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NOBLE THOUGHTS:

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Noble Wiley





Noble Thoughts

—BY—

NOBLE WILEY

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INTRODUCTION.

NOTICE! this being my first attempt to write a Poem, I feel that I should say a few words in behalf of this little book: Many of the thoughts were gathered while at my daily occupation and sketched on paper at night. For three reasons I trust the public will except them; First, I have tried to make each line stimulating and full of human interest.

Second, I truly believe if they are read and understood will help to lighten the burden of some sad heart and in some way make life's battle more easy.

Third, There are otherin the amature class whose efforts will be guided by my success.

Noble Wiley



B.35

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NO. 1

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

THE WAY TO SUCCEED.

A grim and notty problem,
Stands out before this race;
It is no time for squabbling,
Over things that will disgrace.
There is one way through this trouble,
Though seeming strife doth lurk;
Just let your energies double,
Upon some plan of work.

Don't sit and whine and pout and fret,
It will be loosing time;
But With the hand and fervent sweat,
Squeeze out of fruit the wine.
Many heroes out from slavery came,
To find their race a drift;
Baptized themselves in golden fame,
And their comrads too did lift.

Then work with proper plan and thought,
For work the Trojan victory wrought:
Work, for men have done the same,
That history's page might bear his name;
It paves the way for man to die,
And leave this world without a sigh,
Though trouble may around us lurk,
It can be banished if we work.

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

THE LIGHT THAT'S COVERED UP.

MANY a bright illustrious light;
Is hid always from human sight;
Lights that would out shine the day,
If things were moved out of their way.
'Twould be no use to rove in dark
If we would just protect such sparks;
Such lights that would out shine the day
If things were moved out of the way.

Many a fine and brilliant light,
That would illume the darkest night,
Is obscurely hid away;
That it may never shed a ray.
'Tis covered up sometime for fear,
That it might cause some one a jeer;
Such lights that would out shine the day,
If things were moved out of the way.

Pure gold is always found in rough,
All mixed up with other stuff;
The plowman pass over it with slight,
Not thinking once of its great might.
But when the rough is cleared away
Men work to get it day by day;
It is a might that all men say,
Will bring all earth some day its way.

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

Sometimes a lad would be a might,
If he was placed in people's sight;
A light to drive the dark away,
That the world might see the day:
Great wonders he perhaps would do,
And be a man both good and true.
A light that would out shine the day,
If things were moved out of the way.

Alas, and what can these things be?
'Twill not take much for you to see;
Sometimes because ones face is black,
Or because his money's slack.
His light is snugly covered up,
Benighted just as black as soot;
A light that would out shine the day,
If things were moved out of the way.

THE SOBBING WILLOW TREE.

DOWN by the shady brook we see,
The weeping sobbing willow tree;
The cunning waters skip and dance,
And to the passers by doth glance.
The rippling frog does hollow so,
Where the weeping willow grow;
The cat birds sing with perfect glee,
Mid sobs of the willow tree.

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

THE SONS OF REST.

'TAINT no use ov complainen all de time,
Case dis world am gwinter continue any how
Ef yer worry an' fret f'om mornen till night,
A tryen yer best ter do every thing right,
Some one will come up in the evenin' an' say,
"Why did you do dis thing dat way?"
You can do jest what yer please at work or
resten now,
For me, I shant work nor worry no time.
Case de world am gwinter continue any how.

What's the use ter bother, bout worken all
yer life?
You'll jest make lots ov money ter leave all
to your wife.
You might work all day, an' lay down at night
ter rest,
An' before yer wake in mornen, yer will meet
de monster death.

So 'taint no use to bother me, I'se gwinter
rest right now,
I shant fatigue my body neither perspire
my brow!
De world aint bount ter have yer a worken
all de time,
Case it am gwinter ter continue any how.

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

THOUGHT.

THE light that dorns the valleys,
 With the signs of human life;
That makes history's pages tally,
 With deeds that now are rife.
The thing that lifts the living
 Man, above the beast besaught;
Is the work of freely giving
 The world, the product of his thought.

The fields are filled with houses,
 In which we all must dwell;
The mountain steep arouses,
 And her bosom's secrets tell:
The valleys smile to verdure,
 The wood-land deer is caught;
All bow at once to serve you;
 Because of human thought.

The grassy lawn with flowers,
 Blush Beneath your feet;
The birds among the bowers,
 Sing their music sweet.
All nature in its beauty,
 With its mystic paintings wrought,
Accepts for its whole duty,
 The uplift of human thought.

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

The tide of man's affairs are changed,
The light has come at last;
Ill fated deeds of men are chained,
To the rugged past:
And with his smiling Providence,
That shines from up above,
The world is being now convinced,
That thought does make us love.

WHAT CAN COLORED PEOPLE DO?

