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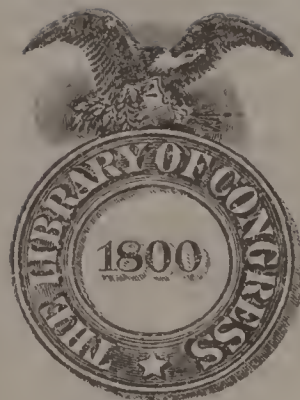
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Verses from Florida



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SUSAN BRADFORD EPPES  
(Mrs. Nicholas Ware Eppes)

# VERSES FROM FLORIDA

BY

SUSAN BRADFORD EPPES

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1938

MACON, GEORGIA

J. W. BURKE COMPANY

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We ask your kindest judgment Reader dear,  
For this attempt at verse which you find here,  
It was not meant to fill the printed page  
But just some leisure moments to engage ;  
To calm the nerves when tense and over-  
wrought,  
Or make a pretty dress to clothe a thought.  
Life is so deep—so full of hopes and fears  
And oftentimes we smile to hide our tears.



## INTRODUCTION

A long time ago—nearly eighty years in point of fact, beautiful Montvale, nestled down amid the lofty mountains of “The Land of Sky”, was a favored resort for the people of the “Old South” when summer sent them roaming. Montvale was evidently a new place; the large, comfortable hotel showed signs of hasty construction, and was guiltless of paint. The cottages, some twenty or more, were dotted here and there in the bright green sward, and they too shone with newness. Two streams almost large enough to be called rivers came leaping and sparkling down the mountain sides from opposite directions, and rippling and gurgling among the rocks, flowing in and out between the cottages, adding a rare beauty to the scene.

Always at southern summer resorts children were much in evidence and Montvale really seemed to have even more than her share. After breakfast, when the smaller children with their “Black Mammies” were amusing themselves with the swings, the joggling boards, the merry-go-round, and so forth, which had been erected especially for their benefit, the boys and girls who had outgrown a nurse’s care went trooping to seek a wider playground.

Of this crowd of happy children two were

not so strong nor hardy as the others and soon they were distanced by their more active companions. One was a boy of fifteen slender and delicate with a handsome, thoughtful face; the other was a little girl who claimed to be thirteen, but appeared to be much younger. She was well and would have enjoyed climbing the rugged way with the others, but an unlucky accident had lamed her for the time being. The boy carried each day a small portfolio containing pencils and paper, and sometimes he stretched himself out on the flat white rocks and grew so absorbed in his writing that the little girl would be quite forgotten: but he was always kind when he remembered her, and she did not interrupt, for she too was a dreamer of dreams and could always find entertainment in her own thoughts, especially amid such surroundings.

One day after one of these long silences he raised his head, sat up on the rock and said, "Well, little mouse, I don't believe you have even nibbled." Then he asked, "Did you ever read any poetry?"

"Yes", was the answer. "Don't you think you could tell me which poet you like best?"

"No", was the decided reply, "It depends on the way one feels which poet seems best. Today I like Sir Walter Scott, because he writes such grand poems about the Scotch mountains."

“You funny little thing, I did not know you had any thoughts.”

“Sometimes I have”, was the quiet answer.

“I am writing poetry”, he said, “suppose I read some of it to you.”

Every day after this he read her his poems and one day she held out a small brown hand and said, “Give me that one that I may take it home with me.” But this he would not do. “No, I am going to have them published in a book sometime, and then you can have them all.”

“What will your book be called?” questioned the child.

“I do not know yet, but one thing I know, in the cover just under the name in letters of gold will be ‘By Sidney Lanier’.”

He went back to school; she went home to Florida . . . . it was “out of sight, out of mind.”

Years had passed away, years in which that awful interlude of the War Between the States had come, when the little girl, now a happy wife and mother, read in a paper of a bright, particular Star that had risen in the world of Letters, and the name of this star was Sidney Lanier. She remembered his longing to be famous and she rejoiced for him, but she had no time for ambition of her own,—Life for her held so much that was worth while.

Then came the time when feeble and almost blind she was cut off from the active life she loved; something must take its place. She wrote books and the critics were kind.

Now, at ninety-two, she is launching this bark on the sea of Public Opinion, with many misgivings as to a successful voyage.

## VERSES FROM FLORIDA

These verses come to you from Florida,  
Land of sunshine and flowers,  
Where our brothers of the Northland  
Delight to spend the wintry hours.

Some like the Gulf Coast best:  
Its inlets deep, its trees so grand;  
The lovely growth on every side  
Planted by Nature's hand.

Some seek the Magic City,  
Where many pleasures be,  
Where the broad white Beach of Miami  
Ever echoes the Song of the Sea.

Some travel hither and thither  
In cars of luxurious ease,  
From the red clay hills of old Leon  
Down to the Florida Keys.

True they will go with the Springtime,  
By motor or yacht or train,  
But when Winter hangs out his signals  
They will surely come again.

Would you like to know the reason  
Why it charms both great and small?  
The matchless climate of Florida  
Is the magnet that draws them all.



---

'MID THE HILLS OF OLD LEON

It is Springtime in Old Leon.

Was there ever a fairer sight,  
Rosy, fragrant Crab-apple trees,  
Dogwoods veiled in lacy white.

Lilies white and golden  
Lie on the lake's blue breast,  
Where a water-fowl on one long leg  
Is taking a needed rest.

The Cherokee runs along the fence  
Climbing the near-by trees,  
Across the road we catch the gleam  
Of the Crimson Maple keys.

The Hawthorn bends its branches  
To meet the wind's caress,  
Like a Bride who greets her lover  
In a wonderful wedding-dress.

The wild plum is out in its beauty,  
There are so many of these,  
Blossoming by the roadside  
Or under the forest trees.

High over head a brilliant pink  
Clothes the leafless Judas tree.  
Near its roots is a Mullein Rosette  
The softest green on the lea.

Just ahead is a "Glory of Gold"  
A bower of jasmine vine,  
Strong and sweet is its perfume,  
Subtle, like rare old wine.

Viburnam, with round, heavy heads,  
Many flowered, creamy-white,  
With its dark, rich leaves and shining stems  
Is a vision of pure delight.

O'er a carpet of pine-straw strewn with  
leaves  
To a thicket where birds are singing,  
And close beside it a bare, brown log  
Where Indian Pipes are springing.

On we push through the wildwood,  
Our eager search we renew,  
Ah, there it is—we have found it at last,  
This Gentian of rarest blue.

Now we stand on a mossy bank,  
Shady, moist and cool,  
Surely this is the very spot  
Where "Twenty Froggies went to  
school."

The bloodroot white and the Violets blue,  
Their modest heads held down,  
The innocence with face upturned,  
While it closely hugs the ground.

The Honeysuckle, branching wide  
In tints of white and rose,  
Is just the loveliest flower of all  
That in the marsh-land grows.

Graceful, slender, delicate,  
Reflected in the stream,  
Like the rosy dawn of a summer's morn,  
Or a poet's waking dream.

That broad green leaf is Caladiun,  
A Pussy-willow near,  
The South wind is tearing her Catkins off  
To float on the streamlet clear.

Hundreds of tiny flowers are blooming  
along the way,  
Each one doing its part  
To brighten up the day.

Again we are climbing the hill,  
Outlined against the sky,  
A Fringe-tree is waving soft, white fringe  
To the evening's lullaby.

Once more we stand on the hill-top,  
'Tis red with the Coral-bean,  
Far in the distance the Pine Trees stand,  
Like a wall of living green.

The shades of night are falling,  
'Twill end this walk of ours,  
Father, we thank Thee for Thy gifts  
Of Springtime and the flowers.

