

PS
2299
L5789
1882



A
Symphony
IN
DREAMLAND

ALICE E. LORD

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

PS2299
Chap. Copyright No.

Shelf. L5759
1882

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





A
Symphony
IN
DREAMLAND

ALICE E. LORD

NEW YORK
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
27 & 29 WEST 23D STREET

1882



PS2299
L5789
1882

COPYRIGHT BY
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
1882



Press of
G. P. Putnam's Sons
New York

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
<i>Dedication</i>	I

Allegro-maestro.

Dreamland	3
Symphonies	4
My Home	6
Day-Dreams	7
Maiden-Faith	8
Les Chateaux en Espagne	10
Our " Yesterdays "	11
Sabbath Bells	13
The Wanderer	13
Heimweh	15

Adagio.

La Tristesse	17
The Household Skeleton	18
The Waiting Ones	18
" Blessed Are the Dead that Die in the Lord "	20
Step by Step	20
Lost Treasures	21
Marah	23
Credo	24
Ultimatum	24
Benediction	25
Rest	26
Sometimes	26
Violets	27
Pourquoi?	28
Shadow and Sun	29
Ruined Castles	30

Andante.

	PAGE
Charles Dickens	32
Longfellow	33
Picture of the Good Shepherd	34
Baby Bertha's Picture	35
Hammock Sketches	37
Pictures, Three	38
The Two Angels	41

Larghetto.

Rubinstein's Ocean Symphony—Allegro-Maestro ; Adagio ; Allegro ; Adagio-Allegro	43
My Diamond	46
Requiem for De Long and his Comrades	47
Prince Louis Napoleon's Requiem	48
Lifting the Veil	49
Was it a Dream?	50
Starved to Death	52
At Rest	53
Ocean Phases	54
De Profundis	55
Our Daily Bread	56
"The Seven Last Words"	57

Scherzo-allegro-vivace.

Why I Love Her	59
Midsummer Day Song	60
A Summer Wind	61
Boreas	63
To Somebody	64
Four-Leaf Clover	65
Bonnie May	66
My Puzzle	67
Modern Philosophy	69

Finale—Allegro.

	PAGE
Happy Voyage Symphony—Allegro; Allegretto; Adagio; Allegro-vivace	71
Oratorio of "Israel in Egypt"	73
Oratorio of "The Messiah": Sonnet	75
Treasure-Trove	75
My Philosophy	76
My Friend	77
The Wood-Violet	78
April Snows	79
Babes of the Wood	80
Frühlingslied	82
Autumn	83
Indian Summer's Aftermath	85
November	86
Christmas Bells	87
Meer-schaum	88
The Fairies' Revel	89

DEDICATED TO MY HUSBAND.

HO thee, Dear Heart, whose loving sympathy
Has cheered when darkness held my soul in
thrall,
Whose tender counsels bade me hope and work,
I dedicate this effort—'t is my all.

'T is but the wayside flowers I stooped to cull
From paths that oft-times rough and barren
seemed ;
Take them, ere they are faded : weeds are sweet
If they hold memories of the dreams we 've
dreamed.

Take them, Dear Heart, as messengers of love ;
As daisies, clover, violets tell their tale
In floral tongue—interpreting our thoughts—
So speak these flowers I bring thee from the vale.

ALLEGRO-MAESTRO.

DREAMLAND.

 HERE is a land where I can go
And none may know ;
Where skies are brighter, far, than ours ;
Where sweetest flowers
Bloom ever ; where no winter's blast
Need ever cast
Its touch of death. This happy land
Is close at hand,
And I can reach it by a thought ;
Yet there is nought
To guide another to its shore ;
There is no door,
Nor road, nor boat, that we can show.
Each one must go
Alone, and in his separate way.
Still, any day
'T is open to each soul that longs
To hear its songs.
It is a land where we can lay
Our dead away—
Dead loves, dead hopes, dead selves, dead friends,—
Yet here death ends ;—
They live again to greet us here
When we draw near.

To throw the nestling shadows o'er the grass ;
 The golden grain that waves as breezes pass ;
 The luscious scent of clover on the air,
 And thousand mingled sweets that hover there ;
 The happy bird-notes ringing through the drone
 Of insect-harper's pulsing, drowsy tone,—
 Methinks all this is *Nature's Symphony*.

The clouds may gather fast, and spread on high
 Their leaden veil to catch the golden showers
 The sunbeams fling on grass and trees and flowers ;
 Perchance the rain may fall in silvery lines,
 And drive its arrows through the oaks and pines,
 And o'er the meads and fields send little rills,
 And swell to rivers, streams among the hills ;
 'T is the *Adagio*, weird and grave and gray,
 To the *Allegro* of the summer's day.

Then if the theme, the golden, flashing sun
 Shine through the drops ere yet the day be done,
 And quiver o'er the weeping grass and grain,
 Paint sunset clouds with rose and gold again,
 To Nature's *Larga-Allegretto*, shall
 The moon and constellations write—*Finale*.

So Beauty, in God's noblest work, to me
 Seems shaped upon the model, Symphony—
 The handsome features, stately form and grace,
 Calm eyes, and winning smile of charming face.
 Each lovely part is needed for the whole,
 And faultless body needs a noble soul.
 Else does the Symphony fail of its end ;
 For man may mar what God doth nobly blend.

Thus have I dared use Nature as my guide
 To lure my fledglings through the empyrean, wide.
 If we would soar at all, we must be bold ;
 Though broken flights scarce reach the goal, we
 hold :

With Dreamland for a theme, I can pursue,
 Through many a field, the heights that lie in view ;
 And, loving Nature, follow close her lead,
 Though failing oft—at last I may succeed.

MY HOME.

HERE 's a wee little nest
 Where the world's staring eye,
 In search of gaudy treasures,
 Would pass the plain thing by ;
 Full of sunshine and flowers,
 And the work of tasty hands ;
 But the secret I 'll not tell you
 Where my bonny cottage stands.

In my wee little nest
 Are true, loving hearts,
 Replete with every blessing
 That trusting love imparts ;
 Little faces at the door,
 Little birds in the nest,—
 With love-light and with sunlight,
 My bonny home is blest.

But a cloud rolls along,
 Passing over my sun,

And my dear little home
 Lies a wreck and all undone ;
 Only one heart is left,
 Mourning love and love's sweet home ;
 They say 't was but a day-dream,
 And still homeless I must roam.

DAY-DREAMS.

AH ! the merry days of childhood,
 Days of innocence and trust,
 Ere deceit and disappointment
 Taint the ringing steel with rust ;
 When at dreams of fêtes and frolics
 Dance the little fairy feet,
 When the present is all beauty,
 And each pleasure is complete.

After childhood's merry revels
 Come the golden dreams of youth,
 When young hearts are full of visions,
 And all visions seem but truth ;
 How they paint a glowing future
 Peopled with ideal friends !
 How they dream of great achievements !
 Then, alas ! the vision ends.

Then come life's substantial duties,
 And its dark necessities ;
 All youth's happy dreams have vanished
 Into dull realities.

All their gaily lighted fancies
 Like a taper flicker out,
 Leaving them to grope in darkness,
 And to struggle against doubt.

Now the dream of manhood wakens
 Different from the youthful dream
 As the stagnant pool's reflection
 From the sparkle of the stream.
 'T is the offspring of ambition
 And a heart grown warped and cold,
 When we know the good we work for
 Is the only good we hold.

When earth's fighting time is over—
 Ere the long and dreamless rest,—
 To the agéd comes a vision,
 Of earth's dreams, the last and best.
 All the past is spread before them,
 Beautified by Time's kind hand ;
 And the future that awaits them
 Is our Father's Promised Land.

MAIDEN-FAITH.

SOMEWHERE, in this world of sorrow,
 Midst its turmoil and despair,
 Waits for me a quiet corner,
 Peaceful refuge from all care ;
 Warmed with love and tender friendship
 Barred to other touch than mine,

Only waiting till I enter
To unfold its joys divine.

Somewhere, midst the world of wanderers,
Each on his life's scheme intent,
Waits *one* life, that for completion
Needs my strength to bring content ;
Needs my might of love and friendship
Counsel, prayers, and sympathy,
E'en as I need his, to perfect
What there is of good in me.

Somewhere is he waiting for me,
Even as for him I wait ;
Little matter if he 's near me,
Or if he come soon or late.
Each may find some soul's ideal,
Ere each meets the other one,
Still our souls will know each other
When the waiting time is done.

Somewhere he is looking for me
Though he knows not it is I ;
While I 'm busy, working, dreaming,
Waiting for him, silently.
And I 'll know him when I meet him ;
He is wise, and good, and true,
Tender, earnest in his manhood,
He will read my spirit through.

Somewhere, when a life is brightened
By prosperity and peace ;
Somewhere, when a heart is shadowed
By life's conflicts and distress,

When God's own good time has reached us,
 I those joys and griefs shall share,
 In his heart rest my disquiet,
 Find and bring contentment there.

LES CHATEAUX EN ESPAGNE.

BENEATH the maples, arched o'erhead,
 With sunbeams dripping through their
 green,
 A maiden sits, with golden hair—
 Gold as the sunlight's dancing sheen.

'Neath sunny hair, her violet eyes
 Are gazing dreamily into space,
 And heeding not the twittering birds,
 And flowers that nod before her face.

She never heeds the snowy clouds,
 That float like boats o'er azure skies ;
 Or beauty spread around her feet,—
 A far-off look is in her eyes.

