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PLEASANT THOUGHTS

BY

ELIZABETH FROUDE-CAMPBELL.

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.







PLEASANT THOUGHTS

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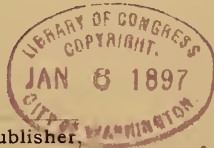


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Providence, R.I.



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1896

THE COUNTRY'S PERIL OF 1896.

From the hill-tops and the valleys,
Where the Autumn leaves now fade ;
Was the clear voice of the Nation,
Heard calling loud for aid.

From those bright south sunny regions,
Where the sugar cane does grow ;
To those deep and gushing rivers,
From the Rocky Mountains flow.

Back to the brave New England States,
As brave as when those years ;
They crushed the power of Tyranny,
And calmed the Nation's fears.

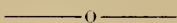
They rise and cry, " Our Country's ruined !
If we submissive stand ;
And let this silver question pass
Its law throughout our land.

The truth they say, though crushed will rise,
Since, we struggle for the right ;
The Middle States with them have joined
To conquer in the fight.

While every nation watch afar,
The country's threatening peril;
And sees the reckless selfish darts,
Ambition at her hurl.

Though night around her mantle draws,
Yet thousands throng the street;
And eagerly count the votes that may,
Tell of their defeat.

But God did then supremely reign,
All through these trying hours,
For morning rings the joyful news
The victory is ours.



TO NELLIE MAE HOPKINS, ON HER 13th
BIRTHDAY, PROVIDENCE, R. I.



When the lovely flowers were thronging,
Every vale and meadow here,
When the birds their songs were warbling,
Filling all the earth with cheer,

In the balmy July weather,
When the rose is moist with dew ;
Come thy presence here to brighten
Hearts, to thee so fond and true.

Now, thy merry peals of laughter,
Often chase the gloom away ;
While the music which thou lovest,
Charms thy home from day to day.

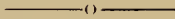
Sweetest songs at times repeating
Making life to others dear ;
While affection weaves her garlands
As your birthday draweth near.

May it weave for you those blessings,
Which can never here decay ;
But will crown you in the future,
When this life has passed away.

As thy birthday now approaches,
O what joys around it cling ;
Parents', prayers, and fond caresses,
Friends, love's tokens to thee bring.

Firm in all that's pure and noble,
 Must each birthday, treasures bring ;
 Drawing thee from steps of childhood,
 Nearer to thy Saviour King.

Whose sweet love can truly crush,
 Every thorn on life's way ;
 May this ever be your portion,
 As each birthday pass away.



THE POWER OF RIGHT.



Right is the thought that lives
 Foremost in the soul ;
 Right is the hope that cheers,
 When clouds do onward roll.

Right is the only joy
 That fills the heart with song :
 Right is the only seed,
 Life's path with flowers will throng.

Right is the only shield,
Here Satan's darts defy ;
Right is the banner bright,
That ever should wave on high.

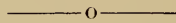
Right is the power that leads
The soldier in the fight ;
Right is a star that shines,
Throughout Life's darkest night.

Right is the truest love
That hearts can here caress ;
Right is the only hand
That justice loves to press.

Right, in time will bring
Honor on every name ;
Right is indeed a crown
Which honesty may claim.

Right is the only prayer
That soothes the dying bed :
Right is known to live,
Years after we are dead.

Right, at the throne of bliss,
 Stands in a robe of white ;
 Where through endless years,
 Wrong will be changed to Right.



HOMES UPON THE HILL.



Go when the lovely Spring has come,
 Where the farmer ploughs the soil ;
 Where, songs of birds from tree-tops ring
 Making light his toil.

Go when summer's joys appear,
 When Nature comes to stay ;
 And see the lambkins sporting then,
 On the hillside far away.

Go where the harvest richly crowns,
 The fields with golden grain ;
 And watch the rosy hue of morn,
 When the moon begins to wane.

Now turn I pray to city life,
Where fashion with its vice :
Some feeble souls and shallow hearts,
Along its road entice.

And to the den where liquor flows,
Which poor men's earnings win ;
We see the low degraded look,
From souls steeped in sin.

And further still the gambler's hall,
Where youths do often stray ;
Who come from homes unknown to vice,
But soon become a prey.

And in those lanes where squalor rise,
There temptation be ;
To stain sweet children's hearts with sin,
From which they should be free.

Now look again on country life,
And tell me if you will :
Are not the purest things of life,
'Round homes upon the hill.

