



GARMINA
SUBSEGIWA
SONGS FROM FAR & NEAR



O. A. HILLS, D. D.

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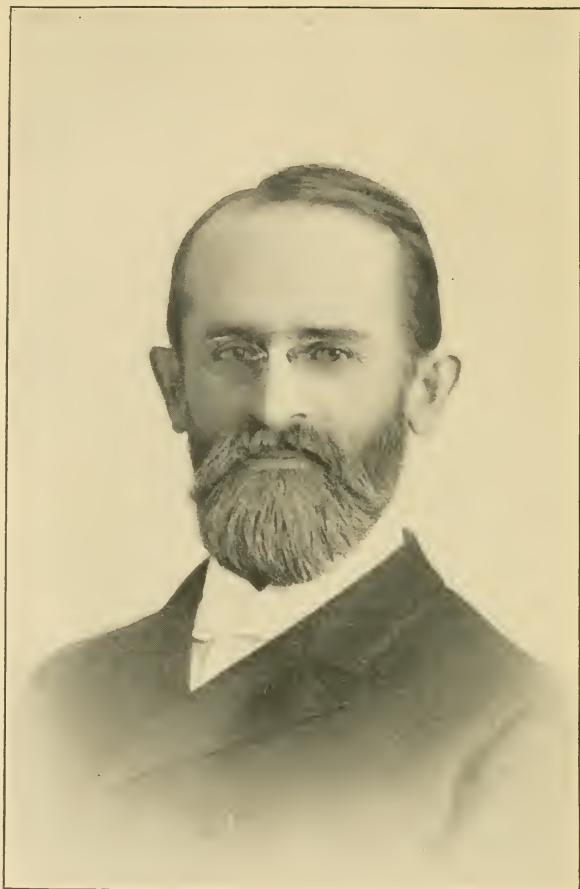
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



Yours Truly
O. A. Hills

Carmina Subseciva

Songs from Near and Far

BY

O. A. HILLS, D.D.

Pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian Church
Wooster, O.



NEW YORK CHICAGO TORONTO
Fleming H. Revell Company
Publishers of Evangelical Literature

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Preface

A LATIN title to an English book is not a happy combination. In this instance it seemed to be a necessity. No other one word, as the Latin adjective, expresses the fact that verse-making has not been the author's life-work, but only the occasional occupation of odd hours, and that the pieces herein following are "something done besides the principal business." The alternative title may please the reader better, which sets forth the truth that while some of these verses first saw the light in the "Auld Manse," others were born in various places ranging from Santa Barbara, Cal., to Venice, Italy. This foreign birth of some is explained by many sleepless nights for which travel abroad was prescribed as a remedy,—for long all unavailing; and during which the time passed more rapidly with some occupation of the mind. Some of the pieces herein presented to the reader were printed for private distribution a number of years ago. Advantage

Preface

is taken of this publication to commit them again to "the custody of the types." Special reasons cause the insertion of the "Nugæ." "Trifles in verse" may not be too trifling to give a little pleasure to a narrow circle of friends.

If any one shall find the comfort in reading these poems, which their composition afforded the author,—many of them at a time, when both rest on the one hand and severe mental toil on other were denied him, he will have received his reward.

WOOSTER, O., *September 1st, 1900.*

Contents

	PAGE
PICTURES OF CHRIST	7
PRAISE TO JESUS	8
FULFILL THY PERFECT WILL	9
RESTING IN LOVE	11
WAITING TO BE GRACIOUS	12
HIS VERY OWN	13
THE SACRIFICE OF LOVE	14
THE WORDS OF GRACE AND LIFE	16
PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT	18
DWELLING AT BETHEL	19
BELIEVE AND WAIT	21
SONGS IN THE NIGHT	22
ONE HOUR	24
LAKESIDE LONGINGS	25
THE FULLNESS OF GOD	26
A SLUMBER SONG	29
BETHSAIDA	31
“ KEPT ”	
A Meditation	33
A Prayer	34
BIRTHDAY MUSINGS	35
SONNETS	
A Picture from Memory	36
Helping the Helpless	37

Contents

	PAGE
THE SMOKING PROPHET	38
THE CASTLE OF HEIDELBERG	40
THE MULBERRY TREE	43
THE SILVER WEDDING	46
GROWING OLD	48
AN UNPLEASANT DISCOVERY	50
THE NUGÆ	
The Wedding Fee	52
The Name on the Scroll	52
The Perfume Flask	53
Santa Claus	54
THE MEMORIAL VOLUME	55
THE CENTURY CLUB BANQUET	56

PICTURES OF CHRIST

“And a man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place; as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.”—Isaiah xxxii. 2.

HIDING-PLACE, for toss'd and worn,
Covert, Thou, from storm and gale;
Shelter, Lord, my soul forlorn,
O'er the tempest's rage prevail.

Living Water, flowing now
Through these wastes of sin and woe;
With new life my soul endow,
May its fruits Thy mercy show.

Shelt'ring Rock, in weary land,
In Thy shade would I repose;
Turn me from this burning sand,
To the rest Thy grace bestows.

Wooster, O., Nov, 9th, 1893.

PRAISE TO JESUS

“*Daily shall He be praised.*”—Psalms lxxii. 15.

JESUS, Thy holy name we praise,
Again we sing the song,
And sound the strain of former days,
Which still Thy saints prolong.

Thy servants, we in rapt amaze,
Here dwell upon Thy love,
We celebrate, in joyful lays,
Thy grace, O Lord above.

