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# WADENA

OLIVER PERRY MANLOVE

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# WADENA

AND OTHER POEMS.

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*By*

OLIVER PERRY MANLOVE.

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*I.*  
*WADENA.*

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## WADENA.

**O**N a bank of Crow Wing river,  
In the lovely Minnesota,  
Stands an old and lonely tepee.

It was Shabbaboni's tepee,  
And to it he brought Wadena,  
His young bride of eighteen summers.  
She was old Red Gogo's daughter:  
He, the chief among the councils,  
She, the loveliest Indian maiden,  
That was in the Crow Wing country.  
None upon the silver lakelets  
With such skill could speed the rowboat:  
She could glide among the sunbeams  
That were dancing on the water:  
She could row among the billows  
That with foam and spray were drifting:  
Now was lost among the hollows,  
Now upon the verge was rising  
Like a gull with waxy feathers.  
No one had such nimble fingers  
In the time of berry picking,—  
She could quickly fill her measure:  
And the blue bass loved her baiting—

She would swing it on the landing  
With a little laugh of triumph.

For her hand were many suitors—  
But she only loved Waubago:  
And Red Gogo did not like him.  
“She must wed with Shabbaboni,”  
Thus he said in his great anger;  
And she dared not disobey him.  
So she went with Shabbaboni,  
Went with him into his tepee;  
Picked the wood and brought him water;  
Kindled fires and cooked his dishes;  
But her heart was full of sorrow.  
She was thinking of Waubago.  
How he used to bring her rabbits  
When the snow was on the meadows,  
And the grouse hung in the birch-trees,  
Swaying with their bending branches.  
How he chased the fleeting roe-buck,  
Till he brought it down before him.  
She remembered his love telling—  
How he called her his Wadena;  
How he took her hands and held them;  
Looking in her eyes of midnight:

Pressing on her lips his kisses.

It was evening in the spring time;  
Shabbaboni was not with her,—  
He had gone to Lake Itasca.  
She was out among the fir trees,  
Half concealed in gloomy shadows.  
In the west the sun was sinking  
With a gorgeous sky above it.  
Little belts of silver stitching  
Interlaced a crimson border;  
There were loops and dainty tangles,  
Floating seas of gold and opal,  
Orange gleams, and breaths of azure  
Blended in the dying sunset.  
But it was all lost upon her.  
There she stood in hopeful silence,  
And the night was wrapped about her.  
In the sky the stars were shining,  
And the moon rose o'er the fir-trees,  
While the wind with mournful murmurs  
Wandered through the swaying branches.

But at last she heard a footstep,  
And a voice was softly calling,

“Oh, where are you, sweet Wadena?  
Come to me, my little darling.”  
On her heart it fell like music,  
And she waited for a moment,  
Thinking it might be repeated:  
Then she stepped out from the shadows,  
Saying, in her sweetest accents,  
“I am here among the fir trees,  
Standing in the moonlight shimmers.”  
Soon Waubago was beside her,  
With his face lit up with rapture.  
“Oh, my loved and lost Wadena,  
I am glad once more to meet you,  
I came here tonight to see you—  
Have you no sweet welcome for me?”  
“I am always glad to meet you,”  
Was her quick and trembling answer.  
“The Great Spirit makes my pulses  
Leap and thrill when you are near me,  
And I never shall forget you.  
Like the sunshine to the meadow,  
I will clasp you in my life time,  
The sweet memory of my day dreams.”

“Come with me, my sweet Wadena:



We will leave this all behind us—  
All our glooms, and cares, and sorrows.  
We will go out to the sunset  
Where we can live for each other.”  
“No!” she said in bitter anguish,  
“The Great Spirit is not willing.  
And the councils would pursue us—  
Oh, we never could escape them:  
It would be our death or ruin.  
Go alone out to the sunset—  
Leave me here to bear my burden.”  
“I will go,” he sadly answered.  
Still he by her fondly lingered,  
While a dark form crept toward them,  
Crouching like a wily panther,  
Till, at last, it sprang between them,—  
Shabbaboni with his vengeance.  
One swift blow he struck Wadena—  
At his feet she sank down bleeding.  
Then Waubago sprang upon him,  
And they fought like two great tigers.  
Every muscle was extended  
Every nerve strung to its utmost.  
But Waubago won the victory.  
Shabbaboni's life was ended,

He was lying by Wadena.

The moonlight fell in cheerless shivers  
On their upturned, ghastly faces.  
Like a statue stood Waubago:  
All the world had gone out from him—  
For a moment he was speechless;  
Then he stooped and kissed Wadena.  
"Shall I leave them here together?  
No," he said, "I'll take her with me.  
We will go out to the sunset."  
So he bore her on his shoulder,  
Out into the gloomy forest,  
Out into the big swamp country.  
No one ever saw him after,  
No one knows how far he wandered  
With his loved and lost Wadena.

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*II.*  
*ERSTINE.*

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## ERSTINE.

## I.

**E**RSTINE, you have a happy face—  
A rose that's peeping from the dew;  
A lily with its charming grace,—  
The world must have gone well with you?"  
Thus Clarice said, and she replied,  
"Oh, of the world I don't complain,  
And with its gifts I'm satisfied;  
I'm but a link in the great chain,  
That binds us here in joys and ills,  
Where every law itself fulfills."  
"If that's your way of reasoning,  
Perhaps a little seasoning,  
Sometimes thrown in, might do you good,  
You know it makes a change in food?"  
"I know it does; and, too, I know  
That some things have an outward show,  
With inward meaning half concealed;  
So, what must be to me revealed?"  
"Enough, perhaps, to tear away  
The golden veil that crowns your day.  
I would not have your heart to bear  
A burden that mine would not share,

But life and light belong to all—

    We all go on together here;

We see the sunlight rise and fall—

    We walk among the shadows drear,  
And take our meed of praise and blame,  
With throbbing hearts, and eyes aflame.

You think to become Mowbray's bride;

    Your heart to him, perhaps, is true—

But he has thrown your love aside,

    He has turned away from you.

I know—for, last night, by the sea,  
He strolled an hour or two with me,  
Admitting this I think that I

Can all my actions justify.

He said that you were but a dream—

Only a bright, illusive gleam,  
Like light upon a summer sea,

    To fade away, at eventide;

Then turning tenderly to me,

    As if I should his fate decide,

In low, sweet tones he fondly said,  
And thrillingly, 'I thought that we  
Might take again the broken thread  
Of our past lives, and happy be.

That we might weave a web of gold

More dear than the lost one of old,  
That we so rashly laid away  
In anger, one bright summer day.  
The shadows creep out o'er the sea,  
For time, sweet one, is passing by;  
And you must know how anxiously  
I wait to hear your fond reply.  
I saw his loving dark eyes shine  
With glorious light that in them came;  
His face was very close to mine—  
His breath was like a fragrant flame.  
Oh, how could I send him away?  
It was the dawning of a day,  
Above the gloomy depths of night,  
That was upon my life to gleam  
With all its incandescent light,  
More beautiful than any dream.  
So I am to become his bride,  
And take my pathway by his side.  
I thought it best that you should know  
The truth, before it was too late;  
Before you further on should go,  
And make yourself a darker fate.  
But, Erstine, don't so deathly seem,—  
I know it is a cruel blow

To break upon so bright a dream,  
    When everything is all aglow,  
Like in the full tide of the sun.  
    Though it may end in bitter strife,  
It is a destiny begun,  
    That has its impress in its life."  
"Indeed, you have been kind to me:"  
Erstine replied in irony—  
Such irony, so stern and slow,  
    That even on her lips it burned.  
"It is the best the truth to know,  
    To be so generously forewarned,  
And being forewarned, means forearmed,  
So I am not so much alarmed.  
This is a world of loss and gain,  
    With varying skies of light and shade:  
Some cannot in the light remain  
    Like others, so I'm not afraid.  
And if I grope awhile in gloom,  
I still shall think that flowers will bloom  
Again in some dear place for me.—  
But what to you will triumph be?  
A heart that can so soon forget  
    Its tender pleadings for another,  
Ought not to be so richly set.



There may be bright and sunny weather,  
At least, there will be for a time.  
But adverse winds will change the clime."  
"Oh, there shall be no winds nor storms,  
That will upon our ocean rise;  
But golden light that always warms  
The love we place in passion's skies.  
Without a risk there's nothing made,  
And as you said, I'm not afraid—  
And o'er my deeds I will not croon,—  
But I must say good afternoon."  
Then with a swan-like, easy grace,  
She turned away and left the place.

## II.

Erstine watched her fading form  
Till it was gone; and then she said,  
"This is the prelude to the storm  
That is to burst upon my head.  
I cannot tell—I do not know,  
Of what the gathering clouds may be:  
A cobra sleeps, perhaps, to throw  
Its deadly venom over me,  
Or crush me in its clammy coil—  
But I may yet throw out a foil.

