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Frances B. M. Brotherson.

POEMS

OF

MRS. FRANCES B. M^{rs} BROTHERSON

PUBLISHED BY HER DAUGHTERS

PEORIA, ILLINOIS

1880

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Frances B.

Her daughters

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TO

THE BELOVED

WHETHER ON EARTH OR IN HEAVEN.

“ FILLED WITH A TONE—OH, NOT FOR DEATHLESS FAME,
BUT A SWEET, HAUNTING MURMUR OF MY NAME,
WHERE IT WOULD REST.”

PREFACE.

As it had long been the purpose of our dear mother to collect these poems in a volume for the sake of those who loved her, and as since her death many requests have come to us that this should still be done, we offer this volume to her friends and to the public. We have made no attempt to arrange the poems in order of writing, or to classify them. We have omitted some of a local and periodical interest, because of their length, but it has been our intention to publish all of her shortest poems, and we have tried faithfully to collect them all. It is a matter of real sorrow to us that the work could not be done by her own loving hands and under her careful supervision, but as this could not be, we have tried, as well as was in our power, to do it in her dear stead. We feel very sure of the indulgence of our friends in their judgment of our work, and trust that this memorial of her may find its way into the homes of all who loved her, and are glad to remember "her work and labor of love" while yet among us.

LUCIE BROTHERTON TYNG.

MARTHA BROTHERTON REYNOLDS.

Peoria, Dec. 7, 1880.

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POEMS



THE HYMN OF THE PILGRIMS.

It rose amid the forest aisles,
'T was borne upon the breeze,
That high, free anthem! blending deep
With nature's harmonies.
It circled round the great white throne,
A tribute to the Power,
Whose hand had steered their gallant bark
In danger's darkest hour.

It rose amid the forest aisles,
It floated to the sky,
The full heart's melody — whose tones
Were never born to die.
And tears bedewed full many a cheek,
While joy lit up the eye,
As thus, with lips of praise, they might
A tyrant power defy.

Soul spake to soul — one mystic band,
In gentle fetters bound ;
As thus they worshipped fearlessly
And made it holy ground.
And bending low the reverent knee,
Arose the tones of prayer,
Thanks for a sleepless watch and ward,
A Father's kindly care.

The memories of their father-land,
The charms of native shore,
Forsaken hearth-stones, wonted paths
That know their steps no more —
Were naught to the one glorious thought
Within each noble soul,
That they were free to worship God,
Safe from man's stern control.

Free! free! how echoed forth those words
Amid the leafy shade,
Where many a whispering forest tree
Melodious murmurs made.
They echoed by the singing stream,
Old ocean caught the sound,
And chanted forth from deepest caves,
Its harmonies profound.

The Pilgrim's hymn! It soundeth still
On shore and surging sea;
The world doth sing its blessedness,
A mighty minstrelsy!
On desert sands, in ice bound elimes,
Is heard its echoed tone,
In the calm joyfulness and peace
The faithful heart hath known.

When failing footsteps wander down
Where death's dark waters glide,
It sounds above the rolling wave,
Above the stormy tide.
It cheers the spirit through the vale,
When earthly scenes grow dim,
And 'midst the shadows gathering *there*
Is heard the Pilgrim's Hymn.

Undying, still its echoes float
Up to the pearly gate,
Where ransomed souls pass gently in,
And crowns no longer wait.
Amid the glittering, countless ranks,
Evangels — cherubin —
The music of the white-robed throng
Is still the Pilgrim's Hymn.

THE SNOW.

Softly, and pure as an angel's wing,
Thou floatest to earth, oh! beautiful thing;
Seeming to come from the azure bowers
With jewelled robes for this world of ours;
On the mountain high, in the valley low,
Is hailed thy coming, white sheeny snow—
A boon to gladden the hearts of all,
A wreath for the winter's festival.

The voice of childhood rings gaily out,
The joyous call, and the happy shout;
Light kindleth up in unshadowed eyes,
Joy waketh mirthful and fond replies;
The boyish feet—how they bound away!
Roaming in gladness the livelong day,
As though never a sorrow could find a part
In the new found joy of each happy heart.

And I sit and think, as the snow-flakes fall,
Of one who sleeps 'neath their pure white pall,
A graceful form — from our vision hid —
A fair face — under the coffin lid ;
I hear no tones like his pleasant voice,
No words like his make my heart rejoice,
And a requiem strain floats around life's way,
For the child whose presence has passed away.

In the vanished year, when the white snow fell,
He shouted with gladness his joy to tell,
That voice of sweetness, so clear and fair,
We heard its music, now here, now there ;
And over the ice-bound and snow-clad street,
Rang the tireless tread of those little feet,
Quiet their echoes — they faded away
From their wonted pathway one winter's day.

I sit and think how the years will go,
Blest by the fall of the beautiful snow —
That greetings shall echo from young, red lips,
While his shall be sealed amid Death's eclipse ;
I shall hear the mirth of each boyish band,
And turn to think of his folded hand,
And the sunshine streaming from yonder sky
Shall waken thoughts of his slumbering eye.

Oh! gentle snow — with thy white wing come,
Decking with beauty his lowly home,
Fold thy pure arm o'er his pulseless breast,
Gem with thy jewels his quiet rest ;
Though his pure spirit hath passed away
To the radiant light of unshadowed day,
Remembering the child that hath loved thee so,
Crown his pale slumbers, oh, beautiful snow !

HYMN.

sung at the Consecration of Bellefontaine Cemetery, St. Louis, Missouri.

Our Father! with a holy trust
And faith, we come before thee now;
Look down upon this hallowed dust,
As low before thy Throne we bow.

Wilt thou not grant that we may deem
The grave an entrance to the sky;
A prelude to a long bright dream,
And glories hid from mortal eye?

A passage to that radiant shore,
Where golden harps give back such notes
As seraphs only number o'er,
And bliss in sweetest measure floats?

And as we lay each cherished one
To rest, amid this shade and bloom,
Father! be life for them begun,—
A deathless life beyond the tomb.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

“Whose dwelling is the light of setting sun,—and the deep ocean,—and the living air,—and the blue sky,—and the mind of man.”

“Let there be light”—through the vast realm of Heaven,
That mighty tone thrilled on the angel band;
While a new life seemed to each seraph given,
An added radiance filled that Eden land.

As our fair world awoke in pristine glory,
Amid the rosy rays that gleamed around,
Telling, in speaking silence, the glad story
Of the rich splendor that Creation crowned.

Floating so gently from the cloudless azure,
An angel presence came on glittering wing,
To be a dweller 'mid earth's new-found brightness,
And to its bowers a blessedness to bring.

It left its impress on each starry trembler,
That sheds its golden glory from on high,
And bade them ever keep untiring vigils,
With the calm watching of an angel's eye.

It hath a voice throughout the realm of Nature,
We find its footprints through the forest aisles,
Where the unfolding of its shining pinion
Awakes a wreath of sunshine and of smiles.

O'er the wide world we mark its fairy wandering,
By the blue sea it keeps a wonted place,
No towering mountain, not a vale so lowly,
But of the angel presence bears a trace.

Beside the violet's home it loves to linger,
Within the lily's bell and rose's blush,
Waking, like echoes from a fairy finger,
The fountain's flow and rippling water's gush.

And when I gaze upon each spray and leaflet,
Waving so gently on the perfumed air,
I look so fondly for the passing presence,
For well I know the angel hath been there.

It bringeth to the heart full many a blessing,
We keep its impress on beloved tones,
And every cherished smile it wreaths with fondness,
Love's lighted glance its sacred influence owns.

It hath a joy for sorrow's darkest moment,
And gentle soothings for grief's sombre hour,
Unto the hopeless heart it comes with visions,—
That brighter life with strange and holy power.

It crowneth the beloved with a glory
More regal far than that of lip and brow,
The soul's expression, and the spirit gleaming,
Awake our worship, and we fondly bow.

A shining link to draw the soul to Heaven,
A foretaste of that world of purest bliss,
That bids us wonder what must be *its* glory,
When such revealings come to us *in this*.

Thrice happy they!—around whose daily pathway
The Beautiful doth come on angel wing,
And sweeping o'er the spirit's hidden treasure,
Calls from its depths a gentle echoing,—

Echoes which sound through life, and sweetly soothe
Its strange unrest with murmurs of delight,
Until they blend with the grand minstrelsy,
Whose strains, immortal, fill the world of light.

THE SUNSET STRAIN.

“When the sun gilds with its last rays the everlasting snow on the high cliffs of the Alps, the shepherd who has built his little chalet highest on the dizzy crags blows a shrill blast, and repeats through his horn ‘Praised be the Lord.’ The hunters who dwell around utter it again, and it is caught up and prolonged by the valleys below, while all who hear it pause in awe.”—*Travels in Europe.*

When winter rears its palace on the heights
Where Alpine snows in proud defiance rest,
In that calm hour when day doth seek repose,
And sunset’s glow is lingering in the west, —
“Praised be the Lord” resoundeth from those cliffs,
While hill, and vale, and rock, give back the notes
That in one glorious voice ascend on high,
And up to Heaven as sweetest incense floats.

When fairy Spring hath come with pleasant smile,
Treading with gentle feet each wintry height ;
When icy bands relent and melt away
Beneath the glances of her eye of light ;
Then high and clear, that strain of glorious praise
Swells out — and from the grateful heart is heard
“Praised be the Lord” — while with upspringing life,
All nature echoes back each blessed word.

When summer strews its beauty o'er those hills,
 Basking in sunshine 'neath the radiant skies,
When clinging vines with ripened fruit are filled,
 Crowning their home with green as they arise ;
Amid the undimmed beauty that doth clothe
 The hill and vale,—still at day's close is heard
From the high chalet on the towering cliffs,
 That worship tone, whose echoes Praise the Lord.

At that calm hour the shepherd hears the sound,—
 Enfolded are his lambs in pastures fair—
His heart re-echoes every welcome word,
 And now *his* murmured praise is on the air.
The weary hunter in his homeward walk,
 Flings down the chamois when that strain is heard,
And with his knee upon the fragrant turf,
 Joins in the jubilant, "Praised be the Lord."

Oh, Alpine horn — with praise perpetual thou,
 I would my heart might echo back thy notes,
Ascending to the Great White Throne on high,
 To mingle with the praise that round it floats.
I would that as each day doth pass away,
 And sunset flings its banner o'er the sky,
My voice might in a blessed tribute rise,
 To Him, who reigns the Lord of all, on high.

When Winter's icy footsteps draweth near,
 Shrouding the beauty of the Autumn's hours ;
When cometh Spring, with fairy hues of green ;
 When cometh Summer, with its golden hours ;
When glows the rose, with angel-painted hues ;
 When leafy spray is bent by bee and bird ;
When Autumn comes with treasures rich and rare,
 Be this my heart hymn — *thus my voice* be heard.

In joy and gladness — in dark sorrow's hour,—
 Amid the sunshine and the deepest shade,—
In the fair hour of bright prosperity —
 And when a chastening hand is on me laid —
When faint and feeble — when death cometh near,—
 When loving voices are no longer heard —
Through the dark valley — at the golden gate —
 My spirit's song shall be "Praised be the Lord."

THE TWO CITIES.

Not far apart they lie — these cities twain,—
O'er each the cheerful sunshine brightly streams,
And beauty, like a spirit, haunts their paths,
Such as hath come to me in pleasant dreams.

Protectingly the azure bends o'er one,
The other sleeps beneath the same blue sky,
And there are homes in each, where whispering leaves
Respond to gentle zephyrs wandering by.

One echoes back the sound of daily toil,
The step of commerce wanders through its bound,
And joyous mirth, and friendship's kindly tone
Throughout its pathways pleasantly resound.

The other is all quiet and repose,
No clashing sound floats on its summer air,
No bounding footsteps, nor the busy hand,
Nor calculating spirit, dwelleth there.

In *one* I find the smiles my heart doth love,
And hear the tones that thrill my spirits chords,
And kindly hands there greet me, with a warmth
That unto life its rarest bliss affords.

Within the *other* I have vainly yearned
For but one smile, one welcome fond and true;
I found them not — for every voice was hushed,
Each silent lip had breathed love's last adieu.

In *one* my days speed tranquilly away,
Crowned with rich mercies from my Father's hand;
Sunshine bedecks my pathway, and my brow
By many a favoring breeze from Heaven is fanned.

Some coming time, perchance not far away,
Amid the *other* I shall find calm rest,
And go, with silent heart and slumbering eye,
A quiet sleeper — to the earth's green breast.

Beyond the homes I would a city find,
Not built with hands — where many mansions fair
Reflect their radiance in Life's crystal stream,
And stand, eternal as their Builder, there.

LOVE'S LAST GOOD-NIGHT.

Inscribed to the memory of an only and beloved son.

Good night, my darling! On thy brow
Fond, loving kisses I have pressed,
As when, in childhood's happy time,
I watched above thy rosy rest.
My hand hath smoothed the shining curls
That rest around thy graceful head,
So much like life—my stricken soul
Owns not the truth that thou art dead.

Good night, my darling! My fond lips
Have rested on each folded lid,—
Forever from my longing sight
Thine eyes' expressive light is hid.
I cannot see the old glad smile
That ever warmly welcomed me,—
How shall I live without its light,
Save on the shrine of memory.

Good night, my darling! Oh, how chill
The pressure of thy cold, cold lips—
Their wonted hue and warmth all gone,
So pallid in life's sad eclipse.
Countless the kisses they have left
Upon my lips, and cheek, and brow ;
Countless the loving, tender words,
They breathed for me—*so silent now.*

Good night, my darling! In my own
I hold thy hand, all still and pale,
That hand, whose kindness, warmth, and strength,
Was with Death's dart of no avail.
It seems to me but yesterday
When first I knew its infant clasp ;
Oh! shall I never know on earth,
Again its earnest, kindred grasp?

Fain would I linger ever here
Beside thy quiet coffin bed,
Where thou, in young and manly grace,
Wearest no look as of the dead.
The peaceful smile—the placid light
Gleaming from out thy features fair,
Speak to me of thy spirit's bliss,
That left its parting impress there.

Good night, my love! *A last good night* —
Thy cares and conflicts are all o'er,
A Heavenly Father's guiding hand
Hath led thee to a calm bright shore,
Where thy young feet shall walk in joy,
Amid its never-fading light,
And thy dear lips may never know
The anguish of *love's last good night*.

And when for me some loying one
Shall fold still hands above my breast,
And lay me gently down to sleep
My pleasant and unbroken rest,
How gladly will I clasp thy hand
And hail thee, on that angel shore,
Where Life's glad morning shall be ours,
And Death's sad night comes nevermore.

LINES.

Gently the Sabbath flung o'er the earth
 Its robe of calm repose,
And gave the heart its quietude,
 Its beauty to disclose.
The peace of God — exceeding all,
 Seemed stilly hovering 'round,
And dove-like o'er the spirit dwelt,
 Far in its depths profound.

My willing steps sought gladly then
 The temple of the Lord,
My soul was seeking its repast,
 The bounties of His word.
The never-failing, deathless fount
 Of that unchanging love,
Which from the depths of earthly woe,
 Its mighty strength did prove.

Sweetly the mellowed strain arose
Of music's wondrous power,
Like grateful incense to the Throne
Where angel forms adore ;
Oh, then mine eyes grew dim with tears,
For thoughts came stealing by,
Of thee, my Mother — whose fair home
Was far beyond the sky.

I thought of thee — who listened oft
To that familiar strain ;
I thought of thee — who never more,
Might hear those tones again ;
And sadly turned my tearful gaze
Upon thy vacant seat,
As though thy form, now lost to sight,
My longing eyes would greet.

Grief sadly swept my spirit's chords,
And memory's fount was stirred,
I thought upon thy gentle smile,
Each well remembered word,—
The kindly greetings I had known
From lips now pale and cold,
Came thronging o'er my saddened heart,
As fondly as of old.

Soft o'er my soul a "still small voice,"
As angel's whisper low,
Came on the wing of trusting faith,
With plumage white as snow,
And bade me know that thy high home
Was free from earthly ill,
And to the billowy waves of grief
Spoke gently—"Peace, be still."

It told me of the radiant bliss
Of yonder white-robed throng,—
It whispered of the glorious strain
That made thy angel song,—
It told of the dark valley passed,
Of the high triumph tone
That led thy feet o'er golden streets,
To joys untold, unknown.

Though gone from temples made with hands,
Thou liv'st in mansions fair:
Unto thy home our hearts go up,
And fair would linger there.
Oh! may we, when life's hours are done,
Like thee, in yon bright Heaven,
Stand in its clear, unshadowed light,
Unsinning and forgiven.

WISHES.

I wish I were a star—a quiet star,
Throned gloriously in yonder azure sky,
Shedding a flow of silvery light afar,
Like the pure radiance of a seraph's eye.
From that high home, beloved one, on thee
Forever should my raptured vision rest,—
And like a fairy dream each hour would be,
That found me thus with thy deep presence blest.

I would I were a zephyr—balmy, light,
Laden with breathings of the early spring,
I'd bathe thy lips and cheeks with a delight
Calm as the sweeping of an angel's wing;
Amid the clusters of thy shining hair
I'd linger, straying o'er that glorious brow,
Whose dignity would grace a king to wear,
When brave and loyal hearts before him bow.

I would I were a spirit bright and fair,
To guard thee from life's ills with love's own might,
Near thee for aye, at morn, or noonday's glare,
And 'mid the hush of lone, mysterious night.
Then ever at the holy twilight hour,
My tireless wing should overshadow thee,
And thou would'st bless the soothing unseen power
That moved thy soul to sweetest harmony.

It may not be—yet if in you bright world
My soul shall put a robe of glory on,
When love's broad banner o'er me is unfurled,
And golden harps proclaim my victory won,
I shall be ever near thee—thou wilt feel
Soft, sweet, low whispers 'round thy spirit come,
And unheard voices shall to thee reveal,
The radiant beauty of my far-off home.

THOUGHT.

“Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind.”

Oh! blessed gift, unchained and free,
No mortal hand can fetter thee ;
Thou spurnest a tyrant's might and power,
Though gloom and darkness 'round thee lower,
And from the depths of dark despair,
Soarest like a spirit through the air.

The frowning dungeon chills the form
That once with life and love was warm —
Hides from the sight the well beloved,
Who in dark hours their faith have proved —
But cannot hold thee! O'er the world
Thy free broad pinions are unfurled,
Stealing through strongest prison bars,
Unbounded by the shining stars.

With the beloved day by day,
Hovering around their every way,
Numbering each fond and gentle word
That in love's accents has been heard ;
Counting as treasures rich and rare
Remembered smile and feature fair ;
Retracing every look and tone,
Awoke responsive to our own.

O'er the deep ocean, dark and broad,
Thy fairy feet full oft have trod—
Scaled the proud mountain, on whose crest
Perpetual snows defiant rest—
Lingering beneath the sunny skies
Which o'er Italia's flowers arise,
Where Genius rears its sacred shrine,
Whose altars glow with sparks divine.

O'er desert plains, o'er Greenland's snow,
Unwearied do thy footsteps go ;
The mountain strain, the voice of song,
Their echoes 'round thy way prolong.
O'er the bright heather—o'er the clime,
Where hills and streams tell truths sublime,
Thy spirit roves unchecked and free :
No power of earth may fetter thee.

Listening to many a clash and clang
That o'er the battlefield has rang,
Gazing on many an upturned eye,
That for its country loves to die ;
Hearing through carnage and through flame,
From pallid lips some cherished name,—
Some faintly murmured household word,
Which the last pulse of life hath stirred.

Down to the quiet, lonely tomb,
Thought goes, unheeding death and gloom,
To linger 'round the cherished form,
The heart that once with love was warm ;
Beneath the silent valley's clod,
Where foot of man hath never trod,—
Where not one blessed word can come
To break the stillness of that home.

Through the long vista of the past,
Thought! mighty Thought! hath fled fast,
To listen to the shepherd's strain,
That echoed on Judea's plain,—
Back to the Jordan's crystal sheen,
To olive trees of rarest green,—
Back to Gethsemane's dark hour,
And clouds that dark o'er Calvary lower.

Gazing on our ascended Lord,
Borne cloud-like to his rich reward :
Passing with Him the pearly gate,
Where seraphim and cherubs wait
To hail Him, King and Lord of all,
In deathless strains, that ever fall
In one exultant, glorious tone,
Around our Father's radiant throne.

Where he of mighty faith was blest —
Where feet the fiery furnace pressed —
Unto the memorable hour
When God revealed His living power,
And through the long and fearful night,
Blent lamb-like heart with lion might,
Guarding His own with loving eye ;
That could man's wickedness defy.

Where on thy bosom, sheltering Nile,
The angels wooed an infant smile,
And guardian wings were spread around
A bark that blessed haven found.
Where roaring waters frowned so dark,
While safely sped the saving ark ;
Where sank to rest a wailing world,
Clasping the dart defiant hurled.

To Eden's garden — strangely fair —
Hearing the voices whispering there,
Watching the stealthy foe draw near
To breathe deceit in woman's ear ;
Hearing, as they with knowledge trod,
The voice of an offended God,
Who closed the gates of Paradise
Forever on their longing eyes.

Back to the hour when this fair earth,
'Neath hand divine, attained its birth,
When hill and plain and shrub and tree,
Awoke to nature's harmony ;
When shining stars stole gently out,
And joined the glad and glorious shout,
As the Creator's voice of might
Spake, thunder-toned : " Let there be light ! "

High Heaven to mighty Thought doth say :
Here shall thy wandering spirit stay ;
Thy proud feet may no farther go,
Thy soul no deeper mystery know,
Until that hour when there doth stand
Upon the sea, and on the land,
An angel form, who, gone before,
Shall tell that Time shall be no more.

ANNIE TYNG.

One pleasant day in Autumn time,
When nature sang her sweetest chime,
Through golden gates that gleam afar,
And as a bright and gliding star,
An angel wandered gently down,
Whose stainless brow wore love's own crown,
It came to us, and joy did bring—
We call that angel—Annie Tyng.

Sweet purity and native grace
Were stamped upon the cherub face ;
And as we lengthened our fond gaze,
How quickly sped the happy days.
For never weary were our eyes
With that sweet flower from Paradise,
That fragraney doth brightly fling
Along life's path — sweet Annie Tyng.

With lips of tempting coral glow,
Whose infant tones like music flow ;
With placid brow, and loving eye
Lit up with childish witchery ;
With soft brown hair, whose sunny gleam
Of jeweled radiance doth seem ;
With these, and many a pleasant thing,
Thou camest unto us—Annie Tyng.

Oh, that thy unsealed hours may be
From every cloud and shadow free ;
That Hope full many a wreath shall twine
For that unsullied brow of thine ;
That dimpled hand ! oh, may it know
The presence of affection's glow,
When it, all trustfully, shall cling
To those thou lovest—Annie Tyng.

And when thy faltering feet shall go
To tread where Jordan's waters flow ;
When 'round them riseth many a wave,
And those who love thee cannot save ;
Saviour, enclasp this precious form
Amidst the wreck of life's last storm,
And safely through the valley bring
The pilgrim feet of Annie Tyng.

Bear our beloved, then, with thee,
Through pearly gates, whence she did flee ;
Place her above the shining stars,
Where not a trace of sorrow mars ;
Crown her amid unchanging day,
Her spirit clothe in white array,
Where waveth many an angel wing—
Our peerless child—sweet Annie Tyng.

SPRING TIME.

Spring-time! thou comest with gladness now,
Smiles are enwreathing thy lips and brow ;
Thou bringest music for streamlet and rill,
And robes of beauty for valley and hill.
Oh! tame thy footstep — thou canst not know
Of a sunny head that doth rest so low ;
Soften thine accents of joyous mirth,
For its light is lost from our household hearth.

Dost thou remember those azure eyes,
Beaming with beauty caught from the skies ?
And the childish form that so gracefully
Bent low to look in the violet's eye ?
Thou hast not forgotten the gleeful shout
That rang from the fount of his happiness out !
Nor the pleasant fall of those little feet,
Ever bounding new joys to meet.

Dost thou remember his smooth white brow?
Ah, me! it dost rest in the churchyard now,
And my heart forgets, as the tears flow down,
That it weareth in glory a shining crown.
Faithless and thankless! why do I weep
That his eyes are sealed in so sweet a sleep?
Why do I long for his smile so fair,
When his home is now where the angels are?

Thou dost remember his voice of song!
Will thou not miss it when passing along?
Like a bird's it floated upon the air,
Lovingly lingered its echoes there;
Nevermore shall its sweet refrain
Gladden and brighten our home again.
Spring-time! come gently o'er valley and hill,
When that lip of melody lies so still.

Will thou not linger where he doth rest?
Strewing thy offerings o'er his hushed breast.
Will thou not, Spring-time, fond vigils keep
Over his early, unbroken sleep?
Bring there thy breathings of fragrant balm,
Treasures of sunlight, and twilight calm—
We would trace thy steps in that sacred spot,
In thy fresh heart's gladness forget it not.

In the light of that far and fadeless shore,
Where kindred footsteps fail nevermore ;
In the clime of glory, where he hath gone,
In the radiance rare of eternal dawn,
I shall meet the feet that have grown so still ;
That childish voice shall my spirit thrill ;
I shall catch the gleam of his angel wing,
As it waves 'neath the smile of Immortal Spring.

“MY JEWELS.”

Lines written while absent from my children.

I have a gentle, pensive child,
With calm and thoughtful brow,
Who cons delighted o'er the page
Of learning even now.
May years, long years, of bliss be hers,
And may each day unfold
Treasures of mind more rich and rare
Than gems of purest gold.

I have a bright-eyed, laughing child,
Who knows no grief or care,
But passes on through life as though
All things were bright and fair.
I would that she might ever be
Happy and gay as now ;
That grief might never set its seal
Upon that joyous brow.

I have a son — a third sweet one,
 Whose little playful wiles,
 And mimic airs of dignity
 Win from us love and smiles.
 An upright, onward course, be his,
 And may that childish brow,
 When days and years have passed away,
 Be free from stain as now.

My children! we are parted now,
 When do you think of me?
 When daylight slowly fades in even?
Then most I think of ye.
 When slumber closes each bright eye,
 And stills each childish tone,
 How fondly Fancy turns to thee,
 My cherished ones! my own!

And if no more each little form
 Shall greet a mother's eyes,—
 And if a dear familiar voice
 To mine no more replies,—
 'Tis sweet to know there is a clime
 Where ties no more are riven;
 'Tis sweet to think we'll meet again
 In yonder blissful Heaven.

LAUREL HILL CEMETERY.

Philadelphia.

Sweet spot, where flowers of loveliest hue
 In rich luxuriance bloom,
And forest trees their verdure wave
 O'er the unconscious tomb ;
I gaze on thee entranced, for even
 In Fancy's wildest dream,
Nought e'er appeared so sweetly fair,—
 So beautiful did seem.

Here childhood, with its sinless brow,
 Is calmly laid to rest,
The light of many a darkened home,
 The loveliest and best.
Youth sleepeth, too, 'mid bloom and shade,
 And little recks, I ween,
Of the many hopes, and visions bright,
 Which gilded life's fair scene.

Each flow'ret seems to speak to me
A language of its own.
They tell of hope and constancy,
But not of these alone.
The breath of love beyond the grave,
For those who silent lie ;
They bid the stricken heart look up
To the world beyond the sky.

How sweetly manhood resteth here,
Life's fitful fever o'er ;
The sordid, burning cares of life
Shall sear that heart no more.
And those of three-score years and ten,—
Surely to one like thee,
The grave must be a blessed spot—
Gate of Eternity !

And mighty genius* slumbers here,
A pleiad lost and gone —
Yet tones breathed from his spirit-harp
Still sweetly linger on.
Nor Time, nor Death, can ever quench
That lofty, Godlike ray ;
Perfected in a glorious world,
'Twill shine in endless day.

* Willis Gaylord Clark.

So hushed and still! I list in vain
For some familiar tone;
Each lip is mute — no voice is heard
Save echo of my own.
Farewell! and when this eye is dim,
This throbbing heart is still,
Let me be gently laid to rest
'Mid thy bloom — sweet Laurel Hill.

LOVE ON.

A reply to the Hon. Mrs. Norton's "Love Not."

What though the wreaths of Hope are made
Of flowers that fade away,—
Whose buds of beauty, in their morn,
The spoiler's blight betray?
Though with a disappointed heart,
Ye dream of brightness gone,—
Still cling to their sweet memory,
And still—*love* fondly on.

What though the thing you love may die,
And watching stars look down,
Upon that spot of calmest rest,
To place their silvery crown!—
Keep still the tenderest thoughts and true,
For the beloved and gone.
And though the days are dark and drear,—
Love on—*love* fondly on.

What though beloved eyes may change,
And cease to smile on you ;
And hands grow cold, and hearts estranged ;
And lips no longer true ;
Even then, though anguish rend the soul,
And life and light seem gone,—
Cling to the happy vanished hours.
And still—love fondly on.

Love on ! love on !—the dear one's head
Must keep its own fair crown.
Its fadeless halo Time nor Death
Can never more lay down ;
And through the long eternal years,
New glory it shall don,—
With Cherubim and Seraphim,
Whose hymn shall be—Love On.

TO ADA HUSTON HAYES.

God bless thee ! Little Ada,
In thy unshadowed years,
And ever cluster 'round thy path
Life's hopes without its fears.

My heart goes forth unto thee,
And fain would I descry
For thee a joyous future,—
A cloudless destiny.

I never yet have gazed upon
Thy happy cherub face ;
But still I often image forth
A form replete with grace.

And fancy giveth to thee
Thy mother's brow of love,—
And, too, her mild and gentle eye,
With ray as from above.

Hast thou her ringing laugh —
That sweet and bird-like tone
Whose echoes linger 'round me yet,
Although the sound be gone?

Speak for me to thy mother,
My childhood's cherished friend,—
The chosen one of youth's bright hours,
Whose soul with mine did blend.

Tell her that memory ever
Goes back to grave and flower,
And through the vista of past years,
Brings forth each buried hour.

It lingers o'er the path
We trod on learning's mount,
And bends again with deep delight
O'er the Pierian fount.

And sweetly, at its bidding,
Comes up the early dead;—
The friend *we* loved, in years gone by,—
Dust rests on her bright head.

Once more—God bless thee, Ada!
In thy unshadowed years,
And ever cluster 'round thy path
Life's hopes without its fears.

THE TWAIN.

Around one happy household hearth
They heard the same low hymn,
Whose soothing echoes floated out
When daylight's rays grew dim ;
Together at the parent's knee
They breathed their childish prayer,
And in the joyous morning hour
They knelt together there.

One treadeth still his wonted paths,
Throughout the home and hall,
And with glad voice respondeth still
To merry shout and call.
One pleasant voice we hear no more,
His feet have turned away,
Only to walk o'er shining streets,
Across heaven's dazzling way.

On one fair brow is lingering still
Life's radiant, rosy light ;
Its transient shadows come and go,
Beneath love's skies so bright ;—
Upon the other, Death hath stamped
His deep unehanging seal ;
And yet it wears a golden crown
Where Eden zephyrs steal.

The hands of one find sweet employ
In many a kindly deed,
And win sweet words of tenderness,—
Fair childhood's blessed meed.
We folded one dear pair of hands
Above a childish breast ;—
They strike, even now, a golden harp,
Amid the crowned and blest.

One yet must tread life's battle field,
To war with fierce proud foes ;
And many a conflict may be his,
E'er he shall know repose ;
His heart may know dark sorrow's eloud,
And stern affliction's hand,—
Amid the hottest of the fray,
Perchance he yet may stand.

The other rests from toil and care ;
His conflicts all are o'er ;—
The foes that gather 'round life's way
Shall vex his heart no more ;
His spirits ne'er shall know a cloud,
His soul a bitter pang ;
Nor on his ear shall ever fall,
Life's jarring clash and clang.

Oh, blessed sleeper ! who on earth
Hath happiness like thee ?
We yield thee up, the Saviour's arms
Thy place of rest to be ;
And when death comes with icy hand,
To chill thy brother's heart,
May he, in thy high blessedness,
Have everlasting part.

LOVE'S MESSENGER.

“ Among the superstitions of the Senecas, is one remarkable for its singular beauty. When a maiden dies, they imprison a young bird until it first begins to try its powers of song, and then, loading it with messages and caresses, they loose its bonds over her grave, in the belief that it will not fold its wings, nor close its eyes, until it has flown to the spirit land, and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost.”

Away thou bird! on fleetest pinions go,
We wait to miss thee in yon azure high;
Love's holiest treasures on thee we bestow,
Which thou wilt bear to climes beyond the sky.

Falter not till Peri like hast won
An entrance into Paradise, where dwells
The cherished one that from our side hath gone,—
Whose vacant seat our tale of sorrow tells.

If there be one amid the angel band,
Whose golden harp gives back *the* sweetest tone;
If 'mid the bright and fair, in that blest land,
One seemeth *brightest, fairest*, 'tis our own.

Our own! — thou'lt know her by the gentle smile,
Soothing the soul like whisperings from heaven;
And by the love-lit eye, whose gleam meanwhile
Shalt vie with starry crowns to seraphs given.

On that young head the precious burden shower,
Familiar household greetings, — *that* caress
Whose faintest murmur had the magic power
To wake her soul to deepest tenderness.

Tell her, within *that* heart there is a shrine
Deep, deep, — on which no mortal eye may look, —
Where glows her image, changeless and divine,
Whose *deathless power* long hopeless years can brook.

Tell her how we have mourned her; that the eyes
That smiled upon her youth have tearful grown;
The lips that breathed her childhood's melodies,
Like broken harp-strings, tremble in their tone.

Tell her that when our wonted vesper hymn
Floats mournfully and cloud-like up to Heaven,
Young hearts are sad, and flashing eyes are dim
With memories of the link from Love's chain riven.

Tell her that every "tree and flower" she loved
Seems like an angel presence to our eyes ;
The silver stream and fount by which she roved,
Glow with a halo shed from out the skies.

From that far spirit-clime, sweet bird, return ;—
Bring us fond tidings from that land of rest.
How will our waiting spirits hope and yearn
For Love's own token from our *crowned and blest*.

LINES.

“ There are voices whose music I have loved full well,
Eyes of deep gentleness that are afar.”

The gorgeous rays that tell the sun at rest,
Have faded like the pageantry of dreams ;
Not faintest trace of gold in yonder West,
To tell how bright, how glorious were its beams.

Twilight is gathering 'round me — the fair lake
Has hushed its wavelets to unbroken sleep ;
No ripples on its placid bosom break,
As deepening shadows gently o'er it creep.

The live-long day the gold and azure sky
Hung smilingly above it, clondless, bright ;
Its mirrored beauties seeming e'er to lie
Far down amid the depths of liquid light.

My heart is sad — for boundless thought doth fly
To linger 'round the absent and beloved ;
And memory sits brooding, dove-like, by,
Its blessed power, who loves and has not proved ?

It breathes of many a dear and cherished tone,
Whose echoes linger ever 'round my heart ;
Of eyes whose light fell fondly on mine own ;
Of quivering lips, when fate had bid us part.

Mainly since that dark hour my soul hath yearned
For life's glad music which it oft hath known ;
For words and looks that from my path seemed turned,
For blissful hours, now gone — forever gone.

Now as I muse, and many a silvery star
Sheds its mild radiance on my upturned brow,
I know they look on those I love afar,
Even as their gaze seems resting on me now.

Hope gently whispers that the same blue sky
That gleams above *them* doth o'ershadow me ;
That though long weary miles between us lie,
Fondly united we again shall be.

How shall I joy to gaze upon each face !
And catch each blessed murmur as of yore !
Oh ! Time, I charge thee, leave thou not thy trace ;
Unchanged to me each cherished one restore.

LINES.

TO JULIET L. BOSTWICK.
"Though lost to sight to memory dear."

There was a time — a blessed time,
When "we sat side by side,"
Breathing a changeless trust and love,
Whatever might betide.
I listened to each uttered thought,
Fresh from thy loving heart,
And never dreamed that coming years
Should find us far apart.

Brightly, as though on angel wings,
Sped on those happy hours ;
And every path we gaily trod
Was radiant with Hope's flowers.
When 'round my home, my own dear home,
Thy cheerful accents fell,
They woke within my heart a thrill —
Thine was Affection's spell.

There came an hour, a dark sad hour —
 There came a “last fond night;”
Around me were the *friends* whose love
 Had made life all so bright.
I felt how changed this world would be—
 I *knew* that we must part.
Hope’s fearful knell was in mine ear,
 Despair around my heart.

Soon, soon the final moment came —
 Our sad farewell was spoken ;
And quivering lips and tearful eyes
 Proclaimed each fond tie broken.
Oh ! no — not broken — for I know
 There is a mystic thread
That ever bindeth soul to soul,
 Though love’s last words be said.

Thou lingerest still in those dear haunts,
 And I am far away.
Beauty is gleaming ’round my path,
 And sparkling waters play.
And yet I turn from all, to muse
 On cherished ones afar,
Whose image shines in memory’s heaven
 As some bright worshipped star.

Thou dost not know what untold wealth
My soul hath garnered up.
Looks, words, and smiles, that memory keeps —
Bright jewels in life's cup.
Oh, lay such treasures up, beloved,
When glows love's summer sky ;
A dark, a wintry day may come,
When sorrow's gale sweeps by.

God bless thee! — may an angel's hand
Strew brightness 'round thy way ;
And if our last farewell be said
In bright eternal day,
Oh, be it mine again to hear
Each fond, familiar tone ;
No crown more starry in that world,
Sweet JULIET! than thine own.

THOUGHTS AT TWILIGHT.

Thy cheek was pale, my own sweet friend,
When last I pressed thy brow,
And the sad notes of thy farewell
Steal o'er my spirit *now* ;
Like the lone music of the shell,
They murmur ever on
In requiem tones, o'er vanished joys
And hours forever gone.

Yet 'tis a bliss for me to know
That yonder azure sky
That hangs in beauty o'er *me* now,
Shadows *thee* from on high.
That from their high and glorious home,
Each silent silvery star
Whose quivering light beams on *thy* brow
Looks on *me* from afar.

And 'tis a bliss to think upon
Some future golden hour,
When we shall meet again, and love
Come with its wonted power.
How like rich melody will fall
Thy words upon mine ear,
When I shall linger at thy side
And list to accents dear.

God bless thee! from my inmost heart
Comes forth a yearning prayer
That if I meet thee not on earth,
I shall *where angels* are,
In yonder radiant, love-lit elime
No cherished ties are broken,
And through a long eternity
No farewell word is spoken.

THE MOTHER'S GRAVE.

“There is a superstition among the Indians that if a child is laid upon its mother's grave, she makes herself known to it, conversing with it in dreams, and soothing all its fears.”

The summer sun, with burning rays
Hath brightened hill and plain,
And Heelehdee, we seek thy grave,
We come to thee again ;
For through the watches of the night
Thy darling mourned for thee ;
Vain, vain were all our fondest words —
A stricken lamb is he.

Thou lovest him well, thine own fair boy,
And thought his voice of mirth
Thy sunshine and thy blessing, too —
Thy peerless gem of earth.
But thy sad spirit faltered here,
When thy “own one” went home,
Thou listened to the voice that seemed
To bid thee upward come.

How could thou leave thy gentle child
 Around our home to mourn?
So lone and sad, by fount and stream,
 He waits for thy return.
Thy name is echoed through the vale,
 And borne through forest wild;
No answering tone comes back to bless
 Thy eager, waiting child.

We come to lay his orphan's head
 Upon thy quiet grave—
Here wilt thou come to soothe his grief,
 And roll back sorrow's wave;
Yes! by the smile that plays upon
 That cheek so often wet,
We know that in the spirit land,
 His mother he hath met.

Forgotten now his weary days,
 She roves with him once more
Through forests green and shady paths,
 By yon fair streamlet's shore;
A love light gleams around his path—
 An added ray is given
To that whose brightness blessed his life,
 Tinged with the hue of Heaven.

Sleep on, young dreamer, never wake—
For, ah! 't were bliss to go
With her blest spirit at thy side
From this dark world of woe;
To pass so gently down death's vale,
To wake to life above,
And never round thy path to miss
Thy childhood's holy love.

THE VACANT CRADLE.

Our little baby,
Strayed from Paradise it may be.

—PHOEBE CAREY.

It standeth all untenanted and lone,
No little head its pillow now doth press,
The pure white arms so often o'er it thrown,
Leave but their memory in our hearts to bless.

I listen vainly for the childish voice,
Proclaiming sleep's departure from an eye
Whose star-like brightness bade our hearts rejoice,
Whose merry glance did shadowing care defy.

Where art thou, darling? Other homes are glad;
Where gleams the lustre of thy shining hair?
And other hearts rejoice, though ours be sad,
Missing thy presence everywhere.

To us thou camest, a fair and pleasant blossom,
In spring's sweet hour, a blessing on our path;
And thou hast grown so dear to every bosom,
Bereft of thee no dream the future hath.

Yet, oftentimes, a fancy o'er me steals,
That only for a time to us thou'rt given,
That thy pure sweetness but to us reveals
An angel spirit strayed from its own Heaven ;

One whom our Heavenly Father's gentle heart
Will soon lead back unto the Shepherd's fold,
Fairest and loveliest 'mid the infant band
That sing His praise on tiny harps of gold.

I will not think thus ; Hope, with tissue bright,
Flings o'er the coming years a radiant hue,
And thou art there, with eye of flashing light,
Living and smiling in life's sunshine too.

Yet should God take thee in thy sinless days,
And place a starry crown upon thy head,
Even though from us were hid thy artless ways,
Darling ! we could not surely deem thee dead.

Living forever by the crystal streams,
Basking amid the sunshine of his love,
A bliss ne'er imaged forth by Fancy's dreams —
These should be thine in a blest home above.

And we should strive to look upon thee thus,
To see thee only, seraph-like, with God,
Though bleeding love had memories for us,
Clinging to the pale form beneath the sod.

Sweet one! I number o'er each day and hour,
That hides from me thy little cherub face;
And oft I think that, were but mine the power,
As gossamer should prove both time and space.

Pass fleetly on, ye moments! speed the hour
When home's fair wreath shall be unbound no more;
Each bud and blossom, 'neath affection's power,
Shall bloom with added beauty o'er and o'er.

LINES TO NELLIE M. R.

On her Birthday.

Just fourteen years, sweet Nellie, since thine eyes
Gazed wondrously upon the things of earth —
A shining link amid love's golden ties,
A mortal crowned with an immortal birth.
Love was thy birthright, for an angel hand
Gave to thy heart a dower of tenderness ;
A precious gift was thine, the holy power,
Through life's long hours to comfort and to bless.

Purely and bright thine infant hours have sped ;
Time passed on angel pinions fleetly by ;
And now around thy young unshadowed brow
Youth's rosy flowers in quiet beauty lie.
All fair to thee seemed the long sunny hours
That Hope presents inwove with tissue bright,
And strangely fair the many radiant dreams
That Fancy brightens with a future light.

On this, thy natal morning, may no cloud
 Mar the rich beauty of the azure sky —
No shadows dim the proud meridian sun
 That moves in Kingly majesty on high.
When eve steals on, may every silvery star,
 Serene and glorious, look with eye of love
Upon the earth — Heaven's watchful sentinels,
 That through all time their vigilance will prove.

Ever thus I fondly wish may pass thy days,
 Without a cloud to dim their radiant light —
Without a shade of care to mark thy brow
 Or shed upon thy heart its withering blight.
And in the early happy days of youth
 May blest Religion shed o'er thee its rays:
"Her ways are pleasantness and her paths are peace,"
 To those whose lips proclaim the Saviour's praise.

And when life's hours are fading fast away,
 And earth receding from the mortal sight,
Serenely may thou pass through Death's dark vale,
 Up to a home amid the realms of light ;
And there, with glittering crown and harp,
 May thou, with voice attuned to strains of love,
Wake glorious strains with Heaven's minstrelsy,
 Clad in the robes that wait the blest above.

HOUSEHOLD BLOSSOMS.

