

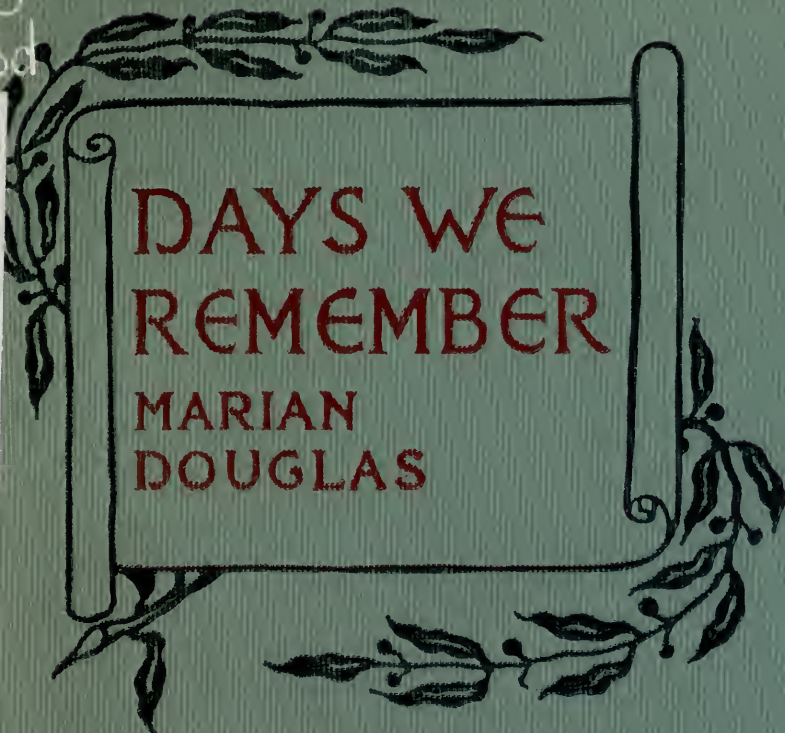
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DAYS WE
REMEMBER
MARIAN
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LOS ANGELES

Days We



Remember



DAYS WE REMEMBER

Poems by

MARIAN DOUGLAS

Author of "In the Poverty Year," "Peter and Polly," etc.



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THE FLOWER OF TIME

O glad new year, a rose new-blown,
That not one sullyng touch has known!
Time's snow-white blossom, can it be
The common fate is waiting thee?
Must thou, like all the vanished years,
Be tossed with winds and drenched with tears,
As one by one thy white leaves fall,
To lie in dust? Oh! is this all?
Nay, something must endure. I will
The fragrance from those leaves distil,
And, ere it has forever flown,
Thy heavenly sweetness make my own.

Days We Remember

A NEW-YEAR'S WISH

"Happy New-Year!" say you;
 "Happy New-Year!" say I;
And each one tries to smile,
 But both of us we sigh,
For oh! each year, we less and less
Have faith in dreams of happiness.

We hear a haunting sob
 The notes of joy between;
Our first thought is of graves
 When spring-time's sod grows green.
"Happy New-Year!" For us to say
Those words seems mockery to-day.

Nay! nay! what beauty has
 The rose seed in the dust?
But fair will be its bloom;
 Wait, wait in patient trust.
The meaning of our days
 Hereafter we shall see.
"Happy New-Year!" Fear not;
 God's love guards you and me!

ST. VALENTINE

Upon the roof the white doves now
Are cooing, cooing, cooing;
The south wind shakes the willow bough—
It is the time for wooing.
But flutter, flutter, goes my heart.
How can I make my plea?
Oh, would the maid I love were mine,
Or would that I were free!
St. Valentine, St. Valentine,
Have pity upon me!

For, proud as fair, she will despise
A faint heart's timid suing;
And should I fail her beaming eyes
Will be my life's undoing.
Then let me like a hero seem,
Though I a coward be,
And like a royal suitor go,
For Love's own queen is she.
St. Valentine, St. Valentine,
Oh, plead my cause for me!