GIVE ME BEAUTIFUL SPRING.



O give me beautiful Spring,
When nature her gifts bestow ;
When the lovely landscape here,
Is crowned with a verdant glow.

O give me beautiful Spring,
When the world seems bright and gay ;
When no shades of sorrow appear,
And ever seems passed away.

Then give me beautiful Spring,
There's joy in her song divine :
For hope in the heart will ring,
When her light begins to shine.

'Tis in the beautiful Spring,
When flowerets throng the glen ;
Then over the hills and meadows,
The robin will sing again.

These blessings God will send,
Who rules the seasons here ;
The beautiful Spring He'll give,
The life of all to cheer.

WINTER.

Come winter, all are waiting here,
To feel thy piercing dart ;
And to see the joys you bring,
To crown each youthful heart.

And hear of every laddie here,
And every lassie gay ;
Who'll sleighing go with jingling bells,
Along the snowy way.

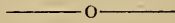
While over hills and hollows rides
The small boy on his sled ;
Who thinks the joys of Winter come,
To crown his youthful head.

And so shall you, when in time,
Doth his smiling face appear ;
And hear his merry, merry shout,
Which echoes far and near.

His finger tips are cherry red,
And yet he answers still ;
“ A boy you know is never cold,
While coasting down the hill.”

But now that summer's joys have fled,
 And, I fail to see them more ;
 They make me wish that you had sped
 Off to some other shore.

Yet, I must make the most of you,
 For, your course has now begun ;
 Though bright within the heavens seems
 The lovely, lovely Sun.



AN OLD TREE.



An old tree near my window stands,
 Its course is almost run ;
 And yet I like this dear old tree,
 For the service it has done.

One day two little birdies came,
 And sat upon this tree ;
 If you listen I will tell to you
 What these birdies told to me,

“ ’Twas here, they said “dear mother sat,
On many a summer day ;
While we around her hopping went,
Happy in our play.”

And every nook and corner then,
In the dear old tree we knew ;
And when we saw some danger near,
Upon its branches flew.

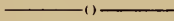
Now, that it has grown old,
Why should we not cheer?
And brighten with our songs these days,
That it may linger here.

Can we forget, it once was young,
With beauty once did thrill !
Could we forsake it, now its old,
And going down life’s hill?

Now children what the birdies said
They meant that you should hear ;
They thought your little hands were made
Some life to brighten here,

If father is no longer young
And mother has grown old
Think of the love they bear for you
The half has not been told.

Think of the time when they were young
Like you were blight and gay
And try to make their lives sublime
'Till they have passed away.



LILY OF THE VALLEY



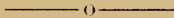
Oh sweet Lily of the Valley !
Hast thou come on fairy's wing ;
To cheer us by thy presence,
In the lovely song of Spring.

To cheer us with the hope,
That adorns thee with grace ;
And leaves its radiant light upon,
Thy sweet and tiny face.

Lightly o'er the earth now tripping,
 Unassuming in thy power :
 Yet, thy footsteps wander,
 Straight from heaven's bower.

Laden with a mission,
 Hastening in thy flight ;
 This earth to crown with gladness,
 In thy robe of white.

Now, tell us sweet, sweet Lily,
 Have the angels said :
 Peace and joy await us,
 When this life has fled.



A CHILD'S CONVERSATION WITH
 THE FLOWERS.



Oh sweet Lily, won't you tell me
 How you can be so pure
 And live upon this earthly soil
 And trials here endure.

Was it an angel brought thee?
And put thee in this place?
To fill my life with gladness,
And crown it with thy grace?

“My heart is pure,” the Lily said,
“And I have naught to fear ;
The hand which gave me life dear child,
Is ever, ever near.

I try to fill your life with joy,
All clad in gentle grace :
A life without a stain, dear one
As you read in my face.”

“And you must tell to me sweet rose,
This lovely dewy morn,
Why, each fragrant petal of your head
Is guarded by a thorn ?

And yet, there is no sweeter flower
Nor does to all impart
More tender thoughts or words of love
In every human heart?”

“ You see the gentle rose replied,
What you now call a thorn ;
Is but the weapon I received,
The moment I was born.”

“ And though I do, as you have said,
Both love and fragrance yield ;
Yet when unkindly I am touched,
I use it as my shield.

Yet, first upon my list of friends,
A nation great in power ;
Proclaims to all the world around,
I am her royal flower.

