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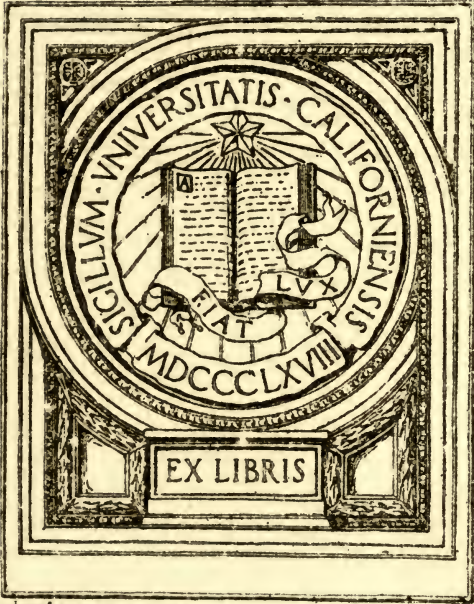
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**G**ethsemane  
and other  
writings  
by

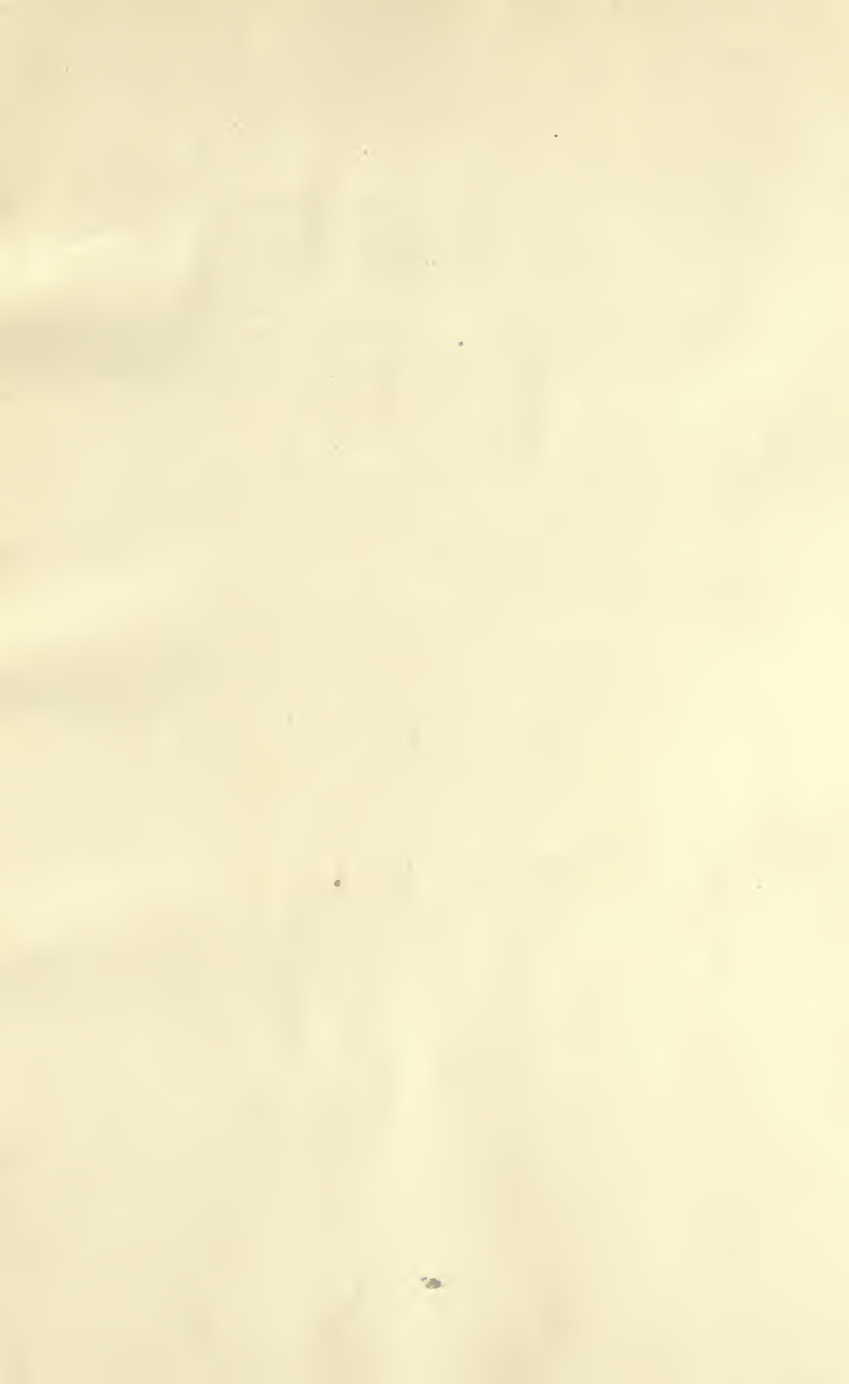
Anna Morrison Reed

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With the respectful  
regard of the Author

Anna M. Reed

Jan. 9<sup>th</sup> 1916

TO AND  
ADDRESS



Anna Morrison Reed

**G**ethsemane  
and other  
writings

by

**Anna Morrison Reed**

Author of "Earlier Poems of Anna M. Morrison."  
The "Later Poems of Anna Morrison Reed,"  
and "The Latest and Latest Poems," 1896.

Engravings by the Sierra Art Engraving Co.  
San Francisco

Petaluma, California:  
Northern Crown Publishing Company

1915



GIFT

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TO THE  
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1915

MAIN

## DEDICATION

### To Him

*"There is something in each of us, that does not belong to the family, or to society—not even to ourselves.*

*Sometimes it is given in marriage, and sometimes it is given in love, but oftener it is never given at all.*

*We have nothing to do, with giving or withholding it.*

*It is a wild thing that sings in us once, and flies away, and never comes back—and mine has flown to you.*

*When one loves like that, it is enough somehow. The other things can go if they must.*

*That is why I can live without you, and die, without you."*

---The Gull's Road.

