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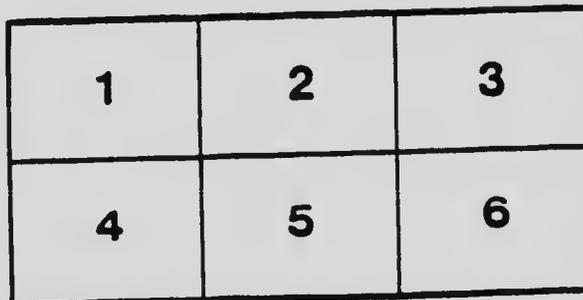
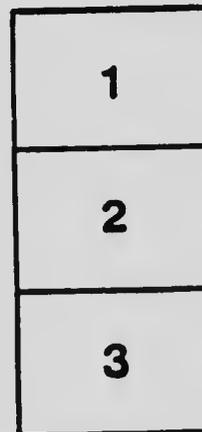
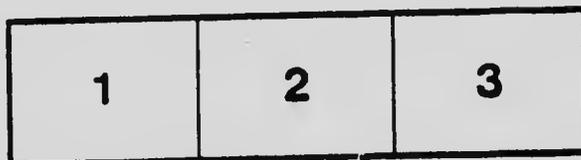
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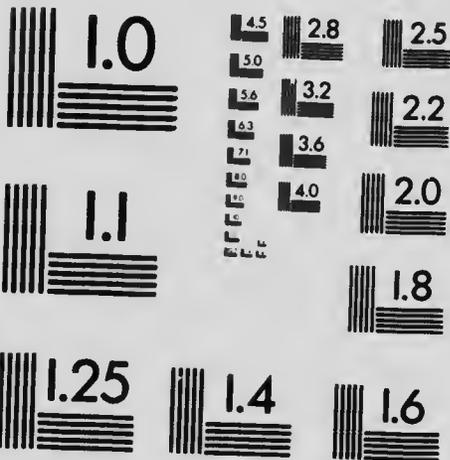
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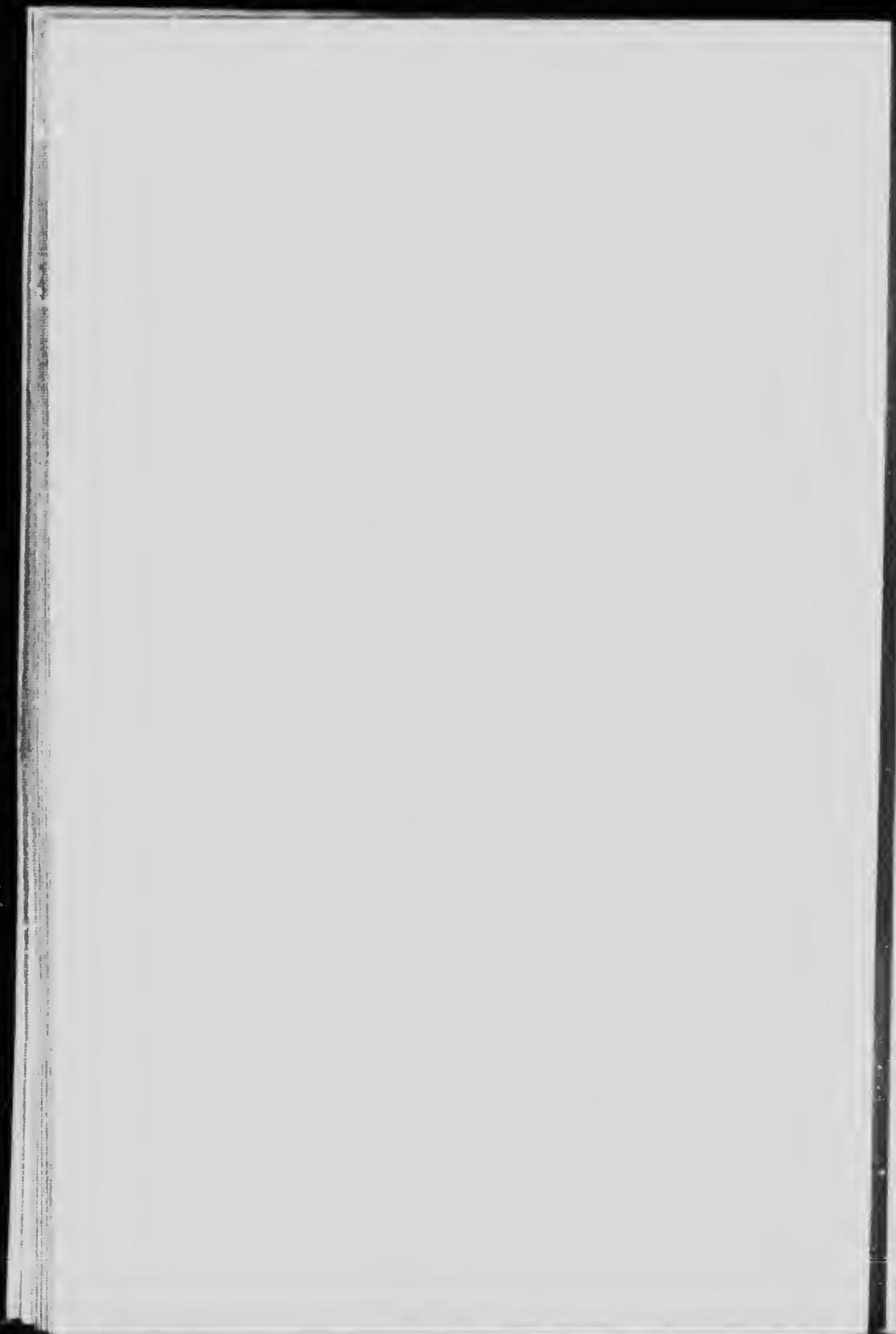
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MISCELLANEOUS

POEMS

BY

ANDREW R. SIMPSON.

Author of

"THE BATTLE FIELD,"
"THE ENGLISH TONGUE," ETC.

LONDON, ONT. :
The Advertiser Job Print

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DEDICATION.

These verses are humbly addressed to all in the hope that they may appeal to the hearts of some and tend towards the uplifting of the soul.