But still my heart is free from pride,
For oft' I'm seen to roam
Beside the poor man's cottage door,
To cheer his humble home.

And though the joys which I bestow,
Do sometimes go to loss ;
Yet, all my life, dear child does tell,
No crown without a cross.”

“Then spoke the simple Daisy,
 Though my dress does plain appear ;
 Beside that of the Lily,
 And the Rose which all love dear.

With the sweet Spring, to caress me,
 And young hearts all full of glee ;
 I will envy not the Lily,
 Nor the Rose where'er they be.

For what can e'er be sweeter ?
 Than what I often meet ;
 The dimpled hands of childhood ?
 And the patter of its feet ?

“And, what say you sweet violet ?
 Does joy reign in your heart ?
 Or, does modesty forbid you ?
 To add to life a part ?

“Nay !” the violet gently answered,
 I, with love am truly blessed ;
 For, to the hearts of ladies,
 I am often fondly pressed.

“ Then out sang all the flowers,
From each secluded spot ;
Lead by the blue-bell, and the pansy,
And the sweet forget-me-not.

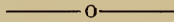
We are gifts sent here from Heaven,
And sweet Nature leads the way ;
All the kindness you may show us,
We will double now repay.

For the Hand which made creation,
Has to us given birth ;
And has sent us with this mission,
That we beautify the earth.

And to lighten every sorrow,
Of every creed and race ;
This mission now has draped us,
In a trailing robe of grace.

So farewell dear little maiden,
The sweet flowers all replied :
Now put your trust alone in God
Who always will provide,

And try like us, to make your life,
 All free from every dross ;
 So when your days on earth are passed,
 Your friends, will mourn your loss."



LITTLE EDDIE AT THE BROOK.



Oh you pretty little fishes !
 I have only come to stay
 A little while upon these banks,
 To watch you at your play.

Indeed I have no rod or line,
 Or bait to bring me gain,
 Nor hook to put within your gills
 To make you suffer pain.

How very sad your mother should
 Feel within this brook,
 If she saw her baby fish
 Caught by a naughty hook.

So please do not hide yourselves
For I am all alone
And never would I be so cruel
To take you from your home.

Which I know is filled with music,
That from the brooklet flow ;
Guarding you from wicked things
That naughty children know.

And everywhere upon these banks,
Through all the summer hours
In dainty clusters, sweet and fresh
Bloom the lovely flowers,

Which will often bring me hither
When I can longer stay ;
And watch you from those mossy banks,
Happy in your play.

LITTLE ELSIE'S DREAM.

Lo ! slumbering sweet among the flowers,
Young Elsie now is seen ;
Her motions tell some joyous scene,
Appears within the dream.

Her little hands are tightly clasped,
And this her smile betrays ;
That she in ecstasy does hear,
The music of the waves.

She looks upon the rolling waves,
As they dash upon the beach ;
One tiny hand she stretches now,
Their snowy foam to reach.

A cry of joy escapes her lips
For then to fair winds blew ;
The lovely sails of a stately ship,
Manned by a gallant crew.

Her father now to sea had gone,
Twelve long months or more,
And daily little Elsie watched,
For his ship upon the shore.

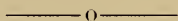
Once to her his ship appears
On the raging billows tossed ;
Where many a wretched sailor in
That hurricane was lost.

Then she dreams that o'er the seas,
Came news from another strand ;
Where an uncle rich, a castle leaves,
To her in foreign land.

Now twice before her slumbering eyes
This same sweet vision came ;
She woke, and fell asleep again
And still she dreamt the same.

While nearer drew the noble ship
At length it reached the shore
Two loving arms then her embraced
To never leave her more.

Her father's loving words she hears
 "No sea will ever part
 Or make me leave my darling here
 To break her tender heart."



WELCOMING THE WANDERER.

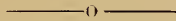


Oh see the angels standing
 In those regions fair ;
 Listening for some footsteps
 Fast approaching there.

Hear the voice of Jesus,
 Filled with tender love :
 Welcoming the wanderer
 To the Home above.

"Here," He softly whispers,
 "You are ever free ;
 From those earthly crosses
 That surrounded thee."

Then the angels singeth
 Marching round the throne ;
 Welcome weary wanderer
 Welcome, welcome home.



THE CHARMS OF THE SEA.



To a lover of the sea there can be no more beautiful scenery than that which the sea presents.