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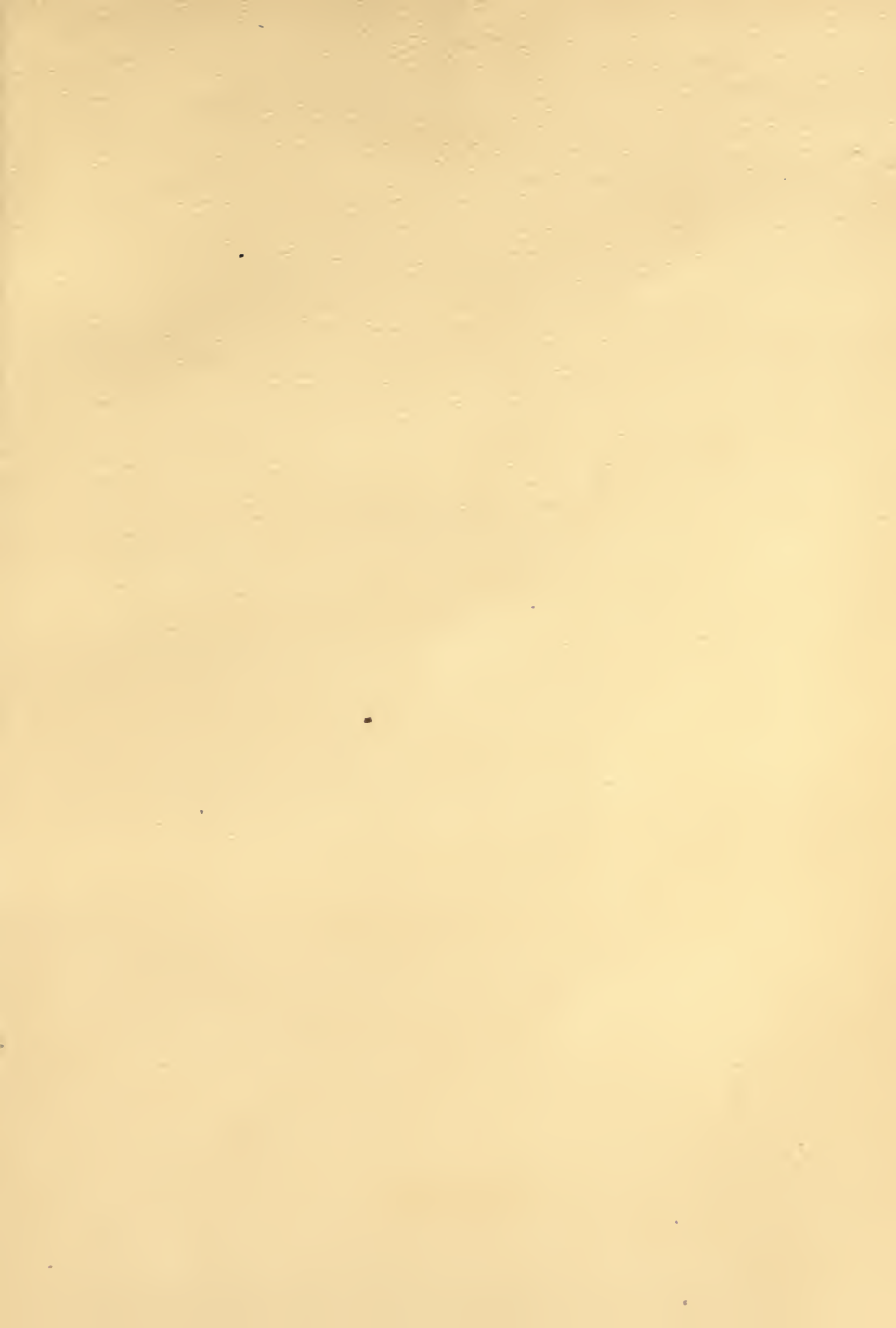
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### Gethsemane

---



KNEEL within the walls of my Gethsemane,

Above the cold, bare stones a sparrow builds,

A rose blooms over, and a linnet sings—  
They all are His.

And so I know that Paradise has been,  
And Heaven is.

## Your Life and Mine



HARDS and lees after meat and wine—  
Such is your life, my own!—and mine—  
After the feast, the “husks and swine.”

The idle word and the careless smile;  
The endless tasks that the days beguile,  
And hearts that almost break, meanwhile.

Then tasteless pleasures, so poor and tame,  
The ties that gall—that are halt and lame,  
Where love risks neither life nor fame.

But you remember, and so do I,  
The fond red lip and the loving eye—  
These—and the thoughts that never die.

Of the twilight hush which fell so soon,  
Your darling presence within the room,  
A brief, sweet hour, and then the gloom.

How do I live? because I dare,  
Make my days but a living prayer,  
That I shall find you again, somewhere.

After the storms that around us sweep,  
After the toil, and the tears I weep,  
Into yours arms I shall sometime creep.

Hurt by the waves as they toss and swell,  
Tired of the things I have done so well,  
With only strength at the last to tell.

How I have loved you; throughout all time—  
How I have suffered, and made no sign,  
True to a passion sublime—divine.

Husks and dregs after fruit and wine,  
Pearls that are cast to the hungry swine,  
Such is your life, my own!—and mine.

## Sunset

---



HE evening's genius with his sword of flame,

Guards well the portal of the dying day;  
His lance of light he strikes against the hills,  
Upon the highest breaks its glancing ray;  
He marshals grandly on a crimson sea  
His cloudship navy's golden argosy,  
Whose flaunting banner in the sunset glow  
Bids brave defiance to the dark'ning foe;  
Who, swift advancing, o'er him softly flings  
The purple shadow of the twilight's wing's  
Till war's red flush before the night wind's  
breath

Fades out into the sullen gray of death,  
And star-eyed night, prevailing all too soon,  
Hangs out the silver sickle of the moon.

## The Angels

---



URE, and untouched by the flame of sin,

Must be the hosts of the Cherubim.

Mothers bereaved, with cheeks tear-wet  
Your love, the heavens with jewels set  
With empty arms and longing eyes,  
Hopefully turn to your paradise.

With folded hands on each stainless breast,  
You have laid your innocent babes to rest,  
But with spirits, in legions undefiled,  
Gathers in glory, each sinless child.

And in that bright realm, that seems afar,  
The souls of the children, the Angels are.

## Spring



PRING—and the blackbirdscall  
Where the rushes are thick in the  
swale,

And the world is all a-bloom,  
With the things that never fail.  
But my heart is all forlorn,  
And I live because I must;  
It is Spring—and your heart is dust.

On the green wild olive tree  
The bloom is thick and white,  
The branches wave, and a spiced perfume  
Fills every fragrant night.  
And a thousand radiant flowers  
Awake in the warm, rich mold;  
It is spring—and your heart is cold.

Spring—and the linnets sing  
To their mates as they build and weave,  
And they waken me every morn  
As they gather under the eave,  
And the days are bright and a-song  
With the voice of robin and lark;  
But your grave is silent and dark.

I stand near the end of the way,  
At a threshold I may not pass,  
And my heart is weary with pain,  
And the cares that my life harass,  
And my eyes are dim with tears,  
And I live because I must—  
And the spring is a winter day,  
Since your heart is dust.