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SYMPATHY

SWEET Sympathy! blest bond of faith,
Chaste spouse of heavenly grace!
When souls are wracked by trouble's wraith,
How lovely is thy face!
As bland zephyrs from the south
Soften the northern gale,
So words of comfort from thy mouth
As surely must avail
To cheer our way, allay our fears,
Dispel the lowering cloud,
Till just beyond Hope's star appears,
Whose rays of light, endowed
With subtle power from out thy fount
To calm the troubled soul,
Must lead it step by step to mount
To Heaven's golden goal.

THE ROBIN

DEAR bird, thy lonely plaintive voice
From out the leafless tree,
Loud calling to thy mate, "Rejoice!"
Sings of bright days to be.
By the swift flashes of thy wing,
And by its golden fawn,
Full well we know the winter king
Must yield to summer's dawn.

Then chirp and sing,
Bright herald of spring,
Dear Robin on the lawn!

Through cheerless days of rain and haze
While winter lingers long,
Then most is heard thy rollicking lays,
Thy doubly welcome song,—
Upon the spray, beneath the eave,
Chirping the live-long day,
Cheering the lonely hearts that grieve
For sunny days of May.

Then sing thy song
Both loud and long,
Dear Robin on the spray!

As o'er our heads the seasons surge,
Bright spring and summer wane,
Yet may be heard thy funeral dirge
As winter comes again.

Clad in thy garb of red and gray
Matching old autumn's breast,
Thou chirp'st a mournful roundelay
From mounds where May flowers rest.

Then drop a tear
Upon their bier,
Dear Robin, and be blest!

HOME.

SWEET Home, blessed haven of rest,
True synonym for peace,—
Where'er I roam,
Yet still for home
My yearnings never cease!

How Memory's fires within my soul,
Kindling their mystic flame
On land or sea,
Where'er I be,
Home's potency proclaim!

Upon the hearthstone of my heart
Their embers glint and fall;
What hopes and fears,
What smiles and tears,
Their flickerings recall!

There Memory points my happiest hours
And paints my saddest scenes,—
 While far away
 My footsteps stray—
Upon its fireside screens.

Then home, sweet home, for home I pray,
Its portals to be blest;
 When tired of strife
 And troubles rife
I turn to home for rest.

MAY.

MAY is the fairest maid that sits
In the bower of the year;
Across her face the sunbeam flits
And dries the pearly tear,
For her dear sister, April, shed,—
Passed to her calm Zion
The morn that happy May did wed
Her true love, Dandelion.

Of all the suitors for her hand,
Pleading at her feet,
This gay young knight she doth command
Her yielding heart to greet,
And lead her to the altar, where
Her bridesmaids stand around,—
The buttercups and daisies fair,
Upon the flowering mound.

May is a bride that fairer grows
With each succeeding day;
For her the wind of pleasure blows,
And blossoms forth the spray.
Alas, the irony of life!
Upon June's natal morn
Death claims the young and faithful wife,
When her offspring fair is born.

THE BABY.

LITTLE baby, wherefore cry,
Called to this world of sorrow?
Is it because of trouble nigh
Awaiting thee to-morrow?

Wherefore flows that pearly tear
From eyes of liquid blue?
Oh, can it be that thou dost fear
This life may prove untrue?

Wherefore pales that pinky glow
On cheeks of peachy bloom?
Is it because that thou dost know,
Thy step leads towards the tomb?

Wherefore comes that little sigh
From lips of rosy red?
Is it because that thou must lie
On sorrow's thorny bed?

Wherefore writhes that chubby arm
Beneath thy linen white?
Is it because thou tak'st alarm
At trouble's darkening night?

Wherefore heaves that tiny breast
With the mortal breath of life?
Is it a presage of no rest
From sorrow, sin and strife?

Wherefore dost thou fall asleep
Within thy downy cot?
Is it because thine eyelids weep
O'er Paradise forgot?

Little baby, cease to cry,
No longer weep in vain!
For guardian angels 'throned on high,
Shall brush the tear-stain

From thine eyelids closed in death,
When life's trials all are o'er;
And quicken with their heavenly breath
Thy breast forevermore.

FIDELITY.

TO-NIGHT I sit alone and brood
O'er happy days of yore,
When thee, Dear Love, I fondly woo'd
Beside the cottage door.

As hand in hand we gladly strolled
Beneath the orchard trees,
How brightly shone thy tresses gold,
When tossed by summer breeze!

How sweet the music from thy lips
Sounded within mine ears;
No note of thine my memory slips
Through all the passing years.

And now thy hair is silvery white,
Thy brow deep furrows fill;
But yet, Dear Love, to me to-night
Thy charms are sweeter still.

Thine eyes are dimmed by age and care;
Their weight thy shoulders bow;
Yet thou to me wert not more fair
When first I pledged love's vow.

Not long 'twill be before death parts
For a brief day, Dear Love,
To join again our kindred hearts
In fairer realms above.

Then hand in hand we'll march a'long
To Heaven's portals bright;
This is no ephemeral song
I sing for thee to-night.

AN AUTUMN EVENING

A WHILE on autumn's heath I lie,
Soft bed of swirling leaves
Of golden brown and russet dye
Just garnered from the trees,—
The blue-jay pipes his farewell note,
The bees hum lullabys,
And harsh from out the tree-tops float
The raven's noisy cries.

The cricket chirps beneath the grass,
The wren lisps in the grove,
While homeward through the forest pass
The lowing herd doth rove.
The squirrel lurks near his cozy nest
Provisioned with his food,
And hops and whirls and chatters, lest
Invaders bold intrude.

The owl mounts guard beside his home
Within the hollow beech,
And from beneath its gnarled dome
Defiance loud doth screech.
The rabbit scurries through the glade,
The woodchuck seeks his den;
Loud caroling in their sedgy shade
Lie tenants of the fen.

And while this warbling chorus fills
The forest concert halls,
The low soft alto of the rills
Blends sweet with bird-note calls,—
Vibrating a responsive chord
Strung tense within my soul,
As lying on fair autumn's sward
I hear her music roll.

ROSALIND

SWEET Rosalind, of form divine,
Thou hast enthralled my heart,
Oh, could I feel that thou wert mine,
And that for me thy beauties shine
Inviting Cupid's dart!

Not half so fair as flush that spreads
Upon thy pearly cheek,—
While blushing o'er their thorny beds
The petaled roses bow their heads
When kissed by dew-drops meek!

