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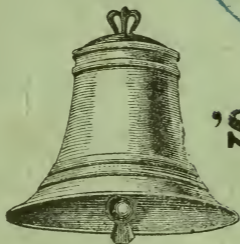
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1879

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.







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POEMS.

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POEMS:

BY

REV. JOHN BELL,

WITH PREFACE

BY

REV. C. C. McLEAN,

Editor of the "Christian Worker."

COATESVILLE, PA.:

C. F. JENKINS, BOOK AND JOB PRINTER,

1879.

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1819

PREFACE.

The publication of these poems was something unthought of by the author. They were written for the *sole* object of diverting his mind from the fog-covered capes of *emmi* and the moral malaria producing swamps of despondency towards which, in the land of his adoption, his thoughts so persistantly tended.

This little volume would never have seen the light had it not been that some of the selections were read and admired by many, who united in earnestly requesting the author to place them before the public, in book form, so that the people could purchase and peruse at their own leisure.

It affords me pleasure to say that I am personally acquainted with the author, and know

him to be a good Christian, an earnest ambassador for Christ, and an extremely modest man; so modest that, in spite of the many urgent requests, he has, up to this time, refused to publish the poems.

While the author modestly considers his lyrics to be but surface thoughts, and hence does not claim for them the merit awarded a Longfellow or a Bryant, yet we do most assuredly believe that they not only contain merit, but lessons from every-day experiences and occurrences that cannot fail to benefit the reader.

We hope that the chimes of this "Bell" will be heard in every household and make its melody in every heart.

The Bell, the Bell,
Its notes do tell
Of land and sea, of Heaven and hell
Before it rings its last farewell.

C. C. McLEAN,

"Philadelphia Conference."

Coatesville Pa., July, 1879.

PART FIRST.



RELIGIOUS.



CALVARY.

To calvary I would repair,
 My soul delights to linger there ;
 There would I ever be in thought,
 For Jesus there my pardon bought.

This is the sweetest spot on earth ;
 'Twas here I got my second birth,
 And when oppress'd by sin or grief,
 'Tis here I always get relief.

Here, dearest Lord, Thy face I see
 In Christ, as reconciled to me,
 And here, in accents sweet and mild,
 Thou callest me, Thy blood-bought child.

Where'ere on earth my lot shall be,
 O, Calvary, I'll think of Thee,
 And all the suff'rings Jesus bore,
 To bring me to the heav'nly shore.

And when on earth I cease to roam,
 And enter my eternal home,
 I'll sing throughout eternity
 Of grace received at Calvary.

A FRAGMENT.

Messiah, Prince of Peace,
 Let war's loud clangor cease,
 Wherever rolls
 The tides of feeling and of thought ;
 O let them all be quickly taught
 The worth of souls.

THE DREARY DESERT.

Father, in this desert dreary,
 I am often sick and weary ;
 Oft I yield to dark repining
 Even when the sun is shining.

Cease, my soul, thy sad complaining,
 'Though just now 'tis dark and raining ;
 Somewhere else the sun is shining,
 Giving hope for dark repining.

Joy is sorrow's bright attendant,
 Night gives place to day resplendent ;
 Springtime with its vernal glory
 Follows close on Winter—hoary.

Therefore cease thy sad repinings,
 Sable clouds have silver linings ;
 When with thee the Winter rages
 Turn thou to the Rock of Ages.

He will lighten thee of sorrow,
 Cheer thee with a bright to-morrow,
 Dot thy desert with oases,
 Crown thee with the spirit's graces.

Yield not thee to dark repining,
 God thy sun is always shining ;
 He will give the light at even,
 And at last the joy of Heaven.

JESUS IS MY CRUCIFIED.

Lord, I naked come to Thee,
 Lowly now I bend my knee,
 Mourning my unrighteousness ;
 Give me now that glorious dress
 Which for me the Saviour wrought
 When He my salvation bought.

My great wickedness I mourn
 Now to Thee, my Saviour, turn ;
 Drive me not in wrath away,
 Let me at Thy footstool stay ;
 Let the blood that sweetly flows
 As a balm for all my woes,
 To my conscience be applied
 By Thy hand, dear Crucified.

Now I feel the power Divine
 Softening this hard heart of mine,
 Banishing my sinful fears,
 Pardoning the guilt of years ;
 Bringing Heav'n into my breast,
 Giving me eternal rest.

Now with more than angels' song
 By my heart and with my tongue,
 I will love and sing with pride,
 Jesus is my Crucified.
 Hail thou glorious Trinity !
 God-in-one, in persons three,
 For all Thou hast done for me.

AN ALEGORY.

PART I.

Once I saw a little stream
Flowing from a mountain side,
Sparkling and bright it rushed along
All harmonious was its song,
All lovely did it glide.

The cerulian arch was clear,
The air was breathing balm,
The dew drops in the morning's sun
Were glorious to look upon ;
All, all around was calm.

The stream grows deeper, now
Its steady course pursuing ;
On its margin weeds and flowers
Commingle; while the fitful showers
Murkily are brewing.

The stream broader, deeper grows,
Wild and turbid rushing;
Weeds and grass, where the serpent hides ,
In profusion grow upon its sides,
Life from flowers crushing.

But still the stream rolls on,
Less deep but far more dark,
Through marshes where the noxious weeds
Malarial distemper breeds
And the ignis fatuus spark.

The stream its course has run
 Into the ocean wide,
 Whose mighty depths and foaming waves
 Have been through centuries open graves,
 Myraids from view to hide.

PART II.

'Tis thus men's lives begin
 A clear and gentle stream,
 Smoothly it glides through childhood's years
 Unruffled by remorseful tears ;
 This, this is childhood's dream.

Youth comes ; our hold on life
 Is more firmly getting,
 Virtue and vice, the weeds and flowers,
 Passions like the murky showers,
 Falling, fouling, fretting.

Young manhood's morning breaks ;
 The world the heart surrounds,
 Folly and pride, the grass and weeds,
 On which a firey serpent feeds,
 And the soul deeply wounds.

The sky now overcast ;
 Balm with poison blended,
 Passions, like the lightning darting,
 Hopes crushed, all joy departing,
 Praying life were ended.

Life's noontide is at hand ;
 The heart unchanged by grace,
 Moral corruption around it spreads.
 A soul insnaring light it sheds
 On innocence fair face.

The end of life has come ;
 A life of shame and sin,
 With monsters in the lowest hell
 This wretched soul must ever dwell,
 Eternally shut in.

Ye young, ye strong, ye old !
 See what your end must be
 If ye refuse to turn to God,
 And trample on the precious blood
 That flows from Calvary.

To Jesus if you'll turn
 He'll break your hearts of stone,
 And clothe you with his righteousness;
 You with eternal life He'll bless
 And raise you to His throne.

HEAVENLY PROSPECTS:

When the silver cord is loosen'd
 And He breaks the golden bowl,
 Into His tender loving arms
 Let me gently breathe my soul.

Here I wander full of sorrow,
 Here a stranger now I roam,
 Waiting for the bright to-morrow
 When He shall escort me home.

Then my sorrow shall be ended,
 Loss of rest no more I'll know,
 I shall then be well attended
 As I leave this vale of woe.

How the glorious prospect brightens
 As I homeward wend my way,
 All my peace and joy it brightens,
 Thinking of that endless day.

Glory 'round my pathway shineth;
 On the mountain top I stand,
 Heavenly breezes gently waft me
 To that bright and happy land.

The clouds are daily getting thinner
 As I nearer reach the light,
 O what rapture and what glory
 Will shortly burst upon my sight.

A FRAGMENT.

Shoulder to shoulder, hand to hand,
 Forward we go a valient band,
 To slay with the Spirit's two-edged sword
 All the bold enemies of the Lord;
 Down on their knees they all must fall,
 And humbly for His mercy call.

SOLICITUDE FOR SOULS.

O for a yearning love for those
 Who still reject the Lord,
 Their perverse wills to His oppose
 And disobey His word.

O that we could disturb their peace
 And false security,
 And bring them unto Christ for grace,
 And hope, and purity.

O help us Lord, from day to day,
 Thy precious will to do,
 That in our lives we may display
 The love we bear to You.

And when our sun of life is set,
 On earth to shine no more,
 May we without one vain regret,
 Slip gently from earth's shore.

JESUS THE WAY.

O Thou who art the way to God,
 The way Thy saints have ever trod,
 The way from earth, and sin, and hell,
 Thou art the way—"Emanuel."

With blood Thyself hast marked the way
 That we might never go astray,
 But safely reach our home above
 To celebrate redeeming love.

Then while we sojourn here below,
 And drink of pleasure, pain or woe,
 In faith and love from day to day
 We'll sing of Jesus as the way

·REDEEM THE TIME.

Court the moments as they're passing,
 Passing, never to return,
 All that is unmanly spurn;
 Though to thee it be harrassing.

Moments are the golden arrows
 Time is shooting from his string,
 They are ever on the wing;
 How the thought my bosom harrows.

But though all rapid is their flight,
 Yet they carry on their wings
 Impress of the many things
 We would so gladly shut from sight.

If the flight of time would carry
 What embitters life away,
 We would never court its stay,
 Never pray that it might tarry.

But these arrows small and golden,
 With thoughts and words so feathered
 Shall by God's hand be gathered;
 Fixed the day for their unfolding.

Whene'er that fearful day shall break,
 All those arrows shall appear
 As rosy couch or thorny bier,
 Heaven or hell for each to make.

Help me, Lord, these thoughts to cherish,
 That these arrows as they fly
 May bear upward to the sky
 Golden fruit that ne'er shall perish.

THE BIBLE.

Whoever reads this Book with care
 Will see his image pictured there,
 Body earthly, soul immortal,
 Blind, yet seeking wisdom's portal.

Now at the brink of ruin laying,
 O'er the past in sadness straying,
 Rent with pain and wrung with sorrow,
 Fearful of a dread to-morrow,

Seeking light with darkness shrouded,
 Ev'ry power benumb'd and clouded,
 For deliverance daily longing,
 Dismal thoughts the mem'ry thronging.

Conscience now no longer sleeping,
 Condemnation on it heaping,
 Hiding Heaven from its view,
 Wringing the cry, "What must I do?"

