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Arch of Truth  
WITH

POEMS



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A VISION

—OF—

The Arch of Truth.

AN ALLEGORY;

AND ADDITIONAL POEMS,

—BY—

JOSEPH FOSTER KNICKERBACKER.

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## NOTE.

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The author of the within desires to say, that it is not designed as an exposition of any particular school or system of Theology; such themes have been left to those whose high avocation it is to treat of them. And though, in a general sense, this may be considered a religious book, (and it is sincerely hoped it may be of some service in that respect) yet he who wrote it lays no especial claim to personal sanctity of character; and amid the awful perplexities which encompass us—these times, that so try men's souls—he would be found to be among the lowliest of his readers, in seeking the "ARCH OF TRUTH."

In adopting the form of an Allegory—a species of writing to which, he is aware, numerous persons object,—he will simply add, he has only humbly followed in the footsteps of many illustrious ones who have chosen this field of literature; and therefore, if in the wrong, he has the consolation of knowing he errs in the company of the God-like.

He would improve the opportunity, by expressing his deep-felt obligations to several friends, for valuable criticisms and suggestions during the progress of this, the feeble result of his labors.

J. F. K.

At the Hostead, Schaghticoke, September, 1875.



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TO THE HOME OF HIS CHILDHOOD,  
ITS HALLOWED ASSOCIATIONS ;  
AND TO THE HOLY MEMORY OF DEAR FRIENDS DEPARTED :  
THIS LITTLE WORK  
IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED  
BY ITS AUTHOR.



## MUSING BENEATH AN OAK.

---

IT was a lovely moonlit evening, early in the golden month, September; the season when Nature appears in her most attractive beauty, her choicest jewels and richest vesture displaying, while teaching her lessons of deepest wisdom..

The barns of the husbandman were filled with the ingatherings of a recent harvest; though the earth was still teeming with increase, and the trees were adorned with clusters of ripening fruits, the bounties of an ever-provident Creator.

The stars (faithful guardians of night) by their presence added the charm of security. The beast was resting from his burden; the laborer, after daily toil, had sought his simple rustic meal, and early home repose; the lambs—enfolded amid sleep's kind embrace—were reclining upon the hill-side, in renewal, for fresh gambols on the morrow; the birds their vespers sweet had sung, and found their peaceful

nesses; while the blooming dairy-maid—blithesome, winsome, and happy—had just returned from her cheerful duty with vessels full-laden with rich foaming milk, gladly singing as she sped along, some sylvan love ditty, or coyly stooped to pluck a wayside flower with which to greet proud neighboring swain; and all around was stillness, save the monotonous chirping of the crickets, the gentle murmuring of passing rivulet, and the hush'd sounds borne from a distant waterfall.

It was in a beautiful fertile valley, traversed by meandering streams, studded with rural homes, circled by thick-wooded landsides, and teeming, with, what were to me, ever-hallowed associations,—for it had been for many generations the dwelling-place of my kindred, and was still the scene of scenes wherein I best loved to linger, enjoying the calm repose of contentment,—that I sat musing beneath the branches of a venerable Oak,\* whose deepening shadows wafted far adown that peaceful vale gave a charm of serene loveliness to the intervening landscape.

And I thought, as I gazed upon its towering and far-

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\*An ancient Indian council-tree, still standing.







“HAD IT TONGUE TO SPEAK, WHAT TALES MIGHT IT UN-  
FOLD (THAT OLD OAK-TREE) OF CENTURIES PASSED  
AWAY.”

reaching frame, stamped with the hoary impress of ages; that—"had it tongue to speak, what tales might it unfold, (that old Oak-tree,) of centuries passed away? Of what erst may have occurred in the earlier time, within the quiet region wherein I now reclined in pensive reverie."

"How that—epochs agone—it stood but as one among the trees of a forest, when the merry birds did sing upon its boughs, and the squirrels frisked among its branches; and the wolves and foxes prowled around it, and the wild Indian roamed beneath it, and made there his watch-fires, and smoked his peaceful Calumet, and held his civic councils; while he sought for fish in those neighboring streams, and hunted game upon the surrounding hills, and planted his patch of corn, and wrought his deer-skin garments, and thatched his bark-built cabin."

"And how, that anon, the White man came from a distant country, to greet that "Vale of Peace,"\* and site of the "Mingling Waters"; bearing with him the cultured arts and implements of civilization; and—felling the surround-

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\*So called by the early settlers. The Indian name for the township, Schaghticoke, signifying, Mingling Waters.

ing trees—furrowed those lands, and sowed them with foreign seeds, and built him store-houses, and made that his place of habitation; while Heaven (smiling upon his labors) filled his garners with plenteousness, and enriched his home with blessings.”

“And how that, soon other White-men followed, and settling there, formed round about a clustered neighborhood, over which reigned rural peacefulness and contentment.”

“And how, that, alas!—in after years—a season of tribulation came; yea, with death’s grim scourge it came to blight that smiling vale!\* When frantic tales were told of darksome, daily-deed! and wailings dire, were heard therein; and cries of fear; and deep-lisp’d moanings of despair! When children ran to their mother’s arms for refuge, who, holding them up to Heaven, besought from thence protecting aid from frenzied hand of rampant fiend-assassin! When fathers, husbands and brothers—leaving their ploughs amid the field—rushed to their dwellings, and seized their rifles, and barricaded their thresholds! For the now mad-

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\*The Indian Massacres during the Seven-years-war, are here alluded to.

dened, Indian-savage,—made to be an avenger, by the selfish wiles of warrior-foe,—had come with tomahawk and scalping-knife, to bring sorrow amid those late gladsome, wayside homes, through the revolting rite of infernal massacre.”

“And how, that, from thence—in still other, after years—those seasons of harrowing grief had passed away; while happiness and prosperity, once more illumed that valley green with the sparkling beams of rapt delight; and man’s labors afresh were blest, in tilth, and growth, and fruitage, and his garners, anew, instored.”

“And how, that when—in yet later, after years—the war did wage which made this land a land of Liberty, that beauteous vale became a soldier’s rendezvous, — pending the battle’s strife on the Heights of near-by Saratoga—to which its stalwart braves, leaving their abodes at the spoiler’s mercy, had early gone, and in spheres of trust and prowess, had risen to be ranked among the memorable !”

“And how, that when that war had ceased, wholesome peace, restored, again brought settled life, with freshened hopes, and cares, and duties, and man’s daily lot of good

and ill, commingled ; while sweetly smiled the Summer-blooms, and all nature basked in halcyon-tide."

And I thought, while I still sat musing beneath the yet hardy-seeming branches of the grand old Oak, it might further relate :—" How, that where now in vista near was seen (through the placid moonlight) a grove-clad place of sepulture, reposing in nature's sweet embosomment by the hillside ;—that thence, whilom,—an old man was borne to a new-made grave. And, in aftertime, his son, and his son's sons, even for many generations, each advanced to hoary old—like shocks of corn fully ripe—had within that sacred garner-field been gathered to the harvest."

And I further imagined—that, that venerable Saga-tree, (so exuberant in the chronicle-fruitage of ages) might go on in its wisdom to describe to me the many events which had transpired—in the elder days—within the stately old "Hostead" of my progenitors, still looming in all its pristine glory, amid the grand sequestered groves, near-by, where I was now reclining.

Its alternate scenes, of joy and sorrow, of festival, and repose. Births, bridals, deaths ; the strange mutations all,



“A GROVE-CLAD PLACE OF SEPULTURE, REPOSING IN NATURE’S SWEET EMBOSOMMENT BY THE HILLSIDE.”





occurring within its aged, time-bemantled walls! "How that generation after generation had entered through its portals. How that within was ever spread the hospitable board, to which the open heart of welcome greeted alike the friend and the stranger. How that honesty was always there the kingly virtue, with industry for its devoted friend and counsellor. How that therein had been seen the sacred family altar descending from father to son, and raising its morning and evening incense to the skies, till many, many years had been numbered among the days of its offerings. How that youths and maidens had there been born, grown up and passed to other scenes on the stage of life; and then again had come, with their children, and children's children, from divergent courses of destiny, to revisit the home of their ancestors, and to pause by the ancient and venerated sepulchres of their sires; to hear through the lips of golden-mouthed tradition the incidents of the happy times agone; to gather up each olden legend, sprite, and faery-tale, and memorized deed romantic; to wander with reverential footsteps around the shrines, sacred and beloved through hallowed association; each hill, and glen, streamlet, and

meadow, the "haunted hall," the wayside, rustic school, and the ancient church, where they have paid their devotions in their childhood, and their kindred for generations before them !"

But I may not further allude to this, for my thoughts were now directed toward that grave old "Council-tree," with the mingled sentiments of love and veneration. I had known it from my infancy. It had been before my vision in moments of noblest joy, amid seasons of deepest sorrow. I now sought to gather, therefrom, the ennobling fruits of wisdom.

And while I sat gazing with admiring wonder upon its sublime proportions, and majestic beauty; and musing on the passing away of all things mutable; my reveries thus took form :

"Can it be, that thou, grand old Oak! once the monarch of the surrounding forest, and still serene in thy august majesty, and tranquil, venerable glory; can it be that thou who hast so long endured the ravages of time, breasted so mightily the storms of ages, defied so often the thunder-

bolts from Heaven—nature's noblest emblem of forbearing mercy, of strength, and of fortitude—can it be that thou too, must fall, in all thy stately pride, and that thou too, must pass away ? ”

“ The prostrate form of thy brother Oak,\* tells me it is even so! That there is naught however venerable, and naught however sublime, but that in a moment may be blasted at Heaven's will, and by Heaven's power ! ”

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A neighboring tree—the trunk of which measured twenty feet in circumference—was drawn up from its root, and prostrated by a whirlwind.

## INVOCATION.

---

COME to me, come to me,  
Visions of Night!  
In the moon-light—  
'Neath the stars bright—

Come to me, come to me,  
Visions of Night!

Hopefulness bringing,  
My heart is singing,  
Joyfully singing—  
Echoing—ringing—

Come to me, come to me,  
Visions of Night!

Come to me, come to me,  
Visions of Night!  
Duty expressing;  
Virtue impressing;

Loving—caressing—  
Teeming with blessing—  
Come to me, come to me,  
Visions of Night!  
In the moon-light—  
'Neath the stars bright—  
Come to me, come to me,  
Visions of Night!

## VISION OF THE ARCH.

---

**W**HEN in the midst of these eventide reveries beneath the quiet shades of that venerable Oak, there was pictured to my mind what appeared to arise upon the landscape before me, in the form of a grand and imposing structure, of wondrous design, and of seeming celestial origin, with the words

“ARCH OF TRUTH”

inscribed thereon in letters of radiant brightness.

This edifice (as I witnessed it) represented a lofty over-circled gate-way, or entrance to courts of surpassing glory and adornment; and was, in its every part, a holy type of the portal opening to the abodes of Immortality.

It stood on an elevation, known as the “Rock of Ages.” Its foundation was that of “Inspired Reason.” Its rich emblazoned pillars—wrought from gold refined within the crucible of Holiness—were called by the sacred name of

“Revelation.” While its Keystone—of finest alabaster, exquisitely graven—teemed with costly jewels, in the center of which shone a sapphire, the deep blue of whose lustrous crest was a symbol of Faith, surrounded by the ever-shining gems of Honor, Fidelity, and Obedience.

About and within this Arch, or gate-way, were displayed in magnificent profusion, precious stones and flowers of choicest dye; and all the various insignia illustrative of the virtues and heavenly graces.

I observed upon it, blooming now in coy and simple modesty, a white rose; whose unconscious sweetness betokened an emblem of Innocence. And by the rose beamed the pearl of a guileless Conscience. While here was set a diamond-brilliant, the clearness of whose imperial lustre was that of Honesty. And here, blossomed the olive of Peace, and there a fair lily of Humility, the laurel of Glory, and the iris-hued amaranth of Immortality.

Anon, I descried thereon a coronal of roses, representing in beauteous array life's many clustering Virtues. And upon the summit of the Arch, high-loomed a golden crown of matchless worth and splendor, the name of which was

“Love”; while near to the crown lay the potent crosier-sceptre, styled the “Moral Will.”

And I further descried therein, entwined by the ivy of Conviction, a fresh enwoven garland, “with gay enameled colors mixed,” composed of tender violets, and tulips bright, delicate eglantines and jessamine, sweet-scented heliotropes, hyacinths, and primroses, and all the various flowers denoting Piety, Gentleness, Simplicity, Fortitude, Trustfulness and Joy; while effulgent amid the blossoms shone the yellow-sheened topaz of priceless Beneficence.

Pendent from the key-stone of the Arch, and holden by the golden chain of Rectitude, was a rich-shining casket, chastely wrought of burnished metal, and filled with jewels, among which were glittering garnets, and soft mossy agates, azure-hued turquoises, cornelian gems, purple-crested amethysts, the crimson-tinted coral, and other stones, symbolical of the virtues of Knowledge, Temperance, Meekness, Brotherly-love and Kindness,—peerless among them glowing the unclouded crysolite of Reverence, the deep-dyed carbuncle of Self-sacrifice, and the flaming opal of Heavenly ardor.