Not near so deep the purple hue
Of violets by the brook,
All freshly steeped in morning dew,—
As azure of thine eyes of blue,
Through which thy soul doth look!

Less dazzling bright is burnished gold,
Or tassels on the corn,—
Than tresses fair in ringlets a fold
Decked o'er thy brow in marble mould
Thy queenly head adorn!

White as the lily in the vale
Thy shapely throat doth gleam ;
Bright as the stars that never pale,
Swift as the winds that ride the gale,
Thy glances ever seem !

Sweet as the soft zephyr breeze
Charged with rich perfumes rare
Wafted from off the flowery leas
Or lapped from blossoms of the trees,
Thy breath, my maiden fair !

Pure as the whirling mound of snow
On a stormy winter day,
Thy ravishing breast heaves to and fro,
As love's emotions through it flow
And hum an amorous lay.

Then Rosalind, pure as the dew,
Fresh as the morning air,
My heart o'erflows with love for you,
And never shall it prove untrue,
Chaste maiden, gay and fair !

THE BATTLE FIELD

THE bugles sound, the chargers neigh,
The foe wheels into line,
All leveled for the dreadful fray
The serried lances shine.
"Forward! Victory or Death!"
Is the stern command
Where Valor yields his vital breath
For home and native land.

Now here, now there, a comrade falls,
Gone on his last parole;
No more he heeds the shells and balls,
The cannonades that roll,--
As thickening o'er the bloody plain
The battle's din is hurled,
For, mantled on the noble slain,
Death's flag of truce lies furled.

Now free from strife and mortal pangs
Sleep soundly, honored brave!
While Glory's hallowed halo hangs
Above your unmarked grave.
No mocking foe in his retreat
Shall dare to trespass here,
Where Honor's vigilant sentries beat
The precincts of thy bier.

And while Oblivion's chilling breeze
Sweeps o'er the plains of Time,
Bright o'er thy dust shall trail the leaves
Of Fame's green ivy vine.
Thy native land, thy kindred blood,
Can ne'er forget thy name,
Or shun the spot where Valor stood
When her hero sons were slain.

But yet for thee once more shall sound
The trumpet's last roll-call,
When all earth's fallen gather round
Their Sovereign Lord of All;
And pass in Judgment's grand review
Before the Lord of Lords,
Where many are called but chosen few
To be His Royal Guards.

JUNE.

JUNE is the month that seems most gay
Of all the seasons round ;
The month when perfumed breezes play
Above ambrosian ground.

The butterfly, the busy bee,
Flit free from flower to vine,
And while they work and hum in glee,
On honey always dine.

The humming-bird in flowering tree
Sings love beneath her gourd,
While anchored fast, yet swinging free,
Her silken nest is moored.

In handiwork that all is his
The robin builds low down,
And like the gallant knight he is,
In vest of red and brown,

Invites his modest bride to share,
Beneath the blossomed tree,
His home of thatch safe hidden there,—
And rear their children three.

June is the month that grows more fair
With every passing hour,
'The month of bower and balmy air,
The month of rainbow shower.

Small wonder that the brides of men
Choose her their nuptial day,
When chimes in happy unison
Love's dream upon the spray.

PRAYER.

PRAYER is the suppliant sinner's wail
O'erwhelmed by grim despair ;
When all the powers of hell assail,
And passion blows a furious gale,
A haven calm is prayer.

Prayer is the music of the soul,
The poetry of the heart ;
Prayer is this life's magnetic pole,
The while her stormy breakers roll,
Guiding her fragile bark.

Prayer is the prodigal's humble cry
Returning home sincere ;
While on contrition's bed we lie
Prayer is the sweetest lullaby
That falls upon the ear.

Prayer is the hope that dwells within
The sinful hearts of men ;
Prayer is the power that besets sin,
And from temptation strives to win
Lost souls to God again.

Prayer is the hush that stills the breast,
And rests upon the tongue,—
When on the bier for burial dressed
In silent prayer we lie at rest
While feral hymns are sung.

Prayer is the plight of promise fair,
The fount of life to be;
Prayer is omniscient everywhere—
E'en Christ Himself did bow in prayer
While hanging on the tree.

By prayer we live, in prayer we die,
And prayer is not in vain;
Prayer is a guardian angel nigh
Waiting to guide our souls on high,
When Christ shall reign again.

NATURE.

GRAND Nature, mother of the arts,
Preceptress of the Muse,
Appealing to responsive hearts
Thy beauties to effuse!

What brush can paint the rainbow's hue?
Weaver, thy garb design?
What hand distil the morning dew,
Or mix the ocean brine?

What lute so sweet, as evening breeze
That sougheth o'er the hills,
Vibrating to ten thousand leaves,
Or music of the rills?

What choir so grand as that which sings
Thy songs at break of day?
Or drum so loud when ocean flings
His mutterings through the spray?

What bui'der bold dare rear his dome
Within the fleecy cloud,
Where floating mists the eagle's home
On mountain peak enshroud?

What bards so sweet to sing thy praise
In measured rhythmic lines,
As cuckoos, linnets, larks and jays,
Or winds within the pines?

Then, Mother Nature, list! we hear
Spring breathing through the trees,
And catch with joy the treble clear
Of summer's bracing breeze.

Soon autumn tenors, rising high,
Their softer notes efface,
To sing of stern old winter nigh,
In loud resounding bass,

Who over thee his snows shall spread,
And hang his crystal spear,
Marking the spot where rests thy head,
While sleeping 'neath his bier

Till vernal breezes blow again
And rend his snowy pall,
And from the field, and from the fen,
Thy happy children call.

THE SKYLARK.

PEEERLESS warbler of the sky!
Wherefore wing thy flight on high?
Sublimest songster of the air!
Why dost thou scorn earth's bosom fair?
Why not sing thy sweetest lays
Upon her silvery blossomed sprays?
Can it be the fleecy mist,
Its heavenward side by sunshine kissed,
Inspires thy heart to grander strain,
Or love's low, lingering, sweet refrain?
Thou must catch, while soaring space,
Straggling notes from heaven's place!
Peeping o'er the rainbow's rim
Perhaps thou hail'st the cherubim!
Else why should'st thou care to leave
Thy babes alone on earth to grieve,
And soar away beyond their sight
Until engulfed in Hesperus' light,
Whence robed in thy white dressing gown
Thou pour'st celestial music down
To where they lie on floral sward
Listening to thy melting chord?
Like rain of music from the sky,
Angelic minstrel hovering high,
Thy quivering notes, inborn of love,
Turn my thoughts to heaven above!