Thus groaning with its heavy load
 It casts itself by faith on God,
 True wisdom's light now floods the soul
 Heaven is now the aim'd for goal.

The dungeon floor no more is trod,
 In freedom now it walks with God;
 Now it sings, but not in sadness,
 Now it walks in joy and gladness.

Ever growing heavenly minded,
 By the world no longer blinded ;
 Conscience from dead works now purged,
 By the law no longer urged.

Loses its convicting power,
 Guards its interest every hour ;
 With this great truth it doth agree
 Salvation flows from Calvary.

These blessed facts this Book reveals.
 As every pardon'd sinner feels ;
 Then let us all its truths revere,
 And we shall ne'er have aught to fear.

A HYMN.

O child of sorrow turn your eyes
 On Christ the bleeding sacrifice,
 'Twill prove a balm for all your woes,
 By faith to see his dying throes.

Your bark in tempests oft may be
 While sailing o'er life's troubled sea ;
 With Christ on board, though sails be riv'n
 He'll safely guide thy bark to Heav'n.

Cheer then, my brother, in distress
 Thy Saviour loves thee none the less.
 He is the same in storm and calm
 A shelter and a healing balm.

Fresh courage take and forward go
 However fierce the tempests blow,
 Thy bark in Heav'n shall moor at last
 When all the storms of life are past.

MONUMENTS.

Men are building, always building,
 Monuments that cannot perish;
 Monuments of gold or gilding
 God despises or will cherish,
 Monuments that must still remain
 When time has folded up its chain.
 Are we building towers of Babel;
 Monuments of sin and folly,
 Over which a curtain sable
 Rests, producing melancholy;
 Monuments which are broad, and tall,
 Decaying, crush us as they fall?
 Are we in true wisdom building
 Monuments of the purest gold,
 Firm and true and without gilding,
 Like those raised by men of old;
 Monuments for years to come
 Earth their base and Heaven their dome?
 Lord, Thy patience daily give me
 Wisdom's monument to raise,
 Fill my soul with all Thy fullness
 And Thy Name I'll loudly praise,
 Here on earth and then in Heaven
 For the wisdom Thou hast given.

ON MY CONVERSION TO GOD.

Father, Thy chastisements I feel
 In mercy to my soul were given,
 Sweetly constraining me to yield
 My heart to the claims of Heaven.

Before I felt Thy chastening rod
 In folly's path I went astray,
 The way of death I proudly trod
 And would not to Thee homage pay.

I long withstood Thy gracious call
 And lived, regardless of Thy love,
 Denied Thee, Sovereign, Lord of all
 Stoutly against Thy Spirit strove.

But when Thy hand was on me laid
 My folly and my sin I saw,
 My guilty soul at once betrayed
 Her terrors to Thy broken law.

Where'er I turned, still my gaze
 By Sinai's frowning brow was met;
 Despair, a cloud had o'er me rais'd
 From under which I could not get.

All faint and bleeding thus I lay
 No ray of hope to gild the gloom,
 Till Christ appeared and roll'd away
 The stone that kept me in the tomb.

At once He did asunder break
 The chains that bound me to my sin,
 And thus to me He gently spake
 "Arise, a holy life begin."

Cheerful His mandate to obey
 I rose my faith by works to prove,
 And thus I stand unto this day
 A monument of Jesus' love.

TO REV. C. C. McLEAN.

Dear Friend, with heart sincere,
 To thee this line I write ;
 To me of all my friends most dear
 And precious in my sight.

For thee my prayer shall rise
 Up to the Throne of Grace,
 That God may make thee pure and wise
 And fit to see His face.

I pray thy path may be,
 Clear as the shining light
 Of sun and moon, for ever free
 From sorrow's darkening night.

And in thy Master's cause
 May thou successful be,
 Until thy soul from earth He draws
 Into eternity.

When thou dost reach that Place
 Ten thousand may'st thou see,
 Who through thy efforts and God's grace
 Are safe at Home with thee.

REMEDY FOR SORROW.

When the heart is very sore
 Crushed and smitten, stung with grief,
 Trembling to the very core
 There's a place of sure relief,
 Where it may in safety rest
 'Tis the Saviour's loving breast.

CONFIDENCE IN CHRIST.

Jesus, if all my friends forsake me
 I am rich if Thou remain,
 Clasp'd in Thy loving arms
 Pain is sweet and loss is gain.

From every creature I can part
 If Thou remainest in my heart,
 If only Thou with me abide
 I'll rejoice what e'er betide.

BLEEDING LAMB.

O here I am
 Thou bleeding Lamb,
 A sinner of the deepest dye.
 Low at thy feet
 I take my seat,
 There would I stay until I die.

Thy blood I know
 For me did flow,
 A healing stream of life Divine.
 Then cleanse me now
 As low I bow,
 O Jesus make me wholly Thine

This sinful heart
 With all would part,
 And take Thee wholly for its guest.
 It cannot be
 O, Christ, with Thee,
 Without being sweetly, fully blest.

When, Lord, I pray,
 Come, now, this way,
 And fill me with Thy perfect love;
 O, then, shall I
 Be meet to die,
 And fitted for that world above.

When Thou shalt come
 To bring me home,
 My soul shall clap her wings of fire,
 And when I rise
 Above the skies,
 I'll play upon my heavenly lyre.

Through Jesus' blood
 I'm home with God,
 The monster, Sin, no more I fear.
 Farewell, all care
 And dark despair,
 I'm sav'd through an eternal year.

A HYMN.

Dead to the world, yet still I live
 A life of perfect peace and joy,
 A life which God alone can give,
 And naught but sin can e'er destroy;
 A life of faith in Jesus' blood,
 Which tells me I am born of God.

Though winds and waves go o'er my soul,
 Though health and wealth and friends depart,
 Yet will I press toward the goal
 Where thou my loving Saviour art ;
 On faith's strong wing I'll soar away
 And rise into eternal day.

What matter though I'm doomed to be
 A sufferer to the end of life,
 If I my loving Saviour see
 Whene'er I quit this vale of strife ;
 And sing while passing through the air
 Farewell, vain world ! adieu despair !

TO REV. JOS. EDWARDS, LIVERPOOL,
 TOWN MISSIONARY, ENGLAND.

Hail ! aged champion of the truth,
 Distinguished servant of God most high,
 Guide of hoary age and wayward youth ;
 Work on ! work on ! the prize is nigh.

Many hundreds through thy burning zeal
 Have entered the portals of the Sky,
 While earth and hell thy influence feel ;
 Work on ! work on ! the prize is nigh.

The tears thou hast for sinners shed,
 Thy prayers, entreaties, every sigh
 Shall give added lustre to thy head ;
 Work on ! work on ! the prize is nigh.

Thy labors all our Heavenly King
 Beholdeth with a gracious eye,
 Hope keeps thy spirit on the wing ;
 Work on ! work on ! the prize is nigh.

Thy place is now in Heaven prepared,
 Thy crown is glittering in the Sky,
 " Well done " by thee shall soon be heard ;
 Work on ! work on ! the prize is nigh.

A few more conflicts here below
 Then will thy loving Lord appear,
 And carry thee from this vale of woe
 To prove in death, the prize is near.

Note.—Since the above was written this distinguished servant of God, with whom I had the honor to be associated in the mission work for many years, has entered into his heavenly rest. Fragrant is his memory.

WHAT IS LIFE.

What is life ! A time for sowing,
 Sowing seed that surely grows ;
 Like the stream to ocean flowing,
 Broad'ning, deep'ning as it flows—
 Life is hastning to the ocean
 Never reaching to its close.

Sowing seed with hand and brain,
 Seed we surely must gather
 In large sheaves of joy and pain,
 All the seed we now are sowing
 We shall surely reap again ;
 Shall we reap true golden grain ?

To the Spirit if we're sowing
 While the time of sowing lasts,
 In our fields no tares are growing
 No mildew the fruitage blasts,
 We sha'l surely reap again,
 Not in sadness nor in pain.

If our field with weeds are crowded
 Through our sowing to the flesh,
 We shall reap, in darkness shrouded,
 Heavy sheaves of deathless sorrow,
 Through a night where no to-morrow
 Comes to cheer the weeping soul.

THE SINNER'S REFUGE.

Where shall the trembling sinner go,
 With heart by fear, and guilt oppress'd
 To escape his wretchedness and woe
 And enter into blissful rest ?

Is there a power to calm the mind
 By angry passions rudely torn,
 And can a guilty rebel find
 The peace and rest of which he's shorn ?

Can earth with all its wounds and woes
 Find healing balm and settled rest,
 Deliverance from the many throes
 That now convulse its lab'ring breast ?

Yes ! trembling sinner, Jesus saith,
 O, come and I will give you rest,
 I shed My blood to save thy soul ;
 And plant My kingdom in thy breast.

I came men's passions to subdue,
 And calm the storms that rage within,
 Their entire nature to renew
 And free them from the guilt of sin.
 The broken heart I came to bind,
 The groaning prisoner to release,
 Enlighten every darken'd mind,
 And fill the heart with joy and peace.
 I'll gently lead each trusting soul,
 Although the path may be uneven,
 Myself the sure and certain goal,
 The vestibule, the whole of Heaven.

LINES WRITTEN IN A YOUNG LADY'S
 AUTOGRAPH ALBUM.

Do not look upon outward things
 With longing heart and wistful eye ;
 What is the adornment of kings
 A covering oft for villiany !
 But turn your eyes to Wisdom's page
 Where truth in all its lustre shines
 To guide the youth, instruct the sage,
 And beautify the humble mind.
 The soul with husks cannot be fed,
 And earth has naught but husks to give ;
 There you can find that "living bread"
 Which whoso eats shall ever live.
 To scenes of the purest delight
 Beyond the reach of human ills,
 'Twill lead the soul from earthly night
 Where God. His saints, with glory fills.

AFTER A THUNDER STORM.

Let twice ten thousand thunders roll
 And rend the earth from pole to pole ;
 Let stars and sun refuse their light
 And shroud the world in endless night ;
 The soul in Jesus' arms can smile
 Amid the earth's funereal pile.