And I observed, that there too, were odorous gums and spices, with costly incense distilling ambrosial redolence; and that, brought from each clime and sphere, were choicest fruits in 'luring clusters, of aromatic flavor and immortal nutriment, and all emblematical of the holy gifts and graces.

And therein, also, in wondrous array, were tokens manifold—precious votive offerings from the peoples of every age who had made the shrine of Truth the goal of their pilgrimage.

And I seemed to hear—borne from thence on the soft clear air of even—the tones of chiming bells, and strains from choir in joyful carol and anthem grave, in harmonic accord with the soul-soothing melodies of the harp, and grand diapasoned organ-notes. And the inspiring words of praise and prayer were there, and of solemn warning, and fervent exhortation; and I knew that yonder scene was the blessed abode of all the attributes of Holiness.

And I noticed especially, while I sat gazing thereon, that were any jewel, or flower, or other symbolic device, removed from about that edifice, it was immediately restored—or

rather, it appeared as if no change had been made thereof, for an essence perennial seemed to pervade the scene; enshrining it as if with the presence of an immutable sacredness.

Just within the Arch-way stood the font of Spiritual blessing, and beyond the font high rose the grand altar of Oblation, on which were placed the burnished service-vessels, and over which, clad in shining raiment, were winged Cherubim, gazing upon the Book of the Heavenly Mysteries, whose inspired words of wisdom lay opened before them. And at the left of the altar—entwined with typical ears of wheat-corn, and clusters of the grape, and filled with all the virtues ineffable—appeared the urn known as that of the Sacred Symbols.

While, near to the altar, was the armor of Holiness, the armet of Faithfulness, the buckler of Wisdom, the breast-plate of Sincerity, the shield of Devotion (emblazoned with the crest of the Lamb bearing the golden cross), the sword of the Spirit, the helmet of Salvation—and a bright halo-circled throne, whereon was seated the benign form of the Spirit of Truth, represented as an angel queen, clothed in

vesture of needlework, of needlework of divers colors, inwrought with precious stones; on her feet sandals of peerless beauty, and upon her brow a jeweled diadem resplendent as with the radiance of celestial glory.

Across the Arch—and before the Grace-assuring font—was placed the strong iron-bound gate, called Repentance, composed of the bars of sin, but which, on being opened by the potent key of Prayer, disclosed to view, in vista of unspeakable grandeur, all the typical treasures and marvellous insignia adorning those spacious courts, proud among which loomed the altar of Oblation, and throne of the Queen-angel.

As princely champion, and grand almoner of Truth, there stood within her walls one crowned with symbol-mitre, and arrayed in vestal robes; and commissioned from on high to administer the graces spiritual, and keep from daily harm the purity of the virtues, as well as to guard the costly vessels and sacred garniture therein. He was of the noble order of the Priesthood, and bore the jeweled crosier-sceptre and Banner of the Cross.

And, shedding around each hallowed shrine the encheer-

ing rays of heavenly peace and gladness, while He now benignly came to bless the sacred font; and now, the mystic urn; and now, the votive-altar; and anon, the priceless crown;—scattering, in his wavy way, the inspiring fumes of ethereal incense;—was “the Dove covered with silver wings, and whose feathers are like gold,” and who bears the regenerating graces. He was the Dove of the Holy Spirit.

At the left of the sapphire of Faith—upon the keystone of the Arch—beamed the sparkling green-emerald of Hope, while at its right shone a ruby, the deep carmine hue of whose effulgent crest betokened the brightness of Charity.

And then, these three last—in name, Hope, Faith and Charity—as if they were of rank supreme among the virtues noblest, I beheld were thus again represented in beauteous, befitting emblem:

From out the earth there sprang a twig, bright, green and flourishing, the name of which was Hope. Soon, it sent its roots deeper within the soil, while it also upward grew, and anon developed into a full-formed tree, which, towering aloft in glory, strength and grandeur, spread its graceful

waving branches, clothed with luxuriant foliage far over the ARCH OF TRUTH.

This tree was called the "Tree of Faith, the leaves whereof are used for the healing of nations.

And, I observed, that blossoms fair and fragrant now adorned that Tree of Faith, and diffused on all around inspiring balms and odors, while the birds in festal plumage came to carol amid their beauties, and the provident bee to imbibe their cheering succulents. Soon the blooms were gone, and then appeared the embryos, in clusters choice and manifold, which, even while I gazed, seemed to form, mature, and mellow, into the delectable fruitage, Charity.

And I further beheld, that within that lofty arch-structure was placed an ever-flowing spring called the "Fountain of Justice," over which spirit forms were hovering, and casting incense therein, giving sweetness and purity to its waters. They were the angel-spirits of Mercy.

And encircling the edifice were clouds of transcendent lustre, continuously dropping the dew of Heavenly Grace; while high amid the firmament shone the beautiful bow of

Promise, and the cloudless sun of Righteousness, which shedding its soft regenerative beams upon and within Truth's hallowed portal-way, illumined it "with a radiancy of glory and bliss beyond compare."

And then there came floating through my mind, to my imagination, these words :

CHERISH THE MOMENTS.

---

"CHERISH THE MOMENTS! Time is e'er ending ;

Cherish them, fearing, Future impending ;

Loving them truly, the noble pursue—

Virtue and honor, chivalrous duty,

Beneficence sweet, blooming with beauty—

Charity, mercy, and purity, due!"

"CHERISH THE MOMENTS! bounteous, given ;

Earth rich adorning, guiding to Heaven ;

Proudly them seeking, all evil eschew—

Life-jewels are they, gems of probation,

Precious, eternal, worthy oblation—

Hearts bravely ardent, high-minded, and true.

“CHERISH THE MOMENTS! Wisdom them holding  
Of priceless value, daily unfolding,  
Grace never-ending, souls meet to renew—  
Treasures, uncounted, ingots of power,  
Gold ever-shining, illuming each hour—  
Lustrously glowing, the steadfast to woo!”

“CHERISH THE MOMENTS! Mortals, immortal,  
As offerings choice, from angels' portal—  
Droppings unceasing of heavenly dew—  
Faithful, unfearing, warmly endearing,  
All that is holy, brightly encheering—  
Glorious MOMENTS that blessings bestrew!”

And now I descried, in the midst of the Vison, that, flowing toward the portal of Truth was an ever winding and often perilous stream, called the “River of Life,” which, taking its rise far in the distance, meandered through every diversity of climate and landscape, while its surface was covered with the barks of those who had started to reach that sacred harbor.

Childhood, Youth, Manhood, and Old-age, (the four seasons of mortality,) were there in countless numbers, all being borne adown the River, and the greater portion of whom, I witnessed, had already become as wrecks upon its billows, through their inability, or indifference, to encounter the difficulties of the voyage.

And I saw that among the manifold flotillas which covered those waters,—in multitude, like sands upon the seashore,—were those of every form and variety. Some were crafts of the most exquisite beauty and workmanship, freighted with souls of choicest endowment and paragon graces. Some were filled with fame, riches, and power; while others were laden with poverty, misfortune and neglect. Some conveyed them who were of the schools of the Prophets; some the proud scions of royalty; some the gentle almoners of Charity; some the Apostles of the wonders of Faith; and some, the champions of the blessed spirit of Mercy. Many, I observed, acted as convoys, or guides,—either good-ward or evil-ward,—to crafts of less perfect build, or feebler nature; while numberless boats there were, which, though of crudest outline and simplest structure,—



oftentimes frail and unattractive, it may be, and with seeming difficulty kept afloat,—yet withal, were of priceless value; for they carried the sick, the infirm, the lowly and unfriended of earth; but, who, on reaching the award-bestowing haven, were often ranked as among the worthiest to receive the proudest diadems of glory.

And I further saw, that over every bark presided the form of what appeared to be its guardian spirit, the name of which was the “Angel of Love.” Each of these spirits was adorned with a crown of honor; its wings were the lustrous pinions from which was wafted the precious incense of Salvation. It bore triumphant the shield of Faith invincible, wherewith it was able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked, and wielding the sword of the Spirit; its loins were girt about with the armor of Truth, guarded by the breast-plate of Righteousness, while its feet were shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace.

And yet, I observed, that though those guardian beings were all of them of the loveliest aspect, and most benignant favor, and though they were continuously present, and were ever pointing toward the haven of safety, still were they, in

innumerable instances, disregarded by those within the barks, who were governed rather by the influences of other surroundings, or the carved images of their own devising.

This River of Life, as it flowed adown its course, was beset with trials and dangers unlimited; dreaded shoals and breakers, storms and whirlpools, and darkness felt and visible; and I saw, that at times, it passed through realms of unceasing frost, and again, among regions of seeming perennial fire, and now amid dark-tangled wildernesses pervaded by deadly upas and miasmatic fumes; and anon, between drear-crowned mountain-gorges, so dark, and deep, and narrow, that there appeared to be no egress, while the huge, tottering boulders above, ever threatened to fall upon and overwhelm the trembling voyagers.

And I observed, that for a long distance of its way it traversed a gloomy desert tract, the name of which was the "Valley of Sorrow."

And I further beheld that even while it seemed clearest and serenest, when its shores were most beautiful and alluring, and the sun shone brightest upon its waters, and soft aromas from fair flowers and rich clustered fruitage lent

enchantment to the circumambient air, and all nature appeared to bask as if in an elysium of unfading loveliness, that then, ah ! even then, was greatest danger imminent ; for its borders were infested with divers kinds of evil spirits, among which were those called the “ Ignoble Temptations.”

Some of these came to the voyagers and allured them to a frail, though imposing structure, standing on the shore, entitled the Palace of Ambition, while thousands were thus led astray by their syrenic devices. And other tempter-spirits there were, that were the worshipers of a huge molten image, named Riches, which sat clothed in imperial splendor within the tower of Gold. And these too, like those of Ambition, had for their followers thousands multiplied by thousands.

And I beheld hundreds of voyagers who had been seduced to the gilded abodes of Infamy, or to the temple of Delusion, or to the castle of Indolence, or to the bowers of Ease, or haply, to the enchanting gardens of Pleasure, resplendent with flowers and melody. While others there were who had resisted these various wiles of the charmers, and had come in humbleness of spirit and simplicity of

heart, quietly, peacefully, and all-lovingly, to fall before the shrine of the blessed Angel of Truth.

And now again, the Arch, in all its glory, and with all its wondrous surroundings, loomed before me.

And I saw in the vision, that from

“ Out of the fertile ground were caused to grow  
All trees of noblest kind, for sight, smell, taste ;  
While all amid them stood the tree of life  
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit  
Of vegetable gold.”

And that, there

“ Rose a fresh fountain, which with many a rill  
Watered the fragrant earth ;  
And from that sapphire font the crisped brooks  
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,  
With mazy error under pendant shades  
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed  
Flowers worthy of Paradise.”

And that there were

“ Groves where rich trees wept odorous gums and balm ;  
Others whose fruit burnished with golden rind  
Hung amiable, and of delicious taste :”

“ Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose ;

“ Another side umbrageous grots and caves  
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine  
Laid forth her purple grape, and gently crept  
Luxuriant.”

“ Blossoms and fruit at once of golden hue  
Appeared, with gay enameled colors mixed ;  
On which the sun more glad impressed his beams  
Than in fair morning cloud, or humid bow,  
When God had showered the earth ; so lovely seemed  
The landscape. While gentle gales  
Fanning their oderiferous wings, dispensed  
Native perfumes, and whispered whence they stole  
Those balmy spoils.”

“ The birds their choir applied ; airs, vernal airs,

Breathing the smell of field and grove, attuned  
The trembling leaves."

"Tables were set, and on a sudden piled  
With angels' food, and rubied nectar flowed  
In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold,  
Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of Heaven."

And that there rose what seemed

"A blissful bower, whose roof  
Of thickest covert, was inwoven shade,  
Laurel, and myrtle; and what higher grew  
Of firm and fragrant leaf: on either side  
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub  
Fencing up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,  
Iris all hues, roses and jessamine,  
Reared high their flourished heads between and wrought  
Mosaic; underfoot the violet,  
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay  
Broidered the ground, more colored than with stone  
Of costliest emblem."

And, far distant, I descried

“Ascending by degrees magnificent  
Up to the wall of Heaven, a structure high ;  
At top whereof, but far more rich, appeared  
The work as of a kingly palace gate,  
With frontispiece of diamond and gold  
Embellished ; thick with sparkling orient gems  
The portal shone, inimitable on earth  
By model or by shading pencil drawn.”

“The place did seem beyond expression bright,  
Compared with aught on earth, metal or stone ;  
Not all parts like, but all alike informed  
With radiant light, as glowing iron with fire ;  
If stone, carbuncle most, or crysolite,  
Ruby or topaz, or the twelve that shone  
On Aaron’s breast-plate.”

“Underneath a bright sea flowed  
Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon  
Who came from earth, sailing arrived  
Wafted by angels, or flew o’er the lake  
Wrapped in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.”