ODE TO MUSIC.

WHEN'ER I hear sweet music's chime,
Or listen to her ditty,
Or raptured by grand strains sublime,
Or moved to tears of pity,—
To clothe in choicest words of speech,
In stanzas sweet and low,
I try her trancing notes to reach,
While Orpheus tunes his bow.

When evening breeze moans in the pine,
When angry tempests roar,
And lash to spray old ocean's brine
Upon the sounding shore;
O, then I seek her moods to soothe,
Win her inconstant heart,
By language sweet and cadence smooth,
While Orpheus picks his harp.

And when I hear the wild woods ring
With medley low and loud,
Or hearken while the skylarks sing
Far in the fleecy cloud;
'Tis then I strive by metre pure
Her sweetest strains to suit,
And whisper words that must endure,
While Orpheus blows his lute.

And while the sea sighs o'er the bar,
Rills murmur through the glen,
The distant thunder from afar
Speaks to my heart again,
And bids it tell, in lines that live
While centuries go and come,
The rapture which her Muse must give,
While Orpheus beats his drum.

While I describe her beauty fair,
Of form, and face, and feature,
And how she drives away all care
From every living creature;
I dread to think what life would be,
And what a state abhorred,
Did merry music's melody
Blend not with Orpheus' chord.

MY LOVE.

L IKE a bright Star of Hope
My Love appeared to me;
But all too soon
Ere sunny noon
She sank beneath the sea,

Anon to rise again,
Aglow with brighter gleam,
Destined to mount
To Heaven's fount
In her zenith beam.

Then slowly towards the West,
Bright Star of Hope to me,
Venus-like sink
To Heaven's brink,
My prayer, Sweet Love, for thee!

THE HUMMING BIRD.

TINY animated sprite,
 Darting 'midst the flowers,
Dodging sun-tipped arrows bright
 That pierce the leafy bowers!

Thy meat the honey from their cells,
 Thy drink the morning dew,
Thy tenting place their perfumed bells,
 Thy garb the rainbow hue!

Tell me wherefore wast thou born,
 For pleasure only made,
Has the rose for thee no thorn,
 The summer day no shade?

Doth thy tiny heart e'er know
 A sorrow or a pain,
Do thy tearlets never flow,
 Thy pleasure never wane?

Then flit about and hum thy tune
O'er fell and flowery lea—
Fair creature of the days of June,
Companion of the bee!

Within my soul thy form portrays,—
Embodiment of love!
A scene of endless happy days,
A glimpse of Heaven above.

HOPE.

BLEST Hope! pure fount of age and youth!
Deep well of manhood's prime!
Sweet essence of eternal truth!
Thy healing is divine.

Thy ray is Heaven's brightest star
Shining across our path,
Which, ever as we near the Bar,
A subtler influence hath.

As twilight fadeth into night,
And darkness shrouds the sky,
Then brightest beams the beacon light
From thy clear orb on high.

Then glow and gleam, sweet star, nor pale
Thy silvery shimmering ray,
Until beyond earth's tearful vale
Death's dread mists break away.

As radiant angels from the East
Unfurl their banners gold,
Summoning to their royal feast,
And to the heavenly fold

All those who, lead by thy pole star,
Guided by her bright ray,
Have safely crossed the Harbor Bar
To the light of perfect day.

OCTOBER.

OCTOBER fair is here again
Dressed in her russet gown ;
Lightly she treadeth glade and glen
While leaves are dropping down.

Softly she sighs for bygone days
When summer airs were bright,
While struggling through the smoky haze
Looms red Sol's fiery light.

The bee drones sullen o'er the beds
Where once the daisies grew,
But now are ranged their blighted heads
In shades of amber hue.

The waterfowl upon the marsh
Now splash and scream in fright,
Disturbing by their clamor harsh
The stillness of the night.

The hunter through the forest glade
Slow wends his stealthy way,
And hails with joy his rustic maid,
October, grave and gay.

And while she gambols in her mirth,
She pauses to remember
The mother kind who gave her birth,
Benign and calm September;

And plants an aster on her grave
To mark her silent tomb,
Where once the golden grain did wave
And summer roses bloom.

THE CHIMES

SWEET chiming bells, thy music swells
Cross boulevard and street ;
Thy melodies in fitful spells
For lonely hearts seem meet.

“Jesus Lover of My Soul,”
Chimes thy silvery tongue ;
Now “Home Sweet Home” begins to toll,
And medley grand is rung.

 . busy mart and thoroughfare,
Down avenue and alley,
Soothing hearts that ache with care,
Rolls “Lily of the Valley.”

From out thy belfry high and grand,
Clear at the close of day,
Peals “There Is a Happy Land
Far, Far Away.”

Then, chiming bells, thy music pour
O'er square and restful park ;
Thy silvery tongue's a wealth of lore
Teach all who heed and hark.

ROSE.
—

FAIR maiden, chaste, blithe and demure,
As any flower that grows,
Thy beauties rare love's fancies lure,
My charming little Rose!

Then nightly, like a lover true,
I seek thy face so fair ;
Thou dost my heart with love imbue,
Coy maiden debonair!

Thy pinky cheeks outblush the dawn,
Thy ringlets sunbeams hold,
Thy fairy feet outstrip the fawn,
Thy heart like refined gold!

O, that the Muse of Love might fling
Her mantle at my feet,
And teach my stammering tongue to sing
Thy praise in cadence sweet!

Then might I laud thy graces all
In softest note that flows
When thrushes trill and cuckoos call,
My modest little Rose!

THE BROOK

BUBBLE, bubble, little spring,
From thy hidden fountain,
Fresh and pure thy waters fling
Down the darksome mountain.

Clear as ether of the air,
Sweet as the morning dew,
Kissing now the lilies fair,
And now the weeping yew—

Babble, babble, little brook,
O'er golden sand and pebble,
The bird, within her leafy nook,
Dwells on thy silvery treble.

Like childhood, playing on the bank
Of Life's treacherous river,
Warned to shun its waters dank
While romping hither-thither,—

Cradled in thy channel narrow
Thou might'st e'er happy be—
Free from all the gales that harrow
The waters of the sea.