When in spring from icy earth
Came the first sweet blossom forth—
When the fair anemone
Came to deck the hill and lea—
When each quaint, ice-bound stream
Woke, as from a pleasant dream ;
Then thou come to glad our eyes,
Fairy flower from Paradise.

Four bright summers thou hast given
Radiance from thy native Heaven ;
Gently have they kissed a brow
Cloudless as the azure now.
Mirrored in those laughing eyes,
What a world of brightness lies ;
Beauties cluster round that lip
Where the gods might nectar sip.

We grow fonder, day by day,
As we mark each winning way ;
Listening to each question strange,
As far as busy mind doth range.
No sweeter sound mine ear doth greet,
Than the light pattering of his feet ;
No tones more full of melody
Than his clear laugh of childish glee.

With bended knee, at early eve—
With faith that doth all good believe,
He murmurs forth his little prayer
That God will take him in his care.
And as he lays that young bright head
To rest upon his little bed,
Affection's ray still on him beams,
And guides him to the land of dreams.

I muse upon the future dim,
And sigh to think, perchance for him
There may be hours of grief and woe,—
For such the happiest mortals know.
God, keep and guide him in his youth,
Impress him with thy precious truth ;
Give him a place in that bright throng,
And teach his lips the angel's song.

* * * * *

When the golden summer hour
 Beamed with its intensest power ;
 When upon the balmy air
 Fleated fragrance rich and rare,
 Blossom then we welcome *thee* ;
 And glad nature's minstrelsy,
 Echoing round the joyous earth,
 Seems to gladly hail thy birth.

One short year has quickly fled,
 And upon that darling head
 Gleams the soft and golden hair,
 Such, methinks, as angels wear.
 In the depths of those blue eyes
 Untold radiance stilly lies,
 Concentrating in their gaze,
 Borrowed light from Heaven's own rays.

We gaze, not with a prescient power,
 Upon the unknown future hour ;
 Father ! we fear such purity
 Is not for earth — but lent by thee.
 That thou, 'ere childhood's days were told,
 Will gather to thy happy fold
 Our precious lamb, to whom was given
 A radiance from its native Heaven.

We cannot tell — full many years
May all be his, with smiles and tears ;
Full many a blessing may he bring
To hearts that to his presence cling.
Amid earth's ways be it his part,
To bind the crushed and bleeding heart.
An angel in Life's path to prove
His mission one of peace and love.

Whether, for him, the future hour
Shall come with an enlivening power ;
Or, sleeping in his lowly bed,
The grassy turf spring o'er his head ;
Guide him, O Father, with thy love,
Up to the shining courts above ;
And while earth's pilgrimage we run,
Teach us to say, "Thy will be done."

JUDEA.

"A mighty temple, filled with remembrances of the majestic past,"

Land where the calm blue skies still bend
O'er the thrice sacred spot,
Where Bethlehem's babe took up life's march,
And bore earth's pilgrim lot ;
Where Jordan's waters murmur still,
And flow as brightly now,
As when the pure baptismal drops
Gleamed o'er his sinless brow.

Land where the mount and vale still speak
Of the pure feet that trod
So meekly in the paths of life,
A man, and yet a God ;
Holy thou art, and loving hearts
Their faithful vigils keep,
Over the vanished years, whose clouds
In vain the spirit sweep.

There thy deep shades, Gethsemane,
 Closed 'round his dark despair,
And rose that heavenly utterance,
 In tones of breathing prayer ;
There angel forms, in that sad hour
 Unfurled the shining wing,
And from a father's gentle hand,
 Calm blessedness did bring.

There thou dost stand, Mount Calvary,
 Still, still the mighty seal
That God hath stamped upon the earth,
 His merey to reveal.
Where pale Humanity's heart throbs,
 In direst anguish beat,
To frame for Earth's lost wanderers,
 A sure and safe retreat.

Yea, thou art Holy Land, where saints
 And patriarchs gently sleep ;
Where shepherds on the starlit plains,
 Their mighty watch did keep ;
Where Faith, with clear and undimmed eye,
 Looked only up to Heaven,
Winning the precious guerdon back,
 Her hand to God had given.

Land of Judea! sunlight falls,
Methinks, more bright on thee;
There azure skies have hung around
Love's deepest mystery.
Thy quiet stars, that watch on high,
Do they not ever shine,
Amid their brightness, sacred truths
And principles divine?

Land of Judea! every leaf
Borne on thy balmy breeze,
Doth gather round it untold wealth
In blessed memories;
Thy streams are sacred, fount and flower,
The valley and the hill,
Jehovah's high omnipotence,
Is speaking from them still!

THE TWIN BROTHERS.

Two joyous children sported once,
In cloudless infancy ;
Each wore the same fair sunny smile,
Their's the same voice of glee.
They heard together childhood's songs,
The same sweet cradle hymn,
When the pure stars came stealing out,
And daylight's rays grew dim.

Together still when youth's glad hours
Shone o'er each childish head ;
Through dingle and through dell they roved,
With light and happy tread.
And stranger eyes gazed with delight,
As thus they looked the same,
Alike in cheek, and lip and brow,
Alike in all save name.

Oh 'twas a sight of beauty rare,
And many a word was said,
Invoking heaven's blessing down
Upon each youthful head ;
Calling to bird and butterfly,—
Chasing the murmuring bee,—
Oh, merrily their glad hours passed,
Their days were full of glee.

But, ah! amid that home of love.
The spoiler's step was heard ;
He hushed the gentle mother's voice,
Sealing each wonted word.
A stranger voice must breathe the strain,
That sweetly lulled to rest ;
That lovelit eye is darkened now,
And cold that sheltering breast.

Oh! desolate and changed that home—
Love's fairest wreath unbound—
With saddened hearts they twine it o'er
A lonely church-yard mound.
Its buds and flowers are glowing with
Affection's sacred tears,
It leaves perennial, safe from blight,
Through many future years.

On, on from youth, the twain did pass,
While on each pure high brow,
We marked the lines of thoughtful care,—
Each was a warrior now.
In life's stern battle each did take
Helmet and glittering spear,
And with true heart and fearless step,
To stoutest foes drew near.

But as the years went swiftly by,
They found them far apart,
Fate severed love's familiar ties,
It never heeds the heart.
The fond, the true—they learned to live
With weary miles between,
O'ershadowed by the same blue sky,
The same star's silvery sheen.

And now beneath the western skies
One resteth calmly now,
Life's cares and changes never more
Shall mar that manly brow.
The hand so often clasped in his,
In childhood's sunny hour,
Wiped the chill death-dew from his brow
With love's own changeless power.

Sweet be his sleep—oh, quiet stars
Shine on his place of rest ;
Flowers ! gentle messengers from heaven,
Bloom brightly o'er his breast ;
And when before the Great White Throne,
The severed ones shall stand,
Grant that a place be given to them,
Father ! at thy right hand.

A HEART'S THANKSGIVING.

For the rosy light of morn,
From a home of shadows born —
For the gladdening sunny ray
Shining through the perfect day —
For the noontide's fervid hour —
For the twilight's holy power —
For the midnight, with its tone
Veiled in mystery alone,

I thank thee, Father!

For each little, humble flower,
Peeping forth in Spring's first hour —
For the fragrance, rich and rare,
Floating on the summer air —
For the golden, gorgeous dyes
Gleaming 'neath autumnal skies —
For the genial winter hour,
Girded with an icy power,

I thank thee, Father!

For the wealth of fruit and flower,
Adding joy to every hour —
For the streamlet's silvery flow,
With its voice of long ago —
For the ocean's power and might,
Flowing on through Time's quick flight,
Speaking with a thunder tone,
Or breathing low and mournful moan,
I thank thee, Father!

O'er my path are blessings shed;
Holiest mercies crown my head;
The murmured vows of early youth,
Still echo o'er their changeless truth.
The music tone of Love's first hour
Still deepens with a deathless power;
For happiness so rare and pure —
For love that doth through time endure —
I thank thee, Father!

That the prayer of infancy
Hath been murmured at my knee,—
Household flowers, whose deathless bloom
Fill my heart with rich perfume;
Clustering around my happy path,
No such joy the wide world hath;
For the hope to live above
With those redeemed by matchless love,
I thank thee, Father!

That the eyes, whose loving ray
Falls so kindly, day by day —
That the lips, whose gentle tone
Through life's lapses have been known —
That the arms that circled me
Through unconscious infancy,
Are near me still, my life to bless
With changeless love and tenderness,
I thank thee, Father!

For Salvation's wondrous plan,
Given to rescue fallen man —
For the lamp of life, whose ray
Turneth darkness into day ;
Lighting up Death's lonely vale,
Quelling foes who oft assail,
And pointing to a better world
Where Love's broad banner is unfurled,
I thank thee, Father!

For the Heaven, where robes of light
Awaits the victor through love's night ;
Where in rapture saints bow down
To receive the glittering crown.
Where a glorious minstrelsy,
Blending all harmoniously,
Throughout eternity's long hour,
Proclaim Jehovah's love and power,
I thank thee, Father!

TO A BEREAVED ONE.

Unto thy guarded and sheltered fold
 Death came with a stealthy tread,
And bore away, through the valley dark,
 Thy lamb to the silent dead ;
Amid the circle in thy dear home,
 Thou dost gaze on a vacant chair,
And mourn for the little sunny face
 That shall never more brighten there.

Thou hast looked thy last on the precious form,
 Thine idol, thy pride and care,
And wept as thou gave to the cold, damp earth,
 A being so beauteous and fair.
Thou hast folded the eyelid in dreamless sleep,—
 Heard the childish heart grow still,
And turned from the grave, love's last fond shrine,
 To thy home grown strange and chill.

By the memory of the radiant light
That lit up the lips and brow,—
By the rustling felt of the angel wing,
When thou in grief dost bow ;
There shall come to thy soul a gentle voice,
Breathing such dreams of heaven
That thy soul will be glad that such perfect bliss
To thy cherished child is given.

No tears, no tears for the happy one,
Whose young and untried feet
Have early turned from the weary paths,
Which all life's wanderers greet.
A loosened bird, in its upward flight,
Ye gaze on its glancing wing ;
But seek not to woo it back again,—
O'er its soul a fetter to fling.

No tears, no tears, though the earth and sky
May wear a less glorious hue ;
And the murmuring sound of the streamlet's flow,
Is bereft of its music too.
No tears, though memories cling to thy soul
Of fair childhood's parted smile ;—
Though the rosy lips and merry eye
Shall no more thy heart beguile.

For up in yon radiant, deathless world,
 'Neath a Heavenly Father's eye,
Undimmed by sorrow, untouched by care,
 His hours glide sweetly by ;
Never to sorrow, and never to mourn,
 In a mantle of glory arrayed ;
Oh, say, 'mid thy fondest hope for thy child,
 Couldst thou of *such bliss* have prayed ?

And thou never again may the little feet
 Come pattering unto thee,
Though never, around thy darkened home,
 Shall echo that voice of glee.
Though oft as the eve steals gently on,
 Thou shalt bend o'er the little bed,
Striving to see through thy blinding tears
 Some trace of that sunny head.

Look up, look up to the world of love,
 And list to the seraph strain,
And hark ! how the tones so missed from earth
 Come echoing back again.
Thy child awaits thee in robes of light,
 By the fair celestial shore ;
Thou shalt find him there 'midst the pure and bright,
 And be parted nevermore.

MEMORIES OF ONE BELOVED.

“The dead — whose image naught may dim
Within the temple of my breast.”

One fleeting year hath come and gone,
Since love, we mourned thee dead,—
One fleeting year the grassy turf
Has rested o'er thy head.
Yet never hath my soul forgot
In memory's light to trace,
Thy gentle tones and loving smiles,
Thy form of rarest grace.

Stern winter came when thou wert laid
So gently to thy rest,
Folding his mantle, icy, white,
Above thy silent breast.
Yet in those hours so consecrate
To happiness and mirth,
My soul was sad, I thought of thee,
Whose home was in the earth.

And joyous spring came bounding by,
 With robes of fairest green ;
The violet with meek blue eye,
 In mossy dell was seen.
I turned from these to weep for thee.
 Who came not back with spring,
While to each opening bud and flower,
 Thy presence seemed to cling.

Summer stole on with golden hours,
 With radiance rich and rare,
And fragrance, from its wealth of bloom,
 Was borne upon the air.
I gazed on all, yet thought of thee,
 Mine eyes were dim with tears,
There came for thee a requiem tone,
 Beloved of other years.

And now the gorgeous autumn years
 Are decking vale and hill ;
More slowly runs the rippling stream,
 More calm the gushing rill.
Still at my side thou art, beloved !
 Yea, never to depart,
Thine image lives within my soul,—
 'Tis graven on my heart.

I hear thy voice at early morn,
And in the starry night,—
'Tis blended with the fair and pure,
The beautiful and bright.
From out the gentle lily's bell,
From out the rose's blush,
The haunting tones of by-gone days,
Like music murmurs gush.

Oh! tell me, in thy far-off home,
Hast thou sweet thoughts of me?
Dost thou look down with angel gaze,
On those that weep for thee?
Sadly the autumn breeze sweeps by,
And as it fans my brow
I seem to hear a spirit's call,—
Beloved! is it thou?

I may not know, and yet perchance
Thou lingerest often near,
A guardian from yon glorious world
To bless my pathway here.
Remembering, in thy radiant home,
The love so fond in this,
Unchanged, save in the added light
Of heaven's transcendent bliss.

THE LOVED AND LOST.

“The beautiful is vanished and returns not.”

I went to thine own fair home, sweet friend,
 Longing for that dear smile
That through many a by-gone and happy day
 Could each toil and care beguile.
As the thirsty flow'ret longs for dew,
 So I for thy gentle voice ;
In each dear tone lies a holy spell
 That will bid my heart rejoice.

I stood on the threshold where oft I stood,
 And Hope's blessed dreams were nigh,
For soon should I hear thy welcome voice,
 And list to each fond reply.
I thought not then of the long, long days,
 Since I on thy face had looked,—
Forgotten the painful, parting hour,
 That memory never brooked.

Alas! alas! that thy home, sweet friend,
Is strangely lone and drear,
For the voiceless room, and the vacant chair,
Tell me thou art not here.
I wander amid each familiar spot,
And my sad heart pines in vain
For the coming step and the welcome tone
I shall never more hear again.

Oh! sadly and tearfully comes the truth
That THOU to thy rest art laid —
Thou for whose well-remembered smiles
My soul hath so often prayed.
Thou art hidden from me, oh, well beloved,
Our meetings on earth are o'er,
And my spirit's chords are echoing back
The requiem tone no more.

And can it be that the Spring will come
Again with its robe of green?
In the golden train of the Summer hours
Will gladness and mirth be seen?
Will Autumn come with its golden hues,
And the Winter hours roll on?
Can the earth seem bright and beautiful,
When THOU to the dust art gone?

It seemeth unto my saddened heart
That the flowers must cease to bloom,
And the sunshine fade, and the gentle wind
Breathe requiem notes of gloom.
That with thy life fled such sweetness rare,
That nature her grief must show ;
Shrouding the beauty and brightness of earth
In habiliments of woe.

Oh! cherished friend, from thy far-off home,
Come to my soul once more,
And whisper to me of the radiance rare
That illumines yon happy shore.
Come with the blest dreams of *Our Father's* home,
Of the many mansions there—
And cheerfully I will tread the paths
That lead to a land so fair.

A WELCOME.

Lines inscribed to the Johnstonian Club, of Peoria, Illinois.

Mine eyes have waited long, dear friends,
With faith and hope to see you all
Beneath the roof-tree of our home,
Within the echo of my call.
And days and months have fled by,
With promises all unfilled,
Until I wished that with some art
To woo you here I might be skilled.

The spirit of the chainless mind,
Kind thought, was ever busy still,
Beguiling me with memories sweet,
Which had the power my heart to thrill.
Your voices lingered 'round my life,
Your pleasant words were numbered o'er,
Although unto my vision came
Remembered brightness — nevermore.

But now, to-night, with happy heart
That of enjoyment asks no more,
I welcome you within our home,
And greet you warmly, o'er and o'er.
Familiar voices make me glad,
And kindly eyes shed wonted light ;
Blessing with beauty and with grace
And cheer, the winter's night.

God bless you all through coming time
And strew each path with rosy flowers ;
Making the passing moments bright
Before they fade in golden hours.
Touching the warp and woof of life
With colors whose enduring light
Shall take their radiance from the world,
Whose days eternal know no night.

God bless you all, and bring your feet
Upon our threshold oft to stand,
Where happy doors shall open wide
To greet you 'mid our household band.
God bless you with his love and care,
Until we *all* shall dwell in peace
On the bright shore where kindred souls
Shall meet, and friendships never cease.

CLASS SONG.

Of the Graduates of the Peoria High School, 1878.

Happy hours of joy and gladness,
Leave no trace of care or sadness
 On each light and youthful heart ;
But to-day a shadow stealeth
O'er the sunshine, and revealeth
 Words that whisper, *We must part.*

Four bright years of peace and pleasure,
Bringing Spring and Summer's treasure,
 Mellowed skies and balmy air ;
White, cold Winter, full of laughter,
Full of sweet thoughts coming after,
 Merry spirits to declare,—

When we loved to greet each other,
Fond and true, as sister, brother,
 Welcoming the moments bright,
Which would call us to our places,
There to greet familiar faces,
 Lips that would our joy requite.

But we part, and morning's splendor
Brings not back, with summons tender,
 Joyous hearts and footsteps light ;
But with tears in silence falling,
Mem'ry pleasant hours recalling,
 Shall their blessedness recite.

Classmates! e'er to-day we sever,
To the care of the Great Giver,
 Let us each commit our way ;
And when life's dreams all are over,
May his angels 'round us hover,
 Bearing us to cloudless day.

Where, with teachers of earth's pages,
We, throughout eternal ages,
 May these vanished hours recall ;
Where, beside life's sparkling river,
We shall find calm rest forever,
 And God's smiles like sunlight fall.

THE CONVICT'S MOTHER.

Amid the crowd she sat, so wan and sad,
Awaiting with a wrung and throbbing heart
The word — to make life's path so pleasant seem,
Or from that frame to make the life-blood start.
The then gray hair fell o'er the pallid brow,
Whose furrows told of grief and toiling care ;
The sunken eye, the bloodless lip and cheek,
Proclaimed the sorrow that was deepening there.

The fearful truth had come to her afar,
That *he*, her only son, lay bound in chains ;
On wings of love and hope, o'er many miles,
She came, unheeding toil, fatigue and pains.
Through the long, dreary way she hastened on,
And now she waits for the decisive word —
While ever and anon from her full heart
A groan, a prayer, so agonized, was heard.

“Guilty!” and as that bitter word rang out,
It seared, as if with fire, that mother’s soul;
She called with frenzied accents on her child,
While burning tears o’er stern cold faces roll.
And as they bore him to his prison back,
She clung around him, while her breaking heart
Twined its strong tendrils, firmer than of old,
Around the life of hers so fair a part.

“My child, my child, thy mother speaks to thee,
Rememberest thou thy childhood’s wonted tone
When life was fair to us, and when these lips
Sang thee to rest—my beautiful, mine own?
I will not give thee up to chains and death—
Thou shalt not go to fill a felon’s cell,—
But here, as long as feeble life shall last,
These circling arms a mother’s love shall tell.

“Alas! alas! I dreamed not of this hour
When thou wert slumbering sweetly at my side;
Oh! would to God that in that unstained time,
In thy young grace and beauty thou had’st died.
Say, can it be, that thou whose rosy lip
So sweetly echoed many a lisping prayer,
Could wander sadly from a narrow path,
And crush my heart with bitter, wild despair?”

“Mother!” The doomed one spake, and in that tone
Was gathered up a heart's deep agony.

“My soul is guiltless of that fearful crime —
Unstained these hands — an innocent I die ;
I have never forgot the gentle voice
That soothed and guided me thro' childhood's hour,
My mother's prayer is hovering round me yet,
In hallowed memory of undying power.

“And though my name be through the coming years
A thing of scorn, contempt, and pity too,
Heed not the dark, *false* whispers that may fall —
Believe me, mother, true to truth and you.
I am not hopeless — though mine hours be few ;
I am not comfortless — though death draws near ;
And in the light of heaven my soul will stand,
Its innocence unshadowed shall appear.

“Look up, sweet mother! think how short the time
Until my pain and weariness is done ;
Look up, and with the tones of olden years
Bless me once, thy wronged and dying son.
Farewell! farewell, although the tie be riven
That closely bound my fleeting life to thee ;
’T will be a joy to thee to know and feel
That from this guilt my stricken soul is free.”

She spoke not, moved not, yet so firmly clung
To him who lowly bent to kiss her brow ;
Her hands are loosed with gentleness and care —
“ Mother, oh bless thy doomed son even now.”

No answer! — all is over, life is done :

With the wild joy that he was free from sin
Her heart's strong cords were sundered, and she stood
At heaven's fair portals, and passed gently in.

“ Rest thee, fond mother, rest thee calmly now,
Thy soul's deep woe and sorrow are repaid ;
By Life's pure river thou shalt welcome soon
Thy son who treads e'en now the valley's shade.”
From out the gloom he sees an angel hand
That calls him up 'neath heaven's unclouded skies,
He hears a “ still, small voice ” that bids him come
To dwell that day with thee in Paradise.

A VALENTINE.

THY NAME is treasured in my soul
With all things fair and bright ;
Love weaves around it tendrils strong
That cling with deathless might.
Its echoes, like the sea-shell's tone,
Can never cease, nor die,
But murmur, sweetly, sadly on,
Its cadence borne on high.

THY NAME— it trembles on my tongue,
When stars their radiance pour,—
When weary Earth seems lulled to rest
And toilsome care is o'er.
The midnight, veiled in mystery,
Hath known the magic sound,
And rosy morn hath caught the tone
While still it lingered round.

I breathe it in my fondest prayer,
To Him who dwells on high,
And ask for *thee* the watch and ward
Of his unslumbering eye.
The guidance of a Father's hand
Across life's stormy way,
The perfect bliss of Heaven's fair clime,—
Of its unclouded day.

And then I hush my throbbing heart,
And bid it stilly keep ;
The name whose echoes thrill my soul,
Whose memory bids me weep.
I would not thou shouldst ever know,
How deep thy image lies,—
I would not have thee see the tears
That fall from watching eyes.

For down within my truthful heart,
I'll keep thy memory bright ;
No hand, save thine, shall part the clouds
That veil its living light.
And then, perchance, on some fair day,
By Love's own chosen sign,
Thou'lt know whose heart is given to *thee*,
Thy faithful *Valentine*.

LINES.

Inscribed to Mrs. Aman la Simerel Grimes.

Sweet friend, unto my prairie home
There came a missive fair,
That told me that the bridal wreath
Was woven for thy hair.
And with these tidings memories came
Of happy by-gone years,
When life was lavish with its smiles,
And chary of its tears.

Remembrance brought thee, as of old,
With merry lip and eye —
With sunny brow and cheerful heart
That could each care defy.
I heard the cadence of thy tones
That oft unto my soul
Come — even as strains of melody
O'er moonlit waters roll.

Fancy round me flung her robe,
And bade me gaze afar
To thy fair home — *that festive scene*
Where thou did'st shine — a star.
And shutting out the outer world,
I saw thee, gentle bride,
Clad in thy robes of purest white,
Thy chosen at thy side.

I seemed to hear upon thy lips
That sacred marriage vow
That gave thee to another's home,
Though thine be lonely now.
And thy fond mother's loving smile
Gleamed forth amid the tears,
When yielding up the cherished child
The blessing of her years.

Thine own loved sisters — in whose hearts
Thine image lies enshrined ;
Bring now for thee Affection's flowers
For thy fair brow entwined.
Tongue can not tell the tenderness
In their fond wishes breathed ;
Nor Fancy image forth the tints
With which those flowers are wreathed.

And many a dear, familiar face,
I see around thee press —
And hands are clasped, and blessings given
In tones of tenderness.
Faces — whose image memory keeps
Among her jewels rare ;
Hearts — that have echoed back to mine,
And left their impress there.

God bless thee in thy happiness,
My sweet and cherished friend ;
And may the choicest bliss of life
Thy daily paths attend.
Thrice happy he, whose privilege
It is to tread with thee
The walks of life, and from the world
The one beloved to be.

A MEMORY.

"Remembrance calls thee from the dust."

She came to earth—a blossom fair,
Fresh from the bowers of Heaven;
Unto her eye and cheek and brow
Its radiant hues were given.

Her childish lip was never tuned
To notes of mortal birth,
Nor lingered ever on her tongue
The meaner strains of earth.

For Death hath taken from our side
Our cherished one—our own!
And the first word our darling breathes
Will be an angel tone.

Methinks, oh spirits bright and fair,
That sweet is the employ
That learns her infant heart to know
How rapturous is her joy.

That teaches her young hand to stray
O'er tiny harps of gold,
Awaking the strains of minstrelsy
As her pure bliss is told.

GONE BEFORE.

“No wherefore? or ‘to what good end’?
Shall out of doubt anguish creep
Into our thoughts. We bow our heads;
He giveth his beloved sleep.”

When the hours of childhood threw
Round my path their rosy hue,—
When I glided down life’s stream,
Compassed by a fairy dream,—
At my side a fair-browed child,
Many a fleeting hour beguiled,
Throwing round my neck white arms,
Seeking refuge from alarms.

Not of our dark earth he seemed,
Angel radiance round him gleamed;
Gentle eye, and brow of thought,
Check where pensive changes wrought,
Questioning lip of wondrous power,
Glowing all with beauty’s dower;
Little heart whose loving ways
Filled with joy and tears our gaze.

Happy children, floated we
Gently down life's tranquil sea ;
Morning found our opening eye,
Ready beauties to descry.
Evening's silver star shone out,
Hushing then our merry shout,
Calling up the little prayer,
For Our Father's guardian care.

Lingered long our mother's kiss,
Filling up our cup of bliss ;
Bending o'er the little bed
Where reposed each childish head,—
Murmured she a fond good night,
Leaving angels fair and bright,
Holy watch and ward to keep
Over childhood's blessed sleep.

Only for three happy years
Dwelt he where are smiles and tears ;
Then he opened angel eyes
In the bowers of Paradise.
While I wondered sad and lone,
Making oft my childish moan,
For the child, whose voice was hushed—
For the hopes forever crushed.

Pallid was our mother's brow,
For the presence slumbering low ;
Traces of that shining head
Vanished from its little bed,
Echoes of that childish prayer
Never more to linger there —
Never more the sweet good-night,
From those lips all still and white.

Vanished is full many a year,
With attending smile and tear ;
Time and change have left their trace
Strangely on each youthful face.
And looking back that fair child seems
An angel form, that comes in dreams
To whisper of a radiant clime,
Beyond our ken unknown to Time.

Now our mother's gaze beholds him —
Now her loving arms enfolds him —
Fast by life's pure flowing river,
Peace and joy are theirs forever.
To his all protecting bosom,
Jesus gathers bud and blossom ;
Withering blight can never come
To that high, eternal home.

When my life's sands run *so low*,—
When my faint heart throbs *so slow*,—
When the loving round me stand,
And I give the feeble hand ;
Where doth dwell my angel *brother*—
Where doth dwell my sainted *mother*—
Take me Father, take me home,
Where Death's shadow may not come.

I CANNOT THINK THEE DEAD.

“The dead! whom call we so?
They that breathe purer air, that feel, that know
Things wrapt from us — the dwellers on the shore
Of Spring fulfilled — that sorrow nevermore.”

I cannot think thee dead — though life's glad light
No more may radiate from that gentle eye —
Though those dear hands, with loving mission done,
Folded, so stilly o'er the hushed heart lie.

Though never more may linger on those lips
The wonted tone of love's familiar word —
Accustomed household greeting — welcomes fond,
That ever through life's lapses have been heard.

I cannot think thee dead, — though silence sets
Its crown of shadows o'er that placid face,
Impressed by Heaven with its mild purity,
The spirits parting gleam of angel grace.

A token to the loving of the bliss
 Unknown, untold, in realms of unstained light ;
A welcome to the waiting angel band —
 A victor's triumph o'er Death's proudest might.

I cannot think thee dead,—though I have pressed
 All tearfully thy calm unchanging brow ;
Though from the vacant chair there comes no word,
 No lingering tone to bless my spirit now.

Though with a bursting heart mine eyes beheld
 That dear head pillowed in its coffin bed ;
And given with tears unto its silent rest,
 Yet still, beloved, I can not think thee dead.

Around life's every path I hear thy voice,
 That voice that sweetly sang my cradle hymn,
And taught my lips the prayer of trusting faith,
 When shining stars bade daylight's rays grow dim.

I see thy patient smile that sweetly spake
 A meek submission to thy Father's hand ;
The soul triumphant o'er disease and pain,
 The ministrations of an angel band.

Thou art not dead! Eternal life is thine,
And with the Cherubim and Seraphim,
Hast learned the cadence of that strain of glory,
And tune thy golden harp to breathe its hymn.

With the apostles' company thou art—
And with the fellowship of prophets too;
And noble martyrs who, 'mid tortures keen,
Clung to their Master with life's last adieu.

And with the Crucified, whose feet have trod
The lonely mountain and the shadowy vale,
Passing o'er Jordan's waters deep and dark,
In the lone tomb, a sleeper still and pale.

Risen in glory at our Father's side,
New life and bliss His hand, all powerful, gives,
Beneath His smile on His sustaining breast,
Where Death may never come—*my mother lives.*

THE DYING YEAR.

Pale, dying year, thy requiem tone
For vanished brightness, beauty gone,
Floats mournfully o'er hill and dale,
And mingles with the midwind's wail.
From thy worn heart there comes a sigh,
That like a spirit-voice sweeps by ;
And to the saddened heart doth tell,
In mournful numbers, thy farewell.

Thy farewell to the hours of spring,
The streamlet's gentle whispering ;
Thy robe of green and violet bloom,
Have found their birth place but a tomb ;
The summer's glory is no more,
Its untaught minstrelsy is o'er,
And silence reigns in forest aisles
Once proudly lit with Nature's smiles.

Yet deeper sounds thy requiem tone,
And sadder wakes thy spirit's moan,—
For thou hast wooed to dreamless rest,
To slumber on the earth's cold breast,
Forms that have gladdened home and hearth,
And made like heaven our darkened earth,—
And sunny smiles, whose gleaming bright,
Seemed touched with hues of living light.

For the dear household voices hushed,
Whose tones, like music murmurs gushed ;
For the lone home, the vacant chair,
And blessings often uttered there ;
For steps of unreturning feet ;
For welcomes we no more will meet
From silent lips whose tenderness
Came with a thrilling power to bless.

Yea! sound for these thy saddening note,
For these let mournful requiems float ;
They come not back with Spring's glad hours —
They come not back with Summer flowers.
They wake not from their quiet sleep,
Though love its faithful vigils keep ;
The sacred tear, the heartfelt sigh,
Lifts no dark shadow from the eye.

Where years are numbered nevermore—
Where fleeting days and months are o'er,—
Fixed in that high, eternal home,
Where Death's dread shadow may not come,
Is the beloved look and tone,—
The gentle smile of old, our own ;
That radiant land can never know,
Like thee, pale year, a requiem low.

TO THE NEW YEAR.

Thou comest in glory, thou glad New Year,
Time hath not shadowed thine eye so clear ;
The wreath of Hope is above thy brow,
And its glowing buds seem bursting now ;
Phœnix like, thou dost soar on high,
Unheeding the ashes that round thee lie.

We welcome thee, yet a requiem pour
For the parted year that returns no more ;
For the long, bright hours that have fled fast
To the silent land, to the shadowy past ;
A sacred spell is around them thrown,
Awaking to sadness the heart's deep tone.

Holy their memory, fair and bright,
Time shall not darken the glowing light ;
We will think of Spring with its violet blue,
Of Summer fragrance and fairy hue ;
We will think of the beauty of hill and dell,
Clad with such truths as angels tell.

And though we miss from the silent home
The steps that no longer to meet us come,—
Though we vainly yearn for the kindly tone,
And the smile that unto the dust hath gone,—
Though around our board is a vacant seat,
Blessed Remembrance, 'tis thee we greet.

'Tis the "joy of grief," and it soothes the heart
To know that though those we love depart,—
Though the turf shall press on the cherished head,—
Though love's smile is gone and its last word is said,—
Memory, keeping her sacred trust,
Calls them all back from the silent dust.

Spring in its gladness will soon return,
Summer shall wake from the mouldering urn,
Flowers shall spring over hill and dale,
Garlands be gathered to tell love's tale;
And the brooklet shall glide in its joy along,
Drowsily humming its sweet, low song.

But the loved and lost! they will come no more,
With the parted year they have gone before;
May we find them all in the world of light,
Where Azrael's shadow will cast no blight;
Where we count not life by our days and years,
Nor shed o'er the hopeless past our tears.

LINES.

I sometimes wonder that if death should come
With stealthy tread unto my happy home,
To tell me, that of those I love so well,
One in his silent shadowy realm must dwell.

No hope, no refuge from his fatal dart,
Which could I yield him first, oh, loving heart?
Which of mine own, my blessed household band,
Could I resign, though for the better land?

Not him to whom my early vows were given,
Whose love has made this earth seem like a heaven;
Oh no! oh no! the dark and cheerless tomb
May not enclose him with its voiceless gloom.

Not her who first made glad my parent heart—
Our first to love, of our young life a part;
Whose opening bloom has blest us day by day,
Oh, Death! I pray thee take her not away.

Nor him, with noble soul and manners mild,
Whom one short year we've loved to call our child;
Oh no! not him, that high and loving heart
I fain would shield from thy unerring dart.

Our absent child? Oh no! destroyer, no!
Near her bright path I pray thee do not go;
We wait to welcome her around our hearth,
And long to listen to her voice of mirth.

Our fair young boy—with free and happy soul
Enjoys the moments that so brightly roll;
I would not see that flashing eye grow dim,
Seal'd in thy slumbers—ask thou not for him.

Not my loved parents? take thou not from me
The arms that were my childhood's panoply;
Life would be sad and drear unto their child,
Missing the love that o'er my days has smiled.

My own dear brother? no, thy ways pursue;
Ye may not take him, for we are but two;
My heart with keenest sorrow would o'erflow,
If to the grave this cherished one should go.

All, all too dear! each golden link so bright;
Death! cast no shadow on love's rosy light;
Father, Thou gavest them all; to Thee we look—
To us the future is a sealed book.

THE LITTLE GRAVE.

Inscribed to Mrs. Amanda Word, of Cadiz, Ohio.

The parting sunlight fell upon each mound,
As once I wandered where Death's sleepers lay,
And gazed upon the tokens gleaming 'round,
That told of loved and loving—passed away.

My soul was sad, as often I did trace
Names that I loved in many vanished years;
Stars that in memory's heaven claimed a place,
Names glowing on its shrine—still, still so dear.

The speaking marble told me many a tale
Of blighted hopes, of stricken, buried love;
Faith whispered, too, that the dark shadowy vale
Was but a prelude to the world above.

I lingered long beside one little mound
Where love's own myrtle twined so freshly o'er,
One word, "Willie," told whose grave was found,
It was enough—my heart asked for no more.

That name! how it recalled the gentle child
Whose sunny head was pillowed in the grave,
Whose angel presence, and whose accents mild,
Gone, hushed for aye—affection could not save.

Even as I mused bright fancy bade me list
To seraph-tones from out the better land,
Waked by the blessed child whose love you missed,
The harpstrings blending 'neath his little hand.

It bade me mark how on its fair young heart
A starry crown with brightest glory gleamed;
How perfect was the bliss around him shed,
More radiant far than mortals ever dreamed.

THE ITALIAN BOY.

“ He mourned for his mother constantly, and seemed afraid to die.”

It was a fair young face to look upon,
Though marred with keenest agony and pain,
Though the dark eye, that like a star once shone,
Might never glow with radiant life again ;
The pallid brow gleamed out so strangely sad,
From the rich tresses of his raven hair,
While the parched lip the tale of sorrow told,
That for his heart-strings Death was waiting there.

He was Italia's child — its azure skies
Hung smilingly above his earliest years ;
But he had roved afar from that fair clime,
While loving hearts kept memories and tears.
He turned away from his own vine-clad hills,
And sought a home across the ocean's wave ;
Ah ! little deemed he that Hope's guiding star
Should lose its brightness in an unknown grave.

Kind hearts were gathered 'round the dying boy,
Soft hands had smoothed his pillow, day by day ;
He heeds them not, but sadly turns from all
To long for one, long weary miles away.
His heart is with his home beyond the sea,
His grief bursts forth in wailing tones of woe,
And the full fount of feeling in each soul
Seems now its utmost bounds to overflow.

“ Oh tell me not,” he cries, “ of dreary Death,
I know it will not claim me yet ; the door,
Our cottage door, will open for me still,
My mother’s voice will welcome me once more ;
She waits for me ; and my young sister, too,
Twines the rich myrtle for her girlish brow.
Oh ! with that happy vision on my soul,
I can not think of Death and darkness now.

“ The world to me is beautiful and bright,
I love the cheerful sunshine passing well ;
Like angels seem the gentle flowers
That clothe in beauty many a hill and dell ;
Such happy thoughts will win me back to life,
And I shall hear Earth’s melodies again,
Shall rove with bounding steps and fearless soul
O’er the free mountain and unconquered plain.

“And yet this racking pain and fever throb—

Oh! why, my mother, com'st thou not to me?

I yearn for thy remembered look of love,

I long to hear one tender word from thee.

Come to me, mother, for they tell me now

Of a dark valley I am drawing near;

Give me the guidance of thy gentle hand,

And I will banish every clinging fear.

“I see thee, mother, in such happy dreams,

I feel thy kiss upon my burning brow;

Thy low, sweet cadence, as in olden time,

Blesses thy wayward child in visions now.

I wake to sorrow, for thou art not here,

And coldly falls the stranger's soothing tone;

To thy lone child they can not bring a joy,

Nor dim the star that o'er my childhood shone.”

Vain was the yearning of the stricken heart,

For never might that mother's voice of love

Cheer on Earth, or bless his dying hour,

O'er the dark grave its mighty power to prove.

And she so mourned for; in her sunny home

No shadow comes to hush fair childhood's glee,

She knows not of his agony and death,

Nor the lone grave beyond the sounding sea.

He died — with the dear name upon his lips ;
 He sleeps — where falls the sunshine loved so well,
And stranger hand have planted o'er his rest
 Fair flowers, his early, hapless fate to tell ;
And though, amid life's last and bitter pang,
 No mother's face of love to him was near,
With Faith's clear eye we see a Father's hand
 That soothed each grief and calmed each rising fear.

THE LAMB OF THE FOLD.

I know a fold, a happy fold,
Where household lambkins play,
Where joyous tones of childish mirth,
Re-echo through the day ;
Love's smiling heaven above it bends,
Mirrored in silver streams,
And on its springing verdant turf,
With radiant beauty gleams.

Within this fold the pattering sound
Of little feet are heard,
And many a curl of shining hair
By spring's soft breeze is stirred ;
Unshadowed is each fair young brow,
Undimmed each flashing eye,
And life seems but a happy dream,
As its glad hours go by.

It is the home of trusting love,
 And as the lispng prayer
Is murmured from the rosy lip
 I deem the angels there.
No fairer trophy canst thou bear,
 Oh, thou of shining wing,
Than the sweet prayer from childhood's lip,—
 A pure heart's offering.

Lambs, precious Lambs, I love you all,
 Far down within my heart
I keep each little form enshrined,
 Of life so fair a part ;
I keep the echo of each foot,
 The pressure of each hand,
The murmurings of each happy heart,
 Amid that household band.

I search my heart oft to know
 Whose image deepest lies,
Whose winning ways and gentle smiles
 Seem clothed in loveliest guise.
And down, far down amid its depths,
 I find a blessed name,
One that, four happy months ago,
 A cherub came to claim.

She is all gentleness and love,
And o'er her infant face
The native purity of Heaven
Gleams with its rarest grace,
While the soft links of shining hair
Rest fondly on a brow,
That in the better Land will wear
No lovelier look than now.

When the baptismal water gleamed
Upon her baby brow,
With look of love she gazed above,
Sealing the murmured vow,
As though she held communion sweet
With spirits fair and bright,
Who left awhile their radiant home
To bathe her soul in light.

Oh, cherubim and seraphim!
Be round her night and day,
And from the flowers that deck her path
Pluck every thorn away;
Keep her in unstained purity,
Our wee lamb of the fold,
And o'er her every path of life
Your guardian wings unfold.

Shepherd of Israel, whose fond hand
So oft hath blessings given,
Be thine our lamb's, to dwell with thee
Amid the fold of Heaven.
When life is o'er, by crystal streams,
'Mid pastures green and fair,
May each endeared and cherished form
An angel's radiance wear.

THE OLDEN STRAIN.

"How much of memory dwells within each tone."

Why did that olden time-worn strain
So thrill my inmost heart?
Why, as each note rang slowly out,
Did many a tear-drop start?
It was a simple melody,
Breathed by each worshipper,
Yet with a master hand each chord
My spirit's depths could stir.

Ah! with those tones a vision came
Of one in rest profound,
And by the hush so deep and calm
Death had the sleeper crowned;
Placing the signet on those lips—
His dark, unchanging seal—
Touching the brow and cheek with hues
He only can reveal.

It was a child, a coffined child,
With little folded hands,
Whose spirit had gone guarded home
By radiant angel bands;
Pillowed in its unshadowed rest,
Was that young sleeper's head,
And radiant gleamings o'er that face
More fair than life were shed.

Those silent lips had parted oft
To breathe sweet words for me,
To cheer and bless each passing hour
Rang out those notes of glee;
When scarce that lisping, untried tongue
Could syllable a word,
Some gentle, loving, household tone,
My happy spirit stirred.

That darkened eye shed o'er my life
Full many a cheering ray,
Grief's darkest hour might from it take
The hue of Hope's bright day;
And those dear hands — those pale, cold hands —
Brought many a gift of flowers,
Entwining round my neck, while I
Thanked God that thou wast ours.

And it was thou, beloved one,
Whose little life was done ;
Yea, it was thou, whose angel life
I deemed with us begun ;
And it was o'er thy coffined form
This strain so sadly rose,—
A requiem tone of mournful sound
Above thy last repose.

Oh! this is why that time-worn strain
So thrills my inmost soul,
And why across my spirit's chords
Grief's numbers sadly roll ;
It ringeth out a saddened chime,
For that funereal hour,
When to the silence of the grave
We gave our household flower.

THE DEATH OF MOSES.

Judea's children gathered near to hear
The wonted tones of him who led them, and
They caught with eagerness each spoken word
And hid it in their spirit's depths, to gleam
Forever there, a gem of fadeless light,
Whose lucid rays fond memory enshrined
To blend with future brightness, and to form
A guiding star o'er life's tempestuous sea.
He blessed them all with many a gentle word,
And bade them trust God's loving, guarding care ;
He whose strong arm was ever 'round them all,
Whose mighty power whelmed proud Pharoah's host,
Bidding *His* people walk unharmed and free,
All were remembered in this parting hour ;
They on whose head Time's kindly hand had placed
A crown of silvery glory, keeping bright
With radiance from the better Land ;
Manhood, with careworn brow and purpose firm ;
And hoping youth, whose fearless, sunny eye,

Seemed to reveal from its unbounded depths
 The wealth of joy that decked his onward way.
 Farewell! What bitterness lies in the tone;
 And as he turned to leave them, lengthened wails
 Of sorrow floated on the silvery air,
 For the departure of that step, whose coming
 Bade the weakest heart grow strong, and called
 The smile of Hope upon the cheek of Fear.

* * * * *

From Moab's plains he went, with fearless heart,
 Though God had bid him come to Nebo's mount,
 And there to die—ere that worn footstep woke
 A joyful echo in fair Canaan's Land,—
 That Land, whose name as a proud beacon shone,
 To guide him through the tangled wilderness.
 Aye! God had called him up; and now his form
 Is lost unto the strained and tearful gaze
 That lovingly had looked up the ascent,
 'Till the last trace in distance far was lost.
 Onward! still onward! God waits him there
 On Pisgah's height.

