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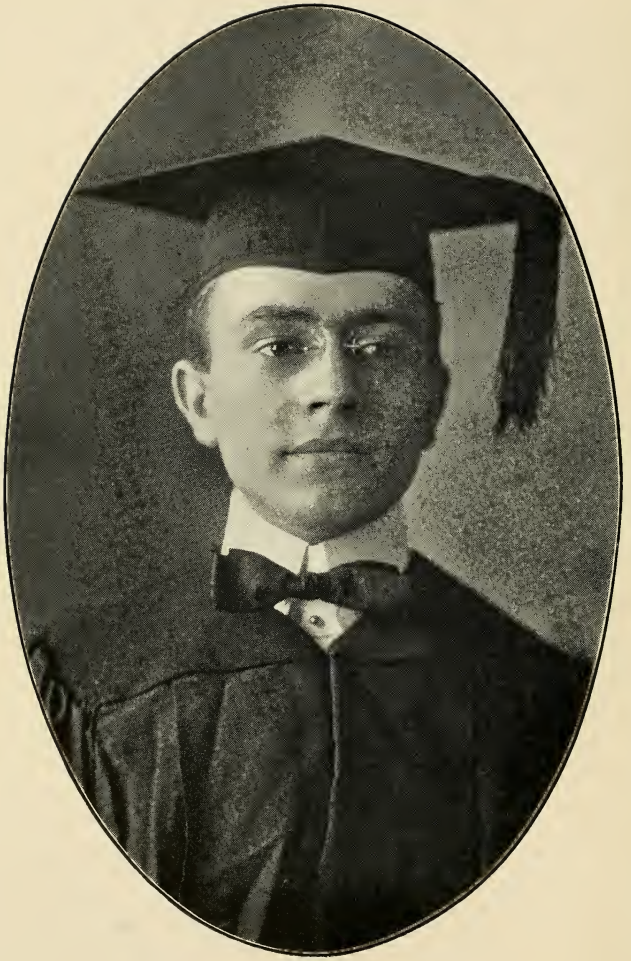






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CHARLES HOWARD WELCH

A BOOK
OF
POEMS

BY

CHARLES HOWARD WELCH, M.E., A.B.

MOUNT UNION, PA.

MARCH, 1909

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Author

(Person)

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THIS LITTLE VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY

Dedicated to

ESTHER EVANS FULLER

Introductory

IN placing this little book of poems before you, it marks a pleasure long anticipated. It means something to write a book, an expenditure of time, thought, patience and anxiety. It was not my object to do such, when I penned my first poem. It was written, like most that followed for the columns of the Mount Union Times, of which I am one of the editors. So, after an hundred or more of these rhymes were written, I collected them, primarily for the purpose of preservation, and further that my friends might be able to possess a copy of this poetical combination. Therefore, the book goes out before the public as the culmination of considerable effort, carrying with it also, the regards and best wishes of the one who wrote it.

While the lines herein do not rank with the Masters of poetry—far from it—nevertheless, they must be read, with the reader bearing in mind the intention for which they were written. The great Masters lived and wrought out wonders in verse, proclaiming to the world that poetry in its truest sense, is the music of the soul, revealing the loveliness of Nature, the freshness of youth, revivifying the relish of simple pleasures, keeping alive the enthusiasm of spring-time in our beings, and ultimately through the brightness of its prophetic visions lifting the soul upward to the realms of eternal glory.

I beg leave then, to infringe upon the name as well as the art, to the extent that I call this a book of poems. Perhaps it would be better to say a book of rhymes. But by slight repetition, and to be more explicit, I beg to say that these productions are, most of them, the result of straggling thoughts, put together, oftentimes hurriedly, for the busy readers of a newspaper. However, I wish to state that some of the verses printed in this little volume, have evoked more thought and deliberation than others, having

been written for special occasions or important events.

These poems as published in the Mount Union Times, have been entertaining rather than edifying. They were prepared for special occasions of local importance perhaps, or to comment upon matters of general interest. While in college, the author enjoyed the distinction of class poet, and there, was kindled the poetic fire more than ever before. Poems of school and college were written at that time, and they have thus been arranged in this book under a separate heading.

The political poetry is strictly partisan, carrying out the political propensities of the editors of the Mount Union Times. They were written during the seasons of heated campaigns, and were particularly adapted to the times when they were first published. The reader differing in political faith, must therefore be considerate, and feel that instead of animosity, there exists in the heart of the writer a broad charity for all, regardless of political or socialistic affiliations

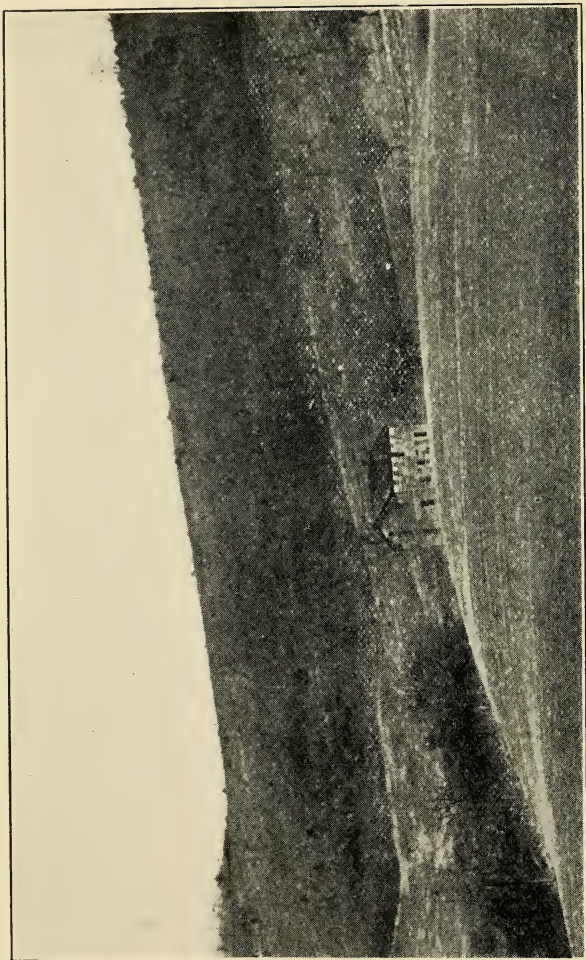
The illustrations in this book are taken from local scenes as a rule, illustrating the poems to which they are applied, together with showing some of the scenic grandeur which adorns Mount Union and vicinity.

Accept this little volume then, dear reader, with the very best regards. Compare it not with what the artist's pen has wrought, for if you do, it will fall far short in excellence of thought and grandeur of expression. If it will be the means of making you better, of helping any man to live a nobler life or of pointing any soul out of the broad, into the "straight and narrow way," I feel that it will more than have fulfilled its purpose in the world.

CHARLES HOWARD WELCH.

MOUNT UNION, PA.,

December 4, 1908.



BIRTHPLACE OF THE AUTHOR

Biographical

CHARLES HOWARD WELCH was born in Germany Valley, Huntingdon county, Pennsylvania, November 9, 1880. He is the only child of Allen Stanley and Annie Kyper Welch. In the spring of 1882 the family moved from Germany Valley to Mount Union, where the father engaged in selling farming implements, wagons, buggies, etc. Five years later, Mr. A. S. Welch erected a store, thus adding hardware to the implement business. A few years later, lumber, coal, cement, wall plaster, sewer pipe and such, were added to the business, until today, it has grown to a considerable extent, covering a space of fifty by three hundred and twenty feet, reaching from Shirley to Market Street.

The Welch family has therefore resided in Mount Union since 1882. The son is today engaged with his father in the conducting of the business. In addition to the mercantile interests, they edit and publish the Mount Union Times, the town's leading newspaper, and one of the foremost periodicals in the county. The Mount Union Times was established in 1876. It was purchased by the Messrs. Welch in December, 1899, and since that time it has been enlarged to an 8-page weekly, while the list of subscribers has been tripled.

The author of this volume has always been interested in books, and has been somewhat literarily inclined. He has always been a close student. He completed the course given in the Mount Union Public Schools in May, 1898. In the autumn of that year, he entered Juniata College, and taking the Normal Course at that institution, he was graduated in June, 1901. In the fall of this same year, Mr. Welch re-entered Juniata, matriculating for the regular college course. At the end of two years, he was given the degree of Master in English, having prepared

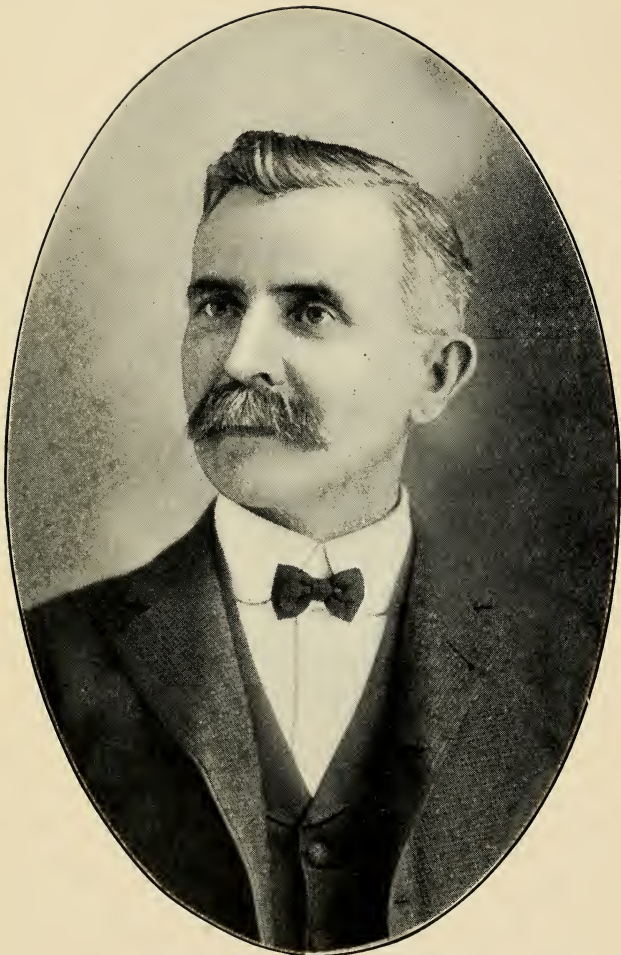
a thesis and showed progress in his studies. On June 25, 1905, Mr. Welch was graduated from that institution, receiving the degree of Bachelor in Arts.

After leaving college, it was the desire of the author to take graduate work at a university, but because of business interests, he went to the assistance of his father, and up to the present time he has given the mercantile as well as the newspaper business his attention. While in college Mr. Welch lectured considerably, having an excellent lecture on "Abraham Lincoln" also one on "The Advancing Generations."

Charles Howard Welch, like his father, has seen Mount Union grow from a village, to a thriving town of three thousand inhabitants. He has always showed concern for the progress of his home town. Their newspaper has always sustained the cause of right, and fought for the best interests of the people. Mr. A. S. Welch has taken an active part in the development of the town, and has been foremost in many municipal interests.

Charles Howard Welch is a member of the Presbyterian church, a participant in as well as an enjoyer of music, is interested in all public, and vital questions, and is active in every motive that tends for the good of the world.





MR. A. S. WELCH



MRS. A. S. WELCH

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Political Poems

THE CANDIDATE.*

A RUMBLING of feet
A clash at the door,
A new friend you meet,
You've seen him before;
He hands out his card,
He announces his mission,
With a voice that's unbarred,—
He's a mere politician.

He is never afraid,
With a smile and a shake,
He solicits your aid,
And your heart doth he take;
Oh, the candidate's yarn,
He's forever a bore;
He don't care a darn—
Just show him the door.

But you feel in your heart,
That there's something, not right,
If you give him a start,
'Twould be a horrible sight;
And you call him once more,
For in days long remote,
You were comrades in war—
So you give him your vote.

A rumbling of feet,
A clash at the door,
You go out on the street,
He's the same as of yore;
With a hand that is kind,
And a heart not of fate;
Just bear it in mind—
He's a mere candidate.

*NOTE.—The Candidate is the first poem I ever wrote.—THE AUTHOR.

CANDIDATING.

GOOD morning, let's shake,
('Course, I'll make the break,)
Good morning, nice day,
And you, by the way
Are busy; quite true;
One moment will do,
And when I am through—
Which depends upon you—
I will bid you adieu.

Well I'm from west end;
I came to defend
My candidacy,
Which I hope will be
A mighty success
And not a depress;
And so you will note,
It's not a cut-throat
That's after your vote!

I'll prove to be true,
In all that I do,
If me they elect
And the others reject;
I'll remember the friend
Who lives in this end;
And it is my plan
To do all I can
To help every man.

I thank you, my friend,
For the comfort you lend
To me in my fight
To uphold the right;
And all you may do
To help me get through,
In some little way
I'll try to repay;—
I bid you good day.

“RESULTED.”

WALL, we did 'em up agen,
Me an' Pete an' Bill an' Ben;
Seems as everything was right,
At th' polls th' other night;
When it come th' time ter go,
Peered as if I didn't know,
Whether we dared go away
When we're haulin' in our hay;—

But I fin'ly thought it best
Just t' go, and let 'er rest.
Purty shortly after five,
I allowed 'at Bill could drive;
An' excited he did tear
Down t' get the ol' bay mare;
Hitched an' buckled good 'n tight,
Everything just done up right.

Then we started: rip 'n tear,
Nuthin', seem'd could stop th' mare;
Gone t' do' em up were we,
Pete, an' Bill, an' Ben an' me.
Wall, we reached th' polls at last,
An' like Stalwarts, there we cast
Every vote 'n spite of fraud,
Just t' knock 'em out, be-dodd;

An' when I'd come away,
Sort 'er thought I ought 'er stay
An' see how th' thing comes out,
Through th' districts 'round about,—
See 'at all would get a slice,
An' no 'surgents voted twice.—
Fur awhile aroun' th' spot,
Things were gettin' little hot;

“ Resulted ”

Fin'ly Jake 'n Andy Green,
Who'd been blowin' up machine,
Harpin' somethin' clean an' pure,
Prohibition was their cure;—
Wall as I'd 'lowed t' say,
Them 'ere feller went away;
An' we had 'er ALL, you see,
Pete, an' Bill, an' Ben an' me.



IT'S OVER NOW.*

*NOTE.—This poem was written during the Roosevelt-Parker campaign in 1904.

ELECTION day is over,
The awful day is passed;
There's some who feel in clover,
While some are doomed at last;
The candidates are quiet,
A few, howe'er, are sore,
But contemplate to try it,
About three years or more.

The boat is getting ready,
To sail the briny sea;
If you didn't vote for Teddy,
That's where you've got to flee;
'Twill be an exhibition,
That you will ne'er forget,
'Twas under that condition,
That you had made the "bet."

Ah, yes! the day is over,
The awful deed is done;
That "Teddy" he's a rover,
Just see the vote he run!
We're sorry, yes we're sorry,
That Parker couldn't win;
But that's the way, "be-gory"
It must, it would have been.

They growl about the "bosses,"
And howl about the "trust,"
And blow about the losses,—
You know just how they fussed;—
But still the grand old Party
Is on the top once more
And laughs at every "smarty"
Who'd ope' the soup-house door.

It's Ourr Now.

It's four more years of hustle,
It's four more years of pull,
It means four more of tussle,
With factories running full;
It means four more of "Teddy"
When prosperous times increase,
And everybody's ready
For four more years of peace.



ON ELECTION DAY.*

*NOTE.—Written during the Stuart-Emery Gubernatorial campaign.—1906.

THERE'S a great big day a comin',
And it is November six;
When this fusionistic rabble,
Is a goin' to go to sticks;
Mind your "P's" and "Q's" ye voters,
As to how your votes ye cast;
For it's got to be for Stuart,
That we blow the final blast.

O ye sons of Pennsylvania.
Living in this prosperous age;
You remember Coxey's army,
On the Democratic stage;
If you'd guarantee protection,
And prolonged prosperity;
You had better cast your ballot
To support the G. O. P.

'Tis a gloomy reminiscence,
To revoke those panic days;
When the howl was up for Grover,
And for Democratic ways;
Well we got 'em—sure and certain,
And we got 'em to our fill;
For along with empty coffers,
We enjoyed an empty mill.

If you'd have your bunch of "green-
backs,"
And a place to lay your head;
If you wish domestic comfort,
If you want your children fed;
Don't mistake and vote for Em'ry,
He who helps the brewer brew;
Though his reputation's "OILY,"
Will he make a fool of you?

On Election Day.

Keep a good thing while you've got it;
Vote for Stuart and his crowd;
Then you vote it straight for Teddy,
With prosperity endowed;
We don't want again the soup house,
And that awful state of things—
Pennsylvania, Democratic,
Certainly, that's what it brings.

Young Americans and voters,
On whose head the future lies;
If you're proud to own the greatest
Country in the world—ARISE!
Vote Republican—and doing,
You shall mold the destiny,
Of the State's, the Nation's Emblem.
Now the proudest on the sea.

Vote to save the Grand Old Party;
Vote for Stuart,—if you please;
Save the Flag that Appomattox
Lifted upward to the breeze;
Vote it, all ye sons of labor,
Vote Republican, and straight;
Vote to save old Pennsylvania,
Vote to save the "Ship of State."

"NOVEMBER SIX."*

*NOTE.—This poem was also written during the Stuart-Emery Gubernatorial campaign in Pennsylvania in 1906.

ELECTION day, election day,
It's not so very far away;
Republicans, the time is short,
But certain, we must hold the fort;
The Emeryites howl out "reform,"
And want to take the State by storm;
But they will learn a thing or two,
Whene'er they find what we can do.

Remember then the G. O. P.
And present day prosperity;
Reflect a moment, ninety-four
When work was scarce and men were sore
Reflect, be honest, true and wise,
Your rightful judgment exercise,
And if a starving-time you'd shun,
Then vote for Stuart—he's the one.

O Voter, now's the time to think,
Not after you have crossed the brink;
'Tis now, not after while—too late
To save the mighty Keystone State;
Stand firm, and vote REPUBLICAN,
In spite of all this "hot-air" clan;
Don't let them ever hoodwink you.
To vote the Fusion ticket too.

At Harrisburg, a mighty pile,
Erected in a gorgeous style,
The CAPITOL—all hail, all hail,
About which, many weep and wail;
Despite their foam, and fuss, and plans,
The building in its grandeur stands,
Regardless of the much debate,
A grand memorial to the State.

"November Six."

Yes, politics are waxing hot,
And they are shooting lots of rot,
In vain attempt to make a hit,—
But what if they should find it—NIT?
With Berry bricks, and Emery brew,
They've 'bout as much as they can do.
So vote for Stuart, vote 'er straight,
If you desire to save the State.

Election day, election day,
It isn't long—it's on the way;
It's coming, we anticipate,
'Tis opportune to save the state;
REPUBLICAN—and not defeat—
Abundance for to wear and eat;
Then Voters, show this fusion mix
That vict'ry's ours, November six.



BRYAN AND TAFT.*

*NOTE.—This poem was written during the campaign of 1908.

LIKE a storm from the West he came,
Trying to gain an illustrious name,
In and out of his palace car,
Greeting people from near and far,—
Bryan, Bryan,—that's who he is,
Blowing off like a soda "Fizz,"
But would the People be hoodwinked still,
To vote again for Nebraska "Bill"?

NOT much!—This glorious U. S. A.,
Despite the howl of the present day,
Believes in something more secure,
Republican principles, sound and pure;
We don't want more of that gas and mix
That fooled the people in ninety-six;
But give us the "real" stuff, fore and aft,
And flaunt the colors for "Billy Taft."

Taft is there with the goods all right,
And in November, he'll win the fight;
He's not so much for gas and bluff,
He's more concerned about the "stuff"—
And that's what all the people want,
The "stuff"—'tis short and brief and blunt;
They're not inclined, or rather bent,
On trying a new experiment.

Let Bryan fuss and fizz and foam,
But he might as well skedaddle home;
For what care we in these eastern states,
For all his Democratic "Baits"?
Our eyes are opened, our minds are made;
Our standard up, our flag displayed;
And the greatest slash 'twas ever heard,
Will come to Bryan November third.



Patriotic Poems

“OLD GLORY.”

(Appropriate for Flag Day, June 14th.)

ANFURL the colors, fadeless, fair,
And let them float undaunted there;
Lift high above the hooped concrete,
The flag that's never known defeat.

The Stars and Stripes in every State,
Revive the brave; inspire the great;
And every other rainbowed hue,
Must bow before Red, White and Blue.

Take every other ensign down,
Except this emblem of renown,
Which spans the guard of victory
Among an hundred on the sea.

This same old flag in east and west,
Commands the true; controls the best;
And every nation in the world
Must stand aloof when it's unfurled.

This emblem, Civil War has named;
This same old banner Sumter claimed;
And after fire and rocket's glare,
The rising smoke beheld it there.

Renowned “Old Glory,” soiled and torn,
By many a dying soldier borne;—
'Twas it that captured Lookout's height,
And it again which crowned the fight.

Ah, many a dying hero too,
When bivouaced under heaven's blue,
Because there was a flag to save,
He saw beyond, a soldier's grave.

“Old Glory.”

The recent ages lisp the strain,
The sixties sounded on the main,
And not long since an eastern bay
Declared it hostess of the fray.

Grandeur resplendent, charming blend!
To all magnificence they lend,
Their thirteen stripes of mingled hue,
To meet the starried lap of blue.