Let sinners quake and devils moan,
 Amid the universal groan
 Of nature in her dying throes,
 And hell uncover all her woes :
 Leaning on the Saviour's breast
 The soul enjoys eternal rest.

Jesus, Thou universal Lord,
 Wilt Thou to me Thy help afford,
 That I may stem life's angry flood,
 And through the merits of Thy blood
 Conquer each foe, until I reign
 With Thee releas'd from sin and pain ?

Around me throw Thy shield by day
 And nightly let Thy goodness stay,
 And when I close my eyes in sleep
 O'er me still Thy vigils keep,
 My griefs assuage, my fears dispel,
 And save my soul from sin and hell.

And when I come to Jordon's brink,
 From which frail nature fain would shrink ;
 In mercy then, O, let me see
 " Thy rod and staff they comfort me,"
 And when death breaks life's golden bowl,
 O, gracious God, receive my soul.

WE SHALL MEET BY AND BY.

Addressed to my much esteemed Brother in the bonds
of the Gospel, Mr. George B. Garnett.

We shall meet by and by
In the home of the blest,
Where the soul in white robes
Shall forever be dressed.

Where no tear dims the eyes
Which so often wept here,
And no mourner's sighs
Ever fall on the ear.

Where the flow'rs and the fruit
Perennially grow,
And the waters of life
Perpetually flow.

In that glorious land
Where the palace of God,
Is entered by those
Who Christ's footsteps have trod.

Its gates stand wide open
Both by night and by day,
And the light of the Lamb
Keeps all darkness away.

Lord, give us Thy rich grace
As we sojourn below,
To prepare for the place
Where the holy ones go.

When at death Thou shalt come
 In dazzling array,
 For to sever our souls
 From their houses of clay,
 We'll sing this sweet chorus
 As we pass up on high,
 Farewell, my loved friends,
 We shall meet by and by.

ON VISITING A MAN WHO WAS DYING
 OF CONSUMPTION.

I want to spend life's little day
 In doing all the good I can,
 By pointing sinners to "The Way,"
 The only hope of dying man.
 Beside the couch where suffering lies
 With quiv'ring nerve, and tortur'd brain,
 And pallid cheeks, and sunken eyes
 Where health will never sit again,
 And life and joy, like Summer's flow'rs
 Before the early Autumn blast,
 Lie faded in the very bow'rs
 Where once to life they clung so fast.
 'Tis there the Master bids me go
 To make known His wondrous love,
 And bid the mourner leave his woe
 For health and life and Heaven above
 In scenes like these the spirit feels
 The nothingness of earthly things,
 And gladly turns to Him who heals,
 For there is healing in His wings.

A HYMN

I'm glad I ever saw the day
When Jesus taught me how to pray,
Since then my joy has been complete
While lying low at Jesus' feet.

My sins I feel are all forgiven
And I am on my way to Heav'n,
The world and satan I defy
As Jesus for my sins did die.

I care not what I'm called to bear
While passing through this world of care,
For well I know that Jesus will
Bring me at last to Zion's Hill,

Where I shall dwell in endless day,
Praise Him who bore my sins away ;
Then let us look above the Sky
To Christ who is enthroned on high.

He knows your doubts, He counts your tears,
He'll save you from your sins and fears ;
My brethren, bid your tears be dry
We're marching to our home on high,

With saints and angels there to sing
The praise of our redeeming King ;
When our pilgrimage here shall end
Eternity with God we'll spend.

UPWARD.

Written for and recited by Mr. A. Walburn, one of the pupils of Berrysburg Seminary, at the close of the Summer Session, 1877.

Upward ! upward ! God-ward rise,
 Grovel not beneath the Skies,
 Let no sordid, base desire
 Pale or quench the sacred fire :
 Bearing every youthful soul
 Upward, to perfection's goal

Upward climb Parnassus hill
 From this mountain flows a rill,
 Bright with the purest pleasure,
 Full of the choicest treasure ;
 To enrich each longing soul
 Panting for perfection's goal.

On this sacred mountain's brow
 Men have stood who held the plough,
 Painters, poets, priest and sages
 In the past and present ages,
 Quenched their thirst from the fount
 Flowing from this classic mount.

Rise then upward every day
 Pass some hill-top on the way,
 As the scales drop from your eyes
 Into purer light arise ;
 Quit not soaring till you stand
 In the light at God's right hand.

INVITATION.

Jesus now is gently calling,
 Calling sinner now on thee;
 Cease your wandering as He calleth,
 He will your spirit free.

Do not stifle your conviction,
 Nor His Spirit drive away;
 Turn to Him, as now He calleth.
 Sinner, turn to Him to-day.

By His word He gently wooeth,
 Wooeth sinners here to-day;
 O, hasten then for sin and doeth!
 O, sinner, turn without delay!

By His Spirit He is striving,
 Striving here with some to-day
 Will you still resist His Spirit,
 O, will you cast your souls away?

God, the Father, now is calling,
 God, the Son, for you doth pray.
 God, the Spirit, waits to draw you,
 Draw you from your sins away.

Come then sinner, come to Jesus,
 Let Him save you here to-day;
 At His feet in true repentance
 Humbly give yourselves away.
 Never will He be more willing,
 Nor more able than to-day,
 For to save the chief of sinners,
 Sinner, now begin to pray.

THE STORMS OF LIFE.

The great storms of life that are now fiercely
blowing

Around our path here, which so oft is uneven,
Give force to the tide in its ebbing and flowing,
To hasten our passage from earth unto Heaven.

Then why do we shudder when the storms fiercely
rage, [riven,

And the dark, dark sky with the lightning is
So long as God's promise and His oath doth en-
gage

Out of darkness and storms to bring us to Heaven?

On, onward, then I will go though deep unto deep

Cry out in convulsions all madly upheaven,
Still believing my Saviour His promise will keep,
When storms are all over to bring me to Heaven.

ACROSTIC.

J oy in the Lord and Him adore,
O thou, my soul, and sing His praise ;
H eaven's anthems shout upon earth's shore.
N or ever weary in His ways.

B e thou in tune from morn to night,
E ver aspire His face to see ;
L ong for the approach of Heaven's light,
L ive now for immortality.

WHAT IS A PREACHER.

A gospel preacher, is a teacher,
 In spirit gentle, in action grand,
 A feeder and leader of the hosts
 Who are marching to the promised land.
 To every one he must be gentle,
 To himself exacting and severe,
 Rejoicing with those who do rejoice
 And o'er the suff'ring and the fallen
 He must shed the sympathizing tear.
 To the true and the faithful soldier
 He must speak the inspiring word,
 While the laggard and the coward
 He must command to grasp the sword.
 The young and tender hearted
 He must carry them along,
 And cheer the mighty cohorts
 By his counsel and his song.
 He must be foremost in the battle,
 And in the thickest of the fray ;
 The sword he must not scabbard
 While there remains a foe to slay.
 Though painfulness and feebleness
 Be often his estate,
 Yet panting and bleeding
 He must push the battle to the gate.
 He must be vigilant, judicious,
 And above all be discreet ;
 Uncompromising in teaching
 And in his manners very sweet.
 A true and trusted friend of all,

To sin alone a bitter foe,
 And thus by act and work and look
 His heavenly calling he must show.
 Such is the true gospel preacher
 Who lives, not to enrich himself,
 Desiring more to see souls sav'd
 Than to have all the golden pelf
 That is locked in the coffers
 Of the whole Mammonitish race.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Another year of probation
 Now lies numbered with the dead,
 With much joy and vexation
 Quickly have the moments sped.

And all these precious points of time
 To us so freely given,
 Have borne a record of our lives
 From earth right up to Heaven.

O then, my soul, now ponder o'er
 The dread subject of the past,
 Where thou has erred, O err no more
 While your life on earth shall last.

Redeem the time that is to come,
 Shun every evil way,
 Let the bright to-morrow find thee
 So much better than to-day.

ACROSTIC.

C ome, Brother, join with me and sing
 H ymns of praise to Christ our King,
 A ntedate the joys above,
 R evel in the Saviour's love ;
 L ook to Him for every grace,
 E ver gaze upon His face—
 S tand you, in the might of God,
 C hrist your shield, and sword and rod.
 M ighty in the Scriptures grow,
 C onquer sin and every foe.
 L et your light on sinners shine,
 E mulate the gift Divine.
 A lways try by might and word,
 N ow, to bring dear souls to God.

THE LANGUAGE OF A PENITENT
HEART.

I am weary and sick in the way of all sin,
 I long to be freed from its thralldom and pain ;
 I wish from this hour a new life to begin,
 Nor ever more grieve my dear Saviour again.

I want His true love shed abroad in my heart,
 That love that so sweetly casts out every fear ;
 O Jesus, then come and to me now impart
 The pardon and peace that I crave with a tear.

Too long in the ways of transgression I've trod,
 Too long Thy dear Spirit so sorely have grieved ;
 But now in compassion look on me, O God !
 And then I can gladly, yes fully, believe.

THE CHRISTIAN'S PRAYER AND HOPE.

While I sojourn here below,
 While the seed I daily sow,
 Waiting till the harvest grow,
 O Lord, remember me.

While I tread the narrow way
 May I from Thee never stray,
 But teach me how to watch and pray
 And still to follow Thee.

From all sin may I depart,
 Fix Thy kingdom in my heart
 That I from Thee may never part
 While here on earth I stay.

Give me grace from hour to hour
 To overcome the tempter's power ;
 Thy spiritual blessings on me shower
 From day to day.

Then shall my light in brightness burn,
 The world and sin I then can spurn,
 And from their foul seductions turn
 With greatest ease.

With the Spirit's two-edged sword
 I'll fight the battles of my Lord,
 And by the Spirit and the Word
 Him shall I please.

And when I come to Jordon's brink
 I then shall have no cause to shrink,
 But from His love shall surely drink
 With ecstasy.

His rod and staff my strength shall be,
 And He Himself shall carry me
 To Heaven, His glorious face to see
 Through endless day.

FOOLISH BROODING O'ER THE PAST.

My soul, why wilt thou mourn o'er joys departed,
 And present blessings unappreciate?
 Go weary, lone and almost broken hearted,
 Blindly kicking 'gainst the will of fate?