A VALENTINE

Though this letter in its folds
Nothing but one rose-bud holds,
Not a single word or sign,
Still it is my valentine.
Can the maid to whom it goes
Read the message of my rose?
Golden heart and blush like morn,
Breath of balm and cruel thorn?
If the maiden's heart is free,
Mute for her the flower will be;
But if some sweet, tender thought
On her life its spell has wrought,
Love knows Love's unwritten sign—
She can read my valentine.

AN OLD VALENTINE

A little square of fragile lace;
A silver Cupid, with his dart
Transfixing a gilt paper heart;
A foolish rhyme—"Fair maiden mine,
Smile, smile on me, thy Valentine!"
Yet, oh, how sweet the flimsy thing,
With fragrance of life's early spring!
My heart beat proudly when it came;
My cheeks were lit with rosy flame.
He must have sent it, who, to me,
A new Adonis seemed to be.
A sharp old man, with wrinkled brow,
He's little like Adonis now;
And, I to-day, should scarcely know
My dreamy self of long ago;—
Yet this small missive, in its folds,
A fragrance as of violets holds,
From that fair spring-time that was mine
When I received this valentine!

DICK'S VALENTINE

I bought a ten-cent Valentine;
You can't find many such—
It's three times prettier than those
That cost three times as much;
The very handsomest of things:
A picture of a boy with wings,
Who holds, all drawn, a silver bow;
One breath, and whiz the arrow'll go!
It is so nice there's no one who
Seems good enough to send it to;
I'll put it up above my shelf,
And keep my Valentine myself!

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

Thy coffin holds but dust; a hundred years
The silent tomb has closed it round, but Thou
Art of today, and speaking to us now,
Like a grave father counseling his child;
"Be just to all; be wise; be vigilant,
Not led by party and not lured by praise;
Pay every debt; keep sacred every pledge;
Bid Plenty save for Need; give Knowledge sway;
And trust through all the Power that rules above;"
Plain, simple words, repeated from the time
When a young Nation listened to thy voice
And held its counsels sacred. If, today,
We will not hear them, then our strength is lost,
And all the glory of our past will be
The splendid scabbard of a broken sword!

THE COMING OF LENT

The one cloud in a sunny sky,
When others smile I would not sigh.
Low whispering, "It is not for me,"
I welcome in the Christmas glee,
And try to laugh, and seek to jest,
And be as merry as the rest.
But I am glad when it is o'er,
And I can be myself once more.
Too used am I to shadowy ways,
Undazzled on the light to gaze;
Life's music has been hushed so long
That silence sweeter seems than song;
And dearer far than festal hours,
Than Christmas chimes, or Easter flowers,
That blessed time to sad lives sent,
The penitential days of Lent!
Then, undisturbed, the wounded heart
May with its sorrow sit apart,
Till holy thought and earnest prayer
Shall give it strength its load to bear;
Then Grief beneath the sheltering cross
May find the treasure hid in loss,
And contrite tears wash white at last
The sullied pages of the past:
A rest to weary spirits sent,
The sad, sweet, blessed days of Lent!

Days We Remember

GOOD FRIDAY

A soldier, in the narrow shade
A tall cross rising near him made,
Sat keeping guard until should die
The men he'd helped to crucify;
Two thieves, their crimes well proved, and One,
The Jew, who called himself the Son
Of the Jews' God—it mattered not—
And for his pangs why *should* he care?
'Twas his good chance the man should die,
For, by the fortune of the lot,
The seamless robe he used to wear,
As a king's garment, fine and fair,
Was *his*; he saw his comrade's eyes
With envy rest upon his prize;
Laughed to himself, and, clear and strong
Trolled 'neath the cross a drinking song.

O Roman soldier! who are we,
Who shudder when we think of thee!
We are the ones to-day, *you, I,*
Who help the Lord to crucify!
"He asks too much," we mutely say;
Because that once His life He gave,
Must we yield all which now we crave?
Waste on dull souls our thought all day,
And give, give, give our lives away?
We cannot, *will* not. Turn, O Christ!

Days We Remember

Turn from us Thy reproachful eyes!
And yet—stay! turn *not*; losing Thee,
What hope, what help for us would be?
We need Thee whom we would not serve;
In Thee our only refuge lies—
O help us! help us! Love unpriced!
To count all gain without Thee loss,
And yield our hearts, without reserve,
Beneath the shadow of Thy cross!