A Father's kindly hand

Doth lead him to the brow; and lo! he sees,
 Sleeping in quiet loveliness below,
 The land of promise—land so long desired.
 Far stretch its valleys; while the rosy light
 Crowneth with splendor every rising hill,
 And the green olive and the waving palm

Dot the rich landscape with refreshing shade ;
 The streamlet flows in quiet beauty there,
 Save the faint ripple of its glancing wave ;
 And the soft shadows on the waving grass
 Give quiet to the heart and calm repose,
 So fair to look upon !

His spirit seemed
 Entranced with rare delight and feeble sense,
 E'en for a time forgot the higher bliss,
 So soon to be his own, in the fond wish
 To tread amid those hills and shaded vales
 That long had filled full many a waking thought,
 And formed the brightness of his happy dreams.
 For this he wandered day by day,
 And counted weariness a thing as naught.
 Never ! Oh never ! should his fevered brow
 Know the soft gales that wandered o'er that land.
 Never ! Oh never ! in its radiant light,
 Amid his brethren, proud and free to stand,
 He husheth vain regret and vanished hope,
 And laying off earth's faded pilgrim robe,
 Unties his sandals, putting down the staff,
 And as a monarch, entering on his power,
 With calm benignity he goeth home,—
 Home ! to a elime, oh brighter, fairer far,
 Than that whose beauty mocked his longing gaze.

* * * * *

Alone with God and angels, on the mount !

And only *they* may fold those quiet hands,
Which from Jehovah took this wondrous law;
They, too, may press those leaden eyelids down
O'er the dim eyes that once had looked upon
The great I Am; and they alone may close
In the death silence of the spirit's flight,
The pale, cold lips that to the Lord had
Spoken; they may cover up that marble face,—
That face which caught from Heaven's own light
A gleam of its blest radiance.

Mortal eyes,

All dimmed with tears and sorrow, may not look
Upon it, in its rest, with God and angels!
He hath gone up unto that heavenly clime
Where earthly hopes are lost in full fruition;
Where, beside the throne, Faith folds her snowy wing,
And his exultant soul, with onward way,
Roams in an Eden of unclouded bliss.

LINES.

Suggested by a visit to St. Luke's Hospital, New York.

In a far city a fair structure stands,
Upreared by hearts sweet charity did move,
Home for the sick, the friendless and the poor,
Where gentle hands perform their deeds of love.

There woman's footstep softly glides around,
Bearing a soothe balm to many a heart,
The cheering smile, the kindly word and tone,
Unto the sorrowful a joy impart.

I walked amid the rows of snowy beds,
Scanning the faces of each suffering one,
And there were those whose hours were fading fast,
Whose spirits angel bands had almost won.

We entered then the consecrated spot,
Where smitten childhood lay in patient rest,
Where flashed the fevered eye, and the hot breath
Came laboring up from many a little breast.

Around the walls some gentle hand had hung
Pictures of wondrous beauty, showing each
The love for little children Jesus had,—
The love his lips so truthfully did teach.

Close nestled down upon a pure white couch,
Reposed a little head, whose dark brown hair
Fell round a face of more than mortal mould,
And clung in all its sunny brightness there.

The loving eye grew bright with pleasant smiles,
As by her side we lingered; and I thought
How beautiful that childish brow would look,
When Heaven's unfading glory it had caught.

Meek, suffering child! she never more could know
The springing footstep; fell disease had bound
Upon her moulded limbs its tyrant chain,
Clasping each link so firmly all around.

Yet there she calmly lay, with blest content
Filling her soul with every pleasant thought,
While ministering spirits loved to mark
The gentle lesson her young life had taught.

They told us of sweet melodies she sang,
 ' Beguiling thus full many a lonely hour,
And our inquiring lips asked eagerly
 To hear those tones of more than earthly power.

Softly and sweet! My soul can ne'er forget
 How like a dream of loveliness they were,
Hovering around my heart-strings with a spell,
 Hovering around my spirit like a prayer.

She sang of Jesus: "He her shepherd was,
 Leading her gently through the pastures green,
And by still waters, while between each ill
 His strong right arm would ever intervene.

"Through the dark valley she would fear no ill;
 He would be near her, when her pilgrim feet
Should tread where clinging shadows darkly throng,
 And make her triumph over death complete."

Again she sang: and now another voice,
 So faint, and low, and sad, chimed gently in,
And gazing round, a childish face we saw
 With pallid brow, and spiritually thin.

Only two summers had this sufferer known,
And his young head was waiting for its crown ;
The limbs so shrunken, and the death-like cheek,
Spoke of the agony and woe his own.

And yet *he* sang, and smiled a patient smile ;
Our hearts were thrilled, and we had eyes of tears,
For ah ! we knew the hopelessness that clung,
Like fatal blight, upon his childish years.

Thanks ! thanks ! unnumbered thanks to those whose
steps,
With Charity's sweet ministry doth go,
To soothe the sufferer's pillow, to make glad
The lonely heart, that no delight doth know.

Yea, countless thanks from earth, and when they rise
To the high glories of the upper world,
How jeweled will their crown of brightness be,
How broad love's banner o'er their souls unfurled.

THE LITTLE WHITE COFFIN.

“It was a child, a confined child,
With little folded hands,
Whose spirit had gone guarded home,
By radiant angel bands.”

I sat alone: and busy, thronging thoughts,
Enveloped with its spell my secret soul,
Weaving a fabric that did brightly blend
The warp of life with an ideal roof,
Revealing in its beauty fairy hues
Whose tints gained fresher glory every hour.
Busy, thronging thought! that wandered down
To find the key-note of my musing soul,
And then did touch the chords deep hidden there
With master hand, until the notes awoke
To blessed strains that, lingering round my life,
Form one grand diapason, such as ne'er
Fell thrillingly upon a mortal's ear.
It seems an echo of the breathings heard
In Eden bowers, amid primeval bliss—
A bright foreshadowing of that angel clime
Where love knows no decay.

Sadly and slow

The measured movement of a funeral train
 Broke in upon my silence, and a hearse
 Passed gloomily and slow before my gaze —
 A dark, sad hearse, whose waving, sombre folds
 Draped heavily around some sleeper's rest.
 Questioning, I looked to see what form,
 Coffined for burial, lay silent there.
 Was it the weary one of lengthened years,
 Who long had waited for death's kindly hand
 To open Heaven's bright portals?

Was it man,

With many a hoping scheme and plotting plan,
 Ready to grasp ambition's tempting prize
 To his lurid heart, to find it vanity?
 Was it youth's glorious eye, forever sealed,
 Its voice of melody forever hushed?
 Had one, whose path was strewn with buds and flowers,
 Turned from their glowing beauty but to die?
 No!

None of these slept 'neath that coffin's lid.

It was a child whose happy feet had tripped
 Amid the flowers of three bright summers,

Hearing

Forever 'round its way the angels' hymn.
 And wooed at last by so divine a strain,
 To that blest world whose minstrelsy it is.
 The shining curls in their rich beauty lay

Around that placid brow so chill and fair,
And the long lashes rested on the cheek
With such a loving pressure, one might think
'Twas childhood's rosy sleep in happy dreams.
The parted lips looked as if pleasant thoughts
Would give them childish utterance — *büt*, alas!
For bleeding love there came no little word.
From prattling — its murmurs were all done,
Leaving but memories of their music tone,
That echoed as in mockery of deep grief.
The dimpled hand was folded, quiet now,
Clasping Love's last sad gift of purest flowers;
And the still feet! once pattering, restless feet,
Peeped sadly from their rest in coffin bed.
Little white coffin! in thy close embrace
Thou keep'st a radiant gem, whose flashing light
Was home's own sunshine.

Now, the darkened hearth
Mourns its evanished brightness, and fond hearts
Bewail the missing melody it breathed.
Thrice happy child! thy spirit may not know
Life's broken hopes, its sad and weary hours.
Laid to thy rest, earth's angel! but to be
A brighter angel on yon radiant shore.
On thy pure brow Time's finger may not trace
His days and moments with their passing care,
Sealed in thy beauty for the courts of Heaven,
Expanding 'mid its elements divine.

Thrice happy child! whose little feet have crossed
O'er the dark waters of that mystic stream ;
If here thy hours on golden pinions fled,
And life encompassed thee with glowing light,
What must it be amid that home of glory,
Where not a cloud floats in its vast expanse,
Where angel pinions flash their starry splendor
Beneath the glances of our Father's eye ;
Where countless thousands strike their golden harps,
Wandering, enraptured, by Life's crystal stream.
Oh, quiet sleeper! in Death's calm repose,
What must thy young life's added glory be?

THE FADING YEAR.

Pilgrim! with sandal'd feet and failing step,
Thou 'rt passing from Time's measured shore away,
With brow so furrowed and cheek so wan,
That wears the ashen hue of dull decay.
The sad and sombre livery of Death
Doth fold about thee with enshrouding gloom;
Death! whose sole birthright is a waiting grave—
Whose only welcome is a voiceless tomb.

Wearied and worn! through every lengthened street
Thou tak'st thy onward way, with vigor gone;
The light hath fled from out thy flashing eye,
The seal of silence steals thy lips upon;
The budding hopes that crowned thy natal hour
With their pure freshness, 'round thee withered lie,
And thy dim vision doth in vain essay
To find their brightness in life's sombre sky.

Thy spring-time beauty, when the violet's eye
 Looked in its quiet loveliness on earth ;
When the glad voice of rivulet and stream
 Breathed, in its rippling melody and mirth,
The brightness of thy summer's golden hours,
 Crowned with a starry radiance from on high,
Have gone before thee ; and the angel truths
 Spread o'er the vale and hill, bloomed but to die.

Yet, fading year, thou 'rt passing to a land
 Where Love's calm breeze will fan thy careworn brow ;
The land of memory whose fadeless light
 And shining stars look calmly, purely down.
Glad spring comes there to meet thy step again,
 And summer flings its radiance 'round thy way ;
The gorgeous glory of the autumn time
 Shines not amid its beauty — dull decay.

All the rich jewels Hope garners up,
 She bears with faltering step to that fair land,
And their pure light will beam around thy way ;
 Thy spirit shall each sunny ray command.
Love stores its treasures there — each look and tone
 Gain a new glory, while affection's eye
Takes there a softer light, and each fond word
 From lips beloved wins immortality.

Love wanders there, the victor over Death,
 Wresting the sleeper from the darksome tomb,
He stands a conqueror in that peaceful clime —
 Triumphant over loneliness and gloom.
Lips, where have rested Death's fast closing seal,
 Murmur again their holy faith and trust,
And radiant with the spirit's fadeless light,
 Are eyes that sleep beneath the mouldering dust.

Pale year! thy hand in coffin-bed hath hid
 The waving curls of many a shining head;
Thou hast borne down full many a brow too pale —
 Full many a darkening pall thy hand hath spread.
Quenched the glad light of many a kindred eye
 Whose starry gleams, kept by an angel's hand,
Were gathered to eternal life on high —
 We meet them all in memory's changeless land.

Rich, rich, the spirit's treasures thou dost bear —
 Sweet thoughts to lay upon a sacred shrine,
Where the fond heart its hoarded wealth will store,
 Where love doth purely glow — a spark divine.
No dimming cloud shall mar the radiant light,
 And angel hands shall roll back Lethe's wave;
For o'er the glory of each cherished gem
 Its dark, cold waters have no power to lave.

* * * * *

Departing year! even as a gallant ship,
 Which bears afar the loving from our side,
 Freighted with untold wealth for distant port,
 We gaze upon the waters wide.
 Thy course is onward—from the shores of Time
 Out on the sea of broad Infinity,
 Unto the shores eternal, where doth wait
 A harbored fleet of vanished years for thee.

A mighty hand thy moorings soon will loose—
 We wait the signal from the Throne on high,
 And countless numbers as thou glid'st away
 Will look upon thee with a tearful eye;
 The wave shall not o'erwhelm thee, nor the winds
 Wreck with wild fury—for the form of light
 Which at thy prow in majesty doth stand,
 Hath power to hush the billow's fiercest might.

Farewell! farewell! Old Year, we meet again;
 Thy moments all will come in mute array;
 Thy fleeting months shall bring their record, too—
 The golden circlet of each passing day.
 Oh, Thou! enthroned in radiance above,
 Who looks on erring man with mercy's eye,
 From each remembrance blot every trace
 Of the unfaithfulness thou dost desery.

Forgive the love that in its fondness clings
So closely to the changing things of earth ;
Untwine the heartstrings, that with mighty strength
Gather o'er hopes but mortal in their birth.
Teach us to live, that in each passing year
That fleets so surely on, we may enshrine
Full many a deed of holiest duty done —
Full many a trace of love that marks us — Thine.

THE INFIDEL'S DAUGHTER.

Dying! ah no, it could not be,
His young and beauteous child
Must not go down to death's embrace—
His brain with grief was wild;
To loose the murmurs of that voice,
The love-light of that eye,
To miss that glad and bounding step—
Oh, no! she must not die.

He took her hand within his own,
He smoothed her sunny hair,
He looked upon that pure young brow,
And saw Death coming there;
And dark despair, with iron grasp,
Clenched fast his stricken heart—
That heart which in the holy trust
Of Heaven had borne no part.

He wandered back o'er all the paths
The well-beloved trod,
He thought upon her mother's voice,
All hushed beneath the sod.
Upon her words of sad reproof,
Breathed lovingly and mild;
Upon the little, pleading prayer
She taught her gentle child,

And came the memory — that his lips
Had curled in bitter scorn,
Whene'er unto the throne of Heaven
That childish prayer was borne;
The bitter memory of a time
With anguish traces fraught,
When the denial of the faith
To her young lips were taught.

She speaks: Oh! how his eager soul
Thirsts for each uttered word;
Faint, faint, and stamped with agony,
Each spoken thought was heard.
Oh, Death! roll back with mighty power
Thy dark o'erwhelming wave,
That he may win some cherished word
From thee, thou waiting grave.

“ My Father, life is failing fast,
My words come faint and slow,
Death bears me o'er the waters dark,
Oh! tell me, e'er I go,
Whose faith and trust shall now be mine
Throughout the shaded vale?
Whose shadows gather 'round my path,
My spirit to assail?

“ My Mother taught my youthful lips
The fervent, earnest prayer,
To God, who dwells enthroned on high,
For his protecting care;
She told me of a Savior's love,
A Lord exalted high,
Who, Prince and Mediator, lives
Far, far beyond the sky.

“ And many a time, dear Father, too,
With tears, on bended knee,
She prayed that He would touch thy heart
With power and purity,
And bring thee safely home to Heaven,
Where thy enraptured soul
Should join the seraph song of love,
While endless ages roll.

“Oh! tell me Father, e'er I go
To slumber in the dust,
Whose faith my soul shall lean upon,
Whose God shall be my trust?”
Then, 'mid the tears that fell like rain,
Her passing spirit heard:
Oh! blest in Death, each welcome tone,
Like balm, each precious word.

“My child, take thou thy mother's faith,
'T will bless thee in thy need;
My wild and vain imaginings
Are but a broken reed.
Take thou thy mother's God: His arm
Shall shield thee through the vale;
Take thou thy mother's God: His arm
Shall over death prevail.

“And when in yonder angel world,
Thou standest side by side,
With thy sweet Mother, plead with Him
My lips have oft denied,
That I may henceforth tread on earth
The path thy mother trod,
That her pure faith may be my guide,
Her God and thine—my God.”

OUR DARLING.

What shall we do when the Spring-time is here,
Missing our darling, so cherished and dear?
What shall we do as its breezes float by,
Wanting the light of that calm azure eye?
Shall we bend, all tearful, above his home,
With the voice of mourning and sadness come?
Oh, no! oh, no! we will look on high,
Where in untold glories his hours pass by.

What shall we do when the summer, so bright,
Brighteneth the valley and hill with its light?
What shall we do when all nature shall wear
Her robes of beauty, her coronal fair,
And we see no trace of his childish head?
Shall we think of our darling as with the dead?
Oh, no! oh, no!—as one passed away
From a clouded dawn to eternal day.

What shall we do in the rich autumn time,
When the voices of earth shall in unison chime,
When we hear not the shout and the echoing call
Of him who was fairest and brightest of all?
Shall our hearts grow sad and our eyes grow dim,
Tearful ever at memory of him?
Oh, no! oh, no! we will ever look up,
Thankful his lips may not press life's dark cup.

What shall we do when the winter hours come,
And we hear not his gladness 'round hearth and home?
When we think of his joy that once floated out
In the winter hours, and his gleeful shout
Over the snowy and ice-bound street,
The tireless bound of those little feet?
Shall we mourn that so quiet they now do rest—
Those boyish feet—on the earth's green breast?

Never! oh, never! for do they not roam
In their new-found joy in a fairer home?
Walking in beauty, where Life's glad stream
Enshrineth the brightness of Heaven's own beam?
Never! oh, never! how blessed to go.
Though the voice be hushed and the head lie low,
It were brighter joy than our world can give,
'Neath the radiant smile of the Lord to live.

ABSENT.

Morning comes with rosy light,—
Sunlight streameth fair and bright,—
Lifting up the hillside fair,
Kissing flow'rets scattered there.
Stealing o'er the lowly vale—
Seeking out the woody dale—
Vainly morning comes to me,
One I love I do not see.

Evening comes with shining stars,
Not a cloud yon heaven mars;
Day, with babbling voice, is still—
Quiet rests on vale and hill.
Moonlight falls around my way,
O'er the stream its mild rays play;
Vain the charms of eve to me,
One I love I do not see.

Voices of unshadowed glee
Echo forth so merrily,
Wondering that the clouds of care,
Hang around a path so fair.
Music brings her treasured tone,
Melodies my soul hath known ;
What is mirth and minstrelsy ?
One I love I do not see.

Speed ye hours on wings of light,
Realizing hopes so bright ;
Bring again the welcome feet,
O'er the busy, bustling street.
Bring the lips, and cheek, and brow,
Memory loves to think of now ;
Bring them back again to me,
One I love I then shall see.

FORGIVENESS.

“Be to thy bitterest foe like the sissoo tree, which perfumes with its odors the axe which brings it level to the ground.”—*Persian Proverb.*

Perchance, oh, man! thy brother's heart
Keeps bitter thoughts of thee,
And treasures up no kindly deed,—
No pleasant memory.
Forgive him every unjust thought,
His spirit's depths hath moved;
Forgive him all, and let thy truth
In acts of love be proved.

Perchance, for thee, thy brother's lip
Breathes never tenderness,—
Let gentle words from thine be known,
Whose utterance will bless.
Their echoes shall, like music tones,
Encircle round thy life,—
A sunlight in earth's darkened way—
Calm peace amid its strife.

Thy brother's eye may turn away,
And look not on thy path,—
Its radiance gone,—its kindling flash,
Proclaim the tempest's wrath.
Oh! look not thou upon him thus,
But let thine eyes' mild light
Dispel the gleam of vengeful ire—
The darkness of its night.

Uplifted, too, may be his hand,
To fall with crushing force.
Oh! fold thine own—in calm resolve
High manhood's fearless course;
And seek to do some kindly deed,
Some happiness to bring
Around thy brother's life—thy heart's—
Heaven's prompting offering.

So shall thy days glide calmly on,
Each bearing up to Heaven
Some trace of noble duty done—
Some bitter wrong forgiven.
And these shall win for thee a rest
On yonder peaceful shore,
Where anger's tossing, surging wave,
Shall vex thy soul no more.

Walk in His steps, whose gentle lips
 No erring man reviled;—
A God, who trod in earthly paths,
 So pure and undefiled;
And whispered to the rising wave
 Of anger,—“Peace, be still!”
Crowning thy brother’s life with good,
 Who wishes thee but ill.

LOVE'S WEALTH.

"Nothing is trifling that Love consecrates."

Thy pictured semblance — what a joy is mine,
Fondly each cherished lineament to trace ;
To mark, with love, that look almost divine
That rests with such a glory on thy face !
And as I gaze delighted, from those eyes
Comes back an answering lovelight to mine own,
While those red lips, on which proud beauty lies,
Seem sweetly breathing thy familiar tone.

This shining tress of hair on which I gaze
Full oft, hath gleamed above thy glorious brow —
From out its folds a voice of blissful days
Steals — lingering around my spirit now.
Oh ! many a precious hope is with it twined,
And many a charm by blessed memory wove ;
While 'mid its silken threads is fondly shrined
A changeless trust — a holy, deathless love.

This faded flower—'twas culled by thine own hand—

I mind me how its fragrance 'round me fell,
So exquisite, I thought some fairy hand

Was hovering o'er us with a cloudlike spell.
I cannot lose the memory of a word

That lingered on thy lips in that blest hour;
Full many a tender thought of thee is stirred,
As now I look upon this treasured flower.

This book was thine—I trace thy blessed name

Inscribed by thy dear hand—of thee a part;
The proudest wealth within the gift of fame

Could wake no deeper thrill within my heart.

Each tiny character a bright link seems,

United all, they form a golden chain
That binds within my heart its own bright dreams,
And I as gladly live them o'er again.

Love's wealth, to the fond heart more precious far

Than gems which sparkle in Golconda's mine,
Or glow on beauty's brow like evening's star,
Adding a glory to what seems divine.

A holy charm is 'round them—talismen they seem—

Semblance, and curl, thy name, and faded flower;
Thus ever shall their radiance o'er me gleam,
Brighten and bless my path till Life's last hour.

REPLY TO THE "THREE GIFTS."

Inscribed to my father.

"The gift of Genius." I claim it not,
With destiny dark, and sad, sad lot;
Yet would that I, with its magic power,
To Fame's proud eminence might tower.
I would place my name on its records bright,
To beam for aye with unchanging light.

"The gift of Beauty." Say not 'tis mine,
With its own brilliancy to shine.
What is it? The eye is glad and bright,
But Death can dim it in darkest night.
What is it? The cheek may wear youth's bloom,
But 'twill pale in the lone, unconscious tomb.

"The gift of Goodness." Oh, radiant gem!
That glows in Heaven's own diadem,—
Clear and lustrous it beams afar,
With holy rays on Earth's wanderer.
Be mine *that* bourne—to us be given,
Goodness on Earth and bliss in Heaven.

MY OHIO HOME.

Inscribed to Mr. and Mrs. John A. Bingham.

I sit in the twilight hushed and dim,
And around me memories come
Of the parted smile and the gentle words
That brightened my happy home.
I think of the many shining links,
Perfecting Love's golden chain,
And I sigh to think that long future years
Will not see them all again.

My own loved home! dost thou wear the look
Which was thine in days gone by?
Bright were the hours within thy walls,—
Fleetly they flitted by.
Home's angel floated about its hearth,
And with folded, happy wing,
Diffused a presence of love, which made
Life seem such a blessed thing.

Thou seemest to me a thing of life,
As a friend full well beloved,
Whose faith and love, through each vanished year,
To my trusting heart was proved.
And I think that thou hast a loving heart,—
That over *thy* musing soul,
The memory of happy, by-gone hours,
Sadly and silently roll.

I cannot forget thee — enshrined for aye,
In each tree, and shrub, and flower,
Which waved and bloomed in that charmed spot
In the long, bright summer's hour.
I cannot forget each glancing smile,
Which round thee like sunlight fell,
Nor the wonted tones which greeted mine ear
With their trusted and holy spell.

Happy and blest be that household band,
Which clusters around thy hearth,—
Home's sweetest melodies echo for them
Tones of immortal birth.
Lingering around their paths on earth,
To Life's last hour be they given,
Made holier far, as they float above,
To God's own, their native Heaven.

HENRY CLAY.

“There is no death to such as thou, neither darkness nor the shadow of Death: only such a bright fading as when the morning star fades in the golden dawn.”

A nation stands with tearful eyes and dim,
Watching thy parting glories — lost to Earth!
Listening, perchance, to hear the angels' hymn
Triumphant as thou gained immortal birth.
For well we deem our darkened earth hath given
A radiance, which doth flood those portals fair,—
A stream of brightness beams from yonder Heaven;
We gaze with awe and rapture — thou art there.

Thine is no victory, O Death! though on that brow
The hush and stillness of that realm is set.
No conquest thine, — although we listen now
For silver tones we never *can* forget.
It is not death to live in bliss above,—
To wear a starry crown on that bright shore,—
To tune a golden harp to songs of love,—
To know of care, and toil, and grief, no more.

Oh! it is boundless never-ending life ;
 All, all untold its inner glories are,—
 And in this chilling, dreary world of strife,
 Its peaceful rays beam on us from afar,—
 Soothing the soul when sorrows round us come,—
 A guiding star as o'er Life's sea we rove.
 Those beams like golden links have drawn thee home,
 Calling thee up to endless life and love.

Thy name shall live forever — Henry Clay !
 Its very sound bespeaks immortal birth ;
 Ages unheeded shall have passed away,
 Yet still its radiance shall illumine the earth.
 Fond hearts and true will come in future years
 To look upon thy grave — a holy shrine ;
 And they will hush their sorrows and their tears
 As 'round their paths its sacred light shall shine.

“Tomb of the mighty dead” — 'tis hallowed ground,
 Where they have gently laid thee down to rest,—
 Sacred forever be the grassy mound,
 Rising above thy calm and pulseless breast.
 Pillowed in glory ! risen in glory too !
 Thy home not there, — thy robes so white and fair,
 Not neath the coffin's lid they meet my view,
 In Heaven, I see them there, I see them there !

THE EVENING BEFORE MARRIAGE.

My own sweet child, come sit thee by my side —
Thy wonted place in many an hour gone by ;
Come, while Remembrance pours her deathless tide,
Whose living power will Time and Change defy.
And as I gaze into those undimmed eyes,
Marking no shadow on that youthful brow,
I pray “Our Father” that for thee there lies
A path as thornless as thou treadest now.

And now I fancy thee a child once more,
Coming to meet me with step light and free,
And in mine ear respondeth o’er and o’er
The happy echo of thine artless glee.
Ever unshadowed seemed thy young, bright life,—
Love kept sweet watch and ward o’er thee, my child,
Shielding thee from the world’s unceasing strife,
Pointing to Him, the pure and undefiled.

I mind me, too, how ever at my knee
Thou cam'st at eve to breath thy childhood's prayer,
And how thy young lip glowed with fervency
When asking God for His protecting care.
Oh, seek Him still! thy Guardian and Guide;
Remember Him amid each happy hour,—
His arms will shelter, and His love provide
A refuge when dark clouds of sorrow lower.

A double vision fondly greets mine eye,
As I invoke thy childhood's laughing hours,—
Thine own sweet sister, on whose brow doth lie
The placid sweetness born of Heaven's own power.
My cherished child! it is a joy to trace
Those happy hours when by my side she grew;
Thrice blest is she — amid Life's every place,
She dwells enshrined in loving hearts and true.

To-morrow, love, and these young lips will breathe
The deathless vow which never may be broken;
By the glad hopes that 'round thee brightly wreath,
And present bliss, I know it fondly spoken.
A noble heart hath showered its love on thee;
Green be your paths through Life's descending vale,
A manly arm thy shield and stay shall be,
Amid Life's cares, which every path assail.

Our household love,— let it remembered be,
Oh! bind its memory in thy happy soul;
Strong be the spell—an amulet for thee,
As days and years o'er that young head shall roll.
In the dim future may each vanished hour
Speak to thy heart—to comfort and to bless;
Shedding around thy path a soothing power,
To sweetly blend with Life's rich harmonies.

Mine is no gift, my child, of fairy power—
Gilding thy life with visions strangely bright;
I only ask for thee, that every hour
May take its radiance from the unstained light
Which sheds its glory 'round our Father's throne,—
And that when Life, with light and shade, is o'er,
In that blest clime of love, thou and thine own
May dwell with angels on an Eden shore.

LINES.

Written upon receiving the picture of a child. Inscribed to Mrs. E. D. Hardin.

Little Robbie Hardin!
Pure and sweet thy face,
Shrined amid the ringlets
Of enchanting grace;
Winsome is thy beauty,
Fair thy brow and cheek,
And the lips — that many
Quaint and strange things speak.

Oh, the cunning gleaming
Of the darling's eye!
Hiding stores of wisdom
In its witchery.
What has it to tell me?
For it seems to me,
In its depths are hidden
Some sweet mystery.

Little Robbie Hardin! .
 Would that I might call
Blessings on the beauty
 Which enraptures all.
Brightness should o'ershadow,
 Flowers be strewn for thee,—
And amid life's future,
 Light thy burdens be.

God will keep thee safely,
 In thy earthly ways;
He will weave the sunshine
 Through thy coming days.
He will guide thy footsteps,—
 He will hold thy hand,
Safe and angel-guarded
 Thou — at His command.

Little Robbie Hardin!
 I shall keep thee here,
Shrined amid my treasures,
 With the fair and dear.
While mine eyes shall look on
 Earthly life and grace,
They shall seek the beauty
 Of thy sweet, young face.

RUTH TO NAOMI.

“Strong affection
Contends with all things and overcometh
All things. As our hearts, our way is one,
And may not be divided.”

I can not leave thee — well beloved!
Hath not dark days affection proved?
The memories clustering 'round my heart
Appeal that we may never part.
My arms around thy neck are twined,
There shall my head its refuge find,
For my pale lips would never tell
To thee that sorrowing word — Farewell.

Afar from thee! the gentle Spring
No gladness to my heart will bring,—
Vainly the summer hours may wear
A golden crown of radiance rare.
Unheeded would the gorgeous dyes
Of Autumn tower unto the skies,
And nature only breathe for me
A sad and mournful melody.

I can not leave thee. I will go
To share thy gladness and thy woe,—
To Moab's land I turn not back,
But keep with thee the pilgrim's track ;—
And gleaming on our path afar,
I see the light of Bethlehem's star ;
Nor shall we faltering footsteps know
As, angel-guarded, on we go.

I will go with thee. 'Neath the skies
That o'er Judea's plains arise,
Our song of praise shall rise on high,
And our Deliverer magnify.
Where e'er thou dwellest I will dwell,
The faith and trust of life to tell ;
Thy people shall be mine — yea, more,
Thy God alone will I adore.

When thou art old, and each dear tone,
With changing years has feeble grown,
My hand shall soothe thee — warding still
From thy loved form each earthly ill.
My lips shall tell thee of that clime,
The aim of Hope and Faith sublime,
And point thy gently closing eye
To deathless homes beyond the sky.

And sweet shall be thy quiet rest,
With folded hands above thy breast;
As gently o'er thy placid brow
I smoothe thy hair as often now
With eyes of tears. My last fond look,
Enclasped in memory's golden book
Shall be, when 'neath the coffin's lid
Thy cherished form, beloved, is hid.

And there beside thee I will sleep—
There will I spirit vigils keep,
When the winged shadow sweepeth by,
And earth is closed to my sealed eye.
Not served in this fleeting life—
Not parted in death's bitter strife;
For love is mightier far than he,—
It claims an immortality.

Entreat me not! I could not brook
From thy dear eyes a parting look;
I would not hear that wonted tone
Take that of sorrow, oh, mine own!
My place is here, at thy right hand
My planted footsteps firmly stand;
Nor life, nor death, may ever know
The ebbing of affection's flow.

THE SHUNAMITE'S REPLY.

"I dwell among mine own people."

"Wouldst thou dwell in palace fair,
Where doth float the perfumed air,
Where glad music tones is heard,
Rivaling the woodland bird?
There the day goes fleeting by,
'Neath the bright and azure sky ;
Eve calls forth the flashing light,
Shedding radiance o'er the night."

"No! ah, no! a palace home
Cannot tempt my feet to roam ;
In my humble home, yet fair,
Fragrant breathings fill the air.
Nature's untaught minstrelsy
Pour their sweetest strains for me ;
While the evening's sentinel,
Tales of higher glory tell."

“Wouldst thou rove by rippling streams
With a voice like poets' dreams—
Listening to the fountain's flow,
Falling musical and low?
Fairy flowers would deck thy way,
Waking beauty day by day;
Foreign climes their odors sweet
Shed around thy happy feet.”

“Unchecked streamlets near me flow,
Sunlit flashings o'er them go,
And my heart leaps high and free,
As they sing so merrily.
Round my path the violet comes,
In its heart the wild bee hums;
O'er the hill, and o'er the lea,
Angel voices come to me.”

“In the proudest niche of Fame,
Wouldst thou gladly place thy name,
There to beam with living power
Through the long and future hour?
Wouldst thou twine around thy brow
Glory's luring radiant glow?
Of its goblets wouldst thou sip,
Leaving ashes on the lip?”

“Fame’s proud laurels tempt me not
To forego my happy lot ;—
Many a heart they rest upon,
Mourns its light and life all gone.
Glory’s guerdon never gave
Power from earthly ills to save ;—
Ne’er dispelled death’s gathering mist,
Nor to life the sealed eye kissed.”

“Hast thou wish for gleaming gold,
Hoarded heaps and wealth untold?
Will it to thee blessings bring,
Or a seared heart’s offering?
Tell me, for the power is mine,
Given by a Hand Divine,—
What fond wish hath often stole
Quietly o’er thy pure soul?”

“Not a wish for stores of gold
Comes from out my spirit’s fold ;—
Countless were the offering,
Hopes of Heaven it could not bring ;
Keep me from the fatal snare,
Luring on with light so fair ;
Keep me from the palsied heart,
Of those shining heaps a part.”

“ Life to me glides gently by,
Resting 'neath love's summer sky,—
Here my heart hath placid rest,
I am happy, richly blest.
'Neath the vine and 'neath the tree
Roam I ever happily ;—
In my Fatherland I dwell,
With mine own, who love me well.

LINES.

Upon the departure of friends for Palestine.

O'er ocean's depths the well-beloved
Seek for Judea's land,
'Neath the tall, waving olive tree,
In joyfulness to stand.
Where the blue skies bend lovingly
O'er that thrice sacred spot,
Where Bethlehem's Babe took up life's march,
And bore each pilgrim's lot.

By Jordan's stream their feet will stand
On that enchanted shore,
Their spirits filled with joy and awe
Shall worship and adore.
Remembering Him — the Undeiled,—
Who stood acknowledged there,
While the baptismal waters gleamed
Amid His golden hair.

To thy deep shade, Gethsemane,
With sadness they will go;—
The spot that knew His agony,
His crushing weight of woe.
Where angel forms in that dark hour
Came with sweet minist'rings,
And from the very throne of Heaven
Bore comfort on her wings.

And they who stand on Calvary—
Yet not, dear Lord, as Thou,
Bleeding and worn with earth's dark cross,—
Its anguish on Thy brow;
That weight of untold agony
That pressed His spirit down,
Hath placed upon man's fallen brow
A seraph's radiant crown.

SUBMISSION.

“What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.”

Why God hath hushed in life's glad dawn his merry, prattling voice,
Whose echoes were but music tones that made the heart rejoice ;
Why He hath stilled that rosy lip of pleasant melody,
Our clouded vision, dim with tears, so plainly strives to see.

Why hath He laid in quiet rest those boyish, bounding feet,
That roamed amid their happiness o'er home, and hall, and street,—
That blest our threshold with their fall, and pattering in their glee,—
Our clouded vision, dim with tears, all vainly strives to see.

Why He should call the graceful form our spirits loved so
well,
Within the lone, unanswering grave, all silently to dwell,
And fold sweet childhood's robes away beneath the valley's
clod,
We know not, yet would meekly bow before the chastening
rod.

We know it was love's lesson, for a Father's watchful eye,
That looketh on life's morning, and its coming doth descry,
Saw conflicts stern awaiting him, and fierce, contentious
foes,
That would throng around his pathway e'er he should
know its close.

In love He turned those little feet so quietly away,
To tread no more life's battle-field amid its fearful fray ;
He folded up the glancing sword within that soft, white
hand,
That he might never yield it to a foeman's stern command.

Untarnished by a conflict was his glittering lance and
spear,—
Sure helmet never rested on a brow more fair and dear ;
He laid them all aside to wear the angel's crown of gold,
And walketh in their shining ranks a lamb in Heaven's
fold.

A Father's hand hath done it ; and when no longer lies
The shadow of his little grave upon our tearful eyes,
Our lips shall call Him merciful, although grief seemeth
 now
To sever many a heart-string — the spirit crushed to bow.

Justice and Mercy linger near the radiance of His throne,
The gentle ministry of love our Father's heart hath
 known ;
Its effluence doth ever mark the little sparrow's fall —
Its high and vast omnipotence is ever over all.

Not willingly His guardian hand doth bid the tear-drops
 flow,
Nor call our throbbing, human heart earth's bitterness to
 know ;
He soothes the mourning spirit with a voice of holy calm,
And sheds above its bleeding wounds a precious, healing
 balm.

And we will trust Him as we tread life's every onward
 way,—
We will look up with faith undimmed, yea, even though
 He slay —
Relying on His watchful love ; strong in His kingly might,
Whate'er our loving Father does, He ever doeth right.

And when we stand in joyfulness upon the eternal shore,
Where wonted smiles lose not their light, — where Death
comes nevermore ;
Our spirits shall be crowned with love that wipes away all
tears,
Amid the fadeless splendor of the never-ending years.

Then we will know why God hath called so early our fair
child,
Whose brow was wreathed with loveliness, whose lips each
hour beguiled ;
Then will we know the untold bliss of those in childhood's
hours,
Who go in undimmed beauty to dwell in Eden bowers.

REUNION

Of the Seventeenth Regiment, Illinois Volunteer Infantry, at Peoria, Oct. 21, 1868.

Fair Illinois, with sunshine crowned,
Dwelt with a sisterhood of States,
All with one jeweled circlet bound,
And strength, that Union's power creates.
Her household fires glowed bright and clear
When toil at eventide was done,
And weary footsteps gathered near
To homes, that made the many — one

Peace, like a spirit, brooded o'er
Her valleys and unconquered hills ;
O'er fields that gathered golden store ;
O'er singing streams and flowing rills.
Its white wings Heaven's own impress bore,
Sweeping through sunlight's radiant glow,
While the calm stars its beauty wore —
Such beauty as the angels know.

Thus dwelt our peerless Illinois,
Enshrined amid her prairies green,
Where flowerets bloomed in quiet joy,
And crowned her as glad Nature's queen ;
When, with affright, her startled ear
Heard pealing harshly from afar,
Discordant notes, which, drawing near,
Revealed the clarion peal of war.

Then o'er the hillside and the vale,
Rang out the patriot's thrilling cry,—
“ Our country's foes, its life assails !
To arms ! to arms ! to win or die.”
Brave, loyal hearts, grew stronger then,
And good right hands were raised on high,
While the firm lips of earnest men
Vowed their life's blood for liberty.

And far and near throughout the land
Was heard the tramp of marching feet,—
Each soul aglow with purpose grand
The proud defiant foe to meet ;
And, guided by the Almighty hand,—
By love, forever good and wise,—
Each patriot and united band
Rose, like a fortress, to the skies.

Brave regiments went one by one,
And bore aloft with deathless might,
The fairest flag that e'er the sun
Illumed with glorious light :
Our own "red, white and blue" that sweeps
O'er Northern lakes and Southern streams ;
That still its undimmed lustre keeps,
While every star in beauty gleams.

Then came, with many a banner bright,
And bayonet of flashing steel—
With eyes that shone with proudest light,
Their heart's devotion to reveal—
Our noble "Seventeenth," the pride
And glory of a grateful land ;
Each consecrated and sanctified,
A fearless and devoted band.

Although beloved lips grew pale,
With keenest misery and pain ;
Though love poured forth its bitter wail
From forms it might not see again ;
Though sobbing farewells thronged their way,
And kindred hands clung to their own,
And never, never had life's day
Such bitterness and anguish known ;

Yet on they pressed, the brave, the true,
Firmly resolved "to do or die;"
No coward fear their footsteps knew,
As on they marched to victory.
Led by the gallant Ross, who wore
A hero's sword, a patriot's heart,
Their country's flag they proudly bore,
To take, in its stern woes, their part.

And many a battle-field shall keep
Bright records of their noble deeds;
Though fond remembrance there may weep,
And memory's heart with anguish bleeds.
Firmly they stood at "Fredericktown,"
Nor quailed they at "Fort Donaldson;"
'Mid flame, and smoke, and rebel frown,
They fiercely fought,— they proudly won.

At "Shiloh," where the thick shot fell
Like rain around their onward path,
And cannon thundered out to tell
How terrible their voice of wrath;
They stood like adamant — each heart
Unterrified and undismayed;
Nobly and well they bore their part,—
Fearless and grand the charge they made.

At "Corinth," with unfaltering feet,
They marched to combat with the foe;
"Inka" fails not to repeat
The gallant deeds their record show;
"Lake Providence" keeps many a trace
Of manly, fearless, daring, too;
"Black River" gives them lofty place,
Amid the loyal and the true.

And high upon the roll of Fame
Shall stand enshrined in fadeless light,
The glowing signet of each name
That bore a part in "Vicksburg's" fight;
Memorials of unshrinking feet
That stood where hostile armies wheeled,
Until with triumph, all complete,
They went victorious from the field.

A voice from "Jackson," clear and high,
Rehearses many a manly deed,—
Repeating many a memory
Of valor in our country's need.
"Monroe" hath grateful words to tell
Of heroes, and the part they bore,
When dead and dying 'round them fell,
'Mid shot, and shell, and booming roar.

Thus did they fight — that valiant band,
 Holding their starry banner high,—
No foe their prowess could withstand!
 No fame such worth can dignify!
Earth claims no truer, nobler son,
 Than he who wrests from Freedom's foes
The deadly weapons, one by one,
 Which they to her own life oppose.

Here, to this olden camping ground,
 Once more the "Seventeenth" have come,
By links of friendship firmly bound;
 They leave again the hearth and home,
Not for the crimson battle-field;
 Not for war's tumult and alarm;
Their country's voice hath not appealed
 For aid, — rebellion to disarm.

But to recount each danger hour,—
 To speak of many a battle won,—
With memory's sweet and tender power
 To tell of comrades loved, yet gone.
To vow anew their lives — their all;
 To root disunion's treason out;
To keep bright armor for the call,
 Insidious, traitor foes to rout.

God bless each manly heart that made
 His country's honor all his own!
 God bless each hand whose shining blade
 Was to the enemy made known!
 God guide and strengthen faithful feet
 That walked in danger's paths and blood;
 Who stand in conquering light complete,—
 A nation's glorious brotherhood!

And for the brave and true who sleep
 " The sleep that knows no waking hour,"
 Affections holiest thoughts we keep,
 That linger with a changeless power.
 For home and country well they fought;
 For home and country proudly fell;
 Amid life's paths can there be aught
 More glorious of man to tell?

Sleep they in home and native land;
 Sleep they by shore or murmuring stream;
 In graves " by Southern breezes fanned,"
 Or, by the sunset's fading gleam;
 Where'er it be — unsullied wings
 Are folded gently o'er their rest,
 And liberty, all tearful, brings
 Her offerings for each patriot's breast.

The soldier's grave! oh, let it be
A place where holiest thoughts awake, —
Where living lips breathe fervently
A firmer faith for their dear sake ;
Where freemen's hands more strongly grasp
The standard of their glorious land,
And vow that their fast clinging clasp
Shall not be loosed but by death's hand.

Hushed is the hostile cannon's roar!
The clang and clash of battle steel —
And o'er hill and vale no more
Rings out war's shrilly clarion peal ;
A glorious hymn ascends to Heaven,
A cheerful anthem loud and high,—
Immortal chords to thee are given,
Triumphant words of liberty !

White dove of peace! enfold our land,
And leave us never, never more ;
Thou! with a mission high and grand,
Teach us thy lessons o'er and o'er.
Be thy pure banner wide unfurled,
And guide us with thy loving sway,
Until the nations of the world,
In time's fleet march all pass away.

SHALL THE UNION BE SEVERED?

Never, oh! never!

While gently bends the azure sky
O'er earth so lovingly and fair,
And troops of clouds careering by,
Their inner tinge of glory wear;
While the gleaming sunsets win the soul
Up to the fount whence brightness flows,
And shining stars their vigils keep,
Changeless and calm in pure repose.

Never, oh! never!