From thence

“ A seraph winged ; six wings he wore to shade  
His lineaments divine ; the pair that clad  
Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast  
With regal ornament ; the middle pair  
Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round  
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold  
And colors dipped in heaven ; the third his feet  
Shadowed from either heel with feathered mail,  
Sky-tinctured grain. Like Maia's son he stood,  
And shook his plumes that heavenly fragrance filled  
The circuit' wide. And now had come  
Unto that blissful scene, through groves of myrrh,  
And flowing odors, cassia, nard, and balm ;  
A wilderness of sweets : for nature there  
Wantoned as in her prime, and played at will  
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,  
Wild above rule and art ; enormous bliss.”\*

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\* Paradise Lost, selections chiefly, from Books III, IV. and V.



And now I observed, as if descending from the skies, a cloud-wrought bow of surpassing radiance, which, like a grand aureola, formed round about and over-circled the Arch; while, in the midst of it, in letters of golden light, were transfigured these words:

*“The Church of the Living God, the Pillar and  
Ground of the Truth.”*

Which told that the structure before me was an emblem of the Gate-Beautiful, which opens to the courts of the Temple of Wisdom, the sacred resting place for those who are to be transported to that Heavenly City, thus wondrously descried by the holy Seer, in Apocalyptic vision:—

“And there came unto me one of the seven angels, and talked with me, saying, Come hither, I will show thee the bride, the Lamb’s wife.”

“And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God: and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal;”

“And had a wall great and high, and had twelve gates, and at the gates twelve angels, and names written thereon, which are the names of the twelve tribes of the children of Israel: on the east three gates; on the north three gates; on the south three gates; and on the west three gates. And the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve Apostles of the Lamb.”

“And he that talked with me had a golden reed to measure the city, and the gates thereof, and the wall thereof.”

“And the city lieth four square, and the length is as large as the breadth. And he measured the city with the reed, twelve thousand furlongs. The length, and the breadth, and the heighth of it are equal.”

“And he measured the wall thereof, a hundred and forty and four cubits, according to the measure of a man, that is of the angel.”

“And the building of the wall of it was of jasper; and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass.”

“And the foundations of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones. The first foundation was jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, chalcedony; the fourth

an emerald; the fifth, sardonix; the sixth, sardius; the seventh, crysolite; the eighth, beryl; the ninth, a topaz; the tenth, a chrysoprasus; the eleventh, a jacinth; the twelfth, an amethyst."

"And the twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was of one pearl; and the street of the city was of pure gold, as it were transparent glass."

"And I saw no temple therein; for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it."

"And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

"And the nations of those which are saved shall walk in the light of it; and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honor into it, and the gates shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there."

"And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life."\*

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\* Revelation, Chap. XXI.

Borne to me as if coming from within that Temple-portal,  
were the inspiring strains of

MUSIC,

in commingled tones of instrument and voices. Now, with deep and stirring, fervent notes of praise; now in rapid gushing sounds of joy; anon, with chime of heaven-ward-luring melody.

And I caught, and repeated, the following canticle :

“ HOME of the lowly, and shrine of the just,  
Is TRUTH’S blessed ark of heavenly trust ;  
Treasures exalted within it abound,  
Glorious trophies its altars surround !”

“ Pleasures endearing from Paradise brought ;  
Wonders eternal, by holiness wrought ;  
Banner celestial—Faith’s royal ensign—  
Over all waving high-standard divine !

“ Votives of duty, oblations of love ;  
Tokens supernal, transporting above—

Sword of the Spirit, and shield of the blest—  
With Lamb-bearing Cross for conquering crest!”

“ Diamonds and rubies, and emeralds green ;  
Roses and lilies, enclustered serene ;  
Flowers unfading, that virtues unfold ;  
Jewels immortal, in caskets of gold !”

“ Manifold symbols, that upward allure ;  
Mystical emblems, that graces assure ;  
All adorning these courts, so beautiful, fair,  
In glory sublime, surpassing compare !”

“ HOME of the lowly, and shrine of the just,  
Is TRUTH’S blessed ark of heavenly trust ;  
Treasures exalted within it abound,  
Glorious trophies its altars surround !”

Which was succeeded by this simple strain :

“COME GREET THE GATE BEAUTIFUL.”

---

“COME greet the GATE BEAUTIFUL!  
Come, Mortals, come,  
In paths of the dutiful,  
Joyfully come ;  
'Neath Heaven's dome,  
To Angels' home,  
Pass through the GATE BEAUTIFUL!”

“Voices happy are singing,  
Voices of love,  
Glad, exultantly ringing  
From saints above—  
Come, Mortals, come,  
'Neath Heaven's dome,  
Bless Angels' home,  
Enshrining GATE BEAUTIFUL!”

“To these courts so alluring,  
Evermore bright ;

Elysium, assuring,  
 Changeless delight!  
 Come, Mortals, come,  
 'Neath Heaven's dome,  
 Love angels' home,  
 Within the GATE BEAUTIFUL!"

"Where charms holy, unending,  
 Souls rapt adorn—  
 And Faith's sunbeams are blending  
 Eternal morn!  
 Come, Mortals, come,  
 'Neath Heaven's dome,  
 Grace Angels' home  
 Beyond the GATE BEAUTIFUL!"

And there was borne to me from thither, too, the trumpet  
 voice of

ELOQUENCE,

describing as though magic power, extolling with unkindled  
 fervor each wondrous sign and token contained within the

Arch; and in rich persuasive tones, soliciting all to become the partakers of its offerings.

And I listened to these, as among the Orator's impassioned words :

“How beautiful in spirit are they who love the shrine of the Angel of Truth !”

“For her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace, and happy is he who findeth her.”

“She is more precious than rubies, and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.”

“A balm hath she for every wound, a comfort for every sorrow, blessings, and a crown of glory, for those who early seek her.”

#### “YOUNG MAN

of the world—whom nature hath endued with her choicest gifts, which the advantages of art have strengthened and exalted; learned, generous, pure-minded, brave! Whom none may see but to admire, and none may know but to esteem! Yet with all the luxuriance of thy endowments, and the manifold graces of thy culture, hast thou, with the



eagerness of devout contrition, secured every help-assuring token contained within the borders of Truth? Art decked with the coronal of unfading roses? Hast opened the gate of Repentance, and sought the sapphire resplendent of Faith? Art clad in the armor invincible? And bearest thou the buckler of Wisdom, the shield of Devotion, the sword of the Spirit, and the helmet, ever-shining, of Salvation? In a word, art thou holy? If so, pass on, and bright joys go with thee—pass on through this beautiful earthly portal; for when the time comes for thy soul's rest, blessed angels are waiting to conduct thee to those celestial pearl-gates opening to the abodes of the NEW JERUSALEM!"

“YOUNG MAIDEN—

fresh-blooming in thy virgin loveliness, as “the Creator’s last, best gift to earth,”—the finishing work of His hand! A ministering being, sent to life, with every gift endued, each charm that allures to the noble and exalted! Canst thou, even thou, beauteous paragon of the vestal virtues, canst thou rise with the lark in the morning, and soar to

yon heavenly spheres, and join the seraph hosts, and become a cherubim of unending glory?"

"Hast clung to the twig of Hope till it grew into the tree of Faith, and plucked thereof the delectable fruitage, Charity? Hast thy guardian spirit led thee to the gate of Repentance, and shown thee the key of Prayer? Hath he in the white raiment anointed thee? And hath the wondrous presence of the Holy Dove been with thee? Art assured through the bow of Promise, enlightened by the sun of Righteousness, and strengthened by the dews of Grace immutable? Art crowned with the golden crown? If so—and rich blessings befall thee—pass on, pass on through this sacred Arcade, triumphant! For high amid the realms of the Empyrean, voices are singing—"How beautiful in spirit are they who love the shrine of the Angel of Truth!"

"OLD MAN—

wrinkled and bowed by time's griefs, disappointments and cares—for long hath been thy journeyings upon the restless waters of Life, while experience hath taught thee the frailty of ambition, the uncertainty of riches, and the numberless

evils and follies of the world!—OLD MAN, hast thou found the true solace to thy ills, the healing balm for the bared wounds of thy spirit, those sharp-piercing sorrows that have cleft to the foundations of thy soul?”

“Hast drank at the fountain of Justice! Bearest upon thy brow the imperial diamond of Honesty? Hast plucked the olive of Peace, the lily of Humility, the laurel of Glory, and the amaranth, iris-hued, of Immortality? Yea! hast opened the gate of Repentance with the key of Prayer? And, whilst thou standest upon the foundation of Reason, dost embrace the pillars of Revelation, and beholdest thou above thee looming the lustrous crosier-sceptre, and jeweled diadem of Love? If so, blessed and happy art thou; for beautiful is holy age, the soft, lingering halo of the setting sun. Pass through the Arch! And may the sweet spirits of Mercy attend thee, for shortly must thy frail, time-shattered bark have reached the broad ocean of Eternity; over which, mayest thou be wafted in winged chariots of light to that heavenly harbor-city, whose streets are gold, and its foundations, precious stones; and whose twelve gates are of pearl, guarded by angels; and which is

radiant with the benign effulgence of Him who therein dwelleth, as "THE GREAT IMMUTABLE! THE EVER ANCIENT, EVER NEW!"

"LITTLE CHILD—

prattling boy of innocence, as yet unstained by responsible evil, may thy mother bless, and thy father direct, and all truthful example guide thee; for the impressions thou now receivest thou bearest onward to thy grave; yea, even though thy earthly days shall have become as four-score years and ten!"

"LITTLE CHILD, in thy bark Tender-Promise, filled with flowers—fragrant, dawn-opening, rosal-flushed flowers!—fresh launched upon a stream the banks of which are resonant with the warbles of birds, and arrayed in all the charms of their Spring-time loveliness; while the vernal light-beams so sweetly illumine the soft juvenance of thy purity—Hopeful, thoughtless, loving, gladsome-glowed, blossom-crowned! thou art beginning the perilous Voyage of Life. And mayest thou, thus early, have been so refreshed by the dews of Grace celestial, and may thy guardian spirit have

so watched over and instructed, and the Sun of Righteousness have so enlightened, and the divine inspiration of the Heavenly Dove have so elevated and ennobled thee, that the morning of thy days may be guileless and holy; and even thy youth shall be an ensample to show,—what is echoed, in glorious diapason—from the rapt children of the skies: “How beautiful in spirit are they who love the shrine of the Angel of Truth!”

And I further beheld in the Vision, that within the Arch was reclining the gentle-souled Muse of

## POETRY.

And I caught from her lips the following stanzas, on

## “THE BOWERS OF TRUTH.”

---

“OH! the bowers of Truth are beautiful bowers,  
 Encircled with jewels, enclustered with flowers!  
 The bowers of Truth are heavenly shrine,  
 And holy abode of the maid divine,—  
 Whose heart is a heart, kind, gentle, and meek;

Whose friends are the friends the innocent seek ;  
Whose joys are the joys of purity born ;  
Whose charms are the charms her bowers adorn :  
For the bowers of Truth are glorious bowers,  
Encircled with jewels, enclustered with flowers !”

“ The bowers of Truth, illumined with Grace,  
Are blissful arbor, and sheltering place,  
Where sick and the poor find lasting repose,  
And stricken in heart, their sorrows disclose ;  
Humility’s guests high honor receive,  
Each penitent soul, unending reprieve—  
From the maid therein, who favors doth send  
Through Faith, her sister, and Mercy, her friend :  
For the bowers of Truth are Charity’s bowers,  
Encircled with jewels, enclustered with flowers !”

“ The bowers of Truth, prolific abound,  
In offerings meet to vestal renowned :  
Votives requital from nation and clime ;  
Numberless dowry through ages of time ;

Treasures uncounted, of costliest worth ;  
 Tributes from Heaven,—and tributes from Earth—  
 Tokens expressive of blessings revered,  
 Affectionate boons from holy endeared :  
 For the bowers of Truth are Oblation's bowers,  
 Encircled with jewels, enclustered with flowers !”

“ The bowers of Truth, kind greeting assure,  
 Friends of the virgin in prestige secure—  
 Station adorning with glory serene—  
 'Mong the bright seraphs of bountiful queen :  
 Her tables bespread with esculents rare,  
 Viands ambrosial surpassing compare—  
 Etherial fruits, in clusters untold—  
 Served by fair spirits from vessels of gold :  
 For the bowers of Truth are festival bowers,  
 Encircled with jewels, enclustered with flowers !”

“ The bowers of Truth give echoing strain  
 To Musical-nymph, in joyful refrain :  
 Of Orator bold, is maiden the theme,

High her enthroning and crowning supreme—  
 While, Poet, aglow with lover's rapt praise,  
 Hails the blest vision that inspires his lays !  
 Painting and Sculpture greet reverent trust—  
 Muses, in chorus, her lauding august :  
 For the bowers of Truth are marvellous bowers,  
 Encircled with jewels, enclustered with flowers !"

" The bowers of Truth queen-maiden display  
 Charming with graces in lustrous array—  
 Eyes ever beaming as stars of the night ;  
 Bearing-exalted of Cherub of Light :  
 Immutable form, transporting above ;  
 Face, beatific,—Evangel of Love !  
 Bright aureolas her forehead enfold—  
 Flowing her tresses like flosses of gold :  
 For the bowers of Truth are paramount bowers,  
 Encircled with jewels, enclustered with flowers ?"