---

\*These are only the first spring blossoms which come in early springtime to gladden our hungry eyes. Later in the season there are many more.

THE TALE OF A TREE

On the red clay hill,  
A Hickory-nut fell,  
    From the hand of a little boy;  
He had brought it home  
From the far off woods  
    And he viewed his treasure with joy.

He turned it about in  
His moist little hand,  
    He tossed it up like a ball;  
'Twas toss and catch  
For a good long while  
    Then the little brown nut had a fall.

His copper-toed shoe  
Kicked the leaves about,  
    At last he went down on his knees,  
But no trace was there  
Of his treasure trove  
    'Neath the bright-hued Myrtle trees.

So safely 'twas hidden  
'Twas never seen  
    By the passers day after day,  
And the boy forgot,  
But God did not  
    Where the nut had rolled away.

The winter rains fell,  
Deep in the ground  
    They carried the little brown ball  
Closely covered  
The little nut lay  
    In wait for the Master's call.

Springtime came,  
A pale green shoot  
    Grew up in the midst of the grass,  
So tiny and green  
'Twas never seen  
    By the careless eyes that passed.

All summer it grew,  
And nobody knew  
    What the grass and flowers are con-  
    cealing,

Then autumn came  
And its leaves fell off  
    A slim little body revealing

'Twas springtime again,  
On a nearby porch  
    Were sitting brothers three,  
Stalwart men  
Of the South's best blood  
    Who had marched in Virginia with Lee.

They spied the sapling  
Unnoticed 'til now,  
    Tho' oft they sat in that door  
And they guessed the name  
Of the strange little tree  
    They never had noticed before.

'Twas out in its newest  
Fresh spring dress  
    Its leaves faintly tinted with red,  
'Twas hard to say  
Just what it was  
    When it had such a small round head.

“That’s an English Walnut”,  
“No, ’tis a Pecan”,  
    All looked at the tiny tree,  
The eldest squinted his  
Bright blue eyes,  
    “Looks like a Hickory to me”.

Fed by the Sun,  
The Rain and the Dew,  
    That Hickory grew apace;  
It grew to know  
And it grew to love  
    Full many a human face.

It loved the children  
Who played in its shade,  
    And the merry maidens fair,  
It loved the boys  
So strong and brave  
    Who talked with the maidens there.

It loved the kindly,  
White-haired folks,  
    Whose steps were often slow,



Whose chastened eyes  
Looked backward  
To "The Land of Long Ago".

It had shared their  
Hours of gladness,  
    When everything went well;  
It had shared  
Their hours of anguish,  
    When bitter tear drops fell.

How many things  
That tree could tell,  
    If it had the "Gift of Speech"  
But the language of  
Its whispering leaves  
    No linguist can ever teach.

A  
CHRISTMAS OFFERING  
TO  
MY DEAR SISTER

---

CHRISTMAS OF LONG AGO

---

Memory is a kindly friend,  
She brings us back the vanished hours,  
When *Time*, the thief, would have us think  
His footsteps only fell on flowers.  
'Tis Christmas Eve—young hearts are gay,  
Every window glows with light,  
Vines gleam along the polished stair,  
And all around are roses bright.

Wreaths of Holly with berries red  
Upon the walls are seen  
With the tiny, shiny Yupon  
Like rubies mid the green;  
Mistletoe hangs in the hall,  
Stop beneath it we would not dare.  
For Aunt Robinson watches the young folks  
From a seat on the vine-clad stair.

Young couples stand upon the floor,  
Mother's music greets the ear,  
With one accord each couple turns  
And dance to the tune of "Forked Deer"  
Both North and South Carolina  
Are danced with Christmas glee  
Then "Molly put the kettle on  
And we'll all have tea."

"Fisher's Hornpipe" speeds our steps  
Which makes it very handy  
To execute some brilliant stunts  
For "Yankee Doodle Dandy".  
Then came Quadrilles as stately  
As Grandmother's Minuet,  
Then like a crowd of children,  
We merrily dance the "Coquette".

Tired, we stop for supper,  
So many good things to eat!  
But time is short, and all of us find,  
We have little wings on our feet.  
Mother's fingers touch lightly the keys,  
"Sir Roger de Coverley" rules the hour,  
Young and old stand up on the floor,  
Moved by the music's compelling power.

For who of us all fatigue could feel  
When Mother played the "Virginia Reel"?  
The dance is over; goodnights are said;  
Put out the lights and go to bed;  
'Tis time for Santa Claus' reindeer sled,  
'Twill soon be Christmas Morning!

CHRISTMAS

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND NINETEEN

Many years have passed, dear Heart;  
    Since you and I were young  
And we've lost the trick of the dancing feet,  
    And the turn of the merry tongue.  
But we've something better than youth, dear  
    Heart,  
    For we've gone many miles on our way,  
The way that leads to Eternal Life  
    And the loved ones who could not stay.

They'll be ours again in the Home Over There,  
    With never a cloud or a doubt,  
And never a chance that the joy of life,  
    By Death may be blotted out.  
So we'll cheerfully go on our way, dear Heart,  
    With a kindly word and a smile,  
And spend the days that are left us here  
    In doing the "Things worth while".

## GRANDMOTHER'S WEDDING DRESS

A sweet little maiden of long ago  
Sat in her high-backed chair,  
And her needle moved swiftly to and fro  
As she wrought on the fabric fair.  
Muslin from India's loom it was,  
Dainty, and sheer, and fine,  
And on it she wrought with patient skill  
A pattern of grape and leaf and vine.

Daintily poised is the pretty head  
And straight as an arrow is she,  
Tho' she bends at times to the fading light  
The wondrous pattern to see.  
Only a few more stitches now,  
Her work is almost done,  
And the brown curls falling o'er brow and cheek  
Borrow gold from the setting sun.

There! The last little stitch is set!  
She spreads it out on her knee,  
And we who look through the mist of years  
Ask what can the garment be?  
I'll tell you, my dears, you would never guess,  
Tho' 'tis only two yards wide,

'Tis a dress,—a party dress at that,  
To be worn to wait on a bride.

At a wedding grand in the Old North State  
A brides-maid she is to be  
When Hilliard of Halifax giveth his child  
To a bride-groom from over the sea.  
Sad at heart is the proud old man  
For this daughter is last of his line,  
But he buries his grief in his stout old breast  
And gives her an "Infare" fine.

Three days and nights the guests did spend  
In feasting and dance and song,  
And our little maid in her dress of mull  
Was fairest of all the throng.  
Homeward in state she went her way,  
Her father, the Governor, rode by her side,  
And many a lofty "Chateau d'Espagne"  
He built for his child ere they ended their ride.

But the maiden's heart and her promise were given  
To one who was worthy the pure gem to wear:  
No dreams of fortune or fame could tempt her,  
For him e'en her father's stern frown she would  
dare.



And so it chanced one tenth of November  
The little white dress was again put on—  
'Mid smiles and tears, with her mother's blessing  
From the home of her childhood the young bride  
has gone.

Fifty years and more have passed,—  
The tenth of November comes again,—  
And Grandmother takes the dress from her trunk  
Where for many and many a year it has lain.  
A minister stands with a babe in his arms,  
A babe with soft dark eyes of brown,  
And he christens her there with her Grandmoth-  
er's name,  
In her Grandmother's Wedding Gown.

Grandmother now has gone from our sight,  
But her memory sweet abides with us ever:  
"To live in hearts we leave behind"  
Is life,—the true life,—that endures forever!  
Shake it out reverently, softly fold it,—  
Every light touch is a tender caress,—  
More precious by far than pearls from the Orient  
Is dear little Grandmother's Wedding Dress.



