

RIFTS IN THE CLOUDS

BY

WALTER M. HAZELTINE





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RIFTS IN THE CLOUDS

POEMS

BY

WALTER M. HAZELTINE



CAMBRIDGE

Printed at the Riverside Press

1897

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TO
MY DEARLY BELOVED SISTER
THESE SONGS
STRAY THOUGHTS, CREATIONS OF IDLE MOMENTS
ARE LOVINGLY INSCRIBED

Had the author lived the foregoing dedication would have been used in a volume he was preparing for publication. It was his wish, should he not live, that the same dedication be used in any volume published by his friends.

THE GOAL

*Sweet the songs of the reaper,
When the harvest is gathered in ;
Sweet the sound of rejoicing
When the victory we win ;
Sweet the dreams of the sleeper,
Sweet the faith of the soul
When it nears the brimming river,
God, and its infinite goal.*

IN weaving his thoughts into song, the author snatched many a happy hour from five years of enforced idleness and suffering.

The selections which appear in this volume, taken from many others, may not be in all cases such as he would have chosen, and many have been omitted which possibly the author would have considered his best.

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POEMS

THE MASTER

AH, ancient is my harp ; for many a
day
It hath lain idle, and its strings have
grown
Rusty with little use, mayhap the way
The mind grows rusty when it dwells
alone.

Unpracticed are my hands, ay, e'en un-
taught,
And little do I know the wondrous
strings ;
Yet how my heart doth beat with glad-
ness fraught,
When I can listen while the master
sings.

I brought it forth, attuned it to my heart,
And idly o'er its strings my fingers
strayed ;
From high to low, yet trembling in each
part,
They stumbled, stopped, and seemed
to be afraid.

The master touched a chord, — anon
there grew
A wealth of harmony without and in,
Like wine drunk sparkling of an olden
brew ;
Time was and was not, yet had heaven
been.

THE BESTEST FOURTH

ON th' morning of hurrah day, when th'
toot-horns blow,
I went down to Jimmie Nolan's, where
they had a show,
An' raggy men an' women, an' a peddler
with a pack,
An' a band an' a procession, with faces
painted black,
An' Injunes an' gypsies, an' a wagon
full o' girls
With flowers an' white dresses an' little
things an' curls,
An' men 'at chased a greased pig an'
tried to climb a pole,
An' tried to race in washin' tubs on
Jimmie's swimmin' hole ;
An' there was flags a-flyin' an' toot-horns
goin' toot,
An' snap crackers bangin' off, an' pistol
guns to shoot,

An' popcorn an' peanuts an' molasses
candy, too,
An' more 'n a million people, an' hardly
one I knew ;
An' a man 'at played a organ jes' as sweet
as you can think,
An' a monkey 'at would bob an' bow an'
scratch his head an' blink ;
An' when the dark came, fireworks an'
rockets 'at went whiz,
An' red fire an' yellow fire an' whirligigs
'at fiz,
An' then a cannon went off bang! An'
all th' people round
Cheered an' throwed their hats up, an'
th' boys rolled on th' ground ;
Then th' rain began to patter an' th'
folks began to run,
An' ma, she said, " There 's always some-
thing comes to spoil the fun !"
An' then she put her bonnet underneath
the wagon seat ;
An' pa, he said, he thought this Fourth
o' July beat
Any Fourth he ever see, an' I said I
thought so too ;

Er a barrel full o' monkeys all a-eatin'
oyster stew ;
An' ma, she said she want to know where
I heard such trash ;
An' I telled her 't was th' peddler man
'at pocketed th' cash
Th' folks paid for handkerchiefs an'
grease-eraser stuff,
An' plays the banjo once 'n while when
folks don't buy enough ;
An' pa, he said, "Get up!" to old Dob-
bin, an' he run ;
An' th' Fourth o' July's over, an' I'd had
th' bestest fun.

JES' BEFORE CHRISTMAS

PA says 'at when he's a little boy like
me
He 'd always mind his papa, an' was good
as he could be,
An' jes' before Christmas was better 'n
anything,
Jes' 'spectin' every minute what Santa
Claus would bring ;
Toot-horn-day wan't half so good, he
says it wan't, as this,
An' he was jes' as good, he says, so Santa
would n't miss.

So night before Christmas I set by
grandma's knee,
An' she tells a lot o' stories 'bout a little
boy like me,
'At was borned in a manger, an' how
some men were led
By a star 'at shined in heaven to his
rough an' humble bed ;

An' then she tells o' Santa Claus, an' of
 his beard of snow,
 An' how goodest boys in all th' world is
 all he wants to know.

An' then I hang my stockin' by the chim-
 ney, an' pa, he
 Helps me hang it, an' laughs, an' has
 as good a time as me ;
 An' then I go to bed up in th' attic, an' I
 creep
 Down in th' clothes an' try to stay until
 I go to sleep ;
 For I think of all th' funny things 'at
 come at night up there,
 An' when I listen careful, I can hear
 them on th' stair.

Sleepin' in th' attic jes' before Christmas
 comes,
 Dreamin' o' sleds an' things, an' imps, an'
 skates an' drums,
 An' fairies, an' Santa Claus, an' books,
 an' candy cats,
 An' listening to noises o' creepy things
 an' rats,

An wonderin' if pa, when he's a little
kid,
Knew 'at Santa's always watchin', an'
saw everything he did, —

Makes you glad when morning comes,
an' when th' firstest light
Comes peekin' in th' window, an' keeps
a-growin' bright,
You grab your clothes up in your hands,
an' scoot down stairs,
An' creep in beside your mother all
trembly with the scares —
I tell you what, it's jolly, when you bring
your stockin' in,
With nuts an' sweets an' oranges, an'
books an' everythin' —
An' pa, he laughs a-watchin' you, an' says
he's glad at he
Has got a little feller to give presents to,
like me.

SQUIRE STEBBINS'S REMARKS

It was on my last vacation,
Up among the Vermont farms,
Where nature is most prodigal
With all her wondrous charms,
While I 's at Farmer Stebbins's
With the baby and my wife,
Enjoying every minute
And forgetting city life,
I noticed, with amazement
And a feeling of alarm,
No boys or girls were left to help
The old folks on the farm.
So I questioned Farmer Stebbins,
And what the old man said
Has for months been wrestling
On the inside of my head.
"No, there ain't no boys to speak of,
As you have jest remarked ;
They 've all gone to th' city
An' in business have embarked.

Some are runnin' hoss-cars,
 An' some are in th' stores ;
 Some are on th' steam-cars,
 An' some are doin' chores ;
 Some are clerks in restaurants,
 Some work in th' shops ;
 Some are loafin' round, I guess,
 But none are raisin' crops.
 They 're in every kind o' business,
 As near as I can larn,
 Exceptin' raisin' eatin' crops
 An' workin' on th' farm ;
 Why, there 's William Henry Harrison —
 An' that 's my youngest son —
 Comes up here every summer
 With his fishin' pole an' gun,
 Rigged up in striped trousers
 An' patent leather shoes,
 A white cravat an' collar on,
 An' head chock full o' news.
 Well, he gets, he says, twelve dollars
 A-workin' in a store,
 An' says how he 's expectin'
 A couple dollars more.

I'll allow that 's rousin' wages,
 With two weeks a year to play,
 An' all the time a-gettin'
 That two dollars every day.
 Then there 's Peleg an' Josephus,
 Samuel, Theodore an' John,
 A-gettin' jest sich wages,
 An' all workin' — off an' on!
 But mother 'n I keep at it
 In our slow an' easy way,
 A-workin' when th' sun shines,
 An' when it rains we play.
 Sometimes we send a present
 Down to the boys, you know;
 Like a barrel o' potatoes,
 A peck o' beans o' so.
 Sometimes we get a letter
 A-statin' times is bad,
 Which means about ten dollars
 From th' pocket o' their dad.
 Why, dum it, mother 's sent 'em
 In good, clean solid cash —
 Not a-countin' pork an' taters,
 Butter 'n' eggs, an' all sich trash,

But in good, clean hard-earned dollars
Got from the stuff we 've sold
From this 'ere old deserted farm —
More 'n a tater sack would hold.
What puzzles me the most is,
How th' boys will get along
When th' farm is sold et auction
After we are dead an' gone."

THE TRAMP'S SOLILOQUY

WHEN the buttercups come in the med-
der an' make it all yeller like gold,
An' the daisies out'n the paster grow
white as they slowly unfold,
An' the robin says it is mornin', an' the
yeller bird gladdens the sight,
Or the sun overhead says noonday, or
the whippoorwill says it is night,
When the breezes softly meander out
over the medders which give
Back the perfume of spring joinin' sum-
mer, oh, then it 's a blessin' ter
live
An' dream as the hours slip by,
An' deep in the clovers lie
To wait for the dreary rustle o' the brown
leaves by-an'-by.

Oh, folks may call me lazy, an' good for
just nothin' at all

But ter lie out in the mowin'-lot where
the daisies rise an' fall,
An' nod an' blush, a-murmurin', " Good
for nothin' " ! — but just
Loafin', takin' life easy while others gather
the dust ;
But when roses borrow a fragrance from
the air, distil it an' give
It back with a double sweetness, oh, then
't is a blessin' ter live
Down midst the flowers so dear,
In the summer time o' the year,
For while others are ploughin' 'em under,
I 'm lovin' the daisies here.

Yes, I 'm penniless, maybe, an' holes
may laugh in my coats,
But if I 've had little for breakfast I 'm
full of the magical notes
O' the bobolink an' the sparrow, an' I 've
drank o' the mystical sweet
O' the summer air grown drowsy, an'
hid me out o' the heat
In the shade o' the beeches an' maples,
where elves do the biddin' o' men,



THE TRAMP'S SOLILOQUY

Closin' my eyes an' whisperin', "Let 'em
think what they will, an' then
Let 'em wander out over the lea,
With you an' the birds, an' see
If ever again they'll wonder how a lazy
tramp can be."

SLEEPIN' IN THE ATTIC

I REMEMBER when my pa said, "Jimmie,
go to bed,"
A lot o' funny kind o' things went scootin'
through my head ;
For I slept in th' attic, where scare-things
come at night,
Where goblins grow from rafters, an'
impes hide from sight,
An' wait to jump out on yer when ye're
most asleep,
An' where there's funny crawlin' things
'at creep, creep, creep
Up on th' bed, an' grab yer throat, an'
make yer cry an' groan,
All jes' because yer have to sleep up
attic all alone.
An' I remember pa said he thought most
any kid
'Ould like to sleep up attic, — leastwise
he always did.

An' when yer hear th' rats a-runnin'
round at night,
An' yer think perhaps they's bogie men
with long white teeth 'at bite,
An' then th' moon comes in an' lays a
white streak on th' floor,
An' yer go to sleep an' dream about th'
bogie men some more,
An' th' cobwebs on th' rafters look like
fairy castles — most —
An' yer think perhaps th' moonlight is
Jimmie Nolan's ghost —
For Jimmie when he worked here said
'at ghosts lived in th' house,
An' they was big er little like th' moon-
shine er a mouse.
An' so I tuck my head down where the
bogie men can't see,
Right in th' bed, an' that's th' way fer
little folks like me.
An' once at night, I know, I see a funny
thing an' screamed,
An' pa came up an' laughed, an' said he
guessed I only dreamed ;
But it wa'n't a dream at all, I know, fer
over by th' wall

A yeller man hung by his neck, an' he
was awful tall,
An' he kept movin' back and forth an'
kicked his legs at me ;
An' pa said if I 'd look there in the morn-
in' I would see
'T was jes' th' yeller corn 'at hung a dry-
in', nothin' more ;
Then he went out with th' candle an'
shut the attic door.
An' then I see him shake again, th' yeller
man, an' crawl,
A-hangin' by his neck there in th' dark
upon th' wall ;
An' then I tucked my head down in th'
clothes an' could n't see,
An' th' first I knew 't was mornin' an' pa
was callin' me.

A TRAMP'S SONG

WANDERIN' in the June - time, down
around the river,
Outen hearin' o' the world, a-dozin' under
kiver
O' the alders an' the willers, all a-drippin'
in the water,
Kinder seems to me like livin' ; but they
tell me how I 'd oughter
Be in the sun a-workin', 'stead o' watchin'
daisies growin',
Be a-whettin' up a reaper, an' a-sweatin',
an' a-mowin'
Of 'em down to dry ;
But I 'd somehow rather watch the
beauties bobbin' an' a-growin',
But I can't tell why.

Wanderin' in the flower time, up 'long
the valley,
Watchin' all the grasses grow, an' Nater's
gorgeous rally

From the wind-storms o' winter; med-
ders growin' yeller,
The brooks a-singin' happily, the sky
a-growin' meller,
Catchin' up reflections o' hues the earth's
a-brewin',
Kinder gawkin' at 'em meetin' in the dis-
tance an' a-wooin',
Or a lovin' here to lie,
Listenin' to the pigeons a-nestin' an'
a-cooin',
But I can't tell why.

Sneakin' up an' down the creek, a-peekin'
at the fishes,
Runnin' over in my head a lazy lot o'
wishes —
Nothin' much to talk about — wish 't was
always summer,
Er every skeeter et I'd catch 'd turn a
partridge drummer —
Then jes' a-layin' down again, hands flap-
pin' in the river,
Outen hearin' o' the world, breathin' bless-
in's to the Giver

O' the earth an' meller sky,
Contented like an' happy, jes' to watch
the water quiver,
But I can't tell why.

THE IMP-HAUNTED POOL

THERE'S a river flows down by Jim No-
lens's house,
Jimmie said last spring when he's here,
With a big deep place 'at's as still as a
mouse,
An' a rock what they jump from into
the hole,
An' a sandbar where they splash water
an' roll,
An' I want to go down to see Jim next
year,
An' pa said if I's good
'At I could.

An' there's lilies an' rushes an' cat-tails
an' more
Than a million tadpoles an' fish
Grow there, so Jim says, an' sweet flag
on the shore ;
An' there's fairies 'at sing on the
mist-covered rocks,

Where the foam dashes up, an' a goblin that talks

In the night when it's dark, an' I wish

I could go an' see Jim

An' could swim.

An' Jim says there's alders grow by the deep place,

An' there's impsies 'at live in the stream,

An' when yer lay down on the bank, in yer face

Yer will see them look up all wiry an' dance,

An' squirm in the water, an' tumble an' prance,

Jim says, an' I see it last night in a dream,

An' 't was all jest as true,

I tell you.