Why should'st thou with the past, the future
 darken,
 And giant forms conjure to block the way?
 Not rather to thy nobler instincts harken,
 Which woos thee to enjoy the present day.

Farewell! past joys, in the grave I will lay you,
 Nor by repining would disturb your rest—
 Hoping with the lov'd ones buried with you,
 Some time to clasp you to my stricken breast.

Until that day, I will try and acquiesce,
 In all that God desires me to pass through;
 And, although I may not think of you the less,
 I'll no longer rob myself of joy for you.

ON A LITTLE CHILD'S BIRTHDAY.

Again the silent wheels of time
 Their annual rounds have driven,
 And you, though scarce in childhood's prime,
 Are so much nearer Heaven.

ACROSTIC.

A sinner saved by grace divine,
 L ord I know that Thou art mine ;
 D ay by day to me impart,
 U nderstanding to my heart ;
 S pirit, source of light and love,
 W ilt thou all my doubts remove,
 W ash me clean in every part,
 A nimate my drooping heart,
 R esuscitate me hour by hour,
 F ill me with Thy gracious power ;
 E ver help me to proclaim
 L ife and Heaven through Jesus' name ?

ON THE EVE OF THE NEW YEAR.

Another link of time's mysterious chain
 Has dropped into eternity,
 How many links may yet remain
 I neither know nor see,
 But the last link will disappear
 And time shall be no more,
 And vast eternity draw near
 Where it once reigned before.
 How many links have come and gone
 Since first my life began !
 What hopes and fears, what cares and tears,
 Have led me on to man.
 Where shall I live when time shall end
 With life's short journey o'er,
 Shall I that eternity spend

Upon the heavenly shore
 Or in the caverns of the lost,
 Convulsed with torturing pain,
 Be forced to pay the bitter cost
 Of all the years I've slain ?
 O Lord, then give me grace to pray
 Each moment to improve,
 To live to Thee from day to day
 And ever heavenward move,
 That when my latest hour shall come,
 Filled with the heavenly grace,
 I safely may arrive at home
 And stand before Thy face.

PRAYER.

As like the ship that homeward wends her way
 O'er trackless seas and through the misty haze,
 Battling with winds until the foamy spray
 Covers her with a phosphorescent blaze,
 So prayer covers the soul with glory's rays.

THE BIBLE.

This is the Book that God has given,
 To guide your soul from earth to Heav'n ;
 Make it always your constant friend,
 And it will guide you to the end.

And when you reach your future home
 And on this earth no longer roam,
 In Heav'n its beauties you shall see
 And learn to all eternity.

THE CHRISTIAN'S ENSIGN.

Stand by your flag my comrades,
 Stand by your flag, I say!
 It is the dear flag of yore;
 Waves o'er the world to-day,
 Fills our foes with great dismay,
 And shall wave forever more.

Chorus:

Its the flag, the blood stained flag,
 The flag that Jesus bore
 As He conquered death and hell,
 And made the devils yell,
 As they fell to rise no more.

Our fathers, they bore it high
 Amid the dark'ning sky
 Of gross error and of sin;
 Before it Dagon fell,
 And the alien hosts of hell
 Were all filled with chagrin.

Chorus:—Its the flag, etc.

We do see it far and near
 In ev'ry hemisphere,
 As the flag of victory;
 Before it Rome must fall,
 And the Pagan nations all
 Its glorious conquests see.

Chorus:—Its the flag, etc.

Then let's lift the standard high
 Till all the nations cry
 'Tis the flag of victory ;
 'Neath folds so glorious,
 O'er the world victorious,
 May we ever, ever be.

Chorus :—Its the flag, etc.

INVITATION.

Come in the morning, come at eventide !
 Drink, brother, drink ! thou shalt be satisfied ;
 See ! where the water rolls, abundant and free,
 Poor, thirsty soul ! it there runneth for thee.

Why waste, ye, your strength, digging a fountain
 When you may drink from Calvary's Mountain ?
 Turn then, brother, drink and be satisfied,
 To give this *free*—Jesus was crucified.

SOLICITUDE.

O, Christ, when Thou shalt come, where shall I
 stand,
 Will I be dressed in white at Thy right hand,
 Or clothed in darkness and with horror filled
 Cursing the folly that my soul hath stilled ?

Shall I with joy see Thy glorious face,
 And enter, undismayed, that Holy Place,
 Thou hast prepared for all who love Thee here,
 And love and praise Thee an eternal year ?

ACROSTIC.

In the morning of her life's young day
Down at the Saviour's feet she humbly knelt,
And prayed that he might take her guilt away—
Its curse remove, and cause her heart to melt.
Soon to her suffering soul the Saviour came,
The joy of His salvation to impart;
Rejoicing, she rose to praise His glorious Name,
Onward and heavenward she moved with joy-
ful heart:
Her race is ended, she has reached the heavenly
shore
Mourn not for her, she lives to die no more.

ACROSTIC.

As nature smiling under the sun's bright rays,
Now all her wealth of fruit and flowers display
Now dancing on the grass this glorious day,
In all their innocence I see the lambkins play,
Everywhere in all things here I see,
Kind Father, reflection caught from Thee.
I look again and see a form complete,
Love and goodness in this form do meet,
Like garden flowers whose fragrance fills the air,
I find thy influence drives away despair.
No stoic in thy presence could be sad,
God made thee happy to make others glad,
Endeavor then by all thy power and grace,
Rancor and misery from the world to chase.

THE SINNER'S HOPE.

Jesus died to save the lost,
 On Calvary's steep and rugged hill,
 He meekly there gave up the ghost,
 No other soul His place could fill.

By this, let all nations know,
 Eternal life to souls is given,
 Long as the Saviour's blood doth flow,
 Let sinners look and live for Heaven.

DEPARTED JOYS.

O, poor heart why dost thou weep
 And in sad remembrance keep,
 The gilded trappings of departed joys?
 Why to their sepulchre go
 When naught but pain and woe
 Meet thy tear-wrung eyes?

Thou can'st not with all thy grief
 At their sepulchre find relief,
 Or strength to nerve thee for the coming fight?
 Brooding o'er these scenes all fled
 Like them thou would'st soon be dead,
 Robbed both of earthly and heavenly light.

Turn then, poor heart, away
 From those frail forms of clay,
 That have long lain mouldering in the dust,
 To where there still is joy
 To gladden heart and eye,
 That no canker can ever, ever rust.

True joy coming from above,
Product of Jesus' love

And which no enemy has power to destroy ;
Poor heart, then turn to this
Here thou can'st find true bliss

Without either canker, stint or alloy

ACROSTIC.

A way with thy fear, eternity's near,
'M idst the glories of heaven thou'lt stand,
O f Jesus, thy King, forever thou'lt sing
S alvation in the heavenly land.

D elivered from care, and the lash of despair,
E njoying the glory, the glorified bear,

K nowing this shall be so, then yield not to woe,
I n this house of corruption and clay.
L et love tune thy lyre, rise higher and higher,
L iving still for that glorious day,
I n the name of the Lord, grasp tightly the sword,
N or relax for one moment thy hold,
G o on to the fight, put thy foes all to flight,
E quipped every day in the midst of the fray,
R emembering thy strength is the Lord.

GRACE BEFORE A MEAL.

[Composed at the age of fifteen.]

We thank Thee, Parent of all good,
For these, Thy mercies given ;
Strengthen our bodies with this food,
And fit our souls for Heaven.

NIGHT.

'Tis night! how solemn is the scene:
 The clouds have flung their sable
 Mantles o'er the cerulean arch,
 But ever and anon is to be seen
 Some fiery lamp held by the trembling
 Hand of night, to guide the mariner
 To his long-sought shore.
 And such is life, a night of darkness,
 On which a streaming ray of light
 From heaven, athwart the gloom is flashed.
 Following this light, the wayfarer
 Stumbleth not, nor falls, but holds
 "On the even tenor of his way," rejoicing
 That soon the night will disappear,
 And earth's darkness be transfigured
 With the light of heaven.

ON HEARING THE CHURCH BELL.

Oh, how sweetly tolls the church going-bell
 That calls my soul away for praise and prayer,
 What strange emotions in my bosom swell
 Amid the mists of fear, and doubt, and care.

When to the house of God I take my way
 And lowly bow in deep contrition there,
 Doubt and despair, like "Abram's birds of prey,"
 Are driven backward by the arm of prayer.

'Tis thus the soul renews her strength to fight
 The many foes she must encounter here,
 And upward soars into the purer light,
 Upon the borders of the heavenly sphere.

ACROSTIC.

K now in the morning of thy life's young day
 A s fancy paints it with delusive ray,
 T he sharpest thorn is near the brightest rose,
 I n all life's journey from the cradle to the tomb,
 E vening and morning, alternate with light and
 gloom.

S ince this is so by heaven's all-wise decree,
 M ust you in sorrow pine and most unhappy be?
 I ndeed you need not, for it is your Maker's will,
 T hat heavenly joy should temper every human
 ill,
 H eaven all through life, and dying, find your
 heaven still.

THE LANGUAGE OF A BROKEN HEART.

Will He hear me? Will He help me?
 Cried a soul in great distress;
 I have sinned against His goodness,
 I've refused His Name to bless.

I have spent my youth and beauty
 In rebelling 'gainst His will;
 I have never done my duty,
 But have always what was ill.

I have now grown old and hardened,
 In His mercy I can't hope;
 I might long since have been pardoned
 Had I yielded to His yoke.

I am growing old and weary
 With the burden of my heart,
 O now tell me, wilt He hear me
 Ere I from this world do part ?

Such was the sad, sad inquiry
 That an old man made one day,
 Whose steps were so very feeble;
 Whose hair was so very gray.

The answer was given gently
 With a sweet and cheerful voice,
 Which affected him so deeply
 That it caused me to rejoice.

I said that the blessed Saviour,
 Full of pity, love and truth,
 Was able to save the old and hard
 As He was to save the youth.

His " Whosoever will may come "
 To meet his case was given ;
 And if he would accept of it,
 He, too, should enter Heaven.

I saw that the " Word " was working
 By the expression of his face,
 And soon he made me understand
 It was suited to *his* case.

Then he grasped my hand and thanked me
 For the blessed Gospel word,
 That " Whosoever will may come "
 And trust a pardoning Lord.