" The bowers of Truth queen-maiden encheer  
 Clad in apparel befitting her sphere—



Luminous vesture of sacred design  
 Woven and broidered by beings benign :  
 Pearls empyreal, and emeralds green ;  
 Diamonds and opals resplendent in sheen—  
 Gemming her robings, her royalty thrones—  
 Crowned with tiara of holiest stones :  
 Ah ! the bowers of Truth are ARCHANGELS' bowers,  
 Encircled with jewels, and HEAVENLY flowers !”

And therein, too, were the gentle Muses of

#### PAINTING AND SCULPTURE.

employed in alluring man to the sacred Arch, teaching him to seek it, winning him to love it.

And I saw that one was portraying the image of Truth as a beautiful virgin, draped in classic vestiture, and high-seated upon an orb ; her forehead zoned with a coronet of stars.

While another represented her as in the midst of a grouping of marble, the center of a cluster of the Graces, and crowned with a diadem of glory.

And therein, also, was the noble Spirit of

ARCHITECTURE,

engaged in tracing column, and arch, and screen, and nave, and corbel, and frieze, and dome, and spire, and fane, and cruciform; all arranged as in plan of grand temple completed; each portion of which was designed as symbolical of Truth.

And I further beheld therein, enscribed as upon a scroll, the names of thousands who in the ages past, have, in various form and degree, been Truth's champions, prophets, and exemplars; and who have been willing, like a holy one of old, "to take pleasure in infirmities, and reproaches, and necessities, and persecutions, and distresses, for Christ's sake;" and who have reaped "the fruits of the spirit, which is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, faith, meekness, temperance; against which there is no law."

And I saw, also, the names of many, who, during the centuries, have, through the imaginative arts, become Truth's proud illustrators and embellishers; and who, in her cause, have with voice, and pen, and pencil, and lyre, and

graver, transmitted through time their marvellous efforts of holy renown.

And therein, too, was all true knowledge and skill, invention and discovery, and each useful avocation and calling of man ; purified and regenerated, and made to become the instruments and guardians of Truth.

When again from the Poet came the following :

“SEEKING THE BEAUTIFUL ! SEEKING THE TRUE !”

---

“SEEKING the beautiful ! seeking the true !  
 ’Tis e’er good to behold in cluster arrayed  
 The bold chivalrous youth, and the gentle fair maid,  
 Blithe innocent childhood, grave matron and sire,  
 Enrobed with the vestments of virtue’s attire ;  
 From every vocation and station secure,  
 Earth’s lovely and gifted, brave-hearted and pure,  
 Seeking the beautiful ! seeking the true !”

“ Seeking the beautiful ! seeking the true !  
 ’Tis sad to encounter those Heaven hath blest  
 8

In gifts high exalted, and richly imprest  
 With each fond emotion of duty and love—  
 Warm sympathies ardent, alluring above—  
 Become willful estrayed from purity's trust,  
 Through perversity, pride, indifference, lust;  
     Hating the beautiful! hating the true!"

“ Seeking the beautiful! seeking the true!  
 The Muse's kind purpose is here to portray  
 To careless, unthinking, Faith's simple, pure way  
 Of avoiding the ills encompassing life—  
 Those darksome allurements to error and strife—  
 And so paint the virtues and graces serene  
 That every heart noble may proudly be seen  
     Loving the beautiful! loving the true!"

And then, for a moment, the structure became invisible, and I thus was led to meditate: “Was that,” thought I “a vision of the ARCH OF TRUTH?—the glorious outer-portal assuring an entrance to the blessed abodes of Immortality! In all its surroundings, so attractive, so elevating, so para-

mount ! Adorned with with so much to please the eye ; to warm the heart, to enlarge the mind, and to exalt and purify the soul ! Why is it then, that man, with all this to inspire his better nature, with this much to allure his truest, loftiest aims, will so often follow in the wayward paths of evil, run the dark debasing road conducting to the pitfalls of the ignoble ?”

To which came in answer : “ His will has become depraved ; his conscience seared and blighted ; his reason is perverted ; his desires and affections, estrayed from faith and virtue, are controlled by wanton passions ; Ignorance boldly stalketh within the hallowed spheres of Knowledge ; on Presumption is conferred the victor’s blooming wreath, and laurelled crown of Honor : Selfishness, Covetousness, and Ambition, are usurping the beautiful way which leads to the courts of the Temple of Wisdom ! Thus it is, why the world is so filled with error, overgrown with folly !”

And then, from the distance were borne to me these words, addressed to

"CHARITY."  

---

"JOYS, BRIGHT, of the morning, and charms of the evening,  
Their virtues commingle in placid array ;  
Our thoughts from past sorrows a moment relieving—  
We to Charity sing, encomium, lay !  
Fair vestal immortal, so sweetly illuming  
Life's darksome recesses with heavenly light ;  
Of beauty supernal, perennial blooming,  
To thee, holy virgin, we praises indite !  
Beholding exultant, thy power alluring,  
That doth on deserving best mercies bestow ;  
Earth's seeming forsaken, through promise assuring,  
Beatific halo, encircling thy brow !  
Sad, friendless, and lonely, with blessings encheering,  
And fearless down-trodden, of age, and of youth ;  
Beneficent-hearted through kindness endearing,  
Faith's gentle-eyed daughter, mild sister of Truth !  
Each soul meet repentant, in duty upholding,  
His pathway bestrewing with roses of love—  
Ethereal graces and virtues unfolding,

Benignly transmitted from seraphs above !  
Hope, clear, to despondent and timorous, showing,  
The silver-bright lining 'neath somberest cloud—  
On holy devoted, prime honors bestowing,  
Requitals unceasing from Heaven endowed !  
Life's humblest and greatest, both, warmly caressing,  
As sunshine and shower thy offerings fall ;  
The friend and the stranger impartially blessing—  
For true Charity's heart, is open to all !  
Yea ! beauteous spirit, at even and morning,  
Thy charms ever gracious, we fondly enshrine ;  
Those gifts so transcendent thy presence adorning,  
With angels enthrone thee, celestial, divine !”

Again, the vision returned. And I now saw assembled before me a vast concourse of men and women who had come to gaze upon the Arch of Truth. Some paused only to admire, while others passed by with seeming indifference. They had been deeper interested in the frail but gorgeous palace of Ambition, standing with beguiling pomp upon the

shore of the waters of Life; more charmed by the tottering idol Riches, high-inshrined within the tower of Gold; or had preferred, rather, the temple of Delusion, or the bowers of Ease, or the castle of Indolence; or mayhap, had inclined to the enchanting gardens of Pleasure, so redolent with the fumes of flowers, and joyous with melody! Still, a few there were, who lingered, and who approached the portalway, with love.

Yet among that lowly few, was Life's every season and condition. Youth, in its spring-tide blooming freshness; Manhood, in its boasted strength; and feeble, tottering Age. The once worldly-wise and mighty, now arrayed with gentle meekness, and the simple-minded, in all the fervor of their sincerity. The rich, with their opened stores of golden blessings, and the poor wayfarer with his all, his humble faith. Woman, in her vestal loveliness, and the young man from amid the glittering vanities of the world.

The gentle, the weak, and the powerful. Some, I saw, had come clad in the sable garb of sorrow. Some, as if they were with their bridal robes arrayed. Many came stricken by sickness or misfortune, and others proudly



stalked along erect, rich aglow with manly health and strength, while each was seeking the glorious shrine of heavenly wisdom, through the beautiful gateway of Truth.

And then, from the voice of the Poet, came these words :

“THE CROWN OF MANHOOD.”

---

“THE CROWN OF MANHOOD is a noble crown,  
Whether of humble or lofty renown !  
And he it adorns with worthiest grace  
Who bravely hath sought the good of his race.  
Whether he princes or peasantry greet ;  
Whether he triumph, or meet with defeat ;  
Whether him riches or poverty cheer—  
A man is a king ! exalted his sphere—  
If true to himself and honor sublime,  
And the high duties encompassing Time.”

“FULL-TEEMING is earth with what man hath done,  
Labors accomplished, and victories won,  
In each daily walk and calling of life ;

Often encoupled with sorrow and strife—  
Yet ever ardent, devoted, and true,  
Strong and intrepid his work to pursue.”

“THE WORLD all around his handiwork shows,  
Dank wilderness made to blossom as rose ;  
Cities exultant in pomp and display ;  
Empires existant, or passed to decay ;  
Power and riches, and glory and fame,  
Everywhere witness the stamp of his name !  
But chiefly through mind, and graces of heart,  
Doth man, immortal, high manhood impart—  
Virtue, and wisdom, and honor, and worth,  
Brightest his labors illumine the earth ;  
Lustrous adorning humanity grand,  
Cheering all peoples, and blessing each land.”

“TRUTH is proclaiming what man ought to do ;  
In this latter age what motives to woo ;  
Surrounded by doubts, new chaos of things,  
Perplexities dire, with ominous wings ;

Incertitude dark, of this and of that—  
 Confusing the world, true Faith to combat ;  
 On what lived and breathed precedent the morn,  
 Who peopled the earth, ere Adam was born !  
 Nor human, nor beast, incongruous shape  
 Of mocking Monkey, or insensate Ape !  
 Or farther back still, in æons of Race,  
 Embryo Mortal, monadic to trace.—  
 Of pre-existence we little may know,  
 But of the future, we knowledge should show ;  
 As present evolved true manhood is trust,  
 Wiser to be made, and daily more just.”

“ THEN arouse ye all, at duty’s command,  
 Firmly united in glorious band,  
 Ye sons of mankind, ye noble and brave ;  
 Arise in strong might, your soul-prestige save !  
 Faith’s standard divine,—all-conquering shield,  
 O’er nations of earth triumphantly wield ;  
 Guide the world onward to virtue and love,  
 Charity, honor, and wisdom above ;

This make your guerdon and goal of renown—  
 Manhood immortal,—Stand up for your Crown !”

And then followed these lines, on

“ THE SHRINE OF WOMANHOOD.”

---

“ BLEST is the Poet with honor supreme  
 In his rapt calling, when WOMAN’S his theme !  
 Her charms to number, and virtues to tell,  
 And proudly exalt with angels to dwell,  
 For where’er away the Poet may rove  
 He, true to himself, fair WOMAN doth love !  
 Glad husbanding now, his offering lays,  
 He here would essay, fair WOMAN to praise.  
 Those graces serene adorning her life  
 As mother, daughter, kind sister and wife ;  
 Or when she freely through faith doth extend  
 Her worthiest trust to true-hearted friend.”

“ WOMAN devoted, may you ever be  
 Proud of your mission as Saint Charity !

Each soul unfriended encourage and bless,  
Through cheerfulness bright and tender caress ;  
The suffering greet, for afflicted feel ;  
Fervently praying, with reverent zeal,  
That beings human, down-trodden and sad,  
May be uplifted, and the world made glad.—  
For earth's dark ones oft need but heartfelt word,  
Framing them better, more true to their Lord !  
To gentleness mild be firmly allied,  
Of heavenly Grace, the beautiful guide—  
Always alluring to the pure and bright,  
Guilelessly holy like Angel of Light !  
With glory enshrined for blessed deeds done  
To father and brother, and husband and son,  
And for each soul-grief thou hast brought sweet cheer  
Through loving-kindness, and with smile and tear.”

And I still further beheld, amid the Vision, that not only did that Arch-temple contain the blessed shrine of the adolescent, and the olden, but that little children, also, in the rosal dawn of their innocence, were being borne adown

the waters of Life to the haven of heavenly Truth ; there to receive from hands anointed, sign-manual, of Grace through the Atonement.

When again from the Muse came the following, on

“THE HOURS OF CHILDHOOD.”

---

“OH ! the hours of CHILDHOOD, how gleeful are they,  
Bright dawning of morning to beautiful day !  
So gentle-souled, simple, brave, generous, pure,  
Endued with those graces that upward allure,  
When life’s fancies are facts, its images things,  
And its loftiest aim, is pleasure it brings ;  
When heart is expressive, warm, tender, sincere,  
Transported the present, futurity dear ;  
When friends that first love us we merrily greet,  
And all is exultant, munificent, sweet,  
Frank, open, confiding, not knowing distrust,  
Each other believing as honest and just—  
Of moments unconscious, we heed not the days,

So boundless and thoughtless are juvenile ways!  
Joys precious, departed, grow cherished anew,  
When former times hallowed come seeking review;  
With hope afresh kindled, faith, charity, truth,  
Glad happytide seasons of frolicksome youth!  
And we live as of old, delighted, caressed,  
Enrapt by emotions, unending, imprest  
On gentle souls simple, brave, generous, pure,  
Endued with those graces that upward did 'lure  
Our fleet hours of CHILDHOOD,—for gleeful were they,—  
Bright dawning of morning to beautiful day!"