It's bully, Jim says, where a broad river flows,

An' there's mussrats an' turtles to see,

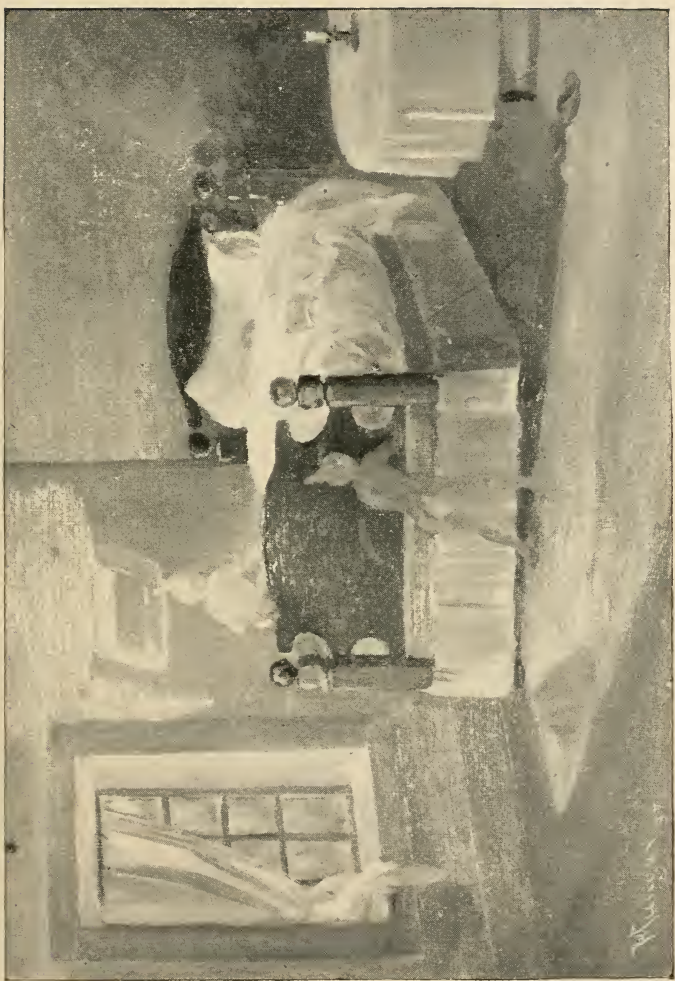
An' you lay in the shade of the willow 'at
grows
Close down by the bank, with your
feet in the cool
Sleeping lily-strewn brim of the Imp-
Haunted Pool,
An' Jim 's there, an' pa says 'at maybe
I can go there some day,
An' can stay.

WHEN THE BOOGIE-MEN CAME
ROUND

WHEN I 's a little feller, about knee-
high to a toad,
An' went to see my grandpa on the
farm,
I remember how it lay there, like a snake,
the country road,
Among the mountains winding like a
giant's mighty arm ;
I remember how my grandpa, with his
glasses in his hair,
Used to take me up an' ride me on his
knee,
An' tell me of the boogie-men that used
to live out there,
An' of fairies that might come to visit me ;
Then in the dreamy twilight, when the
purple shadows fell
Across the road, an' covered all the
ground,

An' I was tucked all snugly in the great
goose-feather bed,
It was then the boogie-men came roam-
in' round ;
It was then the boogie-men danced on
the bed,
An' the sprites an' fairies danced about
my head,
For in the night they 'd be
Grinnin' down at me,
Till I covered up my head an' could n't
see.

The house was long an' lowly, an' the
clapboards rough an' gray,
Where the northern winds had pelted
them with snow ;
But the attic was my fairyland, where I
loved to play
Till the twilight came, but then I had to
go,
For it grew so still, I wondered if there 's
boogie-men up there,
An' I looked behind me when I started
out,



WHEN THE BOOGIE-MEN CAME ROUND

An' I crept along on tiptoe, all breathless,
to the stair,
Then I scampered down them quickly,
with a shout ;
But when the night came prowling, with
the shadows in his hands,
An' the moonlight scattered gold upon
the ground,
An' they tucked me up all snugly in the
soft goose-feather bed,
It was then the boogie-men came roamin'
round ;
It was then the boogie-men danced on
the bed,
An' the sprites an' fairies danced about
my head,
For in the night they 'd be
Grinnin' down at me,
Till I covered up my head an' could n't
see.

WHEN THE COWSLIPS START TO
GROW

WHEN the mayflowers in the spring
Come bloomin' an' a-shakin'
Perfume over everything,
An' the year is wakin'
From its sleepy, dreamy way,
An' the gray
On the hills begins to grow
Greener as the moments flow,
An' the pussy willows dance
In the mellow breeze, an' prance, —
I go down the meadow brook,
With a line an' pole an' hook,
An' a worm
That will squirm
Jes' enough to call 'em out,
Shinin', whoopin', speckled trout.
That 's the fun, I 'd let you know,
When the cowslips start to grow.

When the show-time o' the year
Goes up the hill a-sneakin',
If you 're round you 'll hear me cheer
Like a wild March meetin'.
When I take my fishpole out,
Every trout
In a dozen miles — they tell
Rushes to an' fro pell-mell,
For they know they soon will see
Lots o' bait, but none o' me ;
As slyly floats my hidden hook
Through the rapids o' the brook ;
With a curl
Through the swirl ;
Underneath the hanging rock,
Then an eddy an' a shock,
An' the reel begins to whirl,
An' the line begins to curl,
As I bring him slow an' strong
Up the bank — ten inches long.
That 's the fun, I 'd have you know,
When the cowslips start to grow.

THANK-TIME AN' LOAFIN'-TIME

FUN here in New England now, layin' by
th' river,
Watchin' where a trout lays hidin' under
kiver ;
Mud-turtles on a log close where that
catbird screeches ;
Sandpiper struttin' yon, where that bit
o' beach is ;
Sun so hot you 're thankful like jes' for a
bit o' shadder,
An' watchin' o' th' lilies bob makes you
glad an' gladder.
Kingfisher on a stub, still, like he was
sleepin',
Watchin' for a fish to come round his
way a-creepin' ;
Don't keer much for fish to bite, nor
really think they oughter,
'T would hurt 'em so, an' catchin' 'em
would rumple up th' water.

Lazy like an' lovin' it, 'ithout a bit o'
 frettin',
 'Cos sometime next October, like, I 'll
 get a pesky wettin'.

Fun here in New England now, layin' by
 th' river,
 Or in th' corner uv a fence, hidin' under
 kiver
 Uv a alder bush, or apple-tree, or maybe
 uv a willer,
 For a couch th' grass that's green, a
 boulder for a piller ;
 Snakes a-wigglin' in th' grass, hoppers
 hoppin' 'round you ;
 Kingbird screechin' overhead to show th'
 world he's found you ;
 Buttercups an' daisies, an' th' tipsy-nod-
 din' clover,
 An' sky of blue with jest a few white
 clouds a-driftin' over ;
 Day dreams an' loafin', an' a thank-
 prayer to th' Giver
 O' th' shadder o' th' willow hedge, an'
 alders by th' river ;

Greetin's to th' meller breeze singin' as
it passes

Through th' branches overhead, an' th'
medder grasses.

Thank - time an' loafin' - time, an' day
dreams an' sleepin',

Fish - time an' wish - time, an' twilight-
time a-creepin'

Up along the mountain side, over hills an'
ridges,

Shuttin' out th' flowin' stream, valley,
road, an' bridges.

BIRD-SONGS AND RIVER-SONGS

I

DREAMIN' in the mowin' lot, rompin' in
the medder
Where the daisies nod an' blink, growin'
red an' redder ;
Flashin' with the mornin' dew, tiltin' with
the clover ;
Tipsy in a mazy reel, up an' down an'
over.
In the corner of a fence, zigzag, bushy
growin',
Reelin' like a lazy snake, or a creek
a-flowin' ;
Out an' in among the brakes, out an' in
an' under,
Fillin' up a sleepy head, dreamy - head
with wonder.

II

Jes' to dream, an' jes' to loaf, an' see the
world go round you :
Sprawlin' where the willow is, glad the
shadder found you ;
Layin' where the water flows, peekin' at
the fishes,
Curious to know jes' what a turtle thinks
or wishes ;
Wonderin' if the peep-birds love the
sandy beaches,
An' if yonder cat-bird thinks it's music
when he screeches ;
Listenin' to the sleepy drone of the bee
that passes
In an' out among the flowers, honey
bloom an' grasses.

III

Oh, yes ; I know I'm lazy, an' it ain't
the way to do
If you want to raise a rumpus, an' split
the world in two ;
But I somehow rather roam about like the
truant breezes,

Goin' northward when it 's hot, southward
when it freezes,
An' let the world roll on its way, an'
never trouble trouble :
Or get myself into a fret about a burst-
in' bubble :
But layin' here contented like, dreamin'
by the river,
Not complainin' over-much, an' takin'
what the Giver
Has to give, an' thankin' Him for the
perfumed roses :
Bird - songs an' river - songs an' silent
songs of posies.

UP AN' DOWN THE RIVER

JES' about this time o' year, lawsy, how
 I love it,
Sneakin' in the mowin' lot, knee-deep or
 above it,
With pink-white clover noddin' up, dew
 blinkin', you a-grinnin'
An' kinder turnin' red an' wonderin' if
 folks would call it sinnin'
To be where you 's a week afore, the
 time you went a-fishin'
And did n't get no fish — because, well,
 jes' because you 's wishin'
'At you could catch 'at muskrat on
 t' other side the river,
'At jumped jes' when you threw your
 hook an' scooted under kiver,
An' jes' because 'at maybe 'at you 's too
 lazy, sorter,
An' did n't fish particular, an' did n't
 think you orter,

An' I calculate as how, maybe, th' alders
looked invitin'

An' how th' skeeters likewise did th'
biggest share o' bitin',

Jes' layin' there full length, your feet
a-floppin' in th' water,

Kingfisher — wished, b' gosh, wished as
how you 'd brought a

Gun — up an' scoots, an' you, — well,
you 's glad you had n't brought it,

For you 'd had to lug it home again, an'
't would n't fit your pocket.

The river looks so cool like in the shadder,
jes' to think it

Any sweeter coolness an' you 'd surely
have to drink it.

Sun so hot you kinder wish 'at all th'
world was water,

Or you 's a fish or turtle or a muskrat or
an otter.

All th' world tired like, sleepy like an'
lazy,

Air a-growin' hotter, too, dreamy like an'
hazy,

An' you, jes' you, there by th' river
dozin',
Wish you had a pocket full of river 'at
was frozen.
Catbird gone to sleep, tired an' sick
o' squallin',
Mud turtle on a log a-kinder sort o'
fallin'
Into th' river like, as if 'at he 's a-boatin',
Wish 'at you 's a turtle, too, in your shell
a-floatin'.

THE END OF THE ROAD

I WAS born way back at th' end o' th'
road,
'T was there my remembrance of
things first was,
An' there I lived, played, worked, an'
growed,
Jes' natural like an' jes because
I lived
At th' end o' th' road.

At th' end o' th' road 't was much th'
same
This day or that — except 't was
play
When up from th' turnpike some one
came,
An' jest as long as they happened to
stay
An' talk,
At th' end o' th' road.

If I strayed away I was glad to get
home
To th' little red house, where mo-
ther an' dad
An' I had a little world all our own,
An' jes' as good as any one had,
Out there
At th' end o' th' road.

From my attic window I've looked amazed
Hour after hour at th' turnpike's
way,
A yellowish streak, till I grew dazed,
Wondering where an' in what long
day
I'd be
At th' end o' th' road.

Where did they come from, th' folks that
would go
Jogging along th' old turnpike?
An' most all strangers that I did n't know;
An' over th' hills — what was it like,
Somewhere,
At th' end o' th' road?



AT THE END OF THE ROAD

One day me an' ma an' dad
 Started off with th' old gray mare,
 On th' longest ride I'd ever had,
 An' 't was almost night when we
 got there,
 I thought,
 At th' end o' th' road.

When I got up next day an' see
 The road still winding, winding
 down,
 'T was th' biggest world, it seemed to me,
 From where th' end was, through
 our town,
 Up home,
 At th' end o' th' road.

I've travelled that road now many a year,
 An' I've found some good an'
 known some bad,
 Been up hill an' down, an' I'm not clear
 If I'll be sorry or I'll be glad,
 To get
 At th' end o' th' road.

MY DEAR OLD ATTIC ROOM

DREAMIN', a-lettin' my thoughts wander
 back o'er the path of time!
 Jes' layin' here an' contentedly lettin'
 old memories rhyme!
 Jumbled all up together like — lettin' 'em
 come at will —
 Up through the years o' that quiet past,
 grown misty like, until
 They reach far back to the village street,
 an' a house as used to be
 Nestlin' there so quietly, an' I somehow
 seem to see
 My dear old attic room.

A queer old place, that attic, with its
 rafters webbed an' gray,
 An' it kinder seems as if I was a-lyin'
 there to-day,
 On the sweet husk-bed by the winder,
 watchin' the sunshine fall

In tangled, silver stretches over the floor
 an' wall ;
 A-hearin' the robins singin', an' a-hearin'
 the soothin' play
 O' the brook close by in the medder —
 jes' dreamin' the hours away
 In my old attic room.

Jes' lettin' the drowsy murmur o' the
 bumble-bees an' flies
 Awake the fond remembrance o' that
 dear loved one who lies
 A-restin' there in the Acre, that the Lord
 claims for his own,
 Where He lays his weary ones to sleep
 an' rest alone ;
 An' out there across the valley, on the
 hillside, day by day,
 The white stones gleam in solemn rows,
 as the sunshine dies away
 From my dear attic room.

What, there once more as I used to be,
 this drowsy afternoon ?
 I dreamily rest upon the bed, an' listen
 to the tune

The bobolink is pipin' out there in the
mowin' lot.

It's real, but — but I'm onsartin whether
I'm there or not!

Off there's the city's steeples an' chim-
ney-smokes that creep

Into the heavens! No, I'm — jes' dream-
in' myself to sleep.

My dear old attic room.

HOW-DE-DO

SAY "how-de-do," an' say "good-by,"
Meet an' shake, an' then pass by ;
Ain't much difference twixt the two,
Say "good-by " or "how-de-do."
"How-de-do " with chilly heart,
Ain't much difference meet or part ;
Jest a look, an' jest a bow,
Sometimes only jest a "how ;"
Ain't much difference which they say,
"How-de-do " or t' other way.

Meet a friend — yer grasp his hand,
An' jes' stand, an' stand, an' stand —
Glad yer met an' hate ter part,
Kinder trembly in the heart.
Neighbors, lived on " Moody Hill,"
He was " Tom " an' you was " Bill,"
Kinder stop an' look an' say
"How-de-do ? " an' then " Good-day ! "

Been away from home a spell,
Swing the gate back, stand, an' well,
Kinder don't know what ter do,
Heart thumps like 't was bustin' through.
Said "good-by" a year afore —
Betsey 's standin' in the door —
Said "good-by," but "how-de-do"
Seems the strangest o' the two.
Brace right up an' waltz right in,
Shake the tremble from yer chin,
Betsey 's waitin' there for you:
Waltz right in with — "How-de-do?"

FIFTY ODD WINTERS AND MORE

TELL ye of what I was thinkin'? Now
 really there ain't much to tell ;
 I's settin' here lookin' at Mandy, an'
 thinkin' of, — thinkin' of, — well,
 I's thinkin' we 'd lived here together for
 fifty good winters, an' more,
 An' neither, like some I could mention,
 has grown to think t' other a bore ;
 An' I thought o' that fangle, divorces,
 where people that chank at th'
 bit,
 Go to law with all manner of stories, for
 gettin' their hitchin' line split ;
 An' I thought how we 'd worked in th'
 harness a-lovin' each other th'
 more,
 For knowin' that neither was perfect, an'
 knowin' what t' other one bore.
 Yes, Mandy an' I in th' forties started
 out to travel this road

An' we did n't start out without knowin'
 that each one had shouldered a
 load;

Nor we did n't start out on th' journey
 a-smirkin' and thinkin' we 'd done
 The cunnin'est thing in creation, with a
 future all honey an' fun ;

An' we did n't start out in a mansion with
 a mortgage some twenty feet long ;
 But we shouldered our load an' looked
 happy, an' mingled some work
 with our song.