While grand and high the towering trees
Chant anthems 'mid the forests old,
Waking entrancing melodies,
Sweeter than minstrel ever told.
Their aged arms were long held forth
To woo the murmurs of the breeze—
Harp strings, that taking nature's tone,
Breathed forth her sweetest melodies.

Never, oh! never!

While the tall northern pine doth dwell

In beauty by the blue lake's side,

And the magnolia of the south

Wears gracefully its robes of pride.

The violet from its lowly home,

Looks sadly up at the dark thought;

The rose puts on a deeper dye,

To hear Disunion's treason taught.

Never, oh! never!

By every noble warrior heart

That ceased to throb where fierce shot fell;

By love's sweet mission unfulfilled,

Where kindred lips spake no farewell;

By all the unsoothed agony,

Untold, unknown to all, save God;

By lonely homes, and darkened hearth,

And silent paths where dear feet trod.

Never, oh! never!

By those who stand — the brave, the true —

To-day "where man doth die for man;"

Who face the foe, while fast and thick

Fall missiles from the hostile van;

By hands that bear aloft the flag,

Though Death has touched the manly brow;

By echoed shouts from victor lips,

Whose tones of triumph greet us now.

Forbid it, Heaven!

And give thy blessing to our arms —
Smile on us in proud victory ;
Give thine own strength unto the hands
That for the right strive valiantly ;
Disperse our foes — bring back again
The white-winged dove of Peace to rest
Upon our own unconquered hills,
Beneath the flag we love the best.

Then shall go up
From North to South, from East to West,
A glorious strain — a blended prayer,
That 'neath the shelter of Thy love
All may be kept with watchful care ;
That never more while time shall last,
May dark Rebellion rear its crest,—
That the glad sunlight and the stars,
May find us undivided — blest !

PRAY.

“Beseech of Him
Who giveth, upbraiding not.”

—BARTON.

Child! with the fair and cloudless brow,
The whisper of angels is 'round thee now;
We gaze with joy on thy sunny face,
In thine eyes' clear depth no grief we trace.
Oh! in the light of thy shadowless day,
Gird for life's conflict — therefore, pray!

Youth! I know life seemeth to thee
A bright, yet unfolding mystery;
Few and happy have been thy years,
Deeming this earth not a vale of tears.
To thee there must come a darkened day,
Now, in thy happiness, kneel and pray!

Manhood! with busy and scheming heart,
Thy hopes will fail thee, thy dreams depart,
Forsaking thee in thy hours of need,
Each earthly stay but a broken reed.
Pause ere life's light hath faded away —
Look thou to Heaven — yea, look and pray!

Thou! with the faltering step and slow,
Upon whose head rests a crown of snow,
Doth thy feeble heart look up to the sky,
Clinging to promises sealed on high?
Down to the grave thou art wandering thy way,
Nearer, still nearer — oh, watch and pray!

Prayer! 'Tis a sacred and holy thing,
'Twill check the heart in each wandering,—
A precious amulet mortals may wear,
Relieving each sorrow, dispelling each care,
It opens the gate to yon radiant shore —
Pray thou on earth, thou shalt there adore.

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HYMN FOR EASTER.

Throw open wide, ye seraphs,
The gates of pearl to-day,—
Flash, wings of white, your brightness,
Where life's glad waters play!
We come in countless numbers,
Our songs of praise to bring
To our ascended Saviour,
Whose risen power we sing.

We walk through ranks of glory,
Where dwell the cherubim;
We hear in grandest echoes,
High Heaven's harmonious hymn;
We pass the saints and prophets,
The holy ones of old;
Not there our spirits linger,—
Not there our love is told.

On, where the blessed Saviour
Is crowned and glorified,
Where He, Divine and Holy,
Stands at the Father's side.
And here we fondly linger,
And here our praise we bring—
Accept it, Thou who reigneth,
Exalted Lord and King.

We tell with happy voices,
Thy praises and Thy love,
Thy triumph over darkness,
Thy glorious reign above,—
The glad and free salvation,
Brought by Thy wounded hands,
Whose living fountain ever
Thy blest memorial stands.

THE PRAYER OF THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

I come to Thee — Thou wilt hear
The fond petition of a loving heart ;
Thou, who enthroned in majesty above,
The strength and succor of thy children art.

I come to Thee — and as I lowly kneel,
Would rend the veil that severs me from Thee ;
So if, perchance, I touched Thy shining robe,
My hand of Faith would win this boon for me.

Thy quivering starlight rests upon my brow,—
The calmness of Thy Heaven doth touch my heart ;
And I have shut out from me all the world,
All, all, save one, of life how dear a part.

I cannot leave him, Father — he is linked
So closely to this pleading soul of mine.
I breathe to Thee no prayer without his name,
But blend it even tenderly with Thine.

Look down upon him from Thine own high home,—
Hold him within Thy guardian loving arms;
He standeth now upon the battle-field,
Amid its fearful danger and alarms.

His heart is brave, he knoweth not a fear,
To deeds of valor he will hasten on —
Go Thon before him, that the shadow dark
May never rest his chosen path upon.

Shelter his head so dear from every ill —
Keep back the crimson tide from his dark hair —
Let not a traitor hand with ruthless aim
Mar the rich beauty that doth linger there.

Let not those footsteps fail amid the fray —
Let not his faithful hand grow rigid there.
Keep him! oh, keep him, Father, from all harm.
Vouchsafe a blessed answer to my prayer.

Let not those eyes grow dim when far away,
Looking in vain for some beloved face;
Let not those lips their latest accents tell
Where Love's sweet ministry hath not a place.

I ask Thee, not that he may proudly win
Upon the battle-field a glorious name.
I ask Thee, not to wreath his manly brow
With the unfading laurel wreath of Fame.

I only ask for life — his precious life —
Content if Thou wilt give this boon to me ;
All merciful ! I only ask that Thou
His rock of refuge and defence will be.

For this I offer up my pleading prayer :
Hear me ! oh ! hear me in Thy peaceful Heaven,
Where war's loud clang doth fold no silver wing,
Where mortals stand unsinning and forgiven.

Take him in Thine own arms ; I leave him there, —
I give him up to no one, Lord, save Thee ;
My heart shall deem him sacred, and secure
My faith shall ever firm and changeless be.

HAIL TO THE HEROES.

Lines written on the return of the 47th Illinois and 8th Missouri Regiments.

Hail to the Heroes! The brave and true;
Blessings descend on their paths like dew;
Who, strong in the pride of manhood's might,
Went forth their Country's battles to fight.
Around and above their onward way
Shone the bright gleam of Liberty's ray,
And proudly their banner waved afar,
Bearing the glory of Stripe and Star.

Faithful and firm on the crimson field,
With a purpose holy and noble steeled,
They stood 'mid the battle's din and shock,
Calmly as stands the wave-dashed rock;
No craven fear subdues their souls,
As fiercely the tide of stern strife rolls.
Stand up in thy majesty, Illinois,
They have won the glory time can not destroy.

Homeward they come — let each hand and heart
In a warm, glad welcome bear a part,—
Let uncounted blessings and thanks go round,
For the soldiers' brows with laurels crowned.
Hail to the heroes! each gallant one
Who went at the call of the signal gun,—
Glory shall place on its towering height
Their stainless record all fair and bright.

And yet, as we number each brave band o'er,
There are missing feet that return no more;
And sadly we hush our tones of glee
As we linger with thee, oh! memory.
With chastened feelings our spirits tell
How nobly they fought, how nobly they fell;
And with folded wings o'er their calm, sweet rest,
Hero and martyr, we deem them blest.

BETTER THAN OUR FEARS.

Far better than our fears
Art Thou, oh! Lord of light,
Who gives us blessed day
As well as darkest night;
Who calms the raging wave,
And whispers, "Peace, be still,"
Whoever gives us good
Amid each bitter ill.

"Far better than our fears,
Lord! hast Thou been for years."

When sorrows come, and tears,
And dark despair draws near;
When clouds obscure the light,
And sinking spirits fear;
When Hope forsakes our hearts,
And Misery comes nigh,
Thy voice of Love we hear,
And to Thy refuge fly.

"Far better than our fears,
Lord! hast Thou been for years."

Oft, when the Angel dark,
 Upon our threshold stands,—
When some beloved life
 Seems waiting his commands;
Dear Lord! Thou bringest back
 New light to brow and cheek,
And joyfully we bow,
 Thy glorious praise to speak.
 “ Far better than our fears,
 Lord! hast thou been for years.”

Yea! better far, dear Lord,
 Thou art than our own fears;
Thy goodness and Thy love
 Shall brighten coming years;
And we will trust Thee still,
 Though clouds around us lie—
Even through the valley dark,
 Thou wilt be ever nigh.
 And through Eternal years,
 Our souls shall know no fears.

EASTER HYMN.

Sound the tidings, earth and Heaven,—
Wake each grand and lofty strain,—
Tell it o'er in joyful measure,
Chant the echoed words again:
Jesus lives! Our Lord is risen!
He hath triumphed o'er the grave.
Jesus lives! in power Eternal,
To redeem, exalt, and save.

Tell it! oh, thou golden sunlight,
Lighting up our rescued world;
Stars of evening, wide proclaim it
In the azure skies impearled.
That He lives and reigns forever,—
Our ascended Lord and King,—
While our hearts and lips united
Praise and true devotion bring.

Jesus Christ! our Lord and Saviour,
Holy art Thou, and divine,—
Reigning over earth and Heaven,
Love, and power, and greatness, Thine.
All Thine agonies are ended,—
Bitter trials come no more ;
And with spirits fond and grateful,
We may worship and adore.

Hear! oh, hear our hymns of praises,
Ever blessed Lord and God!
While we walk in life's dark mazes,
Where Thy blessed feet have trod.
In Thy home of radiant glory,
Take the praise and love we bring,—
Praise that hails Thee, blessed Jesus,
Mediator,—Saviour,—King.

MEMORIAL DAY.

May 30, 1871.

The heart of the nation is throbbing to-day

With thoughts that are holy ; and memory takes
From her casket bright jewels, and many a crown
Of dazzling and radiant brightness makes.

O'er hillsides of beauty, o'er valleys of green,

Wherever our soldiers have sunk to their rest,
She lingers with tokens and offerings of love —

With fragrance and bloom for each pale sleeper's breast.

Green, green, are the laurels she twines for each brow,—

Their freshness eternal time never can fade ;

And gently and lovingly with tender hands,

Above each dear head is the rosy wreath laid.

Over eyes that awake not — over calmly crossed hands —

Over patriot hearts that know never a fear ;

Over feet that were brave, that grow weary no more,

Falls purely and brightly her own crystal tear.

She reads the fair record of days that are gone,
When rang like a trumpet the shrill battle call ;
When the flag of our Union by foes were assailed ;
When they gave their proud manhood, their lives and
their all.

We know how we girded their bright armor on,
Though love's was a weak and a tremulous hand ;
But we gave them to God, with our blessing and faith,
And we bade them with tears in His own strength to
stand.

They marched to the front ; amid danger's dark hour
They kept over treason their vigilant guard ;
Their bayonets glistened beneath Southern skies,
And as true as the stars was their watch and their ward,
They died that the truths they ennobled might live ;
We yield them the triumph, though ours be the tears ;
We hail them to-day in the haven of peace —
Before war's commotion, its woes and its fears.

And while Earth her blossoms and fragrance doth bring —
While her anthems of melody float up on high —
As she numbers the names of the noble and brave,
The names of the chosen that never can die ;
Doth not Heaven seem to echo the glorious strains,
As they sweep like the billows, o'er each golden street?
Do not angel voices rehearse the grand hymns,
And the record of deeds that were God-like repeat?

Ah, yes! and between that blest world and our own,
The thin mystic veil seems to-day drawn aside;
With fixed earnest vision we look on the ranks
Of the noble and true who for liberty died.
They stand on the hills, whose fair beauty ne'er fades;
They stand in the sunlight, that never grows dim;
They stand at the portals of jasper and gold
To hear love's deep cadence — her requiem hymn.

Haste! haste! to Heaven's battlements, martyred and
crowned;

Haste over the radiant plains — o'er the streets;
Look down from your glory, and hear ye the vow
Which a nation, devoted and loyal, repeats.
The vow to bear upward, through Time's onward march,
The flag you have honored, the flag of the free;
To guard it so fondly with Love's jealous care —
To plant its rare splendor o'er land and o'er sea.

Look lovingly down from your calm home above,
Your foes are all vanquished, your victories won;
The land you have saved is repeating to-day
Your deeds of high valor and duties well done.
Your names are the burden of anthem and song —
They float like a blessing upon the pure air;
They are spoken with tears by the dear household hearth —
The sweet inspiration of praise and of prayer.

Fairer than fragrance and bloom which we bring
 To brighten with beauty each Patriot's grave,
 Is the deathless remembrance we keep of the deeds
 Whose might and whose truth our blest Union could
 save ;
 The deeds which will live, when Earth's voices are still,
 When its harps are unstrung, and all silent its songs —
 The deeds which the angel records upon high,
 And Heaven, through ages eternal, prolongs.

* * * * *

Brave soldiers and heroes who stand here to-day,
 On whose brows the fair sunlight in beauty still shines,
 Your country remembers your faith and your love,
 And with pride and devotion your valor enshrines.
 She hath not forgotten the red fields of war,
 Where you stood with your comrades unflinching and
 true ;
 Where you looked on the face of the foeman, and won
 The grandest of triumphs the world ever knew.

The structure of Liberty framed by our sires
 Your hands held aloft above treason's dark wave,
 Till it stood on the firm rock of Freedom secure,
 Unmoved, though fierce breakers around it did rave.

Your country is grateful, she cannot forget —

And she lays her proud homage to-day at your feet.
She would frown on the lips that would honor you not,
Nor the greatness of patriot manhood respect.

Oh! ye loyal who live, oh! ye faithful who died —

Your names are enduring, ennobled and blest.
We crown you anew with fresh chaplets of green,
Whether heart thrills with life, or in calm slumbers rest.
Time its impress may leave on all things that are fair,—
Love may weep o'er the treasures it ruthlessly mars,
But Remembrance shall hallow the gallant and brave,
Who kept in their splendor the stripes and the stars.

MONDAY MORNING.

The Sabbath hours have passed away,
So stilly, pure, and calm,
With comfort for the burdened heart,
And for the stricken, balm ;
Gone are its hours of sunshine — gone
Its moments of repose ;
Its morning and its evening tune ;
Its starry midnight's close.

The silvery chimes are silent now,
Which called the earth to prayer ;
The feet of countless worshippers
No longer linger there.
The aisles are quiet where the steps
With thankful measure trod,
Walking in " Wisdom's pleasant ways,"
To serve and honor God.

The glorious strains that echoed there,
Like incense rising high,
Are hushed,—and tones of pleading Faith,
Whose memory can not die ;
Forms — that may never more return ;
Eyes — that no lustre lack,
Perchance have passed away, where time
May never bring them back.

And now we take our place again
Upon life's busy way,
Where sounds of commerce and of toil
Re-echo through the day.
The burdens which our hands laid down
When the sweet Sabbath came,
Are taken up, but lighter seem,
And greater efforts claim.

Onward throughout each coming day,
With willing hands and feet,
We weave our duties in our lives,
The fabric to complete ;—
That like a mantle covers us
With many a graceful fold,
Tinged with the hues of faith and hope,
And Love's refining gold.

Oh! for the grace to walk aright
Throughout these busy days;
To mingle with our earthly thoughts
The strains of prayer and praise.
To see with faith the gates of Heaven,
Where toil and care shall end,—
And peace with perfect blessedness,
Our pathways shall attend.

A MEED OF PRAISE.

Inscribed to the Yoke Fellows of Calvary Mission Church.

White were the fields in harvest time,
And ripened grain was bending low,—
Laden with promise for the hours
When it the reaper's hand should know.
The wind swept o'er it, and it seemed
Like moving billows on the sea,
Which took the shadows of the clouds
That left their gorgeous tracery.

When forth there came with earnest souls,
A faithful and devoted band,
Who gathered up the golden sheaves,
And bound them for the Master's hand.
They spared no labor — feared no toil,
But looked with hoping, trusting eyes
On the abundance,— where it lay
Around their paths in fairest guise.

Even so, with purpose grand and high,
 A brotherhood of Christians came,—
 Strong in the faith Religion gives,—
 Strong in the power of Jesus' name.
 They looked upon the wandering ones,
 Bound in strong chains inwrought by sin,
 And love and pity moved their hearts
 To wisdom's ways those souls to win.

When the glad morning filled the world
 With beauty and reflected light,
 And when the earth was covered o'er
 With the mysterious pall of night;
 In the high hour of noontide, too,
 'Mid sounds of commerce and of toil,
 They sought the erring — sought with love
 The power of Satan to despoil.

They called the wanderer to the place
 Where God's own messengers were heard,—
 Where free and open were the doors,
 And sweet and kindly was each word;
 Where strains of lofty praise arose,
 'And tones of earnest, pleading prayer,
 For the direction of the Lord,—
 For His untiring, watchful care.

Lips that had known no gentle tones,
Unused to peace and tenderness,
Learned the glad strains of Sabbath hymns,
And their own weakness to confess.
Eyes whose dull bound had been the world,
Now gazed above with new-found trust,
To see our God, all merciful,
A Mediator faithful — just.

Were ever sheaves more gladly brought
In meekness to the Master's feet?
Did voices ever, day by day,
More gratefully their praise repeat,
Than those of this devoted band,
Who for the Saviour's glory served,—
Who from the consecrated path
Of sternest duty never swerved?

Yoke Fellows! sacred is the trust
Committed to your watchful care;
Sacred the mission you have reared,
Upheld by never-ceasing prayer.
"Hope" gleams afar with blessed light,
And "Faith" sheds bright and cheering rays,
While Pleasant Hill repeats the strains
Of echoed prayer and glorious praise.

Though difficulties meet your paths,—
 Though clouds obscure, and light seems lost,
Press forward in your Master's strength,—
 Count not the labor, nor the cost.
A work is yours — a noble work ;
 To your own hands this trust is given :
The privilege to lead stray souls
 Back to the light of God's own Heaven.

Gird on your armor with new strength,
 Salvation's helmet, Faith's own shield,
The breast-plate of true righteousness,
 That will not to a foeman yield.
Put on the truth — the spirit's sword ;
 Protect your feet with gospel peace ;
So shall your courage and your zeal
 In high endeavor never cease.

So shall you stand amid the world,
 Serene and safe through all its storms,—
Clad in the panoply of light
 That such a certain safe-guard forms ;
So shall you stand until the hour
 When life is ended — conflicts done ;
You hold the palms of victory,
 And find your crown of glory won.

TO MISS KATIE E. McKENZIE.

On her wedding-day.

Affection's hand hath twined for thee
The wreath of orange blossoms fair,
And gracefully its buds will rest
Amid the braids of thy dark hair.
In their own dialect they tell
The brightness of Love's golden chain,
That waits thy wearing, when thy lips
Shall breath in solemn vows its strain.

Another wreath I bring thee, sweet friend,
To place upon thy gentle brow,
Radiant with bloom, with fragrance rich —
I gaze upon its beauty now.
I culled from it from the paths of life,
Where thou didst walk — wherever fell
The effluence of the gracious soul
That dwelt about thee like a spell.

The flowers of Faith and Truth are there—
 Of Gentleness, and Hope, and Love,
 Knowledge and Patience,—Tenderness
 That takes its perfume from above ;
 And each in low, sweet whisper tells
 Of life and its best duties done,—
 And thus thy glorious womanhood
 This crown of loveliness hast won.

I place it on thy head — no hand
 Of mortal power can pluck it thence ;
 There shall it ever brightly bloom,—
 There its own fragrancy dispense.
 And well I know that round thy way
 Still shall be gathered fairest flowers —
 Thine own blest heritage to take
 New lustre from thy future hours.

Farewell! farewell! I would not speak
 The words that take so sad a tone,—
 They seem a discord in the strain
 Of harmony our lives have known.
 I breathe them with regretful soul,—
 I breathe them low and tenderly,
 And ask our Father for His love
 And guardian care for thine and thee.

HAST THOU FORGOTTEN ?

Hast thou forgotten her whose smile
Fell brightly round thy home?
Is there no wonted lingering tone,
Across thy soul to come?
Oh! tell me if the joyous past
Is, as a Pleiad, gone
From the clear blue of memory's heaven,
So fair to gaze upon.

Ah no! ah no! though other smiles
Are shed around thee now;
Although thy lips again have breathed
The sacred marriage vow.
Still lingers fondly at thy side
The early loved and lost;
Her memory as a beacon light,
When on life's billows tossed.

THE BAPTISM.

September's sky hung lovingly o'er earth,
And the fresh sunlight brightened hill and vale ;
The glancing waters dreamily swept by,
Reflecting in their depths the fleecy cloud ;
And the glad voice of nature had a lull
As though amid the Sabbath's holy hours
It, too, would worship with a silent awe.
The calm, still Sabbath ! when earth's toiling one
Bringeth before the Throne his added thanks,
For that one golden link in life's dull chain,
That binds him hearer Heaven as he forgets
For one short day life's carking care and toil —
The calm still Sabbath ! with its silvery tones
That call to prayer.

Unto the house of God
A throng was tending, and my eager feet
Took up the march and wandered gladly on.
Bright, hurrying childhood, and the measured step —
All, wave-like, swept in willing unison.

* * * * *

I stood upon the threshold — what a sight
Of rare, unsullied beauty met me there.
There stood the man of God in vestments white,
And there before him, in rich loveliness,
Two fairy children met my wondering eyes,—
Cherubs in white array, methought they were,—
And sure am I if God should call them up
To wear the angels' robe of spotless white,
No lovelier look could rest upon their brows
Than that they wore on that calm Sabbath morn.
Twin-born and beautiful! how the admiring eye
Drank in their sweetness, as the shining drops
Kissed with their lucid brightness each fair brow,
Whereon was traced the seal of God's own love —
The seal that stamped them consecrate of Him.
Full long I gazed,—and from my inmost soul
Came an unspoken wish that those young lives
Might pass unsullied through this troublous world,
And fade into the radiant light of Heaven.
Yea, keep them, Father, 'neath thy watchful eye,
Safe for the Better Land,—let no rude blast
Assail them as they walk together on ;
Be near them when the pure angelic heart
Of infancy is theirs ; and when glad youth
Hath told its promise on each fair young brow.
Keep fresh their manhood's soul with gentle deeds,
And if old age may write his snowy trace

On each bright head, may they look back
 Upon a life-time marked with blessedness,
 And pass to joys that mortals may not know.

* * * * * * *

From the baptismal fount they turned away,
 And when mine eye had lost each little form,
 My spirit followed with unuttered prayer
 For blessings on their way.

Full many a time
 The vision comes before me — memory keeps
 Revelings such as this in casket fair, —
 Full oft she lays upon her sacred shrine
 The semblance of that fair and sinless twain, —
 The lovely vision of that Sabbath morn.

WHAT HATH THE FUTURE?

What hath the future for the gladdened eye?

Full many a spring time, with its robe of green —
Full many a radiant hour of summer's store

With fragrant bloom and hues of fairy sheen?
Or will Death's sleep soon seal the quiet lid,
Veiling the beauty of earth and sky,
Though the glad seasons come and go,
And nature's harmonies steal softly by?

What hath the future for the breathing lip?

The gentle power some heart to cheer and bless
With droppings from affection's gushing fount,

With many a tone of Love's own tenderness?
Or in pale rest, in rigid calm repose,
A voiceless home amid the grave's dark night,
Where wonted tones, and kind and gentle words
Shall live alone in memory's magic light?

What hath the future for the busy hand?

Such deeds of love as cheer the weary heart,
 The aching brow to soothe, the grief to calm,
 Which of some life hath been so large a part?
 Or quietude, — above the pulseless heart
 So gently folded, — with life's mission o'er;
 To know Love's clasp fall silently away, —
 To grasp life's unreality no more?

What hath the future for the bounding heart?

Some blessed cheering hope, some waking dream,
 The glancing back of kindred, loving thoughts,
 Which brightens earth as if with heaven's gleam?
 Will its deep feelings meet no warm response,
 Its countless treasures carelessly flung back?
 Or shall its throbbings soon have ceased to beat
 Their measured round upon life's daily track?

We may not know. There hangs a mystic veil

Between our vision and the future hour, —
 Held there in mercy by our Father's hand,
 Withdrawn alone by his mysterious power.
 Let us press onward, clinging to His side
 Who guides us gently o'er life's every way;
 Rich in the countless mercies of each hour,
 Content with the revealings of to-day.

And may the future have for every eye
 Visions of beauty by life's crystal stream ;
For every brow a coronet of light,
 Whose flashing brightness evermore shall beam ;
For every lip the high triumphant strain,
 Whose echoes hush the wave and cheer the vale —
The spirit's victor anthem, sounding high
 When the frail bonds of earth and sense shall fail.

And when the labors of each hand are done,—
 When the heart-throbbings of this life are o'er,
And in the coming future we must place
 Our pilgrim feet upon the unknown shore ;
In blest fruition of the hope of heaven,
 May we triumphant give all praise and power
To Him who reigns in majesty supreme,
 And with omniscient eye scans every hour.

THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

The tongue of Time with silvery voice tolled Ten,
When a worn wanderer sought his couch to die ;
No summer flowers sweet fragrance breathed around,
No gentle hand his dying pillow soothed ;—
December's sky looked coldly, clearly down,
And, save the shining stars that watched above,
He was alone.

The sad and moaning wind
Breathed low its requiem tone, discordant oft
With many notes that floated on the air,
And seemed a dying knell to his dull ear.
He knew full well that in that echoed joy
His spirit had no part — for on his brow
The thin gray locks waved in the frosty air,
And the dull eye reflected back no light.
I loved him well — a dear, familiar friend,
Whose hand had flung rich blessings on my path,
And given a rosy tint to passing hours,

Which seemed from Heaven to take their beauty.
 I loved him well! for in his vanished time
 He came unto my heart, and on its inner shrine
 Laid stores of glorious wealth, on which my soul
 Shall bend forever;—high and glittering hopes,
 Whose radiance, as it brightens day by day,
 Speaks of a future when each starry gleam
 Shall gain new brightness from the world of light.
 From a glad throng I fled to soothe his woe,—
 Unheeding even the witchery of song,
 And the fair forms that floated gaily by.
 Slowly, yet sure, the sands of life ebbed out,—
 The purple stream grew chill in every vein;
 Yet, e'er his little all of life was o'er,
 He breathed for me his farewell strain to earth.

I go, I go, to the spirit band,
 They beckon me on with spectre hand;
 O'er the mystic river my bark will glide,
 Death bears me over the swelling tide,—
 I hear the splash of his coming oar,
 Fleetly I'll speed to yon far-off shore.

I know no terror,—nor would I stay
 When the pure and lovely have passed away;
 I would not linger in winter's gloom,
 That shrouds so deeply in icy tomb
 The fragrance that o'er my spirit fell,—
 The brightness and beauty I loved so well.

I think of my spring-time fresh and green,
Bright glanced the sun on the gladsome scene ;
I think of my summer's golden hours,
With the gentle breeze, and the buds, and the flowers ;
And down my cheek, like the sobbing rain,
Flow tears — for they never may come again.

The greenwood's glory, alas! is o'er ;
The rippling streamlet is heard no more ;
The bird of the woodland hath ceased its song,
And the joyous feet of the flowery throng
That peopled with beauty the hill and plain,
May never, oh! never, return again.

Voices are hushed, high hearts are cold,
That hailed my coming — my triumph told ;
They have gone before me — their gentle tone
Comes not to soothe my spirit's moan ;
They have found a home with the quiet dead —
Light press the turf on each sleeper's head.

Farewell! Farewell! — I am wafted along —
Nearer, still nearer, yon shadowy throng ;
I crave a boon, — that my life shall be
A holy and cherished memory ;
Upon each heart I would bind the spell
Of blest Remembrance — Farewell! farewell!

The chimes pealed twelve — Death's icy seal was placed
Upon the furrowed brow and faded cheek ;
Upon the lip a tinge of life-like glow.
He passed as clouds of sunset gently fade
Into night's chilly darkness ;— as the star —
The missing Pleiad — that once proudly dwelt
Among the radiant host in yonder sky.
I could not check the tribute of my tears
When the dull clod was heaped upon his breast,
And with a chastened heart I turned my steps
From his low tomb.

Lo ! what a joyous strain
Breaks on mine ear !— as though the morning stars
Awoke again their glad primeval strain
And filled the earth with glory and with light.
The New Year's Song ! who at life's threshold stands
To gaze upon the new and untried way.
Not long he lingered — for the laughing hours
Did win him onward, and the glowing buds
In Hope's young hands seemed bursting into flowers ;
Upon his brow fair Beauty's signet gleamed,
And as he woke his new and untried lyre,
Attuned to notes of promise, echoes fell
Like showers of melody around our feet.

I come, I come to the joyous earth,—
I come 'mid the song of gladness and mirth ;
I have heard the echoing triumph strain
As it floated to meet me o'er hill and plain.
Though my way be strewn as a conqueror's path,
No trace is mine of his warring wrath.

I come with blessings — yea ! even now,
Though winter waves from the mountain's brow
An icy sceptre — I bring glad mirth
To echo round the household hearth.
Even the aged one with steps so slow,
Will marvel much how long the hours go.

I have hues of the brightest green for Spring ;
On Summer a fragrance and sheen I'll fling.
I've a gorgeous wreath for proud Autumn's head,
'Twill be rare and richly garlanded, —
A Tyrian robe for his fading form,
To shield him well from the Winter's storm.

For the rill I'm bringing a low sweet song,
Merry 'twill be as it glides along,
Where it casts a glance with shimmering eye,
To the sunny spots where the violets lie —
The rival of many a shining star,
That lovingly looks from its home afar.

Coming along in my joyous train,
Are the waving harvests of golden grain,
And countless treasures of fruit and flowers,
And beauty to garnish the forest bowers,
Where at fall of eve and blush of morn,
Shall blithely echo the hunter's horn.

I will call from the wide and tossing main
The sailor-boy to his home again.
I will murmur low in his listening ear
The voices of Home, that he loved to hear.
I will whisper low of a mother's prayer,
Breathed for her rover so often there.

I will come to the weary bed of pain,
With Health's own vigor and bloom again.
For the sorrowful spirit I bring a balm,
A holy trust, and a soothing calm.
Peace for the mourner, upon whose brow
The traces of grief are deepening now.

The widow's heart I will strengthen and cheer —
I will dry at its fountain the bitter tear.
The orphan's path I will guide and bless
With a gleam of the olden tenderness.
Light shall spring up in the darkened way,
Bringing the vision of Hope's bright day.

And many a floweret of Hope is mine,
 Around earth's path in beauty to twine.
 Many a dream of Love do I bring
 O'er the weakened heart in beauty to fling, —
 Kindly purposes of welcoming hands,
 And joyous greetings of household bands.

The flag of our country shall wave afar, —
 On high shall glitter each golden star;
 Its folds shall o'ershadow the land and the sea,
 While our noble hills unconquered shall be.
 No land so fair 'neath the sky's blue dome
 As America's soil — the freeman's home.

His strain was over — fraught with hope his song;
 Of coming change and death he did not tell,
 And not one word of the bright, joyous throng
 Who welcomed him — yet, shall not say farewell.
 His young, unsullied life had never known
 The gentle chastening of fond memory's power,
 And all around seemed radiant with the light —
 The sunny light of that unshadowed hour.
 'T were well, — for all too soon some hearts will know
 The bitterness and woe of severed ties —
 When the mute lips give back no tone to bless,
 And low the sunny head in slumber lies.

* * * * *

Kind Patrons. May its choicest gifts be shed
In rich profusion o'er each heart and home,—
While gently o'er each soul, like angel wings,
Sweet memories of the vanished year shall come.
Were Hope but prophecy, o'er every head
Should fall, as falls the summer's cheering dew,
Life's choicest blessings — long and happy hours,
That from the upper glory take their hue.
No happy home should then be desolate,—
Love's myrtle for the cypress we would twine,
While every tear that fell in Fifty-Eight
Should change to smiles in happy FIFTY-NINE.

LET ME KISS HIM FOR HIS MOTHER.

In a city crowded vast,
Where a throng went hurrying past,
Lay a youth with silent heart,
Bearing in that life no part ;
Lips, with no fond pressure warm,
Rigid grown amid Death's storm ;
Cheeks so white, and marble brow,
Wearing Azrael's shadow now.

Low he lies in coffin bed,
While around his youthful head
Lay rich locks of dark-brown hair,
Shining as in mockery there.
Those still feet shall nevermore
Tread upon his native shore,—
Nor that voice, in happy mirth,
Echo round his father's hearth.

Low he lies — yet round that rest
Come not those who love him best ;
No fond mother weeps the son
With life's mission scarce begun ;
No brave brother near him stands,
Sobbing for those folded hands.
Far away his sister's smile,—
Far o'er many a weary mile.

Strangers gaze upon that head,
Resting in its shrouded bed ;
Thinking of his lonely fate —
Of his death so desolate ;
Wondering, as they smooth his hair,
Who his friends and kindred were.
Where his home and hearth — oh ! where,
Loving ones that waited there.

Ere that sleeper's face was hid
'Neath the pressing coffin lid,
Came a woman's bowing form,
Came a woman's heart — so warm,
Murmuring, “ Let me kiss that face
For his mother — kiss the place
Her fond lips so oft hath pressed,
When he slept in rosy rest.

“ He hath none, now like his past,
Mournfully to look their last ;
Those who love him — far away,
Dream not where he sleeps to-day.
Let me kiss that pale, cold brow,
For his waiting mother, now,
Who no more those lips may press
With unchanging tenderness.”

Tears fell brightly o'er each cheek,
Nature's sympathies to speak ;
Spirit offerings, they were shed
Stilly o'er that sleeper's head.
Tender thoughts awoke that day
For his mother, far away,
Whose fond eyes will look in vain
For his vanished smile again.

Angel prompted ! blessed thou !
Who thus kissed that stranger brow ;
Gentle mercies on thy head,
Friend unto the lonely dead.
When stern Death hath hushed thy heart,
That in love bore noble part,
O'er the stars and o'er the sky,
Be thy home in memories high.

DYING.

Father! hear our suppliant cry,
Mark our heart's deep agony;
Thou! who dwellest where angels are,
Listen to our fervent prayer.
O'er our mourning, stricken souls,
Fast the wave of sorrow rolls;
For Death's shadow floateth near,
Hovering o'er that form so dear.

Still she lives,— while pallid lips
Whisper low of life's eclipse;
Sombre wing is sweeping now
O'er the beauteous cheek and brow;
Gently doth the eyelid fall,
Hiding, as with funeral pall,
Life, and light, and sunny ray,—
Passed for aye on earth away.

Father! fold Death's pinion up,
Fill again life sparkling cup;
What will be earth's fairest scene,—
Spring's green robe and summer's sheen;
What will be the bud and flower,—
What the happy, joyous hour,—
What the sunlight, fresh and fair,
If that presence is not there?

If that beloved brow was hid
Beneath the pressing coffin-lid,
And those dear hands grown still and cold,
Beneath the quiet churchyard mould;
Were I no more on earth to see
That loving eye shed light on me;
How dark, and drear, and desolate
My pathway to the shining gate.

It can not be,—it can not be;
Oh, Merciful! we plead with thee.
In this our tried and bitter hour,
Come near us with thy healing power;
Call to that lip one little word,
So oft like music-murmurs heard.
The full rich harmonies of life
Are hushed amid the dying strife.

Faint, fainter comes the feeble breath —
Deep, deeper grows thy shadow, Death;
The quivering heart-strings thou hast found
They give baek no melodious sound.
Vain, vain love's wild imploring prayer—
Vain sleepless vigil, tireless care.
We sink in depths of misery,—
Our Father! raise our souls to thee.

Taken from earth's weary way
To the land of endless day;
Taken from the coming sorrow,—
From each changing, sad to-morrow.
Crowned with glory!—back, sad tears,
She shall know no darkened years.
Crowned with glory! on life's track
Wish we not the freed one back.

OUR DARLING'S BIRTHDAY.

Our darling's birthday! it was wont to come
On the bright wings of joyous hope and love ;
Falling amid the radiance of the hours
Whose summer glories woo the heart above.

'Twas ushered in by lips whose every strain
Was one glad glow of melody and mirth —
Whose untaught music chimed in unison
With all the blessed harmonies of earth.

'Twas ushered in by happy bounding feet,
That, with young heart-throbs, kept such pleasant time,
Awaking childhood's purest happiness
In many a joyful burst of sweetest rhyme.

From morn till night those eyes grew never dim,
Looking upon us but to love and bless,
Flashing their sunshine over home and hearth,
From the full fount of their own joyousness.

Our darling's birthday ! it hath come again ;
The hours are golden, and the sunshine bright,
And God hath robed this pleasant world of ours
In hues of loveliness — in glorious light.

But to my heart, this day, there seemeth cast
Across the beauty of the earth and sky,
A sombre shade that veileth, even now,
The kindling glories that around me lie.

It dims the radiance of the hill and vale,
And fills the air with sad, low melodies,
That, as they sweep across each bud and flower,
Burden the fragrance of the gentle breeze.

No boyish form comes proudly forth to-day,
Clad with prerogative of natal right ;
No rosy lips, to-day, win pressure fond,
Nor love's sweet tokens gracefully requite.

It seems to me those pattering feet must come
To-day. I hear their echoes on the stair,
And start and listen, but to know
That never, never, shall I know them there.

Our darling's birthday ! it hath come to earth,
And he has gone to dwell in yonder Heaven ;
His bright years crowned with an unfading grace,
That to our mortal pathway is not given.

Undimmed by shadows, brightened by the light
Reflected from the radiance of the Throne,
He stands (no longer by life's years enthralled)
And claims a higher birthday for his own.

A higher birthday ! when his childish soul
Awoke to life amid the seraphim ;
When, at the shining gate, arose the strains —
The deathless music of his triumph hymn.

A life he won, not counted by dull years —
No varying light and shade its changes tell —
Where, with earth's vanished angel, it will be —
As countless years sweep ever onward — well.

THE PRAYER OF KING SOLOMON.

In vast magnificence the temple stood
Complete — a dream of beauty realized,
Whose rich imaginings had ne'er before
Greeted the earth with its rare radiance.
Like quivering sunlight gleamed the altar there ;
The golden vessels and the table shone
With burnished lustre,—while the cherubim
Spread their calm wings above the mercy seat,
As if to breathe a benison o'er all.
King Solomon gazed on the gorgeous scene
With full and thankful heart, and as he knelt
Before the altar, prayed thus to the mighty Lord :

“ Lord of Israel, there is none like thee
In the high Heaven, or on the earth we tread ;
All merciful and covenant-keeping, Thou,
With those who in thy holy footsteps tread.
Oh, Lord ! the Heaven of Heavens contains thee not,
How much less, then, this house I build for thee ;
Yet hearken to the prayers thy people breathe,
And let their offerings accepted be.

“If any one against his brother man
Should trespass by unkind word or deed,
And on his soul be lain a sacred oath,
Coming before the altar in his need,—
Hear Thou in Heaven, Thy dwelling place, oh, Lord,
And judge between the wicked and the true ;
Condemn the false one,—justify the right,
And fill the fainting soul with courage new.

“When thine own people, Israel, shall fall,
Smitten before their vengeful enemy,
Because they have forsaken Thy commands —
Sinning in perverse blindness against thee ;—
If they shall turn in penitence on high,
Confess Thy name, and lowly, humbly pray ;
Hear Thou in Heaven, Thy chosen dwelling place—
Forgive, and wash each marring sin away.

“When for Thy people’s sins the heavens are shut,
And the parched earth doth pine for gentle rain,—
When the fair floweret fades, with drooping head,
To know no radiant hue or life again,—
When the tall grass lies languishing and low,
And tree, and shrub, no gentle fragrance give ;—
If Israel turn toward this place in prayer,
Hear Thou, oh, Lord ! to answer and forgive.

“ When famine stalks abroad upon the earth,
With bloodless cheek, and gaunt, imploring hand,—
When the dark wing of Azrael unfolds
Amid the pestilence that sweeps the land,—
When blasting and when mildew mar the earth ;
When enemies besiege the land we love ;—
If Israel turns to Thee, oh, Lord ! in prayer,
Forgive, and thus Thy grace and mercy prove.

•

“ Whene’er the stranger comes unto our land,
Hearing of Thy great name—each mighty deed ;
Thine arm stretch out to pity and to bless ;—
If he shall come here in his utmost need,
Praying unto Thee,—Oh ! our mighty Lord,
Hear Thou in Heaven, Thy glorious dwelling place,
Hear and forgive,—and grant his earnest prayer
According to Thy great and endless grace.

“ When Israel to the battle-field shall go
In conflict with their fierce contentious foe ;
If they shall look on high to Thee for aid,
For the strong succor, he who trusts Thee knows,
Hear Thou in heaven each supplicating tone,
And give them for their portion, victory ;
Returning ’neath the shelter of their homes.
Happy and peaceful ever more to be.

“ And yet, if they shall sin against thee sore,
And Thou shalt give them to their enemy,
Captives, afar from their beloved Land,
In servile bondage lone and sad to be ;
When they shall pine for their remembered joys,—
For the sweet whispering of the olive tree ;
If they, oh Lord ! shall come to Thee in prayer,
Hear Thou in Heaven, and set the captives free.

“ For they are thine, thy chosen, and thine own,—
Thou broughtest them from Egypt’s servile Land—
Through desert sands and weary years they came,
Though sometimes faithless, yet a trusting band.
Of thy great care — thy wond’rous providence —
Our lips would gladly murmur day by day,
Of the high truths unto our fathers spoken
By him who led them o’er the toilsome way.”

And Solomon arose when he had breathed
His fervent prayer, and spread his hands to Heaven
And blessed he the Lord, who gave the rest.
Unto his people not one single word
That he had spoken to Israel had failed —
With solemn invocation yet he prayed
That God would leave them not ; that he would still
Incline their hearts to love and worship Him ;
To keep his every statute and command ;
That all the dwellers upon earth might know
That He was God, and there was none like Him.

A RESPONSE

To the call for six hundred thousand men.

We come — six hundred thousand strong,
A brave and patriotic band,
Each with a strong undaunted heart,
Each with a good right hand.
Awake the notes of martial tone,
Sound forth the pealing drum ;
For, with a firm and fearless step
We come ! we come ! we come !

We come, our country to sustain,
Its foemen to subdue ;
To bear aloft, with deathless might,
Our own “ red, white and blue.”
Our hands shall plant on many a height
The glorious stripes and stars ;
Unresting, 'till not one dark star
Their peerless beauty mars.

We come, with souls prepared to stand
 In many a conflict dire ;
 With vengeful missiles round us thrown,
 Amid war's hostile fire.
 No mercy ours for traitor foes,
 As face to face we stand.
 God! smile upon the onward way
 Of our devoted Land.

We come, although beloved lips
 Grow pale with keenest pain,—
 Although we ne'er may look upon
 The eyes we love again ;
 Though sobbing farewells throng our path,
 And tears bedew our way ;
 Though clinging hand enfold our own,
 We may not — cannot stay.

And thus we take our onward march,
 Resolved to do or die ;
 We vow it on our country's shrine,—
 'Tis registered on high ;
 We vow no fear,—no change to know
 While lives a hostile van ;
 We vow to stand,—if needs, to fall,
 “Where man doth die for man.”

We come, we come with eager hearts,
 With banners waving free,—
That float upon the summer air,
 And tell of victory.
Look down the long and glittering ranks,
 A vast and conquering throng ;
One aim — one thought, — one purpose theirs, —
 Six hundred thousand strong !

OUR FATHER'S GRAVE.

Oh, waiting grave! must thou enshrine
That cherished form I love so well;
Those pleasant smiles that o'er my way
Like the refreshing sunlight fell?
Must those dear eyes go down to thee,
Closed in their calm, unbroken sleep?
How long will be the future years,
If thou their gentle beauty keep?

