

THE  
INEVITABLE  
AND  
OTHER POEMS



*Charles R. Bolton*

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THE INEVITABLE  
AND OTHER POEMS

BY

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Author of "Social Studies in England" "Stories from Life"  
"From Heart and Nature" (poems) "Famous Types  
of Womanhood" "Famous Voyages and  
Explorers" "Famous Leaders among  
Men" etc. etc.



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TO THE MEMORY OF TWO NOBLE WOMEN

Martha Webster Miller

AND

Marilla Sophia Bolton



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# P O E M S .



## THE INEVITABLE.

I LIKE the man who faces what he must,  
With step triumphant and a heart of  
cheer ;  
Who fights the daily battle without fear ;  
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering  
trust  
That God is God ; that somehow, true and  
just  
His plans work out for mortals ; not a  
tear  
Is shed when fortune, which the world  
holds dear,

Falls from his grasp : better, with love, a  
    crust

Than living in dishonor ; envies not,  
    Nor loses faith in man ; but does his  
    best,

Nor ever murmurs at his humbler lot,  
    But, with a smile and words of hope,  
    gives zest

To every toiler : he alone is great,  
Who by a life heroic conquers fate.

TENNYSON.

---

At dead of night,  
By full moonlight,  
A stately ship sailed out to sea,  
From surge and tempest free.

She carried out,  
From pain and doubt,  
A soul as grand as earth has known,  
To meet its own.

He lingered long  
To bless with song  
Nations that, yet unborn, shall praise  
The beauty of his lays.

He lived and loved,  
And, dying, proved  
How greater than his finished line  
Is man : well-nigh divine.

He walks no more  
By wood or shore,  
Along the dunes of Farringford :  
He tarries with his Lord.

## THE MOONLIGHT.

---

WHAT is the moonlight to me ?

An infinite rest ;

The subtle and sweet melody

Of song unexpressed.

What is the moonlight to me ?

The peace of a river :

Companionship of a sea

That surges forever.

What is the moonlight to me ?

Satisfaction completest ;

A precious and dear memory

Of all that is sweetest.

What is the moonlight to me ?

A tryst and a union ;

A promise for futurity ;

A soulful communion.

WHAT IS BEYOND?

---

THE blue sky and the blue lake  
Meet together  
In sunny weather,  
But what, oh! what is beyond?  
I know this side the horizon line,  
With its purple hillsides, broad and fine;  
But the country beyond—has it lakes like  
ours,  
And trees of grandeur, and fruits and  
flowers?  
What, oh! what is beyond?

The gray sky and the gray lake  
Meet together  
In sombre weather,  
But what, oh! what is beyond?

---

I know these homes, with their loves and  
woes,  
Their buried hopes from which patience  
grows ;  
Are these broken affections united there ?  
Will fruition come to their hope and  
prayer ?

What, oh ! what is beyond ?

The black sky and the black lake

Meet together

In stormy weather,

But what, oh ! what is beyond ?

I know the currents that thrill the earth,  
And flash the sky at the thunder's birth ;  
But what of the circuit far souls between,  
And the central power in the Great  
Unseen ?

What, oh ! what is beyond ?

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

---

THE great trees murmur at the midnight  
hour,

The birds in silence wait ;

A soul is passing to the Fount of Power  
Elmwood is desolate.

Lover of nature, lover of his race,

Learned and true and strong ;

Using for others with surpassing grace

The matchless gift of song.

When clouds hung darkest in our day of  
pain

He prophesied the light ;

He looked adown the ages for the reign

Of Brotherhood and Right.



---

Proud of his country, helping to unbind  
The fetters of the slave ;  
Two worlds their wreaths of honor have  
entwined  
About an open grave.

Great in his simple love of flower and bird,  
Great in the statesman's art ;  
He has been greatest in his lifting word  
To every human heart.

He lived the lesson which Sir Launfal  
guessed  
Through wandering far and wide ;  
The giver must be given in the quest—  
He gave himself and died.

A CONTRAST.

---

Two men toiled side by side from sun to  
sun,

And both were poor ;

Both sat with children, when the day was  
done,

About their door.

One saw the beautiful in crimson cloud

And shining moon ;

The other, with his head in sadness bowed,  
Made night of noon.

One loved each tree and flower and singing  
bird

On mount or plain ;

No music in the soul of one was stirred  
By leaf or rain.

One saw the good in every fellow-man,  
    And hoped the best ;  
The other marvelled at his Master's plan,  
    And doubt confessed.

One, having heaven above and heaven  
    below,  
    Was satisfied ;  
The other, discontented, lived in woe,  
    And hopeless died.

## A QUEEN'S UNDYING LOVE.

---

JOANNA, daughter of the noble queen  
Whom all Castilians worshipped, whose  
white hand

Sent out Columbus on his glorious quest,  
Had married Philip, of the Austrian court,  
Gay, brilliant, handsome, with no heart of  
love

For her who reigned beside him.