Respect this emblem of our land!
Long may she paint upon the strand
In tried colors, what shall be,
The flag for you, the flag for me.



THE LIBERTY BELL.

GOD bless the dear old Bell,
Which holds our nation's pride;
Let e'er her silence tell,
Of raptures to confide;
Although she sends no more
Her thrilling notes abroad,
She holds the keys of war,
And lands our fathers trod.

For liberty, she tolled
That deep, but blissful note
Which shook the land of gold,
And stirred the seas remote;
And though an hundred years
Have paced the walls of time,
For her the nation's cheers
Shall fall in marks sublime.

Imagine then, reveal,
Those martyrs of the past,
Who stood beneath her peal,
And echoed to the blast;
It fell on savage ears;
It touched all sceptres' sway;—
And the world behind us, fears
Our Independence Day.

Commanding, then, the fame,
Which due respect will give,
We overarch, "America,"
The land in which we live;
Let centuries come and go,
Beyond our time and ken;
But never will it so,
To toll the Bell again.

The Liberty Bell.

Protect this dear old Bell;
This relic of the past;
Let age on age foretell,
The triumphs of her blast;
Protect her broken side
Which bore for you and me,
Beyond the foaming tide
The peal of liberty.



DECORATION DAY.

SLEEP soldier sleep! beneath the clay,
No more the charge, no more the fray;
The battles' rage—'twill be no more,
Sleep soldier sleep, thy warfare's o'er.

When 'mid the crisis, loud and clear
The call was sounded—thou didst hear;
The battle's front attraction gave,
When "Stars and Stripes" we had to save.

Sleep soldier sleep!—beneath the mound;
Nor shalt thou heed the bugle sound;—
In peace, thy dust remains to tell,
The place thou fought; the place thou fell.

Today we spread with loving hand,
The flowers which our dead command;
And midst the sobs or falling tears,
We retrospect on other years.

Sleep soldiers sleep! the flag still waves
In all her glory o'er your graves;
Our tributes on your tombs we lay,
For this is Decoration Day.

FLAG DAY.

TODAY, on land and sea,
The Flag of liberty,
In triumph wave;
Ay, float the standard high,
Uplifted to the sky,—
Nor let it ever die,—
Flag of the brave.

Let every patriot boast,
The Flag he loves the most.
Upon this day;
Our Flag! It's made a name,
That Gettysburg can claim,
Or Revolution fame,
Will laud always.

The Stars and Stripes portray,
A beautiful display,
Of blended hue;
What artist can't admire,
This blend of prismic fire?—
What soul can't it inspire?—
Red, White and Blue.

Both on the land and wave,
Our fathers fought to save,
This sacred fold;
Brave men, with brawn and might,
Struggling amid the fight,
Contending for the right,
It's story told.

Flag Day.

Flag that the patriots cheer,
Flag that the nations fear,
 To it be true;
E'er may those colors wave,
Flag that we fought to save,
The emblem of the brave,
 RED, WHITE AND BLUE.



“TO THE UNKNOWN DEAD.”

THINK of the comrades who're sleeping today,
Under the billows and under the clay;
Think of the many whose lips cannot tell,
Just where they wearied, and just where they fell;
Launched in the deep, with no grave to adorn,
Bravest of heroes, today, we would mourn;
Others asleep—but upon their cold mound,
Neither a name nor a flower is found.

Yes, think of soldiers asleep far away,
Resting where friends cannot find them today;
Think of the terrors, the blood that it cost,
Saving the country which might have been lost;
Softly, the green turf engulfs their repose;
Sweetly above them, the soft zephyr blows;
Far to the Southland, perhaps they're your own,
Under the willows, deserted, alone.

Cover with flowers, those graves far away,
Faces long marred by the frown of decay;
Lips you have cherished, and hands you have
pressed,
Hearts you have nourished, and souls you've
caressed;
Patriots! Heroes! Those soldiers in blue,
Faithful to God, and to country as true;
Find them today, wheresoever, asleep,
Out on the mountain, or down in the deep.

Think of the mother who gave up her son,
Sending him forward to shoulder a gun;
Think of that morning, he bade her good-bye,
Heedful of nothing, but war's stirring cry;
Fearless, he stood, 'neath the battles' red flame,
Fighting for mother, and fighting for fame;—
War-cry is severed, a victory—alack!
Think of the soldier who never came back.

"To the Unknown Dead."

Yes, cover the thousands, who fell long ago,
Out where no lilies nor roses can blow;
Cover those faces that motionless, lie,
Canopied o'er by the arch of the sky;
Somewhere they're sleeping, but no one can tell;
Just where they struggled, or just where they fell,
Cherish in mem'ry those heroes of ours,
And cover them over with garlands and flowers.



“HONOR THE HEROES.”

REMEMBER the graves of the heroes,
Who fought in the battles of gore;
Bring hither the wreath and the garland,
Forget not the comrades of war!
Despise not, the smallest memorial
That could of their glory proclaim—
And while they are silently sleeping,
In memory re-echo their fame.

Long, long, since the days of the sixties;
Long since they have moulded to dust;
Yet the breastplate preserving their valor,
Shall never be painted with rust;
Ne'er more do they audit the drum-beat;
Ne'er more hear the burst of a gun;
No more do they file with their comrades,
As often before they had done.

They have fought like the bravest of soldiers;
They have shown us their daring before;
And now, since as martyrs they've fallen
They can stand for their country no more;
Ay many had carried their banner
To the foe; into prison's pen;
While others 'mid the din of the battle
Expired like the children of men.

Contribute the lilies and roses,
The flowers that bloom by the way;—
They're one in the hearts of a Nation,
The names of the Blue and the Gray;
Let honor and glory forever,
Enshrined with a spirit of love,
So garland the graves of the heroes,
And point to their records above.

"Honor the Heroes."

Let the Ensign of safety and freedom,
Unfurl in the soft summer air;
Let it shadow the graves of the fallen—
The best that a Nation can spare!
It signifies more than the garlands;
It means more than simply a name!
It means that they've fought for their country,
And saved her from terror and shame.

Ah, the tattoo no longer doth summon,
And gone is the shrill of the flute;
The vespers have sounded with curfew,
And the firing old batt'ry is mute;
All gone, all departed forever,
Their bodies lie deep in the clay;
Awaiting the glorious finale—
The call of the Judgment Day.

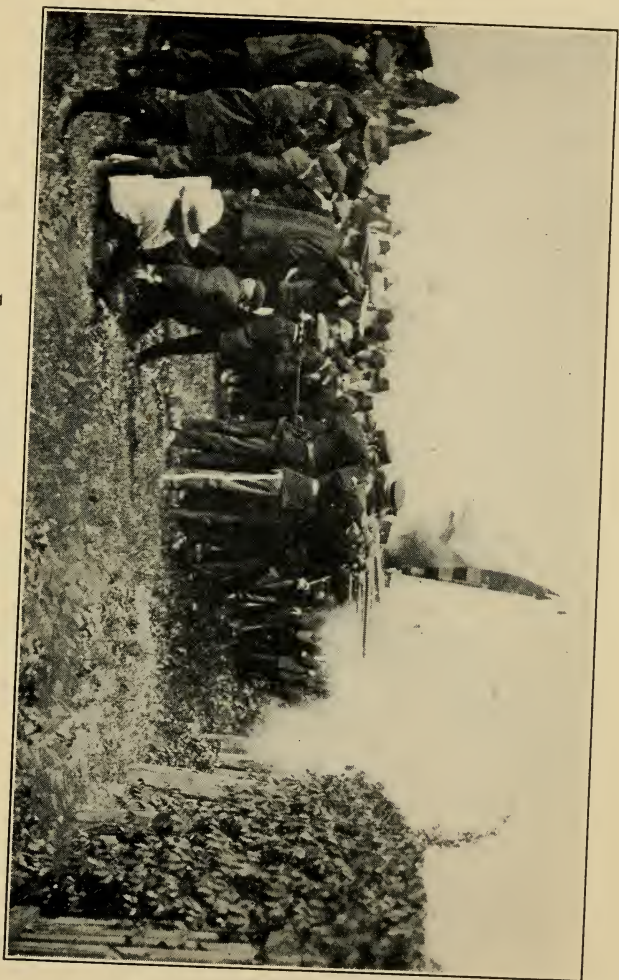


MEMORIAL DAY.

LIST to the beat of the muffled drum,
Sound through the burning sun;
Watch for the soldiers as they come,
 Marshalled in one by one;
High in the air the standard waves;
 Honor is the gift they pay
To those who sleep in soldiers' graves,
 For this is Memorial Day.

Men of the blood-red battle's woe,
 Comrades of land and wave;
Right and left through the dust they go,
 Pageantry of the brave;
Clad in the uniforms of war;
 Tott'ring on their way—
Give us again the battle's roar,
 For this is Memorial Day.

Asunder stand! O clear the way,
 Stand back for the men in blue;
The crowd must wait at the open gate,
 Till the soldier marches through;
Witness the slow and solemn tread;
 List' to the dirges play,
As they pass the sepulchres of the dead,
 On this Memorial Day.



FIRING THE SALUTE ON MEMORIAL DAY

Memorial Day.

Scatter the wreaths where comrades sleep
Under the sod and dew;
Garland the place where sentries keep
Watch o'er the brave and true;
Deaf to the din of cannon's roar;
Sleeping the years away;
Hear they the dread tattoo no more,
Under the mound of clay.

Let the Ensign of liberty wave,
Upon the hero's tomb;
Show to the world that he helped to save
A nation from its doom;
Give him the honor the homage due;
Let every patriot say,
"I will remember the Boys in Blue
Upon Memorial Day."

No more to hear the thunders roar,
Or see the muskets' glare;
No more to feel the throes of war,
Or even to marshal there;
No more the prison, the smoke, the mud,
The tramp of a mighty host;
No more to purchase with human blood,
The land we love the most.

Memorial Day.

Tott'ring under the weight of years,
Marching to and fro;
Nearing the end of the "vale of tears,"
Fewer still they grow;
Looking beyond where war shall cease,
And earthly cares be done,—
They hasten for a sweet release
Yielding, one by one.

Only a little while, till all
Who ran the battle's race,
Will hear no more the bugle call,
Sound through the realms of space;
Honor the living, garland the dead;
Valiant, heroic, brave—
Some asleep in an earthy bed,
Some in a watery grave.



Religious Poems

AN EVENING PRAYER.

FATHER, grant that love divine,
Through these human temples shine;
Let thy blessing from afar,
Beam out as an evening star.

As the nightly shadows twine,
We would on Thy love recline;
We are safe when Thou art by;
On thy mercy we rely.

Thou hast watched without delay,
Through the labors of the day;
Thou dost guard us from all strife,
Downward through the vale of life.

Lord, to Thee do we attend;
Guide us, bless us, oh defend
From the last of evening's sun,
'Till the new day has begun.

LIVE WHILE YOU LIVE.

LIVE while you live, you hear them say,
And seize the pleasures of today;
Live while you live—for gold, for fame,
For something great—illustrious name.

Live while you live, for world alone,
Some people say; for all you own
Or all you e'er expect to be,
The world will render such to thee.

But while you live, do not forget,
That something great awaits you yet;
A judgment comes for you and me,
Regarding our eternity.

Live while you live, live well and right,
Make each day good and full of light;
And while you live to world and love,
Prepare to live for heaven above.

CHRIST IS BORN.

CHRISt the Lord is born,
Sound the joyous lays;
In the early morn,
Shout aloud his praise,
See the star in the eastern sky!
Hear the summons from on high!

Peace, the angels sing,
On earth, good will to men;
Christ the Lord is King,
Sound the news again.
See the star in the eastern sky,
Glorious tidings from on high

Lo, the wise men, three,
Follow in its ray;
The new-born child they see,
And gifts before it lay.
And peace on earth, the angels sing,
For Jesus Christ, our Lord, is King.

In the stable old,
The new-born baby lay;
In a cradle bleak and cold,
On a pillow made of hay,
And shepherds have the news unfurled
That Christ has come to save the world.

Ah, wonderful surprise,
Behold a mother's love;
For in that manger lies
The Christ-child from above.
And Heaven kisses the lowly earth,
And glories in the Savior's birth.

Christ is Born.

Soon the years roll past,—
Boyhood, manhood, life;
And He has come at last
To meet that awful strife.
But now He breaks through the darkened sod,
And rests secure in the arms of God.



BE YE THANKFUL.

WE have gathered the grain in the garner,
And the mow we have filled with the hay;
The pumpkins we stored in the attic,
The apples are carried away;
And now, since the bountiful harvest,
We contemplate with one accord,
We turn to the Giver of all things
And render our thanks to the Lord.

We're glad that the fading November,
So near to the close of the year,
Revokes to the mind of the Nation,
The many things granted us here;
Our blessings! Ay, you cannot number,
That come from the sources above,
Administ'ring comfort and pleasure,
Divined by His infinite love.

Look back in the pages of history,
Three centuries almost in the past,
When the venerable sires of the Pilgrims,
Their anchor on New England they cast;
'Twas then after bountiful mercies,
Received through experience, they say,
They issued a wide proclamation,
To have a great Thanksgiving day.

Be thankful today for your blessings,
Of whatever nature they be;
For the many—yes numberless mercies,
That come down from heaven for thee;
Remember your share of God's goodness,
Wherever you stand in the ranks;
His mercy and love, they are boundless,
So in everything let us give thanks.

THANKFULNESS.

TO Thee be thanks, Almighty God,
For goodness and for mercies shown;
Unspeakably! The hand Divine,
Has helped in many ways unknown;
Within the year fast passing out,
Thy love hast ever found a way;
Then be it so, we'd think of Thee,
Because this is Thanksgiving Day.

Resplendent, then, Thy glory shines,
Upon a sin-entangled race;
The naked clothed: the hungry fed;
The sinner looks to Thee for Grace;
Thy love, the universe alone,
Can never to its full display;
Accept the praise we humbly give,
For true, it is Thanksgiving Day.

We thank Thee Lord, for daily bread,
As well to feed the inner soul;
Praise for a myriad little things.
Whose giving, sure, Thou dost control;
Praise be to Thee, the Nation's God,
For Thou, all scepters dost command;
Let nations raise the watchword "PEACE"
And put to route the bloody hand.

Yes, we would pray that wars may end,
Alike, that bloody conflicts cease;
Man's inhumanity to man,
May such, O Lord, result in Peace!
Prayer, alike, we'd humbly raise,
For Thy blest cause beyond the wave;
For faithful thousands 'cross the sea,
Have gone to meet a hero's grave.

Thankfulness.

Thanks for those sturdy, Pilgrim sires,
Who faced the wilds of virgin soil;
And in the face of death—they fought
For liberty you could not foil!
When autumn snows had spread their folds,
Beyond the summer's heated ray;
They gathered 'round their festal board
And had the first Thanksgiving Day.



THE CLOSER WALK.

① Jesus, let my purpose be
To love and serve and live for Thee;
Amid the trials and the strife
That meet me on the ways of life;
'Tis difficult to do—I say,
To live for Jesus all the way,
But notwithstanding this—'tis He
Who promises to walk with me.

So many times the way is steep,
And difficult it is to keep
Away from Satan's mighty hand
And push my craft asafe to land;
When dread temptations would assail,
And make my little courage fail,
Help me, O Lord, that I may see
It requisite to rest in Thee.

So often like the sheep of old,
I long to gather in the fold;
So oft, I languish for one gleam
Of pastures green or quiet stream:
'Tis oft I soar 'bove daily care,
And raise aloft on wings of prayer,
And wonder if the world can see
The throes of human destiny.

The good disciple saw Thy face
And trusted in Thy saving grace;
And 'mid the raging Galilee,
Upon the waters came to Thee;
May I, upon the sea of life,
'Mid all its temptings, all its strife,
Look up, and hear the Master cry,
Be not afraid, 'Tis I, 'Tis I.

The Closer Walk.

When, Jesus, all Gethsemane
Could not arrest the cup from Thee,
Why should I e'er expect to soar
Beyond the pains my Savior bore?—
Help me to live the quiet life,
So close to Thee, so far from strife,
At last to hear the word, "Well done"
The battle o'er; the victory won.



LIVING EACH DAY.

EACH day let me live for Thee,
In the world of sin and fate;
Struggling in life's billowed sea,
'Neath stentorian thunders great;
When the storms unfurl the mast,
And my ship has lost the strand,
Help me then, that I may cast
All the anchors at thy hand.

Each day may I live for Thee,
God of heaven, known of old;
Helped, sustained, protected, be
From the dark and from the cold;
Better it, to walk with Thee,
Than a thousand times to live,
Unconcerned of victory,
Unadapted to forgive.

Each day may I live to Thee,
Still enjoying worldly light;
Never though, forgetful be
Of that heavenly home so bright;
May I, in the darkest cloud
See the silvered lining still;
There's a life beyond the shroud
That the grave cannot fulfill.

Each day let me walk with Thee
While the darkest shadows fall;
Watchword e'er "He leadeth me,"
May it be my "all in all";
Rather walk the dark with God,
Than I would alone the light;
With Him, rather to have trod',
Than have gone alone by sight.

"THE RESURRECTION."

SEE the angel bright arrayed,
That before the tomb is stayed;
Witness ye the keepers shake
When the rocks their silence break:
From the tomb that rock is borne
On that blessed Easter morn;—
Borne to let the Savior past,
For He's conquered Death at last.

Sadly, peacefully, to and fro,
See the mourners come and go!
Wrapped in greatest mystery,
For they wish the Lord to see;
"He is risen" it is said,
From the cavern of the dead;—
His is ever victory,
Over Heaven, earth and sea.

Those disciples whom before
Had complacence evermore,
Draw again the cords of love,
And with majesty they move;
There the Christ, so long denied,
Scourged of men, and crucified;
Seeks to dwell so peacefully,
In the land of Galilee.

Witness this triumphant sight
When they meet the "Lord of Light"!
See, they kneel before His feet
With a worship so replete;
Same as ever it is He,
Christ who died on Calvary;
Now to walk so calm—serene,
By the Mary Magdalene.

GIVE THANKS.

WHEN the rainbow'd leaf has fallen,
And the woods are bleak and cold;
When the crops are in the garner,
And the sheep are in the fold;
When we've reaped the consummation
And have carried it away,
It is then we hail November,
With its old Thanksgiving Day.

Oh, how welcome is the Autumn,
Though its trees are nude and bare;
Though the little brook that rippled
Has released its grateful prayer;
Still we usher in the season
With its harvests ne'er amiss,
And rejoice that such an era
Brings a festival like this.

Glad Thanksgiving Day! There's something
Makes thy coming truly great;
Not alone because it brings us
Turkey, and a laden plate.
Nor is it the reminiscence
That across the mind would flow,
When the good, old Pilgrim fathers
Stood the wilds of long ago.

But it is the day to thank Him,
For the blessings you enjoy;
For the use of mind and body,
And the functions you employ;
Thanks to God for His protection
And His never failing care;
Hence the day should then occasion
This your grateful, humble prayer.

HERE AND THERE.

HERE it is pain and sorrow,
There it is joy and peace;
Here is the unseen tomorrow,
There is the sweet release.

Here are the woes that vex us,
Dispelling the happy day;
Here are the cares that perplex us,
And drive our joys away.

Here it is sin and destruction,
But sin cannot be there;
Here it is hell and corruption,
Beyond 'tis love and prayer.

Here, comes the awful temptation
That hurls us 'neath the wave;
There dwells the One of Creation,
Who gave His life to save.

Earth has its gold, its forces
To teach us how to live;
But Heaven has better resources
Than all the earth can give.

Here are the pangs that hold us,
That lie in constant wait;
There are the arms to fold us,
And shield us from our fate.

Here is the home of mortals,
Till mounded by the sod;
There are the golden portals,
And there are heaven and God.

CHRISTMAS CHEER.

THIS blessed Christmas festival,
The best of all the year,
We celebrate with due respect,
And yet with happy cheer;
Its coming we anticipate,
So full of joy and mirth—
But paramount above them all,
It marks the Savior's birth.

'Twas in the lowly Bethlehem,
On many years ago,
That angels heralded the song,
Across the fields below,
Of "Peace on earth, good will to men,"
For One is born today,
Who'll sacrifice His precious blood,
To bear our sins away.

The star of hope is in the east;
The shepherds see its light;
Aghast, and in astonishment,
They wonder at the sight;
But soon they hear the gospel sound
Which holy angels bring;
For unto us is born today,
A Savior, Lord and King.

Then while the little heart doth leap,
And feet are light and free,
That down the stairs come pit-a-pat,
To hunt the Christmas tree—
How many never comprehend
The meaning of it all,
That far beyond the book and toy
Is something to recall.

Christmas Cheer.

Blest be the name of Bethlehem,
And pass the tidings round;
Blest be the name of Jesus Christ,
Oh, hear the joyful sound;
The earth is rich in such a birth,
The pangs of Death have flown,
For now the Babe of Bethlehem,
Is Christ upon the throne.



“ON EASTER MORN.”

THE gates of Death have opened wide,
To let the Conqueror preside;
To let the Christ of Galilee
Come forth and set the sinner free;
Behold! He walks the sinful world,
With all His majesty unfurled;
Asunder stand! O give him room,
To break the fetters of the tomb.