Thinkin' of? Well, I was thinkin' that
 Mandy, who used to be fair,

Is fairer now with her wrinkles than she
 is in that picture up there ;

Fairer now in th' autumn, with her
 tresses all drifted with snow,

Than she was as a pink an' white maiden,
 some fifty-odd winters ago.

An' that was n't all by a jugful ; somehow
 there 's a picture I see

Of me when first I saw Mandy, an'
 Mandy when first she saw me :—

An' then as time journeys onward, I can
 see her one night at th' bars,



FIFTY ODD WINTERS AND MORE (Youth)

As I passed by with a greetin', and her
 eyes wandered off to th' stars ; —

An' then th' picture gets jumbled, an' all
 I can see is her face

Crowned with a heavenly halo, a God-
 given message of grace.

An' after that life was in earnest, an' its
 burdens were not over light,

But we both gave a hand to th' tow-rope,
 an' measured our hearts with the
 fight.

So th' years passed on, — they were
 merry, with sometimes a good bit
 of sad,

But we never thought much of com-
 plainin', an' we could n't found
 time if we had.

— Thinkin' of? Well, I was thinkin'
 that Mandy, who always was fair,
 Was never so sweet as this minute, with
 th' snowdrifts laid in her hair ;

An' I's thinkin', — I's thinkin' that
 maybe if I was to go th' long road
 Ere th' Lord saw fit to call Mandy, 't were
 a pity to double her load ;

An' then I was thinkin' how maybe that
Mandy might journey ahead,
An' leave me alone in my sorrow, alone
with my beautiful dead ;
An' then I could n't help praying that
maybe th' good Lord would see
It was best that He call us together, my
Mandy, my sweetheart an' me.



FIFTY ODD WINTERS AND MORE (Age)

V.E.C.

HO! BONNY BOY!

Ho ! bonny boy, with cheek of brown,
 In the river wading,
What the dreams within your head,
 Slowly, slowly fading ?
Vacation 's nearly gone, you say,
 With school-time growing nearer,
And every moment of the day,
 Is growing sweetly dearer.

Slowly summer steals away,
 Vacation joys are fading,
While every moment is so dear,
 In the river wading.
Turtle sleeping on a log,
 Sand-peep where the beach is ;
Berries growing in the bog,
 Where the cat-bird screeches.

But the river, bonny boy,
 Is not always sleeping ;

There is work for it and you,
 There is joy and weeping.
Time in summer for your fun,
 Time to work in winter,
For the race is always won
 By the fleetest sprinter.

Ho! curly head, this lesson learn,
 The world is only seeming
To the boy who idly stands
 And wastes the day in dreaming.
There 's a work for you somewhere,
 And a way to follow ;
There 's a joy for every care,
 A hill for every hollow.

WHEREAWAY

WHEREWAY, my bonny boy ?

Bonny boy with eyes of blue,
Tattered hat and curly hair,
Curly hair just peeking through ;
School is over, so you say ;
Vacation 's at its height to-day ;
But wherefore do you roam, I pray ?
Whereaway? Whereaway ?

Whereaway, my barefoot boy ?

Barefoot boy with freckled face ;
Happy with your idle dreams,
Idle dreams of distant place ;
Dreaming of the rainbow's gold,
Of the lamps which fairies hold ;
Dreaming all the summer day.
Whereaway? Whereaway ?

Listen to me, dreamy boy,

Dreamy boy with jaunty mien,

While I tell you of a land,
 Of a land you 've never seen ;
Where there 's work for you to do,
Work for dreamy boys like you ;
It 's the Future land, — but say ;
 Ho ! dreamer — whereaway ?

Ho ! with your toad-skin-booted feet ;
 Bonny boy, what battles new
In the dim Fairyland of dreams,
 Land of dreams are there for you ?
But he only casts his eyes
Downward, looking dreamy wise,
And I cannot make him say
 Whereaway ? Whereaway ?

VACATION

VACATION is coming, you're singing, my
lad,

Your heart's brimming over with joy,
And visions pass dreamily over the glass,
Mingle and slip in a fay-fading mass, —
With your toe in the sand and the dews
on the grass,
Bare-footed, tow-headed boy.

School will be over; you're happy, my
lad,

Your head brimming over with fun;
There's a river runs down by grand-
father's mill,
And fishing and boating and swimming
until, —
But there's a little red schoolhouse here
on the hill,
And a week before school will be
done.

Vacation is coming ; you know it, my lad,
And your heart beats a tattoo of joy ;
But visions are visions, and you 'll never
see
When the pleasures come how there ever
could be
So large a dream-boat on so small a sea, —
I 'm thinking, my tow-headed boy.

But the world rolls over too swift, my
lad,
To suit your notion of fun,
While your sunburnt face and the rimless
crown
Of the hat you wear, and your feet of
brown
Will hint some night, when you lie down,
That the race was nobly run.

THE LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE

THERE 's a little red schoolhouse

I knew when a boy

That stands where the winds blow chill —

The clapboards dance in the winter's
air

And the broken windows grimly stare

For a ghost of a school is keeping
there

To-night on the windy hill.

Yes, the little red schoolhouse

I knew when a boy,

When the soft wind whispered low

When the blue sky laughed from over-
head

At the birds, and laughed at what
they said,

And the great broad world stretched
out ahead

Out into the sunset's glow.

For the little red schoolhouse
Holds many a dream
Woven into the might-have-been,
With the happy hours and days so
free,
That, looking back through the years,
I see
Them gazing up with reproof for me
And the road I've journeyed in.

But the little red schoolhouse
Has opened its door
At last to the wind and rain,
And a ghost of a school is keeping
there,
While the master stands by his ghostly
chair,
And the scholars bow their heads of
air
To the ghost of his old-time reign.

SING A SONG OF HAPPY

SING a song of happy,
Glad as I can be,
Don't have much, but what I have
Is quite a lot for me.

When the clover blossoms
I can smell the smell,
An' when they shoot pop-crackers,
I can whoop an' yell.

When folks go to circuses
I can see 'em go,
An' when they drink pink lemonade
I can see it flow.

Holes are in my trousers, —
Many 's they will hold,
An' every hole is worth to me
Twice its weight in gold.

No, I ain't no dudelet,
Nor peacock in a tree,
But what I be, I tell yer what,
Is quite a lot for me.

JUST TO BE A BOY

SING ho, for happy times,
Those days of old,
Where every rainbow ended
In a pot of gold.

Where the river sparkled
Silver in the sun,
And the hours went laughing
Past us on the run.

When all the days were cheer days,
And our troubles flew
Out of hearing quickly,
So the pleasures grew.

Those were never-mind days,
Days of thoughtless youth,
When the hours went singing
Dream songs of truth.

Those were the true days,
When faith was deep,
And the bees went humming
Sweet songs of sleep.

Those were the song days,
Glad days of joy,
When earth's greatest blessing
Was just to be a boy.

IF YOU WILL

THERE'S no use of sighing the whole
year through,

Not a bit ;

No use fretting because it blows,

There's always sunshine after it snows ;

And there's no use treading on people's
toes,

Not a bit.

There's always a lot to be thankful for,

If you will ;

And people you can be thankful to,

And plenty of things that you can do

To make other people thankful to you,

If you will.

Just as easy to laugh as sigh

Any day ;

Just as easy to make folks glad,

As to be always whining and sad,

And wailing because your luck is bad —

Every day.

So brush the cobwebs out of your eyes,
And smile;
Look straight in the face of the world,
and grin;
If it knocks you down, just try it again,
And don't dream over "what might have
been,"
But smile.

GOLLY, DON'T YOU CARE

6.00 A. M.

SING a song of happy,
Hip, hip, hoop, hooray ;
Bet you I 'm the gladdest
Boy you will see to-day.

Got some poppin' crackers,
A flag and shooter gun,
An' snake fire you throw at girls
To make them yell an' run.

A pocket of torpedoes,
An' a couple toot-horns too,
Tell you what I 'm happy,
Don't you wish 't was you ?

6.00 P. M.

Sing a dirge of sorry,
Sore as I can be,
Gunpowder in my eye
So 's 'at I can't see.

Head it aches like bustin',
Fingers achin' too,
'Cept the two 'at 's missin'
Where they always grew.

Trousers torn to flinders,
Head patched here an' there,
One arm broken twice in two,
But, golly, don't you care.

Sing a song of glory,
Fourth of July 's through,
An' I can't help a-wishin'
'At I was whole like you.

SUCCESS

THERE 's many a road,
My lad, you 'll find,
To reach the town of Never ;
There are byways steep,
And highways long,
Which you may travel
With jest and song,
To the ruined town of Never.

There 's only a road
Of up-hill work
By the toll-gate of Endeavor ;
And there 's study hard
With little play,
But you 'll find success
At the end of the way,
If you will but endeavor.

So study, my lad,
As the world goes round,

And shun the road to Never,
By the steep decline of Pretty-soon,
And the broad highway of By-and-by, —
And take the up-hill winding track
By the shining pool of I-will-try,
And the toll-gate of Endeavor.

WHEN I WAS A BOY

'T WAS a wonderful thing, the river I
knew

When I was a barefooted boy ;
And the swimming-hole near where the
water-flags grew,

With its sand-bar, was ever a bountiful
joy,

When I was a boy, —
But a boy.

'T was a wonderful thing, and day after
day

I've sat by its waters and dreamed,
And watched it flow past in an endless
way,

Dancing from nowhere, to nowhere it
gleamed,

When I was a boy, —
But a boy.

To nowhere it gleamed, yet the castles I
built

In that nowhere for beauty were famed ;
And knights in bright armor had many a
tilt

With Robin Hood robbers and rob-
bers unnamed,

When I was a boy, —

But a boy.

And down where the alders grew by the
deep place

And the water spread out like a lake,
There were imps, and I've seen them
look up in my face,

Then wiggle, and dance, and squirm
like a snake,

When I was a boy, —

But a boy.

And when sister came, a wee little tot,

All bald like a sawdust child ;

And I asked where they got her, pa said
that he thought



WHEN I WAS A BOY

I'd find her tracks down by the river,
and smiled,
When I was a boy, —
But a boy.

So the little one grew, till one summer
day
A cloud came over the stream,
And the mother went out in the misty
way
The little one came, like a beautiful
dream,
When I was a boy, —
But a boy.

But days have sped since then, and the
years
Have passed like a cycle of dreams ;
Beautiful dreams that have vanished in
tears,
So like those of old times that often it
seems
I'm still but a boy, —
But a boy.

For somehow there's left when the
dreams disappear
A ghost of a dream in their place,
That beckons me on with a voice of good
cheer,
And a smile on its ghost of a face,
Which says, you're a boy, —
But a boy.

So I look down the years to the river and
see
It dancing the same as of old ;
And I follow it up from the boundless sea
Through the misty years to the years
of gold,
When I was a boy, —
But a boy.

SING, HO

SING, ho ! don't you care,
What 's the use of fretting
Because your neighbor over there
All the plums is getting ?

It 's his turn to have the pie,
Sitting in his corner ;
Time will pass, and by and by
You 'll be Johnny Horner.

Don't you care if weather 's cold,
Summer 's coming later ;
Silver 's passing, there 'll be gold
For the patient waiter.

Sing, ho ! for better days,
Let the world roll over,
It will never change its ways
For snowflake or clover.

Take things as they come your way,
Let the world go humming,
A donkey teaching it to bray
But with a hop-toad chumming.

Sing your song, and go your gait,
And never trouble trouble ; —
Life is passing, it won't wait,
To-morrow is a bubble.

SING A SONG OF DON'T YOU CARE

SING a song of pretty soon,
Let the world roll over,
While we take it easy like,
Loafing in the clover.

Sing a song of by and by,
In a year or two or so-so, —
Let the minutes pass their way,
And the great world go-so.

What have we to do with woe?
What to do with sorrow?
Laugh and let the foolish ones
All the trouble borrow.

Never mind if showers come,
Sunshine follows after ;
Listen to the bobolinks
And imitate their laughter.

Sing a song of don't you care ;
For worry is a bubble,
Full of wind and make believe,
And if you 'll have it, trouble.

But if you 'll charge it, with a grin,
You 'll find it thin and hollow,
And all you 've got to do is laugh
And half the world will follow.

So sing a song of pretty soon,
Let the world roll over,
And take it easy while you can,
Loafing in the clover.

AIRSHIPS

IN the twilight's dreamy glow,
Gliding softly, airships go,
Airships painted wondrous hue
Of earth's gray and heavenly blue,
Wove of filmy stuff that swings
Where the night moth gets her wings,
Wove of spider lace and mist,
Opal, pearl, and amethyst.

As the airships drift along,
Earthward falls the dream of song
Like the soft breeze through the white
Apple bloom at noon of night,
Like the whisper of a word
By the dreaming lover heard,
Like the echo of a kiss
When a maiden answers yes.

Wove of filmy stuff so thin
Mortal sight they never win,

Wonder-whist and dreamy slow
Drift the airships to and fro
Through the deep sea of the night,
With their cargoes of delight,
To some harbor far, I ween,
Only by the fireflies seen.

SING, HO! MY FRECKLED ROVER

SING, ho! my freckled rover,
Boy with the tousled hair,
With dew on the grass,
Your feet in the clover,
Sing, ho! and free from care.
Vacation days are drawing nearer,
Newer joys are growing dearer,
River sounds are whispering clearer,
Clearer as they pass.

Sing, ho! my jolly rover,
Boy with the freckled face,
With your feet in the dew,
My little brown lover,
Sing, ho! with jaunty grace.
All your dreams are filled with wonder,
Robin Hood and pleasure plunder,
Till the days are split asunder,
Packed with joys for you.

But, ho ! my freckled rover,
 Boy with the tattered hat,
 Is there nothing for you,
With your feet in the clover,
 But sunshine and joy and all that ?
There's a nobler work than merely
 dreaming,
There's a truer world than just the
 seeming,
There's a world with love and labor,
 teeming
 With goodly hopes and new.

So, ho ! my freckled rover,
 Boy with the dreamy eyes,
 Come up from the grass
And the dew-gemmed clover,
 Where the rainbow treasure lies.
Come up and sing of a glad endeavor,
Of a will that's strong and heart that
 never
Will allow the will and work to sever
 As the watches daily pass.

THE HUNTER DISMAYED

I RAN away last Saturday
 With my pea-shooter gun,
Down in the meadow by the brook,
 And had the bestest fun !
I played I was a hunter bold,
 Who sailed across the seas,
And killed the big Jum-giger-booms,
 Beneath the Bum-bum-trees.

I shot the great Cha-hoo-a-hoos
 While flying in the air,
And caught a Wee-wah-fu-o-fum,
 With a line of giant's hair ;
I journeyed to the northern pole
 Upon a Boa's back,
And caught the Musk-o-do-o-dum,
 And put him in my sack.

And when my ma came after me,
 And I was soaking wet

(For I'd fallen in the water
When I fought the Fouin-get),
And when she put the dingers on,
And sent me off to bed,
The glory of the battle slipped
From out my dreamy head.