## Spring



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And the cares that my life harass,  
And my eyes are dim with tears,  
And I live because I must—  
And the spring is a winter day,  
Since your heart is dust.

March 31st.  
'82

Dear Madam,

I have read  
with much pleasure  
your charming little  
volume with all its  
sweet and simple joy  
in field and flower, its  
sympathetic touching of  
those chords of life  
which Death and Love  
make immortal for  
us.

Pray accept my  
thanks for your country,  
and believe me  
yours truly  
Oscar Wilde



## Blue Cornflowers



HEY are crying "Cornflowers" in the street,  
Blue as my darling's eyes—  
To poppy fields, and fields of wheat,  
Spread under azure skies,  
My heart turns backward suddenly  
Rent by impassioned pain,  
Where Cornflowers blossomed long ago,  
That may not bloom again.  
Where lark and linnet sing by day,  
At dusk the thrushes call,  
Along the hedgerows by the sea,  
Where evening's shadows fall.  
"Blue Cornflowers," cry the vendors here,  
Along the city's pave—  
My eyes are dim with sudden tears,  
As one weeps o'er a grave,  
Alas! that love should recreate be,  
Alas! that flowers should fade,  
Alas! the face I never see,  
That once my sunshine made.  
So, still the larks and linnets sing,  
And still the thrushes call,  
While dark'ning all the dreams of youth,  
Life's lengthening shadows fall.

## Fragment

In an Album



will not wish you gold, or love, or fame,  
Too many sins committed in their name,  
Sweep through the ages, and with dark  
surprise  
Their annals blast the light of artless eyes.  
Virtue alone can bless and crown your youth,  
Therefore I consecrate its days to truth.

## Mother—A Reverie



N the brush fence by the lane  
I hear the stormbirds crying,  
And I know the winter rain  
Soon will beat where thou art lying;  
For the wind and rain are near,  
When the stormbirds are a-crying.  
A brave bright winter rose  
Taps the window where I'm sitting;  
It's heart with beauty glows,  
While the autumn hours are flitting;  
It taps the silent pane  
Of the window where I'm sitting.  
The south wind kisses light  
Its petals, curved and folded,  
Like a picture warm and bright,  
Close in the heart enfolded—  
Like a dream of love and youth,  
In the heart of age enfolded.  
And it speaks to me of thee,  
While the stormbirds are a-crying,  
Though thy face I cannot see,  
Thy memory is lying  
In the winter of my heart,  
Best, brightest, and undying.  
I dream of thee so dear,  
Before the woodfire glowing;  
I hear the herd-bells clear,  
And the cattle softly lowing;  
The sounds foretell the rain,  
While the fire is softly glowing.  
In thought I pass the lane  
Where stormbirds are a-crying  
As to some sacred fane,  
To the grave where thou art lying,

Through fragrant pine-wood aisles  
Where the sunset glow is dying.  
Where one can not hear the noise  
Of a footfall on the mosses;  
Where the pine leaves lightly poise  
Like a pile of russet flosses;  
Where the rabbit or the squirrel,  
With silent footstep, crosses.  
Where the brake, with quiv'ring fronds,  
Beside the gravestone whispers  
The earliest matin songs.  
And at eve the sadder vespers,  
That the night wind softly taught  
The leaves to chant in whispers.  
There so quietly you sleep,  
While restless winds are sighing.  
In the grave so dark and deep,  
Nor heed the stormbirds crying,  
Nor the tears that fall like rain,  
And my heart within me dying.  
The rose taps on the pane,  
And the stormbirds are a-crying,  
And I soon will hear the rain  
Beat through the wind's low sighing,  
While rose leaves flutter down  
On the grave where thou art lying.



## Love Me, Beloved



LOVE me, my darling! a week—or a day—  
I ask no allegiance enduring for aye,  
For God, in His wisdom, all changing  
has made—

The blossoms of spring, are destined to fade.  
In the blue of your eyes, I mirrored have seen,  
The heaven, of which, every soul has it's dream,  
And through the long years, my solace shall  
be,  
That sometimes, my darling, you're think-  
ing of me.

Love me, beloved—a week or a day,  
I ask no allegiance enduring for aye,  
For God in His wisdom all changing has  
made,  
The flowers of the summer are blooming to  
fade.

## My Heart



MY heart is like a harp, dear love,  
A harp with broken strings,  
And under every hand but yours,  
Its sound discordant rings.

But to your touch responds again,  
The songs of earlier years,  
When with its happier music came,  
No undertone of tears.

You waken all the olden themes,  
That slumber in its strings  
When life was one long day of dreams  
Of fairer better, things,  
I know by this, these broken chords,  
In some far realm unite,  
In perfect melody and words,  
Tuned with the Infinite.

Mr Frank Leslie

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR  
No. 110 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

POPULAR MONTHLY  
PLEASANT HOURS  
BUDGET OF FUN  
CHRISTMAS BOOK  
ILLUSTRATED ALMANAC  
COMIC ALMANAC  
SUBSCRIPTION BOOK

1891

29 Jan

Dear Mr. Reed,

I welcome  
it a privilege to be  
the first Eastern  
publisher to show  
you have sent your  
verse, and shall  
have great pleasure  
in presenting "The  
King" to my subscri-  
bers in an early



number of my  
Popular Monthly.

I greatly enjoyed  
the Mite of your  
life which I treasure,  
as I know the value  
of such articles. The  
photographs however  
I shall detain to add  
to my collection of  
friends - for such I  
feel assured we shall  
be when some hap-  
py chance brings us  
together. With kindest  
prayer believe me

Faithfully Yours  
Maud Tullie

## Her King



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 devious 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.

## Dusk on the Columbia



HE smouldering fires of the sunset,  
Die in the western sky,  
The shadows of twilight are falling,  
Away from the evening's wings,

A robin his mate is calling,  
With the song of a thousand springs.

As your heart called—and is calling,  
Through all the changing years,  
To mine; whose only answer,  
Must be but silent tears.

Here on the breast of the river,  
That flows to a wider sea,  
Hushed in a dream of longing,  
The dusk has folded me.

## If It Is to Be

---



If it is to be—O, Love! beside the chang-  
ing sea

We yet may meet; and hand in hand  
Wander across the matchless strand,  
And find again in answering eyes  
The light of our lost paradise.

If it is to be—then each the other's face may  
see;

The silence of the sorrowing years  
May break at last in happier tears,  
And tired heart folded close to heart  
So tempest-tossed no more shall part.