The sea can never fail to impress all who behold it, as a great work formed by an all powerful hand. Its power and grandeur become more deeply impressed upon our minds as we walk its pebbled beach-shore on a summer's day, and watch the lovely waves rush from its heaving bosom, and dash their snowy sprays upon its sunny beach.

The sea is a part of nature and around it, more or less, the works of nature love to cling. The rocks stand with their hoary heads upraised, while the waves from the sea are seen to come, and then in playful mood, dash against their sides or send their sprays over them.

Grassy banks are seen to surround this grand body of water, and charm it with their wild flowers.

To add to its charms, tiny barks, without sign of fear, with sails spread, sail proudly over it, while larger vessels plough

through its deep waters, loaded with human freight, that have come to enjoy the pleasure, which the sea holds for all. At last the shades of evening fall. Then the sweet song of the waves for a time breaks the stillness. Soon a sad voice from the past is heard to break in upon its melody, till we become convinced they are:—

THE VOICES OF THE SEA.

While I gazed on the deep blue sea
 Where the white-capped waves still roll;
 A voice I heard, I hear it now,
 Its music fills my soul.

This voice then whispered in mine ear,
 Its tones were rich and rare;
 "Be thankful for life's blessings here,"
 Then died upon the air.

I listened and the voice came back,
 And cried: "Behold thy Maker's hand!"
 See all the wonders it has wrought,
 On sea as well as land!"

Without His power no ship or bark
 Their snowy sails could soar,
 Across these restless foaming waves,
 That dash upon my shore.

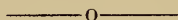
Another voice then seemed to come
 It rose from depths unknown ;
 The music of the waves then ceased
 'Neath its sad wailing moan.

Give back ! give back, the sad voice wailed.
 To rest within life's bower ;
 Those loving hearts, those tears that fell
 And sank beneath your power.

The sweet voice of the sea replied,
 Why mourn still the past?
 Why darken life's sweet sunshine here,
 By sorrow's withering blast.

The past was never, never known.
 To come again to stay ;
 For life itself keeps rolling on,
 And soon will pass away.

In life, dark waves must sometimes roll,
 They come and go at will,
 Yet there's a Hand, their power can stay
 Whose voice says, "Peace! be still!"



WILL THE ROBIN COME TO-DAY.



O mother will the Robin come
 To-day from yonder hill;
 And take the tiny chunks I leave,
 Upon the window sill?

Will it leave its warm nest
 A while with me to stay?
 And sit upon the oaken bough,
 And sing its sweetest lay?

I love to hear his merry song
 It is so full of cheer;
 It seems to say, with birds and flowers,
 Spring is drawing near.

Coming after winter's voice,
His tones sound rich and rare ;
They seem to burst like golden lights,
Upon the balmy air.

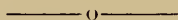
Then the bleating lambs will roam,
And frolic on the hill ;
And through the dells at eventide,
Will sing the Whip-poor-will.

Then, when nature is bestowing,
Those gifts to earth and men ;
Tell me ! tell me dearest mother !
Will the Robin come again ?

When the gentle voice of nature,
O'er this earth will lightly float
Waking every blade and leaflet,
By her soft and thrilling note.

Then, with beauty far surpassing,
Any work of painter's art,
Will those gems that she'll bestow,
Bring sweet hope to every heart.

When these blessings gather round her,
 And will follow in her train
 Then my child, with songs to cheer us
 Will the Robin come again.



WATERSPOUT OFF OAK BLUFFS, COT-
 TAGE CITY, AUGUST 1896.

The glorious sun rose that morn,
 O'er verdure hills and fields of corn :
 O'er placid lakes and woodlands green
 Which lent enchantment to the scene.

The dimpled waves rolled on the shore,
 And near was heard, each splashing oar
 Of little crafts, whose boatmen guide,
 Serenely o'er the restless tide.

But, when the hour of noon drew near,
 Lo ; strange scenes upon the sky appear :
 The birdies homeward swiftly flee,
 The flowerlets droop upon the lea.

For angry clouds are gathering fast,
And o'er the sun their shadows cast ;
One cloud, a funnel-shape it seems
Soon in various colors beams.

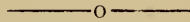
Each home is left with open door,
Inmates hasten to the shore ;
Old age and youth together plod
To see this glorious work of God.

Oh see the Waterspout ! they cry,
The clouds are forming from the sky :
Their eyes at once the heavens seek,
To find, the firey fluids pointed streak.

The silent stars are watching near,
A little gleam of sun appear ;
And by its lovely golden ray,
Is seen the ocean's working spray.