But is it true what she has said?  
Oh, why should she thus come to me,  
And raise up the dark form of dread  
To shadow o'er my destiny?  
To tear away the little gems,  
That I had in my diadems?  
Why should she wish to veil my stars,  
That glowed with such celestial light?  
Is it one of those petty wars,  
So often bred and born of spite.  
And that are waged under the sail,  
That's borne along in friendship's gale?  
I know I have not tried to bring  
Across her pathway anything  
To cast a gloomy shadow there,  
Or make a burden or a care.  
But I will know the worst from him,  
For he may tear the veil away,  
That makes the light so cold and dim,  
And hides the happy face of day.  
Ah, even now his step I hear—  
Perhaps I have not much to fear."

## III.

He quickly came and by her stood:

But when he saw her sullen mood,  
It drove the hot blood from his face.  
But with a charming easy grace  
He said, "Why are you sad today?  
You have no sweet, glad smile for me.  
But let me kiss your gloom away—  
Oh, come to me and sheltered be."  
And like a little wave of light  
In resting from some distant flight,  
An instant in her face there came  
Just the slightest touch of flame.  
And then she said, "I thought that I  
Had ceased to be beloved by you:  
That you had thrown my fond love by:  
That you had been to me untrue.  
And rudely veiled the golden light  
That made my life so glad and bright.  
Ah, do you know what you have done?  
How many times your lips have said  
In all this world there was not one—  
Not one, that had so bright a head  
As I, or was so dear to you.  
I fondly thought that it was true—  
It brought a pleasant dream to me.  
Poor, silly girl, I did not know,

I had not learned that there might be  
An undertide—a deeper flow  
Down in your heart—I could not see.  
I looked out on the plain of life,  
Away into the future years.  
There, there were no scenes of strife,  
And no dark hours of gloom or tears.  
I seemed to see a home of ours,  
Embowered in orange groves and flowers.  
All that the fondest hearts could claim—  
All that the dearest lips could name,  
Or improvise by hand of man.  
Bright fountains gleaming in the sun,  
And little rivulets that ran,  
Across the meadows brown and dun.  
And oh, it was a glorious dream,  
That for a time had caught the gleam  
Of Paradise, and brightly given  
The outer glimpses of a heaven.  
Alas! how little do we know  
Of what the present may conceal,  
Or what the future may o'erthrow,  
Or in its coming hours reveal:  
You have rudely swept away  
All the soft and flaming lights

That we had placed in grand array,  
Upon our fancy's loftiest heights."  
"No, no," he said, "you do not see—  
They still are there in grand array:  
Like golden stars they seem to me,  
And bright and beautiful as day.  
I know not what strange power has done  
This thing, that has your heart so tried:  
To me you are the same loved one,  
More dear than all the world beside.  
So you can take your dream again,  
And gather up its broken chain,  
And make it just as dear as when,  
'Twas lost to you, in gloom and pain.  
And that dear home—it shall be ours,  
Embowered in orange groves and flowers.  
All that your dear lips can name,  
And all that our fond hearts can claim:  
Bright fountains gleaming in the sun,  
And little rivulets that run,  
Across the meadows brown and dun."  
He looked into her dusky eyes,  
For tears and love were shining there,  
In such a sweet and glad surprise,  
It seemed they had been born of prayer.

And she replied, "It cannot be  
That you are now deceiving me?"  
"Deceiving you? No, darling, no!  
For that would be a cruel blow,  
Unworthy of the vilest hand—  
But who this sudden flame has fanned?"  
"Clarice was here awhile today,  
And in a quiet friendly way,  
Said you had thrown my love aside,  
And she was to become your bride."  
"Indeed," he said, "I did not know—  
I had not learned that it was so.  
She has spoken an untruth,  
She to be my bride, forsooth?  
But let it pass, we need not fear  
The gloom of such an offering—  
For life is sweet, and love is dear,  
And will to us their blessings bring,  
As we along our journey go—  
But see, the sun is red and low  
And dropping down the western sky;  
And odorous winds are passing by.  
On every side is beauty glowing  
Warmth and light and love bestowing.  
Your lips have caught the roses' bloom—

Your breath has taken its perfume.  
And on your cheek is lightly laid  
A sweet, shy blush, more charming made  
By the soft light of your bright eyes,  
Gates of your soul, impassioned skies.  
But look, and see the sunset gleam,  
Like banks of gold with glowing sheen;  
There great red spots, with leaf and seam,  
Are stitched with azure lace between;  
While sable scarfs are drawn across  
    Through orange flames, from place to place,  
With many a gorgeous, grand emboss,  
    Warm from the sunshine's last embrace.  
And woven through the fading light  
Are little belts of blue and white;  
But fainter, fainter grows each trace,  
Fading away in distant space."  
"And see," she answers with delight,  
"The dusky tresses of the night,  
While with her silver hand she ties  
The arch of stars across the skies,  
And tears away the golden lace  
That day has left on Luna's face.  
It is a grand and glorious hour  
    For loving hearts like ours to meet;

There seems to be some secret power,  
That makes our happiness complete."

## IV.

"Ah, from the seed I've sown today  
What will the harvest bring to me?"  
Said Clarice, as she looked away  
Across the shore along the sea.  
"I do not care; I only tried  
To set her glorious love aside,  
And leave in her proud heart instead,  
The gloominess of doubt and dread.  
Her love is not like mine, I know,  
For mine is like a lava flame,  
And mad and sweeping in its flow.  
Sometimes I think of it with shame,  
When surging through my throbbing veins,  
And try to break the burning chains.  
But I could just as well retire  
The moon from its accustomed place  
As smother out this charming fire  
That sends its flashes to my face.  
There are some hearts that never know  
The depths of passion mine has gained;  
They only love's sweet feeling show,



Like a frail leaf that's scarcely stained.  
Oh, if I could but lay aside  
The mantle I so long have worn,  
And break the stinging clasps of pride,  
There might be then a different morn,  
A gleaming on the distant heights—  
An oriflame of opal lights.  
I turned from Rodman's offering—  
For Mowbray was my chosen king;  
And he must not with Erstine wed,  
For she were better cold and dead  
And in her grave, than it should be,  
When he is so beloved by me.  
I know that I have sinned in this  
Dark thought so close akin to crime;  
But I cannot its form dismiss,  
It rises up from time to time,  
And in the shadows dark and dim  
It stands, a spectre gaunt and grim,  
A cruel Nemesis of fate,  
That seems for some dark hour to wait.  
But there are times that we forget,  
Of what may be the eternal life;  
When in our hearts base plants we set,  
And nourish them with crime and strife.

Oh, I must not be too much driven,  
So as to lose my hope of Heaven.  
Ah, even now I've gone so far,  
That it may all my future mar.  
But nothing risked, there's nothing gained,  
And when a cause is well sustained  
A triumph is more sure to come;—  
But heart and lips must not be dumb,  
For everything in love is fair,  
Then why should I her feelings spare?  
And why should I not, too, prepare,  
Myself for any secret deed,  
And grasp the knife, if there is need,  
With all the clutching force of doom?  
But night would come with blinding gloom  
No, no, not that; I dare not bring  
    Upon my soul so dark a stain;  
And yet it seems the only thing  
    That I can do to break the chain.  
I only hope—I do not know,  
    If his proud love will e'er be mine.”  
Then breaking down in utter woe  
    She wept and sobbed at sorrow's shrine.

## V.

“Clarice in tears?” a low voice said—  
She had not heard the approaching tread,  
And with a look of mute despair  
She turned, and finding Rodman there,  
She said, “You here to see my woe?  
I did not want that you should know  
That I could ever dare to weep,  
But sometimes life’s pools are so deep,  
They overflow their mossy brinks,  
And like the morning sun that drinks  
The dew drops from the lily stem  
And makes the bud a brighter gem,  
They fill the soul with softer light,  
They wash away its gloom and blight.”  
“But, Clarice, they cannot restore  
What we have lost, or what is o’er;  
Nor always check the burning flame  
That leaps up from the tortured soul,  
Or when we fall from higher aim  
That we had taken for our goal.  
So if you have a sorrow now,  
That casts a shadow on your brow  
That golden sunlight ought to span,  
I will for you do what I can.”

"I thank you for your generous aid,  
But if I seem to be in shade,  
I think that I can struggle on  
Until I see the breaking dawn."

"The dawn may not so soon appear—  
A long and weary night is drear.  
To wait and watch and hope for one,  
Or something, that may never be,  
Is like a sky that has no sun,  
To give it warmth and brilliancy."

"Indeed," she answered, "who of me  
Says I am waiting for some one,  
Or something that may never be?"

"Is it not true," he answered her,  
"That Mowbray is the one alone,  
Of all the world that you prefer,  
The idol on your fond heart's throne?"

He stopped, for in her kindling eyes  
He saw the flames of anger rise.  
Her face had grown as white as death,  
And speaking just above her breath,  
"Is this all that your heart can say?

