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VIRGINIA DARE AND OTHER POEMS



HENRY RANDOLPH LATIMER, Ph.B.



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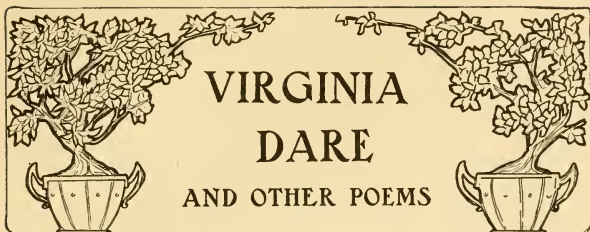
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HENRY RANDOLPH LATIMER, Ph. B.

My Preceptor

My faithful preceptor, this blindness,
Cam: forth from God's bountiful kindness.
He knoweth the why and the wherefore:
I know his great mercy, and therefore
Accept the affliction as given
To lead me through faith unto Heaven.



BY
HENRY RANDOLPH LATIMER, Ph. B.



Illustrated by
V. ALBERT
and J. BOWES



The Lord Baltimore Press
BALTIMORE, MD., U. S. A.



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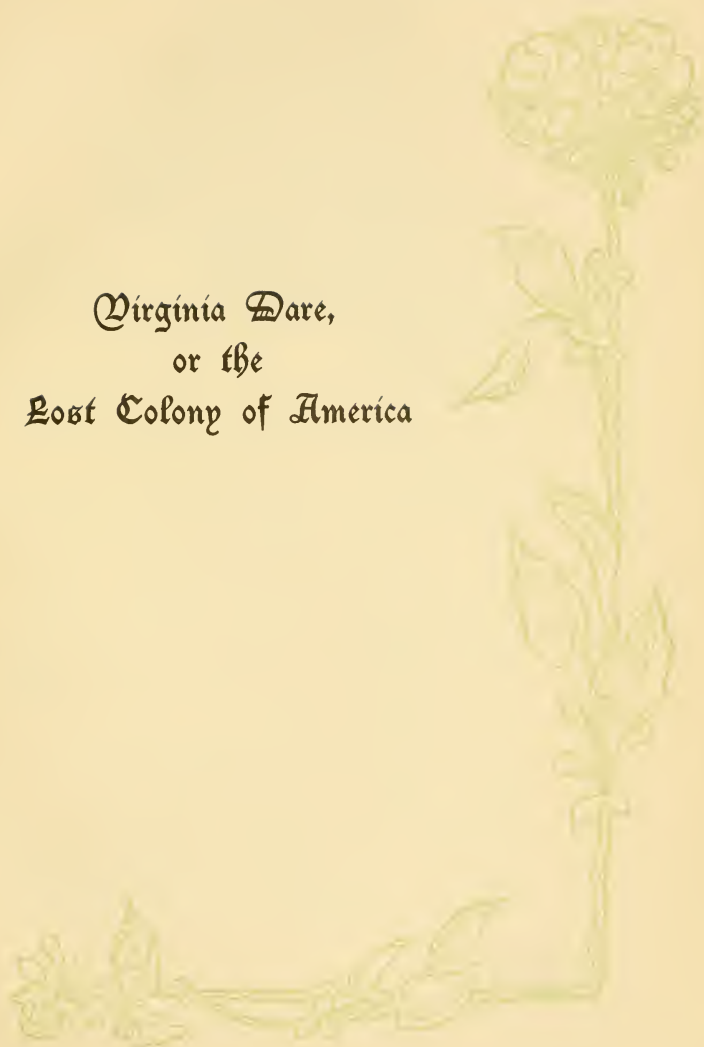
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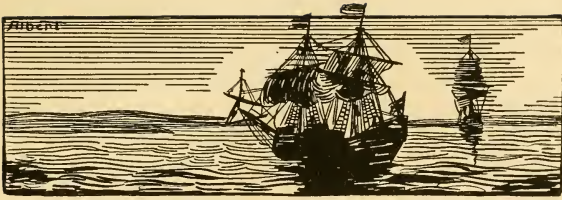
Virginia Dare,
or the
Lost Colony of America





The Adieu

Mother England, farewell;
belov'd parent, adieu!
O remember thy children, the
venturesome few.
We are borne o'er the water,
fulfilling thy fate;
We are leaving our homes to
enlarge thy estate;
We will wave the fair ensign
of Albion's pride
O'er the boundless expanse
where the bison roams wide.
So, be kind to the dear ones
we leave in thy care;
Let thy love bring the
solace our pres-
ence would
bear;
And remember thy children,
the venturesome few.
Mother England, farewell;
belov'd parent, adieu!



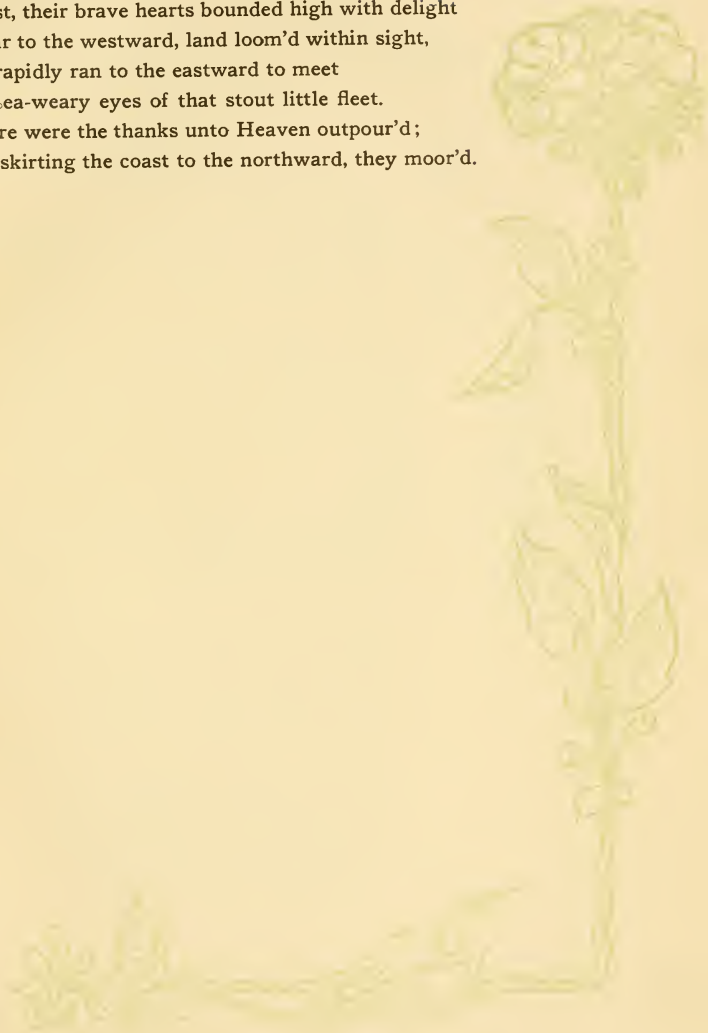
II

The Voyage

THE sails were adjusted, the little fleet rode,
Triumphantly bearing its brave little load
Who brook'd not the thought of a watery grave
Beneath the Atlantic's tumultuous wave.
The Sun beam'd his brightest, the Sky swept her blue,
As gaily the voyagers wav'd their adieu.
The Sea's mighty bosom rose calmly, and fell;
There was peace on the billow, and rest in the swell.
The Wind whisper'd, "Onward!" and lent a firm hand;
The tiny crafts skimm'd to'rd the far-distant land.
The Sun quoth, "Behold me, and follow my lead;
When I have pass'd on, the mild Moon will succeed.
I'll see you again on the morrow, perhaps;
Unless Mother Earth doth assume her gray wraps
For fear I might captivate some of her brood."
The sails flapp'd assent, and the vessels pursu'd.
The Sun disappear'd o'er the glittering deep,
Dark, diamond-eyed Heaven awoke from her sleep,
The mirror-like water reflected the stars
And dangled the shadows of rigging and spars.
The "Empress of Night," on her silvery steed,
Rode high in the heaven and pass'd to the lead.

Beholding the land of America smile,
She left the fair Danube and beautiful Nile
To foster the love of the Indian horde,
Whose ignorance deifi'd her as their Lord.
Elated by praises the Savages gave,
She sank, in her ecstasy, under the wave ;
But, far to the eastward, awoke the " Gray Dawn,"
And ruddy Aurora led in the new morn.
Yet, ere the Sun stoop'd for his evening bath,
The seamen saw signs of Dame Nature's wild wrath.
The atmosphere, calming, grew sultry and hot ;
Pale flashes of light from horizon clouds shot ;
And, ere the Moon rose to illumine the night,
The Earth drew her veil and the calm took its flight.
The hurricane bore from the eastward amain—
The thunder roll'd bass to the treble of rain,
The wind wove harmonics and howl'd as it swept,
The sea in its fury the vessel deck leapt,
The billow roar'd out as the storm drove it by,
The lightning perpetually tore the dark sky ;
Yet, those little crafts rode the surges down well,
And bore their brave load from the jaws of a hell,
Too horrible far for the poet to pen,
And far too depressing to depict unto men.
Avoiding each other, yet keeping in sight,
They wrestled the storm through that long, weary night.
The veil was withdrawn from Aurora's clear brow,
Whose beauty was ne'er more entrancing than now.
The weather was fair, and the sailors were true ;
The tiny barks skipp'd o'er the treacherous blue—
On, hopefully, gaily, by day and by night,
All hailing the vessel transporting John White—

John White, belov'd leader of this daring band,
And first English ruler o'er Occident land.
At last, their brave hearts bounded high with delight
As, far to the westward, land loom'd within sight,
And rapidly ran to the eastward to meet
The sea-weary eyes of that stout little fleet.
Sincere were the thanks unto Heaven outpour'd;
And, skirting the coast to the northward, they moor'd.





III

The Settlement

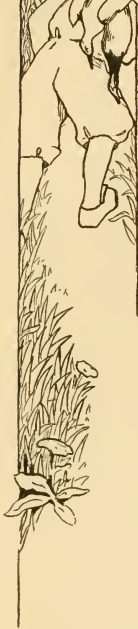
THE ring of axes fill'd the isle;
The artist hand touch'd Roanoke;
Hut after hut, in quaint old style,
The settler's honest toil bespoke.

The dovetail'd wall of new hewn log,
The earthen roof, and leaf-spread floor,
Though now deem'd scant abode for dog,
Then untold charm for settler bore.

