head
 And the cross may heavy prove
 But there is a God of love
 Who will most surely pay
 Some Sweet day.

J. W. Sage

The Bard of Helicon.

I saw a bright-eyed youth, with tresses curled,
 and cheeks that blossomed in the spring of life,
 Behind him leave the din of mortal strife—
 thro' shadow pass, out of the busy world.
 I followed, and I heard him speak in tones
 Befitting angels—soft, musical and sweet,
 In which for heaven and the earth bowed meet,
 And mingle into love in yellow zones.
 Alone, a path of emerald he tread,
 Where streams melodious, by vales crossed,
 Streamed out the purple shadows of the West,
 And to the shining sea of glory fled.
 He paused, and listened with a poet's ear:
 The birds had each a strangely-rhythmed tune,
 And flowers, from floral gardens of the moon,
 Had mellowed into gold the atmosphere.
 He gazed at heaven, and, brimming with desires,
 He saw beside his feet a crystal stream,
 Whose tinkling was the music of a dream;
 And, kindling into flame the spirit-fires,
 He drank afresh from Helicon's gift-spring,
 And wrote a poem which the world admires—
 A golden lyric that the angels sing.

— Jos. Lee May.

Catawba Jet, S. C.
 Jan. 26th 1892.

A Thought.

If from the coming days of our existence
 The curtain of the years could lifted be,
 And we along the unknown future's distance
 Our destined fortunes might depicted see;
 If through fate's magic glass for one brief minute
 A glimpse were proffered us adown the years,
 Of all life offered, all allurements in it,
 All joys and sufferings, all smiles and tears,
 How felt, I fear, would crave the doubtful favor
 To look and read their varied portions there —
 The trials, struggles which shall make us braver,
 Or daunt the spirit with their load of care!

Ah, no! when once our temple is erected
 The beauty of our dreaming hours is flown;
 The charm of life lies in the unexpected,
 The bliss of thought in what is still unknown.
 There is a nameless pleasure in deceiving
 Ourselves with hopes that life can ne'er fulfill;
 A strange, sweet happiness in yet believing
 The future holds her treasures for us still.
 And none would willingly the sibyls' olden
 Invoke to write their coming smiles or tears,
 Or seek to lift, in search for fortunes golden,
 The slowly-rising curtain of the years.

Dudley Louis Bodge.
 Greenwich, N.Y. Oct. 7, 1891.

My Beautiful Home.

Washington is A noble name;
 That nature blessed with gold and fame:
 How proud I feel that I can say,
 Fair Washington is my Home to day.

Its lofty peaks and snowy crest,
 Lie buried minerals of the west:
 That's stood the test for many A year,
 And been explored without A fear.

Health and splendor is thine to day;
 While the sun still shines with glorious ray:
 Lack no fairer Home on earth,
 Than the freedom of fair Washington's turf.
 Isabella Barnes.

Jeanaway Wash. Nov. 23, 1891.

Remembrance of our Heroes.

Let us cover those wounds over,
 With the beautiful flowers of May,
 We have gathered and wreathed for dear ones,
 Let us cover them over to day.
 Time has left us but few comrades
 And they soon will pass away
 Each year leaves new wounds to cover,
 With the lovely flowers of May

11.

Days of danger, and camplife over,
 Few old soldiers remain to-day,
 And their lives are fraught with hardships,
 Heads once black are silver gray.
 Care for those while yet you have them
 For the time is not faraway,
 When the wounds that cover them over,
 You shall claim the flowers of May
 Will come, Mo
 May, 1890.

Mrs. A. Cooper Smith

Farewell.

The bosom of you lake
 Glow as the day beams fade
 & forthwith seem to take
 A sadly sombre shade:
 Withdraw from me the light
 Which beams from thy bright eyes,
 And o'er my heart the night
 Of stinging sorrow lies.

Farewell! farewell! and yet
 'T were hard for me to tell
 All, all the wild regret
 Hid 'neath my soft farewell.
 My life shall be a stream
 Of depths as dark as night
 Tho' on its surface beam
 The sunrays, warm and bright.

James William O'Brien
 Midland, Michigan, October 19th, 1891

Open and closes.

On gentle wings the morning sun is coming,
 To open the day and close the night,
 To open the gentle morn of life,
 To open the peaceful hour of care,
 To open the right and close the wrong,
 To open the blooming years of youth,
 To open wide the blessing of virtue,
 To open all to God on high.

On gentle wings the darkness is coming,
 To close the last golden moment of the day,
 To close in the peaceful care age,
 To close in the precious love of good,
 To close out hatred and sin,
 To close in the fearful groan of death,
 To close out misery and shame,
 To close in all to God on high

J. P. Brown,
 Corydon, N.Y.

For shadowing.

The robins are trilling their sweet-toned gladness
 Along the maple-shaded street,
 The sun has dried the tears of the twilight,
 The morning is with joy replete.

The children are racing with shout and laughter,
 Fair maidens pass with dreamy eyes,
 And dainty babies, wrapped in love and laces,
 Look on the world in pleased surprise.

A dark-robed nun with quick, light step moves by them,
 I know not, if in smiles or tears;
 So, through our bright and happy hours, as lightly
 Glide shadows from the unknown years.

L. Adelaide Wallingford

Lowell, Mass.

"The Promised Land."

(Sung at opening of the International
Council of Women.)

Our weary years of wandering o'er
We greet with joy this radiant shore.
The Promised Land of Liberty,
The dawn of freedom's morn we see,
O promised Land! we enter in
With Peace on earth, good will to men;
The Golden Age now comes again,
As breaketh every bond and chain,
While every race and sect and clime
Shall equal share in this glad time.

Toilers in many fields have come
With sheaves of gold this our Harvest Home;
While spirit's true in every age
Have won for us this heritage.
O golden dawn, O promised day,
When error's lost in truth's clear ray,
Freedom for each is best for all,
The Golden Rule our bugle call,
While as to victory on we move,
The banner over us is Love.

Elizabeth Boynton Harbor

Right and Wrong

Popes sophistry - "whatever is is right" -
 Must vanish into nought before the light.
 The cruel wrongs on earth, of man to man,
 Will hardly bear the rays of heaven to scan.

Full many a foolish deed we wish undone,
 Full many a course of ruin ne'er begun,
 Full many a wicked thought lies hid in shame
 Which even devils would not care to name.

While countless woes proclaim unnumbered crimes
 And blood beclouds the record of all times
 Justice in turn will visit every fraud -
 Where angels weep, - though fellow-men applaud

If Right is sometimes trampled in the dust
 It will triumph finally with all that's just.
 Be not misled by ignis fatuus light,
 While Truths unerring beacon star shines bright

As long as Right contends with wanton Wrong
 Each manly man with valor will be strong, -
 With faith and courage high the standard raise
 Till Right shall conquer Wrong in endless days.

Abel Beach

Michigan

No lofty mountains rear their heads
 To'ard her azure sky,
 To pierce the fleecy sunbecked clouds,
 In grandeur floating by.
 Her placid rivers gently roll,
 On, to her inland seas,
 Where stately vessels spread their wings,
 To every passing breeze.

Green slopes, and sunny hills abound,
 With valleys, snug between,
 O'er dotted with white cottages,
 Bright, happy homes I've seen.
 And Northward, waves her forests deep,
 The dark, sweet-scented pines,
 Which moan, and weep at eventime,
 Like mourners at their shrines

Her birds sing sweetly in the wood,
 Her flowers bloom as bright and fair,
 As in the land, where never comes
 Stern winter, with its chilling air.
 Her children love her rugged clime,
 Neath winters gray or Summer's skies,
 Nor would exchange for Southern clime,
 Where summer never dies.

George W. Swarthout.

Lansingburg Mich

Day.

By Mrs Helen A. Burns

The day walks in with numbers clear and loud
 Behind the bars are closed upon the night
 The river-mist ascends in snowy cloud
 Transformed to fleece as clearer grows the ^{light}

The floral eyes with lashes wet with tears
 From last night's dew, awake but sleepily
 And faintest streak of gold and red appears
 With pungent scent to lure the wandering bee.

The swallow dips on silver-mounted wings
 To every breeze that blows, then sails away
 To trackless fields of air beyond that bring
 A clearer vision of the god of day

The train of shadows disappear in space
 Like gloomy doubts before a heaven-born ray
 All living things assert themselves a place
 And join the matrons heralding the Day

December

Blow, northern winds!
 To brace my fibres, knit my cords,
 To gird my soul, to fire my words,
 To do my work, for 'tis the Lords', -
 To fashion mounds.

Come, tonic blasts!
 Arouse my courage, stir my thought,
 Give nerve and spring, that as I ought
 I give my strength to what is wrought
 While duty lasts.

Glow, arctic light!
 And let my heart like burnished steel
 That bright, magnetic flame reveal
 Which kindles purpose, faith, and zeal
 For truth and right.

Shine, wintry skies!
 That when each brave day's work is done,
 I wait in peace from sun to sun,
 To meet unshamed, through victory won,
 Your starry eyes

Louisa Parsons Hopkins

Birth-Day Lined.

Ah! what is the record of these sixty-one years?
 Does it tell of good deeds for humanity's needs,
 Of help to the sorrowing—the kind word that cheers
 The soul in despondency, the heart heavy with tears?
 Have the years of the past been lived, all in vain
 And the pathway of life been tainted with strife
 For honor or fame, or great worldly gain?

The deeds we have done and the words of our pen
 Whether good, bad, or both, are but an outgrowth
 Of the soul and its environment in its earth-stay.
 And as such should be judged by our fellow men.

When we shall have reached our spiritual birth-day
 John M. O'Connell
 Fox Lake Wis.; Nov 1891

To-Morrow.

Oh, put the fear from out thy heart,
 From out thy tone the sorrow, -
 If thy heart's wish come not to-day,
 Be patient till to-morrow.

From one soft shower the bloom of May,
 To light and gladness springs not;
 One sunny day enough of warmth
 The fruit to ripen brings not.

The sun must shine, the breeze must blow,
 The dews have fallen o'fter,
 Before the ruddy tints may glow,
 Or the creeds juices soften.

Then take sweet counsel from the flowers,
 Wisdom from nature borrow, -
 If thy heart's wish come not to-day
 Be patient till to-morrow.

Caroline Frances Orne.

To. C. E. S.

If thou, dear one, wert far away from me
 And continent-~~lay~~ between, or ocean wide,
 When lone I knelt to pray at eventide
 First on my lips would be my prayer ^{for} thee
 And all the distance would as nothing be
 To swift-winged blessings that to thee would ^{glide}
 Thou hast gone from me & the grave doth hide
 Thee in a shadow wider than the wide sea,
 Yet when I kneel at morn or eve to pray
 Shall I not pray for thee? How can I bear
 Never to say: "God keep thee!" Neer can come
 A day I do not love thee, must I say
 No word of love? Thou livest, dear, somewhere:
 Why, if the dead are deaf, must we be dumb

ellaude alloore

Thomaston, Me. — 1891

Imprisoned.

Deaf, dumb, and blind,
 Ah! God, but it is hard, —
 No light, no sound,
 Darkness more dense than night,
 And silence as profound as though
 the grave,

Had closed above the living,
 struggling form,
 While neither speech or glance,
 nor reason reigns,
 Triumphs on its throne.

Angelina A. Fuller Lusher
 Omaha, Neb. June 1881.

Waiting.

One year ago in the twilight shade,
 At a garden gate, stood a maiden fair,
 Robed in a garment of white, while played
 The deepening shadows about her hair

Thrown in my life mid the city's din,
 'Mid hurry, confusion, turmoil & strife,
 With a sad wild yearning, so strange within
 I had thought in despair, there was naught in life,
 When I met this maid, at the garden gate
 Of her woodland cot, in the twilight shade,
 Where, led to her side by a kindly fate,
 I looked & loved; — the old old tale

The shadows from out my heart went by;
 In its desert an oasis green sprang forth,
 New beauties of earth and air, and sky,
 Her love, to my doubting soul gave birth.

x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x

O'er her grave the tearful willows wave
 In lieu of my heart and arms so warm,
 By kisses and tender words — the grave,
 In cold, dread silence, embraces her form.

At the gate, when the twilight shadows fade,
 When the wretched maiden in spirit is there,
 On the little top bar, where her hand hath laid,
 I will bow my head in silent prayer,
 Great as long as I live, no matter where,
 My labor and life be noble and free,
 For I know at a Golden Gate afar,
 A maiden is watching and waiting for me

Mary E. Lykes

Calabasas, Arizona
 Nov. 10th 1891.

Good Morning!

Good Morning! Long the night may be,
 Until day break, and shadows flee;
 Yet, measured by the pulse of Time,
 Alike, the day and night hours chime,
 Though tired heart, and wearied strength,
 Accord them of unequal length.

Good Morning! As the night is last,
 And sunlight-glory comes at last,
 So, of our darkness and dismay,
 He may be able soon to say,
 "This, too, at last, has passed away!"

Good Morning! May the day be fair,
 With grace and gladness everywhere,
 And all life's errands lead the feet
 In pleasant paths of service sweet,
 Till evening's curtain, shadow-wrought,
 With shining stars is deftly caught,
 And Heavenly voices, understood,
 Proclaim both night and morning, "good."

Peoria Illino. Nov 1891. Julia H. Johnston

Baby's Gone

Only a baby's form
 laid in a casket fair;
 Only a tiny curl
 cut from its auburn hair.

Here an empty cradle,
 There an empty chair,
 And that's the baby's picture
 Under the lamp lights glare.

Only a last long look
 At my darling little one
 Only a last sweet kiss
 And all is gone.

Adelaide Randall.

Merrimack, Wis.

A Friend

I have many a friend,
 But in good sooth not one, ..
 I like them, they like me,
 But when that's said and done
 It is all we but live
 On life's surface, you know;
 Ah, be sure 'tis not safe
 To the depths oft to go!
 "'Tis not safe?" 'tis not possible:
 Few would desire
 Thus to kindle love's fire.
 And so, on, on we go;
 Faith, 'tis far better so..
 But if ever I find
 That one friend to my mind,
 I shall know him, and he too
 Will not be behind;
 Like quicksilver globules
 Our souls must unite,
 And never to sever,
 'Twill be love at first sight
 — W. Burt Harlow. —

Syracuse, N. Y

Nov 1891

A.
Monumental. Inscription

Stranger beneath this mound repose
 The pallid. Sleeping forms of those
 Who prone. like Thee in life once trod
 This Footstool of the living God:
 Who in the rapturous scenes of life
 Shared in its joys its cares and strife
 Engaged like Thee in Earthly Bliss.
 Nor dreamed a Tomb prepared like this
 Pray now dear friend. at once prepare
 With them this lonely bed to share
 With them above to seek a home
 Beyond the lone and silent Tomb.
 To Miss A. J. autograph
 Responsive from the Realm's above
 Come down the Echoes of true Love.
 Those Echoes sweet must come alone
 From God — From — auspicious Throne!
 All here below must turn to dust
 God lives. tis He who we may trust.
 Linus Townsend

Apollo pa. Nov. 16. 1891

Sonnet,
To Mary,
A Flame of the olden time.

I.

When I look upon thy face,
Fair lines of beauty there I trace,
And when I search within thy mind
The sparkling gems of thought I find.

II.

The Queen of Love breathes through thy form,
She gave to thee her golden zone,
Thy matchless grace and beauty send
Love's flaming dart my breast to wound.

III.

I saw thee like a transient beam,
Or the gentle vision of a dream.
Though short the hours I spent with thee,
They linger in my memory.

IV.

When the sable Goddess, Night,
Shuts out the golden rays of light,
Some gentle image, ever dear,
And with the angel stings near.

Alexander J. Farrow.
Portland Mills,
Ind.

"Little May"

The years she had numbered were only two,
 Her curls were golden, her eyes were blue,
 The cottage was low and the porch was small,
 And the sweet little voice could fill it all,
 As swinging she sang, in her baby way;
 "Happy day, happy day,
 When Christ shall wash my sins away."

The syringa that grew as high as the porch
 Had budded and bloomed that Spring,
 And the branches all laden with sweet white
 Had shaded the child from the sun for hours,
 As swinging her kitten she sang away
 "Happy day, happy day,
 When Christ shall wash my sins away."

It was only two lines which she dear one knew,
 And each day as I listened I wondered long,
 Why she had fancied that rhythmic song,
 But I only thought it a sweetest guise
 Of the pure true nature from Paradise,
 And felt she was safe for many a day,
 From sins which Christ must wash away.

The Spring and the Summer and Autumn had fled,
 And the sweet white flowers and the child were dead,
 Only the myrtle from under the snow,
 Without any blossoms were touching her brow,
 Our hearts which seemed breaking could only say
 For her alone is a "Happy day,
 The hath no sins to wash away"

Many the years that have almost passed,
 And the snows of the winter are coming fast,
 But ever they bring us the old refrain,
 And we feel we must see the child again,
 And our hearts are so heavy, in faith we pray
 "Happy day, happy day,"
 When we shall see our "Little May".

H. H. Borderwood

At Dreams' Bright Gate.

Beautiful Angel of Dreams, await
 The heart-pillowed hopes at Dreams' bright gate,
 Light up the way of the pearly tears
 Till the bow of promise there appears
 As a Jacob's ladder set in gold,
 Where the rose of Love takes Tindril hold,
 Smelling the rounds of the ladder sharp,
 Till the ladder becomes a heavenly harp
 At Dreams' bright gate.

Beautiful Angel of Dreams, keep on
 Bringing rare blooms where blooms were gone.
 Building up houses, and hearts, and Thine
 Bringing our loved ones near again;
 Shiner, as the sunset that never fades,
 Painting the gleams without the shades;
 Linger in hearts till gloom is gone;
 Sunset is sunrise beyond, and on
 Past Dreams' bright gate.

G. L. Wilson.

Center Point Iowa

Poetry

Profoundly grand and deep the thoughts
 that fill my brain
 Of Homers Iliad through time
 to Miltons Strain
 Ever evolving lustrous lights
 appear on earth
 There, Shakespeare Byron Burns and more
 of precious worth
 Right here and now are Poets
 worthy of renown
 Yield unto them their due place on
 their heads their Crown

Thomas Street
 Vineland
 New Jersey Nov^r 17 1891

Orida.

In Memory's halls there dwells a child
 Of earnest face, and sweet and mild.
 All things as jewels round her glow.
 Her soul is full of sweet content.
 So beautiful and innocent
 And pure in heart as stainless snow.

Still dreaming on, she dwells in clay,
 And smiles as flee the hours away.
 She seems to walk a higher sphere.
 Her years on years toll slow along,
 Her voice breaks forth in sweetest song,
 The foothold sound of angels near.

They rustle mid the golden sheaves,
 They whisper in the Autumn leaves,
 The Ethos bear the angels' song.
 They tinkle clear in Morning's breath,
 They trembling wait at Death's death.
 The murmurs low then rank among.

She gathers daisies fair and white
 And lily-blossoms are her delight.
 Her soul seems capt. she loves them so
 Her violets and eglantine
 And branches of fragrant pine,
 Fair clusters wild, all gleam and glow.

Butler Ind. Nov. 15th 1891.

Julia M. Kautz.

Carroll Co-

Sonnet.

A caterpillar groveling in the dust,
 Lives for the future and prepares to die;
 Within a self built sepulchre will lie,
 Until God wills, that mystic prison burst;
 When changed into a being wondrous fair,
 The loathsome worm will rise and seek the skies:-
 The thing that crept on rainbow pinions flies,
 From flower to flower without a single care,
 A butterfly living on roses' breath;
 Thus man for a brief season steals away,
 Lies down to rest on the cold couch of death.
 But if asleep in Jesus, his form of clay
 Will in celestial beauty, rise from earth
 To joy and glory of eternal day.

Mary C. Ryan.

A. White, Fla.,

Nov. 28. 1891.

The Little Log School House.

In an old familiar nook
By the away side near the brook
Neath the tall and stately monarchs of the dell,
Stood the little log school house
Where my school boy days were spent,
Where my school mates, long ago I bade farewell.

In those happy spring time years,
Ere the storms of life began,
When we lads and lassies danced so merrily,
Came our country's call "To Arms!"
And the "Boys of Sixty One":
Quickly marched away to fight for liberty.

Master raised a company
For the Fourteenth cavalry,
Four and twenty boys enlisted from the school,
Jo and George at Sheloh fell,
Tom at Murphysboro shed,
Nick and Roddy, John and George their scars still wear.

Thus from school house East and West
Went the patriotic boys
From whose ranks four punched thousand miles returned
Dread in strength of manhoods pride
For the Stars and Stripes defaced,
For their country, homes and loved ones far away.

W. R. Chamberlain.

Chicago, Nov. 27, 1891.

Sonnet To Milton.

Milton! thou Titan of the epic song,
 Majestically thy verse moves on sublime,
 Above the wrecks and ruins eold of time;
 In stately numbers, thrilling, grand, and strong,
 Reign o'er the singers of the lower throng.
 Reared on the loftiest pinnacle, thy voice
 Wakes the wide world, and nations now rejoice!
 And weary hearts grow fresh through ages long
 Life's plane is elevated by thy lay—
 The world made better by thy poesy,
 Which soars so high—thought's radiant rosary.
 Before thy mighty march the night gives way,
 O minstrel of the glorious epic flame—
 O great protagonist on the field of fame!
 Thomas Brower ^{Peacock}.
 Topeka, Kansas, Nov-18th 1891.

My Bargain.

My vineyard lies before me,
 I've duties to perform;
 Be up, my soul, and doing,
 The task is thine alone!

"My vineyard lies before me,"
 My fate, — to me unknown
 If rich will be my vintage
 In sunshine — or in storm.

But then, what can it matter
 If peace I have or strife?
 I faithfully must labor,
 Must seeds of goodness sow;
 For with the world a bargain
 I have made long ago:
 The world owes me a living,
 I owe the world — a life!

Houston, Texas, Nov. 1891,

W. Hillner,

Sorrow's Smile

I wonder if the merry laugh
 Which hides a world of care—
 I wonder if the happy smile
 From lips so sad, though fair;
 If the laugh which comes from a weary heart,
 Or the smile which comes when hot tears would start
 United, would form a prayer

The prayer born in a burdened heart,
 Sent up in wild dismay,
 When, though anguish is hidden there,
 The mad world bids be gay—
 The prayer which the burdened heart sends up
 When drained to the lees is the bitter cup
 And naught keeps care at bay.

I wonder if the tears we shed,
 Or the aches our heart has known,
 Or the cries our murdered joy sent up
 O'er our hopes which were o'erthrown,
 If the tears we wept in our agonies,
 Or the aches known not in eternity,
 Are known to our heart alone.

I wonder if when death shall come,
 When Time beckons us away,
 When heart throbs hush and brows are cold
 If our God shall say us nay
 When we hear the call, is it woe or bliss?
 Shall we bid farewell to all of this—
 Shall we catch a glimpse of day?

Mattie A. Hallum
 Texarkana Ark.

True Happiness

What happiness it gives!
 To kindly speak a word
 To hearts, with sorrow grieved,
 Does joy, and strength afford
 Oh what our words in kindness flow
 To bleeding hearts! with grief and woe.

What happiness it gives!
 Some needed good bestow,
 Our brothers' hearts to relieve,
 When burdened here below.
 Lord help us all kind deeds impart
 To those distressed, of broken heart.

What happiness it gives!
 For us to others too,
 As we would have them live
 For us; both peace bestow
 Then may we keep the Golden Rule,
 And happy be, while ages roll.

What happiness it gives!
 Our Father's Will to do,
 His precepts faithful keep,
 In all our journey through
 Ye shall be happy if ye know,
 And keep my words while here below. John 13:17.

What happiness it gives!
 In God's own house of prayer,
 When streams of joy and peace,
 Each heart on love doth cheer.
 Oh may we seek that holy place,
 And taste the fruits of heavenly grace.

What happiness it gives!
 To walk without offense,
 And keep the conscience clean
 From guilt, and carnal sense.
 May ere from sinful lusts be free,
 In heaven forever happy be.
 Marcell, Kans. J. S. Mohler

Night & Day

Enlong a vesper faint-will eteal
across my soul, "

And I will pray :

And I will see dark billous near me roll

And every voica will whisper unto me

"Come! for the night-is here and all you
need is rest—

Come! fold your weary hands upon
your breast—"

And in the morning I will wake & see,

The faces that-I love,

So strong & jubillant-my heart-will be—

And I will ask & find I am in
heaven—

And every voice unto my soul will

Say,

"Arise! for it is day."

—Mrs M. Wintermute

The Columbian Exposition.

Arise ye nations of the earth,
 Forget your narrow creeds,
 And clad in regal robes of light
 Prepare for noble deeds;

The sun of Freedom's in the sky,
 And from Columbia's face
 Is beaming forth the light of love,
 In all its winning grace;

With richest bales of merchandise,
 And choicest works of art
 Load down your ships of the ocean wide,
 And from your shores depart;

We'll meet you with fraternal zeal,
 Beneath our gleaming skies—
 Engage you in a friendly strife
 To win each worthy prize,

Here on the shores of Michigan,
 With temples grand and fast
 We'll solve the problems of the race,
 That's darkened all the Past—

We'll place the glittering prize in view,
 That all who wish may see
 And realize this last grand hope,
The brotherhood of man!

Oliner W. Barnard.
 Montross Dells, Nov. 12 1891.

Starlight.

By G. H. Pratt.

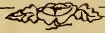
On a mild autumnal night,
 Beautiful, is Cynthia's light;
 Stars of Beauty, azure gem,
 Like a lustrous Diadem,
 Labor ceases on the farm,
 As the twilight spreads its charm;
 Blending with the starlight's hue,
 On a sky, so deeply blue.

Later, come the hours of sleep,
 Which the toiling masses keep;
 While the starlight, beaming down,
 Veils the country and the town;
 'Tis the gift, of God to man,
 In creation's noble plan;
 May we all, in him abide,
 Until free, from sorrow's tide

Bear Creek, Ohio

Oct 17, 1891.

'The Damsel of Bretagne':



Oh, Damsel of Bretagne! alone.
 In that high tower, at midnight hour,
 'Tis useless thee to moan, the walls of stone
 that Bristol castle form—
 Are not more hard to part, than John of Lackland's heart.



Oh, Damsel of Bretagne! thy lot, to gaze—
 On nature fair, and know, thou there a prisoner
 Must end thy days, in dungeon cell.
 To watch the sky at night the silver moon—
 To dream, thy brother Arthur yet will come
 When he is there, in heaven, at home.



Oh, Damsel of Bretagne! imprison'd bird 'tis vain
 thy lattice bar to move, no parent hand
 Can reach you where you stand, but God above
 Who gives the soul, relieve some night, will whisper, 'peace'
 Then, thou will go; And Arthur, too, will come
 from his bright home, and earth's dark porrows o'er
 The castle of Falaise—and Bristol too,
 Shall know you twain no more.

Dana Harlow Buxfield, Me.

Arthur's sister, called The Damsel of Bretagne was
 doomed to perpetual imprisonment by order of
 John of Lackland.

A Tribute

Once Wisdom, Purity, and Grace
combined

To form a being who to all
mankind

Should prove a friend:

One who in very truth as well
as creed

Would earn this name by kindly
word and deed

And bear it to the end

Then, from the union of this match-
less three,

A songster came whose peerless
melody

Hath wrought (may Heaven bestow it!)

A fadeless coronet of pearls so
bright

Gems from his lips - who never swerved
from right -

"Our Quaker Poet"

Mary S. Stuee

Princeton, Minn. Nov. 24. '91.