Sparkle, sparkle, crystal rill,
And let thy wavelets shine,
Not long 'twill be, I ween, until
They mix with ocean's brine.

Like thee, clear stream, are childhood's joys,
Flowing from out life's vein;
Pure and sweet, till sin decoys
Towards sorrow's troubled main.

Then bubble, bubble, Purity,
Within my heart and soul;
For without thee, no surety
Have I of Heaven's goal.

THOUGHTS ON VESUVIUS IN ERUPTION.

METHINKS I hear the murmurings deep
And view the dreadful force,
As belching from thy crater steep,
The molten rivers roar and leap,
And sear their sinuous course.

Through peaceful vineyards at thy base
Or villas on thy breast
The fiery tides creep on apace,—
And naught now marks man's dwelling place
But ashes from thy crest.

Thine awful lavas creep along
Through olive grove and farm,
Chanting loud an infernal song
Of mocking fate and cruel wrong
And desolating arm.

Mantling far towards the sea
Where Naples peaceful lies
Away beyond thy dreadful lee,—
Her trembling people fear to see
Thy fiery threatening skies.

Most dreaded mount in story told,
Crowned by fiery light,
Through all the centuries that have rolled
Since Herculaneum's streets of old
Were blotted from earth's sight!

When'er I gaze on thee, I muse
On life's transient hour,—
Then most it seems like vanishing dews,
Or like to fading rainbow hues
Born of the passing shower.

So doth it seem, the soul within
Our mortal forms of clay
Threatened by Stygian streams of sin,
Must burst the walls that hem it in,
And heavenward soar away.

THE LILAC'S BLOOM

TO May is true the lilac's bloom,
Its purple petals grow
And shed their deep and rich perfume
While balmy breezes blow.

Festooned around the cottage door,
Or bowing 'neath the eaves,
Its scented-laden clusters lower
To cheer the heart that grieves

For a loved one, claimed by death,
Since last the lilac's flower
Breathed its sweet Elysian breath
From out its leafy bower.

Goddess of perennial birth!
Reminder of Time's flight!
Death stalks across the peaceful hearth,
As searing winds do blight

The purple-tinted flower-cell
That to thy tendril clings,
And dry the nectar in its well,
The perfume off its wings.

Then modest lilac, bow and blow
And bear thy blossoms bright,—
Grim Death must reap where Life doth sow,
As day must follow night.

Strangest of metaphors, yet true,
"We die that we may live,"
As blossoms, moistened by the dew,
Their richest fragrance give

While scorching rays are beating down
Ripening seeds of gold,
That, when Death dons his sombre crown
Will drop into the mould

To germinate in early spring
From out their erstwhile tomb,
And round the desert once more fling
The fragrance of their bloom.

THE REASON WHY

WHENE'ER I sing my lady's charms,
Compare her to the lily,
She shyly turns her shapely head,
And sweetly whispers, "Silly!"

Constrained to dwell on deeper themes
And leave my lady out,
I notice that it always means
A little fret or pout.

Thus is it, why I keep alive
Through all the years of care
The Muse, which sings of Love's bright eyes,
To charm my lady fair.

THE BEE.

BUSY bee, thou bring'st to me
Thoughts which no tongue can tell,
Flitting free o'er flowery lea,
Tasting each honeyed cell.

• Velvety insect, gay bedecked
In black and brown and gold,
Thy nimble feet, all pollen-flecked,
Enter each floral fold.

Rendering fertile the fragrant myrtle,
The violet, and the rose;
Girdling in one family circle
Every bloom that blows.

Humming blithe, while now thou hieth
Where bright the sunbeam dwells,
Where the scented zephyr sigheth
Over the lily-bells,—

Their sweetest treasure, at thy pleasure,
Surrendered unto thee;
I feel that how I cannot measure
Thy happiness, O Bee!

Then hum, and sing, and sweetness bring
For all, dear insect gay ;
Thou o'er my heart a spell dost fling,
Mysterious is thy way!

LIFE
—

UNTO the seasons of the year
Does our brief life compare ;
From cot and cradle to the bier,
Childhood to hoary hair,

Is as bright springtime's balmy breeze
Follows winter's icy blast ;
Or like as summer's leafy trees
Quickly their verdure cast.

'Tis thus from infancy to age
Life's tenure swiftly flies,
So soon its story's open page
Before its Maker lies.

Just as Old Winter's shroud is rent
By gentle airs of Spring ;
Or as Queen Summer's charms relent
To Autumn's golden king ;

Thus do we pass from shore to shore
And wait the Quickening Breath,
That shall dispel forevermore
The frigid snows of death.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SAN FRANCISCO.

SAN Francisco lies asleep
Just before daybreak ;
Scarcely yet the sunbeams peep
O'er the Rockies, towering steep,
When bursts that fearful quake.

Her cradle, rocked by unseen force,
Swayeth to and fro,
As if Mother Earth had changed her course,
While threatenings, loud, and long, and hoarse,
From out her bosom flow.

Her children, startled from their dreams,
Wake in fright, and flee,
While through her streets shoot lurid gleams,
As the angry conflagration streams
Its light far out to sea.

From roof to dome, or mounting higher
Soars the firebrand,
Wrecking wanton vengeance dire,
Kindling high his funeral pyre
By morning breezes fanned.

And when old Sol looks o'er the peaks,
 Upon this fateful morn,
To where the ruined city reeks
'Neath smoky pall, with crimson streaks,
 Down by the Golden Horn,

He, wondering, thinks if such is fate
 Of man, for sorrow made,
Who enters through the Golden Gate
What time his works both small and great
 Have in the dust been laid.

ODE TO POETRY.

MY charming maid, I love you well,
To sit alone with thee
And listen while thy tongue doth tell
True love—is ecstasy!
Some hidden treasure every night
Thy heart unfolds for me,
Some gleam of hope or ray of light
Upon thy face I see.
Some rapturous tune that dwells within
The recess of the heart
Thou play'st upon thy mandolin
Each eve before we part.
O, may I with thee fondly linger,
Sweet maiden chaste and fair,
And place a diamond on thy finger,
A rose within thy hair!
Naught but thy troth can pacify
The spells that o'er me roll;
And only love can satisfy
Deep passions of my soul.
Then maiden coy and debonair,
Can'st thou my suit deny
When sung in Love's most witching air
And words that cannot die?