Like a child,  
Who, in its helpless fondness, clings and  
loves

Even the hand that strikes it, so the queen  
Knelt to her idol; sought by voice and eye  
To know his every wish; thought night  
and day

Upon her hopeless love and loved the more.

When Philip journeyed into other lands,  
And welcomed beauty from a thousand  
eyes,

Joanna's face grew pale with agony,  
And never brightened till she followed him,  
And stood beside her faithless, recreant  
king.

Broken in heart, for her long-suffering  
child,

Queen Isabella died, and Ferdinand  
Wept, with the world, for her who well  
deserved

The homage of her race.

Then Philip, glad,  
In youthful pride, sat on Castilian throne,  
Sad-faced Joanna silent at his feet.

In three short years the tragedy was  
closed;

Philip, at twenty-eight, lay white in death.

Joanna thought not of her crown or child;  
Like a fond mother whose intensest love  
Centres in one who passes from her sight  
Unmindful of her prayers and bitter tears,  
So the young queen cared only for the lost.  
Like one benumbed she gazed upon his  
face;

Shed not a tear while coffin-lid was closed,  
And he, the only precious thing on earth,  
Was borne away forever. Ah! not so;  
For she had read how once a famous king  
Had come to life through love's all-potent  
charm;

And Philip should come back, and death  
give way  
Before her homage.

To her queenly bed  
She brought the buried king, so pale and  
cold.

Should not love warm him, make his heart's  
blood flow ?

Should not her eyes, by some unconscious  
power,

Unclose the eyelids she had often kissed ?  
With jealous care she bent above her dead,  
Allowing none to touch the hallowed form.  
Days passed, and weeks, but Philip an-  
swered not.

A little child was born beside the dead ;  
His baby Catharine, but he did not see.  
Joanna waited, with a pallid face,  
Till, finally, as a lamb in wind and sleet,  
Lost from the flock, lies down to wait the  
end,

So, covering her dead from mortal view,  
She sadly waited till her life should close.  
Years came and went, till half a century  
Had made the girlish queen gray-haired  
and old ;

The precious coffin never left her side ;  
The dead was Philip still, her best beloved.  
With her great son, the Emperor Charles  
    the Fifth,  
She ruled the Spaniards, loyal to their  
    queen.  
They pitied, while they loved and rever-  
    enced,  
The wife and yet the sovereign ; proud at  
    heart  
That Spain could show a woman's death-  
    less love.



## THE BATTLE OF CUZZOLA.

---

WITH pennons flying, and with trumpets'  
blare,  
And noise of pipes, Venetian galleys swept  
Into the Adriatic, Dandolo,  
In stately flagship leading; Genoa,  
Proud, hating Venice, eager for the fight,  
Was ready when the Sunday sun should  
dawn,  
To meet the foe; on came the brilliant  
fleet,  
The morning sun bathing them all in gold,  
Hurling their crossbows at the Genoese;  
And back came showers of arrows, iron,  
fire-tipped,

To blaze among the rigging, and quick-lime  
To blind their eyes as though a dagger's  
point

Had pierced them ; but so furious the at-  
tack

That ten brave galleys of the Genoese,  
All red with gore, were captured.

Doria,

The friend of Genoa, famed in peace and war,  
Stood watching the dread conflict, sick at  
heart,

That Italy's best blood was spilled in vain.

At the fore-castle stood his eldest son,

Octavian, worthy of his noble line,

Fearless and foremost in the rain of spears ;

When lo ! an arrow entered the young  
heart,

And, horror-stricken, every face grew pale.

What need to battle longer with the foe ?

But Lamba Doria sprang across the ship,  
And raised the dead young soldier to his  
breast,

Still warm beneath his armor: "Ah! my  
son,

If thou hadst died at home thou couldst  
not have

A burial place more splendid than the sea;"

And pressing close the one he idolized,

He cast the body to the seething waves,

And saw it sink forever.

Then he bade

His weeping comrades seize their spears  
again,

And fight the braver for Octavian's death.

Woe turned to fierceness, and with wildest  
zeal,

And recking not whether they lived or  
died,

They slew Venetians till the sun went down.

Seven thousand men were captured and in  
chains ;

Venice was humbled ; one, in proud despair,  
Her leader, Dandolo, refused to live,  
And ended his existence ; Genoa gave  
A noble burial to her valiant foe.

The battle of Cuzzola conquered peace  
Between the two Republics ; many gifts  
Of palaces and honors for his line  
Were given Lamba Doria, but *his* gift,  
With love of country burning in his heart,  
Exceeded all his state could offer him :  
The life of his beloved Octavian.

THE LADY KUKACHIN.

(Year 1201.)

---

SAD and lonely was Arghun Khan  
For the loss of Khatun Bulughan,

His best beloved, who, dying, left  
A tender message for him bereft,

That one of her blood should fill her place,  
Pure and fair from the Mongul race.