Thy Holy Church the world around
Now joins the glad acclaim;
In hymns of joy, with cheerful sound,
She spreads abroad Thy fame.

So round Thy throne, of every tongue
The blest their voices raise;
They sing the hallelujah song,
And praise and ever praise.

Wooster, O., Jan. 14th, 1890.

FULFILL THY PERFECT WILL

"The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me."—Psalm cxxxviii. 8.

LONELY and dark my way,
The shadows fall!
Be Thou, dear Lord, my stay,
Oh hear my call!
Make all my woes but gain;
In sorrow me sustain;
Do Thou WITH me fulfill
Thy perfect will.

How slow the growth within!
How evil stains!
Remove, O Christ, my sin,
And break my chains:
Upon Thy grace I lean,
Thy blood doth make me clean;
Do Thou IN me fulfill
Thy perfect will.

The lost around do cry,
We perish! Save!
Thy hand alone, Most High,
Salvation gave;

FULFILL THY PERFECT WILL

Now come, Oh Holy Dove,
Help me to tell Christ's love;
Do Thou BY me fulfill
Thy perfect will.

My griefs shall ever share,
With work in heart,
And world without, Thy care;
How great Thy part!
Through all my soul it thrills
That thus Thy grace fulfills,
WITH, IN, and BY me still,
Thy perfect will.

Los Angeles, Cal., August 24th, 1884.

RESTING IN LOVE

“The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; He will save; He will rejoice over thee with joy; He will rest (Hebrew, “be silent”) in His love; He will rejoice over thee with singing.”
—Zephaniah iii. 17.

DISTRUST Him not, O way-worn soul,
 Though by thy sorrows press'd;
In all His ways He gracious is,
 And in His love doth rest.

He rests in love; and there shalt thou
 A sweet repose secure,
Unchanging 'midst all changing scenes,
 Thy hope undimm'd and sure.

He will be silent in His love;
 No tongue its power can tell:
Rest thou in silent trust on Him,
 He doeth all things well.

He is the Mighty One who'll save,
 And o'er thy safety sing;
He rests in love, and with a song
 To Heaven thyself He'll bring.

No. 45 Rue de Clichy, Paris, France, June 2d, 1895.

WAITING TO BE GRACIOUS

“Therefore will the Lord wait, that He may be gracious unto you.”—Isaiah xxx. 18.

RETURN, O weary one, return,
The Saviour calleth thee;
Before thy door He patient waits,
“That He may gracious be.”

Thy sins though great may be forgiven,
His blood avails for thee;
O seek its power as now He waits,
“That He may gracious be.”

Thou wouldst forsake these empty joys?
'Tis He that moveth thee,
Upon thy whisper'd call He waits,
“That He may gracious be.”

With all the fullness of His love
His grace enricheth thee;
O cry for this while yet He waits,
“That He may gracious be.”

Munich, Bavaria, April 7th, 1895.

HIS VERY OWN

“Who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a people for His own possession.”—Titus ii. 14 (R. V.).

HEAR, O my soul, this voice of love;
He bought thee for Himself alone,—
His precious blood the ransom price,—
To be for aye “His very own.”

His own! Blest object of His care!
E'en though to sin and folly prone;
Thee will He ever guard and guide,
Who art for aye “His very own.”

His own! To train and purify:
By hand divine the seed is sown,
Which springs to perfect life in thee,
Who art for aye “His very own.”

His own! His very own art thou,
And future partner of His throne:
Together ye shall reign for aye,
O ransomed soul, “His very own.”

Wooster, Ohio, April 30th, 1893.

THE SACRIFICE OF LOVE

“Who loved me, and gave Himself for me.”—
Galatians ii. 20.

How sweet the Name!
The ever-blessed Name!
Of Him who died that I His own should be;
Who bore for me the cross
Through shame and loss:
“Who loved me, and gave Himself for me,”
Yes, even me!

O Name of names!
With fame above all fames!
Help me to sound it forth from sea to sea!
I would in lowly song
His name prolong,
“Who loved me, and gave Himself for me,”
Yes, even me!

O sacred cries!
Beneath the shadow'd skies,
Of Jesus bow'd in dark Gethsemane!
My soul shall ne'er forget
His bloody sweat,
“Who loved me, and gave Himself for me,”
Yes, even me!

THE SACRIFICE OF LOVE

O blessed Tree!
Where Jesus died for me,—
The glory-crowned Cross of Calvary!
With every passing breath
I'll sing His death,
“Who loved me, and gave Himself for me,”
Yes, even me!

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 27th, 1884.

THE WORDS OF GRACE AND LIFE

How full of cheer
Those words of grace and life,
Which lift my soul above the strife
Of inward fear
With all the outward woes,
Which bring the care my spirit knows!

They call my soul,
When sorrow-worn and press'd,
"Come unto Me, I'll give you rest;"
While on the whole
Of life's sad load I see
"And as thy days thy strength shall be."

My heart is quick
To take the loving word,
"Thy burden cast upon the Lord;"
And hears, sin-sick,
His gracious voice to me,
'I am the Lord that healeth thee.'

THE WORDS OF GRACE AND LIFE

I trust the Lord,
With spirit glad and free,
"Who lov'd and gave Himself for me;"
And, from His word,
Unchanging comfort take,
"I'll never leave thee, nor forsake."

And though I grope
In paths I cannot see,
The promise stands, "He leadeth me ;"
So, full of hope,
What e'er of ill betide,
I sing, "Jehovah will provide."

Wooster, Ohio, Feb. 21st, 1890.

PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT

“ *The night is far spent.*”—Romans xiii. 12.

PILGRIMS of the night, awake!
Look! Behold the coming dawn!
See the clouds the sky forsake,
All the shadows are withdrawn.

Pilgrims of the night, arise!
Lo, the land of springing flowers!
Past these desert sands it lies;
Haste to gain those welcome bowers.

Pilgrims of the night away!
Yonder bursts the cooling fount:
Quench your thirst beneath that spray;
Drink, and mercy's way recount.

Pilgrims of the night, so worn,
Tread this weary way no more;
Rest, that cometh in the morn,
Ye shall find on Canaan's shore.

Wooster, Ohio, Feb. 2d, 1890.

DWELLING AT BETHEL

“ Arise, go up to Bethel, and dwell there.”—
Gen. xxxv. 1-3.

Air.—“ O how happy are they.”—Sacred Songs,
No. 1, 59.

HERE at Bethel I dwell,
And the story now tell,
Of His grace who has led me along.
’Twas His voice that I heard,
Sounding forth from His Word,
In the tones of entreaty so strong,—

“ From the world and its cares,
From its pleasures and snares,
O Redeemed of the Lord, come away.”
The sweet call I obeyed,
Yet in turning I stayed,
While my heart for its sin sought delay

Then the hand of the Lord,
On my soul brought the sword
Of affliction, with sorrow and pain.
In the depths of my woe,
“ Up to Bethel now go,
There an altar,” He said, “ build again;—

DWELLING AT BETHEL

“From the idols of sin,
Both without and within,
With heart-cleansing from guilt turn thee now;
At this shrine seek My face,
Here remember My grace,
And in penitence pay Me thy vow.”

To thee, Lord, I return,
And with shame now I burn
At Thy feet, while at Bethel I dwell;
Oh forgive and restore,
Let me wander no more,
And my soul shall here find it is well.

Ever blest shall it be,
With my house and with me,
While in covenant mercy we share;
Oh that none in this home,
May afar from Thee roam,
And forsaking Thee sink to despair.

Baltimore, Md., December 18th, 1898.

BELIEVE AND WAIT

"Blessed is he, whosoever shall find none occasion of stumbling in Me."—MATT. xi. 6 (R. V.).

ART thou cast down, O stumbling soul of mine,
With questions grave perplexed, and doubtings
worn,

While mingled cares and fears thy hopes entwine ?

To thee the Master's loving voice is borne,—

"Forever blessed shall he be,

Who stumbleth not because of Me."

And doth His cause to thee, so slowly grow,

The work appear so vast, the need yet more,

While He indifferent seems to all thy woe ?

His gentle words thy waning faith restore,—

"Forever blessed shall he be,

Who stumbleth not because of Me."

Though led in strangest ways, beset and sore,

Yet heed His promise sweet, while wondering
still

That mysteries so dark should gather o'er

The path, which is, for thee, thy Father's will,—

"Forever blessed shall he be,

Who stumbleth not because of Me."

Wooster, Ohio, March 4th, 1890.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT

“Where is God my maker who giveth songs in the night?”—JOB XXXV. 10.

“SONGS in the night” He giveth to thee;
O sing them, my soul,
Praising by night awaiting the light,
Recounting His love, who with voices of song,
In seasons of darkness attuneth thy tongue.

“Songs in the night” He giveth to thee;
O sing them, my soul,
Singing in sorrow, believing the morrow
Will bring thee His message of comforting love,
Whose wisdom now sendeth the stroke from
above.

“Songs in the night” He giveth to thee;
O sing them my soul,
Voicing in song thy hope growing strong,
That surely and soon all thy foes shall be slain,
When in triumph and peace with Christ thou
shalt reign.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT

“Songs in the night” He giveth to thee;
O sing them, my soul,
Looking away to the Lord’s coming day,
When his radiant countenance, hidden no more,
Shall cover with glory eternity’s shore.

Milan, Italy, March 25th, 1895.

ONE HOUR

“What! could ye not watch with Me one hour?”—MATT. xxvi. 40.

THOU askest but one hour?
Shall I not watch one hour with Thee?
Ah! dearest Lord, the time seems long,
That bears its load of grief and pain
On slowest wing! Oh help Thou me
To “watch one hour with Thee.”

A single hour Thy cry?
One hour so short can I not watch?
O Blessed Christ! the flesh is weak,
And sleep doth bind my feeble powers
In heavy chains! Oh wake thou me
To “watch one hour with Thee.”

Only one hour wouldst Thou?
Can I refuse to watch one hour?
Alas! O Lord, my way is dark;
Mysteries lie across my path:
But morning breaks! Let grace prevail!
I’ll “watch one hour with Thee.”

Wooster, Ohio, January 27th. 1886.

LAKESIDE LONGINGS

As these waters quiet lie,
Turning to the bending sky;
So, my gracious Lord let me
Ever turn my heart to Thee.

As this burnish'd surface shows
Mountain peak, and winter snows;
So, my life, O Lord of grace,
Would reflect Thy Holy face.

As all forms more bright appear,
Through these crystal depths so clear;
So, may grace, as seen through me,
To humble souls more lovely be.

As those radiant worlds of light
Shine beneath these waters bright;
So, may Heaven come down through me,
And the world more beautiful be.

Lugano, Switzerland, March 28th, 1895.

THE FULLNESS OF GOD

“That ye might be filled with all the fullness of God.”—Ephesians iii. 19.