ACROSTIC—ON A DOCTOR.

C ould'st thou with Esculapean power,
 H enceforth remove each foul disease,
 A nd health on each diseased one shower,
 R esuscitating such with ease.
 L et this one thought your mind employ,
 E ven this can not ensure to me,
 S oul peace or that ecstatic joy
 H eaven gives to all that needy be.
 S uch is the plain unvarnished truth,
 M y Master in His word hath shown,
 I n me alone, O age! O youth!
 T he joy of Heaven can e'er be known,
 H ere first on earth or before my throne.

THE STORY.

Listen children to the story,
 Often told by men before
 Of the Lord of life and glory,
 Who our sin and sorrow bore.

Chorus:

It's the story that our fathers,
 Mothers, friends, received of yore;
 It's the story that has brought them
 Safely to the heavenly shore.

Listen, children, to the story
 Angels sang so sweetly, when
 The Lord of life and glory,
 Came on earth to dwell with men.

A HYMN.

We have found Him ! Yes, we've found Him
 Of whom the Prophets wrote and spoke,
 Jesus Christ the true Messiah,
 He has come to break our yoke.

Chorus :

Come from glory, Come from glory
 Here on earth with men to dwell,
 Publish far and near the story
 We have found Immanuel.

Israel's God hath not forsaken
 Us, the people of his choice ;
 He has come our souls to weaken,
 Let us in our King rejoice.

Chorus :

Come and see Him, come and see Him,
 Do not merely take our word ;
 Listen to His glorious teaching,
 Is not this the Christ of God.

Chorus :

PRAISE.

Glory to Thee, Almighty King,
 By highest heaven adored,
 To Thee my every thought would wing,
 Jehovah, Jesus, Lord.

A HYMN.

Saviour dear, on Thee I call,
 Come thou near or I shall fall ;
 Guide my feet in wisdom's way,
 Teach me ever how to pray.

Lord I feel that thou art mine,
 Daily on my darkness shine ;
 Let the light of Thy dear face
 Shine on me, thou God of grace ;

Then my soul shall daily move
 In the light of perfect love ;
 And I'll publish all abroad
 Jesus is the mighty God.

LINES

On reading of the religious awakening in Italy and France.

Do you hear those glad notes now sounding afar,
 Sweeping over the earth on the tempests broad
 wing ?

Are they notes of peace, or the discord of war,
 Do they light and joy, or darkness, with them
 bring ?

Nearer they come, sweeping triumphant along,
 They are the sweet notes of victorious song.

These far away lands are now turning their eyes
 Away from their idols to Jesus alone ;
 And praising the land of the great sacrifice,
 Whose blood for the race does so fully atone.
 Then catch up the notes as they're wafted along
 On the wings of the wind and set them to song.

HYMN.

Come to my rescue, Lord,
Thy saving power impart ;
And let Thy sanctifying word,
Now sanctify my heart.

From sin, O make me free,
And blend my will with Thine,
Then shall my soul forever be
A counterpart of Thine.

The banner of Thy love,
Around me daily throw ;
Then in knowledge and in grace,
I steadily shall grow.

And when my race is run,
And Thy dear face I see,
I'll praise the glorious Three in One,
To all Eternity.

PART SECOND.



MISCELLANEOUS.

FALLING SNOW.

The snow is gently falling
 In robes of fleecy white,
 And Nature's unique angles
 Will soon be hid from sight.

The sleigh bells they will jingle
 On horses fast and slow,
 And merry parties skim along
 The surface of the snow.

O, virgin snow, how beautiful
 Thy robes of spotless white,
 As they cover o'er the naked ground
 And hide it from our sight.

The little ones are happy
 When thou art falling fast,
 As they build up tiny castles
 They fondly hope will last.

O lovely pledge of Winter!
 How thou remindest me
 Of days when I built castles, too,
 In my home across the sea.

Still to those scenes my mem'ry turns
 In pleasure or in woe,
 Though all my fondest earthly hopes
 Have melted, like the snow.

WHAT IS LOVE?

What is love? a tireless thing,
 That will not let its owner rest;
 A subtle force that's on the wing,
 A fire that burns within the breast.

What is love? a stream that flows
 Through many a desolating spot;
 Where all its floral pow'r it shows
 In growing the "Forget me not."

What is love? a bird that sings,
 Amidst the choicest flowers;
 A force all stealthily that wings
 Its way to Summer bowers.

What is love? a guardian dear,
 That watches with a miser's care—
 The objects that it does revere;
 Is present with them everywhere.

Love chases ev'ry doubt away—
 Revives the soul that else would die;
 It makes the heart both light and gay,
 And gives fresh lustre to the eye.

Love binds the heart with strongest chains,
 And breaks the fetters of the soul,
 It comes, it enters and it reigns,
 And nothing can its pow'r control.

Love makes the tardy move apace,
 Nerves the cowardly arm for fight;
 It fills with forms the empty space,
 Illuminates the darkest night.

Love travels over land and sea,
 Earth's hidden treasure it explores;
 It scans the starry canopy
 To enrich what it adores.

Yet this pow'r, this subtle thing,
 Is very often ill requited;
 Its possessor it's made to sting
 When by its object it is slighted.

A CHILD'S INQUIRY.

Mother, who made the apple tree
 With blossoms so fragrant and fair,
 And that noisy big bumble bee
 That goes humming all through the air?

And who made that beautiful butterfly
 With its wings of crimson and gold,
 That flies from flower to flower
 And never appears to grow old?

Tell me, dear mother, I pray you,
 Who made the dear sky-lark to sing,
 As it rises upward to heaven
 And shakes the dew from its wings?

I want to know, too, dear mother,
 Who made those young ducks in the pool,
 And kittens that chase each other
 So often around my wee stool?

Yes, I had almost forgotten,
 Who made my dear papa's gray mare,
 And Brindle, that feeds in the barn,
 Who at me so often does stare.

Mother, do tell me who made these,
 For He must be clever and great,
 I am waiting to hear, now, please,
 Do put His name down on my slate.

THE YOUNG LOVER ON THE EVE OF HIS DEPARTURE FOR THE WARS.

I now go to the war, my country is calling,
 Upon the pure altar my fealty I lay,
 To meet the aggressor whose hordes are now fall-
 ing,
 Into battle procession like wild beasts of prey.

On the breath of the morn the bugle is sounding,
 Our brethren are rushing their rights to de-
 fend,
 Patriotism's tide through their brave hearts is
 bounding,
 The prayers of our loved ones their footsteps
 attend.

I cannot, my love, any longer keep dallying
 In the bowers where together we often have
 been,
 The foe he approaches, his cohorts are rallying
 To the clarion's loud notes of "God save our
 Queen!"

Then farewell, my true love, my country is call-
 ing
 On her altar I now lay what I hold most dear,
 Yet think not though now the hot tears are fast
 falling,
 That I am a craven with a heart full of fear.

It is not through fear but because I am leaving
 The one precious jewel so dear to my heart ;
 It cannot be long, therefore do not be grieving,
 Until I return, and we shall never more part.

The young maiden listen'd to the words of her
 lover,
 And bravely she kept back the fast-rising
 tears ;
 In her calm, shining face not one could discover,
 How intense was her sorrow—how great were
 her fears.

In her beautiful eyes, true love it was shining—
 She spake, and her sweet words were queenly
 to hear,
 "To my country I give thee without repining,
 Come back crown'd with victory, or else on
 your bier."

He rode to the front, like a true knight in armor,
 To his country and lover his fealty to prove ;
 'Bove the battle's loud din rang the voice of his
 charmer,
 "To my country I give thee, my one only
 love !"

Gallantly he fought on the red field of battle,
 Through showers of lead he pressed on to the
 foe ;
 And still rang the voice 'bove the cannon's loud
 rattle,
 "Go fight for our country, my own lover, go !"

The foe is subdued and the wars are now over,
 Our hero now covered with glory and fame,
 Quickly rushes into the arms of his lover,
 Being united in heart, they're 'one now in
 name.

TO THE PAST.

O plague me not, ye hours of joy
 That once were mine in early life,
 When o'er the field I roam'd a boy
 Unknown alike to care and strife ;

What have I said, O reeling brain,
 Recall the words which thou hast spoken,
 Come back, ye sunny hours, again
 And cheer a heart that's almost broken.

THE TRAMP'S SOLILOQUY.

Out in the bitter cold,
 Decrepid, poor and old,
 Tortured with pain;
 Daily I roam abroad
 Through this large house of God,
 Almost insane.

Daily I beg my bread,
 Nightly some lowly shed
 Shelters my form;
 Bereft of home and friends,
 Spurning all selfish ends,
 Braving each storm.

Thus do I move along
 Shunning the sordid throng,
 And mammon their god;
 Waiting the coming day
 When I shall pass away,
 Under the sod.

ALCOHOL, A MONSTER.

There is a monster red with blood
 Which he has shed in every land;
 Madly he dashes through the flood
 Of gory spray, which his own hand
 From human hearts has caused to flow—
 Hearts that long were crushed with woe.

And as the myriad streams flow on
 To swell the mighty flood of gore,
 This monster calmly looks upon
 Each bloody stream and longs for more ;
 Insatiate, he loudly cries,
 "I must have blood, for blood's my prize!"

In vain the wife and mother pleads,
 In vain the helpless offspring cries,
 "O, spare my husband, my heart bleeds!"
 "O, spare my father, or he dies!"
 Their cries are music to his ears,
 He laughs at blood, he mocks at tears.

What is this hideous monster's name,
 Whose scorching breath and bloody hand
 Men's lowest passions set aflame,
 Until their blood flows through the land ?
 His name, I give to one and all,
 It's blood-stained, murd'rous Alcohol.

Up, up ye servants of the Lord,
 And bind this monster fast in chains,
 And with the Spirit's two-edged sword
 Relieve the suff'ring of their pains ;
 His headless carcass lay in dust
 And Heav'n and earth will cry, " 'Tis just !"

AN EPITAPH.

Here lies a man who lived for self alone,
 A misanthrope who had a heart of stone,
 Whose only aim was to gather golden pelf,
 Not to benefit others, but to enrich himself.