Oh, waiting grave! how can I give
To thee that loved and honored head,
Whose silver hair has been my pride
And joy, as happy moments sped?
I charge thee! take it tenderly,
For 'round it strong my heartstrings cling;
Guard it amid its low, lone rest —
A cherished and a sacred thing.

Thine, too, those quiet, gentle hands,
That many a deed of love have done,
Folded so calmly, side by side;—
Grave, what a treasure thou hast won!
Their blessing lingers on my head,
I feel their pressure fond and true;
Take them, yes, take them, I have known
Their last good night — their fond adieu.

Those silent feet — though slow and sad
We bear them to their resting-place —
Have trod with joy the darkened vale,
Kept by a loving Savior's grace.
I shall not hear their coming steps,—
That music sounds for me no more —
And yet their echoes come to me
In gladness from yon shining shore.

Soft be the slumber of the eyes
That ever o'er my life have smiled,
Whose glance of kind, approving love,
Full many a vanished hour beguiled.
Amid each dark and sombre hour,
Their memory sheds its cheering ray —
A vision of undying power,
Whose beauty cannot pass away.

I know, that on some coming day,
My heart shall thrill to hear again
The tone and words I love so well,
For which my spirit longs in vain.
I know that smile shall yet be mine ;
That dear hand press again my own ;
That all my grief shall pass away,
And I " shall know, as I am known."

And with that perfect faith and trust,
I look away from earth to heaven,
Adoring him, whose loving hand
Such blessed light to me hath given.
Still brighter gleam those streets of gold,
Since kindred feet their paths have trod,
Still nearer seems that angel clime,
Since one we love went home to God.

FALLEN ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

Fallen on the field of battle ;
Comrades, gently raise his head.
Pillow it upon some brave heart,
It hath known a gory bed.

Wipe the death damps from his forehead,
Where the rich locks cluster o'er,—
Loving hands shall stray amid them,
Smooth their brightness — never more.

See death's shadow stilly stealing
O'er his lips so wan and pale,
Struggling vainly for the utterance
Of some word, ere life shall fail.

Bend down low to catch the whisper,
'Tis of one so well beloved,—
One who gave him up, all tearful,
When his manhood's truth was proved.

Take his sword — he wore it proudly —
 From his cold and clinging hand ;
 They will miss that noble presence
 In that brave, devoted band.

Traitor hands may never wield it,
 Hang it up where it may tell
 Of the pride with which he bore it,
 Ere on battle-field he fell.

* * * * *

Now his faithful heart is quiet,
 Now his flashing eye is dim,
 Now, when lips afar do murmur
 Fondest, loving prayers for him.

Little know they that the starlight
 Shines above his pale dead face,
 As his comrades sadly bear him
 To his last sad resting place.

Glory's mantle is around him,
 Starry banners o'er him wave,
 Fame shall crown his name with lustre,
 Gleaming round his soldier grave.

Honor to the brave be given
 Falling on the battle-field ;
Strew their rest with fadeless laurels,
 Proud and fair as earth may yield.

Shrine their names amid each household,—
 Tell of them on shore and sea,—
Deeds like theirs demand the tribute
 Of an immortality.

NOT DEAD.

We will not call our darling dead,
Though we have lain his infant head,
With tears, upon his coffin bed.

Not dead! although his violet eyes,
As bright as stars in summer skies,
Grew dim amid life's agonies.

Not dead! though baby hands, so cold,
In quiet beauty we did fold,
To rest beneath the churchyard mold.

Oh, no! not dead! — the seraphim,
Even as his infant eye grew dim,
On shining wing bent low for him,

And to the land of fadeless flowers,
Amid the amaranthine bowers,
They bore this cherished child of ours.

His angel-life was there begun,—
His pain and agony all done,—
His short and fleeting race all run.

Joy for thee, darling! earth's no more—
A dweller on the shining shore,
Where angels teach thee Heaven's lore.

Teach us, oh, Father! as we tread
In sadness near his little bed,
To say, with faith, not dead — not dead.

Guide thou our weak and straying feet,
To walk in joy each golden street,
Our sinless darling there to meet.

MARCH 4th, 1865.

Ring out, oh, bells! your sweetest notes,
Float on the wind, oh, banner fair;
To-day our Ship of State glides on
In safety 'neath our pilot's care.

Our Captain — not of mortal mould —
Smiles on its course,— while harmonies,
Evoked from many a murmuring wave,
Blend with each speeding, favoring breeze.

At his command the ship is steered —
And on this day we fain would clasp
The hand so trusted and so true,
That, with stern Faith, the helm doth grasp.

That hand had loosed the bondman's chain;
It bade oppression's terror flee —
Making the passing days and hours
The happy year of jubilee.

The trodden-down look up again,
No crouching fear is in their gaze,
While lips, unused to melody,
Sing loud and high their hymn of praise.

Laus Deo — is the full heart's song ;
A mighty nation's soul is stirred.
From North to South, from East to West,
A matchless minstrelsy is heard.

Still sounding on the shores of Time,
These triumph tones shall never die ;
But, blending with the stars' sweet strain,
Shall win an immortality.

And grandly through the eternal years,
Kind Heaven shall each glad note prolong ;
For with the rapture of the blest,
Shall sound the cadence of this song.

Then ring, oh, bell, your sweetest notes !
Wave to the breeze ye banners fair !
With bended knee and soul of Faith
We ask our Father's love and care.

We ask His blessing on the ship
That walks the waters proud and free ;
His blessing on the good right hand
That, for the truth, strives valiantly.

THE SOLDIER'S MONUMENT.

Rise, crowned with glory! shaft of white,
Tower brightly to the bright blue sky,
And tell in triumph to the world
The names that were not born to die.
Names, that throughout all coming time,
Shall gleam with lustre pure and bright,—
A lustre won for noble deeds,
And tinged with Heaven's eternal light.

When treason and disunion reared
Their serpent heads with tongue of flame,
And, with defiance and distrust,
Our bitter, vengeful foes became;
When o'er the mountain and the vale
Was heard our country's stirring cry:
"To arms! to arms!" and patriot hearts
Resolved to conquer or to die.

Then went each noble spirit forth,
With trusting faith and strong right hand ;
They stood " where man doth die for man,"
A fearless and unshrinking band ;
They faltered not — but onward pressed,
Firm in their manhood's power and pride ;
And for our safety — for our weal —
They bravely fought,— they nobly died.

How shall we give them honor due?—
How twine the laurel, for them meet?
Had we the riches of the world
To lay at their unconquered feet,
'T would not avail,— nor would it tell
The grateful memories that we keep,
Distilled in many a falling tear,
Above their calm, unbroken sleep.

But we will shrine each noble name
Upon the marble pure and white,
And the glad sunshine, day by day,
Shall bathe them in its flowing light.
The winds shall steal from Eden bowers,
And linger 'round the sacred place,—
Where stands the record that, with pride,
A grateful country loves to trace.

Look down, oh, watching stars of heaven!
Through the lone hours of mystic night,
To guard them well with loving ward,
And crown them with your golden light.
Fall gently, purely, dews and showers,
Those high and hallowed names around;
Fall as a blessing o'er the place
Where memory makes it holy ground.

Then rise, fair marble! take thy place
Among the things which earth will keep
While time shall last,—and many an age
Lies down unto its dreamless sleep.
The hand of Genius crowns thee, too —
Its living impress thou doth wear,—
As clothed with its unchanging grace,
Thou dost immortal deeds declare.

THE WIDOW'S SON.

“The only son of his mother, and she was a widow.”

Over a fair and coffined form
A weeping mother bendeth low,
To press, with pale and quivering lips,
The marble cheek and white, cold brow.
All motionless! unheeding, too,
The gushing of that deathless love
That would for him have given life,
Its soundless depth and strength to prove.

He was a widow's only son!
All that she loved on earth were given
Unto the Master's hand, whose eye
Looked on them in His own fair Heaven.
Not one bright link to her was left
Of love's entwining, golden chain,
Save he, upon whose placid brow
Her burning tears fell like the rain.

Her boy! how could she give him up?

He, whose young, fresh, unsullied lip
Had scarcely pressed the cup of life,
Its bright and sparkling draught to sip.
He, without whom Hope never told
Her sweet and blessed prophecy,
Deeming that coming hours shall keep
Him still beside his mother's knee.

How could she see that loving eye,

Once glorious with its kindling light,
Sealed in the silence of the tomb,
Sleeping in death's unchanging night?
How could she give that sunny head,
And its soft locks of clustering hair,
To rest within a coffin bed?
How could she leave their beauty there?

She took the pale and folded hands

Again so fondly in her own;
She numbered o'er the kindly deeds,
Which through life's lapses she had known.
What would console her when she missed
Their out-stretched welcome at the door,—
When their warm greeting and caress
Should come to bless her nevermore?

What would sustain her when those feet
Shall fail at dewy eve to come,—
When their glad echoes should not sound
Amid the stillness of their home?
When she should yearn, and pray in vain,
Only to hear one blessed word
From lips whose tones like music were,—
Whose every sound her spirit stirred?

Sad, sad and slow the funeral train
Departs from the now darkened home—
But, hark! what words of strength and love
Upon her soul like balm do come.
Who bids her weep for him no more?
Who bids the silent sleeper wake?
'Tis He! the mighty Lord! whose hand
Alone can Death's dark signet break.

And gently now life's shadows start
Across that pale and youthful face,
And lip, and cheek, and manly brow,
Resume again their wonted grace.
The hands, still wet with many a tear,
Give back a welcome fond and true,
And smiles are wreathing lips that sobbed,
But now, their passionate adieu.

Joy to thee, mother! those young feet
 Go back with thee unto thine home;
 Joy to thee! that unto thine house
 The Lord of life and light did come.
 He placed within thine empty arms
 Thy breathing, living, speaking child,
 And gave unto thy stricken heart
 The love that all thy hours beguiled.

Sing high His holy praise by day,—
 Repeat it under starlit skies,
 And over Tabor's towering might
 Let it like sweetest incense rise;
 And sounding down through ages vast,
 Shall float its echoes clear and sweet,
 With memories of the blessed time
 When sorrow with such joy did meet.

* * * * *

Oh! in the regions of the blest,
 Shall not the Master's hand restore
 To many weeping mothers' arms,
 The children who have gone before?
 Sad heart! be patient—life is short,
 And Heaven is an eternity!
 He who gave back the widow's son
 Keeps thy beloved safe for thee.

MISSING.

I miss from my pathway a voice of love,
That ever like music seemed ;
A young, bright head, with its shining curls,
That ever like sunshine gleamed.
I miss a remembered smile whose light,
With a fair and kindling grace,
Wreathed lip and brow with a beauty rare,
And left its unchanging trace.

I miss from my pathway a clasping hand,
With its pressure so fond and true ;
I am thinking sadly upon the time
When we murmured our last adieu.
I wait and watch for the bounding feet
That stand on the threshold no more,
While memory numbers, as jewels rare,
The echoes she knows are o'er.

I miss them all, though my soul doth keep
 Its vigils all tearful and sad ;
 I snatch no gleam of the youthful head,
 With its crown of radiance clad.
 The rosy lips never more do part
 To utter one blessed word,
 And silence broods, like a spirit dark,
 Where glad, homeward steps were heard.

Who heareth now those familiar tones ?
 The saints and the angels fair,
 Where falls like the sunlight those parted smiles,
 Where the pure, white robes shall wear.
 Where walk those feet in their youth and strength ?
 Through the streets of the blessed land —
 The land where that kindred hand doth clasp
 With a joyous and blood-bought band.

The land whose beauty shall know no blight,
 Whose flowers know no decay ;
 The land where time shall impart no trace
 As the hours glide calmly away ;
 Where the sunny head shall lose no light,
 Nor the flashing eye grow dim ;
 Where the lips we love shall be taught the strains
 That are breathed by the seraphim.

And I hush my heart to sweet quietude
As these thoughts its pulses thrill —
With a holy trust and submissive faith
I bow to my father's will.
For well I know that on some fair day
I shall stand by life's crystal tide,
And clasp again to my joyful heart,
My lost and my glorified.

CHARLES DICKENS.

He sleeps — whose mighty genius shed
Its rays upon the admiring earth ;
The magic influence of whose words
Lingers by every home and hearth.
Wherever the glad sunlight streams,
Where snows on downy pinions rest,
Beneath the olive and the pine,
Regretful hearts their powers attest.

He sleeps — whose comprehensive soul
Embraced uncounted stores of thought ;
Who gave to real worth a charm,
And life with blessed influence fraught.
He touched, he thrilled the human heart
With sacred fire — the gift of Heaven —
Until it seemed that to his soul
A superhuman power was given.

Though dead, yet shall he ever live,
And down Time's rapid, billowy stream,
Throughout the ages shall his name,
With added lustre brightly gleam.
Until the quiet silver stars
Shall leave their orbit, and the sky
Fold up its canopy of blue,
He shall live on — he cannot die.

Then bear with slow and reverent step
This man of giant mind and power,
And think the while how palace grand
And cot alike, bewail this hour.
Hark! how his thoughts like armies dwell
Upon the hillside — in the vale —
And touch with happy light the brows
Which weary care and grief assail.

Lay him to rest where the long lines
Of rank and genius slumber well;
Where the tall marble proudly stands
Its record of rare works to tell;
Where caskets of immortal minds,
Robbed of their jeweled heritage,
Calmly await the coming time
When death no more its war shall wage.

Lay him to rest where regal heads
Lie crownless, and unheeding all ;
Where silence folds its mystic robes
Around them like a shadowy pall.
Garments of purple may not win
Such memories as for him we keep,
Nor call so sad a requiem forth,
Above their calm, unbroken sleep.

Lay him to rest where poets sleep,
Who sang the world's enduring songs —
The cadence of whose wondrous strains
A grateful earth with pride prolongs.
Gently around the hallowed spot
Floats their remembered minstrelsy ;
Like them, he breathed his spirit forth,
And won an immortality.

Lay him amid the good and great,
The lights of many a vanished age ;
His country claims him, and his fame
Is her own brilliant heritage.
Footsteps from every clime shall come —
Those by his tender fancies taught,
Shall linger round the sacred shrine
With memories green, that wither not.

Receive him then, ye mighty dead!

He comes unto you crowned—his name
Re-echoes grandly through the land,
And in the highest niche of fame
He stands forever. Time may dim
The radiant light of noble deeds;
But with fresh laurels for his grave,
No coming year its course impedes.

Receive the still, unconscious heart,
Bereft of every glorious thought;
Take the hushed lips, whose spoken word
To earth their rich, rare beauty taught.
Give sweetest rest to the crossed hands,
And to the pillowed manly head;
While the wide world shall strew its flowers
Above the brow of England's dead.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

She stood before the haughty one, with firm, unswerving
heart,
For vainly fell the menial's words that bade her thence
depart ;
Not with a glad and bounding step — not with youth's
fairest glow —
The silver hair and pallid cheek told their own tale of
woe.

“ Woman, what would'st thou? Why art here? ” spake
he of iron mould ;
And, with a flash, his piercing eye its proud defiance
told :
“ I crave the pardon of my lord — whom thou in chains
dost hold —
Look ! mark ye well my agony ! my tears and prayers
behold ! ”

“Hear me! Thou hast a gentle wife! Hast loved her
long and well—

The sweetest music of thy life from her soft accents fell;
Picture her agony, if thou beneath the axe should stand—
Thy life’s-blood gushing out where strikes the heads-
man’s gory hand!

“Thou art a father, and hast loved thy children’s fond
caress;

Hast kissed with pride each sunny brow, and smoothed
each silken tress;

Hast listened to the rosy lips that breathed a childish
prayer,

Asking our Father—thine and mine—for his protect-
ing care.”

“Woman, away!” rang harshly out. “No! by thy hope
of Heaven,

By love thou bearest Him on high; Desmond must be
forgiven!

My sons are brave—they’ll honor thee—their future
lives are thine—

In every hope, in every prayer, we will thy name
entwine.”

Stern and unmoved, with rigid brow, he sat in regal state,
Unheeding still her stricken heart—her home so
desolate;

Till fiercely, merciless, he cried: “Woman, I tell thee—
No!

Depart unto thy home! my hand shall conquer every
foe!”

“Then by the memory of the blood that flowed at White-
hall, hear”—

A murmur through the courtiers ran; a hush thro’ very
fear.

“Woman!” he cried: “Go thou in peace, thy husband
shall be free!

Thy love hath saved him—daring all—few, few, have
loved like thee!”

MY FATHER'S BIRTHDAY.

It came amid the sweet September hours,
When mellowed radiance kindled o'er the earth,—
When the glad beauty of this world of ours
Seemed from the upper clime to take its birth.

And yet its light seemed veiled in sombre sorrow —
A stillness and deep shadow dwelt around ;
Nor could my spirit from Hope's fair light borrow
One ray to make its sadness less profound.

For, oh, I missed that head of silvery whiteness!
Those dear, white locks — they come before me now,
Seeming a crown of glory in their brightness —
Resting so stilly o'er that calm, high brow.

I missed the lips that had such pleasant toue ;
Their wonted blessing came not — their fond prayer ;
Throughout my life their music I had known —
It made as gossamer each cloud and care.

I missed the wonted smiles from eyes beloved,—
The warm, glad welcome from his clasping hand
That had so oft its faith and fervor proved,—
No heart could e'er its kindlings withstand.

I looked so vainly for those homeward feet ;
I sighed for their return — oh, faithless heart !
Gazing so often o'er the lengthened street,
Where I should know them from the world apart.

I thought, perchance, to find him by the tomb,
Where those we love find sweet and pleasant rest ;
It seemed to me that there could be no gloom
If that dear form lay gently on earth's breast.

Vain was my longing search — he was not there ;
But to my heart there came a voice of love,
Whose wondrous sweetness seemed to fill the air,
And win my spirit to the clime above.

There, there I found him by the throne of God ;
I hear his triumph song, by angels led ;
I saw the shining streets his feet had trod,—
The starry crown on his beloved head.

And 'mid the countless throng of the redeemed
That circled round Jehovah's great white throne,
To my rapt soul no voice of sweetness seemed
More sweet than that my vanished life had known.

Not to the walks of life, where countless feet
Fail on the rugged and the thorny track ;
Not even to make my happiness complete
Shall one rebellious wish e'er call him back.

But on some coming day, when with crossed hands,
I sleep the sleep that knows no waking hour,
Our Father! may Thy waiting angel bands
Bear me to him — beyond Death's mighty power.

THE RED RIBBON.

Inscribed to all who wear it.

Three cheers for the royal ribbon !
With promises brave and true,
Like the stars of our country's banner
It brightens the world anew.
Where commerce is busy, and labor
Is crowned with a manly grace,
In homes and streets and in churches,
Its glorious signal we trace.

It tells of a soul's endeavor
To cast off a deadly chain ;
Of war against sin and evil,
Of hopes that blossom again.
It tells us of brows grown peaceful,
Of eyes that will wear new light ;
Of happiness round the hearth-stone,
Where the glowing fire is bright.

It tells us — God bless it forever —
That man, in His image made,
Shall lift up the trace of the author
At the tempter's altar laid;
And 'neath the blue skies of Heaven,
In an added strength shall stand,
As one stood in the bowers of Eden,
With life from the Master's hand.

Stand firm! oh, stand firm, my brother!
Stand in your freedom and peace!
Proclaim to the world your purpose,
Your noble resolve and release.
Go forth in the streets and highways,
In mercy, where guilt once led,
And wear, as a manly breast-plate,
The royal ribbon of red.

We shall hear the glad rejoicings,
And the sad and tearful eyes
Shall look up in the blessed sunlight,
Where no weary shadow lies.
And the ribbon of red shall usher
The grand and glorious time,
When earth shall be fair and ennobled
With rapture and joy sublime.

God bless the "Red Ribbon" forever!
And strengthen each heart that wears
This token of high endeavor,
Upheld by its hopes and prayers.
God bless the "Red Ribbon" forever!
Encompass the faltering feet,
Till they stand on the Hills Eternal,
With victory all complete.

ONE YEAR IN HEAVEN.

One year

Since the dear voice grew silent here,—
Since her sweet accents echoed 'round—
Sweet words! that love so fondly crowned.
Like rays of the departing day,
Gently and calm they passed away;
When entered through the gates of gold,
The purest lamb amidst the fold.

One year

Since the young eyes, with vision clear,
Closed; and the lashes, long and brown,
On the fair cheek were folded down.
We missed the sunshine which they shed;
Our paths were darkened when it fled;
Heaven had so much—why cannot we
Even now its beauty round us see?

One year
Since gentle hands were busy here
With their sweet ministry of love ;
With every passing hour inwove.
Such patient hands! God loved them best ;
And so, to calm and pleasant rest
We left them — sorrowing when the lid
Away from us their beauty hid.

One year
Since, dimmed with many a tear,
Our eyes looked lovingly the last,
Where, with all pain and suffering past,
Reposed a graceful, childish head
Upon its snowy coffin bed.
A radiance from the holy hill —
God's sunshine — lingered o'er it still.

One year
Where skies are ever fair and clear,
Beyond the glory of the stars,
Where not a passing shadow mars ;
Where beauty lingers 'round her way ;
And where the light of perfect day
Makes glorious all the golden hours
That fleetly pass in Eden bowers.

One year

Without a sorrow or a tear ;
One year with Jesus — at His side,—
Ransomed, redeemed, and glorified ;
Never from the safe fold to stray ;
Never to walk in thorny way.
Oh, happy thou ! so loved and dear,
To wear the crown in Heaven one year.

ALL THINGS PRAISE HIM.

“ All Thy works do praise Thee, O Lord.”

Rosy morning with its ray
Deepening into perfect day ;
Noontide, with its fervid heat,
Gleaming o'er the busy street ;
Twilight, with its low, sweet tone,
Breathing to the soul alone ;
Midnight deep and dark — all bear
Traces of His love and care.

Gentle Spring-time, green and fair ;
Summer with its balmy air,
And its voice of whispering leaves —
Telling what the heart believes ;
Gorgeous Autumn, banner crowned,
Strewing trophies all around ;
Winter, with its icy seal,—
His great power and love reveal.

In the violet's placid eye,
Gazing calmly on the sky ;
In the rose's rich perfume,—
In all flowers that brightly bloom ;
In the towering forest tree,
Filled with nature's minstrelsy ;
On each bud, and leaf, and blade,
God's omnipotence is laid.

Mighty ocean, with its breast
White with many a foamy crest ;
Dashing, surging, sweeping on,
Chimes in glorious unison,
As its billows rave and swell,
With the voices, which all tell,
Through each passing hour, how high
Is the power they deify.

Rippling voice from wave and rill ;
Beauty o'er the vale and hill ;
Shining stars, with golden crown,
Gazing ever watchful down,—
Seeming quietly to shrine,
In their gleaming, truths divine.
With a ceaseless voice all tell
That "He doeth all things well."

Every hour of happiness
That life's onward way doth bless ;
Every thrilling dream of love
Is an echo from above,
Emanating from the soul
Of the omnipresent whole—
He whose praise the universe
Doth in glorious strains rehearse.

All is beauty — even now,
With the sunlight on my brow,
Looking round — below, above,
On such traces of His love ;—
Even now, my soul would fain
Soar above, where angels reign,—
More of its high source to know
Than my spirit finds below.

If thus fair our world was made,
With such radiance overlaid ;
If across the wakened soul,
Here such thrills of rapture roll,—
What must that home of glory be,
Where beauty lives eternally ?
And not a dimming shadow steals
Amid the splendor God reveals.

HOPE.

Hope? radiant Hope! that glideth along
With a step so light and a lip of song,
Enwreathed with garlands of buds of flowers,
Casting rich sunlight o'er future hours,
What dost thou bring for the sons of earth?
Is it jewels and treasures of untold worth,
Or the the false, whose brightness will surely fade
When Reality's test upon each is laid?

“I bring to earth the enrapturing dream,
Tinged with the glories which round me beam;
And brilliant visions of happy days
Grow brighter from light that round me plays.
My moments are jeweled — my hours of gold,
As gently my promises all are told;
And I weave for each mortal a fabric bright,
Whose rainbow hues gild the darkest night.

“For the monarch’s brow I’ve a richer crown
Than that which presses so heavily down ;
And through my vista he oft doth trace
The lengthened train of his noble race.
I never will whisper how dark and drear
Is the dungeon and prison, so often near
To the feet that thread to the dizzy height,
Where fame and ambition so oft invite.

“For the warrior brave, I have victory’s note,
Triumphant on many a breeze to float ;
The sunny light on unconquered hills,
The unchecked streams and the gushing rills,
And peaceful homes for the brave and free,
Where the tyrant’s footsteps may never be ;
A quiet rest for the household hearth,
Crowned with the laurels of noble worth.

“For the heart that loves I am bearing a spell,
Holier far than the lip may tell ;
Sacred the dreams which my hand doth bring,
Fairy the garlands I round it fling.
I would the future might never efface
The rosy light that my footsteps trace ;
That the ebbing tide of affection’s flow,
No wasted treasures shall sadly show.

“ For the mother a fairy tissue I bring,
Woven with hues of the early spring;
Welcome each whispered promise shall be,
For the child that kneels at her parent knee.
I will place on the upturned infant brow
The jeweled crown to which mortals bow;
And joy shall beam on her gentle face,
As the unseen future I fondly trace.

“ For the lone and sorrowful one I bear
A token to charm from each toil and care;
A cheering light for the darkened home,
Where echoes of joyfulness never come.
The widowed heart shall be glad again,
And wreathing smiles deck the brow of pain;
While the orphan's path I will brightly bless
With visions of kindred tenderness.

“ For the Christian, a crowd that shall never fade,
At the Saviour's feet to be joyfully laid;
Angelic pinions and harps of gold,
Where love's sweet melody all is told.
Rest for the tired and wearied feet,
To wander in joy o'er each golden street;
And calm repose for the earth-tossed heart
That bears in the conflict so fierce a part.

"On pallid lips are my praises sung,—
 Each spirit's chords to my song is strung;
 Dreary and dark would earth's places be
 Were not its shadows dispelled by me.
 The lip would turn from life's bitter cup,
 Did my strong right hand not bear it up,—
 Did I not whisper, in kindly tone,
 Of the coming light o'er the darkness thrown.

"And thus will I glide round each heart and home,—
 Thus to humanity's pathway come,
 Until Time's swift stream, that now glideth by,
 Shall be lost in unbounded Eternity.
 Then, then, alas! though I long may wait,
 I never may enter yon pearly gate;
 My pinions never may flash their flight
 Amid the ranks of the fair and bright.

"Though I never may wear the angelic crown,
 By the shining portals I'll sit me down;
 I will hear the strains of the triumph song,
 Which voices unnumbered shall echo along.
 And the soothing angel of memory
 Shall come with remembered joys to me
 As, with mission ended and folded wing,
 Close, close to the brightness of Heaven I cling.

THE POOR YE HAVE ALWAYS WITH YOU.

Thou! who dwellest around the hearth,
Where ringeth voices of household mirth;
Where childhood's fairy and graceful form
Is sheltered well from the pitiless storm.
Think of the homeless, whose darkened way
Knoweth no gleaming of coming day;
Think of the hungry and desolate poor
Knocking so meekly without your door.

Turn not from words that are suffering's own —
From sorrows thy pathway hath never known;
Heed thou the heart's impassionate wail —
No woe like this doth thy life assail.
Close not thy door on the empty hand,
As hoping and fearing they still do stand;—
Only our Father knows what the poor,
Through the wintry storm and the cold endure.

Let the deep prayer from thy heart go up
To God, who filleth with sweets thy cup ;
Praise him at morning, at noon and night,
Thankfully ever such love requite.
And turn thou then, with a loving heart,
To the paths that in happiness bear no part,—
To those whose lot is to need and endure,—
The home of the friendless and suffering poor.

Seek for the sad and the widowed heart—
Thy cheering presence will hope impart ;
Lips that blest her now silent lie,
Reeking naught of her agony.
Never dreamed she of days so drear,
When that strong right arm was ever near.
Soothe thou the weary and desolate moan,—
Around the throne shall that deed be known.

Seek for the lonely and orphaned head,
O'er its dimmed brightness a blessing to shed ;
Seek for the weary and wandering feet,
Roaming afar o'er the drear cold street.
Feed thou the hungry and famishing one,
Wishing so vainly life's dreary race run ;
Only thy accents in love to be heard,
Speak but the gentle encouraging word.

Give thou! oh give — when cometh the hour
That the clouds of sorrow around thee lower,
God will uphold thee with his strong love,
Showering rich benefits from above
Unto thy basket and unto thy store,
Adding, in mercy, still more and more.
Hath He not said it? His promise sure,
Through time and eternity shall endure.

THE REWARD OF FAITH.

Over the valley and hill they sped, —
The father and his boy — and the long hours
Merged into days ere far Moriah's height
Loomed up before their vision.

Now they pause,
And with a trembling voice the weary sire
Bids those whose love had guarded well the child
To leave him. Hither had their footsteps come
To offer sacrifice unto their God —
A holy incense to His glorious name;
And he would be alone save with his boy.
“ My father,” spake the child, “ I see the wood
And fire, but yet I do not see the lamb
For the burnt offering.”

'Round the father's heart
Cold icy fingers seemed to cluster fast,
As he replied in tones all tremulous:
“ My son, our God himself provides a lamb.”

Childlike and trustful, farther spake he not,
But with blithe footsteps, wandering round,
His little hands were busy as they moved
In mimie toil to rear an altar shrine.
How should his father tell him God's command ;
How tell him that his young unsullied life
Must be the sacrifice ?

At last he spake,
And all his life-long agony was naught
Compared to that which crushed his spirit now.
“My son — my darling one — *thou* art the lamb
God doth provide a sacrifice to be ;
And could my life save thine, this very hour
With joy and gladness I would die for thee.
My days are many ; thy rosy hours
Have been but few ; and I had fondly hoped
That thou wouldst bless my life and close my eyes
When earth had faded from my mortal sight.
Thy God and mine hath chosen thee ; he calls
His precious gift I hailed so gladly, back.
Come, my own boy ; the altar waits for thee.
Think thou how God doth love thee, thus to call
Thy youth-time, with its radiant beauty, home.”
The boy looked on his sire with fear and awe,
His childish soul shrank from the gleaming knife
And the rough cords that bound unto the wood ;
Yet, with a gentle trust and yielding love,

He gave himself unto his father's arms.
 How weak had grown that cold and trembling hand,
 As now he binds his boy's young feet with cords—
 Those pattering feet! whose every step and sound
 Had been such blessed music to his ear;
 Following where'er he went, from early morn
 Till homeward at the evening-time he came.
 And those dear hands! that oft unto his home
 Had brought their loving gifts of bud and flowers,
 Clinging to his in many a pleasant walk!
 And now a purple hue steals o'er them—
 The tightening pressure checks the current's flow,
 And all is ready.

The sad Patriarch's heart
 Grows strangely strong, and with uplifted eye,
 Asking for strength to do his Father's will,
 The fatal knife is quickly raised on high.

* * * * * * *

"Abraham! Abraham!" The gleaming blade
 Hath fallen from out that father's hand like light.
 "Touch not the lad, for now I surely know
 Thou lovest me, and hast not e'en withheld
 Thy son, the idol of thy loving heart.
 Release thy child, another offering waits."
 Was it a dream— a bright, delusive dream—
 That waited but to mock his hoping heart?
 Oh, no! oh, no! and as he quickly gave

Each tender limb to its free life again,
He felt *how real God's great goodness was.*

* * * * * * *

Homeward, with quickened step, they took their way,
Father and son — faithful and given back —
Until Beersheba met their longing gaze,
Where well they knew a loving mother kept
Her faithful vigil for the absent twain ;
Where they did tell in joy, with tearful eyes,
Of the rich mercy from Jehovah's hand.

TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

My Shepherd is the gracious Lord,
Who rules and reigns above ;
Therefore my spirit shall not want,
Encircled by His love.
Green pastures gives He for my rest,
And by the waters still
He leadeth me with kindly hand,
His promise to fulfill.

And should my soul rebellious grow,
And stray o'er thorny track,—
To peaceful paths of righteousness
He calls me ever back.
Not for my merits — undeserved —
Save for His own name's sake,
My willing feet with joy again
Their onward pathway take.

Yea, though I tread the darkened vale,
Where clinging shadows throng,
Still will my trusting spirit raise
Its happy, pilgrim song.
No evil will I fear, dear Lord,
Thou wilt be with me there,—
Thy rod and staff will comfort me —
My comfort still Thy care.

A table Thou preparest for me,
Whereon my foes may gaze,—
Still wondering at Thy tender care
That brightens all my days.
With oil Thou dost anoint my head
Richer than Aaron's share,—
While precious hands rest fondly down,
And leave a blessing there.

My cup o'erflows with riches, Lord,
And thus 't will ever be —
Goodness and mercy from Thy hand
Will surely follow me.
Dwelling in Time, in temples fair,
To sing Thy praises given,
Until my feet tread higher courts
Within the gates of Heaven.

TO MARY GIBSON GRISWOLD.

On her Sixteenth Birthday.

The angels poise above thy head
The crown of womanhood so fair,
And soon with hopes fresh garlanded,
Its sunny grace shall linger there ;
For when thou numberest o'er to-day
The radiant summers thou hast seen ;
Retracing many a pleasant way,
Thy happy years are just sixteen.

Just sixteen years of joyous life !
Of sunshine with no shadow near —
Of hours with fond affection rife —
Of sunny smiles, with scarce a tear.
Just sixteen years of watch and ward,
Such as Love giveth to its own, —
Such as Earth's favored ones do guard, —
This hath thy young life only known.

The rosy hours of childhood still
Wear for thee all their sunny rays ;
The fragrance of its flowers will fill
Life's censer, brightening all thy days,
And memory, with her pencil true,
Shall keep sweet tokens of the time
When Earth seemed clad in Heaven's hue,
And Hope sang out her sweetest chime.

I send upon this happy day,
To thee the wishes of my heart,
That God may guide thy future way,
And to thee choicest bliss impart ;
That when the crown which waits e'en now
In angels' hands for thy young head,
Shall lose its light upon thy brow,
A fairer one shall gleam instead.

SHE HATH PASSED AWAY.

“Like the lost Pleiad, seen on earth no more.”

She hath passed away
From her cheerful home,—from her wonted place,
That keeps of the lost one full many a trace ;
The vacant chair, and the silent room,
Gather around them a deepening gloom ;
And the memory of accents once uttered there
Is clothed in a mantle of dark despair.

She hath passed away
From the heart whose affections seem ever hid
'Neath the quiet hush of the coffin's lid,—
Who mourneth the light of the household gone,
And wildly longeth to look upon
The silent lips and the changeless brow,
Darkened forever in shadows now.

She hath passed away
From the child, who never on earth may know
Her gentle teachings and accents low ;
He will not remember the little prayer
That her lips have taught him to utter there ;
Nor how she knelt at his rosy rest
To tell the tales that he loved the best.

She hath passed away,
And the shining curls of her baby fair
May rest no more in their beauty rare,
On the sheltering arm never more be pressed
With a warm delight to that mother's breast ;—
Silent, unheeding, and chill, the heart
That deemed love of life the fairest part.

She hath passed away
From the father who loved her ; the mother, whose eye
Was the guiding star of her infancy ;
From the sister, whose childhood and youth sped by
'Neath the hallowed light of the same blue sky ;
From the fearless brother, so fond and brave,
Far, far away on the crested wave.

She hath passed away
From the beauty and brightness that deck the earth,—
From its voices of music and happy mirth.
Oh! how can the sun deck valley and hill
When that lip of melody lies so still?
How can the floweret in gladness bloom
When that eye is dim in the voiceless tomb?

She hath passed away
From every sorrow and wearisome pain,
And her soul shall know no fetter again;
Care shall not darken her cloudless brow —
It gleameth in light with the angels now;
Nor Time in its onward march ever shed
A changing trace o'er that sunny head.

She hath passed away
With a seraph's pinion to yon bright world,
Where love's shining banner is wide unfurled.
She walks in triumph the golden streets,
While the anthem of Heaven her spirit greets;
To the light and life of a fadeless day
She hath passed away,—she hath passed away.

NEVERMORE.

Nevermore

Shall I see the glance of that sealed eye
That 'neath Death's shadows in rest doth lie.
I shall look in vain for the living light,
Deeply enshrouded in darkest night,—
For the sunny smile and the spirit's trace,
Clothing with beauty the pallid face.

Nevermore,

For I folded it over the silent breast,
Shall that greeting hand to my own be pressed.
In the vanished hours how it welcomed me,
Wearing fresh garlands for memory ;
Oh ! gentle hands, will ye nevermore
Meet me with joy at the opened door ?

Nevermore

Shall I hear the fall of those quiet feet.
How often their echoes my soul did greet
As we wandered so lovingly o'er life's way,
Nearer and dearer each changing day ;
Silent and pale in their rest they lie,
Sad traces of earth's mortality.

Nevermore

Shall the ills of life o'ershadow that brow —
It is crowned with the angels in glory now ;
We smoothed, all tearful, that shining hair,
And thought of the beauty that face would wear,
When unto the lip and the cheek is given
The radiant light of unclouded Heaven.

Nevermore

Shall the loving fade from thy side away,
When they find thy home in eternal day ;
Each shining link of love's jeweled chain,
The hand of our Father shall gather again
'Mid the light and the life of that fadeless shore,
Gaining new brightness forevermore.

THE INNER WORLD.

"The soul's world, where change is not."—HEMANS.

It is a fair and sunny clime,
Lit up by fadeless light,
It knoweth not earth's changing day,
Its weird and solemn night ;
And soundeth ever joyfully,
Hope's sweet and silvery chime,
That ringeth blessed changes out
Amidst the hours of Time.

Blue are the skies that o'er it bend
So lovingly and fond,
That the charmed eye could never gaze
Their radiance beyond ;
It circles all the heart would know,
Enshrines a mystery
Unending as the future bound
Of man's eternity.

Thought, like a spirit, hovers round
Its portals fair and bright,
And to its strange, unfathomed depths,
Love's presence doth invite
A welcome guest, to whom is reared
A deathless, holy shrine,
Lit up by influences that make
It seem almost divine.

And Memory comes with gentle step,
And lingers at Love's side,
To garner up the offerings rich,
Which it hath glorified ;
She giveth brightness to fond smiles,
And beauty to each word,
That falling from beloved lips,
Our spirit's depths have stirred.

A fairy Springtime lingers there,
And Summer's golden hours
Glow 'neath a radiant coronal
Of never-fading flowers.
The storm-cloud comes not — the stern chill
Of winter's icy day
Stills not its music — as the hours
Glide placidly away.

The inner world! ah, who may know
 Its bounds, mysterious, deep;
What human thought can fathom it,
 Or o'er it vigils keep.
No tyrant footstep enters there,
 No hands its idols mar,
Nor in its blue, o'ershading sky,
 Obscure one shining star.

The inner world! So fair, so free,
 It spurns each stern control,
Yet owns the guidance of the love
 That fills a kindred soul.
Kept only for His loving eye,
 Who judgeth all aright,
The busy world may never read,
 Its records clear and bright.

OUR SOLDIERS.

God protect them!

In the joyous rosy morning,
In the fervid noontide hour ;
When the gentle twilight falleth
With its sweet and soothing power.
When the golden stars are shining,
Keeping watch and ward on high ;
When the midnight doth enshroud them
With its veil of mystery.

God protect them!

When they walk amid green valleys ;
When they tread the mountain's side ;
When their footsteps have grown weary,
And their brave hearts sore and tried.
When fatigue, with clutching fingers,
Shall assail their spirit strings,
And a cloud seems gathering darkly
O'er earth's best and brightest things.

God protect them!

When with souls undaunted, fearless,
To the battle-field they go;
When they stand amid red carnage,
Hand to hand with fiercest foe.
Shield them from the speeding missile,
From the aim of vengeful wrath,
From the fierce shot, streaming, pouring,
Falling darkly 'round their path.

God protect them!

When among the warring legions
Floats the winged shadow by,
And the shriek of mortal anguish
Rises mornfully on high;
When upon the greensward sinketh
Manly forms — to rise no more,
And strong hands grew pale — to give back
Kindly pressure nevermore.

God protect them!

If their faithful feet shall falter
'Mid the battle's cloud of flame,
And their pallid lips shall murmur,
With a blessing, some dear name.
Soothe their pillow,—keep beneath them
Guardian arms of His strong love;
Woo their dimming eye to gaze on
Radiant, peaceful homes above.

God protect them !
Give them victory,—give them triumph ;
Crown their brows with laurels fair ;
Guide their homeward steps in safety,
With their spirits free from care.
Then upon our hills unconquered,
Dove-like peace shall fold her wing,
And our Union, firm, unbroken,
Be a holy, sacred thing.

MEMORIAL DAY.

May 30th, 1879.

Flowers of the Spring-time! blossoms of May!
Come with your beauty and fragrance to-day!
Roses, twice royal upon the fresh air
Breathe out so gently your gracious life there.
Hasten, ye violets! tender and true —
Lilies, your white waxen petals renew!
Laurel and myrtle and jessamine fair,
In love's sweet mission your bloom hath a share.

Come to the hillside, where sire and where son
Sleep in calm glory, with war's conflicts done.
Hasten our soldiers' deep slumbers to crown,
Won on the battle-field, clad with renown;
Come from the lofty height — come from the vale,
Perfumes unrivalled, and pureness exhale,
Sparkling with jewels of Heaven's clear dew,
Crown them with gladness and splendor anew.

Wave 'neath the azure, ye banners so bright!
 Hymns of devotion and valor recite!
 Tell to the world how our heroes have died,
 Bearing your colors aloft in their pride.
 Tell it by shore and by murmuring sea!
 Tell it where manhood is noble and free!
 Your prestige and grandeur no dark shadow mars,—
 Tell the glad tidings, ye Stripes and ye Stars.

* * * * * * *

There are tears to-day for the patriots dead,
 By their grass-grown graves they are sadly shed;
 And memory calls them to come once more
 From the silent land and the voiceless shore.
 They come! they come!—by our side they stand,
 Our “Boys in Blue,” with their purpose grand;
 The kindling light is on brow and cheek,
 And wakened lips their devotion speak.

There are tears to-day — as we number o'er
 Bayonets and glittering swords once more,
 And we see the ranks as they pass in pride,—
 Every lip and brow by love sanctified.
 While the sounding drums and the banners bright,
 Arouse each heart to a glowing might;
 And we bless them all as they march away,
 While the waving colors around them play.

Brave and determined, they onward go,
With no cowering fear of a hostile foe ;
And with prowess grand, and courage high,
They win proud names that cannot die.
There were manly forms that return no more ;
There were gallant brows, which no years restore ;
There were flashing eyes — now they lustre lack,—
And faithful feet that come never back.

But here in the sunny slope they rest,
And we scatter flowers o'er each loyal breast,
Within the sound of their own loved home,
Where the stars that shone o'er their boyhood come ;
And with martial honors and tearful pride
We laid them tenderly side by side,
Where the light of affection memory holds,
And wraps the brave in her fadeless folds.

And so there are tears as we come to-day
Our tribute of love and thanks to pay.
We know that the conflict and march are done,—
That strife is ended and peace is won ;
We know they were heroes— in danger true —
That never a shadow of fear they knew ;
Yet the tears will fall as to-day we stand
By the silent graves of our soldier band.

Ah! sweet they sleep on the hillside green!
Years come; years go; yet they sleep serene;
Sorrows of earth, which the living know,
Across their slumbers no shadows throw.
There is no grief for the quiet heart,—
In pain and anguish it has no part;
Encompassed ever by watch and ward—
By sheltering wings of an angel guard.

Nature, with faithful and living trace,
In sweetest ministry brings her grace;
Tireless and true doth she gladly come
In every season to their low home.
She never fails in the early spring
Her offering of wakened life to bring,—
And the touch of her pencil is ever seen
In the violet blue and leaves of green.

She brings the roses of summer there,
And sunset hues of the autumn's share;
She covers, in winter, the russet glow,
With the stainless wings of the pure white snow;
While He who noteth the sparrow's fall,
With loving care doth enfold them all;
And the glancing light of omniscient eyes
Looks still on each faithful sacrifice.