And now as I looked toward the mystical Temple-structure, I seemed to see therein a man of silvery locks, who was drinking at the fountain of Justice. Another appeared to grasp the diamond of Honesty. A maiden was communing with the angels of Mercy. One plucked the white rose of Innocence, or admired the ruby of Charity; while another was adorned with the coronal of the virtues, or was gazing upward toward the jeweled diadem of Love.

CAME then upon those waters clear which flowed to shrine  
of TRUTH,

Within Faith's noble safety-bark, a brave and stalwart  
YOUTH,

Whose form erect, intrepid port, and open-beaming face,  
Disclosed surpassing excellence endued with every grace ;  
Sweet gentleness, and tenderness, that kindly heart did  
show,

Heroic might and energy enthroned upon his brow—  
Exalted mind by wisdom pure illumined from on high,  
The charm of lofty rectitude enkindled in his eye ;  
When sailing thus undauntedly adown life's troubled stream  
To hail the sun of Righteousness, which shone with light  
supreme—

O'er all those blooms, and precious stones, and treasures  
rare untold,

That 'dorned the structure paramount, whereon was crown  
of gold.

FLEET by his side, another skiff, of graceful sweep and  
build,



Came waft upon the crested waves as if by zephyrs willed ;  
And in it bold, a MAIDEN stood, its ever-faithful guide  
To Temple-haven glorious, 'mid ebb and flowing tide ;—  
In soul-expression beautiful, mild guilelessness serene,  
A seeming spirit vestal come saluting Angel queen !  
For nature boon with choicest gifts her amply had endowed,  
Each grace revealed as paragon through daily deeds avowed:  
Mind crowned supreme from knowledge font, enriching all  
    around ;  
Warm heart that teemed exuberant in virtues rarest found ;  
Soft voice attuned like nightingale, to plaintive accents  
    sweet ;  
Spright lithesome glide of faerie-nymph on downy flitting  
    feet—  
Exultant free as gleeful lark, caroling matin cheer ;  
Eye tender-glowed of meek gazelle, suffused with holy tear.  
Thus bright displayed, that gentle MAID, did down those  
    waters float,  
With wondrous skill right onward steered her faith-propell-  
    ing boat,

To greet the shrine ineffable, and seek, with gallant Youth,  
Each token blest, perennial, bedecking ARCH OF TRUTH.

A STILLNESS rapt came o'er the scene, like hush of angels'  
tread

Among the spheres ethereal on hallowed mission sped!

When that twain, through purpose strong, and never-tiring  
soul,

Had made secure hope's highest aim, and reached their  
harbor goal;

With trust devout, unfearing heart, contrition's guided hand,  
Wide open laid Repentance-gate, at Key of Prayer's com-  
mand;

Were led to Grace-assuring font, by him in robes of white;  
Before oblation's altar paused to view the Book of Light;

And standing on unfailing rock of Inspiration's base,  
O'er Justice—noble fountain-spring—did Mercy kind em-  
brace;

From urn of Sacred Symbols sought to inward life renew,  
Faith's royal emblem hailing proud—bright sapphire-sheen-  
of-blue.

The YOUTH glad took the opal flamed, and dappled agate  
mossed,

With topaz yellow, ruby red, and diamond, splendent  
glossed,—

Rich garnet glint, and crysolite, carbuncle dark imprest,  
Carnelian flush, and coralloid of crimson-tinted crest—  
Mild azure-glimmering turquoise, green emerald, and beryl,  
And straight-empurpled amethyst, and precious holy pearl,  
And setting them in crown of gold, it thus enjeweled laid  
Upon the forehead, pure, serene, of that fresh-blooming  
MAID;

While on her bosom meekly beamed, rose white and lily  
fair,

True heart within entyping, of worth beyond compare.  
In circlet 'round his own clear brow, exultant he entwined  
Effulgent gems, and blossoms sweet, felicitous, combined  
In proud enwoven coronal, a grand commingled zone  
Of every flower beautiful, with every precious stone.

Amid Truth's temple, both obtained, through gratefulness  
endeared,

The nectared balms and esculents those sacred courts en-  
cheered ;

Faith's wondrous tree divinely 'dorned with healing leaves  
it bore,

And Charity's immortal fruit, extolling more and more !

The MAIDEN graced the chaplet crown of lovely roses  
wrought,

Enwreathen garland, floral fumed, with kindled ardor  
sought ;

Salvation's helmet made the YOUTH his all-subduing might,  
By Wisdom's buckler, guarded strong, and breast-plate  
shining bright ;

About him holy armor clad, high flaming sword did wield,  
And with undaunted soul elate,—Devotion's crested shield !

Unto the Maid the casket gave of jewels rare untold,  
She armllet lustered, clasping firm, and holding chain of gold.

THEY THEN with those in choral-group, did minstrel voices  
raise,

And made that blissful scene resound with these meet  
words of praise :

“ ALL HAIL ! with strength, to braving ones  
    Loving the earthly pure ;  
All hail ! with faith, to saving-ones  
    Who heavenward allure !  
All hail, to all ! from sea and land  
    Rolls upward to the sky !  
All hail, to all ! through anthem grand—  
    Respond the hosts on high !”

“ YE MEEK who tread earth's paths with love  
    And bless each passing hour,  
Unending grace have sought above  
    As true contrition's dower ;  
To needy given arm of trust,  
    To hungry daily food ;  
For every deed and purpose just,  
    Heroical have stood :  
To you we sing in accents clear  
    And voices proud laudate,  
Rapt words that humble souls encheer  
    With hallowed joy elate :”

" ALL HAIL ! with peace, to holy-ones  
     Unscathed by ill and strife ;  
 All hail ! with bliss, to lowly ones  
     Anointed saints in life !  
 All hail, to all ! from sea and land  
     Rolls upward to the sky ;  
 All hail, to all ! through anthem grand—  
     Respond the hosts on high !"

GRAVE REVELATION'S pillars now did Youth and Maid embrace :

And standing with true hearts renewed beneath the dews of  
 Grace—

Effulgent bow of Promise cheered, assuring peace above,  
 And soul-enkindling blessings sought from silver-plumaged  
 Dove.

Noble Cross-emblazoned banner, enshrined through triumphs won,

High-bore amid the light supreme of Heaven's cloudless  
 sun !

Fair Angel-queen, immutable, enthroned on starry seat,

Devoutly paused in reverence on bended-knee to greet :  
With souls aglow, those words beheld, that did in type de-  
fine  
Yon structure-pile, as holy Church, Faith's special gate di-  
vine,  
Which to celestial City leads, whose streets are shining gold,  
Upon ageless-wrought foundations, of precious stones un-  
told ;  
And where with boundless joy serene, and never-ending  
youth,  
They dwell who have blest wisdom found within the ARCH  
OF TRUTH.

THEN circling saints their harps attuned, and sang with ac-  
cents clear,  
This Canticle, in earnest tone, and words of greeting cheer :

“ IN WELCOME ! welcome ! welcome !

We raise exultant song ;

With voices still of welcome

We joyful strain prolong :

To you who high anointed  
 Come to this refuge blest—  
 Long ages 'gone appointed—  
 As home of sacred rest."

"WITH sin and sorrow bleeding  
 You sought Truth's holy shrine,  
 Through faith devout succeeding  
 Safe reached the ark divine ;—  
 Hope's verdant paths alluring  
 In lowliness did tread ;  
 With manna Grace assuring  
 Been at these altars fed :  
 May peacefulness eternal  
 Your hearts renewed enstore,  
 Beatitude, supernal—  
 Exalting more and more !  
 And, yet, enrobed with glory,  
 Forget not whence you trod ;  
 Cross-wounds, and thorn-prints gory—  
 Oblations are to God !"



“ IN WELCOME! Welcome! Welcome!

We raise exultant song;  
 With voices still of welcome  
 We joyful strain prolong:  
 To you who high anointed  
 Came to this refuge blest—  
 Long ages 'gone appointed  
 As home of sacred rest.

TO WHICH, in tones of gratitude from hearts devoutly fond,  
 Was wafted toward the firmament, this deeply felt respond:

“ WE'VE COME! We've come! bright spirits meeting;  
 In Mercy's courts, Archangels' greeting;  
 Hosanna anthems loud repeating:  
 We've come! We've come!  
 Exultant, come!”

“ WE'VE COME! We've come! to home alluring,  
 Where pure in heart find grace assuring,  
 Through trust, devout, and love, enduring:  
 We've come! We've come!  
 Devoted, come!

"WE'VE COME ! We've come ! thanks warm expressing,  
 For Heaven's sweet, eternal blessing,  
 Our souls contrite, with Faith impressing ;  
     We've come ! We've come !  
         Unending, come !"

RESPLENDENT then shone Arch of Truth like cope of Summer's night

When starry hosts their rays transfuse in intermingled light !  
 For at Espousal altar-shrine, that youthful twain did kneel,  
 And one whose calling high it was the nuptial bond to seal,  
 Through words of potent covenant, them made as man and  
     wife ;

In holy wedlock, firm conjoined, to tread the ways of life.  
 A circlet, golden, 'dorned the hand of that now happy bride,  
 Of faithful heart symbolical, should weal or wo betide ;  
 While he who gave the precious pledge in emblem thus did  
     show

His never-ending constancy betrothed with solemn vow—  
 Love's mystic chain hymeneal, about them both entwined,  
 Outshining princely diadem of jewels rare combined !

LOUD from amid enclustered throng arose transportive  
strain

Borne far upon resounding breeze in gladsome-toned refrain,  
As signal-chime of gala-day within those courts serene,  
Felicitous pair to honor who graced the marriage scene.

Came olden friends of lovely Truth her loyal guests to greet ;  
Jubilant guileless youthfultide sang choral welcome sweet :  
Flowers beautiful richer bloomed, troth-plighted souls to  
bless—

Upon them angels holy smiled, and them did soft caress :  
Nature proud, in festival robes, displayed approving cheer,  
While thither bore Earth's noblest ones, bridal offerings  
dear !

Radiant gleamed the balmy air with azure-glow, and gold,  
Red, silver, green, and purple hue, and iris rays, untold ;  
Aroma-fumes by zephyrs waft, redolence fresh did bring,  
Inspiring waters ceaseless flowed from fonts of crystal-  
spring !

Birds in glorious carnival, superbly plumaged, clad,  
Exultant made the welkin sound with warbles sweet and  
glad :

Ambrosial fruits more luscious teemed, and gems with sheen  
of light ;

Every oblation-token loomed in fadeless splendor bright—  
Endued as by supernal charms, all these appeared revealed,  
Each boon those lofty courts bedecked with Grace divine  
ensealed :

When coping song of nightingale and tuneful lark on high,  
Were heard enraptured symphonies from minstrels of the  
sky !

Harmonic-hosts empyreal, in grand encircled choir,  
According soft cherubic strain with harp and holy lyre :  
And when surpassing fairest blooms, which Nature kind had  
brought,

And precious stones, the costliest, 'bout Temple-pile in-  
wrought—

Immortal wreaths and garlands showed that did Archangels  
'dorn ;

With peerless jeweled-tiaras by Seraph princes borne !

THE BANQUET spread commemorant, was royal feast, replete  
In choicest wines delectable, and hallowed dainties meet,

Come from those realms elysian where sacred fruits abound,  
Fond served by spirits bountiful in starry circlets crowned !  
Emblazoned vessels sumptuous with pearls and rubies  
    beamed ;

Effulgent crested chalices of diamond crystal gleamed !  
Delicate fabrics luculent in crimson light and gold,  
O'er gem-enameled tables drooped in lustrous broidered  
    fold ;

Festoon and floral coronal disclosed unfading bloom—  
Celestial rays perennial did blissful scene illumine !

WHEN the guests were there assembled, in clusters proud  
    arrayed,

Each noble form, exalted shone, through holy charms dis-  
    played !

Flamed Cherubim and Seraphim on downy pinions fleet ;  
Supremest saints immutable, with faces rapt and sweet ;  
From highest spheres ethereal—in robes of shining light—  
And radiant crowns of glory ;—came greeting festal-rite !  
While queen transcendent, TRUTH-SERENE, 'neath Heaven's  
    boundless zone,

Adorning Mercy's vestiture on Love's eternal throne—  
 O'er regale august presided, with mild benignant grace,  
 And every heart did royally with angel's food solace.

THEN rose in happy choral-strain, from that exultant throng,  
 These glowing words of symphony, and nuptial greeting,  
 song :—

“OUR hearts true joy expressing,  
 We sing a roundelay—  
 Fair Bride, and Bridegroom, blessing—  
 On their espousal day !”

“Hope's pathway bright alluring  
 With flowers fresh would strew,  
 While they, through trust assuring,  
 Are tender, kind and true.”

“May both, as now, each greeting,  
 With pure affection's smile—  
 Be ever in their meeting  
 Like souls who know no guile !”

“ Secure in wedded duty  
 Breast every ill of life,  
 Bedecked by love’s sweet beauty—  
 Devoted man and wife !”

“ For with brave purpose holy  
 They came in flush of youth,  
 Through faith devout and lowly—  
 Did seek the ways of Truth.”

ALL NATURE now was hushed with awe, and every voice  
 was stilled !