So he sent his courtiers among her kin,  
And they chose the Lady Kukachin,

Gentle, yet able, though scarce seventeen,  
Fit to rule as the Persian Queen.

. . . . .

Thirteen ships and eight hundred men  
Sailed from a port in Fokien,

Bearing the bride that was to be ;  
For two long years, in the Indian sea,

Stopped sometimes by the deadly breath  
Of the hot monsoon, they sailed, till death

Had spared but eight of the valiant throng  
Who started gayly, with hope and song.

. . . . .

Arghun Khan had passed away  
Before his bride had left Cathay :

His brother reigned, and his son Ghazan  
Guarded the passes of Khorassan,

With sixty thousand of Persia's pride ;  
Thither they brought the fair young bride.

---

He was learned and noble, and fit to win  
The hand of the Lady Kukachin ;

So with music and dancing she wed  
Ghazan,  
Instead of the gray-haired Arhun Khan.

For two brief years did the sweet girl-wife  
Brighten the courtly Persian life ;

But when June roses began to fade,  
A royal and costly tomb was made,

And with breaking hearts they laid therein  
The beautiful Lady Kukachin.

## GIORGIONE.

---

LONG years ago, when Venice ruled the sea,  
Two youths together lived, and worshipped  
art,

Titian and Giorgione ; both had learned  
The mastery of color, and one sang  
Upon the lute the songs his poet-soul  
Wrought out in measure, sad, intense, and  
strong,  
Like his own shadowed life.

Both painters loved,  
And grew diviner by the power which love  
Alone can give ; sweet Violante's face  
Lives in the Sleeping Venus through all  
time,



And Giorgione made Cecilia queen,  
And gave her homage, fervent, true, and  
    deep.

Without her, life was naught, and with  
    her, all.

Work was but pleasure if she gave it  
    praise;

And night was day if brightened by her  
    smile.

. . . . .

Morta da Feltri, from his Roman home,  
Came to the young Venetian; was his  
    friend,

And shared the comforts of his generous  
    board.

Weeks passed, as day by day, in friend-  
    ship's guise,

Morta sought entrance to Cecilia's heart.

He too had found the idol of his dreams;

He too had seen the counterpart of soul  
That makes or mars forever ; so he took  
From Giorgione's roof the one bright thing  
That was his life.

The painter's lips grew still ;  
His hands refused to work, the power was  
gone ;  
Despair made havoc with the youthful  
brain ;  
Death came, and Titian stood alone in art.  
Venice was bowed with grief, and Morta  
fled,  
To die alone on Zara's battle-field.  
What of Cecilia, she who wrecked two  
lives ?  
Three centuries are silent of her fate.

HENRY HUDSON.

---

(Summer of 1611.)

---

At daybreak, on the frozen Hudson's Bay,  
Shut in from mortal view,  
The ship "Discovery" at anchor lay,  
With her disheartened crew.

All winter long, starvation at the feast  
Had been a constant guest;  
The northwest passage to the favored  
East  
Seemed like an idle quest.

They murmured at their leader, brought  
to feed  
The fishes of the deep;  
And murmuring grew to hatred: they  
decreed  
He in their stead should sleep

In the cold waters which his name should  
bear —  
His monument and grave;  
They seized and bound him in their mad  
despair,  
And none was near to save.

Into the shallop Henry Hudson stepped,  
His darling son beside;  
And six poor wasted seamen near him  
crept,  
To stem that frozen tide.

---

The dawn was breaking on that ice-clad  
world,  
When drifted out to sea,  
The sport of icebergs, by the currents  
whirled,  
That starving company.

What was the end? Who lingered last  
of all  
In that lone voyage of death?  
Who in delirium would faintly call,  
With his expiring breath,

For wife and mother on the English  
shore?

Who strain his glazing eyes  
In hope of succor that could come no  
more?  
Then prays and faints and dies.

Their noble leader gone, the murderous  
crew

Set sail for native land;

For months they wandered, growing  
gaunt and few

From want and savage hand.

At last, too weak to steer, their vessel ran  
Into an Irish bay;

Each one, unwelcome to his fellow-man,  
Dishonored, passed away.

And when the ship "Discovery" was sent  
To learn of Hudson's fate,  
Only the icebergs heard the sad lament  
Of friends who came too late.

## LEAVING ST. PETERSBURG.

---

UNFURL the sails, put out to sea,  
Farewell to fleet and gilded dome ;  
Fair Petersburg, as queenly she,  
'And proud, as ancient Rome.

Built on the wave by Peter's hands,  
With lives he counted naught ;  
His monument to-day she stands,  
His best and grandest thought.

Weighted by rule of Church and State,  
Yet in her infancy ;  
A century shall make her great,  
Her press and people free.

Railways shall open to the light  
Her jewels rich and old,  
Her marble and her malachite,  
Her silver and her gold.

Open your doors to every name,  
O, mighty Russian throne!  
That land is greatest which can claim  
The world's best blood its own.



## EASTER HYMN.

---

Tune — "Jerusalem, the Golden."