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## LOST IN THE DISMAL SWAMP

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John Branch, of North Carolina, as he loved to be called, was born in Halifax Town in 1783 while his father was with General Greene fighting the British. John Branch was educated at Chapel Hill where he graduated at the age of eighteen. He studied law under Judge Haywood and was married in April, 1803, before he attained his majority. From that time on he won every honor in the gift of his State. The incident narrated in this poem occurred before his marriage.

Carolina's Dismal Swamp

Will live in story and song:  
Many hearts have ached  
At its tales of mystery and wrong.

Shadows darken the noon-day  
Of branches bending down,  
While vines to catch the unwary  
Cover the yielding ground.

Morass and quick-sand wait  
To drag their victims down;  
While the treacherous, venomous serpents  
Are gliding o'er the ground.

Only those who are forced to hide  
Enter this darksome den,  
Those who have broken the Laws of God  
And must hide from the sight of men.

No path is here in this trackless wild  
Save the trail of the beast to his lair,  
The jungle beasts, who, on padded feet,  
Come on you unaware.

In the early days of the Old North State  
Settlers were few and far apart  
The loss of a child in the Dismal Swamp  
Sent terror to every heart.

Yet this was the message borne that day  
By a rider who tarried not;  
His tale once told, he spurred his steed  
And sought another spot.

He carried the news for miles and miles,  
He went to every home.  
These brave men lost not a moment,  
But made all haste to come.

They did not waste a minute,  
These warm-hearted Pioneers,  
But eagerly started on the search,  
To quiet the mother's fears.

With them rode a stripling,  
Slender, with eyes of blue,  
Tho' the youngest of all, he was ready,  
Like them, to dare and to do.

All night long through the jungle  
They searched every foot of ground,  
With pine torch and with lantern,  
But no trace of the child could be found.

In daylight and in darkness  
They scoured the Swamp in vain,  
And now they felt it was useless,  
They would ne'er see the baby again.

The sun was once more rising redly  
When at last they turned to go,  
For hope was dead and strength was spent,  
And man could do no more.

The boy was loth to go—  
He longed so to find the child;  
He turned his horse's head once more,  
And entered the swampy wild.

And there, almost at his horse's feet,  
Covered with mire and clay,  
Torn by bramble and by brier,  
The sleeping baby lay.

John Branch lived long and wisely,  
Life brought him wealth and fame,  
Carolina gave him all her gifts,  
And her citizens honored his name.

Children and children's children  
Gathered 'round his chair,  
For they loved this grand old man  
With his snow-white, silvery hair.

They loved to ask him questions  
As children often do,  
They delighted in his answers,  
For his tales were always true.

“Grandfather, in all your long, long life,  
“What was the greatest thing?  
“Was it when you called Grandmother your wife,  
“And slipped on the wedding ring?”

“Ah, that was a joyous day, my child,  
“But out of the past comes another,  
“When I found the child in the Dismal Swamp  
“And carried him to his mother.”

THE TALE THE TETE-A-TETE TOLD  
TO THE  
GRANDCHILDREN OF HER PAST

'Tis good to be at home, my Dears,  
    'Tho' it isn't the same old place,  
Good to see the light of remembrance,  
    Shining out from each well-loved face.  
To know that out of the shadows,  
    Joy to me has come,  
And once more the poor old derelict,  
    Has found both people and home.

I've lived a life of Romance, my Dears,  
    'Tho' I've long passed my three-score and ten  
I'll guard all the secrets whispered to me,  
    As tenderly now as then.  
For age makes the heart grow fonder,  
    More patient, more tender, and true,  
And your Tete-a-tete never will say one word  
    That can ever give pain to you.

We lived in a house through whose wide-opened  
    doors  
    Came the healing breath of the Pine,

And the sunshine flooding the landscape,  
Cheered and strengthened like wine;  
There were roses and lilies and violets,  
And flowers with names hard to call,  
But the sweet little Mistress who tended them  
Knew and loved them all.

The voices of children made music,  
Echoing up the broad stair,  
While the Father and Mother looked happily on  
At their darlings frolicking there.  
These two had a lovely romance,  
From a Tete-a-tete's point of view,  
But the words I heard I will never repeat,  
Not even, my Dears, to you.

All must change in this world of ours,  
"The sweetest is fleetest" they say,  
And even this home of contentment  
Knew changes day by day.  
The children grew up—the "Tables of Life"  
Were turned again and again.  
There were smiles and sunshine, sighs and tears,  
Such as come to the "Sons of Men".

The grandchildren came—a merry lot,  
(I had grown somewhat faded and worn)



And soon my dress was covered with rents  
Their rough little feet had torn;  
But I loved them all, and I held them close  
When they snuggled down on me  
While they sang little songs, or told fairy tales,  
Or laughed in their innocent glee.

---

Now, gone is the Mistress whose eyes of blue,  
It gave me joy to see,  
Gone is the Master who sat by her side  
With the little ones on his knee.  
Gone are the youths and the maidens fair  
Who sat in my circling arm,  
Gone are the children who filled the Old Home  
With merriment and charm.

'Twas a heartbreaking change—for years I sat  
Covered with dust and grime,  
And naught but Memory was left  
To tell of that olden time.  
Not a sound was heard but the voice of the wind,  
Like the wail of a lost Banshee,  
Or the mournful hoot of a lonely owl  
From the depths of the old oak tree.

In the empty house I sat me down,  
My head in grief was bowed,



For the dearest home that ever was  
And the jolliest, merriest crowd.  
I feared they had left me there to die,  
But no—there came a day  
When rough hands carelessly pulled me about  
And carried me far away.

---

Now scrubbed and polished and spick and span,  
I sit in your midst once more,  
And all around me the faces I scan  
Of my comrades in days of yore,  
There sit the Chippendales, stately and grand,  
And the Sofa, where many can rest;  
There's the Dowager Rocker, who always claimed  
That a seat in her arms was best.

There's the Piano the Mistress loved,  
'Tis mute, but in memory lingers,  
The thrilling tones that filled the air  
At the touch of her dainty fingers.  
The big lamp sat on the round table there;  
When the family would gather about it  
The lamp would grow vain and haste to explain  
They really could not do without it.

The straight-backed chairs, so dignified,  
The what-not, with all its little collections,

The mirror so tall, who revealed to us all,  
The most unbelievably brilliant reflections.  
Yes, it is good to see them again—  
And I thank you truly, my Dears,  
For bringing me back to my good old friends,  
To spend my declining years.

No more shall I eat my heart out  
As I sit in the mildew and rust,  
No more shall the rose on my bosom  
Be covered o'er with dust.  
And rest assured, what you whisper to me  
I never, no never, will tell,  
No lock and key will needed be,  
I'll guard your secrets so well.

## THE CUTTING OF THE "M"

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I have been advised that the following verses need an explanation, which I will endeavor to give. Reviewing the various Histories of England and the many Encyclopedias the reader will find many discrepancies as to the burial place of Richard Cromwell and where his last days were spent. I will now give you the correct information on these points.

I am a lineal descendant of Oliver Cromwell, belonging to the sixth generation from the Lord Protector himself. When he died his son Richard Cromwell nominally succeeded him, but the greater part of the English people had tired of the strict morality and plain living enforced by the Cromwell regime. They longed for "the fleshpots of Egypt", and flocked to the standard of Charles the Second.

Though even today England owes many of her rights and privileges to the wisdom and courage of Oliver Cromwell, at the time of the Restoration they showed the basest ingratitude. His grave was opened—his coffin dragged forth—his head severed from his body and stuck on a pole. With this, Charles Second's troopers paraded the streets of London shouting out ribald jests, while the populace hurled every vile and abusive epithet at their once honored leader. Then the skull was thrown in the street and kicked over London by the King's minions.