Transplendent showed the firmament with wondrous hopes  
 fulfilled !

When ushered by angelic hosts that Temple high did rise  
 Upborne upon the breath of night to realms amid the skies!  
 Yet, like celestial essence gone, it left behind a glow  
 Enriching each devoted heart of mortal here below ;  
 And Faith’s exalted promise gave of ever-living youth  
 Reserved for all who Grace have found within the ARCH OF  
 TRUTH.

After the Vision had again departed, our Author found himself still reclining under the far-spread branches of the ancient OAK, while the lovely eventide became absorbed into the deep hush of night ; when, through imagination, he heard the old tree speaking as with the tongue of Mortal, and in tones of wondrous melody, murmuring forth its ever-hallowed recollections, which were further revealed to him during often sojourns beneath its time-honored shadows.

But now the gentle sleep-faeries beckoned to a more congenial repose within the walls of that near-by venerable MANSE ; yet, before leaving, amid the soft stillness of the starlight, (like angel visitors) he seemed to see in pleasant concourse assembled, the several readers of this little book ; many of whose names the tender hand of friendship had inscribed upon the tablets of his heart-memories as among his sweetest and dearest associations, illumined with perpetual sunbeams, and fragrant as the flowers of Paradise ; and to each, and all of whom, he would herewith convey the benison of an affectionate “ FARE-YE-WELL.”







ADDITIONAL POEMS.



## NOTE.

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The Author would state, at the outset, that he makes no pretensions to the honorable name of Poet. Many of the within effusions were prepared for local and temporary purposes, and were, at the best, considered as simple "mock-jewels," which never expected to find their present setting. While others were designed for delivery, and were so used on various occasions. Indeed, the life-surroundings and aspirations of the author have been such, as have led him almost exclusively to pay his devotions at the shrine of the vestal, ELOQUENCE, to the neglect—it may be—of the charms of her more coy, though, haply, lovelier sister, POESY.



## THE TRUE BLESSINGS OF LIFE.\*

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**I**<sup>N</sup> THE SPRING of glad youth, when sorrows are fleet  
And unknown is vocation, or care ;

When affections first bud, and sympathies meet ;

And all is holy,—and pure,—and fair !—

One tokens may gather, for future delight,

Heart-emotions, exalted and true ;

To cheer and ennoble with memories bright,

When the Winter of age doth ensue.

Life's jewels most precious, its silver and gold,

Its flowers fresh-blooming of happiest days ;

Its fountains unceasing, its treasures untold—

Are simple Childhood's sweet, innocent ways.

We proud have made knowledge Life's purpose and aim,

Did power and riches possess ;

Gained honors bright guerdon, or chaplet of fame,

---

\* The writer's first effort at rhyming.

In meed for heroic success—  
In grave councils of State, with duteous trust  
Sought honesty's laws to defend ;  
Ardent champions been in walks of the just,  
Morality's cause to extend ;  
Or 'mid Poet's high sphere, did bravely aspire  
For unfading laureate crown ;  
Through the plastical arts, or musical lyre,  
Attained to exalted renown :  
Yet, whatever we are—whatever our place—  
Whatever achievements have won ;  
Whether paths of wisdom, or venturous race,  
We valiant, as victors have run !  
Still, amid, oftentime, trouble-wrought feelings,  
And intervals shaded with gloom,  
One exultant has had—blissful revealings—  
That moments desponding illumine ;  
When his reveries turned to each youthful scene  
So blest with exuberant cheer ;  
When his earlytide thoughts—through fancy, serene—  
Did every surrounding endear.




Seasons happy, agone—fresh, beautiful, pure!  
Holy emotions, in memory shrined;  
With joyfulness teeming, dark sorrows they cure—  
Crowning with gladness, disconsolate mind.

Such ever are then Life's sweetest of blessings,  
An innocent childhood, and blithesome old age;  
Genial humanity, loving caressings,  
Youth's noble warm-heartedness crowning the Sage—  
And ever are such, its fondest emotions,  
Faith, purity, mercy, and holiness done;  
Honesty, charity, loyal devotions—  
Enclustering virtues, commingled in one.  
And ever are such, its proudest of stations,  
A placid contentment, hospitable hearth,  
'Dorned with philanthropy, Christian oblations,  
Souls justly exultant through generous worth—  
And ever are such, its choicest of pleasures,  
Immutable trust, and valorous duty;  
Virtue unsullied,—and, priceless of treasures—  
Ensamplers endearing, cycled with beauty—

Home-blooming affections—father and mother—  
    Felicity's tokens bedropped from above ;  
And those beautiful words,—sister and brother—  
    Words beautiful ever,—enkindled with love !  
Over-circling them all, with riches untold,  
    Riches, noble, untold, that honor impart ;  
Earth's caskets of jewels, and silver and gold,  
    Gold, silver and jewels, to dutiful heart—  
Is circle domestic, of husband and wife,  
    With frolicksome children encheering the hours ;  
Such ever are blessings, supremest in life—  
    Its crown of true glory circled with flowers.

DEEDS OF KINDNESS CROWN THEMSELVES.

---

N LIFE'S COURSE, you oft will view  
Gentle Mercy, decked with bays ;  
And that acts of kindness true—  
Redound to their doer's praise.

ONCE there lived an orphan lad,  
Friendless, poor, obscure in name—  
Tattered garments round him clad  
Cov'ring sparse his wasted frame ;  
He of comforts naught had known  
In his waif-like past career,  
Darksome pathways, treading lone,  
Without home nor kindred cheer :  
Yet his heart, like vernal plant,  
Tender was and guileless sweet,  
While boon heaven did him grant  
Face of beauty fair to greet,

And e'er gracious, true, and kind,  
    Gave that nameless, houseless boy  
Glowing impulse—soaring mind—  
    Genius bright, with its pure joy.  
And did one through faith extend  
    Helping good in time of need,  
Stand for him unfailing friend,  
    Heaven just, high crowned that deed !  
Mercy, speeding in life's van  
    Heard his deep-felt plaintive sigh ;  
Saw his form, pale, weak, and wan,  
    Saw spright glow in his dark eye ;  
Took his little hand so cold,  
    Listed to his grief-lorn tale,  
Him safe led to refuge fold  
    In a peaceful sylvan vale ;  
Where he knowledge true was taught,  
    Virtue pure, and holy ways ;  
And all around in him wrought  
    Purpose strong for future days ;  
His mind noble, did expand,

Made him valiant, wise, and great ;  
Made him skilled in action grand—  
'Lured to triumph-deeds elate !  
When in time, his growing fame  
Spread o'er nation far and wide,  
And his now familiar name  
Did at altars many bide ;  
Crowning youth, encheering eld,  
Sending blessings rare o'er earth—  
Through exalted gifts impelled,  
And unsullied hero-worth !

Yet, that lad did ne'er forget  
In his manhood's proud career,  
Friends who once his course had set,  
And his upward path encheer ;  
And when high with glory crowned,  
And by fortune's smile caressed,  
Lauded 'midst sure fame renowned,  
Those who erst his childhood blest.

THE STANDARD OF THE BRAVE.

---

WHETHER his sphere or calling  
Bring high or humble fame,  
Censure or praise, befalling—  
To him, 'tis e'er the same—  
Who regards not toil, nor harm,  
A sacred cause to save,  
Wielding with undaunted arm  
THE STANDARD OF THE BRAVE !

Breasting each dark ill of life  
With trustfulness and cheer ;  
Borne amid the scenes of strife  
Not knowing rest, nor fear—  
Moves the man, pure, true and bold,  
Who would forever wave  
And in triumph proud uphold  
THE STANDARD OF THE BRAVE !

A hero-king, royal crowned  
 With attributes sublime ;  
 'Mong immortals grave, renowned,  
 The noblest son of Time—  
 Is he, who doth longest dare,  
 'Neath heaven's architrave—  
 Fearlessly to onward bear  
 THE STANDARD OF THE BRAVE !

On Truth's lofty Throne of State  
 Invincible, through worth ;  
 Chief, amid supremest great—  
 Transcendent form on earth :  
 Reigns the moral sovereign strong  
 Who right secure to save,  
 Shows against life's every wrong  
 THE STANDARD OF THE BRAVE !

## PATRIOTIC POEMS.

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### OUR STARRY FLAG.\*

---

**T**O THESE dear neighbor-friends, I would in kindness say,  
We are proud to bid you a welcome true to-day !  
And while your souls respond, concordant with us here,  
I further wish extend,—of happy future cheer !  
Convened, as we are now, 'tis noble, just, and meet,  
That with hearts devoted, we each the other greet ;  
And in these solemn times, when loyalty is meed,  
Columbia's lovers all, her friends should be indeed ;  
Her banner-shield unfurl, assuring vows renew,  
And show through many acts that they to her are true.  
Now what place more fitting in this rich-favored land,  
To hoist our starry-flag, than here whereon we stand ?  
This graceful hillside sweet of nature's best design,

---

\* Lines read on the occasion of hoisting the National Banner, near the author's home, May, 1861.



With tokens sacred crowned, like Faith's requital-shrine ;  
Dear old homes before us, in holytide delight—  
E'er effulgent teeming with recollections bright !  
All that freemen live for, for which they e'en would die,  
Kindred, hearthside, country, and church-spire pointing  
    high ;  
Scenes, which we long have prized, and still rejoice to see,  
Where stood the ancient fort, and stands the Council-tree !  
Glad dales, and uplands eld, this vernal landscape 'dorn,  
And with orisons blest greet each incoming morn !  
Shrines we laud and cherish, devoutly more and more,  
The same our grand-sires loved in hallowed days of yore ;  
Tombs of daring true-men, unfearing, firm and strong,  
Who life and fortune gave to quell oppression's wrong ;  
For 'mid yon valley fair, sojourneyed,—we've been told,—  
Our nation's stalwart ones, in trying times of old,  
With enkindled purpose, and with bold souls aglow,  
To meet BRITANIA'S HOSTS, our then invading foe.  
And we are hither come, as earnest scions pure  
Of our country-mother,—to pledge our hearts secure,—  
With her to live, or die, by her to stand, or fall,—

Fearless, changeless, ever,—devoted, one and all !  
Her sacred “ Stripes and Stars,” we now have raised above,  
Bright encheering emblems of never-fading love—  
Those five-and-thirty stars in constellation grand,  
'Mid thirteen symbol-stripes, high-floating o'er the land !  
And palsied be the arm that would a stripe deface,  
Or that would ruthless dare to single star displace ;  
And palsied be the hand, that wanton, doth eschew  
That uplifted standard, so red, and white, and blue !  
And may best glory crown each grand ennobled Brave,  
Who 'neath its waving folds, seeks triumph, or his grave :  
Undaunted speeding forth, persistent foe to meet—  
That flag, if needs must be, to make his winding-sheet ;  
Or rapt through loyal pride,—escutcheon broad unfurled,—  
High, exhilarant bears, around the circled world ;  
Around the circled world, with proud effulgent crest,  
Emboldened raised aloft, not knowing East, nor West ;  
Nor knowing North, nor South—within unbounded field—  
Save, as unbroken parts, of one transcendent shield !  
Around the circled world, exultant to unfold—  
That soaring-eagle crest on field of blue and gold !

And now, one welcome more, to these kind gentle-folk,  
 Our friends and neighbors true of dear OLD SCHAGHTI-  
 COKE;

While we all united, jubilant strain would sing,  
 And make these hills around, with echoes loyal, ring :

May yonder Banner floating high with grandeur, state and  
 pride,

Ever, o'er Columbia wave, in triumph far and wide !  
 O'er mountain, hill, and smiling dale, and lake and river  
 shore,

And simple cot, and lofty dome, exultant more and more !  
 From broad ocean, back to ocean; from Maine, to Golden  
 Gate;

O'er fifty States united firm in endless-loving fate ;  
 O'er a hundred million free-men, who bless this noble land ;  
 O'er a hundred million free-men, as one devoted band—  
 E'er, onward, upward, moving strong toward all that's good  
 and just ;

To sacred honor dutiful, and each exalted trust ;  
 'Till every nation's people see, through tokens sure revealed,

The many peaceful happy shrines that standard doth en-  
shield;

And that earth's friendless, stricken ones may here for  
refuge come,

And find beneath yon waving folds, an ALTAR, and a HOME.

NOBLE LAND OF WASHINGTON !

---

AN ODE FOR INDEPENDENCE DAY.

---

**F**OR OUR COUNTRY'S ancient story ;  
For her honor, true and bright ;  
For her e'er advancing glory  
And sustainment of the right :  
We do now through fond devotion,  
Sing rejoicive festal song,  
And with ever warm emotion  
Strain-exultant, thus prolong :  
Grand Columbia, 'mong the nations  
Crowned, supremest, 'neath the sun ;  
For thee, we raise our rapt oblations—  
NOBLE LAND OF WASHINGTON !

For our nation's loyal mothers ;  
For her daughters, gentle, pure ;  
For her fathers, sons, and brothers,  
And their every trust secure :

We do e'en through love and duty  
Lift encheering votive lay,  
While these altars teem with beauty  
On this gladsome natal day :  
Grand Columbia, 'mong the nations  
Crowned, supremest, 'neath the sun ;  
For thee we raise our rapt oblations—  
NOBLE LAND OF WASHINGTON !