Politeness

Politeness is heart's ermine, that
 The humblest seef may wear:
 It hath a royal grace that wins
 Attention everywhere.

The careless thrust impatience quess
 May wake no bitter cry,
 But hearts oft struck grow callous, or
 They slowly bleed and die.

Be courteous, then; use loov's fine gold;
 And richly 'twill increase,
 There's no throne like the human heart
 Can pledge or power or peace;
 Withhold not, — ah a miser's gold
 May yet some stranger bless,
 But none inherit aught save grief
 From hoarded tenderness.

Washington D.C. Lydia H. Tilton

Reflection

The tree's not as bare
 As my life is;
 Nor the wind as cold
 As the world is;
 I shiver and wonder,
 If over and under
 Cold earth and grey sky,
 Sunshine will after
 Bring gladness and laughter
 When Winter goes by!

My life's not as bare
 As the tree was,
 Nor is the world cold
 As the wind was.
 Now green leaves are over,
 Returned is my lover
 Glad as the summer!
 My heart is the nest
 For safe shelter and rest
 Love is within it!

Alice S. Deletombe
 Gallipolis, O.

A Sea Rose

We hear faint moanings thro' the papages
 Of this bright colored shell,
 And dream of all the many tinted rooms
 Where the sea creatures dwell;
 And each doth form its home & tint its shell
 And architraves are thrown
 Across the tiny columns by a power
 Each in its "kind" doth own
 In each shell of its kind the self same tints
 Or colored spot, or ring.
 Blindly the little creature rears its home
 It is a wondrous thing
 That every shell thrown from the ocean's bed
 Is true unto its "kind,"
 And marked as true, in ever, whal, & curve,
 As ead flower by the wind;
 Now timidly I dream the soul evolves its home.
 - That "house not made with hands."
 Just how that house is builded, the soul knows
 That in God's full light stands.
 Almost as blindly do we build & build
 Soul houses where we dwell,
 As the small creature that beneath dwells,
 Evolves this dainty shell.

Adelaide Stoud.

~ Camoens ~

Soul gifted dreamer! Pilgrim like I came
 To Caza Garden, with its classic towers;
 Where nature lavishes her fairest flowers
 That waft sweet incense to thy glorious fame
 Her tribute to thy pure, exalted name.
 Like priest near holy rood, I spent sad hours
 Beside thy monument that stately towers
 Within its grotto; The undying flame
 Of poetry still crowns thee; Child of song!
 I gazed upon thy breathing bronze, so true, -
 It seemed a guardian of that hallowed spot;
 Where groves and walks thy memories prolong
 Where every fountain, every tear of dew
 Bespeak Camoens' praise with love profound.

F. B. M. Toland

Written in Caza Garden, Macao.
 October 1881.-

An Autumn Reverie

Softly on the Autumnal breeze
 Floats the brown and seared leaves
 Youth and beauty both have fled.
 And the leaves of Spring are dead

O'er that death ocean was no weeping
 And the stars their night watch keeping
 Saw no Angel hovering nigh
 To waft them upward to the sky.

And yet, one thinks I hear a sighing
 Kes of some lost spirit dying
 Tend all around me in the gloaming
 Had the Autumn winds are moaning

And they sob and wail and sigh
 A thousand times for the leaves that lie
 Crushed and scattered, but not forgot
 Oh Leaves ' Yours could be a sadder lot

For sometimes in this life of ours
 We droop and die like leaves and flowers
 Then comes that saddest fate of men.
 To be forgotten by every friend
 Rhoda S Lindsay

The Rose And Bessie's Picture.

On the stand with your picture one bright summer day
 A Rose for a moment I chanced there to lay,
 'Twas a Rose of the forest, of the rarest known kind,
 Such as bloomed in the Paradise Eve left behind,
 So crimson its petals, so tinged with soft & flushes,
 I can only compare them to your sweetest of bushes,
 And so lowly its bearing, so modest its air,
 We thought it and the picture must form a twin pair;
 But the Rose had scarce given one glance at your face
 Ere I saw that a Thorn had stolen its place,
 Surprized at its action, I asked of the Rose
 What caused you thus quickly your petals to show,
 It blushed as it answered, what Rose could presume
 To nestle beside one of love's fair bloom.

Edward A. Wetly.

Oregon, Mo. Dec 5th 1891

Metrical Genius

Say what you will on what this gift depends,
 It is a gift that only nature lends;
 So low it is the humblest mind can reach,
 And yet so high that schools can never teach.

As the breeze on the harp strings,
 The storm on the trees;
 We sing when the song comes
 And not when we please.
 When the winds on the mountains,
 The waves on the shore,
 Shall cease at thy bidding
 To roll or to roar;
 Then the strong pulse of feeling
 That throbs in thy breast,
 Shall wait on thy pleasure,
 To rise or to rest.
 For the times and the seasons
 Are not at our control;
 We may drive the head and pen,
 But we cannot drive the soul.
 And vain are all endeavours
 To give life to what is said;
 Except the soul is in it,
 It is lifeless cold and dead.

Caleb S. Coffey

West Chester, Pa

12th Mo 2nd 1891.

May

The world is beautiful in early May
 The birds' sweet song is singingly loud and clear
 Echoing and re-echoing far and near
 And cheering all our hearts - it is so gay,
 The flowers are pouring delicate perfume
 From dainty chalices of pink and white
 No one of us they seem in spring sweet tender
 Than Summer's roses with their wealth of bloom,
 Now wakes the world from out its winter sleep
 Glad in the warm sunshine again to be
 The sheep are feeding on the fresh green hills
 The soft spring rains o'er budding forests weep
 Dripping from every twig on every tree
 And trickling downward in a thousand rills.

Elizabeth Haupt
 Cutler Ind.

Heaven and Earth shall pass away, Matt. 24. 35:
 As a vesture Thou shalt change them. Ps. 102. 26
 I create new heaven, and a new Earth. Isa. 66. 17

Is all this scene to take a final flight
 Like a watch ended ere the morning light?
 No voice comes to us from unnumbered Spheres
 To wake a sound upon our listening Ears.
 Science is lost upon the starry deep,
 Where awful silence reigns, and secrets sleep.
 The worlds move onward in sublime array,
 And who can say they will not pass away:
 For constant change must in its nature tend
 To other forms, or to a final End;
 To leave a void where stars again may shine
 Redeemed from loss in glory more divine;
 New milky ways on vacant space be born;
 New comets blaze, to brighter skies adorn,
 Suns with new systems, may in orbits roll
 Until in turn, they wind up like a scroll—
 Or else revolve around a central throne,
 Upheld by power Omnipotent alone.

Lucian Harvey Kent.

Westfield N.Y.

Youthfull - Charms

Fair as the waxen lily
 Whose creamy lips bend low
 Bright as the varied hues
 Of heavens promised bow

Pure as the wild young rose
 Upon the mountains breast
 True as the orb of day
 That opens and sinks to rest

Art thou maiden, and may
 Those virtues still attend
 Thee, as the earnest wish
 Of youths admiring friend

Through blushing morn, guiltless
 Hours, and future years
 May those eyes glance in times
 Mirror, undimmed by tears

Leona A Knight

Gibson La Dec 4. 1891

The Misplaced Amen.

'Twas Lord's day morn. Ten ^{thirty} came;
The parson's year was done;
A year of toil, yet growing fain,
Of battles, lost and won.

From Amen Corner back to door,
The house was packed that day,
For many came, not there before,
What God, I need not say.

A hymn was sung, a prayer was made,
Another hymn they sang,
And then the Holy Word was read,
Then music louder rang.

The parson rose, when song was done;
All eyes upon him fell;
He read, in soft pathetic tone,
These words, "Brethren, farewell."

"Farewell to all, to-day I go,"
The parson slowly said,
"We never more may meet below,"
"Farewell," again he read.

Then, from the Amen Corner came,
From one of hearing dull,
"Amen, amen, Lord Grant the same,"
And then — a holy cull.

John R. Colgan.
Pioneer, Ohio, Dec. 8, 1891.

Memories of Childhood

My thoughts wander backward to times far away,
 My heart long ago round them, grows young light and gay,
 When my father and Mother, when evening had come,
 And the children all gathered in that far-off home

My memory clings to the stories they told,
 And I treasure them up as more precious than gold,
 Though far I have wandered from that sacred spot,
 These relics of childhood here were never forgot.

And O, it was blessed on that halcyon time,
 To hear of that Theme, of all themes most sublime,
 The theme of Redemption and Christ freely given
 To save little children and take them to Heaven.

And I cling to that thought till it took root and grew
 Within my young heart and was stamped it anew,
 With the Christ-Child's promise so lovely and sweet
 That by faith I looked up my Redeemer to greet

And well I remember who taught me to say,
 "Our Father in Heaven" and pointed the way,
 To that holy land where young children are told
 "The King in his beauty they'll ever behold."

At the call of the Master I bade them adieu,
 And they passed over the river their youth to men,
 But their sweet words of counsel my pathway still light,
 And I'll join them again in that Day without night
 Kettle Carrier Jesus. H. Stevens

"Di gioia in gioia."

A mother, beautiful and young,
 Sang this refrain, in foreign tongue
 Above the cradle of her child,
 Who in death's slumber sweetly smiled.

"From joy to joy he leadeth me
 To brighter Springtime that shall be;"
 She warbled softly in her grief,
 As if the cadence brought relief.

Peaceful and sweet the baby lay,
 Like one tired out with infant-play;
 But he shall never wake to weep,
 From that refreshing tranquil sleep

.....

'Tis thus God giveth songs at night,
 When hearts grow weary for the light;
 And oft ere eventide hath fled
 Divine love pilloweth the head.

Dec. 1891.

Mary Pease

When The Day Breaks

Sunrise and vernal morn,
 And one clear, choral chant;
 And may there be no bitter, mournful sigh
 When I am called to die!

Sunset and vesper hymn,
 And then comes Eventide;
 And may there be no broken hearts to bind
 Of those I leave behind!

Midnight and vigil hour,
 And then comes balmy sleep;
 And may the angels ring their vesper chime
 When I shall leave this clime!

Angels and spirits bless,
 And then comes Paradise;
 And may we join the throng, both you and I,
 When we are called to die!

Trenton N. J.
 Jan. 24, 1891.

W. Hibbert Ware

My Morning.

Westward looks my open window,
 So no gleam of silver dawning
 Bursts into its silent portals,
 Bursts up thro' the sheltered awning
 Heralding the birth of morning,
 Heralding the coming chariot
 Of the day

But I've set your little portrait,
 With its sancy face uplifted,
 Sunlight 'neath the lashes hidden,
 Sunlight thro' their fingers drifted,
 Where 'twill bid the clouds be rifted
 Where 'twill fill my room with morning,

O rare Fra!
 Lilla Gibbs

Footprints And Shadows

We are but foot-prints on life's strand,
 Incarnate shadows for the shadow land;
 Sorrow and hope, and smile and tear
 Point to an unknown hemisphere.
 Like bold Columbus' ships, they pour
 From known toward an unknown shore.
 What far Atlantis there may smile,
 What fount of youth and Nesperian Nile
 Each soul adventuring soon must see
 Where finite grasps infinity.

Oh! life would be a sweeter dream
 Did it not end in death's dark stream.
 Did we not hear the dismal roar
 Of death's cold waters at our door,
 And know no light nor cheering gleam
 Shines o'er this dark Plutonian stream:—

That those who've crossed this Stygian shore
 In all the ages gone before,
 In all the many crossings o'er,
 Returning cross it never more.
 Geo. W. Warden

Advice to my Niece

Throw not your path with thorns
 I will labor for repentance make,
 And thus avoid the many scars
 Which you might have to take

Let all your words be true
 Not the effusions of deceit
 Leave not your old friends for the new
 Nor grasp each paper you meet

If you would think of me
 Oft read these lines I pen to you
 Just turn the leaf and you will see
 My aged picture too

Dec 10th 1892

Harriet M Conklin

The sunset of life

As we approach life's fearful end
 We do approve or else condemn
 The path we've trod, the race we've run,
 What accomplished, what left undone,
 For our Creator, always good,
 Feeds age again with childish food,
 And in the ashes of the past
 May come our sweetest comforts last,
 Or otherwise, (which God forbids)
 Our deepest sorrows may be hid.
 How blest are they, who know no stain,
 To give the heart a twinge of pain,
 Or the departing soul affright,
 At setting sun, with gloomy night.

John F. Mellen

Amelia Glennon Co. Ohio

Dec. 11th 1891

Song to Bermick Academy.

O grand old school house on the hill,
 To every heart so dear,
 Thy glows every memory fill,
 With scenes so bright and clear
 We have in thee a parent kind,
 A friend how firm and true;
 What grace and charms is there to find
 What praise to thee is due.

Our careless steps in youth you led
 Through many pleasant ways;
 Our eager minds with knowledge fed
 In our happy, glad school-days.
 What lessons from Nature thou hast taught,
 From the glories round thee strewn,
 What love of Beauty thou hast wrought
 In all who thee have known

The river mudring within our view
 Will reach the ocean side,
 And leave these scenes for others new,
 Borne on by an endless tide.
 So tho' our lives must drift afar
 From our school days on the hill,
 No ebb thought shall come to mar
 The memories that linger still.

Bermick, Me. Liza Vida Getchell

Answer to
 "We are growing Old." —

We are growing young! we are hastening on
 Through life's fast fleeting day
 To join the blest, in their bowers of rest,
 Where saints and Angels stray,
 Though our house of clay weareth fast away
 The immortal soul within
 Looketh out still bright, with her eyes of light,
 Till eternal years begin!
 Nearer and nearer, every day
 The starry crown to me,
 She is leaving the land of pale decay
 And the shadows of grief and sin
 Strange forms are gathering round us here.
 And hush'd is Hope's early strain,
 But soon we shall meet the lost and dear,
 And hear her sweet song again
 We are growing young! for our saviour saith
 In the word of eternal truth
 That beyond the portals of time and death
 Lies the land of immortal youth

Theodosia H. Beveridge.

Consolation.

It is sad indeed, when the world goes ill,
 To struggle along without feeling the thrill
 Of friendship, love, and the golden store,
 That binds mankind to the other shore;
 To gaze into eyes that once were dear
 And find no response, no sign of cheer,
 To feel, as the madding crowd moves on,
 That no one loves, or would give a song
 To fill your soul with the overflow
 Of their own full hearts that are all aglow.

It is sad, I know, yet I'll not live in vain
 If I dissipate but one heart's pain,—
 If I sing one song that will lead some soul
 To the saving grace that can make it whole,—
 Or lift a young robin back to its nest
 And the warm love found in its mother's breast,
 Or simply speak a word that will cheer
 A fainting heart, or dry a tear;
 For the dear, good Lord who rules over all
 Will reward such acts, be they great or small
Howard Keeler.

Despair.

Alone, 'Alone! All, all alone upon
 The surging billows of a fretful sea.
 Alone! Alone! While o'er me break the dark
 Tempestuous waves of a neglected life.
 No calm, no light, no gentle voice to say
 Unto the troubled waters, "Peace, be still."
 No hand to guide the helm, no one to give
 Advice in th' hour of dread uncertainty.
 Above, beneath, and all about me naught
 Except the dread, impenetrable gloom
 Of dark despair. No hope of reaching port;
 No hope of clasping once again the hand
 Of those I love. With anxious eyes in vain
 They'll watch expectant for my wayward bark,
 But it will never, never, come in sight.
 By adverse winds far driven from my course
 I nevermore may hope to reach the track
 Of vessels homeward bound. Hope lost, there naught
 Awaits me now save what the hopeless e'en
 May hope and without disappointment — death.

M. Victor Staley.

Oshkosh, Wis., Dec. 15th, 1891.

Wait.

Seems there a hand outstretched to bar the way,
 A voice that says, "This door to you is closed";
 Are all your plans mysteriously opposed,
 Your course of progress hampered by delay?
 Seems chance to you but mischance, with no ray
 Of clear good fortune through the clouds disclosed,
 Though some appear to thrive who idly dozed
 While you were up and doing with the day?

So seems it to us all, Though long delayed,
 Your time will come, so labor and be wise;
 So came the Indian's who had sought the aid
 Of a small shrub - it galled him - in surprise
 He frowned - but there in glittering veins displayed,
 Potosi's mine of silver met his eyes!

Levi F. Bauder,

Cleveland. O.

Gethsemane

The heart hath its own Gethsemane
 When it boweth low in prayer,
 And whether it find it soon or late
 'Twill find it sometime, somewhere.

'Tis found in the way that leads to Christ—
 A garden, serene and still,
 Where the soul must wrestle, as did its Lord,
 Ere to God it yields its will.

Aye, it lies just under the cross, where He
 Surrendered his life one day;
 And all who enter the Father's House
 Must verily pass that way.

'Tis a lonely place; and each alone
 Must tread where its shadows lower;
 In his agony, even Jesus' friends
 Could not watch with him one hour.

Shy paths are safe, O Gethsemane!
 And can never lead astray;
 For whoso' walks with The Crucified,
 Finds the life, the truth, the way.

Lou Singletary Bedford

Dallas, Texas, Dec. 12, 1891.

My Idol

I once had a beautiful idol
 I deemed it was fairer than day,
 And safe from the gaze of the curious
 I carefully hid it away.
 But a cruel blast from adversity's sea
 Swept over my storm-beaten path,
 And it shattered my well-worshiped idol
 With the venomous breath of its wrath.

And I found what I thought so enduring
 Was as frail as the flowers of May,
 As at my feet it lay shivered
 Into tiniest fragments of clay.
 So I buried my poor, broken idol
 Far down in my pain-tortured soul,
 And prayed that the waves of oblivion
 Might foreverover it roll.

And now I am seeking the substance
 That endureth forever and aye,
 And am striving to lay up a treasure
 Where nothing shall ever decay.
 For I know that ere long the Pale Reaper
 Will come with a message for me,
 and I mean from this time and forever
 To worship, dear Saviour, but Thee
 Altho' I should

A Leaf on a Stream.

I saw a fallen leaf float down a stream,
 As flowed the current, so it too was borne,
 Far from the stem from which it had been torn
 By winds or careless hand. A bright sun beam
 Shone on it, as it floated swiftly by;

It seemed so helpless, on the waves alone,
 I wondered where at last 'twould peacefully lie,
 When, lo, mid-stream, against a mossy stone,
 It settled quietly, as though to rest.

I thought: The stream is like the stream of life
 The leaf a soul, the winds and waves life's strife
 The stone christian's only rock of rest—
 The Rock of Ages, where the waves lie still,
 Obedient to the Everlasting will.

Annie Hall,

Pueblo, Colo., Feb. 1892.

The Two Roads

Two roads level out from our quiet town,
 Two roads that are trampled in soonow o'er
 When humanity's weakness has reached its bounds
 And the friendships that bless us can bless no more

Two roads leading out where the morning sun
 Sheds golden blessings o'er fields of green:
 Where dewy diamonds bind blade to blade
 And leaf to leaf in glorious sheen.

These roads lead us far from home sweet home
 And from quiet paths by our feet oft prest.
 Where we dreamed sweet dreams out of ashes and dust.
 But - of "Love at home" and hearts at rest.

Compute the length of these roads, by miles.
 But the end - what mortal may know; or see.
 One, closes the door on the dreams of home.
 One, opens the gates to eternity.

The Poor House and the Cemetery

Kattie J. Boydston

Backward, Or Forward?

The world's not growing worse,
 But bitter, every day;
 No God's malignant curse
 Doth blast and blight for aye,
 Nor demon dark hath power
 Lov's purpose to stay.
 Look! note ye not this hour
 E'en eastern stars' swift ray?
 Away with groans and sighs and tears!
 The clouds drift back! Millennium nears!
 Men wiser grow as fly the years!

Battles there are to fight,
 But right the day shall win;
 Darkness shall yield to light;
 Truth shall yet conquer sin;
 Cold water take the place of wine,
 Men cease to bow at Mammon's shrine,
 Learn, love, and keep, the law divine,
 But — years are passing! Fall in line!
 Give not our time no longer time,
 The present, each can say, is mine.

By this word be the year begun:
 Forgetting things of ninety-one,
 And reaching forward more and more,
 Nor right nor left, but straight before,
 In all our hands find now to do,
 Make record bright for ninety-two.

Charles Oscar Mason,
 Glens Falls, N. Y., Jan 1st, 1892.

His Guiding Love.

He knoweth where my path must lead,
 The way my feet must go;
 He points to us the way of life,
 Because he loves us so.
 He gently leads, I follow on:
 I go not not where:
 I know that I can never stray
 Beyond his loving care.

For he who clothes the fields with green
 And scatters bright flowers wild,
 Remembers of the time when he,
 On earth was once a child.
 He bore the cross, he wore the crown,
 Our load he helps us bear;
 I know that I can never pass,
 Beyond his loving care.
 Hamist. Regal

Patmos. O. Jan 6th. 1892

The Trampled Flower

Along a wind-blown dusty way

I saw a lovely drooping flower.

Its half-gushed petals seemed to say

"O that I had some mystic power,
Some charm of beauty could display,
Could laugh amid a pearly shower
And smile the lining day.

"Why should I bloom unnoticed here
Unseen, uncherished, quite unknown?"

The chilly dew of night my tear
Amid my sorrows left alone:

"Ah me, in yonder sweet pasture
How beautiful there the petals burst;

With what devoted loving care
Each floweret there - how tender nursed;

While I, alas, unheard my sigh
If I attempt to raise my head
Some thoughtless idler passing by
E'en on my heart with ruthless tread.

x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x

Ah, yes; indeed, some flowers though fair
But soon to blush and fade,
To waste their fragrance on the air:

But no: Beneath One Eye I see,
Each flower and tender blade
Where'er they gleam, his tender saw -
A heavenly thought displayed.

San Diego Dec. 1891

J. C. O'Leary

Patience in Disappointment.

Repose not struggling soul, though others reach the height
 Which thou aspir'st, sought with righteous zeal,
 Nor weakly envy them; but in well-governed might
 Press on; thou'lt get may'at gain the longed-for ideal
 Of partial fame at least; and if not fame at all,
 That which is better: power to bless thy kind.
 And if by faithful beating gained the hated thrall
 That baffles thine endeav'rs, thou dost show a mind,
 To withstand thy forced lot, and strive for wider views
 And broader compass, Fortune yet may smile
 Upon thine effort. But if she, heedless, still refuse
 To grant thy wish, in patience wait, the while,
 For there are other paths than mayest in meekness choose,
 And follow trustingly; content if God but smile,

Virginia D. Carey

Corvallis, Oregon

Acrostic

This book dear reader you will find
 Has many a thought, for many a mind
 Endowed with various traits, but still,
 Remember you may, if you will
 Relieve the hours which tedious wait
 In searching for thy thoughts a mate.
 Not with a critic's eye alone

Give it a notice, but in love
 So glad in fact, let us hear
 How Truth in language, is made clear
 And, if this verdict be attained,
 We have our labor's object-gained.

Mrs. Fennie Southwell Lewis
 Hillside Cottage, Iowa

Spirit Breathings

My spirit soars high, on the wings of Thought
 To the ideal realm of the Mystic sphere;
 Bright fancies, heavenward rising, are caught
 Like sun-rays that sparkle on burnished spears

Though the weighted being mournfully lies
 Entrahalled by the carking cares of earth,
 The spirit untrammelled, with capture flies
 To the source of creation whence came its birth

Then rejoice with me that through realms afar
 My soul floateth free as a wild wood bird;
 My thoughts, like the breath of the angelus, are
 Vibrating with joy - are with ecstasy stirred.

Aye, rejoice with me that, though chained to earth
 Remains the form, the spirit may rise
 And soar to the heavenly realm of its birth
 To bask in the sunlight of Paradise.

Emily Thornton Charles
 "Emily Hawthorne"

Helen -

Upon the Valley's lap
 The dewy morning throws
 A thousand pearly drops
 To wake a single rose.

And often in the course
 Of life's few fleeting years
 A single pleasure costs
 The Soul, a thousand tears.

Thus often in thine ear,
 Thy loves pure passion taught,
 A thousand hopes I breathed
 To wake one tender thought;

And if within thy heart
 That tender thought arise,
 That one faint throbbing cast
 My Soul, a thousand sighs

W. A. Coleman

Ala. -

The Goldfinch.

Sweet bird! that, ere the world awakes,
 Sits softly singing manifold;
 Sits swinging toward the golden dawn —
 But hast no need to borrow gold.

Dear Goldfinch! all the world's atune;
 Thy lightest note finds sweet release;
 My soul and mine are full of June,
 And June is full of love and peace.

Hide in the heart of yonder pine,
 Thy heart-mate whispers holy rest;
 There swingest on my window vine —
 Red roses press against thy breast.

Between the waking and the work,
 Between the darkness and the day,
 This is the hour of native prayer;
 For love and awe is now to pray.

Sing I the joy that dwells within;
 Sing thou the joy that is abroad;
 Sing I the hope of higher song;
 Sing thou the ever-smiling smile of God.

with Clinton N. Gillette

Waiting.

My lips are singing—my soul is sad:

Sing on—sing on—my lips shall cease;
The far, far future's voices glad
Are anthems of such souls at peace.

O long, so long, my hours and life—
I know but Time as mortals know—

They say 't is soon—they say 't e strife
Should shorten years—O heart is't so?

They say my steps are hard because
The hills I climb look out so far;

O Lord of Heaven, they say Thy laws
To us, untaught, stupendous are.

O soul and life—O distance, death—
To-day is keen—tomorrow never:

I call and call—they say my breath
Shall pass—the need remain forever

I know but time, as mortals know;
Alas, I know such pain and fear;

Joy is the promise, the payment woe,
Tender the querdon—the price is here.

The hills I climb look out so far—

O Lord of Heaven look down and sign;
If these, my ways, so perilous are,

Give me the sight and sound of Thine!
Santa Barbara—Isaac Rieman Basley—

St. Cecilia

When St. Cecilia, soul of song and fire,
 Heard angels sing the numbers which had
 Cain

Unutterable within her fervid brain,
 Heart-sick with hopeless passionate desire,
 In fragments at her feet she dashed her lyre!
 Broken, it could no longer smother her pain,
 No voice so ill the sweet, ideal strain
 Which rung melodious from the heavenly choir.
 O sad Saint! was it not enough to know
 Such music lived though still beyond thy
 reach?

And worse far, with tender touch and slow,
 Thy instruments smite helplessness to teach?
 Content if ever from its strings, should flow
 Some syllables of that celestial speech?

Frances L. Mace

What Good Have You Done
Today?

The silent moments are swiftly creeping,
Are speeding the nights surory;
The sun now into the darkness leaping,
Is shedding a dawn-kissed ray;
The vivid flash of the day is breaking,
Be up with a will and away;
The world with a load of care is creaking,
What good can you do today?

The noontide glare of the day's bright flashing
Is seen on the furrowed brow;
The heat and strife of the conflicts clashing
Are raging in fiery snow;
A chance now lost, may be lost forever,
So stir in a gallant way;
And let it be as your grand endeavor—
What good can I do today?

The crimson tints of the sun's clear setting
Are domed in the western sky;
The shining gems in the sky's blue netting
Will soon be arranged on high;
The days gone past in their silent turning
Forever have drifted away
The heart speaks forth with an eager yearning
What good have you done today?

Louis N. Trill.
Richland, S. Dak. 1892.

"Truth crushed to earth, will rise no more,
 If backed by energy and sense;
 "But Error" oft renews the fight—
 While "Truth" sits idly on the fence.