FRIENDS will you tell me true,
What can colored people do?
This is no request for fun,
I just don't see very much they've done:
They dress like lords and potentates,
And buy on credit what they eat;
They boast of their accomplishment,
But on foolishness are bent.

They come to gather far and wide,
To build up lodges with much pride;
But when it comes to something else,
Some uneasiness is felt.
And any thing else they try to do,
Before they even can get through;
Some one's sure to start a mus,
And break the thing up in a fuss.

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

THE BATTLES OF LIFE.

'TIS a flight of hurrying years,
Then a lifeless rest in death;
Of joys dispersed with falling tears,
And then the final test.
A wreath of flowers to be strewn,
Thorns and thistles planted;
Along the path that's so well worn,
With favors few that's granted.

A dazzle in the glimmering light,
Braving a blustering storm;
Struggling to keep back the night,
That work may all be done;
With an air of joy and one of pain,
A friend and then a foe;
Then upon life's battle plain,
We sheath our swords to go.

A completion of our earthly cares,
And then the end is reached;
Of sorrow we will drink our share,
That we may fall to sleep:
Ten thousand years in Beulah land,
Rewarded for our work,
We'll listen to the Heavenly band,
Where evil dare not lurk.

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

That is the pay for doing right,
While misery drags to hell;
All those who shirk the righteous light,
To there forever dwell.
Life and peace and happiness,
Doth crown the righteous head,
The well earned rest will follow us;
As we sleep among the dead.

DECORATION DAY.

IT WAS the thirtieth day of May,
Every thing was brisk and gay;
The birds and bees were singing their,
sweet tune:

All eyes were radiant bright,
At the glare of such a sight;
When from the distance,
Came the sound of muttering drums.

All eyes were strained to see,
What meant that jubilee,
When suddenly there came a woman's cry:
Just then there could be seen,
Mid seas of evergreen;
The biers of those who had long since died.

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

They were headed for the grave,
Where all human is the same:
With band of music leading on the way;
When reaching one little spot,
In that sacred hallowed lot,
They all stopped and their leader began to say

“We have come here to this place,
Where all human is the disgraced:
By being changed from man to the lowly clay.
Adam and Eve begot for us this very sad lot,
Thus from life we all must go this way.

Millions have gone before,
And not a one has closed the door,
That stands between the living and the dead;
So friends dare not complain,
For we all must meet again,
In that silent City, so be not afraid!”

There were soldiers too they said,
That once lived but now are dead,
And from their labor have gone this way to rest;
Their battle cries are o'er,
And their toilings here below,
They now wait the adjutant, to stand the test.

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

What could this day mean,
With much flowers and ever-green,
And the living bowed in tears around the grave;
All eyes were turned on me,
But to save my life I could not see,
Why all those folks had joined in that parade?

A little girl with flowers in hand,
Deserted by the band;
With tearful eyes came straight up where I stood,
"Mista wont you peas tell me,
Where my mama's dave tan' be,
I hab dis little fower for her to leave."

How my heart was touched,
It was well nigh too much;
For an old man who'd seen his better days,
I think, sir 'tis dis way,
Tase last decoration day,
Mama took me up here to papa's dave.

Then I saw it all,
Tears from my eyes did fall;
In sympathy for those who lost their friends;
I thought of mother's grave,
On this decoration day,
Would there a flower her grave to shade.

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

LIFE.

HOW far the distance seems to be,
From childhood to the grave;
Along the road though we may see,
The world He died to save.

From Adam down all men have died,
Through earth their paths are made;
The rich the poor the haughty pride,
Of man must find the grave.

'Tis a lonesome dismal dreary road,
Though thousands daily tread;
With conscience almost thoroughly goad;
With momentarily dread.

In front of us the dismal tomb,
From whence but one has come;
Behind us spent each day too soon,
To rid our souls of mourn.

A day and then the darkest night,
A calm and then a rain;
A deed of wrong and one of right,
Of pleasure and of pain.

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

A LATE STYLE DANCE.

I WENT with Sal' to the ball last night,
You ought to have seen them dance;
They turned and twisted cut up and pranced,
And swore they were doing right.

The girls were dressed in perfect white,
Even down unto their fingers,
I tell you sir 'twas out of sight,
You certainly ought have been there.

One big fellow I suppose the boss,
Stood high up above them;
And that whole crowd, the whole room cross,
Could very plainly hear him.

They would get tangled up in every shape,
But when this boss would hollar;
Every dog-gone-one would then get right,
And still with the music follow.

The girls and boys were all hugged tight,
Ah, my! the scene was horrid;
Right there in almost broad daylight;
And never seemed a least bit worried.

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

THE DEPARTED.

WHAT can be the lonely home,
The place of rest in evening gloam;
The dwelling place that's not yet reached,
By those of us left here to teach;
The end of life's deserted path,
Where time dares not its shadow cast,
The home of the departed.