Days We Remember

EASTER

“Mary!”

In the gray dusk of morn she stands,
The spikenard fragrant in her hands;
She sees a dim form through the mists,
A foot-fall coming near she lists.
No strange, sweet thrill of holy fear
Foretells her heart of faith's reward:
“He comes, the gardener,” she says;
And lo, it is the Lord!

“Mary!”

We stand amid the mists like thee!
The close at hand we cannot see;
Not knowing what they bring, we greet
Each day, and every soul, we meet;
But what seems sorrow's darkest hour
May bring us faith's reward,
And when we say “the gardener,”
Behold, it is the Lord!

THE KING'S LILIES

Beyond the day, beyond the night,
Soft shining in the crystal light,
Unnumbered flowers unfolding white—

The garden lilies of the King!
In gentler winds than those of spring,
Low-voiced and sweet their blossoms swing.

I see them waving in my dreams;
How near their mystic whiteness gleams,
Their fragrance, floating round me, seems!

O heavenly garden! can it be
Thou hast a space awaiting me,
Where my blest soul shall bloom in thee?

Safe, shielded from life's noon-day glare,
Its stormy winds, its frosty air,
Forever blest! forever fair!

Days We Remember

EASTER MORNING

O the anguish of Mary!
The depth of despair!
When she came to the tomb
And the Lord was not there;
As she desolate stood
With her balm and her myrrh,
And his winding sheet only
Was waiting for her!

O the blackness of death!
O life's utter despair!
Had she come to the tomb
And the Lord had been there,
Lying wrapt in the sheet
With the balm and the myrrh,
And no risen Redeemer
Had waited for her!

MEG'S EASTER EGG

To the lone farm-house on the hill,
There came to little Meg
The loveliest of Easter gifts,
A blue and golden egg.

“Look, look!” she went through all the house
And called each one to see:
“My Easter egg; how *bootiful*
The Easter bird will be!
I’ll give it to Old Speckle Wing,
Warm in her nest to keep,
And harken, harken, harken, till
At last I hear a peep,
And out will come my Easter bird,
All lovely from its shell;
Will it be blue and yellow? O,
I wish that you could tell!”

Her mother kissed the glowing face
Beneath the shining hair:
“No, darling, keep your pretty gift;
No bird is hidden there.”

Days We Remember

The rosy mouth began to grieve;
The little bosom swelled;
" 'Twas not the egg I loved," said Meg;
"It was the bird it held!"

O, Easter truth on childhood's lips!
What to the soul are worth,
Without the hope of life beyond,
The painted shells of earth!

APRIL-FOOLS

The April-fools! the April-fools!
What happy folk are they!
The white flowers deck the cherry boughs,
And daffodils are gay.
The bluebird calls, the redbreast sings,
The blackbird pipes all day,
And they believe—the silly things!—
That birds and flowers will stay.
'Tis wind and frost and scorching skies
That make the April-fools grow wise!

The April-fools! the April-fools!
What happy folk are they!
They're light of head and light of heart,
And dance the hours away!
Young Love, with fluttering purple wings,
Blithe Hope for them is new;
And they believe—the trustful things!—
That all they say is true!
Sweet simpletons! but who would frown
And shake their air-built castles down?
For dark were life, and full of sighs,
Should all its April-fools grow wise.

Days We Remember

PATRIOT'S DAY

Not ours, O Lord! the cause
Of Freedom is thine own,
And She Thy messenger
To make Thee known!

The longing for her wakes
A truer thought of Thee;
Thou, Who mad'st man from dust
And left him free!

Not to be blind-fold led
As Thy strong hand deemed fit,
But to make his the right
By choosing it.

Not ours are Freedom's wars;
They are Thine own;
The grim-faced messengers
Who make Thee known!

Their coming brings more near
The day when war shall cease;
They cleave a path before
The Prince of Peace!

Days We Remember

Not ours the triumph, Lord!
We may not see
The glory of the day
That is to be;

But, certain of its dawn,
We pray, "Thy will be done!"
For Freedom's victories
And Thine are one!