'Tis the record of the ages
 Since the World by man was trod,—
 That Satan has dared most to bring
 The nations to his nod,—
 When clouds of adverse fortune
 Hung round the camp of God.

So dared the hordes of Egypt's proud aristocracy,
 When Israel lay blockaded
 By the mountains and the sea;
 So dared the hosts of Desaon,
 On a dark October day—
 When they thought the "mud-sill" Sheridan
 "Twenty miles away."

Prattsburgh, Steuben Co. N. Y.
 Mar. 17, 1892

R. N. Van Deyl.

Departed friends will ne'er return
From soul improving joys of heaven
Where maturity expands their powers
And capacity overflows with pleasure

yours sincerely

M. Wallace

Huntsville

Tex

Where do the Birds go.

Where do the birds go when they die?
 A note dropped out of the upper sky,
 Silence, where something lived and stirred
 In a whirl of melody without word —
 That sudden silence that fills the gap
 Where the lines of life and Eternity lap.
 A tiny, downy shape in the grass
 Heard: but where does the melody pass?

I think, when the song birds come to die,
 And fall unseen from the branch, or sky,
 On that spot of grass where the tiny throat
 Lay at the last with its broken note,
 A flower springs up for the end of the bird
 As sweet to sight as the song we heard.

Marion Manville

Sonnet.

I miss thee at early dawn, love,
 When in the faintest gleams,
 O'er blooming glades and hills, love,
 And over glittering streams —
 The morning light-breaks forth, love,
 & chases night-away —
 When the glad lark proudly soars on high
 To warble his matin lay.
 I miss thee, too, at Eventide —
 When the rosy-tinted West
 Is bathed in floods of golden light —
 As the Day-god sinks to rest;
 When dew is gently falling, love,
 And twilight-hour steals on —
 When alone, I watch the stars, love,
 As they come out one, by one.
 I miss thee in the silent night,
 When not a sound is heard —
 And a leaf, or floweret,
 By passing breeze is stirred —
 When over land, and sea, love,
 The moonbeams are at play.
 Oh I am sad and lonely, love,
 When thou art far away.

Mayfield Ky.

Rose Heath.

Go, Be Free!

I loose thee - go, be free!

Dear anxious, tortured heart,
Nay, I would not have thee sing
When thou hast an eager mood,
Longing for a life apart -
Go, be free!

I loose thee - go be free!

Love lifts thy prison bar,
Now no more for freedom long
Give the world thy happy song -
I watch thee from afar,
Go, be free!

I loose thee - go be free!

Joy shines within thine eyes,
To one who goes the world is fair -
The stayer feels the keen despair,
Tho' in lone anguish cries -
Go, be free!

I loose thee - go be free!

Ambitious, trusting one,
When bred thy once eager mood,
Loose the song that thou wouldst sing
And life seems all undone -
Come to me!

Anna J. Hamilton.

The Dead Word

There is going forward a continual
 extinction of the words of our language
 French

Ah, speak it very softly, it is dead.
 So soon the sad estrangement on its face,
 Familiar but a brief time gone its place
 Throws it no more. Be as cold judgment said
 Of harsh or sweet, let death be hallowed.
 From the far silence of a by-gone race
 As choir of spirit voices plead for grace
 To whom this word was dear in days long fled.
 How fresh it shone on many a thoughtful scroll—
 Now turned to dust! From many a fervent soul
 On eager tongues of praise and prayer it sprung.
 How warm it fell from love's impassioned tongue!
 Let lie it there and with no lip to own,
 With all its life and all its meaning gone.
 Julia Boynton

Of Love True Life.

If love were life and hearts more tender were;
 No growing old or dying would there be;
 No eyes from too much weeping, just to see;
 No more the brow be the interpreter.

If care be tact, nor soul a prisoner
 Within a cell, but like a truth that grows
 Would spread itself through all eternity;
 If love were life and hearts more tender were

It is not hard to understand God's plan,
 Nor be submissive when submissions suit;
 A flower simply desires to bloom, and man
 Should simply live to love, or else defeat
 The Master's will, which He has made so clear,
 That love enough would make man angels here.

Binghamton, N. Y. May 16th 1891. Mary A. Mason

Life's Lesson of Faith

The lion whelped upon the desert gray,
 The roe that roams the woodland virgin deep,
 The eagle fledged upon the lonely steep,
 The curlew brooded on the breezy spray, -
 Found each on waking to this mortal day,
 One that around most tender watch did keep -
 In its defense, would dare the deadly sweep
 Of boldest bird or fiercest beast of prey.
 And for the child unborn - and oh, so near it! -
 A mother's arms are yearning - whether strife
 Be too, its heritage or kingly state:
 O best hope! if thus abiding every spirit,
 There is such love on coming to this life,
 Beyond shall naught this infinite longing wait.

Henry Jerome Stockard

A Poem

On Jesus' Miracle at the Wedding Feast.

The conscious water knew its Lord divine,
 Thrilled at His glance, and blushed to
 ruby wine!

S. Fillmore Bennett

Richmond Ill. Sept '91

Woman's Brightest Jewel.

What is woman's brightest jewel?
 Is it eyes of deepest blue,
 Soft and gentle in expression,
 Beaming with a lustrous hue?
 Or dimpled cheeks fair and rosy,
 Venus-like of purest snow,
 And beautiful silken tresses,
 Like the ray of sunlit gold?

Or round full lips of cherry hue?
 Her teeth of pearly whiteness,
 And her long and drooping lashes,
 That shield her eyes of brightness?
 Is it hands so fair and shapely—
 So patrician and complete?
 Or touching of those ruby lips,
 Tells the soul with rapture sweet?

Or all her diamonds shifting light,
 On her fair and shapely hand—
 Or rubies red, and pearls of white—
 Jewels rare at her command?
 No, 'tis her fair untarnished name,
 Shining as the burning jewel,
 What the water can't extinguish—
 This is woman's brightest jewel.

Alice Hawthorne

Louisville Ky. June 15, 1891.

On The Death Of A Gifted Poetess

As the red sun light o'er the waters beaming
 With dying fulgence streaming far and wide
 The life of one it portrays to my dreaming
 Gone down to slumber in Death's waveless tide.

Death from mid air descended through the sky
 Curbed his pale coursers mortals to survey
 There seraph from his fatal clouds did spy
 His flying shafts hurled on his quittance prey
 His first great choice the gifted and the good
 His care, how to inflict the direst wrongs

Of woe on mortals in disputeful mood.
 To stain with bleeding hearts his horrid fangs
 So counting up the mighty sum of grief
 Her dulcet tuneful powers, with hollow voice,
 Our loss in her effulgent being brief
 Well pleased, fit subject found her of his choice.

Thus we behold thee Death through Sorrow's tears
 Her Guardian Angel dear in deep disguise
 Least deed of love, (that dark to us appears)
 From this dear earth to bear her to the skies

Heaven's windows opened and long rays of light,
 Down slanted on her through this dark abyss
 Come up and don thy robe of Heavenly white
 The angel voices cried and dwell in endless bliss.

Epping N^o 26 1850

Matthew J Harvey

White Lilies.

I can but think from the world of light,
 The fields of heaven so pure and bright
 Came those lovely lilies so strangely white.

They make me think of Heaven I know
 Of a sweet one there that loved them so -
 Those delicate bells of scented snow.

Borne to earth upon angels' wings,
 As each his beautiful burden brings,
 A pean of joy the glad earth sings.

Renton City Emily Vail.
 Anderson Co. Missouri.

Sunset.

How splendidly those yet unpurpled clouds
 Flush as they float into intenser floods
 Of sunset-glow! Pure fleece becomes pure gold —
 Gold that, anon, porphyrogenous appears;
 Tint into tint, or flashes now, or fades,
 Turquoise and topaz softly interfuse,
 And garnet, kindling, into ruby burns,
 Until you Titan-group of thunder-crag,
 That gather gloom to intercept the light —
 Colossal shapes, thrown into bold relief,
 By the refulgence of the occident, —
 As though convulsed by fierce intestine fires,[®]
 Dissolve their solemn league; each beetling brow
 A lurid lustre wears; each shaggy breast
 Is scoured and seamed with sanguinary scars,
 And from a chasm, cleft in their bloody base, —
 That yawns, a dread apocalypse of hell, —
 In long, red, forked, wildly-flickering tongues,
 Flames, as from Tophet, leap! x x x

Theo' H. Hill.

Only

Only a word "fittly spoken",
 In kind affectionate tone,
 Only a word may be volumes,
 To one who's weary and lonely.

Only an act of devotion
 Done with a glad willing grace
 Only a smile, it may brighten
 The look of a sorrowful face

Only a bird that is singing,
 Out in the old maple tree,
 Only a song, but its sweetness,
 Tells it is happy and free.

Only a star that is shining,
 But it gleams, a gem in our sky
 Only a hope, but it reaches
 On through the sweet by and by.

Violet E. King

Albion, Ind.

Black Diamonds—The Poem.

Deep down hidden in the earth
Lies a stone as dark as night;
'Tis costly, and you must dig
To bring this dark stone to light.

The miner digs and digs again
With more than care, perhaps a tear,
But his work is not in vain—
He finds the stone so dark, so clear.

The workman takes it to refine;
Soon it is bright, and then a spark
Ten thousand beauties burst and come
From this cold stone so dark.

The mind is dark when given,
But with an earnest search for light
It shines and like its Maker
Shine on on forever bright.

Mrs. A. Lollar Wrightman.
Harper, Clow, 7, 1891.

The River of Love.

1.

I stood 'neath the boughs of a willow,
 Where the currents of two rivers meet,
 And look'd from the depths of its shadow
 That fell like a veil at my feet.
 I watch'd the two rivers flow onward,
 In union toward the deep sea;
 Flow on in felicity homeward,
 Enrapt in their own harmony.

2.

I thought, as I stood by that river,
 Made one by the union of two,
 Of lovers who journey together,
 With souls that are faithful and true.
 I thought of the meed of their pleasure,
 As pure as the sun's golden beam,
 Which blesses true hearts without measure,
 As sweet as the smiles of a dream.

3.

I thought of the lives that flow onward,
 As rivers flow on to the sea,
 Enrich'd with the fruitage of concord,
 Which blesses through eternity.
 I look'd and I saw on that river,
 Two lives that my heart did approve
 How fondly they smil'd on each other,
 And named it, "The River of Love."
 Nov. 12th. 1891. G. H. Walser.

Thanks

Thanks for the rare and graceful gift of flowers
 That came to me tonight
 Bearing through all the winters frost and chill
 Soft gleams of summer light

Above the half-closed petals of the rose
 Sweet song notes seemed to rise
 As when in June's fair morn some happy bird
 Goes singing to the skies

But clearer far than any gift can be
~~The thought that thou hast kept~~
 The thought that, hast kept
 Within thy heart one memory of me
 One that hath never slept.

If when the blossoms of another year
 Are bright on every hand
 Some thought should come of those who are not here
 But in the summer land

Thy faith will teach transcending all thy fear
 That they securely dwell
 Where brighter than earth's rose blooms all the year
 Heaven's faceless Omnipotence
 Readfield ^{me} Nov 16th 1891. E. S. Rideout

Golden-Rod

Commonplace,
 With an unaffected grace,
 By the dusty road unfolding,
 Sunshine into blossoms moulding,
 Every careless, nodding plume
 Beautiful with golden bloom;
 Common faces thus seem fair
 For the Sunshine that they wear.

Bravely bright,
 Catching and reflecting light,
 In earth's barren places living,
 Getting little for its giving,
 It unconsciously bestows
 Heaven's light, whereby it grows,
 Adding to the weary way
 Its fresh grace for every day.

In the frost
 Will its blossoming be lost
 When the plumes, with silver hoary,
 Slowly fade from golden glory?
 Not if in our lives the grace
 Of the beautiful finds place.
 Sunny lives its blossoms say,
 Have brave hearts for every day.

Alice M. Dowd.

The purest gift

In my heart are places many,
 Which I give to bless mankind.
 One for sympathy and pity,
 Patience too a home doth find.
 A home for thanks and gratitude
 For mercies shown to me;
 Forgiveness, may I claim its part,
 Wherever I may be.

A place for joy, and sorrow each,
 For fortitude and strength;
 That I may try to faithful be
 And find that home at length.
 A little home for faith is there,
 And generosity.
 And little faults that dwell know
 Had never ought to be.

Deep in the center of the heart,
 With all these gifts around,
 There is the dearest gift of all
 That in the heart is found.
 For there is the grandest power yet,
 Which mortals dare above
 All gifts of earth or heaven's hand,
 That little word called Love!

Jana E. Crocheron

Bountiful, Utah. Aug 2nd 1891

-The lily of the heart-

I saw a lily pure and white,
 A blossom of the rarest hue;
 With fragrance of the dewy night
 And petals slightly shaded blue;
 But not content to show the sight
 I rudely touched the blossom rare,
 Quick as I touched, it wore a blight,
 And drooped its head and faded there;
 And then I wept my hours over
 To think so cruel I had been
 And firm resolved to touch no more
 That only lives by being seen;
 So is the lily of the heart
 That springs from out Louis' early dream,
 He, thoughtless, trifles with each part
 'Til scarce the blossoms each have been;
 Then death, diemion, discord rings
 When once but stood Louis' roses
 Oh! stop thy trifling ere it brings
 Our hearts to meet the lily's fate.

Flournoy O. Nov 20. 1891 Roswell Derby Jr.

Laura.

I saw the moon in yonder skies,
 And all her jewel-stars arise,
 To make the scene as soft and bright
 As moon and stars could make the night.

The gentle breeze came forth and kiss'd
 The flowrets robe enureath'd with mist,
 The Nightingale with sweetest tune,
 Trilled a lay for leafy June.

All in this calm and lovely hour,
 Fair Laura slept in lattic'd bower,
 She slumbers sweet in soft repose,
 As dewdrops in a clarnast rose,

As bright as stars may Laura's hours,
 Pass off in pleasures sunlit bowers,
 And round her heart in clusters twin,
 The love that makes this life divine.

Louisville Ky
 Dec. 1891

Alexander Evans

A Pink-White Glory of Clover?
 A pink-white glory of clover,
 Linking with summer's light:
 A patch-work gay, all nectar,
 Makes hills and valleys bright.

A pink-white glory of clover,
 Comes in the rose-set June;
 When the sky above is bluest,
 The world with joy a-tune.

A pink-white glory of clover,
 Out-lasting summer flowers;
 The roses, blooming and fading,
 To autumn's chill, dark hours.

A pink-white glory of clover,
 Going only with the leaves,
 With the fall of the maple crimson,
 The binding of the sheaves.

Ellah. Truesdell
 Cornellville, Dec. 11, 1891

Non de plume - Florence Coore

" Our Helplessness

How helpless we are at birth and death,
 And the intervening space,
 Wherin we have but measured breath
 To help us in the race.
 And we must run on other powers
 To buy up this frail clip of ours.

Life's dangers deep and dark are spread
 So bridgeless everywhere,
 That navigators ought to dread,
 And steer with utmost care,
 For oftentimes a small mistake
 Can make our hearts and fortunes break.

The strongest cannot go alone —
 Each life is but a part
 Of something stronger than its own,
 That feeds the hungry heart;
 For every heart must find its food
 That makes its length of life seem good.

Our strength! what is this strength
 We all could fiercely claim?
 And feel in turn furious at length
 That another's help is shame?
 A power must be that man unknown
 Wherby we each can walk alone.

Meriden, Conn.

Wm L. Foster Parker.

There are deeds that glow and sparkle
 As the dew drops in the sun,
 There are hopes that like the roses
 Fade and vanish one by one
 But through all the years that follow
 There'll be found on Memory's page
 Recollections pure and holy
 Where they'll shine undimmed by age,
 - Charles Clyde Jones, Mechanicsburg

If I But Only Knew
 I took her hand in mine, and smiled on her,
 The words I said were spoken oad and slow;
 But what I murmured then, you may not know -
 Her bosom's stilly depths would never stir:
 For, like a cameo cut upon a vase
 The passionless repose of her sweet face
 Was harder by fond passion to be borne
 Than withering accents of intensest scorn.

I know not; - ah, if I but only knew!
 Perhaps there lingered in her mouth's sweet bloom
 The faintest shadow of reluctant doom;
 Perhaps those large, dark eyes, were wet with dew -
 Only a hint of love's sweet tenderness
 A secret sigh, my shrinking soul to bless
 Genoa Junction, Wis.
 Sept. 28, 1891
 Ruthen J. Riggs.

On The Chesapeake.

Thank you for your pity, stranger,
 That my life upon the Bay
 Is so full of toil and danger,
 And no pleasures, as you say.
 There are two sides of that picture,
 One, so warm, and clear and bright,-
 That it truly hides the other
 As the dear Sun hides the night.-

I've a cheery little cottage,
 Loving wife and children three,
 And I know this very minute
 They are watching out for me.
 In an hour, if God so will it,
 I shall be with them again
 And the welcome of their kisses
 Will refresh like Summer rain.

All my toil will be forgotten
 In the comfort of my hearth,
 And the pat-ty, tippy footsteps
 Be the sweetest sound on earth.
 Our supper will be frugal,
 But prepared with loving hand
 No King could feast more royally,
 With kingdoms at command.

True, we struggle for our living,
 Have our trials here and there;
 But in trusting to our Savior
 We are happy anywhere.

Thank you for your pity, stranger,
 But it's needed not for me;
 Give it to some lonely creature
 Without wife and children three.

Washington, D.C. Mary E. Ireland

Trust

Pale buttercups enclosed in snow,
 Look up to light
 And through the chilling hours of gloom
 Endure the night.

Old robin, on ice-freighted bough,
 Chirps still of spring.
 And thus enduring, waiting makes
 An easy thing

Meek, trusting child, a first-step takes,
 Not heedful alarms.
 Untried, forsooth, the pathway leads
 To mother's arms.

A weary world sinks to repose,
 The day's work done,
 Content - to know 'Our Father' keeps
 To-morrow's sun!

Annie H. Smith
 Atlanta, June 2, 1891.

Enkindled.

Upon my hearth the lifeless ashes lay,
 Quenched ⁱⁿ beneath idle embers cold and gray;
 No generous glow of kindred coals a-fire,
 No leaping life of flame that must aspire.
 But searching long, two living coals I found,
 Hidden from air and shut away from reach,
 That by close contact, each enkindling each,
 Answer my patient breath at one glad bound
 And burst in laurel flame from smouldering fire,
 Like panted grace, responsive to desire.

x x x x x

O Holy Spirit! Lord and fire of love,
 Give us a fire beneath our ashen heap
 Some quenchless spark of love lit from above,
 Live coals, whence Christ-like fervent leap.

Mary Keet Adams Stone.

Orange, N. J.

June 1891.

Angel Ministers.

We call them dead who've left us -
 A strange misnomer this;
 The crystal lenses of this life,
 Disclose a Life of bliss
 Whispering breezes from Hereafter,
 Pulsate through the earth's wide strand,
 As the breezes from the ocean
 Find their way far into land.

Gentle, motherly devotion,
 Grown to guardian angelhood;
 Still dispensing heavenly counsel,
 Yet so dimly understood.
 Feathers bending o'er the battlements,
 In ministry of love;
 Sisters reaching out for brothers
 From the glory heights above.

Absent children penning letters,
 From the school-room of the sky;
 And we sometimes catch their message,
 As the night-shades wander by, -
 Just as birds from out the Woodland,
 Sing their song, then upward soar, -
 Sing their song, then plume their wings
 And leave it silent as before.

Sarah Blosser
 San Francisco, June, 12th, 1891.

A Song From The Waves.

White capped waves are brightly flashing, dashing,
 From the quiet shore,
 Far away their voices lifting, drifting
 To return no more.

And our lives their pathway taking, breaking
 From the silent past,
 Turn not back their path replacing, tracing
 Onward to the last.

Let them swell the current pending, tending
 Toward the good and great,
 Help the lives so sadly drifting, shifting,
 Drift toward Heaven's gate.

Gather joy and strength by sharing, bearing,
 Joy, or sorrow's weight,
 And your songs more sweetness lending, blending
 Drifting through the gate.

Lucia N. Gould
 Okroon Lake
 N. H. May 26, 1891.

"From Life Pictures."

Though the wings of fancy's pluming fair
 outspeeds the eagle's flight,
 If they soar not in the sunlight they will
 end in darkest night;
 If romance holds forth a false light,
 it shines out amid the gloom,
 Still it dances o'er corruption, leading
 only to the tomb;
 Glim'ring out from dark morasses,
 where the true has lost their way,
 Fading, dying if you hold it in the
 light of present day;
 Then e'en reality's trifles may outweigh
 this film of air;
 Still a turning spray from fancy
 forms a wreath exceeding fair

Olin W. Page.
 New London, Conn., Oct. 5, 1891.

Autumn.

See the leaves around us falling
 Emblems of mortality
 They speak to man in solemn tones,
 Thou too, must fade and die.

all nature mourns. the little birds
 Sit sadly on the spray.
 And seem to sing in sadning tones.
 Passing away, passing away.

The fairest prospects earth can give
 Friends, riches, all decay,
 And like the fading leaf and flower,
 Too swiftly flee away.

But faith looks up from this world of care
 To a land of eternal bloom,
 Where the leaves never fall and flowers ^{fade,} never
 In the land beyond the tomb.

Mrs. E. Watters,

Washington Iowa, Oct. 6: 1872.

Duty

Duty points the way,
 We should go each day,
 If we listen to her voice
 Trying to make the best choice,
 We'll be happier
 And the world better.

Then let us obey
 Though dark be the way,
 Over rough and stony roads
 With grievous, burdensome loads
 To be borne alone
 Ere duty be done.

Let us murmur not
 Though weary our lot,
 There are some with heavier loads,
 Who must go o'er rougher roads
 All their earthly days
 And be poor always.

Though we have not done
 All we had begun
 God knows when we've done our part
 When it is best to depart
 From this mortal strife
 To eternal life.

Julia F.

The Songs that Live.

Ye gather the songs of the poet's score,
As the tattered leaves of a well worn book;

Then lay them away,
As a child, in play,
Treasures bright stones from a sparkling brook.

The luster soon dies on the pebbles of stone,
While the gems grow brighter, day by day;

The poets true words,
Like carols of birds,
Shall cheer us forever, forever and aye.

In the growing dawn, there are pines, rich tints,
Then the pines, white light, leaps, in glory, free;

The grand deeds of Earth
Had a noble birth,
In the heartwarm words of sweet poetry

G. Henry Bogart, Brookville, Ind.
Oct. 4 - 1891.

Slander.

The clouds which for a time obscure the sun
 And cast their fleeting shadows o'er us,
 Can hide his dazzling rays but for a while—
 He still lights up our way before us.

When wafted by the winds across his face
 He re-appears with greater brightness;
 More dazzling to our eyes appear his rays
 To scatter the impending darkness.

To may the tongue of slander cloud the name,
 And dim the lustre of the purest;
 To injure both their character and fame,
 It is of all base means the surest.

But if their innocence they clearly prove,
 By both their conduct and transactions,
 More bright will be their fame, more true the
 Of those who censured their good actions.

Yours Truly
 Wm. J. Rhoads.

Boyerstown, Pa. Oct 5th 1891.

"Love Not Perishable"

You asked me last night as I sat by your side
 If the love that I cherished would always abide;
 When the footprints of time had furrowed your brow,
 Would I love you as truly, as dearly as now.

You asked me again in tones I remember.
 If the joy-dreams of May would stay till December.
 When your Auburn-brown tresses were silv'ered with gray,
 Would I cherish my darling the same as today.

You asked me again with that love in your eyes,
 If Heaven-born love would languish and die.
 If the love of the Angels, so tender and sweet,
 Could be torn from their hearts and cast at their feet.

This morning I answer your queries in one.
 A love that will perish was never begun.
 Love tender and true in a heart is unborn,
 That lingers today, and tomorrow is gone.

Winona Winn
 Oct 6 1891

T. L. Huntington

"The Bound of the Sea" *

The roaring waves can never pass,
 The bound of the deep wide sea;
 Though they toss they never can prevail,
 Against the Lord's Decree;
 Who placed the glittering sands for bar,
 Along the guiding shore
 And though they rear up mountains high,
 They never can come o'er.

They may lash in fury on the deck,
 All the ship, with its helpless load
 As drive it upon the sunken rock
 That lies in its fated road.
 Or down with their roaring prey,
 Of the struggling, sinking, soul,
 And wash their victims out again,
 With every backward roll.

Then moan and moan and sink abashed
 Before the wondrous Power,
 Which set their bound to them for aye,
 Since first-creation's hour.
 So the waves of sin can ne'er prevail,
 Against the trusting soul,
 That clings to the Light on the towering Rock
 Round which the breakers roll.

E. J. McHenry

Jeremiah chap V. verse 22.
 Fear ye not me? saith
 the Lord: will ye not tremble at my presence,
 which have placed the sand for the bound of the
 sea, by a perpetual decree, that it cannot pass
 it: and though the waves thereof toss themselves
 yet can they not prevail; though they roar,
 yet can they not pass over it?

Autumn leaves. Logan. 0

1. Autumn leaves are falling,
~~F~~alling to the ground;
 'Tis a signal calling,
 And the winds do leful sounds.
2. Like the dead leaves lying,
 Around our pathway,
 Dearest friends are lying,
Passing far away.
3. We think I hear them saying,
 Soon your time will come,
 Awhile on earth staying,
Then like us go home.
4. Are we growing weary,
 Laden with much care?
 Is life dark and dreary,
Heavy burdens bear?
5. While none lifts a finger,
 To help lighten them;
 I still some thought will linger,
Let us use our pen.
6. Some poor poets while here,
Only win a name!
 Costing them rather dear,
 But whose is the game?
 Miriam J. Brehan

Lady Auling.

"I was on a May morning,
 The finest morn of all,
 When lovely Lady Auling
 Invited me to her hall—

"Hall of silver'd tissues
 So golden and so grand,
 Where bright, amber dishes,
 Sparkl'd on every hand

On a velvet sofa there,
 So wantly carv'd and fine,
 I kiss'd the lovely lady fair—
 She gave me kisses back for mine

There was an angel's glance
 In the depths of her liquid eye
 Which pierc'd my bosom like a lance
 When the nostradg came anigh

O, cruel it was to leave
 This lady for another,
 Pinning thee alone to grief—
 But so it is the world over.

No an wearies with the rose
 And with the thistle down;
 And no living mortal knows
 What puts the mischief in his crown.

J. P. Campbell.

Abilene, Kans., Oct. 1st, 1891.

The Music of Words.

I love the guitar
 And the notes of song birds,
 But sweeter by far
 Is the music of words.

Tunes perish in time
 But a story well told
 In rhythm and rhyme
 Will never grow old.

Moses' Thanksgiving song
 When the Red sea was crossed
 Still cheers us along,
 But the notes have been lost.

Now this little lay
 Without tune or time—
 A waif by the way—
 Has the music of rhyme.

Clara Fowler Smith.
 Myers Valley Kansas, October 1891.

A Flower, A Song, A Word.

A little flower we'd cast away
 Without a second thought,
 Might cheer a heart
 Or a gay impert
 To a life with misery wrought.

A little song of love divine,
 Comes floating on the air,
 And brings sweet cheer
 To the listening ear
 Of a soul bowed down with care.

Only a word, but kindly said,
 Falls soft as evening light,
 The silvery ray
 Will change to day
 The darkness of the night.

Only a word, a song, a flower
 May turn the course of fate,
 Let us give them, then
 To our fellow men
 Ere we hear the sad "too late!"