## To Him

---



All laughter has been madness, since  
I laughed with you,  
And love a mockery, and life an irony,  
In all the past, your heart alone rang  
true,

Of all the things that did environ me.

I know at last, you taught me all the truth  
Life has afforded, in those earlier years,  
I only feel your presence blessed my youth,  
And memory hallows all these later tears.

And so, I am so glad that you have lived,  
Though in this world; no longer you abide,  
I cannot find it, in my heart to grieve,  
Or hopelessly lament that you have died.

## A Child of The King



YOU ask of my title, my signet and ring—  
My birthright is noble—I'm child of  
the King,  
Who came to His own, who knew Him  
not then,  
But wait for His coming, in glory, again.  
I love his creation—His flowers, and the song,  
Of the tiniest bird that sings the day long,  
The snow of the winter—the bloom of the  
spring,  
In sunshine and starbeam. I'm child of  
the King.  
The kiss of the summer is sweet, and the wind,  
Is soft and perfumed, where the Jasmine  
is twined.  
And the bright hues of autumn, they gladden  
and bring,  
New treasures of gold to the child of the King.  
A world that is beautiful, wondrous, sublime,  
Through His power He has made indisputably mine.  
Exulting in sight, sound and touch, while I sing,  
I reign o'er my heritage—child of the  
King.

## Johanna

### The Suicide



IFE was a burden, and love was cold,  
So she lies with her hair like a coil of  
gold.

Over her breast, and down to her knee,  
And people are saying she died for me.

Why? I wooed her when dreams of truth,  
Dwelt in the heart of our radiant youth,  
And time has broken faith's golden bowl,  
As it rent the garment of this fair soul.

Time—and the complex and changing years,  
Where laughter is silenced and drowned in  
tears.

In a world of madness—a world of lies,  
Where we follow a mirage of Paradise.

Time—who robs us of everything sweet,  
While cowards and slaves we cringe at his  
feet,

She has defied him, and fled from his care,  
And I would follow, but do not dare.

I knew her better than all beside,  
And I know the reason that she has died,  
Whatever is said, or however it seems,  
I know she would not out-live her dreams.

Fearless she passed, beyond the reach,  
Of all heart-hunger, and passioned speech,  
Life was a burden she could not bear,  
So she lies in a shroud of her golden hair.



My Dear Mrs. Reed

You will pardon me that I wanted to reach home before writing an acknowledgment of your little volume. After I saw you in San Francisco my time was so occupied, and until I reached home, that not-

only did the poem  
for which you gave it to  
me. remain unread  
but the acknowledgment  
unmade.

Pray now accept my  
thanks for your beautiful  
lines, and my deepest  
gratitude for the senti-  
ment of esteem expressed  
by them for the nobility  
and worth of General Garfield's  
character. Yours -

Lucretia R. Garfield

West-Union Ohio

May 31<sup>st</sup> 1899.

# Death of President Garfield

## A Monody

Read by the Author at the Memorial Services at Ukiah,  
California, Monday, September 26, 1881



TOLL all the bells! a great soul's passed  
away

From clouds and shadows to the per-  
fect day;

The wasted garment that is left behind  
Must be to ashes and to dust consigned.  
The tears of suffering death has wiped away,  
But who shall dry the eyes of those who stay—  
The aged mother and the faithful wife?  
The children wailing for that ended life?  
The nation calling for the leader slain,  
Who long weeks languished on his bed of  
pain?

Toll all the bells, beat low the muffled drum;  
In long procession mourning millions come  
To honor him who, in a land of laws,  
By lawless hand has died, without a cause.  
Beside the ocean, that, with measured surge,  
Chanted his first and grandest funeral dirge—  
Sublimest minstrel at the feet of God;  
It still sang on, while fell the mystic rod  
And moaned a requiem for the parting soul  
Soaring beyond this little world's control.  
No human voice may sing of him so well,  
Nor all the grandeur of his history tell;  
But to his memory, out of many lands,  
Will struggling genius lift aspiring hands.  
To him who fortune's darkest frowns with-  
stood

And kept his every aim still great and good—



Who reached the summit of the hill of fame,  
With life unblemished and unsullied name.  
A grand rebuke to every weaker heart  
That tempted, turneth from the better part;  
Reproaching those who, like the one of old,  
Their birthright for a "mess of pottage" sold.  
His mind, untrammelled, was as broad as earth;  
His heart was centered at his family hearth—  
He made his home a type of all things seem  
Of which the honest Christian soul can dream,  
Fit emblem of that home in fairer lands  
Where mansions wait, not built by human  
hands.

The annals of the past one truth repeat,  
Of those whose lives with greatness were  
replete—

This fact more eloquent than all beside,  
What'er their history, they all have died.  
Sceptre or crown, the pride of place or power  
To frail mortality loaned but for an hour,  
When death had pointed to the solemn bier,  
They learned the mockery of all things here.  
Sowing that others might the harvest reap,  
Along the wayside they have gone to sleep—  
Tired of the treasures that the years may rust,  
Tired of the things that are but sordid dust,  
Tired of the gold that thieves break through  
and steal,

Tired of the wrongs successive years reveal—  
The graves of such, like landmarks, strew the  
sod,  
Pointing submission to the will of God.

But though the souls of men like him we  
mourn,

On waves of mystery are beyond us borne,  
A grateful world their names perpetuate,  
And well may strive their deeds to emulate.  
For though they drift beyond the tides of pain  
We feel indeed they have not lived in vain.  
A proud inheritance has this one left  
To all his loved ones, and the land bereft,  
His pure example may the world defy,  
His glorious principles can never die;  
Nor that so blessed and so heaven-sent,  
On which its authors based our government,  
Where earnest manhood by its simple worth,  
Depends not on the accident of birth—  
By honest labor without gold to buy,  
May earn and reach its stations proud and  
high.

Oh! let the flags droop low—toll all the bells;  
We lay him down amid our last farewells,  
Under the earth, with loving tributes dressed,  
Do we resign him to his lasting rest;  
And to Columbia, still safe and free,  
We trust the honor of his memory;  
As turns his sacred clay to kindred sod,  
His martyred spirit finds repose with God.



## Empty Rooms



OUR best beloved have journeyed on,  
Through winter's snow, and summer blooms,  
And left us only empty rooms.

Familiar nooks, and silent stairs,  
With memories like faint perfumes,  
Are haunted yet; in empty rooms.

A pillow where some head has lain,  
In recent hours of evening's gloom,  
Lies dented by the dear impress, within the  
room.

A book once held in fragile hands,  
Has fallen at the touch of doom,  
Prone, in the silent, empty room.

A dainty gown across the couch.  
A graceful outline still assumes,  
But empty—as the empty rooms.