Is it any wonder that Richard Cromwell left England? He, with his wife and babies, took refuge in Leyden: how long he stayed there we do not know, nor have we the exact date on which he with his family left Holland for America. The vessel on which he sailed touched at Liverpool where other members of his family joined him. It was their desire to lose their identity, hence, the cutting of the M.

Richard Cromwell settled in Halifax County, North Carolina, and his home was called "The Fens." Bridget Cromwell and her second husband, Gen. Fairfax, traveled on to

Virginia where some of the Fairfax family had already settled. Her first husband was Gen. Edward Ireton, Commander of "The Ironsides." At his death Gen. Fairfax commanded "The Ironsides" and in time married Gen. Ireton's widow.

The first child born to Richard Cromwell in America was baptised Edward Ireton Crowell.

Two other sons of Oliver Cromwell participated in the cutting of the M. One of these went to Massachusetts; the other to a French settlement on the Great Lakes.

The Crowells of North Carolina have always been quiet, law-abiding people; they did not seek political honors and refused them when offered with one exception, John Crowell, who was in the United States Senate.

In the War of the Revolution and again in 1812 they volunteered and served faithfully; when the war was over they returned to the privacy of their own homes.

When Wheeler wrote his History of North Carolina he sent agents to make a house to house canvass of the state to collect family data. There were, at that time, six families of Crowells in Halifax County, but not one of them all had a word to say, so Wheeler had to fall back on the neighborhood gossip.

The family history has been handed down from one generation to the next, but there is no longer any reason for concealment. For the benefit of Historians let me add that Richard Cromwell was buried in Halifax Town, and there was no stone to mark his resting place.

After the restoration the family of Oliver Cromwell left England, taking refuge first in Holland and then in America. They wished to lose their identity, and on the voyage across the Atlantic they cut the "M" from the name, making it Crowell and it is this they have been called ever since.

A sad-faced group on the vessel's deck,  
A vessel outward bound;  
They pay no heed to the Captain's words  
Or the sailors hurrying 'round;

With stern-set faces and tear-dimmed eyes  
They gaze on the fast receding shore,  
For never again, save in memory or dream,  
Will they see Old England more.

For eleven shadowed, storm-swept years  
They sat on the heights of fame;  
But now—there's no word in the language  
Too vile for that once honored name.  
For these are the children of *Cromwell*  
Who are sadly sailing West  
To seek in the New World forests  
Oblivion and rest.

The ship had reached mid-ocean  
When he who was their head  
Beckoned them up to the table  
Where a parchment lay out-spread:  
In low, tense tones he spoke to them,  
Of foes, who were many—friends, who were  
few,  
Of the need for care and caution  
In beginning life anew.

“Ere we leave this waste of waters,  
Ere we reach the Western shore,



We must lay aside forever  
The dear name our father bore.”  
A smothered sob of anguish  
From a woman’s broken heart,—  
An answering moan of agony  
From one who stood apart.

Closer they drew to their leader,  
And one and all agree  
To cut the “M” from Cromwell  
And cast it into the sea.  
’Twas done—in an oaken casket,  
With hasp, and lock, and key,  
The “M” was weighted heavily,  
And buried deep in the sea.

The mutilated parchment  
Was tenderly laid away,  
To be treasured along with tokens  
Of a brighter, happier day.  
They found a home and good, kind friends,  
On Carolina’s pine-girt shore,  
But the children of Oliver Cromwell  
Were known as *Crowell* evermore.

MY SOLDIER IN GRAY

So young and so handsome,  
So brave and so neat,  
From the crown of his head  
To the soles of his feet,

He's the light of my eyes  
As he marches away  
To a place at the front  
With his Comrades in Gray.

For years he has battled  
For his Country's rights,  
Yet the bullets have spared him  
In the fiercest of fights;

Some day he'll come home—  
I hope and I pray—  
For 'tis Heaven on Earth,  
With my Soldier in Gray.

A PROTEST

---

When the Spanish-American War called troops from North and South into action, a number of newspaper correspondents spoke of the Southern boys as "Yankees". Finally someone wrote some verses entitled "The Yankee, Fitz Hugh Lee", which explains this protest.

There is one thing that is puzzling us,  
It troubles us full sore,  
And 'tho we do not like it,  
We hear it o'er and o'er,  
For our brothers of the Northland,  
Have the very strange idea,  
That we long to have them call us,  
By the name they hold so dear.

In seventeen seventy-six,  
When the bells of freedom rung,  
And George, the King of England,  
In effigy was hung,  
Our Grandsires fought for liberty,  
Until the war was done,  
And the British called them "Rebels",  
Yes, Rebels, every one.



Again the cannon boomed,  
    In eighteen sixty-one,  
At the call "To arms in Dixie",  
    Each man took up his gun,  
For the rights our Fathers pledged to us,  
    We fought for four long years,  
And the Cause we loved, was lost to us,  
    In bitter grief and tears.

The anguish we endured,  
    No other can ever know,  
We prayed in Gethsemane's Garden,  
    For strength to bear the blow,  
And the Yankees called us rebels,  
    As our shadowed path we trod,  
And we'll love the name forever,  
    As we love the truth and God.

Now we are all Americans,  
    And fighting for the flag,  
In the thickest of the battle,  
    We will falter not, nor lag—  
To help our Uncle Samuel,  
    We'll gladly do our part,  
But when you call us "Yankees",  
    You cut us to the heart.

## MEMORIAL DAY

APRIL 26

Tenderly, softly, place the flowers  
On the sod where our hero is sleeping:  
O'er the stone which marks the head of his grave  
The ivy is silently creeping.

Proudly he marched in his suit of gray,  
Through tears we watched him go.  
They brought him back with a ball in his breast  
Which showed how he faced the foe.

The baby he left is a grandmother now:  
To each child she tells the story,  
Their young hearts thrill when they hear her tell  
Of his Courage, Devotion, and Glory.

Many years have passed away,  
Many more will come and go,  
Yet the torch of memory brightly burns  
Nothing can dim its glow.

Enshrined in the love of her people  
The Old South will ever be,  
Her Altar Fires are burning  
In the hearts of the U. D. C.

Her brave deeds can ne'er be forgotten,  
She has won immortal fame:  
Greater in defeat and disaster  
Than those to whom victory came.

The Gray Line is getting thinner—  
The Veterans are marching on—  
Yet we'll honor the Southland's Heroes  
'Til the very last one is gone.

And forevermore in the Springtime,  
When the lilies and roses bloom,  
We'll gather the fragrant blossoms  
And garland each Soldier's tomb.

## ARE WE MISTAKEN?

---

The following lines are based on the dispatch widely published that members of the Grand Army of the Republic Post at Columbus, Ohio, had rejected a floral offering sent by Ex-Confederates of the South, to be placed on Union graves there, because the design contained the emblem of the U. S. Flag supported by an arm clothed in Confederate Gray above and an arm clothed in blue beneath.

And so we are not one people yet,  
In spite of all that's been said—  
We have not buried the feud of years  
With our Union's latest dead;  
Somewhere the "Spirit of Hate" survives,  
Someone still cherishes wrath,  
Tho at San Juan and El Caney,  
North and South trod the same fiery path.

Some hearts are bitter and unjust still,  
Else we would not read today  
That the G. A. R.'s of Columbus had  
Refused the flowers sent by the Gray.  
What legend could have been better  
Than that the flowers told,  
The Blue and the Gray together,  
Seeking one flag to uphold.

What is it they ask or expect of us?  
Do they think we can ever forget?  
And while we are doing our duty, do they  
Think there is naught we regret?  
Do they think we will ere cease to love it?  
That uniform of Gray—  
Tho it, like many who wore it,  
Has long since passed away.