COME UP FROM THE SWEET BE-
GUILING

Ho! bonny boy, with the freckled face,
Freckled face and smiling ;
Tattered hat and jaunty grace,
Dreamy thoughts beguiling ;
Down where the willows nod and dance,
Down by the sandy beaches,
Noting the rippling waves that prance,
And the song the catbird screeches.

Ho! I say, with your dreamy eyes,
Dreamy eyes and dancing,
There's a land out yon where the rain-
bow lies,
And the sunset gold is glancing.
'Tis the land of Dreams, where fairies
dwell,
The land of Laughing Water ;
But down in the vale, I've heard them
tell,
Is the baneful land of Loiter.

So, ho! my lad, with the freckled face,
 Freckled face and smiling,
Lift your eyes from the haunted place,
 And the fairies' sweet beguiling.
Come up from the river's willowed shore;
 Come up from the sandy beaches,
And lend your ears to the muffled roar
 Of the wind on the hillside reaches.

For there's truth in life, my boy, you'll
 find,
 And dreams are the play of fairies
That come to dwell in the sleepy mind
 Of the boy who only tarries.
So, lad, come up from the loiter place,
 From the river and the willows,
Up towards the morning set your face,
 And against the rocks and billows.

VACATION IS OVER

SUMMER is going, is going, my lad,
My lad with the fountain of laughter,
That wells in your eyes, where the mis-
chief lies,
And flows and follows after.

There 's a little red schoolhouse upon
the hill,
And, lad, with eyes that wander
Slyly in through the open door,
Where the western sun scatters gold on
the floor,
Are you thinking of days that have gone
before,
Over the hill out yonder ?

Come, curly head, why linger there,
With brimming eyes that wonder ?
Do you see where the sun's path stretches
far,

Over silver cliff and golden bar,
Up to dreamland's flashing star
And fear that the feet may blunder ?

Gird with courage your loins, my lad,
Sprinkle the days with pleasure,
Gathering wise thoughts one by one,
Gathering rays of the morning sun,
That men may say when the race is run,
"His life was a brimming measure."

Think only of making the day that is
Better than all preceding.
The future is only an "it may be," —
The past drowned deep in eternity ;
To-day is yours, and we shall see
By the record the boy succeeding.

Summer is going, is going, my lad,
My lad with the fountain of laughter,
That wells in your eyes, where the mis-
chief lies,
And flows and follows after.

THE COUNTRY STAGE

THE old country stage was a wonderful
thing,

And strange were the journeys it made,
As it daily passed with its clattering
load,

And a cloud of dust out over the road,
Through the dreamy mists where the
river flowed,

And the sunset purple wavered.

And the driver, too, with his flowing
beard,

Was a man of knowledge ever ;
And I remember I asked one day,
“Where do you go as you bowl away ?”
And he smiled as he said in his cheery
way,

“Yon, into the land of laughter.”

And once I asked of my grandsire gray
What lay o'er the purple ridges,

And he drew me close in his arms, and
said,
As he placed a hand on my golden
head,
“There are people, child, in that land of
dread, —
People and crime and sorrow.”

So one day I rode by the driver's side,
To seek for the world's glad laughter ;
But I found, as I journeyed day by day,
And the mists of the morning cleared
away,
That the lives of men with sad and gay
Are filled, a brimming measure.

CUPID'S MISS

WHEN Cupid, with his bow and arrows,
Came o'er the hills a-roaming,
I stood with Peggy at the bars,
Crying, "Co-boss, co-boss-co!
You must come, for we must go."
Peggy looked so sweet, I know
I trembled as I watched the stars
In the early gloaming.

I saw the fellow choose an arrow,
As he came a-roaming ;
The cows went past us through the bars,
And I stood counting them, nor knew
The number counted when all through,
But I'd found where Peggy's dimples
grew,
Looking past her at the stars
In the early gloaming.

When Cupid shot his mystic arrow,
As he came a-roaming,

It hit a bluebird on the bars,
And though it knocked the poor bird
dumb,
It never grazed my heart, I vum,
For there stood Peggy chewing gum,
Looking past me at the stars
In the early gloaming.

TROUBLE

I HAIN'T no patience with them folks
that's frettin' all the time,
Jes' 'cause th' whole creation don't walk
to their chalk-line,
Who go about complainin' 'cause Jim
Jones or Thomas Snow
Don't agree with them in politics, or to
their meetin' go ;

Who grumble et th' sunshine, an' grumble
if it rains,
Who grumble when they 're well th' same
as when they 're racked with pains ;
They grumble 'bout their breakfast, an'
so on through th' day
From dinner time to supper time they
fret and scold away.

Th' whole great world they seem ter
think will stop a-turnin' 'round
As soon as they, poor things, are dead
an' six foot under ground ;

An' so they fret an' fume about an' try
to regulate
All mundane an' all heavenly things, th'
little an' th' great.

These folks hain't had no trouble, that 's
how it looks to me ;
They 're loaded up with self-conceit, real
life they cannot see.
No, these folks hain't had no trouble,
misfortunes, sickness, death ;
Their trouble was jes' born in them 'cause
they have to draw their breath.

FUN HERE IN NEW ENGLAND

I

THERE 's fun here in New England when
 the sleighbells jingle jing,
 And the runners gliding swiftly through
 the crystals softly sing ;
 A steady nag for company, and a girl
 with cheeks aglow,
 A coon-skin robe about you, and the
 glisten on the snow ;
 Stars a-shining softly, eyes a-beaming
 bright,
 Fun here in New England on a winter's
 night, —
 Fun here when the sleighbells jingle
 jingle jing,
 Fun here when the runners through the
 crystals sing,
 When the stars are bright
 On a winter's night,
 Fun here in New England, jingle jing.

II

Fun here in New England when the
backlogs glow,
Joining in the music of the softly falling
snow ;
Popcorn and apples, with the cider in the
jug ;
Up and down the middle, close enough
to hug ;
Swing your partners, easy now, when the
fiddle sings,
Fun here in New England when the
laughter rings, —
Fun here when the sleighbells jingle
jingle jing,
Fun here when the runners through the
crystals sing,
 When the stars are bright,
 On a winter's night,
Fun here in New England, jingle jing.

“HANDLE WITH CARE, ELSE THE
STITCHES WILL FALL”

IN the basket carefully laid away,
Grandmother's unfinished knitting-work
lay.

“Handle with care, else the stitches will
fall,”

Grandmother said, as I picked out the
ball.

Once more I sit by her old armchair,
And into her work-basket look — and
there
Her knitting-work's lying, needles and
ball.

I repeat, “Have a care, else the stitches
will fall.”

For the years have come and the years
have fled,
And grandmother, dearest of friends, is
dead ;

Her work laid by, as a task well done,
A life well lived, and a race well run.

And I think, as I look, what a lesson is
taught,
What a beautiful sermon these needles
have wrought,
For there it lies finished—all but the
toe—
A soft little stocking for dimple-cheeked
Joe,

While finished and smoothly laid away,
Its little mate in the basket lay.
But who shall finish the toeless one,
That grandmother's fingers so deftly
begun?

Who can knit into each stitch and each
row
Grandmother's love for dimple-cheeked
Joe?
Who so patiently—if stitches shall
fall—
As grandmother gather them up, one
and all?

Who draw up the stitches so close and so
warm,
To keep Joe's little soft toes from the
storm,
As grandmother would? — alas, not one
Can finish the work her love had begun.

LET THEM PASS

ACROSS the sky at even float
Myriad fairies in a boat,
Shadows made of amethyst,
Filmy wove and wonder-whist,
Whither bound I cannot know,
All so dreamy still they go,
Like a breath of mignonette.
Scarce the bluebells move or fret,
Like the balm of apple bloom
Drifting through the stilly gloom.

This I know, at eventide
Through the silence fairies ride,
Speeding softly here and there,
And with most bewitching air
Knocking at the inner gate
Of the dreamy boy's estate,
Pointing to the rainbow's gold
And to Spanish castles bold, —
Pointing through the silence down
To the genii wonder town.

I would warn you, dreamy one !
Bold the fairies' gauntlet run !
Let the dreamships sail away
Through the twilight of the day,
Heed you not their voices sweet,
Or the tripping of their feet ;
Like a breath of mignonette,
Let them pass without regret,
Like the balm of apple bloom
Fade and disappear in gloom.

BREAKING OUT THE ROAD

WHEN the shadows longer grow,
Creeping eastward thin and slow,
And the night comes deep and still,
Black and scowling, up the hill,
Covering with a shadow gown
Forest gray and sleeping town,
Wrapping in a cloak of dun
Moon and stars and earth and sun ;
When the snow in feathery flakes
Sings again through brush and brakes,
Sifts and swirls in hidden nook,
Building castles by the brook,
Where the flakes like dancing sprites
Whirl about in giddy flights —
Then we know the day will bring
 Work to do
 Breaking out the old hill-road.

When throughout the silent night
Swirls the blinding storm of white,

And the snow against the pane
Dashes, then falls back again
Unmelting, adding to the hill
That piles upon the window sill,
Till morning comes with hoary face,
Changing each familiar place ;
Where the spring was, now looks up
A fairies' crystal drinking-cup ;
The old woodpile lies white and still,
Curbed and curving like a hill ;
And where the highway through the
 woods
Drifted winds, with tasseled hoods
The trees bend down, and so we know
 There 'll be fun
 Breaking out the old hill-road,

SPRING, GENTLE SPRING

IN the spring our nimble fancies
Lightly turn to warmer days,
Skies of blue, and moonlight rambles,
Dreamy noons, and shady ways ;
Till the mercury, still climbing,
One day reaches that dear spot
Where your best friend stops and asks
you,
“ Say, old fellow, ain't this hot ! ”

Nimble still, our wayward fancy
Tacks and reefs and swiftly turns
To the land of icy valleys
And the home of frozen ferns ;
Still the mercury keeps climbing
Higher than Jack's beanstalk grew,
And you faint when some one mur-
murs,
“ Is this hot enough for you ? ”

“ Hot enough? Ye gods and fishes,
 Would some wild west zephyr blow
From the land of Kansas blizzards,
 Where the little snow seeds grow ! ”
Thus you murmur till next morning,
 When a chill east wind sweeps by,
And you take a plain lung fever,
 And, kicking still, lie down to die.

IN THE SCENERY OF DREAMS

IN the scenery of dreams there are plays,
Where the softest golds and grays
 Are displayed ;
 And arrayed,
By their sides are deepest jet,
 Reds of brightest hues, and so
Is life's panorama set
 For weal or woe.

WHEN THE RACE IS THROUGH

IN the blue uneven distance,
Where life's white road dusty lies,
Melting in the dreamy silence,
Withered out beneath the skies,
Withered out and disappearing
Somewhere in that after land,
Where the future greets the present,
And they journey hand in hand,

It will be our bidden fortune
To lay down our load and rest,
To forget the road was weary,
And remember that the best
Of this life comes with the ending,
Knowing, when the race is through,
That, with all our sad misdoings,
We have done the best we knew.

LOVE'S EYES

THE moon, a golden crescent, floats
In yonder depths of blue,
And Time with fitful shuttles weaves
A veil of sombre hue
About the day ; the night, grown deep,
Bids hallowed thoughts o'er mortals creep.

A million eyes from yonder dome
Look through the night at me ;
One heart looks out through misty space,
And wonders what will be.
One heart looks out and sings of love ;
A million planets shine above.

And if those million eyes should fade,
To never twinkle more,
Mankind might still his onward course
Continue as before ;
But if the eye of love grow dim,
Earth were a waste, unpeopled, grim.

THE USES OF ADVERSITY

SOME souls are born to bleed, they say,
Nor wonder why it 's so ;
Some hearts are born to suffer pain,
Pierced deep with thorns, to know the
gain
That others cannot know who reign
Where pleasures flow.

EARTH MUSIC

THERE 's a music dwells deep in the heart
of the world,
And some seek with pleasure and find
it ;
And some dwell alone with the woe of a
day,
Nor hear of the music nor mind it.

A NAME

'T IS oh, to make a name, no matter
when,
Now for a day, forever after then !
My love, my hate, and my ambitions
first ;
Watch how the bubble grows — behold it
burst !

IN AUTUMN TIME

IN autumn time when leaves are red,
When songsters to the south have fled,
 When through the valley far and near
 The plover's call salutes the ear
And all the summer world is dead,

I love to roam where fancies led
Me ere the woods were turned to red,
 And ere the fields grew lone and sere
 In autumn time.

So when the days of youth are sped,
From what the years may hold, ahead,
 I turn me back and tune the ear
 To catch the music sweetly clear
Borne from the past ere fancy fled
 In autumn time.

CONSCIENCE

A SONG came out of the sky,
Sung by the night wind there, —
“Do right, my boy,
And the grace of joy
Will help you banish care.”

The song grew into a heart,
The heart of a tempted one,
And he said “Maybe, —
But who could see
If the ill were deftly done?”

And a voice came from within,
Like a bloom that waited long,
“I’ve a conscience clear,
And it can hear,
And winnow the right from wrong.”

MEMORIES

Down the aisles of Time, ghost-haunted,
Soft echoes come up out of Eld, —
Dreams that old Sorrow has flaunted,
And memories Pleasure has held.

THE MOUNTAIN SPRING

LIKE some huge genii drinking-cup
Crystal brimmed, the spring looks up ;
Curbed, and curving out to where
Eerie snowflakes fill the air.

THE WINTER ROAD

WHERE the highway through the woods
Drifted winds, with tasseled hoods
The trees bend down, like monks who
 wait,
Praying at the cloister gate.

IN THE YOUNG WINTER

In the young winter : —

Blossom time in spring ;

In the young winter : —

Summer's truly king ;

In the young winter,

Ah, but that is joy —

Skates, a frozen pond, and a boy.

EXPECTATION

ON the sweet mid-morrow
We shall have such joy !
When? On the sweet mid-morrow,
O stupid boy.

YOUTH'S HOLIDAY

KEEPING company with the flowers,
Idling with June's blossom hours
 In the sun ;
Sleepy when the morning flushes,
Dreamy when the twilight blushes,
Where the meadow-lark swift brushes
Dew from whispering reeds and rushes ;
 Days that run
Softly, like the dreams that pass
Dim before the magic glass
 Of youth's holiday.

AN APRIL DAY

A BANK of cloud in the upper blue,
A gossamer mist below,
While all day long the rain, rain, rain
Plashes and beats the window pane,
Eating the rags of snow.

The robin sits in the mountain ash
And warbles a mournful strain,
While the brooklet runs in a torrent down
Across the meadow and through the town,
And laughs at the April rain.

BUT A PART

IF out from the depths of my heart
I could form but one line
That would live to tell, but in part,
What hopes have been mine,
I could most gladly close my eyes
When the sunlight dies,
And sleep — could I tell but a part.

ALL IS GOOD

I

It is pleasant to lie by an orchard wall,
Watching the branches rise and fall ;
It is pleasant to hear through the perfume
float
The sad sweet sound of the phœbe's
note ;
Watch slantwise slip through the spring's
sweet breath
Petals, showing the life in death.

II

It is good to be here ; it is good to know
The way men come and the way men go ;
The rose's bloom o'er a grave may teach
That a soul, like its scent, is beyond our
reach,
But the soul is there and the perfumed
breath
Of the rose may teach there is good in
death.