Emma R. Fisher
 Canfield Colo Oct 1st 1891

Evening's Hour

Sweet hour of eve, sweet hour of rest,
 When care, and labor's task is done;
 When sunset's glow, and shades of night,
 Are welcomed by low vesper songs.

The moon in, silvery splendor dressed,
 Comes forth to reign as queen of night;
 Up rising from her ocean couch,
 To shed o'er earth her mild pale light.

The stars next follow in her train,
 And one, by one, come timid forth,
 To deck the canopy of night;
 To give this hour a hallowed worth.

And kindred hearts gather around,
 The fireside in social glee;
 All thoughts of toil are cast aside,
 In homes of peace and unity.

Sweet hour of eve, sweet hour of rest,
 When moonlit shadows flit and go—
 The thoughts serene, this hour inspires,
 Seem to link heaven, with earth below.

Emily Reed

Eddyville Iowa

A Fable:

Long years he labored, writing night and day,
 The people wondering, watched him and admired;
 Their praise their homage were at his Command
 And so he writ and labored till the gray,
 Like snowy frosts up on his brown locks lay,
 While youth to dare was by his deeds inspired.
 His steps grew feeble and his sturdy hand
 Shook with a palsy that forbade him more
 His pen to ply, and so he laid it down
 Well satisfied, now all his work was o'er,
 That laurels twined in fadless wreaths should crown
 His silend locks, and he would honored go
 Down to his grave immortalized below!

When he was dead and days of mourning done,
 They who enrichment hoped from his full hand,
 Gave inventory, Jewels found they none,
 Of gold or thought no grains! The Castles grand
 Of his estate were shadowy things of air,
 Rich in the flowers which flourished fading there!
 Nor could they find in all their search his name,
 Which while he lived was spoken every where,
 So grace the templed corridors of fame
 Writ by his hand unclimbed on brass to stand;
 Alas! his very name he wrote in sand!

Chillicothe, Ohio

William V. Loran et

October A. D. 1897.

Broken Links.

One by one the links are broken,
 Severing every earthly tie;
 But we all will be united
 In the glorious bye and bye.

Father, Mother, sister, brother,
 One by one are gathered in;
 Fading, falling, as the leaflets
 Shaken by the autumn wind.

We must bow in humble reverence,
 Waiting for the Father's call;
 Then will join our dear departed,
 Yes, will meet and know them all

Golden links of love will bind us,
 Never more to severed be,
 When we meet beyond the river,
 In that land just 'er the lee.

Mrs. Mary J. Clark.

Utica Gazette, Co.

Ill.

Immortality

Transient charms that here entrance us,
 Are not beauties born of earth,
 But glimpses of a fairer haven
 Glories of celestial birth,
 Herald from a distant country,
 Flitting o'er the silent way,
 Pointing to the breakings splendors,
 Of a grander better day.

Above the tumult and the tempest
 Above the world's unhappy cries
 The sighing soul from its still chamber,
 Has partly gleams of fairer skies,
 Peering through yon silent gateway,
 Whither all our journeys tend,
 Whither the eye of faith looks yonder,
 Where its joys shall never end.

Sees among the ephemeral beauties,
 Gleaming mid this realm of tears,
 Straying hints of things immortal,
 Changeless through the flight of years,
 Hears above this earthly chorus,
 From the far off glittering dome,
 Strains entrancing, Seraph voices,
 Echoes from its heavenly home.

Milton Sailor Kendall

Beyond The Night.

Without an inward fear,
 With each incoming year,
 I put my trust in Thee,
 Grand Master of the skies;
 Upward my songs shall rise,
 While earthly shadows flee.

While light is o'er the road,
 Thy love on me bestowed,
 Why should I hesitate?
 While clouds enshade the skies
 And ills, like storms, arise,
 I still on Thee would wait

Thy will be mine to do;
 Whether to suffer through
 The solitary years,
 Or at the inner shrine,
 To drink the joys divine,
 With happiest of seers.

Thy guide shall lead me on
 By ways I have not known,
 From darkness unto light,
 Till by Thy sovereign sway
 This life shall pass away
 To realms beyond the night.

Charleston, W. Va. 1891

Alvaro F. Gibbons

Waldo Ohio June 18th 1889

A tribute to my parents graves

I realize the boon I've craved
 To see again my parents graves.
 To visit the dear spot of Earth
 As memory true recalls their worth

'Twas Heaven that gave, tis Heaven that takes
 The mortal is gone, the immortal wakes
 To life divine, to light above
 The soul rests not here in the grave

The battles won with life so true
 I thank Heaven that ever it gave us You
 Whose virtues shine in constant light
 Thy teachings we can not forget

Thy bodies rest beneath the sod
 We're treading now the paths you trod.
 And as life goes, through good and ill
 Heaven grant, it may be done as well

Galison D

Ellen Hoyt.

Christ's Church

What matters it, my neighbor,
 That we be not agreed?
 The master counts the labor
 And love, more than the creed.
 And if, God's word obeying,
 Each one his own way choose,
 He still will hear us praying,
 Whatever form we use.

Though we may sing his praises
 In the Te Deum's strains,
 The hymn our brother raises
 As kind a hearing gains;
 And under lofty arches,
 Or on the walled road,
 'Tis one procession marches
 Up to the throne of God.

For you may find the heaven
 Where I should never search,
 Without my guide to Heaven —
 Our Holy Mother Church,
 Men drawing from each other,
 Their temple build apart;
 What profits it, my brother?
 Christ's church is in the heart.

Frank Rowland Batchelder

Worcester Massachusetts
 6 October 1891

Gloria In Excelsis.

I sent a ship out on the ebbing tide,
 Freight with all the treasures I possessed,
 I knew the sea was boundless, deep and wide,
 Yet should it reach its haven there was rest.
 I saw it vanish, thought that nevermore
 Its wealth - my earthly all - should be returned,
 Long years no tidings came from that far shore,
 For sight of which my heart so vainly yearned

Within His hand who holds - I said at last -
 The mighty waves, I trust my precious freight,
 And, lo! the sky grew bright - long overcast,
 My ship was signaled, it had lingered late.

* * * * *

The treasures that I sent have all come back,
 Increased in value, more than lips can tell,
 Such wealth have I that nothing now I lack;
 To-night my eyes with happy tears o'erswell.
 I think the Father knows our every need;
 He gives us better than we ask each day;
 Our ships long gone - for tidings, how we plead -
 When lo! they glad our sight the while we pray.

So. Natick, Mass. — — — Lilla N. Cushman..

Haste with Me.

Haste with me the woods are fair.
 The sunshine lingers softly there;
 And dewy gems so fair and bright
 Are flashing in the morning light;
 Then haste with me, the woods are fair -
 The sunshine lingers softly there,
 And all the gems of morning raze
 Are flashing down so coyly there,
 So coyly there,
 Are flashing down so coyly there.

Then sing, O sing! the world is fair
 As vernal spring forever there;
 The world is fair, so fair and bright
 Forever where the heart is right.

Then sing, O sing! the world is fair
 As vernal spring forever where
 The heart is right, and gems so rare
 Are flashing down from Heaven there
 From Heaven there

Are flashing down from Heaven there!

From
 Harp of Hesper. - Mary E. Butters.

"Darling, the Springtime surely'll flow,
 The flowers of love shall sweetly blow.

And softly fall the sily'ny call
 As magic of the bluebells springing,
 When Thrush's sky note
 Swells from sweet throat,

And all the little beech are singing,
 And thus love's bells call sweet, and low."

From
 Harp of Hesper
 songs and poems

Mary E. Butters.

The Boot Black.

I've carried this little pack all day,
 I've traversed where the wealthy stay,
 I've asked of those I thought most kind
 But only one could I give a shine,
 I've tried in vain to happy be,
 The sun shines bright, but not for me.

My heart is breaking - My hat is worn,
 I'm hungry too - My coat is torn,
 I think of firesides warm and bright -
 Who'll bless the poor boot black to night?
 I see happy children blithe and free,
 The sun shines bright, but not for me.

There is a bright home where parents smile,
 The poor boot black be "Somebody's child"
 They'll need not there the light of the sun,
 There'll be no homeless little one,
 God's heavenly light will shine so full,
 Oh I know it will shine for me.

Laura L. Naffger,
 Powell, Ohio Oct 7th 1891.

"The Old Man of the Mountain".

High on the mountain's craggy brow,
 Those rugged features stand in view,
 Chiseled by wind, by rain and snow,
 'Gainst background of cerulean blue. —
 Clouds may arise, and float below,
 Conceal the mountain to its base;
 But far above, how well we know
 The steadfast quiet of that face!
 From far above the commonplace
 Of human lives that seethe below,
 Seeking for wealth, and fame and place,
 With eager trampings to and fro, —
 That face of rugged grandeur wears
 The placid look of coming years

Some sudden vision of our God,
 May rise, like this, o'er clouds of care,
 And show us, plodding on the road,
 That faithfulness that answers prayer.

Prople Lake N. H.
 Aug. 6th 1891.

Emily E. Hildreth.
 Harvard, Mass.

Presumption.

All still and close and dark!
 No cry of wineds, tonight:
 Across the quiet earth
 The moonbeams glimmer white.
 Peace! go to sleep and rest,
 Tyrant of the tripple crown, —
 Ruler of Russian Slaves,
 Rest on thy pillows down

Sleep sweetly, dream dear dreams!
 God's lightning Crow is nigh,
 A fearsome bolt shall leap
 Out of the voiceless sky.
 The whirlwind of His wrath
 Shall heed the swift command,
 And fury shake thy seas
 And terror rend thy land!

M. E. H. Everett
 Alfred Centre V. 2.
 Oct. 1891.

From Descriptive Poem

My Childhoods Home
The Hazel

In the early Spring the Hazel
Dicks herself with - insects gray.

Shading faintly - the sunshine
Of the not far distant day

That shall wrap her in a mantle
Which will hide her nun-gray gown,
Leaving her to bud and blossom
Bear her only out to brown.

2

Oh those days of Hazel - meetings
When the children great and small.

Through the bush with - bags and baskets
Laying up in early Fall

Treats for evenings in midwinter
When we met - and then you knew
How we ate the Philopenas?

Yes - But that was years ago.

3

Yet methinks ever at this moment
Through my windows and my door

Comes that same sweet-pungent odor,
Even as in days of yore,

When the frost had touched the Hazel,
And the Sumachs. Tell me why

Sumach leaves take on their beauty -
Just when they are doomed to die?

Lilla Day Monroe

Mother

A life went out, the taper ceased
 Its glowing warmth to give,
 The pleasing memory of that life,
 We'll cherish while we live.

Its brightness oft hath smoothed the way,
 When all was dark and drear,
 With cheerfulness her words would be,
 "Stand firm and do not fear".

She seemed so strong when we were weak
 Fresh courage would inspire
 Each one with greater faithfulness,
 Her zeal would never tire.

She uttered words of constant praise
 To Him whose love she bore,
 That voice she used to bless mankind,
 Will echo evermore.

Wm. Wiley

Galva Ill Oct 14/91

Morning Dreams.

I've been wandering in the vale
 Of a life times cares and tears,
 I've been searching in the chaff
 For the wheat of vanished years.
 I have sought amid my sorrows
 Turning leaves of memory o'er,
 I have found the best of treasure
 In the hopes and dreams of yore.

They're like flowers of the woodland
 Pressed in volumes quaint and old
 When the hopes of youth were blooming
 In the mornings dewy fold.
 They faded while thought slumbered,
 And the years have rolled along;
 Yet an odor clings about them
 That to youths bright hopes belong.

They were gathered ere life's morning
 Merged into the noontide heat;
 They were gathered on life's foot hills
 Ere the steep had tired my feet;
 They were gathered while yet blooming,
 While their thorns were downy things,
 Though not sweet as full blown roses,
 They were free from painful stings.

Truly Yours,
 Robinson, Kans. Fred Husted.
 (Shaei)

Josephine

In her island home of beauty,
 On Napoleon's throne of power;
 In the Garden of her anguish
 Or her lonely dying hour;
 As a simple island maiden
 Or a gracious, beautiful queen,
 Or a woman scorn-laden,
 Peerless, still, was Josephine

Peerless, for, despite her sorrows,
 Such as few on earth, have borne,
 She could say, near endless sorrows,
 Never caused heart to mourn."

Could Napoleon, broken, banished
 From his gilded pageant's scenes,
 Mourn, as earth's pageant vanishes,
 Better name than "Josephine?"

Had he ever that name cherished
 Would he, thus, have lonely died,
 All his hopes and fortunes perished
 Neath a retrocession tide? 1, 19

When such questions all are answered
 As in Heavens, so on earth,
 Then fulfilled will be the anthem
 Chanted at our Saviour's birth.

Mary E. Ware,

North Danville, Vt., Oct 2, 1891.

Gentle Spring

O gentle spring where hast thou gone
 With all thy birds and flowers
 The rose the sweetly scented thorn
 Thy bright bloomladen bowers

O vernal spring do come again
 With all thy beauties rare
 And bring the fragrant lily bells
 To gem the meadows fair

I long to see the gentle spring
 The fragrant flowering plum
 I long to see the daisies fair
 And blue-eyed violets come

When the southern vales are flooded
 With streams of golden light
 And sun kissed blossoms flourish
 Neath an azure sky so bright

Sucarno Lee Porter

Anticipation.

Life's soul of bliss ne'er sates itself,
 Nor credits us for what we're doing;
 Our highest hope, our greatest wealth
 Lies in the pleasure of pursuing.

So measure in our ends always,
 In sunshine and in sorrow;
 It is not what we are to-day,
 But what we hope to be to-morrow.

George Walds Browne.

If I But Only Knew

I took her hand in mine, and smiled on her,
 The words I said were spoken sad and slow;
 But what I murmured than, you may not know —
 Her bosom's stilly depths would never stir:
 For, like a cameo cut upon a vase
 The passionless repose of her sweet face
 Was harder by fond passion to be borne
 Than withering accents of intensest scorn.

I know not; — ah, if I but only knew!
 Perhaps there lingered in her mouth's sweet bloom
 The faintest shadow of reluctant doom;
 Perhaps those large, dark eyes, were wet with dew —
 Only a hint of love's sweet tenderness
 A secret sigh, my strinking soul to bless
 Geneva Junction, Wis. Ruth [unclear] Riggs.
 Sept. 28, 1891

Mosses.

From ledges of the lonely hills
 To caverns of the sea, —
 What tokens of the love of God
 His tender mosses be!
 For deep below as high above
 His love extendeth He.

How marvelously delicate!
 How wonderfully fair!
 As lies their beauty, over strength
 In ocean and in air,
 So over all the might of God
 His love lies, everywhere.

Ralph H. Shaw.

Sailing In,

How oft we have freighted with youthful trust
 These ships that have sailed away,
 But the years have bro't the moth and the rust
 And locks that are turning gray;
 How oft we have watched for the coming sail
 On the far horizon's rim
 Till the bravest spirit at last would fail
 And the watching eyes grow dim.

We have seen our ships by the tempest tossed
 And never come back to land
 While the freight that we longed for most was lost
 Or scattered about the strand;
 Yet all is not lost that's braten about
 By the wind, and wave's fierce din,
 And never a ship from life's port sailed out
 That shall not come sailing in.

Stanley Fitzpatrick.
 San Diego, Cal. May, 1891.

The Clover Leaf

They wandered in the meadow,
 The summer eve was brief;
 Between the light and shadow,
 She gave to him a leaf;
 No ruddy bloom of clover
 To him her faithful lover—
 Only a clover leaf!

Oh, sweeter than red clover,
 To ease a true love's smart,
 The green leaf to a lover,
 The leaf which bears a heart!
 The green leaf of the clover—
 Fit gift when love runs over—
 The leaf that bears a heart!

Germantown, Philada.

Henry Peterson

Note. The light markings on the leaf of the red clover often take the shape of a heart. The author wonders whether he is the first to put this fact into verse.

The Old Garden Gate.

Sweet lilacs blossomed near, syringas bent above it,
The snow-ball tree beside it stood in state,
While modest little pinks sent up their spicy odors
around the dear, familiar garden gate.

Outside it, by the road, stood ranks of nodding daisies,
The clover made the distant meadows gay;
and slender buttercups held up their golden chalices,
as if to catch the splendor of the day.

And in the drooping elms, which o'er it cast their shadows,
The robins held their jubilee of song,
and, free as summer winds, from village school returning,
a group of merry, noisy children throng.

I look back with dim eyes across the year's dark mazes,
and hear it in its noisy, hinged swing,
a fair-haired, laughing girl comes tripping down the door steps,
light-hearted as a bird upon the wing.

I see them once again, the well remembered places,
and list to voices, silent long ago,
That, like, some sweet old hymns still float thro' memory's chambers,
and haunt me with their cadence soft and low

O fair and sunny spot, the playground of my childhood,
The world, with all its monarch pomp and state,
has nothing to bestow, amid its boisterous glories,
like that around the dear old garden gate.

Emily G. Wetherbee

Lawrence, Mass. May, 1891.

My Love

Who has seen my love today,
 As she passed along the way,
 You would know her I am sure.
 By her look so true and pure

In distress she will not leave you,
 When in sickness will not grieve you.
 E'en when sin has touched your soul,
 By her love she will control

You will know her if you meet her.
 And with truth sincerely greet her.
 Hold her in a warm embrace.
 Give her in your heart-a place.

My love, my love is pure as the light;
 True as the stars in the heavens at night;
 As sure as the sun that warms us by day,
 Unfailing, unchanging, forever and aye
 My love, my love is true to me
 Her name? It is fidelity.

Frances B. Daniels

California 1891

The Burial,

Passing away, one by one,
 Each day the ranks grow small.
 Lay him away, his work is done,
 He has answered his Cast-roll-call

Comrade Farewell, thy loyal heart,
 Undaunted in the strife,
 Lies now beneath the starry flag
 Pulsless, bereft of life.

Sounded has been your last-revillie,
 Your last-battle fought, and won.
 No more the bivouac and picket
 No more the pipe and drum.

Your comrades in arms are beside you,
 Already the "taps" have been given,
 To the earth we consign thy frail body,
 Thy soul to our Father in heaven.

Comrade, Soldier, Friend, Farewell.

But not, dear one, forever,
 We only wait our muster out,
 To join thee, beyond the river.

To answer here, when the sergeant above,
 Shall pause before our door,
 And we meet in one grand reunion,
 On Banian's happy shore.

Jane E. Rouse.

Montague, Mich. Sept 30-1891.

A Social picture

A group of maidens, in their teens,
 Overflowing with contagious mirth,
 Relieve the dark and painful scenes,
 So oft encountered on the earth.
 Their natures volatile, and gay,

It would be cruel to restrain,
 Since youth's delicious, fleeting May,
 When vanished, never comes again.

The buoyant step, the sparkling eye,
 The brow, not furrowed yet with care,
 Suggest they should have wings to fly
 Like flaming orioles, through the air.

The vital currents, swift and strong,
 Are never-failing springs of glee;
 Spontaneous is the burst of song,
 Of shout, and jest and repartee.

Sweet smiles so near the surface lie,
 Their faces every moment gleam,
 As, underneath a glowing sky,
 The ripples in a shimmering stream.
 Life turns to them its sunny side,
 Its fresh and dewy morning hours,
 When earth seems like a glorious bride,
 Adorned with sapphires and with flowers.

By Rev. A. Jones
 Logansport Ind.

* The Flight of Time.

II

O, swifter, swifter, father Time;
Thy flight is all too slow;

O, speed us to the flowery plains
Behold its borders glow!

II II.

Delay, delay, O, hurrying Time;
Thy sands how fast they run,

So near the dark and unknown sea,
And life but just begun.

II II II.

O, Time thy steady onward ^{speed} ~~pace~~
We own at last is best;

It brings us life-renewing sleep,
Or dreamless, endless rest.

* unpublished Oliver Gibbs, Jr.

Ramsey, S. D., 1891.

First Impressions

I'm a big bouncing baby.
 There's none other like me.
 I'm a whale of a baby,
 And as spry as a flea.

My Papa's a dandy,
 And hangs the moon high
 I know that - he does it -
 Just to make baby cry.

But - I yell and I screech
 Till they take me inside.
 And bring in the moon
 For their joy and their pride.

'Tis then I get happy
 And crow with delight -
 And batter the bottom
 Of that moon out of sight.

Dulwich Oct 7th 1891. J. H. Austin

Baby Footsteps

Patter, patten, patten, — not the rain on the roof
 As it falls like a sweet lullaby on the ear,
 But sweeter by far, (and it hardly needs proof),
 Is the pattering music of footsteps dear.
 Poot, poot, poot, all the livelong day,
 With tireless little feet that never seem to rest,
 Always under foot, (but never in the way),
 Like a wee helpless bird ere it leaves the home nest
 x x x x

Many are the steps which the happy little tot
 Repeats o'er and o'er with never-ceasing glee;
 Many are the tumbles, very soon forgot,
 For the mother's healing kiss restores the baby's woe.
 Upstairs and downstairs a hundred times a day,
 Ever on the watch for some forbidden door,
 Singing baby songs in a baby's matchless way,
 While the patten of their porcious feet is heard upon the floor
 x x x x

Happy little midget she, so full of Eden joys!
 Artless as a lambkin playing on the green!
 Pure as are the angels whom the Blessed One employs,
 To watch and guard His children day and L'ore!
 Happy is the household where a baby runs alone!
 Though she often bids defiance to rules in force before,
 Her cheerful winning ways for chaff doth atone,
 And life is made the brighter by her patten on the floor.

Eugene Secor

Forest City, Iowa,

Written on the fly leaf of a young
lady's scrap-book.

Columbia La., July 5th 1884

To Mrs—

Shafts of stone may crumble down
Like mounds of sand and clay,
And all the loves that held us bound
May turn to hatred in a day.

But memory hath enquiring powers
In life and death are well,
It permeates the celestial bowers
And haunts the damned in hell.

D. P. Thornhill.

To —

It matters not, when I am dead,
If flowers bloom above my bed,
Or any stone lie at my head.

For oh, if they served not to guide
Your footsteps sometimes to my side,
My soul would be unsatisfied.

But if you, with your old-time grace,
Should lean your dear beloved face
Above my lonely resting-place;

And whisper, "Sweet, tho' thou art dead,
My love is to thy memory wed,"
My spirit would be comforted.

William Pinkett.

San Francisco, March, 1891.

Eulogy - Washington

Eminent and illustrious, Washington!
 Thou art our cherished, honored, dead!
 Not ours alone, civilization everywhere,
 Would fain call thee, their own.
 In affection's jeweled memory, thy natal day,
 We revere and hold most dear.
 Thy name we worship - is tuned to every song,
 Imaged in our mind and fills our soul with ecstasy
 Esteemed, most excellent character,
 Grandly good and great, and brave as good.
 Thy name more famous than
 "Ghosts of old and new of renown".
 Didst thou not stand as a wall of fire,
 Thy mighty arm in defense did bare,
 In behalf of Freeman's rights!
 Would the hated Tyrant abridge these rights,
 And unjustly set at naught?
 Aye, Yes, but for thee, noble Washington!
 Civil liberty throughout our land!
 Priceless boon, precious treasure!
 To maintain we do pledge and swear.
 Nor Potentate, nor Prince, nor King -
 As but one Venus, one pale Moon,
 Chief of light, one effulgent Sun,
 Thou wert exalted above all these,
 Synonymus of Liberty,
 Thy name is Washington!

Repley, Dec. Nov 17th 1891. J. H. Shaw.

Trying

Tho' the critic's arrow cleaveth
 Straightway thro' my heart,
 Tho' my song the Muse do grieveth
 She in haste depart,
 Still I'll woo her,
 Still pursue her,
 Still I'll try a song to sing,
 Tho' it lack the poet's ring.

Come and loose my fettered pinions,
 Bear me from the real;
 Help me sweep the fair dominions
 Of the sweet ideal.
 Just-in seeming,
 Just-in dreaming,
 I have walked the shining ways,
 I have worn the poet's bays.

Tremulously thy white wings flutter,
 O! sweet Muse, if I,
 Like the fabled Swan, might utter
 One grand note and die:
 I should know it
 If "A Poet"
 Should be writ above my head,
 I would smile tho' I were dead.

Hannah VanLoon.
 Philadelphia Nov. 26, 1891.

Indie and True, Adieu!

He stole from its nest in my golden hair,
A nest of cotton blue;
He placed an dry hand a fond ear,
And whispered soft as he held it there,
"Indie and True,
Adieu! Adieu!"

The almond has budding with blossoms white,
The roses blushed thro' the dew;
The violet smiled in the glowing light,
And life was happy, and hope was bright!—
"Indie and True,
Adieu! Adieu!"

They thought my soldier home to see,
And my nest of cotton blue;
But the cruel wound on his brow was hid
By the flag draped o'er the coffin-lid!—
"Indie and True,
Adieu, Adieu!"

The almond flours in the breezes shake,
The roses still blush thro' the dew;
But the springtime of hope can never awake,
And the lone, lone heart will wail till it break,
"Indie and True,
Adieu! Adieu!"

Francis Guild Lincoln

Washington, D. C.

Affinity.

We two were lovers in some alien sphere,
 Some morning planet, ere the earth had spun
 Its first gold ribbon round the ardent sun; =
 And we were flighted, but were parted ere
 The first defiant star had set his spear
 Against old Chaos, = ere the winds had run
 Their wild first races, or the tides had won
 The moon's love, sobbing in her lonesome ear.
 We trod the troubled aeons far apart
 Nor any message came from her to me
 To light my way across the lampless vast. =
 To-night we met again. O doubting heart,
 Be still! God shapes his purposes, and we,
 Twin pilgrims of the void, touch lips at last

James Newton Matthews.

Robin..

Dear Robin, sing for me,

You know I can not sing;

My soul is full of melody

But you must give it wing.

Your liquid notes express

The joy that in me lies,

The burden of my thankfulness

For sun and summer skies.

For sun and summer skies,

For violet and tree,

For loveliness that round me lies,

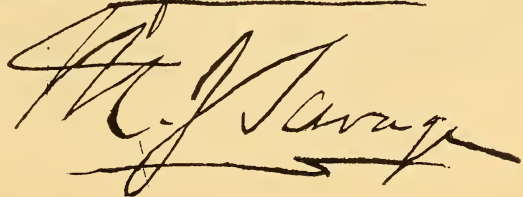
And, Robin dear, for thee!

George W. Crofts.

When is God?

"When is the sea?" the fishes cried,
 As they swam the crystal clearness through
 Where hands for God of the ocean tide.
 And we long to look on the waters blue:
 The waves our speak of the infinite sea
 O Who can tell us if such there be?"

The birds flew up in the morning bright
 And sang & bobbed on sunny wings,
 And this was its song: "I see the light,
 I look o'er a world of beautiful things;
 But, flying & singing evermore,
 In vain I have searched to find the end!"


 W. J. Savage

Longfellow
1882

Buttressed upon the cradle and the grave.
 The three fourths of a century apart
 The span of thy existence, and thy art,
 Is one fair arch of beauty. Grasses wave,
 And rills spung out and murmuring glide away
 From near its feet, and little children dance
 At one, and at the other stand and weep.
 Scaling its sides, plants in profusion creep
 Unfolding their sweet buds, and birds beguile
 Him who beholds, with song and twittering play
 'Mid clinging foliage. Upon its crown
 Sits Hope, the key-stone, looking calmly down
 On thy sure claim to Immortality
 And bids us now look up, to God, for thee.

John A. Kaye
 Calverton May 14 1891.