For her daily worth, unfolden,  
For her onward, upward stride ;  
For her harvests, ripe, and golden ;  
For her wisdom, strength, and pride ;  
We did thus through fond devotion,  
Sing rejoicive festal song,  
And with ever warm emotion  
Strain-exultant, still prolong :  
Grand Columbia, 'mong the nations  
Crowned, supremest, 'neath the sun ;  
For thee, we raise our rapt oblations—  
NOBLE LAND OF WASHINGTON !

## LOYALTY.\*

---

**R**OUSE YE, sons of Free-men, in patriotic cause  
Of LIBERTY and UNION, and CONSTITUTION'S laws ;  
Trumpet-strains are calling from fields of battle near,  
“ Rouse ye, sons of Free-men, there's room for heroes here !  
The foemen bold to meet, who would your nation rend,  
UNITED STATES to save, your sacred rights defend,  
Confidence and honor, devotedness impart,  
These sovereign people make as one in mind and heart !”

WHAT ! shall hordes rebellious, usurp with spoiler's hand  
The choicest votive-shrines within this favored land !  
Scenes and trophies loyal, and crypts of mighty dead ;  
Tombs of chivalrous braves, who once exultant led  
Freedom's hosts in triumph, through carnage, strife and toil,  
Across Virginia plains, and Carolina's soil !  
And shall grim Disunion, hold undisputed sway  
O'er the shades of Marshall, and Madison, and Clay ?

---

\* Read during our late civil strife.

Of Middleton, and Wirt, and Pinckney bold and free ;  
 Of the gallant Sumpter, and stout intrepid Lee ?  
 O'er the home of Rutledge, unswerved from duty's trust—  
 Of noble Marion—to daring purpose, just !  
 Of Nelson, Hayward, Wythe, and Carroll, firm and true ;  
 Of Jefferson, the sage, who DECLARATION drew !  
 O'er the grave of Jackson—that man who knew no fear—  
 Patrick Henry's hearthside—e'er to his people dear !  
 And as wardens faithful, would ye in heart presume  
 To give to stranger's keep the ever-hallowed tomb  
 Of him, the chieftain strong, who did your nation save—  
 Washington's MOUNT VERNON,—your country's Father's  
                   grave !

WHAT ! shall hordes rebellious, usurp with spoiler's hand  
 The choicest votive shrines within this favored land ?

AH ! daily, more and more, ill-omens threaten State,  
 COLUMBIA's every trust may come to wanton fate ;  
 Her archives, rare instored—her Presidential seat—  
 The lofty Capitol, wherein her Senates meet !  
 Her triumphs grand, sublime,—fit grave historic page—



Her creative labors, adorning proudest age !  
Fruitful vales, savannas, mountains, hills, and plains ;  
Lakes and rivers, countless, that deck her broad domains ;  
Her vast commercial ports,—emporiums of art,—  
The sterling rectitude that forms her inward heart ;  
All tokens fond and eld, associations pure,  
That do onward, upward, to goals immortal 'lure !


WHAT ! shall hordes rebellious, usurp with spoiler's hand  
The choicest votive-shrines within this favored land ?  
Nay ! forbid it, TRUE-MEN ! and while you love your sires,  
Kindle from their embers, anew, enduring fires !  
Uphold this precious soil, as your fathers stayed it,  
On Independence-base, as your fathers laid it ;  
Stored with peace and honor, as your fathers blest it ;  
Grandest of the nations, as you've long confess'd it—  
Hail it proud exultant, as your fathers cheered it,  
And through trusts ennobled fondly hath endeared it :

THEN, rouse, sons of Free-men, in patriotic cause  
Of LIBERTY and UNION, and CONSTITUTION'S laws ;

Each hallowed loyal shrine, and holy altar, save,  
'Twill crown you evermore—supremest 'mong the brave,—  
To right your country's wrongs, her sacred scenes to strew  
With stalwart hero-hearts, devoted, warm, and true.

TRUST IN THE BANNER WAVING O'ER US!

A SOLDIER'S LYRIC.

 MORE AND MORE, each day by day,  
We hearts loyal, would display,  
When we sing a Soldier's lay  
To the noble land that bore us!  
Glory, would we, in her pride,  
By her stand, for her abide,  
In her honor firm confide—  
And trust in the BANNER waving o'er us!

We that BANNER, high, would hold,  
Broad its starry shield unfold;  
Its field grand of blue and gold—  
And spread-eagle-crest, decorous!  
Bear it would, on land and sea,  
As our standard-emblem free,  
Gonfalon, of Liberty—  
With shouts for the BANNER waving o'er us!

We, to scenes of carnage start,  
From friends near, do now depart ;  
Leave behind each loving heart—  
While stern duty lies before us !  
And we strive, with earnest aim,  
For a bright, exalted fame,  
And with pure, unsullied name,  
To stand by the BANNER waving o'er us !

Greet, would we, the battle's fate,  
Greet its perils dark and great ;  
Peace, secure, to reinstate—  
Voices, countless, doth implore us !  
E'en, to grace, devotion's scars,  
Won in Freedom's holy wars,  
'Neath yon royal Stripes and Stars—  
Through love for the BANNER waving o'er us !

We would ever staunch appear ;  
Would not know what 'tis to fear,  
Blessing, with exultant cheer—

Columbia, proud, that bore us !

Laud. would oft, intrepid dead,  
Who her stalwart sons have led,  
At her altars, freely bled,  
And died for the BANNER waving o'er us !

Seek, would we, the ardor brave  
Our heroic fathers gave  
This dear nation's rights to save—  
Lest our children should deplore us !  
While we speed, hand linked in hand,  
A firm, free, united band,  
Dauntless, true, for native-land—  
And true to the BANNER waving o'er us !

We, faith, sacred, would restore,  
When that flag, we thus adore ;  
Proudly waving, more and more,  
Waving, waving, waving o'er us !  
Earnest, strong, with valor's pace,  
Rush we onward in the race,

To meet foe-man—face to face—  
And strike for the BANNER waving o'er us!

Soldiers, bold, we now would fight—  
Soldiers, pure—we'd fight for right—  
Soldiers, brave, we'd strike with might—  
Opposing hosts driving 'fore us!  
Loyal, firm—never—never—  
Would these States, let, dissever—  
Union, now—Union, ever—  
Is faith in the BANNER waving o'er us!

Onward all, with hearts of love,  
Onward, comrades, let us move;  
Onward, praising God above—  
Who is waiting to restore us!  
Onward, onward, bear the crest  
Northward, Southward, East and West,  
Of this noble country blest—  
And trust in the BANNER waving o'er us!

AN AUTOGRAPH.

---

**D**EAR FRIEND :

YOU ask me for my signature,  
My humble autograph invite ;  
That I—upon this page so pure—  
Would “ J. F. Knickerbacker,” write !

'Tis written now ; 'twas quickly done ;  
A name inscribed without a name ;  
In deeds of worth and honors won,  
A nameless name—unknown to fame.

And yet, if friendship warm and true  
Through many bright congenial hours ;  
Associations that bestrew  
Life's sweet paths with fadeless flowers :

One may make so exceeding bold  
And presumptuous, in device,

I e'en have dared, as you behold—  
Here to write my autograph twice.

Yours kindly,

J. F. K.



THE SUNNYSIDE PENMAN.

---

IN MEMORIAM OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

---

**P**AUSE, Pilgrim, amid sorrow and strife,  
Pause gently by yon cottage serene ;  
Deputed by the Giver of Life—  
Behold ! there an archangel hath been !

An Archangel, on mission of love,  
From ethereal regions, come down,  
Gentle-souled IRVING, bearing above,—  
To be crowned with a heavenly crown.

\* \* \* \* \*

YES!—sweet PENMAN—thy race hath been run,  
High, trodden, in the pathways of fame ;  
And all thy honors earthly, been won  
With duteous and unsullied name.

No more to thy home,—bright “Sunnyside,”  
In the midst of surroundings so dear ;

Shalt thou, with ever generous pride—

Give welcome, and hospitable cheer!

Nor more may quaint “Jonathan Old-style,”

“Chronicle” each comical rumor;

Nor “Salmagundi” pages beguile

With their broad and whimsical humor!

Nor more shall “Geoffry Crayon” indite

Grave romance, or alluring story;

Nor sage “Deiedrich Knickerbocker” write

Of olden “Niew-Niederlandts” glory.

Nor more proud alcove, nor bookman’s stall,

Staid or mirth-giving volume obtain

From gifted author of “Bracebridge Hall,”

“Tales of Alhambra”—“Legends of Spain.”

Yet have we oft, in thy days of life,

When inspiring thoughts thou didst impart;

Wept tears of joy o’er thy sweet “The Wife”—

Of sorrow sad, over “Broken Heart!”

And often, too, whilst thou still wert here,  
Did we, thee, with glad laughter follow ;  
And in boyhood's days, did greatly fear—  
“ Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow !”

Mythical Kaatskill, mountain, and dale,  
Each lofty peak and deep indenture ;  
Traversed o'er, through thy wonderful tale—  
“ Rip Van Winkle's” fabled adventure !

To Stratford-on-Avon, long been wed,  
Home of Shakspeare—prince of the sages ;  
And Westminster Abbey aisles have tread—  
Through thy genial, luminous pages !

Proud England's customs, merry, and old,  
Her bright May-day sports, sweet Christmas-tide ;  
Honored the more for what thou hast told—  
Columbia's son, and royal pride !

'Mid scenes of sentiment, scenes of mirth,  
Through realms of fancy, with thee, did roam,

Fond read thy works, round the happy hearth,  
 And holy shrine, of our childhood's home !

\* \* \* \* \*

Now, thee we found, 'mid Abbotsford halls  
 As great Walter Scott's warm-welcomed guest ;  
 Now, with Byron, within Newstead walls—  
 Anon—among the wilds of the West !

Now, treading o'er fair Italy's shore,  
 And now across broad Netherland plain,  
 Now conversing with Campbell and Moore—  
 Anon, Minister to Court of Spain !

Now, reposing 'neath Saracen's dome,  
 And now, lauding thy country's advance ;  
 Now, proud ALBION making thy home ;  
 Anon, beautiful, vineyard-clad FRANCE !

Now, pausing within temple to pray,  
 And now little children caressing ;  
 Now, encheering the humble man's way—  
 Anon—whole communities blessing !

Now, 'shrining proud hero with glory,

And now, to genius bringing new birth ;

Now, 'lating pathological story—

Anon—cheered with exuberant mirth !

Now, honored both in country and town,

As peer among savans and sages ;

Now, through thy “ Sketch Book ” winning renown—

Anon—through “ Knickerbocker ” pages !

Now, to sweet Goldsmith giving due meed,

And now, 'scribing Granada's career ;

Now, with Mahomet, founding a CREED !

Anon—with bold Columbus, a SPHERE !

Last—'luming thy Fame's closing portal

With soft radiance, clear as the sun :

Shrining thy name, with his,—immortal !

In thy noble “ LIFE OF WASHINGTON !

\* \* \* \* \*

WE thus, dear Friend, in triumph recall

Those gifts manifold thou didst combine—

Thy great true soul, over-circling all—  
 As with sheen aureola, divine !

\* \* \* \* \*

PILGRIM, paused ; by the “ Sunnyside ” home  
 Wherein Archangel, with power given  
 From Life’s Almighty Giver, had come,  
 And that pure spirit upborne to HEAVEN !

Upborne to HEAVEN !—in fruitage mature,  
 Like sheaf, full-ripened, of golden corn ;  
 Ready for sickle, and harvest cure—  
 Faith’s offering meet ! ETERNAL—morn !

Upborne to HEAVEN ! away from the view  
 Of those who had loved him long and well ;  
 Genial and gentle, simple and true,  
 Of those who with him—in essence—dwell !

Upborne to HEAVEN !—yet, lingering still,  
 In the boons, precious, his virtues bore—  
 His earthly sphere,—none hoping to fill,—  
 It daily expanding, more and more !

Upborne to Heaven! Yea! glorious truth,—  
For, dawn of this morn, two cycled years,\*  
Of Time, doth crown his immortal youth :  
Two cycled years, 'mong celestial spheres!


Upborne to HEAVEN!—his beautiful fame,—  
Lofty, serene! may never decrease ;  
Thousands of hearthsides 'balming his name,—  
Rest,—spirit of IRVING! Rest, in peace.

---

\* At the Hostead, November 28, 1863.

WITH HERO'S MIND AND HEART.

---

NWARD, firm in duty, and ONWARD, bold in strife,  
Fearing not, but greeting, temptations dark in life ;  
Evil, oft to vanquish, the noble, e'er to save,  
Is bright crown immortal, and triumph for the brave ;  
Stern grim pride to conquer, rich blessings to bestrew,  
With hero's mind and heart, and purpose high and true :

To humble boastful might, and quell usurping lust,  
Virtue-pure, exalting, the faithful, wise and just ;  
Aggression laying low, and each dread tyrant scourge,  
With ceaseless moral fire, the world from sin to purge—  
Shows unending glory ; doth with best strength endure  
A hero's mind and heart, in purpose grave and true :

Where'er there is power, got from ignoble gain ;  
Where'er there is sorrow,—come through debasing stain ;  
Where'er there is meanness, and dire oppression's laws ;  
Where'er is anything,—from an unhallowed cause ;



He is brave and sterling, who doth such ill eschew  
Through hero's mind and heart, with purpose fixed and true.