The nights roll by in solitude,
With grip of silent fortitude;
Hold those who have long since gone,
To that dark and dismal home;
Beneath the earth in graves confine,
Where silence ever reigns sublime;
It is in that quiet resting place,
The home of the departed.

THE GREAT WHITE THRONE.

OH bitter days thou art to toil,
The race of life to run;
Ah sacrifice thy bleeding coil,
Shall perish with the sun;
He ran the race for many years,
And then the victory won;
With brow yet damp with flowing tears,
He reached the Great White Throne.

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

Oh death thou cruel bands doth chain,
That part exposed to thee;
Oh grave seek not then to reclaim,
That soul which God made free.
For life to him from early years,
Though haggard weary and worn;
Annulled the pricking deathly fear,
To bring him to the Throne.

Arrayed in Heavenly garb to stand,
I think I see him now,
With palms of victory in his hand,
He earned with body bowed.
With soul in search of Heavenly rest,
Beneath the scourage of scorn;
He stood the rigged critics test,
To reach the Great White Throne.

The grave and solemn end was reached,
In full triumph of faith;
His life was that all men to teach,
To never loose his place.
In work the whole race to uplift,
For to history's pages dorn,
And push wide the gate so long shut,
That bared him from the throne.

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

WHERE SPOOKS COME TO PLAY.

THE cabin door stood open,
On a lonely southern farm;
No voice was to me spoken,
As I sauntered 'cross the lawn.
The cracks with sticks and mortor,
Forbade my looking in;
Although where some had fallen,
It seemed as though it grinned.

The chimney was all one sided,
No smoke arose at all;
I had gotten completely by it,
When I heard a gentle call.
I paused just for a moment,
And slowly looked around,
All nature seemed but dormant,
And I could n't hear a sound.

Then plodding on still further,
I finally reached the fence;
That around this house had gathered,
This old deserted ranch.
It was as dark as midnight,
And my hair stood on its ends;
When all at once sprang up a light,
That shone all through the den.

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

Then rushing back to chatter,
 With the folk who had come in;
Ah, what is to matter,
 Then the music did begin.
But when I reached the cabin,
 'Twas as black as it could be,
I could only hear a babbling,
 But not a thing could see.

I started in to strike a match,
 That I might learn the trouble;
And just then there was a snatch,
 That almost drew me double;
I thought then of the land of spooks,
 Which caused my mind to ponder,
Ah, at this place there is a ruse
 That evil spirits wander.

Again I left that falling hut,
 Which had been long deserted;
And though the night was black as soot,
 I every tree averted.
I runed and runed until I found,
 A place where I could stay;
Since then I've never been around,
 Where spooks did come to play.

NOBIE THOUGHTS.

A HEBBEN HEA ON E'RTH.

Yer needn't tell me nothin',
Bout yer ligion an de like!
Case dem fo'kes am al'as fussen,
And dair live am mity black.
Jes go ter a chu'ch meeten,
An' yer'll git enuff'
Ter last yer whil' yer liven.
An' ter mortify yer dust.

Day will shout all day long Sundy,
And fergit deir deblish strife;
But beginnin agin on Mondy.
Day will almost take yer life:
Day drink an' kuss like sinners,
De whol' entir week
An in evry game am winners,
Den on Sundy night git meek.

Now taint no use pretendin.
Ter be what yer am not;
Wid all yer life defenden,
What yer ant never got.
Jest go a hed a laffen,
An' try ter do de rite
Wid good deeds just a casten,
Ery day and night.

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

Don't bother bout de Hebben,

 D at yer'll reach when yer am dead!

Jes try to help de errin,

 In de right road to be led!

Ef yer'll always do yer best,

 Do mon'y may be dirt;

Yer may make afore yer death,

 A Hebben hea on earth.

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

Down the rugged road of life,

I am trudging my lonely way:

A day of peace and one of strife,

Will bring me to the grave.

My youthful days with childish folly,

Have slowly passed away,

Everything then was gay and jolly,

Those were happy days.

My evening sun is fast a sinking,

The light of life grows pale;

The flight of years is still a ringing.

That my body is growing frail;

Along this lone rugged road,

Many have lain down to rest,

Amide the flowers with colors gold,

In the silent halls of death.

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

They left me still a trudging,
Down the lonely way;
With my gray hair daily judging,
My distance to the grave;
With eager ears I used to listen,
To my mother of forty years;
As how life's path did glisten,
With the sparkle of falling tears.

I wondered what then did she mean,
And why should there ever be sorrow?
My mother soon left me as a dream
Fleeth before the morrow.
Then I saw the battle plain,
And the road with falling tears,
The bitterest, blustering storm and rain;
Followed my fleeting years.