If Music Were Dead.

Imagine what this world would be
 If Music, heavenly maid, were dead,
 If her witchery from land and sea
 And from our hearts and homes had fled.
 The murmuring wind, the lowing herds,
 The rippling brook, the roaring main,
 The hum of insects, song of birds,
 Would never move our hearts again.

Picture a soldier, 'mid war's fire,
 Without those thrilling strains that tend
 The hand to nerve, the soul inspire,
 And vigor to the step to lend!
 A nation of its folk songs shorn,
 The dance without its cheery mate,
 And songless worship were forlorn
 And sorrowful to contemplate.

For Music's all pervading, now's
 Ennobles and exalts the soul;
 It may beguile a dreary hour,
 Or sway us toward a lofty goal.
 Then leave us not, O heavenly maid,
 Awake for us supreme delight!
 To worthy action, through thy aid,
 We would aspire, with all our might.

Albertine Woodward Moore
 "Auber Forestier"

Madison, Wis.

My Baby.
 #

O baby, my baby, I'd like to describe you,
 But words are such poor things, such weak things,
 Such stupid.

In kisses, fond kisses I'd like to imbibe you,
 Your lips are such fresh things - far sweeter
 Than Cupid's.

O baby, my baby, I falter and weaken,
 For words are so tripping, so slipping,
 Evasive.

In hugging, mere hugging my calm pulses quicken,
 Your eyes are so dripping with mischief
 Effusive.

O baby, my baby, I'd love to address you
 In words that the angels use, telling
 Their rapture;

But trembling with dread to my bosom I press you
 Lest, seeing your glory, they try you
 To capture.

Elizabeth Baker Bohan

Milwaukee April 27 - 1891.

Greeting.

Sweet: Heart: a Kiss from the Spring
 In buds the March Mocha Song
 A Kiss with the promise of days to be
 A Song of the Summer for you & me,
 A Song by Frost & Blossom & Bee.

And scent of the Sweet: Red Clover:

A Song of the hidden Gnome
 When the world is all Autumn -

Lois on the heart of the folded leaf
 A promise of Harvest & Goldenleaf
 An buds that sleep for a season here
 Till the March King's reign is over

Emily Stuart Weed

Her Song -

Small skill had she the measured note to sing,
 And yet to me
 Her low, sweet voice with words of love arising
 Was melody,
 O'er kindly yet was music's echoing
 In minor key -

Her gentle soul with tenderness replete
 " Like some soft rune,
 Breathed out low notes of song so clear and sweet
 'Twas love's own tune;
 Her life a round of harmony complete
 Like rays of Paine -

As wild bird's music soothes the troubled soul
 At stormy time,
 Or restless choirs of being calm with roll
 Of organ's chime,
 So swept across my life's discordant whole
 Her notes sublime -

Her voice is hushed yet from her life's refrain
 Falls on my ear
 A deathless song, that soothes my heart's dull pain:
 And thou' not here,
 To know she chants a glad exultant strain
 On happier sphere -

Harriet Bunker Austin

Woodstock Vt's, Jan. 4 1891.

Syria.

From The Field is the World - a Missionary Play.
By Mrs Eva Munson Smith.

A land where grievous wrongs bow down the soul
Of woman, where heavy toil misfalls her.
Able to Slavery's thrall; where man debased by
Heathen rites and ignorance of Truth, makes
Woman drunk e'en to its bitter dregs, the
Cup of woe; to thee is sent Salvation.

A Country where our Saviour had his birth
In Bethlehem's Judean manger low,
Whence found Jerusalem was detrate,
O'er whose Condition sad, He wept hot-tears
Of love, Thon land which stoned the prophets dead;
Thon who was first to doubt, who should 'st have been
The first to embrace him as your King, we
Gladly send to thee, e'en thee, the story
Of Redemption

Eva Munson Smith
author of Woman's Sacred Song, etc. &c.

In The Land Of Fancy.

Never a cloud to darken the blue,
 Never a flower to lose its hue;
 Never a friend to prove untrue,
 In the beautiful land of fancy

Never a joy to turn to pain;
 Never a boon we may not gain
 Never a hope to die or wane,
 In the beautiful land of fancy

Never a heart turns false or cold.
 Never a face grows gray or old;
 Never a love we may not hold,
 In the beautiful land of fancy

All of life that we crave or miss
 (The world denies us half its bliss),
 Free, untrammelled, we have in this,
 In the beautiful land of fancy

Libbie C. Baer.

Appleton Wis July 6. 1891.

The man I love.

I love the man who always rules
 With dignity and love,
 Who can be social kind and true,
 And look for help above.

I love the man who will reserve,
 His choicest smiles for home,
 Who when his daily tasks are o'er
 Has no desire to roam.

I love the man who, when he speaks,
 The guilty one subdues,
 And for misdeeds, confession makes,
 Who always pays his dues.

I love the man who has a heart
 For others' woes to feel,
 Who always acts the manly part,
 And tries our griefs to heal.

Oh, I would have him kind and good,
 As God meant man to be,
 The noblest piece of this great work,
 Is just the man for me.

Fox Lake Wis

Mary E. Warren

The Sun in Libra

In the maze of the bloom and the blight,
 When the darkness is twin with the light,
 When the scales of Astraea hang level
 With the weight of the day and the night,
 In the calm after-line-winds that revel,
 In the cool after-noon-days that smite.

Come the dreams born of incense that curled
 From the cressets of flowers that are perled,
 Come the spells of earth's latest bequiling
 Under skies that are rubied and pearled,
 Till we think, in the shadow and smiling,
 It is Egypt all over the world.

Every river is Nile to behold,
 Every tree in its bonnet of gold
 Is a palm, and the haze-purple'd highlands
 Are the temples unsearchably old;
 Every rock is a sphinx keeping silence
 O'er the past of a glory untold.

And the air brings us music that flows
 From a million of dim long-agoes,
 Till the sense of the seen and the present
 To a rapture of reverie grows,
 And the hues of a life evanescent
 Turn to haloes of endless repose.

Where the sun in his circle above
 Glimmers beamless and bald like a moon,
 Where they neither forget nor remember,
 Where is nothing too late or too soon,
 Where the climate is always September.
 And the days are one long afternoon.

Theron Brown

Scott's Companion, Boston.

An Ideal

Tell me fair phanton of the mystic night,
 That on the pathway from a wasting spring,
 How cometh slowly thro' the tangled ling
 To flood the darkness where I lie with light,
 Art thou of substance, or of shades at best -
 A woman, or a creature of the mist?
 Art thou to toy with me and go unkit -
 To pass with head unpillow'd on my breast.
 Oh, let me think that when the day shall break,
 And all the glamor of a glittering sky
 Before the sun's red rift shall fade and die
 That I shall find thee real when I walk
 That I shall feel thy hot, quick pulses leap
 When, with strong arms, I lift thee out of sleep

Henry J. Plunkard

Frankfort, Ky.
 Sept 30, 1891

"
From Kindesliebe"
"

"Ah! blessed faith that Childhood owns—
 To little joys—too early lost;
 But when our bread has turned to stones
 We learn at what a bitter cost
 Was bought the freedom we would gain
 At any price of future pain.
 'Tis only when upon the shoals,
 Or when the deadly reefs are nigh,
 We see the need, for human souls,
 Of some celestial beacon-light,
 To guide us through the billows' strife
 To haven of a peaceful life."

By: F. J. Dornell.
 From N.Y. Rep. 30th 1891.

Our Boy.

We have a boy, a baby boy,
 The household pet, a new-born joy,
 Of richer worth than purest gold,
 A darling child just six months old

Our little "Ed." with eyes of blue,
 All sparkling like the morning dew,
 With sunny smiles salutes us all,
 And answers "eh" when his name we call

Oft times when playing with his toys,
 With baby glee, to make a noise,
 He throws them down, and thinks it fun
 To watch us pick them up one by one.

God bless the precious baby boy,
 That fills our home with love and joy,
 And lightens our load of daily care,
 With smiling face so bright and fair.

Joseph Latimer Weir.

Orinda Tenn. Oct. 1, ¹⁸1891.

Retrospective

How sweet to sing in modest graceful lays
 The joys that speak of boyhood's happy days,
 "When fresh and fair the deus of youth are seen
 In sparkling beauty on life's dawning scene;
 When nature, smiling in her golden dress,
 Invites the world to share her fond caress,
 And, casting fragrance to the balmy air,
 Rejoices most when love and peace are there
 'Twas thus with me when, as a boy I dwelt
 In happy home where pain nor want was felt,
 When, only anxious for the morrow's play,
 I stretched my limbs to rest at close of day,
 But soon the happy dream of youth was fled
 With all the childish joys its sun had shed,
 And manhood's path, with thorns and briars.

- Stovars,

Now marks the spot where roses once had grown,
 'Tis thus with all this fleeting world ~~can~~ give, -
 The mortal dies ere yet he seems to live;
 But, dying well, the just man only dies
 To live eternal life beyond the skies.

Lynn, Mass. W. A. M. Donald M. D.,
 Oct. 1891.

Faciebat.

As thoughts possess the fashion of the mood
 That gave them birth, so every deed we do
 Partakes of our inborn disquietude
 That spurns the old and reaches toward the new.
 The noblest works of human art and pride
 Show that their makers were not satisfied.

For, looking down the ladder of our deeds,
 The rounds seem slender: all past work appears
 Unto the doer faulty: the heart bleeds,
 And pale Regret comes weltering in tears,
 To think how poor our best has been, how vain,
 Beside the excellence we would attain.

Henry Abbey.

Kingston, New York,
 Sept. 30, 1891.

Djins of the Fire Light.

While deep around our rude-log cabin lay,
 Over mountain, town and field, the drifted snow;
 One dreary winter night, long years ago,
 The light of blazing faggots died away,
 And livid coals put on their hood of gray:
 And there I saw within the fire burning low,
 Strange forms of creatures, stalking to and fro;
 Horses with horns, and wolves that flew away;
 Gray crows for monks, and glistening crowns for kings
 And army banners, floating on the sky,
 And when by times the fitful flames would die
 Darkness would brood, and hide beneath her wings,
 Goblins and elves, and other wicked things:
 That mocked and gibbered as the winds went by!

H. C. Seal

Putnam, O. Sept 30th 1891.

After Two Years

They met within a lighted hall,
 Scarcely parted by a space,
 At sight of her his brow grew dark.
 He turned away his face

She only smiled a careless smile,
 Such as you sometimes see,
 Upon a woman's lips when life
 To her means sovereignty.

The play was over, and her dress
 Crushed past him, in the crowd,
 Each looked full in the other's face,
 And then she paused and bowed

He stroked a moment over hand
 All dainties, blond and white,
 And in his greeting murmured words
 Indifferent and light

Her eyes were lifted to his face,
 When Truth had written plain
 What Time the healer cannot heal
 The bitter trace of pain

And missing in that look of pain
 Till mourning bowed her head
 She said "It is a noble love
 That I have cast away"

Nettie Houston Bingham

Fire-Flies.

A Sonnet.

On this high cliff, 'twas, through these sultry nights,
 I sit and watch the bosky vale below,
 When fallen fir-trees phosphoresce at growth,
 Like fairy forges burning lurid light.
 I mark the fire-flies' interrupted flights—
 A shower of sparks, which, with a sudden glow
 Seem struck from unseen anvils, blow on blow,
 By noiseless sledges, swung by summer sprites.

Flash out! mount upward sparks of living light—!
 Strike swift and strong my phantom, black with fears
 To scatter molten brightness everywhere;
 And aid in welding, by each blow you smite,
 A chain of song, to bind earth's fitful pain—
 More fleeting than the fire-flies' transient flare!

Simon Tucker Clark.

Woolport-N. Y.

"Only A Year!"

"Only a year! oh that's not long!"
 Lightly the words were said;
 But they fell like the closing notes of a song
 On the ears of one who had waited long,
 And left a haunting dread.

Time enough for friendships to die,
 Tho' only one short year;
 But the fates of many within it lie,
 There's time enough to laugh and to cry,
 'Enough to hope and fear.'

Time for the orange flowers to grow,
 To wreath the bride's fair head;
 Time for the wintry winds and snow,
 To cover the hearts that have loved us so,
 And grass grow green instead.

"Only a year!" It is not long,
 When hope the heart doth cheer;
 When the future is bright the heart is strong,
 But when memories only to us belong.
 The days and months seem long, so long—
 Ah me! tho' only a year!"

S. Marcia Edwards Leach.
 Portland, Oct 6th 1891.

Thayer Kans Oct 7 1848

Success.

What better could our hero have than chance to do,
 With health and willing hands to plead our's cause;
 Superior to all the helpful laws
 He stands, who bravely fights his battle through
 With nature's weapons brandishing to view;
 He falls, who in the conflict never draws
 These weapons, or who timidly would pass
 Beneath the pallor of a coward's hue.
 Success is his who bravely will succeed,
 Success awaits the man of valiant deed,
 But he who will not, must a stinging die,
 Who will not, cannot have a victor's crown;
 Who languidly will on his armor lie,
 Never perish from his coveted renown.

Jas. F. D. 27100 47700

Wanderer's Reversie.

I am thinking - I am thinking
 Of the loved ones far away
 As the Sun is gently sinking
 On this lovely Sabbath day
 Thinking of my little household
 Wandering now if all is well
 And if watch their guardian Angels
 Round that cottage in the dell.

I am longing - I am longing
 For the day and hour to come
 When all worldly cares forgetting
 I can tie me to that home
 To that home where wild birds gather
 'Mid the flowers of richest hue
 Where the music and the laughter
 Of the children welcome you

I am praying - I am praying
 That when all our trials are o'er
 When no more our feet are staying
 On this cold and barren shore
 We may reach that quiet haven
 On whose shores our loved ones stand
 There to welcome into heaven
 An unbroken household band -

Samuel G. Wilson

Wessington Springs -
 South Dakota.

Utterly Bereft!
(St. Luke 11.)

1 A woman sitting with her dead
(Pale beauty's perfect paragon)
Bowed down her head o'er the death-bed
And wept! - a widow - all alone!
Then, turning round, to me she wrote,
In touching language, laved in tears,
This burdened, noble, burning note,
That yearned out all her anguished years:

2 My grief too great for pen or tongue,
My only daughter lieth dead!
She was so wild and yet so young -
From flesh still warm her soul hath fled!
Ten minutes since she said to me:
"I hear some music on the hills!
But cannot tell whose it can be:
How it throngs all my being hills!"

3 It soundeth like the saints in light -
Who are calling that I come to them;
And, Ma, I see a sublime sight -
A form divine, with diadem!
It's Christ! He's coming with his crown;
Pray, let me breathe his parting breath;
Nay, let our Lord now lead his own;
Adieu, dear Mother! This is death!"

4 Just then she asked for Jesus' arms,
Supremest lover of her soul!
He took my child & immortal charms;
A death, indeed, that doth console!
Now, as I look upon the past,
I see her blooming to be blessed;
Lo! all her life, from first to last,
Aye, even her beauty, for the best!

5 She was a choice, post-mortem child;
Born her fond father's burial day,
When loss and life were mingled wild,
And I, a widowed mother lay,
As feeble as my infant bird
That nestled on its native breast;
Yet, I've ne'er wept one wicked word,
Since grief and joy so blunt are best!

Denver, Colo., Oct. 4th, 1891. Thomas Nelson Haskell.

A Retrospection.

Long years ago:-

It matters not how long - they were too brief
 For our young hearts at least to feel them so -
 Too full of song and blossoms, bud and leaf,
 And summer's radiance to have left behind
 The full length of their shadows on our hearts
 With sorrows' record, for fate has been kind,
 And silvered all our clouds with tenderest stars.

Long years ago

When hand in hand together we first learned
 Life's deeper meaning, ere we yet could know
 The good for which instinctively we yearned,
 We could not see, for love had kindly hid,
 The thorns among the roses and so taught,
 That bitterest sorrows lurking oft amid
 Our pleasures have to lasting good been wrought.

Long years ago!

Love set by me and let us here recount
 Their misty cycles, - tracing in its flow
 Each stream of pleasure back to its dear fount.
 Not all of joy and peace have been those years,
 But we forget the sting who gave the sweet,
 And learn to read through eyes bedimmed with tears
 The lessons that stern sorrows made complete.

St. Paul Oct. 26. 1890

Dwain Court

Beneath the Rod.

Beneath the rod the Christian goes
 To bear the weight of seeming woes;
 The burden laid away goes,
 But in the end will bless—
 God holds the tension and He knows.

Love's dealing often causes pain;
 When we behold our idols slain
 It makes us sorely feel;
 But Goodness with perusal
 The loss enhances heaven's gain.

The soul that chastening receives
 With tears and moaning often grieves;
 But still may understand
 The pressure of that hand—
 The weight is love, the pain relieve.

When all earth's treasures, foolish, vain,
 Under the discipline of pain
 Fade from our longing eyes,
 'Tis then we learn to prize
 The worth of virtues greater gain.

Though we must pass beneath the rod,
 The saints, before, that way hath trod;
 And Love will surely deal
 A gentle touch to heal—
 The tender mercies of our God.

West Salem O. Oct. 14. 1891. Sam. E. Lourey.

Liberty

Pride of America!
Soul of her citizens.
Hope of her progeny.
Goe of oppression!

Up, you rise phoenix-like,
Forever aspiring!
Striving contentment.
Never dying.

Leading us Heavenward.
Fair goddess of truth!
Forever our watchword,
Never uncount.

O boundless aspirant!
How highly we prize
Thy name, here and holy:
The hope of our lives.

Pride of America!
Soul of her breath.
Choice of her people:
Liberty or death!

J. S. Briley.

Lamar, Mo., Oct 15th, 1891.

The Snow.

Calmly as the moon looks down
 While yairish moonlight upes the day,
 Lightly as the breezes float
 Where pendant willows idly play,
 Gently as the shadows fall
 When weary hearts the night would crave,
 So fell the snow, one Sabbath morn
 And robed in white our darling's grave.

Softly as the starlight rests
 In grove and heath and moorland wild,
 Fondly as the mother wraps
 And lulls to sleep her prattling child,
 Lovingly as falls God's grace
 On chastened hearts he fain would save,
 So lay the snow, the holy snow,
 That fell upon our darling's grave.

L. P. VENEN,

Olympia Wash

A Little Potentate.

Five Divino.

A little potentate I late have seen
 Throned high in hope and love, and holding sway
 O'er happy subject hearts that ne'er gainsay
 His right divine. He hath a look full keen,
 This fair small hair with such a royal mien;
 Doth he, perchance, another realm survey —
 A realm of knowledge — o'er which he, some day,
 In peaceful sov'ignty shall reign serene?
 Or doth the present power within fond show
 He must with sword in hand win kingdoms new,
 And conquer all the treacherous coming years
 As one who first hath learned himself to know,
 Yet sees the hostile forces camped in view,
 And every bugle-call of life still hears?
 E. S. Loomis.

City, Kansas.

Our Tween Boys.

Dimpled, smiling, &oly pely
 Sparkling brown eyes, luth of pearl,
 Cheeks and lips of bright carnation,
 Hair forever in a curl,

Little hands that never weary,
 Little feet that never rest,
 Little voices glad and cheery,
 Always some new sport in quest;

Patter patter, clatter clatter,
 Laughing shouting dancing glee,
 Never for a moment pausing
 Until night succeeds the day!

Then, with restless heads soft-pollowed
 Feet grow quiet eyelids close,
 And our darlings warm with kisses
 Sink into a sweet repose.

Thou, who lovest little children,
 And hast held them to Thy breast,
 Give our babies tender blessing,
 As they lie in quiet rest

"Elms"

Emily J. C. Henry
 Sterling Ill Nov 28 1891

Infinite -

Could I but grasp the vision, - make it mine, -
In one full, masterly embrace possess
The splendor of my dream, - its joy enshrine,
And hold it as some trophy - crown to bless
With perfect calm and peace the conqueror's crown.
Oh could I clear the mist and fairly face
The high beatitudes of radiant morn
That reach through infinite degrees of space
What then, ah what? the heart would sigh for ^{more}
The longings of a great unrest would send
Swift-winged messengers far on before
Such glory, undefined, could only lend
A depth to height - a sadness to desire, -
A voice forever calling, "Come up higher"

Stephen Henry Thayer

Slippy Haller

The power of Love.

My Autograph! It makes me laugh
To think, that you should even desire it.
But, I will try, to gratify -
The modest wish, since you require it.

My Theme? Let's see! What shall it be?
Love - is the best thing we desire.
If only pure - it will endure.
To perfect Love - may all aspire!

"The graces three", will always be -
Admired - far more than "Adam's fall".
Faith, ignores sight. Hope, paints things bright.
But, "perfect Love" - eclipses all!

Am Love, may we, united be.
Her power - we lovingly confess.
Without Love - we will ever be -
Deprived, of real, happiness.

Nov 3, 1891

x Homer A. Billings.

Company Onondaga Co NY

Postal address, Fabius, Onon Co NY.

Epistle To A Friend.

In earlier, better, calmer days,
 When friends were true and foes unknown;
 Love and Truth took different ways,
 To journey afterwards alone.
 Then every breeze that swept the spray,
 Was sweet as love's half-utter'd sigh,
 Then Spring breath'd out one roundelay
 And Summer glow'd 'neath Phoebus' eye.

And that was in our early youth,
 Which promised never ending May —
 Don't you regret the fate forsooth? —
 That joy should fly and pain should stay?
 Here shines the sun as warm and bright,
 Here run the streams as deep and clear,
 And playful children, as I write,
 "Let loose from school," are happy here.

And hearts as true, and maids as fair,
 And men as brave can here be found
 And skies as soft as any there,
 And woods as green lie all around.
 But, give the Shruffan's hum to me,
 That near my native village plays;
 Where "fancy" hears sweet harmony,
 Of Spring's perpetual roundelays.

One sidelong look from beauty's eye,
 One clasp of Friendship's fervent hand,
 One breath of love's half-uttered sigh,
 And O, one sight of fatherland
 Would well amend for wandering days,
 For "years of exile" — years of pain"
 Since Love and truth took different ways
 To never, never, meet again.

Thomas W. Boyle
 Lowell, Mass.

The Loved and Lost.

A twinkling star in the dome of night;
Illumined my path with its mellow light;
I learned to love and adore that star -

The brightest orb in the azure blue -
The one bright gem in its home so far,
Whose gleam I thought would be ever true.
But time wore on, and it passed away -
My star looks down - ah, on whom to-day?

A trailing vine o'er my doorway grew,
Its tender shoots 'round my heart it threw.
I watched its growth with a tender heart;
Each budding leaf was a joy to me;
Its tendrils clung as though never to part.
My heart and vine I had hoped to see
Entwined so close that no storm could sever -
Frosts came ^{at} ~~and~~ last - and its gone forever.

A rosebush grew by my lonely door,
Where ne'er a rosebush had grown before.
I watched it budding, and saw it bloom;
Its petals bright - were so sweet and fair,
Each day I drank in its rich perfume,
And hoped to have it forever there.
A few fleet days and its bloom was o'er -
A barren shrub by my lonely door.

J. P. Prickett.

Albion, Ind.

Drifting.

Drifting, drifting, drifting,
 My mind is a rudderless ship
 Tossed on a shoreless sea.
 Can anyone tell the trip
 On which he was launched at his birth
 For such fogs what compass avails?
 Why not go where the sirens are singing
 And struggle no more with the gales?

Better a crown of straw
 And a silly sceptre of lath,
 If so the monarch be happy
 Within his royal cell,
 Than a digger of thoughts whose
 Reach down into torture and wrath,
 Than to strive with unsatisfied thirst
 Like Tantalus in Hell!

Clarence A. Buskirk

Princeton, Ind

Summer-Twilight

Eves twilight oh how sweet! The hum of day
 No more is borne upon the zephyr's wings,
 And whip-poor-will, alone, now plaintive sings
 Within the distant copse its vesper lay.

On yonder fleecy cloud the sun's last ray
 Of beauty lingers yet, and o'er it flings
 Bright hues, like those from which the rainbow springs,
 That paint the sky's ethereal trackless way.

The evening star, in heaven's expanse of blue,
 Now brightly sheds its rays, and twinkling gleams
 Amid the shades of night like sparkling dew;
 And luna flings her lustrous mellow beams
 On drowsy nature, as the last few
 Lulls all to quiet rest, and pleasant dreams.

Hubbard M. Smith M.D.

The Reward of Well-doing.

In every busy walk of life,
 If golden peace prevail or strife,
 Whatever the lot;
 'Tis he, who cheerfully doth bear
 The conflicts and the shocks his share,
 And flinches not;
 Who wins the world's sincere applause,
 That's ne'er forgot!

We love to grasp his manly hand,
 Who danger meets, and leads the van
 In every race:
 Nor falters when life is at stake,
 Nor shrinks to fight for virtue's sake;
 To e'er embrace
 The cause that stands for right and truth
 In every place.

Fame's highest niche in temples old,
 The noblest names and greatest hold,
 The world e'er knew;
 And by whose sacred record all may read
 The worth of each unselfish deed,
 To virtue true:
 And know the blest reward of those
 Who right pursue.

Millen S. Greene

Hesterly R. J. Nov 10th 1891

The Literary Bee
 No sectarian lines knows he
 The honey-bee:
 Across the fence he goes
 To find a rose,
 Or clover sweet,
 Beneath the feet
 Of colts, or cows, or swine;

Then homeward laden flies,
 Full to the eyes,
 To store away his theft
 In some rock's cleft,
 And please his queen,
 Who says, I ween,
 "I like a bee so deft."

O lover of the sweets
 Of printed sheets,
 The world of books is thine
 By right divine;
 Extract with care
 From every where,
 And store thy nectar fine

John Hardin.
 Brightwood Ind.

Hast thou been to Calvary? .

Hast thou been and witnessed how the fall,
The sin, the darkness covering all?
Hast thou too, heard thy Life denied,
Yea, Christ, thy Lord, who death defied?

Blest Calvary, for blood there shed,
That witnessed broke the sleep of dead.
Doomed world, to yet revere the spot,
That Calvary be not forgot.

Did mortal eye the scene behold,
That prophets through the dark had told?
Did come the truth, explaining fall,
And reached the heart of great and small.

Blest Calvary, life's sin goes down,
In hope of that immortal Crown,
That gift of God, when blood drops fell,
That broke the power of death and hell.

And art thou soul, now sanctified,
Made spotless through sweet crimson tide?
Behold what Christ on Calvary gained,
Has freed the soul that death had claimed.

Stanh, L. English

The Snowflake.

Emblem of beauty the snowflake,
 As pure as the angels above,
 Seen in the air when 'tis floating,
 Like angelic message of love.

Mountains are crested by snowflakes,
 The avalanche form'd by their drift,
 As flake is laid upon snowflake,
That no earthly power can lift,
 No feather of snowbird so light,
 As one airy snowflake alone,
 Yet mountains may heave with their weight,
 And tremble from base to the cone.

Little by little the snowflake,
 Like coral piles up day and night,
 Vast is the work of the snowflake,
 Though a lone flake is fragile and light.

Wareland Ind.

Nov. 1890.

Joseph Penn Russell.

Song: The Soldier's Reverie.

There's a vale that I love, - to my heart, th' how dear,
 There's a spot in my dreams, to my memory most dear!
 I may wonder at will
 But my heart ever turns
 To the cot beneath the hill,
 With its willows and ferns -
 To my own true valley and clear flowing river,
 Fairer to me than storied Guadalquivir.