---

O GLORIOUS Easter morning !  
O day of peace and light !  
One precious name adorning  
With lilies pure and white.  
A gladsome message bringing  
Of love that knows no fear ;  
The sweetest anthem singing,  
"The risen Christ is here."

He comes with gifts of healing  
For wounded hearts that moan ;  
A sunlit path revealing,  
A world with pain unknown.  
He comes with life eternal,  
With hope, and joy, and peace ;

O happiness supernal,  
When want and woe shall cease !

He gave His life for others,  
Alike for you and me ;  
He counts us as His brothers,  
All one, nor bond nor free.  
The bands of sin are broken ;  
The poor and the oppressed  
Hear the sweet gospel spoken,  
“ Come unto me and rest.”

O glorious Easter morning !  
O day of peace and light !  
One precious name adorning  
With lilies pure and white.  
A gladsome message bringing  
Of love that knows no fear ;  
The sweetest anthem singing,  
“ The risen Christ is here.”

## HER CREED.

---

SHE stood before a chosen few,  
With modest air and eyes of blue ;  
A gentle creature, in whose face  
Were mingled tenderness and grace.

“ You wish to join our fold,” they said ;  
“ Do you believe in all that’s read  
From ritual and written creed,  
Essential to our human need ? ”

A troubled look was in her eyes ;  
She answered, as in vague surprise,  
As though the sense to her were dim :  
“ I only strive to follow Him.”

They knew her life ; how oft she stood,  
Pure in her guileless maidenhood,  
By dying bed, in hovel lone,  
Whose sorrow she had made her own.

Oft had her voice in prayer been heard,  
Sweet as the note of any bird ;  
Her hand been open in distress ;  
Her joy to brighten and to bless.

Yet still she answered, when they sought  
To know her inmost earnest thought,  
With look as of the seraphim,  
“ I only strive to follow Him.”

## THE UNFINISHED STOCKING.

---

LAY it aside — her work — no more she  
sits

By open window in the western sun,  
'Thinking of' this and that belovèd one  
In silence as she knits.

Lay it aside ; the needles in their place ;  
No more she welcomes at the cottage  
door

The coming of her children home once  
more,  
With sweet and tearful face.

Lay it aside ; her work is done, and well ;  
A generous, sympathetic, Christian life ;  
A faithful mother and a noble wife ;  
Her influence who can tell ?

Lay it aside ; — say not her work is done ;  
No deed of love or goodness ever dies,  
But in the lives of others multiplies :  
Say it is just begun !

## THE TIDE IS IN.

---

THE boats lay stranded on the beach,  
Tangled with seaweed, dank and green ;  
A desolate and dreary scene,  
Far as the eye could reach ;  
The tide was out.

How changed the view when day was done ;  
The boats rode gayly on the deep,  
Their white sails nodding as in sleep,  
Kissed by the setting sun ;  
The tide was in.

Thus many a life, in want or woe,  
Lies stranded on a barren shore ;  
But God is God forevermore ;  
Take courage, for we know  
The tide comes in.

And lifted from the rocks and shoals,  
We sail upon a sunlit sea ;  
Night opens on eternity, —  
Sweet rest for weary souls, —  
The tide is in.



NEVER THE SAME.

---

NEVER again the same rich purple sunset,  
Or golden afterglow ;  
Never again the same sweet day of summer  
Thy life shall know.

Never again the same rainbowed illusions  
That come alone to youth ;  
Never perchance such beautiful ideals  
Of love and truth.

Never again the same transcendent moment  
To lift by kindly word,  
Or generous act, or smile, the heart of  
mortal  
By sorrow stirred.

Never the same inspiring high endeavor  
    With which the soul is rife;  
Never again the same grand wondrous  
    journey  
    Which we call Life.

Never the same ecstatic joy of loving  
    The human or divine:  
Then seize the present with each fruitful  
    moment —  
    Naught else is thine.

## CHANGE.

TO M. L. B.

---

I WATCHED the crocus, purple, white, and  
yellow,  
Outbursting in the spring ;  
The snowy air grew soft, and sweet, and  
mellow,  
And birds began to sing.

But soon the crocus faded, and I sorrowed ;  
When lo ! the tulips came,  
Of brilliant red, and from the sun they  
borrowed  
Their glowing hearts of flame.

And they, too, passed, but daisies white,  
and clover,  
Clustered on hill and moor ;

And clematis and roses clambered over  
The homes of rich and poor.

“Alas!” I said, “this earth we love and  
cherish

Will fade away in space.”

Take courage, heart! we change, but do  
not perish,

For heaven will take its place.

## THE FUTURE.

---

I CANNOT know when grass will grow  
    Above my grave ;  
What friend will stand, with empty hand,  
    And tears to lave  
The daisies fair that flourish there —  
    I love them best ;  
I cannot tell if hill or dell  
    Will give me rest.