Time, cruel and relentless steals,  
Remorselessly life's dearest boons,  
And leaves us only empty rooms



## In Dreams



LEAN my head upon your breast—  
The passion and the pain are o'er,  
Within your arms at last I rest,  
Regretting nothing gone before.

I am at peace with life, it seems,  
You love me—but alas! in dreams.

The Rights Col. Col. Aug 7/92

Mr. A. M. B. C.

Respectfully Col. Below is a letter  
from! Being below of a dear dumb letter.  
Some papers I have been, positively,  
blind for years and years. I was blind  
at first; then the fog of Lulu and some  
work, huger more than one, then  
kept it back, and so for all these  
years I have read, nothing: never  
think of doing to look at a paper: do  
not read my own stuff: have not a  
single book but the One. Yet I have  
left it all to myself. It is not possible  
to be blind: never one is a Homer. So  
you see I have not heard of you or  
of your work. I by your pardon with  
all humility: one I thank you for this pretty  
book: which I love read, this morning, Sunday.  
There is a letter in the lines to the Ministry,  
the lines are one you have a book. The thing  
of course is fine, new, strong and true. I wish  
my home were near yours. I need only  
like yours.

Mrs Darling, my nearest neighbor, tells me she met you in San Luis, and that you climbed her; and all about you and me.

For if you come to see her when you come you to San Luis and rest on the Hytes and meet my good dear mother and pleas, pleas, make the high nice "Hytes" your home. We've all been from San Luis. Mrs Darling, indeed is my foreman and to her site me for yours. He will be glad to dine for my friend in Stalin. ~~We've all been from San Luis.~~

— Bryan  
I think I can see for a no; shall keep this story and beat fine for all in my roll and send my Hytes from my money a time. — Madison  
any one about my bliss. I have been propose to death I'll I might be con determin. James with pie; with I desire for I can make the Hytes; and me it too; or other comes. Walter love & for all James. John Smith

## To the University of California



OST mecca of my youth,  
Between thy shrine and my sad  
heart,  
The years with pallid faces stand  
And hold us far apart.

I reached aspiring hands  
Hung'ring toward thy "mount of light;"  
God filled them, measuring not my plans—  
He doeth all things right.

His tasks appointed well,  
To idle heart-break not allied,  
Gave nature as my "Alma Mater"  
And duty for my guide.

But echoes of thy fame  
Waft by on wings of memory,  
And day by day my constant thoughts  
Like pilgrims go to thee.

## To Joaquin Miller



PON The Heights he sings today—  
The first light of a dawn which brings  
The morning of Eternity,  
Has turned his golden locks to gray.

As noontides glow, and evenings pale,  
He dreams; and watches while he sings,  
The ships white sail; the gull's white wings.  
He strikes his hand across the strings—  
The song of birds, the sound of rills  
Wakes from his lyre, and sweetly thrills  
Each listening heart with strange desire,  
To turn from sordid things away,  
Where far from traffic, toil and strife,  
He dares to live a poet's life.

## One Easter Day



NE Easter Day my sweetheart took my  
hand  
And led me back to youth's bewitching  
land;

He said: "Forget the sorrows you have known,  
Forget that grief has left you sad and lone;  
Turn from the shadows of the silent tomb,  
Come back with me, among the flowers that  
bloom,

Hope's star has risen—let your heart respond  
To every impulse that is pure and fond;  
Be glad that midway on lifes's journey met,  
My love can make you all your cares forget,  
This Easter Day."

I turned and looked into his eyes of blue,  
I saw a soul so steadfast and so true,  
A nature loving, and so sweet and rare,  
That none with him in this world can com-  
pare;

I learned that I may all my woes forget  
That life for me, indeed, holds gladness yet.  
Sweetheart—sweetheart! Then keep my  
heart and hand,

I walk with you through time's most wond'-  
rous land,

The sunshine of your smile makes glad my  
heart,

The storms are over, and all fears depart,  
Dear eyes—sweet lips—come close, and  
closer yet,

All else forgotton—yes, I do forget  
This Easter Day.

## In October



WALK with bland October—  
The forest she attires,  
With golden leaf, and scarlet leaf,  
And russets she admires.

Far down the dusky canyon,  
Where all should be so sere,  
I catch the gleam of forest fires—  
The incense of the year,  
Burning before the altar,  
Where stands the chalice wine  
Of all the days—the perfect days,  
Of your dear life—and mine.

I walk with bland October—  
The forest she adorns,  
With a thousand shades of evening,  
And the light of golden morns,  
The quail calls from the thicket,  
And the wild canaries sing,  
Their plaintive song—the dearest song,  
The song of vanished spring.  
The year is almost gone, dear heart,  
But I bless these later days  
While I walk with bland October,  
Through all her wondrous ways.



## At the Threshold of June



N a riot of fragrance and blossoms,  
At the wonderful threshold of June,  
I am here; with the blooms all about me,  
And the wind, just a wave of perfume.

A robin calls, down in the hollow,  
Where the shade is so grateful and deep,  
And the swale grass bends over the water,  
That seems, in the silence, asleep.

Far up in a stately madrone,  
Where branch and bough, summerlong swings,  
So glad, with exultant existence,  
By its nest, an oriole sings.

The bee hovers over the mallow,  
And hums as he gathers his tithe  
In the heart of the flowers, sure of treasure,  
That he garners away in his hive.

The things that fail not are around me,  
The long years have brought them no loss,  
And the days, like a chain linked between us,  
Time and distance, is reaching across.

And I count them, to measure their fullness,  
With sudden tears dimming my sight;  
For they bring me to these, that are empty,  
In spite of things fragrant and bright.

And the song of the bird is a burden,  
And the flowers sweet with perfume and dew,  
Break my heart, with their sense of perfection,  
Because I want you—only you.

All else seems to have its fulfillment,  
And to be but to bless and adorn,  
But without you, the world is a desert,  
And my life, incomplete and forlorn.