The few who are left, are doing their best  
To honor the Starry Flag,  
Not one, of them all, has ever been known  
On Duty's path to lag.  
Whether in field or forum,  
They work for their Country's good.  
To do the best that in them lies,  
Is all that angels could.

Go ask the soldier boys who fought  
Through Cuban swamp and dell,  
And helped to form the "thin blue line"  
Oft broken by Spanish shell  
Ask them who helped and cheered them on,  
If Wheeler stayed in the rear,  
And waited for dispatches—  
News from the Front, to hear.

Ask Fitz Hugh's men, if their leader,  
Calmly sat at his ease,  
While his soldiers around him were dying  
Of mismanagement and disease.  
Have they not served their Country well,  
Tho both had worn the Gray,  
And yet the flowers sent in love  
Were scornfully cast away.

Oh, G. A. R.'s of Ohio,  
'Twas a needless thing to do;  
But it shows the spirit within you,  
Each to his own nature is true.  
Some natures can not rise above  
The petty things of earth.  
And peace and love and mercy,  
Are all of Heavenly birth.

CHICKAMAUGA

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE

---

A way down South in Florida,  
My dear old wife and me,  
Bethought us to go pleasuring  
'Mid the Hills of Tennessee.

When I was young, long years before,  
And wife as yet was Mollie Nixey,  
I donned the uniform of Gray  
And marched off to the tune of Dixie.

My head is white, my pulses slow,  
Yet memory plays strange tricks with me,  
I longed to visit once again,  
Where I had fought in 'Sixty-three.

Where once a country trail led on,  
Paved road and well-kept Park we found,  
And splendid Monuments stood there  
Upon that blood-bespattered ground.



From Markers, standing here and there I read  
aloud,  
That Wife, whose eyes are dim, might know,  
Just what it was recorded there,  
Whether the deeds of friend or foe.

My sagging shoulders straightened up;  
My pulse beat fast and strong;  
Once more my feet with measured step,  
Marched, with my Comrades on.

We raise our strong, young voices,  
In the famous *Rebel Yell*,  
With musket and with cannon  
We feed them shot and shell,

We charge them with the bayonet—  
By The Eternal Powers—  
Thomas' line is *Broken*—  
And the Victory is *Ours!*

---

The dream is past—time stays for none—  
Old age resumes its sway—  
Yet *Evermore I Shall Rejoice*  
*That I Have Worn the Gray.*



THEIR SILVER WEDDING DAY

(To Judge and Mrs. George P. Raney,  
Tampa, Fla.)

---

'Mid the red hills of Old Leon  
Lived a maiden fair to see,  
No fairer trod the city's streets,  
Or wandered o'er the lea.  
Of Suitors there were many  
Who came this lass to woo,  
With tales of adoration  
Which should evermore be true.

But this charming, smiling Claudia  
Let them one by one depart,  
For the image of another  
Was enshrined within her heart.  
Playmates, their love had deepened  
Into something fine and pure,  
Built upon a foundation  
Which should evermore endure.

And so the doors of Lakeland  
Again were opened wide,

That loving friends might gather  
    To honor this beautiful bride.  
Blessings on them both,  
    This youthful, happy pair,  
May the love-light in their faces  
    Remain forever there.

Where the Gulf's blue waters leave the shore,  
    Where summer lingers evermore,  
Where orange blossoms scent the air,  
    And bloom in beauty everywhere,  
    They made their home.

We hear so much of storm and strife,  
    Attendant upon married life;  
But little we hear of that happy estate,  
    When each soul finds its own true mate,  
    Henceforth no more to roam.

'Tis ours to tell of this happy side,  
    Where the wife is loved as was the bride,  
Where her loyal heart is true to him  
    With a love which time can never dim,  
    The aftermath of youth.

Such is the life we were meant to live,  
    Such is the love we were meant to give;

---

Deep in the heart its strong roots lie,  
Death itself cannot break the tie  
Of love and truth

Far from the hills of Leon  
Where the marriage vows were made,  
Far from the home of their childhood,  
The land of sunshine and shade.  
In the lovely city of Tampa,  
Like a queen by her beautiful Bay,  
There came to this happy couple  
Their Silver Wedding Day.

No word of this did they utter  
When they bade their friends to come  
And spend a social evening  
In their hospitable home.  
The pleasant murmur of voices  
Ceased when there fell upon the ear  
The strains of the dear old Wedding March  
Which all of us love to hear.

The silken rustle on the stair,  
The odor of orange bloom,  
Drew the quick attention  
Of all within the room.

Attired as twenty-five years ago,  
Their Host and Hostess came,  
And time had touched them so lightly,  
They looked almost the same.

A loved voice caroled sweetly  
A dear old wedding song,  
But 'twas lost in the merry chatter  
Of the eager, excited throng.  
May a loving Father bless them,  
May they see their Golden Day,  
May joys be many, cares be few,  
As they travel on life's way.

May the son they love so dearly  
Walk ever at their side,  
And may he, in the years to come,  
Find as fair and sweet a bride.  
And may they be like this couple  
Of whom to-day we sing,  
Who have learned that of all the blessings of God  
Love is the greatest thing.

GOLDEN BELLS

To

Col. and Mrs. John P. Cobb, on their Fiftieth  
Anniversary.

December 7, 1915.

---

List to the golden wedding bells  
    Ringing out on the frosty air,  
They tell of a time that is long gone by,  
    Of a youth and a maiden fair.

They tell of a day when the war was o'er,  
    When the sword was laid aside,  
And the soldier, following his heart's behest,  
    Sought out his promised bride.

Ring on, ring on! The tale ye tell  
    Is the sweetest that ever was told;  
A love that has lasted for fifty long years  
    Is more precious than silver or gold.

A love that began in the morning of life  
    And has stronger grown with the years,  
Blessed beyond words in many ways,  
    Yet baptised too with tears.

Ring on, ring on! Sweet golden bells,  
And fill those hearts with joy;  
May the hours bring them sweetest peace  
And bliss without alloy.

God be with them evermore,  
Angels their loving watch keep,  
'Til He touches them softly at close of day,  
And gives His beloved sleep.

To Mary Caverly

ONE OF THE LOVELIEST OF BRIDES

June 18, 1927.

---

Dear little bride of the mid-day,  
Here is every good wish for you,  
May sorrow shun your path-way,  
May all your dreams come true.

May the love which is yours in the morning  
Go with you through all the long day  
Growing ever purer and stronger,  
Your joy, your comfort, your stay.

When the evening shadows lengthen,  
May you still travel hand in hand,  
While soft on your ear falls the music  
Drifting through from the Heavenly Land.

Through the Golden Gates of the sun-set  
Ere the shadows of night fall low,  
May His angel bid you welcome  
To the Land which no mortal may know.



## .SUWANNEE

During the year 1861-1865 the War Between the States was going on. The Federal Government, as a war measure established a blockade of all Southern ports, thus throwing the South upon her own resources for all her supplies of every kind. War is always cruel. Sherman said, "War is Hell"; no doubt in that instance at least he was right. This measure was making war on the women and children, and the sick: well people can get along with very little, but God help the weak and sick when what had hitherto been considered necessities were cut off by the inhuman hand of war.

At first this blockade was considered to be impossible, then impracticable—then feasible, and then successful. A big blockading vessel was afloat at every Southern port. Blockade-running began: Brave and daring men risked their lives to bring in the needed supplies. Some of these attempts were successful, but most of them failed. At last the Blockaders had found and guarded nearly every entrance, and to run the blockade was dangerous in the extreme.

"Way down upon the Suwannee Ribber" two engineers seeking an entrance where the Blockaders could be evaded found the ideal spot. Few rivers travel such a winding way as does the Suwannee. Nowhere will you find a more beautiful or luxuriant growth, but the mouth of the river is one of the most dangerous places on the Florida coast; yet, this was the spot selected.

