

Looking Heavenward.

Just a thought, just a word
Warmly in a bosom stirred,
Yet it is a name to prize,
Hidden from these mortal eyes.

Just a gift, just a prayer
Pleading from a world of care,
Yet it is a voice to gain
Something more than mortal pain.

Just a heart, just a child
Weeping cause it is defiled,
Yet a hero on to plod,
Toiling for the cause of God.

Just a murmur of amen,
Spoken ever now and then,
Yet all earth it doth eclipse,
Spoken through divided lips.

Just a hope—just desire
To escape eternal fire,
Yet two souls it oft hath bore
Happy life forever more.

Just a faith, just at heart,
What our fate should such depart ;
Could we view a life like this ?
Would we know of Heaven's bliss ?

Just a word, just forgive,
Teacheth sinners how to live ;
Just the little things of life
Built by faith can't vanquish strife.

A Closing Poem by the Author.

Pressed by the labors of the farm,
Pressed by my love to muse,
Too pressed by want I must present
No language to abuse.

Up from the dust hath risen bards
Before my age and day,
Like them I feel my time is short
And too must pass away.

A critic may condemn my words
And never know the same,
Yet mark the mind that judgeth skill
And spoils a path to fame.

No riches have I but my own
To fight this world of care ;
Here I rich I am, yes rich indeed,
Whilst some be wanting there.

I might with-hold this treasured scope,
Which follows mind and pen,
As yet unripe to shallow minds,
But truth must rise again.

Finis.

Finis! the tone and thought of my once
early youth,
'Twas all I gave, yet wished for more.
Unfaithful zeal hath power yet to quench
desire

Of boundless youth as in my days of yore,
Where 'neath robes of idleness I hid to
shun the truth ;
And memory fled, but through the gates of
judgment's fire.

Alas! in cruel torture did I long remain,
Yet turned when I to mercy lent my ear,
To heed that word which she would to me
give,
With all my lost did she bequeath, I live.

The gift to labor goeth before the pen.

—A. Stafford.