Days We Remember

ARBOR DAY

Not lightly, but with reverent thought
 This Arbor Day,
I set my little sapling elm
 Beside the way,
And think, how in long years to come,
 Some passer by
Will bless its shade, when fiercely glows
 The summer sky,
And, dust in dust, beneath the turf,
 Asleep am I.

DECORATION DAY

Loud, ringing strains of victory,
 Low dirges, soft and tender,
Fair wreaths, where Spring's last violets meet
 The rose's opening splendor;
So proud! so sad! what is it, say?
A funeral or a festal day?

A funeral, for remembered love
 Still makes the true heart falter;
A festival, for Valor's grave
 Is ever Freedom's altar;
And Glory's flower its proudest bloom
Shows only on a soldier's tomb.

A SOLDIERS' GRAVE

Glad robins singing in the boughs,
Low murmur of the bees,
A hill-side burying-ground closed round
With wilding apple-trees;
The snowy flowers drift softly down
Upon the quiet graves,
And in the south wind over one,
A small flag gently waves.

Those floating colors make for me
That grassy mound a shrine.
What though the one who sleeps beneath
Knew naught of me or mine?
Yet that brave life, quenched long ago,
Seems of my own a part;
For he who dies for freedom, lives
In every freeman's heart.

A SOLDIER'S WREATH

'Twas one Memorial Day, and we were bringing
Our blossoms on the soldiers' graves to lay,
Our garden treasures, and the wild flowers spring-
ing

In the chill sunshine of our Northern May.
Gayly the village maidens wove them, trying,
Each one, her garland should the fairest be;
A coronal of crimson roses lying
On the pure snow-wreath of the cornel-tree;
White lilacs, like the soft wool fillets seeming
Worn by Apollo's priests; and purple knots
Of violets 'mid silver lilies gleaming;
And turquoise rings of blue forget-me-nots.
How strangely looked, amid this dainty sweetness,
One clumsy wreath which skillless hands had
tied,

Of apple-bloom with all its rosy fleetness,
And cowslips pining for the brooklet's side!
Yet, for the sacred thought those flowers were
keeping,

That garland seemed to me the fairest one:
I knew a soldier's widow twined it, weeping,
To deck the grave where slept her soldier son.

THE VETERAN

Another and another wreath—
We deck new graves each spring,
And smaller grows the gray-haired band
Whose hands the garlands bring.
Grave veterans, we follow slow
The dull beat of the drum;
There's one brief march before us now,
And, Comrades! *we* shall come
One sleep to share, and o'er each grave
The starry flag we loved shall wave!

We mourn you not! The days seem far
Since side by side we fought,
And onward to the meeting-place
The way is now so short!
Not many May-times shall we hear
The summons of the drum;
We wait, with unforgetting hearts,
Till, Comrades! *we* shall come
One sleep to share, while o'er each grave,
Thank God! the starry flag shall wave!

Days We Remember

OUR DEAD

Not alone the fairest garlands of the May;
Bring a nobler tribute for our dead to-day.

Bravery asks honor only of the brave.
What avails if cowards deck a hero's grave?

Greet this sacred morning with the solemn vow,
"Freedom's fallen vanguard! *We* will serve her
now!

"Sleep in peace, O martyrs! faithful to the last;
We will make *our* present worthy of *your* past!"

THE COMRADE'S GRAVE

Comrade!

You who once marched by my side,
Brave with the daring of boyhood,
Fearless, whatever defied,
Firm, with your face to the foeman,
Early you fell in the strife;—
I know a wearier struggle,
Harder the battle of Life!

Comrade!

Sweet are the wreaths on your grave;
Freedom forgets not her fallen,—
Love guards the sleep of the brave;
Long are the years now between us,—
Victor you fell in the strife;
I know the heart of the vanquished,—
Hard is the battle of Life!

Days We Remember

“MORE THAN 30 YEARS AGO”

With tears upon a soldier's grave
I bend a wreath to lay.
And little David, standing by,
Asks wonderingly, “What makes you cry?
I love to hear the music play:
I'm glad it is Memorial Day;
Why should you cry? the war, you know,
Was very, very, long ago.”