The tranquil Oriental day,
Has borne the pangs of death away;
And pictured on the balmy air,
The presence of a Savior there;
Ah me, how quickly do they hie
To greet the Archer of the sky;
For angels have asunder rolled,
The rock that did the pris'ner hold.

The splendors of a lowly birth;
The acme of the greatest worth,
Are all engraven full and free,
Upon the Lamb of Calvary;
Today He from the dead arose,
To stand defiant 'mid His foes;
The Chieftain of the manger,—grown
To be the ruler on the throne.

O glorious Resurrection Day,
When mortal dust forgets its clay,
And paces with an awful tread,
Upon the caverns of the dead;—
Then, unabashed, and face to face,
We'll triumph in the Savior's grace;
Because no sting in Death can be,
Since Grave has lost his victory.

"CHRIST HAS RISEN."

CHRIST has risen, tell the story—
Out of bondage into glory!
Death has lost its venom'd sting—
And the grave's feigned victory
Never more can terror bring
Since the Savior Christ is free—
Earth and hell have met their doom;
Jesus quits the fettered tomb.

'Tis the Resurrection morning,
And the world must heed its warning,
Since the rock is rolled away
By celestial fingers bold,
Ere the rosy dawn of day
Blushes into red and gold,—
He has triumphed—never feign—
But He comes in truth to reign.

What a wondrous consolation!—
Sound it out to every nation—
That the direful agony
Of the Foe of all the Race
Is no more a mystery
Since the Christ has found his place;—
Stand asunder! give him room,
To escape the darkened tomb.

Tell the story! Christ has risen!
Conquered Death and shattered prison;
Far and near His name be praised
O'er the world from pole to pole;
High and low, His banner raised,
Till we reach the wonted goal!
Manger, cross and crown are one,—
Jesus Lord, the Ransomed Son.

THE BIRTH OF THE CHRIST.

① Bethlehem! long has the story been told,
The story of Jesus; blest story of old,
When mid the expectant and God-favored kin,
The little child Jesus, the world ushered in;
In humiliation: a King for a throne;
His cradle a manger; his pillow a stone;
A glorious Christmas 'twas that long ago,
When God the incarnate, the world was to know.

No lavish adornments, nor treasures of worth,
Their beauty displayed in the room of his birth;
No music apparent—but bleating of sheep,—
Till choral Elysian awoke from her sleep:
Then Angels in splendor, sang glorious lays
While heaven re-echoed their seraphic praise;—
The shepherds astounded—nor then did it cease,
That message of good-will; those tidings of peace.

The Sages, aroused by the Beacon on high,—
Phenomenal splendor in Orient sky—
And hastened with steeds that were matchless and fleet,
To worship the Monarch; to fall at his feet;
And thus down the ages, the story is told,
They gave to the Christ-child their treasures of gold;—
The heavens rejoiced, as the chorus did sing
For truly did Bethlehem cradle a King.

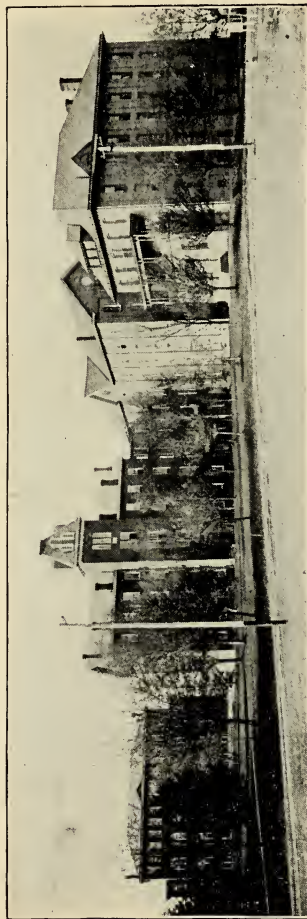
Antiquity woke from her heathenish wail,
Disrupted her mantel and lifted the veil;
A prophetic glimpse at the workings divine,
Enabled the seer to fathom his line;
The grand revelation of God, we are told,
Depicted Messiah from days that were old,—
Sublime culmination! all honor and laud!
The babe in the manger! the infinite God!

The Birth of the Christ.

The wisdom of heaven replete, undefiled,
Asserted itself in the heart of the child;
Both perfect in stature and favor he grew,
Until his great mission was plainly in view;
Then he "as a lamb to the slaughter was led";
To Calvary's cross for to die as He said;
But lo! Resurrected, by God's wondrous plan,
Messiah exalted! He's savior of man.

Turn back then the pages of history's word,
And think of the millions that never have heard
That story of Jesus,—of Bethlehem's star,
Which guided the wise men who came from afar;
To them in their darkness who worship alone,
Their hideous monsters, or idols of stone;
Go tell them of Jesus! His word be unfurled,
The Babe in the Manger, the Light of the World.





JUNIATA COLLEGE, HUNTINGDON, PA.

Poems of School
and College



THE FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

DING-DONG!

But the strokes are long
As they fall upon the childish ears,
And mockingly, its taunting jeers,
Revoke convivial school-day cheers,
 And happy school-day song;
The unrelenting discontent,
Evades a sphere of merriment,
That childish glee cannot resent
 But admits the strong,
 Ding-dong.

 The first day,—
 And there's no delay,
To see which one of them will beat,
In rushing from the busy street,
Into the famous old "back seat,"
 Conspicuous for aye;
But lo! the selfish dialogue,
Provokes the wrathful pedagogue,
Whose disposition is to "flog"
 If they simply play,
 The first day.

 Ah me!
 But they fail to see
That egotistic look, of him
So tall and brawny, sage and grim,
With ferule flexible and slim,
 And much avidity;—
In admiration for his zest,
He punishes the naughty pest,
Until convinced that all the rest,
 Will see, that he
 Is he.

The First Day at School.

Ding-dong!
And repeat the song,
Through Autumn, into Winter's chill,
Ring out, ring out in happy trill,
The "tintinnabulations" still,
To call the merry throng;
And flauntingly in Learning's eyes,
They make the dreaded sacrifice,
That even manhood can't revise,
When they've missed the song,
Ding-dong.



THE OPENING.

SWING open, silent corridor,
And let them enter by the score,—
Enraptured by stentorian roar,
The army makes its way;
Let hinges rid themselves of rust!
Let desks emancipate their dust!
Because occasion says they must,
For school begins today.

Exhilaration reigns, replete,
And anxious hearts ignore defeat,
For holding down the old back seat,
Which bears effects of years;
That disposition to exhume
Mementoes of the famous room
Which long ago have found resume,
Inevitably appears.

So, all assembled once again,
The pedagogue with skillful pen,
And superfluity of ken—
Enrolls them one by one;
Ah me, it was extremely bold
To hear the pupils tell how old,—
Especially all the girls who told,
For such is seldom done.

But now the sapient Monitor
Inclined to be a little sore,
Has ordered six or eight or more,
To face the pallid wall;
And so with quick'nd pulse they stand
This half-industrious little band,
Obedient to the ruling hand,
Which sways above them all.

The Opening.

Those forceful, egotistic looks
Compel the children get to "books"
And think no more of shady nooks,

For fear they break the rule.

So on and on from day to day,
The exercise must wind its way
Until the student can repay

For days he spent in school.



"ENGLISH CLASS COLORS."*

*NOTE.—Written for the Senior Class of Juniata College
1901.

TELL me, have you seen,
The "White and the Green,"
From lapel that floats,
And feminine throats?
The colors are plain
In nature's domain;
We bring them to view
On "White Rose" so true.

Our task's nearly done!
Persistence has won,
Preparing for toil
In life's busy soil;
We think it is wise
To stand by our ties;
Our emblem's far seen,
The "White and the Green."

This beautiful blend,
The seniors commend;
Yea, let it be seen,
The "White and the Green!"
It's painted in snow,
On flowers that blow,
On leaf of the tree,
And depths of the sea.

God bless Nineteen-one!
May the light of His Sun
With graciousness fall
On us, one and all;
The work we have wrought,
Be it never forgot;
Wave high the bright screen
The "White and the Green."

"English Class Colors."

This emblem we raise
These fast closing days,
The twenty-fifth year
Of our college so dear;
Long, long may she stand
To lighten our land;
Speak a hearty "Well done,
Nineteen hundred and one."



ARBOR DAY.*

*NOTE.—Written and read by the author on Arbor Day, spring of 1901, at Juniata College.

THE voice of Spring proclaims abroad
The marvelous handiwork of God,
And spreads her tokens far and near
The soul of all mankind to cheer;
The world's awake, and nature beams
With laughing skies and lucid streams,
And every creature earth can yield
Rejoices in the verdant field.

How great thy majesty! Behold
The dear delights thou dost unfold!
Thy glory reigns from east to west;
The badge of hope is on thy breast;
We hail thee with thy winsome ways,
Admire thy gracious works—and praise
With hearts and voices—yea, we sing,
For thou art here, most lovely spring.

O vernal Queen, we're glad with thee;
Thy goodness everywhere we see;
We're glad because thy great domain
Falls not alone on field of grain;
But as thou stepp'st o'er hill and glen,
A time memorial comes again,—
A day on which we honor thee,
And plant, in hope, a tender tree.

Arbor Day.

With rippling brook and fragrant flower,
And birds a-chirrup for the hour,
Comes Arbor Day, the day of trees,
In company with balmy breeze;
This time the State has set apart
That we may get to Nature's heart;
And every one, tho' poor he be,
Should plant, for joy, one little tree.

It has been well, in bygone days
(And one of Juniata's ways)
For Seniors, graceful and profound,
To plant a tree within her ground;
So likewise comes to see it done
Her noble class of nineteen-one;
And having used the pick and spade,
They hope to have a future shade.

O, may this little tree we raise
Our thoughtfulness forever praise!
And may its upturned silver leaf,
Kissed by the sun, the summer's chief,
Show to the world what we have done—
The class of nineteen hundred^rone;
Let it not be for earthly fame,
But to the memory of our name.

Arbor Day.

Ah, yes, we're every one a tree,
So planted on life's barren lea,
And taking roots which closely twine
Around the great Celestial Vine;
With branches of the greenest leaves
Upreaching into heaven's eaves,
We stand with fortitude sublime,
The greatest miracle of time.

Let not the bit of frozen dew
Destroy the bud, just peeping through!
Let not the strongest summer breeze
Bring down the fruit the prophet sees!
Our lives are measured by our deeds
Of love and uplift, not by creeds;
And this forget not, friends of mine,
The Hand that made us is Divine.





ENTRANCE TO CAMPUS AT JUNIATA COLLEGE

"TABLE 23."*

*NOTE.—The following poem was written while at Juniata College, in honor of "Table 23" in the dining room, of which the author was the head. The poem was written by request of the members of the table.

THERE is a part of college life,
Beyond the realm of books;
Excelling far the campus strife,
Or roaming shady nooks;
We cannot let these times go by,
As with the city clock;
We can't forget the Wednesday pie,
And all the table talk.

The table talk—ah sure it comes,
To give the brain a rest;
To take away the "beating drums"
And let the food digest;
The "beating drums" ah yes, that pound,
The care-worn, wearied brain;
When hard examinations sound,
Their unrelenting strain.

But when we greet the dining room,
And take our 'customed chair;
We must forget about the gloom,
And banish all the care;
Eliminate Philosophy,
And Botany and Greek;
Concerning Roman history,
We must refrain to speak.

We talk about the very best
Of things that come to pass;
But we must watch the 'fessors lest,
They get the thing in class;
We talk about the good, the true,
And now and then, the grub;
And when we've nothing else to do,
We give them all a rub.

"Table 23."

The "Head" must always carve the meat,
And put it on the plate;
The "brown-bread" what a wondrous treat,
You'll get some if you wait;
And fried potatoes, prunes and hash,
Dried apples, beans and force,
Tomatoes, peas and oatmeal smash,
Are mentioned in the course.

The onions now and then get hot,
And so the mustard cup;
Behind, is ever the oatmeal's lot,
It seems it can't "catchup";
The butter comes down on the bread,
That's crusty as can be;
The cabbage stalks to shake his head,
The milk goes in the tea.

The table spoons; the blushing beet,
Puts on a sour mien;
The butter rising to his feet,
Provokes an angry spleen;
Yes Stone-Creek water thus appears,
Too bilious to embrace;
The tumblers tumble mid the geers,
The pitcher takes his base.

The dish gets stuck on the lassis jug,
The smear-case takes the cheese;
The pepper thus exhorts your mug,
To try another sneeze;
Those apple dumplings, hip, hooray,
And all delicious tarts;
They had, of course, their special day,
To soothe the gluttons' hearts.

But after all, we can't complain,
For everything is good;
Mingled with sunshine is the rain;
To change it ne'er we would;
'Tis now and then we have a feast,
To lighten every heart;
And with it all, we feel at least
That we have shared our part.

Three girls, three boys compose the lot,
In all, we number six;
We get along as well, methought,
As all the other cliques;
There's Olive from old Bedford's land,
Peaceful, serene, profound;
She always seems to be on hand:
When meal-time comes I've found.

There's Mr. Cook, the base ball man,
He's got an appetite;
He always eats whate'er he can
Ere others get a bite;
And Norris—zeal and industry,
A junior if you please;
He's diligent as can be;
As well, a kind of tease.

There's Ella from the eastern clime,
A kind of phonograph;
Who keeps a talking all the time;—
Indeed it makes us laugh;
Miss Cessna, too, who now and then
Enjoys the passing day;
But every time she comes again,
After that stroll away.

"Table 23."

Two of our number went away,
Before their time was out;
We don't know how long they'll stay,
Or how such came about;
The honored, much exalted HEAD,
There's nothing wrong with him;
His duty is to get them fed,
Even when grub is slim.

But soon, too soon, we have to part,
And into the world to go;
To meet life's arrows at every dart,
To stem the tide of woe;
Of all those times together spent,
One thing has not been told,
A faithful waiter's what is meant,
With heart as good as gold.

But as from college halls we go,
Never to meet again;
The parting days are sad, we know,
They bring a tear, a pain;
However let us be content,
Embarked upon life's sea;
And ne'er forget the days we spent,
At TABLE TWENTY THREE.



SCHOOL BUILDING—MOUNT UNION PA.

"TO THE ALUMNI."*

*NOTE.—Poem written for and recited at the High School Alumni Banquet, May, 1907, Mount Union, Pa.

THE Alumni!
I can't see why,
I cannot write,
To my delight,
And tell some word,
Tho' you have heard,
In days gone by,
You—Alumni!

Well, to be true,
This I would do;
But let me pause—
Just why?—Because,
We should be glad
And not be sad;—
Let's make tonight,
One of delight.

We represent
Just what it meant,—
Tho' our school day,
Has passed away;—
To graduate,
And culminate;—
Our heads to fill
At wisdom's mill.

Go back with me,
And let us be
Together, now,
And just see how
We used to do,—
That's I and you.—
When rod and rule
Bound us in school.

That pedagogue!
Disposed to flog,
If just those boys
Would make a noise;
Or scratch your slate,
And aggravate;
Or drop your book,
And see him look!

Then at recess,
The fun—I guess;
Then we'd play ball,
Nor was that all,
The boys! The boys!
The lassies' joys,—
There! see them run,
A kiss—well done.

But Time has changed,
And disarranged,
Our plans of life,
And with his knife,
Has held us back,
Or cleared our track,
Till now, with cheer
We're gathered here.

I wouldn't write,
For you to-night,
Or even worse
Describe in verse
Our history;
For such would be
More of a task
Than you would ask.

To the Alumni.

But it is well
That I would tell
Though brief it be—
A summary;
For much we've done
Success we've won.
I stop! I wait!
Congratulate!

Some too have gone,
Forward and on,
In life's great stroll,
To reach the goal;
Some too in life
Have won a wife
While some at will
Are bachelors still.

And now alas!
Another class
Comes on and up
To sip the cup
Of life; and here,
I stop and cheer
Ten thousand high—
OUR ALUMNI.

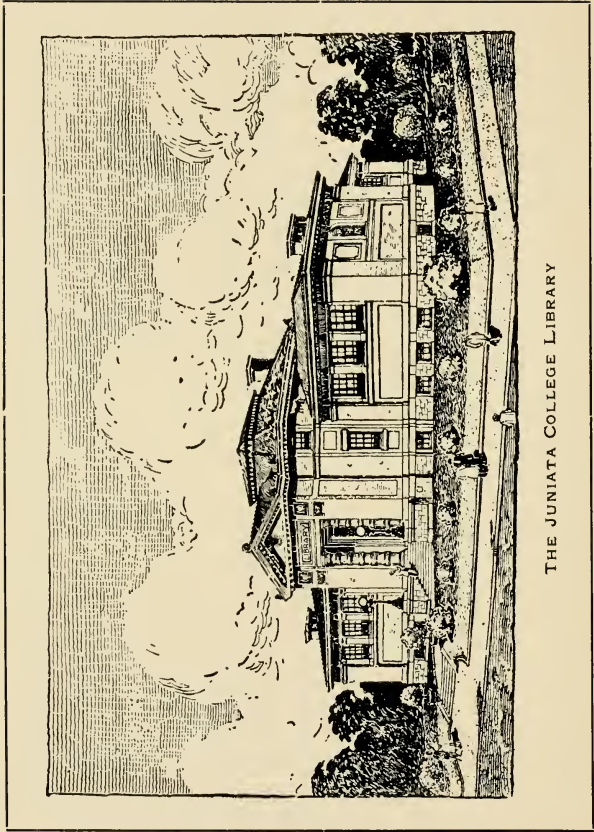
"GRADUATED."

THEY have laid away their text books,
For their school days now are done;
They have finished up their courses,
And the goal at last is won;
After years of perseverance,—
Days of anxious study too,
They are glad to reach the summit,
And to know that they are through.

Retrospecting on the mem'ries
That those school days always tell,
There is just a touch of sadness,
When they have to say "farewell."
But the wave of time must usher
Each year its successive few,
And make ready for the others
Who are persevering too.

With the parchment's presentation,
When commencement's over—so,
On they go, for fate or fortune,
Whatsoe'er the world bestow;—
But this let them e'er remember,
Though they've finished, yet begun;
Hoary years have faced the problem—
Learning's height is never won.

Graduated! yes, but truly,
Life's stern duties lie in wait;
And they'll meet you in succession,
From the day you graduate;—
Notwithstanding what encounter,
Each day as you travel on,
Hail with joy the reminiscence.
Of the school days past and gone.



THE JUNIATA COLLEGE LIBRARY

CLASS POEM.*

*NOTE.—The following poem was written and delivered by Chas. H. Welch at the Class Day exercises of the senior class of Juniata College, Huntingdon, Pa., June, 1901.

IN Old Pennsylvania, where splendor abounds,
Where mountains are bluest, and beauty resounds,
Where the sunsets portray their immaculate gold,
And cedars, perpetual green do unfold—
There, there, flows a river, whose glorious name,
Shall long in the heart of each class-mate proclaim,
That while she rolls steadily on to the sea,
The name in her bosom is precious to me.

Columbia can boast that she holds in her arms
Our old "Juniata"; whose Indian charms
Embellish the dome of the far-reaching sky;
Whose magic shall stand till the heavens reply;
Her waters are clearest and brightest of all;
Her shores most attractive, most gentle her fall;
For her, we make honor and glory to soar
For Fame unmolested, when time is no more.

'Twas here in those marvelous days of the past,
The Indian's wigwam in glory was cast;
With wisest decorum he painted his face,
And showed the æsthetic design of his race;
The snow-shoe, displaying his cunning and skill,
His matchless adroitness and quickness to kill;
That "war-whoop" aspiring no musical lore,—
The quiver of arrows, his power in war.

Class Poem.

But now, where the smoke of the wigwam once curled,
Comes civilization apace with the world;
The mighty express dashes now o'er the shore,
Where the horde of the Red-man had wandered before;
The drift of the ages has brought his decay,
And given his lands to the White-man, away,
And now for this progress, we attribute the whole,
To the work of his hand, and the thought of his soul.

Extant with the ages, when culture and brain
Have borne the resultant of History's train,
Behold, 'neath the mountainous caverns of blue,
By the shores of that river meandering through,—
A place so enshrined in distinction and fame,
Which clasps in its bosom that rapturous name
Of old "Juniata"—a college, we, all,
Forever and ever the name will extol.

Then come with that ardent ambition of youth,
To cultivate knowledge; to promulgate truth;
And I, by the help of her refulgent dome,
Will find you a noble and beautiful home;
A place whose surroundings will strengthen your soul
For lofty ideals, and a rapturous goal;
'Twill arm you for fighting the battles with strife,
And also to sail in the good ship of life.

Class Poem.

O dear Alma Mater, my thoughts have been cast,
To those gloomy, yet beautiful days of the past;
When I, filled with dreariness, made my debut,
Revolving the thought—shall I ever get through?
And I, not the only example, can say
With all of the others who found it this way,
That nothing will come to the student who waits,
But half of the story is conquering fates.

Ah yes, how the vivid experiences tell,
When we by the peal of the old tower bell
Collected the thoughts which had stolen way,
And started again at the dawn of the day;
Thus never forgetful of duties, Divine,
It summoned us all to the chapel at nine;
It called to us work in the evening as well—
That punctual, sonorous, old peal of the bell.

When cometh the evening, and classes were o'er,
Then we roamed on the campus; then we stood by the door
Perhaps in the pleasant and beautiful days,
Engaged in enjoyment with greatest of praise;
O Great Panorama, revealing the past,
You've thrown on our memories such things as will last;
And as long as the future our lives shall unfold,
We shall ever remember the "Blue and the Gold."