I do not pine for marble shrine  
    Or graven stone,  
Or fragrant bowers of costly flowers  
    By dear ones sown ;  
But plant a tree to shelter me,  
    Of nature's green ;  
The mountain-ash, whose berries flash  
    With ruby sheen.

And come, sometimes, when sunset chimes  
    Their chorus ring;  
And with the birds your loving words  
    In concert sing.  
And I shall hear the notes of cheer  
    From worlds above;  
For heaven is nigh to those who die  
    With hearts of love.

BLESSINGS NEAR AT HAND.

---

WE look too far for blessings ;  
We seek too far for joys ;  
We ought to be like children  
Who find their chiefest toys

Ofttimes in nearest attic,  
Or in some dingy lane ;  
Their aprons full of weeds or flowers,  
Gathered in sun or rain.

Within the plainest cottage  
Unselfish love may grow ;  
The sweetest, the divinest gift  
Which mortals ever know.

We ought to count our joys, not woes ;  
Meet care with winsome grace ;  
For discontent plows furrows  
Upon the loveliest face.

Hope, freedom, sunlight, knowledge,  
Come not to wealth alone :  
He who looks far for blessings  
Will overlook his own.



## FAITH.

---

If I could feel my hand, dear Lord, in  
Thine,

And surely know  
That I was walking in the light divine  
Through weal or woe ;

If I could hear Thy voice in accents sweet  
But plainly say,  
To guide my groping, wandering feet,  
"This is the way,"

I would so gladly walk therein, but now  
I cannot see.

Oh, give me, Lord, the faith to humbly bow  
And trust in Thee!

There is no *faith* in seeing. Were we led  
Like children here,  
And lifted over rock and river-bed,  
No care, no fear,

We should be useless in the busy throng,  
Life's work undone ;  
Lord, make us brave and earnest, true and  
strong,  
Till heaven is won.

FROM LIFE.

---

THE rich man sat in his costly store,  
After the work of the day was done,  
Thinking and planning with eager heart  
How could more gold be won.

Twilight softened the city's din,  
Lessened the crowds along the street,  
Shaded the face of a pale young girl,  
Who passed with hurrying feet.

A timid knock at the merchant's door :  
"Come in!" with a cold, ill-natured  
grace.  
"I read that you needed help," she said,  
"And could I fill the place?"

“You seem too young, and your hands too  
white;

You have worked before to-day, you  
said.

Has your life been right and free from  
stain?

No sin upon your head?”

“I am well and strong for my every task,  
You shall find me honest, and just, and  
true;

The past is buried with me, and God;  
And can I serve for you?”

“A woman must be above reproach,  
No matter what she has power to be!”  
And he turned the door on the trembling  
girl  
Into that human sea.

. . . . .

The years went by, and the merchant's  
child,

Grown to womanhood fair and sweet,  
Trusted and nursed with her virgin soul  
A viper at her feet.

The rich man, broken in heart and home,  
Thought of the girl he had turned away :  
“ I would she might come again,” he said,  
“ For my heart is kind to-day ! ”

BROKEN MEASURES.

---

Boy and girl they played together,  
Pure and shy of speech :  
She as fair as purple heather  
Bending in the summer weather  
Far as sight can reach.

Like an angel to his vision  
Seemed the maiden's face ;  
Then he walked in fields elysian,  
Thinking in a sweet revision  
Of each word and grace.

Worship is not always spoken ;  
Love is often dumb ;  
And the days gave her no token  
That his young heart would be broken  
Should another come.

. . . . .

Vows were said for woe or weal  
    On a glad spring morn :  
Joy that was complete and real —  
Sorrow for a lost ideal —  
    In two hearts were born.

Like the crescent moon she lighted  
    Up one lonely way ;  
Like the sun her rays delighted  
One — the other's path was blighted  
    Like a sunless day.

Life is full of broken measures,  
    Objects unattained ;  
Sorrows intertwined with pleasures,  
Losses of our costliest treasures,  
    Ere the heights be gained.

Every soul has aspiration  
    Still unsatisfied ;

Memories that wake vibration  
Of the heart in quick pulsation,  
At the gifts denied.

We are better for the longing,  
Stronger for the pain ;  
Souls at ease are nature wronging ;  
Through the *harrowed* soil come thronging  
Seeds, in sun and rain !

Broken measures find completeness  
In the perfect whole ;  
Life is but a day in fleetness —  
Richer in all strength and sweetness  
Grows the striving soul.



## THE NEW ERA.

---

It is coming! it is coming! The day is  
just a-dawning

When man shall be to fellow-man a  
helper and a brother;

When the mansion, with its gilded hall,  
its tower and arch and awning,

Shall be to hovel desolate a kind and  
foster-mother.

When the men who work for wages shall  
not toil from morn till even,

With no vision of the sunlight, nor flow-  
ers nor birds a-singing;

When the men who hire the workers, blest  
with all the gifts of heaven,

Shall the golden rule remember, its glad  
millennium bringing.