In this cloud, so soon to pass
Like many, o'er our lives are cast
To lead our thoughts to regions high,
To a fairer home beyond the sky.

Why should our hearts now shrink with fear,
 Our Father's hand is very near ;
 Does He not rule each troubled wave?
 And all our lives beyond the grave?



LIFE'S SECRETS.



'Tis not of't in marble halls,
 Life's brightest smiles are seen ;
 But often there on beds of down,
 Lie troubled hearts I ween.

Nor always in some churches great
 That purest prayers are said ;
 But of't within some garret walls,
 Beside the lowly bed.

'Tis not of't when riches come,
 That hearts prove true as gold ;
 But sometimes to their dearest friends,
 Do suddenly grow cold,

'Tis not of't in friendships smile,
That all seems pure and best ;
But often in the passing glance,
We see deception rest.

'Tis not of't in honeyed words
True thoughts from hearts are spoken ;
But of't we see kind deeds express,
Through sweet affection's token.

'Tis sometime not in stations high
That Honor paves the road
But often in Life's lowly walks,
He takes up his abode.

Then till the sun shall rise no more
It is decreed to be ;
That life's secrets will their shadows cast
Out upon its sea.

VISIT TO MT. HOPE.

Has no poet's eye ere sought,
The charms that nature here has wrought?
Upon this Mount where often sped
The Indian, in his snow-bound sled?

Have flowers through years bloomed here in vain,
And mingled not in poet's strain?
Or spreading oaks whose goodly store,
Kept hunger from the Indian's door?

Where children sat, and laughed, and played,
Or by the lovely ocean strayed;
Whose white capped waves still rolling be,
Nor lost through years, their melody.

Beneath the glorious skies of morn,
Now comes no sound of huntsman's horn:
No war-whoop cry is echoing there
Nor savage yell bursts on the air.

The summit reached, the eye may scan,
Each lovely work of nature's plan:
'Tis here alone she reigns supreme
And well repays a poet's dream.

No worthless place can here be found,
 For nature tills no barren ground ;
 The rocks with shrubs and flowerets meet,
 And you in wild profusion greet.

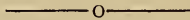
But ah ! where is the light canoe,
 That o'er the dashing waves once flew :
 With Indian Chief and maid who plight,
 Their troth beneath the pale moon's light.

Oh Savage Chief, could'st thou not see !
 No wigwam fires should burn for thee ;
 Unless content to sow and plough
 And earn bread by the sweat of thy brow.

Among those scattered woodlands green,
 Where dried roots and moss-grown trunks are
 seen,
 And rocks that might to us relate
 Of white men's council and savage fate.

Of whom there's none left now to tell,
 Save a stone that marks where their chieftain
 fell ;
 And Nature gave his tombstone here,
 And decks his grave from year to year.

Where little brooks, sweet murmurings flow
 Which cheer the home of the fallen foe ;
 O'er which the sun now seeks its flight,
 And crowns Mt. Hope with a golden light.



AN OLD ARMCHAIR.



Perhaps you think as I have thought,
 So many years ago ;
 True happiness can only come,
 Where wealth is known to flow.

True happiness is not a flower,
 That wealth can e'er bestow ;
 Unless the heart provides the soil,
 Where it can live and grow.

The soil of life needs all our care,
 And this we must expect ;
 That thorns come instead of flowers,
 If we its wants neglect.

I, too, once thought my lot was hard,
That sorrow was my share,
But loving voices call me now
“The dear old armchair.”

While a manly form beside me,
Express in tones that's low ;
'Twas here dear mother often sat
So many years ago.

I'm no longer loved for beauty,
For you never once could trace :
A single line of talent
Upon my humble face.

Yet, why the tears should often gather,
In eyes that rest on me,
Is a puzzle I can't fathom
No matter where I be.

So I leave to you the secret,
And I know you'll judge it fair ;
Why such tender thoughts still hover,
Around a poor old arm chair ?

It may be for, I've safely kept
What Time alone has traced ;
The treasure that my master's hand,
Within my bosom placed.

Now, for this change so faithfully kept,
Affection raised a throne ;
Where I'm to rest and end my days
Within this dear old home.

Where I did neither pine nor fret,
But tried to do my share ;
And now 'tis said, " There's nothing like
The poor old armchair."

So take your burden in this life
And bear it with a will,
And don't stand groaning at the foot,
But try to climb the hill.