And now, as we carry the escutcheon of gold,
So grateful for tidings long, long being told,
We stand 'midst the roses and beauties of June,
A time when both heaven and earth are in tune,—
And offer to you with this memorable year,
A class, such in number, as never was here,
And loud sound our motto, from the earth to the blue,—
Remember it ever—"To thine own self be true."

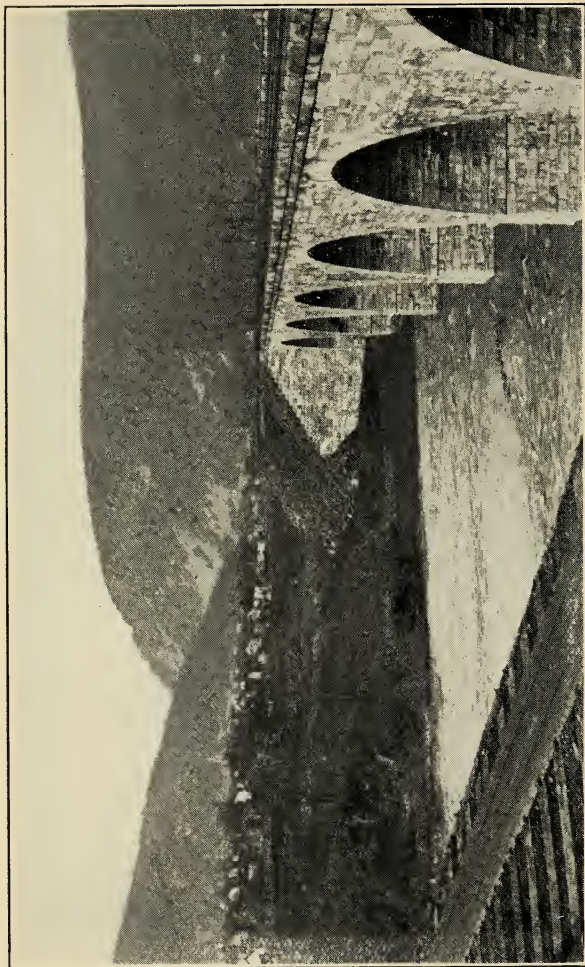
Then we, as the class, nineteen hundred and one,
Arrayed with the honors for what we have done,
Do feel that the time of our action is rife,
For we must confront every struggle of life;
Then, as we are troubled, perplexed, and denied,
When myriad temptations delight to abide,
He's only the one, who is ever alert,
Both ready and willing their strength to avert.

Yes, seniors, and glad for the course we have won,—
We hold well to heart, that we've only begun;
That little "White Rose" from the halcyon dell,—
Though it bosoms the secret none other can tell,
We must climb for the White of the snow-covered steep;
We must delve for the Green that is rocked in the deep;
Let us honor our colors, like the emblem we wave
"O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Then class-mate, companion, professor and friend,
On what does the height of ambition depend?
Pray tell me, for quickly these ages will flee,
And leave me alone on the desolate sea;
Ah, the height of our glory, I think is to soar,
Beyond what is mortal, when time is no more;
Far greater than all from the hand or the pen,
Should be the desire of the children of men.

Not long, and we from these halls shall depart,
Shall leave Juniata,—and with saddening heart,
Look back o'er our school days at relics of joy,
Such thoughts of the past, as we cannot destroy;
With quivering lip and embarrassing tear,
We say a farewell to the ones who are dear;
To teacher, to school-mate, farewell do we say,
As the sun says farewell, to the close of the day.

Not long, and we as a class shall have fled,
With the rolling tattoo, to the realms of the dead;
Not long, till the roses and garlands we hold,
Will point us beyond to the arches of gold;
Then live while you're living, life soon will be past,
The morning, the noontide, and evening the last;
A time, when the season of life will be o'er,
And we shall partake of its glories no more.



MOUNT UNION—THE UNION OF MOUNTAINS

Poems of Nature

JANUARY.

THE snow lies fastened to the ground,
Jack Frost has painted all things round,
And Winter's here without a doubt,—
If you dispute it just walk out.

He'll bite your nose and make it red,
Or sting your toes until their dead;
This truly is the time of year
When Winter reigns without a fear.

The ice is frozen on the lake,
And there the children like to take
A good and happy jubilee
With all their little friends you see.

The sleighbells jingle in the street;
Their merry tune is hard to beat;
It even falls on hoary ears
And makes them think of other years.

A blast comes raging from the North,
And every movement gushes forth,
A cloud of rain and ice and snow
Until the blizzard strikes a blow.

Yes, Winter, you are running wild;
But we must all be reconciled;
Because the year of Summer's blue,
Must have its January too.

FEBRUARY.

FEBRUARY now is on!
Cold old January's gone,
And we grasp his chilly hand,
Knowing that at his command
Much we shall have to endure,
Till the vernal days are sure;
Therefore suffer we and wait,
Till he passes Winter's gate.

How the blizzard rushes past,
In the bosom of the blast!
How he touches every one,
With his fingers cold and wan!
Down the steeps he hurls the snow,
Like an avalanche below;
On and on he rushes, wild,
Never to be reconciled.

February now is here,
And we meet him with a sneer,
For this month 'bove all the rest,
Is to us a sort of pest;
Just imagine what he brings,
For us weak and sickly things!
Coughs and colds and pains and aches,
Wheezes, sneezes, freezes, shakes.

February! come what will,
We shall be companions still;
We, with optimistic trend,
On your good-will shall depend;
With a lot of remedies—
Syrups, liniments and teas,—
May we check our many ills,
Coughs and colds and awful chills.

MARCH.

“**I**N with you March!
You hurl the storms from your broad bare breast
And send the snow to the mountain's crest,
In your most earnest and stormy quest
 To give us a beautiful vernal day.—
And sometimes, sometimes your skies are clear;
Come, we must give you a word of cheer,
We know you are a brave, bold pioneer,
 Thou brother of April and May.
On your bosom your carry the tempest with ease,
Bringing to us the chill and the sneeze,—
O month of storms! Are we hard to please,
 That we should talk in this way?
 In with you March!”

 In with you March!
But you give us always the first thoughts of spring;
The sweet-scented blossom; the bird on the wing;
The green field; the sunshine, and all do you bring,
 Which is in a measure complete.
But lo! Thou hast come as a lion wild,
Forgetting the touch of the little child,
And the face of the one so undefiled.—
 O soon you must see your defeat.
You bring us (as never before) with your cold,
The time for the Republican convention to hold;
And you laugh when the shivering voter has polled
His ballot, and is wading the sleet.
 In with you March!

OCTOBER.

WHEN the rainbow'd colors glisten
From the panoramic view,
And the sylvan bowers listen,
To the wind that passes through,
It is Autumn!—Hail the season
As it launches in the dawn,
For it is the only reason
Why the summer days are gone.

Autumn! What a consolation
After days of heat and toil;
What a wondrous consummation
For the fertile, yielding soil—
As it gives its golden treasure,
To the culminating year,
Copious and without measure,
For a million hearts to cheer.

Autumn! When with equal measure,
Light and darkness come and go;
When we cherish every pleasure,
Since Creation made it so;
When the sweetest summer flora,
Have been harvested and pressed
And the picturesque aurora,
Spans the rosy-tinted west.

Yes, the dying leaves are falling,
With the diamonds in their breast;
And the moaning winds are calling,
All of Nature to her rest;
And the frost with crystal finger
Paints a picture to behold,
As the Autumn watches linger
'Till they usher in the cold.

NOVEMBER DAYS.

THOSE bleak November days are come,
When trees are bare, and brooks are dumb :
The summer time has passed and gone,
And winter fast, is coming on.

The hunter with his dog and gun,
Dost make the fleeted bunny run,
And far away, the turkey's call,
Reveals the fact that this is fall.

The winds are sighing as they pass,
Through tangled knots of meadow grass;
And all day long, the dashing rain
Is hurled against the window pane.

The storm, with might and awful force,
Is making havoc in its course;
The dashing rain, the blinding snow,
Are cov'ring thick the vales below.

While dark and cold without it seems,
Since daylight vanished into dreams;
Within we meet our fond desire,
To sit around the evening fire.

CAMPING ALONG THE JUNIATA.*

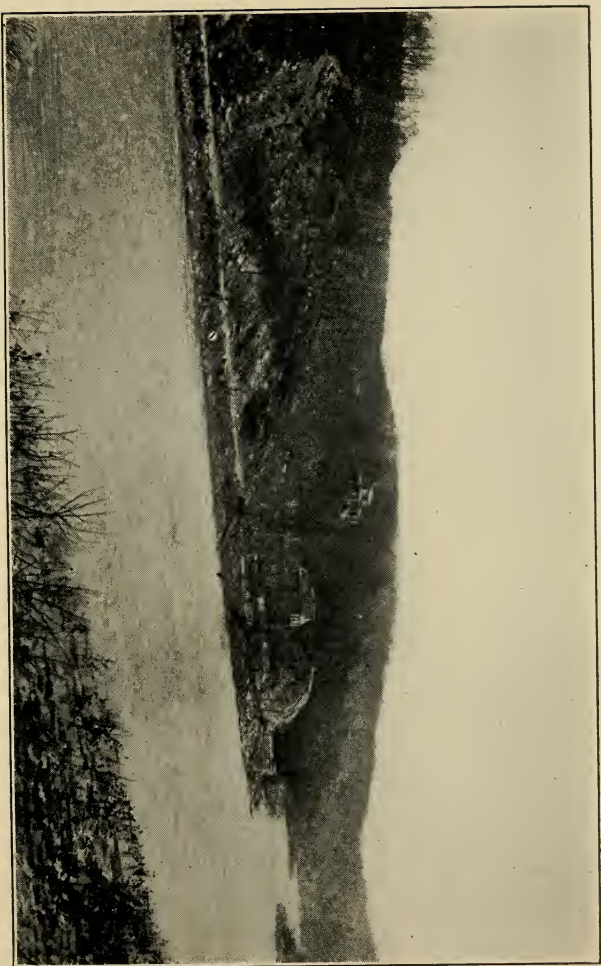
WE'RE going out on a camping trip,
To some spring so I think,
To spend a week or two, hip! hip!
Along the river's brink;
It does a fellow good you know,
Restores his brawn and brain,
When'er he has a chance to go,
Away from toil and pain.

It seems to be the fad these days,
Whene'er the weather's hot,
To wonder 'long some shady ways,
Or 'mid some quiet spot,
Where nature at her best expends
A handiwork sublime,
And every leaf and blossom lends
A message clothed in rhyme.

'Tis such a place that we would go,
A fortnight's rest to seek;
We're feelin' all "done out" and so,
I guess we'll take a sneak;
We're goin' to take along some booze,
And put it in the spring;
And then whatever time we choose,
We'll tap the blasted thing.

We'll take our fishing tackle too,
But likely not to use,
Because the only things we'll do,
Are eat and sleep and booze;
A pleasant time, we'll have, I know,
'Mid scenes that are sublime;
It surely is the place to go,
To have a "hot old time."

*NOTE.—This poem is a burlesque on the numerous camping expeditions of the time.



ALONG THE "BLUE JUNIATA"



COMIN' BACK FROM CAMP.

I am comin' back from camp,
For I've got about enough;
Cause the weather's been so damp,
And the grub has been so tough;
I have had ten days or more,
Out amid the grass and tree;
And I'm feelin' pretty sore,
Where the skeeters chawed at me.

But it does a feller good,
Helps to rest his brawn and brain;
To get out amid the wood,
And alleviate the strain;
It makes old feel young again,
Makes them supple, sleek and gay.
Even Doctor Ostler's men
Throw their chloroform away.

Still I'm glad, I must confess,
Glad to leave the pesky place;
Tired eatin' such a mess,
As would aggravate the race;
So I'm comin' back to town,
Back amid the busy hum,
And I'm goin' to settle down,
For the many years to come.

THE STORM.

WE hear the distant thunder,
As it rumbles in the west;
And the dark cloud quickly gathers
With the lightning in its breast;
And a still, a peaceful silence,
Seems, to all the world, conform,
As we sit beneath the shadows
Of the coming thunder storm.

Bar the door against the thunder,
And the lightning and the rain!
How the mighty wind doth hurl it
Back against the window pane;
Watch the old dog, how he scampers
To his kennel! Hear the din
Of the rumbling thunder chariots!
—Gather every creature in.

We are gathered in the shelter,
Where we always like to roam,
With our loved ones 'round about us,
In the custody of home;
Now and then the glaring flashes,
Seem to dazzle every eye,
As they burn their crooked pathway
Through the black and dismal sky.

Oh how sweet it is for loved ones,
When the storm is raging wild;
'Round the old domestic circle,
To assemble—reconciled;
It is so much more delightful,
When we think of Him who holds
Every member of the kindred
In the sweet, paternal folds.

The Storm.

Jove, amidst his foaming madness,
Hurls the lightning from on high,
And he rocks the rumbling thunder,
In the cradles of the sky;
But the One who shakes the ocean,
He who gives the storm release,
Stands upon the raging billows
And he calms them into peace.



CAMPING TIME.

IN ecstasy, we're bound to be
When camping time comes round;
When men delight to take their flight,
To some secluded ground.
Where skeeters bite
You all the night,
And naughty bugs
Stick in their mugs—
What satisfaction!—we confess
The joy, the joy, we can't express.

A canvas tent, is what is meant,
A crowd of jolly folks;
A campfire's glow, a tale of woe,
Or some bewitching jokes;
And when you wish
A chance to fish;—
With shot and gun
To take a run—
Oh, lots of fun—
Yes, camping out that is our theme,
By shady nook or placid stream.

A place to sleep, where reptiles creep,
A bunk as hard as lead;
And where the stars peep through the bars,
To light you into bed;
With stuff to eat
That's hard to beat,
A cooling spring
And not a thing
But full of j j j j—
Ah, there is where you like to stay,
Throughout the heat of summer's day.

Camping Time.

God will it so, that we could go,
By mountain, hill or dell,
Where brooklets dream and fountains gleam,
And all things seem to tell
That He is there,
Yes everywhere,—
And banishing,
That hellish thing,
Which tends to bring
Us suffering—
Open our eyes
Where Nature lies,
And sunbeams play
Like phantoms gay
At closing day;
Let heaven's starry firmament,
And hill and mountain be our tent,
Where earth and sky, and tree and vine
Proclaim the Hand that is divine.



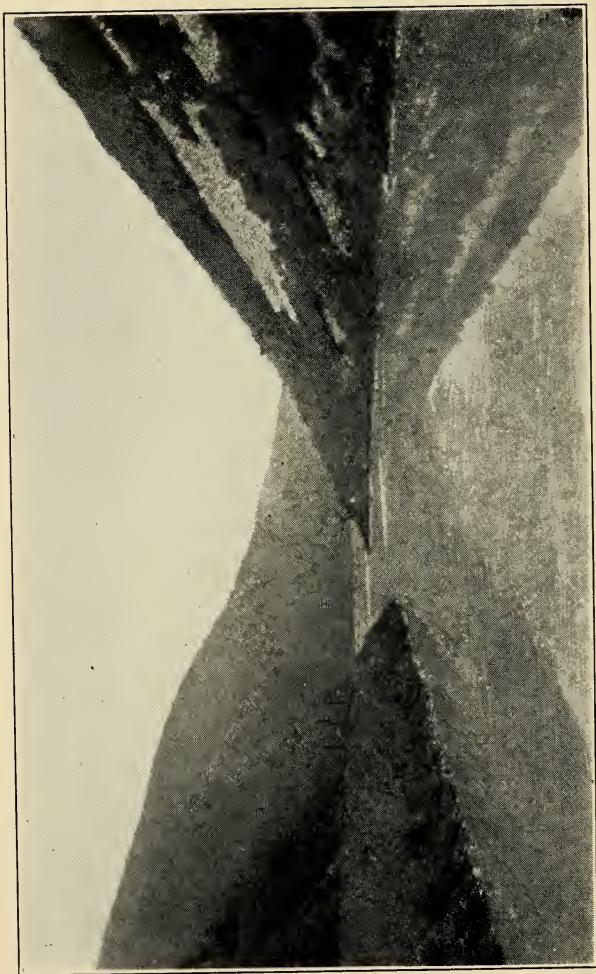
JUST THE WEATHER.

① Winter, when's the day you'll cease,
And let the Spring come on in peace?
You've been a working at your trade,
Until the people are dismayed;
You've so congealed these April days,
And taken from Old Sol his rays,—
Shame on you, Winter, you're as bad
A Winter as we've ever had.

Instead of balmy vernal breeze,
You cut loose from the North a freeze,
And to Æolus' chilling notes,
We hunted up our overcoats;
You so confused the weather proph',
Until his tendency is off;—
He'll tell you maybe, it will snow,
When lo behold, he doesn't know.

Poor Gardener, he's been provoked,
For fear his garden will be choked:
He's planned for days his onion bed—
At least, that's what the neighbors said;—
But now, he gives up in disgust,
And 'bout the weather man he's cussed,
For Winter hasn't done a thing,
To let us have a little Spring.

Now Winter "git," you've got to go,
And give the vernal days a show;
Your pertinacity's a bluff,
And we've endured it long enough;
Give us the birds, and songs and showers,
The kind that grow the fragrant flowers;
For it would be a dread mishap,
If Summer sits in Winter's lap.



OUR MOUNTAINS CLOSE HOME

"OUR MOUNTAINS."

THE mountains of the Keystone State,
Are mighty, august, huge and great;
They, stretched across her border-land
Uphold the beauties of her hand.

The Alleghanies bid adieu
To all the others rolling through;
And soaring toward heavenly flame,
Command the honors of their name.

The sun at noon, the sun at night
Reflects on them his blazoned light;
And distance lends enchanted view,
To them, while rolling in the blue.

We boast of mountains far away,
Which pierce the azure and the gray,
But ne'er forget how blessed and grand
Are those that deck our native land.

"SUMMERTIME."

WELCOME Summer! 'tis the season
When the sun burns long and hot;
When the bluebirds cross the meadows,
And the sweet forget-me-not
Sends its fragrance and its beauty
Into every longing heart;—
Sad farewells to Spring we're saying,
But 'tis Nature bids her part.

It's the season when the barefeet
Patter down the dusty lane;
Though they've wandered into mischief,
Yet the farmer can't complain;
Yes, when Summer in the country
Turns his face upon the field,
He's the best of all the seasons,
And it cannot be concealed.

True, the days of Spring are over,
And the blossoms all are gone;
And we greet the early sunshine,
As it creeps upon the dawn;
Oh, how rapturous, how delightful,
'Tis to smell the new-mown hay,
Or to usher in the cattle,
At the hours of closing day.

Summer is the time of harvest,—
What a sweet and glad refrain,
That beyond the days of labor,
We can reap the golden grain;
It is then we clear the garner
And prepare it for the yield,
When the reaping days are over,
And we bring it from the field.

Summertime.

Very early in the morning,
In a strong, stentorian voice,
You can hear the barnyard music,—
How the denizens rejoice!
But when Phœbus throws his kisses
Far beyond the throne of Mars,
What profound and peaceful silence
When you gaze upon the stars.

Where we most enjoy the Summer,
Is away from city wall,
In the custody of Nature,
'Mid the forests green and tall;
Either by the sound of rivers,
Or where happy brooklets glide;
Far upon the rolling mountains,
Or beside the foaming tide.

Let us then enjoy the summer,
For it soon will pass away;
And we'll see no more the sunset,
At the closing of the day;
For the chilling hand of Winter
Comes along with rapid pace;
And 'tis only just a moment
'Till we meet him face to face.

"VOICES OF SPRING."

I hear in the distance sweet voices of Spring;
How dear to my heart are the thoughts that they bring;
They banish the piercing and harassing cold,
And tint his old toga with streakings of gold;
The frog, so long dormant, awakens to croak.
The blue-birds together the springtime revoke,
The woodland is stirred by the musical ring,
And Nature's awake to the beautiful Spring.

The bud in its swelling has turned into leaf,
And smiles in the face of the wonderful Chief;
The trailing arbutus is rolled into view,
While Blood-root and Crocus their vestures renew;
The blossom supremely doth reign in the trees;
Its sweetest aroma is waft by the breeze;
The earth is awake while the beautiful sing,
And welcome with praises the coming of Spring.

The insect so leisurely creeps from the wall
With opened cocoon and a freshness for all;
The bovine so long being penned by the cold,
Are ready to munch what the meadows unfold;
The bee so audaciously sips from the flower
Which grows in the breast of the halcyon bower;
All hail the good tidings! Exultingly sing,
And welcome the coming of beautiful Spring.

Again comes the fall of the sweet summer rain
To nourish the plantain: to lift up the grain;
The blades of the grasses in sunlight, behold,
Like millions of soldiers with sabres of gold;
Then out from the rocks of the steep mountain side,
The rivulets burst from the strength of the tide;
The heavens delight in the rapturous scene,
While mountains in echo, return with the green.

Voices of Spring.

Long, long, may the springtime of life so remain,
To gather our harvests, to garner our grain;
A strong perseverance now, surely is rife,
For quickly are fading the seasons of life;
Not long till the glorious Spring will be past;—
The Summer, the Autumn, and Winter the last;
A time when the seasons of life will be o'er,
And we shall partake of the Springtime no more.