Is this what you can do for me?  
To strike me when I'm not at bay?  
Oh, all the paths that I can see,

Where I expected flowers to bloom,  
Are intricate and full of gloom!"  
He answered her, "I did not mean  
To give you pain, but intervene  
And set aside what seemed to me  
A cold and hopeless destiny."  
"Do you believe," she answered him,  
    "That destiny is made by man?  
No, no, it is the breath of Him  
    Who holds the great eternal plan."  
He answered, "We can never solve  
    The subtle mysteries of life;  
Nor can we from our hearts evolve  
    The hope of love, or fear of strife.  
But we can live so as to bring  
    A happy sunlight in our skies—  
Or we may do some dreadful thing,  
    And get the death that with it lies."  
"Indeed," she said, "we have the right  
To use the laws of love and light;  
If there are things that I might gain  
That others want, must I refrain  
Because they want them, and not try  
To gain them, but pass quietly by?"  
"But, Clarice, what I said forget.

I think of it now with regret.  
No, no, I would not give you pain,  
Or bind you with unwilling chain  
To bear along the aisles of time:  
    But would bring such a joy to you  
That life would find a happy clime  
    With skies forever bright and blue.  
The sun would shine with rosy light,  
The stars would never be less bright  
In their broad arch of firmament.  
Oh, every color should be blent  
With gold and amethystine rays.  
The sky with glorious light ablaze.  
There was a time when you and I  
    Were more than friends as friendship goes:  
We loved the moments passing by,  
    And every evening's happy close  
Was full of tenderness and light—  
That made the world more dear and bright.  
We gathered roses in their bloom—  
We almost lived on their perfume.  
It was too sweet a joy to last,  
And looking back upon the past  
I see where it was swept away  
One time, when we were on the bay.

Our boat was but a little shell,  
Or light and fairy like in form.  
Among the waves it rose and fell  
With graceful ease, and no alarm  
Was felt until we turned, to find  
The shore was left so far behind  
That night would let her curtains down,  
Of dusky shadows dark and brown,  
Before we could get back again  
Across the waves where we had been.  
The wind was blowing from the shore,  
A fleecy vapor scudded o'er  
The water's face, and left it gray  
With undulating mist and spray.  
Our little boat still stood the test,  
And struggled on from crest to crest.  
But what could we with it avail,  
A slender thing so slight and frail,  
Against the waves when night had come,  
The cruel waves so dark and dumb?  
At last the dreadful crisis came  
And we were in the sobbing sea;  
I felt that I was much to blame,  
But in your faith you clung to me.  
You said, 'Loved one, oh, hold me fast;

Together we will pass the gate,  
It will not be so hard at last,  
For neither one will have to wait.'  
I looked around upon the deep:  
A black veil was upon its face—  
'Yes, love,' I said, 'my hold I'll keep,  
It is, indeed, our last embrace.'  
Above us was a murky dome—  
Around us was a wall of foam  
And lashing waves, that rose and fell  
With threatening death in every swell,  
'But what is that?' you said to me.  
I looked and saw a flaming light—  
A star that rose up from the sea,  
And gleamed out on the darkening night,  
I answered you, 'It is a ray  
Of hope that falls upon our way,  
Though breaking waves around us leap  
We yet may be saved from the deep.'  
And you in trusting faith replied,  
'Oh, hold me closely to your side.'  
Like a great bird on the sea,  
Tossing in the mass of waves,  
There came a sail to you and me,  
And we were saved from watery graves.



Like a naiad with your charms,  
I gave you into Mowbray's arms.  
And since that time you have not been  
To me the same kind, trusting friend  
And loving, as I thought you then.  
Oh, Clarice, when is it to end?  
Be mine, and I will bring to you  
A love that always will be true."  
"I would not come to you and bring  
    But sorrow, crouching in the dust,  
But with love's holiest offering,  
    To compensate your truth and trust  
And that can never, never be,  
There is a different fate for me,  
But what it is, I do not know:  
There are so many things that throw  
Their gloomy shadows o'er my way,  
That I can see but little day.  
But life is like a changing tide—  
Sometimes its walls of gloom divide  
And I may see the fields of blue  
In gorgeous sunlight gleaming through."  
"I hope so, Clarice," he replied,  
"And all your longings satisfied."

## VI.

'Tis night, and Erstine, in her sleep,  
Is wandering in the land of dreams:  
She sees dark shadows round her creep  
Till everything so deathly seems,  
As if her life had gone from her;  
Nor hand, nor foot that she could stir.  
Her speech is lost in smothered breath—  
Is it a dream, or is it death?  
Through the latticed window loop  
Streams the moonlight cold and pale,  
And where the jetty lashes droop  
Upon her cheek it spreads a veil,  
A silver gossamer of light,  
Bordered with the dusk of night.  
A sickening odor fills the room,  
That might be a death perfume.  
Some one is there, with pulses warm,  
Some one with wild and flaming eyes.  
Is it a fiend in human form?  
No, no, a woman in disguise.  
One hand sinks down to Erstine's breast,  
There just above her heart to rest.  
A dagger in the other gleams,  
Or little poniard sharp and slim.

And like a Nemesis she seems,  
    Standing there with visage grim.  
Her hand is raised to strike the blow—  
Now it descends—in mercy, no!  
A friendly hand has intervened,  
And like a lost and reckless fiend,  
Whose last fond hope is swept away,  
She for a moment stands at bay,  
And then she says, with hissing sneer,  
    *“You have followed me tonight,  
You, whose friendship was so dear.  
    Ah, it was the breath of spite—  
The scorching flame of burning hate—  
But you cannot recall my fate,  
Nor turn aside your own sealed doom,  
In heaven or hell there will be room  
Within this hour for you and me,  
When we have crossed death’s dreaded sea.  
Do you think I can now survive?  
And I will not leave you alive—  
No, Rodman, you shall not remain,  
To know that I have borne this stain.”*  
*“Oh, Clarice, stop, while there is time,  
And stain not your fair hands with crime.”*  
A mocking laugh, and then a blow,

And Rodman sank down at her feet.  
And then she said, "I, too, must go  
I must the avenging angel meet,  
But must I turn to Erstine first,  
I think that I am mad tonight:  
I've done enough to be accursed  
Forever more in endless blight."  
Again the little dagger gleamed,  
Again it fell with heavy thud,  
And from her stricken bosom streamed  
Hot and spouting jets of blood.—  
Two dead faces, white and wan,  
Caught the moonlight's silver rays,  
And when the dusky night was gone,  
And all the world with light ablaze,  
It was a sad scene that was found,  
That in the morning sunlight gleamed:  
Death and blood-pools all around,—  
Erstine in stupor, drugged, it seemed:  
But no one of the night scenes knew,  
No one had the slightest clue,  
Mowbray came, and what he guessed  
Was never to the world expressed.  
"But what was Rodman doing there?  
Was he part of the crime to bear?"

No one could say how it had been,  
No one could call them back again.  
Erstine regained life's happy tide  
And in due time was Mowbray's bride.



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*III.*  
*MOLGA.*

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## MOLGA.

## I.

**H**ÈRE beside the murmuring sea  
I have waited long for him;  
He said that he would come to me  
Before the golden day grew dim.  
And now the last red blush is gone,  
Just the slightest flush appears,  
A little belt that has been drawn  
Across a vale of silver tears.  
I was here in ample time  
To see the red flames upward climb,  
And fringe the fleecy clouds with glints  
Of gold and amber, purple tints,  
Orange flame and amethyst,  
Blended in a woof of mist,  
With floating breaths of smoky-green,  
That grandly glorified the scene.  
If he could have been here to share  
It with me, and to feel its power,  
It had been like a blessed prayer,  
To consecrate the holy hour,  
To set unholy thoughts aside  
And bind our hearts in closer bands,

That memory would with love and pride  
Enshrine among the soul's commands.  
But night from her sun-bordered loom  
Is letting down a web of gloom.  
And through its broad and dusky bars,  
Gleam out the silver belts of stars.  
I turn from them to watch the sea—  
I look upon the tossing waves,  
And strange, weird fancies come to me:  
I seem to see the sea-weed caves  
Where emerald waters round them close,  
Down where the wandering peri goes."  
Just then some one stepped to her side  
And in her heart a glad cry came,  
But ere it reached her lips had died:  
For dark, hot eyes, with passion flame,  
Had for the moment struck her dumb;  
And then she said, "Why did you come?  
As far apart as sky and sea  
Must be the lives of you and me."  
"Indeed," he said, "my haughty friend,  
Our lives so much together blend,  
So much are clasped and held by fate  
That you have made the distance great.  
You thought some other one to meet,

When first you turned and found me here.  
Revenge has come with flying feet;  
And death,—it may be very near.  
I could not dare to do a wrong,  
Oh, no—although my hand is strong:  
But you can see this is no play—  
I've thrown the silken mask away  
That hid the darkness of my heart,  
And now I stand revealed in part.  
And I have sworn that you shall be  
But mine, if in eternity."