Awaken, dreamer, from your dreams ;
 You 're chasing phantoms of the wind,
 You 're losing youth's sweet morning time ;
 And leaving *real* delights behind.

Your visions are but luring dreams
 Of noble knights on fiery steeds,
 Of dazzling castles in the air,
 Of chivalry and valorous deeds.

Come back, come back, O little maid !
 Those dreams will lead you to a land
 Where all is vague, and weird, and dark,
 Where none can take you by the hand.

Who wander in that elfin land
 Where wingéd arrows strike the eyes
 Henceforth are blind to earthly joys,—
 They view old scenes with sad surprise.

Come back, I pray you, little one,
 And see what beauties round you spread :
 Come back, ere it has grown too late,
 And hope's fair sunshine fades o'erhead.

A mother's arms will clasp more close
 Than any knight's in elfin land
 (And mothers may not always stay) ;
 Beware how you let go her hand !

The future that you paint so bright
 Comes never to a human life :
 The now, the here, is all we have ;
 All else with tears and snares is rife.

OUR YESTERDAYS.

SLOWLY out of nature's storehouse
 Loom up lofty forest-trees ;
 Each day's mite of growth is added,
 Perfecting by slow degrees.

So our lives are, in their building,
Shaped by every circumstance ;
Here a pain, and there a blessing,
Hardly with a passing glance.

Yet these little things are telling
In the tone our spirits take ;
Day by day they weave a life-woof
Which no strength of ours can break.

Thoughtless words and careless manner
Often check the coming joy ;
'T is our " Yesterdays " that tell us
What To-day's mistakes destroy.

'T is the " Yesterdays " that show us
All the eras of our lives,
Spinning out the half-wrought fabric
With the thread of what survives.

" Yesterdays " show but too plainly
All the joys that might have been ;
Where we lost our place, in telling
The heart-story, from within.

All the future seems a dreamland
When we waken in To-day,
And To-day's too near for weighing
Drift of deeds and words, we say ;

But the " Yesterdays " will gather
Scattered pages as they fall,
And the tale our lives are telling
Grows from treasuring them all.

SABBATH BELLS.

MARK ! I hear the murmuring of bells—
 Distant bells that pulse the city's heart !
 Silvery throb from hill to hill that tells,
 What their wordless messages impart !
 Murmuring Bells !

List ! The many voices rise and fall
 With a resonance that fills all space,
 Many-toned, yet blending, each with all,
 Till sonorous echoes reach this place.
 Chiming Bells !

Wherefore should my heart respond so fast
 To this far-off music of the bells ?
 Is it that they whisper of the past ?
 Can it be hope's voice that still foretells ?
 O ye Bells !

THE WANDERER.

ONE morning, when all earth was bright,
 A boy set out in glad delight
 To find the road to wealth and fame,
 And on earth's records set his name.

On either side an Angel stood :
 One whispered evil, one was good.
 One lured him down each flowery track,
 The other gently led him back.

For in the road his feet must take
Lay rocks and briers ; and many a break
Showed two paths leading to his goal—
One bright to tempt his doubting soul.

Hope beckoned on, and oft he flew
To reach yon temple, just in view ;
But streams and mountains intervened,
And sudden turns the palace screened.

He grew perplexed : “ Which path was straight ? ”
His tempter whispered : “ Stop and wait ;
Why plod and climb the weary steep ?
’T is pleasant here, come rest and sleep.”

His face has lost its radiant smile ;
Deep lines of suffering and guile
Are furrowed on his weary brow ;
Where is the better Angel now ?

Far back, where he had turned astray,
The patient Angel, in dismay,
Unheeded, scorned, called : “ I will wait ;
Return, ere it has grown too late.”

At night the wanderer reached the gate
And knocked ; but he had come too late,
Too worn and soiled to claim his place ;
He crouched below, and hid his face.

And while he stood, in mute despair—
His tempter following even there,—
Death beckoned. Then the wanderer cried :
“ Come, patient Angel, to my side ! ”

“Forgive my wasted life and powers,
 My cold neglect, my idle hours !
 Lead me to heaven !” And from his clay,
 The Angel bore his soul away.

HEIMWEH.

I KNOW a home, a sunny home,
 Where I can wander as I will,
 From room to room, upstairs and down ;
 For I am mistress of it still.

Sweet quiet reigns within its walls,
 For only those I love are there ;
 No strangers haunt each room and door,
 No stranger's foot is on the stair.

My loved one greets me gaily here,
 Within these sacred walls of home ;
 No curious eyes can question us,
 No careless step can hither roam.

I know a home, with curtains drawn—
 Enfolded round the warmth and light ;
 The glow of summer noon is there,
 Though outside there are snow and night.

I know each picture on the walls,
 Each gem in bronze or bisque or brass ;
 The dainty chairs, the carpets bright,
 I greet as friends whene'er I pass.

Oh, bonny home ! oh, dreamland home !
My heart yearns for you night and day ;
What cruel fate has barred your door,
And forced my steps another way ?

ADAGIO.

LA TRISTESSE.

THE snow lies white and soft across the hills,
And rugged steeps and jagged valleys fills ;
It spreads rough knots and black impurities
With seamless mask, that fair and level lies.

The bare, brown earth with ghostly shroud is
spread,
Marred by no mark, save rabbit's dimpled tread ;
And snowy-powdered twig and branch of pine,
Form lovely lace-work where they intertwine.

And yet, methinks the Earth this beauty wears
As a disguise, to hide the scars she bears,
When summer charm and freshness, dying, left
Our earth in widow's weeds, like one bereft.

The thought is sad to me ; so like our hearts
That try to mask their gloom when joy departs !
We wear a surface of gay smiles, to hide
The shadowed cares and bitterness inside.

Aye ! it is well to veil, with careless grace,
Our deeper selves from this world's staring face ;
Our precedent from Nature's self we bring,
Who rounds her angles with soft covering.

And like the snows, our masks oft melt away
 And show scarred features to the eye of day.
 Fall on, bright flakes, and pile up, white and deep .
 Smile on, sad eyes, 't is better than to weep !

THE HOUSEHOLD SKELETON.

EVERY home, how bright soever,
 Has its secret hid away ;
 Has its ghost in some dark corner,
 Hidden from the light of day.

Some homes seem all joy and sunshine,
 Hearts seem light and free from care,
 And we wonder if a shadow
 Ever throws its darkness there.

Yet, if we, unseen, could enter,
 We should see a restless fear,
 That the skeleton they banished
 Suddenly might reappear.

God has left in every household
 Something to make earth less bright ;
 Each heart knows what secret sorrow
 It keeps smothered, out of sight.

THE WAITING ONES.

TO some 't is given to stand and wait,
 And watch the green mould of decay

Steal o'er their work ; because stern Fate
Has scourged them back and barred the way.

Some lives stand ever on the brink
Of joy. They wait through all life's day
To see hope's sun shine out and sink,
And drag their sunset tints to gray.

They wait and watch some coming good
That flings its radiance ahead.
'T was for another ; where they stood
Falls but the shadow, cold and dead.

As starving children through a pane
Watch others at a rich repast,
They see the boon they crave in vain
On happy, sated favorites cast.

To some 't is given to wait and yearn
Till faith slow smoulders into doubt,
Till love and hope to ashes turn,
And all life's fires have burned out.

Courage leaps up for valorous deeds,
And time will wipe out sorrow's tears ;
But for the waiting heart's sore needs,
Patience grows threadbare through long years.

Aye ! if the lines grow hard and deep,
And eyes grow cavernous that wait,
'T is nobler, cheerful hearts to keep,
Than conquer worlds when helped by Fate.

“BLESSED ARE THE DEAD THAT DIE IN
THE LORD.”

WHEN I am gone, write on my tomb
No sad regret, no word of gloom.
Write this sweet balm for eyes that weep :
“ He giveth His Beloved, sleep.”

If friends come to my quiet bier,
And loving hearts would drop a tear,
This is no place for them that weep :
“ He giveth His Beloved, sleep.”

Tears were for life, and grief for care,
God's dead are freed from life's despair.
For disappointments o'er, why weep ?
“ He giveth His Beloved sleep.”

STEP BY STEP.

THROUGH all our lives some eras mark the
way,
As dawn and sunrise lead to perfect day,
Or as the crescent waxes to full moon,
Then wanes to the bright horn that fades too soon.

Thus, through our lives, from cradle to the grave
We climb from round to round : and he is brave
Who from the topmost step looks calmly 'round
And waits the next, that leads to the Beyond.

LOST TREASURES.



MOTHER kneeled before her babe,
 With tender love-light in her face :
 "God keep thee pure and true, my child !
 God give thee every Christian grace !"

* * * * *

The years roll on. That baby face
 Now wears the look of morning skies ;
 Whose smiles, like sunbeams, come and go,
 'Neath misty veil of sweet surprise.

"Thou hast thy fourteen years, dear child—
 The second stage of life on earth,—
 'T is time thou shouldst thy jewels wear
 That came as heirlooms at thy birth.

"These gems are thine," the mother said,
 "To bind upon thy neck and brow ;
 I pray thee, guard them day by day,
 To keep them just as pure as now."

"This emerald, hope ; yon ruby, love ;
 The topaz, joy (imprisoned sun)
 Are for thy bosom ; for thy brow
 This pearl of truth—a precious one !

"Ambition's diamond brightly gleams—
 I 'd have thee use this gem with care ;—
 This purple amethyst of pride,
 Thou couldst, best, of thy jewels, spare.