The journey is almost over now,
The end is well night reached;
Upon some rocky mountain's brow,
I'yy soon lay down to sleep.
When other travelers pass this way,
And pause to draw their breath;
Beside my little mossy grave,
They will know I've gone to rest.

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

Perhaps a tombstone will mark the head,
Of my grave and bear my name:
They can but say then, he is dead.
Yet he liveth just the same.
With silence then resembling death,
As they look upon my grave,
He pauses here to take his rest.
We all must go this way.

"DON'T WANT NO NIGGER FOR NOTHIN"

A colored girl got in a big dispute,
With a dusky business man,
About her collection on a wedding suit,
Not a word could she understand.
"Dis am my collecshun day,
You must your payments meet!
You promised when yer took the clothes away,
Dat you'd pay up every week."

Dis gal begin to frown.
With contempt did she look down;
You must be afraid,
And with these words she said
"I don't want no nigger fer nothin,
Taint nothin he can do fer me;
Not even a nigger preacher,
Fer to show me the way to Galilee:

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

“I don’t want no nigger doctor,
 Fer medison I can’t take;
No nigger undertaker,
 Fer ef he burries me I’ll never wake.
Dis gal had the histeries mighty bad,
 When the collector did demand;
That beautiful wedding suit back she had,
 She began then to understand.

“Man I aint worn that suit at all,
 The wedding day aint come yet,
I’s gwinter pay you, pay you all
 Of the first money I can get.
Now what’s the use of being hard?
 I is gwinter keep my word;
You nigger men I dread:”
 And with these words she said:

“I don’t want no nigger for nothin,
 Taint nothin he can do for me;
Not even a nigger preacher,
 Fer to show me the way ter Galilee:
I don’t want no nigger doctor,
 Fer his medison I can’t take;
No nigger undertaker,
 Fer ef he burries me I’ll never wake.

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

THESE MUNDIN SHORES.

It is but a blur of light,
On time's most placid page;
And then a leap in final night,
A journey through the grave.
A flitter like "Ephemera's dance,"
And then a pass to rest;
A rushing like a steed that prance,
We hurry on to death.

But ah, alas! then after death,
A silent grave is filled;
Completely rid of earthly pests,
We bow to Heaven's will;
Through everlasting fleeting years,
That recon from the grave,
No groans of dying souls to hear,
No yoke of burdened slaves.

A DYING MOTHER.

A withered flower is falling,
From the twig of human life;
All nature has hushed the calling,
Of one whose days were rife:
On a still and quiet morning,
While all earth was fast asleep;
A weakened voice was groaning,
It was a harvest being reaped.

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

A gale of sudden palor,
 Lit up a careworn face;
With courage and much valor,
 She exclaimed, "It is His grace!"
A stormy swollen Jordan,
 Before her wide and deep;
Life's toils and heavy burdens,
 Were heaved before her feet.

"'Tis done!" she cried undaunted,
 The race of life complete;
The horrid world has sauntered,
 Behind me to defeat:
The valley of death is lighted,
 With tears I've often shed,
The road so long benighted,
 Has lest at last its dread.

All the children rushed to hear,
 Their mother's faintly sayings,
"Over you I've watched from year to year,
 With almost daily prayings:
The final end has come at last,
 My work in life is done,
The many a gaping snare is past;
 The victory is won.

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

THE COLORED BOYS IN BLUE.

From Bunker's Hill, New England's elime,
To Cuba's sunny shore;

The colored boys did not go blind
To the uniform they wore.

When England's mighty hand reached out,
In seventeen and seventy-five;
Amid the cries of many a shout,
To take old glory or die.

Crispus Attucks, a negro man,
Dared to even try;
To be the one who led the van,
In holding the colors high.
At York Town when the strife was o'er,
And the bloody conflict ceased;
The negro boys shared in the lore,
Of the pleasant, restful peace.

Againold glory floated high.
Untarnished in the breeze;
Many a trembling voice cried,
Thank God, again we're free:
But in that land which nations gazed,
Upon its freedom wrought;
The negroes were again made slaves,
And were like cattle lought.

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

In eighteen-twelve again he marched,
On the field of New Orleans;
Not fearing once the enemy's dart,
Bade death not intervene:
And in the bloody civil strife,
Fort Wagoner's groans were heard,
In Cuba when the time was rife,
He fought and never feared.

Many a silent victor now,
Of color lies at rest;
'Neath many a cleft and rugged brow,
In the gloomy halls of death:
Some with both legs laid somewhere else,
And some with arms of wood
Are sleeping though their spirits tell,
The place just where they stood.

THE DEPARTED.

What can be the lonely home,
The place of rest in evening gloam;
The dwelling place that's not yet reached,
By those of us left here to teach;
The end of life's deserted path,
Where time dares not its shadow cast,
The home of the departed.