"Then break your oath, for I will not."

He answered her, "We are alone,  
This is a wild and lonely spot,  
The light is veiled that lately shone,  
The gray has faded into brown,  
For night has let her curtains down,  
And dusky shadows all around,  
Rise up like spectres from the ground.  
The sougning of the waves we hear  
Enough to make one start with fear,  
And wildly for assistance cry,  
When death is brooding—death is nigh."

"This is," she said, "a passion storm,  
From your dark heart of no great harm."

And he replied in mocking scorn,  
"Ah, it may break your crystals down—  
There may be no effulgent morn—  
You may not wear love's rosy crown.  
A bolt of fire can be concealed  
In deadly blast, and not revealed."  
"God makes the destinies of life.  
He will protect me in my strife—  
He will protect the loving one  
That waits for you from day to day,  
And with each slowly setting sun  
Lays her faded hopes away."  
"I did not mean to leave her there,  
And this before my God I'll swear."  
"Your God is not that Blessed One—  
The Great Omnipotent of all,  
The Father, Holy Ghost and Son,  
But he who made the angels fall."  
"It matters not; I tried to be  
True to my trust until I saw  
In your dark eyes such witchery,  
That I forgot myself, and law."  
"Then call your memory back again  
And take the old discarded chain."  
"No, no, I cannot do that now—

I've placed a brand upon my brow;  
I must go on with fear and dread:  
I've gone so far I can't go back,  
Lansden's blood is on my head,  
I've put the law upon my track."  
"Oh, monster, fiend, what have you done?  
Where is that hapless, stricken one?  
For I must hasten to his side,"  
She in her wailing anguish cried.  
He answered her, "Why should you know?  
You shall not from my presence go."  
And clasping her in his embrace  
His kisses rained upon her face.  
With desperate might she sprang away,  
And for a moment stood at bay,  
Then like a wounded, hunted doe,  
She fled from her pursuing foe.  
It was a race for life or death—  
At last she paused, panting for breath,  
And backward looked. "Oh God," cried she,  
"He's coming on and close to me!"  
And quickly bounding off again,  
She fled across a sheltering plain:  
Then turned aside, and stooping down  
Within a shadow's dusky frown,

Where foliage hung above her head,  
She waited there with fear and dread  
And bated breath till he passed by;  
Then with a glad and thankful cry,  
She turned her steps another way.  
The moonlight all around her lay,  
And wild and weird in it she seemed  
As her long, loose hair backward streamed,  
Ah, she is down upon her knees,  
And in a pale, set face she sees,  
Staring and wild, her lover's eyes.  
"Oh Heaven!" she in her anguish cries,  
"'Tis Lansden, my beloved one, dead!"  
Then she gently raised his head,  
There still were quivering sobs of breath—  
Just on the dark confines of death.  
With tender care she stanch'd the blood,  
When life came back with pulsing flood.  
But still her heart was faint with dread:  
She pressed her lips upon his brow,  
And in her sweetest accents said,  
"Oh, darling, don't you know me now?  
But let me look into your eyes,  
For I can see them through the gloom:  
They are my light, my sunny skies,

And where my lilies are in bloom,  
Of course you could not come to view  
With me, the red flames in the sky—  
And I was even blaming you,  
When you were left alone to die.”  
“Oh, Molga, what fate brought you here?”  
“Hush, love, you have been very near  
To death, and must not try to speak,  
For loss of blood has made you weak.  
'Twas Irwin's hand that struck the blow—  
You think it strange that I should know?  
He came to me with dark intent,  
His eyes ablaze with frightful gleams:  
He seemed some fiend that fate had sent  
To break in on my happy dreams.  
I did not dare to turn aside,  
Or plead for any offering—  
But firmly all his threats defied;  
At last I touched a secret spring—  
His heart was opened, I could see  
The treasures he had buried there,  
And for a while it seemed to me,  
That they had once been blessed with prayer.  
But when he told what he had done,  
That you were stricken down and dead,

Then all was changed—the very sun  
Was turned to blood, the stars were red,  
The air was flame—it seemed that I  
Should in that dreadful moment die.  
His evil nature then returned,  
And when he caught me in his arms,  
And on my face his kisses burned,  
'Twas then that all of life's alarms  
Were struck at once—and in my fright,  
I sprang away into the night—  
But there is some one passing by  
And I must for assistance cry."

## II.

Time passed along, and Autumn came  
With gorgeous banners all aflame.  
Red and yellow, green and gold,  
From mountain top to sunny wold.  
'Twas eventide, and night's pale eyes  
Were peeping through the sun-set land,  
Where they could see the gloom breaths rise,  
And blend into a dusky band  
That stretched across the dead day's breast  
From north to south, from east to west.  
Amanda, from her lonely room,



Looked out upon the deepening gloom.  
"This," she said, "will pass away  
When there comes another day.  
When the sun again shall bring  
Warmth and light, the birds will sing.  
But I, held in the clutch of fate,  
From day to day must hope and wait.  
Oh, Irwin, Irwin, come to me;  
Why should this dreadful silence be?"  
But what is it that startles her?  
Sets every throbbing pulse astir?  
A tender light comes in her eyes,  
And with a cry of glad surprise  
She rushes into his embrace,  
With lip to lip and face to face.  
"Oh, Irwin, it was long to wait—  
It seemed an everlasting fate."  
"I know it was," he kindly said,  
"But we are done with doubt and dread.  
Within this dear old home of ours  
We will have our books and flowers:  
Just as we did in days gone by,  
When all around was glad and bright  
And over us love's rosy sky,  
Was full of soft, impassioned light.

And every day I'll try to bring,  
A sweeter, dearer offering."  
"That you are here," she answered him,  
    "Has brought the sunlight back to me,  
The beacon light that was so dim,  
    That I had almost ceased to see  
Through the deep gloom, that was so nigh,  
    Is now revealed in blazing form,  
And we shall past the dark cliffs by—  
    And safely shelter from the storm.  
Oh, everything is changed to me,  
The sky is like a crystal sea,  
The stars like opals growing there,  
Or what the eyes of night gods are.  
How much a life can bless a life  
    Within its glowing horoscope,  
And blend each little pulse of strife  
    In one great tide of love and hope.  
Then joy is throbbing in the soul,  
    While love is looking from the eye—  
Ah: 'tis a grand and glorious role,  
    For life is like a sunny sky."  
"Indeed, it is, if thus we dream;  
    But when there comes a thunder shower  
And little chains of lightning gleam—

'Tis then we find a darker hour;  
'Tis then our hearts go back again  
To their old haunts of gloom and pain;  
And we can see what we have been,  
And know what was our loss and gain."  
"You must not try to frighten me,"

She answered in a playful way,  
"For there is nothing I can see  
To bring to us a darker day."  
"But I have been untrue to you—  
I did not mean to be untrue;  
But Molga, with her witching smile,  
Had crossed my path, and for a while  
It seemed to me that I was mad,  
Or that I some delirium had.  
A fierce, wild passion filled my soul,  
And held me under its control,  
A sweet and subtle poison giving,  
And I forgot that you were living.  
But she was pledged, a bride to be,  
And coldly turned away from me.  
This fanned the flame of jealous fire  
That had been kindled in the time,  
That blinded me with visions dire  
Until I madly turned to crime.—

But I was saved," he quickly said,  
For he had seen her changing face  
Grow like the features of the dead,  
When each pale shadow takes its place.  
"And you must not lose faith in me,  
For henceforth I will loyal be."  
"Your loyalty cannot restore  
To me, the bright scenes I had formed.  
Now all my fondest hopes are o'er—  
The soft light gone, where I had warmed."  
"Not so, loved one, bright lights will glow  
Along the way that we must go."  
And then he bravely told her all:  
And when we let the curtain fall  
And stepped out in the gloomy night,  
Their home was full of love and light.

## III.

"How time goes by! it scarcely seems  
A six months since I waited here,  
And watched the sunset's fading gleams,"  
Said Molga, "Yet has passed a year—  
A whole long year to you and me,  
And oh, how long it seemed to be:

For you were traveling back again  
From near the great dividing shore—  
Where in your weakness you had been—  
But you are well and strong once more  
And I am now your happy bride.”  
And he in loving words replied,  
“The golden star that leads me on  
And gives each day a brighter dawn.”  
“It is a blissful thing,” she said,  
“To go through life as we are going;  
To see bright visions rise ahead  
In their gorgeous splendor glowing,  
To dream bright dreams and tint them o'er  
With all the rainbow hues of life,  
While sailing by a peaceful shore,  
Where nothing is disturbed by strife.”  
“I hope it may be always so,”  
He answered, “but we do not know  
What the Great Hand from us conceals:  
Yet, as each passing hour reveals  
Our destinies, we will keep bright  
Our altar fires, with love and light.  
That will live on with us the same,  
In holy, pure, impassioned flame.”