“ The sapphire, blue as summer skies,
 Is faith, the bond, the central clasp.”
 “ And must I wear them all ? ” she cried ;
 And pressed them with a timid grasp.

* * * * *

The years glide on, as time will go ;
 The child has grown a woman now ;
 She roams the cedars' freckled shade
 With drooping head and pensive brow.

“ Gone ! all gone ! ” she sadly moans ;
 “ I dropped them on life's tangled way.
 Those gems my mother held so dear
 Were lost, like stars before the day.

“ The topaz was the first to go,—
 For joy can but to childhood cling ;
 And next the bright green emerald fell,—
 Hope, too, seems only for the spring.

“ Soon, soon my pearl of truth grew dark
 In noxious vapors which I breathed ;
 I, somehow, lost it from my brow,
 That since, with shadows, has been wreathed.

“ The ruby, lost and found again,
 Lies hidden now beneath the sea ;
 And since I dropped that from my heart,
 Life has not been the same to me.

“ I grasped my diamond closer, then
 Ambition's voice I would obey ;

'T was flawed—my aims had soared too high,—
In pain I flung it far away.

“ The amethyst alone is left.
Would God that I had lost that too !
For pride is full of bitter pain,
When life is hedged and friends are few ! ”

MARAH.

Can it be true,
That life is poisoned at its very source,
That bitter dew
Must fall into each fountain-head perforce ?

Can it be so,
That when each life begins a demon waits—
A deadly foe—
To drop into the soul its chrysm of hates ?

Can it be thus,
That every hope and every joy is crossed,
For some of us,
By bitter taste of sweets we 've had and lost ?

Can it be just,
That through all life, from cradle to the grave,
All falls to dust,
That we can grasp, or touch, or love, or crave ?

CREDO.

Lord, I believe,
 Believe that Thou art God ;
 Yet when Thy chastening rod
 Has made me grieve,
 Faith wavers, and I cry, in grief :
 “ Lord, help my unbelief ! ”

I believe in Thee,
 That Thou dost guide my way ;
 But darkness clouds my day,
 And bright hopes flee.
 I sink,—I need relief :
 “ Lord, help my unbelief ! ”

In Thee I trust ;
 Yet when Thou callest me
 To wade through depths to Thee,
 My strength is lost ;
 Like him of old I cry :
 “ Lord, save me, or I die ! ”

ULTIMATUM.

WHETHER our lives be sad or gay,
 Whether we learn to doubt or pray,
 Whether we smile or weep always,
 It will all end alike one day.

Whether the road be short or long,
 Whether our steps be weak or strong,

Lonely or set amid life's throng,
Still to one goal we haste along.

Whether in brown-stone front we live,
Whether we hoard, or spend, or give ;
Whether in reeking dens we stay,
There 's but one end to all, some day.

Wealth cannot save the millionaire,
Nor gold bring one more hour to spare ;
For cushioned ease and famine's fast,
There 's but one bed for all at last.

BENEDICTION.

GOD'S *Peace* be with thee, friend of mine !
And over thy heartstrings brood,
Like a dove that croons its gentle note
Where the spars of a wreck are strewed.

God's *Rest* be with thee, dear, my friend !
To quiet thy troubled breast ;
As the calm that lulls the surging storm
To the sunset in the west.

God's *Smile* be on thee, oh, my friend !
To make thy soul warm and bright ;
As the sunbeams thaw the glittering snow
With their glowing warmth and light.

God's *Love* be round thee, my beloved !
To bless thee day by day ;
Fulfil each hope, and crown each scheme,—
A light to guide thy way.

REST.

TO be at rest !
 Not idly folding hands on breast
 In dull repose ;
 But with a heart that no unrest,
 Nor craving knows.

Rest cannot come
 By sitting listlessly or dumb
 When duties press ;
 Though weary frame can sometimes numb
 The heart's distress.

Rest is the calm
 That makes our life a psalm
 Without discord,—
 An inward peace that, like a charm,
 Makes all accord.

This rest replete
 I'd choose, if scattered at my feet
 Lay every gift ;
 For only heart-rest makes life sweet
 Through change and drift.

SOMETIMES.

SOMETIMES, in God's glad sunshine
 We make a darkness round us with our fears,
 As sullen clouds obscure the sun,
 And shut his bright beams out, until it clears.

Sometimes, God waits to answer prayer
 Until our hearts are ready to receive ;
 Yet while we wait for Him to bless,
 We are too weak to trust Him and believe.

Sometimes, we thrust our needs at Him
 And cry : " Give me this thing to fill my heart,
 That I may better serve the Lord."
 Does He not know the best what gifts to impart ?

We think we wish to serve the Lord,
 And yet 't is oft to serve ourselves we pray ;
 And if He shows another path,
 Shall we not teach our feet to go His way ?

Sometimes we are afraid to take
 Some longed-for good that lies within our reach,
 Fearing the gap when it is gone ;—
 Mistrust, life's disappointments often teach.

Sometimes we leave all fears behind,
 And faith and love our earth-born clouds dispel ;
 Then, in a burst of song, we say :
 " He leadeth me " ; " He doeth all things well."

VIOLETS.

RICH, royal violet,
 Crimson and blue are knit
 Into the hue of it ;
 Love's stamp lies true on it ;
 Blue, as of summer sky,
 Mingled with sunset flush ;

Blue as a maiden's eye,
Lit by her warmest blush !

Sweets that intoxicate
In its breath lie in wait,
Through the room percolate,
My senses satiate.
What is the fragrant spell
Thrown o'er me by its breath ?
Memories I dare not tell
Rise, when I prayed their death.

What dainty, subtle sense
Do its perfumes condense,
Thus to recall events,
Memories and joys intense ?
Thoughts I had banished
Out of my memory,
Hopes that have vanished
Come back to torment me.

POURQUOI ?

NLY a little while
To labor here,
Only a little while
If life be drear !
Only a little while
Bearing our cross,
Only a little while
Suffering loss !

Only a little while
 For life's bright days,
 Only a little while
 For pleasure's maze ;
 Time bears us swiftly on
 Over life's sea,
 Drifting us, daily, toward
 Our destiny.

Why sit we sorrowful
 Wasting our day,
 Grasping at shadows
 That vanish away ?
 What need it matter
 If earth disappoints,
 So heaven's peace, at last,
 Our life anoints !

SHADOW AND SUN.

VER my lawn where the sunbeams play,
 Gleaming and glinting there, day by day,
 Summer flowers peep out and smile,
 To nod and bask in the sun awhile ;
 Or winter snows, on the cedar-bough,
 Scatter gems on the path below.

Over my lawn a shadow will creep,
 Spreading and lengthening, wide and deep ;
 After the morning's beautiful sun,
 Evening's shadows creep, one by one ;
 Summer flowers hide under the grass,
 Or sparkling snows grow bleak as they pass.

So in the heart's glad morning time,
 The sun of hope sheds its light divine,
 Pleasure and joy bud out and bloom,
 But a shadow is creeping to spread its gloom ;
 Sorrow and sin come thick and fast,
 And our sun is quenched in night at last.

Awake, sad heart, for the day will dawn
 The brighter, when night and shade are gone ;
 Shine out again, hope, while ye may,
 Ere disappointments close your day.
 Dusk follows day ; and shade, the sun—
 But there 's always a morrow when night is done.

Heart, O heart, when night is here,
 When ye stand alone, and all life seems drear,
 The God who divided night from day
 Will send your hope back, if you pray !
 Cloud not your day with discontent,
 Behold the rain-bow, round you bent.

RUINED CASTLES.

AH, the woods, the sylvan shades !
 Dark and cool, and fresh and green !
 With waving tree-tops interlaced,
 And dancing sun-spots in between ;
 With rich old moss and matted grass,
 And the spicy earthen scents that pass.

How the cedar essence brings
 Subtle thoughts of long ago !
 And dreaming visions charm my brain,

As the opium-eater's fancies grow ;
I give my soul to the witching spell
That is thrown by the scent I love so well.

Ah, those visions, proud and fair !
Dreams, bright dreams ! from which I woke
And found my life's realities !
My châteaux were but clouds of smoke ;
But the fragrant woods are lovely yet,
Recalling dreams I would not forget.

ANDANTE.

CHARLES DICKENS.

“ Lord, keep my memory green.”

 MAN with loving heart, sleep on !
Thou hast too many friends, I ween,
To need that last sad prayer of thine :
“ Lord, keep my memory green.”

Thy fearless hand drew from the dark
The darker secrets hidden there,
And gave us broader views of life,
Through scenes of sorrow and despair.

Thy suffering children pictured rise—
Poor babies, thrust in dens of vice !—
So old in misery, care, and toil,
So brave, or crushed, or worldly-wise !

And pictured men with curious traits,
Some bland, or soured, or crazed, or gay ;
Some warped by wrong, some spoiled by wealth,
Just as we know them here to-day.

Thou painted each abuse in life ;
The wrongs in courts, in jails, in schools ;
Religious, social, public shams,
In baby-farms and poorhouse rules.

But brighter pictures thou hast drawn
 Of sweet and pure domestic love,
 Of cosey homes and trusting hearts,
 Where peace rests like a gentle dove.

Thy mirth and whimsicalities,
 Like sunbeams, steal through clouds of care ;
 Thy pathos conquers bitter hearts,
 And melts to tears, or wins a prayer.

We bless thee for these bits of life
 Portrayed with seer and artist's power !
 But heartier thanks for those bright scenes
 That cheer us many a lonely hour !