3 East 66th Street.

May 24<sup>th</sup> - '92

My dear Miss Morrison

I have just been  
reading again, your  
"Later Poems" and write  
to acknowledge and  
thank you for the  
pleasure I have  
enjoyed in their  
perusal and thank  
you Miss Morrison  
for the beautiful  
tribute you have  
paid to my husband

in "The Monody to  
Genl Grant"  
again I thank you  
very sincerely yours  
Julia D. Grant

## Memorial Poem Upon the Death of General U. S. Grant

Read by the Author at the Services at Ukiah, Mendocino County,  
California, August 8, 1885



HO has not stood within the chilling  
gloom,  
Where some bright pathway ended at  
the tomb,

And from its portal could no longer trace  
A future-blank, for want of one loved face?  
Then dazed and broken, blindly faltering back,  
Resumed the round of life's repellent track?  
What family circle has not broken been  
By this decree, provoked by man's first sin?  
This awful mystery; whose fingers cold  
Can touch impartially the young or old,  
Point out the fairest for the fatal dart,  
And still the beating of the noblest heart.  
No pride of station and no boast of power  
Prolongs a life for even one short hour.  
The cottager, or claimant of a throne,  
On God's great mercy both depend alone;  
No other power, at last, endures to save.  
And all distinctions level in the grave.  
Toil's implement—the monarch's royal crown,  
At that dark threshold are alike laid down.  
We come as beggars from the Master's hand,  
And at life's close, we still as suppliant's  
stand—  
Oh! may His mercy, like a mantle fall  
At that dread hour, in charity, on all.  
What, though our burdens be of pain and  
care,  
So great they seem, more than the heart can  
bear;

Be patient still, we all will lay them soon  
Down by the portals of the quiet tomb;  
And in the silence of that awful shade,  
How many a fault to nothingness will fade.  
The hoarded treasures of the countless years  
Have been resigned before that shrine of tears.  
For there, each heart has said a last "good-by,"  
And broken there is every earthly tie—  
And when we hold the wreaths that triumph  
gave,

We all turn back to lay them on some grave.

What meed of praise—what tribute shall we  
pay

To him the nation meets to mourn today?  
Who danger's gauntlet oft in safety ran;  
Who lived a hero, but to die a man.  
He was but human—but his faults were few;  
His life was honest, and his purpose true.  
Blame not that noble one, that fortune led  
His feet where war had made the pathway  
red—

His country called; he did her grief assuage,  
And saved America her heritage.

Where wrong has been, alone, God knoweth  
best,

And there alone His punishment will rest.  
But no just thought confuses now with him  
That awful scourging of a people's sin.  
Over his coffin sorrowing today,  
Bow'd are the vet'rans of the blue and gray,  
Over his grave, unworthy strife will cease,  
And North and South clasp hands in lasting  
peace.

The flag, whose honor he has saved, hangs  
low;

And all the land is draped in signs of woe;

And many a cheek with honest tears is wet,  
Now, that at last his star of life is set.

But though the flowers we bring be doomed  
to fade,

And loving hands that weave them shall be  
laid

To moulder back into the common clay,

Forgotten—like the tributes of this day—

He leaves one thing, that will not be forgot,

To live immortal in the people's thought.

When liberty, enlightening the world,

All false usurpers from their thrones has  
hurled;

When creeds no more perplex fanatic fools,

Who live by rote, and worship God by rules;

When parties die—and prejudice is dead—

And ignorance, and in their narrow stead,

A people live, by truth and reason led—

A Christian people o'er the whole earth spread,

Then will the greatness of this man be known;

Though back to dust the monumental stone

Has crumbled, his memory will shine

Throughout the ages of all coming time.

So fear not now, within the Nation's sight,

This glorious epitaph of him to write:

He leaves, emblazoned on the scroll of fame,

The matchless splendor of a deathless name.



## My Shrine



ROSE, and the red wine there beside  
And the waxen taper burning slow,  
With the olden flame of long ago,  
Before the Face of the Crucified.

The fume of incense within the room,  
An echo of music pulsing through,  
While thronging memories of you,  
People the purple twilight's gloom.

Why bend the knee? When here apart,  
The soul is bowed; and bending low,  
Over the dreams of long ago,  
Broods a broken and contrite heart.

Here in the waxen taper's shine,  
I guard my shrine through the waning years,  
Where the offerings are silent tears—  
The Face, and the rose and the chalice wine.

## "My Life Is Devoted to Memories of You"



SAILED beneath a burning sun,  
By coral reefs and isles of balm,  
Where orange groves and silvery palm  
By faint spice winds were gently fanned,

Until I reached a tropic land.  
And with three thousand miles between  
The shores, whereon two oceans fret,  
I bravely said, "I will forget,"  
And there beneath the Southern Cross  
I crept out in the breathless night;  
My heart was breaking, and the stars  
Shone dimly on my fevered sight—  
Ah! vain is change of time or place;  
In heaven itself I see—thy face!

## To My Children



FLOWERS! that on the stream of life,  
So recklessly I cast;  
To drift upon the tide of time,  
Beneath skies overcast.

Helpless I stand upon the shore,  
The current will not stay,  
Beyond my reach—beyond my sight,  
I watch you drift away.  
The arms that held you once, with joy,  
Are empty now, and all  
The treasures that the years have left,  
Are touched by rust and gall,  
The yew tree stands where roses bloomed,  
In ways we journeyed through,  
I drank your laughter then, like wine—  
Your tears are myrrh and rue.  
Your tiny bodies were so dear,  
Held close against my heart,  
But time has racked them with its pain,  
And we are far apart,  
It seemed the sunshine on your hair,  
Could never fade away—  
The cruel years have dimmed the light,  
And touched the curls with gray.  
Your little hands so soft and sweet,  
Touched all the chords of life,  
Till wakened was the wondrous song,  
That silenced every strife,  
But now those hands are worn by toil,  
Along life's busy ways—  
I cannot kiss the hurts away,  
As in those happier days.  
But at your feet, in thought, I kneel,  
In silent, abject woe—



The deepest sorrow life can give,  
And only mothers know—  
Remembering that because of me,  
You suffer—and you live,  
O'er time and space that separate,  
I ask you to forgive.

## The Lyre of Greece

Written After a Visit to the Greek Pavilion at the  
Panama-Pacific Exposition



WENT to Greece and saw its broken  
shrines,  
Where all its splendor lies prone in the  
dust,

Mute witness to the wrongs of other years,  
In cruel tracery of blood and tears,  
Recorded by the hands of Greed and Lust.  
And every broken image seemed to bleed,  
From wounds that reach into the heart of things,  
Where ages have not cured,  
Pain and silence long endured,  
Where lies the Lyre of Greece with broken  
strings.

For in this Classic Clime, the loveliest and best,  
Were broken on the wheel of baser things,  
At deep and tragic cost,  
Its Sapphic Verse was lost,  
Where lies the Lyre of Greece with broken  
strings.

But may the dream of one\* who loved her well,  
And died; where even desolation sings—  
Inspire the hands that build,  
The fanes restored—and filled,  
With the music from that Lyre of broken  
strings.

\* Byron

## Good Friday



THIS day the Savior died—suffered the  
Crucified,  
Yet could His failing eyes see the re-  
pentant's tear,

Saying: "In Paradise thou shalt with Me  
appear."