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

The nights roll by in solitude,
With grip of silent fortitude;
Holds those who have long since gone,
 To that dark and dismal home;
Beneath the earth in graves confine,
 Where silence ever reigns sublime;
It is that quiet resting place,
 The home of the departed.

THE GREAT WHITE THRONE.

Oh bitter days thou art to toil,
 The race of life to run;
Ah sacrifice thy bleeding coil,
 Shall perish with the sun;
He ran the race for many years,
 And then the victory won:
With brow yet damp with flowing tears,
 He reached the Great White Throne.

Oh death! thou cruel bands doth chain,
 That part exposed to thee;
Oh grave seek not then to reclaim,
 That soul which God made free.
For life to him from early years,
 Though haggard, weary and worn;
Annulled the pricking deathly fear,
 To bring him to the Throne.

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

Arrayed in Heavenly garb to stand,
I think I see him now,
With palms of victory in his hand,
He earned with body bowed.
With soul in search of Heavenly rest,
Beneath the scourge of scorn;
He stood the rigid critics test,
To reach the Great White Throne.

The grave and solemn end was reached,
In full triumph of faith;
His life was that all men to teach,
To never lose his place.
In work the whole race to uplift,
For to history's pages dorn,
And push wide the gate so long shut,
That barred him from the Throne.

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

A WILFUL SIN.

Why do men remain in sin,
 Since Christ our Savior died;
And said if we believe in him,
 We would be glorified.

All men today believe in Him,
 Why hesitate and cry?
Then join with us and sing this hymn,
 "P'll trust Him though I die."

Millions have gone this way;
We can but count all else but dross,
 Then trust Him while 'tis day.
To trust the Lord you can't be lost,

A DISAPPOINTED FRIEND.

It was after a fitful, stormy gale,
 On the Hudson twelve years ago;
I found that I had still been saved,
 That you, dear, I might know.

I fought the bristling, stubborn wind,
 To cross the stream that night;
'Twas then our friendship did begin,
 I thought we had done right.

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

Ere long the storm began anew,
With more terrific force;
The wind of disappointment blew
Me, far from my chosen course.

I loved you upon first sight,
Which sounds as but a dream;
And have never ceased since that night,
Though seas have rolled between.

I thought to make of you my wife,
That I might share your pleasure;
And together we might walk through life,
To lay up Heavenly treasure.

You willed it otherwise, somehow,
My hopes were all in vain;
With aching heart and heavy brow,
You forced me to refrain.

I guess it must be for the best,
Since thou art so persistent;
I shall try to give thee rest;
And ask for thine assistance.

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

A FALLEN COMRADE.

It was sad to behold old glory,
As borne by the comrades of sixty;
All filled with dust and holey,
With rust and signs of victory.

They were marching around the casket,
After the sermon and song had closed;
To review the remains of a comrade,
Whose battle of life was o'er.

All heads were as white as cotton,
Some were bent towards the ground;
"How soon will they all be forgotten?"
Came from some one standing around.

Some yet stepping erect and clear,
But the care told the story old;
That though fighting they did not fear,
But their enlistments are well nigh o'er.

Brave comrades, you are swiftly passing,
Where the guns will be heard no more,
The canteen and blanket is resting,
Where the rivers gently flow.

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

A weary, gray-haired comrade,
Thou was once too strong and brave,
In those blissful days, old comrade;
To fight was your only crave.

But now old age has found you,
Your limbs are stiff and sore;
The men you fought so hard to free;
Now turn you from their door.

Hark! I hear the bugle call,
To arms the men did press;
Not to witness Richmond fall,
But this time to meet death.

You are falling one by one, boys,
The powder still is dry;
The Captain has sent His command,
Requesting you to die.

By the bier the comrades stood,
With faces stern as death;
Many of them with leg of wood,
Said he had gone to rest.

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

You have fought the last hard battle,
And like a soldier stood the test;
Thou hast heard the last drum clatter,
Thy victory was only death.

Many a bloody skirmish had we,
And many a runing fight;
But few are left, dear pal, to see,
Our heads all grow so white.

We were young and brisk and gay then,
None had even a wife;
Ah, yes, my blood rise in my vein,
When I think of those old strifes.

It is all over now, boys, you see,
And many have been laid to rest;
Some under the shade of many a tree,
In the silent halls of death.

The graveyard must soon claim the rest,
That went at Lincoln's call,
We'll line up there to do our best,
To crown Him Lord of all.

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

MAN.

Oh sinful man thou art to toil,
If toiling thou must;
The earth to gather in thy coil,
Before returning to the dust.

'Tis up the hill from birth to death,
We wend our lonely way;
We often pause to draw our breath;
Mid thickest of the fray.

While but a child the way seems smooth,
To that simple sight;
But ere long no friend to sooth,
The sight turns black as night.