'Tis only now and then, 'tis only here and there,  
Such royal souls are found,—for valiantness is rare !  
A moral courage, firm, intrepid, stout to face  
The thousand forms of wrong, this nether-sphere disgrace ;  
Yet, should men of honor the fearless good pursue,  
With heroes' minds and hearts, and purpose bold and true :

Earth's greatest, wisest, best, live not in cloister-cell ;  
But her braves, supremest, among temptations dwell :  
Who know, through meeting much, the real ills of life,  
That, to conquer evil, one needs must battle, strife !  
Onward, dauntless ever,—the Godlike to renew,—  
Moves hero's mind and heart, through purpose strong and  
true :

Nor counsels, grave and sage,—nor words of ye who  
preach,—

Nor poet's soaring muse, may always farthest reach !  
True-nerve, oft grandest is, amid a world, ajar,

'Mong perils, and defeat, illumes as brightest star ;  
Stern, and bold, and fearless,—yet, kind and gentle, too,—  
Reigns hero's mind and heart, with purpose crowned and  
true :

Nor on proud martial field, which carnage hath imprest,  
Surely tread the bravest, sublimest, noblest, best !  
But in life's every sphere may daring souls be found,  
'Mid senates, courts and camps,—and 'mong the unrenown-  
ed ;

Chieftains, sages, scholars ! who highest right pursue  
With heroes' minds and hearts, and purpose grand and true.

Nor needs he special gifts, who seeks to nobly shine ;  
Each truly moral man is more or less divine !  
And every calling pure, of whatsoever name,  
Opens spacious circuit, for an enduring fame :  
Poet, Preacher, Peasant ! who would high worth pursue,  
With hero's mind and heart, and purpose kind and true :

Nor needs he victor's spoils, nor herald's vaunted skill,  
On glory's blazoned shield ! True manhood's crest, is will !

Firm, triumphant looming—in sacred cause secure—  
E'er to conscience leal, yet genial, gentle, pure!  
Wisdom's trust assuring, and loving virtue's, too,  
To hero's mind and heart, with purpose warm and true :

Nor needs he riches vast, nor blood of royal birth;  
Nor rank, nor station proud ! For manhood's crown is  
worth !

Of each sphere the sovereign ! sublime, in every trust !  
Prime, his name enthroning, among Creation's just :  
Honor, valor, duty ! through noblest walks, to woo,  
With hero's mind and heart, and purpose, sure and true !

'Mid cot, or palace-hall ! 'Mid high or low estate !  
He, supreme, is alway ! glorious, grand and great !  
Champion, safe and strong, for grave, eternal right ;  
Valiant, chieftain-leader ! a Godlike beacon light !  
And guide for peoples all, throughout the world to view,  
As hero's mind and heart, with purpose, stern, yet true !

## HYMN TO TRUTH.

---

**E**XALTED, holy Truth divine !  
Angelic spirit fair !

Before thy pure celestial shrine  
We loyal vows declare.

Thy look serene, so free from guile,  
With faithful will would bless,  
E'en whilst we seek thy loving smile,  
And gentle, soft caress.

Offerings, best, we bring to thee,  
Our choicest boons impart—  
But chiefly on low bended knee  
Do give devoted heart :

While, from above, we ask for grace  
Our soul-life to restore,  
And that thy mild benignant face  
May greet us more and more.

EXALTED, holy Truth divine !

Angelic spirit fair !

Before thy pure celestial shrine

We loyal vows declare.

## THE MAN OF THE TIME!

---

**F**ARNEST in purpose, and brave in desire,  
His soul rich aglow with heavenly fire ;  
All around 'luming with ardor sublime—  
Right onward should move the Man of the Time !  
'Mid this era dark, soliciting light,  
For light that doth come with grandeur of might ;  
For light that is felt, and light that is seen,  
Enriching each heart with fruitage serene—  
Virtue upholdeth the wisdom of force,  
Wielding with power, right motive in course ;  
So sadly adrift have mortals become,  
Like wanderers lost,—so helplessly roam,—  
That principles stern are now in demand,  
Rousing to duty with voice of command.  
Wanted ! are heralds, of clear trumpet tones—  
Champions, ardent, with sinews and bones—  
Lawgivers, sterling, regardless of pelf—  
Heroes, undaunted, forgetful of self—


To give freshened curve to movement of things,  
And root from the earth, disorder it brings !  
Not proudly basking, 'neath halcyon bowers,  
Not in grand places, beguiling the hours ;  
But in the highways and byways of life,  
'Mong the surroundings engendering strife—  
The Man of the Time speeds on undismayed,  
A conquering chief, for triumph arrayed :  
Exultant in soul, majestic and strong,  
Breasting each bulwark and fortress of wrong,  
With victory crowned, with righteousness shod,  
Exalting his race, and valiant for God !  
For minds of the age estray have been led,  
Through every device, to fantasy wed :  
Invention, and craft, in multiplied train ;  
Discoveries made, deep themes to explain ;  
Science, conceited, dark mysteries grave ;  
Theories daring—like turbulent wave—  
Life's magnet confuse, distract from its pole,  
And make things in part to seem as the whole :  
Best manhood is lost in what is evolved,

And destiny sure remains unsolved.  
Virtue is weakened, while blessings surround ;  
Charity falters, though wonders abound ;  
Honor departeth, a shadow unknown :  
Honesty totters—spurned idol of stone—  
Both, high and the low, are grasping for gain,  
Unscrupulous oft, from whence they obtain—  
Ring, clear, is wanting of genuine ore,  
And stamp of true mint, on that we instore.  
Chaos o'erruleth our triumphs of skill,  
And sturdiest hearts are halting in will.  
Philosophy's drift is faith to displace,  
Making as worthless the guerdon of Grace !  
The Man of the Time looks forth through it all ;  
Like hero of old, for standard doth call—  
Of Truth immortal !—with glorious shout—  
Intrepid it wields through this world of doubt ;  
Proclaiming aloud, with clarion voice—  
“ JEHOVAH LIVETH ! LET MORTALS REJOICE ! ”  
While echoes from high, in thunders declare  
“ OMNIPOTENCE REIGNS ! LET MORTALS,—BEWARE ! ”



GOOD THAT 'S DONE BY POET'S LAYS !

---

 POET'S heart is heart of a child,  
Simple, and true, and unbeguiled !

SEEMS I hear, afar and near,  
Echoed loud in accents clear,  
'Mid the soft still evening air,  
Voices sweet of spirits fair :  
From rank low, high station borne ;  
From proud hall and cottage 'lorn ;  
From each nigh and distant clime ;  
From all nations—From all Time—  
Voices singing Muse's praise—  
Good that's done by Poet's lays :  
For Poet's heart is heart of a child,  
Simple, and true, and unbeguiled !

'NEATH a roof of roses rare,  
Sits a maiden bright and fair—

Greeting fond the passing hours,  
Breathing fumes of lovely flowers.  
Round her brow a circlet-sheen  
Shines with halo-light serene,  
While each soft angelic grace  
Saint-like charms her fresh, kind face.  
Virtue e'er endearing heart,  
She doth love through faith impart  
Sitting thus, in sweet recline,  
Holy, pure, a virgin-shrine.  
From her breast springs gentle sigh—  
Tear-drops glisten in each eye—  
Yet, not of grief, dark and drear,  
Comes forth sigh and pearly tear—  
But from thoughts of rare delight  
Stored within a fountain bright  
Kindling warm her soul aglow  
With Devotion's ardent flow.

FORMS of joy seem often sad,  
When one's heart is truly glad ;

And to minds depressed with grief  
 Laughing face doth show relief—  
 What we oftimes deepest feel,  
 Outward sign may not reveal—  
 Noblest thoughts our souls express  
 Smile through tears of tenderness.

PAGES PURE, are open laid,  
 'Fore the eyes of that fair maid!  
 Pages, stored with wisdom grand;  
 Pages, writ by Poet's hand;  
 Pages, wrought from Poet's mind;  
 Pages, that truth best impart;  
 Pages, speaking Poet's heart!  
 While, the maid in them hath found,  
 Thoughts serene, with glory crowned:  
 Thoughts defining holy love;  
 Thoughts that 'lured to realms above;  
 Thoughts exalted, warm imprest;  
 Thoughts with wondrous skill expressed:  
 And she feels she's wiser grown,

Through those lessons, once unknown,  
Teems her will more brave and true  
Looming thus before her view  
Glowing words of knowledge meet,  
Duty, faith, and virtue sweet :  
Gladsome now, she proud doth sing,  
Gleeful strain like birds of Spring,  
In soft tones of love conveys  
Good that's done by Poet's lays :  
For Poet's heart is heart of a child,  
Simple, and true, and unbeguiled !

STANDS, a youth, with valor rife,  
At the starting-point in Life !  
His prime worth through deeds made known  
Mind displays of lofty tone,  
In all learning deeply lored,  
And with choicest virtues stored ;  
Thus ennobled, high endowed,  
'Dorned by graces rare bestowed—  
Stands that youth with valor rife,

At the starting-post of Life !  
Yet what makes him wise and strong,  
Is much due to Muse's song,  
And his Poet's heart within  
Bright illumed from souls akin ;  
And what makes him pure, refined,  
Of grand aim, exalted mind,  
Are those precious words conveyed  
By the gentle Lyric-maid—  
And what makes him brave, sublime,  
Fearless grasping ills of Time—  
Is what Poets only know,  
As their works devoted show ;  
And what makes him, now, so blest,  
Is the bard-voice, in his breast—  
Lauding with glad words of praise  
Good that's done by Poet's lays :  
For Poet's heart is heart of a child,  
Simple, and true, and unbeguiled !

PROUD before you, crowned a Sage,  
Moves a man of silvered age!  
Large his mind with wisdom filled,  
Though, withal, a child instilled—  
What the world counts choice and dear  
Came to him from far and near,  
While to honor, faith and truth,  
He was constant from his youth.  
Long hath he with fearless stride  
Trod life's open pathway wide,  
Greeting now when near its close  
Holy calm of sweet repose.  
Yet if one of him did ask  
What him makes thus grandly bask  
In all knowledge grave renowned  
And with virtues rarest crowned?  
He might say with frankness true,  
“ Much of it is justly due  
To what fair scribe him hath taught,  
Through her pages faithful wrought,  
When therein she did impart

Feelings, best, of warm, true heart !”  
And the Sage would further state,  
“ Fact and Fancy both are great,  
Sisters-twin in happy strife,  
Each advancing highest life !”  
And he, wise, might tell you more,  
“ How in Book of sacred lore,  
Found immortal epics are  
Writ by bards beyond compare !”  
And yet still to duty strong,  
His theme noble would prolong  
When he through himself displays  
Good that’s done by Poet’s lays :  
For Poet’s heart is heart of a child,  
Simple, and true, and unbeguiled !

COUNTLESS tongues respond refrain  
In one grand harmonic strain ;  
While is heard, afar and near,  
Echoed loud in accents clear,  
’Mid the soft still evening air,

Voices sweet of spirits fair :  
From rank low, high station borne ;  
From proud hall and cottage 'lorn ;  
From each nigh and distant clime ;  
From all nations—From all Time—  
Voices singing Muse's praise—  
Good that's done by Poet's lays :  
For Poet's heart is heart of a child,  
Simple, and true, and unbeguiled !



## ENDING AND ENDLESS.

---

**E**NDING AND ENDLESS are the ways of life,  
Gladdened by promise, or sorrowed through strife ;  
Movements and forces may seemingly cease,  
When they, most truly, momentum increase—  
If unrequited and destiny sealed,  
Heart that is broken is seldom true-healed—  
Words, and kind actions appearing as not,  
In memory's store are rarely forgot :  
Joys that have cheered us, and hopes that allured,  
'Tokening absence, have only matured—  
Circle-diurnal, of Even and Morn,  
Daily departing, is ever new born—  
Souls of the noble, from friendship rebelled,  
Grow loving afresh, in calmness of eld—  
Song of the minstrel, and infancy's cry,  
Long years ago heard, yet echo on high :  
Conscience-reproving,—apparently stilled,—

On being revived, rules hundred-fold willed !  
And so it befalls whate'er we pursue,  
ENDING and ENDLESS are always in view ;  
Mortal ! Immortal ! is everywhere shrined,  
Eternity, Time, forever combined.

And we who have sped—our readers and self—  
Through this little book, seeking wisdom's wealth ;  
Pause, greeting, Farewell!—for the end is near ;  
Yet, hope assuring, doth future encheer :  
With memories kind may each heart be rife,  
ENDING and ENDLESS are the ways of life.

~~8012~~

Cash

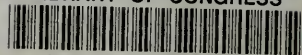
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