“THE fullness of God!” ’Tis the fullness I need,
I know not its fullness of meaning indeed;
Saviour Divine, make this truth mine:
My spirit, so empty and living so low,
Lift up in Thy mercy; Thy grace to me show,
And fill me with longing this fullness to know;—
Lord Jesus, this fullness give me.

“The fullness of God!” ’Tis the fullness of
light,
The sun in the zenith, and all the world
bright,
A noontide hour of glorious power!
When the shadows have fled, with doubtings
and gloom,
Distrust and disquiet, and dreading of doom;
While the fullness of joy has come in their
room;—
O Saviour, such fullness give me.

THE FULLNESS OF GOD

“The fullness of God!” ’Tis the fullness of
seas,
When the tide’s mighty swelling settles in
peace,
Triumphing o’er the encircling shore!
The ebbing and flow in the sea of my soul,
And the clash of cross-currents, are lost in the
roll
Of that quieting fullness, which covers the
whole;—
O Jesus, this fullness, give me.

“The fullness of God!” ’Tis the fullness of
fields,
Where the ripening grain of the harvest
yields
Reward for toil in wealth from the soil!
So too, would I have precious fruits of Thy
grace
Abound in my life, ’neath the smiles of Thy
face,
Till, marking their fullness, Thy mercy men
trace;—
O Saviour, such fullness give me.

THE FULLNESS OF GOD

“The fullness of God!” ’Tis the fullness of
streams,
Which grow as they flow in the sun’s radiant
beams,
Blessing the shores built from their stores:
Thus blessing and blest would I join the blest
throng,
Who sing in Thy glory, O Lord, the new song,
With a fullness Thy mercy shall ever prolong;—
O Jesus, this fullness give me.

*The Europaischer Hof,
Dresden, Germany.*

*Easter Morning,
April 14th, 1895.*

A SLUMBER SONG

"So He giveth His beloved sleep."—Psalm
cxxxvii. 2.

SLEEP, O beloved; He giveth it thee,—
Sweet sleep!

And never a care need burden thy prayer:
He careth for thee,
Thy care may now flee;
So trustful thy part 'tis also His will,
"Commune with thine heart in bed, and be still."
So sleep, my beloved, O peacefully sleep;
So giveth He sleep,
Sweet sleep!

Sleep, O beloved; so giveth He thee
Sweet sleep!

His unfailing power is guarding each hour,
So faithful and strong,
Through all the night long:
Sleep thou on His arm, secure from thy foe,
He shields thee from harm, and shelters from woe.
So sleep, my beloved, O peacefully sleep;
He giveth thee sleep,
Sweet sleep!

A SLUMBER SONG

Sleep, O beloved; He giveth it thee,—
Sweet sleep!

His far-seeing love still watcheth above:
In love doth He rest,
By love thou art blest:
Rest thou in His love; 'tis changeless yet free;
That love thou shalt prove unswerving for thee.
So sleep, my beloved, O peacefully sleep;
So giveth He sleep,
Sweet sleep!

Sleep, O beloved; so giveth He thee
Sweet sleep!

Carry no sorrow on to the morrow:
He ever liveth,
Daily strength giveth:
For the burden, each hour may on thee still roll,
He'll gird thee with power, and strengthen thy
soul.
So sleep, my beloved, O peacefully sleep;
He giveth thee sleep,
Sweet sleep!

*Dresden, Germany,
April 13th, 1895.*

*Revised and rewritten, Wooster,
Ohio, March 2d. 1900.*

BETHSAIDA

“Whence are we to buy bread, that these may eat?”—John vi. 5 (R. v.).

BEHOLD! the eager thousands press
Around the Christ, so wise to bless!
Among that throng,
He mourned the strong,
Who, proud of self, confess'd no wrong:
He sees more needy still their case,
Who, in our day, refuse His grace,
And spurn His face.

Shall we their failing strength renew
With barley loaves and fishes few?
Among so many what are they,
To men who in the desert stray?

“We cannot give! O send and buy,”
Our unbelieving spirits cry:
Yet vain such help! No earthly store
Can satisfy these starving poor!

BETHSAIDA

No, Lord! give Thou, that we may give;
So shall these waiting thousands live!
Bless Thou, and break our lowly bread;—
With growing loaves shall all be fed.

Yea more! The fragments from Thy board
Surpass our richest store, dear Lord:
“Enough! To spare!”
Thy children share
Abounding grace!—Thy constant care;
And still proclaim o'er all the gloom,
The blessed words,—“And yet there's room!”
“And yet there's room!”

Cincinnati, O., Nov. 8th, 1884.

“ KEPT ”

A Meditation

As with a host God camps around,
And guards my stumbling soul;
To keep my steps He near is found,
My way He will control.

On either hand, with hedge of thorns,—
A phalanx as of spears,—
He keeps my heart; my foe He scorns,
And banishes my fears.

By sifting me, He keeps and saves
My soul,—His garnered grain;
Though rest on winnowing floor it craves,
The sifting is not vain.

A shepherd true He keeps His sheep,
He watches o'er His fold;
In pastures green I feed and sleep,
My need His eyes behold.

A faithful watcher on the road,
Before my soul He goes;
Alert and strong He bears my load,
And keeps me from my foes.

A Prayer

O SAVIOUR Friend, my help and guide,
From stumbling guard my feet,
My way hedge Thou on either side,
Sift Thou my soul as wheat.

Nor let me, Gentle Shepherd, stray;
Watch Thou along the road,
And bring me on to realms of day,—
Thy loved one's safe abode.