The rustic town of Raleigh rose
Beside the mighty, restless sea,
Whose breakers spent their angry blows
Unheeded by the brave and free.

The children play'd upon the sand
And skimm'd the pebble o'er the tide;
Forsooth, this is a goodly land,
And here shall Britain's ensign ride.

Each sunset bade the weary rest,
And slumber stole his care away;
The dawn awoke in ev'ry breast
The heart to toil another day.





While reverence for the August sun
 Forbade the axman's manly stroke,
 A stranger came, a little one,
 "Virginia Dare of Roanoke."

First offspring born of Saxon clay
 Beyond the ocean's mighty span,
 The idol of her town she lay,
 The jewel of her ancient clan.

The nut-brown lads from two to ten
Began to woo the chubby maid,
And talk'd of knightly deeds, as men,
They'd do beneath the forest shade.

Nor dreamt they, at that very time,
The Red Man of the sombre wood
Was meditating deadly crime,
And thirsted for their guileless blood.

In course of time, the settlers fear'd
Gaunt Famine would patrol their town;
So, bade John White the sea-lion beard
And face the Tempest's awful frown.

This father, grandsire, ruler, sage,
Despite the perils of the sea,
Despite the ills of waning age,
Set sail without one selfish plea.

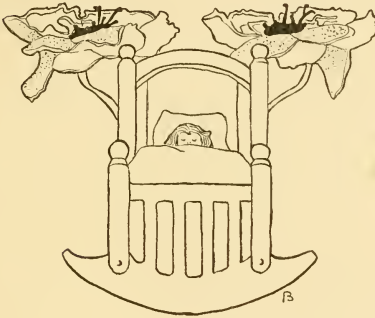
He deeply fear'd a dearth of food,
And so conform'd to their request;
But well he saw nor lik'd the mood
Which lurk'd within the Savage breast.

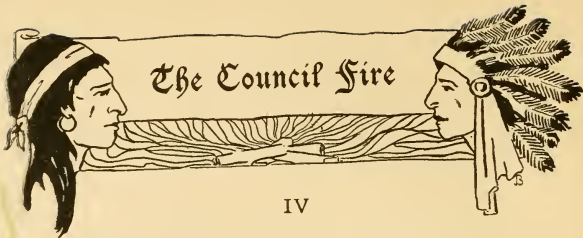
His lov'd ones linger'd on the sand,
And wav'd him fond, prolong'd adieu;
The sea roll'd wide twixt fleet and strand,
And, rising, hid the sails from view.

The dusky "Lord of Roanoke,"
In silence saw the sad farewell,
Frown'd on the seaward-gazing folk,
And felt his faithless bosom swell.

The settler turn'd him to his work,
But sadness bore the spirit down;
A dire foreboding seem'd to lurk
Within the bosom of the town.

Virginia's sire, the bold young Dare,
Withdrew his musket from the wall,
Adjusted it with hunter's care,
And, kneeling, breath'd a pray'r for all.





IV

THE wigwam circled wide the fire;
The ruddy flame, with dancing smile,
Close clasp'd the log in warm embrace,
Coquetting, sparkling, leaping high'r,
Till beauty crown'd the fagot pile
And, spreading, lost itself in space.

The native chieftains of the Isle
Encircled close the roaring pile
And talk'd of cruel war.
Chief 'mongst the chiefs was Manteo,
The Saxons' trusted, subtle foe,
The settlers' "Evil Star."

This crafty "Lord of Roanoke,"
This faithless "Peer of England," rose,
And, in the rippling Indian tongue,
Thus to the tattoo'd Savage spoke:
"See, braves, our stealthy, pale-faced foes!
'Tis time the serpent's fang had stung!

"They come to rob us of our wood,
They come to spill our brave young blood,
Exterminate our race;
They deem the Red Man but a dog,
They steal his wits away with grog,
And mock him in disgrace.

“ The Mighty Spirit bids us go,
 Ignore the White Man’s artful plea
 And drive him from our hunting ground.
 Each brave make ready now his bow!
 ‘Sons of the Forest,’ follow me,
 And loud the Red Man’s war-cry sound!”

“ Nay, nay, great Chief!” cri’d Croatan;
 “ Such haste doth not become our clan,
 These pale-face folk are wise!
 Permit me, Chieftain Manteo,
 To treat with yonder daring foe,
 To clear these stormy skies.

“ ’Tis better that the life-blood surge
 Within the bosom of the brave
 Than stain the verdure of our Isle;
 ’Tis wiser not to sound the dirge,
 ’Tis shrewder far to cheat the grave,
 And meet yon Pale Face smile for smile.”

Lord Manteo made fierce reply:


“ ’Twere better that the whole tribe die
 Than live in foul disgrace!”
 “ Nay, nay!” responded Croatan;
 “ Thus shrieks the fiend, how speaks the man?
 No foulness mocks our race.”

Full high and higher ran debate;
 But Croatan at length prevail’d
 And won the council to his side.
 Lord Manteo, imbu’d with hate,
 Beset with fury, storm’d and rail’d,
 And could not there be pacifi’d.

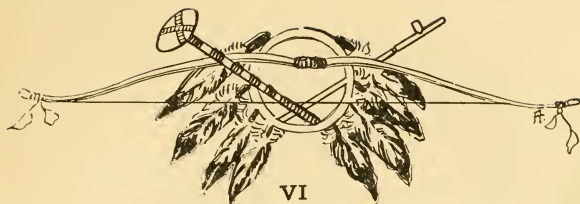
The council clos'd, the night went by,
The morning saw an azure sky
 And heard the axman's stroke;
Chief Croatan and Captain Dare
Drew up a treaty, just and fair,
 Between their hostile folk.



Croatan

 HE seasons march'd their cohorts round
 Twice o'er the Red Man's hunting ground;
 The idol of her town could walk,
 The jewel of her clan could talk.
 Chief Croatan was often seen
 Among fair children on the green;
 The settlers lov'd the good old man,
 And call'd him "Father Croatan."
 He taught the Saxon lads to swim,
 And train'd them well in arm and limb;
 He taught them how to draw the bow,
 The fatal tomahawk to throw;
 He urg'd them up the lofty oak,
 Unveil'd to them "Old Roanoke";
 He show'd them how to trap the hare,
 To track the wild fox to his lair;
 From him they learn'd to cast the hook,
 To cover tracks and wade the brook;
 He taught them, too, to dodge the dart,
 And drill'd them well in warlike art.
 Yet, though the old chief lov'd the boys,
 At times he weari'd of their noise;
 'Twas then he sought the house of Dare
 And sav'd the good dame many a care.
 He haul'd the water from the spring,
 And made the keen, old wood-axe ring.
 He fed the poultry; rubb'd the horse;
 And prov'd a never-ending source
 Of pleasure to the little maid,
 Who, fearlessly, about him play'd,
 And, with her dimpled cheeks aglow,
 In his dark palm, laid hers of snow.

He lov'd the merry little girl,
He lov'd her dainty, golden curl;
And, when her bright eyes droop'd and clos'd,
He walk'd until the sweet child dozed.
One sunset as the old chief play'd
Among the lads and with the maid,
Grim Manteo came stalking by,
Dark vengeance glaring from his eye.
The timid maiden saw, and fled;
The good chief shook his hoary head,
Indulg'd an extra game or two,
And wav'd his youthful chums adieu.
He disappear'd among the trees,
Where none pursu'd him save the breeze,
Which murmur'd in his ready ear,
"Old Croatan, thou know'st no fear;
Yet, Croatan, be wise, beware!
For Manteo hath laid a snare
To sweep thee from his lordly path,
That he may vent his long-pent wrath."
The camp-fire roar'd, the forest frown'd,
The chieftains clos'd the flame around;
False Manteo denounc'd the White,
And call'd upon his braves to fight.
Though Croatan pour'd out his heart,
His tongue had lost its magic art;
The council went with Manteo,
Stamp'd Croatan "a traitor, foe!"
And would have slain the good old man,
Have shed the blood of Croatan;
But he had vanish'd from their sight,
And hid him in the gloom of night.




VI

The Attack

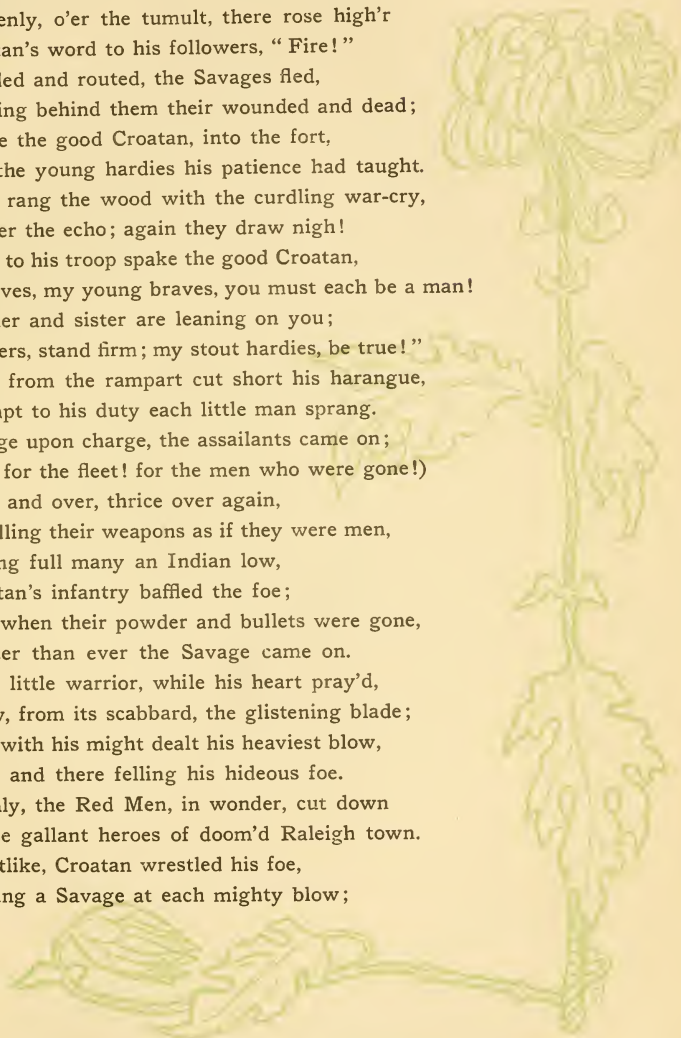
STRAIGHT to the town the old warrior sped,
Straight to Dare's house and arous'd him
from bed.