Thy works are monuments enough
 To insure thy immortality !
 Thine own the hand that wove the wreath
 To keep thy memory green for aye !

LONGFELLOW.

LONGFELLOW ! sweetest singer of our land !
 Cold is the heart thy music can withstand,
 So full thy tone of human sympathy,
 So true and hopeful thy philosophy.

In shades of evening thou hast bid us seek
 Some humble poet " whose sweet thoughts should
 speak
 Of beauty and of faith " ; thyself we choose,
 Whose poems ne'er their heavenly birth abuse.

Earth, heaven, viewed by thy prophetic eye
 Show God's great love and nature's harmony.
 Never in shadow-land dost thou abide ;
 But seek'st perpetual sunlight, warm and wide.

The struggles of a simple Pilgrim Band
 Have grown heroic 'neath thy poet's hand ;
 Thy Indian idyls are with beauty rife,
 And ancient legends win from thee new life.

Thou throw'st a magic spell o'er everything ;
 Beauty springs from its grave when thou dost
 sing ;
 Our reverence seeks in vain a tribute meet,
 We can but lay our love before thy feet.

PICTURE OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.



WEET picture of the Shepherd with the
 Lamb !

I look at thy sad Christ-face and grow calm ;
 For as He bore our sorrows, healed our grief,
 So in His love our troubles find relief.

Oh, weary head that had no place to rest !
 And arms that clasp a weak lamb to Thy breast !
 Thy look of love and sorrow makes me weep ;
 It says : " I lay My life down for My sheep ! "

Aye! though we oftentimes stand cold and dumb,
 Thou waitest yet, dear Lord, for us to come.
 Oh, by Thy griefs and sorrows borne for me,
 Help me to leave the herd and follow Thee!

Thou saidest: "None shall pluck thee from My
 hand."

Thus, in Thy love my fainting faith shall stand;
 Thus, on Thy bosom shall I rest my care,
 And, like a helpless lamb, lie nestled there.

BABY BERTHA'S PICTURE.

DEAR little guileless face,
 Rounded and fair,
 Set in its golden frame
 Of shining hair!

How long will innocence
 Stamp that pure brow,
 Like a saint's halo
 Encircling it now?

What depths of love and mirth
 In those blue eyes!
 When will they learn to read
 Futurities?

What possibilities
Lie in their sight !
Will they interpret
Life's cypher aright ?

Dear little rosebud mouth,
Folded so still !
In thy soft curves lie hid
Signs of strong will.

Will the smile linger here
In after years,
Mid cares and trials,
Mid struggles and tears ?

God keep thee, little one,
In His own care !
May thy sweet face fulfil
Promise so fair !

May life's cares lightly touch
Thy joyous heart,
Leaving their discipline
Without their smart !

HAMMOCK SKETCHES.

RENDULOUS between two trees,
Nodding to the summer breeze,
In my hammock gently swinging,
With sweet bird-notes round me ringing,
I would paint this lovely scene ;
Yet my words are dead, I ween,—
Colorless for nature's tinting,
Light and shade, and sunbeam's glinting.

One long vista stretches down
To the steepled, distant town ;
Hills and valleys, quick succeeding,
Grow more blue in their receding
Back, until the blue horizon
Their far mist-veiled summit lies on.

Near me slopes a deep ravine,
Bordered by a tiny stream,
Gurgling on and softly plashing,
Often through the sunbeams flashing ;
And the cows wind down the dell
To the music of their bell.

Close around me, swelling high,
On the hills stretched toward the sky,
Pretty homes, like nests, are builded
Where the far-off trees seem gilded.
Here a field of golden grain
Rounds off to a grassy plain ;
There a garden terraced down
Meets a clover-field, new mown.

Over hill and dell and wood
 Sunbeams pour a golden flood,
 Through the oaks and maples straying,
 On the mosses gently playing,
 Dripping through my leafy bower,
 Golden sun-flecks gently shower ;
 And the nodding, tasselled grasses
 Bow to each soft wind that passes.

PICTURES, THREE.

I.

THE lake, with fragrant morning breath
 Not yet lifted from its breast,
 Blue of water, air, and sky,
 Distant hills in mist-veils dressed.

Green the forest on the shore ;
 Ferns and vines hang o'er the brink,
 Mirrored downward in the lake,
 Where the birds skim down to drink.

All the rippling, blue expanse
 Sends back diamond sparks of light,
 And along the pebbly beach
 Waves chase waves in mad delight.

All my sunny morning scene,
With the glad birds on the wing,
Pictures "*Hope and Buoyancy*,"—
Nature's time to laugh and sing.

II.

Ashen, this picture,
With cloud piled on cloud ;
The lake, like the sky,
Purple-gray, heavy-browed.
The winds lash the waters
Till white-caps dash in ;
And the spray is tossed high
With a hiss and wild din.

The forests fling wildly
Their arms to the sky,
As the trees swaying back
Turn white faces on high.
The grain-fields are rolling
Great billows of gold ;
And the town in the distance
Stands out, white and cold.

Yon fast-riding schooner
Is stripped of its shrouds ;
And frightened birds sail off,
Like specks on the clouds.
Aye ! if I could paint
The wild sounds in the air,
You 'd know that this picture
Means "*Restless Despair*."

III.

Waters gold as golden sky ;
Golden boats sail, double, by ;
Crimson splendor in the west,
Crimson path on lakelet's breast !

Woodlands gay in autumn dyes,
Stealing hues from sunset skies ;
Maple, walnut, oak, and pine,
Scarlet, gold, and green combine.

Here a cornfield's bound-up shocks
Gaudy-tinted foliage mocks ;
O'er yon trees, a sloping plain,
Decked with stacks of hay or grain.

Fruitful earth has ceased to bear,
Rest is painted on the air ;
Hope fulfilled, with glory crowned,—
Vanishing as soon as found.

Windows in yon little town,
Send their sunset flashes down ;
Bells from yonder spires disclose
That this picture means "*Repose.*"

THE TWO ANGELS.

A LITTLE cradle swinging low,
And rocking gently to and fro ;
A new-born soul lies nestled there,
A new-born heart, to learn despair.

Another life has wakened here,
To love or hate, to hope or fear ;
And o'er that cradle angels bend—
The spirits that each life attend.

God's Angel waits to help and bless ;
But Evil, closer, tries to press ;
For strife commences at our birth,—
'T is but the heritage of earth.

Sleep ! little baby, while you may ;
For sleep may flag, perchance, some day.
O mother ! pray that Good prevail,
That Evil's wily schemes may fail ! •

The sleeping baby smiles to hear
God's Angel whispering in its ear.
The other Angel comes anear,
And baby's face is crossed by fear.

* * * * *

“ I bind Truth on thy brow, dear child,
To make thee earnest, honest, mild.”

“ And *I* will teach thee cunning speech
When truth thy purpose cannot reach.”

“ I give thee Love, to comfort thee ;
I promise friends and sympathy ;
If Evil's bane shall mar thy life,
Love's ministry shall soothe its strife.”

“ And *I* shall show thee love grown cold,
Friends treacherous, and hearts grown old ;
I 'll prove that friendship 's but a name,
And love, a quickly burned-out flame.”

“ I offer Heaven, and peace, and rest,
If thou wilt live and love thy best.
Cling close to Christ, with steadfast trust,
And Evil cannot harm the just.”

* * * * *

At rest ! and closed the weary eyes !
No more can sin or grief surprise !
What recks it, did he laugh or weep ?
“ God giveth His belovéd sleep ” !

LARGHETTO.

RUBINSTEIN'S OCEAN SYMPHONY.

ALLEGRO-MAESTRO.

THOU art so grand, so wonderful, O Sea!
In all thy depths and whispering mystery;
Forever chafing 'gainst thy destiny,
Forever telling o'er thy tale to me!

Thou art the pulsing, throbbing heart of earth—
Throbbing in chaos, ere the world had birth;
Still art thou heaving, surging 'gainst her girth
With yearning throes, till dimpled o'er by mirth.

When morning's sun pours forth his shimmering light
Thy waves leap up and dance in mad delight;
Then croonest songs so softly, gay and bright,
My heart, too, sings, forgetting there is night.

A change! a cloud! A storm is brewing fast!
How moan the winds! Thy joyous mood is past,
Thy fury thunders, and the howling blast
Hurls helpless ships beneath thy waters, vast.

ADAGIO.

Alas ! that storms must come,
 And skies grow dull and gray !
 There is no gladness but shall die,
 All joys will fade away.
 Ah, woe to hearts that love !—
 So soon does love seem cold ;
 Ah, woe to hearts that hope !
 Hope lives not to grow old !
 Pale sky and moaning sea !
 Art calmer grown, to-day ?
 So spirits, too, shall rest ;
 Life will not last away.
 As on thy storm-tossed breast
 Sweet peace dwells once again,
 So hearts shall calmer grow,
 After long days of pain.

ALLEGRO.

Away with gloom and pain and fears ;
 Away with tears !
 Our God is Lord of Earth and Heaven :
 By Him are given
 All storms, all calms. And in His hand
 Lie sea and land.
 Bright waters circling 'round the sphere
 Sing loud and clear.
 Stretch golden arms to golden sky ;
 God draweth nigh.

Go, wrap the shore in swift embrace—
 With shining face ;
 Go, steal a kiss, and hie thee back,
 Nor leave thy track.
 “ Thus far, no farther shalt thou go ”
 In ebb and flow.

ADAGIO-ALLEGRO.