ON A MOSQUITO—AFTER RECEIVING
A BITE.

Ye vengeful insects buzzing round,
How my soul detests the sound—
Gladly would I flee from you
Could I but escape your view !

When you are on mischief bent
No one can elude your scent,
'Gainst you my poor flesh recoils
All my blood indignant boils.

Thy pointed bill makes me dance
As it enters like a lance,
Drawing blood with hellish glee,
Humming notes of victory.

Hated insect, had I my will
All your race I'd gladly kill,
Your true place the catacomb
'Mong the mummies of old Rome.

Wishing you in such a place
Preying on an extinct race,
Does a want of love display ;
So, mosquito, go thy way.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFIDEL.

The season of grace is now o'er,
Which God in his mercy had given,
To prepare for that beautiful shore,
The home of the blessed in heaven.

FIVE FOOLISH REASONS WHY
MEN DRINK.

Give me drink ! cries the man full of care,
And from care I'll soon get away ;
So he drinks but is not aware
A serpent lies huddled up there,
A serpent that, thousands, doth slay.

Give me drink ! cries the man, unto whom
Dame Fortune so fickle has been ;
So he drinks, though death's sable plume
Like the ghosts that come from the tomb,
Waving o'er his cups, may be seen.

Give me drink ! cries the man, whose fireside
Less cheerful each day has become,
Through a false, though once faithful bride ;
So he drinks from the firey tide
Till ruin sweeps over his home.

Give me drink ! cries the poor, loafing sot.
Whose last cent is sunk in the bowl,
He drinks, and his home is forgot,
The image of God he doth blot
Entirely off his poor soul.

O give me drink ! the assassin cries,
As he whets the murderous knife ;
So he drinks and forward he hies,
The fire of a fiend in his eyes,
To rob his poor victim of life.

A BROKEN IDOL.

The magnet, though toss'd on the face of the deep,
Trembling, but pole-ward, keeps constantly
turning; [leap,
So my soul turns to Thee, though wild breakers
And disconsolate Thy absence keeps mourning.

Ah! why should it be that we cannot once more
Like vine branches, to trellis work clinging,
Our arms entwine as in the bright days of yore,
When glad nature all around us was singing.

Old nature is smiling as brightly to-day
As it smiled when together we wandered
Through the fields dotted o'er with newly cut
hay,
Or by the creek that rejoicing meandered.

Then why should we not as the years move along,
In love's fond embrace, keep moving together,
Beguiling life's journey with a snatch of a song,
Our hearts joined by love, and light as a feather.

Ah! no, we have changed, I was going to say,
But my sad heart cries, "'Tis not true in my case!"
I still cling as fondly to thee, as the day
When first, I enraptur'd, beheld thy sweet face;

'Twas down in *thy* heart the sad change first began,
The heart I once hoped was entirely my own,
Was maddened by drink, then cursed by that man,
Whose leprous touch changed the flesh into
stone.

Though many long years have gone over my head
 Since this poor glittering idol was broken—
 Over thy fate many mournful tears I have shed,
 And pitying words, likewise I have spoken.

O! how foolish in me to mourn over one
 Who of all honor and beauty is riven,
 Than whom nothing more vile, God e'er looked
 upon,
 Out of his beautiful home up in Heaven.

I cannot explain why I ever once think
 Of the first cause of my long years of sorrow ;
 Which has driven me to despondency's brink,
 Without a wish, or a hope for to-morrow.

O, memory! why art thou constantly winging
 Thy flight to those scenes that lie withered or
 dead,
 Which over my soul such dark clouds keep flinging,
 That the bright sunshine, cannot fall on my
 head?

Art thou designing, in this way to teach me?
 How vain, and how worthless, are all earthly
 joys,
 That those bright idols, which in raptures we see,
 Are frail, of less value, than a little child's toys?

If this is the reason thou art reproducing
 The days and the scenes I would gladly forget—
 No more, as a foe I'll view thee, conducting,
 In destroying my peace by making me fret.

THE HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

O home of my childhood! I'm longing for thee,
 Thou beautiful isle in the midst of the sea—
 Thy mountains so grand where the heather bell
 grows,
 And each lovely vale where the sweet primrose
 blows.

CHORUS :

Thou land of green foliage ! and dotted all o'er,
 With the ash and the oak and the broad sycamore ;
 Wherever I wander, wherever I be,
 My own island home, I will still cherish thee.

In my dreams I behold thee, smiling and fair,
 As when like a child I was free from all care ;
 But when I awake how the bright visions flee,
 Leaving me still a poor wanderer from thee.

Chorus :

To my books I return, and try with my might
 In their company sweet to shut out of sight
 The mem'ries evoked by the dreams of the night,
 Which put for a time all my pleasures to flight.

Chorus :

For a time I succeed, as I wander along
 Through the Island of Greece, the birth place of
 song ;
 Or pause to reflect where the great Caesar dwelt,
 At whose feet many heroes have reluctantly knelt.

Chorus :

But soon my mind turns from imperial Rome,
 And wanders again to my dear island home,
 Where in childhood I roam'd o'er mountain and lea,
 And nature was full of enchantment to me.

Chorus :

Those scenes in their beauty by night and by day,
 Are ever recurring wherever I stray ;
 And where'er Dame Fortune compels me to roam,
I'll still love and cherish my own island home.

Chorus :

A STORM AT SEA.

The light'ning shoots athwart the sky,
 The tempest rages furiously,
 The ship's strong timbers groan ;
 The huge waves flap their foamy wings,
 And loudly screech like unseen things,
 Unearthly in their moan.

From stem to stern they madly fly
 And upward shooting to the sky
 In mighty volumes rise ;
 Round the hard-strained hull they fling
 Relentlessly each foamy wing.
 In vain the vessel tries

To escape from such a power
 That rages madly to devour,
 All, all within its grasp ;
 The crew in consternation reel,
 The man is bound fast to the wheel,
 The weak each other clasp.

The canvas into shreds is torn,
 The masts and spars are broke and borne
 Like feathers through the air ;
 The sailors all with sore affright
 View the horror-inspiring night,
 Are seiz'd with dumb despair.

In vain they cling to ropes and chains,
 Death and destruction round them reigns,
 With undisputed sway ;
 Their thoughts go back to home and friends,
 Humbly to God their prayer ascends,
 The tempest's wrath to stay.

And He who reigns in earth and sky
 Who hears the trembling sinners cry,
 Folds up the tempest's wing ;
 Quick the mad waves crouch and cower,
 Own the majesty and power,
 Of nature's mighty King.

Once more the shipmen's hearts are light,
 Once more they hail the glad'ning sight,
 Of calm approaching day ;
 They rig aloft the jury-mast,
 And spread their canvas to the blast,
 And speed them on their way.

A RETORT.

Let braying asses point their ears,
 And brainless puppies laugh at me ;
 My soul is proof to all their sneers,
 Calm in her own integrity.

LOVELY MARY.

Lovely Mary, sweetest flower,
 Growing in true woman's bower,
 Truth and beauty, every grace,
 Sits upon thy lovely face.

All thy charms are like the rose,
 Which around its fragrance throws ;
 Where each little busy bee,
 Sparkling nectars, daily see.

Such, sweet Mary, is the grace
 Eminating from thy face ;
 Thy rosy lips, the chalice cup,
 From which I would love's nectar sup.

Thy noble form, the shady tree,
 Whose foliage would shelter me,
 From ev'ry storm that fiercely blows,
 Summer's sun and Winter's snows.

When at last the storms of time
 Wither all thy youthful prime ;
 Leaving thee both old and bare,
 Thou'lt to me be young and fair.

THE CRUEL ROD.

Every morning poor Mary wakes,
 She longs to see her lover ;
 But just as oft her father shakes
 The cruel rod above her.

PAY THE PREACHER.

As the ambassadors of God
 We bring to you His saving word,
 Which we give much thought and prayer ;
 The better for your souls to care.
 All earthly honors we resign—
 In order that we may incline
 Your wav'ring souls to turn from self,
 Nor longer trust in worldly pelf ;
 All we ask in return from you
 Is, pay us what's our lawful due.

Through wind and rain we're at our post ;
 Renounce those things you cherish most ;
 When roads are bad, through frost and snow,
 All our home comforts we forego ;
 Nor murmur when the church is cold,
 And find those absent who are old,
 If but the young and strong are there,
 Cheering us by their smiles and prayers ;
 And when the quarter we review,
 You pay us what's our lawful due.

Much we're pained on quarter day,
 When officaries stay away,
 Through carelessness, or idle sport,
 Neglect to send in their report ;
 Such conduct in my Master's name,
 I must denounce and cry shame ! shame !
 On those whose duty 'tis to see
 From debt their preacher is kept free ;
 Yet all we ask from any of you
 Is, pay us what's our lawful due.

We know the times are severely hard—
 And some of the charges badly starved,
 Despite this, which we grant as true,
 Still much blame attaches to you ;
 We doubt not your desire to pay
 What's due to us, on quarter day
 But cannot from our minds dismiss,
 In collecting, you are re-miss ;
 As a result you know 'tis true,
 The preacher goes without his due.

If you but felt the pain we feel,
 Your hearts would melt, if they were steel,
 As we move on and vainly strive,
 To stretch three dollars into five ;
 And this, because you fail to do
 The work the church assigned to you ;
 Still you pray the heavenly pow'rs
 To send grace, in richest showers,
 Which do not come, because that you
 Keep back the preacher's lawful due.

Brethren, to one and all, I say,
 To have success, your preacher pay ;
 Free his mind from worldly care,
 Give him time for study and prayer ;
 The work of God will then succeed,
 Sinners will turn to him indeed ;
 Your souls be filled, with light and love,
 And lifted far this world above ;
 Then you'll rejoice and with me say,
 To starve the preacher does not pay.

THE RETURN SALUTE.

How sweet when one has been away,
 To a loved one to return;
 How the glad moments speed away,
 How warmly the affections burn;
 And the spirit feels at rest,
 Leaning on that loved one's breast.

Earth hath not a greater bliss,
 On its favorites to bestow—
 Rob the world of joys like this,
 And you fill it full of woe;
 Life would then be all in vain,
 Stripped of pleasure, robed with pain.