The owls hoot, the rippling frog,
By night do cheer us on;
The weary, hungry, barking dog,
Of conscience doth us worn.

The days with hallowed blissful light,
Illumines that dreary road;
Beyond the sluggish dismal night,
Towards our eternal home.

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

How black the future seems to be,
Unborn and yet uncertain;
None know who will live to see,
And yet 'tis a great burden.

The mantel black as night doth screen,
The abode of death from time;
How anxious are we to be seen,
And to see Him divine.

The rocks and heavy clods of earth,
Must one day be our brother;
Our princely statue royal birth
Must lay in death together.

The kings of earth shall rule no more,
On their exalted throne;
For life and former things must go,
As fleeting time has gone.

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

IN MY DOTY AGE.

As the sun went down one evening,
On a little country town;
An old man sat a grieving,
No earthly friend was round:
In his little old rustic cabin,
Which had scars of many days;
By the door he sat a babbling,
I am in my doty age.

Once he had been young and happy,
Friends came from miles around;
Oft to make his young heart happy,
In this far off country town;
From those happy merry-makers,
He early sought a wife;
But with death she had forsaken
Him, in the prime of life.

Some boys and girls had come and gone,
To this very lonely home;
The old home soon grew forlorn,
The young ones all had gone,
The silver rays of the summer's sun;
Stole through the warp worn shingles,
Where the children often sung,
Their voices gladly mingled.

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

The flight of years had changed it all,
The hut was tumbling down;
The chimney had begun to fall,
His wife was in the ground;
The grass had overgrown the yard,
The yard-trees all were dead;
Reading his wife's funeral card;
The old man calmly said:

I am in my doty age now,
All my friends from me have gone,
My body bent, with wrinkled brow,
I have been left alone;
My wife was forced to leave me soon,
Then all that I had left
Were my little children then to prune,
With a broken heart bereft.

I was both father and mother,
Until they all were grown;
And never thought of another,
Until they all were gone;
Then it would've been an outrage,
To get some one to cheer,
A man of my extreme old age,
Void of youthful care.

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

The children have forsaken me,
 Forgot the old homestead;
Perhaps they'll come back to see
 To it when I am dead:

I am old and not very much account,
 The days have hurried by;
I suppose they think it will not amount
 To much if I would die.

I have sat here in this cabin,
 And watched the summers go;
For years without being gladdened
 By a voice that I used to know:

I suppose they all are dead now,
 And while life's storm did rage,
I was left with body bowed,
 Here in my doty age.

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

THE WORK OF LIFE IS O'ER.

The work of life is o'er
The battle has been fought;
I now must leave my friend to go,
To the Home I have long sought.

My earthly friends good-bye,
The victory is mine;
I fold my arms in peace to die,
My Jesus is Divine.

Don't weep because I'm leaving you,
For my work in earth is done;
My work is left for your review,
My race is fully run.

Father, to thee, I come,
My trophies I will bring;
To thy cross I've freely clung,
In agony and pain.

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

WORK OF REV. W. W. BROWNE.

When all was dark and dreary,
 Upon a little Southern farm;
A lad thereon got weary,
 Of what there had been done.

The springs had followed winter,
 And the summers followed spring;
For years without a whimper,
 With nothing new to bring.

When autumn leaves were falling,
 He could but think of death;
A voice with an earthly calling,
 The children hometo rest.

“Now, what’s the use of living,
 This little farm-lad thought;
An entire life without giving,
 This world something wrought.

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

A fertile mind was laden,
With fruits of industry;
So he early went to wading,
In the realms of mystery.

He thought to be a soldier,
But found himself too young;
He waited to grow older,
But alas, the war was done.

He turned to nurse the dying,
Found some grown old and worn;
With pathetic voices crying,
"We have been left alone!"

Now, to reach his patience old,
'Twas not so easy done;
To find them friend as true as gold,
He made them all be one.

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

He brought them all together,
Just such as would be friends;
And taught them to be brothers,
Even though they were no kin;

This band he named Good Templars,
His work had then begun,
With the masses yet exempted,
He had no time for fun.

He worked all day, and then at night,
Would read and pray and ponder;
With God in front he saw the light,
Of the present True Reformers;

With foes as black as threatening night
And means almost exhausted,
He fought ahead with all his might
This project new to foster.

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

In eighteen hundred and eight-one,
In proud and haughty Richmond;
Young Browne had from Georgia come,
To make poverty his victim;

The True Reformers then began
To grow into such prominence,
Both women and the busy men
Rushed to the True Reformers.

A bank, a real and sure enough one,
In eighty-nine was started;
The people had all kinds of fun,
When this bank was chartered;

Money came in from far and wide;
No one ever thought it;
Everybody had to look with pride,
For they were Negroes who had bought it.