The time is coming when the man who  
cares not for another  
Shall be accounted as a stain upon a fair  
creation ;  
Who lives to fill his coffers full, his better  
self to smother,  
As blight and mildew on the fame and  
glory of a nation.

The hours are growing shorter for the  
millions who are toiling,  
And the homes are growing better for  
the millions yet to be ;  
And the poor shall learn the lesson, how  
that waste and sin are spoiling  
The fairest and the finest of a grand  
humanity.

---

It is coming! it is coming! and men's  
thoughts are growing deeper ;  
They are giving of their millions as they  
never gave before ;  
They are learning the new gospel, man  
must be his brother's keeper,  
And right, not might, shall triumph, and  
the selfish rule no more.

## CHESTNUTS.

---

THREE together in soft, brown nest ;

The prettiest nest that ever was seen :

Shut in a ball of thorny green,

Close and warm are the wee things pressed,

Till by and by in the autumn sun

Four petals open, and one by one

They fall on a cushion of leaves below :

Ah ! who shall tell of their destiny ?

One takes root for a stately tree ;

One squirrels garner before the snow ;

And one is the gift of a bright, young boy

To a blue-eyed maiden, fair and coy :

Each has its place — who shall say

which is best

For three together in soft, brown nest ?

## WHEN CHESTNUTS FALL.

---

WE gathered chestnuts, you and I,  
Under a blue and cloudless sky ;  
The brown leaves rustled to our tread,  
The brown burrs opened overhead,  
When chestnuts fall.

We lingered long in happy quest ;  
The sun swept down the glowing west,  
Leaving the soft, pink afterglow  
On tower, and tree, and vale below,  
When chestnuts fall.

What matter if hands touched that day,  
Under the leaves where chestnuts lay ?  
What matter if love's story old  
By heart and eye anew was told,  
When chestnuts fall !

We wondered what the years would bring,  
When chestnut burrs were opening  
In other autumns — you and I,  
Under some blue and cloudless sky,  
When chestnuts fall.

## I WONDER.

---

HE kissed a child along the street—

“How rich and full is life to me!

How fair is every flower and tree!

The song of birds is doubly sweet.

“The sky is bluer overhead;

My heart grows tender to all men;”

A smile lit up his face, and then,

“I wonder is this love?” he said.

. . . . .

She kissed a purple cluster, sweet,

Culled from a rich wistaria vine:

“This is his precious flower, and  
mine;”

And passed along the busy street.

“How warm the sunlight overhead!  
I hear soft music in the air,  
As though the angels called to prayer;  
I wonder is this love?” she said.



A SUNSET WALK.

Do you remember  
That sweet September  
When sky was golden and sea was blue,  
We two together  
In love's own weather  
Walked at sunset the woodland through ?

The great trees, rifted  
With sunlight, lifted  
Their sturdy boughs to the upper air ;  
Each vista seeming  
Like happy dreaming  
Of vales in Paradise most fair.

The birds were calling,  
And nuts were falling  
From squirrels who sprang from limb to  
limb,  
While over the bridges  
And moss-green ridges  
We walked together till twilight dim.

No word was spoken  
That could betoken  
The inner thought of us two that day.  
To meet and sever !  
Ah ! shall we ever  
Walk again in the dear old way ?

BECAUSE I LOVE YOU.

---

“I CANNOT bring you wealth,” she said ;  
“I cannot bring you fame or place  
Among the noted of the race ;  
But I can love you.

“When trials come to test you, sweet,  
I can be sunlight to your feet ;  
My kiss your precious lips shall greet,  
Because I love you.

“When daylight dies along the west,  
You will come home to me for rest,  
And I shall sleep upon your breast,  
Because I love you.

“If sickness comes, beside your bed  
I will bend low with quiet tread,  
And pray God’s blessing on your head,  
Because I love you.

“As dew clings to the violet,  
Making the fragrant chalice wet,  
So my life into yours is set,  
Because I love you.

“Only myself, my all, I bring ;  
But count it, sweet, a precious thing  
To give my life an offering,  
Because I love you.

“I bow before no other shrine ;  
If I go first across death’s line,  
I will return to claim you mine,  
Because I love you.”

A SONG.

---

IF I could have the sunsets, dear,  
    And have you too ;  
The mellow light of coming night,  
    And have you too ;

If I could have the moonlight, dear,  
    And have you too ;  
Its loving face and tender grace,  
    And have you too ;

If I could have the song of birds,  
    And have you too ;  
The quiet nook and murmuring brook,  
    And have you too ;

Your sympathy and cheering words,  
Like fragrant flowers ;  
The daisies sweet, beneath our feet,  
In summer hours ;

Then life would be complete for me,  
A cloudless day ;  
Not wealth nor fame, but one dear name  
To bear for aye.

## MARBLEHEAD NECK.

---

THE waves beat idly, with a ceaseless  
    roar,  
And to and fro the seaweed bends to  
    me,  
Kissing the great red rocks along the  
    shore,  
But thou, belovèd, art not here to see.