“Indeed we will—but see, the night  
Is reaching out its dusky hand,  
And tying shadows o’er the light  
That’s fading off to dreamy land.”

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VI.  
*MISCELLANEOUS.*

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## DREAMLAND.

I've just come back from dreamland,  
And I'll tell you what I saw  
In weird and mystic dreamland,  
Where there seems to be no law.

I saw a thousand maidens—  
They were all in white arrayed;  
There were old and youthful maidens,  
And on golden harps they played.

A rainbow hung from heaven,  
Like an arch across the night,  
And all its colors seven  
Were bathed in crystal light.

And glories underlying,  
Like filmy folds of lace,  
Made me think of flying  
Into boundless space.

Up and up I mounted,  
Like a lark toward the sun,  
And my throbbing pulse I counted  
Till half a mile was done.

Then I caught upon the rainbow,

And I glided on and on,  
On and on along the rainbow,  
Like a lark toward the sun.

A long way was before me,  
And the earth, I saw it fall;  
While the starry islands o'er me  
Seemed to beckon and to call.

And like a flash I glided  
On and on along my way;  
But the rainbow soon divided,  
Or was melted into day.

The stars around were showing,  
And I took my course through them:  
Oh, such a gorgeous glowing!  
Oh, such a diadem!

It was the haze of heaven  
Submerged in crystal lights,  
Where no storm breath was driven  
Around the Eternal Heights.

Only a pulsing quiver,  
Like the wings of some great bird,  
Or a mighty rushing river

When its waters have been stirred,

But I saw a comet coming,  
With a trail as bright as day:  
And everything was humming,  
And it took me on its way.

I was perched upon the comet,  
So far away from home,  
And going farther from it  
In endless space to roam.

I saw the burning ocean  
That flows around the sun—  
Molten gold in motion,  
Like waves together run.

But on the comet speeded,  
Through a labyrinth of years,  
Passing by unheeded  
A thousand million spheres.

Little starlets hiding  
In the torches of the day:  
And gorgeous planets gliding  
Where the milky shadows lay.

With their circles and their motions,

As they whirled around the sun,  
And fell into the oceans  
That were blended into one.

It was a scene of wonder,  
That grandly glowing dome,  
Crystal god placed under  
The arches of his home.

## THOU ART NIGH.

In the breaking of the morning,  
When the sun-lips kiss the sky,  
All the world with light adorning,  
Then we know that Thou art nigh.

In the noon-tide's fullest glowing,  
When it falls on land and sea,  
All Thy wond'rous blessings showing,  
Then we know they come from Thee.

And when the night, its face unveiling,  
Hangs its torches up on high  
In little worlds like ships asailing,  
Then, too, we know that Thou art nigh.

## OUT ON THE BAY.

Out on the bay a little boat glides  
With a youth and a maiden fair:  
Over the rising tide it rides,  
Like a seagull through the air;  
They look not back on the lessening shore,  
For their hearts are deeply stirred,  
And he who plies the glistening oar  
Says never a single word.  
Away before them the breakers rise,  
Their roar comes down like a doom—  
“Return, oh, return;” the maiden cries,  
“The sky is a gulf of gloom.”  
But he still rows on in his desperate way,  
And says never a single word.  
While the wind comes sweeping across the bay  
And muttering thunder is heard.  
“Oh, John,” she cries, and her face is white,  
As the foam on the tossing sea,  
“I know, I know that I’ve not done right—  
But oh, have pity on me:  
I did not know that I loved you so.  
Till now, when it is too late.  
Oh, see how the wild waves rush and flow,

Bearing us on to our fate."  
His face relaxed and a tender flame,  
Like a crimson flash of light,  
Just for an instant over it came,  
Then left it ghastly and white.  
He looks around on the angry waves,  
With their hungry tongues of foam,  
And for the moment his spirit craves  
The loving blessings of home.  
"Oh, Savior," he cries out, "what have I done?  
In my blindness I turned from Thee,  
The Father, the Great and Eternal One  
Who rules on the land and the sea.  
Now in this dreadful hour of fate,  
I ask for but strength to save  
This precious maiden, if not too late,  
From a deep and threat'ning grave."  
The storm sweeps down from the angry sky  
And whirls their boat in its way,  
Then comes a wild and despairing cry  
From out of the foam and spray.  
The maiden was found cast up on the shore,  
And again brought back to life;  
But he who had plied the glistening oar  
Was lost in the mad waves' strife.

## THE SUMMER QUEEN.

June has come with starry eyes,  
And with her wind-feet treads the vales;  
She brings the Summer in her skies  
And in her seas the swallow sails.

Her crowns of blossoms brightly glow,  
Resting in their beds of bloom;  
And lily-cups swing to and fro,  
While she sips their sweet perfume.

She weaves her garbs with golden hand,  
And spreads them out in grand array,  
Until the glowing scenes expand  
And mingle with the blushing day.

She ties the fields with scarfs of green,  
And builds for birds their leafy bowers—  
She is, indeed, the Summer Queen,  
With starry eyes and breath of flowers.



## MORNING SCENES.

The dawn comes creeping in the sky  
It slowly brightens in the east,  
And little birds from nestlings fly  
To bring them back the morning feast.  
The woodlands bend beneath the breeze  
That comes up from the briny deep:  
And peeping through the swaying trees,  
The sun's red eyes, no more asleep.  
With springing step and gleaming pail  
Phyllis goes down to the spring,  
But pauses on the beaten trail  
To hear the happy robin sing.  
And Jack Monell, just passing by,  
Turns and hastens to her side—  
She starts along a little shy—  
The path is not so very wide,  
And Jack says, "Phyllis, lean on me,  
Thou knowest that it has got to be."  
And she in scornful tone replies,  
With crimson cheek and flashing eyes,  
"I know that thou hast thought it must  
But I must to myself be just:—  
Who was it that I saw last night

Just after dusk, along with thee?  
Her face was fair, her eyes were bright—  
It seemed thou didst not think of me.  
I heard thy voice pledging a vow,  
I saw thy lips pressed on her brow—  
Go back to her, I will not wear  
A love that is dropped everywhere.

## CUPID ON HORSEBACK.

'Tis delightful to ride on a cool, crisp day,  
When the sun comes down in a slanting way,  
And the long grass waves on the flowery plain,  
And the fields are brown with the shocks of grain,  
While the rustling corn swings to and fro,  
As it gleams in the light along the row.  
They canter along at an easy pace,  
And a sweet, shy blush is on Eleanor's face.  
As he says to her in a tender tone,  
"Your beauty has never so brightly shone  
As now, when I look in your lustrous eyes,  
The dusky depths of impassioned skies,  
And see the love that is glowing there,  
Hallowed and sweet with the breath of prayer;  
And every impulse of mine shall show  
The glorious light of the after glow."  
In a low, soft voice she answers him,  
"We must hurry along—see, the earth's red rim;  
And yet it is pleasant and sweet to be  
So beloved, and to have you here with me;  
And I always shall love this gallop of ours  
O'er the grassy mead, through the beds of flowers."

## LIGHTS AND SHADES.

“So we at last have come together?  
Face to face have met each other  
Here beside this tropic sea?  
Is it the hand of destiny?  
I have thought that we should never  
Meet this side the Great Forever;  
That we should never talk again  
Of what the past to us has been.  
But now that you are here with me,  
We will go back a while and see  
If you or I have been to blame.  
The evening was in sunset flame—  
The yellow fields of grain were glowing—  
The cows were going home and lowing;  
All along the vales and dells  
Was heard the tinkle of their bells;  
We walked along in light and shade,  
    Until we reached the elm tree;  
It seemed that every moment made  
    Your life and love more dear to me.  
The little lake below us gleamed,  
    Where lilies drooped their graceful forms  
And in their dusky splendor seemed

To have more than their usual charms.  
A belt of oriflame and gold  
Was drawn across the western sky,  
Where sunbeams in their chariots rolled,  
And crimson torches flamed on high.  
We looked upon the glowing scene  
With rapture swelling in our hearts:  
Above us was the evening queen—  
Around us were the busy marts.  
But night was letting down her gloom  
In dusky shadows here and there,  
And fragrance from the beds of bloom  
Filled every subtle pulse of air  
I looked into your loving eyes,  
I took your trembling hand, and said,  
'My darling, this is Paradise,  
And angel eyes are overhead.'  
Your answer was, 'It seems to me  
As near a heaven as it can be.'  
And I replied, 'I hope that none,  
Like Satan of the olden time  
When Eve and Adam were made one,  
Will enter in our happy clime.'  
And then we parted, you and I,  
Each one with a fond good bye:

I, to go across the sea,  
You, to wait and watch for me  
Till I should come again to you.  
Oh, have you to your trust been true?  
At first your letters came to me  
    With all the fondness I could ask;  
And then they changed, or seemed to be  
    Couched in a cold and cruel mask.  
At last they ceased to come at all,  
    And I could only hope and wait  
For what, I was too proud to call.  
    But it was only mocking fate—  
Was only bringing back to me  
A sad and tender memory.”  
“To you my letters were *not* changed,  
    But all a tender love could say.  
It was your heart that was estranged,  
    That laid its loving crown away  
You said I need not write again—  
    I could not think the words were true,  
But they were there and bold and plain  
    What else was there that I could do?”  
“I never wrote them; how could I  
When every moment passing by  
But brought your image back to me

The same sweet face I used to see?"  
"Nor did I write what you received—  
Oh, we have both been much aggrieved:  
But now the plain truth I can see—  
My guardian wants to marry me,  
And he has done this wicked thing:  
But it will nothing to him bring,  
Only my scorn and bitter hate,  
So fallen from his high estate:  
I trusted him to be my friend—  
This is the last—the very end;  
But it has torn the veil away  
And I can see the dawning day  
That's coming with its golden gleams  
To give us back our happy dreams."  
"It is, indeed, the rosy dawn  
That comes after the gloom is gone.  
The fervent glow of golden light  
That comes up from the dusky night;  
And now, while in its dawning blaze,  
With the love of bygone days  
We will pledge our vows anew—  
We will shake the golden dew,  
That is so sweet and free from strife  
Into the chalice cups of life."