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

A great and stalwart business now
 Stands out to tell the story,
Of one, Browne, whose sweaty brow,
 Begot for him this glory.

And now he has gone to that sweet rest,
 Which follows those who labor,
But the product of his mind he left,
 To benefit his neighbor.

THE SAVIOR DIED FOR ALL.

On Calvary's bloody, rocky brow,
 The Savior bled and died;
The voice comes down to Christians now,
 The bitter sobbing cry.

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

'Tis finished now my work begin
Four thousand years ago;
The heavy load, the weight of sin,
Will be felt and feared no more.

I loved the world agreed to die,
That man of sin might live;
And paid the debt on Calvary high,
My life I freely give.

Will you continue still in sin,
Discard my righteous gift?
Or will you to the promise cling,
And chose thy way to rest?

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

TODAY I'LL SERVE THE LORD.

Tomorrow may bring death's dark night,
Today I'll serve the Lord;
Let me make ready for the flight,
By trusting in His word.

The earth must soon its shadow fade,
My body soon must die;
And sleep in that dark gloomy grave,
Where mercy dare not cry.

Lord give me a heart to pray,
A heart to do thy will;
A spirit that will teach the way,
Thy mission I might fill.

SALVATION OF PRAYER.

There is a ladder built for all
That is broad firm and high;
Its feet are planted on the earth,
It is topped within the sky

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

This is not the ladder Jacob saw,
In dreams of olden times;
But Scarsely at an angel's feet,
That mortals it may climb.

Its free alike, to rich and poor,
For all may mount who Will;
It is the only way that leads,
Direct to Zion hill.

How many souls have set with seal,
This Heavenly prize to win;
But early in their turneth back,
For weak when they begin.

Salvation, is this ladder's name,
And Christ has built it fair,
Its walls are made of faith and love,
And every round a prayer.

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

JESSIE AND MANDY'S GENERAL FUSSE'S

Taint no use talking to me Jessie,
Cause I's gis as mad as I'en be;
You's been out thar, wid that big eyed Emma
Now think you 'en squar everything wif me.

Some des' times I's gwinter lose my centes,
And bust you right in de mouf;
An dat darn wench Emma,
I's gwinet kick uem pop eyes out.

I's been married to you now ten years,
And I never cot you lieing,
But since you is knowed thot block nigger,
You 'ed lie if you's ar dieing.

You need think I's ar fool nigger,
Dis certany aint gwine, las I said;
You spotting round here wid women,
Don't earn de salt go in yo bread.

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

Now gist as I's said, wont last long,
Cause I's giting tirder every day;
Worrying an' living in des wash-tubs,
Trying to keep hard times away.

Now Jessie, I's been nice to you,
Washed yo' clothes and give you plenty
to eat;
Yet you fool round here, after that darn 'Wench'
And she aint got shoes to go on her feet.

Now, I aint gwine fuss, wif you no mo,'
Bnt wait till I kotch you ag'in;
De way I'se carve on you an dat 'Nigger'
Certainly gwiner be a sin.

Now I know dat Judge and Lawyer,
Down in dat cout house is on your side;
Bnt when I git through with you 'Nigger,'
De undertaker an' docter am gwiner decide