Rough with rocks, roots, and deep, deep holes, and with all so crooked and dark that even a skilled native dreaded the pass, it seemed an unwise choice. But they went to work doing this at night by the light of a dark lantern, for the big Blockader rode at anchor not very far away.

Their work was good. In and out of this twisted channel small boats wound their way to the side of the Blockade Runners, going with muffled oars in the dead of night and



thus bringing in to the Confederacy the much-needed supplies. The dense growth on the banks of the river effectually concealed these small craft as they wended their way up the stream.

Where the river curved like an immense serpent, where the tall trees with moss-hung branches almost over-arched the stream, a landing was made, and here the cargo was deposited to be carried in wagons to Tallahassee from whence these goods were forwarded to their final destination. This was kept up until our Flag went down at Appomattox, and the blessing it was to the struggling Confederacy will never be known.

Beautiful River with waters so clear,

With a mystical name to our hearts ever dear,  
A name which brings tears to our eyes as we roam,  
And remember with longing "the old folks at  
home."

Rippling, purling, your waters glide,

Seeking the way to the Gulf's deep tide;  
Over palmetto roots and silvery sand,  
With a lovely growth on either hand.

On your banks are springs of mineral wealth

That give to all comers the great boon of health;  
Bathe often enough in this chrySTALLINE stream,  
A complexion will come like a poet's dream.

Health, and Wealth, and Beauty,

In its marvelous depths are found,

And he who glides down the Suwannee  
Looks forth on enchanted ground.

Suwannee - - - Oh Suwannee - - -  
Will you stop and listen to me  
As you sing on your way from the bubbling spring  
To the shores of the Mexican Sea?

Magical, mystic River,  
Your story must be sublime.  
Will you tell us of those you have known and loved  
As you flow o'er the sands of time?

Paleface, I grant you this favor;  
There is love and truth in your eyes;  
What I tell you be sure you remember,  
For Suwannee is old and wise.

The Red Man came first to my kingdom,  
Paddling up in his light canoe;  
Every day showed me new faces,  
And a village of wigwams grew.

The Red Man held his love-trysts  
Beneath these moss-hung trees,  
And here, when the chase was ended,  
He sat in the cooling breeze.

The Spaniard came, but he tarried not;  
He loved not my winding way.  
On, On, was the Spaniard's motto,  
He must not lose a day.

Life holds too little of peace and love,  
Too much of sorrow and pain:  
There came an army of pale-faced men  
And my red-skinned friends were slain.

And now my silence was broken  
By sounds that were new to me,  
The mighty strokes of a woodsman's axe  
And the crash of a falling tree.

"The little hut among the bushes"  
Sprang up on the banks of the River,  
And the good old times of the good old days  
Were gone from Suwannee forever.

Suns rose and set, moons waxed and waned,  
The changes that came were few.  
I rippled and sparkled and flowed along  
And sang as I used to do.

Then a storm came over us,  
A bolt from a cloudless sky;

The men of the South were marching on  
To the battle-field to die.

Then, there came a time  
When Suwannee's help was given;  
It thrills me so e'en yet  
My pride could reach High Heaven.

My life grew quiet and still once more;  
Deer came to my waters to drink,  
While the bear and the panther thirsty grown  
Came down to the River's brink.

The squirrel and chipmunk played around;  
The birds sang sweet in the trees;  
Dolce far niente settled over the land,  
And Nature was taking her ease.

Rumors I sometimes heard  
Of what the big world was doing;  
But then, you see, I am far, far away  
From the lands where trouble was brewing.

I am wide awake now, trouble's come to my door  
These changes are really surprising,  
For the land of my birth, both sky and earth,  
Is having a general up-rising.

When I look at the sky I see flying by  
An awkward and noisy bird,  
While every hour some boat with a power  
Churning and chugging is heard.

A strong bridge spans my current,  
Arching gracefully over head,  
And the noise of the motor cars passing  
Is truly something to dread.

There is magic in earth and air,  
Suwannee has found a tongue  
To say as the old folks have always said,  
“Nothing like that when I was young.”

So many who were my children  
Now stray in other lands,  
They’ve forgotten my health-giving waters,  
They’ve forgotten my sparkling sands.

But speak the word “*Suwannee*”  
Each heart will cease to roam,  
They’ll long “for the old plantation  
And for the old folks at home.”

THE SILVER JUBILEE  
TO THE STUDENTS OF THE FLORIDA  
STATE COLLEGE

---

O'er these hills the Seminoles hunted,  
In these glades their maidens smiled,  
Where the Cherokee Rose and the Jasmine  
Grew in beauty wild.

The glamour of Love and Nature  
Over this land was laid;  
Happy Indians, with "None to molest,  
None to make them afraid".

But changes come as the years roll on,  
And the Spirit of Change is here:  
No more will the young squaws wait  
For their braves to bring in the deer.

Where Tallahassee's wigwam stood  
A growing city stretches out,  
With motor-cars and aeroplanes  
Driving and flying all about.

Florida's capitol sits on the heights  
With beautiful oaks around,

---

And he who walks beneath those trees  
Is treading historic ground.

Nor is this all: across the town  
On a hill that is just as high,  
A college for Florida's daughters  
Faces the eastern sky.

No fairer spot has ever been,  
Nor ever yet will be,  
From the red clay hills of Georgia  
To the shores of the Mexican sea.

'Tis twenty-five years since the call went forth  
To every hamlet and home,  
While Florida held out a loving hand  
And bade her daughters come.

At first it seemed a hopeless task;  
Those answering were few;  
But the fame of the college spread abroad  
And the student body grew.

They have teachers now of the very best,  
With a President white-haired and grand,  
And Conradi is a household word  
Throughout this Flowery Land.



Let us tell of the girls who are studying here  
The things that will help them for many a year.

They are pretty, too, these College girls,  
With arms entwined like a string of pearls,

Or flitting like butterflies here and there,  
With sparkling eyes and wind-blown hair.

Some like carnations, slender and tall,  
Some like the lilies that bloom in the fall,

Some like pea-blossoms varied and sweet  
Whether you meet them on campus or street.

May the Father of all these dear girls befriend,  
Be a Light to their path to the journey's end.

I'd like a prize package for every one  
Of some good mother's well-trained son;  
Of course, to his wishes you'd have to cater,  
But never forget your loved Alma Mater.



---

VANISHED HOURS

Inspired by Dr. Seymour's Music and Mrs.  
Seymour's Flowers.

---

The August moon, at its full,  
Was flooding the World with light,  
From a nearby forest softly came  
The voices of the night.

Cicada was frying her fritters,  
A mocking bird sang in the tree,  
In the grass "Poor Will" was complaining,  
For who so unhappy as he?

Frogs in the meadow were croaking,  
Owls hooted on the hill,  
And the short, snappy bark of the fox was heard,  
As he sought his larder to fill.

Myriads of tiny voices,  
Helped the chorus to swell,  
And Archturus, the Watchman of the night,  
Seemed to echo "All is well".

It was a wonderful night,  
Beauty transcending the day,  
And one could almost wish  
The August moon might stay.

But already a change was coming—  
A coolness filled the air—  
It brought to my quickened senses  
A fragrance elusive and rare.

The light was growing dimmer,  
The sounds more distant seemed,  
Wondering over the perfume,  
I slept—and then, I dreamed.

A well remembered scene,  
Greeted my dreaming eyes,  
Hearing familiar voices,  
I turned in glad surprise.

Dear friends of old, were drawing near,  
A lovely sight to see,  
And some, almost forgotten,  
Held out a hand to me.

We talked of this, we talked of that,  
As friends long parted will,  
And many eager questions,  
Remain unanswered still.