“Up, my bold Pale Face, the Red Man's abroad!
Up, my brave fellow, and draw your good sword!”
Thus shouted Croatan, friend of the White,
Calling to Dare from the gloom of the night.
Prompt to the cry the young captain arose,
Sounding the summons to arm for the foes.
Cheering the timid, restraining the bold,
Counseling young, and comforting old,
Round through the village he hastily sped,
Here and there dragging a sluggard from bed.
Soon, all assembled, his followers stood,
Off from the town, to'rd the deepening wood.
There the young captain grasp'd Croatan's hand,
Leading him forth to the head of the band;
Where the old chief, for the love which he bore
Dare's little daughter, harangu'd as of yore:
“Friends of the Morning, brave comrades of mine,
Ere the great sun doth again on us shine,
Death shall career o'er the Red Man and White;
Men of the Forest are angry to-night.
Croatan sought to keep peace in the land,
Croatan strove to extinguish the brand;



When the war council took Manteo's part,
Croatan fled to the home of his heart.
Sons of the East, will you trust Croatan?"
Prompt rang the answer, "We will, to a man!"
"Then, to the shadowy forest we'll go;
Deep in the forest, and deal the first blow!"
Soon, the weird war-cry arose o'er the isle,
As the fray open'd in true Savage style;
Pistol and tomahawk, musket and bow,
Sword and the scalping-knife, measur'd out woe.
Aby, old Croatan wielded his troop,
Spurring them on by his soul-stirring whoop;
But the fierce Savages knew the wood well,
Flanking the Saxons by hillock and dell,
Till their responses came scatter'd and few,
While the war-whoop of the Indians grew.
Dare, the last one of that brave British band,
Pierc'd by a shaft from false Manteo's hand,
There in the shadow of Roanoke's wood,
Pour'd out, in silence, his priceless, young blood.
Stoutly, old Croatan, baffling attack,
Beat his way singly, heroic'ly back;
Into the town, with the speed of a deer,
Rush'd the old chief, in his faithful career.
Then came the roll of that musty old drum,
Known to the warrior's wee, smallest chum.
Each sturdy lad, with his musket in hand,
Hasten'd to swell his lov'd comrade's command,
Bent on defending his mother and chief.
Bent on avenging his own righteous grief.
Down came the Savages, down from the wood;
Breathlessly, Croatan's infantry stood.

On came the Red Men assur'd of their prey,
Confident there was no force in the way.
Suddenly, o'er the tumult, there rose high'r
Croatan's word to his followers, " Fire! "
Startled and routed, the Savages fled,
Leaving behind them their wounded and dead ;
While the good Croatan, into the fort,
Led the young hardies his patience had taught.
Wild rang the wood with the curdling war-cry,
Wilder the echo ; again they draw nigh !
Then to his troop spake the good Croatan,
" Braves, my young braves, you must each be a man !
Mother and sister are leaning on you ;
Soldiers, stand firm ; my stout hardies, be true ! "
Yells from the rampart cut short his harangue,
Prompt to his duty each little man sprang.
Charge upon charge, the assailants came on ;
(Oh, for the fleet ! for the men who were gone !)
Over and over, thrice over again,
Handling their weapons as if they were men,
Laying full many an Indian low,
Croatan's infantry baffled the foe ;
But, when their powder and bullets were gone,
Fiercer than ever the Savage came on.
Each little warrior, while his heart pray'd,
Drew, from its scabbard, the glistening blade ;
And with his might dealt his heaviest blow,
Here and there felling his hideous foe.
Grimly, the Red Men, in wonder, cut down
Those gallant heroes of doom'd Raleigh town.
Giantlike, Croatan wrestled his foe,
Slaying a Savage at each mighty blow ;



Sight of his life-blood gave him no alarm,
Wounds lent a zest to the strength of his arm.
'Midst the wild conflict, now here and now there,
Wielding some weapon aloft in the air,
Rose the strong arm of an Amazon dame
Shielding her child or protecting its frame.
Heart-rending, hideous, blood-curdling cries
Point where the covetous scalping-knife plies.
Onward, the death-struggles eddy and whirl;
Where is Dare's daughter, the chief's little girl?
There she lies, true to the filial behest,
Clinging in fright to her dead mother's breast.
Croatan's soul with one purpose was fraught;
Fiercer and stronger his giant arm wrought
When he beheld the false Manteo stand,
Wielding his tomahawk high in his hand,
Gleaming a grim, diabolical smile,
O'er the fair beauty of Roanoke Isle.
Like an old tiger upon his choice prey,
Croatan leap'd to the hand to hand fray;
Fiendish the fight between chieftain and chief—
Long-studi'd vengeance and keen present-grief.
Manteo met his assailant full well;
Brief was the struggle, and Manteo fell.
Lifting the babe from its mother's chill breast,
Croatan heard but one potent behest;
Leaping the wall at the point where he stood,
Nestling his treasure, he fled to the wood.


Prayer and Answer

“**G**REAT Spirit, guide thy brave to-night;
Protect this infant with thy might.

O wondrous God of brave young Dare,
I trust my treasure to thy care;
If she may live on, God, may I!
If she must perish, let me die!”
Thus pray'd the soul of Croatan,
That noble-hearted, kind old man;
And, as he pray'd, her flesh grew cold.
The fight was done, the chief was old;
He gently laid her form aside,
His great heart burst, and he, too, di'd.



The Soul's High Day

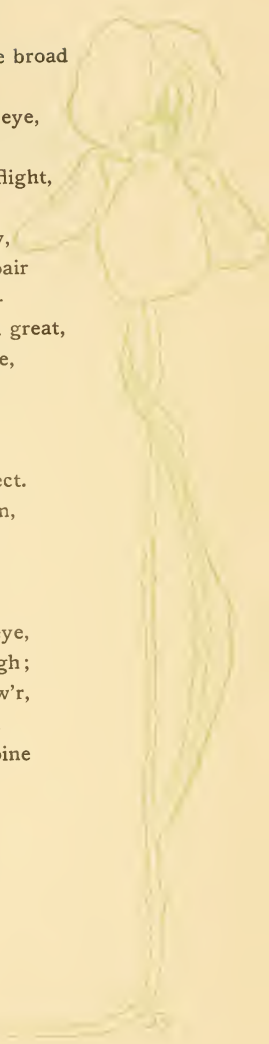


GOD'S Sunday is no time for idle sloth,
 No time for selfish pleasure; but for growth—
 That growth which lifts the soul to realms of light,
 And makes each act a joy because 'tis right.
 Yet Sunday is, indeed, a day of rest;
 Though there are few whose words and deeds attest
 A wholesome knowledge of the character
 Of such a rest as Sunday should confer.
 A change of posture, change of scene or thought,
 Will tend to rest an organ over-wrought.
 Each humble member of the human frame
 Has special work to do, its place and name;
 Yet each in turn holds undisputed sway;
 'Tis thus God's Sunday is the Soul's High Day.
 Let meditation have its potent hour,
 Let Christian charity unfold its pow'r,
 Give rare humility its rarer due,
 And fill the place allotted in your pew.
 Be sure your household duties all are done;
 For this with Christianity is one.
 Do not forget to lend a helping hand,
 Fulfil whate'er the daily needs demand;
 But do not let these worldly things outweigh
 God's Sunday—Sunday is the Soul's High Day.

A Storm at Eve

WHEN the Sun in his glory has swept the broad sky,

And the twilight approaching brings ease to the eye,
 When the heat of the day, as if fearful of night,
 From the bosom of Earth wings its heavenward flight,
 When the fairy-like, dancing, electric display
 Lends a weirdness unknown to the beauty of day,
 And the dull, rumbling echo of that roar of despair
 Which accompanies lightning unsettles the air—
 When these warnings that forces, terrestrial and great,
 Are abroad upon missions assign'd them by Fate,
 It is time to call halt to the din of the day;
 To review, to consider, each act to reweigh;
 Ask forgiveness for sins of aggression, neglect;
 Ask for grace our short-comings to see and correct.
 Then behold the advance of the on-coming storm,
 And descry in each pillar of cloud the rare form
 Of some angel of mercy, some vision of peace,
 Some suggestion of happiness never to cease.
 In the flash of the lightning, too bright for the eye,
 There is seen the swift glance of Jehovah on high;
 And the roll of the thunder proclaiming His pow'r,
 Is His voice from the cloud in the critical hour.
 Thus, the grandeur of nature, and beauty, combine
 In electrical storms, and the charm is divine.





I WAS a little rustic lad,
With naked feet, and brown;
My heart was very, very glad,
For pa had been to town.

Whene'er he went to that great place,
As he had done that day,
He very seldom lack'd the grace
To bring some cake away.

So there I sat in pensive bliss,
Devouring ginger-snaps;
The palate pleas'd, there's naught amiss
With little country chaps.

I had one pretty cake left still,
The end of bliss drew nigh;
I check'd me with heroic will,
Would eat this bye and bye.

And there upon the chopping block,
 Caress'd it in my hand;
But did not see the Shanghai cock,
 Or know the ill he plann'd.


A flapping and a rush of feet—
 He had my precious cake;
I fairly tumbled from my seat
 And follow'd in his wake.

Around the chicken yard we sped,
 The rooster in advance;
I stumbled, landed on my head,
 And gave the cock his chance.

I rose to see him stretch his neck
 And gulp the last piece down;
He left me not one single speck
 Of what pa brought from town.

The wisdom I thus gain'd in grief,
 I'd feign give other chaps;
"Procrastination is the thief"
 Of youngsters' ginger-snaps.

A Fairy




THERE is a fairy in the land
Whose worth no mortal knows
Who toils with head, and heart, and hand,
To soften others' woes.

She cheers the sad, assists the dull,
And gives the weary rest;
Where'er she goes the world is full
Of lives her life has blest.

She joins the merry in their mirth,
Responds to quiet wit;
Instils new hope where there's a dearth,
Inspires new vim and grit.

Her own great griefs, great sorrows, ills,
No one but God doth know;
And, yet, the happiness which fills
Her life sets all aglow.

Great Father of the earth and sky,
Make me so good and true;
Grant me the grace before I die
To be a fairy, too.