## THE GOLDEN GODS.

Down in the sunset vale  
The golden gods are at play:  
Their flaming robes and their glittering mail  
Is the sheen of the dying day.

They wade in the fields of blue  
That are rimmed with the opal flame,  
And amethyst seas are sweeping through  
The paths where their footsteps came.

Their breath is an amber mist  
That floats away on the air:  
And the orange flames have their red lips kissed,  
And have left their impress there.—

But the Empress Night close by  
Reaches out her dusky hand  
And places her lanterns along the sky,  
And binds them with silvery band.



## WHAT IS IT BRINGING?

Away in the land where the Britons are fighting  
And the boom of the cannon rings out on the air;  
Many brave ones on the death scroll are writing.  
Their names, to be read when they cease to be there.

Ah, who can foretell of what it is bringing?  
The future is hidden away from the eye—  
Only the bells of today are ringing  
The joys and the sorrows as time goes by.

But God in His justice will rule in the battle;  
The blood that is flowing will not be in vain;  
Though thousands go down like "dumb driven cattle,"  
Their spirits will rise up in grandeur again.

## WHEN THE TWILIGHT WAS FADING.

One time when the twilight was fading  
    Away in the gloom of the west,  
And the moon through the blue sea was wading,  
    And Night in her laces was dressed;  
I walked on the strand of a river  
    That pours its bright floods in the sea,  
While the wind, with a rustle and quiver,  
    Brought odors of roses to me.  
By my side was a dark eyed woman,  
    Lovely and graceful in form—  
An angel, and yet she was human,  
    With all of love's sweetness and charm.  
I said, "See, the shadows are creeping  
    Up from their red beds of gold,  
And the stars from their couches are peeping  
    Down upon woodland and wold.  
The world with its scenes lies before us,  
    Our pathways are fragrant and bright,  
Let us choose while the blue arches o'er us  
    Are mellowed and hallowed with light."  
We paused in the soft, glowing splendor:  
    Our voices were trembling and low;  
But love made them earnest and tender:

And there in the sweet dusky glow,  
On the strand of that murmuring river  
That pours its bright floods in the sea,  
We plighted our vows forever,  
Whatever to us it might be.

## A WORD OR TWO.

A word or two I found today,  
In looking o'er some letters old,  
That long ago I laid away,  
More precious to me than gold,  
And kept as priceless treasures yet  
That memory never can forget.  
A word or two from a fond heart,  
Not meaningless nor idly spoken:  
But just such ones as would impart  
The knowledge of a tender token;  
Or a life of happy dreams,  
When all the world so golden seems.  
"A word or two" that brings to me  
The orchard where we used to hide—  
Where underneath an apple tree  
A little maid sat by my side:  
And we together talked of days,  
That should, to us, be dear and bright;  
And looking through the golden haze  
Forgot that there was ever night.  
We did not heed the passing hours,  
Our happy hearts were full of flowers

Just bursting into lovely bloom.  
Ah, well! the night came, with its gloom;  
The fragrant flowers are dead and gone;  
And I, alone, am plodding on

## ZINA.

Thy brow hath beauty round it wreathed  
As sweet as mortals ever wear;  
And in thy soul an angel breathed  
And left its loving spirit there;  
And it comes into thy dear eyes,  
Two glowing wells of love's soft light  
That have the brightness of the skies  
And all the dusky shade of night,  
And there are times I think of thee  
More fondly than my lips can say;  
Then joyous fancies come to me  
Like sunny gleams upon my way.  
And for the hope that they impart  
I store them in my memory's heart.  
And when I gain a smile of thine  
Idolatry makes it divine.  
To idolize—to think of thee  
Is almost life, itself, to me;  
For life without thee would be dark—  
A barren strand of wasted years—  
Where joy could never moor its bark,  
And hope could only live in tears.

## THE DRUNKARD.

I saw him first in boyhood's bloom,  
    A joyous, happy child at play;  
In his young heart there was no gloom,  
    No shadow of a darker day.  
He was a gentle mother's joy,  
A loving father's darling boy;  
But when the festive board was spread  
    And sparkling wine was going round,  
And eyes were bright and lips were red,  
    And voices seemed to strangely sound,—  
As higher toned I heard them rise  
    I saw him take the festive glass;  
Child as he was, with laughing eyes,  
    I thought that he would let it pass.

Again I saw him: years had flown,  
    And left their changes in his heart;  
To noble manhood he had grown,  
    And taken in the world his part.  
A fair young girl was by his side,  
He proudly, fondly called his bride.  
Again the sparkling wine went round.  
    “Don't drink,” she said, “do let it pass,”  
And round his neck her arms she wound;  
    And yet he took the fatal glass.

It was not in life's gilded halls  
The third time when we met again,  
But where the reeling drunkard falls,  
Disgraced and shamed, among the slain.  
His uncombed hair was wet with blood;  
His eyes were red and glazed and dead;  
His wretched form was dragged with mud,  
For it had been his dying bed.  
No loved one's hand his brow had press'd,  
No gentle voice soothed him to rest,  
She who had loved him as his bride,  
Had long ago, heart-broken, died.  
I looked upon his ghastly face—  
No trace of virtue's light was there—  
Life had been ended in disgrace;  
Death had been moulded in despair.



## INTELLECT.

It is the angel of the soul—  
The day star of the human heart;  
And destinies by its control,  
Are written on life's wondrous chart,  
As time is slowly passing by,  
In burning words that cannot die,  
"It is the basis of our joys,  
For life without it would be dark:  
It is the anchor hope employs  
To moor its treasure-freighted bark  
Until the gathering storm is gone;  
Then 'tis the sail that bears it on."  
In looking back upon the past  
I've loved to see where it has burned,  
And rose above the deathly blast  
That storms and hate against it turned:  
More radiant with its wealth of light  
And splendor that lit up its night.  
There's not a land where Heaven smiles  
But that it has its cheering ray;  
O'er mountain tops, through dark defiles,  
The breezes waft its music lay;  
And on the dark blue ocean's crest

It lulls the mariner to rest.  
Yet thousands scarcely ever know  
    The joyous bliss it can impart:  
They do not feel the thrilling throe  
    That buoys the spirit of the heart;  
That teaches it the truths of life,  
Unclouded with the laws of strife.

## UNDER OUR BANNER OF STARS.

Under our banner of stars to-night,  
Under our dear old flag we're sleeping,  
While the sentinel stands with bayonet bright  
And a faithful vigil is keeping.  
Some are dreaming of friends and home,  
And loved words fondly spoken,  
And welcome blessings that to them come  
In many a smiling token.  
Here by the walk the ash tree grows,  
And the ivy around it twining;  
While further on is the blushing rose,  
And bright dew on it shining.  
And joyous songs of the birds are heard—  
And a sweeter voice is singing,  
And the plaintive music of every word  
A heartfelt joy is bringing.  
Others are dreaming of battle fields—  
Of the clank of the glittering sabre,  
There brother his blade against brother wields,  
And neighbor stands against neighbor.  
Where the rushing column goes down in death,  
And droops the shot-torn pennon,  
Under the burning flames of breath

That leap from the red lipp'd cannon,  
Musketry roars with incessant sound:  
Shells through the air are screaming;  
And many a heart gets a deathly wound  
That lately was joyous with dreaming.  
Darker it grows on every side,  
And blood is flowing like water,  
As if the demons of hell had tried  
To swell the tempest of slaughter.  
A single shot—we spring to our feet,  
Our dreams are rudely broken:  
We form in line and await to meet  
The fate that may be spoken.

## ZAIDEE.

I gaze on thy pale features now,  
No life glowing tint is there;  
The cold ashen wreath has encircled thy brow,  
No more wilt thou breathe the tenderest vow  
That ever was hallowed with prayer.