In the tent, on the march, or on guard, in the fight
 I can see the red-school under the spire and the light!
 Even by the camp-fire here
 Sure I see, boys and sigh
 At home rises so dear
 To fond memory's eye -
 To my own true valley and bright, flowing river,
 Loosier far than storied Guadalquivir!

What matter that strange stars bedazzle above,
 They cannot allure us the friends that we love,
 Who now weariedly wait
 With eyes straining to see
 Their love-lost at this gate -
 Under his home-roof-tree -
 By his own true valley and soft-flowing river,
 Dearer to heart than storied Guadalquivir.

New-York, Nov: 16/91.

Wm B. Ketchum

In the Summer Long Ago.
 Ah, the days in which we wandered
 By the river's quiet flow,
 And on life's bright pages pondered
 In the summer long ago,
 While on his dear breast reclining,
 Round our hearts, who'll ever know
 How love's tendrils were entwining
 In that summer long ago.
 Sweet as buds the south-wind kisses,
 When the June's red roses glow,
 Were each day's unclouded blisses
 In the summer long ago.
 Till the dew in starlight glistened,
 For his footsteps, well I know,
 At the gate, how oft I listered,
 In the summer long ago.
 But rude war the nation started
 Into arms to quell the foe,
 And in grief, with him I parted
 In the summer long ago.
 Now, the bloody strife is over,
 Some fond hearts with rapture glow
 In the embrace of hero lovers.
 As in summer long ago.
 But, ah me, I'm broken-hearted,
 And my tears must ever flow
 For my brave with whom I parted
 In that summer long ago.

New Brighton, Pa. 16 Nov. 1871. J. E. Oberhart.

An Autumn thought.

Hear the rain-drops, how they patter
 On the roof and on the pane;
 See the dead leaves, how they scatter,
 As the tempest sweeps the plain;
 Hear the winds, how they are sighing,
 See the cattle homeward hieing,
 And all life to cover flying
 From the rain!

That you never lack a shelter
 From misfortune's wind and rain,
 Be you certain that some "Spelter"
 In your purse you do retain;
 If in friendships you have trusted,
 You may find, when you are "beasted,"
 Both its key and hinges rusted
 By the rain!

Yes, my friend, both you and I know
 That a shelter from the rain,
 If we haven't any "rhino"
 May be often sought in vain;
 For the fellows who soft soap us,
 And into their graces soap us,
 Will be looking for our "Mopas"
 In the rain!

Fuller, Nov. 16th 191.

Nicholas Lester

The Whittier Fireplace.

Just as of yore, when Quaker Bard
 Here mused, and wrote melodious lays,
 Ere Flame that thoughtful brow had starred,
 Stands the wide hearth on which we gaze.

In its clear flame at twilight's close,
 What visions did our poet see!
 Their import the whole world now knows
 And loves him for each earnest plea.

We see the old crane swung again,
 The brick arched o'er all day glow;
 The eastern wood, through diamond
 pane,

All as he saw them years ago!

In fancy now we see him sit
 With hoary locks but flashing eyes,
 Beside the fire his hand and lit;
 The snow-bound earth and wintry skies

We read his thoughts of other days
 Here in the light that fills the room;
 His upward look so full of praise
 That we forget the outer gloom.

Pure as home's altar-flame shall burn
 His living thoughts to bless mankind;
 And pilgrim feet for aye shall turn
 This bright memorial to find!

George Bancroft Griffith.

East Lothrop, N.H. Nov. 1891.

Change.

The changing seasons come and go,
 From summer's heat to winter's snow;
 When laughing, dancing June is here,
 We think her best of all the year.

But when we tire of dance and song,
 And summer days grow dull and long,
 We glad exchange her drowsy heat,
 For coming autumn's cool retreat.

We ever long for something new;
 Ambition climbs for broader view;
 So, fain the boy a man would be,
 Then king or lord of high degree.

The summit gained, we look beyond;
 The sun goes down while we despond;
 And darkness closes now the scene,
 The evening and the dawn between.

Stephen Marion Watson

Portland, Me. Sept. 1, 1890.

Sunshine After Rain.

Our skies are sometimes cloudy,
 They can't be always bright,
 And oft' what seems a pleasant day,
 Will change to storm ere night.
 But, tho' the sun be hidden,
 We know 'twill shine again
 God sends, for every cloudy day,
 Sweet sunshine after rain.

So, often, in life's morning,
 We start with prospects fair,
 Gay pleasure smiles upon our path
 And sunshine fills the air,
 But, ere the day is finished,
 Our life grows dark with pain;
 God help us to look up and hope
 For sunshine after rain.

And ever, in affliction,
 When angry billows swell,
 Put faith and trust in Him above
 Who doeth all things well.
 For every day of mourning,
 For every sight of pain,
 God sends, to hearts that trust in Him,
 Sweet sunshine after rain.

Mortimer C. Brown
 Beresford -
 S. D.

Life.

To be from nothing called, and, like a God
 Endowed; to be, of earth, yet linked and bound
 To heaven, as flowers that wear, divinely crowned,
 The hue of sky, though planted in the sod.
 To be made in God's image; — heir of broad
 And princely heritage; — made to abound
 In gifts and honors that high state surround,
 Above the Angels that Heaven's King withstood.
 To go from age to age, forever on;
 To go from strength to strength, from height to height,
 From glory unto glory, — Till the one
 Alone unreach'd, is the One Infinite: —
 Grandeur from contest, mightier from strife,
 Ever like God, and with Him, — this is Life.

Frances Harrison Marr,
 Warrenton, Va., Nov. 16th 1891.

The grasses, growing thick along the path
 Obscure the dainty impress of her feet,
 Brave, patient - good! on generous deed
 intent -
 Some graceful service, loving
 hearts to greet.

"Loving" - did I say, Ah, woe is me,
 Alas! alas! the golden chance hath fled.
 Dear love, the words you ringered for
 so long,
 My heart would lavish on thee now,
but thou art dead!

Philadelphia. Pickton Meredith Bell.

Tell Me Not.

Tell me not O do not tell me;
 All is blank beyond the grave,
 That an endless dreamless slumber
 Sleep the good and true and brave;
 That our friends from earth departed,
 Those we loved and cherished so,
 Are as if they never have been,
 When they leave us here below.

Tell me not O do not tell me,
 That in God tis vain to trust,
 Vain to hope for life eternal
 When our bodies turn to dust,
 Can We not, The Great Creator
 Give us life forever there,
 If not, why not, Who can tell us,
 Who has made us what we are.

A. A. Tanner.

Oakley Idaho Nov, 15 1891

Light

And God said, "Let there be light,"
and there was light -

Heavenly, glorious, incandescent light -
The Great Creator, by His power and might
Spoke thee into being from thy dreamless sleep -
From darkness brooding over the primal deep.

Boon of all boons to this dark & dismal sphere -
No life, nor form, nor beauty till thou didst appear -
Chaotic confusion and the blackest night -
Would still brood here, but for thee, God's spoken light.

God's controlling lights are hung in every sphere,
And give to every orb its own peculiar year.
And in the moral world, where darkness reigns supreme,
He hangs His moral suns from error to redeem.

Fountain of all light, who hold'st unbound^{ed} sway -
With each revolving orb, turns darkness into day -
Turn Thou the hearts of nations, to thee for moral light -
Drive error from their borders, as morning drives
the night.

Kennebunkport Me.
Nov 18-1891

W. C. F. Birds.

Woman's Smile

Life's pathway is thorned, tho' with roses adorned
 The struggle is hard for man,
 Yet cheerful he seems, and hardships he deems
 A part of God's wisdom and plan.
 And thanks for the love of our Ruler above
 Who gave one solace below,
 Made earth's desert isle, by woman's sweet smile
 A place even happy mid woe

Hope ever beams bright, like a beacon light
 Cheering us onward thro' life,
 Not till gloom on us breaks, and sorrow o'er takes
 We fatten and flee from earth's strife.
 'Tis then woman's smile well ever beguile
 Sorrow away from man's frame,
 It is the day never dawn, when her smile shall be gone,
 And we from it forever must part

When life's shadows are cast, and on us fall fast
 Life's shades of the evening to stay,
 And weary of strife, on the sunset of life
 Man rests from the cares of the day.
 Then, like lilies of yore, sun-kissed in the air
 The smile of woman will be seen,
 In its age of decline, when pressed by Old Time
 Woman makes earth to us heaven.

William C. Jones.

obscure, Illinois.

Life's Philosophy.

Wherefore art thou ever sad
 Heaven smileth o'er thee;
 Tread the earth erect, be glad
 Years are yet before thee

So, the sky is full of light
 Sparkling and in motion,
 So, the land is gay and bright
 And the silvery ocean.

Can refinings bring again
 Wealth or love or beauty?
 No, the soul must conquer pain
 Or falter in his duty.

Thou wast born for bliss not mo,
 Strive no more for trouble,
 Light thine eyes the past will go
 As a wave-born bubble.

Bear thy lot with noblest soul,
 Be of men the strongest,
 Steer life's bark from borrow's shoal
 And thoult sail the longest

John W. Overall.

New York, Nov 19, 1891.

"Loving" should not be there,

He loved, - but doubted the heart he sought,
 And seemed to speak what his breast concealed;
 So affection's hope in that doubt was naught,
 And silence buried what love revealed,

She loved, but fearing to trust the flame
 Allowed another to share its beam;
 And by that was lost the heart-worshipped name,
 That her first love knew in its fond dream,

She wed, - and it seemed love's tender flame
 Was as warm and true as its bridal glow,
 And joy's bright sky was all hope dared claim,
 While love's full cup seemed to overflow,

But years and years swift by did roll
 And the grave closed over another life;
 Then a marble slab with a chiseled scroll:
 "To many my faithful and loving wife,

But when he returned and read that scroll,
 In silence he breathed a sorrowing prayer,
 And a wound bled anew in his inmost soul,
 For he knew that "Loving" should not be there,
 L. A. Martin
 Chillum the 1st, Nov 15 - 1871

Mother

I went away against her will, —

Home was so small, the world so wide,
And I so full of foolish pride.

Why should she take my going ill? —
Why weight her heart with useless sighs,
And hurt me with her streaming eyes?

I came at last, I crossed the sea,

To lean my head upon her breast
And tell her that our dear home nest

Was larger than the world to me. —
It may be, in her silken shroud,
She wondered why I wept aloud.

Madge Morris.

By-gone hours—

While the bright-musical waves,
 Chase each other up the shining beach,
 We watch them, as a child at play,
 As they ripple along the seaward reach.

We sit and gether the hours gone by,
 And hold as it were within our hand,
 Each hidden memory rolled away,
 While the sparkling waters wash the sand.

And while the brightness of the sun's rays,
 Far out-upon the waveslets linger,
 We hold in our hearts moments fairer,
 Than if touched by a magic finger.

And we are once more 'mid merry hours,
 Standing close down by the water's edge
 Watching the golden glows of sunlight,
 In and out—the sighing surge.

Memories filled with brilliant brightness,
 These are our souls as these we wait—
 Holy murings, by gone love notes,
 Tend our footsteps—early, late.

Pick the harvest as we wait there,
 Treasured as a farmer's sheaves,
 And more beautiful than the autumn
 Cumming all the summer leaves.

Ms. Keim C. 3 1869

Ms. Elizabeth Smith

The Undertow

Beside the sea with crash and roar
 I watch the waves assault the shore,
 Then mightier than the breakers flow
 Whirls back the giant undertow;
 Its green arms grasp the shingly beach—
 Fan down its clasping fingers reach.
 I hear the grating of the stone
 Borne by the billows backward thrown.
 The tawny seaweed floating wide,
 A trophy to the turning tide,
 Is torn and tangled by its flow
 As backward sweeps the undertow.

So used the whirl of passions tide,
 When in some port of peace we ride,
 And backward to life's puny sea
 From slime and weed and strife would flee,
 Though the fierce tide no longer flow
 The heart still heeds its undertow—
 Confesses to its wild unrest,
 Feels its foul freight pollute the breast,
 The clutching of its clasping hands,
 The grating of its treacherous sands,
 The dull, hard sense of pain and shame
 Of loss where once we counted gain

Col. G. Douglas Brewerton
 New York

A Living Faith.

Oh Christ upon the raging sea of time,
 The eye of faith-looks up to see Thy form;
 Amid the breakers roar amid the storm
 The Christians anchor holds in realms untold
 Even tho' above the billows crest we climb
 We fear not mid the tempests wild alarm
 A childlike faith will keep us from all harm
 He'll bear us up thro' storm from sin and crime,
 How oft the weak and erring sit to weep
 When clouded o'er, the sun in spirit streaks;
 A voice is calling o'er the mighty deep,
 "Plunge thro' thy faith, to heights of joy arise.
 Let the delusive world not lull to sleep,
 But wake to passion of day light's glad surprise.

Mrs Amber E. K. Robinson

1891

A Worshipper.

O'er field and fallow, o'er marsh and meadow,
 Through reedy bushes and billowy grain,—
 Through waving grasses and wild morasses,
 The breezes are piping their glad refrain.

Such light and shadow o'er hill and meadow
 A-flickering fall on the world to day:—
 Such songs of rapture, the woodlands capture
 From linnet and thrush in their roundelay.

The air is filling with sweets distilling,
 From perfumed censers in flowery glade:—
 The priests are the breezes, each sings as he
 pleases,
 Behind the fair altar that nature has made.

The birds are the choir, the trees are the spires
 That grace the grand churches of nature to day:—
 Each leaf is a preacher—each flower, a teacher,
 And I am a worshipper—ready to pray.

Mary Ellen Noble.
 Athens, Georgia Nov. 23rd 91.

5501

Trin born

He who possesses virtue and his best-
 or greatest in the true sense of the word
 He as one day started even with that hard
 whose swift feet now speed but at his behest.
 It is the same force in the human breast
 which makes men gods or demons!
 If we yield
 those strong emotions by which we
 are stirred
 with-might-of-will and purpose,
 heights-unknown
 shall dawn for us; or if we give them
 away
 we can sink down and consent
 with-the lost.
 All virtue is worth just-the price
 it-cost.
 Black sin is oft-while-truth that
 mirror its-mirrors
 eternal wandered off in paths
 not understood.
 Trin born, I hold great evil
 and great good.
 Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Lily Song.

In a mistenshrouded valley, where the blossom buds, awaking,
 Bring a stir of bee and birdling, lo! a lily bursts in bloom;
 And the splendor of its whiteness, into beams of glory breaking
 Like a gleam of Eden's morning, flashes forth upon the gloom.

And from out the fearly parting of its petals pure ascending,
 Now its breath, like balm celestial, on the air a healing flings;
 To my chilled and chafing spirit calm and comfort sweetly lends,
 While as in a downy garment I am folded in its wings.

How the wooing warmth awakes me! How the vital glory fires me!
 How I mount to strong endeavor on the pow'r that they impart!
 How with hope the balmy fragrance of the stainless bloom inspires me—
 For the lily is your love my prince, the valley is my heart!

Minnie Ward Patterson.

Her King.

A winsome maiden planned her life —
 How, when she was her Hero's wife,
 He should be royal among men,
 And worthy of a diadem.
 Through all the various ways of Earth,
 She sought her King;
 The snows of winter fell before —
 She walked o'er flowers of vanished spring —
 Into the summer's fragrant heat,
 She bent her quest, with rapid feet,
 Then saddened, still she journeyed, down
 The autumn hillsides, bare and brown —
 Through shadowy eves, and golden morns,
 And lo! she found him — Crowned with thorns
Anna Morrison Reed

Laipsonville, Cal.

Nov. 28th 1890

Love.

Fret not of fateful bar
 / Cause love's delay,
 Nor of some baleful star
 Cross love alway
 Love crossed is better far
 Than love's decay.

Love hidden in the breast
 Is hoarded gold:
 By brooding thought carest,
 It never grows old.
 Love satisfied, at rest,
 Oft makes cold.

We pity those who part
 To meet no more;
 We sorrow for the smart,
 The aching sore:—
 They joined, yet twain of heart,
 Need pity more.

+ + + + +
 Ye wedded, who remain
 (But ye are few!)
 Through all life's toil and pain.
 Warm, tender, true,
 Earth holds, on hill or plain,
 None bleat like you.

Oliver P. Allerton

Imperfectus -

I wonder if ever a song was sung;
 But the singer's heart sang sweeter!
 I wonder if ever a rhyme was rung;
 But the thought surpassed the meter!
 I wonder if ever a sculptor wrought,
 Till the cold stone echoed his ardent thought
 Or if ever a painter with light and shade,
 The dream of his inmost heart portrayed.

I wonder if ever a rose was found;
 And there might not be a fairer!
 Or if ever a glittering gem was ground;
 And we dreamed not of a rarer!
 Ah! never, on earth, do we find the best,
 But it waits for us in a land of rest,
 And a perfect thing we shall never behold,
 Till we pass the portals of shining gold.

James Clarence Hawkey.

Oh Weather.
an Acrostic

Adrift upon the waves of Time,
Like ships with neither mast or sail,
From all we loved us on the bright & calm,
Regretfully we float afar
Eternity is veiled in gloom.
Spread ever points us to the tomb.

We meet with friends, and then we part,
Ere during joys we cannot part,
Youth steals the freshness of the heart,
Age robs us of our very mind. "
No earthly skill returns the breath,
Time whets his scythe and reaps to Death
The pent soul he delivereth.
Jennie F. McKeen.
Montrose.
Genesee Co. Mich.

A Message

Slower than sleep to haunted brains,
 Slower than dawn to night of pain;
 Sterner than grief that never weeps,
 Sterner than fate that never sleeps;
 Sadder than sorrow's bitter sigh,
 Sadder than exile's yearning cry
 Are the thoughts that the winds repeat in a moan
 O love, for your absence I sorrow alone!

Swifter than bird upon the wing,
 Swifter than time when joy is king;
 Softer than orange breath's caress,
 Softer than mother's tenderness;
 Sweeter than roses in red June,
 Sweeter than oriole's rare June tune
 Are the thoughts that the winds bring in from the
 O love, can it be you are coming to-day?

— Ida May Davis.

Terre Haute, Ind.

Sympathy

5370

Let us live to cheer the weary,
 Let us hold the drooping hand,
 Let us soothe life's cup when dreary,
 Let us do what good we can!

Let us speak a word so kindly,
 To our neighbor here below,
 And go not through life so blindly,
 To their misery and woe!

Just a word, when timely spoken -
 Spoken in a fitting place
 Heals a heart that else were broken -
 Saves a soul from sad disgrace!

There are times amid life's journey
 When sympathy is what we crave
 Let us give them - give it freely,
 Ere we reach the silent grave!

Waste not love upon the coffin;
 Flowers bring to cheer us here;
 Give them time to bud and blossom -
 We'll not need them over there!

Wait not till my eyes are closing
 Wait not till thy voice is still
 And on wings of love reposing
 Hear not words which once might thrill

Mary Turner Beech

Stanton Mich Dec 1881

That Charmed Life.

Love that life, that simple charmed life,
 The poets loved beside the English lakes,
 That if one page of Wordsworth speak to me,
 The singing spirit of my soul awakes.

My soul calls unto them; tho' flatters come,
 Tho' crowds pass by and mark my rich estate,
 New friends call often, keep regrets by mail,
 Yet on some grassy knoll old friends await.

Old friends await:— the great immortal One,
 Who king the love of field & tangled wood,
 Of health & singing birds & murmuring bees,
 And all God's works, that He himself called good.

There is a hope, that somehow, through the dim,
 My heart will keep its love for fields and lakes,
 For wild-wood walks, & those free gladning thoughts
 That Nature's beauty in the soul awakes.

Lillian. H. Shuey.

In Memoriam
Lawrence H Wise Co F 15 N.Y. Vol

by

His old 1st Sergeant

'Tis over twenty years ago,
'Mid shot, and leaders' hail,
That Comrade Wise we know
With us did assail
The Rebel army all in line,
Who gave defeat from time to time
To our grand old army.
And thus the brave lay all around,
With friends and foe astride,
And Comrade Wise had found
The dead by his side -
The Rebel Army broke in line,
Broken by us all in time,
By our grand old army -
You sleep now Comrade,
With the army of the dead,
But never fly good nor bad
Can it ever be said
That in your duty on the line
You ever failed at any time
In our grand old Army.

Enos Noble Budd

Budd's Lake, N.Y.

The Old Quilt

It's brought-out this old quilt of mine;
 How strange it looks, yet I once thought it fine.
 There's every color here to be seen,
 From the brightest red to a vivid green.

There's plaids, and stripes, and flowers, too,
 Of every kind, and of every hue;
 And as I gaze at this mixed array
 Each piece brings to mind some special day.

Here's this piece from grandmother's gown,
 It's been handed from generations down,
 And yet it seems to be smiling from this place
 Just as did her dear old face.

Then here's this plaided blue and brown
 Made for me my first winter in town
 And there isn't a piece of anything here
 That does not bring back memories dear.

And as these patches, so our days,
 Each fits to the other in various ways;
 And if one is wrong, we can see
 The thing as a whole will not agree.

Then let us have each day right,
 As time goes on in its rapid flight,
 And the summing up of it all will be
 A life of perfect harmony.

Little Rock Ark
 Helen Briggs Kelly

A Cradle Song.

for Clementina, aged two, at home in Los Angeles.)

Far out in the glowing west
 The laughing waves of the sea,
 As the sun sinks to his rest,
 For a kiss leap merrily;
 And the mocking-bird's low strain
 From the tree-tops comes again —
 So sleep, baby, sleep!

The flowers in the garden beds,
 Like the children, are at prayer
 And their vesper odor spreads
 As a benediction there
 While the night-wind's tender sigh
 Is my darling's lullaby —
 So sleep, my baby, sleep!

Now the gentle harvest-moon
 Climbs in the brightening east,
 And the stars come, one by one,
 Afloat in the silvery mist —
 Angel words, a watch to keep
 Over all little ones asleep —
 So sleep, my baby, sleep!

Thos. Butler Piffin.

SS. "Australia"
 Pacific Ocean,
 7th Septem., 1888.

Bonny Louise

The beautiful autumn hues are around
 With its regal splendours Bonny Louise;
 And the leaves are dropping in golden rain
 And the beautiful air from the forest trees.

On the distant hills, in a purple haze,
 Like a dream of beauty Bonny Louise
 My heart grows so sad as it stuns my gaze
 Thinking of Autumn days just like these

When we wandered together hand in hand
 Under the maple trees Bonny Louise,
 Oh! how I look'd so fond to meet that day
 For bright is the garland of young hope's leaves.

But the rose-bud pison could not regain
 With the day they faded Bonny Louise.
 Their memory comes with a sad and faint
 As I walk alone under the maple trees
 W. H. Greene

5147

The Battle Cry

We're in the army now to fight
 For home and native land,
 And bravely for the truth and right,
 We will unyielding stand.

King Alcohol, behind the law,
 Has slain our good and brave;
 But we are here the sword to draw,
 And life and home to save.

The right will conquer bye and bye—
 The victory must be near—
 When valiant soldiers dare to die
 For God and home so dear.

Beyond the cloud and battles storm,
 We'll lay our armor down;
 Till then, will brave whatever comes
 Between us and the crown

Oh! glorious crown, so fair and bright
 For those who self deny
 And for the truth, will dare to fight—
 For love will dare to die.

Jeremiah W. Holt.

At Evening Time

'Now sweet it would be could've long,
O'er the volume of life that is past,
With a feeling of satisfied comfort
And without one regret at the last.

But alas when the leaves are turned over,
We find on each page as we look
Some glaring mistakes or a blunder
We'd in would blot out of life's book.

Even the good we sought to accomplish
With motives the purest and best,
Is so blurred and disfigured with errors
We scarce contrace them from the rest.

Have we tried to be humble and Christ-like,
Unselfish in things great and small,
With a heart free from envy or malice?
God knows it; He judgeth us all.

And when the day is shading to twilight,
O'er evening sun sinking from sight,
If He writes our name with the fullful
At evening time it shall be light.

Mrs. C. M. H. Wright.

Transition.

The leaves are falling softly, silently,
 Upon the earth they gently nestle low;
 Their mission sweet was tenderly fulfilled,
 And now their work is over - winds that blow
 Do lightly, lightly, bear them to and fro.
 Then on its breath they toss in silent glee
 And get to us, who watch them as they fall.
 They speak an earnest-lesson quietly
 Saying "Behold us now! in Spring's bright days
 You know we flourished, delicate and fair,
 And with the Summer breezes swaying us,
 Developed perfectly in June's warm air.
 Then, when the Summer's sun was well-nigh spent
 When we felt Autumn's touch, and chilling breath
 We knew full well, the message was to us -
 'The last of earth;' and here we lie in Death."

"Ever as earth-pilgrims we in all the time;
 Still change as they, from buds in life's fair spring,
 To summer's perfect joys, and autumn's delight,
 And breath, that agets all things ever brings,
 But yet again, like them we live again.
 When bid by Him above, who fashions all;
 We live to die, and also die to live.
 Subject, like mortals, to His word, and call

Laura E. Newell

Zeandale Kansas, Nov 20, 1891.

What a musical sound had the ringing of his
 As it fell on the ear in youth's early prime,
 As oft as we heard it - what visions would start
 How the blood went bounding to the head from the heart.
 Like some magical wand of a bye-gone age,
 Were the Poets lines - on the printed page,
 And they conjured up - like a fanciful dream -
 Such wonderful sights - as were never yet seen.
 Oft the metrical words of his subtle pen,
 Woke a rippling laugh and again - now and then,
 We can hardly tell how - and we never knew why -
 Other words often sent - gushing tears to the eye.
 Then we felt - Poets dwell, in some fairy land,
 That the pen in his hand, was a mystic wand,
 That the weird, witching spell that flowed from his lines,
 Was the music of fairy bells wrought into chimes.
 We read them - and loved them - we learned them by heart
 Of the web of existence they have since formed a part.
 We shall treasure them ever - those rich gems of thought,
 By his wonderful skill - into heart and brain wrought.

Nathan Woodward,
 Batavia N.Y. 1841.

The prayer of Agur
Proverbs, Chapter 30

Remove O Lord, remove from me
 All vanity and lies,
 That I may not be brought to shame
 By thy reviving eyes.

And give me food convenient,
 Such as my health requires,
 And save me from the defrauded taste
 Which luxury inspires.

Give me of wealth at competence,
 As will my wants supply,
 But all excess of wealth O Lord,
 Do Thou to me deny,
 Lest I be full and wicked say,
 Who is the Lord I should obey?

And save me too from poverty,
 Lest by slavation's pain
 I should my duties disregard,
 And ~~see~~ dishonest gain,
 And suffering from afflictions red,
 Should say in heart, there is no God."

Keokuk, Iowa,
 Nov 20th, 1891.

D. F. Miller, Sr.
 " "

Creation of Woman.

When Heaven formed the grand design,
 To place mankind upon the earth,
 It took its匠人's hand and man
 And made him first of mortal birth,
 But in the making of the man,
 It had not highest art displayed,
 And then renewed its artist's skill,
 And on new trial Woman made,
 And called her purveyor of earth,
 Not first, but best, of mortal birth.

Keokuk, Iowa,
 Nov 20th, 1891.