1.—Jude xxiv.—“Keep you from falling.”
“Keep” here means “*To guard as with a military force.*” R. v.—“Guard you from stumbling.”

2.—Psalm cxxi. 7.—“Preserve thee from all evil.” “*Preserve*” here means “*To protect as with a bristling hedge, or phalanx of spears.*”

3.—2 Tim. iv. 18.—“Will preserve me unto His heavenly kingdom.” “*Will preserve*” here means “*To save by sifting.*”

4.—Jude 1.—“Preserved in Christ.” “*Preserved*” here means “*Cared for as with watchful eye,*”—as a shepherd's.

5.—1 Peter i. 5.—“Kept by the power of God.” “*Kept*” here means “*To keep an outlook on the road ahead.*”

Wooster, O. Jan. 8th, 1899.

BIRTHDAY MUSINGS

O TIME! Swift moving and remorseless Time!
Great enemy of life and youth,
Thou thief of beauty, strength and joy,
Back fly, and bring again my vanish'd years!
Vain wish is thine, O foolish man,
The "greater things" ¹ are still before:

Look up! Look on!

No thief of years, thy friend is Time,
An angel gently ministrant,
To bid and lead thee to the gracious King,
Upon those hills of love and light,
Where only reigns immortal youth,
And there,—O blessed realm!—the land of life!

Cincinnati, O., December 13th, 1884.

¹ John i. 50.

SONNETS

A Picture From Memory

(Petrarchan)

LONG years have gone, since in a safe abode,
Where love did daily blossom into bliss,
A night of pleasure pass'd, with naught amiss.
Time brings, on silver'd wing, in silent mode,
The weary children to the sleepy road.
Most fittingly their hearts all care dismiss,
As clad in white they come for father's kiss.
And bending on his knee, a precious load,
They voice, with lispings tones and stammering
 speed,
The words of prayer, that from a father may
So sweetly for his children intercede.
Those voices to the Throne do find their way.
That father never did a manlier deed,
Than teach his children how to pray.

Wooster, O., Jan. 24th, 1887.

Helping the Helpless

(Irregular)

A MONARCH in the cradle lies :
With richest viands at his side
He cannot eat. And with a voice
That ever wakes solicitude
Within a mother's heart, he is
Unable to express his wants.
Can aught than this more helpless be ?
For him the cooling rain must fall ;
For him the gentle breeze must blow ;
The genial sun must shine for him,
The waves must roll, and waters flow,—
For him the arching shade is spread,
And various songsters' notes are sung.
Thus must the helpless ever helped be.

Wooster, O., Jan. 25th, 1887.

THE SMOKING PROPHE¹

IN fair Vesuve the giant forces seem to sleep,
Their voices hush'd beneath the depth profound;
The world above, of life and change, is nought
to powers
That silent lie within that smoking mound.
Yet 'tis not so; the cloud, uprising from yon peak,
Reveals an inner ken of outward pain;
The daily veering of that fleecy vane foretells
The morrow's coming sun or dark'ning rain.
Forecasting days of storm and gale, on land and
sea,
In sullen gloom it hides the mountain's crest;
On feathery wing it flies to Capri's rocky isle,
Bright messenger announcing times of rest.
This limb so wrench'd in years agoe is whole
again,

¹ "In Mount Vesuvius the Neapolitans possess a gigantic barometer. The direction in which the smoke issuing from the crater blows often announces a change of weather twenty-four hours beforehand. When it blows toward Capri good weather may be expected. . . . When the crater is concealed by a thick layer of clouds we may expect the south wind often accompanied by heavy rain."—*Baedeker*.

THE SMOKING PROPHET

But yet for long the prophet's vision owns:
Its pain foretells the coming days of damp and
storm,

Till shrinking weakly from their power it
moans;

And then anon the season comes of sweet repose,
Which but foreseen brings joy to every
power,—

So strange the subtle sympathy between the life
Within, and nature's ever-varying hour.

Sure then this fragile frame an inner sense doth
hold

Attuned to outer things,—a sibyl's tone
To prophesy impending ill or coming good,
Even as that cloud which floats above yon cone.

O Prophet of the brighter day, fly swiftly on,
Spring forth with gladness on your sunlit way,
Confirm the cheerful vision of this injured limb,
Whose hopes, with this departing pain, would
say,—

“ Rejoice! Be glad! For just beyond the gloom
and storm

Shine forth the splendors of a sunny day.”

The Villa Trollope, Florence, Italy, March 12th, 1895.

THE CASTLE OF HEIDELBERG¹

O TIME-WORN Castle, seated on thy beauteous
berg

What storied heights thy broken towers encrown,
What wondrous tales are written on thy crum-
bling walls?

Here warriors reigned, and forth to battle went;
And to thy shelt'ring courts their banner'd hosts
returned,

With songs of triumph, or perchance of woe.

Within thy halls fair woman ruled more peace-
ful realms;

And here her merry maidens joined the dance,
Or knelt, in solemn mien, before thy chapel
shrine.

Within thy shaded walks and moonlit bowers,
The eyes of love to eyes proclaiming love again,
Have voiced the old yet ever thrilling tale.

¹ It was my good fortune to see this famous Castle in June, when its terra-cotta colors, illuminated by the setting sun, furnished a picturesque contrast with the deep green of the summer foliage, from the midst of which the red sandstone ruin seemed to spring. This fact will explain some of the allusions in the above lines.

THE CASTLE OF HEIDELBERG

Upon thy spreading terraces fair views afar,
And classic shades outstretch'd beneath thy
feet,
Have called from bard and sage their store of
song and lore.