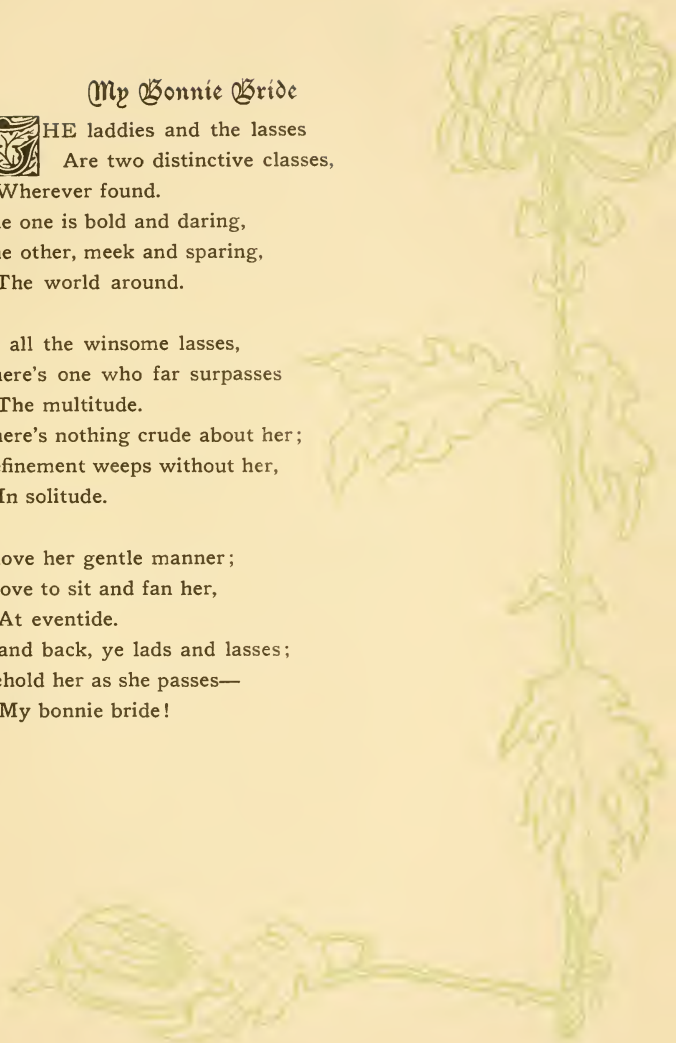
My Bonnie Bride

THE laddies and the lasses
 Are two distinctive classes,
 Wherever found.

The one is bold and daring,
 The other, meek and sparing,
 The world around.

Of all the winsome lasses,
 There's one who far surpasses
 The multitude.
 There's nothing crude about her;
 Refinement weeps without her,
 In solitude.

I love her gentle manner;
 I love to sit and fan her,
 At eventide.
 Stand back, ye lads and lasses;
 Behold her as she passes—
 My bonnie bride!



Sorrow

THE sorrow of the stricken heart
 Is present with us all;
 We grieve for friends, when they depart,
 Because our faith is small.

Could we but feel as we do think
 When Reason sits in state,
 There were no woe upon the brink,
 No wailing at the gate.

O pray for steadfast faith to feel
 A joy when friends depart,
 For faith to know that Heaven's real,
 For faith to brace the heart.

May

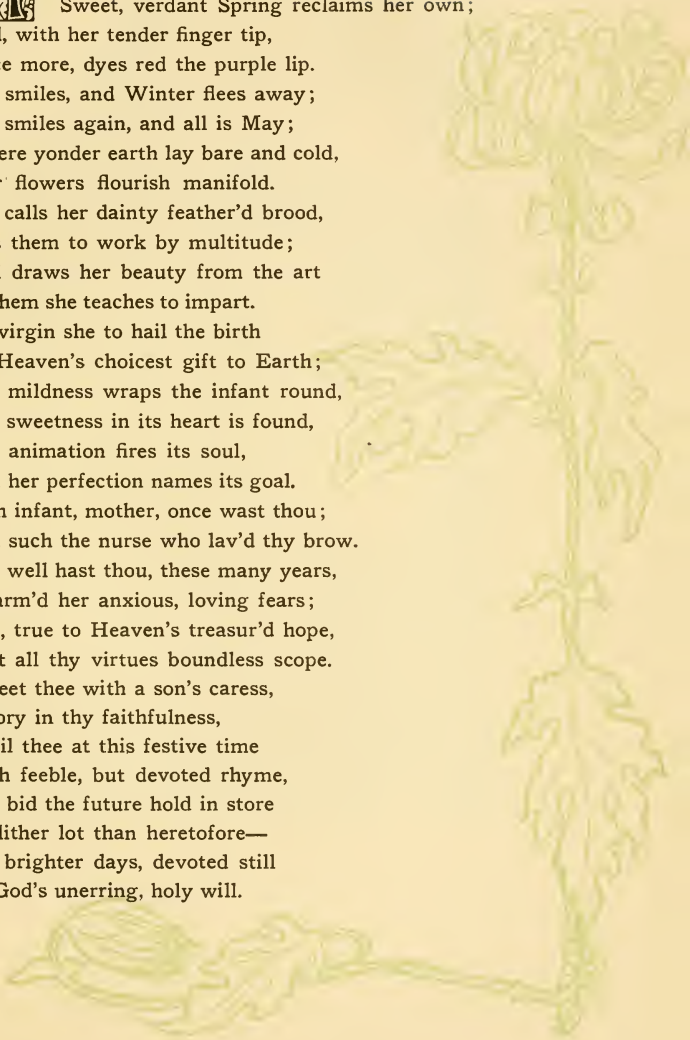
MAY has come with all its flowers,
 All its fragrance, balm, and hue;
 Flitting round their dainty bowers,
 Yonder birdies work and woo.

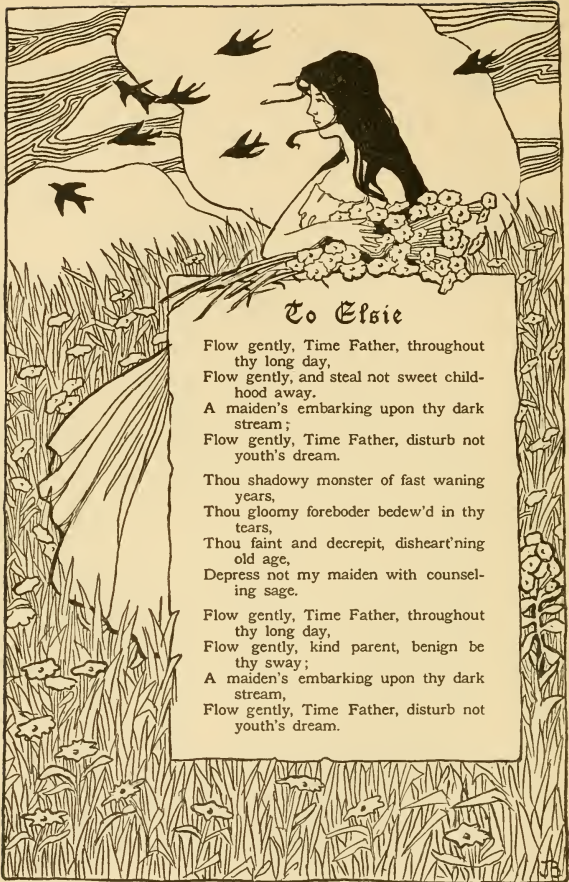
Could I now, like them, be building
 Home and hearth-stone for my mate,
 All the world would change its gilding,
 Vest itself in festive state.

Let me, O my King and Master
 Taste such joy before I die;
 Ointment seal'd in alabaster
 Cannot soothe an infant's cry.

My Mother

A GAIN, the vari'd seasons flown,
 Sweet, verdant Spring reclaims her own;
 And, with her tender finger tip,
 Once more, dyes red the purple lip.
 She smiles, and Winter flees away;
 She smiles again, and all is May;
 Where yonder earth lay bare and cold,
 Fair flowers flourish manifold.
 She calls her dainty feather'd brood,
 Sets them to work by multitude;
 And draws her beauty from the art
 Of them she teaches to impart.
 Fit virgin she to hail the birth
 Of Heaven's choicest gift to Earth;
 Her mildness wraps the infant round,
 Her sweetness in its heart is found,
 Her animation fires its soul,
 And her perfection names its goal.
 Such infant, mother, once wast thou;
 And such the nurse who lav'd thy brow.
 Full well hast thou, these many years,
 Disarm'd her anxious, loving fears;
 And, true to Heaven's treasur'd hope,
 Lent all thy virtues boundless scope.
 I greet thee with a son's caress,
 I glory in thy faithfulness,
 I hail thee at this festive time
 With feeble, but devoted rhyme,
 And bid the future hold in store
 A blither lot than heretofore—
 Yet brighter days, devoted still
 To God's unerring, holy will.





To Elsie

Flow gently, Time Father, throughout
thy long day,

Flow gently, and steal not sweet child-
hood away.

A maiden's embarking upon thy dark
stream;

Flow gently, Time Father, disturb not
youth's dream.

Thou shadowy monster of fast waning
years,

Thou gloomy foreboder bedew'd in thy
tears,

Thou faint and decrepit, disheart'ning
old age,

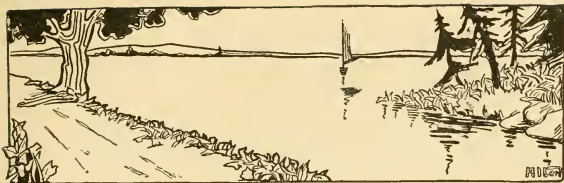
Depress not my maiden with counsel-
ing sage.

Flow gently, Time Father, throughout
thy long day,

Flow gently, kind parent, benign be
thy sway;

A maiden's embarking upon thy dark
stream,

Flow gently, Time Father, disturb not
youth's dream.



The River and the Road

“**W**E are friends,” the River said.
Quoth the Road, “ We cannot wed;
Though our ways lie very near,
Though I often sip thy cheer,
Yet the gloomy forests rise
’Twixt where coach and vessel plies,
And for miles I can but be
Absent pleasure unto thee.

Could our ways be merg’d in one,
Where, then, would the coaches run?
Or wert thou absorb’d in me,
What would come of yonder sea?”
“ True, indeed,” the River said;
“ It would not do for us to wed;
Yet there can be naught amiss,
When we meet, for us to kiss.”

Launching

GHY ship is launch'd, young friend,
 Upon life's restless sea;
 Let modest prudence be
 The pilot to the end.

Not prudence born of men;
 But wisdom from on High,
 Which pointeth to the sky—
 A far transcendent ken.

Keep well beyond the rocks;
 Our frail barks cannot stand
 Much grinding on the sand
 Or many breaker shocks.