THE BREEZES.

THE breezes of morn
Fling their breath to the skies,
Awakened from sleep
Where the sweet heather lies.
They gambol and leap
Like children at play,
And, over the hilltops,
Soaring away,
Scatter and fling
The perfume of flowers,
Where sweetly sing
The birds in their bowers.
Then Breezes, O Breezes,
Born of the morn,
Waft to me pleasure,
But leave out her thorn!
Let the morning of life
Be happy and gay,
Sweet as thy breath,
If brief as thy day.

The breezes of noon
Are hot as they fly
Across the crushed heather,
Where, withered, flowers lie.

Like men in their strength,
No tears do they shed
Over the meadows
Where daisies lie dead.
But scatter and blow
The sun's fiercest rays,
Which merciless glow
On the broad mountain braes.
Then Breezes, O Breezes,
Hottest at noon,
Bring to me shade,
But leave out the gloom!
Let the noontide of life
Be free from despair,
While respite I seek
From its withering glare.

Soft breezes of eve,
That blandly blow
When the hot day is o'er
And the sun sinks low,—
Lulling to sleep
The flower and the bee
That swing in thy cradle
The sweet scented lea.
Where the heather lies low
All withered in death

Scatter and sow
The balm of thy breath!
Then Breezes, O Breezes,
Of calm eventide,
When death's shadows deepen
With me abide!
Let the evening of life
Be free from dark storm
While awaiting the break
Of Glory's bright morn.

A JUNE NIGHT.

LET others sing of June's day bright,
And praise her beauty fair ;
I will sing of her sister, night,
With diamonds in her hair.

Tell of this pensive sweet brunette
Clad in her spangled gown,
Her lover's path by dew-drops wet
Her eyes are weeping down.

Gently she steals out over the lawn
Where every eve I sit
And wait until her curtains are drawn
And starry tapers lit.

Each hour I seek her lonely heart
To cheer by love's sweet tune,
While like to Cupid's gilded dart,
Shy glances from the moon

Pierce the dark forest's silent glade
Where shadows chase the light,
While swings my fair and passive maid
In her hammock—beauteous night!

Her raven hair tressed o'er her brow
In meshes fair to see
She hearkens to the night-owl's vow
Of love's fidelity.

The cricket cheerily chirps below,
The rills ring down the steeps,
The firefly flitting to and fro
His virgin's vigil keeps

Till, rising, the sun shoots his arrows on high
And awakens the breezes of morn,
And the last whip-poor-will drops down from the
sky
And ceases his cry forlorn,—

Then gathering her mantle and hieing away
Towards the sleeping west,
She yieldeth her crown to victorious day
And calmly sinks to rest.

THE PASSING OF THE SEASONS.

OLD Winter king his sceptre hath
Surrendered to fair Spring;
No more do brake and forest path
Know his white snowy wing.

From bondage free, the rills and brooks
Sing of victory won;
While sweetly from the forest nooks
Gay answering voices come

Of gladsome exiles, just returned
From many a distant shore,
By Winter's angry legions spurned,—
To claim their heritage once more.

On hill, in dell, by lake and stream,
Down valley and through the glen,
Do Nature's children wake to dream
Of Summer days again,

Till o'er her fields of ripening grain,
Green trees, and flowering lea,
Sere Autumn's whirlwinds come again,
And all their tenants flee

Before the storm king's hail and sleet
And fast increasing power ;
Soon his white mantle's winding sheet
Shall cover glade and bower.

Must warbling dwellers of the wild,
Fair creatures of a day,
Seek sunnier climes and seasons mild
While Winter's hosts hold sway.

So is the passing of our life
From cradle to the bier,
O'er-swept by Passion's angry strife,—
Like seasons of the year.

From youth's Springtime we hasten fast
To Summer's golden prime ;
Soon middle age's Autumn blast
Prepares for Winter's shrine

The hoary head, the tottering feet,
That linger near the bier,
Now longing for its safe retreat,
Death's bugle call to hear,—

Knowing that for them once more
Shall breathe Eternal Spring,
While on angel wings they soar
To greet their Heavenly King,

CHARITY.

SWEET Charity! fair maid divine,
Kind, unassuming, pure,—
Within thy heart all graces shine,
Thy footsteps ever lure
Poor sinners from the brink of woe,
And save them from the fall,
Whilst thou, in modesty, dost throw
Thy mantle over all
Concealing faults they fain would shield,—
While yielding to thy wand
Their secrets by thy lips are sealed
As in a sacred bond.
Then Charity! sweet maid, be blest,
On Mercy's errands bent,
To hide within thy humble breast
Thy works of love, content.

WINTER.

WINTER, griffon of the North,
Lord of the Arctic seas,
Where silence reigns
On the plains—
Let his be his blustering breeze.

Summoned by his bugle blast
From out their eyries bleak,
His harpies wake
Their plumes to shake,
And southern regions seek.

Like a shadow in the air,
Or falcon from the sky,
They grasp their prey
On hill and brae,
And Nature's children die.

Now the aster in the field,
On hill the golden-rod,
Touched by his breath
Must fall to death
Beneath the emerald sod.

Soon the rills and rivers, free,
Hastening on their way,
 Must feel his grasp
 And icy clasp,
And all their waters stay.

Soon the dwellers in the wood
Will take alarm, and flee
 Their summer home,
 Afar to roam
In lands beyond the sea.

While o'er hill, and dale, and bower,
His winding sheet of snow
 Is gently laid
 On flower and blade
Till Spring's zephyrs blow.

So comes to each mortal soul
A darkening winter day,
 When passions sweep,
 And sorrows steep,
And Grim Despair holds sway ;

Only to retreat again
Before Hope's rising sun—
 At morning break
 Our souls awake
To life afresh begun.

OFT UNDER STARRY SKY.

OFT under starry sky,
In silence of the night,
When silver orbs are riding high,
Shedding their mellow light

Within the forest brake,
Across the mountain crest,—
While, mirrored in the crystal lake,
The constellations rest,—

I wander forth to gaze
On Nature fast asleep,
Or paddle through the filmy haze
That floats above the deep.