Alas! the changes wrought by ruthless time!
Here sounds no more the minstrel's harp, or bugle
call;
Thy princes, dames and warriors all are gone.

Thy friends and foes alike are in their sepulchres,
And strangers, from the lands afar and near,
Bemoan thy fate, and sadly tread thy silent
courts.

And still thy towers survive the transient throng:
They come and go: thou dost remain; while
"toothless time"
But slowly works with thee its wasting way.

Still must thou perish 'midst this ever-springing
life,
While all this forest green,—these climbing vines,
But veil awhile the process of thy sure decay?

THE CASTLE OF HEIDELBERG

Shall pilgrims, coming from a foreign shore,
Behold new monuments in this historic land,
Whilst thou art left to crumble into dust ?

Ah no! It cannot be! A kindlier race has come
To guard thy walls, and to repair thy waste,—
To watch thy waning, and renew thy failing
strength.

With care they'll beautify thy court and seat,
That ever, as in years ago, thou may'st remain
A coral gem on nature's emerald robe!

*Begun on the Great Terrace, Finished at the Insel Hotel,
Heidelberg, June 19th, 1895. Constance, June 24th, 1895.*

THE MULBERRY TREE¹

THERE is a tree on Piedmont's plain,
Whose destiny, both sad and strange,
Has taught me how—shall it be vain?—
My life may be most full of gain,
Even in a narrow and unchosen range.

Men plant it by the flowing stream,
Descending from the Alpine snow;
With care they tend it, and yet deem
It wise to thwart its silent dream
Of beauty, fruit, or leafy show.

¹ In Northern Italy, from the Alps to the Apennines, a profitable form of industry is the cultivation of the mulberry tree,—for the purpose of furnishing food for the silk-worm. The young and vigorous branches of mature trees are best adapted to this end. There is no more conspicuous object over all this plain, in the early spring, than the rows of stout trunks with knarled and knotted heads, made so unsightly by frequent pruning, from which the young limbs shoot forth in great abundance, in time of full foliage a choice feeding-ground for the silken spinners. For economy in the use of arable land these trees are generally planted along the irrigating channels, which so widely distribute the waters from the mountains, and make the great plain like “the Garden of the Lord.”

THE MULBERRY TREE

Its trunk and branches graceful are,
Yet oft must part;—the cruel knife
Will turn its waving top, so fair,
To knarls and knots and boles most bare:—
Strange check upon such bounding life!

A healthful fruit this tree would show,
If nature might but have her way:
Alas! no fruit on it shall grow,
On branches high, or limbs below,
While man the master has his say.

The foliage, too, a shady bower
Would furnish for the sons of toil;
But ravenous worms its strength devour,
And, eating with voracious power,
Soon all its spreading beauty spoil.

And cannot they who tend protect?
Must foliage, fruit and form all fail,
While men this strife for life neglect,
Nor nature's mute appeal respect,
That o'er its foes it may prevail?

THE MULBERRY TREE

Here, troubled heart, the riddle read;—
This martyr tree must fade away,
That worms may satisfy their greed,
And from their toil silk threads proceed,
To weave in sombre webs or gay.

The tree but seems to come to naught,
Its perished leaves appear again
In fabrics, by the world most sought,
Of varied hue and texture wrought,—
Perchance a robe or bridal train.

My heart is still; I ask no more;
A thwarted, cross'd and narrow life
May ever be for me in store;
From lowly ways I may not soar,
Nor find a sweet relief from strife.

And yet, as with the tree, my loss
Shall issue in the richest gain
For Christ and fellow-men. The dross
Shall disappear, and through the cross,
Eternal blessing come for bane.

Venice, Italy, March 31st, 1895.

THE SILVER WEDDING

He loquitur,—

O, where is the lassie, so bonnie and gay,
Who captured my heart in the far distant day?
So loving and bright, how it seemed to me then.
No aging or change will she ever ken.

She loquitur,—

Here, too, am I seeking my lover, the lad
Who made me his bride, full of wonder yet glad,—
The strong, manly bridegroom, whose clear
beaming eyes
Looked love into mine beneath the June skies.

He,—

Ah! lassie, my dear, 'twas you that came near
To my bosom that eve. And nestling there,
You've brought me such joys, in the swift fly-
ing days,
As have mightily grown with your sweet wifely
ways.

She,—

Yes, laddie, my love, with links forged above,
We were bound to each other. And happy the
dove

THE SILVER WEDDING

Still sings in my heart, and coos to its mate,
In tones ever sweeter, both early and late.

Both,—

And so, friends beloved, the years five and twenty
Have fled with their sorrows and joys in full plenty ;
And to our wedding of silver we bid you to-
night ;
Let joy rule the hour, and all hearts be light.

The silver on mantel and silver on table,
To see in abundance you may not be able ;
But the tresses and locks of our silvering hair
Reveal just as well a Divine Father's care.

The years fade away, and our strength will de-
cline,
On God's loving arm we will ever recline ;
And enriched with the memory of mercies un-
told,
We'll go, with clasped hands, to our wedding
of gold.

Wooster, O., May 18th, 1894.

The above lines were written for the twenty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of W. G. A. and J. D. A., of Cincinnati, O., the author being the officiating minister.

GROWING OLD.

“ The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years.
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth.”

—Addison.