Roll on, O sea, till time shall be no more !
 Beat on thy crags, and woo th' unyielding shore !
 Black clouds may frown, and hide the sun's bright
 smile,
 We know his glory is but veiled awhile.
 Let all within thee sing a rapturous psalm
 To Him who holds them in His hollow palm.
 Let winds and waves their voices lift on high,—
 The Universe, its King shall glorify.
 Ah, heart ! my heart, wilt thou alone be dumb ?
 Have these few tempests left thee cold and numb ?
 Behold yon radiant, rosy sunset-flush,
 Where sea and sky respond with conscious blush ;
 'T is Love that folds them in his warm embrace,
 And Love is giving thee a resting-place.
 “ Let the floods clap their hands, the hills rejoice.”
 “ Let the sea lift to God its mighty voice.”
 “ Let the round world and all that dwell therein,”
 To serve the Lord with gladness, now begin.

MY DIAMOND.

Imprisoned ray
Of scintillating light !
That caught the arrows bright
Of earth's first day,
And held them fast—
Ray burning ray, till grown
A miracle in stone !
Breath of the past !

How then art thou,
We know not ; how the light
Congealed through primal night,
Till glittering now
A sunbeam's ice !
Swift flashing back the rays
Lent by those earliest days—
Imprisoned twice !

Sealed in the earth,
Or 'neath some limpid stream,
Thy sheathed, piercing beam
Awaited birth ;
And till man bid
Thy spirit break the spell
That locked thy frosted shell,
Thy light was hid !

Resplendent stone !
 Flinging out rainbow tints,
 And living light, and hints
 Of cycles gone !
 Would I could read
 Thy tales of other times,
 Of other men and climes,
 Since thou wast freed !

REQUIEM FOR DE LONG AND HIS
 COMRADES.

RLODDING through limitless ice-fields,
 Famished and fainting and cold ;
 Ice-needles pricking their vitals,
 Snow lying fold upon fold,
 Gaunt Famine beckons and mocks them,
 Brave hearts ! despairing, yet bold !

Lost ! in that blank, sterile region !
 Lost ! 'mid the ice and the snow !
 Vistas of glaciers before them !
 Rivers congeal as they flow.
 Tombed in their graves while still living !
 No hand to soften their woe !

Dying alone ! where the tempests,
 Cruel and cutting, have birth !
 Dying ! where piercing winds, howling,
 Send the last greeting of Earth !
 Death reigns supreme o'er this desert,
 Throned in its silence and dearth !

Dead ! in this land that is changeless !
 Dead ! with the pole star o'erhead !
 Dead ! from the pathway of duty
 Brave spirits sunward have fled !
 Ah, woe ! to the homes that are empty !
 And the hearts that are weeping their dead !

PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON'S REQUIEM.

TOLL ! toll ! all ye English bells !
 In England's cause a prince is slain !
 Toll ! like a sob that swells and swells,
 Our sighs shall echo the refrain !

Toll ! toll ! for a son is gone—
 A widow's son,—like him of old,
 Cut down amidst life's rosy dawn,
 Her vanished past's last link of gold !

Toll ! toll ! for the fair, young life
 Ambition sacrificed to fame ;
 'T was valor thirsting for the strife,
 Nor martyr's crown, nor conscience' claim !

Toll ! toll ! for in him has died
 The hope of France's greatest name—
 The star that twice beamed far and wide,
 And twice set, 'neath dark clouds of shame !

Toll ! for in this adopted son
 Would Britain heal the blow she gave ;
 That he whose life she had undone
 Might find redress e'en in his grave !

Toll ! toll ! 'midst our honored dead
 Our foster-child's remains we lay ;
 In England's cause he fought and bled,
 And England shall this tribute pay !

LIFTING THE VEIL.

WHAT hast thou, Life, dear Life, for me,
 In the years that lie beyond ?
 Hast thou glad days and lightsome glee
 To make my heart bound merrily ?
 And friends to be true and fond ?

I have bright hopes for those unknown years,
 I have visions of joy and love,—
 But there sometimes creep in deadly fears,
 Say, oh, say ! will they end in tears—
 Those dreams of joy and love ?

Thou canst bless with endless happiness
 The lives thou lovest to crown ;
 I pray, oh, I pray thee let me guess,
 Whether thou comest to me to bless,
 Or if I must bear thy frown !

Life, dear Life, let me lift the veil
 And see what awaiteth me.
 If the way grow rough, and my cheek grow pale,
 Will the love I live for ever fail ?
 Oh ! what shall my Future be ?

WAS IT A DREAM ?

I HAD a dream last night, a troubled dream :
 Methought I sailed and drifted down a
 stream

That bore me to the sea ; my little craft,
 With all my treasures filled, both fore and aft,
 Sailed on. It dipped and dipped, like fluttering bird
 O'er dancing waters tipped with foamy curd.
 I was so happy that I sang with glee ;
 For I had her I loved, and all I owned, with me.
 And skies were calm, and summer airs were sweet,
 All life was joy, all happiness complete.
 On, on we sailed, my dearest love and I ;
 We left Past behind. Beyond lay Destiny,
 Far in the blue expanse,—a “ promised land,”
 Where summer never wanes, by south winds fanned,
 Where flowers bloom ever, and where no decay
 Steals o'er the forests till they fade away.
 We knew no fear, we left behind all pain,
 One steered my barque, whose help is ne'er in vain,
 And skilfully I sailed my bonnie boat.
 But suddenly a squall arose and smote
 And lashed my skiff, as if in angry fray.

She strained and plunged like an affrighted steed,
Whose fright to bit and bridle gives no heed.
I furled my sail and grasped my clinging wife,—
How helpless now to save that precious life !
Yet, as we tossed and sank through piled-up waves,
I cried : “ I have Him at the helm, who saves ;
And this, a trusty craft, though weighted now
With all our treasures, from the stern to bow.”
I flung them one by one into the sea,—
Our household gods ! Oh ! what were they to me
Compared with life ; compared with that dear love
That still was mine ? Was pride, was hope above
Our lives ? Were wisdom and philosophy,
Or e'en ideals worth our lives, that I
Should freight our bark with them, and with them
sink ?

So, ruthlessly I flung away each link
That fettered. And the One who held the helm
(Though fiercest billows threatened to o'erwhelm)
Guided us safe, from rocks that would have wrecked.
The storm abated, and the sea was flecked
With foam,—like spotted serpent writhing still.
We had escaped—we were not saved, until
We flung out all we fixed our hearts upon—
All that our future days seemed builded on.
They were the lawful treasures of our hearts,
That we had culled and earned in worldly marts ;
Yet, they had weighted us, and clogged us fast ;
But, yielding them, our Helmsman saved at last.

STARVED TO DEATH.

“Before Bourbaki’s army reached Switzerland, many thousands died in the Jura Mountains from starvation and cold.”

—February 2, 1871.



Oh, the death, the destruction, the carnage, the dearth

In the revels that follow the war-demon’s birth!

Oh, the life-blood poured out in an expiatory draught—

Libation far richer than Bacchus e’er quaffed!

Oh, the din and the roar, and the sulphurous glare
O’er the glory that ’s born from the womb of despair!

Ere the victor can gather the spoils he has won,
And the harvest of souls in the garner is flung!

Oh, the thousands cut down ere their life-page is filled!

Oh, the agonized hearts for each man that is killed!
Oh, the cities that smoke ’neath that war-demon’s brand,

And the homes that are wiped from the face of the land!

Yet a horror remains that is equalled by none
(For danger ’s forgot when a field can be won):
’T is a battle-scarred army, in hasty retreat,
With men “dying by thousands for something to eat.”

Men that laughed at cold steel and the needle-gun's
 hail,
 At the grip of gaunt *Famine*, grew helpless and pale ;
 As they toiled through the snow they dropped
 starving and wan,
 And a thousand had died ere the second day's dawn.

AT REST.

In memory of M. C. Clarkson. Born, 1800 ; died, July, 1871.

DEAR hands, laid peacefully over the breast,—
 Hands that have toiled so long, taking their
 rest ;

Dear shining head, with its silvery hair,
 Quietly sleeping, forgetting all care.

Dear feet, that climbed so long up life's steep hill ;
 Dear heart, that throbbed with love : all, all are
 still.

Lay the dear body away to its rest,
 God called his soul home to realms of the blest.

So ends a life well spent, noble and brave,
 Ready with helping hand others to save.
 More than the threescore and ten years, he passed ;
 Gathered like well-ripened grain at the last.

OCEAN PHASES.

 QUIET sea, all studded o'er
With golden gems from the morning sun,
Whose deep blue depths, with mystic whisper,
Breathe the tale that is never done.

A placid sea, all dimpled o'er
With dents where the soft south breezes play,
All glowing bright, in the noontide light,
And sprinkling high thy frothy spray.

A plashing sea, where white-caps dance
And crest the waves, like snowy birds ;
Now stealing tints from the sunset glow,
Now curling in, like milky curds.

And swelling waves that, leaping over,
Send silvery foam o'er satin sands,
Whose opal hues are bright or hidden,
As ebb or flow of tide demands.

An angry sea, that wider, higher,
Its black, impatient, water throws,
Whose dashing billows heave and toss—
The tone a maddening roar now grows !

Till wind and wave, with fearful might,
Combat, and hiss, and writhe for power ;
The winds hurl back the angry waves,
That seethe, and boil, and lash the shore.

Then calm again, O changeful sea !
 Each ripple tipped with lucent light ;
 While o'er thy breast a shining path
 Illumes the darkness of the night.

DE PROFUNDIS.