And let each act, that rules your life,
With wisdom ever blend ;
For naught can prove so good to you,
As being your own best friend.

And claim your secrets all your own,
 So none may judge unfair :
 Then some day you may find a friend,
 Like the poor old armchair.



“How beautiful the appearance of an Autumn sunset is,” has often been said by the lovers of nature.

While looking towards the heavens, they see in the western skies, the lovely declining rays of the sun, casting around their golden hue.

The trees, whose leaves have already begun to change, appear to us more beautiful, 'neath the reflecting rays of the sun. Clouds have cast their shadows over him, yet they have not marred his beauty.

The last impression he leaves with us, is grand, and lasting. Creation is indeed our life book of study. Through her we see this wonderful work set in the heavens, which teaches us that our course while on earth should be such that may enable us to leave behind those impressions that will beautify our whole lives.

AN AUTUMN SUNSET.

Lo ! out upon the region west
 The sun his power has spread
 And tinged the sky like Autumn's leaves
 When all their youth has fled.

Yet, I would chide him for his flight,
Or gladly bid him stay
And give him back this golden scene,
For one more brilliant ray.

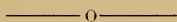
But now I see, he hastens on,
Some other clime to cheer,"
While now the gentle moon is nigh,
Her silver rays appear.

Yet, while the sun still lingered here
And rested on the skies,
A thought then spread within my soul,
Which I will dearly prize.

I thought then of my Saviour's home,
Whose light is ever near
To break away each threatening cloud,
That sometimes will appear.

Was e'er a dark cloud in the sky,
Long known with us to stay ;
If from the sun there comes to us
One lovely golden ray.

Look now upon the evening sky,
 Where gather shades of night;
 His glorious power still, still remains,
 Though he is lost to sight.



A VOICE FROM THE WEST.



Why seek to spend the summer hours,
 Upon some foreign strand,
 And leave those lovely scenes to fade :
 In this fair western land?

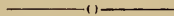
Why now forsake each flowery dell,
 Which decks this rock-bound shore
 To seek those haunts where footsteps trod,
 That never echo more?

Why traverse not the golden west,
 Where sparkling fountains rise ;
 Where precious gems still lie unsought
 Beneath those lovely skies.

Are not the fields and mountains here
 Crowned most charmingly ;
 With flowery vales where lovers roam,
 As those across the sea ?

Do not the Rocky Mountain scenes,
 Surpass each rude-built tower ;
 Which stands erect on foreign lands
 Enchanting in its power.

Yes ! Queen of Art is Nature still
 Her power is ever blest
 And long she loves to linger here
 Around the lovely West.



ON THE NEW YEAR MORN.



Oh see ! in the horizon, far, far away
 Light of this morn, dawn of a day
 And footsteps coming so feather-like free,
 Not even a shadow, mortal can see,
 Arrayed in a garb, which mystery twine,
 He bears to earth, his record of time,

While trees with their icy plumes doth sway,
 In harmony to the aspect of a wintry day;
 Who decked in a robe of spotless white
 Awaits glad tidings of a new year bright:
 From some distant realm unknown,
 Time has brought to fill his throne.

Lo! the coming breeze hears the passing strain,
 With rapture in silence is loath to remain:
 Then wafts it aloft to far spreading climes,
 Where the bright bud of Hope, around it entwine,
 Like a cool sparkling spray,
 From a fountain that falls, enriching the way.

While the bells are sending each clear note
 Far over the crystal snow to float;
 Rending aside, night's lone dark cloud,
 While each thrilling sound peals aloud
 Ringing with hope, ringing out fear,
 Ringing with joy for the coming new year.

Ring on ye bells with the endless praise,
 Ring on with hope for future bright days.
 Wring from sad hearts the tears they embrace
 Swiftly, O swiftly bring joy in their place
 And there ever remain,
 Till death with his sickle, earth's fetters unchain,

Ring out the shadows of life as they fall,
 Smooth o'er the crosses, common to all ;
 Ring to the world bright honor and fame,
 Send to the fallen again a good name,
 Crush temptation, shatter its snare
 Banish forever, the look of despair.

Strengthen the hearts, that are noble and pure,
 Ring away vices that always allure
 Ring out from the world hatred and strife
 Ring in sweet contentment, the blossom of life ;
 Whose fragrance is sure,
 The world's cold scorn here to endure.