No sound disturbs that hour,
No song in welkin rings,
Yet to my heart the silent bower
A rapturous pleasure brings ;

As resting 'neath its shade,
Or floating with the tide,
Or wandering through the moonlit glade
Where phantom shadows hide,

Methinks the dewes from heaven
Filtering through the air,
Like soothing balm, so freely given
To Nature's children fair,

Tell of a power divine
That thrills the hearts of men,
As dew-drops on the drooping vine
Revive its leaves again;

Tell of a God of grace
Who guards His children all,
And o'er each trusting upturned face
Lets dewes of mercy fall.

Thus under starry sky,
In silence of the night,
Then most I feel that God is nigh,
And clear is Heaven's light.

WHEN THE SANDS OF LIFE ARE SINKING.

(A HYMN)

WHEN the sands of life are sinking,
And when the gloaming nears,
'Tis then, Oh then, I am thinking
What must be my hopes and fears.

Will my heart be filled with rapture
At sight of Gates Ajar?
Will my earthly departure
Across the Harbor Bar

Be lighted by Hope's bright candle,
While soaring through the air?
Shall I wear His golden sandal,
To greet my Maker there?

THE FLOWERS OF MAY.

THE flowers of May are sweet to-day
And fair to look upon,
Warmed by sunbeams, gaily they
Their brightest colors don.

Like to a bride, glad in her pride
Of love and beauty born,
To whom no favor is denied
Upon her nuptial morn,

They blossom out, while songsters shout
Their greeting from the spray,
And all day long doth fly about
And hum his merry lay—

The humble bee, right glad to see
Sheltered 'neath the bower,
Or waving on the sunny lea
His fair and frail May flower.

The nectar sweet his dainty meat
Pilfered from her cells,
While flitting free on winglets fleet
Where she in dingle dwells.

The flowers of May June's hot winds flay
And blight their bloom in death,
And then with reverence bear away
Their white plumes on their breath,

In earth to hide, and there to bide
The coming of sweet spring,
When Dandelion greets his bride
Again while robins sing.

Methinks the round of flowering ground
Emblem of man's brief day,
When ills beset and cares abound
He dies and hies away,

To live once more on farther shore
Where blooms Eternal Spring,
Where all the trials of earth are o'er,
And ministering angels sing.

THE UNION JACK.

THE Union Jack that floats on high
From many a mast and peak,
Unfurled to breezes of the sky,
Of Liberty doth speak.

Its colors three, that brightly gleam,
Spell Valor, Honor, Truth,—
Where'er its banners proudly stream
The wide world o'er, forsooth!

From Arctic to Antarctic pole,
This mundane sphere around,
Wherever waves of ocean roll
Its fiery cross is found

Proclaiming Britain's mighty power,
And girdling empire vast,
It proudly floats from spar and tower
While centuries hurry past.

As in the days of long ago
When jealous foes beset
But failed her throne to overthrow
Her ensign waveth yet.

Since the Armada, pride of Spain,
Aspired to rule the seas,
O'er many a bloody sea and plain
Has floated in the breeze

The flag, which doth Oppression scorn,
And Tyranny put down,
And proudly Victory's brows adorn
With Glory's burnished crown;

Which flew, when Nelson, without fear,
The lurking foe to meet,
Did bravely enter Aboukir
With his victorious fleet;

Which soared on high with victory flushed
As closed that dreadful day,
When Napoleon's pride was crushed
In Waterloo's bloody fray;

Which waved when he, at England's feet
Her mercies to implore,
Her haughty flag did humbly greet
On Saint Helena's shore.

Then fly and flaunt thy colors three,—
The red, the white, the blue,—
Emblem of might and liberty,
To thee I'm always true!

All Britons free, where'er they roam,
Must ever welcome back
The flag which speaks to them of home,
Their glorious Union Jack.

POESY'S SONG.

THE lightning leapeth from the cloud,
It strikes—I know not where ;
Reverberating long and loud
The thunder dies in air.

A flood let loose from mountain side
Rusheth down the valley,
Perhaps it spreads destruction wide,
Perchance in streams that sally

Across the parched and arid plain—
The dry unfertile land
It makes to grow the golden grain
Where once was sterile sand.

The dewdrops, falling in the night
Upon both flower and weed,
Save from death's all-withering blight—
And, both alike, must feed.

The winds, that waken with the morn
Will they as gently blow
All day, or break in tempest storm
Before eve, who can know?

The clouds that gather up on high
May hide the glowing sun.
Or melt in ether of the sky
Before the day is done.

But verses sung by Poesy wise
Inscribed on deathless page,
Embalmed in song that never dies,
Live on from age to age

Inspiring hope in fainting hearts,
Instilling love therein,
They shoot truth's bright, exhaustless darts
At citadels of sin,

Until some weary soul repents,
Surrenders to the call
Of an All-Gracious Providence
Who overruleth all.

A SONG OF HOPE.

WHEN cares beset and sorrows shroud
And dreary seems thy way,
Fear not—behind the darkest cloud
There lurks the brightest ray.
After the winter comes the spring,
After the night, the morn,—
Bleak showers the flowers of Maytime bring,
The wild woods to adorn.
Upon the blackest mould doth grow
The whitest lily-bells;
And from the darkest caverns flow
The purest, sweetest wells.
Warm sunshine ever follows shade,
And day succeedeth night;
The dews, reviving flower and blade,
Are born not of the light.
Therefore let not dark despair
O'ershadow life's pathway,
To-morrow may be bright and fair
If gloomy be to-day.
All those enduring to the end
Are pledged God's promise true
That, when Death's angei doth descend,
They'll rank His chosen few.

THE MOSS-HIDDEN FOUNT

Or, Life Like a River.

THE moss-hidden fount by the side of the way,
Dispensing sweet freshness the long summer day,
Through the heat and the dust and the glare of
noon,—

Its waters, beneath the green herbage, immune
From sedge and pollution that wait them below
As onward through valley and moorland they flow
To join the broad river on its course to the sea—
Is an emblem of life from the slime of sin free.
Like youth, unacquainted with sorrow and care,
It trickles and ripples as free as the air,
Till the tide of temptation doth lead it to stray
Where the vast plains seem bright, and the great
cities gay ;
Till polluted with sewage it sobs 'neath the quay,
Or stagnates in marshes by the broad briny sea
Where, lashed by the breakers and ebbled by the tide,
It loses itself in the great ocean wide :
Its sediment sinks to the depths of the sea,
Once more it is pure and again it is free !
Thus life like a river meanders and flows,
And ever, as nearer its mouth, purer grows—
Until caught by the tide of Heaven's clear sea,
And mingled with the waves of eternity.