D. F. Miller, Sr.
 " "

Love

Oh love thou prized and precious thing,
 To me too absent, thy praise I sing;
 A tuneful chord to an aching heart:
 Cooling waters to the thirsty lips:
 A belmy shade in a desert part:
 'Tis Gods own cup meant man to bless;
 Poured out for all that all may sip,
 Binding man to man in gentleness
 I Love

Emerson

Is nought amiss in this wide breathing world:
 That thou, calm soul, wand'rest no more abroad
 In dim wood-paths thy mild foot softly trod;
 Looking, when sunset's quivering valves were furled
 On Assabet's gleamy bosom? Now, unpearled,
 Must Thought sink back into some tamer way?
 Shall wave and breeze have something less to say
 Where the rich vine its tendrils green have curled,
 And 'mid the fresh-blown tresses of old pines?
 Who shall the mystic legends longer give
 Of cowslip and of violet, or who
 Unfold the shy rhodora? Who earth's shrines
 Shall build for poet-worship? Who shall live
 As thou didst, simple, abstinent, and true?

— Arthur John Lockhart.

To The Poet.

Wouldst thou have Fame
 To crown thy song?
 Then, friend, a heart
 Sincere and strong
 That hates the false,
 And loves the true,
 Sing! - for so God
 Would have thee do.

Charles W. Hubner.

Two Hearts.

—

About the shrine of Cupid lay
 Two Hearts, poor little things,
 They both were nestling by the way,
 Beneath his drooping wings.
 And as they lay in close converse,
 'Tis strange a golden swan,
 Came riding o'er so opportunely,
 They melted into one.

Wm. Coffey.

Knoll Cottage,
 Crawfordsville Ind.

One Way.

When all the day seems *naught* like night
 For clouds that *hide* the *sun*!
 When heart-gloom *dims* the *heaven's* *line*
 To *darkness* the *night*,

I *choose* a *song* some *time* and *place*
 Of *light* its *night* & *dew*,
 Of *sunshine* past the *clouds* and *cold*
 Or *Love* divine and *line*.

And *let* the *little* *song* *before*
 The *doorway* of *my* *heart*.
 When *he*'s *like* *birds* that *homeward* *soar*,
 All *mood* *thoughts* *depart*.
 Mrs. Anna E. Pickens.

Echo.

I stood beside a mountain
 And sought an echo to
 I breathed a song of life and
 When, like a spirit from above
 The echo caught my words and
 Mingling my music with its
 Sending, more sweetly, and
 My own words back again to
 O world, I seek no words to
 True, like the echo from the
 So would I only that
 Which makes the heart more
 pure and sweet.

(Conc. in W. D. Rice)

Victim
To John Greenleaf Whittier

O' all that man great, who at the close of life,
 Can sit with folded hands, and meditate,
 O'er life well spent; each duty faithful done,
 Eac' God-given talent, wisely bringing home,
 Deeds well harness'd with the King's shill,
 And working with meek pace, in Honor's shaft,
 Whose standards upon the Cæsarean heights
 With bow serene. A constitution of self

Sue E. Dale Beckwith

Heaven

I know not where that City light
 Its Jasper walls on air,
 I know not where the City of glory dwells
 So marvelously fair.

I cannot see the waving bands
 Upon that farther shore,
 I cannot hear the rapturous songs
 Of loved ones gone before.

But drenched and drenched earth and
 Washed clean by contrite tears,
 Sometimes catch glimpses of the light
 From the eternal year.

Laura M. Lattin

order

Pangs of pain foreshadow pleasure,
 Poverty creates the treasure:
 Greatest things through small ones speak,
 Strength were not, but for the weak.

Want and need, the mighty twain,
 Nerve the fingers, fire the brain:
 Needed love and strong protection
 Weave the ties of fond affection.

John Hedden.

Sing Sing N.Y.,
 Nov 15th 1891.

Friendship.

Friendship is a subtle tie
 That binds true hearts together;
 It covers up each little fault—
 And makes us dear to one another.
 Oh! guard it well, lest it depart,
 And leave a void within the heart!

L. G. White.

To a Chrysanthemum.

The Scotchman loves the thistle
 For its historic lore,
 The Irishman the "shamrock",
 That grows on Erin's shore.
 The fragrant rose is cherished,
 By every English son,
 And America's fairest emblem,
 Is the sweet chrysanthemum.

J. W. Longfellow

Mother

How would I feel once more,
 Thy gentle hand upon my brow;
 And when life's trials press me sore,
 I think of that sweet rest where thou art now.

My Mother.

How sweet to rest my tired feet,
 Once more beside thy chair;
 Once more upon thy breast to sleep;
 And in such rest to lose my every care;
 My Mother.

Mrs Emma Gear. Pansom Mass.

The Bluebird

'Tis early Spring; the distant hills
 Are flecked with drifts of dingy snow,
 And bird-notes from the lofty trees
 Come down in warblings soft and low.

The bluebird seeks his home again,
 He sings sweet love-songs to his mate;
 They choose the dear old apple-tree
 Whose branches shade our garden-gate.

One door, one window in their cot;
 All else is safe from wind and rain;
 The ruffled nest of former years
 Is soon made new and warm again.

And now I watch with keen delight
 This shady home so near our door,
 Till busy parents come to bring
 Their dainties to the fledglings four

And sweet to climb the bended trunk,
 To gaze upon the tiny brood,
 And see four little gaping mouths
 Upraised imploringly for food!

Dear warblers of my early years!
 A child again, once more I wait,
 And watch you in the apple-tree
 Whose branches shade our garden-gate.

Charles F. Gerry.

Sudbury, Mass Nov 9th 1891.

The Touch of the Divine.

Each grain of sand by sounding sea,
 Each trembling leaf on quivering tree,
 Each blade of grass on dewy-lea,
 Speaks volumes of God's love to me!

The pearls that deep in ocean lie,
 The twinkling stars that gem the sky,
 The sunbeam caught from noontide's eye,
 Direct my thoughts, O God, to Thee!

The flowers that deck the fragrant dell,
 And over me cast their beauty-spell
 I love them - for they seem to tell
 The story of God's love to me!

No matter where I wander free,
 By river, lake, or boundless sea,
The touch of God's dear hand I see,
 And know by these He loveth me.

Oh, God! Thou doest all things well,
 Earth, sea, and sky Thy wisdom tell,
 In Heaven what must it be to dwell
 For ever, O my God, with Thee!

Parsons, Canada.

John Inrie

Verses.

Life is a varied dream the while,
 When all things seem so beautiful and fair,
 But over all hangs subtle doubt and care,
 With Pleasure's fond, delusive smile;
 And ghostly memories from a faded past,
 Like Dead Sea ashes scattered here and there,
 Softened like echoes of some sad, sweet prayer,
 Part sweeteners, mixed with sadness... overcast.

* * * * *

Sometime, perhaps, when all the weary night
 Falls like a songster with a broken wing, -
 And all the waiting earth, slow wandering
 Beneath the pale-eyed moon, whose glances white
 Flit out across the chequer'd space of sea, -
 Whose verdured sweep lies far between you and me;
 Will you but cast one friendly thought along -
 That hushed and shadowed stillness, interwoven
 With Christ's dear presence, from the throne above, -
 To one, whose spirit underneath the throng
 Of dead, sweet memories, will ever bear
 Remembrance of those days full passing fair?

Edwin H. Barnes,
 Marathon, W. V. June 1885.

True Devotion.

'Tis in the heart alone,
That true devotion hath her chosen shrine;
All other altars' offerings are unknown
To Him who is Divine.

How blest the cheering thought!
When life grows dark, and hollow friends betray,
When gilded fanes cast out, from every spot
The loneliest heart can pray.

In aisles of forest dim,
Where leafy arches whisper in the air,
Instinctively we bow in awe to Him,
Who hath His temple there.

We feel His presence near,
On parkers plain, or rugged mountain side;
And at the cooling fount His steps appear,
In burning desert wide.

Lift up thy humble cry
Though poor and friendless in this world abroad,
Though scorned thou mayest be by human eye,
Thou hast a friend in God.

If God in mercy hears
The ravens cry, and bids the seasons roll,
Much more will He regard the contrite tears
Of an immortal soul.

Horace B. Durant.

Philadelphia, Mar 4 1891.

In Memoriam.

Adieu, dear one, for thou hast gone
 To a land that knows of no return.
 Alas! but could we see thy face
 Smiling with rays of heavenly grace -
 And know in Heaven we all should meet,
 I would make us feel that death were sweet

But oh the parting hour of pain
 Returns to our hearts again and again.
 But sadder would the parting be
 If thought by us for eternity.
 If it were death to die - we then
 Would wish thee life and earth again.

But though the chill November, dust
 Should hide away thy frame to rest -
 We know thou'lt sweetly slumber on
 In the narrow grave that is thy home,
 Till the voice of Jesus softly calls thee
 And bids thee wake - to stand - to Be.

Sweet is thy memory! But not to mar
 Thy happiness above by far,
 Did the deeds thou'st done - thy life will tell
 That thou hast gone to a land to dwell,
 Where peace and love are ever thine -
 Brought in by Jehovah's blessing thine.

James C. Thomas,
 Union, Pike Co., Ind.

Dedicated to My Grandmother, Nov. 2, 1891.

Returned with Thanks.

"Returned with thanks"—summed up in this
 Is all of life's humiliation;
 The poet's blighted dream of bliss,
 The ruin of his avocation;
 'Tis bad to have them come across;
 Those children of our mind's creation
 Whom fickle fortune fails to kiss
 And gladden with her approbation

"Returned with thanks"—and yet my heart
 Is throbbing with strange exultation;
 Let those who ply the poet's art
 Term this, my hope, infaturation;
 I would not have it otherwise
 Nor change with any in the nation,
 For 'twas a witch with sweet blue eyes

"Returned with thanks"—my osculation.

J. Frank Lintaber
 (Edward F. Taber.)

Thine, O Lord!

Below the western gate it holds its sway,
 The ever burning sun, with shafts that fly
 Athwart the steps of night: the muffled sigh
 Of melancholy wood rolls out the day,
 And on its path the startling night birds stray;
 And like a fading ruby in the sky,
 Antares trembles in his seat on high,
 A scorpion's heart along the stellar way.

"Thine, O Lord" this old world still in youth,
 The bird that sings the praise of nature's soul,
 The rose that breathes Thy holy love and word,
 The star that trembles at Thy mighty truth,
 The glittering night, that casts her sombre stole
 For Thy created love, Thine, O Lord!

Montrose Colo.,
 Nov. 24th 1891 J. S. Helms Perry

— The Poets' fate —

The moon beams forth in grandeur,
 As I in my chamber sit, —
 And night is bathed in brightness
 while my humble room is lit.

The world's abed and sleeping
 And the midnight guard marches on; —
 while I my vigil keeping
 with the old rejected song!

For poets live and languish
 like the shadows of a night; —
 They sing, and starve, and languish
 while the world is ever bright.

An attic and a rag-heap
 tells where they sung and died; —
 And Muses paid their visits
 where cities fount with pride

And this is true distinction.

And still the ready fate; —
 For Muses court starvation
 while fools grow fat with state
 — Here Cherrytree.

North Wallon, Mass.

When I am Dead,

When I am dead,
And, in the solemn, silent tomb
I make my bed;
What thought the madding flowers bloom,
And waft their cups of sweet perfume
About my head;

When I am dead,
What thought, at twilight's gloaming hour
Comes thy soft tread
With modest bud, and fresh-cut flower,
The lonely charnel's gloom to cheer
For him ye' word;

When I am dead,
What thought ye brood above that sleep
With timid dread;
Love's solemn requiem thine to keep
On path far up life's rugged steep
By sorrow led;

When I am dead,
I simply hold that change to be,
Though life has fled,
The setting of my spirit free,
On blissful immortality
To dwell o'er head;

Danfield Me. Nov 1890.

A. E. M. Dudden.

Light -

And God said, "Let there be light."
and there was light.

Heavenly, glorious, incandescent light -
The Great Creator, by His power and might,
Spawne thee into being from thy dreamless sleep -
From darkness brooding over the primeval deep.

Boon of all boons to this dark & dismal sphere -
No life, nor form, nor beauty, till thou didst appear.
Chaotic confusion, and the blackest night,
Would still brood here but for thee, God spoken light.

Fountain of all light, Who holdest unbounded sway -
With each revolving orb, turns darkness into day.
Turn Thou the hearts of nations, to Thee for moral light
Drive error from their borders as morning drives the night.

Give of all good, give light both full and free.
So those that grope in error, their way may clearly see.
In this moral darkness of ignorance and strife,
We plead for still more light to guide us on through life.

Kennebunkport, Me. W. T. H. Hinds.

An Autumn Violet

Bare branch, gray twig and yellow leaf
 Dear earth's brown patient bosom.
 How like a joy born of a grief.
 Art thou, brave little blossom

Mad Pan to ease his mighty heart
 Makes ceaseless lamentation.
 Like star to storm, fair flower, thou art,
 A tender consolation —

A wanderer from the vanished spring
 To this dim woodland portal
 To teach us, pretty pleading thing,
 That love shall be immortal

Martha J. Tyler

San Francisco, Cal

Oct 25th 1891.

The Still Small Voice.

A clock, slow ticking on the parlor walls,
 Is heard nor heeded in the joyous room,
 When friend meets friend in noisy festal halls,
 Where merrill thrills and budding gas-fits bloom.

But when the last departing guest has gone,
 And silence falls upon the waning night,
 Through the deserted chambers till the dawn,
 It loudly speaks of Time's unceasing flight.

Thus Conscience, in Heaven-appointed measure
 Speaking in plaintive language to the heart,
 Is heard unheeded in the halls of pleasure,
 Or gay parents of luxury and art.

Escaping from the noisy whirl and din,
 With our best-natures to commune alone,
 Our spirit-gaze is ever turned within,
 To scan the hours upon Truth's dial stone.

Conscience, Heaven-born monitor of all,
 Forewarning, chiding in the lull of life,
 Then speaks in solemn warnings small and still,
 Calming the heat of silent spirit-stirre.

If all, its friendly warning did but heed,
 New light would dawn and in its kindly beam,
 Peace on earth, good will to men would read,
 Written in deeds of angel's tongues the theme.

Linda W. Slaughter

Bismarck, North-Dakota.
 Nov. 25th 1891

Memories

How still the night, the drooping leaves await
The cooling breeze; The moon in regal state
Goes on her way; on thrilling air there floats
To my glad ears from far sweet trembling notes—
Plaintive soprano. In a land remote

There is a lake, and oft from pleasure boat
The softly trilling strain is echoed still—
From far and near, from answering hill to hill—
On, on, until loud rings the ambitious trill,
And like that echoing lake, it seems to me,
In this strange realm, the heart and memory,
For trembling through the years, that tender
strain

Sends back from deepest depths such wild
refrain,

That naught else can I feel but that dear pain
I thought was buried ne'er to hurt again,
And there between one and the deep blue skies
I see those dark, low-set, reproachful eyes—
And in my heart will rise
The love that never dies.

Aug. 2 1937.

Hannah E. Taylor.

Hope.

Hope is a seraph, that God kindly sends
To spirits afflicted and sad;
Omniscient, immortal - Omnipotence blends
With the weakness that Righteousness clad.

His bright crystal cup, pours balm on the woe
Which Disappointment so cruelly deals;
He arms our youth for the vigilant foe
And the treasure of Hopeland reveals.

How lightly he steals from sorrowing care
The venom that blights with a sting;
He heals every wound which soulless Despair
Tips with the dark hue of its wing.

A ray from the gate that's jasper and gold
Lights the silver that brightens his way
As he steals the soft slinging, of clouds black and cold,
And scatters their bombard array.

Death has no terrors, for over the stream
That flows thro' the Valley of Tears,
His beckoning arms like promises gleam;
A Charon, whose boat is the years.

Hope kisses the touches, which vanishing Time
Spreads on the white forehead and hair,
He points to the future, eternal, sublime;
To mansions, that angels prepare.

Jennings Sal,
Nov 14th 91.

Junius L. Hempstead.

Injustice.

'T was true, one smarting thorn had been removed;
 And, though no benefit was thereby proved,
 As loss of one 'mong many did but bring
 The added pain of its departing sting,
 All said that I should hush my wild complaint—
 Be calm, and smile, as best became a saint.
 And, failing of their purpose, anger came
 Their own unsaintlike spirits to inflame.

Alas, I was but human, and I cried:
 "For the world's good, the one might best have died,
 E'en 'fore he had his birth, who could but live
 To shelter unto needless evils give.
 Call him a saint, he is a sinner still—
 He and his clan, with Evil's craft and skill,
 Do Innocence and Virtue and all Truth
 Kill, mangle, spit upon and make uncount."

Nov. 25th, 1891. Dagmar Mariager

Santa Barbara, Cal.

Naples.

Up from the Sapphire-tinted Sea,
 Fair as the Blessed Islands be,
 Capri, and Poschia part the waves
 With rugged cliffs and billowy caves,
 To lift each vine-encircled crest,
 Luxuriant, on the Orient's breast.

No marvel that, with charmed eyes,
 By perfumed Sea, beneath perfect Skies,
 The Stranger from a wintry zone
 Names Naples peerless, and alone,
 And lingers, with enraptured gaze,
 Where bright, bewitching Summer plays.

J. Sullivan Eaton.
 Wakefield, Mass.

Friendship.

Dallas, Texas, ...

What is friendship? I will tell you;
 Eyes that weep for others' wrongs;
 Shoulders bearing others' burdens;
 Lips repeating others' songs.

Friendship is a chain, embracing
 Rich and poor, and young and old;
 Even the beggar child may fondly
 Touch in awe its links of gold.

Friendship is the heart's devotion,
 By warm, loving acts confess'd,
 Thinking trials only pleasures,
 If they give a loved one rest.

Friendship is a sweet compassion,
 When brave courage is unwarmed,
 Asking nought, but trusting fully,
 Quick too, soothe and understand.

Dallas, Texas, Nov. 12, 1891. Paul W. Gold 659.

To a friend after a long absence
 I saw thee not as in the distant past
 With maiden beauty of unwonted kind;
 Such charms could not forever last -
 For years roll on and change in all we find
 I saw thee when the brown to white had turned
 And traces of life's discipline were shown,
 When, though the altar flame of love still burned,
 Yet by affection, more subdued, was known
 Still, beauty rested on thy brow serene
 As sunlight peering through a softening cloud,
 Suggestive more than when in girlhood seen,
 Like music faintly heard not near and loud,
 Dear friends of youth how magical their power!
 They waken visions which can never die.
 We do not view them as a transient flower,
 But like the leaves which in some volume lie -
 Ourselves time add blessings to thy wedded store
 Their sources deepening in a love-lit home,
 Till thou in peace shalt reach the open door
 Where undimmed friendship crowns the life to come.

Edward. Octavus. Stagg.

New York City.
 Nov 26th 1891.

The Holy Spirit

The Holy Spirit came to man,
 In all the distant time before,
 And now He comes the same to you,
 As He has come in days of yore.

But 'tis in voices of the ones,
 We love, and they have gone away,
 To rest in heaven's glory where,
 There never comes a parting day.

They come to tell you that we live,
 In all the time that's yet to be,
 They come to teach to all mankind,
 The truths of immortality.

That's sure to welcome all that live,
 In fairer worlds of life and light;
 And lift the mind to new desires,
 Out of its own primeval night.

Darkness in which all life begins,
 To upward leap for air and sun;
 So they have come to bring the light,
 Of purer worlds to every one.

They come when scientific thought,
 Unfolds the mysteries that were;
 And reason dares to search the cause,
 Of every thing that does occur.

And from the lessons of the past,
 We find life's problem they've begun,
 For us to solve and learning more,
 Of truth for eighteen ninety one.

Laura & Sunderlin Nourse

McJline Nov 22nd 1891.

God Knows Best.

My God knows best! through all my days
 This is my comfort and my rest,
 My trust, my peace, my solemn praise,
 That God knows all, and God knows best.

My God knows best! That is my chart
 This thought to me is always blest;
 It hallows and it soothes my heart,
 For all is well, and God knows best.

My God knows best! then tears may fall;
 In His great heart I'll find my nest,
 For He, my God, is over all,
 And He is love, and He knows best.

Caleb Davis Bradlee
 Boston, Mass

The Coming of His Feet

In the crimson of the morning, in the whiteness of the noon,
 In the amber glory of the day's retreat,
 In the midnight robed in darkness or the gleaming of the moon,
 I listen for the coming of his feet

I have heard his many footsteps on the sands of Galilee,
 On the temple's marble pavement, on the street,
 It - with might of sorrow faltering, up the slopes of Calvary,
 The sorrow of the coming of his feet

Down the minister aisles of splendor, from between the cherubim
 Through the madding throng with motion strong and fleet,
 Sounds his victor tread approaching in a music far and deep,
 The music of the coming of his feet

Come! He sauleled not with silver, girdled not with purple gold,
 Brighted not with shimmering jewels and odors sweet,
 But white mingled and shad with glory in the Tabor light of old,
 The glory of the coming of his feet

He is coming, O my spirit! with his everlasting peace,
 With his blessedness immortal and complete,
 He is coming, O my spirit! and his coming brings release,
 I listen for the coming of his feet

Stephen Anthony Allen

Howard New Jersey May 16th 1891

Wm C. Kenyon D.D.

Memoriam

Some abler hand by far than mine
 Will rear a tribute to thy shrine.
 Will sing thy memory's spotless fame,
 And waft abroad thy deathless name;
 But none may shed the bitter tear,
 Beloved teacher more sincere
 Than she, who now attempts to raise,
 An humble tribute to thy praise

Like pebbles flung upon the tide,
 Then fall to earth, yet far and wide
 The eddying circles more and more,
 Still wider as they near the shore
 And thus, oh, best of friends thy words
 Have touched the soul's vibrating chord
 Which ne'er shall lose the tender thrill
 When hearts in death are cold and still,
 But pass from earth from hence be riven
 To swell the blissful theme in heaven.

Emilie Clare, Allanson.

Amite Iowa.

The First Lesson.

The little people of the city come
 To see and play around my Island Home.
 They search the meads and gather violets,
 And try to catch the robins for their pets;
 They chase, and almost catch the half-tamed rabbits,
 But do not know their speed nor cunning habits;
 They think the butterflies are flowers on wings,
 And wonder what it is that gently swings
 The tops of trees. They watch upon their knees
 For little birds, and catch the honey bees,
 And while in hand the little captive lingers—
 Oh, dear, how he does sting their tender fingers.
 But, ah, it is a lesson that will teach
 More than the sage and priest who only preach!

Horace P. Biddle.

Island Home,
 June, 1891.

Lines to a friend

Blow gentle Zephyrs softly blow
 While on the part I'm thinking
 'My thoughts are few but oh how sweet'
 I'm thinking of a friend

There's none more fair on earth I ween,
 There's none more pure in heaven.
 Her face is lovely to be seen,
 Her smiles are freely given.
 Her voice is like the Nightingale's
 When in some leafy dell,
 And oh how sweet to hear her sing,
 Away where Angels dwell."

Though we are far apart dear friend
 Still friendship binds our hearts together
 May this true friendship never cease,
 And be dissolved on earth no more,
 And when Life's fitful fever's o'er,
 And crowns to mortals given
 May you receive a crown of gold
 But crown of a queen of heaven.

A. A. Austlin

Wellsford, Tex. av
 Nov. 14. 1841

School Days

I love our dear old school-house
 From the ceiling to the floor;
 From the long winding stairway,
 To the heavy, old hall door.

But, methinks, I love far better,
 Every kind, endearing face
 That haunts the dear old building,
 And greets the familiar place.

And often, oh, how often,
 When the day's work is done,
 And the shades of night are falling,
 And the evening just begun,

I think of the last sad parting,
 When we shall pass the door
 And down the winding stairway,
 To return again, no more.

Agnes J. J. Davenport.

Sonnet
 An Autograph

Like fallen fruit upon the ground,
 Wherewith its little grave it lies
 Scarce hid from all our gazing eyes,
 Ours many lives are often found
 No fragrant flower may bend its head
 Above the lonely little grave;
 Nor let its mournful branches wave
 Above the un-forgotten dead.
 And I, in other days - not now,
 When life and all it is is past,
 And death's cold hand strikes me at last,
 Down at the appalling shroud will bow.
 But let me ask with a smile and tears,
 That my heart be buried here.

E. L. Jones

Evansville, Ind.

Nov. 22, 1891

Peace - Hope - Rest

The old man sat in his easy chair.
 The sun was sinking low
 The soft wind kissed his thin grey hair
 As he rocked him to and fro.
 Withed his cheek once round and fair -
 His heart-beat feeble and slow.
 An open book lay on his knee;
 'Twas the Bible of all books to him,
 For it told of a land beyond death's sea,
 Where cheer is fade not, nor eye grow dim;
 In the boundless deeps of eternity -
 Beyond life's horizon's rim.

The hope within grew bright and strong
 As he gazed o'er the land'scape wide,
 And he listened, to hear the joyous song
 Of those who had crossed the tide,
 To join the beautiful glorious throng
 Which rests on the other side.

The old man sat in his easy chair
 As the sun went out of sight,
 The night-wind kissed his thin grey hair, -
 But his soul all pure and bright,
 Had gone to the many mansions fair,
 Where comes no chill of night.

Dr John W. Abbott

From my wife
 Nov 3 1891

Introspection

Father I stand in sorrow by,
 Gazing on memories that lie
 Silent, though wearing deep regret;
 Dead in the past but living yet.

I cannot stay repentant tears,
 Am glancing through the backward years;
 So little seems the good I wrought,
 So weak and vain each worthless thought

Father, I marvel as I see
 How thy great-love so patiently,
 Has borne with me until this hour,
 Meeting my weakness with thy power.

O, close shut-book! O vanished past!
 Before thy sombre shrine I cast
 My only gift - a contrite heart;
 My ignorance must plead my part.

Elyse M. Hickok

Mexico

Let American progress never cease! —
 Fling the starry banner to the breeze!
 And at civilization's most stern call,
 Plant the starry flag on Montezumas wall.
 Forward, the army of Edification,
 Hurrah! for Mexican annexation!
 American unity will expand —
 And embrace Mexico with iron bands!
 Forward, South, your brave sons of toil,
 And possess Mexico's virgin soil.
 Southward, Southward, will be the coming age,
 With the iron horse and the progress of the age,
 Stolid ignorance will meet its doom,
 The land of the stygies in beauty will bloom!
 American Unity long will stave
 The pride and glory of every land.
 The starry banner, emblem of the free,
 Will in one sea, Columbia's isle seas,
 That flag, all in one sea, Mexico's hills & towers,
 Until the silver lands will all be ours!
 Ho! for Mexico! forward the leading van,
 Forward, March! go south, go south, who can!
 P. B. Moore.

Fairbault, Minn. Nov. 11. 1871.

The Old Homestead

I am musing of the dear old home;
 The home I left behind,
 The place where all my treasures were.
 When in my youthful mind;
 It is the place that gave me birth,
 The dawn of youthful days.
 But years have come, have flown and gone;
 My locks have turned to gray

Again I view the long loved spot,
 Its change, how truly great;
 The very flowers on which I tread,
 No more emit their fragrant smell;
 No more I hear the gentle voice,
 Call me out at early dawn
 The very hearth-stone at which I knelt,
 Is not forgot but gone.

The many happy days thus spent,
 How well do I recall;
 How noble was the hearts content,
 Of parents, one and all?
 No happier scene on earth could be,
 Than was my early life;
 No place so sweet so dear to me,
 As this old homestead life.

Dr. R. G. Inman

Bradford © April the 23^d - 1891

Best Thoughts.

We try, and yet, we never bring
 The best thought, when we ^{try to} ~~try~~ ^{be} ~~be~~ ^{silent}
 So often as we try to sing
 We feel the best is hidden.

The silent song that's never given
 Stored in some faithful heart,
 Would make the angels shout in heaven
 If they could hear a part.