Ring honor to crown each heart's plighted vow
 Ring in pure virtue, to garland youth's brow,
 Ring for the dying a soothing strain
 Softly to slumber 'neath death's cruel pain,
 So their souls in their flight,
 May pass in peace to realms of light.

Ring on, ring ever in cheerful note,
 While over life's restless sea we float ;
 That every record on earth that land
 Each message is sealed by God's own hand ;
 Proclaim aloud in notes that's clear
 Christ is Ruler of every new year.

WHAT A LITTLE GIRE SAID ON SEEING
A WILD ROSE.

A little maid one morning
To a lovely wild rose said,
“I wish I was a flower like you
With dew-drops on my head.”

“I really fink I envy you,
You look so good and sweet ;
In your pretty dress of pink and white,
And no lessons to repeat.”

“I wish dear child,” the rose replied,
“That I like you could say,
Some loving friend a tear would shed
When I have passed away.”

“I am loved for grace and beauty,
They are my mission here ;
And yet each passing joy I'd give
For sweet Affection's tear.”

MOUNT KATHDIN'S STREAM.

Charming is this little brook,
Which down the mountain flows :
Dancing round each crag and mound
Singing as it goes,

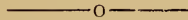
Speeding through some fairy dell
All alone at night,
Never seems to weary grow.
In its onward flight.

Well I know some mission,
It has here to do ;
And the flowers and meadows
Seem to know it too.

Oh how I am longing !
Upon its banks to lean :
And watch again those pretty fishes,
Swimming through its stream,

While I listen to each note
 The lark is sure to sing ;
 Till every vale and mountain near,
 With music seems to ring.

And there in winter weather,
 While snow drifts yet remain :
 This little clear and sparkling stream
 Is running just the same.



THE LITTLE MAIDENS' THOUGHTS.



Near a grand and stately mansion,
 Stood two little maids one day :
 Looking then upon the terrace,
 Through which nature's charms lay.

First stands peerless, dark-eyed Alvah,
 Tall is she for summers nine :
 Telling of the various ways
 She intends to pass her time.

“ I shall never when I'm older,
This dear Alice you will see ;
Waste my time in tracts and missions,
On the road of Charity,

I will own silks and laces,
Prancing steeds shall be mine
Hunting, driving, paying visits,
Often I shall pass my time.

Then she added looking round her,
With a graceful haughty air ;
I shall dress in height of fashion,
Diamonds sparkling in my hair.

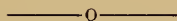
Now dear Alice, while you listened,
Unto all I had to say,
Don't you think, with such pleasures,
Time will quickly pass away.”

“ Then spoke gentle blue-eyed Alice,
Who a rose-bud sought to reach ;
Who was known to fondly cherish,
Things that Christ loved to teach.

I would rather not have riches,
 If through it, I should grow vain
 If I could not feel for others,
 When obliged to suffer pain.

I would rather help the orphan,
 Who is left without a home ;
 Than to waste my time in pleasure,
 When a lady I am grown.

Than to own both silks and laces,
 Or be decked in jewels fine ;
 Rather crowned with deeds of kindness,
 This is how I'll pass my time.



THE HAPPY BAREFOOT BOY.



How can wealth bring every blessing?
 Or obtain here every joy !
 When I find that pleasure springs,
 From the heart of a barefoot boy.

When I met him, he was trudging,
Whistling tunes he claimed his own ;
While across his youthful brow,
Scarce six summers yet had flown.

Yet the patches on his jacket,
Did not seem to crush his joy ;
Nor the old straw hat so tattered,
Told no wealth of the barefoot boy.

But the smile of sweet contentment,
Which of wealth claims no part
Yet, it led me to the chamber,
Of a pure and honest heart.

Close beside him, well I knew it !
Stood his humble cottage home ;
Where the ivy and the mosses
Round it many years had grown.

Then I saw, still in the orchard
Resting near an apple tree,
The same ladder, rungs now missing
That had of't been climbed by me.

Little man, I thus addressed him,
Can you afford to happy be?
While thy richer neighbors reap
Seeds they sowed of misery?

Sweet then came his childish answer,
While his eyes danced with joy ;
I'm grandpa's only comfort,
Though I am a barefoot boy.

O keep on dear child forever
In the path that you now tread,
Cheer those aged and weary footsteps,
'Till they are numbered with the dead.

Then, some day, may come those blessings,
Which may fill your life with joy ;
Ah ! tell me if you'r happier then,
When a whistling barefoot boy?



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