Rest well, rest well, oh! ye fallen brave,
 Large was the offering your manhood gave.
 Throughout the borders of freedom's Land,
 Your names like a glorious beacon stand.
 Rest well — till on some memorial day,
 With the stone of the sepulchre moved away,
 We shall wake in the light of Eternal Spring,
 Where no deepening shadows around you cling.

* * * * *

To-day I think that the angel on high,
 Who keeps the record as Time goes by,
 Looks back o'er the pages of vanished years,
 Some fair and stainless — some dim with tears.
 He pauses where battle-fields, one by one,
 Are glowing with traces of duties done;
 And ponders long where each gallant deed
 Hath won for our soldiers a peerless meed.

And e'er the record is closed again,
 With untold memories of joy and pain,
 He writeth thus with his glistening pen,
 Of lives which ennoble their fellow men:
 "He who hath offered his life — his all —
 For his country's sake — at the nation's call;
 Though he sleeps in death, or in life doth stand,
 I write him faithful, and true, and grand."

ON THE HILLSIDE.

On the hillside sleeps my darling,
Where all things are bright and fair,—
Yet the breezes wandering o'er it
Lift no curl of his brown hair.

On the hillside sleeps my darling,
Where sweet strains of music come —
Strains he loved — and yet their sweetness
Wake him not in his low tomb.

No glad smile lights up his features,
Save the one that lingered there
When his spirit passed to heaven,
To his loving Savior's care.

His sealed eyes look not a welcome
When fond footsteps linger near ;
Kindred hand gives never greeting,
Closed ears no dear words hear.

Faithful feet so often wander
To the hillside where he sleeps ;
And a pure and fond affection
Round his rest its vigil keeps.

Waiting, watching, thinking ever
Of the slumbering, youthful head—
Of thy bygone hours, whose moments
Gleam with memories of our dead.

And my heart, so weak, so human,
Yearns to see him at my side.
Faithless heart ! in its forgetting,
He hath crossed the swelling tide.

He hath gone from care and sorrow,—
He hath gone where Jesus is ;
Joyous 'mid the angel legions —
'Mid the heavenly harmonies.

Thus I hush each vain repining,
Calm each wish opposed to Him,
Who controlled all things wisely,
Though our vision is so dim.

Thus I give him back my darling,
Whose young life was linked with mine,—
Give him back to Thee, my Savior —
He hath known no love like thine.

Fold him closely in thy dear arms,—
Hold his head on thy pure breast,
Where the wanderer and the weary
Find a sweet, unchanging rest.

Never more would I recall him
Back to earth, whose smiles and tears
With their alternations grieve us,—
Thine through the eternal years!

With the summer's wealth of fragrance
We will crown his dreamless rest,—
Love will keep its tireless virgil
O'er our early crowned and blest.

Stream around it, cheerful sunshine —
Showers and dews fall gently there.
Come, oh! Spring, with gentle violet,
Hither bring thy offerings fair.

Watching stars, whose eyes of glory
Look so calmly, purely down
Through the lonely hush of midnight,
Deck it as with golden crown.

And what wonder if ye see there
Glittering hues of purest dew,—
For our darling's missing presence
Shall not nature sorrow too?

AN APPEAL FOR THE LETTER CARRIERS.

To our homes the welcome letters
Come so surely day by day ;
Faithful carriers — morn and evening —
Scatter blessings 'round our way.
Nothing hinders their fleet footsteps,
As they take their wonted round,
Guarding well the white-winged missives
In their strong protection found.

Though the summer sun so fiercely
Sheds its rays upon each head,
And across each measured pathway
Heated, scorching gleams are shed ;
Still unheeding, come they surely
With the letters — looked for — dear ;
Bringing to us blessed tidings,
Words of hope, and love, and cheer.

Though the rain falls down in torrents,
 And the sunlight fades away ;
 Though the winds are loudly raging,
 Dread the morn, and dark the day ;
 Still unto our homes so sheltered,
 Where the cheering light gleams out,
 Comes the carrier — with firm spirit,
 Treading o'er his lengthened route.

Though the snows of winter gather
 Faster and faster 'round his path,
 And the ice-king with his fetters
 Binds the earth in very wrath.
 Though the lips and brow grow rigid,
 And strong hands, like death, are chilled ;
 Yet the faithful feet press onward,
 Patient and unyielding still.

Ye, who by the pleasant fireside,
 Know not winter's bitter hour ;
 Ye, whose homeward steps are quickened
 By sweet thoughts of its own power.
 Will you not, with hand of bounty,
 Show a grateful, thankful heart,
 And in ministry of mercy,
 Bear a noble, God-like part ?

When the Christmas time shall greet you —
 When its anthems rise on high ;
When sweet voices echo 'round you,
 As bright eyes new gifts descry ;
Then remember, oh ! remember,
 This untiring, noble band ;
Let no hand remain unopened,
 Let no hearts their chains withstand.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Down through the vanished ages,
Along the shores of time,
We hear the "old, old story,"
Like some melodious chime.
Millions of silent voices
Have sung that glorious hymn ;
Glad eyes have caught its rapture,
Whose light in death is dim.

The old, the grand old story,
Of our dear Savior's birth ;
The light — divine and holy —
Which cheered the darkened earth.
Jesus! who came to save us,
In pity and in love,—
Who wore the robe of mortals,
With pain and care inwove.

To-day we stand with shepherds
 Beneath Judea's skies,—
We hear from heaven's high portals
 Triumphant strains arise.
We watch the star, whose beauty
 Doth guide us safely where,
With deepest awe and wonder,
 We find Messiah there.

Within a lowly manger
 Is cradled His dear head,—
In poverty and suffering
 His infant tears are shed.
Oh, earth! is this the welcome
 To your Redeemer given?
Is this your royal greeting
 To Christ, the King of Heaven?

Dear Savior, ever blessed!
 Upon this day of days,
We come with loud hosannas
 To sing Thy noblest praise.
We look from earthly places,
 Where Thy pure feet have trod,
And hail Thee in Thy glory —
 Ascending Lord and God.

LINES.

Inscribed to my uncle, Hon. John McReynolds, on his ninety-first birthday.

Ninety-one years since the sunlight
First shone on thy infant brow,
And thine eyes looked out on the new world,
Strange happiness to avow.
Since thy hand, so untired with burdens,
Reached forth in its new-found power ;
While hearts were happy and cheerful,
Each hailing thy natal hour.

Ninety-one years ! — and thy pathway
Has blossomed with hope's glad flowers ;
Love twined its fair brightness around thee,
Encircling thy happiest hours.
Fair childhood and youth — noble manhood,
And age with its coronal fair,
Have walked with thee over life's pathway,
And sheltered thine hours with fond care.

Ninety-one years! ah, how many
Fair brows have grown pale in these hours;
How many dear lips have grown silent,
And rest 'neath the pure summer flowers.
Yet thou, like the oak of the forest,
Stand still in thy manhood sublime;
Tho' thine eyes, looking sadly around thee,
With tears trace the footsteps of time.

God bless thee! forever and ever;
And still may His high, bounteous hand
Encompass thy life with rich blessings,
Which fall, like the dew, from His hand.
Still, still may His sunshine fall o'er thee,
And flowers blossom fairly and sweet;
Still making thy heart in its freshness
For His own blessed mansion so meet.

And when to thy pillow the angel
Shall come with a summons of love,
May thou pass through the radiant portal
To a rest that is sweeter above,—
Where thy years will glide onward and onward,
With the loved who have passed on before,
And never a tear or a sorrow
Be thine on eternity's shore.

IN THE HOSPITAL.

What is his name?

I know it not — yet some one far away
Loves him — and of his agony to-day
No thought doth frame.

This pallid brow

My hand shall soothe to charm away the pain,
Winning a blessed calmness there again,
To bless me now.

These sad, sad eyes,

With light so broken in the battle's storm,
Weary with looking for a wonted form,
Look their surprise.

Lips parched and pale,—

May I not win from them some little word —
Some name, amid life's hours of brightness heard
In home's sweet vale?

And fevered hand!
 May I not give thee from my strength and life?
 Palsied amid the battle's fearful strife
 As thou did'st stand.

Fast throbbing heart!
 Bounding with fever's rapid, scorching glow,
 That no repose or quietude doth know—
 In health no part.

Shall I not calm
 Thy quick pulsation — sooth each fitful start,
 And bring again to thee a blessed part
 Of peace and balm!

These wearied feet,—
 Oh! be it mine to win them gently back
 To their accustomed ward upon life's track,
 With strength replete.

No power is mine.
 Savior, to thee I look for strength and aid,—
 Oh! be thy healing hand upon him laid,
 Strong and divine.

Call back again
 To manhood's noble strength this wasted form —
 So shattered 'mid the agony and storm
 Of fiercest pain.

* * * * *

Oh! envied lot,—
 To cheer the sick and suffering — and to pallid lips
 Place the refreshing draught e'er life's eclipse—
 With blessings fraught.

With gentle hand
 To soothe the fevered brow and aching head;
 With footsteps light amid sad hearts to tread
 And faithful stand.

Thrice happy they
 Who walk life's pathway girt about with gleams
 That bless the merciful — upon whose vision beams
 Unending day.

THE MARRIAGE BELL.

Unfold your glory, oh! ye flowers,
Distill your fragrant life above
The fair young brow, replete with grace,
That wears the crown of happy love.
Like showers of blessings gently fall
Around the hearts that beat as one;
Whose new, unclouded, happy life,
With hope and promise has begun.

Ring o'er their pathway, "Marriage Bell,"
Moments of happiness and joy;
Ring in a holy faith and trust,
Which time and change may not destroy.
Enshrine amid your blossoms pure,
Traces of glad and coming years,
A low sweet prophecy — which tells
Of sunny smiles unmixed with tears.

Life hath to them been full of hours
Of light — and pleasure charmed their way ;
The sunlight, with its radiant rays,
Hath brightened every passing day.
Green were the vales and pleasant hills,
And fair the skies that o'er them shone,
While not a trace of troublous care,
Hath their glad spirits known.

Even now their lips have spoken words
That floated o'er the golden streets —
Words which will never cease to sound.
With love they fondly did repeat
Words uttered low beneath the skies,
But heard amid the angels fair,
And borne in silence to the Throne,
And given unto Jehovah's care.

Then ring out sweetly, " Marriage Bell ;"
Swing your glad incense o'er the head
Of youth and beauty — only bloom
Their happy lives has garlanded.
Scatter your perfume, rich and rare,
Before the forms of graceful mien ;
Leaving thy memory when thy life
And wakened grace no more are seen.

Fair bride! whom love with winning voice
 To other walks thy steps doth call ;
God smile upon each coming year,
 Whose light and shadow o'er thee fall.
God bless thee ever! thee and thine,
 Surround thee with His kindly care,
And lead thee with a loving hand,
 Where days are bright and angels are.

OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR.

The babe of Bethlehem — whose infant head
Was pillowed amid poverty and woe ;
No gorgeous hangings 'round his manger bed,
The warm, rich hues of sheltering comfort show.
Shut out from homes where plenty reigned supreme,
In meek submission, blessings to resign ;
Even Pity hid its warm translucent gleam,
And Mercy's blessed light refused to shine.

The Man of Sorrows — on whose saddened brow
Earth's wearing toil left many a deepened trace ;
Humanity's prerogative — for man below —
Near thy divinity it hath no place.
Thy spirit plumage, pure and white through earth,
Bore not a pressure mark of life's unrest —
Breathing forever of thy heavenly birth
And high perfection, through the fearful test.

The Man of Sorrows — doubted and betrayed,
Even by the hearts so near unto thine own —
By lips that called thee Master — gently laid
Upon a cheek where falsehood was unknown.
In the lone garden of Gethsemane,
Where blessed angels spread the shining wing,
And with their own seraphic ministry,
A holy peace unto thy heart did bring.

The Crucified — who stood on Calvary's height,
Wearied and worn and toiling with the Cross —
Triumphant in thine all-enduring might —
O'er sin and death and earth's enslaving dross.
Stricken and sorrowful thy Father's face
On thee with loving smile hath ceased to shine ;
Oh, Undeiled ! in earth or Heaven's high place
Was e'er such love and misery as thine ?

A sleeper 'mid the shadows of the tomb,
Laid gently in its quietude to rest,
While its deep shadows and abiding gloom
Gather above the cold and pulseless breast.
The darkened eye gave back no loving light,—
The gentle hands, with earth's sad mission o'er,
Were folded in the rest of Death's dark night,
To clasp in direst agony no more.

The risen Lord— who burst the icy bars
Of the grave's prison ; soaring far above
The golden glory of the shining stars,
Unto the clime of pure, unshadowed love ;
Welcomed by angel bands to that blest shore,
Where in effulgent light he ever reigns ;
To take the pilgrim's march of earth no more—
To know no more its wanderings and pains.

The Mediator— who, with wondrous love,
Pleads for the erring at the Father's side,
Through ceaseless years its mighty strength to prove,
Infinite still, as ages onward glide.
Hope of the sad heart— light of dreary ways—
Joy of the sorrowful— in death the life—
Theme of seraphic legions, whose glad praise
Shall sound when earth's dark waves have hushed
their strife.

The King of Glory,— through the pearly gate,
And everlasting doors, he enters in ;
While loud hosannas for His coming wait,
And glittering harps their brightness flash within.
Life's river ripples with a sweeter flow
As the All-Father owns His mission done ;
The realm of Heaven doth higher glories know
In welcoming His well-beloved Son.

The King of Glory,—and His banner waves
O'er mount and plain,— o'er shore and surging sea ;
O'er polar lands, where shimmer snowy graves ;
'Neath tropic skies, which glare so fearfully.
The household shelter in the sunny clime,—
The gleaming brightness on the darkened shore,—
The whispered key-note of the silvery chime —
That summons earth to worship and adore.

Strong be the hands that raise each starry fold
To plant its standard that the world may see ;
Loyal the hearts that with proud strength uphold
That blood-bought banner — stamped on Calvary.
So shall our earth with one harmonious voice,
Shout glad thanksgivings to the King above ;
Rejoicing more than angels may rejoice
Who never sang His all-redeeming love.

NORMAN AND PHILIP BOURLAND.

1873.—August 26th.—1876.

Three times have purple violets bloomed
Amid the beauty of the Spring,—
Lighting the quiet valleys up
With Nature's fresh glad offering.
Three times the royal rose hath given
Its fragrance to the summer air,
And lillies with their balmy breath
Swept o'er the earth with perfume fair.

Three times hath Autumn aloft
Her signals tinged with Tyrian dyes,—
While mournful winds were floating by,
And pale and pensive grew the skies.
Three times old Earth hath grandly worn
A snowy mantle clasped with gems,—
While stream and fountain ceased their song
To wear their icy diadems,

Since two fair children woke to life,
And looked with wondering eyes around,—
Pure in their infant loveliness,
With many a charm and beauty crowned.
Two winsome boys, whose baby brows
Wore even then a noble seal,—
Stamped with a promise of the power
Which future years might well reveal.

Norman and Philip! names of grave,
That fit them as a garment — well,
Were given to them — throughout time
Their own distinctive life to tell.
Twin-born — they were the joy and pride
Of those who loved them passing well,—
While every day that fled by,
Came with new voice their charm to tell.

Three years upon each little brow
Mark with light hand their gentle trace,
Impressing early childhood's lines
With infancy's unconscious grace.
With sturdy limbs and happy hearts
They wander 'mid the bloom and shade,
And softly o'er the shining hair
The gentle hand of love is laid.

So like in face and form they are,
That one can scarcely ever know
Whether they look on Norman's brow,
Or see the eyes of Philip glow ;
And when their notes of childish glee
Ring in their freshness gladly out,
Love scarce discerns whose rosy lips
In laughter wake the happy shout.

God bless them with his fondest care,
And keep them safe through earthly ways,—
From haunting evil and from woe,—
Giving them pure and peaceful days.
May little hands few burdens know,
And little feet walk bravely on,
Until beneath Heaven's radiant skies
They stand — with life eternal won.

DEATH AT SEA.

Out on the sea —
Where the wild billows reared their foamy crest,
And wailing winds, in all their wild unrest,
Sighed mournfully ;

A ship's proud form
Sped o'er the bosom of the troubled waves —
O'er the unfathomed depths of Ocean's caves,
Amid its storm.

For land and home
Pined many a longing heart — prayed many a lip,
As the fierce waters dashed across the ship
Their spray and foam.

One with fair brow,
Whose angel beauty deepened day by day,
With fading cheek, whose bloom had passed away,
Was dying now.

Out on the sea!

Father in Heaven! Thy hand alone can save —
Keep the beloved from an ocean grave,
They look to Thee.

There are fond hearts
Who wait with whitened cheek and pallid lip
For tidings from their own,—this tossing ship
Gladness or woe imparts.

'Neath the blue sky
Of sunny Italy,—amid its cheering bloom;
Flower-crowned she went almost unto the tomb,
Sadly to die.

And so they bore
The remnant of her glorious promise back,
Across the deep and sounding ocean's track,
To her own shore,

That she might look,
Although with dimming eye — and linger yet
By the sweet beauty of the violet,
In sheltered nook;

Might see once more
The old familiar trees, whose whispering leaves
Had flung their shadows o'er the cottage eaves
Above the door ;

Might hear again
The murmured sweetness of the wonted tone,
Around her young existence ever known,
In joy or pain.

And on her brow
Feel the calm, soothing pressure of those hands
For which her spirit pined in foreign lands,
And prayed for now ;

And die at last
With the beloved — who would ever keep
Their loving vigils o'er her quiet sleep,
When life was past.

Home ! blessed home !
Thy name her waiting spirit may not keep,
And calmly, stilly, in her placid sleep,
Death's footsteps come.

Ah! never more
Shall those still feet in coming seasons press,
With springing life and gushing happiness,
Her native shore.

Ah! never more
Those darkened eyes will shed their loving light
Around the home affection made so bright
And glad before.

Oh! bitter woe,
Amid heart-crushing agony and prayers;
Not even in Death is the beloved theirs,
For she must go

Beneath the wave
To rest in soundless depths — that silent hall
Where loving household echoes never fall;
An ocean grave!

Her Parian brow,
Kissed by the surging billow, wanders down,
Though angels keep for it a shining crown
In glory now.

That graceful head,
So radiant with its wealth of sunny hair,
Fades from the vision — seeking sadly there
Funereal bed.

Sad, moaning sea!
Guard the rich treasure given to thy embrace,—
Keep the pure beauty of that sleepless face,
Until to thee,

In thunder tones,
Comes the command, “Give up thy dead, thou sea!”
Love’s severed links shall re-united be,
And Death o’erthrown.

SPRINGDALE CEMETERY.

I come to thee, sweet Springdale — shutting out
The busy hum and toil of wakened life,—
The clang and clash of spirit, sounding e'er
Along the pathway of earth's warring strife.

I come to thee,— even as a little child,
Who pines to hear a mother's loving word,—
In the quiet beauty of thy shade
The echoes of that gentle voice are heard.

Those wonted tones! I hear them all again,
As long I linger o'er a sleeper's rest,
Where the green turf in quiet beauty lies
O'er the calm stillness of a mother's breast.

My cradle hymn floats through the balmy air,
Sang by the lips, in death so still and cold;
The childish prayer seems syllabled for me,
As when I heard it in the days of old.

Ah, mocking echoes! only in light
Of sacred memory can ye exist;
For have not I, all tearful, seen the lips
That breathed them, to Death's slumber kissed?

Have I not heard the last fond word, and seen
The loving light leave earth to brighten Heaven,—
Felt the unclasping of that dying hand
When life eternal to that soul was given?

Ah, yes! and yet I love to linger here,—
Winning again life's early music back.
Oh, the sad loneliness! when its rich tones
Fade from our pathway o'er life's weary track.

I love to win it back, though for an hour;
Then doth my spirit find new trust in God,
And gains an onward movement to her home,
In the same pathway her still feet have trod.

I leave thy quiet beauty, sacred spot,
With heart-resolvings to press ever on,
With the sweet purpose, that each future hour
Shall bear above some trace of victory won.

That when I come amid thy pleasant shade,
And linger with thee never to depart,
My name shall live in memory — while I
Shall dwell forever with the pure in heart.

LETTERS OF THE DEAD.

My trembling hand can scarce untwine
The little silken thread
That clasps in gentle pressure now,
These letters of the dead ;
For from each fold there seems to come,
Smiles, vanished from my sight,
And tones, whose music faded out
Amid death's gloomy night.

Over each sheet, in by-gone hours,
Looked some familiar face ;
Revealings from some chosen heart
Find here a sacred place.
And welcome greetings come to me
In many a faded line,
That keep through time an influence
Both changeless and divine.

This was the prompting of a heart
 Upon her bridal day ;
A farewell to me, from her home
 Ere she had turned away.
Love's glowing skies hung o'er her path
 Without a passing cloud ;
Yet ere Death claimed her, that bright head
 In misery was bowed.

This came to me one summer's morn,
 From one whose heart beat high
With proud ambition's fevered dreams,
 With glory in his eye.
I sought to quench the mocking light
 That madly lured him on ;
He heeded not — and now his dreams,
 With his young life, are gone.

This, from a gentle friend whose hours
 Were fleeting fast away,
Come from afar amid the buds,
 And balmy winds of May ;
Only to tell me angel bands
 Were wooing her away ;
Only to tell me that her trust
 Grew brighter day by day.

The hand that wandered o'er this sheet
Was clasped in wild despair,
Amid a trembling, fearful crowd,
Who breathed a dying prayer.
Amid old ocean's might and strength,
The ship went down in woe, —
I fain would shut that vision out,
As tears mine eyes o'erflow.

The buried past is with me now,
Kind words and smiles of old ;
I almost cease to think each lip
Hath grown so still and cold.
Memorials of the loving ones,
Who o'er life's pathway shed
The fragraney of kindred hearts,
Which dies not with the dead.

But lingers in its beauty still,
An angel presence — fair,
Who with a calm, unsullied wing,
Dispels earth's clouds of care ;
Who oft amid life's hour doth come,
The hidden fount to move,
For the sure healing of the soul,
Its strengthened faith to prove.

THE CENTENNIAL YEAR.

We know that Spring with robes of light is gone,
We know the violet's meek blue eye is dim —
That the sweet warblers of the greenwood bowers
Sing never more the strains of nature's hymn ;
That buds and blossoms have all passed away,
Each short life finished — each pure mission done —
That whispering leaves are lying crisp and sear,
Whose days were ended gently — one by one.

We know that Summer's long and golden hours,
Crowned with the loveliness of fragrant bloom,
Have fled by us as a vision bright,
Down to the old year's waiting, silent tomb.
The fair and beautiful are garnered there,
Cut down by the relentless Reaper's hand,—
Gone! like the glory of the sunset skies,
To dwell in memory's placid, moon-lit land.

We miss the lingering light of Autumn days,
Whose mellowed beauty seemed as not of earth ;
The burnished banners hung o'er shrub and tree,
And russet gleams, that claimed a higher birth.
We miss them all — and yet we do not mourn
Above the radiant glow which has fled,
Nor do we linger with those by-gone hours
Time stilly numbers with the sleeping dead.

We keep no thought of the moments fled,
Amid December's snowy, transient time,—
We marvel not around the icy chains
That crush the captive blossoms in their prime ;
And for the Old Year — weary, wan and pale —
We yield him up with scarce one fond regret,
Forgetting how we welcomed him to earth,—
Forgetting how how we loved him when we met.

Why is it thus? Were we not wont to weep
Over the vanished light of vernal hours?
Did we not ever keep such tender thoughts
For Summer's faded coronal of flowers?
Have we not sighed, when Autumn's skies were veiled,
For fleeting beauty that we might not save?
And longed again for the remembered bliss
Of days that waked not from their wintry grave?

Why is it thus? Because upon this day
 The King of Years hath come unto our land,—
 A royal ruler!— to the purple born —
 He wears his honors regally and grand.
 The nation sings aloud his triumph song,
 Whose echoes float across the listening world;
 And starry banners cluster round his way,
 By every patriot hand they are unfurled.

Nor can we wait to sigh o'er faded flowers,
 Or mourn o'er Nature's many new-made tombs;
 In all the earth our spirits may not find
 A place befitting well desponding glooms.
 For never have we heard such hymns resound;
 Never such cheers — such high and lofty cheers
 As those that circle 'round the onward path
 Of the proud monarch of A HUNDRED YEARS.

Hail, thou Centennial Year! whose robes so rare
 Were woven in dim ages by God's hand,—
 Whose misty moments, days, and months, became
 Obedient to the power of His command.
 Hail! hail! to all thy grandeur and thy grace!
 Hail! hail! to all the coming hours and days!
 Marked with heroic memories they come,
 Wearing the heritage of fadeless bays.

Grand cycle! making up one hundred years
Of well-earned freedom — her own jubilee!
One hundred years the gallant stars and stripes
Have floated in unfettered majesty!
By the blue lake, and by the winding stream;
Over the beauty of each grass-crowned hill;
Over the sunny Southland, and the North,
They wave in all their pristine glory still.

God bless the dear flag of the olden time!
Heroes and patriots honor it to-day;
A hundred years ago it seemed the pledge
Of future faith and hope none might gainsay.
From sire to son with blessings it came down,
A heritage to live and die for — won
On the red field of battle, where stout hearts
Triumphant stood — with warring foes undone.

We may not number o'er our joys to-day;
Joys which have blossomed for a hundred years,
Stamping the living impress of their truth,
Where not one trace of fear or doubt appears;
But we may bend before our Father's throne,
And with our souls refreshed and grateful, tell
Of the rich mercies of His guardian hand,
In times when dangers dark our land befell;

Of watch and ward that ever shielded well,—
 Enfolding with its power the noble band
That stood, as stands the firm unshaken rock,
 For the high honor of their own dear land.
Heroes of Seventy-Six! The valiant men
 Whose living names “were never born to die;”
Like a proud beacon light their prowess stands
 Crowned with the rays of immortality.

What hand can image forth the wondrous strength,
 And energy divine that filled each soul?
As with defiant might they onward moved—
 Resisting fiercely bondage and control,
Who? who shall number o’er the prayers and tears,
 Which waiting angels stilly bore above,
That the fair boon of Freedom might be given
 Unto the land so worthy of their love?

God gave them victory! His own bright smile,—
 And every hill and every plain was glad;
Rivers and lakes,—e’en cold ocean’s crest,
 With brightness more than sunlight’s sheen was clad;
Singing, as on they took their boundless way,
 The happy song that tells the heart so free,
Of peaceful, smiling homes where plenty reigned
 Beneath the azure skies of Liberty.

And speeding on for many a long, long year,
Their music still is heard in numbers sweet,
Cheering the exile from his native land,
With voice of welcome stranger steps to greet;
The quiet stars have wondered from on high
To see their silvery brightness mirrored there,
Catching the murmurs of the old, old strain,
And claiming kindred freedom as their share.

Centennial Year! As thou dost proudly take
The helm, to guide o'er winds and waves to-day,
Watching the moments as they come and go,
In the unrivalled splendor of thy way;
Look thou abroad upon this glorious land!
Vast and extended—great beyond compare,
It stands before the world's admiring gaze
The onward march of progress to declare.

Look back one hundred years, and thou wilt see
Forests where silence sat in regal state,
Where weird-like shadows of the waving boughs
A realm of awe and quiet did create;
Now sounds the steps of busy commerce there,
Her many voices fill the surcharged air,
The clash and clang of business echo round,
Leaving such wonders in its impress there.

The foreign climes that seemed so distant then,
Beyond the billows of the sounding main,
Are linked together now by the great power,
Whose lightning whispers, with electric chain,
Make us one through every day and hour,
And bid us marvel at the mind of man ;
Whose strength earth's forces skillfully control,
Learning from nature each mysterious plan.

Look at the power of steam asserted now —
Over the land the shrill, fierce whistle sounds,
And fleet the horse of iron mould speeds by,
Annihilating space upon its rounds ;
One hundred years ago the traveler lone
Through dreary woodlands slowly took his way,
Dreaming not of the coming time whose light
Should turn such darkness into perfect day.

Like network o'er our country lines are seen,
Where high the mighty engine lifts his head —
Where showers of sparks, like meteors, come and go ;
Utility and power abroad are shed.
The quiet valleys and the mountain tops
Wake from their lengthened slumbers to behold
Resources gathered from their hidden wealth,
That win for them a name, and fame, and gold.

See the vast ocean, covered with the ships
Whose sails were once so "few and far between"—
The fair broad rivers, where the unformed boat
Then sped so slowly o'er their glassy sheen.
Time's wondrous changes, who shall comprehend?
The march of intellect, expanse of mind,
Inventive genius, human skill and thought,
A field for energy and effort find.

No tyrant treads upon our breezy hills,
Leaving his scathing impress darkly there,
Our waving prairies sunny are and free,—
Free as the balmy, fragrance-burdened air.
No clank of chain, or fetters clasp we hear,
Making discordant notes in freedom's strain,
Wringing the sad heart with a haunting fear,
It never in our land may know again.

Columbia boasts her honest hearts and true,
Glowing with warmth, diffusing cheering rays—
And good right hands, which patient labor shows
With the just meed of her approving praise—
Lips that do utter high and fearless truths,—
Brows which a regal crown might justly wear,—
Souls that are strong along the darkened paths,
And with submission cares and sorrows bear.

Centennial Year! look on our streams and shores,
On soundless lakes that ever onward flow,—
Do they not whisper to thee of the forms
That glided o'er them, years, long years ago?
Do they not tell thee of the light canoe,
That bore the chieftain and his trophies on,
Whose strange, fantastic trappings—with the brows
O'er which they waved—are gone, forever gone?

Where dusky feet once trod dwell flocks and herds,
That throned the valley and the hillside green;
And where the wigwam's curling smoke arose,
Harvests of waving, golden grain are seen;
The reaper's sickle glitters in the light,
And gathers in its wealth the yellow sheaves;
While industry, with strong, enduring hand,
Full many an unknown miracle achieves.

With joy we hear the chime of Sabbath bells,
With reverential heart we worship God
With faith and trust we walk in pleasant ways,—
In paths our patriot fathers humbly trod.
Their hope, their purpose, and their lofty aim,
Are to our spirits in full measure given,
As on we walk beneath protecting Love,
Up to their home in yonder waiting Heaven.

Look on our Ship of State, Centennial Year!

In added strength it is outriding still
The raging billow and the loud, fierce wind,
And every stormy wave of threatened ill.
No hand may ever take from topmost mast
The stars and stripes which proudly o'er it wave,
Or touch the helm where the true pilot stands,
To guide and govern — confident and brave.

It fears no breakers, and it fears no foes,

For where the pilot stands the Lord is near,
And in His mighty and omniscient power,
Safe and secure the gallant ship shall steer;
For well we know that high and over all,—
Over each kingly fleet and convoy grand,—
Over each war and strife, and death and life,
Is our Almighty Father's guiding hand.

Monarch of many years! hail, yet again!

While the fair land that gives thee welcome now
Shall smile beneath the sunshine, not one leaf
Will fade from the green laurel o'er thy brow.
No jewel from thy crown shall fall away,
Less regal robes like thine may never be;
And through all future time thy name shall sound
In grandest glory — over land and sea.

SPRING VIOLETS.

We planted by his little grave
The violets of spring ;
Rich heritage is your's, fair flowers,
Sweet fragrance there to bring.
Keep fondest vigil o'er that spot,
Oh ! eyes of Heaven's blue ;
The eyes in quiet slumber sealed
So loved to look on you.

It seems a pleasant, soothing thought,
That as the years shall flee,
Close, close unto that sacred place,
Sweet violets ! ye will be —
Forever clustering round his home
With loving, gentle guard,
Above that graceful, childish head,
To keep sweet watch and ward.

In morning's fresh and rosy time —
 In heated noontide's hour —
When twilight soothes the wearied earth
 And gently folds the flower ;
When stars put on their golden crown —
 When floateth midnight's veil —
Ye will be near our loved and lost,
 Sweet offerings of the dale.

Watch o'er that brow, oh ! Violets,
 And o'er that marble cheek ;
We never heard such pleasant words
 As those pale lips did speak.
Watch o'er the folded hands — so white,—
 The little feet — so still ;
No other steps, however dear,
 Their wonted place can fill.

Watch o'er those sealed eyes, ye flowers,
 With hue so like your own ;
The Summer sky they looked upon
 Not one dark cloud had known.
The gleaming of love's altar fires
 Reflected radiance gave ;
We kindle them in fondness still,
 Above his little grave.

Glad sunlight! where these Violets grow
Wilt thou not linger long?
Oh! untaught minstrelsy, bring there
Your first, your sweetest song;
For ne'er was laid, with tears, away,
A form more pure and fair
Than that which finds such pleasant rest
Amid the violets there.

LINES

Inscribed to May Riggs Tyng, on her third birthday.

When the roses of June
Were abroad in the land,
And their fragrance so pure,
By the soft breeze was fanned,—
On one bright starry eve
The angels did bring
A blossom more lovely ;
'Twas little May Tyng.

The days glided by,
And on her young face
Our eyes loved to linger,
Its beauty to trace.
And the sheen of her hair,
As the Seraphim's wing,
Crowned ever the sweetness
Of little May Tyng.

Twelve moons fled by,
And her sunny eyes' gleam
Enraptured our hearts
Like the bliss of a dream ;
While fondly, so fondly ;
Our spirits did cling
To the rare infant graces
Of little May Tyng.

Time vanished on pinions—
The days and the years,—
Each wearing the traces
Of gladness and tears.
And still skies of azure
And sunlight doth bring
New radiance and glory
To little May Tyng.

Three times early flowers
Have bloomed on her way,
Three times summer roses
Their garlands display ;
Three times have they faded,
And winter's cold wing
Swept over the footsteps
Of little May Tyng.

So loving and thoughtful —
 Such gracious, quaint ways —
So tender and watchful —
 She wins love and praise.
Our hearts still grow fonder,
 And warmly we cling
To the fair winsome blossom —
 Our little May Tyng.

I would that her pathway
 Might ever be bright ;
I would that her spirit
 Might ever be light.
May no thorns of sorrow
 Around her life cling,—
Unshadowed the sunshine
 O'er little May Tyng.

God bless her forever !
 Our sweet summer child,
And tenderly lead her,
 Oh, Thou ! undefiled !
Across the dark valley ;
 To Thee may she cling—
Be Thou the sure refuge
 Of little May Tyng.

Then take her forever,
Immortal and dear,
Across the streets golden,
Where angels are near ;
And teach her through ages
Thy praises to sing,
And crown her and bless her,
Our little May Tyng.

LINES.

Inscribed to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Reynolds, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage, 1854-1879.

1854.

One summer eve,
When earth was flooded with the light
Whose rays of radiance purely fall —
Fair and unstained as though they came
Streaming from off the jasper wall ;
When the glad voices of the hour
Made music that we loved to hear —
Tones that rang out like silver bells,
Harmonious, and high, and clear.

When far and near the regal rose
Came with its ministry of grace,—
Glowing with brightest offerings,
Each in its own appointed place ;
When lilies and sweet jessamine
Gave out their hearts in rich perfume,
And earth was clothed with loveliness,
Oh, Paradise ! like thine own bloom.

There rose upon that eventide,
 Crowning its calm and peaceful air,
 The echoes of a marriage vow
 From lips so fervent and so fair.
 A form of pride and manly grace
 A maiden's trusting love had won ;
 And for all coming future time
 Their ways, their aims, their loves, were one.

Hope strewed around their coming hours
 Its visions beautiful and bright ;
 Faith breathed for them the harmonies
 That gild the earth with rosy light ;
 While strangely sweet its whisper fell
 Above their untried, happy way,
 In prophecies of glowing bliss
 To tinge with joy each welcome day.

1879.

* * * * *

Many a spring-time since have angels
 Written truths on hill and vale ;
 Many a summer, crowned with roses,
 Breathed its own impassioned tale ;
 Many a time the winds of autumn
 Chanted their weird monotone,
 And the white and snowy winter
 Reign'd a king upon his throne.

Still those vows of love are spoken,
 Radiant with their own first grace ;
Faith and trust — the Lord's evangels —
 Keep their own familiar place.
Years and moments only strengthen
 The sweet ministry, whose deeds
Make the earth a type perpetual
 Of the home whence love proceeds.

Through green valleys, by still waters,
 Steadfast steps walk side by side,
And the same unchilled affection
 Evermore has been their guide.
While in peace the calm, blue azure
 Bends above their onward way,
And the evening-time gives promise
 Of each coming, blessed day.

Happy twain ! whose willing purpose
 Takes the Spirit as their guide,
And in pleasant paths of wisdom
 With a holy faith abide.
Happy twain ! whose deeds of mercy
 Glide in ceaseless harmony,
Like the flow of deep, full rivers,
 In their course so strong and free.

Linked by silken bands of kindness
To the suffering and the sad,—
Whispering words of consolation —
Bidding mourning hearts be glad.
Grand the mission — high the calling —
Thus to comfort and to bless ;
Wrapping sorrow in the mantle
Of the dear Lord's tenderness.

Summer's skies still bend in beauty
O'er them as they tread life's path ;
Hopes have merged in blest fruition,
Though each life some sorrow hath.
Fragrance still falls purely 'round them —
Sunshine, stars, and moonlight fair ;
If, perchance, some clouds may linger,
Silver-lined the shadows are.

God! protect them as they wander
Through the valleys and the heights ;
Be their safeguard and their shelter
Through all coming days and nights.
Mortals fail not to discover
Earthly strength but broken power ;
May His hand e'en then grow stronger
In the mercies of that hour.

Lead them gently, Lord and Savior,
Till the evening time shall come,
When its twilight folds around them
And the Master calls them home ;
Till the march of life is ended,
And the opening gates of Heaven
Show the home — divine — immortal —
Where the crown of life is given.

A CHRISTMAS REJOICING.

Ring out a joyful chorus,
In numbers sweet, oh, earth!
Chant forth in loud hosannas
Our royal Savior's birth.
Over the mount and valley,
O'er forest and o'er plain,
Awake "the old, old story,"
In loftiest notes again.

Down through the vanished ages,
Along the shores of time,
Like streams of silvery beauty,
We hear its echoed chime.
Millions of silent voices
Have joined the glorious hymn;
Glad eyes have caught its rapture,
Whose light in death is dim.

To-day we stand with shepherds,
 Beneath Judea's skies ;
We hear from Heaven's high portals
 Triumphant strains arise ;
We watch the star whose brightness
 Doth guide them safely — where,
With deepest awe and wonder,
 They find Messiah there.

Within a lowly manger
 Is cradled His dear head ;
In poverty and suffering
 His infant tears were shed.
Oh, earth ! is this thy welcome
 To Christ, the King of Heaven ?
Is this the royal greeting
 To your Redeemer given ?

'Tis said that since that moment
 A beauty hath been given
To baby brows — a pureness
 Touched with a trace of Heaven.
That in sweet dreams the angels
 Are o'er them night and day,
With whispers of rare glory
 That will not pass away.

That motherhood makes loving
 And tender mother hearts ;
 To even life's rough places
 Deep gentleness imparts.
 Since, Mary, on thy bosom
 The infant Saviour slept,
 And thou, with love and blessing,
 Thy first, sweet watches kept.

* * * * *

With loving, patient spirit,
 Earth's paths the Saviour trod ;
 With willing hands and toiling—
 A man and yet a God.
 Faithful in every calling,—
 With mission high and grand,
 He passed away in triumph,
 To reign at God's right hand.

Dear Saviour! Ever Blessed!
 Upon this day of days
 We come with loud hosannas,
 To swell the royal praise.
 We look from earthly places,
 Where thy pure feet have trod,
 Up to Thy throne of power,
 Ascended Lord and God.

High wave Thy royal banner
 Across the wide, wide, world,
To-day its folds of brightness
 By loyal hands unfurled.
It shelters well the household ;
 It lights the far off shore,
And sounds the silvery key-note,
 That summons to adore.

Float high, Judea's banner !
 O'er hosts of earth and Heaven ;
Display in clouds of beauty
 The fadeless record given.
Wear well thy holiest lustre,
 That all the world may see,
Redeemer ! Mediator !
 The names that make us free.

In Memoriam



PHILIP M. BROTHERSON.

Died, January 10, 1864.

Though I have seen that fair young face,
That beamed so late with Life's own grace,
Resting beneath Death's shadow chill,
So silent, motionless and still —
I know that God is love.

Though I have seen that sunny head
Rest calmly in its coffin bed —
Though naught of it remains to me
Save a few curls and memory —
I know that God is love.

Though, 'mid my tears and agony,
That sealed eye looks no more on me
With that old look of tenderness,
That shone upon me but to bless —
I know that God is love.

Though those cold lips on which I prest
 Fond burning kisses in their rest,
 Gave back no sweet and loving token
 To hearts in sorrow almost broken —
 I know that God is love.

Oh, folded hands! how Memory bleeds
 As numbering o'er your kindly deeds,—
 Whose outstretched welcome at the door
 Shall come to meet me never more —
 Yet God is ever love.

And stretches out Life's path before,
 Where those hushed feet shall walk no more,
 With bounding echoes on the stair —
 Now here, now there, now everywhere —
 Yet God — our God — is love.

Hath He not called to pleasant rest
 Upon the fair earth's grassy breast —
 'Neath the glad sunshine — by the side
 Of friends passed to the glorified?
 And is he not all love?

Hath He not soothed each pain and grief —
 For agony given sweet relief —
 Removed his ev'ry care and woe
 Which throng each mortal path below?
 And was it not in love?

Hath He not opened to those eyes
The fadeless bowers of Paradise?
Hath He not wakened to that ear
The strains which the redeemed shall hear?
And was it not in love?

Hath He not taken that youthful hand,
And led him from a weary land,
Where he shall sing through countless years
The love that soothed in death his fears—
God's never-failing love?

And though my sad heart may not know
Why his bright head was laid so low—
Why, when his pathway beamed with light,
Death quenched its rays in his dark night,—
I know that God is love

Hereafter will be known to me
What now seems darkest mystery,
And I with rapturous tongue shall bless
This token of God's tenderness—
Sent to us in his love.

Till then, my Father, keep my hand
Within Thine own — that I may stand
Close, close beside Thee — and with heart
Of faith and trust bid fear depart,
And tell that God is love.

ANNIS P. BALDWIN.

“Thou art laid at rest in thy spring-time hours.”

Fair bud of promise! with the opening bloom
Folded in quiet beauty 'round thy heart,
We mourn to give such brightness to the tomb,—
To deem thee from this earth a thing apart.
Fancy around thee flung its fondest dream,
And Hope, full oft, its fairy tissue wove;
Bright'ning thy Future with its sunny gleam,
Blending with hues that deck'd thy path of Love.

Harp of sweet melody! whose blessed tone
Around thy home in silv'ry accents fell;
Naught can restore that murm'ring music gone—
No sound on earth thy gentle accents tell.
A Mighty Hand hath burst the strings in twain!
A Mighty Voice hath bid each note be hush'd!
And loving hearts shall yearn full oft in vain,
For wonted strains that 'round their path once gush'd.

Father! we look to thee in this dark hour
With Faith's clear eye,— with holy hope and trust;
E'en at Thy side we see this folded flower,
With bright'ning bloom, amid the pure and just.
Thou wilt unite the severed chords again,—
Making immortal music, holier far
Than that for which Earth's mourners sigh in vain,
Echoing forever where the angels are!

Oh, blessed thought! that when Life's cares are o'er,
And we no longer on its billows toss'd,
In that blest elime,— that glorious, deathless shore,
We yet may find the early-lov'd and lost;
That there each golden link from Love's bright chain,
We deem'd on earth so rudely, harshly riven,
Shall, with an added beauty, shine again,
Perfected, all amid thy radiance — Heaven.

MRS. H. G. WESTON.

“ Another hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given,
And glows once more with angel steps,
The path which reaches Heaven.”

—WHITTIER.

Take her, bright angels, gently now,
From weariness and pain ;
That silent heart and changeless brow
Shall know no cloud again.
Up to yon radiant, love-lit home,
Her pure free soul would soar ;
Take her, kind angels — earthly chains
May bind it nevermore.