FATHER, we know not why the way is dark.
 We slip and fall ;
 We lose our all ;
 And life seems drifting, like a helmless bark.
 Be Thou our stay !
 Turn night to day !
 And light our darkness with a heavenly spark !

Father, we know not, oftentimes, right from wrong.
 Show us Thy way ;
 Help us to say :
 " Thy will be done." Lead us along !
 Cheer every heart !
 Bid fears depart !
 And help us turn our sorrows into song !

OUR DAILY BREAD.

“ **G**IVE us this day our daily bread.”
 Often and often the words are said
 With little thought of the sense they bear,
 But simply as *words* of our daily prayer.

What do the rich and over-fed
 Know of the hunger for daily bread?
 Only the poor and the starving know
 The needs from which this prayer can grow.

Know ye, O friend! that these words are fraught
 With a deeper, underlying thought:
 A prayer, whose echo is in each heart,
 For wants in which we all have part.

“ Give us this day our daily bread ”
 Means: Give us the food on which hearts are fed;
 Give us the love and the peace we crave,
 For the sake of Him who died to save!

Let us not, hungering, stand and wait;
 But kneel and knock at the heavenly gate.
 Father, my heart would be filled by Thee;
 Come with Thy love and ministry!

“THE SEVEN LAST WORDS.”

The hour is come !

Christ prays alone upon the mountain top,
Whilst they who love him sleep. And, drop by
drop,

Great beads of agony roll down upon the sod—
The human nature wrestling with the God.

*“ Father, if possible, remove this cup ;
Yet, if thy purpose bid me drink it up,
Thy will be done ! ”*

From judgment-hall

To Calvary, the Son of Man is led ;
A crown of plaited thorns upon his head.
They scourge, revile, and crucify our Lord ;
Yet, at their buffetings he speaks no word—
When mocked by Roman, spit upon by Jew—
Save : *“ Lord, forgive ; they know not what they
do ! ”*

This prayer is all.

Nailed to the tree,

Our Saviour hangs between two common thieves ;
And one, touched by his love, repents, believes,
Reproves his fellow for his blasphemy,
And humbly prays : *“ O Lord, remember me ! ”*
The suffering Saviour turns his pitying eyes
On him, and says : *“ This day, in Paradise,
Shalt thou meet me ! ”*

With fear oppressed,
 'Mid jeering soldiers and blaspheming crowd,
 The friends that love him, near his cross are bowed.
 Christ sees his mother's heart pierced by his woe,
 And John, the loved one, shrinking at each throe ;
 Commits her as a sacred charge to John,
 And to his mother cries : "*Behold thy Son !*"—
 Love's last bequest.

Then on his soul
 Falls the world's sin, and man's disgrace,—
 Foul cataclysm that hides the Father's face !
 Alone, his human heart must bear the weight,
 And curse, and guilt his sufferings expiate.
 "*My God, my God, hast thou forsaken me !*"
 His human nature cries, in agony,
 While thunders roll.

Like patient lamb
 On Jewish altar laid for sacrifice,
 He pays his life-blood—our sins' awful price.
 Through all the pains that rack his tortured frame,
 No groan escapes. And when the wounds inflame,
 No murmur, no complaint, till the heart burst,
 And his first cry of suffering comes : "*I thirst !*"
 Then he is calm.

Behold ! 'T is done !
 Back to the Godhead, from the sacrifice,
 Divinity, the conqueror, shall rise,
 With human body deified. The Son
 Shall reign with Father, Spirit, three in One :
 "*'T is finished, in thy hands my spirit take !*"
 Earth trembles, darkness falls, the dead awake.
 Pardon is won !

SCHERZO-ALLEGRO-VIVACE.

WHY I LOVE HER.

MY ladye is faire wi bonnie blue eyes—
As blue as ye skies above her,
With never a cloud in their sunny depths ;—
But this is not why I love her.

My ladye has haire like a web of golde,
Where ye sunbeams love to hover ;
My hearte in its meshes is tangled faste ;—
But this is not why I love her.

My ladye has lips, like a dewy bud
Whose petals enfolde and cover ;
And chekes, like a fragrant, blushing rose ;—
But this is not why I love her.

My ladye's voice is so winning and sweet,
That all who heare it, discover
Her hearte is as tender and pure and true ;—
And *this* is just why I love her.

MIDSUMMER DAY SONG.

THANK the Lord for a day so sweet,
And for skies so clear and blue !
For breezes that chase the whispering wheat,
And rumple the hay-fields, new !

Thank the Lord for a day so fine,
While the cherries hang ripe and red !
My soul is drunken as with new wine,
And the birds are mad, o'erhead !

Thank the Lord for a day so bright,
In the midst of the summer's glare ;
When butterflies pause in their zigzag flight
To sip from the flowers, fair !

Thank the Lord for the honeyed scent
Of clover and grape and pine !
The lily and rose for the rich are meant ;
But the wild-wood flowers are mine !

A SUMMER WIND.

I SAIL the piles of fleecy cloud,
O'er azure seas of ether ;
I scatter them, like flecks of foam,
Or drift them close together ;
I spread them into gauzy veils
To hide the sun's bright glances,
And toss them in fantastic shapes
To please my idle fancies.

I rock the tops of stately trees,
And set their branches swaying ;
I glide and creep, like hide-and-seek,
Till every leaf is playing ;
I sweep the willow's drooping plumes ;
I make the aspens quiver,
The oak-leaves shake the sunbeams through,
And maples gently shiver.

And when I 've left each bush and tree
In gently waving motion,
I bring the flowers a cooling breath
I gathered from old Ocean ;
I kiss the rose's blushing cheek,
And fan her perfumed sisters,
And bear away their fragrant breath,
Whilst they nod to my whispers.

I wander over sunny plains,
And swing the tasselled grasses ;
I linger o'er sweet clover-fields ;
I climb dark mountain passes ;

I set great fields of bearded grain
In undulating quiver,
Till, in the sun they seem to be
A rippling, golden river.

And then I leave the scented fields,
And out of very pity
I waft a purer atmosphere
O'er dusty, crowded city ;
The fragrance borne from bud and flower
Is lost in reeking alleys ;
But still I bear a purer air
To hut as well as palace.

To many a weary, restless one
I bring refreshing slumber ;
As ministering spirit, go
To sick-beds without number ;
And then to roll a bursting cloud,
I gather all my powers,
And thirsty fields and dusty streets
I bathe with summer showers.

BOREAS.

DOWN from Greenland's ice-fields,
O'er the tossing sea ;
Sailing mighty icebergs,
Dancing merrily !
Waving Southern forests
With my piercing breath ;
Nipping lagging rosebuds
With my touch of death.

Whistling through the key-hole ;
Moaning down the flue ;
Showing pretty ankles ;
Pinching noses blue.
Rattling the windows ;
Trying all the doors ;
Frightening the children
Creeping o'er the floors.

Whirling crispy leaflets
From the gaunt, old trees ;
Twirling them in circles,
Leaving them to freeze.
Nodding plummy cedars ;
Swaying lofty pines ;
Polishing the icepond
Till it fairly shines.

Tracing on the windows
Feathery designs ;
Peeping in at maidens,
'Neath the rocking blinds.

Rolling fleecy cloudlets
 O'er the moon's bright face ;
 Blowing off gents' chapeaux,
 Joining in the chase.

Hist, now ! there 's a fire ;
 I 'll go fan the flame,
 Freeze the sprays of water ;
 Are n't you glad I came ?
 How the people wonder
 At my merry pranks !
 Swear a little, sometimes ;
 Seldom give me thanks.

TO SOMEBODY.

I love thee, Dearest !
 Let my heart speak out,
 And ring the happy utterance of my love
 Full free, without a doubt.

I love thee, Dearest !
 And my woman's heart
 Turns to thee as a flower turns to the sun,
 That doth her warmth impart.

I love thee, Dearest !
 And that love has filled
 The empty shrine, left desolate enough
 By love long stilled.

I love thee, Dearest !
 With whole-hearted love,
 That puts thee first, in thought and act,—
 All else, above.

I love thee, Dearest !
 Will thy love hold true ?
 In sweetest pain, I trust my heart again
 To love, to hope, to you.

FOUR-LEAF CLOVER.

CLOVER, dear clover,
 Growing by the way,
 Nodding and whispering,
 What do soft winds say ?
 Have they a secret
 As they rustle by ?
 If flowers know it,
 Oh, why cannot I ?

Wheat-field's crisp whisper
 Breathes a mystery ;
 Come, pretty clover,
 Tell the tale to me.
 Thou hast sweet secrets
 Folded in thy breast,
 Sweet as the honey
 In thy rosy crest.

If there 's a message
 Hidden there for me,
 Show me a leaflet
 Counting more than three.
 Ah ! I have found it,
 And I ask no more !
 'T is my happy omen—
 Leaflet counting four !

BONNIE MAY.

BONNIE May, blithe and gay,
 With your blue eyes, wondering
 What means life with its strife,
 You have only reached the Spring,
 Scarcely tried your fancy's wing.

Bonnie May, bright alway,
 As one basking in the sun !
 Is it true, that for you
 Happiness is easily won ?
 Then your life were well begun.

Bonnie May, if, to-day,
 Sunrise flush is on your cheek,
 It is mete for you, sweet.
 Ofttimes, hearts through faces speak ;
 Yours I read, steadfast, yet meek.

Bonnie May, could I say,
 What your future years should bring,
 Love should bless, Fate caress,
 Life ne'er hold so deep a sting
 But you still could smile and sing.