Say they, dear friend, thou’rt growing old?
Mistaken voices! Heed them not!
The day is old, when o’er the landscape darkness
spreads,
And ’midst the evening’s low sweet lay
The orb of light doth slowly sink away.
But naught is this to thee;
Thy face is not on setting sun, nor deep’ning shade,
But rather on that glorious height,
Where gleam the early beams of light,
Which bring the fragrance of the dewy morn,
And all the freshness of the eternal day.
Not youth is closest to the golden morning time;
Thy lifted eyes salute the nearing dawn!

No more, say they, thou’rt growing old;
The seeming here is not the real.
That harp is old, whose broken strings resound
no more,

GROWING OLD

Though skillful fingers give the sign,
And search its depths for harmonies divine.

That stringless harp is naught
To thee, within whose soul sound sweetest
melodies:

Thine ears attend the harpers' song,
Which from yon gates is borne along,
And ever to earth's sorrow-laden souls
Brings messages of joy and blessed peace.
Bind they together only youth and harp and song?
Thy heart is tuning for the "Song of Songs."

Wooster, Ohio, Dec. 20th, 1892.

Recast for the J. R. H. Memorial, Wooster, O., Mar. 9th,
1896.

AN UNPLEASANT DISCOVERY.

So youthful and fair, O where are the faces,
Which brightened my life in that sweet happy
age?

Amidst these old scenes I'm seeking the traces
Of a beauty which lingers on memory's page.

Ah! here's an old mate in the study and play,
Which divided our minds in those halcyon years:
Among thousands I'd know thee! I greet thee to-
day,
Though seen through the mists of spontaneous
tears.

Not so, my grave friend ; thee surely I know not:
Thine eyes, from their covert of age, may dart
fire,

And thy blood, as when young, continue still hot;
But truly the friend of thy youth was my sire!

O, say you not so ! Here comes the same maiden,
Who troubled my heart in those glad days of
yore;

And still, as of old, her sweet form is laden
With graces and beauty in ravishing store.

AN UNPLEASANT DISCOVERY

Mistaken again, my venerable friend!—

'Twas that matron, you see, so portly and gray,
(I would not my speaking your thought should
offend),

Who captured your heart in that far distant day!

So true it must be! Old friends (my heart grieves),
Have ag'd; and their beauty no longer can hold,
As pictured unfading in memory's leaves:

Ah, me! Then surely I too have also grown
old!

Wooster, O., June 3d, 1897.

Suggested by meeting at the Theological Seminary Anniversary the adult children of an old classmate.

NUGÆ.

The Wedding Fee

No "fee," fair dove,
For a service of love,
Though "fees" to the pastor are honey;
An earnest of more
From your husband's store,
I beg you keep this for pin-money.

Santa Barbara, Cal., Sept. 10th, 1882.

On returning the fee to a minister's bride.

The Name on the Scroll

Songster light,
With eye so bright,
You may not longer stay;
Fly home.
And whither now your journey trends,
Hasten soar,
To her restore,
Who sent you forth away,
This scroll,
And on it but a name,—a friend's.

Santa Barbara, Cal., Dec. 27th, 1881.

For a young lady's album, written underneath a bird bearing a scroll.

NUGÆ

The Perfume Flask

Go, little flask,—
For you an easy task,—
And faithful bear to her so fair,
Whose love
(My precious dove!)
Doth cheer me on this Christmas day,
A word that to her soul shall say,
(O kindly part!)
“Dear heart,
As odors rare sweet scent the air,
My life your love doth still
With sweetness fill.”

Wooster, Ohio, Dec. 24th, 1885.

With a Christian token for I. M. F.

NUGÆ.

Santa Claus.

You lovely dear old Santa Claus,
We so much wonder how you came;
You made no noise
To wake the boys;
And even the girls slept all the same.

The roofs are rough, the flues are small;
Your sleigh must visit all the town;
You are so fat,
No wonder that
It seems so strange you could get down.

But you've been here, we cannot doubt,
With all these gifts it must be plain:
So, while we pry
Through all the sky,
We sing and shout, "O come again."

Wooster, Ohio, Dec. 1st, 1889.

A Christmas speech for T. McD. H.

THE MEMORIAL VOLUME

A "BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE" this volume records
The greeting of friends to a friend of the Lord's,
Who during long years has rejoiced in His grace,
And soon in their waning may see His blest face.

May the "Book of Remembrance" written above,
Reveal his dear name there recorded in love,
While Jesus, his Saviour, the King on His throne,
Shall greet him in welcome, "His loved and His
own."

*Wooster, Ohio,
Dec. 9th, 1896.*

*To accompany
"GROWING OLD."*

THE CENTURY CLUB BANQUET

May 31st, 1892.

The First Toast ;—“ Our Banquets.”

SENTIMENT:—

*“ Of all appeals,—although
I grant the power of pathos, and of gold,
Of beauty, flattery, threats, a shilling,—no
Method’s more sure at moments to take hold
Of the best feelings of mankind, which grow
More tender, as we every day behold,
Than that all-softening, overpowering knell,
The tocsin of the soul,—the Dinner-Bell.”*

—BYRON.

RESPONSE:—

In the days when our world was not so old,
Some wise men sat in a leading club,
Discussing the race’s future.
The theme in debate by minds as cautious as
bold,
Which none the less gave our sages the rub,
I must say, was a question of “ grub,”—
Though the word may not suit you.

THE CENTURY CLUB BANQUET

In this wondrous age of helps for mankind,
And women as well, what boon do we need
To crown our felicity ?

This question it was, which divided the mind
Of that guild, who'd accord honor's meed
To him, who, answering it, should speed
The common tranquillity.