We sang the songs we used to sing,  
We wandered 'mid the flowers,  
Oh Memory, blessed Memory,  
Bringing in dreams, our vanished hours.

## A BIT OF ADVICE

Of heterogenous learning there is never a lack,  
Written with pen or printed in black,  
Bound in volumes and placed upon shelves  
Where those who wish may choose for them-  
selves.

Here all the 'ologies under the sun,  
Theories which died before fairly begun,  
'Isms and schisms and doctrines galore  
Which point out the way to every Church door.

Books of science, musty and old,  
Which many secrets of nature unfold,  
Why the wind blows and why the tides rise,  
Why the sun and the moon give light to our eyes.

Historic remains, buried for ages,  
Geologic strata studied by sages,  
Why the rain falls here and doesn't fall there,  
Which seems to the Neophyte quite unfair.

Chemistry too many wonders disclose,  
From dirty black oil come the tints of the rose,

The blue of the sky, the green of the sea,  
And other bright colors we love to see.

They have juggled around 'til there's no use to eat,  
A tablet or two makes a meal complete :  
So many discoveries are daily unfurled,  
We think they in time will remodel the world.

All these works are worthy of mention  
And should receive a close attention,  
But the mind of man is a curious thing,  
Like the bow long bent, it loses its spring.

Something light is needed to take off the strain,  
And then 'twill be ready for study again ;  
For the most of the world this light food is  
sought,  
If they dive in the depths they are apt to be  
caught.

So here's some advice, *Scribendus*, my friend,  
If you'd hold your readers entranced to the end,  
Leave erudite learning,—take up your pen  
And write of the sayings and doings of men.

## THE UNPARDONABLE SIN

In the pleasant April sunshine,  
With Kitty and Pup at their side,  
The roly-poly Twinnies  
Are waiting to get a ride.

The noon-day horn has sounded,  
Daddy will soon be here,  
Daddy, who of all the world,  
Is dearest of the dear.

An auto is coming up the road,  
All blue and silver and white:  
Well they know who the driver is  
And they clap their hands in delight.

The driver slows down as he nears the curb,  
Then he comes to a stand,  
The Twinnies clamber up in the seat  
Aided by Daddy's strong hand.

Kitty and Pup are put in the back,  
Then homeward they ride in state,  
Then the children run to tell mother,  
"This time we were not too late."

What would this world be without them  
With all their frolic and fun?  
Dear little human blossoms,  
I love you every one.

---

A love for little children  
Is part of a good man's creed;  
He would not offend these little ones  
By word, or look, or deed.

In the "Book of Books" the Saviour  
Makes our duty very plain,  
And lest we should not remember,  
He repeats it again and again.

He loves these little children  
He would shield with His sheltering Arm:  
Woe unto him who heeds Him not  
And seeks to do them harm.

In that Book we are told of sinners  
To whose sin no pardon is given;  
No room for them at the Mercy Seat,  
No rest for them in Heaven.



Whence do they come? What is their crime?  
To me, it seems this way,—  
These are the hardened wretches  
Who lead *Child-Souls* astray.

## MY DAD

I'm going to-night to the picture show,  
I'll tell you I got to go:

My Daddy's almost always kind  
'Cept sometimes when I fall behind  
In lessons. Then my Dad will say,  
"No picture show for you to-day".

'Tis no use then to go to Mother,  
For 'tis a fact, somehow or other,  
She always knows what Dad has said,  
So she smiles at me and shakes her head.

Yesterday, when I went to school,  
I tried to remember every rule,  
I learned my lessons all by heart,  
And drew a geographic chart.  
Then I drew Teacher on my slate  
Flogging Bobby for being late.

Now, Teacher has a great big nose,  
And crooked like a bow it grows;  
I was just sketching in the crook  
When Teacher came behind to look.

He grabbed me by my hard new belt,  
(I wish he knew how bad it felt)  
    He shook me up and bumped me flat,  
    'Til I got as sick as our old cat.  
But I didn't tell on Teacher, not a word;  
But some way, how it happened Daddy heard.

When he came home to lunch to-day,  
He looked at me in such a strange new way,  
    And said, "I'm proud I have a son who can  
    Take what's coming to him like a man".

I am as happy as happy can be,  
I'm so glad my Dad likes me.  
    And he gave me this little book,  
    Open it up and take a look.  
Count the tickets and you will know  
How many times this chap can go  
    To that dandy treat, the Picture Show.

---

CLASSMATES

The short brown curls had fallen  
Shielding the face from view,  
And nobody knew that angry tears  
Were filling those eyes of blue.

A teasing word, a sharp retort,  
Which cut like a whip-lash keen,  
And now her friend of a whole long year  
Was "cruel, and horrid and mean".

The open book before her  
Was damp with the limpid flow  
For tears come easily in youth  
With every new-born woe.

The chattering girls grow silent;  
The Master is coming in;  
She must raise her head and wipe her eyes,  
For lessons will soon begin.

Can she make the class believe she is ill?  
Can she hide the trace of tears?  
Is she only a blubbering baby,  
In spite of her sixteen years?

'Tis a long, long day but it ends at last,  
The class comes trooping through the door,  
Margaret paused, "Let Louise go by,  
I shall never walk with her more".

"How could she have spoken those hateful words?  
I can never forgive her, never."  
Two hours later with arms intertwined,  
They were vowing friendship forever.

THE AGE-OLD QUESTION

A little girl sat on the door-step  
And watched the sun go down,  
A serious look was on her face,  
You might almost call it a frown;  
She watched the shadows lengthen,  
She saw the clouds roll by  
And she asked the age-old question,  
The same as you or I.

“What made Father go hurrying off?  
Why did Mother cry?  
Why is the day so dark and chill  
Tho’ the sun is in the sky?  
Why is everything so changed  
Since the morning hours went by?  
What is the matter with my world  
Won’t somebody tell me why?”

Dear little heart, we all seek to know,  
The *Whats* and the *Whys* of life,  
But no answer comes to the questioning soul  
In its maddening whirl and strife,  
Yet a *prayer* kind Heaven has given  
Bringing *Peace* to every one,  
“Lord, help Thou mine unbelief,  
And let Thy Will Be Done.”

IS EVERY MORN A WORLD MADE  
NEW?

“Every day is a fresh beginning,  
“Every morn is a world made new,”  
So the poet says, 'tis often quoted.  
I wonder if the words are true.

Can we wash off our lives like a school room slate?  
Can we make all the crooked marks come  
straight?

Can we scrub off the stains of original sin?  
And on a clean white page begin?

Would we be ourselves if the past was gone?  
Could Memory be leashed as we canter on?  
Can we make for ourselves this new beginning?  
And forget all the joys and sorrows of sinning?

I very much fear the effort to sever  
The past from each day is a vain endeavor;  
We'd not be ourselves without our past,  
For 'tis by our mistakes we are saved at last.



Tho' we make of each day a fresh beginning,  
And make up our minds to do no more sinning  
You may take it from me, 'twill never be true  
"That every morn is a world made new."

Yet a promise is given  
To his children below,  
"Tho your sins be as scarlet,  
They shall be as white as snow."

## THE SUNSET HOUR

The West is a blazing glory of gold,  
From its shining depths rose tints unfold,  
    Where in daylight brightest blue is seen  
    The sky is a sea of palest green;  
Back in the distance, far away,  
Night is trailing her banners of gray.

Each moment new beauties greet the sight,  
The Earth is bathed in a Fairy light,  
    The rose and gold are fading fast,  
    Opals and Pearls a faint radiance cast,  
The shadows deepen—we turn and say  
“This is the end of a perfect day.”