TO JACK'S SPRING.*

FAR up on the crest of the mountain
Away from the city and plain,
There lies an inexorable fountain,
Whose greatness shall ever remain.
It is rocked in the cradle of beauty,
It is fed by the earth and the cloud;
It is charged with a wonderful duty,
It has been for a purpose endowed.

This fountain, historically famous,
Has existed from days that are old;
Then why should you censure or blame us
In attempt of its waters to hold?
The Red-man, who trod on this mountain,
Did drink from its issue so clean;
So we honor thee, arrogant fountain,
And we're proud for the career thou hast seen.

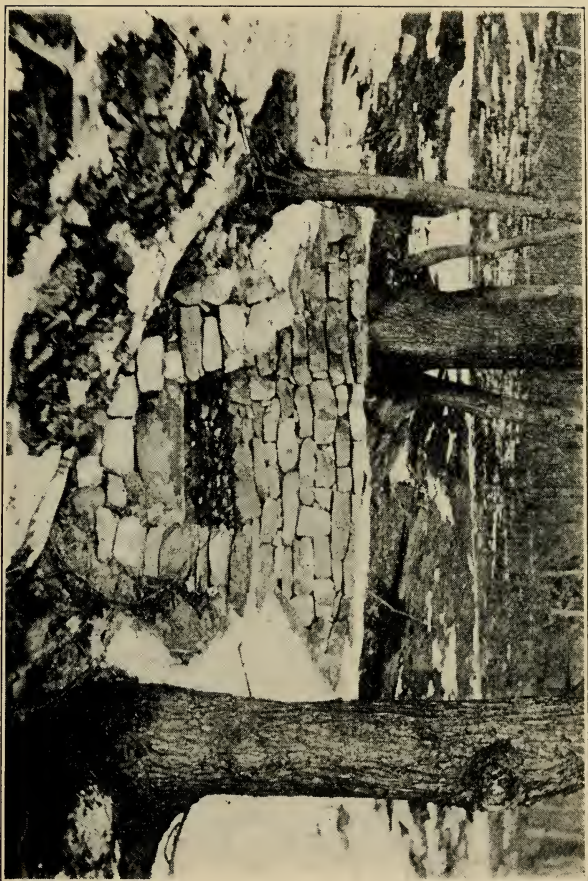
We can see in the distance thy station
As it rolls to the heavens, so blue;
We are glad for thy lot in our Nation,
We rejoice in thy picturesque view;
O great and glorious fountain
Be never forgetful; but send
From thy place on the top of the mountain
Thy sweetness; for on it, we'll depend.

As we list to the sound of thy waters,
When they rush from the summit on high,
We trust that our sons and our daughters
May e'er on the goodness rely;
May they as we have in our day,
Partake of thine, sweetest of streams,
And to thee, O Jack's Spring shall we lay
The result of our thoughts and our dreams.

*NOTE—Mount Union gets its water from Jack's Spring.



JACK'S SPRING AS IT WAS IN INDIAN DAYS



THE FAMOUS JACK'S SPRING, ON THE SUMMIT OF JACK'S MOUNTAIN

**Poems of
Local Interest**

THE FOURTH IN MOUNT UNION.

WE are goin' to have a big time,
Sure—on Independence Day;
We are makin' preparations
For a mighty fine display;
There is something to be doin'
And the old town's goin' to hum,
If you think that we're a-fakin'
Just lay down your work and come.

There'll be numerous amusements,
An' there goin' to all be great:
We are never in the background,
We are always up-to-date;
Talk about your patri'tism,
Well—we're goin' to show you some;
If you think that we're a-fakin',
Just lay down your work an' come.

'Mong the many things of interest,
Is a bouncin' big parade;
An' we'll have the best procession
That the town has e'er displayed;
There'll be other things of int'rest.
Games an' races too,—by gum;
If you think that we're a-fakin',
Just lay down your work an' come.

We are goin' to raise Old Glory,
Midst our patriotic zeal:
And there'll be some speech-a-fiers,
Who will give the crowd a speel;
But alas, at night, those fireworks,
'Nough to knock a feller dumb:—
If you think that we're a-fakin',
Just lay down your work an' come.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.*

*NOTE.—This poem was written as a burlesque on the streets in Mt. Union, due to sewerage in the town.

IF one would drop down,
In the centre of town,
By wireless from Mars,
Or some of the stars,
We wonder just what,
He'd think on the spot.
As down with a "thud"
He landed in MUD?

Or be it allowed,
He came from a cloud,
Or half in a swoon,
He dropped from the moon;
What do you suppose,
He'd say as he 'rose,
Like a man with a "hud,"
Up out of the mud?

The chances are so,
That he wouldn't know,
Just where he did light,
From his aerial flight;
He'd likely devise,
As he came from the skies,
Some volcanic mace,
Had struck at the place.

Ere long he would go,
Inquiring—why so,
Such splendor and pomp,
Were built in a swamp—
But lo, he would find
His presence of mind,
When some one would say,
"It's muddy to-day."

Our Martian friend,
Before he'd ascend,
Methinks he would laugh,
To know just the half;
Then feign he would say,
As wending his way:
"Good-bye, I'll not drown,
While you're sew'ring your town."



A DOLLAR A TRIP.*

*NOTE.—This poem was written after the local physicians raised their fees.

WE talk about the unionist,
And rail about the trust;
We watch the dire monopoly,
With something of disgust;
But lo, there is another thing,
For now we hear them say,
The doctors of our neighborhood,
Have raised their price of pay.

It comes on rather suddenly,
For not long since they met,
And so decided 'mong themselves,
A little more to get;
They're in for makin' money now,
A fortune, at a clip,
For now they charge for services,
A hundred cents a trip.

Well sure, this is monopoly,
The helpless public think;
It's either pay your dollar now,
Or go across the "brink";
It may be too, you'll pay the mun,
And after all will die:—
A dollar for a pair of pills,
Is not a thing but high.

You get a touch of stomach-ache,
Or get a dose of chills;
You summon quick the doctor man,
To load you up with pills;
He comes, he feels your pulse an' head,
And asks your tongue to see,
Prescribing then, some medicine—
A dollar bill's the fee.

A Dollar a Trip.

Well, there is only one thing now,
If medicine we take,
And that is use the remedies,
Our mothers used to make;
It was before these modern times,
Of medic-surgic skill,
They had to doctor up themselves,
When they were taken ill.

Bring back again, the bone-set tea,
Wild-cherry bark and sage;
Bring back the days of penny-royal,
For these must be the rage;
There's rhubarb, hoarhound, prickly-ash,
Life-everlasting, too,
Use elecampane to tone you up,
Catnip for baby's b-o-o.

Yes, keep in stock a host of things,
And have them on the shelf:
So taken ill these modern times,
You can prescribe, yourself;
Keep lots of tallow, herbs and tea,
And onions if you please;
Be sure of turpentine and lard,
To extirpate the wheeze.

Ah, how about poor printer now,
Can he this dollar pay?
A year's subscription what it means,
Astonishing, to say;
The printer now, when taken ill,
My Lord, what will he do?—
Take off this extra effort Doc'
And let the eds live too.

Yes 'tis too bad, but yet 'tis true,
The doctors have us down;
And bad enough, it is for us,
Who live within the town;
But woe to them, poor tho' they be,
Who in the country lie
Upon their beds, and sick to death,
For they will have to die.

Yes, talk about monopoly,
And all that sort of thing,
But how about the doctor bills,
That come down with a "bing"?
There's money in the business now,
Here goes it—we'll resign,
To take a course in medicine,
And then hang up our sign.



THAT WARM WAVE.

①LD Sol peeped out from behind a cloud,
And laughed till his sides did ache,
When he looked down here on this angry crowd,
Enduring the weather fake;
He knew, at heart, how we kicked and stormed
'Cause the weather 'd be cold or wet,
So he thought he'd kindly have us warmed,
Or worse—he'd make us sweat.

We were all attired in our furs and coats,
Amid the winter's hold;
We'd protected well, our lungs and throats,
To battle with the cold;
But Sol, the elf, when he seized the joke,
Just quietly turned the tune
By sending a hot wave—"hokey smoke"
A month or more too soon.

We sweat, you bet, and we puffed and blowed;
And threw the windows up;
And every cooling draught that flowed,
We treasured in our cup;
We let the fires down to ashes drop,
Because it got too hot:
When the mercury began to flop
A hundred points from "naught."

Amid the clamor, howl and din,
There fell a bit of cheer;
When word from the woolly west came in,
That a cold wave would be here;
We waited patiently,—but no,
The blamed thing didn't come;
It didn't blizz, it didn't blow,
It didn't strike a hum.

That Warm Wauc.

But tho' the frogs began to croak,
The bumble bees to bum,
Old Sol's the fellow that played the joke,
And he is not so dumb;
The hot spell's over, the cold is here,
Whose coming, we're glad to see:
Old Sol remarked—a sarcastic sneer—
“What fools those mortals be.”



“CHRISTMAS.”*

*NOTE.—This poem was written after a drunken brawl that had taken place in Mt. Union on a Christmas Day.

SHOOTING matches,
Facial scratches,
Brutal knock-outs on the sly;
Awful patches,
Locked latches,
Can't tell when you're goin' to die.

Beer kegs roaming,
Spirits foaming,
Got the devil on the string—
But it's serious
When delirious,
Half the town gets up to sing.

Corners blocking,
Lots of bawking
Old and young, and young and old;
Slapping, scrapping,
Flapping, tapping,
Got much more'n they can hold.

Christmas.

Brawling, sprawling,
Quaking, shaking;
Moaning, groaning,
Driving, striving;
Grumbling, rumbling,
Fumbling, tumbling;
Hounding, pounding,
Bounding, sounding;
Thumping, bumping,
Plumping, jumping;
Coiling, toiling,
Spoiling, boiling.—

There surely is reason,
In howling of treason;
And shall we endure it,
Or offer to cure it?

We've never experienced a Christmas before
That gave such confusion and drunken galore.



AT THE COUNTY FAIR.*

THE County Fair, the County Fair,
With all the wondrous things up there;
Attractions, such you ne'er did see
And all as fine as they can be;
The people come from far and near
To see the County Fair this year,
Exhibits better, grander, more,
Than ever they have been before.

There's "Madam Dorothy," you know,
Who has the æronautic show;
She, with her wonderful balloon
Would scrape the cobwebs from the moon;
Yes, every day's a great display
Of skill and cunning, so they say,
And if you have the cash to spare
You shouldn't miss the County Fair.

The County Fair, the County Fair,
So many things they have up there;
There's equine wonder Mizpath too,
With all the tricks that he can do;
The pyrotechnical display,
Will be a feature of the day,
And so "King Bill," the wondrous Bull,
Will entertain you to the full.

The City Band will be on hand
And give their concerts at the stand
And Exhibition Hall, arrayed
With bric-a-brac so well displayed;
The races too, the whole time through
Will prove a wondrous treat to you;
So don't forget the County Fair,
And all the gay attractions there.

*NOTE.—Written in the interest of the county fair at
Huntingdon, Pa.

WAITIN' FOR TH' LIGHT.*

WE are waitin' for the light,
To come on most any night:
For it's near the time o' year
That the blame thing should be here;
We are tired stumblin' roun'
Through th' dark and gloomy town;
It is pretty blasted rough,
For they've fooled us long enough.

We have watched 'em dig th' holes,
Raise 'em up and set th' poles;
Seen 'em string along th' wires,
Also fasten 'em with plyers;
We have watched with anxious heart,
Every minute, little part;
Still we're watchin' for th' light,
To come on most any night.

Apparatus—hard to beat,
They have put on every street;
They have got the engine in,
And it's ready to begin;
They have set the dynamo,
Pretty soon to let her go,—
Makin' all adjustments right,
For th' new electric light.

It's been rumored for so long,
That it's got to be a song;—
In a week or two or so,
On th' 'lectric lights 'll go;—
Gracious! What's it all about,
For this rumor's wearin' out,
And we're tired every night
Watchin' for the 'lectric light.

*NOTE.—Poem written just before Mt. Union got her electric light in operation. It made quite a hit.



MOUNT UNION, LOOKING WEST

EPIDEMIC.

WHEN you're sore
To the core,
Aching bones
And fearful groans,
When you speak
With a squeak,
And you sneeze,—
Nearly freeze
When you're out
And about,
And you note
That your throat
Feels quite raw,
And your jaw
Seems as if
You'd got a biff;
Dullest brains,
Sharpest pains,
Pretty hoarse,
Ugly, coarse,
Hackin' cough;
Head near off;
Now you're hot,
'Cause you've got
Another cold
For to hold;
Fly to bed,
Cover head,
Back again
In the pen;
Mustard plasters,
Oh, disasters,
Quinine pill,
For the chill,
Turpentine,—
'Tis the sign
That you've caught it,
And you've got it,—
It's the Grip.

"A CIRCUMSPECT."

SPRING has come around again,
Bud is on the tree,
Everybody's turnin' out
Happy as can be;
Kids are runnin' on the street
Gettin' into scraps,
Mothers huntin' all aroun'
For the naughty chaps.

Wimmen-folks are cleanin' house
Men are burnin' brush,
Everyone a-flyin' roun'
In a dreadful rush;
Stickin' onions in the patch,
Plantin' summer peas,
'Rangin' all the veg'tables
For a comin' freeze.

All the corners in the town
Loaded down with boys
Tellin' yarns and smokin' too—
Keepin' up a noise;
Just the time to get about,
Quit your winter jacket!
Start at once, and wonder out,
Try to make a racket!

Ah yes, spring is here again,
There is no forgettin',
Wimmen, for their garden patch,
Seem to be a-frettin';
Greatest pest of all the year—
Just your neighbor's chickens;
For, when you try to keep them out,
You're sure to raise the "dickens."

THE COUNTY FAIR.

①H, the county fair was a great affair,
With all the gay attractions there,
Of everything from a toy balloon,
Up to the man who hugged the moon;
The crowds of people had to go,
To see the things they had to show,—
Without conjecture, without a guess
The whole affair was a great success.

When once you came to the entrance gate
Without a doubt you would have to wait,
For the many people, the awful crush,
Would nearly smother you in the rush;
But setting foot on the famous ground,
You could not help but wander round,
To see the swift and famous "Cute,"
Or the man that dropped in the parachute.

The music of the City Band
Was sweet, harmonious and grand;
And Exhibition Hall displayed
The wondrous works that genius made;
The finest fruit, the nicest frock,
The largest lot of "blooded stock";
A public wedding, don't you know?
Or more than that, a baby show.

The County Fair.

O the county fair, the county fair!
What startling things they had up there;
You'll never know the nerve it takes,
When "Benó" rattles the rattle snakes;
The pyrotechnics hurled their light
Amid the darkened clouds of night;
And wasn't it powerful?—well I guess,
The county fair was a great success.



MOVING THE BRIDGE.*

*NOTE.—A local controversy was on as to where to erect a new bridge over the Juniata River. The predominant sentiment favored Yapple's where it stands today.

THE town is in a flurry,
And what's it all about,
Well, just you wait a minute,
'Till we have time to "spout";
Ahem! Now we are ready,
Then listen,—don't you fidge;
It's all about the moving
Of Mt. Union's county bridge.

A rigid controversy,
Is up before the mass;
They must do something quickly,
To let the railroad pass;
Some want it moved to Yapple's
The place it ought to go;
While others have decided,
To move it far below.

Well brethren don't get angry,
But just good judgment use;
And what's the best for everyone,
That one, no one refuse;
The bridge should go to Yapple's,
To benefit us all;
Give it to Mifflin county?—
That sounds like fol-de-rol.

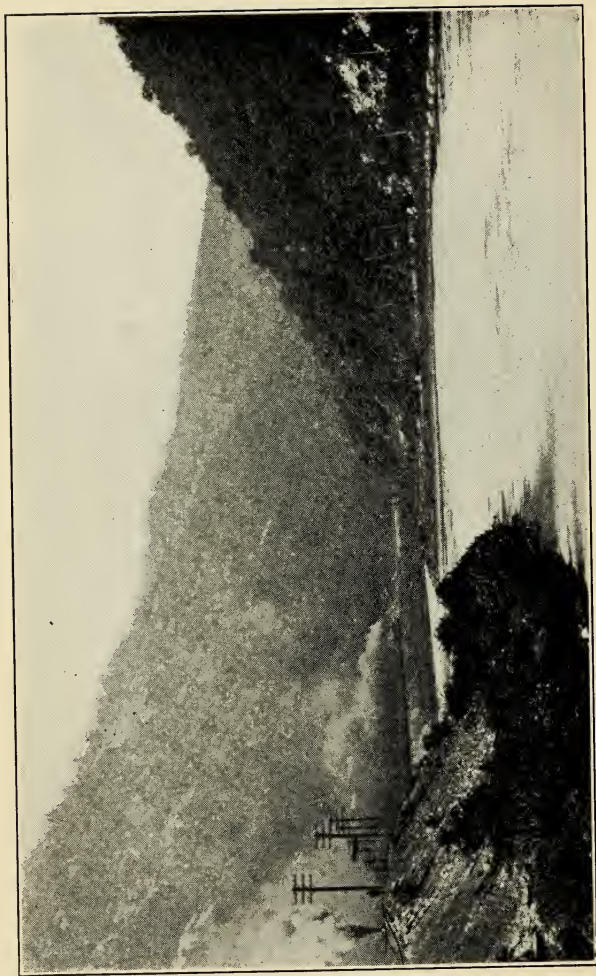
Where placid Juniata,
The mountain parts in twain;
Where Nature paints a picture,
That Art will e'er retain;
There 'mid those stately ridges,
And peaceful waters—blue,
We might enhance the poet,
And paraphrase a few:

Moving the Bridge.

'Twas on the bridge at midnight,
We stood, and through the years,
We saw the bridge at Yapple's,
A resting on its piers;
It served the public nobly,
How lucky—yes 'twas fine,
For feign some would have moved it,
Beyond the county line:

Then move it down to Yapple's
The place it ought to go;
'Twill be the best for everyone,
Come hail or rain or snow;
Yes Citizens, be careful,
Don't give the thing away,
The bridge was built in Huntingdon
And there, it's got to stay.





OUR MOUNTAIN'S—JACK'S NARROWS

Memorial Poems

TO THE MEMORY OF B. J. DEVOR.*

*NOTE.—B. J. De Vor was for many years the Sunday-school teacher of the author. He departed this life, Nov. 9, 1905.

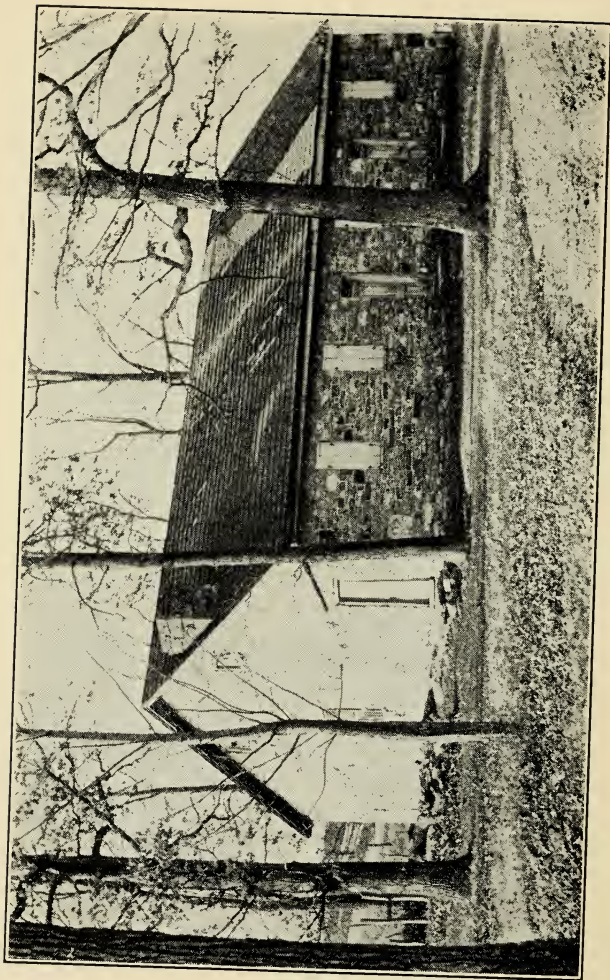
THE canopy of Death o'ershades the brave
And cowardly, the rich and poor, alike;
With equal force, the Reaper falls upon
This mortal dust of man, and bids it
Decompose, and thus release the
Fragmentary frame, that for so long preserved
The principle of life we call the soul.
Descending then, amid the silent halls of Death,—
To him who holds communion with his Lord,
And fellowship, Divine, the angel lifts
The dismal veil, and immortality
Reveals the mighty glory of the skies.
The panoramic and celestial light,
The dawning of the new Jerusalem,—
Seraphic vision, that awaits us all,
Who fall asleep within the arms of God,
For unto them,—the incorruptible,—
A crown of righteousness adorns their brow,
And Death the enemy, becomes the friend,
To help us up to God.

Death hath no sting,
And grave ne'er more dare boast of victory,
Since He didst burst the bonds; the sepulchre
Destroy; didst heave the sea and wing the storm,
And after all, didst hush them into peace—
Almighty God hast rent in twain the veil
And thus allayed the awfulness of Death.
There is no death,—a transitory stage
That lifts us upward through the azure blue,
And beckons us beyond the "gates ajar"
To meet Him face to face.

To the Memory of H. A. De War.