And, think you, what answer fitted the case ?
Escape from oppressive taxations ?

Some way much better the tariff to fly ?
Or perhaps a device to obstruct the race
Of gold from the vaults of the nations ?
Or, may be, coöperate cooking of rations ;
You've hit it almost,—' *Twas food supply.*

“He's blessed of men who a green blade doth
raise

Where erstwhile grew none;”—thus speak-
eth the sage,

An adage both wise and most wisely said:
And if it be wheat, the grain above praise,
Which beareth that blade for an hungry age,
And yieldeth its wealth to the toiler's wage,
The end is secured,—a cheaper bread.

THE CENTURY CLUB BANQUET

And shall we not then, our good brothers praise
Who summon us here to close up the season;
Where, whether a saint or a sinner,
We front a rich board, while our appetite stays
For feasting so cheaply both body and reason;
And where,—shall I say it and not commit treason?—

The most impecunious secures a good dinner?

And a vast deal more is secured you, my friend.
Though even great Byron delighteth to tell
The mastery sure of the sweet dinner bell,
Yet here will I stand, and maintain to the end,
That a bond stronger far than the taste or the
smell
Hath held us, through years, beneath such a
spell:
A "tocsin" it was not, and much less a
"knell."

Good fellowship here has always been found,
The clash of blades bloodless, and yet ever
glittering

With fraternal logomachies.

With wisdom and skill we've gone the fair round

THE CENTURY CLUB BANQUET

Of our themes, light and grave, which were
never embittering;
Most timely they've been, and ne'er the time
frittering;
Nor have they at all proved sciomachies.

The titles show this,—a list will declare it:—
Of miracles WORK the Bible view gave;
Our water was fittingly shown up by BEER,
And the worth therapeutic of habit by BARRETT.
The institutions of Europe, and America brave,
Were contrasted by SCOVEL, with lessons most
grave
Concerning our nation's career.

Pharmacy's rise our BLACKBURN the druggist then
gave us,
And COOVER came after with sewage and drain-
age.
The mind of a woman,—a most daring
theme,—
Was described and commended by President
DAVIS.

THE CENTURY CLUB BANQUET

CRITCHFIELD then told us of spiritual forces in
suffrage,
While DAWSON a fight for the Bible did wage,—
Its true inspiration and pow'r supreme.

f
The force of all public opinion on law
Was measured by EASON, with standard most
true,
While EVERSOLE tested the novels:
Then MILLIGAN and FRICK rehearsed what they
saw,—
Vivid descriptions from personal view,—
In the Yellow Stone Park, with its marvels so
new,
And other bright scenes of their travels.

From HART came a glimpse into Russian affairs;
While HILLS the new Benefit Orders did score,
With words a trifle too late.

HUGHES gave us the dues of the State to the peo-
ple, its heirs;
And Credit's free coinage then came to the fore,
With LAMOUREUX and KIEFFER the lists to ex-
plore;
'Twas a valiant, diverting debate.

THE CENTURY CLUB BANQUET

With KIRKWOOD we studied the myth Holy Grail,
With SEELYE the claims of the alien, though
humble,

To the duties and rights of a neighbor.
And this is the end; excuse the lame tale;
Recounting the list my feet, you see, stumble:
Dactyls, iambics, and spondees together here
jumble,
In spite of my diligent labor.

And now brothers all, and sisters ye all honorary,
Behind us we leave the joust mental and tour-
nament,—

Brain tiring in each circumstantial;
While arts gastronomic, and skill culinary,
Here minister an hour of sweetest content,
Amidst all the odors, circumambient,
Of viands more fit and substantial.

Yet means to an end are such. Behold now a
wonder.

Who could have thought that our turkey and
tongue, with the mutton,
And all these lovely accessories,
Would so soon reappear in the thoughts, or under

THE CENTURY CLUB BANQUET

The magical words, which like an electric
button,
A touch will oft ring, or turn the light on,
And evermore prove such potent persua-
sories?

Brightest thoughts will now circle our table
From each profession and trade, or vocation;
No other's wit will they need to borrow.
The clergy will here less dry be than able:
With physic to dogs,—most gen'rous liba-
tion,—
The doctors are ready for this jubilation,—
They'll have more business to-morrow.

The attorneys-at-law join our banqueting crowd;
And suspending the practice of justice and
right,
Their fam'd repartee will maintain.
And our magi, too, not seldom thought proud,
Descending yon hill of knowledge so bright,
Will illumine this hall with a radiant light;
And wisdom in plenty will reign.

THE CENTURY CLUB BANQUET

But forget not the marvel imperial!
These viands, in strange transmutations,—
A wonder in metempsychosis!—
Will now rise again in forms more ethereal,
And sparkle in bright scintillations,
Or indeed may yet burst into vast coruscations,
Or even a wide empyrosis!

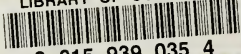
All hail! then, we say to our CENTURY FEASTS!
Banquets they've been for the body and soul!
A channel for rivers of reason!
Of fun most provocative,—the foam and the
yeast,
Which oft from the sides of sobriety roll,—
Best agent remedial against growing old!
A fitting "wind up" of the season!

The Century Club constitutes "The Immortals" of Wooster. Founded in October, 1888, limited in membership, with fortnightly meetings during eight months of the year, having a high standard with higher ideals, it is justly esteemed a great honor to be a member. Each season closes with a banquet. During the year 1891-1892 the Rev. Dr. T. K. Davis was President of the Club; and papers on the subjects above referred to were read by the members named.

These facts will explain the "Response."

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