The sun goes down in glory in the west,  
    Bathing in crimson every flower and  
    tree,  
The white sails redden on the ocean's  
    breast,  
But thou, belovèd, art not here to see.

The twilight gathers and the moon rides  
high;

I watch its silver track and think of  
thee;

God keep thy path as bright from earth  
to sky,

When I, beloved, am not here to see.



A SONG.

---

ALL the sky is blue above me,  
And the leaves with graceful motion  
Bend themselves to soothe and love me;  
For my heart is on the ocean.

And the moon shines out so clearly,  
Tenderly my woe discerning  
For the one I love most dearly,  
And to whom my heart is turning.

Tell him, stars, my thoughts are o'er him!  
Kiss him, winds, in sweet devotion!  
Murmur, waves, that I adore him,  
That my heart is on the ocean!

Tell him time nor sea can sever  
Hearts that into one are blended!  
Tell him love is love forever,  
After life itself is ended!

## MY ROBIN.

---

WHEN I was a child, beside our door,  
In a green and spreading sycamore  
There sung each morning, with note as  
clear

As a crystal brook, and full of cheer,  
A robin.

I watched his plumage in childish glee,  
And fancied he sung his song for me;  
And the melody lingers in heart and  
brain,

Making me often a child again, —  
My robin.

I look for his coming in early spring,  
When the crocus opens, and maples bring  
Their crimson tassels to kiss the breeze,  
And the sunshine dallies with new-leaved  
trees, —

My robin.

I hear him sing as the sun goes down,  
And the stars come out o'er the silent  
town;  
But there's never a harsh or mournful  
note,  
That wells afresh from the warbler's  
throat, —

My robin.

And I learn a lesson of hope and cheer  
That carries me on from year to year;  
To sing in the shadow as in the sun,  
Doing my part till the work is done, —

My robin.

## THE COLORING OF THE GRAPES.

---

DAY by day we watched them taking on  
the purple,  
Toying with the sunshine in a golden  
mist,  
Sending out their fragrance with a royal  
bounty,  
Happy in their beauty simply to exist.

Through the long, dry summer, broad,  
green leaves had shaded  
Tiny growing clusters from the parching  
heat;  
Gathering from earth and sky, food and  
air and moisture,  
Bathing them in evening dew, thus to  
make them sweet.

Red and white and purple globes of wondrous texture,

Grown and sealed and colored by no mortal hand;

Types of peace and plenty — nature's perfect working —

Blessings on the vineyards of our favored  
{ and !

ON COLLAMER HILLS.

---

TREE-COVERED hills, crossed by a deep  
ravine ;

Yonder a lake of blue,  
Shaded to crimson hue

When rays of sunset bridge the vale be-  
tween.

Then stars come out, led by the crescent  
moon ;

Afar the city sleeps ;  
All night the cricket keeps

Its constant monotone, a plaintive croon.

Then morning breaks on the horizon line ;

The hill-tops are aglow ;  
The vineyards purple grow ;

The dew-drops like a million diamonds  
shine.

Then all day long the clouds their pictures  
trace

On broad and varied sky ;

The weeks slip noiseless by ;

Ah! life is sweet with nature face to face.



## THE BLOOMING TIME.

---

WHERE do you hold your fragrance, lilac  
buds,  
Set in your leaves of green?  
The air is burdened with your rich per-  
fume,  
Entrancing, yet unseen.

One dreams of music where no word is  
sung,  
To break the mystic spell;  
The shoreless future murmurs in one's  
ear;  
The ocean in the shell.

Nature is vocal with her bursting bloom ;  
Even the stately trees ;  
The chestnuts and the oaks in gladness  
swing  
Their tassels to the breeze.

The elms are covered with their fleecy  
tufts,  
The new spruce decks the old ;  
The maples drop their ruby wings upon  
The dandelion's gold.

The buttercups lift up their shining  
heads,  
The earth is full of bliss ;  
The roses too are budding: God be  
praised  
For such a world as this!

## OUR HORSE-CHESTNUT TREES.

---

WE have planted on our hillside  
Three graceful chestnut trees,  
Which will swing their pink-white clusters

To every passing breeze  
Long after he who gave them,  
And we who love their shade,  
Shall be on yonder hillside  
Among the silent laid.

Perhaps beneath their branches  
Some child will sing at play ;  
Perhaps some lover's tale be told  
Some golden autumn day,

When the grapes are growing purple,  
    And the far-off lake is blue,  
And two are enough in all the world, —  
    Forever old, yet new.

And here some man or woman,  
    White-haired and bent with age,  
When the moon comes over the hilltop,  
    And floods the closing page  
Of the book of life, near finished,  
    May rest in well-earned ease,  
And thank his God and the giver  
    For the noble chestnut trees.