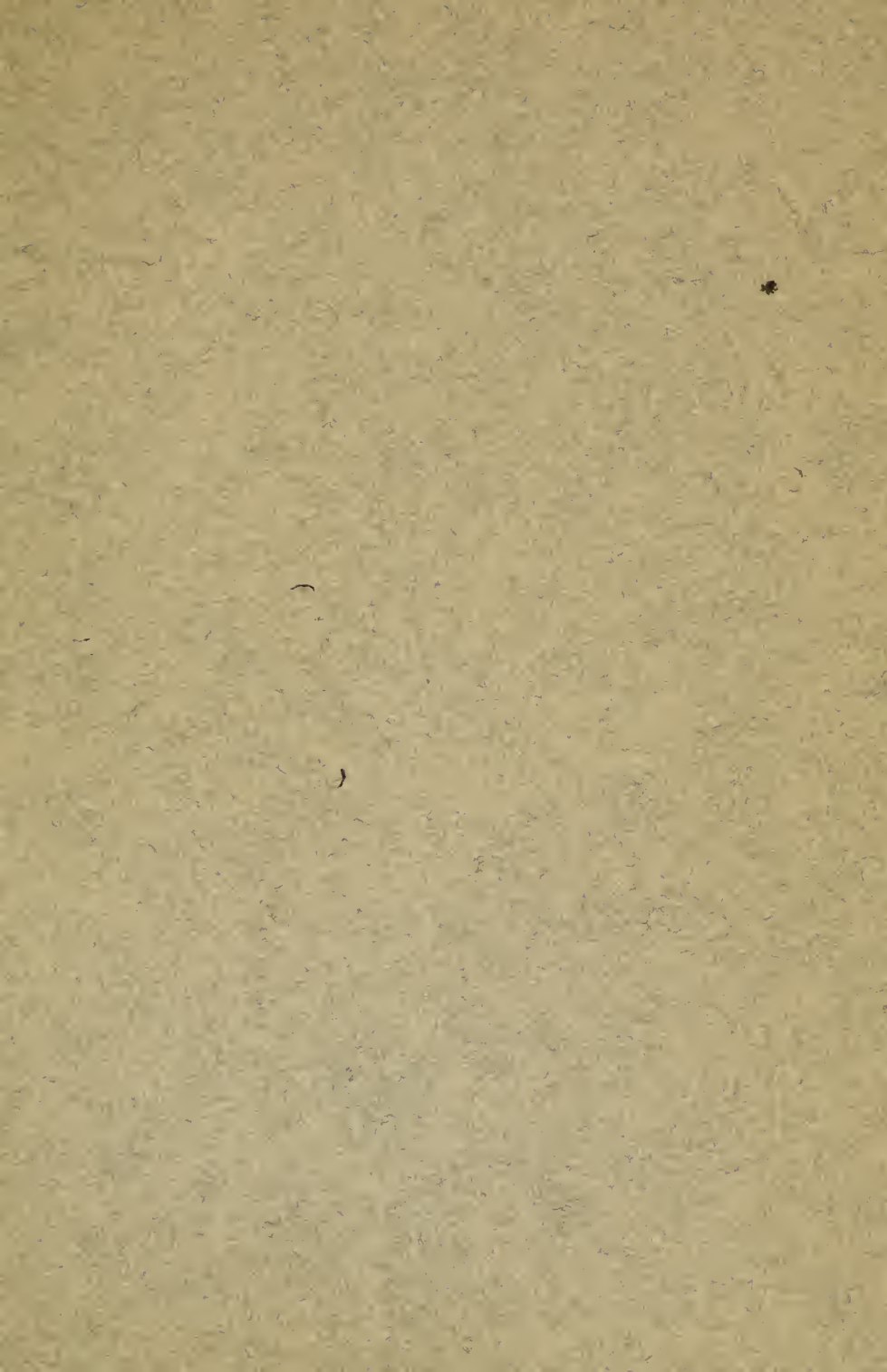
NOBLE THOUGHTS.

THE OLD SOLDIERS IN DESMOINES IOWA.

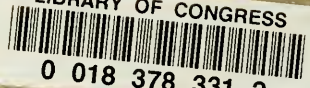
The other day I was standing on fifth and walnut, street Suddenly I heard the beating of drums and the tooting of the fife. What is that? the question was asked. Why it is the old soldiers some one said. In a few moments many persons were running in great excitement towards the music; the glittering bayonets and dazzling swords, could be seen here and there through the great throng of spectators, As they passed me the old fife and drums were playing "Down in Dixie." Some failing to keep step from lost of limb, others from disability and old age. But the expression on their faces shown that they were sincere, and had been men of great discipline From the trace of battle, sun, wind and rain the old flag was tattered into many pieces, the marks on the pole and the emblem on the bearer's breast, proved they had been in desperate battles. In the after-noon I walked out to Fort Desmoines, there I saw many acres of land, with beautiful flowers grass and trees, it seemed that the sun were lingering in the tree tops, and the artillery unfolded a new flag; Not torn like the old one that I had viewed in the fore noon, It was an unblemished emblem and the stars upon it stood out bold like unto the stars of God

NOBLE THOUGHTS.

As it moved proudly in the air. The bearer of this flag and his comrades, were hearty young men filled with hope and vitality: The next I saw was the Calvary, the prancing horses were keeping time with the music, while their masters went through many manoeuvres; This was a beautiful sight, it seemed that the men horses and music were in harmony. The sun still shone in the golden west I turned and started home-ward, it was then I had a Vision: I saw those old soldiers not on Walnut street, not with fife and drum, but one by one were answering the final call of their Chief Bugler. I saw those brave heroes those daring and fearless leaders such as Lincoln, Grant Charles Sumner and many others, who have gone on and left this unfinished work, for this present generation Then I saw the battle of Gettysburg, where mothers, sons, and daughters kneeling to doctor the wounded and say a word of prayer, close the eyes, kiss their brow and cross their hands. While I was still standing a voice spake out as though it came from a lonely grave, saying Oh do ask, ask? One hundred million of the twentieth century what will they do with the Old Constitution? what of the Fifteenth Amendment for which so many have suffered and died? And the question was answered by Ten Million Black Souls who spake with one accord, and said, "It can be a Land of the Free and a Home of the Brave, or it will be the seed of Discrimination, petty Jealousy and Commercial Greed.



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