A WINTER TWILIGHT

THE sun bows low beyond the western
wood,
Where lonely buntings their plaintive
chirpings hush ;
The purpling sky beholds earth's beauties
good ;
God bids the darkness come to hide
the blush,
And over fields of white
Sails high the moon, fair goddess of the
skies,
And this is night.

THE CHIDE

LIGHT through the shutters flashing
Like dashes of molten gold,
Writing a chide to the whirling snow,
The storm and cold.

Writing a chide for the outcast there,
Crouched where the gold bars lay,
Freezing the life of the beggar girl,
As false gold may.

Frozen, starved, in the reach of wealth,
And golden bars of light,
That write a chide in the hand of God
On earth's black night.

LINES

I

WHEN the lamp is broken
The flame goes out into night ;
When the words are spoken
The lips will lose their delight ;
When the harp lies shattered
The soul of the player is fled ;
When the dreams are scattered
The hope of the dreamer is dead.

II

When hearts have commingled
The pleasure of love is their own ;
When fond hearts are singled
One enters the tempest alone.
O Life, why thus have you chosen ?
Is love the great goal ?
Some hearts forever are frozen ;
Then life is the soul.

OH, THE OBSCURITY

FATHER, comfort me
Now in my sorrow.
As I look up to thee,
Out through the sometime, —
The silent to-morrow, —
In the depths of eternity
Falters the vision,
Lost in obscurity.

Father, I cry to thee.
Comfort me, cherish me,
Lend me the strength to be
Strong in decision.
Lend me the ken to be
Near to thee, true to thee,
Clearer of vision.

A WISH

Just to lie in the woods in June
With a life that 's bubbling free,
With a will that 's strong, a heart in tune
With the hope that used to be.

THE NATURE — CHANGE

Ay, friends, make merry, for the day is
nearly sped,
And with the midnight tolling of the
bell
Some will whisper softly as they gather,
“He is dead.”
Ay, friends, make merry, it is well.

Dead, friends, dead ?
It is nothing to be dead,
Only the ceasing to beat of a human heart,
Only the ceasing to breathe,
Only the natural part
For a man to play.
Why, then, make moan ?
Am I alone in death —
Am I alone ?

Nay, friends, make merry and gather
round the door,
Bring in the flagon, pour out the wine
and say,

“ We lose another, he goes out to-day !
Let 's rouse the echo with old songs
once more.”

Morning and night gather old friends,
and sing

Our dear old songs, and let the rafters
ring.

Gather once more, your oldtime stories
tell,

Turn down my cup and whisper, “ It is
well.”

IT IS BETTER

IT is better to love and be loved,
And go out in the springtime of life,
Than to know but the cold hearts of men
And sorrow of strife.

It is better to love and be loved,
And pass with the sunshine on
In the early spring, than to live
Till love is gone.

It is better to die and be loved
Than to live for a thousand years,
And know but the cold world's shock
And biting tears.

THE GOAL

SWEET the songs of the reaper
 When the harvest is gathered in ;
Sweet the sound of rejoicing
 When the victory we win ;
Sweet the dreams of the sleeper,
 Sweet the faith of the soul
When it nears to the brimming river,
 God, and its infinite goal.

MOONLIGHT

IRIDESCENT in the west
Surge of colors radiate,
Interlacing, flexile-wise,
Filmy, yet inseparate,
Kissing now the sleeping tarn,
Weaving in and out and so,
Like a knot of tangled yarn,
Fading in the afterglow ;
Streaming out the shadow hair
Quivers in a shaft of light
Which the moon in passion throws
At the demon of the night.

THE HEART

DEEP within the mind's recesses
There are mirrors clear ;
Laughing eyes and golden tresses
Oft are pictured here.

But as perfumes are the dearest
For the bloom that 's gone,
So the heart loves best its mirror
When the years pass on.

A GAME BOARD

WHAT is this world but a game board ?
What is this life but a die ?
You cast, and luck is the number,
Again, and hope is a lie ;
If lucky, the world laughs with you,
The universe trembles with song ;
If ill turns up, you 've a bitter cup,
And the span of each failure is long.

So cast, there is naught in choosing ;
Shake, as you 're bid to do ;
There is fate in a lucky number,
Who knows but it 's meant for you ?
You 've a blind man's chance at winning,
What more would you ask, you clown ?
If luck goes wrong and the road looks
long,
You 've had your chance, step down !

HEART MUSIC

THERE are hopes which are born to die,
Like thoughts unexpressed ;
There is music dwells in the soul
To the harp unconfessed.

There 's a love that eyes only know,
Of which hearts have no token ;
But there never is love in the heart
The eyes leave unspoken.

MY PRAYER

IF I should die to-night,
If the stilled pulse and pallid brow
 In the young morning
 Showed that I was dead,
Would all be just the same as now
 With the first faint light?
Would there be no tears shed,
Would there be no words said
 Of tender memory?
 Whatever be,
Be this my prayer : —

When I go out
 Let it be lightly,
 Lightly, mother.

Let it not be like the harsh awakening
 From some grim nightmare,
But one by one let down
 The bars of my prison,

And let me go out gladly.
Let the curtain as it falls
 At the ending of my play
Drape round me lightly
Like the gown of a sleeper
And a dreamer of fair dreams.

DO AS YOU MUST

A SONG came drifting, floating
Down through the space of night :
 “ Do as you should,
 And not as you would,
And the burdens soon grow light.”

And the stars whispered together
Softly an answer-song : —
 “ Do as you hear,
 In a conscience clear,
That winnows the right from wrong.”

And into a heart that suffered
They sang with a voice of love : —
 “ I ’ll do my best,
 And then leave the rest
To the will of God above.”

ASPIRATIONS

I KNOW not if the cadences of song,
That swept my soul like some strange,
 living thing,
Were on the breezes of the sea air borne
 along
Half hid where broken cloud-wreaths
 petals fling,
Or if the mocking-bird, assuming fay-like
 part,
Taught unheard music to the trembling
 heart.

I know not whence it came, but out
 and in
A strange desire and satisfaction played,—
Satisfaction for what had never been,
Through life's eternity crushed and de-
 layed ;
It may be that, aspiring from the sod,
One spark of ego met and knew its God.

DON'T WORRY

FOR what of it all —

The fret and worry ?

The love of man, or the tears of woman ?

The kiss for kiss, or the word of passion ?

The hate of hell, or the love of heaven ?

The coming in, or the going out ?

What of it all ?

The tides go out,

The nights speed on, the days come in,

While the river sings in a monotone,

“ Whatever has been shall be again ! ”

DREAMING

MOTHERHOOD in fancy dreaming,
By her side a happy lass ;—
“Hi ho! mother, what is seeming?”
“Visions in a looking-glass ;
Shadows of the wild moss-rose
Pictured where the pool’s repose
Flashes back to maiden face
Traces of a wondrous grace ;—
That is seeming, lass, my lass, —
That is seeming, lass.”

Pondering still the maiden, seeming
Lost in thoughts ideal and new, —
“Tell me, mother, what is dreaming?
Is it love, and is it true?”
“Dreaming is the maiden’s way ;
Dreams the life of poets gray,
Dreaming is the love that flows
Where the youth’s soft fancy grows,
That is dreaming, lass, my lass, —
That is dreaming, lass.”

FALLING SNOW

FEATHERY tassels on the pine
Bring again this song of mine,
June may come and June may go,
But naught can match the falling snow.

MORNING

A THREAD of gold
 In the dun, —
A crimson flood,
 Then the sun,
A ball of fire that sips
Sweet dew from willing lips
Of flower, and leaf, and fern
 By hill and burn.

TO-MORROW

To-MORROW's sunshine
Will be so bright ;
To-morrow's burdens
Will be so light ;
To-morrow's handclasps
Will not be missed,
For to-morrow we journey
Beyond the mist,
Beyond the trouble of life's strange way,
Into the warmth of a clearer day ;
For God hath said the haven's rest
Is ours to-morrow —
And He knows best.

OF THE FUTURE

I TRIED to plan for the future
When the thought came back ;
The thought of the wondrous plan
Came over the homeward track
Like a reeling man.

I tried to dream of the future
When the curse loomed up ;
The curse loomed up, and I said,
As I looked at his hemlock cup,
“There are many dead.”

I tried to dream of the future
While the wick flame flickered low,
But the demon came and spake,
“Come, lad, it is time to go
Ere the tulips wake.”

WHEN FOR ME

WHEN for me the last red sun has set,
And yonder western hills stand glorified,
I pray you, father, take my hand, and let
Us journey closer, until open wide —
The black cloud separates.

Then fare you well,
And though I silent lie,
Let voices of your memory answering tell
You that my love can never die.

IN AN OLD BARN

SPIDER laces, webs of gray,
Draping with long festoon rare
Rafters brown and huge and bare
Where the gypsy sunbeams play ;
By what mystery so airy,
By what will of sprite or fairy,
By what magic grace or power,
Do you swing there, Elfin bower ?

THE SONG

FLOATING down under the silent stars,
A song came out of the sky ;
It was only this :—
“ For a blow a kiss ;
And you ’ll laugh in the by and by.”

The song grew into a childish heart,
And the heart grew day by day,
Till a love came there
Which blighted care,
And drove distrust away.

GOD'S GRACE

A WEE belated flower by the wayside
growing,
A snow-drop kissing its saddened up-
turned face,
The white frost over the fields his
crystals throwing,
Then the pure snow, token of God's grace.

WORDS THAT LIVE

SPEAK not the word that temper speeds
 To your quick lips,
The thrust is but the power that breeds
 The gall one sips.

Look in the heart of men, you'll find
 Such words live long,
So when you speak let only thoughts
 most kind
 Conduct your song.

WHO?

Who shall pick up the soul of a man
 When it 's lost?
Who by duty of love lift the one
 Tempest-tossed
Up, body and soul from the mire and the
 sod,
And make the twain one by the measure
 of God.

BY THE LAKE

SOFTLY sleeping, dreamy-whist,
By the weeping willow kissed ;
Not a ripple, not a sound
In the blue of heaven gowned ;
Lake and sky and melody
Mingling enamoredly.

Floating languorous a cloud
Flecks the hyaline blue of lake ;
Trailing fluctuous the way
On the desert moves the snake ;
Floating fluctuous and slow
On the palpitating air
As the dreams of spirits go
In their dream-ships to and fro
Shadow filmy here and there.

TO HER BEAUTIFUL DEAD

THERE are souls in which tremble,
And long to be free,
Songs that words would dissemble
If men were to see.

Thoughts the lips leave unspoken,
For no words would shed
The truth of Love's token
For her beautiful dead.

HE IS DEAD

DAYS came and onward sped,
Till they whispered, "He is dead,"
 And the leaves
Browner grew, then passed away,
And the breeze through autumn's day
 Sighs and grieves.

A DAY

I

THE sun came up from the sea,
The blue came into the sky,
A song came out of a sparrow's breast
As she passed by.

II

A breeze came over the moor,
A chill came into the air,
A heart was broke by a thoughtless
word,
But the noon was fair.

III

The moon was a silver bow,
The purple faded to gray,
The tide ebbed over the moaning bar
With the dying day.

IV

And the night came down apace, —
Came jet-black with a will, —
And there were tears in a woman's eyes,
And a grave on the hill.

TRUTH

ONE taper lights a thousand fires
To perpetuate its glory,
And so one soul may humbly teach
A world its perfect story.

SUNSET

OVER the land of the afternoon
The dreamy twilight slips
Its mantle of half forgetfulness,
When deep in the west low dips
The sun, girt round by fold on fold
Of purple, amethyst, and gold.

THE DAY

THE morning broke, a morning bright
and fair, —

Before I rose, I planned two deeds of
good

Which I would do that day with humble
care,

Do from my heart, just as a true man
should.

The twilight came, the lengthened shad-
ows fell ;

I drew a chair before the back-log's
blaze,

And brought the record forth to let it tell

My soul its failings and my life its
ways.

The page was tarnished with a temper
thrust,

Whereby a friend was wounded deep
and sore ;

The deeds I planned to do were hid in
rust ;
The day had passed like wasted days
before.

And had the day been longer by a year,
The good deeds planned had yet re-
mained undone ;
But had a minute spanned the day, I fear
The temper thrust had stung the
friendly one.

THE DUTY OF DAYS

I SAW the sun this morning
Rise o'er yon eastern wood,
And I heard a song in the air,
And the song was good.

Crystals clung to the branches
Of grasses, shrubs, and trees,
As though the heavens wept last night
With the sighing breeze.

For the dear Old Year departed
In the shadows as he came,
And the New Year stands before us,
New only in name.

Only in name, for the future
Holds what the past has wrought,
And we must bow to the will of God,
If we will or not.

Bow with a will grown sober,
Fight with a hope that 's glad ;
And drink as the New Year bids us
Of the gay and sad.

For to one Time bore new blossoms,
Love came where it had not been,
Came and knocked at the inner court,
And was beckoned in.

And one, with the New Year's coming,
Stands at the open door,
And grieves at thought of the dear dead
one
She will see no more.

But the Old Year did its duty,
And now the New Year takes
The duty of days in its palm, and works
For our dear sakes.

A VISION OF HOPE

'T WAS in the early morning, when the
 night was old ;
When day first broke upon the hill and
 wold,
Sending a golden shimmer through the
 sky.
When through the trees that seemed to
 bow and sigh —
As slowly, through each dark green
 grove,
A golden web of light the morning wove,
Throwing fantastic shapes upon the
 ground —
When from each tree and bush there
 came a sound
Of music from the waking birds
Mingling with the lowing of arousing
 herds,
I had a vision.

In the far away,
I heard strange music ushering in the
day ;
I saw a maiden with long golden hair,
Streaming and glinting on the morning
air,
Coming from the eastern mountain
slope,
And bearing in her hand sweet flowers
of hope
Which she had plucked, that morn, from
where they grew,
All gayly sparkling with the silver dew,
Fresh from the land of Sweetest Rest.
Ever and anon upon her way in quest
Of weary mortals, she did drop below
A flower of hope ; and everywhere a
golden glow
Lit up each hill and vale, each wood and
glen,
Circled around, wove in and out, and then
It overspread a hamlet or a cot
To brighten up some herdsman's dreary
lot.
And as the maiden with the golden hair

Swept swiftly onward through the silent
air,
Anon, the sweetest notes came from
above,
Like the soft cooing of the turtle-dove,
Or like the music of some heavenly choir,
Or like the notes of an enchanting lyre,
The soothing notes swept swiftly on ;
Hope lit each cottage yard, each palace
lawn ;
And lo ! she paused above my head with
simple grace,
And love was written on her radiant
face.
Then she passed onward in her westward
flight,
And slowly in the east the shades of night
Crept through each wood and up each
silent vale,
While o'er each winding stream a misty
veil —
Despair — crept softly into sight,
And helped to hide the slowly dimming
light ;

But that enchanting harp still sweetly
played,
And gently to my ear the soft notes
strayed.

The vision passed, and took the beauteous
maid,
And I awoke bereft, and humbly prayed :
“ Oh, fairest dream of hope — sweet
maid, I pray,
Return and soothe me with each coming
day,
Return, and with my earliest waking hour
Acquaint me with thy presence and thy
power ;
Oh, bind me closer with thy golden hair,
And with thy sweetness drive away dull
care.”