"Father, forgive!" He prayed; such blessed  
words He said;

"They know not what they do." This in the  
face of death,

This for His enemies, asked with His latest  
breath.

Yet do His children now, turn from His face  
and bow,

Not to this lowly one; down to strange gods  
beside,

And in their lust and pride, still is He cruci-  
fied.

How long will they profane His pure and  
sacred name?

Placing His holy sign, His emblems so divine,  
In midst of mockery, on each unhallowed  
shrine?

"I thirst!"—to each poor heart, struck by some  
poisoned dart,

Treading the narrow way—ready to faint and  
fall,

To the parched lips that cry, earth gives her  
bitter gall.

Oh, let us kneel today; kneel in the dust and  
pray,

Close to His bleeding feet; seeking our soul's  
relief

In deep repentant grief—e'en like the dying  
thief:

*Jesus, the "Prince of Peace," when shall the  
striving cease?*

*Dark roll the waves of death; can we the cur-  
rent stem?*

*Seeing at last Thy face—touching Thy gar-  
ment's hem?*

*Forgive each idle word, Thy outraged ears  
have heard,*

*Each sinful act forgive; into Thy hands re-  
ceive*

*At death our sorrowing souls, that they may  
live.*

This day the Savior died—suffered the Cruci-  
fied;

Yet He, the suppliant, heard, and He could  
pitying see;

Saying: "In Paradise, today, thou shalt be  
with Me."

### Alone



WATCH a schooner steam out to the  
west—

Far out, to the sunset lands

But you are away, and my heart's unrest,

Shadows the sea and sands.

The golden glory fades from the sky,

And the waves are a sullen gray,

And I miss you so, and the future gives,

No pledge of a brighter day.

I love the changing, yet steadfast sea,

Soundless, or tossed to foam,

In moods so like the faithful heart,

That, for your sake, is alone.

“Afterwards”



PALE, sweet face! Believe me—I  
know—I understand—

Even though ocean-parted, and parted  
by the land,

Longing and broken-hearted for touch of lip  
or hand.

O, voice! to me the sweetest that I have ever  
heard

And dearer than the music of wind or sing-  
ing bird,

You need not break the silence, e'en by a  
written word.

You have blest me, and forever, by look and  
touch and tone,

And time can rob me never, nor make you  
less my own,

Although without your presence, I am bereft—  
alone.

I trust you; ocean-parted, and parted by the  
land,

Wild for the old caresses, of cheek, or lip, or  
hand—

I love you—O, I love you! I know and under-  
stand.

## At The Cliff



BETWEEN the sand dunes and the sea,  
Clasped in his arms my love kissed me,  
Back of us far the city lay,  
Before us dashed the salt sea spray.

Dim was the moon with the trailing mist,  
Creeping inland silver-kissed,  
What did the wild night mean for me,  
Between the sand dunes and the sea!

Only this—my love, my own—  
Sad and deep as the ocean's tone,  
Dashed like the waves in the breaker's strife  
Tossed and wasted, and worn my life.

At the base of a cliff as merciless,  
As this one touched by the foam's caress,  
Where waves of feeling on life's long strand,  
Have died unheeded, on barren sand.

Blame me not, that I drifted back,  
Forgetting all that my life must lack,  
A brief sweet while, on the tide of time,  
Touching, and blending your life and mine.

Heart of my heart—I love you so,  
How shall I tell you? How can you know?  
All that evening has meant to me,  
Between the sand dunes and the sea.

## Summerland



SEE the fields of Summerland,  
Flower-spangled through the fragrant  
green,

I long to reach the fair expanse,  
But something lies between—  
Between my heart and Summerland,  
Lost youth, and all my dreams of truth,

Between my heart and Summerland.  
 I see the fields of Summerland,  
 I hear the lark's clear song of love,  
 Where on the waves of perfume comes,  
 The soft call of the dove—  
 But something lies between,  
 A grief untold, the grave's dark mould,  
 Between my heart and Summerland.

I see the fields of Summerland,  
 And you are there—O, you are there,  
 Of all so beautiful, the best;  
 You beckon, but I do not dare,  
 To cross the things that lie between,  
 A cruel fate, has closed the gate  
 Between my heart and Summerland.

### Eilene



WONDERFUL soul and a heart of  
 flame,  
 Dwelt for a time in an earthly frame;  
 I saw the soul in the shining eyes,  
 And knew that it longed for Paradise.

Graceful and slender beyond compare  
 Was the winsome garment it used to wear;  
 Too frail for the conflict of worldly strife,  
 And the barren years of our common life.

For the problem of living is tangled yet,  
 The pathways hedged, and the haunts beset,  
 By cruel things, that when defied,  
 Swell the ranks of the crucified.

So the wonderful soul with consuming pain  
 Rent the garment and heart of flame,  
 But somewhere in Heaven I know is seen,  
 The spirit that here was called Eilene.

## A Letter



WAY from you, dearheart, I do not live,  
Time only drags upon a broken  
wing,

The dove that cleft, so soon, my cloud-  
ed sky,  
Brings back to me, no peaceful offering.

Along the way, the lark sang through the  
morn,  
And grape, and wild rose blooms were  
sweet with dew,  
Of all the world, I seemed the most forlorn,  
Because I wanted you--just only you.

I am as tired tonight, as any child,  
And long to nestle near a faithful heart,  
Within the clasp of arms that evermore,  
Henceforth, should hold me from the  
world apart.

There is no peace, in life, for me again,  
A restless round must fill declining days,  
Because you loved me, and I loved you so,  
While time, relentless, brought the part-  
ing ways.

Away from you, dearheart, I do not live,  
Though all the world is radiant with the  
spring,  
The dove that cleft, for aye, my troubled sky  
Left but the phantom of her peaceful  
wing.

## Ante Mortem



WHEN this strange garment that my soul  
has worn  
Has burned away beneath the fitful  
flashes,

Of that wild fever that no cure has known,  
Until the heart consumes to coldest ashes,  
"Life's fitful fever," burning with such loss  
Of thought and feeling—earth's diviner  
treasure,

So many precious things among the dross,  
Their value would a life-time take to  
measure.

When "dust to dust" a strange voice softly  
says,

And sadly drop the valley clods above me,  
While telling o'er the events of my days,  
Amid the tears of those who think they  
love me;

If they could know the seeming endless pain,  
That I had passed beyond—and died,  
They would not, surely, wish me back again,  
Where all that's Christ-like still is cruci-  
fied.