I clasp thy hand in my own;  
It is pulseless and rigid and cold:  
The soul-life that nerved it and warmed it has flown  
And I must go on through my journey alone,  
Bowed down and broken and old.

Away in the dear long ago,  
When first thy sweet eyes looked in mine,  
Was it strange that our young hearts together should go,  
And the rapturous bliss of the fond lovers know,  
As we knelt at love's beautiful shrine?

Oh, darling, 'tis hard to believe  
That death has taken thy life:  
Come back, and my sorrowing anguish relieve,  
Let me again thy sweet blessings receive,  
Lift off my burden of strife.

I know that thy spirit is blessed  
In the gold-gleaming Land above:  
It never can be with earth's sorrows oppress'd  
Where God's balmy gardens forever are dressed  
In the verdure of undying love.

## AGAIN.

You have taken the glass to your lips again  
And kindled a fire in your heart and brain—  
A fire that will burn with a baleful light  
And at last go out in the gloom of night,  
When the awful god of death comes in,  
In the last dark hour of remorse and sin  
And the other shore that is breaking through  
Brings no beautiful scenes to you—  
Nothing to cheer you, nothing to bless,  
But only a desert of wretchedness.  
Oh, why do you banish your soul away  
To a place like this? Eternity's day,  
    Has a brighter land,—  
But white feet walk on its beautiful strand,  
But white robes gleam in its golden light—  
No stains, but spotlessly pure and white.  
There is no place for the drunkard there:  
His robe is not like the angels wear.

## ALWILDA.

Alwilda, thy grave is by Sweetwater's side,  
And the long grass is waving above it;  
The Shoshone often will stand by its side,  
But he never, oh, never, can love it.

We laid thee to rest in that wild, lonely place,  
When the winds of the summer were sighing;  
And now we are struggling in Autumn's embrace  
And the verdure of earth is dying.

But the odorous gardens of God are in bloom  
In the land where thy spirit is dwelling;  
And the brightness of day will forever illumine  
The joys that the angels are telling.

## TO SOMEBODY.

I know that we have never met;  
I've never knelt before thy shrine,  
Yet I shall not thy words forget,  
Nor cease to hope that may be thine  
The dearest joys that life can claim,  
Or rosy lips of sweetness name.

Thy loving heart has treasures fair,  
And may they never be less bright,  
But always truly beaming there,  
Shrined in affection's holy light.  
And dear to thee as life's bright dream  
When round thee glows its sunniest gleam.

To-night I watch pale Luna rise  
And throw her silver through the stars,  
That gleam out like a million eyes  
From their ethereal ocean bars;  
And from the southland softly breaking,  
Comes a breeze o'er beds of bloom,  
Every little flower shaking  
While it sips the sweet perfume:  
And if thou couldst be here with me,  
That I could share my joy with thee,  
With bright hopes for the future years,  
Perchance our hearts would learn the story  
So often told in vows and tears,  
Under the moonlight's sheen of glory.



## MOVELAH.

Movelah, awake from thy sleep;  
I'm lonely and weary to-night;  
I cannot sit by thee till morning and weep,  
My grief is so wild, and so painful and deep  
That my spirit is longing for flight.

Thy heart is forever at rest;  
No pulses now throb through thy clay;  
Thy spirit has gone to the land of the blest,  
And I never shall clasp thee again to my breast,  
Till we meet in Eternity's day.  
How cold is thy little hand now,  
As it lies so silent in mine:  
The death-shade has darkened thy beautiful brow  
And thy lips cannot utter thy heart's fondest vow,  
In that low sweet music of thine.

Oh, if they could once more speak,  
And fondly to mine be pressed:  
If the crimson of life could come back to thy cheek,  
And thy heart's loving splendor thy dark eye seek,  
My spirit again would be blest.

Those hours that we loved long ago  
Are treasured away in my heart:

And now that thy features wear death's ashen snow  
They come back in memory to lighten my woe,  
And dry up the tear drops that start.

When the grave shall be closed over thee  
I will strew it with flowers of love;  
And await till the angel of death comes to me,  
And bears me over that desolate sea  
To join thee in realms above.

## FLORA.

Beautiful maiden, I'm thinking of thee,  
As I gaze on the arch of the star-gemm'd sky:  
And the breezes are whisp'ring their music to me  
And leaving their kisses while fluttering by.  
Last night I was dreaming I stood by thy side,  
And thy little white hand was clasped in mine,  
And I gazed in thy soul-speaking eyes with pride,  
For their 'wildering beauty was almost divine.  
But I asked thee to sing, and they filled with tears,  
What memories awakened to grieve them so?  
Did an isle in the ocean of bygone years  
Come back in thy heart as it was long ago?  
Oh, I will be true to the vows I have made,  
As true as the needle that turns to the pole,  
When on the dark water the compass is swayed  
By the foam crested billows that round the ship roll.  
I cannot forget the day-star of my heart,  
That shines on my pathway with beautiful light;  
Through weal and through woe I have made it my chart  
Forever have kept its dear form in my sight.

## THE DYING SOLDIER.

It was a time when the wind was sweeping  
Widly over the battle plain,  
And the lightning from the cloud was leaping,  
And thunder had broken the vaults of rain,  
That a wounded man at night was lying  
In pain upon the cold, wet ground.  
With no loved one to see him dying,  
Or hand to bind up his bleeding wound.

His country's flag he had made his pillow,  
And his heart was filled with its treasured stars,  
And from the tide of his bosom's billow,  
His blood had poured on its glowing bars.  
He had borne it in the time of battle,  
With all the strength of the patriot's pride:  
He had heard the lead-hail through it rattle  
When comrades were falling on every side.

And now as he lay there, pale and gory,  
With the pealing thunder his dying dirge,  
And the lightning flaming around in glory,  
Showing the sky like a burning surge,  
He thought of home and a loving mother,  
Who proudly told him to battle for right:

And how had fallen a noble brother,—  
And the river of death grew lovely and bright.  
No more would he hear the roaring cannon,  
Nor bravely rush on the foeman's steel:  
No more would he wave aloft his pennon,  
For his heart had almost ceased to feel.  
But a low, sweet prayer it still was breathing,  
Pure as the dearest love for the dead.  
And a joyous dream he had been wreathing  
Of the golden streets where the angels tread.

## LINES AT MIDNIGHT.

'Tis midnight now, and all is still around;  
The moonlight gleams upon the silent street;  
Lonely I listen for some waking sound—  
Not even can I hear the watchman's feet.  
How many thousands, pillowed in their sleep  
And fondly dreaming of the scenes of life,  
That when awaked again, at morn, will weep  
With all the feeling of a bitter strife.  
The world is changing in this silent hour—  
There is a spirit brooding o'er its heart  
That breathes into each quivering pulse its power  
And gives a destiny to every part.  
And as I gaze into the depths of heaven,  
And trace the glowing beauty that is there,  
And see the planets in their circles driven,  
Grandly whirling through the eternal air,  
I think what may be mine through all the hours  
That ever shall be meted out to me,  
Whether my hand shall gather fragrant flowers,  
Or grasp the emblems of a stern decree.  
Life has its joy that glows with golden light  
And fills with love and hope the trusting heart,  
And makes each passing moment dear and bright

With all the bliss that feeling can impart.  
But it has gloom and changes that are dark,  
For oft its ocean bears the breath of storm,  
Which throws the waves around its struggling bark,  
That cannot moor, nor shield its sinking form,  
Tossed by the force of every adverse breath,  
Unloved, unpitied by the moving world,  
But struggles on till it is lost in death,  
And all its worn and storm stained sails been furled.

## IDA.

I look to-night on the open sky,  
And think of the hours of by gone years,  
When a gentle hand and a loving eye  
Watched me in my hopes and fears.  
Thy gentle hand and thy loving eye,  
More dear to me than the world beside,  
But far away where the sunsets lie  
Upon the shores of a silvery tide  
I count the stars as we used to do,  
When we traced the beauty that round them glow'd,  
And Luna along the trackless blue  
Like a brilliant queen among them rode,  
And scattered her silver upon the earth,  
While the balmy flowers looked through the light  
Awaking to sweeter and brighter birth,  
Gemmed with the jeweled tears of night.  
The spirit of beauty is hovering near,  
But it has no charm to-night for me;  
For thy low, sweet voice I cannot hear,  
Yet it is dear as it used to be.