When thou must enter port,
 Sound well the channel's bed,
 Steer steadfastly ahead,
 With Christ as thy support.

When storms assail thy bark,
 Head foremost to the wave;
 For God is sworn to save
 The righteous in His Ark.

Success to thee, and wealth,
 My former schoolmate, friend;
 May all thy virtues blend
 In holiness and health.

You and I



DEAR after year steals softly by;
 Yet we survive, both you and I.

Hope after hope comes but to fly;
 Yet we hope on, both you and I.

Fear after fear is born to die;
 Yet we are fearful, you and I.

Grief after grief forgets its sigh;
 Yet we grieve on, both you and I.


Joy after joy brings Heaven nigh;
 Yet we are earthy, you and I.

O let us look upon the sky—
 Upon God's Heaven, you and I.

And, as the years in silence fly,
 May we grow better, you and I;

That when the Gates swing wide on High,
 We both may enter, you and I.

Rain Drops



WHEN—the summer sun descended,
Daylight ended,
And the soothing twilight flown—
All is peaceful relaxation
And cessation,
Then 'tis well to be alone.

When the timid summer shower
O'er my bower
Patters down like fairy feet,
O'er my restless spirit, stealing,
Comes a feeling
Kin to blissfulness complete.

Kindness fills my very being;
But for fleeing
Ere the morrow brings its toil,
Oft would leave a word unspoken,
Heart unbroken,
Prove the Tempter's fatal foil.

But the gentle patter ceases,
And releases
Thought to wander far and wide;
Slumber steals away the notion,
Lays emotion,
Puts the kind impulse aside.

How much greater were our pleasure
 Could we measure
 Upward to the soul's ideal!
 Yet each struggle lifts us nearer,
 Makes it dearer,
 Brings less woe and greater weal.

Each pure rain-drop sent from Heaven
 Is a leaven
 For the sinful soul of man;
 Give it place that it engender
 Thoughts more tender,
 More in keeping with God's plan.

Upon a Lady's Toe



HERE is a lady, whom I know,
 Whose troubles center in her toe.
 She tried to dig one trouble out,
 But this brought other woes about.
 They made her faint, they made her weep,
 And robb'd her of refreshing sleep.
 They drove her from her daily toils,
 And pained her like a thousand boils.
 But now, they tell me, she prevails;
 That she no longer weeps and wails.
 I hope 'tis true that her great toe
 No longer hurts the lady so;
 And that she'll soon appear again
 To straighten out these crooked men.



A Little Sister

ONE needs a little "sister,"
 To cheer him day by day;
 For though he may not kiss her,
 She drives the gloom away.

I have a little "sister"
 Who greets me night and morn;
 And when I chance to miss her,
 The day drags out, forlorn.

She owns a little corner
 Within my inmost heart,
 And I would be a mourner,
 Should little sis depart.

But should she like her corner,
 And grow too big to fit,
 That I might not be mourner,
 I'd trade a room for it.

Then should this little "sister"
 Outgrow her larger space,
 Though I may not have kiss'd her,
 My heart's her dwelling place.



Kittens

DO kittens wear mittens
 Whene'er they go out?
 When kittens wear mittens,
 Young mice are about.

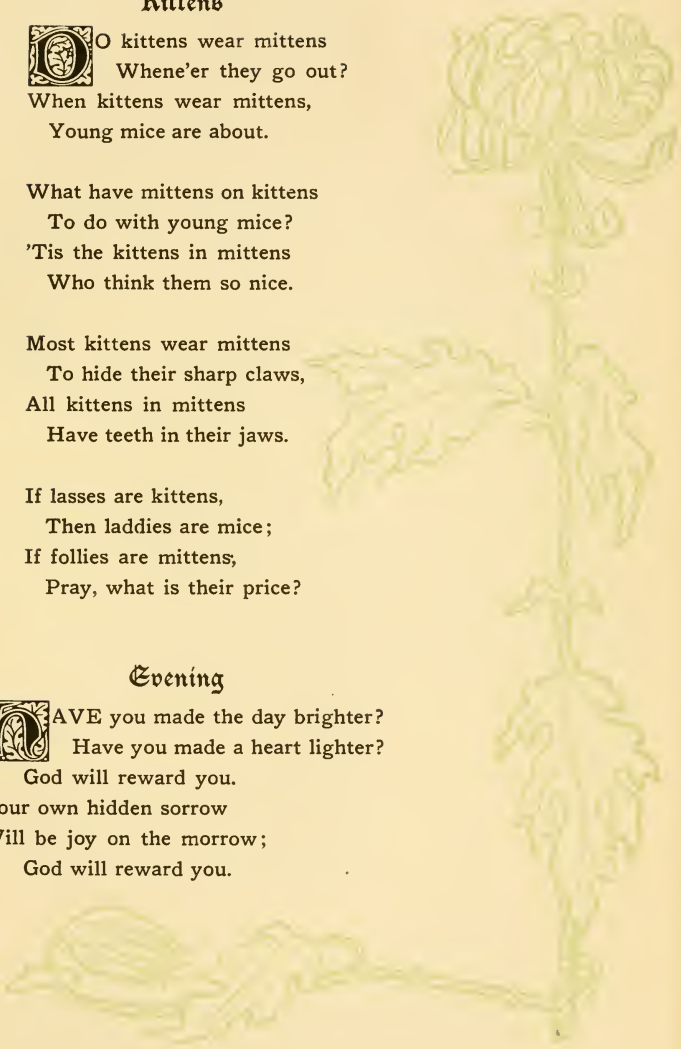
What have mittens on kittens
 To do with young mice?
 'Tis the kittens in mittens
 Who think them so nice.

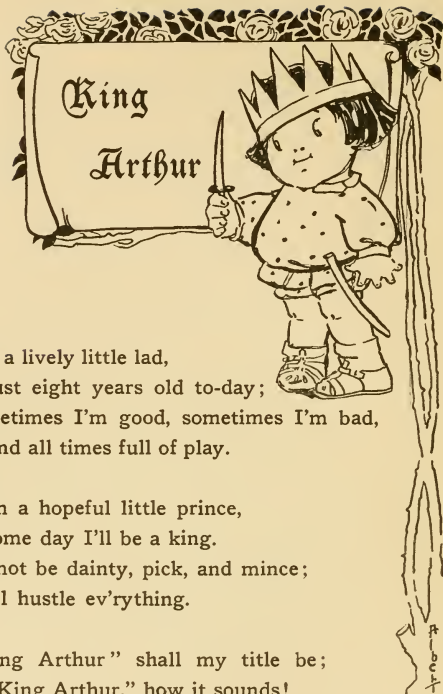
Most kittens wear mittens
 To hide their sharp claws,
 All kittens in mittens
 Have teeth in their jaws.

If lasses are kittens,
 Then laddies are mice;
 If follies are mittens,
 Pray, what is their price?

Evening

HAVE you made the day brighter?
 Have you made a heart lighter?
 God will reward you.
 Your own hidden sorrow
 Will be joy on the morrow;
 God will reward you.





I AM a lively little lad,
Just eight years old to-day;
Sometimes I'm good, sometimes I'm bad,
And all times full of play.

I am a hopeful little prince,
Some day I'll be a king.
I'll not be dainty, pick, and mince;
I'll hustle ev'rything.

"King Arthur" shall my title be;
"King Arthur," how it sounds!
My cottage shall my castle be;
My kingdom, cot and grounds.

Of all the subjects in my realm,
I'll first subdue the king;
And when he's ready for the helm,
He'll pilot ev'rything.

The Goal of Life

HOW oft we build in Hope's fair vale,
Beside the river Youth!
How oft we tell the same sad tale
Of Time's relentless tooth.

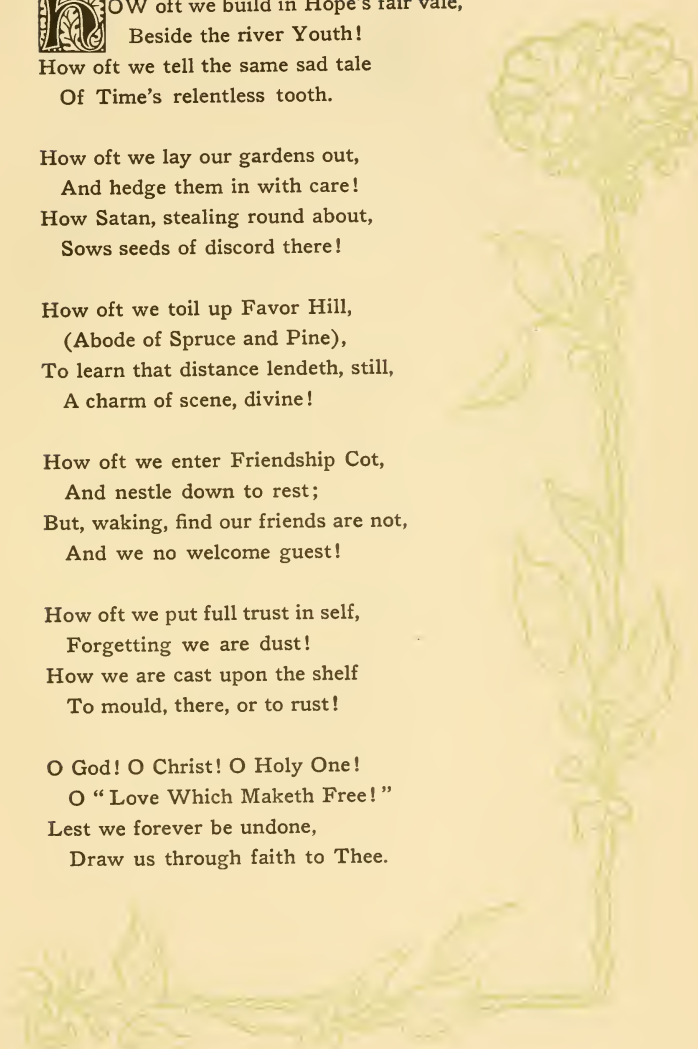
How oft we lay our gardens out,
And hedge them in with care!
How Satan, stealing round about,
Sows seeds of discord there!

How oft we toil up Favor Hill,
(Abode of Spruce and Pine),
To learn that distance lendeth, still,
A charm of scene, divine!

How oft we enter Friendship Cot,
And nestle down to rest;
But, waking, find our friends are not,
And we no welcome guest!

How oft we put full trust in self,
Forgetting we are dust!
How we are cast upon the shelf
To mould, there, or to rust!