That priceless debt the world cannot repay—  
A child's lost faith in all its vain assur-  
ance,

The hope that turns toward a brighter day,  
Through months of toil, and patience,  
and endurance,

This is the sum, too oft, through changing  
years,

Of sacrifice no words may fitly tell;  
And so, despite the most regretful tears,  
We sleep, "after life's fitful fever," well.



I have so suffered—thus a glad relief  
    Seems possible; and now, as time is  
    fleeting,  
I look where Death stands, just beyond my  
    grief,  
    And know that there no pulse of pain is  
    beating;  
Where sin, ingratitude, and pride and lust,  
    That have so marred the frail thing I am  
    wearing,  
Lying beside that poor handful of dust,  
    Are left at last, while I go on uncaring.

## Death of President McKinley

“It Is God’s Way”



THE roll of drums, the tolling of the bells,  
The frailty of life sublimely tells  
How vain—how transient and how  
brief is power;

It all is vanquished in death’s solemn hour.  
“I cannot let him go.” Love, shrinking cried;  
“God’s will, not ours be done,” he said, and  
died.

O, brave, true heart! Such faith can time defy,  
All else may change, but truth can never die.

Wise is that Providence he trusted in,  
Wiser and mightier than wrong and sin.  
Living, the country that he served, he blest;  
Dying, he left it, as his last bequest,  
The proud example of man’s noblest aim,  
A Christian patriot in life and name.

## Surrender



NE who had fled along the way of life,  
Holding the blossoms of a radiant youth,  
Lost one by one, the flowers of hope  
and truth,

Reaching at last the borders of despair.

Deep in her heart a single crimson rose,  
Hidden and cherished through the lengthen-  
ing days,

Still had she kept; through all earth's devious  
ways,

Fragrant—dew-pearled, and still divinely fair.

Some of its red was folded in her lips,  
Some of its dew was mingled with her tears,  
And all its perfume lingered through the  
years,

In the bright meshes of her shining hair.

Until rose-fragrant was her daily life,  
Filled with all things, that love, and even death  
Make so immortal; and like the rose's breath,  
She was herself, still sweet beyond compare.

And to a land of silence and of dreams,  
She went forth, finding one she longed to find,  
Tender and true, and best of all his kind,  
And her last treasure laid within his hands.

"Crushed it may be, and even cast aside,  
In life's turmoil, for merciless the noon,  
Of work and strife, but 'neath this magic  
moon,

I yield the talisman of love and life."

"Fear not," he said, "though long we've stray-  
ed apart,

No knight of old more leal than I shall be,  
This priceless favor that you bring to me,  
Crushed it shall be; but crushed against my  
heart."

## Meanwhile



BOVE the sounds of strife and care  
Confused and jangled everywhere,  
I hear in tenderest refrain  
The promise that you'd come again.

The soft winds blow across the world,  
And sails are filled, and sails are furled;  
A thousand suns arise and set,  
Meanwhile—in May—I'm waiting yet.



## Queen Victoria from a Woman's Standpoint

Given by the Author at the Memorial Services Held by the English Residents of Oroville, Butte County, California, February 2, 1901

**I**N contemplating the life and character of Queen Victoria from a woman's standpoint we are not so much impressed by the grandeur of her career as a sovereign and her reign as the ruler of a great nation--equal at all times to every diplomatic and executive emergency—as we are by the tender graces of her exalted womanhood and the example of her brilliant mission as queenly wife and mother; and the ideal and harmonious blending by her of public and private duties, that the world has deemed impossible, because less noble and more coldly ambitious women have made them seem antagonistic, when they were called to places of great power. As queen, wife and mother, she has lived a blameless life. With cool head and warm heart, she was equal to all the occasions of human existence. A womanly woman, she followed the dictates of her better impulse, and sought early the protection and counsel of a good and manly man, her equal intellectually, morally and spiritually, and to his companionship she owed much of the perfection of her nature and character.

¶She realized, as all wise, good women realize that there is no higher destiny for any woman than to be queen of the heart and home, and mother of the children of the man she respects and loves, and who loves her in truth and honor. The highest compliment that life afforded her was that she was universally beloved by women, being too noble for their envy, and sweet and simple enough for their emulation.

¶The splendor of her royal crown was dim to

her beside the halo of the little golden heads that nestled on her breast; the plaudits of the crowd less precious than her husband's adoring praise.

¶By her life and character, royal womanhood has been so exalted, that all coming queens for very shame will not dare to fall below the standard she has set. And so the whole wide world is better that she has lived. To time's oblivion, her memory will not pass. That heart which held her own so dear, beat warm for all humanity, with a broad sympathy greater than all pride of place or power—greater than even genius—and because of suffering and war it has broken, and is suddenly silent, in the tomb to which we tenderly and tearfully consign her.

### They, Too, Are But Human.

#### A Monotone

**B**EYOND even the control of, "*Our Father who art in Heaven,*" are those who break, by selfish uses of stolen knowledge, the harmony of wisdom that should have been attained. At war with God and man, they cannot say: "*Hallowed be Thy name.*" The conflict between the human and the divine, goes on, and will, until the whole world learns to pray: "*Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in Heaven.*"

¶We know the world is round, and turning on to time's relentless ending. Above us space, and stars—and far below illimitable space, and other stars. An instant's loosening of the mighty hand—the thought and power that holds us in our course—call it attraction if you please—and falling

worlds would crash through endless space, in chaos indescribable.

¶ The most intelligent believe that all things tangible must pass away, and only the intangible endure. And yet we strive for the fleeting power that comes with material possessions, and pile up treasures for the moth and rust, where thieves break through and steal.

¶ If perfect faith and trust were ours, we would seek first His kingdom asking only: "*Give us this day our daily bread,*" and the rest would follow, and be given us. We need, indeed, to cry: "*and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them who trespass against us.*" "*And lead us not into temptation,*" for day by day, upon this changing, dying world, the sweat of toil, the tears of agony, the blood of breaking hearts, falls upon the gold that ruthless men accumulate, and history repeats again, and yet again, the story of man's inhumanity to man.

¶ And yet all are but human. Upon the brow that wears an earthly crown, will gather soon, the dews of death. The proud heart beating strong with pride and ambition must fail some day, and faint into silence. The pitiful dependence of the dying, and the humiliation of dissolution awaits us all, and after the inequalities of life, the level of the grave. And oh, the loss—the awful loss, of those who never waken here, but only in eternity.

¶ Let us remember then, with what pitying tenderness we can, those blind to truth, and that the selfish, and the cruel, and the wicked, are also human, and pray God to keep us all, nor to forget, "*but deliver us from evil. Amen!*"







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