MY PUZZLE.

HERE 's a riddle seething through my brain,
 Perhaps some friend can make it plain,—
 A short harangue on things that be,
 A query which doth puzzle me.

My text is found in the code of heaven :
 " To them that have, it shall be given ;
 Those with naught (but the de'il to pay),
 What they have shall be taken away."

This in the Bible sense is right :
 Where our souls in heavenly grace delight,
 The exercise of our better powers
 Develops good in these hearts of ours.

Here is no riddle, but lesson plain :
 That talents, used, increase again ;
 They who their chances fling away,
 Have naught to reap on harvest day.

My puzzle is the literal sense
The world gives this ; the pounds and pence
She pours on those who have to spare,
And the blanks she gives her sons of carè.

Upon the rich all blessings shower,
Homage and place, and friends and power ;
The honest poor toil for their crusts,
And gain the world's hard knocks and thrusts.

For beauty, love ; for talents, praise ;
We kneel to those the rich upraise,
While the plain, and those " not in our set,"
Are just *extinguished*, without regret.

But is it fair that things be so ?
And shall *we* follow, whether or no ?
Or dare we start a plan of our own,
To judge for ourselves, and " go it alone ?"

MODERN PHILOSOPHY.


 MID all the philosophies, labelled as Truth
 There 's one it were well to impress,
 As a motto for sages, for youth, and for age ;
 'T is this : " Nothing succeeds but success."

It seems paradoxical, thus to assert,
 That merit is useless, unless
 There be stamped on its face the applause of the
 hour,
 Which is needed to give it success.

See the struggles to rise of some poor *inconnu*,
 Waiting vainly for fortune to bless ;
 We grant he has genius, but fate does not smile ;
 For " Naught can succeed but success."

He may be an Artist, with vision inspired,
 Whose brush Nature's charms can express ;
 We gaze and admire, but his pictures, unsold,
 Prove that " Nothing succeeds but success."

Perhaps a Musician, with heaven-lit fire,
 Pours out his full heart. We confess
 That his music is fine ; but we wait to applaud
 Till fashion shall grant him success.

Perchance 't is an Author who draws from his soul
 Deep thoughts that he aims to impress,
 Or sweet, subtle fancies, or dreams of the heart ;
 Yet, somehow, he fails of success.

While some fair *dilettante* has made a great stir
By her froth of wit, love, and distress,
She 's the *furore* to-day—though to-morrow, for-
got,—
For “ Nothing succeeds like success.”

Believe me, all ye who are tempted to soar
By genius, your fate you can guess ;
For “ *vox populi, vox Dei,*” in truth,
And, “ Nothing succeeds but success.”

FINALE—ALLEGRO.

SYMPHONY.

A HAPPY VOYAGE.

ON THE OCEAN.—*Allegro.*



HEAVING Sea! our boat on thee
Skims on, like flying arrow ;
She flits and darts, whilst happy hearts
Scarce know the decks are narrow.

Against the keel, and on the wheel,
The sea, unceasing, splashes,
In dulcet tones, or restless moans,
As on the vessel dashes.

FOLK-SONG.—*Allegretto.*

Our hearts are gay,
As day by day
We near the distant haven,
Whilst love and song
To us belong,
And joys on memory graven.

Come, watch with me
 The sparkling sea,
 With myriad mermaids, dancing
 To Triton's horn.
 Bright gems adorn
 Their brows, in sunlight glancing.

LOVE SONG.—*Adagio.*

O restless Sea ! O golden Sea !
 My Love doth read thy depths with me.
 As gaily as thy ripples play,
 So my Love's heart is blithe and gay !

As deep as Ocean's waters roll,
 So lie the depths within her soul !
 As restless waters kiss and blend,
 Our hearts and lives together tend.

Fear not, dear Love, to trust to me
 The gem thou guard'st so tenderly ;
 These arms shall shield thee from all harm,
 My Love surround thee like a charm.

LAND ! HO !—*Allegro-vivace.*

What, ho ! that call ? How hasten all
 To gaze on the horizon !
 Against the sky, we can descry
 A spot to rest the eyes on.

'T is land, at last—the voyage, past,—

The birds fly out to meet us.

'T is “home, sweet home,”—no more to roam ;

There dear ones wait to greet us.

ORATORIO OF “ISRAEL IN EGYPT.”



HEARD the singing of a mighty throng ;

Methought I stood 'midst Israel when their
song

Of glad, exultant freedom swelled and tossed,

Like surgings of that sea they had just crossed.

The Lord had saved them by His mighty arm,

Had gone before and shielded them from harm.

Their bondage o'er, their cruel tyrants slain,

They sang with streaming eyes : “The Lord shall
reign.”

Above them hung the monument of cloud ;

The women danced ; the hoary men were bowed ;

Behind them lay their slavery and their past,

Before them hope was beckoning at last.

The Lord had led them with His own right hand,

And He would guide them to their “Promised
Land.”

Triumphantly they sang the grand refrain—

Moses and all the hosts :—“The Lord shall reign.”

They sang in rapturous chorus "how the Lord
Had triumphed gloriously, how His word
Sent dole and plagues on Egypt, till the king
Bade them depart ; and how the Lord did bring
His children through the depths of the Red Sea,
Whose waters swallowed up the enemy,
When he had dared pursue." And yet again
The hosts of Israel sang : " The Lord shall reign."

Methought I stood with them and heard their song,
And heart and thought were swiftly borne along.
Could these " redeemed and chosen of the Lord "
Murmur and fear so soon, and doubt His word ?
And cry : " We thirst," and " Wilt Thou starve us
yet ?"

And look to Egypt's flesh-pots with regret,
Scarcely one Sabbath after ? And in vain
Moses reminded them : " The Lord shall reign."

Oh, faithless human hearts whom God hath blest,
So ready to sink doubting and oppressed !
What wonder that our wilderness is long,
And weary wanderings to our lives belong ?
One burst of rapture for some answered prayer,
Then is forgot our Red Sea and His care.
We need, like Moses, tell our souls again,
The Lord hath led us out : " The Lord shall
reign."

ORATORIO OF "THE MESSIAH" SONNET

AN Angel came, and whispering to the Seer,
 Bade him heed well the voices of his soul,
 Attuned to measures whose sonorous roll,
 Chaotic, waited his attentive ear.

"Write, whatsoe'er thy genius bids thee hear,
 In tender cadences and swelling tones."

Then Music, such as brings high heaven near,
 With sighs and prayers, and pæans and sad moans,
 Burst on his ravished consciousness, and taught
 His pen t' inscribe these symphonies intense,—
 For music is the soul's sweet utterance.

The rhythmic thoughts embodied he, and wrought
 Messiah's story through each thrilling strain,
 Till homesick souls hear their own tongue again.

TREASURE-TROVE.

A LEAFLET came fluttering earthward,—
 Amber, with carmine wings ;
 Nature's death-angel, the hoar frost,
 Drove of these wanderers brings.

A feather came drifting toward me—
 A flake from the azure sky,
 That a bluebird returning southward,
 Dropped as it flitted by.

I wandered along where the sea-drift
 Scallops the tawny sand ;
 A shell, like an ocean rose-leaf,
 Lay on the pearly strand.

A thought came hurrying by me,
 Lured by my treasure-trove,
 I grasped it ere it had vanished—
 So swiftly these spirits rove.

As leaflet and feather and sea-shell
 Trace what has come and passed,
 Naught but our works and our bounties,
 These transient lives, outlast.

MY PHILOSOPHY.

PHILOSOPHIES have been, and creeds,
 Since human hearts first hoped and dreamed,
 Since reason's guiding planet beamed,
 And souls have strived to fill their needs ;

For in us burns the quickening breath
 Of truth and faith and high ideal—
 God's breath—uplifting to the Real,
 To keep our better selves from death.

So ever shall man's soul aspire
 To reach the Beautiful and True,

Since mistily they lie in view,
To tempt his heaven-born powers higher.

He who unto his best is true,
And his ideals firmly holds,
His happiness securely moulds,
Or joy or grief, his path bestrew ;

He only can confront stern Fate
With courage. He rests satisfied,
Though all life's sweetness be denied ;
And living true, dies truly great.

MY FRIEND.

HAVE a tiny friend who is as dear to me
As some of larger growth and higher destiny;
A gentle, little friend, that loves to be caressed,
And nestles in my arms with joy but half ex-
pressed.

Her shining topaz eyes unerringly can read
Each varying mood of mine, that others scarce
would heed.

If I am vexed or grieved, she presses to my side
With boundless sympathy, and will not be denied.
What though she *is* a cat, with gray and striped
fur,
My little friend loves me, and dearly I love her.

THE WOOD-VIOLET.

SWEET little flower,
Hiding thy head
Under thy leaflets,
On mossy bed ;

Peeping out shyly
Under thy green ;
Lovely blue eye
Afraid to be seen ;

Blooming in beauty
For no eye to see,
True emblem art thou
Of sweet modesty ;

Life with its duties
Quietly done ;
Living the truth ;
Seeking praises of none.

Working for conscience
Nor asking reward,
Save what is promised—
The smile of the Lord.

Another virtue
Is symbolled in thee :
Resignation is coupled
With thy modesty.

Kissed by the sunbeams
 That dart through the trees,
 Thou sheddest no fragrance
 When fanned by the breeze ;

But torn from thy stem
 And pressed to my heart,
 Dost, drooping in death,
 A sweet perfume impart.

APRIL SNOWS.