## I'LL COME TO THEE.

We walked on the sea-shore with hearts full of love  
And he fondly and tenderly called me his own,  
While beautiful lights in the kingdom above,  
Out through their light robes of blue drapery shone,  
And a soft wind came from the southland blowing  
Kisses upon our brows bestowing.  
His dark eye gleamed with tenderest glance,  
The sweet, dear light from the depths of his life,  
That brightened the moments of love's thrilling trance,  
Dispelling the shadows of parting and strife.  
I knew that his heart only throbb'd for me,  
As fondly he said, "I'll come to thee;  
Over the dark blue water I'll come  
From the craggy cliff of my island home."  
We parted—the waves slowly rose and fell  
And broke with a moan as they dashed at our feet,  
From the foam-lips that breathed o'er the coral and shell  
Down in the beds of their sunless retreat,  
His little boat glided out over the sea,  
As the dripping oars gleamed in the sparkling spray,  
While words of endearment were sent back to me  
Till distance had carried his loved voice away,  
That night I dreamed that a ghastly face

Rose up from the depths of the briny deep,  
And came o'er the waves to our trysting place,  
When my dream was so dark that I could not sleep  
My loved one had said he would come to me—  
Oh, God! had he come from the depths of the sea?  
I sprang from my couch and looked without,  
The sky was a gulf of inky gloom,  
I heard the blasts through the valleys shout,  
And I shuddered to think of his awful doom.  
I need not tell of the bitter woe  
That darkened my heart for many a day,  
As the desolate moments would come and go,  
Breaking and wearing my life away,  
Till I caught a light of that far off land.  
That flashed through the stars to my vision here:  
There waiting for me on its beautiful strand,  
Was my love, and the journey to him was near.

## THAT OLD GRAY HEAD.

That old gray head to me is near  
As any thing I know,  
Unless it is thy sweet self, dear,  
My bride of long ago.

It brings to me the happy time  
When first I sought thy home,  
And lost myself in love's sweet clime,  
When we went out to roam.

The meadows then were rimmed with gold,  
The flowers were rich and rare;  
From woodland crest to burnished wold,  
Sweet fragrance filled the air.

Thy head was then the dearest brown  
That lips could ever name;  
Thy face, it had the peach's down—  
Thine eyes were passion's flame.

How could I help but lose my heart  
At such a time and place,  
When every movement was a part  
That made a charming grace?

The brown has faded into gray—  
Or silver gleams and gold;  
And, too, the peach has passed away—  
And thy face has grown old.

But that gray head to me is near  
As any thing I know,  
Unless it is thy sweet self, dear,  
My bride of long ago.

## BY THE SEA.

The sun had gone down in the cloud-bannered west,  
As I stood by the side of the dark, moaning sea  
And looked o'er the foam-crested waves of its breast  
Till night darkened down and they faded from me.  
Then I called, but no answer came back from the deep,  
Not a sound could I hear, nor a sigh or a breath:  
All was still; the dark water had fallen asleep,  
And it seemed like the desolate silence of death.

Oh, what a moment of darkness and strife,  
My heart was so painful I thought it would break.  
How could I go back to a lone dreary life,  
And again the dear hope that had cheered me forsake?  
Morning dawned on the water with beautiful light,  
And life and the world had grown dearer to me;  
But I could not forget what a dark wretched night  
I had made for myself by the side of the sea.

## THE NEGLECTED CHILD.

'Twas night, the stars were in the tranquil sky,  
And, too, the moon was brightly blazing there;  
It was a scene to please the gazing eye,  
And lighten up the gloomy hours of care.

One worn and weary with the toils of earth  
Looked upward with a fond and hoping heart  
And trusting confidence, that brighter birth  
Would sweetly steal o'er her immortal part.

"Come, angels, from your blest abodes to me,  
Outstretch your arms and clasp me to your homes,  
Where living sunshine gleams eternally,  
And no dark spirit through the elysian roams.

"All that have ever loved me here are gone;  
No kindred heart relieves my hours of tears:  
Lonely and wearily I wander on,  
And bitterness at every step appears.

"And yet this is a world of light to some,  
But no bright blossoms in my pathway bloom.

No joys into my saddened bosom come,  
No sunshine that dispels its dreary gloom.

“The night wind presses on my aching brow;  
I have no home to shield me from its chill:  
But there is One who watches o’er me now,  
And I will quietly, calmly wait His will.”

She sank to sleep upon the cold, damp ground:  
The moon’s pale rays fell on her pallid face:  
The bright night dew in silence gathered round  
Her grassy couch, there in that lonely place.

Night passed away and morning sweetly smiled,  
The world was beautiful with radiant light:  
But still slept on that lone, neglected child,  
But in that sleep that gives the spirit flight.

## LINES AT SUNSET.

I gaze upon the setting sun,  
The sky above me glows with gold;  
And by a little stream doth run,  
Whose breast was never icy cold.  
On every side is beauty's gleam,  
Like the bright sunshine of a dream.

Here I have often sat and gazed  
Upon the dark and billowy deep,  
When Luna's silver softly blazed  
Adown the broad, sapphirine steep,  
And lit the waves with beauty's sheen,  
Making a grand and glowing scene.

And in these silent hours I've thought  
Of joys forever passed away:  
The brightest scenes my memory sought—  
The dearest hopes that lips could say,  
The treasures of the loving heart,  
From which it would not lightly part.

A vacant seat is by my side,—  
It was a loved one's long ago,  
Before I claimed her for my bride;  
But now the flowers around it grow  
Untouched by soft and gentle hand,  
Unwoven in a garland band.



That loved one had the fairest brow  
That ever lovely woman wore;  
But it is cold and darkened now,  
Forevermore, forevermore,  
She sleeps where fragrant flowers wave  
Eternally above her grave.

That loved one had the dearest eye  
That ever Heaven blest with sight:  
Oh, it was love's impassioned sky,  
With all its rays of living light:  
The beauty of the soul was there  
In looks that angels' eyes might wear.

And then that sweet and joyous smile,  
That rose upon her lily cheek,  
And lightly lingered there the while  
Her scarlet, parting lips would speak.  
Those lips that none could sweeter tell  
Cling round my heart in holy spell.

I breathe her name in hallowed prayer:  
I know she cannot come to me,  
But in some bright, eternal star,  
Beyond the waves of death's dark sea,  
Where sorrow's tear drops never start  
Her spirit harp chords with my heart.

## YOU AND I.

Years have passed away since you  
And I were boys together:  
You have not had much to do,  
While I have stemmed the weather:  
Through heat and cold and storm and rain  
When adverse winds were blowing,  
And not walked on the sunny plain  
Where life was brightly glowing.  
Yours has been a path of ease,  
With bright hopes for tomorrow:  
Mine under the barren trees,  
Of deep and bitter sorrow.  
All along the stream of time,  
You have sailed with pleasure:  
And gathered from a happy clime  
Many a joyous treasure:  
While I, upon a different bark,  
Have found it rougher sailing,  
And sometimes almost wrecked the ark,  
When tempest waves were wailing.  
Yet I have not found life so drear  
That I would wish to leave it:

Something always makes it dear,  
And gladly I receive it.  
But I am growing old with care,  
And soon must cross the river,  
Where all the burdens that we bear  
Are laid away forever.  
And you will come, and we shall meet  
Where spirit harps are blending  
In joyous anthems, pure and sweet,  
And never, never ending.

## BY THE GATE.

I saw them standing by the gate,  
The one I loved and Charley Gray;  
I thought that it was getting late,  
And time that he should go away;  
But still he stayed, and in my heart  
There burned a flame of jealous fire,  
Oh, would they never, never part?  
The silent moon had climbed up higher,  
And as a cloud passed o'er its form  
And shut its silver from the glade,  
I thought I heard a slight alarm,  
That kissing in the dark had made.  
The moon came out, and there they stood,  
As Venus and Apollo might:—  
To look at them I only could—  
My heart had grown as dark as night.  
He fondly clasped one little hand,  
Their faces were put close together,  
They may have talked about the land,  
Or said something about the weather;  
But I am sure I heard him say,  
"My dear, I wish you'd name the day."

## WAITING.

Here I am waiting with an aching heart,  
For one I never more on earth may see.  
And as I gaze and listen tear drops start—  
Oh, will my loved one never come to me?  
Night after night I watched and wept and prayed,  
And still believed that he would come again;  
Dark, silent hours I've by the sea-shore strayed  
And looked upon the waves with blinding pain;  
But his proud vessel was not sailing there;  
And when a storm would sweep the sea and sky,  
And vivid lightning burned the darkened air,  
It seemed that every hope of earth must die,  
Sometimes my heart is not so dark with gloom,  
And then I sing those songs he loved to hear,  
And breezes bear them on the briny foam,—  
But oh! they never can fall on his ear;  
It may be that his heart has gone to sleep,  
Far down below the ocean's tossing waves,  
Among the pearls, where the green waters sweep  
Around the islands and the coral caves.  
Last night I dreamed that he had come to me,  
That we were walking where we used to rove,

But oh! how changed and cold he seemed to be:  
He never spoke of his eternal love.  
And when we parted by the little gate,  
It was as strangers part to meet no more:  
It seemed the prelude to a coming fate  
That never can my happiness restore.  
Oh, is he dead? or is he false to me?  
My aching, breaking heart forever cries.  
But in its faithfulness and constancy  
It fondly hopes and looks for brighter skies.



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