“Not very long,” I say; but he,
Reprovingly, looks up at me:
“Yes, very long; you said, you know,
'Twas more than thirty years ago!”

The little sunlit face before
My misty eyes grows dim;
What is but yesterday to me
Seems like an age to him;
Fresh in my heart the parting pang,
I hear the last good by,
As my brave brother turns away
On War's red field to die.

But all I say is, “Davy dear,
Perhaps you'll sometime know
It takes not very long for more
Than thirty years to go.”

MAY DAY

The snow was on the leaves I brushed
 With childish haste away,
And underneath them, fresh and fair,
 The year's first May-flower lay;
One, sweet, half-bloom, that smiled between
Three buds, whose pink had cleft the green;
The first! the first!
By melting snows and March winds nurst!
O, proudly as a little Queen,
 I down the hill-side went!
I envied no one anywhere,
 I was so well content,
Since home in triumph I could bring
The earliest May-flower of the Spring!

Days We Remember

WAKING

“Peep! peep! peep! peep!”

Hark! hark! 'tis the call of the Frogs.

The Cowslip buds in the meadow marsh;

The Rushes start in the bogs.

Come, Violet, come in your purple hood!

Come, wild Wake-Robin, and light the wood!

Shine, Star-Flower, shine in your emerald wheel!

Come, small white plume of the Solomon's-Seal!

Bloom, Wind-Flower, bloom, to the South Wind true!

Come, Innocence, color the brook-side blue!

Come, yellow bell of the Adder's-Tongue,

Again o'er thy spotted leaves be hung!

Croak, Bull-Frogs, croak,

Peep, little Frogs, peep,

Till the very last blossom

Wakes out of its sleep!

MY CHILDHOOD'S SUNDAY

My great-great-great-great-grandfather,
Whose heart through mine is beating,
Believed—good Puritan!—'twas sin
Of sins to stay from meeting.
On each Lord's Day they gathered twice,
A patient congregation,
And heard two long discourses through
As food for meditation.
But oh, what rest for Saturday,
How brisk a start from Monday
Those grave old Pilgrim fathers had,
With their old-fashioned Sunday!

“A vanished day,” you say; and yet
Fond memory's tears bedew it,
For in my old New England home,
A child, how well I knew it!
It colored all my early thoughts,
My life was built upon it;
I always said “my Sunday gown,”
“My go-to-meeting bonnet.”
Mere common, bustling workadays
Were Saturday and Monday;
But oh, my very best belonged
To that old-fashioned Sunday,

Days We Remember

Once more the great green, box-like pew,
Its high wall 'round me closes;
I sit, a nosegay on my breast—
How sweet the damask roses!
I softly wave my painted fan,
And, by my side, my mother al
Meets mine with look, half smile, half prayer,
More sweet than any other.
I loved the strolls of Saturday,
The merry romps of Monday;
But oh, I felt the holy charm
Of that old-fashioned Sunday.

They haunt me still, the many texts
And hymns I then committed,
And never knew in learning them
That I was to be pitied.
Time changes all; yet we would trust
Through change the world grows better;
But oh, to the remembered past
How much I feel a debtor!
And oh, how hopeless Saturday,
And wearisome were Monday,
Without the quiet rest between
Of my old-fashioned Sunday!

Days We Remember

A BIRTHDAY MORN

It was upon my birthday morn,
The world with me went wrong,
And, tossed by fear, the night had seemed,
How wearisome and long!

When sweet, as when to her I turned
A little restless child,
My mother stood beside my bed,
And looked on me and smiled.

And brightness that was not of earth
Shone round me all the day;
The mansions of the blest appeared
How short a space away!

“ 'Twas but a dream,” you say. In dreams
The dear Lord spoke of old;
Has He forgotten to draw near?
Has Heaven's heart grown cold?

Oh no! His messenger of love,
To me, her weary child,
My mother, on my birthday morn,
Stood by my bed and smiled!