PRIL snows are drifting
 Through the balmy air,—
 Slowly, downward sifting,
 Though the skies are fair.

April's sun is gleaming,
 Whilst her snow-flakes fall ;
 Down its rays are streaming
 Petals, large and small.

April snows, perfuming
 With a fragrance rare,
 Are the wind-swept blooming
 Apple, peach, and pear.

Cherry bloom is glistening,
 White as Winter snow.
 What hears Apple, listening,
 That she blushes so ?

And the peach is rosy
 From the sunset flush ;
 What is it in Spring-time
 Makes all Nature blush ?

On the soft Spring grasses
 Fall the fluttering flakes ;
 Every breeze that passes
 Little snow-drifts makes.

BABES OF THE WOOD.

IN fields where shrivelled Autumn leaves
 Lie heaped in every hollow,
 The sun a golden pathway makes,
 And wild flowers quickly follow.

They sprinkle every hill and dell,
 Like rainbow-tinted dew ;
 And under all the dead old leaves
 Hide flowers of every hue.

Blue violets peep from bare brown earth,
Like maidens' dewy eyes ;
And sweet forget-me-nots have caught
The tint of April skies.

Anemonies sway in the wind,
Like fluttering flakes of snow ;
And wind-flowers nod their starry heads
Whene'er the breezes blow.

Arbutus trails its perfumed buds
Beneath some ancient rock ;
And buttercups for gleaming gold,
The very sunbeams mock.

O dainty little pencilled flowers
Of striped pink and white !—
Well called spring beauties, why so soon
Your petals, close for night ?

And all ye bonnie, bonnie flowers
That make the earth so gay,
That come and go all silently,
Why pass thus soon away ?

Ye come, like hope to troubled hearts,
Left barren by some sorrow ;
And, like those hopes, ye only gleam,
To fade out on the morrow.

FRÜHLINGSLIED.

FOYOUS Spring has come again,
Spreading verdure o'er the plain ;
Golden sunbeams waken earth
To her glorious new-birth.

Through the budding woods we hear
Easter carols, loud and clear ;
Merry songsters chirp and sing,
Heraldings of early Spring.

Dainty wild flowers show their heads,
Peeping from their mossy beds—
Tiny gems to deck earth's breast,
Till in living green she 's dressed.

Ferns their plummy crests unroll,
Opening, like folded scroll :
Nodding to the wild flowers fair,
Chivalrous and debonair.

Fruit-trees, bare awhile ago,
Look like drifted, scented snow ;
Cherry, peach, and apple bloom
Fill the air with sweet perfume.

Grass each day becomes more green,
Giving earth an emerald sheen ;
And the streamlets flow along,
With a merry, rippling song.

Folded into tiny buds,
Bathed in sunbeams' golden floods,
Forest trees their leaves unclose,
Gently as a blooming rose.

Every leaflet, folded down,
Droops like fuchsias, newly blown ;
Till the sun and winds have given
Strength to turn their heads toward heaven.

Then the sun-rays filter through
To the beds of violets, blue ;
Rest in flitting, golden spots
On the shy forget-me-nots.

AUTUMN.

HOW glow the hills with yellow light,
Through all these Autumn days !
The sunlight drops, like molten gold,
Through mellow, lucent haze.

It turns the gaily colored woods
To red and orange flame,
And sets their gorgeous tinting off,
Like pictures in a frame.

The fringed gentian nods its head
To scarlet cardinal ;
And blue lobelia scarcely peeps
At golden-rod, so tall.

The living green of Summer time
Has ripened with decay,
And decks the toil-worn, weary earth
With this last bright bouquet.

The oak's carbuncle glow is set
Beside the hickory's gold ;
And scarlet sumac, chestnuts brown
Round crimson dog-wood fold.

I oftentimes think the Autumn glow
That dying forests wear
Is like the smile dead faces have,
When freed from life's despair.

INDIAN SUMMER'S AFTERMATH.



DREAMY days that linger
 With trace of Summer yet ;
 So soft, so mild, so mellow,
 Though breathing a regret !
 Ye come, like farewell kisses,
 When love must soon grow strange ;
 That cling with painful fervor,
 And bode the bitter change.

Ye come, with added glory
 Of red and amber sheen—
 The Summer's ripened beauty,—
 To supplement her green.
 Ye pour this glory on us,
 In these sweet days of rest,
 That our regret may deepen
 To find the last, the best.

O peaceful days, and golden !
 Ye call back Summer flowers ;
 For daisies and red clover
 Peep out to count your hours.
 'Midst golden-rod and asters
 They wander, wondering
 To see the Autumn banners
 Beneath the skies of Spring.

So into hearts well ripened
 Spring joys may bloom again,
 And tangled cares and losses
 Find hope amid their pain.
 That clover is the sweetest
 Which blushes in the Fall ;
 That happiness, completest,
 Which comes the last of all.

NOVEMBER.

SUMMER leaves all scattered lie,
 Under the cold, white, wintry sky,
 Shrivelled and brown, like the empty shells
 That butterflies leave for sunny dells.
 Heaped in the hollows by the blast,
 Like phantom spirits of the Past.

Trees of Summer glory stripped,
 Living green with sunbeams tipped,
 Ye toss your gaunt, bare arms around,
 With hideous creaking, whistling sound ;
 Whilst piercing winds sweep howling by,
 With wailings like a lost soul's cry.

Hushed is cricket's blithesome chirp,
 Katydid, and tree-frog's quirk ;
 And all the droning harmony
 That thrilled the soul on Summer-day
 Now is stilled ; nor voice of bird
 In all the lonely wood is heard.

Brown of earth and gray of sky
 Chill the heart, oppress the eye,
 Speak of gloom and death and dearth,
 Of fading hopes and change on earth.
 Sad, we turn from Nature's sadness,
 Looking now within for gladness.

Now the ruddy, glowing coals
 Warm our bodies, thaw our souls,
 Till with talk, a book, or sewing—
 Whilst cold winds without are blowing—
 We find comfort, hearts grow lighter
 By the contrast, homes seem brighter.

THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.

 H, the gladsome bells of Christmas,
 Ringing through the frosty air !
 Chiming, ringing, singing, rhyming !
 Driving out all thought of care !

Merry Christmas bells ! proclaiming
 Joyful news of "Peace on Earth,"
 Swelling on the air, and telling
 Tidings of a Saviour's birth.

Prayerful bells of Christmas morning !
 Making spirits upward soar,
 Winging prayers, and heavenward bringing
 Hearts that thought to pray no more.

Joyful bells ! that ring a pæan
 To our resurrected King,
 Pealing gladly, while we, kneeling,
 All our adoration bring.

MEER-SCHAUM.

FIT emblem art thou of our life, O Sea !
 O restless, changeful, calm, tempestuous Sea !
 Now swelling high with angry, fretful surge ;
 Now singing, gay ; now moaning a sad dirge.

Life with its changes and vicissitudes !
 Life with its calms, its storms, its angry moods !
 The throb of life is in each pulsing wave,
 As, rolling in and out, thy sands they lave.

On thy impressive surface glow the hues
 That thy surroundings shed, like gentle dews :
 The green and gold of hope ; the blue of peace ;
 The "couleur rose," when clouds and tempests cease.

When clouds, like a dark Providence, collect,
 Thy chafing breast their gloom will soon reflect ;
 As hearts, despairing, throb and cry aloud,
 Thy ashen surface fronts the dripping cloud.

As though thou wert earth's mighty, pulsing heart,
 Whose veins and currents permeate each part,
 Our restless hearts find prototype in thee,
 And in thy ceaseless plaint, find sympathy.

THE FAIRIES' REVEL.

T WAS New Year's Eve, the last of the old
year,

When fairy folk and brownies do appear ;
The earth was decked in robes of bridal white,
And the young moon hung out her silvery light ;
Old Boreas proclaimed throughout the land
A summons to collect the fairy band.

From hill and glade they came with elfin glee,
To elfish frolic and gay revelry ;
They flew in myriads down the North Wind's path ;
They spread o'er earth, like Autumn's aftermath ;
Their errand was to hide each wintry trace . . .
With flashing spangles, and 'neath crystal lace.

They hung each bush and tree with sparkling gems,
Till all the branches looked like diadems ;
The crystal-coated boughs and sprays, entwined,
Cathedrals seemed, with dome and spire combined ;
The roadside weeds, that erst were brown and bare,
They hung with frozen dew-drops, pure and fair.

The golden-rod, shorn of its summer glow,
That nodded ragged heads above the snow,
By magic wands transformed, is standing now,
Rich jewel-plumed, fit for a monarch's brow ;
And naked stalks, where shrivelled asters hung,
Are crystal wands, with flashing stars among.

Wild carrot flowers, dried to tiny nests,
They filled with snow. And on the fences rests
A fringe of icicles, wove by these sprites,
That gleams beneath the moon, like diamond
lights.

The withered heads of sumac, on bare stems,
They turn to sceptres, crested with bright gems.

At midnight, when Time ushered in his bride,
The earth was radiant, and far and wide
The trumpet tones of Boreas rang out :
“Come, fays and sprites! come, dance and sing and
shout!

Come, with your frolics make the welkin ring!
A glad New Year to one and all I bring!”

The morning came—the sun sent gleams and
glints

Into each crystal, and gay rainbow tints
Flashed out from bush and foliage and fence ;
But all the fairy folk had vanished thence,
Leaving their gems to prove they had been here
To welcome in another glad New Year.



Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

PreservationTechnologies

A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 597 921 0