Oh, spread each bright and shining wing,
When passing through Death's vale,
That darkening shadows may not come,
Her spirit to assail.
Whisper of Him so tenderly,
Who that lone pathway trod ;
Breathe of the blessed homes beyond
The mansion of our God.

Bear her across the swelling flood
 With a triumphal song,
While heavenly echoes, floating down,
 The glad notes shall prolong.
The pearly gates are opening wide,
 On, on, ye angel band ;
Behind you frown the waters dark,
 Haste to the better Land.

What radiance meets her longing eyes,
 As onward still ye go ;
How brightly gleams life's crystal stream.
 How pure its silvery flow.
The golden streets and fadeless light,
 The minstrelsy of Heaven,
Whose strains of sweetness never die,
 Whose chords are never riven.

Take her, bright angels, gently on,
 Love's banner o'er her floats,
While seraph strains her victory tell
 In sweet and joyous notes ;
On ! where our Father reigns — with Him,
 The crowned — once Crucified ;
For there a robe of fairest white
 Waits for the glorified.

* * * * *

The blessed angels bore her on
Amid that countless throng ;
They pass the saints and prophets, too,
And still they glide along.
They linger not, though at their side
The blessed martyrs stand ;
They onward press — a crown of light
Is in their Father's hand.

And there they gently lay her down
Upon her Savior's breast,
Forever blest, forever crowned —
Oh ! happy, peaceful rest !
While golden harps rang loud and clear,
A new-born strain was given,
To sound the matchless love and power
That made that home a heaven.

MRS. H. P. BENNETT,

Of Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

A requiem tone, from fair Wyoming Vale,
Floats mournfully upon the passing breeze ;
With voice of sadness Nature doth bewail —
Hanging Grief's sables on her stars and trees.
It were an offering meet to one who made
This dull earth radiant with her spirit-light,
Whose placid soul, with love and faith arrayed,
Dispelled the clouds of Error's darkest night.

She seemed an angel in the paths of life,
With Heaven's own signet gleaming on her brow ;
Serene and calm amid earth's waves of strife,
Her barque is moored on shores celestial now.
Ere the freed spirit plumed its upward flight,
It shed such rays of heavenly radiance 'round,
That gleams of glory marked its path of light
To where she lives forever blest and crowned.

Oh, mourning husband! vainly falls the word
That bids thee weep not for the loved and lost,—
When 'round thy home her voice no more is heard,
And thy wrung spirit torn and tempest toss'd.
'Tis well to weep — when even Jesus wept
O'er the low grave of lost and buried love,—
Where Memory all her blessedness hath kept,
A holy grief its precious power shall prove.

Joy for the freed one! never, nevermore,
With footsteps faint, to falter on life's track;
Forever blest upon that fadeless shore —
Say, would you bring that ransomed spirit back?
Ye are not severed — she, with angel-wing,
Shall come around you with a holy love,
And on thy life a sacred influence fling
Until thou meet'st her in the world above.

And thou, sweet daughter! o'er whose days has smiled
The love that knew no shadow or decay,—
Whose hours by her fond care were oft beguiled;
How will you miss her presence day by day?
The wonted step that never more may come,
Bringing rich household music to your ear;
The gentle words that fell around your home,
And many a token to the sad heart dear.

Yet shall that voice be ever round thy life,
At morn, and eve, and alone mysterious night ;
'T will strengthen in the world's unceasing strife,
Gilding thy paths with an unchanging light.
From the forsaken chair 'twill stilly come,
And echo 'round the now-deserted room ;
Each tree and shrub that blossoms round thy home
Shall shrine her name amid its wreath of bloom.

And thou, fair boy ! whose young and happy years
Were shaded by the fond and faithful heart,—
You never knew this world a vale of tears
'Till Death that holy, sacred tie did part.
By the sweet memory of the cradle hymn,
Echoing around thy cloudless infancy,
And sleepless love that watched the stars grow dim,—
Be her pure life an amulet to thee.

Oh ! may the memory of that last sad hour
Cling to thy soul through the long future days,
The pressure of that dear hand's dying power,
The feeble lip that sang the Savior's praise.
Be it a spell to charm each youthful hour
From guile and danger, and earth's witching snare,—
To light thy footsteps with its deathless power
Up to the world where homes of glory are.

Call it not Death — for such a soul to fling
 Aside the cumbrous shackles of this earth ;
Call it not Death — for one so blest to wing
 Away to regions of immortal birth.
Like the sweet perfume of the fading flower,
 Or star that fadeth into radiant day,
Her spirit calmly passed to Death's dark hour,
 Triumphantly exulting on its way.

Though hushed the pulses of that noble heart,
 And folded hands lie o'er the marble breast ;
Though bleeding love from thence would ne'er depart,
 Clinging to her low dreamless place of rest.
She is not there — and it is sweet to think
 She waits above to meet the loved again,
There may she number o'er each shining link,
 And find perfected Love's own golden chain.

THE HOUSEHOLD DARLING.

To Mrs. Geo. M. Higginson, of Chicago.

“What can a mother in her fondest prayer
Ask for her darling like the bliss of Heaven?”

With pure, pale brow, and chiselled limbs it lay,
More sweetly fair than though a radiant dream
Dwelt in the soul of Genius day by day,
Until of angel beauty he had caught a gleam,
And then embodied it in matchless form.
A faultless symmetry — so rare a grace,
You surely deemed the heart with life was warm,
And sought its trace upon that childish face.

Yet strangely still — from out those lips no breath,
Though parted now, as if some pleasant thought
From out the heart had wandered quickly up,
And love's expression to the face had taught
The little hand essays no more to press,
With eager joy, a mother's glowing cheek,
And eyes, whose every beam was but to bless,
With merry light has ceased for aye to speak.

Sweet bud of beauty! never, nevermore,
 May life's stern sorrows mar that angel brow;
Moored is thy fairy bark on yonder shore,
 No surging billow can assail it now.
On thy young head is placed the golden crown,
 Thy triumph chanted with seraphic tone,
Thy little hand is taught to stray o'er strings
 Whose minstrelsy is echoed there alone.

Oh! how the breath of Heaven steals o'er the soul,
 When bending near sweet childhood's coffin bed;
Visions of glory the charmed spirit fill,
 And angel forms seem lingering round the dead.
There dwells in Eden's bower no lovelier form
 Than that enstamped for yonder radiant Heaven;
No purer spirits bend before its throne
 Than the fair children thou to God hast given.

Mother of angels! rich thine heritage!
 A holy privilege to thy life is given;
Even as you linger on life's darkened shore,
 A golden chain extends to thee from Heaven,
Mother of angels! oh! transporting thought!
 With guardian spirits ever 'round thy way,
Life's every hour to brighten and to bless,
 Till thou shalt wake in Heaven's resplendent day.

MRS. WM. BENNETT,

Of St. Louis, Mo.

“ There is hushed on earth
A voice of gladness — there is veiled a face
Whose parting leaves a dark and silent place,
By the once joyous hearth.
A smile hath passed, which filled its home with light,
A soul — whose beauty made that smile so bright.”

—HEMANS.

How can I speak of Thee as with dead ?

Sweet friend ! beloved through many a by-gone year.
That thou art sleeping in the earth's lone bed,
To my sad heart it cannot yet appear.
Thy path seemed all so rosy with earth's flowers,
So sheltered and so guarded from life's woes,
There seemed no entrance for relentless Death —
Alas ! his step no barrier may oppose.

Forever quenched is the familiar light

That fell with gentle lustre from thine eye ;
Forever hushed the echoes of that voice
That breathed sweet music in each fond reply.
How can I brook the thought that never more
Upon mine ear shall fall the wonted tone —
That through life's lapses I must list in vain
For the heart-throbbings ever near mine own ?

Even though the withering truth has seared my heart,
How fain would I throw off the fearful sound
That whispers to me, through each day and hour,
Of thy fair form beneath the grassy mound.
Not there does fancy, in my musing hours,
Picture thee ever, lost and cherished one!
The grave's dark seal I see not on thy brow,
Nor pulseless heart with loving mission done.

But in thy home — thy fair and happy home
Where smiling love its rarest wreaths had twined —
I see thee still; I listen to thy words —
Kind friendship's tone — its sentiments refined.
I see thee still — the light and life of all —
Dispensing blessings round thee day by day,
With gentle words for earth's afflicted ones,
That brightened many a sad and lonely way.

God comfort thee, fond husband! for the love
That lent such brightness to thy happy lot,
Though never more shall fall upon thy soul
The heart's outpourings that thy presence taught.
Home's harp is hushed — its strings are silent now,—
Around thy hearth no more its murmurs fall;
Or if, perchance, a low, sad strain is woke,
Its trembling tones seem like a spirit's call.

Fair children! on whose young, unclouded souls,
 Death's shadow casts its dark and fearful trace,
 How will you mourn that blessed mother's voice,
 And yearn for the sweet love-light of that face?
 Lambs of the flock! a father's loving hand
 Must guide you now,—her ministerings are o'er;
 The eyes are dim that smiled upon your life—
 They wake to earthly happiness no more.

No earthly sorrow on that marble brow
 Shall ever come, or furrows of long years;
 Time may not leave his trace upon that face,
 Nor crush that heart with chilling grief and fears.
 Amid the tresses of that shining hair
 Shall never gleam Time's whitened, silvery thread;
 The waves of sorrow may o'erwhelm our souls—
 They cannot reach the peaceful, quiet dead.

When life with varying light and shade is o'er—
 When earth grows dim unto my mortal sight,—
 Then may I meet thee, dear one, in that home
 Where the freed spirit gains immortal light?
 Will I not know that voice, as on mine ear
 It falls amid the minstrelsy of Heaven?
 Will I not know the teachings of that smile,
 Though it may wear the look to angels given?

And 'neath the blessing of a father's eye,
 May those that love thee gather, one by one.
Near thee for aye, in fadeless beauty bloom,
 When death proclaims earth's pilgrimage all done.
Fancy, amid its fairest, fondest dream,
 Hath never imaged forth the radiant light
That bathes the soul, when, like a loosened bird,
 It soars to Heaven with upward, joyous flight.

Bellefontaine! what sacred trust is thine;
 A darkened hearth to thee its light hath given.
Oh! guard it well, ye bright angelic band,
 And keep it safe for yonder glorious Heaven;
And as each stricken one in sorrow comes
 By her low tomb, sad, bitter tears to weep,
Our Father! wilt Thou sooth them with Thy love,
 That tells "He giveth his beloved sleep."

RUDOLPHUS ROUSE WINCHELL.

“What can parents, in their fondest dream of hope, ask for their darling like the bliss of Heaven?”

The sunny light of thy darling's eye
Hath faded beneath its lid ;
The prattling voice, and the happy tread,
In the silent tomb are hid.
One place is vacant amid thy home,
Where sported the joyous twain ;
One heart is stilled, and to thy caress
Will nevermore thrill again.

Lonely and changed seems the darkened home —
Beauty and brightness have fled ;
Slow pass the hours since the grassy turf
Pressed o'er that young, bright head.
A severed string from thy household lyre —
When its low tones died away,
An angel hand caught the deathless strain,
And it sounds in endless day.

Then gaze thou not on the grass-grown mound —
Thy treasure lieth not there ;
His infant soul is expanding now
In a home all bright and fair.
The darkening clouds on each earthly path
Shall never o'ershade his heart ;
In the toil and care of Life's weary way
He shall never have a part.

Oh ! rich thy privilege, mourning ones,
Compassed with angel love,
Whose gentle breathings unto the soul
It blessedness shall prove.
They will whisper oft of the glittering crown,—
Of the wings and the harp of gold—
Where the tiny fingers fondly stray
When a cherub's bliss is told.

When Life with its changing scenes is past,—
When its days and months are o'er,
Though he comes not back, you shall go to him,
And be severed nevermore.
And as triumph notes tell each victory
Welcomed to that bright land,
To thy raptured soul shall thy lost one's voice
Be sweetest in Heaven's band.

MRS. N. B. HOTCHKISS.

“Oh! blest are they who live and die like her,
Loved with such love, and with such sorrow mourned.”
— WORDSWORTH.

Up to the portals of yon radiant world
We marked thy shining pathway — sainted one!
And sweetly on our spirit seemed to fall
Love's deathless strain, that told thy victory won.

Unto our darkened eye it is not given
To gaze upon the inner glories there;
Ear hath not heard, nor feeble mind portrayed,
The brightness of that home — divinely fair.

Yet, with a sacred trust and holy faith,
We gaze upon thee in thy glorious home;
We see thee in those amaranthine bowers,
Where dull decay and death can never come.

The glittering crown and golden harp are thine,
The seraph voice that chants redeeming love,
The palm of victory, the robe of light,
And angel greetings — these are thine above.

Thou art no victor, Death! though that hushed heart
 May never thrill to love's oft-spoken word;
Thine is no conquest—though that gentle voice
 Around the household hearth may ne'er be heard.

Thou hast but freed the never-dying soul,—
 Thrown off the cumbrous shackles of this clay;
Thy hand was chill—yet 't was a guiding one
 To the unshadowed clime of endless day.

Bereaved husband! from thy path of love
 The flowers have faded—and how vain the word
That bids thee mourn not for the loved and lost,
 When the beloved voice no more is heard.

Those tears are holy! He, the Undeiled,
 Bending in sadness o'er the lowly tomb,
Wept for the vanished step and parted smile,
 Even though His voice dispel the dreary gloom.

An angel presence is around thy paths,
 Hearest thou not whispers of its own bright Heaven?
Thou wouldst not call the ransomed spirit back,
 When unto it such bliss, such life, is given?

Her vanished life was a sweet melody,
Whose deepening tones shall charm each future hour,
The echo of whose full, harmonious chords,
Shall linger 'round thee with a deathless power.

And ye, around whose young and happy years
Fell the sweet influence of that mother's heart,—
Oft will you yearn for that familiar voice
That made to each of life so fair a part.

Fond was the love that ever gently smiled
Around the paths it was a joy to bless ;
Warm was the kindly heart that day by day
Poured forth its wealth of woman's tenderness.

That mother's voice ! its tones can never die—
At morn, at eve, and 'mid the silent night,
'T will sound amid the world's conflicting strife,
To soothe Life's path with Love's undying might.

Gentle its whispers from the vacant chair—
Even as of old will its fond murmurs be ;
'T will calm the spirit with its wonted tone,
Brighten with hues of immortality.

By the sweet memory of the cradle hymn
That echoed 'round a cloudless infancy ;
By the hushed lips that taught the lisping prayer,
May her pure life a charmed remembrance be.

Departed friend ! within our hearts shall live
A lasting record of thy lovely life ;
A guiding star thy memory shall be —
Shining serene amid earth's waves of strife.

Things fair and bright shall shrine thy cherished name ;
Affection's hand shall crown thy place of rest,—
And while, with tearful eyes, we mourn for thee,
Our souls rejoice that thou art crowned and blest.

MRS. ELIZABETH WILSON,

Of Cadiz, Ohio.

“How blest are they who live and die like her, loved with such love, and with such sorrow mourned.”

Amid the Summer's golden hours
A requiem tone is heard ;
It cast grief's shadow o'er my soul,
And sorrow's fount is stirred.
A requiem tone for one beloved,
Whose blessed life is o'er,—
Whose pleasant smile and loving words
Shall cheer us nevermore.

Alas! that from that kindly eye
Death veils the sunlight fair ;
Expression, with its magic light,
No longer lingers there.
The beautiful unheeded blooms
Around thy placid rest ;
Unheeded — though an offering
From those who love thee best.

Alas! that pale and motionless
Above thy pulseless breast,
Thy meek hands gently folded lie
In their unbroken rest.
Full many a gentle deed was theirs,
And many an act of love,—
The prompting of thy noble heart,
That thrills with joy above.

A spell was thine of magic power,—
The master spell of mind,—
That stamps thine image everywhere
Thy name shall be enshrined.
Time breaks it not, nor Lethe's wave
May o'er it darkly roll,
Its harmony can never die,—
The music of the soul.

Thy home, now lone and silent grown,
How will it speak of thee?
The darkened room — the vacant chair,
Keep thy dear memory.
The flowers that shed their fragrance 'round,
The sunshine and the shade,
Bear many a tender trace of thee,
Amid Death's sleepers laid.

Farewell, beloved and cherished friend,
I ne'er on earth may meet
Thy welcome form which did so oft
My coming footsteps greet.
I shall not see the gentle smile
I loved so well to see,
Nor listen to affection's words
Breathed tenderly for me.

Yet, in that world beyond the stars,—
Thine own eternal home —
There Love's lost links again unite,
Where no destroyers come.
Faith whispers I shall find again
The friend my soul doth mourn,
With glittering crown, and golden harp,
On angel's pinion borne.

TO MRS. A. F. CURTENIUS.

On the death of her mother.

Placid and lovely she lay at rest
With meek hands folded above her breast,
And it seemed, as we looked on her marble brow,
That the kindred angels were bending low;
For over those features there seemed unfurled
The radiant light of the upper world;—
A seraph's bliss did our spirits trace
In the peaceful smile on that sleeper's face.

The eye was sealed — it had turned away
To gaze on the light of unshadowed day;
It looked even then on the fadeless flowers
That gem with glory the Eden bowers;
By the crystal brightness of Life's pure stream,
Reflecting the beauty of Heaven's own beam,
Never to know, through Eternity's years,
The blighting sorrow of earth's sad tears.

Those silent lips — with earth's accents done,
Heaven's rapturous melody had begun,
And while Love mourned for their wonted tone,
Echoed in bliss 'round our Father's throne.
Oh, joyous lips! ye will murmur no more
The changeful numbers of life's dull shore;
To the loved and loving ye ne'er shall tell,
With a voice of sadness, a last farewell.

O'er the heart whose throbbings had died away,
The gentle hands in their calm rest lay;
And affection sorrowed, that never more
It should meet their clasp at the open door —
That the throbbing head and the brow of pain
Should know not their soothing press again.
Oh, stricken hearts! in their home on high,
They strike a harp-string whose tones ne'er die.

Quiet feet! resting side by side —
Ye were resting then with the glorified;
Ye had crossed the wave with the boatman pale,—
Ye passed in triumph the shaded vale.
Oh! who that loves thee would win them back,
Again to weary upon Life's track?
Who would call to its pathway those happy feet
That tread in glory each shining street?

We know, thou crowned one, thy rest is won,—
Life's cares are ended — its mission done ;
Yet bleeding love for thy voice doth yearn —
For the step that never more may return.
It pines for the light of remembered smiles,
And looks through tears on those starry isles,
Where Faith enshrines thee forever more,
In the cloudless beauty of Heaven's fair shore.

Memory shall keep thee with loving grace
In thy wonted home and familiar place ;
It will keep the music of childhood's hour,
The treasured beauty of bud and flower.
No link shall be wanting — no echo gone —
Thy lip's pure harmony still sounds on,—
Soothing the hearts that have loved thee well,
With its magic murmurs, its mighty spell.

CLARA ESTELLA COPPEL.

Died, February 7, 1864, aged five years and three months.

Light rest the turf on that young brow,
Sealed in the rosy years for Heaven ;
It weareth radiant beauty now —
Unfading grace to it is given.
Time hath no power to leave its trace,
Nor sorrow its deep furrow there,—
Gathered to its angelic home
Amid the bright — the pure — the fair.

Sweet be the sleep of those pure eyes,
Whose light illumed hearth and home ;
Beyond these changing skies of ours
What fadeless beauties to them come.
Their sunny light shall never dim —
They ne'er shall shed earth's bitter tears :
But added glory, day by day,
Is their's through the eternal years.

Calm be the rest of those dear hands,
 With blessed mission early done,—
Whose ministration gentle — kind —
 A fadeless memory hath won.
Folded above the childish heart,
 Where naught but purity did dwell,—
Where, 'mid life's keenest agony,
 Above them breathed love's last farewell.

Oh! darkened home, where comes no more
 That lovely vision of delight —
Where comes no more those soft white arms,
 Clasped 'round thee loving morn and night,—
Where comes no more that sunny smile —
 That voice of happy, childish glee —
Though cheerless seems thy loneliness,
 Thy God a strength and staff shall be.

And sacred memories shall come
 Of one so early crowned and blest ;
The folded lamb — forever safe
 Upon the gracious Savior's breast.
While Faith with undimmed eyes shall look
 Upon the angel-guarded shore,
And bright revealings fill the soul,
 Of homes where death shall come no more.

JAY P. HOTCHKISS.

His voice is hushed,— and yet we hear
 Its wonted cadence still,
Enshrined amid things fair and bright —
 Familiar vale and hill.
Yea! though the deep and surging sea
 Doth sound its requiem tone,
From home, and hearth, and kindred hearts,
 Its echoes are not gone.

His eye is sealed,— and yet we see
 Its genial, pleasant ray ;
Death hath no power with ruthless hand
 To bear such light away.
The wave hath kissed all lovingly
 Those youthful eyes to sleep ;
Yet ever on our spirit's shrine
 Their memory we keep.

His hand are folded,—yet we seem
To feel their wonted clasp ;
No foaming billow may undo
Their warm, requited grasp ;
Their gentle deeds are with us still,
We never can forget
Their earnest welcome — their adieu,
When last on earth we met.

His feet are quiet,—yet we hear
Their bounding measure still,—
Their echoes have not died away
Along the singing rill.
It seemeth but as yesterday,
Ere care his heart befell,
He wandered, in his boyhood's haunts,
Through sunny slope and dell.

He sleepeth — not where kindred hands
And loving hearts may come
To strew affection's offerings
Above his quiet home ;
Not by his cherished mother's side,
Who blest so oft her child ;
Not where his own fond father sleeps,
Who o'er his childhood smiled.

He sleeps beneath the ocean's wave,—
Its foaming billowy crest
Sweeps all unconsciously above
His placid, peaceful rest.
Within the Savior's circling arms
His young life passed away
From earth's unquiet, troubled paths,
To radiant, fadeless day.

Oh, sighing deep! guard well the form
That hath a home with thee!
Keep fondest vigil over it,
Oh, sobbing, restless sea!
When wilt thou give us back again
That smooth and shining hair?
That folded hand — cheek, lip, and brow?
That footstep on the stair?

Thou answerest not,— yet He who dwells
Enthroned in power on high,
Who scans the little sparrow's fall
With His omniscient eye,
Shall say to thee, with mighty voice,
“Give up the dead, thou sea!”
The missing links of love's bright chain
Shall re-united be.

MRS. EMILY D. AIKEN.

Inscribed to Mrs. A. J. Cole.

Close the dear eyes — they have turned away
To look on the light of a fairer day ;
They have turned away from the flowers that fade,
To bowers where the seal of God is laid
On the bloom that never shall change or die,
'Mid the kindling beauty that glows on high.
Love will vainly yearn for their wonted light,
It is dim in the shadows of Death's dark night.

Fold the pale hands o'er the silent heart,
No more in life's duties they bear their part ;
In the vanished hours they have clasped thine own,
And a fond affection to thee made known.
They have welcomed thee at the open door,
But their pressure warm thou shalt know no more.
Fold them so gently — with loving thought
Of their lessons of calm endurance taught.

No more shall anguish o'ercloud that brow,
It is crowned with the seraphs in glory now ;
Smooth softly above it the shining hair,
And think of the beauty it now doth wear ;
Think of the glory of her radiant home,
Where cares and suffering can never come —
Of her new found peace on the blessed shore,
Resplendent with beauty for evermore.

Her gentle life was love's sweet ministry,
A precious memorial 'twill be to thee ;
Her patient spirit that murmured not,
Bearing with meekness pain's weary lot —
The days of childhood and youth's glad hour,
How are they hallowed by memory's power ;
Linked to a love so changeless and pure,
The love that is constant, and deep, and sure.

The lost and the loved ! Why should tears be shed
When the turf hath covered our precious dead ?
When they stand secure on the other side,
Beyond the river with surging tide ?
When life's care and sorrow, and toil is done ?
When its battles are ended and victory won ?
When the fountain of tears God's hand hath sealed,
And eternal glory and peace revealed ?

Life's sea is stormy — full many a sail
Is tossed and torn in the tempest's gale.
Is it not well, when all danger's past,
The outward-bound reaches home at last?
Should we weep for those who the haven find,
Where skies are sunny and anchors bind?
Where the oar is dropped from the weary hand,
And they rest in peace on the shining strand?

Oh, no! Oh, no! we will call them blest,
Safe and secure in their changeless rest;
Happy to cross, with the angel guide,
The rolling waves of the mystic tide.
To know no sadness, or grief or care,—
To wear the robes which the saints shall wear;
To stand in the presence of Him who died
That we might be crowned and glorified.

MRS. MARTHA R. HOTCHKISS,

“There is hushed on earth
A voice of gladness — there is veiled a face,
Whose parting leaves a dark and silent place
By the once joyous hearth.
A smile hath passed which filled its home with light —
A soul, whose beauty made that smile so bright.

—HEMANS

She hath passed away from her wonted place,
That keeps of the dear one full many a trace;
The vacant chair and the silent room
Gather around them a deepening gloom,
Hoarding fond memories day by day,
Of her light and life who hath passed away.

She hath passed away — from a loving heart —
We deemed her presence life's better part;
He mourneth the light of his household gone,
And longeth so vainly to look upon
The silent lips and the sealed lid,
From the tear-dimmed eyes that are ever hid.

She has gone from the child that never may know
Her gentle teachings and accent low ;
Oh ! will he remember the little prayer
That her lips have taught him to utter there ?
Will he think how she knelt by his rosy nest
To tell him the tales that he loved best ?

The shining curls of her baby fair
May rest no more, in their beauty rare,
On the sheltering arm,— never more be prest
With a warm delight to that mother's breast,—
Silent, unheeding, that faithful heart,
That in love's ministry bore sweet part.

The father who loved her — the mother whose eye
Was a guiding star of her infancy ;
Sisters whose childhood and youth sped by
'Neath the same pure light of affection's sky ;
Brothers who miss her will look in vain
For the step that never more comes again.

Gone from the beauty and brightness of earth —
From its tones of music and happy mirth,—
How can the sunlight deck valley and hill,
When that lip of melody lies so still ?
Can the Spring's sweet flowret in beauty bloom,
When the eye that loved them sleeps in the tomb ?

Gone from sorrow and wearisome pain,
Her spirit shall know no fetter again ;
Care shall not darken her cloudless brow,
It gleameth in light with the angels now,—
Now, Time in its changeful hours ever shed
His silvery trace o'er that youthful head.

She hath passed in glory to yonder world,
Where Love's broad banner is wide unfurled ;
She walks in triumph the golden streets,
While the anthems of Heaven her spirit greets ;
To the radiant light of a fadeless day,
The pure and lovely hath passed away.

CHARLIE C. MERRIMAN.

Inscribed to those that loved him.

"Thine still in Heaven."

Charlie! with the sunny hair
Clustering round a brow so fair;
Thou, so sweet to look upon,
To the voiceless tomb art gone.
Silent now that voice of glee,
Love's remembered melody;
Changeless now that placid face,
Where the angels leave their trace.

Charlie! with the gentle eye,
And lashes deep that once did lie
Upon a cheek all fair and white,
Whose lips fond kisses did invite.
Thy heart is hushed,— thy life is o'er;
Thy presence cheers fond hearts no more;
They gave thee to thy resting-place,
A form of rare and purest grace.

Charlie! in thy Savior's arms,
Safe from sorrows and alarms,
Thou art sweetly resting now,
With new glory on thy brow.
Happy child, on life's dull track
Early hath thy feet turned back —
Little pattering feet, whose sound
Made glad music all around.

Charlie! bleeding love will turn
From the tomb, though it must yearn
For the blessings of thy life —
From the bitter dying strife;—
Turn to gaze upon that brow,
And the crown that decks it now;
Turn to hear the harp of gold
As thy perfect bliss is told.

Charlie! from thy radiant home,
Come in happy dreams, oh, come!
Come with waving, angel wings!
Come with unheard whisperings!
To the hearts that loved thee best,
Weeping o'er thy dreamless rest;—
Hearts that vainly, wildly yearn,
Sainted child, for thy return.

Charlie! with the gentle eye,
When a few short years are by,
Loving ones shall go to thee,
Joining Heaven's minstrelsy,
Through eternity's long hour
To sing of matchless love and power;
To number o'er love's links again,
And find a golden, perfect chain.

MARY RUTH CHASE,

Second daughter of Rev. Dr. Chase, died at Jubilee.

“She hath gone home — gone home.
Joy to thee happy friend; thy bark
Hath passed the rough sea’s foam.”

Her years had only known a rosy morn,
That tinged life’s way with fair and radiant light,
Cheering the opening vista with its rays,
Crowning the future — beautiful and bright.

When the dark angel marked her for his own,
And turned her feet from wonted paths aside,
And as a lily broken in its bloom,
She bowed so gently her young head, and died.

She gave up meekly that fond mother’s smile
That gleamed so oft above her couch of pain;
Her tireless love, with vigils never o’er,
In the blest trust to meet in joy again.

She could unclasp that father's guardian hand,
 Leading so gently o'er life's wonted way ;
For Faith, with angel whisper, ever told
 Of love's reunion in unfading day.

She could resign the blessed household love,
 Whose elinging fervor told its mighty power ;
All the sweet memories and the gentle words
 That thronged around her childhood's sunny hour.

She could lay down the jeweled crown of love
 Resting in beauty o'er her girlish brow ;
Untwine the wreath that Hope so fondly wove,
 And to the coming of the angel bow.

Through the dark valley went she forth alone,
 Nor feared the shadows gathering ever there ;
Beyond the darkness shone a radiant gleam,—
 A prelude to her soul of mansions fair.

She heeded not the waters, cold and deep,
 That laved her spirit in her onward way ;
Jesus sustained her with His mighty arm,
 And clad her soul in shining white array.

Amid the courts of Heaven her voice is heard ;
There her free spirit swells its strains of love.
Earth hath no power with its enslaving chain,
To mar that perfect blessedness above.

Be glad, oh ! ye that loved her, that life's woe
May never cloud that pure and trusting heart ;
Be glad, oh ! ye that loved her, that she bears,
In the high jubilant of Heaven, a part.

MRS. E. M. HANCOCK.

Oh, waiting angels, by the pearly gates!

Were not your harps to sweetest music stirred
When down the valley, o'er the waters dark,
The triumph song of our beloved was heard?

Were not the glittering portals opened wide,
When, clasped within the Savior's loving arm,
Homeward she came from all life's woes and cares,
Never again her spirit's bliss to harm?

Gentle and pure — the joy of loving hearts,
Who crowned her with the fairest wreaths of love;
She hath left all, in her unclouded years
To be a dweller in the clime above.

Fond and protecting was the manly hand,
Clasped closely to her own in joy or woe;
She hath resigned it with a pressure warm,
Though it shadowed blessings on her life below.

The soft, sweet cadence of her baby's voice
 Could not detain her from the angel shore ;
With holy faith and trust she laid it down —
 She loved it well — she loveth Jesus more.

She gave with calmness up her mother's smile,
 That shone o'er her young life with ray so true ;
With fervent spirit and triumphant tone,
 She breathed, in tender accents, life's adieu.

Her own fond father, whose proud, happy eye,
 Hath marked with joy her young, unsullied life,
Gave back to God his precious jewel lent,—
 Praising His name amid death's bitter strife.

Her fair young sister's voice, in tearful tones,
 Vainly implored her longer yet to wait ;
Love's links had bound them closely — yet her soul
 Passed in its glory to the shining gate.

Her own dear brother,— he whose kindly voice
 Spake of the words of Jesus — of his love ;
She hath gone from him with a holy trust,
 To find him yet again in bliss above.

She faltered not — with pure and steadfast trust
She sought in triumph yon unfading shore.
Oh, waiting angels! her exultant feet
Retrace their pathway never, nevermore.

Uncounted memories lingered near her way,
And gleamed with glory her effulgent track;
Yet, would we keep her spirit from its bliss,
Or call it in its ransomed glory back?

Never, ah, never! when a few short years
Shall take their way to the eternal world,
Full many a kindred step shall walk with her,
O'er the glad streets with many a gem impearled.

Gathered unto her home of glorious love,
Soon shall she welcome dear familiar smiles,—
Remembered household strains shall greet her soul
Amid the splendor of the fadeless isles.

Our Father! when this changeful life is o'er,—
When those she loved on earth beside her stand,
May her pure eyes, lit up by Heaven's own light,
Look on a blessed,— an unbroken band.

LINES.

On the death of Rev. Dudley A. Tyng.

“His was a death whose rapture high
Transcended all that life could yield.”

On Zion's lofty tower approving eyes
Looked wonderingly and oft, for there did stand
On the proud battlement so near the skies,
A form of manly grace and strong right hand.
With footsteps firmly planted—with a heart
Glowing with holy love and Faith divine,
His daily teachings were of Heaven a part,
And its pure radiance on his life did shine.

From that high tower of Zion rang a note,
A trumpet tone of no uncertain sound,
And as its echoes far and wide did float,
To the charm'd ear they seemed with glory crowned.
Thrilled were the heartstrings of the listening world,
As gazing on with rapture and delight,
They saw love's banner by his hand unfurl'd,
Waving triumphant from that lofty height.

So like his Savior! on his youthful face
Humility enstamped its fairest seal—
Impress of loveliness! the outward trace
The spirit's inner beauty to reveal.
Even as he trod the daily paths of life,
There seemed unto his heart a foretaste given,
In freedom from earth's spirit-dimming strife,
Of the calm bliss that crowns the soul in Heaven.

Still floats that banner of the Cross, but he
Of fearless heart, God's messenger of grace,
No longer stands to tell its victory—
By that proud standard hath no more a place;
'T was but a step from that high tower to Heaven,
Around its height gleamed many an angel's wing,
And as the Savior's guiding hand was given,
The strain was heard which only seraphs sing.

In the bright morning of his years, when hung
Uncounted numbers 'round his youthful feet,
Listening to hear the teachings of his tongue,
With perfect trust each syllable to greet,—
Tearful, we saw him borne triumphant home,
Putting aside life's bright and undrained cup,
From out the shining gates no more to roam—
The Master needed him, and called him up.

Smitten of God, we gaze afar to Heaven

As though our yearning hearts might win him back,
Forgetting in our grief the glory given,

That makes his future one effulgent track,
Until there comes across our longing vision,
Gleams from the brightness of angelic wings,
Bearing him onward o'er that clime Elysian,
Where purest joy at every footstep springs.

There comes sweet echoes of that strain immortal,

Whose wondrous beauty ear hath never heard,
Woke for the ransomed at the golden portal,
While many a shining pinion there is stirred.
Back float the numbers o'er the surging river,
Hushing the waves in angry tumult tossed,
Down through the valley do the deep notes quiver,—
The vale is passed and Jordan's water crossed.

Full many a jewel decks the starry crown,

Placed by the father on his gentle brow,—
Full many a saved one, with him bending down
Before Jehovah's throne, shall bless him now.
His faithful lips had told the deathless story
Of Jesus' matchless love — His bitter cross—
At which they knelt to win a crown of glory,
Learning to count all else but worthless dross.

We mourn the silence of those sealed lips —
So true in life and death unto their trust ;
We mourn with many a tear the sad eclipse,
Of noontide brightness shrouded in the dust.
Yet shall revealings soothe the saddened spirit
Of the freed soul — its joyful, glad release,—
Of the rich treasures which it doth himself —
Of its unshadowed love — its perfect peace.

Countless the sacred treasures memory keeps
Of that blest life — so fraught with angel deeds ;
O'er his low grave a world in sadness weeps,
And Zion's heart with keenest anguish bleeds.
Long may his teachings linger in each heart,
Leading so gently to the throne of God,
In angel blessedness to bear a part,
In the sure pathway that his feet have trod.

LINES.

Upon the death of Mrs. Richard Gregg.

Around the Father's radiant throne
 Waved many an angel wing,
And strains of glorious minstrelsy
 Woke ceaseless echoing ;
While starry crowns of flashing light
 Revealed their jewels rare,
Cast lowly at Jehovah's feet
 To shed their brightness there.

High rose the songs of the redeemed —
 The countless white-robed throng —
Who safely through the valley passed,
 In Jesus' strength so strong ;
And never wearied — never faint —
 The glad, triumphant feet,
That wandered in their happiness
 O'er many a shining street.

The Father spake, and in high Heaven
No murmur'd tone was heard ;
The golden harps had ceased to be
By angel fingers stirred ;
The waiting seraphs near the throne,
With folded pinions stood,—
Prophets, apostles, martyrs, too —
In one vast brotherhood.

The Father spake : “ Ye angel bands
Who gladly do my will,
And with a guardian care protect
Earth's wanderers from ill —
Go forth from yonder pearly gate,
Nor deem your mission o'er
'Till the beloved one shall stand
On life's celestial shore.

“ Hover around her couch of pain
With visions fair and bright ;
Whisper unto her sinking soul,
How blest this home of light ;
Gently, oh ! gently, loose each chain
That binds her heart to earth,
And upward woo her dimming gaze
To hopes of heavenly birth.

“ On earth she missed a father’s love,
That o’er her childhood smiled,
Whose kindly tones and gentle deeds,
So often blessed his child.
Tell her the pure in heart shall meet
In blessedness again ;
The severed links of love unite
To form a perfect chain.

“ The love-light of a mother’s eye
Was from her vision lost ;
The gentle rays, the guiding star,
When on life’s billows tossed.
Tell her how bright that kindred glance
Gleams ’neath a crown of gold—
How sweet the harp’s awakened tone,
As her pure bliss is told.

“ She hath wept bitter tears above
The little coffin bed,
As sad and mournfully the lid
Closed o’er each sunny head.
Her heart-strings quivered when fair brows
Were given unto the dust ;
Though in the darkness of that hour
Faith bore its holy trust.

"Tell her that in these Eden bowers
 Her missing buds expand,
 Kept ever 'neath the watchful care
 Of their fond Father's hand ;
 Their fragraney shall greet her here,
 Their bloom know no decay ;
 Oh ! bear her o'er the swelling wave,—
 Bright angels, haste away."

* * * * * *

On shining wings they sped afar,
 With joy their mission hailed ;
 They came unto the well beloved,
 Whose cheek disease had paled.
 With radiant light they filled her soul,
 And o'er her spirit shed
 Such gleamings of the better land,
 That doubt and darkness fled.

They whispered of her household flowers:
 That grew in beauty there ;
 Of parted smiles once lost from earth,
 Kept for her spirit there ;
 Of calm repose in loving arms
 Upon a Savior's breast,
 When life's stern battles all are o'er,
 And weariness finds rest.

And day by day her cheek grew pale —
Her trusting faith grew strong ;
And day by day her spirit caught
The angels' whispered song.
Visions of untold loveliness
O'er her pure soul were shed,
As radiant forms kept watch and ward
O'er that meek sufferer's head.

And thus they won her gently home,
E'en though love's strongest ties
Twined round her heart, as if to keep
Her back from Paradise.
At last she gently turned from earth,
And with a soul elate,
With holy love and peace she passed
Up through the shining gate.

When the glad earth the new year hailed,
She joined the angel band,
And hastened from the shores of Time
To the eternal land.
They bore her home so joyfully,
From dark disease and pain ;
Far from the pilgrim path of life
She may not tread again.

Oh, glorified and happy one!
Whose earthly life is sealed,
Eye hath not seen the fadeless light
Unto thy soul revealed;
Hath gazed not on the cloudless skies,
Which o'er thy pathway bend;
Forever blest, forever crowned,
My lost, my angel friend.

PASSING OVER.

Frank Brotherson Tyng, died February 19, 1860, aged four years and seven months.

Boatman pale, thy coming bark,
Soundeth o'er the waters dark,—
Now it moors upon Life's shore,
Hushed is now the plashing oar ;
Sad and silent dost thou wait —
Thine will be be a precious freight ;
Even a dear and cherished form —
Guard it well from wave and storm.

Boatman pale, these closing eyes
Gleamed like stars in yonder skies,—
Smiles, that lit up home and hearth,
In their azure depths had birth.
They have turned from earth away
But to look on fadeless day ;
We will know their light no more —
Bear them safe to yonder shore.

Boatman pale, these childish lips
Grow so pale in life's eclipse ;
Memory treasures many a word,
Many an accent love hath heard ;
They will learn the strain of love
From the Seraphim above ;
Earth shall know their tones no more —
Bear them safe to yonder shore.

Boatman pale, these little feet
Pattering 'round made music sweet ;
We shall listen, but in vain,
Ne'er shall come that step again.
Soon so closely they will rest
Lovingly upon earth's breast,
Bounding by our side no more —
Bear them safe to yonder shore.

Boatman pale, these gentle hands
Soon will clasp with angel bands ;
We have loved them with a love
Mightier than Death will prove.
Take them, hold them tenderly,
Stilly folded let them be.
Oh ! in this, our parting hour,
Deal thou with compassion's power.

And the boatman, pitying, mild,
Gently took our little child,
Kissing soft his cheek and brow,
Soothing pain and suffering now.
Ere the bark had gained you shore,—
Ere had ceased the plashing oar,
Sounds of welcome floated out,
Angels breathed their triumph shout.

Brightly gleamed our darling's eye
As those echoes floated by ;
Glories were to him revealed,
From our clouded sight concealed ;
Visions of that radiant land
Greet him as they gain the strand ;
Fadeless and resplendent light
Shows a pathway fair and bright.

Loving hands have seized the prow,—
Loving arms enfold him now ;
Upward to the shining gate,
Quick they speed, nor longer wait ;
Onward, onward,—at the side
Of the Crowned — once crucified —
Pause they,— for the Lord hath smiled
Sweetly on our precious child.

FRANK BROTHERSON TYNG.

Put away the little coat —
Ah! how loving hearts did dote
On the childish form it clad —
Beauty rare and grace it had.
Never shall we gaze with pride
On that form love glorified.
Lay his little coat away
On this sad, memorial day.

Little cap, worn by the head
Resting gently with the dead,
Tears fall o'er thee — thou didst rest
On a brow beloved and blest.
See we now the soft, smooth hair
Gleaming out so brightly there.
Put his little cap away
On this sad, memorial day

Take his books he loved so well,
Many a trace of him they tell —
Marks where he hath lingered long,
Pleased with melody and song.
Sunny eyes each picture knew,
Memory kept their impress true.
Put each little book away
On this sad, memorial day.

Every block and treasured toy
That were once his daily joy ;
Little knife, so treasured up —
Plumed cap and graven cup —
We will each memento keep
Of our darling fallen asleep ;
We will put them all away,
On this sad, memorial day.

On that fair, seraphic shore,
He hath need of these no more ;
Fairer than that put away
Is the robe he wears to-day.
Resteth now his shining crown
Where the little cap pressed down.
Childish hands find sweet employ
On the harp-string sounding joy.

Tenderer than mother's care
Is around him ever there ;
Cherubim and seraphim
Spread their starry wings o'er him ;
On the Shepherd's loving breast
Hath our folded lamb found rest ;
We will think of this alway,
On each sad, memorial day.

COMPENSATION.

“ He hath passed away from all that dims the tearful eye; from all that calls up the sigh of sorrow and sadness. They only live whose life is immortality.”

Though we miss from home and hearth
His young voice of happy mirth;
Though through silent room and hall
Echoes not his joyous call;
It is blessedness to know
That on high those accents flow —
That not one discordant tone
From those lips shall e'er be known.

Though no more with fall so sweet,
Come to us those bounding feet;
Though their echoes died away
Sadly on one winter's day;
Did they not with joy elate,
Seek their home through golden gate?
Oh! what blessedness to know
That they ne'er will weary grow.

Though so dim have grown those eyes,
Once like stars in summer skies ;
Though our spirits have bewailed,
Sunny light in shadows veiled ;
Would we turn their gaze away
From unending fadeless day ?
On that happy, peaceful shore,
Tears are for those eyes no more.

Though no more that little hand
Greets with joy a boyish band,
And the heart with sorrow bleeds,
Numbering o'er its gentle deeds,
It shall know no line of care,
As the years speed onward there ;
It no farewell clasp shall know
'Mid his joy's perpetual flow.