Days We Remember

A BIRTHDAY

This is your birthday. On the calendars
Of those who know you it is marked with gold,
As both a holy and a holiday.
You make us happy, and you make us good,
By simply being with you. You bestow,
And think you are receiving; like a rose
That marvels at the fragrance of the breeze.
We are most glad, since you were sent to earth,
It was while we are here; not hastened down
To shine amidst the shadows of the past,
Nor kept to grace some joyful, future day.
But come to share our present as it is,
And leave tomorrow better for your stay.

A JUNE WEDDING

The barberry bush, a shower of gold,
Through silver dews is glittering;
The buttercups the meadows hold,
A shining host; and twittering,
And fluttering,
Upon the yellow-blossomed bough,
A little bridegroom goldfinch now
Is uttering,
As best he can, what never quite
On earth is uttered, Love's delight.
"Sweet, sweet!" he calls; and close beside,
Among the flowers, his little bride,
"Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet!" makes low reply.
What though no wedding guest am I,
I can but greet the little pair,
The dew-drops round them shedding,
And say to them, just as I would
At any other wedding,
"May you be blest with all that's best,
Soft airs and sunny weather;
And when you're called to go, may you
Fly heavenward together!"

Days We Remember

THE FOURTH

Dear noisy day, with fife and drum,
And guns, and bells, and horns you come!
But, welcome still, you bring once more
Brave memories of the days of yore,
When Freedom the first, rapturous thrill
Of broken thraldom knew,
And sang the thirteen morning stars
Together in the blue!
Dear day! Times change and hearts grow old;
Bring back the patriot fire of old!

THE FIRE-CRACKER

The Fire-Cracker said, "I am really not
A Cracker at all, but a Patriot,
And for Freedom's sake I am ready to die,
When my Country calls on the Fourth of July!"

THE SUMMER OUTING

Where shall we pitch our gypsy tent,
Our few brief days by pleasure lent?
Among the hills, beside the sea,
Beneath some hill-side pasture tree,
Or 'mid the fields with daisies fair?
Oh, choose at will; it matters not;
The loveliest spot
In summer days is—everywhere.

Dark pines in rifted ledges gray,
Wild roses wet with salt sea spray,
Pink sunsets in the mirroring lake,
The wild brook laughing in the brake,
The gray gull's flight, the clear-voiced thrush,
Sweet singing in the greenwood's hush—
Which joy to snatch, what bliss to lose.
When each seems fairest, who can choose?

Then gypsy-tenting forth we'll fare;
But whither go it matters not;
The loveliest spot
In summer days waits—everywhere.

Days We Remember

OLD HOME WEEK

Thrice fair the dear old State we love
Among her green hills stands,
And, like a waiting mother, smiles
And reaches out her hands.
"Come back, my wanderers!" she calls:
"Come back! we miss you yet;
New Hampshire hearts have never learned
Their absent to forget!
Come back and break the bread of love
And hear fond memory speak,
And give to those who knew you first
An Old Home Week!

"Come back and let us share with you
Your triumphs or your tears;
Come back and see what toil has won
For us these busy years.
Let the closed by-roads, grass o'ergrown
Again your footsteps know;
By the deserted farmhouse still
Your mother's roses grow.
Strew flowers on long-forgotten graves,
List while hushed voices speak,
And make a sacrament of love
Our Old Home Week."

LABOR DAY

O Christ! the King of Glory,
To whom arch-angels bow,
Does often come to Thee the thought
Of Joseph's work-shop now?
Where, making plows and ox-yokes,
All day the good man wrought,
And reverently his simple craft
The child beside him taught?
Thy boyish hands were hard with toil,
Thy brow was moist with sweat—
Thou *dost* remember, Lord! Thy heart
Is with Earth's toilers yet.

Beyond the jeweled, jasper wall,
Dost Thou not sometimes see
The fishing boats that used to toss
On stormy Galilee?
The wild winds and the maddened waves
That to each other cried,
The black clouds hurrying, the last
Faint gleam of light to hide?
The hungry eyes, when morning broke,
Bent o'er the empty net—
Thou *dost* remember, Lord! Thy heart
Is with earth's toilers yet!