Let me thus at even-tide,
 Drive the busy world away;
 Sit down by my loved one's side,
 Chant to her my sweetest lay;
 Then should kingdoms, rise or fall,
 I'd still be happy 'midst it all.

A DISAPPOINTED BUT ARDENT LOVER.

I love you truly, yes I do;
 Where'er I go my heart's with you,
 No form like thine can fill my heart—
 How shall I from thee then depart?

I wish you could become my bride,
 Remain forever by my side,
 Then life would glide in joy away
 As bright and beautiful as May.

Together we would trudge along
 And to each other sing this song—
 "We're one in hand, we're one in heart,
 And only death shall make us part."

But cruel fate denies this boon,
 And I must leave thee very soon,
 And others come to drink the joys
 That from thy heart flows through thine eyes.

While I alone without thee pine
 And feel thou never canst be mine,
 Yet will I cherish in my soul
 Thy form, until I reach the goal,

Where earthly sorrows are forgot,
 And disappointment haunts us not ;
 Hoping in Heav'n to have supplied
 What here on earth has been denied.

TO ANNA.

Were I a sultan then I would
 Make thee my own Sultanna.
 Had I a crown of purest gold,
 I'd crown the head of Anna.

And when I stand close by her side,
 Just like the Hebrews' manna
 That fell in camp at eventide,
 Falls the sweet words of Anna.

AN ODE.

Why despair boys, while you've got
 Health of body to endure
 All the hardness of your lot?
 Better to be well and poor,
 Than be rich and pine away,
 Fill'd with pain by night and day.

Better far to rise at morn'
 As the sky-lark mounts on high,
 And aurora's golden horn
 Pierces through the eastern sky;
 Than on beds of down remain
 Suff'ring unremitting pain.

Better, too, if it must be,
 Laboring hard, through weary hours,
 When night falls on land and sea,
 Shuts the eyes of golden flow'rs;
 Than to hear the doctor say,
 "Indeed he is much worse to-day."

TO MEMORY.

O memory, thou subtle vital thing,
 Thou'st wondrous powers to please or pain;
 How quickly moves thy reproductive wing
 In retrospecting former things again;
 Passing zephyrs touching Summer flowers
 Can speed thy flight to childhood's happy hours.

The sweet perfume from virgin rose emitting
 O'er other scenes and lands can make thee roam;
 The wee bird on leafless branch that's sitting
 Has power to call thee from thy wanderings
 home;
 Thou writ'st the history of our bygone years
 On flowers all wilted, and with falling tears.

The past and future by thy mighty pow'r
 Into my soul every day thou bringest;
 Bright as sunshine, or dark as midnight hour
 Are the robes that round my heart thou flingest.
 Thou never weariest in rushing to and fro
 Though heavily laden with joy or woe.

Had I power thy movements to control
 I would not chain thee to the present hour;
 Or lock thee in the chambers of my soul,
 Or diminish thy most wondrous power;
 The custodian of my joy and grief thou art,
 We two are one and shall never, never part.

ON PROFESSOR G————'S BIRTH PLACE.

How sweet it is at eventide
 From care-producing thoughts to glide,
 And former subjects scan,
 And on the wings of fancy steer
 To view the humble cottage, "dear,"
 Where my young life began.

No dearer spot does earth contain
 Through all her great and vast domain,
 Than where I first surveyed
 The light, that from aurora falls,
 The fire-fly dancing 'round the walls,
 And cattle in the glade ;

The old pump stood before the door,
 With rope and windlass, to lower
 The bucket in the well ;
 I viewed it then with great surprise,
 It was a mystery in my eyes
 So great I could not tell.

How pleasant were the hours to me
 I spent beneath the white oak tree,
 Protected from the sun ;
 Furnished with compasses and square,
 And marking with a master's care,
 Through Euclid I did run.

The birds made music o'er my head,
 And beautiful flowers around me shed
 A fragrance pure and sweet ;
 With nature, in those boyhood days,
 I chanted my Creator's praise
 And worshiped at his feet.

Since then has come a wealth of years,
 A load of care, a rush of tears,
 A fight for victory.
 Those years with all their joy and pain
 But help me to live o'er again,
 Those scenes in memory.

The poet may desire renown—
 The monarch may adore his crown,
 And pomp, and pagentry ;
 But dearer to my soul by far
 That humble barn and cottage are,
 The pump and white oak tree.

And now, my childhood's home, good-by,
 We both shall soon in ruin lie—
 For such is the decree ;
 But I shall come forth from the tomb
 And in new life and vigor bloom
 A lover still of thee.

AN EPISTLE.

To my dear friend, Mr. K— wife and child, residing
 on the bank of Manada Creek, close by the Blue mountains.

I do not sing of classic streams
 Meand'ring o'er their pebbly beds,
 O'er which aurora's golden beams
 Her rich and various beauty sheds.

Nor would my muse describe the scenes
 In crowded cities I behold,
 Where avarice his fortune gleans,
 Whose only God is shining gold.

To fairer scenes than these I turn
 Where noble worth and honor dwells,
 Where honesty, all scheming spurns,
 And black chicanery expels.

'Tis in a rural calm retreat
 Far from the noisy bustling throng,
 Where I hold fellowship most sweet
 With dearest friends who court my song.

The winding stream glides murm'ring by,
 The birds indulge their matin song,
 The mountains blue before my eye
 Appear like giants tall and strong.

The little church stands on the hill
 Whose courts, with friends I often trod;
 'Tis there with heart and right good will,
 Together we have worshiped God.

This hallow'd spot, these scenes so dear,
 I never, never shall forget;
 Fond mem'ry still shall linger here
 Until life's sun in death is set.

LINES

Written when Garibaldi was struggling for freedom in Sicily

Doctor Cahill, the Pope's viceroy,
 Thinks himself a broth of a boy,
 As he fills his people's heart with joy
 By denouncing Garibaldi.
 But, Doctor Cahill, have a care,
 While striving hard for Peters' chair,
 Lest, when the old Pope lies in his last lair,
 You, like an alligator,
 May have to doff your sacred dress
 And instead of cursing, be forced to bless
 The Italian Liberator.

AN EPISTLE.

To C. P. Care, dry goods merchant and local preacher of
Lingestown.

Dear Brother Care, for you, my prayer
Daily ascends to Heaven,
That you may preach, and people teach,
From morning unto even.

That, day by day, you may display
The Master's mind and Spirit;
In word and deed, thus show to men
Your sav'd by Jesus' merit.

And as you rise up to the skies
Where you a home inherit;
May you appear, as it you near,
More purified in spirit.

And when you come to change your home
On earth for one in Heaven,
May neither tear, nor torturing fear
From eye, or heart be riven.

Once more I pray that long you may
In health and happiness dwell,
And every year some thousands clear
On the goods that you may sell.

May young and old, in heat and cold,
For garments to you repair;
For when they're dressed up in your best
I'm sure they will bless Clem Care.

The ladies, they will look so gay,
 All the beaux they'll captivate,
 And Richmond, he will called be
 To alter their single state.

Then all around, through Linglestown,
 Will the olive branches grow,
 Because that Care his goods sold there,
 Superior and so low.

And now good by, till you and I
 See each other's face again,
 And may your boys delight your eyes
 By becoming Christian men.

The "Bell" is well, and ringing still,
 Though sometimes nearly broken,
 And as he swings, and loudly rings,
 He has the Saviour's token.

TO A LADY.

As the loving flower that blooms so low and sweet,
 In the garden, meadow or the common wild,
 With beauteous blushes the morn's approaches
 greet,
 Basking the live-long day in the sun's bright
 smile.

Hattie, so may each morning of thy future life
 Find thee possess'd of health, peace and sweet
 content,
 A stranger to turmoil, and exempt from all strife,
 Till the last hour of your mortal life is spent.

TO THE DWELLERS OF FUGGLE-
TOWN.

If you've a character to sell,
Or bag of slander to give way,
Such things you can dispose of well
In Fuggletown on any day.

There you can find a ready sale
For all the vile things you may bring,
No matter how corrupt or stale,
If they but have true slander's ring.

This moral offal forms the food
On which many minds are living,
Whatever's lofty, pure and good
They will not have for the giving.

Those noble things are driv'n away,
While slander is a cherished guest
By some who in the church do pray,
And sometimes grunt with holy zest.

They in their preacher's presence smile
Like angels dropping from the skies ;
But their corrupted hearts, the while,
Are running o'er with foulest lies.

They will not speak a truthful word
Unless they see it pays them well ;
And yet they're "walking with the Lord"
While they are on the road to hell.

The offal which they feast upon
Has blunted their moral feeling,
Until the Holy Spirit's gone—
Left them sick and without healing.

This is the miserable state
In which these slander-mongers dwell,
Whose sordid souls are fill'd with hate
To those who wish to 'scape from hell.

This is the state of things I find,
Fuggletown, within thy borough;
It greatly pains my anxious mind,
And fills me with intense sorrow.

From this dark picture now I turn
To gaze on one where purest light
Of Christian character doth burn,
Like brightest stars in darkest night.

If Sodom had a Lot within
Its guilty and polluted sphere;
So there are those who eschew sin
Trying to serve their Master here.

Like Lot, their righteous souls are vexed
By those, for whom to God they pray,
Are oft cast down and sore perplexed
While holding on their heavenly way.

For such my prayers to Heaven
I daily send that they may be
Kept as a germ of righteous leav'n,
O Fuggletown, to leaven thee.

WAITING.

I am weary of waiting and watching,
 I am watching and waiting all day,
 O, wilt thou come to me, my darling,
 O, wilt thou come to me, I pray?

The shadows are falling all gently,
 The birds to their nests fly away,
 And yet I am waiting for thee, darling,
 O, wilt thou not come to me, pray?

The dew is distilling upon me,
 I am wet with the light-falling spray,
 O, wilt thou not come to me, darling,
 And turn my dark night into day?

THREE SCENES.

COURTSHIP.

They were sitting in the parlor
 And the lights were burning low,
 Most loving were their glances
 And their words did sweetly flow.

CHORUS:

But soon there was a movement
 I'll endeavor to explain;
 This fair one, all smiling, said,
 You must take it back again,
 Yes, take it back again,
 And he was very glad indeed
 To take it back again.