We who mourn him linger still, —
Sorrows may our life-cup fill ;
Ours may be the aching heart,
Ours on earth a weary part.
We may see 'neath coffin lid
Pleasant smiles and dear forms hid.
From such sorrow he is free,
Through a long eternity.

We who mourn him yet must go
Where death's chilling waters flow ;
Through the valley, all alone,
Must our failing steps be known.
He hath passed with angel guide
Safely to the heavenly side ;
Shining wings were o'er him spread
While the valley he did tread.

We who mourn him blindly go ;
He the light of Heaven doth know.
At the portals of God's gate
Our tired feet may vainly wait,
While he hath passed gladly in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin ;
Safe from sad temptation's power,
Safe from danger's darkest hour.

Radiant spirit! Home's sweet dove!
Nestled in that clime of love,
Did we not so blindly go,
Not a tear for thee should flow.
Tears! when thou hast gained the shore
Where the spring time fades no more —
Called home in thy purity,
Crowned and blest! no tears for thee.

FRANK BROTHERSON TYNG.

Happy feet!

Treading now each shining street.
They have turned in joy away
From the path we tread to-day ;
Languidly they ne'er shall go,—
Weariness, they ne'er shall know ;
Taken from our loving side,
God is now their blessed guide.

Happy feet!

Joyous eyes!

Ye have gazed with sweet surprise
On the gates of pearl and gold,—
On the radiance ye behold ;
On each flashing, shining wing,—
On each harp with sounding string ;
Closed upon earth's fading flowers,
Opened on perennial bowers,

Joyous eyes!

Crowned brow!

Bathed with Heaven's glory now,
Not a line of toil and care
E'er shall mark life's changes there;
Sealed in beauty ere one cloud
Had that spirit dimmed and bowed;
Yet again our lips will press thee,—
Yet again our hearts caress thee,—
Crowned brow!

Little hands!

Clasping now with angel bands,
Sculptured seemed the smooth white palm,
Folded in their rest so calm.
Thus they ever shall remain,
Never marred by toil or pain.
Round our Father's radiant throne
We shall clasp them to our own,—
Little hands!

Angel child!

Who life's every hour beguiled,
Dost thou ever keep above,
Thine own smile and brow of love?
Yes, oh, yes! that spirit light
Could not fade in death's dark night.
Seraphs bore the gem on high,
Stamped with immortality,—
Angel child!

HON. H. H. LEAVITT,

Of Cincinnati, Ohio.

When mine eyes were sad and tearful, and my heart was
sick and sore

With longing for dear footsteps that had found the angel
shore ;

When the coffin lid closed over sunny curls of light-brown
hair,

And my lips were chill with kisses won in passionate
despair ;

When I turned with heart of anguish from a grave so
newly made,

Where our beloved, in his bloom, was stilly, sadly laid ;

When our household hearth grew silent, and its cheerful
light was dim,—

Quenched with the gushing tear-drops that fell fast for love
of him ;

Then from thee there came unto me words of comfort,—
words of trust,—
Pointing to each precious promise of our Father good and
just,—
Words that told me of a mansion by His loving kindness
kept
For the child, who on Death's pillow, so calmly, sweetly
slept.

And thou toldest of a mansion when the toils of life are
o'er,—
Of a glad and joyous meeting on the far Eternal shore,—
Of one more white-robed angel added to the host above,—
Of one more sounding harp-string, and one more voice of
Love.

And now, when lips are silent, whose music blessed thy
life,—
When fond eyes have lost their love-light amid Death's
bitter strife,—
When true hands are stilly folded above the silent breast,
And the grave hath won thy dear one to its dreamless,
quiet rest ;

With the same sweet words of comfort, which thy spirit
gave to me,—
With the never-failing promises of God — I come to thee ;

They are clothed with fadeless beauty,—they will cheer,
and they will bless ;
Sweet token of thy Father's love, His power and tender-
ness.

And I would tell thee of the bliss thy cherished one doth
know,—
Of her shining, cloudless pathway, where life's waters
brightly flow,—
Of the white robes that she weareth as she stands before
the throne,
Where, amid the saints and angels, she — the pure in heart —
is known.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Died April 15, 1865.

Thrice hath the spring-time with light feet
Trode hill and vale with offerings sweet ;
Thrice hath a coronal of flowers
Been twined above the summer hours ;
Thrice hath the autumn's gorgeous dyes
Hung like proud banners 'neath the skies ;
And thrice the winter's stainless snow
Spread its white wing o'er joy and woe,

Since death with stealthy traitorous blow,
The nation's hope and pride laid low ;
Taking from out his faithful hand
The sceptre of a high command ;
Hushing the throbbings of that breast
Whose thoughts and counsels, ever blest,
Unchanging faith in Heaven did prove,
And won from foes a trust and love.

Backward we gaze — o'er hill and plain
Doth wind a vast funereal train ;
Like to a triumph march it seems,
Like battle's sheen its brightness gleams.
Crowned with a wealth of fragrance rare,
The Chieftain's head is pillowed there,
And the fair sunlight seems to fall
Subdued and conscious o'er the pall.

Thus was he borne, three days ago,
Amid his country's tears and woe ;
With slumbering eye and folded hand
He came unto his home — his land —
And thousands waited for him there,
With stricken hearts and brows of care ;
The martyred one ! whose precious life
Was vanquished in Death's bitter strife.

He found a calm unbroken rest
Beneath the skies he loved the best.
Rest ! for the faithful weary feet,
With their high mission all complete.
Rest ! for the patient toiling hands —
From duties stern and life's demands.
Rest ! where unto his grave might come
The lingering shadows of his home.

And tender hands — the fair, the brave,
Crowned with affection's gifts, his grave ;
Brightness and bloom to it were given,
Whose grateful fragrance rose to Heaven ;
While fast the burning tear-drops fell,
Awakened by the wondrous spell
Of his pure life, so sanctified —
In sorrow's furnace fires so tried.

Upon this sad memorial day,
Let sweetest memories bear sway ;
Count o'er his virtues one by one,—
His acts of noble duty done.
Tell of his life, so pure, so true,
Whose influence fell as falls the dew,
To cheer, to strengthen, and to bless
With its refreshing gentleness.

To-day throw wide the pond'rous door ;
Unseal the coffin's lid once more ;
Let the light breeze steal gently there,
To lift the locks of his dark hair.
And gazing on that pale high brow
That wears immortal laurels now,
And on the lips so still and cold,
Whose strains beyond the veil are told,

Let many a voice so tenderly :
“ Oh, Lincoln ! Lincoln ! still for thee,
Uncomforted, thy country weeps,
And with fond love thy memory keeps.
She writes thy dear and blessed name,
High, high, upon the roll of fame,
And chants no hymns of liberty
Whose sweetest strains are not of thee.”

To-day around your peerless dead,
Stand, Illinois, with reverent head ;
Kneel in your noble manhood there,
And breathe a humble, suppliant prayer.
Rise with a firmer, stronger will,
His aims and purpose to fulfill —
To walk in paths his true feet trod,—
Though strewed with thorns, they lead to God.

LITTLE CARO.

Inscribed to Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Dox.

She was a child of fondest love,
 Upon whose brow the winds of Heaven
Might scarcely linger — watch and ward
 So faithful to her life were given.
Affection strewed her path with flowers,—
 Its hand plucked every thorn away,
And only in the pastures green
 Might this dear lamb, permitted, stray.

She was a pure, sweet household dove,
 Whose snowy plumage bore no stain,
Who nestled lovingly and safe,
 Encircled by Home's golden chain.
Around her clustered many a hope,—
 For her arose Love's holiest prayer,
That in the all-protecting arms
 She might be kept with tenderest care.

Her sunny curls hung round a brow
That gleamed with infant loveliness ;
And those red lips ! how sweet their words,—
How did they cheer, and soothe, and bless.
Now would they whisper some quaint thought,—
Now breathe some happy, glad refrain !
Oh, rosy lips ! shall earth ne'er know
The music of your tones again ?

When Autumn's gorgeous banners waved
Their glory on the plain and hill,
And slower, sadder, was the flow
Of river, stream, and singing rill ;
When Summer's brightness was forgot
In the rich splendor of the dyes
That garlanded each tree and shrub ;
And brighter clad the sunset skies ;

Then, like the beauty of a dream,
Her sweet life gently passed away ;—
She closed her childish eyes on earth
To gaze upon unclouded day.
The little, pattering feet grew still,
Their echoes faded from life's track,
And when Love pressed those rosy lips,
They gave no answering token back !

Alas! how much of life and love
Was shrined beneath that coffin-lid!
How much of blessedness and hope,—
Of brightness and of joy was hid.
Dear Saviour, had not thine own head
Pressed the lone pillow of the tomb,
We could not lay such loveliness
Within the chilling shade and gloom.

Light rest the turf on that young brow,
Sealed in its early years for Heaven;
It weareth now a radiant grace—
Unfading life to it is given.
Time hath no power to leave its trace,
Nor sorrow place one furrow there,—
Gathered unto the Angel's home,
Amid the bright, the pure, the fair.

Sweet be the sleep of those dear eyes,
Whose glances lit up hearth and home;
Beyond these changing skies of ours
What fadeless beauties to them come.
Oh, happy eyes! that never more
Shall weep earth's bitter, hopeless tears,
To wear the joy and light of Heaven
Throughout the long eternal years.

Calm be the rest of those white hands,—
 Those hands so dimpled and so pure,—
 Their blessed mission all fulfilled,
 They have no burdens to endure ;
 Clasped meekly on the childish heart —
 Like sculpture seems the smooth, soft palm ;
 No toil or pain shall mar their rest,
 At once so blessed and so calm.

Oh, Angels! guard the little feet
 That lie so stilly side by side,—
 The little feet that crossed the wave,
 And stand amid the glorified!
 The little feet that ne'er will stray
 From out the tender Shepherd's fold,—
 That tread in their new happiness
 The streets of jasper and of gold.

The home is sad where comes no more
 That lovely vision of delight!
 Where comes no more those soft, white arms,
 Clasped round thee, loving morn and night ;
 Where comes no more that sunny smile,—
 That voice of happy, artless glee!
 Oh, darkened home, amid the gloom
 The Lord a light and strength shall be.

And sweet the memories that shall come,
Of one so dearly crowned and blest —
The precious child — forever safe
Upon the gracious Saviour's breast ;
While Faith's clear eye shall ever see,
Upon the Angel-guarded shore,
The glad young feet that walk in light,
And know the paths of earth no more.

Come early, Spring's sweet violets, come !
To breathe your fragrance o'er her rest ;
Linger, oh Summer's brightness, long
Where she doth sleep — the early blest !
Glad sunshine ! lay thy golden crown
Upon that spot where Love shall weep,
And all things fair in earth or Heaven
Around it faithful vigils keep.

ANNIE GRISWOLD TYNG.

Born September 17th, 1858, died July 10th, 1870.

“Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.”

“She shall hunger no more: neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on her, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the Throne shall feed her, and shall lead her unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from her eyes.”

One starry night in summer time,
When nature rang her vesper chime,
Through pearly gates that open wide
To welcome home the glorified—
The angel child to us once given,
Went back unto her native Heaven,
While many a white and shining wing
Made bright the path of Annie Tyng.

Oh, seraph! who dost upward bear
The fragrancy of fondest prayer,
Did e'er such fervent pleadings stir
Thy spirit as were breathed for her?
Were ever cast before the Throne
Such fond beseechings? Ever known
Such anxious hopes as love did bring
For the dear life of Annie Tyng?

But not for earth that brow of love ;
Not for this earth our household dove ;
Too pure to dwell where deepening shade
Upon the fairest things is laid.
We loved her, but we could not save
Those childish feet from Jordan's wave ;
Nor could we from the valley bring
The homeward steps of Annie Tyng.

We laid her fair and sunny head
With tears upon its coffin bed,
And smoothed with tender, loving care,
The clustering locks of dark brown hair.
Like flowers whose petals fold at night,
The sealed lid veiled her eyes pure light,
And Death soft shadows seemed to fling
Upon the brow of Annie Tyng.

Her folded hands so meckly lay
Upon her bosom — matchless they —
Like chiseled marble spotless white,
Love's fond last kisses to invite.
Sweet, sweet, had been their ministry
Of gentle deeds — which memory
Shall give a fair, eternal spring,
In thoughts of thee, dear Annie Tyng.

Upon her lips some pleasant strain
Seemed lingering to sound again —
The lips we loved, whose every tone,
Like a glad melody was known.
Such pleasant words they always spake ;
Such harmony and peace did make ;
Such comfort and such joy did bring
Those silent lips of Annie Tyng.

Safe through the rolling river's tide,
Her quiet feet lay side by side ;
With life and loveliness complete,
They walked in joy the golden street.
From out our tears our lips did say :
These precious feet can never stray,—
Time shall no weary moments bring
To the glad steps of Annie Tyng.

Where comes the fairest sunlight, where
Calmness floats on the summer air,
Where peaceful shadows steal around,
And memory makes it holy ground,
We laid our precious child to rest,
With bloom and fragrance on her breast ;
Affection there its wealth shall bring
To crown thy slumbers, Annie Tyng.

Dear Savior, if we did not know
That through the valley Thou didst go
With our beloved, how could we
Thy boundless love and mercy see?
But we do know that thy fond arm
Was 'round her, shielding from all harm;
We know how safely Thou didst bring
The pilgrim feet of Annie Tyng.

We thank Thee for the happy years
Of her pure life, where no sad tears
Fell round her pathway; for each word
From her dear lips which we have heard;
For the sweet clasping of that hand,
“A fresh spring in a weary land;”
For these and many a sacred thing
That blest the life of Annie Tyng.

We thank Thee for her patient soul,
Her stainless spirit's sweet control;
For her young life's sweet ministry,
Whose glad affections turned to thee;
For the bright record of the time,
When, with a faith and trust sublime,
She passed from earth on angel wing,
Our peerless child — dear Annie Tyng.

COL. LUCIEN HAMILTON KERR.

“Sustained and soothed
By an unflinching trust—he fell asleep
Like one that draws the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

When the glad New Year came to earth,
He welcomed it with joyful heart,—
He heard its chants of triumph sung,
And in its happiness bore part.
No shadow fell across the path
Which Hope had garlanded with flowers;
No strain discordant mingled with
The music of those pleasant hours.

Spring came to him in robes of green,
With buds, and leaves, and wakened bloom —
Its balmy breath o'er hill and vale
Dispelled the winter's clinging gloom.
Nature, with volume opened wide,
To him her harmonies revealed;
Her shade and sunlight, showers and smiles,
Unto his spirit were unsealed.

To him the radiant Summer time,
Crowned with its wealth of golden hours,
Came with rare beauty — lingering long
Amid its fragrance and its flowers.
The violet gladdened him — the rose
Gave freshness from its royal heart,
To brighten and to bless the path
In which his daily life had part.

But when the Autumn days had come,
With their serene and pensive grace,
We saw with stricken, mourning hearts,
Death's shadows rest upon his face.
Amid the glories of the time,
When mellowed skies wore tranquil light,
Death touched his heart-strings — and his lips
Were sealed in sad and voiceless night.

Now, when around all hearts doth steal
The echo of the angels' hymn,
That, rising o'er Judea's plains,
Came down through ages vast and dim ;
When the pale year, with broken lyre,
A requiem sounds for each lost hour,
He heeds them not — the silent grave
Hath won him with resistless power.

Yet from his brow Death could not take
The unchanged, glorious look of life,
Nor quench the light expression gave
In one sad token of its strife;
It could not change the spirit's seal
Of faith, and trust, and victory won,—
Of Heaven's own rest, so calm and pure,—
Of toil, and care, and sorrow done.

Oh, Friend! so noble, true, and brave;
Thou with high soul and fearless heart!
Who, in thy Country's darkest hour,
Bore such heroic, faithful part.
Ne'er to a foeman didst thou yield,
Save Death! whose fatal, icy hand
Subdues the world with chilling touch
And power no mortal may withstand.

Thou sleepest where, from early morn
Until it fades in clouds of night,
The sunshine falls above thy rest,
And crowns it with its golden light.
Thou lovedst it well when it baptised
Thy brow with its own living trace,
And gave its kindling, glorious rays,
To clothe the earth with higher grace.

A fairer sunlight greets thee now
Upon the fair eternal shore,
Where blessed moments come and go,
Numbered by changeful time no more ;
Sunlight, whose beams resplendent shine
On gates of pearl and jasper walls,—
Where Life's pure waters keep each ray
That o'er their beauty brightly falls.

A higher life awaits thee there—
Unfettered by the chains of earth,
Where intellect with tireless will
Shall know no want, nor spirit's dearth ;
Where the expansive soul may find
Employment for its noblest powers,
And drink high inspiration in
Throughout the never-ending hours.

We hail thee there ! beyond life's sea ;
Its storms are o'er—its dangers past ;
Beyond the tempest, and the wave,
The whelming tide, and raging blast.
How safe the haven thou hast found !
How bright the skies that o'er thee bend !
How perfect, and how pure the peace
That knows no shadow and no end !

LITTLE MATTIE,

Born September 4th; died September 21st, 1871.

Inscribed to Mrs. Martha B. Reynolds.

She lay within her mother's arms
One calm and peaceful Sabbath day,
And on her brow and cheek were charms
Which fondly won all hearts away.
The blossom fair, which love had hailed,
Coming to earth from its own Heaven;
For whose bright path the wreaths of Hope
Were gladly twined and fondly given.

She lay within her mother's arms,
The little child we loved so well,
And brightly on her baby brow
The pure baptismal waters fell:
A seal upon the precious gift
Of the dear child to God, whose care
Was better, surer, safer far,
Than that which centered 'round her there.

Love, earthly love, was not enough
 To shield its idol — we would give
 Our darling to the tender care
 Of Him who died that we might live.
 To guardian arms, whose might and power
 Should keep her safe for ever more,
 And clasp her firmly when she stood
 Beside the surging water's roar.

And thus we asked our own dear Lord
 To take her henceforth as His own,—
 To watch and guard her with the love
 Whose height and depth was never known;
 To make her little feet to walk
 In wisdom's pleasant, peaceful way,—
 That never from His sheltered fold
 Those untried steps might sadly stray.

We loved her fondly, but we knew
 How human and how weak we were,
 And so we asked a better love
 For her—a more protecting care.
 Like her, were those around the Throne,
 Held to the bosom of our Lord,
 Upon whose stainless brows no trace
 Or spot of sin their beauty marred.

* * * * *

God took her gently from the arms
That folded her in fondest love —
The arms that offered her in faith,
The pure and spotless household dove.
He took her to Himself, and we
Were silent, and in tears did bow,
When the high seal of Heaven was placed
Upon the placid infant brow.

God took her! He would not divide
The pleasant care of her dear life;
He kept eternal peace for her,
Which must not know earth's bitter strife.
With her pure joy no grief must come;
With happy smiles no sighs and tears;
With the fair sunshine — not a trace
Of shade throughout eternal years.

God took her from life's tangled paths,—
From weariness she ne'er can know,—
He closed her eyes in gentle sleep
Upon the fading things below.
No toil was for that baby hand,
No furrows for that sinless brow,
No care or wound for the pure heart
That knows a seraph's glory now.

God took her, and from out our tears
 We hail her safe for ever more ;
We hail her in her radiant home
 Upon the glorious Heavenly shore.
Fold her so closely, Love Divine !
 Our little child whose earthly days
Were few and brief, yet long enough
 To learn thy high eternal praise.

THE VACANT HOME.

Inscribed to the memory of Mrs. Sarah K. Reynolds. Died January 4th, 1872.

“ For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens.”

Like a sad spirit, silence dwells
Where household voices echoed 'round,—
Where childish, merry accents rang,
Awaking many a joyful sound.
Where life, and happiness, and hope,
Made glad the hours that fled by,—
Lighting, with sunshine and with stars,
The glory of home's azure sky.

At the closed portal Memory stands,
Nor will she yield her chosen place;
Her record, which she firmly clasps,
Bears of fresh, bitter tears, the trace.
And yet her kindly hand to me
Unfolds each precious, priceless page,
So filled with all that makes life blest—
So rich in life's best heritage.

Over the record back I look ;
I read of love and fondest care —
Of sweet young voices learned to lisp
Their artless, earnest, holy prayer ;
Of Hope's fair promise, which was kept,
And in the future hours fulfilled ;
Of the sweet peace, which purely down,
Like dew of Hermon, was distilled.

And saw I where the Reaper came
And gathered from this home fair flowers ;
He bore them from their native earth
To bloom amid eternal bowers.
Though quivering lips and tearful eyes,
A stern and fearful struggle told,—
Yet, with a true submissive faith,
Love viewed them in "the upper fold."

I read of hours of deepest woe,
When with the Boatman, stern and pale,
Beloved forms the river crossed,
And dear feet trod the darkened vale.
But ever o'er that home and hearth
The star of Bethlehem brightly shone ;
And griefs were soothed, and peace was given —
Such peace as God's beloved have known.

I read of one, so saintly — meek —
Who walked with Jesus, side by side,
Who from all earthly stain or dross
Seemed ever cleansed and purified.
Of one upon whose placid brow
The seal of God's own grace was placed,
While revelations of his power
Her daily thoughts and actions graced.

I read the record of her life
Through all its changes — joy and woe —
The same unvarying gentleness,
Like a pure streamlet's silvery flow.
Her brow had caught, amid life's ways,
Already Heaven's unsullied trace,
While Earth no passing shadow left
Upon her gentle, peaceful face.

Days came to her of keenest pain,
While agony her spirit grieved,
Yet borne with patience and with trust
In Him on whom she had believed.
Enshrined in love's most sacred ties,
Enshrined by love's fondest care ;
She died — as fades a melody
Upon the sweet and summer air.

How tenderly her quiet hands
 Were folded — with their mission done —
 Recalling many a kindly deed
 Which prayers and fondest blessings won.
 With loving thoughts those hands were given
 Unto their calm and pleasant rest,
 By those whose life her love had known,
 Her own — her dearest and her best.

Affection, with its ceaseless care,
 Pillowed the dear and precious head ;
 With tears, that fell so freely down,
 'Twas laid upon its coffin bed,
 Crowned with a saintliness which seemed
 A radiance from the Better Land,
 Or the calm glory of a face
 By angel pinions gently fanned.

And lips she loved spake glowing words
 Above her dear, enshrouded form,—
 Words that were eloquent with truth,
 With the heart's fond emotions warm :
 A tribute to the vanished life,
 Whose harmonies were grand and high,
 Lost only in the nobler strains
 That crown her immortality.

Oh, Memory ! it is sweet to keep
 The record of a life so fair ;
 I fain would read again each page,
 And linger long and fondly there :
 Keep every leaf undimmed and bright,
 Where'er her hallowed name doth rest,—
 The name which in the Book of Life
 Is written with the crowned and blest.

And though thy vigils may be lone
 Above the threshold, where no more
 Come back the kindred household feet
 That echoed in the days of yore ;
 Yet know thou, that in mansions fair,
 Beyond Earth's partings and its tears,
 The severed ones shall meet again
 To part not through eternal years.

Till then, stand faithfully where thou
 Such stainless records may unfold—
 Stand at the portals of that home
 Whose hours of life and death are told !
 Though other feet may echoes wake
 Within each closed and quiet room,
 Stand thou ! to tell of vanished hours
 Whose beauty "knows no second bloom."

DELLE MASON DOWDALL.

Died April 5th, 1876.

What came to me upon the breeze,
Laden with nature's harmonies?
What came amid the sunshine fair,
That crowned the earth with beauty rare?
A requiem tone—so sadly borne
With the rich beauty of the morn;
A low and mournful tone that told
Of living lips grown white and cold.

Alas, alas! for those pale lips,
Sealed in the night of Death's eclipse;
Their pleasant tones on earth are o'er,—
They speak the words of cheer no more.
Sweet were the accents, gentle friend,
That could with such kind grace commend,
And brighten with their loving praise
The paths that lay through rugged ways.

What came to me upon the breeze,
 Laden with richest harmonies?
 What came amid the sunshine fair,
 That brightened earth, and sky, and air?
 A requiem tone for one whose life
 Had faded in Death's bitter strife,—
 Upon whose brow and cheek was set
 The mighty seal that lingers yet.

A requiem tone for vanished light,
 Leaving the darkness of the night;
 For a pure spirit, whose own trace
 Beside the household hearth had place;
 Whose gentle teachings,— whose caress,
 Mingled with pride and tenderness,
 Lingering on infant brows most fair,
 And left their faithful impress there.

* * * * * *

What came to me upon the breeze,
 Laden with nature's harmonies?
 What came amid the sunshine fair,
 That flooded earth with radiance rare?
 Tones of triumph— brightly borne
 With the rich beauty of the morn;
 Tones of glad triumph, far and near,
 Above the coffin and the bier.

Lips closed on earth awake in Heaven —
New beauty to their words are given ;
Life steals across the brow and cheek,
And new revealings raptures speak ;
Eyes bounded by life's narrow space,
See now the King in all His grace,
And find their tears all wiped away
In regions of unclouded day.

What happiness is thine, oh, friend !
What peace and joy thy steps attend !
I see within thine hand the palm,—
Thou wearest the crown where all is calm.
I see thee with thy happy feet,
Walking along the shining street,
Safe, safe in thy eternal home,
Where only brightest blessings come.

Rest 'neath the daises, still and white ;
Rest 'neath the sunshine's living light ;
Rest where the starlight pure and fair
Finds thy slumbers and lingers there.
Love's steps shall wander to thy rest,
The turf by tender hands be prest,
Where stilly sleeps, beyond the strife,
The child, the mother, and the wife.

GRACE FLETCHER DOW.

Died December 21, 1878.

“There is hushed on earth
A voice of gladness—there is veiled a face,
Whose parting leaves a dark and silent face
By the once joyous hearth.”

—MRS. HEMANS.

Amid December's snow-clad hours
A requiem tone was heard,
Whose deepening sounds fell o'er my heart,
And sorrow's fountain stirred.
A requiem tone for one beloved,
Whose blessed life was o'er,—
Whose gentle smile and loving words
Should come to us no more.

Alas! sweet friend, that from thine eye
Death veiled the sunlight fair;
Expression, with its glowing light,
No longer lingers there.
The beautiful, unheeded, blooms
Around thy placid rest;
Unheeded—though an offering
From those who love thee best.

Alas! that hushed and motionless,
Above thy quiet breast,
Thy pale hands gently folded lie
In their unbroken rest.
Full many a gentle deed was theirs,
Full many an act of love —
The promptings of thy noble heart,
That thrills with joy above.

Those silent feet that trod life's paths
To comfort and to bless,—
That to the mourner came with balm—
To grief with tenderness—
Walk in unshadowed pathways where
Bright crystal waters flow,
And know the rest from weariness,
Which the redeemed shall know.

A spell was thine of magic power,—
The master-spell of mind,
That stamps the image everywhere
Thy name shall be enshrined.
Time breaks it not, nor Lethe's wave
May darkly o'er it roll;
Its harmony can never die—
The music of the soul.

Farewell, beloved and cherished friend!
Each pleasant by-gone hour
Still lingers near me as of old,
With true and changeless power.
Thy faith and hope, thy patient trust,
Thy words of gentle cheer,
Float o'er my spirit strangely still,
And bring thee ever near.

LINES.

In memory of Jessie A. Belcher.

When the skies of March were bending
O'er the land and o'er the sea ;
When we heard the gentle whisper
Of Spring's coming in the lea ;
When her foot was on the mountain,
And the streamlet woke to life,—
White and pure, like fading lily,
Went out little Jessie's life.

Day by day fond years had lingered
O'er her form so loved and dear,—
While the angels gently wooed her
To their distant home—so near.
And though Love kept tireless vigil
O'er the fair and graceful child,
Yet her cheek and brow grew paler,
And her gentle words more mild.

A transplanted bud from Heaven,
She had brightened home and hearth,
From the hour when joy and gladness
Were awakened at her birth.
And the sunlight shone around her,
And sweet flowers their beauty shed,
While a meaning, more than child-like,
Clustered 'round the words she said.

Home grew brighter when her footsteps
Wandered through its hallowed bounds,
When the echo of their coming
Was the happiest of sounds,—
When we caught the sunny gleaming
Of her wealth of shining hair,
And rejoiced to hear the music
Of the voice that seemed so fair.

But she comes no more to greet us
With her tenderness and love,
And the halls and rooms are silent,
For we miss our household dove.
She hath sought her native heaven,
And her eyes are turned away
From the land of clouds and shadows
To the clime of glorious day.

Oh! the peace and resignation
Of the precious, patient child,
And the tender words of comfort,
And the gracious acts so mild.
“Raise me higher, mamma—raise me,”
Spake she when dark death was nigh;
“I am almost gone,”—when glories
Shone upon her mortal eye.

She had seen the rapturous vision
Of the beauty not revealed,—
She had heard the angel music,
To whose strains our ears are sealed,
And she longed to be still nearer
To the Pure and Undeiled,
Whom she learned to love and worship,
Though few summers o'er her smiled.

Higher yet they raised her—higher,—
While a glory lit her face,
Like the beauty of the saintly
Was the happy, blissful trace;
And while gazing unto Heaven,
With a more than mortal look,
Angel pinions waved around her,
And the fair young spirit took.

Then the little hands were folded,
And the childish eyes were closed,
And we smoothed the hair that gently
Round the marble brow reposed.
Ah! her pleasant voice was silent,
For the young and rosy lips
Were veiled beneath the still cold shadow
Of life's dark and dread eclipse.

Where the sunshine loves to linger
O'er the waving grass so green,—
Where the first fair flowers of spring-time
In its early hours are seen :
There we laid her down to slumber,
In her sweet, unbroken rest,
With a wealth of bloom and fragrance
O'er our darling Jessie's breast.

But we know how bright the moments
In her home beyond the skies,—
Where, "upon the Hills Eternal
Nothing fades and nothing dies."
Where her life is pure and peaceful—
By no pain and anguish tried ;
Without tears and without sorrow,—
With the Saviour! — glorified.

And we know that we shall find her,
When the dreams of life are o'er,
By the waters of Life's river,—
By its calm and restful shore.
We will claim her ours forever,
Where Death's shadows never come,
And Life shall know no parting
In that high and glorious home.

LINES.

Inscribed to Mr. and Mrs. Dunlap, on the death of their infant son.

O fair sweet blossom from God's hand,—
A blessing fresh from yonder Heaven,
To add new brightness to your lives
Unto your hearts and homes was given.
Pure was his beauty—the brown curls
Clustered around his darling head,
And eyes expressive seem to tell
Of something sweet the angels said.

The passing moments crowned him still
With added loveliness—and days,
As they sped by, in fullness told
Some newer charm of childish ways.
It was a joy to catch the sound
Of unformed words and murmurs sweet—
To bend above his infant brow
And think your happiness complete.

Nine happy months passed quickly by,
Still bringing hopes and visions fair,
That thronged around his precious life,
And left rich buds of promise there ;
When like a lily, drooping, pale,
He gently bowed his infant head,
And in his young fresh beauty slept
Upon the pillow of the dead.

Love could not win him back to life,—
Like sunset clouds, he passed away,
Soaring beyond the azure sky
To regions of unfolding day.
So tenderly the Shepherd's hand
Led him to pastures green and fair ;
The folded lamb ! henceforth to be
Encircled by His fondest care.

Thrice happy child ! with not a tear
To shed along the paths of life,—
With not a shadow for thy brow,
Never a pain, a care, or strife.
Whose shining curls will never wear
The trace of Time when years have fled ;
Whose little feet, so pure and safe,
No thorny paths shall ever tread.

Sleep sweetly in thy quiet home,
Where flowers and sunshine's golden light
Shall crown thy rest so calm and pure,
Folded in robes of snowy white;
And Love shall keep her vigils there,—
And there shall tender memories dwell,
Of the fair child so early called,
Whose promise many a lip shall tell.

Oh, ye who mourn! rejoice! rejoice!
That, clasped unto the Saviour's breast,
Your precious lamb, in perfect peace,
Is safe from evil and unrest.
Be glad, and know that to your arms
His infant beauty shall be given
Again, when your triumphant feet
Shall tread the golden streets of Heaven.

LINES.

Inscribed to Mrs. George W. Morgan.

O'er the mountain and the vale,
Came to me a strong heart's wail,
For a young unsullied life
Vanished in Death's bitter strife;
For a sunny head at rest—
For scaled lips so often prest—
For white arms, whose soft caress
Lingered ever but to bless.

How I longed for dove-like wing,
That I might so quickly bring
All my heart's deep sympathy,
Gathered up, sweet friend, for thee;
That I might, with gentle tread,
Stand beside the coffin-bed,
Where, in its unshadowed grace,
Gleamed thy darling sleeper's face.

I would whisper to thee there,
Of his home so bright and fair —
Of its light that never dims,
Ceaseless as the Eternal Hymns.
Of his placid, peaceful rest
On our loving Saviour's breast.
Lamb! within the Shepherd's fold
Bliss like thine may not be told.

I would gently breathe to thee
What those sealed eyes now see:
Of the bright, angelic vision
Gained upon the shores Elysian.
Few their tears — and yet all shed
E'er two happy years had fled;
Happiness and joy begun,
Weariness and suffering done.

I would look upon that brow,
Wearing Heaven's signet now,
But to tell thee it should wear
Nevermore one trace of care.
Childhood's pure and matchless grace,
On it never may give place
To the deep and furrowed lines
Time upon each brow entwines.

I would take within mine own,
Little hands — like Parian stone,
I would press each smooth soft palm,
Folded in its rest so calm ;
Telling thee, in this sad hour,
Of their safety, of their power,
Up above God's highest star,
Where the golden harp-strings are.

All tears would cease, and we would talk
Of shining streets where his feet walk —
Where they could never, never stray,
Nor lose their blessed homeward way.
Mother! be glad, that God in love
Has garnered those dear feet above ;
Be glad! that from life's thorny track,
So pure, so early, they turn back.

Some time, when thou shalt turn away
To seek thy home in radiant day,
Those little pattering feet shall come
To guide thee to their blessed home,
Where, through the never-ending years,
Unshadowed by life's hopes and fears,
Thy lips shall praise a Father's love,
Who early called thy household dove.

Then weep not o'er the quiet tomb,
Bring there the wealth of summer's bloom
To deck the spot where he doth lay,—
Thy angel, passed from earth away.
Oh, Cherubim! fond vigils keep!
A precious child has fallen asleep,—
A shining and beloved head
Rests on the pillow of the dead.

THE HOUSEHOLD DARLING.

Inscribed to Mr. and Mrs. Coppel.

It was not days of wasting pain
That dimmed the light of her dear eyes,
And cast the shadow o'er their light
That darkly 'round their beauty lies.
Not days of pain that gently closed
Their snowy lids — and left their trace
Upon the rosy lips and brow,
And o'er her fair and childish face.

It was not days of pale disease
That stilled the busy little hands,
And folded them so pure and white —
So meet to clasp with angel hands.
The toys her happy heart so loved,
And numbered o'er in artless glee,
Were scarcely dropped in eager haste
Before death came with stern decree.

It was not hours of fading strength
 That hushed the echoes of those feet,—
 The steps that pattered gayly round
 Her home, and fell like music sweet;
 One moment rushing with delight,
 Some pleasant, happy sight to see,
 The next, they trembled on the shore
 Where swept thy waves, Eternity!

From joyous life to the dark hour
 When she was borne, so pale and still,
 To the dear place her smiles had blessed,
 Where naught the aching void can fill;
 'Twas but a moment— scarce had she
 Looked back with grace and merry word,
 Until a mother's loving heart
 By deepest grief and woe was stirred.

Love in its anguish murmured, "Where,
 Oh, where were ye, blest Seraphim,
 Who keeps such tender watch and ward,
 With eyes of love that grow not dim?
 Commissioned by our precious Lord,
 Do ye not fold in tender care
 Those whose pure spirit's nearest stand
 Unto the Throne — and radiance wear?"

Yet softly, gently floating down,
 Echoes a voice from Heaven — a voice
Which bids the broken heart revive,
 And the bereaved in peace rejoice.
It asks what bliss could e'er be found,
 Like that unto thy darling given?
What blessedness could she attain,
 Like the pure happiness of Heaven?

It whispers of the pure and fair,
 Who walk with her the streets of gold,—
Of the grand hymn of Love she hears,
 Whose glorious strains can ne'er be told.
It tells of life, where flowers fade not,—
 Of pain and weariness all done,—
Of peace eternal and secure,—
 Of vanquished foes, and victory won.

It tells of a reunion blest,
 When life, with light and shade, is o'er,
Where loving arms may clasp again
 The dear ones who have gone before;
Where there are no more tears to shed,
 For God shall wipe them all away,
And change death's dark and chilling night
 To the glad light of perfect day.

A FLOWER.

For the coffin of little Bartlett Stevens.

“Never a tear for the baby’s cheek,”
Thus thought I, when sadly came to me
The tidings that over his bright blue eye
Death folded his cloud of mystery.
Never a tear through all coming time!
For lo! ’ere one happy year has fled,
All trace of suffering has passed away,
And every sorrowful tear is shed.

Never a furrow for that pure brow,
Time shall not mar it with pain and care;
Never shall years, as they come and go,
Leave their impress of sadness there.
Clad with the beauty that angels wear,—
Covered with kisses from love’s own lips,—
Shrined in the sweetness of perfect bliss,
Under the stillness of life’s eclipse.

Never a burden for those dear hands!

Those little hands, with their smooth soft palm,
Folded in beauty so pure and white,—

Folded in rest so deep and calm.

Tenderly press them within your own,

Then give them to God and His loving care,
Beyond the glory of shining stars,—

Beyond the azure so bright and fair.

Never in thorny and doubtful paths,

Oh, precious feet, shall ye ever stray,—
Losing, perchance, in some lone, dark night,

The blessed light of your homeward way;
Sheltered forever in pastures green,

Where life's glad waters forever flow,
Only the tender and guarding care
Of the Shepherd's watchful love to know.

Fallen asleep! while the summer's voice

Is whispering gently its sad farewell,
The precious blossom hath passed away
With the buds and flowers—and it is well.

For he shall wake in the radiant land,

Whose bloom and beauty shall never fade,—
Where the seal eternal of Heaven's own power
On the glory of his young life is laid.

FRED W. SLOAN.

Died June 25, 1878.

“ Life was so fair a thing to him
We wept and pleaded for its stay;
Our wish was granted us, for lo!
He hath eternal life to-day.”

Where the bright waters gleam in light,
And flow in majesty along;
When the calm stars in glory shone,
A silvery and unnumbered throng;
His eyes were gently kissed to sleep
Beneath the murmurs of the wave,
Far, far from love's protecting hand,
So powerless in its might to save.

Oh, bending skies! oh, silent hours!
Why told ye not of danger near?
Why sent you not, mysterious night,
Your aid to one so loved and dear?
Sounding across the billows dark,
Why echoed not the requiem tone
O'er the young life that faded out
Amid the depths, so hushed and lone?

Be still, O heart! for God was there,
And angels gently bore him home
To their own land of peace and love,
Where life's unrest may never come.
He passed away from earth to Heaven,
As Moses on far Nebo's height,
And when his mortal sight grew dim,
There beamed for him a morn of light.

He knew no weary days of pain,
No traces sad of dull decay ;
The pallid lips, and brow, and cheek,
Left not their clouds o'er his bright way.
In the fair freshness of his youth,
When hope entwined his path with flowers,
When life was golden with delight,
He passed to the eternal hours.

Sweet be thy rest, oh, joyous heart !
So glad with dreams of coming time,
So filled with manly high resolves,
And aims for truth and faith sublime.
Affection's hand had not the power
To shield thee from the mighty foe,
Who conquers with resistless strength
All that we fondly love below.

Soft be thy slumbers — eyes now sealed
In silence deep to wake no more,
Though the fair sunshine o'er thee falls,
And loving hearts your light deplore.
Fragrance and beauty call not back
The glances of each vanished hour,
While gazing on the bloom of earth,
And kindling with its gracious power.

Oh, loved and lost! thy kindly voice
Shall come to greet us never more —
The pressure of thy clasping hand,
No coming moments shall restore ;
Yet memory keeps thy deeds of love,
And generous acts of tenderness,—
The gracious ministry of life,
Which comes to strengthen and to bless.

Through coming years his welcome steps
Will stand not at home's threshold more,
Nor come with wonted pleasant sound
To greet us at the open door.
One summer day his happy feet
Were shrined beneath the coffin's lid ;
With tears we saw them borne away,
Forever from our vision hid.

Yet he is crowned with life anew
Beyond the glory of the skies,
Where gently falls the peace of Heaven,
“Where nothing fades, and nothing dies.”
Where clouds and shadows may not come,
To mark with change his youthful face,
And Death's chill hand may not again
Leave there a pale and blighting trace.

Happy, thrice happy, friend beloved!
Art thou — for God has called thee home;
There are no tears for thee to shed,
No sorrows to thy pathway come.
Happy, thrice happy, thou whose life,
In undimmed brightness passed away,—
Fading as fades the stars at morn,
Into the radiant light of day.

LITTLE MAY TYNG.

Who fell asleep October 3rd, 1878. Inscribed to those who love her.

When the winds of October
Swept over the land,
And the banners of Autumn
Were lofty and grand ;
When the leaf floated by
As a bird on the wing,
Death kissed the pure eyelids
Of Little May Tyng.

He calmed every sorrow,
And soothed every pain ;
He touched cheek and brow
With new beauty again.
Her hair caught a gleam
Of the seraphim's wing—
A promise of Heaven
To Little May Tyng.

As the splendor of sunset
Fades far in the West,—
As the white waves of Ocean
Sink calmly to rest,—
As a vision of rapture,
Which glory doth bring,
So vanished the fair life
Of Little May Tyng.

God took her forever,
Our sweet summer child ;
She passed through the valley
With Thee — Undefined !
So trusting, so fondly
To Thee did she cling,—
Thou wert the sure refuge
Of Little May Tyng.

Where graceful steps echoed
In gladness around,
Like strains of sweet music
Their pattering sound ;
Where childish thoughts spoken,
Rare comfort did bring,
Dwells silence and sorrow
For Little May Tyng.

The dear lips are quiet,—
The busy hands still,—
The graces of childhood
Fond hearts no more fill.
The sweet winsome blossom,
As fair as the spring,
Lies pale in its beauty—
Our Little May Tyng.

Such prayers—fondest prayers—
As ascended on high!
Such tears of deep anguish
As long days went by!
Around the White Throne
Stricken spirits did cling
For the dear, lengthened life
Of Little May Tyng.

Unheeding, the Shepherd
Who carried above,
To green, sunny pastures,
The child of our love,—
Where bright sparkling waters
New radiance shall bring
To greet the glad vision
Of Little May Tyng.

No tears for our darling ;
 No thorns for her feet ;
 No toil for her hands —
 Her peace all complete.
 Years come and they vanish,
 But never can bring
 A sigh or a sorrow
 To Little May Tyng.

Enfold her, dear Saviour,
 In loving embrace,
 And clothe her sweet spirit
 With infinite grace !
 Oh, hands that were wounded,
 Rich mercies to bring,
 With thy pure affection
 Bless Little May Tyng.

* * * * *

Sleep softly, my darling,
 The sunshine shall come,
 With glory and beauty,
 Around thy low home ;
 And the fair days of summer
 Their fragrance shall bring,
 To brighten the slumbers
 Of Little May Tyng.

Sleep softly, my darling,
The spring shall draw nigh,
Yet wake no response
As the bright hours go by.
The violet in vain
Shall its sweet censor swing,
While the birds and the flowers
Greet Little May Tyng.

Sleep softly, my darling,
The pure snow will fall,
And cover thy rest
With its beautiful pall;
It will sweep o'er thy home
Like an angel's white wing,
And hallow the slumber
Of Little May Tyng.

Sleep softly, my darling,
Beneath the stars' light,
Where the moonlight shall glance
In the lone solemn night.
Sleep sweetly,—for hath not
The dear Lord and King
Gathered home with his jewels
Our Little May Tyng?





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