Days We Remember

It is the heavy laden ones
Thou biddest come to Thee!
To those who know Care's heavy load
Love's burden light will be!
We need not falteringly begin
The task that Thou hast set—
Thy help is sure, O Lord! thy heart
Is with Earth's toilers yet!

FAIR DAY

Old Farmer Boggs, of Boggy Brook,
Went to the County Fair,
And with his wife, he strolled around
To see the wonders there.
"That horse," he said, "Grey Eagle Wing,
Will take the highest prize;
But our old Dobbin looks as well
And better to my eyes.
He is, I know, what folks call slow—
It's far the safest way to go;
Some men, perhaps, might think it strange,
I really should not like to change.
"And those fat oxen—Buck and Bright
Don't have so large a girth,
No, match like them, just to a hair,
But I know what they're worth.
They're good to plough, and good to draw,
You stronger pullers never saw,
And always mind my 'gee, and haw.'
Some folks, perhaps, might think it strange,
I really shouldn't want to change."
"That Devon heifer cost, I heard,
A thousand dollars; now,"
Said Mrs. Boggs, "my Crumple Horn
Is just as good a cow;

Days We Remember

Her milk, I'm sure's the very best,
Her butter is the yellowest;
Some folks, perhaps, might think it strange,
I really shouldn't want to change.
"Those premium hogs"—said Mrs. Boggs,
 "My little Cheshire pig
Is better than the best of them,
 Although he's not so big.
And that young Jersey is not half
So pretty as old Brindle's calf;
Nor is there in the poultry pen,
As Speckled Wings so good a hen!"
As Farmer Boggs to Boggy Brook
 Rode homeward from the Fair,
He said, "I wish my animals
 Had all of them been there;
And if the judges had been wise
 I might have taken every prize!"

ELECTION

Said Mrs. Brown, "I shall be glad
If we live through Election—
These parties pulling, everyone
A different direction;
What is the use? I dread to be
With men-folks when they disagree!

They march about and raise their flags
Their common work half doin',
And each one says the other side
Will bring us straight to ruin!
They quarrel so! I hate to be
With men-folks when they disagree!

But when the voting time is past
I hope their strife they'll settle,
Nor black the kettle call the pot,
Nor black the pot, the kettle!
For O, how peaceful life would be
If everybody could agree!

Days We Remember

THANKSGIVING

I counted up my little store.
Why was to others given more?
Why were their lips with honey fed,
While mine had Labor's hard-earned bread?
A weary, hopeless task seemed living.
I could not bring to God thanksgiving.

There came a poor man to my door;
I shared with him my scanty store.
When, lo! my sense of want had flown,
And rarest riches were my own!
So sweet is Love's divided bread,
I seemed with Heaven's own manna fed.
What blessed joy there was in living!
I brought to God my glad thanksgiving.

THANKSGIVING

Bright glows my neighbor's house, every room
lighted;
Round his wide hearth again, once more united,
All the glad love of old in each heart living,
Home have his dear ones come, home to Thanks-
giving.

I, in my silent room, sit, O how lonely!
Grave is my company, memories only!
Mute is the music of voices once dearest,
Fled, fled beyond my thought, those I held
nearest.

Nay, they but wait for me where now they gather,
Safe in the beautiful house of our Father!
Soon, all the love of old in each heart living,
Soon shall I go to them, home to Thanksgiving!

Days We Remember

A GOOD THANKSGIVING

Said Old Gentleman Gay, "On a Thanksgiving Day,

If you want a good time, then give something away;

So he sent a fat turkey to Shoemaker Price.

And the Shoemaker said, "What a big bird! how nice!

And, since such a good dinner's before me, I ought

To give poor Widow Lee the small chicken I bought."

"This fine chicken, O see!" said the pleased Widow Lee,

"And the kindness that sent it, how precious to me!

I would like to make someone as happy as I—

I'll give Washwoman Bidy my big pumpkin pie."

"And O, sure!" Bidy said, "'tis the queen of all pies!

Just to look at its yellow face gladdens my eyes!

Now it's *my* turn, I think; and a sweet ginger-cake

For the motherless Finigan Children I'll bake."

"A sweet-cake, all our own! 'Tis too good to be true!"