MARRIAGE.

They were standing in the parlor
 All around was very still,
 Till they were requir'd to say
 Those binding words—"I will."

Chorus :—

PARENTAGE.

They were sitting by the table,
 And in her cushioned chair
 Sat baby Mary smiling,
 With her crown of golden hair.

CHORUS :

Again there was a movement
 Of which, I do declare,
 'Twas touching in its beauty,
 'Twas baby Mary's prayer;
 And their hearts knew naught of pain
 As he kissed his early love,
 And she gave it back again;
 Each was still right glad to give
 Love's token back again.

DEFEND THE ABSENT.

Defend the absentee
 When'er he is berated,
 You are human as well as he,
 And may be castigated;
 No man will greatly err
 Who will defend his brother.
 So long as these words remain
 Be sure you love each other.

A FRAGMENT.

O soul, soul, soul
 With tempests tossed,
 By life's great trials crossed;
 Where canst thou find relief
 In all the abandonment of grief?
 Is there no haven,
 No calm repose,
 Where thou canst shelter
 With thy load of woes,
 And rest in peace awhile?
 Is there no power to calm
 The furious blast,
 To clear the sky o'ercast
 With darkening cloud?
 Must it be always so,
 Must gales in fury blow,
 And never cease?

ON THE DEATH OF LITTLE MARY
WATKINS.

A band of shining angels
 To our house came one day,
 When our dear little Mary
 Was absorbed in her play.
 Brightly smiling, their white robes
 All around her they threw,
 And our dear little Mary
 From our presence they drew.

'Twas in vain that we tried
 Our sweet darling to keep;
 The angels would not tarry,
 Having come forth to reap.

It was our loving desire
 That our darling might be
 Permitted with the others
 Our last moments to see.

But the Lord saw 'twas better,
 Our dear lamb to bring home
 To the heavenly pastures,
 There forever to roam.

Though our poor hearts are breaking,
 And our eyes wet with tears,
 We rejoice that our darling,
 In Heaven now appears.

For a short time, our Mary
 We would whisper, farewell;
 Heaven now seems much nearer
 Since thou'st gone there to dwell.

THE SYCOPHANT.

Away with you, Sycophant,
 Who can nothing good discover
 In those who are exposed to want,
 But who is an ardent lover
 Of all who are both rich and great,
 Howe'er corrupt their moral state.

THE LANGUAGE OF TRUE LOVE.

The sun may shine with beauteous ray,
 And make the earth both glad and gay ;
 The little birds on leafy bowers,
 Make music for the passing hours ;

The stream flow o'er its pebbly bed,
 And lovely flowers their fragrance shed ;
 But what are all these things to me,
 If I am absent, love, from thee ?

The seasons as they come and go,
 Like ocean tides that ebb and flow,
 May on their bosom bear to me
 The hidden wealth of land and sea ;

The rapturous crowd my praises sing,
 And fame her homage to me bring ;
 Yet what are all these things to me,
 If still I'm absent, love, from thee ?

The sun, he may refuse to shine,
 And all the powers of earth combine,
 To wreck my peace, destroy my pleasure,
 And rob me of my choicest treasure ;

And ruin's ploughshare overthrow
 All else I hold most dear below,
 Freely with all I'd part to be
 For ever near, my love, to thee.

A SUCCESSFUL SUITOR.

When young love came through the cottage door,
Smiling as loving, looking as fair
As lilies along the pebbly shore,
Or roses that scent the summer air,

Young Annie looked and gently sighed
At the young man who stood before her,
Words she spake which her looks belied,
As she felt love's charm stealing o'er her.

"What is your errand, young man," she said,
"Do you want my sister or brother?"
Then turning away her queenly head,
She whisper'd, "he will please my mother."

The young man looked a little shy,
He turned his wistful gaze upon her,
And saw in the twinkle of her eye,
That Annie was the soul of honor.

He laid his hand on her form so fair,
Sweet Annie gave a little start,
Then gently he sat her on a chair,
And sweetly pressed her to his heart.

"My dearest Annie," he gently said,
"I came not for sister or brother,
But hither my footsteps have been led
To see yourself, and not another.

"I feel my life will be lone and drear,
 Unless you come and share it with me,
 With you, my love, through each coming year,
 I'll feel as merry as bird or bee.

"I'm waiting to have your answer, dear,
 O, send me rejoicing on my way,
 Quickly, tell me, O, dispel my fear,
 Say thine I am, this one sweet word say."

I will not *tell* what young Annie said,
 But just softly *whisper* in your ear,
 On his manly breast she laid her head,
 And, blushing, said, "I am thine, my dear."

LITTLE FAIRY BELL.

The Autumn leaves are falling,
 And the nights are getting cold,
 Far and near it does appear
 The year is growing old;
 But as I sit and listen
 To the organ's loudest swell
 Trembling beneath the fingers
 Of little fairy Bell,

CHORUS:

I quite forget the changes,
 That time's dial-plate doth tell,
 While list'ning to the organ
 And the voice of fairy Bell,
 While list'ning to the organ
 And the voice of fairy Bell.

The birds that sing so sweetly,
 In the merry month of May,
 Have not the pow'r that she has
 To drive my care away ;
 When sitting at the organ,
 As she sings her sweetest lay,
 I think 'tis angels coming
 To carry me away.

Chorus :—I quite forget the changes, etc.

The hours glide so quick away,
 Of their flight I scarce can tell,
 While list'ning to the singing
 Of little fairy Bell,
 This one boon alone I crave,
 'Mid the changes time may bring
 At the closing hours of day,
 To hear this fairy sing.

Chorus :—I quite forget the changes, etc.

THE LAWYER'S LOST LOVE.

However loud and clear the organ's notes may
 swell,
 Evoked by the magic touch of little Nell ;
 However clear and sweet those sounding notes
 may be,
 They cannot charm, because the player's dead to
 me.
 Dead, did I say ? nay, but worse by far than this ;
 She keeps her mouth for other lips than mine to
 kiss.

O, my sad memory, then cease, O, cease to dwell
 Upon the pleasant moments spent alone with Nell!
 And let those moments ever quite forgotten be,
 By calling up some other pleasant scenes to me.
 Forgotten, did I say? this can never be,
 So long, O, mem'ry, as thou shalt stay with me.

Henceforth I'll listen to the music as it floats,
 And catch the flowing echo of its changing notes,
 And as those changing notes shall grandly rise
 and swell,
 In mind I'll wander far away from little Nell;
 Though it be among joys that long since are fled,
 Joys once so bright, but now all seared and dead.

But why should I so very sentimental be,
 As if Nell, the player, had been attach'd to me?
 I once thought she lov'd me, but was much mis-
 taken;
 Henceforth my confidence in womankind is
 shaken,
 But Nell I'll not forget through the coming years,
 Though her loss will cause me many, many tears.

A long farewell I'll bid to all the dazzling train
 Of silly girls and women, they but turn one's
 brain,
 And with my clients I will my great wrongs for-
 get,
 And rise in strength above my disappointments yet,
 Hoping as the changing seasons roll around,
 If not happier, I shall be much wiser found.

THE HUSBAND TO HIS DEAD WIFE.

She is resting, sweetly resting,
 In her grave beneath the pines ;
 O'er her mound the birds are singing,
 And the sun in beauty shines.

While in sadness here I wander,
 Like a dove without its mate,
 Lonely where the streams meander
 Or beside the garden gate.

Still of her I'm fondly thinking,
 Oft I feel her presence nigh,
 As I muse when stars are blinking,
 In their homes up in the sky.

O, my fond love, gently sleeping
 In thy grave beneath the pines,
 Do'st thou see thy husband weeping,
 As he muses o'er the lines

We so often sang together,
 When our daily tasks were done,
 Through the cold and murky weather
 And the cheerful Summer's sun ?

Soon, my fond love, I will follow
 To the place where thou hast gone,
 And our souls be reunited,
 Which on earth so long were one.

MY BOOK.

And now my little book
 To the public I give,
 Its contents I am sure
 With my true friends shall live ;
 And if I have any foes
 They must lenient be,
 And all errors put down
 To the score of poor me.

—O—

NOTE.—In the setting of the type there were a few mistakes made in orthography, punctuation, etc., which, in the hasty perusal of the proof sheets, were overlooked.

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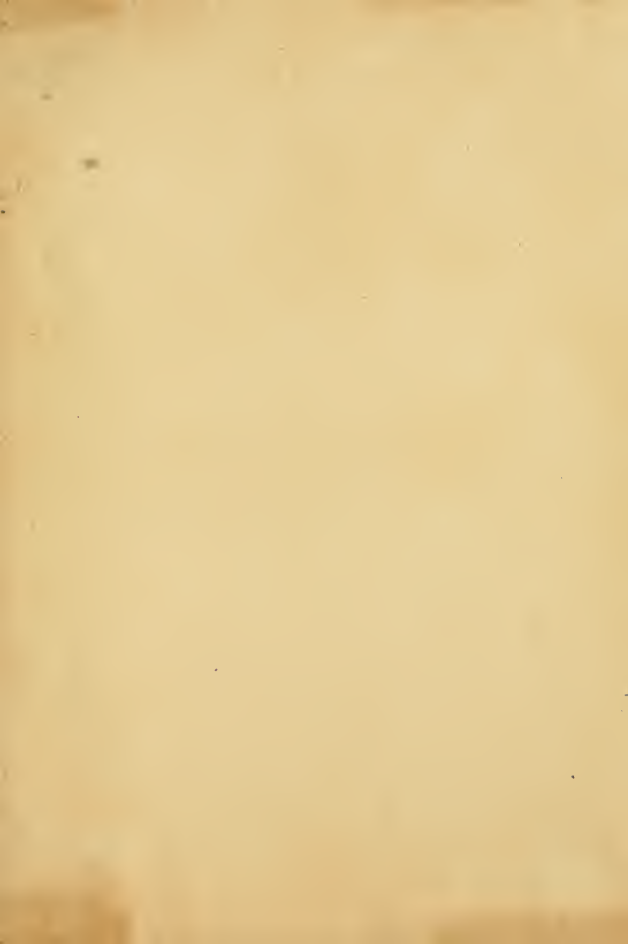
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