## THE TIME TO LOVE.

I WATCHED a youth and maiden by the  
sea :

The white foam dashed upon the rocks  
in spray,

As sportive as fair children at their  
play ;

It kissed her cheek and brow, from care  
as free

As birds in summer ; smiling tenderly,

He took her hand in his in manly way.

The picture lingered with me many a  
day :

“ Youth is the time to love,” it said to me.

I watched them later, when the youth  
had grown

To man's estate, and little ones were led  
By gentle hands; her face with gladness  
shone:

"Ah! manhood is the time to love," I  
said.

Sweet love! without thee age itself were  
lone;

Life and eternity by love are wed.

NOT FOR OURSELVES.

---

Down to the Nile, with instinct sure and  
true,  
The Egyptian beetle winds its measured  
way ;  
There lays its eggs, and in the moistened  
clay  
Enrolls its treasure ; then, as if it knew  
The widening waters to a deluge grew,  
Braces its feet, and backward, through  
the gray  
And slipping sand, to safety bears away  
Its still-increasing burden ; and, when  
through  
With constant labor, dies, content to see  
Another life, with all its cares, begun, —

Its joys and hopes, its purposes and  
fears.

Not for itself, but for its progeny,

It has unceasing toiled from sun to sun,  
And taught its lesson through a thou-  
sand years.



## HIS MONUMENT.

---

HE built a house, time laid it in the dust ;

He wrote a book, its title now forgot ;

He ruled a city, but his name is not

On any tablet graven, or where rust

Can gather from disuse, or marble bust.

He took a child from out a wretched cot,

Who on the State dishonor might have

brought,

And reared him in the Christian's hope

and trust.

The boy, to manhood grown, became a light

To many souls, and preached for human

need

The wondrous love of the Omnipotent.

The work has multiplied like stars at night  
When darkness deepens; every noble  
deed  
Lasts longer than a granite monument.

## MENCIUS.

---

THREE centuries before the Christian age,  
China's great teacher, Mencius, was  
born :

Her teeming millions did not know that  
morn

Had broken on her darkness ; that a sage,  
Reared by a noble mother, would her page  
Of history forevermore adorn.

For twenty years, from court to court,  
forlorn

He journeyed, poverty his heritage,  
And preached of virtue, but none cared to  
hear.

Life seemed a failure, like a barren  
rill;

He wrote his books, and lay beneath  
the sod:

When lo! his work began; and far and  
near

Adown the ages Mencius preaches  
still: —

Do thy whole duty, trusting all to  
God.

NOW.

---

FORGET the past and live the present  
hour;

Now is the time to work, the time to  
fill

The soul with noblest thoughts, the  
time to will

Heroic deeds, to use whatever dower  
Heaven has bestowed, to test our utmost  
power.

Now is the time to love, and, better  
still,

To serve our loved ones; over passing  
ill

To rise triumphant; thus the perfect  
flower

Of life shall come to fruitage; wealth  
amass

For grandest giving ere the time be  
gone.

Be glad to-day, to-morrow may bring  
tears;

Be brave to-day, the darkest night will  
pass,

And golden rays will usher in the  
dawn;

Who conquers now shall rule the  
coming years.



“BE WHAT THOU SEEMEST.”

To Tuscany, upon a rocky steep,  
To build a home among the beasts of  
prey,  
St. Francis of Assisi came one day;  
And when his weary comrades fell  
asleep,  
Leaving the saint in agony to weep  
Over a sinful world, so prone to  
stray,  
He preached to birds the true and  
living way,  
Whose tiny hearts with joy began to  
leap.

A peasant came, and meekly reverent  
stood :

“Art thou St. Francis of Assisi?”

“Yes.”

“Ah, then, take heed, and be in truth  
as good

As all men count thee, lest their faith  
grow less;

Be what thou seemest, without vain  
deceit.”

St. Francis knelt and kissed the peas-  
ant's feet.



AT TWILIGHT.

---

I stood at twilight by the shimmering  
lake,

And watched the shadowy, autumn-  
tinted leaves,

Inverted, swaying in the evening  
breeze,

And the red tower above the boat-house  
make

A picture that no future years can take  
From out my memory; shadows such  
as these —

The beautiful unreal — make oases

In every earnest life: we dream and  
wake

To nobler duties from such times of rest:

Earth seems a paradise reflecting  
heaven;

Love floods the soul with colors richer  
far

Than even nature in the glowing west;

The hopes of youth come back; new  
strength is given,

As through the twilight breaks the  
evening star.

DO YOUR WORK EARLY.

BESIDE my window, in the early spring,  
A robin built her nest and reared her  
young;

And every day the same sweet song she  
sung

Until her little ones had taken wing  
To try their own bird-living; everything  
Was done before the summer roses hung  
About our home, or purple clusters  
swung

Upon our vines at autumn's opening.  
Do your work early in the day or year,  
Be it a song to sing, or word to cheer,

Or house to build, or gift to bless the  
race;  
Life may not reach its noon, or setting  
sun;  
No one can do the work you leave  
undone,  
For no one ever fills another's place.













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