Days We Remember

Said the Finigan Children, Rose, Denny, and
Hugh;
"It smells sweet of spice, and we'll carry a slice
To poor little Lame Jake—who has nothing that's
nice."
"O, I thank you, and thank you!" said little
Lame Jake;
"O what bootiful, bootiful, bootiful cake!
And O, such a big slice! I will save all the
crumbs,
And will give 'em to each little Sparrow that
comes!"
And the Sparrows, they twittered, as if they
would say,
Like Old Gentleman Gay, "On a Thanksgiving
Day,
If you want a good time, then give something
away!"

THE ANGELS' SONG

They sang, as sang the morning stars,
The Angels in the glowing sky.
They sang, and why?
Because they saw a mother lay
Her first-born on the manger hay
Of an inn stable, while with her,
The husband, a Jew carpenter,
Kept tender watch, was *that* a thing
To make the Hosts of Heaven sing?

They sang, and why? If they could see
The life that for that child would be,
The nails that would pierce through those sweet
Soft hands, and little rosy feet,
The sapling nursed by sun and dew,
That, waiting in the woodland, grew
To make the cross where he would die
With one long, agonizing cry,
Mocked by a thorn-wreath as a king,
How could they—O, how *could* they sing?

Days We Remember

But yet, no sorrow in their song,
A radiant and rapturous throng,
They came, and, round them, all the night
Glowed with a miracle of light!—
They sang—was not all Heaven blest
To share with sorrowing Earth her best?
Glad that the great God throned above
Made for Himself His law of Love,
Bent pitying down, and, through His Son,
Became with Earth's sad children one!
God loved and gave; God loves and gives;
In loving hearts His spirit lives;
And those who shed Hope's light among
Earth's shades, know why the Angels sung.

CHRISTMAS

The inn was full at Bethlehem;
A busy crowd were there;
And some were rich, and some were wise,
And some were young and fair;
But who or what they were, to-day
There is not one to care.
Within the cattle's manger
There lay a baby stranger,
Soft nestled, like a snow-white dove, among the
scented hay;
And lo! through Him was given
One song to Earth and Heaven,
The song two worlds together sing upon a Christ-
mas day:
"Glory to God! Good will to men!"
O listen! Wake it once again!
"Peace upon Earth! Good will to men!"

They sing it, those who sang it first,
The angels strong and high;
They sing, in shining white, the saints,
Who died long years gone by,
And all the fluttering cherub throng,
The children of the sky;
They sing, the patient, waiting souls
Who still Faith's conflicts know;

Days We Remember

They sing, Life's happy innocents,
Their faces all aglow;
One melody fills Heaven above
And flows from Earth below,
The song of that sweet stranger,
Who, in the cattle's manger
Lay, nineteen hundred years ago, among the
scented hay!
All sin and wrong forgiven,
Earth seems close kin of Heaven,
And sweet two worlds together sing upon a Christ-
mas day!

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Green in the drifted snow I see
One fir, my only Christmas-tree,
And in it, by the wind unstirred,
There sits one little Christmas bird.
What does he care for cold or storm?
Ten thousand feathers keep him warm,
And underneath his soft, gray vest
A Christmas heart beats in his breast,
While low and clear he pipes in glee
His Christmas carol: "Chick-a-dee!
Chick-a-dee, dee, dee, dee, dee!"

It makes me happy just to hear
His song, (its meaning is so clear):
"The winds may blow, the snows may fall;
The Lord of Christmas rules o'er all;
He loveth you, He loveth me,
Be glad and fear not. Chick-a-dee!
Chick-a-dee, dee, dee, dee, dee!
'Tis Merry Christmas! Chick-a-dee!"

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW

The north winds blow o'er drifts of snow,
Out in the cold who goes from here?
"Good-by! good-by," loud voices cry:
"Good-by!" returns the brave, old year.
But, looking back, what word leaves he?
"Oh, you must all good children be!"

A knock, a knock! 'tis twelve o'clock!
This time of night, pray, who comes here?
Oh, now I see, 'tis he! 'tis he!
All people know the glad New Year!
What has he brought? and what says he?
"Oh, you must all good children be!"

Mr. Badger's New List

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