But one has gone,
The tongue is stilled; the hand is clasped in Death.
Ne'er more to walk the broadened ways of earth,
Nor move upon the mighty sea of life.
A vacant chair bespeaks the message—gone!
A fireside mourns the counsel and the smile,
The care, the tender vigil thus bestowed,
In that paternal love, which lingers still.
But there's a higher life where he has gone,
Across the mighty cavern Death hath made;
Beyond the dark abyss, nor eye can see,
The new Jerusalem, in glory dawns,
The awfulness that clusters round the grave
Is banished through unfathomable mists.
And so to him who builds his trust in God,
This narrow isthmus "twixt two boundless seas"
Prepares this mortal dust that God hath made
And breathed therein a never-dying soul,
To meet Eternity—that "Gulph of Time"
Remaining still—"a pleasing, dreadful, thought"—
Where shadows, clouds and darkness must divide
And pass beneath the depths.

Then what is Death,
But that connecting link, which binds the chain
To that eternal realm within the skies,
Where pain and sorrow flee forevermore
And all the mighty hosts lift up their voice,
Amid the choral anthems of the blest,
And thus within the gates of Paradise
Proclaim Him Lord, who rolled the worlds in space,
And made for man, a home beyond the skies.



THE OLD STONE CHURCH IN GERMANY VALLEY

TO THE OLD STONE CHURCH.*

*NOTE.—This poem was written in memory of the Old Dunkard Stone Church, in Germany Valley, Huntingdon County, Pa., standing today. It was erected in 1838.

A MID fair Germ'ny Valley's hills,
There stands an old sequestered shrine;
No mighty dome its splendor fills,
Nor architect's superb design;
An edifice of stone it stands,
A monument to those long passed,
Whose energetic, skillful hands,
Its plain and simple outline cast.

No spire uplifting to the skies,
No nave adorned by artist's brush;
No thrilling organ tones arise,
No pew veneered by fancy plush;
No clanging bell to give alarm,
Whene'er the meeting hour draws near;
To sound across the field and farm,
And o'er the meadows brown and sere.

A reverence that church commands,
That strong and massive looking pile;
'Tis like the pyramid that stands,
Along the famed, historic Nile;
Our fathers worshipped at that shrine,
And raised aloft their fervent prayer;
They sang their praises, line by line,
They felt the Spirit's presence there.

'Twas often, round the open door,
The brethren for their love-feast met;
Yes, there, assembled many a score
Of faces that you can't forget;
Sad reminiscence, too, can tell,
How oft' the mourners' solemn tread,
The while, the awful funeral knell,
Proclaimed the coming of the dead.

To the Old Stone Church.

God's Word was oft' from sacred desk,
Proclaimed to set the sinner wise;
And many a soul hast there professed
The urgent need of sacrifice;
So, Old Stone Church, live on, live on,
Across the years that are to be;
For all the recollections gone,
We'll cherish still in memory.



Miscellaneous
Poems

THE DISAPPOINTED NIMROD.

HE threw his gun on his shoulder,
And stealthily strode to the woods;
Assured in his bigoted nature,
That he could deliver the goods;
Relying on self-satisfaction,
He'd fearlessly tackle a bear,
For when he'd the old muzzle loader,
He didn't particularly care.

He had treasured in anticipation,
The game he expected to kill;
Whenever the season would open
And he could go hunt to his fill;
But like many other great nimrods,
He met disappointments galore;
But shoot!—could you heard the old musket
You'd sworn, 'twas the opening of war.

Alack! he came back in a sputter,
Disgusted with hunting, and well;
For after his awful exertion,
He didn't get, even a smell;
But a lesson he got with a moral,
Although he was tattered and scratched;
To never again count his chickens
Until all his chickens were hatched.

SYMPATHY.*

*NOTE.—This poem was of strictly local interest, characteristic of the times.

AN interesting episode
Took place the other day,
When one of our chief officers,
Went out of town away;
The object of his mission was,
To find a little cur,
But 'stead of this, to his surprise,
He found a little "HER."
All black and blue
Discouraged too,
Not tellin' what might be:—
Don't worry 'li,'
But watch your eye,
You've lots of sympathy.

The officer to guarantee,
That things would be complete,
Along with him a warrant took,
To render naught defeat;
Alas, that shot-gun's fatal end,—
He'd scarcely time to speak,
And so from off the premises,
He thought he'd better sneak.
The officer
Resisted her,
And let the dog go free;
Don't worry 'li,'
Keep courage high,
You've got our sympathy.

Sympathy.

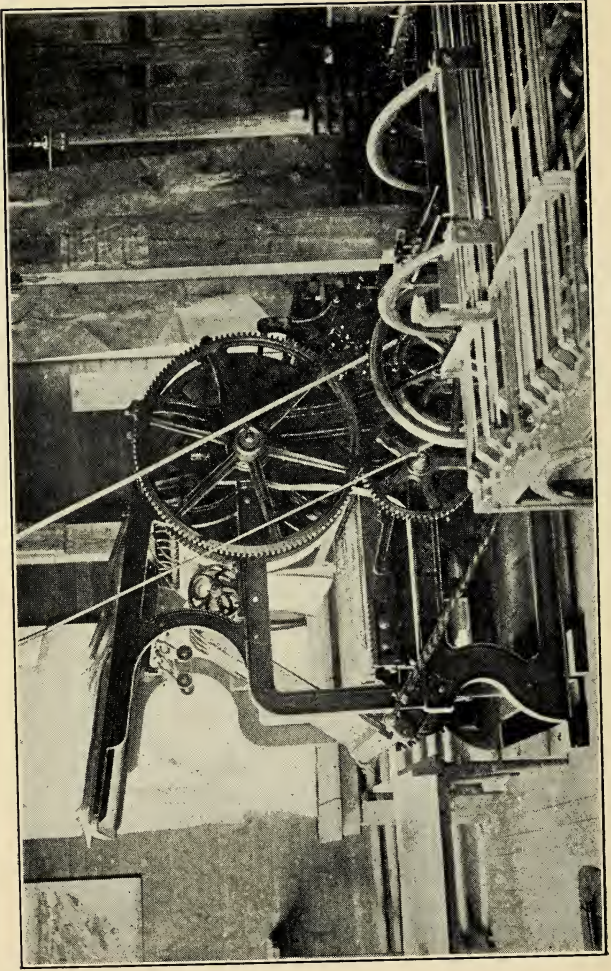
Aback to town he traced his steps,
Discouraged, yet surprised;
To think that such a woman had
A mind to black his eyes;
So, mustering some new recruits,
Of pugilistic skill,
The legion started,—Forward! March!
To face the good or ill.
But like a flash,
She cut a slash,
Without apology;
The hatchet flew,
And language too,
She had no sympathy.

At last amid the raging scene,
They gathered up their prey;
And when the culprit was suppressed,
Departed on their way;
And so, for penalty imposed,
Until she got some bail,
She shared the hospitality,
Within the county jail.
'Though bruised and torn,
Object of scorn,—
She's got it in for ye:
"Don't worry Bill"
Keep courage still,
You've got our sympathy.

Sympathy.

But here's the lesson, by the way,
Experience tells you so;
Lookout for Carry Nations,
Wheresoever you may go;
No sympathy from, Carnegie,
But here's the better plan;
These feministic pugilists,
Just treat them like a man,
Nobody knows
Just how it goes,
But those who're there to see;
"Don't worry Bill,"
Keep courage still,
You've all our sympathy.





A PARTIAL VIEW OF THE TIMES PRESS ROOM

TO THE PRINTER'S TOWEL.

① here's to the towel, the old-fashioned towel,
That hung in the print-shop just back of
the door;

Its striking position and luring condition,—

O where's there a towel to wear as it wore?
Amid the hot season, or time when 'twas freezin'
That towel was always suspended in place;
'Twas much consolation, to note the relation,
It always sustained to the hands and the face.

The bum he abused it, the devil misused it,
The make-up, the foreman and even the ED;
A little more grime still, was added each time till
The famous old towel got as heavy as lead;
In, over and under, 'twas blacker than thunder,
The emblem of penury, without and within;
With dirt well defended, the old towel suspended
And flapped on the wall like a target of tin.

That old dirty towel would make a man growl,
'Twas hard on the hands and the stomach as
well;

It grew thicker and rougher and harder and
tougher,
Till almost discarded it started to smell;
'Twas ugly and inky and horny and kinky,
Until it had done about all it could do;
When one stormy morning, without any warning
It fell to the floor and was broken in two.

THE OLD FASHIONED SWING.

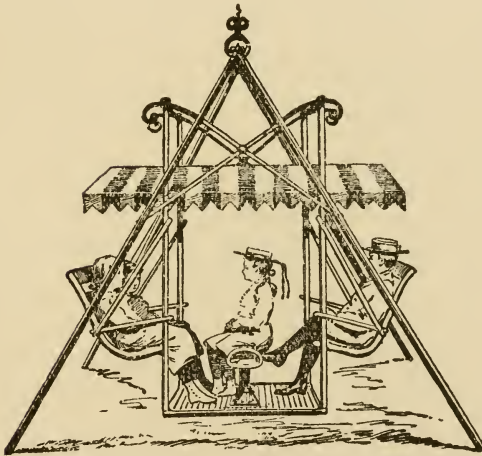
① the old-fashioned swing, how I love to recall it,
Which hung 'neath the apple tree, down on the farm;
From dawn until sunset, the old swing had all it
Could carry with safety, unconscious of harm;
There, brothers, and sisters, and lovers together,
Would come for enjoyment, to play and to sing;
'Twas then, that old swing with the ease of a feather,
Would fly through the air like a bird on the wing.

O the old iron rods, how they creaked with their treasure,
The beams which were oaken, they even would shake;
But with all, there was nothing to hinder our pleasure,
Or ever convince us that they were to break;
O yes, it is dear for me now to remember,
Those fond recollections, delightful to trace;
For we clung to its arms till the wilds of November
Declined to allow us within its embrace.

The birds of the Summer would sing in the branches,
Their matins of morning and vespers of night;
The men in the evening would come from the ranches
To witness the children's ecstatic delight;
O it **was** delightful, I must not forget it,
'Twill live till these temples are hoary with age;
The time of my childhood, I'll never regret it,
It stands paramount to the song of the sage.

The Old Fashioned Swing.

O carry me back to those days of my childhood,
And take me once more to the wild flowers' glen;
Relate to me now of the rapturous wildwood,
I wish, O, I wish I could see it again;
The prattles of boyhood, I tell you we need them,
There's nothing more glorious for ages to bring;
Long, long may they live, for I cannot recede them,
I'll never forget of the days on the swing.



THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BLESSINGS on the barefoot boy;
Mamma's pet and papa's joy;
See him skipping down the street,
In the Summer's fevered heat;
Happy everywhere he goes—
Scratching, pinching, bumping toes.

He's the barefoot boy of June,
With his merry whistled tune;
Pride of household, loved by all;
Plump and heavy—never tall;
Happy, supple, sleek and coy,
Typical, the barefoot boy.

Early at the dawn of day,
See him tripping on his way;
Full of glee, and merriment,
Always heeds the best consent;
Like the busy little bee
In the Summer time, is he.

Home again, when time to eat,
Calls the blackened little feet;
Or when twilight has begun
And another day is done;
Then the lucid stars will peep
While they cradle him to sleep.

Bless the barefoot boy, I say,
For his calm, yet manly way;
'Though he yet but little knows
Of the great command that goes
Through that dun and darkened tan,
Harbinger of noble man.

The Barefoot Boy.

Bless the little feet so light,
Keep their steppings ever right;
Honor comes and honor goes,
Cheers and blessings weaken woes;
Though he's quick and full of joy,
Father keep the barefoot boy.



THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

TREAD softly! bow thy head,
In reverent silence bow!
The village bell doth toll,
With a calm and peaceful roll—
For the old year's dying now.

Dying? Oh, so sad,
To think of thee as dead!
When we've been friends so long,
And now, this dismal gong
Acclaims that thou art fled.

The moon peeps now and then
From behind the rolling cloud.
His requiem is sung;
The tolling bell is rung,—
Prepare to meet thy shroud.

How can we let thee go,
Thou, dear old year so true?
Thou hast many blessings brought;
And, sorrow, not in the least, forgot,
Old year, what shall we do?

But hark! he's breathing hard,
And soon, he'll meet his last;
He speaks not as before,—
He's gone for evermore—
Into the wondrous past.

O change! O wondrous change!
Burst are the prison bars.
This moment there—so low
A parting prayer—but now,
Beyond the lucid stars.

AMBITION.

LET not these days go flitting by
In hollow, vain regret,
For something you've been looking for
But have not found it yet;
Let not a moment wasteful be,
While time is on the wing,
But every effort execute
To bring the wanted thing.

Be not akin to indolence,
But active, strong and true;
Make every moment nearer bring
The goal you would pursue;
There's nothing great exists to-day
That idle years sustain,
But everything necessitates
An active hand and brain.

So, be not given, friend disposed
To ponder and to wait;
To overwhelm anxiety
For something large and great;
But conscious of the principles
Which underlie success,
Avail yourself of something
That these busy days possess.

Ambition, let your watch-word be;
All hindrances denounce;
Remember it's not what we say,
But what we do that counts;
Bear up amid life's busy whirl,
And every hour engage;
For nothing is to him who waits,
In this industrious age.

CLEANING HOUSE.

YES, the scrub-brush and the broom,
Have been flying through the room.
They have heeded the command,
Of the housewife's cunning hand;
From appearances it seems,
Like the wildest of our dreams;—
But, be quiet as a mouse,
For the women's cleanin' house.

You may talk of woman's rights,
And of dire domestic fights,
But there's naught to demonstrate,
Nor to aggravate your mate,
At this special time of year,
Like a man to interfere:—
So, poor man, he can't say "beans"
For he knows just what it means.

Yes, it's scratch, and scrape and rub,
And it's scrape and scratch and scrub,
Naphtha soap and Bon-ami,
See the dust a flyin', "gee"
Rags and buckets, brushes, brooms,
How they scamper through the rooms;—
Vernal Poet! make a rhyme,
For this is house-cleaning time.

Well amid it all, give ear!
This time comes but once a year;
And it is a blessed thing
That they clean up every spring;
Men may dine outside of doors,
And may sleep upon the floors,
But they're lucky if not hurt,
'Mid this awful war on dirt.

WHEW.

WE'RE inconsistent mortals,
And mighty hard to please;
'Cause when it is too hot for some,
There're others seem to freeze;
'Tis everlasting howlin',
And perpetuated hum,
For we're always croakin' winter
When the
Hot
Days
Come!

In winter when it blizzes,
We long and wait for Spring;
And when the lovely May is on,
And all the crickets sing,—
We get that t-i-r-e-d f-e-e-l-i-n-g,
Then what an awful grum!
And we howl for ice and lemons,
When the
Hot
Days
Come!

Now what's this tarnal yarnin'
Amount to, anyhow?
The dog will do his barkin',
And the cat will say MEOW,—
And in the great hereafter,
Will the list'ning stars grow dumb,
As the people howl for icebergs
When the
Hot
Days
Come?

OPPORTUNITY.

Improve the opportunity,
That comes to you to-day;
Be always looking out to see
Whatever comes your way;
The world is large the chances great,
But never sit around and wait.

Let not the golden moments flee,
Without some recompense;
For life's too short to let them be
A heedless consequence;
Take off your coat and get to work,
And ne'er the slightest duty shirk.

Take care of all the little things,
Though infinitely small;
For cents, the mighty dollar brings
And days from moments fall;
The little drops and grains of sand
Roll up the mighty ocean's strand.

LABOR.

①NWARD and upward, advancing, retreating,
Sun, moon and planet are winding their way;
Stars of the heavens, refulgent, are fleeting,
All of Creation is busy today;
What is the talisman ever so urging?
Why this disturbance, incessantly rife?
List' to the mighty deep ebbing and surging,—
True perseverance is beacon of life.

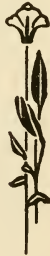
Work is delightful, the robins are singing;
Labor is life, audit Nature's reply;
Down through the ages the message is ringing,
Backward or forward, what standeth must die
"The living must work," is the law of the masses
Even the seed that is placed in the clay,
Takes up the sunshine and rain as it passes,
Then after blossom it sinks to decay.

"Labor is pleasant," so saith the sunbeam,
Tripping and skipping so buxom and gay;
"Work is enjoyment," proclaimeth the mill
stream,
Dashing and splashing and winding its way;
See how the raindrop forgets not its duty,
Ay, how the little rose kisses the light.
Never the rainbow restrains from its beauty,
Light after darkness and day after night.

Labor is rest from the trials that meet us,
Peace to the wearied soul, burdened with sin;
Labor invites many pleasures that greet us,
Labor upholds us when sorrows begin;
Struggle for something, what matters how lowly,
Let not your heart remain idle and still;
Labor is justified, labor is holy;
Work with an eagerness, work with a will.

Labour.

Prostrate yourself not, to sin when around thee
Mold out your destiny noble and true;
Never submit you when failure hath found thee;
Give the world all that is in you to do;
Then when your work is done, sooner or later,
Ceasing the battle you give up your sword,
Faithful on earth, heaven wills something greater,
"Well done" O servant, receive thy reward.



BACTERIA.

① give us back the days of old,
When science wasn't half so bold,
And dread bacteria had no hold,
Upon the human tribe;
For now it seems that everywhere,
Both on the earth and in the air,
Those pesky little things are there,
Just waitin' for our "gibe."

They congregate—forsooth, they long,
To gather round the helpless throng,
To tackle both the weak and strong,
And bring them to their back;
Our food, our drink, the clothes we wear,
The Pullman berth, the barber's chair,
E'en what we breathe—yes everywhere,
They come down with a "whack."

Bring back those days, when naught we knew,
About this inauspicious crew,
Who haven't any more to do,
Than agitate the mass;
Man then could live without the dread,
Of microbes chasing him to bed,
At least that's what the people said,
And it was true—Alas!

Woe to that land, who sits and sighs,
Because her sons have been so wise,
That all these things they advertise,
To give us oft a scare;
So be it now, we fear to eat,
Or drink, or breathe, or walk the street,
Unless those pesky things we meet,
For lo, they're everywhere.

Bacteria.

But worst of all, the experts state,
Is due to those who osculate,
A very unpropitious fate,
 When love is so revealed;
For homage paid upon the lip,
That sweet, and all-prevailing sip,
May bring consumption or la grippe,
 Alak! Their fate is sealed.

Bacteriologist, Skidoo!
We've had about enough of you,
For you have stirred us through and through,
 And set things all a-hum;
That naughty, naughty little germ,
A little smaller than a worm,
Will surely make the people squirm,
 For days and days to come.



A FEW, FROM POE.

①NCE upon a midnight bleary,
While we lay fatigued and weary,
Many pleasant dreams and sugar-plums a-dancing in our
head;
Suddenly, we heard a yelling,
Like a multitude was swelling,
And investigation proved the thing a party in their sled.

Yes, in dishabille, we hustled
And with blinds and window tussled,
Just to satisfy our wonder, and our anger to appease;
Then behold, as they came nearer,
And the sleighbells sounded clearer,
It reminded one on first appearance, of a hive of bees.

Boys and girls there were together,
Out amid the frosty weather,
The young, they must keep young, ye know,—the old for-
get the gray;
For in such a congregation,
Some almost forget their station,
As the jingle and the tingle of the sleigh-bells bang away.

Howling with stentorian voices,
Making various kinds of noises,
Just to waken all the people who are slumbering in the
town;
Such a chorus—mis-er-ah-ble,
For 'twas gibble, gabble, gobble,—
At the moment, residents thought the Russians had
come down.

On they went both wild and merry,
Other folks to scare and worry,

Ere they reached their destination, stiff and cold from
many chills:

Then the "boys" put up he "casher"—
E'en the disappointed masher,—

For the "boys" are always in it when it comes to foot the
bills.

Back to bed again we scampered,
With our slumbers slightly hampered.

For such midnight interruptions, knock the sand-man all
awry;

But hereafter, folks take warning,
When returning in the morning,

Just reserve your exhalations, for "chin-music" bye and
bye.



THE AUTOMOBILE.

RUSHING down the city street,
Filling with awe the people you meet,
In mechanism so complete,
The Automobile.

Quietly, peacefully, see it roll,
Not one thought of paying toll,
Striving to reach the final goal,
The Automobile.

Slipping along on rubber tire,
With lightning speed and rush of fire,
In every way a perfect flyer;—
The Automobile.

Far in the distance see it start!
Now it passes us with a dart;
Soon from our vision to depart—
The Automobile.

Thou, the talk of this civilized land,
Fully obeying thy master's command,
Made and perfected by human hand,
The Automobile.

Stepping with civilization, apace:
Oh, what is worthy to envy thy place?
Run on forever! yea, win out the race.
Thou, Automobile.

FAREWELL—WELCOME.

FAREWELL, 1902!

We would note the good of you,
All the blessing and the care
It has been our lot to share;
All the trifles and the pain,
That have made the heart complain;
Or a better side to view,
Is the benefit of you,—
Every blessing 'neath the sun
Let us count them one by one.

Welcome, 1903!
What result will come of thee?
As we stand within the door,
Of the year which lies before,
Looking forward through the gleam
Of our prophecy and dream,
Let us, armed for victory,
Meet it, whatsoe'er it be,
Ever fearless let us go
Through the wilderness of woe.