Like unto life is this earthly day,  
Smiling or frowning along the way,  
    From earliest dawn to the sunset hour  
    We are held to our fate by a Higher Power,  
Through paths we cannot understand.  
We are led by a loving Father's hand.

Rough is the way—we stumble and fall—  
But His watchful care is over us all.

Sins may be heavy, He'll lighten the load  
As we travel along on the Western road.  
The beautiful glow of the sunset is here,  
The Pearly Gates are very near  
And we wait to hear Our Dear Lord say,  
“Here begins *The Perfect Day.*”

WHEN THE GRASSHOPPER IS A  
BURDEN

The days pass by, the years roll on,  
They rob us of our youth and fire;  
The limbs are weak which once were strong,  
The breath grows short, we quickly tire.

The eyes grow dim—where once we viewed  
The sky and all that lies beneath it,  
'Tis but a mist—a blur—a dream—  
With naught but memory to wreathe it.

The brain grows tired—sometimes it fails—  
Our friends look on with wondering eyes—  
We heed them not—we do not care  
Tho' they may deem themselves most wise

We stand within the sunset's glow,  
The things we see we may not tell,  
Tho' sight is dim and speech is slow  
Something assures us "*All Is Well.*"

---

When we cross the portal of the Home Immortal  
We shall shed *Old Age* like a mask,  
With the glory of *Youth*, its beauty and truth,  
In the "Joy of *Our Lord* we shall bask."

Dread not the passing—the truest of *Friends*  
Waits at the end of the way—  
His love will enfold us, His arm shall uphold us  
*To The Land of Unclouded Day.*

---

\*Note: If these lines shall carry a message to those hearts  
whose sands are running low the writer will be satisfied.

## THE OLD HOME

Every foot of its soil is hallowed,  
The air is purer above its sod,  
Lonely, desolate, broken-hearted,  
'Tis left with its memories to God.

Light were the hearts that first conceived it,  
They builded a home so grand and fair;  
Time and sorrow have now bereaved it,  
Naught but Dreams of the Past are there.

Gone are the faces which smiled so brightly,  
Gone are the voices which echoed there,  
Gone are the feet which once tripped lightly  
Up and down the circling stair.

Gray and gaunt and all dismantled,  
The dear old house is standing today,  
Saplings and vines grow up to the door-steps,  
Everything speaks of neglect and decay.

*Father of Mercies*—when I enter Thy Kingdom  
To find the Mansion prepared for me,  
May it be like the home I have left forever,  
And may I and my loved ones abide there with  
Thee.

---

THE GREATEST THING

Youth, health and love they had,  
    What more could mortal ask?  
No idle dreams of wealth and fame,  
    When joy attends each task,

Tho' plain, and even poor,  
    The dear home place,  
To them 'twas beautiful,  
    Love was the saving grace.

Toward sunset now their faces turn,  
    And love abideth still, tho' youth is gone,  
Storms came, and shadows fell,  
    But hearts were warm and clouds passed on,

Plain as of old,  
    Is the dear home place,  
But now, as then,  
    Love is the saving grace.



Two lowly mounds neath the old oak tree,  
Where the shadows are flickering ever,  
And the places that knew them once on earth,  
Shall know them no more, forever,

Gone to the home on the other side,  
Victors they, in the race,  
And angels are chanting the grand, sweet song,  
Of Love, the Saving Grace.

## BABY DEAR

Have you seen this darling baby?  
With his skin as white as milk,  
With his eyes so clear and bright  
And hair as soft as silk?  
Every line's a line of beauty,  
Hogarth, no flaw could pick,  
And we love him to distraction,  
The cunning little trick.

He's been with us just a little while,  
And yet he is so dear,  
We might have had him always,  
Instead of just a year.

Time flies—and babies grow—  
Just see him now,  
There's something very like a frown  
Upon that baby brow.  
That shovel is too heavy  
For the dainty little hand,  
And I tell you it is work, hard work,  
To make a pile of sand.

## SOME DAY

Some day my eyes will open wide,  
This dark gray veil be cast aside,  
And I shall see with vision clear  
The faces which I hold most dear.

Goodnight here—Good morning there—  
For those I leave behind a prayer,  
Then on to the Land of Joy and Truth—  
On to the Land of Eternal Youth.

---

But earth is full of doubts and fears,  
And oftentimes a cause for tears,  
So ere I enter the Realm of Death  
I pause, and ask with bated breath

Will those who left me long ago  
Know me and love me as of yore?  
Will they care to claim me for their own  
Where we shall know as we are known?

Do the struggles of life leave scars on the Soul?  
And will it be healed ere it reaches its goal?  
When my feet the silent path have trod  
Will all be right in the sight of God?

---

A promise my God has made to me,  
A home, where the many mansions be,  
Secure in His promise I'll patiently wait  
'Til His Angel shall open the Pearly Gate  
And perchance I may hear in the Angel's song  
The voice I have hungered for so long.

## HE KNOWETH BEST

Father, to Thee, my prayer I raise  
For strength to bear these dreary days;  
    Give me a share of Heavenly grace,  
    To wear a cheerful, smiling face;  
Patience to stand the trying test  
For Lord, Thou knoweth what is best.

My eyes, which once were servants true,  
No longer can my bidding do,  
    They cannot guide the willing hand  
    To do the tasks which I demand,  
They cannot aid me in my quest,  
Yet Lord, Thou knoweth what is best.

Earth, slow is fading, from my sight  
But just beyond there beams a light,  
    The falling rays of Bethlehem's Star,  
    That light which ne'er seems very far,  
It kindles hope within my breast,  
For Lord, Thou knoweth what is best.

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THE TORCH OF LIFE

We did not ask the Gift of Life,  
We know not why 'twas sent;  
But He, the Lord of Earth and Heaven,  
Knows why He gave and what He meant.

In many varied forms the life torch burns,  
We may not see the mysteries unfold,  
Some of metal strong are made, some of clay,  
And some of purest, finest gold.

Like meteors grand, some flash across the sky  
And fill the air with scintillating light,  
Some miss their aim—they fail—they fall,  
Lost in oblivion's darkest night.

Some stolidly pursue their stupid way,  
Insensate to earth's beauty as a clod,  
These are of clay—we pass them by—  
We question not the wisdom of Our God.

Of her baser metals the hosts of Earth are made,  
A motley throng, yet much of good is there,  
Beneath the rough surface oftentimes are found  
Pearls of great price and jewels rare.

Some are dark with the stain of ages  
Some are polished and glow with light  
In quiet ways and self-forgetting,  
Great hearts are battling for the right.

To all who carry the torch of life,  
There shall come sometime, a day—an hour—  
When the body shall die, and the soul shall go  
forth  
Called from earth by a Higher Power.

When the Evening Star is shining,  
In the quiet sun-set sky,  
May we answer Our Father's summons  
In "the Land of the Sweet Bye and Bye."



TIRED

Mammy, can you see your baby?  
Do you know she's sad tonight?  
Do you know she's longing for you,  
With your touch so soft and light?  
Can't you make old Time turn backward,  
Let her be a child once more  
And with your dear arms around her,  
Rock outside the nursery door?

Cool and sweet the breeze is blowing,  
Sweeping every care away,  
Gray hairs and wrinkles disappearing,  
Childhood's days have come to stay.  
Do not leave her Mammy, dearie,  
Sing your "Chile to sleep" once more,  
To the sleep that knows no waking,  
Until she enters Heaven's door.







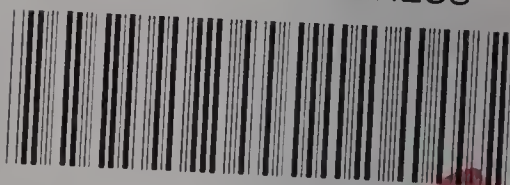








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