O God! O Christ! O Holy One!
O "Love Which Maketh Free!"
Lest we forever be undone,
Draw us through faith to Thee.



My Lady



Y heart is fondly longing,
 Dear, for thee;
 When wilt thou grant its fervent pray'r,
 And come to me?
 The airy dome is whirling,
 Far and wide,
 With graceful, fitting forms of thee,
 Oft multipli'd.

I love to see thy phantom
 Glide about,
 And often think to fold it near
 By reaching out;
 But, no, the dainty coquette
 Flees away,
 And leaves me to the gloom of night
 Or glow of day.

'Tis then, dear one, I miss thee—
 Miss thee sore;
 But could I fold thee, fold thee near
 Forevermore.
 My panting heart were happy,
 Light, and gay;
 My life a verdant, genial spring,
 A balmy May.

Dying Embers

FRIEND of days departed,
Kind friend of years gone by,
Why this speaking silence?
O why this mute reply?

Life hath little in it,
When friends asunder part;
Heaven were a Hades,
Without a kindred heart.

Dark the way, and dreary,
Where only strangers tread;
Sad the heart, and weary,
Whose friendships all are dead.

Stir the dying embers
Of love within thy breast,
Lest death's chill December
Exile some would-be guest.

Grasp the hand which us'd to
Bring comfort in its grip,
And henceforth refuse to
Allow that hand to slip.



A Dream of Wealth

WERE I a monomillionaire,
 How would I use my money?
 Had I the paltry price to spare,
 I'd buy a pound of honey.

Were this great fortune from my sire,
 I'd likely boast about it;
 And, quenching ev'ry moral fire,
 Would soon exist without it.

Were I a miser, gaunt and sour,
 I'd hide it in some corner,
 And nurse it there until the hour
 When I should be a "goner."

Were I a youth, some "mutton-head,"
 I'd spend it on my back, sir;
 And, when my million wheels had fled,
 I'd call myself "a jack," sir.

Were I a fool, I'd give a ball,
 Invite the foolish to it;
 And, midst the envy of them all,
 I'd run, in glee, right through it.

Had I no wealth of common sense,
 No doubt, I'd soon be senseless;
 For, one by one, I'd lose my pence,
 And, thereby, soon be penceless.

But, were my soul in proper tune,
 Did wisdom rule my reason,
 I'd answer at the "Great Tribune"
 For all my wealth, in season.

A Birthday Greeting

TRUE friends, and loyal, are not found
 At every turn in life;
 But shrewd deceivers hover round—
 Low traitors in the strife.

'Tis meet that friendship, true and tri'd
 Should have a friend's reward;
 This token is, that we abide
 In friendship still unmarr'd.

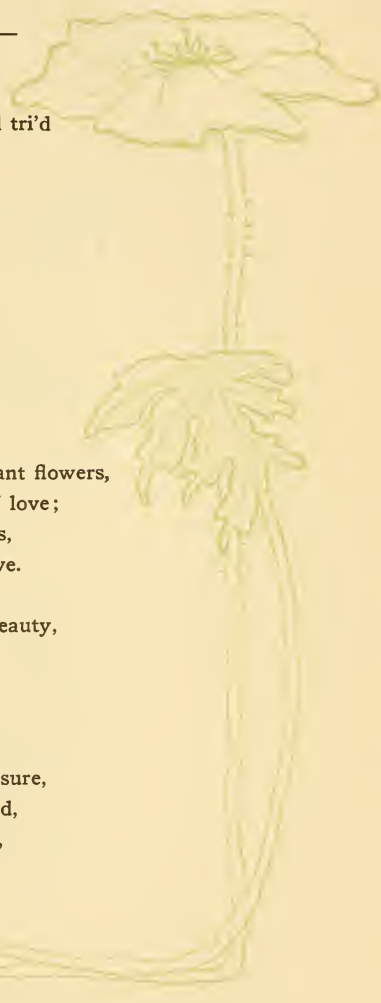
The day is fitting for the deed,
 The deed reflects the heart;
 May you ne'er know a single need
 True friendship can impart.

Transmission

MY heart is gay with fragrant flowers,
 Blooming in the light of love;
 My soul is dotted o'er with bowers,
 Fraught with treasure from Above.

Shall I, whose gardens beam in beauty,
 Let my flowers fade and die?
 Or, coupling pleasure unto duty,
 Shall I deck the passer-by?

Shall I, whose soul is rich in treasure,
 Keep my wealth, a miser's hoard,
 Or shall I deal it without measure,
 In obedience to my Lord?





To Mother

TIS good to have a mother
Above the heartless turf;
Her gentle hand and kind command
Are cherish'd as none other,
Alike by king and serf.
Her voice is sweetest, ever,
To him who knows her worth.
'Tis not the great, the high in state,
The popular, the clever,
The excellent by birth,
Who most esteem the mother;
'Tis oft the poor and sad,
The brown-hu'd skin from want grown thin,
The prey of some rich brother
Who stalks in ermine clad.
The mother's anxious teaching
Outweighs the sage's ken;
'Tis fraught with love from Him above,
'Tis ever busy bleaching
The sin-stain'd souls of men.
She knows the strength of leaven,
Dispenses it with care;
Her magic wand is Christ's own hand,

In mercy stretch'd from Heaven,
 In answer to her pray'r.
 And now, my own fond mother,
 Thou gem of gems to me,
 If to thy boy may come such joy,
 God grant him yet one other
 True treasure like to thee.

Gratitude

I'M a ship; thou art my anchor,
 After whom I'm bound to hanker.
 When thou divest, I must swim;
 When thou risest to the brim,
 Caught by ev'ry passing gale
 I obey my fickle sail,
 Till again thou anch'rest me
 On the wild and stormy sea.
 Thus, as time wings swiftly by,
 Gratefully my pen I ply,
 Greeting thee this natal day,
 Driving sober thoughts away.
 May thou live to good, old age,
 Wear the specs which mark the sage,
 Have false hair upon thy pate,
 Have false teeth and wear a plate,
 Have all good things grannies eat,
 Have the gout in both thy feet.

A Silver Wedding



WHAT a solemn, happy day,
 Now five-and-twenty years away,
 When "Old Dominion's" fair young bride
 Stood, smiling, at her bridegroom's side!
 The "Old, Old Story" ever wears
 A pristine freedom from all cares;
 And, when, the solemn service done,
 The seal affix'd to love long won,
 The stately couple turn'd to go—
 His cheeks all pallid, hers aglow—
 They saw their progress down the aisle
 Restrain'd by proffer'd kiss and smile;
 The former was the bride's reward,
 The latter for her late-made lord.
 Their rightful kiss the grandsires claim;
 The youngsters, swooping on their game,
 With blushing cheek and beaming eye,
 Takes, each, his kiss, half on the sly;
 The "Sweet Sixteen" (whom all the while
 Anticipation lends a smile),
 Trips lightly forward, claims her share,
 And turns in haste to disappear;
 But when the grandmamas advance,
 The yet-unfavor'd look askance,
 For well they know the ancient way
 In which grand-dames beguile the day.
 Still each, in turn, with vari'd pride,
 Bore off his booty from the bride;
 And she, the trying ordeal o'er,
 With cheeks yet redder than before,


Swept, queenlike, on, with airy tread,
 Beside her knight—whose pallor fled,
 Now bore himself with kingly pride,
 And led away his winsome bride.
 Full many an autumn, since that day,
 Has roll'd its wither'd leaves away;
 And now their Silver Wedding come
 Amid the blessings of a home,
 May joy and comfort yet be theirs,
 By grace of God, for many years;
 And when their spirits homeward fly
 To Him who doth all life supply,
 I know they'll rest beneath the wing
 Of their belov'd and loving King.

Liza's Lament

LNEVAH has a birfday, now;
 Jis 'cause I'se gittin' ole, I 'low.
 Ef folks could onct forgit da knack
 O' talkin' wen dey's lookin' back,
 O' tellin' wen, o' nigh about,
 A gal in 'ciety done come out,
 She mout den stan some kine a show—
 Be inny age, o' less, o' mo'e.
 An' den da young folks gits da cue
 An' goes a talkin', so dey do!
 An', dreckly, all da beaus drap off;
 Da lub-win whis roun' to da nawf;
 Da pickaninnies pints an' grins,
 An' talks out loud 'bout wrinkle chins.

"Dah haint no use!" I'se often heerd;
 Dah haint no use I'se mighty fear'd
 To hide dese wrinkles an' dese hairs,
 To smother all dese groans an' cares—
 Jis puts me in a pow'ful rage
 Wen folks keeps blabbin' out yoh age!
 Yes, I is gittin' ole, I 'low;
 An' nevah has a birfday, now.

An Epitaph


 HERE lie the remnants of a man,
 The portion which alone can die,
 Whose life was as an infant's span
 Against the vastness of the sky—

The dead cocoon of spirit man,
 The "dust to dust," the earthworm's prey,
 The school-house where the soul began
 Its growth, the temple proud of clay—

Consign'd now to its native place
 To be forgotten, waste away,
 That there be born, with greater grace,
 A spirit mould, from its decay.

The houseless soul rests in retreat
 Where all departed spirits hie,
 Until its new-born flesh complete
 The man immortal of the sky.

My Teacher

WHO told me first of Marathon?
 Who led my youthful mind, in awe,
 Aloft the pyramid,
 Extoll'd the "Son of Macedon,"
 Explain'd the ancient "Salic law,"
 And prais'd the Spanish "Cid"?

Who drew the beauty from the rhyme
 Dan Chaucer's genius left to men,
 And kindly show'd it me?
 Who soar'd with me the heights sublime
 Of stern John Milton's awful pen,
 And smil'd at Bob Burns's glee?

Who my imagination bore,
 On wings well feather'd for the flight,
 Athwart the starlit sky?
 Who op'd the door of Euclid's store,
 Exposing reason's gems to light
 And bidding error fly?

Who guided, all unknown to me,
 My feeble, halting thought aright,
 And stirr'd my flagging zeal?
 'Twas one, now dwelling o'er the sea,
 My honor'd teacher whose delight
 Was e'er her pupil's weal.

I knew not then, as I know now,
 The loving wisdom of my guide;
 Else, had I priz'd her lore.
 May wreaths of laurel crown her brow,
 When Heaven throws its portal wide
 For her, forevermore.

Providence

ANGEL-LIKE, she flitted in
 And stole our hearts away;
 She drew us music from the din
 Of life's tumultuous day.