Retrospecting at the past,
We would close the gate at last;
We would rectify the shame
That it cast above our name,
And with solemn guarantee,
Make our future destiny,
What we feel it ought to be;—
Rising higher day by day,
From this lonely pilgrim way,
Till we anchor at the dock
Of the everlasting Rock.

THE MODERN BELLE.

①H the girl of today, is the girl they say,
She's as buxom and sweet as can be;
She is sugar and spice, and all that is nice,
And her garb is the finest to see.
With a diamond that shines, and a necklace that twines,
And a collar which measures a four,
With the gayest of dress, and no look of distress,—
Oh, her equal was never before.

The value of work, she ignores with a shirk;
She is restful, serene and reposed;
It's her greatest delight to retire late at night,
And to have 'bout a dozen of beaux.
In the morning she seems to succumb to her dreams,
Forgetful of mother and home;
So easy and nice is her daily device,
When she has nothing on earth but to roam.

In Latin and Greek, she knows quite a streak;
In science she is hard to excel;
She has studied of Mars, the Sun, Moon and stars,
And a part of the Ethereal as well.
Another delight is to read and to write,
And to bang the piano for aye;
To make preparations for all congregations,
And become simply, "belle of the day."

When night comes the maid for a ball is arrayed
In crepe de chene, satin and lace:
Her company received, she is somewhat relieved,
And as hostess prepares him a place.
They start out together, whatever the weather,
Enjoying the beauties of life;
So at last, when misled, a fool she does wed,
And he gets the same for a wife.

TRUTH.

FEIGN not truth; but rather still
Press it forward with a will!
All false agencies avoid;
Truth itself, can't be destroyed.

It is truth that makes the man;
What it does, none other can;
If man to himself is true
Likewise will he be to you.

Truth, which nothing can suppress
Always bears its native dress;
Crushed to earth, it will arise,
To grasp the plaudits of the skies.

Truth's the harbinger of right;
Bear it up with wonderous might!
It will teach you how to live,—
What to do, and what to give.

This one object let us hold;
It outweighs the purest gold;
Let the bright industrious youth,
Ever make his watchword—"truth."

When your final work is done,
Battles fought and victories won,
May it sound beyond the sod,
"True to conscience, true to God."

PREPARATION.

GET ready for Christmas
And save up your "mun"
There'll be lots of buyin'
And you'll be hard run;
The time is a comin'
By jinks—it's 'bout here,
You'd better be ready
The day's drawing near.

There's so much to think of
You daren't forget;
Lest something would happen
That you would regret:
Remember the old folks
Along with the tots;
So save up your boodle,
You'd better have lots.

Well now, for the children
You might have a tree,
With lavish adornments
As fine as could be;—
But girls like a dolly
Along with the toys,
While air guns and snare drums
Will do for the boys.

To be still more thoughtful
As some people are,
We might say a shot gun,
Or small touring car;
A gasoline engine
Or something like that,
Whose manipulation
Would soon raise their hat.

Preparation.

But no! Dear old Santa, 'll
 Be good to the loves,
And furnish them toys
 As harmless as doves,
And so while they slumber,
 With plums in their head
He'll marshal his reindeer
 And draw up his sled.

Then stealthily down
 The old chimney he'll creep
As sleek as a mousey—
 The children asleep;
Then toys and playthings
 And such he'll bring forth—
That jolly old Nicholas
 Who comes from the North.

Yes, Christmas is comin'
 Take heed what we say;
The fictitious reindeer,
 Hitched up in a sleigh;
Make happy the children,
 For soon 'twill be o'er;
When the gladness of Christmas
 Will charm them no more.

EVERYBODY'S FOOLED BUT FATHER.*

*NOTE.—A parody on the once popular song, "Everybody works but Father." Poem was published on "All Fool's Day."

EVERYBODY bit but Father,
He just sat around all day;
Couldn't get the old man going,
'Cause he wasn't built that way;
Mother tried her best to fool him,
Notwithstanding sister Ann,
Everybody was fooled at our house,
But you couldn't fool "my old man."

Though it was the first of April,
A nice sunshiny day too,
Father sat in front of the fire,
Smokin' till the room was blue;
All the folks tried to stir him,
'Cause it was all fools' day,
Wasn't any use—for Father
Had everything his own way.

Mother got fooled the blamedest,
And so did Sister Ann,
For Father was on to the racket,—
He's a mighty sly old man;
But you couldn't budge him, no sir,
He's a little bit too gay;
There in front of the fire,
He sat and puffed away.

Mother takes in washing,
Does 'most ev'rything's to do;
She tried to introduce Father
To run the washing through;
But said he—" 'tis the first of April,
And things don't go that way,
You may try your level best to work Father,
But Father won't work today."

Everybody's Fooled but Father.

They told him a man named Work had
 Been circulatin' round about
But he turned his head and answered,
 That Work and him 'd fell out;
There's no use tryin' Father,
 And fool him ne'er you can;
You may fool the "whole Damn family"
 But you can't fool the old man.



"IN REVERIE."

STAR of descending night,
Before thou clasp the day,
And lift the veil of light
Into the regal sway,
I ask Thee, guiding Star,
To let thy lucid beam
Shine on me from afar,
And lead me into dream.

Fast falls the eventide;—
I hear the voice of sleep;—
The bright scintillas glide
Across the spacious deep;
Although I sit alone
And watch the embers die,
I call in rev'rent tone,
And He doth hear my cry.

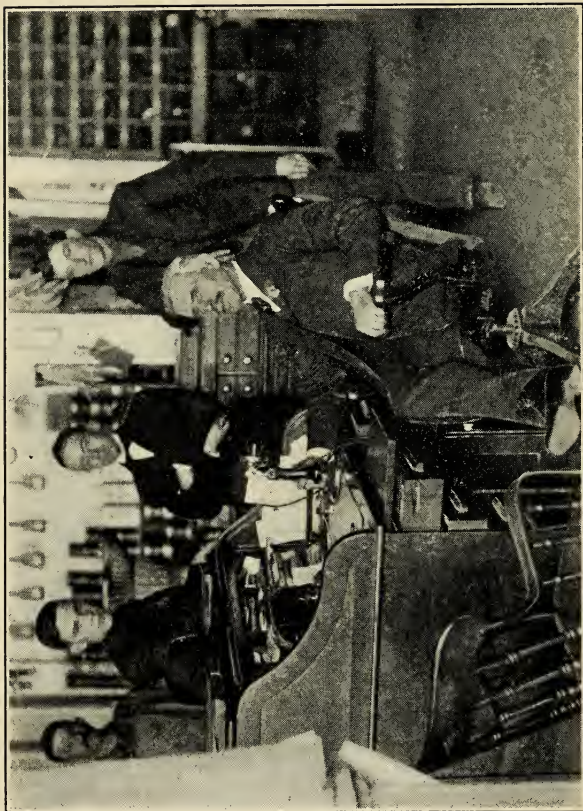
That mighty orb, the sun,
Hath made the final leap,
Which tells us, "day is done,"
And wafts us into sleep;
And lo, the shadows fall
Around the fading glow,
And ghastly paint the wall
With thoughts of long ago.

Mythology can boast
Of Jupiter and Jove,
And all their mystic host,
That through Elysian rove,
But I, alone tonight,
Beneath this flood of years,
Invoke the "God of Light"
To dry my falling tears.

In Reverie.

Ah yes, the time has come,
I see the cavalcade,
And list' to beat of drum,
Though not at all dismayed;
The night of life is here;
It seems my heart to crave:
I look beyond the tear;
I see beyond the grave.





A. S. WELCH AND HIS ASSISTANTS IN THE HARDWARE STORE

“BUFFALO.”*

*NOTE.—Written at the time of the Pan-American Exposition in the City of Buffalo.

IN the earth and in the air
’Tis the same thing everywhere—
People going to and fro,
On their way to Buffalo.

Travel all the world around,
Where enlightened men are found,
Hardly do they say “Hello,”
Till they mention Buffalo.

In the world’s remotest part
Everybody’s on the start;
Even buxom belle and beau—
On their way to Buffalo.

When your friends live far away,
All their letters seem to say:
“Save your money, Bill, and go,
To the fair at Buffalo.”

Ticketmen on railroad train,
Often hear the blissful strain;
I repeat, that you may know—
“Put me off at Buffalo.”

Brawny youth of rural clime,
Who abhors the harvest time,
Feels that everything’s so slow,
And he hails for Buffalo.

Yes, it’s mighty hard to beat;
Exhibitions so replete;
It’s a wondrous treat, by Joe,—
Seein’ sights at Buffalo.

Buffalo.

But you pay for all you see,
Costs to have a jamboree;
Just the place to spend your dough,
Runnin' round at Buffalo.

Then, as all my friends have gone,
And the world's still movin' on,
Here, I cannot stay—and so,
Chuck ME in for Buffalo.



"MOSQUITO."

WHO is it comes around at night,
A-dancing in the soft moon-light,
And so serenely takes a bite?—
Mosquito.

Who is it that you'd like to catch,
When e'er he comes around to hatch
An aggravating little scratch?—
Mosquito.

Who is it when you're nicely dressed
In what you call you're very best,
Comes 'round to tease you—ill possessed,
And so provoke you while you rest,
That naughty, naughty, little pest,
A very uninviting guest,
Whose very name you so detest?—
Mosquito.

Who feels at home where'er he goes?—
Who is it hides among the clothes,
And likes to bite you on the toes,
Or accidentally on the nose?—
Mosquito.

Who is it comes on flapping wings,
And so harmoniously sings,
And every time a message brings?—
Mosquito.

Who hears the good old father snore,
And sneaks behind the bed-room door,
And accidentally raises war?—
Mosquito.

Mosquita.

And here is something else he does—
He sort o' likes to tickle muz
Upon the ear—an awful buzz—
Mosquito.

Who is it comes in on the fly?—
Who seems to be a little shy,
But always bites you on the sly,
Until you make a face as wry,
As any you would like to spy?—
Who is it you in vain do try
To take his little life?—And sigh
Because you got the sad reply
“Those naughty fellers never die”
“I wonder why”—
Mosquito.

Who never comes upon the train
But frequently before a rain,
And sings so sweetly—his refrain,
And comes, and comes and comes again
Whom you delight to catch in vain,—
Enough to rack a sleepy brain,
When every night he “raises Cain”?—
Mosquito.

Who frequently disturbs the bliss,
Whene'er he holds his little miss,
Well—just about as close as this,
And gives an unexpected kiss?—
Mosquito.

Who always comes without deceit,
Whose presence you delight to greet,
And so consider it a treat,
The pesky little thing to meet,
When walking down the village street,
And when you try him to defeat
He always makes a quick retreat,
In mechanism—so complete
An hundred eyes and ears and feet,
His name I think you'll ne'er forget
Moskeet—O!



"THANKSGIVING DAY."

① blessed old Thanksgiving Day,
Which rides upon declining year,
We're glad to see you and to say
That we rejoice to have you here.

Thou bringest us the happy thought,
Of turkey, home and that sweet time
Which lives with us and changes not,
Which molds the ornaments of rhyme.

Yes, how that feast to us appeals,
The feast that only mother makes,
The very retrospect reveals
Its turkey, sauces, pies and cake.

We give those Pilgrim fathers praise,
Who braved the cold New England coast,
For giving us that one of days
We love so much about to boast.

It is the time when something more
Than feasting brings its homage in.—
It is a time when we implore
The congregation of our kin.

O always shall we wait for thee,
The time that cheerful hearts revere;
And until such a time may be
We'll wish Thanksgiving Day were here.

VACATION.

VACATION days are over,
Those days I can't forget,
When 'mid the world of Nature,
I had a time—you bet!
But still, I'm well contented,
To leave the good, old place,
With feet all worn and blistered,
And scratches on my face.

Yes, back from my vacation,
Away from bugs that creep,
And make you hot as blazes,
When'er you want to sleep;
They gnaw and hiss and pelt you,
And sting and buzz and bite,
And keep a feller watchin',
All through the livelong night.

Vacation days are over,
And back again to town,
I come without a murmur,
Without the slightest frown;
I'm glad that I'm a livin'
Along the dusty street,
Away from desolation,
And where to live is sweet.

Good-bye old recreation,
For now I'm back again,
To meet the world in earnest,
And wield the master's pen;
Those happy days of outing,
I'm sure I can't forget
Though bygones will be bygones,
The memory lingers yet.

“MERRY CHRISTMAS.”

SOUND the tidings once again,
“Peace on earth, good will to men,”
As the shepherds to and fro,
Sent the message long ago;
In the manger Jesus lay,
On a pillow made of hay:
Hail! The Chief has come to them
In the lowly Bethlehem.

Magi from the east, behold!
Come with gifts of myrrh and gold,
And their worship is complete
When they lay them at His feet.
Following the wondrous star,
Till it brings them where they are,
They behold the matchless worth,
In the hope of such a birth.

Once again, the Christmas tide
Is observed both far and wide.
And we hear the carols sing
All the tidings they can bring;
Ring the merry Christmas bells,
While the rapturous music swells,
Hear the message angels bring,
Bethlehem has crowned a King.

Down the chimney Nick 'll creep,
While the youngsters are asleep,
With a bundle full of toys,
For the girls and for the boys;
Just a moment—then away
In his big old-fashioned sleigh,
Everywhere he has to go,
Through the frost and throu' the snow.

Merry Christmas.

May the Yuletide season glow,
With the fires of long ago;
Scatter holly here and there,
Make it Christmas everywhere;
Sound again the angel song,
Sing it loud and sing it long;
For a little child is born
On this merry Christmas morn.

“Peace on earth, good will to men,”
Sound the message once again;
All the earth gets up to sing,
Bethlehem has crowned a King;
Then amid our Christmas joys,
Precious gifts and pleasing toys,
Don't forget the star that shone
From the manger to the throne.



THE PASSING YEAR.

ALL too soon must we say a farewell to the
year,
As it passes along on its way;
For "Old Time" presses hard upon all of us here
Despite what we do or we say:
Yes, he rushes along, just as fast as he can,
While the decades and centuries roll;
And he never will wait for the doings of man,
Nor can man hope him e'er to control.

Not long since, so it seems, with a ring and a
shout,
Did we welcome the year, soon to close;
As we rang through the midnight; the old year
went out,
And at once the glad new year arose;
By the passing of days, it is hoary and old,
And soon 'twill be with us no more:
Like a meteor's flight, soon the tale will be told,
For the year nineteen hundred and four.

'Mid the clutches of time, ere the year passes on,
We'd revert to the changes it wrought;
We'd turn back in our mem'ry, the days that are
gone,
And notice the things they have brought;
With his growth and decay, his pleasure and
pain,
And to many these things linger yet;
For "Old Time" as he gathers the years in his
train,
Leaves some burdens men never forget.

The Passing Year.

Then farewell to you year, as we number the
days,
Until you'll be taking your flight;
All the good you have brought "Old Time" he
betrays,
As you pass with the stars in the night.
But in spite of it all we are sorry you go
Away, to return never more;
Facing all you have done, we have cherished you
so,
"Old Year" nineteen hundred and four.



"THE MUCK-RAKE."

TEDDY told us 'bout the muck-rake,
In his speech the other day,
How the muckers rake the muck up,
Like the farmer rakes the hay;
And no sooner had he said it,
Till the papers hurled it round;
How the mucker rakes the muck up,
Whereso'er the muck is found.

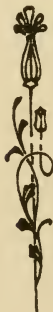
Some declared the thrust a "rouser,"
Others felt a little sore;
Just to think a man like Teddy,
Would have ripped them to the core;
But this thing they've been debating,
Pro and con throughout the land;—
Some are pleased and some are not, since
Teddy Roosevelt took the stand.

They can talk about Carnegie,
They can throw their muck at "John,"
But it's likely that they'll miss them,
When their old bald heads are gone;
They can talk and whine and chatter,
As so many people do,
But whene'er they want a "divy,"
Then they're all right through and through.

There is muck that should be raked up,
Then there's stuff that isn't muck;
And to chew around about it,
Works like water on a duck:
People always will be talkin'
Whether her'sy, truth or lies;
And their victim, tho' a saint can't
Get away e'en when he dies.

The Muck-Rake.

So much for the dire "muck-raker,"
Such as Teddy told about;—
Muck that gets a little ancient,
Muck that tastes like sour-cROUT;—
But we needn't hunt for muckers,
In the countries far away,
For Mount Union, fair Mount Union,
Has her rakes goin' every day.

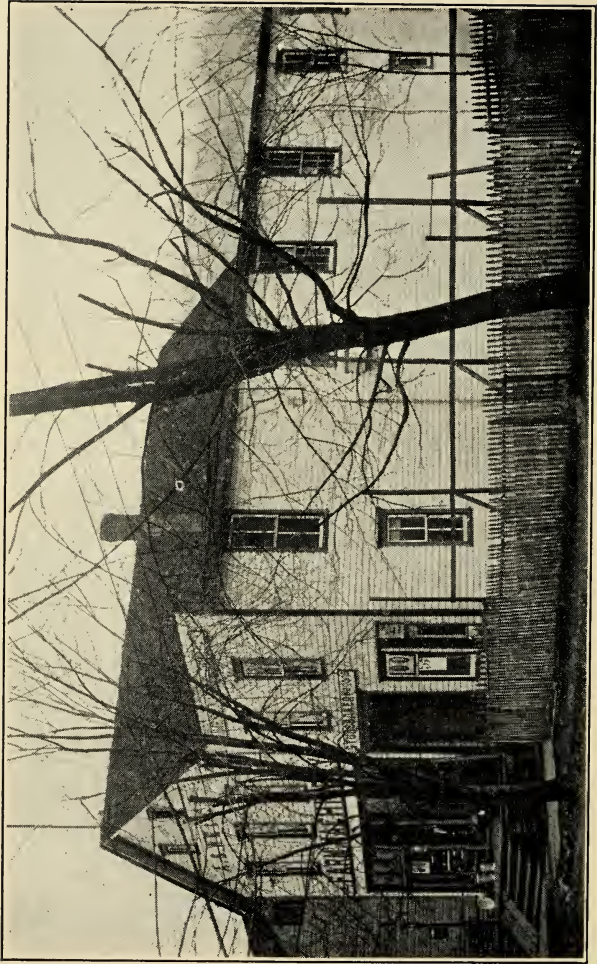


NOTHING IS LOST.

“**N**OTHING is lost: the drop of dew,
That trembles on the leaf or flower,
Is but exhaled, to fall anew,
In summer's thunder shower;
Perhaps to shine within the bow,
That fronts the sun at close of day;
Perhaps, to sparkle in the flow
Of fountains, far away.”

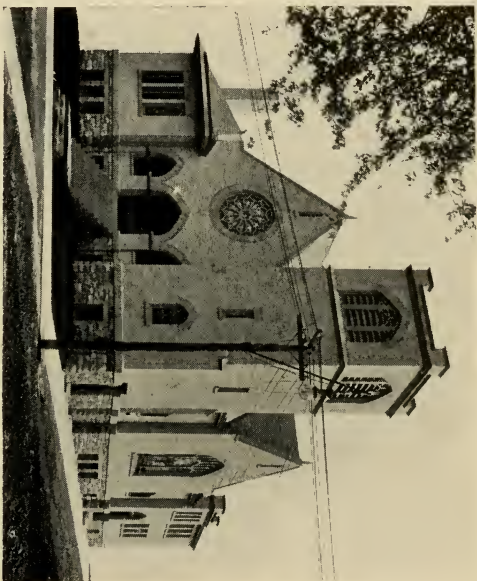
Nothing is lost: the word you would
To some disheartened brother give,
May now direct him to the good,
And teach him how to live;
'Tis ne'er too late, but every day,
Recalls us moments opportune;
The duty is for you to pay,
And that comes none too soon.

Nothing is lost: the hand you lend,
As guided by a loving heart,
To lift and help a struggling friend,
To shun the fiery dart,
Will aid you through the vale of tears,
And lessen life's tremendous cost,
Making your last your better years,
Since you have nothing lost.



A PARTIAL VIEW OF THE WELCH BUSINESS ESTABLISHMENT

Poems Written for
Special Occasions



FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, MOUNT UNION, PA.

Poem Written for, and Delivered at the Corner-
Stone Laying of the New Presbyterian Church,
Mount Union, Pa., July 7, 1907.

IN olden time from heaven came,
A message in Jehovah's name;
And from his lofty throne on high,
Amid the blue ethereal sky,
He bade his children here below,
With due discrimination show,
Thru every prayer and every chord,
That He is King; that He is Lord.

Amid the barren wilderness,
God did his faithful sons caress;
Through dire distress and burnished heat,
The manna fell, and they did eat;
Palatial Eden could not know,
The anxious care; the awful woe;
For Israel never could exclude,
The pangs of their ingratitude.

'Twas in that day, from lofty height,
The lightnings pierced the darkened night,—
Yea, rolling thunders, sounded loud,
The voice of God from out the cloud;
It was to Him that every knee
Should bow in true humility,—
Eternal Majesty! above,
A Deity of power and love.

Corner-Stone Laying.

Yes, 'twas far back across the years,
That Israel heard the voice of seers,
And recognizing God's free grace,
They met Him in a sacred place;
Throughout the forest man did praise
His Lord, and unto Him did raise
His sacred chant, his humble prayer,
For God's eternal love and care.