THE NEW YEAR IN

So the dear Old Year has vanished !

 Last night I saw him there,
With the moonlight in his fingers,
 And the shadows in his hair ;

And he stood as one forsaken
 By the friendships he had known ;
There were tears upon his eyelids,
 And his voice was sad of tone.

For the dear Old Year was weary,
 But the dear Old Year was true,
By the will of the Master doing
 The work he was bid to do.

I sighed as I saw him hobbling
 Over the western slope,
For though he was slow in granting,
 He was always free with hope.

But the New Year came this morning,
I saw him standing there,
With the sunlight in his fingers,
And laurel in his hair.

And the snow on the eastern hillside
Was gleaming and shining bright,
And I said, "Huzza for the glad New
Year,"
And girdled my courage tight.

So let the dead past slumber,
Huzza for the king that's new,
Facing the untrod future,
And bidding the past adieu.

AN AUTUMN SONG

WHEN a chill creeps over the meadow,
and the gold comes into the west,
When the robin sits in the mountain ash,
trimming her mottled breast,
When the squirrel chatters unceasing,
high on a maple bough,
And the farmer, turning the furrows back,
follows the cruel plough,
I wander over the meadow, wistfully over
the mead,
By the brim of the sleeping river, wher-
ever my fancies lead,
Red, and yellow, and purple, crimson, rus-
set, and brown,
Dancing hither and thither, the leaves
come sliding down,
Piling the woodland hollows, and dancing
over the down.

When the brown creeps into the grasses,
and the gold spreads over the corn,
When the yellow and purple of forests
cast back the reflection of morn,
When down from the point-capped pine-
tree comes the sad wail of the year,
And the leaves of russet slide downward,
making a rustic bier
Where autumn may come unhidden, and
rest with a work well done,
Under the snows of winter, and under the
winter sun,
I love to follow some zigzag, grass-covered
lonely way,
Forgetting the actions of ages, remember-
ing only the day,
Remembering only October, forgetting
the beauties of May.

IN SEPTEMBER

SEPTEMBER reigns, the huntsman calls
And whistles to his dog ;
Along the winding stream the duck
Splashes beyond the fog ;
The painted leaves with crispèd wing
Come fluttering to the ground,
And of the mossy stone-heap make
A red and yellow mound.

The plover pipes, the cricket chirps,
Birds sing on every wall ;
The salmon to the ocean bound
Slips past the waterfall ;
The sheep on yonder hillside graze,
And all the world grows still,
While dully from the valley comes
The splash of the old mill.

The sumac burns upon the hill,
Red in an autumn haze ;

And round yon western mountains
A purple halo plays ;
Brightly the blood-red poppies gleam
Over in yonder grain ;
And the aging year moves ever on
In summer's funeral train.

DECEMBER

VIEWING this olive leaf,
Spilling its beauty brief,
 Losing its glory,
Here in the land of snow,
Where the grim northers blow,
 Wilful and hoary,

Far does the vision stray,
Over the misty way,
 Through the December ;
Into the land of flowers,
Through the delightful hours
 Memories remember.

THE GRAY GULL

OVER the foam of the breakers, flinging
High their spray on the barren shore,
The gray-white gull is swinging, winging,
Calling and calling o'er and o'er ;
Calling his mate from the stormy water,
Calling her up to drift with him
Over and on, full tempest driven,
Out of the clouds of twilight grim.

How he whirls in the lower heavens,
Dives and rises and dives and cries,
Floats and turns and rolls half over,
And rises again, and rising flies
Straight for the land that breaker-riven
Echoes harshly along the tide, —
Then turns and swerves and diving down-
ward
Settles near to his mistress' side.

Drifts and speaks with softer murmur,
Floats a moment in her sweet care,

Then with a cry and pinions curving
Rises proud to the upper air.
Glory is great, but love is greater,
Greater as God has made it so ;
And he dives again and with mad en-
deavor
Settles close to her breast of snow.

A DAY—ARIZONIAN

OVER the west a golden glory,
Sign of the setting sun,
Opal and blue and a purple haze,
Eve — and the day is done.

Deep in the cloud-drift, star-eyes twinkle,
A soft white glory about the moon ;
Shadows and silence, and sleep and
dreams —
So passes night's high noon.

Dreams, and into the night's deep azure
Out of the east a shimmer of light —
The sun, a gleaming shaft of gold,
That pierces the coward night.

Sun that burns over hill and mesa ;
Mountains fading to dusky gray ;
Bees that hum where the cactus blooms ;
Dreams — and the noon of day.

A MORNING-RISE

UNDER the fringe of woodland shading,
 Tilting out a wavering line,
Over the lake in the unseen fading,
 Tremble the shadowy stubs of pine.

Flashing across the bay of shadow,
 A crimson sun-path wavers down,
Where the ripples dance and toss and
 tumble,
 Opal and pearl and golden brown.

Tiny waves that leap and sparkle,
 Catching the gold of the rising sun,
Tossing it back to a cheerful measure,
 Losing it deep in a cave of dun.

Out of the meshes of the sun-path,
 Tipsy, woven in changing way,
The sudden leap of a golden beauty, —
 King of the mountain lake, at play.

Only a flash, and the eddying circle
Weaves away like a silver snake,
Fading, lost in the perfect silence,
Drowned in the mirror of the lake.

IN THE TIME OF WANING AUTUMN

IN the time of waning autumn, ere the
first white snow sifts down
Over the hill and valley, and in the
country and town,
To show to the earth the fitting of its
new-made slumber gown,
I love to wander at evening, out mid the
russet leaves,
And hear their rustle and chatter, while
down in the branches grieves
The wind of the falling evening, that
coming, a destiny weaves.

Ay, I love, I say, ere the winter, in the
latermost part of the fall
To wander alone, and to listen, while out
of the past I recall
A voice with its tender emotion, a love
with its rise and fall,
A love, more than love while it lasted, a
love that was love when it died,

For that too was the love of the living,
 and loving the sleeping, it sighed,
And turned to the past for requital, and
 hoping was never denied.

Ay, I love, I say, to wander, drinking
 deep in the depths of the past,
The days of a youth's bright dawning,
 which happy, journeyed so fast,
The preparing to live was awakened, to
 find the pleasures had passed,
To find how the frosts of autumn had
 blighted the blossoms of spring,
How the flowers of summer were wilted,
 how the thrush had forgotten to
 sing,
How white were the distant mountains,
 how winter was ruling as king.

NOR YET FORGOT

I KNOW not if the birds bright plumage
wore,
Or rusty brown and ragged was the
wing ;
I know not if the grasses of the morn
Were deep with bloom, or brown and
withering ;
I know not if fair bloom swung pink and
white
Or if ripe fruit above was tempting red ;
I know but this : you were in sight,
And far away my truant fancies led.

I know not if the moon swung in the sky,
And spread soft radiance o'er a summer
world,
Or if soft clouds were drifting idly by,
Or heavy storm-clouds o'er the stars
were furled ;

I know not if the world seemed young or
old,
I know not if mankind seemed weak or
wise ;
I only know our story was first told,
And loving eyes looked love to other
eyes.

I know not how the days passed on their
way,
If swift or slow, or what they brought
of joy,
Or what of sorrow, when came night or
day,
Or if all one was passed without
alloy.
I only know the spring bloomed deeply
fair,
And know there seemed a halo round
the sun ;
I know fair bloom heaped high the altar
there,
On that fair day when you and I were
one.

I know the days sped on with even flow,
And happy years passed on with
noiseless tread,
Till I went once out where the grasses
grow,
A lonely mourner, following my dead.
I only know the spring blooms as of old,
And passes on ; while I my dreary lot
Weave in and out, with thread of life
grown cold,
Awhile the shuttle creaks, "Nor yet
forgot."

THE MOWERS

HERE are the mowers mowing,
In the cool morning,
Flicking the sparkling dew
In ruby drops to the sun.
 O mowers gay,
 What do the grasses say?
What song do they sing at the mowing?
What song do they sing to the scythe?
Rest — they sing as the keen blade
 passes ;
And sleep — is the answer-song to the
 grasses ;
It's an endless song, O mowers blithe,
The song of the grass and the answering
 scythe.

THE WOODSMEN

HERE are the woodsmen,
Here in the great forest,
The great uncut forest of tasseled pine
and spruce ;
Here where the snow lies deep over
ridges,
In valleys and hollows ;
Here where the white snow is blown into
billows,
Changing billows tossed by the north
wind ;
Here are the woodsmen.
With arms that are muscular, steady and
swift,
With hearts that are happy and blithe
and gay,
They cleave the air with their keen bright
blades
Till the mighty monarchs of centuries
fall,

Sway and fall with a mighty crash,
A crash the mountain spirit hears
And echoes back in muffled tone
 To the woodsmen chopping.

 Here in the Southland ;
Here in the land of the palmetto ;
The land of the orange, lemon, and fig
 tree ;
The land of the Southern pine and red-
 wood ;
The land of the cypress, oak, and hickory ;
Here in the moss-draped swamps, slug-
 gish and fever stricken ;
 Here, too, are the woodsmen,
Brawny and black and battle scarred,
By broad lagoon and grim morass ;
Where the brimming river broad and
 deep
Cleaves the forest, a silver thread,
A silver thread that weaves, and makes
Like a snake in and out of the breaks.
 Here are the woodsmen,
Strong and dreamy and steady and slow,
High in the air the bright blade gleams,

Low, with a sweep and a sudden sting
It sinks helve deep in the yielding wood,
Dull like the cry of a thing grown dumb,
Or the startled cry of one asleep,
Asleep in the dreamy air of June,
Lulled to sleep by the redbird's tune,
Or the mockingbird which half awake
Turns, then falls to sleep again.

THE PASSING OF THE YEAR

THE Year is growing late ;
At the purple gate
Of the western sky he stands,
With the red sun in his hands,
Like an old man looking back
Down a rough and tortuous track
To the time when life was new,
And hope's fair blossoms grew
On the plain Delusion.

For a moment stands he there,
With the shadows in his hair,
 Mingled with drifts of snow ;
While with his palsied hand
He stays day's burning brand,
 To gaze on the earth below.

Out through the land of men,
City and forest glen,
Land of pride and crime,
He gazes to that fair time

When earth was newer ;
Gazes back to the days
When men were of simpler ways,
When simpler pleasures grew,
Nourished by sun and dew,
And vain hopes were fewer.

He speaks no word, but turns
Where the western cloud-rim burns
With a golden glory,
And disappears from sight,
Into the gloom of night,
With his life's strange story.

SITTING ALONE IN THE
TWILIGHT

I

SITTING alone in the twilight of years
and twilight of day,
Watching the sun in the heavens sinking
and hiding away,
Watching the western hilltops, resplen-
dent, glow with the gold
Mist of the evening, as the air-shades,
fold on fold,
Thicken the dim growing landscape, plain,
and valley, and hill,
Till the very echo of silence, grown
sweeter, paused and was still, —

II

Sitting alone in the twilight of years and
twilight of day,
I caught a sound like the music of a
heavenly fountain at play ;

Raising my trembling fingers over my
heart of hearts,
I tried to sing, but the jar, as when sud-
denly parts
The strings of a mighty organ, shook my
trembling frame,
And the heart which throbbled was
broken, now only a heart in name.

III

The music passed in the distance, no
longer the fountain played,
And pressing my hand to my bosom, idly
my fingers strayed,
Unthinking, restless, and weary over my
heart grown weak,
And seemed with a sudden impulse for a
time half forgotten to seek
Down through the chambers of has-been
and the halls of memory
For the songs the dearest and sweetest
in the days that used to be.

IV

Sitting alone in the twilight of age and
twilight of day,

As the great sun hid in the shadows and
the purple changed slowly to gray,
The songs and the old-time music came
up from the past to me,
And I wandered once more with the days
and the loves that used to be ;
I wandered out through the twilight,
grown deeper with heart's unrest,
I drank from memory's fountain, and
dreamed, and the days grew blest.

THE BEST OF ALL THE DEAR
OLD SONGS

THE songs they sing, the songs they sing,
Those half-remembered memories of
ours, —
How the hours with merry rhythm ring
With all the world of dreamland clothed
with flowers'
Sweet melody, the singing of the old-
time scythe,
Sent whispering through the grass by
mowers blithe —
But best of all the dear old songs to wear
Are the songs that came from grandma's
rocking-chair.

I half remember of an old-time spring,
How clear the robins' first call seemed to
ring,
And how the snow, in merry singing way,

With feathery flakes made white the
barren way,
And how the brook went whispering
through the dell,
Singing words no tongue may ever tell ; —
Those idle afternoons, those happy days,
When I was but a boy with boyish
ways —
But looking back the best of all to wear
Are the songs that came from grandma's
rocking-chair.

They are dear songs, the songs they sing,
'Those half-remembered memories of
ours ;
They make the air with merry cadence
ring,
And crown the Time - King with a
wreath of flowers.
The dreams of winter and the dreams of
spring
Make music sweet of half the songs they
sing ;
From lazy days, those days of idle joys,

When boyish-like I dreamed the dreams
of boys —
But best of all the dear old songs to wear
Are the songs that came from grandma's
rocking-chair.

WHERE THE RIVER FLOWS

THERE 's a music that dwells in the heart
of the stream,
And a mystery breathes in its flow,
For I often look back, and sometimes a
gleam
Of the castles I 've built will flit to
and fro,
And fade
Where the river flows.

And I 've dreamed as I 've watched it go
flowing along
That a beautiful fairyland lay
Afar in the midst of the hills where its
song
Is born, and I 've dreamed that some
day
I 'd find
Where the river flows.

Now I've traveled along by the river for
 years,
 Till I've come close down to the sea,
 And I've found there is laughter born
 often from tears,
 Like the songs that rise from the
 mists, maybe,
 That float
 Where the river flows.

But there are tears, sometimes, ere the
 laughter dies ;
 There's a woeful shake of the head ;
 For some pass down where the water
 sighs,
 And all pass out with the dead
 To the sea
 Where the river flows.

OVER THE BROW OF THE HILL

JUST over the brow of the hill it stood,
 The old red farmhouse of wood and
 brick ;
 The woodshed filled with winter's wood ;
 The barn close down by the meadow
 creek ;
 The maple-orchard, too, somehow
 Looked more inviting than it does now,
 When the wind comes scurrying down
 Ker-whiz !
 Over the brow of the hill.

The creek wa'n't pretty, to speak about,
 But the creek, a fishpole, and one
 small boy,
 At the end of the line a flopping trout,
 Was a combination to give one joy ;
 But joys were joys in those old days,
 When the boys were boys with boyish
 ways,

When the wind came scurrying down
Ker-whiz!
Over the brow of the hill.

But now, some way, when the year grows
late,
And the cornfield is stubbled and
brown,
When a creaking comes to the garden
gate,
And the heads of the goldenrod bend
down,
It don't seem just as it used to do,
When the heart was quick and life was
new,
And the wind came scurrying down
Ker-whiz!
Over the brow of the hill.

But one I know, with a freckled face,
A tattered hat and tousled hair ;
A boy with an awkward sort of grace,
Who never dreams of years or care ;
Who never dreams of the world that lies
Beyond the west where the daylight dies,

As the wind comes scurrying down
Ker-whiz!
Over the brow of the hill.