To us, like some sweet bird of song,
 She came with joyous strain;
 And, when the day was dark and long,
 Brought sunshine through the rain.

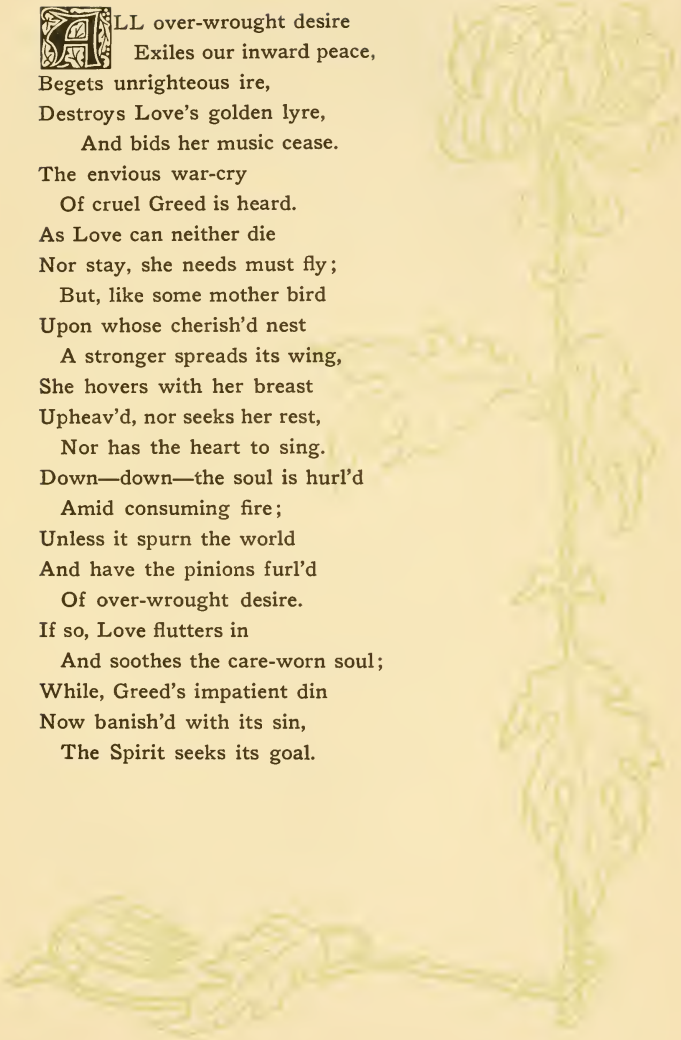
The "Holy Dove of Galilee,"
 Upon her brow found rest;
 That "perfect love which maketh free"
 Abode within her breast.

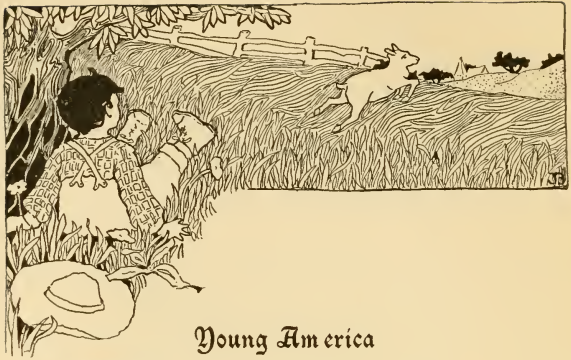
"God doth His own in safety keep,"
 And fold them to His breast;
 He bore her, in an infant's sleep,
 To His eternal rest.

Desire

ALL over-wrought desire
 Exiles our inward peace,
 Begets unrighteous ire,
 Destroys Love's golden lyre,
 And bids her music cease.

The envious war-cry
 Of cruel Greed is heard.
 As Love can neither die
 Nor stay, she needs must fly;
 But, like some mother bird
 Upon whose cherish'd nest
 A stronger spreads its wing,
 She hovers with her breast
 Upheav'd, nor seeks her rest,
 Nor has the heart to sing.
 Down—down—the soul is hurl'd
 Amid consuming fire;
 Unless it spurn the world
 And have the pinions furl'd
 Of over-wrought desire.
 If so, Love flutters in
 And soothes the care-worn soul;
 While, Greed's impatient din
 Now banish'd with its sin,
 The Spirit seeks its goal.





Young America

DY father kept a flock of sheep;
He kept a dog the sheep to keep,
And fed him thrice a day.

'Twas early on a May-day morn,
Some six years after I was born,
I heard my father say,—

“Come, Matthew” (Matthew was our man),
“Must get through shearing if we can
This very afternoon!”

With this, they started for the pen;
While I, more anxious than the men,
Could not arrive too soon.

Old Matthew, by a streak of luck,
Made one wild dash and caught a buck,
The leader of the flock.

They bound him with a good, stout cord,
And laid him helpless on the board
To rally from the shock.

As I was not so very tall
 And wish'd to have a view of all,
 Without my father's ken,
 I climb'd upon a pile of sacks
 Heap'd up within the cattle racks,
 Outside, against the pen.

I watch'd the white wool rolling back,
 Beheld the shears' advancing track,
 And wonder'd at the sight;
 I saw my skillful parent's shears
 Trim neatly round the old buck's ears,
 And beam'd with pure delight.

But, soon, " His Majesty " was shorn
 From cloven hoof to spreading horn,
 And father cut the cord.
 The buck knew not that he was free;
 Or else he scorn'd his liberty,
 And lay there on the board.

But when Pa tapp'd him with the shears,
 He seem'd beset with fiendish fears,
 And sprang out into space.
 Entangling me within his feet,
 He bore me from my stolen seat,
 Down flat upon my face.

I made the spacious welkin ring;
 And blubber'd out, " You mean old thing!
 You tore my hat and shirt!
 I'd like to beat you! so I would!
 I'd do it, too! I'd beat you good!
 I'd wallow you in dirt!"

But off he ran, that horrid buck;
 While I bewail'd the cruel luck
 Which let him thus go free.
 And looking round me at those sacks
 Heap'd up within the cattle racks,
 I sigh'd, " No more for me! "

Faith's Dominion

AS thou sailest o'er the sea
 In yonder gorgeous palace,
 Know the Earth is made for thee,
 And bear no creature malice.

When thou gazest on the deep
 In fury lash'd to madness,
 Know that none but weaklings weep,
 And purge thy heart of sadness.

When thou breathest, from the brine,
 Fresh, bracing airs of heaven,
 Know the Universe is thine,
 In trust for all time given.

And when life's uncertain sea
 No longer foams and surges,
 Know that Christ will welcome thee,
 While we but sing thee dirges.

Virginia Ford

THE stars unwonted twinkle wore,
 The smiling queen of sparkling night
 Rose full of grace and upward bore,
 Entrancing all in silver light.

The dewdrop glisten'd diamond bright;
 The glowworm shed its fitful light;
 While, from her perch secure from sight,
 The whippoorwill bewitch'd the night.

The breezes lisp'd, the flowers smil'd,
 The brooks their sweetest music play'd;
 Dame Nature, like a merry child,
 Her ev'ry pleasing art display'd.

At midnight, rose all beasts and birds,
 Who sang their praises to the Lord,
 And then, in tones of love, these words,
 "Virginia, sweet Virginia Ford!

"A virgin infant's born to-night,
 Whose glance shall far outweigh the sword
 Of thousands in the cause of right—
 Virginia, sweet Virginia Ford!

"An ideal daughter, mother, wife,
 Whose virtues bring their own reward,
 This maid shall lead a holy life—
 Virginia, sweet Virginia Ford!

"And when at last her spirit flies
 To seek the bosom of its Lord,
 Angelic song shall fill the skies—
 Virginia, sweet Virginia Ford!"





Pity's Oft, Unkind

OF all the ills my soul has borne,
The illest here ensues;
It chanc'd within a church, one morn,
Where good folks rent the pews.

The sexton met me first of all.

“ Good morning, sir,” quoth he;
And then I heard a smother'd call—
“ Here, usher, he can't see! ”

I pass'd on to the usher's care.

“ Good morning, sir,” said he;
“ I've not a single seat to spare.
'Tis sad you cannot see.”

To usher two, then passing by,

I heard the first repeat,
“ He cannot see; I wish you'd try
To find a vacant seat.”

I pass'd on to the second's care.

“ My pews are full,” quoth he;
“ It must be very hard to bear?
I'm sorry you can't see.”

Just then, a third came stalking by.

“ Good morning, sir,” said he;

“ I’m sorry, for I’ve fill’d the last.

Oh, truly, can’t you see? ”

A fourth came swinging down the aisle;

And, beckon’d by the three,

With pompous bearing all the while,

Strode straightway up to me.

“ This man is blind,” the three broke in;

“ Have you a seat to spare? ”

The soul of man is prone to sin;

My impulse was to swear.

“ Good morning, sir; how do you do? ”

Quoth he with smother’d vim;

While all the three in haste withdrew,

And left me there with him.

“ I think,” said he, “ there is a seat

(Providing you don’t mind);

’Tis almost at the parson’s feet—

But, how became you blind? ”

He led me to an amen pew,

Where good, devout folks sit;

And then I thought his mission through,

Thought surely he would quit.

But, no; with trembling voice quoth he,

“ ’Tis awful to be blind!


Perchance, some happy day you’ll see;

For Heaven’s not unkind.”

The service and the sermon there
 Had little charm for me;
 The only text which I could hear
 Was, "Usher, he can't see!"

I left the church that Sunday morn,
 With this thought in my mind,
 "There is no rose without its thorn";
 Thus, Pity's oft unkind.

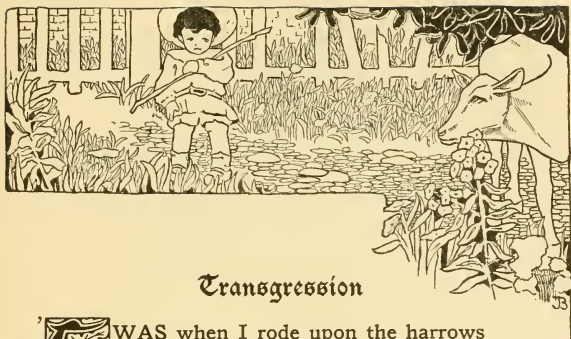
Our Guardian

EAR Jesu, Thou our guardian be
 Against the Evil One;
 And teach us to rely on Thee,
 God's lone "Begotten Son."