Within the hallowed Holy Place,
Man met Jehovah, face to face;
The saint with righteousness, replete,
Had access to the Mercy-Seat;
Yes, mid this Oriental fane
Jehovah God was wont to reign;
So time rolled on, till dawned that day,
This tabernacle passed away.

And more, against yon eastern skies,
Behold a mighty temple rise!
A gorgeous architect'ral Pile,
Erected there in splendid style;
Divinely planned, man builded strong;
Yes, high and deep and wide and long;
And there, within this sacred mound,
Jehovah's smile was ever found.

Corner-Stone Laying.

The years roll on, Time's noblest trust,
Deserted, crumbles into dust;
Those naves, where fell man's precious vow
Are but a mass of ruins now;
Thus medieval time comes on,
Rome's pomp and splendor come and gone—
Still, all the world God's message filled,
A temple in his name to build.

Ay, more, our fathers westward came,
The objects of disgrace and shame;
Perish all things, but what was more,
They'd stand for God in peace or war;
'Mid shattered bonds of curse and woe,
The Pilgrims started westward ho;—
Yes, Presbyterian blood coursed through
The veins of many a fated crew.

Go back then, to our early day,
Along the Massachusetts Bay,
Where flourished pure religious zeal,
The kind no tyranny could steal;
Our fathers did their God invoke,
Amid the tall and sturdy oak;
Yea more, they gathered anywhere,
That God could hear and answer prayer.

Corner-Stone Laying.

But times have changed 'twixt then and now,
For genius comes and tells us how
To build a church; while modern art
Comes in to decorate a part;
To-day assemble men at home,
Beneath the most imposing dome;
And there with one accord they sing,
Their anthems to the Heavenly King.

Yes, in this grand and glorious age,
Man's greatest effort must engage;
The product of the years behind;
The best results of keenest mind;
The most superb that gold can buy;
The finest genius-hand can ply;
Who wields the brush, or carries the hod—
Of these, let's give the best to God.

But I would have you now revive,
That date, May second, sixty-five,
Eventful day, when first began,
This little Presbyterian Clan;
Two score and more of years have passed;
They sailed through many a stormy blast;
Vicissitude hast smiled and frowned,
Meanwhile their noblest work hast crowned

Corner-Stone Laying.

Yea, let me too reiterate,
They built, and thus did dedicate
A worthy church to God;—although
'Twas only forty years ago;
To-day with greater purpose filled,
A better house to Him we build; [¶]
That early gift of loving hands,
Almost deserted;—there it stands.

What mean this 'semblage here today?
What mean these feeble words we say?
What mean these efforts thus displayed?
What mean these stone that men have laid?
Methinks, and rightly, as we lay
This granite corner-stone to-day,—
'Tis greater far than rock or clod,
It means another church to God.

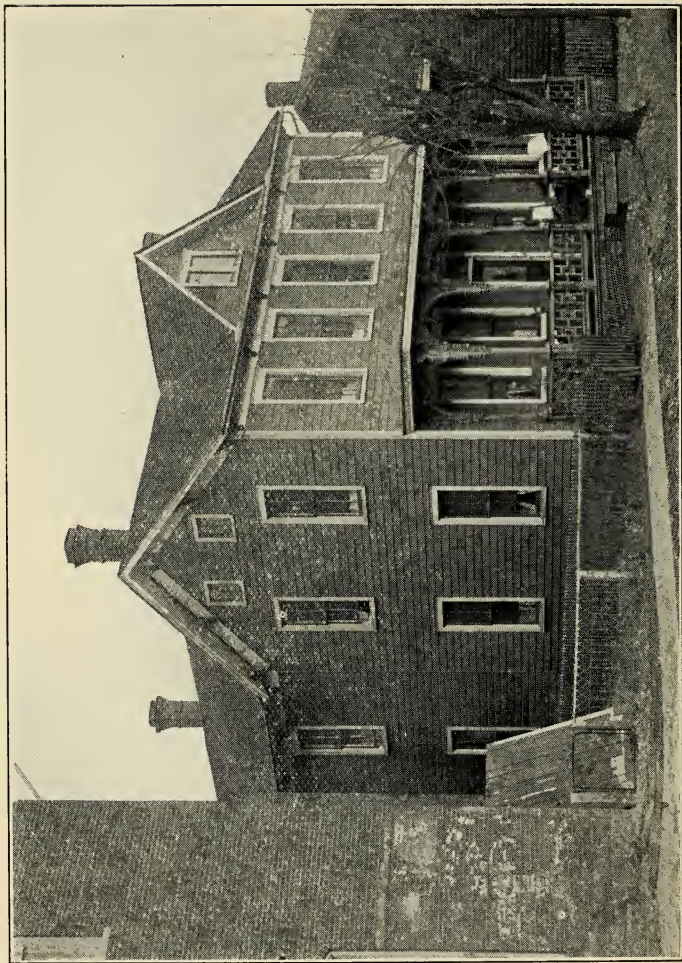
No greater purpose can engage
The money of this prosp'rous age;
We build for men, we build for name;
We build for time, we build for fame;
We hoard away what earth can yield;
But when the mausoleum's sealed,
How much that mortal man doth miss
If ignorant of a cause like this.

Corner-Stone Laying.

But as we lay this corner-stone,
Remember that it's not alone;
For active is that hand Divine,
Which links itself to yours and mine;
Make Christ the corner-stone today,
And put the structure here to stay,
If this be not our highest aim,
A futile effort, I proclaim.

Roll on the years, God holds the key;
Not knowing,—like a ship at sea
We guide our craft, we rig the sail,
Through many a strong and angry gale,
Until some day, across the years,
That heavenly church to us appears,
The while around the great White Throne
We meet to lay the corner-stone.





THE AUTHOR'S HOME

Poem Written for, and delivered at the G. A. R.
Picnic, Rockhill, Pa., on Sept. 7, 1907.

IN the rise and fall of nations,
In the vic'tries lost and won;
History is but the record,
Of the deeds that man hath done;
He hath climbed the dizzy summit,
Seized the lightnings, sharp and grand:
He hath plowed the surging ocean
By the genius of his hand.

Thus, 'tis ever since, in Eden,
Man was moulded from the dust;
That intrinsic obligation
Hath endowed him with a trust;
Hence the world's still moving onward,
Rolling through the milky way:
From the era of the ancient,
To the light of present day.

But the while we scan the changes,
Which adorn historic page;
Meanwhile from the ancient cycle,
To the dawn of present age;
Let me here again remind you,
As you oft have read before:
That there's much of this world's hist'ry
That's been written down in gore.

Note the gleam of burnished armor,
Mounted on a fractious steed!
Hear the phalanx shout the victory,
Citadel is theirs indeed!
Roman, Greek and Carthaginian,
Boasted their strategic skill:
As amid the deadly skirmish,
Face to face, they fought to kill.

Alexander wept to conquer,
More than e'en this world could give;
Mid his travesty on warfare,
What could reach his hand and live?
Ay, when Cross and Crescent flourished,
On the bloody field of Tours;
It was Martel with the hammer,
Rescued Europe from the Moors.

Hannibal would cross the Alpines,
Deal his sanguinary blow;
Death and heroism clashing,
In their struggle with the foe;
For that Carthaginian longing,
To avenge for name and home.
Was intent, whate'er resultant,
To destroy the fame of Rome.

Cromwell boasted of his genius,
And beneath his iron sway;
Held all England in abeyance,
Till his forces won the day;
While the dread and feared Napoleon,
Showed the world what he could do;
Until all his spoliation,
Met defeat at Waterloo.

Medieval armies ravished,
Leaving slaughter in their wake;
Maddened by the greed for plunder,
Life and booty they would take;
But across the dismal ocean,
Lay an undiscovered land;
Until Europe's sturdy manhood,
Rigs the sail and quits the strand.

Cross the sea, they come, the Pilgrims,
Victims of disgrace and shame;
Sailing thru the surging waters,
Of the unknown deep, they came;
Until land at last, was sighted,
Out beyond the misty haze,
And they pointed out a country,
Which could all the world amaze.

Meanwhile, then, the Pilgrim Fathers
Drove the Redman to the West;
While the rustic Chieftain severed
Every hope that he possessed;
Tomahawk and wampum flourished,
'Mid the ardor of his ire;
As beneath the smoking wigwam,
Every warrior lit his fire.

But to those brave Pilgrim Fathers,
Was a destiny of fate;
For the guns of revolution,
Soon played havoc with the State:
Liberty, or death! they shouted;
Tyranny,—it shall not be!
And we'll fight to win our purpose,
With the "Mistress of the Sea."

With their courage unabated,
With utopian victories won;
Sons of liberty are marshaled,
On the plains of Lexington;
Naught can quell that matchless ardor,
Throbbing 'neath each pilgrim breast;
As he fights his way to victory,
Poor, disheartened and oppressed.

Forward! then, the army struggle;
Eight long years they fought and fell;
Till the tyranny that flourished,
Had been broken by the spell;
'Twas amid undaunted courage,
Heroism, pure and true;
That the Hero down at Trenton,
Was the pride of Yorktown too.

Thus our country lived and flourished,
Freed from European sway;
And the Stars and Stripes were floated,
As the emblem of the day;
But alas! there came the crisis,
Give us men, and battle's roar;
For our country's rent asunder,
And we're in the throes of war.

Hence I'm here today to tell you,
Most of all that I would write;
That amid the world of changes,
None is greater than the fight
Which cut down our stalwart manhood,
Neath the rock and oozing mud;
For the fairest vales of Dixie,
Have been bathed in heroes' blood.

Yes, it was an awful struggle,
And the blood flowed thick and fast;
When the patriotic Yankee,
Nailed his colors to the mast;
Death alone could separate him,
From the cause he loved to own;
And it was his greatest guerdon
Just to die for these alone.

But those awful days are over,
And the victory we have won;
To the "Boys in Blue" be praises
For the fighting they have done;
From Bull Run to Appomattox,
Truly, 'twas a bitter strife;
But you've guarded well our country,
And you've saved the nation's life.

Too much honor can't be given,
To these veterans here to-day;
Too much praise cannot be uttered
For the courage shown, I say;
Forty years or more have vanished,
Since they hastened to the fray;
Many now are weak and feeble,
Many too, are old and gray.

But we cannot help remember,
Those who are not here today;
Valiant soldiers who are sleeping,
On the mountains far away;
Bring them back in cherished mem'ry,
From the southern hill and plain;
And let's not forget this one thing,
That they did not die in vain.

Since the bloody strife is over,
Since a worthy cause is won;
We possess the greatest country
That is known beneath the Sun;
Let us keep this land untarnished,
Let's uphold with righteous hand,
Doing so, our Flag forever,
And United States will stand.

Three cheers for the aged veterans,
Who have gathered here today;
Three cheers for the blood-stained banner,
That they carried in the fray;
Three cheers too, I shout for Teddy,
Who upholds our glorious name:
But 'mid all, I cry, God save us
Ever, from disgrace and shame.

GREETING IN COOK BOOK.*

*NOTE.—This poem was written especially for the Ladies Guild of the Presbyterian Church of Mt. Union, as "Greeting" in their cook book, Nov. 9, 1901.

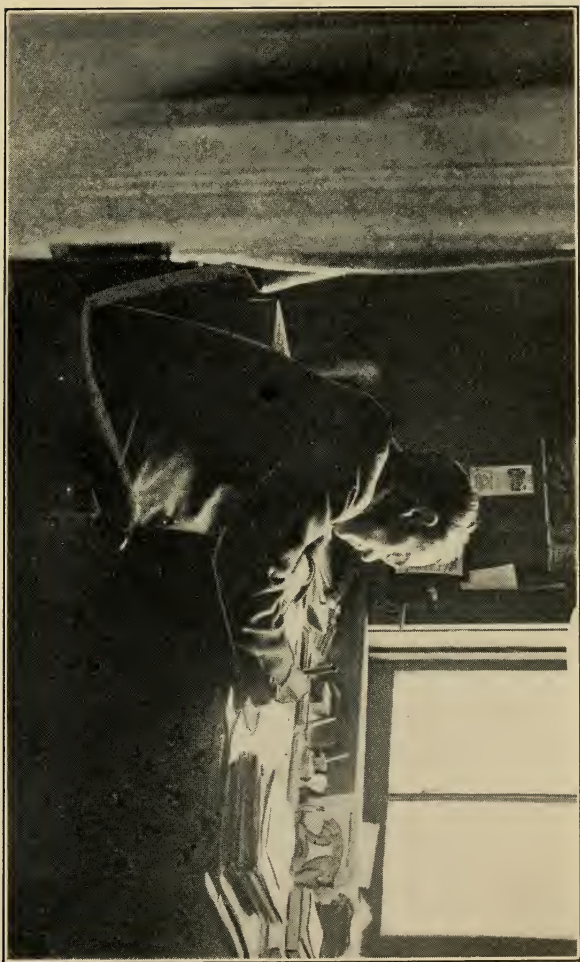
A MID palatial Eden's wood,
The glory of Creation's land;
Supreme, our primal parents stood,
Abashed before their Maker's hand;
The wife, with anxious gratitude,
Remembered not the Mercy-seat,
And in her thoughtful, helpful mood,
She bade the husband take and eat.

Forbidden fruit. Ah, feign it be
Of such a kind as pleases men;
For through the years, the surging sea
Has touched the reef again, again;
So every age can well unfold,
With stronger, better, brighter light,
That woman, even from of old,
Has understood man's appetite.

Thus is the truth withheld today,
The same for ages yet unborn,
That woman's sweet domestic way,
Must man's felicity adorn;
So only is it wisdom's plan,
In making such a happy start,
That woman, if she honor man,
Must through his palate reach his heart.

Then while you leaf this little book,
Prepared by culinary skill,
Remember that it shows the cook,
The way her duty to fulfill;
For candies, custards, pies and cakes,
And everything that's sweet, you see;
And all about the stuff it takes,
To make the model recipe.

THE EDITOR AT HIS DESK



So let this be the souvenir,
The while it marks the ladies' guild,
That bears the busy kitchen's cheer,
And laughs to see the table filled
With bounties, sweetest to the taste;
The good old-fashioned country cake,
It stands above, wherever placed,—
The kind that mother used to bake.



ON THE PRESENTATION OF A CHAIR.*

*NOTE.—This poem was written and recited at the presentation of a chair to W. W. Fuller, retired freight agent at Mt. Union, Jan. 1, 1907. The chair was the gift of the employees of the P. R. R. freight office who previously had been under Mr. Fuller. Poem written and given by request.

THERE are some pleasant memories,
That we can ne'er forget;
Some hallowed reminiscences
That loath to linger yet;
To use the language of the Bard,
Who wrote with thought and skill,
The vase with roses you may break,
The perfume lingers still.

There are some things that Time will change,
And crumble 'neath his rod;
His cruel hand is often laid
Upon the way we trod;
Tho' years may come and years may go,
The world rolls on her way;
Old age may crown the buxom youth,
But some things ne'er decay.

To-night, the old year dies! Alas!
'Tis soon he breathes his last;
Yes, and old Chronos soon will sweep,
Naught six into the past:
Without the slightest circumstance,
The new year'll come his way,
The end—the twinkling of an eye,—
And then, 'tis New Year's day.

On the Presentation of a Chair.

To-night, you gather here—too glad—
Yet sorrow fills your thought,
For 'mid the closing of this year,
Some changes have been wrought:
The good, and venerated head
The faithful railroad sire,
Has reached his limit,—and with fame
And honor, doth retire.

'Twas more than forty years ago,
And early in his day;
He started in his long career,
Along the "Iron way":
The years have come and gone since then,
And he has seen them go;
With earnest zeal he plodded on,
Be it for weal or woe.

'Twas thirty years ago, and more,
E'en some of you can't trace:
He came to be the agent for,
The Pennsy at this place;
A building then, of small domain,
And business—rather slow;
But 'mid the score and ten of years.
Alas! he's seen it grow.

On the Presentation of a Chair.

Those years of toil were often marked:—
 Though work would oft' confuse:—
Perchance that now and then at ease,
 He listened to the Muse;
He sang of Juniata's hills,
 It's waters "blue" the same;
He sang too, of the "Steel girt way,"
 Its usefulness and fame.

So much for him whose presence thus,
 You honor here to-night;
With heart and soul for years, he toiled.
 And worked with main and might;
These very walls to him are dear,
 And in the days to be,
He'll often retrospect the years,
 Precious in memory.

They've called you back again to-night,
 Back to the old, old place:
Back where the whistle blows are shrill,
 Back where the engines race:
Back where the walls to you are dear;
 Where memories linger yet;
Tho' men may come and men may go—
 This place you sha'n't forget.

On the Presentation of a Chair.

These men, whose duty plainly falls,
Amid this very place;
Regret, 'tis true, to have you leave,—
How much they'll miss your face;
Their love for you they cherish still,
Naught shall this memory blight;
And so it is because of this,
They call you here to-night.

Your days together were enjoyed,
Together, yes, you worked:
The duties many times, were hard,
But never were they shirked;
And now, as dies the passing year,
They give to you a chair,
With many New Year's greetings from
"THE BOYS,"—Behold it THERE.

Accept this gift, and use it oft,
Your weary frame to rest;
Think often of the givers though,
With toil and care oppressed;
I come to-night, as by request,
To clothe these words in rhyme;
Long may you live to use the gift,
Amid the throes of Time.

Poem Written for and Delivered at a Christian
Endeavor Social, Given on July 5, 1907,
in the Mt. Union Presbyterian Church.

YESTERDAY, the din of cracker,
And of blazing fire display,
Seemed to rouse enthusiasm
For our Independence Day;
Far and wide throughout our country
You could hear the patriot's boast;
Of the "Stars and Stripes" forever,
And the land we love the most.

Take us back across the summers,
Hundred thirty years ago,
When from out the Quaker City,
Peals of liberty did flow;
Sturdy manhood, 'neath the belfry;
Of old Independence Hall,
Sounded loud, emancipation,
From the European thrall.

Ay, our Fathers fought with valor,
Forward! was the word they gave;
When the foe of dire oppression,
Made our country hard to save;
Armed with rude and heavy weapons,
Unrelenting, every one;
Face to face, they met the British
On the plain of Lexington.

The Christian Endeavor.

Eight long years, they fought and struggled;
Hunger, famine and defeat,
Sapping out that Yankee courage,
Which is always hard to beat;
Brave men! Men of brawn and valor,
Men of Revolution fame;
Fought on, from the bridge, at Concord,
Till the Yorktown vict'ry came.

Yes, this portion of our history,
Which we love so much to know;
Rolls back o'er the tide of mem'ry,
Echoes of the long ago;
Meanwhile, patriotic spirit,
Fills our land from sea to sea;
Let us ne'er forget the day when,
First we sounded liberty.

I am also now reminded,
As I hold the poet's pen,
Of another matchless movement
For the rescuing of men;
Tho' long since the sturdy Fathers'
Blood flowed down New England's land;
Now I would to call attention
To an enterprise, more grand,

Could we prune the timely message,
From the page of sacred writ;
We could utter with the wise man,
War has found an end in it;
Shields are batted into plowshares,
Swords to pruning hooks are made;
There's no burning glare of armor,
There's no pageantry arrayed, —

Of the Christian 'deavor army,
Let the pen just now proclaim;
While its thousands sons and daughters,
Conquer on in Jesus' name;
Christ and church are on their banner;
Sin and Satan, they will fight;
And as part of this great army,
You and I are here to-night.

Years ago, and 'twas midwinter,
In a city up in Maine,
That a few of faithful foll'wers,
Thus assembled in a fane;
There the seed was sown and grounded,
Yea, broadcast, those seed were hurled;
Until now, the word "Endeavor"
Is reechoed round the world.

The Christian Endeavor.

Then, the while we're patriotic,
And our colors proudly float;
Meanwhile then our "Starry Banner"
Waves upon the seas, remote;
Let us not forget Jehovah,
Through whose benefactions, we
Are the bountiful possessors,
Of this country of the free.

Close the ranks, and let's march onward,
Pass these moments not as dross;
In one hand, "Old Glory" waving,
In the other, Calvary's Cross;
Fight on, till the great Day cometh,
And the Banner Christ's unfurled,
Till the Christian 'deavor Army,
Is encamped throughout the world.



Poem Written Expressly for the Ladies of the
Presbyterian Church, to Assist in Raising
Money for an Organ in the New Church. The
Poem was Instrumental in Raising \$1000.

THIS little missive comes to you,
Unfolding just a word or two;
Feign not, it be a great surprise,
Momentous task, or otherwise;—
It comes to you, dear friend, today,
To seek a pittance,—by the way,
For 'tis the burden of our song,
To help a worthy cause along.

A thousand dollars, we must raise
Within the space of thirty days;—
For, here's the proposition, we
Are offered from A. CARNEGIE;—
If one thousand ourselves, we get,
He'll put another to that yet;—
A grand pipe organ then shall raise
Its music in our house of praise.

This organ costs, two thousand, friend,
And so, we kindly ask—you lend
A dollar, five or ten or more,
And help us in our efforts for
An organ;—something that will stand
A grand memorial to the hand
That gives, e'en little tho' it be,
To sound the praise of Galilee.

A new church edifice, we build,
Nor have the halls of it been filled
Thus far; but, LISTEN!—Quite a debt
Devolves upon our shoulders yet;
So give, dear friend, whate'er you can
To help the ladies in their plan;
And, peradventure, this you do,
The Lord will bless your efforts too.



HECKMAN
BINDERY INC.



JAN 89

N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA 46962