But the old gray hill and the house of
red

Are just as grand to this lad I know,
As they were to me ere fancy fled,
Back in the dreamy years ago ;
But I wa'n't so particular then as now,
And I did n't mind so much, somehow,
When the wind came scurrying down
Ker-whiz!
Over the brow of the hill.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

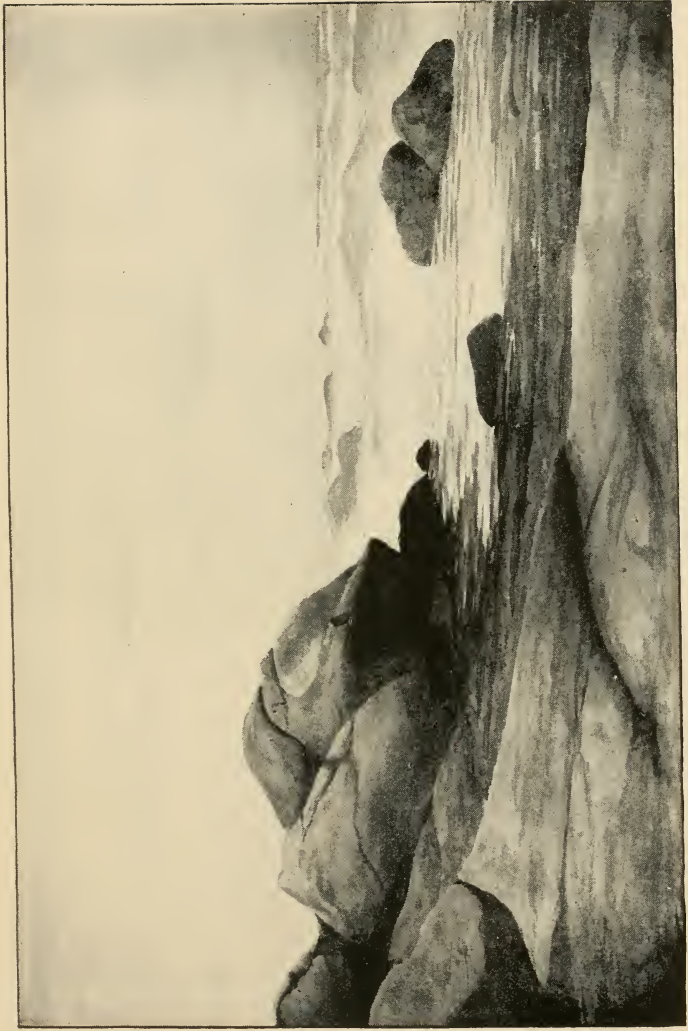
THE sighing wind of the twilight dipping,
 Kissing the salt sea's lips of gall,
 Whirling out past crag and beacon,
 Bearing afar the gull's harsh call : —
 Pause you now in your mad endeavor,
 Pause and hearken once forever,
 Hearken close to the song that over,
 Over and under, and out and over,
 Through the blinding snow to the dew-
 gemmed clover
 Girdles the earth like a diadem.

For they were a band of chosen people,
 Chosen by God to suffer wrong,
 To suffer and bear as the chosen suffer,
 Singing their silent martyr song ;
 Singing alone to the world that, ever
 Lost to the good of a man's endeavor,
 Hears but the wild, false nature beating,
 Echoing back, and the cry repeating,

Mad with the lust of ages fleeting,
Dying only to live again.

Boldly braving the billowing ocean,
Casting their bread on waters grim,
With naught to cheer but the gray gull's
calling,
Seeking the way to follow him,
They dreamed maybe an enchanting
vision,
Of isles of peace, and of fields elysian.
But the curse came too, and the dreams
were broken,
Broken and crushed ere the thought was
spoken,
And the bounteous sea was the only
token
To prove their God had been true to
them.

Before, but the trackless waste of waters ;
Behind, but the curse and pride of
men ;
The storm-trod rocks were a welcome
haven



THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

With the right of a freeman born
again,
And the days came, and the world rolled
over,
With the snow, and the rain, and the
dew-tipped clover ;
And they thanked their God for the
bold endeavor
That had led them up and had slackened
never,
And they blest their kind, and prayed
that ever
His love and a crust might satisfy.

THE LAST THANKSGIVING

ONCE a year there comes a day
In the chill November,
When the year grows gray with rime,
A day we all remember ;
Though loud the northern winds may
blow,
Chill be the autumn weather,
The laughter rings when 'round the
board
Meet kith and kin together.

The laughter rings, the stories pass,
The mirth grows high and higher ;
The cider in the glasses brown
Sparkles blush-songs at the fire.
While grandpa, in the honor seat,
Smiles shyly at another
Across the board, the blessed one,
The mother, the grandmother.

The feast is through, the laughter hushed,
 The heads are bowed together,
 And slowly speaks the gentle voice
 So soon to hush forever :—
 “Great God, we thank thee for thy love
 So freely to us given ;
 Have mercy on the saddened ones,
 By storm and tempest driven.

“Though poor, we ask thee, for thy sake,
 Grant mercy to their sorrow,
 And pray thee hold them in thy palm,
 To-morrow and to-morrow.
 Watch the wanderer from the way,
 And guard his footsteps ever ;
 Lay not thy hand in wrath, O God,
 Upon his weak endeavor.

“We thank thee for thy mercies great,
 And for thy patience golden ;
 Accept us as we are, O Lord,
 By his sweet promise holden.
 Together here we bow our heads,
 This one day in November ;
 United by thy will, O God,
 Thy blessings we remember.”

A MOOD

WHAT would I do? you ask me,
 Could I have my own strange way?
What would I do? Well, truly,
 This, could I have my say, —
This were the greatest of pleasures :
 To wander alone through the halls
Of the years that have been, and to listen
 While echo on memory calls,
With a voice of sorrowful sweetness
 Up through the past, and then
I would bathe in the lucid quiet
 Of some half-forgotten glen.

Not from the unknown future,
 Not from the present time,
But out of the past I would beckon
 A year when never a rhyme
Broke in on the limpid quiet,
 When never a deed of man
Was greater than deeds of another,
 When everything quietly ran, —

Days drifted like the dripping of honey,
Sweetening the dregs of the earth,
Forgotten, unknown, and unnumbered ;
When nothing died or had birth,
Not even the flowers of the garden,
Or the bird on the orchard bough ;
When even the maid to her lover
Forgot to whisper a vow.

From the depths of that year I would
gather
A day the fairest and best,
Unknown, forgotten, unnumbered ;
Alike would we journey to rest,
Lulled by the music of waters,
Fanned by the sweet tipsy wind,
Dream in the silence contented,
With never a thought or a mind
But forgetting the actions of ages,
Forgetting the journey of time,
Forgetting, unthought of, forgotten,
Enchanted, list to the rhyme
That flows from nowhere forever,
Weaving around me the hours
And the peace of an opal morning,
Alone in a forest of flowers.

OLD FRIENDS ARE BEST

Old friends are best friends,
 Don't care what you say.
Stand by a fellow longest
 When his hair is gray.
Stand by a fellow longest
 When there 's trouble near,
An' 't seems as if the whole great world
 Was mostly out of gear.

Old friends are best friends,
 And the old songs, too,
Tremble longest on the lips
 When the heart is blue.
Old songs and old ways,
 And homes we used to know,
Lighten up the now time
 Like an afterglow.

Old songs are cheer songs,
 And old loves are best ;

Like the wine that 's mellowed long
Since it first was pressed, —
Like the wine that 's mellowed long,
Like the morning dew,
Are the friends of that old time,
When the world was new.

THE SONG

RIVER, as you flow along
Through the fields of waving grass,
Take with you this simple song,
Sing it to the fields you pass.

Sing the song as I to you,
Sing it lying on your breast,
Sing it to the ferry crew
Lying by the shore at rest.

Mingle with my words the tune
That the willows love to play,
Nodding on your shores in June,
Dancing in the twilight gray.

Sing the song my heart has wove,
Idling here upon your breast,
Simple song of bird and grove,
River, God, and rest.

THE OLD HOME

SNOW besieged and ruin captured
 Stands a house I know full well,
Where in bygone years, enraptured
 By a misty, dreamy spell
I have watched the seasons' changes,
 And the years ring out their doom ;
Where I've lived, and loved, and honored,
 Through life's sunshine and its gloom.

There it was my baby cooing
 First a mother's fancy woke
From the old dream of the wooing,
 To the new dream left unspoke :
To the dream of hope and sorrow,
 To realities unthought,
To a faith sublime, eternal,
 By a wordless prattle wrought.

There it was as boyhood drifted
 Down the years to man's estate,

With no palmist's vision gifted,
First I learned to hope and wait.
Gazing out across the hilltops,
Through the purple haze of thought,
I beheld a world of glory,
In a dream of splendor wrought.

So I journeyed once, and coming
Where the city's strife is loud,
Joined my tapping with the humming
Of the great machine-drilled crowd ;
Here I've lingered, rested, dreaming
Of that home in days of old,
When all love and faith were measured
By a higher worth than gold.

THE CRICKET IN THE WALL

WHEN the year from dreamy summer
 Into crisp ripe autumn wākes,
And the wild duck flying southward
 Haunts New England's crystal lakes ;
When the wild grape's purple clusters
 Hang sun-kissed on the wall, —
Then we hearken to the music
 Of the cricket's lucid call.

When the poppies blush bright scarlet
 In the waving fields of wheat,
And fond memories of summer
 Make the latter days complete ;
When the partridge drums are rolling,
 And the plover bugles call, —
Then we listen to the fiddle
 Of the cricket in the wall.

When all the world is blushing
 At its own rich beauty rare,

And the livery of forests
Lends a softness to the air ;
When a crisp is in the morning
And ripe mellow is the noon, —
Then we listen to the cadence
Of the cricket's sleepy tune.

TWILIGHT ON A MOUNTAIN LAKE

BLUE of the sky above us lifted
Higher than thought can span,
Amethyst cloud, rimmed with purple,
Scarlet, silver, and tan.

Twinkling rushes of golden sunlight
Dancing into the dim unseen ;
Fringe of green, and a bay of shadow, —
Shadow kissing the tender green.

Tinkling flash of unseen waters,
Troubled shade, and foam afloat,
Dimpling eddies join the laughter,
Lending only a silent note.

Tiny waves that leap and sparkle,
Catching the gold of the setting sun,
Tossing it back to a tipsy measure,
Losing it deep in a cave of dun.

Out of the dimmest depths of silence
The sudden splash of a speckled trout,
A flash, a gleam, a shower of rubies,
Golden eddies circling out.

Out of the meshes of the sun-path,
Topsy, woven in changing way,
A gleam of saffron, pink and yellow,
A sparkling tinkle of falling spray.

The blue above a fringe of emerald,
One lone cloud-boat drifting by ;
Love song of the mottled wood thrush
Sinking into the depths of sky.

Gathering gloom, like a dream forgotten,
Sleep, with never a ray of light ;
Lake and valley, and wood and mountain,
Fading into the realms of night.



TWILIGHT ON A MOUNTAIN LAKE

AS OUR FATHERS DID OF YORE

WHEN the frost is on the maple,
And the grass is brown and sear,
And a crisp benumbs the sunlight
Of the evening of the year ;
When the bins are full to bursting,
When have passed the harvest days,
Then we gather in communion
To praise Heaven for its ways.

Thus each year we come together,
Sire and matron, youth and maid,
Gathered round the harvest table
With the harvest bounties laid ;
Gathered to give forth thanksgiving
As our fathers did of yore,
When a band of starving pilgrims
Gathered on a sterile shore.

Gazing o'er the billowing ocean
Towards their former fatherland,

Loud their hearts cried out thanksgiving
For the bounties of God's hand ;
Sore their troubles and privations,
Strong their hearts in faith sublime,
Who for a crust of bread were thankful
On that first scant harvest time.

So, when frost is on the valley,
And a hush is on the hill ;
When the carts go heavy laden
To the clatter of the mill,
Gather we with hearts of gladness,
Thankful for the battles won
In His name and by the token
Of His promise through the Son.

THE POET'S BIRTH

IN the land of Poco Tiempo,
In the land of By-and-By,
Where the twilight blushes golden,
And the purple shadows lie ;
Where the streets are paved with silence,
In the land of Pretty Soon,
Once there came a troop of fairies,
Bringing in a wondrous boon.

Strange the land of Poco Tiempo,
Dreamy all the people seem ;
And the fairies entered boldly,
Passing like a perfect dream
Up the lonely street of Silence,
Turning off down Tired Lane,
Till they came to Future Alley,
Turnpike to the land of Bane.

Here they halted, where a cottage
Stood within a garden spot,

Growing deep with wasted moments,
Dead, deserted, and forgot.
Here, within a silent chamber,
On a cot there slept a child,
Dreaming of fair Poco Tiempo,
By its witchery beguiled.

Through the cottage romped the fairies,
To the chamber came, and there
Gathered round the dreaming sleeper,
Sang the Dream-Fay's mystic air ;
Where the leader of the fairies,
Standing in the moon-drift white,
Touched the child with wand of magic —
Blessed him in the silent night.

So it was in Poco Tiempo,
In the land of By-and-By,
Where the twilight blushes golden,
And the purple shadows lie ;
Once a fairy legion journeyed,
And they touched a sleeper there,
And a poet blessed the sunshine,
Sang to free the world from care.

AN EVENING WALK

I HEAR the rustling garments of the wind
Sweep past me in its flight,
It moves the nodding flowers and bids
them speak
A varied language of the coming
night.

For it is summer time, in pensive mood
I 've wandered to this restful solitude.

Midway up a mountain's quiet path
With grasses twined together on its
top,
With vines and bushes growing on each
side,
I wander in a dreamy mood, or stop
And look around me on the vale below,
And on the far-off hills, and watch the
sunset glow.

I see beneath the thatched roof of the
path
A rabbit spring and disappear from
sight ;
The partridge drumming in the neighbor-
ing wood,
And all around the voices of the
night
Make sweet harmony that delights the ear,
And hallowed make this time of day and
year.

I watch the brook go wormling, murmur-
ing on,
Half hidden by the grasses on its
brim ;
Kissing now a lily's perfumed cheek,
Now hidden by a thicket on its rim,
Now darting 'neath a root, now gliding on,
And singing in strange language a weird
song.

From just across the valley bending deep,
Comes the soft clear tinkling of a
bell,

Mingled with the looing of the kine,
 And the "coo ! coo !" of the cowboy
 join to tell
That night has come, and from afar
I see the faintest trembling of the even-
 ing star.

Slowly from yon shining village spire,
 Liquid notes are drifting through
 the air ;
Calling to the honest rural folk
 To meet and worship in the house of
 prayer,
But mists arising from the murmuring
 stream,
Close round me like the meshes of a
 Tempean dream.

OLD SONGS AND YEARS

I

THE old man mused,
With head bowed low,
Thinking of the long ago.

II

As I look back along life's cloudy way,
O'er the good and evil of a man's short
day,

The things I best remember are somehow
The ones I most dislike to ponder now ;

Some little word that I in anger said
To that dear friend, who now long since
is dead ;

Some little act regretted soon as done,
Intended maybe — like a joke — in fun ;

But which, alas ! I learned a bit too late,
 Has changed a valued friendship into
 hate !