O help us all to be content
 With what is ours below,
 And not upon earth's riches bent;
 Support us in our woe.


And when the "Judgment Day," at last,
 Doth dawn upon our sight,
 May we not long to cloak the past,
 But stand upon Thy right.

On high with Thee, O Jesu dear,
 We'll join Thy holy choir;
 Nor shall the Tempter enter there,
 Nor shall Thy children tire.



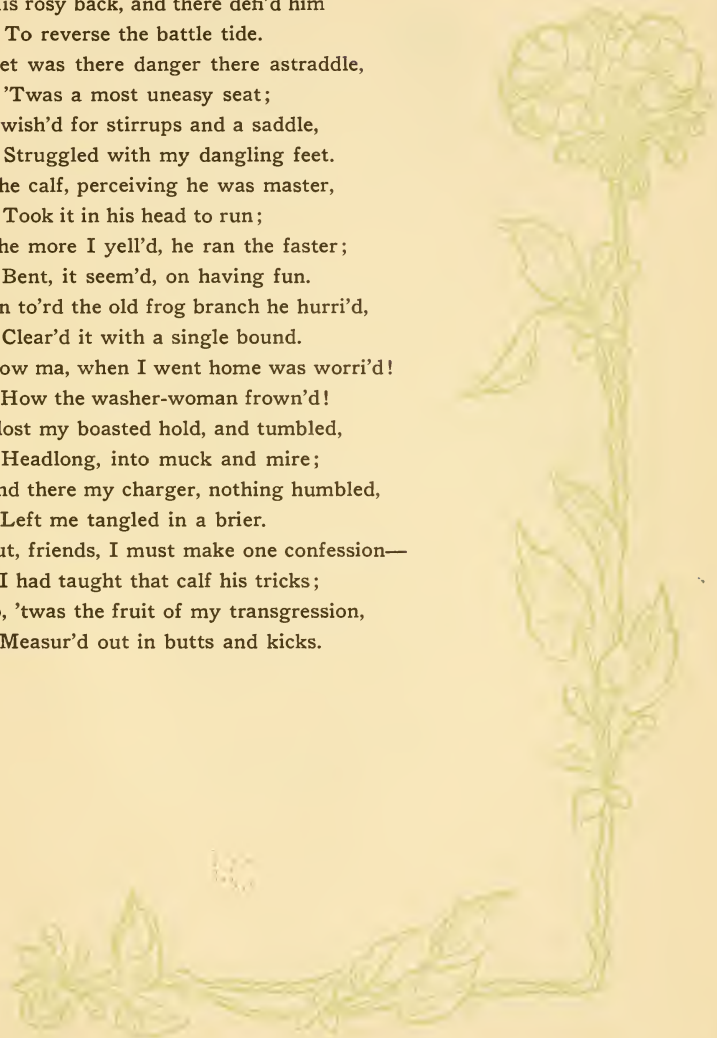
Transgression

T WAS when I rode upon the harrows
And my sober thoughts were few,
Where swains roll out the heavy barrows
And the hoppers sip the dew,
Where cattle browse midst bush and thistle,
Owls proclaim their solitude,
The partridge sounds his clear-cut whistle,
Catbird playing interlude—
That, on a sultry summer's morning,
As I revel'd at my ease,
A calf, despite all previous warning,
Nibbled at our nursery trees.
Dear Aunt Priscilla cri'd out, "Johnny!
Run, O run! my honey, run!"
I ran as fast as any honey,
Even in such summer sun.
Right on, I hurri'd, empty-handed,
Thinking that the beast would go
The very instant I commanded,
Or pretended at a blow.




And yet, he did possess a liking
For the sport of butting folks;
Nor are there many things more striking
Than a calf's selected jokes.
My age was somewhat over seven,
And my sight was rather poor;
The sun beam'd from a cloudless heaven
As I gaily onward bore.
The calf was red, and my weak vision
Dazzled by the glowing light,
I fail'd to see the bold derision,
See his attitude for fight;
And rush'd upon the brute, mistaking
Head for tail and tail for head.
What gave me that tremendous shaking?
Was I living still, or dead?
Upon the ground I sprawl'd, while o'er me
Tramp'd that saucy, warlike beast;
His ragged hoofs both skinn'd and tore me;
Twenty butts he gave, at least.
I shouted, "Stop it!" roll'd and tumbled;
But the calf kept up its sport.
My boyish pride was somewhat humbled;
But my temper, greatly wrought.
The creature wax'd more enterprising;
Growing fiercer than before,
Whenever he beheld me rising,
Squar'd himself and gave me more.
At length, in pain and desperation,
Catching firmly hold his ears
(O what a golden inspiration!
How it check'd my rising tears!)

I sprang upon my feet beside him ;
 Then bestow'd myself astride
 His rosy back, and there defi'd him
 To reverse the battle tide.
 Yet was there danger there astraddle,
 'Twas a most uneasy seat ;
 I wish'd for stirrups and a saddle,
 Struggled with my dangling feet.
 The calf, perceiving he was master,
 Took it in his head to run ;
 The more I yell'd, he ran the faster ;
 Bent, it seem'd, on having fun.
 On to'rd the old frog branch he hurri'd,
 Clear'd it with a single bound.
 How ma, when I went home was worri'd !
 How the washer-woman frown'd !
 I lost my boasted hold, and tumbled,
 Headlong, into muck and mire ;
 And there my charger, nothing humbled,
 Left me tangled in a brier.
 But, friends, I must make one confession—
 I had taught that calf his tricks ;
 So, 'twas the fruit of my transgression,
 Measur'd out in butts and kicks.



Hope



HHE temple, moulded of the sod,
 Must seek its own again;
 The spirit, image of its God,
 Alone survives of men.
 God giveth with a lavish hand;
 And, though he take again,
 His children needs must understand,
 The soul survives of men.


His mercies cluster round about,
 Each joy is from His hand;
 The cowing fear and halting doubt
 Are laid at His command.
 He teacheth us to love our friends;
 Affection is His wand,
 To whose mild touch the tyrant bends
 And stays his cruel hand.

God bindeth daughter unto sire,
 The husband to the wife,
 In love which prompteth the desire
 To bless each other's life;
 And, when their love hath wax'd and grown,
 He parteth them a space,
 To reunite them at His throne,
 To crown them with His grace.

'Twere vain to bid the lonely heart
Dismiss its tender grief;
For 'tis the whole of Nature's art,
When stung, to find relief.
Yet, do not let us blindly grope
In depths of dire despair;
But lend the living spark of hope
To ev'ry loving tear.



Military Hymn



FROM Cuba's broad plantation,
 From Puerto Rico's shore,
 Where'er the Spanish nation
 Hath spent the land in gore,
 From Philippine's dark daughter,
 From Caroline's fair strand,
 The cry comes o'er the water,
 " O stay the tyrant's hand! "

What though the ground-down Cuban,
 Starv'd out, crawl off to die,
 Though crimes the most inhuman
 Have drawn the Malay's cry,
 Though long the distant thunder
 Hath told the coming storm,
 Yet Spain, by crime and blunder,
 Doth stifle just reform.

Shall we whose arms are strengthen'd
 By freedom dearly bought,
 Permit the season lengthen'd
 Ere she be better taught?
 On, with the righteous thunder
 Of cannon-ball and shell;
 While Old World nations wonder,
 Deal justice full and well.

Flash, flash, ye wires of lightning;
Resound, ye telephones;
For Freedom's star is bright'ning,
And Spain's dark tyrant groans,
"Humanity forever!"
Let fair Columbia sing,
Till Freedom's staunch endeavor
Prostrate the tyrant king.



Adieu

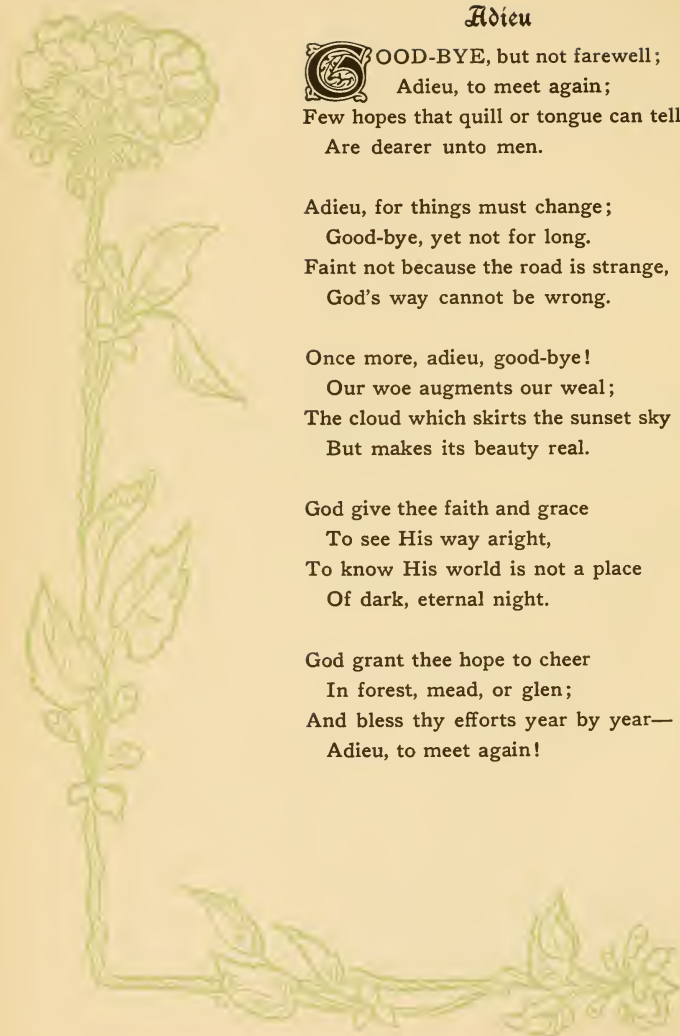
GOOD-BYE, but not farewell;
 Adieu, to meet again;
 Few hopes that quill or tongue can tell
 Are dearer unto men.

Adieu, for things must change;
 Good-bye, yet not for long.
 Faint not because the road is strange,
 God's way cannot be wrong.

Once more, adieu, good-bye!
 Our woe augments our weal;
 The cloud which skirts the sunset sky
 But makes its beauty real.

God give thee faith and grace
 To see His way aright,
 To know His world is not a place
 Of dark, eternal night.

God grant thee hope to cheer
 In forest, mead, or glen;
 And bless thy efforts year by year—
 Adieu, to meet again!





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