GOD'S OMNIPOTENCE.

AT midnight when deep silence
On earth has settled down,
And the radiant queen of dreamland
Has donned her starry crown,—

When Luna pale, resplendent,
Doth mount her silvery stair
To gaze in silent wonderment
On Terra's bosom fair,

Whose broad expanse of ocean,
Lake, and mighty river,
And towering mountain ranges
Breathe of God the Giver,—

When all is calm and silent
Around me in the night
I realize man's impotence
And God's all-glorious might.

Man, like the coral insect,
Slow building cell by cell,
May make his little dome to rise
Above the ocean swell.

Soon its base by breakers lashed
Must crumble and decay,
And o'er the ruins of its walls
The waves of ocean play.

Not so with our Maker's works—
Earth, sun, and moon, and stars;
Nor time, nor raging flood, nor fire
His universe e'er mars.

The sun his fiery chariot rides
Each day across the sky,
And nightly do the Pleiades
Their lanterns hang on high.

Since the world was fresh and young
The moon her course has run,
About her parent earth revolved
While circling round the sun.

God, who loveth all His works,
Doth oversee them all;
Without His knowledge to the earth
May not a sparrow fall.

God is beauty, power and love,—
Himself, infinity!
When earth and sky are rolled away
God is eternity!

MADELINE

Or, A Story of Love.

DOWN by the rippling river
Whose sandy shallows shine,
Where weeping willows quiver,
I sit with Madeline;

And whisper love's sweet story
Within her pearly ear.—
Under the hawthorn hoary
In Maytime of the year.

Alone we stroll together
Beneath the shady trees,
Or ramble through the heather
Where plays the perfumed breeze.

Beneath the church's chancel
I stand with Madeline,
For she, sweet demure damsel,
Has promised to be mine.

We listen to the service
Uniting loving hearts,
Perhaps a little nervous
Awhile the preacher starts.

And now there comes the blessing
And we two are as one,
For each other love confessing
Until life's journey's done.

Beside a death-bed, sighing
I kneel with Madeline,—
For May, our child, lies dying
When frost is on the vine.

And now the burial's over,
The mourners gone away,
We feel that bleak October
Succeedeth' sunny May.

But yet true love, as ever,
Is warm within our hearts;
The bleaker path together,
We'll journey thil' death parts.

Our locks are thin and hoary,
Our footsteps weak and slow,
Yet murmuring love's sweet story
On to the end we go.

Asleep within her casket,
I weep o'er Madeline—
And though 'tis wrong to ask it,
I pray that hers were mine.

For now she's gone to glory
And I am left alone
To finish life's short story
And sleep beneath the stone

Till, by the crystal river
Where lights of Heaven shine,
I wake to live forever
With May and Madeline.

A SONG OF THE REDEEMER.

(A HYMN)

WHO is it that walks on the waves of the sea,
And stilleth the turbulent breaker
Of sorrow's tempestuous, deep Galilee—
But Jesus, our Saviour and Maker.

Who is it that ferries the pilgrim footsore,
Across Jordan's dark, rolling river
Of death—and lands him safe on Heaven's bright
shore,—
But Jesus, the Master forever.

Who is it, while hanging on Calvary's mount,
In the last throes of death a-groaning,—
Sheddeth freely for all the life-giving fount
Of His blood, for man's lost estate, atoning.

Who, nailed to the tree, bows His head, groans, and
dies,
And is borne away to death's prison,
But after three days doth ascend to the skies—
Our crucified Saviour arisen.

'Tis Jesus of Nazereth, now passing by,
Who haileth of sin the red streamer,
And whispers to you and to me, "Crucify
Not again thy Lord and Redeemer."

A PICTURE OF AUTUMN.

SOFT as the vernal airs of May
Fair Autumn's breezes whirl:
While in her tinted forests play
The rabbit and the squirrel.
The leaves are dropping everywhere
From trees. in silence shed;
And o'er the green old earth with care
They spread a cozy bed.

The wrens sit twittering on the spray,
The swallows skim the lake;
And through the quiet, dreamy day,
Sing blue-jays in the brake.
The brook its silvery course pursues
A-down the gilded glen;
And, through the haze, the crimson hues
Of Sol, loom forth again.

The blooms from hill and dale are gone,
And from the hedge, the rose;
Where once their smiling blossoms shone,
But shattered stems repose.
The bee flits to and fro, in vain
Searching for honey-cells,—
And hums his low, farewell refrain
Through summer's desert dells.

Thus cometh to each mortal soul,
An autumn day in life,
When short the stage to winter's goal,—
Silent the fife of strife.
Bear up, O weary heart, bear up!
Bid sorrow's surges cease,
For nigh the hour when thou mayst sup
The Yule-tide feast of peace.

THE ENGLISH TONGUE.

(Lines suggested through certain agitation for spelling reform.)

LANGUAGE sweet, whose rhythm flows
As gently as the water—
Like to the sturdy oak that grows,
Stand firm, Britannia's daughter!
The garbling ghouls, that fain would strip
And rob thee of thy beauty,
Deserve from cold Oblivion's lip
Her scorn for breach of duty.

Saxon bride, upreared with care,
Assert chaste womanhood;
Bid thy despoilers, "Halt—Beware!"
And cease their rapine rude.
Through all the centuries that have flown
Since Gael and Norseman met,
And set up Britain's world-wide throne—
Thou'rt pure, unravished yet.

The seers and bards of days long past
Shall rise up in their might,
And nail thy colors to the mast,
And for thine honor fight.
A Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, or Scott,
A Cowper, Spenser, Moore,
Designed thy garb with garlands fraught,
And filled thy heart with lore.

Beloved queen, within whose veins
Teutonic blood doth flow,
Reared safely on our gory plains,
Through wars of long ago!
Thy glorious sceptre condescend
To yield not to thy foes,
Nor sap the oak that scorns to *bend*,
But through the ages *grows*.

Where'er thy "Birds of Fame" may fly,
Drop Wisdom's golden seeds,
Through History's centuries hastening by,
Immune from noxious weeds
Keep thou thy lexicon—'gainst ghouls
Pray guard the pages long,
Wherein enshrined lie priceless jewels
From prose--and Poesy's song.