The sunshine never has seemed just the
 same ;
 The wild-wood blossoms never quite so
 tame ;

The brook has never sung so sweet a
 song ;
 The hold on life is never quite so strong ;

The robin's call has not so clear a ring ;
 The swallow never has so swift a wing ;

The snows of winter are never quite so
 white ;
 The moon's soft glory never quite so
 bright

As in those times, full fifty years ago,
 When days were all good days, and life
 was so.

But there are memories which somehow
steal
Into our lives, and make us old folks feel,

When looking back along life's busy road,
That we have shouldered but an average
load.

Our fancies wing from those lost days to
these,
And bring the old-time green into the
trees ;

The old-time songs, the songs I used to
know,
And used to sing in misty long ago.

III

Aye, for the old songs,
Those songs were best ;
Aye, for the old days,
Those days were blest ;
Those were the prime years,
Years of my youth ;

Those were the true days,
When love was truth ;
Those were the dream songs,
When life was joy ;
Those were the hope days,
Free from alloy.

IV

Softly to his lips this tune
Came like apple bloom in June,
Came and went, while slow in rest,
His head bowed lower to his breast,
The old man slept —
And dreamed.

THE SONG OF THE STORM

THE wind comes riding out of the west,
That keen swift messenger of old ;
He rattles the blinds as he gruffly goes,
Marking the pane with fingers cold ;
Riding along through the winter's night,
Over the world in the chill moonlight,
With never a thought of the where or
way,
With never a care if night or day,
Only to ride at a boisterous rate,
With a knock at the door and a pull at
the gate.

The wind comes riding over the moor,
And rattles the sash in his hasty flight ;
He combs the beard of the tasselled pine,
And over the fences drifts the white
Shifting snow in changing heaps ;
While from within the firelight creeps

In thin chill bars through shutters cold,
Telling the story so oft retold ;
Writing in letters of gold a chide
To the wild bantering wind outside.

While I a wanderer, alack !
Musing hear,
In language queer,
This song from the tamarack.

Whew ! whew ! say I,
As away I fly
Over the housetops and down the street,
Lifting the snow
Only to throw
It into the faces of those I meet.
I paint soft roses
On cheeks and noses
As huffing and puffing I go my way,
While the children shout
At each merry bout
As together we merrily laugh and play.

SONG

I

SWEET daisy, when he plucked you there
In yon meadow low,
And placed you in my knotted hair,
Did you, tell me, did you know
What his thoughts were then of me?
What his thoughts will ever be?

II

Sweet daisy, oh, thou fairest flower
That e'er the meadows show,
Does he love me on this hour?
Tell me, daisy, do you know?
When he pressed his lips to you,
Did he say he loved me true?

III

Did he whisper in your ear,
Tell me, daisy fair,
Words that I would like to hear,
When he pressed you there?

Did he whisper soft and low
Words that I shall sometime know ?

IV

Dear flower, lie here on my breast,
And, oh ! tell me, say,
Will he sometime too there rest ?
Daisy, tell me, pray,
Will he sometime come again,
And love me dear, as he did then ?

V

Oh ! tell me when you 're old and sere,
And my locks are gray,
Will he love me, year by year,
As he did that day ?
Oh, daisy, why not answer me ?
Oh, must I, too, wait and see ?

VI

Must the long days, one by one,
Come and slowly go ?
Must God's will be always done ?
Tell me, daisy, if you know,
Must a maid love, oh, flower fair,
Yet never say nor who, nor where ?

TWO SONGS

HER SONG

THE wind one day blew out of a cloud ;
Though it blew nor long nor hard nor loud
It moved the grasses at our feet
And softly kissed the violets sweet
Down where the river flowed along —
Sang to us in a voice of song
And on the soft green tufted bank
Into the grasses rose and sank.
One lone daisy pink and fair
You plucked and placed it in my hair,
 While the birds sang merrily,
 Merrily, merrily, merrily.

HIS SONG

Ah, more than that, my love, my lass,
More than plucking from the grass
A daisy of a dainty hue —
I plucked my heart and gave it you.

Breathed a blessing on your head,
Breathed a hope that never fled,
Kissed your finger tips and then
Blessed and kissed you o'er again
 While the birds sang cheerily,
 Cheerily, cheerily, cheerily.

THE ANSWER OF THE ROSE

A MAIDEN walked in a garden,
Humming a quaint old air,
While the whippoorwill joined in the
chorus,

And around her everywhere
The apple blooms from the branches
Showered down over her head,
And she wandered slowly, gladly,
Wherever her fancy led.

The sun through the western treetops
Was slowly sinking from sight,
And dimly, but brighter growing,
Sailed higher the Queen of Night.

Slowly she strolled to the seashore,
The maid with the simple gown,
And there as the tide flowed outward,
She wandered up and down,
And gazed at the sky above her,
And gazed at the sea below,

And thought of its ceaseless motion,
And thought of its ebb and flow.

She took a rose from her bosom,
With colors all faded and dim,
And raising it, fondly kissed it,
Murmuring sweetly of "him ;"
For a moment only it lingered,
And then, with a cry of joy,
She threw it into the water,
To float as the ocean's toy.

Thus she spake in her gladness,
As she hurled it through the air ;
" Oh, beautiful rose, go wander,
Go wandering everywhere, —
Float thou over the ocean,
Under the sad-eyed moon,
To the land of the fair Caucasian,
To the land of the Octoroon ;
To the land of the Hindoo princess,
To the land of the Indian maid ;
See those of the Turkish harem
In costly gems arrayed.

" Fair rose, wherever thou roamest,
 Float in on the flowing tide,
 And find thou a waiting maiden,
 And close in her bosom hide,
 And wait when her lover cometh,
 To hear the sweet words he may say,
 And listen, sweet flow'r, oh, listen,
 And hear when he goeth away.

" When thou hast wandered and wandered
 To the uttermost parts of the world,
 Travel thou back o'er the ocean,
 And again in my bosom be furl'd,
 Nestle there, rose, in thy fragrance,
 And prithee look up to my eye,
 And listen, oh, listen, dear flower,
 To say if thou hearest a sigh ;
 Then taste of my lips, sweetest blossom,
 And say if thou foundest so plain
 The print of a heart on another,
 As my lover on my lips hath lain."

The sun through the western treetops
 Had finally sunken from sight,
 And brighter and brighter growing,
 Sailed higher the Queen of Night ;

And a voice called up from the shadow
Made by a moon-kissed wave :
“ Oh, maiden, love cometh truly
When love lieth hid in the grave.”

“CHATTER, CHATTER, IT ’S NO
MATTER ”

DEEP within the wooded border
Of a vale I strayed, one day,
Drawn on by the sweetest music
Wafted through its shady way ;
“ Chatter, Chatter,
It ’s no matter,”
Was the song it seemed to say.

As I wandered, grew the music
Yet more clear and sweet to me,
Till I found a bubbling brooklet
Gliding onward to the sea ;
“ Chatter, chatter,
It ’s no matter,”
Gliding onward, fresh and free.

In a pool its waters tarried,
Silent, by a mossy bank,

Where the weeping willows drooping,
Singing rose and dripping sank ;
 “ Chatter, chatter,
 It 's no matter,”
Breeze-kissed branches rose and sank.

Standing on its brim I pondered,
Dreaming on its perfect glass,
Till I seemed to see beside me,
Gazing down, a joyous lass ;
 “ Chatter, chatter,
 It 's no matter,”
With the pool her looking-glass.

Then the years seemed swiftly fleeting,
Once again, but aged, stood,
The woman now, a-looking backward,
Thinking of her maidenhood ;
 “ Chatter, chatter,
 It 's no matter,”
In her long past maidenhood.

Far out from the wooded valley,
Then I journeyed to the sea,

Where I heard the tides a-beating,
Crooning now a song to me ;
 “ Beating, beating,
 Time a-fleeting,”
From the brooklet to the sea.

PITHY SAYINGS

THE longest life does not always contain the most suffering or happiness.

There are some days so short they seem never to have been, still they live in some man's memory.

Some days are so long they seem to extend even into to-day. These too are in memory.

If the days are short and speed swiftly, so much more reason have we to sing throughout them.

Over against the night is darkness — yes, so over against the morning is light.

Eternity is not so long but that some men are willing to suffer throughout it if only they may satisfy their passions for an hour.

Joy and sorrow are passions, and both are satisfied by a greater one, — love.

There is more true religion in the perfume of one simple rose than in all the hollow spoutings of a hypocrite.

What I love you may dislike, therefore do not deem my religion wrong because it does not suit your taste.

Bad is bad, good is good. Can the difference be all in opinion?

It is good to love, bad to hate, and worse to deceive in either.

The heart is a little thing, but the love of it and the hate of it rule the world.

Love and Sorrow are strong. How can it be, then, their offspring, Tears, can be weak, for they are her parents.

What we are that we are: is it for the gossip's tongue to change us by speaking good or ill?

Let the dream we are dreaming be no nightmare, but one long happiness, honey for the lips, and perfume—roses and lilies—for the nostrils' breath.

Birds sing in the early spring,

Young birds sing,

Love—only love.

What then ?

They build their tiny homes and rear
their young.

The winter's chilling blast —

Perhaps they separate.

But with the warmth of spring again
their happy notes pour forth.

Let no chill winter wind

Break in between our hearts ;

Let spring bloom always

With love — only love.

A great many people in this world
can't appreciate a point unless it be a
thorn in their own flesh.

History is the record of mistakes cor-
rected.

Joy and sorrow are of one mother love,
but they are strangely different, and yet
withal so alike.

Religion is not the word of God ; it is
the every-day life of individual man. It
has not to do with creeds and hollow,
high-sounding prayers and sermons, with
churches and church sociables, but with
man's every-day concerns and with the
home life of all the people.

Talk not to me of the barbarities and ignorance of the dim, forgotten past, but help me to live truthfully in the present.

Wherein is the beauty of well doing but that others are made happy thereby? Can heaven be more than this?

And as for the evils of man's acts, they follow him, and what is that but hell?

If the young housekeeper was to cast her bread upon the waters it would not return to her after many days — it would sink.

And about charity — it is a long time appearing over the mountain crest, but with faith we may hope for it in the future.

A flower in bloom is like the benediction of a holy man, filled with the spirit of God.

When a man quibbles over the right or wrong of an act, it is safe to reckon on a weak conscience.

In the land of By-and-by there are many fancies of wondrous weaving, but a man may spend his whole life chasing them and where is the profit?

There is a bright light in the far heavens which but few men can see ; it is reason coming over the mountain peak.

If we love our neighbor as ourself and he hunger, what do we, give him a stone ? And if it be the Sabbath-day and he thirst, do we say, "Go, wait until to-morrow" ? There are such.

Too much freedom is the worst curse with which a man, a state, or a nation can be afflicted.

If a man hungers give him bread, not a stone ; if his soul hungers, give him the truth, not a rock-bound, copper-bottomed, double-riveted creed.

If your employer says, Do this, is it for you to do that, although the fruit of your labor may be of greater profit ?

As for the land of discontent, it is in a deep valley and easy to reach, but the climate is misty and unhealthy and the fruit sour and poisoned at heart.

The dead past is dead. Why then trouble it with murmurings of discontent ?

○ As for the future, may it not prove a de-

lusion and a snare? Why then trouble the Maybes with worrying?

Darkness surrounds us, and the dawning light of science is the only true guide to future truth and perfection.

Be wise to-day ; to-morrow may be too late.

A man having said he was once in a place where every one minded his own business, was naturally doubted, but proved his statement by adding the place was a graveyard.

Every doctrine is more or less dogmatic, and is at some time a fact to some people. But just so soon as it has been a fact, or is, just so sure it has been or will be disputed and proven wrong.

God is the perfection of all that is just and good and the highest possible standard of love and charity.

Opinion, reason, facts, these are knowledge, and knowledge is one thing to-day ; to-morrow opinion is changed by a change in reasoning which makes contrary facts.

One generation is kept busy correcting the errors of the past, except when it is making errors to be corrected by the next.

If they have the inclination, most men will if they can; and this they call predestination.

To some people this life is like a terrible nightmare; this is generally because they have overloaded the stomach or their conscience.

He who continuously strives to do right in all things comes in time to have the reputation of a right doer, and as such is honored by men.

As we are, let us act; as we think, let us speak, but let our actions be moderate and our tongue not too glib.

He who is fed by the raven is a thankless fellow if he does not feed the ant in his turn.

Unlike iron, the temper of one's tongue improves as it softens.

If the rain never came how would we learn to appreciate the glory of the bright sun?

A man is a man just so far as he treats his brother as a man. When he begins to treat him or to look upon him as less, he sees through the eyes of the animal he is looking at.

When the will is weak, morals are generally questionable.

A man who fails in little things will surely fail in greater ones.

If people could only learn that life is made up by a mingling of the ideal with the real, and that it is, when rightly lived, like a beautiful painting, varied, grand, and pathetic, with deep and softer colorings commingled in a most harmonious whole; if we could remember it is as much to live sympathetically, generously, with glad reason, as it is to do the rougher work, then would the great riddle be completely solved, and conditions, not aspirations, would more largely prevail for happiness.

Few things are so trying to the average person as forgetfulness in little things; the great faults can be dealt with

easier and with more forbearance than the trifling thing which merely vexes for the moment.

One of the first lessons for a person to learn in life is that it is not what is done for him, but what he does for himself, that benefits him.

As the boy learns so will the man know. If he is taught to fight his own battles with patient thoughtfulness, the man will have no other thought, but will be self-reliant in all things.

Don't let vexations of the past creep out in future murmurings of discontent ; the dead past is dead with its sorrow.

A man who gives with his hand from a rankling heart but half gives ; he who gives his heart, though he have nothing else, gives all things.

In the round of a man's daily life are many little vexations which must be trampled under the force of a constantly trained will, for it is only when he feels himself capable of meeting with calmness these trials that he can do his full

share in adding to the brightness of home life.

Don't poison your neighbor's cat to spite the man ; that is spiting the Creator.

It is the duty of every person to make this life beautiful ; and the only way to do this is to make each day and hour beautiful as it comes, that when it goes its way we may not wish to call it back to blot out some little action here or add a kind word there in place of careless negligence.

Don't believe everything you hear about a neighbor because you dislike him ; if you do believe it don't repeat it.

The home is the kindergarten of life, and the child is the highest trust of the parents.

To every man the degree of good to which he has attained is in proportion to the selfishness he has overcome and the evil he is able to resist.

The personal love of self, self-glorification and self-comfort, is in reality egotism, and causes more unhappiness than can well be imagined.

In the true home there is no individual or selfish world or motive, for there must be unity of purpose and desire to beget happiness.

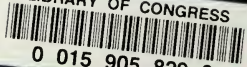
Selfishness is the essence of all sin and all sorrow, while a perfect patience and strong will is the opposite.

The home is the key to the interpretation of a man's life and character.

There is more in manner than we generally imagine and less in the actual words said; and nowhere is temptation to find fault so easily yielded to, nowhere is so little thought given to the manner of speech, as in the home, the very place where from the fact of like desires there should be most help and encouragement.

Unity of spirit, love of right, and brotherhood of man. That is the motto which should be learned to-day and followed by every would-be Christian.

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