Some thoughts like buds snowed under
 Need more than winter's arm
 To melt the depths arounded
 E'er perfect colors run.

Like flowers in the deep woods shade
 Where no man's feet hath trod,
 So are our best thoughts deepest laid;
 To no one known but God.

Charlotte Mattingly Cummins

Georen Cal. Nov 26, 1891

The Catbird; a Capriccio
 Flitting, feathered Blondel!
 Listen to his Rondel!
 To his lay romantical,
 To his sacred canticle.
 Hear him lilt! See him tilt.
 His saucy head and tail, and fluttering,
 While uttering
 All the operettas under the sun,
 Just for fun;
 Or in tipsy revelry, or at love devilry,
 Or, disdaining his divine gift and art,
 Like an inevitable poet
 Who captivates the world's heart,
 And don't know it.
 Hear him lilt! See him tilt!
 - Then, suddenly he stops,
 Peers about, flirts, hops,
 As if looking where he may gather up
 The wasted ecstasy just spilt
 From the quivering cups
 Of his bless overrun.
 Then, as in mockery of all
 The tuneful spells that e'er deaf fall
 From vocal pipe, or evermore shall rise,
 He snarls, meauls and flies.

W. H. Venable,
 Cincinnati, Dec. 13, 1891.

The Music of Memory

The storm is past and over-wearied nature
 Creeps, like an evening shade, a stilling peace,
 The thunder's peals have melted into silence,
 Reverberating till afar they cease.
 No rustle stir the leaflets of the forest,
 No breath of heaven bends the grass-blade,
 A thoughtful stillness scatters sweet contentment
 In every place where once wild tempests played.
 But hark! a sad, pathetic strain of music
 Steals o'er the earth with mournful melody,
 And to the peaceful heart imparts a longing
 For what was once but never more shall be.

So when the toils of busy day are ended
 And vexing cares and battles nobly fought,
 We gladly seek the evening meditation,
 To spend an hour of calm repose and thought,
 E'en then some sudden fancy thrills and holds us—
 Unbends the harp of memory, strikes the chord
 Of selfish love that quivering long and sadly
 Recalls to listening hearts kind deeds ignored,
 Rich opportunities for good unheeded,
 That would have brightened many a day,
 Yet now all gone. O bid to memory's warning,
 "Life's moments fly, go labor while you may."

Princeton, 1889.

J. H. Dunham

The Mother's Joy her darling &

She loved the lovely babe she held within her arms
 And pressed him close and affectionately to her breast
 And blessed him while soothing her darling to rest
 Thinking of all his innocent endearing charms
 Trying to keep him from fear and false alarms
 How motherly the little cherub she fervently carressed
 And again and again to her bosom gently pressed
 Until all his childish uneasiness in calms —
 And upon his smiling face soft kisses did bestow
 Placing him in his cradle bed her joy to behold
 Longing within her heart he would to true manhood grow
 Rocking her baby lullaby singing sweet songs of old
 Hoping through life he might escape much care and woe
 Her sleeping darling boy just six months old

John Holmes
 Bayshore Nov 1891

Christmas Night

Rejoice my soul that we may go
 More swiftly than the speed of light,
 All time as presents we may know,
 View all things with the spirit sight;
 We fold our wings on this blest night
 At Bethlehem's Inn and stable low

From heavens wide dome hangs low each star
 And all its borders seem to close.
 About the door through which afar
 We see the Babe in calm repose,
 And Mother resting from the throes
 That brought us all the joys that are

And listen' with the spirit sense
 We hear innumerable wings,
 While through the arch of heaven immense
 The harmony of Seraphs rings,
 From near and far the anthem springs
 And thrills the night with joy intense. -

"All glory be to God on high,
 And peace on earth, good will to men"
 The voices through the ether fly
 Roll o'er the hills and fill each glen,
 And that sweet song loud & rolled then,
 A down the ages & cannot die. *Glythe Tabor.*

My Rosebud

When the downy snow was falling,
 And the quail its mate was calling,
 To the old log school-house going,
 I discerned a rosebud growing

It was lone and fresh and sweet.
 I watched it with my heart in time
 And gathered it full-blown in June.

On my bosom, I have borne it
 And in deepest sorrows worn it
 Faded it is still retaining
 Odors that through death remaining
 Will the ice-bound borders greet,
 And in the changeless hoary snow
 Will sweeten my eternal June

John Albert Murphy

Human Life -

What is Life? - a bubble dancing
 On the sparkling fountain's brim,
 Painted by the sunbeam, dancing
 O'er its evanescent rim,
 Soon the soft, reflected glories,
 Images of Colored skies,
 Vanish - when the haze of evening,
 O'er the panorama dies.
 Life, with all its bliss and troubles,
 Melts like unsubstantial bubbles.

What is Life? a little journey,
 Ending ere 'tis well begun;
 'Tis a gay, disastrous tourney
 Where a mingled tilt is run,
 And the head that wears a crown
 Neath the meanest lance goes down.
 Walk then on life's journey, mortal,
 With a pure and steadfast heart
 So that thro' death's frowning portals
 Peacefully, Thou may'st depart!

Isaac M. Lellan
 Springs - L. A.

Autumn Leaves.

The autumn leaves, as they fall to day,
 Call back, with the aid of memory's ray,
 Beautiful hopes, ere they buried lay
 Under the autumn leaves.

Crimson and golden they flutter down
 And deck thy grave with a glittering crown,
 I'm dreaming now of curls of brown,
 Under the autumn leaves

Oh my life was robbed of its bright sunshine
 I fancied only that thou wert mine
 The brilliant hopes of my woman's prime
 Lie under the autumn leaves

They trembled the night that he called me
 his bride,

And drifted down on the day he died
 Now a lonely grave on the river side.

Is under the autumn leaves

Ophelia Cook Jones

November 30th 1891.



My Song.

In Memory of N. E. K.

Know that the scene is exceedingly fair
And the altars of Paradise sweeten the air;
I know the Great King in His glory is there,
In the Land of the Saints that are Dead.

The hope of all hopes, satisfying and sweet,
Is the one which assured me I someday shall meet
With the Loved I have lost in an Eden complete—
In the Land of the Saints that are Dead.

Here sorrow may sadly suppress every smile,
And the wiles of the Evil One lure me to guile,
But the triumph of striving will come after while
In the Land of the Saints that are Dead.

Oh, sweet after toil will be Heavenly rest
How grand to the soul which has long been distressed,
The robe, and the crown, and the song of the Blest
In the Land of the Saints that are Dead!

I have mourned, I have prayed for my loved in the ^{tomb},
Now the promise of Jesus disperses my gloom
What budeth on Earth hath a beautiful bloom
In the Land of the Saints that are Dead!

Let me not wish them back in this sad world again,
Where the bliss of true loving is mingled with pain;
Ah, surely more happy are spirits that reign
In the Land of the Saints that are Dead.

I am nearing the end of my journey, I know;
I have suffered and hoped—I am ready to go,
Across the pale bourne in the valley below,
To the Land of the Saints that are Dead.

Highfield,
Washington Co., Md. Geo. W. Kestoman.
"Aesman Bard."

Come For Arbutus

Come for arbutus, my dear, my dear;
The pink waxen blossoms are waking, I hear,
We'll gather an armful of fragrant wild
cherries.

Come for arbutus, my dear, my dear,
Come for arbutus, my dear.

Come for arbutus my dear, my dear
Come through the gray meadow, and
pass the black will

To brown-margined forest, and part
the leaves there

Come for arbutus my dear, my dear,
Come for arbutus, my dear.

Come for arbutus, my dear, my dear;
We'll gather the first virgin bloom of
the year,

The blush of spring kisses with coral
lips near.

Come for arbutus, my dear, my dear,
Come for arbutus, my dear.

Sara Louisa Oberholtzer
Norristown Pa.

Ego.

Why I am I, I do not know;
 What limits every smile or sigh;
 What bounds my spirits overflow,—
 These mysteries all my arts defy

I press against the viewless bars
 Before the souls of other men,
 I give all love and wage all wars,
 Yet come back to myself again

The deep sea throbbing on the shore,
 Dumb with its own intensity,
 Retreats for aye — thus, evermore,
 Myself I am compelled to be.

Collected at A Winslow.

New York, 1891

All Hail.

Haste, haste, haste, buds of pink and red :-
 Sovereign Summer cometh from the sunny South :-
 Flush, ye royal roses : meads of gold, outspread !
 All ye passyng poses, odorous grace infill
 Joy be in the trephyr, laughter in the mill .

Haste, ah, haste, fields of living green :
 And the mighty armies of the Emerald leaf,
 Under flying shadows, wae, and toss, and sheen :
 From hilken sepulchres, ye countless, creeping things,
 Unto vital welcome, resurrect with wings .

Haste, ah, haste ! firefly meteors, trail :
 Flash your opalescence o'er the dusky glade ,
 Where the pearldrops glisten in the dewy scale,
 Where the fairy thresher swings its dainty flail,
 Light the tangled grasses, glow-worm, weed and pale .

Haste, haste, haste unto tallest trees,
 Birds of swiftest pinnon, birds of sweetest song :
 "Oay, intriguing fellow," wildest of the bees,
 In honey buzz fellow, let your dalliance cease,
 Till your love, the lilly, bringeth gifts of peace :

Haste, haste, haste, purple buds and white :
 Race, ye fragrant breezes, with the shining sun .
 Blush, O beauteous morning : blush, O beauteous night .
 Everything of beauty, hail, all hail,
 Hail the Sovereign Summer ' hail, all hail .

Helen Starr Flura

Athens Anne.

True Love.

A love that asks return,
 Has but a fitful life;
 'Tis of the kind to burn,
 And die engaged in strife
 Demanding allegiance firm,
 And trust in servile ways,
 Expecting all to turn
 And live to sing its praise.

Such love is always vain;
 It blossoms like the rose,
 But in the wind and rain
 Its petals droop and close.
 The test is fraught with sorrow,
 For the leaves put forth in sunshine
 Must wither and pale to-morrow,
 And perish with its wild design.

But true love, it limits none;
 'Tis like the gentle showers,
 Descending on tree and stone,
 Alike as on the flowers.
 It loves and that is enough;
 It heeds not to give as receive
 Be the object ^{hewn or rough}
 True love, true love doth not perceive

Chas. H. May

Boston - Dec 91.

Long live the King
 On my heart's avail sweet and clear
 I hear Love's hammer ringing,
 The King has come, the King is here
 Joy's voice breaks forth in song,
 "Long live the King"

All day, all night I hear the God
 Defeat by the hand so steady,
 The monitor to let me know
 My welcome should be ready,
 For Love is King

I put the doubt I had away -
 Heart be thou true and tender
 The King is here, "My King" I say,
 And willingly surrender
 Long live the King

Helen A. Hauvillie

La Crosse, Wis
 Oct. 26th '91.

- Footprints on the sand
- The ocean moaned, and rose, and fell,
 With sparkling foam on crest'd wave,
 And left but grams of sand to tell
 Of many a thousand moans the grave!
- 2 It chanced one glad some summers day,
 A wanderer trod the lonely beach
 And chased the ebbing tide, to play,
 With breaking waves beyond his reach.
- 3 The fascinating music, still,
 Allured him on with open hand,
 Till girdling 'neath his hurrying feet,
 He marked his "Footprints on the sand!"
- 4 Returning tides swept o'er the spot
 The indentation had from sight,
 And he who wandere'd soon forgot,
 The laughing waves in death's long night!
- 5 How many a weary age hath sped,
 How much convulsed by fire and flood;
 Old ocean since hath changed its bed,
 And sweet vales bloom where mountains stood.
- 6 Round man exhumed and uses, now,
 The rock to build and grace the land,
 As thousands wonder, where and how
 Came those deep "Footprints on the sand?"

At Rest
 Sleep darling, sleep
 the swallows linger in, + the hylas sing his song
 the hidden cricket chirps + beats his tiny gong
 the dreamy, drowsy zephyrs pass
 gently o'er the fragrant grass
 Sleep darling, sleep!

Anabel Andrews

The Rose.

Within the rose I found a
 trembling tear,
 Close contained in a gloom of
 crimson night
 By tender petals from the outer light.
 I plucked the flower & held it to my ear
 And thought within its fervid heart
 A smothered heart beat throbbing
 soft & low
 I heard its busy life-blood gently flow,
 Now far away & now so strangely near.
 Ah! thought I, if these silent lifes of flame
 Could let unscathed & fling upon the air
 Their awe, their passion & in speech proclaim
 Their warm intoxication of despair,
 Then would I give the rose into thy hand;
 Thou couldst its voice believe, not
 with stand.

Albinus St John Brown
 New York Dec. 8th 1891.

Acrostic

Safely guide her walks in life,
 As duty calls mid toils and strife.
 'Round her throw thy watchful care,
 And guide her feet from every snare,
 Help her in the hour of need
 As through daily toils she speed,
 Call her where the coils of love
 Around her heart sweet tendrils prove
 Neer crush her with the slanderers tongue,
 Nor poison words from envy's wrong
 O'er her keep thy kindly power,
 Nor lose her in that fatal hour

E S Hulme

Affliction

When it comes why do we weep
 And sob with drooping head
 Know we not that the all-wise Father
 Careth for the sleeping dead

Know we not when our barks are stranded
 And we leave this tear-stained shore
 That we shall greet them and know them
 As on the happy days of yore

Oh could we dry our streaming eyes
 And catch faint gleamings from the other shore
 We ne'er should mourn our loved ones
 Or sigh that they are safely o'er

Mrs Mary E. R. Corless

Washburn Maine
 Nov 14 1891.

To a Group of Actresses

Love children of the fading year
 That stand amid the falling leaves
 And look with sad and tearful eyes
 On that-oev which my spirit grieves

Not thus your sisters of the Spring
 Bright-buttercups and daisies white,
 Looked up with gladness at the sky
 Filling all other eyes with light

Yet in your pensive looks I read
 A lesson for the days to come
 When country skies shall oev me bend
 And Age hath scattered youthful bloom.

For those cerulean tints that shade
 Your beauty to a thoughtful eye,
 Are caught—from Heavens own depths of blue,
 The emblem of Eternity

And in your very names ye bear
 A token of the unfading Soul.—
 Of Stars that shine forever on
 When earth and Time shall cease to roll.

Henry M. Goodwin

Quoet - Oct 18 1890

True Love,
(Rondeau.)

True Love ne'er went on idle quest,
And dove-like found no place to rest
His wearied foot; nor found he death
The real cure for love, He saith:
"Love cure for Love makes me his guest."

Tho' life's sun is at noon or west,
And darkling clouds its light arrest,
Yet on vain search, with idle breath
True Love ne'er went.

Of life and death Love makes request,
And both must heed his wild behest,
For stronger he than life and death,
Yea Love can wait! On idle quest
True Love ne'er went.

Phillips, Me.

D. F. Hodges

Too Late.

Lilies lay on her pulseless breast,
 Regret was anchored in his mind;
 Too late he knew she loved him best,
 For jealousy had made him blind
 From little trifles magnified,
 Until her heart strings broke - she died.

In dream he found a wondrous land,
 With roses blooming everywhere.
 He saw a maiden wave her hand,
 And on her brow were jewels rare;
 And satisfied he found a soul
 Where streams in Golden Channel roll.

Nelson, Goodrich, Humphrey
 Lecky Jls Oct 27th 1891.

Tears

Tears, Tears, Tears,

Accured from sorrows' bowl,
 Like dew that drops from the darkness of night,
 Fall the tears from the sorrowing soul

Tears, Tears, Tears,

For my heart is breaking to day,
 Our chances, changes for the day that is done,
 And a thought that will live always

Tears, Tears, Tears.

It's nothing alas but tears;
 What was sown in joy, in the harvest of years,
 Sadly at last has been gathered in tears,

Tears, Tears, Tears,

Our fading hopes, and friendships run;
 Tell me, shall the unpunished friendships here,
 Be perfect made in heaven?

Clarence H. Skaler

Waukegan, Wis., Dec. 12, 1891.

Life's Autograph.

We haste to read the lives of men,
 The books drawn out with ink and pen,
 Which Authors write with wondrous ease,
 And paint a life the world to please.

But plain we all are Authors too
 Writing a life for Angels' view;
 Each day records in Heavens light,
 What thoughts and words and deed indite
 Upon the scroll of Gods expanse;
 'Tis the book of His remembrance.

Death ends that volume, small or great,
 No friendship can its faults abate,
 Or malice mar the good portrayed,
 The beauty add, or blot erases,
 That book is ours, as must appear;
 Our Autograph is written there

Lezzer P. E. Evans.

Boston, Mass.

I Bow Your Head.

When stately, hale and merry, I
 A monarch seem to be,
 And at my throne the very gods
 I fancy kneel to me;
 But when perchance I upward gaze
 Upon the skies at night,
 And see unnumbered worlds on high,
 In endless, awful flight,
 The telescope is now reversed,
 And I am pictured least, not first,
 In Nature's mighty plan,
 Compared with God's creative grand,
 I am but walking grain of sand—
 Not monarch, but a man.
 Uncrowned, unsaddled, then I tread
 Beneath the skies, and—bow my head.

J. Mason Reynolds

Belmont, Mich

Sept. 29th 1891

Sonnet.

How lovely art thy ways, O gentle June!
 The cattle of the pastures give thee praise;
 The children bless thee midst their merry plays;
 The honey-pilfering insect gives thee tune
 As 'mong thy clustering bulbs he hath commune
 Thinking thee transient; all the more thy ways
 Have charm through pregnant round of lengthened days
 Ere froid heat shall parch thy jewels soon

Thine over-fertile bosom swells with milk;
 In thy lap, ere, as cradled infants, lie;
 With sustenance thou givest lullaby,
 Thy tresses fall'n about us soft as silk:
 Intoxicate with fullness of thy charms,
 We fall a drowse in pleasures of thine arms.

Nesley Couchman

Richmond Hill, N. Y. Nov. 16th, 1891.

He Still Smiles On

He smiles in the ^{of} ^{fashion,} ^{the} ^{village}
 He smiles in the ^{of} ^{the} ^{village}
 He smiles when our hearts
 are breaking,
 He smiles, and with laughter
 greet

Chance would that tell
 A hope that ^{forever} ^{is}
 He picks up the ^{fallen} ^{petals,}
 And ^{brings} ^{them} ⁱⁿ ^{our}
 hand

And made them as best
 That ^{we} ^{can,} ^{still} ^{are} ^{just}
 'Tis ^{as} ^{white,} ^{to} ^{the} ^{world}
 Out ^{as} ^{fast} ^{as} ^{life}
 that ^{are} ^{fast}

My Belle Poole

Covington, La., Oct. 10. 1891

When The Lower Clouds Have Lifted.

When the lower clouds have lifted
 And the mists have cleared away
 By the ruby light down-sifted
 We shall hail a better day;
 Hope awaking with the morning
 Then may raise her beacon bright
 For the hour before this dawning
 In the darkest of the night.

When the lower clouds have lifted
 We shall see the shining sun,
 See the course that we have drifted
 Since the voyage was begun;
 See the land-marks to the leeward
 And the haven rise to sight,
 Catch the gleaming of the city
 In the morning's rosy light.

When earth's latest cloud is rifted
 And the veil is parted wide
 We shall anchor in a harbor
 Safe beyond the farthest tide
 We shall see the golden city
 Hear the harp's angelic play
 When the lower clouds have lifted
 For the dawn of endless day

Wm. Keeney, Esq.
 Sept 1891

Arthur S. Peacock,

"Praise Ye The Lord."

O that all men would praise the Lord.
Learn of Him from His precious word
From nature too, who's glory is divine
His grace and beauty all about us shine.

If the Holy Spirit be our constant guest
The temple pure and clean, we are truly blest
Then would his people glorify His name
And not bring up on them reproaches and shame.

The Heavens declare the glory of God
The tiny flowers that grow on the sod
Why not all mankind unite in praise
And with joyful hearts spend here their days.

O God, let all the people praise Thee
E'en from pole to pole, from sea to sea
Thy kingdom come, thy will on earth be done
And all give glory to thy well-beloved Son

Thora O Hatheway

Cornwa, Iowa, July 8 1891

A Mistake.

Because I knew she loved me,
 And 'twas as sweet to see those wistful eyes
 Half veiled to hide their secret from surprise,
 I turned to others and with cautious ease
 Concealed the truth from her shield most dear,
 Because I knew she loved me..

I know she must have loved me
 Yet, when at last my passion all confessed
 I sought to strain the dear one to my breast,
 "Nay, nay," she smiling said, "Too late, too late,"
 Then showed another's ring, Ah, cruel fate!
 And, yet, I know she loved me.

Margaret A Logan
 Vicksburg, Miss.

The Shadow of a Cloud
 on the
 Foot-hills of the Crazy Mountains
 Montana.

The shadow of a Cloud,
 For hours it now bathes lawn,
 Across the bleak hill-side,
 Hiding from Vale and plain
 The rugged rocks scarce covered,
 By poor and scanty ground,
 The Cactus, and wild sage,
 That in their midst are found,
 Even so, as with a cloak,
 A loving heart-will shield,
 From others ken, the faults
 To which we often yield.
 The tender ^{of love} light thus given
 This kindly care of love,
 Is like the light of heaven
 Subdued by clouds above,
 A softened, welcome screen,
 Spread o'er our life below,
 Which brings although unseen
 The full hearts after glow.

Allen De Witt Hatch

Even-Tide.

It was even-tide. The wild capricious winds,
 Fanned through the leafy shaded bower;
 While perfumed-breaths, -distilled in air,
 Came forth from every opening flower.

The twilight soft and dim-ming light,
 The starry heavens like gems above,
 Proclaimed the glories of a land,
 A blissful land, of light and love.

And thus the soul's inspiring thought,
 Our memory's store, lives o'er again
 The happy days with loved ones dear
 Whose vacant seats alone remain.

While those who from the earth have passed,
 We oft-times feel in silence near,
 And in the lonely twilight hours,
 Our fancied dreams, they bring us cheer.

We seem to see them, as of yore
 Their angel forms, the smiles, the tear;
 And hear the footfall at the door,
 The parting word breathed soft and clear.

The last good bye, to meet again,
 When bending angels whisper come.
 To join them in a purer clime,
 O'er that eternal heavenly home.

P. A. Spurlock

Genesee Co. N. Y. Dec 15th 1891

Meet Me Mother

Meet me mother meet me mother
 On that far off shore
 Safe beyond all pain and dying
 Where we'll part no more
 I am coming meet me mother
 In that world so fair
 Oh, my mother O, my mother
 How I need thy care.

Oh I've suffered at thy leaving
 In my bosom deep
 Yet I know 'tis not thy wishes
 That thy son should weep.
 Meet me mother greet me mother
 With thy own true hand
 Gladly show me things so wondrous
 In that blissful land.

Allen Dorman
 Clinton, Mo. Nov. 17, 1851

Natures coloring.

Crimson, and gold, and purple
 Pink, and azure, and gray
 On a background laid of pale blue,
 At the opening dawn of day

Fold upon fold of cloudlets,
 Painted with golden beams,
 Bright as the plumes of the angels,
 Floating through infants dreams.

Changeful, fantastic, and fleeting,
 Falling in feathery fringe,
 As morning's bright gateway opens,
 Swung on a golden hinge.

While the bright canopy curtains
 A world of blended green.
 Meadow, and grove, and hillside,
 Glistening in summer's sheen.

Mrs. Emily P. Williams.

— Opportunities of Life. —

Though our life is sometimes dreary,
Yet we all possess the power
Of doing good to those around us,
As the sunshine helps the flower.

Saddened hearts, and weary faces
Greet us every-where we go;
Precious jewels now lie buried
Neath the dust of shame and woe.

Just a word in kindness spoken;
Just one sympathetic tear;
Would make the heavy heart seem lighter
And dispel the darkest fear.

We must never shrink from duty,
Let us throw cold pride away
And try and do some deed of kindness
Ere the closing of each day.

God is pleased with noble actions;
Every deed that's done in love
Is recorded by the angel
In God's wondrous book above.

When our life on earth is ended
God will call for you and me,
And will dwell with him forever
Throughout all eternity.

Wm. Grant Brooks.

Saco, Maine, Nov. 23rd 1891.

Life.

How vain must be their task who seek to read
 The twofold story of Man's life aught!
 The clean gem, far hid from mortal sight
 Hath purer worth than dusted frame and heed,
 So the soul's unguessed mystery, more to be had
 In dulcified favor, less than in evening light
 Unguided Judgment groke her way by night,
 Deeming Mankind, at best, but poor indeed.
 Tonight the populous city gaudy swell
 Paints outer life for the observant eye,
 But further shows not deepest feelings dwell
 In the inmost soul, untold by smile or sigh,
 Her loftiest thoughts are unexpressible,
 The secret of his worth, with him must live & die.

Eugene C. Dolson

Oct. 11. 4

Nearer Than We Think

—

Worldly things may so engross us
 That we turn from Christ away,
 And our human hearts, forgetful
 Of His love, may go astray,
 But the trembling, fearing, fainting
 Mind the darkness, we may sink,
 There is always light beyond us —
 Heaven is nearer than we think

Tho' our boasted faith may waver
 And our hopes may lose their glow,
 Tho' our hearts' ambitious fever
 Like a dream of long ago,
 Tho' our earthly friendships fail us,
 And life's bitter dregs we drink,
 Still the arms of God are round us,
 Heaven is nearer than we think

Tho' the sunset-rays in fading
 Shall for us arise no more,
 And we launch our barge, with trembling
 For the distant golden shore,
 Tho' death's billows beat about us
 And we shiver on the bank,
 Christ, our Pilot standeth ready —
 Heaven is nearer than we think

Ida Scott Taylor

The Moon

A veil of tulle the moon did wear,
 As with a floating motion,
 She slowly climbed her azure stair,
 And gazed o'er castle and ocean

Her veil of tulle, which fold on fold
 In crumpled creases bound her,
 The wind caught up with fingers cold,
 And wrapped it closer round her.

With languid, lingering, listless tread,
 And air of cold abstraction,
 Like one whose thoughts are with the dead,
 Forever dead to action, -

She slowly climbed a rugged pass
 Amidst the hills enchanted,
 And disappeared behind a mass
 Of rocks the winds had planted

A. Sydney Logan
 Philadelphia Dec. 1891.

Vain Search

I am seeking for a flower
 Can you tell me where it blooms
 'Mid the gardens and the tombs
 Of the world? For many an hour
 I have sought this hidden flower.

If I knew just where it grew
 Mine would be a lighter task,
 And I would not need to ask;
 It is found by very few—
 Who will give me searching clue?

Its perfume is sometimes blent
 With the air that flutters near,
 But it does not yet appear,
 And my heart with grief is rent,
 For the blossom of—'content'!

Laura Rosamond White.

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7/1/58Patience

They were gathered round their teacher,
 Little ones with eyes of blue,
 Lips like coral, hair like sunshine,
 Long hearts unstained and true

And the teacher words of wisdom,
 Framed themselves in accents low,
 As she felt the rich importance
 Of the truths she sought to show

Then she questioned of their lesson
 And their clear young voices fell
 Sweet into the listening stillness,
 As a Sabbath morning bell

"What is Patience? Can you tell me?
 Do you know the peaceful calm
 When she soothes the grief-torn spirit,
 With her ever healing balm?"

And a little maiden answered
 With her sweet face all aglow
 "To wait a while and danna weary
 Nether says, does patience show."

Anne M. LeBarck
 Lancaster, Mass. Oct 7. 1891

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